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Notes and Clippings.

THE Salvation Army is said to be encouraged. At the last Canadian town they visited, only ten of their number were arrested for vagrancy.

A LARGE hunting party, composed wholly of Methodist preachers, is operating along the Illinois river, and chrome-legged chickens are, accordingly, roosting high.

CHRISTIANITY in Dakota has received a new impetus. Sitting Bull, becoming religiously impressed, is lending himself around to be exhibited at church fairs as a curiosity.

A COUNTRY paper, describing a funeral, says, "The words of the officiating minister were, as it were, wafted heavenward, the wind being very strong at the time." It would be interesting to know which way that same wind was blowing.

PROF. HUXLEY said recently at the London Hospital Medical College that, in granting decrees, the tripartite qualification of medicin, surgery, and midwifery should be insisted upon, and that to allow anyone to practice without it at the present age of the world was "perfectly monstrous."

A LONG ISLAND Sunday-school teacher was recently called upon to resign her position in the school or giv up teaching dancing. She thought the matter over carefully, and it is hoped prayerfully, as to which position brought her bread and butter, and, strange to say, she still teaches dancing.

A PROMINENT Chinaman in San Francisco was asked by a reporter how the children of Confucius generally celebrated their Christmas day. "Samee like Melican man," was the rejoinder; "eat, drink, and git dlunk." These Chinamen need to undergo but a slight change to become good Christians.

THAT the wild horse is not of exclusivly Asiatic origin is disputed not only by Dr. A. Mehring, but by Professor Morse, the latter showing conclusivly that the natural country of the horse was America; but there is reason for the belief that the animal existed nearly in its present form as far back as the tertiary age.

THE other day a popular clergyman, in a sermon, called the theater the "Devil's Playhouse," and declared in the same discourse that the "wicked should not prosper." *Peck's Sun* wants him to explain why Mary Anderson is raking in $3,000 a week while a man who peddles Bibles don't average two dollars a day.

THE missionaries in the Sandwich Islands are now turning their attention to the Chinese, who hav settled there in large numbers. They find the Celestials willing scholars, although, like many of their cousins who hav made their homes in this city, they are willing to be taught religion principally that they may learn the English language.

THE University of Mississippi, at Oxford, gives the girls a chance at high graduation. There are two hundred and forty students, of whom twenty-three are women. At a late examination, the fair students showed themselvs equal to the males. There is a dash of real chivalry about this which would make St. Paul very angry, but which delights the modern observer.

CHRISTMAS was two much for a couple of preachers in Georgia. In Cochran, in that state, the Rev. Mr. Griff, a white clergyman, became insane, and imagined himself to be John the Baptist. His hallucination furnished him with a diet of wild locusts and honey. In Macon, the Rev. George Goodwin, a negro preacher, grew insane after reading in the scriptures the Christmas legend, divested himself of his clothes, and went about declaring himself to be John the Baptist and a forerunner. That was too much for the risibles of the white folks—John the Baptist black! The most original ideas of the year 1883, it seems, were left to be evolved in its closing days.

MOODY and Sankey, having failed to convert Chicago and tried Limerick with a similar result, are now doing England. They are rather more gorgeous than formerly, but not quite enough so to capture the nickel-plated circle. *Texas Siftings* advises them to imitate Mgr. Capel, who was recently discovered writing a sermon on the poverty of Jesus in a ten-dollar-a-day hotel.

GOVERNOR-ELECT HOADLEY, of Ohio, having been asked whether he still insists upon omitting the usual inauguration display, replied: "I am opposed to it on principle. To me it appears utterly undemocratic. There is no tenable reason why the civil governor of a state should be inducted into office with military pomp. It may be admissible in the case of the president of the United States, but that is open to debate."

THE Minneapolis *Sunday Morning Call* asks, "Is it breaking the Sabbath to own stock in a railroad that runs Sunday trains?" and the luminous Mr. Peck answers: "By George, we don't know. If the railroad pays a big dividend on the stock, it does not seem as though it is breaking the Sabbath to own the stock, but if it is one of those railroads that don't pay, the sooner a Christian gets rid of the stock, the better it will be for his conscience."

Puck remarks that the man who givs a barrel of flour to a starving family never puts his name down for a thousand dollars for the renovation of a popular church, in order that it may appear in the public prints. And it may also be said that the man who makes it his business to donate sums of money to churches and cyclone sufferers, and puts his name down for publication, and not merely as a guarantee of good faith, never sends a barrel of flour to a starving family. And the moral of this little fact should teach us that there is a great deal of difference between genuin and autograph charity.

"A LECTURER is announced with a lecture entitled 'American Hell.' Why a man should spend his time talking on a subject of this kind is a thing no one can account for, unless it is for the half a dollar a head his audience pays to hear him talk. The 'American Hell' is found in a bottle, and every man who investigates the contents of that bottle is sure to hav more or less hellish experience. There is no need of a lecture on this subject. If the man who *is going about has had* the '*jim-jams*' he is entitled to pity, but not entitled to make a man pay to hear him tell about it." The foregoing remarks are from *Peck's Sun*. It seems that the fame of the celebrated Prof. Vaughan, of Virginia, who is the author of the "American Hell," has reached the wild West.

"THE attendance at the Bartholdi Pedestal Fund Exhibition, last Sunday," says the *Times*, "was so large, and was composed of elements so unmistakably drawn from the working people that it cannot be said that there is any longer any doubt as to the success of this experiment. The people who went to the Academy of Design on Sunday were not wholly moved by idle curiosity. They were workers who might possibly hav gone to church if the exhibition had been closed, but who certainly were no worse for having spent a few hours in examining articles in which they had a special interest. The visitors did not wear blouses and paper caps, and therefore simple-minded and ignorant persons may hav suspected that these were idlers disguised as reputable artificers and their families, arrayed in their 'Sunday best,' like decent people as they are. The prejudice that exists, to some extent, in the community against all semblance of Sunday recreation, however remote, is entitled to respect. It is not fair to stigmatize as cant opinions that are the outgrowth of years of habit and education. But in this city there is certainly room for places of Sunday resort which shall do for men and women something that is not done for them in the free church or in the free rum-shop. The success of the Sunday opening of the loan exhibition settles that." This must must be something rather bitterer than wormwood and gall for the members of the Sunday Closing League.

A RUMOR comes across the water that the Viceroy of India, "Lord" Ripon, has made arrangements to hav a bill introduced in Parliament for the disestablishment of the church of England in India. This of itself would not seriously affect that church, but along with any stir in Parliament over disestablishment in India would be sure to come a motion for disestablishment also in England. With the feeling abroad that Bradlaugh's illegal and tyrannical exclusion from the House of Commons has created, the clergy fear discussion, and will undoubtedly exert themselvs to smother "Lord" Ripon's bill. But they will hav great difficulty in advancing any valid argument for the saddling of a state church upon a people, not one in a thousand of whom believes in the religion taught by its preachers.

THE Bartholdi statue is made of copper, strengthened by an inner skeleton of iron. For each piece a center or mold was made of wood, on which the copper could be worked and fitted. The sheet copper epidermis of the figure is made of two hundred pieces, and weighs 178,000 pounds, while the iron frame weighs 274,000 pounds. When finally erected the molded sheets of copper will be riveted together by copper bolts, and the iron skeleton will be secured to the masonry by twelve great foundation bolts. The variations due to the temperature are provided for by elasticity in every part, and corroding will be checked by painting with red lead whenever iron and copper are in contact. It is reckoned that the pressure of wind upon the statue, which will be 150 feet high, may go as high as 190,000 pounds.

THE Salvation Army prayed for a Philadelphia reporter thus: "We hav a reporter here—a miserable reporter—a sinful servant of the unholy newspapers—a good young man gone wrong. Satan has made him obstinate, and he will not yield to persuasion and be saved. Oh, help the wicked reporter. The devil holds the fort in this reporter's brain. He's going to h—. Hallelujah! Oh, may he join the Salvation Army, oh! Giv him repentanc. He is a type of all reporters, and they are all a wicked lot." The lieutenant stopped, to giv the reporter a chance to kneel. The men and women soldiers shouted: "Save the reporter!" "Help the poor reporter!" "Down with the devil!" "I was wicked once, but now I am pure!" The lieutenant then began again: "Oh, *kill this reporter; kill him. Take him away*, that he may do evil no more. He is too obstinate to yield. He knows he ought to, but he is proud—all reporters are. Oh, strike this reporter down; he is the devil in disguise."

THE beauty of a state church is well shown in the following commercial transactions over an English living: The living of Camberwell was purchased in 1846 for $60,000 by the Rev. Mr. Williams. The gross income was $10,900, and he had no difficulty in borrowing the money needed for the purchase. No sooner had he taken possession than, owing to some dispute with the persons who lent him the money, the living was sequestrated for the payment of the $60,000, in addition to which there were debts owing which brought up the total to $100,000, among the vicar's liabilities being a premium on a sum of $12,500 advanced by the Commissioners of Queen Anne's Bounty for the erection of a vicarage. Mr. Williams was not in residence for any length of time from 1846 till 1870, and the state of affairs in the parish was so scandalous that a petition from the parishioners was presented by Lord St. Leonards to the House of Lords, in 1858, and a debate took place on the subject, without, however, any practical result. When Bishop Wilberforce was appointed to the See of Winchester, he endeavored to arrange this unpleasant business, and proposed with the help of local subscriptions to appoint a curate in charge with a salary of $1,000 a year and the vicarage as a residence. Mr. Williams, however, did not allow the bishop to carry out his original intention, for as soon as the scheme was settled he presented himself, insisted on his right to the residence, defeated the bishop, and became his own curate in charge, retaining the position down to the time of his death.

News of the Week.

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

JAMESTOWN, Dakota, had a $100,000 fire on the 30th ult.

EL MAHDI, the False Prophet of the Soudan, is marching on.

Two thousand stokers and sailors are on strike at Marseilles, France.

A CLUB of Irish Crusaders has been organized in New York to diffuse instruction in the use of dynamite.

GEN. GRANT slipped on the sidewalk one day last week, injuring his leg so that he has not since been able to walk.

SARAH BERNHARDT is to publish a book entitled "Marie Colombier," which is the name of the woman whom Sarah recently horsewhipped.

P. T. BARNUM, the showman, has made his will. It covers seven hundred pages of legal cap, and bequeaths $10,000,000 to twenty-seven direct heirs.

IN the Phœbe Paullin murder case in Orange, N. J. the verdict has been reached that the girl came to her death at the hands of persons unknown to the jury.

TEN prominent clergymen and physicians of Lancaster, Pa., hav been criminally prosecuted for failing to make the quarterly reports required of them by law.

SERGEANT MASON, the man who attempted to shoot Guiteau, has leased himself to a Philadelphia museum to be exhibited as a curiosity. He is to receive $200 per week.

THE lord lieutenant of Irelend has prohibited a projected meeting of Irish Nationalists. Twenty thousand Orangemen had made arrangements to break up the meeting.

MANY saloon-keepers of this city were arrested last Sunday for violating the Excise law. Ten times their number, however, kept their saloons open and were not molested.

A PROCLAMATION has been issued by the Nihilists of Russia urging war to the knife against the present rulers. A lieutenant of the police was murdered on the 24th ult., and the deed is attributed to the Nihilists.

PROFESSOR LOOMIS, of New Haven, Conn., advances a theory in explanation of the recent brilliant sunset, to the effect that meteors falling into our atmosphere caused the phenomenal illumination observed.

THE Rev. Robert Barr, of Brooklyn, last Sunday defined the "fashionable creed of 1883" to be that there is no hell, no personal God, no need to unite with the church, and that God is too merciful to punish sin.

THE Rev. Dr. Bush, of the Church of the Ascension, Staten Island, has resigned his rectorship because games of chance were indulged in by members at a fair held to obtain funds for repairs on the church.

THE manager of the savings bank and religious institute for the support of deserving Christians at Elberfeld, in Rhenish Prussia, has absconded with 18,000 marks of the bank's money. The depositors were principally composed of factory operatives.

CHARLES BRADLAUGH, member of Parliament for Northampton, announces that it is his intention to go to the House of Commons on the day of the opening of Parliament, on Feb. 5th, alone, and do his best to take his seat. He rejects the idea of holding public meetings and obtaining petitions, because, he says, such a course would be useless.

THE managers of the loan exhibition for the Bartholdi statue pedestal fund went to the Academy of Design in this city last Sunday morning, expecting to be arrested for keeping the exhibition open on Sunday, as it had been threatened that they would be. They were not interfered with, however, and the Academy was thronged all day. The attendance exceeded in number that of any day since the building was opened, nineteen years ago.

Communications.

Universology, and a Criticism of the Criticisms of Mr. Putnam.—Continued.

Mr. Herbert Spencer, of whom Mr. John Fiske is a disciple and expounder, has himself contributed to the confusion of thought which makes all knowledge to consist in classification. I quote from memory, but I am sure that he has said, virtually, that we only know things by being able to class them, or to place them in connection with something else similar, which we know. How, then, can we ever *begin* to know anything? Mr. Putnam is quite right in insisting, contrary to this sweeping assertion, that there is a fundamental and primitiv kind of knowledge, which we obtain through the senses, and which is the condition *sine qua non* of our ever attaining to the kind of knowledge which constitutes classification. If I were writing for the learned, merely, I should say that we first hav *gnition* (knowing, pure and simple), and then *co-gnition* (knowing with, knowing by association, by putting in class with other things known). What Mr. Putnam is seeing, and trying to say is both true and important, and is what Spencer, and Fiske, and Wakeman, and the common usage of the English language, which has failed to supply the word *gnition*, while it has adapted the compound word cognition, hav all overlooked or denied. I am glad, therefore, of the opportunity to stand by him as against that powerful combination; if he again would sufficiently study exactitude of expression, so as not to involve me, while defending him, in another class of absurdities. If he would simply see, and admit, and affirm with me that this first form of knowledge, pure and simple, is not scientific, but natural or common knowledge; that only classified knowledge is science; that classificatory knowledge—knowledge of relations, science—is also knowledge, as truly so as the other kind; and even of a higher or a more advanced order (while not so primitiv or fundamental), and that knowledge *is knowledge* of whatsoever kind it is, he and I would get on famously together. His thought here is really so good and important that I feel sorry that it should be marred in the presentation by anything slovenly and contradictory in statement. I think he will perceive that the main difference here between us goes to the matter of correctness and exactness in the use of terms, rather than to the fundamental idea. Why should he not abandon the untenable ground of endeavoring to confine the use of the term knowledge to one kind of knowledge when the exigencies of literature and his own definition of science, compel him, at once to use the term knowledge with another and more inclusiv signification.

But by far the best and least exceptionable portion of Mr. Putnam's present labor is what he has said so brilliantly and so truly about the relations of Induction—the reasoning from facts to principles; and of Deduction—the reasoning from principles to facts; and about science as allied with Induction and particulars, and philosophy with Deduction and generalities. True, most of these aphoristic statements could be culled from "The Basic Outline of Universology" itself, where, perhaps, they hav not been less carefully or correctly stated; but they are not for that reason any the less true or important. He should, however, to hav given any real thoroughness to his presentation of the subject, also hav introduced and adhered to my discrimination in "The Basic Outline," between two kinds of Deduction, one prior to Induction (fanciful, diffuse, unreliable), and the other subsequent to and derived from Induction, which is the ulterior logical result of Induction itself, and is part and parcel of science, as much so as Induction. For want of noting this all-important and crucial distinction, Mr. Putnam becomes, unwittingly, merely a slanderer and total misrepresenter of me and of Universology, by classifying it as purely deductiv, which is false; and then wherein it is deductiv, with the pseudo or imperfect kind of deduction, which makes it doubly and trebly a false representation, calculated, though doubtless not intended to put me in a false light before the world; to intensify naturally existing prejudices; and to hinder the progress of the knowledge of my discoveries. The truth is exactly the opposit of this whole statement on the part of Mr. Putnam. Universology is distinctivly and characteristically Inductiv; rigorously and defiantly Baconian; challenging the attention of all competent minds to the investigation of that assumption. It is simply that Mr. Putnam does not know Universology; that he knows merely something *about* it, as he has caught it on the wing, without either the "new birth" or the "sixth sense," which, as I hav characterized them, are indispensable to the understanding of anything scientific. Of all branches of study ever submitted to the human consideration, universology derives its entire existence from the most minute and exhaustiv examination of particulars. If we, as Universologists, are ever dragged aside to discuss the finite and the infinit, God and the world, Which is first, matter or mind? and other such broad generalizations of the vague philosophizing mind, it is because such random thinkers as Mr. Putnam will never let us off from doing so. They are the last questions that we should ever spontaneously arrive at. It is he that is philosophoid, generalizing, and deductiv while talking *about* science; but while having really, as I believe, no appetite for scientific particulars; and it is we, of all people in the world, who are more thoroughly immersed in particulars, most strictly analytical, most thoroughly inductiv. Universology is nothing but the pushing out of modern scientific induction to its own logical ultimates. All this has been said, insisted on, repeated, illustrated, and demonstrated in the literature of Universology, and is simply and rigorously true; and Mr. Putnam is, as I hav said, unconsciously, no doubt, elaborately slandering and helping to obstruct the greatest triumph of the very method in science of which he thinks he is a champion. All this he does simply and truly because he lacks the "sixth sense," the sharp-edged appetite and appreciation for minute particulars, failing to discover in them the source of a new order of generalizations.

Our place of beginning is with one and two, the lowest elements of number; with point and line, the lowest elements of form; with thing and process, the lowest elements of concrete being; and with the perception that there is a common element of likeness in these three fundamental discriminations. Our peculiarity is simply that we look more closely into the common subjects of science than the scientific specialists hav as yet been trained to do, and that all of our generalizations are derived from these minutest particulars of science; and the difficulty with Mr. Putnam and others is that they lack the "new birth," the "sixth sense," the awakened keenness of perception which should enable them to gain insight of the immense scientific significance which is wrapped up in these seemingly trivial particulars; but I think he might perceive that they *are particulars*, and that they belong primarily to the scientific, and only secondarily, and by a long range of analogy, to the philosophic domain.

Nevertheless, Mr. Putnam is quite right in his intimation that thinkers—and this is alike true of both classes of them—are in constant danger of generalizing upon a too narrow basis of ascertained facts. He is quite wrong, on the other hand, in assuming that all the facts of any domain of thought must be known inductivly before a science can be established. It is not a millionth part of such particulars that are ever so known in any science. Enough must be known to induce a virtually irresistible conviction that the laws of the subject are such as they are claimed to be, in the science, new or old; but this is only a mere sample of the whole. If it were otherwise, what would be the use, where would be the place for deduction?

True, no man's individual life would be long enough to gather and test all the facts required to constitute the science of Universology, if that had to be done; but, in addition to what has been said, the difficulty is overcome in this case by two facts: first, that the particulars here needed hav been being accumulated, during the ages past, by the philosophers and scientists on all hands, leaving, in a great sense, the mere work on hand of arranging them and seeing their meanings. In the next place, the *new particulars*, being elementary, are virtually in a nutshell.

STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

Abuse of Liberty.

Let a man look upon his own son in the agony of delirium tremens, and then giv his opinion as to whether or not society has a natural inherent right to protect itself against the rum-traffic by the enactment and enforcement of prohibitory laws. What will be his opinion under such circumstances? In the face of this horrid reality, Mr. E. C. Walker's sophism about the inalienable right to get drunk vanishes into thin air. The mind which cannot distinguish between the right to express one's honest, sincere opinion upon any subject, and to make that expression known by means of the public press and the public mails, and the right to destroy by this accursed traffic the brightest youth of this and every other country under the sun, is certainly an unsafe guide. No wonder the possessor of it feels abused every time reference is made to his inconsiderate and illogical roving on the subject of prohibitory liquor laws.

In his last fiasco we find the words "sumptuary laws." A man who used that phrase in reference to the crime-traffic is simply an ignoramus or a dishonest defender of the "crime of crimes." I know this will be referred to as personal abuse. I know Mr. Walker will turn livid with rage and fill a page or two of THE TRUTH SEEKER with kind words intended to show up the fiendish and malignant character of all those who would save their fellows from the debasing results of dram-drinking. Sumptuary laws were entirely different from that which is now suggested by the the words prohibitory laws.

Perhaps a little authority as to the use of words might be respected by Mr. Walker, notwithstanding his general disregard of all authority. If he is to hav a new definition for his words he will oblige his readers by accompanying his articles with a revised dictionary.

Bauvier's Law Dictionary contains this passage:

"SUMPTUARY LAWS. Laws relating to the expenses of the people, and made to restrain excess in apparel, food, furniture, etc.

"They originated in the view that luxury is, in some of its degrees, opposed to public policy, and that the state is bound to interfere against it (Montesquieu).

"In modern times, legislation is not resorted to in respect to this object; but the subject is frequently discussed in connection with the laws for the prevention or punishment of intemperance, which is so direct and fruitful a source of crime."

How different the words and teaching of a thoughtful, discriminating writer from our E. C. Walker, with his luny notions about liberty! The law book teaches us that laws aimed at luxury are sumptuary laws, and that those aimed at crime are prohibitory laws. Mr. Walker, in his steam-shovel style, tosses them all in a heap together and covers them over with his great label, "Sumptuary laws; beware of the dog!"

It is difficult, I will admit, to write with a clear, unruffled spirit on a subject of so great importance, when you discover your opponent has a system of sophism, which is made to appear subtle and sufficient because it persists in comparisons with that which you hold in common with your adversary, and which comparisons you suspect he knows to belong to the illegitimate order, and necessarily leading to false conclusions. Yet this is Mr. Walker's method of dealing with this matter of prohibition. He persists in the claim that prohibition of the sale and manufacture of alcoholic beverages is an unwarrantable interference with personal liberty, because such laws make it difficult for one who uses intoxicants as a beverage to get a drink of rum just when he thinks he would like it. He misuses the words, "personal liberty" just as he does the words, "sumptuary laws." When his attention is called to these things he talks back like a great, peevish, wilful, overgrown boy. He imagins, or makes believe he does, that he is abused. Yet the language he applies to others would indicate that he was far from possessing a feeble stomach on this score.

I don't know anything about it, still I strongly suspect that Mr. Walker is the direct, or indirect, author of the disgraceful seventh resolution passed at the Congress of the National Liberal League. Perhaps we are to look upon this as one of the specimen bricks from that temple of liberty and equality the believers in the inalienable right to get drunk are endeavoring to erect, with the death-dealing crime-shop for the corner-stone.

Who knew that such a resolution as that was to be offered at the meeting of the National Liberal League? Who supposed these people could not be trusted to act with moderation and with respect for the opinions expressed over and over again in the columns of every Liberal paper by hundreds of earnest and faithful Liberals? What right had these sticklers for the right to debase, degrade, and destroy oneself, one's family, and one's community, to push, in an unguarded moment, their wicked, shameful, and immoral proposition before the world as the opinion—almost the religious dogma—of thousands who hav vehemently denounced it? Are we to be patient and calm when introduced to the world, to all the immeasurable future, as a society founded upon the right to get drunk? If the deepest and darkest of vices must be defended—must be reared upon the pedestal of principle and right—before liberty can flourish, then away with liberty. If we are, indeed, such miserable creatures that we cannot be moral and decent unless controled by some authority, let us, in justice to ourselvs, hunt up a master and submit ourselvs unto him.

I do not believe the case to be so bad. I believe that, had due notice been given, that seventh resolution could not hav been passed. I hav that faith in the moral principle of the National Liberal League to believe that another year will see it stricken out. This is not a society the members of which accept matters of opinion on authority, not even of a majority of its own numbers. In matters of action the majority must control. When opinions are to be regulated by vote, it is time it adopted the name of "church," and got itself some sacred symbols.

LIBERTA.

"Straws Show Which Way the Wind Blows."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* While visiting friends in Virginia last summer, I heard the following story: A Mr. G. had been preaching to small congregations in his neighborhood for some time, and concluded he would like to introduce his peculiar religious notions in a strange community. So he sent an appointment to an adjoining county. The appointment was announced by an Episcopalian minister as follows: "Mr. G., a Dunkard preacher of Augusta county, will preach in this house on next Sunday morning, at half past ten, and I would advise you all to stay away, and not go to hear him, as he is an Infidel." On the day appointed Mr. G. was on hand, and to his utter astonishment, not only the house, but the woods were full of people, who had come from all quarters to hear the Infidel preacher.

Gilman, Ill., Dec. 10, 1883. W.

Birthday Celebration.

The Bennett Meeting.

We append a brief synopsis of the speeches at the meeting held in honor of Mr. Bennett on the 23d ult.

In calling the assemblage to order, Mr. Putnam, President of the Bennett Liberal League, said:

Death is full of pathos—but it is not a terror. It is the inevitable mystery of human life. There is no escape from its all-embracing darkness. We must accept this destiny with manly courage. We must conquer death, and not let it conquer us. We must make it the crown of our lives, and not a defeat.

In the old religions men hav looked upon death with dismay. They hav trembled before the infinit gloom and sought refuge from their fears in the promis of a supernatural heaven. We hav no such promis, and we need no such refuge. In the light of science there is no terror in this common lot of all. Sorrow there is, for life is ever precious and beautiful, not our own life only, but the life of those we love; and to sunder the links that bind us together in this visible world is an unspeakable tragedy. No philosophy and no religion can make that tragedy other than it is, and the promis of science, although it stands with dumb lips over the graves of the departed, is as authentic as the voice of the most potent priesthood.

We need no promis of heaven to prepare us for the dreamless slumber of the dead. We need only the honest conscience. We need only that we be true to ourselvs. If one is unfaithful to his highest conceptions of right, he might be afraid of the dark shadow from whence no human word has ever come; but if one has lived his life manfully, clearly he can hav no dread of any hereafter; death cannot be to him an enemy; whatever it may bear, it can bear only serenity and triumph.

We come together to celebrate the memory of a noble friend, of one who fought bravely for human rights, and death therefore hath not destroyed, but made more living, his memorable service. We come together, not as without hope, but with a noble faith in the progress of all that is best, and that in this great onward tendency of the human race our friend is one with us; his life is still throbbing with our own life; his influence is still flowing on. In this meeting to-night we bind the past with the glowing future. Both memory and hope we make effulgent. We would gather inspiration from those who hav gone before, and like them look ever onward.

The supreme purpose of this meeting is not simply to honor the heroic dead, but through our thoughts of him to be better fitted for the great task which still lies before us. The battle is going on. More and more are we thrust to decisiv issues. We cannot escape the ever deepening conflict, and we look back to the past in order to be more ready for the future.

This is pre-eminently the coming religion; it is the binding together of our universal humanity, the past, the present, and the future. In one word, it is consecration—the consecration of the individual to the world-wide interests of the race. This is the only religion worthy of our regard; that which brings us out of our narrow self into our broader and higher self, which leads us to labor, not for our own personal welfare, but for others—for the millions that toil upon this planet.

I hav faith in the triumph of this noble religion. I believe that in the future the altruistic spirit so nobly portrayed by Spencer will prevail, although I can plainly see that the pathway of man is by no means one of roses. With the keen insight of the scientific observer, Dr. Maudsley, in his last book, said: "The universe makes no sign of feeling under the least obligation to make man realize his ideal. Alongside a process of evolution there has always been a process of degeneracy, and the simple question is, whether the latter process will not eventually gain the upper hand." This may be so, and we should not be so optimistic as to think the ideal for which we seek can be won without the most untiring effort on our part. There will ever be a struggle, and it depends at last on man whether he wins the goal or not. The universe givs us a fair chance; it is for us to improve it.

Against this purely scientific outlook I would put the insight of the poet as voiced in the wonderful Christmas story of Bret Harte, published in to-day's *Sun*, wherein amidst the lights and shadows of the poet's soul, this great moral conflict is pictured. Here we see the rude, hard selfishness of man for the moment triumphant, to be melted finally in the undercurrent of generosity and manhood that touches even the lowest. I think it will be so in the history of man. There is an immense amount of selfishness and rudeness and hardness—yea, injustice—to be overcome; and many a time it will seem as if the world was given over to absolute chaos of evil. But the subtil, tender, deep forces of good are flowing in the heart of humanity; they will not be extinguished; they will not be destroyed; they will not yield. I believe in the future of man that truth and justice will triumph; that generosity will be enthroned; that the individual will liv in the universal, and thus achieve immortality.

D. M. Bennett labored in the inspiration and joy of this mighty hope; he still speaks to us with the boundless energy of his life. He has passed into the darkness, not to be forgotten, but to be a star in the undying past.

Mr. Wakeman, who needed no introduction to an audience of New York Liberals, then ascended the platform. He spoke as follows:

My friends, we may congratulate ourselvs that we hav lived so long—long enough to meet with one another this evening upon a very great occasion. It is the occasion of the last of the more important war centennials of the American Revolution. One hundred years ago to-day George Washington met the Congress of the United States assembled for the purpose of enabling him to properly return to them the commission which he had received some eight years before, as the commander-in-chief of the American army. That was, indeed, an eventful occasion. It was one that had been looked forward to by the whole world as a thing that might not possibly occur—that the great general who for eight years had been practically the constitution of his country, the only power that had held it together as a unit, should resign that power, return to private life as a simple citizen, and leave his country a disbanded lot of colonies, without any center of unity whatever, was a thing that the great statesmen of Europe thought would be impossible. Not only his friends here, but his patriotic friends of the old country, even, said that if he relinquished his influence and his authority, the colonies would become a wreck like shattered fragments of a political chaos. When that man trusted his countrymen he trusted to the spirit of liberty which carried him through the war. It is proper in connection with the subject which we hav met to discuss this evening to call attention to the final words which were spoken on that occasion. His final sentences, and the final sentences of Miflin, the president of the Congress—Thomas Miflin, of Pennsylvania—a man not so well known as he should be, but one of the stalwart men of that day, who sustained, as few men could hav done, what remained of the authority of the country. The concluding words of the great general were, "Having now finished the work assigned me, I retire from the great theater of action, and bidding an affectionate farewell to this august body, under whose orders I hav so long acted, I here offer my commission and take my leave of all the employments of public life."

How simple! And the last words of Mr. Miflin were even more important. He said: "Having defended the standard of liberty in this new world, having taught a lesson useful to those who inflict, and to those who feel oppression, you retire from the great theater of action with the blessings of your fellow-citizens. But the glory of your virtues will not terminate with your military command. It will continue to animate remotest ages." Mark the words, "Having defended the standard of liberty"—to secure the blessings of liberty to ourselvs and to our posterity—were the words of the preamble to the Constitution, which summed up the labor of Washington and the results of the great Revolution itself. Liberty in their view meant political liberty. And that was the great object of the struggle in which they had been engaged. For one hundred years the idea of political liberty had been the great object to be worked out in this country.

Men like Jefferson and Paine had demonstrated the capacity of the human mind to think and to know without any restraint whatever. This object was one to them as dear as that of political liberty or liberty in activ life. But liberty of thought and action is not of itself a clear victory unless to it is added liberty of feeling, of emotion, of art. To gain liberty in the activ world; to gain liberty in thought, or the mental world; to gain liberty in the emotional or artistic world, are the great liberties which must be co-ordinated together in order fully to maintain the standard of liberty set up by our forefathers.

While we were gaining the political liberty, intellectual and moral liberty was left to take care of itself. And it did; and our country passed through a long period of intellectual liberty unexampled in previous history of nations. But the times changed. The great contest which broke down the slavocracy in this country called out elements which largely centralized the federal government, and among those elements came one called into power for the express purpose of correcting vices which existed at that time. Until one hundred years from the time this resignation of Washington occurred there had never been any attempt on the part of any theological society of this country to control the mails, and there never had been any amateur or theological societies outside of the regular authorities to dictate to a man as to words he might speak or publish, or what pictures he might paint or exhibit. Until one hundred years this republic enjoyed the liberty of thought and the liberty of feeling, and of artistic expression; and the question arose finally whether that power which had thus been left to the people should be taken from the people—should be placed in the hands of a committee who should pass upon what should be sent through the mails, or whether we should leave the thing as it had been, in the hands of the secular authorities of the government, responsible to the people. This question arose about the time Mr. Bennett became prominently known as the editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER; and the reason why I am ready to honor him, why I stand here to giv my testimony to the great value of his life, is because he was among the first of our public men who saw distinctly the issue, who predicted what would be the danger, and who himself suffered and showed what the remedy to be called forth was. His death may be the means of calling that remedy forth and making it effectiv. When he was first arrested at Watkins he said to me, when walking down to his hotel from the place where the convention had been held, that he for the first time realized what this thing meant. That little pamphlet he cared nothing about—had never read—for which he was ostensibly arrested; but as soon as he got back to New York he would put in the paper a notice that he would sell that pamphlet. He would do it and see who was the master in this country; whether the people were to be the masters, or whether the church and Anthony Comstock were to govern. And he came to New York, and he did it. If there was to be an irresponsible theological censorship in this country, it was time the people knew it.

The American people hav never fully perceived this issue. They hav most unwisely allowed their consciences and their thoughts to be overwhelmed by the clerical cry of obscenity, that spirit of puritanical prudery which puts calico drawers on the legs of a piano. Until they realize this there will be no safety for liberty. Our fathers who raised that standard of liberty will never hav the cause they had at heart thoroughly carried out until we are able to hav that issue understood by the people at large. There never can be any liberty under the church censorship. Mr. Bennett fought it, he died in it. Whatever else he may hav done good and noble I shall leave others to speak of; I merely want to follow up the point I hav made by saying many who ought to hav seen the issue of secular government ought to hav seen that they were the very ones who went back upon and practically became traitors to liberty. The church raised this cry, and it has frightened some of our friends from co-operating with us. But throughout the general community they hav raised a general impression and suspicion that there is danger unless we let some responsible party hav this tremendous power. But liberty will take care of itself if you once giv it a chance.

In regard to the liberty of thought, does what I think hurt you? Shall Comstock or anybody dictate what I shall think? No. I don't hurt you by my thoughts. Let every one of you think. We can realize universal mental liberty, and can it hurt anybody? Let us think all we can and in every way we can, and learn all we can, and we shall be larger and nobler men. It seems to me that we may say of art as we do of music—that it sanctifies everything it touches. There can be nothing obscene if the alembic of art touches it. It removes it into the spiritual world, where everything is pure, because everything becomes lifted up. If we are to hav any art at all, the one thing that taken from it would be like taking the sun from the landscape, is to take the beauty, the glory, the dignity of the human form from art. In those beautiful words in Hamlet: "What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinit in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals." There is no such thing as reverence for humanity; there is no such thing as real worship unless man learns to respect himself, and to know that he is the temple of the Holy Ghost. If you wish ever to hav womanhood and nature lifted up, we hav got to hav this done by using the symbols of womanhood, for they are the only symbols that can express the greatness, the beauty, the purity by which the ideal world can be realized. Let us, then, hav confidence in human nature. Let us say to art, You shall be free to use anything in nature as the symbol to express the higher domain and thought and feeling of the human heart. Unless this is done there can be no art in this country.

I strike at the principle, as Mr. Bennett did, and say this whole thing is out of place in this democratic country, and we should never let a chance go by without decisiv protest against the principle involved.

Mr. Chamberlain spoke with much fervor and earnestness, substantially as follows:

We hear wails coming up from all sources that Protestantism is a failure, that Christianity is not doing the work it should be doing, etc. The people hav lost faith in the doctrins of the church because they hav found that the church is not honest. No act or thing ever accomplished in our country has done more to make the profession of the Christian religion contemptible than the outrage upon D. M. Bennett. The book, the mailing of which was the pretext upon which he was got into prison, started a discussion which is now very general. It was in no sense obscene. It was written with an honest, earnest purpose. Just before the trial the word went forth from the Young Men's Christian Association that "a certain class of Freethought publications is about to be stamped out." The speaker then reviewed the trial and pointed out many particulars in which it was unfair and unjust. He then said that after the trial a leading representativ of ecclesiastical fanaticism in this country got up in the Young Men's Christian Association Hall and chuckled and exulted over the fact that they had succeeded in getting Mr. Bennett into prison. If such trickery and rascality as this is the outcome of Christian teaching the speaker wanted none of it. "By their fruits ye shall know them." He enlarged upon the danger to liberty from the first encroachment, and congratulated himself and the Liberals that Mr. Bennett's case was understood by the people, and that there was honesty enough in the people of this country to resent the outrage.

Mr. Henry Stone said:

I would not hav you think, owing to the lateness of the hour, that I shall occupy your attention for much length of time, I hav only a few words to say. Were the time more reasonable, perhaps I might speak more at length. But when I came here I had no thoughts of saying one word. I knew Mr. Bennett for forty years, and knew him to be an honest, pure, and noble man. His value, his labor, his honesty, his devotion to principle, hav been dwelt upon more ably than it were possible for me to do. It is to the proud distinction of which our friend Mr. Wakeman has spoken that I would refer principally. We all know this story and the experience of our martyred patriot. We all know that story, and it is well, perhaps, for us to hav our minds brought back once in awhile to it, that we may realize the duty that devolves upon us; that we may realize that we hav a work to do. Mr. Bennett commenced this work, and may we carry it on boldly to the end. The one point that he insisted upon was the maintenance of our inalienable rights, and that is the only point of necessity. Now the Catholic church numbers its children in our public schools at between eight and nine millions. This church is establishing its parochial schools for the education of the Catholic children, and the Catholic people, in this country, are not going much longer to pay taxes to support the public schools. Are we aware that this censorship is going to prepare the people for war? Unless we can get rid of the censorship of the church we are slaves, and there is no help for us. The one course for us to take, if we would maintain our liberty and our independence, is to fight this power, yes, to the last ditch and behind the last bulwark; to hold back and in check that power which would wrest from us and destroy our liberties. Let us, like our friend, Mr. Bennett, stand well to the cause, and never fall back.

Mr. Andrews said that he wished to call attention to a feature in the character of Mr. Bennett which had not been adverted to by those who had preceded him; and which peculiarly characterizes, as the speaker thinks, the higher order of minds. This is his capacity for entertaining more than one idea, in the fact that while he was the pre-eminent secularist, he was also a Spiritualist. To ordinary minds, this position of mental doubleness involves a contradiction, which, however, the more comprehensiv mind finds the means of reconciling. It is not my present purpose, continued Mr. Andrews, to endeavor to giv the ideal method of that reconciliation, but simply to call attention to the fact that this special assailant of superstition could lend at the same time the most hospitable and sympathetic attention to the slightest whisper of any reasonable and positiv evidence of an after life. I knew him somewhat intimately, and I knew that he gave more attention and credence to spiritual phenomena than might be inferred from his more public utterances, although they were unequivocal. He had that loving and gentle character which would patiently wait on baffling and unsatisfactory mediumistic manipulations, to endeavor to sift out the modicum of truth which might lie at the bottom of these wierd phenomena. It was not his method to pre-judge and decide unfavorably upon matters which appeared unaccountable or mysterious.

But my present object, said Mr. Andrews, in introducing this subject is a practical one. It resulted from this characteristic of Mr. Bennett that he had two distinct classes of friends—the Materialistic and Positivistic class, and the Spiritualists. Both of those sorts of people are here to-night. And also this characteristic of Mr. Bennett favored the formation of that remarkable union which now exists among the reformers of this country under the name of Liberalism, of two parties, working together as one, differing in extremes as to their doctrin; but agreeing and endeavoring to unite on this common basis of individual freedom of opinion, resistance of spiritual aggression, and love of progress. He opened his paper quite impartially to the views of these two parties so combined in one party, and in his own personality he exhibited the possibility of a certain reconciliation and harmony between two opposits.

In this manner, and from other causes, there has sprung up a Union Reform movement in this coun-

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ry, in which it may almost be said that the basis of of our unity is our differences, rather than our agreements. But this unique movement involves the necessity of a new code of social ethics—of the study of mutual courtesy, and in some sense of a reform among reformers. It will take us some little time to get the hang of it, and to learn to accommodate our language and our manners to the new conditions. For instance, it is no longer appropriate for a speaker, addressing one of these mixed assemblages, to assume that all of those present agree with him and his particular group of *co-doctrinaires*, and so to say, *We* believe so and so, when the belief mentioned is notably dissented from by many. Our chairman of this evening sinned a little in his opening speech in that way. It is an ungracious thing for me to criticise him, for he was especially generous in his kind allusions to me in the same speech which I complain of. But, as somebody says, "What is the use of having friends if you can't abuse them?" And Mr. Putnam is always provoking me, I fear, by his extreme good nature, to be a little ugly to him. To make clear what I mean: If a Spiritualist had happened to preside here to-night, and there was nothing to prevent it, and if he had said, in the course of his remarks, assuming to speak for the whole meeting: We believe in the Rochester knockings; we believe in the summer-land; we believe that ghosts exist, and that they are coming back nightly among us and re-materializing, etc., everybody would hav felt shocked at the incongruity.

That might be all right in a conclave of Spiritualists, but it would be out of place in a Union Reform or mixed Liberal meeting. The Agnostics hav a perfect right to determin whether they will enter into a mixed movement along with Spiritualists; but if they do so, under the joint banner of Liberalism, as they are doing, they should endeavor to remember that they are not in a separate meeting of their own. The fault is a mere slip of the tongue, from old habit; but one which should be corrected. Simply to say, I believe; or, I and those here who agree with me believe, would make it all right. It is not that anyone should suppress his opinions, or not be as outspoken in one class of meeting as in the other; but that speakers should cultivate a chivalric and courteous manner toward allies, and not, in a seemingly supercilious manner, ignore them.

True Liberalism is very broad, and is a great attainment. Negativ affirmation is no more Liberalism than affirmation pure and simple. There are four great governing forms of opinion or *castes* of philosophy. There is first an affirmation; then a negation, or denial, which is a negativ affirmation; then eclecticism, which keeps the middle way, taking a little from the right and a little from the left hand side, cautiously avoiding extremes, its motto being *in medio ibis tutissimus* (in the middle thou wilt go safest). In fine, then, it is Integralism, which boldly goes to the extremes, right and left, compasses them both, goes beyond every other, both ways, bringing all back to the middle, and finding the method of reconciling opposits, in concrete spheres, and so of being the whole truth. This last will be found in the end to be the highest achievement of Liberalism.

What Mr. Bennett inaugurated in the way of opening THE TRUTH SEEKER, on equal terms, to the two opposing schools of Liberals, has been carried out, even more extensivly and successfully, by the present editor, Mr. Eugene M. Macdonald. He seems quite competent to drive four or six in hand, pulling a little occasionally on this rein and a little on that, and holding all well in check over the rough road of controversy and mutual recrimination. It is not, I presume, that he has not definit opinions of his own, and perhaps very decided ones; but that an editor, in such a chair, holds a sort of judicial position, his business being to see fair play between others, more than to make specially prominent his own views on the points under discussion.

A call was made for the sculptor, Mr. Wilson Macdonald, who said that, though he was not wont to decline invitations to address Liberals, he would ask to be excused on this occasion. The chairman, Mr. Putnam, said that inasmuch as Mr. Macdonald had spoken to us so forcibly through eloquence of his art, perhaps we could afford to excuse him.

The chairman read the following letter from Louis F. Post, who had promised to be present and speak, but who was unavoidably prevented:

NEW YORK, Dec. 23, 1883.

MY DEAR MR. PUTNAM: I had fully expected until this moment to be present with you to-night at the meeting in honor of Mr. Bennett's memory. I find now that it will be impossible to go. Nevertheless I am with you all in spirit, and want to be counted with those who join on the anniversary of his birth to keep alive the memory of his work.

He served in the beginning. It may be the good fortune of some of us to serve even to the end; but none can serve better than he did; none can ever sacrifice more. Had I been with you I could not hav said more than that the life of D. M. Bennett is a mile-post on the pathway of liberty and his name and fame worthy of perpetuation while time shall be. And that I say now. I am, very truly yours,

LOUIS F. POST.

At the close of his remarks, and before the unveiling of the medallion, Mr. Putnam read this telegram from Dr. E. B. Foote, Sr., who was obliged to visit St. Louis to fulfil a promis made to his aged mother to spend Christmas with her:

CLEVELAND, O., Dec. 23, 1883.

S. P. PUTNAM, *Dear Sir:* As evidence that D. M. Bennett has lived, I will inform you I hav made Sunday reading of a paper called THE TRUTH SEEKER as an evidence that, though dead, he still livs. I contemplate with pride your memorial meeting to-night. DR. E. B. FOOTE.

Before dismissing the audience, the chairman gave notice that on the 29th of January the League would meet again to celebrate the birthday of Thomas Paine. Until then the meeting stood adjourned. Thus closed the first of a series of Liberal gatherings which it is hoped may be held on each recurring anniversary of the birthday of D. M. Bennett. The meeting in impressivness and dignity was worthy of the man in whose honor it was held. Too glowing mention cannot be made of the beautiful appearance of the medallion, as ornamented by the ladies of the committee, Mrs. Macdonald and Mrs. Britton, chosen for that purpose. Crowned with his own work, THE TRUTH SEEKER, wreathed in laurel, and draped with the Stars and Stripes, whose honor as the emblem of liberty D. M. Bennett did so much to uphold, nothing could hav been more appropriate or impressiv. Mr. Putnam, as the moving spirit of the occasion and chairman of the meeting, performed his duty with thoroughness and ability, and all those who contributed to the success of the gathering deserve the thanks of the Liberal world, which we are sure they will receive. While laboring for the present and the future, it is a graceful thing to turn our thoughts backward once in a while to honor our heroes dead, whose lives will be forever, as Mr. Putnam has said, "a star in the undying past."

THE BOSTON CELEBRATION.

Was deferred on account of the intense cold (15° below zero) of the 23d, which prevented an audience assembling. The regular meeting of the Thomas Paine Fraternity on the 30th, therefore, was made the occasion of the service commemorativ of the birth of Mr. Bennett. The audience was fair in size and appreciativ in demeanor. The Fraternity makes congregational singing a leading feature, and the selections from Kneeland's Hymn Book were sung with spirit last Sunday. The Fraternity also maintains a Sunday-school, which precedes the regular lecture. Before the society John Storer Cobb is delivering a series of discourses on the "Martyrs to Free Speech." His tribute to Mr. Bennett was the first of these. Next Sunday, Jan. 6th, he will take Socrates as his example.

Mr. Cobb's address last Sunday was as follows:

Last Sunday was the sixty-fifth anniversary of the birth of D. M. Bennett, the founder of the New York TRUTH SEEKER, one of the most earnest and arduous workers in behalf of mental liberty, and the latest martyr which the malignance of the Christian hierarchy has furnished us.

I hav no respect whatever for the old aphorism, which says *de mortuis nil nisi bonum.* I rather think that greater good will be done if, in speaking of the dead, we say, *nil nisi verum.* There hav been people upon this earth of whom it would be almost impossible to say any good, and yet whose thoughts and actions hav exerted so powerful an influence upon the lives and destinies of their fellows that it would be an iniquity to relegate them to obscurity. In these cases the good would not be the true, and therefore would be wrong. In all instances, even in speaking of the dead, the elucidation of the truth should be the object of our endeavor.

Fortunately for us, in the case of the brother of whom I am now speaking, the good and the true are one. We hav no difficulty whatever in complying with the original injunction, because of this dead it would not be possible to say anything but good. I do not wish, for one moment, to be understood as signifying that he had no faults, or that every action of his life was above criticism or reproach. To attain to such condition would imply possibilities higher than the human, at any rate under any existing environments and structure.

When a life on earth is ended, it is as a unit that it must be considered. We hav it no longer in mere detail. No one act is nearer to us than another. All must be taken together, the balance cast, and whether that balance be in favor of the good or the evil wrought must be made known. Thus applying with impartiality the scales of justice (not blind, but open-eyed, far-seeing, close-discriminating justice), we find the good of our brother's life so far down-balancing the bad, that the latter becomes practically an infinitesimal quantity. As soon as he had worked himself free from the influence of the superstitious teachings of his youth, and saw that man was the proper object of man's endeavor, he dismissed the tyrannic God before whom he had been taught to kneel and tremble, and set himself nobly to the lask of universal man's redemption.

He was not one of nature's pampered sons, or possibly he might hav been as useless as such beings, with the physical forms of men, usually are, and we should not be here to-day to commemorate a life heroically devoted to other lives' advantage. Born of humble parents, nevertheless of stock possessing innate qualities of heart and mind and body which were transmitted to him, his youth was not one of ease and luxury.

His mother was a Methodist, and by means of the Sunday-school attached to the church of which she was a member, the mind of the son was well supplied with material for the onslaughts which he was destined to make upon the Christian faith and the book upon which that faith is founded.

The period spent among the Shakers had a very important effect upon the whole of Mr. Bennett's after life. The useful knowledge gained, added to the stores of memory before acquired, formed a magazine of ammunition of quantity and quality precisely adapted for the war in which he afterward entered with religious superstition; while the mental and physical disciplin of the community qualified him for the conduct of the strife in the way which proved so highly effectiv. To this Shaker exercitation was also, in great measure, to be attributed that tenacity of purpose and elasticity of bodily strength which enabled him, although his literary career was not commenced until a comparativly late period in life, to complete so extensiv an encyclopedia of debate and information as has been left to mark his untiring devotion to the cause whose service he espoused.

It was but a natural consequence of the dialectic character of his mind that his whole road from superstition's close embrace to the free pure air of reason's realm, should be polemically marked and attested. It was not sufficient for him that he himself could sift the false from the true, and, casting error from his path, walk free from its noxious influences. He must teach other men what he had learned. He must even go further than this; he must wage relentless war against those who continued to uphold the claims of falsehood. Hardly had he traveled beyond the first stage of this mental and spiritual journey before he was engaged in a discussion with two clergymen, which I believe was his introduction, as an actor, into the literary world.

"Now then," he says, "if you hav the blessed assurance that your words will be heard, why not accept Prof. Tyndall's challenge, and, if you win, then away with Dr. Walker's Vinegar Bitters, Helmbold's Buchu, John Bull's Sarsaparilla, Old Mother Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and last, but not least, Dr. Green's All-Sticking Balsam! Away with M.D.'s and their institutes of learning. Giv room to the 'man of prayer,' for it is he who hath the balm of Gilead and can heal our wounds. But if you do not succeed in relieving the suffering by prayer, what then? *Vice versa.* But hold, reverend sirs; before you proceed, would it not be well to let the voice of reason whisper to you a moment, asking you to crack the following theological nut:

"Does not the being who made the world govern it by laws that are inflexible, because they are the best?

"If this being did change his established laws to please an individual, a community, the inhabitants of this world, or the countless millions of worlds, would he not be a changeable being? And if he governs the world by special and local exercise of his almightiness, and has the power to effect all things, other than through the course of natural law, why does he not displace sin with good, slavery with justice, poverty with plenty? Why does the deity permit famin, disease, and woe?

"But, on the other hand, if God does not govern the world by special and local exercise of his almightiness, but by laws which are eternal and unchangeable, what good will your prayers do?

"Would it not be far better if you would learn what God's fixed laws are by studying physiology, philosophy, science, etc.; and then teach your intelligent audiences what those laws are, admonishing them to obey those laws if they would be happy, either here or 'over the shining river?'"

These questions, as may be well imagined, his clerical disputants found it difficult to answer. Our valiant champion had had but little experience in making attacks upon the pet notions of sectarian religion. He supposed that his Christian opponents would deal blow for blow in fairness given, and when beaten acknowledge their defeat. He was surprised when he found that he was unfairly treated. He was irritated at the discovery that, by having the sympathy of the press proprietors, his antagonists had over him an advantage which they did not scruple to use dishonestly when upright, even-handed methods failed.

How glad we feel that such effect was produced upon his mind, for to this is owing his determination to hav a paper of his own, to this we are to-day indebted for the weekly visits of our TRUTH SEEKER.

The spirit which persecuted him even unto death, that gloried in the fact of having been his murderer, is alive to-day and as ready to pursue its villainous course wherever can be found a man or woman who thinks and dares express the thing that's thought. Nay, more; the very same agent that manipulated the outrages in his case, is still in honor among the bigots of the church, and still the despicable tool of their detestable schemes. But worse than all, because from these is derived the power and all the resemblance of right, under which these practices are possible, the laws under which all these modern persecutions hav been organized and carried out are still upon our statute books. Until these are repealed, safety is beyond realization. It is folly to simply objurgate the agent of the wrong. It is imbecility to content ourselvs with bemoaning the fact that the spirit of intolerance still livs. If we destroy its power to act it may liv as long as it pleases, and employ what agents it may choose. Our business is to agitate for a repeal of the laws from which all the power for harm is derived, and not to fold our arms and cry peace, until not one remains even as the dead letter of a law. We shall gain nothing by crying out upon the ferocity of the wolf. Its teeth must be drawn, and then its disposition to bite may remain. It will be harmless, and we need not care at all how hard would be its bite if its power were not destroyed. Not until these enactments are all annulled; not until it is impossible for a man or woman in this land to be injured for the plain expression of an honest opinion, shall we hav shown a full appreciation of the life and labors of him who was the last, under the iron heel of this despotic power, to lay down his life in the service of humanity.

With these remarks, which of necessity comprise but the hasty throwing together of a few unconnected thoughts upon a subject which it would take a volume to exhaust, I now leave the matter to be handled in a more able and efficient manner by those who hav so kindly come forward to aid in making this occasion worthy of the purposes to which it has been devoted.

Jay Chaapel, one of the editors of the *Golden Age*, followed Mr. Cobb. He said:

It givs me great pleasure to appear before you to-day, in this hall dedicated to one of the bravest and noblest men that ever helped to turn back the army of superstition, to say a word in commemoration of D. M. Bennett, and in commemoration of his sixty-fifth birthday.

When he first saw the light of this planet, the churches had a firm grip upon the people of these United States, and forced upon us a long list of silly, superstitious, and degrading rites. The Boston *Investigator*, born in the same year with myself, with those brave men Mendum and Seaver at the helm, fought for many years almost alone the bigotry and sophistry of the priesthood. All honor to them and their handful of supporters.

In 1873 D. M. Bennett came before the public with his TRUTH SEEKER. It was a monthly, quite unartistic in its make-up, and came sailing across the Alleghanies from an obscure town in Illinois. The clergy, and many of the Liberals, looked upon it with contempt, and thought it of no consequence whatever. It soon dealt such heavy and telling blows on the tender and vulnerable places of those proud and over-confident fellows that they began to reel and cry out for help from their supporters. Immediately an army of bigots were at their backs to support them and ready for any cruel work. This brave man Bennett kept steadily on in his course, never once faltering, but at each issue of his sheet he sent his hot shot into their very midst in utter defiance of their haughty bearing and overwhelming numbers.

What a disgrace it was to this nation to send such a man as he to the Albany Penitentiary for a year. Yet through all that agony of suffering, how bravely and calmly he bore up under, not only the persecutions of the church, but the derisiv scoffs of those he had reason to expect to befriend him.

The immense amount of work he did under adverse circum-

stances was very remarkable, and if I believed in miracles I should certainly think he performed many; but back of every effect lies a natural cause, and this truth is one that the Christian world need to learn, as well as quite a large number of our Liberals. It seems, at times, as strange as sad that these bold and fearless men like Mr. Bennett, who struggle so hard to get down to the bottom of human misery, and who tear into shreds the cruel wrongs that so hinder our growth, should be so often singled out to undergo such bitter persecutions from many who in after years would be glad to be called their friends.

Our friend Bennett was one of the army of martyrs. The cold and ruthless hand of orthodoxy grasped him, and though he did great and mighty work and broke their pious grip, his steps were much impeded, and as a brilliant success was crowning him he gave way and sank into the sleep called death. It is a great pleasure to all his friends, and of much gall to his enemies, that the last years of his eventful life were so full of usefulness and triumph over the bigotry and shallow conservatism that swaggers with such an air of superiority over every man or woman. He did a great work, and his name will shine brighter and brighter as truth and justice are better understood. His work, as you all know, was not of that polished kind like James Anthony Froude's, Ralph Waldo Emerson's, and James Parton's, but was it not quite as effectiv? The latter gentleman was his warm friend, and gave him his earnest sympathy in his desperate conflicts with the church. He reached a larger number of persons than any of the above named, and showed them the falsities and absurdities of the Christian teachings in a way that few others could. He spoke from the depths of his soul and with a fearlessness that challenged competition. He has sent the car of progress a long ways ahead, and it will never fall back into the old ruts, but we all must help to keep it going. Let us do as Mr. Bennett did, accept any truth in whatever form, and reject any error though dressed in priestly robes or Liberal garments.

Liberals are sometimes engulphed in as deep an abyss of bigotry as our church friends, and can see nothing Liberal unless the word religion is connected with it.

Mr. Bennett was a Spiritualist. I think it was in the year 1877 that he became thoroughly convinced of the philosophy through Mrs. Lord and Dr. Henry Slade. He recognized the phenomena, and as opportuuity offered investigated all its phases. On his return from around the world in 1882, I spent several days with him in Rochester, N. Y., and attended during that time a seance with him, and we had much conversation upon that subject.

In a private letter to Mrs. Colby and Smith, written from the Albany prison in 1880, he says, "I believe that spirits do exist, and that they are organized forms of highly developed and subtilized matter." In 1878 he wrote me similar words. I say these things because many hav thought him a pure Materialist.

Let us honor the name of our departed friend, and endeavor to cherish his noble qualities of heart and mind.

Mr. Horace Seaver said, in substance:

Every one whose life has been devoted to the development and promotion of mental liberty and equal rights deserves to be respected while living, and held in grateful remembrance after he has passed away. Mr. Bennett was a tireless and effectiv worker in this good cause for many years, and hence he has contributed to the progress of the Liberal movement of today. All such men are benefactors of the race, because they maintain and defend the right of free thought, free speech, a free press, and personal liberty, so far as it is reasonable and just. It is self-evident that to men of this character and disposition we are indebted for the measure of civil, political, and intellectual freedom that we now possess, because we learn from history that before their time in past ages there were but very few Freethinkers or Liberals in existence, and even those were tortured or murdered on account of their opinions.

Five hundred years ago, or even two hundred and fifty, here in New England, there was no mental freedom worthy of the name. It was the age of faith rather than the age of reason, and the authority of the church was supreme—the rights of conscience being entirely set aside by the iron rule of religious bigotry, superstition, and priestcraft. This was the state of things before Liberalism appeared and obtained a foothold; and then, like an angel of mercy and deliverance rising on the world, it said to Catholics, "Stop your persecution!" and the dungeons of the Inquisition were closed, and the fires of Smithfield where heretics were burnt at the stake were quenched. It also said to Protestants, "There must be no more tyranny over the human mind, for all hav the right to think and speak their thoughts," and now a brighter era is dawning upon our race, for it is destined to enjoy in the future the blessings twhich Liberalism imparts, but which were unknown during the ages of ecclesiastical rule.

In these days the cause of Freethought is gaining, and as our departed friend Bennett labored diligently in its behalf, let us all imitate his good example in that respect, and never be found wanting in our endeavors to sustain and promote the great cause of universal mental liberty.

At the conclusion of Mr. Seaver's remarks a stranger from the region of the Rocky Mountains, who said that he was visiting friends in the city whom he had not seen for years, was invited to address the meeting. He said that he was not personally known to Mr. Bennett, but had for several years been a reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and it pleased him to hear Mr. Bennett and his work spoken of as they had been at that meeting, the remembrance of which would giv him pleasure in his Western home.

To Enforce Secularism.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I hav been thinking that it would be a wise plan on the part of the League to send some person into every school district, and hav him liv long enough in said school district to become a citizen of the district, and then hav each appointed man or individual serve an injunction on each school board, restraining them from reading the Bible and praying in school during school hours. Cannot you print your views in the next TRUTH SEEKER? Yours, R. M. J. VAIL.

Our opinion is that every legal, peaceable, honorable means should be used to compel the maintenance of secular public schools, in which there shall be no official reference, pro or con, to religion of any sort, nor any reading from any religious book whatever. There are few school districts in which can not be found some Liberal who, if morally and financially backed up by his friendly neighbors, would not be willing to test the question in the courts. School houses are erected for specified purposes; any extra use of them during school hours, or at any time without the consent of a majority of the people in the district, is an illegal usurpation. We are in favor of activ proceedings to enforce the Nine Demands of Liberalism in all their length and breadth.—ED.

A Freethought Romance.

Waifs and Wanderings.

BY SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

CHAPTER I.

Cupples "Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace."

A slight noise attracted his attention. He could not account for it. It might be burglars. With great presence of mind he awoke Mrs. Cupples. They both listened intently, and Mrs. Cupples became convinced that some one was trying to break into the house. She wanted Cupples to get up, but he argued that it was the cat and there was need of getting up. Mrs. Cupples insisted, and her eloquence became so overpowering that Cupples at last emerged from the restless billow of her talk, not much like Venus from the sea, and stood like an apostrophe, in a questioning attitude, with considerable trembling; for it was cold, and there might be burglars. In hunting for his clothes, he overturned several chairs with quite a racket; so that if anyone were about they might realize their danger, and escape before the valorous Cupples was upon them. The latter did not want to hurt anybody unless he was obliged to. It was his rule to give a man a chance to run away, and he had so admirably succeeded that he had never yet shown his fighting capacity. No doubt in the present instance he would have frightened off any who, with mischievous spirit might have been hovering about the premises, for those chairs did "volley and thunder."

While he was dressing, Mrs. Cupples, with her usual volubility, offered innumerable suggestions as to the occasion of the noise, none of which tended to soothe the perturbed Cupples. She sat up in bed, her night-cap somewhat awry, and giving a weird look to the eager curiosity expressed in her face; in fact her night-cap looked like a line of breakers on a dark and stormy coast, and her eyes danced like lanterns on some heaving ship. Mr. Cupples sat in a chair, holding tightly to the candle, and trying to catch some sound during the pauses of the other's impetuous monologue. During a somewhat longer interval than usual, owing to the fact that Mrs. Cupples' curiosity was getting the better of her tongue—the only thing that ever did—a wail was heard that not only made Cupples's each particular hair stand on end, but almost turn a somerset. He valiantly recovered himself and gasped out, "It's the cat, Mariar!"

But "Mariar" said, "No cat ever screeched like that. It is a burglar. Go right down cellar, Cupples, and catch him."

Women think that the cellar is the first point of attack. They have an idea that every burglar is engaged in a "gunpowder plot."

"But a burglar wouldn't make such a noise as that, Mariar."

"Yes, he would," cried the female logician; "they are up to all manner of tricks nowadays. Go down cellar."

This is the substance of a woman's argument, "Do as I tell you."

Between fear of the known—Mrs. Cupples—and fear of the unknown—the burglars—Cupples hardly knew what to do.

"I'll get the poker," said he, and started for the kitchen.

Another sound, tremulous, long-drawn, and exceedingly piercing.

Cupples was at once convinced that it "wasn't cats," and Mrs. Cupples was convinced that it "wasn't burglars."

Both cried together, "It's a baby."

It is seldom that the Cuppleses were so unanimous.

Cupples almost wished that it was a burglar; for a burglar could be scared away, but a baby, never. Every baby is a Cæsar—"I came, I sobbed, I conquered."

Cupples opened the door and brought in a large basket, in the midst of which was quite a commotion, and, to use his own language, "an infernal noise." Mrs. Cupples was by his side, peering into the unfolding "sound and fury."

A baby, fresh as a rosebud, dewy with tears, and most beautiful, though it was making such a hideous outcry. The light of heaven was upon its velvet face. Cupples couldn't help admiring the precious monster.

But he was puzzled. Babies were to him an unknown genus. He had hardly kissed a dozen in his life, and as for holding one, he shuddered at the bare suggestion. He was afraid he might murder it unwittingly, it seemed so like a "bubble in the air," ready at any moment to burst and vanish in a cloud of drapery. He had persistently kept clear of babies, and now,

"In the dead waste and middle of the night,"

To be confronted by one, was as if Niagara had suddenly plunged upon him. He stood, like Teneriffe, immovable for a space; but, unlike Teneriffe, he had no heart of stone, and so could not resist the crying waves that beat upon his breast. He himself became like a "wave of the sea," running to and fro, yet hardly accomplishing much. Mrs. Cupples looked on with dignity and curiosity. To stop that "everlasting yell," as Cupples expressed it, was his first endeavor; but, like a panic-stricken general, he could not arrange his forces, or determine what point to attack as the enemy came thundering upon him from ambuscades of infantile ingenuity. Mrs. Cupples cried, "Give it the bottle." He did not understand this, for he saw no bottle, and he could not imagine how to "give it," unless he used it to crush the "little giant's" head; and this he thought was quite too cruel. At least it should be a last resort, and he would try milder remedies to begin with. He might perhaps smother it with a pillow. Meanwhile Mrs. Cupples had fished out the bottle, with its snake-like coil, which Cupples had never before seen, and he was quite amazed at the contrivance, and at the way Mrs. Cupples thrust it into the child's mouth, as if she meant to choke it. He was still more astounded at the marvelous change that followed; the sweet placidity that swept over the tempest; the baby-face shone "like a lily in bloom." When Cupples understood it, he burst out, "Well there I'll be ——"

If Cupples's word was to be taken, he was —— about forty times a day; nevertheless, he, thrived upon it like a —— mill-pond.

"The milk's most gone, Mariar; is there any more in the house?"

"Not a bit; perhaps she'll go to sleep if she don't have the colic."

This earthquaking possibllity almost persuaded Cupples to dress and go to the shop and stay the rest of the night. But before he reached any conclusion Mrs. Cupples was in bed and asleep, and the infant was in balmy slumbers, watched over, it seemed, by faries. Cupples felt that for the time being he might trust to fortune, though he earnestly wished for morning that he might be released from further responsibility.

He tossed and tumbled and could not sleep, for he felt that something would happen, and something did happen. The baby began to cry. Cupples dived under the clothes, stopped his ears, and held his breath. But he could not keep up the battle in this way. He sprang from bed and gave the bottle to the baby. There was silence. But the bottle was empty, and Cupples did not know that he had armed the enemy with the materials of war, nor what the next moment would bring,

"With its stored thunder laboring up."

The storm came like an "elemental strife." Cupples was completely unmanned, and the domineering baby took the helm, a liliputian Glendower that could "call spirits from the vasty deep." He might almost gulph the little thing like an oyster, *a la* Thackeray, and he was tempted to do so. He tried to think of what mothers did in similar circumstances. He flung the baby to the ceiling; he laid it across his knee; he patted its back; danced it in the air; sang to it; shook his fist at it; murmured soft words to it; put it down and swore he wouldn't take it again; but did take it, up as a louder blast than usual laid seige to his ears. Then the baby became silent and blessed slumber sealed its eyelids. With wondrous care and tenderness he put it down and darted off to bed. But scarcely was he in when a new peal took him captive and ordered him to the front. Again there were intervals of rest,

"When silence became music,"

And then outbursts. The stars looked down with an Emersonian smile, as much as to say, "Why all this trouble, my little man?" But they gave not a twinkle to help the "little man," and of course he must "trouble." I guess if the stars had to take care of babies, they would not find the universe quite so serene a place after all. It's doubtful if they'd "make haste slowly." When at last the baby dropped into a profound sleep, Cupples looked like a wreck stranded upon the shores of morning. The baby was like a tiny Hebe, while he was like a wild-eyed Sesyphus, who, having got the stone at rest, expected every moment to see it start off again. Mrs. Cupples dressed. They ate breakfast in silence; a marvelous experience in their united career. A great burden was on their minds. What should they do with that baby? There it was, "fresh as the morn and brilliant as its star," but Cupples knew it would shed "disastrous twilight." It must be provided for before the sun set.

In times of trouble Cupples had been taught to go to his minister, and in such an extremity as this, to whom else could he go? Only a "miracle of grace" could save him, and that was the parson's business—who talked of it as a pedler would of his tin-ware, as something that could be easily furnished "all bright and shining."

As Cupples hurried off he gave a last look at the sleeping little one, and his heart beat quick, for it was one of the handsomest babies ever born into this world. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

Communications.

Philosophy on the Half-Shell; or, Ethics of '83.

DESTINY; OR, THE FREE AGENCY OF MAN.

In all ages, from the earliest in which man (as man) lived and thought, to this hour, he has been harassed, haunted, and terrified by that specter, the offspring of his imagination, called conscience, and which has no existence save in the vagaries of his own brain.

Every particle of matter in the universe influences every other particle, because each is a part of one stupendous whole. Hence, no particle is independent of "the great natural laws" (so called), nor can it, by any possibility, rise above or beyond them.

If it ever *appears* to do so, we may feel certain it but exchanges the control of a set or order of laws, with whose action we hav become familiarized, for another set or order beyond our present comprehension.

When this occurs the vulgar cry, "A miracle!" but the Intellectualist knows that the majestic chain of cause and effect is *never* broken; for in that instant the universe would crumble to chaos, the myriad suns forsake their mighty orbits, and life in its multitudinous forms become a name.

Man, body and mind, is but a link in this vast chain. Priests and metaphysicians speak of spirit as distinct from matter. No error is more easily disproved.

That which exists without either weight or dimension (as spirit is claimed to do) can, by *no* possibility, influence matter (which has both), as no points of contact exist through whose influence (the one upon the other) they could become mutually conscious of each other's existence.

I trust I make this clear.

Myriad ages before you and I appeared in our present form upon this planet, the adamantin laws of cause and effect had mapped out (intelligently or non-intelligently, we know not which) every breath, every thought, every word, every act, between our cradle and our grave.

Step by step, through ages well-nigh too remote for realization, has each individual brain-structure been eliminated, through types and races, from the primeval life germ, far, far back amid the shadowy aisles of time.

The theologian unhesitatingly assures us that man is "a free moral agent," responsible to heaven for his every act. One brief glance will serve to dispel this illusion in those who cherish it, if indeed they will but reason, and not consider the exercise of their nativ intelligence to be a crime.

The brain is the organ and *the measure* of the mind. Can this vaunted freedom of the will measure the thoughts of a Shakspere, a Byron, or a Shelley, into your brain or mine? Emphatically, No!

And why not? Because *only* the brain of a Shakspere, a Byron, or a Shelley, can think a thought of so great a size and so fine a quality.

So far we are agreed. Let us proceed further.

We hav clearly seen that the size and quality of a man's brain determin the size and quality of his thoughts. Many thousand dissections prove this fact physically.

A great mind was *never* found to be coupled with an inferior brain—never!

The brains of Cuvier, Byron, Webster, and a host of others, attest to the validity of the above fact.

I am aware that a certain deficiency in brain-size may be counterbalanced by unusual fineness of material, and that not all equally great minds are found coupled with brains of precisely the same size and weight. This does not, however, militate against the general application of the principle I hav herein laid down. The brain of the first Napoleon (one of the finest and heaviest ever weighed) forms a striking proof of the truth of my assertions.

Every human being comes into this world with a brain-structure, resultant of a vast chain of ancestral causes, which find their expression (or effect) in his or her physical organization, including the brain.

No two brains ever *precisely* resemble one another in every particular; hence, their products (thoughts) can never be *precisely* similar, under similar circumstances.

This is clear.

For instance, a man with that portion of his brain largely developed, through a long line of ancestral poets, which evolves, or secretes, ideality, must and can think thoughts of an ideal character. These thoughts could not possibly exist in, or be comprehended by the brain of another man, lacking, also through ancestral causes, this particular physical brain development. This, too, is clear.

Each man, then, thinks such thoughts, and only such, as "fit" his brain.

How, then, can he possibly be free to think what he chooses?

The character of brain inherited, coupled with impulses received from persons and things without (*i. e.*, outside of) ourselvs, are the two, and the only two, causes which determin our thoughts, and thereby our acts; in other words, "heredity" and "environment."

But one motiv can ever govern a man at one time. This motiv is invariably the strongest motiv, be it what it may.

What would to me, under any given circumstances, appear the strongest motiv, and therefore necessarily decide my course of action, would—on account of our diverse brain-structures—in no wise constitute the strongest motiv with each of a thousand other men, selected at random, and their course of action would therefore inevitably be different from mine.

It therefore is made clear that the acts of each individual depend solely upon what, in his particular brain-structure, constitutes the strongest motiv.

Even the violently insane form no exception to this universal law, for in their maddest vagaries they but follow what, in their incoherent reasoning, constitutes the strongest motiv.

Thus, examined by the searching analysis of pure reason, vanishes the crude chimera of what is known as "man's free will!"

Before dismissing this subject, which has been for centuries a "bone of contention" between philosophers and among divines, let me giv a practical example of the fact that man is *not* free to act as he pleases, or rather, that he is not free to please.

It shall be a conclusiv argument between us, and if you perform the feat I propose to you, then I will acknowledge my grievous error.

Well, then, I herewith place in your hand a loaded pistol, saying to you, "My friend, you cannot possibly point this weapon at your heart and then pull the trigger."

This will, in truth, be the case, but you will "beg the question" by replying, "I could, *if I wanted to.*" That is exactly it—you cannot *want to.* And why? Because you *necessarily* always follow *the strongest motiv;* and, in this instance, the many and powerful motivs which impel you to liv constitute in the aggregate a vastly more powerful motiv than the trivial one which would impel you to die, viz., the desire to convince me that you could please to pull the trigger.

But, on the other hand, should it chance that you cared so little for life that this single motiv of proving to me that you *could* please to pull the trigger overbalanced the motivs which impelled you to liv, then your death would prove that my judgment as to which was your strongest motiv (under such circumstances a very pardonable error) was at fault, but would prove, none the less conclusivly, that you followed your strongest motiv.

We will now consider a case in the other extreme—a most trivial matter—and we shall see that the same immutable principle holds good.

You stand upon your door-step—you hesitate as to whether you shall proceed up or down town.

As you hesitate, your mind is revolving the pros and cons of either course of procedure.

On the one hand, by proceeding up the street, you will be enabled to call upon a lady of whom you are much enamored, and avoid the probability of meeting with a creditor whose haunt lies in the opposit direction.

But then you reflect that you hav on your old clothes, and that by calling thus shabbily clad upon your inamorata you will run the risk of destroying the favorable impression which you flatter yourself you hav already made upon her susceptible bosom.

Upon the other hand, you reflect that, by proceeding down the street, you will be enabled to transact business of importance, which (with a pang at your rapidly fading prospects of being able to call upon your dulciana residing up street), in the face of this unfortunate fact, you feel that you cannot afford to neglect, owing to the present embarrassed state of your finances.

You also reflect (and with a faint flush of returning hope) that the sky presents almost certain indications of rain, and that should you proceed up-street and call upon the houri of the hour, you could (should it really commence to rain) borrow an umbrella of the above mentioned divine creation, and thereby forge a very tolerable excuse for making a second call upon the following evening to return the article in question to its fair owner; but, just here, a vision of your declining bank account strikes upon your exultant spirit like a falling barometer, and, the strongest motiv prevailing, you sullenly pocket your disappointment, and proceed down town.

So much for the boasted "Free Agency of Man."

It has been frequently claimed that to convince man of the truth of fatalism would destroy in him all motiv for action, and that he would rest supinely, allowing events to take their course, assured that no effort of his could influence destiny.

This would, indeed, be true, could man ever become convinced that supineness were his destiny, but this cannot occur.

I, myself, for instance, believe it my destiny to complete this essay.

Why? Because it appears to me as well-nigh certain that such is the course marked out for me by fate (*i. e.*, the necessary effects of causes anterior to this writing).

Again why? Because I can with reasonable certainty count upon length of life sufficient to complete it and upon the continuance of my present desire to do so.

Belief in fatalism, then, will never paralyze the energies of any intelligent man. If any sink supine beneath the iron wheels of the car of destiny, then, indeed, was their doom, together with their pitiable weakness, inscribed upon the mysterious pages of the dark and inscrutable book of fate!

SHALL WE PUNISH OFFENDERS, SEEING THEY ARE GUILTLESS (BECAUSE IRRESPONSIBLE)?

I answer, "Yes! Necessity compels it!"

The good of the one must ever be held secondary to the good of the many!

Law and order must reign, that person and property may be secure.

For three reasons must the guiltless criminal (guiltless because irresponsible) be punished:

First. For the good of the community at large.

Second. As an example and a warning to others.

Third. For his own good.

MIND AND MATTER.

It will be recollected by my indulgent readers that I hav elsewhere demonstrated in these essays that mind and matter are both necessarily possessed of weight and dimension, and hence are material, but existing in different degrees of attenuation.

That we can neither see, hear, touch, nor taste mind is no proof that it lacks dimension, and hence weight.

We cannot even see the particles which compose common atmospheric air, which, set in rapid motion, produces the mighty cyclone, dealing death and devastation upon all that lies within its path.

Much less can we hope to see that subtile fluid to which we apply the name of electricity. Yet witness its terrific effects!

Projected through space by that majestic force men hav called God, and imbued with human attributes, it cleaves the solid granit mass of "the everlasting hills," with the same ease with which it pierces a film of fleecy vapor.

It is a common error of the ignorant to deem those substances the most powerful which present the greatest resistance to the touch; this is but so in the lower department of physics.

Rising higher and higher in the scale of matter, we find ourselvs at length compelled to pause in the presence of this same august force, which, to our crude sense, appears as weightless, yet which with tireless, tremendous energy, speeds the ever onward, rushing planets about their mightier suns.

ELLIOTT PRESTON.

The Land Question.

J. H. COOK TO J. HACKER.

MY VETERAN BROTHER: As you wish, I respond with all my mind and heart to your last article in THE TRUTH SEEKER. I hav been a land reformer since 1840. Like you, I hav an intense hatred of all monopoly and slavery under every form and name. I hated chattel slavery with Garrison forty-eight years ago, and ever since I hav, in poverty, persecution, mobs, and perils, fought all kinds of oppression and tyranny, till now I am, like yourself, struggling to liv, suffering with infirmities, in want, etc.

That the land is a free gift of Mother Earth to all her children is a self-evident proposition to all who hav heads to think or hearts to feel for homeless, landless humanity. Still, it will be, it must be discussed, must come to the front. Free land to all in usufruct, with no monopoly or title-deeds, is the paramount factor of human justice and salvation. It is that basic truth, the keystone of a true humanitary society, and a scientific sociology. It goes without saying, that the landless are slaves to the land-owners.

If this be true, then, nine-tenths of the people in Europe and one-half in the United States are, directly or indirectly, more or less, slaves. A million of people in New York, and a few thousand own, legally, all the land upon which is based rent and usury. There are two hundred millions owned by railroads, twenty millions owned by Europeans, in large tracts, and many millions held by individuals and companies, with which to oppress and rob the poor.

Can this boasted "land of the free" (?) continue under such a policy, under such laws? No, a government under which one can accumulate a hundred millions and make a hundred thousand paupers and tramps is self-destructiv. "A government that will make paupers and then punish them for being paupers ought to be destroyed." "The people be damned," said Vanderbilt, and on Evacuation Day no flag waved from his closed palatial residence.

British landlordism, and Irish tyranny, oppression, and starvation, will soon be repeated here if the laboring, landless people do not use their moral and civil power to stop the land-robbers in their inhuman greed. You do well, my noble brother, in your last ssue to call the attention of all classes and kinds of Liberals to "come up to the help of the '— of toiling and starving humanity' against the mighty." But is not this land question made prominent, and debated in our public meetings and conventions? Why is it not a plank in our free platforms? Is it because a large majority of Liberals are themselvs

land-owners and monopolists, or because they hav not yet opened their eyes to this important subject. Some think that when they hav rejected orthodoxy their work is done. What are Freethought and Liberalism worth if they do not free and supply human bodies? My head and heart are full, but I must stop. Sixteen years ago, I reported your soul-stirring speech at our great convention at Ancora, N. Y. Wright, Townsend, Haskell, and other veterans who were there are gone, and you and I will go soon. Let us go, saying "The land for the people" has been our living and is our dying sentiment. Brother, "Lo! I am with you to the end."

Columbus, Kan. J. H. Cook.

The Root of It.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* Being a constant reader of your invaluable Truth Seeker, *verbatim et literatim*, from beginning to end, every number that arrives safe to hand (some having latterly gone astray, perhaps hied away to the customs office), of course I see all that is said for and against prohibition, which I pronounce useless, senseless, worthless, and occupying space in your columns that might be occupied with other matter that would be more beneficial to your numerous readers. It is true it may be judicious to giv most subjects, and the views and opinions of the various writers upon them, ventilation to the public, as by so doing we obtain knowledge therefrom both scientific and philosophical to those who hav minds to comprehend it. But the subjects discussed should be in some degree sensible and rational, which I contend is not the case with the prohibition question.

Being in a position which not one in ten thousand is in, viz., not having drunk one glass of intoxicating liquors since old enough to distinguish them from other articles, I am not prejudiced pro or con in the matter, and therefore would presume to discuss the subject, if at all, from real facts. As I understand the numerous writers on the subject of prohibition, it is the prohibition of the sale of intoxicating liquors they are aiming at. That being the case, it is useless to discuss the subject from that point of view, as nothing short of the prohibition of the manufacture of the article (which is the only prohibition I advocate) will be of any consequence whatever; for, if it is manufactured at all, those who hav an appetite for it will surely seek and find some way for obtaining it; therefore it may as well be left alone to take its own course, notwithstanding it is the greatest curse which has ever befallen the human race.

But some will say, We must hav alcohol in some form for chemical purposes if for nothing else. I dispute that assertion, for our chemists of the present time are aware of articles, if not quite as convenient, which would take the place of alcohol for chemical purposes.

Then again others will say that it would be quite impossible to prohibit the manufacture of intoxicating liquors. I quite agree with them, but that don't obliterate the *bona fide* facts in the matter, that (to repeat) if the article in its various preparations for catering to the appetite is manufactured, it will be sought for and obtained, and in the use of it produce misery, wickedness, and degradation beyond all human imagination—all possible legislation to the contrary notwithstanding. As ever,

St. Catherine's, Ont., Can. C. B. Thompson.

Some Biblical Criticisms.

This Bible is the work of God, or else has no authority. We see the work of God in sun, moon, stars, and in all nature. In no instance has the Almighty attempted to compete with man in his performances except in the authorship of this book. Books, like houses, machines, roads, etc., are works of art. The book itself ought, with such an author, to speak for itself. And if there is any portion of the book more especially God's exclusiv work than any other, it is the part known as the four gospels, that testify of the birth and life of its author's son and heir. But, saving perhaps the Acts of the Apostles, these gospels are the most imperfect, obscure, contradictory, of all the parts of the scriptures. We come now to speak of the other and only witness, Luke, seeing that Matthew has testified himself out of court by his foolish reliance on a dream told by hearsay. Luke's testimony is suspicious, and puts him out of the case at the start as an eye-witness. He says, "As many hav given accounts of these matters believed among us, even as they who from the beginning were eye-witnesses, and ministers of the word, delivered them unto us, it seems good to me also, as I hav had perfect understanding of all things from the first, to write to thee, O most excellent Theophilus." As to St. John's gospel, it were more properly called John the Baptist's gospel, so far as internal evidence is concerned (John i, 19). What if some of the events mentioned did occur after his death? We are treating absurdities, and there are no degrees among them. In vain will one search among these books for evidences as to their authorship. We are now left to but one gospel beside Matthew's that treats of the very gist of the Christian religion, namely, the birth of Jesus Christ of the Virgin Mary. Luke sets out by telling us of a certain angel, of the name of Gabriel, who, in the days of Herod, the king of Judea, began to fly around among certain innocent, simple folk of that country, first appearing to one Zacharias, striking the old man dumb, and telling him he was soon to be a father of one who would be a great personage in the sight of the Lord, drinking neither wine nor strong drink, but be filled with holy spirit, and prepare the way of the Lord. Six months after that he appeared to a virgin espoused to an old gentleman of the name of Joseph, and told her a wonderful story also of what this Holy Ghost was going to do for her, and also that the same kind of affair had already happened to her cousin, Elizabeth. Then Mary arose and went to the hill country, where her cousin was hiding, and wonderful things happened, and Elizabeth and Mary are quoted as making eloquent speeches (after the manner of old historians who put speeches in the mouths of their heroes). Then John is born, and whether it is he or his father begins to talk on the eighth day thereafter is not quite clear. The people were astonished, anyhow, Then his father, a priest, prophesies that this child "shall be a prophet of the Most High, *to prepare his way.*" Now, it is clear that this John was the real messiah, and that things got mixed afterward. The managers confounded this occurrence, brought down the date, and tried to make a literal fulfilment of the words, "Prepare his way." They fixed up their fable and tacked it to an older one, and hav blundered grievously. Matthew has told us Christ was born in the days of Herod the king. Luke tells us that "it came to pass," etc. (read it) "long after Herod's death."

If the "taxing" mentioned by Luke was first made when Cyrenius was governor, then this journey was made some time after Cyrenius had been appointed, and so Christ was born after that. How could Christ be born while Herod was king, and yet after Cyrenius was governor? Josephus carefully tells us that Herod died a night or two after the eclipse of the moon. This eclipse has been calculated back hundreds of times, and found to hav happened in March. 4 B.C. Herod was succeeded by his son Archelaus (Matt. ii, 22), who reigned just ten years. Then Judea was attached to Syria; Cyrenius was made governor, and after that Christ was born. Josephus, who is very careful, tells us this, as do others. We know the history of that time better than any period of antiquity, and as well as that of Washington's day. "Here, then, Luke, is a terrible discrepancy between you and Matthew, the only two pretended witnesses. O friends, go out of court quietly while you may." Here you hav come to us with the most extraordinary tale ever imagined. You appeal to our reason and add, "Believe or be damned." Yet all your evidence depends on a dream and a hearsay report that flatly contradicts the relater of the dream. Matthew puts it in King Herod's day in order "that it might be fulfilled which was spoken" by various prophets. Luke puts it twelve or fifteen years after Herod's death, thus contradicting Matthew, and confounding the prophecies. Worse and worse! And we do not know that Matthew or St. John ever put pen to paper, and they are the only two pretended eye-witnesses claiming to hav ever seen Christ. According to Matthew, the only sayings of Jesus Christ that amount to anything, his Sermon on the Mount, were delivered before he even knew such a being lived.

This sermon is the be-all and end-all of Christianity. It is given by Matthew alone. Yet, some time after that, in another country, as Jesus saw a man named Matthew sitting at the receipt of customs, he said: "Follow me." What shorthand reporter had taken down that sermon and given it to Matthew? Every one of these gospels, as every commentator declares, was first written out and published between thirty-five and ninety years after Christ. What sort of evidence is this? What credit would you giv to a young man who came to you professing to be a son of an old acquaintance deceased, a son whom you had never seen, and who came asking the loan of ten dollars on the strength of a letter of recommendation from some other person who declared he was satisfied from his dreams this youth was your old friend's son. Still less would you believe the relator of the dreams at second hand. And yet if the theory of Christianity as to God's plan of salvation be true, you are risking your immortal souls on such flimsy pretexts as these.

Granted there ever could be such a plan of salvation as Christianity offers and declares, I say the probability is altogether against this Jesus Christ being the true *Agnus Dei*, appearing so late as he did, on the strength of a dream of a blindly credulous, confiding, uxorious old man. The Christna of India, who appeared ages before him heralded by prophets, priests, and seers for long prior ages, virgin-born, god-descended, converting hundreds of millions in ages and among populations far more enlightened than those of 1800 years ago in Judea and all Europe, and who to-day has three followers to one of the Jewish Christ, is far more likely to be the true one.

Well may the priests of this religion declare that reason is of the devil; a very little of it is *devilishly* fatal to all its claims. Singular how respectable a little age makes the most absurd pretensions! And yet, when real antiquity is considered, how modern is Christianity. He who has lived sixty years knows how short is a century. What are eighteen centuries? Our newly-born nation has not yet lived a century. In 1887 will be our national centennial. Ten years are passing like yesterday. Ten such brief yesterdays will be, and lo! another centennial. Why, a thousand years are as nothing to him who can remember back half a century. How very old must earth be in comparison! Trees, the Boabab, are standing and waving their aged boughs covered with greenery that shook in the blasts of antediluvian tempests. Excavating below them, we find buried, far beneath the mold that wraps their roots, the stumps of ancestral trees to those now living, whose concentric rings inform us they, too, had measured thousands of years ere they sank beneath the weight of time. And beneath these are still more venerable remains, giving us assurance that at least fifteen thousand years ago earth was adorned with foliage much the same as now. And so if we delve beneath the site of the ruins of most ancient cities, each stratum tells its tale of prehistoric occupancy by busy, activ human beings. "All that tread the globe are but a handful to the tribes that slumber in its bosom. Go where the Oregon rolls and hears no sound save its own dashings—yet the dead are there."

"Thou canst find no place whereon no city stood." All the mountain tops hav once been isles of the ocean; all the plains of earth hav once been beds for seas. Ten thousand years are but one wink of Time's eye, one beat of his pulse. Consider the immensity of space, if you can, with its infinit systems of worlds Contemplate the grandeur and illimitable variety of nature as she is disclosed even on this little theater of earth. See what glimpses you get of Truth's infinitude in every science. Reflect as you can on the mighty, yet ever harmonious, processes of that power which stands so near and yet so far. Thus catch, if you can, the painted gleam of that light that blazes upon the brow of Omnipotency. Know the creator through his works if you can know him in any sense. But seek him not in the fetiches of beastly savages, the idols of semi-savages, the Urim and Thumim of priestcraft, or the bungling fables and dreams of books.

Holt.

From Over the Wabash.

About four miles east of Strasburg stand two churches, "monuments of love and charity." Within a mile of them livs a small family—a father and three children, the oldest a girl of fourteen, who has kept house for her father for the last four years. Five or six weeks ago she was taken sick, supposed by her father to be a bad cold; but as she grew worse for two weeks he called in a doctor, who, with other instructions, ordered a change of clothing. About this time a widow that livs in the neighborhood came in, and she was requested to superintend the change of clothing, when it was found the poor girl had no clean clothes to put on. The widow, who has a large family and supports them as best she can by sewing for neighbors, said maybe her girl that works out by the week had some clothes that she could wear, and did find enough for a change. How many of the neighbors knew before this that the girl was sick, and the true condition of the little family? The widow heard it that morning, and hastened to see if they needed anything, leaving a little babe of two years at home with the other children.

Now, dear readers, you may want to know something about this sick girl's mother. She is in the asylum, hopelessly insane, while the father has worked and kept his little family together in hopes that some day that fond mother might return. Imagin, if you can, the father returning from the post-office with a letter, and sitting down by the fire in the little log cabin, when a feeble voice asks where it is from. He replies, "From the asylum," and commences to read. Presently he comes to where it says "hopelessly insane," the sick girl moans, "She won't come," and turns away, while the father folds the letter and lays it away. Now, if the people of that neighborhood could all hav worshiped and procured tickets for heaven at the brick church, and had just taken the interest on the money expended in the new church, how many changes of clothing they could hav bought for poor children who are worse off than orphans, and how many little shoes and stockings Santa Claus could hav given to the orphans of the neighborhood; and then how much better they could enjoy heaven (if they get there) when they meet the smiling faces of those they made happy while on earth. But as it is, when they meet, one will say, "I built a church;" another, "I almost froze because we were poor and sick."—*Windsor (Ill.) Advocate.*

One of the best ways to help along the cause of Freethought is to circulate The Truth Seeker. Trial subscriptions of three months for 50 cents.

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THE TRUTH SEEKER wishes its patrons a Happy New Year. We do not see how those who are not its patrons can expect to be happy.

Making their Purpose Plain.

That Mgr. Capel was well-informed and spoke authoritativly when he uttered his defiant boast that the Catholics would soon establish parochial schools in this country and demand for their maintenance a share of the school fund, is shown by a dispatch from Rome where the bishops are in conclave. The correspondent givs among the resolutions adopted by the council one ordering the establishment of Catholic seminaries in every diocese, to be conducted "according to the principles established by the Council of Trent," and another ordering the beginning of a system of parochial schools, to "be governed by the principles of the first period of the Middle Ages."

Talking upon this latter point, the Rev. T. J. Ducey, pastor of St. Lec's church in East 29th street, this city, explained to a *Herald* reporter what was meant by the "principles of the first period of the Middle Ages." He quoted a French historian as to the time called the first period. It was, he said, "that part of the world's history which began with the third period of the church's history. The Middle Ages take in the period between the settlement of the barbarians in the Western provinces of the Roman empire in the fifth century and the literary Renaissance in the fifteenth century, which givs it a duration of ten centuries—from 476 A.D. to 1494. The face of the world was changed. Historical events appear upon a new field when the action of Christianity takes a special form."

The public schools of these Middle Ages, continued the Rev. Mr. Ducey, "were *directed by learned* clergy, recognized from that time to the present as men of genius and scholarship, and were conducted *purely and strictly in a religious spirit.* The question has been agitated by many of the bishops and priests whether it would not be a wise move to hav at the head of our parochial schools a priest of recognized scholarship and large judgment—qualities so necessary for the proper training of Catholic youth. This plan was followed at St. Michael's school, on Ninth avenue, in this city, when Bishop Spaulding, now bishop of Peoria, presided over and directed the studies at that institution. This was the course followed in the first period of the Middle Ages, and I take it that this was principally what was meant in the dispatch by the statement that the 'principles of the first period of the Middle Ages are to be borne in mind.'"

Further along Mr. Ducey warmed to his subject, and divulged the course the church would take to support these schools. It is exactly the course we pointed out in connection with Mgr. Capel's lurid threat. "As a Catholic priest," he said, "I see the conscientious obligation of educating our children in Catholic principles. The constitution of our government, national and state, permits us to exercise liberty of conscience. I think it is unwise and not the spirit or intention of the church to attack any institution of the government. *It would be very desirable for us if the city or state saw fit to make us an allowance from the school fund for the education of our children.* If we cannot obtain this, we are, nevertheless, bound in conscience, no matter what the sacrifice may be, to educate our children to become loyal citizens of the state and loyal servants of God and the church."

This is the matter in a nutshell. The reference to the Middle Ages is explained. The schools are to be purely religious, and the state is to be asked to support them.

The people of the United States ought to feel obliged to Monsignor Capel, the pope, the Council of Bishops, and Father Ducey, for telling them what to expect. And knowing what to expect, they should know how to meet the emergency. It remains to be seen whether they do.

That Art Exhibition.

As was expected, the Sabbatarians are in full cry after the managers of the Bartholdi Art Exhibition, which was opened to the public on the 23d ult. at a reduced price of admission. The secretary of the "Sunday Closing League," Mr. S. H. Provost, backed by the clergy, has addressed a letter to the police commissioners asking that the directors be arrested, and coupling the exhibition with the low saloons that make the streets perilous and the nights hideous with noise and rioting. As a specimen of mean fanaticism, his letter cannot easily be excelled. Taking the police to task for their past derelictions, he exhorts them to preserve the "sanctity of the Sabbath" in these dictatorial terms:

"GENTLEMEN: We wish to call your attention to the gross violation of the Sunday law by the managers of and the employes in variety shows in Chatham street, in the Bowery, and at the hall of the Academy of Design, Fourth avenue and Twenty-third street. Sections 263, 265, and 267 of the Penal Code were violated last Sunday in these places, and no doubt will be violated again next Sunday if not prevented. Officers on the force in these districts cannot hav the face to profess ignorance of these violations, as they were and are a matter of public notoriety. As each member of the force is by police regulations furnished with a manual, the excuse cannot be offered that they are ignorant of the rules which require the enforcement of the penal laws of the state. One year ago the captains of police were each supplied with a copy of the Penal Code. It would be well that they unearth them, brush off the accumulated dust, and read the sections referred to to their subordinates, and al so the police rules which relate to them.

"Your printed regulations are good. They require of the force prevention of crime and the detection and arrest of offenders. So far as the Sunday law is concerned these rules are a failure. There is a profusion of machinery in the force, and it is expensiv enough, every taxpayer can attest; but the power behind it is what scientists would call latent. The power is too reactionary—too many cut-offs in the steam box. One officer on the force remarked, 'We are damned if we won't do our duty, and damned if we do, and we are shoved if we do.' A grave fault lies at somebody's door. We ask that no obstacle be put in the way of the enforcement of the law, that the force be reminded of this dereliction of duty, and that you in your requirements of subordinates use stones if tufts of grass fail. Respectfully, S. H. PROVOST."

Mr. Provost's society intimated on Saturday evening to Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, the art director of the exhibition, that he would be arrested for violation of the Sunday law if he opened the exhibition Sunday morning and caused tickets to be sold. Mr. Smith said that he believed it was lawful to open the exhibition on Sunday, and that he should do so. It was arranged that in case of his arrest the secretary should take his place, and if the arrests should continue, others of the committee should follow. But when Sunday came the League either repented or became convinced of the uselessness of further effort in the face of the decided public opinion, for no arrests were made, nor was there any interference in any way.

The galleries of the American Art Association, at 6 East Twenty-third street, were also opened last Sunday from 2 to 6 o'clock P.M., having on exhibition the private collection of American paintings owned by Mr. Thomas B. Clarke, and lent in aid of a fund for a permanent prize to be given annually hereafter for the best figure composition shown at the National Academy of Design. The managers, in giving their reasons for this course, said that they considered it desirable to giv the largest number of people an opportunity to see this remarkable collection of works by American artists, as well as to make the fund as large as possible. They also wished to lend their aid in driving home the entering wedge started by the Bartholdi Exhibition, which they hoped would result in opening all our public galleries, museums, and libraries on Sundays.

The successful opening of the Bartholdi exhibition has called attention to the art galleries of other cities, many of which welcome visitors on every day of the year. The Boston Museum of Fine Arts is an instance of the good done in this way. Six years ago the managers of the museum decided to open its doors on Sunday, believing that many persons who had no leisure for study, recreation, or sight-seeing during the week would avail themselvs of its advantages on their single day of freedom from the shop, the factory, and the store. The results, says the Boston *Herald*, hav abundantly justified this belief. The Sunday attendance is always greater than that of any other day. Casting an eye over the columns of the book in which the record of attendance is kept, it is found that five, ten, and sometimes twelve times as many visitors appear Sundays as on any other day. On one Sunday 4,000 people were counted, and the attendance varies from that large number to 1,200 and 1,000—rarely falling far below the latter figure. The board of officers has always acted with a purely educational purpose, and has never allowed the matter of religious prejudices and beliefs to interfere with the effort to reach the greatest number of people at all times.

The Sunday visitors, who are admitted free of charge, are largely representativs of the poorer classes—persons who could not afford the price of admission. They are artisans, mechanics, and laborers, who come with their families to enjoy the rare collections, and are often poorly and roughly clad. But they are always orderly and quiet, infringing none of the rules, unless it be the command to "touch not, handle not," which is not always remembered by the more cultured visitors. The managers say that they hav never known of any opposition to keeping the museum open Sunday, but, if there should be any complaint, it might be easily answered by referring to the record of attendance, the good conduct of the visitors, and the fact that the opportunity of entering the museum undoubtedly keeps many persons from hunting unwholesome places.

It seems strange, when one thinks of the loud professions Christians make to doing good, that any churchman can object to these intellectual treats. Close the places up, and the people will find other and deleterious amusements. Recreation they must and will hav of one kind or another. Public opinion is in favor of it, and all the laws church bigots can enact are powerless to prevent it. If they be guided by enlightened leaders to the higher plains of living and thinking, the country will be benefited. On the other hand, if nothing but saloons and low concerts be open on the one day available to the laborer, he will spend his time in them, forming vicious habits, and sinking lower and lower in besotted ignorance. For the preservation of society it seems to us not only necessary that all the intellectual amusements possible be offered the ignorant, but that they should by every means be induced to frequent them. An art gallery or reading-room will save more men from becoming drunkards than ever Murphy or Dow rescued by all their preaching. We must, then, conclude from the actions of the pious people of New York that their professions of aiding the laborers are but selfish endeavors to drag them into the fold of the church. Failing in this, every poor person in the country might go plumb to hell for all the ministers care. And if there ever could be a hell it would be just such a place as the five and six-story tenements of New York, with their reeking rum-shops on the ground floor filled with drunkenness, cursing, and rioting, which must be the only resort of the laborer and mechanic if the church locks the doors of all reputable places of amusement. In the following from Sunday's *Truth* the animus of the Sunday Closing League is, we think, truthfully shown. It is a matter for rejoicing that the secular press is nearly all in favor of freedom in these matters. *Truth* says:

"The Sunday question, as it is presented by the protest of the Sunday League in opposition to the opening of the Bartholdi Loan Exhibition to-day, is nothing more nor less than the purpose of its promoters to revive the old time Puritan Sabbath.

"In this precious document the Puritans do not argue—they demand.

"With the revived Blue laws behind them, they boldly insist that the power of the state shall be used to enforce the intolerance which was born of bigotry. They ask that their view of the Sabbath shall be the pattern of every man's conduct on Sunday, and talk of 'dereliction of duty' on the part of the police force because it is not used to enforce the exploded notions of a narrow religion.

"Shall the bigots hav their way, and the great body of people be compelled to walk in it?

"With them it is simply a question of religion.

"With the rest of the community it is a question of right.

"Every man is entitled to enjoy his religion, whatever it may be, but no man should be allowed to force his creed or its observances upon others. It is true the penal laws of the state recognize this wrong, but the better sense of the people rejects it.

"Even the Leaguers acknowledge that in practice the Sunday law is a fuilure.

"They fail, however, to understand the philosophy of this

failure. If they must be told they must—it is because Protestant Christianity is a failure, except in the narrow grooves to which it is now confined. When religion was made to appeal to the reason it lost its hold upon the heart. Faith and superstition go hand in hand—when the one is extirpated the other dies. And what makes the failure of Protestantism as a religion absolute is the fact that it is not warred against—it is too lifeless a thing for passion, and is strangled by the indifference of men to its feeble teachings and absurd observances.

"Catholicism prospers while Protestantism decays, because it is the religion of glamour, of pomp, of sublime music, and of a grand ceremonial—the religion which appeals to the emotional nature of man through what he sees and hears rather than what he believes.

"But in the Roman Catholic church there is no Sabbatarianism—Sunday is a day for recreation and merriment—a day for amusement as well as worship.

"Protestantism, on the contrary, when it threw off the yoke of Rome, took on that of Jerusalem.

"It is the Hebrew Sabbath in manner and dogma, for the enforcement of which the penal laws of the state provide. In getting away from Romanism the reformers got back to Judaism. They were narrow men, and the narrowness of the Hebraic law suited them. They were stern men, and it gave them pleasure to see others groan under their revival of the requirements of a disused dispensation. A religion of love and merriment was not to their taste, and so Calvin and Knox had reinstituted what Jesus had abrogated, and placed Moses above Christ.

"This is the law which the little Calvins of to-day are seeking to impose upon free men.

"They cannot do it.

"What they can and will do, however, if they persist in their childish endeavors, will be to teach the masses of mankind to hate them for their stern and narrow bigotry."

The *Sunday Mercury* supplements the foregoing with these sensible words:

"The constitutional fanatics who compose the Sunday Closing League hav recommenced their efforts to make the first day of the week as dreary as John Calvin could desire. That body of meddlers hav addressed a communication to the Police Board in relation to the keeping open of certain side shows on the Bowery and Chatham street and the Loan Exhibition at the Academy of Design. Instead of tabling the protest, it was referred to Superintendent Walling. Nobody, perhaps, cares what becomes of the side shows, but the entire public is interested in the success of the Loan Exhibition, which is to add to the fund for the completion of the great pedestal on which is to be mounted Bartholdi's colossal statue of Liberty Enlightening the World. The Academy of Design was crowded last Sunday with an eager and delighted multitude of working people, whose only opportunity to see the splendid works of art on loan is the day on which they are free from toil. The admission was reduced to half price, that the Sunday exhibition might be successful. The League pretend that the penal laws prohibit any such exhibition. It must be a strained construction indeed which can include the opening to the people of such institutions as the Academy of Design, the Museum of Arts, and the Museum of Natural History. Rigid as the law is, it was not intended to prohibit the people from the enjoyment of art and science on Sunday. Such are not places of personal ownership or lesseeship, but belong to the whole metropolis. They do more than amuse—they instruct, refine, and elevate. Perhaps in a lifetime another such chance of seeing so many grand, beautiful, and costly works of art will not again be afforded the people who labor during the six days of the week as are now to be found at the junction of Fourth avenue and Twenty-third street. It is their right to see and enjoy them, and if to-day there is any tampering with it by the police, the courts are open, and an injunction is the remedy. In any city of continental Europe no such a pestiferous body as the Sunday League could exist. Public opinion would sweep it into oblivion. And in New York the same battery should be opened upon it. That which at this moment makes the League doubly odious is its protest against the right of the working people to see an unusual collection of art works on the only day they can spare, and the unpatriotic attempt to cut short the fund to finish a pedestal when Bartholdi's statue is lying in Paris ready for shipment to this port when Bedloe's Island is in a condition to receive it."

These are plain and hard words for the clergy and their followers to read, but there is a vast deal of truth in them. Protestantism is going down; Catholicism is going up. Instead of fighting irrational battles with the rationalistic spirit and tendency of the age, the Protestants should join in resisting the encroachments upon our institutions of the Romish church. There would be an infinit deal more of common sense in the latter course.

Another New Feature.

In this the first issue of the new year we begin a Freethought romance entitled "Waifs and Wanderings," by Mr. Putnam. The success of his "Golden Throne," "Gottlieb," and other stories is a guarantee of the interest this will excite. We hav not read further than the first chapter, being sure that anything he writes will be full of fine imagery, broad humanitarianism, keen wit, and common sense.

The publication of this novel is in response to many letters requesting that such a feature be added to the paper; and the many encomiums showered upon the Children's Corner encourage us to believe a good Freethought serial story will attract new readers to THE TRUTH SEEKER and add variety and spice to its columns.

With a "Corner" for the youngsters, a story for the older youths and maidens, and philosophical essays for the old folks, certainly THE TRUTH SEEKER ought to be a welcome visitor in every Freethinker's house. But in the midst of our diversions let us not forget that we hav a grand work to do in breaking mental shackles and winning for every Infidel equality before the law and justice in the administration of our government. Our institutions must be secularized; that end must ever be kept in view.

The Salamanca Convention.

Our special report of the Salamanca Convention does not reach us in time for this issue, but we see by the Associated Press dispatches that the gathering was an influential one in numbers and ability of the speakers. On Saturday evening the following resolutions were adopted:

The Freethinkers of western New York, in convention assembled at Salamanca, respectfully announce to their fellow-citizens the objects they hav in view, and the means by which they would obtain them. We seek:

First—By free discussion to place before our countrymen, and on an immovable basis, the natural, sacred, and inalienable right of all men, as men, to exercise entire freedom of thought and freedom of speech on all subjects of human interest, without dictation either from the state or from the organization known as the church. We would defend by arms, if necessary, the rights of all religionists, from the pope down to the Salvation Army, to believe and worship as they please; and this right, which, in the spirit and letter of the national constitution, we so cheerfully accord to them, we claim for ourselvs, and will exercise to the fullest extent in our war upon the superstitions of the church, and her claims to prescribe to all men what they shall believe and do. The only weapon we use or wish to use is that of free and fair discussion.

Second—The government of the United States being purely secular, and the United States constitution ignoring all religions and all religious oaths, we aim to bring the constitutions and governments of the states in the Union, respectivly, up to the same high level. In some of these states, if the lives, liberty, property, or reputation of a score of American citizens depended upon the president or any other member of this convention, that testimony would be rejected in the courts of justice, and these interests would all be sacrificed, because he did not believe in a set of absurd and exploded religious dogmas. This discrimination against a worthy citizen of one state by the laws of another, is an outrage upon the national constitution, as well as upon the citizen himself, and the guilt and meanness of it both lie at the door of the church.

Third—We desire to enlighten the consciences of our church friends so that they will see the injustice of exempting ecclesiastical property from taxation, which exemption, amounting to scores of millions of dollars, increases the taxation to that extent of the great majority of citizens who take no stock in religious corporations, but are compelled to support them. For the same reason we protest against the expenditure of public money in paying the salaries of chaplains in the army, the navy, and the two houses of Congress, officers which are entirely unknown to the constitution of the United States, and whose employment and pay are therefore illegal.

Fourth—We aim by criticism and argument to weaken the confidence of our fellow-citizens in the Bible as a purely inspired revelation from heaven, containing an infallible rule of faith and practice, believing that the book itself sets forth no such claims. Our position on this subject is all the more important because the practice of polygamy in the territory of Utah is an anomalous fact in American civilization; and we confess our apprehension that the idolatry of a book which glorifies polygamists and holds them up as model saints is the greatest hindrance in the way of settling the question which is raised by it without resorting to a civil war. The Mormon, planting himself behind the ramparts of the Bible and the example of our foreign missionaries, who, with the approbation of the churches at home, hav admitted polygamists into their mission churches, conquers in debate any religionist who attacks him. The politicians try to curry favor with the religionists who vote, and propose the old and favorit church remedy of persecution. This naturally and inevitably increases the zeal of the Mormons, and makes them grow in numbers; and this complication of circumstances threatens to precipitate another civil war, which, if undertaken by the government, will never cease till every Mormon is exterminated in his own blood, and will giv additional proof that the multiform body which calls itself the Church of God has been the cause and the occasion of shedding more human blood than any other organization of men upon the face of the whole earth. While Mormon polygamy is a Bible institution, we, as Freethinkers, repudiate and condemn it as a violation of the law of natural morality, and we wash our hands of the guilt of persecuting by fire and sword, and would meet it, as we do all the superstitions of the church and Bible, by sound argument, by the monogamic tendencies of our modern civilization, by free schools, and by railroads.

ONE of the best ways to help along the cause of Freethought is to circulate THE TRUTH SEEKER. Trial subscriptions of three months for 50 cents.

Editorial Notes.

THE Christian directors of Girard College hav reformed to the extent of declining to hereafter lease any property to be used for barroom purposes. There is as yet no indication of their possessing honesty sufficient to carry out the instructions of the founder of the college by excluding ministers from the grounds and buildings. The receipts of the college for eleven months of this year reached $423,168.50. The institution is educating 1,098 orphan boys.

FATHER LINEHAN received a Protestant minister and two other followers of Luther into the church. The minister is widely and favorably known throughout Iowa as Parson Adams. For many years he had charge of a church in Boston and other eastern cities. Until two months ago he was pastor of St. Mark's Episcopal church at Fort Dodge. This makes twelve converts the same priest has received into the church during the last month.—*Western Watchman.*

We predict there will be a good many more of these "conversions." There are two forces working in the Protestant church; one is conservativ and retrograding, the other progressiv and advancing. Protestants occupy an illogical position midway between Rome and Reason, and must finally abandon it. Then will come the tug of war of this country.

THE committee on the Freedman's bank made a final report, memorializing Congress to reimburse depositors and denouncing a former act of Congress in creating a commission of $5,000 a year each to settle the affairs of the institution. In support of the adoption of the report Mr. Murrill said that "the Freedman's bank was the most disgraceful and sinful swindle that ever stained earth or shocked high heaven. The commission appointed at $5,000 a year each was like a hyena devouring a carcass, and then like a lion smashing its bones and sucking the marrow therefrom; and furthermore, a Republican Congress made the commission the pall-bearer of this same carcass."—*Washington Dispatch.*

The high and mighty mover of the Freedman's bank was General Oliver O. Howard, a notoriously fervent Christian statesman. The *World* is authority for the statement that it is his opinion that these disturbers ought to be branded with red indelible ink.

THE *Morpeth Herald*, says Mrs. Besant, is very angry with us for welcoming Mr. Ramsay on his release from prison. It says that as only three hundred persons welcomed him out of a population of three millions, the minority sympathizing with him is so small that it "cannot expect freedom to run amuck against the political, social, moral, and religious institutions held in reverence by the vast majority of the people." In the first place, no effort was made to obtain a numerically large demonstration; the Freethought London societies sent delegates, and did not go *en masse.* Secondly, does the *Morpeth Herald* think that minorities ought to be persecuted as long as they are small? If so, the Jews were justified in persecuting the miserable minority who called themselvs followers of Jesus, and who outraged the holiest convictions of the Jewish nation, and "ran amuck at their political, social, moral, and religious institutions," to a greater extent than do Freethinkers against Christian.

IN a discourse delivered before the Society of Spiritualists, of Providence, R. I., Henry Kiddle, of this city, said:

"It is true, and I think sad as true, that there are persons preaching Atheism as the offshoot, or identical with, modern Spiritualism. Recently a prominent Spiritualistic lecturer enunciated the Atheistic principle that the 'universe is a self-existing automatic entity,' which is very far from, as I hav found, the doctrin taught through the best mediums and inspirational speakers. On the contrary, the spirit utterances through these recognized God as a self-conscious person, having a personal relation to his intelligent, self-conscious creatures—that is, a parental relation. The attributes assigned to him are infinit love and wisdom, as well as ubiquity and omnipotence."

We think there are several thousand Spiritualists in this country who will disagree with Mr. Kiddle's views as expressed in the above paragraph. They will, however, concede the truth of the following utterance on the same occasion:

"Human slavery always found its strongest apologists among the Christian clergy, who had an armory of scriptural weapons to defend it; while a Christian bishop was so zealous that he defended it with carnal weapons."

THE creedal hair-splittings of the various sects hav afforded several whose appreciation of a joke was greater than their reverence for the picayune verbalists who concocted the differences between the brethren an opportunity to display their wit. Samples of some of these hits hav been gathered by the *Independent*, which enjoys a joke even if it be at the expense of its religion. The difference between "High church" and "Low church" was once explained by the pastor of a *floating* bethel, who, when asked whether his was High or Low, responded that that depended entirely upon the tide. An English caterer distinguished them otherwise. When desired to prepare an entertainment, he required to know whether they were High church or Low church; "because," said he, "if they are Low church we eats 'em; if they are High church we drinks 'em." The difference between old school and new school Presbyterians was described by some one who said he believed it consisted in this: that the old school stood up when it prayed, and the new school stood up when it sang. The difference between a Universalist and a Unitarian was wittily expressed by Starr King while still belonging to the former body: "The Universalists believe that God is too good to damn them, while the Unitarians believe that they are too good to be damned." The difference between a Methodist and a Baptist was set forth by the concluding remarks of a spirited discussion between two members of those denominations, when the Baptist remarked, "I don't like you Methodists anyhow, for you hav too much machinery about you;" to which the Methodist brother promptly retorted, "I don't care if we hav; we don't run it by water."

Spiritualism.

I am surprised at Prof. LaRoy Sunderland's last article on the above subject—surprised he so confidently writes on a subject which from his own confessions he can hav seen so little. He says he has been "plying these wires for sixty years, and had not yet been able to find out who was at the other end—either gods or ghosts!"

Spiritualists sincerely commiserate his bewilderment; but we would bid him not despair, for there are many (I regret to say) in much the same fix; and when I think on Tom Winter, Elmina, and Bob Ingersoll, my eyes begin to moisten. But then the immortal Paine says, "Incredulity is no crime;" hence, it makes but little difference in regard to beliefs.

The professor, with the rest of skeptics, will know when his time comes. One of the beauties of Spiritualism is the impossibility of good, moral, benevolent people signing away their day of grace—a decided improvement on Christianity.

Sixty years! Well, that is a long time. Of one thing I am certain: he evidently has not seen what I hav in the way of spiritual phenomena and intelligence, or he would not talk so mournfully. It would occupy too much of your valuable space to ask a repetition of what you hav already published of mine in the way of spiritual phenomena. And again, it would do little good. Spirit phenomena and spirit intelligence must be seen and comprehended to be of much importance. I could say with truth that I hav seen spirits, heard them, reasoned logically with them, auricularly; shaken hands with them; listened to their singing; had the benefit of their prescribed remedies in my own dwelling; had forewarnings of dangers, and prudential cautions against untrustworthy associates. I could also describe manifestations of the most horrifying, diabolical orgies to which I hav been witness and listened, and the most malignant, reckless, barbarous, indecent, vulgar blasphemy that ever struck the ear—apparently from miscreants fresh from the gallows.

All these events I could narrate; but their recital would read like a romance. To be believed these things must be witnessed; and in the face of so much fraudulent mediumship skepticism is quite excusable. And here intervenes another difficulty: no one can command the proper conditions necessary for their reproduction, and hence the evidences of this mystic domain must of necessity be fragmental and cumulativ. as it were, piecemeal.

The eloquence of the rostrum is of great importance to draw public attention to the mysteries and liberalizing tendencies and claims of Spiritualism; but with me four lines through the tippings of a common toilet or kitchen table, with a good medium, are of more importance and more convincing to a skeptic than hours of inspirational talk. 'Tis a court of inquiry.

I hav great respect for science; but her votaries are too much inclined to affect aristocracy, and delight to stalk around, as it were, on stilts—an unwise elevation, indeed, in prospecting for superior knowledge, and the modest jewels of truth lying but half hidden beneath her insensible pedals. Alas! it too often occurs that the greatest discoveries and suggestions originate from obscure but sensible matronly ladies and unpretentious thinkers; but they are seldom received into public favor until some pedantic collegiate institution givs them a theologic or classic indorsement.

The professor's chapter on faith is good, but is hardly applicable to the case of one who in early life was employed in reading proof, in the year 1815, of the first Bible, then being stereotyped by Messrs. D. & G. Bruce, for the American Bible Society, New York. This occupation not only familiarized me with the contents of this obscene, immoral, and enigmatical volume, but brought me into intimacy with the sanctified parasites and "wire-pullers" of this aristocratic and now powerful institution, and the whole Christian brotherhood. The result was, from that period until the (so-called) Rochester knockings began to excite public attention, I was a hopeless Atheist—a total disbeliever in a continued existence.

From the above, can it be supposed that he who had for years withstood the orthodox bombardment of blind faith, could adopt the truths of Spiritualism, with all its oddities and apparent absurdities, without critical examination?

There is truth in the remark of Mr. Paine. that "a lie oft repeated and never contradicted will after a while pass for truth." How true is this as applied to Spiritualism. Its opponents love to belittle everything intellectually emanating through its mediums as the veriest twaddle, platitudes, asinine, wanting in originality, correctness of diction, and grammatical construction, etc.

I thought it would be pleasing to many of your readers—lovers of truth—to get a specimen of what came through the agency of a toilet table a few years since at my house.

The company, consisting of four gentlemen, had assembled with the exception of the medium, and the subject of meteors had been under discussion—one having recently passed over the city. remarkably luminous and of peculiar formation. The medium, an elderly gentleman of plain education and quite unpretentious, soon arriving, the party was complete. The medium and one of the gentlemen placed their hands upon the table, the rest of the company sitting in quietude near. We, as a rule, allow the spirit intelligence to commence in its own way, without dictation or solicitation of its name. In this instance the spirit (or "What-is-it," the professor would probably conclude) had evidently overheard our conversation and felt a disposition to put in a word; it commenced abruptly: "You want to know what an aerolite is. The aerolite is a fragment of a planet that once rolled about the sun coincident with the other planets. The sun will sometimes himself explode. I mean only that sort of explosion known as volcanic. You know what this earth is said to be composed of; the same elements compose the sun and other bodies in the great illimitable space. Omnipotence no doubt controls the mighty maze. Every convulsion of nature only proves the goodness of God. You will yearly see simultaneous displays of meteoric phenomena until the source of planetary supplies is exhausted. I learn that the sun sends out of its stores of planetary matter its contributions to the universal system of created things."

Once I chanced to be in company with my intimate acquaintance, Professor Vale, at a rapping seance. The professor was a hard-headed skeptic. We were obtaining a message purporting to come from our mutual departed friend, George H. Evans, brother to the elder. "Bruce, why will you call them spirits?" "Why, professor, this is what they call themselvs; but," I continued, "if you are so particular, no doubt they would accommodate you should you call them 'Barbarrosa' or 'Mr. Electricity'—would you not?" I said, addressing the still remaining influence in the direction of the medium. We had in response one unusually loud rap, signifying "no." I must admit I was much surprised. "Oh, think it over once more—that is, just to please the professor; a professor of navigation, you know." A signal was given for calling the alphabet, which on being registered spelled out, "Bruce, stop your trifling nonsense."

I don't know that the professor ever became a convert, but he always liked to talk on Spiritualism. He, however, declared Professor Faraday had destroyed the reputation of a lifetime. DAVID BRUCE.

Williamsburgh, L. I.

Fruits of Land-robbery.

In my last, in THE TRUTH SEEKER of Dec. 1st, I gave some account of the effects that land-robbery in Ireland had had, not only on that country, but the evil result of it there on this country in times of famin caused there by land-grabbers. I now propose to speak of the fruits of it here.

Thousands—aye, millions, of young men who would hav been willing to go into the wilderness and make themselvs farms, if they had not been robbed by our government of their right to land, hav been driven by that robbery into all other branches of labor, until the labor market is so overstocked with hands that they hav no voice in setting a price on labor, but hav to underbid one another to get employment, and work for just what the capitalists choose to offer.

If a man goes to buy land of a land-robber, the robber can set his own price on the land, and the customer must giv that price or remain landless.

If a poor man wants to hire money, he can hav no voice in the rate he is to giv for interest, but must pay whatever per cent the Shylock pleases to fix on; and so in all other dealings between the capitalist and laborer, until the latter wants to sell his labor, and then, instead of fixing his own price, as the capitalists do on what they hav to sell, he is forced to stand back and let the purchaser of labor fix the price, and if he is not willing to work for that price some other man who has been robbed of land, and whose family is nearer starvation, is ready to step in before him.

Thus land-robbery has crowded the market with labor, and placed nearly all laborers under the grinding heel of capital.

Thirty years ago, when conversing with the president of a car factory, I asked him how many men they employed. "One hundred and fifty," he replied, "but we are not fairly under way yet. When we get all our machinery in we shall hav over two hundred men. It is easier to get men than machines, for we hav to wait for machines to be made, while men are plenty everywhere."

Think of that, ye landless men, who hav been robbed by your own servants in Congress! Men more plenty, cheaper, and easier to be obtained than machines of iron and wood. And all because you hav been robbed of your right to land, and driven thereby into the market to underbid one another in selling the strength of your sinews! Human beings more plenty and cheaper than machines, and thrown into the pauper house to die among thieves and harlots when worn out or broken down, while the machine is carefully repaired!

I could write over quires of paper on the evil fruits of land-robbery, but desire to be as brief as possible and not intrude too much on space in the paper. In brief, I can trace full two-thirds of all the poverty, rags, hunger, drunkenness, prostitution, theft, pauperism, and criminal court and prison expenses to land-robbery as their cause.

What means the great number of tramps? Land-robbery. What mean all the strikes we hear of among the working classes in all parts of our land? They mean land-robbers—aye, and a great deal more. They mean that if this great wrong is not righted, the time is not far distant when the dwellings of rich land-holders and monopolists, their factories and mills, their railroad stations and banks, will be blown up with dynamite and their owners with them when asleep. Remember, I am not encouraging this vengeance—only warning the nation of what is as sure to come as the sun is to shine, unless this great wrong is righted. The American people are not of that class that will forever consent to be slaves, and to stand idle while thieves and robbers rivet chains and fetters on the necks and limbs of their children. As soon as they learn what their rights are in regard to land—as soon as they know they hav as good a right to land enough to raise food on as they hav to life itself, they will demand the right of their rulers, and if their demands are not granted they will take the law into their own hands, and woe! woe! to those that are in their path!

I hav said a sure remedy for this greatest of all evils with which our country is cursed is in the hands of the working classes, and will point it out in my next. THE WORKERS' FRIEND, J. HACKER.

Berlin, N. J., Dec. 1, 1883.

The Clergy.

From the Winsted Press.

Now and then a goody-good sort of well-meaning person (generally a woman, for men are usually better informed than women in the ways of the world) expresses surprise that the press has no more reverence for clergymen than for rumsellers, for example. A notion is still quite prevalent among fairly sensible people who hav not yet gotten their eyes open to the impressiv facts, that pulpiteers and that sort of tricksters and sanctimonious vampires are of some little good use to society still; in other words, that they are not absolute nuisances and in a moral way worse than nothing; and so they are generally voted by the ill-informed as at least necessary evils which somehow or other a mysterious providence has projected upon society.

Perhaps it is no wonder that a considerable percentage, say, ten or fifteen per cent, of the present generation in New England regard the preacher with a respect tinged with a shade of reverence; for it is within the memory of our grandfathers that great outward respect was manifested to the minister and priest whenever they appeared in public. People now under seventy years of age tell us, as they laugh over their juvenile superstitions, in their childhood it was the custom for school children and nearly everybody else to take off their hats when meeting the minister and bow or "curtsy" to him as being nothing less than sacred; for the children were taught and did seriously believe (verily, we hav no doubt, absurd as the statement now seems) that the minister had been "set apart from the world by God, for divine offices" and was really quite above his fellow-mortals in moral worth.

But now save among a few simple people, no importance attaches to the "sacred office." The intelligent and well educated of society everywhere either sneer at the ministerial pretenses, or laugh in their sleeves at the self-elected "saints."

But nevertheless it has not, we presume, occured to all the intelligent members of society that the preachers' profession will not bear investigation as to the immoral effect of the calling upon the preachers, since a majority of the most intelligent persons of any given community would, we suppose, be inclined, on first view of the matter, to consider that the preachers' trade would have no serious ill-effect upon the pulpiteers themselvs. But people are not really entitled to hold an opinion upon a pretext which they hav not studied; and the activ business men of a community seldom hav time to study current matters of the day which are a little out of their life line, and may be astonished to be informed that investigation into the "crimes of preachers" for the last ten years disclose through comparison of statistics that the clerical profession furnishes a far greater percentage of criminals than any other.

At first this seems almost impossible, but figures are reliable, and reflection comes to their support, with the suggestion that to a great extent "priestcraft is beggary. Priests are the most insolent mendicants. No beggar is so despicable as he who is clothed in shining vestments, the fruit of his trade" (to borrow the effectiv language of another). The corollaries of the above suggestion will occur to most readers—the temptations to do wrong which such a despicable calling begets are multifold and the minister or a priest easily becomes a criminal.

And this leads us to speak of a remarkable little book, entitled "Crimes of Preachers in the United States and Canada, from May, 1876, to May, 1883," by M. E. Billings, which work ought to be in the hands of everybody, and might easily be, since it costs but 25 cents,

It is an unanswerable work, and contains a fearful array of the divine rascals who in the period of seven years hav been, in this country and Canada, detected in the commission of crimes of every shade of horror. As it is a deduction from statistical facts that only one crime of the clergy in sixteen comes to light, it is claimed with great plausible force that over 28,000 of the 71,000 ministers and priests in the United States belong to the criminal classes.

There seems to be something in the clergyman's profession which either negativly weakens him as a moral man, and so permits him to commit crimes of which he would not be guilty were he a farmer, for example, or prompts him affirmativly to deeds which he would not be bold enough to attempt except under the mask of his "holy religion!" The little book we refer to is a stunning argument against the moral pretenses of the clergy, and ought to hav a place by the side of the Bible in every well-regulated Christian family; and in order that our readers may possess themselvs of it, we will undertake, without remuneration of profit, the ordering from the publishers and mailing of a copy of the same to everybody who will send us 25 cents, the price of the work. Though so cheap, it would make a very valuable and appropriate Christmas present.

In conclusion let us ask, Does Christianism, *per se*, conduce to good or bad morals?

Letters from Friends.

MURRAY, O., Dec. 16, 1883.

MR. EDITOR: As my time as a trial subscriber has expired, and as my opinion of the paper is too high for me to think of reading it even for a week on credit, I inclose $4—$2.50 to be applied as subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER for one year, the balance for the inclosed list of books. I received "Trial of D. M. Bennett" some time ago and hav just finished reading it. I consider it the most partial, unfair, and dishonest trial I ever heard or read. It is a disgrace to the history of this—a free—country. In my estimation, if D. M. Bennett was guilty of violating the law, every publishing house in the country that deposits in the mails the Bible, with all its obscenity, is just as guilty of a like offense, and should be punished accordingly.

I received "The Bible Inquirer," by A. Jacobson. I consider it excellent, and heartily recommend it to all Liberals and those who desire to be free. I try to disseminate Freethought in this country, but the soil is poor. I trust, however, it will yet take root and eventually bear fruit. A great many in this place shun Freethought as if it were poison; but there is a poison by the name of alcohol they approach with parasitical affection.

Hoping that Liberalism will eventually hav predominance, I remain Fraternally yours,

D. E. LEWIS.

WAUSHIP, UTAH, Dec. 1, 1883.

MR. EDITOR: The "Saints" are very energetic here just now, trying to kill what influence my Liberal literature may hav created, and are making some very fanatical youngsters; but I am very proud to say I hav got seven or eight young fellows to subscribe for H. L. Green's Directory, enrolling their names, and they hav very nice certificates stating they are members of the Freethinkers' Association of New York; and I do not think they will ever return to the "evil ways of church people."

I find there is quite a Liberal element in the air, and in fact when I go to church I find them preaching evolution and ridiculing the Bible fish stories. But they are quite certain the big chief Jehovah makes our leaders an occasional visit, and givs instruction as to the manner of conducting the business, and I must say the Mormons are an extra-well organized society, and must hav some very able leaders to pilot them through their congressional troubles, and to extract the tenth part of the people's earnings—both of which they hav been very successful in doing.

I wish the Liberals were a quarter as energetic in propagating the truth, and it surely would not be as hard to make converts to reason as to superstition; but I suppose we inherit Christianity as hogs do a propensity for rooting.

Thanking you for your trouble in regard to the books, I remain Yours truly, WM. REYNOLDS.

BLOOMINGTON, ILL., Dec. 13, 1883.

MR. EDITOR: The object of these few lines is to inform you that Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage gave a lecture here last night (Dec. 12th), entitled "Reply to Ingersollism." I, a truth seeker, attended the lecture, from which I was able to glean a few of what I call his absurd and false statements in regard to Infidelity. A few of his assertions are as follows:

"Ingersoll says the Bible is a pack of lies from beginning to end."

"Voltaire shrieked with horror when his last hour was approaching, and requested the officiating services of a minister."

"The audience that cheer Ingersoll on Infidelity in a congregation are a set of idiots."

Talmage furthermore offers $1,000 reward to anyone who will show and prove to him where the Bible has made even one cruel person. I am a reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and I advocate its cause. What I want to see is truth and justice. I ask you to make a reply to these few remarks of Talmage. Everyone who heard the lecture will corroborate the above. Hoping that I may read his reply in THE TRUTH SEEKER, I close.

Yours with great respect, F. D. LOWE.

[Mr. Talmage's wild shrieks are hardly worth noticing, but we may say: 1. Ingersoll never said the Bible was a pack of lies; 2. Voltaire's death was peaceful. For a true account of his last days see Parton's "Life of Voltaire;" 3. None but a fool, or one who thought he was talking to a set of fools, would say that Ingersoll's audiences are idiotic; 4. Talmage would not pay the $1,000 if he had proof piled higher than Pelion on Ossa that the Bible has made millions of murderers. Time is wasted in paying attention to the Brooklyn mountebank. He can lie faster than the earth can travel.—ED. T. S.]

BATTLE CREEK, Dec. 17, 1883.

MR. EDITOR: The communication from S. D. Moore in last week's TRUTH SEEKER brings to my mind the early effort of the Presbyterian church to seize and convert the state university then in course of erection at Ann Arbor. This was in August, 1838. M. W. Baldwin, of Philadelphia, Pa., was sick at the National, now the Russell House, where he lay many weeks. I was his only attendant. He was a strong Presbyterian in his religion; and one of the best hearted, charitable men I ever knew. During his long sickness, E. P. Hastings, of Detroit, being a deacon in the Presbyterian church, often came to pray to. or with, or for, Mr. Baldwin. At one of those visits Hastings made a long prayer in which he gave praise to the Lord for the erection of a college that would inculcate religion of the church and so imbue the young and tender mind with the true faith of the Presbyterian church. At another time, he said, "Brother Baldwin, our prospects are bright; we hav a majority of our society in the regency, and we hope to keep control of the university and thus secure it for the worship of our Lord and savior Jesus Christ." Those were his identical words. I hav, scores of times, spoken of that early effort to bind the people of Michigan to a church creed that, in my opinion, would, if they had the power, adopt the blood-thirsty tyranny of that fiend and murderer, John Calvin, who ordered Michael Servetus burnt at the stake over a slow fire, just because Servetus differed in opinion from that infernal demon. Yet, with those damnable acts of cruelty staring them in the face, millions of human beings worship at the shrine of that incarnate fiend and seek to hoodwink the tender mind of the student in our state university, in order to bind our people to a creed which our state constitution forbids. I, for the last forty-five years, hav watched the wily serpent as he crawls, seeking whom he may charm and beguile with his infamous hypocrisy, and calling on God to aid him in his efforts to save souls through the church. A more perfect violation of a will was never made than that of Girard's. It proves that Christianity will resort to any infamous act to support their church and gain power over the people. H. WILLIS.

RUSSELL, KAN., Dec. 17, 1883.

MR. EDITOR: Knowing that your paper favors the producing classes, I send you a few lines in regard to the work we are engaged in. We hav been nine months in this state, for the two months previous to that in Illinois and Missouri, and before that in Chicago, in all of which we worked organizing the Knights of Labor. We hav done this in sixty-five cities and towns.

The Knights of Labor is an organization that embraces within its folds every department of productiv industry, making knowledge a standpoint for action. All thinkers can see that something must be done, or the wealth of the country will soon be in the hands of the few. Land and machinery will soon be in their hands, and the more machinery the greater the curse to the producing class under the present competitiv system, as it throws labor out of employment; while under the system that the Knights of Labor are working for (co-operation), the more this system has been introduced the greater has been the blessing. The hours of labor are to be lessened each day, so that more will hav employment.

There are millions of acres of land that should come back to the people that the railroads unjustly hold. Such land, and other land that is controled by the government, should be used for co-operativ colonies. The poor people could be put on such land, the government putting the best of superintendents over them, and lending them money to start with, which could be paid back to the government without interest. Railroads, telegraph lines, and other great industries like those of the mines, foundries, and factories should be controled in the same way. Then those that worked would get the results of their labor. For one day's labor at a certain thing would get the results of some one else's labor. Thus no one would accumulate at the expense of others. By co-operation we can obtain such results. All great works are carried on by co-operation. Large farming is thus carried on, yet those that do the work in such a way merely eke out a scanty existence. The society of the Knights of Labor teaches that we should start and work in such a way for our own benefit. If any in this state or Missouri would like to hav me giv my lecture, "Cure for Labor Strikes," and hav an assembly organized, please drop me a line to Halsted, Harvey co., Mo., from whence it will be forwarded to me. Yours for Liberalism in all ways. J. H. WHITE,

Organizer of Knights of Labor.

TWIN MOUND, KAN., Dec. 8, 283.

MR. EDITOR: With your permission I would like to offer a few words in reply to A. W. Shuck, in THE TRUTH SEEKER of Dec. 1st. He says: "We will proclaim it from the housetops, that if the Walkerites, 'or any other man,' are bound to render aid and comfort to the more than infernal liquor oligarchy, they must step down below Liberalism to find a name behind which to hide, and let every Liberal in the land who is sufficiently pure-hearted to believe that man has no moral right to do wrong, join us." Which means that the Walkerites nor anyone else has any moral right to think and act different from A. W. Shuck, for has he not already decided? He may perhaps be as competent to determin what are the moral rights of E. C. Walker, myself, and thousands of others, as anyone else, but until he or some one else defines precisely what our moral rights are, and what is required to make us "sufficiently pure-hearted," he will perhaps excuse us for choosing each for ourselvs what our moral actions shall be.

"They must step down below Liberalism to find a name behind which to hide." Now, I leave it to A. W. Shuck, who is the most entitled to the name Liberal—E. C. Walker, who believes that every man and woman of intelligence has a natural, as well as moral, right to think and speak their own thoughts, however much they may differ from him, or A. W. Shuck, who charges the Walkerites with being "miserable, selfish fanatics," and who is seeking the aid of legislation in order to force others to accept his standard of moral rights, demanding that Mr. Walker shall step down and hide himself behind the lower shelf of Liberalism, while he claims the right to perch upon the top shelf and thank the Lord for a much larger share of holiness than the Walkerites? Say, friend Shuck, which is the most Liberal? My good friend A. W. Shuck's over-zealous article seems to contain a degree of the same spirit that burnt the heretics a few hundred years ago.

Now, if the policy of the prohibitionists contains all the truth, unmixed with error, then all the arguments of the Walkerites need giv no offense. I do hope that in the future when Liberals hav arguments to offer on this very important question they will present them in such a kind and friendly spirit as will unmistakably prove their right to the name of Liberal.

Yours for the moral right to think and act different from A. W. Shuck or anybody else.

HENRY HIATT.

NEW ALEXANDRIA, O., Dec. 3, 1883.

MR. EDITOR: Failing to mail my letter till the present, I in the mean time resolved to subscribe for THE TRUTH SEEKER, as I am to-day entering upon life with my own bark, being 21 years of age.

My intention is to remain a subscriber till the disputed grounds are fully placed aright in my own mind. Nor shall I through life discontinue my subscription so long as it remains as good, to my fancy, as it now is, and my circumstances continue to warrant it. Strange to me is the fact that persons, after having time and again been driven from their most trusted strongholds of belief, will not awaken to a spirit of investigation, but will instead fall back into the same old fortification, knowing that he knows not how to defend such an awkwardly-built fort, but trusts to his genius to escape attack. On finding the defense of a station impossible, I'm one of the first to "git out of that."

And again: They cannot possibly be ignorant of the fact that they are defeated, for they invariably show marks of irritation, though every mark of respect be shown to them and their arguments, and the highest air of sincerity worn that can be commanded. And all know that the triumphant are not the wrathy, for they hav no cause to be.

In a paper of this week I saw a letter from a missionary to India. It was from an old fellow-student whom I very highly respected, and of course it excited a feeling of interest, and I read it. Firstly came in glowing strains a description of his reception; next, of the city of Calcutta, the inhabitants, their customs, and then, in wailing, plaintiv words, he describes his sorrow to find that in their belief there is no clause prohibiting social intercourse with others of different religions, and calls it a "most odious institution, quenching the spirit and virtue of patriotism."

Poor fellow! He's forgotten his Bible has prohibited "casting pearls before swine," as they call those at home, in the *Christian Advocate*, which he no doubt failed to receive, and which number should be forwarded at once.

At a glance they can see the pitiable state into which the followers of the Koran and others hav fallen, but, in spite of all arguments, cannot see even a possibility of a similar fate of their own.

My friends "pity" me and feel "sorry" for me, as they hav expressed it. By returning this I close. I not only send you my heartiest wishes, but if I can do you a favor I shall, and with pleasure.

Very truly yours, M. H. RALSTON,

SALEM, O., Dec. 24, 1883.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $5—$2.50 for renewal of my subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER, and $2.50 for a new subscriber to your excellent paper. I hav entered my 82d year; hav never believed in the Christian theology; hav outlived nearly all the friends of my youth; spend the greater part of my time in solitude, and hav but small means on which to subsist. I can not work very much, and am almost alone in the world. But I cannot do without THE TRUTH SEEKER. I think it is the best paper that is published. Good as it has always been, it is now better than ever. This is the honest opinion of

Yours in true respect, ANN CLARK.

LACROSSE, WIS., Dec. 20, 1883.

MR. EDITOR: With your permission, I would like to ask the people, one and all, who believe in gods, unnatural causes, ghosts, spirits, specters, universal powers—in fact, I want to hear what they know about metaphysics. For to my view all that speak and write upon these ideas that think they exist do not know what they are talking about. But if there are any who think they know something, I am one that would be glad to learn. I do not want to know what they believe or assert, but what they can prove. For, to me, all who talk and write upon this subject present the veriest twaddle that ever benumbed the human intellect. They remind me of two puppies—when they get together each one admits what neither can prove or understand. But, nevertheless, I would like to hear through THE TRUTH SEEKER what anyone can prove upon this subject. If this aged rock don't get positiv proof soon it will be too late, for he is very near 70 years old and don't expect to liv long. Mr. Editor, I am your well-wisher. J. PETTY.

FRESNO, CAL., Dec. 10, 283.

MR EDITOR: May I ask A. W. Shuck a few questions on prohibition? If A imports liquor and pays the government import tax, has A a right to sell to B? If so, can the sale of liquor be prevented? If not, then prohibition is a national evil, by allowing the export of gold for liquor. If there is one drunkard to one hundred people—let us say ten persons to one hundred—is it right to punish all because ten drink to excess? If ten doctors use malpractice, is it right to prevent all doctors from practice to cure diseases and save life? If ten per cent of medicin is dangerous to health and life, ought there to be a law to prohibit all medicin? If ten persons eat too much cooked flesh, fish, or fowl, ought all be forced to eat flesh, fish, or fowl raw? If ten women dress to endanger their health and life, must all woman dress be prohibited, and they forced to wear goat and sheep skins, and wrap a blanket around them?

Will you prove beyond a doubt that prohibition will not deprive anyone of their natural rights? If you cannot prove the above, forever hold your peace.

I am not a drunkard, as I hav not drank any alcoholic liquor for more than fifty years. I pity the poor deluded drunkard. He drowns his reason, disgraces his character, and will fill a drunkard's grave.

GEORGE PADDINGTON.

LEROY, ILL., Dec. 17, 1883.

MR. EDITOR: I received the four volumes of "A Truth Seeker Around the World," and read them. I say D. M. Bennett is one of the best men of this age of this world, and he was trained in his young days in the Christian order. I was kept in the same way. If I picked berries Sunday they would whip me Monday morning. I hav got to be a Freethinker. I am most eighty years old. In 1857 my mind wandered, and a power took possession of me. I wanted to know how this world was made. It came to my mind it had been thrown off from the fountain-head, and took its place and rolled for millions of years. I wanted to see God; all I could see were men and women. There are now gods, devils, and hell—as mankind makes them. The Bible is a record of mankind, of good and evil works. I don't think it is best for us to quarrel over their quarrels. Priestcraft is the ruin of mankind.

THE TRUTH SEEKER givs me a chance to hear a great many different minds. I never read but one man that spoke my mind. He said magnetism and electricity were the soul and life of everything in the universe. I giv my papers away when I hav read them, and try to stir up orthodoxy a little. I tell them I don't fear all the devils in hell if they will keep their hands off me. D. NETTLETON.

Sustain The Truth Seeker.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER *Sir:* I am glad the subscription price of THE TRUTH SEEKER is to be restored to its former paying basis. It is cheap enough at that. It appears that the reduced subscription rates of the present year hav fallen short of meeting current expenses by about the amount of reduction.

I hardly think it just under the circumstances to take advantage of your generous offer, to all who pay in advance, to continue it another year, at the same ruinous rate, and thereby allow the paper to suffer in usefulness for the sake of getting it at figures less than cost. I feel indebted to the grand old TRUTH SEEKER, at least, to the abount of reduction; hence I send $3.00 for 284, and 50 cents to make up a like amount for the present year.

Liberals cannot afford to allow that fearless champion of Freethought to languish for want of pecuniary support. Three dollars per annum is extremely cheap for such a journal, filled to overflowing as it is with practical common sense thought.

See inclosed postal order with list of new subscribers. BYRON BOARDMAN.

Norwich, Conn., Dec. 23, 283.

The Liberal Club.

Mr. Louis F. Post, formerly an editorial writer on the New York *Truth*, lectured before the Manhattan Liberal Club at its meeting on Friday evening the 28th. His subject was "Political Forces Afloat." Before introducing Mr. Post the chairman took occasion to invite those who are in the habit of attending the club to join it. Their pecuniary, moral, and elocutionary support was desirable.

The political forces which Mr. Post defined as floating were the Knights of Labor, Woman-suffragists, negroes, Communists, and Socialists. The Knights of Labor did not promis to become a great political power. The Woman-suffragists, who once sought the ballot for the sake of the ballot, now demanded it in the name of human equality. The negroes had been taken from a slavery peculiar to their race, and bound in another, common to all races. The words Socialism and Communism had lost their power to frighten. Between these various forces there is little prospect of any effectiv union. A new order of things is liable to come through some kind of revolution. The working classes are not now prepared to fight for their rights; if they had enthusiasm enough to do that, they would vote for them, and that would settle the matter. Yet the people are ready for a change; the magazine is loaded, and needs but a spark to fire it. Mr. Post's lecture was about thirty minutes long, but in that time he took the gloss off many of the popular political superstitions.

The critics were rather slow about getting after Mr. Post. This was because the most of them coincided with the views he had expressed. It is believed that this sort of lecture carries less satisfaction into the Liberal Club with it than one that is not so good, for the reason that the discussion which is bound to follow lacks the *verve* which characterizes it when there is more to differ about.

Mr. Cohen entered into an argument designed to annihilate the sophism that overproduction is an evil. He did not believe that, because there was plenty, therefore people should be starving. As to Communism, Christ himself taught that doctrin. Mr. Cohen admitted, however, that the teachings of the Nazarene were capable of a more "rational construction" than he had given them. There was some doubt here about the drift of Mr. Cohen's remarks, which was increased when he added that, "as the scriptures say, it depends on which side of the shield you look." It is painfully apparent that Mr. Cohen needs to brush up a little in matters of scripture.

Following Mr. Cohen came the Socrates of the club, Mr. Andrews. The spirit of the lecture, he said, was high and broad; yet, if he had any criticism to make, he should say it was not high enough nor broad enough. It related merely to the people of this country. It was altogether local. Politics, however, was planetary. All peoples, whether in America or Russia, or in the heart of China, were involved when political forces were considered. Mr. Andrews usually has some novel idea for people to take home with them and discuss. This time it was, that the center of the intellectual world is in the United States. A belt of country bounded on the south by a line drawn from Washington city westward to St. Louis, and on the north by Canada, contained the great body of reformers. The focus was New York, and in New York it probably narrowed down to the Liberal Club. Cut off the heads of about thirty people in this intellectual belt, and progress would practically be decapitated. This happy conceit of the Great Universal Preacher was very gratifying to the members of the club.

Mr. Courtlandt Palmer was called upon unanimously for a speech. Mr. Palmer said that if the audience desired some stupid remarks from a man who felt particularly stupid, he would try and accommodate them. He then went ahead and made a good speech. Government, he held, was practically bottom side up. It had always come down from the gods instead of coming up from the people. This should be reversed. Our allegiance to humanity came before our allegiance to God, and our hope centered in the future of the race. Co-operation also must take the place of the selfishness of competition.

A short period of silence succeeded Mr. Palmer's remarks, which was relieved by Mr. Putnam, who said there appeared to be a vacuum, and as the Liberal club, like nature, abhorred a vacuum, he would try and fill it. He spoke of the solidarity of man, and of the planetary nature of politics. No man was a true reformer whose heart did not beat in sympathy with the downtrodden people of Ireland. In reference to liberty, he argued that a people were not fit for liberty until they were free. Liberty was the first requisit. It should be made the means, and not the end.

Mr. Wakeman, following, said that it had been suggested that the lecture was not broad enough nor high enough. He would say that it was not long enough. As for himself, he was given to long speeches, and so he had to compliment the speaker for his brevity. Mr. Post had omitted to mention one political force, and that was the Liberal League. That should not hav been left out. In considering the solidarity of the race, Mr. Wakeman continued, we should not forget the continuity of man which makes us the heirs of the past. Evolution is rolling on; we must go with it, whether we are willing or not. The race may be compared to an iceberg in the current of time; it must go with the stream or be melted away.

Mr. Post spoke briefly in conclusion, mainly touching the question of selfishness. The feeling of selfishness, he contended, was the result of environments, and would not survive the conditions which produced it. Let them be changed, and selfishness would vanish, because there would be no necessity for it to exist. As things are now, a man must be selfish. He had known an unselfish man who was once worth fifty thousand dollars. He was now a tramp, the result of his unselfishness. Let people do away with the cause of selfishness, and there was an end of it.

The next lecture at the club is to be by Mr. Andrews, on "Anarchy, Individualism, and Pantarchy." It is expected that the speakers for the last month will receive a general reviewing.

Book Notes.

SUNSHINE. Hanway and Home. By Mrs. Louisa T. Craigin. D. Lothrop & Co., publishers, Boston. Price, $1.25.

A milk-and-water novel, rather pretty in parts but full of sentiment of the usual sort found in the mixture of sewing-circle gossip and Sunday-school nonsense used by writers who depend on the publishers, instead of its merit, to sell their book. It belongs to Lothrop & Co.'s "Sweet Home Series," and by the class of people for whom it was written will be called "delightful." This is the notice the publishers send with it:

"From the time of the old English song of 'Dulce Domum' to that of the song of our own Payne, 'Sweet Home' has had no lack of homage in prose and verse. Nor can it hav too much, if all is of the quality afforded in the rare series of choice stories published under the title of the 'Sweet Home Series,' by D. Lothrop & Co. 'Sunshine,' the latest of these, is a most delightful home story for family reading. It is dedicated 'To the dear mother whose gentle spirit was ever the sunshine of our old home at the Cedars,' and is full of inspiring sentiment of the best sort. It is by one of the many charming writers introduced to the public by D. Lothrop & Co., Mrs. Louise T. Craigin, the Ellis Gray of 'Long Ago' and 'The Cedars,' and is perhaps her best effort."

NATURE'S HARMONY. By Francis D. Lacy. 16mo. cloth, pp. 165. New York: THE TRUTH SEEKER Publishing House, 21 Clinton Place.

The author has been led to write and publish this book from a desire on his part to supply substantial facts to occupy the ground hitherto held by dogmatic speculation. He realizes that the higher man ascends in the scale of wisdom the more readily he sees that the depths of the ocean of knowledge are unfathomable. For many years Mr. Lacy disbelieved in a supreme intelligence and in a future state, but having had his attention drawn to Psychometry, and other mental phenomena associated with Spiritualism, he gave them an honest investigation, and became convinced of their reality, and that those things which he had considered to be myths and falsities were great and mighty truths. Immediately the world, and all in and beyond it, changed from an illusion to a fixed reality; and, urged by some power greater than his own, he felt compelled to place his new views before the public, and has done so in this volume, which may be read with pleasure and profit by all.—*Banner of Light.*

A COPY of the third edition of "Crimes of Preachers," by M. E. Billings, of Waverly, Iowa, is on our table. Without exception it is the greatest and hardest blow Christianity ever got. Mr. Billings has accumulated these facts from seven papers published in the states of New York, Ohio, Massachusetts, Indiana, Iowa, Illinois, and Missouri, only; and it is generally conceded that but about one-half the crimes committed by these rascals hav been collected. Mr. Billings is doing a great work, and should be encouraged in it. The *Thinker* published a list of crimes of preachers gathered by Mr. Billings which occupied forty columns and took five months to complete the list, and now the list is increased several hundred and still they come. It can be easily seen where the most crime is committed. Can any one read this lengthy list of crimes committed by preachers in a few of the states here in America, without arriving at the conclusion that this is where the bulk of crime is perpetrated? Can a similar list be found among Infidels? No, indeed. Can any one read this little pamphlet, and say at the conclusion, that we are not "priestridden?" Send to THE TRUTH SEEKER office, 33 Clinton Place, New York city, for it.—*Thinker.*

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"His life is long whose work is well,
And be his station low or high,
He who the most good works can tell,
Livs longest though he soonest die."

A Tale of Two Buckets.

Two buckets in an ancient well got talking once together,
And after sundry wise remarks—no doubt about the weather—
"Look here," quoth one, "this life we lead I don't exactly like;
Upon my word I'm half inclined to venture on a strike;
For—do you mind?—however full we both come up the well,
We go down empty—always shall, for aught that I can tell."
"That's true," the other said; "but then, the way it looks to me,
However empty we go down, we come up full, you see."
Wise little bucket! If we each would look at life that way,
Would dwarf its ills and magnify its blessings day by day,
The world would be a happier place, since we should all decide,
Only the buckets full to count, and let the empty slide.
—*Selected.*

Mr. Trilobite's Story.

"Job, my boy, I wish you could hav a little common sense, and not be forever hammering and pounding the rocks and stones." Job's father looked perplexed, as he watched his son split stones with his heavy steel hammer.

"Why, father, maybe I've some uncommon sense. You'll think so when I find a gold mine!" laughed Job.

"So I shall; but you'll find it sooner on these shores by digging in a clam bed than by tugging away at those rocks. You'd better learn to build stone walls—it would be more profitable."

Job was not far from the Portsmouth coal mines, and he had become highly interested in the working of the mine, and in looking into the interior of the huge lumps of coal and slate that were thrown out by the workmen. His father walked away, and Job renewed his pounding and splitting of the rocks and stones. "I wonder if there's anything in this big junk of slate." He hit it three or four big whacks with his hammer, and it began to sliver and fall in flakes at Job's feet. All at once Job was startled by a smothered groan, as it seemed to him, followed by—

"Hold up there, young man! Hi yi! Oh Lord's sake alive, boy, you hurt a fellow, you do! Never mind, then, go ahead, and let me out!"

Job's eyes began to grow big, until they were like two little saucers, and they bulged out still more as he caught sight of something in the slate that looked like a form, and he struck the piece again!

"Je-ru-sa-lem, boy!—but you hav muscle, though! Whew! You hit my foot, and now I shall hav a sore toe. Oh, how nice the air is! G-r-acious! You'll break every segment in my body, if you thump me that way! Careful, now, and I'll soon be free. There! Yi, yi, yi! Good morning, boy! How do you do? And what's your name?"

"My name is Job Aiken, and I do very well, I thank you," said Job, trembling with fear and astonishment at the queer little figure that his hammer had evolved from the slate rock. It wasn't a lobster, but it looked some like one; nor was it a turtle, nor a king crab—or horseshoe, as the king crab is called.

"Scared of me, aren't you, Job?" inquired the curious creature.

"N-n-no!" stammered Job, surprised that it should address him so familiarly.

"You'd like to know who I am, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, sir, if you please," replied Job.

"Well, sir, my name is Trilobite, and I've been locked up here in an underground prison for several hundred thousand years, and I tell you I'm just a little glad to get out and get some air. I'm much obliged to you for breaking in my dungeon door. I feel like dancing a jig, I do, only I'm so cramped and stiff I can't move.

"Lity, di di,
Ti riddy i ti!

Can you sing, Job?"

"Some."

"Well, start up something lively to celebrate my freedom."

Job commenced,

"Lumps of pudding, and pieces of pie,
My mother gave me if I wouldn't cry."

"That'll do," said the newly released prisoner. "I don't like your voice very well. I'd rather hear a corn-stalk fiddle. Maybe you'd like me to tell my story, Job."

"Oh, that I would," said Job. "Do, Mr. Trilobite, please do."

"Ever so long ago—maybe a million years, for it is so long I can't remember—I had a little home down here in some shallow water; for where you now stand, Job, was once all water. There were none of your kind of animals on the face of the earth then, for the land was not at all fitted at that time for inhabitants of any kind; and what living beings there were had homes in the water. There were some oysters, however, and snails, and such as had their skeletons outside of them, you know."

"Outside?" said Job, with mouth wide open.

"Yes, their bones were outside of them, and the flesh inside—shells outside—can't you understand, Job?"

"Yes, Mr. Trilobite. But I don't see why other things couldn't liv as well as they do now."

"Why, Job, the earth wasn't fitted for them then," said Mr. Trilobite in a squeakiug voice. "You must know that once this world was a ball of fire, racing round and round in the air like all possessed, and there was heat, and steam, and metallic vapors; and, after whirling about a million years or so like a big whirligig—maybe longer—naturally the earth began to cool, you know, and then a little thin film, not near so thick as pie-crust, began to form over the ball of fire; but the gases kept jumping up as the old earth flew around, and would split open the crust, and wild fire would run down the sides like molasses. Of course there was steam going up, and coming down in the form of rain, and for thousands and thousands of years there was a high old time, Job, with the fire hissing and cracking, the steam puffing and blowing, and the rain falling in torrents, fighting with the fire, and trying to put it out, which it did at last. And then there was 'water, water everywhere,' which gradually settled away, Job, and some spots of dry land appeared. I s'pose you think the earth is now so cooled that it is solid 'way through. You're mistaken, Job. If you should dig down about fifty miles from here, you'd come to a pretty hot fire, sure as you liv."—How do I know? Why, I've been there, Job—not in my present state, but as a particle. We've all been there, as parts and particles, a few million years ago, you know. Ha ha! it's quite a joke, Job; it is, sure," and Mr. Trilobite laughed long and heartily.

"But you can see, he said, "that the state of the earth which I hav very imperfectly sketched was not a condition to maintain any organic life, can't you, Job?"

"Yes, Mr. Trilobite," answered Job, greatly interested.

"The greatest book that was ever written is the book of Earth," continued Mr. Trilobite; "and as you read page after page you become more delighted and interested. Unlike other books, you hav to commence at the *last* finished page, and read backwards till you come to the *first* paragraph; then read forwards, and you find it is as easy to read as A, B, C. But to continue my story," said the curious being. "All at once I found myself alive and stirring. I had a good hard coat on, and flexible, as you can see, so I could roll up in a ball if I wanted to. And you ought to hav seen my eyes—you can see how they stick out now, and each eye has a great many lenses, so we could see—our tribe could—all ways at once. Some of us had as many as six thousand lenses, or facets.

"What a funny idea!" said Job. "I never heard such a thing."

"Oh, yes, you hav. Didn't you ever observe the eye of the flies that buzz around the house? Well, every fly has fourteen thousand of just such lenses, and butterflies hav thirty-five thousand of them, and the dragonfly nearly double that number, all just as perfect and beautiful as can be. Talk about yourself being 'fearfully and wonderfully made!' Why, just look at your common house-fly—yes, and look at *me!*"

"I do not see how you could liv under water," said Job.

"Oh, ho, well enough, well enough, Job! I had swimming toes, or fins, once; but, being so long in prison, I hav lost them, all but a fragment of one, which you hit with your hammer."

"What did you liv on?" inquired Job.

"Oh, there were plenty of little mites of water insects. We ate them, and as we had a good many children, we used to eat them sometimes, when we couldn't find anything else."

"And were there no trees or anything in that time?"

"Why, no, Job; only a few sea-weed plants in the water."

"But how did you get into your shape?" asked Job.

"I *grew* into it, Job, by force of what was in me. How does a drop of dew grow round? By inherent power, Job. So, little by little, I grew to be a trilobite."

"Why are you called trilobite?" queried Job.

"Because I am in three parts—see: head, throat, and my lower body; I could double up, you know. My folks tried to be somebody else, but they couldn't; they are all trilobites. Job, don't ever try to be what you cannot carry out—it is foolish. Be yourself, always, and don't try to be anybody else. After a while the earth kept growing and growing, until things were so changed that we found we could not adapt ourselvs to new circumstances, and we just 'died out,' as the saying is."

"Are none of your folks now living?" Job asked.

"No, not one," sighed Mr. Trilobite. "All dead and gone—buried in the rocks of the earth; but we put them in tombs, so that such fellows as you might unlock the doors, and every time you let one of us out we will tell you a story, in our own dumb way—understand, Job?"

"Yes, sir; I read once that, 'the crust of our earth is a great cemetery, where the rocks are tombstones on which the buried dead hav written their own epitaphs.'"

"Who said that?"

"A man named Agassiz. He is dead now."

"Oh, yes; he knew lots of our tribe. He used to find us all cuddled up in our stone mansions, and many a talk we've had with him—that is, our family has. If you keep on, you will some time be as great a scholar as he was."

"I must go now," said Job; "and I will take you along with me, and show you to my father and mother."

"All right," said Mr. Trilobite.

Job's parents were delighted at the prize Job had found, and at the wonderful story it told. They said it was all true, and Job's father added much more information about the book of Earth. He said that, after all, knowledge is the true gold, and promised not to find fault with Job again for searching for it, and declared he would aid him all he could in his endeavors.

People came a great way to see Mr. Trilobite, and to hear his history, and the history with which he was connected. He said he was a happy trilobite, since he could inspire, in his dumb, still way, people to seek after truth and light; and Job takes solid comfort, and is never lonely or mischievous, since he

"Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

Little Nannie Green.

John Green, a son of the Emerald Isle, lived near the Allegheny river in Venango county, Pennsylvania, in 1798. Not satisfied with his location he made a "claim" and built himself a cabin in the woods, four miles distant from any habitation.

Now in order to prevent the claim from being "jumped," or lost to him, it was necessary to occupy the cabin daily for a stated period; but as John had business at the county seat, he took his little daughter Nannie, aged ten, and her brother Tommy, aged seven years, to the cabin, gave them possession and started to the town of Franklin, fourteen miles distant, intending to return before night. But "the best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft agley."

At the town John met some good fellows, who, like himself, had "a very strong weakness" for grog. So, as the poet Burns says, "The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter," and all else was forgotten for the time being. Meanwhile, how fared it with little Nannie and her baby brother? All day long they amused themselvs as best they could, and as the sun began to sink behind the western hills she cast many an anxious glance down the blazed path, hoping to see her father approaching; and as the shadows deepened into twilight in the solemn woods, and her plaintiv voice was lost in their cavernous depths, she could not restrain her tears; while she strove to quiet her little brother's fears and repeated, "Why don't he come? Why *don't* he come?"

Night, with all its attendant horrors, closed in upon her, and still he came not.

But if her father and natural protector did not come, something else did—*the wolves*—attracted by the offal of a deer dressed at the cabin the previous day.

The situation was now a trying one, sufficient to make an older person than little Nannie quail. The wolves howling at the door—which there was no means of closing—no one to protect her, little Tommy to care for, and no means of escape. But under that homespun pinafore beat a brave heart, and Nannie was equal to the occasion.

Directing Tommy to put his arms around her neck, "hold tight and keep quiet," she climbed to the rude joists above, and sitting astride of one held her little brother between her and the wall, while he slept until near morning.

As the first faint rays of light streaked the east the howling demons left the cabin and retreated to their dismal dens in the forest; then brave little Nannie, almost fainting from exhaustion, came down, deposited her precious burden on the ground, and fell asleep.

When she awoke the sun had climbed high above the tree-tops and chased the gloomy night away. It was still three hours before her eyes were gladdenad by the sight of "the man approaching from the town."

. . . . . .

Mrs. Nancy Bell is the oldest inhabitant of Meigs township, Muskingum county, Ohio.

She is the mother of twelve children, has sixty-three grandchildren, eighty great-grandchildren, and fourteen great-great-grandchildren.

She resides with Dr. Charles Hurd, her son-in-law, in Lytlesburg, and at the ripe old age of ninety-five, her eye will kindle, and her voice grow animated and strong, as she recalls with vividness the scenes of eighty-five years ago.

One scene is indelibly stamped upon the tablets of her memory. It is a little girl perched upon a pole, holding a sleeping child, and watching through the darkness the glaring eyeballs of the howling wolves that, just beneath her, gnashed their teeth and thirsted for her blood.

To-day her hundred and sixty-five descendants can ponder on "what might hav been," had "little Nannie Green" been less brave.

HARRY HOOVER.

Charade.

There's a mournful sound in the summer air—
'Tis my First; hear its message of dull despair.
My Second's a portal, an entrance, a bar
'Twixt green, waving fields and cattle from far.
It is wood, it is bronze, or one solid pearl;
It differs as much as a clown from an earl.
Should anyone seek the most perfect seclusion,
Freedom from every tormenting intrusion,
To draft out an epic, or plan a campaign,
When quiet is needed for body and brain,
My Whole he must never venture to keep,
Or days oft disturbed, and oft-murdered sleep
Will be his; but with short conversation
On men and the weather, the crops and the nation,
'Twill not interfere; and then he can view
Grandeur roll by on the wide avenue.

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Poetry.

The Church Fair.

BY J. M. THAYER.

The devil sat in his red-hot chair
Watching the saints at a churchly fair;
For he knew that his interests, then and there,
Were being served with especial care;
And a chief conspirator always needs
To keep an eye on the net proceeds.

Ancient dames, of saintly mien,
Girls in pink and girls in green,
And matrons fair with smiles serene,
With maids whose ages were between
The limits of connubial *hope*,
Displayed their charms with ample scope;

The "nice young man," whose pious face
And mincing, ministerial pace
Proclaimed his proneness to embrace
Each cheap and proper "means of grace,"
(Unmindful, doubtless, of the graces
That smiled in beauteous forms and faces).

His doting sire, of high renown
In church and Sunday-school and town,
With scanty locks all plastered down,
To hide the baldness of his crown
And clothe with garb of thin propriety
That emblem of his "early piety;"

Staid deacons, with the solemn air
That well-bred deacons always wear,
Pastor and people, all were there
With holy zeal and zealous care—
Church veterans and new beginners—
To spare the saints and fleece the sinners.

Grab-bags and guess-cakes, games of chance—
Whatever promised to advance
The cause of C—ash and church finance,
(Except, of course, the "wicked dance,")
Were sanctified by consecration
To holy uses and—"salvation;"

"Hot coffee," which was neither hot
Nor coffee, but a doubtful pot
Of vile decoction, cheaply got,
With milk which, whether milked or not,
Revealed "miraculous conversion,"
With strong suggestions of "immersion;"

"Ice cream," in which some shrewd device
Of inspiration, over-nice,
Had utilized the *cream* of *ice*,
With rank extortion in the price
For samples of the cheap invention,
Which symbolized congealed pretension;

And "oyster stews"—a mongrel mess
Of concentrated "cussedness"—
With rancid butter and excess
Of condiments, which, ne'ertheless,
Betrayed the absence of the fish
Whose name was libeled by the dish;

"Sweetmeats," and other kinds of meat
Not quite particularly sweet,
And eggs boiled hard and hard to beat,
With those who relish the rare treat
Embodied in the unctious "sell"
Of still-born chickens in the shell.

What carnal soul could not with ease
His pampered appetite appease
By murder—passing all degrees—
On super-animated cheese?—
Whose wriggling substance made it plain
That *cheese* is sometimes "*born again*."

Kisses for dimes were freely sold,
So sweet that *sinners* well might hold
Them cheap at larger coins in gold—
Giv'n on the sly, outside the fold;
"Ah," quoth the devil, "That is good!
Such rare devotions warm the blood!

"And, on the average, you may take
Ten girls who cheaply kiss a rake
Ostensibly 'for *Christ's* dear sake,'
With all that it implies at stake—
And I will stake my throne that nine
Will do as much, or more, for *mine*."

But time and space would fail to write
The petty frauds, the "lies in white"
By pious maidens told that night
In forcing sales, or, to recite
The items in the ample bill
Of trash and consecrated swill.

At length the pious farce was played—
The proceeds on the altar laid
And careful inventory made;
The parson most devoutly prayed
That many more such fairs might come
To speed them on life's journey HOME.

The devil shook his shaggy sides
As one who wantonly derides,
Or, sees some salient point besides
The one intended, or, divides
The meaning of some obvious pun,
In dev'lish malice, or in fun.

"Yes, *hasten* 'HOME!'" he hissed and gleamed
Expectantly on those who seemed
The very cream of the redeemed,
And who, perhaps, had never dreamed
They did *his* work, and trembled when
He seized the cash with loud "AMEN!"

And, as he vanished through the floor,
A wrathful deacon ("boiling o'er")
Just seized his tail and tugged and swore
He'd hav that much, if nothing more;
And held, as chief result of sale,
About two yards of devil's tail.

It was proposed and settled there
To hold at once another fair,
With extraordinary care
To shun all fraud and every snare
And all appearances of evil—
With sole intent to "beat the devil."

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DR. L. TENNEY—Dear Sir: After wearing one of your MAGNETIC VESTS for about three weeks, I was entirely cured of Neuralgia of the Heart and Side, which had been a source of misery to me for the last six years. I had tried numerous remedies before without benefit, but as soon as I put on the MAGNETIC VEST I got relief instantly. With unbounded gratitude, I remain
Yours respectfully,
H. A. BROWN.

Ladies, read the following testimony from a lady who had been under drug treatment for eight years with nervous prostration and female weakness:

OSBORN, O., Dec. 15, 1882.

DR. L. TENNEY: Your letter just received; also the Clothing on Tuesday last. Fitted perfectly. FELT BETTER FROM THE FIRST HOUR I HAD THEM ON. Am not joking, and if I improve as rapidly as I hav since Tuesday, will soon be well. Will report again soon. Respectfully yours, E. J. K.

This lady reports herself entirely cured in less than six weeks after putting on the garments, and, although in bed, unable to get out, when applied, she nevertheless was able to ride twenty miles in two days after the application. The lady's name can be had upon application at this office, by any one desiring to communicate with her.

Ladies, read the following testimony from a lady who had been suffering for two years with an **Ovarian Tumor**, and who had been told that nothing but the knife would save her life, and the chances were as 9 to 1 against recovery. In four months' time she is perfectly well, and has not taken a dose of medicin since putting on the appliances. Consult us when your physician tells you he can do nothinog for you; it will pay you.

SHULLSBURG, WIS., November 19, 1882.

DR. L. TENNEY, *Dear Sir:* About two years ago my health began to fail me; I became nervous, lost all desire for food, and, in fact, began to fail rapidly, so that I became alarmed and consulted several physicians of St. Louis, at which place I was then stopping, all of whom declared that I had an **Ovarian Tumor**, and that the only thing that would save my life would be the knife. About six months ago I grew rapidly worse, and had about made up my mind to take the only course that seemed left to me, and submit to an operation, when my attention was called to the **Eureka Magnetic Appliances.** As a drowning man will catch at a straw, so did I catch at this faint hope of a cure. Four months ago I purchased a suit of your appliances. From the very first I felt invigorated, the tumor, which had extended entirely across my abdomen, began to decrease, my pains became less from day to day, until now I am as well as I ever was in my life. Since putting on the appliances I hav not taken a single dose of medicin. My bowels, which before were constipated, are now regular. I would therefore cheerfully recommend them to anyone suffering as I hav, believing that they will do all and more than you claim for them. I remain,
Gratefully yours, MRS. MARY J. STEWART.



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Superfine Insoles,	1.00
Children's garments upon application.	

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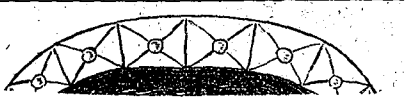
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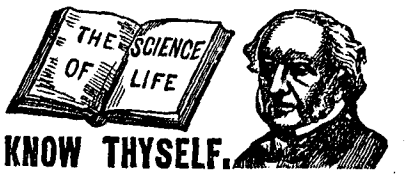
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Gems of Thought.

THE one form of sentiment inadmissible to the scientific mind is that which clings to a belief as true because we desire or enjoy it, or feel traditionally bound to believe it; and this sentimental-*ism* is no element of religious freedom, any more than of scientific mind. And, on the other part, will you call any worship "free" which does not recognize law as supreme, universal, divine? If religion can properly introduce miracles, then there be no science. The very possibility of science lies in the postulate that law is universal, a harmony that can not anywhere admit the slightest break. Freedom, then, can no more permit religion to be separated from science as sentiment, than from philosophy as faith.—*Rev. Dr. Sam. Johnson.*

"WHEN a soldier," said I, "and it please your reverence, has been standing for twelve hours together in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water, or engaged," said I, "for months together, in long and dangerous marches, harassed, perhaps, in his rear to-day; harassing others to-morrow; detached here, countermanded there; resting this night upon his arms, beat up in his shirt the next; benumbed in his joints, perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel on; he must say his prayers, how and where he can, I believe," said I, "for I was piqued," quoth the corporal, "for the reputation of the army, I believe, an' it please your reverence," said I, "that when a soldier gets him to pray, he prays as heartily as a parson, though not with all his fuss and hypocrisy." "Thou shouldst not hav said that, Trim," said my uncle Toby, "for God only knows who is a hypocrit and who is not."—*Sterne's Tristram Shandy.*

THE Stoics assert that all offenses are equal; but Antiochus energetically resists this doctrin. At least let me consider before I decide which opinion I will embrace. Cut the matter short, says he, do at least decide on something. What? The reasons which are given appear to me to be both shrewd and nearly equal; may I not, then, be on my guard against committing a crime? for you called it a crime, Lucullus, to violate a principle; I therefore restrain myself, lest I should assent to what I do not understand; and this principle I hav in common with you.—*Cicero's Academic Questions.*

THE canon was apt, on a good many points, though by no means a combativ and disputatious man, to differ considerably from the opinions that passed current in the world around him. Christianity, he held, would never be a supreme power in the world until man's duty was taught as distinctly and urgently as its founder himself had taught it. Not ove to the invisible God alone, but love to the visible neighbor, too, must be the rule of life; and every nest of foul, dilapidated houses, in which the helpless poor were lodged, every pauper orphan, shut out from the charities of a home, every sixpence aken for drink served out to a drunken wretch, should be as the groan of the man lying by the wayside, stripped and robbed and wounded. And if the priest and Levite passed him by, woe be to them! for at their hands his blood should be required.—*A Sylvan Queen.*

IT often happens that an important principle is vaguely apprehended and incidentally expressed long before it is reduced to a definit form or fixed by regular proof; but, while it floats in this state, on the surface of men's understanding, it is only of casual and limited ability; it is sometimes forgotten, and sometimes abandoned; seldom pursued to its consequences, and frequently denied in its modifications. It is only after it has been clearly established by an indispensable process of reasoning, explored in all its bearings, and exhibited in all its force, that it becomes of uniform and essential service; it is only then that it can be decisivly appealed to, both in controversy and in practice, and that it exerts the whole extent of its influence on private manners and public institutions.—*Bailey.*

IT is only when digested in a clear and natural order that truths make their proper impression on the mind, and that erroneous opinions can be combated with success.—*Dugald Stewart.*

PATIENT study and perfect impartiality must precede rational conviction, whether ending in faith or in doubt. Need it be asked how many are capable of such an examination?—*Sharp's Letters and Essays.*

OH, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us!
It wad frae many a blunder frae us,
And foolish notion;
What airs in dress an' gait wad leave us,
And e'en devotion. —*Burns.*

BUT past, who can recall, or done, undo?
Not God Omnipotent, nor Fate. —*Milton.*

Odds and Ends.

"YOUR father is worth at least half-a-million," said the choir-leader to a jealous soprano. "That is true," she murmured. "And yet you doubt my love," he replied, in an injured tone.

"GONE To Bury My Wife; Will Be Back In Thirty Minutes," was a notice found on a door in Michigan. He probably wanted to see her decently put away before he forgot it.

TALMAGE says that the church-members embrace three times as many women as men. That is probably correct. There is not more than twenty-five per cent as much fun in embracing men as women.

JUST because Anna Dickinson remarked that she thought she was "born for a warm climate," the wicked New York *Commercial* jumps up and asks: "Has Anna been converted to the doctrin of predestination?"

"AUNT JANE," said an exasperated wife, "I wish it was a custom for women to trade husbands, as it is for men to trade horses." "Why, my dear?" "Because, if it was, I'd cheat some woman dreadfully before sundown."

"SAVE the Sweetest Kiss for Mother," is the title of a recent new song. The author evidently overlooks the fact that the young man's precious time is so completely occupied in paying his respects to the daughter that the old lady stands a mighty slim chance of getting any kiss at all.

EARLY next month a "Negro Minstrel Festival," of one week's duration, is to be held in Cincinnati, and already aged and decrepid jokes—gray-haired, toothless, and tottering—are hobbling on crutches towards the Paris of America, so that they may arrive in season for the opening night.

AN English psychological society is racking its brains over the conundrum, "Are angels ever sleepy?" Not very often, but when you hear a bootjack rolling down the front stairs you can make up your mind that the angel's father is sleepy, which practically amounts to the same thing.

IT was a rural music-master who said very affably: "Now you see, my dear pupils, in a march we always hav four beats to a measure, to accommodate the step; for I don't know anything that has three feet, except a milking-stool." "Or a yard-stick!" cried a pert girl on the back row.

EVERY night before retiring the head of a St. Louis household taps at his oldest daughter's door and says: "Are you there, my dear?" "Yes," is the reply which generally comes back. "All right," cheerily sounds the old man as he starts for his room, "I thought you might be missing."

TEN CENTS AND A MORAL.

Here is a silver dime, my son;
Looks like lead it is blackened so;
Not a bit like the shining one
I dropped in my pocket a week ago.
Dingy? Yes. Don't you think it strange
It should lose its sheen in so short a time?
Would you like to know how came this change
For the worse to a brand-new silver dime?

The cause is simple and easily told,
But lay it to heart, O son of mine!
See if it does not a moral hold
For a bright brave boy with a wish to shine.
I draw from my pocket a copper cent—
See, there is the secret; the silver dime,
Dropped in this pocket by accident,
Has rubbed against copper all this time.

And the cent is never a whit more white
Nor improved at all by its company,
While the silver dime comes out less bright,
And its value is questioned, as you see.
Now the moral for boys is very clear
You see it, my son? Well, lay it to heart;
And see, I drop the silver here,
And the copper there; let them be apart.

[THE BOY'S SOLILOQUY.]

Oh, yes, the moral is clear as day,
But I thought I was going to get that dime;
He givs me the moral—that's dad's way—
And pockets the money every time.

HURRAH FOR THE NOSE.

There's the nose that turns up and the nose that hooks down,
The Roman, the Grecian, the pug;
There's the nose of Adonis, the nose of a clown,
And the nose like the ball of a jug.
The jolly red nose, and the thin, taper nose,
The nose that's been knocked out of place,
But the funniest nose, as every one knows,
Is the nose that spreads over the face.

Hurrah for the nose, the flat-footed nose,
The nose that is broad at the base!
The sugar-bowl nose, the summer squash nose,
The nose that spreads over the face!

There's a girl whom I know that has just such a nose,
A broad-shoulder nose, to be sure;
She carries it with her wherever she goes,
This nose that is never obscure;
Her nose when she blows it sounds like a bass drum,
It is freckled from ridge-pole to base;
It makes her down-hearted, and serious, and glum,
This nose that spreads over her face.

Hurrah for the nose, the web-footed nose,
The nose that is easy to trace!
The plum-pudding nose, the flattened-out nose,
The nose that spreads over the face!

There's a nose that is piquant, audacious, and bold,
There's a nose that but seldom obtrudes;
There's the nose of the vixenish, red-headed scold,
And that queer, pulpy nose of the dude's.
But the nose of all noses, that captures the cake,
The nose that's ahead in the race—
The nose that first money forever will take,
Is the nose that spreads over the face.

Hurrah for the nose, the Jumbo-like nose,
The nose that no snubs can efface;
Colossal old nose, stupendous old nose,
The nose that spreads over the face!

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THE TRUTHSEEKER

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Notes and Clippings.

THE people of Georgia hav a standing committee on reception for Mormon missionaries. It is composed of aged and weary hen fruit.

LAST Saturday's fire in Cleveland impartially burnt a theater and a church. The incident, therefore, furnishes no moral against the church.

THE deaths in the tenement houses of this city last year aggregated 18,041. There are 25,946 of such houses, containing 201,733 families, estimated to number 907,000 persons.

WHEN uncle came to dinner he always said grace before meat, and the little truth seeker of five years asked, "Papa, why don't you go to sleep and talk before you eat, same as uncle does?"

MME. CARLA SERENA, the explorer and writer, who has been made an honorary corresponding member of the Geographical Society of Marseilles, France, is the first woman ever thus distinguished.

MRS. LIVERMORE has declined to act as vice-president of an organization to secure a prohibitory amendment to the Constitution because a recent meeting in Boston refused to indorse woman suffrage.

IN erecting a statue to Harriet Martineau the Boston people hav honored a splendid woman, a noble Freethinker, and a stanch advocate of equality of the sexes. She was the Annie Besant of her day.

THE Rev. A. J. Bray, pastor of Zion Congregational church, Montreal, was charged with heterodoxy by his congregation. He sent his resignation to the trustees, and will devote his time hereafter to journalism.

BARBARA FREITCHIE'S clock is said to be in existence yet, with its hands fixed at 10 o'clock, the hour at which its pendulum was shot away by a soldier's bullet. Its final destination will be the Smithsonian Institution.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY is reported in the London *Times* as saying in a late address that "the world is not constructed upon any plan which, upon attentiv consideration, produces amiable feelings in the breast of the philanthropist."

DR. JOHN HALL affirms, on the authority of a prominent publisher, that ministers purchase the largest part of the scientific books written by speculativ writers. If this be so it partly explains the recent deluge of heretical preachers.

A CHAPLAIN in the army has been found guilty of duplicating his pay accounts and sentenced to be dismissed. Is this practice common among the men of God, and is it because one has been caught that the rest are asking for an increase of salary?

IN Miles City, Mont., the Methodists place contribution boxes in the drinking saloons, and the Christian patrons of those establishments drop a coin or two in whenever they take a drink. The boxes become as full of money as the church supporters do of drink.

SPEAKING of a letter of an Eastern Prohibitionist, the Kansas City (Mo.,) *Journal*, a Republican paper, says: "We don't know how it is in Maine and Vermont, but if he wants to see hundreds of bars wide open and liquor selling in full blast let him visit a few towns in Kansas and Iowa."

APOSTLE TAYLOR, head of the Mormon hierarchy, has made a strong reply to the pulpit attacks of the preachers at the East. He maintains that Mormon morals are, as a whole, purer than those of gentile communities, and that vice as it exists in Utah is an imported article. The saloons, bagnios, and gambling dens are not products of Mormon faith or practice, he says, and there are no female outcasts such as are found in all large Christian communities. This, says the *Mercury*, does not prove that polygamy is a blessing, but it suggests to those eastern clergymen who hav been preaching a gospel of extermination that it would be better to throw their batteries against vice and crime at their own doors.

AT a "Christian Orphan Home" in Chicago, "no milk, or meat, or butter pampered the children's appetites, but limited mush was doled out to them for breakfast and supper, and baked corn meal without salt for dinner. On highly festiv occasions the children were regaled with a potato."

A LAW has recently been passed in Brazil, which imposes an annual tax of one hundred dollars upon the master for every slave he owns. This is virtually a law for the abolition of slavery in Brazil, since, in most instances, the masters will prefer to emancipate their slaves rather than hold them and pay the tax.

THE strict Baptist churches are dying out in England, so one of Spurgeon's pupils tells the New York Baptist Ministers' Meeting. Spurgeon's church is now about the only one which requires its members to be immersed, and even that lets anybody come to the communion table. Evolution is doing its perfect work.

PLANS hav been prepared for the construction of a large hall, to be called the Salle du Travail, in Paris, close to the Hotel de Ville, where men can meet employers and arrange their terms. There will be, besides the central hall, eighty rooms for the syndicates of different trades. The cost of construction is borne by the city.

ANTHONY COMSTOCK has been heard from again. This time he is after the Piper Heidsieck people, who hav issued a very Frenchy plaque with a society lady dressed *tres decollete*. He has warned saloon-keepers that if they expose it to public view he will seize the pictures and arrest the men in charge. The *World* is of the opinion that Comstock drinks some other brand of wine.

WHEN the crown prince of Russia went sailing through the Gulf of Lyons on his way to Spain, a French ironclad gazed at him in mute silence. The commander, with a deep sense of the humiliation of Sedan, did not fling open the port-holes of his vessel and fire a merry salute. Bismarck demanded an apology, and the French government has just sent an explanatory note to Berlin with the announcement that the offending captain of the ironclad has been dismissed from the service. Thus the etiquet of nations is preserved.

THE anthracite coal companies of Pennsylvania are resorting to their usual tactics for keeping down the wages of miners and keeping up the price of coal. Orders hav been issued for half-time work during the first three months of this year. This is calculated to giv the miners the impression that the market is overstocked, which is not true, and that the companies cannot afford to consider any question of an advance in wages, and also to shorten the supply so as to hold up prices. It is said by those who are familiar with the conditions of the business that coal might be profitably retailed in this city at three dollars a ton if mining were conducted under the operation of legitimate business influences instead of being controled by a monopolizing combination.—*Times*.

THE president of the United States Cremation Society says that there are 5,000 persons in this country pledged to hav their bodies burnt. There is as yet only one crematory —that at Washington, Pa.; but the plans are drawn for another, and the society is raising the money to build it. Fifteen thousand dollars hav been subscribed. The building will, besides the furnace, contain a room for the resuscitation of persons who would otherwise be burnt or buried alive; another for the keeping of bodies by refrigeration until the arrival of distant mourners, who might wish to take part in funeral ceremonies; and a third in which any desired rites may be held. He also says that the principal opposition is by Christians, and that their dislike of cremation arises from a belief in the doctrin of resurrection.

IN his address as president of the Royal Society, Prof. Huxley, speaking of Sir W. Siemens, said that "hardly any living man so thoroughly combined an extensiv knowledge of scientific principles with the power of applying them in a commercially successful manner, and that the value of his numerous inventions must be measured, not merely by the extent to which they hav increased the wealth and convenience of mankind, but by the favorable reaction on the progress of pure science which they, like all such inventions, hav exerted, and will continually exert."

THIS is the theory of Adam's birth as propounded by *Drake's Traveler's Magazine:*

'Twas in the periods remote,
Before we had Bacteria;
Ere Sappho sang or Shakspere wrote
Or doctors found malaria,
The Atom saw he had no chance,
And so approached the Molecule,
Suggesting that they might enhance
Their interests if they should pool.

The drifting Molecule, a form
Of disembodied life, afloat,
Beheld a chance of keeping warm
By putting on an overcoat.
Impressed by this advantage, he
Jumped in the Atom, like a knife,
And in the two combined we see
The first form of Organic Life.

Encouraged by this marked success,
They fattened on their happy find,
And to their very recklessness
Are we indebted for mankind.
Thus sprang man from this precious pair,
And not some scientific sham,
For from the fact they didn't care
A tinker's, was evolved A-dam.

IT is a public misfortune that so many movements looking toward the lessening of the wickedness and immorality with which the world is surfeited hav the misfortune to fall into the hands of cranks or bigots; or, what is even worse, of persons whose motivs are founded on personal gain. Unquestionably, the endeavor to suppress the publication and sale of obscene pictures and literature is a most laudable one, *per se*, and worthy of all encouragement at the hands of right-thinking people. Unfortunately, however, its chief apostle and agent in this country has been a man whose methods hav lost him the respect and confidence of that portion of the community in which he would naturally expect his chief support. There is a deep-seated suspicion abroad that Anthony Comstock is not a fit or proper person to represent such a movement; that he wars on obscenity simply because he finds his bread and butter in so doing, actuated by no higher motivs than the vulgar police detectiv; and that, finally, he is neither possessed of the natural gifts nor the requisit culture and training to fit him for the position of public censor in matters of literature and art. His latest exploit in the censorship line has been to secure the conviction of an art-dealer's clerk for selling photographs of pictures exhibited in the last Paris salon—the jury in the case being, of course, eminently well qualified, as most juries are, to pass judgment on such matters. In the course of the trial this connoisseur of vice incidentally remarked that he had also purchased an obscene book at the same shop entitled, "Droll Stories by Balzac." "Is that the same Balzac that Paris is now erecting a monument to?" inquired the counsel. "It may be so. I do not know," replied the witness. The confession of ignorance so gross by the great American literary and art censor would appear to be little less indecent than the books and pictures which he says are so offensiv. Meanwhile, though the works of reputable artists and of geniuses like Balzac are thus judicially condemned, the pure-minded Comstock maintains a monumental inactivity toward the publishers of the *Day's Doings*, the *Police Gazette*, and other pictorials of like ilk, who weekly flood the market with their prurient and salacious sheets. It would be singularly interesting to learn why this is thus.—*St. Paul (Minn.) Pioneer Press*.

News of the Week.

HERR LASKER, the great Liberal leader of Germany, died in this city on the 5th, of softening of the brain.

Two hundred and fifty-four divorces were granted in this city last year. There were three hundred in 1882.

GRANT is recovering from the accident by which he injured his leg recently, and was able to sit up last Sunday.

THE church of St. Charles Borromoe, in Philadelphia, was injured to the extent of $10,000 by fire last Saturday.

ENGLAND has decided to defend Egypt from foreign powers, but declines to assist in fighting El Mahdi, the False Prophet.

THE American Art Gallery in this city was opened to visitors last Sunday evening. The Sunday Closing League was not there to object.

HENRY GEORGE, the labor apostle, arrived in London on the 6th. He was met by a committee of Land Reformers and three thousand workingmen.

THE production of beer in the German empire last year amounted to 1,041,278,000 gallons, and 134.40 quarts were consumed to each inhabitant.

THE Convent of the Immaculate Conception, at Belleville, Ill., was destroyed by fire on the night of the 5th. Twenty-two pupils and five sisters are known to hav perished.

THE anniversary of the funeral of Gambetta was observed on the 6th by a large number of persons visiting the chamber where he died, many bringing and depositing wreaths of flowers.

BISHOP SHARPE, at the last monthly meeting of the Mormon priesthood, said that while in Washington he had seen enough to convince him that no power but God Almighty could save the Mormon people.

THE Widow Van Cott maintained, in a sermon delivered last Sunday, that no Christian, whether he had a Reverend attached to his name or not, ever went to the theater. This she was ready to swear to.

MARY V. YOUNG, the seventeenth relict of the late lamented Brigham Young, died at Salt Lake City on the 5th. Sixteen mourning widows still survive the prophet, fourteen of whom are in Salt Lake City.

EDWARD HARRINGTON, the Irish editor, of Kerry, Ireland, who was imprisoned last June for advertising a meeting of the Invincibles, has been released. Bands paraded the town, and speeches were made in honor of his release.

THE Rev. H. A. Powell, in resigning the pastorate of the Lee Avenue church, in Brooklyn, last Sunday, said there were so many men in the church with repulsiv characteristics that it staggered his faith and forced him to cry out, "Why is it so?"

ANNIE HIGBIE, the girl who married a young man in fun at a church sociable in Flatbush, Long Island, and then demanded support from her alleged husband, has lost her suit, the judge deciding that the solemn marriage contract had not been entered into.

THE weather in this locality has been unusually wintry for the past week, and the prospects are said to be that more of it is to come. In other localities, particularly in the West, the most extreme weather known for many years has been experienced. It is an unfavorable time to hold up the climate of hades as a warning to sinners.

PRINCE BISMARCK, of Germany, has started a movement intended to completely suppress the circulation of Socialistic publications in the German empire. It has been made a criminal offense for any person in the empire to read or distribute any of the prohibited journals, and a special censorship has been created to determin the list of papers which shall be adjudged unlawful.

Communications.

Philosophy on the Half-Shell; or, Ethics of '83.

THE HOLY GHOST.

This intensely interesting and highly important subject I confess to approach with much fear and trembling, which pusillanimity I attribute mainly to two causes.

Firstly, from my boyhood up I always hav had a vague dread of ghosts of every description, having been told many uncanny tales of their habits and peculiarities by my good old nurse while yet glorying in my bib and tucker.

Secondly, because a ghost is such an unsatisfactory style of thing to deal with, from the simple fact that there is nothing tangible about him which you can lay hold of.

He can abuse you just as much as he pleases, but you can never retaliate, which is not, I take it, anything like a "square deal."

But to particularize. The most marked peculiarity about the Holy Ghost is, I judge, his triple identity, he being (if the Biblical account is to be believed) not only himself, but likewise both God and Jesus Christ.

But, as if this peculiarity (which would of itself, to my mind, amply serve to distinguish him from all other and less pretentious ghosts) were insufficient to establish his identity, he was likewise made individually historical from this fact, viz., that to "sin against him" (that is, to permit yourself to honestly doubt whether he really could be three different personages at one and the same time) was to certainly damn your soul for all eternity. This is an additional and weighty reason why I hav heretofore given the consideration of this subject a wide berth.

Perhaps even at this very moment I may be penning that which, beneath his vigilant eye, will forever consign my rash soul to the flames of hell.

But to continue. His cardinal virtue (and one in which I may safely say he has never been excelled, or even equaled,) is his "filling" quality. It is an historical (?) fact that a very considerable concourse of people has not infrequently been, in a single instant, "filled" with him; precisely how, it is not known—nor does it indeed matter; the fact (?) remains the same.

The only other act worthy of historical mention which he was ever accredited with upon the truthful (?) page of scripture (beside his "filling" exploits, in which to this day he stands without a peer), is his having upon a certain occasion turned himself into a white pigeon and fluttered down upon Christ's head. (*Vide* exploits of Heller, Hermann, Cazeneuve, Sig. Blitz, etc.).

What form he possessed as he came sailing down, previous to his entrance into the atmospheric envelop encompassing our earth, is not stated in the text, and hence we are left to helplessly speculate upon this point for ourselvs. Certainly above that altitude his form could not hav been that of a pigeon, since that creature's wings must hav proved entirely useless in the highly attenuated ether of upper space.

In view of the somewhat uneventful character of the history of this personage, I think it simple justice to him to call attention to the fact that the major portion of his existence appears to hav been passed in the harmless and pleasing pursuit of "filling" people with himself. It is barely possible that he invaded their persons in the form of smoke, as did the powerful geni the air, in "The Fisherman's Story" of "The Arabian Nights."

Perhaps, after all ("under the rose" I say it), this Holy Ghost marvel is all "smoke," and only a "fish story," like the other.

FORCE.

Divorced from that mysterious energy men term force, all matter must become absolutely inert,

> "As idle as a painted ship
> Upon a painted ocean."

Force is, perhaps, the *only* God of whom man will ever know.

Force, in its multiform manifestations, embodies the ideal "perpetual motion" ever sought, but never yet found, by science, in the domain of mechanics.

Should force cease to act for a single instant, the universe would fall into chaos. What, then, *is* force?

We know absolutely nothing of its ego, but can simply observe its attributes and its effects upon matter.

Science proves to us that every particle of matter is in a state of perpetual change (*i. e.*, of motion).

The sun is the earth's great natural feeder.

Nature abhors rest, as she does a vacuum; hence there is absolutely no rest in all her vast domain.

The particles composing the diamond are as truly in motion as are those which compose a blade of grass.

All velocity (like all size) is relativ only, and not absolute.

There may exist forms of motion (at present entirely unknown to us) so sluggish that the almost unimaginable slowness of disintegration among the particles composing the diamond would be, to their speed, as the velocity of a ray of light compared to that of a door-snail!

Little, indeed, wots man of the mighty mysteries which encompass him, as the great sea-plain engulfs some tiny islet amid its watery waste!

And yet impudent and ignorant priests assure us that they know, not only the entire plans of the universe and its purpose, but likewise are familiar with the most interior thoughts and intentions of deity! And, still worse, we pay these arrant humbugs to tell us this from their pulpit every Sunday.

I tell you, my friends, were the body politic but one-tenth part as well organized an institution as is the average bee-hive, its working members would sting these pompous drones to death inside of twenty-four hours!

I say, with emphasis, that if we had more Ingersolls among us to-day it would be the better for this priestrid land!

What a ridiculous puppet-show does a Catholic ceremonial present to the mind of the intellectualist!

Its dodging, and bowing, and scraping on the part of the laity before poorly executed and gaudy images of Christ, possessing a heart of more than twice the normal size, situated (in reckless disregard of the laws of anatomy) in the very center of his chest, and emitting *aurae* in all directions, like a lucifer match rubbed in the dark!

Then, on the part of the clergy, the apparently purposeless blowing out and re-lighting of wax tapers, the donning and doffing of various styles and designs of what (to the uninitiated), would appear to be fancy smoking-caps, the opening and shutting of cunningly contrived little doors in the altar (accompanied by many profound *salaams*), and the putting in and taking out of tiny "cubby-holes" revealed behind these doors mysterious-looking rolls of what might easily pass for authors' MSS.

The "head" priest during the progress of this farce tries on various suits of clothes, each one more bedizzened with bullion and "nobbier" (if I may be permitted the use of so unscriptural a word in this connection) than the last!

At length, when he has really got into what the late lamented Artemus Ward would hav called "store clothes," he is satisfied, and so is his audience!

The show is enlivened by and ends up with a *mêlange* of unintelligible gibberish chanted in a monotonous, sing-song rhythm, to which the tom-tom would form a fitting accompaniment, and whose musical excellence would pale before that of "Pinafore," "Patience," or the "Pirates of Penzance," as Hesperus before the dawn!

HAPPINESS.

Happiness is (either directly or indirectly) the aim and desire of every sentient being, man or brute. No creature prefers, knowingly, pain to pleasure.

Even the violently insane invariably strive to attain that which to them appears happiness.

The victim of *dementia*, who thrusts his hand between the bars of a red-hot grate, believes the act conduciv to his happiness, no less than does the martyr who sings at the stake whilst being consumed by the flames which envelop him.

It seems almost a certainty that the cerebral excitement may, in either of the above instances, produce immunity from physical agony, even while the flesh crisps and shrivels amid the crackling flames.

I affirm positivly that in no act of his life is man impelled otherwise than toward the attainment of his own happiness, even in those instances which appear, at first sight, to be self-sacrifice.

I will support this view by supposing the following extreme case.

A man possessed of noble and generous impulses observes a young child fall into deep and icy water, upon a dark and tempestuous night, under circumstances which make it ten to one he must lose his own life by an attempted rescue. Does he hesitate?

No! Without apparently pausing for reflection, he braves the imminent peril, and makes the attempt.

Does the above instance militate against, and form an exception to the great law I hav laid down for one and all? By no means.

To the mind of this noble and generous man self-sacrifice became a pleasure, or, if not actually a pleasure, at least a lesser pain than the violation of the unselfish dictates of his nature would hav been; hence his act.

He could not, in fact, constituted as he was, do differently. He but followed, as all are compelled to do, his strongest motiv.

Often, indeed, following our strongest motiv leads to pain, and not pleasure, for frequently we find ourselvs compelled to a choice between the two horns of a dilemma, one of which is only less painful than the other.

Often, too, we choose the more painful course through lack of discriminating and weighing power, deeming that to be the more pleasurable which is, in reality, the more painful course.

To be sure, in the case cited above of a drowning child the man of noble impulses did not stop to deliberately think out which course of action would the better conserve his pleasure.

In cases of emergency such as this the mind works with lightning-like rapidity, and almost in the same instant the reasoning is performed and the conclusion reached, perhaps even without this fact being known to the reasoner.

Nevertheless, he must and does reason and decide before he can, by any possibility, act. Surely no one would be so foolish as to claim that the lightning did not flash, because, almost at the very instant, the thunder stunned him with its terrific roar.

No act can possibly be performed without volition, and no volition can take place without previous thought, followed by decision upon some particular course of action, as being that apparently conserving to the individual's greatest happiness.

ELLIOTT PRESTON.

Liberal Labor.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER,—*Sir*: It is interesting to read in your paper the travels of our Liberal missionaries, to learn of their reception, who arranged for their lectures, what the local papers said, etc. This is all very interesting to the people. I am glad, also, to see the column announcing meetings in different towns and cities. I would suggest that each society sending its notice should name its officers, or president and secretary, so that speakers can communicate.

During October we were with the Northern League of Iowa, and gave thirteen lectures for that association. In Waverly, the headquarters of the League, we spoke in a very pleasant Universalist church, which, as it is not used by that body, can easily be obtained for Liberal meetings. Our lectures were very largely attended, and much interest was manifested. At Greene, Butler county, some twenty miles distant, we gave the first Freethought lectures ever given in the town; yet the hall was crowded to excess. Mr. J. D. Steves, a very energetic Liberal of the Materialistic wing, arranged for the meetings.

During November we were at Vinton, Benton county, Iowa. Here but little could be done, owing mainly to the indifference of the Infidels themselvs. A few are interested, but the majority seem lukewarm. Were they disposed to act, good meetings might be kept up there, because the people would come out if some one would arouse them and sustain the work. Let me say to Infidels that constant zeal and enthusiasm are necessary to keep new thought before the people. Do not weary in well doing, but, stimulated by the hope of a better condition, press bravely forward.

In this town of Ottumwa, containing some ten or twelve thousand inhabitants, the Liberals hav rented a nice hall, adorned it with mottoes, own an organ, and hav a fine choir. We came here to speak for the society during the month of December, but hav reengaged for January. We giv two lectures each Sunday, hav fine singing, and last Sunday Mr. Peck organized a children's lyceum.

This very prosperous and activ association is due to the efforts of Mrs. Nettie Pease Fox, who came here about three years ago, and began speaking upon Spiritualism in a small and unpretentious hall. The audiences increased, and by and by the most activ individuals engaged the present hall, and started out as a permanent institution. Great credit is due Mrs. Fox for the work done. The *Spiritual Offering*, edited by Colonel and Mrs. Fox, also began here, and has done a good work. I understand it has a large circulation, and it is really one of the best Spiritualist papers published.

The society is now busy arranging for a bazar and Christmas dinner. I wish other societies would be stimulated by the success of this to go to work in earnest to become a fixed institution.

I must commend THE TRUTH SEEKER for adding a children's column to the paper. It will increase its circulation, and do much good. Many copies are taken here. I would like to say to societies and individuals, who desire our services for week evenings during January, to remember that we are in southern Iowa now, and we want to hear from all in the vicinity of Ottumwa, say, within a radius of one hundred and fifty miles. We are ready for work, and hope you will write promptly. There is a great difficulty which speakers encounter, and that is the immense territory which we must travel over to fill appointments. But if the friends would observe the engagements of the several speakers, this could sometimes be obviated, by making arrangements at various places adjacent.

Persons desiring to arrange for lectures during the spring months can write me here, and I hope will do so as early as possible. Permanent address, till farther notice, MRS. H. S. LAKE.

Ottumwa, Iowa, December 22, 1883.

IT now turns out that Sojourner Touth, recently deceased, a noted female negro revivalist, whose chief claim to a hearing was her alleged great age, was a humbug. It is asserted on official Methodist authority that she was not one hundred and eight years old, nor a hundred, not even ninety. Convincing evidence was years ago collected to refute her claim of centenarianism, and which also proved that she was a conscious and scheming humbug. Many clergymen say they knew the facts, and witheld their sanction from her revivalistic work, but why they did not expose her is not made plain. Probably it was because she "was doing the master's work," in the successful conduct of which it appears false claims are a great aid.

Freethinkers in Convention.

The Salamanca Meeting.

OPENING SESSION.—THURSDAY EVENING, DEC. 27, 1883.—SEVERE STORM BUT LARGE ATTENDANCE.—SALAMANCA QUARTET. — THE INIMITABLE PROF. H. H. HALL. — "THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE RELIGIOUS EMOTIONS," BY EX-REV. J. H. BURNHAM.

SALAMANCA, N. Y., Dec. 27, 1883—It snows, and it blows; old Boreas, the bitter, blustering blower, with icicles hanging upon his chin, and a nose cold as a lobster's liver, sweeps bellowing through this valley. During the afternoon he occasionally tried to light up a smile on his saturine features, and at times succeeded in shedding a few half-frozen tears of penitence, only increasing the slush with each fitful gush.

As evening shades gathered, instead of becoming reticent and keeping shady, he roared and raged like an old-style hell-fire Methodist revival parson, and hurled the frozen snow in fierce defiant gusts in every direction, as if in search of some person or thing on whom to vent his fury.

But Liberals, who hav so dauntlessly braved the fires of hell, were not to be scared by the cold; so, despite the fierce storm, there was a very large attendance; and although every endeavor to warm up the building was but a half success, the audience gave close attention and were deeply interested in the eloquent and earnest utterances of the ex-Rev. J. H. Burnham, the songs of the Salamanca Quartet, and the humorous melodies of Prof. Hall.

In the absence of the genial Dr. Brown, the honored and able president, Secretary Green nominated ex-Rev. C. B. Reynolds as chairman, who, in accepting the position, called attention to the fact that it was a Freethinkers' Convention. The prince of caterers, H. L. Green, had provided an intellectual banquet, though some things on the bill of fare might not suit the tastes of all. But each had a right to examin or reject. Freethinkers award to all credit for the same sincerity and honesty of opinion that they claim for themselvs.

After a very able poem by Prof. Hall, and some most exquisit melody from the quartet, the chairman introduced the ex-Rev. J. H. Burnham, of Michigan, who spoke on the subject of "The Philosophy of the Religious Emotions:"

In the order of sequence through the wonderful mechanism of sensation, we become self-conscious, also in which we become subject and object to ourself. There is nothing more complex in any line of thought than the objects of thought which pass under the eye of consciousness. We do not only discover thought, reason, intelligence, will-power, but a wild continent of conflicting emotions, when religions claim relation to an assumed unknown something called God. But the philosophy of these emotions remains hid until we see how they arise, and find the law which controls them. Emotions arise only in the presence of their object, real of imaginary. They always, in their normal condition, respond to their several objects, hence do not predicate either virtue or vice. Emotions burning in the glow of passions are sinless. They are as pure as a flake of snow. They, in the order of environment, are necessary. They are without character until acted upon and appreciated by the sharply individualized ego. Their expression depends upon physiological functions under certain stimuli. The stimuli coming in contact with nerve feelers, which are connected with nerve centers, call forth a discharge of nerve energy, and thus changes are produced in our mental and physical states.

Thus changes come, and the character is determined by the method of distribution. That is the method in the distribution of nerve energy from nerve center through nerve fiber or nerve feelers. Religion, when as a nerve excited it is conveyed through nerve fiber to nerve center, constitutes the religious emotions. As a result of this analysis, take the religious emotion expressing itself in prayer. This is fundamental in the religion of the world. These devotees are sanguin as to this faith in their divinities in proportion to their ignorance. The more ignorant they are, the stronger is their faith in the effect of their prayers. But perchance some will ask, Will you with cruel hand, turn over the cup of regenerativ joy, which is held by so many millions in the deepest sorrows of life? Will you take from the mother the benediction she givs her boy as he leaves the old home? Must she not with her prayers follow him over continents and oceans? Would not this be cruel in the extreme? Truth is always cruel when it comes in contact with our folly and superstition. The beautiful fancy which comes to us at times in dreamland is broken to pieces in our awaking. So must vanish the wild drapery of superstition and religion when we awake to the truth of things. But as investigators we do not consult our wishes, our hopes, or our fears, but simply try to find and know what is true.

It is held, by the Christian people at least, that the religious emotions and experiences are all-important, and are a strong proof as to the divinity of the Christian religion. I am of the opinion that here is the main line of defense, and reason is very justly ignored, and the religious element is the final dependence. This, then, we must examin. Nerve centers receive, from rest and the nourishment we take, they supply. This is used in action, physical, mental, or both. Its use is in proportion to the activity, either mental or physical. If the excitant taps a nerve center in great force, death ensues sometimes; for in this case, the nerve centers are separated from the nerve feelers. A person in profound meditation may drop upon the floor, or in the road, as the case may be; so, often, under strong religious emotions, the devotee is prostrated as has the power. Others weep, and again others cry or laugh. In bereavement, we see sometimes the deepest sorrow often changed by any device which changes the method in the distribution of nerve energy. Prayer will do it often, not because anyone has heard or answered it, but because it changes the method or the line of its distribution. A cup of coffee, an accident, and many things would produce a like diversion, and secure the same result as that produced by prayer. It becomes, to the thoughtful observer, evident that the history of the religious emotions depends not upon bibles, gods, or Christs, but are all within the domain of physiological changes, produced in varying the methods in the distribution of nerve energy. This conclusion is supported beyond all reasonable doubt by the history or the religions of the world. Christianity can lay no special claim to special experiences, for what it claims all others equally claim, with a different God. Bible, and Christ, the same experiences. Old Hindoos, thousands of years ago, indulged in the same hopes and fears, and hav told, and do tell, the same story as our Christian friends. And thus it is with all religions. And hence the philosophy of the religious emotions is to be found, and only found, in the possible changes rung upon the emotional nature.

SECOND DAY'S SESSION.

Friday morning.—The storm continues; but as delegations of Freethinkers continue to come also, every one is jovial and jubilant at the prospects of a most successful convention.

The Dudley House (wretchedly constructed, and run by inexperience, but with earnest desire to do the best they can) was not alone crowded, but cots in every available spot in parlor, hall, or passage-way were at a premium.

At the morning session the attendance was mainly delegates to the Convention. The ten-minute speeches at the conference were very interesting, lasting till noon, and crowded out the genial, jolly president's address. But it is only postponed until to-morrow morning.

THE AFTERNOON SESSION,

At 2 o'clock, P.M., was well attended. Mr. A. B. Bradford, of Pennsylvania, delivered a very able, eloquent, and interesting lecture on, "What the World and Freethinkers Hold in Regard to Martin Luther." [We refrain from giving a synopsis, as Mr. Bradford expressed his intention of sending the copy of his lecture to THE TRUTH SEEKER.—REP.]

Mr. Geo. W. Taylor next addressed the Convention on "Facts." This gentleman gave evidence of deep, earnest sincerity, and devout faith in Spiritualism. Certainly the facts he related were marvelous; one of many incidents he recited precluded all possibility of mistake or deception. He stated that on one occasion, in his own house, with no professional medium present, he improvised a cabinet out of a wardrobe filled with hats, shawls, clothes, etc. He placed two shawls before the door; soon the shawls parted and a face appeared, and its voice cried, "Praise God." Other forms appeared and were recognized.

The audience gave close attention to the speaker and evinced deep interest in the recital—and although many doubted the facts, none doubted the sincerity and honesty of the speaker. He carried conviction to all that what he related were facts to him.

FRIDAY EVENING SESSION.

Large as was the attendance at the Rochester Convention, the interest and attendance, in proportion, very far exceeds it. Beyond question this will prove the best, most instructiv and useful convention of any yet held. The announcement that our popular, talented, and eloquent young friend, John Remsburg, of Kansas, would speak this evening, created a furore of enthusiasm, and long before time to commence the exercises, the house began to fill.

Awaiting the arrival of the time announced for the speakers of the evening, a conference meeting was started, during which Miss Neil, of Ohio, in a voice like a young volcano on a hurrah, said she wanted to talk if she could get a chance. Instantly the gallant Dr. Brown invited the lady to take a few minutes, but called forth her virgin indignation when he announced her as Mrs. Neil. She declined to talk now; there was not time; she wanted to talk about prohibition if she could get a chance; she would make a speech that would not be pretty, but it should be strong. She wanted to know if this Convention of Liberals would do better than the two political parties; and if this Convention would do justice to the myriads of shackled, chained, heart-crushed women. She wanted to make a speech and she promised it should be a wringer. The lady who could not talk having used up twenty minutes, the gentle Dr. Brown was obliged to call time.

After singing by the choir, Mr. Lyman C. Howe, of Fredonia, N. Y., was introduced to the Convention. He said he had just received a telegram with news of very depressing nature. He was a Spiritualist, and himself a medium—not in a professional sense of the term, but mediumistic. When out of tune it was not possible to do justice to the audience. He had been asked by the president what was his subject. He could not tell—perhaps he would not hav any. He would wait for something to come. After a pause, and passing his hands several times across his brow, he closed his eyes, and did not once open them during his address, which was upon the "Genius of Freethought, and the Issues It Involves." He said:

Freethought involves legitimate freedom; not license, but true freedom; and there can be no such thing as freedom unless it is responsible freedom. Education develops character, not reputation. Let us liv indifferent to popularity or what the world holds of us. Not what we are thought to be, but what we are, moral, mental, and physical, is the matter of vital import. In an absolute sense, there is no such thing as freedom or free thought; it is dependent on a line of causes lying back of centuries. Not a man livs or thinks but does so under restrictions of all his environments. Legitimate governments and restrictions foster and develop freedom. After passing the meridian of age we may modify, but to make radical changes is well-nigh impossible. Very few of the most devoted lovers of Freethought and liberty are free enough to stand by and let truth prevail and their pet hobby, their ism, fall. Freethought moves man to liv better, to improve the condition of humanity, overcome evil and develop good. To destroy is not its mission. The iconoclast is not a Freethinker, but Freethought allows it. Spiritualism is my theme especially. I liv related to the future. Spiritualists hav evidence that character remains; we carry all our individuality to the eternal world before us. Freethought includes, as one of its features, the beautiful theory of Spiritualism. It is the genius of Freethought to prove all things and hold fast to that which is good. Accept, then, whatever bears the stamp of truth, and if there is aught false reject it; for all truth is divine. Freethought helps us to be true, loyal men and women, to all good, and expose, reject, and banish falsehood in the Bible or any other book. The Christian says, "My faith is God's will; if you step outside you are an enemy to God. You must keep within the prescribed bounds." Freethought knows no bounds.

After a song by Prof. H. H. Hall, the president introduced Mr. John Remsburg, who spoke on "The Christian Sabbath."*

THIRD DAY'S SESSION.

Among the notable short addresses was that of Mrs. Stearns, of Buffalo, who spoke substantially as follows:

I am rejoiced to stand on a free platform, where all can giv expression to their own thoughts. Light dissipates darkness. I go hand in hand with every unfoldment of science. The study of astronomy destroyed the dogma that the world is only 6,000 years old. Why hav not the people of to-day the same need of close and personal contact with God that they had a thousand years ago? Why hav they not in their necessity, in their doubts, yet hopes, the same need to get near to God and receive direct communication from him? If God is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, why do all the parsons, priests, fail. We need to bring about a union between our highest, scientific scholars and the teachings of the Sunday-schools. Let the children learn of Nature and Nature's laws, and there will be no discrepancies between the lessons of Sunday and week-days. The lessons of the primary school and the college would not then be at direct variance with Sunday-school and church instruction.

Prof. H. H. Hall made an able appeal in behalf of the education of our children, not letting them drift into the church and hav to work out from the darkness of creed and superstition. The keenness of priestcraft says, "Giv me the first seven years of a child's life, and who will may hav him for all the rest of his days." Nothing comes slower than changes of public opinion. Instead of a deluge of verbosity in discussing with each other, using our time and energy in idle argument, let us help the children to think for themselvs and study the laws of nature. Opportunities to set them thinking, to educate them to think for themselvs, abound. Ask a child what makes it rain. The orthodox answer is, "God makes it rain." Take a child to the window, wipe off a pane of glass; ask what is on the window-pane. Nothing. Then breathe on the pane. What is that on the glass? Breath—condensed vapor. Well, then, rain is a cold wind or condensed vapor. If God made rain, then God is a cold wind. We hear a great deal in regard to prohibition. A stream cannot rise above its source. Temperance reform lies with the women and children. In order to hav temperance, educate the children from a hygienic standpoint. Girls and women hold now the power in their own hands to crush out the fiend Intemperance. Let them refuse to accept attendance from, or to bestow their company upon, or recognize those men who indulge in bad and vicious habits; and men will at once inaugurate a reform.

Miss Neil leaped to the front, and in the dulcet tones and gentle grace of a trip-hammer, went for the gentle child of song and jollity something like this:

Hall says the best plan is to hav women do this work of reform in temperance. I'd be ashamed to ask women to do anything when I knew they were without weapons. He would hav the women educate the children while the man went to the dram-shop. He says, Let women hav nothing to do with any man that has bad habits. Where is the man that does not smoke, chew, or drink rum? I hav been looking for a man without bad habits for thirty years. If girls or women took only men without bad habits, like me they would never hav one. Giv women the ballot, and they can take care of the infernal traffic in rum. I hope the Democrats will get into full power and everywhere defeat the miserable Republicans. I know no better use God Almighty can make of the old Democratic party than to make a mop of it to clean out the dirty Republican party. Women are nobodies until they get married. When married they and their husbands are one. And he is always the one.

The Republicans for twenty-five years hav run the government by and for the interests of the whisky shops, while the old defunct Democratic party has long been dead, but still crawls round just to save funeral expenses. The Republican party took their dead chief to the grave, and had to spend a fortune in guzzling whisky on the trip. Why, a lot of old women could do better than that?

After music by the choir, the genial Dr. Brown gave his promised address, replete with valuable health hints, witticisms, and poetry. His subject he announced as "Salvation by Education." He spoke as follows:

We hav had eighteen hundred years of superstition, faith, and hope, words never understood. There are three hundred religions; each has had a guess about salvation. I propose to speak about and seek for salvation this side of death, and wait for salvation in death when I get there. "Heaven is a home of an orthodox ring." We are taught to look to God for knowledge, and so neglect to study the laws of hygiene, how to prolong life and secure health to our posterity. We would all liv longer and happier if we would take as good care of ourselvs and our children as we do of our horses, use the same reason-

*Mr. Remsburg's address was identical with that published in pamphlet form under this title. It may be procured at the TRUTH SEEKER office. Price 5 cents.

able common sense. You feed your horses four to six quarts of oats three times a day when you work them hard; but when left idle in the stable you do not feed so heavy. You may hav no use for your horses, yet you take them out because it is not good for them to be without exercise. Yet you will eat heartily, gorge your stomachs, and avoid exercise, and then wonder you are sick. You acknowledge the need, if you would keep your horses in good condition, you must not alone use common sense in feeding, but keep them clean. Wash oftener, abandon your saltpeter-poisoned meat, your vinegar and cider, your coffee and tea, and you will hav no heavy doctor bills. Oxy-gin is the only intoxicant we ought to ever indulge in. Tea-drinking, mixed with grease, insures cancer of the stomach. Salted meat produces catarrh. Hav you a headache? Are you bilious?—instead of wasting money on patent nostrums take an emetic; drink all the warm water you can get down, then go after it with a goose-quill, feather-end down. Preserve health, and you will hav clear, clean, bright, wholesome thoughts, and insure salvation here and now.

On motion, Hon. A. B. Bradford, of Pennsylvania, T. B. Wakeman and Geo. W. Taylor, of New York; J. H. Burnham, of Michigan; and John C. Remsburg, of Kansas, were appointed a Committee on Resolutions.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The committee reported the resolutions which were printed in THE TRUTH SEEKER last week.

Judge McCormick then addressed the Convention on Spiritualism, with his usual effectiv grace and poetry of motion. Excellent and appropriate music was faultlessly rendered by the Salamanca Quartet —Mrs. H. O. Wait, Mrs. V. G. Fitts, Mrs. J. P. Colgrove, and Mrs. Mina Seymour, pianist, assisted by Prof. M. M. Lane, who sang many beautiful solos during the Convention.

Of course it is unnecessary to more than mention the fact of H. H. Hall's being present, for that implies poetry, music, humor, satire, fun, and side-splitting laughter.

BANQUET TO THE SPEAKERS.

Mrs. Mina Seymour gave evidence of the genuinness and practicability of her Liberalism by inviting the speakers to her beautiful home, and providing them a most elegant and sumptuous banquet. It was one of the most happy and pleasant little gatherings, and will ever bring to kind remembrance the fair and talented little hostess, in connection with the most happy, harmonious, and successful Freethinkers' convention ever held.

EVENING SESSION.

It having been announced that ex-Rev. Charles B. Reynolds would address the Convention, there was an immense gathering. He is well known in this vicinity, having preached in a mammoth tent for three summers in Chautauqua county.

Mr. J. H. Burnham was to hav spoken first, but severe sickness prevented, and consequently Mr. Reynolds was requested to fill the time. His subject was "Teaching of Infidelity and Christianity." It is given below in full:

While it is generally conceded, even by Christians, that the Old Testament contains much that is undesirable, it is insisted that the New Testament is the revelation of a new and better code of morality. We are told the morality Christ inculcated is far in advance of that of the Old Testament, and infinitly superior to any or all of the best and greatest sages, philosophers, and scientists that hav ever lived. It is an exploded fallacy that books of the New Testament hav been handed down to us in the very words of the inspired writers, and that they hav been miraculously preserved from loss, error, or interpolation. There is no evidence that even the four gospels, so much relied on, containing the only record of the life and teachings of Christ, were even written by those whose names are attached to them. In a series of articles recently published in THE TRUTH SEEKER, entitled "Facts and Fallacies in Regard to the New Testament," it has been most positivly proved by the admissions and declarations of Christian authorities of the very highest standing: (1) That history affords no trace of the pure apostolic originals; (2) that no originals hav existed since the second century; (3) that if they ever existed at all they were never considered of value or importance enough to call for any especial care in their preservation; (4) that the New Testament was translated, not from original manuscripts or even reliable copies, but from what at best were only claimed to be copies of copies, which, if copies at all, abounded in errors, heresies, and perversions; (5) that the early fathers, under whose direction and supervision all copies were made, were men who regarded it as an act of virtue to deceive and lie for the good of their religion; the very best, those who surpassed all others in piety, looked upon it as laudable to advance the cause of Christ by artifice and fraud; (6) that our present version is founded on translations by Romish priests that by one another, as well as by all scholars, were denounced as faulty, heretical, and designedly perversions; (7) that Luke, the best and most scholarly of the four gospels—according to its own testimony—was not written by divine aid or inspiration, nor by or through the influence or dictation of any of the apostles or disciples.

No intelligent person would accept as authoritativ any book or history so utterly destitute of evidence of genuinness and reliability. The Jews are not the only people that hav sacred writings claimed to be the inspired word of God. Nearly all nations had their gods, their sacred writings, prophets, priests, and divine commands. How can we know they are all wrong? —that the Jews alone were God's own chosen people?

Are the children of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob better people than all others, more virtuous, brave, and generous, that we should without question accept their sacred writing as the embodiment of all that is divine, and reject all others as foolish fables? It must be admitted, Jewish theology is no more the oldest in the world than it is the best, the purest, or the most consistent.

The Jews, who are indorsed by all Christians and the New Testament as God's own chosen people ("to whom pertaineth the adoration, and the glory, and the covenants, and the giving of the law, and the service of God, and the promises"—Rom. ix, 4), absolutely repudiate and spurn Christ and Christianity, and deny the inspiration, truth, or authority of the New Testament.

Christ designed that only Jews should be saved. "I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel" (Matt. xv, 24). He positivly forbade his disciples to preach the gospel to any but Jews. "Go not into the way of the gentiles, and into any city of the Samaritans enter ye not" (Matt. x, 5).

And Jesus himself declared he spake to the multitude in parables expressly to prevent the possibility of those without —that is, any except Jews—being converted, lest they should be saved.

Suppose I discovered there was a conspiracy to wreck the night express; that on a very steep embankment the rails had been unspiked, so that when the train reached there it must inevitably be precipitated down the embankment; nothing can save the passengers from mutilation and horrible death. I enter the cars as the train stands in the depot about to start on its fated journey. I pass through and notify every Mason by secret signals to leave the train; they come out; I tell them of the danger, but forbid and prevent their warning any of the passengers not Masons. Men, women, children, are going unconsciously to their horrible doom. But lest any of them should understand, take warning, and so be saved, I am careful to use only such signs and words as I am sure they cannot understand.

You say I should be the——Stop! are we not instructed to take Christ for our example?

"And he said unto them, Unto you it is given to know the mystery of the kingdom of God; but unto them that are without, all these things are done in parables: that seeing they may see and not perceive; and hearing they may hear and not understand; lest at any time they should be converted, and their sins be forgiven them" (Mark iv, 11, 12).

The son of God, the savior of mankind, says himself he took especial pains to prevent men, women, and children from being converted, lest their sins be forgiven them, and so they be saved from eternal death and hell.

Christ declares that he and his father are one, and that he came to exemplify the character of his father. He enjoins us, "Be ye therefore merciful, as your father is merciful" (Luke vi, 36). And it is claimed there is perfect harmony between the character of God and Christ as revealed in the Old and New Testaments.

"Therefore will I always deal in fury; mine eye shalt not spare, neither will I hav pity; and though they cry in mine ears with a loud voice, yet will I not hear them" (Ezk. viii, 18). "Go ye after him through the city and smite; let not your eye spare, neither hav ye pity. Slay utterly old and young, both maids, and little children, and women" (Ezk. ix, 5, 6). Says Christ, "Be ye therefore merciful, as your father is merciful" (Luke vi, 36). He also revels in the thought of mercy, just like his father. "But those mine enemies, which would not that I should reign over them, bring hither, and slay them before me" (Luke xix, 27). "When the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels, in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that obey not the gospel" (2 Thes. i, 7, 8). What tender, pitying mercy! What loving precepts! What blessed examples! Compare this with the teaching of that terrible apostle of Infidelity, Thomas Paine: "Do justice, love mercy, and endeavor to make your fellow-creatures happy."

For over eighteen hundred years Christianity has been promulgated under the especial guardianship and fostering care of its great God. Its doctrins and priests hav had full sway among the most intelligent races of the earth; and what is the result? Hav peace, love, liberty, happiness, innocence, and virtue prevailed?

Russia is a truly Christian country, with its horrible dungeons, its barbarous knout, its Siberian horrors, and its imperial despotism; with its most holy czar, by the grace of God emperor, crowned and anointed by the most reverend priests of Christ; its tyranny sanctioned and sustained, and the servil subjection of the people enjoined by the New Testament: "Submit yourselvs to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake; whether it be to the king as supreme, or unto governors, as unto them that are sent by him. Fear God. Honor the king. Servants, be subject to your masters with all fear; not only to the good and gentle, but also to the froward" (1 Peter ii, 13, 18). Ireland, Spain, Italy, Mexico, are Christian countries with Christian goverments, the masses groaning under tyrannous injustice and oppression, steeped in misery, ignorance, superstition, and crime, while Germany, which to-day is Infidel, presents the highest standard of morals in all Europe.

Had Washington, Paine, Jefferson, Franklin, and all the other noble heroes of the Revolution really believed and heeded the teachings of Christ and the New Testament, they must hav yielded slavish obedience to King George, and submitted without a murmur to all the tyrannous behests of the governors the king sent to rule the colonies.

But for their Infidelity, their disbelief and ignoring of the teachings of Christ and the New Testament, this glorious republic could never hav had existence. Would it not be well for Christians of America to stop and think ere railing against and calumniating Infidels, and ask themselvs the question, To whom are we indebted for a government based upon equal political and religious rights—a government in which all religions are tolerated, and which makes no distinction on account of creed; and but for the subtil wiles of priestcraft would be equally tolerant of Liberals who oppose all creeds? For it is inscribed on the records of our country's history by the iron pen of truth that during the administration of Mr. and Mrs. Hayes an arrogant and persecuting church, in order to gratify its hatred of Freethought, under a constitution which ignores all religions, was permitted to drag a citizen from his home, and incarcerate him in a felon's cell for no other offense than publishing his religious convictions.

The miserables who caused this humiliating disgrace to American jurisprudence by their infamous persecution of that innocent and honorable man, D. M. Bennett, would hav us let the matter rest; they desire it should sink into oblivion—but it will not down.

The arrest and imprisonment of that brave, self-sacrificing champion of reason, right, and liberty, D. M. Bennett, editor and publisher of THE TRUTH SEEKER, was a blow at the rights of every citizen who dares express his honest convictions, or who has the manhood to refuse to favor, cringe, and bow to the power of the priesthood.

Let it ever be remembered, the attorney-general, over his own signature, declared the pamphlet sent through the mail by Mr. Bennett was not obscene—that Mr. Bennett was not its author or its publisher. Search the columns of THE TRUTH SEEKER; read every line he ever published, and not one word of obscenity can be found. No! That true man, that noble martyr to religious liberty, D. M. Bennett, was imprisoned, hounded to his death, and even in his grave is vilified and maligned by Christians, not because he sent obscene literature through the mails—they well know he never did—but because he published a successful Freethought newspaper, denouncing the evils of superstition and priestcraft, and doing justice to the noble Infidel patriots who founded the republic.

To whom are we indebted for this model republic of the world and its Liberal institutions? To the Infidel patriots, Paine, Jefferson, and Franklin.

It was the pen of Thomas Paine that first wrote "The free and independent states of America." The writer of "The Age of Reason" was the "author-hero" of the Revolution. Being dead, he yet speaketh, and to-day is doing wondrous work for liberty, for humanity; inducing honest, intelligent men and women to abandon superstition and priestcraft, and learn to do justice, love mercy, and endeavor to make their fellow-creatures happy.

Infidelity gave us the Declaration of Independence, a government without a church, and a constitution without a God.

Christians raise a great outcry that Infidels tear down and destroy. Yes, they hav torn down monarchy and enthroned liberty; while Christianity has strewn the fair fields of earth with the wrecks of armies and the bones of murdered millions, making our beautiful earth one vast charnel house, drenched with blood and tears. Infidelity has been the advocate of science, the preserver of art, and the guardian of the ark of freedom.

We would not detract from the good that has been or is being done by Christians. We know there are thousands of noble, benevolent men and pure, generous, gentle-hearted women who are sincere in their belief, and are really inspired to a spirit of sacrifice by their faith.

There is an earnest desire in the human mind to attain to a higher, better, nobler life. Men and women hav aspirations for good, and the church seems to them the most available means of attaining their desires.

We are asked, Why has Christianity continued to exist and increase, if not of divine origin? The reason is evident. Because of the elasticity of Christianity. It *stretches* to meet the advanced education and scientific discoveries of the day.

Is there any comparison between the Christian rules of faith and practice to-day and those of the Pilgrim fathers? Would Henry Ward Beecher hav been recognized as a pastor by the old Puritans, the founders of his church? Would he or any other orthodox minister hav dared to indorse evolution twenty-five years ago, or to declare the creation was not accomplished in six literal days, or that hell-fire was a fable?

Christianity has stretched and widened till most of its dogmas are so thin they are one after another bursting and vanishing away. The church has done its very utmost to beat back the resistless waves of truth, science, and common sense. To save its existence it has slowly, reluctantly expanded.

The Christianity of to-day retains but one idea, to which weak human nature clings—a scapegoat on whom to lay the blame of all wrong-doing, and a savior to pay the penalty.

How hav the best of Christians died? We are told, "Ah, you may rail and scoff at Christianity now, but how will it be in the dread hour of death? How can you die? Oh, the horror of despair, the agony of terror of those who die without a faith in Christ! Oh, turn to Jesus, learn of him, that you may die calmly, peacefully, sustained in the dread hour by trust and faith in the blessed savior!"

We admit Christ had ten-thousand-fold more reason for faith and trust in God than all others that ever lived or died. We turn to Matthew xxvi and read of Christ at the time when his death drew nigh: "Then saith he unto them, My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death: tarry ye here, and watch with me. And he went a little further and fell on his face and prayed, O my father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me" (Matt. xxvi, 38, 39). Luke informs us: "And being in great agony he prayed more earnestly, and his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground" (Luke xxii, 44).

Yet Christ himself declared: "And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but hav eternal life" (John iii, 14, 15). "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me. This he said, signifying what death he should die" (John xii, 32, 33).

About to die, to save not a few dear loved ones, not alone his whole race, but millions yet unborn. By dying he would redeem myriads from the eternal tortures of hell, and insure them life, life, eternal life, in joy, peace, and happiness supreme. About to die, and by his death reconcile his father God to a sin-cursed world—about to die, and by his death found a religion that should giv courage, hope, and comfort to the poor, the sorrowing, the afflicted, for all time to come. And, with such great, glorious consequences assured to follow, this perfect Christ, this gentle, pitying savior, prays with all the impassioned joy of his soul to speed the glorious consummation? No!—but prays he may be spared, that the cup may pass from him—knowing that if it did all mankind would be forever lost.

Not once, or twice, but thrice: "O father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me." He knew that his death would be but a form, a farce, a mockery, a sham—for in three days (according to the gospels within thirty-six hours) he would be restored to life and immortality; that his death by crucifixion would be quicker, attended with less suffering than any similar death before that. Yet the New Testament declares we are asked to believe that this God prayed in such agony of terror and abject fear that he sweat drops of blood, entreating that the cup might pass from him, his life be spared, and untold millions be forever lost. This is in harmony with our histories of gods. We hav too high opinion of humanity to believe mortal man could ever so hav acted.

But, according to the New Testament, did Christ himself die calmly, peacefully, sustained by faith and hope in the promised glorious immortality? Come to Golgotha! Come to the much-vaunted cross of Calvary, and see a true Christian die; see him stretched upon the cross; hark to his song of joy. Does he die sustained by faith in God? Does he calmly and sweetly fall asleep rejoicing in the great hope of heaven and the resurrection? Christian friends tell us of the horror and terror of dying without hope in Christ, without faith in the Bible and God. Here is the first, the chief, the best of all Christians about to die. Talk of the agony of despair, of writhing in anguish, of shrieking in abject terror! No words conceivable can more express it than the dying wail of terror and despair that came from the lips of Christ upon the cross: "*Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani?*"—"My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" (Matt. xxvii, 46).

WHY PEOPLE ARE CHARITABLE.

We are glad the majority of Christians are better than their creeds. We honor them for their noble efforts in the cause of charity. We heartily appreciate and rejoice at every effort to relieve suffering humanity. We are glad that there are Christian hospitals, orphan asylums, homes for the indigent. But Christians must admit it is neither just nor honest to claim these institutions as the outgrowth of, or that they originated with, any more than that they are sustained alone by, Christians. To the pagans of Greece and Rome, the Buddhists of India, the heathen Chinese, belongs the honor of originating such institutions. Not to Christians, but to Mohammedans, are we indebted for asylums for the insane.

Men and women are not charitable because they are Christians, but because they hav large benevolence and humanity. Among the desperate miners of the mountains, the reckless cowboys of the plains, in the gambling hell, the gin-mill, the dance-house, the miserable brothel, in the very lowest haunts of vice, the cry of real distress will meet more prompt, free, generous relief than in the most fashionable of churches.

Sickness, sorrow, suffering, appeal to our humanity; our hearts respond, and not our creeds. Liberals do good from

love of their fellow-creatures, not from fear of hell or hope of heaven.

If Christianity is all of excellence and virtue, is it not singular that it has produced more intolerance, persecution, bloodshed, and death than all other religions the world has ever known?

CHRIST NEVER GAVE ANY NEW PRINCIPLES OF MORALITY.

Is it just to claim for Jesus originality for precepts that were taught centuries before he came into the world? Should he be credited with divine wisdom because he repeated, echoed the sayings of Zoroaster, Buddha, Christna, Confucius, Pythagoras, Socrates, and Plato?

Asked which is the first commandment, Christ repeats words of Deut. vi, 4, 5, and Lev. xix, 18. He declares no jot or tittle of the law shall be altered till heaven and earth pass away (Matt. v, 17, 18). When asked by the learned lawyer: "What shall I do to inherit eternal life?" he announced no new law or precept, but asked: "What is written in the law? How readest thou?" And when the lawyer repeats the very words Christ had used on a former occasion (Mark xii, 29, 31), quoting from Deuteronomy and Leviticus, Christ replied: "Thou hast answered right; this do, and thou shalt liv" (Luke x, 25, 28). The much-vaunted Golden Rule Christ does not claim as originating with himself, but, on the contrary, refers to its previous existence: "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them; for this is the law and the prophets" (Matt. vii, 12).

JOINING ISSUE—INFIDEL ETHICS.

Christians and Infidels agree we all should love one another; now comes the issue. Which is the best, the most consistent, rational, and practical method of living out this law. Christ teaches:

"Love your enemies, do good to them which hate you, bless them that curse you, and pray for them which despitefully use you. And unto him that smiteth thee on the one cheek, offer also the other; and him that taketh away thy cloak forbid not to take thy coat also. Giv to every man that asketh of thee; and of him that taketh away thy goods ask them not again" (Luke vi, 27-30).

But if we do this we shall not be either Godlike or Christlike. Nahum tells us:

"God is jealous, and the Lord revengeth; the Lord revengeth and is furious; the Lord will take vengeance, and he reserveth wrath for his enemies" (Nahum i, 2).

Christ admits he will fail to liv up to his own teaching:

"But those mine enemies, which would not that I should reign over them, bring hither and slay them before me" (Luke xix, 27).

"When the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels, in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that obey not the gospel" (2 Thes. i, 7, 8).

Suppose the New Testament were now for the first time offered to the world and declared to be the inspired word of God. Judging from the teachings of Christ, could any sane person believe for one moment he was divinely inspired? Would not every intelligent person treat with deserved contempt the assertion that the New Testament is the transcript of the divine mind? Compare Luke vi, 27-30, with the precepts of that true humanitarian, Thomas Paine: "Do justice, love mercy, and endeavor to make your fellow-creatures happy."

APPLICATION OF INFIDEL ETHICS TO THE POOR.

You are poor; you see those around you rich. They revel in abundance, while you are desperately fighting the fierce wolf, starvation, from your door, and oft are worsted in the struggle. Christ teaches you to make no effort to help or provide. "Take no thought of to-morrow, what you shall eat or drink, or wherewithal you shall be clothed" (Matt. vi, 31). But rail against the rich as he does: "But woe unto you that are rich, for ye hav received your consolation" (Luke vi, 24).

Christ positivly declares the rich are shut out from heaven. Although from youth to old age they hav kept every precept of the moral law, unless they sell all they hav and giv to the poor, they cannot be his disciples or hope for heaven (Matt. xix, 16-24).

Christ more fully impresses this in the story of the rich man and Lazarus (Luke xvi, 19-24). There is no wrong or evil charged against the rich man, only that he was rich, and so was sent to hell. There is no good or virtue credited to Lazarus, only he was a beggar "full of sores." This was his sole claim and title to heaven. But that this was all-sufficient is confirmed by Christ: "Blessed be ye poor, for yours is the kingdom of heaven" (Luke vi, 20). This discourages all thrift, energy, industry, and enterprise, and devotes to hell's eternal flames, not alone wealthy Infidels like Girard, Lick, Brigham, Redmon, Maclure, Owen, Peter Cooper, and others who hav given their hundreds of thousands of dollars for charitable purposes, but Peabody and all the noble Christian philanthropists who failed to sell all they had and giv to the poor. No matter how virtuous their lives, Infidel and Christian alike, if they died rich they died damned.

While Christ thus denounces all enterprise, and offers premiums to sloth, mendacity, and tramps, Thomas Paine givs us the better counsel, "Do justly, love mercy, and endeavor to make your fellow-creatures happy." Which is the more consistent, the more likely to advance the best interests and welfare of mankind? What benefit is the teaching of Christ to the poor man? Will railing against your rich neighbor, rejoicing that he is doomed to hell, make you any happier or better off?

Liberalism teaches you, Do justice, recognize the good, respect his ability, emulate his energy. In justice to those dependent on you, seek out the cause of your poverty, and strive to remedy it. If from fault or lack of early education, or bodily defect, the cause of your failure to make success in life is beyond repair, never add to your troubles by filling your heart with envy, spite, and jealousy. Rather rejoice that they are not as unfortunate as yourself; and in mercy, in justice to your children, studiously endeavor to save them from the defeats and bad habits that hav marred your fortunes. In mercy to yourself, make the best of your condition. There must always be differences in the circumstances of men. It is not always the diamond-studded shirt-front that covers the happiest heart; not every form inclosed in a sealskin sacque is free from sorrow, misery, and pain.

THE RICH.

Rich man! look not down in scorn upon the poor; man is not less a man because he lacks wealth. If you hav will, ability, industry; if you hav trained yourself to habits of thrift, shrewdness, and economy, and so secured a competency, in justice and mercy toward those who hav struggled, perhaps harder than yourself, but failed, try to make their lot easier and happier. In rejoicing at your success, be merciful, and aid and help the less fortunate. You spend immense sums in search of pleasure, oft only to meet satiety, disappointment, and ennui. But the pleasure and delight of helping the needy, of relieving the sufferings of the unfortunate, of bringing hope to the despairing, exceeds all other pleasures wealth can purchase. Do not do as Christ teaches, giv to all that ask. This would only encourage idleness and mendacity. But find employment, help to better educate, and try to inspire a spirit of independence, industry, and economy.

RIVALS IN BUSINESS.

Liv up to the precepts of Liberalism—even with your rival in business. Why not? Railing against him to every friend and customer only disgusts them, degrades yourself, and destroys your influence. Giv your rival credit for all the good he has, and pass in silence his shortcomings.

You may by opposition destroy his business—and your own—if your purse or credit is the greater; you may work under price and so undersell him as to utterly ruin him. But when you hav done this, when his wife and children are reduced to suffering and want, will your sleep be more sweet, your spirits lighter, your heart gayer and happier, because you hav imitated the Christians' God and proved yourself jealous, visiting the sins of the father upon the innocent children? This may do for Christianity—it is not Liberalism. Remember you hav no Jesus to pay it all—all the debt you owe; no Christ to wipe out all your mean, cruel acts, no savior to pay the penalty for you—you must answer for your own conduct to the tribunal of your own sense of right, truth, and honesty.

If your rival does you wrong, if he claims it was unintentional, or under wrong impressions, freely forgiv. But if he persists in his wrong, do not follow the advice of Christ: "Then came Peter to him, and said, Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgiv him? till seven times? Jesus saith unto him, I say not unto thee, Until seven times: but until seventy times seven" (Matt. xviii, 21, 22).

That is about 487 times too much of a good thing, and would be to encourage evil. Take the better, more consistent course. Do justly, but let justice be tempered with mercy.

In the language of the revered and lamented founder of THE TRUTH SEEKER, D. M. Bennett: "Let justice and right be the standard by which we govern our actions, and never forget that the grandest thing a man can perform is to do what is right under all circumstances."

Deal gently with the erring. Do justice, love mercy, and endeavor to make your fellow-creatures happy, even though they injure you by their crimes.

Do not, as Christ advises, if one steals your cloak, giv him your coat also, or, if some rascal strike you on one cheek, offer him the other. To encourage thieves and bullies is neither just, merciful, nor likely to promote the happiness of our fellow-creatures.

Liberalism is not license; it neither encourages nor palliates wrong. To do evil is to violate the first principle of Liberalism, which teaches, "Do justly." But let justice be tempered with mercy. We cannot but be grieved at wrong-doing; our duty to self and to society demands that criminals shall be punished. But in that punishment

LIBERALISM SEEKS REFORMATION, NOT VENGEANCE.

If by stooping we can lift them up to something like moral dignity, if we can inspire them with hope, and desire for reformation, and do not do so, we are false to every principle of Liberalism, false to humanity, false to ourselvs.

We may look with scorn upon the fallen, but ah! we know not how strong the temptation that beset them, know not how bravely and long they struggled and resisted, how fierce the battle ere they fell. We know not how temptation threw dust in the eyes of their judgment and palmed upon them a few gold-washed trinkets of pleasure for the genuin jewels of happiness; how, in an unguarded moment, temptation got the under hold, and they fell. We don't know how bruised and sore and miserable they feel, how keenly they suffer from the pangs of self-reproach; we may well spare them ours. Stained with crime though they may be, yet, if only washed with the tears of repentance, wiped with the towel of reformation, and brightened with the polish of kindly sympathy, they may become clean, useful members of society, and faithful sympathetic workers for fallen humanity. They hav but fallen where we perhaps oft hav stumbled.

HOW TO REPROVE.

Reprove, if obliged to do so, but fail not to remember mercy. Reprove with remembrance of our own weakness and liability to err; not denounce just for the sake of ventilating our pious indignation, nor upbraid to show our own immaculate virtue and sanctity. Ever remember, as is so beautifully expressed by that true-hearted poet and genuin Liberal, J. M. Thayer, of Rochester,

"The rock 'gainst which the driving storm
And with'ring siroc' vent their hate,
Though rugged in its outward form,
And moss-grown in its rude estate,
May still contain a gushing tide
Within its bosom deep concealed,
Whose limpid beauties softly glide,
Exhaustless, pure, and uncongealed.

The flower o'er which the fitful blast
Hath swept too rudely on its way,
May fold its leaves and droop at last,
And all-forgotten pass away.
And yet that fallen, fading flower,
Whose beauties feast the eager worm,
That victim of an adverse hour,
May still embrace a deathless germ."

ADJUSTING DIFFERENCES OF OPINION.

Do justly, love mercy, and endeavor to make your fellow-creatures happy, although they differ with you in belief, of all things perhaps the hardest to do. But if persons differ with you, clubbing them will not help the matter; for no person was ever yet clubbed out of one opinion into another that was worth ten per cent on the first cost of the club. The genuin Liberal, when opportunity presents itself, will lay aside the pet hobby or ism, and write and work earnestly for the greatest good to the greatest number. Why should not Liberals of all shades of opinion unite in the great and noble work of disenthralment of honest hearts from the meshes of superstition and the power of priestcraft, and unite in educating the children in the ennobling truths of science, in cultivating love of nature and the study of her laws? Oh, the joy on earth that would result if the precepts of Liberalism were substituted for those of Christianity, and by all practiced! Oh, think of each human being, realizing human frailty and human weakness, yet ever doing justice, loving mercy, and honestly striving to make all around them happy. It would make a heaven of earth, an Eden paradise of every home.

WHAT LIBERALISM OFFERS IN LIEU OF CHRISTIANITY.

We are often defiantly asked by Christians, What can Liberalism offer in exchange for faith in the Bible, and hope in Christ? We answer, a life of love, instead of mere profession of faith; the study of science, instead of creeds and catechisms; knowledge of nature's laws, in lieu of church disciplins; doing good from love of humanity, not fear of a vindictiv deity; the practice of benevolence and virtue from love of purity and truth, not from fear of hell's eternal burnings; and at last a peaceful death, cheered by the best and truest comfort, the conviction we hav not lived in vain. In the language of the poet Smales:

"We are weary of fast and prayer,
Weary of priest and creed,
Weary of fagot, rack, and prayer,
And terrors the churches breed.
Let us rise to a nobler faith,
A faith in humanity's claims;
Rise from the depths of a selfish fear,
To wider and purer aims."

Mr. Reynolds spoke for nearly two hours, yet the interest and attention of the audience never flagged. He was constantly applauded, and at times provoked shouts of laughter by his comical descriptions, and again moved to tears by his pathos. As he concluded long continued applause testified the appreciation of the audience.

Mr. Reynolds proposes to continue in the lecture field, and those desiring to secure his services should address him at Rochester. He is the authorized agent of THE TRUTH SEEKER, to receive subscriptions, advertisments, etc., and will always, at every place he may lecture, hav a good supply of the best and latest Liberal books and pamphlets.

LAST DAY'S SESSIONS.

Sunday, Dec. 30, 1883.—Yesterday the weather was clear, cold, and bright; this morning it pours of rain; the slush is ankle deep. Yet the jolly, happy Freethinkers' example of making the best of things is followed by the people at large, and there is a very large attendance. The first speaker was Mrs. H. T. Stearns, of Buffalo. This lady has an easy, graceful delivery, and held the strict attention of her audience.

After music by the choir, the president introduced the Hon. A. B. Bradford, of Pennsylvania, who delivered his great lecture on, "The Model Saints of the Old Testament" (as recerded in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews). At the conclusion of the lecture Mr. Bradford announced that his lecture was already in type; that five hundred copies were for general circulation, free to all who would hand him their address.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

J. H. Burnham, although suffering from severe indisposition, delivered a most able and eloquent discourse, after which the very deservedly popular orator, John E. Remsburg, of Texas, delivered an improved version of his great lecture, "False Claims," which has called forth such glowing encomiums from all Liberals, from Texas to New York. Many of the friends who were present at the Rochester Convention, and others who had read his lecture on "False Claims" as published, supposed he had attained the highest point of excellence and could neither add nor subtract from that masterpiece without weaking its force and marring its perfection. But all were delightedly disappointed, for Mr. Remsburg proved himself in verity a progressiv Liberal. He added, without omitting any of the telling and important facts, much new matter of equal pungency and truth. He was most enthusiastically applauded throughout.

EVENING.—CLOSING SESSION.

Despite the continued down-pouring of the rain, the people poured into the Opera House to attend the closing session of this most instructiv and harmonious of conventions.

The genial president, in his most dignified and solemn mien, introduced the distinguished scholar, lawyer, orator, and model Liberal, T. B. Wakeman, of New York, who announced as the subject of his address, "The Age of Readjustment." The storm raging without would help to appreciate the question. He said:

Did you ever stand by the banks of a river, just after a long rain storm, and see the tremendous freshet rushing past at your feet? Such a picture is a simile that will help you to realize where you now stand in the world's progress. The river of time is swelling like the rivers on the continent, great bodies of ice broken up and swept away by the mighty, resistless force of the impetuous current. So the great interests in the world of religion, government, politics, and industries are by the rushing river of scientific discovery being swept onward. And the great advance movements of the world remind us we are unconsciously drawn into its vortex, becoming part of its momentum, and it requires foresight and appreciation of future events to know what part to play, ere the end comes.

All literature teems with the mighty impending changes, and urges the necessity of wisdom in the readjustment. In the January number of the *North American Review*, we find an article from the Rev. J. H. Rylance, of New York, pastor of St. Mark's church, on the subject of "Theological Adjustment," which suggested the title I hav chosen, "Age of Readjustment." When readjustment is called for in theology, because the great river of time rushes onward so fiercely, the champions of the church ask in trembling, "What shall I do to be saved?" Let me read a few passages which this watchman on Zion's tower givs us: "The church itself must save itself by a flank movement; no man now believes the Bible account of creation; the myths and fallacies of the church of old are passed away, never to be imposed again." "Modern science must be left free to formulate results." [The lecturer read at some length from the article referred to.]

The church accepts in submission such admissions, and asks with fear and anxiety the question, Who is to be the future master?

We can no longer run religion, politics, or education on the old Christian church dogmas. The change of base is inevitable; prudent men will readjust themselvs and existing institutions, and the education of the young to the new state of the world, which the rushing stream of time is throwing on us. Read the admissions in this article of a distinguished clergyman, and learn what we are coming to, if this is a clergyman's opinion of his own creed, and you will realize the need of a readjustment.

Twenty-five years ago I had a case in the district court before an aged jurist of Teutonic extraction on the bench. At the trial the evidence turned out to be very different to what was supposed, or that the pleadings were prepared to cover. My adversary insisted the case be dismissed, while I insisted the pleadings be amended. Judge was much confused; he desired to do justice according to law, so adjourned the case for consideration. On returning to court the judge decided our pleadings were merely notions we had got in our heads. We could not alter facts. The pleadings must be readjusted to meet the facts.

(Continued on page 28.)

A Freethought Romance.

Waifs and Wanderings.

BY SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

CHAPTER II.

THE REV. GEORGE ADOLPHUS HAPGOOD.

The Rev. George Adolphus Hapgood was a young man of brilliant prospects. He was guided in life by three grand principles: First, to wear unspotted linen; second, to have his boots well polished; third, to do just as people expected him to do. By strict adherence to these principles he was assured of eminent success. His habits were unexceptionable, especially his broadcloth coat, cut in the latest style, and fitted by the best of tailors. Not a spot of dust ever appeared on his unruffled bosom; his feet were well shod and glittering. He did not live on faith, but beefsteak. His complexion was fresh, and his teeth white, and always on exhibition. His hair was combed into unvarying picturesque confusion. Its disorder never transgressed a fixed arrangement. Its most eccentric sweep was duly calculated upon before the mirror. His presence was continuously dignified. It was perfectly artistic; there were no breaks of nature, not even when he was asleep. He did not even snore. He was self-conscious in his profoundest slumbers. He might be caught napping, but never off guard. His smile was permanent, and only now and then rippled into laughter; and the laughter never went beyond certain bounds. Its wildest outbursts were foreordained. He was, in fact, a ministerial signboard, gorgeously painted, and always pointing in the right direction, from sheer inability to point otherwise, after having been set up. He was no hypocrite; but simply a commodity of goodishness, right side up with care, and ready to be sold to the highest bidder. His sermons were culled from the choicest treasures of pulpit oratory; and he could go from borrowed excellence to his native dullness with such graceful declension, and up again with such wary flights, that the beginning and ending of his stolen sweets, were lost in his cloudy rhetoric. There was a sense of quotation, while at the same time he managed to give the impression of originality. His discourses were indeed a marvel of patchwork; a mosaic of plagiarism, that dazzled one into thinking that it might be his own after all. He kept himself posted as to the spiritual wants of his congregation, and selected from the most adequate, if not orthodox, sources. He was quite splendid in society; knew how to draw people out concerning their petty affairs; kept his own shallowness to himself; seldom ventured an original remark even about the weather; and so his career opened with magnificent promise. There was no position to which he might not aspire. He kept the pews full and the taxes low. Some had a dim idea that he was a saint; but it was universally declared that he was the pink of perfection.

Cupples made his call early; but the Rev. Adolphus fronted him in perfect array. The haggard appearance of his parishioner betokened a funeral, and Adolphus was on the point of selecting a text, "All flesh is grass." He smiled a little when Cupples told his night's experience, and put the text aside for future use. It was a handy text and he knew just how to develop it, especially to the hymn,

"Hark from the tomb a doleful sound."

At the same time he did not believe that his own flesh was grass, or hay, wood, or stubble, but fine gold, and entirely unfit for worms In fact, he would like to go to heaven like the prophet, in a chariot of fire, provided he had time to dress for the occasion. But death was something that he thought of only for rhetorical flourish. He was quite "happy" at funerals, and the mourners always looked back to the ceremony with delight. To hear such a sermon over their own body, how willingly they would die—for an hour or two. Next to being flattered ourselves, we like to have our dead friends flattered; though the probability is that if they were alive, we should be equally pleased to have some eloquent tongue show forth their bad qualities. Death somehow seems to make our friends a personal possession. We have ownership in them, and of course want them crowned and glorified. It's a compliment to ourselves.

"I don't know what to do," said Cupples, with a mournful scratch of his head,

"Heavy and solemn."

"Have you no idea where the baby came from?" asked the Rev. Mr. Hapgood, carefully weighing every word for fear that he might commit himself.

"Not the least," replied Cupples.

"Was there nothing with it?" asked Hapgood, after a profound consideration as to whether such a question would compromise him.

"Only some clothes, a bottle of milk, and a basket."

"Don't you think it may belong to some friend of yours?" said Hapgood, gropingly, not to find out the truth, but what was best for himself to say or do in the circumstances.

"I can't imagine who," said Cupples.

"Do you think it a child of sin?" said Hapgood, just putting a foot into the unknown ocean of surmise.

"Haven't any doubt of it," said Cupples. "It's a perfect devil."

"'Sh," said the reverend adventurer, shuddering back again to firm land, "I didn't mean that exactly. But no matter." After an inward prayer to God, that is, to himself, he continued, "Have you any plans in reference to the child?"

"No."

"Can you not find an asylum for it?"

"I hope so, but I don't know how."

Here was a pause. The Rev. Hapgood was perplexed. He looked at his boots, wherein was the only reflection of which he was capable; adjusted his collar, and swept his hair into a favorite curve, and appeared to be thinking. Of course he was not thinking, for this did not come within the scope of his principles. A minister, according to Hapgood's code, was not expected to think: only to make believe think, and in this he was quite skillful. Fortunately a new idea occurred to Cupples, and he hastened to impart it to the clerical vacuity.

"I wonder if Mrs. Binney wouldn't take it," he burst out. "She is rich; got a big house almost empty; hasn't a chick or child in the wide world. 'Twould do her good. The baby is as handsome as a pictur. Mr. Hapgood."

Mr. Hapgood meditated as if he were solving the problem of the universe. Abstractly considered, it seemed a capital plan. But Hapgood did not care for abstract truth. He merely wanted to know about that which concerned his own welfare. He was interested in gravitation only so far as it dropped the apple into his own pocket. He had not the slightest wish to find out that the moon obeyed the same law, much less that the Pleiades and Orion did so. He only recognized Arcturus as it gave an additional glimmer to his boots, and for that the gaslight was preferable. It was not Mrs. Binney's good that he sought, but what she might expect him to do. So he was prepared neither to second nor to oppose Cupples's suggestion.

"Perhaps so," he confusedly murmured. "We cannot always tell. Had not you better see her?"

"Will you give me a note to help the matter along?" asked Cupples.

Here was another rock for the reverend mariner to avoid. What would Mrs. Binney think? He determined to be upon the safe side.

"You had better see Mrs. Binney and talk the matter over with her. We will trust to her generosity. I am sure she will help you if it lies within her power. Speak to her in your own way; I will call upon her this afternoon."

The Rev. Hapgood didn't promise to do anything more than call, and he didn't mean to do anything more. Cupples thought he did, however, and was grateful. Was it Hapgood's fault if Cupples misunderstood him?

Cupples took his hat and started for the door. Now that Hapgood was sure his parishioner was going, and would lay no more snares for his shining feet, he grasped him heartily by the hand and poured forth a flood of fine sentiments which quite impressed Cupples and made him feel that Hapgood was one of the noblest of men.

"I am glad the baby has fallen into such good hands, Mr. Cupples; I am sure you will care for it most tenderly and find a home for the poor orphan. Your heart beats for the right and true, and providence has sent the child that you might exhibit your benevolence. Good-bye; and success to your philanthropic enterprise. May its children's children rise up and call you blessed."

It is evident that Hapgood didn't steal that speech.

He came off with flying colors. He had done what Cupples had expected him to do; and yet he had done nothing; and there was no danger of offending anybody. So far as he was concerned, the baby might starve to death. His linen was clean, his boots bright, and no more was expected, and no more would he do. With this comfortable conviction, or rather conclusion—for he was hardly capable of conviction, even of sin—he sat down to cull some fine passages for his next Sunday's sermon. Its subject was "Everlasting Punishment;" and he took the safe position of damning everybody except himself and those who helped to giv him his comfortable position in life.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Mind and Matter Again.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* The possibility of the manifestation of what is called mind always existed in all forms of matter, else there could never hav been those manifestations; it only required time for those possibilities to develop themselvs. The germs of thought were co-existent with matter, but, being so much more refined than matter, must throw from themselvs the crude properties of matter before mind, as a resultant, could so perfect itself as to become what is called mind, and manifest itself as such. It is as the smoke that rises from the consumption of fuel, it is neither the fuel nor the fire, but the result of the one consuming the other. And though mind is something besides smoke, it can no more exist independent of matter than can smoke aside from the consumption of fuel, and when the fuel is consumed the fire goes out and the smoke ceases. So when the electrical chemical forces are exhausted in a human system (fuel) the fire of magnetism expires, and the mind ceases to rise, or has no longer any activities, because there is no electrical, magnetic, chemical organization to generate it. But all those activities of mind in their results remain in the universe as past effects and present and future causes for continuous developments of good or evil.

ELLA E. GIBSON.

Paul at Rome.

Our apostle is now on his way from Pontioli, or Diccarchia, to Rome, a distance of about one hundred and fifty miles by land.

"And the brethren there hearing of our approach, came out to meet us as far as the village called Appii Forum, and as far as the Three Taverns" (xxviii, 15).

Appii Forum was forty-three miles from Rome, and the Three Taverns thirty-three miles.

"And when Paul saw them he gave thanks to God and was encouraged. And he went on to Rome. And the centurion allowed Paul to reside where he pleased with a soldier who guarded him" (16).

King James's version reads: "The centurion *delivered the prisoners to the captain of the guard; but* Paul was suffered to dwell" etc. But these italicized words are not found in the oldest codices, and are omitted in the Revision.

"And after three days Paul sent and called for the principal Jews. And when they were assembled he said to them: Men, my brethren, although I had in nothing risen up against the people or the law of my fathers, I was, at Jerusalem, delivered over in bonds to the Romans. And they, when they had examined me, were disposed to release me, because they found in me no offense deserving death. And as the Jews withstood me, I was compelled to utter an appeal to Cæsar; but not because I had anything of which to accuse the people of my nation. For this reason I sent for you to come, that I might see you, and might state these things to you; for it is on account of the hope of Israel that I am bound with this chain. They said to him: We hav received no epistle from Judea against thee; and none of the brethren who hav come from Jerusalem hav told us any evil thing of thee. But we are desireus to hear from thee what thou thinkest; *for this doctrin, we know, is not received by any one*" (17–22).

Mark the words we hav italicized and then the corresponding words of the Greek codices, translated thus: "For as concerning this sect, we know that *everywhere it is spoken against.*" The Greek scribe thought it was too humiliating a confession to say, "This doctrin is not received by any one" in the city of Rome; it would be a bar to the claim set up as early as the time of Irenæus (A.D. 190) that Simon Kepha, alias St. Peter, was bishop of Rome from the early part of the reign of Claudius to the close of the reign of Nero—*i. e.*, from A.D. 42 or 44 to 66 or 68.

"And they appointed a day; and many assembled and came to him at his lodgings."

Where, oh where, was the church of Rome A.D. 63, when the great apostle to the gentiles found no house of worship open for him, but had to proclaim the gospel at his own lodgings?

The Roman Catholics feel the force of the Protestant argument that Peter was never at Rome, as appears from the following annotations to the English Vulgate New Testament, 1582.

"Greater evidence certes there is thereof, and more weighty testimony than of Romulus, Numa, Cæsar, or Cicero being there. Yet were he a brutish man that would deny this, to the discredit of so many writers and the whole world."

Then after citing several of the fathers to prove that Peter was the first bishop of Rome, how long he lived there, how he died, and where he was buried, the annotator makes a ludicrous attempt to answer what he calls the best argument the Protestants can make, to wit: "If Peter had been at Rome, Paul would hav saluted him, as he did others in the end of his letter to the Romans."

"Is not this a high point to disprove all antiquity by? Any man of discretion may straight see that Peter might be known unto Paul to be out of the city, either for persecution or business, when this epistle was written."

"Or, if Peter happened to be at home, 'The apostle might, for respect of his dignity and other of the church's affairs, write unto him special letters, and so had no cause to salute him in this common epistle.'

"Or how know they that this epistle was not sent inclosed to Peter to be delivered by his means to the whole church of the Romans in some of their assemblies? It is very like it was recommended to some one principal man or other, that is not here named. And twenty causes there may be unknown to us why he saluted him not; but no cause why our adversaries upon such frivolous reasons should reprove an approved truth. For even as well might they say that John was never at Ephesus, because Paul, in his [spurious] epistle to the Ephesians, doth not salute him [nor any one else]. And plain it is that it is the Roman seat and faith of Peter which they, as all Heretics before them, do fear and hate, and which will be their bane; and they know that there is no argument which convinceth in their conscience that Peter was never at Rome."

The above is taken from the notes to Romans xvi. At the end of Acts the writer appends a chronological table to show when Peter was at Rome. In this table the apostle leaveth Jewry A.D. 44, to avoid the fury of

Herod. He then appointeth Euodius bishop of Antioch, and passing by Corinth he cometh to Rome to confound Simon Magus. Having founded the church of Rome, he afterward leaveth it for a time to visit other churches, Linus and Cletus being his coadjutors both in his absence and presence. Coming to Jerusalem A.D. 51, he holdeth the first council. Then he returneth to Rome, the Catholic faith by his diligence now made famous through the world. Thence he writeth his first epistle (from Babylon), and finally he is crucified in the fourteenth year of Nero, on the same day that Paul is beheaded. This would be A.D. 67 or 68, but the tabulator puts it A.D. 70, two years after Nero's death!

By this lucid table "the studious reader may discover," says the oracular Catholic scribe, "the folly of the Protestants that can find no time when Peter might possibly come to Rome, be bishop, and die there!"

But to return to Paul.

"And he explained to them respecting the kingdom of God, testifying and persuading them concerning Jesus, out of the law of Moses, and out of the prophets, from morning till evening" (23).

Yes, indeed, out of the Pentateuch and the prophets Paul found all the facts concerning Jesus; for even in his epistles he tells us little enough of the actual earthly life of his anointed savior.

"And some of them assented to his discourses, and others did not assent. And they went out from him, disagreeing among themselvs. And Paul addressed to them this speech: Well did the Holy Spirit, by the mouth of Isaiah, the prophet, speak concerning your fathers, Go unto this people and say to them, Hearing, ye will hear, and will not understand; and ye will see, and will not comprehend. For the heart of this people is made fat, and their hearing they hav made heavy, and their eyes hav they closed; lest they should see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and understand with their hearts and be converted, and I should forgiv them. Therefore be this known to you, that to the gentiles is this redemption of God sent, and they will hear it" (24–28).

That is to say, the gentiles of Rome and Italy hav not yet received the new doctrin, but they will now hear it. And yet the Catholic church claims that Peter had been preaching at Rome about twenty years, and that by his diligence the Roman faith was now made famous through the world!

The next verse, though unimportant, is an acknowledged interpolation:

"And when he had thus said, the Jews retired; and there were great disputations among them" (29).

It is omitted in the revised New Testament, not being found in any of the early MSS.

"And Paul hired a house, at his own cost, and resided in it two years; and there he received all that came to him. And he preached concerning the kingdom of God, and taught boldly concerning the Lord Jesus Messiah without hindrance" (30, 31).

This abrupt termination of the book has grieved many a devout Christian, who would hav given his life to know how Paul ended his days. But the "Man of Sin" has a wicked suspicion that St. Luke, or whoever was the inspired writer of Acts, added something which, for cogent reasons, the early Catholic fathers cut off. For those crafty ecclesiastics knew that a canonical disclosure of the fact that Paul went to Rome in the reign of Augustus Cæsar would play the mischief with historical Christianity.

Mr. Walker's Command of Language.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* In your issue of Dec. 22d was an article over the name of E. C. Walker, a gentleman whose contributions to The Truth Seeker I hav often read with interest. Mr. Walker appears to possess the faculty of putting words together in a manner to express his meaning more clearly than myself and some others of your contributors are able to do. As for myself, I should not like to undertake to discuss with him the point that white was not black, for he having so much better command of language than myself I should be likely to come out only second best in argument, though in point of fact I was right.

In the article referred to Mr. Walker undertakes to criticise an article in The Truth Seeker on the temperance question, by Ellwood Chantler, and belittles that writer in a way that partakes too much of the character of Christian charity, which would hav all to conform to its creed. Had Mr. Walker known the writer of that article, with his honest, upright principles and conscientious convictions to pursue a course to do what he can for the welfare of humanity, I am sure Mr. Walker, like myself, could not help but admire his spirit of humanity and allow him the right to think for himself, although their views upon the temperance question might differ.

We professing Liberals ought to extend a more Liberal charity towards Liberals—and others, too—than is often the case. With regard to anti-prohibition Mr. Walker can find arguments that appear reasonable. The Prohibitionists can also find arguments that appear reasonable and very weighty. A few years ago I was on Mr. Walker's side of the question, and now, though not a red-hot Prohibitionist, I am on that side, and hav had good reason for changing; the move is, in my opinion, in the right direction. Hoping my friend, Mr. Walker, will read this in the spirit in which it was written, I am sure there will be no offense taken.

The Chantler brothers are farmers. I hav known them from infancy; they are good examples of honesty and sobriety. John Ray.

Liberty and Prohibition.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* Brother E. C. Walker has seen fit, in an article lately published in your paper, to apply these expressions to me personally: "illogical remark;" "ungenerous flings;" "reckless and cruel charges;" and, to cap the climax of my iniquity, he says I am unjust to my "fellow Liberals."

Of what awful thing am I guilty, which has so wrought up our friend and excited his indignation? This: I took exception to the seventh plank of the League congress, which, I hold, misrepresents thousands of Liberals by saying "Temperance (prohibition) laws" are insulting restrictions of personal liberty. I deny it.

I regretted that the League is made "directly or indirectly" the tool of the rumselling power.

This is the sum and substance of my offending. For saying this I am pelted with epithets, which go further with some people than arguments.

In the meekness of a lamb may I be permitted to gently remark, in the presence of my furious assailant, that I had not the most distant thought of doing injustice to my fellow Liberals. I did think, when reading that seventh plank, that the injustice was done by the Liberal League Congress to every "temperance (prohibition)" Liberal man and woman in the land. And I still think so. I hav nothing to take back. Its passage was a burning shame and an open disgrace to the cause of Liberalism in this country. It may be "cruel" and "wicked" and "ungenerous" and "reckless" in me to dissent from that seventh plank; but it was sevenfold all these for that congress to pass that seventh disgrace.

It may be, too, that the men and women who passed it are as strictly temperate as I "dare be." If they are, they hav a queer way of showing it.

The Christian church, which passed resolutions forty years ago against the abolitionists, just as the League has against the prohibitionists, has been busy ever since in trying to show that it was always the friend of the slave, and only condemned the abolitionists because of their "cruel charges," and who, in a "reckless" manner, made the "illogical and wicked charges" that the churches, which sang songs in favor of Puritan liberty, at the self-same time made themselvs tools, "directly and indirectly," of the slave power. What did it matter that the church north declared, over and over, that it was as much the friend of freedom as abolitionists dare be?

If the Christian church committed a grievous mistake, or, rather, crime, on the slavery question, the Liberal League Congress has committed a mistake no less serious. Whatever blunders the Liberal League may hav made in the past, this is the greatest of all. In my judgment it has set Liberalism back many years. It is a terrible scourge which the League has put into the hands of the church.

All the articles which I hav ever read against prohibition, and I hav read all I could obtain, seem stuffed with sophisms in the name of "personal liberty." Prohibition is no more a contradiction of personal liberty than was abolition. If I am illogical, let us hav the proof, and not mere assertion.

Here is a statement that I did not expect friend Walker to make against me, namely, that my charge that the League made itself a tool of the rum-selling power is wholly without foundation, and that I "well know it." Has it come to this, that the only way to meet an opponent is to accuse him of knavery? He asserts that a "large proportion of the men and women who voted for that resolution hav no more connection with the 'rum-power' than has W. F. Jamieson." Who said they had? The same thing was true of the ministers and bishops of the church north when they voted against the abolitionists in relation to slavery. Considering the stress Brother Walker lays upon "logic," I should think he would see, without having it pointed out to him, that persons may be made tools without being conspirators. Every day honest people are made tools of treacherous sharpers. I hav nowhere accused the men and women who voted for that black spot on the Liberal League of any criminal intent. Doubtless, as he says, "a large proportion of them are as strict temperance men and women, both in theory and practice, as he dare be." Who said they were not? Friend Walker always appears to be unduly sensitiv on this point, and frequently resents an accusation against his temperance principles which his opponent has not made. He appears to imagin that because he, a strict temperance man, flies to the aid of free drinking, on the slightest provocation, people will suspect that he is a free drinker himself. I think that is not the point. I did not raise it. Why should he? I understand the sense in which so many persons claim to be "strictly temperate." Every moderate drinker of alcoholic beverages can claim to be a temperance man or woman. Now, I look upon such temperance people as already on the road to the drunkard's grave. There is no safety for mankind in general from the enslaving power of strong drink except in *total abstinence* from all intoxicating drink, in sickness and in health. Ingersoll calls this "intemperate temperance." So be it. But of this I am fully satisfied—that we will never, *never* hav "liberty for man, woman, and child" until the principle he condemns is practiced by the human race. He might talk a thousand years about liberty, and let rum run free, which freedom he favors, and victims of the slavish vice will make millions mourn.

I am aware that the opponents of prohibition honestly believe that to prohibit rum-selling is an invasion of personal liberty, human rights. On this I am ready to make a square issue in both oral and written debate.

Mr. Walker says, "W. F. Jamieson is equally illogical with Abbot, Underwood, Bundy, Comstock & Co." Can he not see the difference between freedom of opinion and unrestrained action? Does it logically follow, because I am heartily in favor of the right of the people to promulgate even wrong opinions, that I am equally in favor of wrong conduct? Is this a specimen of friend Walker's logic? This is the logic of the pulpit. It is the subtil sophism of which the Spanish inquisitors were guilty—confounding false opinions with wicked conduct. I am perfectly willing that pagan, Jew, Catholic should entertain whatever opinions he selects, but if any of his opinions carried into action would rob me of my farm (if I had one), there is no Liberal who would not object, and would compel him by law to drop it.

There are no anti-prohibitionists, I believe, that dare intimate that the business of rum-selling is not a nefarious traffic. Because I say that "Liberty is Virtue's mother," I was not aware that I stood committed, logically, to the notion that Rum is the daughter of Liberty!

In this discussion, if my opponents will adhere to the strict canons of logic, it will be shown that in opposing "prohibitory (temperance) laws," they logically oppose the science of law itself, upset all government, and introduce universal anarchy.

Pipe Stone City, Minn. W. F. Jamieson.

The Sabbath-Breaking Cat.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* About half a century ago in this state the pious people wanted, as they now do, a special act passed that would make it a crime to travel on Sunday, except to one of their churches. Accordingly a so-called pious line of stages was projected and, I think, started. I am unable to say positivly, but presume the seats—and probably the whole vehicle—were to hav been consecrated and blest. What they would hav done, given the power, was demonstrated in Connecticut a short time ago.

To show up the hypocrisy and sham piety of the scheme, the following satirical lines were written. If you think them deserving a reprint, we will see them in The Truth Seeker. I regret that the author was too modest to giv his name or initials.

Syracuse, N. Y. J. Van Denburgh.

THE SABBATH-BREAKING CAT.

There was a Presbyterian cat—a cat of high renown—
Who took a route one Sabbath day and wandered through the town;
When lo! within her reach she spied a rat upon the wall.
She caught it at a single bound, which made the poor thing squall;
She hugged it in a wanton mood, and squeezed it with her paws;
At length she shed its precious blood with her long piercing claws.
Then, sporting with her favorit prey, she took it in her mouth,
And hied her home without delay, to eat it, nothing loth.
"Ye graceless wretch!" auld mammy cries; "What hae ye been about?—
To violate our Sabbath day by your unseemly rout!"
"Lord! mammy, see," says Margery; "she's been at work, I trow!
Upon our holy Sabbath day—see! there's a rat, I vow!"
"Ye graceless wretch!" auld mammy cries; "ye shall be well chastised,
As soon as Monday morn appears, for what ye hae practised."
On Monday morning all arose, poor puss amongst the rest;
The auld man fell upon his knees, and thus his God addressed:
"O Lord, ye know this graceless cat, which we hav raised in awe,
Upon thy Sabbath caught a rat, contrary to thy law.
Forgiv us, Lord, our numerous sins according to thy sense;
Do not impute to our souls this wretched cat's offense.
She has been raised with pious care, and often catechised—
So soon as I hav done my prayer she shall be well chastised."
Poor puss no longer could contain, but rising from her knees,
She thus broke forth, in rustic strain: "Lord, hear me, if you please:
The laws of nature I obey, without the least restraint,
For which alone my master dear is lodging such complaint.
If nature's laws were not designed to regulate our ways,
Why were they impressed on every mind, without respect to days?
If Sabbath days were set apart, reserved as days of rest,
Impress this truth on every heart, and make it manifest.
My master dear, with all his prayer, on Sabbaths doth you seek,
But, rest assured, you're his least care the balance of the week.
He is a Sabbath devotee, with wily airs and tricks,
Who serves the Lord each seventh day to pay the score of six.
Remove, O Lord, that filthy vail which blinds my master's eyes;
Teach him to know—and, knowing, feel—wherein true virtue lies.
'Tis acts alone, and not the day on which the act is done,
That constitute the misery we find beneath the sun."
Not waiting to be bid adieu, she bounded through the door
To seek for game—her favorit sport—and ne'er was heard of more.

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SATURDAY, - - - - JANUARY 12, 1884.

Ministerial Salary-Grabbers.

One of New York's senators has distinguished himself by introducing into the Senate of the United States the following bill:

"A bill to increase the salaries and pay of the chaplains in the army:

"Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representativs of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the salaries of chaplains in the armies of the United States shall, *from and after the first day of July, eighteen hundred and eighty-three*, be at the rate of one thousand eight hundred dollars per annum, instead of one thousand five hundred dollars, as now provided by section twelve hundred and sixty-one of the Revised Statutes, together with forage for one horse."

Mr. Elbridge G. Lapham is the person ostensibly fathering this measure, but that he is primarily responsible for it there is no reason to believe. Undoubtedly some chaplain affected by it is the real mover, and Mr. Lapham consents to introduce it for the glory of God—and votes for Mr. Lapham when he again runs for office.

The modesty of these chaplains becomes apparent on observing the retroactiv clause that the increase shall date from last July. One would think that the experience of the congressmen who took back pay would hav deterred the chaplains from asking any more than an increase for future services, but discretion, it seems, is not a characteristic of the militant shepherds who pray to the God of battles. They might as well hav asked for back pay for the last six years as for six months, so far as the principle of honesty is concerned, and it would be just as legitimate and constitutional for Deacon Lapham to ask Congress to build them each a hundred-thousand-dollar church as it is to vote money to pay their salaries. Congress has no power to establish religion, but if voting eighteen hundred dollars a year apiece to several hundred preachers, besides keeping a horse for them to ride while better men go afoot, is not establishing religion in the army, then the English language needs revising as badly as did the New Testament. We quite agree with the *Sun* that this measure of legislation is defectiv in political morality. The support of chaplains in any form is a piece of unconstitutional rascality. The stealing of six months' back pay is a small thing compared to the persistent violation of the fundamental principles of our government.

The "Independent" and the Sunday Question.

Mr. Bowen's paper opposes the opening of art galleries, libraries, museums, and other places of amusement and instruction on Sundays, for the reason that after this "then comes the deluge—factories open, shops open, laborers and clerks enslaved by seven days' work, and the sanitary and social and moral blessings of the seventh day rest, whether you call it Jewish, Christian or Mohammedan, lost." This is unadulterated nonsense. Is the *Independent* so ignorant as not to know that the day of rest is a custom older than any western religion; that before Christ, and while Moses is said to hav been floundering around in the wilderness, eastern people made one day in seven a holiday? There is no law to prevent employers demanding the services of their workmen on our secular holidays, but they do not, neither would the workmen submit. It is perfectly legitimate for the state to recognize and make legal the weekly rest; what the state should not do is to attempt to interfere with the manner in which the rest-day may be spent. Already the railroad corporations and others demand Sunday service, and the puritan Sunday law is powerless before their wealth. They, however, giv their men a week-day to rest, and this is just the same. Human nature is not strong enough to bear unbroken service. The people would not submit, and however hard Christian skinflints and pious corporation directors might try, they would find themselvs unable to grind any finer the faces of the poor. The law as it now stands is no restriction to capital's demands and no protection to labor's needs. It is useless, superfluous, and tyrannical, because it does not accomplish any good in preventing Sunday occupations; because every man and woman who now observes the day would do so if no law were on the statute book; and it is a tyrannical anachronism because it enables a bunch of pharisees to prescribe to their less powerful neighbors the manner in which it may be used. The hypocritical pretense of wanting a "day of rest for the poor laborer" is played-out bosh. Of what use is a day of rest, if the only place open to spend it in is a rumshop or a church? No one wants to forcibly close the churches, and it seems that no one can close the saloons. The great body of the people will *not* spend all their Sundays in listening to sermons, and they *will* go somewhere. The common sense method, then, is to substitute decent places for the low ones to which the idle are now forced to resort. Put a well stocked library, a cheerful reading-room, a beautiful art gallery, a legitimate moral drama, in competition with a groggery or a low-down dive or concert saloon, and who can think so ill of human nature—even when corrupted by Catholicism—as to doubt that the result will be for almost immeasurable good? Pessimism on this subject can only come from the opinion that centuries of Christianity hav utterly debased mankind, an opinion we are sure the religious people generally would not share. Heretofore the *Independent* has affected to desire progress in civilization. It will serve that cause much better by helping along these Sunday openings than by applauding the Middle Age sentiments of a few supercilious fossils.

Trouble Among the Faithful.

The Rome correspondent of the *London Post* is authority for the statement that the pope is to be experimented upon with dynamite by some of his American Fenian followers if he does not restrain himself from interfering in the affairs of Ireland. The pope is warned that there are priests, whom he is bound to receive, who will obtain access to his presence, and who will sustain the cause of the Irish against oppression.

This betokens an unpleasant state of affairs, and should the Fenians put their threat into execution the dogma of papal infallibility would receive a severe blow. Every Catholic is bound on pain of excommunication from the holy apostolic church here and eternal flames hereafter to believe that the pope's order to the Irish priests to refrain from interfering with the English government is right. Should he be killed because of it, his successor would not probably care to follow his example, and might, through the persuasiv power of dynamite, be induced to rescind the order. In such an event the difficulty of deciding which was the infallible dictum might be too great for the brain of the average Catholic and might lead to an untold amount of heretical thought. "What makes the papal opinion so valuable to the Irish?" says the *Times*, "is the fact that it is infallible. There is a great deal, no doubt, in having an assurance from the highest possible authority that you are all right. But this very fact makes it impossible to change the infallible mind. The pope's private advices, dating from before all worlds, upon the political duties of Irishmen, cannot possibly be modified by ephemeral postal cards on the situation written by an anonymous Irishman who does not pretend to be infallible, but only declares his ability to smash the head of the church with a shillalah or blow it out of the chair of Saint Peter with dynamite. If the infallible mind could be changed by temporary accidents to the precarious person of its incumbent, it would be no longer infallible, and hence unworthy of notice. Threats to blow up the cardinals might be equally efficacious without being so transparently irrational."

We are afraid the *Times* is poking fun at the pope, which a Protestant ought not to do; for what if the Lutheran schism should, after all, turn out to be the work of antichrist, as the very faithful hold? What pit of hell would be found deep enough for a railer at the successor of St. Peter?

The Monument Fund.

Since the acknowledgment of Dec. 29th we hav received sums to be used for the monument as follows. The total at that date was $1,291,72.

D. Nettleton,	1 00	Dennis Morris,	50
Chas. Knorr	50	J. E. Beckley,	1 00
Mrs. S. A. Cope,	1 00	John McCrory,	1 00
N. M. Levy,	1 00	John Kelly,	1 00
A. S. Pellegrini,	1 00	Dwight Warren,	50
Chas. Zeigler,	1 00	J. H. Shipley,	1 00
J. B. Shelling,	1 00	Wm. H Hedge,	90
J. M. Peck,	1 00	Jeff Hill,	20
N. J. Trenham,	1 00	Rufus Perkin,	1 00
Ed. F. Munn,	50	N. Woolsey,	75
G. W. Tillotson,	1 00	Ethan Allen Gates,	2 00
J. S. Shepard,	50	James Barry,	50
A. P. Urey,	1 00	Jos. Kling,	2 00
J. S. Bennett,	1 00	J. D. Martin,	1 00
John Dainton,	1 00	George Hendee,	1 00
Charles Laperche,	25	Robt. Larkin,	1 00
	Total,		$1,324 87

Another Dogma Given Up.

In his last Sunday's sermon Mr. Beecher took occasion to remark that:

"The arithmetical formula of three in one and one in three is preposterous."

This is another milestone in Mr. Beecher's evolution. About the only orthodox belief to which the great Brooklyn preacher still clings is the idea of God, and in his conception of this God he differs very widely from his co-pulpiteers. Mr. Beecher has, at various times, abjured the following Christian dogmas:

1. Hell.
2. The fall of man.
3. The atonement.
4. The trinity.

Now if a man can repudiate all these and still be a Christian, it must be evident that in its evolution Christianity has already arrived at that point of development where all traces of its ancestry are lost. Its variation of species has proceeded as fast as the most hopeful evolutionist could expect. But it seems almost certain that most churchmen will contend that Mr. Beecher is an Infidel and not a Christian at all.

The torture which religion brings to earnest souls early made Mr. Beecher unhappy.

"When I was a boy," he said, "if anybody ever hungered and thirsted after religion I did. I tried to get it and tried to get it. I was like one who heard the sound of music in a house to which he was invited and could not find a coat and could not make one. I read Jonathan Edwards' horrible sermons about hell. They were made for hell, and ought to be sent to hell. I thought I was a depraved little sinner, without a particle of good in me. I was burdened with a historic sense of being sinful; I was taught that I was born totally depraved, and I concluded I was a bundle of fuel for hell fire. I hav seen the time that I wished I was the cow I was driving into the field—it would all be over with her when she died."

This is the experience of hundreds, yes, thousands, of Freethinkers. But now that they are free they do not, like Mr. Beecher, stand up and pretend to teach the religion that made them such cowardly slaves. They are not content with negativing a few of the grossest impositions in the scheme.

To be consistent, and to win the highest respect of mankind, Mr. Beecher should publicly ascend the platform upon which he really stands. His true place in the intellectual struggle now going on is by the side of Col. Ingersoll.

THE judiciary, court of pardons, and governor of New Jersey hav committed a murder—judicial, it is true, but nevertheless a murder. On Thursday, the 3d inst., the gallows in Newark had two victims. One of them was James Graves, a man who had up to his 66th year never been before a court. He was known as an eccentric but harmless old man, who lived alone, and fancied that he was an inventor. He was intolerably plagued by street boys, and one day he fired a pistol at one of his worst tormentors, killing him. Graves was tried and condemned, but it was not expected he would be hung, as his mental condition was well known. Seven physicians testified to his insanity, among them being the best experts on lunacy in this part of the country. The autopsy performed after his death proved beyond doubt that he was not a responsible person. While in jail he has been feeble-minded and wandering in his speech, and his childishness touched the hearts of his jailers. About 9 o'clock on the morning of his death his lawyer tried to make him understand that the Court of Pardons had declined to extend clemency to him, and that the governor had refused to even grant a respite. "Graves," he said, "You are going to be hanged to-day. You will die very soon." "Well?" replied the old man in a questioning way. "Don't you understand me?" asked the lawyer. "I didn't rest last night," he answered, "and I don't know when I'll get better rest. Perhaps to-night. I must finish this thing, and next week I'll

take it to the navy yard and sell it there." He pointed to a little box which he said contained an invention on perpetual motion. "Jersey justice" has passed into a by-word If it is to be perverted by hanging men in such mental condition, it will soon become a hissing and a shame. The *Sun* reports that in the days before his mental affliction Graves was an Atheist, and that he showed a gleam of reason in refusing the services of a priest, saying he did not believe in church cant. But his attention could not be fixed upon any topic long enough to get a rational thought. His companion upon the gallows was a young Catholic, who murdered his wife because she scolded him for coming home drunk. He was attended by a priest, who heard his confession and absolved him, by which means he will go as straight to heaven as anyone.

THE Liberals of San Jose, Cal., hav a Young People's Progressiv Lyceum, which has been in existence about a year and numbers some seventy scholars. Its objects, as stated by Dr. J. L. York in a lecture before it on the 23d ult., are the giving to all lovers of perfect liberty, conscience, and mental development, an organization where old and young will be instructed in all that pertains to their moral, mental, and physical welfare. Its motto is universal mental liberty. Meetings are held every Sunday. As its motto states, it urges no particular belief, but leaves everyone at liberty to believe as he may from his own standpoint. Confining itself to the realm of absolute knowledge, there can be no ground for quarrel. In his lecture on the occasion referred to, Dr. York defined Secularism in a very clear and impartial manner. The doctor, says the *San Jose Mercury*, is a rapid talker, and possesses a wonderful power of magnetism over an audience. "But a short time ago," he said, "Christianity held supreme control of tongue and pen, and but few could be found to raise their voices against it. Fear and indifference rested like a cloud upon the civilized world. To-day all religious dogmas, pretended divine revelations, and systems of civilization are summoned to the bar of critical investigation. Under one flag are found Catholics, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Methodists, and various smaller sects, all claiming to be the exponents of the Christian religion; while under the flag of human progress, science, and humanity are classed Materialists, Spiritualists, Atheists, Infidels, Secularists, and the like, differing, perhaps, upon minor principles, but agreeing upon general principles. Secularism is the opposit to what some people call sacred or divine. The National Liberal League is based on Secularism, which is to free the state and school from all religious observance and control. Secularism is the true science of life, and is in opposition to every system of religion on earth. Secularism means more than Infidelity, Materialism, Atheism, Freethought. Religion is brought to the bar of Secularism to prove its many false claims upon the intellect of the world. Secularism teaches, first, supreme attention to the duties of this life, to ourselvs, and then to our fellow-man; second, that civilization, true progress, and the improvement of society can best be obtained by human means and a disbelief in a God to worship or a devil to fear; third, that reason is a safer and better guide than the Bible or divine revelation; that science and knowledge are better providers for all human needs than a faith in supernatural means—that one school-master is better than a thousand priests. The force of habit and fashion is what supports the churches to-day. Socially, Secularism places man and woman side by side, equal in every way. No religion on earth has done this. God and the Bible hav not grown, but a sense of morality, justice, and goodness in the minds of the people has greatly improved science. Secularism denies the right of any falsehood to liv, no matter if it has been handed down as coming from saint or Lord. Secularism offers no premium for hypocrisy, and holds out no motivs for deception, no heaven of bliss, no hell of woe, but tends to make men and women honest for honesty's sake. Being the true science, it is the safest belief at death. The chief object of Secularism is an honest endeavor to rid the world of error, shame, and priestcraft, and to teach that true salvation is self-salvation, by doing good for good's own sake. The necessity for Secularism is found in the failure of theological systems to regenerate the world, the impossibility of uniform religious belief, and the requirement by modern thought of a higher and more intellectual faith than orthodoxy presents. Secularism is the grand study of life, based upon the deductions of science, and the moral life of the world depends upon a knowledge of nature's law, and obedience to that law. Secularism is a gospel of hope, and points to a republic of universal mental liberty. It tells of a time when religion will consist of doing good, not depending upon rites and creeds; when a conflict of opinion will not cause hatred; when war and bloodshed shall cease, and this planet produce a brotherhood of men; when the grinding wheels of monopoly shall cease, and woman shall find no restriction laid upon her natural right to equal liberty. It tells of a time when excess and intemperance will not mar the beauty of manhood, and when each man will be a law to himself, and the law of love, not force, shall rule the world. It tells of a time when the school-master shall supersede the priest, and when all the signs and symbols of superstition shall pass away; when the college of learning shall lift its proud head above the clouds of bigotry and fanaticism, shedding peace and light and mental freedom over all lands." After the lecture, from which we hav quoted but a few points, a collection was taken to purchase Christmas presents for the youngsters of the Lyceum. If every town in the country had a lyceum and a Dr. York, our cause would progress a good deal faster. A happy New Year to the Liberals of the Pacific slope. May '85 find their numbers legion.

LAROY SUNDERLAND, our well-known contributor on Ideology and kindred subjects, has been made a Fellow of the Society of Science, Letters, and Art in London, in consideration of his discoveries in psychology and hygiene. Dr. Sunderland drives a viril quill, and one that makes him warm friends and strong intellectual enemies.

THE Liberals of Texas are setting an exceedingly good example for us of other states to follow. They hav nearly completed a four-thousand-dollar hall in Waco, the opening of which is thus noticed by the Waco *Day* of December 22d:

"Our Liberal friends could not hav asked for a happier occasion than the opening of their new hall last night—the first event of the kind, by the way, in the state. The building, which is situated on Washington street, between Sixth and Seventh, is of wood, but constructed very substantially. It is seventy-five feet in length by fifty in width. The ceiling, with a view to acoustic qualities, is arched and is very lofty. The edifice is yet to be painted and papered, but shows how comfortable and capacious it is. Three chandeliers, with several jets of gas, light the room. When completed it will cost $4,000 and will be highly creditable to those who designed and built it. The night was quite inclement, but as early as eight o'clock visitors commenced to arrive and they came in groups until midnight. There were no formal opening ceremonies, no speechmaking or anything of the kind—simply sociability and good cheer. On entering, the first thing that struck the reporter's eye were the tables for raffles and the sale of fancy articles. These were in charge of ladies and did a lively business during the evening, disposing of many useful and beautiful articles. The supper tables were a sight long to be remembered. We hav heard of tables 'groaning' under a weight of good things, and certainly the tables last night illustrated the force of the expression. The repast was a complete one—substantials, delicacies, and dainties—everything good to eat that the market could furnish. Each and every guest was seated and allowed ample time to enjoy the bill of fare, served by lady waiters who were unremitting in their attentions. The dancing commenced at nine o'clock, led by the superb Walhall orchestra, who discoursed their best music, which was kept up until after midnight. As to the personnel of the assembly it was noticed that several of the orthodox Christian and Hebrew denominations were represented, evincing a spirit of friendliness that was truly gratifying. We may also state, in behalf of the ladies of the Religious and Benevolent association (the Liberal organization) that they received substantial evidences of a friendly spirit from quite a number of ladies of other churches, who assisted in decorating the room, loaned linen, glass, and china for the tables, and sent turkeys, cakes, and other good things. It was truly a bountiful and enjoyable occasion. Chief credit must of course be awarded to the Liberal ladies, who worked so hard to make the event a success. Among these ladies may be mentioned Mesdames W. E. Dupree, Sanford, Johnson, Sedberry, Gerald, Caruthers, Taft, Misses Neva Stiff, Kate Gerald, and others whose names we cannot now recall. The receipts hav not yet been footed up, but must hav been considerable. All concerned hav reason to feel gratified at the outcome. Another feature we had almost forgotten was the large number of children in attendance. These little ones seemed to enjoy themselvs fully as much as the grown folk."

The Religious Benevolent Association was chartered Dec. 12, 1882, and immediately commenced work, using the district court room as their place of meeting. Ninety-eight lectures hav been delivered before the Association, which has met twice each Sunday during the year. Besides the $4,000 raised for this hall, the current expenses, including lights, fuel, sexton's fees, organ music, and lecturer's salary, hav been $1,107,70; $78,55 hav been raised for the poor. J. D. Shaw is the head and front of the organization, and in addition to the ninety-eight home lectures he has found time to giv forty-eight more elsewhere. In congratulating the Association and the board of directors on the showing of the first year, Mr. Shaw adds that there has been a moral and intellectual quickening among the people that cannot be put in figures, but nevertheless is visibly seen and felt in the growing tolerance of opinion and the increase of human sympathy. We say, with Mr. Shaw, may the good work never cease until the brotherhood of men is the song of the race.

A WRITER in the *Tribune* has found in one of John Milton's articles ("The Special Government of Man") this opinion of polygamy. Milton recognizes and admits that it is a Bible institution, and seems at a loss how to reconcile his belief in the divinity of the book with his ideas of morality. He says: "I hav not said the marriage of one man with one woman, lest I should by implication charge the holy patriarchs and pillars of our faith, Abraham and the others who had more than one wife at the same time, with habitual sin; and lest I should be forced to exclude from the sanctuary of God as spurious the whole offspring which sprang from them, yea, the whole of the sons of Israel, for whom the sanctuary itself was made. For it is said in Deuteronomy (xxii, 2) 'a bastard shall not enter into the congregation of Jehovah, even to the tenth generation.' 'Either, therefore,' proceeds Milton, 'polygamy is a true marriage, or all children born in that state are spurious, which would include the whole race of Jacob, the twelve tribes chosen by God. But as such an assertion would be absurd in the extreme, not to say impious, and as it is the hight of injustice as well as an example of the most dangerous tendency in religion, to account as sin what is not such in reality, it appears to me that so far from the question respecting the lawfulness of polygamy being trival, it is of the highest importance that it should be decided. . . . Not a trace appears of the interdiction of polygamy throughout the whole law, not even in any of the prophets."

To the author of notes and comments in THE TRUTH SEEKER let me say that we hav a minister—not a youth nor a broken-down old man, but one in the full intellectual strength of middle life—who not only can milk a cow, but can go into the forests and chop his own fire-wood. He can preach a sermon which in truth and pointedness would, at one hearing, convince the author of notes and comments that he is a sinner.—*Westmoreland, N. H., Correspondence of the New England Observer.*

There can be no doubt as to the enterprise of the reverend gentleman to whom this refers, as we learn from another part of the paper from which the foregoing is cut that he induced the good people of his parish to allow a sixty-five-dollar donation party to be sprung upon him very soon after his call to the Westmoreland pulpit. For the sake of avoiding argument, we hav to admit as true the statement contained in the last sentence of the above clipping. We can't afford to travel two or three hundred miles in cold weather to be convinced that we are in a condition common to all mankind here and to a good many hereafter. If the Westmoreland dominie could argue us into the belief that we were a saint in good standing, it might be worth while.

FOLLOWING the good example of THE TRUTH SEEKER, but afar off, the *Investigator* has issued a card calendar for 1884. It is printed on heavy cardboard, 11x14 inches, in red and blue with purple border, and is designed for a desk calendar, or to post up for frequent reference. It is exceedingly neat and pretty, an ornament to any office, and Mr. Mendum sends it out for five cents' worth of stamps. Every Freethinking business man ought to post one over his desk, and hang up a TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL beside it for his visitors to consult.

THE Nashville, Tenn., *Liberal* approvingly quotes our reply to Mr. Kirby and credits it to the *Investigator*. It is only another error of the intelligent compositor, probably, but supposing Brother Seaver shouldn't agree with all we said?

MR. REMSBURG lectured in Cleveland December 27th; gave three discourses at Nunda, this state, the first of this month; was at Petersburg, Pa., on the 4th and 5th; at Pittsburgh the 6th, Irwin Station the 7th, and Columbus the 8th; visited Hamburg, N. Y., three days, ending the 11th; is at Brockport to-day and to-morrow (12th and 13th); will be at Yorkshire on the 14th and 15th; at Randolph the 16th, 17th, and 18th; at Philadelphia the 19th; Lonsdale, Pa., the 20th, 21st, and 22d; this city before the Liberal Club on the 25th, and at Boston at the New England Freethinkers' Convention on the 27th, 28th, and 29th. None of our lecturers work harder than Mr. Remsburg, and no one better deserves the great success he has won. Keep him busy.

MISS HELEN M. GARDNER is a new-comer on the Liberal lecture platform. She entertained a fair-sized audience at Chickering Hall, this city, last Sunday night. She was introduced by Colonel Ingersoll, who said:

"There is always so much bitterness when we are discussing questions which nobody understands, and the less we know of the subject the more bitter we are. I hav always endeavored to cultivate a kindly form of expression, and to influence as much as I could the women of the land; but I hav found that even women are sometimes bitter and unreasonable on subjects about which they know nothing. There is this difference between wisdom and prejudice. They both come eventually to the same line, because there is a shore beyond which no intellect has ever gone, a spot on the wall of our prison above which neither wisdom nor prejudice has ever risen. Wisdom, when she gets to this line, is modest and says: 'Beyond this I cannot go;' prejudice gets to the point, and just there is where her certainty begins. She knows all about it beyond that point. Now, we hav been taught that nothing so becomes a woman as to believe in everything, and that a woman without faith would hardly believe in her own husband. I think that we all ought to be honest with each other. The heart of the question is right there, and I admit that I know as little as any human being about the origin or the destiny of humanity. Nobody can know less, and, so far as I've got, nobody can know more. It is something into which the blind can see as well as anybody else. I cannot say whether death is a wall or a door; the beginning or the end of a day; the spreading of pinions to soar, or the folding forever of wings; the dawn of a life which brings rapture and joy to everyone, or the setting of a sun never to rise again. Now, I insist that on a subject about which nobody knows anything, everybody, even women, has a right to express themselvs. When any religion puts a chain on woman it is her right and duty to break it; when it makes her the slave of a man or a God, it is her right and duty to resist and break her bonds. Some women hav exercised this right and are now free, and I hav the pleasure now to introduce you to a lady who will tell you the objections which she has to the orthodox religion of the Bible, to the inspired insipidities of the patriarchs."

Miss Gardner's lecture occupied nearly two hours. The points she made were closely copied after the colonel's, and consequently were sharp and well taken. Among other things she said:

A religion which says that we should be miserable in this world that we may be happy hereafter, has a false philosophy. A religion that says that believing vice is holier than unbelieving virtue is wrong. I do not believe in a religion which sends Emerson and Channing to hell because Eve ate the forbidden fruit, or sends Chastine Cox to heaven because a mob murdered Jesus Christ.

Woman has a right to talk about religion, provided she talks for it. She probably has a soul, which is comparativly a recent concession. I am not going to say that I hav a soul, for, if I did, I might be called upon some day to produce it, and if I did not hav one about me I would not know what to say.

Most of the church-goers are women, which will make heaven a queer kindergarten, in whose classes will be few male voices, and those chiefly tenor.

Grant that our Bible is more just than any other Bible, and what does it prove? That murder is a greater crime than arson, does not that prove that the man who sets fire to our house is a gentleman. That Allah is more cruel than Jehovah does not palliate any of the cruelites of the Old Testament.

Wherever woman is mentioned in the Bible it is an insult to her purity and a rivet in her chain. What does woman owe to the Bible? A father may sell his daughter to shame, may sacrifice her purity to the violence of a mob, he may murder her, yet he is a good father, a holy man. A man may hav any number of wives, may giv them away, swap them around, or kill them, and be at the same time one of God's most intimate friends. The Bible classes women as property, just like a sheep.

It seems to me time to retire Moses. Coax him to resign on account of his health. Get him to go back to his constituents.

A woman should spurn the Bible and endeavor to destroy its influence, and I mean to do all I can in such a direction. Jehovah stands condemned before the bar of every noble soul.

God might hav hinted to Solomon in one of their numerous conversations that he had a few more wives than necessary.

The Bible might be kept in one's library as a curious old literary work; but it should be kept on the top shelf. Don't let the children get at it.

The War of the Philosophers.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* Will your readers pardon me for dilating upon the subject of atoms, and the all-important subject of mind and matter? I am induced to do this by reading the articles of Mr. Wettstein and Mr. Putnam, and also to gratify some of your readers who want to know what more I hav to say about it.

The philosophers above referred to hav been stating and restating their positions, and the substance of their conclusions is: That matter is the only substance, while mind is a mere result of what matter accomplishes. Matter cannot produce mind, except by an organization into certain forms, and these forms can then produce mind. Elmina illustrates the same ideas by her statement that the mind is to a human body "what the noise is to a wagon;" and I suppose the more rickety the wagon, the more noise it will make, and so of humanity. If these theories are true, they completely destroy the seeming object of growth and development, and upon this question hinges the whole value of existence, and to meet and overthrow it is the business of those of us who reason from the opposit standpoint. These reasoners think it very absurd for the Christian to claim that a God could create out of nothing such a system of nature as we perceive; and so it no doubt is. Yet they commit a worse blunder when they argue and assume that nature can and does organize innumerable minds out of nothing, or out of dead, soulless, and mindless matter. Otto Wettstein says it is done by "soulless spontaneous generation." How he knows that mind or anything else is brought into existence spontaneously, and what "spontaneous" means where universal law governs, it is hard to say.

The Christian's assumption and the Materialist's assumption are an offset to each other. If I ask how mind can come from nothing, the reply is, It comes from matter. Then it must be matter, else matter would be producing something outside of itself; and if mind is nothing, then is matter producing a very important no-thing. And I appeal to any logician to say whether it is not as absurd to say that matter can produce so important a nothing out of something, as to assume that a God created matter out of nothing!

From the Materialistic view of the case, it would seem to follow that, if man—the real man—is mind and matter, so that the mind and body act each upon the other, they must be counterparts of each other. This is the sticking-point of the question, and the effort of the Materialist to annihiliate mind and utterly destroy it is quite amusing. He will admit that it is the most important factor of existence; by it we know, without it we cannot know; it is everything grand, stupendous, penetrating, but, alas! it is nothing—a mere mode, process, action, motion. Wherever there is matter there is life, mode, action, etc. Matter exists everywhere and is indestructible, but, by some oversight of logic, mind is subject to absolute destruction, say these reasoners.

The mind acts, and causes action of the body. It usually acts before the body. It can reason and act by a process of imagination, while not a muscle, bone, nerve, or fiber of the body moves, or it can cause the body to act at will. Yet that which is so potent is nothing, say they. Mind and matter are co-existent and eternal, the one cannot be separated from the other, and by their own premises this is clear.

Let us apply a little logic to their statements and see how they look. "Things which are equal to the same thing are equal to each other." Mr. Putnam says: "Mind is not a substance, therefore it is a mode only. It is not universal but partial. Wherever there is existence, there is matter; but only in certain choice forms of existence is mind exhibited." Bear this in mind, and let us see again what this philosopher says at another place. He asserts: "Matter exists throughout all space and time. It flashes in millions of stars. Motions come to the eye to-day; they started on their course before humanity had a being. As science sweeps the endless heavens with its telescopic glance, it continually discovers matter, but not mind. There is no evidence of what we call intelligence. There is simply orderly force; but orderly force is not mind, it is law. The existence of law does not indicate mind. Law is not a thing; it is a mode, and this mode always has been—always will be."*

Now kind reader, let us sum up Mr. Putnam's statements and see how flatly he is contradicting himself. He has told us that mind is not a substance, but that it is a mode. His statement, then, is that mind is a mode. Then his next statement is that "law is not a thing; it is a mode, and this mode always has been—always will be." It follows from these statements that mind and law are synonymous. They are alike, one and the same thing; they are a mode, He has stated also that matter is illimitable, exists everywhere, and that law is an orderly force existing wherever matter is. In fact, lawless matter could not exist, so the result of this philosophical reasoning amounts to this: Matter and mind are modes. In nature, matter produces no intelligence by her laws or modes. In man matter produces intelligence, hence law and mind do not agree, and are not alike. It follows that if law is a mode without intelligence, then mind, being intelligent, cannot be a mode only. It must be something more than a mode.

Mr. Putnam has stated this in spite of himself, and in spite of several other statements to the contrary. If mind is a mode and law is a mode, both a result of matter, then mind and law are modes; and if law in nature, outside of man's body, cannot produce intelligence, and can produce it in his body, it would argue that man's body was a higher form of intelligence-producing matter, or of a dual body, or else that law does produce intelligence in nature—is orderly and intelligent in all its modes. That this is so is evident. No man livs or ever did liv who did not get all his intelligence from nature, and this is a flat contradiction of Mr. Putnam's statement. I wish to inquire, Whence did Mr. Putnam get his intelligence? Was it not in some way from nature? Has any man, or hav all men, produced a thing or reasoned out a great truth or truths that did not first exist in nature, and was perceived by them because it had such existence? And yet this philosophy asserts the non-intelligence of law and nature. Mr. Putnam asserts that, "while matter is discovered everywhere, there is no evidence of intelligence." If science or man does not discover intelligence, in the name of common sense what does he discover? Mr. Putnam admits that the substance of matter he can not understand; he does not know what it is, and what he can find is the forms of matter, and they are constantly changing.

If he can find only the forms of matter, and admits that "the substance cannot be defined," what reason has he for asserting that it is substance, and the only substance? The only thing he knows anything about is forms of matter, and yet he is so sure that these forms hav substance also, that he considers the man a fool who does not agree with him, and says he will not argue the question with such an idiot, which amounts to a tall assumption and that is all. He says, "Matter does exist, and we know it." How do we know it? Again he says, "We cannot conceive of existence except in material forms." This I deny. A man may conceive of forms by the imagination alone, and they will hav the appearance to the mind of material forms, and yet these forms are not material. So he may dream of forms and exist amongst them; and these are not material forms, nor substantial ones either. Mr. Putnam's method of argument seems to be to make a strong assertion and affirmation and stick to it where he finds himself weak in facts or proofs.

After making the affirmation about substance, of the nature of which he admits he knows nothing, and cannot define it, he asks, "Can we make the same affimation of mind?" And then says, "No; mind is not a substance." I should say, Yes; you can, logically, as one unsupported affirmation is always as good as another.

If I am unable to define matter, which I claim is a substance only from its forms, by what authority do I claim that mind is not a substance, when, without a mind, I must admit I could not perceive the forms of matter? It would seem, to a reasonable man, that mind is the more important actor in this drama of forms; so that, whether it is the solid stuff or not, it seems to hav the advantage.

Both of these Materialistic philosophers demand that this complex subject must be brought down to unity. There can be no duality, says Mr. Putnam. "Science is repugnant to dualism. Every philosophy that has ever existed has been an attempt to explain the universe by some one principle," says he; but, contrary to this statement expressed, the science of chemistry demands a recognition of sixty-five or sixty-six distinct elementary substances, and the one principle is the life of them, which is as indestructible as the substances or elements it permeates, but at the same time as variable also as are these elements. The duality and complexity cannot be destroyed or reasoned away. The very soul of chemistry depends on this diversity and conditions of elementary life. The elements of matter always hav existed and always will. Homogeneity in matter must be the stumbling-block of modern philosophy, and all the varnish of Materialistic polishers and decorators cannot wipe out or cover up this everlasting truth. Iron will be iron. Gold will be gold. Carbon will remain carbon; and so on to the end of the chapter. The motions in the particles or atoms of iron hav always a different rate from those of a less dense material. The motions of every element of matter differ one from the other, and constitute the chemical difference of their life. What we term electricity is not a substance, not a current, but the force of vibration in the kind of matter in motion, and the effect of a battery on our nerves is the disposition in nature of any vibrating body to equalize itself with any other body it comes in contact with; hence we feel this force, but the moment you insulate your own body, so as to prevent any escape, as it is falsely called, or when you cut yourself off from the earth contact, and become a part of the battery, you feel no effects from it and may be charged, or the atomic state of your body put in unison, and having the same vibrations, with the generating battery. Now by touching a person standing upon earth, he is intensely shocked, because his body is not in the same state of atomic vibration. Material force, then, is not a substance, and differs according to the elements of matter as to quantity and quality, as usually expressed.

To illustrate this still further: Centrifugal force is nothing more nor less than the law of all flying bodies, which is a tendency to travel in a straight line. Now, when a railway car in rapid motion touches the curve, our bodies are disposed to fly off tangent to this curve, or to keep on in the line of their first direction, and the momentum shocks the body and makes us sensible of force.

There are forces, however, in nature that act through space, or by means of what may be called a magnetic sphere. A magnet will lift iron filings quite a distance, and cause them to fly against its surface when a considerable distance from actual contact. This shows that a force may be projected or thrown to a distance away from the material body giving it off. The philosophy of this is plain enough when we study the real nature of atoms. Every atom, especially those composed of iron and steel, has an enveloping sphere of a substance much more ethereal than the atom itself, which is of that nature that if there are particles they coalesce or become a fluid, elastic mass, and surround the atom just as the atmosphere surrounds our earth. This sphere envelop prevents any two atoms of matter from absolute contact, hence the most solid materials are not absolutely solid, but these spheres unite and hold the mass together. In consequence of this force, called cohesion, acting through the mass, and for this reason, is all material susceptible of being worked and molded into all manner of forms. It will be remembered, also, that this sphere contains all the soul and life of matter. Let me illustrate this point, and prove my statements; at the same time show the law of the conservation of forces, and the convertibility from one state to another.

Heat, light, and electricity shown in an instant of time. Take a piano-string, and weaken a point by filing it slightly; hitch the loop fast at one end, and place the thumb and finger of each hand on either side of the weakened spot; then let some person turn the tuning-pin until the string breaks. When it does, you will see a stream of light, or fire, fly from the ends of wire about one-half inch long. The ends of the wire will be warm, and you will feel an electric shock tingle through your body at the instant. This shows that all the force used in winding the string was instantly changed into heat, light, and electricity. It proves, also, that the solid wire was susceptible of elongating itself, by means of the atomic spheres, and the electric shock was occasioned by the contractility of the string when it was free to assume its original length, from which it had been drawn. This magnetic quality is a property of all matter to some extent, hence all matter—the deadest of it—has some life, and is susceptible of change. The lowest matter contains least of this atomic substance, and the highest and finest matter contains most; and the animal kingdom, especially man, has a preponderance of this, which, for want of a better term, I may call ethereal or spiritual substance. It is this real substance in an organic form which rises to the dignity of a self-conscious human being, and which enables man to will and to project his force and manhood by means of his organism. And this duality of life and matter cannot be destroyed. Anybody's philosophy which attempts it is stumbling against facts. This duality in unity of matter is the great wall against which all Materialistic theories dash themselvs to pieces. If they could but perceive the fact that matter is not absolutely solid, they might be able, by ear and eye, to penetrate the mass and, perchance, get a glimpse or a sound from the other side.

One word about protoplasm, that wonderful substance we hear so much about, which is said to be the cause of mind—a more puffed-up discovery than ever hoodwinked mankind before. The discoverer claimed that at last he had found the origin of life, an original life-substance, whence all organic life came; and forthwith the scientific Materialistic philosophers began to experiment with a view to demonstrate the assumption, when lo! to their utter disappointment, they found that protemi as a separate body has no existence, and is a compound of substances forming the most essential articles of food. The cells it nourishes are animal and vegetable germs, but without the germ-cells to start on, it can originate no life other than that dual quality before alluded to. Protoplasm, then, is simply a kind of food for certain kinds of animals and vegetables, composed of albuminates, sulphur, and phosphorus. So says chemistry Whether an orgasm ever originated in protoplasm, cannot be demonstrated on account of the extreme difficulty in excluding the surrounding elements, as the air and water are filled

* The "Problem of the Universe." By Samuel P. Putnam. To be had in pamphlet form by addressing The Truth Seeker office. Price, 20 cents.

with vegetable and animal germs. If protoplasm originates animals, what determins their sex? It would seem to require a bioplasm and several other plasms to account for life as we find it.

Wilkesbarre, Pa. J. R. PERRY.

Letters from Friends.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 26, E.S. 283.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $2 50 subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER for 1884, for a new subscriber.

The above is my New Years gift to THE TRUTH SEEKER; probably I shall send you another before long. I sincerely hope yourself and friend Somerby hav enjoyed a merry Christmas; and I wish you both a Happy New Year, and may you liv to enjoy many such is the sincere wish of your

Humble friend, W. F. PORTER.

ABILENE, TEXAS, Dec. 23, 1883.

MR. EDITOR: There is one thing that happened here in our county court the other day that I will relate for the benefit of the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER. There was a man here on trial for a trifling offense, and he, being a Jew, the county attorney, fearing he could not get him convicted, related to the jury, which was mixed with Christians, that it was his race of people that were responsible for the crucifying of Christ.

Liberalism is gaining ground here very fast, and I will endeavor to send you a list of subscribers for your most valuable paper. M. H. VAN DUSEN.

GLENS FALLS, Dec. 26, 1883.

MR. EDITOR: May your paper continue to bloom and blossom in perennial youth until the theologies of Zoroaster, Buddha, Confucius, Moses, and the stolen theologies of Christianity, shall hav faded away into the dim twilight of unwritten fable; until man shall be judged by his merit and God by his love, and hell shall be deemed the happy hunting-ground of fools who would inflict infinit punishment for a finite transgression? Heaven, God, good—if there are such things—are conditions by which all immortality may attain the eternal round of ages—beyond the stars. ISAAC LEWIS.

LONG LAKE, MINN., Dec. 23, 1883.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $3 to renew the excellent TRUTH SEEKER for the year of Bruno 284. I hav been from home for two months and hav fallen behind in reading my papers, but first of all I look up my back numbers of THE TRUTH SEEKER. I hope your subscribers will come to time and pay the old price; it is worth far more than three dollars a year. Our dear Bennett, earnestly desiring to get THE TRUTH SEEKER before the people, reduced the price to $2.50. Now, if I know anything about that business, your subscription list would require to be doubled to meet that reduction.

When Mr. Bennett went to Albany (curse the fiends who sent him there; there is a retributiv justice awaiting them somewhere!) I got six subscribers for THE TRUTH SEEKER, three of whom failed to renew at the end of the year. Liberals, too, they called themselvs, but lukewarm. Oh, pshaw! I hav more patience with a bigot than with those tepid Liberals.

W. ARCHIBALD.

HARWICH, Dec. 28, 1883.

MR. EDITOR: Find within 50 cents for three months for trial subscriber. Small sum, but I guess he will continue to take it, as he is entirely aloof from the church and Christianity, and is a Freethinker.

That article by "Roundhead" is a masterpiece. How glad I am that there are men capable of setting forth the true state of things; it givs me relief and joy to think the truth has such able advocates. I speak of the article not as detracting at all from the many others in THE TRUTH SEEKER—they are all excellent. I see Father Hacker is ventilating the subject of land monopoly. Good! Its just what is needed. It's high time that this matter were pressed home to the minds and consciences of the people.

Then there is the matter of church monopoly. Who does not know that the papal church of Rome is after power? And when she gets it, if ever she does, and that is what she is trying for, we may expect first-class tyranny—diabolism doubly distilled.

B. F. ROBBINS.

NUNDA, Dec. 23, 1883.

MR. EDITOR: As the time has nearly expired for which I hav paid for THE TRUTH SEEKER, I hasten to renew my subscription, as I cannot well get along without it, as it just fills the place (to my notion) of a good and wholesome religious paper; and since the "Children's Corner" has been added, the paper has been bettered. For surely is the "agitation of thought the beginning of wisdom," and in no paper are all so perfectly free to add their *ipse dixit* as in THE TRUTH SEEKER. I, in common with many others, was fearful that the paper would decline and finally die after the death of its great founder, D. M. Bennett, but am happy to mark a gradual improvement in each of its issues. Living, as I do, in the agricultural district of Northern Illinois, where but comparativly few Freethought lectures are in reach of us, we feel the want of such meetings; and, as has been suggested by some previous writers, I hope a "Freethought Lecture Bureau" might be established to meet this long-felt need. Where there are but few Freethinkers the expense of a course or two of lectures by able speakers is far too great to be borne by the very limited number that can be depended on to help sustain them, but after the ice is once broken and the "Madam Grundy" of Infidelity conquered, the difficulty would, in a great measure, be obviated.

The amount inclosed, I think, will satisfy all demands made on a previous page. J. E. BECKLEY.

MONTROSE, IOWA, Dec. 25, 283.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed you will find $2.50 for THE TRUTH SEEKER for 284. We are having a gathering of sanctified holiness people who cannot sin. There is a cow-pen full of them. There are two ewe lambs in the flock, who help dish out sanctification to us. They hav succeeded in capturing two or three sugar-loaf heads, which is all right, for it is the only place they can be ornamental. They use many slang phrases, tell many ghost and witch stories, claim to hav the power to heal the sick by laying on of hands, and so on through the whole catalog of nonsense that would shame a Snake Indian. They are a by-word for children, and a disgrace to humanity.

Freethought is gaining strength, and becoming more popular here. But yet there are but few who dare come to the front—either throw away their manhood, fall to the rear, and indorse the principles of those whom they may come in contact with; in other words, they are slaves for popularity's sake.

A. CRANDALL.

SOUTH SHAFTSBURY, VT., Dec. 26, 1883.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find a list of names of persons, residents of this and neighboring towns, to whom you can forward sample copies of THE TRUTH SEEKER for trial. Not one of those parties is a church-member that I know of, and yet but three or four of them are pronounced Agnostics.

I hav been loaning THE TRUTH SEEKER to a great many persons throughout Shaftsbury for the past two years, and hav not, or rather could not, induce a person to subscribe for it. There is a considerable number of Spiritualistic papers here, and also quite a number of industrial reform papers. I might state, in connection with this subject, that the industrial reform movement at present seems to be growing rapidly; the bulk of the poor Infidels throughout here are more interested in the land and labor question than they are in God's and paradises of the past, present, or to come. What they want is real practicable reform, something that will remove the clutch of the Shylock, the factory lord, and the landlord from them. I hope one or more of those names will subscribe for the good old TRUTH SEEKER. I like THE TRUTH SEEKER, and so does my wife, but we would like it much better if it devoted more of its space to the industrial reform movement which, by the way, is the question of the hour.

Fraternally yours, JOHN MURRAY.

SALEM, IND., Dec. 23, 1883.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $5 for my subscription for 1883-4.

I do not claim to be a convert to Freethought or Infidelity. My earliest recollection dates back to my boyhood days, when I read "Robinson Crusoe," "Baron Munchausen," "Mother Goose," and the old family Bible. I thought at that time that they all belonged to the same class of literature, and mature years hav not changed my opinion. I was a reader of the Boston *Investigator* over twenty years ago, and still recollect a sentiment composed in verse by Nathan Graves Jr., who had once been a Methodist preacher, but had come to see the light of the age in which we lived, and renounced the follies and superstitions of the past, and when sinking under the fell destroyer, consumption, penned the inclosed sentiment in verse. As I write entirely from memory, I may hav made some errors. I think it was published in 1859 or 1860:

"That power that brought me into life
Without my knowledge or consent,
Controled my acts by nature's power,
Through every change I underwent,

"Now calls for that which first it gave.
I cannot stay its sovereign power;
Nature exhausted sinks away,
And calmly waits the closing hour.

"Whether I sink to calm repose,
Or wake to conscious life again,
I hav no means this side the grave
With certainty to ascertain.

"I'll trust the power that gave me life;
I'll fear no evil at its hand;
And should I liv beyond the tomb,
I trust to find a happy land."

I think the above deserves a place in THE TRUTH SEEKER, and would be appreciated by its many readers. S. D. SAYLES.

SIOUX FALLS, D. T., Dec. 15, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Although I am an old friend of THE TRUTH SEEKER, our personal acquaintance is but slight. Yet you doubtless remember me from last spring, myself and wife having called on you, then on our way to Norway, our old nativ home, for a visit. I expected to call on our return, but when we did so in September, we had not the opportunity, on account of having a lot of emigrants under our charge, and had to get them to their destination as soon as possible. So we stayed but a few hours, and hurried on home.

I hav tried hard the last month to get up a club for THE TRUTH SEEKER, and hav at last succeeded. I hav had pretty hard work to do it. Last winter I went to work and got as many as fifteen subscribers for the *Liberal Age*, started in Milwaukee. They got two, three, and some four numbers, and then the *Age* went up the spout; hav heard nothing more of it. Whether it died a natural death or otherwise we know not. I presume you can explain it. However, it has made it all the harder to get subscribers now. But by a great deal of talking and persuasion, and at such low rates as two dollars, I hav had the satisfaction of getting new subscribers. To do the work for nothing and pay the expenses and postage I shall gladly do any time, for my reward is the satisfaction I hav in seeing that my efforts hav at least some good effect. Several others hav promised to subscribe as soon as they could spare the money. Besides renewing my own subscription I send nine new names. Inclosed find $20 for the same. Yours, N. S. JOHNSON.

[We hav a pleasant remembrance of friend Johnson, and should hav been pleased to hav a hand-shake on his return. His account of his work for Liberalism among his neighbors was highly interesting. That it has borne good fruit is amply attested by the list of new subscribers he sends us, for which he has our thanks, and likewise those of our associate, Mr. Somerby. There need be no fear of THE TRUTH SEEKER suspending, as did the *Liberal Age*, at least not while it has friends like Mr. Johnson. The immediate cause of the suspension of the *Age* is not known to us.—ED. T. S.]

GLOBE, ARIZONA, Dec. 15, 1883.

MR. EDITOR: Being an occasional reader of your valuable paper, I will drop you a few scattering thoughts that may be of interest to some of your many readers. I happened to be in attendance at one of the churches here a few Sundays ago, and was very much interested in the minister's endeavor to harmonize Genesis with modern thought.

He said he did not think six literal days were meant in saying that the world was created in six days. His opinion was that a "day" was calculated to represent a period of perhaps many thousands of years. I was so impressed with this that a few days after I called his attention to that particular portion of his able discourse.

Said I: "How can you read the first chapter of Genesis and make 'days' read 'periods?'" I then quoted Genesis i, 5: "And God called the light day, and the darkness he called night. And the evening and the morning was the first day." Now, how any reasonably intelligent person can make that reading mean a period, is to me a great mystery. The separating the light from the darkness, and calling the light day and the darkness night, ought to convince any person not wedded to bigotry and creed that a period is not meant, but that it is simply a mythical humbug, handed down, as were the majority of the old biblical stories, as something awful and very mysterious. And for further evidence follow on through the six days of the alleged creation; at the end of each day's work it reads: "And the evening and the morning was the second day," and so on through the six days.

It strikes me that the mind of the great Jehovah was very soon and easily changed, for in the last verse of the first chapter of Genesis it says: "And God saw all he had made, and behold it was very good." And in the fifth chapter, twenty-third verse, he curses the ground. Indeed I hav very great sympathy for people who worship such a deity.

Now, if periods were meant in the first chapter of Genesis, we will turn to the seventh chapter and see how periods would answer for days—for if periods were meant in one case they certainly were in the other. Gen. vii, 10: "And it came to pass after seven days that the waters of the flood were upon the earth." Now, does that mean seven periods? Eleventh verse: "And in the six hundredth year of Noah's life, in the second month, the seventeenth day of the month," etc. Was that the seventeenth period of the month? And again—12th verse: "And the rain was upon the earth forty days and forty nights." Now, was that forty periods, of perhaps hundreds of thousands of years each? If so, it was without doubt the most protracted spell of wet weather known to ancient or modern times. And yet a little further, in the 8th chapter and 6th verse: "And it came to pass at the end of forty days," etc. Same chapter, 10th verse: "And he stayed yet another seven days, and again he sent forth the dove out of the ark." 12th verse: "And he stayed yet another seven days, and sent forth the dove, which returned not again to him any more." 13th: "And it came to pass in the six hundredth and first year, in the first month, and the first day of the month," etc. 14th: "And in the second month, on the seven and twentieth day of the month, was the earth dried."

Now, after so many references to the days and months, can any reasonably intelligent man or woman believe for a moment that a day meant ..

period? I am bold to say that I do not believe it, and am proud that we liv in an age in which the mind is not shackled, and that we are free to think and free to discuss these differences. If I do not choose to believe in a certain book, I hav a perfect right to say so; and if I choose to say that I believe Jesus Christ was an illegitimate child, and that Mary his mother was not a virgin, I hav a perfect right to say so, and science bears me out in the assertion, and there are no fiery fagots awaiting me for blasphemy.

And right here I would say, All thanks to Thomas Paine for the great fundamental principles embodied in our beloved constitution, forever separating church and state. The words, "We, the people," hav secured to us for all time rights and privileges of which no church or priesthood can ever rob us. The rack, the dungeon, and the flames of Smithfield are things of the long ago. And to whom should we be thankful that those fearful days are past? Not the church—no; for that was the work of the church. But it is to such men as Thomas Paine, Spinoza, and others. Noble men they were, too—men who sought their knowledge in many languages and many climes. To them we owe a debt we can never pay. So let us keep the ball of Freethought rolling; write it, speak it, organize societies, publish papers, and send out lecturers to herald the glad tidings from one end of this fair land to the other. Get out of the old ruts of ignorance and superstition, and shake the stale dust of orthodoxy from your feet forever.

Colonel Ingersoll has done noble work in the lecture field and with the pen. THE TRUTH SEEKER is doing nobly, too, and I think the day is looming up in the near future when there will be fewer churches built, and more school-houses, and more play-houses; and that the army of lazy loafers who fill the pulpits throughout our country will be obliged to go to work to earn their bread, instead of peddling their superstitions for a livelihood.

I hav much more that I could and would like to say, but presume that I hav already taken up too much of your valuable space, and will say in conclusion that there is a club being gotten up here for THE TRUTH SEEKER, as the single copy that is taken here is read and reread until worn out. If this does not find its way to the waste basket, you may hear *mas en lotro tiempo*.

Adios, J. C. BURGE.

ANOKA, MINN., Dec. 20, 1883.

MR. EDITOR: I send postal order for $3—$2 50 for THE TRUTH SEEKER to May, 1885. and the balance for "Clergyman's Victims" and "Crimes of Preachers." I wish all of the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER could see one thing that comes with the paper, and occasionally reminds them of an important duty. It is the tag on their paper, which informs them when the subscription price is due, and which should be promptly attended to. Mine has always been so plain that I hav never allowed the date to pass by without responding to the tacit call, and I don't believe I ever shall. I hav great respect for a man who promptly pays his debts when due.

Yours truly, W. S. RING.

OSWEGO CENTER, N. Y., Dec. 20, 283.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $3. Fifty cents is a present to you—to buy your baby something for Christmas—and the balance to pay my fare a while longer on your (our) noble ship, THE TRUTH SEEKER—"long may it wave." I am the only one, as far as I know, who subscribes for it in our town, and as long as it is published I defy "all hell" to stop my reading of it. Oh! I feel it my duty to tell you of some of the "mischief" it is doing here. We hav a good-natured, and doubtless well-meaning, minister, who has been preaching the everlasting gospel of Methodism to us for more than twenty years. I used to keep him supplied with TRUTH SEEKERS, and I noticed that he would often "speak right out in meetin'" some of its most radical sayings. doubtless without thinking where he got them. Now to cut my story short. Things got worse and worse, and, by Jove! he's quit preaching. The doctor said his throat was bad. I say THE TRUTH SEEKER made him ashamed of his creed. Selah!

I send a few names of those who ought to hav sample copies. Most of them probably never heard of THE TRUTH SEEKER. Perhaps some will subscribe. At all events, it will advertise the paper, and I'll warrant it to raise the devil in this orthodox camp.

A. H. WALKER.

ATLANTA, TEXAS, Dec. 18, 1883.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $3—$2.50 for THE TRUTH SEEKER, 25 cents for your new almanac, and the same for the Agnostic Annual. I would send some names for sample copies of THE TRUTH SEEKER but for two reasons, one being that our post-master is an ignorant bigot, and, I believe, destroys all such mail matter, and the other reason is, I find in the community where I liv not more than one Infidel in fifty—or I might say one hundred—persons who is a Liberal, or who has back-bone enough to be seen with a Liberal paper, although they will borrow and read secretly all they can get. I hav circulated books and pamphlets all around me, and the effects are showing themselvs. I am denying myself every luxury, and many of the necessities, to do this, and expect to keep at it so long as I liv and can spare a dollar for that purpose. I am now in my seventy-third year, and hav been only freed from superstition and slavery a few years. Yours for universal mental liberty, J. B. EVERETT.

THE SALAMANCA MEETING.

(Continued from page 21.)

Are we ready to readjust; what avails all our elaborate special pleadings—judgment must be given on the facts.

All the world's a stage; to a lawyer all he world's a court; as suitors, as workers, the great point to remember is that by the eternal laws of nature are given facts, and the pleadings must be readjusted to meet the facts.

Creeds are but notions we hav got in our heads and must be readjusted. How little this reverend gentleman realizes the extent of the readjustment required. When you hav settled your ideas about God and the formation of the world, you will hav settled what you should do about readjustment.

The corner stone of our theological system must be readjusted to harmonize our views of the world with the facts of science.

Herbert Spencer, in the January number of *Science Monthly*, in an article entitled "Principles of Sociology," says, "The old conception of deity is untenable." Such passages are verdicts for human reason. Readjustment must be fundamental. The reverend clergyman can never stay the tide until he changes his conception of God to what the facts warrant.

The world, as he knows it, infinit and insoluble as it appears to be to us, is the only conception of God we hav. Earth is all the face God has. His attempt to attribute to God human pain, is to put forward claims which are frauds. All pretended revelation is without foundation of science, and all who get money by it hav no longer any excuse to perpetrate the fraud.

Upon the acceptation of science rests all real advancement. We shall never hav just government until the Bible conception of God is eradicated from the popular mind.

Pope and priest alike claim to derive their powers from the will of God—by the grace of God, powers that, he loves to reiterate, are by the grace of God—man is a creature of God—and to be ruled by the holy servants of God; but this view is passing away; reverence for all such claims is diminishing. True and pure republicanism, like the mighty, rising, rushing river, is sweeping them away.

God is the world, order is law that science reveals. Society depends on consent of the governed; the only purpose of government should be to promote happiness and the best good of mankind. When readjusted to this, its legitimate functions, a different political, industrial, and moral world will inevitably result.

The people must be awakened to the great question of change from the present theological to moral, scientific, and pure republican basis. We hav got to readjust even the constitution itself, ere long. Surely all can see the necessity of adjustment when we hav our entire government wholly controled by a few politicians; a plan of government that has a senate of capitalists who stand in the way of and deny the claims of labor and defeat the popular will.

We must hav readjustment, one legislativ body, one congress, who shall select the chief executiv; do away with the one man power and patronage, and reduce the whole system of government into a single congressional district.

In regard to our industrial interests in war, the soldier is of first consideration, is top of the heap; so laborers are entitled to first consideration, to be top of the heap in times of commerce, peace, and industry. All people under international law should be regarded as members of one social family, each of the generation of men to be considered as fathers of the future. We need new adjustments to meet our new social needs.

Old creeds are dying almost too fast; new equities are thrown upon us before our people are ready for the them; the people need to be educated to meet the emergency.

In the days of Cromwell, liberty and self-government, entire reforms from the grace of God, kings, and holy and most reverend prelate's dictation, were offered to the people, but they were not educated to the necessary condition to be advantaged by the opportunity offered; it took another century to teach the lesson, which should hav made their parliament permanent in the days of Cromwell.

The French needed education to meet the opportunity of readjustment. There was no necessity of Napoleon's despotism. But the people knew nothing of education to the great issues presented them, and fell victims to the Corsican freebooter. What will enlighten the world is education; know what liberty is, and that it can only be preserved by placing it on the fundamental equity of the age. You ask what can do it? The Northern states must become the schoolmasters, as Athens was to Greece.

We must not be content to tear down the old; we must put the new and better in its place. Let us not despise the day of small things. We hav a few newspapers devoted to higher equity and the republic of man. We hav one society, the nucleus of great things. I mean our National Liberal League, with its many auxiliary Leagues, with their perhaps now little educating powers, yet destined to do great work, for they are the seat of great equity which will eventually dominate, and through their influence lead to a higher morality than churches, to a higher ruler, an individual sense of right,

We are beginning a great movement, and each and all should make earnest effort to help forward the car of progress. There should be in every village a society. We want to circulate Liberal literature, inaugurate Liberal clubs. Do not attempt too much at first; form clubs to circulate Liberal literature, then hold occasional discussions, hav little theatrical and other amusements.

Do not be frightened by the advance ideas; do not be afraid of the future, but study, so you may be ready to take part and do good work in the readjustment when the time comes. Meet often together; hold your conventions and consult together; get out of the old darkness, but ever remember new light brings new obligations. Our future will be what we make it; the duty of the present generation is to put a better generation to follow it. Do not be daunted by opposition, abuse, or misrepresentation; press onward, and think of your Liberalism as a new order of nobility.

There was deep interest evinced in the address, and the earnest eloquence of the speaker sent home his facts to the mind, and made permanent impression on his audience, retiring amidst enthusiastic applause. After singing by the choir, and the great Thanksgiving song by H. H. Hall, the president pronounced the benediction, and so closed this most enjoyable, profitable, and memorable convention.

ONE of the best ways to help along the cause of Freethought is to circulate THE TRUTH SEEKER. Trial subscriptions of three months for 50 cents.

Mr. Preston Again Taken to Task.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I am not easily wrought up to the labor of writing when it is so much more of a luxury to recline and read on a Saturday night; but the article on vivisection, contributed to THE TRUTH SEEKER by Elliott Preston, stirs me to a few lines in opposition. It is not a subject upon which I would wish at present to enter into a lengthy discussion, and so I will merely present the uppermost thought in mind, which is, in form of interrogation, why will people "strain at a gnat and swallow a camel," by working themselvs into a fury on so small an evil—if evil it be—as vivisection, when in the matter of cruelty to animals, there are evils so much more monstrous in the line of sport and butchery? It is as though one should turn from the horrors of a battle-field to shed tears with a child that had stubbed its toe, or listen heedlessly to the report of great loss of life at a fire in a factory and wax wroth over the spilling of hot water on a cat's back. If one will set about to reform abuses in a certain direction, let him proclaim against the most prevalent.

Mr. Preston says, "Some approximate idea of the prevalence of the practice of vivisection may be had when we reflect that entire factories have been devoted to the production of vivisecting implements, and special laboratories hav been and are being added to many prominent colleges for the furtherance of the study of this department of physiology."

The first statement reads like a great exaggeration, but however much of truth there be in it, it is equally true that for every instrument made for purposes of vivisection, there are at least one thousand pistols, shot-guns, and rifles turned out for the sporting world, and for every animal that suffers at the surgeon's hands, probably ten thousand die for "sport." It is also true that for every special laboratory for vivisection, there are a thousand slaughter-houses where butchery of the most revolting description goes on with the regularity with which all these soft-hearted anti-vivisectors eat their steak and mutton.

Furthermore, it is susceptible of proof that *vivisection is just as useful and necessary as is sporting and butchery:* and if all are necessary evils, it will be difficult—in fact, impossible—for the anti-vivisectors to prove that of the three, vivisection is not carried on with the most effort at mitigation of pain and suffering.

From this point my thoughts run on easily to the vast domain of necessary evils, and to that "one general law leading to the advancement of all organic bodies—multiply, vary, let the strongest liv and the weakest die," of which I hav just read in the items of the first page of THE TRUTH SEEKER—Darwin's remark upon "Instinct." But this is a subject large enough to let alone at a late hour in the evening, and I will not pursue it further than to say that if it is right for man, with his reasoning and *humane* faculties, to rise above the order of the brute creation, the first step in this direction should be to relinquish his instinct for preying, (which he now follows out in sporting, and butchering for food); whereas the pursuit of knowledge which shall increase his power to mitigate pain in both men and animals, by understanding their anatomy, physiology, and pathology, is for the advancement of progress, science, and humanity. E. B. FOOTE, JR.

New York, Dec. 27.

Jews and Agnostics.

From the Universe.

Why some of the Jewish journals should manifest a spirit of bitterness toward the Agnostic press is to us unaccountable. In recent numbers of the *American Israelite* (Cincinnati) brief editorials sneeringly alluded to Agnostics. We greatly regret that our esteemed friend, Rev. Dr. Wise, should pen such uncharitable articles. He is himself a Rationalist, and he may remember that orthodox Jewish journals and writers hav boldly denounced him as a "Meshumed" (Infidel). The New York *Hebrew Leader* seems to glory in "the decadence of the Agnostic press," and the New York TRUTH SEEKER, an Agnostic journal of very extensiv circulation, replies in scorching terms to its Hebrew contemporary, charging it with "poltroonery," and adds that Alderman Morris, a responsible man in the *Leader*, may be pandering to his Catholic and Protestant colleagues in the Board. We hav to say that the Agnostic press has ever shown itself to be the stanch and true friend of the Jews, and for proof of this we proudly refer to the columns of the *Universe*, THE TRUTH SEEKER, and other Agnostic journals. Do not Rabbi Wise and Alderman Morris know that the Jews hav already enough of enemies. What mental blindness induces them to try to make more?

WE would inform the Saratoga *Eagle* that the *Christian Advocate* is a blackguard sheet—as full of bigotry as a nut is of meat. But perhaps our able contemporary knows this fact already.—*Banner of Light.*

Is it possible that our Boston friends can mean the same *Christian Advocate* that Dr. Buckley edits—the official organ of the Methodist church?

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"His life is long whose work is well,
And be his station low or high,
He who the most good works can tell,
Livs longest though he soonest die."

The Wolf and the Ewe.

Once upon a time great friendship
'Twixt a wolf and ewe there reigned;
What saint's influence wrought such marvel
Has not rightly been explained.

She forgot the guardian shepherd,
Fold, flock, dog, she all forsook,
And her way with her new comrade
Through the tangled thicket took.

Whilst she with her fellows pastured,
Gentle she as turtle dove;
But her new friend quickly taught her
Cruel as himself to prove.

And when the ferocious tutor
Saw the poor perverted fool
Make so marvelous a progress
In his brutalizing school,

Vanity with pleasure mingled,
Till his heart within him danced;
And his fondness for his pupil
Every murderous scheme enhanced.

But one day that, almost famished,
Master Wolf, pursued the chase,
Of the victims he was seeking
He discovered not a trace.

Mountain, valley, plain, and forest,
Up and down, and through and through,
Vainly he explored; then empty
To his den led back his ewe.

There, his weary limbs outstretching,
On the ground awhile he lies;
Then upon his weak companion
Ravenously turns his eyes.

Thus the traitor inly muses:
"Ne'er was known such agony!
And must I endure these tortures?
Must I out of friendship die?

"Shall I not obey the mandate,
Nature speaks within my breast?
And is not self-preservation
Nature's holiest behest?

"Virtue, thou belong'st to reason—
Let proud man confess thy sway!
I'm by instinct merely governed,
And its dictates must obey."

Thus decided, swift as lightning,
Springs he on the hapless ewe;
Fangs and claws, deep in her bosom
Plunging, stains a crimson hue.

With a trembling voice, the victim
Questions her disloyal friend:
"Why, ingrate, should'st thou destroy me?
When, or how, could I offend?

"By what law, art thou so cruel,
Since I never gave thee cause?"
Greedily, he cried, "I'm hungry;
Hunger is the first of laws."

Mortals, learn from an example
With such horrid sufferings fraught,
What dire evils an alliance
With the false and cruel brought.

If the wicked are our comrades,
I engage you'll imitate
Half their crimes, and will encounter
Wolves like ours, or soon or late.

—*Bocage.*

Neighbor Brightside.

Not a great distance from the town of Buffalo, in Wyoming, away in the far West, there is a place called Red Bank. In a little irregular valley, tucked snugly in the bank, stands a cunning little cabin, all alone by itself. A clear mountain stream winds its way toward the rising sun, whose noonday rays light up and warm the cabin front, while westward the snow-capped peaks of the Big Horn mountains shut out the last flickering rays of the setting sun. North and south the foothills come sloping down from the base of the mountains, and shut out a view of hills and plains. The furniture of the cabin consists of rough bedsteads, several stools and boxes, which do duty as chairs, a table with a blanket for a cover, a lamp, and a chest of tools. A cupboard constructed out of a shoe-box contains some dishes, besides pots, kettles, and frying-pans. The walls are ornamented with pictures cut from newspapers and magazines, and a well-filled bookcase hangs in a conspicuous place near a gun-rack. The cellar, as well as the rear portion of the cabin, extends back into the bank, and is well stocked with potatoes, onions, cabbages, etc.

The inhabitants of this cabin are John and Pete, Papa Hunter, and Jim.

"What!" you ask, "are there no 'women folks' there at all?"

No, none at all. Papa Hunter is the father of John and Pete, and Jim is a rambler who, for the present, makes his home with them, and, besides doing a deal of reading, writing, and thinking, also does the cooking.

"The cooking?"

Why, yes; men can cook—didn't you know it? And although I hav never tasted any of Jim's masterpieces in the culinary art, yet I feel quite sure I would never go hungry if Jim were around.

Jim is a great, tall, broad-shouldered, six-footer, with an eye like an eagle's, and the beard of a brigand. John and Pete go off hunting nearly every day, and sometimes bring in a large quantity of game. One day they brought in six rabbits, besides grouse and ducks. Sometimes they kill a deer, and then they feast on venison, and once in a great while they bring in a bear.

As John and Pete sat, not long ago, stringing some beads that they had cut from a pair of old moccasins to make a necklace for the cat, who lay purring at their feet, and their father was reading about Circassia and the beautiful Circassian girls, while Jim prepared a duck for dinner, there came all at once a gentle tap on the outer door.

"Who in the world can that be?" said John, hastily surveying himself in the little mirror tacked against the wall. Papa Hunter ran his fingers through his hair, Pete let the string of beads fall, and most of them slipped off on the floor, and broad-shouldered Jim paused from his work and sighed wearily.

"Go to the door, Pete," said John.

"You go, John," said Pete.

"You're the nearest," drawled John, measuring the distance with his eye.

"I never saw such boys in all my life," exclaimed Papa Hunter. "What ails ye?"

"Nothin' ails me," said John, "but Pete, there, is lazy."

"No more lazy than you are," and Pete began to look pouting, as he picked up the bright-colored beads.

While this talk was going on, the door opened, and in stepped the loveliest little body you ever saw. Her face was all smiles, and when she laughed the cabin glowed like a sunrise, and seemed filled with the sweetest and most delicious music.

They all looked at each other, but nobody spoke a word for a whole minute, and then Papa Hunter said, "It isn't an angel, is it?"

"Well, if I am an angel I havn't any wings, hav I?" and the little body turned herself around, but no one saw any sign of a wing.

"Maybe she is a fairy," suggested Pete.

"Indeed she looks as if she might be," thought Papa Hunter.

But whatever or whoever she was, she was just full and brimming over with merriment and good nature. She skipped up to John and tickled his ear with a straw, at the same time pointing at Peter with the other hand, as if she knew how ticklish he was, and that he would laugh if you only pointed at him. This time he rolled on the floor in paroxysms of laughter, while the cat stood up and stretched till her frame assumed the appearance of a right-angled triangle. The laughing, gleeful little body then whisked past Papa Hunter, and dancing up to Jim, peered into his face, and inquired, "Is this you, Jeems?"

"Yes, it is I," he answered, with a doleful sigh. "And what's the matter with you? What makes you so—so—so—glum?" and she caught at a stray lock of hair hanging over his broad forehead.

"I don't know who you are, lady, but perhaps, if you had been bereft of all your heart held dear, had seen your home that you had established, the ties you had formed and the faces that had grown familiar, and as priceless as familiar, the accumulations of years of labor and waiting, all swept away at one fell swoop, and found yourself heartsore, homeless, and penniless, drifting out in the wide world all alone, maybe you would not feel quite so cheery."

"Maybe not; but is life then so wrong-side-out to you?"

"Yes, it is," he almost sobbed.

"And is all the sunshine blotted out?"

"Every bit."

"Courage all gone?"

"I havn't a thing to build a hope upon," he murmured sadly.

"Now, Jeems, that isn't so. You're mistaken, that's all."

"Where can you find a thread strong enough to hold a hope as small as yonder smallest bead?" said James, pointing to the beads that Pete began to pick up.

"Why, here," said the little body, patting Jim's head, "and here," brushing his arms, and snapping at his fingers. "In the first place, here you are in splendid health, physically, and health is the first requisit to happiness, and with two such hands and such a head, why need you fear? Why, it should be fun to battle with such elements and obstacles as confront you. I admit you hav had serious drawbacks, but it does not make them less by pining over them. As you went from Pueblo to the 'Queen City of the West,' and then floated to this quiet spot, you were all the while out of harmony with nature, with human beings, with yourself."

Jim sat down on the edge of the table, and stared at the little body who seemed to know so much of his wanderings.

"Now, Jeems," said she, "there's no use in crying over spilt milk, as the saying is. What is gone, is gone; you cannot hav it back again. It does not mend matters by dwelling on them. They *can* be mended, however, and made to be almost as good as new. The world is ever new, and there are ever new faces to see, new homes to be made, and a lot of fine gold to be gotten out of the earth. There are new thoughts to be coined, and new destinies to be carved, much work to be done, and some of which nobody can do so well as you yourself. Do you suppose, Jeems, you are the only one who has ever suffered? the only one who ever had the heartache? the only one who ever was treated unkindly by friend or fate? the only one who has felt that he would like to lie down and die if he only could?"

"I guess she means me when I had the colic that time," whispered Pete.

"More like she refers to me," said John, "when I stubbed my toe, and the nail turned all black and came off—don't you remember?" and he nudged Pete.

"Sca—t! Scat there!" exclaimed Papa Hunter. "What's that cat got there, Peter?"

"It's only the duck's gizzard, father; and she's making believe it's a mouse. See her play—look!"

They all looked and laughed, and the little body said, "Happy creature that it is, to gather crumbs of comfort from such a little thing as a gizzard! Take a lesson from the cat, and pick up the grains of happiness that lie at your hand."

"And make believe they're mine," said Jim, half smiling.

"Why yes, if so the fancy pleases you," said the little body. "At any rate, don't dwell among the shadows. I've seen a baby lying on the floor and catching at the sunbeams as they danced in at the window. We older babies can catch sunbeams if we will."

"What'll we bait our hooks with?" inquired Peter.

"Peace, good will, and good sense, dear boy," she answered. "You do well," she continued, turning to Jim, "to cuddle down on the bosom of Mother Nature when the world uses you ill. But now you've had your cry out, let the birds, the buds, and the blossoms, the sunlight and the stars overhead, coax you out of the depths, and into the gay, glad, joyous life once more. 'Experience is the best school,' and we learn in it as in no other. Experience brings us close to others, the experience of childhood brings us straight to the heart of every child in the universe, and so do the joys and sorrows of mature life bring us into fellowship with our humankind. In the morning the darkness goes away and the shadows flee before the light of day. In this little cabin home you may find the purest springs of happiness and joy.'"

"Who are you?" demanded Jim.

"Why, Jeems, don't you know me?"

"No, I don't."

Nor you, Papa Hunter, nor Peter, nor John—don't either of you know my name?"

"Naw!" said Peter and John together, while Papa Hunter shook his head.

"I'll tell you, then; I am your Neighbor Brightside, and I liv close by your little cabin home. If it were not for me you'd die, you, and all your folks, you'd die of the mopes, you would. I liv on the *right* side of your cabin, and my relatives always settle on the *right* of the human habitations. We believe in having plenty to eat and to drink, that is, of wholesome food and drink, and in having a happy time of it generally while journeying through the world, for we are the jolliest set of people you ever fell in with; all the Brightside folks are, and nobody was ever sorry for entertaining us. We do not borrow trouble—never did—and we get along better than if we did. And now I'll recite for you a piece, and I want you all to commit it to memory. It belongs to the Brightside family, and goes thus:

"Of all the maxims, old and new, the one I'd
choose to giv
To those I wish with all my heart in happi-
ness to liv—
To those whose motley path through life with
roses I would strew,
Is—Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles
you.

"Take my advice—enjoy the hours, and work
and play with zest;
Don't run to meet dull care, my friend; you'll
find it will be best
To greet with smiles the pleasant glance, and
think all friends are true,
And never trouble trouble till trouble troubles
you.

"This life is short enough, dear friend, so try
and make it sweet,
Be this your aim, and fragrant flowers shall
grow about your feet;
And mirth shall take the place of grief, and
joy the place of rue,
If you'll never trouble trouble till trouble
troubles you.'"

They all clapped their hands, and Jim said "Miss Brightside, won't you please to stay to dinner?"

"That I will," she answered, "for I am so hungry, I could almost eat a meeting-house, it seems to me!" And she threw off her hat and shawl, and commenced to arrange the rough table for dinner, upsetting Peter's mug of cold coffee the first thing.

"Never mind!" said Peter, "it isn't broken.' 'Why, Pete!" she exclaimed, you're a regular Brightsider. That's the way we always say, when we make mistakes and blunders. 'Never mind, it isn't so bad as it might be.'"

"Oh, Miss Brightside, I wish you'd be our neighbor, always," said Papa Hunter.

"So I intend to be, and our folks are right jolly neighbors, I can tell you."

And then they sat down to dinner laughing and chatting, and all agreed that they had not been so happy before for a long time. The cabin glowed like a beautiful palace, for everywhere that Neighbor Brightside went she carried sunshine. "Why not?" she asked, "since all the world is flooded with it, and the Brightside family was ordained to scatter the same."

Correspondence.

A CUNNING LITTLE LETTER FROM A CUNNING LITTLE GIRL.

A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to you Miss Wixon, and many thanks for the "Children's Corner" in THE TRUTH SEEKER. I am a child of seven years, and I take quite an interest in the "Corner." I hav read every "Corner" as yet, and am much pleased, and long may you liv and hav plenty of stories. I like to see those that are right justly rewarded. My grandpapa has taken THE TRUTH SEEKER ever since I was born, and has held me on his knee and read from its pages many good things—too good and big for my little brain to take in. I suppose there hav many answered your puzzle, but the riddle I hav not made out yet. But the puzzle is Mississippi.

Yours with love for THE TRUTH SEEKER,
JENNIE E. RANDALL.

East Dixfield, Maine.

Acrostic.

[The following did not arrive in time for last week's issue, and so we publish it this week.—ED. C. C.]

Answer to letter puzzle in THE TRUTH SEEKER of Dec. 22d:

Moving in majesty toward the south,
Increasing in power and size as it flows;
Summer and winter, with wide open mouth,
Swelled by the rains and the far mountain
snows;
Imposing and grand, in springtime and flood,
Seething and roaring its way to the sea,
Smiling so quietly, gentle, and good,
In the summer sun falling on river and lea.
Please note the description that meets with
your eye,
Pen-pictures a river, whose name you descry
Is Mi-ss-i-ss-i-pp-i.

Answer to riddle in same number.

Take away one letter and I kill.
Take away another and I'm ill,
And will die unless I'm saved by skill.

UNCLE WILL.

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Poetry.

The Puritan Sunday.

The following from London *Truth* is exceedingly applicable to the situation in this city at present. We commend it to the rampant sabbatarian bigots.

THE PHARISEE'S SABBATH.

"No," says the Rich Man, "there is no need
To grant the boon for which you plead;
The present state of things is best;
And Sabbath days are meant for rest;
The masses should their church attend,
And not their Sundays wish to spend
In gazing at fine works of art—
Six days for that are set apart.
I and my family go then,
And why should not these workingmen?
No, no, I can't and won't consent
To humor them to this extent!"

So cries our wealthy Pharisee—
But is he fit a judge to be?
Let's seek his home, and see the way
He spends his valued Sabbath day.
Kept by the *Observer* late in bed,
He dallies o'er a dainty spread,
Until his cozy brougham bears
Him swiftly off to morning prayers.
This duty over, 'tis not strange
He cares not galleries to range,
Or that he has so often posed
As one who'd keep Museums closed.

For in his mansion you will find
That wealth and taste hav both combined
To please his fancy. Flowers diffuse
Sweet odors and display bright hues;
His gaze on "things of beauty" falls,
For "masterpieces" deck his walls,
And statues in each nook are placed,
Books without number tempt his taste;
Nor do the charms of music fail
His jaded senses to regale,
When, after dinner's long delight,
Repletion follows appetite.

And should he weary, as in fact
He often does, to be exact,
Should he feel bored and change require,
His club supplies his heart's desire;
There he can go, smoke his cigar,
And muse how nice our Sundays are!
And as his pint of port he drinks,
State boldly what it is he thinks
Of those who hav so often tried
Museum doors to open wide,
And let the people find within,
Some cure for drunkenness and sin!

"The masses hav their homes!" cries he;
"What else they want I fail to see."
On which, still seeking change of view,
He takes his daughters to the Zoo,
And there deplores to some dear friend
How things t'ward Sabbath-breaking tend;
When inconsiderate people try
To Christianity defy,
By giving chances, if they can,
To every London artisan
To look at works of art on Sunday,
In spite of even Mrs. Grundy!

THE POOR MAN'S SUNDAY.

"The masses hav their homes!" 'tis true—
But if these homes we only knew,
Nay, could we only at them glance,
We should not wonder then, perchance,
That earnest men—good Christians, too—
Intend their efforts to renew,
Till, spite the cant of Pharisees,
The Law their long-asked boon decrees;
And London's toiling millions gain
The right, so long besought in vain,
To enter the Museum's door,
And Art's domains at length explore.

Let those who say there is no need
For that for which we strongly plead,
Come with us where yon workman dwells,
And hear the tale he grimly tells.
'Tis Sunday morning; on the air
There floats the call to praise and prayer.
But in this room, down underground,
They scarce can hear the bells' glad sound,
Or see the sun which brightly beams.
No, all is dark, and squalid seems,
For gloom is there, and Faith is dead,
And Hope herself has long since fled.

About the room pale children run
And cry for light, and air, and sun;
A weary mother vainly tries
To check her sad and heavy sighs;
Smoke clogs the close and clammy air;
Till, rising roughly from his chair,
The father throws his *Reynold's* down,
And hurries off with oath and frown,
To lounge about the streets until
The publican may work his will,
And with his poisonous liquor stay
The deadly dullness of the day.
Go, ask this man, and you will find,
Should he to answer be inclined—
There was a time his home was not
What now it is; that once his lot
Was brighter, and had well been made
A happy one with kindly aid.
Six days of labor made him yearn
For change of scene; he longed to turn
To higher aims; to leave the strife
And squalid level of his life,
And gain fresh strength, inspired by Art,
Anew on Life's hard way to start.

But Bigotry stepped in, and cried,
"Such pagan hopes must be denied!
A workingman, in any case,
Should learn that *home's* his proper place
On Sunday; there he ought to stay
When not at church; there pass the day
In pious thought, or reading through
The tracts we every week renew."
And Bigotry, alas to tell,
Has strength to still exert her spell;
Can still the path of Progress bar,
And lives of toiling millions mar.

SUNDAY AS IT SOON MUST BE.

Once let the fiat of the law
The stubborn bolts and bars withdraw
That shut the masses from the sight
Of what is beautiful and bright;
And great, indeed, the change will be
That we in toiling homes shall see!
Once let these earnest men prevail,
Whose fervid efforts never fail,
Which now so squalid is, and mean;
And many a dwelling, dark and sad,
Shall be with moral sunshine glad.

Think what a Sabbath then will mean
For those whose week-long fight is keen!
Think with what feelings new and strange
The toil-worn man will hail the change!
How he with bolder heart will rise
And help his wife, as she so tries
To make their children nice and neat,
"To go with father for a treat!"
Think how their prattle will delight
As they anticipate the sight,
And as with laughing eyes and heart
The cheerful party off will start!

No longer does the father yearn
Into the public-house to turn;
Its brazen welcome heeds he not,
He need not now become a sot,
An hour of comfort to secure;
Its glittering charms no longer lure,
But steadfastly he passes by
His former haunts without a sigh.
His children trotting at his side,
Their hopes and fears in him confide;
Whilst he walks on with head erect,
Proud in his new-born *self-respect.*

And then, the gallery gone through,
At home its treasures they review,
Talk of the charming things they've seen,
And wonder what it all can mean,
Till, senses pleased and thoughts refined,
They half forget that Fate's unkind,
And with fresh hope and courage new
Another week's hard toil pursue.
Who, then, dares say that perils lurk
In this great end for which we work?
Who dares contend that woes untold
From London these closed doors withhold?

Too long has Bigotry, we say,
Of publican made protege,
And tried his Sunday trade to save
By howling down as scandal grave
Each well-meant effort to secure
Sunday amusement for the poor!
But now, 'twould seem, the end is near,
The clouds begin to disappear;
And though the Pharisees rave on,
They know their power is well nigh gone;
Aye, know that Common Sense must win
This fight 'gainst Ignorance and Sin!

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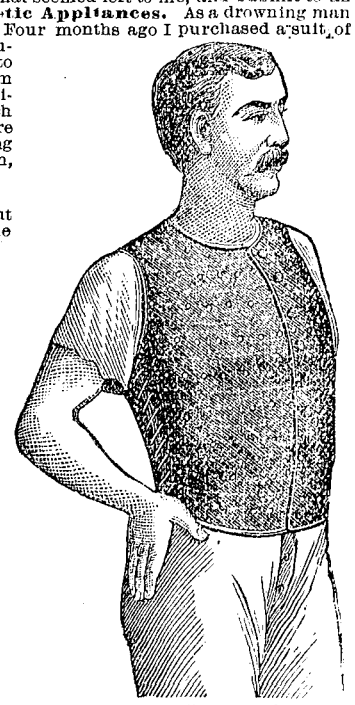
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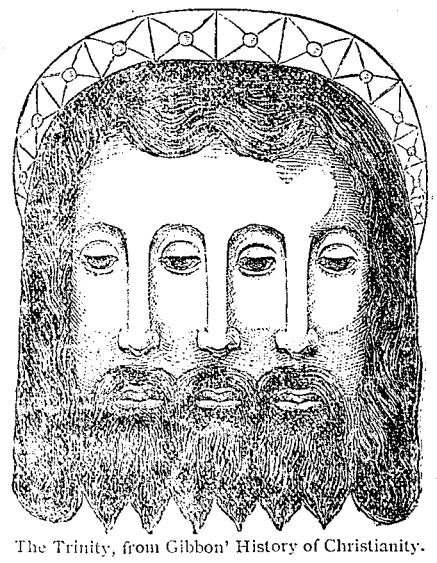
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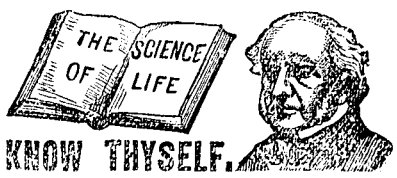
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WE see, in the intellectual movements of our times, the tendency to expansion, to universality; and this must continue. It is not an accident, or an inexplicable result, or a violence on nature; is is founded on eternal truth. Every mind was made for growth, for knowledge; and nature is sinned against when it is doomed to ignorance. The divine gift of intelligence was bestowed for higher uses than bodily labor, than to make hewers of wood, drawers of water, plowmen or servants. Every being so gifted is intended to acquaint himself with God and his works, and to perform wisely and disinterestedly the duties of life. Accordingly, when we see the multitude of men beginning to thirst for knowledge, for intellectual action, for something more than animal life, we see the great design of nature about to be accomplished; and society, having received this impulse, will never rest till it shall hav taken such a form as will place within every man's reach the means of intellectual culture.—*Dr. Channing's Present Age.*

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A VERY great number of people firmly believe that there never were in this world such people as themselvs, and that nobody ever did what they hav done, or come through what they hav come through. There is in almost every human being, and in none more decidedly than the most commonplace, a lurking belief that there never was such a being as himself. You will find this especially in the narrower and less cultivated minds. In them it often appears in forms that are irritating and ridiculous. You will find folk who really believe that they, and all their belongings, are much better than other folk, and their belongings; that there never were such children as theirs; that there never were such flowers and vegetables as theirs; and even—for there is no reckoning the odd ways in which human vanity will gratify itself—that there never were such headaches and such worries as theirs. All this comes of a morbid self-conceit. It is just the person who is below the average of the race who will fancy that he stands above all his fellow-creatures.—*Counsel and Comfort by a Country Parson.*

IN contrast to all the grosser interests that absorb us, Matthew Arnold pleads for a mental and spiritual perfection, which has two sides or prominent notes, beauty and intelligence; or, borrowing words which Dean Swift first used, and which since Mr. Arnold reproduced them hav become proverbial, "sweetness and light," an inward and spiritual activity in increased life, increased sympathy.—*Principal Shairpe's Culture and Religion.*

THAT original intelligence, say the Magians [the priests of Persia], who is the first principle of all things, discovers himself immediately to the mind and understanding alone; but has placed the sun as his image in the visible universe; when that bright luminary diffuses its beams over the earth and the firmament, it is a faint copy of the glory which resides in the higher heavens. If you would escape the displeasure of this divine being you must be careful never to set your bare foot upon the ground, nor spit into a fire, nor throw any water upon it, even though it were consuming a whole city. Who can express the perfections of the almighty? say the Mahometaus. Even the noblest of his works, if compared to him, are but dirt and rubbish. How much more must human conception fall short of his infinit perfections! His smile and favor render men forever happy; and to obtain it for your children the best method is to cut off from them a little bit of skin about half the breadth of a farthing. Take two bits of cloth, say the Roman Catholics, about as much as an inch and a half square, join them by the corners with two strings or pieces of tape about sixteen inches long; throw this over your head and make one of the bits of cloth lie upon your breast and the other upon your back, keeping them next your skin; there is not a better secret for recommending yourself to that infinit being who exists from eternity to eternity.—*Hume's Essays.*

To pagan learning the Christians generally had the strongest aversion. Among the monks, when they were under the vow of silence, it was customary with them, in asking for any pagan work, to make a particular sign, which consisted in scratching the ears like a dog, to which animal it was thought the pagan should be compared. In this manner they expressed an itching for three dogs, Virgil, Horace, and Ovid.—*Underwood's Lectures and Essays.*

THE

Truth Seeker Annual

—AND,—

Freethinkers' Almanac.

1884.

(E. M. 284.)

With Eighteen Full Page Illustrations.

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IN THE

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MAN is a man of the world—this world—and one world at a time. The whole planet is his interest, his constituency, and his care.

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The fittest place for man to die is where he dies for man.

But this MAN—our MAN—though "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," was not born to die. He tried recently, and couldn't. He was slightly slain "in the battle's van," but he came to life again; and now, dear reader, he asks you for a dollar for your instruction and his support.

MAN is the special organ of organization. He teaches organization, preaches organization, and works for organization as the chief ark of safety for laborers and Liberals, and the strongest force with which to meet the old organizations for the promotion of theology, tyranny, and the dissemination of useless knowledge.

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In short, among the "New Political Forces" MAN is one of the Forces, and is armed for the organization of a new party and the coming struggle with the old parties.

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Odds and Ends.

A TRAMP who was presented with a dime in Boston last week was found dead the following morning. "Killed by cultured gratitude," was the verdict of the coroner's jury.

WHAT a command of words some men hav! It took nineteen newspaper lines, or one hundred and fifty-two words, to hold a single sentence of Evarts to the effect that the wires must not come down.

IT must be nice to be a farmer with nothing to do all winter but lie back in the chimney corner and drink cider and tell lies about the tough storms of his boyhood, when he used to walk seven miles to school.

AT a New Jersey wedding the broad aisle of the church was covered with autumn leaves. Somebody let them fall out of a Bible, probably. You can't be too careful how you search the scriptures during the leaf-pressing season.

"ZAMPILACROTATIONIST" is the name which some one says is the correct one to apply to a roller-skater. This will make the exercise more dangerous than ever, for if one falls on that name it will break every bone in his body.

"NO," said Mr. Grinnell, "I can't understand it. Snaggs' wife is dead but he doesn't seem to show the least signs of grief; and yet he'll hav to get up and build his own fire, and split his own wood now. I can't understand his heartlessness.

"WHY was Washington the father of his country?" asked a Philadelphia teacher of a small pupil. "Because," was the patriotic reply, "he disdained to liv in New Jersey; and in emigrating to Pennsylvania he crossed the Delaware on the ice.

Two colored women were baptized in the James river. One submitted quietly, while the other came up out of the water all excitement, shouting, "I saw Gabr'l! I saw Gabr'l, right in the bottom ob de ribber! Bress my heart for dat vishon ob glory." "Hush your mouf, Dilsey," said the less excitable one: "dat was nuffin but a big tarrapin. I done see dat myself."

A BOARDING-HOUSE keeper was surprised to see one of her boarders, one morning, take the butter from the plate and knock it around the table with his fork. "What are you doing that for?" she asked. "Madam," replied the boarder, "this butter is so very strong that I find it necessary to weary it a little before eating, or it would knock out my stomach in the first round."

A SCOTCHMAN who arrived in Little Rock, while the ladies were going around with the petitions with a view to the enforcement of the temperance law, was approached by an enthusiastic woman who requested his signature. He did not understand and she explained that an enforcement of the law prohibited a saloon within three miles of a church. "I dona much aboot it, but I dinna ken but 'twould be cheaper to move the kirks than the whisky-shops," and with this idea of public expenditure he refused to sign the petition.

"WHOSE grave is this?" said a gentleman while strolling through a cemetery. "That," said his companion, "is the grave of Mr. Taggleworth." "Is that so? Why, hang it, he owed me ten dollars. I am the most unfortunate man in the world. I needed that money. Hello! Who hav we here?" "Mr. Zulkin, who died the other day." "Well, that's encouraging. I owed him twenty dollars. Made ten dollars by the two transactions. Arkan saw's a pretty good country after all."

ORTHOGRAPHICAL.

A young lady said to her beau.
"I'm glad the sneau's coming down seau,
Because now, I kneau,
We'll a sleigh-riding geau,
So hail to the beautiful sneau!"

The youth shook his head and he sighed,
"I'm sorry," he sadly replighed;
"I can't hire a sleigh,
For I'm dead-broke to-deigh,
And the pleasure to us is denighed."

"WELL, my child," said a fond father to his little daughter, after she had been to church, "what do you remember of all the preacher said?" "Nothing," was the timid reply. "Nothing!" he exclaimed in a severe tone. "Now, remember, the next time you must tell me something of what he says, or you will hav to be punished." Next Sunday the child came home with her eyes all wild with excitement. "I remember something to-day, papa," she cried eagerly, "I am very glad of it," said her father. "What did he say?" He said: "'A collection will now be made!'"

"GOOD morning, Brother Bony. Has you any gift to gib de Lawd dis mawnin'?" "Yes, parson, sartin I has, heah's a dollah." And he pulled out an old greasy pocketbook from which he fished out a greasier greenback and reached it toward the expectant parson. Drawing it back again he said: "Does you expect to see de Lawd, yourself, parson?" "Course I does," said the preacher. "When will yer run acrost him, d'ye tink?" "Oh! some time in de sweet bimeby," responded his reverence. "Well, den," said Bony, "I jes keep dis greenback till de sweet bimeby, an' han' it to he myself," and he stowed it away.

"BRUDDER Moses as you is pastor ob our church, I tinks you might use your 'fluence to git me a diworce from dat wicked man ob mine," and the good sister of the colored church wiped something from her eyes with her apron. "Cant't do it; can't do it, sister. 'What God has jined togedder let no man put asunder.' Doan yer forgit dat." "But God didn't jine us togedder, Brudder Moses. We was married by de 'squire." "And what did yer pay de 'squire to marry yer?" Two dollars; and Alexander put in a hundred bushels ob coal for de 'squire to pay it." "Well, den; gin me two dollars cash in advance, what it cost yer to git married, an' I'll use my 'fluence to git ye unmarried agin. Remember dat what dat kind ob man hab put togedder, God ken put asunder; but de cash down is de necessary 'quivalent, and doan yer forgit it."

THE TRUTH SEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

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Notes and Clippings.

THE wealth of the United States is given by *Bradstreet's* as $43,642,000,000.

KESHUB CHUNDER SEN, the philanthropist, and the prompter of the Brahmo-Somaj sect in India, is dead.

A PROHIBITORY amendment has been introduced at Albany, and very appropriately referred to the Committee on Internal Affairs.

PILGRIMAGES to the tomb of King Victor Emanuel of Italy took place last week. More than sixty thousand people were in the procession.

MR. BEECHER, remarks the *World*, is a happy sort of preacher. No Bible can tell him to regulate his theology or his public lectures. He is his own bishop.

A BROOKLYN jury has found the Rev. Mr McCarthy, Roman Catholic priest, guilty of criminal assault on Miss Bridget E. Cronin, Roman Catholic dupe, and awarded her six cents damages. What a valuable character a Roman Catholic must hav!

THE judge in the Higbie-Vaughan case decides that there is nothing binding about a mock marriage, but he doesn't mean that sort of mock marriage where they swear to protect and cherish, and love, honor, and obey, and then do just the opposit.

IN a lecture the other evening Dr. Howard Crosby definitivly announced that the garden of Eden was located at the junction of the Tigris and Euphrates. Mr. Crosby should hav a medal for his scholarship, and be rewarded with a Sunday-school book for his credulity.

INGERSOLL'S lectures are among the literature the government furnishes the keeper of the Presque Isle lighthouse in Lake Erie, who is isolated from his fellows nearly eleven months out of the twelve. They are read more than the set of hymn-books with which the impartial selecter accompanied them.

THE religious question is now to the fore in Japan. The Buddhist faith has been formulated so as to present an opposing front to the whole series of Christian doctrin. A training-school for the indoctrination of young Japanese in Buddhism has been established. A Buddhist journal advertises Paine's "Age of Reason" as an annihilating answer to Christianity.

THE *Nineteenth Century* contains an article by Mr. Barclay, M.P., taking an entirely new view of the Mormons. He highly eulogizes their socialistic system, and strongly condemns any attempt at interference with their propaganda. Two Mormonite elders are said to hav offered Victor Hugo two young damsels, after the manner of King David when "he gat no heat," an offer which the venerable French poet declined.

THE number of insane in the various institutions of New York on Sept. 30, 1883, was 11,270. Of this number 5,015 were males and 6,255 females. The total given above is 827 in excess of the insane reported for the year ending Sept. 20, 1882. The number of state paupers under care on Oct. 1, 1882, was 163. There remained on Oct. 1, 1883, under care, 189. Of these 158 were in the state almshouses, 28 in state insane asylums, and 3 in orphan asylums.

BY means of a false key the patent padlock on the door of Santo Domingo church, in Panama, was picked recently, and the burglars carried off a silver crown, a gold ring set with five diamonds, a pair of earrings, a jeweled cross and other gewgaws used in female decoration, a silver chalice and cup, and five plated silver candelabra, each being about eighteen inches in hight. What business had gold rings and earrings in a church? If it had been a Methodist building, now, the wicked would hav hinted something about the woman in the case having to make a hasty exit; but the Catholic priests are vowed to chastity, and good Catholics hav assured us that they keep their vows

"THE exemption of churches, church property, and religious institutions from taxation, thereby forcing indirectly into their support persons who do not believe in their utility, is an outrage on the rights of all such persons, and a remnant of that religious despotism which once treated mankind as slaves, and robbed its victims, in the name of God, to build costly cathedrals and enable ecclesiastics to liv in luxury and ease." For the *Index*, that is a pretty vigorous expression.

THE Rev. Josephus Cook, whose lectures hav made Monday such a lugubriously blue day in Boston, took occasion the other night, in the course of remarks which reviewed mankind from Hull to Hindustan, to giv his views about American newspapers. He thinks that the editorials are generally bad, and that Sunday papers are bad, too. In the ample pages of the newspaper directory he can't find more than five journals—"over five," he says—"that a self-respecting American would recommend a foreign visitor to read." Is it possible, asks the *Sun*, that there are five American newspapers which admire the Rev. Josephus Cook even as he admires himself?

THE faithful are warned against the Rev. Marc Emory, alias the Rev. Dr. Vunclove. He is a fine-looking, well-dressed young man, and bears himself with traditional ministerial dignity. The Congregational church of Sugar Grove, Pa., lately employed him with great satisfaction to themselvs, and, it is presumed, to him, as he disappeared suddenly leaving large debts. Investigation shows him to hav been cosmopolitan in his theology, for he filled the pulpit of the Methodist church at Clifton, Ill., whence he departed, leaving a wife and two children. He made most elegant prayers, and on the subject of temperance he was eloquence personified. His conduct grieves the truly good.

LETTERS from Idaho prophesy trouble at the Cœur d'Alene gold mines next spring. The old mining law of Idaho guarantees to every miner twenty acres for his claim; but it is expected that 25,000 persons will go up to the mines in the spring, and unless new auriferous lands are discovered there will not be enough to go around, and the military force at Fort Cœur d'Alene will be insufficient to cope with the wrangling miners. A wealthy company is making extensiv preparations for a season of great activity, having already shipped to Lake Cœur d'Alene parts of a steamboat that is to be put together and made ready to run from the mines to Eagle City as soon as the lake is cleared of ice. Since the discoveries that were made last fall all has been conjecture as to the richness of the mines, for snow has accumulated there until it is from eight to ten feet deep.

A CHURCH paper tells this story: Uriah Wales has been in good and regular standing as a zealous member of a Coalton (Pa.) church for some thirty years. His wife used to amuse herself by satirizing her husband's religious notions and professions. One day he declared that if she "kept on" he would not speak to her again until she was converted. Mrs. Wales "kept on," and for ten years the consistent Uriah has taken no counsel with her whatsoever. Matters he had to say to her he said through his son or some third person. Last week Mrs. Wales was converted, and thereupon Mr. Wales rose up in meeting and told the story to any present who did not already know it; and then he turned and greeted his wife affectionately. Mrs. Wales, however, sprung back, and, rising in her seat, denounced her husband as extremely unregenerate because he had persevered in his resolution. "Walk out of that door," she said to him, "and pray to be a better man!" Uriah walked out meekly, and has not been seen since. It will doubtless not escape notice that the conversion of Mrs. Wales was not conduciv to that lady's improvement, for while for ten years, as a scoffer, she had meekly borne her husband's ungenerous and cruel treatment, as a Christian she could not contain herself for ten minutes, but proceeded straightway to fight and browbeat him. In finding Jesus she lost a husband, but considering the latter's worthless character, the exchange is probably about even.

THE population of Russia amounts to over a hundred millions, for which there are eighty-five bishops, over a hundred thousand other clergymen, and twenty-seven thousand monks and nuns. Of churches there are 41,058. In Russia, monks constitute the "black clergy," and the priests, whose marriage is obligatory, are called the "white clergy." To this day, convents not only predominate over but oppress parish churches. The bishop, a monk, is an absolute master of all the priests of his diocese. The synod, a monkish body, issues the rules for hundreds of thousands of married clergymen. The clerical schools, theological seminaries, and theological academies are superintended chiefly by monks. Though it is a special vow of Russian monks to observe poverty, chastity, and obedience, yet in fact they know no poverty, and their lot is not to obey but to command. It is the monks who reap the golden crop in Russia, while the priests, who do not take the vow of poverty and obedience, are condemned to perpetual poverty and to unconditional obedience.

THE congregation of a Methodist church of Brooklyn are excited and indignant over another disgraceful scandal, involving Mr. W. K. Trippler, formerly secretary of the Sabbath-school connected with the church, and a young lady teacher in the school. It is said that on last Christmas Day one of the principal young lady teachers in the school took leave of her scholars after the Christmas festival, telling them that she was going to Boston and would probably remain away for a long time. On the same day she exhibited to her parents, who are prominent members of the church, a telegram which purported to come from an aunt in Connecticut. This telegram stated that the aunt was very sick, and the latter requested her niece to come to her bedside at once. Several days having passed, and the parents not receiving any word from their daughter, they began to grow uneasy, and the mother determined to follow her. Upon arriving at her sister's home in Connecticut she found her daughter there, but the revelation was made to the anxious parent that her daughter would become a mother in a few weeks. Trippler, whom she asserts to be her seducer, is about forty-five years old, and wears a long white beard, which givs him a patriarchal air. He was teacher of a Bible class, and evidently took some of the lessons much to heart. He has left the city. Should he ever return he will be arrested.

THE *Congregationalist* laments that the Rev. R. Heber Newton is "still pegging away at the Pentateuch. He works hard," says that organ, "to make out that Moses did not write the books, but cannot tell who did; perhaps 'different hands, in different ages, and summed up in the work of three great editors, each of different ideas, views, and style, whose names hav gone into utter oblivion.' Pretty much everything of the historical kind in the books he makes out to be a myth, an allegory, or a fragment from the lost annals of some neighboring Syrian people. The first chapter of Genesis is 'a simple but sublime poem of the dawn.' The lives of the patriarchs were made up from traditional and legendary accounts written long after the age in which they lived, and, at that, were probably not the lives of individuals, but of the tribes or clans. And so on, reproducing many of the views of Colenso and his tribe, tearing down the present faith of the great body of the most learned and and godly Christian scholars, and giving little but vague guesses, legends, and unsupported dicta of his own instead. How a Christian minister can feel that he can best serve this worldly, sensual, unbelieving age by so undermining what honest faith in the Bible there is left, surpasses ordinary comprehension." It is no matter for surprise that Mr. Newton's habit of telling the truth, so far as he sees it, places him beyond the comprehension of the ordinary religious editor, who, if he ever detects a lying imposition, carefully conceals it, that the glory of God may still abound.

News of the Week.

GOV. HOADLY, of Ohio, began his term on Monday, the 14th.

THE trustees of a church in this city hav just been fined $1 each for firing their pastor bodily out of the sanctuary.

THE Irish Nationalists were to hav held a meeting at Fermanagh, Ireland, last Sunday, but were prohibited by the government.

Two thousand men are left without employment by the shutting down of several large manufactories and foundries in Buffalo, N. Y.

FRANK JAMES, the brother of the bandit Jesse James, is dying with consumption. After having robbed his fellow-men, he now proceeds to cheat the gallows.

JAMES NUTT, of Uniontown, Pa., who shot the acquitted slayer of his father, will endeavor to escape the penalty of his act by pleading emotional insanity.

THE remains of Herr Lasker, the German statesman who died in this city last week, are on the way to Germany, where they will be buried with ceremony.

PREPARATIONS for war with France continue to be made in China. The viceroy of Canton has issued a proclamation summoning the people to prepare to rebel the French invaders.

IT is intimated that the tour of Henry George and Michael Davitt through Ireland and Scotland has been abandoned owing to the hostility of one section of the Irish party to Mr. George.

KHARTOUM, it is reported, is to be surrendered into the hands of the False Prophet and his followers. A massacre is expected to follow the entrance of El Mahdi and his troops into the city.

ANTHONY COMSTOCK recently brought suit for false imprisonment against a poolseller whose place he had raided, and who had him arrested for violence. Comstock fixed the damages at $50,000. He recovered $100.

DELMONICO, the New York restaurant man, who has been missing for some time, was found dead beside the road in Orange, N. J. He was evidently insane, and, wandering aimlessly about, perished with the cold.

THE Board of Directors of the Zoological Society of Philadelphia hav decided not to accept the gift of $50,000 offered by Mr. Joseph E. Temple on condition that the garden should be open free to the public one day in each week.

THE savings banks of New York report that working men and women of this city are becoming more provident than formerly. Deposits from these sources are growing heavier every year. The rate of interest is 3 1-2 and 4 per cent.

AT the labor conference in Philadelphia on Saturday last, a letter was read from Denis Kearney in which it was proposed that "big pay and short business hours hit the nail on the head" and would settle the labor question, protection and all.

THE Rev. Mr. Conway, of Brooklyn, sued the Rev. Mr. Fulton, also of Brooklyn, for $400, for alleged services rendered as assistant pastor. The jury disagreed. Conway now brings suit against Fulton for $30,000. This time the complaint charges libel.

THE Senate Judiciary Committee is to consider the expediency of expunging from the public records the old Know-nothing resolutions of 1855, which provide for the disfranchisment of aliens, and ask that the government be placed in the hands of nativ-born citizens.

THE Massachusetts Board of Health in its annual report says that the attacks of Gov. Butler on the institution at Tewksbury was unwarranted; and feels that the management was vindicated by the people failing to re-elect the general. The "management" is supposed to to cover the tanning of paupers' skins, which was discovered by Gov. Butler to be a Tewksbury industry.

A Freethought Romance.

Waifs and Wanderings.

BY SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

CHAPTER III.

MRS. HIRUM BINNEY.

Mrs. Hirum Binney lived in a large house, the most splendid in town. Cupples approached it with faltering step, but was sustained by the consciousness that he was on a philanthropic enterprise. He had seen Mrs. Binney a few times, but had never spoken with her. She was a vague, imposing object to his imagination. Summoning all his courage, he rang the bell. After what seemed an age a servant opened the door, and, upon his asking for Mrs. Binney, showed him with icy stolidity into the ponderously furnished sitting-room. Unfortunately he took his hat with him and did not know what to do with it. It bothered him exceedingly. He put it on the floor, and that not seeming right, he took it up and placed it upon a chair. But the well-worn Kossuth looked too shabby for such fine surroundings, so he held it for a while. Finally a happy thought struck him; he rolled it up and thrust it into his pocket, and just as he had won this crushing victory, Mrs. Binney appeared. A little stooping woman, with a pale rigid face, was Mrs. Binney. Had she stood still she might easily have been mistaken for a wax-figure, for all the soul she had went into her quiet and dignified motion. When she ceased moving, she was like a statue. So Cupples thought as she stiffly sat in a luxuriant arm-chair.

"I have called—Mrs. Binney—to see you—on business——" Here Cupples wanted to swear in order to get a fresh impulse, as he did when talking with his boon companions. But everything was so gravelike that it was as much as he could do to utter a respectable word. Speech seemed abnormal in that shadowy realm where Mrs. Binney sat enthroned. Cupples felt like starting at once for home; but the thought of another night with that baby nerved him to further effort. He burst out like a rocket:

"Mrs. Binney, I've got a baby——"

He stopped, and Mrs. Binney stared.

"I mean a baby came into my house last night. No! it was left on the door-step, and I heard it cry and brought it in, and took care of it, and hardly slept a wink, and it's on my hands and I hardly know what to do. It's a pretty little thing, a real angel, quiet—that is, at times. I thought you'd like to take it, you've so much room. It would be a sunbeam to you, I know. I'll be——" Cupples became so much excited that he was on the point of swearing, when he thought of where he was and paused. Mrs. Binney broke in like the trickling of an icicle. Each word seemed to weigh a pound, not because there was anything in it, but because there was not. Mrs. Binney knew how to say nothing with awful ponderosity.

"I should like to do something Mr.—Mr.—"

"Cupples," said the martyr meekly.

"Cupples," rusumed the icicle, "but cannot afford it." (She was worth half a million.) "Our expenses are great" (about a thousand dollars per year), "more than usual this season." (She had bought a new carpet, price twenty-five dollars.) "I am getting old, and I dare not trouble Mr. Binney."

Mr. Hirum Binney was considered by some a myth, though Mrs. Binney frequently spoke of him. He was seldom seen, and many thought that he was really dead and buried, and that Mrs. Binney simply kept him alive in her mind's eye, and the ear of the public, that she might have some one to share with her the responsibility of refusing any and every call upon her purse. When she was particularly hard pressed, and almost compelled to yield, she would fall back upon Mr. Binney, and declare that he would certainly decline doing anything. As Mr. Binney was an unseen enemy and could not be attacked, his spouse came off victorious. Whether Mr. Binney was in the land of the living or not could scarcely be determined. Some declared they had seen him going to the post-office occasionally; some that they had glimpsed him on the gravel-walk and piazza in front of the house. The evidence on the whole was rather vague. If he were alive he might die and no one would know it. Mrs. Binney might murder him without a chance of discovery. But phantom or man, he played second fiddle to Mrs. Binney; he was the invisible echo of all her wishes. When Mrs. Binney could not say no, he could say it from his sepulchral abode, from whence the most melting appeal could not drive him or her.

Cupples felt the withering power of the unknowable Binney. Even if he could find a bit of womanhood in Mrs. Binney, that apparition would defeat him. No chance for a baby in that unsubstantial bosom. He determined, however, to try again, for if Mrs. Binney didn't take the baby, what should he do with it?

"I'm sure the baby 'll be a comfort to you and Mr. Binney" (Cupples spoke this last name with a shudder, for it seemed like invoking a ghost). "It's a cherub, and if it only had a home it would make that home so happy. I know it would. It would make this house so pleasant. What a handsome thing it would be for you to do, Mrs. Binney; you hav no children; you could do so much good; what will become of the poor thing?"

It is possible that Mrs. Binney was being moved a bit, but the invisible Hirum came to the rescue.

"It would trouble us a great deal. Mr. Binney is not well. He is suffering from nervous prostration, and can't endure noise. You can find a place for it. There's a law about such things. Of course it won't starve."

"No," thought Cupples, "it won't starve. Bad as the world is, there's some mercy in it yet. No thanks, however, to such as Mr. and Mrs. Hirum Binney. With only such respectable selfishness there wouldn't even be a 'law about such things.' Every new comer would be turned out to die."

Cupples could hardly bid Mrs. Binney a decent good-bye with the hot indignation in his heart.

"Worth half a million," said he, looking back at the stately dwelling. "Nobody in the world to care for. Almost at death's door. No use for their money. What mightn't they do for this baby; what angels of God they might be; what light it would bring into their house; and they refuse it. Oh, what damned fools!" was Cupples emphatic peroration, as he shook his fist at the grim house and its worm-like occupants creeping slowly to the grave, trembling in view of it, yet scorning the gift of heaven. What were their chances of "eternal life?" Had it not just come to their door, and had they not turned it away, the baby Immanuel.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Liberal Congress at Liberal, Mo.

The Liberal Congress, which was extensivly advertised to take place at Liberal, Mo., commencing Dec. 21st, and ending on the night of the 24th with a grand ball, was throughout a grand success. It was one of the largest and best attended business conventions of Liberals ever held in the United States. The large and new Opera House, kindly lent for the occasion, was crowded each session with intelligent, enthusiastic people. The congress opened by electing Capt. Frank Greene to the chair, and Mrs. A. L. Andrews, secretary. On taking the chair, Capt. Greene said:

"The time has arrived when our work should become almost entirely constructiv, instead of destructiv, that, as citizens of Liberal, surrounded as we are by millions less fortunate, we should abandon whatever ideas of selfishness that we may still possess, and adopt some method by which distressed humanity could be relieved of suffering, and conditions bettered. That we should not feel satisfied with our own safety while all around us were so many yet to save. Knowing our past, and contrasting it with our present, we are enabled by reference to our experiences to ascertain just what is necessary to say and do, in order to bring mankind up to our satisfactory standard. How best to exercise the means now at our disposal is the real object of this convention. For my part, I favor the founding of an organization based upon the true principles of Liberalism—an organization with a platform broad enough to take in and extend the hand of fellowship to every human being regardless of race, nationality, color, sex, or creed; an organization that will forget the past, except to the extent that its history can be utilized for the purpose of pointing out the shoals and reefs in the ocean of life, that future generations may avoid the evil consequence of being wrecked. Such in brief is the purpose of this meeting. Thanking you for the high compliment you hav paid me in conferring this honor upon me, we will now proceed with the exercises according to program."

On motion, the chair appointed A. J. Fishback, F. L. Yale, Mrs. H. M. Allen, M.D., John McRae, and G. H. Walser as a Committee on Organization. Samuel Weyler made an able address on "Society and Government." This concluded the first evening's session.

The Opera House was beautifully decorated with pictures, mottos, paintings, and scenery. The most conspicuous was a steel engraving of our greatly honored and deeply lamented leader, D. M. Bennett. Across the hall was suspended in large and beautiful letters the memorable words of Washington, "This government is in no sense founded on the Christian religion." In a beautiful semicircle was suspended from the ceiling, "The New Era," under which in large letters, "U. M. L." At every evening meeting the Liberal Brass Band discoursed sweet music for the occasion. The singing was under Prof. J. W. Youmans, who, having charge of the juvenils, gave great satisfaction to the audience with songs and other exercises.

Saturday morning was a conference meeting. On Saturday evening A. J. Fishback made an able address on the "Coming in of the New Era." His remarks were logical and impressiv. On Sunday morning G. H. Walser spoke. At the afternoon session Mrs. H. M. Allen, M.D., in behalf of the Committee on Organization, submitted a set of principles and by-laws of the Brotherhood of Humanitarians.

A discussion followed on the utility of such an organization and the efficacy of its principles.

J. L. Andrew gave an address showing the imperativ necessity of prompt and earnest action. That the religions of the past, with their crude ideas and imperfect moral principles, were insufficient to meet the demands of this age of reform and progress. The speaker showed the necessity of reform in education, so that mankind could be made nobler, purer, and stronger.

After the exercises on Sunday evening, the Committee on Resolutions submitted the following, which was unanimously received:

WHEREAS, the return of the 23d day of Dec., 1883, which is indeed a happy and will become a memorable day in the years to come, in consequence of the birthday of the Brotherhood of Humanitarians, and that it is also the birthday of the late D. M. Bennett, one of the brightest stars in the constellation of Freethought of the nineteenth century.

Resolved, That in the efforts of D. M. Bennett to free the human mind from the chains of slavery, the Freethinkers of the world had a champion whom they will and should honor for all time to come.

Resolved, That, as the world was blessed by the birth of D. M. Bennett, man lost a great friend and benefactor by his death, which we still mourn and regret."

As the inauguration of such a movement as the Brotherhood of Humanitarians will cause much discussion among Liberals everywhere, it may be proper to giv some reasons why the Liberals here hav taken such action.

Any person who is acquainted with the Liberal League movement is aware that the greater number of our Leagues are virtually dead and inoperativ. There are hundreds of thousands, if not millions, of persons in the United States who hav no faith in nor respect for the Christian religion. The Liberal League has not secured, and cannot secure, the combined energy of even the majority of Liberals. Policy, public sentiment, and the fear of social ostracism prevent the progress of the Liberal League. This is deeply to be regretted. And yet what can be done to bring Liberals of all shades of belief into one grand army, so that the objects of Liberalism may be attained and its purposes accomplished? Although many Liberals are zealous in diffusing literature and in disabusing people's minds of the errors of Christianity, yet it is a lamentable fact that the actual force of individual Liberals is wasted through want of effectiv organization. One reason of the non-success of the Liberal League movement is that its objects and demands are too exclusivly political. The separation of church and state, the taxation of church property, the removal of chaplaincies from legislativ halls and prisons—although such reforms are greatly needed, they seem to hav no effect on the action of the majority of Liberals.

It is a fact which it requires no logical argument to sustain that no great moral and social reform can be effected by political action alone. The success of all religious and social movements has never been due to political agitation alone. Liberalism will never succeed so long as its main purpose is *political* reform. The reason is because, being so destitute of social means, women and children find no attraction in our Leagues. That this should be overlooked by the National League Congress is strange. Leagues are formed in almost every state and territory, and the majority of them are ineffectiv in making Liberalism "a power in the land."

I feel warranted in saying that the principal cause of the loss of activity and strength in many of the Liberal Leagues is due to the fact that but few women and children are identified with them. One of the oldest Liberal Leagues, in a city of forty thousand inhabitants, with at least two thousand Liberals, is totally inoperativ and dead; and the principal cause is that men alone were activ members. It is admitted on all sides that the sociability of the church is the principal cause of its success. Cannot Liberalism offer as many inducements to woman and child as the church does?

To meet the long-felt want of Liberalism, the Brotherhood of Humanitarians aims primarily at the social, intellectual, and moral improvement of mankind by means adapted to such ends. It purposes to bind and elevate society by moral and social means, not relying on the principle of intellectual freedom alone. It has no creed. It recognizes no god, nor any obligation to any god. This will not exclude any one who believes in a god, if he subscribe to the purposes of the Brotherhood. Since humanity is what we purpose to serve, we leave the gods to the fate of the myths of bygone ages, and by the diffusion of light, liberty, and love, pledge ourselvs to serve the supreme of nature—mankind.

On Sunday 134 persons joined the Brotherhood. Many from a distance were present, giving heart and hand to promote the grand and new movement.

Persons from a distance can become members by declaring their intention and informing the secretary, Capt. Frank Greene, Liberal, Mo.

If we may rely on present indications, we are safe in predicting for this movement, whose want has been long and universally felt, unparalleled success. It will not interfere with the Liberal League, but will work as far as possible in harmony with it.

Liberal, Mo. J. L. ANDREW.

A Correction.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* In your report of the Boston meeting in honor of Mr. Bennett's birthday appears this, "Jay Chaapel, one of the editors of the *Golden Age*, followed Mr. Cobb." This is in part a mistake. I was never one of the editors of that valuable paper, the *Golden Age*. I was, however, closely connected with it, having been Mr. Tilton's private secretary, and took a deep inter-

est in each number during the year 1874, when the great Brooklyn sorrow convulsed the whole country.

Very truly yours, JAY CHAAPEL.

The Elasticity of Christianity.

Read the following extract from the *Examiner*, clipped from the Rochester *Democrat*, Wednesday, Jan. 2, 1884:

"It is a fact observed by the *Examiner* that the recitals of Christian experience on the part of converts are rare in these days. 'We hear,' it says, 'far less of agonizing conflict, of darkness and despair, through which the convert passed before the light of God's truth and love burst upon him and he found peace in believing. But we cannot think that this is to be deplored. There is no virtue in this soul-agony. It is in no way indispensable to a genuin experience. We do not read of such inward conflicts in the New Testament records of conversion—except, possibly, in the case of Saul of Tarsus, and in his case the agony must be inferred. Certainly the eunuch to whom Philip preached the gospel, Lydia and her household, the Philippian jailer and his household, passed through no such period of spiritual storm and stress, but received the gospel gladly and were at once baptized. Repentance of sin and acceptance of Christ as savior and lord are the New Testament standard of a Christian experience, not the suffering of a given amount of agony and a great struggle before submitting the will to him.' The fact here recorded is explained by the *Examiner*. It says that there are not so many old converts as formerly. They had a hard time in resolving to abandon the sinful ways that they had followed all their lives and surrendering themselvs wholly to God. People who are converted when they are young hav no such agonizing experience termed Christian experience to relate."

As the eloquent, able, and progressiv Liberal, Mr. T. B. Wakeman, said at the Salamanca Freethought Convention: "Old creeds are dying almost too fast; new equities are thrown upon us; we need to redouble our diligence in circulating scientific and Liberal literature, that the people may be educated to the emergency. For while it is true the old darkness is passing away, we must remember new light brings new obligations."

Organize! organize! Work in unity and love. Let our pet hobby rest, and unite in the great work of spreading the light of truth, seeking the greatest good to the greatest number. CHAS. B. REYNOLDS.

The Dominie's Encroachments.

Living next door to me is a "parson"—I wish he lived somewhere else. If it were not very wrong of Charles Dickens to speak of a certain royal English personage as "a king with a big jaw," it is not very wrong of me to say of this particular person that he is "a parson with a big mouth, and other corresponding facial characteristics," which, if there is anything in physiology, more betoken a tiller of the soil than a theologian. He lifts up his voice publicly in prayer, praise, and exhortation during a small portion of each week. The remainder of the time he is wandering about unrestrainedly to the peril of society. In his leisure hours he seems to be somewhat under the impression that he, like Robinson Crusoe, is monarch of all he surveys. He had been in possession but a few days when he came to the conclusion that my fence was not good enough for me, so he brought in some of his Christian band to raze it to the ground, which, with pious energy, they speedily did, without any other permission than that accorded by their own sweet will. If I had not known who they were, I might hav fired a charge of buckshot amongst them, as provided by law; but knowing their spiritual calling and remembering the usual unintelligent and irresponsible habits, according to ordinary standards, of the clerical fraternity, I concluded that it was useless to get angry, so looked grimly on, as I would at the operations of so many Aztecs or Zuni Indians. Nor did I even lift up my voice when the same apostolic body, with true Christian fervor, dug holes in my turf and imposed on my territory the evangelical posts supporting the substituted fence destined, thereafter, to divide the ministerial domain from my own.

The next act of true piety and Christian forbearance, which I experienced at the hands of the same most apostolic and reverend pastor, was the maiming of my peach-tree. Methinks I now see the godly gentleman, with a saintly snicker on his hallowed countenance, crawling out of his wigwam, saw in hand, and lopping off the heretical branches which, obeying the behest of the sun, stretched out their arms toward it and him. Not one solitary tree did Boanerges possess, and he evidently had determined that half a one was enough for me. So he arose bright and early, and lo! when I lifted up mine eyes, my branches had been reft from me and had crackled under his pot. Still I philosophized, complaining not. Remembering which, the holy man continued his saintly course.

The heavy snow came, and then the freezing wind; after which, a partial thaw. My roof was covered, pipes and gutters were frozen up, and fearing an overflow, I ascended to the overburdened roof to clear it. I discovered that the parson's roof had been swept clean, but alack! he had bestowed upon me his snow, that is to say, in the language of an unregenerated person who accompanied me, "the old blackguard has been chucking all his snow onto your roof. I'd giv him Hail Columbia. Chuck it all back again. He's a nice old daisy any way. Another of them 'ere parson's tricks." All along the side of my roof, adjoining his, was a Rocky mountain range of snow, surmounted by stones and other rubbish and sweepings of dirt from that adjoining roof. I called up several persons to inspect the roof before I removed the snow, well knowing that if I first removed it and then complained, I should be met with denials just as surely as if Ananias had been in charge. I furthermore made inquires from residents of continuous houses and found that the parson and his son had been observed in the commission of the act. I did not pitch it back again, as I might hav done if I had been a steadfast church-goer and communicant, and believed that two wrongs made one right. Fortunately I had a new and strong roof. But I hav now had enough of him, and if he don't, in future, more closely observe worldly usages, he will be involved in a most ungodly row. T. W.

South Brooklyn, Jan. 7, 1884.

The Anniversary of the Birth of Thomas Paine.

Among the names which shine with imperishable luster in past time by virtue of their own effulgent light, few, if any, eclipse in splendor that of Thomas Paine, who ascended from a most humble rung of the social ladder to a station equal, if not superior, to that of the great spirits with whose fame is blended forever his own.

So long as the innate love of liberty dwells in the human heart, so long will the name of the citizen-prtriot, Paine, be recognized as the synonym of freedom and of equal rights.

How very few Americans to-day know that without the pen of Thomas Paine the sword of Washington would hav been as powerless as a willow wand in establishing this, the representativ republic of the globe! Yet such is in reality the case.

To-day, in our sister-republic, France, a strongly-organized movement is in progress to sever the unrighteous bond uniting church and state.

Thanks to the glorious Infidels concerned in the framing of the United States Constitution, the bloody hand of the church, ever seeking to throttle the apostles of liberty, has been kept from the throat of the American people; let us to-day see that no unpardonable negligence on our part permits this same church to undo the glorious work of Jefferson and of Paine.

The church party, aware of their swift decadence of power, are preparing for a last desperate attempt to establish, before it is forever too late, their ancient tyranny, by uniting, in this free republic, the two radically antagonistic powers of religion and government.

Let not one of us Liberals be caught napping at this important juncture, nor let us be lulled to a false sense of security by the conclusion that all change is past. A people who would permit the outrage of the imprisonment of D. M. Bennett, the apostle of liberty, might be beguiled, by specious reasoning, into the surrender of their—and our—inalienable rights.

All honor be to Thomas Paine! Priesthood and hypocrisy hav exhausted their venom in striving to tarnish, in the eyes of posterity, his unsullied fame. In this they hav most signally failed, and already hav their outrageous falsehoods and slanders reverted upon their own heads, serving only to make themselvs appear, if such were possible, more abominable than ever.

All honor be to Thomas Paine! Let us, one and all, upon the great patriot's birthday, Jan. 29th, turn our thoughts to this grand apostle of justice and of right. ELLIOTT PRESTON.

A Suggestion for Paine Celebrations.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* There will probably be more Paine celebrations this year than at any previous year. And all of these celebrations should be advertised through the Associate Press. And now allow me to make a suggestion. And that is, that on the evening of Jan. 29th, about 7 or 8 o'clock, the secretary of each celebration send a telegram directed "Associate Press, 195 Broadway, New York City," stating that a celebration is being held, about the number in attendance, the speakers engaged, etc. The earlier it is sent in the evening the better are the chances of its being published.

H. L. GREEN.

Must Hav One Wife at Least.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* In his remarkably able article on "The Bible and Polygamy," which appeared in your issue of Nov. 3d, John E. Remsburg says, "Paul ordained that a bishop should hav but one wife, plainly implying the right of others to hav more than one."

In this statement Mr. Remsburg follows a very common error. Paul does not limit a bishop to one wife at all. He simply requires the bishop to be a married man. He says of the bishop, "He shall be the husband of one wife." No limiting particle, such as *but* or *only* is used, and no such particle can be supplied. This language is used in specifying qualifications, and in qualifications the minimum only is ever mentioned. No maximum limit is ever mentioned. Instead, then, of supplying the particle *but* or *only*, and thus limiting the amount of the qualification to the amount mentioned, we must in all such cases supply the phrase *at least*, and thus extend the qualification *ad libitum*. Thus, in order to be qualified to vote, a man must be twenty-one years old (at least). In order to be eligible to the presidential office of the United States a man must be thirty-five years old (at least). In order to be a father, a man must hav born to him one child (at least). And so on for a thousand other qualifications. In not one of them can the particle *but* or *only* be used. These particles can be used only in specifying disqualifications, and these Paul specifies a little farther on. Paul then means that the bishop must hav one wife at least, and may hav as many more as he pleases.

Turlock, Cal., Dec. 25, 283. JOHN R. KELSO.

The Liberal Club.

The weather was pretty cold when the Manhattan Liberal Club held its 320th meeting on the evening of Friday, the 4th. Inside the hall, however, the temperature was congenial, and an audience of two hundred or so came together. After the secretary had read the minutes, Mr. Wakeman called attention to the literature for sale in the hall. *Man* was there, and had come to stay; also THE TRUTH SEEKER [whose staying powers are never questioned], which was growing better and brighter than ever. The chairman also mentioned the Salamanca Convention that he had just attended. Such gatherings were calculated to inspire the Liberal heart with hopefulness.

The next turn of business was to introduce the lecturer of the evening, who of all men in the world least needed an introduction to the club—Mr. Stephen Pearl Andrews. The subject of the Great Universal Preacher's discourse was "Individuality, Anarchism, and Pantarchism." These words the speaker proceeded to dissect and to deal out to the audience in fragments. The individual was the unit of society, and the family the molecule; the individual occupying, therefore, the same relation to society that the atom does to matter. Anarchy signified no government, and was a good rallying-cry where it was needed. It repudiates the sovereignty of the individual as much as the divine right of kings. In this country it has come to mean more than it does in Russia, and is badly chosen. The people here hav the government in their own hands, and anarchy would be out of place. Pantarchism was defined at considerable length to mean a voluntary government, or government by charm, or the discovery and promulgation of natural law in place of arbitrary law. There would be a division of labor, and those best qualified for government would drift into office. Mr. Andrews lays great stress on the rights of women, especially in their relations with men. Some of his utterances on this subject would cause the worthy Mr. E. H. Heywood's hair to stand on end, and might well make the good Angela believe that she is herself rather conservativ than otherwise on the social question.

Mr. Edward King was the first to accept the chairman's invitation to discuss the able and very remarkable lecture to which the audience had listened. Mr. King is one of the peculiarities of the club. He held that Mr. Andrews was dishonest, and that he told people one thing and meant another. This he characterized as a "species of demagogry in philosophy." The carrying out of Mr. Andrews's teachings, Mr. King believed, would involve the continuity of man in undesirable complications. He does not believe in solidarity first and continuity afterward, but in that sentiment dear to every properly organized heart, of Solidarity *and* Continuity, now and forever, one and inseparable.

Mr. Palmer did not believe that Mr. King had understood the lecture. If Mr. King had understood it, then he (Mr. Palmer) had not. As for himself, it was the most able lecture he had ever heard. If the philosophy which Mr. Andrews had described was Universology, then the speaker was a Universologist. It seemed to him also that that which it had been Mr. Andrews's aim to explain in the whole lecture might be expressed in the one word "republicanism."

Dr. Newberry, the well-known apostle of Human Perfectibility, having been detected in the hall by the chairman, was called upon to weary the audience. The doctor confessed that he had thought on these subjects from his infancy. He exhorted his hearers to be perfect, even as the father in heaven is perfect. If they had faith, all things should be added unto them. It is not believed that the members of the Liberal Club will ever experience any appreciable additions on account of that quality.

Mr. Putnam, in respect to the lecture, said that he indorsed it. Mr. Andrews seemed to hav struck the only way possible to solve the problems involved. Mr. Putnam, while repudiating all authority, still acknowledges the necessity of leaders. He knew of no man who had thrown such a flood of light upon the subject of human liberty as the speaker of the evening. Any one who judges that there is danger of Mr. Andrews and Mr. Putnam coming to a personal collision can hardly be aware of the amount of mutual admiration existing between them.

Dr. Lambert was willing to wager a fabulous sum that Mr. Andrews had been reading Maudsley's last work, and drawing ideas from it. An auditor suggested that Maudsley got his ideas from Andrews, as the latter had promulgated them before the former was born. Dr. Lambert accepted the amendment, though maintaining that Maudsley was born some time ago. He then went on to state that he had Dr. Maudsley's book for sale. Those who would like to procure it might leave an order with him. The chairman called "Time!" and the audience called for the chairman to speak.

Mr. Wakeman said that if he had anything to offer it would be substantially what he had said at the last meeting. As for Mr. King, that gentleman was bound to misunderstand Mr. Andrews, and was under bonds to misunderstand him (Mr. Wakeman). Mr. King was a papal Positivist, and altogether uncalled for, out of place, and unnecessary.

Mrs. Leonard arose to move that a vote of the meeting be taken for the purpose of deciding whether Mr. King's intuitiv perception was proportionate to his forensic ability. The chair argued ably, in opposition, that the meeting was incompetent to decide so grave a question. The motion was not seconded, and did not come to a vote.

Mr. Andrews closed by vivisecting Mr. King with a general disregard for the latter's finer feelings. What Mr. King had said was hardly worthy of serious attention in his opinion, but others might think it was; therefore he would proceed to correct him. It is not congenial work for the Great Universal Preacher to deal harshly with any man. It is his province to set people right and to convince them that truth is all-sided. He would do this peacably if he can, forcibly if he must. Therefore it was apparently more in sorrow than in anger, and obedient to an imperativ necessity, that he administered heroic treatment to the young philosopher. Mr. King bore his affliction like a martyr, and his only attempt at retaliation consisted in buttonholing some of the Pantarch's supporters as they were leaving the hall, and compelling them, with the thermometer at zero, to hear wherein, in his opinion, Mr. Andrews was wrong and he was right. His auditors derided him, and a cold breeze scattered them off homeward. Mr. King's persistency in making himself the Ishmael among the philosophers of the Liberal Club would win him great credit if applied in some other direction.

The program of the club for January is attractiv. It is as follows: On the 11th, "Hours of Labor" by C. Osborne Ward; 18th, "Late Aspects of Dress Reform," by Celia B. Whitehead; 25th, "False Claims of the Church," by John E. Remsburg.

THE SAME SUBJECT CONTINUED.

Agreeable to the foregoing program, Mr. Osborne Ward spoke on the evening of the 11th, "The Hours of Labor" being his subject. Previous to the lecture of the evening, Mr. Wilson Macdonald read a letter in regard to a Thomas Paine National Historical Society, which he purposed publishing in the Liberal papers. This society was to be formed on the 147th anniversary of the birth of Paine. Its objects were to defend the good name of the author-hero against the aspersions of the enemies of Freethought; to provide for keeping the monument at New Rochelle in good repair, and to collect and preserve such relics of the great writer as were still in existence. Paine's birthday will be celebrated by a meeting under the auspices of the Bennett Liberal League at the rooms of the Liberal Club.

Mr. Ward was then introduced. He is a typical Socialist, both in doctrin and in personal appearance. His bony frame, cast-iron features, erect hair, and keen glance imply the man of determination whom no ordinary terrors would deter. His Socialism, however, is pervaded with philosophy and controled by reason, and there is nothing incendiary in the method of procedure which he advocates. He would make the hours of labor less which now constitute a day's work. Eight hours per diem was too much, but it was better than ten. If labor were equally divided there would not be more than three hours' work a day for any one. Workingmen were the shortest lived of all classes. Ministers and lawyers, and even thieves and gamblers, could enjoy the beauties of this existence from fifteen to twenty years longer than the working man. The workers in the quicksilver mines died at 26; printers, at 32; while professional men averaged between fifty and sixty years of life. On the part of employers who forced their men to work twelve or fifteen hours per day, it was homicide; on the part of the employees, suicide; and crime on the part of both. This question of the hours of labor pressed upon us with intense energy, and demanded our attention and our efforts at solution. Mr. Ward is an admirable combination of the philosopher and enthusiast, and while the former tempers the latter, it is equally true that his enthusiasm has a marked influence over philosophy.

Mr. Eccles was called upon for an expression of opinion. He could not in ten minutes thoroughly define his position; but he did not believe the hours of labor would be shortened. On the contrary, they would and should be lengthened. This he supported with the rather startling proposition that a laborer could not exhaust himself so much in twelve hours as he could in six. The government could not interfere with the acquisition of wealth, but might direct how it should be used when acquired.

Mr. Langerfelt made an appropriate speech; that is to say, the speech which he is addicted to the habit of delivering was appropriate to the subject and came in very neatly. The remarks of Mr. Eccles, he held, were the most addle-headed business he had ever heard in his life. Under the reign of Socialism dishonesty would be done away with, because, all the wants of the people being provided for, there would be no incentiv to steal. He did not care how capitalists spent their money. Let them dispose of it as they choose, but first let them get it honestly.

Mr. Palmer confessed that he was not so well qualified as some others to deal with the question, because he was not a workingman. However, he believed that as it had been demonstrated that the government could manage the post-office successfully, it should also take the network of telegraph wire and railroads under its control. The speaker was in sympathy with Mr. Ward for the reason that they were brother editors of the same paper. The audience might manifest their smypathy by giving the paper a boost.

Mr. Smith, who was formerly a member of the club, and who had been to the uttermost parts of the earth, had a scheme to propose. It was the redistribution of wealth. He would inquire, Now, what is the remedy? He had in mind a constitution adopted at Kaskaskia, Illinois, which imposed a two per cent tax on all assets. Two per cent was the death-rate, and the same per cent would effect a proper distribution of wealth. This was evidently the remedy.

Mr. Wakeman said that although not workingmen, he and Mr. Palmer occupied the position toward the laborer that Phillips and Garrison, not slaves themselvs, did toward the oppressed African. It was their object to do away with some of the worst atrocities of wage slavery. Mr. Wakeman looks at the labor question from a historical point of view. His remarks on government by the grace of God called Madam Delescluze to her feet to inquire why the condition of the laborer was better under the rule of the Christian religion than under any other. By a judicious application of his theory of integration and disintegration, with various interruptions by the madam, Mr. Wakeman explained the matter quite satisfactorily.

Mr. Ward's closing remarks resolved themselvs for a time into a triangular dialog between himself, Mrs. Leonard, and a protuberant German individual with exalted ideas of his own smartness, and whom the chairman had great difficulty in inducing to suppress himself. When Mr. Ward finally secured uninterrupted possession of the floor, he paid his respects to the arguments of Mr. Eccles and others, and further outlined his views on the hours of labor. His barbed rhetoric, as well as the vigorous wording of his speech, are calculated to provoke excitement, and he was rewarded with a fair amount of applause.

Next Friday, provided there is no disappointment, the interesting subject of dress reform will be discussed. The last time this question came before the club, it called forth from the members a large amount of latent information.

The Sabbatarian.

From Life.

What is this?
This, dear, is a gentleman who has been trying to observe the Sabbath.
He seems to be very tired?
Very.
And his breath—whew!
That is the odor of sanctity, my precious.
But it smells like very bad whisky.
So it does.
He has been drinking, then?
So it seems.
But I thought you said he had been trying to observe the Sabbath?
I did.
But how?
According to law.
But how according to law?
Why, by the laws of the state of New York, framed by that broad-minded jurist, Mr. David Dudley Field, there are only two ways of spending the Sabbath.
What are they?
Going to church or getting drunk.
Or both?
Yes.
But why does not the gentleman go to a library and improve his mind?
It is against the law.
Go to the museum?
Against the law.
To the art gallery?
Against the law.
To the theater?
Against the law.
Stay home?
His home is one cheerless, ill-ventilated room, and he is driven from it by loneliness.
But are not the saloons closed on Sunday by the same wise law?
Oh, yes.
Then how did the gentleman get in?
By the back door.
But why does he not go to hear the good, pious preacher?
Because it makes him tired.
Then he is a big exception to the rule, is he not?
Oh, yes.
How many other exceptions are there in the city?
About 850,000.
My!—but are there so many who do not go to church?
Yes.
And how many would go to the libraries, museums, theaters, and art galleries if they were opened?
About 1,000,000.
Then why does not the majority rule?
Because we get such wise and good gentlemen as Mr. Field to frame our laws, and send chuckleheads to Albany to indorse them.
But the poor people who work hard all the week?
Well?
They do not want to go to church all Sunday?
Scarcely.
What can they do?
Get drunk.
But for recreation?
The law forbids recreation to the poor.
Why?
Ask Mr. Field and the Sunday Closing League.
But is this not a free country?
Oh, no.
But I thought it was?
You were wrong.
What is it, then?
An absolute monarchy.
By whom governed?
On week-days by Jay Gould and Mr. John Kelly.
And on Sundays?
By the saloon-keepers and parsons.
But is there no supreme authority over all these?
Oh, yes.
Who?
The devil.

Editorial Notes.

In a lecture in Parepa Hall this city, on the 10th, Joe Cook said that Materialism is fast becoming the philosophy of the savants of Europe.

A Turkish newspaper writer has recently published a book in which he asserts that "Christianity is a school-master to lead men into Atheism." Verily religious squabbles take curious forms.

The Montreal Pioneer Freethought Club held its fourth annual festival at its club rooms on Wednesday evening, the 16th. The proceedings consisted of speeches, music, dancing, and refreshments.

The Christian religion is stretching like a giant cable. When it snaps, look out for the recoil, which will come in the shape of persecution where it has the power. The God-in-the-Constitution party is a parted strand coiling back.

A. S. de Pellegrini's contribution to the Monument Fund was acknowledged last week as $1. It should hav been $5. Mr. Hill's was 25 cents instead of 20 cents as printed. The footing remains the same, as the errors were typographical, not clerical.

The Liberals of Pittsburgh, Pa., will celebrate the 147th anniversary of Thomas Paine's birthday at Lafayette Hall on the evening of the 29th, beginning at 7:30. A banquet will follow the musical program, which is large and varied. Tickets to concert, 50 cents; children half price; banquet tickets, 75 cents.

The editor of the *Christian Advocate* tells this story:

"The night before Christmas, not far from the office, the editor met a matronly-looking woman in middle life. She was very drunk. On passing her he said, 'How drunk!' She turned, and with a maudlin smile said, 'Christmas!'"

If Dr. Buckley contracts the habit of staying out nights he will be likely to meet a good many of his fellow-Christians in the same condition.

Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Billings, of Waverly, Iowa, are mourning the loss of their only child, Claude R., a beautiful golden-curled boy of four years and a half. The death occurred Dec. 20th. The funeral address was read by Matthew Farrington, the Agnostic friend of the family. To the notice in the local paper is appended these cheering words of Col. Ingersoll, "In the night of death hope sees a star, and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing."

The United States is now to hav a full-fledged "canonical" organization as a reward for being the refuge of several hundred thousand Catholics. The pope thinks he has subjects enough to warrant the expense, and since he has forced Bismarck to modify the Falk laws, grant concessions to the Catholic clergy, and reinstate over a hundred priests whom the May laws had deprived of their parishes, and brought the crown prince to Rome, he feels encouraged to do something besides missionary work in this country. During the present year a plenary council will be held here to giv effect to this purpose.

For some time there has been on exhibition in Chicago a very large painting by some celebrated artist, a picture of the battle of Gettysburg, which is highly praised. This picture has been exhibited week days and evenings, and on Sunday afternoons and evenings, and on Sundays has attracted large numbers of people to the exhibition. This of course excites the wrath of the churches, but no one has seen fit, before last Monday, to rush into print with objections, when Rev. H. H. Ryder, one of the old-school Universalists, and one of the very few Universalists now left to materialize and to parade their fallacies before us, declared war on the Sunday exhibition of the picture. It nearly took the breath out of his materialized and saintly body to think that the awful example would go far to justify theatrical exhibitions on that holy day. A correspondent next day replied that the theaters in that city had already been openly running on Sundays for a year before the picture was exhibited in Chicago. One would hardly expect to hear such nonsense from a member of a church which, only fifty years ago, was as bitterly denounced for its Liberal views as Ingersoll now is. Since then even Methodists hav advanced faster than they. The old-fashioned

Universalist, once an advanced and useful man, has been dead these forty years and hasn't found it out yet. They died when they refused to "testify" against slavery—"died in their sins."

We can best accomplish the object of the following painful note by printing it:

"New York, Jan. 12, 1884.

"Friend Macdonald: I am performing a duty perhaps tardily in informing you that one of the old-time and stanchest of Liberals, William H. Peck, is very ill at his home, 231 West 42d street. He is suffering from a complication of diseases, brought on mainly by heart disease, and he thinks the end is not far off. Please draw attention to the facts in The Truth Seeker, as he has many friends, and warm ones, some of whom I know would like to call on him. He is well-known all through the Liberal ranks; in fact, so well known that he was one of the first, if not the very first, Mr. Bennett went to for acquaintance and advice when he came here to found The Truth Seeker. His life has been a very interesting one, and rich with experience in the early days of Liberalism and amongst its great men. Some exposure he underwent through the death of Mr. Bennett gave him a turn that told severely on him, and from which I think he took his downward step physically. Very truly yours, D. E. Ryan."

The Freethinkers of northwestern Pennsylvania and northeastern Ohio will celebrate the 147th anniversary of the birth of Thomas Paine, in Linesville, Pa., on the 26th, 27th, 28th, and 29th days of January, 1884. The speakers will be J. H. Burnham, of Michigan; Dr. T. L. Brown, of Binghamton, N. Y.; Ex.-Rev. C. B. Reynolds, of Rochester, N. Y.; O. P. Kellogg, of New Lynne, Ohio; J. D. Mallonee, of Cleveland, and several others. Prof. H. H. Hall, who sang at the Rochester Convention, with assistants, will furnish music. This jubilee will be held under the auspices of Auxiliary League, No. 36, C. B. Brooks, president, and G. W. Baldwin, secretary, of Linesville, Pa. This League offers a reward of $75 for any representativ Christian, of good moral character, who will attend this meeting and affirm the cardinal points of the orthodox (so-called) faith. Gentlemen about starting for India, or Patagonia, to find some one to convert, take notice.

That D. R. Burt is dead will be sad news for many of our readers who hav had the pleasure of his acquaintance. But he had lived long and accomplished much good work and this will soften the stroke. It is not often a man attains his age, and less often is it given to men to labor so long for his fellows' good. He was one of Mr. Bennett's and The Truth Seeker's warmest friends. His funeral took place from the city hall of East Dubuque, Iowa, his home for many years. The *Herald* of that place says:

"Long before the hour set for the funeral a large number of the former friends of the esteemed old gentleman filled the hall, and at 2 o'clock the room was crowded with people who came many of them from distant points. Gen. M. M. Trumbull, of Chicago, a warm personal friend of Mr. Burt's, delivered an address which was eloquent and pathetic. In the course of his remarks he paid a glowing tribute to the life and character of Mr. Burt. Mr. C. H. Beck, of Chicago, son-in-law of the deceased, was present at the funeral. The remains were followed to their final resting-place by a large concourse of relativs and friends."

The Paris correspondent of the London *Guardian*, writing of French affairs, says religious questions are daily becoming more important and critical. While there is much confusion and not a little division in Parliament on secular matters, there is great unity of speech and action on religious questions. "Whenever religious or ecclesiastical matters come up," he says, "it is astonishing how harmoniously, on the whole, a majority is found to deal with them. As M. Paul Bert expressed it, almost facetiously, on a late occasion, the only difference of opinion in that respect between himself and the government, and his good friends of the Extreme Left, was one not of principle, but of degree; not as to the end to be kept steadily in view, but as to how much more or less speedily it was to be attained. However opinions may float or be divided on politics, when religion, under the name of the church or clericalism, is to be attacked, it is wonderful how many 'groups' can be always marshaled against it to the assault." With the government and people of France in this frame of mind, the separation of church and state cannot long be delayed.

It has long been the opinion of those unfortunate males who hav been decoyed to a church fair by plump young female Christians, and then robbed by means of the grab-bag, that the latter institution is as illegal as the game of faro. At faro men are occasionally seen who hav won, but what living mortal ever came out ahead of a church fair grab-bag? The United States District Court, sitting in Oregon, has now decided that these grab-bags, when used at church fairs, are gambling devices. The decision is *obiter*—that is, given in deciding another point—but it will hardly be questioned. The Court said:

"It is a simple game of chance, something like 'odd or even.' The device by which it is played are little brass disks, called 'cheen,' about the size of a 20 ct. piece, with a square hole in the center, in which the conductor of the game inserts a pointed stick, for the purpose of conveniently and publicly moving them on the table as he draws them from the pile. He has probably two or three hundred of these near him. On the table when the game is played a small square is described, with its sides marked 1, 2, 3, 4. The player takes up, at random, a handful of the brasses, and puts them on the table before him, and as he does so covers them more or less with a hollow vessel, so that no one can tell what number is in the pile, or whether it is an odd or even one. The players then put down their money on the sides of the square, as they may fancy. When this is done the conductor uncovers the brasses and picks them out of the pile, four at a time, until only four or a less number are left. If the number left is an even one—either two or four—the player who put his money on this figure wins a like amount from the table, less a rebate of seven per centum to the conductor, and the table wins what is laid on the other even number, while those who put their money on the odd numbers withdraw it. If the number of brasses left is an odd one, either one or three, that number wins, and the process is reversed. The device mentioned in the statute is not cards, dice, or other 'like' device, but simply 'other' device. And if it were a 'like' device, the question would arise, Like in what respect?—like which of them? Cards and dice are in most respects very unlike—indeed, they hav no resemblance, except that they may both be used for gaming. But then, anything which may be used for that purpose is so far a like device. The coin of the realm, when used to play the game of 'match,' 'heads or tails,' 'odd or even,' for money or anything of value; a long and short straw, when used to play the game of 'draw straws,' for the same purpose; a 'wheel of fortune,' or a grab-bag, when used at church fairs or festivals, or elsewhere, to dispose of articles of value upon the chance of getting something for comparativly nothing, are, each and all of them, so far, just as much gambling devices as cards or dice can be. In short, anything which is used as a means for playing for money or other things of value, so that the result depends more largely on chance than skill, is so far a gambling device."

The softening influences of civilization upon Presbyterianism are constantly being felt. St. Cloud is a suburban hamlet of Orange, N. J. Its church facilities consist of a rickety Episcopalian building and a substantial Presbyterian structure. The attendance is cosmopolitan, the different sectaries meeting in apparent harmony and much gorgeous apparel. A gentleman about taking a house in the little cluster was assured by the vacating lady tenant, as a matter calculated to excite surprise, that a Presbyterian, a Baptist, and an Episcopalian, had met at a tea-table in the neighborhood, and conversed for nearly three hours without quarreling. Recently the wife of a Freethinker living there was prostrated by disease, and although she had never attended the church, the members vied with each other in showering kindness upon her. From an Episcopalian came one delicacy, from a Baptist others, and the Presbyterian minister forwarded beautiful flowers to cheer the sick room. This is the bright side of Christianity; would that it had no dark one. But if there were no clouds the sunshine perhaps would not be appreciated. It is the gospel of love supplanting the gospel of hate, the true religion of humanity. Sometime, indeed, we may look to see the brotherhood of man the song of the race.

Dr. McCosh, of Princeton College, a Presbyterian of the coldest and most merciless kind, has avowed for evolution. He is reported in a Boston paper:

"My first position is the certainty of evolution. Evolution is but the coming of one thing out of another. No scientific man under thirty years of age, in any country, denies it, to my knowledge. To oppose it is to injure young men. I am at the head of a college where to declare against it would perplex my best students. They would ask me which to giv up, science or the Bible. There is a general progression in nature. The theory that the world was once a vapor, from which the earth evolved, is not inconsistent with the scriptures; for they speak of its being 'void without form.' The natural struggles for existence lead to the survival of the fittest—a most benevolent law and also in accordance with the scriptures. Evolution but shows the agencies by which God's plans are carried out."

This is almost the taking of the enemy's last citadel. Dr. McCosh's references to God will be less certain when he comes to fully comprehend that men's Gods are just as much subject to the grand law of evolution as animals and plants. Men manufacture Gods, which last for a season and then pass into mythology. A God, fit to survive, must be different from any hitherto mentioned.

The recent operations of Comstock afford the French a fine opportunity to laugh at the people of this country, and the *American Register*, of Paris, does not neglect to add adipose tissue to its ribs. It says: "Mr. Anthony Comstock, the motiv power of the Society for the Suppression of Vice in the city of New York, has just been doing his best to make his society the laughing-stock of every educated person in the United States. Mr. Anthony Comstock is so full of ardor for the suppression of vice that he sees vice everywhere, even in photographs of pictures by the most celebrated German and French artists of the day. Fired by holy zeal and armed with a warrant from a New York magistrate, Mr. Anthony Comstock lately caused a well-known picture dealer of New York to be arrested on the charge of selling indecent photographs. The picture dealer was admitted to bail, and will in due course of time appear before the Court of General Sessions to answer for his supposed misdeeds. Among the photographs stamped by Mr. Anthony Comstock with the foul stain of indecency are copies of pictures by Makart, Cabanel, etc., among the moderns, and Rubens among the ancients. If it is thus that the pious Anthony deals with classical pictures, what would he do with 'the human form divine' sculptured in marble or bronze? Surely he would put a petticoat and shawl on the Medicean Venus, and a great-coat and trousers on Michael Angelo's David. The name of Anthony has a wonderful resemblance to Antony, and Antony was a saint, in which character he has been represented by many painters of celebrity resisting temptation. Whether the saint really did so or not, is a subject on which both painters and theologians hav agreed to differ, but it is evident that if this poor unfortunate saint were alive and in New York, Anthony Comstock would hav him arrested for encouraging vice. It may be questioned whether there is not a considerable amount of vice and indecency in discovering vice everywhere, even in pictures and statues of the great masters, and whether a good cause is not seriously prejudiced by the raids of ignorant prudery."

The New England Freethinkers' Convention, to be held in Paine Hall, Boston, Jan. 27, 28, and 29, 1884, promises to be as large and influential as the Salamanca Convention just closed. The main object of the convention will be to aid somewhat in educating the public mind upon the great questions of liberty, truth, and justice, and the rights of man generally as against despotism, monopoly, and wrongs and outrages of all descriptions; and so effect such organization as will make an effort to interpret these grand principles practically. It will not be sectarian or partisan, but will maintain a free platform, upon which all sides of the great questions now coming up for adjustment may be freely discussed so far as the limited time of the convention will permit. The names of the speakers, and the subjects they discuss, are a sufficient guarantee of the dignity and importance of the work which will come before this body of reformers, as well as the splendid entertainment they will hav. The names of the speakers and their subjects, so far as known, are in part as follows: James Parton, "Heathen Benevolence;" R. B. Westbrook, D.D. LL.D, "The Divine Origin of Humanity;" Horace Seaver, "The Freethought Movement;" Elizur Wright, "Paine and Franklin, Co-workers for Liberty;" T. B. Wakeman, reply to Rev. Dr. Westbrook's "Divine Origin of Humanity;" J. P. Mendum, subject not given; Parker Pillsbury, subject not given; John E. Remsburg, "Paine, the Apostle of Liberty;" Susan H. Wixon, "Influence of Freethought on the Family;" S. P. Putnam, "Paine and the French Revolution;" W. S. Bell, "Prohibition a Failure;' H. A, Lamb, M.D., "Turning of the Tide;" Henry Appleton, "The Anarchistic Position;" A Schell, "Girard's Will." Courtlandt Palmer, E. B. Hazzen, John S. Verity, T. C. Leland, and H. L. Green hav not handed in the questions they will discuss. The sessions will be 10 A.M. and 2.30 and 7.30 P.M. Hotel accommodations can be had at the Metropolitan Hotel, 1162 Washington street, at $1.50 per day, and at Hotel Creighton, 245 Tremont street, at $2.00 per day. W. S. Bell, 18 East Springfield Street, Boston, Mass., is the proper person to write to for information.

General Gordon, a member of Parliament, having asserted in a public speech that Bradlaugh's religious opinions were not the cause of his exclusion from Parliament, but that the members objected to sitting and making laws "with a man who had published a book of so obscene and disgusting a character that the sale of it was prohibited by the law courts of the country"—a man whose "moral and social ideas" are "revolting to human nature," Mr. Bradlaugh retorts: "Presumably Sir A. Gordon never read the report of the trial of the Queen *vs.* Bradlaugh and Besant. If he had read the summing up of the late Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, to which I referred in my last speech at the bar, Sir A. Gordon would hav known that, at any rate, that was not the language in which that great judge described the pamphlet of which he had carefully read every line. If Sir A. Gordon had known anything of the history of the case, he would hav known that after that trial I compelled the police to redeliver to me several hundred copies of the pamphlet which they had illegally seized, and that in 1878 I sold the whole of these. Mrs. Besant and I sold the book until the end of 1879 to vindicate the right, and then Mrs. Besant having, in the mean time, written her able pamphlet on the 'Law of Population,' we voluntarily stopped the sale of the Knowlton pamphlet, and since the beginning of 1880 not a copy has been sold by us or by our authority; but the cessation was purely voluntary on our part. But it is astounding to pretend that this, and not the religious question, is the real objection to me. Why was it not raised to John Stuart Mill? who most certainly went quite as far as myself in the matter of circulating such knowledge of checks to over-population. Sir A. Gordon talks of the revolting nature of my moral and social ideas. I defy Sir. A. Gordon to put into words the ideas which he objects to. I say that he has, in most unfair and cowardly fashion, and without inquiry, believed the circulars which scoundrels like Henry Varley sent behind my back to the various members of the House of Commons, and I say that, having either actually heard or certainly read my last speech at the bar, Sir A. Gordon is absolutely dishonorable to hav repeated this exceeding grave charge, while totally ignoring the uncontradicted reply I there made."

The mammoth state of Texas would seem to be the last place for Socialism to take root, yet Dallas has given birth to a Socialistic paper called the *Iocsin*. The first number is sharp and warlike. A clew to the principles to be promulgated is found in these utterances:

"Labor produces all wealth; labor must enjoy all wealth. This can only be accomplished by a co-operativ or Socialistic form of government, under which all land, all business enterprises, and all natural advantages would be the property of the people. All individuals would receive from the public fund according to the labor performed by them, and all profit, interest, and rent would go into the public treasury, to be returned to the people in public improvements, schools, libraries, etc."

This change in society is to be wrought out

"By a thorough organization of the laboring men, and a revolutionary convention representing from two to five million workers. If the workingmen are permitted to proceed quietly and peacably in this way, the change can be accomplished and the object fully attained without spilling a drop of blood or exploding an ounce of powder."

But the editor is not sanguin that the revolution can be effected quietly. He indicates the means the opposition will use:

"Whenever the capitalists, land monopolists, etc., see that labor organizations are becoming formidable, and that their vested rights are threatened, they will demand and secure legislation against the alarmists and agitators. Labor papers will be suppressed, labor advocates imprisoned, labor organizations forbidden, and an armed conflict will thus be forced upon the half-organized and unprepared toilers, who, from their lack of arms, ammunition, supplies, etc., would seem comparativly helpless."

Fifty years ago this would hav been sufficient to "crush a half-ripe and premature revolt," but

"Now it is different. Chemistry has come to the aid of the poor, and to-day ten dollars will arm a hundred men with an explosiv more terrible than the most expensiv cannon ever made. If the oppressors of the poor precipitate a conflict, their blood will be on their own heads. The laborer demands nothing but his rights, and he will hav them, forcibly it he must."

Mr. George N. Beech is the editor of the *Iocsin*, which is his "organ or mouthpiece only." The prospectus says the paper will be published every Thursday at $1 per year. Its aims, objects, and cause of being can be summed up in two words—Revolutionary Socialism.

Philosophy on the Half-Shell; or, Ethics of '83.

ELLIOTT PRESTON TO "D. W. T."

Sir, or *Madam:* I make it a rule never to print statements I cannot fully substantiate by facts, and hence reply as follows to your friendly criticism of my essay entitled "Christianity," which essay was published in THE TRUTH SEEKER of Nov. 24, 1883, your criticism thereon appearing in THE TRUTH SEEKER of Dec. 29, 1883.

Relativ to your question as to the correctness of my statement that Christianity was derived from India, I will quote (to go no further back) the following passages from Col. Robert G. Ingersoll's well-known lecture entitled, "The Liberty of Man, Woman, and Child," the correctness of statement of which, I believe, has never been questioned, except by Christian bigots.

The great orator says: "I read in another book what appeared to be an account of the same transaction. It was written about four thousand years before the other.

"All commentators agree that the one that was written last was the original, and that the one that was written first was copied from the one that was written last. But I would advise you all not to allow your creed to be disturbed by a little matter of four or five thousand years. In this story Brahma made up his mind to make the world and a man and woman. He made the world, and he made the man, and then the woman, and put them on the island of Ceylon. Such birds, such songs, such flowers, and such verdure! And the branches of the trees were so arranged that when the wind swept through them every tree was a thousand Æolian harps.

"Brahma, when he put them there, said: 'Let them hav a period of courtship, for it is my desire and will that true love should forever precede marriage.'

"When I read that, it was so much more beautiful and lofty than the other, that I said to myself, 'If either one of these stories ever turns out to be true, I hope it will be this one.'

"Then they had their courtship, with the nightingales singing and the stars shining, and the flowers blooming, and they fell in love." (Here I will skip a little to save space). "They were married by the supreme Brahma, and he said to them: 'Remain here; you must never leave this island.' Well, after a little while the man—and his name was Adami, and the woman's name was Heva—said to Heva, 'I believe I'll look about a little.' He went to the northern extremity of the island where there was a little narrow neck of land connecting it with the mainland, and the devil, who is always playing pranks with us, produced a mirage, and when he looked over to the mainland, such hills and vales, such dells and dales, such mountains crowned with snow, such cataracts clad in bows of glory did he see there, that he went back and told Heva, 'The country over there is a thousand times better than this; let us migrate.' She, like every woman that ever lived, said, 'Let well enough alone; we hav all we want; let us stay here.' But he said, 'No, let us go;' so she followed him, and when they came to this narrow neck of land he took her on his back like a gentleman and carried her over. But the moment they got over they heard a crash, and looking back discovered that this narrow neck of land had fallen into the sea. The mirage had disappeared, and there were naught but rocks and sand; and then the supreme Brahma cursed them both to the lowest hell."

Relativ to my spelling of "Christna," let me say that you appear to be ignorant of the fact that this name is spelled in numerous works in about as many different ways as there are popularly supposed to be ways of killing a cat—including Christna, Chrishna, Crishna, Krishna, Chrishnoo, Chreshnou, Chreeshna, Kreeshna, etc. My spelling (Christna) is that of Renan.

Lastly, relativ to your stricture regarding my statement that "history boasts upwards of a dozen crucified saviors."

I drew it too mild, friend "D. W. T." It boasts of sixteen. For a full account of their "goings on," permit me to refer you to that somewhat celebrated book, entitled "The World's Sixteen Crucified Saviors; or, Christianity Before Christ," by Mr. Kersey Graves. I shall refer to this book later on in this article.

I, in that essay, set the number at only "a baker's dozen," fearing my readers might think I "drew a long bow," and that my statement saviored (pardon a bad joke) of romance; but here you hav the entire "platoon"—take your choice of the lot.

You ask if my language is intended to be merely figurativ. By no means. We hav had too much of the figurativ business in Christianity already. I mean what I say—pure and simple English.

Below I giv the sixteen saviors:

1. Chrishna, of India, 1200 B.C. 2. The Hindoo Sakia, 600 B.C. 3. Thammuz, of Syria, 1160 B.C. 4. Wittoba, of the Telengonese, 552 B.C. 5. Iao, of Nepaul, 622 B.C. 6. Hesus, of the Celtic Druids, 834 B.C. 7. Quexalcote, of Mexico, 587 B.C. 8. Quirinus, of Rome, 506 B.C. 9. (Æschylus), Prometheus, 547 B.C. 10. Thulis, of Egypt, 1700 B.C. 11. Indra, of Thibet, 725 B.C. 12. Alcestos (or Alcestis), of Euripides, 600 B.C. 13. Atys, of Phrygia, 1170 B.C. 14. Crite, of Chaldea, 200 B.C. 15. Bali, of Orissa, 725 B.C. 16. Mithra, of Persia, 600 B.C.

Of course, it is the easiest thing in the world to say that all these were not crucified, since perhaps a dozen different histories might be found of each, differing widely from one another. For illustration: Christna is said to hav died peacefully at the ripe old age of 80 years. According to another tradition (supported by ancient writings in stone, representing Christna upon the cross, and even the spear-hole in his side), he was crucified. So of Prometheus, that he was chained upon a rock, etc.

The whole gist of the matter is this: the entire business is most probably mythology, and about as likely to be true as that Christ was himself crucified, which fact was disputed by Polycarp (who claimed that he peacefully died at the age of 50), and also by many others.

The point that I wish to make is this: the idea of a crucified savior far antedated the alleged birth of Christ, and there is no reasonable room for doubt that it (Christianity) is "all borrowed thunder."

Doubtless much of Christianity did, as you claim, emanate from the Babylonians, but very much more as doubtlessly emanated from India.

I will now bid my unknown critic adieu, advising him (or her), when he (or she) next attempts to pick up an authorial porcupine, to be certain beforehand that his quills are all drawn, and to likewise bear in mind that it is not always "just as easy to call it *right* as it is *wrong*."

I hav the honor of remaining, sir (or madam), yours for exactness, ELLIOTT PRESTON.

Brahminism and Buddhism vs. Christianity.

The "friendly criticisms" of "D. W. T." are mostly answered in Jacolliot's "Bible in India." On page 108 the author says:

"The officiating Brahmins in temples and pagodas now accord the title of Jeseus, or pure essence, or divine emanation, only to Christna, who is alone recognized as the Word, the true incarnation, by the Vishnouites and Freethinkers of Brahminism."

Madame Blavatsky, author of "Isis Unveiled," vindicates the author of the "Bible in India" against the assaults of pretentious critics. In 1877 the editor of the New York *Sun* asserted that there never was a Hindoo reformer named Jezeus Christna. Madame Blavatsky answered him thus:

"I hav been at the festivals of Janmotsar in commemoration of the birth of Christna (which is their Christmas), and hav heard thousands of voices shouting, 'Jas-i-Christna! Jasas-wi-Christna!' Translated, they are: *Jas-i*—renowned, famous; and *Jasas-wi*—celebrated, or divinely renowned, powerful; and *Chris-tna*, sacred."

Christna, she maintains, is the correct spelling, and not Krishna. Jacolliot's most bitter opponent, Monsieur Taxtor de Ravisi, a Catholic, spells the name Krishna, because it means black and because the real name of Christna was Kaneya or Caneya. But Madame Blavatsky says that *Krisn* is black, and that *Caneya* means born of a virgin—*Canya*. Even in modern Hindustanee the zodiacal sign of Virgo is called *Kanaia*.

Jacolliot is therefore right, not only as regards Christna, but substantially so as regards Jezeus. There is no more reason for spelling the first with a *K* than for spelling Christ with a *K*. The Greek letter *Ch* differs from *K* by being more guttural and aspirated, and is almost equivalent to *H* in English, so that *Christos* might more correctly be rendered by *H'ristos*.

Jacolliot is no fraud. Ten years' residence and studies in India were surely enough to fit him to giv an opinion; and even his Catholic opponent admits that his "Bible in India" is written "with good faith, of absorbing interest, a learned work on known facts, and with familiar arguments."

The Hindoo legend of Adami and Heva, as translated by Jacolliot from the old Hindoo records, is far superior to the Biblical story of Adam and Eve. Col. Ingersoll made one of his happiest hits when he interwove the Hindoo legend into one of his lectures, and said: "I like the Hindoo story the best."

Jacolliot has published twenty more volumes. In Volume II., *Les Fils de Dieu* ("The Sons of God"), he demolishes the critics who attempted to decry his first work, and proves by astronomical movements the great antiquity of Indian history. Brahminism was established as early as 13,300 B.C.; and about 10,000 B.C. there was a revolt of the chiefs against Brahminical authority, the capital of the Brahmins was taken, and Viswamitra became the first king of India. Christna was born 4,800 B.C., and died 4,760 B.C. Buddhism arose several centuries later. It obtained little foothold in India, but spread widely elsewhere. The Mohammedans overran northern India, and destroyed the temples and books of the Brahmins. But southern India remained undisturbed. The northern Brahmins had to reproduce their books from copies in the south, and in doing so made variations. It is these variations that hav misled the critics. Jacolliot had access to the oldest records in southern India, where he resided ten years. The pseudo-"scholars" who denounce him are blind leaders of the blind. Some of the "Sixteen Crucified Saviors" described by the late Mr. Graves are undoubtedly myths. But he might hav added the Jesus who was stoned and hanged about 75 years before Christ who was not a myth. ANTICHRIST.

Mrs. O. K. Smith to Mrs. Juliet Severance.

DEAR MRS. SEVERANCE: In THE TRUTH SEEKER of December 22d you struck the key-note regarding the treatment of women (especially those occupying the public rostrum) by that great body of Freethinkers known as the Materialistic element of this country. I do heartily indorse your idea of allowing that masculin power to enjoy, to the fullest extent, a masculin convention, under the direct control of masculin officials, and let this continue until they have learned to respect woman in *deed* as well as word. Is this neglect from force of habit, borrowed from priest and pope, that these wise men ignore woman's abilities to lead, or even stand side by side with them upon the public rostrums? Or upon mature reflection have they decided that man only is capable of managing all public meetings for the dissemination of intellectual, moral, and Liberal thought, and the mission of woman, as in the past, must be to collect the pennies and dress for the occasion. "I suffer not a woman to speak in the churches," was said many hundred years ago by a man (he may hav been an official), but to-day the sayings of Paul are ignored, in words, by the leading lights of Freethinkers' conventions, but in example they are sustained to a lamentable extent. Paul in his day was a Freethinker, but he wanted the whole say to himself, and I regret to say that many of the Freethinking men of this country are like poor old Paul – they want to say it all themselvs. Hence, why should Mrs. Severance expect woman's voice to be heard among that august body of men soon to assemble in convention at Salamanca, N. Y. Some years ago, while Mrs. Colby and myself were sojourning at Houston, Texas, where the Liberal societies were at that time composed entirely of male membership, we inquired the reason and were informed that no women were ever solicited to join, whereupon we conspired with them to form a "woman's radical club." They were delighted with the idea, and when Mrs. Calby gave notice, at the close of her lecture, that a meeting would be held in that hall the following Wednesday, for the express purpose above mentioned, one of that august body of men arose, and, with a dignified air, inquired "if he understood aright, that it was exclusivly for women," to which she replied: "Yes, sir; you understood exactly what I meant. Tell your wife and daughter to be here." The meeting was held, an organization was effected, officers chosen, and it flourished like a green bay-tree. They held festivals and sociables, had lectures, and the men actually attended, and within a year they were urgently solicited to join, in a body, the Liberal League, to which a woman replied, "Ah! ah! this means that we hav a few dollars in our treasury that you'd like to handle." A word to the wise is sufficient. I'm not a public speaker, hence hav no ax to grind. OLIVE K. SMITH.

Buffalo, N. Y.

"Do as I Tell You, Not as I Do."

In THE TRUTH SEEKER of Dec. 1st appeared an article with quotations from the *Advocate* concerning a Methodist brother who lost confidence in his minister because he thought him (the minister) not an honest man, and therefore could not believe in his piety. He asked advice from another minister, or at least, a defender of fraudulent ministers, who, of course, advises him thus:

"Our Lord Jesus Christ has settled this question so that no follower of his need hav any trouble in coming to conclusions that it is his duty to continue to hear him so long as he occupies the position of pastor in the legal manner. Great is the self-denial requisit to do so. The duty is plain. Turn to the twenty-third chapter of Matthew, and beginning with the first verse, read the following: 'Then spake Jesus to the multitude, and to his deciples, saying, The scribes and the Pharisees sit in Moses's seat; all therefore whatsoever they bid you observe, that observe and do, but do not ye after their works; for they say and do not.' Here, then, our savior plainly commands that we are to listen to them."

From this Bible quotation we can likewise infer that we are to listen to ministers and obey them, whether they preach morality or immorality, Christianity or Infidelity. We are to do this even though we know that they, themselvs, do not believe a word of what they preach.

This text abbreviated into "Do as I tell you, not as I do," is often made use of by theological quacks to blindfold their innocent dupes. But how absurd when rightly considered. The only honesty therein is their admitting that they are not altogether honest.

These pious frauds, it seems, do not know or do not want to know, that man, and especially little children, hav a faculty of imitation; which is at least equally as strong and activ as is that other of obedience. When mankind are taught to reverence and obey an instructor, either of religious or other matters, it is most natural for them to imitate him; and more so in our children. All men, involuntarily, to a great extent, pattern after each other. We must,

in this case, either obey the faculty of imitation, and neglect and crucify reason; or obey the latter and neglect the former. If we follow the first, we will be made dupes of; if the second, we can pay no respects to those who "preach one thing and do another." It is the imitating these pious impostors that causes the many dissemblers and hypocrits who now surround us, and blockade the progress of our welfare and happiness.

Not long since, a young man of this vicinity took to market a load of corn valued at about five dollars. All day long his load stood on the street without his being able to effect a sale. At last, however, he sold to a poor widow for something less than market price. When the bargain was closed, the poor woman began to think that, perhaps, she had not money enough, and said to him that she had only nine dollars, and if his load came to more than that he had better try and sell elsewhere. To this, he replied, that he thought his load would come to more, but since it was so late he would let her hav the load for the nine dollars, and he did; and then returned to his companions boasting of the "smart trick" he played. This fellow you can find in his pew every Sunday, striking his breast, his lips going at a "two-forty" rate, and his eyes rolled up like a "dying calf;" pays his priest very liberally, who in turn forgivs him the crime of cheating the poor widow. Of course this secures him a pew in heaven, while the widow, too poor to buy one, or to support the church, cannot get there; and in truth she deserves a better place and better companions than, as we are told, are up there. Such are thousands and thousands of the members of which the church now even boasts. But is it to be wondered at when their pious instructors go before them with so many like, and even worse, examples? Truly, modern religion is but an asylum for criminals.

I will answer their absurd "Do as I tell you, not as I do," by a far nobler and better: Teach us truth, science, and morality, and we will obey you. Go before us with good examples and we will imitate you.

French Creek, Ia. JOHN H. HIRT.

Priest and Other Craft.

It is sure to be the case that abuses will creep in where those who do the paying are not close and exacting supervisors. Witness the enormities that priestcraft has heaped up in the name of a pure, simple, humble Jesus Christ. Witness the wrongs and oppressions that legislators create in the name of government for the people. Self-defense is necessary, and abuse creeps in to raise vast standing armies. In this way the means, the tools for doing anything in time, become the grand object. Thus, at a time when all learning was in Greek or Latin books, it became necessary to learn Greek and Latin in order to study law, medicin, theology, etc.; therefore colleges were founded to instruct in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, etc. Now, to-day, when all the sciences may be learned from English books, these sleepy old colleges go on teaching nothing but the dead languages or abstract mathematics. It is utterly absurd, but, having become an institution with thousands interested to keep it up, absurdity is a God to be worshiped, and half the world never dare stop to ask about it.

The greatest men, the best races of men, hav received their educations in very humble schools. Education, like religion, is not promoted by the splendor and pretension of surroundings. It is not possible that any people will ever surpass the Scotch of the eighteenth century, who were educated in humble parish schools. It is a matter of common knowledge that applicants from our schools and academies for positions requiring common education are far inferior to applicants fifty years ago.

It is also known that taxes are much higher now than they were forty or fifty years ago, although we hav five times more people—even ten times more in many counties—and fifty times more wealth. Counties that forty years ago had five or ten thousand inhabitants, good schools, good roads and bridges, and ample public buildings, and that levied a tax of five mills on the dollar, and where wealthiest citizens paid not over twenty-five dollars in taxes, now, with from thirty to fifty thousand inhabitants, poor roads and bridges, and perhaps using the same old public buildings, levy from fifteen to twenty-five mills, and some of their wealthiest citizens pay a thousand dollars taxes per year! Is not this wonderful? Let us study the past, and contrast it with the present. It is wise to do so. "I hav but one lamp," said Patrick Henry, "to guide my feet, and that is the lamp of experience." There is something wrong somewhere. It is universal, wide-extending, deep-plumbing, and high-ascending. Could we see results, fruits for this expenditure, we ought not to complain. Much as the rising generation thinks of its accomplishments, the elders will laugh to scorn any pretensions of their superiority. Did it exist it would be proudly acknowledged. More costly school-buildings are erected, and education has its priesthood. We know what that means—abuse, imposition—in a word, all the ways by which cunning idleness taxes sweating toil—to wit, humbuggery. I say toil, for all these costs are finally paid by the workers with hands. The landlord takes it off his domestics and head farmers; the head farmers take it off the sub-lessees, the sub-lessees off the poor wretched shantier and dug-outer, and the wretched poor put less salt in their bread and less bread into their stomachs. And there it ends in premature graves, save when it flames up in wild, mad havoc. And this thing has grown to be so powerful, so proud-stomached, that no one dare criticise or question it. Scorn and contempt are heaped on him as "an enemy to education," "foe to progress," "friend of ignorance and darkness."

Not intending to write a volume, I must break off here, merely asking, Are we not in danger of making the means whereby education is obtained the sole grand object of the whole system? Are there not also too many parents instilling into the minds of children, and too many professors into the minds of the pupils, the idea that the object of education is chiefly to allow scholars to liv without manual labor? A great English duke had three fine sons whom he had educated to perfection, as we now think is perfect education. One prepared for the cabinet, one for the bar, another for the church, as he informed his American visitor. A few years later the visitor returned and found the three sons farming. They explained that the professions were overcrowded, while there was plenty of room on the farm. They were all content and happy, and were real, working, practical farmers. If we go upon the continent of Europe we shall see that most great families, even royalty, educate their children to do manual labor. 'Tis only the sovereigns of our United States can afford to educate their heirs to evade labor of the hands, and despise it. "Go to school, my son, and learn, that you may never hav to work like your poor father," says the parent. "Study, be diligent," says the professor to his pupils, "in order that you may not hav to dig like those workers out there." Whereas it should be said, "Learn, be diligent, in order that the enlightened brain shall direct the skilful hand, and because, before and above all.

"It is not all of life to liv,
Nor all of death to die."

HOLT.

Mr. Fletcher Corrects Mr. Hull.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* In a recent copy of your interesting paper I see a letter from Moses Hull, in which he criticises the action of Ed. L. Wheeler in regard to Mrs. Kendrick's not being allowed to giv a lecture at Neshaminy Falls while Mr. Wheeler was acting as secretary for the association. As Mr. Wheeler and Mrs. Kendrick were both intimate friends of mine, and I was consulted by both in regard to the affair, I feel that I can speak with authority of this matter. Mr. Wheeler was the secretary of the First Association of Spiritualists, but he was not the association. He received from that body instructions whom to engage, and if any change was to be made it devolved upon him to make it. Mrs. Kendrick was not known to the committee, except *as* Mrs. Kendrick, and when it was known who she was they decided not to hav her speak, and it became Mr. Wheeler's duty to inform her of that fact. Personally he had a warm regard for Mrs. Kendrick, and often spoke with regret of the part he was obliged to take in that affair. When it is known that the same association canceled Mr. Wheeler's engagement after the Lake Pleasant trouble it is not difficult to understand their position in this matter. A more cowardly proceeding was never seen in the days of the antislavery movement, when the advocates of reform were hounded from town to town, than disgraced Lake Pleasant last year, and I know that Mr. Hull, who has personally endured so much at the hands of those canting hypocrits, would be the last to throw a shadow over the fair name of a man who gave his all in the cause of human liberty.

Boston, Mass. J. WILLIAM FLETCHER.

A Letter From a Veteran.

I hav just been reading Parton's "Biography of Jefferson," and it pleases me so much that I feel like asking all your readers to giv themselvs the pleasure of reading it, and not only that one biography, but every one which he (Mr. Parton) has written. He seems to me to be the prince of biographers; you are made acquainted with so much that when you hav read the life of the one man you find that you hav learned a great deal of many men and women, and of the times as well; and then the language that drops from Mr, Parton's pen is like a picture, not only rich in beautiful coloring, but the shades, or, rather, shading, is perfect; and, more than all, you feel and know that the writer is giving you the truth, as far as he has been able to obtain it.

Not long since I read "The Bay Path," written by Dr. Holland—a story of the times of witchcraft in the "old Bay state," full of truth, and interesting to any one who likes to follow reform and reformers through the history of our own country. Dr. Holland in that story makes the reformers of both sexes, persons of sound morals, even though in their zeal they outrage the feelings of the respectable people of their time, as much as do our friends, the Heywoods, Comstock,.and his misguided followers to-day, but the particular ininterest which I felt in reading "The Bay Path" was in contrasting the Dr. Holland of that book with the Dr. Holland who wrote the "Apotheosis of Dirt," and prophesied that the women who went up to New York to attend the reception given to Mr. Bennett would liv to be ashamed of it. Alas, that some of those same women should hav lived to bury the dear, good man, as much a martyr as any other of the dead who hav died for opinion's expressed not held at the time to be orthodox. If I could believe that Mr. Bennett, as Mr. Bennett, still exists in organic form, so that he can take cognizance of the things he once loved, I should think he would rejoice at the continued improvement of his precious paper. I am sure it must delight all his friends. Miss Wixon is making her page a pleasant one for everyone to read. It is a great talent that can delight the young with real sense.

I must not make my letter too long, but I like sometimes to shake hands through THE TRUTH SEEKER with old friends. How fast they are disappearing from us! Mr. Denton has gone! Alas! alas! I mourn him as a brother. Would that I could comfort his bereaved wife, but death is just death. This separation from loved ones is dreadful. Only time can giv us comfort. But this is nature's law, and we can only submit.

With great interest in THE TRUTH SEEKER and all its readers, I am, Very truly,

Syracuse, Dec. 30, 1883. LUCY N. COLMAN.

The Morning Star.

We hav the morning star,
O foolish people, O kings!
With us the daysprings are,
Even all the fresh daysprings;
For us, and with us, all the multitudes of things.

O sorrowing hearts of slaves,
We heard you beat from far!
We bring the light that saves,
We bring the morning star.
Freedom's good things we bring you, whence all good things are.

The strife of things and beauty,
The fire and light adored,
Truth and life-light'ning duty,
Love without crown or sword,
That by his might and godhead makes man god and lord.

These hav we, these are ours,
That no priests giv, nor kings;
The honey of all these flowers,
The heart of all these springs;
Ours, for where freedom livs not, there liv no good things.

Rise, ere the dawn be risen;
Come, and be all souls fed;
From field, and street, and prison,
Come, for the feast is spread;
Liv, for the truth is living; wake, for the night is dead.

—*A. C. Swinburne.*

Ought Freeman to be Imprisoned for Life?

I see a little article in the last number of THE TRUTH SEEKER taken from the *Christian Advocate,* in which is taken the affirmativ of this question. "Though he may appear ever so sane, as well," he says, "turn a tame lion loose in the streets." To which you added a few words of very proper comment. I think myself that it is much the better way to dispose of these religiously insane creatures, rather than to hang them, as the nation did with that other religiously insane creature but a few months since.

But then, Mr. Editor, as an intelligent humanitarian, don't you think that by putting even a Bible Christian lunatic under proper treatment for a sufficient length of time, there might be a possibility of their being restored mentally, so that society would not be endangered by their having their liberty? My own opinion is that when the religion of humanity, based on common sense, comes in to take the place of this Bible religion, based on gods, angels, and ghosts, this will be a matter that will be taken into consideration, and eventually carried out, not only with this class of murderers, but with all others.

"As well turn a tame lion loose in the streets," our Christian editor says. Now, Mr. Editor, if we had this animal caged up long enough, and had pulled all its carnivorous teeth and claws out, then we might afford to let him out on his good behavior. Just so with one of these Bible-religion lunatics—keep them shut up until they make it manifest to their keepers that they would do no harm if they had their liberty; then remove from their reach this old Bible and their religion built upon it, that had been the cause of their crime against society, and in the place of this old superstition let them hav the advantage of good, sound reading matter pertaining to this world and this life, and thus develop and bring into activity their intellectual and moral powers in the stead of their emotional nature, and with this kind of treatment we would hav reason to hope that with their liberty they might fill the place of good citizens. Then let them out on trial, and if they should begin to manifest religious symptoms again by ruminating over the pages of that old book, then shut them up again.

Adrian, Mich. S. D. MOORE.

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"Incorporated Benevolent Institutions."

It is probable that in nothing more than charities, except it be the loss by exemption from taxation, is the state swindled by the various churches. "Charity covereth a multitude of sins," and also throws its mantle over a vast amount of indirect peculation, for by no other word can the work of many "benevolent" societies be designated. It is the boast of the churches that they support organized charities, and that without them the poor and sick would be badly off indeed.

But this pretense is cruelly overthrown by the array of cold figures furnished by the State Board of Charities and Commissioners of Lunacy in their last report. From these it appears that the value of the property held by the various charitable institutions on the first day of October, 1883, was $42,935,360.04, of which $35,415,555.45 was in real estate, and $7,519,804.59 in personal property.

The receipts of all these institutions for the year ending Sept. 30th, 1883, were as follows:

State institutions,	$909,221
County and city institutions,	2.363.720
Incorporated benevolent institutions,	7,157,002
Total,	$10,429,944

Of this sum $719,753.98 was derived from the state, $4,876,519.37 from cities and counties, and $1,520,571.15 from legacies and donations.

The expenditures during the year were as follows:

By state institutions,	$1,435,242
By county and city institutions,	2.363,720
By incorporated benevolent institutions,	6,492,431
Total,	$10,291,393

Of course the state supports its own institutions, the cities and counties theirs; but do the "incorporated benevolent institutions" do the same? It appears not. The state institutions received less than one million dollars, those of cities and counties but a little over two and a quarter millions, while the private church associations absorbed over seven millions.

Where did they get the money? From the churches? No. *From the public treasury.* Less than a sixth was from legacies and donations. The cities and counties of the state paid more than twice the amount expended on their own institutions. The church properties (hospitals, asylums) spent six and a half millions, of which the outside public furnished three-fourths, raised by payments from patients, and by taxation.

Now no one objects to a body of churchmen building a hospital and caring for patients who might otherwise be neglected. Such work is to be commended. But when the church starts an "asylum" or "protectory" in which the efforts of the conductors are expended in proselyting, and compels the state, by means of its lobbyists in the legislature, to largely maintain it, then the taxpayer (and everybody is a taxpayer) should protest. A case occurred not many months ago in which a literary man of this city, whom we will call Mr. B., was taken to an "incorporated benevolent institution." He was able to and did pay for his medical treatment. When convalescing he sent word to a friend, who may be called Mr. R., that he wanted to see him, and asked that some books be brought him to read. On his visit Mr. R. took one of the volumes of Mr. Bennett's travels, as the sick man was not only a Freethinker but an acquaintance and friend of Mr. Bennett. He was stopped at the door of the hospital, and informed that the book must be taken to the office for inspection. Mr. R. explained what the book was, upon which he was informed that Mr. B. could not be permitted to hav it.

This was as impertinent a case of censorship as ever took place. Both of these men are profound scholars, and hav written many of the articles that are considered authoritativ in our standard cyclopedias. Yet the choice of reading for the sick man was limited by the pious clerks, who probably hadn't brains enough to write a penny ballad! Although the sick man paid the price asked for his material comforts and medical attendance, he was not allowed to judge for himself as to what he would read!

Again. Appeals are constantly made to the public of this city for reading matter for the hospitals. Having a large number of TRUTH SEEKERS and other Liberal reading on hand that he had no further use for, a Liberal gentleman took them to the people who appealed for literature for the sick and offered them. He was politely informed that such reading matter would not be handed to the patients. "But," said he, "many of your patients may be glad of these papers and books." "That may be true," replied the official, "but they cannot hav them."

After a little investigation, and running across a few cases of this kind, no one can doubt that the "incorporated benevolent institutions" upon which the people bestow millions of dollars annually are run in the interests of the churches, and are vast proselyting concerns.

Part of the money which THE TRUTH SEEKER pays for rent goes for taxes on the building. It is not justice that that money should be used to support institutions into which THE TRUTH SEEKER will not be admitted by the puffed-up pietists who guard their doors.

Silencing a Heretic.

The Episcopal church has come to the rescue of Moses against Newton, and the latter has had to succumb. He is silenced, but not convinced, and the probability is that his silence will speak more eloquently against the ancient character than anything he could say.

For several Sundays past Mr. Newton has devoted his afternoons to explaining the Pentateuch from the standpoint of advanced Biblical scholarship. This involved the rejection of the inspiration theory, and a relegation of Genesis to its true place among childish religious legends. While nothing was advanced by Mr. Newton that has not been known and said by other biblical investigators, his presentation of the subject has angered his fellow Episcopal ministers, and for days they hav been saying all manner of evil things of him—among other things, accusing him of being insane.

Assistant Bishop Potter, his ecclesiastical superior, has now asked him to desist from further pulpit promulgation of his heresy, and Mr. Newton "for the sake of peace" submits to be muzzled. In announcing his compliance with the bishop's order, he used the occasion to say several heretical things. The object of his lectures, he said, was to enable his congregation to disentangle the overgrowth of legend and myth existing in the Old Testament, that they might read Genesis without affronting their consciences trying to make science of its myths, or history out of its legends. The pulpit on this had kept culpable silence, and the intelligence of the age is increasingly drifting away from the church because of that silence, or of what is worse, the continued utterance of outworn conceptions. "In every birth-age of a new thought of religion harm has been done by those who squared to the new light. Christianity did such harm in its dawn, and its apostles were Infidels and Atheists. The Reformation did such harm; and the men whom we are now honoring were charged by the priests of their day with destroying faith and opening the floodgates of moral disorder."

With this parting shot, Mr. Newton passed to the preaching of a sermon scarcely less heretical than his lectures. He said:

"Christianity did not begin with Jesus Christ. It is as old as true religion, as old as the instinct of divine light in man. And since the round, full-orbed incarnation of Christ the incarnation is still going on. The Romish church laid hold of this truth and put it in gross form in the doctrin of the real presence, which enshrines a truth that Protestantism may correct. The word is ever bodying itself in the flesh. It abides with saints and sages. No council of priests or bishops ever had the power to say: 'Thus endeth the inspiration of the Almighty.' The truth is that the ever-incarnating God is manifesting himself. What did the Reformation mean if not that Christ came again in the monk Martin? What does the Reformation mean to us if not that the soul of it is as true as the epistles of Paul and of Peter and as truly a revelation from on high? There is no line to be found even in revelation from on high? There is no line to be found even in revelation by which we can circumscribe the manifestation of the divine. If this be the true philosophy of the divine incarnation, Infidelity is not on the part of those who see and face and square themselvs to and follow the light, but Infidelity is on the part of those who see the light, can't disprove it, and, knowing they dare not face it, refrain from studying it, and deny it when they see it, and would remand us to the darkness of the past. The Infidelity is on the part of those men, whosoever they be, howsoever they be named, who, feeling not the glimmering light beaming in on man, shut their windows and remand us to darkness. I hold that the one danger to religion to-day is not in any new light which is coming, for if it be light, then is it of God, and if it be not true, then will it pass away with the ephemeral fancies of men. You should follow the light wherever it shows itself, whatever the difficulty, so long as you keep peace with your brother. The old and the new will be reconciled. The poles of science and scripture will yet be one. Will we see it in our day? We hope so. But it will not be seen by those who bury themselvs in darkness. They hinder God by clogging the channel."

When this is simmered down and divested of superfluous words, Mr. Newton would seem to mean that, in his opinion, the Infidels (he uses the term in an opprobrious sense) are those who will *not* advance with him. In short, the orthodox are the traitors to Christianity, and not he.

If Mr. Newton had said that *religion* did not begin with Christ, his words would be more intelligible. It is true that Christianity began with Paul and not with Christ, but it is upon the latter's shoulders that the superstructure popularly rests. While claiming to be still a Christian, Mr. Newton, by his utterances upon the divine incarnation, would appear to be a religious evolutionist, and to believe that the coming of Christ was but a link in the chain of not much more vital importance than the advent of Luther. His next apostolic link will probably be Auguste Comte and Herbert Spencer.

Mr. Newton is a Christian who has grown beyond his creed. He sees the untenableness of the church's position, but not being willing to let go all at once, he is building fanciful improvements upon Christinity, utterly forgetting the scriptural injunction not to put new wine into old bottles.

He and Mr. Beecher ought to study John Stuart Mill's work on logic.

Catholics and the School Funds.

We do not claim any prophetic credit for pointing out the meaning of Mgr. Capel's warlike speech on the school question. There was but that one initiatory step which could be taken without a revolution. But the Monsignor's utterance becomes more significant every day. Father Ducey's explanation of the meaning of the papal order to found parochial schools patterned after those of the Middle Ages, and his cautious insinuation that a request might be made of the state to appropriate a share of the schools funds for their support, has been very naturally followed by an actual demand. Fortunately the school board to whom the priest made his petition was prevented by law from complying, and it is well that the law existed, as the board was altogether too complacent in its treatment of the prayer.

The case occurred in Doyleston, Pa. Henry Stommel is pastor of the St. Mary's Catholic church at that place. Connected with the church is a parochial school, with an average attendance of ninety scholars. A few weeks ago Mr. Stommel conceived the idea of obtaining financial aid from the borough school board for this parochial school. He addressed a petition to the school board reciting that the expense of the public schools of Doylestown had been reduced by the establishment of the parochial school and that many of St. Mary's congregation were paying school tax and receiving no benefit from it. The petition closed by alleging that much good work had been accomplished by the school, and asserted the claims of the petitioner "to the sympathy of the good people of Doylestown." Father Stommel then submitted his paper to the leading citizens of Doylestown and obtained over fifty signatures. None of the signers were Catholics. Subjoined to the petition and preceding the names of the signers was a statement to the effect that those whose names appeared below fully understood the petition and also approved it.

The school board, being debarred by law, could not grant the prayer of the petitioners, but the matter has raised a ruction in the town, and the newspapers hav been full of it. A Liberal opened the

warfare through the columns of the Doylestown *Democrat*. He was replied to by the priest, who demanded his name, and concluded by hurling God's wrath upon all Infidels. The Protestant ministers then took up the cudgels, and a lively scrimmage ensued between them and the priest. The Liberal, after showing that school funds could not legally nor rightly be used in the manner proposed, stepped out, and the Christians and politicians are having an old-fashioned religious fight.

The features of this affair that should not escape serious attention are: 1. The petition of the Catholics for the money; 2. The fact that the signers were Protestants; 3. The friendly manner in which the school board received the petition—it being by no means certain that it would hav been refused had there been no law in the way of granting it; 4. That the Protestant objections to the Catholic demands consist of the inconsequential charge that the latter would remove the Bible from the public schools, and teach Catholicism in the parochial institutions, when, in Protestant opinion, the state should not only cause the Bible to be daily read, but Protestantism should be inculcated. They hav no word of censure for the violation of justice in such partisan distribution of funds rised by impartial taxation; they raise no voice in favor of free secular schools. The burden of their complaint is that their religious enemies are getting privileges they do not, because unwilling to burden themselvs with parochial schools. They desire the state to do all the supporting (taxing Freethinkers for the purpose), and then leave the Bible in the schools to warp the minds of the children in favor of Christianity.

It may do for the present to leave this question to be fought over by the two great religious bodies, but the example of the withdrawing Freethinker cannot always be safely followed. Neither the Catholic nor Protestant church has the slightest idea of true freedom. All contests between them are simply struggles for supremacy. The principle of free secular government should ever be kept in view in discussing this question, and who is to do it but the Freethinker?

Clergymen as Legislators.

The distrust of clergymen entertained by the people of many states is evidenced by the incorporation into their constitutions of provisions making ministers ineligible to law-making positions. The attention of the public has been directed to this by the election of a local preacher to the Maryland Senate. As he had never been ordained, however, he was allowed to sit.

The provision of the Maryland constitution upon which the question arose is this:

"No minister or preacher of the gospel, of any religious creed or denomination, shall be eligible as senator or delegate."

Substantially the same prohibition was contained in the Constitution of 1776. This Maryland case has led the *Sun* to look for like provisions in the fundamental law of other states. It finds similar articles in the constitutions of Delaware, Kentucky, and Tennessee. In Delaware the language of the constitution is as follows:

"No ordained clergyman or ordained preacher of the gospel of any denomination shall be capable of holding any civil office in the state, or of being a member of either branch of the Legislature, while he continues in the exercise of the pastorial or clerical functions."

Here the prohibition extends even further than in Maryland. It extends not only to membership in the legislature, but to the holding of any civil office. The constitution of Kentucky proscribes thus:

"No person while he continues to exercise the functions of a clergyman, priest, or teacher of any religious persuasion, society, or sect . . . shall be eligible to the general assembly."

In Tennessee the framers of the constitution of 1870 go so far as to giv a reason for the exclusion of clergymen from the law-making body of the state:

"Whereas, ministers of the gospel are by their profession dedicated to God and the care of souls, and ought not to be diverted from the great duties of their functions; therefore no minister of the gospel or priest of any denomination whatever shall be eligible to a seat in either house of the legislature."

In New Hampshire a constitutional provision has long prohibited Catholics from holding a state office. A few years ago an effort was made to repeal the paragraph, but, we believe, was unsuccessful. The adoption of these provisions was due in most cases to sectarian jealousy, and they were not the decrees of Freethinkers. If our Christian forefathers who knew all about each other were so afraid to trust a clergyman with legislativ power, what would they not hav done with the God-in-the-Constitutionists of today?

The *Sun* intimates that however bad the clergymen used to be, their admission could not now make our legislatures any worse. Which is equivalent to saying the pot cannot call the kettle black.

Chainey's Sunday Evening Lecture Course.

Over one hundred tickets per month hav been subscribed for this course, and its success is now assured. The lectures will begin next Sunday evening, Jan. 20th, at the German Masonic Hall. The subject of the opening lecture will be "The Present Condition and Prospects of Freethought in America." It is hoped that all the Liberals of this city will take an earnest interest in this course of lectures, and increase, if possible, the list of monthly subscribers, and also to fill the hall on Sunday evenings. The well-known ability of Mr. Chainey must be seconded by the efforts of the Liberal public. One way to overthrow the tyranny of the church is to put in its place, for the time being at least, something of a similar nature, unwedded to the ancient superstitions, and this is the Sunday evening lecture platform, where the best thought of the age can be spoken. Something of the sort must be maintained in this great metropolis, and now that an opportunity is presented every one interested in the progress of truth and humanity should endeavor to make it a permanent success. Price of single tickets, 25 cents; season tickets, $1.50; to be had at THE TRUTH SEEKER office; of T. B. Wakeman, president of the Liberal Club, or Samuel P. Putnam, 219 West 25th st. Let there be a large sale of tickets and a full attendance and support of these valuable lectures.

Book Notices.

Mr. Putnam has had his "Problem of the Universe" printed in neat pamphlet form, and we hav it for sale; price, 20 cents. It is a Materialist's statement of his ideas of force and matter, and things in general, and nowhere hav we seen a more beautiful exposition. The success of Mr. Andrews in pulling the structure to pieces will depend upon whether mind is co-eval, co-eternal, and co-equal (if not exterior to) with matter, or whether it is but a function of the latter. The difference between Mr. Putnam and Mr. Andrews can be finally simmered down to the difference between a scientific Spiritualist and a scientific Materialist. Mr. Putnam asserts that mind is the result of organized matter; that without the matter mind is nothing, any more than is the motion of the piston when steam is shut out of the cylinder. Mr. Andrews, on the contrary, holds that mind is all mixed up with matter, has existed just as long and will continue to exist just as long. Mr. Andrews stands with his philosophy midway between the extreme Materialist and the extreme Theist, and endeavors to be the peacemaker. He gets a good many blows in the face in consequence of his pacific attitude, not the least forcible of which our genial friend Putnam has inflicted by his criticism of the Pantarch's method of deducing analogies.

We feel sure that every Materialist will want Mr. Putnam's pamphlet to fortify his position, and every Spiritualist will want it to learn how and where his strongest enemy is entrenched; and this opinion, we see, is shared by the *Investigator*, whose editor says:

"In this pamphlet of thirty-nine pages may be found a great deal of ability, thought, and reflection in favor of the philosophy according to nature, or Materialism and Atheism. The author, who is a superior writer, earnest, forcible, and clear in his ideas, and remarkably strong and vigorous in his language, says that 'this essay is the result of years of mental conflict;' he has 'tried both theology and metaphysics, and they hav turned to dust and ashes. They hav given me no solution of the universe, and hence no joy and no comfort.'

"As a substitute for them he adopts science as found in the teachings of nature, and it demonstrates to him that there is nothing supernatural; that this world is the only one known; that human intelligence is all there is; that matter is eternal, and that mind is an effect rather than a cause—in a word, that Materialism solves the problem of the universe, and is the only reasonable, logical, and scientific view that can be taken on this great subject.

"We recommend Mr. Putnam's pamphlet to all thinkers, reasoners, and arguers. They will find it to be one of the ablest, clearest, and most conclusiv essays they ever read on the subject of mental and moral philosophy, and it furnishes a great theme for contemplation, thought, and study. Every Materialist, especially, should hav a copy."

Of "False Claims" the *Olive Branch* says: Mr. Remsburg "has, in this address, an array of facts that must awaken the slumbering faculties of all who are willing to look facts in the face." Of the "Crimes of Preachers" the same paper observes: "This pamphlet of one hundred pages has been gathered from the records of the public press, and are, without doubt, all true. But we see no other way only for the author to issue another and an enlarged edition. Facts of this kind are accumulating rapidly. The showing is a painful one, when we take into account that every one whose name appears in this pamphlet claims to hav been called by God to administer his word to a fallen world. Price 25 cents. Address THE TRUTH SEEKER office, 33 Clinton Place, New York."

What is Going to be the Result?

From the New York Sun.

Another clergyman of the Episcopal church has been propounding views regarding the Bible and its inspiration which are decidedly unorthodox. It is probable, however, that they are not unlike those of many of his brethren of the ministry, who differ from him only in being more discreet about committing themselvs on a subject so perilous.

Indeed, the clergyman in question, the Rev. Dr. Bush, of Staten Island, says that his opinions touching inspiration and revelation, which are substantially the same as those of the Rev. Heber Newton, hav been "indorsed and commended by some of the leading men in the Episcopal church." There is nothing surprising in the statement, for Mr. Newton continues to be rector of a very prosperous parish, and it does not now seem probable that he will be subjected to ecclesiastical disciplin because he applies to the Bible methods of criticism which ignore or directly antagonize the teachings of his church as to divine revelation. Of course he would not remain undisturbed if faith in the Bible was as strong, as entire, and as universal as it once was among Episcopalians. A quarter of a century ago he would hav been promptly unfrocked.

The Rev. Dr. Bush, however, has not had so good fortune. He has not been called to account by his ecclesiastical superiors, but he has been obliged to resign his rectorship, while Dr. Newton apparently is more popular than ever in All Souls' parish.

It is true that Dr. Bush gave offense to the Staten Island church, or members of it, in other ways, as by opposing a church raffle; but the efficient cause of his resignation was the difference of opinion his sermons on the Bible excited. Yet even he seems to hav had the majority of his parishioners on his side. "It is not true," he writes, "that the rector had the condemnation of one-half of the congregation."

Is it not strange that the Episcopal church permits the utterance in its pulpits of views regarding the Bible which undermine the very foundations of its theology? Take away faith in the scriptures as the inspired, all-sufficient word of God, and there remains nothing for that theology to rest upon. Reason has replaced faith, and criticism has supplanted devout belief in the written Word.

What Ingersoll is to an Irishman.

From the Boston Traveller.

A gentleman of Milesian descent was overheard yesterday describing Col. Ingersoll as an "amethyst." This reminds one of the man who wrote to his friend: "Dear John he is not a Swedenborgian. He is a Norwegian."

Lectures and Meetings.

MR. REMSBURG will deliver his famous lecture of "False Claims" before the Friendship Liberal League, at Hancock Hall, 815 Girard Ave., Philadelphia, Sunday, January 20th, at 10:30 A.M. All the town should hear him.

C. B. REYNOLDS, who drew the largest house at the Salamanca Convention, is now permanently in the lecture field, and would like engagements. His terms are very reasonable. His recent papers in THE TRUTH SEEKER hav been highly commended, and his speech printed last week is a scholarly and eloquent effort. From a personal acquaintance with Mr. Reynolds we are sure he will make warm friends wherever he goes. He will attend the Linesville, Pa. celebration on the 29th, and would like engagements in towns between that place and Rochester. Mr. Reynolds is also the authorized agent of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and will carry a supply of books along with him, and take orders for any that he may not hav on hand, to be promptly filled from this office. Address him until the 21st at Box 104 North Parma, New York. After the 21st and till the 25th telegraph him at 93 Broadway, Rochester, New York.

JAY CHAAPEL an earnest worker in the broad field of reform, will answer calls to lecture anywhere in New England. The following are the names of some of his subjects. "A Trio of Reforms; or, the Evils and Errors of the Priests, Doctors, and Lawyers;" "Is Siritualism True?" "Christianity and Spiritualism Contrasted." Of his speech at the Rochester Convention the papers of that city said:

"The speaker possesses a good voice and pleasing personal appearance and he was closely listened to throughout."—*Post-Express.*

"The speaker illustrated his points with many instances in his own experiences, and the address was greeted with applause."—*Morning Herald.*

"The address, 'A Trio of Reforms,' was, earnestly delivered and listened to with the closest attention, and was freqently applauded by the large audience."—*Democrat and Chronicle.*

Mr. Chaapel's address during the month of January is No. 3 Concord Square Boston, Mass.

Communications.

Universology, and a Criticism of the Criticisms of Mr. Putnam.—Continued.

Let us giv a little attention, now, to the prevalent scientific position, iterated by Mr. Putnam, that matter is a real, permanent, thinglike affair, but that mind is a mere process, a flow, an on-going, like that of a stream. This is an idea that has grown up into special prominence within a few years, out of the fact that matter is a denser, grosser, more obvious and obtrusiv something than mind is; and that dense minds can best appreciate dense things; and that naturo-scientists, as a class, are the dense-minded order of mankind, as compared with metaphysicians and Spiritualists, who are the thin, attenuated, or tenuous order of thinkers, who can, by the adaptation and analogy, best appreciate thin, fine, delicate matters or affairs. This is not said to depreciate either party, but simply to state a fact; it is as possible to be too fine as to be too coarse; or too coarse as too fine; and the truth of these matters being known, each party will become anxious to learn of the other that which their different orders of faculty qualify each to learn, to appreciate, and to teach. Our so-called scientists, engaged perpetually—and led to be so by organization and habit—in the study of matter, appreciate the reality of matter only, and are often as unfit to study or to hav an intelligent opinion upon mental or spiritual affairs as a horse is to play the piano, or, rather, as a blacksmith is to repair a chronometer; while mere metaphysicians and Spiritualists are equally unqualified to decide a chemical or a mechanical question. Hence the need of a new order of thinkers who can cross the boundaries, see from opposit ends, compare, adjust, enlarge, and complete the knowledge of the other two styles of men. A wedge will illustrate. The Materialists are the butt-enders of the wedge in respect to knowledge or perception; and matter the butt-end in respect to being; and they two are analogical, or belong together; and the Mentalists are the thin-enders (of the wedge) in respect to knowledge; and mind the thin end of being; so that they two again are analogical or belong together. Each tends to deny or belittle the other, and to expound the whole universe from its own single point of view. Integralists or Universologists are those who attempt at least to compass the whole wedge; the butt-end, with its solid, massiv character, and the mere thin edge vanishing into nothing, and at the very nothing-point being the most efficient, and, in a sense, by far the most important part of the whole wedge. Let anybody think closely of what an edge really is, and try to define it, and he will meet with all the difficulty which there is in conceiving the reality of the most tenuous metaphysical or spiritual substances. But it is not the forte of Materialists to think closely and sharply upon any subject. They crush by the weight of their generalizations, and evade the keen blows of their antagonists by a mental thick-skinnedness which fails to know when it is hit.

But we hav drifted away a bit from our point, which is the assumption that matter is a real something (an "entity"), but that mind is a mere process. Nothing of the kind is true, except in appearance. Mind being (as we think it) thinner (more tenuous) than matter, it is easier to analyze it into successiv instants of movement, mere change or flux, than it is to do the same with matter so that the Materialists, who are feeble as metaphysicians, or in this mental exercise of analysis, are still strong enough that way to effect this feat and to proclaim that mind is a mere flux; but the metaphysician, who is accustomed to carry this sort of analysis out to rigorous ultimates, knows that, with a little more force put to the mental analyzing machinery, matter is resolved in precisely the same way into mere flux, and that all we know about it (from that point of view) is that it, precisely as in the case of mind, is a mere succession of changing states. It is exactly as in the case of microscopes of lower and higher power; or of telescopes, one of which will leave a nebula (the little cloud of stars so close that they are not seen apart) as a mass (matter-like), and another of which will resolve it or show the stars separate. Or it is the same as in the melting of substances—some must hav a higher temperature than others. To a high mental power of analysis, matter is resolved into a flux, the same as mind; but the Materialist, having a mental magnifier of a low power merely, sees mind resolved into a mere process; while he holds to matter as unresolvable, and calls it entity.

Heraclitus, two thousand years ago, knew better; he had the mental microscope of the higher power; he knew that matter, as well as mind, is a constant flux. He said, "All things flow" (everything is a process). "The ancients unite in ascribing to him the principle that the totality of things should be conceived of as in an eternal flow in an uninterrupted movement and transformation, and that all continuance of things is only an appearance. 'Into the same stream,' so runs a saying of his, 'we descend, and at the same time we do not descend; we are, and also we are not. For into the same stream we can not possibly descend twice, since it is always scattering and collecting itself again, or rather it, at the same time, flows to us and from us'" (Schwegler's Hist. of Phil., p. 32).

But while it is thus true that motism, motion, flow, flux, is an aspect (a way in which we think and must think) of the universe (alike matter and mind), it is true on the other hand, that this is only one of two opposit and equally necessary aspects. All things, both mind and matter, must be, and habitually are, thought of, on the contrary, and at the same time, as stationary realities; or as embodying statism, station, stability, permanency, rest, and, therefore, as entities (thingimies). It is not at all true, in any special sense, that mind as we think it (and this is all we hav to do with it) is exclusivly, or even habitually, conceived of as a flux or flow. On the contrary, it is, and always has been, and always will be, as really conceived of as entical (thingy) as the material world is; as really, but not so distinctly, because, as I hav said, it is a less obtrusiv entity; and it is now my business, in part, to bring out, or develop (as we develop the obscure image on a daguerreotype plate), that all-prevalent, but never heretofore clearly perceived, image of mind, which we all carry about with us, and to which we constantly refer, in all our spontaneous thinking about mind, whatever our theoretical crotchets may be.

The way, then, in which the whole world, in all ages and among all nations, as shown in the unconscious testimony of their languages, when compared, has conceived of mind, is as itself a world of a kind of its own, but a world still, precisely copying, repeating, or analogous with, the outer or material world we liv in. We are in the outer, objectiv, material world, and the inner, subjectiv, mental world is within us, the two answering to each other, as the image-world within a mirror answers to the image-causing world outside. There is quite as much of the static or stationary character in the image (while the two are in presence) as there is in the outer; and just as much of movement. The one is an exact copy of the other (inverted). Now what and how much an image is, in itself, or what or how much the things are in themselvs outside (Mr. Putnam says they are "substance, whatever that may be;" a metaphysical what-is-it), I am not concerned to inquire. (I am not so intensely and perversely metaphysical.) What I am concerned about is that we naturally, and necessarily, think of an image as a something which exactly counterparts in generals and particulars, in stationary features and in moving features, that of which it is the image; and that we naturally, habitually, and necessarily conceive of mind in the same way as an internal image-world, exactly answering to an external matter-world, filled with the same variety of image-things, in the same relations to each other as the matter-things which fill the exterior matter-world and so of their relations, static and mobile, to each other. This, as I mean it, is a new discovery in science, with the most far-reaching consequences; with nothing more than a mere poetical trace of any comprehension of it in either the science or the literature of the past. Out of it grows the possibility of a universal language, all of the words of which shall apply equally well to the matter-world and the mind-world, item for item (as some of our words now do), and other immense consequences in science too numerous to be even hinted at here.

The words of existing languages testify, as I hav said, to the unconscious, instinctiv, all-pervasiv presence to the mind of man, of the possibility of rendering a material phenomena into the terms of mind, or inversely, those of mind into the terms of matter; but nobody has, apparently, ever suspected this underlying law of metaphor to be universal, and as important, to say the least, as the law of gravitation. That law (gravitation) unifies the matter-world with itself; this law (that of metaphor) unifies the matter-world and the mind-world with each other. Take for example the word inclination. It applies equally well to matter; my body inclines on a couch; or to mind as I incline to visit a friend. This congruity of everything, *everything*, EVERYTHING of mind, to everything of matter, is the new idea. It is this which, in a great measure, founds Alwato.

Let me, in conclusion of this matter, demonstrate the fact that, on the testimony of extant words, we always conceive (however unconsciously) of mind as of a world, with all sorts of things contained, and all sorts of transactions going on in it, precisely as we conceive of this outer or material world. I say, for example, that "I hav such a thing in my mind," that such another thing "has gone out of my mind," etc. The mind forms always a grand receptacle, theater, or world where these things happen. Compare the following list of words:

Mind.	*Matter.*
Inclination (leaning).	Inclination (leaning).
Uprightness (downrightness).	Uprightness (downrightness).
Right (straight).	Right (line, angle) straight.
Wrong	Wrung ("crooked whisky")
Integrity (wholeness).	Integers (whole numbers).
Fractious (breaky, balky).	Fractions (broken numbers).
Understanding (platform of thought).	Platform, pedestal, basement.
Conation (mental effort).	Cone, as wedge, driving and splitting instrument.
Information.	Forming in.
Instruction.	Building in.
Education.	Drawing forth (as an army out of its quarters).
Structure.	Build.
Organ (of mind).	Organ (a material instrument).
Function (a doing).	Function (a doing).
Re-member (to reunite separated parts).	Re-member (the same).
Vacuity (mental).	Vacuity (emptiness).
Contents (of mind)	Contents (material).
Realize.	Thingify.
Process.	Go, proceeding, process.
Research.	Back-looking.
Intro-spection; Intuition.	In-looking.
Restraint.	Back-holding.
Con-ception (of an idea).	Conception (of a child).
Perception.	Taking in through (an opening).
Elevation (of mind).	Elevation of a bird (in the air).
Etc.	Etc.

These four dozen words can readily, when space is given, be made into four hundred, or four thousand—or, if we go to other languages, forty thousand—all illustrating the same wonderful coincidence between our natural ideas of the outer world and of the world within. This discovery, for it is really such, opens up an immense new field of scientific investigation, making the inquiring into ideas, and the comparison between the outer and the inner world, the most intensely interesting study ever offered to the human mind—opening the way to the intellectual unification of all the parts of the universe; founding a universal language, to be to the two or three thousand languages on the earth what the railroad is to the common road; expounding all sects, parties, and doctrins to each other; reconciling differences, harmonizing mankind; giving everybody just what everybody is seeking for, in every department of life; and, in a word, inaugurating the intellectual, scientific, and social millennium. Universologists and Alwatoists are engaged in exploiting this immense new field of investigation, and realifying its consequences. What do we care for the old *effete* metaphysical questions about what matter is, what mind is; which is first, which is second, etc.? We are investigating the phenomena of each (true scientific work), and the echo of relationship of the phenomena of the one to the phenomena of the other (still higher scientific work), in the most exhaustiv particularity and detail—exact scientific work, inductiv, Baconian, positivistic to the last degree. Will Mr. Putnam and that ilk not hav the kindness to take the pains to begin to understand us as we really are, instead of supposing that they know *a priori* what we must be, and classifying us with the musty schoolmen of the past, to whom they are themselvs far more closely related? They still hav the shell of the old egg sticking to them, which so confuses their vision that in looking at us they think we are back inside the shell; whereas, in fact, we pecked our way completely out of the shell some time ago, and are already chickens several days older than Mr. Putnam is, or they are.

I beg the opportunity for one more article in continuation of this reply, for the purpose of giving a sample of real Universological work as a curiosity for the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and just to giv Mr. Putnam a small dose of that particularity which he calls for; and when he shall know that we are prepared to pour out volume after volume of similar matter, he will perhaps giv up his idea that we are dealing in general deduction not resting on adequate detailed investigation.

I say real Universological work, for all that Mr. Putnam has said, and all that I hav said, has been talking about Universology, and not talking Universology itself (except incidentally). I know that what I shall present next is not exactly ordinary newspaper matter, even for so advanced and scientific a sheet as THE TRUTH SEEKER; nor is its milk for babes for scientific men themselvs; but I hope for once I shall be forgiven. So much has been said about Universology that it will be well to hav a specimen brick out of this new edifice, by which some advanced minds may be able to judge of it correctly. My subject will be "The Five Senses." As Mr. Putnam thinks we neglect the senses, that will be appropriate.

STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

Brother Masquerier's Message of Despair.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Our aged brother, Lewis Masquerier, is a very discouraging reformer. He says that S. P. Andrews, with all his learning, "cannot explain his Universology of unism, duism, and trinism." And at the end of the same paragraph he adds that none of the leading phoneticians, naming five of them, with the Pantarch at the head and Prof. March at the foot, "has ever discovered the distinction between sonants and con-

sonants, which can be seen by looking in the mouth with a glass." For thirty-two years Mr. Masquerier has been striving to teach this thing which any one can see by opening his mouth and looking in a glass; but nobody has yet seen it except the teacher. And the venerable Pantarch, Mr. Masquerier says, is trying to teach something which he himself can't explain.

"O squint-eyed science! hast thou wandered there
To waft us back the message of despair?"

Washington, D. C. W. H. B.

Letters from Friends.

SYRACUSE, Dec. 13, 1883.

MR. EDITOR: In reply to your postal received today, reminding me of the expiration of my trial subscription, will say that I am much pleased with the paper and here inclose $2.50, the amount for one year.

Hoping you success and prosperity in the good cause and that THE TRUTH SEEKER will always find a place among my many other papers,

I am most truly yours, DE WITT C. JENKINS.

READING, MICH., Dec. 20, 1883.

MR. EDITOR: I thought I would try to get along a short time without THE TRUTH SEEKER, as I take so many others, though none none excel your paper, if they equal it. So I made my intent known to my wife, and it would hav done you good to see the blood in her eye. Her Yankee was up at once. So here goes $2.50 for the paper another year, and I presume it will be the means of making me a life subscriber, as wife says we cannot keep house without it. H. N. PROUTY.

NORTH LAWRENCE, O., Dec. 28, 1883.

MR. EDITOR: A Liberal wedding took place at our friend Cardwell's yesterday, the 27th inst., the contracting parties being Mr. William West, of Carbon, Wyoming, and Maggie, third daughter of Mr. Henry Cardwell, of this place. The marriage ceremony was performed by I. M, Taggart, justice of the peace. A form was used from "The Truth Seeker Collection," it being the bride's desire to be married from them, believing more in the efficacy of love in joining together than in the old "Whom God hath joined together," etc. Their friends wish them a happy and prosperous voyage through life. A number of very beautiful and useful presents were presented to the newly married pair, some of which were from Carbon, Wyoming territory.

Yours truly. GEO. MUSGROVE.

HEMPSTEAD, ARK., Dec. 12, E.M. 283.

MR. EDITOR: I hope this may reach you before the first day of January next, as my subscription expires then. I hope, however, I may be in time. Inclosed you will find $5.

We want to send something to the Bennett Monument Fund; we want to send something to old Brother Hacker; we want to contribute something to every Freethought movement, but we are not able; we are both as poor as a church mouse. But we are like a bad dollar, always on hand about the time for renewing our subscription. Were it not for THE TRUTH SEEKER we should starve to death on dry prayers, for we hav plenty of them. Nothing more, but, Remaining yours truly, { D. G. MELEAR, A. E. CHAMBLESS.

ST. JOHNSBURY, Dec. 24, 1883.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $13 75, for which please send THE TRUTH SEEKER to the inclosed names. And for the balance of money send me "Crimes of Preachers;" and also a few of "False Claims," and "Fall and Redemption," by Charles Watts. I believe this completes the list for this time. I shall try and get more subscribers for THE TRUTH SEEKER by and by. This is a hard town for Infidels, but I find, once in a while, one sticking out of the mud; I giv him a yank on to solid ground and he soon stands alone. Then he begins to wonder how he happened to stick there so long. THE TRUTH SEEKER will do it every time if I can get them to read it. We hav thirteen churches in this town; nine in the village; one to three hundred and twenty-five people. So you can see that it is up hill here.

Truly yours, JOHN BELKNAP.

HARWICH, Dec. 24, 283.

MR. EDITOR: Our TRUTH SEEKER still holds its own and still meets the demand of the age; indeed, it is indispensable. How any Freethinker can do without such a valuable paper, I am at a loss to know. I know of many rich Freethinkers in Harwich who cannot be prevailed on to subscribe, and yet will spend money for luxuries with a free hand. I know, too, of Christians here who are self-sacrificing for their religion, and spare no pains to sustain it as though their eternal all depended upon their every exertion in the maintenance. I hav often thought that if Freethinkers were as earnest as are the Christians, or were as liberal with their money as they are in their ideas, we might soon rid the country of the great scourge called Christianity and turn the churches into halls of useful knowledge.

I am just now disappointed in one upon whom I confidently relied to subscribe, but who refuses for some reason or other; but I am not without hopes that I shall succeed yet. I spoke of him in my last.

Please find within $3, for which continue THE TRUTH SEEKER; and send me the "Age of Reason." I had the book, but somebody has taken it away and, I presume, destroyed it. They havn't entirely forgotten the fashion of burning books, and would be glad to burn bodies, but the power to do it has slipped from their fingers and so now a resort must be had to alleged obscenity in order to secure victims. A little more leavening by science and good sense, and that miserable subterfuge will also cease to avail them. B. F. ROBBINS.

MT. FOREST, CAN., Dec. 28, 1883.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $2.50, being the amount of subscription required to pay my fare to depot, May, 1885.

As the Hibernian said, "I think I am taking an unfair advantage of you," but, if I do not mistake your notice to subscribers that those who pay before the 1st of Jan., 1884, in advance, may hav those terms, you will see that my passage is paid up to May next, so this will extend it to one year after that time—that is, if this letter reaches you before the first, which I think it will—though I hav delayed past the eleventh hour, and near to the fifty-ninth minute past twenty-three o'clock, railroad time.

Now, if this arrives in time, accept the compliments of the season, with my best wishes for the good old TRUTH SEEKER, which I would not like to be without, as you will see by the few lines inclosed.

Yours truly, WM. LEWIS.

ALTOONA, PA., Dec. 27, 283.

MR. EDITOR: I send you $4, for two steel lithographs of Bennett and Paine, for our Liberal League room, the balance to be sent in tracts, for gratuitous distribution, the majority cheap leaflets.

We hav opened a League room, the furnishing of which has cost us $200, a pretty heavy expense on the few of the faithful. We propose to open our room as a public reading and lecture room as soon as we are able to do so. We first want to start a library of standard Freethought and scientific books, also allowing Christians, Jews, and Mohammedans to put theirs on file, and having also all the Liberal press. But as yet we must begin small. Our room is sixteen by sixty feet, right in the center of the city, and over the R. R Men's Christian Association. Mr. Lewis Plack is our president. Our League organized last June.

I hav the papers and tracts you sent, and am distributing them.

Wishing you success, I am, very respectfully,

JOHN R. KEMP.

PEKIN, ILL., Jan. 3, 1884

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $7.75 to renew my subscription, and for a year's subscription for a new subscriber. Also in payment of "History of Christianity," by Edward Gibbon; one dozen "False Claims," by John E. Remsburg, for distribution, as I make it a point to send every copy of THE TRUTH SEEKER to some one whom I think would read it. It only costs a cent to do that. Liberal lectures are too expensiv for two or three to pay for. So we must try and do the next best thing, buy and distribute papers, tracts, and books.

THE TRUTH SEEKER has become a necessity to me. I hav read articles on the philosophy of Spiritualism ever since the days of Judge Edmondson, as published in the New York *Tribune*, and read much of other's experience, but hav no knowledge or experience of my own in support of its truth, and would now rather receive some demonstration than more theory and experience.

Hoping a prosperous and happy New Year to THE TRUTH SEEKER, W. H. PEARCE.

PITTSBURGH, PA., Dec. 25, 1883.

MR. EDITOR: Once more I send you an order for $5 to renew my subscription for my favorit paper, THE TRUTH SEEKER, and to pay for other reading matter to enlighten my own and others' minds in this bigoted place of ours, although, in my humble opinion, there has been a great change for the better within the past twenty years; and there is still plenty of room for improvement.

I am much pleased that THE TRUTH SEEKER has fallen into such good hands as yours, and hope you will, as you hav in the past, treat all alike, whatever they call themselvs. Giv everyone a show to prove what he thinks is right. As for myself, my humble opinion is that right is only a matter of opinion, after considering everything concerning the same.

I am sorry my present circumstances will not allow me to giv more toward the monument to our lamented friend, D. M. Bennett, but such is fate, you know. I would like very much to see a hall built, and think it would be much more appropriate, lasting, and beneficial to the cause of truth and mental liberty.

Yours, for more of that universal knowledge best adapted to the present age and time, and the success of THE TRUTH SEEKER and all connected therewith, J. J.

CALMER, IOWA, Dec. 14, 1883.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find post-office order for $3 50—$2 50 for my next year's subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER, and $1 for the Monument Fund.

I was in hopes some able writer would reply to Thomas Winter's article in THE TRUTH SEEKER of December 1st. How does Mr. Winter know that all other religionists and Spiritualists are a deluded set? I will venture to assert that there are just as intelligent people outside of Materialistic belief as anywhere to be found—even Thomas Winter himself. Believing a thing don't make it so. If it did the Bible would surely be an inspired book, as there are thousands who believe it to be so.

He says good, sound sense must convince everybody. I say not. I claim that in order to hav men believe a thing, there must be some evidence beside mere assertion. I hav read Mr. Winter's articles for a long time, and this last one is the most uncharitable in the list. I claim the right to think for myself in politics and in religion, and I accord the same right to others; and I desire better evidence than mere assertion to convince me that Materialism is any better or safer than the old orthodox religion.

Mr. Thomas Winter, Materialist, the next time you write another article accusing all that differ with you of being "deluded and deceived," please tell us how you know. Very respectfully, M. HINES.

ALMOND, Dec. 24, 283.

MR. EDITOR: I inclose $3.75—$2.50 to pay for THE TRUTH SEEKER for the year 284 for myself, $1 to pay for two trial subscriptions, and 25 cents for a copy of "Crimes of Preachers." I want it to show to my clerical friends, that they may see what a purifying influence Christianity has on the clergy.

I hope to put in some work to aid THE TRUTH SEEKER the coming year. I wish I could send fifty subscribers instead of two from this town. They are going to come, however; take my word for it. The fields are ripe for the harvest, and if every friend of Freethought will do his best to circulate papers, books, and tracts among the people, his efforts, in conjunction with the labors of our brilliant corps of lecturers in the field, will giv the cause of Freethought such an impetus in 284 that we ourselvs will be surprised at the result.

The record of the last year has been a grand one for Liberalism in this country, and such as to encourage every Liberal who has any heart in the cause. Friends, let us put in a good amount of work the coming year. Success awaits us—nothing more sure.

I want, through THE TRUTH SEEKER, to wish all my Liberal friends, and especially those connected with the publication of the paper, a happy New Year. I will not say anything about Christmas, as that is a fraud, you know. But still I want everybody happy, and hope they will get their stockings full, and sing the good old song—which the angels didn't sing—of peace and good will. Fraternally yours,

O. D. WALLACE.

CEDAR SPRINGS, MICH., Dec. 15, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I would like to be heard once more on the subject of prohibition. I think I hav a right to speak on this great and important subject, as I am one of six sons, none of which has formed the habit of smoking, chewing, or drinking. I hav never dealt in the so-called luxuries. This will surely giv me a passport to honesty of purpose.

I see in your issue of Dec. 1st an article from A. W. Shuck, M. D., which strikes me as being very much out of place. I will not attempt to criticise his letter. It would take too much time and space. I would like to ask these Prohibitionists how they propose to prohibit the use or sale of liquor. Will they cuggle them to the bar, as some of our pioneer farmers used to do their cattle from the straw stack? It is well known fact to farmers that if their stock don't seem to relish the poor feed, they may, by cutting a gad and using it freely on the cattle in driving them away two or three times, cause them to return with renewed appetites. Man is animal in his nature. I say, giv us your ideas of how you propose to prohibit the evil of intemperance, or to prohibit it entirely if you please. If you hav any plan, please state it.

The people hav been fooled too often with high-sounding names. We had an act to strengthen the public credit. This act was passed in 1866. In 1873 the people had no credit throughout the land. But the act was meant to enhance the value of money and depreciate the value of property. We saw the result, bankruptcy, all over the land. To these fanatical Prohibitionists I would say, Giv more heed to the land question, the money monopoly, and let the good Christians purify the blood of the savior.

Usury is the thief that steals the poor man's earnings. I would be heartily glad if all Liberals would cease to see man's inhumanity to man in regard to usury. I am furnishing a Methodist minister with the *Irish World* and TRUTH SEEKER. He is inclined to be Liberal. He givs more lectures than sermons. It is only a matter of time. His nine children must be fed, and he has nothing left but the pulpit to support them.

No less than three beggars called one day to get money to pay what they owed their ministers. My wife told the ladies that the Lord would feed his

lambs if they would only trust in the Lord. With kind regards to all the noble patrons of our paper and especially the noble crew that stand at her helm I remain in the faith, A. S. CROXTON.

GRESHAM, ILL., Dec. 12, 1883.

MR. EDITOR: I hav read a few numbers of THE TRUTH SEEKER which a friend furnished me, and I like it. I believe I am an Infidel, but did not know it till since reading your paper. It does me good to tell men that I am reading THE TRUTH SEEKER, and that I am an Infidel, as people all know me, and know that I hav been a Methodist for a long time. I am a justice of the peace and a school teacher, and hav been for about seven years. Will write more at some future time. R. E. MANSELL.

LOWELL, NEB., Jan. 6, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I sent you a remittance of $5 a few days ago, to renew the subscription of J. F. Bloodgood and myself. I intended to inform the readers of your paper that there is a good opening in this place for a good family doctor. I shall be pleased to giv any information to anyone that you may know or recommend. No saint, no bigot, no drunkard, no tea-totaller wanted. CHICHESTER SPIRE.

PATCH GROVE, Wis., Dec. 13, 1883.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find postal order for renewal of the subscriptions of James Hicklin and Henry F. Young.

The brave paper has become a household necessary in both our families, and we do not like to hav a number delayed. Miss Wixon's corner for the children is just the thing. We Liberals are slow to see the need of Freethought literature for our children, so I welcome any provision for the mental growth of our future Liberals. MRS. DELIA W. YOUNG.

CLEVELAND, Jan. 8, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Last Sunday the Cleveland Liberal League elected officers for the ensuing year. Mr. C. C. Gibson was re-elected president, Mr. J. D. Malloney was elected vice-president, Mr. Joseph Gillson was re-elected treasurer, and W. I. Irving re-elected secretary. The League has been organized only about three months, but has made fair progress. We now propose to hold a banquet in memory of the 147th anniversary of the birth of Thomas Paine, of which I think we hav every assurance of success. We hav had some of the bright stars of Liberalism address us, and hav made arrangements for others. I should very much like to hav the League Congress meet in Cleveland. It is centrally located, and its hotels, halls, and opera houses are commodious and convenient. It is easily accessible from all parts of the country by rail and water. Everything being considered, I think no more preferable place could be suggested. Yours fraternally, W. I. IRVING.

LONGMONT, COL., Dec. 11, 1883.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $5 for THE TRUTH SEEKER for 1883-4. I wish to express my gratitude for your kindness in sending me the paper for the past year. Of course had you stopped it when my subscription expired I should hav done without some actual necessity rather than do without your valuable paper. I could not estimate the amount of pleasure and profit it has been to my family. I commenced taking it four years ago for my aged father (who is still with me). He was eighty-five years old last June. His eyesight remains good, and he can read for hours at a time. He reads and re-reads your paper a dozen times over, quarrels with the writers, and thinks such gifted minds as write for THE TRUTH SEEKER should exercise more charity for those that differ from them in opinion as regards the future, the unknowable. The letter of friend Isaac Paden gave him much pleasure. After reading it he remarked, "How I wish I could write. But my hand shakes so that they could never read it." But if he could, it would only be another added to the list to pick to pieces your many able writers. We liv in what can be termed an orthodox community; not that there are no Liberals here, but policy keeps them from expressing their honest opinions. When I solicit my friends to subscribe for your paper they reply, "Oh, I think the writers go too rough for the Bible." At the same time they hav not a particle of reverence for the book. Notwithstanding my abilities are limited, I shall always do all in my power for the cause of Liberalism. I mean to be a life subscriber to THE TRUTH SEEKER. I inclose 25 cents for the "Truth Seeker Annual."

MRS. GEORGEANNA RICE.

HOOPER, UTAH, Dec. 18, 283.

MR. EDITOR: Will you please forward me the "Truth Seeker Annual," also the "Agnostic Annual," London, Cattell & Co.?

In my opinion, these two 25-cent works should be in the hands of every Freethinker in the land who loves humanity, equality, truth, justice, and universal liberty to all. These annuals of course will contain reliable statistics of the party known as the scientific progressionists, or, as we love to be called, Infidels, or Freethinkers. With these two annuals, every lover of liberty will be able to stop the mighty torrent of falsehood that is being manufactured and launched all over the earth by the priestly servants of the horrid and diabolical superstition of the past and present. The right and proper way to crush out Christian intolerance and superstition from the enlightened mind is to furnish facts and figures demonstrating that the priesthood and theology are the real foes of humanity, and the greatest danger this republic has to fear is from them, for this class of knaves is behind every giant swindle and monopoly that is causing humanity to mourn all over the earth. Kingcraft, priestcraft, and thiefcraft is, and always has been, the trinity of theology. Down with the monster of the past, the vampire of the present! Will not some of the wealthy Liberals of the states furnish me with a few TRUTH SEEKER leaflets to sow the truth in this beautiful territory, although the most priest-ridden spot on the earth? If any man ever deserved a monument on this earth, it was D. M. Bennett. The small thing you are soon going to plant above the noble dead is but the mustard-seed which in the future will grow to a gigantic, beautiful tree. None can find fault for your noble efforts toward the grand, good, truthful, fearless Bennett. There are none who can object, save some miserable, miserly, metaphysical crank. A happy New Year to THE TRUTH SEEKER and all its friends. Inclosed find one dollar—fifty cents for the two annuals, and fifty cents toward Mr. Bennett's monument. I wish my mite was fifty dollars.

Yours truly, EDWARD F. MUNN, SR.

BUFFALO, WYO., Dec. 15, 1883.

MR. EDITOR: Here we come, forty-four strong! Send along your tracts of your own selection. I presume I hav traveled over the ground covered by the missionary documents a dozen times, but I hav some friends with whom I liv who hav never heard the different phases of the Infidel doctrin preached straight from the shoulder. They are non-believers, however, else I could not bide with them in the peace and harmony that characterizes our home. The list of names inclosed are of skeptics in the main, and I trust you will gain some new subscribers through them. Will send other names from time to time. I went above the designated number, for in numbers there is strength. I will read the tracts, when they arrive, to members of my household, and then distribute them where I think they may bring forth fruit. I think your plan of sending out sample copies a good one, and the tracts may prove an entering wedge in some instances. I hav never been intimately associated for any length of time with a man since I've been an Infidel that I did not succeed in converting him, or leading him out of the dark into the light; but it is hard work sometimes, and not so good a way as to slip into their hands the silent pleader on paper.

Buffalo is a new and flourishing town, building up very rapidly. The newspaper (the *Echo*) urges the observance of the Sabbath and attendance at church and Sunday-school, and preparations are going for ward to establish a gospel-shop at an early date. Already one of the black-coated gentlemen is on hand for the winter, quartered on the good citizens who got on very well before he came, and built up a flourishing town without his assistance, conquered the rough element that infest all new frontier towns, and now the shepherd comes in to organize and fleece his flock. He will doubtless look closely after the ewe lambs of the fold, as is the custom of the parson. I hope in time to locate in the town to do business, and then I'll do what I can to counteract his teachings—perhaps organize a Liberal League. I've been in the harness now ten years, and though I'm not so enthusiastic in the cause as during the first year of my mental emancipation, I never lose a good opportunity to strike a blow where I think it will count. I am a sort of natural communist, and hav invariably found those with whom I shared the fruits of my labor ready to rob me when the slightest opportunity offered. Such a disposition on the part of others has rather dampened my ardor on that subject. I am a Greenbacker in principle, but am rather disheartened as to its chances to win. The God idea is easier removed than the gold idea. People hang tenaciously to the golden idol. They seem utterly unable to divest their minds of the idea that gold does not possess in itself all the attributes of a veritable money.

Mr. Wettstein defines my position much better on the mind and matter question than I could do it myself. He is a trump, and I follow suit, not because he or anybody else says so, but because I can't do otherwise by the lights set before me. I can't do otherwise than regard Spiritism as a worse form of superstition than that of orthodox Christians. I hav read all their fine-spun theories, and listened respectfully to those who claim to be in daily communication with spirits, yet all they offer appears very absurd to me, when jugglers and sleight-of-hand performers do all and more than the Spiritualists do, and make no claim upon the supernatural. I am loth to believe in what appears to be so unnatural. Scarcely any two Spiritualists entertain the same theory of the manifestations which hav led them to believe in a future state of existence. One by one their great mediums hav proven to be humbugs and frauds. We are told by one that an unlettered boy, or servant, woman, or girl, receives and delivers messages in a tongue or language to which they are utter strangers. Another excuses the bad grammar of a medium on the ground that the medium is unable to deliver the messages of the departed except in their own simple style. Messages are received from Christ and his apostles, notwithstanding Antichrist and hundreds of his disciples place Jesus of Nazareth in the same category with William Tell. As for myself, I regard Christ as an allegorical character. I don't think he ever had an actual existence. Thomas Paine, Thomas Jefferson, Humboldt, Voltaire, and hundreds of other great minds whom Spiritualists claim hav communicated through their mediums don't seem to be as progressiv as when on earth. Can it be possible that these great men hav ceased to explore the regions of science, and are leisurely basking in the balmy breezes and the soft rays of the sun of the summer-land, content to let truth seekers such as Wakeman, Putnam, Seaver, Andrews, Mrs. Slenker, Susan Wixon, Mr. Tucker, and thousands of others grope their way in the dark. Why, our old hero, D. M. Bennett, if there be another and higher life, has been in the summer-land long enough to communicate to his thousands of warm friends through THE TRUTH SEEKER. He was never known to neglect us so long before; even behind the prison bars his brain and pen were never idle. From the remotest corner of the globe he wafted us long and interesting letters and kindly greeting. Why don't he enlighten us now on the many vexed questions the pros and cons of which hav been discussed in his beloved TRUTH SEEKER for years. Why are Spiritualists so touchy when we propound such questions as the foregoing. Why, it is nine chances to one that they will call us a fool for propounding them. I do not go so far as some Materialists and say that I hav no desire to liv forever. If Mother Nature so arranges prolonged existence, "Barkis is willin' " to tackle it. I am not going to picture an eternal existence as monotonous, and hav no fear of stagnation from *ennui*. No, if there is such a life, it will be perfectly natural, and doubtless varied enough. Brother Eugene and Sister Elmina are a little precipitate when they draw on their imagination for the kind of life a life eternal would be. We'll climb that mountain when we get to it. In fact, we hav got as many obstacles to surmount in the present life as we can well attend to. Free lands, free money, free thought, a free press, and a thousand other things are to be done, and the laborers are few.

This last hit at two of my favorit believers in Nirvana ought to prove a sufficient offset againt what I hav ventured to say about our Spiritualistic friends, but I'll wager my chances of a future state of everlasting bliss that the latter get riled up and say something naughty about me, while Eugene and Elmina will only smile and set their brains to work to extricate themselvs from the awkward situation in which they place themselvs in their zeal for the one and only one world theory. J. ALLEN EVANS.

SPRING FORGE, PA., Dec. 22, 1883.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $2 for books and tracts. These tracts are to be a poor Infidel's Christmas gifts to some of his wealthier Lutheran and Reformed acquaintances. Here where I liv seems to be the focus of bigotry and sectarianism. Though there are but two churches in the town itself, which are well frequented every Sunday—one Lutheran, the other Reformed—there exists quite a number of "meeting-houses" of the different sects of Protestantism in this neighborhood, where revivals and prayer-meetings are held, where the gospel is preached, where the poor, miserable sinners make a noise unto the Lord. It is indeed oftentimes most undoubtedly a noise, or, rather, a nuisance, to obtain forgivness for their transgressions, where man, women, and children lie for hours on their knees in thoughtlessness, sobbing and listening to the outbursts of some farmer-theologian, or some converted member, who tells them in one breath that he knows that he is saved and redeemed, and still is a miserable sinner, not worthy of all that mercy and goodness that heaven bestowed upon him. Then again they make a noise unto the Lord singing, or, rather, shouting, some of those horrible Moody and Sankey hymns, which resemble more the drinking songs and battle-cries of soldiers than chorals and psalms of an emotional assembly! Sunday-school, church, prayer-meeting, eat, drink, work, sleep—this is the life, the entire import of the concept life as led by these Christian country folks. I hav often sat, together with some of the older people, who are all of German descent, and yet speak a corrupt German, and tried to giv them some more Liberal views, and there I found such an ignorance and stupidity combined with such horrid superstition that immediately I ceased to throw pearls before the swine, and waste words and time. The majority of the older people do not know enough of either language to read anything besides Bible, prayer-book, and, perhaps, newspapers; all other things they shun as diabolic and antichristian invention. Where is our civilization? This government sends out missionaries to convert the heathen, while there are millions worse than heathen in our midst! Alas! and the Christian rabble ventures to condemn antiquity and paganism, but the poor ones are misled, stupefied, hav sacrificed their reason to obtain a policy for an imaginary life beyond the grave, where they are to be rewarded by an imaginary being. F. W. OPP.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"His life is long whose work is well,
And be his station low or high,
He who the most good works can tell,
Livs longest though he soonest die."

Our friends are invited to assist in our occasional puzzle department by the contribution of original charades, rehuses, enigmas, etc. All matter of the above named character will be grately appreciated.—ED. CHILDREN'S CORNER.

A Short Sermon.

Children who read my lay,
This much I hav to say:
Each day and every day
Do what is right;
Right things in great and small;
Then, though the sky should fall,
Sun, moon, and stars, and all,
You shall hav light.

This further I would say:
Be you tempted though you may,
Each day and every day,
Speak what is true—
True things in great and small;
Then, though the sky should fall,
Sun, moon, and stars, and all,
Heaven would show through.

Figs, as you see and know,
Do not from thistles grow;
And though the blossoms blow
White on the tree,
Grapes never, never yet
On the limbs of thorns were set,
So, if you good would get,
Good you must be.

Life's journey through and through,
Speak what is just and true,
Doing what's right to do
Unto one and all,
When you work and when you play,
Each day and every day;
Then peace shall gild your way,
Though the sky should fall.

—*Selected.*

Earth's True Kings and Queens.

A DIALOG FOR THREE CHARACTERS.

Emma.—Mary, dear, we read a good deal about Queen Victoria, and she seems to be quite a celebrated character. Who is she, anyway?

Mary.—Victoria? Why, she is the queen of Great Britain, Canada, and all the British possessions, and it is all a very large country, too, over which she rules, I can tell you. There's Scotland and Ireland, and lots of islands in the British seas, the Channel Islands, and the Isle of Wight; then the rock of Gibraltar, of which I hav a little fragment that my father brought from there, one time. Then, there's some parts of Asia she has rule over too, and even Africa. And in America, besides Canada, there are islands that belong to the throne, and besides, her sway extends away to Australia, all those places you study about in your geography.

She reigns over a country upon which the sun never sets, they say.

Emma.—Why, she must be ever and ever so rich!

Mary.—Well, she is.

Emma.—Say, can queens hav everything they want, and go and come just when they please?

Mary.—Why, yes; I suppose they can hav everything that gold can purchase, but, there are some things that gold cannot buy, nor jewels bright can bring. Ordinarily, I suppose they can go and come as they choose; but then, there is Parliament, and court-parties, and one thing and another that has to be attended to.

Emma.—You said there were some things that gold and jewels could not buy, and, to be frank, I don't believe that.

Mary.—Well, it is true, however.

Emma.—I wish you'd name something that gold can't buy, if you can.

Mary.—I can. There is a pure, unsullied conscience; gold cannot buy that. It can't buy a pure, unselfish devotion, nor a heart of true love and tenderness.

Emma.—Oh pooh! that is preaching. I wish *I* was a queen. Oh, wouldn't I prance around like a spread eagle! *(She walks proudly round the room.)* Wouldn't I dress in royal purple velvet—silk velvet, mind you; none of your cheap velveteen—and oh, such silks and satins as I'd wear, every day too! And such diamonds! O Lordy! Lordy! It just makes my head dizzy to think of it! I'd hav my gowns made with long trains, and all trimmed with gold bands, and on my head I'd wear a golden crown, you know, all stuck full of jewels. My! but wouldn't it be gay?

Mary.—I guess your head would ache some. I hav read somewhere that "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

Emma.—I don't believe a word of it. It wouldn't be any more uneasy to wear a crown than it is to hav your hair all braided, and twisted up with hair crimpers, so now! I'd hav such a good time traveling, and seeing the sights of the world, and when at home I'd sit by my castle window, and bow to my lords and ladies as they passed. *(Aside.)* Oh, wouldn't I queen it over that haughty, naughty, saucy Addie Jernegan, the spiteful, hateful, good-for-nothing creature! *(tossing her head).*

[*Enter Albert.*]

Albert.—What's that you said? You'd like to be a queen? Well, I would like tip-top to be a king! I'd hav a pony then—a dozen if I chose—and a pocket full of money all the time! I'd hav balls, tops, and kites, and marbles without number, and all made of solid gold! I'd hav a sword and gun, and a candy store at my right hand—yes, I would, Billy Jones called me a liar to-day, and I made his nose bleed for it, but had I been a *king*, I would hav waved my hand *(waving his hand)* thus, and to my warriors said, "*Off* with his head!"

Emma.—A pretty king you'd be, with your turned up nose, squinting eyes, and lollopy ears!

Albert.—I'd be as pretty a king as you would be a queen, I guess—such a freckled face as you hav! Yes, I should be as good a king as you would be a queen, any day.

Emma.—You wouldn't.

Albert.—I would.

Emma.—You just hold your tongue!

Albert.—Hold your own tongue!

Emma.—You're a horrid thing—a saucy, impudent, good-for-nothing little monkey—there!

Albert.—You're another!

Emma.—You'll never be a king!

Albert.—*You'll* never be a queen!

Mary (approaching and laying a hand on the shoulder of each).—"He that ruleth his spirit is better than he who taketh a city." You, Albert, may be a king, and you, dear Emma, may be a most lovely and powerful queen.

Albert and Emma both together speaking.—"How?" "How?"

Mary.—In men and women, in boys and girls, there is always a *right* and *wrong* side, a *good* and an *evil* disposition, holy and unholy desires, wishes, and tendencies. Those who bury deep their evil natures, who ever hearken to and heed the voice of the inward monitor, who strive to let the right come uppermost, who do not quarrel and slander their neighbors, who are not covetous, who try to conquer their bad passions, who can say, "*I am by my self obeyed*," all such, whether dwelling in marble halls, or in some poor and lowly cottage, whether walking in lofty courts or digging with pick and spade, *are earth's true kings and queens!* And thus may you—may each and all—be kings and queens, and reign supreme over the empire of their own being. Strive, then, to be ever just, generous, and true, and you, Albert, may thus be a most royal king, and you, Emma, a very noble and attractiv queen. But I do not like the title king and queen, very well.

Albert.—"Why, what would you substitute for it that would better?"

Mary.—Well, I think *man* and *woman*, in the best sense of those words, much better than the silly title, king and queen. A good and useful man, a good and useful woman, I like far better, and if, as a boy, Albert, you are useful and good, of course it follows that you will be the same as a man, doesn't it?

Albert.—Of course.

Mary.—Then you'd better make that your aim in life, hadn't you? And you, Emma, do not get silly notions in your head about queens and fine dresses, but try to be a smart, intelligent, and industrious girl, and you will then grow into a woman far superior to that which you picture as a queen. Don't you believe it?

Emma.—"Yes; I suppose what you say is true."

Mary.—Then strive always to

"Be a woman—brighest model
Of that high and perfect beauty,
When the mind, and soul, and body,
Blend to work out life's great duty—
Be a woman—naught is higher
On the gilded list of fame;
On the catalog of virtue
There's no higher, holier name.

"Be a woman—on to duty!
Raise the world from all that's low,
Place high in the social heaven
Virtue's fair and radiant bow!
Lend your influence to effort
That shall raise our natural human;
Be not fashion's gilded body,
Be a brave, whole-souled, true woman.

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If a home or foreign duffer wants to find a fisticuffer
Who will make his sinews suffer, and his backers bring to book,
He should never treat too lightly any challenge from the slightly
Reverend person known to theosophic circles as Joe Cook.

Boston's own John Lawrence Sullivan can't earn his title fully
As the champion Yankee bully, quite beyond a shade of doubt,
Till he tries his pugilistic art upon the Calvinistic
Teacher who aspires to be the greatest living knocker out.

Once he crossed the broad Atlantic to destroy the hierophantic
Olcott and the psychomantic priestess of the mystic rites,
And he tells us that he plugged them, tapped them, hammered them, and slugged them,
Coming off unquestioned victor from a dozen desperate fights.

Now he wants the world to know his own opinion of his prowess,
And delights to tell us how his muscles can be made to act.
He can touzle any drummer, any stalwart tramp or bummer—
Yes, can easily knock out a half a dozen such, in fact.

He should favor us with starring exhibitions of his sparring,
And should teach the art of marring human features in a show;
For, if cheek can giv assurance of unlimited endurance,
Not a fighting man can stand against the slightly Reverend Joe.

—*New York Sun.*

The Schoolmarm's Story.

A frosty chill was in the air—
How plainly I remember—
The bright autumnal fires had paled,
Save here and there an ember;
The sky looked hard, the hills were bare,
And there were tokens everywhere
That it had come—November.

I locked the time-worn schoolhouse door,
The village seat of learning,
Across the smooth, well-trodden path
My homeward footsteps turning;
My heart a troubled question bore,
And in my mind, as oft before,
A vexing thought was burning.

"Why is it up-hill all the way?"
Thus ran my meditations;
The lessons had gone wrong that day,
And I had lost my patience.
"Is there no way to soften care,
And make is easier to bear
Life's sorrows and vexations?"

Across my pathway, through the wood,
A fallen tree was lying;
On this there sat two little girls,
And one of them was crying.
I heard her sob: "And if I could,
I'd get my lessons awful good,
But what's the use of trying?"

And then the little hooded head
Sank on the other's shoulder,
The little weeper sought the arms
That opened to enfold her.
Against the young heart, kind and true,
She nestled close, and neither knew
That I was a beholder.

And then I heard—ah, ne'er was known
Such judgment without malice,
Nor queenlier council ever heard
In senate house or palace!
"I should hav failed there, I am sure.
Don't be discouraged; try once more,
And I will help you, Alice."

"And I will help you." This is how
To soften care and grieving;
Life is made easier to bear
By helping and by giving.
Here was the answer I had sought,
And I, the teacher, being taught
The secret of true living.

If "I will help you" were the rule,
How changed beyond all measure
Life would become. Each heavy load
Would be a golden treasure;
Pain and vexation be forgot;
Hope would prevail in every lot,
And life be only pleasure.

—*Treasure Trove.*

Am I a Scot, or am I Not?

If I should bring a wagon o'er
From Scotland to Columbia's shore,
And by successiv wear and tear
The wagon soon should need repair:
Thus, when the tires are worn through,
Columbia's iron doth renew;
Likewise the fellies, hubs, and spokes
Should be replaced by Western oaks;
In course of time down goes the bed,
But here's one like *it* in its stead.
So, bit by bit, in seven years,
All things are changed in bed and gears,
And still it seems as though it ought
To be the one from Scotland brought;
But when I think the matter o'er,
It ne'er was on a foreign shore,
And all that came across the sea
Is only its identity.

I came, a Scotchman, understand,
By choice, to liv, in this free land,
Wherein I've dwelt from day to day,
Till sixteen years hav passed away.
If physiology be true,
My body has been changing too;
And though at first it did seem strange,
Yet Science doth confirm the change;
And since I hav the truth been taught,
I wonder if I'm now a Scot,
Since all that came across the sea
Is only my identity.—*Scientific American.*

The True Preparation.

Thou must be true to thyself,
If thou the truth wouldst teach;
Thy soul must overflow,
If thou another soul wouldst reach;
It needs the overflow of heart
To giv the lips full speech.

Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famin feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Liv truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.

—*Exchange.*

Don't Stop My Paper.

With a thousand subscribers like the writer of the following simple but earnest verses, how happy would be the life of the wearied, toilsome, and impecunious printer! How cheerfully would he write, and how much more interesting, instructiv, and entertainlng would he make his paper! But out of a thousand how few act in accordance with the sentiments expressed in the last stanza!

Don't stop my paper, printer,
Don't strike my name off yet;
You know the times are stringent,
And money hard to get;
But tug a little harder
Is what I mean to do,
And scrape the dimes together,
Enough for me and you.

I can't afford to drop it;
I find it doesn't pay
To do without a newspaper,
However others may.
I hate to ask my neighbors
To giv me theirs on loan,
They don't just say, but mean it—
Why don't you hav your own?

You can't tell how we'd miss it,
If it by any fate
Should happen not to reach us,
Or come a little late;
Then all is in a hubbub,
And things go all awry,
And, printer, if you're married,
You know the reason why.

I cannot do without it,
It is no use to try,
For other people take it,
And, printer, so must I.
I, too, must keep me posted,
And know what's going on,
Or feel and be accounted
A fogy simpleton.

Then take it kindly, printer,
If pay be somewhat slow,
For cash is not so plenty,
And wants not few, you know.
But I must hav my paper,
Cost what it may to me,
I'd rather dock my sugar
Than do without my tea.

So, printer, don't you stop it,
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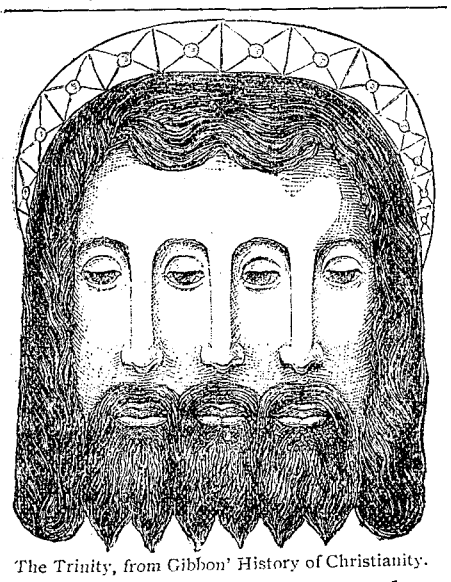
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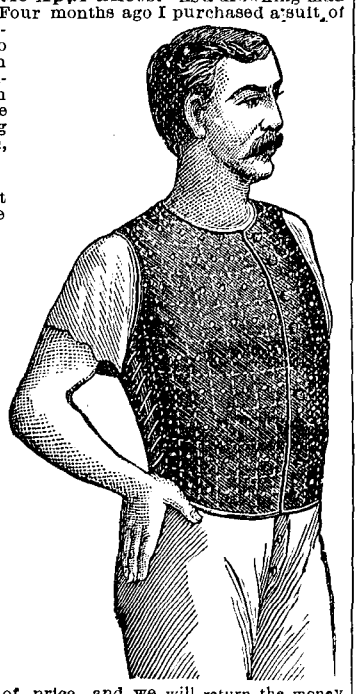
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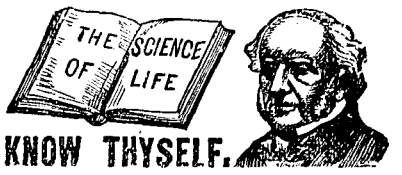
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PRIESTS hav been leading men astray for thousands of years; they hav set up their own inventions in place of reality; they represent the universe as a thing made a little while ago from nothing; they teach that the gods made it in a few days, and for pastime; they cry Nature down and speak lightly of her, as though she were something to be despised and hated; they set their gods above her as being wiser, truer, better; but at the same time they claim that their gods cannot be understood and comprehended only as they themselvs go between and vouchsafe to make known the same. Truly this class of men are enemies to the world, because they teach falsehood instead of truth, darkness instead of light, supernaturalism instead of naturalism.—*D. M. Bennett.*

THE soul immortal! Why then doth the mind
Complain of death? Why not rejoice to find
Herself let loose, and leave this clay behind,
As snakes, whene'er the circling year returns,
Rejoice to cast their skins, or deer their horns?
—*Lucretius.*

LET anyone but look back upon his past career—look inward on his daily life—and then say what effect would be produced upon him, were the conviction once fixedly imbedded in his soul that everything done is done irrevocably—that even the omnipotence of God cannot *uncommit* a deed—cannot make that undone which has been done; that every act must bear its allotted fruit according to the everlasting laws—must remain forever ineffaceably inscribed on the tablets of universal nature. And then let him consider what would hav been the result upon the moral condition of our race, had all men ever held this conviction.—*Greg's Creed of Christendom.*

THERE is a want too much lost sight of in our estimate of the privations of the humbler classes, though it is one of the most incessantly craving of all our wants, and is actually the impelling power which, in the vast majority of cases, urges men into vices and crime. It is the want of amusement. It is in vain to declaim against it. Equally with any other principle of our nature, it calls for its natural indulgence, and cannot be permanently debarred from it, without souring the temper and spoiling the character. Like the indulgence of all other appetites, it only requires to be kept within due bounds, and turned upon innocent and beneficial objects, to become a spring of happiness; but qualified to a certain extent it must be, in the case of every man, if we desire him to be either a useful, activ, or contented member of society.—*Sir John Herschel.*

RASHNESS would be very remarkable when anything unknown or false was approved of; and nothing could be more discreditable than for a man's assent and approbation to precede his knowledge and perception of a fact.—*Cicero's Academic Questions.*

THE war against amusements that is carried on by narrow-minded and ignorant persons is a hopeless war. Man is so constituted that he will hav them. The religion that wars against this natural craving must go to the wall. Why should not men learn to discriminate between the uses and abuses of things? A little common sense in this matter would, as it seems to us, lead to a harmonious verdict in regard to amusements.—*Dramatic Chronicle.*

M. A. ANTONINUS compares the wise and humane soul to a spring of pure and sweet water, which, though the passer-by may curse it, continues to offer him a draught to assuage his thirst; and, even if he cast into it mire and filth, hastens to reject it and flows on pure and undisturbed. This recalls the equally beautiful image in the oriental scripture of the sandal-tree, which in the moment when it falls before the woodman's stroke, gives its fragrance to the axe which smites it.—*Samuel Longfellow.*

THE parts and signs of goodness are many. If a man be gracious and courteous to strangers, it shows he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins to them; if he be compassionate toward the afflictions of others, it shows that his heart is like the noble tree that is wounded itself when it gives the balm; if he easily pardons and remits offenses, it shows that his mind is planted above injuries, so that he cannot be shot; if he be thankful for small benefits, it shows that he weighs men's minds and not their trash; but, above all, if he hav St. Paul's perfection, that he could wish to be an anathema from Christ for the salvation of his brethren, it shows much of a divine nature and a kind of conformity with Christ himself.—*Bacon's Essays.*

IT is the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honor 'peareth in the meanest habit.
What! is the jay more precious than the lark
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel
Because his painted skin contents the eye?
O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture and mean array.
—*Shakspere's Taming of the Shrew.*

"THE judgment of heaven was upon them, sir," said a Tory bishop, speaking of the Regicides to Quin, the famous actor. "The judgment of heaven was upon them—almost all of them came to violent ends!" "So, my lord," replied Quin, "did almost all the apostles."—*Dr. Goldwin Smith.*

NOTHING is more characteristic of our age than the vast range of inquiry which is opening more and more to the multitude of men. Thought frees the old bounds to which men used to confine themselvs. It holds nothing too sacred for investigation. It calls the past to account, and treats hoary opinions as if they were of yesterday's growth. No reverence drives it back. No great name terrifies it. The foundations of what seems most settled must be explored. Undoubtedly this is a perilous tendency. Men forget the limits of their powers. They question the infinit, the unsearchable with an audacious self-reliance. They shock pious and reverend minds, and rush into an extravagance of doubt, more unphilosophical and foolish than the weakest credulity. Still, in this dangerous wildness, we see what I am stating, the tendency to expansion in the movements of thought.—*Dr. Channing's Present Age.*

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(E. M. 284.)

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Odds and Ends.

THE Japanese hav taken to using patent medicins. The Japanese must go.

STANLEY has discovered a river in Central Africa called Kissmelonga. It cannot be very far from Lake Nyum-nyum.

WHY isn't a turkey like a girl? Because a dressed girl will walk about and a dressed turkey won't. And *vice versa* the other way.

WHEN the types are made to say that an honest man is the nobbiest work of God it is time to throw glass bombs into the composing-room.

IT is sometimes charged that newspaper men indulge too much in strong drink. This is wrong. I is an excess of reading. Bacon says, "Reading maketh a full man."

THE director of a matrimonial agency in Paris says the young girls ask only, "Who is he?" the young widows, "What is his position?" the old widows, "Where is he?"

HE blew into his gun to see
If loading up it needed;
The jury to a man agree
The gun blew after he did.

THERE is a difference between Christmas and the Fourth of July. Christmas comes but once a year, and when it comes it brings good cheer. The Fourth of July brings three cheers and a tiger.

THE New York *Christian Witness* publishe d the Ten Commandments the other week, and now Texas papers are reprinting them under the headline of "A New Heresy," and crediting them to the *Witness*.

A MEDICAL journal says, "Much of the distress and sickness attributed to dyspepsia is occasioned by humor in the stomach." This is believed to be an awful grind on the paragraphers who hav said funny things about the doctors.

"WHY is it," asks the *Independent*, "that when a a church is burnt nothing is so difficult to save as the organ!" The same authority on religious matters then answers the conundrum: "Because the fire engin cannot play upon it."

TOWARD the close of summer in New York state the minister passed one of his people cleaning corn. "Ah, Mr. Johnson," said he, "a fine dry day for corn." "Yes, parson; but death on the wheat." Next day it was raining, and the minister drove by. "Splendid day for wheat, Mr. Johnson." "Ah, yes," with a groan, "but damned rough on the corn."

A GOOD Methodist asked John Wesley what he thought as to the marrying a certain woman, well known to both. Wesley advised him not to think of it. "Why," said the other, "she is a member of your church, isn't she?" "Yes," was the reply. "And you think she is truly a Christian woman?" "Yes," said Wesley, "I believe she is." "Well, then, why not marry her?" "Because," replied Wesley, "because, my friend, the Lord can liv with a great many people you and I can't."

HERE entombed lies a church, choir, chancel, and steerle;
Congregation and pastor here wait for the dawn.
Ah, sad was the fate of these miserable people.
Engulfed in a worshiper's cavernous yawn.

Before any soul in the church could emerge, he
Had swallowed them all—English, Irish, and German.
He could swallow the church, congregation, and clergy,
But, alas, he was choked by the minister's sermon.
—*Henry Emerson in Life.*

A FABLE.

One day an oyster set out to cross a neck of land to save himself a long swim around it, and as he journeyed along the dusty highway, content with the weather, the climate, and his surroundings, he suddenly heard a harsh voice crying out to him to halt. As he rolled into the shade of a pigweed, a peacock advanced with lordly strut and demanded:

"How now, sirrah? Where are you going, and what is your errand?"

"I'm simply crossing from water to water, and tired enough I am. I believe I hav been three good hours making half a mile."

"Three hours! Why, I could strut over the distance in three minutes! Ah, me, but you don't amount to much for size."

"No; a child could swallow me at a gulp."

"And you aren't the least bit pretty."

"That's true. My shell is coarse and full of ridges."

"And you can't sing?"

"Not a note."

"Nor fly?"

"Not a fly."

"Well, well, I really pity you. Now, then, if you want to see something gaudy, just gaze on me."

The bird strutted up and down, head up and tail spread out, and the oyster was compelled to say that it was a sight to do sore eyes good.

"While you creep I walk, strut, and fly."

"Yes."

"While you whisper I sing."

"Yes."

"While you tumble around in the mud and sand I reflect all the colors of the rainbow on the lawn."

"I must admit it," said the oyster.

"And while a pigweed shelters you, it takes a whole apple-tree to giv me shade. You see——"

And the oyster saw. An eagle had been looking for a breakfast. The humble oyster hidden away under the weed escaped his piercing glances, but the gorgeous peacock was instantly seen and spotted. There was a whirr, a scream, and the eagle had ascended with the vainglorious bird fast in his claws.

"Come to think it all over," said the oyster, as he squinted his larboard eye aloft, "it is about as well to be an oyster under a pigweed as a peacock in the claws of an eagle. I guess I'll move on."

Moral.—Those who were born to strut should not exult over those who were born to creep.

THE TRUTH SEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

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Notes and Clippings.

THE Boston *Post* says that "pitching pennies during the sermon is no longer considered *au fait* in the best churches in Chicago."

PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE BLAINE is evidently making a high bid for the support of the Baptist church. He now declares that he is thoroughly immersed in literary work.

THE traveling shows are exhibiting three skeletons of Guiteau—his skeleton when he was a boy, his skeleton before he shot Garfield, and his skeleton after he had been hanged.

IT costs sometimes as much as $100,000 to buy up the members of a city council in the northern states. They come high, but the railroads and other monopolies must hav 'em.

HENRY BERGH is now vigorously striving to hav the sale of Shakspere's works suppressed, because one of the eminent dramatist's characters casually remarked: "Let the galled jade wince."

THE trustees of a Methodist church at Greenwich, N. Y., hav closed the door of the house of worship against all comers, pastor included. They offer as an excuse the fact that the church was run by worldly people.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD is now telling the people of the West that they are more intelligent, more civilized, and more prosperous than their brethren in the East. Mr. Arnold is very popular out there and is making money.

THE pope of Rome can afford to keep his cook and not curtail his household expenses for a while, at least. A rich lady, recently deceased in London, has given by her will to Pope Leo the rather comfortable sum of $2,500,000. With this nice little filling up of his cash box, the "holy father" could also afford to let up on the collection of "Peter's pence" from his devoted but starving subjects in Ireland.

THE reading-boys employed in a large printing firm in the city, reports the London *Freethinker*, hav to attend a morning school held for an hour before beginning work. On one morning in each week the boys are instructed in the bad old book by the chaplain. "Jenkins," said the chaplain, one morning, lately, "is there any man in this wide world whom Christ would be powerless to save?" "Oh, yes, sir—Mr. Bradlaugh."

PREACHING to a congregation of English workingmen recently, a bishop declared that "he did not believe that any man was ever directed by God to do a wicked thing." Upon which Dr. Aveling asks: "Now does he believe that God commanded Abraham to sacrifice his son, Moses to slaughter the Midianites, Joshua to butcher his adversaries, Samuel to hew in pieces Agag, and Hosea to take a wife of whoredoms?—or were these things not wicked because commanded by the Jew-god Jahveh?"

CALIFORNIA newspapers, summing up the statistics of the Golden State's progress in the thirty-six years since Sutter electrified the world with his discovery, say that the state's agricultural product has risen until it has thrown the auriferous metal into the shade, being now about $100,000,000 a year. The fruit product alone almost equals that of the mines, and now that a court has decided against hydraulic mining, it may be prophesied that wine making and silk culture will ere long be more important industries than gold seeking.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY has declared that in his voyage around the world, and in all his studies of savage life, he found no people so miserable, wretched, and degraded as those who exist in the poorer quarters of London. The barbarians, who liv in a constant state of violence and depredation, and who are exposed to the worst rigors of climate and weather, hav more enjoyable and independent lives than these miserable workers and artisans, and he says that if he had to make his choice, he should unhesitatingly prefer the existence of the former.

SOME of our neighbors are inclined to lament over the prospect of a more complete separation of church and state. They should rejoice, rather. If ecclesiastical history records any clearly demonstrated experience, it is that religion is never more directly in the path to corruption than when it enters into alliance with political powers. There is not a single notable exception. Wherever the sword and purse of civil politics hav been called in to support ecclesiastical sanctions there true religion has begun to vacate her throne, and to giv place to venality, formalism, hypocrisy, and their countless retinue.—*Home Journal.*

IF the colored Baptist ministers of Louisville did not err in some of their averments the other day, there is a queer state of things in that city. "Veracity Among Ministers" being under discussion, G. W. Ward said that some of the Baptist ministers had become so corrupt that it was easier for them to lie than to tell the truth. They played lottery and wouldn't even pay their subscriptions for newspapers. Joe Preston thought that if the lay members gave to the church the money they spent for whisky and gambling their pastors would hav no cause for lying. Jackson Riley observed that the Baptist ministers in this city, as a class, were the biggest liars the devil ever produced. Q. B. Jones expressed his feelings in the sentence: "Untruthfulness among our Baptist preachers has broken my heart."

THE effects of too much religion are shown in the case of Henry Stephens, a well-to-do farmer of Bridgeville, O. He attended several revival meetings, with most disastrous results to himself and family. One night after reaching home he compelled a man who was boarding with him, and who had a lame leg, to get down on his knees and pray. The man got down on one knee, but could not bend the other, when Stephens became enraged and forced the poor fellow to bend his lame knee. The excited man then grabbed an old Bible and his fourteen-year-old child, and, mounting one of his fleetest horses, rode at breakneck speed for five miles through a terrible storm. When he returned he chased his wife around the house with a knife, and she was so greatly frightened that she became ill and died in a few hours. Stephens is calm at times and rational, but every hour or two he becomes a raving maniac.

ANOTHER cherished delusion is gone, says the *Pall Mall Gazette.* Every one has hitherto imagined that the Eskimo were diminutiv men, with enormous appetites, and most travelers hav brought back reports that they were not particularly truthful or hospitable. But all these notions hav been completely upset by Dr. John Rae's lecture at the London Institution. He distinctly denied that the bodies of the Eskimo were any smaller or their appetites any larger than those of other people; and as for their moral character, they really seem to possess many excellent and even episcopal virtues. Dr. Rae asserts, from the experience both of himself and others, that the Eskimo are much "given to hospitality." Then, too, with very rare exceptions, they are the "husbands of one wife," and, what is more remarkable, the men never beat the women and the women never beat the children. And, lastly, Dr. Rae declares them to be "most truthful relaters" as well as "accurate observers."

THE London *Freethinker* tells this story: Some time ago a Polish Jew in poor circumstances happened to be standing near the "Home for the Conversion of Jews," when he was accosted by a gentleman in the following words: "Do you wish to become converted to the Christian religion?" "Well," said the Jew, "if that is anything to eat, I will gladly become converted to it." The gentleman then said, "We keep you in our home, feed you and clothe you for three months on condition you study the Bible." To this the Jew assented, and entered the home. At the end of the appointed time he was asked if he believed in it, and made the following reply: "There are some things which I do believe, and there are some things which I do not believe; but if you will giv me three months more, perhaps I shall then believe those things which I do not now believe." The extension of time was granted him, and again he made the same reply. At the end of a year a special committee was appointed to inquire into his case. When one of the committeemen asked him to state what he did believe and what he did not, the Jew's reply was as follows: "I do believe Christ fed 5,000 with two loaves and a few fishes, but that the 5,000 were satisfied I do not believe. I believe Christ walked on the water, but that the water was not frozen I do not believe." It is unnecessary to add that the committee adjourned immediately.

SLAVERY on the Hawaiian Islands has been investigated by a correspondent of the San Francisco *Chronicle.* He says that the laborers on the sugar plantations usually contract with the planter for three years, and that after the contract is signed the laborer is virtually a slave. He must work eleven hours a day, and his overseer is the sole judge of his ability to work. The pay is $8 a month. The writer goes on to say: "As there is often but one planter to two or three hundred laborers, it is going to be an impossibility to build up a country bearing the most remote resemblance to America on any such lines as these. The present government in Hawaii is more autocratic than in any country in Europe, with perhaps the exception of Russia. The ministry hold their positions solely at the pleasure of the king, and consequently are bound to do his will. He is a partially educated savage, covered with a veneering of civilization. The country is largely falling under the control of the Chinese, and eventually the Portuguese will share it with them. The latter are an exceedingly frugal and prolific race; so frugal that a large portion of their clothing is made from the sacks in which their flour, potatoes, and meal come. The nativs are decreasing alarmingly."

A FITTING *finale* to the career of the Rev. Mr. McCarthy, a verdict against whom for assault was recently rendered in favor of his servant girl, is his flight, after this escapade, as related by the *Sun* of the 17th inst.: A portly, red-faced man, wearing a clergyman's coat and a silk hat with a high top and flat brim, paced the prisoners' box in Yorkville police court yesterday, and awaited the appearance of the court attendant. It was the Rev. Florence McCarthy, pastor of St. Cecilia's Catholic church at Greenpoint, and recently defendant in the suit for assault brought by Miss Bridget Cronin, in which a verdict of six cents damages was returned. When he had been arraigned before Justice O'Reilly the policeman said that the prisoner had been taken into the One-hundred-and-twenty-sixth street police station on Thursday afternoon intoxicated. Mr. McCarthy said that he had been drugged. Justice O'Reilly fined him $10. Mr. McCarthy had no money, and waited four hours in a cell. Finally a woman with disheveled hair rushed into court and paid the fine, and he was free. Michael Gerth, a cabman, who has a stand at One-hundred-and-forty-ninth street and Ninth avenue, told the court that Mr. McCarthy stepped up to him on Thursday afternoon at 2 o'clock and hired him to drive him and a gaily dressed woman through the annexed district, and upon their return to take them to the home of the woman, who he said was Lillie White, at 158 Thompson street. The vehicle chosen was a sleigh. Gerth said that he drove the couple up to Fordham, stopping at the road houses. Finally, near High Bridge, a dispute arose between a barkeeper and McCarthy, and it was evident that he had no money. Fearing that he would not get his fare, Gerth whipped up and drove to the One-hundred-and-twenty-sixth street police station. On the way, he says, the woman jumped from the sleigh. McCarthy held on to the back of his seat until he reached the station, when he jumped out and set off for Lexington avenue. A policeman overtook him. At the Rev. Mr. McCarthy's house in Brooklyn a servant said last night to Mr. McCarthy's lawyer, who had come over to see if he could be of service, that Mr. McCarthy had been at the house for ten minutes after his release, and had packed a small valise and taken it away with him.

News of the Week.

WM. H. GUION, of the Guion line of transatlantic steamships, retires from business insolvent.

A BRAKEMAN on the Erie railroad has recovered $5,250 for a crushed hand sustained while coupling cars.

IT is reported that there has been a massacre of Christians at Khartoum, Egypt, by the followers of El Mahdi, the False Prophet.

THE Rev. Emanuel Burik was struck and instantly killed on the 20th by a Pennsylvania Railroad train, near Adams, N. J.

EIGHTEEN persons hav been arrested in St. Petersburg in connection with a Nihilist printing-office that has been discovered there.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S health is not good. She is able to take short walks, but cannot stand upon her royal feet longer than a few minutes at a time.

IT is said that Professor Felix Adler has offered to arrange with Theodore Thomas and the Philharmonic Society for a series of concerts for the benefit of the trades unions of this city.

A GARFIELD MEMORIAL church was dedicated in Washington last Sunday. Garfield belonged to the Disciples church, which fact, in the opinion of many, was small honor to either church or man.

THE steamship City of Columbus was wrecked in a snowstorm off New Bedford last week. Many lives were lost, sixty passengers being swept away by a single wave. The whole number who perished is put at 101.

INSPECTOR FELL has discovered that 12,000 children are employed in 7,000 factories in New Jersey. He found everywhere that the child labor system left indelible traces of mental and physical degeneration in the children.

A NEGRO was ordained as a preacher in this city on the 20th. The brother who swore him in warned him to avoid discussion on philosophy and science, and to preach. The elder brother has doubtless experienced the dangers to which his young colleague will be exposed.

A DISPATCH from Rome says that the pope has received assurances that the projected visit of the Emperor Francis Joseph, of Austria, to the king of Italy will be so conducted as not to wound the pope's susceptibilities. It has not been hinted before that the pope had any susceptibilities.

THE Irving Hall Democracy last Saturday night passed resolutions of sympathy with the persecuted liquor dealers of this city. There is no doubt that a great deal of fanaticism is exercised in dealing with the liquor sellers, though the calling of these men is not such as to excite the sympathies of all.

THE Rev. J. J. White, a Methodist preacher of New York, acknowledged last Sunday that "each issue of the newspapers contains accounts of vices in various forms found in the churches of all denominations." He believed, however, that the Lord will gather the wheat and cast the tares into the fire.

DANIEL MORRIS, of Salt Lake City, a Mormon with three wives, committed suicide on the 16th inst. by hanging. This suggests a practical way for the disciples of Brigham Young to settle the Mormon problem themselvs, and relieve the agony of the Rev. Mr. Talmage and other Eastern agitators who are exercised over the question of polygamy.

THE Rev. Mr. Stoddard, of Jersey City, N. J., whose wife died last summer from the discharge of a pistol held in his hand, found it necessary last Sunday to preach a sermon excusing his conduct since that melancholy event. He is charged with giving dinner parties and going to the theaters. He acknowledges he committed both of these offenses, but did so to divert his mind from his grief.

Ingersoll Interviewed.

An Analysis of Orthodox Belief.

BY ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

During the last month several clergymen hav selected Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll as the subject for various discourses. Mr. Talmage, upon his last lecture tour in the West, directed much of his talk to criticism of the great Agnostic. Yesterday evening I called upon Colonel Ingersoll and had a long talk about the criticisms made. The colonel was in one of his happiest of moods. What was said was equal to any of his later lectures, and as he has withdrawn for a time from the lecture field, the interview has, therefore, a special interest.

I.

Q. Do you intend lecturing any this winter?

A. I am not certain. At present I hav too much business to attend to, and cannot, in justice to my clients, leave the city.

Q. I see that the clergy are still making all kinds charges against you and your doctrins?

A. Yes, sir. Some of the charges are true, and some are not. I suppose that they intend to get in the vicinity of veracity, and are probably stating my belief as it is honestly misunderstood by them. I admit that I hav said, and that I still think, that Christianity is a blunder. But the question arises, What is Christianity? I do not mean, when I say that Christianity is a blunder, that the morality taught by Christians is a mistake. Morality is not distinctivly Christian, any more than it is Mohammedan. Morality is human, it belongs to no ism, and does not depend for a foundation upon the supernatural, or upon any book, or upon any creed. Morality is itself a foundation. When I say that Christianity is a blunder, I mean all those things distinctivly Christian are blunders. It is a blunder to say that an infinit being lived in Palestine, learned the carpenter's trade, raised the dead, cured the blind, and cast out devils, and that this God was finally assassinated by the Jews. This is absurd. All these statements are blunders, if not worse. I do not believe that Christ ever claimed that he was of supernatural origin, or that he wrought miracles, or that he would rise from the dead. If he did, he was mistaken—honestly mistaken, perhaps, but still, mistaken.

The morality inculcated by Mohammed is good. The immorality inculcated by Mohammed is bad. If Mohammed was a prophet of God, it does not make the morality he taught any better, neither does it make the immorality any better nor any worse. By this time the whole world ought to know that morality does not need to go in partnership with miracles. Morality is based upon the experience of mankind. It does not hav to learn of inspired writers, or of gods or divine persons. It is a lesson that the whole human race has been learning, and learning from experience. He who upholds, or believes in, or teaches the miraculous, commits a blunder.

II.—WHAT IS MORALITY?

Now what is morality? Morality is the best thing to do under the circumstances. Anything that tends to the happiness of mankind is moral. Anything that tends to unhappiness is immoral. We apply to the moral world rules and regulations as we do to the physical world. The man who does justice, or tries to; who is honest and kind, and givs to others what he claims for himself, is a moral man. All actions must be judged by their consequences. Where the consequences are good, the actions are good. Where the consequences are bad, the action is bad; and all consequences are learned from experience. After we hav had a certain amount of experience, we then reason from analogy. We apply our logic, and say that a certain course will bring destruction, another course will bring happiness. There is nothing inspired about morality, nothing supernatural. It is simply good, common sense, going hand-in-hand with kindness.

Morality is capable of being demonstrated. You do not hav to take the word of anybody; you can observe and examin for yourself. Larceny is the enemy of industry, and industry is a good; therefore larceny is immoral. The family is the unit of good government; anything that tends to destroy the family is immoral. Honesty is the mother of confidence; it unites, combines, and solidifies society. Dishonesty is disintegration; it destroys confidence; it brings social chaos; it is therefore immoral.

III.—THE MOSAIC ACCOUNT ABSURD.

I also admit that I regard the Mosaic account of the creation as an absurdity, as a series of blunders. Probably Moses did the best he could. He had never talked with Humboldt nor Laplace. He knew nothing of geology or astronomy. He had not the slightest suspicion of Keppler's three laws. He never saw a copy of Newton's "Principia." Taking all these things into consideration, I think Moses did the best he could.

The religious people say now that "days" did not mean days. Of these "six days" they make a kind of telescope which you can push in or draw out at pleasure. If the geologists find that more time was necessary they will stretch them out. Should it turn out that the world is not quite as old as some think, they will push them up. The "six days" can now be made to suit any period of time. Nothing can be more childish, frivolous, or contradictory.

Only a few years ago the Mosaic account was considered true, and Moses was regarded as a scientific authority. Geology and astronomy were measured by the Mosaic standard. The opposit is now true. The church has changed; and instead of trying to prove that modern astronomy and geology are false, because they do not agree with Moses, it is now endeavoring to prove that the account by Moses is true, because it agrees with modern astronomy and geology. In other words, the standard has changed; the ancient is measured by the modern, and where the literal statement in the Bible does not agree with modern discoveries they do not change the discoveries, but giv new meanings to the old account. We are not now endeavoring to reconcile science with the Bible, but to reconcile the Bible with science.

Nothing shows the extent of modern doubt more than the eagerness with which Christians search for some new testimony. Luther answered Copernicus with a passage of scripture, and he answered him to the satisfaction of orthodox ignorance.

The truth is that the Jews adopted the stories of the creation, the Garden of Eden, forbidden fruit, and the fall of man. They were told by older barbarians than they, and the Jews gave them to us.

I never said that the Bible is all bad. I hav always admitted that there are many good and splendid things in the Jewish scriptures, and many bad things. What I insist is that we should hav the courage and the common sense to accept the good, and throw away the bad. Evil is not good because found in good company, and truth is still truth, even when surrounded by falsehcod.

IV.—OUR MISTAKES.

Q. I see that you are frequently charged with disrespect toward your parents—with lack of reverence for the opinions of your father.

A. I think my father and mother, upon several religious questions, were mistaken—in fact, I hav no doubt that they were; but I never felt under the slightest obligation to defend my father's mistakes. No one can defend what he thinks is a mistake without being dishonest. That is a poor way to show respect for parents. Every Protestant clergyman asks men and woman who had Catholic parents to desert the church in which they were raised. They hav no hesitation in saying to these people that their fathers and mothers were mistaken, and that they were deceived by priests and popes.

The probability is that we are all mistaken about most everything; but it is impossible for a man to be respectable enough to make a mistake respectable. There is nothing remarkably holy in a blunder, nor praiseworthy in stubbing the toe of the mind against a mistake. Is it possible that logic stands paralyzed in the presence of parental absurdity? Suppose a man has a bad father; is he bound by the bad father's opinion, when he is satisfied that the opinion is wrong? How good does a father hav to be in order to put his son under obligation to defend his blunders? Suppose the father thinks one way and the mother the other, what are the children to do? Suppose the father changes his opinion, what then? Suppose the father thinks one way and the mother the other, and they both die when the boy is young, and the boy is bound out; whose mistakes is he then bound to follow? Our missionaries tell the barbarian boy that his parents are mistaken, that they know nothing, and that the wooden god is nothing but a senseless idol. They do not hesitate to tell this boy that his mother believed lies, and hugged, it may be to her dying heart, a miserable delusion. Why should a barbarian boy cast reproach upon his parents?

I believe it was Christ who commanded his disciples to leave father and mother; not only to leave them, but to desert them; and not only to desert father and mother, but to desert wives and children. It is also told of Christ that he said that he came to set fathers against children and children against fathers. Strange! that a follower of his should object to a man differing in opinion from his parents. The truth is, logic knows nothing of consanguinity; facts hav no relativs but other facts; and these facts do not depend upon the character of the person who states them, or upon the position of the discoverer. And this leads me to another branch of this same subject.

V.—THE OPINIONS OF GREAT MEN.

The ministers are continually saying that certain great men—kings, presidents, statesmen, millionaires—hav believed in the inspiration of the Bible. Only the other day I read a sermon in which Carlyle was quoted as having said that "the Bible is a noble book." That all may be, and yet the book not be inspired. But what is the simple assertion of Thomas Carlyle worth? If the assertion is based upon a reason, then it is worth simply the value of the reason, and the reason is worth just as much without the assertion, but without the reason the assertion is worthless. Thomas Carlyle thought, and solemnly put the thought in print, that his father was a greater man than Robert Burns. His opinion did Burns no harm, and his father no good. Since reading his "Reminiscences" I hav no great opinion of his opinion. In some respects he was undoubtedly a great man, in others a small one.

No man should giv the opinion of another as authority and in place of fact and reason, unless he is willing to take all the opinions of that man. An opinion is worth the warp and woof of fact and logic in it and no more. A man cannot add to the truthfulness of truth. In the ordinary business of life, we giv certain weight to the opinion of specialists—to the opinion of doctors, lawyers, scientists, and historians. Within the domain of the natural, we take the opinions of our fellow-men; but we do not feel that we are absolutely bound by these opinions. We hav the right to re-examin them, and if we find they are wrong we feel at liberty to say so. A doctor is supposed to hav studied medicin—to hav examined and explored the questions entering into his profession; but we know that doctors are often mistaken. We also know that there are many schools of medicin—that these schools disagree with each other, and that the doctors of each school disagree with each other. We also know that many patients die, and so far as we know, these patients hav not come back to tell us whether the doctors killed them or not. The grave generally prevents a demonstration. It is exactly the same with the clergy. They hav many schools of theology, all despising each other. Probably no two members of the same church exactly agree. They cannot demonstrate their propositions, because between the premis and the logical conclusion or demonstration, stands the tomb. A gravestone marks the end of theology. In some cases, the physicians can, by a post-mortem examination, find what killed the patient, but there is no theological post-mortem. It is impossible, by cutting a body open, to find where the soul has gone; or whether baptism, or the lack of it, had the slightest effect upon final destiny. The church, knowing that there are no facts beyond the coffin, relies upon opinions, assertions, and theories. For this reason it is always asking alms of distinguished people. Some president wishes to be re-elected, and thereupon speaks about the Bible as "the corner-stone of American liberty." This sentence is a mouth large enough to swallow any church, and from that time forward the religious people will be citing that remark of the politician to substantiate the inspiration of the scriptures.

The man who accepts opinions because they hav been entertained by distinguished people is a mental snob. When we blindly follow authority we are serfs. When our reason is convinced we are freemen. It is rare to find a fully rounded and complete man. A man may be a great doctor and a poor mechanic, a successful politician, and a poor metaphysician, a poor painter and a good poet. The rarest thing in the world is a logician—that is to say, the man who knows the value of a fact. It is hard to find mental proportion. Theories may be established by names, but facts cannot be demonstrated in that way. Very small people are sometimes right, and very great people are sometimes wrong. Ministers are sometimes right.

In all the philosophies of the world, there are undoubtedly contradictions and absurdities. The mind of man is imperfect and perfect results are impossible. A mirror, in order to reflect a perfect picture, a perfect copy, must itself be perfect. The mind is a little piece of intellectual glass, the surface of which is not true, not perfect. In consequence of this, every image is more or less distorted. The less we know, the more we imagin that we can know; but the more we know, the smaller seems the sum of knowledge. The less we know the more we expect, the more we hope for, and the more seems within the range of probability. The less we hav the more we want. There never was a banquet magnificent enough to gratify the imagination of a beggar. The moment people begin to reason about what they call the supernatural, they seem to lose their minds. People seem to hav lost their reason in religious matters, very much as the dodo is said to hav lost its wings—they hav been restricted to a little inspired island, and by disuse, their reason has been lost.

VI.—IMMORTALITY NOT TAUGHT IN THE JEWISH SCRIPTURES.

In the Jewish scriptures you will find simply the literature of the Jews. You will find there the tears and anguish of captivity—patriotic fervor, national aspiration, proverbs for the conduct of daily life, laws, regulations, customs, legends, philosophy, and folly. These books, of course, were not written by one man, but by many authors. They did not agree, having been written in different centuries, under different circumstances. I see that Mr. Beecher has at last concluded that the Old Testament does not teach the doctrin of immortality. He admits that from Mount Sinai came no hope for the dead. It is very curious that we find in the Old Testament no funeral service. No one stands by the dead and predicts another life. In the Old Testament there is no promis of another world. I hav sometimes thought that while the Jews were slaves in Egypt, the doctrin of immortality became hateful. They built so many

tombs; they carried so many burdens to commemorate the dead; they saw a nation waste its wealth to adorn its graves, and leave the living naked to embalm the dead, that they concluded the doctrin was a curse and never should be taught.

Q. If the Jews did not believe in immortality, how do you account for the allusions made to witches and wizards, and things of that character?

A. When Saul visited the witch of Endor, and she, by some magic spell, called up Samuel, the prophet said, "Why hast thou disquieted me, to call me up?" He did not say, "Why hav you called me from another world?" The idea expressed is: I was asleep; why hav you disturbed that repose which should be eternal? The ancient Jews believed in witches and wizards and familiar spirits, but they did not seem to think that these spirits had once been men and women. They spoke of them as belonging to another world, a world to which man would never find his way. At that time it was supposed that Jehovah and his angels lived in the sky, but that region was not spoken of as the destined home of man. Jacob saw angels going up and down the ladder, but not the spirits of those he had known. There are two cases where it seems that men were good enough to be adopted into the family of heaven. Enoch was translated, and Elijah was taken up in a chariot of fire. As it is exceedingly cold at the hight of a few miles, it is easy to see why the chariot was of fire, and the same fact explains another circumstance—the dropping of the mantle. The Jews probably believed in the existence of other beings—that is to say, in angels and good and evil spirits—and that they lived in other worlds—but there is no passage showing that they believe in what we call the immortality of the soul.

VII.—THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

Q. Do you believe or disbelieve in the immortality of the soul?

A. I neither assert nor deny; I simply admit that I do not know. Upon that subject I am absolutely without evidence. This is the only world that I was ever in. There may be spirits, but I hav never met them, and do not know that I would recognize a spirit. I can form no conception of what is called spiritual life. It may be that I am deficient in imagination, and that ministers hav no difficulty in conceiving of angels and disembodied souls. I hav not the slightest idea how a soul looks, what shape it is, how it goes from one place to another, whether it walks or flies. I cannot conceive of anything existing without form, and yet the fact that I cannot conceive of a thing does not prove that the thing does not exist, but it does prove that I know nothing about it, and that being so, I ought to admit my ignorance. I am satisfied of a good many things that I do not know. I am satisfied that there is no place of eternal torment. I am satisfied that that doctrin has done more harm than all the religious ideas, other than that, hav done good. I do not want to take any hope from any human heart. I hav no objection to people believing in any good thing—no objection to their expecting a crown of infinit joy for every human being. Many people imagin that immortality must be an infinit good; but after all there is something terrible in the idea of endless life. Think of a river that never reaches the sea; of a bird that never folds its wings; of a journey that never ends. Most people find great pleasure in thinking about and in believing in another world. There the prisoner expects to be free; the slave to find liberty; the poor man expects wealth, the rich man happiness; the peasant dreams of power, and the king of contentment. They expect to find there what they lack here. I do not wish to destroy these dreams. I am endeavoring to put out the everlasting fires. A good, cool grave is infinitly better than the fiery furnace of Jehovah's wrath. Eternal sleep is better than eternal pain. For my part I would rather be annihilated than to be an angel, with all the privileges of heaven, and yet hav within my breast a heart that could be happy while those who hav loved me in this world were in perdition.

I most sincerely hope that the future life will fulfil all splendid dreams; but in the religion of the present day there is no joy. Nothing is so devoid of comfort, when bending above our dead, as the assertions of theology unsupported by a single fact. The promises are so far away and the dead are so near. From words spoken eighteen centuries ago, the echoes are so weak, and the sounds of the clods on the coffin are so loud. Above the grave what can the honest minister say? If the dead was not a Christian, what then? What comfort can the orthodox clergyman giv to the widow of the honest unbeliever? If Christianity is true, the other world will be worse than this. There the many will be miserable, only the few happy; there the miserable cannot better their condition; the future has no star of hope, and in the east of eternity there can never be a dawn.

VIII.—THE RELIGION WE SHOULD HAV.

Q. If you take away the idea of eternal punishment, how do you propose to restrain men; in what way will you influence conduct for good?

A. Well, the trouble with religion is that it postpones punishment and reward to another world. Wrong is wrong because it breeds unhappiness. Right is right because it tends to the happiness of man. These facts are the basis of what I call the religion of this world. When a man does wrong the consequences follow, and between the cause and the effect a redeemer cannot step. Forgivness cannot form a breastwork between act and consequence.

There should be a religion of the body—a religion that will prevent deformity, that will refuse to multiply insanity, that will not propagate disease—a religion that is judged by its consequences in this world. Orthodox Christianity has taught, and still teaches, that in this world the difference between the good and bad is that the bad enjoy themselvs, while the good carry the cross of virtue with bleeding brows bound and pierced with the thorns of honesty and kindness. All this, in my judgment, is immoral. The man who does wrong carries a cross. There is no world, no star in which the result of wrong is real happiness. There is no world, no star in which the result of right doing is unhappiness. Virtue and vice must be the same everywhere. Vice must be vice everywhere because its consequences are evil; and virtue must be virtue everywhere because its consequences are good. There can be no such thing as forgivness. These facts are the only restraining influences possible—the innocent man cannot suffer for the guilty and satisfy the law.

IX.—THE NUMBER OF CHRISTIANS.

Q. How do you answer the argument, or the fact, that the church is constantly increasing, and that there are now some four hundred millions of Christians?

A. That is what I call the argument of numbers. If that argument is good now it was always good. If Christians were, at any time, in the minority, then, according to this argument, Christianity was wrong. Every religion that has succeeded has appealed to the argument of numbers. There was a time when Buddhism was in a majority. Buddha not only had but has more followers than Christ. Success is not a demonstration. Mohammed was a success, and a success from the commencement. Upon a thousand fields he was victor. Of the scattered tribes of the desert he made a nation, and this nation took the fairest part of Europe from the followers of the cross. In the history of the world, the success of Mohammed is unparalleled; but this success does not establish that he was the prophet of God.

Now it is claimed that there are some four hundred millions of Christians. To make that total, I am counted as a Christian; I am one of the fifty or sixty millions of Christians in the United States—excluding Indians not taxed. By the census reports we are all going to heaven—we are all orthodox. At the last great day we can refer with confidence to the ponderous volumes containing the statistics of the United States. As a matter of fact, how many Christians are in the United States—how many believers in the inspiration of the scriptures—how many real followers of Christ? I will not pretend to giv the number, but I will venture to say there are not fifty millions. How many in England? Where are the four hundred millions found? To make this immense number, they hav counted all the heretics, all the Catholics, all the Jews, Spiritualists, Universalists, and Unitarians; all the babes, all the idiotic and insane Infidels, all the scientists, all the unbelievers. As a matter of fact, they hav no right to count any except the orthodox members of the orthodox churches. There may be more "members" now than formerly, and this increase of members is due to a decrease of religion. Thousands of members are only nominal Christians, wearing the old uniform simply because they do not wish to be charged with desertion. The church, too, is a kind of social institution, a club with a creed instead of by-laws, and the creed is never defended unless attacked by an outsider. No objection is made to the minister because he is liberal, if he says nothing about it in the pulpit. A man like Mr. Beecher draws a congregation, not because he is a Christian, but because he is a genius; not because he is orthodox, but because he has something to say. He is an intellectual athlete. He is full of pathos and poetry. He has more description than divinity, more charity than creed, and altogether more common sense than theology. For these reasons thousands of people love to hear him. On the other hand, there are many people who hav a morbid desire for the abnormal, for intellectual deformities, for thoughts that hav two heads. This accounts for the success of some of Mr. Beecher's rivals.

Christians claim that success is a test of truth. Has any church succeeded as well as the Catholic? Was the tragedy of the Garden of Eden a success? Who succeeded there? The last best thought is not a success, if you mean that only that is a success which has succeeded, and if you mean by succeeding that it has won the assent of the majority. Besides, there is no time fixed for the test. Is that true which succeeds to-day, or next year, or in the next century? Once the Copernican system was not a success. There is no time fixed. The result is, we hav to wait. A thing, to exist at all, has to be to a certain extent a success. A thing cannot even die without having been a success. It certainly succeeded enough to hav life. Presbyterians should remember, while arguing the majority argument and the success argument, that there are far more Catholics than Protestants, and that the Catholics can giv a longer list of distinguished names.

My answer to all this, however, is that the history of the world shows that ignorance has always been in the majority. There is one right road—numberless paths that are wrong. Truth is one; error is many. When a great truth has been discovered, one man has pitted himself against the world. A few think; the many believe. The few lead; the many follow. The light of the new day, as it looks over the window-sill of the east, falls at first on only one forehead.

There is another thing. A great many people pass for Christians who are not. Only a little while ago a couple of ladies were returning from church in a carriage. They had listened to a good orthodox sermon. One said to the other: "I am going to tell you something—I am going to shock you. I don't believe the Bible!" And the other replied: "Neither do I!"—*Detroit Sunday Times.*

Mr. Watts and the Preachers of Canada.

Seeing through the columns of THE TRUTH SEEKER that Mr. Charles Watts, the great English Freethought lecturer, would visit Ontario in the course of his lecturing tour in this country, I entered into correspondence with Mr. Watts, with the view to having him deliver one or more lectures in this the baby city of Ontario. It being impossible to get him here before he went West, we agreed to hav him upon his return to the East. In the mean time, Messrs. Watts and Chainey had entered into arrangements to travel together, giving joint lectures. So, instead of one, we had both of these talented gentlemen here on the evenings of Nov. 19th and 20th, when they were greeted, for this benighted and priest-ridden corner of the Lord's vinyard, with good, attentiv, and intelligent audiences on both nights of their lectures, notwithstanding it had rained for some time previous and during the time they were here, making the roads almost impassable and preventing many from the surrounding country from being present. Yet, with these drawbacks, their lectures were a grand success, and hav created an interest in Secularism here that must and will bear good fruit in the not very distant future. It goes without saying that the dry bones of old orthodoxy got such a severe shaking as they never received here before. I need hardly say to those readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER who hav had the pleasure of listening to these gentlemen, that they fully sustained the reputation that preceded them. Mr. Watts is a clear reader, logical reasoner, and incisiv speaker of fine elocutionary abilities. Mr. Chainey is a talented, eloquent, forcible, impassioned, and persuasiv orator. In a word, these lectures were a rare intellectual treat that is seldom enjoyed by any audience. As Mr. Watts invites discussion at the close of lectures, the secretary of the committee was instructed to specially invite Rev. A. M. Phillips (Methodist), of this city, to be present at these lectures, to take part in a discussion at the close of Mr. Watts's lectures. This reverend gentleman was specially invited by us, from the fact that he on several occasions advertised and preached sermons (a short time before) for the especial benefit of Agnostics, and, to his own satisfaction at least, had answered all the objections that could be offered by Agnostics to the religion of his lordship, Jesus Christ & Co. As the outcome of such invitation, a two-night's debate was arranged between Messrs. Watts and Phillips, which took place on the evenings of Dec. 5th and 6th, before crowded houses on both nights. Subject, first night, "Fallacies of Popular Theology." Second night, "Agnosticism or Christianity, Which the Better Gospel for Mankind?" The chairman for both nights was Colin Macdougal, Esq., Q.C., also an elder in the Presbyterian church here, who discharged the duties of the chair in a fair and impartial manner. Of these debates there is and can be but one opinion; that is, that Mr. Watts had the debate all to himself, Mr. Phillips never on either evening attempting to reply to his (Mr. Watts's) arguments, or advancing any arguments in support of his side of the question for Mr. Watts to reply to. His abilities as a debater would not reflect any credit upon a schoolboy, and gave color to the oft-expressed opinion of some who knew him, that he could only hav been prompted by his vanity to accept a challenge to debate such subjects with such a foe as Mr. Watts. In his introductory (first night) and closing remarks (second night), he said he accepted the challenge to debate with Mr. Watts, not for the purpose of putting his debating qualities against Mr. Watts, but because of the love he bore for the young men of the city, many of whom were being ruined by pernicious doctrins. His speech on both nights of debate gave the lie direct to the above statement by his studiously and persistently (although often requested by Mr. Watts to reply to his arguments) avoiding the questions under debate, never attempting to refute the arguments advanced by Mr. Watts in support of the, to him (Mr. Phillips), pernicious doctrins. If Mr. Phillips is a novice at debate, he is an adept in the use of those

weapons with which all Christians are familiar, and to which they (being unable to answer the arguments of their opponents) invariably resort—the cowardly weapons of false and malicious slander and misrepresentation. He (Mr. Phillips) received a severe, scathing, and well-merited castigation from Mr, Watts in his closing speech of the second night for his cowardly conduct in slandering our honored dead and living exponents of the principles of Secularism.

There is a movement on foot here in Ontario, I believe, having for its object the transporting of the *Secular Review*, Mr. Watts, and family, from London, Eng., to Toronto, Ont., a project that must meet with the hearty approval of all the Liberals of Canada. There is a great deal of latent Freethought here awaiting a Watts to develop and organize it into a power for good in this Canada of ours. Were we organized as we should be, justice would not hav been so long denied us by the Tories of Canada (under the lead of Sir John A. Macdonald) by having the Oaths and Evidence Amendment act rejected in the two last sessions of the Dominion Parliament, denying to Agnostics the right to testify on affirmation in criminal cases, a right they now enjoy in civil cases in Ontario, a right extended to them by the Liberal government of Ontario.

Public opinion here is growing daily more favorable toward Agnostics. As an evidence of the above, we can point to the fact that only two years ago, when Col. R. G. Ingersoll was in Canada lecturing, all the leading papers of Ontario ignored the fact by a contemptuous silence, and refused to insert as an advertisment a notice of his lectures. The Watts-Chainey lectures were advertised in all the papers where they lectured, the lectures fairly and reasonably fully reported, receiving also in many cases fair and lengthy editorial notice. A church-of-England clergyman of this city said since Messrs. Watts and Chainey were here, that the leaders, and a great majority of the rank and file, of this great Freethought movement were men whose lives were above reproach, living more correct lives morally than great numbers of those calling themselvs Christians.

Since Mr. Watts has left here (as we fully expected), several of the occupants of the cowards' castle hav grown very valiant and buckled on their armor, and, like David of old, are slinging small, smooth stones at random at the head of the blasphemous Infidel, which fail to reach their mark and can produce harm only to themselvs. From the first announcement of these lectures until the debates had ended and Mr. Watts gone, as they hoped, forever, not a sound was heard from one of these blatherskite skypilots. Mr. Phillips, fearing that the course of his brethren of the cloth in replying to Mr. Watts after he had gone would draw, also advertised to repeat his arguments in the late debate, finding it easier to reply to Mr. Watts in his own church, with an audience of old women of both sexes, than before an audience of intelligent men and women. He invited all who sympathized with Mr. Watts's views to be present, and invited criticism of his discourses only by letter. A local secularist replied, and he is now wrestling with the reply.

Before I close this rather long letter, I must thank you for so promptly responding to the request of a number of your readers in establishing a Children's Corner, so ably conducted, proving that you are willing and determined to make the grand old TRUTH SEEKER the most interesting Freethought paper to the greatest number, as well as being the largest Liberal paper published. Such a feature must add greatly to your hosts of readers, as I hope and believe it should also to your list of subscribers. Wishing THE TRUTH SEEKER and staff, and all truth seekers throughout the world, a happy New Year, I remain

Yours fraternally, D. NEILSON.

St. Thomas, Ont.

Would be Insane if He Did Believe It.

If the Rev. Heber Newton is to be adjudged insane for not believing the inspiration of the Book of Blunders, belief in the impossible will become the test of sanity.

As a matter of fact, not one man in ten thousand believes the biblical fictions for rejecting which Mr. Newton is denounced as a lunatic by some of his clerical brethren.

It is next to impossible to find a man who believes the universe was manufactured in a week, not counting Saturday.

It is rather a pueril story that "in Adam's fall we sinned all."

The deluge was impossible, and the story of the ark an absurdity.

Why should Ham be cursed for laughing at the old man when he found his father disreputably drunk?

The building of Babel is manifestly untrue, for there is no trace of it.

It is more likely that Lot's wife became a barrel of vinegar than a pillar of salt.

Belief in such fictions as these requires the abnegation of reason and common sense. Mr. Newton would be more likely to be insane if he believed them than in disbelieving them.—*Truth.*

The Liberal Club.

The lecture on "Late Aspects of Dress Reform" did not occur, as announced, at the 223d meeting of the Manhattan Liberal Club, and a discourse by Mr. Wilson Macdonald, on "Art, Industry, and Education," was substituted. Prior to introducing the speaker, the chair, represented as usual by the Hon. T. B. Wakeman, gave notice that upon the secretary's table would be found "The Truth Seeker Annual," which was absolutely the best and most beautiful thing of the kind that Liberals had ever had an opportunity to purchase. There was nothing like it on either side of the pond. Previous to this announcement, however, the audience had discovered the presence of the "Annual," which was conspicuous on account of its ornamental appearance, and the secretary's large stock had become seriously depleted.

Mr. Macdonald's lecture was devoted to the advocacy of industrial schools to be founded by the government something after the pattern set by Peter Cooper. Incidentally the subject of free trade was touched upon. The speaker believed in the efficacy of a protectiv tariff. He gave many statistics to show that while laborers in this country were paid on an average nearly twice as much as in Europe, the necessaries of life were accessible at about the same prices here as there. This he regarded as an irrefutable argument in favor of protection. Free trade would reduce wages in America to a level with the remuneration of European laborers, while the cost of living must be increased. The lecture was long and earnest, and the figures given would appear to support Mr. Macdonald's view of the advantages of protection.

Mr. Cohen was demanded by general acclamation, and, upon taking the platform, responded vociferously. Free trade or protection, he held, was of no benefit to the workingman. The tariff as now administered favored only the manufacturer. A case was cited of a mill-owner in northern New York, who could go into Canada and procure workmen for less than an American citizen could afford to labor; but when the American citizen wished to procure lumber he must buy it of the mill owner because, although it was cheap in Canada, the duty would increase the expense to a figure above what the aforesaid mill owner charged for it. Therefore protection, so far as the laborer is concerned, does not protect. Mr. Cohen's argument, it will be perceived, is equally as conclusiv on the one side as Mr. Macdonald's is on the other.

Mr. Andrews wished that he could possess the serene confidence in regard to these matters that the previous speakers seemed to hav. He declared his inability to decide whether there should be a duty on imports or not. He did not pretend to hav knowledge enough to giv a final solution of the problem. He would hesitate about recommending the establishment by the government of industrial schools. We could trust to individual enterprise for that. However, he could not express himself either way. When the Great Universal Preacher holds his judgment in suspense regarding any subject, it is considered safe to set it down as an open question.

The persons leaving the hall at the close of Mr. Andrews's remarks having absorbed what few copies of the "The Truth Seeker Annual" the secretary had left at their commencement, the reporter volunteered to procure some more at headquarters. He therefore missed hearing the remarks of the next speaker, except to learn that his name was Wiley, and to hear him enunciate the proposition that the devil is not as black as he is painted, no matter how marked a brunet he may in reality be. When the scribe returned with an armful of "Annuals," Dr. Lambert had one of the felicitous speeches, for which he is so distinguished, in the process of delivery. Sufficient credit had not been given by the previous speakers to the industrial schools already established, Professor Adler's Kindergarten among others. He had lectured on the subject himself years ago.

Mr. Macdonald renewed the subject of protection with much energy in his closing remarks. He believed in a protectiv tariff because he was the workingman's friend, and he defied anyone to show that protection was not a blessing to American industry.

This week, Friday night, we are to hav Mr. John E. Remsburg, of Kansas, who will deliver his now famous lecture on "False Claims."

Mr. Chainey in New York.

The Liberal Club had another meeting Sunday night, when an audience came together to listen to Mr. George Chainey, of Boston. Snow had been falling all day and so far into the edge of the evening, that when the sky cleared and stars came out, few were aware that it had ceased storming. To the weather, therefore, can be attributed the small-sized audience that greeted Mr. Chainey.

The speaker was introduced by Mr. Wakeman, who said that Mr. Chainey had become one of the recognized pastors of Liberalism, and had a larger parish than any one he knew of. He was doing stated preaching of the new gospel at Boston, Philadelphia, and New York.

The subject of Mr. Chainey's lecture was "The Nature and Present Condition of Freethought in America." "Every sermon nowadays," said he, "to attract attention needs to be tinged with heresy. Fifty years ago every sermon was a theological argument; now no orthodox minister agues, and no one thinks of going to church to learn anything. The church is prosperous because she employs the best musical and elocutionary talent procurable and keeps as far from the precipice of theological dissussion as possible. The ravages of time she attempts to conceal with paint and powder and enamel." "There is a class of Freethinkers," the speaker continued, "who are neither with us nor against us—who are Freethinkers simply because they cannot close their eyes to the truth. They may best be designated as Nothingarians. Next to these are the Unitarians, who, though they belong with us, are found in the ranks of the enemy. Then comes Free Religion. The church will tolerate any form of heresy except that of which says, 'Out of the way with you; into your graves, ye gods and demons; out of the way you priests! Turn all your churches into schools, and instead of prayers and hate giv us reason and love.' Free Religion may hav done some good, and it may hav been helpful to some while fleeing from bondage to the promised land. It is a pleasant resting-place, but you cannot stop here any more than you can build a city around one well and one palm-tree in a desert." In the course of his remarks Mr. Chainey gav a new rendering of a portion of the Athanasian Creed, substituting law, force, and attraction for the father, son, and holy ghost, and for the first time in history, perhaps, that remarkable piece of formulated obscurity was, in a measure, made intelligible.

The lecturer touched upon the iniquity of the Sunday laws, and the defects of Christian morality. That Liberalism promotes morality was illustrated by the good morals of those professing it. Unlike the ancient Greeks and Romans, Christians paid little attention to physical culture. Next to good health is sound thinking. Many do not think at all—not because they hav no thinkers, but because they are afraid to use them. When he was a Christian, every time he had a new thought he was smitten with the fear that it was a heresy. The notion that boys or girls are to be taught to think for themselvs is foreign to Christianity. "Make your lives perfect," said Mr. Chainey, "and for you shall shine all truth and shower all blessings." Though Christians profess to deny themselvs luxuries in this world, they expect nothing but cake and wine in the next. They cry vanity of vanities here, and look forward to kingdoms in the world to come. They decry the theaters, and yet heaven, in their eyes, is an eternal musical and dramatic entertainment.

If there are angels, it is their duty to minister to us. If there is a God, it is his duty to serve us. How foolish to attempt to add to the glory of the infinit! Men and women are encouraged by your applause. God can get along without it. If he has not angels and seraphs enough to chant his praises and shout "Holy, holy art thou, Lord God Almighty," he can create a few more.

Mr. Chainey closed with a beautiful allegory, tracing man's progress to the goal of humanity, over the gate of which were inscribed the words: "Blessed above all are those who come here through the temples of Study, Reality, and Ideality."

Mr. Chamberlain's Opinion.

I heartily rejoice to see the cordial expressions of sympathy and assurances of support for the Heywoods which hav appeared in recent numbers of THE TRUTH SEEKER. If the TRUTH SEEKER family will do as good and efficient work for the Heywoods as they did for Bennett, they may hasten the advent of that which is; in any event, certain, the ultimate triumph of the Heywoods. Let each one remember that these bold and vigorous reformers are struggling for that which we hold dearest in life, the liberty of thought—that they are fighting for a principle which is worth more to mankind than any religion ever revealed, the principle which is the foundation of our government, that the expression of opinion shall be absolutely free, and that there shall be no censorship in our machinery of government. In a private letter Mr. Heywood writes: "It is six years December last since these persecutions began. They hav well-nigh ruined our business, and balked almost every other power to earn our living, keeping me oscillating between prison and poor-house, and constantly crowding my family nearer the verge of destitution. Lacking adequate means to provide necessary food, fuel, and clothing from month to month, I do not now know how I am to get my family through the winter without actual suffering. Still, the fruit of this struggle will be worth to the world all it costs us, and in no event will citizen right, now assailed in our person, be yielded." When will the licentious gang who are crying "crucify him" ever learn that such a spirit cannot be put down, that the spiritual is beyond the reach of the physical, that an idea cannot be annihilated by the infliction of physical torture, that cruelty induces sympathy, and that humanity will honor those who fight its battles? It is shameful that in our times, and in our country, a

man of high character and high purposes should be steadily and systematically persecuted, maligned, and vilified for six years because his sentiments and expressions hav aroused the hatred of a little clique of fanatics, and I rejoice to see that there are many people throughout our country who realize that, inasmuch as it has been done to one of the least of these, it can be done to them, and that if such outrage is permitted to go unchecked there will be no safety for anyone, and who hav made up their minds pretty sternly that this business must stop, and that no inquisition shall be established on American soil. "There is still a strong flavor of tea in Boston harbor." The number of truth seekers is now double what it was when Bennett was made the victim of the assassin Benedict, the principles involved are more generally understood now than then, and there is no good reason why the champions of natural human rights should not receive adequate and ample support, both moral and substantial. Let us remember that our country expects every truth seeker to do his duty.

ED. W. CHAMBERLAIN.

That Pamphlet.

Observing in THE TRUTH SEEKER a notice that a discussion of the social questions had taken place between the editor of the *Olive Branch* and Mrs. Juliet H. Severance, and that the same was in pamphlet form and for sale by the latter, I wrote at once for a copy. By the kindness of a couple of my very dearest friends, the *Olive Branch* has several times been given to me to read. As a whole, its contents were very gratifying as well as instructiv, and, therefore, as far as Mr. Jones was concerned, my impressions regarding him were very favorable. As regards Mrs. Severance, I hav known her for years as a noble woman and practical worker, and, therefore, was prepared to expect that the discussion would be able, just, and creditable to both sides. I did not anticipate for one moment that the editor of the *Olive Branch* would deign to misrepresent or falsify the position of his opponent, and had too much respect for his professed opinions as an exponent of Spiritualism to deem it possible for him to cater to the time-serving conservatism of the age, and to pettifog in defense of customs and laws that are indefensible according to all the principles of the spiritual philosophy, that knows no distinction of rights on account of sex. So far as Mr. Jones is concerned, two or three things are fully established. In the first place, his readiness to slander parties quite as conscientious as himself for human well-being, whose methods differ from his, is put on record. Secondly, his inability to cope with said parties in fair argument. Thirdly, his lack of justice, and his assumption that Spiritualism is at war with the most radical ground of the social question. Fourthly, his moral cowardice to face the issue that is forcing itself to the front, and which no boaster like himself can sweep back. Fifthly, his white-feather-coward-castle policy to avert an exposure of his injustice and inability to meet and defend an issue created by himself. Mrs. Severance went at her part of the work as an able, sensible woman should. No evasion, tergiversation, or misrepresentation is anywhere shown in her part of the discussion. Her remarks are clear-cut and chaste, which no pure true mind can read without feeling convinced that a true soul is behind the letter, whose spirit is fully imbued with the integrity, necessity, and sacredness of her mission. It is true that there is honest room for difference of opinion, but there should be none as to the necessity of a thorough understanding of the relations the sexes sustain to each other; upon the exercise of which depends the weal or woe of humanity. Mrs. Severance, in her inimitable manner, makes very clear what has hitherto seemed inexplicable points in this much vexed (and too little understood) question; and to all honest and inquiring minds that desire a clear conception of the matter at issue in this debate, I would say, Lose no time in sending for the pamphlet, for it will richly repay a thorough examination of its contents, and will add one more to the manifold evidences that truth and justice in the long run are triumphant.

GEO LYNN.

Let Freethinkers Watch This Association.

The movement to "put God into the Constitution" is now organized as the National Reform Convention, and announces as its foundation principles that "God the sovereign has vested the government of the world in his son, Jesus Christ; that nations are expressly commanded to yield allegiance and obedience to him; and that the will of God revealed in the Bible is of supreme authority in civil affairs."

Among the supporters of this movement to enthrone the Bible in politics, while it is being pressed in religion, are, in this state, President Seelye, Prof. Bennett of Boston University, Editor Bicknell of the *Journal of Education*, Rev. Dr. Miner, and Judge Rockwell; and fifteen hundred contributors in nineteen states and territories keep the association in funds.—*Boston Transcript.*

"THE Truth Seeker Annual and Freethinkers' Almanac" is out. 25 cents.

Editorial Notes.

J. E. REMSBURG spoke in Philadelphia on the 20th, in this city on the 25th, and will be at Boston during the New England Freethought Convention.

THE *Independent* had as its literary treat week before last a semi-glorification of Harriet Martineau, the Atheist. This is an improvement on the usage of Atheists by Christians a few decades ago.

AT the annual meeting for the sale of pews in the Brooklyn Tabernacle the chief clown informed the people that he "hated bigotry as he hated the devil." Their is scarcely a more bigoted Christian in the country than he who uttered these words. How Dr. Talmage must hate himself!

MR. GREEN'S magazine for January is a little superior to any preceding number, which is a sign of healthy growth pleasing to record. The articles by the editor are on the Bible, Girard College, and the kind of arguments orthodoxy presents. The contributors include Elizur Wright, Judge and Mrs. Krekel, Allen Pringle, T. B. Wakeman, Mrs. Slenker, Milton Woolley, and H. H. Hall, the minstrel. The Directory is growing. Mr. Green's address, it will be remembered, is Salamanca, N. Y.

THE Home Secretary of England has still further shown his despicable spirit of persecution by refusing to allow Mr. W. S. Ramsey, lately released from prison, to make a business visit to his companion, G. W. Foote, who will not hav served out his sentence till some time next month. The Home Secretary is more stringent with these Freethinkers than he is with the most brutal criminals. By no manner of equitable law can their acts be stretched into a crime, but the same cannot be said of Harcourt's acts, which are a flagrant crime against liberty and justice.

ARTHUR M. DENT, M. D., of Coshocton, Ohio, writes to the *Banner of Light* that the legislature of that state convened on the 8th inst., when both "Democratic and Republican members vied with each other" in taking steps toward the repeal of the odious "Russell" law, of whose unjust bearing upon Spiritualist mediums our readers hav been already apprised. "To Hon. G. H. Barger," he states, "the leader of the Democratic majority, and who is a brilliant and rising statesman, belongs the honor of introducing the first bill to blot out from the Ohio statutes this monster of intolerance."

THE potent influence of groggeries on the politics of our times is generally admitted, but it will be a surprise to those who hav been wont to regard the Democratic party as the patron of free rum to learn that in this city the strongest Republican assembly district is the one most fully provided with liquor shops of various kinds, and that the strongest corresponding Democratic territory is the most sparsely dotted with these ulcers. The Republican candidates for assembly in the Eighth district must stand treat in over six hundred saloons, while the Democrat elected in the Fourth district has his pocket taxed in only two hundred and twelve.

THE following, from *John Swinton's Paper* of the 20th, shows that Mr. Swinton at last sees the point we hav several times raised for his edification and enlightenment: "'There is no power in this country that could uphold human slavery, if it were not upheld by the church.' That is what the Rev. Dr. Albert Barnes said twenty-five years ago about the power of the church in upholding the old system of African chattel slavery. The language of the Rev. Dr. Albert Barnes is just as applicable to the present state of things as it was to that which he then denounced. There is no power in this country that could uphold the abominable plutocracy, now in the ascendant, if it were not upheld by the church."

THE religious warfare continues in Lakeville, Conn., without material change. The obnoxious crucifix in front of the Catholic church is still standing, although the Protestants continue to quietly protest against its continuance in plain sight of the main street. The Catholics, on the other hand, resent any insinuations as to the propriety of keeping a figure of the bleeding Christ before the passing public, winter and summer, and continue to boycott the storekeepers who signed the petition asking that the crucifix be removed. During the cold weather some of the storekeepers hav sorely felt the loss of the Catholic trade, and one firm at least has determined to close up business and leave town. This fight shows Christianity in its practical workings.

THE League *Man* has been transformed into a more or less Socialistic paper, after the style of *John Swinton's Paper*, reduced in size, and for the last three weeks has been issued on Saturdays. C. O. Ward has been added to the number of editors, thus relieving Mr. Wakeman of much arduous labor. Mr. Ward expounds the Socialistic principles, Mr. Wakeman illustrates the Higher Integration, and devises ways of exterminating the Mormons and relieving the negro, and Mr. Leland attends to the League work, occasionally throwing a shaft at the enemy in his own airily inimitable way. If *Man* would pay Union prices for his printing he would be better dressed, and at the same time illustrate in the most practicable way his sympathy for the workingmen. At present he is an educated tramp. His garments are all unworthy the great brain he carries. But even a tramp is a man and brother, and we promis the rejuvenated *Man* our cordial co-operation.

IN a communication to the Coshocton *Age*, defending Spiritualism against the slanderous charges of a minister, Mr. W. S. Wood makes some comparison of the number of people who hav been mentally afflicted by the excessiv assimilation of Christianity or Spiritualism. He finds that a short time ago in five Ohio insane institutions there were forty-nine inmates made insane from excitement caused by Christianity, and only seven credited to Spiritualism, for the same period of time. The record for a longer period in thirteen of the largest institutions of the United States showed this result: 1994 from religious insanity, and 229 credited to Spiritualism, during the same time. In 42 reports showing 32,313 male patients, 315 were down as clergymen, which shows one insane minister to 150 others, while only 45 male and female, credited to Spiritualism, showed the proportion of insane Spiritualists to be only one to every 711 others. Taking the estimate of Spiritualists in the United States at a low figure, they would be represented proportionately in the insane asylums by over 3,000 inmates, whereas, at this time, there is not to exceed 150.

A LETTER just received from W. S. Bell shows the prospects of a large convention in Boston to be bright. With the speakers engaged it cannot fail to be a brilliant one, so far as oratory goes. James Parton's lecture will alone be worth a trip of a hundred miles. And it is barely possible that Ingersoll may be there before the close, as indicated by the subjoined letter from him to Mr. Bell:

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 11, 1884.

W. S. BELL, ESQ., *Dear Sir:* I hav delayed answering your kind and flattering invitation to be with you on the 29th, hoping that I might say yes. I find that I must go to Denver, Colorado, on business, leaving here to-morrow. The probability is that I cannot return in time to celebrate with you the birthday of Thomas Paine. I hope that the celebration may be in every way worthy of the author-hero. Regretting that I cannot be present, and thanking you for your cordial invitation, I remain yours always, R. G. INGERSOLL.

But with or without the splendid presence of the colonel, the convention will be a commanding gathering, and every one whose duties will permit should attend.

THE pious of Montreal hav their woes. The first article of the rules of Zion church sets forth that no one can minister to them who does not maintain that the "sacred scriptures of the Old and New Testament are divinely inspired and of supreme authority; the true and proper deity, and the all-sufficient and vicarious atonement of our Lord and savior Jesus Christ; the personality and proper deity of the holy spirit, and the indispensable necessity of his influence to bring a sinner to true repentance, to regenerate the heart and to perfect our sanctification, justification through faith in Christ, and final perseverance of all true believers to a state of eternal blessedness through faith in Christ, and obedience to his commands, and the future and eternal punishment of the wicked." But the Rev. Alfred J. Bray, who has been elected at the two last annual meetings of the church, is now accused of having continuously preached and maintained—by sermons, speeches, newspaper articles, and paragraphs, and otherwise—doctrins subversiv of and contrary to the first article quoted above. That, more particularly, he has preached that the sacred scriptures of the Old and New Testaments are not divinely inspired and of supreme authority, within the meaning of the said article; that the atonement of Christ was not vicarious, within the meaning of the said article; and that the punishment of the wicked is not eternal, within the meaning of the said article. Consequently a part of Zion congregation aver that Mr. Bray has never legally been their minister, and that his acts as such are null and void. All of which is set forth in a particularly bitter law suit between the rival factions now encumbering the dockets of the Montreal courts.

WE commend the issue of *Puck* for January 12th to the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER for its central cartoon. Although "a picture without words" it yet speaks more eloquently than the most elaborate argument against the Catholic church influence over our public schools. *Puck* has struck many hard blows at the prevailing superstitions of our country and times, but none harder or more needed than this. We congratulate our illustrated contemporary on its foresight and independence, and transcribe its reasons for the cartoon, which shows the editor to be entirely in sympathy with the artist:

"The Roman Catholic church never sleeps. It pursues the even tenor of the way it has marked out for itself, never allowing an opportunity to pass of strengthening its already commanding position. It does not bow its head willingly to laws that are calculated to lessen its influence; but it appears to do so, only to wait until it sees the chance of neutralizing that which may be adverse to it. In countries where Catholicism is not the prevailing religion, the Romish church handles its weapons delicately and with gloved hands. It will use its strength only when it is certain that its blow will be effectual. It will not try to excite hostility where it feels itself weak The study of the history of the church will show that this has invariably been its practice. It is humble only when it can gain its ends by remaining so.

It is these characteristic qualities, these soft, suave methods, that render it so dangerous an institution. There is one thing, however, in which it has shown, we may say, commendable consistency. If a religious system is to be preserved, there must be some consistency, and in its uncompromising opposition to our public schools the church has not been recreant to its principles. It recognizes no distinction between civil and religious government. That is to say, a true Roman Catholic owes allegiance to the pope, who is a foreign potentate. This is why a consistent Catholic cannot be a perfect American citizen, who owes allegiance to no man —to nothing save his country.

Sophistory may be used to overcome this argument, but the obvious fact remains nevertheless. No other denomination makes the same pretensions. No other denomination finds fault with the public schools. It remains for the Romish church to set itself up in defiance of the great body of the people who are not Roman Catholics. There is no prejudice on the part of this paper against any system of religion, provided it does not fly in the face of what is generally accepted by all mankind as morality. The mere religious exercises of Catholicism are harmless enough in themselvs; but as they are, as we hav shown, inseparable from questions of civil government, it behooves Americans to keep a watchful eye on the pretensions of the church, and above all not to allow our secular public schools to be tampered with by prelates or priests of any denomination.

Reflection Upon a Great Bostonian.

From the Albany Argus.

Joseph Cook lectures on the question, "Does Death End All?" If it ends Cook it will be enough.

A Freethought Romance.

Waifs and Wanderings.

BY SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

CHAPTER IV.

DR. DOBSON.

On his return home from his unsuccessful missionary tour Cupples found Dr. Dobson in consultation with his wife. The baby had been suddenly taken with spasms, and Mrs. Cupples, being at her wits' end, had sent for the doctor. He came and discovered a pin sticking into the baby; and, being a good nurse, remained and helped to keep it quiet until it passed into a profound slumber. He greeted the disappointed Cupples with comfortable voice and look; and congratulated him on the addition to his family and hoped that blessings would fall upon his paternal head.

"Not paternal head for long," cried Cupples; "I mean to get rid of it this very day."

"Why, it's a darling," said the doctor.

"Then take it yourself."

"Oh dear me, no," said the doctor; "I have seven daughters already, and what man could have an eighth unless he was deaf and dumb and a Crœsus. With bonnets to the right of me, left of me, front of me, I'm completely submerged. The unhealthiness of this climate must increase or I'm bankrupt. If this was a boy, Cupples, I'd take it. I could get my money back. He'd do something. But what can a girl do except keep house; and only think, I've got seven girls, besides a wife bigger than myself to keep house for me. Eight women's spheres in my kitchen! There's plenty of music I can assure you. The neighbors do get ground up. There must be some slashing with eight planets and nary a *son*."

The doctor's bosom swelled with pride at the magnificence of this pun. He was great on puns. Almost every third sentence was an attempt at one, and the way that his words squirmed in order to claim relationship was a marvel. We can only reproduce one out of a thousand, and then the chaff will get the better of the wheat. The doctor would like to have the whole lot put in print; but if that were done, this veracious record would lie on dusty shelves unread, in company with theological masterpieces that, like puns, are quibbles, only they lack the good nature and wit. The difference be'ween theology and punning is that one is a *work* of words and the other a *play* of words, and play is preferable to work. The punster, no doubt, puts us frequently to the rack, but he doesn't burn us or hang us. It's hard enough to laugh at a pun; but to solemnly profess to believe one, to worship it, rear temples to it, and ordain a priesthood to it—it seems as if this were carrying the joke too far.

"Swap this off for a boy, Cupples," continued the doctor, "and I'll take it. But another Garden of Eden; another fall and fig-leaves, that is, a dozen new dresses, is more than I can stand. If the devil had only let women alone and taken us men, we should be pretty well off, for we only want a glass of wine and a cigar; and these are inexpensiv vices. But there's no end to a woman's wants after she's bitten the apple. I don't object to the deviltry. It's the expense that bothers me. There's no sense in a woman's sinning. It's all dollars," and, with this sally, Dr. Dobson wiped his fat face and haw-hawed with great good nature. He was one of those who took the ills of life complacently, and seven girls never diminished his gracious rotundity of flesh. There was a prospect of several marriages, and so the cloud had a silver lining.

"What shall I do?" wailed Cupples. "I dread the coming night. I must get rid of the little thing. I've tried the Binneys, but they won't touch it, blast 'em! Isn't there some one else?"

"I'm afraid not," said the doctor, "babies are too plenty. There isn't room for them; the table's full. It's too much trouble to look after them. The best thing you can do is to contrive some way to kill it off. I think it will be a great deal happier in another sphere where there isn't so much fashion; only one style of dress, I believe, the white robe; and so there's more time to look after the little cherubs."

"Of course its hard for poor people to have babies," said Cupples, "but I should think it would be a luxury for a rich man, as much as a picture, or marble statues, or fountains, or any of those things they spend so much money on. They can have servants to wash 'em and dress 'em and take care of 'em when they cry; and when they are clean and don't cry, what lovely things they are! Nothing in the world like it. Barnum's Museum can't compare to it for wonder and variety. Just see now how funny it looks; just look at those hands, those eyes; dear me, it's laughing; and the smile goes all over it. It's a very bubble of delight!"

"Abstractly speaking, you are correct," said the doctor; "babies are as pretty as pictures, statues, fountains, etc., but unfortunately they are not the style. They are out of fashion, and so had better be out of the world. There's enough of us old folks; and it's a mistake for babies to be born. Pity they can't have a little more discretion. All the time bouncing in upon us, and nobody wants 'em. If they would only arrive at years of discretion before birth, why, they wouldn't allow themselves to be born, that's sure. But babies are in such a hurry; they won't even wait for a suit of clothes."

Of late years the doctor was somewhat of a Malthusian, though no one ever greeted a new-born babe with more fervor than he did. But realizing that his profession was nine parts humbug, because nine parts of the sicknesses of people are humbug, and have to be cured by humbug, he couldn't help talking it occasionally, though at heart no one was more kind and faithful. If it were necessary to lie to a patient he could do it with the utmost sincerity, and even enthusiasm. At the same time he was ready to tell the truth if it were available, though he acknowledged that there wasn't so much fun in it.

"There's a good deal of comfort," he would say, confidingly, "in a lie well stuck to. I almost always believe my best lies myself. They sound so nice that I hate to deny 'em. I believe the truth because I have to. I believe a lie because I want to; and there's a mighty sight of comfort in having your own way."

Cupples was discouraged. He didn't really like to kill the baby, and he was afraid there was no place in the wide world for it. If he only had money, he'd gladly take it; and so many people had money and could do a good thing, and be made happy by it, and yet "they wouldn't, confound 'em!" growled Cupples.

"Isn't it so, doctor? Don't people make themselvs miserable by their selfishness? I wish I was rich, how happy I'd be. I'd make a home for every poor devil I could find."

"I don't know, Cupples," said the doctor, "you'd better not try it; I'm afraid you'd shut yourself up like a turtle. Riches don't seem to improve anybody. I'm not worth a cent, and don't mean to be. I spend my money as fast as I get it. I don't want to keep the horrible stuff. Why, if I had a bank account, my flesh would dwindle and I would be as dried up as a mummy. It's the death of a man to be a millionaire. It makes him a ghost. Gold, gold, gold! what a robber it is—and yet how we hug it! You'll have to take the baby where we are all going to, Cupples."

"And where's that?—to the graveyard?" groaned Cupples.

"No; to the poorhouse—worse still," said the doctor, with a tragical-comical look. "Go to Billy Stubbs: he'll tell you what to do."

The doctor turned away, for he was beginning to hav some compassion for the baby, and he felt in duty bound to get rid of it. It is a poor investment as the world goes to have any sympathy for those who can't take care of themselvs. Give it to those who don't need it, and then it won't be wasted. You'll be sure to get it back just in the nick of time, when you don't need it. In that way our sympathies don't cost anything, and what a help they are, what a beauty they giv to life. Be ye wise as serpents—towards others; and harmless as doves—towards yourself. That is what Christ meant, isn't it?

But the day was hurrying on. The baby had not secured a lodging. Cupples was greatly perturbed. Another night of torture was impossible. Billy Stubbs was now his only hope, and to him he hastened.

CHAPTER V.

BILLY STUBBS.

Billy Stubbs was devoted to three things—Shakspere, his pipe, and the bar. He was a brilliant lawyer, intensely interested in every case he took up, whether a murder case or a dog case. He knew Shakspere by heart, and often declared that the myriad-minded was a vastly better fountain of law than Blackstone. He greeted Cupples from the midst of a cloudland that almost stifled the latter, so that he could hardly speak.

"What's the matter, Cupples? You look like a ghost. Committed murder? Well, giv me a big fee and I'll make it out justifiable homicide; or insanity, if you prefer that way out of it. No? Has a mad dog bit you, then? Put the damages high. Dogs don't stand any chance nowadays. In fact, we'd almost as lief kill one as a man. What? Not even hydrophobia? What in the world is it that makes you look so much like the devil? You out-Herod Herod."

"It's a baby," gasped Cupples.

"Do you meditate a slaughter of the infants?"

"I've only one to dispose of," said Cupples, "but I'm afraid that'll be the death of me."

"Explain," said Stubbs; and Cupples gave a vivid account of his night's experience and his unsuccessful efforts to get rid of the baby.

"Then you don't want to keep it?" said Stubbs.

The look of horror that passed over Cupples's face at the suggestion convinced the lawyer that there was no such refuge for the wandering elf.

"Do you know anything about a baby?" asked Cupples.

"No," said Stubbs, "I only see them occasionally on the street, and they look mighty pretty. I should think it would be fun to hav 'em round."

"Try it," said Cupples. "Try it; let it roar in your ears all night long, let it kick and thrash in your arms, let it master you like a hurricane, and then see how you like it."

"Oh," said Stubbs, tragically, "then

> "You may as well go stand upon the beach
> And bid the main flood bate his usual hight;
> You may as well forbid the mountain pines
> To wag their high tops, and to make no noise
> When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven.

"I suppose the baby's a regular Shylock? Did it get a pound of your flesh?"

"I should think it did. Look at me."

"Ah, indeed," said Stubbs, "you don't look as if

> "Your bosom's lord sat lightly on its throne.
> Sharp misery hath worn thee to the bones."

"Tell me what to do," said Cupples, despairingly.

"Well, let's take a smoke and talk it up," said Stubbs. "I was in hopes it was a murder case. I haven't had one for a long time, and I'm rather anxious to sup on horrors. I hardly know what to do with a baby. They are troublesome things, and we can't shoot 'em. The fact is, nobody wants a baby till it's grown up. Now, if this one was sweet sixteen," said Stubbs, taking a long whiff and rolling it in glittering folds to the ceiling. "I'd take it off your hands in a minute; for if I couldn't do anything else I'd marry it. I'm rather anxious to marry, but, dear me! I can't spend time to find out which one I like best. You've a job on your hands, Cupples. I think I'll have to charge you about fifty dollars to get you out of the scrape."

"Dear me," said Cupples, "I haven't a dollar in the world."

"Well," said Stubbs, "I'll trust you. Remember, when you get rich out of this investment, you must give me ten per cent. A girl is worth five hundred dollars before she begins to dress; what she is worth after that no fellow can find out."

"All right," said Cupples, dubiously.

"I'm one of the overseers of the poor. I'll give you an order and you can take her to the poorhouse."

"I hate to do that," said Cupples; "it must be an awful place."

"Oh no," said Stubbs, "it's a perfect palace. Why, we appropriated thirty thousand dollars last year to fix it up, and it must be gorgeous. There are only three inmates, and we pay a thousand dollars a year each for their support. They live on the fat of the land. Why, the best thing a man can do nowadays, Cupples, is to be unable to do anything. Better be on the pauper list than own all the bank stock in E——. The moment you get to the poorhouse you are a millionaire. Fact, Cupples. I've got the figures for it, and figures never lie. No, never," said Stubbs, "unless it's a woman's."

"Is it so?" said Cupples. "Is it such a nice place? Have you seen it?"

"Oh, no," said Stubbs, "I haven't seen it. I'm paid a thousand dollars a year to look after it, but all I have to do is to draw my salary. But the money is spent—I know that. We appropriate it. It goes out of the treasury and never comes back; and there's enough to make that poorhouse a paradise. The baby will be perfectly happy, and grow up like a princess."

"Well, I'm glad of that," said Cupples. "I'm glad that so much pains is taken with the poor folks; they need it bad enough. Dear me! if a man's poor, what comfort can he take in life, unless he has enough to eat and wear, and a good home? We who are able to work can stand a little starvation now and then; but those who can't ought to be well taken care of. That's what I call religion. Give me the order and I'll go right over this afternoon. I'm much obliged to you, Mr. Stubbs."

Billy wrote the order with a smile that was childlike and bland, and gave it to Cupples with a ringing "God bless you." Cupples was all aglow to think that Government was so full of parental affection.

"Why, it beats the church all holler," said he. "The world isn't so bad, after all. Thirty thousand dollars for three paupers, and a thousand dollars a year apiece besides. Why, that is charity. No wonder it's the greatest of all the virtues. Faith and Hope can't hold a candle to it. It's too bad I've got to die when I get through workin'; I'd rather go to the poorhouse than to heaven. I'd live as well, and, what is better, I'd get rid of the psalm-singing, which I think must be an awful bore. Three meals a day is preferable. Thank God! the little baby's safe. There's a place for it. Of course it'll hav a servant to wait upon it. I've a good notion to apply for that situation myself. I believe I could earn more than at my trade. What a godsend the baby is, after all."

Cupples told the good news to his wife. He borrowed a horse, and made arrangements to go right after dinner to the poorhouse.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

How Cook is Appreciated.

From the Middletown, N. Y., Daily Argus, of Jan. 10th.

The audience that attended Rev. Joseph Cook's lecture at the Methodist church last evening was a very large one—at least fifty per cent larger than would assemble should he ever visit this village again.

Philosophy on the Half-Shell; or, Ethics of '83.

CAPACITY FOR PAIN AND PLEASURE.

I desire here to call your attention, my indulgent readers, to a noteworthy fact.

Man and the lower animals are capable, through their nervous structures (systems, so called), of enjoying but a comparativly very small degree of physical pleasure, even under the most favorable circumstances; and, as a rule, the keener the enjoyment, the briefer the possibility of its continuance.

How few pleasures there are which can compensate a man for even the relativly slight pain he often experiences in twenty-four hours from a raging tooth!

What pleasure on earth can compensate a man for the frightful agonies of sciatica in its most aggravated form?

How very few among us ever pass a year without being compelled to endure acute physical pain of some description! Are we not constantly subjected to the liability of frightful accidents on every hand?

Can you name any pleasure to counterbalance the agonies of the poor wretch scalded to death by hissing steam, or lapped by tongues of lurid flame, in the railroad wreck, or the burning factory?

Add to the frightful chapters of accident and disease the atrocious tortures inflicted by man upon his fellow, and upon the brutes, by fire and sword, by the thumb-screw and the rack, by the fagot, starvation, thirst, the whip, the goad, and, above all, by the ghastly, unspeakable horrors of the vivisecting-table, and you hav a sum total so monstrous, so vast, so utterly diabolical, that the mind of the intellectualist sinks in immeasurable horror before its contemplation. And *this*, the mild-eyed guides to heaven assure us, is the work of a tender and loving father, who marks even "the sparrow's fall!"

If this be God's work, tell us, O beneficent and mild-eyed guides, what would a devil do?

DOES FATALISM ENCOURAGE WRONG-DOING?

I hear some one ask, "What would take the place of conscience as a check upon immorality, were man to abandon it as an exploded myth?"

I answer, "Fear of the loss of one's self-respect, that reward which inevitably follows the performance of every noble act; the belief that to 'do as you would be done by' (provided you can so believe), conserves to your best advantage in the long run, and a code of just but severe laws, which, unlike the present miserable system of bribes and legal dodging, should mete even-handed justice alike to the penniless vagrant and the arrogant property-holder."

Personally I am of the opinion that conscience prevents little, if any, crime; it is after the committing of the offense, and not before, that "the still, small voice" is heard, if at all.

However, my business as an expounder of, and seeker after truth (a "Truth Seeker"), is not to moralize upon the good or evil attendant upon a belief in Fatalism, but to discover if it be true, and hence, if conscience be only a bug-a-boo springing from the misconceptions of man's uncultered intellect.

My mission in these pages is not that of the moralist, but rather that of the zealous searcher after light; nor do I myself believe error can ever be other than baleful in its effects upon man, taken as a whole.

IMMORTALITY.

To be immortal is to preserve forever, either partially or entirely, one's identity, including partial or entire recollection of the past.

Forever is a very long time. Were you to assure me that I am going to exist throughout any period comprised within the possibilities of the science of mathematics, the conception, however vast, would yet fail to completely overpower my intellect.

When, on the other hand, you tell me that I, who commenced my infantile, individual career less than a century since, am to liv on for myriads of eons of time, and that at length, having attained an age to which that of the universe itself, in its present form, were less than is the bulk of the minutest grain of sand as compared with the whole vast desert—to tell me that, even then, I will hav made absolutely no progress toward the termination of my career, must certainly appear to me a proposition containing much of the extravagant in its composition. Does it not seem far more probable that that which had a beginning as an individual will also hav an end as such? Is not the circle the true emblem of eternity? Must not, then, that which extends infinitly forward extend necessarily infinitly backward? Hence, is it possible that that should possess immortality whose birth was marked by time?

If not capable of immortality, man might, nevertheless, exist, as an individual, for any number of ages which it lies within the power of figures to express, any period not absolutely illimitable, and still be denied the prerogativ of immortality.

We frequently hear persons assert that they would not desire eternal life, even if constantly happy! This remark indicates, in those who make it, either defectiv reasoning power, or a cursory consideration of the subject in hand, since it is entirely evident that oblivion forms the neutral ground betwixt pain and pleasure. Hence, any conscious existence in which pleasure, on the whole, preponderates over pain, is to be desired (even though the amount of both be excessiv), for one most still be gainer in the end; the reverse, of course, being true of any existence in which pain predominates.

I am convinced that a highly-developed philosophical mind would, if offered its choice between oblivion and the certainty of a future existence (either temporary or eternal), unhesitatingly decide in favor of oblivion.

I myself would consider such an opportunity to choose as the greatest good-fortune that had ever befallen me, and select oblivion.

The reason is obvious, and its logic irrefutable. It is this. In this world (our sole criterion for judging of good and evil) we find evil vastly in the ascendent; he who rashly claims that, in this life, virtue triumphs over vice, is but a philosopher of the closet, who, in his child-like simplicity, pictures mankind to be as honest as himself.

Like old Diogenes, searching with his lamp, far and wide, for that *rara avis*, "an honest man," should the school-man go forth into this dark world to learn full soon of his egregious error! Theory is but poor stuff when opposed to fact. By what right (casting aside the flummery of scripture) do we judge another life will be better than the present? That we wish it so is natural; that hence it must be so is folly.

The chances are, therefore, that if there be a future life it is no better than this, and who, but a fool, would assume so great a risk when the odds stand thus heavily against him?

INSANITY.

To attempt to draw a line between sanity and insanity would be as futile an effort as to establish the precise line of demarkation between the colors of the rainbow, or between a sound, a noise, a tumult, and a pandemonium.

It is in the highest degree improbable that an absolutely perfect brain (and, hence, mind) ever existed upon this planet. Certain it is that all those with whom we hav ever come in contact are unbalanced (or "cranky," as the term goes) in more respects than one. You cannot recall having ever, during your life-time, met with anyone totally devoid of all weak points.

All men, then, are (to a greater or lesser extent) insane; *i. e.*, deficient in the power of forming correct judgments upon all subjects. (What myriads, for example, are "cranked" upon the subject of religion!) We do not, however, commonly term these oddities, and peculiarities, insanity, when exhibited under this mild form of mania, but simply "eccentricities." When, however, they become so strongly marked as to endanger either the safety of the patient, or that of others (as well as when the dementia reaches that stage wherein the patient is nearly or quite unaware of the true nature and effects of his or her acts), then we prudently label them "insane," and, properly enough, incarcerate them in an institution provided for that purpose, where they can neither injure themselvs nor others.

In concluding my remarks upon this subject, I desire to enter my most earnest protest against the outrageous abuses which disgrace the government of so many of the asylums for the insane in America!

AFFINITY.

Chemistry informs us that certain substances, when placed in juxtaposition, possess what is termed affinity for one another; or, in other words, their particles exhibit a tendency to intermingle, or to coalesce. Still other substances (for example, oil and water) cannot be made to mingle, though they were shaken or mixed together for a thousand years. The chemistry of those sublimated particles composing what is called the mind in no wise differs from that of the grosser particles termed matter.

This fact requires no further demonstration than that elsewhere given under another caption.

Whenever two persons of opposit sex meet, this mingling, or non-mingling, must necessarily ensue.

So extraordinary is this affinity in certain exceptional instances that when their glances meet for the first time, a delirious thrill passes between them, and both feel unerringly that their earthly destinies are fixed, each within the other. This is known familiarly as "love at first sight."

In all the vast chain of cause and effect, this exquisit and beautiful chemistry of the mind presents, perhaps, the most attractiv and fascinating field for study and contemplation to the philosopher, the psychologist, and the physicist.

How crude, in comparison to this marvelously perfect and unerring effect of particle upon particle, sounds the senseless jargon of the Christian priest, who fills (or, more correctly speaking, disgraces) the pulpit of to-day, and who prattles of a God without form, and of spirit without substance. Verily, this is the dotage of religion.

BEAUTY.

Material beauty is an objectiv or outward expression of harmony. The more highly, and therefore more sensitivly, organized the mind, the more acutely will it enjoy material beauty, through the medium of the senses. The most beautiful (*i. e.*, attractiv) object in the known universe to a normally conditioned man is a beautiful woman, and *vice versa*. Then follow beautiful animals, flowers, nature in her grandly various forms, ocean, and the starry vault. Music, poetry, sculpture, and painting are all likewise expressions of the one divine principle of harmony which is the synonym of happiness.

FAITH.

Faith is the arch-enemy of reason. It is the great sheet-anchor of religion. It is "the key-stone of the corner." It is the bridge connecting brainless ignorance with brutish crime. It is the arrant torturer who lit the fagot and stretched the rack. To hav faith (in the theological meaning of the term) is to implicitly believe in the truth of any dogma, without previously having tested it in the crucible of reason, and upon the word of another.

Priests inculcate faith, because they know full well that within it lies the jealously guarded secret of their mighty power. Base, crawling things will ever shun the light. Disfranchised thought is man's best, truest friend. Abjure blind faith. It is the bandage that would blind men's eyes forever to the light of holy truth.

ELLIOTT PRESTON.

Ex-Reverend or Re-Reverend.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* It seems to be the general custom of both Liberals and orthodox to speak of those who hav removed, or hav been removed, from the Christian pulpit for advancement in knowledge beyond the fossil creed, as ex-reverend. Against this irreverence, on the part of Liberals at least, I earnestly protest. No one can be an ex-reverend unless at first a real reverend, and if any one having been in the pulpit was ever truly reverend, or worthy of respect, then instead of becoming less reverend, or unreverend, by reason of better knowledge and better motivs, or better teachings or actions, such a one becomes doubly reverend in the esteem of all whose respect is worth having.

Without being a stickler for titles, or a craver of vain appellations, I nevertheless urge the right application of epithets when used, and especially insist that cognomens and nick names be not accepted by any, whether the so-called Infidel, or ex-reverend, which were some time derogatorily invented by their enemies, who themselvs hold a better claim to the terms.

Let it be suggested that at regular organized assemblies, where whilom reverends hav part, they be reordained by the voice of the people to the work of ministering to men the religion of reason.

A RE-REVEREND.

The Parson and the Poor.

From an English Paper.

The *Sheerness Guardian* givs an account of an application for out-relief made to the Sheppey Board of Guardians by an agricultural laborer, aged sixty-two. The poor old fellow said he was unable to do much work, and his wife earned a trifle every week. The applicant having retired, the Rev. R. H. Dickson suggested that an order for the house be offered; he considered the board might save £300 or £400 a year if all the out-relief was stopped. In reply to a member, Mr. Hooker said the man had some furniture in his house, and his wife only earned sufficient to pay the rent—2s. 6d. per week. The Rev. Mr. Dickson said that people were not destitute as long as they had furniture in the house. When he resided in Lancashire, no relief was allowed to anyone as long as there was a chair in the house. Mr. Prosser: "Then you would not giv a man a loaf as long as he had a chair to sit on?" The Rev. Mr. Dickson: "No; that is what the poor rates are for. This is not a benevolent society." Mr. Prosser: "If you do that in Lancashire, do you think we ought to do it in Kent?" The Rev. Mr. Dickson: "Yes, I do." Mr. Prosser: "Well, then, I don't. Here are two old people, for instance; would you break up their little home and make them come into the workhouse rather than grant them a little out-relief? The wife earns the rent, and if we giv some relief it will help to buy the food." After further discussion the applicant was granted 2s. 6d. per week.

The Rev. R. H. Dickson, we see from the "Clergy List," is minister of Eastchurch, his income being put down at £1,724. And this is the "guardian" who sought to deny the broken-down agricultural laborer upward of three-score years of age, the relief of half a crown a week.

Skepticism in Harvard College.

The Rev. Dr. Sunderland, late chaplain to the United States senate, said in a recent sermon, as reported in the *Republican*, that "out of 1,400 graduates of Harvard College in the last ten years the records show only two skeptics." If so, those two fellows both liv in Washington, for I know one of them, and he informs me about the other. Furthermore, he assured me several years ago that more than half of his graduating class of 1875 were skeptics, and only about half a dozen of the other sort intended to become preachers.

ALUMNUS.

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SATURDAY, - - - - JANUARY 26, 1884.

Paine's Birthday

Will be observed by the Freethinkers of New York city on Tuesday evening, the 29th inst., at German Masonic Temple, 220 E. 15th street, under the auspices of the Bennett Liberal League. There will be speaking by S. P. Andrews, Mr. Adams, S. P. Putnam, and T. B. Wakeman if he returns from Boston in season to attend. Music will be furnished by Miss Leona Leonard and others. It is also proposed to found a Paine Historical Society, and the initiatory steps will be taken on this evening.

The expenses of this meeting are defrayed by contribution. Heretofore it has happened that a few hav borne almost the whole burden. Those who feel like helping may remit such sums as they can spare to the treasurer of the Bennett League, G. E. Macdonald, in care of THE TRUTH SEEKER.

It should need no urging to bring out a full house on occasions of this kind, and it is hoped that every friend of Paine who can will attend. The Bennett League proposes to celebrate Washington's birthday with a sociable, and we should all get acquainted so as to enjoy that event. The evening of the 29th will be a fitting time to do it.

Our Annual.

The size of this book, and the general pressure of holiday work on printers and binders, has delayed its completion somewhat beyond our expectations, and very much beyond our desires; but it is now finished and ere this reaches THE TRUTH SEEKER readers will hav been sent to the several hundred who hav already ordered a copy.

We will not boast of what we hav done further than to say that we are willing to compare it with any Almanac, lay or religious, that has came from the press this winter. The mechanical work is superb, the contributed articles are of remarkable ability, the selections judicious, and the engravings, taken from Mr. Bennett's four volumes of travels, artistic and instructiv. The story of Big Jack Small has that Western flavor that made the *Overland Monthly* and the *Californian* such readable periodicals.

We presented a copy to Mr. Putnam the other evening, and in the morning he gave this as his opinion. It must be borne in mind that Mr. Putnam is a poet as well as philosopher:

"This is a charming book. It is a good omen—a sign of the times—a record of the past and a promis of the future. It's a bird's-eye view of the world, of great events, and a glimpse through the beauty of art into the golden age of humanity. It is a book for Liberals to revel in—a kind of a new Bible—the horoscope of civilization, a pen-picture of progress. It is full of information, thought, impulse, and the things that delight the eye. It's engravings are superb; its articles, selected and otherwise, valuable and entertaining; its facts and figures quite enchanting, while they giv the plain, unvarnished truth. It is a book that one likes to look at, handle, con over, and dream over, if at any time, amid the discouragements of life, he wants an outlook into the universal advance. It is a household necessity for every Liberal. It's a good thing to pass around among old fogies in order that they may see how fresh and bright this planet is when dressed in the hues of scientific knowledge. It would make a brilliant missionary pamphlet. It is freighted with good tidings. I hav no doubt it will convert many a Christian to the new faith. In fact, in the publication of this Annual, Liberalism now 'takes the cake.' It's no longer simple bread and butter, but 'a thing of beauty and a joy forever.' I do not see how any Liberal can resist the privilege of having this book upon his table. It is an artistic, poetic, and intellectual treat. It appeals to the sense and the imagination. In it lies the gold coin and the loose silver change of truth. Even the baby will enjoy its handsome cover, and the oldest head will find plenty of enlightenment within. Several thousand copies should be scattered all over the country; it's a magnificent campagin document; a magazine of light artillery that will do most effectual execution. I shall be much mistaken if every subscriber of THE TRUTH SEEKER does not send at once for this beautiful Annual. In every respect it is one of the neatest, brightest, and most quickening books issued from the Liberal press; and, to conclude, I must say that the story of 'Big Jack Small' is one of the best I ever read. It's full of nature, truth, humanity, and wit; and shows that under certain circumstances a minister can swear much more effectually than he can pray."

After that we need say nothing more. Every one who sees this Annual feels an irresistible desire to purchase it. Even if not read, it is good for the eyes just to look at it. We do not see how anyone can get through the year, and experience the fulness of its joys, unless they hav "The Truth Seeker Annual" where they can consult it at least once a day. If purchasers are not satisfied that they hav 25 cents' worth, we will take it back and giv them a quitclaim deed to our golden mansion on St. Paul avenue.

The Immortality of the Positivists.

One of our city dailies reports a remarkable meeting of London Positivists on the last day of 1883. The followers of Comte form a strong society in that city, and on this occasion Mr. Frederic Harrison, the president of the English Positivist Committee, addressed a notable gathering.

In the nomenclature of the Positivists, the first day of the year is "The Festival of Humanity," and the last day of the year is "The Day of All the Dead." The services on these occasions are to testify appreciation of the continuing influence of the great and good men and women who hav passed away. Positivists believe in no other immortality. For them, the dead liv only in the good works they hav done. "A kindly word, a clear thought, or a brave result," said Mr. Harrison at the meeting, "does not die with the body which was associated with it." It livs on for the benefit of all the world besides. "It must act on the brain, the heart, the will of others, and so must pass into the immense consensus of human life." And so it is said that Shakspere, Raphael, Dante, St. Paul, and Homer enable us to think better, to liv better, and to enjoy better, hour by hour. The spirit of man, according to the Positivists, goes out with death, like the flame of a torch, never to be kindled again here or elsewhere. The deeds done in the body, and the spoken and written words, remain to encourage, to enlighten, to strengthen those who come after, constituting the collectiv weight of the past, surrounding posterity "like an atmosphere, training them like a parent, and administering to every form of activity. There are in our calendar of great men," continued Mr. Harrison, "558 names, of all of whom the same thing is true in a certain degree. The continuance of their works and lives in us is true of 5,000, of 50,000. It is true of every just and worthy life that has ever been passed on this earth. It is true, not of every life alone, but of every hour and every act of every life. The kindly word, the clear thought, the brave resolve, does not end and die with itself, does not die with the body which it animated, with the life of which it was the expression. For good or for evil, the inevitable chain is set in motion. By every word we hav spoken, by every act we hav done, we hav helped to accomplish some decision, to clear a problem, to form a character, to strengthen or to weaken some brother or sister. I know not what recording angel may hav written them in the Book of Life, or the Book of Death; but I know that the least of our words and our thoughts has its own inevitable sequence, must act on brain and heart and will of others, and so must pass into the immense consensus of human life. It may be good and great, it may be slight or infinitesimal, but it is always there; and civilization itself is made up of these infinit drops. As every flake of snow that falls on the crest of Mont Blanc passes on from glacier to rill, and thence to river, till it falls a drop into the sea, so does every life and every act of every life contribute to the sum of humanity."

But the Positivists do not believe that the evil which men do livs after them, to anything like the same extent as the good. "We are apt," said Mr. Harrison at this meeting, "to associate the memory of the past with the great men alone. But all hav a common life with us, and are with us, and around us, and in us; all but the worthless and the evil, whose worthlessness and evil die away in the tide of progress and of good."

Mr. Harrison's address at this meeting took the place of a sermon, and a fine body of musicians closed the proceedings by the performance as a cantata of George Eliot's grand poem, "Oh, may I join the choir invisible." The speaker said the author was his friend, and the friend of many in the audience. She was in profound sympathy with their movement. "The poem expressed the inmost belief of her great brain. He heard those words uttered over her coffin when her body was laid to rest in the grave, and they seemed as if they issued direct from her cold lips and silent heart." But music must be added to poetry, because it needed the indefinitness of the art to clothe an almost infinit idea, and this idea Mr. Harrison urged his hearers to bring home to their minds on the Day of All the Dead, the last day of the year, by thought, by poetry, by voice and instrument.

Thus runs the account of this meeting of the disciples of a man greater than Jesus Christ, who numbered more followers in his life time than Jesus could count before the crucifixion, and who was as much his intellectual superior as Frederic Harrison is of an English curate. Positivism has a following in this country which, if not large in numbers, is mighty in brain. The society of the Religion of Humanity was composed of Positivists. Positivism is constructiv in its philosophy and in rebuilding the religious structure of society after the disintegration of Christianity may play an important part. In this country its tenets are less rigid than where its founder's influence is more felt, and although personal immortality is denied, yet the infallibility of the system is not strictly maintained. Positivism, which lets the immortality dogma rest till something is definitivly settled pro or con, may easily become an important factor in answering the Christian conundrum of "what will you giv in its place?" Mr. Wakeman's Higher Integration, in which the continuity and solidarity of the human race is the chief insistance, is Comte's philosophy modified by him to suit American principles. Pure Comtism does not find the soil of this country congenial to its growth. But its constructiv phase is worthy of study by Liberals, as out of it will ultimately come great good to Liberalism. Mr. C. P. Somerby is one of the first, and perhaps the clearest headed, of the American Positivists, and he may furnish us an exposition of the constructiv side of the philosophy at no distant date.

The Union of Protestants and Catholics.

If the following from the New York *Sun* of last Sunday had been written for the columns of THE TRUTH SEEKER it could not be more pertinent and worthy the attention of Liberals. Mr. Dana plainly sees the direction of the theological currents, knows the shape the coming struggle will take, and is awake to the danger:

"In the February number of the *Century* magazine, just published, there is a suggestiv article in the editorial department discussing the possibilities and probabilities 'of a reunion in the future between the Roman Catholic and the Protestant bodies.'

"The discussion of that subject in such a place is peculiarly significant, because the *Century*, though a secular periodical, has always been conducted with special reference to meeting the tastes and steering clear of the prejudices of the average Protestant public. Its original editor, Dr. Holland, was a strict Calvinist, and its chief owner and manager, Mr. Roswell Smith, is a prominent and pronounced Presbyterian.

"The *Century* takes for its text the celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of Luther's birth, which, it says, brought to view the fact that 'the religious reformation of the last four centuries has not been confined to the churches of the reformers. A constant reformation in disciplin, if not in doctrin,' it thinks, 'has been going on in the church,' assailed by Luther.

"So premising, this Protestant exponent shows that bonds of sympathy are now joining Catholics and Protestants to a degree which, twenty-five years ago, could not hav been anticipated. It sees especially the growth of a feeling that these two bodies of Christians need to be united to resist the onset of modern Infidelity.

"As the conflict with Materialism and Agnosticism has been waxing hotter and hotter,' to use the words of the *Century*, 'it must hav become evident to intelligent Protestants that they hav in the Roman Catholic theologians a strong body of allies, with whom they ought to maintain friendly relations. It is not Protestantism, nor the papacy, nor Calvinism, nor Trinitarianism, nor any other secondary Christian dogma, that is now on trial,' it says further, but 'whether there is any such thing as religion—whether there is a conscious God, and a life beyond the grave, and a free will, and a moral law.'

"The *Century* also renders just tribute to the exalted ethical standards of the Roman church, and to its courage and consistency in maintaining them against all efforts at compromise. It acknowledges, for instance, that 'the Roman Catholic doctrin and practice respecting divorce are much closer to the law of the New Testament than those of the Protestant churches hav been.' It speaks also of the 'earnest effort at the present time to bring the practice of the Protestant churches a little nearer to the Roman Catholic standard.'

"All this is in line with what we hav repeatedly said. It be-

comes more and more evident every day that the civilized world is dividing into two classes, the believers and the unbelievers, the Christians and the Agnostics. The separation between them is not like that between Catholics and Protestants, which is caused by difference of dogma and ecclesiastical practice, while both agree on fundamental points of theology. It is total, for modern unbelief does not attack portions of the faith only, but rejects the whole, abandoning faith altogether. In its view Christianity has no more supernatural basis than the mythologies it succeeded.

"The ultimate union of all the forces of faith and theology to meet such an enemy, steadily increasing in numbers and audacity, seems therefore to be inevitable. Protestantism needs alliance with Roman Catholicism to enable it to stand up against the current of modern skeptical thought. It requires the aid of the more steadfast and uncompromising body the more because many of its leading exponents, and some of its chiefs, who hav hitherto been most trusted, are opening the gates of the fortress of faith to the hosts of Infidelity. Even if they are not doing that, they are parleying with them, when there can only be war to the knife between the two.

"There is no possible compromise between theology and modern Infidelity. The church must understand that at the beginning. One or the other must triumph, and its victory will mean the utter destruction of the conquered. While this great contest is going on, intestin divisions must weaken the army of faith, and we are not surprised that intelligent Protestants desire to heal them."

The Episcopal Dilemma.

The politicians allege that the Democratic party can always be relied on to commit some blunder that shall giv victory to its opponent. The Protestant church authorities appear to be endowed with the same faculty of putting out the wrong foot first. Had Assistant Bishop Potter held his peace and let Heber Newton quietly pursue his way, his church would be in a much stronger position to withstand the assaults of heresy. When accused of holding doctrins incompatible with an exercise of common sense and in conflict with nineteenth century knowledge; of making a fetich of a book which the best scholarship has definitly decided to be largely legend and myth, Episcopalians could hav pointed to Mr. Newton, probably the ablest among their clergy, as an example of Episcopal progress, and might, with some show of reason, hav maintained that their church was the one best fitted for our times. But the prompt application of the muzzle, and the confession of the bishop that the heretical sermons were damaging to Christianity, hav destroyed the opportunity and placed the church in the unequivocal posture of hostility to any change of meaning being made in the Bible. There can be but two reasons for this course. Either the Episcopal authorities reject the scholarship of such eminent Christians as Davidson, Smith, and others, or, accepting their conclusions, are unwilling that the laity should know upon what a slender thread hang "everlasting" things. The first impeaches their fitness to be biblical teachers; the second, their honesty.

It cannot be denied that the drift of modern thought is away from the church and in the direction of truth, consistency, and close investigation. Geology, astronomy, and the other physical sciences hav taken from both the Old and the New Testaments all chance of their supernaturalism being accepted by the generations of man to come, but especially has the character of the Pentateuch been destroyed. Recognizing this, Mr. Newton, with courage almost sublime, has undertaken to rehabilitate the Mosaic account in the estimation of those who would fain cling to the ancient standard, by separating the inspired from the uninspired—the wheat from the chaff. It is needless to say he has found but little of the wheat. The pile of chaff has grown wondrously large as he has proceeded, and, had he been allowed by his bishop to winnow Exodus and the remaining books, its colossal proportions would hav staggered the whole Christian world.

As has been generally remarked by the press, Mr. Newton's sermons contained nothing new. He but clothed in rhetorical silk and satin the skeleton hanging in every educated minister's closet. His bishop has forced him to again lock it up, but through the quickly closed door the congregations hav caught glimpses, and will not be satisfied with anything less than a full examination of the contents of the closet. The shadow of doubt has been thrown across the path of thousands who hav hitherto reposed in quiet ignorance. The curiosity of the indifferentists has also been stirred, and many of them will attend the next theological clinic. This part of the world, at least, is filled with educated, thinking people who will not rest satisfied or convinced with doctrins against which their reason and common sense rebel, and the number of outspoken Freethinkers is every day increasing. No doubt it was these facts that led the bishop to shut the closet door so suddenly.

This course is a perfectly consistent one for the church to adopt. From the beginning she has had recourse to repressiv measures whenever her interests hav been endangered. Formerly the seal that silenced heretical lips was death. It is not so now, and we would not go so far as to intimate that even the bitterest of Mr. Newton's brethren would like to see him burnt. His graceful submission has obviated the necessity of so mild a punishment as an ecclesiastical trial, with its unfrocking possibilities and disagreeable publicity. The Episcopal church, and indeed the whole of Christendom, owes much to Mr. Newton's suave forbearance and gentle courtesy toward his task master, the assistant bishop.

But although the conduct of every one in this interesting proceeding has been consistent, has it been safe? The church must sometime deal decisivly with this heresy. Every one concedes that it is weakening faith in revelation and veneration for the scriptures among the church people, and unless the church is content to see her supporters gradually dwindling away she must do something to prevent it more effectiv than the mere closing of one man's mouth. Stopping is not recanting, and Mr. Newton threatens to present his views in print. There seems to be but one way—go back to the methods of the Catholic church. Compile an index expugatorius, dig some dungeons, and drive again the stakes. The case is urgent, the call imperativ. Something will hav to be done, or the Episcopal articles relating especially to the authority and inspiration of the Bible will hav to be revised. And the authority and revenues of the church would suffer in consequence. So would the ministers.

Wanted: the second advent of Christ, to take place immediately!

Mr. Chainey's Lectures.

The lecture by Mr. George Chainey in this city last Sunday was acknowledged by the comparativly few who heard it to be one of the best Liberal discourses ever delivered. It was the universal verdict, also, that Mr. Chainey had never spoken better. The speaker is able, earnest, and fully competent to entertain an audience of intellectual and thinking people. He is not one of the sort who repudiate their own brothers in the family of humanity, but accords generous credit to the labors of all in that portion of the field of Liberalism in which they hav chosen to work. He is a radical and an iconoclast, because he believes the removal of the false to be equally as important as the building up of the true, and he has no word of censure for those who go even farther than he. They hav their work to do, and so far as he can see that they are in the right they hav his hearty cooperation. The Liberals, and even Christians, of this city who do not attend the course of lectures which hav been begun cannot but miss a treat such as they are not often afforded an opportunity to enjoy. Those who had not heard Colonel Ingersoll for some time left the hall last Sunday night with the belief that George Chainey was the most eloquent speaker on the American platform.

These lectures certainly deserve a generous support. We hav here a speaker of recognized ability, and in every way worthy to bear the standard of our common cause. Liberals here will not hav done their full duty unless on the occasion of Mr. Chainey's next visit to New York the hall is filled and he is sent back to his home happy in the possession of the moral and material reward of honest endeavor.

Franklin, Junius, and Paine.

From the Investigator.

MR. EDITOR: My venerable friend, Elizur Wright, will pardon me, I am sure, for asking you to publish the following extract from a private letter just received from him:

"What struck me the moment I first read 'Junius Unmasked' was the fact that while Franklin and Junius (whoever he was) were, from the first letter of the latter up to 1784, rowing in the same boat, neither ever mentioned the other. And the more I think of it, the more this fact strengthens your position that Junius was Paine; and I think that Franklin knew it. Both men could keep secrets."

I will only add, that no mention of Junius has ever been found in Franklin's writings, nor in Paine's, except in some anonymous essays, namely, in "Casca's" letters to the English "Crisis," 1775-6, and in "Prospects on the Rubicon," 1787, which was detected to be his in 1793, after the publication of the "Rights of Man," by the similarity of style.

Yours, W. H. BURR.

A New Party Not Desirable.

When the Liberal League Congress spread out a platform for a political party, until it contained work enough for a thousand years, more or less, it seemed to favor the formation of such party. The organization was wisely postponed, however, and the propriety of forming such an organization left an open question, which is now a legitimate subject for discussion. In the new platform the demands of Liberalism hav been largely increased, or multiplied; but, whether few or many, the work to be done is the same, to wit: the change of public sentiment; and the main question now is, Will a political organization assist or hinder the work of converting the people to Liberal views? It does seem to me that it will only hinder. There are but few to engage in it, and there is such a lack of backbone and so much indifference among Liberals, that not one in ten can be depended on to do anything. And the few cannot afford to divide into two parties—one in favor of, and the other opposed to, political action—and do battle against each other, as such parties always do. So the party would be small indeed; and what is more contemptible and useless, as a means of converting the people from superstition and error to the truths of Liberalism, than a small political party to be defeated at every election? While a few who are in the right can wield a mighty moral influence against error and wrong, yet when organized into a political party they hav no political power or influence whatever, and their moral influence is very much diminished, or entirely destroyed.

Thus it was with the antislavery cause. About the year 1840 a small political party was formed, called "The Liberty Party," which divided the antislavery forces into two parties, and the contest between them was lively, sometimes fierce, for a few years, when the political party died for want of support. Then, in 1848, the "Free Soil Party" was formed, which lingered in a starving condition for a few years, and then died a very natural death. In the mean time the people were being slowly converted to antislavery views by moral suasion; and in 1856 the Republican party was formed, and was defeated year after year for several years. Finally, by eliminating from the platform every antislavery sentiment, the non-extension of slavery alone excepted, and appealing to the people to save the territories for themselvs, instead of allowing them, or any of them, to be occupied by slavery, the party was successful in 1860—not that the people of the North had been converted to antislavery, but they wanted the territories for themselvs and their posterity. Even after the rebellion was inaugurated, there was made a great effort to save both the Union and slavery, and it was not until it was found that both could not be saved that slavery was abolished—not on account of antislavery sentiments, but through spite at the South for making it necessary to interfere with the divine institution, which slavery was held to be by the church and clergy both North and South.

Yes, political-partyism was a hindrance to the antislavery cause, and resulted in civil war.

The temperance reform was a grand success for fifteen or twenty years, while moral suasion was the means employed, but for the last thirty years or more—ever since the effort to prohibit the manufacture and sale of intoxicants by political action began—it has been a failure. To load a reformatory movement with a little political party, to be defeated every year on the day of election, is not adapting means to ends. It only excites prejudice against the movement, whatever it may be, and thus hinders progress.

Education and enlightenment, by moral suasion—the only means of correcting or changing public sentiment—can be carried forward much more easily and much more efficiently without the unnatural appendage of a little, dying political party. A political party movement is always premature until there is a large minority ready to vote for it—and when will there be a large majority ready to vote for the League platform? Generations will hav come and gone before even a "respectable minority" will be ready to do so. We are told, to be sure, that the old parties are corrupt, but what of it? One or other of the great political parties must manage the affairs of government, and do the stealing for a long time to come—that is, until the people hav been reformed, and this must be done by adapting means to ends, by teaching the grand truths of Liberalism, individual and collectiv responsibility, etc., instead of substitution and atonement, and no merit in good works. And we can never hav a party better than the people, or a good party without good people to make it of. And it would seem to be the business of the League to work reform among the people, and as this can be done only by enlightenment and moral influence, it would be a very unwise step indeed for the League, or Liberals, to take on the burden of a petty, insignificant political party.

We hav now no God to create something out of nothing, stop the sun in his course, or advance reform by extraordinary means, and Liberals ought to know this and work in harmony with nature, reason, and common sense. The day of miracles is past—or, rather, never began. WM. WATSON.

Communications.

Has Man an Immortal Soul,

AN ENTITY, SEPARATE AND DISTINCT OF ITSELF, WITHOUT HIMSELF?

If this were conceded, believed true by all, and indisputably certain, mankind would soon abandon any creed that did not find acceptance with the reasonable portion. In fact, no creed would be necessary or tolerated, if pretended miracles and revelations did not interfere, which did not reasonably apply to all. And all knowledge obtained, or obtainable, would hav to be thus applied, or reason would oppose. Then true democracy would result, both in the moral and social life of mankind.

The Christian, we think, egotistically claims that his Bible is of divine authority, that it teaches immortality for man alone, that no immortality would hav been taught or known had it not been brought to light through his gospel by Christ; that his creed and belief, squared by this authority according to his arbitrary notions, applies to all, and is the only one for all, reasonable or not, and that the question is settled, arbitrarily, in the affirmativ.

Other bibles are believed, and creeds to match, with other rites and ceremonies; the same egotism prevails that they only are right, and miracles and pretended revelations are recorded in their support.

A person without any knowledge of either, if such you once imagin, but having capacity to learn and judge, without prejudice or partiality, and who should then be taught the world's history, its creeds and religions, would be quite likely, it seems to us, to reject the Christian Bible and creed as least worthy of belief.

No other question is so significant; all other questions and interests of man hav been regarded as insignificant, in comparison, by the thinking world. It is the only all-absorbing question for intellectual humanity, and has been in all ages; and it has been, perhaps, most absorbing, even sometimes terrible, to the ignorant. It is just as unsettled, uncertain, and absorbing to-day, with Bible and creed believers, and ignorant humanity, as in any period of the world's history. Fortunately for the happiness of the human race, knowledge is dissipating superstition, and any miracle or pretended revelation from infinit to finite is being regarded as impossible.

For the purpose of stating reasons adverse to the Christian claim, we take the negativ of our question. We will affirm our position, and then seek the analogies and examples. Let us precede our affirmation of the negativ by a single assumption. No intelligent person ever lived, or ever will liv, who believes an effect can be produced without a cause; there are no unbelievers in cause; so Infidel, Atheist, Spiritualist, Materialist, and Agnostic are mere terms of description, no more a reproach, so far as intelligence and morals are concerned, than the term Catholic, Protestant, and the numerous division of sects. In fact, the first-named hav little to fear from an unprejudiced comparison in intelligence or morals, either in history or at the present hour.

Man as an individual and race is wholly an elementary being, the same as other animals, possessing no material outside of the known or recognized elements of matter, and showing no exclusiv advantage in his general organization or animal structure, or in the workings of his combined powers, except in amount of brain, and in the use of spoken and written language and its derivativs; and these, we aver, do not prove an entity outside of himself. They are no more remarkable in themselvs than the singular powers possessed by other animals, many of which he does not possess; and some of the powers in other animals exceed his to a wonderful degree, and prove as much for their immortality as do his for man's.

Fire as an element seems to be the only activ principle, the principle of life. As without it there would only be death, so, too, if that be true, it is the only principle of action, motion, or force, and no exhibition of thought could be made without it, for none would exist. There could at least be no animal existence without heat. No known combination or structure seems to be sensible to feeling or pain without a degree of heat.

The evident nature of the angle-worm to retreat when suddenly exposed to the light, or turn to avoid touch, is certainly as low an example of reason as readily occurs. And let us be patient with the word reason. If we look simply at the force of fire in melting the silver, gold, and iron of the mines, and even the granit rock, so when it upheaves mountains, or overthrows or burns cities from its igneous craters, and when we see what power it makes, what speed obtained through steam, how rapidly and powerfully it moves in electricity, we hav some exalted notions in its favor as an element.

If we change the view, with what horror do we witness it, in our burning buildings where friends are imprisoned, or pierced by its flames, and when our scalded flesh cleaves from its animal fastenings.

Stop here! or extend the description to all known applications of fire, its uses and abuses—what do we really know about it so far, or what is its combination or principle? Take away combustible *matter* and where is your fire? Where is there any demonstration of its force or power? Do we begin to realize what the sun is, burning without consuming, heating and giving life to the universe, without wasting away?

We all admit that it is the only known source of fire and heat (except that bottomless pit, which is not yet geographically located). Do you now wonder why such throngs of earth's finite creatures hav worshiped it as their god? Does it not shame the worship of a mere myth or ghost, a flitting, inconceivable nothing?

That the sun was made simply for the use of this little earth by day, the moon and stars simply to beautify the night for earth, mere surroundings, lamps, and decorations, is so absurd in the Christians' Bible account of creation that a man loses some intellectual force and power for nothing when he contradicts it. Contemplate with vast humility what this whole system we call ours would be without the sun, and see what a puny interest earth holds in comparison, and proportionate to its existence, no matter how vital to earth alone.

Matter might as well be annihilated without the sun. Life certainly would be, and what body and immortality would be left? Imagin a Christian future. If an entity exists there, once connected with a body here, it must hav all the senses it had here, or it could not feel punishment or happiness, would not know it ever existed here; could not see anything, hear, smell, taste, or feel anything, without organs or some combination of parts; would hav no fire or life, and would, if without all combination existing here, be simply inconceivable. If there is a real desire, if there is a real, sincere belief in reunion with the lost dead, it is to see them, know it is they, know they hav an organization to feel, that they do feel, know, and realize the same in us, that both realize and feel each other's presence; and they must so know and feel to appreciate the joint happiness—in fact, must know we exist again.

If that is true, will the old dead always be old and infirm, will the young babe always be young, and never know its mother, never learn to appreciate or know happiness from pain? Where is there any natural proof of these or any other pretended facts or speculations growing out of the thousand unanswerable queries therewith connected?

How can we conceive anything about the state of the dead living again hereafter, without assuming we shall again see their forms, hear their voices, be where they are now, and feel they are there, and know and feel where we are? We must locate and be somewhere to do that, and can conceive nothing if it does not hav tangible qualities, hav substance and form, and necessarily include material elements influencing there as here, and the body and life would hav to be reunited to do that. There is no life without fire, or heat, hence the sun must furnish the reunion.

Is there any reasonable proof that ought to convince us, without doubt, of such a future, or any other imaginable future, without something to aid or impress our natural senses, some knowledge—if any exists, from the dead?—and we ought to be able to find any existing knowledge of that kind, and some tangible, material proof.

No sensible person can hav, or claim reasonably to hav, such proof of his own knowledge—that is, such knowledge as applies to, or is derived from, any undisputed fact. The claim is founded on miracles, revelations, and assumptions. As vitally important to sustain the affirmativ is what is called the new dispensation. Paul is here regarded by the Christian world as infallible authority. He disbelieved in the resurrection until his remarkable conversion.

Let us examin his new position, and hear his more remarkable philosophy and explanations. Corinthians i, 35–53, show enough, perhaps, to demonstrate its absurdity:

"But some man will say, How are the dead raised up, and with what body do they come? Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die. And that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or of some other grain: but God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him, and to every seed his own body. [Did he intend to say God gave his own body to every seed, or that the seed was given a body, for its soul or immortal germ?] All flesh is not the same flesh; but there is one kind of flesh of men, another flesh of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds. There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial, but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another. There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars, for one star differeth from another star in glory. So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption. It is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power. It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body. And so it is written, the first man Adam was made a living soul [the best linguists say soul meant creature]; the last Adam was made a quickening spirit. Howbeit that was not first which was spiritual, but that which is natural; and afterwards that which is spiritual. The first man is of the earth, earthy; the second man is the Lord from heaven. As is the earthy, such are they also that are earthy; and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly. And as we hav borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly. Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood can not inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption. Behold, I show you a mystery: We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality."

What is this entire statement but assumption, without a particle of proof? He raises new questions without answering one. How does he answer the question, With what bodies do they come? He simply spreads incorruption on corruption, and immortality on mortality, like a magician, *presto, change*, and interprets nothing, answers nothing, to our understanding. What a conglomeration it is, raising up the old dead body and clothing it, for "this mortal must put on immortality," after declaring "flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God," and "Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die," and "thou sowest not that body that shall be." Again, "As we hav borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly." Who, or what shall? Why, the natural body, according to his own premises and explanations, assuming and contradictory as they are.

He declares there are two bodies—one natural, one spiritual; one Adam a living soul; another Adam the Lord from heaven, a quickening spirit. Was it or not the first Adam's body he says was changed by putting on incorruption, or the last Adam's that was made a quickening spirit, and, being already a spirit, needed no change, and as the Lord from heaven, ought not to? and how could he expect anyone to believe that spreading incorruption and immortality on a dead mortal, natural body (which was the very question he set himself up to answer) would make it a spiritual body? It inherited nothing—corruption did not inherit incorruption; flesh and blood did not, and how did he get incorruption on the old dead body, or immortality, according to his own showing, or giv them or us any idea of a spiritual body, which means matter? The mind cannot conceive a body without sensing that meaning, and a spiritual body is a contradiction in terms. There is no word or idea in which Paul hints at any immortality in the natural man, or until after death.

"Thou fool," etc. It would undoubtedly hav been coarse manners for them to hav reiterated those two leading words to Paul, which seemed to fit him quite as well as them. He ought to hav felt foolish when his ranting incoherency had died out on the air, and echo only answered what his hearers' good manners did not. He had proved nothing, convinced nobody in the Jewish world, but enveloped himself in such a fog he could not see out, and his followers never hav since.

His interpretations, and parallels between bodies and the natural and spiritual world, satisfied John Wesley, not only that man could become immortal at death, or the resurrection, but that beasts would also.

That Paul so believed is seen by the parallels he is running, and which are superfluous, senseless, and inapplicable if he did not. He defines different kinds of bodies, flesh, and glories. Man in flesh as the central figure among animals, as the sun is in celestial bodies. Beasts next, but less brilliant, less central, but still a milder light, as the moon. Fish in shoals and birds in flocks, generally smaller bodies less central (intellectually), but in numbers like the stars, in a double sense, and an occasional one very bright, much more intellectual than others, and seemingly more glorious by such intellect, as some stars, appearing to our sight as small bodies, almost rival the sun in sparkling brightness. We see in all this a rather ingenious analogy and finely put example, visionary as it is. "So also is the resurrection of the dead." It is sown in corruption (not the sun, moon, and stars), but the flesh of man and beasts—"it is raised in incorruption." All flesh corrupts at death, and the term *it* applies to both. Paul being a Jew from infancy to conversion, knew well the belief and historical declarations of the Jews, that "man hath no pre-eminence above a beast." Again: "As the one dieth so dieth the other," etc. He is now illustrating that statement to Jews who believe it, which the non-resurrectionists believed when he was one of them, and might gain their attention and friendship back if he embraced all animals in the new dispensation. If he really believed in man's being changed to exist in the future, why is it not reasonable that he believed beasts might be?

As a true and trusty interpreter, if he did not so believe, he ought to hav contradicted what he knew was believed, "that man hath no pre-eminence over

the beast." If he did believe in a change of their flesh, what had the Lord from heaven to do about the beast, as it is not claimed he died for the beast, or brought life and immortality to light through the gospel for them?

Paul was in a new field; there had been no general belief in a resurrection, no plan of endless happiness on one side, or endless misery on the other, mapped out or believed in; no gospel plan; no plan of salvation; and better than all the rest, no plan of general damnation; and we concede he did remarkably well considering his chances.

He was sadly mistaken about life and immortality being brought to light through the gospel by Christ. In every age among the heathen—not among the Jews, as Paul borrowed from the heathen—some hav fancied a future existence, and our American Indians, when America was first discovered, had a tradition they thought was old as the sun, and believed that they and their faithful dog could occupy happier hunting-grounds after death. I hope my Christian friends will not claim that this tradition of the noble red man came from their ancestors, who had heard Paul preach when he was out West. The Elysian fields are older than the gospel, life and immortality hav never been brought to light yet, and the fancies and gods of pagans furnished the new one for Christians. There was a full supply on hand always, according to and from the earliest Jewish history. If there was no immortality known until Christ's time, it had, of course, been hidden or it could not hav been brought to light, and no immortality having been known for the future, so none was promised or expected. But what of the dead between Adam and Christ? How can they gain the advantage never given them, and for which they died unprepared?

Paul well knew the doctrin of sin-offering; the belief in the sufficiency of the sacrifice of goats and bulls; in the blood of beasts, and how sacred it was to the Jews. His new doctrin, and his way of advocating it, were taunting to the Jews. They were told their sin-offerings were useless and vain. It contradicted what had become so engrafted into their minds by centuries of observance, that it is no wonder they felt insulted and abused instead of being converted. Such an innovation seemed basely rude, and they knew the doctrins taught, as put forth by Paul, were false, and the matter was made worse by the spirit and aggression with which it was declaimed. The same spirit toward the Jews, from whom they borrow all the pretense they hav of being connected with Christ, or coming to him through any foundation, is arrogantly assumed and sung by modern Christian poets—save the mark!—in this case:

"Not all the blood of beasts, on Jewish altars slain,
Could giv the guilty conscience peace, or wash away it stain.',

To get a new and direct insult to Jewish and perhaps Catholic priests, a new rhyme-slinger, stealing the idea of the lines cited, and some of the words, has this:

"Nor bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away."

How Paul ignored the practice, and excuses this *lapsus ominusis* of the dead from Adam to Christ, when he declares, "And the times of this ignorance God winked at, but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent" (Acts. xvii, 30). God winked spiritually, not materially, of course. Did Paul believe sin-offering was a worthless plan while he was an unconverted Jew? And did not the Jews hav reason to despise and hate him for his changeable, whiffling course, and for his arrogance and taunts in telling them they were ignorant, and that if they would own up and follow him God would wink at their past ignorance?

The fact seems to be that Paul was naturally tyrannical, self-conceited, and assuming. As a ruler among the Jews receiving adulation and homage, he probably became so in a more offensiv sense even than was natural for him. He was also visionary; he quarreled with his companions even, and dictated to his old associates.

Whatever he touched he made aggressiv. Hear him: "For as I passed by and beheld your devotions [another worship of an other God], I found an altar with this inscription, To the Unknown God. Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you" (Acts. xvii, 23). What knowledge had he of any God, superior as a God, or knowledge superior to theirs?

Any one taking the trouble to read what he says after this arrogant assumption will see he had none.

Their inscription "To the Unknown God," just fitted his description as declared to them. They, perhaps, knew more about their unknown god than he did about his, any way. And how did they take his arrogance? "And when they heard of the resurrection of the dead, some mocked, and others said, We will hear thee again of this matter." Did they think Paul was trying to prove his God a material being, Hence, not unknown. It looks that way, but there is one thing certain in the account itself, he did not convince anybody what he did mean, except a man and woman who followed him off, and perhaps he failed to satisfy them (Acts. xvii, 32–34). We repeat, Paul was as visionary as Swedenborg, and we are highly conscious of rectitude in disbelieving his system.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Letters from Friends.

VINTON, IOWA, Dec. 21, 1883.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find stamps for the necessary ticket, as we used to say to Uncle Jerry for another year's cruise in his little *Boat*. And now to think the captain of said fearless little craft hardly knows where to lay his head or get enough food for himself and mate to keep soul and body together, isn't as it should be. But I hav wandered from my errand. Inclosed find $3, which place to my credit.

M. BRANIN.

PORTLAND, OR., Dec. 12, 283.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $1, as part payment for your valuable paper for next year. I hope to be a subscriber as long as I liv. During the term of my trial subscription, I hav given your paper to many of my Jewish and Christian friends, of whom two will soon become subscribers to your paper.

Three months ago we organized a Liberal League of Oregon, and hav meetings and lectures every Sunday at 2 and 7 o'clock P.M. Discussions on the Bible hav been carried on by Prof. Channey and Dr. (of divinity) West. If the latter, for business' sake, is not yet convinced of the allegorical meanings of the holy Bible, he is the only one in the audience. The meetings are attended by one of the archbishops. He has expressed his views on Christianity, as I hav understood him, that in religious affairs we must not care for scientific evidences as long as it does us good, that we need a little Jesus to lean on, and a future life to look after. As an example, he brings his hope to see again his son, who died several years ago. In vain, bishop. Who once died will never be seen again, no matter how beautiful the hopes are.

M. S. WAHRHAFTIG.

AUBURN, MICH., Dec. 26, 1883.

MR. EDITOR: I would like to ask you a question for you to answer through the columns of THE TRUTH SEEKER.

Do the Mormons claim to hav a Bible written wholly by Joe Smith, or do they found their religion on the the Old Testament?

We hav a debating school among the farmers. There are only two Infidels, and fifty Christians, and the question of polygamy is coming up. Your paper has done good work in the last four years in our neighborhood. It has cost me $11.50 and it has done $500 worth of good. When I read them I pass them along to my neighbor. The paper has make a wonderful change around here in people's religious opinions. If everyone would distribute THE TRUTH SEEKER among his neighbors it would do more toward spreading the light. H. B. BECKER.

[The claim made for the Mormon Bible is that it was found by Joe Smith already engraved on gold plates. Where those plates are now is not known. It is pretended, we believe, that they are in the Tabernacle at Salt Lake city. Much of that Bible is a repetition of the Old Testament. The Mormon god is the Jehovah of the Jews. Their polygamy also receives its sanction from the examples of Old Testament saints.—ED. T. S.]

FABIU , N. Y., Dec. 31, 1883.

MR. EDITOR: I had a letter written to you (in my mind) asking you to leave out the "Odds and Ends," and fill it with stories for little children. But I found some people would listen to the reading of the "Odds and Ends," and thereby get a little radicalism, who would go to sleep over the sound reading in THE TRUTH SEEKER. Then again I thought how annoying it must be for an editor to hav so much proffered advice. I once came so near being an editor myself as to set type, sweep the office, and roll the printer's ink. I worked for that brave little paper called the *Vanguard*, edited by Alfred Cridge, some twenty years ago. I wonder where Mr. Cridge is now. His wife was a sister of the late lamented Prof. William Denton. But thanks to you, with no advice from me, we hav a "Children's Corner." It is something to be thankful for and to be proud of. I feel like thanking J. L. York, Edwin H. Bartlett, and many others for what they hav written in favor of a "Children's Corner." We hav a little girl seven years old who is now glad to see THE TRUTH SEEKER come, and asks me to read the stories to her, and often wishes them read the second time. I again return thanks for that corner of our paper for my little girl's sake. A book called "A Kiss for a Blow," by Henry C. Wright, made a lasting and good impression on my mind when a little child. I wonder if there is a copy in existence now. I would like to see it again. My husband, Homer A. Billings, is enjoying the climate of southwest Missouri at this time. He has visited the colony of brave men and women at Liberal, and is very much pleased with the country and people. HELEN M. S. BILLINGS.

[The elder Cridge is, we believe, deceased. Alfred Denton Cridge, his son, is in California, whither he went a year ago last July, at the request of Mr Bennett, to help operate the stereopticon with which Mr. Bennett was to illustrate his lectures. On Mr. Bennett's deciding not to lecture as he came across the continent, Mr. Cridge elected to remain in California, and went to work upon a ranch. We hav H. C. Wright's "Kiss for a Blow" for sale, price 60 cents in plain cloth.—ED. T. S.]

HEIDENHEIMER, TEXAS, Dec. 20, 1883.

MR. EDITOR: I hav long been a silent spectator to the struggle that has been going on between Materialists and Spiritualists, but a letter from Mr. E. H. Heywood in your issue of December 15th strikes me as something of a challenge or war cry to still continue the battle. I feel my incompetence to offer any new ideas, but by your permission I would like to make a few remarks on what Mr. Heywood has said. In the first place, the question is asked, "How does a two-and-a-half-year-old know what Psyche-Ceres means?" and after quoting what the little girl said, Mr. Heywood asks philosophers to "crack this quick nut." etc. Did it never occur to our friend that his little girl has probably heard her father use the expression a hundred times? And considering a child's aptitude for imitating older persons, may this not account for the wonder Mr. Heywood has discovered? If mind can possibly look "before and after," or if "memory extends back over the period of gestation." does it not seem a little strange that, out of the millions of children, fully as intelligent, probably, as Mr. Heywood's little girl, she should be the only one to say anything about it? And further, if "Paul the Christite" is to be cited as authority to prove the existence of a "spiritual body surviving the great irrational scare called death," why not also accept his teachings about the boss scare called hell? Mr. Heywood uses some strong language about Materialists in general, and Mr. Winter in particular, but can absurdities go further than for a man to attempt to offset the teachings of "the latest device of learned idiots called science" by quoting the sayings of a child?

Mr. Heywood never quoted a better thing than

"On earth there's nothing great but man,
In man there's nothing great but mind."

But must a man necessarily be a Spiritualist before his mind is capable of conceiving great or good thoughts? I hav been a careful reader of Mr. Winter's writings, and I can conscientiously acquit him of "proclaiming what he does not know."

I hav heard a great many attempts made to defend this back-action mind business, but this of Mr. Heywood's is certainly the most flimsy of any I hav yet heard. CHAS. L. GIBSON.

EAST RODMAN, N. Y., Dec. 25. 283.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $2—$2.50 for another year's subscription, and the balance use as directed.

I send a list of names, containing only two or three so bigoted that they would like to be made popes of, that they might rule other people's thoughts and actions, and could upon a pinch become a Comstock or Guiteau. You may hear from them as they make their voices heard through the press sometimes, generally under an alias. I think Liberals hav no cause to complain of progress the last year. Conventions hav been held in most parts of the country, which hav been well attended. We lack places of meeting, and if Freethinkers would build halls in towns where superstition now controls such buildings, they (the narrow-minded) would soon realize their short-sightedness in diminished revenue and value of property. Liberals are a reading class, which rather incapacitates them for organizing in societies, etc., as they acquire a habit of thinking for themselvs, and become contented in their mode of acquiring knowledge. Fashion and popularity (the prime motors of church gatherings) hav but little weight with the mass of Liberals.

I enjoy the reading of both sides of a discussion, and believe THE TRUTH SEEKER to be the only journal that allows so fair a liberty on such a variety of subjects. A good share of the press of the country will not allow anything to appear in their columns except it is in accord with their particular views. The time will come that they will be obliged to let both sides hav a hearing, or go to the wall.

The discussion upon prohibition I hope will go on in a friendly spirit until the question can be disposed of in a satisfactory manner. The reading of both sides will wear off the sharp corners of prejudice, and intelligence take the place of bigoted intolerance. Reformers are apt to go too fast, and frequently bring on a destruction and calamity greater than the evil complained of. I believe the war in which slavery was abolished was a greater evil than slavery. Slavery was a dying institution the world over, and if it had not been for a few hot-headed fanatics upon either side, the question would hav by this time hav worked itself clear, and the scar of war would not hav defaced the fair escutcheon of this country.

If discussion goes on between orthodoxy and Liberalism in a reasonable manner, a war will be avoided. Men upon one side fighting for their rights, and bigoted intolerance for supremacy upon the other, would be such a war as history has seldom recorded. A

few hot-heads upon either side could bring it on and engulf the more sober and thoughtful in spite of their protests. Giv us free discussion, then intelligence will be at the helm guiding us in the path of truth, shunning the rocks of ignorance. If the different policies of government or plans of administration were discussed honestly in every political paper, intelligence would again guide the bark of state instead of prejudice, as at present, the spoils being the real design of both parties, which instead of giving facts to the people, use every artifice to mislead them through their ignorance.

I agree with Mr. Winter, that as far as knowledge at present permits, we die and our bodies resolve themselvs again to ths elements, and are taken up as food for other things, etc., times without number, and the mind may be indebted in part to the refinement of materials passing through and through those changes, forming a brain of finer material, etc. Mind is an action or product of the brain. Brain ceases to act, consequently the mind ceases to exist.

Yours truly, M. E. Rose.

Westfield, N. Y.

Mr. Editor: Please allow me a few words on the situation. When the leaders of thought hav outgrown the superstition inherited from a bigoted ancestry, and are ready to admit that the sexes, like the source from whence derived, are interchanging; that interchange of sex is the organic law on which existence is founded, that the same law of combination that makes higher numbers of lower ones makes higher grades of being by combination of lower ones, and that the higher could not exist independent of the lower in either case, truth seekers will hav no trouble in finding the goal they are searching for. It is simply action balanced by reaction of the same element.

As long as women admit that they are a secondary creation of a supreme invisible myth, that the sexes are distinct entities, the one sovereign, the other subject, they should not complain that they are treated as secondary by males. The belief that the sexes are distinct from each other, that mind exists independent of matter, or that either does or can exist independent of the other, is the last expiring relic of the same superstition that made our little world the center of the universe, and as false as the effect of the belief has ever been destructiv. For proof see the past history and present condition of the so-called human family. In the foregoing I think may be found the reason why women are not announced as speakers in Freethought conventions.

Yours truly, J. Tinney.

Dowagiac, Mich., Dec. 31, 1883.

Mr. Editor: Inclosed you will find a postal order for $5, half of which please credit to my subscription; the other $2.50 to a new subscriber.

Our League is having a sort of boom at present. We hav rented new rooms and fitted them up nicely, and hav started a Sunday-school, which so far has been a success. On Christmas day the ladies of the League gave a big dinner and a sleigh-ride to the pupils. In the evening a sociable was held, with a goodly attendance. John E. Remsburg gave two of his grand lectures here on the 4th and 5th inst. which created quite a stir among the dry bones of orthodoxy, and caused an old fossil of the Baptist church to attempt to answer him. But of all the silly, sophistical bosh I ever listened to, it was the worst. Everybody, even to his own brethren, was disgusted, and acknowledged that he hurt their cause more than he helped it.

Otto Wettstein has given our Mrs. Heddon some very hard Materialistic nuts to crack, but she keeps on trying to crack them just the same. She thinks she can never giv up the ideas of a "summer-land" and "spirit entity." Mrs. Heddon is a grand good woman, with an educated and cultivated mind, and we love her, for she is one of the mainstays of our League. But to our "Materialistic minds" the arguments she and other Spiritualists use hav but little convincing force when compared to the logical reasoning of such writers as Elmina or Otto.

Success to The Truth Seeker and its cause.

Yours truly, Dr. T. G. Rix.

Sunderland, Ont., Jan. 1, 1884.

Mr. Editor: An old Scotch gentleman called upon us the other day, just to leave us the compliments of the season—a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. After a time one of the family put into our old friend's hand our album of photographs, in the pages of which I had thoughtlessly (or, as my wife says, thoughtfully) placed the Truth Seeker picture of the Jewish Jehovah. As soon as the picture of His Majesty caught the old man's eye he exclaimed, "Ha, ha! Wha hae we here? Surely this mun be the de'il!." "It's not that," says I; "look again." He examined the picture carefully, and read the scripture passages at the bottom and with a look of astonishment exclaimed, "Gude be here! It's the ither ane—he's na' better than he's bonny—the less we hae t' da wi' him the better." As our friend left us, he took me by the hand, earnestly looked in my face, and said, "Aye, aye, yon's the ither ane; an' if he's na better gan he looks it maun be a fearful thing ta fa' inta his clootches. Far better for us a' ta lie still. It's the ither ane—I canna gan say it; there's bath chapter an' verse for't. Gude day, an' gan ye be a' as weel as I wis,' ye'll na be that ill."

David Gardiner.

Bluffton, O., Dec. 27, 1883.

Mr. Editor: Inclosed please find $2.50 for my subscription for 1884. I am pleased with the efficient and impartial course of The Truth Seeker, and while I wish you a happy new year, I also hope that your health and life may be spared for many years to bear the standard that was so nobly unfurled by D. M. Bennett, and which, after he has fallen, you so ably continue to hold aloft. May the bright star of The Truth Seeker never grow dim, is the wish of

Yours respectfully, F. C. Steingraver.

Stockton, Mo., Dec. 25, 1883.

Mr. Editor: Find inclosed $2.50 for The Truth Seeker for 1884. It is all the Bible I want in my house. It givs light to all inquiring minds, dethrones superstition, and makes man and woman grander and better. Christianity is giving way here fast. The mendicant has found out to his sorrow that the old fable is fast passing away. Hell has lost its terror, and heaven is bribe and fable. Oh, what a grand change has come over the people during the last two years! I can now speak my sentiments and be respected. Let those grand geniuses—Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, Mr. S. P. Putnam, Mr. T. Winter, Mr. John Peck, and Elmina—go on with the good work. Truth is mighty and will prevail.

I am, dear sir, your friend, Riley Sherrill.

Spring Forge, Jan. 2, 1884.

Mr. Editor: I hav received everything correctly, and return my best thanks. "False Claims" is excellent; the "Agnostic Annual" also. Rejoice with me. I hav saved one soul, a young man, once a church and Sunday-school member. Oblige me with a sample copy for him.

Yesterday one could hav heard the thousandfold glories and hallelujahs of the priests and their congregations, thanking God for what he had done for them and for mankind; rejoicing and paying homage to those Jesuitic principles that the great cause of faith must be served with all means; that there are many churches to be built this year; that the poor heathen countries must be supplied with Bibles and missionaries preaching the eternal truth; that there is needed money, more money, infinitly more money; though thousands starve and perish in misery already, these parasites on the body of mankind still continue robbing and deceiving the ignorant for the church's sake, who, as Goethe says, has a good stomach, has already devoured whole countries, and has not yet been overfed. "The kingdom of heaven is at hand," said one priest yesterday. Indeed it looks like it all around us. Go and number the suicides and crimes; number the inmates of the prisons and insane asylums; number the outcasts and prostitutes of our large cities; behold our civilization; behold that struggle for existence, that battle for life little short of wholesale murder, and then, Christians, compare it with even the infantile conception of heaven, as your "revelations" contain it. Hav we approached in the least that state of happiness and peace as the millennium shall bring it? If not, whence your indifference, your stagnation? whence your resistance to progress? There is much, very much, to be done yet. There is no time for praying and going to church.

Yours, F. W. Opp.

Columbus, Kan., Dec. 12, 1883.

Mr. Editor: Please allow me a few lines to departed worth. I hav waited to know the when, where, and how of his death. I first saw him in western Ohio, as one of the editors of a radical monthly and a lecturer. He was at one of my lectures on the human brain, and I saw his greatness and goodness on his magnificent head, his fine and impressible organism.

I saw his young, gifted, and promising wife then, twenty-eight years ago. He appreciated my labors and encouraged me. He was full of hope, enthusiasm, energy—fraternal and genial.

He was one of the most spiritual and imaginativ (very essential in the true sense to a scientist) naturalists I ever knew.

I see him inspired by great intellectual, esthetic, and moral forces, as a poor boy in London, as a teacher, as an orthodox preacher; then as a Liberal naturalist and Spiritualist; and at last, and above all, a Scientific Humanitarian. I hav for the past thirty years traveled with him (mentally) to read the letters, lines, pages, and books of Mother Earth's history, through the wilds and jungles of Texas, the plains, ravines, gorges, canons, mountain sides and summits, from the Mississippi to the Pacific; and the thousands that hav been instructed and liberalized and inspired by his fluent and eloquent tongue.

At last I, only the other evening, sang by request his "The Devil is Dead," which, if not yet true, he has with his truth-laden tongue badly wounded him.

Again and finally must I see him where white man never (?) before trod, in wild and savage New Guinea, lying there dying, his nerve-force exhausted, and at last that grand organism succumb and stop its work. The scene is over. It overwhelms me with grief, and copious tears flow—flow for the dear stricken wife, to whom he was so much, and for all his bereaved friends and the world is so much his debtor. His "Our Planet" immortalizes his name, and had he lived its superior would hav appeared.

Ardent votary of science, truth seeker, lover of humanity, noble, exalted manhood, Brother William Denton, farewell. J. H. Cook.

Charlottetown, R. I., Jan. 2, 1884.

Mr. Editor: Please find inclosed $2.00; $1.75 for W. Reade's "Martyrdom of Man," and 25 cts. for the "Agnostic Annual." Hav read your card and order filled with thanks.

Over thirty years ago, by the merest accident in nature, I obtained the reading of the Rev. E. E. Guild's work, "The Universalist Book of Reference," which had the effect of converting me from an ignorant and bigoted Methodist into a Universalist. I consider him a very lucid and cogent writer and reasoner. His "Pro and Con" is also forcibly convincing. He certainly wields heavy and effectual weapons for the destruction of religious superstition.

Although I hav never enjoyed the benefit of even a common school education, as this incoherent letter will convince you, still, since becoming a scriptural Universalist, I hav used my illiterate and humble influence to sustain and advance that theory. But why should not an earnest truth seeker avail himself of the increased facilities which, by the recent developments of science and learned historical research, are now afforded him.

My position now is that our Universalist and Unitarian half-brethren should be accorded great credit for the important part they hav performed in breaking the crust of religious prejudice and superstition, and now stand in somewhat the position of the advance, clearing the way for the progress of the grand army of freedom. But I hav now arrived at the deliberate conclusion that, being much in advance of the orthodox masses in intelligence and much better posted in the late developments of science and ancient religious history, at present the majority, at least, occupy much the same position in respect to their real conviction as the Rev. E. E. Guild; for as I view the subject it appears next to impossible for a sane person to proceed a certain distance in the path of investigation without plainly perceiving that the entire system of supernatural religion is nothing but fable, tradition, and myth. I conclude that the signs of the times are indications of a thorough sifting and scrutinizing of the different religious systems, and I perceive the best authorities hav come to the deliberate decision that if their system is to stand the test and become a permanent factor in the religion of the future they must retain and maintain with persistent zeal the doctrin of the supernatural origin of Christianity. But, reasoning from my premis, I conclude they must soon be compelled to abandon and retire from this old fort. What then? Can they possibly discard and abandon their former precedents and recede and fall back into the open arms of the holy mother church? It is now generally admitted that orthodox Protestantism in its present confused and divided position is utterly incompetent to hold its ground against the encroachments of the papacy; their only alternativ, then, must be to join the more advanced Liberals, and I cheerfully anticipate their adoption of the latter course, as they hav not far to travel in that direction. They will be likely to appoint Col. Bob Ingersoll generalissimo, with Beecher and Bradlaugh as lieutenants, and when all the Universalists and Unitarians, with all their sympathizers, hav unfurled their banners and are marching in the ranks of the grand army of the true sons of liberty and freedom, the final victory cannot be doubtful. Let us console ourselvs with this pleasing hope, should we ultimately die in despair. Since my conversion from the belief and fear of the orthodox hell, from which in my youth I hav suffered intensely, I hav used all my humbe influence and ability for the advancement of Liberal views as upheld by Universalists; in this position The Truth Seeker found me.

I am fully impressed with the conviction that our exertions cannot be employed in any other cause so important to the benefit and happiness of humanity as the destruction of that hydra-headed monster, priestcraft, kingcraft, and religious superstition; and although having attained the ripe age of seventy-two years, and contemplating on the radical changes and improvements which hav happened within these years, I am encouraged to persevere until the end in this—to me—labor of love.

As regards the present status of Liberalism here, we may be supposed to be about in the same position as New England was forty years ago. No doubt there is much latent Infidelity in Charlottetown, and a lecturer on that subject would be likely to hav a large audience. But the clerical foxes are very jealous about pursuing the geese for themselvs, and until their power and influence are circumscribed our progress must be slow. In conclusion, I hav presumed that the perusal of a discussion between a learned Dr. Murray and my humble self on the pro and con of scriptural Universalism might, with this incoherent epistle, afford you some leisure hours' amusement and will direct the pamphlet to you; and with the compliments of the season, and ardent wishes for your success in your laudable labors, I remain Yours respectfully, Jas. B. Gay.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"His life is long whose work is well,
And be his station low or high,
He who the most good works can tell,
Livs longest though he soonest die."

Our friends are invited to assist in our occasional puzzle department by the contribution of original charades, rebuses, enigmas, etc. All matter of the above named character will be grately appreciated.—ED. CHILDREN'S CORNER.

The Crow and the Fox.

A master crow, perched on a tree one day,
Was holding in his beak a cheese;
A master fox, by the odor drawn that way,
Spake unto him in words like these:
"Oh, good morning, my Lord Crow!
How well you look; how handsome you do grow!
'Pon my honor, if your note
Bears a resemblance to your coat,
You are the Phœnix of the dwellers in these woods."

At these words does the crow exceedingly rejoice;
And, to display his beauteous voice,
He opens a wide beak, lets fall his stolen goods.
The fox seized on't, and said: "My good monsieur,
Learn that every flatterer
Livs at the expense of him who hears him out;
This lesson is well worth a cheese, no doubt."

The crow, ashamed and much in pain,
Swore—but a little late—they'd not catch him so again. —*La Fontaine.*

An Angel Unawares.

The snow was coming down in great flakes, soft, fleecy, feathery. Pure and white it lay on the ground, and gradually made little heaps, and drifted into wide waves, until it covered field and meadow, like a great mass of white blankets. It crept all over the tops of fences and houses, and wreathed the bare branches of trees, until they seemed transformed from grim skeletons to graceful fairies.

Star-shaped, octagon, triangular, bead-like, crown-formed, in myriads of styles, fell the flocculent crystals.

"How beautiful it is!" exclaimed little Nelly Moore. "What is it, papa?" and the little girl turned from the window where she had been watching the falling flakes, to the chair where sat her papa reading his favorit newspaper.

"The snow, dear? Why, nothing but vapor. A peculiar state of the atmosphere produces the falling snow. It is indeed beautiful, my child. It is like the character."

"What is character, papa?"

"O you little inquisitiv! Character is quality—it is that which makes the man, woman, child. This pure snow is a fair emblem of character unsoiled—a pure character. By and by the wind will blow, the mud will spatter upon it, and it will become so dark and disagreeable that you will see no beauty in it, and this may then be likened to character stained by wrong-doing, crime, evil thoughts, and wicked deeds. But there goes the dinner bell. Come, I am hungry."

As the two passed into the dining room, they heard a timid rap upon the outer door, and immediately after the loud voice of Bridget, "Ye're the fourth one that's been here this day for summat to ate! An' d'ye think Mr. Moore is hirin' me for foor dollars a wake to cook for the likes o' sich vagabonds as yese? Faith, I blave ye're jist fixed up so on parpose to draw upon me sympathies!"

"No, I ain't, nuther!"

"Bese ye Cat'lic?"

"No; I'm 'Merikan!"

"Where's yer other shoe?"

"I hain't got no other shoe."

"An' yer stockins?"

"Hain't got no stockin's whatsomever."

"Is it the truth ye're spakin'?"

"It's as true as I liv and breathe, and hope to die. I hav not had anything to eat since yesterday morning. Oh, I am so hungry!"

"O Bridget, can't he hav some dinner? He must be nearly starving," and little Nelly's eyes were suffused with tears.

"I'll not be cooking for these yere wagabones no more. I'll lave first—so now!" and Bridget flounced into the pantry and shut the door.

"O papa, here is the most forlorn-looking object you ever saw, and almost starved. Can't he come and hav dinner with us?"

"Isn't he rather tattered and dirty?" inquired Mr. Moore, as he surveyed the pitiful-looking boy.

"But he is clean inside, papa. Can he not come to dinner?"

Mr. Moore, very indulgent to his only daughter since her mother's death, consented that she should hav her way, and the little ragged urchin was soon seated at the table with himself and Nelly. Inquiry elicited that the boy's name was Harry West, that he had no home, that he was an orphan since two years, without money or friends.

"Where do you sleep nights?" inquired Nelly.

"In coal-yards, under piles of lumber, cuddled up beside door-steps—anywhere."

"O papa! And we so comfortable! What makes some hav so much, and others so little?"

"That has puzzled many an older head than yours, child."

Harry ate ravenonsly until his sunken eyes glowed, and the hollow cheeks grew rosy. At length he drew away from the table, aud taking his tattered hat, he bowed awkwardly, and said: "I thank you awfully for my dinner. I was starved, I think, nearly."

"Where are you going now?"

"I don't know."

"Would you be willing to work if I could find you employment?" inquired Nelly's papa kindly.

"Will you try me? Golly, I'll work all day for such a dinner as that, sir."

"Well, my boy, I think I'll try you a week or so."

And he did try the boy a week, and a month, and found that he had in him the true metal, and was eager and willing to do all that was in his power.

"Who knows, papa, that Harry is not an angel that we entertain unawares," said Nelly, one day.

"Possibly. I don't know that he has not as good a right to be an angel as anybody else, if he is serviceable to the human race," replied her papa.

Time passed on, and Harry, still in Mr. Moore's employ, grew toward manhood. A few years at school, and association with Nelly and her friends, corrected his bad grammar and smoothed the rough edges of his life. He was useful to his employer, honest in his dealings, kept good hours, observed the laws of health, and contracted no bad habits.

One night he was restless and could not sleep. He lay thinking of all the past until long after midnight. Suddenly he fancied he heard a slight noise in a room below. Rising, he cautiously descended the stairs, and in a moment found his surmisings were correct—there were burglars in the house.

Seizing his revolver, he instantly sought the chamber of his benefactor. Stationing himself at the door he waited developments.

Soon a dark lantern flashed upon the scene, and he was confronted by two bold and dangerous-looking men.

"Advance another step and you are dead men!" And as Harry spoke Mr. Moore, now thoroughly awakened, turned on the gas.

The burglars saw the pistol and the determined face of the young man, and cowered.

Cornered as they were they could make no resistance, and with the aid of Mr. Moore they were secured and soon in the hands of officers of the law. They had packed much of the silver and some jewelry, and were about to enter the room of Mr. Moore when discovered.

Nelly, fast asleep, heard nothing of the commotion, but when told of it the next morning she turned pale with apprehension.

"There is no danger now," said her father, kissing her affectionately. "Harry has saved our property, and perhaps our lives."

"Did I not tell you, papa, that we might be entertaining an angel unawares when we took Harry in?"

"You did; and I wish I could reward him for his good service to us, dear."

"You can, sir," exclaimed Harry, "if you will, though the act requires no recompense."

He took Nelly's hand in his, and they both blushed and smiled.

"Oh, you want my Nelly! And what shall I do without *my* angel?"

"There will be *two* angels for you, papa," whispered Nelly, archly.

"Well, hav your own way, for your way is right, and is my way also."

ENIGMA.

I hav but one eye and that without sight,
Yet it helps me whatever I do;
I'm sharp without wits, without senses I'm bright,
The fortune of some, and of some the delight,
And I doubt not I'm useful to you.

I am welcome to all from cottage to throne;
There's scarce a condition where I am unknown;
I strive to do good, and I scarce can do harm;
Even music without me must giv up a charm.
I'm the joy of the weary, the hope of the sick,
And vain would I visit where sorrows are thick.
I'm a friend to the peaceful, a foe to all strife,
My presence is needful to keep you in life.
By chance you may find me as far off you roam,
But I ever am purest, and sweetest at home,
When life is all over and troubles are past,
May I be your portion forever at last.

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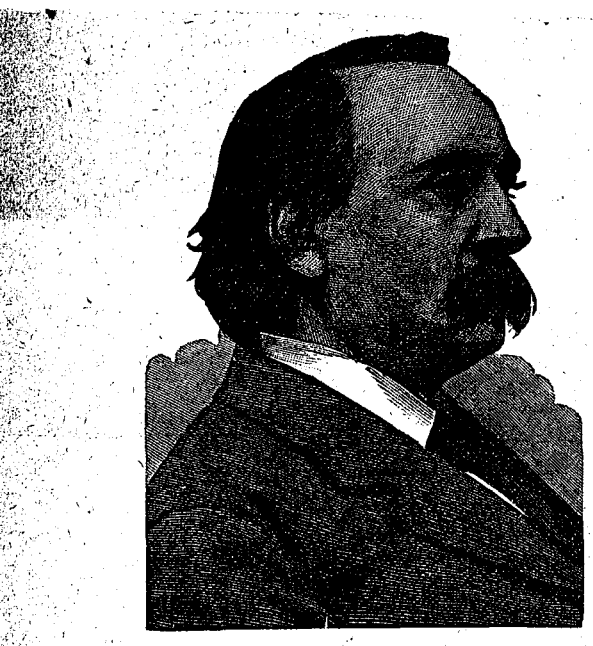
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This distinguished medical man, whose principal works are known throughout the civilized world, and who commands a more extensiv practice by the aid of the mails than any other physician in the United States, belongs to that stock the American branch of which was originated by Nathaniel Foote, who took the freeman oath in the colony of Massachusetts Bay in the year 1633. The Footes hav added numerously to the list of eminent professional men, statesmen, military and naval officers, and social reformers of both sexes, whose services to the commonwealth hav contributed very largely to American progress. That representativ of the family best known to-day. Edward Bliss Foote, a portrait of whom accompanies this sketch, is the son of the late Herschel Foote, a pioneer settler of the Connecticut Western Reserve in Ohio, on which he was born in 1829. His health was exceedingly delicate during his infancy and boyhood, which interfered with his attendance at school; but as he was a lad eager for information and quick of perception, he had acquired a large amount of miscellaneous information before entering, at sixteen years of age, that dirty paradise of ambititious boys like him, the printing office. He was at home there directly, and his health improved during the two years of his first occupation, wherein he became not less apt in the easy expression of his thoughts than at setting type. This facility of composition led to his removal, in his nineteenth year, from Ohio to Connecticut, where he assumed the editorial control of a weekly newspaper which soon became the largest published in the state. Three years afterwards he removed to New York for the purpose of enlarging the influence of his pen; and while pursuing his duties as associate editor on a prominent weekly journal, became acquainted with a medical botanist with whom he formed an acquaintance which resulted in his being able to combine literary work with the study and practice of medicin, and eventually to become a physician, the leading ambition of his life. As assistant to an "irregular" practitioner, he found abundant opportunity of employing his pen controversially, and acquired singular dexterity in this way. Having given up his editorial position in New York and purchased an interest in the *Morning Journal*, the first morning newswaper published in Brooklyn, he devoted much of his time and energy to writing for that journal. Two years of application to medical study and daily newspaper toil as well were as much as his constitution could bear, and the time had come when one or the other of these occupations must be given up. The decision was soon made, and Mr. Foote became co-partner with his friend of the botanic school of medicin. His practice was remarkably successful for two reasons—because founded on an accurate acquaintance with physiology, hygiene, and medicin, and because of his extraordinary natural adaptation to his work. He remained in partnership until 1857, and, having cured a professor of the Penn Medical University of Philadelphia of pulmonary disease, was induced by him to become a student of that institution. He was graduated an M. D. in the year 1860.

The young physician began his career as an author of books in 1853, when twenty-nine years of age. His first work was "Medical Common Sense," a radical and daring production, which was hailed by advanced thinkers and philanthropists throughout the country as a decided advance in the direction of emancipating the people from the domination of narrow-minded men, who regard a simple treatment of anatomy, physiology, hygiene, and the art of healing as an invasion of their close rights. This intolerable pretension Dr. Foote knocked in the head, and dealt not less vigorously with that mischievous, miscalled delicacy which forbids the discussion of reproduction and other natural functions. N. P. Willis wrote of the new book in these words: "Wisdom cut and dried;" and testimonials equally flattering, written by competent judges, were numerous. A quarter of a million copies were sold within ten years, a remarkable fact, especially as the book was of considerable size, containing three hundred pages. In 1869 Dr. Foote began the revision of his work, and by the winter of 1869–70 had produced the manuscript of "Plain Home Talk, embracing 'Medical Common Sense.'" Of this work of nine hundred and twelve pages more than a hundred and fifty thousand copies hav been sold in the English-speaking countries, and more than fifty thousand copies of the German edition in Germany and the United States. "Science in Story," published in 1875, was a new departure, combining a plot full of incident and fun, very attractiv to young people, with anatomy, physiology, and hygiene, plain-spoken in style, and treating of elimination and reproduction in a manner which forbids the abuse of wholesome knowledge by boys and girls, for whose instruction the book was written. It consists of five volumes, containing two hundred and fifty pages each. Dr. Foote's miscellaneous pamphlets are twenty in number. He publishes the *Health Monthly*, a paper devoted to heredity, health, and hygiene. The doctor is known in New York as a public-spirited citizen, interesting himself in praiseworthy movewents to promote the public good.

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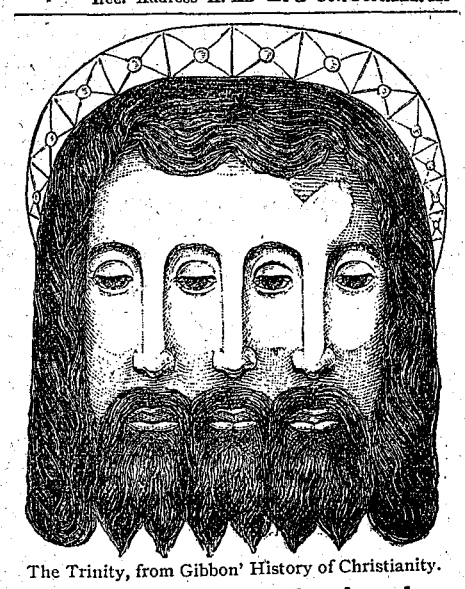
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Yours respectfully,
H. A. BROWN.

Ladies, read the following testimony from a lady who had been under drug treatment for eight years with nervous prostration and female weakness:

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DR. L. TENNEY: Your letter just received; also the Clothing on Tuesday last. Fitted perfectly. FELT BETTER FROM THE FIRST HOUR I HAD THEM ON. Am not joking, and if I improve as rapidly as I hav since Tuesday, will soon be well. Will report again soon. Respectfully yours, E. J. K.

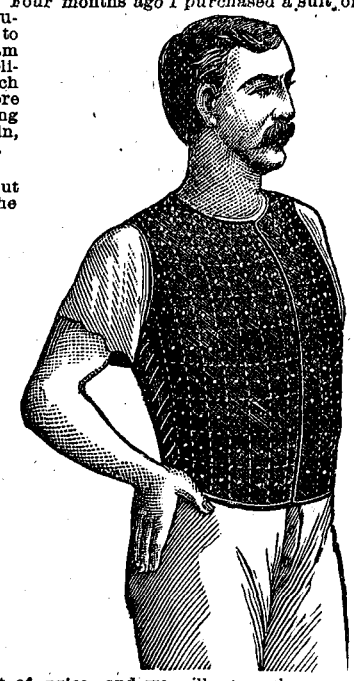
This lady reports herself entirely cured in less than six weeks after putting on the garments, and, although in bed, unable to get out, when applied, she nevertheless was able to ride twenty miles in two days after the application. The lady's name can be had upon application at this office, by anyone desiring to communicate with her.

Ladies, read the following testimony from a lady who had been suffering for two years with an **Ovarian Tumor,** and who had been told that nothing but the knife would save her life, and the chances were as 9 to 1 against recovery. In four months' time she is perfectly well, and has not taken a dose of medicin since putting on the appliances. Consult us when your physician tells you he can do nothing for you; it will pay you.

SHULLSBURG, WIS., November 19, 1882.

DR. L. TENNEY, *Dear Sir:* About two years ago my health began to fail me; I became nervous, lost all desire for food, and, in fact, began to fail rapidly, so that I became alarmed and consulted several physicians of St. Louis, at which place I was then stopping, all of whom declared that I had an **Ovarian Tumor,** and that the only thing that would save my life would be the knife. About six months ago I grew rapidly worse, and had about made up my mind to take the only course that seemed left to me, and submit to an operation, when my attention was called to the **Eureka Magnetic Appliances.** As a drowning man will catch at a straw, so did I catch at this faint hope of a cure. Four months ago I purchased a suit of your appliances. From the very first I felt invigorated, the tumor, which had extended entirely across my abdomen, began to decrease, my pains became less from day to day, until now I am as well as I ever was in my life. Since putting on the appliances I hav not taken a single dose of medicin. My bowels, which before were constipated, are now regular. I would therefore cheerfully recommend them to anyone suffering as I hav, believing that they will do all and more than you claim for them. I remain,

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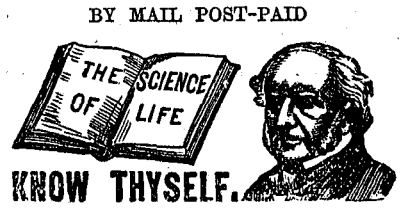
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IT is a stupid man that refuses to believe the evidence of his senses; it is an unreasonable man who in forming his belief will throw good evidence aside; and that man is equally stupid and unreasonable who will found a fixed belief on no evidence at all.—*D. M. Bennett.*

TOO many people approve no books but such as are representativs of some opinion or passion of their own. They read not to hav human nature reflected on them, and so be taught to know and to love everything, but to be reflected themselvs as in a pocket mirror, and so interchange admiring looks with their own narrow cast of countenance. The universalist alone puts up with difference of opinion, by reason of his own very difference, because his difference is a right claimed by him in the spirit of universal allowance, and not a privilege arrogated by conceit. He loves poetry and prose, fiction and matter of fact, seriousness and mirth, because he is a thorough human being and contains portions of all the faculties to which they appeal. A man who can be nothing but serious, or nothing but merry, is but half a man.—*Leigh Hunt.*

IN all times men hav praised honesty, moral purity, beneficence. In all times men hav protested against murder, adultery, perjury, and all kinds of vice. No one will dare maintain that it is better to do injustice than to bear it.—*Aristotle.*

FOR divines, in this day, when the profession of Christianity is attended with no peril, when the practice even demands no sacrifice, save that preference of duty to enjoyment which is the first law of cultivated humanity, to repeat the language, profess the feelings, inculcate the notions of men who lived in daily dread of such awful martyrdom, and under the excitement of such a mighty misconception; to cry down this world, with its profound beauty, its thrilling interests, its glorious works, its noble and holy affections; to exhort their hearers, Sunday after Sunday, to detach their hearts from the earthly life as inane, fleeting, and unworthy, and fix it upon heaven as the only sphere deserving the love of the loving or the meditation of the wise—appears so us, we confess, frightful insincerity, the enactment of a wicked and gigantic lie.—*Greg's Creed of Christendom.*

WE may tread in the same path with the benefactors of the world, though with a slower and less confident step. Every positiv addition to the stock of actual information, however small, is so much gained to human nature. Besides, if we cannot ourselvs contribute directly to improvement or discovery in art or science, we hav a scarcely less pleasing task to perform in their reception, their preservation, and, above all, in their dissemination.—*Verplanck's Liberal Studies.*

IF the character be formed and the mind made up on the few cardinal points of human opinion, agreement of conviction and feeling on them has been found, in all times, to be an essential requisit to anything worthy the name of friendship, in a really earnest mind.—*J. S. Mill.*

MACHIAVAL, an Italian author and statesman of the sixteenth century, asserted that the doctrins of the Christian religion, meaning the Catholic (for he knew no other), which recommended only passiv courage and suffering, had subdued the courage of mankind and had fitted them for slavery and subjection; an observation which would certainly be just, were there not many other circumstances in human society which control the genius and character of a religion. Brasidas [an old heathen of Sparta] seized a mouse, and, being bit by it, let it go. "There is nothing so contemptible," said he, "but what may be safe, if it hav but courage to defend itself." Bellournine, an eminent Catholic divine of the sixteenth century, patiently and humbly allowed the fleas and other odious vermin to prey upon him. "We shall hav heaven," said he, "to reward us for our sufferings; but these poor creatures hav nothing but the enjoyments of the present life." Such difference is there between the maxims of a Greek hero and a Catholic saint.—*Hume's History of Religion.*

THERE is such a recommendation by nature of one man to another that one man ought never to appear unfriendly to another—for the simple reason that he is a man.—*Cicero's Good and Evil.*

NEITHER consult with a woman touching her of whom she is jealous; neither with a coward in matters of war; nor with a merchant concerning exchange; nor with a buyer of selling; nor of an envious man of thankfulness; nor of an unmerciful man touching kindness; nor with the slothful for any work; nor with a hireling-for-a-year of finishing work; nor with an idle servant of much business. Harken not unto these in any matter of counsel.—*Ecclesiasticus* xxxvii, 11.

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FORESIGHT: "But, Sylvia," said Hattie, "if you climb that fence Mr. Tawmus, who is over there, will see your stockings." And Sylvia replied, "I thought of that."

A JERSEY CITY man has asked for a divorce because a moustache is sprouting on his wife's lip. As a rule it makes a man mad to hav any moustache on his wife's lip but his own.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL examiner: "Giv an instance from scripture of an animal endowed with speech." Pupil: "And the whale said unto Moses, 'Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.'"

"HOW many races are there?" was asked by a Kentucky schoolma'am. Up sprang a shock-headed youngster and exclaimed, "Three—the Spring meeting, Midsummer speeding, and Fall fairs."

TALMAGE says that church-members embrace three times as many women as men. That is probably correct. There is not more than twenty-five per cent as much fun in embracing men as women.

TO say that a procession was three hours in passing a given point doesn't, according to the Chicago *Times*, necessarily show that it was a long procession, since the given point might hav been a beer saloon.

"DON'T you think it a little inconsistent in a church-member," said Parson Jones to a wealthy parishioner, "for you to go out riding on the Sabbath?" "No, indeed," replied the parishioner, "that is my way of saving soles, you know."

AN English psychological society is racking its brains over the conundrum, "Are angels ever sleepy?" Not very often, but when you hear a bootjack rolling down the front stairs you can make up your mind that the angel's father is sleepy, which practically amounts to the same thing.

"MY son," said an Arkansaw colonel to the reformed school, "in life always make it a point not to fight." "Suppose a man calls me a d—— liar, what must I do?" "Find out whether he has told the truth or not. If he has, acknowledge the accusation; and if has not, move to another neighborhood."

"NOT married yet?" said a gentleman acquaintance to a tolerably elderly maiden, whom he hadn't seen for several years. "No, indeed; and I never will be," she quickly responded. "I've had several offers, but I wouldn't accept any of them. Ugh! I think it's just too awful for a modest person to get married."

DUMLEY was making an evening call, and the nice little boy of the family had been allowed to remain up a little later than usual. "Ma," he said, during a lull in the conversation, "can whisky talk?" "Certainly not," said ma. "What put that absurd notion into your head?" "Well," he replied, "I heard you tell pa that whisky was telling on Mr. Dumley, and I wanted to know what it said."

TOM, six years old, noticed one winter morning after sunrise the moon in the western sky. Having never before seen both orbs at the same time, he was deeply impressed and ran to his mother with, "O mamma, I've got an awful joke on our father who art in heaven!" "Why, Tom, what do you mean?" said the mother, in a rebuking tone, greatly shocked. "He forgot to pull his moon in," cried Tom, his voice quaking with glee.

WHENEVER you hear of a new railroad pool, you can bet your bottom dollar that there is going to be six months of lying, cheating, cutting, dodging, stealing, and deceiving among the crowd. Whenever you hear of a railroad dividend, squint up your left eye and imagin to yourself the hunter who throws away his coat for the bear to stop and smell of. Whenever you hear that Jay Gould is going to Europe, Vanderbilt is to retire, and Jim Keene has concluded to go upon the lecture platform, let go your hold and slide off the fence as fast as possible. Whenever you hear that short crops, business failures, lock-outs, strikes, high prices, and a hard winter are certain to force non-paying dividend stocks from 72 to 100, sit down on a codfish box, and sandpaper your head until you strike a streak of common sense.

A FEW engineers and firemen were sitting around a coil of steam pipe in the round-house telling their yarns. Among them was a pale young man who had lost his health in a dry-goods store, and had just engaged as an extra fireman. "I never was so mad," said big Bill Dempsey, "as I was when I licked Jim Rapsom fur not flaggin' me." "When was that?" asked one of the firemen. "Let's see," said Bill, thoughtfully. "It wus in the year they put in the Clarion side track." "For what offense did you punish him?" asked the pale young man. "Hey?" "What did you whip him for?" "Waal," said Bill, "the confounded ejiot stopped down in the Kewanee holler an' never sent no man back to flag me. I wus a comin' down the hill hellity-split when I seen his way car. I had the old '70,' with 24 cars, an' I hadn't no idee I could stop 'er, but I flung 'er over an' giv 'er the plug fer all she wus worth. I tore her old fire all out, but I got 'er by the neck all the same. She stopped within three feet o' Jim Ransom's way car. Thunder an' sour milk, but I was mad! Jim wus a standin' there, as rattled as a woman on a crossin', an' I says, 'You infernal ejiot, why didn't you send nobody back to flag me?' 'By gosh, Bill, says he, 'I'll be darned if I didn't forgit it.' 'Oh, you did, eh?' says I, an' I jumped down out o' that gangway an' giv him the eternalest wallopin' he ever got." "Why didn't you report him to the superintendent and hav him removed for such gross carelessness?" asked the pale young man. "Say, look a-here, young feller, I'll giv yer a dead straight pointer," replied Bill. "If you're a comin' on this road with them sort o' ideas, the quicker you don't come the better fur you. If it's good health you want, you just rent out them air notions to some feller with kid gloves. Yes. I would look pretty, I would, a-goin' an' reportin' a man that's got a family to take care of, an' hav 'im throwed out of a job in the dead o' winter. Young feller, them ideas may do fur counter-jumpers, but they hain't good fur nuthin' to railroad with."

THE TRUTH SEEKER

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Notes and Clippings.

"THE hypocrit" and "professional crank" is the way the Houston *Post* speaks of Anthony Comstock.

A NEW anti-vivisectionist organ called the *Champion*, and printed in two languages, is about to appear in England.

THE London *World*, appearing in the new character of religious teacher, says, "The Church Catechism abounds in anachronisms, which, when the book of Common Prayer is revised after the fashion of the New Testament, will perhaps be weeded out."

UNDER Mississippi law a woman is liable to indictment for assault if she strikes her husband; but the man is not liable for assaulting the woman if he uses a switch no larger than his little finger in doing so. It is now proposed to so amend the statutes as to giv the wife the same immunity that her husband enjoys.

THE African traveler, Signor Massari, lectured at Brussels recently before the Geographical Society of that city. He declared that the insurrection of the False Prophet was provoked chiefly by the untoward interference of the Egyptian government in religious matters and by their oppression of the people.

THE Rev. Winslow, Boston's great forger, is editing a newspaper in Buenos Ayres, where he owns a block of fine buildings. He finds the South American climate to be very agreeable, and swears that Boston is the best place on earth for a poor man to start from. There is a great deal in a reputation.—*Texas Siftings.*

MR. CHARLES W. QUICK, who formerly resided at Rhinebeck from which place he went to Yonkers, where he did a prosperous business in the undertaking line, enjoying at the same time the reputation of being one of the most pious men in the city, and acting as one of the pillars of the First Methodist church, has run away from that place with a girl named Maggie Smith, a daughter of wealthy parents residing in that city. The truants are supposed to be located somewhere in New Jersey.

A SCHOOL-BOY somewhere has achieved the following biography of Moses. Though slightly mixed, it is probably as authentic as anything we hav. "He was an Egyptian. He lived in an ark made of bulrushes, and he kept a golden calf and worshiped brazen snakes, and et nothing but kwales and manna for forty years. He was caught by the hair of the head while riding under the bough of a tree, and he was killed by his son Absalom as he was hanging from the bough. His end was pease."

HELEN WILMANS, says the Winsted *Press*, has discovered a use for ministers. She would send them to the Fiji Islanders. "Make them sleek and fat," she says, "on the good things of this world before they go, and when there they may serve a better purpose than they ever served here, by successfully administering to appetites that are not imaginary." But who will take the job of fattening the raw-boned and dyspeptic country parsons of New England? Helen, the days of miracles are past. It can't be done.

PRESIDENT GREVY, of the French republic, is one of the most modest rulers known to history. He livs in a large house, the Chateau of Montsons Vaudray, which has twenty-five guest-rooms—to which, however, no strangers are invited. His daughter is married to a Mr. Wilson, an Englishman. Their child is the delight of the domestic president of the republic. M. Grevy rises at eight, works until the afternoon, and fishes for an hour or two on the banks of the Loire, which is noted for its abundance of the finny tribe. After dinner he plays billiards and enjoys his family life. At twenty minutes past ten all the lamps in the chateau are extinguished. M. Grevy is not a very brilliant man, but he is a good and solid one; and, while he may not be a second Washington, he has many of the good traits of character which hav given such an enviable fame to the first American president.

THE printers' union of this city has adopted the boycotting method against the *Tribune* newspaper. Some time ago the *Tribune* signed a contract with Typographical Union No. 6 to pay union prices and employ only union men. This contract the *Tribune* has broken. The union publishes a paper called the *Boycotter*, showing the printers' side of the question, and endeavoring to influence advertisers and others against patronizing the *Tribune*. It is claimed that much has been accomplished in this direction.

THE Bureau of Labor and Charities of Syracuse appears to be a sort of pawnbroking shop, $33.25 having been advanced to the needy in one week. One man was lent five dollars on a half-dozen silver spoons, and another received a similar amount on a Bible. A needy old man, who has an $800 policy in the Guardian Mutual Life Insurance company, which is defunct, said he had received fourteen dollars on it and was promised more. The society will correspond to see if they cannot get more money from the company. A grocer's clerk, employed at seven dollars a week, was advanced $5.50 on an album. Mr. Bagg took a mortgage on a shoemaker's goods for $15, and $3 was advanced on a colored boy's Sunday clothes.

THE London *Standard* of January 2d says that an extraordinary scene took place on Sunday night on the top of a Welsh mountain. The inhabitants of the vale of Glamorgan were startled by witnessing flames ascending from the summit of a mountain near the town of Llantrissant. About a thousand people made their way to the top, and in the midst of a center of fire saw an aged physician, named Price, standing, robed in white, chanting a Druid funeral hymn. Dr. Price has long assumed what he calls the dress of the Druids. The people presently discovered that the body of the doctor's own child was in the midst of the flames, and they became greatly excited. The police having secured the doctor, the crowd rushed forward and snatched away the corpse, which they conveyed to the Llantrissant police station. The hill on which the attempted cremation took place was the doctor's own property.

IN the Cincinnati *Enquirer* Robert Burdette takes this paragraph for a text: "The Cathedral of the Incarnation at Garden City, built by A. T. Stewart, is completed. It has been five years in course of construction, and cost $2,000,000. The organ cost $100,000. The bishop's residence will cost $80,000, and the stables, already finished, hav cost $10,000." Pondering on this, he writes in verse, "A Study in Osteology." Some of the stanzas are as follows:

"Gray shadows fall 'neath the arches dim,
Bright lights through stained-glass windows swim;
There's a touch of gold in crypt and hall—
But where are the bones that built it all?

* * * * * *

The chimes ring out from the steeple tall,
And "Bim, bones, bell," is their rythmic call;
While the five-part organ in chorus moans
In its hundred-thousand-dollar tones,
'Here is the organ, but where are his bones?'

O foolish man, with heavy gold,
To build a chapel, gray and cold,
Costly and gloomy, grim and tall,
And lose his own bones, after all!

When a tithe of the gold, with its mighty charm,
Spent for humanity, living and warm,
Instead of these cold, dead, senseless stones,
Would hav saved the man who stole his bones."

THE Evansville *Argus* will hav to bear whatever unpleasant penalty falls upon the relater of the following story: A young gentleman of this city, while on a visit recently in Indianapolis, imbibed quite freely to the health of several of his friends on the eve of his departure for home. After boarding a number of out-going trains and getting "fired" from each for being on the wrong road, he finally seated himself in a coach on the Vandalia line, which, by the way, was the right train to convey him home. He had not been in his seat long ere an Evansville clergyman saw the youth, and approaching him said in a kind tone, "Young man, do you know where you are going?" "Yezzer. Ish goin' (hic) home," said the dizzy youth. "Very true, no doubt," replied the clerical gentleman, "but do you know what road you are on?" "Yezzer (hic), b'lieve Ish on the Vandalia." "Young man, let me tell you what road you are on," said the good man in a sad voice; "you are on the road to Hades." "On the wrong road again!" howled the young man, as he sobered up somewhat at the startling information, "damfino which ish right road." And before the minister could speak again the young man had grabbed his valise and sprung from the train.

MRS. BESANT reads Henry George, who is now lecturing in England on the land question, this much-needed lesson: "There is a remarkable amount of religious cant knocking about just now in speeches and articles which are supposed to be, and which ought to be, political. Mr. Henry George, the other night, said that 'the land of England, *by virtue of the grant of the living God*, belongs to the whole people of England.' Mr. George would find it difficult to produce the grant, I fancy, and if the people are to wait for the land until 'God' givs it to them, the landlords need not become uneasy. And then he asked the audience to act on the principle of Christ, and so on. It is a pity to introduce silly preaching of this kind into a practical question. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, criticising Mr. George, says: 'We hav no objection to Socialism, but it must be Socialism *plus* the Ten Commandments.' This journal, which has lately been adopting a tone of mawkish religious sentimentality, does not condescend to explain the connection between Socialism and— say the Fourth Commandment. Cant, adopted to curry favor with fashionable religionists, is repulsiv, both in Mr. George and in his critic, and it is not likely to win for the former much favor from the hardest-headed of the working-class politicians of England."

THE practice of cremation appears to be gradually gaining ground in Germany, there being a steady increase in the number of bodies brought for this purpose to Gotha, which contains the sole establishment in the empire. It is under the control of the city authorities, and the cremations up to the end of 1882 were 84, viz., 17 in 1879, 16 in 1880, 33 in 1881, and 18 up to September, 1882. All parts of Europe contribute to the business of the institution, while several bodies hav been brought thither from America, in which country the cost of fashionable interment is so great that it is but a slight increased expense to hav the remains cremated at Gotha. The principal items of this expense are: The removal of the corpse from the railway station to the cemetery, 30s.; and the cremation itself, £7 10s. There are several formalities to be observed before permission is given by the officials. A permit has to be obtained from the municipal authorities where the death took place, and also from Gotha, that the body may be removed from one place to another, for without this latter the railway company would refuse to find conveyance. A corpse is not allowed to be moved unless encased in metal, and zinc is therefore prescribed, as readily melting under the action of the heat. This must be inclosed in a wooden coffin of certain dimensions, so that it may fit the receptacle in the chamber. In case a funeral service should be requested, a further charge of £1 10s. is made. The Gotha establishment, which was erected in 1878, is very complete, and cost for the machinery and buildings nearly £5,000. The apparatus is made after the Italian model, and consists of a large coal furnace for the production of gas, which is conducted by a pipe to the heating chamber in which the body is placed, this chamber being 21 feet in length, by 13 feet in hight, and divided into two parts. The gas is, first of all, let into the nearest section, where it burns until a white heat is produced. At the time of the operation the body is lowered into the second compartment, and the gas admitted from the other one, when the zinc case rapidly melts, the garments being then consumed, and the whole process occupying about two hours. As it takes a day and a night to properly heat the furnace, sufficient notice has to be sent to the authorities.—*London Times.*

News of the Week.

THE Chinese celebrated their New Year on the 27th ult.

EXPLOSIVS were found last Saturday near the London underground railway. Nihilists!

THE khedive of Egypt has made Gen. Gordon, an Englishman, governor of Soudan, with full powers.

MONSIGNOR CESARE, a Catholic dignitary of Rome, was recently murdered in his bed by his man-servant.

THE remains of Herr Lasker, the German statesman who recently died in New York, hav arrived in Berlin.

THE Liberal League at Philadelphia celebrated Thomas Paine's birthday last Sunday with addresses and a banquet.

NINE members of the Salvation Army were convicted in Paterson, N. J., of disorderly conduct last Saturday, and fined $2 each.

A MAN from Norway made ten miles on skates in Brooklyn last week in 39 minutes and 7 seconds. This is the fastest skating on record.

THERE has been talk of a dog tax in the Massachusetts legislature, and the people of that state arise in protest. It is believed the measure will fail.

FRED. DOUGLASS, the colored statesman and orator, has recently married a white wife. He is more than sixty years of age, and his action has caused considerable comment.

AN appalling disaster took place last week in the Crested Butte mine in Colorado, caused by an explosion. Fifty-seven bodies had been recovered at last accounts, and two are still missing.

A PLAY adapted by the daughter of Mr. T. C. Leland, secretary of the National Liberal League, has just been put upon the stage in this city, and is meeting with flattering success.

MISS NANCY SOMERS, of New York, aged 94, was found dead in her bed one morning. The orthodox coroner's jury returned the reassuring verdict that she "died by the visitation of God, and not otherwise."

DESTRUCTIV storms swept over England and France last Sunday. Much damage was done in London and Paris by the hurricane, which unroofed houses, blew down telegraph wires, and broke railroad connections. On the coasts numerous lives were lost.

THE London *Globe* states that the leaders of the Irish National League denounce the institution of the "emergency fund" by Mr. Patrick Ford, of New York. Mr. Ford is editor of the *Irish World*, and is understood to hav a large amount of the league fund in his possession.

THE solicitor of the treasury at Washington has submitted to the secretary of the treasury an opinion touching women's rights, in which he expresses the belief that that movement is all "fiddle-faddle," and tends rather to degrade than elevate woman. How the electiv franchise can hav an opposit effect on women from that which it is supposed to hav on men is not explained by the philosophical solicitor.

ANOTHER murderous assault was made at Oyster Bay, on Long Island, last week, upon the person of an old man, who was beaten insensible with a hammer. A negro has been arrested for the crime, and it is believed that in him will be found the author of the Maybee and other assaults and murders which hav recently taken place in that vicinity. It was with difficulty that the people were restrained from lynching the negro.

THE police of St. Petersburg, Russia, continue to capture "Socialists." Socialist, with the Russian government, means anyone whom the police take a fancy to denounce. Their capture means, usually, Siberia. All female students in St. Petersburg are now compelled to liv in a house provided by the authorities, and to be at home at 9 in the evening. The government fear that study may develop Nihilism.

A Freethought Romance.

Waifs and Wanderings.

BY SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

CHAPTER VI.

THE POORHOUSE.

It was a bright and sunny afternoon in May when Cupples set out for the thirty-thousand-dollar mansion. He had not taken such a ride for years, and he enjoyed it with all the ardor of a boy. The sky was beautifully blue, and flecked with clouds of dazzling whiteness. The bits of green here and there, the just-budding flowers and plashes of water, delighted him almost like articulate music. He forgot the varied and uncomfortable experiences of the morning in the flow of life and exultation that the finally victorious spring was pouring upon the back of retreating winter, who had not strength enough left even to utter a howl as the insulting glory laughed and crowded upon him. Cupples was jubilant. He looked on all sides to see the Palace Beautiful crowning some goodly prospect. It did not appear, and so he kept jaunting on. The horse he was driving had seen twenty-five summers, and so his progress was somewhat slow. But everything was so lovely, even the very stumps by the roadside, brilliant with spangles of moss, that he cared not how deliberately his Pegasus advanced. His thoughts were winged, if his steed was not, and were constantly flying forward to the Olympic Towers. He passed into a sparsely-settled country, where the houses were few and far between, and the splendid object of his search did not appear. He determined to inquire at the next house, which was somewhat larger than the others he had lately passed, having two stories and a woodshed, and something that looked very like a barn, though if Hamlet had asserted that it looked very like a whale I hardly think that anyone would hav disputed him. The whole aspect of the place, with the dull, straggling woods about it, was intensely forlorn. Cupples drove up, and, with the air of an emperor, inquired of a rough-looking, slouchy individual where the poorhouse of E—— was. He felt quite important to think he had in charge a baby who was going to be heir to a thousand dollars per annum. He asked for the object of his search with the dignity of a drummer inquiring for the best hotel in town.

"This is it," said the slouchy individual.

"Good God!" gasped Cupples, and he almost fainted.

Imagin a man who has failed with the intention of paying ten per cent on a dollar, and coming off with a snug bank account, being obliged to pay one hundred per cent; or a member of Congress who has his maiden speech ready for delivery, when a motion to adjourn is carried, and you can form some idea of the feelings of Cupples.

O Virgil, you wrote long ago that it was easy to come down. It didn't take our hero a second to perform that operation.

"Who's in charge?" he asked, with a desperate effort.

"I am," said the slouchy individual, with just a streak of pride, and giving his ragged hat a little shove, and leaning on his hoe-handle, that, fortunately, was quite strong.

"I thought you had a better place," gasped Cupples faintly.

"It's good enough for poor folks. Can't waste much money on them," said the man, taking another good rest on his hoe-handle.

"Here's an order to leave this little baby here."

"Let me see it," said the man, dropping the hoe-handle and managing to stand without any visible means of support, and reading the order as well as he could between a dozen enormous squirts of tobacco juice.

"All right," said he; "walk in, I guess there's room. It won't take much to feed it."

Cupples got out of the wagon with a heavy heart. He took the baby in his arms and walked slowly into the house. He entered a large, bare room in which there was no furniture except two old chairs, a broken settee, and a ghostly cooking stove that seemed a survival of primeval epochs. It did not look as if it had ever been "set up," but had been lodged there by the "flood of years." Two old woman dressed in dirty calico sat in the chairs smoking. They just looked at Cupples as he came in, and then went on puffing and talking, one word at a time, with intervals of various length wherein they seemed almost asleep.

"I guess there's a cradle somewhere up stairs," said the man; "I'll hunt it up. There must be some old clothes about. The women 'll take care of it." "The women" stared at Cupples like two specters and then puffed a little more vigorously. "Pretty things to take care of a baby," muttered Cupples; "might as well toss it to a couple of alligators."

He walked into another room, more bare than the first. The end of it had been made into a cage, behind the wooden bars of which a man in rude apparel was striding and glaring like a wild beast.

"Crazy," said the master of the house.

"No wonder," said Cupples. "Any more inmates?"

"No; these are the stand-bys. Others come, but they don't stay long."

"Where do they go?" asked Cupples.

"To the grave-yard most of 'em. They don't seem to like living here. But I treat 'em as well as I can."

"These have an income of a thousand dollars a year, I believe?" said Cupples.

"I don't get any such money," said the man.

"These fixings cost about thirty thousand dollars, didn't they?" asked Cupples.

"They might have cost somebody that. Mighty little I get for runnin' this consarn. I'm at the bottom of the heap."

"Not quite," said Cupples, glancing at the man in the cage.

"Shall I take the baby?" asked the overseer, as he turned leisurely away, and washed the floor with some tobacco juice.

"How long will it live," said Cupples, "if I leave it?"

"Can't bother about that. It must take its chances with the rest."

"Not as long as I live," cried Cupples; and hugging the baby to his breast, he rushed out and got into the wagon and fairly screamed, "Maria, I'm going to take this baby home and keep it."

"What," shrieked Maria with surpassing note, "take that baby home? We shan't sleep a wink, and all my dress money 'll go for milk. You shan't do it, Cupples; I won't be bothered with the brat. Leave it here."

"I shan't," thundered Cupples; "I'll take it home." He looked straight at Mrs. Cupples with fire in his eyes. The conflict was short and sharp. Mrs. Cupples was beaten. Generally she was victorious; but there were a few supreme moments when Cupples had his own way, and this was one of them.

CHAPTER VII.

PATER FAMILIAS.

Cupples got through the night heroically and much easier than he expected. He had plenty of milk, and had got the hang of the bottle, and so the baby slept nearly all night. Mrs. Cupples, not being bad at heart, and submitting to the powers that be, took care of it with considerable kindness during the day, while Cupples was at the shop; though she assured Cupples that he must not expect as good meals as he'd been used to, for she couldn't spend much time cooking now the baby was on her hands. Cupples said he'd stand it; but he really found little difference in the matter, for Mrs. Cupples was a born cook, and it was almost impossible for her to set a poor table.

Cupples took quite a fancy to the baby. He still hoped to get rid of his charge; but his anxiety was not painful and grew small by degrees. He was congratulated on his benevolence, and began to have a vague idea that he was a Christian and might join the church on the credit of his being so good to the little waif. He had always wanted to join the church, quit swearing, and be respectable. But revivals had come and gone like fire alarms and he never could get up sufficient "interest." Mrs. Cupples was a member of the church and mourned over her husband's unrenewed state at the prayer-meeting, though generally she thought him a pretty good fellow. Now here was a fine chance for Cupples to slip into the church without the usual formality of regeneration; for was he not a father to the fatherless; and was not that pure religion and undefiled.

The Rev. George Adolphus Hapgood met him one day and made the following neat speech:

"I rejoice, Mr. Cupples, in the beneficence of your disposition. It is a credit to our fallen humanity. It is a revelation of the Holy Ghost, I am sure. Now is the day of salvation. I should like to have you come to our prayer-meeting, and I should like to converse with you on spiritual and divine things. You ought to unite with us now in the great work of redemption."

The Rev. Hapgood turned from him with a delicate shake of the hand, and a graceful bow. Just then he stepped upon a piece of orange peel and almost lost his balance. He got a bit of mud upon his hitherto immaculate boots; and he likewise did something unexpected. He felt inwardly just as Cupples did when he swore like a pirate; but of course the Rev. Adolphus would not swear. He restrained himself with professional patience; but if the boy who dropped that orange peel was anywhere about Adolphus would have liked to see somebody hit him; and he would, by an invisible stroke, have helped the blow. Beyond that his Christianity would not allow him to go. His walk was eminently consistent. The orange peel only caused a momentary divergence.

Cupples borrowed the "creed" and went home and read it, or tried to read it; but it made his head ache by the time he got to the trinity, and so he gave it up. "Dear me," said he; "if they'd only take me as I am, I'd go in and do the best I know how. But I'll be cussed if I can swallow this. I don't know what it means. I can't even spell out all the words. I didn't think joining the church was such a bother. I thought all I had to do was to promise to behave myself; and here I've got to believe all this confounded stuff. I thought it was love to God and love to man; and I thought if I loved this baby and took care of it I'd have a chance. But if I've got to swallow this, I'm a gone sinner. I couldn't say I believed it without lying like the devil; and a man hadn't ought ter lie to join the church. What a whopper Maria must have told! I suppose the ministers believe it who have a regular course of trainin'; but I don't see how any body else can. It would take me all my life-time to worry through it. I suppose I must go to the dogs, though I'd like to do better if I could only get folks to help me. But when folks insist on your knowin' all about the Almighty I must give it up. Thank God; the baby's crying and I've got a job on hand, and shan't have to bother about saving myself while I'm busy."

Dr. Dobson gave him a hearty shake by the hand. "I knew the baby'd be all right, Cupples. You couldn't get rid of it, and it's a good bargain. You'll make more out of it than you'll give. It's a bright, sweet thing, and you ought to stand one girl if I do seven. Teach her to wear calico; I do admire calico. Don't lisp of ribbons and silks, and, Cupples, keep her from ever knowing there's such a thing as a love of a bonnet. It'll be a mine of wealth if you can keep her in this blissful ignorance. There's where I mistook. My girls are good. I've nothing to complain of on that score. But they know too much. It's perfectly marvelous what they can see in a woman's gear. I wish they were blind every day after dinner and all day Sundays. I don't see what a woman's eyes are good for. She'll take any sort of a man for a husband without looking, but she'll look clean through a bonnet and see every stitch before putting it on; and she takes a man for life, and a bonnet only till she gets home. Cupid may be blind, but fashion isn't. It can detect the very twist of a hair. However, Cupples, if your girl's extravagant you can giv her plenty of *tin*."

Cupples was a tinman, and this was a favorit pun of the doctor's. It did duty on various occasions, like a bad quarter. The doctor could not dispose of it once for all.

Billy Stubbs was ready with his applause. "I'm glad you didn't take it to the poorhouse. You've shown your generosity in a way that's quite edifying. What kind of a place was that mansion, anyway? I understand you took a trip over there. How will it compare with Paradise?"

"Like—the bottomless pit," said Cupples, using, however, one syllable for the latter term. "It's a perfect shame. Where does that thirty thousand dollars go?"

"It must go somewhere," said Stubbs. "We appropriate it, and it isn't in the treasury. Somebody gets the good of it. If the poor folks don't that's their fault. They ought to be sharper."

"Why, Stubbs, you are paid a thousand dollars a year to look into this thing. Why don't you do it?"

"I do," said Stubbs. "I draw my salary regularly every three months. What more can you expect of a fellow?"

"I should think you'd want to *earn* your money," cried Cupples.

"Earn it!" said Stubbs; "earn it! Why, what a fool you are! The main thing in this world is not to *earn* money, but to *get* it. If you get it, what's the odds whether you earn it or not? If one gets it and don't earn it, he's so much the sharper, and so more worthy. You are green, Cupples. The world will run over you. Get all you can. Let other folks earn it, if need be. Look out for number one. That's the way to benefit humanity. Doesn't Shakspere say,

> "To thine *own self* be true,
> And it must follow as the day the night,
> Thou can'st not then be false to any man?"

Cupples was somewhat taken aback by this new rendition of Shakspere, re-enforced, as it was, by a ringing laugh and a puff of fragrant tobacco-smoke. But he resumed the attack:

"I shall expose this thing, at any rate. I'll put a stop to it. I pay taxes to support the poor, and I won't see them cheated, or be cheated myself. I'll tell everybody, and there'll be a rumpus."

"It won't do any good, Cupples. It'll only be a nine days' wonder. How many do you suppose will go out and see for themselvs? We shall contradict you, and that'll be the end of it. You can't help yourself, my dear fellow. You can't right a wrong so long as there's any money to be made out of it. Only when wrong is poverty-stricken and can't pay its way will people demolish it. If it's rich it has its pick of friends. The world is going to the devil, Cupples, and the best thing you can do is to go with it; only get off at the last station but one, and you'll have money enough to charter an extra train, palace car and all, for the Celestial City. Don't try the reform dodge, or, if you do, wait till it gets to be popular, so that you can make something out of it. The best reform never succeeds until it gets to be a confounded humbug. The devil must take stock in it before it can get a majority vote. When the devil patronizes a reform, then pitch in. It's perfectly

safe. The devil always knows just when a good thing is going to succeed, and he's bound to be upon the winning side. Stick to him, and you are sure to do some good, and do it just when it pays best. It isn't time yet to make a row about the poorhouse. If you do you'll be set down for a villain, and, worse yet, for an ass. We know how to call names. We've got the seven-leagued boots on, and defy you to catch us.

"Thus far into the bowels of the land
We have marched on without impediment."

Stubbs meandered away in a triumphant cloud of smoke.

Cupples went home and tried to write for the newspapers an article detailing his experience at the poorhouse. He did not succeed, however, and tried to get Hapgood and Dobson to help him; but they declined. Other things occupied his mind, and in a fortnight the poorhouse was forgotten. Cupples went the way of the world.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Realistic Freethought in America.

COLONEL ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

There is no man better known and more highly respected in America than is Colonel Ingersoll. His name has a magic charm, and his presence an electric influence. His lecturing tours are like the triumphal marches of a conqueror; at his approach the Christian is filled with appalling wonder, and the Freethinker is rapt in pleasing expectancy. Even when business at theaters is dull, and the churches are partially forsaken, the Colonel can command a crowded audience in the largest building obtainable. There are few orators who can equal him, and none who can surpass him, in his hold upon the public. His extraordinary magnetic power entrances friends and subdues enemies. It has been truly said that, "if he had lived eighteen hundred years ago, he would hav been the founder instead of the destroyer of religion; for his gigantic intellect is supplemented with an equally Titanic affectionate nature. There is that about him which warms and cheers all who come under his influence. . . His life is so rich and strong, his presence so magnetic, that in a sick chamber he would be better than many a physician; and it would only require the ignorance of an age like that of Buddha or of Jesus to endow him with the qualities and power of a god." The religion, however, that Colonel Ingersoll would hav founded could not hav been one of mystery, creeds, and dogmas, but a philosophy based upon the simplicity of nature and the grandeur of humanity. "His language reports the sweetest music of the winds and waves, and intoxicates the senses like the budding beauty of spring or the amorous kisses of its soft, perfumed air." Though he writes in prose, he is one of the greatest poets that ever lived. What could be more sweetly beautiful and poetic than this discription of laughter, given in his lecture on "The Liberty of Man, Woman, and Child?"—

"Strike with hand of fire, O weird musician, thy harp strung with Apollo's golden hair; fill the vast cathedral aisles with symphonies sweet and dim, deft toucher of the organ keys; blow, bugler, blow, until thy silver notes do touch and kiss the moonlit waves, and charm the lovers wandering mid the vine-clad hills! But know, your sweetest strains are discords all, compared with childhood's happy laugh—the laugh that fills the eyes with light and every heart with joy. O rippling river of laughter, thou art the blessed boundary-line between the beasts and men; and every wayward wave of thine doth drown some fretful fiend of care. O Laughter, rose-lipped daughter of Joy, there are dimples enough in thy cheeks to catch and hold and glorify all the tears of grief."

Ingersoll is equally great as a humorist—in fact, he plays in turn upon all the strings of the human heart. Under his skilful touch, tears are soon drowned in the dimples of mirth and joy. Wit and humor are most powerful weapons when wisely used against the shams and hypocrisies of the church. Madam de Staël was once asked if she believed in ghosts. "No," she replied; "but I am afraid of them." So it is with many people, who, while no longer believing in the dogmas of the church, are continually haunted with the fear of their childhood's training. Ingersoll's plan is to laugh away this fear. He does not make sport of the individuals, but with their foolish and fear-begotten notions; and his jokes are mingled with gentleness and kindness that win the involuntary assent of even his religious adversary. Moreover, his darts of wit are free from vulgarity, and are in no sense offensiv to ears polite. He is no harlequin; yet from the intellectual he evokes smiles where clowns would excite pity. As deep sentiment is relieved by Shakspere in the wit and humor of such characters as Touchstone or Dogberry, so is pathos tempered by Ingersoll with pleasantries which are as rays of sun upon the dark realities of life.

But our interest in this eloquent exponent of Freethought is more particularly in his pure and earnest devotion to the principles of Secularism. Herein lie the practical excellence of the man and the grand versatility of the teacher. Possessing a noble nature, a generous heart, and a kindly disposition, allied with keen perception and ready thought, he has the highest qualification for a public advocate of our principles. His character untarnished with moral doubt, and his private life unstained with social obloquy, he has the authority to teach; and, being able to govern himself, he is the better able to counsel others in the art of self-government.

It has been urged that this eminent reformer is simply a destructionist. This is not true. Granted that he aims to destroy the nightmare of priestly domination; but he also seeks to replace it with the wakeful consciousness of man's duty and power. In his own words, "the storm and tempest of thought must purify the dead calm of ignorance and faith." So long as men and women are held in cruel bondage by the superstitions of the church, and offered as victims on the altars of fear, so long will the work of destruction be necessary. If theologians will keep up a senseless imposition, shall we not render society a service in exposing such a fraud and deception? Well did Froude exclaim, in referring to those who, in the name of God, sought to mislead and degrade man: "What do such impostors deserve but to be denied, exposed, insulted, trampled under foot, danced upon, if nothing else will serve, till the very geese take courage and venture to their derision. Are we to wreathe laurels round the brows of phantasms, lest we shock the sensibilities of the idiots who hav believed them to be divine?"

But, while Ingersoll fearlessly destroys, he bravely builds up; and here is a most notable quality in his advocacy. He blends the two, without sacrificing the real genius of either. In this he does good service, in proving that negativ work, useful as it is, is not the be-all and end-all of our advocacy. His motto is, "One world at a time;" and whatever interferes with making the best of the only world we know he seeks to remove from life's path. His writings are filled with practical advice concerning all the real duties and needs of existence, from the cradle to the grave. He is a thorough believer in home and in domestic happiness. With him perfect equality between husband and wife should exist within the domain of the fireside. It is here that fidelity to or disregard of true Secularism in daily conduct is seen. Nobly does he exclaim: "If there is any heaven upon earth, it is in the family circle. If there is a man I detest, it is he who thinks himself the boss. Woman is the equal of man. She has all the rights men hav and one more, and that is, the right to be protected." To parents he says:

"Raise your sons to be independent through labor, to pursue some business for themselvs and upon their own account, to be self-reliant, to act upon their own responsibility, and to take the consequences like men. Teach them, above all things, to be good, true, and faithful husbands, winners of love, and builders of happy homes. Giv your children every advantage in your power. In the air of kindness they will grow about you like flowers. They will fill your homes with sunshine and all your years with joy. Do not try to rule by force. A blow from a parent leaves a scar on manhood. I should feel ashamed to die surrounded by children I had whipped. Think of feeling upon your dying lips the kiss of a child you had beaten."

Neither does the Colonel neglect attention to personal appearance. The old theological idea of treating our bodies as if they were vile, and neglecting the temple of humanity for heavenly adornments, has no favor with him. He sees that happiness is the outcome of making the best of all that attracts and cements the human affections. His advice is not only to make the best of our surroundings, but also to cultivate the central figure—the living person. "I hav sometimes thought," he observes, "that the desire for beauty covers the earth with flowers. It is this desire that paints the wings of moths, tints the chamber of the shell, and givs the bird its plumage and its song. O daughters and wives, if you would be loved, adorn yourselvs; if you would be adored, be beautiful." Thus I might continue to quote, to show the lofty teachings of this man, who has been traduced and maligned, and the sanctity of whose home—a paradise of domestic sunshine and purity—has been invaded and trailed over with the slimy slander of theological hatred and bigotry. The time is coming when the very church which now regards his name as a byword and reproach will go to his writings for gems of beauty and practical lessons in all manly duty. Thus are we reminded of his favorit illustration of the death of a good man. It is a sunset where the sun leaves a legacy of glory to the very clouds that obstruct its path. So the great man leaves a legacy of glory even to the ones who persecuted him. The world is glorious only because men hav been grand enough to die for the right.

Colonel Ingersoll also believes in the dignity and equality of labor. In his opinion, every man is dishonest who livs upon the unpaid labor of others, even if he be an occupant of a throne or a dweller in the mansion. All laborers should be brothers in the great hive of industry, and share the toil of keeping in order the vast and diversified machinery of existence. The dogma of the fall of man may pronounce labor to be a curse; but the truth is, the curse is not in labor, but in its unequal distribution, one portion of mankind having to excessivly toil to keep another in idleness and luxury. The result of this injustice is seen too often in the emaciated form of the overworked peasant and in the useless and unproductiv life of the indolent peer. This anomaly in our Christian civilization will be remedied when each man shall do his part in his own sphere to contribute to the wants of society and to building up the grandeur and stability of the general commonwealth.

In Colonel Ingersoll man has no truer friend, the church no deadlier foe. Under the force of his brilliant tongue, his keen wit, and his withering rhetoric, priestcraft and religious shams hav no mercy. With him the church is the enemy of man and the tempter of woman, fettering human thought and impeding human progress. As he truly says: "It has done harm enough. It has covered the world with blood. It has filled the asylums for the insane. It has cast a shadow in the heart, in the sunlight of ever good and tender man and woman. I say, Let us rid the heavens of this monster, and write upon the dome 'Liberty, Love, and Law.'"

Such is an outline sketch of the greatest Freethinker that not only America but the world has produced. His greatness is not confined to one phase of existence, but it includes the whole range of life. In him is concentrated that which makes man noble and renders character sublime. He has the wisdom of the philosopher, allied with the simplicity of the child, and the intellect of a giant molded with the sweet tenderness of woman. His mental grandeur is illuminated with ethical purity, and his practical nature is enriched by the benevolence of his heart. With a deep yearning to be useful to his weaker brethren, he has, during the best years of a ripe and vigorous life, fought for liberty, justice, and truth. Gifted with a rare genius and a distinct personality, that might hav carried him to the pinnacle of any ambition, he has preferred the hard life of a pioneer in the forest of superstition, laying the ax of reason to the withered tree of antiquity that obstructs the growth of the living present. Thus has he caused the wilderness to blossom, kindling anew the torch of thought in thousands of minds, inspiring them to hope for and believe in the dawn of a period on earth when freedom, truth, and joy shall supplant serfdom, falsehood, and mental gloom.—*Charles Watts in the Secular Review.*

Pulling a Church Fair.

"Well, Deacon Fakir," observed Elder Twemlo "what do you think of it?"

"I think its scandalous," replied Deacon Fakir, rising from his chair and turning the rear elevation of his anatomy to the cheerful glow of the grate fire, and parting his coat tails like a dude's hair, in the middle. "I think it a downright shame. Sister Belcher says so, too."

This indignant dialog occurred in the front parlor of the parsonage inhabited by Elder Twemlo.

"Yes," resumed the elder, "it is very unfortunate. It is not so much the loss of the money which I deplore, but I am afraid it will hav a discouraging effect on the church and any future efforts in that line. Having busted our game once, they will be quite apt to raid us again."

"It is the most disheartening thing that has occurred to our church since the laying of the corner-stone by the Masons in 1879."

"Everything was running along so nicely," said Elder Twemlo.

"Slick," replied Deacon Fakir. "We had just cleaned out the Chicago drummers, three of 'em, and I had my eye on a sporting man from St. Louis. I intended him for my meat, and was working him for his leather by proposing a quiet, single-handed game of draw-poker, when the police broke in at the front door of the vestibule and the jig was up.'"

"Must hav been between four and five hundred dollars on the board when the coppers gobbled it."

"More'n that!" said Deacon Fakir. "That Colorado cattle man who is sweet on widow Drummle had just laid down a couple of hundred on the queen, open, and Deacon Slickfinger was dealing, and he fixed the cards so that the stockman didn't pick any of it up again, either. Must hav been five hundred dollars in the contribution box if there was a cent. Yes, the boobies made a rattling big haul, including chips, faro boxes, roulette table, monte lay-outs and grab-bags. I never saw a girl so broke up as Miss Sunshower, the soprano in the choir, when the police took her grab-bag away from her and wouldn't let her work the dry-goods clerks. She was playing the snap at a dollar a grab, that evening, and she had two good, fly cappers, one of whom had drawn my gold watch and given it back to me, and the other had pulled a $20 note belonging to Sister Belcher, and had just slipped it back into her hand when we were pulled. Dear me, the poor grab-bag girl felt as badly as Deacon Toplifter when the police knocked his hazzard table to pieces and burnt up his dice, dice-box, and lay-out."

"It seems too bad that we can't hav a quiet church fair or festival to raise money for the poor heathen in Bamboo, Bamboozle county, Africa, without the carnal minded authorities breaking us up. I'm afraid it will be a long time before the poor church recovers from this blow."

"They don't seem to hav the least bit of appreciation for true Christian charity."—*Texas Siftings.*

Speculation in Parsons.

Church quarrels would not be so frequent if the feeding of hungry souls was not so much of a business which the faithful seek to cover up with a sickly sentimentalism. In the case of the Rev. Heber Newton objection was made to his preaching down the biblical fables by other clergymen not so much because he was disseminating false doctrins as because he was hurting the business. And the Rev. Mr. Newton agreed to let the myths of Moses alone, not because they are not myths but on account of business considerations. Then there is the case of the Rev. Dr. J. P. Newman. Dr. Newman, a Methodist, was employed as pastor by a Congregational church for business reasons. When it was found that the speculation was not as profitable as had been anticipated, there was a very unchristian "kick," and meekness was at a discount in the household of those who feed on the milk of the Word. What do these things prove? Nothing, except that the speculation in parsons and pulpits has become very lively.—*Truth.*

The Liberal Club.

Mr. John E. Remsburg spoke at the 324th regular meeting of the Manhattan Liberal Club to a delighted audience. The lecture was "False Claims," with which, in printed form, the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER are already familiar. Those who hav not heard this discourse from Mr. Remsburg's own lips, however, hav lost half its value. The speaker was introduced by Mr. Wakeman with flattering remarks, which the audience indorsed with hearty applause. Mr. Remsburg's manner is quiet and unpretentious; his voice deep and sonorous, and his gesticulations few but appropriate. There were no attempts at ornate oratory. He depends more upon the force of facts than upon the method of stating them. Scarcely moving from the position which he first assumed, the speaker lay down indisputable truths and unanswerable arguments, one after another, as fast as the mind could receive them, and held his hearers ready to break into applause whenever a pause afforded them an opportunity to do so. A vein of humor running through the discourse also kept the audience awake to the ridiculousness as well as the falsity of the church's claims. All that reason, indubitable proof, and scorching sarcasm can do in one lecture to show the the true character of ecclesiasticism as represented by the Christian church is contained in Mr. Remsburg's "False Claims," and all the force embodied in that masterly piece of work is brought most irresistibly to the fore by its author's method of delivering it. Applause of a very hearty character ensued at the termination of the discourse.

The chairman announced that, after the usual custom, the lecture was open to discussion by members of the club. Mr. Bently arose to suggest that, as the members of the club in the main agreed with the speaker, it might be appropriate to invite those who were not members, and who disagreed with Mr. Remsburg, to offer their criticisms. The chair acquiesced.

Mrs. Sparks took the floor. She wished to dissent from the lecturer's estimate of Jesus Christ. In her opinion, the Galilean reformer was just as much a Universologist as Stephen Pearl Andrews, only, of course, he was not so wise a person as the Great Universal Preacher. Then, again, Mrs. Sparks could not indorse Mr. Remsburg's statement that woman suffrage was in its infancy. A movement that was forty years old was no longer an infant. It was an adult.

Dr. Atkinson succeeded Mrs. Sparks, and criticised the lecture in a rather irascible manner. Mr. Remsburg, he thought, had shown too little charity for those still in the church, and prided himself too highly on the fact that he had escaped from it; whereas it was not to Mr. Remsburg's credit that he had emerged therefrom, but to the credit of those who had enlightened him. The club was getting to be too much of a mutual admiration society, and had not made adequate provision for supplying the place of the church when that institution had passed away.

A certain Mr. Thompson was appended. He believed, and expressed his belief in a reverential tone, that the holy Bible was the inspired word of God. He could not help it; he was brought up to believe that way. Of course he did not accept the creation anecdote in a historical way. Adam and Eve represented merely the intellect and affection of the world. Mr. Thompson's further remarks were devoted to sustaining this notion from a Swedenborgian point of view. His drift was slightly indefinit.

Dr. Weeks, who has his ups and downs in the endeavor to secure the patient attention of the club, held that there ought to be more mutual admiration in that body. There should be more lectures delivered like the one we had listened to. The opening speaker had studied his subject long and well, and understood the significance of what he had said. The church was obtrusiv in its authority. That was what the lecturer had protested against, and that was the offensiv characteristic of ecclesiasticism against which Dr. Weeks would also continue to protest. There is a large amount of valuable timber in Dr. Weeks.

Madam Delescluze wished to defend St. Paul, and to apologize for that individual's practical non-advocacy of woman suffrage. Paul, she said, being a Roman, had the notions of the Roman fathers, and in Rome none of the women were allowed to make themselvs conspicuous except those of infamous character. That accounted for St. Paul's conservativ utterances on the woman question. She admitted that in the Dark Ages crimes had been committed in the name of the church. But in the nineteenth century, in this republic, and under the banner of civilization, crimes had also been committed in the name of liberty. "Why," she inquired, with an apparent inspiration, "why are not these crimes charged up against our century, against our civilization, and against liberty?" The audience was much impressed; and a nervous man, with his pockets full of some sort of incendiary documents which he was working off impartially upon all comers, and who had hitherto been laboring under a great depression of spirits, nearly expired in a paroxysm of applause. The speaker, however, calmly proceeded to state as her opinion that if Liberalism were to triumph the pope's head would be cut off and civilization would go down in blood and ashes. She then relapsed into silence.

Mr. Andrews hoped the audience would excuse him if he soared a little. The audience to all appearance assented, and he soared. It would not be safe to affirm that all his hearers followed him. Neither could it be successfully maintained that a few did not. There are some marvelous heads in the club, and some not as marvelous, and the latter could admire Mr. Andrews's power of ascending a chain of abstruse ideas even if they could not shin up after him. From a Universological aspect, Mr. Remsburg was a boy amusing himself with the playthings of youth. Within every human being there were the elements of love and justice. These were opposed to each other, eternally in conflict. Mr. Andrews challenged attention on this point, which, he believed, had never before been emphasized.

Mr. Cohen spoke vigorously, as he can always be depended upon to do. He supported Mr. Remsburg. The church must be held up in its true light in order that its dupes may know what kind of an institution they are supporting. If this was not done, how could we expect to ever liberate them? He had no apprehension as to what should be put in the place of the church. When the people are educated enough to leave the church they will then be sufficiently intelligent to know how to supply whatever of value there is in it. Mr. Cohen had noticed that while many had disagreed with Mr. Remsburg, all had discreetly refrained from attempting to answer him.

Mr. Putnam spoke of a recent official decision which had prevented a woman from obtaining a position to which she aspired, the refusal of her application being based on the fact that she was a woman, and on the alleged fact that this is a Christian country. This decision, the speaker said, was infamous. Mr. Putnam is a firm upholder of the rights of woman. Indeed, so gallant a gentleman as himself could not be otherwise. He would sooner see anarchy reign, and all legislation annulled, than allow a law to exist that compasses the liberty of any individual.

Mr. Remsburg's replies to his critics were appropriate and happy. In reference to Mrs. Sparks's denial that woman suffrage was in its infancy, he averred that in the eyes of the law anything was in its infancy until old enough to vote. Therefore, practically, woman suffrage was not of age. Madam Delescluze's affirmation that none but infamous women were allowed to lead public lives in Rome, Mr. Remsburg denied. If he had read history aright, women occupied a higher position in pagan Rome than Christian civilization had ever accorded them. The answer given by the speaker to the hackneyed question, "What will you giv us in the place of the church?" was most thorough and satisfactory. Said he, to illustrate, a thief breaks into your house to rob you. A policeman sees him and marches him off to justice; you thrust your head out of the window and shout, "What are you going to giv me in the place of that thief?" An offensiv carcass lies in the street before your residence; the health board remove it; you follow after them and interpose the query, "What will you giv me in the place of that carcass?" He saw a man lying in a dungeon clothed in rags, and on his person countless vermin crawled and fed. The walls are torn down, and the man is brought forth, bathed and clothed anew, and becomes a human being once more. The church is a dungeon. In it lies mankind garbed in the tatters of ecclesiasticism, and infested with parasites called priests. The walls should be torn down, the tatters and parasites removed, and mankind rehabilitated.

Mr. Remsburg left New York last Saturday for Boston, to speak before the New England Freethinkers' Convention. A list of his subsequent engagements will be found in another part of this paper.

The program of the Liberal Club for the month of February has not yet been printed. Reliance, however, can be placed upon the chairman's statement that it will be an attractiv one. On Washington's Birthday it is designed to hav a lecture on "Washington as a Liberal," and on the 29th a discourse by some lady upon "Leap Year."

An Open Letter.

To BROTHER W. F. JAMIESON: That's right! Giv it to Mr. E. C. Walker. Mistaken man, he thinks "moral reform" is to be effected by moral means. Poh! it will never do. We must pound reformation into mankind. If parents will plant hereditary desires for stimulants in their children, and then cultivate such desires with liquor-soaked pies, tarts, cakes, pickles, and brandy-drops, we must pound it out of them "with a rod." And if perchance their "total depravity" leads them, like hogs, to run in the opposit direction when we are trying to drive them; and they chance with all our beating to grow up unredeemed, we must continue the flagellations and brute force on the brutes, in the shape of fines, imprisonments, etc.; and whether this policy shall make them better or worse, we must continue it as the "God-ordained and sanctified means of salvation."

It was tried with great success, with the death penalty attached, some six thousand years ago, on a young couple engaged in gardening. It was "just the thing" when England's king tried it on Oliver Cromwell. It worked to a charm for the slave-power under the Fugitiv Slave law. It operated grandly for the temperance cause when, under the control of the "church of the living God," it has, in less than forty years, brought the cost of the consumption of alcoholic drinks in this nation from $800,000 down to $800,000,000. It has worked gloriously for Iowa, for we hav built five large distilleries in the last four years.

Yes, Brother Jamieson, pour out the vials of wrath upon every crazy fellow who would reform society by education, or an appeal to reason and judgment, and swing with giant hand the God-ordained club of salvation. "Spare the rod and spoil the child." "Thou shalt beat him with a rod; *so* shalt thou deliver his soul from hell." M. FARRINGTON.

Denver, Iowa, Jan. 20, 284.

Not Believing Things Unreasonable.

The pastor of our place, one week ago, to illustrate what he claimed to be the untenable and fallacious position of unbelievers, gave the following oft-repeated anecdote: A minister, while stopping at an inn, overheard a number of young men saying, in substance, that they would not believe anything they could not understand. After he had heard them through he told them that on his way to their place he saw several different animals, the hog, the goose, and the horse, all feeding on grass; that it grew bristles on the hog, feathers on the goose, and hair on the horse. Could they understand that?

First, the meaning of those who say they "will not believe anything they cannot understand" is purposely distorted and misinterpreted, for what they mean to convey is this: that they cannot believe anything unreasonable.

Secondly, the very fact that the different processes through which the grass went in the different animals, owing to their different constitutions, grew bristles on one, feathers on another, and hair on the other, is just why we cannot and do not believe things unreasonable. If a man should tell me that in California feathers grew on the horses and hair on the geese, I should say I did not believe it because it was not reasonable. And what I would mean by its not being reasonable would be that it was contrary to all experience and our knowledge of things. If we should see a skeleton of a horse or goose we would know with certainty, by a knowledge of things, which skeleton had hair for a covering, and which feathers.

If we sow wheat we know we will not harvest corn therefrom; and if people should tell us they planted potatoes in Colorado and raised beans from the seed we would deny it, because we know it an impossibility, from our knowledge of nature. We know nature's laws never vary. We know the same process produces the same results when all circumstances are alike. So when they ask us to believe that a whale swallowed Jonah, and that Jonah lived three days in the whale's belly, we say we do not believe it, because it is contrary to our knowledge and experience of things, and contrary to all the laws pertaining to animal life. We know that a man must hav air to breathe, or he dies. So when they ask us to believe that Samson caught four hundred foxes and tied their tails together, we say we cannot believe it, for by our knowledge of men we know he could not do it.

So when they ask us to believe that Christ raised Lazarus from the dead, killed a fig-tree by his word, or turned water into wine, we do not believe it, because it is contrary to the laws of nature, contrary to all knowledge of things, and therefore an impossibility. And so when they giv us the doctrin of the Christian Bible, man's creation, his fall, and plan of redemption, the characters of God and the devil, we say we do not believe it, as they are contrary to all our experiences and knowledge, all ideas of justice, honor, sympathy, and respect, and contrary to all nature's laws, and therefore cannot be true.

There are many things we know, and in a general way we understand them. In a general way, we understand how it is that matter will take a different form of covering upon different animals, because it goes through with a different process in their several constitutions. By one process a man makes sugar out of corn, by another alcohol, and by another oil. In a general way we understand how grass and grain grow, how fruit is the result of the life of the trees, etc. But as we do not really understand what life is, so we cannot understand the results of life, or rather the actions of life, in as definit and clear a manner as we understand that two is contained in twelve six times, because six times two are twelve. But we understand sufficient to know that when a person asserts a fact contrary to what we actually do know, it is false. We know that all truths must harmonize, and we know enough truths so that when a lie is told the jar it makes in coming in contact with these truths brands it as a falsehood. When they tell us Christ ascended up into heaven

flesh and blood, we know it is not so, because the law of gravitation would prevent it. In other words, it is contrary to all experience. Man can reason only from what he knows, and what does not agree with what he knows he calls unreasonable—or at least should. So when a man states that he cannot believe what he cannot understand, he means he cannot believe that which is contrary to all experience, as it is unreasonable.

Although such an anecdote is so glaringly ridiculous as to be an insult to intelligence, yet there are so many church-going people that never think for themselvs, and to whom such stories are weighty arguments, that I was constrained to pen these few thoughts.

FRANCIS M. BUCK.

Mr. Putnam's Book.

THE PROBLEM OF THE UNIVERSE, AND ITS SCIENTIFIC SOLUTION. By S. P. Putnam. Price, 25 cents.

I hav just read this interesting little work of Mr. Putnam, and find it is like all the other works of our author—plain, simple, and practical, as well as full of beautiful, symmetrical, scientific truths and facts. I don't see how anyone can read it and not fall in with the ideas therein expressed. I do not see that a better compliment can be given the work than to quote from itself—or one that will more plainly unfold the solution of the problem presented. He says: "Mind is not a substance; it is simply phenomena; it is a manifestation. We cannot make it identical with pure existence, for it has no independent life. We cannot conceive of it as existing in itself, while we can so conceive of matter. The exhibitions of mind as we know it are limited. They begin and they end. Matter exists throughout all space and time. It flashes in millions of stars. Motions come to the eye to-day that started on their course before humanity had a being. As science sweeps the eternal heavens, it continually discovers matter, but not mind; there is no evidence of what we call intelligence. There is simply orderly force, but orderly force is not mind—it is law. The existence of law does not indicate mind; law is not a thing; it is a mode, and this mode always has been, always will be. . . . As law never began, mind as a cause is superfluous, and therefore, to the eyes of science, there is no such thing. . . . Mind is not matter, however subtil and ethereal. Neither is it a property of matter, or quality, or attribute. Neither is it an entity or thing. It is simply a process. It is a movement, an activity. The soul of man is not a substance; it is action, action, action—wonderful, magnificent, far-reaching, piercing, and penetrating—but action, and nothing more."

There it is, my friends; all the problems of mind and matter solved in a few simple axiomatic sentences. Matter is all there is, and it is everlasting. Matter in motion is and does all that is. Mind, soul, and spirit are nothing but "orderly forces," laws of matter in motion. Whereon, then, is the theory of continued existence to base itself? What can our Spiritual friends bring us as proof that the dead liv again, when it is proved that mind or spirit is only a process, an activity? Will they "please rise and explain?" I do not see how theologian or Spiritualist can reconcile the facts of this simple essay with their ideas of life beyond the spheres.

Mr. Putnam thus continues: "This universe is not an iron universe. It is not a fixity, a foreordained affair. Its existence is necessary, I grant, but not the endless forms of its manifestations. This is a flowing universe. It is ever in motion. It is matter, and it is force; unchangeable in essence—never greater, never less, but millionfold in phenomenal procedure. . . . If we fly in the face of Nature, she is our enemy indeed, and builds an iron wall about us; but if we bend to the dictates of her eternal order, then that order becomes a mobil and wonderful force. It flashes into the steamship, the palace car, the electric flame, the sounding wave, and the earth becomes a beneficent mother, and we revel in her riches, and in the sweat of our face we win sovereignty even of the skies."

These few quotations will giv our readers an idea of the drift of the book, and, I trust, induce them to help giv to it a broad and wide circulation. Those who do not accept its conclusions will, by attempting to combat them, find out how impossible it is to go behind them. It seems to me that friend Putnam has gleaned all the philosophies, the sciences, and facts of the past and the present, and gathered therefrom the pure wheat and made of it the only bread of life that is perfect and complete—that will sustain man in the highest and strongest mental vigor.

He himself says: "This essay is the result of years of mental conflict. I hav tried both theology and metaphysics, and they hav turned to dust and ashes. They hav given me no solution of the universe, and hence no joy and no comfort. They are Dead Sea apples; they glisten only with poisonous enchantment; they lure, but they lure to death—to death of hope and death of human progress. Only without God is there liberty in the world."

As Bakounine nobly says, "If there was a God it would be necessary to abolish him. Indeed it would, for an infinit God is an infinit despot. An infinit good God would still be a tyrant and the foe to human freedom. In the hands of such a God we would be machinery only. The liberty of man demands the dethronement of deity."

Is not a book that abolishes gods and ghosts, and givs us science grounded on pure fact—science so simplified that even a child can comprehend it—one of the most valuable of acquisitions to our literature? Is not a man who writes such a book—a man who has given us "Gottlieb's Heaven," and "Prometheus," and "Golden Throne"—a better friend, a truer helper, a nobler savior, and wiser God than all those he is doing so much to abolish? To know how to liv our one life is the heart of all true knowledge.

"Yet not in indolence shall man advance,
But by his own endeavor, power, and glance;
By character, by labor's changeful zest,
By all his being struggling for the best;
And he shall work in sacrifice and love;
Like serpent wise, but harmless as the dove;
Seeking with skillful hands for all things good;
Yet not for self but for the multitude;
So shall the rich reward o'er-bloom the whole,
And every home be jeweled bountiful;
While each one shall be free in wise control,
The voice of all shall in one mandate roll,
Of noble government and serene desire.
—*Putnam's Prometheus.*

Jan. 12, 284. ELMINA.

The Loan Exhibition.

"Hav you posted up any on the question of opening the Bartholdi Loan Exhibition on Sunday?" asked the managing editor of the religious editor, who was examining a pimple on his chin at the sanctum looking-glass.

"I hav a vague impression that something ought to open some time," growled the religious editor, with a keen glance at the closet door. "In my judgment, everything should be open the year round."

"This Bartholdi matter is a pretty serious business," continued the managing editor, disregarding the pointed allusion to the demijohn. "It brings up the question as to what shall be done for the poor of refined tastes."

"It goes further than that," retorted the religious editor, scratching the pimple tenderly. "It brings up the question of Sunday, and threatens to break down all the religious notions of Sabbath desecration. The opening of that show will be followed by the opening of all the galleries and libraries, and that in turn by the establishment of Sunday amusements, until there will be a strong prospect of closing the churches."

"Think so?" asked the managing editor, turning his cigar in his mouth reflectivly. "Can't we take the ground that it will be well to unlock the doors on this particular occasion, and stop there? The money for that pedestal must be raised."

"But what doth it profit a nation if it gaineth a pedestal and loseth its grip on Christianity?" demanded the religious editor, surreptitiously trying on the managing editor's overshoes, to see if they would fit. "Yield to the Bartholdi movement, and you've got to giv way to the next man who gets up a side-show, until in time you will hav a circus in full blast. I don't see where you're going to stop it, unless you giv this loan exhibition a purely religious twist and show that Christianity demands it."

"Can we do that?" inquired the managing editor, doubtfully.

"Certainly. The general impression among Christians is that the French are pagans and given over to the devil. Now, if we come out and show that Bartholdi is a missionary and the exhibition is to raise funds to enable him to convert the French nation, the churches will snap at the bait, the doors will be open Sunday, the poor people will religiously stay away, thereby saving their imperishable souls, you hav accomplished all that is asked on both sides, and the paper becomes immensely popular."

"Prodigious head!" murmured the managing editor. "If I had your inventiv faculty I would start a patent office of my own. How do you catch it?"

"It burns considerable carbon," replied the religious editor, with an air of weariness, "and it wastes a great deal of mental tissue. You would scarcely think it," he continued, trying the knob of the closet door and turning away with a disappointed look. "You'd hardly believe it, but that little scheme, small as it appears, has entirely unnerved me. No man can stand up long against such a strain without extrinsic assistance."

"But won't the theaters and circuses come right in and claim that they want to convert some nation?" suggested the managing editor. "Now, I think of it, doesn't your first objection apply to your Bartholdi scheme?"

"What if they do?" grunted the religious editor. "That very claim will ruin the object, because you can't get the poor people into the missionary business, no matter what you do. The churches hav worked that lay until it is barren. The people shy at any suggestion of it. Put up anything you please as intended for the conversion of the heathen, and the public slide across the street and up the alley. I believe," continued the religious editor solemnly, "I believe if the bar-rooms offered free drinks on behalf of the foreign missions, it would break up the drinking of liquor outside the churches."

"I didn't know the missionary business was so unpopular," sighed the managing editor.

"It is. I'll bet a New Year's card that you can't start out to-day with a subscription to buy a new set of false teeth for the King of Siam and raise enough money to get your hair cut, between here and Calvary Cemetery. I tell you, the churches hav worked the good field dry. There hasn't been a thing patented or copyrighted in the past forty years that they haven't spread abroad among the suffering souls who know not the Word."

"Well, perhaps you had better take the view you suggested," said the managing editor. "It hadn't occurred to me, but I can't think of anything else."

"I've a little idea of my own that I can work in," said the religious editor with a grin. "I don't thing the heathen hav heard of it yet, and it will go a long way toward ameliorating their condition. Did you ever see a cork pulled with a jack-knife?"

"Without breaking the cork?" asked the managing editor.

"Doesn't break it as much as a cork-screw does. Bring out the demijohn and I'll show you the prettiest thing yet."

The managing editor developed the demijohn with alacrity.

"You see," continued the religious editor, opening his knife, "you run the blade down between the cork and the glass. Then you giv it a quarter turn to catch the cork, and jerk it—Hello! what the dev—! What's all this, anyway? Does any kind of ointment come with this to take the stain out of a man's breeches?"

"That's buttermilk," replied the managing editor, calmly. "I hav been advised to drink koumiss, but I find buttermilk cheaper. Try a little?"

"I don't think it will spoil his pants," said the city editor, who had been attracted by the noise the religious editor made in getting out of the office, and who had listened attentivly to the managing editor's explanation.

"I should be very sorry," returned the managing editor, regretfully, "because his scheme for drawing a cork was really a meritorious one. I will try it on the bottle of apple-jack to show you."

"Buttermilk!" hissed the religious editor between his teeth, as he started into the street. "Bartholdi and buttermilk! Let him go on with his editorial, and when he gets through let him add a paragraph, if he can, showing how the scheme is liable to raise any money for the pedestal! Buttermilk!"

And the last seen of the religious editor, he was trying to trade a couple of tickets to a church oyster-soup festival for a sleigh ride to the park.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

As to Faith and Churches.

From Truth.

Many of our contemporaries are widely excited over *Truth's* attitude on the Newton controversy.

One of them, the St. Louis *Chronicle*, even affects to fear that *Truth* is disposed to pull from under many millions of people the foundations of their faith.

As a matter of fact, we hav no such purpose.

As a matter of fact, the many millions hav very little faith to be pulled from under them.

Intelligent men and women cannot be induced at this late day in the world's history to accept the biblical stories of the creation, the deluge, the building of Babel, and the saliniferous qualities of Lot's wife.

How many men who hav taken the trouble to think about it at all believe in the miraculous birth of the child Jesus?

But, says our St. Louis contemporary, theology is outside of the province of the daily newspaper.

Why?

Churches are a greater burden upon the people than the tariff.

For every steeple that lifts its senseless spire to the skies hundreds of men, and women, and children are compelled to burrow in cellars, and die in wretched tenements.

Fat priests are fed by starving parishioners.

Ever preacher who utters wretched drivel in a splendid church on Sunday is supported at the expense of a toiling population.

The church is a severer drain upon the people than all other forms of taxation, and it is the cause of more actual misery in the world than hav been all the wars of all the ages.

Testimonial to Frances Wright.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Will you kindly copy into the columns of THE TRUTH SEEKER for preservation the following remarks concerning Frances Wright, which appeared in the Brooklyn *Eagle*, in answer to a correspondent? Probably no Liberal writer or speaker ever received more Christian abuse than this noble woman, and the qualified praise of the *Journal of Commerce* scarcely does justice to her great talents.

PETER ECKLER.

"Frances Wright d'Arusmont was born in Dundee, Scotland, September 6, 1795. She was married while on a visit to Paris in 1831 or 1832 to M. d'Arusmont, to whom she had one daughter. As to whether she was generally liked in her time it is quite probable she had enemies, but the *Journal of Commerce*, which was not regarded as friendly, made the following frank statement regarding her: 'Fanny Wright was the first female orator we hav ever heard. Her elocution was excellent, her gestures impressiv, her style perspicuous. She was the author of many Infidel works, republican essays, sketches of society and manners here and abroad, and a tragedy entitled "Altorf," which bears the unquestionable stamp of genius. She was a bold, independent, sincere, and highly-gifted but misguided woman. Had she been trained in a better school her name would hav gone to posterity side by side with that of Maria Edgeworth or Joanna Baillie. In point of intellect she was very far the superior of Harriet Martineau.' She died in Cincinnati, Tuesday, December 14, 1852."

An Appeal to the Friends of 284.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* As a very prominent Liberal has written me that he will do more for the new calendar after there shall be a better agreement concerning its title, and as the name I gave it at the time I instituted this reform, viz., Year of Science, or *Anno Scientiæ*, as it is in Latin, is of necessity the only *real* title it can ever hav, I therefore ask all friends of this progressiv step to so call it, and thereby obviate all difficulty on that score in regard to the new dating.

Very truly yours, GEO. N. HILL.

Boston, Mass, Jan. 15, A.S. 284.

A Test of Prayer.

Four vessels, all prepared to sail,
Are waiting for a lucky gale.
One is bound north, and one bound east,
Another south, another west.
The captains on their bended knees
In earnest pray for a fair breeze.
If each gets that for which he prays
The wind must blow four different ways.

Stamford, Conn. JOSEPH DICKSON.

Mr. Cridge Still in the Land of the Living.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Alfred Cridge, the father of Alfred Denton Cridge, still livs. Not many weeks ago I received his card and several newspaper articles. He is at Stockton, Cal., and writes for the *Daily Morning Herald.*

W. H. B.

"THE Truth Seeker Annual and Freethinkers' Almanac" is out. 25 cents.

Communications.

Science in the Serpent's Coils.

Knowledge, which should grasp, direct, and control, surrenders its best and main points to the triumph of gross selfishness and ignoble power, and only maintains a hopefully prospectiv success. After all the research and assertion respecting this motley conflict affecting the world, the most common, most dreaded contest is that with the nineteenth century myth, Mistress Grundy. That gossip sprite is the glamour of petty, ephemeral fame which has no basis in merit. Ever cheating, ever beguiling, it is sustained by pretension and ceaseless vigilance of greed for gain, regardless of its source, incurred privation, and all consequences. She is begotten of the gizzard of mastery, born of prurient pride and vanity, nursed in slavish usages, and wedded to all tyrannies. The mythic tyrant was given feminin title that the odium of her senselessness might fall, with other oppressiv burdens, on the subject caste. Ruling institutions hav been masculin dominations since time has preserved records, and oppression and suffering hav ruffled the ceaseless disorder. At least twenty centuries hav groped under them, including a long period called Dark Ages, in which persecution unto death stifled the struggle for light. Martyrdom was the price of free thought and honest speech. The rest of the ages endured a large degree of the cruelty; the present age, far from being exempt, reels in discord, suffers under violation of high trust, and the author of literature which would teach woman such care of herself as would prevent her slavery to social masters, is imperilled in person and property. The era of man is but prefigured—it cannot dawn till both sexes are freer than one now is and science is above false courts. Wrongs and many sorts of compulsion abound, holding the weak-minded on a system of designing racks, and few are strong enough to declare real causes of basic hindrances to happy peoples and periods. This age wrongs itself as no other has by abused opportunities and ignored knowledge.

Finally, enough truth in several departments of nature is tested and acknowledged to admit of the proud title, Science. Humane minds, deploring fraud and folly where only firm integrity insures from lapse and invasion, and believing the adoption of scientific life the only remedy, appeal in their large impatience to professed sources of knowledge in physiology, hygiene, and ethics. They want, and know the weak masses need, assurance, public sustainment, and fearless example in a life of right uses, and of resistance to crowding abuses, rushed by monopolies and defended by the mythic genius of scandal. The two words *popular* and *respectable* hav passed pure limits and are presented to the vice-agency; long misuse makes them odious in the true sense and spirit of growing liberty and of worthy honor.

It is apparent that the most needed of lacking things cannot be gained till labored for by the feminin half of humanity—things over which the Grundy tyrant specially displays a lash of sneers. Powers producing false usages purposely intend them to foster timidity and crush woman's selfhood; hence, men seeking open fields of study, art, enterprise, should know they do not open for one sex alone, and should encourage women to energize their powers and advance with them.

In nature's order motherhood is endowed with developing forces proportioned to its vigor—with ability to transmit traits, tendencies to truth or falseness, proportioned to its qualities and culture. Fatherhood is similarly endowed, but in a degree not as well understood. Well-poised, honest children and just institutions cannot exist till free and healthy parents produce sound offspring, that, wisely reared to true men and women, may be qualified to construct and sustain an invincible democracy. Yet, with much light gleaming on men's purblind inheritance, they essay to revise the interpolated structure of state that leaned, one-sexed, toward flattering and threatening tyrannies a hundred years; and seem not to know women necessarily co-act through various conditions, whether willed or not; and when not allowed to rightly assist, influences naturally tend to defeat. Justice elements rejected in part leave the whole fabric faulty.

Women's present diseases and universal debility, their slavish stupor concerning derangements, show how they hav been perverting life through depleted progeny and depraved men, for the last carelessly conducted seventy years, now marked by usurpations, robberies, and frauds innumerable. Amid the scramble for vain show on one hand and artful ambition on the other, many signs of grave and great dangers long since appeared. These should be recorded as future warnings, and the worst features of degeneracy should receive attention from first efforts. Diseased and ill-conditioned propagation has received notice and some notes from physicians of both sexes, and other people begin to discuss hereditary law in the light of safety for any desirable acquisition. If they were imbued with ardor likely to diffuse a common zeal, the cause would appear hopeful; but mother-fear seems manifest. They proceed so far as to name the disease, the cowardice, and the dark cause, deathly fashion; then, as if the Grundy myth were glaring round, the club adjourns, and no valorous soul proposes rebellion against the greatest life-corrupter of modern, perhaps of ancient, eras. Women somewhat informed prefer scorning themselvs in the capacity of becoming body advertisers of fancy finery, stimulators of passions and appetites crude ages transmit, to being scorned by the popular myth, which fact should be reversed by the rising of latent principle long kept dozing on the poppy couch of sinister praise and sickly hopes of some soothing affection. The blighting mania for wanton prettiness that panders to foppish fancies has wrecked young hopes too long, and good men's advice to women is the best incentiv to enable them to choose a useful and dutiful course.

In view of the safety of all that is worthful—of the craved equality and the securing of liberty—of mental and moral excellence with their superior joys, shall not such kindly encouragement help to firmly inaugurate the cause of causes, physical culture for women? Awake to action the principle of right in women, and, rising to noble purposes, they will inspire men purely. Mental evolution awaits this revolutionary work; so does ethical, social, and civil. Women of other nations watch and wait our success, as do other governments for a stable, just republic. Patriotism in Eastern dungeons echoes the plaints in ours, and suffering innocence watches with strained eyes for decisiv Western action at the bottom of disturbing causes. To these none need be blind. Past ambition, force, and submission, a little modified in the present, flooded with excess and vanity, infilled with consequent disease, vice, and fraud, then garnished with hypocrisy, in brief explain and describe the debasing and opposing causes of our dangers.

The world had abundance of evils, great and small, before fashion's torturing destroyers were invented; but these originated new series, and hav produced a hitherto unknown phenomenon—a nation of invalids. The first compression of ribs, displacing inner organs, is related to consumption and nervous agony, as the dime swindler is to the billionaire; and these derangements are related to crime, lunacy, and conspiracy, as Sunday bells are to cathedrals and popes; as dollar ballots are to perjured senates and parliaments, irresponsible courts and judges. Beginnings are pedestals and feet, upholding and extending. To displace the foul source of our demoralization by reforming abnormal habits of women, and through that process rectifying the cowardice, excess, cant, and grasp of men, is commencing at the lowest root it is possible to reach; and eradication will naturally proceed as stimulants, drugs and cosmetics, corsets, bustles, and tramels, disappear, and human figures in free exercise imbibe vigor and renew conditions. Since general health, rectitude of character, and peaceful society cannot be obtained by other means, what but stupidity or wilful wrong can put farther away the vital reformation?

Let it not be forgotten that redemption cannot be wrought by correct diet without combining hygienic clothing. Nutrition is vitiated ere it can be assimilated, under pressure and in juices poisoned by limited action of circulatory processes, displacements, irritations, and unequal distribution of blood and warmth. The whole human machinery calls for full natural opportunities for efficient action, and promises no blessings, nor even compensation, with deprived capacity. Ease in exercise and relief in repose are requisits of the power and harmony of all functions. To this recognition conviction has advanced in the last decade.

Thousands of woman are anxious for due encouragement from scientific quarters and public teachers. Such assurance is also needed by husbands, brothers, and fathers; for home opposition needs culture when transition takes discreet degrees. Sanitary usages are the next innovations for weakness to sigh over and wickedness to waste invectiv upon. Both will be readily quieted when signs of true life show dissent is futil. Will institutes called Liberal, clubs progressiv, professors free, journals radical, men true, and women brave speak frankly on this theme—answer the people's cry, What can we do? and giv wholesome cheer at this point of the crisis? Or will pressing coils of sect and caste cobras, and financial boas, suffocate courage till the sole influencing agency is the myth of the century? MARY E. TILLOTSON.

Public Schools.

The Rev. Father Gleeson, of San Francisco is reported in the *Catholic Citizen* to have spoken as follows:

"The public school system has lost to the Catholic Church 180,000,000 of souls! . . . A large majority of Catholic children educated in the public schools hav drifted into indifferentism, if not into Infidelity, and that is what they desire. Those Catholics, then, with this knowledge staring them full in the face, who send their children to the public schools, with their own good schools at their doors, are traitors to their church and a dishonor to the faith which they profess. . . We hav Catholics now-a-days who are ever trying to pare down the objectionable points of our faith. They love to be called Liberal Catholics; they are forever trying to explain away what non-Catholics most object to. Theoretically speaking, they believe in miracles, but shrug their shoulders when you ask them to believe the miracle of Lourdes. Veneration of relics, the doctrin of indulgences, and of purgatory they rarely alude to. They never want to hear a sermon on exclusiv salvation. They would not be seen wearing a scapular, and don't know how to say the beads. They hav no devotion to the saints, and don't care to know even the meaning of devotion to the Sacred Heart. If the pope sounds a note of warning to any people, they say he is meddling in politics. If the archbishop disapproves of a society, or condemns an abuse, those very Liberal Catholics shake their very Liberal heads, and say they don't see anything wrong in it. The church is not progressiv enough for them."

If this be true, it furnishes the strongest possible argument in favor of our public schools.

The Vice Society.

The appended note of invitation was recently received at THE TRUTH SEEKER office:

150 NASSAU ST., NEW YORK, Jan. 18, 1884.

DEAR SIR: Inclosed please find tickets of admission to the 10th Anniversary of this Society.

The report of the past year, with the address and a synopsis of the great work accomplished during the past ten years, will, we believe, impress you with its important bearing upon public morals, and your personal presence will encourage us in our arduous struggle for the moral purity of the young.

After these years of faithful service in the cause of public morals, we feel we hav the right to ask and look for the hearty co-operation of every good citizen.

Please hand extra tickets to your friends. On behalf of the Society. Very truly yours, SAMUEL COLGATE, Pres.,
ANTHONY COMSTOCK, Sec'y.

The society on behalf of which this invitation was made is the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice. Upon the paper on which the document is printed is a list of the board of managers of the concern, and the seal of the society. This latter represents a stern-faced policeman clubbing a hand-cuffed culprit into a dungeon cell, on the one side, and a gentleman in a plug hat burning a quantity of books on the other. From the expression of holy horror on the countenance of the man who is burning the books, they are evidently obscene. All of which was accompanied with a ticket of admission, dated Tuesday evening, Jan. 23, 1884.

Taking all the available moral encouragement that was lying loose around the office on the date in question, together with a Christian young man connected with the establishment, a representativ of THE TRUTH SEEKER sought the hall of the society, which is in the Young Men's Christian Association building. The visitors were halted at the door, the man who took the tickets explaining, "The minister's prayin'." The men from THE TRUTH SEEKER office waited, but Mr. Henry Bergh, who came along at the same time, passed in and sat down. The prayer, offered up by Dr. Deems, endured some ten minutes, and then the visitors were admitted. Some three or four hundred men were in the hall. On the stage, seated in a semicircle, after the fashion of the minstrels, were Morris. K. Jessup, William E. Dodge, the Rev. Dr. Buckley, editor of the *Advocate;* the Rev. Dr. Roswell D. Hitchcock, the Rev. Dr. Roderick Terry, and Anthony Comstock. These were soon re-enforced by Mr. Bergh. President Colgate, whose name may be found stamped on innumerable pieces of soap throughout the country, presided and introduced the treasurer, Mr. Kiliaen Van Renssalaer, who read his report. Mr. Van Renssalaer is what Josh Whitcomb would call "wobble-jawed," and read as though holding something hot in his mouth. The society had expended about $9,000 the past year, and there was a deficiency in the treasury of $374.43. All of which was respectfully submitted.

Anthony Comstock was next presented. Mr. Comstock is growing fat and baldheaded. The outline of his face is midway between that of a bulldog and a jackass. He had a report to read. This he delivered with such energy as to lose his place several times, violating the rules of grammar with a wild freedom that must hav been painful to the educated persons behind, as it was ludicrous to those before him. In the year 1883, he stated, 128 arrests had been made by himself and assistants. Of these 125 resulted in conviction. The aggregate of the sentences which might hav been inflicted was something like 150 years. Instead of that, however, the sentences which had been imposed aggregated only 4 years. This caused Mr. Comstock considerable grief. Wicked men known as Infidels and so-called Liberals had attempted to persecute "your secretary." They had even tried to get the laws repealed under which he operated. It was further divulged by the speaker that bribes had been offered him if he would let up on certain parties. This, however, he had heroically refrained from doing, though sums as high as $20,000 were tendered. "Your secretary" is obviously of the notion that if a person is going to tell a lie, he may as well tell a big one. In one breath Mr. Comstock stated that vice was decreasing, and in the next presented the fact that more arrests had been made in 1883 than in any previous year. There is a contradiction here which none of the speakers endeavored to explain. The one, however, was evidently designed to show the usefulness of the society in the past, and the other the necessity of supporting it in the future. In all the results that had been achieved, the secretary thought he perceived the footprints of

an almighty hand, and he could exclaim in the language of scripture, "What hath God wrought!"

President Colgate brought up the financial necessities of the society. He said that the salary paid Comstock was $4,000 per year. This was none too much, as he had to take his life with him. The Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley followed the soap man. Mr. Buckley is not the sort of man one would suppose him to be from reading the paper of which he is the editor; for whereas the *Advocate* is generally little more than a petrifaction of ancient stupidity, the reverend doctor himself is tolerably modern. Like the secretary of the society, he is bald above the ears. The top of his head, moreover, is as flat as the bottom of a bucket. He alluded facetiously to the scar on Comstock's face, told laughable and racy anecdotes, and related some alleged facts in regard to the effects of immoral literature that were shocking in the extreme. Within the last year three ministers had been hurled from the high position they held on account of the commission of crimes which could not be mentioned. Words which are usually spoken in a whisper Dr. Buckley rattled off with a glibness that must hav added to the horror in which they are held by the society. Before closing, the speaker suggested a collection. This was to all appearances spontaneous, but the alacrity with which several young men carrying baskets distributed themselvs among the audience suggested that it was a preconcerted arrangement. Dr. Buckley contributed $10, and urged his hearers to remember the society in their wills. He would remember it in his will only for the fact that he belonged to a profession, that of an editor, which never by legitimate means accumulated any property. Perhaps the money obtained by speculation in mining stocks Mr. Buckley does not regard as legitimately accumulated.

The Rev. Dr. Terry, a lusty-looking person, well-fed and well dressed, made a brief and innocuous speech mainly in words of one syllable. He knew a man who saw a vile picture when only fourteen years old, and who did not recover from the shock until he was thirty-five. The audience were discouragingly silent during the continuance of Dr. Terry's remarks, and no applause greeted his closing appeals. The eloquence of Dr. Buckley had exhausted their enthusiasm, and the collection had had a depressing effect. The members of the society were requested to remain when the visitors had departed. What was done thereafter is unknown. The surmise is that Comstock opened his celebrated gripsack and displayed the collection of rare pictures which he is known to possess. Having looked at these, the members would, for prudential reasons, voluntarily resign their money to the possession of the treasurer before exposing themselvs to the temptations of the street. As for Comstock, he will go on in the great work of seizing tons of that sort of literature, which, if we take his word for it, his society has practically suppressed.

Philosophy on the Half-Shell; or, Ethics of '83.

VIVISECTION.—ELLIOTT PRESTON TO E. B. FOOTE, JR.

Sir: Permit me to thank you for calling attention, through the columns of THE TRUTH SEEKER (Jan. 12, 1884), to the essay upon vivisection which I published in that journal's issue of Dec. 29, 1883.

All that is necessary is that some one should "set the ball rolling," get the public interested in the matter, and thus bring before them, in its full measure of atrocity, this terrible subject; and this, not because they will take pleasure in hearing of it (until their sympathies become enlisted), but for the sake of justice and of humanity.

I do not, my dear sir, intend in any way to imply that you speak otherwise than as you believe in your criticism of my article, which now lies before me, but I do say, and that most emphatically, that if you are honest in the expression of your views on this subject you are wofully ignorant of its atrocities.

You speak of "straining at gnats and swallowing camels." This remark reminds me of the poor, ignorant vivisector who was filled with innocent wonderment that any reasonable being should object to a vivisector "scratching a newt's tail."

Let us see if vivisectors stop at the "scratching of newt's tails."

I quote from the lecture upon vivisection delivered by Mr. Henry Bergh before the New York legislature. The extract describes the vivisection of horses. Quoting from Mr. Murdock, "a most conscientious and able veterinary surgeon," he (Mr. Bergh) says:

"Here lay six or seven horses, fixed by every mechanical device, by the head and feet, to these pillars, on which the students were engaged in performing different operations.

"The sight was truly horrible!

"The operations had begun early in the forenoon, it now being three o'clock in the afternoon, when we entered the place, so that the poor wretches had ceased being able to make any violent struggles; but the deep heaving of the panting chest, and horrid look of the eyes, where such were yet left in the head—the head itself being lashed to the pillar—was harrowing beyond endurance.

"The students had begun their day's work in the least vital parts of the animals; the trunks were there, but they had lost their tails, hoofs, and ears, etc., and the operators were now engaged in the more important operations, such as tying the arteries, trepanning the cranium, cutting down upon the sensitiv parts, as we were informed, on expressing our horror, that they might see the retraction of the muscles by pinching and irritating the various nerves!

"One animal had the side of the head, including the eye and ear, completely dissected, and other students were laying open and cauterizing the back of the same animal.

"A little bay mare, worn out in the service of man, one of eight, on a certain operation day, having unfortunately retained life throughout the fiendish ordeal, and looking like nothing ever made by the hand of God, with loins ripped open, skin torn and plowed by red-hot irons, riddled by setons, tendons severed, hoofless, sightless, and defenseless, was exultingly reared on her bleeding feet, just when gasping for death, and dying, to show what dexterity had done in completing its work before death took place!"

Here I close the extract. Now, Mr. Foote, how many thousand or hundred thousand slaughtered animals would be required to supply a sum of agony sufficient to counterpoise that of this one poor little bay mare? I deprecate, in the strongest terms, all cruelty in the slaughtering of animals for food, since it is an operation which could be easily accomplished absolutely without suffering (by an electric shock, for example); but to compare the pain of slaughtering to that of vivisecting is like comparing a single grain of sand to the mighty desert.

This is a subject the facts of which I chance to know something about, and I absolutely deny that any discoveries of great value to mankind hav been made through the aid of vivisection. Such statements are the veriest "poppy-cock," and hav been exploded, again and again, by the disciples of true science, as opposed by those of *pseudo* science.

"Harvey, and the circulation of the blood," "Hunter and the stag," etc., are about used up, as part and parcel of the stock in trade of the medical fraternity, kept to be used as ramparts in their crusade against the friends of humanity.

Do I understand you, sir, to countenance the law (in practice) of "let the strongest liv, and the weakest die," which you quote in your criticism? If so, I disagree, absolutely and entirely, from you. Such is, indeed, the cruel law of nature, and goes far toward making this world the hell it is to so many myriads of earth's creatures; but, for myself, I will fight "to the last ditch," to protect the weak and oppressed against the powerful and the oppressor.

ELLIOTT PRESTON.

An Incident in Paine's Life.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* As the friends of humanity and equal rights propose to celebrate the anniversary of the birth of Thomas Paine, I feel as though a word from an old man of 84 years might be of some interest to those who, like ~~myself, honor the name of Thomas Paine, a man~~ whose whole life was spent in doing good to and for his fellow-man. No man on earth was more unselfish or made greater sacrifices for the freedom of his race than he.

I was brought up on a farm five miles east of Lancaster, Pa. Henry Martin, an old Revolutionary soldier, who enlisted and served through the war, joined farms with us. He was in camp at Valley Forge during that awful winter, when in the darkest hour of the nation's existence, starvation and want of clothing made the situation horrible in the extreme, and few there were who were not ready to desert.

One day a council was held, when a resolution was passed to leave the camp in a body and go out among the farmers of Chester, Montgomery, and Lancaster counties to seek shelter, clothing, and food. When they were about to start, a soldier who had been on picket duty came running through the knee-deep snow and announced the approach of three four-horse teams. All were on the look-out, when a small man was seen making his way on foot through the snow, ahead of the teams and wagons. Notice was given to the officers—who occupied the old stone house in which I hav been living for more than sixty years—of the approach of the teams and little man. All the camp were on the look-out, when the little man said: "Come on, my friends; we hav in yonder wagons clothing, provisions, blankets, and boots and shoes for you."

"Every heart," said Henry Martin, "leaped with joy."

This little man was Thomas Paine. He had gone around and begged anything the citizens and farmers of Philadelphia and vicinity could giv, and bought with his own money flour, meat, etc., and left Philadelphia at 2 o'clock in the morning, and traveled, as the road then ran, twenty-eight miles to Valley Forge. He with his own hands handed out boots, shoes, stockings, mittens, and clothes.

Martin said Paine would cheer them to persevere. "You will," said Paine, "be victorious. Only keep together, and do your duty." "Those three wagon-loads," said Martin, "made us comfortable, and our resolution was rescinded at once. Paine came on foot two weeks afterward with all the papers and books he could carry. No man," continued Martin, "was so beloved in the army as Thomas Paine. He brought to us during that winter loads of luxuries such as we could not get, and when any one of us was sick he would sit by and cheer us. All the soldiers were rejoiced to meet him."

William Kirk, with whom I lived, asked Martin one day if Paine ever carried whisky to the soldiers at Valley Forge. "No," said Martin; "he always would say, when asked to bring us liquor, 'My friends, it is very hard to get you clothes and such food as you ought to hav and cannot do without; but you can get along better without liquor."

Henry Martin was the soldier that climbed into a cherry-tree on the night after the army retreated from Chadsford on the Brandywine and during the massacre by the British. Martin was thus saved. I last saw that cherry-tree fifty years ago.

Martin could never bear to hear a word spoken against Thomas Paine. He often spoke of the great friendship that existed between Paine and Washington and Lafayette, and all the officers of the army. He said Paine at one time got the Quaker girls to form sewing and knitting socials, and in two or three weeks he brought socks, mittens, neckerchiefs, and lots of cakes, boiled hams, pies, etc.—enough for a feast for the whole army. Such acts of kindness and his devotion to the rights of man were evidence of an honest man and a friend to humanity.

When Elias and Willett Hicks called to see him on the day he died, Elias said: "Thomas, had thee not better say that thee might hav been mistaken in thy opinion as to the divinity of Jesus, and by this retraction disarm thy enemies who may slander thy character?" He extended his hand, and said: "Dear friends, I hav nothing to retract. I hav endeavored to do my duty to humanity and my adopted country."

Willett Hicks told this in my hearing in 1831 in Philadelphia. It is a lamentable fact that such a spirit of slander should exist in the orthodox church against Thomas Paine, after a life so devoted to humanity as his. I am glad that the world is waking to its duty to the memory of Thomas Paine.

Battle Creek, January 20th. H. WILLIS.

Elder Willard.

The manner of disposal of Elder Willard's claim, as recited in the following, is respectfully recommended to those senators and congressmen who are considering our army chaplains' back salary grab.

The petition of Elder Willard to the County Board explains itself:

To the Hon. Board of Supervisors of Dodge County:

The undersigned would most respectfully represent that he was elected and acted as County Chaplain for the said County of Dodge for the years 1873 to 1878 inclusiv, and has never received any compensation therefor, although the claim has been repeatedly before the board, and as repeatedly rejected. I claim there is justly due me $10,000, $5,000 for the yearly salary, and $5,000 as accumulated interest; and firmly believing that the present Board will do even and exact justice by your petitioner at this time, I present the above claim, and would refer the Hon. Board, for confirmation of the said claim, to the Hon. Judges Sloan, Lamoreux, and Lewis, and the chairman of the Committee on Roads and Bridges.

All of which is piously and prayerfully submitted.

ELDER WILLARD,
Pastor of the First Broad Gauge church.

At the elder's request the petition was referred to the Committee on Equalization, who made the following report:

To the Honorable Board of Supervisors of Dodge County:

Your committee on Equalization, to whom was referred the petition of "Elder" Willard, in respect to back pay as chaplain of this county, having thoroughly examined the subject matter of said petition, and after due deliberation, long consultation, and mature reflection, respectfully submit the following report:

While we are not insensible to the earnest efforts and continuous labors of our esteemed brother in our behalf, etc., we feel that his influence has not been successful in so far winning us from the ways of the world as to prevent us from using the greater part of our substance in supplying our temporal, physical, and *spiritual* wants, which condition of things leaves us with no means wherewith to either open a spiritual "jack pot" or "smear" the track of our reverend friend to "kingdom come," where assignments are few, and County Boards fewer. Yet being aware that our brother's perfect faith in a blessed immortality in the "Sweet By and By," is of far more value to him than any amount of sordid gold, or filthy lucre, and knowing that he will remember the example of that Truly Good One who admonished his followers to giv all to the Poor Committee, and follow him with a dude cane and little bag, and offer to a fallen world a salvation free as a bridge appropriation, and priceless as the columns of a ring newspaper, and as we desire to render him all the aid within our power, to render his eternal happiness secure, we offer the following resolution:

Resolved, That an order be drawn on St. Peter, payable *on sight* at the box office of the New Jerusalem, in favor of Elder Willard, for the sum of $10,000, in the circulating medium of that locality, to be drawn from any funds not otherwise appropriated; it being understood that such order be not transferable, nor shall it subject the drawer to payment of exchange.

J. A. BARNEY,
H. C. J. ENGELBRACHT,
WM. JECHE,
SOLOMON RUDOLF,
GEO. W. MORSE,
C. T. MOUL,
ERNEST DOWE,
ANDREW WILLARD.
} Committee.

Touching remarks were made in support of the report by Judges Sloan and Lewis, laymen of the elder's church, and it was adopted. They doubted their ability to ever be able to collect the money for the elder, but he was so pleased with the Board's good intentions that he was willing to accept the order, take his chances, and giv a receipt in full for his claim, and offered the following resolution, which was also adopted:

Resolved, That the chairman of this Board cause to be published, at his own expense, the petition and claim of Elder Willard and the report thereon in the Beaver Dam *Argus*, a religious newspaper published at Beaver Dam.

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Is Bishop Potter Also a Heretic?

The rage of the clergy over Heber Newton's heresy has not yet subsided. A healthy portion of it, however, is being transferred to the assistant bishop, not for his letter silencing Mr. Newton, but for his remissness in not dragging that individual before an ecclesiastical court for trial. It appears that the senior bishop of the diocese, Mr. Horatio Potter, has given the assistant bishop, Mr. Henry Potter, an ecclesiastical power of attorney to bind and loose, save or damn, and do in all things with the sheep and shepherd as the senior bishop himself would do were he not too old. And it is for failing to unfrock Mr. Newton that the pious are wroth with him.

One irate doctor of divinity charges that the assistant bishop is dodging the issue. When Mr. Potter wrote to Mr. Newton beseeching him to desist from promulgating his heresy, it is claimed he had the power to order the disturber of the faithful from the pulpit.

Another eminent D.D. said that among the papers handed over with the ecclesiastical power of attorney to the new bishop by the old bishop was the presentment of Mr. Newton for heresy. With him alone rests the responsibility of continuing the traitor to Christ in the pulpit.

Nicholas Quackenbos, a lawyer who has figured prominently among the clergy and laity who for nearly a year hav vigorously denounced the Rev. R. Heber Newton as a heretic, said that he and the gentlemen associated with him were not disposed to retreat one inch from the stand they hav taken in regard to Mr. Newton, namely, that the gentleman must either recant or leave the church whose doctrins he has impeached.

"Assistant Bishop Potter, however, is in no sense able," he said, "to comprehend his duty in the premises. One thing is certain, the power to disciplin a rebellious priest rests somewhere in the diocese, and it has always been considered the prerogativ of the bishops to exercise this authority. The gentlemen who are alive to the necessity of settling the question whether Mr. Newton shall continue to preach doctrins subversiv to the tenets of all religion, and do this as a clergyman of the Episcopal church, or whether he shall be deposed from his priesthood, concluded to settle the question of Dr. Potter's powers. With this object in view, and desiring to put the assistant bishop in a stable position, Stephen P. Nash, a member of the standing committee, and a lawyer than whom there is none better versed in the modes of ecclesiastical procedure, drew up an assignment of the bishop's powers in favor of his assistant. Bishop Potter executed this instrument in December, and it has been in the possession of the assistant bishop ever since. It is due to that gentleman to say that he does not consider even this document strong enough to warrant him in suspending Mr. Newton. It is hard to believe, though, that Mr. Nash, knowing the purpose for which the instrument was intended, failed to make it perfect. Men like the Rev. Drs. Morgan, McKim, Decosta, and Houghton, and Prof. Buell, of the theological seminary, are entitled to some consideration," continued Mr. Quackenbos. "All unite in denouncing Mr. Newton's teachings as heretical, and yet, with the issue fairly joined and the presentment made, excessiv ecclesiastical red-tape appears at every point, and meanwhile Mr. Newton stands before the world an accredited minister, and to all outward appearances indorsed by the church whose very foundations he is undermining. The case must come to a trial. It is a false shame which prevents Episcopalians from engaging in a trial because it may cause scandal. A public trial, followed by the deposition of R. Heber Newton, will not stir up one-hundredth part of the scandal sown by one of his sermons. He has attacked the dogmas of the church, and if he desires to continue the warfare let him do it outside the Episcopal church, and not expose us all to contempt. He will without doubt contest the charges by using every technicality, but a judicial proceeding can end but with one result—his expulsion. He has delayed the day of accounting for a long time, and has been ably seconded by many friends among his clerical brethren in staving off the trial; but now there is no retreat—R. Heber Newton must be adjudged heretical in his teachings or the church must revise the Thirty-Nine Articles and the creed; and, to quote Hamlet, 'I'll fight with him upon this theme until my eylids can no longer wag.'"

So it appears that Mr. Newton is only scotched, not slain—silenced but not suspended—under bonds but out on bail. Alas and alack! poor church! poor bishop! poor preacher! They all deserve the sympathy of a laughing world.

But did it never occur to the Christian brethren who are thirsting for the preacher's blood, and upbraiding the bishop for not shedding it, that perhaps Potter believes Newton to be right about the mythical and legendary character of the Old Testament?

The Plymouth Thermometer.

Mr. Beecher preached last Sunday a notable sermon. It partook more or less of the nature of a confession. He has been for thirty years a successful theological trimmer, seeing the truth, but afraid to speak it for fear of the effect upon his congregation and the world. "I take it for granted," he said, "that if I had preached thirty years ago what I preach now, it would hav been the greatest mischief to you—if you had believed it; but for thirty years I hav been cautious; I hav held back. When I think a thing to be true, and hav proved it true, God has given me the courage of explicitness, and of thunder, if need be, to enunciate it." There is much in Mr. Beecher's character that we can admire, but this insincerity is not to his credit, and his congregation must, after this laying bare of his heart, hav their doubts increased. How do they know that his fervid panegyrics of God are not a varnished veneering to conceal his doubts of the existence of that "person?" It may be that Mr. Beecher intends this; but how can they or anyone else be sure of what he means?

Mr. Beecher is in perfect sympathy, he assured his hearers, with what is called the school of advanced thought; for twenty years he has undergone a gradual change in his opinions upon the structure of the Old Testament, which he has corroborated year after year by investigation, so that he has long been prepared to accept the new light that has been let in upon the dogmas of verbal and plenary inspiration—yet after this he thinks "every minister of the gospel should be cautious and careful."

This is the coward's cry. It has been howled in our ears alike by orthodox Christians and conservativ Liberals. "Don't uproot faith in the supernatural, for the consequences may be disastrous." "If people are so bad with religion, what will they not be and do without it?" We hav no patience with such sophistry. If a spade is a spade, call it a spade, and not a shovel. No amount of "caution" and "carefulness" can convert black into white. If Genesis is a legend, say so. If robbing anyone of the belief in miracles causes him to rob his neighbor of his money, shut him up. To all the claptrap of cautious theologians and public teachers Mr. Beecher has himself formulated the unanswerable reply, "Liberty corrects its own mistakes." Believing this, we cannot see why the Brooklyn teacher should in the past hav been so cautious.

Continuing his confession, Mr. Beecher said:

"I must add one thing. The pulpit has no longer that absolute jurisdiction in morals and religion which it once had. A thousand books are doing that which the church ought to hav done. A thoasand able men—scientific—are doing that which if the church won't do will be done for it. Young men read Huxley and Tyndall and Spencer and the rest. If you won't help them they will help themselvs, and if our Sunday-schools go on printing books that are built on the plan of five hundred years ago, and will not explain the truth to our young people, they will grow up outside of the church, and from the outside light be enabled to see that they hav been uninstructed in the church. Then they will become Infidels."

Mr. Beecher has been happily likened to a thermomometer. The theological atmosphere has great effect upon him. His altitude is the altitude of Protestant Christianity. If this be so, the church is in a sorry plight. Seeing the truth, it dare not affirm it, and yet it asks to be accepted as a moral guide. Out upon such whiffling! Either the Bible is a supernatural production or it is the writings of men. Which is it? Let us hav some explicit opinion at last from the pulpit of Plymouth church.

Mr. Beecher said that "the Old Testament has got a great deal of straw upon which the wheat grew. Don't think that we are bound to eat the straw." Of course not. But will Mr. Beecher be so good as to point out a scientific truth, or a historical truth, in the Pentateuch? And will he pick out a work from among all the classics that contains so much immorality as the thirty-four following books that compose the Old Testament. Why, then, is it that "the greatest need in the religious instruction of the young is a wise and judicious instruction in regard to the nature of the Bible—the history of it, the value of it, and wherein the value consists—reverent and helpful, written by men who are in sympathy with the work of God?" If a book could be two things—if it could be false yet true—there might be some sense in this double-dealing, this jugglery of words. But what profit is it to the young, looking at the matter from Mr. Beecher's apparent standpoint, to hav "wise and judicious instruction in regard to the nature of" a falsehood? Much better will it be to use the time in the study of the true. If Herbert Spencer's philosophy is to supplant the scripture, let the young study that, and not waste more time over the Jewish Bible than they do over the Vedas or in a study of Mohammedanism.

The varying states or phases of Mr Beecher's mind are in themselvs no unworthy study. He is a man of almost unlimited influence, of wondrous power, of well-nigh boundless capacity for good. It is a pity he is not more logical, and that he feels the need of dissembling. Years ago he said to Stephen Pearl Andrews: "I thank God, Andrews, that such men as you exist; men who hav the courage to face the world and say the most radical things." If Mr. Beecher could only pluck up the courage he so much admires in others, he might easily be the much-needed new Luther.

Public Lands.

The jobbery in public lands, the abuses of which hav been the theme of many of our contributors, led by Mr. Hacker, to whom hundreds of small farmers in Maine are indebted for the ground they till, is meeting with a quick and practical solution, if Congress is not bribed to inaction by the railroad corporations whose grants are forfeited.

William Steele Holman, of Indiana, has introduced, and the House of Representativs has passed, a resolution containing three points which seem to meet the requirements of the public. The resolution provides, in the first place, that all railroad land grants which hav not been earned by the fulfilment of the conditions specified in the respectiv acts "ought to be declared forfeited and restored to the public domain."

The second part of the resolution declares, in effect, that the whole system of land laws now existing ought to be overhauled and so changed as to open the agricultural portions to actual settlers only, and to prevent grabs of public lands of any kind, whether farming, mineral, or forest. This involves a thorough revision of the Pre-emption, Homestead, Bounty, Timber Culture, and other laws under which private individuals now acquire title to parts of the public territory.

In the third place, the resolution passed on Tuesday puts the land question at the front by providing that the Committee on Public Lands may report its bills at any time, yielding precedence only to revenue and appropriation measures.

If provisions of these resolutions shall be embodied in a law, and put in force, it will redeem in the neighborhood of 100,000,000 acres of land, of which fifteen millions will come from the Texas Pacific Railroad. Congress has, altogether, given to railroads direct, and to the states for the use of railroads, 179,922,528 acres. By the terms of their grants they hav forfeited over one-half of it. This land is worth, in round numbers, four hundred millions of dollars, three hundred and twenty-three millions of which remain unsold in the hands of the railroad corporations. The facts in this matter were set forth some months ago by George W. Julian, a prominent Freethinker, in the *North American Review*, and in a recent issue of *John Swinton's Paper* his Washington correspondent has retold them. By means of these immense grants of land the government of the United States has furnished the Pacific railroads about forty per cent of the cost of construction. Besides this, "the subsidized Pacific roads owe the government, in principal and interest, ninety-six million dollars, and the Auditor of Railroad Accounts estimates that in addition to the large amount of interest already paid by the United States the government will pay—though the companies are ultimately responsible—the annual interest on the loan for the

next seventeen years, amounting to nearly sixty-six million dollars."

When the corporation first asked for a land grant for a canal in Illinois, their representativs said they wanted it for the purpose of encouraging the development of the country and of internal improvements. This cry, says the correspondent, has been the key-note of every request that Congress has granted ever since. But, after our recent six years of financial stringency:

"Members of Congress began to wonder whether this development of public domain had not been a littte too expensiv, and when they looked into the matter they found that, with very few exceptions, the corporations that had obtained these enormous grants were snapping their fingers at the government and violating almost every condition upon which the grants were contingent. They found that by the conditions of the grant in nearly every case the road to which it went must be completed within a fixed number of years—a condition which, in a majority of cases, might as well never hav been inserted. They found that in nearly every grant there was a provision that the government should hav free use of the road for transportation of troops, etc., and that the government had been hoodwinked into so wording this provision that it amounted to nothing, and the government has to pay transportation prices just as anybody else does. They found that immense sections of land were withdrawn by the Land Office for the roads, so that it was not safe for settlers to go on the lands. Nor could they be opened up and cultivated; nor were they available for taxes; they were just about as valuable for present use as they would hav been if they had been so many sheets of water. They found that there had been over-certification of lands to railroad companies, and they found in general a disregard of obligation on the part of railroad corporations, and a disposition on the part of the government to ignore such disregard. They found, too, that the great Pacific corporation were scheming to avoid their many obligations to the government, and, though checked, they had the authority of the Auditor of Railroad Accounts for the assertion that, without great care and consideration on the part of the government, there was danger that the entire debt these companies owe and will owe the government, amounting at maturity to more than one hundred million dollars, would be lost. With these startling discoveries, efforts were made as early as 1877 to bring the subject to the attention of Congress by discussion. Resolutions declaring the unearned lands forfeited were then introduced. It was then estimated that the passage of such resolution or bill would remit back to the United States not less than 100,000,000 acres of public land, which hav been granted to but not earned by railroad corporations, and which were forfeitable by the failure of these corporations to perform the conditions of their grants. It was then claimed that the reclaiming of these lands would open up to settlement valuable lands that had been withheld for more than twenty years, much of them. This withdrawal of these lands has not only defrauded of their rights thousands of home-seeking settlers, but has also prevented the settlement and development of an immense domain, while the treasury has suffered the incidental losses arising therefrom. It was reported to Congress at this time that the abuses of public faith and public credit that these land grants hav caused demand immediate remedy. It was also said that it would be hard adequately to estimate the loss of wealth and time, because of a failure to develop, from year to year, the material rosources of the extensiv tracts of lands long locked up in land grants to corporations, many of them not deserving the name, being to all intents rings, who are and who had been using their grants as bases of credits with which to enrich their own coffers, at the expense of the hardy tillers of the soil, the prosperity of the country, and of innocent purchasers of their worthless stocks and bonds, without so much as an attempt to comply with the terms of their respectiv grants, and who hav thus made the government a party to their fraudulent transaction."

Nor is this all. Something like three hundred millions of acres more hav been pre-empted by large holders, many of them foreigners, and between the two the small settlers are squeezed out, while our public lands are going without yielding adequate returns, either in money or advancement of civilization. A writer in the *Star* recently tabulated some of the enormous holdings of companies and individuals. Nearly eight million acres are held by thirty-two individuals. But these are Americans. The foreign holdings are much larger, being given as follows:

	Acres.
The Holland Land Company, New Mexico,	4,500,000
An English syndicate No. 3 in Texas,	3,000,000
Sir Edward Reid and a syndicate in Florida,	2,000,000
English syndicate in Mississippi,	1,800,000
Marquis of Tweedale,	1,750,000
Phillips, Marshal & Co., London,	1,300,000
German syndicate,	1,100,000
Anglo-American syndicate. Mr. Rogers, president, London,	750,000
Bryan H. Evans, of London, in Mississippi,	700,000
Duke of Sutherland,	425,000
British Land Company, in Kansas,	320,000
William Whalley, M. P., Peterboro, England,	310,000
Missouri Land Co., Edinburgh, Scotland,	300,000
Robert Tennant, of London,	230,000
Dundee Land Company, Scotland,	247,000
Lord Dunmore,	120,000
Benjamin Newgas, Liverpool,	100,000
Lord Houghton, in Florida,	60,000
Lord Dunraven, in Colorado,	60,000
English Land Company, in Florida,	50,000
England Land Company, in Arkansas,	50,000
Albert Peel, M. P., Leicestershire, England,	10,000
Sir J. L. Kay, Yorkshire, England,	5,000
Alexander Grant, of London, in Kansas,	35,000
English syndicate (represented by Close Bros.), Wisconsin,	110,000
M. Ellerhauser, of Halifax, N. S., in West Virginia,	600,000
A Scotch syndicate, in Florida,	500,000
A. Boysen, Danish Consul, in Milwaukee,	50,000
Missouri Land Co., of Edinburgh, Scotland,	165,000
Total,	20,747,000

Mr. Thomas K. Beecher, a Greenbacker and Labor Reformer, whom Mr. H. L. Green voted for but did not elect, characterized this foreign invasion as "a high-lifting, frowning portent that should startle every intelligent patriot, and cause him to instruct his congressman inexorably to the effect that the ownership of land by non-residents must come to an end; and further, that the ownership of lands in great blocks must come to an end. However plausible, because profitable, their temporary occupancy may be, we cannot afford to repeat in this country the horrible experiences of Ireland."

Such, in brief, are the sins of the corporations, and of the Republican and Democratic politicians. All must admit that the evil is gigantic. The methods by which the railroads acquired their lands were very recently fully exposed by the printing of C. P. Huntington's private letters to his friend Colton relativ to influencing members of Congress by means of "$1,000 down and $10,000 in stock when the bill is passed." Yet it is by some considered doubtful if Holman's resolutions will become a law. The Senate is considered a "bulwark of capital," and it is feared that the grip of the corporations upon some of our law-makers is too strong to be shaken off.

However, the duty of every American citizen is plain—that is, to aid in redeeming for the use of actual settlers the millions of acres squandered by previous Congresses.

A Sensible Bill.

Assemblyman Hunt introduced a bill at Albany last Wednesday, providing for the teaching of hygiene and physiology in our public schools. It was prepared by the temperance people, and is the most sensible thing they hav done for a long time.

Let our children be taught to shun all intoxicating ~~beverages, and the next~~ generation, at least, will be free from the demoralization that marks this. And a great problem will be solved in the only thorough and lasting way: no personal rights are invaded; the most extreme individualists cannot, and we may safely say will not, object. The objects of the prohibitionists will hav been accomplished, and freedom preserved. The study of hygiene and physiology, when supervised by competent teachers, will show that not only is excessiv drinking injurious, but that excessiv eating is nearly as bad. We hav been assured by physicians that the well-to-do people stand in nearly the same danger from the latter as from the former. They gorge themselvs until their digestion is ruined, and then rush to the drug-store for relief. It is needless to say the laborers of the country are in no danger from this source.

The introduction of this bill develops the fact that some of the temperance people of New York hav level heads. It is a pity the railers at the Mormons do not show as much common sense. Polygamy is supported by the Old Testament. Educate the Mormons out of their religious superstition, and polygamy would die of itself. Persecution only makes it thrive.

Mr. Remsburg in New York.

At last the people of this city hav had an opportunity of hearing this favorit orator. Mr. Remsburg lectured before the Liberal Club on the evening of the 25th. Though that body is in some respects one hard to please, the speaker captivated it from the start. The club is made up of all sorts of elements, and a lecturer may consider himself fortunate if he escapes from its criticisms with unshaken confidence in his own mental soundness. But Mr. Remsburg's positions are so well founded in fact as to be positivly unassailable. There was no speculation, no splitting of hairs, but an earnest and eloquent presentation of the naked truth. A more destructiv volley of facts it seems the church never had hurled at her tottering walls. These lectures are, therefore, what the people need. They go straight to the intellect of the hearer, and carry conviction with them. If THE TRUTH SEEKER can do anything to add to the success of Mr. Remsburg, he has its full support and indorsement.

Editorial Notes.

MR. HEBER NEWTON preached last Sunday from Exodus xxxii, 24: "I cast it into the fire, and there came out this calf." This was his only allusion to his brethren who are demanding his expulsion from the church.

A GOOD old Christian lady up in New Hampshire has dubbed our Annual "The Devil's Book." This must be flattering to his Satanic Majesty, for when compared with "God's Book" the "Truth Seeker Annual" is in every respect a superior work.

OUR old friend Jeremiah Hacker has printed No. 2 of his "Racing Rhymes." As a poet Father Hacker may be a little crude, but the sentiment he embodies in his verses is honest and true, and they can be circulated with good effect. It is pretty cold weather down in New Jersey now, and we imagin the old gentleman's woodpile is none too big. Send him ten cents or a quarter for some of his rhymes so he can add to it and keep the rheumatism from the limbs of himself and aged partner. Recollect that his address is Berlin, New Jersey.

THE Baptist pastors were warned by Dr. Armitage last Monday at the Pastor's Conference against reasoning with heretics from the pulpit. "Preachers," he said, "need not drill the people in Infidelity to teach them its folly." This is par excellence a coward's refuge. It is a confession that Dr. Armitage, for one, does not dare to giv his congregation the real reason why Infidels abound. He knows that a truthful statement of the Freethinkers' positions and philosophy would increase instead of diminishing their number.

AT the session of the Society for Ethical Culture, held at Chickering Hall last Sunday, Professor Felix Adler said he would begin to-morrow a series of addresses on New York tenement houses. He said that a few members of the society had lately subscribed $10,000 as the nucleus of a fund for the building of at least one model house for the poor, to be managed by the society. He had no doubt the necessary money would be raised for this project, but the real necessities in the struggle for the amelioration of the lives of the poor was that the citizens at large should distinctly understand what the horrors of tenement house life were, and what were the causes from which these horrors sprang. Mr. Adler is doing a gloriously practical work. There is no inconsistency in such a man preaching the gospel of humanity. But what hollow professions are those of the Christian ministers!

"THE TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL" is winning lavish praise from all sides. Acknowledging the receipt of his copy, Mr. H. L. Green remarks: "I am delighted with it. I had no idea you would succeed in getting out such a splendid publication. It would hav been cheap at fifty cents. You should sell 20,000 copies. I inclose an editorial notice I shall publish in the *Directory*." The notice he speaks of reads thiswiss: "'The Truth Seeker Annual and Freethinkers' Almanac' has made its appearance. It is one of the finest productions that has ever been issued from the Liberal press, and just the thing that the Freethought movement needs. There is a fund of important information contained in its columns that can be found nowhere else. The publishers of this annual hav put the Liberal public under great obligations to them for bringing out this very valuable publication. We can't understand how it can be furnished at the low price of twenty-five cents. No Freethinker can afford to do without it." We thank Mr. Green for his flattering words. After having done a really good thing, it is pleasant to be encouraged. And we take the occasion, as the *Sun* would say, to renew to our valued friend the assurance of our most distinguished consideration.

THE San Francisco *Truth* welcomes the National Liberal League to the ranks of the Socialistic revolutionary army. There was once a time when Mr. Haskell, the editor of *Truth*, had doubts of the honesty of the leaders of the League. Had he not had those doubts "there never would hav been any question concerning their ultimate bringing up under the red flag." These doubts hav now been removed, and Mr. Haskell is most happy to realize that "we hav a new and vigorous band of recruits." If THE TRUTH SEEKER may be allowed to hav a word, we would suggest that Mr. Haskell's *Truth* is a little premature. The planks quoted were not adopted—they were only submitted to the people for their opinions as to their merits, and can be adopted or rejected as the majority of the delegates to the next congress prefer. To quote the League as being under the "red flag" of Socialism is not correct. It is true that *Man* has a Socialistic editor, but we do not gather that he is to be allowed to crowd out the legitimate League work. He was taken on, as we understand it, to relieve Mr. Wakeman's great labors, and broaden the scope of the paper. The managers are of course responsible to the League, but as they hav paid all the expenses out of their own pockets, we are, for one, not going to complain.

Lectures and Meetings.

J. E. REMSBURG'S appointments for the next three weeks are as follows: Norwich, Conn., Feb. 2, 3; Summit Station, N. Y., 5; Bradford, Pa., 7; Olean, N. Y., 8, 9; Salamanca, N. Y., 10; Forestville, N. Y., 11; New Comerstown, O., 13, 14, 15; La Rue, O., 16, 17; Bradford, O., 18, 19; Laura, O., 20; Chesterfield, Ind., 21.

MRS. LAKE writes us that she and Mr. Peck hav been reengaged by the Liberal Society of Ottumwa, Iowa, for the month of February. The Society celebrated the birth of Paine with a dinner, and lecture by Mrs. Lake. The Children's Lyceum, which was organized and is conducted by Mr. Peck, is a success, great interest being manifested by both parents and children.

ONE of the best ways to help along the cause of Freethought is to circulate THE TRUTH SEEKER. Trial subscriptions of three months for 50 cents.

Communications.

Has Man an Immortal Soul,

AN ENTITY, SEPARATE AND DISTINCT OF ITSELF, WITHOUT HIMSELF?—CONCLUDED.

It appears unreasonable, without tangible foundation, against natural evidence, and is very contradictory, obscure, and declamatory. When he says "every seed has its own body;" then, "Thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or of some other grain," this is too obscure and general to say just what he did mean; but if he says there is a *chance* for wheat to bear oats, or any other grain, I refuse to stand sponsor to the declaration. I deny that any God ever changed one grain into another, or sowed one body natural and raised a spiritual body out of it. Do you say it was singular that the Jews were so universally uninfluenced by the new dispensation? Is it not a proof of the weak and contradictory manner in which it was advocated? and what other innovation ever had so slim a following in the house of its friends?

It was not singular, for in all the statements of the new pretended philosophy, then announced as being brought to light so miraculously through Christ, and as taught by Paul, there was no lucid explanation of a single element of matter, or spirit, nor any knowledge or mystery talked about or preached about, that they did not know and understand as well as he did. And his own assumptions, ingenious as some of them were, and startling as they are to the ignorant in regard to the future, and in regard to man's position and moral character and God's pretended government, were contrary to those acknowledged to hav been established for the Jews, and in which they believed; and they also knew the new notions were a revamp, and had been existing notions, some of one and some of another pagan authority, and all mixed up to suit the claim, as well as they could, that God himself had come among them in their form and as a man, and suffered death as the only way to save them, to save all men—the heathen included—from an endless misery.

The Jews knew of Christ and his family all that Paul knew; they also knew that Paul's claims for Christ, and for himself, touching his marvelous pretensions and conversion, were false and visionary, and Felix thought him crazy. They still believed their sin-offering valid, and could not and would not believe their God, whom they had known so changeable, had abandoned plans of so many centuries and of such special import to them, his old chosen and favored people. Their whole history had been checkered—at one time struggling in a flood, and never knowing the moment they would hav to die in a war, but in constant fear; death on the right hand and Babel on the left, as the only way God could keep up with them, a change of base often, and now came a proposed change more startling than any they had ever known. The bold declaration was made that God had quit winking, and they must abandon and stop their useless sacrifices and observances; that they were now on a par with the heathen; that everything was changed in plan and command; that they must believe in one man or be eternally damned.

Who could expect them to believe this with their knowledge? Certainly no reasonable, thinking being ought to. They had seen, and knew all about, the pretended miracles and revelations, and how had all these thrown any light on the nature of the elements, or materials, of which only our senses take notice?

If we were so informed that we could understand a miracle, or revelation from infinity, we should be so far infinit, with powers different from those we now hav. No man could disbelieve a miracle, if he had a sense, a power, to know it was one and fully understood it or anything else. Of course this embraces revelation, for an infinite revelation would be a miracle, and would embrace the belief even in a personal or spiritual God. But when understood, it would cease to be a miracle, but we could certainly demonstrate to the understanding of others what we well understood ourselvs. That is more than the Christians' God has ever done, claim as egotistically as they may about it. We cannot, we do not, really know or understand any principle of the elements, their combinations, conservativ or destructiv, their proportions, the duties performed by each, or the influence they hav in combination or separately in the wonderful animal structure of man; and why arrogate to ourselvs this knowledge, knowing we do not possess it? Other animals are as wonderful, and we know as little about them. The vegetable world is full of just such wonders, and we know as little of them. Colonel Ingersoll, in his terse, inimitable, and unanswerable way of stating things, says: "A blade of grass, rightly understood, destroys the orthodox creed." Combinations show by chemical demonstration many wonderful things; they are really the only true demonstrations, the only way man can copy from nature through the elements, of which all animals are inheritors, to show their powers and infinit varieties. Such demonstrations are in a sense miracles to the ignorant. We repeat, we find as astonishing things in the animal world as in man, and also in the vegetable. Let us take brief notice of the animal. If there is a natural-born mechanic, it is a beaver. Each individual beaver, without the aid of our language or books, possesses high mathematical power, can engineer the laying of a dam of resisting force better than a majority of learned engineers can do, with the same materials. Each one is a master engineer, and by some language or understanding they work as a unit. They need no teacher or master; they seem to hav common projects, having for their basis society, and work understanding each other and in concert. In some ages they were revered. "The ancients knew them, and by the religion of the magi it was forbidden to kill them." The animal's senses are very acute, and so delicate is its smell that it will suffer no filth to remain near it.

The dog, independently of his beauty, vivacity, strength, and swiftness, has all the interior qualities which can attract the regard of man. The tame dog comes to lay at his master's feet his courage, strength, and talents, and waits man's orders to use them; he consults, interrogates, and beseeches; the glance of his eye is sufficient; he understands the signs of his will. Without the vices of man, he has all his ardor of sentiment, and, what is more, he has fidelity and constancy in his affections. He is all zeal, all warmth and obedience, more sensible to the remembrance of benefits than wrongs, which he soon forgets, or only remembers to make his attachment stronger. Far from irritating or running away, he even exposes himself to new reproofs; he licks the hand which is the cause of his pain; he only opposes it with his cries, and at length entirely disarms it by his patience and submission. Dogs hav performed wonderful feats, showing sagacity, which would fill volumes, some of which no human sagacity could hav known, or achieved if known, and possess reason and memory in excess of man in many particulars. They are oftentimes sagacious above our comprehension. Read the history of dogs in any good natural history, and retire with respect for the average dog. We hav come in close connection with the dog, and know pretty well what association does. It givs us preference and prejudice, especially in and with what we can adopt to our use or pleasure. Did we know the thousand other living creatures surrounding us as well, we would find some wonderful features and intelligence in all.

All volumes written on such subjects are only a small synopsis of facts that can never be fully written or understood by man, any better than he can understand himself. The universe only holds the full history of anything. What the combined intelligence of man in the universe could write in a trillion years would be a puny, almost undiscoverable book, beside the one containing what they did not know. It would be more difficult to write the true full history of the horse than Bancroft's "History of the United States."

The elephant would compare well, intellectually, with his size if he should be fairly written up. This is perhaps sufficient for our purpose in this direction, until we make the application to our question.

Let us take a bird, the mocking-bird, a description of which we hav personal knowledge.

The plumage of the mocking-bird has nothing gaudy or brilliant about it, but that which so strongly recommends him is his full, strong, and musical voice, capable of almost every modulation, from the mellow tones of the woodthrush to the savage screams of the bald eagle. In his nativ groves, mounted on the top of a tall bush, in the dawn of a dewy morning, while the woods are already vocal with a multitude of warblers, his admirable song rises pre-eminent over every competitor. The ear can listen to his music alone. Nor is the strain altogether imitativ. His own notes are bold and full, and varied seemingly beyond all limit. They consist of short expressions of two, three, or five syllables, are generally interspersed with imitations, all of them uttered with great emphasis and rapidity, and continued for an hour at a time with undiminished ardor. His expanded wings and tail glistening with white, and the buoyant gaiety of his action, arrest the eye, as the song most inevitably does the ear. He sweeps around with enthusiastic ecstasy, he mounts and descends as his song swells or dies away, and, as Mr. Bartram has beautifully expressed it, "he bounds aloft with the celerity of an arrow, as if to recall his very soul, expired in the last elevated strain." While thus exerting himself, a bystander would suppose that the whole feathered tribes had assembled together on a trial of skill, so perfect are his imitations.

The mocking-bird loses little of the power and energy of his song by confinement. In his domesticated state, when he commences his career of song, it is impossible to stand by uninterested. He whistles for the dog. Cæsar starts up, wags his tail, and runs to meet his master. He squeaks out like a hurt chicken, and the hen hurries about with hanging wings and bristling feathers to protect her injured brood.

The barking of the dog, the mewing of the cat, the creaking of the passing wheelbarrow, follow with great truth and rapidity. He repeats the tune taught him by his master, though of considerable length, fully and faithfully.

He runs over the quiverings of the canary and the whistlings of the Virginia nightingale or red-bird with such execution and effect that the mortified songsters feel their own inferiority and become silent, while he seems to triumph in their defeat by redoubling his exertions.

This excessiv fondness for variety, however, in the opinion of some, injures his song. His celebrated imitations of the brown-thrush are frequently interrupted by the crowing of cocks, and the warblings of the bluebird, which he so exquisitly manages, are mingled with the screaming of swallows or the cackling of hens; amidst the simple melody of the robin, we are suddenly surprised by reiterations of the whip-poor-will, while the notes of the kill-deer, blue-jay, martin, baltimore, oricle, and twenty others succeed with such imposing reality that we look around for the originals, and discover with astonishment that the sole performer in this singular concert is the admirable bird before us. This sketch does only weak justice to this bird's great power. No human voice or skill has ever obtained such mastery of sound.

No musician, with the best instrument, or many in concert, hav ever been able to execute such a variety of original and imitativ sounds. To do so requires instant application of a stored mind and intelligence, in which ear and voice are only aided by a reasoning, correct memory, willing, wishing, and knowing beforehand what they intend to do. Is it answered that it is all instinct and natural?

How does it explain anything to say it is natural any more in a brute, bird, or flower than in man? It never *proves* anything, but simply declares it is not of man's originating, when we say a thing is natural. That is the very question—whether man has any superior powers or elements, different from those of other animals. We need not go on with endless facts to show comparisons of reason in brutes, birds, and fish, and even in reptils and insects, strikingly parallel to man; and the potato growing in the dark corner of the cellar, running toward the light with unerring certainty, staggers the mind of the philosopher as much to answer the reason why as any supposable question can; and we could go on and on in the vegetable world, the inanimate world, and find as inscrutable and unexplainable wonders. The only difference seems to be in elementary combinations. Different proportions and mechanical structure, the differentiation or proportionate parts, at first adapted to one set of circumstances, location, light or darkness, air or water, and then to another, evolving for ages, may be all the difference, according to evolution, yet in such a vast aggregation very little can be certainly affirmed. The activ principles engendered or existing, the life, must be alike, of the same kind, from the same source, and, as we hav already seen, could not exist, so far as we know, without the sun; equally mysterious in the beast, bird, or flower, as in man. Even inanimate matter is held together by a power undefinable by man.

Matter, in its combinations and proportions, is, as far as demonstrated by science or mechanics, or any human knowledge, the cause as well as the result, or the cause and result, and it thus conserves in proper, rather certain, combinations to its own form and existence. Any failure, then, of the parts, or combination of parts, or change of parts in the whole individual or thing, they then disintegrate, and naturally and certainly each seeks its relativ place in the elementary whole, or changes to new and continued combinations, which are constantly repeating themselvs in like manner, and all hidden from human knowledge alike.

The universe pays all drafts by the individual, and can well afford it, for it is as constantly receiving back, to the separate and respectiv elements, what has been taken by some individual whole or parts. It maintains its balance no matter what man may say or believe. It can change no single fact in the universe, whatever man believes, or does not believe. Let us make one example from combination. Take a well constructed violin, completely furnished, strings and bow, and every part of the best material and proportion, they must all be in place and hav something else or might as well remain dumb. Greese will not answer, you must "rosin the bow." It cannot then play itself, is inanimate and dead. It is a wonderful piece of mechanism and parts, but the man who had never seen one would hav no idea it could be made to produce a sound; he would find out by touch and never otherwise. When he learned and heard the sound, his ear would be interested, perhaps, and find how to wake him up to the production of its sounds. The whole parts must combine with his combination; application and knowledge must join the class to make and ever reproduce.

A single string, peg, bridge, or part, rosin, finger and hand to bow, one gone and it is ruined for perfect music. Take the same material and make a box of it, tie or wind strings around or over it, make every effort with a bow well rosined, and there is no violin music. A million such could not be made to utter good violin sounds.

One will say it takes human reason, and in addition to your other requirements, the exercise of a will and intelligence to master its sounds, remember them, or reduce them to writing, so they can be reproduced by others. There must be great memory to guide the ear, the hand to bow, the finger to divide, and the thousand nice intricacies and sentiments connected with a masterly execution or playing the instrument. Granted also that it takes reason and will; but Blind Tom's brain, they say, was not lighted with a single ray. In the dark corner of his idiot brain something sparkled like a diamond when he touched the instrument to call for sound, and his ear justified his reason on that point. Memory, the most notable of reason's attributes, enabled him to play a difficult composition the first time he listened to its execution by another, no matter how difficult, and the great master with educated ear could only stand by astounded, his acknowledged reason, memory, and vast musical attainments falling short of such musical intelligence guided by the uneducated ear.

Back there in that black idiotic head, lighted by no human lamps, was reason enough to enable him to perform so wonderful a feat, and excel the most studied and famous musicians.

Call the same manifestations and exhibited powers reason in Black Tom and the mocking-bird, or cease to call it reason anywhere. Call it reason in the tens of thousands of examples of the consistency and sagacity of brute animals, birds, and fish, even insects—that by united society ties provide for the safety of all, not part, that lay up stores by their industry, incur no vicious habits, never attack man, except for preservation—or cease to call inconsistent man the only possessor thereof.

Understand and learn, and prove it, if a fact, that man possesses powers and elements other animals do not, or that any other combination of man's material would make such a man; that any intelligence or thought can exist without any element, material or part, and we are bound to listen, and will listen, to your proofs.

If you understand our position, hav you not seen that such proofs are impossible with human beings, even with their use of language and science, unless you believe in miracles of infinit revelations.

The miracle and revelation business has evidently outlived its usefulness in the minds of a large number of the laity, and is not accredited to-day by the intellectual world. Many things combine to make men conceal or not reveal their real belief. But enough contrary belief (not unbelief) is avowing itself against the Bible as being divine, and against the unreasonable one-sided creeds founded thereon, to make the churches and pretended believers look around them; and their establishments seem to hold a majority of the dry bones and whited sepulchers, as some in the interior, in one way and another, are daily acknowledging. When we hav good knowledge enough to acknowledge that we cannot and ought not to believe without proof, or on a simple say so, and confess that publicly we can save a vast amount of intellectual labor, vast sums of money and time, which are now unjustly obtained from somebody, and which hav been so lavishly expended on matters of mere authority, faith, and fancy, and can apply it to the finding out and proving what we do or do not know, what we can reasonably believe, and what we ought not in reason to believe, the millennium will then hav come. There must be a contrary belief, a universal disbelief in miracles and revelations.

The question is not now, but ought to be, open to all men, with a right to show and demonstrate, so far as they can, what is or is not reasonably proven, and until then the question can never be as well settled. Intelligent persons must become free and intelligent thinkers, we must hav Freethinkers.

Whether matter always existed, was first, is all there is, fills all space conceivable, to the exclusion of myths and spirits, and in its infinit combinations causes all effects, as seems to us reasonable; or whether mind and intelligence always existed and was first, inconcivable and alone, and then and there created matter out of nothing—a thing no more inconceivable than how matter came to exist, but extremely ridiculous as a proposition; or whether mind and matter hav always existed, are each eternal, and conduce conjointly and unitedly to produce all life's demonstrations and phenomena, which could not be produced by either alone, is of small importance to us as human beings. Neither of them affords us any certain evidence that man exists hereafter, or has any duplicate being. All of them are insufficient to enable man to fully understand anything, even the workings and powers of his individual combination.

He cannot tell how or why he thinks, or his ear hears, his nose smells, his palate tastes, his body feels, or his eye sees, as he can demonstrate any known fact. He is as far from the first cause of the senses as he is from the first cause of the universe. Being unable and failing to interpret his own present being and its combinations, how can he interpret a duplicate of itself without himself and that is to be immortal?

It is all-important that we know that right and wrong cannot change places, and any claim that a God made us, to be finally immortal, and without our fault, knowledge, or consent, made us in such a way and manner that there is any possible chance that a single being so created is to be eternally miserable, is an eternal falsehood, or this pretended God is an eternal fiend, or does not know the difference between right and wrong. The Christian Bible and creeds teach such a creation by a God powerful enough to fulfil its conditions, which can be escaped in only one way, the innocent suffering for the guilty, thus wrong taking the place of right. We shall refuse to follow such teaching and the doctrin of that new dispensation set out in that book, trying to teach man's separate and double existence. If Christians can take pleasure in believing in such a creation, that the teachings of their book are inspired and infallible, in following Paul's lead, and believing that man is a double being or ever will be, they ought to be reasoned out of it, or allowed that pleasure, so they treat others respectfully who believe to the contrary.

Although it seems impossible to prove that man has a dual existence, it can be proved satisfactorily, and believed sincerely, that every element in man and matter, yea! in the vast universe, so far as we can conceive, is eternal, but subject to such changes that no human reason can follow them, and this mysterious existence here is just as mysterious as some combination may be made, not contradicted absolutely, because we do not see through the blank death seems to create. All we may hope proves nothing, and what changes are made by death none has ever solved or proved. Hence the true Agnostic says, "I neither affirm nor deny." A. W. Wood.

Kewanee, Ill.

Letters from Friends.

Burton, Texas. Jan. 1, 108.

Mr. Jno. A. Rutherford, *Dear Sir:* Noticing your epitaph composed by yourself in The Truth Seeker reminded me more forcibly of our neglected duty as Liberals. It has ever been the purpose of the orthodox, especially those of pulpit notoriety, to proclaim lies on deceased Liberals, and make it appear that in the last hour they retracted, and renounced their skepticism, advising friends not to follow their course, etc., etc.; and the greater the influence of the deceased the more persistent are they in circulating those lies. The calumny heaped upon that noble benefactor of his race, Thomas Paine, would form mountains high. Their good book teaches them in more than one place that lying is commendable when Christians thereby can be made; and this is strictly adhered to bv them.

Therefore I think the time has come when we truth seekers should unite and agree upon some appropriate service to be performed over our bodies at the grave, by one of our belief, and positivly exclude any sky-pilot's harang whatever. Of course it don't affect us then, let be said what would be, but it is a duty we owe our glorious cause. We are—or should be—doing all we can to advance Freethought, and therefore exterminate superstition, the huge curse of all curses. Perhaps nothing has tended stronger to advance their cause than the belief taught by the clergy and their dupes, that in the hour of demise the future is revealed and all the horrors of hell are viewed then by the sinner, whilst that beautiful land of paradise is welcoming the Christian, and smooths the dying pillow, making death a pleasure instead of sorrow. They well know this huge lie cannot be impeached by the victim, hence all sorts of lies are concocted to frighten their dupes. Therefore I say it is time we should take this thing in hand and thus cripple one of their strongest recruiting points. Many of us Liberals are too backward in upholding our cause. Simply because it is unpopular, the truth should not be ignored. Let every honest Liberal glory in his cause, and swerve not from duty on account of filthy lucre. Some hav suffered martyrdom for the cause; let it not languish now for the sake of paltry gain.

Hoping you many years more of happiness in this life, and that we may hav the pleasure of meeting, not above, but on earth, I remain

Your friend and brother. H. B. Jones.

Cleveland. Dec. 29, E.M. 283.

Mr. Editor: I received the twelve copies of "False Claims" all right, and hav scattered them around where I think they will, in time, do some good; at least, I hope so. Mr. Remsburg delivered his lecture on Thomas Paine before the League on Thursday last, and the hall was well filled with a select audience. The League is in a prosperous condition and is steadily increasing in numbers. We hav found it necessary to secure a larger hall already, as the present one will not accommodate the League. The new hall is in the same block however. We intend to put forth stronger efforts the coming year (284) to make the League a grand success. And let me say that we do not know what the word fail means, at least, we don't intend it shall hav anything to do with us. We are having a discussion every Sunday on some topic, and the meetings are exciting some notice, for some of our reverend D.D.'s, hav taken it upon themselvs, as is most becoming their holy calling (and in accordence with their most merciful God), to do all they can to slander and abuse our League. But let them go on, they can't hurt us any, but will help our cause more than they think. I am doing all I can for the cause and will keep right on. It is comical to see how pitiful some of my Christian friends will look at me and say, "Denny, my dear boy, you must change your ways or you are lost." How thoughtful they are for my welfare! And when I ask them to explain certain passages in the Bible, as a general thing, they hav some business that demands their immediate attention and cannot take time to answer, which looks bad for their side of the question. Well, I must say that when I take my Bible and look over its pages I wonder how it is that any one, claiming any intelligence at all, can believe it to be the word of a God. It seems almost impossible that any one could read the Bible, with its glaring contradictions all through it, and accept it as the divinely inspired word of a God. And then to ask the people to put the Bible, which is the most obscene book that was ever published, in our public schools as a standard from which to teach children how to be moral and virtuous! To think that people can be so blind. If you could only get them to read the Bible it would be all right, but they won't do that even, and I do honestly believe that not over one Christian out of a thousand ever read more than one-fifth of the Bible, and that one, if he remained a Christian, was so blinded with faith that he would not see a contradiction when he read it, and could not tell you of it five minutes after if he did. Dennis Lossing.

East Chatham, Jan. 2. 1884.

Mr Editor: Since I hav been favored with the perusal of your ever-welcome journal, and through your indulgence been permitted to contribute occasionally to its columns, I find myself in a new and interesting field of social intercourse, an enjoyment doubly dear to me at my advanced age, after being separated from nearly all of my early associates, relativs, and friends, who hav passed "to that mysterious realm where each shall take his chamber in the silent halls of death," and from whom I hav not as yet received any reliable instruction concerning the future.

Notwithstanding, within the last few weeks, I hav received several friendly communications from strangers still in the flesh, besides copies of various Liberal and Spiritual journals. Although not a Spiritualist I hav no feelings hostil to their faith and theory, inasmuch as they hav no endless hell for us if we should fail to guess right on all the complicated questions of baptism, the trinity, the atonement, the infallibility of the pope, etc. And I feel gratified that there is so much fellowship and good feeling existing between us, and I hope, if we are to exist hereafter, we will be able to commune together on friendly terms without being separated by that great impassable gulf that lay between poor Lazarus in Abraham's bosom and the rich man in hell as represented in the old book that has befogged the brain of humanity so long, as I hav a near relativ and warm friend who now occupies a prominent position in the Spiritual ranks, from whose pen I hav lately received an editorial in the *Spiritual Light*, published at Chattanooga, Tenn., setting forth, in detail, many of his prominent beliefs in Spiritualism, most of which are self-evident; but with my limited opportunities and lack of scientific knowledge, as in the different articles that hav appeared The Truth Seeker on the question of "Mind and Matter," I cannot clearly comprehend any theory opposed to the material stand-point. But my Spiritual relativ and friend seems to attempt to flank this, my position, with his belief in matter and spirit, as indivisible, or, as he expresses it, "I believe in matter and spirit, that fine etherealized matter is spirit, that gross spirit is matter, and that which is not material, or substantially something, is nothing." And he further says, "I am fully convinced that spirits who are capable may and do manifest themselvs to and hold intercourse with people in earth life, that some of the communications are good and truthful, while others are false and deceptiv, that their character depends very much upon the character of the parties giving and receiving the intelligence."

Now this last announcement seems to strike my intuitions quite unfavorably, as I had always involuntarily entertained the idea, if this was really a probationary life, and if our merits or demerits here were to attend us in the future, that when we passed to the unknown there could be no opportunity or motiv for fraud or deception, but all would be unalterable reality.

However, be this as it may, as our belief or unbelief cannot change the future, and we hav vast interests in common here upon which we cannot reasonably disagree, as we know, to a moral certainty, that the old fabulous story that has undermined the happiness of human life and held in mental bondage so many of our race, that an omnipotent god (who knew in the beginning what the end would be) has made such horrible mistakes as to even "repent that he had made man," as "every imagination of the thoughts of his heart were only evil continually," etc., I say what rational mind but must rejoice at the

inroads the collectiv forces of Liberalists are now making among the rank and file of the old church, as one of the strongest evidences of the progress we are making is the manifest effort and anxiety made by the combined forces of Protestants, and even Catholics, in defending and sustaining their old creeds and dogmas by defaming and vilifying the unanswerable defenders and advocates of Freethought. Yes, even Catholics against Protestants hav layed aside their axes and old weapons of torture and are now calling right lustily for help.

As an evidence of this fact, I was lately handed for perusal a small book of some two hundred pages, entitled, "Notes on Ingersoll," written bv a Catholic, Rev. L. A. Lambert, of Waterloo, N. Y., and prefaced and published by Rev. Patrick Cronan, of the Buffalo (N. Y.) Catholic Publication Co., in which preface we find the following: "Regarding these [Notes] as a complete annihilation of the pretentious scoffer, and desirous that they should reach a much larger public than could be secured by newspaper circulation, the writer pointed out to the author the advisability of having just such writings as the 'Notes' spread broadcast in the interest of religion, and especially at this time." The author adds in the preface that these "Notes" are written from the broadest Christian standpoint, so they ought to be as welcome to all who believe in Jesus Christ, and in the revelation he has made, as to Catholics. What a happy union it would be if these old contending elements could for once wipe out the cruel, brutal records of the past, where dissenters hav been tortured, roasted, and slaughtered by tens of thousands to sustain the Catholic creed, pope, and priesthood, and come together in unity, for it seems that thev are aware that the common people are heartily sick of their confinement in the old barnyard inclosure, and feeding on bog hay, and being filled with the east wind—that thousands of them are now in the open, glorious fields of Freethought, enjoying the sunshine of reason, with the full rights of private opinion. In quoting from the "Notes" we find the following arguments on the laws of nature:

Ingersoll: "To make myself clear, water always runs down hill."

L. A. Lambert: "How, then, did it get up the hill? Or is there a perennial spring up there? Water does not always run down hill. To run down hill is an exception to the general mode of the action of water. In the present condition of the physical world the tendency of water is upward and outward. This will be admitted of water in the form of steam or vapor. The water that falls as rain has been first taken up by the sun's heat. Water runs up in the capillary tubes of every vegetable that grows. More water ascends in the capillaries of the vegetable world in one day than falls over Niagara in a year. Water runs up in all rivers that run toward the equator. The Mississippi river carries its waters up an inclined plane, a perpendicular distance of about four miles."

Who would hav "thunk" it? And yet this profound work has appended some thirty favorable opinions of the press, and we must still quote the Christian's charitable, refined sentence: "Of course we do not expect him to reply to us for several reasons. First, he won't want to; second, he can't; third, he can pretend not to notice an obscure country pastor. Very well. Then let some of his disciples or admirers try to rehabilitate his smirched character." etc. Our popular Catholic father in this locality has been circulating these "Notes" in this section quite extensivly, with, I presume, none to object, as I saw at the Rochester Liberal Convention while in session full liberty was given to parties interested in the work to circulate them without restraint.

JOHN M. BARNES.

EUREKA, WIS, December 28, 1883.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $6. to be applied as directed. Occasionally I hav noticed articles in THE TRUTH SEEKER on the subject of how Freethinkers should conduct their funerals, and as this is an important subject, I hope to see more of the same kind. The time was when it was thought the services of a minister were indispensable at all weddings and funerals; but that time has passed, or is passing away. People are finding out that they can get married or bury their dead without the benefit of clergy. As far as I am concerned, I made up my mind some time ago that no minister would be called upon to officiate either at a wedding or a funeral where I had the control.

I also noticed a few weeks ago in THE TRUTH SEEKER something relativ to the number of church-members in the country compared with those belonging to no church. The idea suggested itself to me that a good way to get at the facts would be for Freethinkers all over the country to canvass their neighborhoods, whether cities, towns, or villages, and ascertain the facts on the subject. In furtherance of this idea, a few days since I took down the names of all the heads of families—voters—on the different streets in this little village, until I reached the number of seventy-six, and the result is as follows: Belonging to no church, 55; Methodists, 12; Catholics, 6; Episcopalians, Baptists, and Adventists, 1 each; and as to standing in society, either morally or intellectually, those belonging to no church will not suffer when compared with those that do.

E. B. ROUNDS.

FRESNO CITY, CAL., Jan. 14 1884.

MR. EDITOR: C. B. Thompson, in THE TRUTH SEEKER of January 5th, represents alcoholic drink to be the greatest curse that ever befell the human race. He made the assertion. Will he be so good as to giv some proof, as I do believe the Christian church has done more and greater evil than alcoholic drink, and is still a greater evil and greater curse to humanity.

GEORGE PADDINGTON.

SOUTH BEND, IND., Jan. 12. 1883.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed you will find a money-order for a year's subscription for THE TRUTH SEEKER. I hav read several copies which were handed to me by a friend, and was very highly pleased with it. May the time come when we will arrive at that stage of civilization when our guesses will be replaced by proven facts, and when man will be honest and brave enough when he reflects his imaginary mind in the dark unknowable to have the conscience of heart and the audacity of genius to say of unsolved problems, "I don't know."

Yours very respectfully, D. N. STRAUP.

SCRANTON, PA., Jan. 14, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I am an old reader of the well-named journal founded by D. M. Bennett. I thought when they got him in prison THE TRUTH SEEKER would go up, and again, when he left on his trip around the world, I thought it would damage and weaken the charging column. But it ceased not to pour in its well-aimed shot and shell among the ranks of the enemy, gaining ground and, after hot pursuit, capturing guns and manning them from the fleeing ranks. But when the general who commanded Fort Bennett was compelled to evacuate his place forever, my hands fell by my side. I waited, and when the storm was past, and while the dirt was still fresh over the gallant hero, I looked and beheld the flag, and the bow of promis in the heavens; and the mantle of the greater than a prophet had fallen upon worthy and able shoulders. Let us sing, We still hold the fort of reason and truth, which is destined to destroy the dungeons of gloom. Go on, noble TRUTH SEEKER! Yours, L. M. BUNNELL.

JOPLIN, Jan. 12, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: While we hav many truth seekers in our town—good men and true—there is not any activ work done, and no proselyting. The Liberals of this town are, as a class, above reproach. We need, as it were, "warming up." The church element is largely represented and somewhat aggressiv. As usual, however, they are far from prompt in paying the parson. Even now several of our young ladies are soliciting the faithful to chip in toward th dear preacher's salary. How is it that preaching the gospel generally reduces a man to pauperism—he having to beg for his salary. Most of the faithful seem to want a reserved seat in the capacious bosom of Abraham, but want it deadhead. Please enlighten us ignoramuses.

Can you refer me to some Liberal friend in Los Angeles, Cal., or vicinity? We want some reliable information in regard to that country, but do not want "emigration papers." By getting the name of some Liberal friend from you we will write to him.

Yours faithtully, J. HEINRICHS & BRO.

[Will some of our subscribers living in the locality described please giv the desired information?—ED.]

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Jan. 13, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: It pleases and gratifies me to watch the progress which unbridled reason is making. The medium through which I receive most of my information in regard to that progress is your ably constructed, powerfully manned, and very interesting TRUTH SEEKER. This I receive every Saturday at R. I. News Co.'s.

I learn there that there are two or three other recipients of the paper in this place, and I shall endeavor to increase the number.

Please find inclosed 25 cts. for Billings's "Crimes of Preachers;" also find some other matter, which you may use as you see fit.

I would like to ask you one question, which I hope you will answer in THE TRUTH SEEKER. If you had a loving and dutiful wife, and an interesting daughter, the wife believing in Christianity and wishing to hav the daughter attend a Christian Sunday-school—being an Infidel yourself—how would you act in the matter? In other words, would you advise me, who honestly believe that the Christian education there received would result in detriment, rather than benefit to the child, to consent or refuse? Yours very truly, WM. P. BLYTHE.

[The first principle of Liberalism is, No coercion. When the daughter is taught biblical falsehoods, present the evidence to her that shows them to be falsehoods. Teach her evolution, and let her compare its grand truths with the pueril absurdities of Genesis. Show her how impossible it is that her sins can be atoned for by the death of a man eighteen hundred and fifty-five years ago. When her Sunday-school teacher tells her to be good because it is so written in the New Testament, explain the morality of the Utilitarian philosophy, and she will at once see its superiority. A morality dependent upon rewards and punishments is unstable and degrading to men and women. The young should be taught to do right because it is right, and for the beneficent influence righteous conduct has upon their own lives and the lives of others. A healthy child will take to the bright sunshine of the Liberal philosophy of life in preference to the gloom of orthodoxy and hell. Above all things, be loving with child and wife. Lead them by love and common sense. A generous education is the best antidote to superstition. Good books and papers are the best companions of childhood. If exerted, a father's influence is sufficient to save a son or daughter from growing up trembling slaves to the church. If the minister obtrudes in a disagreeable way, slap his face—metaphorically.

But the best way to thwart the church when it throws its slimy tentacles over the young is to unite and start a Sunday-school so much superior in its entertainment that the children will want to go to no other. This ought to be done in every place, and we confidently expect to see the time when it is done.

It is a delicate thing to advise as to family matters, and we do not propose to do it. But perhaps Mr. Blythe can get some ideas from what we hav said that will solve the problem without a conflict. —ED. T. S.]

FRATTON, PORTSMOUTH, ENG., Jan. 2, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I hav inclosed a post-office order for 10s. 5d. to Charles P. Somerby for a year's subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER. You will find that my subscription is good up to March 15th next, as your card in my possession shows. I thought that no harm could be done in transmitting early to inform you that it is our intention to still subscribe (the members of the Portsmouth branch of the National Secular Society).

I am pleased to learn that you hav several able lecturers in the states.

The Radicals of this country are anxiously looking out for February 5th, when Mr. Bradlaugh will again present himself to the House of Commons to take his seat for Northampton. The Tories and Bigots are making him and our cause popular in this country. One may sympathize with them by saying, "O Lord, forgiv them, for they know not what they are doing."

Allow me to wish you a prosperous year—I would also say happy. I would wish it as much as possible. It cannot be all happiness to those who are fighting Christian bigotry; yet there is a pleasure in so doing. With kind regards, I remain yours sincerely,

JOHN E. BRUMAGE.

LAKE CITY, IOWA, Dec. 26, 1883.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find amount to settle for THE TRUTH SEEKER for a year from next May, and 25 cents for "Crimes of Preachers," the balance of what I sent to go for a number of Remsburg's "False Claims."

I wonder if THE TRUTH SEEKER's readers hav read the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* of December 19th. If not, it would be hard for them to sympathize with its editor as they should do. His grief appears to be almost too great to bear. Yes; you could hardly believe it, but the good and great Dr. McCosh has gone and done it. He has evoluted, to the great injury of God, Christ, and humanity. And then to think they let the great Dr. Patton go to grind in the same mill!—worse and more of it. But the editor has some comfort in knowing that Talmage still livs and is warming it to Ingersoll. Yes, friends, read the extracts from Talmage's lecture in the paper mentioned above, and see how big a liar and blackguard a man may make of himself.

We hav had quite a protracted meeting held by the Disciples here. It has just closed. They got ten or fifteen converts—nearly all babes and sucklings, who joined because their parents told them to. But they will all be dancing again in less than six months, if they are large enough to keep from under grown people's feet. With best regards to one and all, I am Truly yours, J. L. TOMPKINS.

BERLIN, N. J., Jan. 9, 284.

MR. EDITOR: I hav been reading the lecture of J. E. Remsburg, delivered at the Rochester Convention, and I want every Liberal to read it. There are a number of good lecturers in the Liberal field, and it is no disparagement to any of them to say that there is no better one than J. E. Remsburg. I hav had my eye on him ever since he came before the public, and here and now nominate him as a future President of these United States—"and don't you forget it."

If all Liberals will come out boldly from the rotten churches, and rotten political parties, and do all they can to spread Liberal truth, they may elect a president within ten years. Infidels, Agnostics, Spiritualists, Free Religionists, and all other Liberals, though they may not agree in their theories about religion and a state after death, may consistently work together in harmony in regard to the things of this world, and if they would unite at once they could elect the next president—and I would like to liv long enough to see Remsburg in that office. He don't court the favor of presidents, nor toady around the big bugs; is not in favor of an aristocracy of any kind, but is with the people and of the people—is laboring for the people, and is willing for a workingman to line his vest with "good fat capon," as well as the millionaire or any other useless loafer.

Three cheers for J. E. Remsburg, our future president—if all workers do their duty! J. HACKER.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"His life is long whose work is well,
And be his station low or high,
He who the most good works can tell,
Livs longest though he soonest die."

Our friends are invited to assist in our occasional puzzle department by the contribution of original charades, rebuses, enigmas, etc. All matter of the above named character will be greatly appreciated.—ED. CHILDREN'S CORNER.

Story of a Little Mouse.

I'll tell you a tale of a little gray mouse
That lived in the pantry of grandma's old house;
He nibbled the pastry, the cake, and the cheese,
Then gamboled about at his pleasure and ease.

The moment he heard grandma open the door,
He'd scamper away to his hole in the floor;
While grandma, amazed at the loss of her cake,
Would think it was Billy, or else little Jake.

At last she espied mouse's crumbs lying round,
And said, "Ah, the rogue! he must surely be found."
And so she went hunting all over the house,
But naught could she find of the little gray mouse.

For mousey was cunning, it must be confessed,
And kept very still in his snug little nest,
Until all the hunting and searching was o'er,
Then into the pantry he went as before.

He climbed on the table, then ran up the shelf—
To cake rich and creamy went helping himself;
Then into the cheese-box he poked his gray nose,
And even the butter showed marks of his toes.

One day little mousey came out as before,
And scattered the cake-crumbs all over the floor,
Until of its richness he'd eaten his fill,
Then up he went, climbing a shelf higher still.

A jar partly filled with some rich, golden cream,
Was partly concealed by a large wooden beam.
"Now for a feast," said the mouse with a sigh,
"If I can but reach it—at least, I can try."

And so he leaped up to the edge of the jar,
And took a peep down, but the cream was too far.
With all his exertion, it just touched his chin,
And he then lost his balance and tumbled right in.

The cream filled his nose, it filled up his eyes,
It filled up his mouth, and it stifled his cries.
He struggled and struggled, but all was in vain;
The cream drew him under again and again.

At last all was silent; not even his head
Was seen in the cream-pot for mousey was dead.
With rich satisfaction did pussy's eyes gleam,
When she feasted on mousey all covered with cream.

—*Selected.*

Miss Marie Gold's Party.

Once upon a time Miss Marie Gold gave a party—a garden party; and invited all her friends and neighbors. She was all fixed up for the occasion, in a gay yellow dress, ruffled clear to her neck. Her hair was fastened with a "devil's darning-needle"—but you need not be afraid of this high-sounding hairpin, for it is only the common title of a harmless insect that Marie had caught that morning to do duty at the party. With a fan fashioned from a white miller's wing, Miss Marie stood awaiting her company, while Mr. Sunflower held a green umbrella over her head.

Presently the guests began to arrive in great numbers, all dressed gayly in their best. Like all similar assemblages, they were a little stiff and formal at first, but soon became more at ease, and laughed, chatted, danced, sang, and gossipped easily and pleasantly. The musicians were Mr. Robin's two sons, a Mr. Oriole, and Prof. T. Toad's brass band.

"Pray, who are those young gentlemen in green, standing outside so stiffly?" inquired Miss Slipper, stretching out one tiny white foot.

"Oh, those are the Box brothers," replied Miss V. Pink, smoothing out her rich velvet dress. "Very quiet, well-behaved boys, but quite reserved."

"Well, if I sha'nt giv it up if there isn't old Mrs. Hollyhock and her daughters!" exclaimed one of the Zenia girls. "I suppose the old lady thinks those great coarse, fat girls are beauties."

"I think they appear very well," said Miss Aster, a German girl of fine figure. "They are always full of fun; their dresses are pretty, too—so soft and silky; and when they wear flounces they are just elegant, I think."

"I do not think the Zenia tribe need to make remarks about other people," said Polly Primrose, pettishly. "They are no great shakes, anyhow. They know how to make a great show, and that's all."

"And they're as tough as owls, and proud as peacocks. But they do get a fall sometimes, though. I laughed so, the other day, that I almost split my sides, to see old Mr. Boreas come prancing along with his cane, and one of those tall girls was in his way, and he brushed against her so hard that she tumbled down, right in the dirt," and Miss Pinkey, a prim old maid, laughed and nodded her head in great glee. "They're very proud of their beauty," she continued, "but, for my part, giv me that little Petunia girl in her crimson dress, or her sister, who always wears white, and carries such nice perfumery about her. They are so good-natured, too! Why, I hav seen Jack Frost pinch them dreadfully, and they only laughed in his face."

"Who are those three gentlemen flirting so with the Balsam sisters?" inquired Miss Cora Opsis.

"Oh, they are three old bachelors by the name of Button," answered a little miss in a red satin dress. I really believe they would flirt with their grandmothers. One of them, I think, is making love to Marie Gold herself, for he sticks close by her all the time. How showy she is, to be sure! Do you think she is handsome, Mr. Candy Tuft?"

"Vell, I cannot zay ze is—that is, ze is not the style for me." Mr. Candy Tuft, being a foreigner, spoke with a slightly foreign accent, but he was dressed in very good taste, and always wore a white hat.

Miss Pride, of London, came in dressed in scarlet, and immediately one of the old bachelors nodded familiarly, and they walked off together, nearly trampling on little Sweetie A. Lyssum, who, modestly cuddled up in a corner, was hardly noticed by the crowd.

But all the girls went nearly crazy when Col. Nasturtium came with his regimentals on, and a very handsome parasol in his hand. He related many tales of his patriotism, and, to show his agility, he ran right up a tree, and without a word kissed Virginia Creeper, who was swinging in the tree, watching Jenny Wren feed her little babies with some delicate green worms.

Then there was another very handsome young man that some of the girls seemed very fond of, and others did not seem to care a row of pins for. His name was William, and those who liked him called him "Sweet William." He seemed to be quite attached to little Miss Pansy, who was certainly very charming in purple and gold colored velvet. Red Poppy made believe she was asleep, but she said she heard him say to Pansy, "O my dear little heart's-ease! you are my heart's delight, and in all this gay assembly, there is none as pretty as you!"

Pansy blushed and hid her face behind her dark-green fan, while she called him a "gay deceiver."

Some members of the Rose family overheard Sweet William too, but they merely tossed their beautiful heads and said nothing. They thought, however, that William was mistaken in thinking little Pansy prettier than everybody else, for were not they acknowledged beauties, all over the world?

Just then, a yellow butterfly came boldly into the garden and kissed everyone present, except the Zenia girls, and one or two others, without so much as saying, "By your leave."

"Oh, how very rude he is!" said a little old-fashioned girl of the Pink family, as her face turned red as blood, but there was no color in her sister's face when he kissed her.

"But he is very good-looking," whispered Miss Mossy Rose, as she settled back in her soft little chair.

Following the gay butterfly there came Major Bumble Bee, in fuzzy pants and a yellow jacket. He was playing on some kind of musical instrument, and they all stopped to listen.

"What horrid music!" exclaimed their own musicians. Mr. Oriole gave a prolonged whistle, and the two Mr. Robins sat back and laughed till they cried. Prof. Toad's band screamed out, "Quit! quit!" But the two Katy girls in the Balm of Gilead tree disagreed about the music. One said Major Bee played a solo on the cornet. The other said he didn't.

"He *did!*" insisted the younger.

"He *didn't!*" exclaimed the other in a great rage. And so they kept it up for the remainder of the day—"he did!" "he didn't"—until everybody was disgusted. In the mean time, Major Bee whisked around and attempted to kiss the girls the same as the butterfly did, but they screamed, and then Mr. Zephyr came up from the south and blew the naughty Major Bee far away, and all the party bowed their thanks very gracefully to the kind Mr. Zephyr.

"They make a great fuss about nothing," remarked old Mr. Caterpillar to his friend, Lady Bug.

"They do, indeed," she replied, "but I think much of it is put on for the occasion. Some people do so like to put on airs! But, why, sir, hav you got your fur coat on this warm day?"

"I do not find it warm. I keep quite still, you know, and need to be warmly clothed. Are your family relatives all well, Lady Bug?"

"Quite well, I thank you; but my children, I expect, are crying now, and I must fly away home. Good-day, Mr. Caterpillar."

"Good-day, good-day, Lady Bug."

Haughty Miss Dahlia was looking over the garden wall and watching the people there, and wondering what Daisy White was looking up in the sky for all day.

"Looking for angels, I suppose," said Little Buttercup, dancing and laughing, and tossing her head.

"Does she ever see any?" asked Miss Dahlia.

"I never heard if she ever did," laughed Little Buttercup. "She may hav seen them, for all that we know, however."

"What is she good for, anyway?"

"I'll tell you what she is good for," said Mr. Dandy Lion, his honest, yellow face looking like a miniature sun. "She has been keeping that little dew-drop all day from being sunstruck, and, you know,

"Small service is true service while it lasts,
Of friends, however humble, scorn not one;
The modest daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dew-drop from the sun."

"And that's just what she's been doing."

"And what are *you* good for, Sir Oracle?" sneered Miss Dahlia, rocking to and fro proudly.

"I—well, I am good for *greens*," laughed Dandy Lion.

"I suppose you think I am a greenhorn," and Miss Dahlia looked scornfully at him and his companions.

"Oh, no," said old Mrs. Everlasting, in her calm, motherly way. "He does not mean that at all. He is good for greens, and very wholesome, too, and as a blood purifier he is excellent, isn't he, Dr. Sage?"

"That he is," replied the doctor, sagely, from his bed where he was resting. "We think highly of him in the profession. Ahem! we couldn't get along without him, could we, Miss Savory?"

"Perhaps some couldn't, but I could," replied Miss Summer Savory, with some asperity.

Nurse Penny Royal laughed, and said, "We are all useful to one another in our way," and she whisked out her pocket handkerchief filled with a delightful perfume that scented all the air.

Mr. Woodbine reached over the wall and pulled the ears of red-headed Mr. Clover, who, with his white-headed brother, was watching the gay party through a crack in the wall. As he noticed Major Bee driven away by Mr. Zephyr, he cried out, "Come over here, Major, I hav some nice, sweet honey, I wish to send to your little ones." The major did not wait for a second invitation, I assure you.

They had a long talk, and Mrs. Wood Sorrel came along and said, "Kind friends, we are not permitted to join in the festivities over yonder, or to mingle in the gay crowd, but I believe we are just as happy, because, although plain and unpretentious, we strive to do our duty, and to liv up to our principles of right. If we are not handsome, we are honest and true," said Mr. Clover, "and, although we make no great parade and show, we all of us hav enough and to spare, without calling on our neighbors."

The sky had been growing dark, and a great shower came up, which scattered the musicians and wet all the nice dresses at Miss Marie Gold's party. But the gay guests all said they didn't care, for the colors would wash, and would look as good as new the next day. The repast was just about to be brought in by Daddy Long Legs and his corps of attendant waiters, who were all of the Grasshopper family, but that part of the program had to be "postponed on account of the weather."

Verbal Charade.

BY UNCLE WILL.

I am composed of eight letters,
1. My 1, 7, 2, 3, is good at dinner,
2. " 3, 5, 6, 7, 8, signifies before,
3. " 8, 7, 3, 4, is useful to sailors,
4. " 3, 7, 4, was an American poet,
5. " 5, 2, 1, 4, is a trick,
6. " 8, 7, 1, 4, is a flower,
7. " 3, 5, 7, 1, 4, is not poetry,
8. " 1, 3, 6, 5, 4, is sometimes very tall,

My whole is an American lake.

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Land of Saxon, red the wine
Poured adown those hills of thine,
From whose fissures man has found
Gems of prehistoric ground;
Traces of the primal man,
Ere his morning star began,
Ere the vanguard of the race
Found Attilla face to face.
Savage might that held the wood,
Blot upon the solitude.
Land of Saxon, o'er the sea,
Tell us what thy mysteries be.

Solenhofen, full of years,
Who shall count thy beaded tears?
Days of yore did dark-browed Hun
Slay thy fathers every one;
Capture all thy maidens there,
Scorning babe's and mother's prayer.
Where his hordes had trod the plain,
Never grass was seen again;
Cursed with blood the desert sod,
Man unknown of man and God.
Solenhofen, lift for me
Now thy gates of mystery.

Home of Humboldt, rude the skull,
Taken from Neanderthal;
Thick and low the heavy brow
Soulless chamber, vacant now,
Lighted but when hunger pressed
Love's sweet pleadings uncaressed,
Warring beasts dispute with him
In the rocky caverns dim;
Craven fear of starry sky,
Ocean's wrath his lullaby;
Home of Humboldt, dreams of mine
Would unbar those hills of thine.

Solenhofen, rich in things
Hid beyond thy mountain springs,
Secrets that the waters kept,
O'er the early ages swept.
Gauzy wings drone o'er the stream,
Bird and beast one creature seem.
Strangest form of all the clan
Evolution builds for man,
Lying low in living bed,
Resurrect thy mighty dead.
Solenhofen, o'er the sea,
Treasure-house of mystery!

Clearwater, Neb.

*In the Scottish dialect, "A Few Bones."

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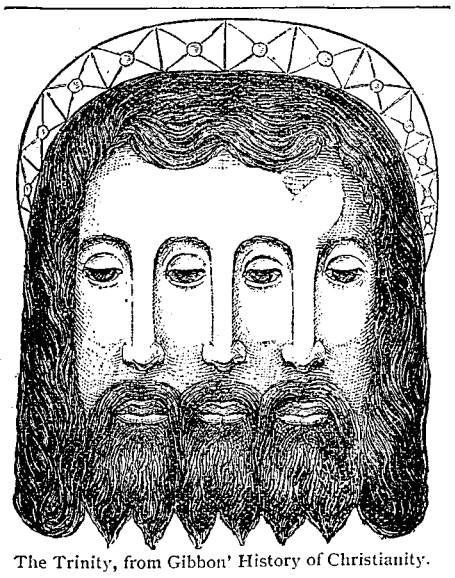
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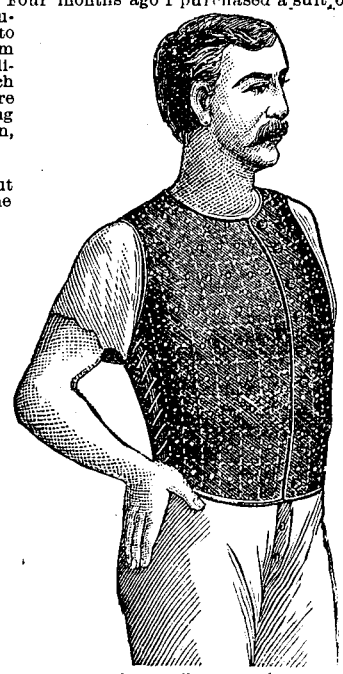
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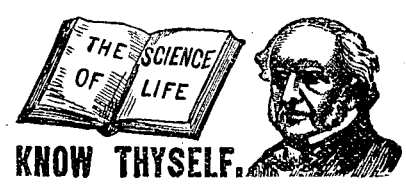
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Gems of Thought.

THE hireling fleeth, because he is a hireling and careth not for the sheep.—*John x*, 12.

IT is a very plain and elementary truth that the life, the future, and the happiness of every one of us, and, more or less, of those connected with us, do depend on our knowing something of the rules of a game infinitly more difficult and complicated than chess. It is a game which has been played for untold ages, every man and woman of us being one of the two players in a game of his or her own. The chess-board is the world, the pieces are the phenomena of the universe, the rules of the game are what we call the laws of nature. The player on the other side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, just, and patient. But we know to our cost that he never overlooks a mistake or makes the smallest allowance for ignorance. To the man who plays well the highest stakes are paid with that overflowing generosity with which the strong shows delight in strength. And one who plays ill is checkmated, without haste, but without remorse. My metaphor will remind some of you of the famous picture in which Retzsch has depicted Satan playing chess with a man for his soul. Substitute for the mocking fiend in that picture a calm, strong angel who is playing for love, as we say, who would rather lose than win, and I should accept it as an image of human life. Well, what I mean by education is the instruction of the intellect in the laws of nature, under which name I include not merely things and their forces, but men and their ways, and the fashioning of the affections and the will into an earnest and loving desire to move in harmony with those laws. For me, education means neither more nor less than this.—*Huxley.*

VISIBLE and ascertainable phenomena giv no countenance to the theory of a future or spiritual life. The sense of identity, a conscious continuity of the ego, is an essential element of the astonishing doctrin of the resurrection of the body, which has so strangely and thoughtlessly found its way into the popular creed. The primitiv parents or congealers of that creed—whoever they may hav been—innocent of all science, and oddly muddled in their metaphysics, but resolute in their conviction that the same persons who died here should be, in very deed, the same who should rise hereafter—systematized their anticipations into the notion that the grave should giv up its actual inmates for their ordained transformation and their allotted fate. . . . The fathers of the church did not know, or they never considered, that the buried body soon dissolves into its elements, which, in the course of generations and centuries, pass into other combinations: form part of other living creatures, feed and constitute countless organizations one after another; so that when the graves are summoned "to giv up the dead that are in them," and the sea "the dead that are in it," they will be called on to surrender what they no longer possess and what no supernatural power can giv back to them.—*Greg's Enigmas of Life.*

M.—THE opinions of some philosophers do, indeed, bring us hope, if it is any pleasure to you to think that souls, after they leave the body, may go to heaven as to a permanent home. A.—I hav great pleasure in that thought, and it is what I most desire, and even if it should not be so, I should still be willing to believe it. [An avowal little worthy of a philosopher.] M.—What occasion hav you, then, for my assistance? Am I superior to Plato in eloquence? Turn over carefully his book that treats of the soul, you will hav there all that you can desire. A.—I hav, indeed, done that, and often too; but I know not how it comes to pass, I agree with it whilst I am reading it, but when I hav laid down the book and begun to reflect with myself on the immortality of the soul, all that agreement vanishes and slips away.—*Cicero's Tusculan Disputations.* [Note: Plato's *Phædo* fortunately remains to us, and is universally regarded as one of the noblest—if not the very noblest—productions of the Greek mind. But no one trained in the philosophy of the present day, as represented by Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, and dozens of others that might be named, would allow himself to be imposed on by the platitudes that Plato indulges in, and however pleasing the dream that he sets before us, we let it pass without a sigh of regret, believing that it is best as it is, whatever it may turn out to be. *In utrumque paratus* [Prepared for either alternativ] is our motto. If we hav to face another world, strength, we nothing doubt, will be given us to do so, and if God or Nature has no further use for us, we are content to pass on. Dear is Plato, dear is Cicero; dear, too, are Jesus and Paul and Locke and Channing; but dear above all is Truth.—*Hylax.*]

WHAT is it to die?
To leave all disappointment, care, and sorrow,
To leave all falsehood, treachery, and unkindness,
All ignominy, suffering, and despair;
And be at rest forever! O dull heart,
Be of good cheer! When thou shalt cease to beat,
Then shalt thou cease to suffer and complain.
—*Longfellow's Spanish Student.*

MEN are brought to anything almost sooner than to change their habit of life, especially when the change is either inconvenient, or made against the force of natural inclination or with loss of accustomed indulgences. "It is," as Hartley in his "Essays on Man" says, "the most difficult of all things to convert men from vicious habits to virtuous ones, as one may judge from what he feels in himself, as well as from what he sees in others." It is almost like making men over again.—*Paley's Evidences of Christianity.*

I THEREFORE so run, not as uncertainly; so fight I, not as one that beateth the air; but I keep under my body and bring it into subjection.—1 *Cor. ix*, 26, 27.

THE

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1884.

(E. M. 284.)

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MR. ROGERS'S latest group is a scene in church, representing a young man leaning over from his pew to show the place in a hymn-book to a pretty girl who has arrived late with her mother, or aunt, or some other female of mature years. It is supposed to be the first of a series, and will soon be followed by a group depicting the same young man and young woman lingering at the front gate, on their arrival from church, engaged in a conversation on astronomy, or civil service reform, or some other sentimental topic, while a big-headed and liberal-jawed dog, in the background, eyes the youth suspiciously. The final groups will show the young man being bounced off the front stoop by the girl's irate male parent, and the dog aforesaid sampling the lover's coat-tails. Mr. Rogers has struck a vein that has been successfully worked in literature, and which should prove no less remunerativ in art.

TO MISS MARY ANDERSON.

O fairest American actress, to me
You're better by far than our Kendals and Beeres;
In every new pose all your muscles I see,
And charming the outline of each one appears;
Sir Henry would surely approve of your *triceps*,
And Lister delight in your beautiful *biceps*.

I care not to hear Gilbert's cynical play.
For what are his lines to the lines of your face?
Your sweet *sterno-mastoids*, before me alway,
Can pose your small head with an exquisit grace;
Your attitude, Mary, 's an effort of genius,
When one of those muscles works well with the *splenius*.

Oh, fair is your *deltoid*, and fair too, we know,
The long *supinator* that flexes your arm;
The play of your eloquent lips serves to show
Your *orbicularis* hath singular charm;
And men will all follow your path like fanatics,
To hear how you laugh with those gay *zygomatics*.

Then take an anatomist's greeting, Miss A.,
And smile on the rhyme that would spread your renown;
Don't let the *risorius* come into play,
Nor stern *corrugator* be used for a frown;
While the bard will rejoice if you find aught that's comic
In viewing you thus with an eye anatomic.
—*H. S. C., in London World.*

"GIMME that gun!" the old man cried
To his son, a sprightly urchin;
"It's Sunday, yes, but I'll hav the hide
Of that coon if it costs a churchin'."

"O, father, stay," the youthlet plead,
"Remember, to-day is Sunday;
Call not down vengeance on thy head,
Wait, father, and shoot it Monday."

"Gimme that gun!" The man was stern.
"And gimme no more palaver;
You are young in years, and had better learn
When a coon's in sight I'll hav her!"

The youth passed over the heavy gun—
A gun which almost knocked him down—
Like a bold, bad, unregenerate son,
By the spirit of mischief goaded.

An ounce of powder and three of shot,
He had dumped in the carbine's muzzle,
And gloated over his hellish plot
Like a child with a Chinese puzzle.

Then he hied away to a safe retreat
'Neath a stone wall's friendly cover;
"I'll wait awhile," did the lad repeat,
"Till the din of battle's over."

Then came a burst of thunder sound;
The old man—where was he?
Curled like a squashvine on the ground,
While the coon skipped up a tree.

"O, father, father!" the youthlet cried,
"Remember, to-day is Sunday!"
"You bet; but I'll tan your tender hide
From now till the dawn of Monday!"

A POOR devil of a hair dresser was sold out at Moberly lately, and among the effects was a superb head and bust of a papier-mache female. The clerk at the Central Hotel purchased it, and the boys determined to hav some fun. There is a long room in the hotel divided by curtains, each half containing a bed. So they stuck the bust at the top of the bolster and put the lay figure comfortably under the sheets, where it lay like a reclining Venus. They then went down to the office to await the arrival of the eleven o'clock train and see who was apportioned to number seventeen, where the gentle dummy was reposing. To their chagrin old Silas Gregory, who is the solidest man on the road, in a religious sense, got the lucky number. Just before the solemn gentleman went up stairs Will Haverly called him on one side. "Sir," he said, with a little halting confusion, "can I speak a few words in private to you?" "Certainly, sir." "Well, sir, I suppose the clerk has forgotten it, but a young lady is sleeping in one of those beds—it is true that a curtain divides the room, and perhaps with a man of your character it does not matter after all." "Not at all," said the serious traveler. "I shall be rising early and need not disturb her." "Exactly. You'll be very careful—" "Sir, you don't know me; if you think I could be capable of—" "I know you are the very soul of honor. Good night." The boys sat in Will's room for an hour, and were just going to retire rather disgustedly to their chambers when the door of seventeen opened and the serious man rushed up the corridor, his face as white as a miller's. "Gentlemen," he gasped, "a great crime has been committed—that girl's face is cold as ice—she's dead! Merciful heavens, dead!" The whole crowd went with him, and when he found out the swindle he began to bluster, but Will Haverly said very quietly: "Now, look you here, Mr. Whatdoyoucallem, before you kick up a row here you've got to explain how you found out that maiden's cheek was cold." "I—I—I— Great Scott! Giv me my grip!" and the pious man frightened the night clerk out of a week's growth by dashing through the office into the gloom nd darkness of the night.

THE TRUTH SEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

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Notes and Clippings.

THE largest school in the world is probably the Jewish Free School in Spitalsfield, London. It has a daily attendance of over 2,800 pupils.

THE *World* is the authority for the statement that President Arthur, in a recent conversation with some old friends, admitted that he was a partial convert to the doctrin of Spiritualism.

AN English paper tells the story of an old gentleman who made it a regular practice to read a portion of the Bible every morning, and drink eight gallons of ale every evening. He died weighing several hundred pounds.

A MAN in Nebraska City is activly promoting starvation by giving away flour to the poor. He distributes it in sacks, one to every purchaser of one hundred drinks at his bar; and, under the circumstances, the winners are bound to be losers.

MRS. LILLIE DEVEREAUX BLAKE is holding Governor Cleveland up to the scorn of her sex. She says he is totally ignorant of the fact that more than half the people of the state are women, and when they are allowed to vote they will make a political corpse of him in short order.

A LARGE number of candidates hav applied for the office of assistant physician to the Edinburgh Infirmary, and hav put in great quantities of testimonials. But a resident doctor says that "more dependence in Edinburgh is to be placed on being a Free Churchman than on any real aptitude for a vacant post."

AT last it is expected that Mr. Bradlaugh will be admitted to his seat in the House of Commons when Parliament meets. It is unaccountable that the majority should hav so long submitted to be made a cat's-paw of by the Tories in this matter. The foregoing is from *Truth*. We trust our daily contemporary is correct, but we hav our doubts. We havn't seen any indications that the lamb can lie down with the lion—except on the inside.

FROM the annual report of the 2d Congregational church of West Winsted for the year ending Dec. 31, 1883, we gain the following statistics showing results of past year: Outfit—1 clergyman, 4 deacons, 30 Sunday-school teachers (and, we may add, a ten-thousand-dollar church not taxed). Result—9 conversions. Loss in members of church (various ways), 13. We trust the other churches will send their returns promptly to this office for publication. Nothing givs us so much pleasure, jibes the Winsted *Press*, as to publish statements like the above, showing as they do the rapid spread of Christianity in the backwoods of New England.

ST. MARY'S Protestant Episcopal church in Brooklyn is about to open a bowling alley in the basement of its branch church on Park street. The Brooklyn *Times* remembers that not many years ago Rev. Thos. K. Beecher created a terrible commotion in a local church by proposing a similar innovation on puritanism. It would be better, comments our heretical friend Pinney, if the churches were all turned into bowling alleys, skating rinks, billiard and dancing halls, gymnasiums, and game rooms, with weekly theatrical performances, music each night, and a lecture every Sunday afternoon, but a church with a pious ten pin alley in the basement will do to start with.

HITHERTO owners or managers of mills and factories in Russia hav been free to deal with their work-people as they pleased. But on the first day of this year a new Factory law came into operation for the regulation of the work of children. A complete staff of inspectors has been appointed to enforce the following stipulations of the new law: 1. Children under 10 years of age must not be allowed to work in factories. 2. Workers from the age of 12 to 15 years must not work more than eight hours a day. Night work for children can only be authorized in establishments where the process of manufacture cannot hav a bad influence on the health. Even if allowed, the work must not exceed four hours. 3. The work of children must be regulated in such a way as not to prevent their going to school three hours every day. 4. The owners of factories are obliged to admit inspectors and their assistants into their works at any hour of the day.

AN honest woman confessed not long ago that although the minister whose church she attends, of which she is a member in excellent standing, is not at all liked as a preacher by many of his congregation, she finds that he is doing her a great deal of good. "I always listen to the text and the opening of the sermon," she said, "and after that his voice is so pleasant, and I am so sure that I know exactly what he is going to say, that I sit there, in that quiet and restful place, and plan out my work for the week; and I notice that when I do this I always get along so much better during the week, for that Sunday morning hour is about the only one that I hav which is entirely free from demands upon me."

"WELL, my little man," said a Methodist elder who, during the progress of a revival, was stopping at the house of the father of the youth whom he addressed, "I hear you hav a little baby brother. Hav you named him yet?" "No, sir," replied the lad, shyly. "Name him after me and I'll giv him a present." Upon the next visit of the elder, about a month after the conversation, he asked the boy if he had followed out his wishes. "Yes, sir," answered the youth. "I spoke to dad about it, and he said he'd name the kid after you as sure as shootin.'" "Ah, ha, and what do you call him?" "We call him Bacon and Eggs fried on both Sides, Yellow-Legged Chickens, and Biscuits and Honey."

THE *Sun* whittles this story from something: Robert G. Ingersoll's father was a minister of the last generation, and for a long time pastor of the Congregational church at Madison, Ohio, and at Ashtabula, the place of the memorable railroad disaster. He was successful as a revivalist, and finally gave up the settled pastorate in order to spend his time in evangelistic work. He was capable of arousing the emotions to a high pitch of ecstatic enthusiasm. This description is by a man who sat under his ministry, and who also tells how little Bob used to engage his father in long disputations, bringing up the familiar skeptical puzzles of the whale, the frogs, and the sun standing still. He was always elated at cornering his father.

A NICE theological point has come up for settlement in Texas. Pastor A's congregation being without a place of worship, permission was asked and obtained to hold service on a given day in the church of Pastor B. At the appointed time Pastor A's congregation assembled, and their service had just reached the point of taking a collection, when Pastor B ascended the pulpit, took charge of the exercises, and demanded and received the proceeds of the collection. The question is, Will an action lie against Parson B for the recovery of the funds thus obtained, or did he simply appropriate that which belonged to him? In other words, does the title to money yielded by a church collection vest in the congregation owning the building, or in the congregation which happens to be making use of it for one occasion only? The point is a delicate one, and its adjustment will be watched with general interest.

THE wife of George J. Holyoake was buried two weeks ago at Highgate, and as Mr. Holyoake had often spoken at the grave of others, his wife had a wish—the only public one, it is said, that she ever expressed—that a few words should be said at her own. Mr. Holyoake, in respecting this request, spoke of "the three qualities which distinguished Mrs. Holyoake—that of service of others, in which she never thought of herself; that of truth—not of speech only, but of conduct—of which she had so clear a sense that the absence of it in others was not concealable from her; that of pride, which was more than self-respect—it was debtlessness, an independence of obligation which was not a second nature—it was her first, and she had no other. Though called upon early in life to confront alone the death of her first child—to be the sole watcher, the sole sympathizer, and sole mourner at an unattended grave, she brought away no murmur. During more than forty years she never forgot it, and never complained."

THE San Francisco *Truth* draws this contrast: James C. Flood is going to build another palace. It will be located on Nob Hill, and is expected to cast a long shadow over the residences of the railroad kings in that vicinity. It is to be a two-story and basement building, 100x100 feet in dimensions. The foundation will consume 1,000,000 bricks in its construction. The edifice proper will be of Connecticut brown stone. A portico of the Roman-Doric order will constitute the entrance to the grounds, with a depth of 25 or 30 feet. The plans show that the central hall will be 45 by 32 feet, with a height of 25 feet. The space for the grand staircase will be 25 feet in width, the principal flights being 9 feet wide, and leading to a landing 10x25 feet. The dining-room will be 45x30, the hall and music-room 50x37, the library 26x39, the grand reception-room 26x29, the drawing-room 40x30. These last three apartments will be *en suite*, and will present, when thrown open, an apartment 415 feet in length. There will be five sleeping chambers, each 30x30, and a smoking-room 25x25, eight servants' rooms, a wine-cellar, a laundry, a kitchen, etc., all in the modern style. The interior woodwork is to be of heavy South American timber. No bay windows or exterior ornaments will appear, but every pane of glass will be of plate. It will cost $4,000,000. If the rent of your tenement or hovel is raised a little during the coming year in order that Flood may recoup himself, please don't kick. Go up on Nob Hill and gratify your art-instincts by gazing at Mr. Flood's palace.

THE Dean of Canterbury recently became alarmed at the rapid increase of skepticism in England, and procured a Dr. Samuel Kinns to show that there is no conflict between science and the Bible. This Mr. Kinns proceeded to do in a series of lectures, the first being delivered in the library of Canterbury Cathedral. Mr. Kinns satisfied himself and hearers, but, unfortunately for his reputation as a scientific man, he referred to others as entertaining the same views as those which he put forward. He mentioned particularly the staff of scientific men attached to the British Museum. No sooner was this fact made public than these gentlemen came forward to deny the lecturer's statement, and their letters on the subject showed plainly enough that he was not qualified to speak with any authority on the questions of science he had attempted to discuss. Admission into the Geological Society was recently denied him because of the false science embodied in a published work of his on Moses and geology. "The order of the sixteen creativ events which formed the subject of his Canterbury lecture," says Mr. Carruthers, keeper of the department of botany in the British Museum, "is neither that of science nor of Genesis. He mangles the Mosaic record, and does not know the facts of science." As to astronomy, the case against the dean's lecturer, as stated by Mr. Carruthers, appears to be still worse: "He adds to his name F. R. A. S. I cannot believe that the crass ignorance found in his book can be found in any Fellow of the Astronomical Society besides Samuel Kinns. Witness his account of the miracle of the sun standing still on Gibeon. He had seen that, by refraction, the sun is visible for several days in the frigid zone after it is even as much as a degree below the horizon, and not understanding this simple phenomenon, he ignorantly holds that by increased refraction the sun was seen over Gibeon for at least twelve hours after it had set. He is incapable of perceiving the absurdity of an image of the setting sun being visible by refraction in the west at the very time that the sun itself is rising in the east." The Dean of Canterbury is still hunting for a man to reconcile science and the Bible.

News of the Week.

WENDELL PHILLIPS died on the 2d, aged 73.

GEN. W. S. HANCOCK has returned from his trip West with improved health.

THE winter carnival at Montreal, Canada, opened on the morning of the 4th.

THE Vienna police hav stopped the publication of the *Future*, a Socialistic paper.

THE Rev. Pennell Combe, aged 76 years, was found dead in his study at Fernwood, Pa., on the 1st.

E. N. ROWELL, of Batavia, N. Y., who shot and killed the seducer of his wife, was acquitted by the jury.

EL MAHDI, the False Prophet, is falling back from Khartoum, believing that to be no longer a safe place for him.

THE queen of Tahiti is in New York. Tahiti is one of the Society Islands, and is somewhere near the size of the state of Rhode Island.

THE Rev. William Lloyd, of this city, declared in his sermon last Sunday that the cultured classes were drifting away from the church.

THERE hav been many reductions in wages in different parts of the country during the past week. Several strikes hav been attempted, but without success.

THE Marquis of Queensbury has proposed to change the marriage service, leaving out, "Whom God hath joined together," etc., and substituting, "Whom the government or nature may put asunder, let no man attempt to keep together."

THREE cars of a train dropped through a truss bridge seven miles from Indianapolis, Ind., one day last week. Part of the wreck was submerged and that left above the water took fire. Six persons were drowned or burnt to death, and eight others were injured.

BRUNO KNORR, a young German of this city, attempted suicide by shooting himself in the forehead. He did not die, and the doctors cut a hole in the back of his head and took the bullet out that way. He is now apparently recovering, though the physicians say that he has lost some of his brain matter, and will probably be stupid hereafter.

BILLY MCGLORY, for a long time the keeper of a dance-hall of notorious disrepute in this city, is in jail for selling beer without a license. The ministers are now paying their attentions to him, half a dozen having written him last Monday. Their design is to get him out of jail and into the lecture field in the interests of temperance and the gospel.

THE Senate committee on education and labor hav reported a bill providing that eight hours shall constitute a day's work for all laborers, workmen, and mechanics in government employ, and that they receive a full day's pay therefor. Should emergency require, the president may make proclamation for increase of hours, to be paid for extra at the same rate.

THE Austin, Texas, *Statesman* having published certain strictures on the conduct of Ben Thompson, a bad man generally, the latter entered the composing-room of the paper, drove out the printers, pied two cases of type, and broke a lamp. He then notified the editor of the *Statesman* that he should hold him personally responsible for a repetition of the strictures.

MR. BRADLAUGH has expressed his acquiescence in the suggestion of Mr. Labouchere, his colleague from Northampton, that he make no effort to take the oath on the opening of Parliament, but remain below the bar. On Feb. 11th, however, he will advance to the table of the House of Commons in order to take the prescribed oath. Meanwhile Sir Stafford Northcote will make no motion hostil to Mr. Bradlaugh, and will not support any Conservativ who does so.

Anniversary Celebrations.

Paine's Natal Day.

THE NEW YORK MEETING.

The friends who came together to celebrate Paine's birthday in this city filled the hall to overflowing. The meeting was held under the auspices of the Bennett Liberal League, and was presided over by Mr. S. P. Putnam. Many faces new to those who are in the habit of attending Liberal gatherings here were seen in the audience, notably the faces of young ladies and gentlemen. Though all enjoyed themselvs to a high degree, the happiest person present seemed to be Mr. Putnam, to whom the credit of so magnificent a demonstration is largely due. His enthusiasm and good humor were contagious, and communicated themselvs to speakers and listeners alike. After an overture on the piano, Mr. Putnam called the meeting to order. He had just returned from the Boston convention, where he reported a splendid and enthusiastic gathering. His story of this will be found further along. Reverting then to the objects of our meeting, he went on to say:

The genius of Paine was cosmopolitan. He embraced the whole world in his sympathies. It was not for a nation, but for mankind, that he labored.

He was pre-eminently a man of ideas. We know but little of his personal life; we know him mainly through the illumination of his thought. He worked therefore not for a day, but for all time. He is a representativ man, a landmark of human history.

In honoring his memory we do honor to those principles of which his life was such an illustrious example. He is identified with the great movements of man. He does not dwell apart. He was and is in the rushing tide of humanity. In every throb of the race he seems to bear a living part.

The French Revolution was the beginning of a new era. It was a volcanic outburst—but its power had been gathering for centuries. It was universal in its interest—a pivotal revolution whose lurid glare flung the horoscope of succeeding civilization.

In that terrific whirlwind of hope and terror Paine was a master-spirit. He had been trained in revolution, and knew its meaning. He was in thorough sympathy with the rights of man, and would maintain them at all hazards. His trust in human nature was boundless, for he felt that it must be noble, or the universe itself was a lie. Man was committed by the very law of his being to the good, the true, and the beautiful; and towards these he would advance, even through the most bloody paths.

Paine did not toil simply to overthrow, but to build up. He believed in liberty, but he believed also in justice. The rights of man are universal, and they clothe both the king and the peasant. Paine would strike the shackles from the peasant and make him the equal of the king; but when the king was dethroned and stood side by side with the peasant, then the king was to be protected equally with the peasant.

This was the principle that guided Paine in his treatment of the fallen tyrant, and for which he almost suffered martyrdom. It was policy, we might say profound policy, to keep the king alive and in subjection, and thus those who were in favor of a monarchy would be held in check—since their legal representativ was in chains.

But with Paine the reason was deeper and more universal than this. It was based on the recognition of fundamental rights. The criminal must hav justice, and the tyrant must be punished, not by passion, but by reason. It was not vengeance, but safety, that should be sought.

Liberty demands self-defense, but nothing more. When self-defense is accomplished, then brute force should cease. Reason and moral power are then the victorious agencies. The French people, degraded by centuries of servitude, could not see this. Having drawn the sword, they expected to win everything by the sword. They made that the arbiter. The commanding and penetrating genius of Paine saw otherwise—that the sword should be put aside as soon as possible, and reason left to assert the claims of justice. The king was a victim; he was not simply a criminal. He was the product of circumstances and preceding influence. His fate was upon him, and he could not be altogether responsible for the tremendous wrongs that existed. There was no need of the shedding of any blood. It was for this sublime justice that Paine pleaded, and it was for this that he suffered.

All honor to the hero and the martyr of two continents, to the grand idealist who amid the storms of the present saw the penceful solution of the future; who to friend and foe was alike unflinching in his devotion to justice. What is liberty without justice, and what is justice but the moral power of man? Brute force can simply resist; it cannot advance. Moral ideas must proceed by moral forces. It is fatal to any reform to be established by the sword. It then becomes a tyranny, and, like all tyrannies, must perish. The ultimate advance of mankind must be by reason. It was to reason that Paine constantly appealed. It was not the expediency of to-day for which he aimed, but for the eternal justice, whose light, like that of the sun, must fall both upon the just and the unjust, not for vengeance, but for the progress and joy af all.

Paine was far-reaching in his ideas. They belong to the future: they look onward. In recalling his life, we do not dwell altogether in the past. In the light of his lofty genius we see the days that are to come. He is our leader still, our teacher still. We can gather impulse and knowledge from his eventful career. He has touched strings that will vibrate music in the hereafter. He is a living and onward power—not merely a monument of achieved result, for that life which he communicated to the race was not simply that of his own personality, but the life of great ideas, which are immortal, and which from the splendors of the past lure to nobler achievement. No matter what we hav done, there still remains a greater, and to this greater, so long as man advances, will the name of Thomas Paine be an incentiv.

A violin solo was next in order. Victor Kurdo is a young man of brilliant musical attainments, and his performance was heartily encored. Miss Leona Leonard succeeded him with a song. The audience fell in love with her beautifully musical voice, and she also was compelled to repeat. Mr. Putnam then sent the hat around, but even this orthodox proceeding failed to mar the festivities. The good nature of the audience would hav forgiven John Knox for his share in establishing Presbyterianism, if he had appeared to us. The expenses of the evening were $16.50, and when Mr. Putnam recovered his hat he found $18.88 worth of collateral in it—more than it ever covered before, he assured us. This left $2.38 to go to the Paine Historical Association, which is to be formed. In after years this audience and their descendants will speak of this with satisfaction. Mr. Wakeman then ascended the platform. He was greeted with prolonged applause, which he was compelled to still before he could proceed. He said:

My Friends: They buried him by the roadside. It was sad. It was meant to be and was felt to be dishonorable. The Society of Friends, even, of which he was a birthright member, refused him the hospitality of the grave, a hospitality the denial of which has always been felt to be the very highest point of human dishonor. Throughout all the ancient world and ancient history the great leading thought concerning the end of human life was that the body might enter into a companionship with others in death. The Roman church even now can bring to his or her knees every child that was born in the Catholic fold by threatening that his or her remains shall lie in unconsecrated ground. Even that splendid genius, that eagle-eyed man who shot the arrow that seemed to pierce the very heart of superstition—even the great Voltaire, trembled when he felt that his career of Freethought would bring him to be buried like an animal in the open field. He had seen the remains of a beloved friend, the great actress, Adrienne Lecouvreur, thrown into the gutter in disgrace. His last expiring effort was to claim friendship of some power which could save his memory and his remains by associating them in honorable burial with his fellow-men.

I hav stood by that grave at New Rochelle by the roadside, near the little locust post where the head of the great man was once, and I hav felt that one of the great missions of Freethought in this world is to reverse the sentence that left Thomas Paine without an honorable grave. Yet there is much that may be said to be appropriate in that circumstance. A man whose great life maxim was, "The world is my country; to do good my religion," might, after all, be fittingly laid by the roadside of those who are to carry his fame to the ends of the earth. As was said of the great English reformer,

"The Avon to the Severn runs,
The Severn to the sea;
So Wickliff's ashes spread abroad,
Wide as the waters be."

Thus the name of this man justly belongs, not to any consecrated ground which he longed to hav his remains repose in, not to any church, but to the people at large through that grand church which is now just peering above the horizon, lit with the rays of the future thought and glory of man—that great church of the world, that church of humanity itself, in which and for which his life was spent. I love to think how generous, how far-extended were the efforts of that man, and I pray you here now to recall how much of him was not simply of his age, but of all ages; not simply of his time, but to leave the blessing that we and others, from generation to generation, shall inherit. It is in that capacity that he stands before us in an entirely different light from that in which he stood to those who thus dishonored him at his death, and whose disgrace it is that they allowed him to go into an unconsecrated grave.

Remember that this man was the great, leading republican of his age, the knight-errant of liberty and republicanism. Remember that he was the first man that said, "The free and independent states of America;" and that he put it expressly that these United States thus organized and thus made triumphant by victory, as he believed they would be, established the corner-stone of the United States of the World. Remember that as the knight-errant of republicanism and liberty he devoted his whole life to that sentiment and that object. That it is which has consecrated his memory, that it is which brings us here, that it is which will make him the patriarch of republicanism and Freethought the world over; and especially will it make him dear to us Americans, for whom he spent the best years and efforts of his life. He is the great patriarch of American Liberalism, and whatever may hav been his faults, however he may, under some circumstances, hav fallen short of the highest dignity that man can achieve, he achieved enough to enable us to regard his faults as simply spots on the sun. Look at his starting in England without any particular advantages of education, or birth, or social position! He worked his way by inherent genius of character to a position of honorable appointment in England.

He became familiar in his public employment, as few others could be, with the politics and history of his time. When Franklin was in London looking out for the interests of the young colonies, Paine was already one of the men to whom his eye was attracted, and one of the men who, he thought, would hav a remarkable influence upon the future. And furthermore, there is reason to suspect that even in his early life he performed one of the most superhuman tasks that any being ever accomplished. It is by no means clear that he was not the author of the "Letters of Junius." You remember that Mr. Burr, of Washington, has published a very excellent work on that subject. He has not as yet convinced me, but I admit it takes a good deal to convince me of some things. The style of Paine seems to me against that theory; the fact that he had not at that time of his life sufficient acquaintance with the men of England has seemed against it; the fact that he with his open heart kept that secret is against it. And yet only last Sunday, down in Boston, I sat with a man whom we all delight to honor, and all love to think of as the Nestor of Liberalism, the Hon. Elizur Wright. He took the pains to go over with me the arguments by which the hypothesis is sustained that Paine was really the author of the Junius letters. I admit I never saw the case so clearly put before. It is remarkable; every other man whose name has been proposed as the author of the Junius letters has been abandoned—even Sir Philip Francis. Scarcely one of them now has a single adherent. The problem has been given up. The last Encyclopedia Britannica expressly comes to that conclusion—that that secret is buried in the past. Now, in late years, has come forward this claim of Thomas Paine to that honor, and the honors which are contended for are certainly the most remarkable of any in the developments of that generation. We submit it to you that it is by no means clear as yet but that Thomas Paine was really the author of these extraordinary letters, which had such a wonderful effect in England. They were right in the line of Thomas Paine's work. About the time Paine left Europe for America, Junius said that he had written his last letter; that he had buried the secret with him; that he would giv to other lands and to other people the talents which the people of England were no longer capable of appreciating. The American colonies were ready for revolution. Paine came here and at once lit the fires of liberty, and at once threw his heart and soul into the cause. The first great words spoken by him to the American people were contained in that wonderful work called "Common Sense." He showed that simple rebellion against England was useless unless we had in view some constructiv object; that the change must not be strictly governmental, but it must be social and political, and we must become the children of the great republic. These great truths he put before our people; he argued with them, and they began to feel that the rebellion was no longer simply for the redress of grievances, no longer was it proper to send petitions to the throne; it was thought better to send delegates to the congress in Philadelphia. The result of his efforts in that regard was one of the greatest movements that any one individual ever started and made successful. He was not simply satisfied by having made this great thought permeate the minds of the people. When Washington, at the head of the army, was almost compelled to giv up in despair, we know perfectly well what this true hero did. We know that he rushed to the army himself; he gave his last cent and his last dollar, and his own salary in advance. He went and shared the sufferings of the soldiers at Valley Forge. He then sent out that thrilling word called the "Crisis." He rushed right into the gap, and into the breach, and by his singular openness of expression, by the sincerity of his style, made it seem, as he truly said, that he wrote all this with the pen dipped in his own blood. That spirit, that plainness, that simplicity, that attractivness, struck the heart of the people again, and revived them. The army was sustained; his means helped to do it. Then he went to Philadelphia and to France. He raised the money which really revived the army, and enabled Washington to co-operate with the French, and to gain the final victory which made these free and United States of America. How much he did in that regard only those who carefully look over the history of that period will know, because the record of it, to the shame of American historians, has been substantially repressed—has been substantially overgrown and forgotten. He was the living genius of that period, and without him the sword of Washington would hav been drawn in vain. I never can recur to these two great works, "Common Sense" and the "Crisis," without a feeling of unutterable gratitude to him, and of unutterable indignation at the infamous way in which his memory and his fame hav been treated.

As soon as the great treaty was signed which made these the free and independent states of America, Paine left this country, returned to England, and there started one of the great movements which as yet is permeating the British mind, and which will eventually reach its culmination and its victory, in a complete disenthralment of the people of England from their nobility and aristocracy. Charles Bradlaugh is a lineal descendant of Thomas Paine, and is simply reasserting in other forms the rights of man, by the advocacy of which Thomas Paine at this period put himself in the front of the battle, against a great leader of reactionism, the great Edmund Burke; and in that contest, though Burke seemed for a time, with all the material resources back of him, to be the victor, it was only for a time. The rights which underlie the duties of men on earth were set forth in that great book, the "Rights of Man," and eventually they will triumph. The revolution in England has been a long and smothered one, but it is none the less a revolution, and it will be none the less triumphant in the future.

Having done what he could then, and justly, as the knight-errant of republicanism and liberty, as he always was, to emancipate his own English brethren, he was called almost unanimously by the French nation, re-elected from a dozen provinces at once to go to France and to start a republican constitution in Europe, as he had in America—the constitution of the French nation. He was at once sent to the great convention from Calais, although many others besought him to represent them. In that convention he rendered great service to the French nation. He was one of the most conservativ members of the convention, and his advice was second to none in forming that great constitution which now underlies the constitution of France. Those services hav been nearly forgotten, but of late years, through our minister at France, Mr. Washburne, the part that Thomas Paine took in the French Revolution has been partially uncovered, and we now know that it was no less important in accomplishing the liberty of the people of France than that of the people of America. The time came that tried men's souls; there was not so much to excite the people to action as there was here; but it was to temper the people against the terrific outrages and wrongs which bore them down that he said, "This violence, this terrorism, will not giv us permanent liberty." The question came up, What shall be done with this king? Then was enacted one of the most beautiful, most glorious scenes that history has ever recorded, or human art can ever depict, when Thomas Paine, revered by all the republicans of the world, stood forward and defended that Louis Capet, the criminal, and tried to save him from a disgraceful death. He pleaded for his banishment to America. Simple is his speech on that subject. It is repeated in his works. Look it up before you giv ear to any of the charges of the church against Paine, and see the real magnanimity and heroism of the man in writing that speech. Never has there been anything superior to it; never was there an instance of greater statesmanship, of true manhood, exhibited in all the history of the world. The minions of the monarch pressed upon poor France and she lost her head, and became crazy in terrorism. They felt it was the only thing that could save them, and those who were the wildest gained the power, and those who had been moderate and judicious went to prison. Paine was one who was imprisoned, with the sentence of death passed upon him, as one who had not been violent enough against the enemies of the republic, and it was supposed that he would be led forth to execution. It seems as though there must hav been a special providence that saved him from the guillotin. Some other poor wretch was dragged out and took his place, and Thomas Paine lived for a purpose still nobler than any he had accomplished. He had done much to giv freedom, political and social, to America; much to giv it to England, and much to giv it to France; but social and political freedom were impossible unless he could giv freedom to the human mind and to the human soul. That great work he accomplished by giving to the world that magnificent book, the "Age of Reason." When he found that in all probability he would be called out to go through that fatal ordeal of the guillotin, he set his mind to think, Why all this cruelty; this repression, this oppression, this slavery of man? Why? because he was held down by his fear, by his superstition, by his ignorance; and Paine said, "With my last effort, with the last word I can write and send to my fellow-man, I will break these chains from his soul." And then in the prison, without any Bible even to refer to, he wrote the first part of that book so immense in its influence, the "Age of Reason." You know that finally, after many appeals to the American minister, he was released; but it was only after a long delay, and after he had suffered very much. It was to the disgrace of the administration of the great Washington, that he allowed himself to be blinded to the necessity of immediately interfering for the release of Thomas Paine, when it was known in this country that he had been in prison. That one thing is like a spot on the sun in Washington's administration.

The federalists of that day, the tory influences of the time, prevented that application from being made, and from being successful far too long. But finally there came a change; Thomas Jefferson sat in the presidential chair, and Paine came to this country, as he ought to hav come, as the guest of a nation, in one of its own vessels of war. But the "Age of Reason" had come before him, and when he landed there was

a tornado of abuse, of detraction and hatred, that sprang from the soul of every priest, ever priest-ridden man and woman, every tory and every federalist in the United States, and they determined that Thomas Paine from that time forward should be deprived of all influence where he had previously had it; should be disgraced and discarded, his services disowned, and if possible they would land him, as land him they did, in a dishonorable grave by the roadside. Yet, my friends, all efforts to degrade the true servants of humanity are sure to fail. Not a single year has passed over since they laid him in that grave, that some few hav not gathered together on the anniversary of this day to do honor to his memory, and to express their gratitude for the services which gave us the liberty we enjoy. And to-night, all over the country, from Maine away to the coast, anniversary meetings are being held, some larger than this, with the determination that the infamous disgrace of Americans, their treatment of the name and services of Thomas Paine, shall be removed; and removed it must and shall be. It must and shall be, because the republic is a sacred name to every lover of liberty on earth, and only in and by and through the republic can the humanity of the future arise to the dignity of self-government and liberty, The United States of America as, the corner-stone of the United States of the World, will never hereafter forget one who devoted his life to laying that stone. Not only as the knight-errant of liberty, and of republicanism, but as the knight-errant of humanity and of the highest human duty, the memory of Thomas Paine is beginning to be honored and worshiped in a sense far better than even he himself thought, or any great body of people living at his time even imagined. I mean to say that Paine was to a great extent a prophet, and that when he uttered this immortal word, "The world is my country; to do good my religion," he uttered words which involved far more than any which had ever been spoken before. He uttered the regenerating words which are to be the living soul and inspiring sentiment of the great republic of man in the future. He saw far, but he felt further. He felt that to make all mankind brethren in one country, and that country this world, was the great consummation that would separate him and the lovers of liberty, and the lovers of humanity, from those who had their mansions in the sky; who were serving not this world, whose country was not in this world but in some imaginary heavens presided over by an immense despot in the unknown clouds or skies above us. It was he who in that wonderful sentence first laid out the main duty of mankind to be inhabitants of this world; to regard this world as their home. Ordinarily people regarded this world as a vale of tears. They said:

"When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every tear,
And wipe my weeping eyes."

This sentiment was like the one that asked what it profited a man if he gained the whole world and lost his own soul. Never mind your soul; probably you havn't got any; and if you hav, it's of no account anyhow. The less account it is, the more fuss you make over it. The real thing is, to get your duty done in this world; the real thing is, not to think about your mansions in the skies at all, but what kind of liberty, what kind of government, what kind of welfare, you are having here on your earth. Never mind about the king of heaven, or about the king who sits on the throne of England or France. Banish them to America or somewhere, and let them earn an honest living. But you and I, now can we enjoy this sunlight and this earth, how can we do our duty to our fellows and make them happy, how can we make this world our country?—and by saying that he meant, How can we be inspired with that patriotism of humanity which makes all the world our country and continues the thought of that one country throughout generations and generations? That phrase, "The world is my country" —how broad the heart, how deep the soul, how vast the intellect that produced that thought, and made it the living voice of the whole world! Like unto it should we remember that second part, "To do good is my religion." What is our idea of goodness?—that is our religion. It means, what ought we to do? what has got to be done? And the church said, What has got to be done is to uphold these traditions that I lay down to you, and to mumble over the prayers. That is what the whole world has been taught by priestcraft and kingcraft, who in doing it made the people their slaves. Thomas Paine said, "Never mind your duty to the despot in the skies. Let him take care of himself. He ought to be able by this time." But he said, Are you to be without religion? No! Are you to be without an idea of duty? No! There are an abundance of things to do on this earth. What are they? The true religion is that you must do good to your fellows; and in order to do good you must, in the first place, be good.

The devotion to good, he said, is the sum and substance of all religion that is worth having. The rest may go to the skies or to the traditions of the past, to be seen no more of man. That was the mission of Thomas Paine in the world of religion. In patriotism, he was the Son of Man; in religion, truly he was the embodiment of human duty. Liv for others, was his religion; liv so that your life may he prompted by an idea of duty based upon the whole world as your country. How vast, how important, and, let me say, how perfect! The future of this world is really in the hands of the Liberals, and they know not the high calling unto which they are called by the progress of history and the necessities of mankind. We hav not yet been fully awakened to the duties of that emancipation which Paine gave us. We must enlarge our hearts, our thoughts, and our principles; we must band together under that inspiration of duty which will put us at once in the forefront and van of the world. Let no one ever say of you that you are pagans or heathens, or that you belong to the past in any way; but let them understand decidedly that you are not Christians because you belong to the future. In that view we never can remember this great man without being inspired by his high purposes and by his useful, victorious, heroic life. We are together to receive again this year that sacred inspiration, and to defend his name and memory; and now I hope we shall take one step that will do it permanently. It is well known that that little grave by the roadside does not really contain the bones of Paine; that the great Cobbett, the English reformer, thought it was necessary to remove them to Europe. Those bones went to England, but, like the bones of Voltaire, they seem to hav been utterly lost. It is said that they were kept for a long time, until, not knowing what to do with them, a convention of Liberals thought that it was best to hav those bones ground up, and they were ground up and mixed with porcelain and formed into trinkets, which were distributed among his admirers in England. Some think, however, that that was not done; that these bones are buried, and that persons are alive who can tell where they are. To recover them is one of the objects of this society. We shall bring them to this country and place them under the monument at New Rochelle. The title to the land on which this monument stands has been practically lost until recently the friends of Mr. Paine hav employed one of the ablest lawyers in Westchester county to look it up. He believes that the owner has been discovered, who he is willing to convey it to a permanent association. It is the object of the Thomas Paine Historical Society to place the name and fame of Thomas Paine where they belong; to secure a clear title to the plot of ground upon which his monument now stands, and to collect such relics as may hav been associated with him. Let us do this and redeem, if possible, the disgrace which America allowed to be passed upon herself when she refused an honorable burial to the remains of Thomas Paine.

A duet, by Mrs. McCune and Mr. Archer, then put the audience in a proper frame of mind to listen to the following poetic tribute to Thomas Paine by Mr. Putnam:

Crown him who crowned the world
With light from Reason's sphere,
Who made the path we tread
Free from the mists of fear;

Who touched the founts of Truth
With quick and fearless hand,
And lo! the morning came—
Two continents it spanned.

Forever at the front,
Unresting his great soul;
One mighty triumph won,
He sought another goal.

His spirit, like a flame,
Reached to the future's glow;
The best that was achieved
Still onward bade him go.

He was no age's slave,
To voice what cowards think;
Not from the least of truth
Nor throned lie did he shrink.

Hero and sage in one,
Not yet the pean sweet
Of his fair fame rolls on,
Where truth and justice meet.

Not yet the clouds depart—
The breath of error still
Pours its dark pall and hides
The beams it cannot kill.

But the blue sky shall burn
These shadows from its way;
Each glory man hath wrought
Shall blend in perfect day.

When sum of all is blazed
On Truth's triumphant crest;
When worth receives its due,
This life shall then be blest.

The long acclaim of joy,
Which liberty makes great
In human hearts, shall bear
His name to cloudless state.

Renown awaits on him
Amid those temples vast,
Where man shall worship free
His own enduring past.

In a eulogic speech, in which he likened him to Benjamin Franklin, Mr. Putnam introduced his Universological antagonist, Stephen Pearl Andrews.

Mr. Andrews prefaced his remarks by reading the letter of Mr. Willis, of Battle Creek, Mich., which we published last week, in regard to the noble work of Paine in relieving the soldiers at Valley Forge in the time of the Revolution. The letter was read with remarkable emphasis, clearness, and feeling, and produced a great impression upon the audience.

Mr. Andrews proceeded to say that in writings of his own, published from twenty-five to thirty years ago, which are still extant, he had, estimating the drift of things in the world, distinctly predicted that all civilized humanity would at an early day range itself in two great opposing Socialistic parties; one of which, distinctivly religious and sentimental, with instinctiv organizing ability, would be the party of the church; and the other, centering upon ideas and the pure reason, would be the party of progress and political and social reorganization—in a word, a great universal conservativ and and reactionary party, on the one hand, and a great liberal, scientific, and reconstructiv party on the other; and that then would come the great battle of Armageddon; after which, through universal science and universal philosophy, the final reconciliation and harmony would ensue, and that the new departure for the higher integration of mankind would then be definitivly inaugurated.

He had then said that in this coming conflict Protestantism would be virtually disintegrated; that those within its pale who lean to conservatism and high church views would be absorbed back into the Catholic church, while those who are imbued with the true principle of the right of private judgment would be pushed forward into practical unity with the great progressiv army of Liberals.

He had not, until very recently, seen any distinct and open recognition by other writers of this inevitable drift of the social forces operating in the world; but now, within a week, he had read an article from one of the great Protestant religious newspapers showing the urgent necessity that the Protestant churches should lay aside their prejudices against the Catholic and make common cause with the Catholic church against the growing powers of Infidelity. An able writer in the New York *Sun*, commenting upon that article, has recognized and recommended the same course as the necessary logical situation. Joseph Cook and A. Wilfred Hall hav been for several years engaged in toning up the courage of the clericals and theologians to study, grapple with, and refute or otherwise turn aside the damaging force of science as affecting dogma; and now again the pope, in his recent allocution with the American bishops assembled at Rome, urges strenuously on them to study science or the sciences, and thereby equip themselvs for the defense of religion in the great warfare which is now distinctivly inaugurated between these two departments of the social economy.

It has not been heretofore sufficiently clearly seen that there are at bottom two distinctiv and distinctly opposit principles in the make-up of every individual human character; and by consequence in the make-up of the character of society or of the collectivity of mankind, or of what is the same thing, the Grand Man. These are sentiment and reason, or, in other words, the heart and the head; or, again, socially, the church and the state. Neither of these can in the end ultimately dispense with the other; neither is ever wholly without the other; neither will ever destroy or expel the other. But in the early age of the individual, and in the early age of humanity, these two opposit forces exist in pronounced antagonism to each other, while they are destined later to become reconciled and cooperativ.

The sentimental side of our natures is first to be developed. Sentiment, under the name of religion, has dominated in the past, and dominates still; but it will not always dominate over human affairs. That sort of domination belongs to the childhood or non-age of humanity. A time comes in the life of the individual, and in the life of society, when there is a terminal conversion into opposits, a crisis age in the life of the man and in the life of the community, when he or it comes to "years of discretion" (if they ever do; *i. e.*, if they are not balked of their destiny).

Mr. Wakeman has rightly said that Thomas Paine was a prophet. A mere utterance of the phrase, "Age of Reason," was and is a prophecy. The world in his day had not, the world in our day has not, attained to its age of reason, to its adult age, to its "years of discretion;" but it is approximating that crisis period. The symptoms of its ultimate manhood are appearing. Paine was one of the first, if not, indeed, the very first, to appeal for all humanity in its practical life to the dictates of the pure reason. It was as if a single fiber in the brain of the grand man had ripened into readiness to take on the new development; but the ripeness of that fiber gave out its contagion to its fellows; and at the same time the same conditions which had ripened it were strengthening and progressing, and being brought to bear upon other minds; and from his day to this the world has been rapidly preparing to come under the domination of the rational principle; to bring its passion, its feeling, its love, all the motor forces of the soul, under the guidance of that supreme faculty in man. The higher religion will be when the feeling-part of us, the heart, becomes devoted, consecrated to the execution of the behests of the head; and when the thinking-part of us becomes devoted to the service through guidance or governance, of the heart.

In the orderly, final, and harmonic constitution of humanity as the collectiv occupant of the planet, the new and distinctiv characteristic of that condition will be the paramount regency of the pure reason over the fierce, the foolish, and even the beneficent impulsions of the soul—the administrativ supremacy of the thinking head of humanity. We shall then hav reached the age of reason, and not earlier.

In all these assertions I stand closely allied with the principles of government and human administration enunciated by Thomas Paine, Thomas Jefferson, and the philosophers of the first French revolution, the asserters of fundamental rights inherent in human nature, and of fundamental principles in the nature of things guiding the intellect, and of the intellect or reason as legitimately guiding and controling the whole character.

In all this, on the other hand, I stand opposed to an immense list of great names, even among progressivs or reformers; yes, even among the great lights of social science, as that science has developed hitherto. Swedenborg, Comte, and Spencer, differing in almost everything else, concur in affirming that not ideas, not thought, not reason, is the paramount faculty in man, but that feeling is so. Historically they are correct. The world has hitherto, as I hav said, been governed by its impulses; but such is not the normal type of human development. Reason is the ultimate and permanent regency of and over the human character, whether of the individual or the mass; and with the advent of a universal science and a universal philosophy we are at the precise turning-point from the domination of the mere sentiment to the domination of the pure reason.

Thomas Paine was prophetic. His political and religious principles were beyond his time. Circumstances favored the sudden acceptance in America of his political ideas before their popularity was prejudiced by association with his religious ideas, which were later in being published. The country was aroused and indignant against oppression. The people were in a mood for asserting their rights. Paine came at the nick of time, and with his powerful and magnetic pen and voice cast in the spark which ignited the magazine of their temporary convictions. They accepted and committed themselvs to his doctrins, and founded a nation upon his principles.

But all this was in advance of the real development of the people. When he went forward to announce the same appeal to reason and abstract right in the realm of religious sentiment the whole nation recoiled and turned into hatred and revolt against the teacher from whom they had learned their political gospel. But a great event had happened. A growing nation was committed from its birth to the formal and solemn announcement of the doctrin of inherent individual rights; and of an absolute nature of things more fundamental than traditional ideas or anything else. For a hundred years since that day we as a people hav been getting ourselvs educated into and indoctrinated with the ideas which we then announced and formulated in advance of any real understanding and acceptance of them. On the other hand, we often seem to be going backward, or to be recoiling from our principles, whereas we are simply coming short of having attained to their realization.

In fact, every part and parcel of the whole field of human affairs has to be separately fought over and conquered and annexed to the area of freedom. For twelve years forward from 1660 John Bunyan lay rotting in prison at Bedford, England, for the offense of failing to attend church and persisting in preaching himself without the authority of the church.

It was by the authority of the king, as the head of the church, that he was imprisoned. He was fighting our battle at that day for the freedom to preach by anybody who had a word to utter, as I am preaching here on this platform to-night. In that department of human affairs we hav come into the inheritance of freedom through the firmness, persistency, and supposed obstinacy of John Bunyan, and others like him. During this whole twelve years he was continually approached by the officers of the law, precisely as in the case of Ezra H. Heywood, who is fighting another of our battles at this day, with the proposition to dismiss the prosecution and release him to his family and friends if he would promis to abstain from committing the same offense. "His prison was one of the worst in the kingdom, well designated by himself as a 'den.' There were but two cells and one small court, all on a level with the river Ouse. Thirty persons would hav filled the place, but sixty were frequently shut up there day and night." "Deliverance at length drew nigh. In March, 1672, the king issued a declaration authorizing all Non-conformists, except the Papists, to meet for public worship and devotion in such places and under such ministers as should be licensed from time to time." Some delay took place, but on the 13th of September, 1672, an order was signed which set Bunyan free, and a license to preach was sent to him from the king himself.

So, in that department of human affairs, freedom has been vindicated for us. Nobody thinks here in America of prohibiting anyone from preaching. That one of the three learned professions which now least assumes to be a privileged order among is the clergy. The doctors are stealthily and persistently organizing themselvs into a monopoly, procuring legislation to that effect, for the cure of our bodies, now that the clericals hav abandoned the attempt to monopolize the cure of our souls; and the whole ground will hav to be fought over again for the rights of the people to select their own physicians,

The American principle will be vindicated ultimately upon the broadest basis of freedom.

Mr. Putnam then read the following list of names, which he submitted in nomination for the committee to take the necessary legal steps to incorporate the Paine Historical Association, and to perform such other acts as may be necessary in connection therewith: T. B. Wakeman, S. P. Andrews, E. M. Macdonald, Edw. W. Chamberlain, Louis F. Post, Dr. E. B. Foote, Jr., Wilson Macdonald, Daniel E. Ryan, Dr. E. B. Foote, Sen., T. C. Leland, C. P. Somerby, S. P. Putnam, Capt. Geo. W. Lloyd, Miss H. M. Allen, Mrs. A. C. Macdonald, and Wm. Secor. The committee was unanimously elected.

After two more songs by Miss Leona Leonard—the second made necessary by the first—the audience dispersed about 11 o'clock.

New England Freethinkers' Convention.

It was a notable gathering. After fifty years of strenuous effort the labors of the *Investigator* bore fruit in the organization of the many and varied elements of Liberalism into a working force. The choice moment had arrived for the crystallization of subtle ideas and potencies that had been floating in the air. It had been in the hearts and minds of the Liberals of New England for many years, no doubt, to hav such a mighty gathering.

Dr. Lamb, of Portland, was the first to giv utterance to this vague desire. His impetuous words did not for a moment seem to produce the desired result; but the leaven was at work, and now we behold the golden fruit. It was the energy and practical devotion of W. S. Bell which brought the cosmos out of the chaos. He rang the first notes, and the multitude came together, and from this time henceforth the New England Freethinkers' Convention is a fixed and brilliant verity—and, by the way, let me add that this verity depends also upon another Verity, namely, John Verity, who is one of our most indefatigable workers, full of courage and hope.

How fitting it was that this great convention should be called together by J. P. Mendum, who for fifty years has borne the banner of human progress. Marvelous, indeed, has been the advance of humanity since he began his labors. Half a century ago that noble martyr, Abner Kneeland, was suffering in a prison of Massachusetts simply for writing, "The Universalists believe in a God which I do not."

After J. P. Mendum, his veteran fellow-worker, "the old man eloquent," Horace Seaver, gave us a glowing outlook into the present and the future of brighter in Freethought.

Then Susan H. Wixon with gracious words depicted the power of Liberalism in creating and maintaining the best institutions of human society—for Liberalism is constructiv when it has a fair way—and showing how the home and the family will shine its onward effulgence.

In the afternoon there were two remarkable discourses. One was by Dr. Westbrook, formerly a Presbyterian minister, but now almost entirely out of the folds of Christianity. Still he is not quite down to the firm ground. He is lingering in the air, betwixt and between. He believes in Rationalistic Theism; that in some sense, which no fellow can find out, there is an over-soul—an infinit intelligence—a kind of God. Dr. Westbrook argued for his side of the question with a good deal of logic and ability. He showed, at any rate, that he was possessed of a fine spirit of Liberalism. He did not display any bigotry. I hav been there myself—in just his fix of mental faith, trying to believe in some sort of an infinit benevolence, in spite of the horrors as well as sunshine of nature; and as I hav had to find my sole comfort in science, so I think the good doctor will also. There is splendid material in him for an out-and-out Liberal one of these days.

Well, I wish I could giv Mr. Wakeman's reply, every word, just as it came burning from his lips. Alas! that wonderful outburst of argument and oratory livs only in the memory of those who heard it, and to whom it was indeed a rare and noble performance. It was logic on fire. Mr. Wakeman never seemed to be in better spirits. He was like an electric battery, and flashed forth thoughts with tumultuous vehemence. It was a rattling artillery of scientific truth. There was nothing left of the vague "over-soul" of Dr. Westbrook. It disappeared in the lightning-like thought of Wakeman. God was shown to be a most unnecessary hypothesis in the explanation of the world and its processes; it was, in fact, an intellectual nuisance—and in the end a moral nuisance—a stumbling-block in the way of pure and elevating conceptions of life and duty. Never was the "despot of the skies" so thoroughly assailed. He vanished into limbo, and in the magnificent closing words of Wakeman the glory and the beauty of this world were made manifest, the splendid hope of man was revealed—the glorious ideal republic whereby this planet shall far outshine in splendor the gates of the golden Jerusalem.

It is a most unfortunate thing that these winged words could not be caught down and preserved as they came glowing hot from the lips of Wakeman. His speech would hav made a fiery pamphlet for the propagandism of genuin truth. Now its bodying forth has passed away; its incarnation in a stream of eloquence has vanished; we shall not look upon its like again; no amount of will-power on the part of its author can ever recall to the printed page this exquisit gem of advanced thought and hope. Only in the spirit can it now remain, an enduring impulse in the hearts of those who heard, to be transmitted by the thousand agencies of personal contact and remembrance into the onward life of man.

In the evening we had a sparkling address from James Parton, on "Heathen Benevolence." The subject was admirably handled, and it was clearly shown that benevolence is not by any means a Christian virtue, but is one of the universal traits of humanity, nobly exhibited in Rome, Greece, China, and Japan. In all these countries we find institutions of benevolence as fine, as helpful, as merciful, and as well endowed as anything in Christendom. This instituted benevolence is the wreath of honor that the Christian is wont to put upon his religion when everything else has failed. The disciple urgently cries, "Christianity is the founder of all charitable institutions; before Christ there was no love." The keen and brilliant pen of Parton has forever demolished this claim, and now this once vaunted religion has not a wreath of honor left. Hereafter it must content to be regarded as a part of the barbaric past—on the whole, perhaps, a helpful impulse, but nó longer needful for the advance of the world.

On Monday morning we had a splendid exposition of Anarchy from Professor Appleton. Some, of course, to whom this great question is not familiar, did not seem to catch the drift of his ideas, and were disturbed by their apparently upsetting tendency. However, the truth is mighty and will prevail. All expressed their minds freely, and although there was quite a clash, it was the clash of ideas and fervid conviction, and the ensuing illumination was by no means disastrous. All, to my mind, were so many glowing sparks from the stupendous and many-sided whole of the truth.

In the afternoon we had a beautiful oration by Mr. Schell, of Albany, on Stephen Girard and his will; an address by S. P. Putnam, on "Thomas Paine and the French Revolution," and an enthusiastic discourse by Dr. Lamb, on the "Turning of the Tide."

In the evening Bell gave us a lucid and compact statement of that philosophy of liberty whereby "Prohibition is a failure"—and always will be, for it is fatally contrary to the fundamental ideas of freedom. He who would prohibit is a despot—although he may be a very kind-hearted despot; but he tries to do by force what must be done solely by human reason.

After Bell, we had one of Chainey's admirable discourses on "The Affirmations of Liberalism." He vindicated the glory and grandeur of this earthly life, and showed that Liberalism was set for its maintenance and upbuilding into all that is true and beautiful and good. Chainey has now established his immense parish, including Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Albany, and Troy. I hope that every Liberal in this wide circuit will be deeply interested in the movement, and make it, as it should be, a noble success.

I had to take the train on Monday night, and so I could not hear Horace Seaver on "Paine's Work in the American Revolution," or George Hill's essay on Bruno, or Verity on the "Immortality of the Soul," Elizur Wright on "Paine and Franklin," or Remsburg's eloquent defense and eulogy of the author-hero—all of which, I know, must hav added to the brilliancy of the convention.

A most successful convention it was—born in due time, and destined to be immortal. It shall not die, for the vigorous life of the world to come shall flow in it, and hope and aspiration, as well as truth, shall find in it through the advancing years the noblest instrumentality.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

Paine Celebration at Linesville, Pa.

EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL OF LIBERAL LEAGUE NO. 36.

Linesville, Pa., is an enterprising and thriving village of eleven hundred inhabitants, with four churches—Catholic, Baptist, Presbyterian, and Methodist—none of which is thriving. The Baptists manage to float, just keeping their heads above water. The rest are fast sinking. There are the last remains of a Universalist church, but its vitality has been absorbed by the Liberal League.

There is a semi-weekly paper published. Its weakness and imbecility are unexcelled, save by its editor.

This is a stronghold of Humanitarianism. The old antislavery apostles started the Liberal boom in 1836. Their descendants are members of the League, and comprise the most influential and wealthy families in this section. The League has a very neat and nicely furnished hall; but to accommodate the crowds from abroad engaged the Opera House, which has seating capacity for about six hundred.

The inaugural meeting on Saturday evening, Jan. 26th, was held at League Hall. Ex-Rev. Charles B. Reynolds, of Rochester, delivered a very interesting address on "Robert Burns," reciting quite a liberal and choice selection of the poet's best productions, delivering a brilliant eulogy to his genius, and inculcating the moral lesson, Love is preferable to Fame. The address was a new departure from the ordinary lecture, and was most enthusiastically received.

Sunday morning, at the Opera House, the meeting was called to order at 11 A.M., President Brooks in the chair. J. H. Burnham, Ex-Rev. C. B. Reynolds, Judge McCormick, J. D. Mallonee, Dr. McCormick, the inimitable Prof. H. H. Hall, and the handsome and genial secretary of the League, G. W. Baldwin, graced the platform.

J. H. Burnham gave an eloquent and effectiv argument on "Religion, or no Religion," proving the church was not the friend, but actually the enemy of morality, for it taught that moral, noble, true, virtuous life counted for nought; faith in Christ's atoning blood alone could secure salvation.

Sunday evening, at 7 P.M., the house was filled with a deeply interested audience. Prof. H. H. Hall delivered a lecture on "The Glad Tidings of Great Joy." It abounded in sharp points, sound logic, and practical advice, and was a most delightful surprise to the friends of this eccentric child of song, fun, and satire. He said:

Priests claim that the birth and teachings of Christ were the glad tidings of great joy to all mankind, but reason teaches us to judge a system by its fruits, and while the church had extreme power the fruits of the Christian religion were bigotry, intolerance, persecution, poverty, ignorance, and crime. Most critics do not look to see if in the teachings of Christ can be found the authority for the high-handed usurpation and heartless tyranny of the church. They forget to read the 18th and 19th verses of the 16th chapter of Matthew and the 27th verse of the 19th chapter of Luke. And these critics do not go over the ground honestly and giv credit where credit belongs, but they eulogize our civilization and say, "Behold, this is the legitimate fruit of the glorious gospel of Christ." They utterly ignore the causes which hav been instrumental in bringing about our civilization. They do not tell us that before the colonization of America there was no asylum for liberty-loving man. If a man made a discovery which clashed with the dogmas of the church he could choose between three things, silence, recantation, or death. Priests never eulogize John Gutenberg. For his invention never conserved to the glory of God and his holy priesthood, but in the hands of certain ungodly men it has proved a powerful engine with which they hav disseminated their common sense ideas which hav utterly exploded the silly miracles and senseless rhetorical bombast of the biblical writers, and it has proved an effectiv weapon with which to strip the cheap clothing from many a sneaking wolf who was befouling the doves of his innocent flock. And they never eulogize Paine, Franklin, or Lincoln, the trinity of Freethought who hav done more to publish the glad tidings of great joy to all mankind than any other three, by inspiring men to love liberty, by making it possible for the Constitution to be formulated and adopted, and by abolishing slavery. Can orthodoxy show a trinity equally famous for the good done for mankind? If faith and works are a test I would humbly suggest that they choose as their representativs Anthony Comstock, Rev. Joseph Cook, and Rev. John Jasper. But what can we, as Liberals, do to help publish the glad tidings of great joy to all mankind? We can work for compulsory education; for universal education is the quickest, surest, and safest way to emancipate the people from the slavery of superstition and priestcraft. And we must not neglect the education of our children. We should not forget that the true aim of education is to make them independent and self-reliant men and women. We must interest our children in good reading; and see that what they read teaches natural morals. We must be pleasant ourselvs, make our homes pleasant, and we need hav no fears that our children will drift either into the streets, saloons, or Sunday-schools, and hav their minds poisoned with either obscenity or superstition; and when the spirit of true liberty shall fully illuminate the horizon of Freethought men will advance up to the perfection of universal political and mental liberty; and then shall we fully publish the glad tidings of great joy to all mankind, and not till then.

J. H. Burnham, of Michigan, next addressed the meeting on the "Despotic Influence of Climate on Man, his Habits, Nature, and Religion." Monday morning, January 28th, J. D. Mallonee, of Cleveland, Ohio, delivered a lecture on "The Materiality of the Soul." This gentleman is not a professional speaker, but a young man of very great promis and ability. His lecture gave evidence of careful thought and diligent study, and was a very able exposition and defense of Materialism.

This awoke quite a spirited and interesting debate, the conclusion arrived at being that both Spiritualists and Materialists desire to attain to the highest possible mental, moral, and physical development here and now, as the wisest and best preparation for whatever may be their future; and with mutual forbearance, mutual love and confidence, and mutual endeavor, advance the great principles laid down by him the anniversary of whose birth we are assembled to commemorate. Do justly, love mercy, and endeavor to make our fellow-creatures happy.

Ex-Rev. C. B. Reynolds, of Rochester, N. Y., delivered the oration on Thomas Paine. After narrating the incidents of his life, the speaker demanded:

Does a man with such a noble, useful life record—one to whom humanity at large, and more especially the United States, owes so much—one so highly esteemed by the founders of the republic—deserve to hav his name maligned, his memory blackened, and all his actions misrepresented?

Is it well to contradict Mr. Monroe and stain our national character with ingratitude to one who, all must admit, rendered such important aid in the very darkest hours of our nation's battle for existence; to one by all the chief men of the Revolution acknowledged the friend and able champion of human rights, simply because he published to the world his religious, as he had his political, convictions? Thomas Paine's "Common Sense" opened the eyes of those who read it to the right and duty of all men to be free and independent—to no longer bow in lowly reverence and yield abject submission to the

king; showing that his claim to authority and tribute because he was the Lord's anointed was a fraud, a deception, contrary to truth, right, reason, and common sense. His "Age of Reason" opened the eyes of those who read it to the right and duty of all men to be free and independent, mentally as well as politically; showing that they need no longer bow in lowly reverence and yield abject submission to the priest; and that his claim to authority and tithes because he was the Lord's ordained was equally a fraud, a deception, contrary to truth, right, reason, and common sense, as the claims of the king.

The exactions of the priesthood hav been onerous and heavy. They hav never been a producing class in any sense of the word, but hav always lived and flourished upon the toils and labors of others. They hav exacted tithes, claiming the first fruits of the harvests and the choicest of the flocks; the fat of the land, as well as the fattest chickens, must be reserved for them. Thomas Paine labored to save us from their exactions and rapacity.

Costly temples and parsonages without number hav been erected for their service and occupation. The money to build and sustain them is extorted or cajoled from their dupes, or swindled by fairs, festivals, grab-bags, and donation parties from worldlings.

There is talent and wealth enough expended in support of churches to educate all the young in the truths of science, and provide happy homes for all the aged and infirm. Paine labored to save this misapplication of talent, wealth, and energy.

Church property to the value of over $400,000,000 goes free, while the poor widow's little poverty-stricken home is sold to pay for the sidewalk built along the extensiv front of the costly church. The humble little frame house of the laboring man, so long toiled for, earning which exhausted health and strength, leaving the man and his family of helpless children dependent on the poor wife's and mother's earnings, is sold to pay taxes, while the extravagant and wealthy church, together with $1500 worth of property for each and every pious preacher, is exempt. Thomas Paine labored to save the poor from this gross inequality of taxation.

Christ taught vengeance of those who differed with him: "But those mine enemies which would not that I should reign over them, bring hither and slay them before me" (Luke xix, 27). "And to you who are troubled rest with us. When the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ" (2 Thes. i, 7, 8).

Thomas Paine labored to save the lifeeven of his enemies—the most persistent wrong-doer. He declared, "My hatred and abhorrence of absolute monarchy are sufficiently known. But my compassion for the unfortunate, whether friend or enemy, is equally lively and sincere." For which of these teachings, for saving from which of these wrongs, tyrannies, and injustice, should Thomas Paine be denounced? In the language of that brave and noble co-sufferer in calumny and vindictiv hatred of the church, D. M. Bennett, the founder of that best of Liberal educators, THE TRUTH SEEKER, "it was writing the 'Age of Reason' which brought down upon the devoted head of Thomas Paine the anathema of a hireling priesthood in this country and in Europe. They answered his clear, forcible arguments, his sound reasoning, and his telling truths with slander and abuse. It was the only way they could answer him. Up to this day not one of his arguments has been proved defectiv; not one of his positions has been shown to be mistaken; not one of his assertions hav been proved to be false."

Let us emulate the virtues of Thomas Paine. Like him, let us be lovers of our fellow-men. Like him, let us be willing to spend our time, our strength, our lives, in promulgating the good of those around us. Like him, let us be fearless in avowing our honest sentiments and convictions. Under all circumstances and conditions let us aim to discharge our duty to ourselvs and to our fellow-beings, doing all in our power to promote the happiness of all around us, and so best secure our own. If, in the progress and evolution of the human mind, the light of science and truth leads us farther along in the road of progression than Paine traveled during his lifetime, let us go cheerfully where truth leads us. Let us strive to know all we can of the truths of nature and the laws of the universe; and, above all, ever do justly, love mercy, and endeavor to make our fellow-creatures happy.

The ball at the Opera House was really a grand, gay, and jovial gathering, nearly one hundred couples participating. The banquet at League Hall was evidence of the thorough education and skill of the Liberal ladies in the culinary art, only equaled in their liberality and zeal for the promotion of the happiness of their fellow-creatures by the masculin members of Liberal League No. 36.

G. W. Baldwin delivered a glowing eulogy on the noble and self-sacrificing Liberal, Stephen Girard, showing how all his life he evinced a love of humanity, as he labored in behalf of his fellow-creatures, unequaled by any Christian saint of whom we hav record.

Monday evening.—Dr. McCormick delivered a lecture, "Why are Spirits Not Visible?" [The lecture has been published.—REP.] J. H. Burnham gave an address on the question, "Did a World of Rational Beings Ever Hav an Infancy?"

Tuesday morning.—Ex.-Rev. C. B. Reynolds preached a sermon on, "God is Love," and told how he became an Infidel. Judge McCormick spoke on "Liberal Spiritualism," claiming that the church taught, and its members claimed that fear of hell kept them from the commission of evil and wickedness. We, as Liberals, should be tolerant toward them. They judged Liberals by themselvs. With them fear of hell-fire kept them virtuous. Why need we wonder they are afraid Liberals will commit dreadful crimes because they hav no fear of hell to restrain them?

Speeches at Milwaukee, Wis.

From the Milwaukee Sentinel of Jan. 30th.

Turn Hall Vorwærts, on Third street, was well filled last evening, on the occasion of the anniversary celebration in honor of Thomas Paine. Those who joined in commemorating the Deist's birth comprised members of all the Turn societies, the Liberal League, Freie Gemeinde, and Socialists. The meeting was opened by Comptroller H. Smith, who read the names of honorary officers elected for the evening, as follows; president, Robert Schilling; vice-presidents, Emil Wallber, Jac. Kehrein, Otto Knie, F. Sebastian, Peter Barth, A. Keye, H. Zweck, Mrs. Ella E. Stewart, James Ormsby, Mrs. M. Caslin; secretary, John Ulrich.

The exercises opened with an overture by Prof. Hensler's orchestra, followed by a chorus from the song section of the Freie Gemeinde. President Schilling then introduced Mrs. Juliet Severance, who delivered an oration in English.

The speaker introduced her remarks by saying that she did not propose to giv an elaborate biography of Thomas Paine. He was born in England in the year 1737, and in early childhood began to doubt the truthfulness of the Christian religion. In his work, "The Age of Reason," he givs his early feeling on the subject, arguing that a religion which could so impress a child with its repulsiv features was not of divine origin. Mrs. Severance then read specimens of poetry and prose written by Thomas Paine. She said he was one of the most sacrificing patriots of the Revolution, and but for the fact that he assailed the church his memory would be held as sacred as that of Washington. He has been assaulted in the most disgraceful manner by the church, notwithstanding that he was not an Atheist, but a Deist. They could not answer his doctrins and propositions, and so they blackened his character. Paine wrote that he believed in one god, and that he hoped for a future existence. Various lessons are to be learned from his life. The church is as aggressiv to-day as it was a century ago. Theological conventions are held without number, and their efforts are directed to embody God and Jesus into the Constitution. The fact that the magnificent churches in the land are not taxed is in direct violation of the Constitution. Freethinkers are being imprisoned to-day for daring to express something else than strict orthodox sentiment. This government should be perfectly free in this respect. As it is now, it is principally a government of money, by money, and for money. Lawyers, bankers, and millionaires are not fit to be sent to the national halls of legislation. The wealth is continually flowing into the hands of the few. For every millionaire there must be a thousand paupers. Every rich man is a robber. [Applause.] In this connection Mrs. Severance read a poem entitled, "The One and Ninety-nine."

This government should be really of the people, by the people, and for the people, and not one of man, by man, and for man. Mrs. Severance made a strong appeal for the enfranchisement of woman. She showed that wherever men and women congregate it is for the improvement of both. I ask, said she, for my son as well as for my daughter, that this government be made equal for all. [Applause.] Just so long as the memory of Thomas Paine is revered, just so long will the principle of perfect equality liv; nor will it die, but prevail despite antagonism and persecution. [Applause.]

The orchestra played another piece, and the song section of the Milwaukee Turn society sang a chorus. A recitation in German by Miss Anna Hogrefe was well received. Her selection was entitled, "The Song of Freedom." "The Patriot's Grave," by a quartet, with organ music, was finely rendered by Mr. and Mrs. McCaslin, Mrs. Anderson, and Mr. Ramsdale.

Maximilian Grossman was then introduced as the German speaker of the evening. He said that when he first came to America, in 1876, he heard the name of Thomas Paine, whose anniversary was being celebrated in Philadelphia. He did not know who this man was. But few Americans were able to giv information other than that he was one of the foremost patriots of the revolution. An investigation at a library developed the fact that but few histories spoke of him deservedly. And why? Did Thomas Paine ever write a line in favor of tyranny? Was he ever corrupt, or did he betray public trusts? No; he dared worse. He presumed to hold a mirror before the Christian religion. It has always been the greatest offense of man to set himself against the established faith of centuries. The love of religion has murdered more, cruelly, in all countries and climes, than all the justice and crime of the world. We do presume to inflict our beliefs and theories on others, but we base our principles on the broad basis of toleration, [Applause.] Paine first espoused and gave to America reason as the fundamental principle. He showed the discrepancies of the alleged revelations of Tory writ, and was assailed by the clergy with the most unscrupulous and belying charges. His religious criticism was not so severe, nor his philosophy so deep as that of others who had gone before. But he was sincere and honest in his opinion. In England he risked his liberty, in France his head, and in America his reputation. His true greatness consisted in these very acts. He did not suppress his convictions with a view of securing a great and lasting popularity. He did not flatter the American people that they were perfectly free when they were still in the childhood of religion. His pamphlet entitled "Common Sense" stirred all America to the very core of its sensibilities. What he wrote to inflame the patriotic feelings of the colonies enabled Washington to conquer. The speaker derisivly referred to the gay militia soldier of to-day, who, he said, is a travesty on the republic. [Applause.] Paine was not a leader of masses. His greatest weapon was the pen; and honor to him who accomplished so much with what he did not fear to say. [Applause.]

Music by the band, and a chorus rendered by the Socialistic glee club, concluded the exercises.

A vote of thanks was tendered to Prof. Hensler, who, in the last moment, had agreed to take the place of the delinquent Bach. The president called attention to tho fact that a joint movement of Americans and Germans in Liberal thought has been effected, and that all are welcome to the regular meetings of the Liberal League, which meets every Sunday afternoon in Fraternity Hall, No. 216 Grand avenue. The assemblage then dispersed.

Speeches and Banquet at Pittsburgh, Pa.

From the Pittsburgh Times of Jan. 30th.

The one hundred and forty-seventh anniversary of the birthday of Thomas Paine was celebrated last evening by the Liberal League at Lafayette Hall. The large auditorium was tastefully decorated. Suspended from the large chandelier in the center of the hall were four large streamers of laurel, extending to the corners of the room. The two galleries were also festooned with laurel. The stage on either side was beautified with tropical plants, tastefully arranged. On the wall in the rear of the stage was hung a large American flag. Occupying a prominent position on the stage was a large oil painting of the hero whose birth the League last night celebrated. The main hall was well filled, over six hundred persons being present. Almost half of the audience was composed of ladies.

The exercises were opened with an overture by Staley's orchestra, after which the chairman, Mr. J. E. Emerson, of Beaver Falls, made a brief address, announcing that Mrs. Judge Krekel, of Kansas City, Mo., who was to hav delivered an oration on "Heroic Thomas Paine," could not be present on account of sickness. He then introduced Mr. J. H. Burnham, of Saginaw, Mich., as the orator of the evening, who held the close attention of the large audience for three-quarters of an hour. The speaker was frequently interrupted by enthusiastic applause. He said that the meeting was to do justice to the memory of Thomas Paine. The liberties we enjoy to-day are due to him. Fifty years ago we did not hav the liberty we now enjoy and dared not celebrate the anniversary of Thomas Paine's birth. Had it not been for what this man has done we would not be where we are to-day. The Pittsburgh Liberal League would not hav been in existence. Look at Europe, how the people there are chained down. No one has done more for the freedom of the people of this country than Thomas Paine. His name is familiar to every patriot under the stars and stripes. There are but three classes of men that ever appear in history. The first class is the agitator or inventor, and then come the organizer, and the administrator. All of these were the characteristics of Thomas Paine. He could agitate, organize, and administer. But few men possess such talent. When he followed the army of George Washington he was able to meet the demands of the hour as few persons could, through the closest study of the work before him. The time may come when the name of God or Christ will appear in the Constitution. If the time comes when the ballot is not sufficient to support the rights of the people, then it may be that blood will be required to secure liberty, and a great revolution will be the result. Mr. Burnham then read an editorial in an evening paper on Thomas Paine, and commented severely on the writer, saying he had been greatly misled. Thomas Paine drank no more toddy than any of the clergymen that abuse him, but next Sunday some will tell the same lies about him that they hav told for years. In a brief survey of the life of Thomas Paine justice has not been done. To-day there is not a man who will sit down and read carefully Thomas Paine's works who, upon rising, will not feel better for it—and yet his book is called an accursed work. Do not let your thoughts of Thomas Paine's works be disturbed because of these slanderous words that are uttered against his memory.

The speaker closed his remarks by paying a beautiful tribute to the memory of Thomas Paine.

Upon the conclusion of the oration Mr. Emerson presented the Liberal League with a copy of Oahspe, the new Bible in the words of Jehovah and his angel embassadors, a sacred history of dominions of the higher and lower heavens on the earth for the past 24,000 years, in behalf of Mrs. T. A. Cooper, of Allegheny. The book was received by Mr. Burnham in a fitting speech.

Prof. Wm. Seymour, of Philadelphia, recited a poetical ode on Thomas Paine, which was received with storms of applause. He concluded in a short address eulogizing Thomas Paine. He pronounced him one of the greatest men the world has ever known. George Washington, the father of this country, bowed down before him in honor for what he had done in the great battle for freedom.

The chairman, Mr. Emerson, then read a telegram from the Liberal League at Altoona, as follows:

"League in session celebrating the one hundred and forty-seventh anniversary of Thomas Paine's birth. Mr. James Moore is speaking on the subject, 'Truth crushed to earth will rise again.'"

Mr. Louis F. Falck rendered a cornet solo, followed by a vocal solo by Miss Allie Emerson, of Beaver Falls. The young lady possesses an excellent soprano voice, and is destined to become one of the leading singers in this vicinity. She is young, and has not appeared often in public. Her effort last evening was appreciated, as was evidenced by the storm of applause, and she was compelled to respond to an encore. A zithern solo by Edward Eyth was the feature of the musical part of the program. A recitation, "The Maid of Midian," by Mr. George Dovey, was well received. A trombone solo, "Coming Through the Rye," was admirably rendered by Prof. John Thoma. Mr. Samuel Ambreson sang a baritone solo from the "Pirates of Penzance," which was followed by a zithern solo, a march entitled "The Liberal League," by Edward Eyth. Miss Allie Emerson again delighted the audience with a beautiful solo. A cornet solo by Mr. L. F. Falck concluded the program. While the audience passed down to the banquet hall the orchestra played a number of selections from the opera, "The Bohemian Girl."

An elegant supper had been prepared, and about 500 sat down at the tables. The following toasts were offered and responded to: "Thomas Paine," by J. E. Emerson; "The Press," by Prof. Wm. Seymour; "Heroes of Freethought," by J. H. Burnham; "Religious Liberty," by Thomas Grundy; "Man," by Mrs. J. E. Emerson. Responding to the last toast, Mrs. Emerson said: He is a grand creature—in his own estimation. He rules the world and his home—when his wife doesn't rule for him. He carries a high hand—and sometimes a heavy one. Yet we love him, be he wicked or good, snappish or tender, provident or selfish, smart or dull—we love him—and are careful not to show it.

For, you see, should the dear fellow know it,
He would at once most certainly "blow" it;
As to vex and perplex a cute woman's plan,
Is the unhappy fate of the average man.

He is a good fellow sometimes—most always, I may say. He is willing to let us hav our own way—when he can't help himself—all the more readily if we can wheedle him into believing it is his way instead of ours. He is perfectly willing to let us sigh for him, rave for him; he takes it kindly if we smile for him, slave for him; but, above all, he is willing to let us cook for him and save for him.

He has a place in the world which a woman could not well fill—as a friend, a husband, or father. As a true friend, he never goes back on an old maid, or another man's wife; as a fond husband, he will turn the griddle-cakes and carry the wash-water when there is a red-headed girl in the kitchen; as a loving father, he will spare the birch and shake the child.

With all his faults—they are many; with all his virtues—they are *more!*—here's to him!

At Brentwood, Long Island.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* In accordance with a custom dating back to the first year of the settlement of this place, the friends of Thomas Paine met on the 29th ult. to commemorate his birth.

Papers eulogistic of his character, and commendatory of his great services to mental and political freedom, were read by Chas. A. Codman and Hugh Byron Brown, followed by oral testimony from others to the great service rendered to them by the writings of Paine in their early struggles for emancipation from superstition.

The exercises were enlightened by singing Paine's hymn to "Liberty," and by the reading of selections from Mackaye's poems, suitable to the occasion.

The dominant thought of the meeting was that the treatment of the author-hero of the Revolution by the people of the country he did so much to free is shameful in the extreme, and without a parallel in history. And while it is true that the theological writings of Paine had long ceased to be of value to the most advanced minds of the age, yet his services at a critical period in history in helping to free the human mind from mental thraldom deserve the eternal gratitude of mankind. C. A. CODMAN.

A Freethought Romance.

Waifs and Wanderings.

BY SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

CHAPTER VIII.

BABY BYE.

Cupples exploited his new duties quite enthusiastically. He felt of some importance to the world and to future generations. He dreamed of what might be. He became quite an adept in the art of taking care of a baby, and knew how to still its loudest cries. Though he had never sung before, he now composed some original melodies, while walking with the baby, that quite charmed his infantile audience. He softened his phraseology; omitted some of its thunder edges, and made it quite unoffending to ears polite. He learned the baby-language; and made some really impressive additions to it. He became patient, wise, and tender, and day by day the waif out of the darkness of night, that seemed so troublesome at first, grew to be a wonder and a joy. Every motion seemed a revelation of beauty It was indeed what all babies are, when we love them because we care for them—the very smile of God, and the breath and music of heaven.

The weeks flew by, and Cupples was busy and delighted. But one morning he awoke and found no baby in the crib.

Cupples rubbed his eyes. What was the matter? Where was the baby? Had it fallen out of the crib? Was it under the bed? No. He went into the kitchen, back-room, down the cellar; he even looked into the ash-barrel. No baby was to be seen. He awoke Mrs. Cupples. She joined in the search with a blank face. They examined the house from top to bottom. The neighbors were aroused. They had heard nothing of it. All became interested in the strange affair. It was evident that the baby had been stolen. But by whom? Who cared enough for it to steal it? The mother? But why should she not claim it openly and thank her child's benefactor? There was no need of such cruel robbery.

It was an oppressive mystery. There was in it a sense of infinite loss and terror. Was the baby suffering? What revenge or malice was to be gratified?

Cupples was like an insane person. He flew from place to place with eager and fruitless inquiry. His face was blanched with agony. The empty crib pierced him like a dagger's point. Its fairy occupant was gone into the darkness of the night. It had come like a star, but it had vanished like a sun, and the heavens were black.

"If I only knew it was happy and safe I could stand it," said Cupples. "But it may be dying. It may be in the hands of villains. This mystery strangles me. It's like a dog at my throat; like poison in my heart."

Mrs. Cupples was equally stricken, she had come to lose the baby and would not part with it for untold wealth.

"I must do something," said Cupples. "I'm like a ship in a storm. I can't shape my course. I'm blind and weak."

The neighbors spmpathized with him, but could only help curse the mysterious thief.

CHAPTER IX.

SHERIFF M'GUFFUM.

Cupples hurried to his bosom friend, Sheriff McGuffum.

"I must find her," said he. "Give me all the help you can."

"Have you any clue?" asked the sheriff.

"Haven't the slightest idea about it. I woke up this morning and found it gone. When, where, or how, is beyond my knowing."

"I should think you'd be glad to get rid of it," said the sheriff.

"I'm not," replied Cupples. "It takes the very heart out of me to have it gone. I feel all used up. My God! what may become of the little innocent thing?"

"Well, the first thing, Cupples, is a description," said the sheriff. "We must find out just how it looks, and then hunt it up. What's the color of its eyes?"

Cupples thought a whole minute and then said.

"I can't fix 'em to save me. Kind of black, seems to me. Bright as dollars anvway, and flashing right into one like diamonds. Call 'em blue. Yes; they were blue like the skies. I remember now."

"And the nose?"

"Flat and not much of it. I thought she hadn't any, at first. But it kept a-comin' out."

"And the mouth?"

"Little, and twisted into all sorts of shapes; but sweet as honey."

"And the hands?"

"Always on the move, and I can't just exactly describe 'em."

"And the feet?"

"Ditto, Guffum — and, dear me! the way they would fly!"

"Hight?"

"Dunno," said Cupples, scratching his head; "'bout a foot, I guess."

"Hair?"

"Hair? I swan! I don't believe she had any. Bald-headed, by Jove!—like the American eagle. Put that down; it's a good mark."

"Any other mark about it?"

"Can't think of any. That's all I can tell about it."

"Well, I shouldn't wonder if I could help you on that description, it is so accurate," said the sheriff. "It's reported to me that a strange baby came into a house not far from here last night. It corresponds very nearly with the description you've given; and it strikes me that it's the very identical one. Let's go and see."

Cupples jumped up with alacrity. His face was full of hope at once. A strange baby, and so like the darling he had lost. Of course it must be the object of his search.

They went to the negro quarter of the town, and knocked at a neat little tenement. A colored woman came to the door.

"Walk in, massas," said she, with an exquisit courtesy and a smile that threw an ivory light all over the new-comers.

McGuffum walked in and said:

"I want to see the baby."

Cupples followed eagerly.

"Oh, yes!" cried the woman; "it's sweet as a picter."

"It must be the one," said Cupples, "for that's just the way my baby looked."

They went to the cradle, and the woman turned down the coverlid, and there was a baby, sleeping, for all the world very much like Cupples's—only it was *black*.

"Thunder!" said Cupples; "it is a nigger, and black as the ace of spades; and mine was as white as snow."

"Oh," said the sheriff, "you didn't say anything about that. Otherwise it looks very much like the baby you described, and the coincidence was so remarkable that I thought it might be yours."

Sheriff McGuffum was very fond of practical jokes, and this was one of them, and it pleased him vastly.

If Cupples had been a fighting man, no doubt he would have hit the sheriff; but, like all meager men in the presence of those of larger growth, he was a member of the Peace Society. It wouldn't have done, however, for a small boy to play such a trick. Some "colliding" would have followed.

Cupples was a Hoosier Democrat from immemorial years; and to have it thought for a moment that his baby was anything like a nigger's made his blood boil. No wonder his expletivs were numerous and energetic.

"Well," said the sheriff, after Cupples had unpacked his heart, "we are disappointed so far; but I'll take hold and do the best I can. I'll have every policeman on the look-out, and if there's any possible chance the baby shall be found."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Oath Question.

[During Mr. Charles Watts's recent tour in America he visited Colonel Ingersoll. Among other topics of conversation was the Oath Question. In reply to certain interrogatories, the Colonel gave the following answers, which he afterwards wrote out for the *Secular Review*.]

Question. I suppose that your attention has been called to the excitement in England over the Oath Question, and you hav probably wondered that so much should hav been made of so little?

Answer. Yes; I hav read a few articles upon the subject, including one by Cardinal Newman. It is wonderful that so many people imagin that there is something miraculous in the oath. They seem to regard it as a kind of verbal fetich—a charm, an "open sesame" to be pronounced at the door of truth, a spell, a kind of moral thumbscrew, by means of which falsehood itself is compelled to turn informer.

The oath has outlived its brother, "the wager of battle." Both were born of the idea that God would interfere for the right and for the truth. Trial by fire and by water had the same origin. It was once believed that the man in the wrong could not kill the man in the right; but, experience having shown that he usually did, the belief gradually fell into disrepute. So it was once thought that a perjurer could not swallow a piece of sacramental bread; but, the fear that made the swallowing difficult having passed away, the appeal to the corsned was abolished. It was found that a brazen or a desperate man could eat himself out of the greatest difficulty with perfect ease, satisfying the law and his own hunger at the same time.

The oath is a relic of barbarous theology, of the belief that a personal God interferes in the affairs of men; that some God protects innocence and guards the right. The experience of the world has sadly demonstrated the folly of that belief. The testimony of a witness ought to be believed, not because it is given under the solemnities of an oath, but because it is reasonable. If unreasonable, it ought to be thrown aside. The question ought not to be, "Has this been sworn to?" but, "Is this true?" The moment evidence is tested by the standard of reason, the oath becomes a useless ceremony. Let the man who givs false evidence be punished as the law-making power may prescribe. He should be punished because he commits a crime against society, and he should be punished in this world.

All honest men will t the truth if they can; therefore, oaths will hav no ffect upon them. Dishonest men will not tell the truth unless the truth happens to suit their purpose; therefore, oaths will hav no effect upon them. We punish them, not for swearing to a lie, but for telling it; and we can make the punishment for telling the falsehood just as severe as we wish. If they are to be punished in another world, the probability is that the punishment there will be for having told the falsehood here. After all, a lie is made no worse by an oath, and the truth is made no better.

Q. You object, then, to the oath. Is your objection based on any religious grounds, or on any prejudice against the ceremony because of its religious origin; or what is your objection?

A. I care nothing about the origin of the ceremony. The objection to the oath is this: It furnishes a falsehood with a letter of credit. It supplies the wolf with sheep's clothing, and covers the hands of Jacob with hair. It blows out the light, and, in the darkness, Leah is taken for Rachel. It puts upon each witness a kind of theological gown. This gown hides the moral rags of the depraved wretch as well as the virtues of the honest man. The oath is a mask that falsehood puts on, and for a moment is mistaken for truth. It givs to dishonesty the advantage of solemnity.

The tendency of the oath is to put all testimony on an equality. The obscure rascal and the man of sterling character both "swear," and jurors, who attribute a miraculous quality to the oath, forget the real difference in the men, and giv about the same weight to the evidence of each, because both were "sworn." A scoundrel is delighted with the opportunity of going through a ceremony that givs importance and dignity to his story, that clothes him for the moment with respectability, loans him the appearance of conscience, and givs the ring of true coin to the base metal. To him the oath is a shield. He is in partnership, for a moment, with God, and people who hav no confidence in the witness credit the firm.

Q. Of course you know that religionists insist that people are more likely to tell the truth when "sworn," and that to take away the oath is to destroy the foundation of testimony?

A. If the use of the oath is defended on the ground that religious people need a stimulus to tell the truth, then I am compelled to say that religious people hav been so badly educated that they mistake the nature of the crime. They should be taught that to defeat justice by falsehood is the real offense. Besides, fear is not the natural foundation of virtue. Even with religious people fear cannot always last. Ananias and Sapphira hav been dead so long, and since their time so many people hav sworn falsely without affecting their health, that the fear of sudden divine vengeance no longer pales the cheek of the perjurer. If the vengeance is not sudden, then, according to the church, the criminal will hav plenty of time to repent; so that the oath no longer affects even the fearful. Would it not be better for the church to teach that telling the falsehood is the real crime, and that taking the oath neither adds to nor takes from its enormity? Would it not be better to teach that he who does wrong must suffer the consequences, whether God forgivs him or not?

He who tries to injure another may or may not succeed; but he cannot, by any possibility, fail to injure himself. Men should be taught that there is no difference between truth-telling and truth-swearing. Nothing is more vicious than the idea that any ceremony, or form of words—hand-lifting or book-kissing—can add, even in the slightest degree, to the perpetual obligation every human being is under to speak the truth.

The truth, plainly told, naturally commends itself to the intelligent. Every fact is a genuin link in the infinit chain, and will agree perfectly with every other fact. A fact asks to be inspected, asks to be understood. It needs no oath, no ceremony, no supernatural aid. It is independent of all the gods. A falsehood goes in partnership with theology, and depends on the partner for success.

To show how little influence for good has been attributed to the oath, it is only necessary to say that for centuries, in the Christian world, no person was allowed to testify who had the slightest pecuniary interest in the result of a suit. The expectation of a farthing in this world was supposed to outweigh the fear of God's wrath in the next. All the pangs, pains, and penalties of perdition were considered as nothing when compared with the pounds, shillings, and pence in this world.

Q. You know that in nearly all deliberativ bodies —in parliaments and congresses—an oath or affirmation is required to support what is called the constitution; and that all officers are required to swear or affirm that they will discharge their duties: do these oaths and affirmations, in your judgment, do any good?

A. Men hav sought to make nations and institutions immortal by oath. Subjects hav sworn to obey kings, and kings hav sworn to protect subjects; and yet the subjects hav sometimes beheaded a king, and the king has very often plundered the subjects. The oaths enabled them to deceive each other. Every absurdity in religion, and all tyrannical institutions, hav been patched, buttressed, and reinforced by oaths; and yet the history of the world shows the utter futility of putting in the coffin of an oath the political and religious aspirations of the race.

Revolutions and reformations care little for "So help me, God." Oaths hav riveted shackles and sanctified abuses. People swear to support a constitution, and they will keep the oath so long as the constitution supports them. In 1776 the Colonists cared nothing for the fact that they had sworn to support the British crown. All the oaths to defend the Constitution of the United States did not prevent the civil war. We hav at last learned that states may be kept together, for a little time, by force; permanently, only by mutual interests. We hav found that the Delilah of superstition cannot bind with oaths the secular Samson.

Why should a member of Parliament or of Congress swear to maintain the Constitution? If he is a dishonest man, the oath will hav no effect; if he is an honest patriot, it will hav no effect. In both cases it is equally useless. If a member fails to support the Constitution the probability is that his constituents will treat him as he does the Constitution. In this country, after all the members of Congress hav sworn or affirmed to defend the Constitution, each political party charges the other with a deliberate endeavor to destroy that "sacred instrument." Possibly the political oath was invented to prevent the free and natural development of a nation. Kings and nobles and priests wished to retain the property they had filched and clutched, and for that purpose they compelled the real owners to swear that they would support and defend the law under color of which the theft and robbery had been accomplished.

So, in the church, creeds hav been protected by oaths. Priests and laymen solemnly swore that they would, under no circumstances, resort to reason; that they would overcome facts by faith, and strike down demonstration with the "sword of the spirit." Professors of the theological seminary at Andover, Massachusetts, swear to defend certain dogmas, and to attack others. They swear sacredly to keep and guard the ignorance they hav. With them, philosophy leads to perjury, and reason is the road to crime. While theological professors are not likely to make an intellectual discovery, still it is unwise, by taking an oath, to render that certain which was only improbable.

If all witnesses sworn to tell the truth did so, if all members of Parliament and of Congress, on taking the oath, became intelligent, patriotic, and honest, I should be in favor of retaining the ceremony; but we find that men who hav taken the same oath advocate opposit ideas, and entertain different opinions, as to the meaning of constitutions and laws. The oath adds nothing to their intelligence—does not even tend to increase their patriotism, and certainly does not make the dishonest honest.

Q. Are not persons allowed to testify in the United States, whether they believe in future rewards and punishments or not?

A. In this country, in most of the states, witnesses are allowed to testify whether they believe in perdition and paradise or not. In some states they are allowed to testify even if they deny the existence of God. We hav found that religious belief does not compel people to tell the truth, and that an utter denial of every Christian creed does not even tend to make them dishonest. You see, a religious belief does not affect the senses. Justice should not shut any door that leads to truth. No one will pretend that, because you do not believe in hell, your sight is impaired, or your hearing dulled, or your memory rendered less retentiv. A witness in a court is called upon to tell what he has seen, what he has heard, what he remembers, not what he believes about gods and devils and hells and heavens. A witness substantiates, not a faith, but a fact. In order to ascertain whether a witness will tell the truth, you might, with equal propriety, examin him as to his ideas about music, painting, or architecture, as theology. A man may hav no ear for music, and yet remember what he hears. He may care nothing about painting, and yet be able to tell what he sees. So he may deny every creed, and yet be able tell the facts as he remembers them.

Thomas Jefferson was wise enough to so frame the constitution of Virginia that no person could be deprived of any civil right on account of his religious or irreligious belief. Through the influence of men like Paine, Franklin, and Jefferson, it was provided in the federal constitution that officers elected under its authority could swear or affirm. This was the natural result of the separation of church and state.

Q. I see that your presidents and governors issue their proclamations calling on the people to assemble in their churches and offer thanks to God. How does this happen in a government where state and church are not united?

A. Jefferson, when president, refused to issue what is known as the "Thansgiving Proclamation," on the ground that the federal government had no right to interfere in religious matters; that the people owed no religious duties to the government; that the government derived its powers, not from priests or gods, but from the people, and was responsible alone to the source of its power.

The truth is, the framers of our Constitution intended that the government should be secular, in the broadest and best sense; and yet there are thousands and thousands of religious people in this country who are greatly scandalized because there is no recognition of God in the federal Constitution; and for several years a great many ministers hav been endeavoring to hav the Constitution amended so as to recognize the existence of God and the divinity of Christ. A man by the name of Pollock was once superintendent of the mint at Philadelphia. He was almost insane about having God in the Constitution. Failing in that, he got the inscription on our money, "In God we Trust." As our silver dollar is now, in fact, worth only eighty-five cents, it is claimed that the inscription means that we trust in God for the other fifteen cents.

There is a constant effort on the part of many Christians to hav their religion in some way recognized by law. Proclamations are now issued calling upon the people to giv thanks, and directing attention to the fact that, while God has scourged or neglected other nations, he has been remarkably attentiv to the wants and wishes of the United States. Governors of states issue these documents written in a tone of pious insincerity. The year may or may not hav been prosperous, yet the degree of thankfulness called for is always precisely the same.

A few years ago the governor of Iowa issued an exceedingly rhetorical proclamation, in which the people were requested to thank God for the unparalleled blessings he had showered upon them. A private citizen, fearing that the Lord might be misled by official correspondence, issued his proclamation, in which he recounted with great particularity the hardships of the preceding year. He insisted that the weather had been of the poorest quality; that the crops had generally failed; that the spring came late, and the frost early; that the people were in debt; that the farms were mortgaged; that the merchants were bankrupt; and that everything was in the worst possible condition. He concluded by sincerely hoping that the Lord would pay no attention to the proclamation of the governor, but would, if he had any doubt on the subject, come down and examin the state for himself.

These proclamations hav always appeared to me absurdly egotistical. Why should God treat us any better than he does the rest of his children? Why should he send pestilence and famin to China, and health and plenty to us? Why giv us corn, and Egypt cholera? All these proclamations grow out of egotism and selfishness, of ignorance and superstition, and are based upon the idea that God is a capricious monster; that he loves flattery; that he can be coaxed and cajoled.

The conclusion of the whole matter with me is this: For truth in courts we must depend upon the trained intelligence of judges, the right of cross-examination, the honesty and common sense of jurors, and upon an enlightened public opinion. As for members of Congress, we will trust to the wisdom and patriotism, not only of the members, but of their constituents. In religion we will giv to all the luxury of absolute liberty.

The alchemists did not succeed in finding any stone the touch of which transmuted baser things to gold; and priests hav not invented yet an oath with power to force from falsehood's desperate lips the pearl of truth.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

Two Kinds of Spiritualists.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I find in your issue of Jan. 5th an extract from a reported lecture of Henry Kiddle, of your city. The language is this: "It is true, and I think sad as true, that there are persons preaching Atheism as the offshoot, or identical with, modern Spiritualism. Recently a prominent Spiritualistic lecturer enunciated the Atheistic principle that the universe is a self-existing automatic entity, which is very far from, as I hav found, the doctrin taught through the best mediums and inspirational speakers. On the contrary, the spirit utterances, through these, recognized God as a self-conscious person, having a personal relation to his intelligent, self-conscious creatures—that is, a parental relation."

Now, as a Spiritualist, and a medium, I wish to say that there are emphatically two classes of Spiritualists, both basing their positions upon the reports of spirits. One class—the class to which Mr. Kiddle evidently belongs—may be called the religious Spiritualists, who naturally attract to themselvs those invisible persons, spirits, who are developed in a like direction. The communications obtained from this source are to the effect that they believe in a something operating in the universe, which they call God. They do not state that they hav any direct knowledge of him, it, or her, but feel assured that such is the case. There are those on the earth-plane who make similar statements, and I do not see as these affimations, from either spirits or mortals, prove anything; the more especially as another class of Spiritualists, who also are in communication with those who hav "passed over," state that they know nothing whatever about this God. The spirits with whom they converse are equally ignorant on the subject, claiming that the state in which they now exist is apparently an evolution or development of this, and that there is no "conscious person" manifesting there any more than upon this plane. Those Spiritualists who hold to this view of the case should, it seems to me, be designated as Agnostic Spiritualists; they do not deny God, but simply know nothing about it.

For myself, I regret exceedingly that this question, which has for centuries caused bitterness and bloodshed, should creep into the ranks of Spiritualists to antagonize them and array them against each other. We should recognize the fact that diversity in organization will produce, necessarily, diversity of opinion; that spirits are only persons, translated to another plane of existence, whose opinions, as presented through mediums, should be carefully weighed, criticised, and received with the same deference and consideration which we accord to persons on this plane when speaking upon subjects with which they may be supposed to be familiar.

MRS. H. S. LAKE.

Ottumwa, Iowa, Jan. 24, 284.

Musings by the Way.

I.

Was there a God who in six days of time
Created all this universe sublime?
And only sixty centuries hav been,
And endless space was ever void till then?—
A God who in his image formed a man,
One sex alone—a quite defectiv plan;
And then to rectify this great mistake,
Caused him to fall in sleep, his rib to take,
And from it form a woman, that this vale
Of tears, might not of population fail?
Did he a garden make to put them in,
And put temptation there to make them sin?
And did he then decree that in their fall
The race of man be lost and ruined all?
And did a snake converse with Mother Eve,
And this bad fellow's lies did she believe,
And eat the fruit and damn the race of man,
And death bring to the world, and spoil God's plan?
And from this garden did God drive them out,
Outcasts from him to roam the world about?
Above the clouds did he a heaven place,
And people it with an angelic race,
Who could at will fly down to earth below,
On mortals their attention to bestow?
And did God's sons come down from heaven above,
And with earth's fairest daughters fall in love?
And were there born, such marriages to crown,
Those "mighty men of old, men of renown?"
Did men then liv nine hundred years or more,
Though in these days we scarce can reach fourscore?
Did God conclude to drown his children all,
And thus depopulate this earthly ball—
Except one family that he liked best,
Housed safe within the ark, and drowned the rest?
Were heaven's windows opened at this flood,
While waters fell to drown all flesh and blood?
Did old Elijah to this heaven ascend,
And fiery horse and chariot him attend?
Did he and Moses from this heaven come down,
Transfiguration's marvelous scene to crown?
This heaven hav saints seen open many a time,
And gazed with rapture on the scene sublime?
Angels come down from out the heavenly host,
And doves to represent the Holy Ghost?
Did Jesus' body to this heaven ascend,
While God the laws of nature did suspend?
Did God with Abraham a bargain make,
That he a certain patch of earth should take,
And on it raise his "seed," that there should be
"God's chosen people," by divine decree,
Whom he would love, while others he would hate,
Nor could they mitigate or change their fate?
Did he wish these to murder and to kill
The Canaanites, and make the sun stand still
For Joshua, who, ere his sword would sheathe,
Would leave no Canaanite alive to breathe?
Would slay the father, mother, girl, and boy,
And o'er their sufferings gloat in fiendish joy?
Did God approve all this? Did he command
The horrid work of this atrocious band?
To some the evidence may be clear enough;
No Rational can e'er believe such stuff.
A God like this dwells in imagination—
A superstition, an hallucination.

W. R. DYER.

"This Chaplain Business."

No less than twenty-seven preachers were applicants for the position of chaplain of the house. They must hav thought that the Democratic Congress was sadly in need of praying for.—*Brenham Banner.*

It is said Christ taught his followers to do their praying in private, and it certainly appears more consistent; but then there is no fat salary attached to private praying. This chaplain business is a burlesque on religion, and an imposition on tax-payers, which should be abolished and will be some day.—*Sunday Gazetteer.*

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New Tendencies and Forces.

Speaking of the Materialistic philosophy, Huxley once said that it presupposes the universe to be the work of two blind children, law and force. Not being fully certain that these children may not hav a parent somewhere, Mr. Huxley is an Agnostic. Mr. Huxley, however, has never yet met the parent, and considers the probability to be great that he never will. He knows of nothing behind or beyond the phenomena of nature.

Contrast for a moment this reverent position with that of the dogmatic band who are endeavoring to subvert our government by thrusting a God in our Magna Charta. They assume that civil government is of God, though what they base their assumption on is not clear, except it be the letter of Paul to the Romans. The Christ of the New Testament taught no such doctrin. "My kingdom is not of this world; if my kingdom were of this world, my servants then would fight," he is reputed to hav said. It is true his servants hav belied his words, and hav not only fought with carnal weapons, but hav surpassed every other class in destructivness to human life. But Jesus himself took no step to connect his cause with the state. He asked no aid from the civil power; he provided for no soldiers to enforce his commands.

Why, then, cannot the God-in-the-Constitutionists keep their hands off from our government? God has had nothing to do with a republican form of government. He never has ruled but one people, and he alternately starved and stuffed them; kept them in a desert or at war with their neighbors. A slight study of the history of his rule will convince the most ardent Christian that he is unfit to govern a tribe of savages. His rule was a despotism worse than the popular conception of anarchy.

The function of the state is not to foster a belief in the supernatural, to dignify a myth by personifying it, or to lend the solemn sanction of governmental authority to the speculations of a class who thrive on human credulity. Our government is instituted to protect life, liberty, and property. It has been called a necessary evil, and to a certain extent it is. The best government is that which governs least. Ours is limited to material things and tangible acts. Its powers do not extend to the domain of ethics. With morality or immorality it has nothing to do, except the immorality be manifested in acts. The government has no power to do otherwise than protect all people equally. Following the recognition of Christianity, in logical sequence, would come favors toward that religion, and especially toward its authorized expounders, the ministers. We should then hav the "benefit of the clergy," in which ecclesiastical courts usurp the functions of our civil courts, shielding their own criminals, and denouncing heretics. It is safe to say that every minister guilty of heresy would be punished, while those guilty of crimes against morality would be covered with the church mantle that religion might not be disgraced.

It is a significant fact that the same senator who is now such a persistent introducer of bills calculated to destroy Mormonism and scatter the Mormons is the same one who introduced the proposed God-in-the-Constitution amendment. Giv his church party the power, and religious persecution would at once be inaugurated. And who so blind to the lessons of history as to believe that the boundary line of Utah would be the limit within which the fires would be kindled or the stake driven, or that the despised Mormons would be the only ones stripped of their legal rights, their property, and perhaps their lives?

The tendency of our politics at present is towards centralization. This tendency is directed by the money power, to giv them protection against the laborers when the time comes—as come it will unless averted by wise measures—that they shall rise in violence, as at Pittsburgh but a few years ago. Centralization is also the hope of the governmental Socialists, who regard the government as some extraneous force, of the nature of a gigantic relief society. The tendency is also encouraged by the Catholic church, which sees in authority backed by troops its brightest chance to seize the reins of power. The Protestants believe in just enough centralization to put their God in the Constitution, and get their church recognized as the only original and simon-pure religious organization. But the stronger the government the weaker the people. The more the people giv away, of course the less they hav. It will be a sorry day for them when, even in so good a cause as marital virtue, they undertake to suppress a sect. Like an avalanche, once started, no one can tell where it will stop. If a Mormon has sinned against the laws of the country, not all the power of all the churches in the world should be able to shield him from just punishment. But justice should be meted out to the man, not to the Mormon.

The doctrin of a parental government, as laid down by those who would hav the government undertake everything, and the doctrin of a strong central aristocratic government, as desired by the plutocracy of wealth, are alike and equally dangerous. We must recognize that so far in its evolution human nature is fallible and selfish. It is only when it shall hav become entirely unselfish that such enormous power can be safely put into the hands of a few. For instance. The government conducts the post-office, so far as the transmission of ordinary mail-matter is concerned, in an admirable manner, and, we will grant, cheaper than private enterprise could do it. But a Christian sneak and self-seeking hypocrit goes to Washington, and, appealing to the religious sentiments of our law-makers, has enacted, in the seeming interest of morality only, a law broad enough to cover the literature of those who dissent from the prevailing religious belief, and broad enough to cover the classics, the works of antiquity, and even his own sacred book. Being the only one to enforce the law, the latter is exempted, the former seized, and the post-office, while being an institution for the benefit of all the people, becomes also an instrument for the suppression of the sentiments of the few. That is one danger. Another is that the post-office is a big machine for keeping the incumbent party in power. It has, perhaps, fifty thousand places of profit and power. Every place has a vote. It is a big leverage to work on. In one column our Socialistic friend Swinton is advocating a governmental telegraph, with, probably, seventy-five thousand employes, and in the other he tells his readers that the Republican party ought to go. Suppose he gets his telegraph first. No one knows better than he how those seventy-five thousand places will be filled. And no one better than he ought to know that with another seventy-five thousand votes the Republican party can never be made to go. He and his co-philosophers do not adapt the means to the end. Instead of adding to the power of our rulers, the people should take away about two-thirds of what they hav. The duties of the state and federal governments should be kept strictly separate. The one should be limited by the other, and both by the people. There should be no intermixture, and the power should be taken from the state, as it is now from the United States, to enact Sunday laws, sumptuary laws, or any laws which may limit the freedom of moral people, or to appropriate money for any religious purpose whatever. Too much legislation is the crying evil and curse of our country. Elastic as our constitutions, both state and national, are, our legislators hav stretched them to a point where a breakage is imminent. One lawyer can draft a law that ten cannot construe; and for a hundred years this kind of law-making has been going on.

These, then, are the dangerous forces in our politics: the God-in-the-Constitutionists, who are but religious persecutors in disguise; the tendency toward a strong government, desired by the gigantic corporations and land sharks; and the itching for a paternal government, which should giv relief to all, like a monstrous poorhouse, ere the people are competent to manage it or fitted to liv under it. In the place of these there should be inculcated the broadest and equal liberty for all religions or no religions—every man and woman being his or her own pope and minister—the governmental function limited in this direction to the physical supervision of the sects. Instead of a strong government, we should hav as little state interference as is compatible with the peace and good order and equal protection of all citizens in society. In place of a paternal government, there should be a constitutional limitation of land-ownership, honest supervision of corporations—this alone would relieve labor of two-thirds of its burdens, and secure to it its rights as the producer of values—the whole to be supplemented with a general education that shall prepare the people for a better system of society than the present cut-throat method of living, which has been aptly described as "every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost." There ought not to be any hindmost.

Wendell Phillips Dead.

Wendell Phillips, the great antislavery leader and orator, passed away on the evening of Saturday, February 2d, after a painful illness of a week's duration. The particulars we get from the *Sun*. His well-known figure was last seen upon the street on Friday, the 25th ult., when he spoke of his failing strength, but did not complain of positiv illness. His address a month ago at the unveiling of the Harriet Martineau statue proved a severe tax upon his physical and mental powers, and he told his friends that his platform days were over.

The first premonition of approaching illness came on Saturday last, when he felt symptoms of heart trouble, such as he had once or twice before experienced. His disease, angina pectoris, had caused the death of his father and two brothers, and he felt that in the end he, too, must succumb to it.

On Sunday he suffered several severe paroxysms, and from that time until his death physicians were in almost constant attendance. He suffered terribly, the pain being intermittent and very severe. Several days ago he told his physicians that he should never recover, but everything was done to encourage him. Not until almost the last did the physicians giv up all hope of his rallying, and even on this last afternoon it was thought he might liv for some days.

The dying man was chiefly grieved to know that he must, after all, leave his much-beloved wife. Mrs. Phillips has been a helpless invalid these many years—in fact, since before their marriage—and many times it has been thought her days were numbered, but in the afternoon she watched at the bedside of her dying husband, whose tender devotion has been the chief feature of his later life.

At about 4 o'clock Mr. Phillips felt somewhat easier, and he attempted to raise himself slightly in bed. The exertion was too great, and a severe paroxysm utterly prostrated him. The violent features of the attack were overcome, but he could not rally. He realized that he was dying, and said so. Conscious to the very last, he recognized his wife and other members of the family at the bedside, and spoke to them. His last words, spoken about half an hour before his death, were about a matter of personal comfort. Then he dropped peacefully away, apparently to sleep. The end came at 6:15.

Like a majority of the old Abolitionist workers, Mr. Phillips was a Liberal. While not as radical as Elizur Wright, Parker Pillsbury, Amy Post, Lucy Colman, and other glorious spirits of antislavery times, he was still so advanced as to be without the pale of the church—the condition, we may remark, of nearly all the great humanitarians of our age. A glowing tribute to Harriet Martineau, the Atheist, was his last public work.

After the liberation of the negro slaves Mr. Phillips struck the liberating hammer against the fetters encircling the limbs of white labor. Greenbackism almost expired during the revival of business following the alleged resumption of specie payments, but Wendell Phillips never forsook the standard, and, could he hav renewed his youth, would hav endeavored to use the present dull times and general dissatisfaction prevailing to carry out the financial reforms of his party. He received 20,000 votes as the candidate of his party for governor of Massachusetts in 1870.

As an orator Mr. Phillips won the appellation of "the silver-tongued." In the hight of the antislavery movement, when the abolition orators were more often rotten-egged than applauded by the Christians of the North, his eloquent voice commanded attention

and respect. Yet he spiced his addresses with bitter personalities, and excoriated without stint the churches and business interests that hindered the magnificent reform in which his heart and soul were wrapped. He belabored the foe of the slave wherever he found him, and thus excursions behind the altar were with him very frequent. The churches at that time hated him intensely, but they hav since softened towards him, preparatory to claiming him as a Christian, as the serpent covers its victim with slime before swallowing it. "Mr. Phillips's bitterest speeches were made during the war. From the first he saw that the war was the opportunity for the slave, and he kept urging the North to more activ measures. He was impatient with Mr. Lincoln, and in one of his speeches in Cooper Institute declared that Mr. Lincoln was an 'old turtle.' He made thrilling speeches in favor of arming, educating, and enfranchising the blacks, and was always predicting that they would seize the opportunity to free themselvs at the sacrifice of their masters. He was a warm advocate of the emancipation proclamations of both Fremont and Lincoln, and the fruition of his hopes was found in the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment."

On the Chinese question Mr. Phillips favored the restriction of Chinese immigration as a means of protection to American workmen. He said: "They who seek to flood us artificially with barbarian labor are dragging down the American home to the level of the houseless street herds of China. If the workingmen hav not combined to prevent this, it is time that they should. When rich men conspire, poor men should combine."

Mr. Phillips was born November 29, 1811. Boston had the honor of his life-long residence. At a special meeting of the New England Freethinkers' Association held in Paine Memorial Building on the 4th, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Resolved: That in the death of Wendell Phillips we deplore the loss to the world of an earnest friend of humanity regardless of color, race, creed, or sex; and we extend our sympathies to his bereaved relativs and friends.

GEO. N. HILL, Rec. Sec.

Beginning the Work.

The House of Representativs has begun the work of retrieving the mistake of previous congresses in dealing with the railroads. On January 30th twenty-one millions of acres were declared forfeited. This is the first time since the government began to giv land to corporations that the failure of a railroad to fulfil its contract has entailed a forfeiture. Of these twenty-one millions, sixteen were taken from the notorious Texas Pacific, and five millions from corporations in the Southern states, granted before the war. The roads to which they were given exist only on paper.

This is a good beginning. Let the work of saving the people's property go on.

Joining the Church Again.

In his opening speech at the New England Freethinkers' Convention on the 27th ult., Horace Seaver, the editor of the *Investigator*, among other things said—we quote the whole paragraph from the *Investigator:*

"He thought that the Lord should send a thunderbolt from heaven to annihilate those who tortured men for expressing their honest opinions. And why are men not burnt at the stake now? he asked. The only reason is because Liberalism, or Freethought, had risen on the world like an angel of light. Let us hope that, under the Freethinkers, these fires will never be relighted. Liberalism has had its martyrs as well as the church. Their blood has been the seed of the Freethought movement. Eventually the age of faith will be swept away by the age of reason. Let us not forget our martyr in New York, D. M. Bennett, whose early death was caused through imprisonment. [Applause.] Mr. Seaver then spoke of Abner Kneeland, the early Freethinker, who was sentenced to sixty days' imprisonment in Boston for simply saying that he did not believe in the God that the Universalists did. The Freethought movement had struggled through many years, through sunshine and storm—mostly storm—but it had survived and grown strong."

In its "Editorial Notes," the *Index* of January 31st has this paragraph. It is signed "W. J. P." Wm. J. Potter is the senior editor of that sheet. This is the only signed Note in the column, and we infer from this that the office editor, Mr. B. F. Underwood, not having graduated from the clerical ranks, was averse to fathering the foul paragraph, which reads:

"The Freethought Convention at Paine Hall, in this city, is holding its closing sessions as we go to press. It has fulfilled, we judge, the reasonable expectations of its projectors. The attendance on Sunday was reported as very good. But why did Mr. Seaver blot his otherwise good speech by speaking of Mr. D. M. Bennett as a Freethought martyr? Even if, as Mr. Seaver affirmed, Mr. Bennett's death was hastened by his imprisonment, he was imprisoned not for his Freethought opinions, but on a charge of circulating obscene literature. To count him, therefore, among the martyrs of Liberalism is to stab the Liberal cause.

"W. J. P."

We are, perhaps, as well aware of what Mr. Bennett was imprisoned for as anyone living. We know very well that the charge was "mailing obscene literature." But why was this charge made? Simply and only because in these times a charge of blasphemy could not be maintained. But that the pamphlet upon which Mr. Bennett was convicted is obscene has never been shown by any competent jury. Mr. Bennett had as bitter enemies as ever fell to the lot of mortal to possess. He found in Francis E. Abbot, the former editor of the *Index*, a most persistent misrepresenter and intolerant foe. Yet, badly as Mr. Abbot hated him, he publicly said in the *Index* that Mr. Bennett was cruelly wronged, and the book *not* obscene. James Parton said the same. So did O. B. Frothingham. So did Elizur Wright, Parker Pillsbury, Robert G. Ingersoll, and thousands of others, among them the attorney-general of the United States. The petition for his release set forth the facts in the case, and that petition bore the signatures of two hundred thousand people. Our older readers know all this; it is a part of the history of Freethought in America.

What ex-Reverend W. J. Potter is pleased to consider Mr. Bennett's shame is considered by all good men who know the circumstances to hav been his glory. He was—there is no doubt of it, and we honor him for his courage in not shrinking from the issue—imprisoned on the charge of mailing obscene literature. But when Mr. W. J. Potter says that D. M. Bennett ever sold or circulated any obscene book (except, perhaps, a Bible which he may hav procured for a customer), Mr. W. J. Potter lies.

The Monument Fund.

Since the last list was printed the following sums hav been received. The amount then acknowledged was $1,324.87.

J. J. Shearman,	$1 00	W. H. Werderbaugh,	$1 00
Electa Curtis,	1 00	Joseph Coveney,	1 00
Peter L. Wildhagan,	1 00	James O. Lehmer,	1 00
Marilla Wood,	1 00	E. J. Dear,	1 00
Enos Wood,	3 00	F. G. Walter,	50
W. I. Haldman,	2 00	James M. Ramsay,	1 00
J. W. Gilbert,	2 50	Martin Kilborn,	1 00
C. E. W. Scott,	1 00	John Rowe,	1 00
S. L. Wadsworth,	1 00	Dr. C. B. Tucker,	1 00
G. Bassi,	1 00	S. H. Davis,	50
S. Dysenfurth,	25	Dr. E. B. Foote, Sr. (second subscription),	5 00
Bener Thorpe,	1 00	W. F. Schade,	50
A. Willard,	1 00	A. O. Bosworth,	1 00
C. H. Johnson,	50	Thos. B. Smith,	1 00
W. C. Roland,	1 00	D. Brinegar,	1 00
Mrs. Wm. Raynor,	1 00	T. Jeff. Kinder,	1 00
S. H. Fink,	1 00		
H. B. Milks,	1 00		
John D. Powers,	1 00	Total,	$1,366 62
J. R. Tewkesbury,	1 00		

Editorial Notes.

FREETHINKERS living in Florida are requested to communicate with W. P. Stubbs, M. D., Orange Springs, Marion Co., with a view to forming an auxiliary Liberal League.

IN an argument before the Committee on Internal Affairs relativ to the liquor traffic, on the 29th ult., a Brooklyn assemblyman said, "There were worse men in the clergyman business than in the liquor business."

MRS. CYNTHIA LEONARD deserves, and we are sure she has, the thanks of the Liberals of this city for procuring the services of the young gentlemen and ladies who with songs and music entertained the audience at the Paine anniversary. It was a pleasing innovation upon the custom hitherto prevailing in this city, and we hope will be continued at every successiv festival.

A MOST excellent way to celebrate Paine's birthday in places where the number of Liberals is not sufficient to fill a public hall is the one adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Martin, of Cairo, Ill. They sent out cards for the evening of the 29th, and treated their guests to something a little unusual for receptions. The exercises consisted of music, essays, remarks, and a supper. And we dare affirm that the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Martin learned something concerning Paine and Freethought new to them. The invitations to this affair were exceedingly well executed. Art and music should be employed by Freethinkers more than they are.

WE hav received from Mr. L. W. Zuuer, photographer, of Salamanca, N. Y., a grouped picture of many of those who attended the Salamanca Convention. In the foregrouud we recognize the manly form of the president of the New York State Freethinkers' Association, T. L. Brown, and the benignant features of F. A. Larkin, author of "Ancient Man in America." Mr. Green, and others of our acquaintances, were either too modest to appear, or very successfully disguised themselvs. To those who attended the picture will serve as a pleasant memento of the occasion; to those who did not attend, but want to see some of those who did, it will furnish the opportunity. Mr. Zuuer sells them for one dollar.

ON January 25th two orders were, on motion of T. D. Stow, of Fall River, adopted by the Massachusetts House of Representativs. One is addressed to the joint Committee on Taxation, requiring it to "consider the expediency of repealing all laws which make any distinction or discrimination in the taxation of real property." The other requires that the Committee on the Judiciary shall "consider the expediency of repealing all laws which, on account of differences of belief and action in matters of religion and conscience, militate, in any manner or degree, against equality in the rights of persons." It is to be hoped the committees having these bills in charge will report them favorably, but it is almost too much to expect. The Freethinkers of Boston, however, will work hard to secure justice.

SEXTON BASS, a colored man, died the other day in Hackensack, New Jersey. A grave was purchased for him by his friends. When the cemetery authorities learned that he was of African decent, they refused to permit his burial. The Hackensack Cemetery Company, whose officers were guilty of this flagrant injustice, is a religious corporation. Its property is exempted from taxation because of its religion. This poor negro had paid money to protect this property. Yet he couldn't get six feet of ground to lie in because of the miserable prejudices of these Christians against one whom they believed to be a child of the God they worshiped. It seems to be necessary that a law shall be enacted to prevent a repetition of this crime against humanity, and Governor Abbett has recommended the New Jersey legislature to pass one.

IN this week's TRUTH SEEKER will be found Mr. Andrews's concluding paper. While not a very direct reply to Mr. Putnam's Materialistic solution of the universal mysteries, it is a scientific statement which, if allowed to stand, will upset all that gentleman's reasoning. Many of our readers hav expressed themselvs as deeply interested in the Universological teachings of the Pantarch, while many more tell us that they often find themselvs wondering what in the world he is driving at. These latter will, no doubt, find their wonderment increasing as they peruse this last paper—if they do peruse it; while the former will, we fancy, be put to their trumps to keep their interest up. We hav sat at the feet of the Great Universal Preacher just a little, and been laid across the knee of one of his pupils a good many times, but we must confess that up to date we are not a Universologist. This, Mr. Andrews will say, is because we do not understand him. It may be so; but the impression steals over us that he has done a wise thing in leaving this present paper till the last.

MR. W. M. SALTER, the lecturer of the Ethical Society of Chicago, addressed Mr. Adler's audience at Chickering Hall, this city, Sunday before last, on "Obstacles to the Spread of Liberalism." Why is the Liberal movement making so little headway? he began by asking. Is anything else making headway? he further demanded. Certainly not the churches, was his reply to the second question; and then he gave figures from the last census to show that while the population of this city had increased 225 per cent in a stated period, the increase of Protestant church membership had been only 125 per cent. The falling off in the progress of the churches, he said, was due to the spread of Liberal ideas, and in one sense Liberalism was the only thing making any progress in these days. But, he said, I fear the word "Liberalism," as it is generally used, means simply dissatisfaction with the old creeds. In this country I fear we are not in the face of conditions calculated to produce enthusiasm or organization. There is nothing like persecution, nothing that compels us to band together for self-protection. There is a deficiency, too, in that striving for some high and definit object that awakens enthusiasm. The progress of Liberal ideas is marked by the gradual crumbling away of the old forms and beliefs, and that goes on of itself. The average Liberal perhaps thinks it is only necessary for all the world to be emancipated like him and nothing more need be done. But when I look at the countless ages yet to come, I think our task has only begun; we hav only unlearned a few errors. I am not one of those who think a Liberal movement should hav nothing to do with politics. The art of politics must hav ideas unless it is to degenerate into the trick of getting and keeping office. These ideas must in the future be supplied by Liberal thought. I had rather hav a political system with the old churches to rebuke abuses now and again than a state ruled only by the almighty dollar. All Liberal movements hav heretofore given too little attention to the inner, private life of man. After all, the question, "How shall I liv?" is the most important one of all. The great stronghold of the churches has been their moral teaching. They are the best guides we yet hav, and I would not hav them swept away, except by a higher system of moral teaching. Let the young men take up the task of reforming themselvs; let Liberals determin that they will acknowledge nothing to be good that is not for the common good; let the world unite in the cultivation of industry, honesty, and purity; let Liberalism come to mean all that, and then a new seed of progress will hav been cast into the future. The task for Liberals, the secret of the advancement of Liberalism, is the effort to found a new era in the moral life of man. There is a kernel of truth in Mr. Salter's remarks, as reported by the *Herald*, but we fear his public utterances suffer from the impetuosity of youth. He should be more patient. With laws everywhere discriminating against them, with one of their editors in an English prison, Liberals cannot be blamed for not immediately causing the millennium. And they may not be censured too freely if they do not make unseemly haste to adopt the methods of a gentleman who sees in the Christian church the best guide we yet hav to morality. It is a direct accusation of that Liberalism Mr. Salter assumes to expound, that morality based only upon Christianity is unsound, defectiv, and cannot stand. At least, that is a count in the indictment we are prepared to maintain.

Communications.

Universology, and a Criticism of the Criticisms of Mr. Putnam.—Concluded.

THE FIVE (OR SEVEN) SENSES UNIVERSOLOGICALLY TREATED OF.*

1. The objectiv basis of all knowledge is the Five Senses. It has not, perhaps, been duly considered how fundamental the knowledge of the Senses themselvs must, therefore, be, as the basis of Science. All Ultimate Classification takes its origin from them, and has in it, instinctivly and analogically, the same kinds and number of discriminations of phenomena which the Senses differentiate for themselvs, in their several specialized functional activities. That is to say, there are just as many fundamental classes of phenomena (or appearances) in the universe of objectiv being—with an equal number of corresponding fundamental sciences—as there are physical senses, or avenues to the mind; so that five fundamental groups of appearances and five corresponding fundamental sciences correspond in turn with the five senses, which are our mental instruments for the (co)gnition of those specific groups of phenomena. This statement, if new, is not the less important and guiding in the whole range of scientific investigation.

2. The question first in order, and having a sort of supreme importance in this behalf, relates, then, to the origin, in the nature of things, of the Five Senses themselvs. Why are they five rather than some other number (if they are really five; and if not, how many?), and upon what facts in the universal constitution of being do they rest? or from what facts of that order are they derived? In other words, how do the Five Senses stand analogically related to the fundamental possibilities of Being, the sum of which possibilities is the subject-matter of Ontology (the Science of Being)?

3. The relation in question will be found to be this: Ontology yields, as Kant has shown, under the head of "Quality," which is what the Senses cognize, Three Fundamental Categories (or kinds of appearance, or presentment, for our consideration), which he calls, 1. Negation; 2. Reality, and 3. Limitation; or, in folks-language, we may say, 1. Nothing (vacancy); 2. Somewhat or Something, and 3. The Line or Limit between *them;* or the place where *they* meet. It is then found, by the universological method of investigation, what consists greatly in comparing different realms of study, as here, for instance, metaphysical ideas and the Senses, that this remote metaphysical distribution (into Negation, Reality, and Limitation), and the three Fundamental Senses (of the Five, or more) are radically identical, by Analogy, or what is the same thing, by an underlying Law of Unity in the nature of things. The careful attention of the student-reader is bespoken to the following statements:

4. I. SENSE OF HEARING (Vo·,io—vaw-ee-o). The Nothing realm, or Vacuity, or Vacuum of General Nature, is the realm of Being consigned to the Sense of Hearing, as the Something realm, Plenetude or Plenum, is that which is assigned to the Sense of Touch, and, as the Limitary, linear-ray-like intermediary realm between the vacuity and the plenum is that which is assigned to the Sense of Sight. Taste and Smell are then derivativ or resultant, and will be considered later. These statements may at first blush seem fanciful, but the student-reader will hav to accompany me but a short way to feel himself standing upon the solid ground of scientific verification.

5. The universal void, total space itself,† cannot, it is true, be practically adhered to (though good in absolute theory) as the realm of the sense of hearing. We must admit of the idea of the circumvalation of some given portion of space, by a surface-like limit, so as to produce a cell-like, cist-like, or shell or skin-like inclosure, of which the human Ear is itself the final and most highly modified type. The fundamental typical idea, then, around which the Sense of Hearing and its organ, the Ear, are organized, is that of a Negatoid Vacual Receptaculum, which means, in folks-language, an inclosed or partially inclosed portion of Nothing, or mere space, and therefore vessel-like or dish-like in character. But here again we cannot keep to the idea of an absolute vacuum. Things otherwise vacant admit the air. A shell relativly empty is not only filled by air, but this air is in motion, is therefore spontaneously reverberativ (or beating about within the shell); hence generating Sound, and being thus the primal type of an Ear. The sound of such relativ emptiness is called a *hollow* sound. A stony, earthen, or more solid vessel givs back a more distinct "sonorous" or "ringing" sound—a better developed variety of sound. The ear is accordingly planted in the petrous (or stony) portion of the temporal bones—the hardest, bony (stony) part of the body, which is also the most negativ or nothing-like and least vital portion.

II. SENSE OF TOUCH (Va,io—vah-ee-o). The content, contents, or Plenum of the great general Nothing (space), that which is contained within or embraced by it, is (in the main, or most prominently) Solid Matter, the general type of which in Nature at large is the celestial Orb or Orbs—suns, planets, stars—and, next to them, the more specialized objects, Minerals, Vegetables, and Animals; in a word, *palpable* things. This (in its smaller rather than its larger features, simply because more accessible for us) is the Realm of Nature which is assigned to the Sense of Touch. *Palpable* means *touchable.* In folks-language, we might simply say here, therefore: Whatsoever can be touched, or could be so, if we could reach and handle or clasp it. Technically, we may say, Entical (or thing-y) Reality, or Thingdom.

III. SENSE OF SIGHT (Vo,io—Vo-ee-o). In fine, the Limitary Realm related to Light and the Eye is intermediate between the Vacuum-like Space-and-Air (the virtual Nothing), on the one hand, and the Solidity-like Contents, or Thingdom, on the other hand. It is variously represented, as we will see; but peculiarly and specially embodied in the Rays or Radiancy of the Sun and Stars (in this connection representing the Something-Element) and projected through Space, the air and the minor objects upon which it falls (the Nothing Element); by which it is absorbed or reflected, refracted, and cast about, between, as it were, the affirmativ and the negativ realms. This radiancy-realm, permeating the clearness or intervening Specialized vacuum, and permeated by it, manifesting itself especially as Light, is, then, the Realm of Being which is consigned to the Sense of Sight. This Specialized, Intermediate, Half-nothing-like, Limitary sphere—Light and its accompanying sense of Vision—thus reverts, in character, somewhat to that of Sound and the Sense of Hearing — Hearing and Vision (Vo·,io and Vo,io) having much in common, being both abstractoid or thin-like, as contrasted with Touch and its realm (Va,io), which is concretoid or thick-like. It will take a good while for the student-reader to realize to himself the immense scope of these generalizations, as affecting all the sciences.

6. Confining our attention, for the moment, to these three senses (Taste and Smell must be postponed), it is first to be observed that each of them has, 1. An outer or Matter-like development (Objectiv, or predominantly of the body), as the external Hearing, Touch, and Sight, coupled with the ear, the Body-at-large, and the Eye; and, 2. An Inner or Mind-like development (Subjectiv or Mental); being, then, three corresponding Psychological Departments of the Mind itself. We instinctivly and familiarly speak of the Intellect as the "Mind's Eye." What I am now saying is: First, That this mode of speaking is Scientifically justified; and, Secondly, That we hav, in a precisely similar manner a Mind's Ear; a Mind's Index Finger, Hand, Skin, or, in a word, the psychological organ of Touch (and so of Taste and Smell, likewise). We shall be greatly aided in this class of investigation from the side of Etymology, the unconscious testimony of the meaning of words. Let us recur to and reconsider the three senses in question, in the same order as before, and a little more in detail.

I. The Sense of Hearing.—The fundamental idea here in respect to form is that of the free surface or skin of a globular or round solid figure, which, however, like the skin of a grape with the pulp expelled, may be partially open. The first modifying idea is that of a partial in-filling of the cavity by a thin substance, like the air reverberating in the shell; but we may then go further and suppose any small, thin, trivial objects in the place of mere air. The typical idea so modified is, then, that of vacuum, vacancy, or, at least, partial vacancy, as a receptacle (an empty, or partially empty, vessel), as a dried skin or shell,* with some minor or small solid objects shaking about in it—say a dried pod with peas within it, a sleigh-bell, or a child's rattle, producing sound. The ear is structurally a conch, as is also the trumpet by which the powers of the voice and of the ear are extended. The typical minor portion of the ear is the Cochlea, a word also meaning shell, which it resembles; *schall,* allied with English, *shell,* is the German word for *sound;* and *schallen* means *to sound,* to giv forth noise. *To sound,* in English, means not only to giv forth waves of resonance, but also to sink or to go to the bottom of a cavity. A beauty is flattered by telling her that her ears are transparent shells. Such are some of the indicia of the nature of the primal idea of Sound, Hearing, or the External Ear-dom (Us,vo·i,o—Oos-vaw-ee-o).

7. The Internal Eardom, or Mind's Ear (Ni,vo·,io—Nee-vaw-ee-o), means, by the extension of the same analogy by which we speak of the Mind's Eye, Mental RECEPTIVITY (Submissivness, Docility, Educability, Obedience, Fidelity). It is, figurativly, the making of the mind into a hollow place or *Receptacle.* The popular perception of this analogy is indicated by the existence of such expressions as, "To hear is to obey;" "Lend us your ears," etc. "To get up on one's ear" is to stiffen the ear; to rise in revolt; to reverse the natural function of favoring attention indicated by listening. Dr. Joseph Rodes Buchanan, the distinguished anthropologist, says rightly, therefore, that "the auditory region [of the brain, the Mind's Ear] is the commanding center of conscious life for education, from which we are to go forward in the brain to the region of pure thought," the Intellect proper, the Mind's Eye (Moral Education, p. 88).

II. The Sense of Touch.—Passing to the Sense of Touch, the type-thought underlying it is, as we hav seen, the solid, entical, or thing-like reality. The governing instance of this, in turn, is the solid round object (gathered in around the one center)—the orb, globe, ball, lump, clod, bunch, the pulp of the grape filling the grape-skin, etc.; specifically the solid globe or globule (or little globe). This form embraces the greatest amount of substance, with the least amount of embracing (limitary or form-like) surface. It is the "plus-substance-minus-form" object; and so, in preponderance, typical of substance; and so allied with chemistry and chemical ideas; Chemistry (or Hylology) being the Science of Substance. Here enter, therefore, such ideas as bolus, pill, pillule, papillus (little ball-like elevation), etc.; which, again, ally the sense of touch, through the papillæ of the skin and tongue, with the ball-idea; and so with the mind's body at large; as when we speak of the solidity of a sound mind, of weight of character, etc.

III. The Sense of Sight.—Arriving, again, at the type-thought, or fact in the nature of things, underlying the existence, development, and scope of the Sense of Sight, this, I hav shown, is, fundamentally, Limitation, the governing instance of which is the Line, thread (Fr. *fil*), or edge (also Fr. *fil*) of a cutting instrument; the typical agent in Division, and, hence, in the production and exhibition of limits, boundary or Limitation.

8. The governing instance of "cut" or "di-vision" is *cut through the center* (as of a globe or ball); which is, then, of necessity, the "cut-in-two." This "cut-in-two" yields, then, hemispheres (two in number); and, also of necessity, two planile (or plain) sur-*faces* or *faces,* which are op-posed to and *re-flect* each other, through the *clear* or *clear*-ed space (or relativ nothingness) between them. We also say "device" (varied from "divide"), for mental discrimination.

9. Having assimilated Intellect, or the whole group of Intelligence, or of mind's-eye-facts-or-phenomena, with the external eye or vision (and its group of facts or phenomena), we may now take the two along together into somewhat more of detail, and, especially, through the evolutionary succession of ideas derived from the cut of the ball into opposed and mutually reflecting halves, or *plane-faced* portions of the ball. The cut itself also gathers the idea of substance to itself, and becomes ideally, and, in fine, really, a distinctiv intermediate independent thing—in a word, a limit, as mere idea, or as a corresponding actual object. The center-cut is, first, a mid-rift, that is, a middle cut, split, break, rift, or division. A most remarkable series of ideas, words, and things, all accurately corresponding with or repeating each other, then ensues. Midriff, a contracted form of mid-rift, taken for a middle section or membrane, is then the English word for the Greek derivativ diaphragm, which is the thin broad muscular membrane which divides internally the chest-contents (the heart and lungs) from the contents of the abdomen—the pectoral floor and the abdominal roof—in all senses peculiarly the divider of the body (in the horizontal direction). Dia-phragm is from two Greek words meaning "through-break," the same idea. Another more primitiv Greek word, *phren* (in the plural *phren-es*) meant also, originally, the same thing, the midriff or diaphragm.

10. But, to "di-vide," the idea taken in its mental application,* is to discriminate, or distinguish. The mind (itself the "mean-(e)d" or "middler") and peculiarly the Intellect (inter-lig-t, the "tie-together-between," is, first and chiefly, a discriminator or divider; and then, in a secondary way, a holder-together of the parts separated (mental analysis and synthesis). So also, by the analogy, the brain or brains, the instrument of the mind, is involved; whence, curiously, *phren* (and *phrenes*), originally the midriff, came to mean, also, and predominantly, the brain or brains; and so, at length, *Phren*-ology was appropriately taken as the name of the science of mind, as manifested through the physical conformation of the brain.

11. Again, the Sense of Vision (or Sight) is also first and foremost a divider, or discriminator, as is most strikingly recorded in the etymology of the two closely related—in fact, identical—words, vis-ion and di-vis-ion. They simply relate to each other as the two phrases, "cutting" and "cutting-in-two;" and since every cutting is, of necessity, in the last analysis, a cutting in two, both are at bottom the same. The root is *vid* (allied with *fid,* yielding *fis*-sure), all going back to *duo,* "two," for *divo,* which broke into two branches, *di-* or *dis-* (equivalent to "two") and *vid,* meaning the same. *Di-vis*-ion, or to *di-vid*-e, is therefore *two-two*-ing; while *vis*-ion is simply *two*-ing. The reduplications (doublings up) of root-words

* The senses are here treated of popularly, as to their namings. The more precise discriminations of the physiologists will be attended to later.

† If it be objected, as it may be, that Space is not mere Nothing, still it is that nothing-like factor of existence which is relativly *nothing,* as compared with objects contained in space.

† The fabled cave of Eolus (the god of the winds) was simply a huge shell, with its aerial reverberations.

were very common, near the origin of languages, as known to every etymologist.

12. Still again: the Eye, the instrument of vision, records the same history of ideas and phonic changes, in its etymology, as mind, brain, and vision. The English word *Eye*, German *Auge*, and Latin *oc*-culus, all go back, for their origin, to the Hindoo-European root-word *Ak*, meaning to be sharp, the dividing idea; and thence, to see (Lat. *Vid*, ere). *Oc*-culus (whence English *Oc*-cular) means the little divider or opener. The counterparting idea of closing in upon, and holding, is represented by the scope of the vision or of the eye, like the English *scoop*. So also the opening and shutting of the eye (day-like, clear, and night-like, dark,) repeat these two ideas.

13. The second phase of this wonderful and important evolution is the letting in of a specialized portion of the general nothing-like or pure-space world, between the several halves or parts; the letting in, in other words, of an area or volume of clearness (from obstruction or thing-al matters); and clearness is lucidity, or the first appearance and condition of Light. The term applies equally well to cosmic light or to the corresponding mental condition. Vision is the sense which cognizes, therefore, not di-vision or limitation only; but, in the second place, clearness, absence of entical reality, and hence the quasi-nothing (or partial nothing) which so intervenes or comes between the parts. And it is the same also with its mental counterpart—the Intellect.

14. The third phase of the same phenomenon is the face-d character of each or either of the two hemispheres of the sundered sphere. By the cut, a plane, or level and smooth surface (or two such surfaces) is revealed; and this (plain or) plane surface is a face, or faceet, or phase. The Latin word for face is *species*, and a derivativ from it is *speculum*, meaning a little face or facet. Hence arise the English words, species, specialization, speciality, etc. The Eye is the specializing sense, as Touch, or Feeling, is the generalizing one. (*Spec-tare* means, in Latin, "to look," "to use the eye," whence come spectacle, spectacular, etc., as relating to the eye and its uses.) The face of a hemisphere (and so of any object, a cleared spot down to a mere speck) is the *type-fact*, and its conception the *type-thought*, of species and specialty, of spectacle and spectacular effects; as the whole orb or sphere is so of generality and genus, and of extension and resistance. So, also, the intellect is the specializing department of the mind; while feeling (or mind-touch) is less definit and more general.

15. The fourth phase of this same phenomenon is Reflexion, the standing-over-against-each-other of the two hemispheres (or objects), and their mutual casting back, to each other, of their respectiv phases, which are ideally like filmy masks or casts shed from their opposed and so-related faces or fronts. This throwing-forth-against and throwing-back of the arrow or ray, as in the game of shuttle-cock, is the "Incidence" and "Reflexion" of Optics; or in relation with the eye as a speculum (or its assistant glasses, called spectacles). We hav also the analog of the latter part of the compound process in that eminent intellectual function called (mental) Reflexion.

16. Crystallization.—At this point enters in nature the immense and mysterious fact of crystallization. If the cutting in two parts be repeated three times upon the same globe (at right angles) there result from the successiv cuts eight cubes (partially complete) as the governing and most regular cut-up of the one globe. It is thus that the cube is generated; and *it* is the supreme type of plane, face-like, and rectilinear form—equal, in that realm, to the globe among curve-faced bodies. It then holds the same relation to the Eye and to Sight which the globe (*glomus*, or roundish bunch,) holds to the whole body (or the body at large) and to the Sense of Feeling. The cube is the typical or governing form in the world of crystals. The crystal is a sort of solidified light. It is in all ways closely allied with Light and the Eye, as also with Limitation, Division, and Reflexion, through its axes, edges, and facets or specula, and through its light-reflecting and light-refracting properties. The right line is the typical limitation-thing; and the crystal, and among crystalline forms, the cube is the focus of straight-line-ism in Nature. The word crystal signifies, etymologically, "cross-stand-ing," with reference to the adjustment of its axes. The crystalline lense is as pre-eminently characteristic of the Eye, as the Cochlea (or space) is of the Ear.

17. Again, the incidence and the reflexion of light upon and from the speculum-like surface proceed in single straight-line directions, one and the other way: and here is the origin of the Ray; although, in respect to rays, the plane surface is again usually convexed, and so reverts to the globular form. Each single ray is, however, itself a single straight line. The word "ray" is from the Latin *radius*, meaning "a spoke;" and is thus allied with the idea of the hub of a wheel, and its surface, as the source of the rays (such as the sun or its surface for the light ray). But the ray thrown out against and into the opposing object is still more similar to an arrow than it is to a spoke. So in Greek it is called *actin*, which means an "arrow." The light ray, as shot out, falls upon the eye. The incline at which it falls is called the angle of incidence (on-falling), and that at which it is thrown back (if it is thrown back) is called the angle of reflexion. But the arrow-like ray may be not thrown back. It may pierce, penetrate, enter. In that case the eye—say now, rather, the sentient mind back of the eye—takes-in-through the luminous impression which the ray makes. This, then, is the mental art called *per-ception* (*per*—"through;" and *cap*-ere—"to take"). Perception is thus the primary or least rootlet of intelligence (the mind's-eye-activity). Those who communicate intelligence are arrow-shooters into the mind. Those who receive the intelligence *take it in through* (per-ceive it).

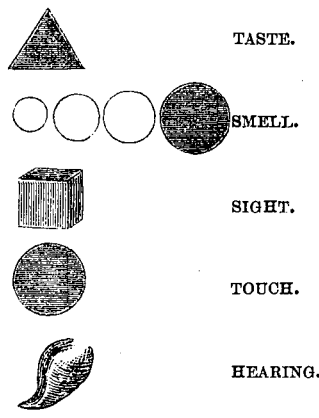
18. Finally, arrows (those of thought, in the mind's light, as well), having penetrated, stick and hold. So, really and ideally, they *inter-tie* or bind together the within and the without. They are the *ties* of mutual intelligence, the means of intercommunication and enlightenment. Or we may go back for the idea of *inter-tie* to the crossing and mutual junction at center of the *axes* of the crystal. *Inter-tying* is, then and thus, etymologically, the meaning of the words *intel-lig*-ence and *intel-lect* (Lat. *inter*, *intel*—between; and *lig*-are—to tie or bind).*

19. The prolific Sense of Vision, therefore, and its mental analog, the intellect, sum up or ideally combine the following items: Limitation, Division, Clearness, Crystallization, Cube speculum, and Plane and Right-Line Configuration; Species, Specialty; Reflexion; Radiation, with Incidence-and-Reflexion; Intertie or Inter-lig-ence (and Con-vincement); and Demonstration (Index-pointing, also arrow-like), etc.

20. The following table now sums up the leading morphic-types (representativ forms or shapes) of the three Senses, Hearing, Touch, and Sight. Read from the bottom upwards, as they form an ascending scale.

3. Cube (facet, speck, spec-ulum, spectacular object).
2. Globe (globe, paillus, or little lump).
1. Globe-case (skin, sack, or shell; bag, basket, cask, or other container).

21. There remain the two accessory senses, Smell and Taste. Of these brevity requires nothing more be said here than that their Fundamental Form Analogs are, 1. The row or series of balls, for Smell; and the cone for Taste. The following table will exhibit the five senses with their five Fundamental or Typical Form Analogs. Read again from below upward.



Much, of course, remains to be explained; but the purpose here is merely introductory to the subject.

Mr. Putnam will please notify us if he finds any lack of attention to the sense-side of knowledge, or any lack of an adequate copiousness of particulars.

Stephen Pearl Andrews.

* Other etymologies are given; but this is accepted by high authorities, and accords with the analogies. Con-vince-ment is from Lat. *con*, with, and *vinc*-ere, to bind.

Letters from Friends.

Burlington, Kan., Jan. 11, 284.

Mr. Editor: I indorse with voice and pen the advice of Brother Reynolds, for all the branches of Liberalism to unite and contend for a government of and for the people. It is useless to contend about a future existence (which I desire). Let us all be Agnostics, for we do not know, except the Spiritualists; they claim they know, and I think they are honest, and hope they are correct. I repeat, let us unite against our common enemy, king and priestcraft.

Chris. Brown.

St. Catherine's, Ont., Jan. 14, 1884.

Mr. Editor: My mind not being occupied with business just now, I purposed making a few remarks upon a subject which I hav investigated more or less for some thirty years past, and upon which much has been written pro and con, viz., the philosophy of Spiritualism; but on casting my eye over the pages of the gospel according to The Truth Seeker, last copy, I find friend Bruce has anticipated me and given what I intended to say, as far as he has gone, quite as well as or better than I could say it myself. Howbeit, if he has no objection, I will take the stand as an eye-witness of what he has said, and pen a few remarks by way of an addendum to his.

I can fully indorse what he has said upon the subject, and a thousand times more, which I presume he could do also. As he has truly said, spiritual manifestations must be witnessed to be believed. When I commenced the investigation of them I believed them to be the most insignificant humbug ever yet sprung upon humanity, and I fully believed that I could do a big share towards exposing it. I therefore laid plans methodically for so doing, and secured a book in which to keep an account of everything that might transpire, pro and con, in the matter, which I still hav for reference. But to shorten—for it would require hundreds of pages to giv my experience in full in the matter—I commenced my seances, and at one sitting I would get something I thought would be favorable to the exposition; then at the next sitting something would occur against it. Thus I proceeded from day to day, week to week, and month to month, but instead of gaining on my exposition any, I rapidly receded from it, and finally was obliged to admit that it came from the source purported, viz., spiritual; for when I would ask, "From whence come these intelligent manifestations?" the answer invariably would be, "From spirits."

I would then ask myself, If not from that source, what can be the object of the influence invariably saying so? But methinks I hear some one saying, "Oh, you are one of the soft kind that will believe anything that turns up." I deny that assertion, for you will seldom find one—although I say it—who has a more positiv organization than myself. I require proof positiv, so far as possible, for everything.

The philosophy of Spiritualism is a beautiful philosophy for contemplation, but if there is no truth in it I hav nothing to fall back upon but Atheism, which is a most forbidding and disconsolate philosophy,

But I prefer my position to friend Winter's, who presumes to deal altogether in assertions minus any investigation, and those of his ilk, for if I am right I can enjoy another world after casting off this worn-out material shell of mine, if there is one, the belief of which I am much inclined to entertain; and if my theory is false, I shall then be on a par with those who profess to believe in an eternal sleep hereafter. I believe that the life principle exists in everything organized for it, and that we are possessed of it in so far as is commensurate with our organizations, and that it cannot be blotted out of existence. Therefore it must hav some place of existence after our organizations pass out of sight here.

Some who pretend to discredit immortality inconsistently say that this life principle is not annihilated, but passes off into something else. What is that but immortality? I ask. I lay much stress upon dreams and poetic effusions for proof of our being possessed of immortal spirits which can and do manifest themselvs after leaving this casket of ours, for in the production of what we call dreams I cannot account for them in any other way than that they are produced by foreign influence when the brain is in a proper condition to be used for that purpose. I am fully satisfied that my brain when in its normal state has no power to produce the most unimaginable vagaries passing through it from time to time when in a partial state of sleep; and on examination and inquiry of themselvs I find that poets cannot sit down and write a bit of real poetry at their leisure, as they could prose; they say that some influence takes possession of them for the time being and dictates to them what to write, and then departs.

I even entertain a belief, from experience and observation, that the majority of lunacy is produced by unearthly demons getting possession of the brain when in a diseased state and holding it for their own use and enjoyment. If not, from whence come all the vagaries unimaginable produced by lunatics, when incapable of producing anything of the kind when in their normal state. Antics they will perform beyond human imagination.

Mr. Bruce speaks of Professor Sunderland in his article. I hav kept trace of him in his career up to the present time, and hav thought some of his philosophizing in its variety rather good, but he has, like all others, his peculiarities, and one is to be odd and disagree with others. He has that trait very prominent, and I sometimes think he would disagree with himself rather than not exhibit it. Notwithstanding, I like him, for he is a man of investigation, and advances many good ideas in his philosophizing worthy of heed.

In conclusion of this rather random inditement I will say that, although I hav freely investigated the spiritual phenomena, I hav no sympathy whatever with the rites and ceremonies of the churches, nor never had; they are entirely too farcical for me, and hav been the means of destroying too many human lives to meet my approbation. Truth is what I seek for in the various manifestations of nature. What is the greatest development of truth? Spiritualism, methinks; and nothing shall check its mighty current, which in time must sweep all error before it, and divest the masses of mankind from the galling shackles of religious superstitions which hav for ages cursed the world. And what has Christianity exhibited and manifested in all the ages? Nothing but the impoverishment, enslavement, and annihilation of humanity for the benefit of a supposed divinity.

C. B. Thompson.

MOUND CITY, MINN., Jan. 18, 1883.

MR. EDITOR: Please allow me a little space in which to define Mr. Henry Hyatt's "moral rights." He, or any other person, has a moral right to do anything that will not injure himself nor another being.

He also seems to wish to know how to become pure-hearted. I can tell him what has never failed to work in that direction. Let him love humanity to such an extent that he will be willing to interpose when he sees mankind being degraded, ruined, destroyed, by rum or any other instrumentality.

I hav been writing prescriptions for twenty-six years, and this one has never failed. He rather more than hints that I am not a Liberal. Mr. Editor, I will leave you to judge. I hav chosen the Liberal band of this country to be my friends—to be my succor and defense against the machinations of priestcraft and superstition. The time may come when I shall expect them to fight for me; and when that day does come, "by the eternal!" I will fight for them.

On all questions of free thought, free speech, free mails, and liberty of conscience generally, I am a Liberal. But when dealing with the accursed liquor traffic—the evil of evils—an evil whose sole prerogativ seems to be to create imbecility and misery and devastation and death and hell on earth—an evil which seems to take delight in heaping untold and unspeakable suffering upon the heads of defenseless women and shivering, starving babes—ye gods! in the face of this climbing devil, must I be Liberal and go slow? Not if I can help it, Mr. Editor; and I do not believe that the true Liberals of the country demand it. I will simply call Mr. Paddington's attention to my truism: No man has a right to do wrong.

Yours, for humanity, A. W. SHUCK, M.D.

BRADFORD, PA., Jan. 10, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: You will find inclosed two dollars, which you will place to my credit for THE TRUTH SEEKER.

I commenced to read it when its noble founder started around the world. We all read it here, and regard it as the best Freethought paper published.

It is surprising how Freethought conventions and lectures are changing people's ideas of theology and old Bible myths. Watts and Chainey lectured here in November to a large house, and it had a good effect.

Wakeman's lecture on evolution has been printed in most of the leading papers, and Bible scholars are beginning to think his ideas of all that is much more reasonable than that contained in Genesis.

We will giv Remsburg a chance in February to tell us about "False Claims," and, Mr. Editor, the Freethinkers of Bradford intend having a convention this summer, and we want to make it the best and the largest ever held in the world. The Liberals of southern and eastern Pennsylvania will join us this year, and then we will visit their sections the next year. We shall extend our invitation to all the world, and remind the Freethinkers of New York state that their success is somewhat due to the patronage they hav received from Pennsylvania.

We shall make a special effort to get the great champion of Freethought, Col. R. G. Ingersoll, to address our convention.

And now, Mr. Editor, if this does not find the waste-basket, I'll expect to hear from Liberals all over the United States, and we want to know who is willing to come to the oil country and see the highest bridge in the world, and make our convention a grand success. Truly yours, C. J. CURTIS.

NEWPORT, ME., Jan. 5, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Because my every waking hour is devoted to doing good, I hav some friendly criticisms on several subjects.

First, I hav been pained to know that the most valuable paper in the world has not had a word to say in condemnation of the foul murder of Patrick O'Donnell by the most infamous government the sun ever shines on—the English government, or, what would be more proper to call them, a conclave of assassins. Certainly the killing of the miserable Carey was a righteous act, and every just person must hav rejoiced when they heard of his death. But while I rejoiced to hear of his death, I should hav been far happier to hav heard that a bullet or some dynamite had reached the miserable soul of Gladstone and a score or more of lords and dukes, and especially do I want to hear that a righteous bullet reaches the heart of that scoundrel, Judge Denman. But there is one other murderer more infamous, more detestable, more guilty than all the rest, and that wretch is the murderous hangman. If there is one wretch on earth that is to be more execrated, more detested, more shunned than another, that is the villain called a hangman. And if any man or woman would take the hand of such a foul murderer, that man or woman deserves the execration of all decent people. There is a great deal of infamous work done in this world, but none that can compare in real infamy to that of a hangman. And while we can hav no love for the religion of the Irish, it cannot be disputed that for true benevolence in helping their oppressed countrymen there is no people on earth that can begin to compare with the Irish. They hav only to make known their wants, and the money comes pouring in from all quarters.

My second criticism is on some remarks of J. Van Amburg on the Oneida Community, calling it a "gigantic brothel." Whatever may be the religion of John H. Noyes or the Community, it is, as long as they do not interfere with the rest of the world, no one's business. But I know, for I hav seen with my own eyes, that up to this time there has never been any community of men and women that hav begun to approach a true system of human brotherhood equal to the Oneida Community. And to call such an institution "a gigantic brothel" is wicked blasphemy. What are we striving for in the world? Is it not for splendid homes? Is it not good clothes, good, healthy food, good cooking on scientific principles? Is it not beautiful buildings, elegantly furnished with everything that makes life desirable? All these, and far more than I can describe on paper, is to be found in the Oneida Community. There I saw about three hundred people, men and women, and, apparently, a happier lot of people I never saw. Of the one hundred and fifty women, every one but one wore a beautiful reform dress, and all but that one presented that truly beautiful sight, short hair. Not one with the disgusting sight, a coil of hair on the back of the head. Of all the nicely cooked food that I hav seen, the food on the splendid tables at the Oneida Community was the best. The buildings at the Community are real palaces. There I saw one hundred and twenty cows, and all the milk, butter, and cream used in the family. My worst wish to sin-sick humanity is that on this earth they hav at least a million Oneida Communities. There would be no strikes, no hard times, no disgraceful pauper-houses, no insane asylums where they tan human skins, no jails, no prisons, no war, no slavery, but one grand brotherhood throughout the world. The experiment at the Oneida Community may not be perfect, but it is a grand step toward human brotherhood. Let some one do better than they hav, or let them cease to slander a splendid home of human brotherhood.

My third criticism is on a paragraph on the first page of THE TRUTH SEEKER of Dec. 22d, containing a fling of the New York *World* about Victoria Woodhull. To the editor of that hireling, Jay Gould, I would say that with all the faults of Victoria C. Woodhull, her name will be remembered to be blessed, while his will rot in oblivion. No doubt there are some sad things in her life, but a grander gospel was never preached on this earth than was preached by Victoria C. Woodhull.

SEWARD MITCHELL.

IN THE NORTH MICHIGAN WILDERNESS, Jan. 14, 284.

MR. EDITOR: Alone in the wilderness, literally, treading the wine-press or mill of life alone, I address you, both seeking truth and trying to let my light shine.

I am alone, I said, but there is a small settlement, say a score of families, within from one to eight miles around. A roaring revival is under way among the people—meetings held in a large schoolhouse, and the preachers, illiterate men of narrow views and intensely emotional natures—and under their tuition the forty or fifty individuals, men, women, and children, old and young, who attend the meetings, are gloriously and uproariously drunk, spiritually or mentally intoxicated. In fact, the phenomenon I see going on here is, if looked upon with a candid and earnest desire to learn truth, a most interesting one—the old-fashioned Methodist revival.

Now, perhaps something can be learned from this spectacle that will enable us to unravel some of the string puzzles of theology. I notice the most ignorant, heartless, stupid, and dishonest are the first to be gathered into the fold, and loudest and most boisterous, besides being most anxious to compass sea and land to make proselytes. Understand, I am not questioning the motivs or manhood of any man. They are certainly as sincere, and even more so, than many an honest, clear-brained man. It is the revival phenomenon I wish to understand.

Within a very few weeks, or months at most, these unfortunates will evolve back again, and join the "beggarly elements," as they did last year after the same spiritual spree. We notice that there is a something—call it what you will—in the New Testament not found in any other system of so-called religion, that appeals with peculiar force to the most ignorant and selfish, and that there is a wonderful dividing or scattering power in this influence, never seen in other systems of worship. For some reason (I believe not understood in the world outside of this wilderness, up to the present time) one of the smallest books ever printed has effected Christendom in the past sixteen hundred years as fire cast upon the earth, as a most fruitful cause of division—"father against son, mother against daughter," three against two, and two against three, and the "bringing of the sword" with intensified hatred, bitterness, intolerance, and war (as its author promised), never witnessed before in history.

Now, as I see these religious topers, all embracing like brothers with Brother This and Brother That, Sister This and Sister That, and sincerely promising everlasting love, peace, and fraternity, shaking hands and kissing while making up old differences, and burying the hatchet of past wars, and then within a few days a slight ripple passing over the sea of their subdued passions; when I see them fall apart in fiery anger, and fly at each other's throats like unchained tigers, and divide again into separate knots and creeds, each with their favorit preacher (an ignorant mossback in every instance), do I not see the history of Christianity under a microscope? And seeing this, how can I stop here? Is it not probable that he who spoke the words, "I come not to bring peace, but a sword, and to cause division" and contention, and to intensify every devil in man's nature, knew what he was doing or saying? Let me ask you, and all the true seekers after truth, Is it not certain that unless there had been some greater cause of division and war dropped down amongst men than was ever known before, this vast ignorant multitude (the common herd all over Christendom) would still to-day be solidly united in one or two separate masses, under leaders differing from the masses of ignorant, cruel, and superstitious people only in mental caliber, and that the son of man to-day would still be crucified between the two thieves, or ground between two millstones, as he was from earliest times down to Galileo's day, and still later?

Do you suppose that you would be allowed to publish the grand old TRUTH SEEKER with no division between the poor, blind unfortunates who fill up the churches of Christian countries? Or that I, alone in this howling wilderness and pandemonium of religious rowdyism, could escape being "snatched baldheaded" for my known heresy before this letter is finished? No indeed; and we certainly hav far greater cause to be thankful for Christ's fire cast on earth and to look with reverence upon our deliverer than any Christian than ever lived on earth. So far from intolerance do I feel toward these nondescripts (they filled my cabin one night not long ago, a throng of them, with truly deafening prayers for my conversion) I actually pity them as I would a whisky-toper for allowing a disordered imagination to sweep them off their feet. But is it not interesting food for thought when we look over the face of history, and see the New Testament appealing to the strongest selfish instinct in man's nature (the desire to be saved from endless pain), and after bearing its legitimate fruits of fiercest hatred of man toward man, affecting society as a lump of soda dropped into a vessel of vinegar, starting every atom to fighting against every other atom, and this phenomenon continuing with gradually intensified bitterness until after ages of "variance between those of every household" in civilized lands; at last, the division being completed, and the powers of persecution effectually shaken off, in the last half of the nineteenth century, surely is it not a little marvelous that just as man was permitted to use his inherent powers of mind unmolested, he should start suddenly to his feet, and within less than half a century make a greater advance in all things pertaining to thought and action than he had before made in all past history of his kind? And is it not passing strange that the words, "A new commandment, Love one another," etc., after they had brought a tempest of human hatred, lasting for ages, should at last, after the fire cast on earth had burnt out, bring in the "son of man, with all power given into his hands?"

When I see the modern pioneer placing dynamite under a score or more of immense forest trees, and then with perfect faith saying to that sycamore tree, "Be thou plucked up and cast hence," and then see the truly awful power of his faith, as one tree after another leaps out of the ground in succession, with their roots and portions of their trunks shattered into match-timbers, with the report of Mount Sinai's thunder, the son of man literally doing greater works than "these ye see me do," without the slightest physical effort; when I see this miracle of the human reason, as but one sample in modern faith, and compare it with this atom of history, a revival of religion, and see positivly that the power which shattered the chains of superstition (or mainly instrumental in the shattering or dividing) can be traced almost directly to the book containing the story of a workingman who never did a useless work or spoke a useless word of ceremony—all business, and nothing but business—it almost drives me to go forth out of the wilderness and ram down the throats of theologians that their hour has come and their work is done.

I hav positiv proof that part of the miracles of the New Testament were told at first as a burlesque upon the miracles recorded in the old book, and others told (not written) as parables, to illustrate man's inherent powers then, and till this century, lying dormant in his nature, awaiting the time when the "rock of the sepulcher" should be removed. And shortly theologians must answer the question, Is it probable that God (nature), after giving man inherent powers to make earth a paradise, feed the hungry, heal the sick, cast out devils (ignorance), and "do greater works than these," as we now see and know he has given to man, that he would then require man to let these powers lie dormant, and while holding them in a state of suspended animation, get down on his knees and ask with vocal sounds his God to do the miracle (feed and heal him when sick and hungry, giv him wisdom, etc.) for him, and thus encourage him to commit suicide by never using the faculties given him by his creator?

As I hear these dependants upon miracles making the forest hideous with their groanings, howlings, and squallings, asking God to do for them that which they must do for themselvs (learn truth, mercy, and love, and get bread), or be perpetually

sunk in moral idiocy, and make a failure of life's mission, and see them utterly dehumanized, and inebriated by the old system of enlightening man, it is desperate hard work to restrain myself; but I dare not attempt a word; "my time is not yet come" for removing stumbling-blocks from before "my sheep." But the question must yet be pressed home, with a thousand still more pertinent, and theology must answer it or swallow it. The former is impossible, the latter—make your own comments. G. H. BARLOW.

The Liberal Club.

The 325th regular meeting of the Manhattan Liberal Club was held at the usual time and place. In the absence of the treasurer the reporter, being a member in good standing, was elevated to the position of doorkeeper. With the exception of incurring the wrath of an irascible old gentleman for charging one of his friends full price for admission, he conceives he discharged his duties in an efficient manner. He could not help observing the fact that many men of affluent appearance, taking advantage of free admission for ladies and Presbyterians, paid only for themselvs, though accompanied by the partners of their joys. The price of admission is five cents; therefore it must tend to elevate a lord of creation in the estimation of the weaker vessel to understand that such is his regard for her that he is willing to make a deadhead of her. As Artemus Ward would put it, "this is rote sarcasticul."

The chairman invited the attention of those present to the illustrious names which were on the program. He challenged competition as to excellence. The speaker of the evening was Mrs. Celia B. Whitehead, of Bloomfield, N. J., her subject being, "What I Know About Dress Reform." The lady was clothed in a loose-fitting dress of brown silk, trimmed at the bottom with fluting, and reaching somewhat below the supposititious knee. The dress evidently did not inclose corsets. Mrs. Whitehead explained that this was not an ideal dress. The perfect dress for woman would hav no skirts. Everyone, said the speaker, recognized the evil of tight lacing. It needed no charts nor arguments to convince people that compressing the waist threw the interior organs out of their natural position. The difficulty was to convince women that they were lacing too tightly. They would draw in their waist and thrust their hand underneath the corset to prove that it was not tight. The only way to disabuse their minds of this idea was to loosen their stays and see how soon they would expand. A sister of the speaker had tried the experiment, and had come to the conclusion that a woman would expand as long as there was any room. Women wear much smaller shoes than men of corresponding weight. This is obviously unnatural, because persons of the same weight should be allowed an equal amount of standing-room, irrespectiv of sex. The popular female dress deprives the wearer of that freedom of limb which is enjoyed by man; and the questions which Mrs. Whitehead would like to hav answered were, How shall women be convinced that they lace too tightly? and, Why should woman be deprived of the free use of her legs? "Legs" was the word used by the speaker.

The lecture was delivered in an easy, conversational style, and was replete with wit and wisdom. Mrs. Whitehead does not profess to be a Freethinker in matters of religion, and acknowledged that she was at a loss to know how to appeal to a body of persons who were not Christians. She believed, however, that Freethinkers were lovers of mankind, and that she could with confidence appeal to them as the friends of humanity. At this appropriate tribute the hall rang with applause.

Dr. Atkinson, taking the floor, said that the lecture was one of the most eloquent he had ever heard. He was a physician, and had practiced for several years. There was a great deal of humbug about the practice of medicin. "If I was God Almighty," said Dr. Atkinson, "I would stop that mighty quick." Mr. Seering interrupted to inquire why the doctor did not answer the lady's question about the freedom of the limbs. Dr. Atkinson said it was not in conformity with the autonomy of the body.

The Great Universal Preacher, following, attributed woman's slavish submission to fashion to her lack of individuality. She should be independent in all things; odd in some things, if she wished, and should take pains to be so, and glory in it. He recounted his experience in walking the streets with a woman dressed in a reform manner. There were two couples of them. They were mobbed, and the other gentleman broke his cane over somebody's head. He, the speaker, was broken up, and did not know how to contend against such a demonstration, so he sneaked out of it, and had felt like a sneak ever since. Now a woman could walk through the city in almost any style of dress without attracting undue attention. This was because somebody, going before, had set the example.

Madam Delescluze held that the line of beauty was a curved line. The average reform costume hid the curves of the female form, and was therefore unartistic. Men were as much to blame for the present defects of female dress as were women themselvs. "Every philosopher," affirmed Madam Delescluze, "is a slave of beauty. Bring before him a beauty in graceful dress and Minerva in a Bloomer costume, and he would choose the beauty nearly every time." Any form of women's clothes that pleased the men would find speedy favor with the women. Madam Delescluze is a most charming speaker.

Several others followed. Dr. Weeks made a brief speech, in which he maintained that no man who was a man had any respect for the woman with a mud-wasp waist. Mr. Whitehead, the husband of the speaker of the evening, said that Mrs. Whitehead had begun lecturing him on this subject years ago. He did not wish it to be understood that they were orthodox. He belonged to no church and subscribed to no creed. When a man put his name to a creed it indicated that he was willing to stop thinking. The speaker was not willing to do that. Mr. Seering believed that men did not understand the lines of beauty in women, and he instanced the proportions of the Venus de Milo. Dress had in all ages adapted itself to the necessities of the wearer, and this accounted for the dissidence between male and female apparel. Mrs. Hall apologized for not interesting herself in the dress reform movement by saying that she had a greater work to do for the salvation of humanity, but refrained from stating the nature of that work. It is supposed to be of an industrial and social nature. If she were once to apply her mind to the problem she could devise fifty patterns for woman's dress which would be both graceful and hygienic. It was detrimental to the brain to pinch the toes.

Mrs. Whitehead, in conclusion, thanked the club for its courteous attention, and said that she had learned much from the discussion. Men would be converted to admiration for reformed dress whenever the women were converted to wearing it. If the philosopher would choose the beauty instead of Minerva, then, after all, Minerva might hav the best of it.

Mr. Wakeman did not hav an opportunity to express his opinion, though it is well known that he makes no bones of saying that beauty unadorned is adorned the most.

The program for the rest of the month is, on the 8th, a lecture by Chas. F. Wingate, C. E.; 15th, Brick Pomeroy; 22d, Courtlandt Palmer; 29th, Lillie Devereaux Blake. This program, added to the fact that there are five Fridays and only twenty-nine days in this month, makes it the most remarkable February of the century.

Other People's Books.

We hav just found time to read *Dio Lewis's Monthly* for January, and find that it contains many interesting and sensible articles. Mr. Lewis's talk on prohibitory liquor laws, barring its too frequent sops to Christianity—which read a little like prayer-meeting cant—is just, discriminating, and sensible. The writer's work for temperance is too well known to subject him to the wolfish cry of renegade, and in view of the dubious results of fanatical legislation his recommendations should receive consideration by those who are sincerely deploring the immense amount of misery resulting from the use of alcoholic beverages. Dr. Lazarus's "Observations in Natural History" and Felix Oswald's "Lessons of Instinct" are papers which would interest, we think, the most of our readers. Mr. Beecher's old stenographer narrates his attempts to report the celebrated preacher's sermons for the columns of the *Banner of Light*, which paper, it seems, was the first to perform that service. Thomas Shearman, the "tearful Tommy" of Brooklyn notoriety, explains the "Greatness of Small Things," in which, with commendable forbearance, he makes no allusion to himself—something he might hav done to sustain his title. There are several other essays and stories, none dry, and all instructiv. Price, 25 cts. Orders may be sent to THE TRUTH SEEKER.

FOR MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS. A Manual of Hygiene for Women and the Household. Illustrated. By Mrs. E. G. Cook, M. D. 12mo, extra cloth, $1.50. New York; Fowler & Wells, publishers. For sale at this office.

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What Other People Say about Our Books.

THE PROBLEM OF THE UNIVERSE AND ITS SOLUTION; with some Criticisms of Universology. By S. P. Putnam. New York: THE TRUTH SEEKER, 33 Clinton Place. Price 20 cents.

Mr. Putnam is always entertaining, whether behind a pen or before an audience. In this pamphlet of thirty-nine pages he shows us the position of a true Agnostic. Time was when the reading of such books would not be encouraged by the literary people of a community, large or small. But a change has come, and the mind, unlocked from its prison-house, comes out to inquire, to learn, and to digest all that comes to it through the eyes or ears. A statement is not accepted because it is printed in a popular book or spoken by what is called the "voice of authority." The intelligent mind listens attentivly and without prejudice to all evidence, and each individual forms his own conclusions; and it is remarkable in some instances how much at variance they will be, with precisely the same data from which to make deductions. The difficult ground to find is the first safe resting-place for the foot of the investigator. For instance: Mr. Putnam has planted his foot firmly in a geological crevice, so to speak, and his opponent (Mr. Andrews) thinks he has found places for both of his feet—one in the earth and the other in the heavens; and there is a large class of readers who are waiting to see who will climb the highest.

Mr. Putnam, in his preface, has dedicated his little work to the eloquent secularist, Mr. Charles Watts, the well-known editor of the *Secular Review*, of London. And, moreover, it may be said of this preface that it is an epitome of what follows in Mr. Putnam's review of Mr. Stephen Pearl Andrews. In it he says: "The main object of this essay—which has sprung out of a discussion of 'What is Science?'—is to insist upon the unquestionable existence of the outside world. This," said Mr. Putnam, "must be the starting-point not only of knowledge but of enduring impulse. The reforms of the future must be based upon a recognition of the grandeur of physical existence; of the fact that we are bound by its eternal laws and are a part of its life. 'Matter' and 'force' are the terms with which we must deal in our search for truth and in our application of all that we attain."

A couple of master spirits hav locked their mental horns in this discussion. Mr. Putnam is a representativ Agnostic, and Mr. Andrews has grown to a mental altitude which may enable him to bring the light of the cosmical world, as well as the mere illumination of terrestrial science, to bear in solving the mighty problem which is engaging the attention of these two remarkable men and their many interested readers. We shall doubtless hav Mr. Andrews very soon beaming from between two tinted covers in reply to Mr. Putnam.—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.*

THE CRIMES OF PREACHERS.—Referring to the misdeeds of our fellow-men is not pleasant; we would avoid it, but the persistent course of ministers, from their pulpits, assailing Spiritualism and Spiritualists as they do, virtually compels us to reply as we do, by pointing the to world their own sad delinquencies. Spiritualism—modern, we mean—is of recent origin, and drawing into its fold such multitudes from all classes of society—unfortunately for itself, a good many ministers of the Christian church, demoralized by its teachings and practices—that it could not well be expected that it would be pure from the start with such a conglomerate mass composing it. However much as Spiritualism may fail in this respect—that is, in not bettering the condition of the world more than it has in thirty-four years, we rejoice that it is not so bad by half as was the Christian church in the early days of St. Paul, when he wrote such scathing words as he did to the Corinthian and other churches, charging them with promoting fornication and almost every crime known to men, among them. So it is in the Christian church to-day; after eighteen hundred years the church is little better, or the world either, for its existence. For the advancement that has been made no credit is due to Christianity, for it has bitterly opposed every reformatory movement, as it now does that latest and best, giving the greatest promis to the world, *Modern Spiritualism.* Reader, if *Lincoln's* confidential companion, friend, political adviser, and law partner, "dear good Billy!" has arrived at such conclusions, is it not worth while to investigate this subject? "Crimes of Preachers" is issued and enlarged yearly. The third edition contains *one hundred* pages and 870 names of priests and preachers. —*Spiritual Offering.*

Admiration Not Altogether Complete.

From Puck.

Potter is a nice man; but he seems to hav no respect for the natural, inherent, and inalienable right of a free-born American to run his own circus.—*R-v. H-b-r N-w-t-n.*

I consider Mr. Newton an excellent and promising young man; but if he will be so kind as to leave a *little* scripture for the use of his superiors, I should be profoundly surprised.—*B-s-h-p P-t-t-r.*

"THE Truth Seeker Annual and Freethinkers' Almanac" is out. 25 cents.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"His life is long whose work is well,
And be his station low or high,
He who the most good works can tell,
Lives longest though he soonest die."

Breaking the Meeting.

[Among the Friends it is the custom to close the meetings by shaking hands, and no meeting is considered properly ended unless this ceremony has been attended to.]

The old-fashioned meeting-house, painted gray,
Was reached by a path from the "king's highway."
The windows were high, and the walls were plain,
Whitewashed, but otherwise guiltless of stain.
Hard were the seats where the worshipers sat,
The men on this side and women on that.
They were sweet-faced women, and hardy men,
And to see them once you'd know them again;
To justice and truth they were firm as a rock,
For they came of the straightest Quaker stock;
But the tender mercy that never dies,
Honestly beamed from their beautiful eyes.
On the platform in front the elders sat,
In brown Quaker coat and broad-brimmed hat,
And Elias Warner and Thomas Brown
Headed the meeting in Bonnyrood town.
For an hour, or more, they all sat and thought,
For no one spoke when the spirit moved not;
On his cane Elias rested his chin,
In communion with the spirit within,
While Thomas sat quiet with head bowed down,
At peace with the world and with Thomas Brown.

At length the good Friends began to ponder
Why, in the name of wisdom and wonder,
Thomas and Elias did not shake the hand,
To break up the meeting and thus disband;
For not one Friend would think of retreating
Till that shake hands by the heads of the meeting.
The sisters grew restless, fidgety, too,
Though keeping sweet patience ever in view;
And the brothers, too, began to worry,
Though scorning the thought of haste or hurry.

You might hav heard drop a pin on the floor,
'Twas so still, when there came an awful *snore*
From under a grave-looking, broad-brimmed hat,
Where the heads of Bonnyrood meeting sat!
Elias, whose eyes o'er the flock did keep
Most solemn watch, was now fast asleep!
When Thomas Brown heard that terrible sound,
He carefully snuffed, and then looked around!
Yet he meekly waited for Patience' sake,
Until from his nap Elias should wake.
But Elias slumbered with mighty power,
And snored as calmly as at midnight hour;
At last a fly that was sauntering by,
Crept across his nose and along his eye;
Then into his nostril it buzzed about,
Till Elias woke with almost a shout,
When, the long-expectant faces viewing,
He guessed the trouble that had been brewing,
And, as if for the mishap to atone,
Reached out to Thomas *who sat like a stone!*

In the stillness not a worshipper stirred,
When *another* terrible snore was heard!
For, while guarding Elias's slumber deep,
Thomas Brown himself had dropped off asleep!
The old Friends scowled, and the young Friends were mad,
And shuffled their feet and whispered, "Too bad!"
Jonathan Grey told Israel Keller
To prod the sleeper with cane or umbrella;
But Israel would rather die than do
Such a graceless act, and in meeting, too!
Isaac A. Connor took a pinch of snuff
And said to Job Ray, "Thee looks tired enough!"
And Ruth White whispered to Roxana Brow,
"That meat will burn—I smell it now!"
Phebe Ann Smith sat and trotted her feet,
Uneasily moving about in her seat.
Loud and louder grew the snore of Thomas,
Like fog horn over a land of promis.

The Friends were getting rather excited,
Especially those to dinner invited,
For Thomas might sleep a good hour or more,
And that unwavering, terrific snore
Might win Elias to slumber again,
And thus, until sundown, might he remain.
Elias, hungry, as well as the rest,
Meekly considered 'twas all for the best;
Yet, seemed once to debate, whether or no,
He should gently scrouge Thomas with his elbow.
But he turned his thoughts to Jacob's ladder,
While the friends around grew madder and madder,
Though not for the world would they hav it known
That temper came in when patience had flown.

Suddenly Thomas laughed out in his sleep,
As if insult on injury he would heap;
He exclaimed in a tone, laughing, yet sly,
"Now, Hannah, why doesn't thee cut that pie?"
Then wide he opened his great blue eyes,
And looked wildly around in much surprise.
With a groan he grasped Elias's hand,
As a sign that the meeting might disband.
Elias Warner sat still as a mouse,
While Thomas sailed out of the meeting-house.
The young friends laughed, and coughed, and wiggled,
And the old friends smiled, and almost giggled,
While inwardly thinking it might be wise,
On a new basis to reorganize,
That wide-awake men, with kindly greeting,
Might sit at the head of Bonnyrood meeting.

What Little Benny Did.

Benny was a pretty little fellow of barely five years, a darling little boy whom to know was to love. One time his dear mother was obliged to go away from home on some important business, leaving Benny in charge of his papa and the other members of the family. He had never been a strong and robust child, and his mother had been very indulgent toward him, so that his first separation from his "first best friend," seemed a very severe blow to the delicate, sensitiv boy. It was the first real grief of his little life, and it seemed as if his poor baby heart would break as he felt the loneliness of home without a mother. He loved his papa and all his other relativs, but for his dear mamma he had, in a deep degree, that fond and peculiar attachment which exists only between a child and its mother.

All day long, as the weary hours, one by one, sped away, he mourned her absence, and every now and then he would giv vent to his sorrow in tears and sobs. As the night came on, and cast its sable mantle over hill and valley, Benny felt more lonely than ever, and to add to his gloom, the whole sky became overcast with clouds. The moon was hidden from his eyes, and he could see no bright and twinkling stars, as he sat and waited for his papa to come home from his place of business.

Presently he heard the well-known step, and his heart gave a great bound of delight. "Papa has come!" he said, and he ran with nimble feet to meet him. But he could only talk of mamma, and tell how lonely he had been all day.

Oh, how he wanted to see "mamma, dear mamma!" and would she come soon, and how glad he would be to see her sweet face again. All his thoughts went out to the absent one, and presently he was weeping for her again.

His papa soothed and quieted him, and told him many little stories, holding him on his knee, and caressing his little hands and face. He said, "We will not talk of mamma gone, but of mamma coming home," and of all the new things mamma would bring to him.

"Benny will hav a handsome new suit, and a pair of boots! Just think of it! a pair of boots for little Benny!"

"With legs to come way up to my knees?" inquired the little fellow, "like papa's?"

"Yes, great long legs reaching to Benny's little knees! And a new cap, too! Won't papa's boy look very nice, and won't he go clattering up and down stairs in his big boots, just like any other man?"

Benny grew calm, anticipating the good things in store for him when mamma should come home, and finally a new silver quarter of a dollar made him very proud and happy, for he had never had so much money before at one time, in all his little life. And then when his papa promised he should sleep in his bed with him, instead of in his little crib, he was delighted as much as he possibly could be, in the absence of the one being he loved best on earth.

Once quieted, he soon became sleepy, and, being undressed, was tucked snugly in his papa's bed, his little fingers still clutching tightly the silver coin. And it was very fortunate, too, that he persisted in holding on to his new silver quarter, as the sequel will plainly show; for about the middle of the night, as Benny lay cuddled in his papa's arms, both fast asleep, and all the household was wrapped in quiet slumber, stealthy footsteps went softly prowling from room to room, until, finally, their owner stood in the room, and close to the bed where lay little Benny asleep in his papa's arms.

Then, without a single moment's warning, a dark lantern flashed a glaring and blinding stream of light into their sleep-bound faces. They both awoke instantly, and looked up to see a villainous-looking face, peering down upon them, and in his hand the midnight invader held a sharp and glistening dagger.

"I want your money!" said the robber, curtly. "Giv it to me!"

Little Benny and his father both comprehended the situation at the same time, and before the father could speak, Benny, with his great, wondering eyes, full of childlike innocence and purity, looked the bold bad man squarely in the face, and, extending his little hand with the new silver quarter of a dollar laid in the palm, said lispingly: "Papa hasn't dot no money! I dot it! Here, take it; you may hav it; but, you mustn't hurt my papa!" putting his arm around his papa's neck, and looking pleadingly into the robber's face.

The man gazed upon the innocent and confiding child, whose eyes expressed the confidence that he had complied with the full demand of the thief. The man's hands trembled as he looked into those loving eyes, and a sense of weakness possessed his whole body. In broken accents he said hoarsely, yet tenderly, "No, darling, I will not take your money, nor hurt you, either;" and, pushing aside the baby hand of little Benny, he departed as rapidly as possible, brushing the tears from his eyes as he went.

In relating the latter part of this story to a reporter in a prison cell, some years after, this man said further: "The memory of that one scene will go with me to the grave. Had I obeyed the voice that then spoke to me through that innocent and lovely child, I would not now be lying here in a prison cell, surrounded with filth and vermin. I believe it was the last call I had to return to the path of honor and manhood. And whatever of crime I failed to do since then was in consequence of a reflection awakened on that eventful night when I attempted to rob Mr. Stone, and his little son, Benny."

What a lesson is here to heed the prompting of the better nature, to turn away from evil, and walk uprightly in the paths of truth and right, "whose ways are ways of pleasant ness, and all whose paths are peace!" P.

Cross-Word.

In faint, not in swoon;
In Luna, not in moon;
In terror, not in dread;
In arm, not in head;
In living, not in dead;
In Dane, not in Turk:
In labor, not in work;
The whole is a Southern state.

BENNY DICTION.

Numerical.

My whole consists of 11 letters;
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, means to tremble;
My 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, is a weapon.
My whole is a renowned English writer.

BENNY DICTION.

VERBAL CHARADE.

I am composed of seven letters.
1. My 5, 2, 1, is a boy's nickname.
2. " 3, 6, 7, is a Spanish gentleman.
3. " 2, 3, 6, 7, 4, 5, is a mythological character.
4. " 3, 2, 1, 5, 6, 7, is a kind of fruit.
5. " 3, 2, 1, 7, is to condemn.
6. " 5, 4, 7, is immoral.
7. " 7, 6, 3, is what a drowsy person does.

My whole is a Western city.

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1st. NEEDLE.
2d. REST.

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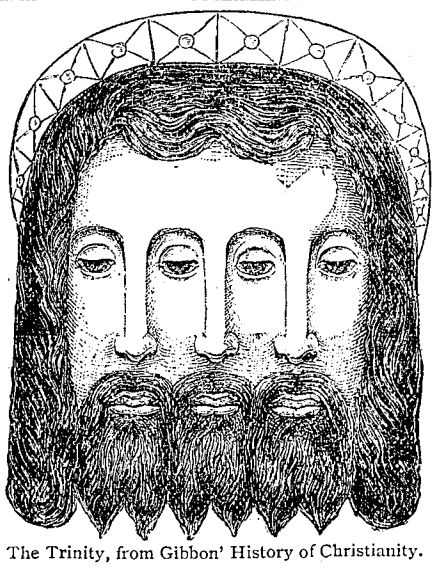
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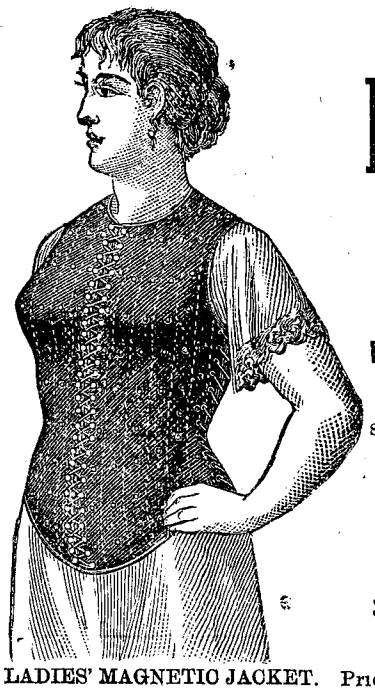
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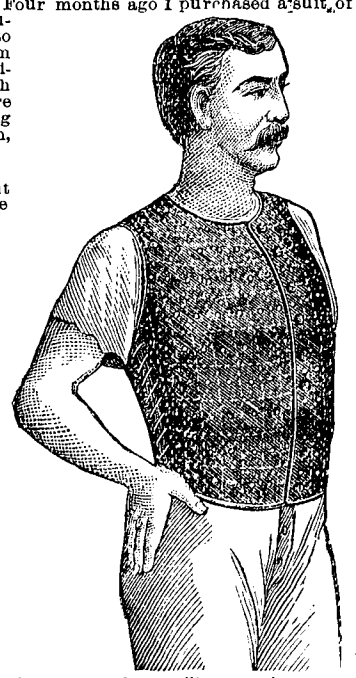
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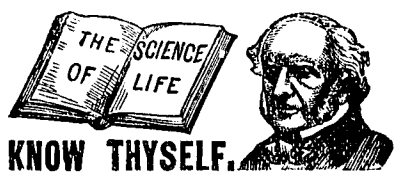
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THERE is one influence in human life which, while it lasts, is acknowledged by all to be "Lord and King." I allude not to love, but to sea-sickness. While we are suffering from that malady, it is no matter to us what has happened to us, or what is about to happen. We may be on our wedding-tour, or catching at our last chance of life in a voyage to Madeira. We may hav our pocketbook full of circular notes obtained in a legitimate way from our own banker, to be spent in pleasure, or we may be answering an advertisment in person which holds forth our only hopes of livelihood. We may be *Calvinistically cock-sure of future felicity*, or hav the greatest doubts upon that subject. It matters not one dump to us while in the throes of that marine malady.—*James Payn's From Exile.*

BUDDHA.

Whoe'er hath wept one tear, or borne one pain
(The master said, and entered into rest),
Not fearing wrath, nor meaning to be blest,
Simply for love, howbeit wrought in vain,
Of one poor soul, his brother, being old,
Or sick, or lost through satisfied desire,
Stands in God's vestibule, and hears his choir
Make merry music on their harps of gold.

What is it but the deed of Very Love,
To teach sad eyes to smile, mute lips to move?
And he that for a score of centuries
Hath lived, and calls a continent his own,
Giving world-weary souls heaven's best surprise,
Halts only at the threshold of the throne.

—*The Spectator.*

TO oppose the torrent of scholastic religion by such feeble maxims as these, that "it is impossible for the same thing to be and not to be," that "the whole is greater than a part," that "two and three make five," is pretending to stop the ocean with a bulrush. Will you set up proper reason against sacred mystery? No punishment is great enough for your impiety. And the same fires which were kindled for heretics will serve also for the destruction of philosophers.—*Hume's Essays.*

IT is written: "Many shall run to and fro and knowledge shall be increased." Surely the plain rule is, Let each considerate person hav his way, and see what it will lead to. For not this man and that man, but all men, make up mankind. How often hav we seen some such adventurous, and perhaps much-censured individual wanderer light on some outlying, neglected, yet vitally momentous province, the hidden treasures of which he first discovered and kept proclaiming till the general eye and effort were directed thither and the conquest was completed; thereby in these his so seemingly aimless rambles planting new standards, founding new habitable colonies, in the immeasureable circumambient realm of nothingness and night. Wise man was he who counseled that speculation should hav free course and look fearlessly toward all the thirty-two points of the compass, whithersoever and howsoever it listed.—*Carlyle's Sartor Resartus.*

SHALL we say that miracles are an evidence of inspiration in the person who performs them? And must we accept as infallible every combination of ideas which may exist in his mind? If we look at this question abstractedly, it is not easy to perceive the necessary connection between superhuman power and superhuman wisdom. . . . And, when we look more closely to the fact, did not the minds of the apostles retain some errors long after they had been gifted with supernatural power? Did they not believe in demons occupying the bodies of men and swine? Did they not expect Christ to assume a worldly sway? Did not their master strongly rebuke the moral virtue and feelings of two of them, who who were for calling down fire from heaven on an offending village? It is often said that where a man's asseveration of his infallibility is combined with the support of miracles, his inspiration is satisfactorily proved; and this statement is made on the assumption that God would never confer supernatural power on one who could be guilty of a falsehood. What, then, are we to say respecting Judas and Peter, both of whom had been furnished with the gifts of miracle, and who employed them during a mission planned by Christ, and of whom, nevertheless, one became the traitor of the garden, and the other uttered against the Lord three falsehoods in one hour?—*Martineau.*

CICERO and Seneca, as also Juvenal, maintain that there is no boy or old woman so ridiculous as to believe the tenets in their accounts of a future state. Why, then, does Lucretius so highly exalt his master for freeing us from these terrors? Perhaps the generality of mankind were then in the disposition of Cephalus in Plato, who, while he was young and healthful, could ridicule these stories; but, as soon as he became old and infirm, began to entertain apprehensions of their truth. This we may observe not to be unusual even at present.—*Hume's Natural History of Religion.*

IN the Epistles and the Acts we find simply the assertion of the fact of the resurrection of Jesus and evidence to the universal conviction. In the Gospels we read the several traditions accepted to the nature and surroundings of that event. Now, here commences our serious embarrassment, and the embarrassment consists in this, that the new witnesses called — possibly very incompetent ones— make it impossible to reach any clear or definit conclusion as to the *what* or the *how*. That is to say, we cannot frame any theory whatever as to the resurrection, which is not distinctly negatived by one or other of the evangelical accounts. If the occurrence were to rest only on the gospel narrativs, rational belief would be almost out of the question. If the belief in the early church had been based upon these accounts (which it was not), that belief would carry with it only the faintest authority.—*Greg's Creed of Christendom.*

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Odds and Ends.

IN spite of all that can be said in favor of Adam and Eve, they were undoubtedly a shiftless pair.

A BURLINGTON mother has miraculously cured her youngest hopeful of smoking by the laying on of hands.

TEACHER: "Can you tell me which is the olfactory organ?" Pupil frankly answers, "No, sir," Teacher: "Correct." Pupil goes off in a brown study.

"IN this issue," said an exchange, "is an article headed, 'What will the coming girl wear?'" We rather think, however, she won't wear anything—when she comes.

THE traveling showmen are exhibiting three skeletons of Guiteau—his skeleton when he was a boy, his skeleton before he shot Garfield, and his skeleton after he was hanged.

"MISS GIMPS," said a lady to another during a recent call, "why don't you join the Daughters of Temperance?" "'Cause." "'Cause why?" "Why—why—" was the blushing reply, "I intend joining one of the sons next month."

"YOUR son is drowned," said an excited messenger to an Arkansaw deacon. "Drowned, eh? That's strange, for I never thought that a male member of my family would take to water. However, George was never inclined toward the church."

A MAN in a sleeping-car went through a terrible accident, in which the car rolled down an embankment, without waking. It was noted, however, that as the car struck the bottom he murmured, "Don't, Jane, don't; I'll get up and start the fire directly."

TEACHER: "Who reigned after Saul?" Scholar: "David." "Who came after David?" "Solomon." "Who came after Solomon?" "The queen of Sheba," answered the pale young man on the back bench, and the teacher turned to Corinthians, and looked solemn.

A CHINAMAN got into a horse-car one very cold day recently, and, seating himself beside an Irish woman, remarked, "Belly cold." She turned upon him with a look of scorn and contempt, and said, "Tuck your shirt into your pants, ye hathen, yer, and then yer belly'll not be cold."

A BROOKLYN girl frightened her lover entirely out of his matrimonial notions by working and presenting him with the motto, "I Need Thee Every Hour." He says he would be willing to giv her the greater portion of his time, but that his health demanded an hour or two out of doors every day for exercise.

MR. SILVERCAMP (who is looking over some scriptural frieze for his new house): "Who are these?" Artist: "The twelve apostles." Mr. Silvercamp: "Hasn't Vanderbilt got the twelve apostles in his house?" Artist: "Yes, sir." Mr. Silvercamp: "Now, look here, Mr. Painter, Vanderbilt hain't going to get ahead of me for a cent. You put fourteen apostles in mine."

A FUNNY young man asked his love the other day, "What's the difference between me and a female sheep?" and when his love gave it up, the funny young man said, "Why, just the same difference there is between ewe and me." To which she replied:

"O Pat, my lad, now don't feel bad,
I've married Barney Xue;
And we've a boy to giv you joy;
I've named the child for you."

"PLEASE, sir," said the bell-boy to a Texas hotel clerk, "No. 40 says there ain't no towels in his room." "Tell him to use one of the window curtains." "He says, too, there ain't no pillers." "Tell him to put his coat and vest under his head." "And he wants a pitcher of water." "Suffering Cyrus! But he's the worst kicker I ever struck in my life! Carry him up the horse pail!" "He wants to know if he can hav a light." "Here, confound him! Giv him this lantern, and ask him if he wants the earth, and if he will hav it fried on only one side or turned over."

"I WOULDN'T think of asking for help if I hadn't lost my arm in the war," he added, as he leaned against the wall and gazed into vacancy as if calling up an old battle scene. "I see," mused the pedestrian. "Was it an accident in a saw-mill or on some railroad? I always come down with a quarter for such accidents." The other seemed to struggle with his feelings before replying: "Well, it was in a saw-mill, if you must know, but I hav been followed by hard luck. I lost my all by fire in Buffalo." "At what date and on what street?" The chap scratched his ear and rubbed the chilblain on his heel, but couldn't say, "I am not in a hurry," quietly observed the pedestrian. "Take your time to think and giv me all possible particulars." "See here," said the one-armed, "don't you believe my wife robbed me and ran away?" "No, sir—no, sir! What could you hav had of any value? And, indeed, how did you come by a wife?" "I asked you for a little assistance." "Certainly. Now please state your grounds." "I want to get to Chicago." "Nonsense! You intend to stay right here! That's no excuse." "Well, I'm hungry. I havn't tasted food for two days." "Bosh! Let me feel of your pulse. The pulse indicates the condition of the stomach. Hold out your hand." "Say!" said the vag, in a desperate way, "maybe you don't believe I'm dead broke?" "Oh, yes, I do." "And that I'm most dead for a drink of whisky?" "Ah! Here's ten cents! Go and buy your fluid! Next time you want anything toe the mark and speak the truth. You'll find a saloon around the corner."



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THE TRUTH SEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., as Second-class Matter.

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Notes and Clippings.

A SAN FRANCISCO tugboat, fitted up by religious subscriptions as a floating bethel, has been tempted by the high rates offered to giv up the towing of souls and go regularly in for towing vessels.

LUCY STONE relates the following anecdote of the late Wendell Phillips: "I remember when the world's Antislavery Convention was held in London in 1840. Mr. Phillips was sent as a delegate, accompanied by two ladies. On arriving at London the ladies were not admitted to the convention, and consequently Mr. Phillips refused to go in. Those in attendance at the convention did everything in their power to induce him to change his mind, but he remained firm and did not go in."

THE "Ohio idea" is a rather curious one on some things. Governor Hoadly is being petitioned to pardon a young man who was sent to the penitentiary for robbing a prominent Freethinker, on the ground that the man he robbed was "a wicked and perverse Infidel." If the governor pardons this thief on such grounds, Col. Ingersoll will steer way round that state on his journeyings from the East to the West. But why, asks *Peck's Sun*, is it any less wrong and wicked to rob an Infidel than a Christian?

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "The number of the younger clergy who not only take a real interest in social questions, but are developing very radical opinions with regard to them, are beginning to cause serious anxiety among churchmen of the old school. The question how far socialism may justly and wisely be carried is the question of the hour, and those who object to clergymen discussing and expressing their real opinions upon it, are trying to make dummies of the men who of all others ought to be guides of the people."

A BILL before the legislature of Maryland provides for the erection of a monument at St. Mary's City to mark the spot where Lord Baltimore's colonists are supposed to hav made the treaty with the Indians in March, 1634, for the site of the town. The preamble recites that Maryland was then founded on the principle of religious liberty, and that it was the first adoption of that principle in the history of mankind, and has ever since been practiced and adhered to by the people of the state through every change of their government.

SOME years ago, at a conference of Presbyterian ministers, a respected but simple-minded brother "rose to a personal explanation." His first beloved consort, he set forth, had died triumphant, and in due time he had courted and won the affections of another lady, and they were married. During all this time he had solemnly supposed her to be "of like faith and order" as himself. "I never thought," he said, with tears in his voice, "to ask her if she were a Presbyterian, and what, brethren, was my amazement and horror to learn, after we were married, that she was a Spitzenberg." Shade of Swedenborg!

AT a recent school board examination in England some extraordinary answers were given to the examiners by the children. One innocent was asked to giv a biography of the Patriarch Abraham, and replied: "Abraham was the father of Lot, and had two wives. One was called Ishmale, and the other Hagur; he kept one at home, and turned the other into the desert, where she became a pillow of salt by day, and a pillow of fire by night." Another juvenile said: "Moses was an Egiptshan. He lived in a ark made of bull-rushes, and he kept a golden calf and he worshiped braizen snakes, and et nothing but kwales and manna for forty years. He was cot by the hair of the hed while riding under the bough of a tree, and he was killed by his son Absolom as he was a-hanging from the bough. His end was pease." Another, questioned in natural history, replied: "The hog has five toes on his four feet, and four toes on his hind feet, the cow has no toes, and cannot bark."

IT is the notion of Mr. Thomas W. Brooks, of Lansingburgh, N. Y., that the jig of time is about up. Referring to the recent phenomena observable in the evening sky, he writes to the New York *Times:* "I think the real solution to the enigma is to be found only in the word of the Lord. Let us reverently listen when God speaks: 'And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God. . . . I will show wonders in heaven above.' 'Woe unto us, for the day goeth away, for the shadows of the evening are stretched out.'" It is a tolerably cold day when some religious crank is not found to apply a scriptural explanation to mysteries which no other fellow can solve.

THE other day a priest in Kerry, says the *St. James Gazette*, went to his bishop. "I want you," he said, "to giv me a general dispensing power for cases of perjury." "For perjury?" said his lordship. "What do the people want with that?" "Faith," answered the good father, "they can't get on without it. For, first of all, the Moonlighters come to them and swear them that they must say they didn't know who they were; and then there's the Arrears act, and they hav to take the oath they're not worth a farthing; and you know in the Land Court they can't get a reduction till they say they can't pay their rent. In fact, my lord, the poor people hav to perjure themselvs at every turn."

THE *Tribune* last Sunday printed an eminently proper editorial on the subject of labor organizations. The theory of it, that strikers must not commit overt acts in order to enforce their demands, all law-abiding people will agree with. But, regardless of the *Tribune's* theory, it has a very remarkable method of dealing with trades unions. For instance, Foreman Thompson, on behalf of the Tribune Company, signed an agreement with Typographical Union No. 6 to pay union prices for composition. That contract it broke, discharged all the union men, and filled its composing-room with "rats." Viewed in the best light at present thrown upon this proceeding, it appears to hav been a piece of deliberate rascality. Though the *Tribune* professes to be published for the "best people," it looks as if it were managed by about the worst ones.

THIS is the story that the Rev. J. Hyatt Smith, ex-Congressman, told in his first sermon as pastor of the East Congregational church, in Tompkins ave., Brooklyn: "There is in this town a friend of mine who had both feet shot away in the late war. As he lay on his straw pallet a woman approached him with a bundle. The sufferer hoped she would speak to him and giv of the oranges which he thought must assuredly be in the bundle, to slake his thirst. She bent over him and asked this question, 'Are you prepared to die?'—asked this of him who lay there hoping to bring back to Brooklyn so much of himself as had not been hacked and cut away. When she had asked this question she slowly untied her bundle. It contained tracts. She was distributing tracts. And that was not all. Corporal Tanner, the sufferer, ended: 'When I looked upon the tract it was on the sin of dancing. I feebly called her back and told her that I was converted, for I never would dance again.'"

MONCURE D. CONWAY, the well-known English Rationalistic preacher, writes the following from Australia to the Philadelphia *Times:* "It may be that Christianity has not been well represented here. A few men of fine culture hav attempted to preach in this region, but hav not remained very long. There are many ignorant and disputatious preachers of all denominations, but it is rare to hear even members of their congregations speak with warmth or satisfaction of their ministrations. Under these circumstances a curious religious situation has arisen. The humanly religious sentiment appears to be concentrating itself in a sort of famished hunger after some new and fresh assurance of a future life. This may partly account for the wide prevalence of Spiritualism in the colonies. In Sydney it has formed a sort of alliance with Freethought. Two theaters in that city are crowded every Sunday night with unchurched and non-Christian audiences, tickets being bought at the door. When Proctor, the astronomer, was lecturing in the colonies, there was a battle about this. Sir Henry Parkes, then in power, forbade his Sunday evening lecture with 'tickets as usual.' A vast crowd assembled in front of the closed theater, and the astronomer addressed them, asking them to disperse peaceably. This they did, but the incident was followed by an agitation in which the Sunday lecturers succeeded. One of these is Dr. Hughes, an Oxonian, who is a simple secularist. The other is Charles Bright, who is a Freethinker and Spiritualist. Mrs. Bright, who was Mrs. Pillars, widow of a Unitarian preacher, has also begun to lecture in the theater. All of these are able lecturers, and there are about three thousand people who every Sunday night attend lectures in the two theaters. Orchestral music is added at Dr. Hughes's lecture, and also at a similar one in the Opera House at Melbourne every Sunday evening. Theosophy of Mr. Sinnet's school also begins to find adherents here in the colonies."

As we expected, Mr. Bradlaugh has again been voted out of Parliament. Mr. Henry Labouchere, member for Northampton, and Mr. Thomas Burt, member for Morpeth, accompanied Mr. Bradlaugh to the table in the House of Commons on Monday, the 11th inst. There Mr. Bradlaugh administered the oath to himself, and placed a signed paper on the table, bowing as he did so to the speaker. The latter informed Mr. Bradlaugh that he had not conformed to the rules, and ordered him to withdraw until his conduct had been considered by the House. Mr. Bradlaugh at that withdrew under the peers' gallery. Mr. Gladstone made no motion, whereupon Sir Stafford Northcote moved that Mr. Bradlaugh be not permitted to take the oath. Carried, 280 to 167. A motion by Sir Stafford Northcote that Mr. Bradlaugh be excluded from the precincts of the House was carried—228 to 120. When the tellers came to the table to report the result, Viscount Crichton announced that Mr. Bradlaugh had voted against the motion. Mr. T. M. Healy, member for Monaghan, thereupon moved that Mr. Bradlaugh's vote be cancelled. Mr. Healy accused the government of being in collusion with Mr. Bradlaugh. The motion was carried by a vote of 258 to 161, Mr. Bradlaugh voting with the minority. Mr. Bradlaugh's next move was to apply for and receive the "Chiltern Hundreds," which he did on the 12th. This is equivalent to a resignation of his seat in the House of Commons. No office having emolument attached can be conferred by the Crown on a member without his thereby vacating his seat, and it is only by obtaining office that a member can rid himself of the duties which any body of constituents may impose upon him, even against his will. The Crown, therefore, for the convenience of the House, is generally willing to confer on any member "the Stewardship of her Majesty's Chiltern Hundreds, the Stewardship of the Manor of Poynings, of East Hendred and Northstead, or the Escheatorship of Munster," sinecures which he continues to hold till some other member solicits a similar accommodation. In the House of Commons the same day Labouchere moved that a new writ be issued for an election in Northampton to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. Bradlaugh. Lord Randolph Churchill moved an adjournment of the debate on this motion, in order to prevent the House from being placed in an unpleasant position in case Mr. Bradlaugh should be re-elected. The motion was rejected by a vote of 203 to 145, and, after some discussion, the writ was issued. By his action in the House of Commons Mr. Bradlaugh has rendered himself liable to an aggregate penalty of £1,500. He has gone to Northampton, and will probably be re-elected. At this distance it is not easy to see just what he will gain by this procedure, but as he is one of the best lawyers in England, as well as a man of indomitable will, undoubtedly he has a well-defined purpose which will be turned to the advantage of the Secular party.

News of the Week.

CETYWAYO, king of the Zulus of Africa, is reported dead.

EL MAHDI, the False Prophet of the Soudan, has won another battle from the Egyptians.

TOM THUMB'S widow has applied for a license to open a museum on the Bowery in this city.

THE New Jersey assembly has appointed a special committee on woman suffrage, and a hearing will be given to the advocates of that reform.

THE "citizens" of New Rochelle, N. Y., resolved at a recent meeting to petition the board of education to hav Bible reading in public schools resumed.

THE Rev. Silas Smith, of Moberly, Mo., has been sentenced to five years' imprisonment in the penitentiary for instigating the burning of a Baptist church in that city last September.

THE Turkish authorities having attacked the privileges of the Greek patriarch, the Cretans hav revolted and taken up arms. Turkish soldiers to the number of five thousand are to be sent to Crete.

MR. BRADLAUGH'S appeal against the Sergeant-at-Arms for removing him from the House of Commons or not permitting him to enter, has been disallowed by the Court of Queen's Bench.

ONE of the Jews who were tried on a false charge of murdering a girl in Hungary some time ago, and acquitted, is now living in this city. He says that his Christian neighbors drove him from his country.

MEMORIAL meetings were held and addresses were delivered in this city last Sunday in honor of the late Wendell Phillips. The Rev. Dr. Fulton likened him to Jeremiah, but regretted that he never made any confession of Christ.

THE steamer Notting Hill struck an iceberg on the Atlantic last week, and had to be deserted by the passengers and crew about 400 miles off St. Johns, New Foundland. Other steamers from Europe report that fields of ice were encountered in midocean.

THE Rev. Charles B. Eaton, of this city, said in a sermon last Sunday that to put down gambling it would be necessary to stop raffling at church fairs, and that no minister who would countenance these was in a condition to cry out against gambling saloons.

M. ROUDAIRE, the French hydrographer, who conceived the idea of cutting through the dunes which separate the Sahara from the Mediterranean Sea, in order to flood the desert, is about to start for Tunis, armed with the necessary firman from the sultan to begin operations.

IT is reported that a book is about to be published in England showing that Queen Victoria was married to her gillie, John Brown, shortly after the death of Prince Albert, which alleged fact explains the queen's grief over the death of her nominal servant. Victoria has herself just written a book which she dedicates to the dead Brown.

FLOODS prevail along the Ohio river and many towns are submerged. The rising waters hav deprived the city of Cincinnati of its gaslight; houses hav been floated off in Portsmouth, and the streets of Wheeling are blocked with wrecked buildings. At last accounts the hight of the water was increasing. The damage will reach millions. Relief for the sufferers is asked for.

A CASE to test the legal standing of Mormons in Georgia has come up in that state. Two years ago a man named Echols was converted to Mormonism, went to Colorado, and became a preacher. He now returns, demands the allegiance of his wife, and has sued out a writ of *habeas corpus* for his child. The writ is resisted on the ground that Mormonism renders the father unfit to hav the guardianship of the child. The case excites considerable comment.

A Freethought Romance.

Waifs and Wanderings.

BY SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

Chapter X.

THE MYSTERY DARKENS.

A letter was handed Cupples at the supper-table. He seldom had one, and its receipt was quite an event.

He opened and read it. For a moment he was like a stone, and for another the air was blue with curses. Even Mrs. Cupples was amazed.

The letter ran as follows:

Mr. Cupples:

My Friend: I left my baby at your house. I did not know whose house it was until afterwards—I was in such a hurry. I am glad you like the baby. I may never see it again. I ran away from my master because he was cruel to me and my baby. I am afraid he will catch me again. But don't let the baby go. Amy Bolton.

Now, a "nigger" was something that Cupples actually disdained. Its touch was contamination. Of course, he would let one black his boots and brush his coat; but if one should happen to shake hands with him he would feel that he must wash seven times to get rid of the uncleanness. The thought that he had been waiting upon a "nigger" baby, kissing it and hugging it, and showing it off to friends and neighbors, and boasting of its heavenly beauty, was astounding and hideous.

"Only think of it, Mariar," said Cupples, when he was calm enough to speak plain English. "Only think of it! I've carried it in my bosom like my own flesh and blood—a nigger!"—with a fresh volley.

"That pretty little thing a nigger? It can't be," exclaimed Mrs. Cupples. "Why, it was white as snow."

"I know it," said Cupples. "It would hav deceived the very elect. But it's a nigger. Its mother was running away when she left it here. Oh, the wretch!"

"Well, it's gone, and we can thank our stars for that," said his wife.

"To think," cried Cupples, "that I should hav hugged and kissed it so—and it smelt fresh as a rose, too. Dear me! I wish I could spit it out. Burn the clothes and chop up the cradle for kindling-wood."

He rushed to McGuffum and told him the sad story.

"Don't hunt after it. It's all right. I shan't be troubled about it after this. But to think that I should have paid so much attention to a nigger. It's a fraud that ought to be punished. Why didn't she pin a note to it, saying, 'This is a nigger?' How else would I a-known it—so white and pretty, and without a smell on it, and not a crinkle in its hair?—though, come to think of it, it was bald-headed and it couldn't crinkle. Why didn't she put a wig on? Nothing to tell it by!"

Sheriff McGuffum condoled:

"Well, Cupples, we'll give you absolution. I think the President himself would hav been taken in. It was a perfect imitation, and no mistake, of a white baby. Indeed, I've seen white babies blacker 'n that, and worse smelling, by all odds. But white's white, and black's black. The baby's a nigger by birth, and is black if we could only find it out. But it's your treat, Cupples, and I'm ready."

It was all out in an hour, and there was "multitudinous laughter" at the unfortunate Cupples. The gossips were happy, and remarks various.

Said Billy Stubbs:

"Hung by the heavens with black."

Said the Rev. Hapgood:

"Can the Ethiopian change his skin?" and at the prayer-meeting he gave out the hymn, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

Said Dr. Dobson:

"One part nigger, ninety-nine parts white. Nigger all-conquering. Great are the mysteries of genealogy!"

Cupples slept that night like a log. Forty glasses of lager bier settled his perturbed feelings.

Chapter XI.

CHANGE OF BASE.

Cupples went to work the next day with a headache and a "stiff upper lip." The sheeny tin received many a resounding blow. He made things fly at times. It wouldn't do to talk with him; his replies were short and sharp. He ate his dinner in silence, inwardly cursing, no doubt, the baby who had befooled him, won his affections under false pretenses; showing off as an angel of light when it was only an imp of darkness. Not only the human heart, but the human skin, is deceitful above all things, thought Cupples.

The afternoon wore slowly away. He dealt no more resounding blows; they came slowly and feebly. He didn't answer a single question, even by a look. At supper-time he put his tools carefully away, and hung his apron up, instead of throwing it upon the floor as usual.

He hurried home, made a hasty meal in portentous quiet, and then roared out:

"Mariar, I'm going after that baby. I'm bound to have it!"

"I'm glad of it," burst in Mrs. Cupples, with "tears in her voice," and flung herself ponderously upon his bosom. It was an unexpected blow to Cupples, but he gallantly recovered, and gave her a smacking kiss and a mighty hug.

"Get things ready. I'll go right up and see Guffum. He must put me on the trail somehow."

He astounded McGuffum with his strange resolve.

"What! after that nigger baby?" he cried.

"Don't talk that way," said Cupples fiercely. "It's my baby; it's the very light of heaven—a part of my own soul—and I can't live without it. I'll hunt for it till I find it. You don't know, Guffum, how a baby gets into a fellow's heart. I thought I could throw it off. I might as well cut my flesh out. I must go. You must help me. Move heaven and earth. It's somewhere in the world, and I'll go to the end of it but I'll fetch it back again."

Sheriff McGuffum, though he was a Democrat of the first water (and whisky), was ready to help, for he was a good fellow at heart, and willing at any time to do a favor when it didn't interfere with his own interest. Besides, he saw that Cupples was in dead earnest, and that if he refused to help him he would incur his mortal hatred, and thereby lose his vote, and perhaps the votes of several others over whom Cupples had considerable influence. The sheriff was level-headed even in the most surprising situations, and knew which side of his bread was buttered. Generosity and selfishness coincided in this case, as it frequently does in others, thanks to a benign providence. If it did not I don't see how even providence could do much for the welfare of the race.

"Of course I'll help," said the sheriff. "But it'll be a difficult job—first to find out where the baby is, for we have no clue but the letter; and then, after you've found out, to go after it and get it. It's probably in Kentucky somewhere, in the possession of its owner—and only think, Cupples, we've got to break the Fugitive Slave law; and how often have we called that the palladium of our liberties. It was only the other night we had a grand ratification meeting and shouted ourselves hoarse over it."

"That's so," said Cupples. "But what's the Constitution compared to a baby? Politics is one thing, and happiness is another; and if politics goes ag'in' happiness, why, it must suffer, that's all. I'll vote the Democratic ticket every time. It's the ticket of my fathers, and I'll stick to it to my latest posterity. But I'll steal that baby, law or no law. They say religion mustn't meddle with politics. Well, I say that politics mustn't meddle with religion, and it's my religion to get that baby back. It's the very divinity of my home. I can't worship God unless I have that little thing to help me. It's all the prayer-book I've got."

"All right," said the sheriff. "It makes no difference so long as you'll stick to the party. We can't always practice what we preach. Of course we ought to give the slaves up, but then it's a poor law that won't work both ways, and give 'em back again if we happen to want 'em bad enough. All's fair in love, and babies are no exception. Sergeant Jones is the man you want, Cupples. He'll pull you through, I know, and I'll call him right in."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Beecher's Enigmatical Course Explained.

Brother Beecher deserves great credit for the bold and manly defense which he made on Sunday of the persecuted Newton.

But what does Mr. Beecher mean by the difference between ignorant and enlightened religion?

He must know that if the myths of the Old Testament are swept away like so many cobwebs, the religion which is based upon them goes with them, in theory at least.

In practice he seems resolved that such shall not be the case, and in this he is wiser than most of the men who make religion a business.

Everybody knows that the myths of Moses hav been knocked into smithereens.

If Quackenbos and the other quacks hav their way, people will only laugh at those fictions and giv the churches the cold shoulder.

The consequence of this will be that religion as a business will fail utterly.

On the other hand, if Beecher, Newton, and other men capable of understanding the situation, and bold enough to sweep away the dusty cobwebs of an abandoned faith, are allowed to hav their way, they will reconstruct the business in such a way that it will again become prosperous.

And this leads us to a proper understanding of the difference between ignorant and enlightened religion.

Ignorant religion is the religion which the churches teach, but which must fail as a business, because it is based on fictions as absurd as the story of Santa Claus.

Enlightened religion is the religion which the churches must teach, or giv up the game as something in which there is no longer a public interest. —*Truth.*

Facts and Fallacies in Regard to the New Testament.

REWARD OF SAINTS.—WHO ARE SAINTS?—WHAT, WHERE, AND WHEN SHALL BE THEIR REWARD?

Did Jesus come on earth and die to save all mankind? No. Christ positivly declares he came only to the Jews. "But he answered and said, I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel. Then came she and worshiped him, saying, Lord help me. But he answered and said, It is not meet to take the children's bread, and to cast it to dogs" (Matt. xv, 24, 26).

When Christ sent out his disciples to preach the gospel, he forbade their preaching to any but Jews. "These twelve Jesus sent forth and commanded them, saying, Go not into the way of the gentiles, and into any city of the Samaritans enter ye not" (Matt. x, 5).

The gospel was never preached to gentiles until Peter had his strange vision of the sheet let down from heaven, containing all manner of unclean things (Acts x, 9–18). This, according to Bible chronology, was not until A.D. 41, more than seven years after the date given as that of the crucifixion of Christ.

We read of Jesus weeping over Jerusalem. But it should be remembered that this was not on account of sinners in general, but of Jews. "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I hav gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not" (Matt. xxiii, 37).

Again Jesus declares, "Ye worship ye know not what; we know what we worship; for salvation is of the Jews" (John iv, 22). And Paul, although calling himself the especial apostle to the gentiles (thus ignoring Peter and the sheet vision), indorses this. "Who are Israelites; to whom pertaineth the adoption, and the glory, and the covenants, and the giving of the law, and the service of God, and the promises; whose are the fathers and of whom as concerning the flesh, Christ came" (Rom. ix, 4, 5).

How often we hear of people being converted by the sweet and loving invitation of Jesus: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will giv you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls" (Matt. xi, 28, 29). But this was never meant to apply to any but the Jews.

Many priests and Sunday-school teachers often quote the words of Jesus, as applicable to their little children. "And they brought unto him also infants, that he would touch them; but when his disciples saw it they rebuked them. But Jesus called them unto him, and said, Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God" (Luke xviii, 15, 16).

But the "all ye" of Jesus did not embrace or in any sense include gentiles. The "suffer little children to come unto me" of Jesus never recognized any but the children of the chosen race—the children of Israel. They, and they alone, comprised all to him. All others he regarded—yea, branded—as dogs (Matt. xv, 26). Christ declared he was careful when addressing the multitude to speak only in parables. "All these things spake Jesus unto the multitude in parables; and without a parable spake he not unto them" (Matt. xiii, 34).

Christians do not love or worship the Jesus Christ of the New Testament, but an ideal Christ, a Jesus of their imagination, the embodiment of all that is good, pure, gentle, and lovable. A very slight comparison of the Jesus of the New Testament and the Jesus of their adoration would dispel the illusion, and result in very prompt and emphatic repudiation of the Jesus Christ of the gospels.

Suppose I discovered there was a conspiracy to wreck the night express; that on a very steep embankment the rails had been unspiked, and when the train reached this place it must inevitably be precipitated down the embankment; nothing can save the passengers from mutilation and horrible death. I enter the cars, as the train stands in the depot, about to start on its fated journey. I pass through and notify every Mason, by secret signals, to leave the train; they come out, I tell them of the danger, but forbid and prevent their warning any of the passengers not Masons. Men, women, and children are going unconsciously to their horrible doom. But, lest any of them should understand, take warning, and so be saved, I am careful to use only such signs and words as I am sure they cannot understand.

Would the Jesus that Christians revere, their ideal savior, do or sanction such a course? Could they reverence and adore him if he should himself so act? Read carefully his own words: "And he said unto them, Unto you it is given to know the mystery of the kingdom of God, but unto them that are without, all these things are done in parables, that seeing they may see, and not perceive, and hearing they may hear, and not understand; lest at any time they should be converted, and their sins should be forgiven them" (Mark, iv, 11, 12).

The so-called son of God, the savior of mankind, the gentle, pitying savior, declares he took especial pains to prevent men, women, and children from be-

ing converted, lest their sins should be forgiven them and they be saved from eternal death and hell.

But the New Testament claims the gentiles were grafted in at Christ's crucifixion. How we are not told. Certainly Christ made no allusion to anything of the kind at the cross. But allowing the authority of Peter and Paul sufficient, we will take it for granted Christ, who was co-equal with God, co-worker in creation (John i, 3), who existed in heaven before Abraham was born (John viii, 58), who knew all the will and purposes of the father—yea, was in the father and the father in him (John xiv, 10, 11), yet did not know his coming to the Jews was all in vain, did not know that all his wonderful miracles, all his preaching, teaching, sufferings—nay, even his death, resurrection, and ascension, or the raising many of the bodies of the saints which slept, and sending them into the city to appear unto many (Matt. xxvii, 52), would never induce the Jews to accept or in the least believe in Jesus as the monarch; that in spite of all they would spurn, scorn, and repudiate him. Suppose we admit, finding his every effort fail, he did permit the disciples to turn to the gentiles and try if they would accept and believe in him.

We come now to the question, What, according to the New Testament, are the conditions on which Jews or gentiles may insure reward—be admitted to heaven?

The first condition is *poverty*.

Christ declares, "Blessed be ye poor, for yours is the kingdom of God" (Luke vi, 20).

Christ positivly asserts the rich are shut out from heaven, although from youth to old age they hav kept every precept of the moral law. "All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags" (Isa. lxiv, 6); unless the rich sell all they hav, and giv it to the poor, they cannot inherit eternal life.

"The young man saith unto him, All these things hav I kept from my youth up; what lack I yet? Jesus said unto him, If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and giv to the poor, and thou shalt hav treasure in heaven; and come and follow me. But when the young man heard that saying, he went away sorrowful, for he had great possessions" (Matt. xix, 16, 24). Mark informs us that although Jesus loved this young man, the condition of poverty was imperativ. "Then Jesus beholding him loved him, and said unto him, One thing thou lackest; go thy way, sell whatsoever thou hast, and giv to the poor, and thou shalt hav treasure in heaven; and come take up the cross and follow me. And he was sad at that saying, and went away grieved; for he had great possessions" (Mark x, 21, 22).

Christ impresses the fact that only the poor can ever enter heaven still more emphatically in the story of the rich man and Lazarus (Luke xvi, 19–24). There is not the slightest intimation that the rich man had been guilty of any wrong—he may hav rigorously kept the commandments from his youth up. All the reason assigned for his being in hell, suffering the torture of its flames, was that on earth he was rich. True, he fared sumptuously every day, but this could not be wrong, for Lazarus desired to be fed with some of the same food. He was clothed in purple and fine linen; there was no law against it. The priests of the temple were so clothed by the express command of God. If the rich man had been dressed in rough, mean clothing, we might hav inferred he was miserly and avaricious. His wearing purple and fine linen gave employment to artisans, merchants, and tailors; he thus provided employment for, and promoted the happiness of, his fellow-creatures.

There is no word or hint that Lazarus was good or virtuous. He is simply described as a beggar full of sores, and this was his sole claim and title to heaven. But that it was all-sufficient is confirmed by Jesus—"Blessed be ye poor, for yours is the kingdom of God" (Luke vi, 20). "But woe unto you that are rich, for ye hav received your consolation" (Luke vi, 24).

Nor do we find that, after the gentiles are alleged to hav been grafted in, this condition was changed. James denounces the wealthy—"Go to, now, ye rich men, weep and howl, for your miseries that shall come upon you" (James v, 1).

Having sold all we hav and given to the poor, so that we belong to that class ourselvs, we must next love our enemies. Christ commands: "But I say unto you which hear, Love your enemies, do good to them which hate you. Bless them that curse you, and pray for them which despitefully use you" (Luke vi, 27, 28).

Not alone does Jesus insist, as conditions to going to heaven, that we love our enemies, but we must hate our friends, all who are nearest and dearest to us. Heed the plain, unmistakable declarations of Jesus: "If any man come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brothers, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple" (Luke xiv, 26).

Desperately hav the learned doctors of divinity tried to smooth over, ignore, or explain away this most positiv declaration of Christ. But in vain. The word *hate* in this text is translated from the Greek word *miseo*, defined by Greenfield, "To hate; regard with ill will; to detest; to abhor." It is the same word used in Luke i, 71; vi, 22, 27; xiv, 26; xvi, 13; xix, 14; xxi, 17.

It is true the beloved disciple John disagrees with Christ. He says: "If a man say, I love God, and hateth [*miseo*, the very same word] his brother, he is a liar, for he that loveth not his brother, whom he hath seen, how can he love God, whom he hath not seen?" (1 John iv, 20.) And again: "Whosoever hateth [*miseo*, same word] his brother is a murderer; and ye know that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him" (1 John iii, 15).

Here is certainly a flat contradiction; but Jesus outranks John. And Paul, who really made Christianity, declares liars and murderers are not debarred from heaven, but are extolled as saints.

Abraham lied about his wife, Sarah, declaring she was not his wife, but his sister, and sold her to Pharaoh for a lot of sheep and oxen (Gen. xii, 13–16). And he lied again in the same revolting, cowardly manner to King Abimelech (Gen. xx, 2).

Isaac learned of Abraham and lied in the same way in regard to his wife, Rebekah (Gen. xxvi, 7).

Moses murdered the Egyptian, and hid his body in the sand (Ex. 2, 12).

Rahab, the harlot, lied and betrayed to death both men, women, and children of her own nation (Joshua ii, 4, 5).

Gideon murdered Zebah and Zalmunna (Judges ix, 21).

Barak aided and encouraged that most holy and exalted saint, Jael, in lying to and treacherously assassinating Sisera (Judges iv, v).

David, the man after God's own heart (Acts xiii, 22), lied to Uriah, committed adultery with his wife, and then planned his death (2 Sam. xii, 9).

So we might continue the list of the saints of old. We refer to these because the holy inspired Apostle Paul cites them to us as perfect saints—examples for us—saints of whom the world was not worthy, but who are sure of heaven; and we are urged to emulate their faith and character that we may share with them their reward, and dwell with them in heaven (Heb. xi, 17, 40). We may be met with the declaration, All those were cruel, vengeful, bloodthirsty, and Christ enjoins on us the very opposit of all this. He would hav us like himself—all gentleness, love, and mercy. Does he not enjoin us, "Be ye therefore merciful, as your father also is merciful?" (Luke vi, 36.) We freely admit Christ did so teach and command. We are truth seekers, and the lamented and revered model truth seeker, D. M. Bennett, taught, "Let justice and right be the standard by which we govern our actions, and never forget that the grandest thing a man can perform is to do what is right under all circumstances." We desire in this investigation that justice and right shall govern us, that we may nothing extenuate, nor aught set down in malice.

Christ tells us distinctly how much of mercy to exercise—"Be ye therefore merciful, as your father also is merciful." To learn of the nature and extent of the father's mercy, we turn to the Old Testament: "Therefore will I also deal in fury; mine eye shall not spare, neither will I hav pity; and though they cry in mine ears with a loud voice, yet will I not hear them" (Ezek. viii, 18). "Go ye after him through the city, and smite; let not your eye spare, neither hav ye pity. Slay utterly old and young, both maids and little children and women" (Ezek. ix, 5, 6). "God is jealous, and the Lord revengeth; the Lord revengeth and is furious; the Lord will take vengeance on his adversaries, and he reserveth wrath for his enemies" (Nahum i, 2).

And we admit in this respect there is perfect harmony between the characters of God, Christ, and the holy saints that Paul cites us to as examples.

Christ's admonition, "Be ye therefore merciful, as your father also is merciful," applies to those who hav obeyed his injunction, "Search the scriptures, for in them ye think ye hav eternal life; and they are they which testify of me" (John v, 39).

Christ evinced neither love nor sympathy for his own mother, brothers, or sisters. We read, "Neither did his brethren believe in him" (John vii, 5). And he declares, like his father, he will not fail to take vengeance. "But those mine enemies which would not that I should reign over them, bring them hither and slay them before me" (Luke xix, 27). "And to you who are troubled rest with us, when the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels, in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that obey not the gospel" (2 Thess. i, 7, 8).

The next condition of inheritance in heaven is: "And unto him that smiteth thee on one cheek, offer also the other; and him that taketh away thy cloak, forbid not to take thy coat also. Giv to every man that asketh of thee; and of him that taketh away thy goods, ask them not again" (Luke vi, 29, 30).

This would be to encourage thieves and bullies, but Christ says, in this same chapter, realizing the difficulties, "And why call me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?" (Luke vi, 46.)

And, lastly, to attain heaven, we must believe all things in the Bible, Old and New Testaments, and be baptized. "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned" (Mark xvi, 16). We hav neither time, space, or inclination to enter into the controversy so fiercely waged in regard to what constitutes baptism—immersion, pouring, or sprinkling. We simply call attention to the fact that the word *baptized* in the text is from the Greek word *baptizo*, defined by Greenfield, "To immerse, immerge, submerge, sink." *Pour* is from the Greek word *ekkeo*, to pour, to gush out; and *sprinkle, rantizo*, sprinkled, to sprinkle, besprinkle. And these words are never used interchangeably, or as synonyms. Having complied with all the conditions, the next question is, Where do saints go to obtain their reward? CHAS. B. REYNOLDS.

Musings by the Way.

II.

For Adam's sin was't God's divine decree
The race of man should lost and ruined be?
Did he decree that through all coming time
All should be born condemned for Adam's crime—
The countless millions who on earth should dwell,
Condemned to suffer in an endless hell,
Except the few who might embrace the plan
He would provide to save the race of man,
While out of every hundred, ninety-nine
Should fail to profit by this plan divine?
And did he wait four thousand years from then
Ere he this plan divine made known to men—
Meanwhile the race, from date of their creation,
Must die and go to hell without salvation?
And when six thousand years their course had flown,
It should be still to half earth's sons unknown?
Did he devise that one-third part of God
Should take a human form and tread earth's sod,
Pass here a few short years, be killed, and rise
In resurrection up beyond the skies;
And for this killing of God's body, he
Would set the race of man from vengeance free,
The exhibition of his wrath would quell,
Nor punish every one in endless hell?
But one who happens to "believe" the story
May gain admission to the world of glory,
No matter what his life has been on earth,
If only he's experienced this "new birth,"
In selfish struggle to increase his own.
He right and justice may hav never known—
A swindler may hav been, a poor man's dread,
And children may for him hav cried for bread;
He may hav been a pirate, man of strife,
A murderer and robber, all his life;
Its last few hours, why, then he must employ
In being "born again" for endless joy;
From Abram's bosom he may then look down
To hell, and on the unbelievers frown;
But though in life a person may hav been
One of the most kind-hearted, best of men,
Whose generous heart has sympathized with grief,
And utmost efforts made to giv relief;
A husband dear, a father kind, a friend,
On whom one could with confidence depend;
A generous neighbor, citizen erect,
Whose honor, virtue, love won all respect;
A friend of truth and culture of the mind,
Who strove to elevate and bless mankind;
Or may hav been a mother, fond and dear,
Devoted to her children's welfare here;
Whose sympathy and love her family blessed,
Who loved and pitied all the poor distressed;
Or youth, or maiden early death has claimed,
Of cultured mind and generous heart, who aimed
To rise in life and fill an honored place,
And use their powers to benefit their race;
Or aged man or woman come to rest,
By all who know them honored, loved, and blest—
If they do not believe in this absurd story,
Debarred they must be from that world of glory.
Can Reason sanction this? Can this be true?
Who of his God can entertain such view?
To some the evidence may be clear enough;
No Rational can e'er believe such stuff. W. R. DYER.

About Vivisection Again.

E. B. FOOTE, JR., TO ELLIOTT PRESTON, *Sir:* I am not inclined to be led aside from the main criticism I made of your essay on "Vivisection." There are various opinions as to the scientific value of, or necessity for, vivisection, but as a class the medical profession, who are capable of judging on such matters, believe it is useful and necessary to the pursuit of knowledge in physiology and pathology, while those who are blinded by their excess of sympathy shout their denials. To prove its utility would require more of my time and THE TRUTH SEEKER'S space than the subject is worth. It is, as I contend, not enough of an evil to deserve attention from those who hav time and strength to devote to reforms. I am not "woefully ignorant of its atrocities," having read most of Bergh's onslaughts, as well as the productions of foreign societies for the repression of vivisection, but I hav attended a four years' course in medical colleges and laboratories without seeing anything approaching to an "atrocity," and my brother, who has graduated in a veterinary college, says he never saw or heard of such vivisection as Murdock describes. I do not therefore contend that what we hav not seen never happened, but feel positiv it is a very uncommon occurrence, and I do not believe that the agony of "the little bay mare" can equal that of "a thousand slaughtered animals." "To compare," you say, "the pain of slaughtering to that of vivisection is like comparing a single grain of sand to the mighty desert." "Why, how ridiculous you talk!" I should say, borrowing an expression from the sympathetic sex who make such a furor about vivisection. For every authentic account of an atrocious vivisection, I will bring you statistics of one hundred thousand animals cut in the throat, as many more knocked in the head, as many more killed in sport, as many more maimed by sportsmen, and left to die in slow torture

by injury and starvation. For every kind-hearted woman shocked by the accounts of vivisection, I will show you a hundred wearing a bird on a bonnet, whose life has been sacrificed to their fashion's folly.

To match every "scratching of a newt's tail," I will offer one hundred lobsters in a boiling pot, put in alive. For every drop of blood lost in vivisection, I will ask you to look upon a chicken's head and body severed on a block, and for every pang of pain caused by the vivisector's knife, let me invite your sympathetic gaze to a fox hunted down by hounds and men (and women) till he is run to the "death." The very hairs on that suffering "little bay mare" are not as numerous as the shotguns that hav been turned out by a single firm, and sold for the utterly useless slaughter of the innocents in field and forest.

To cry out against vivisection in these times of flesh food, sport, and fashion is as though some one were to wax wroth at the sight of a caged canary, and bemoan its cruel confinement in times of human slavery. E. B. Foote, Jr.

Young Dr. Foote Vivisected.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* It seems to me that the article of Dr. E. B. Foote, Jr., in The Truth Seeker of Jan. 12th, in reply to Elliott Preston on "Vivisection," is not what I had been led to expect from his pen. It is a weak, lame, tame affair, and no answer at all to Mr. Preston's argument. A man of Dr. Foote's pretensions and acknowledged ability should hav known that two wrongs do not make one right; that because one thing is wrong does not make another wrong thing any the more justifiable. Admitting that the killing of animals for sport or food is wrong, it does not make Dr. Foote's favorit mode of killing any the less fiendish and cruel, and besides, they are not parallel cases, since, in the one case, they generally kill their victims as quickly and painlessly as possible, while in the other its agony is intensified and prolonged to the uttermost. He must put a very low estimate upon the intelligence of the readers of The Truth Seeker, to expect they will be so easily satisfied and convinced. His cause is a bad one, and his pleadings must, of necessity, be weak and feeble. Better for him and it had he kept silent, especially him, if he values the good opinion of the common people throughout the country. I am glad this subject is being ventilated, so that the common people can learn somewhat of its cruelties and horrors. I agree with Mr. Preston as so happily expressed in his verse. I would not admit into my family, professionally, if I knew it, one of those monsters of cruelty (pardon me, Mr. Editor, if I put it too mildly)

"——With hands that reek
With the blood of the tortured brute."

Should it be said, "Then you will hav no doctor," well, be it so, then; I'll let nature take its course, which I think in many—may I not say in most?—cases would be the the better course. I agree fully with the sentiment of another—I will not enter on my list of friends the man who needlessly sets foot upon a worm. I don't propose to discuss this subject at length, I leave it with Mr. Preston, who is fully competent to attend to Dr. Foote, if, indeed, his article is deemed worthy of any attention.

Mill Brook, Conn. Harvey W. Pinney.

A Tribute to a Deserving Man.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* Probably no man ever attained such remarkable popularity in so short a time as Chas. B. Reynolds. Only a short time ago he was, as I understand, preaching "Christ and him crucified," and all the other dogmas of Christianity, with just as much honesty, sincerity, and veracity as he is now proclaiming the truths of that higher integration—Infidelity, Agnosticism, Freethought. He was, I say, earnest in his belief at first, until, through his ardent research, scrutiny, and investigation, convinces that Christianity and its doctrines were a gigantic falsehood. True to his reverence for truth and honesty, he, at a great sacrifice, knowing the great social ostracism that would follow, coupled also with the rending asunder of dear associations, taking, as it were, his very life into his own hands, jeopardizing the coming future, comes forth like a pillar of fire from heaven, proclaiming this new gospel, Rationalism. Since that he has been doing a mighty work for humanity. The barriers of church tyranny, priestcraft, and superstition hav already received a terrible onslaught from which they can never recover. The church militant is again being called up to giv reason why it should continue to exist. And even more, its very foundation has again been attacked as not before since the days of Bennett, Paine, and Voltaire. The citadel and her weakened battlements are being reduced, and the grand ecclesiastical paraphernalia is in danger. Since the Rochester Convention, and even before, I hav been inspired with the grand and very instructiv communications of the gentleman now under consideration. His writings and discourses which appear almost weekly in The Truth Seeker are alone well worth the price of the paper, and certainly they are well worthy of still a wider circulation. Every Liberal—yes, even fair-minded Christian—should read and study his articles.

None but an honest man, and one truly devoted to truth, could write such voluminous articles, which show an inexhaustible amount of patient and laborious investigation, the most famous of which is his "Facts and Fallacies in Regard to the New Testament." Paine and Bennett had written quite extensivly in exposing the prophecies of the Old Testament, but Mr. Reynolds in his "Facts and Fallacies" surely strikes aloud the keynote in these expositions. He writes very much more in detail concerning them, shows their true application, and at once convinces even the most credulous of the great perversion of truth by the gospel writers in endeavoring to thrust upon the world a falsehood in behalf of a foretelling of the coming of the messiah. The church has never yet undertaken to refute these expositions, which she would only be too glad to do were it possible to do so. Again, concerning the birth, life, teachings, miracles, crucifixion, and ascension of Christ, on which must either stand or fall the whole Christian system, as they are proved true or false, Mr. Reynolds shows most conclusivly that they are from beginning to end not entitled to any sane man's belief. Oh, were there now one thousand Reynoldses to lead the van onward to victory and truth! But I must revert to the subject more particularly in question, and that is an appeal to all live Liberals and the Liberal movement in general, that while we hav such men as Mr. Reynolds in our ranks to go forth to do battle for the right, truth, and humanity, we, as Liberals, should renew our courage, and say faithfully, They shall be supported and kept at work. Again, I repeat, Mr. Reynolds has done, and is doing, a great work for the Liberal cause. We cannot do without his valuable services.

In conclusion, Mr. Editor, I would suggest that Mr. Reynolds's "Facts and Fallacies," complete, be put in pamphlet or book form for preservation, and to be used with those of John E. Remsburg and others of much value for missionary work. These very important productions are wonderful in themselvs, and are having a great influence for good. The Christian world will never undertake answering them. L. DeWitt Griswold.

Auburn, N. Y.

The Liberal Club.

Bad weather made the attendance at the 326th meeting of the Manhattan Liberal Club rather smaller than usual, but still there was a goodly gathering of sociable people. These came early, most of them, in order to hav a good chat before the lecture began. Several had not finished the arguments they had entered into when the secretary arose to read the record of the previous meeting, which was in the main inaudible. It was therefore news to many of the audience when the chair announced that they had heard the minutes.

The death of Mr. H. Neymann was mentioned, which took place on the afternoon of the 8th. The deceased was a well-known Liberal, the husband of Mrs. Clara Neymann, whose name is perhaps still more familiar in Liberal circles. The funeral was to take place on Sunday, attended by Mr. Wakeman and others.

The lecturer of the evening was Mr. Charles V. Wingate, Civil Engineer, on "Sanitary Problems." He was much pleased, he said, to see so fine an audience before him. It was encouraging. At his first lecture on this subject the hall had been crowded with thirteen persons, and at his next a tumultuous concourse of twenty had thronged to hear him. The speaker gave some startling statistics in regard to the evils of tenement-house life in New York. From eighty to one hundred persons were crowded into some of our down-town tenements, and the death rate in them was nearly ten per cent per annum. The Italian population were the most unsanitary in their modes of living. They lived in the tenements where the light of the sun never came, and the bath was unknown to them. Compulsion should be exercised in these cases to enforce cleanliness and prevent the engendering and spread of zymotic diseases, every form of which had its rise in these crowded houses. Mr. Wingate had no confidence that the average Christian missionary work would effect any perceptible results as now carried on. Personal attention must be paid. The tenement-house quarters must be visited and good examples set to take the place of religious gush, of which there was now far too much. There must be reform in the construction of buildings and in the system of draining, and the number of occupants to a certain area must be limited. Mr. Wingate spoke rapidly for about an hour and a quarter. His discourse is straightaway and his style vigorous.

Mr. Robert Blizzard communicated some interesting information about the condition of the poor in Paris. It was not so bad, however, as in New York. He had found a pig on the fourth floor of a house in this city, and the pig seemed to him the most reputable occupant of the whole tenement, so far as cleanliness went. Mr. Blizzard also said that the women-employes in the best hotels of this city were obliged to sleep in subterranean chambers below the pavements of the streets in beds only a foot apart.

Mr. Cohen, who is a Socialist, believed that the question of how to effect universal human happiness would never be settled while men retained private ownership in land and houses. The houseless children of the city were little Jesuses, having not where to lay their heads. The rich people, the speaker said, must know that they were not following Christ's teachings, to sell what they hav and giv to the poor; yet he had observed that they usually hung on to their wealth and took the risk.

Mr. Mark, or "Brick," Pomeroy responded to an invitation to speak. Those who hav seen his *Great West* and hav never seen the editor may not know that the picture of "Parson" Pomeroy published each week in that journal is a striking likeness of Brick himself. Such, however, is the fact. Mr. Pomeroy spoke briefly to the subject under discussion. He had no faith in the so-called Christian church. It led men's thoughts above the sufferings of their fellow-creatures, and fixed them on the kingdom come. He had once belonged to the church, and the best thing he ever did was when he got out of it. He worried so much about his soul that he forgot when the calves needed to be fed and the cows to be milked. The evils which the lecturer of the evening had been discussing were enormous, and he wished him God-speed and humanity-speed in the good work he designed to do. Next Friday evening Mr. Pomeroy speaks before the club on "The Cause of Panics."

Mr. Henry Stone alluded to the Catholic protectories of this city which were mere manufactories for Catholics. The expense incurred in supporting children in those institutions was more than twice what it needed to be. He would guarantee that five hundred children up to five and six years of age could be supported at the rate of ten cents apiece per day. He would be willing to devote his life to the care of destitute children if anyone would agree to furnish him a comfortable living. Mr. Stone was among the Shakers for a time, and there gained his experience and knowledge as to the expense of caring for children.

Mr. Wakeman spoke of the desirability of founding a Liberal Children's Home. The times seemed ripe for it, and the occasion propitious. Mr. Hugh Byron Brown, of Brentwood, Long Island, had his heart and soul in the work; there was a fund in the hands of the Church of Humanity, the interest of which he had no doubt the trustees would be willing to devote to that purpose; and here was Mr. Stone with the necessary experience. Mr. Pomeroy arose to say that he would giv one hundred dollars, and guarantee another hundred when enough had been subscribed to assure the trial of the experiment for one year.

Mr. Wingate, in conclusion, thanked his critics cordially for the merciful way they had treated his lecture. It was his intention to continue the agitation of the sanitary problem, and if possible carry out the first provision of the Declaration of Independence, which was the right to life itself.

The Other Side.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* Within the last few weeks there hav appeared in your paper two letters written by two women, upon the same subject, to which I feel called upon seriously to object. The authors of these letters, Mrs. Severance and Mrs. Smith, are both women whom I love, honor, and respect, and whom to know is to find them possessed of unusual ability; nevertheless, I dare to differ from them sometimes, as, of course, they do from me. But to the matter of which I complain.

I hav been connected with the Freethinkers' movement ever since it took form as an organization. I ought to know pretty well its history. I cannot remember one of its public meetings where there hav not been women on the platform, invited speakers, and to whom a full share of time has been given. I am very sensitiv in regard to the rights of my own sex, and am sure I should, in all cases, demand them, but I do not like a false claim. At the first meeting held in Watkins, where we had four arrests, I myself put Mrs. Matilda Joslyn Gage on the committee on resolutions; she herself wrote the resolution upon woman; it was accepted and passed unanimously, and she accused the meeting (though she had been given full time for her speech) of trying to shut off woman. At the first meeting in Hornellsville, Mrs. Colby was one of the invited speakers, and I think she has often been invited since and well received, as she deserves to be. At Chicago, Mrs. Severance was made first vice-president, and, in the absence of the president, occupied the chair, presiding with dignity and grace, giving universal satisfaction when even Mr. Green had deserted us. I hav always found Mrs. Severance welcomed to the platform in the meetings of Freethinkers since. I think she has been not always welcomed in the Spiritualist meetings—witness Lake Pleasant camp-meeting—but as I had the honor to be loudly *hissed* at that meeting, and bore it without loss of self-respect, I trust Mrs. Severance will not suffer much from any slight received there. If Lake Pleasant can afford to ignore a woman like Mrs. Sev-

erance, she can afford to part with it. Now, I hav but little more to say. I think even if there were no women who responded to Mr. Green's call for volunteers to Salamanca, that doesn't prove that our leading men, or men that are led, in the Freethinkers' Association are opposed to woman as an equal worker with man. For myself, I am glad to say that I hav never been treated by any one of them as though womanhood meant any less than manhood. In selecting speakers for a convention it is sometimes difficult to determin the most appropriate; the question of expense enters largely into the difficulty, as that must be met in some way.

I am glad to see that Mrs. Judge Krekel is to be the orator at the Paine celebration in Pittsburgh, and Miss Susan Wixon is one of the speakers for the Boston meeting. Mrs. Krekel's speeches at Rochester showed an acquaintance with books and knowledge that only comes from close study. A good thing for some others of us would be to study a little, I think. I don't think even Boston need be ashamed of Miss Wixon. Demanding justice not only for my own sex, but equally for yours, I am always for freedom,

Syracuse, N. Y., Jan. 24, 1884. LUCY N. COLMAN.

Chainey's Lectures.

Chainey lectures next Sunday evening on "The Sources of Poetry." Every Liberal should be present, for he will assuredly hear something new. Chainey is pre-eminently constructiv and forward-looking. He brings to the development of scientific thought the graces of art. Liberalism is now advancing to assured success. It is beginning to reach the masses and to kindle their heart. But in order that it may more fully command the future it is necessary there should be organization, a coming together, and an acquaintance among those who are leading the thought of the world. What better means is there of this association than the platform lecture, especially when one can hear so good a lecture as Chainey will giv? This course of lectures, under the auspices of the Liberal Club, is the only means by which the Freethought people of the city can make some intellectual and moral use of Sunday evenings. In the success of this effort lies the success of other and larger things to be undertaken in the future.

Will not every Liberal take a personal interest in this matter, make a special effort to attend the lecture, and persuade others to do the same, in order that we may hav an overflowing house? The presence of every friend of the cause is needed. These lectures ought not to be a failure for lack of sufficient attendance. With all the progress that has been made, Liberals are still so few that each one must feel his responsibility to do his share of work. Of course no one will be put into hell-fire if he stays at home and reads the newspaper; but there is no doubt that one will feel much better if he quits his household corner and enjoys the presence of a living thinker and gets stirred up with trumpet tones, and has a vivid realization of the poetry that is still in our heart and brain. Therefore we expect that every metropolitan reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER and friends will be present without fail next Sunday evening at German Masonic Hall, 220 E. 15th street, between 2d and 3d avenues. A good winter's work has been done so far; let us keep the ball a-rolling, and capture a few of our Sundays for advanced thought and culture.

Lectures and Meetings.

A NEW Freethought lecturer is W. Mason, of Bevier, Mo. The press notices he has received are good, and his ability is indorsed by G. H. Walser, of Liberal. Mo., and Capt. Frank Green, editor of the *Liberal*, of the same place. His terms are low, and can be obtained by writing to him.

THE program of the Pioneer Freethought Club of Montreal for Feburary comprises some highly interesting discourses. Sunday, the 3d, was devoted to Thomas Paine; on the 10th, Capt. R. C. Adams told "What Unbelievers hav Done for the World," and to-morrow, the 17th, Charles Bardorf will set forth the "History of Chemistry." On the 24th, Mr. R. Swalwell will exhibit "Some Phases of Christianity." During the Carnival week just closed, the club's rooms were thrown open to the public. Every Friday evening is devoted to social amusement.

C. B. REYNOLDS lectured in Hamburg, this state, last Friday, Saturday, and Sunday nights, to crowded and enthusiastic houses. His topics were "What Liberalism Teaches," "Why I left the Pulpit," and "The Bible in the Public Schools." He will lecture in Brockport, N. Y., at the Opera House, on the 19th, 20th, and 21st. Everywhere he goes he works for organization. Mr. Reynolds is an eloquent speaker, and, as he intends to devote his whole time and energies to the spread of Freethought, we look to see him become one of the most popular of the many good lecturers in the field. He would like engagements anywhere, and will respond promptly to calls. His terms are very reasonable. Address him till the 19th at Brockport, N. Y.; his permanent address is box 104, North Parma, N. Y.

JOHN E. REMSBURG'S appointments for Illinois are as follows: Ridge Farm, Feb. 23d and 24th; Chebanse, 26th, 27th, and 28th; Huntley Grove, March 1st and 2d; Union, 3d; Nunda, 4th, 5th, and 6th; Antioch, 7th, 8th, and 9th; Capron, 11th; Poplar Grove, 12th, 13th, and 14th; Durand, 15th and 16th.

Editorial Notes.

As a sign of the times we note that whenever a great daily paper prints an opinion adverse to the claims of the Bible and church, that article is quoted from one end of the country to the other, while the wishy-washy church paragraphs never get beyond the columns in which they originally appear. *Truth* has obtained more reputation by a half dozen sledge-hammer editorials against Christianity than by all its varied political turnings.

IN his sermon last Sunday, Justin Fulton took it upon himself to lament that Wendell Phillips was not a Christian, for "then he would hav been good as well as great." It will be well for Mr. Fulton if when he dies his obituaries reveal the doing of one-millionth part the good that Wendel Phillips did. If Mr. Fulton livs long enough, he will learn that goodness and Christianity are not interchangeable terms. About thirty days in every month they are wide apart as the poles.

W. F. JAMIESON has begun the publication of a local journal called the *Pipestone Republic*, at Pipestone, Minn. It is to be devoted to building up the town, which, if Brother Jamieson is to be credited, is a little the finest spot on the earth, and to the discussion of politics in an independent way. The paper is little, but expects to be lively, which is better, the editor assures the world, than to be large and lazy. Mr. Jamieson was offered $1300 to found a straight Republican party organ, but he prefers freedom and poverty to slavery to party rings and a full purse. All honor to such men. They are the kind needed in this country. May his success be commensurate with his independence.

BEECHER, as we hav often said before, has his ups and downs. A remark made at his last Friday night prayer-meeting is one of his downs: "Don't," he said, "believe that Infidelity has any mark on it but the death-mark. It is sure to go under, and belief will more and more, as the ages go on, do honor over against unbelief. It is a great deal better to believe something that isn't true with all your heart than to believe nothing." That last fling is a little dishonest. Every Infidel that we know believes in all that is true, and notwithstanding the eminence from which the contrary is asserted, we believe them to be better off intellectually than are the Christians. And we may add that for a force upon which the death-mark is already visible the Infidelity of today is a pretty cheerful corpse.

THE calls for the "Truth Seeker Annual" are still undiminished, we are happy to state, although nearly two thousand hav left the office. Every one is pleased with its matter and appearance. Charles Stevens, Librarian of the Pioneer Club of Montreal, in a note to this office, says: "Let me congratulate you on the magnificent get-up of the 'Annual.' It is as near perfection as we can expect in this world, and reflects great credit upon the publishers. I hav disposed of all but two copies." George Maddocks, of Hamilton, Ont., in ordering a lot to be sent to his friends, says: "I hav been around showing 'Our Annual.' I hav shown it to some of our city editors of the daily and weekly press, and they say they never saw such an amount of good information, such beautiful letter-press, engravings, and nice paper, for twenty-five cents before, and wonder how you ever can supply it for the money."

THE many recent celebrations of the anniversary of Thomas Paine hav set the pack of pious editorial wolves yelping after that hero. We hav received at least a dozen religious sheets containing unlimited abuse and vilifications of Paine. The lies are not new. They hav done duty every winter for many decades. They are not even presented in fresh garments; their habiliments are the same old muddy shreds and rags that hav flapped in the winds of slander since Cheetham was convicted of libel. It was a trite remark of the Rev. Dr. Talmage, and perfectly applicable in this case, that a hog can root up a century plant in ten minutes. We cannot use space to whip sense into the heads of Paine's traducers in detail. It has been often done, and is unnecessary since Ingersoll forced the *Observer* to eat its words. Let all Paine's friends get that correspondence, and they are equipped to silence the heaviest guns of the Christian's offal battery.

THE contradictions and chronological discrepancies of the New Testament are well known plagues of the pious, and many volumes hav been written to explain them away. One of the most troublesome is found in John xviii, 28, which would indicate that Christ had eaten the Passover on a different day from the one observed by the Jews, and that, according to John, the day of Christ's death would be the 14th of Nisan, while the other gospels say it was the 15th of Nisan. This difficulty, says the *Independent*, has always been acknowledged, and conservativ exegetes hav resorted to varicus means to harmonize the accounts. A common resort was to declare that the Greek word used was not to be taken in its specific but in a general sense, and that it referred to the sacrificial feasts observed in connection with and after the Passah proper. The matter was thus reduced to a philological question. A few weeks ago Professor Shurer, of Giessen, published a pamphlet of twenty-four pages, in which the use of the Greek word and its Hebrew equivalent is investigated. He examins the Old Testament use of the word, and then the rabbinical use, and comes to the conclusion that this so-called "wider" meaning of the word exists only in the heads of the apologists, and that a difference between John and the other gospels must here be acknowledged and accepted. Another stumbling-block more firmly fastened in the path of the Christian!

WE hav often wondered how it was that the bodies of the "just men made perfect" could last forever and furnish the material machinery for an endless chorus of hallelujahs around the throne (for even the angels must hav jaws, and tongues, and larnyxes, and other vocal paraphernalia in order to praise God), and we are glad that a religious contemporary has furnished the explanation. Just where our religious friends obtained their information they do not state, but that is of no consequence. A child's opinion in this matter is worth as much as a philosopher's. This is the explanation:

"The bodies of the just will be endowed with these four qualities: impassibility, subtilty, agility, and luminosity.

"Impassibility will render them invulnerable, incapable of suffering and death.

"Subtilty will establish a perfect harmony between them and the soul, so that they will obey the soul in every action and movement, without being arrested by any obstacle; they will penetrate, as did Jesus Christ risen from the dead, the hardest substances, and will be. in a certain sense, spiritual. *It shall rise a spiritual body*, says St. Paul.

"Agility will enable them to move from place to place, no matter how distant, in less than a moment.

"Luminosity will adorn them with an incomparable beauty, and will render them radiant as the sun."

We will only make one inquiry, and that is, When are our bodies to take on these marvelous qualities—before or after they hav been disintegrated and scattered to the winds or absorbed in grasses and flowers and weeds? This point must be settled before our satisfaction can be complete.

J. P. NEWMAN, who has been called a "consular theologian," and who is now engaged in a very lively fight with his parishioners, preached a sermon on a recent Sunday in which he said: "Show me the Infidel or man of depraved life who has ever produced a great mechanical invention or made a great scientific discovery. I challenge you to do so. I throw down the gauntlet before you." The *Herald* of the Tuesday following picked him up in a manner so pertinent that further comment would be superfluous. "It is not worth while," says that paper, "to join issue with a man so very ill informed. But a display of rash presumption, springing out of gross ignorance, by a clergyman who tilts as a champion of Christianity discredits the sacred cause he espouses. Without allusion to great mechanical inventions and scientific discoveries made outside of Christendom, the greatest scientific discovery made in a Christian country in our time is unquestionably the rule of the survival of the fittest in the struggle for life. Its discoverer, Charles Darwin, was an Agnostic. Mr. Darwin, in June, 1879, then seventy years of age, wrote as follows: 'Science has nothing to do with Christ except in so far as the habit of scientific research makes a man cautious in admitting evidence. For myself, I do not believe that, there ever has been any revelation. As for a future life, every man must judge for himself between conflicting vague probabilities.' And in 1881 he said to an Infidel interviewer: 'I am with you in thought, but I should prefer the word "Agnostic" to the word "Atheist." . . . I never gave up Christianity until I was forty years of age.' Further, in reply to a question why he then gave up Christianity, he said, 'It is not supported by evidence.' He died in April, 1882, at the age of seventy-three. Other instances which disprove the Rev. Mr. Newman's ignorant assertion might be cited to much length. It is folly to pretend either that Christian belief or that a moral habit of living is requisit for the mental acuteness which is the fertil source of contributions to human knowledge of natural laws and their practical application."

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, the distinguished anthropologist and naturalist, has devoted much time to experimenting upon animals with a view to enabling them to converse with man. "It has occurred to me," he writes in *Nature*, "whether some such system as that followed with deaf mutes, especially by Dr. Howes with Laura Bridgman, might not prove very instructiv if adapted to the case of dogs." Accordingly he has been trying experiments with his dog. He printed in legible letters on pieces of stout cardboard such words as "food," "bone," "out." The dog was a black poodle, a breed which, by the way, is generally known to be quick at learning tricks; and Sir John Lubbock got the head master of a deaf and dumb school to assist at the experiments. They began by giving the dog food in a saucer, over which was laid the card on which was the word "food" and beside which was placed an empty saucer covered by a plain card. "Van," the poodle, soon learned to distinguish between the two. Afterward he was taught to bring the card which expressed his wants. "This he does now," says Sir John Lubbock, "and hands it to me quite prettily, and I then giv him a bone or a little food, or take him out, according to the card brought. He still brings sometimes a plain card, in which case I point out his error, and he then takes it back and changes it." That mistake, however, is not often made by Van. He has learned to distinguish between the card with the word and the blank card, no matter how often their relativ positions are changed. This is only the beginning of the very interesting experiments Sir John Lubbock proposes to make. He means to multiply the cards so that the dog may be enabled to communicate freely with him. He also expressed the wish that other owners of dogs which hav displayed especial intelligence and docility would conduct similar experiments, so that the results may be collated and compared. "I confess," he concludes, "I hope that some positiv results might follow, which would enable us to obtain a more correct insight into the minds of animals than we hav yet acquired."

MR. GREEN writes that the March number of the "Freethinkers' Magazine and Freethought Directory" will be out about the 25th of this month, and will be a great improvement on all former numbers, containing original communications from James Parton, Judges Waite and Krekel, Courtlandt Palmer, Hon. Elizur Wright, Hon. A. B. Bradford, J. H. Burnham, John E. Remsburg, T. B. Wakeman, and others.

Communications.

"Philosophy on the Half Shell."

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* In answer to my criticism of certain remarks made by Mr. Elliott Preston in The Truth Seeker of Nov. 24th, a reply comes from that gentleman, and also from Mr. "Antichrist," in the issue of your paper dated Jan. 19th. Those who hav made a study of the subject will at once see that these replies are of no force whatever; but the majority of your readers are no doubt only slightly informed on such matters; therefore, in order that they may not be misled by what these gentlemen state, I consider it requisit to again ask for a space in the columns of your journal.

In the first place, I objected to his statement that

"The *Jewish mythology* was transferred, substantially, from the Hindoo philosophy."

In reply to this, the gentleman says:

"Doubtless much of Christianity did, as you claim, emanate from the Babylonians, but very much more as doubtlessly emanated from India."

I didn't claim anything of the sort. It was not "Christianity" that I spoke of (not having even mentioned the word, excepting at the head of my article, it being the title of the one I was criticising), but *Jewish mythology* (the Eden-myth, the Babel story, the deluge, etc.), which, he stated "was transferred, substantially, from the Hindoo philosophy." The *Jewish mythology*, I claimed, was "made by Jewish priests, who had become familiar with the Babylonian mythology" during their captivity. And as Mr. Preston makes no reply to this, and, therefore, no objection, we presume he stands corrected on the statement that the *Jewish mythology* "was transferred, substantially, from the Hindoo philosophy."

My next objection was to the statement that

"In the Hindoo fable we hav the Garden of Eden (Island of Ceylon); the first man, Adam (Adami); the first woman, Heva (Eve)."

Which he answers by saying:

"Relativ to your question as to the correctness of my statement that Christianity was derived from India, I will quote (to go no further back) the following passage from Col. R. G. Ingersoll's well-known lecture, etc."

He then quotes from "The Liberty of Man, Woman, and Child," to show that Ceylon was the Hindoo paradise, and that Adami and Heva were the names of the Hindoo first man and woman.

I said nothing in my article about his statement that "Christianity was derived from India, etc." I simply said that "Ceylon was never believed by the Hindoos to hav been the paradise or home of our first parents;" and objected to his mode of spelling the name Crishna.

Now, with all due respect to his authority (Col. Ingersoll) as an educated gentleman, we must emphatically state that, as an authority on such subjects, he is certainly not one of the best. The colonel is, undoubtedly, a very good theologian; but is he an oriental scholar of reputation and authority? We think not; and do not believe the gentleman would wish to be considered such. He evidently drew his picture from "Jacolliot's Bible in India," and we do not believe he would care to stand by this "fairy tale" and endeavor to support it to-day. It is a romance which is to be found in the writings of no other orientalist. If it were true, 'tis strange that he alone discovered it. Prof. Max Muller shows the character of the work in his Hibbert Lectures, and is willing to believe that M. Jacolliot was imposed upon, but John Fiske, of Harvard University, does not hesitate to call it a "very discreditable performance," and "a disgraceful piece of charlatanry" (Myths, etc., p. 205). Now these gentleman are truth seekers in every sense of the word. They are not "orthodox bigots," but Liberals. They are willing to face the truth, whatever it may be (see Max Muller in The Science of Religion, p. 11), and would be perfectly willing to acknowledge that Ceylon was the paradise, if such was the case. But the Hindoo legend states otherwise. According to it, the paradise was on the sacred Mount Meru, which was situated in the center of the earth. It was clothed in the golden rays of the sun, and adorned with many celestial plants and trees. Its entrance was guarded by a dreadful dragon (cf. Kalisch: Commentary on O. T., i, p. 70; Colenso: The Pentateuch Examined, iv, p. 153; Forlong: The Rivers of Life, ii, *sub voce* "Meru;" Higgins: Anacalypsis, i, p. 357; Maurice: Hist. Hindostan, ii, p. 242). And in regard to the fall of our first parents, it states that Siva (the destroyer) tempted Swayambhura (son of the self-existent) with a blossom of the sacred fig-tree. Swayambhura, instigated by his wife, Satarupa, endeavored to obtain this blossom, thinking its possession would render him immortal and divine; but when he succeeded in doing so, he was cursed by the Almighty, and doomed to misery and degradation (cf. Wake: Phallism in Anc't Relig's, p. 46; Hardwick: Christ and Other Masters, p. 215; Maurice: Hist. Hindostan, i, p. 408). This sacred Indian *fig* is endowed by the Brahmins and the Buddhists with mysterious significance, as the Tree of Knowledge or Intelligence; that is, it is the Phallic tree (ibid). To the present day, thousands of barren Indian women giv offerings to this Peepal, or male fig-tree of India, to obtain offspring (cf. Forlong: Rivers of Life, i, pp. 34, 35).

So much, then, for the Hindoo legend, which has nothing whatever to say about Ceylon, or Adami and Heva.

That the Hebrew story, as related in Genesis, was borrowed principally from the Chaldean and Persian legends, is evident. English archæologists hav discovered cuneiform inscriptions which show that the Babylonians had this legend of the creation and fall of man at least 1500 years before the Hebrews heard of it (cf. Geo. Smith's Chaldean Account of Genesis, pp. 13, 88, 89).

The Persians believed that the first men lived in a region of bliss and delight called Heden, which was traversed by a mighty river. But the evil spirit, Ahriman, came to them in the form of a serpent, and tempted them to eat of the forbidden fruit, Hom, which was guarded by cherubs (cf. Kalisch: Com. on Old Testament, i, p. 70; Colenso: The Pentateuch Examined, iv, p. 152; Lenormant, Beginnings of History, ch. ii). And George Smith (Chaldean Account of Genesis, p. 91) givs an illustration (taken from a Babylonian cylinder) of two figures sitting one on each side of a tree, holding out their hands to the fruit, while near the woman is a serpent, which shows "it is evident that a form of the story of the fall, similar to that of Genesis, was known in early times in Babylonia" (ibid).

The Zend-Avesta account states that Ormuzd, the supreme being, created the universe in six periods of time, and that the first man aud woman were joined together until he separated them (cf. Von Bohlen: Introduction to Genesis, ii, p. 14; Lenormant: Beginnings of History, p. 61). This agrees exactly with Jewish traditions in the Targum and Talmud. "Male and female created he them, . . . and named their name Adam," signifies, say they, that Adam and Eve were joined together until the creator separated them (cf. Lenormant: Begin. of Hist., p. 64; Baring-Gould: Legends of Patriarchs, p. 31). It is not necessary, therefore, to travel to India for the foundation of the Hebrew legend.

That the peak on the island of Ceylon is called "Adam's Peak" is certainly true, but this is because the Portuguese gave it the name of *Pico d'Adama* (cf. Maurice: History of Hindostan, i, 361; ii, p. 242). This was owing, no doubt, to the fact that the nativs called it *the Adam*. It was probably worshiped on account of its shape as *an Adam, i.e.*, a *phallus* (cf. Forlong, Rivers of Life, ii, p. 171).

And now, in regard to the spelling of Crishna. Mr. Preston says it is spelled in many different ways. True enough, but that does not signify that any way you wish is correct. Orientalists tell us "Crishna" is the proper way, and that the word signifies black (cf. Williams: Hinduism, p. 125; Maurice: Hist. Hindostan, ii, p. 269), and Major Moore (Oriental Fragments, p. 88,) tells us that in India black stones are sacred to Crishna, while Gen. Forlong (Rivers of Life, ii, p. 495) says that the Lingham stones worshiped by the Crishnaites are black. Both of these gentlemen hav resided in India for years.

We now come to the "Crucified Saviors." I objected to his claim—that "history boasts of upwards of a dozen 'crucified saviors'"—unless the statement was intended to be taken figurativly or allegorically. In reply to this, he says he means "pure and simple English," not allegory; and that "we hav had too much of the figurativ business in Christianity already." He then givs a list of sixteen "saviors," who, in "pure and simple English," were crucified. Very well, we will take him at his word, and see what we can make out of them.

"1. Crishna, of India." Crishna, according to one legend (Vishnu Purana, p. 612), was shot in the foot with an arrow, and died from the effects of the wound; while another states that he was nailed to a tree, on which he died (cf. Guizniant; Relig. de l'Antiq.; apud Higgins: Anacalypsis, i, 144; Inman: Ancient Faiths, 411). He is represented as crucified, and is called Heri, *i. e.*, the savior. But this must not be taken as "pure and simple English," for Crishna—although a black god—is a personification of the sun, crucified in the heavens. One of the names of the sun in the Vedic hymns is Vishnu (cf. Williams's Indian Wisdom, p. 322), and Chrishna is Vishnu in human form (cf. Cox: Aryan Myths, ii, 131; Allen: India, p. 397; Maurice: Indian Antiquities, iii, p. 45; Hist. Hindostan, ii, p. 270; Sir Wm. Jones: Asiatic Researches, i, p. 260). The story of his crucifixion is allegorical, and signifies the overpowering of the god by his enemies—Winter, Darkness, and the Storm Cloud. Nearly all sun-gods die a violent death at the end of their career. It is an iron fate from which there is no escaping. Hindoo sculptures represent Crishna in the toils of Kaliya, the Serpent of Winter (cf. Forlong: Rivers of Life, ii, plate, ix.)

"2. The Hindoo Sakia." Gautama Buddha, the Sakya prince, and founder of the religion known as Buddhism, according to all the sacred Buddhist books, and all orientalists—St. Hillaire, Muller, Burnouf, Bunsen, Rhys-Davids, Williams, and a host of others, was not crucified, in any sense of the word, either in "pure and simple English," or "allegorically" speaking, but died peacefully at a ripe age, while sitting under a tree. As Bunsen remarks, in speaking of Buddha and Jesus, "with the remarkable exception of the death of Jesus on the cross, and of the doctrin of atonement by vicarious suffering, which is absolutely excluded by Buddhism," the histories of their lives correspond in a remarkable manner (The Angel Messiah, p. 50).

"3. Thammuz, of Syria." Tammuz, or Adonis, was one of the pagan "crucified saviors," or "redeemers," who gave himself up as a willing sacrifice (cf. Hislop: The Two Babylons, p. 100). He is fabled to hav been put to death by a boar. But the boar is the same as the deadly serpent Kaliya, that killed Crishna, *i. e.*, a personification of Winter. "Babylon called Jyphon, or winter, the boar; they said he killed Adonis (Tammuz) or the fertil sun" (Forlong: Rivers of Life, i, p. 527). Tammuz died in winter, and the Marys and Marthas wept for him, but "the women weeping for Tammuz was no more than expressiv of the sun's loss of power in the winter quarter" (King: The Gnostics, etc., p. 102.) It was at this time the Egyptians mourned the death of Osiris, their savior (cf. Wilkinson's Anct. Egyptians, i, p. 361). Tammuz, Adonis, and Osiris are personifications of the sun; the story of their crucifixion, therefore, is simply allegory, not "pure and simple English."

"4. Wittoba, of the Telengonese." Wittoba, or Vittoba, is but another name of Crishna (cf. Cunningham: Bhilsa Topes, p. 361; Higgins: Anacalypsis, i. p. 146; Inman: Ancient Faiths, i. p. 402; Williams: Indian Wisdom, p. 48.)

"5. Iao, of Nepal." Iao is the same as Dionysus, being one of his names. Dionysus was the "sin bearer," the "savior," and "redeemer," and the "slain one" (cf. Knight: Ancient Myths, p. 22; Hislop: Two Babylons, p. 104; Bonwick, Egyptian Belief, p. 169). He was put to death by being torn to pieces—figurativly speaking, "crucified." Iao was "divine love," the sun personified, and was one of the names of Adonis (cf. Cox: Aryan Mytho., ii, p. 113.) The legend has the same meaning as those cited above.

"6. Hesus, of the Celtic Druids." There is no account of a savior by this name being crucified. The statement made by Graves (Crucified Saviors, p. 109) is a very far-fetched one. He attributes to Higgins a meaning which that author never intended to convey, as may be seen by referring to his work (Anacalypsis, ii, p. 130).

"7. Quexalcote, of Mexico." Quetzalcoatl, in one of his aspects, is a crucified savior. He was represented, like other sun-gods, crucified in space, in the heavens, while a serpent (the emblem of winter) is depriving him of the organs of generation (cf. Anacalypsis, ii, p. 32). Other representations show the serpent hovering around (cf. Kingsborough: Mexican Antiq. vi, p. 161). This is an allegorical fable, and is the same story as those related above, told in a different form.

"8. Quirinus, of Rome." Quirinus was a name given to Romulus, the supposed founder of Rome, after he had been raised to the rank of a divinity. It is also used as a surname of Mars (cf. Smith's Dic. of Biolog. and Myths, *sub voce* Quirinus; Tooke's Pantheon, *sub voce* Mars). One legend relates that Romulus was carried up to heaven in a fiery chariot (as the Old Testament relates of Elijah), while another states that he was cut into pieces as was Osiris and Dionysus; but he did not, like these gods, "giv his life for others," and he was not, like them, looked upon as "one of the saviors or deliverers of humanity" (cf. Bonwick: Egyptian Belief, p. 155).

"9. (Eschylus's) Prometheus." Prometheus, according to Eschylus (Prometheus Chained, Potter's Trans.), was a god-man, a savior of mankind, who suffered crucifixion on Mt. Caucasus. He was nailed there with arms extended, in the form of a cross (cf. Murray: Myths, p. 82; Higgins: Anacalypsis, ii, p. 113). He was "the friend of the human race, suffering in its behalf the most fearful tortures" (Fiske: Myths, etc., p. 64). "He interposed in their behalf when Jove was incensed against them" (Bulfinch: Age of Fable, p. 32). But all this is figurativ language, and cannot be taken literally, Mr. Preston to the contrary notwithstanding. "Prometheus was only a title of the sun, expressing providence or foresight. . . . The story of his crucifixion was allegorical . . . and signified originally no more than the restriction of the power of the sun during the winter months" (Knight: Anct. Mytho., p. 88).

"10. Thulis, of Egypt." The story related by Graves (Sixteen Cru. Saviors, p. 112), about this Egyptian God (his reference being Wilkinson) is simply that of Osiris, the Egyptian savior, who was put to death and rose again from the dead (cf. Wilkinson: Rawlinson's Herodotus, ii, p. 219). This God "was crucified on the tree [the cross], which denoted his fructifying power" (Cox: Aryan Mytho., ii, pp. 115 and 125). He is a well-known personification of the sun; his history, therefore, is but allegory.

"11. Indra, of Thibet." Indra, the crucified god of Thibet, is identical with Crishna (cf. Cox: Aryan Mytho., i, p. 88; ii, p. 131.

"12. Alcestos (or Alcestis), of Euripides." The story of the death of this woman is related by Euripides (a Greek tragedian, born at Salamis 480 B.C.), and is to this effect: Alcestis was the wife of Admetis, who gave herself up as a substitute for her husband, who was about to die. Admetis weeps, "holding his dear wife in his hands, and prays her not to leave him, asking impossibilities, for she wastes away and is consumed by sickness." While she is dying, the following conversation is carried on between Admetis and his wife: "ADM: Lift up thy face, do not leave thy children. ALC: Not willingly, in sooth, but—farewell, my children. ADM: Look on them, O look! ALC: I am no more. ADM: What dust thou? dust thou leave us? ALC: Farewell. ADM: I am an undone wretch! CHORUS [of attendants]: She is gone. Admetus's wife is no more" (The Tragedies of Euripides, Buckley's Trans., Bohn's ed.). Here we hav the story of a devoted wife who dies as a substitute for her husband. But the death is not violent; she simply "wastes away and is consumed by sickness." And yet we are told by Mr. Preston, who takes Graves for his authority, that Alcestis was a "crucified savior." Rather far-fetched, we must say.

"13. Atys, of Phrygia." This "only begotten son" (who had the title of "savior") according to Lactantius "suffered a death made bitter with nails and stakes." He was one of the crucified saviors of paganism (cf. Hislop, The Two Babylons: p. 101). But Atys never lived in the flesh. He is the same as Adonis, and the story of his crucifixion is only figurativ.

"14. Crite, of Chaldea." Of this fellow we know but little. Even Mr. Graves, who has the faculty of making out a case upon a very slender foundation, has little to say of him. We are told that a person by this name appeared to a medium not long since, and informed him (or her) that he lived "before any history regarded as reliable by moderns" (cf. Jesus Christ a Fiction, p. 4), but the editor says: "A careful search in ancient history reveals nothing of this man. As he states, he must hav lived in prehistoric times." We must confess ignorance as to this fellow. Perhaps Mr. Preston may know all about him.

"15. Bali, of Orissa." Bali, or Balii, is identical with Crishna and Wittoba (cf. Higgins: Anacalypsis, i, p. 750; Williams: Indian Wisdom, i, p. 48), being simply another name of this Hindoo God.

"16. Mithra, of Persia." Mithra was "mediator between god and man" (cf. Hislop: Two Babylons, p. 101; Dunlap: Mysteries of Adoni, p. 123), who had the title of "Savior." He was put to death in midwinter, when the sun was overpowered by Ahriman, the Evil One. Mithra was the great sun-god of the Persians. Their most splendid cermonials were in honor of him. They kept his birthday, with many rejoicings, on the 25th day of December, when the sun perceptibly begins to return northward (cf. Higgins: Celtic Druids, p. 163; Gross: The Heathen Relig., p. 287; Dupuis: Orig. of Religs., p. 246). The story of his birth, death, and resurrection, is an allegory.

So much then for the "Sixteen Crucified Saviors." It now remains for the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER to decide whether these stories are to be taken as "pure and simple English," as Mr. Elliott Preston would hav us believe, or as figurativ and allegorical tales. R. Payne Knight tells us that the crucifixion of these gods meant "no more than the restriction of the power of the sun during the winter months" (Anct. Mytho. p. 88). Sir Geo. W. Cox says these tales "represent the short-lived sun, whose course is one of toil for others, ending in an early death" (Tales of Anct. Greece, p. 33); and that "it is the sun in winter crucified on the tree [the cross] which denotes its fructifying power" (Aryan Mytho, ii, p. 113). Gen. Forlong says that Adonis—in Hebrew "My Lord"—who was crucified in the winter, was simply the sun; and that his death was an allegorical fable. The Babylonians said that winter "killed Adonis, or the fertil sun" (Rivers of Life, i, p. 527). "Hercules is torn limb from limb; and in this catastrophe we see the blood-red sunset which closes his career. The sun-god cannot rise to the life of the blessed gods until he has been slain" (Cox: Tales of Anct. Greece, p. 32). The Phenician deity El, the name they gave to their god Sol (Parkhurst: Hebrew Lexicon, *sub voce* "El") was called the "preserver of the world," for the benefit of which he offered a mystical sacrifice (Wake: Phallism in Anct. Relig., p. 55). "Yearly the sun-god was supposed by the ancient Aryans to die to save all flesh" (Lillie: Buddhism, p. 93). And "the philosophic theist who reflects upon the story [of virgin-born, crucified, and resurrected saviors] known from the walls of China, across Asia and Europe, to the plateau of Mexico, cannot resist the impression that no Materialistic theory of it can be satisfactory" (Bonwick: Egyptian Belief, p. 182). Allegory alone explains it; and Mr. Preston's "pure and simple English" won't stand the test of criticism. We may hav had "too much of the figurativ business in Christianity already," but it will be rather a hard task to convince readers that his sixteen crucified saviors are really more than ONE, worshiped in different countries, under different names. "We are forced to confess," says H. Fox Talbot (Trans. Biblical Arch. Soc., i, p. 98), "that all the great deities of antiquity were originally ONE, viewed in different lights." Even the Christ of the gospels comes in under this head. There may hav been many Jesuses put to death—for the name "Jesus" was very common among the ancients—but no Christ ever lived in the flesh and suffered the penalty of the cross, "in pure and simple English." A "Christ" is an Æon, and an Æon never had a material body. And now, before we hav done with Mr. Preston, who styles himself "an authorial porcupine," who "makes it a rule never to print statements he cannot fully substantiate by facts," we would like to ask him if he can "substantiate by facts" his statement that "Christna is said to have died peacefully at the ripe old age of 80 years;" and that the fact that Christ was crucified "was disputed by Polycarp (who claimed that he peacefully died at the age of 50)." Both of these statements are new to us, and on that account should like to know from whence they emanated. But his authority must be other than the "Sixteen Crucified Saviors," the author of which has made a great jumble of Crishna and Buddha.

In answer to "Antichrist," we shall say but little. He has seen our opinion of the "Bible in India" stated above; and although he may say "the pseudo scholars who denounce him [the author of the "Bible in India"] are blind leaders of the blind," we fail to see it. If convinced, at any time, that he is right, we will readily acknowledge it. The name Crishna, we believe, signifies black. All Sanscrit scholars tell us so. They also say it should be spelled "Crishna" or "Krishna," and we find that the Hindoos themselvs spell the name in this manner (cf. Moor: Oriental Fragments, p. 21). Madame Blavatsky's statement has no weight with us. It should be remembered that the Madame has seen and heard things which are not common to the lot of most mortals. A little work called "Occult Science," published by Colby & Rich, Boston, will, no doubt, convince anyone of this. We believe the editor of the *Sun* was correct when he said "there never was a Hindoo reformer named Jezeus Christna." If such is the case, it is rather strange that M. Jacolliot and Madame Blavatsky alone should hav heard of him. Crishna, the warrior hero of the Maha-bharata, can never be converted into "a Hindoo reformer named Jezeus Christna."

D. W. T.

Paine's Anniversary in Brooklyn.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Notwithstanding there was no organized effort made by the Liberals of Brooklyn for celebrating Paine's birthday on the 29th of January, yet his services were prominently, if not "providentially," recognized on the 31st.

A paper was read on the above date before the Brooklyn Historical Society, by Oscar S. Straus, Esq., of New York. The subject chosen was, "The Origin of Republican form of Government in the United States, and The Hebrew Commonwealth."

Of this discourse I will briefly remark that Mr. Straus endeavored to trace an analogy between republican principles and the laws and teachings of Moses.

In regard to the political services of Thomas Paine he used the following language: "We should not," he said, "lose sight of the fact that neither the Declaration of Independence nor the success of our armies in the struggle against Great Britain decided for us our republican form of government, or secured for us the blessings of civil and religious liberty; they only served to make them possible; they were the victories of the statesmen, heroes, and the patriots of the pen. No one arraigned the monarchical tendencies of the times with a more vigorous and fearless pen, no one contributed more in kindling the fires of liberty during those times 'that tried men's souls,' than Thomas Paine, that much maligned and abused man, who has been accused of every crime that malice and design could invent. Call him Deist; call him Atheist; call him what you will, he was, in the words of James Monroe, 'the friend of human rights, and a distinguished and able advocate in favor of public liberty.'"

This allusion to the "author-hero of the Revolution" was received with loud applause from the larger portion of the audience, mingled, however, with hisses from the clerical and conservativ portions, who were galvanized into momentary activity by the potent name of Paine.

Mr. Straus concluded his discourse with an earnest protest against those misguided people who seek to introduce their religious faith into the Constitution, and to Christianize our country by act of Congress. "Let those narrow-minded and misguided men," said he, "who would corrupt the grand charter of our liberties by sectarian amendments, shrink back in holy horror from so suicidal a step. Let them read the records of their country's birth, and from them learn that civil and religious liberty in spirit are inseparable, and when they throttle the one, they destroy the other. Freedom of person, freedom of conscience, and toleration are the cause of our political faith, and they alone lead to peace, liberty, and safety. O America, thy bright example is the guiding hope of all the oppressed nations of the world. The winds from the west are constantly wafting thy spirit of civil and religious liberty into the farthest confines of the east. By thy shining light the champions of popular rights are battling against every form of absolutism in Russia, in Turkey, in Spain, and in the great German empire. O America, the promised land for all mankind, thy glorious example is a power more puissant than army or navy for the conquest of the world."

The Rev. Dr. Hall arose and moved a vote of thanks to the lecturer. He indorsed all that the speaker had advanced in favor of Moses, and added, "We hav clergymen to-day teaching us that the books of Moses are like ropes of sand." If the reverend speaker had added that these teachings of the Rev. Heber Newton are acceptable to many intelligent people, he would not hav violated the truth.

The Rev. Dr. Putnam seconded the motion for a vote of thanks. He admires Moses quite as much as the Rev. Dr. Hall, but lacks this gentleman's diplomatic skill in handling delicate subjects. He also lacks the broad and tolerant spirit which many Brooklyn clergymen possess; such, for instance, as has often been exhibited by the Rev. Mr. Canfield, of the Church of Our Father; by the Rev. J. W. Chadwick, of the Second Unitarian church; and also by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, of Plymouth church. Because Mr. Putnam dislikes Paine's religious views, he apparently wishes to ignore his political services.

"The Bible," says this pious clergyman, "is the great charter of popular rights. When rightly understood, it can be made to tell more widely than any other agency to that end. I perhaps feel a little dissent in my own mind with regard to one allusion made by the speaker in his admirable lecture; or, rather, I feel that that allusion was a little unfortunate, by way of illustration of his subject. I happen to hav in my pocket—I can't tell how—this article in which Thomas Paine says: 'As to the Bible, it is a blasphemy to call it the word of God. It is a contradiction, and the history of bad times and of bad men.'"

As a matter of fact, the Constitution is the great charter of popular rights, and the Constitution was not taken from the Bible. It is the work of Jefferson, and Paine, and Franklin, and Adams, and Washington, and the patriots of the Revolution, and these men should not be robbed of their just claim to be acknowledged as the founders of the republic.

But as the Rev. Dr. Putnam now holds in his pocket—no matter how inserted—some writings of Paine, it is to be hoped that he will retain them, and study them, and profit by them. He will learn that Paine believed that "religious duties consist in doing justice, loving mercy, and endeavoring to make our fellow-creatures happy." This is a good doctrin to liv by, and an admirable doctrin to die by. If it were universally adopted, it would banish injustice and oppression from the world, and make a heaven and paradise on earth.

Perhaps, Mr. Editor, it is unnecessary to warn your readers that the Rev. Dr. Putnam here spoken of is not the genial scholar and voluminous writer known in literary circles as the ex-Rev. Samuel P. Putnam. These men should never be confounded together. They are alike in name, and both are interesting and versatil speakers, but their religious views are as divergent as the poles. Had the ex-Rev. Putnam found the writings of Paine in his pocket, he would surely hav endeavored to ascertain how they came there—by "what conjuration and what mighty magic" they had appeared. He would not hav been contented with Lord Dundreary's solution of the apparent miracle, "that it was something no fellow could find out," and he is by far too good a reasoner to attempt to show, as his reverend namesake of Brooklyn has done, that Paine's political views are wrong, by quoting from his religious views which are certainly right.

PETER ECKLER.

OF Mr. Putnam's "Problem of the Universe and its Scientific Solution" George Chainey writes: "The book inspires me with faith in Mr. Putnam's future as a representativ thinker. It is a clear and adequate statement of my own position. The last four pages are magnificent and thoroughly inspiring. They are among the best things that the author ever wrote—prose poetry indeed—and that, to my mind, is the highest form of poetry. This book is, I am afraid, too fine, too earnest, to catch the popular view, but from all high-minded and advanced Liberals it must receive, I think, an enthusiastic welcome."

THE "Truth Seeker Annual and Freethinkers' Almanac for 1884" is an interesting and instructiv issue. Its table of contents embraces a compilation that every Liberal will find useful. The engravings from D. M. Bennett's book, "A Truth Seeker Around the World," are worth more than the price asked. Send twenty-five cents and procure a copy.—*Light for Thinkers.*

"THE Truth Seeker Annual and Freethinkers' Almanac" is out. 25 cents.

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

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SATURDAY, - - - FEBRUARY 16, 1884.

Let them Pay their Taxes.

The debate in the Brooklyn Constitution Club and the words of the Brooklyn *Eagle* printed on another page of this issue of THE TRUTH SEEKER are very significant. The club is not a Liberal club. The *Eagle* is a secular paper. They both voice a growing sentiment—a sentiment that may be likened to a snowball—the further it is rolled the larger it grows. The instances cited of the rapid increase of religious property in this state can be duplicated in nearly all the older states of the Union. By our system of exemption our government is proceeding along the road traveled by Italy, by France, by Mexico, and by other countries. And we are traveling along it rapidly—too rapidly for the situation not to be viewed with alarm by every truly democratic citizen. The crooked methods of shielding church property employed by the incorporators of religious societies are well known. Especially is it true of the Roman Catholic church, that incarnation of villainous tyranny, the mother of slaves and mental serfs, the fosterer of war, the disturber of the peace of every country she has blighted by her presence. That the church societies should be extravagant and unjust is a matter of course. Stolen money is easily spent, and but very few thieves are philanthropists. There is a swelling feeling that the undetected Cowleys in our religious charitable institutions are many. In their last report the commissioners of charities recommended that a supervisor of these institutions be appointed having power to correct abuses. This recommendation would not hav been made did the commissioners not hav solid grounds upon which to base it.

Only one man was found in the Constitution Club who opposed a word to the otherwise unanimous opinion that every religious tub should stand upon its own bottom, unaided by the state. He put his plea for the continuance of the present system upon two grounds: 1. That the American people are generous and desire to support the churches; and 2. That the taxation of church buildings would only relieve the people to the extent of $2.50 a year to each taxpayer.

It seems to us that the first reason is partly untrue, and that the second is an exceedingly substantial one to be used on the other side. It is true that the Americans, as a nation, are generous. But it is equally true that most Americans strongly object to paying for what they do not get, and don't want, and won't hav. Taking the church statistics as the basis, allowing their most extravagant claims as to membership, and less than one-third of the people of this country are affiliated with *any* denomination. We cannot conceive that the generosity of the other two-thirds can be stretched to contentment at having to pay any proportion whatever of the worshiping bills of the third.

Two dollars and half a year is not a great sum, but upon what principle of right and justice can an Infidel taxpayer be asked to contribute that amount to his Christian neighbor? There are about five millions of people in this state. Probably three millions are *direct* taxpayers, which is, we take it, what the gentleman meant. Two dollars and half to each amounts to a great sum. We cannot think that Col. Hemstreet would argue in the way he does about his private business. And certainly the churches should be as honest as commercial men, if they do not want their claim to be moral teachers hooted out of the court of public opinion.

The Brooklyn Constitution Club and the Brooklyn *Eagle* hav got hold of the right horn of the ecclesiastical bull. He should be taxed like any other commercial property.

How Garfield Carried Indiana.

Stephen W. Dorsey, of Star route fame, made an interesting disclosure to a *World* reporter the other day. It is a practical illustration of the evils of sectarianism, and a loud-voiced warning to the Freethinkers of this country. It shows also the dirty depths to which the politics of our times has sunk, though the latter revelation is not new, and needs no sign-board to point it out. The facts come out in an interview with Mr. Dorsey published in the *World* of the 9th inst.:

"While in Indiana did Gen. Garfield write you in reference to and suggesting the use of the Campbellite church to secure his election on the ground that he was a member of it?"

"Oh yes, often, not only wrote to me, but sent out the most prominent men of that church, among them Mr. Phillips, of Pennsylvania, and his own successor as president of Hiram College. We did all we could, and used all the methods in our power at the suggestion of Gen. Garfield to produce the result we desired. I say this because I don't think there is any secret about it. If there is, it is so open that tens of thousands of people know it."

"What method did he suggest to change the political convictions of the members of his church?"

"Gen. Garfield seemed to think it best where we found a church in debt, that represented a large number of voters, that, if we had the means, we should pay off the debt, and where we found a community with a good number of Campbellite voters without a church we had better contribute liberally toward building one, and especially if the voters were Democrats. I carried out these suggestions to the best of my ability, under the guardianship of Mr. Phillips and others. We tried to make the lonely way of the Campbellites as pleasant as possible, and there were about 25,000 of them in the state."

Everybody knows that carrying Indiana carried the country for the Republicans in the presidential campaign. And Garfield owed his office to his church. He was voted for by 25,000 men, not because he was an honest, capable man, not because he possessed the qualities of a statesman, knew the country's needs and could satisfy them, but because he had embraced that particular variety of superstition known as Campbellism.

If anything were needed to show the danger that Christianity is to our country, and the direct influence it exercises upon our two great political parties, this furnishes it.

A Chat with Correspondents.

The following letter should hav been answered sooner, but got misplaced and has just come to light:

GIDEON, KAN., Jan. 6, 1884.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Having taken your paper for some time, I would like for you to answer the following questions through your columns:

1. Where does the "mad stone" come from that is a sure cure for hydrophobia?
2. Does protectiv tariff hav a bad effect on us Western farmers? and would free trade be any better?
3. What gave rise to Thanksgiving day?
4. How many do the Liberals number in the United States?
5. How many Bibles are there besides the Christian's Bible?

Please answer the above questions to settle a dispute and oblige J. W. W.

1. The mad-stone is a porous stone said to be capable of drawing poison from wounds. It is *not* a "sure cure." It has been found in this country in the Southern states. Its powers are probably more or less mythical and exaggerated. If we wanted to procure one we wouldn't hav the slightest idea of where to find it. Statements regarding it are always *general.*

2. The tariff question is a big one, and hardly to be settled off-hand. We believe, however, that political economists generally agree that the farmer is injured in this country by protection, because he is the exporter, and consequently the price he gets for his products is regulated in the markets of the world, while on the imported goods he buys he must pay prices regulated by the combination of manufacturers in this country. We saw an illustration of this in the *Free Bulletin* not long ago, which seems to put the case in a plain light. It runs in this form:

What is tariff?

Our tariff is a system of duties paid at our customs houses in money on goods brought into the United States from foreign countries.

(1) One object is to raise money to carry on our government. This is a good object. (2) The second object is to keep out of our country certain goods, so as to induce men to make them in this country. Let us see in what way their object is attained, and whether the result is good for the American farmer.

Of course, our people who want a certain kind of goods must either buy them abroad or make them at home; and it is an inducement to make and sell them here, if the goods brought in from abroad are taxed by duties, while the goods made here are not taxed. This is a simple statement of what is called doctrin of protection of home industry. To change that statement a little, the tariff duties which keep out, or tend to keep out, foreign goods, allow our manufacturers to sell their goods with foreign competition, and therefore at higher prices from our people, they will of course be willing to make the goods for which high prices are to be paid.

Now, who gets the benefit and who suffers the harm of these high prices? The man who gets the benefit is certainly the maker of the goods, who sells them at the high price; and the man who suffers the harm is the buyer of the high-priced goods. Such a man is the farmer.

Let us giv a very simple example. A pocket-knife could be brought over from Sheffield, England, and sold in Chicago for—say thirty-five cents. But the importer finds that at the port of New York he must pay a tariff duty of—say fifteen cents. Therefore, to make a profit, a knife must evidently sell for thirty-five cents, plus fifteen cents,—that is to say, fifty cents when it reaches Chicago. Now, seeing this, the American maker of pocket-knives says to himself: "I can make my knife for thirty-five cents. I will then take my knife to Chicago, and as there is a tariff tax of fifteen cents on the Sheffield knife, but none on mine, I can sell my knife for forty-five cents and still make a profit. He does so, and the farmer who wants to buy a knife at Chicago finds that he must do one of two things—either buy the Sheffield knife for fifty cents or the American knife for forty-five cents. In the first case the farmer has paid ten cents extra, which goes into the pocket of the maker of the American knife.

But presently the man who brought over the Sheffield knife finds that he cannot pay the tax of fifteen cents and compete with the American knife-maker, who pays no tax at all. So he imports few or none of the Sheffield knives, and the American knife-maker has a clear field. The government is consequently deprived of revenue, and the poor farmer must pay what prices the American knife-maker chooses to exact.

Now, let the farmer reflect that this American knife, which he has paid so high and unnecessary a price for, is the symbol of all the goods which he buys for his farm and household. His hoe costs him thirty cents more than it should, his plow fifteen per cent more, the paint for his house twenty-five per cent more, the clothing for his family twenty, thirty, or forty per cent more. Everything is dearer which he has to buy, while the wheat which he sells has not advanced a penny in price. For his wheat is not, and cannot be, "protected." The price of grain is fixed in the world's market and cannot be ruled by the tariff of any particular country.

This conversation might be lengthened, and no lies told, like this:

Does the tariff protect the Laborer?

So the Manufacturer says.

How?

The Manufacturer says he can afford to pay higher wages than the Pauper Labor of Europe gets!

Can he afford to?

Yes.

Does he?

Not in proportion to the cost of living.

Why not?

Because he goes over to Europe and imports that Pauper Labor, and places it in competition with American Labor.

What happens then?

The American can work for what the Pauper Labor gets or starve.

Which does he do?

Neither. He goes into business and endeavors to become a Monopolist, or into Wall street and becomes a High-toned Christian Gambler.

Then the tariff is a damage to the Farmer?

Yes.

And no practical benefit to the Laborer?

No.

But does Protection confer no benefits?

Yes indeed!

On whom?

The Manufacturer.

Is there no remedy for this state of affairs?

Yes.

What?

Put a tariff on Labor, or take it off of Labor's products.

That is one phase of the protection issue in one easy lesson. Its ramifications are far-reaching, and their amplification has filled and will continue to fill volumes. Free trade is the ideal system of society. Whether the time has arrived for its practical application we are not egotistic enough to pretend to say. But times cannot be much harder than they are now, change the political parties and policies as we may.

3. Thanksgiving Day originated in New England. It has been observed since the first settlement by the Pilgrims. It was instituted after a particularly hard season. It has now extended to a national holiday, being first observed as such in 1862. It is a time for killing turkeys and stuffing geese.

4. We hav no means of knowing how many Liberals there are in the country. They form a sturdy band, and their numbers are increasing. Complete organization must be effected before a census can be taken.

5. See page 75 of "The Truth Seeker Annual."

The next letter is from a Christian gentleman who has read Mr. Bennett's "Answers to Christian Questions," but has evidently not heard of his lamented death. Mr. Parrish says:

ST. LOUIS, MO.

D. M. BENNETT, *Dear Sir:* In looking over your pamphlet, "Answers to Christian Questions," I find an error on page 3, near top of page. You state, "It is more unreasonable to hold that the universe came from nothing." Religionists do not hold that the world was made of nothing. The Recognized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints do not teach this, nor do they believe it. No reasonable man will dispute the inevitable truth that the matter of which this earth was formed always did exist, or that, if it did not, it is beyond our comprehension to understand.

The idea advanced by you Atheists, that "nature" was always inherent in matter, and caused this earth to assume its present form, is the most absurd theory I ever heard for the matter in question; by this I mean the laws of nature.

Yours respectfully, JOHN S. PARRISH.

Our copy of the Bible says that "in the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." Mr. Noah Webster, who is accounted a pretty good authority on the meaning of words, asserts that "create" means to "bring into being; *to form out of nothing;* to cause to exist;" and he givs for *his* authority, Genesis i, 1, showing that his is the Christian world accepted definition. Mr. Calvin was a great and consistent Christian. His followers are regarded as the most orthodox of any Protestant sect. Their Confession of Faith is authoritativ as regards the essentials of Christianity. Chapter IV., section 1, of the Confession reads very plain:

"It pleased God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, for the manifestation of the glory of his eternal power, wisdom, and goodness, in the beginning, *to create, or make of nothing,* the world, and all things therein, whether visible or invisible, in the space of six days, and all very good."

These facts flatly contradict Mr. Parrish and fully sustain Mr. Bennett. The Latter Day Saints, or Mormons, accept the Bible as divine, and consequently must accept the creation account; but the laymen of that church are compelled to take the explanations and interpretations of "the prophet," who can of course squirm out of the absurd position.

If the laws of nature are not inherent in matter, what are they inherent in? And if not eternally existing, when did they begin? Mr. Parrish himself is not an orthodox Christian, because he concedes the impossibility of creating and destroying matter. The true Christian theory is that matter has existed only about six thousand years, having been created at that time by a god.

The laws of nature are immutable, universal, and immortal as the matter they move and control. Matter is and always has been permeated by Force. Force produces all the phenomena of nature, and the correlation and conservation of force are the laws of nature, which Mr. Parrish derides. Separately matter and force do not exist, because no force can arise from nothing, and there exists no matter which has not within itself a latent force. "The law of nature," as Moleschott truly says, "is a stringent expression of necessity." "There exists in it," also says Buchner, "neither exception nor limitation; and no imaginable power can disregard the necessity. A stone not supported will in all eternity fall toward the center of the earth, and there never was and never will be a command for the sun to stand still" that was or will be obeyed.

To assert that the laws of nature are not inherent in matter, and as immortal as matter, is to assert what has been long demonstrated to be false; and to call the knowledge of this fact absurd is a development of ignorance surprising in a man who can see the necessity of the immortality of matter.

The laws of motion and attraction, called gravitation, are everywhere the same. The motions of the most remote bodies take place according to the same laws by which on this earth a body falls. The laws of light through all space are the same. It has everywhere the same velocity and composition; its refraction takes place in a similar manner. The laws of heat are, like those of light, the same everywhere. The history of the origin and development of our earth is analogous to that of the heavenly bodies. The spheroidal forms of the planets prove that they, like the earth, were once in a fluid state, and the gradual development of the earth to its present form must, in a similar manner, hav taken place in all other planets. It is the force of gravity, and gravity alone, that causes the moon to circle around our earth, and the earth around the sun. The fixed stars are likewise subject to this univeral law, as are all the planets—in fact, every heavenly body obeys this eternal law, which, as has been shown by Buchner and other scientists, "is inherent in matter and visibly manifested in every atom, and is irresistibly obeyed by every body, however large or small, without the least deviation." It is because the laws of nature are inherent in nature, and mathematically exact, that astronomers can foretell eclipses and calculate the movements of the heavenly bodies. If the universe were a hap-hazard arrangement, subject to the will of a changeful god, we should never know when we go to bed at night whether the sun would rise in the morning or not, or whether the stars that were shining in the evening would not in a few hours be fiery comets chasing each other through the skies to the imminent peril of this terrestrial ball. Mr. Parrish is indebted to Atheistical science for the peace of mind and certainty of the stability of his lands which he now enjoys. All science is Atheistic, in that every new fact discovered is one less reason for the necessity of a superintending power. More than enough of the mysteries of the universe hav been explained to permanently retire the popular deity from the exercise of power. The god of the Christians, Mohammedans, and other sects, is a person or force entirely unknown to science, and known only to believers in him or it by imaginativ assertion. No one in the whole wide world can giv one solitary authenticated fact about him or it. Believers simply assert such an existence. It therefore belongs to them to prove it. This they cannot do, and, to throw dust in people's eyes, loudly claim that the negativ must first be proven. But those caught in this trap are very few nowadays. The pagans had a god for every season of the year—for almost every day in the year; a god who presided over every occupation, and over every function of the human body. Monotheism supplanted these by one God in whom these duties were concentrated, and here began monopoly. But the discoveries of modern science hav relegated him to the same limbo that ingulfed the smaller deities. The laws of nature, inherent in matter, are found to be all-sufficient. In the words of another German scholar, "Comparativ, assisted by microscopic, anatomy, broke down the old barriers; paleontology filled up the gaps by intermediate forms; geology taught that the natural forces had never been different from what they are at present; physiology showed the dependence of the intellectual capacities and their development on organization; psychology teaches that reason is an acquired faculty; anthropology finally points out the development of the races; history and philology exhibit the rude beginnings. All our civilization, the basis of humanity, is not nature, but art—the toilsome education of the race and of individuals, effected in thousands of years; and the physical development, from the first moment of generation, is in every individual merely a repetition of the same laws of development to which the organic world owes its existence. How simple does all this appear to us, how forcible the inferences, were not the 'ifs' and the 'buts' rendering the minds of so many men inaccessible to the truth! That this mode of viewing nature will ultimately prevail, I entertain no doubt whatever."

We commend the above to the thoughtful consideration of Mr. Parrish.

Here is another Christian gentleman, an old man on the shady side of the hill of life, his shadow falling toward the east. Age has softened his words, experience has chastened his Christian arrogance, and he has enough good breeding to allow him to be civil to Freethinkers without danger of exhausting the supply. He comes from Wymore, Neb., and thinks he is going to heaven. We hope he may. He writes at the request of a friend:

WYMORE, NEB., Jan. 14, 1884.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I hav often seen your paper, and I hav been requested by Mr. A. Howell to ask you to spare me a small space to present a few ideas, as there are two sides to all questions. Now, I am an old man, staying here on what is called borrowed time. So please allow me to "strike a light" until I get my hand in.

I am aware that public opinion is against the Bible. Hasty and inconsiderate conclusions generally fall into disgrace. Now, dear sir, if counterfeit money were found in every house in the Union, would it be any evidence that there was no genuin currency? Popular opinion is doing for the nations of the earth. But common sense tells us that mind must exist beyond matter. Can happiness exist without order? Can order exist without law? Can there be a law without a law-giver? Now, dear sir, if you should in your search find a Phœnix-tree whose fruit alone was life-sustaining, would you try to destroy it because some counterfeiters should undertake to counterfeit the fruit, or misapply the fruit, or besmear the fruit with filthiness? Wisdom's book is the tree of life.

Wisdom and reason make us men;
Take these away—what are we then?
Mere animals, and just as well
The beast might think of heaven or hell.

Now, if you will deal kindly, truly with me, tell me; and, if not, tell me that I may turn to the right hand or to the left. S. E. COOLEY.

It is pleasant to know that public opinion in his section is against the Bible. Presumably it is also adverse to counterfeit money. Supposing some Eastern shark goes out to Wymore and offers to buy some of Mr. Cooley's land, tendering in payment some paper which he calls the only kind of cash that will buy groceries and clothes and medicins. It has the vignette of a man in the corner, and some Hebrew and Greek signatures on the bottom. The paper is musty with age and the print is blurred with handling. It cannot be read with any certainty, and the promis to pay is written in so many different ways that it cannot be told whether it means to pay in current coin that shall be a joy, or base metal that will turn to pain. Would Mr. Cooley accept it? No. He will tell the shark that he don't know the man, and has no means of finding his rating, and whether the promises he makes will be kept. And if it comes out in the course of the conversation that the maker of the note has been dead a few thousand years, and that grave doubts exist as to his ever having lived, and his possessions are admittedly all in the air, Mr. Cooley will retain his land and the shark his notes.

This is thrown in parenthetically. Mr. Cooley's counterfeit money argument is too aged to stand. It lost its value when Paley's watch stopped ticking. The best of paper money is rendered valueless by the failure of the government which issues it. The notes of a bankrupt firm hav no market value. So it is with Christianity. The government of Jehovah is at an end. The firm doing business in pledges at the sign of the three golden balls is bankrupt. The father has retired, the son gone to Europe, and no one knows the whereabouts of the third partner. Religions, like governments, come up, issue their promises, pass away and become interesting only to collectors of canceled stamps and currency. There may be, there is, a little good gold behind the paper, but not enough to redeem one in a million of the promises. Mr. Cooley, perhaps, can see the point.

Can there be a law without a law-giver? Yes, there can. The law of gravity, for instance, is universal and *eternal.* Eternal means endless both ways, and what has always existed never could hav been begun. And now, here is a conundrum for you. If every effect must hav a cause, and God is an effect, what or who is the cause of God? Giv it up, do you? Well, here is the answer. There is no such being as is described in the Bible and called God.

As for the "Phœnix-tree" we will talk about that when we find a religion that sustains life. So far, religion has destroyed more life than it has sustained. Christianity has made more wounds than it ever healed; shed more blood than it ever stanched; destroyed more knowledge than it ever gave to the world; and been in all ways more of a curse than a blessing. This is not to say that it has done *no* good; but when the balance sheet is struck the debit side of Christianity's account with humanity will show about four times as many figures as the credit column. Of Mohammedanism the same can be said. All theologies are obstacles to progress—shadows cast by clouds across man's pathway.

But our space is limited, and we must let Mr. Cooley's further quibbles go. As he rightly says, 'tis wisdom and reason that make us men, but if the only distinction between the beast and man is the capacity to think of heaven and hell, the race must be nearer its ancestors than Mr. Cooley would probably be willing to admit. If Mr. Cooley could only teach his cow to say her prayers she would be his equal, according to his reasoning.

THE "Truth Seeker Annual and Freethinkers' Almanac for 1884" is very handsomely gotten up. Price 25 cents. It contains 18 full-page illustrations, and is replete with valuable information, selected with such care that the work can scarcely fail to be of immense service to both business men and to families.—*American Nonconformist.*

ONE of the best ways to help along the cause of Freethought is to circulate THE TRUTH SEEKER. Trial subscriptions of three months for 50 cents.

Something for the Taxpayers to Consider.

At a meeting of the Brooklyn Constitution Club on the evening of January 28th, the subject for debate was, "Resolved, that no real property be exempt from taxation but public property." The Brooklyn *Eagle* reported the speeches made:

Mr. John H. Clayton spoke in favor of the resolution. His understanding of the principles of good government were that the public must support the government, and that the government in return for this should protect the citizen. The government was supported by the taxpayers. This was the modern idea. Formerly nations thought it proper to levy taxes as they were needed, without regard to any system. This seemed to him to be irregular. Our theory was based on the old Venetian law, and ever since the law was enacted in Venice, the duties of the citizen and government hav been reciprocal. The speaker could not, therefore, conceive why any corporation should be exempted from taxation. It had come to pass, however, that all public buildings, houses of public worship, colleges, seminaries, academies, schools, court-houses, jails, and even the furniture contained therein had become exempted from taxation. The resolution, as the speaker understood it, had been offered to ascertain why the churches had been included in this list, and why they should not contribute to the support of the government. They had the equal protection of the government with the private citizen. They were protected by the civil, military, police, and fire authorities, and they should be compelled to contribute to their support. Statistics showed that the amount of property exempted in this city in 1880, was $16,271,300. It had increased a million of dollars since then. The following were the exact figures:

Churches,	$9,276,500
Parsonages,	701,500
School and other institutions,	6,293,300
Total,	$16,271,300

The exemption on churches and parsonages alone amounted to $10,000,000. While it was perhaps proper that schools should be so exempted, he could see no reason why churches should not bear their share of the expenses of government, and he had heard no reason advanced except that the churches were carried on for the good of the state, but in the speaker's opinion this reason was not a true or a sufficient one.

Chairman Hentz asked if all church property was exempt, or only that portion upon which the edifice stood.

Mr. Clayton: Whole blocks of it. There are only small sections of church property really occupied by the churches. The larger portion is rented out and incomes are derived therefrom.

Colonel Hemstreet: Why should not this apply to New York church property?

Mr. Clayton: The same law should exist all over. A law was passed some time ago compelling Trinity, and other church property to pay taxes on its improved property.

Mr. D. W. Northup said that only a short time ago he had been in a court of justice, when a petition was presented for the exemption of a large plot of church property. The speaker knew that the judge was a Catholic, and the petition came from Catholics. He was surprised to hear his honor say that, although he was bound to grant the motion, yet if he could hav his way he would not do it, because the system hurt his own church more than any other in the land. Continuing, the speaker said that there was no limit to the amount of property a church might accumulate under the present law. There was an old law that churches should pay taxes on all real property over and above $2,500 to $3,000 worth.

The churches, however, evaded the law, for as soon as they reached that amount they turned the surplus over to another society and elected new trustees. The bishops, however, controled all the property and held the title deeds. In France, under Napoleon III., who was one of the Catholic church's best sons, that potentate had decreed that the church should control but $15,000,000 worth of property and no more; yet in this state the Catholic church owned $25,000,000, and the amount was ever on the increase. This they could not do if they shouldered their just share of taxation. In England they had accumulated so much property that it had been deemed proper to take it away from them, and monastery after monastery had been abolished and placed were they should stand their portion of the taxes. Our country and our state should compel them to do the same, and every unbiased mind would echo the speaker's words. If the Protestant churches should be compelled to do the same, there would not be so many unoccupied churches. Many of these churches were owned by insurance companies, who were reaping the benefits, while the small congregations were groaning under the constant accumulation of heavy debts.

Mr. Duryea spoke at length. He said that an opinion predominated that a house of worship should not be taxed merely because it was a house of worship. There was a superstition against taxing a church because it was a house of God, and that governments had never been strong enough to overcome this superstition. The first man to speak against the evil was General Grant, who, in his message in 1875, brought up the question. President Grant said that, in 1850, the church owned $83,000,000 of property; in 1860 it had more than doubled, and in 1870, estimated at its lowest figure, it was worth $354,000,000. Mr. Andrews had dissented from the president's desire to tax this property, but was forced to admit that if it increased in the same ratio before the nineteenth century closed it would be worth between two and three billions of dollars. Such a rapid increase was not only astonishing but dangerous. The idea of those in power appeared to be to obtain grand buildings, and engage in impressiv services. Their desire appeared to be to crush out all that were not within the ring. These edifices should not be erected otherwise than for the enlightenment of the people, and if they were run on other principles they should be taxed. These large edifices, cathedrals, etc., had but a few seats for worshipers, but they were so gorgeous that they placed smaller churches, where good might possibly be done, at a great disadvantage. The larger churches, with thousands of dollars' worth of property, were run on purely business principles, and the speaker intimated that they grabbed all they could lay their hands on. They rented their property, and should, therefore, pay taxes. They should be compelled to do as their master did, and render unto Cæsar the things that were Cæsar's.

The speaker then said that there was a congregation within a stone's throw from the club-room that exerted scarcely any religious influence; a congregation with a Sunday-school of barely 150 scholars; that had endeavored to sell its property to the United States government for $300,000. What right had the church to hold property, and pay no taxes, when it gave no instruction to those who were compelled to share its debts?

There was another piece of property on Clermont avenue. It occupied a whole block of ground. A foundation had been laid all around it ten years ago for the purpose of evading the law, and there it stood to-day, of no use to anyone. The speaker maintained that no church had any right to teach morals when it evaded the law.

Mr. Douglass spoke in the same strain, and Colonel J. W. Jones followed. He said that wealthy men who had sumptuous houses wanted their families to worship in churches equally sumptuous, but had a desire to dodge the tax-collector, while they were abundantly able to support the luxury they had organized. The gentleman reviewed what Messrs. Clayton, Duryea and others had said and upheld their ideas.

Chairman Hentz was slightly opposed to the ideas of his fellow clubites, and thought that a limit should be made to the holdings of church societies.

Mr. Duryea then spoke against the organizations known as the Young Men's Christian Associations of New York and Brooklyn. The former had lobbied through the legislature a special act whereby they had been permitted to own from $26,000 to $30,000 worth of property, and rent it for large amounts to the detriment of private property in the same neighborhood. It was one of the most aristocratic organizations in the city, and a poor man was debarred from its benefits. The same could be said of the Brooklyn organization. A person must believe just this or think just that, otherwise he could not become a member.

Colonel Jones thought that the limitation should be placed at $20,000 or $25,000.

Mr. R. B. Leech reviewed the history of the city, and said that even the graveyards of their ancestors had been despoiled by the church societies. He quoted, as instances, where the bones of their forefathers had been removed from two graveyards on Fulton street and from one near the Wall-about, in order that the organization might obtain large sums for property they had never paid a cent for.

Colonel Hemstreet said that all the speakers had skirmished at safe distances from the real question that affected the community. The question was one of portentous importance. The American people were liberal, and were willing to support the churches directly or indirectly. He had figured on the statements of Mr. Clayton, and had ascertained that if even the whole church property was taxed it would only be a saving of $2.50 per year to each taxpayer.

Mr. Alfred Churchman asked that somebody move as an amendment that the limit be placed at $25,000. Mr. Churchman is a clerical looking old gentleman, and created some laughter when he said that the authorities had mistaken him for a clergyman, and had reduced his taxes $2,000 on that account. "Two thousand dollars for piety's sake," said the old gentleman, chuckling.

Colonel Jones: "Did you permit it?"

Mr. Alfred Churchman chuckled again, but made no answer. Later in the evening he explained, for the benefit of those present, that he had not permitted it.

Other gentlemen spoke, and then Colonel Jones said that millions of dollars' worth of property was imported to this country duty free by priests; vestments, censors, altar cloths, and cadaverous images were brought here, but were charged no duty, merely because they were brought here by priests. One man in Minnesota made a regular business of it, and another, when he had been stopped by the Custom House officers, was surprised, and said, "Why, this is my twenty-first trip, and I hav less now than I hav ever brought across before."

After some further debate the original resolution was adopted.

The paper from which we take the above report printed, a day or two after, the annexed editorial upon the same subject:

The justice of the present exemption of church property from taxation is a question which has been discussed frequently in the past, and is likely to be still more prominent in the future. This must be so from the nature of the case. If it seemed a wrong to many citizens of this city and state, as well as of other cities and states, that churches should pay no taxes when their property amounted only to thousands of dollars, it now seems a greater wrong when it is worth millions, and as churches are constantly increasing it will seem more and more intolerable as their property goes on increasing in extent and value.

Although the Constitution Club of Brooklyn is only a small society of citizens who meet to exchange their thoughts and adopt resolutions on Constitutional questions, the subject of church taxes, which they debated recently, is one in which every citizen, not only of Brooklyn, but of the United States, is interested. The principle, as we hav said, is the same, whether the value of church property be small or large; but the statistics presented last evening are sufficiently startling to giv emphasis to the argument and to justify decisiv action. It will be far better for the churches themselvs if the question is settled before the alleged injustice assumes proportions which may excite a feeling in the public mind antagonistic to them and to the welfare of religious institutions.

It appears that the value of the property of churches and parsonages that are now exempted from taxation in Brooklyn alone amounts to $10,000,000. There is no equality in claim to exemption between public schools, hospitals, and other institutions that confer benefit upon the whole community, and are independent of all religious and denominational influence, and the churches, which represent special denominational and sentimental interests and feelings. It is urged that churches exist for the good of the state, but it has been maintained by many political economists that the next best thing to having one state religion is to hav none. It is not easy to see that the teaching of denominational dogmas that keep men at variance and divert them from common purposes and pursuits of benevolence is a benefit to the commonwealth. The benefit of a Roman Catholic church is to the members of it, and so is that of a Presbyterian, Protestant Episcopal, Baptist, or Methodist place of worship. They are excellent for those that use them; they are of no use to those who do not believe the things taught in them. Yet they ought to flourish in our midst, because it is advisable that every man should worship God according to his conscience. It is not so apparent that the state should pay for his doing so, any more than that the state should provide him with the necessaries of life.

It appears that even Napoleon III., who as emperor of France was "*fils l'aine de l'Eglise*," and whose last will shows him to hav been a sincere and devoted member of that church, thought it right to limit by a decree the property of the church in France to $15,000,000 worth. Yet in the state of New York alone this particular denomination owns $25,000,000 worth of property, and the amount is constantly increasing. An old law still exists by which all churches in this state should pay taxes on all real property above the value of about $3,000; but nothing is easier than to evade this law by dividing and subdividing the parishes and founding new district churches with other trustees. The membership of the Roman Catholic church is constantly increasing through immigration; it is chiefly of the poorer classes, but the immense value of its holdings which are exempt from taxation makes it practically a beneficiary of the state, and if its citizenship and property were to go on increasing beyond those of other denominations collectivly it would become a state church, whether it had the name or not.

It seems to us of the very essence of the voluntary system of religion which in this country has taken the place of the endowed and established churches of Europe, that every man should pay for his own religion, and that those who do not belong to it should not be taxed to support it. But the exemption of many millions' worth of church property in the state of New York from taxation clearly makes taxation heavier for the people at large. And in Brooklyn, the exemption of ten thousand dollars' worth of church property belonging to the various denominations does the same. One body of Christians would certainly not approve of special privileges being granted by the state to another body that was opposed to its doctrins and principles, and those who do not assent to the dogmas of any of the churches, Catholic or Protestant, hav an equal right to complain of the special privileges of all of them, as a whole. In truth, while George Washington denied, although an Episcopalian churchman, that the Constitution of this republic was based upon Christianity, our states hav been endowing every form of Christianity, however mutually hostil to one another. For it is the same thing to make a grant of money to a church as to exempt it from the payments made by the people for the general good. To say, "I forgiv you that debt," is, in dealings between man and man, equivalent to saying, "I make you a present of that money."

And not only is the exemption of church property from taxation an injustice to the commonwealth, but it is the cause of trickery and jealousy among the churches themselvs. If the roast beef and plum pudding of exemption from taxes be the privilege of the larger denominations, every new sect that is started will feel itself aggrieved if it has not a share. The Salvation Army will claim exemption for their barracks and headquarters on the same principle and with as much justice as the wealthy denomination that builds a magnificent cathedral.

The same argument applies to the exemption of ecclesiastical millinery and valuable property in metals and jewels from Custom House duties. It is a privilege which is based upon special ecclesiastical claims with which the people of the state hav no concern, and which are not based upon human rights or the rights of citizenship. The Methodists are the most numerous denomination in the United States, and if they were to adopt a costly ritual and build magnificent temples they might, with equal justice, insist that their importations for religious purposes should be free of tax as well as their property.

The whole question must compel investigation and legislation in the near future. As it is, we hav thrown off the trammels of a state church while we hav allowed the worst features of it to acquire proportions which were forbidden in Catholic France, and are not paralleled in the state churches of Protestant England and Germany.

Memoir.

Samuel Kirk died of heart disease on Dec. 1, 1883, aged 61. His life was a checkered one. By turn he was a farmer, merchant, lumberman; then a farmer, which occupation he was engaged in at the time of his death. He was twice married. By his first wife he had five children, four of whom are still living. By his second wife (who survives him) he had six children, five of whom are still living, the idols and care of a loving mother. By sedulity he was enabled to leave them in comfortable circumstances. In middle life he visited some of the kingdoms of Europe, and returned with a higher estimation of the advantages of a republic. He was a Freethinker in the full sense of the term; a subscriber to THE TRUTH SEEKER; an inveterate reader of all Liberal publications, and an ardent supporter of truth from whatever source it might be found. He attended the Watkins Convention in 1882; has been charmed with the wit and eloquence of Ingersoll, and, if possible, made more sanguin by the logic of Chainey. His decalog, abridged, was:

> "Bound to no sect, and to no creed confined,
> My home the world, my brethren all mankind:
> Love, justice, do good, be kind to all,
> Support the truth, though every ism fall."

His prayer ineffable was, "Lord thou hast the power but not the will; I hav the will but not the power; let me importune thee to join thy power with my will and save poor fallen humanity." Peace to his remains, and happiness to those who survive him.

Lumber City, Pa. S.

Passed to Spirit Life.

From Ottumwa, Iowa, Jan. 21, 1884, Mrs. Sarah Millisack, aged eighty-four years and seven months. She was born in Harrison county, Ohio. At twenty-one she married Jacob Millisack, and together, in those early days, they did valiant service in the anti-slavery cause. Henry C. Wright, Wendell Phillips, Abby Kelly, Parker Pillsbury, and many others, enjoyed the hospitality of her home. For a number of years she was a Methodist, but in the early days of Spiritualism, she, with her husband, became convinced of its truth, and in that belief she passed gently away, crowned with a life-time of good deeds. The funeral services were largely attended, Mr. W. F. Peck, Mrs. Nettie Fox, and Mrs. Lake officiating. The Liberal choir sang some very beautiful and impressiv songs, and in the light of the new philosophy of death the body of the arisen one was laid away. She leaves behind her life-long companion, and eight children, all zealous Liberal Spiritualists.

MRS. H. S. LAKE.

ONE of the best ways to help along the cause of Freethought is to circulate THE TRUTH SEEKER. Trial subscriptions of three months for 50 cents.

Letters from Friends.

AYER, MASS., Feb. 5, 284.

MR. EDITOR: I hav received "The Truth Seeker Annual and Freethinkers' Almanac for 1884," and consider the cost (25 cents) a very slight approximate to its real value. It is at once a treasury of thought—the best Freethought—of the age, and also of statistical reference on many important facts in history, not to be found elsewhere. I hazard nothing in saying no one will regret the possession of it, or willingly part with it. Please mail one to each of the four names inclosed. E. MYRICK.

WHEELING, W. VA., Jan. 30, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed a synopsis of a speech or lecture delivered in this city on the 147th anniversary of the death of Thomas Paine by Major J. J. Folley, of New Orleans, La. Previous to this, Mr. S. Hutchings and myself had about completed arrangements for a private celebration, But, upon learning soon after that Mr. Foley was going to occupy the rostrum on the same evening, and with better results, perhaps, we gave up the idea, and repaired to the synagog of Freethought. Ice has been broken here, in this neck of God's moral vinyard, and if the god of reason still sits supreme a little while longer—say a year—a Liberal League may be the result of this one night's labor in Freethought. Hoping that the Liberals hav everywhere met and given thanks that God created such a noble soul as Thomas Paine, I subscribe myself, as ever, the foe of mental despotism. OCTAVIUS J. BROSIUS.

CUMMINGS, ILL., Feb. 1, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Allow me the space in which to say a few words in regard to the now defunct Gunnison and Uncompahgre Colonization Society, which was to found a Liberal colony near Delta, Col.

Last spring I was induced—by letters and circulars received—to join, and paid $25 membership fee, and went out to the place where the colony was to locate. Shortly after I arrived I found that the Gunnison and Uncompahgre Colonization Society was defunct, and that I had not received—and was not likely to—any benefits for the money paid into the society. So I concluded that it was no more than just and fair that my money should be refunded to me. Since then I hav written twice to the president of the society, A. W. Smith, of Denver, in regard to refunding the money, but he was not manly enough to even answer my letter. If Smith is not a fraud he has acted very much like one in the colony scheme.

In conclusion, I will say that those parties of whom the society was composed may succeed in keeping the $25 they received from me, but they can rest assured that I shall not keep silent in regard to the matter until their acts are duly exposed.

C. BURSEE.

PRESCOTT, IOWA, Jan. 29, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $5, which you will dispose of as per accompanying order.

The books which you sent arrived in due time in good shape, and are highly satisfactory. I already hav Paine's works loaned out (which, by the way, is the second volume of his works which I hav sowing the good seed in this neighborhood), and hav scattered Remsburg's "False Claims" broadcast, and the tracts and leaflets which I order by this shall be used the same way.

The religionists are holding a series of meetings in our schoolhouse. I liv in the country, and am only a boy, and I hav been arraigned for disseminating Infidel literature. One of the leading saints said I was a "pretty good boy if it was not for my belief, and that is not so bad if I would keep it still." Another one asserted, "He sows more seeds of Infidelity in a month than the preacher can uproot in a year"—and thus I ever intend to be. Last night I challenged the preacher to a discussion on the merits of Infidel literature, but he would not giv me a definit answer. I hope you will fill my orders as soon as possible, as I want the tracts to distribute while the revival is going on.

My best wishes to you and THE TRUTH SEEKER fraternity, and long may you liv to combat priestcraft and superstition. JOHN W. YEADON.

SPRING FORGE, Jan. 31, 284.

MR. EDITOR: For the $1 you will please to send "Age of Reason," cloth, and Colonel Ingersoll's "What Must We Do to be Saved?" and last, but not least, a copy of "The Truth Seeker Annual and Freethinkers' Almanac for 1884."

I see you published two of my letters; receive my thanks for it. Ever since the publication of the first letter in issue of January 19th I receive almost daily sample copies of Liberal papers. I also received a prospectus of Mr. Truesdell's "Bottom Facts," which I left to an old Spiritualist in York, previously a subscriber for a Spiritualistic paper. I had also a letter from a Mr. Lighty, of Mulberry, this county, a subscriber for your paper, who obviously was surprised not to find my name in Green's Directory. As I only received an invitation to membership of the New York State Freethinkers' Association last week —moreover, as I first got acquainted with American Spiritualism, Liberalism, and Freethought shortly before my subscription for THE TRUTH SEEKER—I could not yet be inserted in any of the Freethinkers' lists and directories of this country; but I shall hasten to return the application for membership this very day with my own and another old antichrist's signature; he is reading THE TRUTH SEEKER with me.

There is some occult Liberalism, even in this part of the world. There are our barber and many others depending on their Christian neighbors, who are afraid to confess; nevertheless, through them I received the addresses of two outspoken Infidels, whom I will probably visit, when health and weather get more favorable. Yours, F. W. OPP.

BELLECENTRE, O., Feb. 4, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I find on page 23 of your issue of Jan. 12th a column headed "Liberty and Prohibition," in which the writer, W. F. Jamieson, opens out with a grievance inflicted on him by one E. C. Walker, said grievance consisting of "illogical remarks," "ungenerous flings," "reckless and cruel charges." I am somewhat surprised that one so great —"for I thought he was invulnerable"—should feel annoyed at receiving pay in his own coin, for I don't know anyone more liberal than W. F. Jamieson in despotic, arrogant, and dogmatic flings — in fact, in this sense alone can he be considered a Liberal, for I hold it utterly impossible for anyone to be at the same time a Prohibitionist and a Liberal. My humble opinion, "which you need not consider," is that W. F. Jamieson is used up, regularly cornered, on the question of prohibition, as must every other one be who attempts to defend it. I would advise W. F. Jamieson and his class to turn their attention to the perpetual motion machine; that finished, they might again turn their hand to Prohibition, for the one seems as likely to be brought about as the other. Personally I am in favor of temperance—temperance in all things. Not that I hav a very high opinion of the author of that sentiment, who was all things to all men. I consider there is a wide difference between prohibition and temperance. Prohibition savors of tyranny and coercion, and coming from a class who profess to hav the happiness of the human family at heart, appears to me a strange mode of procedure, making people happy by taking away their liberties, coercing them into subjection, bullying them into devotion. It is not desirable to the majority of the people, but only to a few petrified specimens of some prehistoric age, who hav more vanity than discretion—in fact, a few bigots and tyrants who wish to rule the people in a way just to suit their own fancy. I hav known many Prohibitionists, but hav not yet found any who possess a shadow of benevolence. They hav all been a covetous, selfish, narrow-minded set of skinflints. They are chiefly antiquated church-members, and are actuated more by envy than by pity. They lack sincerity; it is not the morality nor the comfort of the people they consider; "no, they would sooner commit suicide than do anybody good," but they hav only the desire to rule them. It puzzles me to understand how men like W. F. Jamieson, whose avowed object is to destroy or weaken church influence, can truckle to its interests. This also savors of insincerity, and looks like a political trick to catch votes. It seems to me the Prohibitionists are on the wrong track. Why not apply to their savior? He once turned water into wine, and surely he could turn whisky into water; but they must instruct him not to meddle with what is in bond; let the distillers pay the duty first. That's the way to abuse Prohibition. That will settle the liquor trade; and I can not think of anything else that will.

Yours respectfully, WM. PAULUCCI.

ROCHESTER, MICH., Feb. 4, 1884.

TO MRS. SLENKER, *Dear Madam:* In the last number of THE TRUTH SEEKER I read, with a curious interest, your notice of Mr. Putnam's book. As you quote, Mr. Putnam says: "Mind is not substance: it is simply phenomena. We cannot make it identical with pure existence, for it has no independent life. We cannot conceive it as existing in itself. Mind is not matter, however subtil and ethereal. Neither is it an entity or thing." And so on, manipulating that one thought—mind has no existence independent of matter.

Then follow your remarks: "There it is, my friends; all the problems of mind and matter solved in a few axiomatic sentences," etc., which read to me wondrously like an intended satire. If you had only used the term *dog*matic instead of *axio*matic, I should hav felt sure of your meaning. In closing the paragraph, you say, "I don't see how theologians or Spiritualists can reconcile the *facts* [italics mine] of this simple essay with their ideas of life beyond the spheres."

In reference to your kind invitation to "rise and explain," although not yet claiming to be a distinctiv Spiritualist, let me refer you to some things that transpired in my own family in this village in October last. I am sure I know them to be facts, whether Mr. Putnam's theories all are or not.

From my TRUTH SEEKER reading, I rather suspect you consider that Mr. J. W. Truesdell, of Syracuse, N. Y., has settled the subject of independent slate writing. I ordered and read what he chose to designate "Bottom Facts," and found the title a misnomer.

At the time above mentioned, in a well-lighted room, about mid-day, in presence of my wife and self —along in our sixties, but with our senses of perception (allowing us to be judges) yet in good running order; a son of thirty-five years, a merchant here, and rated a shrewd business man, and an avowed skeptic in Spiritualism; and a Mr. W. A. Mansfield, medium; a boy, you may say, of twenty years of age, brought up on a farm near Grand Rapids, in this state—a sincere, unsuspecting, honest, simple-hearted young man—there was independent slate-writing, and no trick, sleight-of-hand, fraud, or any such thing. There was, independent of human hands, an intelligent answer written upon the upper side of the lower of two clean slates while placed together, to one of a number of questions previously penciled on small strips of paper and rolled into pellets and placed on the table in the absence of the medium.

That one question he apparently picked up haphazard, placed between those slates, and the writing was done while they lay on top of the table, and a hand of each of us four resting on each slate corner. Such writing was done at different times between those slates with and without pencil, while lying on the table, or in other positions before our eyes; once while I held the slates back six feet or more away from the medium. There were the names of our dead friends signed to those answers. Of those names Mr. Mansfield knew nothing. One was of my lost boy, who died before Mr. Mansfield was born. Nor could he hav learned had he at any time while with us slipped into another room, *a la* Truesdell, and rummaged in our coat pockets. We had also a number of evening sittings, only one of which I shall hav time and room to giv you here an outline of. It was a dark seance (hold on, now!). There were eight persons present—four of our near neighbors, and three of our own family and Mr. Mansfield. Two or three were believers, the others inquirers. We all sat in a circle, so close that our chairs all touched each other, and all joined hands, my skeptical son holding Mr. Mansfield's right hand or wrist, and a level-headed lady at my right holding the medium's left hand. After some ten minutes, the medium seemed to go into a trance, and remained so for eighty minutes or more. My son remarked a number of times that he could feel no pulse in Mr. Mansfield's wrist, and he breathed so heavily that we could all hear it distinctly, as though in a deep sleep. During this time there were unmistakable evidences of the presence of an intelligence or intelligences independent of the circle—hands, that could not hav belonged to any of the sitters, would gently pat our hands, heads, and faces. At our son's request, some independent hand took out his pocketbook, shook out the papers and change, that were heard fall, rolled up some bank bills and crowded them between the owner's fingers, and finally, per request, gathered up the contents to where they belonged, and placed the book in his pocket again. His watch, a stem-winder, was taken out, wound up, passed around the circle, and put back again. A light-stand was brought from the farther corner of the room, over our heads, and placed in our circle by some unknown intelligent force (N.B.—A secret accomplice is out of the question), and there tipped over and about, as requested. The lady at my right, as she says, mentally requested this something to unfasten her necktie and carry it across the circle to her husband. It was immediately done. Books were brought from a table, and a panel picture from the organ, that were not asked for nor thought of by any one of those present. I might go on with this narration to still greater length, and not tell near all that transpired in those circles. But I must hasten to a close.

Mrs. Slenker, this is the point I am after. We in that room during those evenings and intervening days had evidence clear and unmistakable that there were intelligences about us that were not of us. I do not swear that they were absolutely those of our dead friends. Nevertheless, there were those manifestations of intelligence, and no human bodies attached. I am well aware that this I hav related is no new or strange thing. Our country is full of it. No doubt, more or less fraud is practiced under the name of Spiritualism. Whenever it is self-confessed all must allow it. But the fraud theory will not explain all the facts, and the effort to make it do so calls for a resort to paltry subterfuges.

When our Materialistic friends will take heart to examin these various phenomena, learn and publish to the world their import, then some things may be settled. Until then Winter's *ipse dixit*, Wakeman's long-drawn inferences, and Putnam's poetic postulates will not do the work of convincing the world. Such ghosts will not down at such bidding.

C. H. GREENE.

BURTON, TEX., Jan. 23, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $2.50 to pay my fare on board our stanch passenger packet, which is sailing so proudly to the kingdom. If she could only cruise around more in the waters of the old Zion craft, I think her superior accommodations would entice passengers to come over, but knowing this, the old, unworthy hulk steers clear, and warns her deluded tribe to look not on, even, such su

picious sails, lest they become contaminated. But people cannot always be kept in subjection. A desire to change the old threadbare fables for truth and scientific facts will now and then seize one and another, until the old ship will finally be deserted, and our fleet will take the fort.

I venture to occasionally slip a copy of THE TRUTH SEEKER into the orthodox camp, but always at great risk of the flames—for vengeance is declared thereon should it happen to fall into the hands of the lady of the household; hence I am accused of doing much harm hereabouts, as some of the devout brethren hav begun to "cuss," and are not so regular in their attendance at church—all of which are signs of improvement.

Hoping you will excuse me for so long neglecting the duty of remitting my fare, I remain

Truly yours, H. B. JONES.

CRABORCHARD, Jan. 24, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $2 to apply on subscription for your welcome paper, as it is my first choice among all papers in existence, and has been from the first number issued in Illinois by that ever-faithful friend of liberty, D. M. Bennett. It is wonderful what inroads the principles taught by the good old hero hav made in so short a time. What may we not expect in the future, if Liberals prove faithful to their trust.

I would be glad to hav a few of the pamphlets of Remsburg's great lecture, to distribute around in these parts. I think they would do some good here, as the bigots are somewhat quiet just now. I am getting somewhat old—nearly 69—and am almost blind. I will now close for the present.

Yours as ever, B. F. STONE.

LOCUST GROVE, PA., Jan. 19, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I inclose $1 for THE TRUTH SEEKER as long as that amount will pay for it. I hav read several copies of your paper. I hav thought seriously of its claims as a journal of reform. The result is that I wish to become a regular subscriber. It is perhaps a little in advance of our age—it is certainly far in advance of a great majority of our people; still I think the people need just such literature as your paper supplies. I am engaged in teaching the only school in this little town. I take several papers and journals, but my list would be incomplete without THE TRUTH SEEKER, for I am a Freethinker—just what it seems to me that every true man should be.

With best wishes for the permanent success of the sensible, witty, brilliant TRUTH SEEKER, I remain

Yours, OSCAR PARKER.

MATTAPOISETT, MASS., Jan. 19, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $2.50 for THE TRUTH SEEKER another year. I like the raper very much; it knocks this Bible I hav had for the last forty years higher than a kite. I am in hopes the time is not far distant when it will knock it out of existence. I want the world to know that I am ar Infidel, and if I hav to go to hell on account of being so ignorant—if it is ignorance—I shall find the class of people there that I should want to find. If I wanted assistance to-day it would be the Infidels I should look to, as I take them to be the most honorable people in existence. If I am wrong I would like to be righted. But it will take something besides church lies to do it, as I think more of one Infidel truth then I do of a thousand church lies.

BENJ. F. DEXTER.

SEDALIA, MO., Jan. 28, 284.

MR. EDITOR: Your correspondent has been a reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER since September, 1878. He was somewhat fearful that the death of its founder would result in the death of the paper, but he cheerfully indorses the opinion of its contributors, that THE TRUTH SEEKER has improved under the present management to a considerable extent. The diversified character and scope of its contributions make the paper a continual feast. May its light never know any waning.

There are many forms of evil that afflict humanity, and reformers are generally specialists; each one singles out one form of evil, and claims that it is the parent evil. Thus THE TRUTH SEEKER claims that superstition is the parent evil. Another, that land monopoly is the monster curse. Another, that too many hours of daily labor to which the toiler is subjected is the all-devouring fiend. Another, that the use of alcoholic stimulants as a beverage is the hydra-headed destroyer. Another, that usury, rent, and profit are the boss thieves in the mill, etc., and your correspondent claims that all these forms of evil hav a common parentage. They are the legitimate offspring of the competitiv system on which present society is based. Throttle this fiend, and you dry up the source of these evils. Pruning will only giv temporary relief. We must lay the ax at the root of the tree that bears the bitter fruit. THE TRUTH SEEKER'S mission is to educate the masses for the rapidly approaching revolution that is to rid this country at least of the presence of this devouring curse. Then we will lay the foundation of the new temple on the rock of the brotherhood of humanity.

Yours in the brotherhood of Freethought, free land, short hours of toil, prohibition, and against usury, rent, and profit, N. T. R.

KEOTA, IA., Jan. 18, 1885.

MR. EDITOR: I liv five miles from town, confined to the house with ill health most of my time; and although I mail all my. TRUTH SEEKERS to Liberal friends, I fear I did not gain a permanent subscriber yet (three failing harvests causing a scarcity of money in southeastern Iowa). Divide the inclosed $5 as follows: One year's subscription, $3, from Jan. 1. 1884; 25 cents for "The Truth Seeker Annual and Freethinkers' Almanac for 1884;" 75 cents for one dozen of Remsburg's "False Claims," and the remaining $1 you will please to send to our old veteran, J. Hacker, for the pearls of thought handed to us by his contributions to THE TRUTH SEEKER.

I am not so enthusiastic as many of your readers to see multitudes of Freethinkers on all the corners and cross-roads. We may yet, as to numbers, fight in the shade of the spears of Jehovah's hosts. We can and do conquer them by argument, but not by counting votes; therefore we should not establish the rule that majorities may interfere with the habits of the minorities, for that opens the road down whence we hav come—roasting heretics and burning witches. We should not double the hosts of Rome by degrading woman to trudge to the ballot-box. Our gain would only be a few and better, but the hosts of Rome, by dictate of the priesthood, do multiply like sand. Yours truly, CHAS. NAUMANN.

GARY, DAKOTA, Jan. 17, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $2 for trial subscriptions for THE TRUTH SEEKER; names as in accompanying note.

Gary is a town of about three hundred inhabitants, just across the Minnnesta line. There are some Liberals in town, and quite a number in the country, but not many take Liberal papers, which, of course, is deplorable. But all those who hav received a sample copy of THE TRUTH SEEKER seem to be well pleased with it. I hope many of them will become actual subscribers; we need a little stirring up here just now, as the God's people of this town hav got to fighting. Last Sunday some of the leading members of the Presbyterian church locked out their minister. One of the members is said to hav remarked that, "if the preacher would hav forced his way in, he would hav kicked him out." The church is a new one, and is not yet dedicated. They quarreled the first Sunday the preacher occupied the pulpit, and hav kept it up ever since. It seems that a certain party, who has contributed the most toward the church, tries to run it; hence the trouble. The Methodists hav also commenced building a church; look out for more fur a-flying.

Fight on, ye ranting hypocrits, and show the world your true inwardness. While you are fooling away your money building God-houses, you are letting your fellow-man suffer in ignorance and want. Oh, how long will you keep up that delusion? Nine-tenths of you do not believe what you pretend to, nor what you preach. But the time will soon come when your rotten system will be exposed and you will hav to be ashamed that you had neither the courage nor the honesty to express your honest convictions. P. J. UMBRITE.

BELPRE, O., Jan. 22, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: It would giv me much more pleasure to send you this letter could I inclose what I owe you for reading the dear TRUTH SEEKER since October, 1881, but this pleasure, like a thousand or more others, I am denied—at least at the present time. I was in hope that I would be able to pay up, for at least one year's subscription, but since the establishment in which I was employed burnt down on the 4th of this month I am without any support, left out again; and with a family of eleven heads, destitute of all necessities of life, I feel as if I had got to the end of the road and could neither go ahead nor turn back to escape starvation, or, what is worse, the disgrace of receiving bread from the hands of the agents of Jesus Christ & Co., who hav already made charitable offers to my family; and, providing I am willing to giv up mental liberty for a bundle of old clothes, my landlord will let me remain in his house another month. My profession would pay better than day-labor, could I but get out among a people who are not so much prejudiced against Infidel music-teachers. I find there are some among the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER engaged in publishing and selling music or musical instruments, and I would be glad if I could get acquainted with some of these, for I might serve in a great many different ways in that line of business, and might get employment. I hav compositions to publish, can arrange music for almost any instrument, piano, organ, brass or string bands, tuning and regulating pianos and other instruments, as well as playing the piano, violin, and clarionet. This does not pay any better than teaching here in this place, where we hav a surplus of cheap female teachers within the folds of the church, and the professional teacher is expected to work more for Christ's sake than for the furtherance of the beautiful art of music. Concluding, I will say that I will try to pay for THE TRUTH SEEKER, and hope you will not stop it—at least for the next three months.

Yours with gratefulness, J. G. KUHN.

[The story of Mr. Kuhn is a sad one. THE TRUTH SEEKER shall not stop; it will supply him with mental food; and we hope some of our readers will know of employment whereby he can earn enough to supply himself and family with physical necessities, and not be compelled to sell his soul for clothes and food. It is to be regretted that Freethought is yet so young that it has no organized societies of relief. There is such a thing as helping a man without dishonoring him. It must be the work of Infidels to do this. The churches hold out a loaf in one hand and a text in the other. By swallowing the text he is allowed to hav a mouthful of the loaf. Help, and not charity, must be extended.—ED. T. S.]

LIBERAL, MO., Jan. 22, 284.

MR. EDITOR: I hav given a course of three lectures at Fort Scott, Kansas, the last one on Sunday night. The first two lectures were well attended, the body of the court-house being comfortably filled. On Sunday night a large number came, although the several churches hav held special meetings to bring the unconverted into a saved condition. Owing to some unavoidable delay in getting the hall opened and lighted, over a hundred persons came and left. It was announced that the lecture would commence early, and that those who desired seats should come early. Although such a number left, the court-house was filled, and for the hour and forty-five minutes that I spoke they gave the best attention. The subject was, "Why Do Freethinkers Reject the Bible?" As is generally the case, the Christian ministers gave a little of their animosity, and disparaged the cause and character of Liberalism.

E. N. McComas, J. and L. Farnsworth, F. M. Baker, and M. S. Fox are some of the leading Liberals of this town. Gov. McComas was for some years editor of the Chicago *Times*, and is the author of "The Divine Problem," an abstruse metaphysical work, or criticism of Prof. Tyndall and Herbert Spencer's position. Whether the work be a solution of the divine problem or not, it exhibits a far-seeing, penetrating, logical mind.

I shall probably giv a lecture here on Paine on the 29th inst. There seems to be a great need of activ Liberal work here, and the people are getting more and more desirous of it.

I wish to say to the Leagues and different organizations throughout the country, that being in the lecture field, I am willing to respond to all calls for lectures. Write for terms. J. L. ANDREW.

WINTER PARK, FLORIDA, Feb. 1, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed you will find $1, for which please send four copies of your "Truth Seeker Annual." Please accept my thanks for the four copies you sent me of the Mitchell-Wakeman debate. I will distribute them where I hope they will do some good. Very little Freethought, or, rather, free action, in this vicinity. The churches here are social institutions, or clubs, and unless one goes occasionally at least, he will lose caste. My nearest neighbor is not orthodox by a good deal, and thinks much as I do; yet he is a vestry man of the Episcopal church and takes an activ part. He is of that class alluded to by the late lamented John W. Draper, known as involuntary hypocrits. There is also another class of voluntary hypocrits, who are governed by policy. I hav another neighbor, educated and well read, who is not rated as belonging to either of the above classes; he is a disciple of the ancient philosopher, Lucretius, and does not keep much account of church-going. I hav read most of the lectures of Col. Ingersoll and his other writings, but am free to say, in my humble judgment, that his "Analysis of Orthodox Belief," as seen in the last number of THE TRUTH SEEKER, is the most logical, convincing, and conclusiv document I ever read among the thousand and one articles on the same subject. Were I a millionaire, I would hav millions of copies printed and spread broadcast over the whole country.

The misfortune is that it is written by Col. Ingersoll. There are many persons who would throw it aside without reading as soon as they saw his name as the author. Such is the force of bigotry and prejudice.

Well may the churches, both Protestant and Catholic, be alarmed at the progress of Freethought and common sense; but if the former should join hands with the Catholics, thousands will at once leave their ranks and come to us, or will show at least a strong leaning in that direction. The fact is, it is now too late—too much Freethought literature spreading over the country. The only feasible, practical plan is to modify, readjust, and reconstruct the whole system of theology.

It has occurred to me that if any one of the large Protestant organizations were to convene and remodel and readjust their whole system on a Rationalistic plan, they would soon hav a very large following of the best class of humanity. Humanity must hav something to replace the old effete beliefs. They must hav church or lecture organizations. Organization is the word that has practical, efficient power in it; and if Liberalism is to be a success, organization is the thing to make and perpetuate it. But, by all means, I trust it will never merge into a miserable political party; the tail end it would be all the time. Beg pardon for boring you with my crude thoughts.

May THE TRUTH SEEKER long liv, and perform well its mission, is the earnest wish of

Yours respectfully, NELSON BEALL.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"His life is long whose work is well,
And be his station low or high,
He who the most good works can tell,
Livs longest though he soonest die."

The Little Glass Shoe.

"Ho! ho! ha! ha! what is it I view?"
John Wild, the ploughman, cried,
As he hit his foot on a little glass shoe
That lay on the mountain side;
"Some fay has lost it, there's never a doubt,
And ah! how lucky for me,
The owner will soon be roaming about
To find where his shoe may be.
And so (said John) I'll carry it home,
That's just what I will do,
And he will pay me a pretty sum,
Who buys this little glass shoe!"
And he spread the story far and near,
For many a mile around,
That the fairy folk might surely hear
Who the little glass shoe had found.
And soon to John a merchant came,
Who said he had heard the news;
And would the ploughman sell the same
To a dealer in little glass shoes?
And he offered John a pretty price
For the shoe that he had found;
But John replied it was much too nice
To go for a hundred pound;
Then the merchant offered a hundred more,
But the ploughman still said, "Nay;
The man who buys my shoe (he swore)
Will dearly hav to pay.
There's not so pretty a shoe on earth
To cover a lady's toes;
And then I happen to know its worth
Far better than you suppose.
The shoe is one of wondrous price
(That nobody can deny),
And yet, perchance, there's some device
May serve the shoe to buy.
If you are able to show me, now,
When I am ploughing my field.
That every furrow behind my plow
A shining ducat may yield—
Why, then, to you the shoe I'll giv,
Else I will keep it myself—
For an ornament, as long as I liv,
To grace my mantel-shelf!"
And so it was the fairy bought
('Twas he in merchant's guise!)
His own glass shoe, and quick as thought,
Away to his home he hies.
And off went John, with much delight,
As fast as he could go,
By trial to prove that very night
If the charm would work or no.
And he found the fairy's word as true
As he promised in the trade;
For a shining ducat came to view
In every furrow he made!
And again next morning off he went—
Nor scarce to eat could stop—
To plough again—he was so intent
To gather his golden crop.
And so he ploughed, and ploughed, and ploughed
And scarce for slumber ceased;
No wonder John was growing proud,
So fast his wealth increased!
And still he ploughed by day and night,
When none were looking on,
Till he seemed, indeed, a sorrow wight,
He grew so lean and wan!
And still when none his work might view,
He ploughed by night and day.
And still the more his riches grew,
The more he pined away.
Until, at last his work was stopped,
And the ploughman, where was he?
Down in the furrow, alas! he dropped,
As dead as dead could be!—
Though good is gold to hav and to hold,
My story makes it clear,
Who sells himself for sordid pelf,
Has bought it much too dear!

—*Saxe.*

Meddlesome Molly.

"Oh, I smell buckwheat cakes! Fry me one—do! I just dote on buckwheats! I want a good big one!

Molly White uttered these words as she bounded into Mrs. Kingsley's well-kept kitchen, where that good lady was engaged frying buckwheat cakes for breakfast.

"Havn't you been to breakfast, Molly?" inquired Mrs. Kingsley.

"Why, yes; but I didn't hav buckwheat cakes. Never mind about sending it into the dining-room; I'll eat it right here. Where's the butter? Got any molasses? Some like maple syrup, but for me, just plaster on the butter, and then sop it with molasses, and I don't ask anything better."

In helping herself to butter and molasses, Molly upset a pepper-sauce bottle, and came near breaking it; knocked over a pitcher of milk and spilled it; and in drawing molasses tilted the jug so far that its contents ran in a small puddle on the buttery floor before she saw what mischief she was doing. Mrs. Kingsley looked distressed, but as she did not wish to reprove a neighbor's daughter said nothing.

"There! that was what I call good. Do you hav 'em every morning? because if you do I'll come and eat breakfast with you."

Mrs. Kingsley made no reply, while Molly wiped her sticky fingers on her apron, and ran into the dining-room, exclaiming,

"If you havn't got the table-cloth on the wrong side! Well, we do so sometimes; when it gets dirty on the right side clap it on the wrong side, and 'twill go a couple of weeks longer, if you're careful! O my! what's this?—a new book of prints! What pretty pictures!" and she commenced turning the leaves with her molasses-daubed fingers, leaving a stain on every page. "Where's Carrie? Car-o-line! Where are you? Hoot!"

Away through the rooms she went, and up stairs to Carrie's sleeping-room, where that young lady was engaged making her bed. Carrie was Mrs. Kingsley's daughter

"Oh, I hope you don't make your bed every morning regular. I don't"

"What do you do with your bed?" asked Carrie.

"Just spread it up—so! shake up the pillows, and let it go at that. What's the use to be so fussy? Whose room is that across the entry?"

"Father and mother sleep there."

"I'm going in there; why, this bed is all nicely made, too. Whose new boots in the clothes-press, here?"

"My father's," answered Carrie, with a sigh.

"I'm going to try them on," and she slipped her feet into Mr. Kingsley's boots, and then stood up on a trunk to look on a shelf. "What's in this box here? O goodness, gracious! look at the gloves, and the velvet what-d'ye-call it, and the spangles, and the gold fringe! And here's a hat, and, oh, what a long feather! There! Why don't you put that on your winter hat, Carrie? And here's a sword! What is all this toggery, anyhow? Was your father ever a soldier?"

"Oh, I wish you would put the things back," said Carrie. "If you must know, my father is a Mason, and belongs to a commandery, and that is his suit. I wish you'd let it alone."

"Oh, ho! That's the secret of Masonry, is it? Spangles and feathers, swords and gauntlet gloves! I'm glad I found it out. You needn't be so short, though; we can never be Masons. What's in this other box?" and she hastily pulled off the cover.

"Oh, don't touch that—don't," pleaded Carrie.

"Why not? I guess there isn't anything in it to bite me?"

"No, no; but my little brother Charley's playthings are in there."

"What, the one that died ever so long ago? Oh, well, I won't trouble it—don't fret."

She jumped down and kicked off Mr. Kingsley's boots, to the great relief of Carrie, and followed her out of the room.

"Oh, this is Tom's jungle, I know," said Molly, pausing on the threshold of another room. "Look at the pictures he has tacked all over the walls—pirates, bicycles, sleds, Indians, horses, monkeys, and things—just like a boy, for all this world! Box of blacking and shoe-brush on the bed, bootjack behind the door, and a pair of skates in the middle of the floor! What's this writing I I'm going to read it."

"Please, don't. Tom won't like it."

"Don't you read his higgledy-piggledy papers?" pulling out a table drawer.

"No, indeed; not without leave. It wouldn't be proper. Papa says we should not meddle with each other's affairs, unless invited to do so. We wouldn't like anybody to interfere with our concerns, and that which we would not like done to ourselvs we should be sure and never do."

"All nonsense, Carrie. Here's Tom's penknife—ivory handle. I guess I'll sharpen my pencil, and I shall read this paper sure as you're born. I'm glad I havn't any old-fashioned fiddlestick notions." But in reaching for the manuscript, she swept the ink-bottle off the desk, and upset the contents on the carpet.

"O dear! Dreadful sorry! Couldn't help it, though! Hark! Is that Tom coming? I guess I'll go now. Good-by. Come over. Don't tell Tom who did it." And away the giddy girl went, much to the relief of Carrie, whose ways being quiet and gentle, was always anxious when Molly was about, lest, in her meddling, she should do mischief.

Molly meant well enough, but she was so meddlesome that nearly everybody disliked her. She would go into a neighbor's house, her eyes roving around the room, trying to see something to meddle with. "Hello,' she would say, "where did you get this? What did it cost? I don't see how you can afford it. If left alone a moment, she would open doors, and peer into every closet, cupboard, cellarway, or chamber. One day she went into Mrs. Jones's house just as that lady placed something on an upper shelf in the pantry. A caller was announced, and Mrs. Jones excused herself before Molly had time to ask what it was she had placed on the upper shelf. But Mrs. Jones had no sooner left the room than Molly determined to know for herself. She darted into the pantry with a chair, upon which she mounted. "What's this?" said she, taking the stopper from a bottle. "Jamaica ginger! And here's some mutton tallow!—and goose grease for sore throat!—and bay rum—I'll wet my handkerchief—I like to smell it! And St. Jacob's Oil! pah!—they hav everything handy, though. But there's the stone pot she put there. I shouldn't wonder if it's full of citron, melon, or peaches!" And standing on tiptoe, she grasped with both hands the stone pot, and at the same time lost her balance, fell over backwards, dishes, St. Jacob's Oil, a bottle of alcohol, essences, pie plates, a soup dish, tin pans, and the stone pot and contents all falling upon her. The terrible commotion brought Mrs. Jones and her caller to the scene, which they viewed in great consternation. The stone pot did not contain preserves or sweetmeats, but simply some melted beef suet that Mrs. Jones had put away to cool. Luckily for Molly, it was not hot, or she might hav been badly scalded. As it was, her face, neck, and hair, were all saturated with the grease; besides, her dress was ruined by it.

This affair was quite a lesson, and, you would hav thought, must hav cured her meddlesome habits. Nobody was sorry, but all said, "It served her right: she should not hav been meddling with other people's business."

For some time after she seemed quite subdued, but the following summer her old habits revived again, and she went on just as badly as before. One day she discovered a hornet's nest in an old shed. She examined it from every side, and she wanted very much to see, she said, the inside of a hornet's house. Tom Kingley told her not to meddle with the hornets' nest, for if she did she would surely get hurt.

"Tom Kingsley is a coward," she said inwardly. "I'm not afraid of getting hurt." Her father and mother both told her to let the hornets' nest alone, but she paid no attention to their counsel, and, watching an opportunity, when no hornets, as she could discover, were about, she seized a two-tined, long-handled pitchfork, and went for the nest.

"I want to see how it is fixed inside, said she, laughing to herself. "The hornets are all out neighboring, and now for some fun!"

Another moment and the hornets' house was on the end of the pitchfork, and Molly—luckless, frightened, meddlesome Molly—was running toward the house, screaming and screeching, pursued by more than a hundred mad hornets—for they were all in the nest at the time of the attack. They covered her face, her ears, her eyes, her neck, her hands—in fact, they were all over her, in her sleeves, in her slippers, and everywhere they touched they stung. They followed her right into the house, and Oh, how mad those hornets were! They would hav killed her on the spot if they could, and they undoubtedly would if her mother had not come to the rescue; for their rights had been invaded, their house torn down, and their children turned homeless into the street, and for the time all they thought of was revenge.

Poor Mollie was a sight to behold for many a day afterward. She could not open her eyes, and her nose was swollen to three times its natural size—and it was a good-sized nose originally. The hornets had stung her fearfully, and a physician had to be called to allay the dreadful pain and smart.

But it cured Molly of her meddlesome tricks. It was a painful and severe lesson, but an effectual one, for never again did she meddle with what did not concern her. From that time on, she was a good, well-behaved girl, and won the respect and admiration of all who noted the great change in her conduct. Mrs. Jones, who never forgot the melted suet affair, said meddlesome people did not always get into a swarm of hornets, yet it was a pity they didn't, but she had remarked it that they usually came to grief in one way or another; and whenever she heard of anyone meddling with other people's business she would be sure to tell the story of Meddlesome Molly and the hornets' nest.

Correspondence.

PAWTUCKET, R. I., Jan. 30, 1884.

MISS WIXON, Dear Friend: Father says I may write to you, and I take the first opportunity. I have read "Apples of Gold," and I feel almost well acquainted with you. I like "Uncle Stevenson," in your book, so much, and I like all the good characters in it, and the naughty ones are only to show how bad is evil. I hav not had the chance some girls hav to get an education, except in music, and they say I excel in that. I play the violin and piano. But I shall try to educate myself in reading and writing, in which I am deficient. Mother says I am very well advanced in arithmetic. I am in compound fractions. Perhaps I am writing too long a letter. Father says, if I write too long, you will not hav time to answer, for you are always busy; so I will say good-bye at once, hoping that this will find you well, and that you will answer when convenient. With grateful admiration, I am always,

Your loving friend, ETTA ——.

Liberal Meetings.

[Leagues and Liberal and Spiritualistic Societies in the United States and Canada meeting regularly, can hav notices of their meetings published in this column free if the officers will send them to us.]

OHIO.

CLEVELAND.—The Liberal League meets every Sunday afternoon at 3 P.M., in the hall on the corner of Ontario and Bolivar streets. Exercises—lectures and discussion.

MAINE.

PORTLAND.—Dr. H. A. Lamb has hired Congress Hall, Congress street (entrance on Temple street), where free meetings, lectures, and discussions are held every Sunday, 2:30 P.M. Admittance free. Public invited.

OREGON.

PORTLAND.—Mr. C. Beal holds meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, at Academy Hall, Second and Salmon streets, where he givs lectures, readings, recitations, and music. All are invited to attend. Admission 10 cents.

MASSACHUSETTS.

BOSTON.—Boston Liberal Club holds meetings for essays and criticisms every Sunday forenoon at 10:45 in the Paine Memorial Building, Appleton street.——The "Society of the Divine Homo" at same place every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Sunday-school at 2:30. Admission free.

PENNSYLVANIA.

PHILADELPHIA.—The Friendship Liberal League meets every Sunday at Hancock Hall, 814 Girard avenue, at 2:30 o'clock, and 7:30 o'clock, P.M., for lectures and free debates. THE TRUTH SEEKER and Liberal books for sale.

PITTSBURGH.—Pittsburgh Liberal League meets at Maltby Hall, 76 Fifth avenue, every Sunday (except during the Months of July and August) at 3 o'clock. A free platform is maintained. Exercises consist of a lecture, followed by 10 minute criticisms, with 15 minutes allowed the lecturer to reply. Clergymen invited to discuss.

NEW JERSEY.

NEWARK.—Newark Liberal League meets every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the League's Hall, 177 Halsey street. Exercises consist of music, readings, lecture, and discussion, in which all present are invited to participate. Admission free. Collection taken. Communications for the League should be addressed to J. W. Frankel, 10 Pine street, Newark.

CANADA.

MONTREAL.—Pioneer Freethought Club meets every Sunday at 3 P.M., at 1310 Catharine street. Reading-room open daily until 10:30 P.M. Library open for exchange of books three evenings per week, and on Sunday afternoons. Free public lectures on Sundays as advertised in local newspapers. Strangers always welcome. G. S. Wilson President, M. O'B. Ward, M.D., Secretary.

NEW YORK.

ALBANY.—The Liberal association meets every Sunday at Van Vechten Hall, 119 State street. Sunday-school at 2 P.M. General business meeting and debates and discussions at 3 P.M. Lecture at 7:30 P.M. The public are cordially invited to attend, also all Liberals visiting the city. Admission free.

NEW YORK CITY.—The Manhattan Liberal Club meets every Friday evening at 8 o'clock, for a lecture and discussion, at German Masonic Temple, 220 East 15th street. Admission 5 cents. Monthly cards 20 cents. Membership fee $3.——The American Spiritualist Alliance meets every Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock in Republican Hall, 55 West 33d street.——The First Society of Spiritualists holds its meetings every Sunday in Republican Hall, 55 West 33d street. Morning service 11 o'clock; evening, 7:45. Seats free. Public cordially invited.——New York City Ladies' Spiritualist Aid Society, permanently located at 171 East 69th street. Wednesday, at 3 P.M.——Frobisher College Hall, 23 East 14th street, near Broadway. The People's Spiritual Meeting every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 P.M.——229 East 48th street. Inspirational Lectures and Psychometric Readings every Sunday at 11 and 7:30 o'clock.

BROOKLYN.—The Brooklyn Spiritual Society meets at Conservatory Hall, cor. of Fulton street and Bedford avenue, every Sunday. Services at 11 A.M. and 7:45 P.M. Admission free. Public cordially invited. Liberal and Spiritual papers and books for sale.——The Everett Hall Spiritual Conference, 398 Fulton street, meets every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. Meetings free. Spiritual literature for sale.——The Eastern District Spiritual Conference meets every Monday evening at Composite Room, 4th street, corner of south 2d street, at 7:45. Spiritual and Liberal literature on sale. All invited.——The South Brooklyn Spiritual Society meets at Brauns Hall, 5th avenue, corner of 23d street, on the first and third Fridays of each month.——The Brooklyn Spiritual Fraternity. Friday evening conference meetings will be held in the lecture room of the church of New Spiritual Dispensation, Clinton avenue, between Park and Myrtle avenues, at 7:30 P.M.——The Philosophical Association meets every Sunday afternoon in the Assembly Room of Wright's Business College, Broadway, corner of Fourth street, E. D., at 3 P.M. Public cordially invited. Doors open at 2:30 P.M.

Poetry.

Question.

BY MRS. A. W. LAKE.

Why did God make the devil
To run opposition to him?
Surely an all-wise being
Must know that his snakeship would win.
The road to his realm is much broader,
And far more attractiv, 'tis said;
Then isn't it a foregone conclusion
That the devil must come out ahead?
He marched right into the garden
And said, Ye shall *not* surely die.
They ate of the fruit, and behold, it
Proved just as he said—'twas no lie.
Then God said, Lo, man is becoming
Like us, to know good and evil,
We will send him straight out of the garden,
And leave him to go to the devil.
O infinit wisdom and mercy
Did plan for us wisely and well;
Set a trap for his child to get into,
Then for getting in, doomed him to hell.
Shall we praise his name for such mercy?
Such wisdom we can't comprehend;
The beginning of things we can't find out,
And who can tell what is the end?

Union Convention of Spiritualists and Liberalists.

The officers of the Michigan State Association of Spiritualists and Liberalists, and of the Nemoka Spiritualist Camp Meeting Association, hav, upon, full consideration of the subject, deemed it advisable to join in a call for a Union Conference and Convention, to be held at Lansing on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, February 28 and 29, and March, 1, 1884. The object of the meeting may be stated generally to be the discussion of subjects affecting the cause of Spiritualism and Freethought, and to take some order that will secure more united and concurrent action. Among the topics more specifically suggested for discussion are the following:

1. The Spiritual Philosophy, and the best method of inculcating and advancing it. This will involve the discussion of: *(a)* Mediumship and the Phenomena; *(b)* Organic Work, Lectures, and Literature.

2. The Progress of Liberal Thought, and the Situation of Liberalism in the Country, especially as related to Organic Methods.

3. The Relation of Spiritualism and Liberalism in the State Work; is it desirable to continue them as recognized joint factors?

4. The Nemoka Interest, and the necessity for a Headquarters and Rallying Point for the Spiritual and Liberal Forces.

The topic suggested under the third subdivision, namely, the relation of Spiritualism and Liberalism in the state work, has elicited more or less outside debate, but has never been fully and fairly discussed at any responsible gathering.

While the officers who join in this call do so officially, the meeting itself will be unofficial, though advisory, and a cordial invitation is extended to all Spiritualists, Liberalists, and Freethinkers to attend and participate. It is noped to make the coming convention the largest that has ever been held in the state representing this class of thought.

It is known that a number of the friends of justice at Lowell hav brought suit to test the question of Bible Reading in the Public Schools. The coming meeting ought, not only by its numbers but its voice, to respond to this step in a way to strengthen the sinews of those who hav been bold enough to enter upon it.

The convention will be held at Mead's Hall, and will be called to order at two o'clock on Friday, February 28th. The leading speakers of the state will be in attendance.

The following officers of the two Associations will act as a joint Executiv Committee in charge of the convention: On behalf of the State Association S. and L.—the President, W. J. Cronk, the Secretary, S. B. McCracken, and Director, J. H. Burnham. On behalf of the Nemoka Association—the President, Dr. N. A. Dryer, the Secretary, Mrs. M. J. Mead, and Director, S. L. Shaw. The joint committee will meet at nine o'clock on the morning of February 28th, to transact any necessary business preliminary to the organization of the convention.

COMMITTEE FOR LOCAL ARRANGEMENTS.—Dr. N. A. Dryer, Dr. A. W. Edson, S. P. Buck, P. S. Olds, J. M. Potter, Mrs. Gertrude Merrill, Mrs. S. P. Buck, Mrs. P. S. Olds.

RAILWAY RATES.—Certificates for reduced railway rates may be had by addressing S. B. McCracken, Detroit, inclosing stamp.

On behalf of the State Association of Spiritualists and Liberalists:

WALTER J. CRONK, President.
S. B. MCCRACKEN, Secretary.

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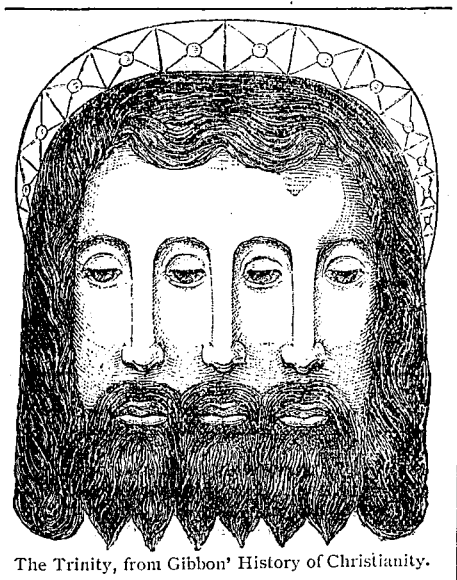
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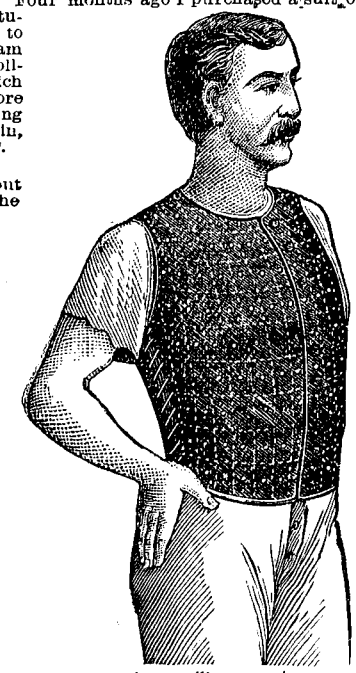
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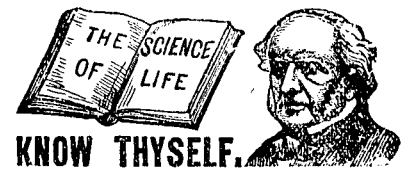
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BE punctual in carrying out the contracts which you enter into, first giving due and careful consideration to the things you agree to perform. Blessed be the memoay of the man who honestly and faithfully performs what he agrees. Let the professors of false doctrins—those who boast of going to heaven upon the merits of another—hav the monopoly of forfeiting their word, and of taking little contemptible advantages in business trausactions; but as the disciples of truth, let me enjoin you not to act in that manner.—*D. M. Bennett.*

THOSE who allege that there is a distinct soul, which is to liv forever, should also explain whether or not this soul has always existed—*i.e.*, whether my soul existed prior to the commencement and clearly traceable growth of my body?—and when, and for how long? If it did exist prior to my commencement in the world, how was it then identifiable as my soul? If prior to my body it was not so identifiable, how will it be identifiable after my body has ceased? If the soul existed prior to my body, had it always existed? If yes, do you mean that each soul is eternal? that no soul has ever begun to be? If you argue for the eternity of the soul, you deny God as universal creator; if you contend that soul commenced or was commenced, you should also admit that it may finish or be finished. If the soul existed prior to my body, had it been waiting inactiv but ready to occupy my body? And, if yes, when did the occupation commence? and was the soul always existing perfect and unimprovable? If, after vitalization, the unborn child dies, what becomes of the soul? and what is it in such a case that evidences that the particular soul had ever existed?—*Bradlaugh.*

IT is a profound, as well as a pleasing, view of ethical philosophy that led some of the wisest of moralists to define virtue to be "the living according to nature." They did not mean by this that it was virtue to liv the creature of instinct and passion, blindly following or giving way to any natural impulse or propensity that might be strongest at the moment, without looking forward to the future, or backward to the past, without reflection and without conscieuce. They deemed more justly of man. They regarded him as a complex being, who had numerous appetites, affections, and powers implanted in his breast, suited to the various relations and destinies that surround and await him. All these propensities and faculties hav their right and fitting use, and it is for the rational and spiritual part of his constitution to direct and restrain them to their proper and, therefore, natural euds.—*Verplanck's Liberal Studies.*

FEW, very few, there are who, even if their circumstances admitted it, can dispense with the wholesome yoke of a profession and yet liv to any good purpose. But, while fully acknowledging, not only the necessity, but the advantage of being harnessed to some regular profession, and that to succeed in this, the finest edge of faculty and the most accurate technical training must be sought, I still believe there is something more than this, and greater, which must never be lost sight of, if we desire to become, not mere useful machines or instruments, but complete men. The professional man who, over and above his professional duties and business relations, has learned to feel that he has other relations, wider and more permanent, with all his fellow-beings in all ages—that he is a debtor for all he has and is to a wider circle of things than that he comes in contact with—that he is an heir of all the great and good who hav lived before him—is not on that account a worse workman, and is certainly a higher and better man.—*Principal Shairp's Culture and Religion.*

THE soul admits of a twofold division, one of which partakes of reason, the other is without it; when, therefore, we are ordered to giv law to ourselvs, the meaning is, that reason should restrain our rashness. There is in the soul of every man something naturally soft, low, enervated in a manner, and languid. Were there nothiug besides this, man would be the greatest of monsters; but there is present to every man reason, which presides over and givs laws to all; which, by improving itself and making continual advauces, becomes perfect virtue. It behooves a man, then, to take care that reason shall hav the command over that part which is bound to practice obedience.—*Cicero's Tusculan Disputations.*

I BELIEVE that there is no tenet in all paganism which would giv so fair a scope to ridicule as that of the real presence; for it is so absurd that it eludes the force of all argument. There are even some pleasant stories of that kind which, though somewhat profane, are commonly told by the Catholics themselvs. One day a priest, it is said, gave inadvertently, instead of sacrament, a counter which had accidentally fallen among the holy wafers. The communicant waited patiently for some time, expecting that it would dissolve on his tongue; but finding that it still remained entire, he took it off. "I wish," cried he to the priest, "you hav not committed some mistake. I wish you hav not given me God the father; he is so hard and tough there is no swallowing him."—*Hume's Natural History of Religion.*

YET I argue not
Against heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
Right onward. What supports me, durst thou ask?
The conscience, friend, to hav lost them overplied
In liberty's defense, my noble task,
Of which all Europe rings from side to side.
—*Milton's Sonnets.*

THE

Truth Seeker Annual

—AND—

Freethinkers' Almanac.

1884.

(E. M. 284.)

With Eighteen Full Page Illustrations.

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THE SUNDAY LAWS,

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Odds and Ends.

AN Indian named "Man-Afraid-of-Nothing" married a white woman in Montana recently, and in one week after the wedding applied to his tribe to hav his name changed.

A FAMILY drama entitled "Abraham" would take well. Most every one would like to see old man Abraham hugging his comely servant Hagar in the kitchen while the old woman would be out marketing.

"WHAT'S the difference between an orange and a cabbage?" "I don't know," pleasantly answered the man. "You don't!" ejaculated the propounder of the inquiry. "You would be a devil of a man to send after oranges."

"MR. SMITH," said a witty lawyer to his landlord, a boarding-house keeper, "if a man were to giv you a hundred pounds to keep for him and he died, what would you do? Would you pray for him?" "No, sir," replied Mr. Smith, "I'd pray for another like him."

"MY son," said an old negro, "now dat you's outen de penitentiary, try tir keep out, an' arter dis doan steal, leastwise doan do like yer did befo', steal a par o' boots wat was too big fur yersef an' too little fur yer ole daddy. Ef yer kaint pick up suthin' dat'll do yer some good, be hones'."

THEY do things coolly down in Tennessee. It is said of a young lady that, nineteen years ago, her father refused to let her go to a candy-pull. She, however, dissappeared. The other day she returned, lifted eleven children out of a wagon, went into her father's house and took off her things as calmly as though she had only been absent an hour or two.

"I UNDERSTAND that De Wolf has left the Ann Street church." "No; is that so? Didn't he like the preaching?" "As far as I know he did." "Well, why did he leave, then?" "He givs no reason; but you know they hav raised their pew rents twenty-five per cent, and in view of the dull business outlook, and the reduction in wages, a man has got to scale down his religious expenses to a panic basis."

A MAN is very like a gun,
That fact please try to fix,
For if he finds he's charged too much,
Why, that's the time he kicks.
But still men differ much from guns,
As all experience teaches,
For men kick oddly with their boots,
While guns kick with their breeches.

"MAMMA," said a little girl. "is Mr. Barnum's white elephant a sacred animal?" "Yes, my dear. It is considered so in India." "And it will appear with his circus in Philadelphia next summer?" "Yes; I suppose so." "Oh, that's splendid!" the little girl exclaimed. "He will giv a Sunday afternoon exhibition, of course, and that will be ever so much more fun than going up to Laurel Hill to see grandfather's grave."

"YOU say the officer arrested you while you were quietly minding your own business?" "Yes, your honor. He caught me suddenly by the coat collar, and threatened to strike me with his club unless I accompanied him to the station-house." "You were quietly attending to your own business; making no noise or disturbance of any kind?" "None whatever sir." "It seems very strange. What is your business?" "I'm a burglar."

THE following is taken from the autograph album of a Nantucket girl: "I stood upon the sad seashore, and with a reed I wrote upon the sand, 'Agnes, I love thee!' A wave rolled by and washed that fair inscription out. O fragil reed! O cruel wave! O treacherous sand! No more I'll trust thee; with giant hand I'll pluck from Norway's frozen shore her tallest pine, and with its top dipped in the crater of Vesuvius, upon the high and burnished heavens I'll write, 'Agnes I love thee!' and I'd like to see any damned wave wash that out!"

"MY dear," said a Brooklyn man to his wife, after perusing the evening paper, "are you aware of the fact that a man's brain weighs three and a half pounds?" "You've just read that, havn't you?" "Yes." "Well, doesn't the article say that a woman's is somewhat lighter?" "It certainly does." "And it also informs you that a woman's brain is of much finer quality?" "Yes." "Well, then, just concentrate your three-and-a-half pound intellect on that scuttle, and figure out how much it will weigh after you bring it up full of coal from the cellar." The man with a great head departed for the lower regions in search of information.

A PARTY of fair Welsey College sophomores had returned from an afternoon skating on the lake, and rushed into the study of a favorit instructor with the greatest enthusiasm. "O Miss ——, we had a perfect lovely time. The ice was as clear as glass, and we found some splendid bouys to sit on as we put on our skates." "Girls!" exclaimed the shocked instructor. "Yes, the skating was perfectly divine, and we sat on the bouys and—" "Why, girls, I am shocked. Do you mean to say you sat down on boys to put on your skates?" "Why, yes, those great wooden posts that come up through the ice." "Girls, it is time to get ready for the bread-making optional."

"I SUPPOSED as a general rule you passed clergymen," said the red-nosed man in a disappointed tone, "and my case is particularly a hard one." "If there is any good reason why you should hav a pass I will consider the matter," said the superintendent. "Are you in distress, out of a job, anything of that kind?" "I am out of business completely," exclaimed the red-nosed man earnestly. "I was a missionary to Japan, but now the Japanese pretend that they hav discovered trichinosis in missionaries, and they won't let us into their ports auy more. That has ruined my business, and I am bankrupt." On the next train there was a red-nosed man who showed the biggest pass ever issued over that road or its leased branches.

THE TRUTH SEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

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Notes and Clippings.

CAPTAIN COUCH has bought a Presbyterian church building in Leavenworth, Kan., and converted it into a billiard hall and saloon. Another Presbyterian church in the same city is used for school purposes only. John Calvin stock is below par in the West.

THE Sunday *Free Lance* is the name of a new paper just started in Leavenworth, Kan., by Will Kernan, formerly of the Okolona (Miss.) *States*. Its politics are intensely "state rights" and anti-prohibition, and its religion red-hot Infidel. It is a large paper, ably conducted—terms, $2 per year.

THE *Atlanta Constitution* is indulging early in Fourth of July oratory. In its humble opinion, "the war is not over. The war of opinion must and will go on, till everywhere in the land the humblest come-tumble may record his biffle through the buffle-baffle, and until the will of bunkles—the real binkles in nation and state—shall, under the hipple-hopple, be sinktum in the things of which it should of right hav sanktum."

THE *Christian Union*, with a commendable endeavor to tell the truth, says: "It is very little use to preach peace and good-will among men from the pulpit, and practice in the church meeting wrath and bitterness. Of all wars, religious wars are the worst; of all quarrels, church quarrels are the meanest. All the injuries which Mr. Ingersoll, with his rhetoric, and Herbert Spencer, with his logic, inflict upon Christian faith are insignificant in comparison with those inflicted upon it by one church quarrel in which pride gets the better of piety, and passion of love."

A PRIESTLY scandal is rife in Munich. A short time ago the lady superior of a convent was dying, and it was discovered that for twenty-two years she had concealed her illegitimate daughter in her apartments. This girl, though she had been well supplied with nourishment, was in a most pitiable condition and could neither speak nor understand. Although the wretched mother was of good birth and had many wealthy relativs, none of them would undertake the charge of her offspring, so the convent authorities hav taken over the responsibility, although all their efforts to keep the scandal secret hav proved unavailing.

THE city of Rome, Italy, the home of the pope, was recently in consternation in consequence of a most mysterious murder. Mgr. de Cesare, a Catholic, general of the Olivetan congregation of Monte Vergini, at Naples, whose official duties require his presence in Rome for some months every year, kept an apartment at No. 80 Via Puraficazoine, near the Piazza Barberini. Here, when at Rome, he lived alone with a man servant, who had been in his service many years. One morning he returned from Naples, and, a noise soon afterward in his apartment having attracted attention, the neighbors made inquiry at the door. The servant replied by a story of a woman having been fonnd in the room by a jealous husband. No further notice was taken of the matter till the next morning when the Monsignor was found murdered near the bed. He bore the character of a pious priest.

THE *Church Standard* (Episcopal) says: "We fear that of all the religious bodies calling themselvs orthodox, the church to which we belong is the least true to its character. The whole church is honeycombed with unbelief. What doctrin cannot with impunity be denied from the pulpits of our churches? What one question of morals is there on which we cannot find bishop, priest, or deacon to argue the other side? We will not mention names. We might do so if we chose. Anyone with any knowledge of the state of the church can supply examples for himself. Some will not say the Nicene creed; some deny the immortality of the soul; some the everlasting damnation of the wicked; some the inspiration of holy scripture, and affirm that the Bible is like the Vedas, etc., only the best of all; some deny the double procession; some deny the sacred ministry; some teach that Christ was only the model man; some teach the propriety of suicide; some that of divorce and re-marriage so-called; some that of incest. There are among the clergy those who teach that the law of expediency is the only rule of life; and many, many (alas, be it said!), many declare that the Lord that bought them made no 'satisfaction' for their sins! It will be said that this is an exaggeration; that the men who teach such things are few in number, and of small influence. It is not so. They were few in number twenty years ago, they are so no longer. They had no influence twenty years ago; to-day they all but rule the church." It is for saying things like these that THE TRUTH SEEKER is called Infidel.

A SENSATION has been created among the Catholics of this city by the excommunication last Sunday of the congregation of St. Procop's church, on Burton street, by Bishop Gilmour. Under the laws of the diocese the parish elects four councilmen to administer the temporal affairs of the church. The priest selects sixteen members of the congregation, from whom the four councilmen must be chosen. The congretion numbers about 400 Bohemian families, or 2,000 persons. Attached to the church are a number of aid societies. For some years past there has been trouble between the leaders of these societies and the church authorities. It culminated a few weeks ago in a refusal on the part of the congregation to select councilmen from the sixteen names presented by the parish priest, Father Furdek. Bishop Gilmour then appointed four councilmen. These the congregation refused to recognize. The bishop gave the congregation to understand that his wish was law, and excommunicated the whole congregation. It remains to be seen what the poor Catholic dupes will do about it. They are so besotted in their ignorance and superstition that it will not be strange if they submit. But the people who in this age of the world fear a bull of excommunication deserve no sympathy.

A "GRANDFATHER," in one of our city dailies, thus discourses on the Newton-Potter controversy: "If Mr. Newton can make it clear that all parts of the Bible are not of equal authority, no right-minded church people should hinder him. For example, he should not be hindered from drawing attention to the familiar discrepancy between the books of Kings and Chronicles in the matter of the age of one of Judah's kings. The second verse of chapter xxii in 2 Chronicles, in the Hebrew as well as in our versions, states that at the time Ahaziah ascended the throne, on the death of his father, he was 42 years old, while his father, Jehoram, it is stated in the two verses immediately preceding, was at that time but 40 years old, which would make the son two years older than his father—an absurdity. Now, this statement as to Ahaziah's age in Chronicles is at variance with the statement in 2 Kings viii, 26, which places Ahaziah's age when he ascended the throne at 22 years, or 18 years younger than his father. Some similar cases of the variable reliability of scripture might be cited perhaps. My point is this: If it is manifest that the Bible contains a historical untruth, or any incongruities, his duty to the rising generation justifies and requires Mr. Newton's exposition of it. The Episcopal church cannot afford to attempt to silence him. It can but recoil on its own head if it does. Our children must be taught only what is true. Let the heavens fall if they will. Of that there is no danger. They will not fall."

THIS is Talmage's opinion of such ministers as Beecher and Newton: "A London fog has fallen on some clergymen, who are at sea as to the inspiration of the Bible. They deny its full inspiration; Genesis to them has become a myth, and they will drift until they land on a continent of mud from which, I fear, they will never extricate themselvs. Who make up this precious group of advanced thinkers to whom God has made a special revelation? Are they so noted for piety and disinterestedness that they shall take the place of Paul, and John, and Christ? On what mount were they transfigured? What star pointed at them when they were born? When I see them trying to improve on the work of the Lord God Almighty, I am filled with disgust. O man who believes in a half-and-half Bible, a Bible in spots—where did you come from? 'Away back in the ages, my ancestor was an orang-outang, a tadpole, or a pollywog; and it took a million years to evolute me.' 'Where are you going when you die?' 'I am going to the great To-be, thence into the great Somewhere, and so on into the great Anywhere, and finally end in the great Nowhere!' 'That's what I supposed you would!' Nearly all the heterodox men I hav seen believe men are coming to the same destination. Tom Paine and Whitfield, Jebezel and Florence Nightingale, Charles Guiteau and James A. Garfield, John Wilkes Booth and Abraham Lincoln, side by side! If this be true I turn from such a debauched heaven with loathing."

Two Catholic shrieks: "Liberalism is beginning to raise its head. Its principal center is in Montreal, and that is not astonishing when we remember that for a number of years back it has been allowed full swing. It would seem that the fruits of the crusade formerly undertaken so courageously by Mgr. Bourget are about to be lost, and a few days ago, openly in the city of Montreal, there was an attempt to rehabilitate in public opinion the old Institut Canadien, the well-known cradle of false doctrins."—*Courrier de St. Hyacinthe.*——"At Montreal some persons hav dared in full public meeting to make a pompous eulogy of the Institut Canadien, formerly condemned by the church for its thoroughly satanic spirit. They exalted the memory of a Papin, of an Eric Dorion, well known for their ferocious radicalism and their Voltairean views. They recalled with delight the memory of the *Avenir* and *Pays*, those two papers in which rebellious children for years threw handfuls of mud in the face of their mother, the holy church. They paid homage to a Joseph Doutre, the malevolent secretary who, in a celebrated case [the seizure of Paine and Voltaire's works], uttered horrible blasphemies against the bride of Christ. That is what they are doing at Montreal, while at Quebec they are endeavoring to destroy the Cercle Catholique, blessed by the pope, approved by the ordinary, and supported by the clergy. On the one hand they pull down a Roman Catholic institution; on the other hand they revive a Masonic institution."—*Vertie.*

THERE has always been a good deal of talk about the "heathen Chinee," says *Peck's Sun*, but there is evidently one Chinaman in the country who does no little thinking, and as a moralist is a great success. In a recent interview the Chinese giant was asked if he believed in the Bible, to which he replied: "Oh, yes, I am a Christian, because Christian takes his Bible from Chinaman—from the morals taught by our great philosopher. Read Confucius, or we say King-fu-tse, and see how closely the Bible doctrins resemble the principles in which we are educated. Our legends correspond closely with those of the Old Testament. My people are 'heathen Chinee,' as we are called. We hav a high-class people, low-class people, same here. Very few first-class people you see here from my country. The worst class you hav. Compare them with your own worst class. Chinamen work hard, lie very little, steal not at all; never make bad citizens. Some say this free country: Open your land to ignorant of other nations. In prison, in workhouse, no Chinaman, but plenty of other nations. You say Chinaman can't come here, but you welcome drunkards and thieves from other lands. Just think, I engage to come here for Barnum. I cannot leave ship because I am a Chinaman. The collector pass me because I am a curiosity, just like some buy pieces of bric-a-brac. You invite Chinaman to be citizen. He stay; help country just like German. We use type and printing thousand years before you. You cannot make silk like this I wear. You should see the farms of my brothers near Pekin and Weang Hoe. You say we can liv on the waste of your fathers. Is that a sign that we grow rich by employment others shun? Yet your sacred writings teach that waste and idleness are sinful."

News of the Week.

BRADLAUGH has been re-elected to Parliament from Northampton, by a larger majority than ever before.

A BALL was given at Salt Lake City last week in which prominent Mormons and gentiles participated in a most fraternal manner.

THE military attache of the Russian embassy at Berlin has visited Prince Bismarck, and assured him of the czar's warmest friendship for Germany.

A CATHOLIC priest of Wilkesbarre, Pa., last Sunday refused a body of veterans of the G. A. R. admittance to his church, where they had come to bury a comrade.

NEGRO RUGG, the author of the recent numerous assaults and murders on Long Island, broke jail last Sunday by overpowering his jailer and leaping through a window twenty feet to the ground.

FLOODS in the Ohio valley continue, and great suffering follows. The situation is destined to become worse. Relief is asked for, and is being afforded from many sources, but is not commensurate with the necessities.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S new book is attracting much attention and being mercilessly ridiculed on this side of the water, on account of the prominence given to the deceased gillie John Brown, concerning whom she has written a large amount of familiar discourse.

THE ex-Rev. George Miln, who left the pulpit for the stage, has been in Brooklyn the past week. His presence provoked the Rev. Justin D. Fulton to remark in his sermon last Sunday that "men of that kind are of the world, and care more for the favor of the ungodly than of God's children."

M. ROUDAIRE, the French hydrographer, announces that he has great confidence in the scheme to convert the Desert of Sahara into a vast inland sea. The French assembly has given him an appropriation. He will devote two years to surveys and observation, and make the results public in 1887.

BARNUM'S sacred white elephant is declared to be a fraud. It is said that the peculiar color, which is a sort of pink, is the result of a skin disease, and that elephants of that shade are no more sacred than any other. The alleged priests which accompany the elephant to put him through the mystic rites are only Burmese traders, who hav a fair knowledge of the Buddhist form of worship.

REPRESENTATIV WILLIS has prepared a table which shows that illiteracy holds the balance of power in fourteen Northern and in all the Southern States. In the thirty-eight states there are 1,871,217 illiterate voters. One voter in five cannot write his name. The illiterate voters in South Carolina are more than one-half; in Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Georgia, North Carolina, and Virginia, one in two; while Missouri, with one in nine, presents the best record.

GROUPS of persons holding lighted candles crossed against their throats were to be seen at the early services and throughout the day, last Sunday, and until far into the night, kneeling before the altars in all of the German Catholic churches of this city. They were petitioning St. Blasius to preserve them from pneumonia and sore throat. The candles used had been "blessed" by priests. The age of miracles may be past, but that of fools evidently continues.

A COUPLE of pious people, Mr. and Mrs. Bayles, of Port Jefferson, N. Y., came to this city last Saturday to get possession of a colored girl who had formerly lived with them, and who was then living with her mother. They met the girl and her mother on the street, and in the struggle to obtain the girl the mother sustained injuries from which she died. The Bayleses were arrested. Bayles is a leading member and trustee of the Methodist church, and his wife has been leading a revival meeting all winter.

A Freethought Romance.

Waifs and Wanderings.

BY SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

CHAPTER XII.

GETTING READY.

Sergeant Jones was indeed one of those fellows you can "tie to," good for a long pull and a strong pull and a pull all together; sharp, taking in everything almost at a glance; prompt, activ, enduring, of boundless good nature, unruffled as a summer's sea, yet with something at times of volcanic intensity. He was one that surmounted every difficulty; a splendid incarnation of the innate goodness of things. Cupples was confident that somehow this man would get his baby back again.

The only clue was the letter signed "Amy Bolton." This was put into the sergeant's hands, and he promised to report progress in a week.

It was a long week to Cupples, but his purpose only grew in intensity.

"Thank God," said Dobson, "hearts are trumps, and the black suit don't win."

"Yes," said Stubbs—

"Night's candles are 'played out,' and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain top."

The Rev. Adolphus Hapgood consulted the concordance, and came out with the following neat bit:

"I am *black* but comely."

His congregation thought this quite good—"really unexpected," some of them remarked. This scared the ministerial punster. He did not mean to do anything *unexpected*, even in his sallies of wit.

In a week's time Sergeant Jones had found out all about the matter and reported.

On the night of the disappearance three men had crossed the river about a mile above the town. They had come to town and returned, and a bit of ribbon had been found on their route which the Cuppleses recognized as belonging to the baby. Mrs. Cupples had reason to know it, for she had used it twenty years to decorate her spring bonnet, and it came handy at last for the baby, while Mrs. Cupples rejoiced in a new splendor.

From this point the search was comparatively easy, and they had traced the fugitives to the home of Col. Bolton, in B—— county, Kentucky.

"They are both there," said the sergeant. "The mother and child are in close confinement and guarded night and day. The colonel has the best pack of bloodhounds in the county. There's a tremendous risk to be run. I doubt, Cupples, if you can do anything."

"But I will do something," said Cupples. "At least, I'll try."

"What are your plans?" asked the sergeant.

"I haven't any, only to go where the baby is. There must be some way to get hold of it."

"I'm ready to help," said the sergeant. "But it's no fool's errand; and if you haven't considerable courage, Cupples, you'd better not start."

"I'll go," said Cupples. "But I do wish that pack of bloodhounds were out of the way. Can't we p'isen 'em?"

"I guess not; but the bloodhounds won't bother us till we get hold of the baby—and there's the rub, to get the baby."

"Let's start, anyway," said Cupples. "We can back out if things look squally. But I must try; I can't stay here and do nothing."

"All right," said Jones. "Bolton livs about fifty miles from the river. We must travel by night and not let anybody know what we are up to. We'll start to-morrow night."

Cupples hurried home, and by the next evening the preparations were complete. Mrs. Cupples gave him her best word and a good luncheon, and told him to be "spunky" and keep shy of the bloodhounds.

"That I will," said Cupples. "But the trouble is they run faster than I and don't wait for an introduction. They take a bite without asking, 'By your leave.'"

Mrs. Cupples clung to her lord long and fondly, and was almost on the point of urging him to stay, but reflected that though his valor was an unknown quantity, his discretion was perfectly reliable; and if it came to anything very bad he would certainly

——"run away,
And live to run another day."

CHAPTER XIII.

OVER THE RIVER.

Cupples was ready and exultant at the appointed time. Indeed, he felt gigantic and able to cope with any difficulty. They crossed the river at nine o'clock. Though Cupples had lived in E—— for twenty years, he had never been on the river at night, and did not know what a magnificent and fairy-like spectacle it presented. The lights far-flickering in a mazy semicircle were mirrored in the water with exquisit brilliancy, or trembled into billowy spangles in the wake of passing boats. The shore looked like an illuminated palace, infinit in splendor, fascinating as a dream.

The music of the waters seemed like the faint echo of the dance of genii in those far-away halls that stretched so gorgeously along the winding hillsides.

Cupples wondered that he had never come to look upon that nightly exhibition, so close to his very door and so wonderfully beautiful. He resolved to take another look at it on his return. But, reader, he never did. Strange human nature! Heaven lies round about us, only a few steps, and we are in its very sanctuary. But we go not, and complain of the dullness of our surroundings. Cupples often wished he were in fairy-land. An evening on the river would have gratified him. But it was easier to stay at home and grumble.

We may laugh at Cupples, but we do the same thing ourselvs. We curse our unhappiness, when we might have roses and raptures, if we were not so indolent.

They landed silently on the other side, passed along the outskirts of the village of H——, and by a short-cut through the woods reached the lonely highway that stretched along in the direction of B——. It was not a good road; it was extremely uneven, with huge ruts and enormous patches of mud that stuck to one with massive affection. The dome of night bent over blue and sparkling. But Cupples could not say:

"Ye stars that are the poetry of heaven."

He was occupied with the cussed road, as he called it, of the earth. Who can think of beauty and joy when his corns are aching; or watch the jeweled canopy when his back is lame? What slaves we are to our poor flesh after all! How soon it gets the better of our spirit! Quite easy it is to be complacent when we have no pain or weariness. We may feel gigantic and exultant then. But when every bone is aching, we realize how puny we are, and that our powers are limited. Not even a thousand beckoning stars can make us feel that we are gods. After going about ten miles, Cupples began to be dejected. The baby seemed rather visionary. His aching back came to the front and took up his attention. His battered feet continually suggested home, sweet home. The undertaking was evidently too big. There were twenty miles yet to travel that night, and twenty the next, and what good would result after all? Poor Cupples! this was the first time he had ever tried to be a hero, and he was a pitiable failure.

The sergeant trudged along with the vigor of a Hercules. He carried all the luggage, and it didn't seem to trouble him a bit. "He was cut out for a hero," thought Cupples, "but what a miserable devil I am!"

At last Cupples vowed he would go home. The sergeant tried to keep up his spirits; stopped to rest with him awhile, and then urged him forward. But it was useless. Cupples fell to the ground completely exhausted.

"I ain't worth a cent," said he, "for any such thing as this. I'll go home and trust to providence. It's his business anyhow, and not mine. This world is too big a machine for me to run, especially when the roads are so everlastingly bad. If I could go on the cars I'd try my hand at it. But my feet are too sore, and my back too lame for me to enter into any active partnership with the Almighty. I prefer to be a sleeping partner. I've done my part. I'm going home, and the Lord and the devil may fight it out to suit themselves. I'll pray a heap, but I won't take another step. Jordan's a hard road to travel. No 'Pilgrim's Progress' in mine after this. I'll take 'Saint's Rest.'"

The sergeant leaped to the front, and grasped Cupples by the collar.

"Look here, Cupples; you've started on this thing, and you've got to put it through. I didn't begin for any child's play. You shan't go home unless you can lick me, and if you don't go ahead I'll lick you. That's a fact now."

He drew back ready to strike.

"You are a pretty fellow," said Cupples, "not to let me go back when I want to. It's my affair, and not yours. If I don't want to get that baby, what difference does it make to you? Come, let's go home, and I'll stand treat; that is, if I can stand. I'm afraid I shall have to lay down for the first few glasses."

"Not by a jug-full," roared the sergeant. "It *is* my affair. It's not to my credit to go back like a whipped puppy. I'll get that baby or I'll lose my head, and you've got to help me; so come along."

Cupples knew Jones would strike. He turned and kept on his journey. When one finds he *must* do a thing, he does it somehow, no matter how impossible it seems. Cupples found that he could not retreat without a bruised head, and so he pushed forward. The sergeant's fist was to him the wheel of fate.

The silver rays of morning swept the tops of the trees as the travelers arrived at a tumble-down cabin in the midst of a wild solitude.

"This is our stopping-place," said the sergeant.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Epistle to the Romans.

Having noticed the prominent points of the other Pauline epistles, his letter to the Romans remains to be specially considered. We will just quote a few observations by Dr. Davidson:

"The manner and time in which the seed of the gospel was carried to Rome are unknown. . . . When Pompey the Great conquered Judea [63 B.C.], he sent large numbers of the inhabitants as prisoners to Rome, to be sold for slaves. Under Augustus, the friend of Herod the Great, many of them were liberated and made Roman citizens, having a dwelling assigned them beyond the Tiber. The young colony rapidly increased under the fostering influence of the emperor; for Josephus states that more than eight thousand belonging to Rome joined an embassy of fifty deputies from Judea to second a petition to Augustus (Ant. xvii, 2, § 1). But they did not enjoy constant favor, since Sejanus had four thousand transported to Sardinia, while the remainder were ordered to depart out of Italy on a certain day, unless they renounced their religion" (Tacit. Annal, ii, 85).

The "Annals" of pseudo Tacitus cannot prove anything; but Josephus attests the banishment of four thousand Jews to Sardinia, because they refused to become soldiers (Ant. xviii, 3, § 5).

"With the fall of Sejanus this edict lost its significance, and Tiberius's favor returned to the Jews. In like manner Claudius banished them from Rome A.D. 49 or 50; but many must hav returned soon after. Dio Cassius [A.D. 229] testifies that Judaism continued to increase at Rome, in spite of all the restrictions and decrees issued against it" (Hist. xxviii, 17).

"Were these Christians at Rome when Claudius's decree against the Jews was issued? This point cannot be determined for want of historical testimony."

"On the whole, it is probable that Aquila and Priscilla were Christians before leaving Rome; though the language of Acts xviii, 2, is not decisiv for or against it" (vol. i, p. 119).

It never occurred to Dr. Davidson that if Aquila and Priscilla knew Paul, it was in the reign of Augustus.

"No light can be thrown upon the state of the church at Rome when the apostle wrote, by the conclusion of the Acts where his personal arrival in the city is mentioned, because that narrativ is unhistorical. How could the leaders of the Jews be so ignorant of Christianity, when a numerous church existed near them, with many Jewish converts belonging to it?" (Ibid, p. 123).

To these pertinent and significant observations by an astute theologian, Antichrist will now add the following points:

1. This epistle may not hav been written to the Romans. The caption is no proof, and it so happens that the words, "at Rome," in chapter i, 7 and 15, are omitted in MS. G. (Farrar's St. Paul, p. 450). The only other evidence to prove that the letter was addressed to the Romans is contained in chapter xv, which did not exist in Marcion's copy. The passages bearing upon the question are these:

"From Jerusalem I hav made a circuit quite to Illyricum, and hav fulfilled the announcement of the messiah; while I was careful not to preach where the name of messiah had been invoked, lest I should build upon another man's foundation. . . . But now, since I hav no place in these regions, and as I hav been desirous for many years past to come to you; when I go to Spain, I hope to come and see you; and that ye will accompany me thither, when I shall hav been satisfied in some measure with visiting you. But I am now going to Jerusalem to minister to the saints. For they of Macedonia and Achaia hav been willing to make up a contribution for the needy saints who are at Jerusalem. . . . When, therefore, I shall hav accomplished this, and shall hav sealed to them this fruit, I will pass by you into Spain. . . . And I beseech you, . . . that ye labor with me in prayer to God for me; that I may be delivered from them in Judea who believe not; and that the ministration which I carry to the saints in Jerusalem may be well received; and that by the good pleasure of God I may come to you with joy, and may take comfort with you (xv, 19-33).

Now if the foregoing passages belonged to this epistle originally, then it was doubtless addressed to the Romans. But besides the fact that the last two chapters, xv and xvi, did not exist in Marcion's text, the most ancient of which we hav any knowledge, the earliest quotation from any part of them is by Clement of Alexandria (A.D. 189–202). Neither Irenæus nor Tertullian, who frequently quoted from the epistle, made any reference to these two chapters; and Justin Martyr ignored Paul altogether.

Again, at the end of the epistle, chapter xvi, is a doxology of three verses. This was placed at the end of chapter xiv in copies mentioned by Origen, Chrysostom, Cyril, Theodoret, and other fathers; and it appears both at the end of xiv and xvi in MSS. A, L, and in nearly all the cursiv MSS. Now how came it at the end of chapter xiv, if that was not the end of the epistle?

For these and other reasons the authenticity of chapters xv and xvi is rejected by such able critics as Baur, Lucht, Scholten, Schwegler, Volkmar, Holtzmann, Rovers, and Zeller, while Davidson, Weiss, and others reject only chapter xvi (Sup. Rel., vol. iii, part ii). But the authenticity of the whole epistle is questioned only by Evanson and Bruno Bauer.

2. The epistle is not addressed to a *church*, like those written to the Corinthians, Galatians, and Thessalonians; nor to *elders* and *deacons*, like the epistle to the Philippians. The words *bishop*, *elder*, and *deacon* are not used; and *church* occurs only in chapter xvi. The address is "to all those who are at Rome, beloved of God, called and sanctified" (i, 7).

3. We suspect the integrity of a part of the first chapter, containing not only the two references to Rome (omitted in MS. G), but also this passage: "Your faith is heard of in all the world" (8). This is incredible.

4. Presuming that the passages are genuin in which the writer speaks of Jesus as "born in the flesh, of the seed of the house of David" (i, 3); and of the sons of Israel, "from among whom messiah appeared in the flesh" (ix, 5); it must be conceded that Paul believed in an objectiv Jesus.

5. He says: "I long much to see you. . . . . I hav many times desired to come to you (though prevented hitherto), that I might hav some fruit among you also, even as among other gentiles, *Greeks*, and barbarians. . . . I am eager to preach to you" (i, 11–15). Here, as we hav before pointed out, is the only instance in Paul's epistles where the word *Greek* occurs in the Syriac codex. Perhaps this word is an interpolation, and possibly the context is spurious. But we are willing to accept it as genuin.

6. The Greek scribes hav changed *Aramean* to *Greek* in Rom. i, 16; ii, 9, 10; and x, 12, as we hav heretofore pointed out.

7. The epistle contains a clear enunciation of the Pauline doctrins of uncircumcision, of justification by faith, and of predestination.

8. "We cry Father our Father" (viii, 15). The Greek has *Abba, ho pater*. *Abba* is the Syriac for *pater*.

9. A singular doctrin is announced in the following passage:

"The Spirit prayeth for us, with groans not expressible; and the explorer of hearts, he knoweth what is the mind of the Spirit; because he prayeth for the saints, agreeably to the good pleasure of God" (viii, 26, 27).

10. Paul declares his status as a Jew by saying: "I also am of Israel, of the seed of Abraham, of the tribe of Benjamin" (xi, 1).

11. In regard to his mission he says: "It is to you gentiles I am speaking; as I am a legate to the gentiles." But he admonishes the gentiles thus: "And if some of the branches were plucked off, thou, an oliv from the desert, wast grafted in their place, and hast become a participator of the root and fatness of the oliv-tree, do not glory over the branches" (xi, 14, 17, 18). This admonition has not been heeded by the Christian church.

12. Paul's doctrin in regard to food and drink is not very clear: "And man believeth that he may eat everything; and he that is feeble eateth herbs. . . On account of food destroy not him for whom messiah died. . . . It is proper that we neither eat flesh, nor drink wine, nor do anything whereby our brother is stumbled" (xiv, 2, 15, 21).

13. In regard to the observance of holy days, the apostle is extremely liberal. "One man discriminateth between days; and another judgeth all days alike. But let every one be sure in regard to his knowledge" (xiv, 5). Or as the revised version has it, "Let each man be fully assured in his own mind."

14. The question whether the church at Rome was composed mostly of Jews or gentiles has perplexed many critics. But it does not trouble us. If the writer of Acts tells the truth, Paul found very few believers at Rome—probably not enough to form a church—nor does he appear to hav founded a church there during his two years' stay, unless at his own house. On the other hand, if the epistle was addressed to the Romans whose faith was "heard of in all the world," we must admit that there were many believers in that city. But again, if we accept chapter xv as genuin, are we not to understand that after the apostle should hav been satisfied in some measure with visiting the saints at Rome, he wished *all* those brethren to accompany him to Spain? (xv, 24.)

On the whole, therefore, we suspect the integrity of the passages in the epistle which imply a great number of believers at Rome. But if they were numerous, they were doubtless nearly all Jews, with enough of the other sort for the apostle to say, "I speak to you gentiles" (xi, 13).

15. Chapter xv ends with an "Amen," and chapter xvi, as we hav already observed, has a doxology at the end, which some ancient MSS. insert also at the end of chapter xiv. The doxology is not in Paul's style, and most of the rest of the chapter is made up of salutations and commendations. The brethren and sisters named are Phebe, Priscilla, Aquila, Epenetus, Mary, Andronicus, Junia, Amplias, Urbanus, Stachys, Apelles, Aristobulus, Herodion, Narcissus, Tryphena, Tryphosa, Persis, Rufus, *and his and my mother*, Asyncritus, Phlegon, Hermas, Patrobas, Hermes, Philologus, Julia, Nereus, and Olympias.

Not one of these has been identified as a resident of Rome at the time the epistle is supposed to hav been written. Rufus's mother is termed Paul's mother, and he calls Andronicus and Junia "*my relativs, who were in captivity with me, and are of note among the legates, and were in the messiah before me.*" Aquila and Priscilla were at Ephesus when Paul wrote 1 Cor. xvi, 19, and again at Ephesus when he wrote 2 Tim. iv, 19, if the latter epistle is genuin.

These and other considerations (aside from the omission of a salutation to St. Peter) hav compelled some orthodox critics to believe that this part of the epistle is a fragment addressed to some other place than Rome (Farrar's St. Paul, p. 450, note).

The following salutations are sent by the writer from brethren at the place of writing, supposed to be Corinth:

"Timothy, my fellow-laborer, and Lucius [Luke?], and Jason and Sosipater, my kinsmen salute you. I, Tertius, who hav written this epistle [from dictation?] salute you in the Lord. Gaius, hospitable to me and to all the church, saluteth you. Erastus [Aristus?], the steward of the city [Corinth?], and Quartus, a brother, salute you" (xvi, 21–23).

What could the brethren at Rome know about these persons? But they might be known to the brethren at Ephesus.

Presuming, however, that these salutations are authentic, though not addressed to the Romans, we note again the name Aristobulus, and immediately following it, "Salute Herodion, my kinsman," as evidence that Paul may hav been related to the family of Herod the Great, and therefore by birth or privilege a Roman citizen.

No Surrender.

When the League Congress made the seventh demand, saying that "temperance (prohibition) laws are insulting restrictions of personal liberty," it was equivalent to demanding of liberal prohibitionists a surrender of their convictions on the rum traffic, in order to work harmoniously for the other demands made. Hav the Liberals attained to such dominion of numbers and power that they assume to make professions of faith for all parties in the country? If not, why single out the prohibitionists? We are always accused of making a hobby of temperance, but we did not bring it in. Liberals *can*, and some *do*, get drunk, the same as *Christians* do. They can vote with, and for, the rum power, and also sell rum, as the *Christians* hav always done; but when they make a demand that we must indorse, at least, the sale of it, silence might be construed to mean a surrender; hence we must show our abhorrence of that demand; even though it "has grown wearisome to some of the disputants." Why do Liberals, who approve of the seventh demand, make rules (insulting restrictions) to control the conventions and Leagues? Why not let any one speak when he chooses? We are all self-sovereigns. If a self-sovereign insisted on his right to speak in violation of the rules, he would be likely to find his way to the door. Cannot Liberals be left to their own personal liberty in a gathering of their own? Why does not the League Congress take issue upon every question in the country? Why single out the temperance question? Is the separation of church and state so nearly accomplished that Liberals hav nothing to do? The law will not allow anyone to keep a barrel of gunpowder in his house. Why don't the League make a demand against such an insulting restriction? A barrel of powder is dangerous, you say—so the prohibitionist says—but nothing in comparison to a barrel of rum. All in the house, knowing the danger of igniting powder, will let it alone. The rum kills more than the powder, but not so quickly; therein lies the danger. I go to Europe, and on my return, on landing at the wharf, my trunk and bag are taken possession of by strangers, and their contents examined, while I impatiently wait and am helpless to resist such an insulting restriction on my personal liberty. Why don't the League come to my assistance? Would it tend to subserve the cause of Liberalism if they did? A fire is raging—is thought to be getting beyond control—my house is blown up or torn down, according to law, to save yours. You object not, but make the seventh demand say no law shall be enacted to prevent the sale of liquor that often causes fire. You say liquor will not hurt anyone if only it is let alone. Why not say so of the fire? They both come to us whether we will or not—at least their effects do—which givs me the right to protect myself by prevention instead of being obliged to use remedial means after the damage is done. A new street is laid out, or a railroad projected; unfortunately my house is in the way. It matters not what care I hav bestowed on it, or how long it has been a home; my desires are as nothing; it must go. Where is the personal liberty to enjoy the fruit of my labor, and where is the demand for my right? The seventh demand, giving aid and comfort to the liquor traffic (whether intentional or not), by the absurd use of personal liberty, recalls the fact that the greatest crimes in the ages past hav been committed by Christians in the name of God. E. C. Walker says: "Prohibitory conventions resolve that the Sunday laws should be enforced." Prohibition conventions hav nothing to do with the enforcement of Sunday laws any more than of Friday laws, and when the League Congress goes outside of its legitimate work to say that temperance laws are insulting restrictions of personal liberty, they step on the same plane of bigotry as the church bigots do. The church does not monopolize all the bigotry; but what those conventions do put forth keeps many Liberals from being prohibitionists, and what the League puts forth in its seventh demand keeps many prohibitionists from becoming Liberals. Those church members, and their abettors, who control those conventions seem to act upon the principle of inducing men to become total abstainers in order to hav them come to Christ, thereby making temperance a secondary matter, while the League *appears* to desire people to become Liberals in order to put down prohibition. E. C. Walker says: "I know many Liberals who voted for prohibitory amendments who to-day are anti-prohibitionists." I know many who once resented it, if not called temperance men; to-day they are drunkards. Is that a reason for my being one? He says "prohibition is not a success in Kansas, and reliable men say it is not in Maine." Can he name anything that is a *success*, in the sense that he uses it, in reference to prohibiting the sale of liquor? Stealing is prohibited by law and penalties prescribed for thieves. Do they prohibit to the extent that there are no thieves in Kansas? Laws prohibit stealing everywhere; none can be found that advocate theft, yet no one dare leave a dollar on his doorstone overnight, expecting to find it in the morning, unless he hired a watchman, and the chances are many that he would take it. The lock and safe business are the best in the country. Public sentiment, about which we hear so much on the liquor question, is opposed to counterfeiting money. No one can be found to advocate it. Laws, with penalties, are enacted for the counterfeiters. The possession of a die is proof against them. Is there any counterfeit money? The government keeps a force of detectivs all the time, and yet large amounts of counterfeit money pass as current or gold. Why not abolish the law because it does not prohibit? Let the League attend to its legitimate work, hasten the time when churches pay their share of taxes, and we are not taxed to pay for chaplains, nor for any poor that are made so by the liquor traffic. The prohibitionists hav too much earnestness of purpose and indomitable will to tamely submit to any other result. CHARLES C. JOHNSON.

Milford, Mass.

Religion Destroyed the Republic.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* In my opinion, now is the accepted time to make a stroke for Socialism. Grant the claim of the protectionists, that our laborers must not be put on a level with foreign labor; forbid foreign laborers of all kinds as well as Chinese. Do not, however, allow a handful of capitalists to get the sole benefit of protection, but supplement prohibitory tariff, with the proviso that government supervise all protected industries, and by means of examiners (as in the case of banks), cause a just distribution of the benefits of protection; allowing dividends on capital, requiring wages on a certain scale paid to laborers, who shall hav right to appeal to a government board when discharged, and requiring all surplus above this paid to the government.

So much for manufacturing. In the matter of banking, the government now receives deposits in a restricted way, and issues certificates; let it receive them at every post-office in all ways that banks do. It sells exchange in small amounts; let it sell in all amounts. It lends currency to national banks; let it lend to all who can giv a good note just as banks do (some of the notes would be lost just as bank discounts sometimes are).

Congress can maintain a navy; let it use ships to do all carrying allowed to come to or go from our shores, and hav them ready for war when it comes.

It was decided by Chief Justice Marshall and associates in the celebrated case of McCulloch vs. Maryland that Congress may charter a bank as its fiscal agent, and such agent may incidentally do a general banking business for the public. Apply this to mail routes. Congress may build railroads to carry the mail, and may incidentally use them for general traffic; so of telegraphs.

Why not run a Socialist ticket in New York? Though I am no Socialist, I see that under precedents already established and decisions made by the supreme court, the United States can be made a commune without changing its constitution. And Socialism can not be worse than existing administrations, here or elsewhere, *bigod*.

The republic of Washington and Jefferson has passed away. The American people has abdicated. The field is left to two parties or forces—government socialism and aristocracy of money. To-day the latter has the advantage; the confederated rings rule.

The cause of the decay of the republic was the selfishness of the individuals composing it. Unjust, immoral, dishonest, each one industriously undermined the house in which he lived in order to become private owner of what he took out.

But why should they not? "This world is not our home." As well amuse oneself as a member of a ring as any other way. If there is anything wrong in it, Jesus Christ (who pardons everything except saying that he is a partner of Beelzebub) will send anyone straight from the deathbed to eternal bliss. He will do equally well by those who, robbed by rings, pass their lives in a hard struggle with poverty.

Though men must suffer here, the consequences of selfishness, immorality, injustice, dishonesty, religion promises them another world wherein cause and effect bear no relation to each other, and where the effect of causes that worked in the life of this world are retroactivly destroyed. Dropping out the middle terms, it is seen that religion destroyed the republic. It will destroy any society that adheres to it. W. M.

Lexington, January 24th.

The Liberal Club.

"The 327th regular meeting of the Manhattan Liberal Club took place at 220 East 15th street, on Friday evening, Feb. 16th, T. B. Wakeman presiding. After minutes of previous meeting were read and accepted, the chairman introduced the speaker of the evening, Mr. Mark M. Pomeroy, who gave the lecture announced on the program, entitled 'Panics and their Causes.' The discussion which followed was participated in by Messrs. Palmer, Langerfelt, Dr. Foote, Jr., Andrews, Cohen, and Stone, and closed by the speaker."

The foregoing is all that posterity will learn, from the official records of the Manhattan Liberal Club, of what took place at its last meeting, except what is conveyed in the additional statement that "at the usual hour the club adjourned. A. C. Macdonald, sec'y." It is the province of THE TRUTH SEEKER to giv the proceedings more in detail, that the light of the knowledge there divulged may be diffused to the utmost parts of the earth, and that those dwelling outside of New York and in other heathen localities may be not altogether shut off from the means of grace.

The audience that assembled on this occasion filled the hall and the vestibule, sat upon camp-stools, stood in the aisles, and leaned against the walls. The steady increase in the attendance, and the augmented interest manifested, may be due to the series of reports of these meetings which has appeared in THE TRUTH SEEKER, or they may be attributable to other causes. Nevertheless they are assured and recognized facts. At the appointed hour Mr. Pomeroy appeared upon the stage, saluted the chairman, and then turned his attention to the solution of the matter of panics. When he was a young man, the speaker said, he had a friend at college who was called upon to write an essay on *delirium tremens*. The essay was short, and set forth that the cause of the disease was too much whisky; the effect, a bad feeling in the head; the cure, sleep or death. The cause of panics, Mr. Pomeroy proceeded to say, was lack of intelligence and contraction of the currency; the effect, financial distress; the remedy, more money. Panics had been of periodical occurrence for the last twenty years. When at the close of the war the government called in the greenbacks and substituted interest-bearing bonds, the foundation was laid for the subsequent financial crises. The government should pay off the bonds in greenbacks and stop the drain of interest upon the tax-burdened people. This was the simple and effectual remedy which it was the object of the lecturer to advocate. Mr. Pomeroy is a breezy and activ speaker, a Greenbacker, and, perhaps, a repudiator. His oratory is distinctiv. While on the platform he is in constant motion, sitting down when speaking of anyone in that position, and jumping to his feet again with a change of subject. The effect of his method is to keep a popular audidence awake and in good humor. The sedate and more thoughtful might regard him as inclined to reach out after effect, and as throwing more physical exertion into a speech than is necessary to the discussion of a grave subject. These appearances, however, may be deceitful, and perchance arise from the eminently natural ebullitions of earnest conviction and a powerful physique, which are prominent characteristics of Mr. Brick Pomeroy. He is Liberal in religion, progressiv in politics, and enterprising in business.

At the close of the speaker's remarks the chairman announced that the interesting and remarkable lecture to which we had listened was now open to discussion in speeches of ten minutes each. Members of the club had the preference.

Mr. Palmer was in accord with most that the speaker had said. He could not, however, see any way open for the nation to repudiate its agreement with the bondholders and still preserve its honor. He had paid debts which in equity he could hav got out of, but as he had promised to pay them, he did so. The nation must keep its pledge, and look to some other method besides repudiation as a preventiv of panics.

Mr. Langerfelt was the next critic to assert himself. In listening to the lecture he had seemed to feel the fresh br ezes of the West. As a matter of fact, it was the fresh st lecture he had ever heard. He could not agree with the speaker at all in regard to greenbacks. Money represented value, and value could not be created by an act of Congress. Mr. Pomeroy's speech was all nonsense; this for the reason that there was no sense in t. The gentleman's heart was probably all right, but, as Mr. Pomeroy had himself said, there was need of intelligence. This is the substance of Mr. Langerfelt's remarks; but it appeared afterward, when other speakers came to criticise him, that it is not what he intended to say.

Dr. Foote, Jr., the inventor of the polyopticon, and author of a distich on the merits of that amusing and instructiv implement, stated that he had always been a Greenbacker. It came natural. Still, he was not so much a Greenbacker as formerly. He had read the arguments on the other side, and became convinced that money should be based upon something. Dr. Foote was candidate for political office on the Greenback ticket in this city last fall, with unfavorable results. This only shows, however, the necessity of hastening that time shadowed forth by the Pantarch, when the best men shall drift into places of trust as naturally as water runs down to the sea.

Mr. Andrews assumed the platform to correct some of the errors into which Mr. Langerfelt had fallen. He first took up that gentleman's statement that money must represent instrinsic value, whereupon Mr. Langerfelt denied that he had said anything of the kind. Mr. Andrews went on to say that the value of money was founded in the confidence that the next man would take it. That was practical redemption. The amount of money which a government might issue was therefore limited only by public confidence; and as the limit of that confidence could be reached, it followed that inflation of the currency could be run into the ground if carried far enough.

Mr. Cohen made a speech that appealed largely to the sense of humor, and created side-aching laughter, partly because it was essentially funny and partly because of the accent of the speaker, who is a Hebrew. He told the story of the man who instructed his son, if he ever bought a cow in partnership, to take the hind part, because it gave all the milk, while the front part consumed all the hay. Unfortunately Mr. Cohen's version of the anecdote reversed the cow and gave the shrewd young man the front part. Mr. Cohen was therefore under the necessity of revising his joke. This having been got along with, he proceeded to repeat the conversation which he had held with Mr. Rutherford B. Hayes. The president broached the subject of currency, and said there would be no settlement of the problem while there were fanatics who believed that the government stamp on a piece of tin made it money. Mr. Cohen had given him the direct snub by saying: "Mr. President, I hav no time to discuss that question with you; but I hav my opinion of a chief executiv who hasn't confidence enough in the people over whom he presides to accept their promis to pay." The audience could not help applauding this exhibition of "crust," and a man remarked in a consolatory tone that "Hayes was a fraud anyway."

Mr. Stone made a brief speech following out the line of thought which Mr. Andrews had taken up; and then Mr. Pomeroy took the floor again to answer his critics, paying his respects more particularly to Mr. Langerfelt, and defining money to be simply a legal tender.

A pleasant feature of this meeting was the raising of a sum of money to aid in defending free speech in Massachusetts, now assaulted in the person of Mr. E. H. Heywood. THE TRUTH SEEKER set the ball in motion by offering a tableful of literature to be sold, the proceeds to be devoted to that end. Those who were not in need of the literature were informed by the chair that they might contribute direct. Mr. Pomeroy laid down a greenback with a V on it, and Dr. Foote, Jr., and Mr. Courtlandt Palmer followed suit. With these and the returns from the sale of books and papers, together with other contributions, the sum of $31.03 was raised, and a check for that amount forwarded to Mr. Heywood the next morning, with the best wishes of all concerned.

The next Friday night lecture will be by Mr. Palmer, on "Liberal Lessons from the Character of Washington."

Hamburg, Erie County, N. Y.

Liberals here hav for some time had a Liberal League charter, but never fully organized or got to work. Under the stimulus of a course of three lectures by ex-Rev. C. B. Reynolds, of Rochester, on the 8th, 9th, and 10th of February, and the earnest appeals made by him, they hav now decided on activ, united work.

Heretofore expenses of lectures hav been defrayed by a few zealous ones, no charge being made for admission to the lectures. Under the advice and in compliance with the urgent appeal of Brother Reynolds, and encouraged by the large attendance and deep interest awakened by his first lecture on Friday evening, on "What Liberalism Teaches," it was announced that an admission fee of 25 cents would be charged on Saturday evening, the Sunday lecture to be free. This worked well—proved to be a move in the right direction—all readily paying admission.

One of the worst mistakes is to suppose people will best appreciate what costs them nothing. When we invest our money we are far more likely to take activ interest and devote our attention to the matter. The great need of the hour is organization. Iconoclasm is not enough; we must build up. Liberals can only carry on their grand and noble work effectually by rallying and uniting their forces. Let us hav an efficient organization of Liberals in every village, town, and city; and let every member pay regular dues. This need never exclude the poor; there are always generous and intelligent Liberals who will find some profitable work for the deserving needy, so they can earn for themselvs enough to pay their way without sacrificing their independence.

The lecture here on Saturday night, "Why I Left the Pulpit," despite the extreme inclemency of the weather, drew a good attendance, and proved the wisdom of charging admission.

Hamburg is fortunate in having some of the best possible material of which to form a powerful Liberal society. The leading Liberals, J. A. Taylor and J. Nuessle, are Liberals in the fullest, highest sense of the term. They not alone reflect credit on the cause, but their influence has an elevating tendency. Despite their outspoken Infidelity, their exemplary lives, enterprise, and benevolence, cause the orthodox to moan in anguish, because all their efforts to counteract the influence of such men are vain. The poor know Brothers Taylor and Nuessle to be their best and truest friends, providing them employment, and inspiring and encouraging them with a spirit of industry, economy, and independence, while the wealthy devotees of supernaturalism, and most abject slaves of the church, and Mrs. Grundy, are compelled to admire their public spirit, enterprise, and integrity.

After the Sunday lecture on "The Bible in Public Schools," which attracted a crowded house, and was a wonderful eye-opener and thought-awakener, Bro. Reynolds appealed to those present to organize and commence holding regular meetings; called attention to the necessity of earnest efforts in behalf of the children, to provide them scientific, educational, and social advantages that should be in all respects superior to the church and Sunday-school.

Arrangements were promptly made to hold regular weekly meetings, and we predict a brilliant future for the Liberal League of Hamburg. PECULIAR.

Professor Adler's Appeal for the Poor.

Professor Felix Adler renewed his attack on the tenement houses last Sunday at Chickering Hall before a large and sympathetic audience. He opened with certain general propositions regarding the development of the intellect, taste, and moral faculties of man, saying there were degrees of humanity; that in some persons only possibilities of humanity existed, and that anything approaching perfection was the result of careful culture and nice harmonization of all the mental qualities. He then took up his main subject in these words:

Let us turn from this ideal to look upon the tenement house population of New York. What blackness falls upon the sight! What a descent there is from a mountain-top to a miry swamp! Among old superstitions is there any more pernicious than that which holds that some persons are born with blue blood; that a small part of the population is to hav the advantages of culture and refinement, while the majority grow up in neglect; that the few are to sit upon thrones built upon the bodies of the many? I hav heard in this country even—in this land of liberty—utterances which show that the tradition lingers among us that some are born with gold in their souls and some with baser metal. I was present once at an Independence Day dinner which occurred shortly after a great strike, which had excited more public sympathy than is usual. My neighbor was particularly violent in his denunciation of the strikers, and at last he said, "It is my belief that some men are born to drink champagne and others to carry the hod." Just then he was called upon by the chairman to respond to the first toast. He stood up, and, lifting his glass, exclaimed, "Let us drink to our Declaration of Independence and our glorious Constitution."

You would not put wine into a dusty goblet; you would not place the luscious summer fruit upon a broken plate. How does it happen, then, that you, who believe that every man has an immortal, precious soul, would place that soul in a soiled and shattered vessel? "The poor man should cultivate greater refinement," says one. How, when even his grosser senses are offended day by day and hour by hour with his surroundings? "He should be better educated; ignorance is his great fault," another says. How shall he be educated? Has he not been taken from school in his very infancy to work in a factory, or be a cash boy, to help to keep starvation from his parents' door? "Greater morality should prevail among the lower classes," says a third. How shall the poor man be virtuous, when all the surroundings of his life are destructiv of morality? I tell you there is room for a new abolition movement here as broad, as grand as that other which is just finished against negro slavery. But so difficult, so complicated, are the necessities of this case that it is a blessing if any settled point can be found from which to start the movement for the abolition of pauperism, if to the helpless people and their still more helpless benefactors any certain course can be laid open. This certainty, this starting-point, I believe is to be found in the tenement house problem. Here it will not be necessary to convince; here you can appeal from a sure basis to the morally lazy, who know their duty but do not do it. You can call to them in the words of the scripture, "Let my people go free"—free from the extortioners who are squeezing the last penny out of the poor, free from the reeking dens in which they pass their lives.

The case is this. The decent working people of New York to-day pay, on an average, rents from $8 to $14 a month. That is a fixed quantity. They can giv no more. Their wages will not allow it. Now, if the tenements must pay from ten to fifteen per cent to the landlords, it is plain the capital invested must be very small. If the capital is small, the comforts and conveniences must be very limited. If the capitalist would be content with six per cent, so much more comfort would be assured to the tenant. Now, we may hope, judging from examples in this city and Brooklyn, that we can make six per cent in our new tenement enterprise, and yet giv good light, ventilation, and plumbing. Our plan is to be content with half that and make the rest a sinking fund for the tenements—to brighten the lives of these poor people with the idea that in old age they may liv rent free. To carry out these plans only money is wanted. You are not asked to giv, only to lend. Is it very hard to lend to the poor at three per cent?

The newspapers object that we cannot get men to furnish capital at three per cent when they can make fifty. Are men only dirt? Will people who own capital only respond to one motiv. But what about the churches. They claim to be the guardians of the public morality; let them see to what a fine condition of morality we hav come. There are churches in this city so rich that they could build whole blocks of tenements. Let us do our part, and perhaps when they see us, a band of radicals, going forward they may be goaded into action.

Others object that some of the people are too degraded to liv in clean houses. They do not seem to see what a reproach that is to themselvs; they do not see what an argument for haste it is lest the rest of the people should become as bad. But at any rate these degraded ones are the minority; why then compel the decent poor to liv amid associations they abhor?

Then I am asked why I attack the houses and pass over the matter of food and dress. I reply, the home is the foundation of everything. Where homes are well all is well. But when, as I hav seen, two families and night lodgers are crowded in two rooms, one of them dark, is it wonderful that health is bad, morals are low, and politics are corrupt? I hav no pa-

ence with movements that attack the symptoms and disregard the causes of disease. Are we sure that if we lived in squalor we could resist the temptation to drown in drink our remembrances of our lot—of what we are and what the civilization of the nineteenth century has made us?

I hav known a man to brutally kick his wife at a time when she ought to hav been the subject of his tenderest care; I hav heard the story of a fair-haired little girl on whom a brutal father drew a knife; I have talked with a little girl of eleven who already had tasted of the fruits of the tree of knowledge, because she and her father and mother and brothers and sisters were crowded, regardless of all decency, in a single room.

It is because I know these things and you know them that I tell you we are responsible for the lives and destinies of these people; and if we do not try to rescue them their fate is upon our heads.

Dr. J. L. York in Seattle.—Another County Heard From.

The editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER and its many readers at large will no doubt be glad to hear a short report from this part of the great field of Freethought.

I reached here on the Queen of the Pacific in time to speak two Sunday evenings preceding the Paine celebration, for which purpose I was called here. And as all are open to flattery in some degree, I must confess I felt a little flattered to appear before a Seattle audience the fifty-fourth time, numbering over five hundred people, the full capacity of the hall. My first lecture was upon "The Demands of Liberalism," and showing the great need of a union of all Liberals, Materialistic and Spiritualistic, in a common cause against superstition and the combined efforts of a civilized paganism to still further infuse itself into our political and social relations.

This was the marked feature in the life-work of our friend D. M. Bennett. He drew no line of separation between Liberals on the ground of belief in after-life; and always sought to make a common ground rather than divide and weaken the forces in the presence of a common enemy. This fact was the basis of my strong attachment for this good and noble worker in the cause of truth; and, like Thomas Paine, his great service will be remembered and more appreciated in years to come. And I hope that the same policy will be pursued by THE TRUTH SEEKER to the end of the chapter. Liberalism in its best and highest sense is divested of all technical issues, and means mental liberty.

This implies more than some Liberals are inclined to concede. I mean such as are constantly harping for, or against, continued life. The extreme in either case seems to me equally full of mischief.

My sympathy is on the side of the Spiritualistic thought, and I hav never sought to hide my convictions on that subject; and yet I would not think it compatible with a generous Liberalism to teach dogmatically upon that subject, and much less to treat lightly or trample upon the feelings and antagonize the views of good Liberal people upon a subject the nature of which, of necessity, involves much doubt. You will excuse this abrupt turn in my letter; and let me say that one might suppose that away up here, by this most beautiful body of water in the world, Puget Sound, surrounded by evergreen hills, with the grand, proud, old Raineer, in snow-capped majesty, so pure and white, looking down upon the beautiful, stirring city of Seattle, spread out, as it is, like a city upon a thousand hills, with such an equable climate, and where every prospect and surrounding pleases, it would be sad to know that "*only man is vile.*"

But such is the fact; Christians not only can, but as elsewhere do, stretch the truth, and sometimes lie outright. Last week the *Herald*, a paper run by a Christian hypocrit, came out with an insulting editorial against the Seattle Liberal League, and asked, "What has Liberalism done for the world? Beyond teaching a Liberalism so like license that no ordinary man can tell the difference, it has done nothing; and the student will look in vain, two centuries later, for the names of Tyndall, Darwin, Ingersoll, and the rest of that ilk." Of course that fired me up some, and my second lecture was a red-hot review of the *Herald*, showing what Liberalism teaches, its philosophy and moral ethics, and what Liberals had done for the world in the field of science and social life; and I also pointed out, as well as I could, what would become of such men as the editor of the *Herald*, and cited him, being a Christian, to the fearful example of Ananias and Sapphira. The next day he came out with two columns of weak tea, to show that science and religion meant essentially the same thing, and that only *fools* interpreted science in such a way as to antagonize religion.

I ought to thank him for the above text, and on next Sunday evening will review the *Herald* again, and we shall see whether science and religion are the same, and who the fools in the case are. But here—how I am going on, almost forgetting to tell you about the celebration of the natal day of our author-hero, Thomas Paine!

Agreeable to a provision in the Seattle Liberal League, that its officers should be elected each year on the anniversary of Thomas Paine, the League came out in full force on that evening, and a board of officers were elected, consisting of D. B. Crane, a time-worn veteran and a warm supporter of THE TRUTH SEEKER and its cause, as president; C. J. Clark, vice-president; Walter Walker, secretary; and Laurie E. Hall, treasurer, after which, the audience having assembled, taxing the utmost capacity of the hall, fully six hundred people, the memorial exercises were carried out in a manner highly creditable to the League and satisfactory to the audience, consisting of music, songs, poems, and speeches. Mrs. Gifford rendered an original poem on Thomas Paine, doing credit to her head and heart. Mrs. Giddings recited a poem by Dr. J. L. York, entitled "No Royal Road," in fine taste, evincing marked elocutionary excellence. The choir, of which Mr. Brush is chorister, manifested a critical good taste in the selection of songs and music for the occasion. Miss Good enlivened the occasion with her solos, in such fine voice as to carry the house by storm. The meeting was opened by President Crane with remarks touching the life work of Thomas Paine. The oratorical honors we shared with our friend W. H. White, one of Seattle's ablest lawyers, a fine speaker and a true champion of our noble cause. And, on the whole, I must say that the Seattle Liberal League is one of the very best west of the Rocky Mountains.

And I could not help thinking, as I looked into the faces of this large audience on this occasion, how Freethought is growing in the minds of the people. Such an audience, and on such an occasion, would not hav been possible ten or even five years ago. This is certainly a pointer to the decay of Protestant Christianity and the incoming harvest of mental freedom.

On next Sunday the Seattle Liberal League will organize a Young People's Progressiv Lyceum. This is a step in the right direction. Let us save our children from the nightmare of old theology, and I will add right here that Mrs. L. E. Hall, of Seattle, is engaged upon a compilation of Liberal songs and hymns, Materialistic and Spiritual, set to appropriate music in the book, for the use of Liberal meetings, lyceums for the young, and funeral occasions, which will more fully meet this need among our people everywhere, and bespeak for her the encouragement she deserves.

I am engaged to speak here during February, and from here to Tacoma, Portland, and home about the middle of March, to rest up a little for the long trip through Nevada, Northern Utah, Idaho, Wood River, and Montana in the spring. And I hope that the friends along the line of this route will assist me to help them by dropping me a few lines to San Jose, California. Will the Boston *Investigator* please copy?

The Work in India.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Dear Sir and Brother:* I am surprised to learn that Rev. Joseph Cook had been misleading your countrymen as regards his Indian exploits. The Boston liar and slanderer was virtually hooted out of India, while our late lamented friend, Mr. Bennett, the Freethought martyr and reformer, had a very cordial reception from the *whole* people of India and Ceylon, not to say of other countries he visited. The Boston religious scab had been saying somewhere in Boston that Mr. Bennett had appeared in one of the liar's lectures at Bombay with a horsewhip under his coat sleeve. This assertion is quite false. We, the people of India, only regret that the blackguard was not actually horsewhipped. I am sure the rascal will be horsewhipped and mobbed if he, the friend of Anthony Comstock, comes out the next time to India, and he shall has to go back scarred all over. His Calcutta friend, another slanderer and liar, the Rev. Mr. W. Hastie, has been ignominiously dismissed from the Christian mission work for his having slandered and libeled against the honor of an innocent "sister." This pious gentleman (?) was the only living man who stood by Joe Cook in this country. Joe Cook's Boston lecture teems with slander of the dead; to use my friend Remsburg's expression, "the ass was bravest when the lion could no longer defend himself." Cook's Tremont Temple lecture was a series of concocted lies from beginning to end. I wish it to be made known to the "defender of Christianity" that the people of India hav a natural tendency of hatred towards that rotten religion, and that the tendency of all educated men, in this country, is towards Freethought. My reprint of Mr. Bradlaugh's "Is there a God?" and "God in a Nut Shell," one of THE TRUTH SEEKER leaflets, an edition of 19,000 copies, has been exhausted in one month. My translations of some of Mr. Bradlaugh's, Bennett's, and my friend Remsburg's tracts hav an enomous circulation in this country. The Calcutta *Statesman*, a respectable daily, says: "Mr. Basu is a pronounced Freethinker, and his anti-religious Bengali tracts hav an enormous circulation." Translations of Remsburg's "The Decline of Faith" has an unprecedentedly large circulation. Works of Mr. Bradlaugh, Mrs. Besant, Mr. Charles Watts, Mr. Bennett, and others, are almost in the hands of every educated man throughout the country, and there is not a place in all India where Christianity and its black-coated defenders are not ridiculed by the people. I hope, Mr. Editor, you will publish this letter, with such remarks as you deem proper, in THE TRUTH SEEKER, to disabuse the public mind of the false impressions which might hav been created in their minds from the base slanderer and liar's fabricated stories. I also hope that all of the Liberal papers will copy and publish this letter. I am, for the cause of truth,

Fraternally Yours, KEDARNATH BASU.

Berhampur, Bengal, Dec. 25, A. S. 283.

The Blunders of Bigotry.

Fifty-one years ago, in 1833, soon after England had removed the political disabilities of the Catholics, a boy was born in the eastern part of London to parents living in poverty. When the Chartist agitation was rekindled in 1848 the poor lad of fifteen found that nature had gifted him with a brain and a tongue. He sympathized with the cause of the people and became a street orator. When the Chartist crowd undertook to march to Westminster to present the monster petition calling for universal suffrage and the abolition of the property qualification, and was dispersed by the police, the boy was in the ranks. His name was Charles Bradlaugh.

Ten years later, in 1858, the property qualification was abolished.

In 1858, the year a Jewish member was first admitted to the British Parliament, Charles Bradlaugh started a journal advocating republicanism in politics, Freethought in religion, and the doctrins of Malthus in social economy. The publication was bitterly denounced. The Gladstone ministry in 1869 endeavored to suppress it because its proprietor refused to apply for a license. But Bradlaugh, pleading his own case, defeated the government in the courts. The journal rose to a circulation of many thousands.

In 1868 Charles Bradlaugh ran for Parliament in Northampton. He received 1,000 votes in a constituency of between 9,000 and 10,000. Ten years afterwards, in 1878, Sir Charles Dilke said that Charles Bradlaugh had the largest following of any man in England.

In 1880 Charles Bradlaugh was elected Member of Parliament for Northampton. When he entered the House on May 3d he declined to take the oath of allegiance and offered to affirm. The House denied him the right of affirmation. He refused to withdraw and was taken into custody and imprisoned in the Clock Tower. In June his affirmation was accepted on Mr. Gladstone's resolution and he affirmed and voted in the House. A regulation suit was commenced against him for sitting and voting in the House without having taken the oath, and under an English statute he was convicted and fined £500. Bradlaugh resigned, returned to his constituency, and they re-elected him. In April, and again in May, 1881, offering to take the oath with mental reservation, he was forcibly ejected from the House of Commons. This farce has continued ever since. Mr. Bradlaugh returns again and again to his constituents, and again and again they send him back to Parliament, where the stupid fanaticism and pig-headed obstinacy of the English statesmen meet him, and Northampton remains disfranchised.

This farce has just been repeated. Parliament assembles, Mr. Bradlaugh appears at the bar and his oath is refused. But he is no longer forcibly ejected nor confined in the Clock Tower. Thus far he has progressed towards victory. This time he resigns by the acceptance of the Stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds, which vacates his seat. He will be immediately re-elected by his constituents.

There is no doubt how this will end. Despite the stubbornness of English prejudice Charles Bradlaugh will bend Parliament to his will. Bigotry and intolerance will receive another wound. But the bitterness of the fight which in their fatuity they hav made only renders it the more certain that in a very few years not one but many Charles Bradlaughs will sit on the benches of the British House of Commons.—*The World.*

Was Sir Walter Scott an Atheist?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I hav been perusing Lockhart's "Life of Sir Walter Scott," and in vol. ii of this biography, commencing on page 234, and ending on page 236, is a letter from Scott, dated Edinburgh, March 2, 1810, to a particular friend of his, J. B. S. Morritt, Esq., 24 Portland Place, London. In the course of this letter occurs the following: "Miss Baillie's play went off capitally here, *notwithstanding her fond and over-credulous belief in a creator of the world.* The fact is so generally believed *that it is the man who makes the deity,* that I am surprised it has never been maintained as a corollary that the knife and fork make the fingers." It would seem from Sir Walter Scott's allusion to Miss Baillie's "over-credulous belief in a creator of the world," as also to the fact "generally believed, that it is man who makes the deity," that he entertained Atheistical views. Another addition to the long list of *thinking* men who are not led by the clergy and the old book of contradictions and immoralities. Very truly yours,

EDWIN H. BARTLETT.

South Dartmouth, Mass., Feb. 8, 1884.

Communications.

Infidel Philosophy.

The days of miracles are past. The waters of the flood hav long since dried up. The ark is laid up for repairs. Wise and holy men, with a thousand fancy women each, are as scarce as white crows. Barnum offers a hundred thousand dollars a season for a magician who can turn all the waters of any country into blood.

The gates of hell are closed and the fires hav gone out. The devil has engaged with Tony to carry his smut-bag. Samson's fiery foxes are to be put on exhibition the coming season. Water from the dry jawbone of an ass is now worth fifty dollars per drachm. Sitting Bull wants the mate to the jawbone which Samson used to such advantage among the Philistines for a war club. He will pay in healthy young squaws who can be disposed of to ministers to good advantage ; every revivalist will take two or three at good prices.

Jonah has gone back on sea voyages; he don't like the cabin arrangements. It is now ascertained that a little more fire in the furnace would hav kept the three Hebrew children from frosting their feet. It is found out that Old Lot holds a claim on all the salt-beds recently discovered in the state of New York. Joshua has entered into contract not to put the brakes on the solar system until requested by the chief officer of the signal service. The prophets are on a strike because God did not hav events transpire as laid down in the program. Mrs. Adam says, since the whole human family hav to be damned, she is sorry she did not eat another pound sweeting. The devil says that God is an "old seed," and got beat on every corner.

My friends, the morning of reason is dawning. The clouds of superstition are lifting. Those who hav so long held the race in mental bondage are losing power. The voices of those who are coming to deliver the race can even now be heard in the distance. Ministers are leaving the church to unfurl the banner of Freethought. Science will soon wave her magic wand, and the civilized nations will own her sway. Superstition and gods and ghosts and creeds will disappear as savage life givs way at the approach of civilization.

This is eminently an age of reason—an age when every idea, new or old, is subjected to the severest criticism. All truth has come to be sacred, and falsehood and absurdity can no longer be imposed upon the people by calling them holy. Books are now taken at their real value, and calling them holy does not raise them in the estimation of sound-minded men a single farthing.

All men are being impartially weighed in the balance of public opinion, and calling a man reverend does not add one pennyweight to his avoirdupois.

Men now conduct their business according to their best judgment. Overruling providence is no longer a factor. Men who liv at the present time are of vastly more importance to the world than those who lived in an ignorant age, even though they were instructed by God. Those who were instructed by God knew far less than those do who hav been trained in our schools of science.

The masses are losing faith in prayer, and fast learning that everything must be accomplished by personal persistent effort. Men advanced in thought are no longer striving to please God, but are trying to better the condition of man. Comfortable houses and happy families are occupying the minds of men more than an imaginary heaven.

The great lesson of the day is not how to go to get to heaven, but how to hav a heaven all around us.

It is found far better to teach men how to liv than how to die. If they are taught how to liv good and useful lives here, they will certainly die without any trouble on their part, and find all the enjoyment there is in it. And if, as Christians say, there is a world beyond, they will be as well prepared to enter that as Christians are who never hav learned to properly liv in this.

The time has come for men to think, scan and compare and investigate, and arrive at reasonable conclusions without fear of a designing priesthood, or the hope of heaven or the dread of hell.

We go back and arraign the old Bible worthies before the bar of public opinion as though they were living to-day. Because Brigham Young claimed a divine commission, he cannot escape this ordeal; neither can they. If they were under the guidance of an all-wise and just God, they will come out like pure gold from the crucible. And if it should turn out that God had no more to do with them than he has with men to-day, and the whole thing is only a pretense and a sham, then the sooner the truth is separated from falsehood the better.

If polygamy is a thing to be loathed and cursed, then Solomon is to be loathed and cursed more than Brigham Young, in the proportion of a thousand wives to twenty. If the Bible account of Abraham offering up his son Isaac be true, why should we discredit the claim of Freeman? Let those who claim that God directed Abraham deny the claim of Freeman, if they can, with any show of consistency.

If King David murdered Uriah in order to make his wife a victim to his lust, he was guilty of a meaner crime than Guiteau was, and deserved a hangman's noose a hundred times more; and calling him a man after God's own heart does not abate the heinousness of the crime one iota. It is claimed that David repented of this great crime before God. Did he giv up Uriah's wife? Not a bit of it. His example is followed by many of our modern ministers; they sin and repent, and repent and sin. Repentance follows crime, and crime follows repentance. One treads upon the heel of the other, and all the time they grow no better.

We go farther. We arraign the Bible and the Bible God. Is there any wickedness in that? If God has given us the reason we possess, must we not measure all things, the Bible and God included, by the reason which he has given us? And if the Bible represents God as a monster, may we not reasonably conclude that a decent God had nothing to do with it, and that those who wrote it made their God reflect their own savage dispositions.

Did an unchangeable God ever create man and pronounce him very good, and then repent of making him? If the eating of an apple damned the whole human family, did not God, by planting the tree in the garden, he having fore-knowledge, make himself accessory to the crime? And if God had killed Adam and Eve right there and then, would not the consequences of the transgression hav been far less disastrous? Would it not hav been better to kill a single pair than to drown a world?

But it did not stop here. Even after this terrible visitation the sons of men continued right on in their transgressions, until God got so mad that he had to kill himself to appease his own wrath, and open up a way whereby not more than ninety-nine out of every hundred need be compelled to roast in hell.

To a reasonable mind this redemption business seems not only ill-timed, but badly planned. If the eating of an apple brought the primal curse upon the world, and there was no escape only through the blood of Christ, then all who were born before the flood must hav been used for kindling-wood to keep up the fires in the regions down below.

And those who came after the flood could hav fared no better up to the time of the crucifixion. So that from man's advent into the world there hav been less than two thousand years that man stood any chance to escape hell. Whereas if the savior had been trotted out immediately after the eating of the apple, there might hav been a chance for one out of a thousand of the countless millions who were born before the crucifixion to twang a heavenly harp.

In view of this whole transaction, it has always appeared to me that God could hav had but one object in view, and that was to play into the hands of the devil. God is clothed with all power, and if the above conclusion is not correct, how could the weaker being worst the stronger every time?

All the time Noah was sweating to build the ark, didn't God know just how it would all turn out? Didn't he know that he was putting poor old Noah to an awful sight of trouble, and that neither himself nor the human family would be any better off? Were not the people just as wicked after the flood as before it?

And then to giv old Noah such a chase after the animals to get them into the ark, when he knew all the time it wouldn't do any good, was using him meaner than a cow-boy. Don't wonder he got drunk, the first opportunity, to drown his trouble.

My mind can conceive of nothing more wicked than to teach the young that such nonsense is the word of God. And to teach them that God ever spoke to man, or held communication with him, more than he does with man to-day, is equally wicked and absurd. I take it upon myself to say that every one of the "God saids," and the "God spakes" throughout the scripture has only a big lie to rest upon. However, God had no more to do with the scriptures, than he did with the Koran, the book of Mormon, or any other writings. "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." Did God write that? If so, he wrote what no man ever understood, for it is positivly without meaning.

Suppose an Indian chief should see an improved printing-press, never before having learned that such a machine was in existence. And suppose he should desire some one to giv him a history of it, as to who first conceived the idea, and how it came to be suggested, and how many changes had been wrought in bringing it up to its present degree of perfection. And suppose he should be told that Smith or Jones invented it. He could put all he had learned into his Indian pipe and smoke it, for the answer would convey no idea. And "God created the heaven and the earth" is equally barren of an idea.

"And the earth was without form." An utter impossibility. The human mind cannot conceive of a particle of matter without form. "And the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." How? As a boat moves upon the face of the water, or as a general "moves upon the enemies works." I must confess that I am at a loss to know.

Now remember this is God's writing. It is also claimed that he constructed the machinery of my brain, and that it must produce thoughts peculiar to the machinery. Now if my mind cannot comprehend his word; in other words, if he did not adapt his word to the capacity of my mind, did he not make a blunder?

"And God said, Let there be light." Who heard God say that? Is it possible for any human being to know that God used that language? Did he speak in ancient Greek, or Hebrew, or Sanscrit? Could it make any kind of difference what tongue he spoke in, or whether he spoke at all, when there was no ear, not even the ear of a brute, to hear what he said?

Now I want some one well up in this God business to tell me how it is possible for him to know that God said, "Let there be light." To whom did he say it, or what was the use of his saying it, before he had made an ear to hear it?

Now, whether he said so or not, or whether he picked his teeth, or scratched his ear, or blew his nose, or stubbed his toe, or got some dirt in his eye, no human being has the power of knowing, for as yet no human being had been created on the face of the earth.

"And God divided the light from the darkness." This is a very peculiar statement. God had created neither sun, moon, nor stars, so that for three days at least neither of these luminaries could hav been the source of light. What produced the light for the first three days, and how the light and the darkness got so mixed, is still a conundrum. And how he "divided the light from the darkness" is equally a mystery. It must be that he put a long partition through, and then bailed out the darkness and poured it over the partition.

Now I want every reader to open his Bible, and turn to the first chapter of Genesis, and see how the work opened on the fourth morning, as three mornings and three evenings hav elapsed without any sun.

Gen. i, 14: "And God said, Let there be lights in the firmament of heaven to divide the day from the night." Now how could there hav been three evenings and three mornings, and three days, before God got the apparatus in running order to produce these evenings and mornings, or to divide time into periods of day and night?

Verse 17: "And God set them in the firmament of the heaven, to giv light upon the earth. 18: And to rule over the day, and over the night, and to divide the light from the darkness." Now it is clearly apparent that this was the first machinery he had arranged for dividing the light from the darkness, and how could he hav divided the light from the darkness, as set forth in the fourth verse?

I tell you the bailing process is the only solution, but I apprehend it was only a makeshift until he could carry his plans into execution.

Now if my everlasting salvation depends upon believing that such stuff is the word of God, I may as well be put down as a candidate for hell at once.

Verse 21: "And God created great whales." How did he know that they were whales. It will be seen by consulting chapter ii, 19, that none of the animals had yet been named, for it is there stated that "whatsoever Adam called every living creature, that was the name thereof."

If God knew the name of every "living creature" beforehand, he fooled away his time when he "brought them unto Adam to see what he would call them."

Gen. i, 22: "And God blessed them, saying, Be fruitful and multiply," etc. Now, when God spoke to the beast and the fowl and the fish, in what language did he speak? When the ass spoke to Balaam, it must hav spoken in language which Balaam could understand. So when God spoke to the beasts and fowls and fishes, he must hav spoken in language intelligible to them, or he might as well not hav spoken. What a pity we could not, in some way, get hold of the language he used, so as to be able to converse with the horses and cattle, etc. Wouldn't we speak to the bed-bugs and fleas and musketoes in unmistakable terms!

It is still a question how man found out that God did all this talking before a human being was created.

It must be that some enterprising newspaper reporter interviewed him a long time after it all happened.

JOHN PECK.

Naples, N. Y., Feb. 10, 1884.

Working Men

Of America! You are slaves to Shylocks, and your children are becoming greater slaves than yourselvs, and your posterity will bite the dust in the agonies of starvation if you do not arise and rescue your and their birthright to land from robbers and thieves. Circulate at once petitions or orders to the thieves in Congress for the following laws, viz: First, a law that no more land shall ever be given to schools, colleges, churches, railroads, or any other corporations. Second, a law that no man shall ever hereafter come

into legal possession, by purchase, will, or bequest, of more land than he and his own family can cultivate—say seventy-five acres, more or less, but not over one hundred. Third, a law that every man who desires it for cultivation shall hav one such lot of what is called the public lands, by paying only the price of surveying and fixing the bounds. Fourth, a law that such farm lot shall be inalienable to himself and family, as a permanent and perpetual inheritance, never to be taken by debt. Fifth, a law that when a large land-owner dies, each of his heirs may take enough of his land for one such farm lot, and that the balance be returned to the government at the price he gave for it, or sold at auction in farm lots only to those who own no other land. Sixth, a law requiring railroads and other large land-owners to set a price on their land, and the government hav the option either to buy the land or else tax it at the owner's price.

The moment these laws are enacted, the speculation in land will be killed, as it should be, and land will be worthless (as it should be) to all who do not need it to cultivate. Every man will hav an opportunity to secure a home, thousands will go to farming from cities and manufacturing districts where they now hav to underbid each other in selling their labor, and those who remain will command better wages, instead of selling their labor for half price, as they do now; while a bloody war for natural rights will be avoided.

But the workers are yet in the majority, and you can hav these laws if you will; if you do, your children and their children will "rise up and call you blessed;" if you neglect this duty, they will curse your memory with bitter tears. Circulate petitions for these laws and shower them upon Congress, and if the present members will not grant your petition, elect men who will, and giv yourselvs no rest till you restore the stolen birthright to land. And now, readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER, farewell; you may never again find my name in this paper.

Berlin, N. J., Jan. 28, 1884. J. HACKER.

The Prohibition Question.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* For one I am glad to see the prohibition discussion go on. It is doing good. Not that it is calculated to change the deep-seated convictions of adult people, but you must remember that there is always a "rising generation" coming on who need to be properly enlightened. The churches are all fully alive to the importance of indoctrinating the young. Let the old sinners go. It is a waste of ammunition to fire at them.

When I read the illogical and sentimental ravings of some of your prohibition advocates of nursery protection, I am reminded of old Col. I—— R——, of Topeka, Kan. After lying in the gutter for years, until his whisky appetite was exhausted, he "reforms," joins the church, goes to the very utmost verge of the opposit extreme, and becomes a greater nuisance and a more dangerous member of society than before. With a cocked revolver in his hand and a mob of women at his heels, I hav seen him wreck saloon after saloon, smashing down locked and bolted doors, and destroying stock, fixtures, furniture, and all. To cap the climax of prohibition glory, and that grace might still more abound, he shot and killed an officer who was approaching him with a a warrant for his arrest. He surrendered himself to a justice who was worthy Chief Templar of the Good Templars' Lodge, was examined and discharged.

Now there is your full-fledged "prohibitionist." If they are not all thus it is because they lack the pluck or as yet hav not attained to the higher degrees.

Five out of every one hundred men are constitutionally intemperate, without self-control, and become either inebriates or rabid prohibitionists. The latter is the worst of the two, as he is likely to do mischief far-reaching and serious. He does not reason. He feels. His impulses lead him. He is the material out of which to organize mobs and crusades. He is a creature of unaccountable whims, freaks, and fancies. Some of them hav become arrayed against the traffic in a spirit of revenge because some relativ or friend was infernal idiot enough to undertake the job of drinking all the whisky in the world and failed. Others are down on saloon-keepers because they envy them their easy profits. Others do not like strong drink, and hence want to regulate their neighbors' appetites by their own. Others like it, but love money so much better that the keeping of it affords them greater pleasure than drinking the whisky. Others fight the traffic because it is in their nature to fight and be raising hell about something, and they experience pleasure in so doing. Others, and the larger class, including the majority of women, are mere motivless jumping-jacks in the hands of designing persons, blindly following their bell-wethers wherever they lead. A few—a very few—are real unselfish philanthropists, and honestly believe that prohibition opens the door to the heavenly kingdom. With the exception of these, they are a bad lot, and one that I hav as little use and respect for as I hav for the majority of saloon-keepers.

I would rather liv in hell than in a country run by preachers and prohibitionists. For who is so destitute of intelligence as to suppose they would stop at prohibition. It would only be a beginning. Read history. It isn't whisky the church is after; it is after Infidels. That is the real issue. And the simple-minded "Liberal" who givs aid to it in this cause exhibits the wisdom of the silly chanticleer who, unable to "prohibit" his brother by his own process, went in search of a hungry fox to help him out. He stood by and laughed heartily while the fox ate his foe; but it was his last laugh, for the fox finished his meal on him.

It is a church struggle for empire—for conquest—precisely as England struggled to subdue the brave colonists. And I cannot regard these prohibition "Liberals" in any other light than as tories and traitors to our cause. E. C. Walker is our Thomas Paine. As a deep thinker, a calm, clear reasoner, and a forcible writer, he is unsurpassed. He never "turns livid with rage" under any provocation, especially upon occasions where only pity and disgust would be appropriate. S. R. S.

Prohibition Logic.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* W. F. Jamieson asks for proof that he is illogical. I think it is illogical to brand the Liberal League with being a "tool," even, of the "rum power." It is worse than illogical. It is false. And if he did not know it was false when he uttered the charge, so much the worse for him. The Liberal League and the "rum power" both declare against prohibition. Maybe the rum power is the tool of the Liberal League? Who knows? If both being on one side makes one a tool of the other, then Jamieson must be a tool of the church, for they are fighting side by side. When you turn his own logic against him, then it is illogical; but it is all right so long as it is turned against his enemies. Again he says, "They may be as temperate as I am, but they hav a queer way of showing it." Now turn this the other end to, and sayJamieson may be honest, but he has a queer way of showing it; or Jamieson may not be a designing knave, but his conduct unqualifiedly confirms that conclusion, which is the same thing, and how would he like it? It is the sum of many prohibitionists' logic to apply such epithets as "rummy," "defender of rum-holes," etc., to the opposers of prohibition. Everything that emanates from them is logic—prescribe for them their own medicin and it is the worst of billingsgate. If the League favored prohibition, would it be a tool of the church? Oh, no, I suppose not. Grant the right of half a dozen persons to take a plank out of the platform and not a sliver would be left. Perfect and absolute unanimity cannot be had on any point. Ninety-nine and nine-tenths per cent of Liberals are no doubt well satisfied with that seventh plank as it is. Giv us a rest. W. W. HAZZARD.

A Tenth Demand.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I hav noticed in your issue of Dec. 8th a suggestion that one of the parties attach the "Nine Demands of Liberalism" to its platform. Permit me to suggest that the Abolitionists made slow progress until they formed a third political party. The Liberals should follow their example, and form a party with the following tenth demand to their excellent platform:

> We demand that as Christian civilization has not improved the moral status of the Indians, and as their average capacity for mental culture is equal to the average white man's, they shall hav legal protection in the enjoyment of their rights as fellow-men, and also as fellow-citizens, whenever they desire to become such, without the imposition of any religious creed against their will.

This would, indeed, afford issues new to many, but acceptable to the humane and Liberal of all parties. It would giv vitality which no other parties possess. And until it is made in behalf of the race from which we hav derived our country, and two (Randolph and Jefferson) of the framers of its Constitution, our Liberalism is improperly limited; while the mere announcement of this demand will carry conviction of its justice to all who hear of it.

The tenth demand is necessary not only to show the clear, comprehensiv sense of justice of the Liberals, but to correct and elevate the national sentiment relativ to the oppressed races. Here is a fact by way of illustration: For years some of the newspapers on the Pacific coast hav affirmed that the Indians possess no attribute but what is common to the wildcat and wolf, and as such they should be destroyed. An item has recently been published that Rogue River Valley was so called on account of the roguish Indians who occupied it. The subscriber sent to two of the papers the following testimony to prove the statement a falsehood, but they refused to publish it. Its name came from Captain Rogue, who discovered the river: Hiram Culver staid alone in the valley, with a thousand Indians about him, for three months, while his brother went to the Wallamet for provisions. He had a variety of tools and other articles of value, yet he missed nothing but a small file, which, on telling the chief, was returned before sundown. Mrs. Jessie Fremont, with only one white woman, lived with the Indians two years, lost not a thing, and was treated by them with the utmost kindness. H. W. Beecher said in a lecture after his return from the Pacific coast, that he had made special inquiry as to the moral status of the Indians, and the answer was that "when fairly treated they are reliable and trustworthy." Out of two hundred treaties, they hav never been first to break one of them. The late report of the secretary of the interior says that the government owes the Indians five million dollars in unfulfilled treaties. Surely those who believe with Thomas Paine, "All men are my brother," should make a demand in behalf of equal rights for these people. JOHN BEESON.

Talant, Or.

Junius and Paine.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Bro. Wakeman is not quite convinced that Paine was Junius, and raises three objections to their identity. I beg leave to answer those objections just as I hav repeatedly done heretofore. He says:

> "The style of Paine seems to me against that theory."

What writer of that time comes so near to the style of Junius? Not one. Lord Brougham, never suspecting that so lowly a man as Paine could hav been Junius, said in 1840:

> "His style was a model of terseness and force. . . . In this respect he comes nearer to our own remarkable writer, Junius, than any known writer in the English tongue."

Mr. Wakeman's second point is:

> "The fact that Paine had not at that time of his life sufficient acquaintance with the men of England has seemed against it."

Mr. James Parton answered this objection in 1874 most emphatically. In gathering material for the life of Franklin he became familiar with the lives of the men whom Junius descanted upon, and "discovered that he knew them not, that he was not within the circle of the well informed." This was the only objection that weighed with Prof. Denslow, but when confronted with Mr. Parton's testimony, and with confirmatory facts, he frankly gave it up. The private letters of Junius to John Wilkes, first published in 1812, show that Junius was not within the circle of the well informed. And in a private letter to Lord Chatham, Jan. 14, 1772, recently brought to light, Junius says, "Retired and unknown, I liv in the shade, and hav only a speculativ ambition.

Lastly Mr. Wakeman says:

> "The fact that Paine with his open heart kept that secret is against it."

Almost the last words of Junius were, "I am the sole depository of my own secret, and it shall perish with me."

Now, Brother Wakeman, what would you think of Thomas Paine if he had broken that solemn and deliberate promis? Nor is it true that he had an "open heart" in the sense you imply. His heart overflowed with sympathy, but not at the expense of secrecy, which was one of his strongest traits, and enabled him more effectually to do his great work. He was unknown to the world until it became necessary to throw off disguise when he answered Edmund Burke in 1791. And when he began his "Age of Reason," two years later, he believed it was his last offering to "his fellow-citizens of all nations." Up to that time he had never in his writings disclosed his religious views. I say, then, had he at any time avowed the authorship of the Junius letters, his character, now without a smirch, would hav suffered unending reproach. W. H. BURR.

Washington, D. C., Feb. 8, 1884.

Misrepresentation.

From the Boston Investigator.

This is a very bad peculiarity in any one, even if indulged privately, and it becomes much worse when published. For instance: one F. B. Livezey says in the *Light for Thinkers* (we are sorry to see it giv light for misrepresenters) that:

> "Freeman [who murdered his child when religiously crazy] has lately been sentenced to a mad-house for life. Last summer, after reading editorial maledictions against him in THE TRUTH SEEKER and *Investigator*, equaled only by those of the *Christian (?) Advocate*," etc.

This is a misrepresentation. Neither THE TRUTH SEEKER nor the *Investigator* ever published any maledictions against against Freeman, for they knew he was crazy. They simply condemned the "religion" which brought him into that unfortunate condition, and they did their duty in so doing. Mr. F. B. Livezey is probably a Christian of some sort, but whatever it may be, it makes him quarrelsome and addicted to misrepresention. Let him remember and practice the commandment, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor."

JOHN'S WAY. Price 15 cts.

For this small sum of money is to be found the essence of *multum in parvo*. With all its wise and witty sayings it is as good as a double dose of laughter is to cure dyspepsia, for "John's Way" is a merry way, bordered with flowers and vocal with the wild bird's notes. If all men's ways were like John's, the millennium would stand tiptoe on the mountain-tops of thought.—*Woman's Herald of Industry.*

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More Heresy.

Much talk has lately been occasioned by the indiscretion of a Chicago clergyman, who made public the opinions given in a ministerial conclave, which were intended to be strictly private, like the ministerial demijohn.

The Rev. Dr. Curry, one of the foremost Methodist preachers in the country, is the heretic. He is generally regarded by his brethren, and recognized by outside communions, as perhaps the best of the Methodist scholars, and his defection is viewed with alarm by his church. The divulger of clerical secrets is the Rev. Dr. Thomas, who is an expelled Methodist exhorter—his expulsion having been caused by his disbelief of some of the Methodist doctrins.

Dr. Curry having made some remarks to the effect that Heber Newton was not alone in his antagonism to portions of the scriptures, Dr. Thomas the next Sunday preached a sermon in which he spoke of Dr. Curry's words as affording proof that "the doctrinal conception of religion in our day is seeking new forms." "Many orthodox ministers," he declared further, "are embarrassed by the too narrow limitations of the creeds they hav promised to believe and teach."

Dr. Curry's attention having been called to this reference to him, he said that Dr. Thomas was "no gentleman." That, says the *Sun*, was no denial of the truth of what Dr. Thomas said, for a man may be "no gentleman," and yet a specific statement of his may be true. Dr. Curry may hav meant merely that Dr. Thomas was "no gentleman" for exposing him to the criticism of his brethren, and for trying to get him classed as a fellow-heretic. He doubtless intended, moreover, to break the force of the other's assertions, if not to deny them explicitly. But it seems that he could not so deny them, for on the following Sunday Dr. Thomas read a verbatim report of what Dr. Curry actually spoke at the meeting of Chicago preachers made by a stenographer present, who is also himself a Methodist preacher, and who is ready to take his oath as to its accuracy. This is what Dr. Curry said:

"We hav no Hebrew literature of any older date than the time of the Jewish captivity, and we hav no Hebrew scholars now, or so few that you might count them on your fingers. The time may come when there will be thoroughly educated Hebrew scholars, but that time is not now. But we are now standing on the eve of the most stupendous revlution in reference to the doctrins of the Bible that the church has ever known. Uncertainty and doubt are pressing upon us. We are not certain of the authorship of the Old Testament. We cannot tell what part was written by Moses what part by other hands of the books attributed to Moses. We say David wrote the Psalms, but we know that the Psalms were not all written by David. They were written by different persons, at long intervals. No one can tell who wrote the book of Job. It contains evidence of being one of the oldest books in the Bible. The Old Testament abounds with ten thousand old wives' fables, which will finally drop out like a tadpole loses its tail when it has no further use for it. It would not be prudent now for us to attack these fables in the pulpit. But I must say there is a great deal in the Old Testament that is of very little value to religion. It is not all given by inspiration. When you hav to giv up what your mother taught you, do it honestly, but do not say much about it publicly. The Revised New Testament is incomparably superior to the old version; but there are still many things that will hav to be changed. But I am awfully shy of the Old Testament. It has got to be thoroughly revised, and if criticism says that any of the books are not genuin, they must go overboard. Many of the prophecies of Isaiah and other prophets that are applied to Christ and the church had reference to the return of the Jews from their captivity. Let those who attack Robinson [Robertson] Smith and others with him move slowly, for they may find themselvs standing on the same ground in the near future."

The position of Dr. Curry is not an enviable one. He is undoubtedly a heretic, and as undoubtedly a hypocrit—a combination of qualities rarely found—never, we may safely say, except in the case of a minister who is profiting by his preaching. Dr. Curry is intellectually dishonest, and we hope he will stay in the church. If the Bible is not all given by inspiration, then the only logical conclusion is that the whole is without inspiration, for who so foolish, in this age, as to claim divinity for "ten thousand old wives' fables?"

An interesting question, and one we hope the theological statisticians will devote attention to, is, how many more Dr. Curry's there are in the various churches who, knowing the gross imposition the Christian theology is, yet deem it the wise and prudent course to keep silent concerning their doubts.

Sectarian Diversion of Public Funds.

New York state and city are undoubtedly worse priest ridden than any other state and city in the Union, but they are only a sample of what may be looked forward to when the church has obtained that plenitude of power she is working for.

In this state the giving of money to sectarian societies has reached an extent perfectly astonishing, and certainly calling for remonstrance and remedy. At the close of last year the Board of Estimate and Apportionment of this city appropriated for the month of November from the excise fund, to various Catholic institutions, and one or two asylums of other sects, the sum of $34,533. This is at the rate of $400,000 a year, mainly to Roman Catholic charities, while at the same time two Catholic institutions, the Protectory and the Infant Asylum, are receiving also from the state treasury more than $400,000 per annum. In the list of those provided from the excise fund we find that the Institution of Mercy received in November $8,557, the St. Stephen's Home for Children, $3,076, the St. Joseph's Asylum, $2,608, the Missionary Sisters, $3,867, the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin, $4,722, the Sisters of St. Dominick, $3,144, and so on.

These sums are allotted at the rate of two dollars per week for each child cared for. The number is swelled every fall, reports the *Times*, by the trick of many poor Catholic parents who transfer their children to these missions to be taken care of during the cold months. The parents are tempted to idleness, and to the neglect of their offspring, by the ease with which they can transfer their support to other people, and by the fact that they can recover their children when they become more useful to them. Such an arrangement has, of course, a pauperizing and demoralizing influence, to say nothing of the wrongfulness of the proceeding.

We notice that, in commenting upon these abuses, the secular press are careful not to let the careless public know that there is any principle underlying the question of subsidizing religious charities. With them the amount appropriated is the issue. Such shortsightedness is due, of course, to the powerful influence of the church party. It doesn't sound nice, and the editors would probably resent being told that they are cowards controled by religious thieves, but it is a fact, nevertheless. We hav fully as much respect for the stalwart religious papers who know that they are pilfering paupers, and stand up and defend their actions on the principle that the earth being the Lord's, and they being the Lord's stewards, they are entitled to all the fulness thereof.

Crazy Religion.

For the salvationists now perambulating the country to the temporary diversion from their ways of a few rum-soaked individuals, and the permanent detriment of much maidenly morality, the high-toned Christians of the Buckley and Hall stripe are responsible, although they repudiate them and their ways. In Canada recently a rector was deprived of his pulpit by his bishop for countenancing and aiding a mob of crazy men and women calling themselves salvationists. This action of the bishop is strictly in the line of the whole theological scheme. God made men to sin, and then punishes them for it.

But there is nothing essentially different in the nature of proceedings between the Episcopalians, the Methodists and the Salvationists, and the belaborings the two former bestow on the latter are not deserved. Episcopalianism is sentiment plus a creed; Methodism is organized insanity; the Salvationists are poor devils without the wit to comprehend the creed or sufficient stability of character to stay in the organization.

There is no question of the damage to morality the Salvationists do, and it is equally clear that the regular churches are responsible for it. Where else but in a Methodist prayer-meeting could the Salvationists learn such expressions as "Lord, hold me!" "Send down the power!" as though some invisible cook were preparing a dish of power and the exhorter were ordering her to send it down by the dummy; "Come down, Jesus, quick!" is a thoroughly Methodist way of asking for "divine grace," and who that has attended these religious orgies has not recognized such expressions as "Roll in glory!" "Praise the Lord!" "Open the gates!" "Carry me up!" and so on, to be relics of an early Methodist training?

It is cruel of the churches who hav the advantage of being "regular" to cast off their illiterate emotional children, who belong to that class of society with whom it was Christ's delight to associate. The Salvationists preaching communism, renunciation of reason, and abject faith, are much truer followers of Christ, and therefore better Christians, than the broadcloth gentry who doze in cushioned pews and sleepily listen to stilted sermons from a clerical *dilettante*. No matter if they are a butt of ridicule for sensible people; they belong to the church, and it is rank ingratitude and base cruelty for well-dressed Christians to make fun of them as they do.

Titles of the New Testament Books.

A correspondent wishes us to giv a few samples of the ancient titles of the books of the New Testament. We will take the three oldest Greek codices, namely, the Sinaitic, Vatican, and Alexandrian, and the Peshito or Syriac codex, which is more recent, though the latter version is claimed by some biblical scholars to be as early, if not earlier, than the Greek. There was also an early Latin version, called the Vulgate, translated by the Catholics in 1582; but the titles in this version appear to be made up by the translators. We will indicate the four codices by their initial letters, S, V, A, and P.

S. and V. After Matthew. A. Title wanting. P. The holy Gospel, the announcement of Matthew, the Apostle.

S. and V. After Mark. A. The Gospel after Mark. P. The holy Gospel, the Annunciation of Mark, the Evangelist.

S. and V. After Luke. A. The Gospel after Luke. P. The holy Gospel, the Annunciation of Luke, the Evangelist, which he uttered in Greek at Great Alexandria.

S. and V. After John. A. The Gospel after John. P. The holy Gospel, the Proclamation of John, the Herald, which he uttered and proclaimed in Greek at Ephesus.

S. Acts. V. Acts of Apostles. A. Title wanting. P. The Book of Acts; that is, narrativs of the blessed Apostles, compiled by Saint Luke, the Evangelist.

S., V., and A. To the Romans. P. The Epistle of Paul, the Apostle, to the Romans.

S. and V. (A.) The first to the Corinthians. P. The first epistle of Paul to the Corinthians. S., V., and A. The second to the Corinthians. P. The second epistle of Paul to the Corinthians.

S., V., and A. To the Galatians. P. The Epistle of Paul to the Galatians.

And so on through the rest of the Epistles of Paul, except that V. and A. hav "To the Colassians," and V. lacks the Epistles in Timothy, Titus, and Philemon.

S., V., and A. To the Hebrews. P. The Epistle to the Hebrews.

S. Has no title to the Epistle of James. V. (A.) The Epistle of James. P. The Epistle of James, the Apostle.

S. and A. The first Epistle of Peter. V. The first of Peter. P. The Epistle of Peter, the Apostle; Simon Kepha. S., V., and A. The second of Peter. P. The second Epistle of Peter. But the original Peshito had no second Epistle.

S. The first Epistle of John. V. and A. The first of John. P. Again, the Epistle of John, the Apostle. S. and V. (A.) The second of John. P. The second Epistle of John. S. and V. (A.) The third of John. P. The third Epistle of John.

S. and V. Of Jude. A. The Epistle of Jude. P. The Epistle of Jude, the brother of James.

S. and A. The Revelation of John. V. Has no book of Revelation. P. The Revelation which was made by John, the Evangelist, in the island of Patmos, to which he was banished by Nero [!], the Emperor.

The original Peshito lacked second Peter, second and third John, Jude, and Revelation.

The subscriptions to the Epistles are quite simple and uniform in the three old Greek codices, S., V., and A. But in the Peshito, and as given in King James's version, being taken from more recent manuscripts, they are quite curious. We will indicate King James's version by the letter K.

P. End of the Epistle to the Romans, which was written from Corinth, and was sent by the hand of Phebe, a faithful servant.

K. Written to the Romans from Corinthus [and sent] by Phebe, servant of the church at Cenchrea.

P. End of the first Epistle to the Corinthians, which was

written at Philippi, of Macedonia, and was sent by the hand of Timothy.

K. The first [Epistle] to the Corinthians was written from Philippi, by Stephanus, and Fortunatus, and Achaicus, and Timotheus.

P. End of the second Epistle to the Corinthians, which was written from Philippi, of Macedonia, and was sent by the hands of Titus.

K. The second [Epistle] to the Corinthians was written from Philippi, [a city] of Macedonia, by Titus and Lucas.

P. End of the Epistle to the Galatians, which was written from Rome.

K. Unto the Galatians, written from Rome.

P. End of the Epistle to the Philippians, which was written from Rome, and sent by the hand of Epaphroditus.

K. It was written to the Philippians from Rome by Epaphroditus.

P. End of the Epistle to the Colossians, which was written from Rome, and was sent by the hands of Tychicus.

K. Written from Rome to the Colossians by Tychicus and Onesimus.

P. End of the first Epistle to the Thessalonians, which was written from Athens, and was sent by the hands of Timothy.

K. The first [Epistle] unto the Thessalonians was written from Athens.

P. End of the second Epistle to the Thessalonians, which was written from Laodicea of Pisidia, and was sent by the hands of Tychicus.

K. The second [Epistle] to the Thessalonians was written from Athens.

P. End of the first epistle to Timothy, which was written from Laodicea.

K. The first to Timothy was written from Laodicea, which is the chiefest city of Phrygia Pacatiana.

P. End of the second Epistle to Timothy, which was written from Rome.

K. The second [Epistle] unto Timotheus, ordained the first bishop of the church of the Ephesians, was written from Rome when Paul was brought before Nero the second time.

P. End of the Epistle to Titus, which was written from Nicopolis, and was sent by the hands of Zenas and Apollos.

K. It was written to Titus, ordained the first bishop of the church of the Cretians, from Nicopolis of Macedonia.

P. End of the Epistle to Philemon, which was written from Rome, and was sent by the hands of Onesimus.

K. Written from Rome to Philemon by Onesimus, a servant.

P. End of the Epistle to the Hebrews, which was written from Italy, of Rome, and was sent by the hand of Timothy.

K. Written to the Hebrews from Italy by Timothy.

The rest of the subscriptions to the Epistles in the Peshito are simply "End of the Epistle of James the Apostle," etc., while King James's version has no more subscriptions. And the Peshito concludes as follows:

"End of the Revelation of John, the Evangelist [not the Apostle], and of the whole New Testament as translated into the language of the Syrians."

It is certain that the Apocalypse, and probably second Peter, second and third John, and Jude, were translated from the Greek into the Syriac, but not the rest of the New Testament, for Syriac was substantially the vernacular of Judea and Palestine in the first and second centuries.

Editorial Notes.

E. H. HEYWOOD's trial has been postponed till May. In doing this District Attorney Hopkins does not intimate that Mr. Heywood will not then be pushed to trial, but this breathing space will, the victim thinks, giv his "Christian accusers more time to pray over it; others to swear about it; and liberty to gather strength for the final wrestle."

A FRIEND of THE TRUTH SEEKER's wishes to know if some one can giv him reliable information as to which part of the state good government land in Florida can be found. He desires to locate on high and healthy ground, where profit can be obtained from a small investment. He will return stamps to those who forward information to Box 75, Main Avenue, Cumberland county, New Jersey.

THERE slumbers in one of the assembly committees a bill which should become a law. It has already passed the senate. The measure provides for freedom of religious worship in the penal institutions of the state. Under the present order of affairs nearly all the religious exercises in the prisons are conducted by Protestant clergymen. Catholics hav practically no show at all.—*Troy Standard.*

A still better bill to pass would be one abolishing all religious preaching and substituting in its stead ethical instruction. The convicts get Christianity enough outside the prison walls. The most of them were brought up "within the fold" of either the Protestant or Catholic churches. They need morality now.

AFTER describing at length the partisan fight which recently took place in Dr. Newman's church in this city—a fight which would hav disgraced a political primary held in a bar-room—the *Banner of Light* says: "We hav taken the trouble to sketch this church fight thus in detail and at length, for two special and impressiv reasons: first, that the people at large may see for themselvs the kind of men these parsons are who assume to dictate to them the absolute and eternal right and wrong of things; and, second, that they may better realize what is to be their condition when these same parsons, preachers, and priests, reinforced by their blind, and heated, and frothing followers, shall come into supreme control of our present free government by working the patent they hav applied for that is to put God into the Constitution. We should treat the whole thing as a farce, if it were not the force which it happens to be."

OUR ANNUAL is well calculated to make men enthusiastic, and we are not surprised that our good friend, Byron Adonis, should write glowingly of its utility and appearance. Disclaiming any brilliancy for the editor, we nevertheless hold that the compliments to the ANNUAL are well merited. The *Universe* says: "A superb work is 'THE TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL AND FREETHINKERS' ALMANAC FOR 1884,' issued from the office of the New York TRUTH SEEKER, and edited by our brilliant Agnostic friend, Eugene M. Macdonald, editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER. The ANNUAL is filled with deeply interesting historical information, and besides contains eighteen full-page illustrations taken from the famous work, 'A Truth Seeker Around the World,' by the late D. M. Bennett. The Annual is printed in elegant style, the contents are practical and of the greatest utility, and, taken as a whole, being a volume of 106 pages, is the finest work of the kind we hav ever seen. It reflects the highest credit on the editor, and is an honor to Freethought literature. The ANNUAL is invaluable to every Rationalist."

THIS good and, we may hope, correct notice is from the *Anti-Monopolist*, published at Rochester, New Hampshire. It must roil some of the puritan deacons of that state to hav a paper of that kind published among them: "If any of our readers desire to read one of the best Freethought and Reform journals published, we should unhesitatingly recommend to them THE TRUTH SEEKER published by THE TRUTH SEEKER Company, 33 Clinton Place, New York, at $3 per annum. THE TRUTH SEEKER is a large sixteen page paper, and is filled each week with the choicest literature pertaining to Freethought and the overthrow of superstitions. It also ably discusses reforms politically and socially, and is really one of the *best* papers we hav ever read. It is bold and fearless in its denunciations of kingcraft, priestcraft, and all other ways and means by which the people are held in bondage and ignorance, and no one can read THE TRUTH SEEKER a year without becoming nobler and better. You can get the paper three months on trial for fifty cents, and if you try it you will not want to be without it thereafter."

THE Buffalo Liberal and Scientific League issue a challenge to the clergy of Denver or any other city, offering $50 in cash and $10 per year on subscription for five years if they will read in full the references given below, not omitting any word, and explain the meaning of the same to their congregations on any Sunday morning. The League will not accept as an excuse that these passages were written in an age of barbarism or ignorance—if they were, the League holds that it is a disgrace to the Christian world and advancing civilization to still incorporate such verses in a creed which is presented as a guide to a land where all is purity. While not denying what is true and beautiful in the Bible, call is made upon the Christian world in the name of decency and civilization to offer a Bible that they dare read before any company. The references are: Gen. xix. 36. Gen. xxx. 15. 16. Gen. xxxi. 35. Gen. xxxv. 22. Gen. xxxviii. 9. Leviticus xv. 24, 33. Lev. xx. 18. Lev. xviii. 1–24. Numbers xxxi. xxv. 1. Deut. xxii. 13–17. Deut. xxiii. 1, 2; 12, 13. Deut. xxv. 11, 12. Judges xix. 24. 25. Samuel xi. 4; xiii. 2, 8, 11, 12, 14; xvi. 22. 2 Kings ix. 8; xviii. 27. Psalms xxxvi. 3–11. Solomon's Song v. 6: vii. 23: viii. 8. Ezekiel iv. 12, 15; xvi. 33–34; xxi. 14: xxiii. 2, 3, 8. 11. 17. 20, 29, 30, 43, 44. 1 Corinthians vii, 8, 9. Job iii, 10, 11, 12.

ON the authority of Joseph Cook (and our readers will at once perceive that we must take it for what it is worth) the German empire will in time be ruled by a man who if not a Freethinker is the next thing to it. "When the present emperor dies," he groans, "there will come to the throne in the German empire a man of most Liberal opinions in theology. The crown prince is not a Rationalist. I do not regard him as an opponent to Christianity, but he is married to a daughter of Queen Victoria, who thinks that any man who believes in miracles is either a hypocrit or a fool. She was a pupil of Strauss. One of the first important remarks I heard on going to Germany nine years ago—and the sentence came from no less a man than Prof. Tholuck—was that the crown prince had married a woman of frivolous opinions in theology, and that great harm might ultimately come to the empire from her being a pupil of Strauss, the author of the mythical theory. A similar opinion I met often on a recent tour to six of the foremost German cities and universities." And, speaking of Cook, it givs us pleasure to quote the following estimate of him by a correspondent of the Poughkeepsie *News-Press*. The letter to that paper runs as follows: "It is a pleasing fact that the *News-Press* is disposed to show up in his true light that prince of liars and slanderers, that fraud and charlatan. Jo Cook, who is inherently not only these but an ill-mannerly boor and a coarse, disagreeable, self-conceited, and malicious literary pirate. Your correspondent, J. B. W., hits him hard, but the same charges made by him hav often been made against the Rev. Jo, notably so by John Fiske, one of the ablest men in America, who, in an article published in the *North American Review*, after an exhausted review of Joseph, closes up on this distinguished clergyman as follows: 'If we were to go through with Mr. Cook's volumes in detail we should find little else but misrepresentations of facts, misconceptions of principles, and floods of tawdry rhetoric, of which the specimens here quoted are quite sufficient to illustrate his "fundamental method of procedure." I hav not treated him seriously or with courtesy because there is nothing in his matter or in his manner that would justify, or even excuse, a serious method of treatment. The only aspect of his career which really affords matter for grave reflection is the case in which he succeeded for the moment in imposing on the credulity and in appealing to the prejudices of the public. The eagerness with which the orthodox world hailed the appearance of this new champion—whose very orthodoxy, withal, seems to be but little sounder than his science—cannot but remind one with sad emphasis of Oxenstjern's famous remark, *Quam parva sapient in mundus regitur.*'"

A PAMPHLET that is making considerable sensation among the Quakers is "The Decline of Friends: the Cause and Remedy." It is written by a birthright member of the society, but from its radical tone we imagin that is the only right he has among them. The cause of the decline he finds to be because the Quakers withhold their faith and consent from a scientific religion. While educating their youth in the direction of the highest scientific standard, they ask and expect them to accept a religion not based on nor supported by science. Their ministers are mainly those who, if not opposed, seem to see no necessity for such a religion. Most of them that are indorsed by the society really know little of science. The qualities that recommend them to this favored position are their attachment and devotion to the mythologic personifications and to the style, language, and tone of the interpretations that hav distinguished the teaching of the past. Our religious teachers are promoted for faithfulness to the methods, peculiarities, and traditions that we hav inherited. The remedy the author believes to be an adaptation of their religion to the advanced knowledge of the world. The education the children hav received has caused them to outgrow the religious conceptions of their fathers. The education, developing scientific thought and free criticism, is liberating the people, even the children, from all fear and reverence of any personal God, and those judgments and punishments on the one side, and loving care and rewards on the other. They see no data or evidence of them in nature, nor can they draw any such deductions from the revelations of the sciences, and the researches and reasonings of the great thinkers whose writings the modern teacher encourages his pupils to read. Our school lessons are dispelling all these terrors and gloomy superstitions from both the mind and feelings of the young. When they hear the sermon of exhortation, or read the religious literature that alludes to such subjects, they feel a disgust, if not a contempt, at efforts and for lessons that they know are false, and are intended to frighten, awe, and subdue, rather than instruct. They cannot respect nor patiently listen to the language of superstition—the old personifying, figurativ style of the illiterate, unscientific ancients, in which they refer to God as having all the functions, feelings, and fantasies of human beings. These pictures and pantomime representations of deity exercising himself like a man or woman, and exhibiting his anxiety and deep concern for our welfare, of doing all he can to save us, are by the young people now appreciated as pious mimicry, as merely fraudulent or misguided efiorts, intended in all sincerity, to save by strategem, by appeals to their marvelousness and credulity, the children whom they cannot, from their own ignorance and incapacity, control or influence by more rational, enlightened lessons and methods. Thinking young people despise such theories.

Book Notices.

The subjoined notices of "The Darwins" and "Godly Women" are from the *Woman's Herald of Industry:*

THE DARWINS. A Domestic Romance. Cloth, 75 cents; paper, 50 cents.

We get wise bits of talk, beautiful views, and charming vistas of a pure home love in this volume. If young married people would buy the book and model their homes upon the plan of the Darwins' home, and rear their children in the natural, healthful (physically, morally, and mentally) way in which the Darwins reared theirs, we should be surrounded by thrifty intelligence, instead of squalid misery in hovels, and the misery of luxurious debauchery in palaces. In speaking of the importance to be attached to the three-meals-a-day system, Mrs. Darwin says (page 41): "Some people say, Eat but two meals a day, and no supper; but I never could think it a good plan to go so long without eating. Not only is one apt to overeat at breakfast, after so protracted a fast, but as the stomach gets empty, the gastric juices begin to attack the membrane and coatings, and this causes irritation, and often inflammation. I never hear of a child being punished by depriving it of a meal but I wish the ignorant parent could look with a physician's eye and see the state of the little stomach which is suffering from need of its wonted nourishment. I long for the great and glorious day to come when all punishments shall forever cease, and men become wise, gentle, thoughtful, and good. The world is full of unavoidable aches and pains, and people hav to undergo suffering enough without inflicting it upon themselvs. There was a time when men thought that the more they crucified the flesh, the nearer they were to heaven; but now they hav evoluted beyond that, and the sooner they progress on past all desire to inflict wilful pain upon others, the better it will be for the world."

GODLY WOMAN. Cloth, 75 cts.; paper, 60 cts.

Here we hav a strong, brave, woman's rights book. It makes woman herself responsible for much of her babyish helplessness. It shows that she forges her own chains in re'using to see and investigate cause and effect; that she takes everything second-hand and second-class simply because she is too lazy to get out the spade and pickaxe of thought and delve in the mine of investigation herself. Every unprejudiced mind will be improved and made stronger for life's battles for having read this book, which givs, in word-painting, such a keen insight into the highways and byways of the human family.

A Strange Cargo—Two Million Bulls.

Perhaps the strangest cargo ever carried on board ship was during Queen Elizabeth's time, when, says Hume, "one Thomas White, a Londoner, took two Spanish ships which, besides 1,400 chests of quicksilver, contained two million bulls for indulgences; a commodity useless to the English, but which had cost the king of Spain three hundred thousand florins, and would hav been sold by him in the Indies for five millions." Just imagin what dead loads of sin these papal bulls might hav gored into nonentity by clearing accounts between the Indian sinners and old Job's friend Satan. What in Old Nick's name ever became of these bulls? History is silent.

HOLP.

E. H. Heywood and Wendell Phillips.

From the February Word.

In Providence, R. I., January, 1855, I first heard Phillips, and at once moved to elect him anniversary orator of the literary societies of Brown University. After weeks of hard work we won, though I came near being expelled from college for it, so bitter *then* was the venom of Christians who cried "Infidel," and of politicans who shouted "traitor." Mr. Phillips came, spoke in Rev. Dr. Hall's church, delighting all sincerely intelligent listeners, and leaving hypocrits howling.

Already in the fight for colored children's rights in public schools, I was taken by my personal friends, Geo. T. Downing and James Jefferson, to Fred. Douglass and Chas. L. Remond, and made it my work to voice the slave's cause in prayer-meetings, Sunday-schools, the Young Men's Christian Association, the Franklin Lyceum, and the University Debating Societies, winning a hearing for, if not an indorsement of, my "Infidel traitors," the abolitionists, in every body of which I was a member. Liberalized out of evangelical pulpits, by the thought of Garrison, Beecher, Phillips, and Parker, leaving church to save my soul, shedding state in self-respect, I accepted Garrison's request to speak at South Framingham, July 4, 1858, and subsequently, by Mr. Phillips's urgency, became lecturer and general agent of the Antislavery Society, Mr. Phillips also opening my way to Theodore Parker's lyceum lecture platform. During all the fierce mob scenes of 1860–1, I stood be-between Phillips and foes of Free Speech. Knowing war to be immoral and impolitic, working for liberty and peace by evolution rather than bloodshed, our ways parted till October, 1866, when Mrs. Heywood and I were called by telegram to speak with him and others on labor in Faneuil Hall. He there said: "Don't discuss debt, don't meddle with the money or land questions, but stick to eight hours." I said to myself, "We will see whether *you* can do it!" He spoke in that strain till 1872, when, under this then unfinished roof, in a cordial interview, he explained to us his change of mind, and talked little but finance afterwards! "Why not come into the Labor Conventions again?" I asked. He replied: "After one has worked forty years, served in twenty movements, and been kicked out of all of them, he rather likes to paddle his own canoe!"

Gladly would I fill columns with personal reminiscences of this wonderful man, but can only just stop to say how he came to marry Annie Greene. Mrs. Phillips, relating incidents of their confluent life, once said to me: "It was in old stage-coach days; I, with other girls, was booked for Greenfield, Mass. Mr. Phillips and Charles Sumner, then both boys in Harvard law school, agreed to go also. Sumner broke his engagement; Mr. Phillips went. I talked abolition to him all the way up, all the time there. He listened, came again, and it sealed his fate!"

At the "World's Convention" in London, June 12–15, 1840, when women were denied seats on account of sex, and Garrison went into the gallery with Lucretia Mott and others, Mrs. Stanton speaks of Mrs. Phillips: "She had just returned from her bridal tour on the continent, and was in the zenith of her beauty; had a profusion of dark-brown hair, large loving-blue eyes, and regular features; was tall, graceful, and talked with great fluency and force. Her whole soul was in the pending issue. As we were about entering the convention she laid her hand on her husband's shoulder, admonishing him to be brave and firm." Grandly loyal to woman's personalities during all her subsequent invalid years, Mr. Phillips used to say: "She builds the platforms; I simply go on them and make speeches." The inspirational vigor and devoted activity with which his life was vocal from the Lovejoy meeting in Fanueil Hall, December 8, 1837, meet us on every page of his published speeches:

"Lovejoy stood within constitutional bulwarks defending the freedom of the press: the men who assailed him went against and over the laws. Shame on the American who calls the tea tax and stamp act laws! Our fathers resisted not the king's prerogativ, but the king's usurpation. The rioters of our day go for their own wills, right or wrong. When I heard the gentleman (Attorney-General Austin) lay down principles which place the murderers of Alton side by side with Otis, Hancock, Quincy, and Adams, I thought those pictured lips (pointing to portraits in the hall) would hav broken into voice to rebuke the recreant American—the slanderer of the dead. For the sentiments he has uttered, on soil consecrated by the prayers of Puritans, and the blood of patriots, the earth should hav yawned and swallowed him up. Lovejoy did not cry anarchy and let slip the dogs of civil war, careless of horrors which might follow. He took refuge under the banner of liberty, amid its folds; when he fell its glorious stars and stripes, the emblem of free institutions, around which cluster so many stirring memories, were blotted out in the martyr's blood. Accursed are those who 'damn with faint praise,' or load with obloquy the memory of this man who shed his blood in defense of life, liberty, property, and freedom of the press. Imprudent to defend the freedom of the press! Why? Because the defense was unsuccessful? Does success gild crime into patriotism, and the want of it change heroic self-devotion to impudence? Presumptuous to assert freedom of press on American ground! Who invents this libel on his country? It is this very thing that entitles Lovejoy to greater praise. The disputed right which provoked the Revolution—taxation without representation—is far beneath that for which he died. As much as thought is better than money, so much is the cause in which Lovejoy died nobler than a mere question of taxes. James Otis thundered in this hall when the king did but touch his pocket. Imagin, if you can, his indignant eloquence had England offered to put a gag on his lips. The question that stirred the Revolution touched our civil interests. This concerns us not only as citizens, but as immortal beings. Wrapped up in its fate, saved or lost with it, are not only the voice of statesmen, but the instruction of pulpits and the progress of our faith. . . . Woman stands now at the same door; open Congress, court-house, colleges, and giv to the sisters of the Motts and the Somervilles the same opportunities for culture men hav, and let the result prove what their capacity and intellect really are. Open to woman the same scenes, immerse her in the same great interests and pursuits, and if twenty centuries shall not produce a woman Charlemagne or Napoleon, fair reasoning will then allow us to conclude that there is some distinctiv peculiarity in the intellects of the sexes. Second-rate men doubt; but the mightiest intellects of the race, from Plato down, the rarest minds of Germany, France, England, concede that woman is, not perhaps identically, but equally, endowed with man in all intellectual capabilities. Often by her efforts, always by her economy, she contributes much to the stock of family wealth, and is thus entitled to a voice in the control and disposal of it. Neither common sense nor past experience encourages her to trust the protection of that right to the votes of men. Every class should be endowed with power to protect itself. Man has hitherto presumed to settle what is best for woman; prejudices never were reasoned up, and cannot be reasoned down. Take your rights; your suffrage claim is a great moral protest against the very fabric of society; it goes down beneath the altar at which you worship, beneath the social system in which you liv. . . . Giv us time, and talk is all-powerful; we feel ourselvs overshadowed in the presence of colossal institutions; we ask what can a few hundred or thousand persons do against the weight of government, the mountainous odds of majorities, the influence of the press, the power of the pulpit, the organization of parties, the omnipotence of wealth; yet a dozen earnest men pledged to ideas, silently maturing regeneration of public opinion, beget revolution. Nothing but freedom, justice, truth is of any permanent advantage to the mass of mankind; the accumulated common sense of the people outweighs the greatest statesman; every thoughtful man is a jury to which he answers, a tribunal to which he must bow; nothing can stand against opinions, and the tongue and press are parents of opinions reflecting eternal principles of justice and right; stand on the pedestal of your own individual independence; summon institutions about you, and judge them; giv me anything that walks erect, can read, and he shall count one in the millions of the Lord's sacramental host which is yet to come up and trample all oppression in the dust. . . . The idea of liberty is the great fundamental principle. A man is worth more than a bank vault. Better that human laws be trampled under foot and the order of societv be broken every day than that one man go back to slavery. Where is the battle-field, however ghastly, which is not white, white as an angel's wing, compared with the blackness of that darkness which has brooded over the Carolinas for two hundred years? Whether the states be separate or united, neither my brother nor any other man's brother shall go back to bondage. . . . Persecution is really want of faith in our creed. Let us learn that lesson the whole circle round. The whole of truth can never do harm to the whole of virtue; and in order to get the whole truth you must allow every man, right or wrong, freely to utter his conscience, and protect him in so doing."

Such are a few of the many noble words which during fifty years, came as gospels from those now silent lips! Who shall measure the moral service done, and yet to be ever activ in these potent inspirations? He was no mere priest, statesman, jurist, scholar, scientist, who with written discourse rose to speak. Impromptu, inspirational, off-hand, he was and is the living word, which creates learning, law, art, philosophy, religion—everything worthy in human society and compared with whose opulent divinity collectiv power, material wealth, are indeed unattractiv! While others sought money, position, fame, he, asking what is right, gave to the oppressed, the poor, the forlorn, his munificent strength, forgetting self to be remembered in the benedictions of grateful people through all coming years. The clear, girl vision and resolute, woman character which drew him to Annie Greene, blending their being in beneficent destiny, still liv in her whom he hoped to survive, and who, perhaps, has further work to do for millions whose hearts now beat in sympathy toward her. Phillips, the orator, Garrison, the editor, were moralists of victorious growth, in which liberated millions now rejoice. Equally clear discernment of principles and as decisiv action were hardly to be expected of them in later reforms. Thankful are we that they lived and wrought. Let us pay the debt due them by work well done in our day.

Thomas Paine and Benjamin Franklin.

W. H. BURR, AT THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTHDAY OF THOMAS PAINE, WASHINGTON, 1884.

Thomas Paine and Benjamin Franklin made this nation.

They first met in 1774—one 37, the other 68, years of age—a young old man and an old young man.

Paine had been removed from the excise office, where he had served the government a dozen years, at £50 a year. Franklin had been insulted at court, and was preparing to quit England forever.

Was Paine poor? No. His £50 a year probably never paid his expenses, and yet he always had money to spare. Whence, then, were his resources? For some years between the ages of 16 and 21 he had been at sea as a privateersman; and from the fact that he was called Commodore we may infer that he had risen to the rank of captain. This is not at all incredible in his case, for one of his biographers says that at 22 he looked to be a dozen years older.

Now, the business of a privateer is making a pile of money at great risk. It is therefore probable that the youthful captain quit the sea with a considerable sum of prize-money. And from what we know of his philanthropy, we must believe that he intended to use that money in a way that would be likely to do the most good to mankind.

Before the end of 1774, Paine sailed to America with letters of introduction from Franklin. His ostensible purpose was to seek employment as a teacher or surveyor. Did he do any teaching or surveying here? Not that we know of. In March, 1775, he writes an anonymous article for the Pennsylvania Magazine. In style it is a model of elegance.

But later in that year where is he? The papers of the time announce that he had started a manufactory of saltpeter. That was a blind. Saltpeter could not be made in any quantity short of three years. The caves of India afforded all the supply.

Without saltpeter there could be no gunpowder, and just as soon as hostilities began in America, England would stop the importation here of arms, gunpowder, and saltpeter. Hence it was that in October of that year, General Washington, though he had General Howe penned up in Boston, dared not advance one step, because his men had not five rounds of gunpowder. This fact was made known to Franklin at the time, but he always knew how to keep a secret. Had General Howe known it, the American army would hav had to disperse.

At this time I discover that Paine was in England. Franklin's arrival was on the 10th of May. I find no trace of Paine in America from April to December, 1775. By the time Franklin got here, Paine was in England. What took him back so soon? He doubtless went for gunpowder. After the 19th of of April, gunpowder was America's greatest need. The die was cast; revolution had begun. "No man," says Paine, "was a warmer wisher for reconciliation than myself before the fatal 19th of April, 1775."

I say he went for gunpowder, not only inferentially, because that was most needed, but because I discover that before he returned to America Franklin sent another man to France for gunpowder. He addressed a letter December 9, 1775, to Mons. Dumas, and sent it by Mr. Storey. In that letter he inclosed £100 to defray expenses in procuring the shipment from France of small arms, ammunition, and saltpeter.

What positiv evidence hav I that Paine was in England in the latter half of the year 1775? I will tell you. Just before Franklin left England, a little weekly paper was started called the *Crisis*. It advocated the cause of America, and denounced the policy of the ministry in unmeasured terms. The writers for that paper were anonymous. The first issue was January 21, 1775. In April appeared the first article by "Casca." (It was Casca who stabbed Cæsar.) The writer, I think, was not yet in England, but soon afterward, as appears from internal evidence and from notices by the publisher, he was in or about London, though never known to the printer. Ten articles by Casca are published during that year, and they continue on during the early part of 1776, though the writer is not there later than November, 1775; and the paper ceases to exist after the declaration of independence.

A republication of the *Crisis* was begun in New York in 1776, but went no farther than one volume, ending with the paper of July 29, 1776.

I hav a suspicion that Franklin started that paper before he left England, and as soon as practicable got Paine to write for it. A memorandum on a bound copy of the *Crisis* of 1775–6, reads, "By order of the House of Commons, burnt by the common hangman."

A copy of this *Crisis* of 1775–6, was first seen by me in the Congressional Library Oct. 14, 1880. I had never before heard of such a book—never knew of any by that title except Paine's "Crisis" of 1776–1783.

Four days later, as I was examining Sherwin's "Life of Paine" (1819) in the library, I read a note in substance as follows:

"In the edition of 'Paine's Political Works' recently published there is an error. The first number of the 'Crisis' there inserted is not by Paine. I find the same in a copy of what is called the English *Crisis*, a work entirely distinct from that written by Paine. The article is signed 'Casca.' The error first occurs in an edition by Eaton, 1796. The article is omitted in other editions except the recent one referred to."

This mysterious reference to the *Crisis* of 1775, and especially to Casca, surprised me greatly. But I was still more astonished to find penciled on the margin of the same page this note, which I afterward found to hav been written by the librarian, Mr. Spofford:

"It *is* by Paine, but does not belong to the *Crisis*. It refers to Gen. Gage's proclamation of July 17 [June 12], 1775, and is entitled, 'A Crisis Extraordinary.'"

Mr. Spofford further added that Eaton's edition of 1796 was simply Paine's works (*i.e.*, his "Crisis," 1776-1783), with the paper referred to by Sherwin (*i.e.*, "A Crisis Extraordinary"), tacked at the beginning.

I went to Mr. Spofford and asked him if he had a copy of that "Crisis Extraordinary." In a few moments he produced it in a volume of Colonial pamphlets. It was dated Aug. 9, 1775, which was later than the last number of the American reprint of the English *Crisis* that I had been examining. He also produced Eaton's edition of 1794, which contained the same "Crisis Extraordinary" prefixed to Paine's *Crisis* of 1776–1783, and signed, "American C. S." C. S. means "Common Sense," Paine's *nom de plume* in America. He never signed his own name to any paper, so far as I am able to discover, until 1786.

Paine was in England Aug. 9, 1775, when "A Crisis Extraordinary" was there published. Gage's proclamation was issued on June 12th, and it would hav reached London in about a month. There it afforded a proper occasion for the publication of "A Crisis Extraordinary," and Paine got it published as an extra. It begins with a quotation in Latin from Horace —*Projicit ampullias*—which he freely translates as follows:

"On souls of slavery more than death afraid,
Gage wastes his pardons and his gasconade."

And it closes with this paragraph:

"The die is cast in the great Divan (the wise council of the nation), and those who would rise again to the state of liberties of Englishmen must rise through blood. The parricides of the Constitution general, are to be found in England, not in America; nor can happiness, peace, liberty, and law be now restored (unless Providence miraculously intervenes), but by another Revolution."

The identification of Paine as Casca by Librarian Spofford was a little prior to my discovery of the same. He detected Paine in a single anonymous essay. I discovered him in a series from April, 1775, to April, 1776, all signed "Casca."

Mr. Spofford up to this time (1880) had withheld his assent to the claim that Paine was Junius. How he can now withstand the evidence I cannot conceive; nor do I know that he is still unconverted. The last words of Junius were:

"You are roused at last to a sense of your danger. The remedy will soon be in your power. If Junius livs you shall often be reminded of it."

Junius promised to come again. Casca's appearance three years later was the first fulfilment of that promis, though nobody discovered it until 1880.

Junius was unknown even to the publisher; so was Casca.

Junius said: "I am the sole depository of my own secret, and it shall perish with me." That promis he kept; and so he did the other, not only when he reappeared in England as Casca, but in America as "Common Sense."

For a hundred years nobody was able to discover Junius. Just one hundred years to a day from the date of his last letter, I announced his identity from a platform in this city, to an assemblage about as large as this.

But it was not I who discovered it. Mr. Joel Moody, of Kansas, had made the discovery and demonstrated it in a book which I on the 21st of January, 1872, first exhibited to the public.

So, too, it was a hundred years before Mr. Spofford and I dis-

covered Casca to be Paine. Mr. Spofford was a little in advance of me. He said Casca was Paine; I went further and declared that Casca was Junius come again pursuant to promis.

"The cause of America," said Paine, "made me an author." That cause crops out in the "Letters of Junius," and is the principal theme of Casca.

Paine's work was for the most part secret. He did not come out before the public until 1791 in his answer to Burke on the "Rights of Man." And even after that he did much secret work.

Franklin, too, was excessivly secretiv. The two men worked together, yet appearing to keep apart; and, indeed, most of the time the ocean separated them. But for their secret work our independence would not hav been achieved. Hence I repeat, Paine and Franklin made this nation.

Letters from Friends.

SOUTHAMPTON, Jan. 22, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: As this proves to be a very severe winter, and all we can do is to keep ourselvs and stock comfortable, the "In God we trust" (the almighty dollar) has almost forsaken us. But as I am a life subscriber, and would not do without THE TRUTH SEEKER for ten thousand Bibles, please find inclosed $5.00. Fraternally, J. G. KENDALL.

CERESCO, MICH., Jan. 22, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I hope THE TRUTH SEEKER has been born never to die. It is very much needed in this neighborhood as a light to enlighten the gentiles, and to bring to their right reason all these fanatical Christians who are worshiping a myth and are afraid to do anything else on account of that diabolical threat, "Believe in me and be saved, or disbelieve and go to hell and be damned"—the most wicked and villainous threat ever offered to the human family. You are on the right track; go ahead.

THOMAS KNIGHT.

FARMER CITY, ILL.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find five dollars to pay for your paper last year and this. I feel sorry for being so negligent in paying up. I cannot truthfully plead inability, for there has not been a day in the last year in which I might not hav paid you. I hope I may be more prompt in future, for the paper I must hav. It has become to me one of the necessaries of life. I hav read every number, from the first, issued in Paris, Ill., to the last, and I cannot do without it.

As long as I can raise the subscription price and remain on this earth I shall take it, unless it materially changes its character. To stop the paper while i is working to accomplish the ends of its founder would be dishonoring the memory of the revered Bennett. Yours for truth, O. J. SMITH.

SAN JOSE, CAL., Jan. 18, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find money order ($2.50) for my next term for your leading Freethought paper. This being my first letter to your office since the death of Friend Bennett, I desire to express a few words for our departed hero, whose life was spent in pursuit of knowledge and truth. I had the honor of entertaining Brother Bennett on his around-the-world trip, which gave me an opportunity to comprehend and appreciate his value. The world has lost a friend and hero whose place is seldom filled in a generation. I trust our loss is the gain of the life beyond; and should death end all, his labors will stand like a bright and guiding star for generations to come. The fairness of Mr. Bennett, like THE TRUTH SEEKER he founded, is seldom equaled. Hoping the world will soon learn to appreciate its best productions better, R. H. SCHWARTZ.

WYANDOTTE, KAN., Jan. 28, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Please renew my hold and lease upon the dear old TRUTH SEEKER. Let me read my title clear another year.

You will notice by the slip of newspaper inclosed from a Kentucky journal that we are hanging by the "skin of our teeth on the ragged edge of eternal damnation—on the very brink of hell-fire and brimstone." It reminds me of old Mrs. Brown in Jerseyville, Ill., who prayed for the conversion of her husband, and said: "O Lord, hold him over hell, but don't drop him in, Lord." You will see that Dr. Bell wished to discuss hell, but the chairman of the advisory committee would report favorably when they got to hell. The Rev. Dr. Hull's remarks were the best of all, when he said that a great many preachers were unconverted; that they were made to order, and were ready to plead law, practice medicin, or preach—anything that solved the bread-and-butter problem.

J. A. DAVIES.

CANTON, ILL., Jan. 1, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed post-office order for the before mentioned four persons and my own subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER.

In convassing for your paper I go among those who hav had sample copies. I find fully three-fourths of them Liberal, but I cannot get over one-tenth of that number to subscribe. Their different excuses are: 1. They are taking more papers now than they hav time to read; 2. They hav time to read only that which pertains to their business; 3. They are too poor; 4. Their women would object to their bringing it about the house. And I will add two more: 1. They are afraid it will hurt their popularity; 2. They are too stingy. On the first, it reminds one of the story of Betsy and the bear. On the second reason it would be well enough to quote Chainey and Ingersoll's "Lights and Shadows of Liberalism."

Yours truly, JOHN W. ABBOTT.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 10, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: The 147th anniversary of the birth of Thomas Paine was celebrated by Friendship Liberal League, No. 257, on Sunday, the 27th ult., afternoon and evening. The afternoon services were opened by an introductory address from the chairman, Mr. W. F. Porter, who introduced the speaker of the day, Mr. George Chainey, of Boston, who delivered his lecture entitled, "The Nature and Progress of Freethought in America." He was followed by Mr. J. Clegg Wright, of Vineland, N. J. The evening exercises consisted of music, recitations, short addresses, etc., and were of a social nature.

At the banquet, to which about three hundred friends and admirers of Paine and Freethought sat down, several toasts were proposed, among them one to "Man," which was responded to by Mme. El-D. Louie. W.

CEDAR SPRINGS, MICH., Jan. 10, 1884

MR. EDITOR: It is with a sad heart that I write you a few lines to anounce to you, and the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER, the death of my husband. Ambrose S. Croxton. He passed on, on the 23d of December, after a short sickness of three days. Your readers are familiar with him through his article on prohibition, which appeared in a March number of your paper, and which brought him many flattering letters and cards. I would say to the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER that he died as he lived, a foe to all superstition, and a great worker in the cause of right and for humanity. The last public act of his life was to bring to the notice of some of our citizens a circular that had been posted in our village to the effect that a certain minister would deliver a lecture to bring before the public the necessity of putting "God in the Constitution." Mr. Croxton had just renewed his subscription for THE TRUTH SEEKER, and also sent for some books, all of which hav been received.

Respectfully yours, OLIVE A. CROXTON.

MONTREAL, Jan. 9, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Your note to hand, also parcel of "Age of Reason." No more seizures! Ordinarily it is annoying to hav to waste one's time going to the Customs for such small parcels, but in this case it is becoming quite amusing to see how hurriedly the package is handed over when the contents are known, as if in fear of contamination, and in spite of the most pressing invitations to seize them (most of the clerks are, of course, Roman Catholic). And if this occurs very often, I don't know but what the government will yet be called on to keep them supplied with holy water to wash their hands after handling the vile stuff, and to disinfect the premises. I send you card for insertion in THE TRUTH SEEKER, and also our program for January. You will see that we will hold our annual festival on the 16th inst., and you will receive, through the secretary, an invitation to be present. I can hardly hope that you will accept it, but if you do so, we shall appreciate your courage in facing a Canadian winter, and giv you a most hearty welcome.

We hav had a flood to begin the year with, which has caused a great amount of damage in the lower portions of the city. Strange to say, the basement of the Young Men's Christian Association was invaded, and, notwithstanding the prayers that were offered, the water rose just as high there as anywhere else. And the consequence was that their fires were extinguished, the heating apparatus busted, and the doors had to be closed until the waters were assuaged. The members, however, unlike Noah, were shut out of their ark.

"The children of this world are wiser than the children of light," and while the doves could not find a resting-place, those infernal Freethinkers, who had builded a little higher up on a surer foundation, were enjoying themselvs to their hearts' content, without fear of water in this world or fire in the next. Verily the devil looks after his own, and the ways of the Lord are past finding out.

Yours very truly, C. STEVENS.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., Feb. 2, 284.

MR. EDITOR: There is one error and some omission in my article on Paine. I hav known the old stone house at Valley Forge for sixty years. You hav it I lived in it for sixty years. I never lived in it. The word Paola is omitted. It was at Paola where the army rested in their tents on their retreat from Chadsford, where the British came on after, and bayonetted scores, if not hundreds, as they slept. The Paola is a noted place in the history of the Revolutionary war. The cherry-tree that saved H. Martin's life was visited by Lafayette on his last visit. I think he put his name on it when Elias Hicks and Willet visited Paine. They both at that time (1809) adhered to the divinity of Christ. But in 1826 Elias wholly renounced the idea of Christ's divinity, and taught that he was a man as other men are—came into being in the natural way, as all men do. This caused the separation in the society, the orthodox adhering to the old orthodox creed. The other part were termed Hicksites Hicks repudiated the miraculous conception of Jesus, and espoused Paine's doctrins in full. H. WILLIS.

SAN JOSE, CAL., Feb. 4, 284.

MR. EDITOR: The Liberals of this place and Santa Clara celebrated the 147th anniversary of Paine's birthday at the California Theater in this city on Wednesday evening, Jan. 30th. We were obliged to put it off one day on account of the theater being engaged by other parties on the 29th.

The weather was very unfavorable. It having rained more or less nearly all the time for the five days previous. For that cause our speaker (a lady) failed to put in an appearance, and at the last moment we were obliged to call on another party, who was wholly unprepared, but proved himself equal to the emergency, and gave us a short and stirring address.

The program consisted of music, instrumental, Mr. and Mrs. Schuertz; opening remark for chairman; address, Prof. S. S. Rizer; song, Turner's Glee Club (encored); cornet solo, with piano accompaniment, Mr. and Mrs. Schuertz; song, Prof. Elliott (encored); instrumental music, Mr. and Mrs. Schuertz.

The stage was decorated with American flags, a large picture of the author-hero, and his motto, "The world," etc. Respectfully yours,

THOMAS JACOB.

PATERSON, N J, January 20, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I, as a life-long Liberal, want to enter my honest protest against the disgraceful article of "Liberta." Not being satisfied with his abuse of Mr. Walker, he must needs go for the convention and question the character and judgment of some of the ablest and best men in the Liberal ranks. This, taken in connection with his charging Mr. Walker as being an ignoramus, is such an exhibition of self-sufficiency and vanity that it stands unequaled in the columns of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and if truth seekers that read it are not thoroughly disgusted they are the odds of the writer of this.

Now, as to the merits of the question at issue I deem it unnecessary to speak, except to say that Mr. Walker has expressed my views, and in a very able, logical manner; and in my opinion he covers the whole ground, and takes a position which all consistent Liberals must per force acknowledge and defend. If I thought it were necessary for me to treat the weak and contradictory character of "Liberta's" answer to Mr. Walker's able letters, I would make an effort in that direction; but believing that Mr. Walker can and will do it in a more cogent manner, in his hands I leave him—to be routed horse, foot, and dragoons.

In conclusion, I would ask "Liberta" to step forth from his coward's castle, so that we can know who this Goliath of the Liberal army is.

I am yours, dear Mac, for Walker and the platform of the last convention, with its seventh resolution, first, last, and all the time. JOHN WARR.

PORTLAND OR., Jan. 30, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Our young Auxiliary Liberal League, being only a few months of age, had expressed a desire to celebrate the anniversary of Thomas Paine's birthday. The hall where the League holds its usual meetings was considered too small. It was therefore decided that the celebration should take place in some other hall. A committee consisting of Messrs. Fisk, Alisky, Egan, Youse, and myself was appointed for that purpose, and the only hall we could obtain for the evening of the 29th was the so-called Turn Verein Hall, the largest and most popular in our city. The celebration was advertised in all daily newspapers, printed programs distributed and mailed to Liberals in the vicinity, yet we were afraid that only a few people would come, and the soft-headed priests would hav a chance to laugh at us. Who knows what could be if a heavenly messenger, or rather an earthly devil, would not put in his hellish tongue? I speak of the Rev. F. R. Marvin, of the Congregational church, who on the previous Sunday evening delivered a purely theological lecture, rather vindication, on the life of Thomas Paine. The daily newspapers gave full reports of it. The following is an extract from the daily *Oregonian*: "Thomas Paine is remembered for the worst book he ever wrote—the 'Age of Reason.' I denounce, said Marvin, the 'Age of Reason,' because it is dishonest and illiterate. Paine was an ignorant man of very vulgar tastes, and toward the end of his life he became a common drunkard and town-loafer. Paine turned his hand against nearly every good man and good thing. The 'Age of Reason' is a worthless and dishonest attack upon a religion he did not understand, and upon a Bible he never read. Educated Infidels despise him as heartily as any minister I know of, and the men and women who follow him are for the most part from the lower walks of society. Thomas Paine was neither philosopher nor theologian; he was an incompetent iconoclast, and toward the close of his life he was a miserable sot. Sober, industrious, and thoughtful men will leave Paine and his 'Age of Reason' to the bats and moles. More and more the light of a Christian civilization is dissolving the dark shadows of both superstition and unbelief."

That was enough to encourage every true admirer of our republic, and the result was that the hall was well filled, I would not like to occupy too much

space in your columns. I dare not desire it, for I know you will hav to giv room to much correspondence from different places where Paine celebrations took place. I shall only notice that we intend to publish a pamphlet of the proceedings, and every one who is interested in the Freethought of this coast will hav an opportunity to get that little book for two or three nickels. But before that work is done allow me to quote some extracts of the account on the celebration given in the daily *Oregonian* this morning: "The speaker [Prof W. H. Chaney] read an editorial from the New York *Advertiser* of June 10, 1807, the day after Paine's deaih, laudatory in the highest degree of Paine's honesty, intelligence, and patriotism. This was written, the speaker continued, a quarter of a century before America was disgraced by the birth of Marvin, the traducer of our hero and patriot. Paine was a man who, while rebuking sin, pitied the sinner. Marvin preaches, 'Love your enemies;' he practices, 'An eye for an eye.' These professing Christians could not burn Paine when living, nor burn his bones after he was dead, as ecclesiastical cutthroats did in former days. Their only course is slander, and the chief of slanderers is F. R. Marvin. . . . Paine accomplished more with the pen than Washington did with the sword. . . . The speaker related that his grandfather had fought in the Revolution, and his father in the war of 1812, and among his earliest recollections was sitting on his grandfather's knee and hearing him tell of 'times that tried men's souls,' until the old man grew livid with excitement. Said he to me, 'If you ever hear a tory defame the American government or the men who fought to establish it, knock him down and trample on him.' . . . I can figurativly consign this modern tory, Marvin, to a seat he has earned alongside of Benedict Arnold and Charles Guiteau in the hottest corner of hell."

A tableau was then shown representing a man tied to the stake of the execution as a heretic by the monks and other officers of the church, wearing crosses and emblems of Christianity. Dr. Rosenspitz, a Jewish rabbi, was then introduced. He said: "I do not believe in souls going up to heaven, for no astronomer ever saw them there; neither do I believe in the apostles given in the New Testament I believe in a God and the angels, and understand the former as 'Goodness,' and the latter as 'messengers.' I therefore claim that Thomas Paine, who said, 'To do good is my religion.' is a true angel of God, whose apostles are not those of the New Testament, but the inventors, mechanics, etc., who benefited and enlightened our world, none of whom were preachers, priests, popes, or saints." (Loud applause.)

The audience were favored with music. Mr. Dean followed with a brief address, in which he alluded to Paine as the advocate of human liberty.

A tableau representing the age of reason was then exhibited, after which the floor was cleared, and those who wished engaged in dancing.

The *Osegonian* omits a recitation read by Mr. Eddy, and many other proceedings which I don't think to mention here, for I guess space in your paper is very dear now. I will only add that those who like to hav the mentioned pamphlet may send about fifteen cents to Prof. W. H. Chaney, 269 1-2 First street, Portland, Oregon. MOSES F. WAHRHAFTIG.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

MR. EDITOR: You accord to your correspondents the privilege of mutual criticism, and if you will go a step further and allow criticism of yourself I shall thereby be gratified. From your editorial of Dec. 15th, on "The Miracle Business," I reproduce the following sentence, with only very brief comment: "That a man could, by laying on of hands, cause a cripple to walk or the blind to see, is most preposterous nonsense." To properly correct the "nonsense" you here giv evpression to would require more time and space than I hav promised to take. A former landladv of mine, Mrs. E. A Hodgdon, now stopping at 150 East 21st st., New York, was on one occasion afflicted with what she called a "hang-on cold." Having myself volunteered my services as a manipulator of the human body in the common ailments which afflict it, wherever I may hav found myself during the last twenty-five or thirty years, I in her case offered to see what effect I might produce; and, good, bad, or indifferent, I was not informed or had anv idea until, some two or three months afterward, I was summoned, on entering the house one evening, to see what I could do for an attack of neuralgia of the right eye, extending in a vertical line up over the head and down to the right shoulder. Upon approaching Mrs. Hodgdon I found her covered with a multitude of wraps, including her own clothes, and I thought to myself that there was a poor chance to penetrate through all this covering, especially as it was out of the question to move or roughly handle her. Gentle passes from head to foot —which, if you will take the trouble to call upon her, she will no doubt tell you—resulted in the cessation of the intense pain, and a perfect cure. At another time she had at least a touch of pneumonia, which by the same simple means vanished.

Two years ago the coming spring, myself a sufferer almost to the extent of suicide with an inflamed eye, I sent for a fellow-professional, Dr. G. C. Hoadly, with the main purpose of placing my will in his possession, as I did not know but what I should be driven to desperation, as above suggested. Upon this visit, at my request he rubbed my eye and head with his hands, and the pain left me, and I hav not suffered a relapse since, although that sickness was a relapse of a former inflammation of the iris.

Now, sir, I deem this testimony due your readers as well as yourself, for I feel that person to be very unfortunate in this world of sickness who is ignorant of the wonderful benefit to be obtained in sickness or health preservation from the thorough manipulation of the body by a congenial person. I hav known of this panacea ever since I was a youth, say about twenty-eight years, and I will say that there is no knowledge I value more highly. The laying on of hands being a beneficence second to none, it banishes as real necessities the productions of the pharmacies of all countries, and makes man only beholden to his neighbor. Undoubtedly Dr. Monck or anyone else can run an idea "into the ground" by tacking onto it the name of Jesus, and thus making some of the superstitious a little wild. In conclusion, Mr. Editor, should you become sick at any time, let drugs alone, get a congenial hand to rub and bathe and giv proper food, and insist upon pure air night and day; and, mv word for it, in this way you will last the longest. DR. GEORGE HARDCASTLE.

[Dr. Hardcastle has misunderstood our meaning, or perhaps the fault is that it was not made clear. We meant the sort of "laying on of hands" practiced by Monck and Jesus—a touch on the affected part and a command to be healed. Nearly all competent physicians commend, and many introduce into their practice, the Swedish movement cure, the massage treatment, the magnetic rubbing treatment, etc., and many wonderful cures are effected. Natural forces so employed are undoubtedly beneficial to sick persons. But the "take-up-your-bed-and-walk" style of treatment is a humbug, whether done in the name of the Almighty or for the almighty dollar.—ED. T. S.]

OSCEOLA, Jan. 6, 284.

MR. EDITOR: I think there is four times more valuable reading matter in THE TRUTH SEEKER than I get from any other source for the same amount of money. Three dollars a year for 832 pages, the size of THE TRUTH SEEKER, made up of extracts from all books, thoughts moulded by the greatest and best brains of humanity living in every age of the world's history, is cheap enough to all of us who hav learned to appreciate its value.

Fraternally, L. M. HASTINGS.

LINCOLN, CAL., Jan. 8, 284.

MR. EDITOR: Looking over the preface to the revised version of the New Testament, I found this: "We may in the last place notice one particular to which we were not expressly directed to extend our revision, namely, the titles of the books of the New Testament. These titles are no part of the original text; and the titles found in the most ancient manuscripts are of too short a form to be convenient for use. Under these circumstances we hav deemed it best to leave unchanged the titles which are given in the authorized version as printed in 1611."

Can you giv a few samples of those ancient titles to the books of the New Testament? It may be that those long "whereas's" of "Paul, an apostle of Christ Jesus," etc., are some of the titles that are "no part of the original text."

I am "jubersum." T. R. STEPHENSON.

[See Editorial pages.—ED. T. S.]

LOWELL, NEB., Jan. 3, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $5 to pay for renewal of THE TRUTH SEEKER, for Geo. Gray and J. F. Bloodgood.

I think your paper is doing good; and it is quite gratifying to me to know that so many people are holding similar opinions to that of my own. I hav been an Infidel all my life. When a little boy, about seven or eight years old, I had to learn a few verses from St. Matthew when at school, and dear old Matthew was my savior, or I might hav grown up and blasphemed like millions of others. I was reading the fourth chapter about Jesus and the devil; I thought it was very foolish for Jesus to allow the devil to put him on the pinnacle of the temple, etc., and I told my mother so when I got home, and that I did not believe it. She said I was a bad, wicked boy, and that I must believe it. She told my father about it, and I expected what Paddy gave the big drum, but he only asked me a few questions, which I answered. Now the town that I was raised in was a cathedral city in England by the name of Chichester, in the county of Sussex. The spire was over three hundred feet high, with pinnacles around the base of the spire. I asked my father if he thought the devil could carry God up and put him on the pinnacle of our spire. He did not answer my question, but looked at mother and smiled, and, after a short pause, looked at me and said, "Well, boy, it don't matter much what the book says, all you've got to do is to always speak the truth, be honest, learn to work and get your living, and always keep the laws of your country, and you won't do much wrong." That instruction I never forgot, and I still think it is good for any parents to teach their children. It is what I teach my children, and they hav all been a comfort to me. They are grown up and get their own living, and they never disobey me or their mother.

I wish to say that I think I am no Liberal, for it seems to me they are composed of some of all sorts, and, so far as I can see, lots of them would deprive others of the right they claim for themselvs. Some would force others to love as they think right; some to raise as many children as they think best; some to wear clothes as they think right; some to eat what they think is right; others to drink what they think right—the latter I hav the least respect for, for I think they would, if they could, be the most despotic.

I remain yours for truth, CHICHESTER SPIRE.

THEY TOLD ME TO BURN THEM.

SALESVILLE, MONTANA, Dec. 30, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I paid for THE TRUTH SEEKER for three months, and sent it to my sister-in-law, who livs in that good old Christian state of Tennessee, and I received a letter from her, in which she says: "I don't care to hav you send me those Infidel papers; and, also, "They told me to burn them." I suppose the "they" means her brother-in-law, the Rev. David Fitzmiller, a Baptist minister, who was educated for the ministry, and has been regularly in the service of the Lord, preaching damnation to all who don't believe, since, as far as I know, he has conducted himself well. He was raised by rich, slave-holding parents, and had all the advantages that education could giv him, and here, in this enlightened day, advises his good sister to burn that which he cannot answer. I hav written my good sister a letter, and asked her to hand it to him with a request to answer if he can. And now, after this introduction to great TRUTH SEEKER family, I ask him to come up to the scratch and defend his God and his instruction to burn THE TRUTH SEEKER. The columns of this paper are open to all to discuss these great questions, and hav an audience far larger than he ever addresses, and, no doubt, far more intelligent.

The substance of my answer to my sister is as follows: It was truly Christian for them to advise you to burn those papers, for Christians hav ever burnt that which they could not answer. Since the days of Constantine they hav burnt and destroyed every thing that was against their holy religion, and burnt Infidels, too, so long as they had the power; and would now burn at the stake every Infidel in the land. John Calvin, the founder of Presbyterianism, burnt Servetus at the stake. So Protestants are no better than Catholics. The Christian religion has caused more bloodshed and slaughter than all other causes combined, and has done less good for humanity. The war of the Crusades, a war waged to rescue the holy sepulcher from the hands of the Mohammedans, caused the slaughter of millions. See the history of the holy Inquisition that dragged both old and young of both sexes and threw them into loathsome dungeons, and subjected them to the most cruel tortures that the holy fiends could invent. They believed their God would damn all unbelievers, and torture them in hell forever, and that it was perfectly Christian to giv them some in this life, and hurry them through to their final doom. Then your good Bible taught of the doctrin of witchcraft, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to liv." That text gave them authority to burn witches, and even in our own good state of Massachusetts they tied poor women behind carts and whipped them through the streets, and even hung some. Then, again, your Bible teaches that human slavery was right. You and I were taught that the negro was made to be a slave by our parents, our teachers, and from the pulpit, too. And to deny this would hav cost us our lives any time before 1860. That cursed institution that caused us a great war, and the slaughter of a million of men; that caused us to mourn the loss of many dear ones; that merciful institution that allowed the mother to be sold and chained and carried away from even her sucking babe; that separated husband and wife. I hav seen many human beings sold on the auction-block as though they were horses or cattle. I despise any book that teaches such doctrins, and any God that orders, or any people that practice it. These good Christians said because a man or woman was black, and his hair was kinkey, God had ordained through his holy book, the Bible, that they should be slaves to their white brothers. It was Liberals that led the way to free our land of this cursed institution.

Again, dear sister, it was your holy patron saint, Paul, that placed the bane of inferiority on woman, that ordered her to be a slave to man; and the church that ordained that she should not teach or speak in public. And had you read THE TRUTH SEEKER, and not burnt it, and the noble, heart-stirring appeals made for woman's rights, you would hav seen who is woman's friend, and who is not.

Again, dear sister, look at the horrid doctrin your Bible teaches—"He that believeth not shall be damned." A merciful, loving God making millions of human beings, and then for doing just what he made them to do, sending nine out of ten to hell! Did you ever think that you were raising kindling-wood for hell—nine for hell and one for heaven? The idea that nine out of ten of our dear children are destined for hell is horrid to think of. Better by far believe as I do—that death ends all, and there will be no suffering after death.

Again, read Numbers xxxii, where God bade Gen. Moses to kill all the Midianites, except the virgins, which he saved for his priests and soldiers. Such a cruel monster every good man should despise.

Now, this letter is too long, and I must close. You may send me any Christian books or papers, and I will read them, and not burn them.

DR. W. J. STOVER.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"His life is long whose work is well,
And be his station low or high,
He who the most good works can tell,
Livs longest though he soonest die."

The Water that has Passed.

Listen to the water-mill,
Through the livlong day;
How the clanking of the wheels
Wears the hours away!
Languidly the autumn wind
Stirs the greenwood leaves;
From the fields the reapers sing,
Binding up the sheaves;
And a proverb haunts my mind,
As a spell is cast:
"The mill will never grind
With the water that has passed."

Take the lesson to thyself,
Living heart and true;
Golden years are fleeting by,
Youth is passing too.
Learn to make the most of life,
Lose no happy day;
Time will never bring thee back
Chances swept away.
Leave no tender word unsaid;
Love while life shall last—
"The mill will never grind
With the water that has passed."

Work while yet the daylight shines,
Man of strength and will;
Never does the streamlet glide
Useless by the mill.
Wait not till to-morrow's sun
Beams upon the way;
All that thou canst call thine own
Lies in thy to-day.
Power, intellect, and health
May not, can not, last;
"The mill will never grind
With the water that has passed."

Oh, the wasted hours of life
That hav drifted by;
Oh, the good we might hav done,
Lost without a sigh;
Love that we might once hav saved
By a single word;
Thoughts conceived, but never penned,
Perishing unheard.
Take the proberb to thine heart;
Take! oh, hold it fast!—
"The mill will never grind
With the water that has passed."

—*Songs in "The Man o' Airlie."*

Miss Brown's Valentine.

In a big, old-fashioned farm-house, over a hundred years old, lived Miss Betsey Brown, all alone. All the furniture and belongings of the house were old-fashioned and she herself was old-fashioned. There were straight-backed sofas, fiddle-backed chairs, rag carpets, antique desks, mahogany tables with lions' feet, three-legged stands, old arm-chairs, high-post bedsteads with calico canopies, and piled so high with feather beds that, to our modern eyes, would seem to require uncommon agility to mount which without a step-ladder. In the attic were reels, foot-wheels and spinning-wheels, quilting-frames, and looms for weaving cloth. Miss Brown knew how to use all these articles, and had earned much money spinning yarn and weaving cloth. She declared that if people had only stuck to the old way of making cloth, instead of turning to new inventions, and building "great arks of cotton mills," they would not hav so much "street yarn" to spin, nor so many lies to weave! She said there would be no occasion for so many "strikes" either, for folks would only be too glad to get work to do, and would not think of striking at it.

Miss Brown did not believe in modern improvements, and would not hav a stove in her house, but still adhered to the great old-fashioned fire-places. In the kitchen the fire-place was nine feet across, and was hung with a crane, and pot-hooks and trammels. Her cooking utensils were all the same that were used by her mother and grandmother—and great-grandmother for aught that I know. She made bread in a huge bake-kettle, with a cover and coals of fire on that. This, with the heat beneath, baked bread beautifully. She baked short-cake on a tin, and roasted meat on what was termed a "spit." She had a grid iron, upon which she broiled fish and meat. Her dishes were all brought from England, long, long years ago, and were marvels of old-style beauty. People had come from a great distance to induce her to part with some of her odd pieces of crockery, or some of the antique furniture; but she could not be prevailed upon to let anything go out of the house.

"I know I am poor," she said, "but I will not sell these things that my ancestors loved and handled—no, not if I hav to starve. It's a great idea they hav coming here dressed up in their silks and satins, and wanting to get my things away from me. They wanted the old spinning-wheel. 'What for?' says I. 'Why, we want to tie it up with blue ribbons and put it in the parlor for an ornament,' says she—that was Angeline Brackett—her father was a shoemaker, and her poor old mother used to go out washing for folks.

"'Ornament!' says I. 'You'd better learn how to *use* one instead of spending all your time gadding the streets.'

"'I work,' she says.

"'What do you do?' I asked.

"'Oh, I'm making the handsomest silk bed-quilt you ever saw—you havn't any pieces of silk, or ribbon, hav you, to giv me?' 'No,' says I, 'I havn't. In my time we made patchwork quilts of calico, for use, and not for ornament.' Then she called me a foolish old woman, and flounced out of the house."

Miss Brown was sitting in what she called her "fore-room," and as it was in the month of February she had a blazing fire in the fire-place. There were two brass andirons, polished till they shone like gold, and on one side of the fire-place there leaned a pair of tongs and a shovel. An old clock in the corner, that reached from floor to ceiling, ticked loud and solemnly. Miss Brown was sitting in front of the fire watching the crackling, curling flame, and thinking. She wore a brown flannel dress of her own manufacture, and was evidently in a brown study. People called her hard, and cold, and stern, but if they could hav seen her as she sat there alone that evening, and followed her thoughts, they might hav reversed their judgment. We can not judge correctly from the exterior always. Sometimes the hard lines of a hard face cover the warmest, tenderest, truest heart.

Miss Brown was thinking of the past, of her childhood, and her youth, gone long since, but still fresh in her memory. Out of seven children, she and two brothers only were left. The brothers, after the death of the parents, had secured to themselvs the greater part of the property, leaving her the old farm-house, which they did not want, and a bare pittance to keep her from starvation. They claimed that they had families and were entitled to the property. Worse than all, they neglected the sister who stood alone in the world, and seldom came to see her or showed any interest in her whatever.

"It is the way of the world, I suppose," she said to herself, "but it seems cruel." She recalled the long years that she had toiled in the kitchen and in the field, for she always had helped and worked in-doors and out. While her brothers had been placed in advantageous positions, she had been kept at home as cook, nurse, and house-girl. Nobody thought of securing place or position for her—she was only a girl. When her parents became aged and infirm, she nursed them tenderly and cared for them in their old age. Now, childless and alone, she herself was growing aged. There was no child to care for her, no one to guide her footsteps to the grave, no gentle voice to sing glad songs to her, nobody to love her. The tears came to her eyes, and dropped upon her hard, brown hands. She remembered one who had once sought her for a wife, and because she felt her duty was first to her infirm parents, he had gone away in anger. "If I had chosen differently—if I had been more selfish," she thought, "I might not now be sitting here in the firelight alone, but loving children might be prattling about the old house—grandchildren, maybe, and in their company I would not be lonely." The tears fell afresh, and she sobbed aloud.

Presently she was startled by a loud rap on the door. The old door-knocker seemed almost to shake the house.

"What in the world can that mean? No one comes here nights. Somebody must be sick, or dead. Oh dear, what new trouble is it, I wonder?" Rising, she lit a candle, and went to the door. Opening it, she saw no person, although she held the light far out until it flickered in the darkness. Looking down, she saw a small parcel on the door-step.

"Good gracious! What is this? Had I better pick it up? Maybe it's a valentine!" and she laughed at the odd idea of a valentine for her, at her age. "It is the fourteenth of the month," she added, "and anyhow, I'll see what is in the package."

Picking it up carefully, she closed the door, and went in and laid the package on the hearth before the fire. As she snapped the strings of the brown paper covering it, she said:

"I guess somebody has sent me a turkey for a valentine." And the bundle looked as if it might contain a good-sized turkey; but, as she divested it of paper after paper, and came at last to the thing itself, she stopped suddenly in her work and gazed at the object before her with wide-open eyes and mouth. "Valentine! I should think it was! What shall I do with it? Oh, what shall I do? A queer turkey, this!" She didn't take long to consider what to do, however, but caught up the little object and kissed it.

It was a chubby, rosy, little baby boy, fast asleep, dressed nicely, and wrapped in soft white flannel.

"Where did you drop from, baby? And who are you? I don't know, and you don't know, but evidently you are given to me. You are mine, baby, mine; do you hear?" And Miss Brown cuddled and kissed the babe, and held it close to her bosom, looking around, as if she feared some one would come to claim it.

The next day the neighbors heard of the wonderful valentine, and came to see it.

"What are you going to do with it, Miss Brown?" they inquired.

"Do with it? Why, I'm going to take care of it, bring it up, love it, care for it. It's mine, isn't it?"

"Why yes; it is yours, but then you are poor, and it will be quite a tax on you to bring up a child so young and tender as this," the well-meaning people said.

"I don't care—I shall keep it. 'Tis mine, my baby, and I'll work for it. It shall not starve. I never had anything like this to love before," and she kissed the dimpled face of the baby that lay in her arms, and reached up its fat little hands, as much as to say, "Love me, and I will love you."

So Betsey Brown kept the baby, and named it Valentine Brown. Her eyes grew bright, and the color came again in her cheeks, as she went about the house caring for her little Valentine. The old clock seemed to tick more cheerfully, as if it realized that a fresh young life had come to watch and wonder at its old face.

Miss Brown weaves many pretty fancies for her baby, who loves her very dearly. The two are deeply attached to each other, and there is no prouder woman on the face of the earth than Betsey Brown, when the little Valentine lisps, "Mamma! Mamma dear! My mamma dear!"

Bobby and the Ram.

When Bobby Smart was six years old, he was left to the care of his uncle James, who lived in the country. His aunt took him to his future home, and at the depot he saw his uncle for the first time.

Bobby was lonely and sad: his uncle often treated him with harshness and even cruelty. The cold winter had come on early. Bobby was the only boy about the farm, and he had to work very hard. His clothing was unfit for the winter weather, and he often suffered from the cold.

Among the duties which this poor boy had to perform was that of tending a flock of sheep. One afternoon, when there were signs of a snow-storm, he was sent to drive the flock to the barn. He started for the field, but his clothes were so thin that he was benumbed by the intense cold. He sat down on a large rock to rest himself. He felt strangely tired and cold. In a little while he began to feel drowsy. Then he thought it was so nice and comfortable that he would stay there awhile. In a very few moments he was asleep, and perhaps dreaming.

Suddenly he was aroused by a tremendous blow which sent him spinning from his perch on the rock to the ground. Looking about him, he saw an old ram near by. The creature looked as though he had been doing mischief, and Bobby was no longer at a loss to know where the blow came from; but he thought the attack was an accident, and in a short time he was again in the land of Nod.

Again the ram very rudely tumbled him over into the snow. He was now wide awake, and provoked at the attack of the beast. He began to search for a stick to chastise his enemy. The ram understood his intention, for he turned upon Bobby as if to finish the poor boy. Bobby was forced to take to his heels, and run toward home.

The ram chased him, while the rest of the flock followed after their leader. The inmates of the farm-house were surprised to see Bobby rushing toward the house as fast as his little legs would allow him. His hair was streaming in the wind, and he was very much terrified. Close upon him was the old ram, kicking up his heels in his anger. Behind him could be seen a straggling line of sheep, doing their best to keep up.

Bobby won the race, however. His uncle came out in time to turn the flock into the barn. It was a long time before Bobby would venture near the ram again.

Bobby knows now that but for the efforts of that old ram in knocking him from his seat on that bitterly cold day, he would hav been among the angels in a very short time. The sleepy feeling which overcame him would hav ended in death.

Bobby declares that the ram knew all the time what ailed him, and that he butted him from the rock on purpose. I cannot explain it, but do know that "God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform."—*Our Little Ones.*

[God may "move in a mysterious way his wonders to perform," but there is no mystery about the performances of an old ram when he is angered. The attack of the animal undoubtedly saved Bobby's life, but it is ridiculous to say that any power was urging him on but just his own mischievous, angry nature.—ED. CHILDREN'S CORNER.]

Our Puzzle-box.

CHARADE.

I am composed of eight letters.
My 1, 3, 7, 8 is a Celtic poet.
My 1, 2, 4, 5, 6 is salt water.
My 2, 3, 4, 5 is indispensable to crops.
My 6, 7, 3 is an epoch of time.
My 4, 2, 3 is a man's name.
My 3, 4, 7 is indispensable to life.
My 1, 6, 3, 2 is a wild animal,
My 8, 7, 3, 1 is one of the colors of the rainbow.
My whole is the name of a town in Minnesota. FANNIE.

CHARADE.

I am composed of seven letters.
My 3, 5, 6, 7 is an ornament worn upon the finger.
My 7, 5, 4 is a kind of liquor.
My 1, 2, 3, 6 is a kind of grain.
My 2, 6, 5, 2, 4 is a bulbous root, and used as an article of food.
My 5, 3, 2, 4 is one of the metallic elements.
My 3, 5, 7 denotes a sportiv trick.
My 5, 6, 4 is a public house.
My whole is a priest-ridden town in Iowa. IDA.

CROSS-WORD.

In GRAPE, not in PEAR;
In WATER, not in AIR;
In OLD, not in NEW;
In RED, not in BLUE;
In GRAIN, not in FRUIT;
In SHOE, not in BOOT;
In WRONG, not in RIGHT;
In BLACK, not in WHITE;
In SAW, not in KNIFE;
In DEATH, not in LIFE;
In INDIAN, not in SQUAW;
In NATURE, not in LAW;
In GAMBLE, not in PLAY;
In NIGHT, not in DAY;
In SPORT, not in GAME;
In HONOR, not in FAME—
The whole a person well known to fame. BENNY DICTION.

VALENTINE.

In my heart there blooms a flower—
As sweet as honey dew!
Would you know its name, my dear?
Then spell it—Y O U.

Correspondence.

HAMBURG, ERIE CO., N. Y., Jan. 31, 1884

MISS EDITOR: Seeing that you conduct the Childrens Corner so well and ably, we think Christians can no longer claim that Freethinkers are always tearing down, and never building up. It would be a good idea to hav some reports of our Sunday-schools occasionally, and also specimens of what is being taught. We Freethinkers of Hamburg think of starting a Sunday-school, and teaching science, morality, and virtue, leaving out the Bible altogether, as containing too much licentiousness in its ancient dime-novel compilation. There are, undoubtedly, many children who might be brought together on Sundays to their profit. Some parents are indifferent about their children on Sunday, while others, wishing them to keep out of bad company, send them to orthodox Sunday-schools, rather than hav them idle on the street; yet do not encourage them to learn orthodox lessons. From this class a large number of well-bred children could be brought together. A few determined workers could do a vast amount of missionary work, with a few good books and cheerful songs. We should not teach children to "fear and be just," but to be brave and just. There are thousands of noble precepts that could be taught without the aid of orthodoxy.

Yours respectfully, A. C. STOLTING.

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A Psalm of Life.

SUNG IN THE YEAR OF GRACE, 1884.

Ring out, wild songs of a mad world's soul;
Ring out through the light and the gloom;
While the war-cries of Life through the ages roll,
Till their death-rattle dies in the tomb!

Ring out, mad song from the battle-plain;
Ring out through the thunder and flame;
Moan low, sad song, o'er the bed of Pain;
Moan, wail of a nation's shame!

Ring out, blithe songs of the revel's mirth;
Laugh, wine-lighted, love-glowing eyes;
Wail back, O Dirge, from the night-shadowed earth,
From the gloom of the starless skies!

Ring out, shrill laugh of the Daughter of Sin;
Burn, flush on the fevered brow;
Sigh, stifled sob in the heart within,
As it broods o'er the Then and Now!

Float, solemn song from the lips of Faith,
On the pealing organ's swell;
Ring out, O Curse, from the lips of Death,
Through the echoing glooms of Hell!

Ring, triumph-song of victorious Wrong,
Round the Altar and the Throne;
Wail on, deep voice of the stricken Throng;
Wail, voice of the Multitude's moan!

Ring, devilish laugh from the lips of Greed,
And rhyme with the ringing gold;
Drip, drip, O Blood, from the hearts that bleed,
Till the pulseless veins grow cold!

Ring, drunken howl, through the night-covered street;
Shriek, lips beflecked with foam;
Ring, curses, where Madness and Misery meet,
Echoed back from the empty home!

Ring, thunder-song of the dreadless brave,
Ring clear through the mad world's din,
Till the deepening roar of the gathering Wave,
Shall silence the discords of Sin!

Then wake, ye lays of the coming days;
Wake, Harp of the million strings:
Ring out, glad Cry, through the sun-lit sky,
Upborne on the free winds' wings:—
Lo! the Curse hath passed
From the earth at last,
And great MAN is the master of Things!

—*Lara, in Secular Review.*

W. H. Gantz on the Death of his Wife.

Here in the chamber of death, from which has just been borne she whom I love and for whom I weep, I sit with my two little ones; and in this chilly atmosphere of the "last sad agony" I am constrained to write the thoughts that come to me.

I must express the thanks and gratitude of my heart to the many friends who during the illness of my wife contributed so much of their time to cheer her with their presence, and who furnished her so many delicacies to appease a sensitiv taste.

Your many kind attentions lessened greatly the burden of her declining hours; your cheering words were sunshine in her waning twilight, and your smiles carried to her tired heart the forgetfulness of pain.

In return for these priceless gifts my ability can only giv, nor would your generous hearts accept more than, the fullest appreciation of a thankful heart. From her for whom I weep to-night, you had her smile and a place in the garland of her love.

Our hope is that the circling ages of the future, as they hurry through a living present and drop into memory's garner, will bring to us the freshness of that love's fair beginning, and leave to us the recollection that we are the objects about which it twines.

The insatiable iconoclast has defaced my idol, has hewn down my shrine into senseless clay, and covered the chalice of my joy with his paten of agony. For the sunshine of home I hav only the gloom of death.

The little one on my knee, as I write, and the one at my side, look into my face and ask, "Where is mamma?" As I look down through their innocent eyes into the dismantled chambers of their hearts, I see a longing that will be satisfied with but one answer. That answer must be the nearing presence of that mother. "Where" must be localized—must be made palpably clear for their childish minds. What do I answer? What can I answer? I hesitate. I falter. I say nothing. But the little one on my knee, in her baby tones, and with a cruel, though innocent, disregard of my aching heart, reminds me that silence has not answered *her*. With earnest determination she says, "I want mamma." Then I say, "Mamma has gone to sleep." "Where?" "Gone to rest; gone where is no aching pain, no hungering grief; gone into the light of infinit knowledge, or into the darkness of pulseless clay."

To the little ones these answers mean nothing. I would hav them mean much. My heart yearns to satisfy them. But this is all I can say. Can you say more? Are we not all children when brought face to face with death? Death! the leveler of all aspiration; "the anodyne of pain;" "the panacea of all our ills."

All the tribes of men, scattered along the banks of laughing brooks and angry rivers, along the shores of the murmuring sea and smiling lakes of all the earth, we are told, hav each had their philosophy; but in the light (?) of all their philosophies we are standing as they hav stood, dumb, before this anxious question, "Where are the dead?"

There hav, we know, been men at every point in the flooding tide of time who, possessed of more credulity or *finesse* than their fellows, hav essayed to answer this question for them; but the ebb of each individual ripple on the ocean of life has verified only the ignorance or hypocrisy of the answer. From the savage fetichist who rocked the cradle of mankind, through the centuries of astrolatry and polytheism, through the evolving sects of monotheism, down to the selfish Christicolist of our present civilization, all in the face of this great question, hav been and are but as the child on my knee or the one at my side. The one at my side, possessing the more voluble tongue, is enabled by it to express more readily his childish wisdom or ignorance.

So it is with those who would answer love's inquiry for the dead. Some make answer, as my baby answers, only in infant prattle they hav copied from others. Others giv, as the child at my side often givs, an answer remarkable only for its volubility and the ignorance it exposes.

To my babies' pleading question I can only answer, "Mamma is dead." But this to them is nothing. It does not bring them near enough to that mother, "whose every word was love, and every smile was joy," to satisfy the longings of their childish hearts—nor mine, nor yours.

In my efforts to soothe them, the couplets of Mary Mapes Dodge occur to me, and truth forces their utterance:

"We know not what it is, dear, this sleep so deep and still;
The folded hands, the awful calm, the cheek so pale and chill;
The lids that will not lift again, though we may call and call;
The strange white solitude of peace that settles over all.

"We know not to what other sphere the loved who leave us go;
Nor why we re left to wonder still, nor *why* we do *not* know."

Then, to explain to them what it is to die, I talk to them of life, of being, and what it is to be, and of "how sweet it is to us this life we liv and see." They comprehend this, for their young natures hav in a measure already sensed the conditions of physical being. I see in their eyes the sunshine of interest, and on their cheeks the flush of satisfaction. But the one at my side asks with eagerness, "Where does mamma liv now?" This is a knife to me. I answer only with my tears, and by drawing her close to my wounded heart. Their faces become grave and troubled. I am dumb. Where the one life is so palpably clear, the *other* life is gloom.

How forcibly comes the thought of Howells, "If we wake, we shall know. If we do not wake, we shall not even know we hav not wakened."

For the Christian gentlemen who hav offered me the consolations of their creed. I hav only feelings of gratitude and tenderest regard; but for their creed and its "consolations," they must pardon me, and let my candor plead that pardon, if I hav only a frigid contempt. Your creed's theology is barbarous, and its eschatology childish. The former is based on chaos, and supported by credulity. The latter is but the plagiarized and garbled ebullition of the human heart. The one is venerable stupidity; the other systematized cupidity. The cries of its victims, of woe, of destitution, are an accompaniment to every anthem of its praise. The hovel of wretchedness is shaded, but not wholly concealed, by its palatial church. In the view of its imperious clergy, the background is marred by a cringing laity, and its "hope of heaven" is dwarfed by a stultifying fear of hell.

I hav, kind friends, your hope; but for the heaven of your creed I hav no desire; and its hell to me has no terrors.

The hope of another life is grounded in our love of this life. It is the "balm in nature's mighty Gilead" for the aggrieved heart of man.

We are told "the waves of the ocean once laved the shores of a lifeless world; that in a simple protoplasmic cell-life came life—the sublime reality." But in "the mother instinct of the first mammalia" was born the infinit magnificence of that "sublime reality"—love. Since the birth of love, *hope*, with loving touch, fingers the keys of the future, and, to the listening human heart, givs only the symphony of joy, the cadence of rest. I love to liv; therefore I believe our "futures will be fruit of all the past."

My moiety of knowledge as to the arithmetic of the universe cannot giv mathematical proof of that "other life," and, instead of asserting what I cannot prove, I affirm only the "hope," and what nature has given all men to feel.

You would send me to the Bible for the proofs I so earnestly seek. It is but a flash of darkness on the present twilight of my search. I open it; I find a cosmic genesis that brings a smile for its peuril simplicity.

I read the "garden scene," and think: For eating an apple in violation of her express commands, she, for whom I sorrow to-night, in her most irritable moments, would scarcely box the ears of the child on my knee; yet, for such trifling offense, the Jehovah of the Jews consigns, not only the childish Adam and Eve, but unnumbered millions of their progeny, to a "hell," compared with which physical death is a thrill of joy.

The learned divines (?) hav told us the first pages of "inspiration" are allegorical, and I am urged to read further. I do so; but I must take my reason with me. With it, aided by the subtleties of your scholastic commentaries, I discover that your Christology rests upon these juvenile allegories of Genesis.

To one whose faith enables him to swallow mountains as well as move them, they may afford great consolation; but in men, taught at the feet of an altruistic Gamaliel, these fables do not fill the "aching void."

So I must respectfully lay your Bible aside. "Respectfully," for its literary value and the moral value it contains. The latter, though, form but a thread of gold in a cable of dross, dewdrops in the putrid well of Kali.

The plowshare of time is rapidly converting our hopeful future into broken past; and soon will turn the garden of our smiles and tears into the fallow of eternal rest.

Rest!—What is that rest? "A dreamless sleep?" An eternity of prattling the praise of egotism? Or shall it not rather be a refreshing, potent, reciprocal altruism?

These questions must be settled at the bar of reason, under the pleading of fact, and not by one nor any number of ethereal guesses.

Man's history is brief. A birth, a rivulet of joy, a torrent of pain, then—death. A mother's breast, a struggle, then a grave. This much we know.

The canvas of the future is spread upon the easel of human affection. It is unsullied by any Materialistic "dust" or Theistic "shadow;" and to-night, from the palette of my heart, hope guides the brush through a sketch of home—a real terrestrial *genre*—in lines of love and beauty. This sketch is for *me*. There is yet ample room upon the canvas for the sublime *perhaps* of every man, woman, and child in nature's universe.

I trust no one will exhibit so broad and comprehensiv a want of judgment as to take personally any word, thought, or shade of thought in the above.

My hope is that those who know me best will best understand me..

I hav written, not to wound, not for controversy. I simply write the thoughts that come to me at an hour when man *must* think, must feel the force of his thought.

The noble, generous, Christian hearts who gathered round me to-day—my day of trial; who would not allow a single expressed wish of mine to go ungratified; who gave me the honest commiseration of honest hearts—these must ever occupy a prominent seat in the temple of my love and esteem. W. H. GANTZ.

Oreana, Ill., Jan. 1884.

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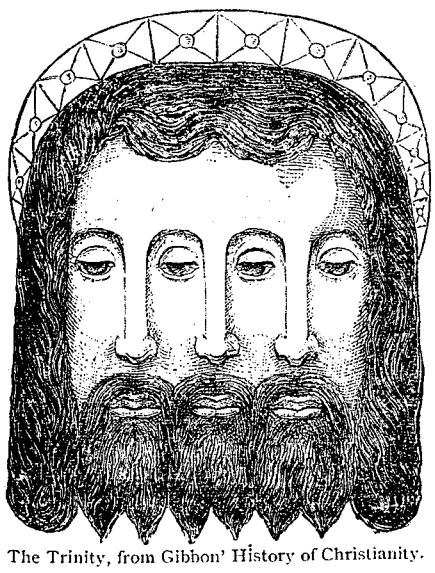
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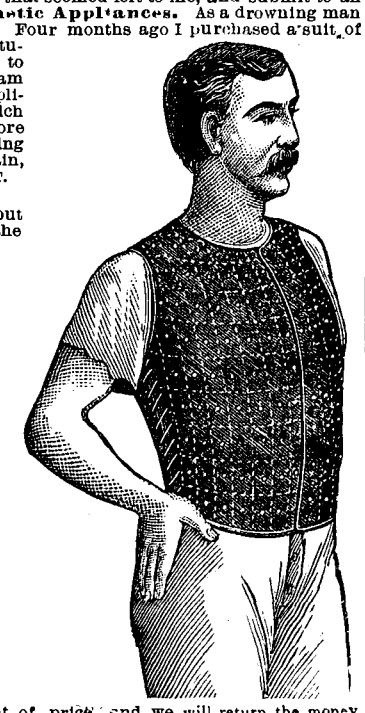
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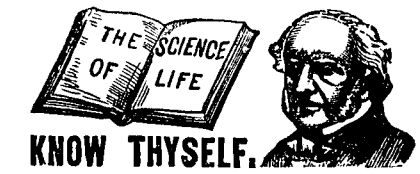
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THERE can be no doubt at all that in this world honesty is often the very worst policy. There can be no doubt that a certain flexibility and elasticity of soul and conscience may make a man get on, as concerns this world, when rigid integrity would stand in his way. Nothing would be easier than to mention striking instances in which men threw away their chance of the highest places by an act of injudicious honesty, and in which a little toadyism, a little sneakiness, a little sinking of the downright honest man, paved the way to the grandest worldly advancement, A trader who never puffs his wares as better than they really are may not drive such a business as the brazen individual who never spares the trumpet. . . . But let us do right still. Let us speak the truth and liv the truth, no matter what we may lose by it. Worldly success may, perhaps, be gained by unworthy means; but we will not hav it at the price.—*Counsel and Comfort by a Country Parson.*

MAN'S unhappiness, as I construe it, comes of his greatness; it is because there is an infinit in him which, with all his cunning, he cannot quite bury under the finite. Will the whole finance ministers and upholsterers and confectioners of modern Europe undertake, in joint stock company, to make one hoeblack happy? They cannot accomplish it, above an hour or two; for the shoeblack also has a soul quite other than his stomach, and would require, if you consider it, for his permanent satisfaction and satnration, simply this allotment—no more and no less: God's infinit universe altogether to himself, therein to enjoy infinitly and fill every wish as fast as it rose. Oceans of Hockheimer, a throat like that of Ophiuchus—speak not of them; to the infinit shoeblack they are as nothing. No sooner is your ocean filled than he grumbles that it might hav been of better vintage. Try him with half of a universe, of an omnipotence; he sets to quarreling with the proprietor of the other half, and declares himself the most maltreated of men. Always there is a black spot in our sunshine; it is even, as I said, the shadow of ourselvs.—*Carlyle's Sartor Resartus.*

> BUT human bodies are sic fools,
> For a' their colleges and schools,
> That when nae real ills perplex them,
> They mak' enow themselvs to vex them;
> And as the less they hav to sturt them,
> In like proportion, less will hurt them.
> —*Burns's Twa Dogs.*

BE not among wine-bibbers; among riotous eaters of flesh; for the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty, and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags. Hearken unto thy father that begot thee, and despise not thy mother when she is old. Buy the truth, and sell it not; also wisdom and instruction and understanding.—*Proverbs xxiii*, 20–23.

ALL we need, it is said, in this advanced stage of European civilization, is an amiable ethics and an easy after-life in prospect, with no terrors apprehended. The compromise which is so pleaded for must embrace such things as these: the exclusion of "dogmas" of all sorts; a declared indifference toward "speculativ belief;" a rejection of superstitions—the devil included; yet, most of all, is demanded the rejection of that one doctrin which, more than any other article of the obsolete theology, offends our modern philosophy and outrages its sensibilities—we therefore insist upon the utter removal of the ancient belief concerning the *vicarious* death of Christ. On these terms a continuance may be granted to Christianity.—*Isaac Taylor.* [Note. Few men of the last generation exerted a wider influence on the nobler order of minds than the author of the "Natural History of Enthusiasm;" nor is his power expended. During half a century of a busy life he produced works of the highest order—works that are destined to influence the thought of unborn generations. It is curious to notice the varying fates of great men. To one who can look back sixty years or so, it can hardly fail to bring sad thoughts to reflect how many men that swayed the higher order of minds in England (and perhaps not less those of this continent) are now all but forgotten. In my young days Dr. Chalmers in Scotland and Archbishop Whately in Ireland were names of great power, and now who ever thinks of them? Jeffrey, too, of the *Edinburgh Review*, is no longer a name to conjure with. Even Lord Brougham has vanished out of sight, and Lord Macaulay has lost his charm. He was a brilliant essayist, but he seldom speculated on the higher problems of humanity, and, though sufficiently versatil, he had small claim to the title of "philosophic thinker." In that respect he was every way inferior to J. S. Mill, and even to the Recluse of Stamp Rivers. Isaac Taylor was through life a defender of the Christian faith, but he was no purblind bigot, and in the above description of what he called "the drift of thought," at the close of 1864, he has left us a sketch of coming events that every succeeding year has but confirmed. In his case, "the wish was not father to the thought." But he saw that the tide had turned, and that old thoughts were passing away. Smaller men may see it now, and whether they hope it or fear it, the "drift" is inevitable.—*Hylax.*]

THE

Truth Seeker Annual

—AND—

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1884.

(E. M. 284.)

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Odds and Ends.

TWO boys quarreling: "My pa is a preacher an' will go to heaven." "Yes, an' my pa is a doctor an' can kill your ole pa."

A LITTLE six-year-old orphan, upon being asked to name the leading festival in the church, replied. "The strawberry festival."

"OH yes," said the indignant old lady, "he is a man who will do most anything. Why, do you know, I've seen him eat tripe."

> A GIRL is sweet,
> But oh! how bitter
> The same girl is
> When a dress don't fit her!

A GENTLEMAN who had been struck by a young lady's beauty was determined to follow the injunction and "kiss the rod that smote him."

THIS year young men who don't want to get married will wear large placards on their breasts, reading, "I never had any experience in nursing babies and don't want any."

WHAT TO DO WITH OUR GIRLS.

"Good day, gentlemen."

"Good day," said the horse reporter, looking up and discovering a young lady in the apartment.

"I would like to show you a work which I am selling," she began, "and am sure it will prove both interesting and instructiv."

"What's it about?" asked the horse reporter.

"The book," continued the fair canvasser, "is by one of our best-known writers and speakers, and is entitled, 'What Shall We Do With Our Girls?' The question is certainly one of paramount importance, and—"

"Are your girls bothering you much this season?" inquired the friend of Maud S.

"Why, no," said the young lady, blushing violently—"that is—why, of course I havn't any daughters."

"Oh, you're out on the road telling people what to do with your girls before you're even married, let alone the mother of a few visions of loveliness? Well, that's all right. Some of our best cook-books hav been written by people who didn't know a gridiron from the Fifteenth Amendment."

"But this question of what shall be done with the girls is really an important one," continued the young lady. "Hav you ever given it a thought?"

"I can't say that I hav," replied the horse reporter. "I suppose we might tie 'em up in the back yard when a circus comes to town."

"I hardly think you comprehend the question in all its bearings. What is the legitimate sphere of woman; in what field of action can she best display and make use of the God-given talents, attributes of mental force, and physical grace with which she is endowed? These are living, burning issues, and must be fairly met. When we see—"

"All right," said the horse reporter, "you can meet them if you want to. Woman's sphere, so far as I hav been able to discover, is to never hav breakfast on time. It is no doubt a somewhat limited one, but she is gradually reaching out into the great unknown, and will eventually grasp with her lily-white fingers the black demon of injustice that has so long oppressed her, and strangle in the very stronghold of its power the great wrong which for centuries has baffled her efforts at advancement along the great highway of progress."

"Why, that's lovely!" exclaimed the young lady. "You believe in lady suffrage, don't you?"

"Lady who?"

"Lady suffrage—believe that ladies should vote, and hav all the political privileges that are accorded men. That's just what this book says. That chapter is perfectly sweet. It's just lovely."

"I presume so. But how about the chapter that says women should not cramp and distort their bodies with corsets and their feet with tight shoes? The gaunt demon of unrest that lurks in the maternal bunion may, in the child of that mother, become an ever present monster of pain."

"Oh, those chapters are horrid! What the world is interested in are the nobler attributes of woman—her soul and heart."

"Yes, the soul-and-heart business is all right, but you must remember that the humble liver, working away unostentatiously, is also a pretty good scheme, and without health woman can never attain success. The deadly grasp of the steel-ribbed corset and the fatal grip of the gleaming garter are hurrying to early graves the women of our land. The beautiful eyes that should sparkle so brightly are dull and lusterless, the cheek whose whiteness should be relieved by the rosy blush of health is sallow and wan, and the fairest temple ever made is rendered a ghastly ruin by the one who should take the greatest pride in its beauty."

"And will you buy a book?" asked the young lady, "I'm sure you talk beautifully."

"No," replied the horse reporter, "I cannot buy a book, because actions speak louder than words, and I do not wish to disturb the dramatic critic who is in the next room trying to write soul without a large S."

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THE TRUTH SEEKER

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Notes and Clippings.

An Italian correspondent, by no means particularly fond of Roman Catholicism, says that, judging from the money sent him, the pope's spiritual influence was never greater.

"Papa, is Ash Wednesday the day the cart calls for the cinders in the back yard?" asked a Long Island boy. His father smiled, and put the question by until the pastor called.

Women are coming to the fore. A jury of women tried a divorce case at Cheney, Wyoming, recently, and Mrs. Dora Barnett is a bailiff in Lewis county, Washington Territory.

A Rev. Mr. Kirkland, of Texas, is paid so poorly by his congregation that he works in a saw-mill during the week. A few who hav heard him preach wish that he would work in the saw-mill Sunday.

The scholarship of 48 young ladies in the Harvard Annex is higher than the average of the male undergraduates, but the young men's pride is soothed when the contest turns on foot-ball, base-ball, and rowing matches.

In an old church play Noah is made to swear by St. John. This is nearly as bad as a novelist making William Penn whistle a bar of "Home, Sweet Home" before he recollected that the tune had not then been composed.

The proprietor of a barroom was placed on trial in Washington Territory, under indictment for keeping a disorderly resort. Seven women were on the jury, and all were firm for conviction; but the five men stood doggedly for acquittal.

Schenectady rejoices in the possession of a mayor of great piety. His name is Young. He has recently joined the church, and patronizes the Salvation Army. He refused to permit an entertainment called "The Devil's Auction" on the ground that it is immoral. His defalcation is not yet announced.

Some years ago a little daughter of Mr. Coddington, a noted New York auctioneer, ran out of the door and saw a beautiful rainbow for the first time in her life. Standing but a moment in awestruck admiration, she rapturously called out: "Papa! papa! come here, do come here! I des that's the ribbon Dod ties his bonnet with."

Divorce is slightly on the increase in Scotland. During the ten years previous to 1874 the average number of decrees per year was thirty-five; in the subsequent five years the averaged increased to fifty-nine; during 1880 there were eighty-one divorces; in 1881 there were seventy-eight, in 1882 sixty-three, and last year seventy-five.

Rev. A. E. Higgens, formerly pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal church of this city, gave a lecture in Scard's Hall, Sunday evening, wherein he stated that his orthodox views had undergone a material change. He is no longer a man-worshiper, and believes only in one God. His new departure created a sensation. —*Leavenworth (Kan.) Times.*

A murderer under sentence of death at White Plains, N. Y., is selling copies of the following pious card for a few cents each: "Take comfort in the thought that God knows your sinful nature better than you know it yourself. Yours, T. Hoffman." The sheriff says that Hoffman's piety is unquestionable, but that his veracity is occasionally very much at fault.

In most of the states a belief in the existence of a supreme being is necessary to constitute a person a competent witness in a court of law. How far a witness's religious faith can be inquired into became a question recently decided by the supreme court of New Hampshire. The court said there was no error of law in a referee's refusal to allow a man to be asked on cross-examination whether the spirit of Daniel Webster was present aiding him in the trial, and whether he had been assisted by departed spirits in obtaining information. Nor would it hav been an error of law to allow those interrogatories. It was a question of fact how far the proposed inquiry could usefully go for the purpose of discovering the credit of the witness. "A man is competent to testify who believes in the existence of God," he said, "and that divine punishment either in this life or the life to come will be the consequence of perjury. No judicious tribunal is bound to inquire whether a witness be a Protestant or Romanist, Mormon, Jew, gentile, a Spiritualist or a Materialist."—*Sun.*

At a druggist's door, in Seville, appeared the sign, "Spirits of all kinds sold here." A joker passing by, thought it funny to go in and ask the druggist for "all you hav on hand of the malignant spirit." The druggist, without an instant's hesitation, turned to an assistant and gave the order in an imperativ tone: "Joaquin, run up to the second floor and bring down my mother-in-law. Here is somebody to buy her."

The question of vivisection came before Oxford Convocation the other day on the vote for giving effect to a grant made last June for a laboratory. The anti-vivisectionists strongly opposed the vote, and an excited debate took place, a large number of non-resident members of the university being present. The dean of Christchurch and Dr. Acland supported the scheme, and Dr. Freeman, the historian, opposed it. Eventually the motion was carried by 188 against 147.

Old Judge Ochiltree, soon after his illustrious son had got his license to practice law, went off on a few days' trip, "and Thomas," said he, "you may as well hav a neat sign of the new firm painted and hung up over the office door." When the old gentleman returned he did, indeed, see a neat sign over the office door. He examined it through his gold-rimmed spectacles, and then took off his binoculars and examined it again. The neat sign read thus: "Thomas P. Ochiltree and Father, Attorneys-at-Law.

The Montreal *Witness* has this story of some sadly disappointed aborigines. When the Indian lacrosse team was in England last summer a lady wrote asking the names and addresses of each redskin, as she wished to send them a little gift. The Indians expected something very material, but last week the parcel arrived by mail, and contained a number of little volumes printed in English, called, "Weighty Words from the Scriptures," being selections of texts from the New Testament. The Indians are all Roman Catholics.

As for Colonel Ingersoll, remarked Stephen Dorsey the other day during an interview, what can I not say? You hav seen it reported that his fee for defending me in the Star route cases was $100,000. It is false. Col. Ingersoll never made a charge against me for the entire two years of service. Ingersoll is a wonderful man. He is a great lawyer, great orator, and great character. The man who makes his wife happy and his children feel at home is always a great man. A character more complete was never known, and since Shakspere no greater genius.

The Prince of Wales has made a tour of the slums of London and seen squalid poverty and unmitigated misery face to face. The Boston *Globe* wonders what he thought of it, and whether it occurred to him that perhaps poverty is not a dispensation of divine providence, to be endured cheerfully on an empty stomach, but a symptom of disease in the social system, to be cured by wise treatment and radical change of conditions. Did this inspection of the slums suggest to the Prince of Wales that there must be something wrong in England that he should hav lived in idleness and luxury these years while other Englishmen were working and starving? Probably not. It is not likely that his education has been of the kind that helps men to see clearly and think truly. It is more likely that he was shocked to see such squalor and was really sorry that all these people were so poor and dirty and ignorant and hungry, but regarded it all as an inevitable and incurable evil, the symptoms of which could be softened to some extent by judicious charity and raising of the poor rates. And yet it is well that he should see for himself what poverty is and why men murmur at government which does not govern but grinds.

From a rough draft of Prince Bismarck's bill for insuring men against accidents and death, it appears that all the various employers will be required to establish insurance companies, and to pay the whole of the premiums on the lives and limbs of their workmen, in proportion to the wages earned by the latter, and to the danger tariff. Thus one element in the previous bill, which formed such a bone of contention, has been dropped—namely, part payment by the state of the accident assurance premiums, with which the labor-givers, or capitalists, are now to be exclusivly burdened. Should, however, any of the companies (*Genossen-schaften*) prove unequal to their liabilities, they may be aided and even taken over by the state.

The death of Wendell Phillips revives the following story, which was always good, and seems to grow better with each repetition: As Mr. Phillips was journeying over the New York Central, a rather pompous clergyman approached him and asked, "What is your aim in life?" To which Mr. Phillips bluntly replied, "To benefit the negro." "Why don't you go South then, and do it?" inquired the reverend gentleman. "Well, that is worth thinking about," answered Mr. Phillips, "but," continued he, "I notice you wear a rather white necktie; I would like to ask what is your aim in life?" "To save souls from hell," was the answer. "Well, then, why don't you go to hell to do it?" asked Mr. Phillips, but he received no answer. His clerical friend had gone into another car.

Moncure D. Conway writes to the San Francisco *Chronicle:* "The Salvation Army appears to hav found a particularly congenial soil in Australia. Howe, the famous bushranger, used to read the scriptures regularly to his robber gang and swear them in on the prayer-book. One need only refer to the Australian *War Cry* for evidence of the extent to which the army is recruited from the criminal classes. In this democratic country a notable sign of conversion to the army is a certain sottish egotism displayed in those whose cases most call for humility and penitence. At one of their frantic meetings a 'sister' declared: 'Once I was a vile wretch, not fit for hell; but now my elder brother, the Lord Jesus, has taken me in hand and I feel too good for heaven.' Another 'sister' remarked that she had 'knocked about with Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Chinamen,' but now she 'knocked about with no one but the Lord Jesus Christ.' There is a true larrikin ring about such expressions as these, and they can hardly fail to diffuse among the converts an impression that immorality, or even crime, is a light thing, easily washed away by 'the blood' and quite compatible with swift promotion to sainthood and paradise."

Horace Greeley's personal appearance, says a recent writer, was always a subject of remark from his boyhood. Rollin C. Mallary, a member of Congress from Vermont, who was an able champion of the American System, used to narrate a visit of his to the printing-office of a country newspaper at Poultney, Vt., his place of residence. His attention was attracted to a young compositor, who was rather awkwardly "sticking types," and who, though full grown, was evidently the youngest apprentice in the office. His legs ran a good deal more than "a feet" through his pantaloons, the sleeves of his coat scarcely reached below his elbows, his hair was very white and flaxen, and he was, on the whole, in the aggregate, taken separately and together, the greenest specimen of humanity we ever looked at, and this is saying a good deal, for "we keeps a looking-glass." "That boy," said Mr. Mallory, "will make a remarkable man; I can't hold an argument with him on Masonry or anything else connected with politics." As Mallary was considered one of the ablest men in Congress, his remark caused me some surprise; and we not only "made a note of it," but took another look at the "devil" (printer's we mean), and could not but trace in the expansiv forehead "a mind formed in nature's finest mold and wrought for immortality." It was years afterward that we became aware of the fact that that boy was Horace Greeley.

News of the Week.

Sarah Bernhardt is arranging for a tour in America.

The king of Spain has presented a stone to be inserted in the Washington monument.

Electric lights are being introduced in Norfolk, Va., which is the only city in that state so lighted.

The Democrats are to hold their next national convention for the nomination of a presidential candidate at Chicago on July 8th.

John Degnan, of Brooklyn, died last Sunday while listening to a sermon in St. John's church. The remainder of the congregation escaped uninjured.

Bishop Carr, of Dublin, Ireland, has issued a pastoral letter advising Irishmen not to emigrate, as the condition of many in this country is more deplorable than at home.

A national convention of the National Greenback Labor party, to nominate candidates for president and vice-president, has been called to meet in Indianapolis, Ind., on May 28th.

Jews of Poltava, in south Russia, who are unable to show that they possess landed property, are being expelled by the Christians from that province. Many of them are forced to cross the Austrian frontier.

It is reported that Great Britain will offer Abyssinia part of the territory taken from that country some years ago on condition that the Abyssinians liberate the Egyptian garrison in the southern part of the Soudan.

Ex-Senator Spencer is to commence an action against Attorney General Brewster for defamation of character and injury to business, placing the damages at $50,000. This is another branch of the Star route business.

Seven of the sailors who lost their lives in the Jeannette Arctic expedition were buried at Woodlawn, near this city, last Sunday. Washington's Birthday was devoted to receiving the bodies of the dead mariners with civil and military honors.

A temperance orator of Greenport, N. Y., charges that a church in that town has a drunkard for a pastor, and a rum-seller for a Sunday-school superintendent. A minister who conceived himself to hav been alluded to in the charge sues the orator for $10,000.

A Toledo judge has recently rendered the decision that marriage between negroes contracted while held as slaves is not binding on the contracting parties after emancipation, unless cohabitation continued. This decision was made in the case of a colored man charged with bigamy.

The House of Representativs of the United States recently passed resolutions of regret for the death of Herr Lasker, the German Liberal statesman, and forwarded them to the German government. Prince Bismarck has returned the resolutions, which he characterizes as a piece of impertinence on the part of Congress. His act is regarded as a direct affront to this country.

The body of Salmi Morse was found floating in the North River, this city, on the morning of the 22d ult. Disappointment over the suppression of his Passion Play, to the production of which he had devoted all his means and many years of his life, is supposed to hav led to his suicide. His right name was Solomon Moses, and he was of Hebrew extraction. His age was about 65 years.

The Rev. Mr. Snyder, of St. Louis, recently held a private conversation with the Hon. Roscoe Conkling, and then published a report of what was said. Mr. Conkling denounces the report as stupidly untrue. Snyder acknowledges that the publication of the interview was unauthorized, but claims that it was substantially correct. The dominie's questionable proceeding is creating considerable comment.

A Freethought Romance.

Waifs and Wanderings.

BY SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE ENEMY'S COUNTRY.

"Give your feet a good washing," said the sergeant, "and you'll feel rested. I'll get the breakfast."

Cupples limped to a little brook that crept unwillingly along, and gave his feet a refreshing bath; though he was about half asleep all the time, and his fingers and toes seemed like the phantoms of a dream.

"Here's a jolly steak," said the sergeant, "and potatoes fried to a charm, and plenty of crackers and coffee. Pitch in."

Cupples was used to eating, and did not wait to be urged.

"Now let's take a nap," said the sergeant, after every scrap of food had been devoured. "You may kiss the cook if you want to, but you'll have to follow him into the land of dreams."

They slept until the middle of the afternoon.

"Now for dinner," said the indefatigable cook on awaking.

Soon a smoking dinner, radiant with the splendors of a prodigious appetite that no king's gold could equal gleamed upon the stony table—not of the law, but of the gospel. A good appetite with plenty to eat forms a happy coincidence. Either without the other is apt to make one skeptical of the goodness of things. A pocket without a dollar in it, and a stomach without gastric juice, are profound sources of Infidelity, upon which the most eloquent preaching has no effect.

Cupples started on his second night's journey with renewed spirits, and more faith in providence. He held out quite well. In the early morning they arrived at their destination, the rugged spur of a somewhat lengthy sweep of hills from whence could be seen a valley through which ran a branch of the Ohio. Close at the foot of it stood the residence of Col. Bolton, glistening somewhat prominently in the midst of a grove of oaks.

The castle was before them. But how should they storm it and carry off the prize? The first thing to do, of course, was to communicate with the prisoner, Amy, and put her on her guard, so that she might be ready to help in every possible way. It seemed a prodigious undertaking; but Cupples began to believe in his star, especially after eating his breakfast and taking a nap. Their base of operations was an abandoned woodman's hut. Here they put their little kit with a bit of pork, crackers, and coffee.

"Loaf 'round till evening," said the sergeant. "Here's a bunch of cigars. Make yourself at home. Don't be bashful. All mine is thine. I'll reconnoiter. I'll put on style, and pretend that I'm a deacon of a church in search of a few niggers for my cotton plantation, where they'll have a splendid chance to go to heaven at short notice."

For the first time in his life Cupples was left entirely alone in a mountain solitude. He rather enjoyed the novel experience. It was a delightful June day, and heaven and earth were flooded with variant beauty. Behind him the pine-crested summits rolled off into dark, tremendous gulfs, into which gorgeous masses of sunshine quivered like the banners of a routed army. In front the valley stretched away, dotted with white dwellings, and flecked with scattered gleams of the winding river. The afternoon rolled away with quiet pomp. The cloud-mountains and their far-sweeping purple shadows; the ample verdure flowing into a shining sea of blue, or bursting in shimmering radiance upon dim hills; the near prospect of lofty trees and broad meadows, with little valleys shrinking away from the warm sun—all the interblending sights filled Cupples with joy. Still it must be confessed that he grew lonesome when came "still evening on," and the light of a human face would have been a relief to him. He thought the stars were rather cold companions, and heartily wished for a friendly smoke and chat. The low and awful thunder of the pines vibrating in the vast silence almost frightened him. Fortunately he was sleepy, and rolling himself in his blanket was soon in the full enjoyment of a midsummer night's dream, and, like the lion-hearted Bottom, roared as gently as any nightingale.

CHAPTER XV.

THE DEVIL HIMSELF.

Squire Bolton, as his neighbors called him—Col. Jim Bolton he signed himself—sat on his broad piazza smoking as Jones came up and introduced himself as Deacon Hosea Jones, of Baton Rouge, negro trader. Bolton gave him a welcome and a cigar.

"Is business thriving?" said he.

"Oh, yes," replied the deacon. "They die off pretty rapidly nowadays; heaps of cotton, and it takes a lot of niggers to keep the market supplied."

"Good prices?"

"Fair. The trouble is they are getting into the habit of running off."

"Bad habit," said Bolton. "My niggers never run off. I never lost one. I've got a good pack of hounds, and I watch 'em."

The conversation rolled along in this way for an hour or two, with occasional flashes of silence. No new thought was introduced after the first few sentences, and so there is no need of further record.

After dinner the talk was resumed with a little more sparkle.

"How many niggers have you got?" asked Hosea.

"I don't know as I want to sell any," said Bolton, "unless I can get a spankin' price. They are all good, tough as horses, and well whipped. They won't trouble anybody. They'll work like dogs, and be thankful for the chance. Nothing like floggin', I tell you. Begin early, and keep it up. Lick a nigger all his life, and he'll do as you want him to right along. If you let up there's no knowin' what'll happen. There isn't one of my gang but I can scare with my little finger. That's the way to make 'em valuable. Deacon, I've got a baby I'd like to get rid of. I'll sell it for a fair price."

Hosea started at this proposition, and lost a bit of his churchly dignity. The sergeant stirred somewhat in the tomb of the deacon.

"What'll you take for it?" said he.

"A couple of hundred."

"Pretty high."

"Rather, but it's got the Bolton blood in it," said the squire, with a wicked gleam in his eyes. "It's worth it. It'll make a smart one, I tell you. It's already run away."

"Run away?"

"Yes; the mother and the baby. But I've caught 'em, though it was pretty tough work. They wouldn't have got off if it hadn't been for my boy Harry. He played the deuce with me."

"What, against his own flesh and blood! Dear me! He ought to study his Bible. If he was in my Sunday-school class I'd learn him what is right. Honor thy father and mother is a bootiful text."

"Ahem!" said Bolton with a dry laugh. "But you see the baby's his'n. He swears the gal's his wife. I wouldn't care about it otherwise, you know. He might do as he was a mind to; keep the gal and the baby. But to stick to it, that she—my slave, my property, is his wife—damme, what nonsense! When I swore I'd sell 'em he helped 'em away. But I've sent him packin'. He's gone to college, and he'll stay there until he learns something about the world. Those infernal romantic notions he's got from reading Shelley 'll be knocked out of him. Boys don't know how to read poetry, anyway. They think they must believe every word of it. I like Shelley. He used to be my favorite. He's quite stimulating—better than Byron on the whole. But who'd think of carrying out his silly notions of justice? Only a green boy who don't know what a rough-and-tumble world we liv in, and that love is a mere plaything, and not a rule to go by. But Harry's got the stuff in him. He'll come out right. He'll see that he can't depend upon himself and his own ideas, but must do like the rest of us. We all hav to go through it. I myself thought slavery was wrong. But I've got over it. It's good enough for me, and of course it's good enough for others."

Of course it is. What better standard is there of judging the right and wrong of things than one's own comfort? Of course Squire Bolton had the true measure. What easier way of settling the problem of the universe than to be in favor of what gives one bread and butter? With what satisfying success we can settle religion and politics on this basis. O ye reformers! haven't you learned after so many burnings and crucifyings that people will do what pleases them, and no more, though an angel from heaven should tell them to do differently? Of course Harry was wrong to believe in abstract justice and freedom. The idea of overturning an institution that gives one a comfortable home! What Atheism!

"Harry don't know that I've got the woman and baby back again," continued the philosophic parent. "He thinks they are in Canada. I'll sell the baby so that it won't bother him again. I'll keep the mother and tame her a bit."

"Let's see the baby," said Hosea, starting up and puffing his cigar vigorously in order to conceal his anger and disgust.

"I've got 'em under lock and key in my own house, and I defy the devil to get 'em," said Bolton, with a keen look at Hosea.

Hosea felt that he had the devil himself to deal with, both in ugliness and sagacity.

They went up the heavy oaken stairs to a large bed-room, before the door of which a huge negro stood on guard, with a hard, sullen look.

"That's my best nigger," said Bolton; "he's deaf and dumb and can't tell secrets, and he'll obey me like a dog. He'd throttle the girl and eat the baby if I told him to."

Hosea looked at the negro again. He did appear like an enormous brute in human form; terribly silent; walking like a cat; ready to obey. Master and slave were well fitted to each other—there the keen brain, and here the pitiless strength.

The sergeant could hardly contain himself as he looked upon Amy. She was marvelously beautiful, with a fair complexion, liquid and brilliant eyes. The lines of her crouching form were like the grace of waves. She held the baby to her bosom with convulsive grasp. Her face was the picture of utter helplessness.

"I'll sell the baby for two hundred dollars," said Bolton, "and you can take it right away. See how handsome it is. Just like her mother. She's healthy and round and full of life. Take a look at it. Heft it."

The sergeant availed himself of the offer and took the baby and examined it, and deftly slipped a little note inside of its clothes which read as follows:

"We are on the mountains ready to help you; keep watch.
"CUPPLES."

Would the mother see it?

The sergeant put the baby down and turned to the squire.

"I'll giv you a hundred and fifty for it; that's all its worth to me. Will you sell the mother?"

"Not yet. I'll make her come under first; and then I'll whistle her down the wind!" muttered the master, with a sneer on his handsome face and a wicked flash in his eye.

Alas! there is such a thing as total depravity. There is a personal devil; but he's in human flesh and blood and usually wears fine clothes. Now and then we meet him. But not often, thank God! not often. Bolton was really a "perfect devil." There was no spark of goodness in him from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot. Yet who would have thought it? He was one of the handsomest men of his day, brilliantly gifted, and highly cultivated as the world goes; but coarse and brutal in every fiber of his being.

Despite the horror he felt, the sergeant acted his part well and fairly deceived the astute colonel. A less brave man would have failed; and then Bolton would have flung him to the hounds, put his hands in his pockets, and calmly looked on.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Bible in the Schools of Michigan.

I take this method of answering the many letters I hav received, asking information concerning the suit the Liberals of Lowell, Mich., hav started, asking for an injunction to restrain the Christian bigots from reading the Bible and practicing religious ceremonies in the public schools. Everything possible has been done to bring the matter to a trial, but we can move no faster than the rules of the courts will allow. The board of trustees called a special school meeting, and appointed a committee to transact the business of the defense. They employed Mr. Butterfield, of Grand Rapids, who has availed himself of every rule admitting of delay, finally putting in a demurrer claiming the want of jurisdiction; that it is not a proper thing to ask, and that we hav not asked for it as we should. This seems to be the regular orthodox method of barring us out from a hearing on the true merits of the case. The rights of the people are nothing whatever in comparison to the demands of the church. Right or wrong, they demand our most sacred rights as human beings and as citizens of this boasted free government, with no more right to a hearing than the African slave before the Rebellion.

The question and suit, as it now stands, will be argued at the March term of the Circuit Court, at Grand Rapids, Mich.

I would suggest to all parties having valuable hints, or information bearing on this question, to send the same to Albert J. Chapman, solicitor for the prosecution, of Detroit, Mich., or to myself, at Lowell, Mich.

I hav just been visited by one of the Almighty's providential dispensations. "Whom he loveth he chasteneth," and I hav been chastened by the avenging fires of his loving wrath. Last Saturday morning, before reaching my place of business (a photograph gallery), the heat from a red-hot stove in a jewelry store underneath set fire to the floor and ceiling, burning up not only the building I occupied, but twenty-two others adjoining.

On arriving, I found my gallery a mass of flames, with nothing saved. My loss is $1,000, with no insurance. This leaves me in a bad shape to fight the Christian bigots, especially from a financial standpoint. I hav yet my family, of wife and two boys, my home, and a small sum saved up. I hav not yet decided what I shall do. Had I the means, I would go to Chicago and start a scientific, Spiritual, and Liberal newspaper, devoted to earth and humanity, entirely free and independent of all religions and unknown gods. As I see it, Spiritualism is not fairly or truly represented or presented by any Spiritual paper now in the field, and I desire, as many others do, to see it switched back again on the main track. A paper I would edit would be a sort of primary school, urging and lifting the masses who are needy out of the old into the new, advocating all phases of

reform and progress, and antagonizing all disease and error, physical, mental, and spiritual. There are antidotes for all phases of evil far better than faith and religion. All bitter personalities should be carefully excluded, especially concerning and between Spiritualists and Liberals, who are, and should be, friendly allies. I believe a paper that is more primary in its work is needed, such as I hav outlined, and I would gladly undertake the task, could I command the means. Could a stock company be formed, or some individual of means come forward willing to join in such an enterprise, an important work could be done in the gigantic struggle that is now going on to enlighten and free the race.

Perhaps God Almighty has pulled up one of the stakes that held me down in the little village of Lowell, Mich., and wishes me to engage in work elsewhere. Speaking after the manner of Christians, I hav finished my work in Lowell; hav set a Liberal ball to rolling that cannot be stopped, and am called to some other field. Will some good, wealthy, and enthusiastic, earnest Spiritualists or Liberals come forward.? I can command $2,000 and a pair of willing hands. If I do this, it must be done on a financial basis that will warrant success. Let all speak at once who feel like it, either through THE TRUTH SEEKER or to myself, by letter. I shall wait and work to this end for a reasonable time, and then, if I fail, will reembark in some central flourishing town in the photograph business. In that case I shall conclude I hav not been "called," as the orthodox preachers hav it, but that the fire was purely an expression of His undying love for me (?) and that he sigheth for more of the love that is within my soul. Will people correspond with me at once who will be interested in either of the two prospectiv phases of my future labor? E. A. CHAPMAN.

Lowell, Mich.

Some Political Reminiscences and Speculations,

WHICH INVOLVE FREETHOUGHT'S GREAT CHAMPION.

The newest candidate for the Republican presidential nomination is John M. Harlan, of Kentucky, associate justice of the supreme court of the United States. The sponsor for this latest entry in the race is Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, the greatest of Republican orators—indeed, the greatest orator who speaks the English language. Colonel Ingersoll says he is not beating bushes for anybody, and he regards the personality of the nominee as a small matter. The president of this country is getting to be a mere figure-head; the country runs itself, and "does not need any special kind of president to pilot it." Colonel Ingersoll's fervent devotion to Mr. Blaine's cause has cooled down. His speech at the Cincinnati Republican convention of 1876, nominating Mr. Blaine for president, was the most effectiv speech of the kind ever made in this country. His change of residence from Illinois to Washington city cost Colonel Ingersoll a seat in the Chicago convention of 1880. Mr. Blaine was anxious to hav Ingersoll in the convention, as his leader, to lock horns with Senator Conkling, who was in charge of General Grant's third-term forces; but the requisit vacancy could not be secured, and the Blaine forces were deprived of their ablest leader and speaker. Many of Mr. Blaine's friends think that if Mr. Ingersoll had been in charge he would hav compassed the nomination of Mr. Blaine. Garfield was about as acceptable to Ingersoll as Blaine would hav been, for they had both been for many years on terms of intimate friendship. The marvelously eloquent and powerful speeches made by Ingersoll in the Garfield-Hancock campaign will long be remembered and admired. He almost persuaded the country that Garfield was a god incarnate, and the enthusiastic admiration which he evoked for the hero of his glowing oratory contributed mightily to Garfield's election. Mr. Blaine did not relish this deification of Garfield, delighted though he was with the latter's election, for it interfered with own ambition and purposes. He was perhaps chiefly instrumental in dissuading Garfield from tendering Ingersoll a seat in the cabinet as attorney-general. Ingersoll would hav promptly declined the honor, as he had a perfect horror of all degrees of office-holding; but until the last moment there was apparently no doubt that he would hav been given the opportunity to decline it. Mr. Blaine may hav desired to alienate him from Garfield by putting the latter in the light of an ingrate; but it is more likely that he dreaded Ingersoll's influence over Garfield as a menace to his own, and that he could

"Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne."

By the policy which Mr. Blaine pursued at that time and subsequently, he lost in William E. Chandler his ablest manager and organizer, and in Robert G. Ingersoll his ablest advocate and public leader. The loss is irreparable to Mr. Blaine.

In expressing his desire to see General Harlan nominated for the presidency, Colonel Ingersoll says: "He has shown himself to be a fearless man of principle, and one who recognizes the forces of great truths. His attitude in the recent civil rights discussion ought to giv him a claim, unless the Republican party is ready to giv up all it fought for. If it recognizes the necessity of the hour it will promptly take a firm stand on this question of Human Rights, and make it a live issue. Senator Wilson, of Iowa, has introduced a bill on this subject, looking to the restoration of those rights of which the negro has been stripped by the recent decision. I trust the bill will be pushed and passed."

Col. Ingersoll is making a determined war on the decision of the United States supreme court that the Civil Rights act is unconstitutional. Judge Harlan dissented from the remainder of the supreme bench; hence Ingersoll's selection of him for leader of the new crusade in favor of human rights. Judge Harlan was appointed to the supreme bench by President Hayes. He had been a law-partner of Benjamin H. Bristow, secretary of the treasury under General Grant, and he was the leader of the Kentucky delegation (pledged to Bristow) in the Cincinnati convention which nominated Hayes for president. He transferred Kentucky's support from Bristow to Hayes as soon as he saw that Bristow could not be nominated. Hayes himself desired to appoint Bristow to the Supreme Bench, but he was deterred from gratifying this desire by the threat of General Grant that the bestowal of any honor upon Bristow (whom he had, on account of Bristow's course in prosecuting the chief actors in the St. Louis whisky frauds, summarily dismissed from the secretaryship of the treasury) would be construed as a declaration of war upon him (Grant) and his friends, and would be met and resented accordingly. Hayes, unlike Doorkeeper Fitzhugh, did not look upon himself as "a bigger man than old Grant;" so, instead of giving the vacant associate justiceship in the supreme court to Bristow, he gave it to Harlan. The appointment of the latter surprised the country; it was regarded as the weakest ever made to that august tribunal. Hayes, however, builded better than he knew; General Harlan has proved an able judge, in whose perfect integrity the bar and the country now hav implicit confidence. He is, socially, one of the finest and most lovable of men, and physically he is a giant. He is a noble type of Kentucky's splendid manhood. Whatever else may be said of Kentucky, it must be admitted that it produces finer-looking men than any of its sister states. Whether the whisky or the blue grass is to be credited with this physical superiority, the *Ledger* will not undertake to determin; it may be the combination of these Kentucky staples which givs that commonwealth so grand a crop of tall, straight, broad-shouldered, massiv sons.

It is not probable that the Republican party will draw upon its supreme bench for its presidential standard-bearer, nor that it will fight for a new amendment to the Constitution giving the negro the rights and privileges specified in the Civil Rights act; but if it did, John M. Harlan, the Kentucky Unionist, would be no unworthy leader for it, and Col. Ingersoll would further American oratory in his support by speeches which would fire the old anti-slavery sentiment of the North to a white heat. At the meeting held recently in Washington to protest against the Supreme Court decision, Ingersoll and Frederick Douglass—the greatest white and the greatest colored orator—made strong and eloquent speeches. Douglass spoke first, and then in a moment of inspiration introduced Col. Ingersoll in the following felicitous manner to an audience embracing several ministers:

"Abou Ben Adhem—may his tribe increase!
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, like a lily in bloom,
An angel, writing in a book of gold;
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold;
And to the presence in the room he said,
'What writest thou?' The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made all of sweet accord,
Answered, 'The names of those who love the Lord.'
'And is mine one?' said Abou. 'Nay, not so;'
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still, and said, 'I pray thee, then,
Write me as one who loves his fellow-men.'
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blest;
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest."

"I hav the honor to introduce Robert G. Ingersoll."

After a thorough examination of the constitutional power of Congress, under the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Amendments, to secure equal rights everywhere to the negroes, and of other phases of the civil rights problem, Col. Ingersoll closed as follows a magnificent speech:

"It is very easy to see why colored people should hate us, but why we should hate them is beyond my comprehension. They never sold our wives. They never robbed our cradles. They never scarred our backs. They never pursued us with bloodhounds. They never branded our flesh.

"It has been said that it is hard to forgiv a man to whom we hav done a great injury. I can conceive of no other reason why we should hate the colored people. To us they are a standing reproach. Their history is our shame.

"Their virtues seem to enrage some white people—their patience to provoke, and their forgivness to insult. Turn the tables—change places—and with what fierceness, with what ferocity, with what insane and passionate intensity we would hate them!

"The colored people do not ask for revenge—they simply ask for justice. They are willing to forget the past—willing to hide their scars—anxious to bury the broken chains, and to forget the miseries and hardships, the tears and agonies of two hundred years.

"The old issues are again upon us. Is this a nation? Hav all citizens of the United States equal rights, without regard to race or color? Is it the duty of the general government to protect its citizens? Can the federal arm be palsied by the action or non-action of a state?

Another opportunity is given for the people of this country to take sides. According to my belief the supreme thing for every man to do is to be absolutely true to himself. All consequences—whether rewards or punishments, whether honor and power, or disgrace and poverty—are as dreams undreamt. I hav made my choice. I hav taken my stand. Where my brain and heart go, there I will publicly and openly walk. Doing this, is my highest conception of duty. Being allowed to do this, is liberty.

"If this is not now a free government; if citizens cannot now be protected, regardless of race or color; if the three sacred amendments hav been undermined by the supreme court, we must hav another, and if that fails, then another; and we must neither stop nor pause until the Constitution shall become a perfect shield for every right of every human being beneath our flag."—*Tacoma Daily Ledger.*

The Miracle.

A TALE OF THE ABBE MIRYEX AND THE SCIENTIST BRENIER.

The Abbe Miryex was born three centuries too late. Thin, with a prominent forehead and puffy eyes, he clearly had to make a continual effort to moderate the sound of his voice and restrain his gestures. He would hav done well in a convent; as a country parson he was out of place. He preached against the impiety of this generation; he threatened doubters with the lightnings of heaven, and loved to paint the fires of hell and the worm that never dies.

A nephew of the abbe, Monsieur Charles Brenier, was a product of the Normal school. At thirty-six he was professor of philosophy, and had gained a great reputation by his book, "The Nature of the Soul."

Four or five years ago, Brenier, exhausted by his labors, had a severe illness, and his medical man advised him to pass a month or two in the fresh air, beautiful scenery, and quiet life of the Pyrenees.

He determined to go to Paris, and on his road through he would visit his uncle.

The abbe loved his nephew. He had deeply loved his sister, who was some years older than himself, and who had been his "little mother." She had been pious, and made, as he phrases it, a good end. Her son he loved also; although he regarded him as a backslider, he could not help feeling some pride in the reputation he had gained. He therefore received the young professor with pleasure. In fact, the fanatic priest was, at heart, not sorry to see an enemy of the faith. He resolved to question him and see what he really had in him.

Brenier arrived, and, after recalling some reminiscences of his infancy, and shedding some tears to his sister's memory, the abbe insisted on the nephew's staying to dinner.

The dinner was plain but good. The guests were two neighboring clergymen. Until the dessert appeared the conversation was decidedly commonplace.

Suddenly the abbe rose and opened the window.

"Look at the heaven!" he exclaimed; "contemplate those millions of stars which shine there for the glory of God! The hand of the 'Creator is everywhere; in the trees that rustle in the wind, in the perfume wafted from the lilacs, in the worm that crawls beneath the sod we tread, in the moth that flutters round the lamp, in the spring that murmurs as it flows—in all things great, in all things small.'"

The two country clergymen at this period crossed themselvs.

"My dear uncle," said Brenier, "I respect your faith, but I do not wish to enter into any controversy."

"I am curious, on the other hand," replied the abbe, "to hear the views of a philosopher, a Freethinker. These gentlemen, like myself, would like to know the weapons employed against the faith."

"Science," said Brenier, "pursues her course, and seeks for the truth."

"Well, go on; we are listening."

"Do you want," said the professor, with a smile, "a course of philosophy?"

"We want your ideas on the government of the universe."

"There are two possible interpretations of the government of this world," began Brenier—"the continual intervention of God, and the immutable action of law. The priests incline to the first, because it is their function to act as go-betweens between the man who prays and the providence which acts. In pagan Rome they inspected the entrails of victims; in modern Rome they work miracles. They therefore deny the omnipotence of law; they must hav a God who can be influenced. You accuse us of excluding God from the world he has created. There is no such thing as creation."

The two country priests looked at him with a frightened air. The uncle raised his eyes to the ceiling and nervously crumbled a piece of bread.

"The word creation," continued the philosopher, "implies sudden appearance. To our views there is only a gradual appearance, a transformation, a progression, development, unchanging order. Warm-blooded animals could not exist in the atmosphere charged with carbonic acid, which covered the earth in early days. The absorption of this substance by vegetation under the action of the sun rendered their existence possible. Examin our own life from birth to death; is there any intervention of providence at the passage from infancy to youth? Nations are born and die like individuals, and worlds are born and die like nations. Nothing has been the subject or the object of any miracle."

The abbe could restrain himself no longer.

"Miserable blasphemer!" he cried, "do you not fear that God will crush you?"

"No," replied Brenier, quietly.

"You deny that he has the power to kill you?"

"I deny it absolutely. See here. I am recovering from a sickness. I may die of apoplexy, of rupture, of an aneurism, of any other sudden attack. Well, I take my chances. I defy God to kill me in the next ten minutes!"

The priests crossed themselvs again. The abbe looked at the clock and smiled.

Brenier remained calm. The abbe fixed on him a gaze like that of a magnetizer. He was invoking God to punish the impious one.

Brenier still smiled. What increased the exasperation of the abbe was that he saw in the faces of the other priests that they had not the slightest belief in any miraculous intervention.

The minutes passed slowly.

The clock went tick-tick; the tenth minute was nearly ended.

Just as the hand was on the figure Miryex seized a knife from the table, plunged it into the bosom of his nephew, and cried:

"Here is the miracle! It is not I who kill the son of my sister—it is God, who arms my hand!"

Brenier fell, bathed in his blood; his last words were:

"Miserable age, when men must do their miracles themselvs!"—*From the French.*

Philosophy on the Half-Shell; or, Ethics of '83.

SUICIDE.

Is suicide ever justifiable or expedient? Let us hear what that intellectual prodigy, the Christian philosopher (?), has to offer in this connection. "Man," he sagely informs us, "has no right (!) to fling back, in the face of 'Almighty God,' that life which, in his mercy and 'loving-kindness,' he has bestowed upon him." Allowing, for the moment, the possibility of "man's free agency," I beg leave to deferentially inquire of this *multum in parvo* of all excellence, why hav I not this right? Only that is really a gift which is offered one who is permitted to refuse it, should its acceptance appear to him as no desideratum.

I hav not accepted this gift (?) of life, except up to this present moment; hence I possess the most indubitable right to judge now, or at any future time, as to whether it is really a sinecure, and if I decide it is not, to reject it. It was forced upon me at a time when, from my very constitution, I was unable to judge of its value, and absolutely without my consent, asked or granted.

By what extravagant logic will you then, my Christian mentor, insist that my existence is a gift, and yet deny me (when I hav arrived at an age fitting me to judge if it be a blessing or a curse) to accept or reject it as my reason dictates? The injustice of your views does not require further comment, since their falsity must be as apparent to the intellectualist as is the truth of other self-evident propositions, such as "a part can never be greater than the whole." You would make of me an unquestioning, abject slave by convincing me that I am the recipient of a gift which I am obliged perforce, willy-nilly, to accept and thank your God for, even if, in my estimation, this pretended blessing be none but a curse. So much do I write for the benefit of those intellects not as yet sufficiently fledged to ride the blast of pure reason, and still clinging to the phantasma of "man's free will."

I will now address my remarks to a more expansiv order of minds, to the intellectualist and the "truth seeker," and consider the subject from the lofty vantage-ground of philosophy and reason. The only question which confronts us here is the expediency of suicide under the various conditions to which man is subjected. Let us examin them. Life is not always a blessing; for instance, to the friendless pauper, slowly wasting to the grave with some painful and hopelessly incurable malady. Few will deny this. Now, I submit to your reason as to whether this pauper shall justly be pronounced insane upon this subject of suicide, if, after a thoroughly calm and unimpassioned survey of the entire situation, he decides that true wisdom dictates a speedy and painless death at his own hands (we will say by a properly administered dose of laudanum), to the lingering horrors of a death by the slow tortures of disease. I say, unhesitatingly, that the judgment of such a man is correct; and it is a position that no juggling mountebanks, called priests, can disprove!

Unquestionably, suicide is frequently both cruel and cowardly (for instance, in the case of the father of a large and destitute family, solely dependent upon his labor for support), the act being committed for other reasons than excruciating physical agony, almost absolute certainty of approaching insanity, and, perhaps, a very few other causes. There are many causes in which a man's life is a curse to himself and friends, and a burden upon the working members of the community in which he resides. (I need not specialize cases, they will readily present themselvs from the experience of every reader). With all such unfortunate persons, suicide is the course of true wisdom, provided, always, that the evils of life be great enough to over-balance both the possibility of suicide proving ill-advised in any particular case, and the risk one runs of jumping from the "frying-pan" of this world into the possible "fire" of a next! (I do not refer, in the paragraph above, to a real fire in hell, but of the dangers attending the entering upon a possible sphere of existence of which we know nothing).

Each man and woman must calculate the above facts and possibilities to the best of their abilities, and act in accordance with the result thus reached, recollecting always that any undue haste in the deciding of so weighty a matter would be the extreme of folly.

Let us particularly reflect upon what will be the probable grief of those we leave behind (if any), for few exist, no matter how degraded, but that at least one loving heart beats the lighter for their welfare, or sinks despondent, broken perhaps, for their defeat.

Love is the one lump of unselfish leaven in the great selfish mass of humanity! Would that it were enough to sweeten the whole!

LOVE.

Love is unquestionably at once the most delightful and the most exalted emotion of which the mind of susceptible. Of the various loves, that between the sexes is indubitably the most powerful, pleasurable, and exalting. Next to this in intensity probably ranks the mother's love for her offspring. The possible degree of pleasurable exaltation to which this emotion can be developed between any two persons of opposit sex depends primarily upon the amount of affinity naturally existing, or capable of production, between the particles composing their ego's, or essences—that, in short, which religionists term the soul. (The reader is referred to my paper upon Affinity, appearing elsewhere in these essays.) I hav myself often questioned as to whether the extremely refined spiritual exaltation which accompanies sexual love in its highest form did in reality proceed entirely from the one beloved, and not from spiritual realities with which we were placed *en rapport* by the loved object. (By "spiritual realities" I of course mean sublimated matter.) Certain it is, although its explanation may be lack of affinity, that others commonly fail to discern in our idols those divine attributes which we unhesitatingly ascribe to them, and which, did they really exist, might satisfactorily account for our sensations. I feel reasonably certain that man cannot in this existence experience more than one "grand passion," as it is called. I also feel certain, in the same degree, that the deepest, truest love must slowly fade with the lapse of time, although instances to the contrary are claimed to exist. This is not the romantic ground to take, I am aware, but a truth seeker seeks only truth, no matter how many cherished delusions may be destroyed in the effort for its attainment.

It would seem necessary, in order to maintain a love in all its original force, that the lovers or parties to the feeling should not be separated for a very lengthy period, as by death. There would appear, however, to be some instances where the love is so intense that a lifetime of separation cannot, at most, more than dull it, and, for the credit of humanity—so corrupt and vicious in most of its attributes—let us hope that occasionally there may be found a faithful soul which, as Moore has it,

"As truly loves on to the close."

It is unquestionable that persons hav frequently died of grief for the beloved dead, as well as of separation from or impossibility of obtaining possession of their living idols.

Were existence eternal, I presume that "grand passions" would succeed one another in our hearts, as summer flirtations now do during this our comparativly brief earthly pilgrimage.

MARRIAGE.

I concur with the views of Herbert Spencer in this matter. Marriage may be fitly characterized as an honest attempt, and an honest failure, to solve the social problem.

What sight more beautiful than is a happy home? Yet for one fireside where true love reigns ten others may be found where love reigns not. Each marriage is a crime that is not born of love. That man who, for the world's base motivs, forms this bond, pollutes his soul, and that of her he weds. No priest, no rittual, can make it pure. It drags down woman to the very dust, and brands her compeer of the child of shame Yon painted thing is scarce more vile. There is a loathsome horror in the loveless kiss that makes the grave seem sweet. What floods of scalding tears are shed each night throughout the world by women who hav bartered purity for gold! Tennyson's powerful poem of "Locksley Hall" depicts, in all its hideous guise, the marriage that is void of holy love. Yet millions tread this path with breaking hearts, nor dare to rend the chains that bear them down. Let me not be misunderstood. The happy family fireside is the fairest sight on earth. But this I mean to say: you cannot buy nor sell the loftiest, holiest passion of the soul. Whene'er the married learn to loathe and hate, then is it right to part, and each new hour the unrighteous bond exists is one of added wrong. There is no power of earth or heaven that should compel continued union of unloving hearts. When love givs place to hate (or what we deemed was love in untaught youth) then does divorce become necessity and right.

'Tis a false virtue that would make divorce a crime, an ignominy, and an act of shame. They are the shameless ones who pass through life in loveless union or intriguing shame. Stripped of her purity, there is, in woman's breast, a blacker depth than aught to which the soul of man can ever sink. I know not why, but, as she is the fairest in her bloom, so, lost to virtue, she becomes a thing from which corruption's self would shrink away. It will be understood that I use the word virtue in its loftiest sense above.

VIRTUE, OR CHASTITY.

Chastity has two expressions, physical and mental. No error is more universal than to esteem the physical the only sign of virtue. The mind is ever superior to that lower manifestation of matter, the body. Millions of women to-day—Christian women too—while physically chaste, are in mind more vicious and degraded than the unfortunate creatures they let die by the wayside, lifting their furbelowed skirts in passing, lest, by a touch, they imbibe the foul contagion.

In few aspects does humanity appear more hollow and contemptible than in this. Within the velvet-cushioned pews—ay, in the very pulpit's self, flaunts cunning impudence and brazen vice. What would be crime in rags may smile in silks. Society has ordained a fallen woman an outcast, and bars her from the gilded *salon* as she would the wintry blast.

Hence for that wretch who, in his selfish lust, blasts purity and truth, well knowing the result to her of what he does, I feel a loathing words cannot express—at least no words of mine; let Shakspere speak:

"And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascal naked through the world."

ELLIOT PRESTON.

The Liberal Club.

At the club last Friday evening Mr. Courtlandt Palmer lectured on the father of his country, and the lessons that by Liberals might be learned from his example. All the general information, said the speaker, that we gather from the various floating legends, as to who or what this man was, is that he was first in battle, first in peace, and likewise foremost in the hearts of all his people. Was he Liberal in religion?—this the question to be answered. Not as now we understand it; still he was at most a Deist; held belief in God the father, prayed to him at Valley Forge, and on Sunday, having leisure, he sometimes attended service. Yet communion he avoided—tasted not the blood and body of the dead and risen savior. And again he signed a treaty giving Tripoli assurance this was not a Christian country. Thus far Washington was Liberal and upheld the cause of Freethought. And the lesson we may gather from his noble life and life-work; from his bearing in the battle; from his patriotic fealty, during all the Revolution; hoping most when hope seemed blasted, never knowing when defeated; standing by the flag he fought for, pushing back the crown and scepter when a great and grateful people would hav made him monarch o'er them, is that we should gather courage, meet obstructions always bravely; and though dangers cluster round us thick as leaves at Vallombrosa, we should hold high hope forever—our motto still, *Nil desperandum*. These the lessons we may gather from the life of George the Truthful.

Ex-Judge Schermerhorn came after, with a quaint and curious poem, which he read 'mid much excitement wakened both by its great merit as a specimen of doggerel, and the way the ex-judge read it.

Mr. Andrews, next succeeding, said, referring to the poem, with a smile upon his features, that George Washington had evils of a warlike nature round him. Mr. Palmer also had them, though in his case the affliction took the form and guise of rhythm, yet was not the less annoying. Here the audience applauded, for they too had been afflicted, and could hav a fellow feeling. Mr. Andrews's further discourse was devoted to defining the distinction that existed 'twixt the friends of retrogression, who would turn the nations backward; conservativs, who'd keep them always as we find them at the present, and progressionists who ponder on the outcome of the future, urging progress ever onward. Probably, said Mr. Andrews, Washington, to state it finely, was conservativ by nature, with a leaning toward progression.

Next the chairman, intervening, said he saw a clear resemblance, which he traced, between the speaker of the evening and the subject that was given him to talk on. Both had wealth and high position, which they sacrificed most bravely to espouse the cause of freedom—one to fight the British lion, one to war with superstition.

Lawyer Searing made an essay, rather dreary and discursiv, yet withal containing merit, and from out its wealth of meaning, and its plenitude of import, this idea is extricated: That so far as Liberalism means destruction of religion, war on Bible myths and legends, and the death of superstition, Washington was not a Liberal; he was rather Positivistic, and his doctrins were in substance those of Comte and his disciples.

Dr. Lambert, the reformer in the way of food and clothing, said though he had often listened to the speaker of the evening with a feeling of great pleasure, yet to-night he had experienced more of ecstasy than ever. He himself was not a warrior, not a Washington in that sense, but by his untiring labor, his herculean exertions, tripe had had a boom in value from four cents up to a quarter (this the price it sold per pound at); and the virtues of good oatmeal now were known throughout the cosmos. Thus a likeness was detected 'twixt the doctor and the general.

Mr. Palmer, in reviewing what was said by his reviewers, held that in his fondest dreaming he had thought not to be likened to G. Washington, the patriot, as was done by Mr. Wakeman. He was not that sort of hero, was not worthy the distinction. Now, for instance, Mr. Andrews, and the chairman, Mr. Wakeman, they had suffered for conviction. They had seen the wolf of hunger hanging round their open doorway. But with him the case was different, as his means were always ample, and the struggle for existence to his life had been a stranger. If a Washington existed, they were more like him than he was. These the lessons we may gather from the life of George the Truthful.

Catholicism vs. Education in New Mexico.

From the Manzano Gringo and Greaser.

Of all the humbug impositions that afflict our territory, none is so glaring nor so fraught with danger to the welfare and prosperity of our people as our miserable excuse for a school system. It is a disgrace to the territory, and a stigma upon the officials charged with the sacred trust. As weak and ill-digested as are the school laws, there is no pretense of carrying them into effect, and the result, in part, will be that the reproach recorded against us in the census of 1880, of having a greater percentage of illiteracy than any other state or territory in the union, will be repeated in the census of 1890.

The school law of Feburary 28, 1882, says: "That any qualified voter, who is the head of a family and the owner of real estate in this territory, shall be eligible to the office of supervisor and director of public schools," and yet the fact is notorious that most of these offices are held by Catholic priests, who, of course, hav no families, and who, for the most part, hav never even been naturalized! and what is the result? It simply and effectually defeats the intent of the law, for the very reason that the priests, having nothing to make but all to lose by educating the people, misdirect the school funds so that they are spirited away and become a source of corruption, rather than a means of educating the ignorant youth of the country. In our few so-called public schools, which are in no sense public, they waste most of the time teaching the children superstitious myths and legends, commonly called religion, burdening and weakening their young minds with "sacred" nonsense, to the neglect of that kind of education which alone lifts the people above the effects of religious ignorance, and fits them for citizens of a great republic. Moral training is right at all times, but the children need no religious education, and least of all in that religion whose handmaidens from time almost immemorial hav always been ignorance and superstition. If the church can be trusted as an educator, why is it that in those countries governed by a hierarchy, where the church is all powerful, the ignorance of the people has been the greatest, often exciting the commiseration even of so-called pagan nations? Beyond all doubt, the question of education is paramount in this territory, and neither the press nor any good citizen can neglect it without failing in the performance of an important duty. Let us enforce the school law, such as it is, and compel those charged with its execution to giv us good schools and plenty of them; to giv a strict account of all school funds the disposal of which is entrusted to them, that they may not be directed from their legitimate purpose and used to defeat the very object for which they are set apart; to giv the children a good common school education, and leave the embellishments of religion to the more mature judgment of their after years, when they can better understand the subtle pretenses of such nonsense.

We are fully conscious that, in handling the school question without gloves, and in exposing the religious dead-weights that hav hung like an incubus upon the entire system, we shall bring upon ourselves the maledictions of the church and its henchmen; but if the fearless discharge of our duty shall aid ever so little in arresting this blow at our prosperity as a people, and elevate our standing before the civilized world, we shall be well compensated for whatever odium it may bring upon us from all the enemies of our public schools.

Bruno's Work and Worth.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* As today is the anniversary (284th) of the martyrdom of this leader of our present scientific Liberal movement, I desire to say a few words upon the work for and worth to our race of that grand Freethinker and noble apostle of science, Giordano Bruno.

The Bible idea of astronomy teaches that the earth is flat, and that the sun revolves round the earth; but the gallant Bruno—following the Copernican theory—taught, in substance, that inspiration from on high was mighty poor authority in the matter, its teaching being the exact opposit of the truth.

It was a bitter dose for the Christians when science showed their Bible "truths" on astronomy to be nothing but superstitious humbugs, and the meek and godly believers in the divine word were so filled with "the spirit of the Lord" that they burnt at the stake the heroic man who was trying, even at the sacrifice of his life, to teach them the truth in this matter.

What a sublime spectacle the magnificent "Infidel" presented, as he calmly yielded his life amid the dreadful flame to save mankind from the bondage of their superstitious fears, and to lead them into the pleasant paths of science and Freethought!

Do not all Liberals owe this grand free soul a debt, which can only be paid by doing our utmost to further his noble work, and also our best endeavor to keep his memory fresh and bright?

No other proof is needed to show the dangerous and damnable character of having "a love of God in your hearts," than the Christians furnished when they burnt the intrepid Bruno, for it was because of this very love of God that they committed the horrible deed.

I shall do my best to rid the world of such revolting and crime-producing love, and earnestly hope every Liberal will do the same. Geo. N. Hill.

Boston, Feb. 16, A.S. 284.

An Appreciativ Review.

The Problem of the Universe, and Its Scientific Solution; with Some Criticisms of Universology. By Samuel P. Putnam. Price, 20 cents.

The above essay consists mainly of criticisms on Stephen Pearl Andrews's Universology. Mr. Putnam argues in most positiv language for the unquestionable existence of the outside world; for the priority of matter to mind—mind being a result of matter—and for the knowledge of the objectivity of things as coming to us directly through perception, not at all involving reasoning. Science, says the writer, "must start with the affirmation of a strict knowledge of the objectivity of things and relations, or else it can never affirm a single thing beyond the individual ego." He, moreover, discusses the relativ merit and use of induction and deduction, and denounces all philosophy not based on science and induction. Not till science has established general truth through induction does the work of deduction begin, and achieve the greatest triumphs of the human mind in philosophy, poetry, and art. Speaking of Kant's necessary forms of thought he admits that the mind must indeed of necessity think as it does, but denies that this necessity of thought is subjectiv, and that the human mind exists independent of nature. "Man is compelled to think as he does, not simply because the mind is as it is, but because the universe is as it is." Finally, the scientific solution of the universe robs it of none of its grandeur; beauty is still beauty, and commands admiration; ethical obligations still exist. Science bases morality on usefulness, and utilitarian morals are the highest conceivable. Neither does science destroy idealism, but is itself eminently ideal, forward looking, and progressiv. We must for the present content ourselvs with this brief and incomplete outline of Mr. Putnam's admirable essay. The points made by him conform in the main with our own views, and are well worth deeper consideration and discussion; we may recur to them another time. A certain boldness and directness of style, as well as the very positiv manner of his assertions, which even his opponents must confess to be made not without sufficient reason, characterize Mr. Putnam as a man of clear convictions, the fruits of conscientious thought and study.—*Radical Review.*

The following letter from Lincoln's old law partner was written in regard to the "Crimes of Preachers," and sent by Mr. Herndon to the author:

"Col. M. E. Billings, *My dear sir:* On Thursday last I received your pamphlet entitled, 'Crimes of Preachers.' With it came another, 'Prevention of Crime, Insanity, Pauperism, Idiocy, and Disease,' and for both of which I am under obligations to you. I thank you most sincerely for them. I hav carefully studied them and am thoroughly surprised, nay, astonished, at the villainous and libelous conduct of the men of God—lecherous imps! There are some good and noble priests and preachers, but they are few and far between, like 'angels' visits.'

"The work shows conclusivly, however, that relativly in proportion to the number of the individuals of the classes, callings, or professions of our people, the priests and preachers are the most dangerous men on earth, the most ruinous and destructiv to the domestic peace and happiness of men, and the utter ruin of women!

"Not long since I was reading *The Thinker*, and a lady friend asked me what I was so interested in. I told her it was a copy of your list of preachers and their crimes. She said to me after looking over the list, this: 'The touch of a preacher is wittingly lacivious.'

"The pamphlet should be in every girl's, boy's, man's, and woman's hand, all over the land, in order that all people might know the certain dangers of God's teachers in and around the family circle.

"There is danger in the 'pastoral visits!' Danger, imminent danger, in giving the preacher and the priest the freedom of the hearth, home, and family circle. Beware! the touch of such is the touch of vice! This pamphlet of yours is a stinger and a scorcher! Let her who reads it run, and run quickly!

"I hope that you will continue the publication till no more preacher's crimes shall be committed in this broad land. [That will not be until either there are no more preachers, and the Christian teaching of a vicarious atonement is banished from the world.—Editor.]

"The pamphlet is eloquent in facts and logical in conclusions. The world will bless you sometime for what you hav done in this matter. I admire your grit. Use this letter just as you please, in private or in public.

"Your friend, W. H. Herndon."

Lectures and Meetings.

Master Kuzdo Gyozo, the young man whose violin playing so pleased the audience at the Paine Anniversary meeting in this city, is to hav a benefit concert at Steck Hall, 11 East 14th street, on March 1st. He will be assisted by Miss Leona Leonard and others. Admission, $1.00.

Although this week's Truth Seeker is dated March 1st, we go to press early enough to announce in advance the second of this winter's series of Parlor Heredity Meetings, to be held at Dr. Foote's residence, 120 Lexington ave., on Thursday evening, Feb. 28th. All interested in the subject are cordially invited to attend.

J. L. Andrews is doing valiant work in the West, and winning flattering estimates of his ability. Of his lecture at Fort Scott, Kan., on the 17th ult., the *Evening Herald* says: "The speaker is one who is well informed for his years, and we predict that when Ingersoll passes away, in years to come, the name of Andrews will be second to none in the field of Freethought."

J. E. Remsburg continues to put in full time on the rostrum. Saturday, Feb. 16th, at 8 P.M., he spoke in Leesville, O., and again the next day at 10 A.M. A carriage was in readiness, and at the close of his discourse he was taken to Bowerston, where he took a train for Scio. Here he spoke at 3 P.M. and again at 7 P.M., thus delivering four lectures within twenty-four hours. Mr. Remsburg's prices are low, but the quality of his work is high, and that is the secret of his great success.

After having largely contributed to the success of the New England Convention by his executiv ability and genial talents as a gentleman, W. S. Bell has re-entered the lecture field, and will proceed to "ring out the old, ring in the new; ring out the false, ring in the true," in his well-known sledge-hammer style. He will speak in Philadelphia to-morrow, the 2d; in New Holland, Pa., on the 4th, 5th, and 6th; at Altoona, the 7th, and Cleveland, Ohio, the 9th. Mr. Bell is a ripe scholar, a logical reasoner and interesting speaker. Let his clanging be heard the breadth and length of the land. His address is Chicago, Ill.

Of Miss Helen Gardner's lecture at Wahle's Opera House in Buffalo, N. Y., on the 10th, J. A. Cheney, of that place, writes us: "The brave and talented little heroin spoke to a large and appreciativ audience on the subject of 'Men, Women, and Gods.' Miss Gardner argues that every religion must be tested by the morality it teaches. Being unable to find any moral teachings in the Bible, but, on the contrary, finding that God's chosen prophets were thieves, libertins, murderers, and liars, she thinks women would be wiser not to soil their fingers by handling the foul thing. Miss Gardner is a brown-haired, brown-eyed little fairy, with a sweet smile and soft, pleasant voice. I think Helen a misnomer. She should hav been called Minerva. But I opine that, like her namesake of mythological fame, she will draw many an Agamemnon, Achilles, and Hector into the army ere she leaves the field. I think the outlook favorable for a successful campaign for the little lady. She has a very able manager in Mr. Edward Bloom. And there are thousands of people who hav cast the scales of superstition from their eyes and are willing to see the light if they only know where to look for it. Colonel Ingersoll should be proud of his disciple. If she is chief sinner among ten thousand, she is certainly one altogether lovely. Success attend her banner.'

It is said the devil laughs when one thief steals from another, and if that be true the eminent personage who presides over the final destinies of nine-tenths of the Christians must hav burst his suspender buttons over the thievery of the Rev. Mr. Whalen, who is thus exposed by the *Christian Advocate:* "At Cummington, Mass., he preached, June 17th, a sermon by Dr. Deems published in the *Pulpit Treasury* for May. June 10th he preached one by Dr. Armitage from the same monthly. He denied both these. A few weeks afterward a deacon selected a sermon to read in Plainfield—the church being without a pastor—but Mr. Whalen was secured, and the deacon, to his intense surprise, heard him preach the very one he had selected! Soon the Hon. James White, of Boston, heard him preach a sermon stolen from a book published in 1797. Giv him no further chance in the Christian ministry. Paul said, 'As deceivers, and yet true.' He is as true, yet a deceiver."

It is not easy to get at the meat of Matthew Arnold's teachings. That he believes in "Sweetness and Light" the world knows well, but in his works and lectures he has clothed his ideas in such richness and generosity of verbiage; he is so often accused of being in reality an Infidel, while he consorts exclusivly with Christians, that it is difficult to properly classify him. But the Rev. Joseph Pullman has put a pin through our butterfly, and under the microscope of a hair-splitting theology we are enabled to behold his beauties. "To put it in plain phrase," ruthlessly remarks the naturalist, "the chief lesson which Mr. Arnold is teaching our times is that religion is the beautiful dream of the fond heart of man; that man's hope is not in the fetich 'personal God,' but in himself; that the supposed 'revelation' called the Bible was a timely delusion, already well-nigh dissipated in our day; and that the only paradise to which man can wisely aspire is the 'sweetness and light' of cultured contentment in this life. . . . It is best that we should, to use Bacon's phrase, 'ingenuously and without fig-leaves confess' that he is the apostle of Infidelity to our times. And when we consider the charm of his style, the straightforwardness of his logic, and the elevation of his character, it is not too much to say that he is the most dangerous enemy that Christian faith has met in this generation. Mr. Arnold is thought of generally, perhaps, as a critic in literature, but it is the religious question that moves him most deeply. Few hav felt as vividly as he the vigor and beneficence and indestructibility of the religious sentiment—only, for the future, to use his own phrase, 'it must be transformed.' And Voltaire himself was not more ardent to uproot popery from France than Mr. Arnold is to revolutionize the traditional faith of all Christendom. For this work he has heard the Macedonian call, and through many volumes he prosecutes it with marvelous freshness and versatility and power. . . . Mr. Arnold is intensely ethical. His 'sweetness and light' includes the most rigorous morality. 'Religion is morality touched with emotion.' 'The Puritan middle-class, with all its faults, is still the best stuff in the nation. Some hav hated and persecuted it; many hav derided and flattered it; flattered it that, while they deride it, they might use it. I hav believed in it. It is the best stuff in the nation, and in its success is our best hope for the future. But to succeed it must be transformed.' But there is another side. A single sentence will let in the light. Good Bishop Wilson, whom he esteemed greatly, was a 'hierophant of a decayed superstition.' Mr. Arnold has a magnificent way of explaining away the scriptures. This, indeed, is common enough among the commentators, under various pretexts of figurativ language, poetry, orientalism, and what not; but Mr. Arnold is *facil princeps* in this style of hermeneutics, so that at the touch of his Ithuriel spear every thing objectiv and dear to the believing heart dissolves—heaven, immortality, an inspired Bible, the divine Christ, Calvary, God. . . . There is no God in Mr. Arnold's religion. It is true that he insists, against Mr. Spencer, in keeping the term. It is concrete, historic, and stands for a great truth. But his god is 'a stream of tendency by which all things fulfil the law of their being'—'an enduring power not ourselvs which makes for righteousness.' 'God is at bottom a deeply moved way of saying conduct or righteousness. Delight in the Lord is the happiness we all feel to spring from conduct.'" There may be a good deal more to Mr. Matthew Arnold than many hav thought.

Communications.

More Biblical Criticism.

If any one will read the Old Testament just as he would any other book, using his common sense, there will be little mystery or confusion for him in its pages. He may not understand everything in each verse, but he will get a very clear general idea of the origin and history of the Bible. But if he goes at it with the idea that the book is a revelation by God, and that Moses, Joshua, Judges, Samuel, Isaiah, Ezra, etc., wrote the books ascribed to them, his confusion may reach to insanity.

What do history and our every-day observation teach us as to all human affairs? They prove to us that the same law of evolution prevails that does in the natural world. Thus in religion we hav, first, the God of the savage, who walks about like a human being, leading his people, fighting for or with them, a magnified man. Later, among the semi-savages, this God changes his character; he is not so often visible, he dwells afar off, he appears in dreams or visions, or is wrapped in a cloud or hidden in a sanctuary. "No man can see him and liv." "No man hath seen God at any time." He is worshiped by sacrifices of dearest objects, first of human beings, and finally of animals and treasures, which in a later stage are commuted for tithes, images are raised, and idolatry appears. As civilization advances, these altars are abolished, the God retires still farther from personal communion with his people; he claims merely obedience, love, manifested in good conduct and support of his priests. If images exist, they are no longer sacred, but symbolical. And now, later still, we hav the culmination. This God, that once walked about with his people and led them, and then withdrew and had images, altars, sacrifices of most beloved and precious things to appease his wrath, and then merely asked for love and obedience—now this God is all love, and instead of demanding sacrifices, he offers the grand atonement in his own or his son's person. This is the last point of anthropomorphism or man-god worship. So in this jumble called the Old Testament we hav a complete history of this progress. First we hav the God who appears visibly to the patriarchs—eats, sleeps, and wrestles with them. Then he becomes less familiar, converses only with Moses, is a real being, however, and very jealous lest he may be forsaken for images. "For thy God is he that goeth before thee to fight," etc. But he demands altars and sacrifices, first of human beings, then of animals. "None devoted of men shall be redeemed; but shall surely be put to death" (Lev. xxvii, 29). "Then the spirit of the Lord came upon Jephthah, and he passed over Gilead. And Jephthah vowed a vow unto the Lord and said, If thou shalt without fail deliver the children of Ammon into mine hands, then it shall be that whatsoever cometh forth of the doors of my house to meet me when I return in peace shall surely be the Lord's, and I will offer it up for a burnt offering. And Jephthah came to Mizpeh unto his house, and behold, his daughter came out to meet him, and she was his only child. And when he saw her he rent his clothes and said, Alas, my daughter! Thou hast brought me very low," etc. (Judges ix, 29). Also the sacrifice of Saul's sons in David's day, wherein David inquired of the Lord, and the Lord was entreated and stayed the sore famin (2 Sam. xxi). The offer of Isaac need not be mentioned. Later the sacrifices of their children was expressly forbidden, but we hav in all the books of the Pentateuch almost incessant references to burnt offerings. But we see in Isaiah and Jeremiah the dawn of another system. The God no longer asks for offerings, oblations, etc. "Ho! every one that thirsteth! Come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money, come ye; buy and eat" (Isaiah, lv). This is a noble chapter, a glorious poem, brimful and running over with the highest sentiment of the later time. "For I spake not to your fathers, nor commanded them on the day that I brought them out of Egypt concerning burnt offerings or sacrifices: but this thing I commanded, saying, Obey my voice" (Jeremiah vii, 22). What God is this? Surely not the God of Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, Deuteronomy. The next step is for the God to sacrifice himself out of his great compassion. How he pleads with his people! He is no longer the angry God who must be surrounded by strong bulwarks, lest he break through them and come down (see Ex. xix) upon the people and destroy them even like a wild beast. No! He becomes all love. "God is Love." Instead of the Abrahams and Jephthahs offering their children, their only children as burnt offerings to this God, the case is totally reversed and he, the God, offers his "only begotten," "his beloved, in whom he is well pleased," as a sacrifice to the Abrahams and Jephthahs and others. Just see the wonderful but natural order of development here. And, moreover, you see it in all the religions that hav ever existed long enough to permit this order to take its course. Religions of races world-wide apart hav followed the same inevitable law. Buddhism emanates from Brahmanism, just as Christianity evolves from Jewry.

How then account for these wonderful contradictions found in the books? In just this way: All the thousand and one traditions or written laws and statutes and judgments and records of customs among a people during many centuries hav been compiled by different writers, corrected, amended and added to, or taken from, by others at various times. Bear in mind that books were very scarce and costly, all written on parchment or leather, even the whole nation, at times, having but one copy of the so-called books of Moses as public property. Moreover, during long ages, whatever was written was done in a language utterly lost as vernacular, and so imperfect that it had never one letter for the vowels and one or two other letters. For example, "deber" means plague; "dabar" means word; "hammateh" means staff; "hammiteh" is bed. In the record the words would stand *d b r; h m t t;* who knew what it meant? None but those whose business it was to know or who had learned it. As a spoken language it was utterly lost; as a written language it never had existence, fully. Any writing was a puzzle or mystery, which only he who had the key could interpret. Strange as this statement may sound now to most, yet it is literally and exactly true. Obscure and rare as these holy writings were, yet there were long periods of time when there were none in existence, so far as known. 2 Kings, xxii, informs us that the book of the law of the Lord was found in the temple during Josiah's day, 624 B.C., or 800 years after Moses's time. 2 Chron., xxxiv, tells the same story. Josiah was perfectly astounded when the book was read. For ages no one seems to hav heard or known anything of the contents of this book of Moses. The favorit names of the patriarchs seem to hav been unknown to the Jews from Joshua's time to Josiah's. Many customs and ordinances prescribed by the Pentateuch were never known or practiced by Jews till Ezra's time. Nehemiah, viii, 14–17: "They found written in the law of Moses that the Jews should dwell in booths in the feast of the seventh month—and they made booths and sat under them, for since the days of Joshua, son of Nun, unto that day had not the children of Israel done so."

When this book was found in Josiah's time it is extremely improbable that any person could hav read it. Yet there seems from the account to hav been no difficulty in that respect. It was read right off. The probabilities are that if anything at all was in the roll more than the short chapter of cursings and ten commandments, it was gotten up for the occasion. A great reform was begun by Josiah before this, and no doubt there was collusion in the affair. There is a singular little episode, confirmatory of this, in 1 Kings xiii, which reminds one of chapter xlv of Isaiah, about Cyrus (also Isaiah, last verse of chapter xliv), a prediction that is very flattering to the earthly monarch. This in 1 Kings is clearly the prototype of the other, and we see all through the Bible how later writers or emendationists copy after earlier ones. It says that "a man of God out of Judah came by word of the Lord unto Bethel, and as Jeroboam stood by the altar to burn incense he cried out against the altar and in the word of the Lord said, O altar! altar! Thus saith the Lord: Behold, a child shall be born unto the house of David, Josiah by name; and upon thee shall he offer the priests that burn incense upon thee; and men's bones shall be burnt upon thee. And he gave a sign the same day——" etc. Three hundred and some years later "the child was born, Josiah by name." During his reign, when all was idolatry, and no living man knew the law of the Lord, or had ever seen it, lo and behold, and it came to pass that a priest, Hilkiah, hands a little roll to a scribe, one Shaphan by name, and said, "I hav found the book of the law in the house of the Lord;" and Shaphan read it and carried it to the king, Josiah by name, who was perfectly astounded and alarmed. Josiah thereupon began the great reformation we hav referred to. Now comes the literal fulfilment of the man of God's prophecy. Not only was "the child born and his name Josiah," but in his reformatory progress, while hewing down groves, "God's first temples," now so odious, and destroying altars, he comes upon this very altar (2 Kings, xxiii, 20). "And he sacrificed all the priests of the high places that were there, upon the altars, and burned the men's bones upon them," etc.; and in verse 16 the prophecy and fulfilment are mentioned—only our Bible-fingerers who divided the book into books and chapters and wrote their own headings to the chapters and put there references to things far from the minds of the writers. As to Christ, his kingdom, church, Holy Ghost, etc., these same cunning rogues hav followed the examamples and customs of Jew priests of old, and made their own little glosses and changes to suit. Instead of the word "sacrificed" in verse 20 they use "slew," and retired the true word to the margin, and for "their bones" they wrote "men's bones." Why? Because it is too shocking nowadays to think that "good King Josiah," who walked in the ways of the Lord, at such a late day offered burnt offerings to his God. Moreover, it might cause even a dullard to wonder and lose faith when he learned that the only people ever "divinely governed by a God" actually offered horrid human sacrifices by his direct command. None of them has the honesty of good old commentator Poole, who comes right out and says, "What of it? God had a right to use his own as he pleased"—or words to that effect. The Bible is a simple, honest, artless work so far as its own pretensions or claims go. Nowhere does it say it is the word of God. Read critically, without prejudice, it is perhaps the most interesting and useful relic any people hav left us of days two thousand years ago, and of traditions more ancient. Our English King James's version is a noble literary monument. Its wisdom is the gathered lore of ages, and its poetry above all praise. It is, upon the whole, an immense work, and he who denounces it takes upon himself a very big contract. With the original composition of its finest passages the greatest of intellects hav had to do. The thirty-eighth chapter of Job no living mind can excel.

Moreover this, "Behold, a child shall be born and his name called Josiah," lets a little light again on, "Behold, a child shall be born, and his name called Emmanuel" of Isaiah, said to hav been uttered later, to comfort Ahaz and assure him of safety against the attacks of two kings, so that, seeing the prophecy fulfilled, he might turn to the Lord—a matter that has been by the very same policy of priestcraft that originated these prophecies perverted to apply to Jesus Christ, born many hundred years later. The same spirit that pretended to find an old prophecy applicable to Josiah and presented it to that king, and pretended that a like old screed existed as to Cyrus, and brought it before him and concocted the story about the sudden miraculous conception of Emanuel by the prophetess from the "going in unto her" of Isaiah; that same cunning has in late days applied the forecast to Christ and has deceived some of the best educated minds of our age. No wonder men like Josiah and Cyrus were deceived. We may be sure that the very same disposition to apply and misapply, to alter, amend, gloss over, withdraw, and add to passages of scripture that we see to-day was at work thousands of years on traditions, little rolls of manuscript, and various portions of the books collected and presented to us as the Bible. We know positivly that a very great amount of such work has been done in comparativly modern times. W. Robertson Smith, of Aberdeen, Scotland, whose lectures entitled, "The Old Testament in the Jewish Church," were such a triumph "over the enemies of biblical science in Scotland," and attracted such attention, and show him to be one of the profoundest students of the Old Testament that ever wrote, besides being one of the fairest of critics, makes statements that will open the sleepy eyes of Bible idolaters and those who talk of the original Hebrew of the New Testament, which is, he says, "as unlike the Old Testament Hebrew as German is to English. The Jews called it Hebrew, just as the Constantinople Jews today call their Spanish jargon Hebrew." He also shows that this Old Testament puzzle was never written out, and that the marks for vowels, etc., were invented very late, for they did not exist in Jerome's day, A.D. 400. The old books he describes, the old bits of parchment, tracts, oral traditions, etc., as the original Bible are no more like our Bible than anything we can conceive of. "But the care of these writings and traditions was the exclusiv business of a large class of the people called scribes," you will say. True—and who was the first scribe? "Ezra," says Professor Smith. "He was the father of the scribes." If this be true, any mention of scribes earlier than his day is proof that the writing that mentions it was made after Ezra, just as the saying in chapters xvii, xviii, and xix, and in the very last verse of Judges, about there being no king in those days over Israel, proves the book was written after kings were established, and just as the genealogy of the sons of Zerubbabel in Ezra proves Ezra was written long after the said Ezra lived (his mention of Darius the Persian—D. Codomanus proves it was written at least as late as Alexander the Great's day).

Professor Smith, though a churchman and teacher in one of Scotland's greatest institutes, expresses the only view such a deep Bible student as himself must hav. Freethinkers ought to read those lectures, which I see are published by Munro, No. 1012. Heretofore some critics hav gone through the Bible as though with a lamp-light, scanning and picking here and there. This man blazes upon it like a sun, illuminating the whole at one view. His few lectures are the result of enormous study by one who went to the work supplied by nature and art with all appliances and means.

An article in THE TRUTH SEEKER last winter—"An Old Controversy Revived"—stated that the Old Testament as originally written was a mystery known to but few, because of the lack of vowels, etc.; and that the old controversy was whether God gave the secret of the vowel signs to Moses at Mt. Sinai, or inspired them into Ezra, or they were invented by wicked, godless Jews of Tiberias. Professor Smith shows that not only was the Pentateuch not written by Moses, but that none of the books were written by those to whom they are ascribed; even Ezra and Nehemiah were written long after the age of these

persons. This will surprise most, if not all, of those who hav not made the holy scriptures of the Jews a subject of profound study. Small portions of what we now find in the book existed in the condition of oral traditions, psalms, hymns, poetry. He asks, "How, then, did this revelation, which is essentially living speech, pass into the form of a written word such as we hav in the Old Testament?" We answer (as the prophets themselvs would do), "Books are not the foundation of sound knowledge." The ideal of instruction is oral teaching—the true shrine of truths that are eternal is the heart of the faithful disciple.

"The written roll supplies the place of the faithful disciple. This (theory of the case) comes out clearly in the books of prophecy. The prophets write what the contemporaries refuse to hear." Elisha was a prophet; so was Elijah and others. Yet they did not write. Why? Because their words bore immediate fruit. But when the people forbade the prophets to speak, they began perforce to write. [See Is. xxx, 8–11; Jer. xxxvi, and many other places.] So much for prophecy. Very little of that which comes under the title of Isaiah was ever written by him. The same of the others." As to the Pentateuch, Professor Smith says that before the exile Israel did not know it. As to its ceremonial, ritual, etc., it was unknown to even Samuel, David, Solomon, and others. The book found in Josiah's day did not contain the Levitical system (as in the days of Solomon, "There was nothing in the ark save the covenant made at Horeb"). It was not the Pentateuch. From Joshua to Ezra is just one thousand years. Where was this Pentateuch all this time, if it was unknown to all those whose duty it was to be familiar with it?

"No thinking man can be asked to accept this Pentateuch as the literal work of Moses without some evidence," says Professor Smith, whom I quote literally on this. "But evidence a thousand years after date is none at all, when the intervening space bears unanimous witness in a different sense." "It is useless to appeal to inspiration for help, for all sound apologetics admit that the proof that a book is credible must precede belief that it is inspired."

How, then, came all this mass of ceremonial and ritual, with narrativ, etc., to be called "Law of Moses?" We may suppose that the Ten Commandments were given by the first law-giver of the nation, engraved on tables possibly, and that statutes, ordinances, and judgments developed as they must under any system and would naturally bear the name of the original promulgator and founder of the nation. This, among primitiv people, would be the case with any teaching or instruction delivered orally and thus kept.

"Is it possible," asks the professor, "that Jehovah laid down in the wilderness, with sanctions the most solemn and a precision that admits of no exception, an order and ritual which had no part in Israel's history for well nigh a thousand years?" He shows that there are several codes of law delivered in the books belonging to different times and conditions.

But this article is now very long. To quote further would be improper. Coming from the source it does, the work of Professor Smith is doubly interesting.

HOLT.

Open Letter to an Ex-Catholic.

FRIEND JAMES: I hav received Rev. L. A. Lambert's "Notes on Ingersoll;" and the said reverend may be "good, genial, intellectual, and bright." I think he has utterly failed to meet the arguments of the "bold blasphemer," or to "prick the bubble of Infidelity until there is nothing more to argue," though it is claimed for him by his indorsers that he has done these things.

Now, I am no scholar or critic, but I think I hav common sense, and the ability to understand the difference between sophistry and truth, and argument and assertion, and I pronounce this volume of "Notes" to be mostly made up of false sayings, and sophistical attempts at making white black and blue green. Even in the introduction I find the false statement that "man's life is a tragedy—his first utterance is a cry of pain, his last the groan of death." Now, take man as a whole, his life is happy and prosperous. There is ten times more of joy than sorrow, of hope than fear, of peace than war, and of good than evil; tragedies and comedies are mixed in, of course, and most of us hav a few of each, and some here and there find more of shadow than sunshine. But, as a whole, man's life is far from a tragedy. And now, as to his "first utterance," who shall say if it be a cry of pain, or a more involuntary exclamation, caused by the good change it is undergoing in becoming a breathing, sensitiv, thinking being? Now, you can remember the experience of the first cry, but since it is only natural to be born, in all reason it should be pleasurable rather than painful, even as all natural experiences are apt to be. But we do know, from thousands of testimonies, that man's last utterance is not a groan of death. I mean this of man as a whole. Now and then, one out of the millions who die do die with a groan, but it is a very rare occurrence.

The universal testimony of physicians, as well as of the dying themselvs, is that death is comparativly painless, and perhaps the majority fall asleep in peace, if not pleasurably.

When weary and exhausted we all enjoy "tired nature's sweet restorer," and when enfeebled and worn out by long weeks, months, or years of physical suffering, it is only reasonable to believe death comes as a welcome guest and a real friend. All physical feeling is gone some time before the last breath leaves the body. The facial contractions and muscular movements of the body are involuntary and painless, though they seem to the onlooker to be symptoms of a terrible rending of life's silver cord; but the dying one no more feels them than does the dead skinned eel feel the salt that causes it to twist and squirm in the pan. Death is as natural as life. To one well born, well reared, and well lived, death is but a simple ending of all, painless and senseless, and not to be dreaded or feared more than being born; nor, could we wake up and attempt to tell of the last moments, should we, as a general thing, be able to recall more of our feelings than we can those attending our birth.

ELMINA.

The Ideal Life.

A POEM, BY SAMUEL P. PUTNAM. DELIVERED AT THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE NEWARK LIBERAL LEAGUE, FEB. 1, 1884.

The intellectual being must first play
And light the path of man with vivid ray;
Reason must see and know all varied life,
That glows and darkens in the ceaseless strife;
Thought must go forth with keen, relentless fire;
Vain fancies spurn and for the truth aspire.
Truth is beneath as well as in the sky;
Each fact is sacred, whether low or high;
The subtil link of glory runs through all,
Binding the whole into one glorious thrall
Of majesty, and beauty, and delight.
The mind is still our manhood's noblest hight;
To know is still the greatest and the best;
The brightest life is in life's endless quest;
One truth attained, another shines before—
Nothing so great but it unfolds to more;
Nothing so small but it makes vast our gain;
Nothing so rude but links the mighty chain
Whereby the golden stars pursue their way,
And night is turned into the lustrous day.
Oh, wonderful is truth, and wonderful is mind,
In whose strict process nature is combined
To order, harmony, and law and use,
By which huge forces their bright wealth unloose,
And make for man the empire of this world
Whose royal banners science has unfurled.
Science, indeed, is king, and what we know
Is greater far than fancy's richest glow.
Most slow and patient, step by step we pass
By the linked glory of each fact we glass
In the clear radiance of the mental sky.
We must be true nor seek to charm the eye,
Or thrill the heart with other than the real;
We cannot shape aloft the bright ideal
Forth from the fleeting wishes of our breast,
Only from nature's law shines nature's best.

Still beauty fades not with our fancy's dream,
But rides more glorious upon truth's fair stream;
For still the heart must find its fullest sway,
The impulse and the glory of man's way.
The heart of man, who can define its power,
Thrilled with the gleam of star and flash of flower?
It is an ocean limitless and far,
Filling with sparkling light the things that are;
Its moving tides, beyond the flow of sense,
Seem touched with something of omnipotence,
Which makes men heroes, saints, and martyrs grand.
Out of this heart of fire the poet planned,
The artist carved and chiseled, music rolled
With flaming wonders that are yet untold.
O mystery of man, this heaving soul,
This passion kindled by an unseen goal,
This spirit leaping to life's farthest race,
Transcending still the utmost that we trace—
'Tis this that paints the future with delight,
Givs hope and aspiration, drowns the night
With rushing splendors of tumultuous faith.
It nobly triumphs over ghastly death,
And weaves a wreath of flowers for its brow,
And makes it beautiful; o'er the dreary now
Awakes the glad to-morrow like a star,
And wins a heaven in spite of prison's bar.

This heart of man in reason's happy light
Will not be quenched, but flow in gracious might.
Through knowing still the feeling will aspire,
And o'er our pathway flash its wings of fire.
While marvelous thought shall penetrate the earth,
The inward sense shall claim our godlike birth,
That we are mingled of the shining sky—
Sprung from the dust, man's soul is the Most High.

But truth and beauty unto duty urge,
Knowing and feeling to bright action surge.
Man is a power within the breast of fate,
To choose and do beyond his present state.
He fronts the universe with mighty hand,
To pour his thought into creation grand.
'Tis he can mold the future with wide plan,
Backward and forward all the ages scan;
Learn from the past and onward wiser go,
More patient, but with heart and mind aglow
With a great purpose ever to advance,
Himself a providence and not a chance;
Sublime intelligence and impulse vast,
Forth from himself a cosmic light is cast.

Such is the grand ideal of the race,
The threefold ardor of its crowning grace—
The true, the beautiful, the good, in one,
Science and poetry in great duties done;
Man bending to eternal nature's law,
Submissiv, reverent with childlike awe,
Yet flooded with its impulse vast and sweet,
With heart of fire above his toiling feet,
While all the joys that kindle in his breast,
And all the grandeurs of his ceaseless quest,
Blend with his will to make him recreate,
And shape the world to love's ideal state.

The Light of Asia.

Colleges of learning are institutions where young men are sent to acquire useless knowledge. If all colleges in Christendom were wiped out, literature and science would suffer no loss. A collegiate education sets a young man back from four to fourteen years. He comes out nominally an alumnus, but in reality a sophomore, *i. e.*, a wise fool. Ten to one that after two decades he can't solve an equation in algebra, demonstrate a problem in geometry, or translate a sentence out of a dead language. The writer speaks from personal knowledge, having graduated forty-five years ago and been a Master of Arts more than forty years.

He would therefore say to "D. W. T.," beware how you trust the opinion of an Oxford or a Harvard professor on a question involving the maintenance of Christianity. Their opinion, when given, is pretty sure to be in the interest of their clients and themselvs.

But, aside from this bias, which is inevitable, we venture to assert, from what we know of Mons. Jacolliot and Madame Blavatsky, that they are not inferior in learning and ability to Max Muller and John Fiske. And as monsieur and madame hav lived in India, is it not to be expected that they should know more of Indian antiquities than an Oxford or a Harvard professor, who perhaps has never seen that country at all?

Bayard Taylor satisfied himself that the highest civilization in Egypt was ten thousand years old. Jacolliot discovered astronomical monumental records in India which carried Brahmanical civilization back fifteen thousand years. Buddhism, Judaism, and Christianity are the natural offspring of Brahmanism. One of the earliest Christian documents is the "Acts of Thomas," which "was held in great estimation," says the Christian translator, "by the heretics of the *first* and second centuries." The apostle Thomas, according to this book, was sent to India to propagate Christianity, and suffered martyrdom there. Another early document, entitled "The Passing of Mary," describes Thomas as appearing at the tomb of the virgin clothed in his "sacerdotal robes," having been suddenly summoned while "singing mass in India" (See "Apocryphal Gospels," etc., Antenicene Christian library).

The "Light of Asia" is but dimly seen through the opera glasses of Muller, Fiske, and Arnold; it is better to take a look through the telescopes of Sir William Jones, Jacolliot, and Blavatsky.

ANTICHRIST, A.M.

P. S.—Mr. Graves made a blunder about Polycarp's saying that Jesus died peacefully at the age of fifty. What Irenæus says about Jesus being an old man will be found in full in our "Revelations," pp. 352–355.

ANTIC.

Musings by the Way.

III.

Was there a God, all nature's first great cause,
Who made the universe, and gave it laws;
The power that still maintains these laws in force,
Directs the heavenly bodies in their course,
Whose great design all nature but fulfils—
All things that are exist because he wills—
Who rules the universe as he sees fit,
Objectivly, himself no part of it;
Great monarch, sovereign over nature's realm,
Whose mighty hand is ever on the helm;
Great fount, from whom all streams of life do flow,
Who causes every blade of grass to grow,
Who notes the lily's bloom, the sparrow's fall—
The great eternal father of us all?
And nations rise and fall at his command,
And all events take place as he has planned;
Who guides the universe in every part,
Yet knows the secrets of each human heart;
A God in whom we children of the dust
In humble confidence may place our trust;
To him can pray, and he will answer prayer,
Whene'er oppressed by sorrow, toil, or care.
Is this a true and just idea of God,
Or fond conceit of dwellers on earth's sod?
All nature moves on its unceasing course
By force internal, not external force.
The mind of man may dwell on nature's laws—
It nothing learns about a great first cause.
In vain the astronomer, with skill and care,
Inspects the starry heavens to find him there;
And though we view with microscopic eye
The smallest atom, we no God espy.
Inherent nature seems alone the power
Displayed in mineral, or plant, or flower,
Or animal; nor yet in human life
See we a God that governs human strife.
The strongest armies are most sure to win,
Though they may fight upon the side of sin.
A Bonaparte may waste two million lives,
Him of that baleful power no God deprives;
In vain the orphan's wail, the widow's woe,
This monster wills, and human blood must flow.
The pirate bark may triumph o'er the wave;
A peaceful ship may find a watery grave.
A thousand million prayers can never cause
The slightest change in one of nature's laws.
Though prayers from every Christian may arise,
Supreme are nature's laws, and Garfield dies.
Misfortunes, want, and woe afflict the best;
The worst of men may be by fortune blest.
The brigand may be bountifully fed,
While little children cry in vain for bread.
Though we to him may raise our prayer and songs,
No personal God appears to right our wrongs.
Immutable are all of nature's laws,
Whether or not there be a first great cause.

W. R. DYER.

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Renewals.

We hope that every reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER whose tab says '83 will at once sit down and send us $3 for renewal. If it is desired, also, to p actice a little economy, just step over to your neighbor's, get him to subscribe, and send us $5 for the two subscriptions. There are enough Liberals in the country to handsomely support all the papers devoted to their cause, and we think THE TRUTH SEEKER is not the least deserving. It is the largest, and we are often told it is the best journal of Liberalism in the country. To those who take advantage of our club rates it is also the cheapest.

There are also a few whose subscriptions expired in 82. They hav been carried along because some hav written that, for one cause or another, they were unable to pay as they would like to hav done, but would square up soon. Not knowing but that the others might be similarly situated, and being unwilling to unnecessarily deprive any of the paper, we hav continued to send until the present. We cannot do this longer. We need the money to pay expenses, and unless our negligent friends take immediate action, they must miss their TRUTH SEEKER. We hav long missed the money.

A Catholic Bill Passes the Senate.

Mr. Daggett has introduced, and the Senate of this state has passed, a bill making Good Friday a legal holiday.

This is execrable. Saying nothing of the bad taste of making a day of festivity of what should be a day of mourning, if the people really believe that a divine person was crucified, the passage of the bill is an abuse of governmental powers. The observance of Good Friday is a religious whim. Those who wish to suspend labor and attend church are at liberty to do so. They are protected in that right. That is all, according to our Constitution, they can reasonably ask.

For the legislature to do more is to practically unite church and state.

Iowa Christianity.

The Protestant conception of civil and religious liberty is well defined by the Iowa judge of whom was asked an injunction restraining a teacher from holding religious exercises in a public school. It will be seen to be very similar to the conception of our Puritan ancestors, which was that they had an inalienable right to believe as they pleased, and to force others to believe with them.

The decision was rendered by Judge Burton. The case is briefly this: The complainant said that the teachers of his two little girls turned the school from its lawful design into a place of worship and religious instruction, and made of themselvs "ministers of religion therein, in the presence and hearing of all their pupils." The Bible was daily read, the teachers and pupils repeated the Lord's Prayer, and religious hymns were sung.

The complainant—whose name and locality we regret are not given in the dispatches which recount the iniquity—gave notice to the principal of the school of his objections, but that authority paid no attention. He then applied for an injunction, which was refused. To say that a school where the Bible is read as a part of the morning exercises, or where the Lord's Prayer is repeated, or a hymn sung, is a place of worship, or that such teachers are ministers of religion, seemed, said the follower of precedents, "more specious than sound." He held, morever, that Iowa's constitutional provision granting religious toleration, and prohibiting the legislature from providing any religious establishment, is not contravened by laws which recognize the scriptures, or the supreme being, or Sunday as a religious day of rest, but that such laws are legal and valid.

This is nothing more than might be expected. The constitutional provision granting religious toleration is only to be construed as meaning toleration for Christianity—no other religions need apply.

How would the good Christian people of Iowa like to hav Mohammedanism taught in their public schools? It would be a no more monstrous wrong to them than it is to hav Christianity taught to the children of Freethinkers.

Strange Doctrins for a Catholic.

The *Sun* finds in the contribution of Cardinal Newman to a late number of the *Nineteenth Century* some curious teachings in relation to the Bible. The broad principle laid down by the cardinal, it is asserted, is that the scriptures are inspired not as to every word and thing in them, but only as to the revelation of divine truth which they contain, and that "God" is their author only in the sense of being their inspirer and originator. Furthermore that only their teaching on matters of faith and morals are in any sense binding until the church shall hav spoken authoritativly on any particular point.

This lets God out through a very small hole.

Christians, when confronted with the crimes of their numbers, are wont to say that the perpetrators were not true Christians, for true Christians perpetrated no crimes. The truth of this depends on what is a Christian.

So with the cardinal's statement. "Only the revelation of divine truth" is inspired. Very well; but when we ask which is the divine truth we are told that it is the inspired part! We are, therefore, just as wise as before the cardinal illumined the world with his explanation.

We believe that no one ever claimed that God sat down and with pen in hand wrote the Bible, but if he was the inspirer of that work he inspired a stupendous falsehood. Would Cardinal Newman like to put it that way? Probably not. But allowing God to hav originated, say the Ten Commandments. They are not original with the Bible. Then he must hav inspired other writers, who must hav written equally divine instructions, and consequently Christianity is only one of several God-given religions. Does the cardinal mean this construction to be put upon his words? Undoubtedly not.

Cardinal Newman's church has already passed upon the Bible as a whole, and declared it all inspired. So hav the various Protestant sects. Is Dr. Newman strictly honest in saying, in this year of grace 1884, that people hav a latitude in construing biblical statements of facts until the church has passed upon them?

On the whole the eminent Roman Catholic is not a success in his role of hermeneutist. People with no reputation hav written words inestimably wiser.

The English Inquisition Yields Up the Last Victim.

On Monday, the 25th of February, at 8 o'clock in the morning, George William Foote, the editor of the London *Freethinker*, was released from Holloway prison, having served his twelve months' sentence for blasphemy. He is the last of the three men connected with that paper to come out. The others were W. J. Ramsey, who was sentenced to nine months' imprisonment, and H. A. Kemp, who stayed three months in the modern inquisition.

On his emergence from the literal dungeon in which he has for a year been compelled to spend twenty-two and twenty-three hours out of the twenty-four, Mr. Foote was met by two thousand friends and escorted to the Hall of Science, where a public breakfast was provided. On March 12th he will be given a banquet and presented with a testimonial raised by the English Freethinkers of several hundred pounds, in which Mr. Ramsey will share.

When Arthur J. Kemp was released nine months ago he stood higher in the estimation of his countrymen than ever; when, three months ago, W. J. Ramsey came again into the sunlight hundreds of people surrounded him and renewed their allegiance to the cause for which he suffered. Last Monday the acclamations of two thousand sturdy English Freethinkers made the air vocal in front of Holloway jail, and G. W. Foote will hav hundreds of hearers and readers where he had dozens previous to the pronouncing of sentence upon him. In this country, when the heroic D. M. Bennett returned to his home from Albany, Chickering Hall was crowded by over three thousand Americans to do him honor. He was feted and sent to Europe and around the world. His writings were more eagerly sought, and THE TRUTH SEEKER increased in circulation.

As an act of policy, of that worldliness for which she has ever been distinguished, does it pay the church to do these deeds of infamy? Is the return in loaves and fishes commensurate with the outlay? There are brave men yet in the van and ranks of Freethought. Our cause and martyrs can endure as long as the church and the law.

We send hearty greeting to Mr. Foote and his fellow-martyrs. He and they may with reason congratulate themselvs that although Christianity can imprison, it cannot kill. Few men ever came from the torture chamber in possession of full bodily strength and vigor, and our English heroes are lucky also in that respect. That they will make their experience dear to every Christian heart is not to be doubted. And should they ever visit America, the Freethinkers in this country will show them that their deed of heroism is not unknown, and that Americans know how to appreciate pluck.

Mr. Bradlaugh's Prospects.

The British Parliament, into which Mr. Bradlaugh has again and for the fourth time ventured, seems to be composed of orthodox bourbons who never forget and never advance. Although Northampton expressed herself in favor of the Atheist elector by a largely increased majority, the House has been true to its reactionary and revolutionary policy of depriving that borough of its legal and rightful representation.

At the opening of Parliament on the 21st a stormy and uproarious discussion of Mr. Bradlaugh's claims took place. As before stated, Mr. Bradlaugh's three votes on his own case on the 11th inst. had rendered him subject to an aggregate penalty of fifteen hundred pounds. Pending the settlement of this legal phase of the affair, the announcement had been made that Mr. Bradlaugh would make no attempt to take the seat to which he was elected on the 19th. The speaker of the House read letters from Mr. Bradlaugh confirming this announcement. In spise of this, however, the cablegram reports that the irrepressible bigot, Mr. Stafford Northcote, who has interested himself so long in Mr. Bradlaugh's affairs that his interference has grown by degrees into personal enmity, moved that Parliament reaffirm its previous resolution excluding Mr. Bradlaugh from the House. Mr. Gladstone, the old man eloquent, but in this case powerless, came tardily to the rescue, asking that the vote be deferred. The aspect of the case, he said, had changed since the 11th inst., when the member for Northampton last came before the House. An action at law had been begun against him for thrice voting upon that day. The utmost would be done to obtain a speedy judgment, which decision would aid the House in arriving at some conclusion. Mr. R. Churchill, a conservativ malcontent, opposed Mr. Gladstone's motion for postponement of action in the case, insulting Mr. Bradlaugh's constituency by styling them a mob. Mr. Labouchere, Mr. Bradlaugh's colleague, called the speaker's attention to this language, but that worthy ruled it to be parliamentary, and declined to interfere to protect the voters of Northampton. At the conclusion of Mr. Churchill's remarks, the home secretary, who has covered himself with disgrace by refusing to pardon the imprisoned Freethinkers, made some sarcastic reference to the new aspect of the case, saying it was, it appeared, no longer against Mr. Bradlaugh, but against Northampton. Mr. Labouchere followed, advising Messrs. Northcote, Churchill, and their followers to admit the error of their ways and apologize for their past conduct.

A vote was then taken upon the motion to reaffirm the resolution preventing Mr. Bradlaugh from taking the oath and excluding him from the precincts of the House, and it was carried by 226 to 173. The speaker then ordered Mr. Bradlaugh to withdraw, which order was complied with under protest. At a caucus of the conservativ members of Parliament, it was resolved to continue the opposition to Mr. Bradlaugh in every possible way.

Mr. Bradlaugh expects to win the legal suits against him, but states that in case he does not he will resign and not again seek a re-election.

It may be possible, it is probable, he will win the suit, for aside from the justice of his cause he is one of the ablest lawyers in England; he understands every turn in the complicated list of legal twistings, and is fully capable of turning them to his own advantage. But he fights as one shackled. He is defeated beforehand, and will be defeated while Christian bigotry rules. The Established church fears him, for the day of its disestablishment cannot be far off, and his remaining in Parliament would undoubtedly hasten its coming. Therefore Mr. Bradlaugh has against him all the power of that body.

Mr. Bradlaugh is also a believer in a republican form of government, and his sentiments are well known. He hopes the reign of Victoria will be the last of hereditary ruling of England. And it is also shrewdly surmised that he would like to see Charles Bradlaugh the first president of the English republic. The knowledge of this arrays the whole aristocracy against him, notwithstanding that many of them sympathize with his religious opinions. There are several Freethinkers already in the House, but they sit as politicians, not as reformers. They are probably all honorable men, but we cannot honor them as we would were they more activ in helping forward the cause of mental and political liberty.

So it is not probable that the present House of Parliament will ever permit Mr. Bradlaugh to take his seat. But these members will not hold office forever, and when their successors shall be chosen, we may not unreasonably hope that public opinion will be strong enough for liberty to compel the seating of all duly elected members without regard to their religious predilections.

This, however, is in the future. The outlook for the present is discouraging. Christian bigotry and intolerance are in England triumphant, albeit the victory is more dishonorable than defeat. It is better to lose a thousand battles fought for the right than to win one through iniquity, and our English friends and allies can in that thought find a balm of healing. Giv the church and the conservativs sufficient length of twisted hemp, and they can be relied upon to strangle themselvs, as they hav heretofore strangled liberty.

Editorial Notes.

Dr. Bartol, Colonel T. W. Higginson, F. M. Holland, and others hav been before the Massachusetts legislativ committee the past week asking for the removal of the disabilities of Atheists as witnesses in courts of law. Colonel Higginson showed that the disability was imposed so lately as 1850. The committee appeared favorable for repeal.

Prof. Felix Adler lectured in Rochester on the 18th. The Opera House was crowded to hear what he had to say on the Ten Commandments. He proved that law did not emanate from Jehovah, nor was it ever uttered from Sinai, but has evolved from the maxims of all nations, which maxims were the result of experience, not the *ipse dixit* of divinity.

Gen. Booth of the Salvation Army has been held guilty of deception and untruthfulness in one of his recent real estate transactions. He took a theater on a promis to properly maintain the liquor selling part of the business, and then did his best to destroy it by substituting some teetotal bibulous abomination for genuin whisky or beer. He has been fined heavily, and compelled to restore the premises. Another religious teacher, of a different turn, has been suspended for three years for drunkenness.

This paragraph is from the *Christian Advocate*:

"News of great revivals come in from all quarters. Some remarkable conversions of Infidels of unusual intelligence are reported. And, what is equally important, formalists are being transformed into living Christians. Let this best of all works go on. How much need there is of it!"

Unless the *Advocate* can giv names and dates we shall conclude that Dr. Buckley has been lately re-reading Paul, and has dwelt too long upon that verse which reads something like this:

"For if the truth of God hath more abounded through my lie unto his glory, why yet am I also judged as a sinner?"

One of the pleasantest features of the Linesville, Pa., celebration of Paine's birthday was inadvertently ommitted from our report. Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Brockway, of Jamestown, presented the Linesville League with a large crayon portrait of O. P. Kellogg, of Lynne, Ohio, the work of their daughter, Miss Martha Brockway. Mr. Kellogg, the lecturer, is what one of his friends calls a "this world Spiritualist," a man of courage, genius, and generosity. Mr. and Mrs. Brockway are stanch Liberals, and were for many years the only Freethinkers in Jamestown. C. B. Reynolds was selected to make the presentation of the portrait, which was accepted on behalf of the League by G. W. Baldwin, the secretary. The picture will, henceforth, adorn the walls of the League hall. Mr. Kellogg is well known in western Pennsylvania and eastern Ohio as an eloquent speaker. He has often addressed the Linesville League and his portrait is highly valued.

It pleases us to note that the Congregational denomination has not closed a very prosperous year. Of about 400,000 members, nearly two-thirds of whom are females, some 57,000 are classed as "absentees," and the additions are 28,377, over 14,000 being "on probation," while the losses aggregate nearly 20,000. The apparent net gain, therefore, is only some nine thousand, which must be offset by the 57,000 absentees. Nearly one thousand of the denomination's churches are vacant. About four million dollars were wasted on those that are occupied. The members behaved better last year than usual, only 1,724 having been disciplined, and their ministers will, we presume, make a better, because smaller, showing in the next edition of historian Billings's little book. By the way, we do not see in the church statistics now being published by the religious papers any mention of that remarkable brochure. It certainly ought to hav a prominent place among the Year books. Why this studied silence, brethren?

Damon Y. Kilgore, of Philadelphia, has filed in Court of Common Pleas, No. 2, a petition in behalf of his wife, Carrie B. Kilgore, asking that she be allowed to show cause why she should not longer be debarred from practicing law in the courts of Pennsylvania. The petition recites that Mrs. Kilgore is a citizen of the United States and of the state of Pennsylvania; that she has been a regularly registered student of law; that on the 28th day of December, 1874, she appeared before the Board of Examiners to be examined as to her qualifications to practice law; that this request was refused because she is a woman; that she then applied to the court to instruct the Board to perform its duties, which application was refused; that she then applied to the legistature for an act supplemental to the general law regulating the appointment of lawyers, which was refused by the Senate on the ground that the general law was sufficient, and that under it she could not be excluded on account of her sex; that she then returned to the courts, which still refused to grant her request, denying her admission to the Law Department of the University of Pennsylvania; after which she again applied to the legislature to pass a bill which provided that no person shall be refused admission as an attorney in any court of law or equity in Pennsylvania on account of sex. This bill passing the Senate but failing to pass the House because of the press of business of investigating charges of bribery against many representativs, and the petitioner having obtained a diploma and been admitted to practice in the Orphans' Court of Philadelphia county, Mrs. Kilgore asks that she be allowed to show that she is entitled to practice in all the courts of the commonwealth. The case is exciting much comment from the press, as the Pennsylvania courts are puritanically fossilized, visiting graveyards more than ordinarily often for precedents, and regarding the application of a lady to practice as revolutionary. Both Mr. and Mrs. Kilgore are prominent Freethinkers of Philadelphia.

Just previous to Miss Helen Gardner's lecture in Syracuse a clergyman, too cowardly to sign his name, allowed his insanity to take this form. It was published in the *Sunday Courier:*

"The right to express her sentiments, in public or private, cannot be questioned, nor would we interfere with it. The right to hear her, or any one else, belongs to every person who chooses to do so. But has any one the right to violate law?—to ignore or trample under foot the moral sense of a Christian community? Yet this is what the proposed transaction will do if it is allowed. It is evidently a speculation—a business undertaking for somebody's pecuniary benefit, not for the public good. There are graded prices for tickets of admission of from thirty-five to seventy-five cents, the latter for reserved seats, under the management of Edward L. Bloom. There is a law in our state which protects the sanctity of the Lord's day, by forbidding the transaction of ordinary business thereon. It does not allow the merchants to carry on their business. Not because there is any more harm in the mere act of labor on that day than on any other; but Christian sentiment and practice hav regarded, and still regard, the claims of the moral law which requires that the Sabbath, or seventh day, shall be religiously observed. And civil law recognizes and protects that sentiment and the various forms of worship through which it is expressed. Now, the question is, Shall the law be respected and maintained, or shall we allow the open and flagrant violation of it, for purposes of personal speculation and gain—not in the interests of peace and order, but evidently to break down all the safeguards of society? If the drayman cannot ply his calling on the Sabbath, though it be a very harmless and useful one; if the saloon and the bar are required to be closed on that day, because the law says so, and the interests of the community demand it, surely foreign speculators should not be allowed to come into our midst and violate it. And there is a way to prevent it. Our civil officers hav a grand opportunity to do something creditable for themselvs and the city."

The hall on the evening of the lecture was crowded. The civil officers did do "something creditable for themselvs and the city," but not in the way the clergyman meant.

The Sociologic Society is the name of an organization that has been formed for the purpose of studying the laws relating to social organization, and for the propagation of the principles of co-operation or mutual helpfulness among the people of this country. The society holds that the present industrial system is unjust; that the workman does not receive an equitable share of the wealth he creates, and that the assumption that labor is merely a commodity is incompatible with a high civilization. It believes also that the measure of reward should be based upon the productiveness of labor; that the condition of society will be largely improved by the substitution in social and industrial life of the principle of co-operation for that of competition; that the community is responsible for the condition of its members, and that all men should, as far as possible, hav equal social opportunities. It knows that while all endeavors at reform are tentativ the power which works through nature ultimately brings forth the good; that the efforts of the humblest will accelerate this process, and that by organization the desired change will be the more rapidly attained. The society submits to the world the following expression of its principles:

1. That justice demands that the workman should participate, beyond his mere wages, in the profits of the business in which he is engaged.

2. That the operativ class should be encouraged to combine their efforts and savings in the establishment of business, both of a productiv and distributiv nature.

3. That all legislation militating against the organization of labor should be repealed, and that the combinations of the operativ class should receive the same legal encouragement as that now enjoyed by capitalist corporations.

4. That bureaus of labor should be established by the government, whereby the members of the various trades would be able to obtain exact information respecting the condition of their several industries throughout the entire country.

5. That steps should be taken for the formation of a labor congress, whose object should be the efficient organization of all wholesome industries.

Any communications touching the principles or organization of the society may be addressed to Mrs. I. C. Fales, Seventh avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., president of the New York organization.

Historian Lossing having said that the "scholars" of Spain in the time of Columbus regarded it as *unphilosophical* and absurd to assert the sphericity of the earth, Dr. Simon Newcomb challenges his statement. Says Dr. Newcomb:

"That learning was very far backward at that time in Spain may, I suppose, be true; but is it possible that professed scholars could hav been so grossly ignorant of a fact known in all other countries and in all other ages; a fact which, indeed, must hav been known to all of the Spanish navigators?"

We know not what kind of a doctor Mr. Newcomb is, but his correction of Lossing is not to his credit as a reader of history. Columbus discovered America in 1492. It was not till 1522 that Magellan's ships, having left their gallant commander's bones in the Ladrones islands, returned from their circumnavigation of the globe. While it is true that the spherical form of the earth was known to surrounding countries—the Khalif Al-Mamum having ascertained its circumference as early as 830 if not a few years previously—the "scholars" of Spain were in ignorance of or denied the fact. The writings of Mohammedan scholars and astronomers had given currency to the belief throughout Western Europe, but, "as might be expected," says Draper, "it was received with disfavor by theologians," who were, at that time, the "scholars" of Spain. Columbus was a firm believer in the doctrin, but he spent many unsuccessful years in endeavoring to convince Spanish "scholars" of its truth. He was "confuted from the Pentateuch, the Psalms, the prophecies, the gospels, the epistles, and the writings of the fathers—St. Chrysostom, St. Augustine, St. Jerome, St. Gregory, St. Basil, St. Ambrose." The Catholic church in Columbus's day was irrevocably committed to the dogma of a flat earth, and the scholarship of Spain was in the church. And such scholarship! From the Pyrennees to the Mediterranean there was scarcely one Spaniard deserving the title of scholar.

Writing of the Mormons in a recent *Independent*, the Rev. Geo. H. Hepworth talks very sensibly for a Christian. He does not believe, he says, "in Congress as an engin of extermination, because Congress is at the beck and call of political expediency, if not of political trickery. Politics and truth telling, politics and justice, politics and the simple right of anything, without the gross adulteration of personal emolument, are seldom found in conjunction. The less we allow any great moral question to be mixed up with politics the better it will be for us all. And yet that is precisely what the new Edmunds bill does. Mr. Edmunds may not be aware of the fact—he has a right to that concession—but one clause of his bill opens wide the door of the meanest kind of jobbery, and is enough to render the whole bill ineffectual. It provides that the management of the Mormon church corporation shall be taken out of the hands of the Mormons and placed in the hands of fourteen trustees to be appointed by the president. This is the most delicious bit of patronage to which we hav been treated for a long while. In my opinion, it is simply infamous. Fourteen gentlemen are to be rewarded for distinguished party services by the appointment to handle Mormon money. This is a new kind of party plum. And yet it is the best thought of a politician who is wise and incorruptible. There is not the first scintilla of justice in it. It shows only too plainly that Congress knows how to tinker a question, but does not know how to be radical and right." To the proposed armed interference with the ten or fifteen thousand polygamists among the Saints Mr. Hepworth says: "Suppression by force of bayonet is the very last resort, and we hav not yet reached that point. The less gunpowder we can get on with the better. Our old wounds are not yet healed, and we are not hankering for a fresh fray. I tremble when I hear gentlemen talk lightly about an invasion and a siege. Before we come to cartridges we should sit down and meditate on one fact, viz., that if we can't master fifteen thousand fools, whose hundred thousand wives are praying for our success, then we ought to make a new list of fools, and head the list ourselvs." The clerical gentleman also recognizes what The Truth Seeker was forced some time ago to point out to Mr. Wakeman, that fanaticism is no crime until manifested in overt acts, and when it came to ecclesiastical despotism the danger to our country and institutions from the Roman Catholic church was the force to be feared. Upon this last point Mr. Hepworth forcibly remarks that "it is not many years since it was conclusivly shown that Romanism requires the same kind of allegiance to its papal head; and it was asserted, not without authority, that in a pinch the true Romanist would consider the demand of the state as second to the demand of the church. Can you pass a law that this state of things shall cease?" The remedy Mr. Hepworth concludes to be the school-teacher. With an eye to the main chance, and to giv some of his own profession a chance to butter their bread a little thicker, he also adds the preacher. But he seems to forget that ecclesiasticism is the danger to be rooted up, and to supplant one form of superstition with another is only jumping from the frying-pan into the fire. The school-teacher, well supported, will be found amply sufficient to eradicate Mormonism, as he has already removed from Christianity its ranker growths of superstition.

Pasqua Austin.

OBSEQUIES OF THE VETERAN FREETHINKER OF WAYNE CO., NEW YORK.—ORATION BY EX-REV. C. B. REYNOLDS, AT WILLIAMSON, NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, FEB. 13, 1884.

It is not often that a Freethought lecturer is permitted to conduct the services of an outspoken Infidel in an orthodox church. But Brother Pasqua Austin was one of the pioneers of the county and oldest residents of the town. He died at the age of 82. Although for forty-three years an activ, energetic advocate of Liberalism, his known and tried integrity, activ benevolence, pure and useful life, had gained the esteem and kind regard, not alone of the village, but of the whole town and vicinity.

Long before the hour announced, the church was packed—aisles, gallery, every available place where a human being could stand, was utilized. It was with difficulty seats could be cleared for the mourners. Over three hundred people found it impossible to gain admission to the church. We giv extracts from Mr. Reynolds's oration:

When the grim messengor lays his remorseless hands upon loved ones, our hearts are saddened, numbed with grief; the tendrils of affection are ruthlessly torn asunder, and in our weak humanity we moan and sob—tears blind our eyes. It seems to us the sun of our lives is darkened forever—the sky of memory enshrouded in the dark pall of night—the stars of peace blotted from the firmament of our future.

Yet we know the whitest foam dances upon the darkest billows, and the stars shine brightest when surrounded by the blackest thunder clouds.

Joy and sorrow are the beautiful forms of sympathy in which hope appears as a gracious angel, hovering over the sorrowful of earth.

The darkest cell of despairing grief has always at least one tiny pin-hole to let the glory of hope shine in. It is wonderful to the mourner how the soul at first sullenly repelling the light of gladness, admits the one little ray of hope unconsciously, and is beguiled into a blessed state of calm resignation to the inevitable.

We know life and death are essential conditions. But for errors of education we should not dread or fear it. We weep and mourn at the death of our dear loved ones. We do so pity them. Is not much of our sorrow selfish? Not for those at peace, calmly sleeping, sweetly resting, their labor o'er, their work accomplished, need we weep. We cannot restrain our tears for ourselvs, for we are bereaved. The dear companionship, the sympathy, help, loving ministrations seem lost to us forever. But for our dead, in any case, all is well with them. If death ends all, as Materialists believe, the dead still liv in the good they hav done; their memories ever green in the hearts of dear loved ones. In the language of the poetess, Eliza Cook:

"'Tis a long, 'tis a last, 'tis a beautiful rest,
When all sorrow is passed from the brow and the breast;
And the lone spirit truly and wisely may crave
The sleep that is dreamless, the sleep of the grave."

If, on the other hand, the brighter, happier philosophy is true, death is but the entrance to a new, better, brighter, more beautiful existence.

"Let our fainting hearts take courage,
When with grief and sorrow bowed,
Remember ever, there is always
Glorious light beyond the cloud."

Since we so well know life and death are essential conditions, why should we then hav such horror and fear of death? When the remorseless hand of death robs us of one of our most valued treasures let us remember

"Bright things never die, e'en though they fade;
Beauty and minstrelsy deathless were made."

No noble act, no generous impulse of the heart, has ever perished.

Superstition has taught us to dread death; the thought of the grave to most people is horrible. Yet, in company with a fair young, timid girl, we walk, in the bright sunshiny morning through the cemetery; tired, we sit down, and are soon absorbed in the pages of some book. Our young companion leaves us, rambles on alone, reads the inscriptions, admiring the flowers. In meditation and castle-building the hours fly happily by. The church clock booms out the hour of mid-day; still she lingers, and when we go to her she tells us how much she enjoyed her solitary ramble.

Ask her to take that same walk at night; leave her alone beside the same grave at which she stood at noon, when the same clock booms twelve, midnight, and she shrieks in terror, is dumb with fright, or faints in agony of fear. Why? Does not reason assure her there is nothing more there at midnight than at midday, that the sleeping and the dead are but as pictures?

Night is but the withdrawal of the sun's light. But early education has instilled the fear of darkness, and taught that ghosts and spooks haunt the graves at dead of night Many strong men, who would never flinch in the dread battle, would quake with fear if compelled to pass a night alone in a cemetery. They would declare they knew there was no reason for fearing the dead would harm them, yet would tremble and quake with fear when the still small hours crept on.

We hav known children fear to sit up alone with a dead mother—the dear, gentle, loving mother, that living would ever shield from, not do, harm. But it had been so impressed on the child mind that there is something horrible, fearful about death that many fear it even in their own dear loved ones.

Why do we dread death, even if there is no beyond? Oh, some say, the thought of lying unconscious in the grave is terrible! Better the orthodox hell than to lie dead, deprived of all thought, feeling, motion, unconscious of what is going on around you.

You are sick and suffering—oh, how you long for sleep! But it comes not. The aching head tosses on the pillow; opiates fail to giv relief. Oh, if you could but sleep! At last there is hope, and you find the needed rest—you sleep. Well, shall we wake you in a few minutes? No, for mercy's sake! to wake one after such suffering for need of sleep would be cruel, unnatural. Why awake you? Why? Because if you sleep soundly you are unconscious, deprived of all thought, feeling, motion. Better the orthodox hell than lie deprived of motion. unconscious of what is going on around you!

We are assembled to do honor to the memory of a true, brave heart and thoughtful brain—a man possessing more sense than book learning, more courage than affability, more mental strength than polish. Born at a time when intellectual freedom was regarded as the worst of crimes, he dared think for himself and giv utterance to his convictions of truth. His god was nature; his church, all humanity; his creed, common sense.

Pasqua Austin was born in Washington county, N. Y., 1802. was married there in 1822, moved into the town of Williamson in 1824. When twenty-two years old, on first arriving at Williamson, N. Y., he united with the Baptist church,

He left the church forty-three years ago in disgust, on account of the gross misdemeanors of the pastor. After a little he allowed himself to be persuaded and cajoled into returning. But the glamour was riven, thought awakened, and his true, brave, noble soul could no longer be trammeled by the shackles of superstition. His awe and veneration of priestcraft had been destroyed forever. He read, studied, thought for himself, and soon rejoiced in the glorious freedom and beautiful truths of the gospel of humanity, and scorned the empty profession of faith—the bigotry, hypocrisy, and fanaticism of Christianity.

He became an Infidel—and had the glorious courage to avow it—and that at a time when to be the champion of universal mental liberty "tried men's souls."

He lived out his convictions, and regardless of misrepresentations and persecution, for forty-three years did justly, loved mercy, and used his best endeavor to make all around him happy. An honest truth seeker, he fairly and dispassionately weighed the evidence, rejected the error and evil, and gladly accepted and cherished all that was true and good.

Mr. Austin worshiped nature, and she rewarded him with a long, happy, and useful life—a calm, peaceful death. He died with the happiness of others first in his thoughts. His last words were, 'He hoped his death would count more than his life for the cause of universal mental liberty.'

In his later years, as all honest and true hearts do, he believed and echoed the words of that brave, honest-hearted martyr to the cause of Liberalism, D. M. Bennett, founder of that best of Freethought papers, THE TRUTH SEEKER—"Those lead the happiest, most peaceful lives who seek most to benefit those around them; our highest duty lies, not above the clouds over our heads, nor in depth of earth beneath our feet. Neither can we do aught to benefit or effect any being supposed to exist in either locality—our duty and field of action is here, among the sons and daughters of men. In no case can we so well prepare for another life, as by doing all in our power to make those around us happy. The practice of love, mercy, and benevolence here and now will best qualify us for ministrations of love in another sphere. We must combat ignorance and superstition, not with dungeon, torture, and the stake, not by ostracism, misrepresentation, and abuse, but by imparting knowledge and instruction. We must endeavor to lead the erring from vice to the practice of virtue by loving admonition and good example."

Mourners needed no words of consolation. This noble old hero died as he had lived—an honest, truthful, kind-hearted man; he had lived out the full measure of his days. But his Christian friends doubtless mourned, thinking he will never go to heaven because, despite his benevolent, good, and useful life, he did not believe as they do. He simply lived a life of love.

If the Bible is true, if Christ's own declarations are reliable, then, dear Christian friends, you may change your lamentations to rejoicings, for all honest truth seekers, all Liberals and Infidels, who lived as Brother Austin lived, Christ himself positivly declares he will welcome into heaven. Lest you may think we are mistaken, with the permission of the friends of the deceased, we will open the Bible and read the words ascribed to Christ—which fully sustain and indorse our declaration. [The speaker then read Matthew xxv, 31-40.]

Mark the text. Not, What did you believe? not, Did you believe the Bible, the doctrin of the trinity, the atonement, in immersion, apostolic succession, the literal six days of creation, purgatory and ever-burning hell for everyone that did not believe exactly as yourself, no matter how good, true, pure, and loving lives they led? No; Christ says no word of what did you believe, but "What did you do? Did you feed the hungry, giv drink to the thirsty, help the needy, clothe the naked, minister to the sick?" Yes. Then "Come, ye blessed of my father; inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

Remember that while Christ so very emphatically declares all Liberals who liv as did Brother Austin shall be welcomed to heaven, despite what the church calls Infidelity, church-members are not all safe from the "everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels." Speaking of professed Christians, who even claim to hav done great things for the church, Christ declares: "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my father which is in heaven. Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, hav we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name hav cast out devils? and in thy name hav done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you. Depart from me, ye that work iniquity" (Matt. vii, 21-23).

Liv lives of love, instead of making professions of faith. Practice justice and mercy, in lieu of forms and ceremonies. Ourselvs constantly endeavor to promote the happiness and welfare of those around us, in preference to constantly praying to a God to do it for us. And so shall we remove error, fear, and superstition, and attain to a better and nobler code of ethics—doing justly, loving mercy, and endeavoring to make all around us happy.

A very large number followed to the grave, despite the severe inclemency of the weather. After the coffin was lowered, Brother Reynolds said:

Amidst the ice and snow, and chilling wintry blasts that numb our senses, even as the chill of death, with its cruel separation, hath brought the dumb ague of pain to our hearts, we giv back to his Mother Earth the form of him so brave, loyal, and true—earth to earth. Yet we know that the chill, dark, leaden sky of winter will be dispelled by the warm, bright hope and joy of spring and summer, clothing again the earth with verdure, and calling into existence the bright, beautiful, and fragrant flowers; so hope and happiness shall again spring up in our hearts, and the seeds of love and truth sown in our hearts by him for whom we now perform the last offices of respect and love, shall bring forth flowers of charity and love in our lives, by our remembrance and emulation of his virtues.

We leave our brother by the side of his life's companion who, seven years ago, preceded him—a true woman, a faithful, loving wife and helpmate, a gentle and affectionate mother.

With thanks for all the kindness and sympathy of friends in these last solemn rites, we now bid them farewell, farewell.

In the evening, at Stark's Hall, a crowded house greeted Ex-Rev. Reynolds, who spoke on "What Liberalism Teaches." The closest attention was given throughout. After the lecture he made an earnest appeal to the Liberals present for the sake of the children, as well as their own, to organize and secure a substitute for the church and Sunday-school; a means of real practical education in scientific truth, to fit all for development, mental and physical, that should secure happiness here and now, as the best possible preparation for any and all future.

Several made encouraging remarks. A committee was appointed to take names of Liberals who desired to organize, and a meeting appointed at that hall for two weeks from that night, when Dr. A. G. Austin (son of the deceased Pasqua Austin) would address them, and an earnest effort be made to complete the organization.

Bradlaugh's New Move.

Mr. Bradlaugh's application for the "Chiltern Hundreds" is only equivalent to a resignation, which in no way prevents a re-election. One thing is certain, if he is elected again he must be admitted.

An esteemed contemporary, in noticing the latest attempt of "the dull and monotonous Bradlaugh" to gain the seat in the House of Commons to which he was chosen again and again by the voters whose representativ he is, that he be turned over to a professional bouncer. The House itself was the bouncer. Coming from an American newspaper this suggestion is a remarkable one, but it shows how difficult it is to fight the battle of parliamentary reform. Every student of political history knows that the bouncer has at all times stood between the people and their genuin representation in the English Parliament. At no time has the House of Commons been really representativ. At no time has public opinion had much control over it. From the revolution of 1688 until the revolution in America, the Whigs managed it by bribery and borough-jobbing. George III. made these the basis of the power of the crown. The royal revenue was used to buy seats in the elections, and to buy votes in the house itself, and so shameless was the corruption that, under the ministry of Lord Bute, an office was opened in the treasury for the purchase of members. The first Englishman who was bold enough and honest enough to protest against this condition of things was John Wilkes.

At that time most of the parliamentary representativs represented constituencies which did not exist. At that time both Lords and Commons sat in secret, and their proceedings were not known to the mass of the people. At that time the press was not allowed to discuss public affairs. Wilkes, who was a member of Parliament, had the courage, in a journal of which he was the editor, to criticise the speech from the throne of his majesty, George III., and in consequence he was sent to the Tower as the author of a "false, scandalous, and seditious libel," and expelled from his seat in the House of Commons. This blow embittered the opinion it was intended to destroy. "Wilkes and Liberty," became the cry of the people. In 1768 Wilkes was again chosen a member of the House of Commons by the electors of Middlesex. The house shrank from a contest, but the king demanded his expulsion, and he was expelled. As Northampton elects Bradlaugh over and over again, so Middlesex returned Wilkes time after time, and in the end he obtained his seat, while out of the agitation, the riots, and bloodshed which ensued, hav come something like genuin parliamentary representation, open Parliaments, and free discussion. But as Bradlaugh is traduced now, so was Wikles denounced in his day. It is amusing to think of John Wilkes despised as a worthless profligate by an age which looked upon the then Prince of Wales, the most profligate man of a profligate epoch, as the first gentleman of Europe. It is amusing to see the movement which Wilkes headed characterized by those who opposed it, because they were opposed to popular rights, as ignorant and brutal. What Wilkes was in his day, Bradlaugh is to this. He is the champion of parliamentary reform, and of the rights of the people, and the people stand by him as they stood by Wilkes. And this is why the slanderers are after Bradlaugh now, as they were after Wilkes when he undertook to overturn the despotism of a corrupt House of Commons.

Franklin said that if John Wilkes had had a good private character, and George III. a bad one, the demagog might hav dethroned the king. Wilkes's private character was as good as the king's. Wilkes's private character was as good as Franklin's, which was weak in the same spot where Wilkes was voted profligate. All this talk about "character" in Wilkes, and in Bradlaugh, is a subterfuge. Wilkes was expelled from Parliament because his presence meant the triumph of the people. Bradlaugh's expulsion meant the same thing. The despot is apt to cry, Demagog! and the leper to look for sore spots in every other man's warts.—*Truth.*

IT was a fireman's parade headed by a brass band. As they turned the corner, Gus Cæsar, who was holding up a hitching post, spelled out the letters, "E. P-l-u-r-i-b-u-s U-n-um," painted on the head of the big drum. "Now, Jake, now, wha—what's that?" he asked of a lank negro standing under the awning with his mouth open. "Don't yer know nuffin?" was the reply; "can't yer read? Dat's de name ob de man wot made de drum."

Letters from Friends.

HATBORO, PA., Jan. 25, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL received. It is worth four times its price. Every Freethinker should hav one.

A. J. READING.

CASSETA, GA., Jan. 30, 1883.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $2, which you will place to the account of D. P. Hoggs, of Pineville, Ga.

I also mail you one of Joe Brown's speeches on the Mormon question. I thought you would like to see his opinion on the question, as he is a missionary Baptist, but a safe man.

I hope to see your valuable paper flourish. I was for years a reader of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, and believe in its doctrins. But its unjust course toward Brother Bennett made me drop it.

W. F. MOLDER.

UVALDE, TEXAS, Jan. 21, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Yesterday two of my old friends called to see me, and got to arguing about their church, which was the Methodist, and spoke of the different distinct creeds they knew of. I asked them if they had ever seen the Infidels' creed, and they both said they had not. I then showed them the "Infidels' Creed," by R. G. Ingersoll. One read, and the other said, "That is good. Let me hear that again." He read again, and called it all good.

There are but four Infidels here who are bold enough to acknowledge it, though I think many church-members here are only church-members through policy.

Some one has taken my paper out of the post-office and read it several times, but they won't let me know who it is, or I would lend them more to read.

Your Uvalde Infidel, E. L. DOWNS.

ONEKAMA, MICH., Jan. 9, 284.

MR. EDITOR: As there seems to be so much feeling among Prohibitionists and Antiprohibitionists, I thought I would suggest a new idea to discuss upon the liquor question. About everything that law could do has been tried to break up the liquor traffic, but the more law the more trouble. Now, if the legislature has a right to license and regulate the selling and disposing of liquor, it has a right to set the price. If a law could be made doing away with license and fixing the price at three cents a drink, that law would take away all the profits and would lessen the temptation to sell. All our liquor-sellers sell for the profits. Lessen the profits, and fewer will sell. Another effect this law would hav—it will bring the temperance people and liquor people together to fight a liquor law. It would take all the wind-work out of the temperance people and take all the profits out of the liquor business.

Yours truly, I. S. WEEKS.

MT. VERNON, IND., Jan. 13, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I send you a clipping from the *Western Star* of Jan. 10th, which might interest our friend Billings and others. Two boy murderers are to be jerked to Jesus on the 25th, at this place. They murdered another boy for fifteen dollars. They knocked him down, but first only stunned him. Then one of them held his hands while the other jumped on the victim's breast and cut his throat. The knife was a dull barlow—so very dull that the wretch had to use it as a saw, with both hands. This they both confessed. Young Vanwie, the victim, had no time or opportunity to ask forgivness and repent. It seems God failed to warn him in time. But the assassins hav made the customary peace with God, and are solid.

They'll journey safely to the Holy Ghost,
While Vanwie squirms in the eternal roast.

And this in spite of the fact that the mercury has just been 28 degrees below zero here.

C. O. ROWE.

LAFAYETTE, MICH., Jan. 10, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: At Forest Hill, in this county, on Dec. 30, 1883, a discourse was delivered at the church, and the subject was "The Undue Familiarity of Divine Things." The subject was called out by an article in our county paper entitled "The Water Question in Lafayette," in which the writer made some unpleasant remarks that made the clergy and some of the dear flock squirm. I thought I would write you a few lines, and if you think best you can insert them in your paper. The subject is a good one, for all, or nearly all, of us doctors of divinity to consider, and I am exceeding glad that the ministry is waking up to the awful danger we are in, standing, as it were, on the high pinnacle of life and looking down in the dark valley of sin and death, and I am glad to hear the dear brother is waking up to his danger, and will flee while it may not yet be too late. Undue familiarity with divine things has caused many of us divines to mourn. I was once pure as the beautiful snow, but in an unguarded moment I fell, and it shook me up pretty considerable, and, in the language of Bill Nye, "it nearly knocked the the supreme duplex from its intellectual throne." So, dear brother, warn your little flock—that is, the dear part of the flock—against undue familiarity with divine things. I had to do it before I was safe, and if many others of us divines would hav done as you did December 30th, there would be more room in the prisons of the different states, as you can find out by sending 25 cents to 33 Clinton Place, New York city, and getting M. E. Billings's "Crimes of Preachers," many of which were caused by the undue familiarity of some of the dear flock with divine things.

ST. JACOB, D.D.

HOYTSVILLE, MICH., Dec. 26, 1883.

MR. EDITOR: I hav thought for a long time to write you and stop the good old TRUTH SEEKER, because I did not get time to read and did not feel able to pay for it; but when our immortal Bennett died, I thought that that old Comstock clan would try the harder to break up THE TRUTH SEEKER, and that it would not look well for a man of my opinion to forsake a paper that so fearlessly advocated my right and opinion. I hav waited, thinking that soon I would be able to remit. No doubt you hav heard how the crops turned out in Michigan this year. Well, I finally told my wife that we would pay up and stop THE TRUTH SEEKER. To-day I came in from the woods tired and hungry, and while my wife was getting dinner on the table she said, "You just ought to read the last TRUTH SEEKER; it has got such splendid reading in it. J. Hacker has got such a good piece in it on the land question." She said it seemed as though the paper grew better every week, and that she would rather hav it than all the rest of our papers, and that I might throw in the old Bible to boot.

Well, I stopped after dinner, read and rested, and we hav made up our minds to send you $5, for which please giv me credit, and we will curtail that amount from some other luxury. No doubt you hav read what Christ said about those fellows that came on the eleventh hour. Well, I don't believe that to be a good practice, but you see I hav drifted in that wake.

The Methodist church hav built a new gospel box here at Hoytsville; perhaps that has something to do with it, though I didn't giv a cent to build it.

Yours truly,

CALEB WOLLFERT.

SEATTLE, WASH. TER., Jan. 7, 284.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find five dollars, which please place to my credit, and send me—by return mail, so they may reach me in time for the Paine celebration—six copies of the "Truth Seeker Collection."

You will no doubt be surprised to find me writing from here. The explanation is most briefly made by stating that my Mormon friends—or enemies, just as you hav a mind to put it—wore me out. For an outspoken Liberal, no matter how honest he may be, to liv in any of the outside settlements—as we term all but Salt Lake City or Ogden—he must, to use a familiar expression, hav the means of living within himself. That is, he must be a farmer pretty well situated, or hav a pretty good income from other sources than public patronage, or the Mormons will make it hard pulling for him. I doubt if there are any other religionists practicing the principles of Know-nothingism as the Mormons do to-day; and even in the aforementioned cities, Salt Lake City and Ogden, the Liberal mechanic who depends on his daily earnings finds it close work to make a living, for the above reason.

Well, this has been the experience in my case, and had I staid there much longer I would hav been unable to accomplish what I hav done, which was to save enough out of the wreck of my effects and business to bring myself and family out to Seattle, where we are now living. As it was, I had to make great sacrifice to enable me to realize ready capital enough to accomplish it. Well, I am glad to see that you begin to get a better insight into the monster fraud called Mormonism. There are lots of good men and women among them, and it is a shame that the government does not step in by the enacting of proper and unmistakable laws, and "save them from themselvs." They are so thoroughly committed to their present policy that they cannot consistently do it themselvs. I tell you—and let my words be remembered—that if the government does not do anything to stem the present policy pursued there in Utah—I mean the Mormon political policy—it will in but a few more years go down in blood. I can giv my reasons why if they are wanted, but I think it must be self-evident to all thinking minds that such is the truth.

So here I am in Seattle, the queen city of Puget Sound, the inland sea of America. I am pleased with the change, though so reduced in circumstances that I hav to work at my trade as a journeyman shoemaker, the business our dearly remembered champion and martyr for Freethought's sake, D. M. Bennett, worked at, but under much more favorable circumstances than he. But here there is, I believe, a much better chance for me than in the place I left behind me, and I hope yet to get in better shape. In the mean time I shall, as in the past, keep plodding along, and do all I can to advance the Liberal cause. I find there is hereabout quite a large Liberal element, men and women too, who assume to do their own thinking. There is an association here called the Liberal League of Seattle. It is not yet an auxiliary of the National Liberal League, but proposes to become such. They hold their regular Sunday evening meetings in a hall about forty by one hundred feet in size, and hav a very good regular attendance. Last Sunday evening there must hav been all of three hundred persons in their audience.

We hav organized a choir since I hav been here, and to show you the interest manifest in our gatherings, without any notice, private or public, having been given of the same, there was, a suggestion being made by a person present to that effect, a subscription list passed around among the audience, which resulted in about sixty dollars being subscribed toward the purchase of an organ for the choir. This was at the above-mentioned meeting. How is that for good prospects? Another thing I must tell you: we are going to celebrate Paine's birthday, and intend to do it in good style, and in a way that will attract attention. Dr. York, of California, is engaged for the occasion to giv us a rousing speech; and we are not going to let it rest there. He is going to stay and lecture for us during February.

Fraternally yours, WALTER WALKER.

PRIMITIV CHRISTIANITY IN THE WEST.

BRIDGEPORT, IOWAY, Januery ateenth, ateen aty-fore.

MISTUR EDITUR: Sam Jones, the blacksmith heer, giv me a copy of yure paper the uther da and told me it wuz a religus paper, and es i write fur the religus papers sumtimes, i thot i wood send you a leter to let yure reedurs no uv a outrage which was cummitted heer last weak.

ime a preechur in the Hoppleite church. mebby you don't no what that meens. ile tel you. You se Bruther Hopple had a revelashun from Jeses Crist last sumur. it wuz this wa: Bruthur Hopple wuz out a-grubbin' wun da, and it wuz turribel hot, and he lade down under a ellum-tree, and he went to slepe, and he had a dreem, and when he woke up he seed the Lord a-standin' rite clost bi; and he ast the lord what he wanted; and the lord told him he wanted him to organize a church uv the Hoppleite faith, and that he wanted him to set the wimmen to preechin' uv the gospil, and that he wuz the chozen wun to hoom the kees uv heven wood be given. So Bruthur Hopple thot precchin' wuz easier than grubbin', and he told the lord he'd do it. So the lord reveeled to him the tru plan uv salvashun, and Bruthur Hopple he reveeles it to the fokes heer. the churches hev bin mistaken all the time. they haint been a-doin' uv the wil uv god a tal; but they didn't no no better, and so they aint ez much to blaim ez tho thade a-node more about it; but sence Bruthur Hopple has lernt the truth, we've had a good time, and we've brung a power uv soles tu god. the yung men are offally tickled with the preechin' uv the wimmen, and the wimmen are ez tickled ez the men iz.

well, the uther nite we wuz a-havin' a good time. It wuz jist twelve o'clock, and tha wuz a whole passel uv soles jist about reddy to come tu Crist, when ole Bet Kestler—a grate big ole made, weighing sum twu hundred pounds, and a cammelite uv forty years' standin'—undertook tu disturb the meetin' by leavin' the house durin' divine servus. the reverunt Sister Hopple hed the floor, and she sez to Bet, sez she: "Ef you don't like our plan uv salvashun, jist git out uv hur; and ef there is any more nasty Cammelites thet wants tu go tu hell, they can git up and go rite now." Bet stopped, and the rev erunt sister Slocum razed up and told her not tu stand upon the order uv her goin', but tu go at wonce—or twice; I don' remember wich. Jist then, Sister Tabitha Smith riz up and told her she wuz a disgrace tu the coz uv Crist, and that if she didn't leve sheed scrach her ize out. at that, Bet shucked her shawl, and them three feemail lambs uv god lit intu her, and the way the hair and finger-nales and collars and brestpins and ribbons and calico and bonnets and things flu fur about a min nit wuz a caushin tu sinners. at the first dash Bet nocked reverunt sister Hopple cleer under the bench and in between Elder Jones's legs. She then maid a dash at Rev. sister Slocum, and butted her rite in the stummick, and she puked all over elder pendergrass ez she lade in his lap. rev. Sister Smith hed retreeted intu the chimbly corner, where she wuz a-hollerin' fur Jeeses tu cum and cast out the devil thet hed got luce in the meetin'-house. and don't you think he never done a thing for us!

Well, Betsy seed her a-standin' there, and she tuck her by the scuff of the neck and farely wiped the floor with her. she yelled like a painter and kicked like a mule; but Betsy hed her foul, and ef it hadn't a-been fur Bruthur Hopple there's no noin' what she would a-done tu her; but, you see, he's inspired, so he allers noes what tu du. he jist got up on a bench and shouted to parson Sype tu git thar—"Git thar, Bruthur Sype; for the love of god, git thar, and hold Betsy, fur she's mad, and she'll tare everything tu pieces ef you don't hold her." the parson weighs twu hundred pounds, and he had all he cood du tu hang on tu Betsy, while we carried Sister Smith out and put snow in her face so thet sheed cum tu her senses. we got down on our nees in the snow and praed for god tu bring the rev. sister Smith back tu life; and we wuz rewarded, for in about twu minnits she commenced a-wigglen like, and hollered, "Enuff, enuff! take her off!" So, you see, the prairs uv the richous availeth much, and miricles kin be purformed yit. it tuck four uv the stoutest members uv our church tu carry Betsy out and hold her in the sno til she cood cool off; but when she did cool off she jist rose up and commenced singen, "Oh, wen shall I see Jeeses and rome with him above?" but they woodent let her back intu the church, but brot out her things, and she lit out for home ez happy ez a clam.

it duz bete all how hardened these Cammelites can git!

Well, uv corse, after the devil hed bin cast out, peece raned in Warsaw, and i preeched seeh a powerful discorse that several uv the wurst carracters in the naborhude cum forard fur prares; and seeh annuther outporin' uv the spirut i never witnest afore or sence. we cood smell the licker in there breth when we wuz prayin' over 'em, but we never let up; we stuck rite tu 'em till dalite, and at sunrise we cut a hole in the ice on south river and baptized the hole lot, and we felo tu thank the lord that these pore sinful creeturs air safe in the paster uv Jeeses. i haint red yure paper that Sam Jones giv me, but i hope yure a-prosperin' and that yure family is—— wel, mistur edditur, mebby ime a-treddin' on dangerous ground; mebby yure not marrid, and ez ime a singel womin of marrageable aige, I gess ile cloze by askin' you tu call ef you ever cum this way.

Yure sister in Crist, REV. ABIGEL SPARKS.

EARLVILLE, ILL., Jan. 29, 284.

MR. EDITOR: I now seat myself to pen you a few lines in memory of that dead hero and emancipator from slavery and superstition, Thomas Paine. When I think of the memorial meetings that are being held to-day, it gives me a spring of joy to think that the day is near at hand when his name will be vindicated from all his maligners. How glad I would be to meet in such a gathering and shake the friendly hand with those that are seeking after the truth and do not propose to accept blind faith! I never hav been in such a gathering yet, but would like to get out of my old church ruts to where I could breathe the pure air of liberty of thought, for I hav spent the best of my days in trying to support the priesthood, and thought I was doing God a great service. But oh, what a dupe I was to blind faith. I am glad I hav got my eyes open to see the working of priestcraft, even at this late hour in life. If I were only at the end of some wire, I would telegraph to you that I and my daughter and little granddaughter, aged eleven, are all celebrating Thomas Paine's birthday by eating a little candy and thinking and talking about your Bennett League meeting to-night.

I hav received my FREETHINKERS' ALMANAC, and hav read it almost through—all but the story—and don't see how so much information could be crowded into one book for twenty-five cents. If I were only rich everybody should hav a FREETHINKERS' ALMANAC from me. I think it would be the best missionary work that could be sent out here in America. And I would not exchange my almanac for all of your quit-claim deeds in heaven, with warranty besides, thrown in for Christian measure.

There are in my ANNUAL but two things with which I cannot very well agree, and those are the 8th and 9th planks of the Milwaukee congress: prohibition against prohibition, and elections on Sunday before the Sunday laws are repealed. I think it is a little ahead of the times. I think the Freethinkers can hold the balance of power, as they hav in Ohio, better than they can to hav a new party, by defeating the party that is the most corrupt, if the Freethinkers think they hav wisdom enough to tell which is the most corrupt. We all should try for good morals and do away with everything that tends to corrupt good morals and bring about a reform whenever possible to do so.

I am somewhat surprised to know that there hav been such internal commotions in the Freethought ranks as I read of in my ANNUAL. All should see the importance of working against priestcraft and for secularism, and not against each other, for there is work enough for all to do in the world of Freethought, without throwing one stone at each other, or even at a tramp.

I hav spun out a yarn to you, and shall hav to take another sheet to finish on. SARAH C. HILTON.

SPANGLE, WYO. TER., Jan. 26, 1884,

MR. EDITOR: We are trying to organize a Liberal League here, and hav got fifteen names to our paper so far. Our aim is to get a small library to convert some of those Christians who hav too much holiness. They will hav to throw it up after a while. We are trying to do all we can for Liberalism.

I remain, as ever, a true Liberal friend,

HARRISON HAYS.

SHERIDAN, MICH., Feb. 6, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I inclose $5.00, which please use as directed. I hav been away down in Delaware, where I missed your paper very much. The people are very pious there, but their piety doesn't prevent their committing wrongs. Bright boys and girls living in the shadow of the school-house, whose complexion does not happen to be popular, are not allowed to attend school. Is it a curse that mother nature pronounced upon those people when she gave them dark complexions? No, indeed! she gave them warm true hearts filled with goodness and mercy; hearts that will forgiv us for all our crimes against their race, and minds as capable of progression as our own. And yet the pious praying whites will, in the name and by the authority of their God, treat them as outcasts, and offer them every possible insult and injustice. It is only as people rise in the scale of intelligence that they can be just and generous, only as they renounce a belief in all the gods that they can be charitable. As long as a belief in God remains, evil-minded people will claim his aid in wronging and oppressing their fellow-beings. We shall never know whether our acts are wrong or right until we consider them as affecting humanity instead of God.

The orthodox here are holding revival meetings. They hav regular seasons of getting religion, and every winter they must needs get it all over again. They will shout, "I double dare you to come to Jesus," call those who do not come fools, and though their ravings are said to be terrible I hear no talk of sending them to the asylum. It seems to be a sort of periodical insanity that will subside as spring opens.

Oh, why will not people be guided by reason instead of blindly following fear and faith? They talk about our reason proving us immortal, but if reason places us above the brutes, and we refuse to use it, what better are we than they. If reason will render our existence endless, why not use it in solving the problem of present existence, instead of leaving the question to impostors, pretended middle men between us and "the powers that be?" With all its imperfections, what a heaven this world might be if each would contribute his share to make it such! We hav not the time and happiness to waste in quarreling over a difference of opinion concerning that which none of us can know.

"Then let us to the present turn,
Life's present lessons here to learn,
What faith, what errors to forsake,
What paths to shun, what paths to take.
We wish to gain a heaven below,
And shun a hell of vice and woe;
And what is heaven to you and me,
But peace, and love, and harmony?"

Yours very truly, MISS E. A. GLEASON.

INGALLS, KAN., Feb. 5, 284.

MR. EDITOR: Glad to inform you that there is weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth among God's elect about this time in our township. We celebrated our hero's birthday at my house, and it resulted in an organization which is to be known as the "Orange Liberal Association." The object of the association, our constitution says, shall be to labor for the advancement of the young, and to excite in them a thirst for knowledge, a love for the good, the true, the beautiful. And further, to labor by word and action to purify the moral atmosphere, and to keep good sentiments uppermost, that society may hav a protection beyond the law and above the law in the prevalence of enlightened and well-principled sentiment. There hav been camp-meetings, Sunday-schools, and revivals conducted by God's commissioned sky-pilots, and yet there is need of Liberal writings to purify the moral atmosphere which has been made foul by the believers in ghosts, begotten gods, and cloven-footed devils.

We got up a Liberal sociable on the 29th, and sent out and bid our orthodox friends to come and eat with us, and they would not come. And again we sent out and bid them come, for we had pies, cakes, oysters, and canned fruit in abundance, and that we wished them to come and enjoy themselvs with us. But they made light of it, and went their way as usual—one to abusing us, another to destroy our influence. and another did sit down and tear his gray hairs, while another smote his breast and cried, "Imps of hell! Children of the devil!" While another did come even unto thy servant's house as your coworkers in the vinyard of truth were about to partake of the good things prepared for them, and to chat pleasantly about our champions of right, to speak lies unto us, believing that the word of God would more fully abound. But when thy servant did see his sanctimonious face, and did hear him speak lies for the glory of God, thy servant was not deceived; neither did thy servant, who has learned at the feet of the great Gamaliel, D. M. Bennett, treat the spy scornfully. But all thy brothers and sisters whose religion is to do good treated him kindly, and bid him eat, but the spy said he had just eaten very hearty, and could not eat more; that he had come in haste for a lance to bleed his horse, which was about to die. Wherefore thy servant did grant his wish immediately, but the spy did not go until night had drawn her sable curtains about, and then the spy did leave with a full stomach, to work us mischief. Whereupon the inclosed list of persons did band together, not to beat the spy, but to purify the moral atmosphere. Our committee consists of three noble women. Some of the members are Spiritualists, and some are Infidels; but we propose to work together for good. A. BUTTERFIELD.

FORT MADISON, IOWA, Jan. 6, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I hav concluded that on this "Lord's day" it would be eminently proper for me to send you a few lines by way of remembrance.

Now for a few words of admonition, etc. I like the way you conduct your paper very much, but there is a something lacking for me, both in its correspondence and editorial departments. I don't write to find fault or dictate, but I hav stopped several Liberal papers because there was too little soul in them. I can't express myself so as to be understood, perhaps, but I wish I could. If I had the language of an Ingersoll or Bennett, I might. Let me giv my experience, which will let in a little light on the subject. I talk with my Liberal friends on the subject of organization in our town, and I find nearly everyone too careless and indifferent to things of a reformatory nature. They seem to care nothing for the advancement of humanity—think it not worth while to try and hav a public standard of morals and giv character to our position on Freethought questions before the public. Of course I don't expect every one to think as I do, but it does seem to me as if we, as Liberal-minded men and women, must do something besides the taking and paying for one or two Liberal papers; that we hav duties to perform—duties we owe to the world to pay for having lived in it. Here we pass the infant stage of life, and prepare ourselvs for a higher state of existence, and when we can see so plainly the ignorance, superstition, and bigotry of the masses, we should be willing to do something to dispel it. That is, that we, as Liberal-minded men and women, should be willing to organize for the improvement of ourselvs and society, and let our organization be founded on pure morals, and be a sort of beacon-light to every struggling son and daughter of humanity, assisting to a higher life and nobler aspirations.

I hail with pleasure your introduction of a youth's department, and now let us hav more from correspondents' and editorial pens on subjects pertaining to a higher life here and in the future. Of course it is not expected that we are to make THE TRUTH SEEKER a Spiritualists' paper, but there is nothing surer than that the doctrin that "death ends all" will keep people's minds on so low a plane of thought that nothing can be accomplished that could be done on a higher plane of thought and aspiration.

What is being done is all right (even by Brothers Winter and Trevitt) as far as it goes, but the horizon of such a mental world is too limited and contracted for me, the mental food and sustenance too thin. No person is to be blamed for what he cannot comprehend. The subject of immortality must be studied to be realized and understood, notwithstanding our "conscious individuality."

I hav not written as I intended, but will close intending to make my views plainer in a future communication.

J. R. TEWKSBURY.

SPRING FORGE, Jan. 23, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: The gradual retreat of the great Brooklyn preacher, and the surrender of one orthodox fort after the other, to the advancing phalanx of the Liberal army, reminds me of a little story which I read fifteen years ago in our first German reader, and which I will try to quote and translate from memory as good as possible: Little Frank meets his uncle in the woods, and as the latest news tells him that papa had bought a dog as large as an ox. "Yes, uncle," he added, "you ought to come with me and see it, it's the biggest dog you ever saw." "I shouldn't doubt," said the uncle coolly, "if it is really as large as an ox; but I think you are mistaken." "No, sir, I ain't mistaken; don't you think I know what an ox is?" "You ought to know it at least," replied his uncle; "still, I guess you probably meant to say as big as a calf, for such dogs are quite numerous." After some more of Frank's distinct and obstinate nays, his uncle ceased to object, and—entirely against Frank's expectation—agreed to Frank's invitation. After they had left the woods, Frank grew somewhat uneasy. "Well," said he, "you know, uncle, I did not exactly mean as large as an ox, still it is a good-sized dog—about as big as a young cow." "Never mind," replied his uncle, walking now at considerable speed, "we'll soon see what sort of a thing it is." Franky followed reluctantly the long paces of that cruel uncle, who always wants to find out everything himself. "You needn't go so fast," he said, interrupting the silence. "I guess you were right; that dog, you know, is not much bigger than a calf neither, you know, like one of those little calves, and it's of no use to go there." "Never mind, we are over half way now," said his uncle, "and we'll soon see how big he is." But when the roof of the barn came in sight, the little story-teller was almost crying, and when they approached the house he confessed, sobbing, "Why uncle, I was mistaken, you see. I know it is just a common-sized dog like yours. I was only making fun."

The moral application is easy.

Next Tuesday will be undoubtedly a holiday in all Liberal circles of America. I, and probably a good many other Freethinkers, will hav neither time nor chance to attend any one of the Liberal services held to celebrate the birthday of one of our saviors; but may they join with me in the glorious hope that the nearest future will see the time when Christmas, Easter, Pentecost, and all the mediæval festival days of the Christian church will cease to be celebrated, when the Bible will be replaced by the gems of our literature, when the pulpits are transformed into rostrums, and the church bells ring no more unto weak-minded mortals who gather about an ignorant puppet, like the moths about the light; but when a gay, industrious, and inquisitiv assembly shall listen to the apostles of true wisdom; shall enjoy with equal rights the achievements of the fine arts, and worship the ideal of the pure, good, and beautiful in the temple of reason; in this temple we shall no more hear the infamous blasphemies against the most sacred; but the names of the martyrs of truth and right, their life and deeds, will be made known unto us that we may follow their noble example, and no more suffer mankind to disgrace this beautiful earth with civil and religious wars, with flaming pyres, and monstrous towers and cathedrals! Watch and work, for the foe is yet powerful. Never look back, but behold the golden shore on the dark horizon.

Few are the fearless pilots who strive to guide the floating host of mankind's noblest sons safely over the mortiferous Charybdis of priestcraft and monopoly. Alas! methinks I can behold the manes of Washington and Paine hovering over the proud capitol, and the words of the Roman patriot and orator resound within me as an echo from Paine's grave, carried over the land by the winter storm, "*Ego ejeci reget, vos introducitis tyrannos.*" (I hav banished kings, you introduce tyrants.) Tyranny listens not, priestcraft hides behind the ramparts of palaces and churches; but we—we must hearken to the voices of suppressed mankind crying to a void heaven for vengeance.

Please send "Sepher Toldoth Jeshu," and oblige me with stating the price of an English translation of the "Talmud."

Yours truly, F. W. OPP.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., Feb. 2, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I was exceedingly pleased to come across one of your papers, and think it deserves the most energetic and hearty support of the Freethinking people all over the world. It is the best agency for mental intercourse which we Liberals can hav, and I hope your most deserving enterprise will be upheld by every free hand and soul in the country.

Please put me down as a subscriber for THE TRUTH SEEKER, and you will find inclosed a draft for three dollars for one year's subscription. Yours very sincerely,

K. KARTGAARD.

OLYMPIA, WASH., TER., Jan. 7, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: If convenient you can say in THE TRUTH SEEKER there is plenty of good vacant land unsurveyed, and almost unexplored, along the Pacific coast, west of the Olympic range of mountains, between Gray's Harbor and the mouth of the Straits of San Juan De Fuca, that is an inviting settlement. L. SARGENT.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Jan. 30, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $5.75 for two years' subcription to THE TRUTH SEEKER, from Feb. 7, 1884, to Feb. 7, 1886; and 75 cents for "The Truth Seeker Collection." I hav been reading your paper since the publication of "An Open Letter to Jesus Christ," and "An Hour with the Devil," and I shall continue to read it as long as I liv. I hav watched with pleasure the progress your paper has made.

The death of Mr. Bennett was a great loss to our cause, and was felt by me as well as by every Freethinker, but there is consolation in knowing that men like yourself, Messrs. Andrews and Putnam, etc., are filling his place. It givs pleasure to read letters from friends and get their ideas if they agree with mine or not. There is many a man amongst them I would gladly giv my hand in token of brotherhood. But as I cannot do that personally, I shall hav to introduce myself to your readers (especially to those of the same sentiment as mine) through your worthy columns. I was born in Bavaria, Germany, Feb. 20, 1820, and am, therefore, sixty-four years old; was brought up as a Catholic, am a painter and musician by trade. My politics, Democrat up to the beginning of the late war, from thereon a Republican; but I hav lost a good deal of faith in the "glorious party" since men like Anthony Comstock and other temperance and church frauds try to run it. I would like to see a new party with men like Robert Ingersoll, Elizur Wright, and others, at the head of it. I am a Materialist like Thos. Winter, Elmina Slenker, and others, whom I got acquainted with through your worthy paper. I became a Materialist forty years ago. In 1844 I was at work in a Catholic church at Detroit, Mich., for Mr. Dekler, a painter. One day the Rev. Kop came in church to baptize a child. After getting through he came to Mr. Dekler and said, "What scandal did you commit before our bishop's house? If you had stayed five minutes longer you would hav been arrested." Mr. Dekler replied, "Rev. Kop, I told Bishop Lefevere nothing but the truth when I said he was imposing on the people by telling them he could make the body of God out of a piece of bread. I tell you, Rev. Kop, God can make man, but man cannot make God. The baker can make a loaf of bread, but the loaf of bread cannot make the baker." I expected the reverend would contradict, but he laughingly said (it was not meant for me to hear), "You are right, Mr. Dekler, but please keep it to yourself." I then thought over the Rev. Kop's words and what he said turned me from a good Catholic to a Freethinker. I then subscribed for the *Fackle*, a German monthly organ, edited by the great Freethinker, Samuel Ludwig; also for the theological works by Thos. Paine. These men hav done much for humanity and they are the right kind of saviors. Their works, with many others, I hav read. The first time I read your paper I found I was a real Freethinker. Proof of my esteem for THE TRUTH SEEKER, I hav kept every copy since I first subscribed. Counting me as a life subscriber,

I remain very respectfully, ANDREW MULLER.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"His life is long whose work is well,
And be his station low or high,
He who the most good works can tell,
Livs longest though he soonest die."

The Bear and the Monkey.

A bear, with whom a Piedmontese
Joined company to earn their bread,
Essayed on half his legs to please
The public where his master led.

With looks that boldly claimed applause,
He asked the ape, "Sir, what think you?"
The ape was skilled in dancing laws,
And answered, "It will never do."

"You judge the matter wrong, my friend,"
Bruin rejoined; "you are not civil.
Were these legs given for you to mend
The ease and grace with which they swivel?

It chanced a pig was standing by;
"Bravo! astonishing! encore!"
Exclaimed the critic of the sty;
"Such dancing we shall see no more!"

Poor Bruin, when he heard the sentence,
Began an inward calculation;
Then, with a face that spoke repentance,
Expressed aloud his meditation:

"When the sly monkey called me dunce,
I entertained some slight misgiving;
But, pig, thy praise has proved at once
That dancing will not earn my living."

Let every candidate for fame
Rely upon this wholesome rule:
Your work is bad if wise men blame,
But worse if lauded by a fool.

—*Yriarte.*

[Tomas de Yriarte, the author of the above lines, was born on the island of Teneriffe, Sept. 18, 1750. He was a great student and prolific writer. In 1786 he fell under the censures of the Inquisition, on a charge of inculcating Infidel principles, and was obliged to perform a secret penance to obtain absolution and save his life. This, with his laborious and studious habits, affected his health, and he died Sept. 17, 1791.]

Tommy Tuckapod's Mishap.

BY UNCLE WILL.

"Oh dear! I don't see why pa don't buy wood already sawed; its awful hard work with this dull old saw. All the boys are going skating down on Benson's pond, and here I hav to stay at home and saw, and saw, and saw! It's just too bad—that's what it is!"

It was a beautiful Saturday morning in January; the sun shone brightly, the air was keen and crisp, and Tommy knew that the ice on the pond was in splendid condition for skating; and, besides, most of the boys of his acquaintance, taking advantage of the Saturday holiday, had made up a party to go down to Benson's pond, about one mile from the village.

Mr. Tuckapod, Tommy's father, was a hard-working man, who had as much as he could do to maintain his family in moderate comfort; and Tommy, who was about twelve years of age, and the eldest of several children, was required to do the family chores. He attended school all the week, and, consequently, had to work pretty hard on Saturday, so we find him this bright morning hard at work at the wood-pile, but in a very discontented mood.

"Hello, Tom! Ain't yer goin' skatin' wid the boys?"

Tommy looked up and saw Tim Sullivan leaning on the fence, with hands thrust into the pockets of his ragged coat, and a pair of bright skates hanging by their straps from his shoulder.

Tim was the bad boy of the village—the dread of every good mother, and the admiration of most of the boys. He had never been to school, and probably did not know one letter from another; but he possessed certain accomplishments that rendered him the envy of nearly every respectable boy in the village; he could smoke and chew tobacco, and was very proficient as a boxer. This latter accomplishment, especially, made him a leader, as it was fully believed he could whip any boy who was near his size in the village. Tim was sure to hav a hand in every bit of mischief that was perpetrated in the neighborhood. Yet he was so shrewd and cunning that he invariably escaped, leaving some other boy as a scapegoat, to be caught and punished.

"No, Tim, I can't go; I hav got to saw wood," replied Tommy.

"It's awful good skatin' down on the pond. Jim Long's just come from there, an' he says the ice is as clear and smooth as glass," said Tim.

"Yes, I know, but mother says I must get all my work done before I can go, and by that time all the boys will hav left the pond."

"You can saw yer wood when you come back; there'll be lots of time."

"No there won't. Anyhow, I would get a whipping if I went. Let's see your skates. My! but they're beauties! Where did you get 'em, Tim?"

"Bought 'em."

"What did you giv for 'em?"

"Two dollars."

"Whew! Where did you get the money?"

"Earned it last summer on the canal."

The summer preceding, Tim had made a trip from Canalport to Shelton, and return, driving horses on the tow-path. The trip occupied two weeks, and was the only labor he was ever known to perform, and for which he must hav received fabulous wages, as he accounted for everything that came into his possession as being the proceeds of that one freak of industry.

"Well, they are nice ones sure," said Tommy.

"Say, Tom! If you'll come along I'll help you cut your Sunday's wood when we come back."

"O Tim, I daren't. My father would punish me."

"Sho! What'll he care if you get your work done before night? Come along an' I'll lend you my skates."

Here was a temptation, indeed. Tommy owned a pair of skates, but they were old and worn, the straps were broken and mended—for this was before the time of club skates, with heel and toe clamps, and all modern improvements—and the prospect of being allowed to try a new and perfect pair was a powerful inducement. He hesitated.

"We won't be gone over two hours, an' I'll let you hav my skates half the time, then we'll get back and get your wood in before they miss you," said Tim.

Tommy yielded, and stealing up to the house entered the shed, or summer kitchen, dove head-first into an old barrel and fished out his skates, then pausing to see if he was observed, hurried eagerly, but with a guilty feeling at his heart, out of the back gate, where Tim was waiting for him. The boys ran down the alley and were soon at the big oak on the common, where about a dozen other boys were congregated.

Immediately they all set off in a body for the pond, all talking at the same time, whooping, shouting, singing, dancing, turning handsprings, and in a thousand ways peculiar to boys, venting their overflowing spirits.

Tommy tried to join in the fun, but there was a heavy load at his heart, an overwhelming consciousness of wrong doing. He thought of his mother's sorrow, and father's anger when his disobedience should be discovered. The thought came to him to go back at once; perhaps his absence had not been noticed; it was not too late to retrieve his error. Had he but obeyed the impulse, he would hav saved himself much suffering; but he thought of the ridicule that would be heaped upon him by his companions, and he could not endure that; he would rather take a whipping than become the target for his playmates' jokes, and so he allowed himself to be carried along with the crowd.

The pond was soon reached, and immediately every boy fell to work strapping on his skates. The ice was in excellent condition, and the fun and frolic waxed fast and furious. Forward circles, backward circles, figure 8's, all kinds of fancy skating were indulged in, with many a tumble, and much merry laughter.

Tommy found it difficult to hold his own with the other boys because of his badly-worn skates. He was compelled to stop, every few minutes, to tighten them on his feet, which he did by thrusting small sticks between the straps and his shoes, giving the rest of the boys a great deal of sport at his expense, several of them inquiring how he sold cord-wood! But, with all these drawbacks, he would hav been a happy boy if he could hav banished his disobedience from his mind; but the dull pain at his heart clung to him as the Old Man of the Sea did to Sindbad the sailor. He could not shake it off.

An hour passed. Tim said nothing about lending his skates, so Tommy ventured to remind him of of his promis.

"Wait a little while; there's plenty of time," said Tim.

After some time Tommy spoke again:

"O Tim, if you don't let me hav them now, I sha'n't hav time to try them at all."

"Wait till I skate round the pond once more, then you may hav 'em."

But Tim did not seem in a hurry to make the round; he stopped on the opposit side of the pond and began cutting figures and "showing off."

So the time passed until several hours had elapsed, and Tommy, giving up all hope of getting the skates, now tried to get Tim to keep the rest of his promis, and go home and help him with his wood. But still Tim put him off, until, completely discouraged, Tommy commenced to take off his skates to return home alone.

"Catch me, Tom, an' I'll go."

Accepting the challenge, Tommy was soon in hot pursuit; but Tim was a good skater, and several times, when his pursuer thought he had him, he would dart quickly aside and go flying in another direction.

Tim led the chase in the direction of a large air-hole at one end of the pond. Eager in the race, Tommy did not observe it until on the very edge; Tim darted to one side, just escaping the hand outstretched to grasp him.

Tommy attempted to turn, but unfortunately a strap broke, the skate turned over on one side, and the next moment he was plunged beneath the icy water,

Tim threw himself on the ice and screamed with laughter. The other boys came rushing to the scene, with shouts of alarm. Fortunately the water was only about three feet deep, and Tommy soon got on his feet, screaming and catching his breath, with fright and cold. With the aid of some of the boys he got on the ice, and what a plight he was in, soaked to the skin, a mile from home, a freezing wind blowing; he was, indeed, an object of compassion. Yet, now that he was safe from drowning, most of the boys could not refrain from laughing, even as loudly as Tim.

Oh, how miserable he felt! What would he not hav given to be back at the wood-pile, with saw in hand doing his honest work, with dry clothes on, and an approving conscience in his heart. But no, he must walk the long distance home, with every garment frozen stiff, and meet the tearful eye of his dear mother, and the punishment of his stern father. Escorted by several of the boys, he reached home at last; his mother, fearful for his health, at once divested him of his icy clothes and put him to bed, with a warm brick at his feet. At night, when his tired father came home, instead of taking his needed rest, he was compelled to saw the wood and do the neglected chores.

Fortunately, Tommy escaped a fit of sickness; but for a whole month, his father would not permit him to go outside the yard, except to go to school or on an errand. So you see his disobedience was followed with a very severe punishment; but, best of all, he learned a lesson that he never forgot, from that day to this.

Puzzles.

ANSWER TO VERBAL CHARADE IN CHILDREN'S CORNER, FEB. 2D.

SUPERIOR.

Solved by Herman S. Tausig, H. Van Pelt, Ida M. Hooper, Fannie Greene, and others.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER, FEB. 9TH.

1. FLORIDA.
2. SHAKSPEARE.
3. MADISON.

Solved by Ida M. Hooper and others.

CROSS-WORD.

In Charles, not in Harry;
In Otto, not in Carrie;
In Naples, not in Rome;
In house, not in home;
In trumpet, not in horn;
In wheat, not in corn;
In nickel, not in lead;
In cot, not in bed;
In Indian, not in Turk;
In negro, not in work;
In orange, not in pear;
In panther, not in hare;
In lash, not in whip;
In leg, not in hip.
My whole is a city of the orient.

Newburgh, N. Y. R. O. BERT.

In winter, not in summer;
In hail, not in rain;
In New York, not in Boston;
In violet, not in rose;
In church, not in pulpit;
In music, not in song;
In matter, not in mind;
In faith, not in fear;
In false, not in truth;
In memory, not in mind;
In general, not in captain;
In exchange, not in return;
In judge, not in jury;
In revenge, not in justice;
The whole a Freethinker's jewel.

MRS. UPHAM.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

A hero-author now I tell,
Whose name eleven letters spell.
"This earth," he said, "and not some heaven,
Is my 2, 3, 4, and 11."
In 6, 7, 8, 9, 10—a land
Where superstition holds command—
The "saints" with human gore are crowned,
And God hath even cursed the ground.
Yet even there, tho' dead, my whole
Speaks courage to the human soul;
And when the slave begins to think
His chains slip from him link by think.
My whole's creed, easy understood,
"Tis my religion to do good"—
'Twas all his 1, 10, 9, 10, 1,
Nor told of "father, ghost, and son."

Irwin, Iowa. J. K. P. BAKER.

Liberal Meetings.

[Leagues and Liberal and Spiritualistic Societies in the United States and Canada meeting regularly, can hav notices of their meetings published in this column free if the officers will send them to us.]

OHIO.

CLEVELAND.—The Liberal League meets every Sunday afternoon at 3 P.M., in the hall on the corner of Ontario and Bolivar streets. Exercises—lectures and discussion.

MAINE.

PORTLAND.—Dr. H. A. Lamb has hired Congress Hall, Congress street (entrance on Temple street), where free meetings, lectures, and discussions are held every Sunday, 2:30 P.M. Admittance free. Public invited.

OREGON.

PORTLAND.—Mr. C. Beal holds meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, at Academy Hall, Second and Salmon streets, where he gives lectures, readings, recitations, and music. All are invited to attend. Admission 10 cents.

MASSACHUSETTS.

BOSTON.—Boston Liberal Club holds meetings for essays and criticisms every Sunday forenoon at 10:45 in the Paine Memorial Building, Appleton street.——The "Society of the Divine Homo" at same place every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Sunday-school at 2:30. Admission free.

PENNSYLVANIA.

PHILADELPHIA.—The Friendship Liberal League meets every Sunday at Hancock Hall, 814 Girard avenue, at 2:30 o'clock, and 7:30 o'clock, P.M., for lectures and free debates. THE TRUTH SEEKER and Liberal books for sale.

PITTSBURGH.—Pittsburgh Liberal League meets at Maltby Hall, 76 Fifth avenue, every Sunday (except during the Months of July and August) at 3 o'clock. A free platform is maintained. Exercises consist of a lecture, followed by 10 minute criticisms, with 15 minutes allowed the lecturer to reply. Clergymen invited to discuss.

NEW JERSEY.

NEWARK.—Newark Liberal League meets every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the League's Hall, 177 Halsey street. Exercises consist of music, readings, lecture, and discussion, in which all present are invited to participate. Admission free. Collection taken. Communications for the League should be addressed to J. W. Frankel, 10 Pine street, Newark.

CANADA.

MONTREAL.—Pioneer Freethought Club meets every Sunday at 3 P.M., at 1310 Catharine street. Reading-room open daily until 10:30 P.M. Library open for exchange of books three evenings per week, and on Sunday afternoons. Free public lectures on Sundays as advertised in local newspapers. Strangers always welcome. G. S. Wilson President, M. O'B. Ward, M.D., Secretary.

NEW YORK.

ALBANY.—The Liberal association meets every Sunday at Van Vechten Hall, 119 State street. Sunday-school at 2 P.M. General business meeting and debates and discussions at 3 P.M. Lecture at 7:30 P.M. The public are cordially invited to attend, also all Liberals visiting the city. Admission free.

NEW YORK CITY.—The Manhattan Liberal Club meets every Friday evening at 8 o'clock, for a lecture and discussion, at German Masonic Temple, 220 East 15th street. Admission 5 cents. Monthly cards 20 cents. Membership fee $3.——The American Spiritualist Alliance meets every Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock in Republican Hall, 55 West 33d street.——The First Society of Spiritualists holds its meetings every Sunday in Republican Hall, 55 West 33d street. Morning service 11 o'clock; evening, 7:45. Seats free. Public cordially invited.——New York City Ladies' Spiritualist Aid Society, permanently located at 171 East 69th street. Wednesday, at 3 P.M.——Frobisher College Hall, 23 East 14th street, near Broadway. The People's Spiritual Meeting every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 P.M.——229 East 48th street. Inspirational Lectures and Psychometric Readings every Sunday at 11 and 7:30 o'clock.

BROOKLYN.—The Brooklyn Spiritual Society meets at Conservatory Hall, cor. of Fulton street and Bedford avenue, every Sunday. Services at 11 A.M. and 7:45 P.M. Admission free. Public cordially invited. Liberal and Spiritual papers and books for sale.——The Everett Hall Spiritual Conference, 398 Fulton street, meets every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. Meetings free. Spiritual literature for sale.——The Eastern District Spiritual Conference meets every Monday evening at Composite Room, 4th street, corner of south 2d street, at 7:45. Spiritual and Liberal literature on sale. All invited.——The South Brooklyn Spiritual Society meets at Brauns Hall, 5th avenue, corner of 23d street, on the first and third Fridays of each month.——The Brooklyn Spiritual Fraternity. Friday evening conference meetings will be held in the lecture room of the church of New Spiritual Dispensation, Clinton avenue, between Park and Myrtle avenues, at 7:30 P.M.——The Philosophical Association meets every Sunday afternoon in the Assembly Room of Wright's Business College, Broadway, corner of Fourth street, E. D., at 3 P.M. Public cordially invited. Doors open at 2:30 P.M.

Poetry.

Wendell Phillips.

What shall we mourn? For the prostrate tree that sheltered the young green wood?
For the fallen cliff that fronted the sea, and guarded the fields from the flood?
For the eagle that died in the tempest, afar from its eyrie's brood?

Nay, not for these shall we weep; for the silver cord must be worn,
And the golden fillet shrink back at last, and the dust to its earth return;
And tears are never for those who die with their face to the duty done;
But we mourn for the fledglings left on the waste, and the fields where the wild waves run.

From the midst of the flock he defended the brave one has gone to his rest;
And the tears of the poor he befriended their wealth of affliction attest,
From the midst of the people is stricken a symbol they daily saw,
Set over against the law-books, of a higher than human law;
For his life was a ceaseless protest, and his voice was a prophet's cry
To be true to the truth and faithful, though the world were arrayed for the lie.

From the hearing of those who hated, a threatening voice has past;
But the lives of those who believe and die are not blown like a leaf on the blast.
A sower of infinit seed was he, a woodman that hewed to the light,
Who dared to be traitor to Union when Union was traitor to Right!

"Fanatic!" the insects hissed, till he taught them to understand
That the highest crime may be written in the highest law of the land.
"Disturber" and "Dreamer" the Philistines cried, when he preached an ideal creed,
Till they learned that the men who hav changed the world with the world hav disagreed;
That the remnant is right, when the masses are led like sheep to the pen;
For the instinct of equity slumbers till roused by instinctiv men.

It is not enough to win rights from a king and write them down in a book;
New men, new lights; and the fathers' code the sons may never brook.
What is liberty now were license then, their freedom our yoke would be,
And each new decade must hav new men to determin its liberty.
Mankind is a marching army, with a broadening front the while;
Shall it crowd its bulk on the farm-paths, or clear to the outward file?
Its pioneers are dreamers who heed neither tongue nor pen
Of the human spiders whose silk is wove from the lives of toiling men.

Come, brothers, here to the burial! But weep not, rather rejoice,
For his fearless life and his fearless death; for his true, unequaled voice,
Like a silver trumpet, sounding the note of human right;
For his brave heart always ready to enter the weak ones' fight;
For his soul unmoved by the mob's wild shout, or the social sneer's disgrace;
For his freeborn spirit that drew no line between class or creed or race.

Come, workers; here was a teacher, and the lesson he taught was good;
There are no classes or races, but one human brotherhood;
There are no creeds to be outlawed, no colors of skin debarred;
Mankind is one in its rights and wrongs—one right, one hope, one guard.
By his life he taught, by his death we learn, the great reformer's creed;
The right to be free, and the hope to be just, and the guard against selfish greed.
And richest of all are the unseen wreaths on his coffin-lid laid down
By the toil-stained hands of workmen—their sob, their kiss, and their crown.

—*John Boyle O'Reilly in the Boston Pilot.*

Mormon Branch of Christianity.

This branch, a cross between Moses and Christ's biographies, is justly receiving attention, because its members obey this revelation of its divine head on earth: "Thou shalt elevate thyself and woman by taking to thyself more wives than one, for, by so doing, thou shalt raise up seed to thy God, and insure to thy wives and thy children the joys of heaven."

Many will say, Is not Mormonism a branch of Christianity? In answer, its creed teaches that Jesus Christ is the son of their God, the eternal father, and a belief in a Holy Ghost. Their entities, as believed in, are the equals of those believed in and taught by Paul and the apostles, the popes of Rome, or seceders from his errors. It holds as ordinances, faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, repentance, and baptism by immersion, imputing the Holy Ghost to their called of God, by the laying on of hands. Being a branch of the Church of Christ, they are as much entitled to protection in worshiping God in their own way as are the Roman Catholics, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, or Agnostics.

Its Christ's atonement saves those who obey God's laws—no death-bed savior, no predestined angel. Its Christ is possessed of more reason than theirs, and will evidently out-last theirs, not having so much to do.

Its book of Mormon is a more recent issue of God's word, and its authenticity is better evidenced than is that of Douay or King James's version. It is not a greater corrupter of purity than other bibles.

The Mormons, with teachings of the Old and New Testaments *refined*, as their authority, are undoubtedly a branch of Christ's church on earth, as much so as are the popes of Rome, or the English, Greek, Moravian, or Methodist churches.

Why, then, are the Mormons more dangerous to our body politic, or morals and integrity, than are other Christian sects? All answer because their teaching and practice of polygamy demoralize man, and degrade woman to a gratifier of lusts and a beast of burden.

Acknowledging this charge to be true, and regretted, we claim that moral teachings and acts in this are improvements on the teachings and practices of God's peculiar people as recorded by Moses: Deut. xxiii, 18; Num. xxxi, 35-41; 1 Kings xiv, 23, 24; xv, 12; xxii, 46; 2 Kings, xxviii, 27; Hosea, iv, 10-19; v, 4, and others. What use were Kadish, Sodomites, Kadesha, put to? Were not their earnings a part of the revenue of the temple? We read that Tamar, in order to seduce Judah, arrayed herself in the garb of a "consecrated one," and accomplished her divine purpose. Such "sacred ones," then and since, were let to men outside, as also inside, the temples, and their hire went into its treasury. Such things as "sacred ones," or such acts, are not permitted in the Mormon temple, and the Endowment House is only used for the marriage of woman to man, after anointing. Nor, so far as known, hav the Mormons ever been guilty of sawing and hacking their enemies to pieces in cold blood, and sending their virgin daughters into prostitution for the benefit of their church's treasury. But, are the Mormons any worse for establishing an Endowment House than hav been, or are, other branches of the Christian church in establishing nunneries, monasteries, abbeys, societies of sacred hearts, sisterhoods, big and little, arraying girls and women in saintly garbs, who go wandering through our streets begging support for colonies of the grossest of men, claiming to be God's keepers? What can be more debasing and degrading to the purity and independence of woman than infant damnation, predestination, or confession of sins to a man? Does she not become a slave to fear of that man? Is she not thereafter a debased slave to him? Would she dare resist his carnal desires? Would she not fear him as one of God's vicegerents? How much superior the Mormon Endowment House practice is to the practices of the lecherous Moravians in the name of the Lord, or even the practice of our Germans the past and present centuries in Pennsylvania, New York, and other states, in bundling! God's word to orthodox Christians is the authority with the Mormons for plural marriages. Its plane of morality has actually been improved by the Mormons. They hav not, as yet, furnished the world with men as lecherous or bloodthirsty as Solomon and David are recorded by inspired historians to hav been.

We learn from the Bible that debasement of woman to use of God is of older origin than the book of Mormon. Orthodox Bibles made Eve the scapegoat for man, but unwittingly proves what the world once acknowledged, and will again acknowledge, that discernment of the truth of God and love was then, and has continued to be, in the possession of woman rather than man. She did not believe that to "become as gods" would debase her nor put "snakes in her boots." Woman is used by religious sects to enslave the people to their support. We are questioned by Capel, by Canon Knowles—who proclaimed woman's place was "at home rearing children for the church"—and leaders of other Christian bodies with "What are you going to do about it?" And the people ask, "How can we escape them?" No unification of Christian churches against this leprosy, because they are all trying to inoculate their people with the same poison.

The framers of our Constitution, although surrounded by gods created by the passions of men, were inspired to know that God was unknown, could not be described, that they knew no more about him than the most ignorant, and instead of putting a God in it they made it protect man in his right to worship God—an idol or a stone—in his own way. At this time, and up to Kosman, 1861, the priests of God, those most in favor, were those who deified slavery of the negro, and preached and taught that "slavery is divine," because it was the only "way whereby the blacks could get to heaven;" that slave breeding was divine because the souls of the bodies born for sale and whip would hav a chance, if obedient to the masters on earth, of looking into heaven.

To house and support the gods of this people requires immense wealth. The gods, individually, are very inexpensiv, neither eating nor drinking, marrying nor giving in marriage, but their supporters are. They must be clothed in fine raiment, faring sumptuously every day; and, although tithing is unconstitutional, still the whole people, either believers in a God or not, are tithed by paying taxes to an immense amount. Not having any state God, the followers, ministers, or keepers of the gods should be compelled to pay a tax on every dollar's worth of property used, owned, or rented in their god's service. The tax collected should be greater in rate than that of individuals or of manufacturers; being properties of their divinities, this payment would only require a will. Let supporters worship their gods in their own way, paying for the privilege of non-interference with others.

Followers of gods, violating earth's natural or civil laws through plural wives, Kadesha or "sacred ones," should be rooted out by enactments, which, not interfering with rites and ceremonies in worship, would, by exposure of all beastliness, destroy its practicers. "Plural wives," and their offspring *that are*, should be protected in the present and future at the expense of their husbands, but no more should be permitted. It being a civil act, the welfare of the people depending on their offspring, nothing, no custom, no act is lawful to do or encourage a liability to deteriorate the future citizen. Our laws can know no difference in gods; a wooden god can be seen and felt, but Jehovah, our creator, cannot be seen or heard by mortals. We feel God in our soul, but we know him not.—*Miller and Manufacturer.*

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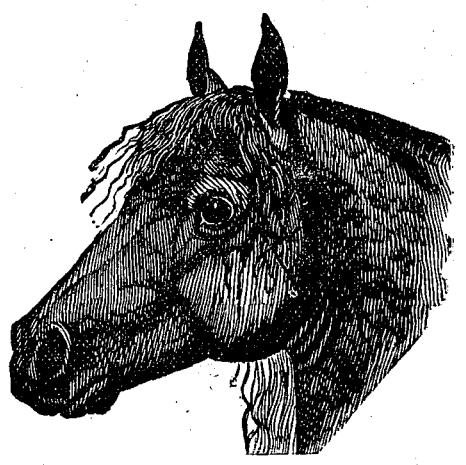
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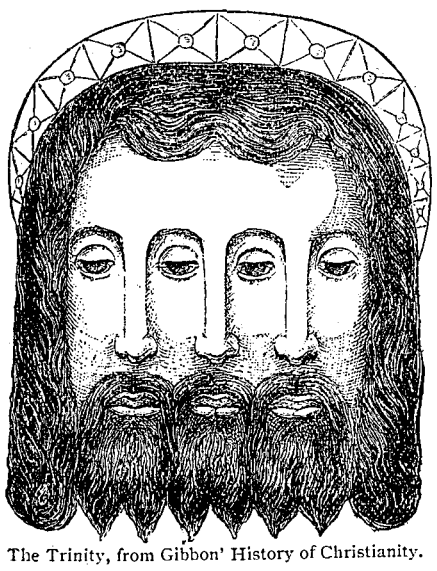
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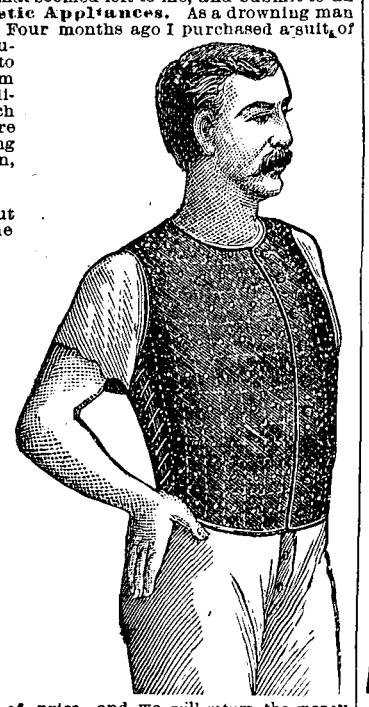
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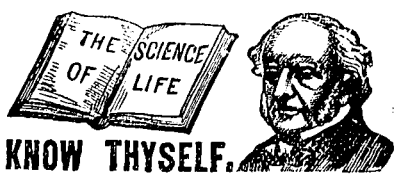
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Gems of Thought.

IT may be no sin for a man to lack good sense; it may be no crime for him to be simple and overcredulous; it may not necessarily make him a bad man to believe every wild and unfounded tale he may hear, but certainly there is no virtue in becoming a fool, nor in swallowing every falsehood that may be uttered,—*D. M. Bennett.*

LIFE could not go down, if it were not admitted that impulses must be controled and that reason ought to govern our actions.—*Mill's Autobiography.*

THE weakness of the body and that of the mind in infancy are exactly proportioned, their vigor in manhood, their sympathetic disorder in sickness; their common gradual decay in old age. The step further seems unavoidable—their common dissolution in death. The last symptoms which the mind discovers are disorders, weakness, insensibility, and stupidity [stupor?]—the forerunners of its annihilation. The further progress of the same causes increasing the same effects totally extinguish it. Judging by the usual analogy of nature, no form can continue when transferred to a condition of life very different from the original one in which it was placed. Trees perish in the water, fishes in the air, animals in the earth. Even so small a difference as that of climate is often fatal. What reason, then, is there to imagin that an immense alteration, such as is made on the soul by the dissolution of its body and all its organs of thought and sensation, can be effected without the dissolution of the whole? Everything is in common between soul and body. The organs of the one are all of them the organs of the other. The existence, therefore, of the one must be dependent on that of the other.—*Hume's Essays.*

THE idea once conceived and verified, that great and noble ends are to be achieved, by which the condition of the whole human species shall be permanently bettered, by bringing into exercise a sufficient quantity of sober thoughts, and by a proper adaptation of means, is of itself sufficient to set us earnestly on reflecting what ends are truly great and noble, either in themselvs or as conducly to others of a still loftier character; because we are not now, as heretofore, hopeless of attaining them. It is not now equally harmless and insignificant whether we are right or wrong; since we are no longer supinely and helplessly carried down the stream of events, and feel ourselvs capable of buffeting at least with its waves, and perhaps of riding triumphantly over them, for why should we despair that the reason which has enabled us to subdue all nature to our purposes, should (if permitted and supported by the providence of God) achieve a far more difficult conquest, and ultimately find some means of enabling the collectiv wisdom of mankind to bear down these obstacles which individual shortsightedness, selfishness, and passion oppose to all improvements, and by which the highest hopes are continually blighted and the fairest hopes marred. —*Sir John Herschel.*

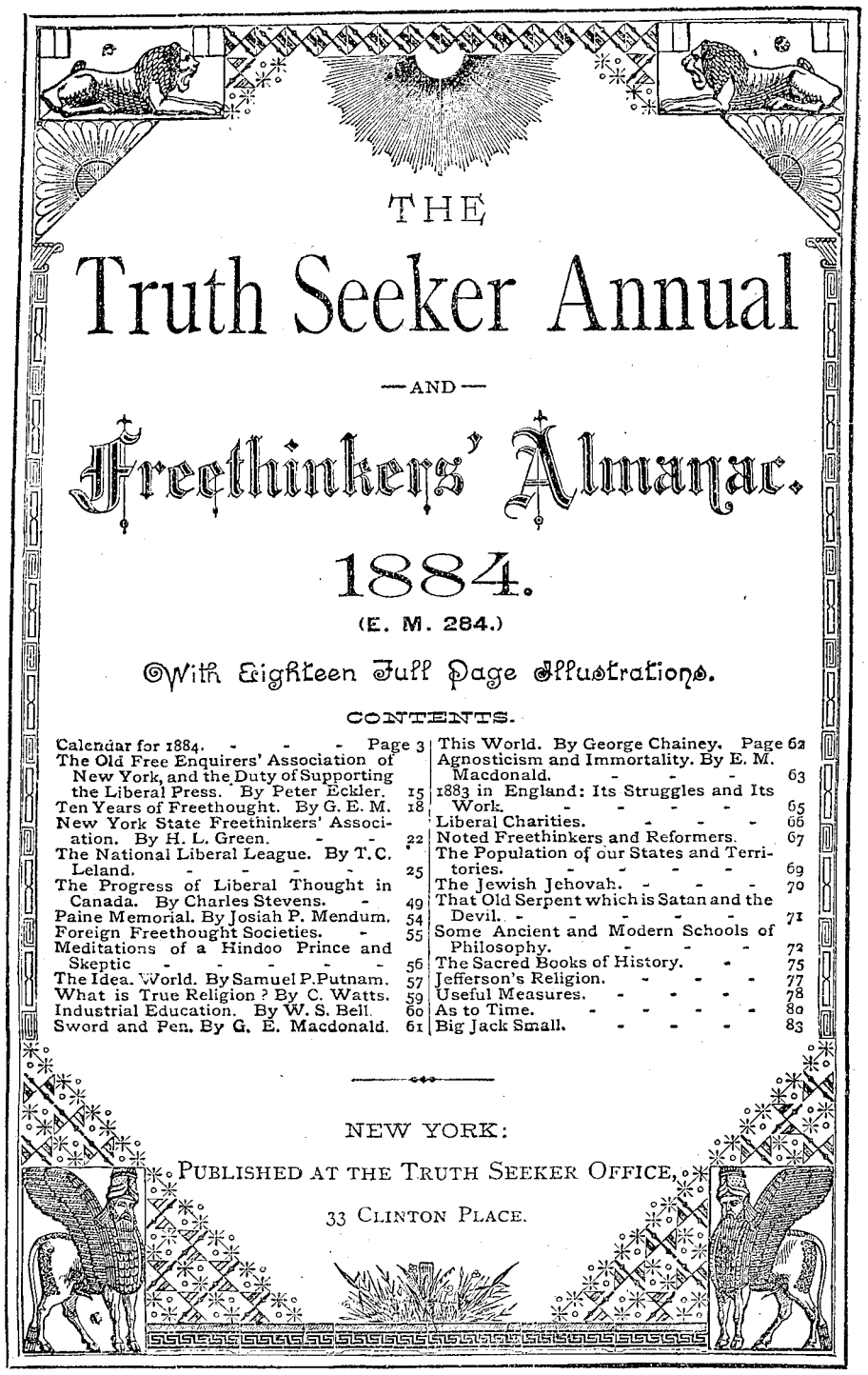
PLATFORM MOTTO.—In things proven, unity; in whatsoever can be doubted, free diversity; in all things, not trenching upon others' rights, liberty; in all things, charity.—*S. P. Andrews.* Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and hav not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. . . . Charity suffereth long and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth. . . . And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.—1 *Cor. xiii,* 1-13.

"Go to the Bible!" said a sharp voice, etc. "You speak well, madam, yet there is room for a gloss or commentary on what you say." "He who would bring back the wealth of the Indies must carry out the wealth of the Indies!" What you bring away from the Bible depends to some extent on what you carry to it.—*O. W. Holmes.*

ERIGENA, a famous philosopher of the middle ages, flourished during the ninth century. He held that God is the essential ground of all things, from whom all things emanate, and into whom they return again. Pantheism, therefore, lurks in his system. His leading work is *De Divisione Naturæ,* and one of its leading thoughts is the identity of philosophy and religion, when both are properly apprehended. Erigena uttered his opinions with great boldness, and he exhibited no less subtlety and strength of intellect in their defense. He expressed his contempt for theological dogmatism, and vindicated the authority of reason over all other authority. His words are: "Authority is derived from reason, and not reason from authority; and when the former is not confirmed by the latter, it possesses no value."—*Chambers's Encyclopedia.*

> As for priesthood, I shall say but little;
> Corbies [crows] and clargy are a shot right kittle.
> —*Burns.*

FICHTE left Jena for Berlin. Immediately on his arrival, there was a hesitation among the state officials as to whether they should allow him to remain, both his political and religious opinions being of a questionable character. The matter was laid before the king, who replied: "So long as Fichte is a peaceable citizen, let him remain. If he has fallen out with the good God, then the good God must settle that. That is his affair, not mine."—*Mrs. S. K. herman.*



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THE SUNDAY LAWS,

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Odds and Ends.

BARNUM'S great white elephant hymn for next season will be, "Just as Slam, without one flea."

A BOSTONIAN has just been arrested for marrying a dozen wives. He made a very creditable attempt to become the "hub" of the universe.

WHEN Clara was asked what she would do if a nice young gentleman would ask her hand in marriage, she naively replied, "I don't think I'd no."

"I ALLUS gets outen de way o' de man what is too smoove," says Uncle Mose. "De snake is a heap slicker dan de toad, an' he's nine times as pizen."

"WELL, my child," said a father to his little daughter, after she had been to church, "what do you remember of all the preacher said?" "Nothing," was the timid reply. "Nothing!" he exclaimed in a severe tone, "Now, remember, the next time you must tell me something of what he says, or you will hav to be punished." Next Sunday, the child came home with her eyes all bright with excitement. "I remember something to-day, papa," she cried eagerly. "I am very glad of it," said the father. "What did he say?" "He said: 'A collection will now be made?'"

"WHAT church do you belong to now, Abe?" was asked of a colored gentleman. "Mefrodist, sah." "Why, no longer ago than last Sunday you were a Baptist?" "Yes, sah." "What made you change?" "'Case da got too high up fur me, boss. W'y sah, de preacher made a s'atement, an' I got up and called him a liar, an' da tuck me to law 'bout it. Da said dat I oughter said dat he didn't tell de truf, but ter save me I kain' tell de difference twixt suthin' what ain't true an' er lie, so I thought ef da was gwine ter be so particular, I'd go ober ter de udder church whar a man ken slosh er 'roun' nachul."

"HOW'S your wife to-day?" the preacher asked of a parishioner, whose wife was reported dangerously ill the day before. "I don't know, sir; she's dead." "Ah, indeed? That's very, very sad." "Yes, sir, I know it, but there is a balm in Gilead, a recompense for all our sorrows." "Very true, very true, my friend, and I am glad you look at it in that light." "It's the best way, sir. I tell you I find lots of relief in the thought that she died during the cold spell, and there won't be no expense for ice to keep the body. Just think how it would hav been if it had happened in July with ice at three cents a pound and meltin' fast."

REVEREND WANGDOODLE BAXTER has considerable trouble in collecting his salary from the delinquent members of his flock. Uncle Mose, in particular, shows a great deal of delicacy in paying his pew rent. Not long since, Wangdoodle met Uncle Mose on Austin avenue and tackled him on the subject. "Uncle Mose, you hasn't paid up for de last two mumfs. Doesn' yer know dat dose who serbs at de altar mus lib by de altar." "Dat's so, my belubbed pasture, but dar am annuder text in de Bible what am in confliv wid dat ar." "Whar did you find 'em?" "I sarched de scripture and foun' 'em. I'se one ob de sheep of your flock, ain't I?" "You is, Uncle Mose, but I feels you am one ob de black sheep." "You ain't no strawberry blonde yerse'f, but ain't de commandment gibben to de shepherds and pastures of de flock, 'Feed my sheep?' and here yer comes to me—one ob de sheep—and wants ter be fed, you ole blackened sepulcum. Ef you means ter bide by de Bible, why doesn't yer lead dis heah sheep inter an ister saloon and set up a dozen on de half-shell? De good book say 'Feed de sheep;' but you don't do nuffin but shear 'em. Whar did you read, 'Sheer my sheep?' Go home, ole man, and sarch de scriptures, 'stead ob nosin' about me fer a stray quarter what I's arned by de sweat ob my brow, holdin' mules, and whitewashin' fences." We learn that a grand ecumenical council will hold daily sessions in the Blue Light Austin Tabernacle to pass on Uncle Mose's case.

BERYL'S ARK—A TALE OF THE FLOOD.

Cincinnati is inundated. Two young men, Gaston and Victor—stout young fellows of the type one sees so often among the peasantry of Britanny, but with features that show refinement and education—are standing at one of the upper windows of a building that has not yet succumbed to the flood. But its time of destruction is close at hand. Already the walls are crumbling, and in a few moments the noble edifice, but yesterday so proud and stately, will hav gone down in the general ruin. The young men know this. Their cheeks are blanched. They know that soon there will begin for them a struggle with death which can end only in defeat. The lips of Victor move, but the words they are uttering are rendered inaudible by the roar of the waters. His companion shouts to him:

"What are you doing?"

"Praying for my parents. My death will kill them. They liv in Coshocton.

"I also hav parents," says Gaston. "They liv in Akron. Include them in your prayers."

Victor nods his head.

Suddenly Gaston utters a cry. "Look!" says he.

Victor raises his head. Coming toward them is a beautiful girl. She is drowning. Gaston shrieks again. "It is Beryl!" he cries. "Beryl Hopkins, my betrothed!"

As he shouts the name to Victor the winds bear his voice to the girl, and she recognizes her lover. With the sight all her strength seemed to return. "Thank God!" she exclaims in clarion tones. "I can save you, although I myself must die," and by a mighty effort she plunges one hand beneath the waters. In a moment it reappears, grasping something which, as she sinks beneath the waters, the noble girl hurls through the window at which Gaston and Victor are standing.

. . . . . .

Five minutes later the building had sunk beneath the seething torrent, but Gaston and Victor are safe—floating securely down the stream in a craft which no storm, however severe, can wreck. Gaston sits in its stern guiding its course, while Victor sleeps peacefully under the bulwarks

She had thrown them her overshoe.

THE TRUTH SEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., as Second-class Matter.

Vol. 11. No. 10. | PUBLISHED WEEKLY. | New York, Saturday, March 8, 1884. | 33 CLINTON PLACE. | $3.00 per year.

Notes and Clippings.

MENNONITES in Nebraska occupy three whole counties, are good farmers and hard workers, and so economical that their prosperity is remarkable.

AN Anti-Starvation Club is a novelty of Cedar Rapids. The object is to provide for members the best boarding accommodations at the lowest terms.

RESOLUTION by the miners of Alene, Dakota: "Not a Chinamen shall ever enter the diggings unless he climbs a tree, with one end of a lariat over a limb."

LINCOLN'S tomb at Springfield, Ill., is going to ruin. Two of the supporting arches hav collapsed, and one corner of the monument has settled several inches.

ANDREW JACKSON spelled money with a big M, and dollar with a big D, but wrote "almighty god" without capitals. He was a politician, and knew where the honor belonged.

NEW ORLEANS has taken up the subject of cremation. A society has several hundred members, embracing most of the physicians and many lawyers, merchants, and other business men.

JOSEPH COOK has invented "meiagnostic," meaning "a little knowledge." A little knowledge (which, we presume, means learning in this case) is a dangerous thing, and the word meiagnostic looks so.

GRANT'S parson, Newman, says $800,000,000 are spent annually on strong drink, while only $12,000,000 are spent for the support of preachers. This must be looked into. Twelve million dollars is a great deal of money to throw away.

A RECENT London dispatch says that three hundred Christians hav been murdered in Tonquin. We knew long ago that the race hereabout was getting extremely scarce. So it seems they all went to Tonquin. And now they are all murdered. This is sad, very sad.

PIOUS joke: Mention it is painful to make of a bashful young clergyman in Nebraska who lately rose, peony-color, to begin his sermon, and started off beautifully with his text as "And immediately the cock wept, . . . and Peter went out and crew bitterly."—*Funny column in the Independent.*"

ONE morning recently Mrs. Mary Miller, a widow, of St. Elmo, Ill., crazed by religious excitement, walked into the Rev. Dr. Pierce's pulpit, and insisted on marrying him. That night she was barely prevented from dashing out her child's brains with an axe. She said she was going to offer the child as a sacrifice.

THE *Baptist Weekly* says: "The *Christian Advocate*, announcing special services at one of the Methodist churches last Sunday, says: 'It may interest some to know that the pastor has in his possession the cradle in which Bishop Janes and his twin brothers were rocked. It may be seen at the church next Sunday.' If, with such an attraction, there was not a full attendance, it is hard to tell what can be done next."

KATE FIELD says that when she goes to Massachusetts, "the land of the Pilgrim fathers, the home of Garrison, Wendell Philips, Whittier, Lucy Stone, and Julia Ward Howe," she finds that the women, the most enlightened in this country, are praying in vain to hav a voice in the making of the laws. When she goes to Utah, "where education is at its lowest, and culture is almost unknown," she finds woman enjoying suffrage.

AFTER the death of Peter Otterbach, a wealthy resident of Mahanoy City, Pa., last summer, it was ascertained that on the day preceding his demise he had made a will, in which, among other things, he provided that $2,000 should be paid to St. Fidelius Catholic church for masses for himself and his deceased wife. Lorenz Mertens, the residuary legatee under the will, objected to this, and began a suit which has just resulted in his favor, the court declaring that such a bequest for a religious purpose, and conditional, was against the law, and ordered that the sum be paid to Mertens. The case has aroused much feeling in the church.

DEACON DEWGOOD'S son returned home very late the other night from a pressing engagement with his pretty sweetheart. "Where hav you been?" growled the old man, as the youth came sneaking up stairs in his stocking feet. "Dear father," he replied, "I cannot tell a lie; I've been to a protracted meeting." And the good old man upraided himself for having treated his son so harshly.

PROFESSOR ADLER'S tenement house religion starts well. It proposes a somewhat new theory of regeneration, beginning with the idea that people do not want merely to be told to be good, but to be helped to liv in conditions where the practice of Christian virtues will be easier than they find it as they now liv. An endeavor to improve the sanitary and other conditions of tenement house life is an important step toward that end.—*Herald.*

THE Rev. Perry Mannis, who last fall was pastor of the United Brethren church, at Terre Haute, Ind., has just been convicted of murder and sentenced to prison for life. In September he induced an old widow of Anderson, Ind., to leave home for Kansas City with over $1,000. A month later her body was found in a ravine near Terre Haute. Mannis returned after a short absence, having plenty of money, and was arrested for the murder. He told his attorney he was willing to take a life sentence and the judge instructed the jury to bring in a verdict accordingly.

A WITNESS was objected to in the trial of a suit about a party wall in Baltimore, Md., a few days ago on account of his religious belief. The presiding justice said that the constitution of the state provides that a witness shall believe in God, but does not undertake to define what is meant by that word. If a man believes in moral responsibility and a system of rewards and punishments in this world or one to come, he is a competent witness. The witness answered that he did so believe, and the judge said: "Then you are as competent a witness as any man in Maryland."

VISITORS at the Crystal Palace, London, are now amused and instructed with a giant electric microscope and a powerful electric light installation, which show a large number of familiar articles, such as snuff, lace, cheese, vinegar, water, and beer. A drop of water presents the most extraordinary monsters imagination can conceive. Serpents, crocodiles, worse dragons than St. George had to deal with, whirl about through their liquid element, striking terror to the hearts of all beholders. Salt and sugar are exhibited as densely populated, and even the most carefully filtered water is filled with black specks, which float rapidly about, giving an occasional eddying whirl which suggests vitality.

THE Boston *Advertiser's* Salt Lake correspondent giv an interesting account of the revolt of the San Luis Park Mormons in Colorado against the political tyranny of the church, and lets daylight through some of the dark ways of the Latter-Day Saints. The San Luis Park Mormons are mostly Americans from the Southern states, and in common with all Americans they hav a jealous regard for their political independence. The attempts of the church authorities to compel them to vote for certain candidates opened their eyes to the fact that the church was engaged in making political bargains, and regarded its disciples as mere tools. Forty men first refused to be dictated to, and were promptly excommunicated. This aroused the rest of the voters to defiance, and about 300 of them denied the authority of the church, and renounced the system altogther. No doubt the foreign converts to Mormonism would hav yielded under such circumstances. Commenting upon this phase of the Mormon question, developed in the politics of Colorado, the *Advertiser* says: "The pride of these San Luis people was touched. The ordinary developments of Mormonism would scarcely hav driven them away from the shelter and the tyranny of the church. This fact givs emphasis to the proposition that if in some practicable way Mormon immigration could be stopped, the system would be weakened not only by reason of a cutting-off of the European contigent, but by disloyalty within. On American material, the Mormon leaders could not work with such facility, as on the reinforcements from over the sea. The Mormon hold is a powerful one, but it can be broken, as this case shows, when Americans are involved. The story of Mormon trades with political parties, and the attempt to hold the balance of power, is instructiv. The question why the movement against polygamy has been thwarted and delayed, is answered in part by the consideration that trafficking politicians hav cared more for personal and party advantage than for the extirpation of a great evil."

ALL who witnessed the play of "Facts," as given by the Florences here last week, will remember the game of poker where Florence for a time plays the part of a vulgar cheater, taking advantage of the ignorance of his associates. This cheating jars upon the sense of the audience, as the character portrayed by Florence is altogether too good for that, and there is a general feeling of relief when Florence hands the money back. It is not generally known that in the original play the money was not given back. The change to the way it is now played was made at the suggestion of Col. Ingersoll. Florence read the play to the colonel at Long Beach last summer. The colonel said at once, "Florence, you must giv back the money at the end of the game and treat it as a joke, or you will not be able to play the part in the last act. No vulgar card cheat can rise to the high ground of the final work of the play." Florence saw this instantly, and so was indebted to the colonel for one of the best points in the play.—*Washington Post.*

MR. E. G. GILMORE was telling the other night of some of the difficulties he experienced while acting as manager of the Madison Square Garden. The greatest trouble he encountered was in finding attractions suitable to the immensity of the establishment. After various ineffectiv efforts in odd directions, Mr. Gilmore was struck with the advisability of putting in a large panorama of the Holy Land. This institution received the hearty commendation of the Young Men's Christian Association and various church organizations, and Mr. Gilmore was encouraged. He wrote his relativs to the effect that he was on the point of departing from the sinful ways of regular theatrical life with a view of launching out upon a kind of pursuit at once extremely moral and very lucrativ. The proposition met with their vigorous approval, and, full of enthusiasm, Mr. Gilmore prepared to open. He had something like a barrel of written assurances of hearty co-operation. The expenses were about $2,500. Everybody admired the panorama, but for the most part their admiration was conducted from afar off. Up to Thursday the receipts had not reached the total of $700. Mr. Gilmore viewed the situation with profound gloom. In this melancholy frame of mind he was proceeding down Broadway in the morning of the day mentioned, when his eye fell upon the erect form of a well-known pugilist. Mr. Gilmore's face brightened. He overtook the fighter and engaged him in conversation. He learned that the artistic fisticuffer had not gone through the process known as "taking a benefit" in about a year. Mr. Gilmore asked him if he could manage an entertainment to take place on Saturday night, two days distant. The fighter thought he could. Terms were arranged then and there, and Mr. Gilmore went at once to the printers, getting out a famous announcement that all the "sluggers" in the country would be present to take part in the performance. "It was rather an abrupt change when we went from the Holy Land to a prize-fight," said Mr. Gilmore describing the event, "but we had enough money to giv us a profit on the whole week, and all the people who had indorsed the panorama and staid away from it were in the front seat to see the mauling."

News of the Week.

A BUST of the poet Longfellow was unveiled in Westminster Abbey last Saturday.

MATTHEW ARNOLD delivered his farewell lecture in this country in Chickering Hall last Sunday evening.

A BOX containing clock-work exploded in the post-office at Berlin, on the 2d inst., severely wounding an official.

A BILL is to be presented to the House this week providing for the exemption from tariff of lumber, salt, and coal.

EXPERIMENTS are being made with a telephone by which it is expected to talk across the Atlantic when the Bennett-Mackey cable is laid.

A DECLARATION on the part of the Irish National League in opposition to Henry George's land scheme was made at a meeting at Cork on Sunday.

El Progreso (newspaper) of Madrid has been confiscated, and its management will be prosecuted for publishing articles containing insults to King Alfonso.

THE lack of brotherly love is so great in Dr. Newman's church in this city, that last Sunday a sister refused to receive the sacrament at the hands of a deacon.

FIFTEEN hundred dollars was recently extracted by parties unknown from a package of money sent by express from Cleveland, Ohio, to Washington, D. C.

A CRUCIFIX ten feet high, alleged to be made of oliv-wood from the Garden of Gethsemane, has been placed on the cardinal's throne in the Cathedral in this city.

THE forces of El Mahdi, the False Prophet of the Soudan, met with defeat in a battle with the British troops last Saturday, one thousand being killed and wounded.

UTICA, N. Y., was visited by an $800,000 fire on Sunday last. The Utica *Herald* was burnt out; also the National Bank, which had $1,000,000 in its safe, supposed to be uninjured.

ORDINARY reading-books hav been supplemented in the schools of Newton, New Jersey, with the New York journals. The different newspapers are used in rotation, each one week.

MR. GIBBS, of this city, who is conducting temperance meetings at Cooper Institute, reports that the liquor-dealers are on their last legs. The staying powers of last legs now remain to be tested.

A ROCHESTER, N. Y., electrician has a scheme under way for utilizing the water-power of Niagara Falls to light sixty-five cities with electric lights. A capital of $22,000,000 is expected to be raised for the undertaking.

THE Presbyterians of Philadelphia are at loggerheads over the proceeds of a charity ball for the benefit of a Presbyterian hospital. The trustees of the hospital had a wrangle over it, and used very strong language. A majority voted to receive the money.

ANTHONY COMSTOCK arrested a large number of candy dealers last Saturday, charged with selling prize candy in violation of the lottery laws. On the same day a high Catholic dignitary of this city drew a sewing-machine in a lottery at a church fair on 23d street.

MR. BRADLAUGH has sent a letter to Sir Stafford Northcote, charging him with having violated the law in having had Mr. Bradlaugh excluded from the House of Commons. "That act," Mr. Bradlaugh says, "was mean and spiteful, and unworthy of an English gentleman."

AT the annual meeting of the Newark, N. J., Conference a charge of immoral conduct will be made against the Rev. George R. Bristor, D.D. The accusation is immorality with several boys. The Rev. Mr. Bristor is still preaching the gospel with great ardor. His name is apparently destined to decorate the pages of Col. Billings's celebrated Year Book.

A Freethought Romance.

Waifs and Wanderings.

BY SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

CHAPTER XVI.

HARRY.

The sergeant greeted Cupples in the morning light and told his adventures.

"I don't see how we can manage it," said he. "The woman is locked up with the baby, and he watches her like a lynx. He has a large mastiff to keep off intruders by night. And there's that enormous negro, silent as death, and as cruel, too, I believe. If he gets hold of you, Cupples, I think he'll swallow you at a gulp, and no one would know where you'd gone to. He's an awful nigger. If he could only speak I could stand him. But he is too much like the grave. He makes me shudder; and how to get round him, or over him, I don't know. I'm afraid I should get into him, and then there's an end of us."

"Can't you pisen him?" said Cupples. "Throw him a chunk of beefsteak."

"I'd like to. But he's as cunning as Beelzebub, and won't bite. It's a nest of devils there, from the master down. How to get those poor things out of their clutches I don't know. But I won't give up yet."

"Nor I. I know something can be done," responded Cupples, as he drank the rest of his coffee, and drew in a long breath of fresh air, looking upon the sparkling landscape. "There must be a way to help them, or there is not a God in heaven."

Presumptuous Cupples! He had not read theology enough to know that "whatever is is right." He gave way to the impulse of his heart, a thing of which theologians are never guilty—and hence their amazing wisdom."

"I'm stuck," said the sergeant. "It's a perfect iron wall about me. Only a miracle can tumble it down, and I'm afraid the day of miracles is over. They could blow their horns at Jericho, but here we must keep still as mice, and haven't even the advantage of noise, which, I tell you, Cupples, is a mighty help. I've seen many a thing go through by mere noise. It's the devil's best holt; and it's a pity we cant't use it. We must talk under our breath—and who can succeed in this world that has to do that? Well, if we haven't the thunder, I hope we've got got some lightning, and if it only hits in the right place we'll win. But it's got to hit strong."

Just then they heard a resounding cry, "Cupples, Cupples, Cupples."

The man actually turned pale. Who knew him in this far country? Was it a voice from the sky? The astonished sergeant rushed in the direction of the sound. He found a youth not far off, eager and anxious, with a frightened look.

"Is this Cupples?" he gasped out.

"No, but he's right here. Want to see him?"

"Yes, hurry."

They dashed into the hut.

"Here's Cupples."

"I'm Harry Bolton," broke in the boy. "I've just come home, for I heard that Amy and her baby —my baby—had been caught and brought back. I was in the room with her last night. She gave me this piece of paper," holding up Cupples's note. "I've come to find you. We must do something right away, this very night. My father don't know that I've come, and he mustn't know it."

The sergeant and Cupples looked at each other in astonishment.

"Of course we'll help," said they; "that's what we've come for."

"We'll join forces at once," cried the sergeant, "and move on the enemy. You know all about the premises. Guide us, and we'll follow to the death."

"Thank God!" said the boy. "It can be done. But we must be careful. The least mistake will destroy us. There are spies all around us, and even when we get away we must look out for the hounds."

The youth trembled violently.

"Can't you persuade your father?" asked Jones.

"Oh, no," said Harry; "he's hard as a rock. He's the terror of my life. I'm his slave. Yet he was always kind to me until this happened. It seems so strange that he should object, when it would make me so happy. I tried to move him. He cursed me. I helped her to escape. He found it out. I thought he would crush the life out of me. My God! I'm afraid of him—he has such power—and my father too! I was tempted last night to kill myself with Amy and the baby, but I found your note and determined to make an effort."

Harry was the picture of his father, a young Apollo; but he was gifted with the spirit of his mother, who died in his childhood, but whose memory was a perpetual grace. To his youthful mind the world was bathed in the wondrous light of Shelley's poetry. He was an ardent worshiper of the ideal good, and believed that it would shortly prevail on earth, and that men would love one another and humanity.

"Would be good and great and joyous, beautiful and free."

The harsh discipline of life had not forced him to other—and, alas, more common-sense—conclusions. The golden veil was not yet withdrawn. The painted morning was still in the air. He was not in the midst of the fierce battle for the privilege of existing.

He loved Amy with his whole heart, and it never occurred to him to treat her otherwise than as his equal.

"Can man be free if woman be a slave?"

He had not learned that worldly wisdom which often says it is perfectly right to do everything but the *right* thing; right to have the pleasure, but not right to crown it with heaven's most sacred beauty.

Now, at least, he was ready with a boy's enthusiasm to strike a blow against this hideous wrong, no matter what might be the recoil. Happy for all of us that we can have the luxury of a few divine impulses before we are old and stupid, wise and miserable, and also "eminently respectable."

"Let's talk it over at once," said Harry. "I'll save them or die."

A sharp, shrill whistle was just then heard.

"Good," cried Harry. "That's Columbus. I'll go and find him, and then we'll plan. He's our leader in this thing."

CHAPTER XVII.

COLUMBUS.

Harry soon came back with the huge negro the sergeant had seen on guard at the chamber-door.

"This is my best friend," said Harry. "He'll stick to me till death. Father don't know him. He thinks he does, and perhaps if Columbus could speak and hear like other folks, father 'd find him out. His infirmity 's his salvation, for he can keep things to himself and nobody mistrusts him. He can be like marble, and it's all right. Father thinks he can use him, but he can't. He don't know him as I do. I've learned to talk with him. He's full of soul, of genius; as silent as the grave, but living and sweet as the flowers. He'll help us out of this difficulty somehow, and father 'll never know where the help came from."

The sergeant and Cupples were dumb with amazement. It was very like a miracle indeed; and yet, why shouldn't a negro have brain, and soul, and genius? And if dumb, so much the better; for how often has genius lost its power by its capacity of speech. If genius would only keep still at times, and not let dullness get the start of it by the magic of silence, how potent it would be! How much is wasted at the end of the tongue that, if kept in the heart, might produce happy fruit! It was impossible for Columbus to waste himself either in hearing or talking. Fortunate Columbus! who had indeed found in the depth of his being a new world that might have remained unknown had he been compelled to hear and repeat the nonsense to which so many of us are slaves, taking in and giving forth a thousand airy nothings.

Harry and Columbus talked together. The face of the negro was lighted with intelligence. Ah! the devil is often blind. Bolton thought Columbus a dog; but he was a man, with a man's capacity and fiery force. The master saw only a hard, sullen, gigantic animal serviceable to his bad purposes. He did not see a keenness vaster than his own, working constantly to his defeat. He was blind, as all evil is blind, to the hidden power of goodness. Harry, by his very simplicity, had plucked out the heart of the mystery of Columbus, and knew him as a trustworthy friend. The boy had taught him many things by the language of signs. The negro was an apt student, and what he learned went into unfathomable depths of secrecy. His infirmity was indeed a mask. As his silence required no effort, his heart and mind presented to his master a dead blank; no gleam of intelligence shot athwart his face to arouse suspicion. The sharp eye of the brutal master noted only obedient flesh and blood; not the volcanic intensity brooding and silent within; the sagacity that defeated his cruel schemes.

"Who'd a thought it?" said the sergeant. "What a resurrection! That's not a whited sepulcher with dead men's bones in it; but a black one with the angel of God in it. What a splendid face he has, Cupples."

"That's so," returned his companion; "and look at Harry, too. He's the makin' of a man in him. I hope the squire won't spoil him. What a strange world this is! Things are mightily mixed. I s'pose slavery's a divine institution. They say so. Hapgood proves it right out o' scripter. It must be right. But what a chance it givs the devil!"

"I think I'd be a devil myself if I had such a chance," said the sergeant. "It's awful tantalizing to one who wants to be a saint. But we can't understand these things. Slavery may be a good thing, take it all round, though we have to go a good ways round to see it. One thing is sure, however—it's an infernal shame for this woman and baby to be in the power of Bolton, and I'll do all I can to get 'em out of it, even if the Constitution goes to smash and I have to vote the Democratic ticket a dozen times running on the same day to make up for it."

"That's my fix," said Cupples. "Religion and politics are mysteries for ministers to settle somehow. But this is a thing of real common sense and kindness, and religion and politics hasn't anything to do with it. I suppose I must make up for it, though. It's a sin, I reckon. Everything that a fellow likes to do is. I'll go to Hapgood's next donation and give him a box of blacking. Won't that brighten my prospects?"

"Certainly, if it gets onto his boots. I wonder if Hapgood blacks 'em himself. He does get a shine on 'em. I believe I get more real gospel out of his feet than I do out of his head. They are always telling me to be careful, to walk more circumspectly. I can't help avoiding the next mud-hole, though I have on a rusty pair of cowhides, for his boots are floatin' before me, and I wouldn't spatter 'em for the world. Well, Harry, have you and Columbus settled things? What shall we do, and how shall we do it?"

"We've planned the best way we can," said Harry. "It'll take courage and energy to put it through. Columbus says that we can't go north. The bloodhounds will be sure to catch us before we get to the Ohio. We must go south. There's a flag station over the mountains, twenty miles away, on the New Orleans Railroad. The morning train passes at eight o'clock. We must get there in time for that. Once on the train we are safe, for they can't telegraph before we shall be able to disguise ourselves completely. Here's a hundred dollars, Cupples. Hire or buy a team, and be ready at ten o'clock on the road that winds along at the foot of this hill. We can't start before twelve o'clock, and the way is terribly rough."

"All right," said Cupples, "but Columbus can carry us if we get stuck."

"Columbus won't go with us," said Harry. "He and I will bring the mother and baby to you, and then he'll have to go back and stand guard, and give warning, and help put the dogs on the wrong track."

"That's right," said Cupples. "Let them run to the Ohio and drown themselves in it."

"No such good luck," said Harry. "They'll get on our track eventually, and then the question will be, can we get aboard the cars before they catch up? The last resort is pistols. I hope you've some good ones."

"That I have," said the sergeant. Even while he was speaking Columbus had disappeared, gone back into his grave, silent, watchful, profound as the Sphinx.

Harry remained until dark at the hut, and then went back to Amy. The sergeant bargained for a team at a house three or four miles away—bought it out and out; and at ten o'clock he and Cupples were waiting at the appointed place.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

An Insolent Proposal.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* In the New York *Herald* of Feb. 8th, the public are informed that Mr. Nicholas Quackenboss, as counsel for the presbyters who preferred charges of heresy against the Rev. Heber Newton, said that if the bishop, whom the laws of the church invested with the "*discretion*" to proceed, or not proceed, against a person suspected of heresy, does not order a trial, "we may apply to the courts for a mandamus to compel the ordering of a trial."

I hav been surprised at the failure of the radical press to notice this fact. Here is a lawyer, in the state of New York, under national and state constitutions which declare the total disunion of state and church, actually proposing that the state of New York, by its courts of law, shall *compel* an Episcopal bishop to prosecute one of his inferior clergy for heresy! This lawyer, Quackenboss, thinks that Mr. Newton's religious opinions are damnable, and that he ought to be proceeded against and stopped! A large and intelligent congregation, who pay Mr. Newton's salary out of their *own pockets*, like to hear him discourse upon these subjects, but because they are distasteful to Lawyer Quackenboss, and others like him, and inconsistent with the religious opinions entertained during the reign of Elizabeth, three hundred years ago, it is proposed to silence Mr. Newton, and deprive his congregation of their chosen minister! I acknowledge that the fact alarms me. It shows that the spirit of superstition is the same bloody demon it was during the dark ages, and that, if it had the power, would paralyze every tongue and pen that would call in question the dogmas it approves. It is the only thing I know of which is not modified and improved by civilization. Remember, this proposition does not come from the *Catholic* church. If it had it would be nothing more than might be expected. For that church has always claimed, and still claims as vehemently as ever, that as vicegerent of Almighty God on this earth the civil magistrate is, and ought to be, its obedient servant to carry out her decrees *vi et armis*. But the Episcopal church is a Protestant body, existing under a civil Constitution which distinctly and intentionally recognizes no God and no religion, but which protects every person of every church, and of no church, in the enjoyment of his religious, or anti-religious, opinions, whatever they

may be. Yet Mr. Quackenboss, a lawyer, who, on being admitted to the bar, took an oath to support this Constitution, is such a narrow-souled bigot as to think of compelling Bishop Potter by state authority to proceed against Mr. Newton!

Mr. Wakeman, in his grand speech at the Paine anniversary in New York, alluded to Paine's motiv in immediately beginning to write the "Age of Reason." The characters of the men in the French National Convention who sent him to prison, and would hav sent him to the guillotin, for not falling in with their bloody designs, were all formed in and by the *church.* Her dogmatism and her bloodthirstiness had taken complete possession of them, so that when Paine pleaded for the life of the *man*, Louis Capet, while he would banish the *king*, they turned upon the wise and benevolent Quaker, and ordered him to prison and to death. Then was the supreme moment of Paine's life. Instead of reproaching them and bidding defiance to their rage, as other victims did, he soliloquized thus: "It is their cursed religion which has dehumanized and diabolized these men, and made them what they are. In all past ages it has converted men into demons, and will continue to do so in all ages to come, for superstition never changes its character; it is the same always, and its whole history is written in the blood and tears of its victims. My abilities in England and America were used to make men *politically* free. The rest of my days shall be devoted to making them *religiously* free and independent. To break the bondage of the human intellect and conscience shall henceforth be the purpose of my life." To this holy resolve we owe the "Age of Reason." Why is it that Ireland welters in her own blood, and cannot secure, as we did, her own autonomy? It is her *religion* that makes her foolish, and cuts the hamstring of all her endeavors! What makes Mexico, with all her natural advantages, so contemptible a nation? It is her *religion* that has enfeebled her brain first, and then her arm. England would be a republic on the demise of Victoria, but for the vile, emasculating *religion* with which the priesthood for centuries has indoctrinated her people; and which will, when the time comes, make them rally round that worthless fellow, the Prince of Wales, and proclaim him king of England and emperor of India! It seems exceptional, and very strange, in nature's grand process of evolution, that when superstition is the greatest of all hindrances to the civilization and progress of mankind, she did not grapple with it first and foremost, but left it to be among the last of her conquests.

I do not believe much in wasting money in building monuments to men of mere stone and mortar, but if the day ever comes when the American people shall properly estimate their debt of gratitude to Thomas Paine, first, in order of time, for his *political*, and then for his *religious* services to mankind, the exuberance of their gratitude will not be content till they raise a monument to his name like that now being erected on the banks of the Potomac to George Washington. And on its ample sides, in deep granit cut letters, ought to be engraved the words of the "Last Crisis," dated Philadelphia, April 19th, 1783, which Paine begins by repeating the phrase of the *first* crisis: "The times that tried men's souls are over, and the greatest and completest revolution the world ever knew gloriously and happily accomplished."

Enon Valley, Pa., Feb. 22, 1884. A. B. B.

Infidel Philosophy.

Gen i, 27: "So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him, male and female created he them."

Gen. ii, 1: "Thus the heavens and the earth were finished and all the hosts of them. 2. And on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made, and he rested on the seventh day from all the works which he had made."

Here is a full and complete creation. The whole work is finished up, and a long rest taken, and everything pronounced very good, after God had deliberately reviewed the whole job.

Gen. ii, 7: "And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul."

Here we find God engaged in another and a new creation, after the "heavens and the earth were finished, and all the hosts of them." How could God keep right on creating after everything was finished? According to the account, there must hav been two first pairs created. Now I ask any general reader to read carefully from the beginning of the first chapter up to the tenth verse of the second chapter of Gensis, and he will see that it is made up of fragmentary statements, which cannot be made to join together like a continuous narrativ.

There are at least three fragments of accounts by different individuals of the same transactions (at least, so it appears) joined together in such a bungling manner as to be absolutely painful to the close observer.

Creating light before there was any source of light, and then "dividing" the light from the "darkness," and having three days elapse before there was anything to produce day and night, seems to be a part of one account.

Putting the lights in the firmament to divide the day from the night, and the creation of man and woman, seems to be a fragment of another account. Remember these first lights were to be for "signs and for seasons, and for days and years."

And then God made two "great lights," "the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night." And these lights were to divide the light from the darkness, although in the first chapter, fourth verse, God had already "divided the light from the darkness." These facts taken in connection with the creation of another man and woman, and planting the garden after everything was "finished," show conclusivly that the story of the creation is made up of fragments.

Moreover, the style is not the same. A part of the time it is the "Lord," and then it is the "Lord God" who is doing the work; and it would seem as if different individuals had tried to tell a story, a part of which each remembered and a part of which had been forgotten, and the parts had been jumbled together, without skill or ingenuity, as we now find them.

Gen. ii, 19: "And out of the ground the Lord God formed every beast of the field and every fowl of the air, and brought them to Adam to see what Adam would call them, and whatsoever Adam called every living creature, that was the name thereof."

After God had finished the heavens and the earth, it took him one-seventh of the time to rest that it did to perform the entire job, and after bringing "every living creature" to Adam he must hav required a short breathing spell at least.

If God had only possessed the ability to name the animals as he created them, it would hav saved a deal of trouble. But it is not to be expected that one poor God, after performing such a week's work as he had, could keep right on without help. Besides, it does not appear that Adam had much on hand, and it was only reasonable that he should lend a helping hand where God had more than he could well attend to.

Wonder if the climate was agreeable to both the lion and the polar bear. If he touched the electric eel, I guess he thought of his funny-bone. No wonder Adam gave the skunk a short name; he wanted to get rid of him as quick as possible. The octopus, cuttle-fish, alligator, and anaconda must hav been an awkward squad to bring into position before Adam. Lucky that the "wicked flea" did not hop away before being named. He must hav got down to fine work when he named the infusoria. ("Their multitude is so great, and their size so small, that those contained in a single cup of putrid water may exceed in number the whole human population of the globe"—Encyclopedia.) But Adam named "every living creature;" of course these must hav been included.

If the lions, and tigers, and panthers had pounced upon the deer, and the sheep, and the goats; and the hawks upon the dunghills, while God had them before Adam, he would hav been compelled to roll up his sleeves and make a new batch. Wonder if the elephant, and lion, and anaconda did not part company with the reindeer and polar bear pretty quick after being named. While God stood there with every "living creature" before him, hearing Adam pronounce the "name thereof," I wonder if it occured to his mind that the "serpent" was "laying low" for him.

Gen. iii, 8: "And they heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the day, and Adam and his wife hid themselvs from the presence of the Lord God, amongst the trees of the garden."

God is omnipresent, but they hid away from him all the same. This shows the advantage of being posted in scripture lessons. The sinful ministers who hav been exposed by Col. Billings hav found out that they can hide away from "the presence of the Lord" when he turns to the debtor side of the account.

"God is a spirit," and why a spirit should chose the cool of the day, on account of the agreeableness of the temperature, is not apparent. I fail to see how a "voice" could walk; and if it could, it could not get up much of a racket. How a spirit could, by walking, make noise enough to scare Adam and Eve, so as to make them run and hide in the trees, can only be explained by one of God's attorneys who has been commissioned to expound his law.

The apple and the snake story, of course, is familiar to all; but there may be points which hav escaped the notice of many. It is generally understood that guilt attached to the eating of the forbidden fruit—that the terible penalties visited upon Adam and Eve were on account of their transgression. But there was no guilt, no transgression, and I proceed to show it.

In the first place, is it possible for guilt to attach to an act, the perpetrator of which is not accountable, and does not know good and evil? I apprehend that there can be but one answer to this question.

Gen. iii, 6: "She took the fruit thereof and did eat, and gave also to her husband with her, and he did eat." Verse 22: "And the Lord God said, Behold, the man has become as one of us [how many?] to know good and evil."

This shows plainly that they did not know "good and evil," until after they had partaken of the fruit. Neither were their eyes opened, as will be seen in the seventh verse. "And the eyes of them both were opened." When? after they had eaten the fruit, not before. It is evident, from the account, that a punishment was inflicted upon Adam and Eve, when they could not in any just sense be blamed. They could not see; their eyes had not been opened; they "went it blind," and did not know "good and evil."

If any one can see the justice of the punishment, he can see what does not appear in the statement as found in the Bible. An act committed in ignorance cannot merit punishment.

Gen. iii, 19: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." This is universally believed to mean that man shall work and earn the bread which he eats, and that it was pronounced upon Adam, and through Adam upon the race, as a curse for his transgression.

In the early periods, when there was but little to stimulate the ambition of men; when enterprise was at a low ebb, and there was little interchange in natural products, labor was considered a curse; and, of course, God's curses were dealt out according to their superstition and prejudice, just as he ordered their wars to be conducted to suit their savage brutality. Labor is not now considered a curse, but a blessing, promoting health, happiness, and long life.

Gen. iv, 16: "And Cain went from the presence of the Lord, and dwelt in the land of Nod."

What a "God-forsaken" place that must hav been! It seems to hav been quite easy in those days to shy away from the "presence of the Lord." God is now everywhere present; has he changed?

Gen. iv, 17: "And Cain knew his wife." And where did she come from? Adam must hav lost two ribs instead of one, or else she must hav come from the first pair (Gen. i, 27) which God created before he made Adam and Eve. It seems a little strange that God should create a man and woman, and then forget what he had done and create another pair. There is no account that the first pair had any children, and Cain was the only one left of the Adam family, except the father and mother. Now, Christians, I don't understand this, and I giv it up. I leave it in your hands; you hav always proved yourselves equal to any emergency; the rack or the thumbscrew has always made everything clear which you could not explain, and with your "higher" arithmetic, where three is one and one is three, I hav no doubt you will be able to cipher it out, and make it as clear as mud.

Gen. vi, 4: "There were giants in those days; and also after that, when the sons of God came in unto the daughters of men, and they bore children to them, the same became mighty men which were of old, men of renown."

This is too hard for me, and I don't propose to go to hell, either, because I can't understand it. If it is necessary for me to understand God's word, he ought to hav fixed my brain differently. I don't wonder such a blundering God should repent of what he had done.

I can form no conception of these heavenly hybrids referred to in the text, half God and half man. They must hav been men of renown, sure enough, for they had God Almighty for a grandfather.

Gen vi, 6: "And it repented the Lord that he had made man."

Balked again? This is too deep water for me. My Christian friends, you must come to the rescue. Just tell me how God can repent, and you can take the chromo. If God repented he must hav lacked either wisdom or power. Will Christians fix it up among themselvs? I am like the Chinaman at the Centennial, "It's too damee muchee."

Gen. vi, 5: "And God saw that the wickedness of the world was very great." Verse 6: "And it repented the Lord that he had made man." Verse 7: "And the Lord said, I will destroy man whom I hav created, from the face of the earth."

Now compare these passages with the thirty-first verse of the first chapter of Genesis: "And God saw everything which he had created, and behold it was very good."

What business has God to get soured, and repent, and go "down in the harness" in so short a time, after he had created everything, and pronounced it very good. Did God hav everything in his own hands? Was he clothed with almighty power? Was he infinit in wisdom? Then, how was this great change brought about from the "very good" to the very bad?

If it is claimed that this change was brought about through the agency of the devil, why didn't God put him out of the way? He had power over him, he cursed him above all cattle, he could make him crawl on his belly, and if he could not kill him, it is

a fair inference that the devil had more power than he. Oh, what a predicament for a God!

It would appear from the account, that God created a devil without knowing the mischief he would do. He planted a tree in the Garden of Eden without knowing the amount of trouble it would giv him. He created man, and said he was all right, and then repented of the job. He brought on the flood without foreseeing that it was a great waste of water. Men were just as bad after the flood as before it. Old Noah, his chief fugleman, got cocked the first opportunity.

O Christians! what a God you worship! He has brought into existence millions of trillions of human beings, and knew from the beginning that nine-tenths of them would be damned. He sends a drought in one country, and the people die of starvation, and hundreds of unburied putrefying corpses add pestilence to famin. In another country he sends a flood, and thousands of homes are washed away, and outstretched arms of drowning children appeal to frenzied fathers and mothers in vain for help. He belches forth his fury from a volcano, and whole cities are buried in ruins. Earthquakes disrupt the solid crust of the earth, and towns and cities are swallowed up.

And yet every year some political dude sets apart a day for thanksgiving and praise to God for these great blessings. Bah!

I read in the Koran of the terrible penalties which God will visit upon the unbelievers. They are to roast in hell (I quote only from memory) until the brain fries in the skull, and the eyes bubble in their sockets.

Now I cannot believe in such a vengeful, savage God; neither can I believe in the shifting, changing, short-sighted, repenting, blundering God of the Christians. I see nothing in the Bible God but a picture of the human mind; photographed when men were far less enlightened than they are at the present time. Man to-day would create a far better God. It is high time we had a different one, or dispense with one altogether. JOHN PECK.

Naples, N. Y., Feb. 19, 1884.

The Liberal Club.

The 330th regular meeting of the Manhattan Liberal Club was held on the 29th of February. The club will not meet again on Friday the 29th of February until sometime in 1900. This meeting was addressed—very appropriately, considering the date—by a lady, Mrs. Lillie Devereaux Blake. Mrs. Blake is one of the best known of the woman suffrage advocates, and is the author of a book entitled "Woman's Place To-day," a series of lectures in reply to the Rev. Morgan Dix, which attracted considerable attention at the time they were delivered and published. Mrs. Blake is described by the secretary of the club, who has kindly furnished the material for this report, as an eloquent speaker of fine presence, whose shafts of wit strike home, and who should be heard to be appreciated. The speaker had, she said, nothing new to say on the subject of woman's rights. Like the teacher of an infant school, she must repeat the A B C until the pupils had learnt those important rudiments, before proceeding to join the characters in syllables. She would treat her subject on this occasion algebraically. She could recollect the portentous appearance of the unknown quanitity x until she learned its nature. It then lost its mysterious and wonderful potency. She discovered, however, that she must ascertain the value of the unidentified x in order to solve her problem. So also men must recognize the significance of the unappreciated x of society—woman—before they would arrive at the solution of the problem now before us, the institution of justice. Leap year was a good illustration of the estimate placed upon woman's importance; she has one year in four, while man has all the rest. Mrs. Blake instanced two examples of the influence of woman in politics. Gov. Robinson of this state was candidate for re-election, but his administration had been so inimical to the rights of the gentler sex that the women of New York were aroused in opposition and he was permitted to retire to private life. Again, Horace Russell was nominated for attorney-general by the Republican party and backed by powerful influence. Yet Mr. O'Brien, with the help of the women, and notwithstanding his decidedly Greek name, got about four thousand more votes than Russell. Of the million votes in this state women would need to control but two per cent to hold the balance of power. The speaker wished the men to take notice of this fact and its bearing on next year's election. Mrs. Blake secured the approbation of the chairman throughout. This was shown by his frequent nods of assent, and the ejaculations of "that's so!" that escaped him.

The strongest point of criticism made against extending the electiv franchise to woman was offered by Mr. Cohen, who held that as they were still more under the domination of the church than man, to allow them the privilege of voting (the *right* he conceded) would be to extend the power of the church, especially the Catholic, to a dangerous limit. Mr. Cohen admitted that this argument applied with equal force to some men.

Mr. Palmer would giv suffrage to woman as a right which was hers as well as man's, although he did not doubt, as Mr. Cohen had said, there would be a temporary retrograde movement; but liberty was its own educator. The question of woman's political rights was but an incident in the trend of human progress beginning with the Protestant Reformation, more than three hundred years ago. That trend had been toward liberty, and if we were to hav republicanism and a government of the people, woman must take her equal place in the republic. Mr. Palmer thought that the province of the ballot in the future would be to vote men or women out of office when unfaithful to their trust or incompetent to discharge their duties, all officials being allowed to serve as long as they served well.

Dr. Weeks, as usual, communicated to the club a large amount of useful information, which a majority, somehow, had not the patience to listen to and appreciate in a manner at all adequate to its importance. The doctor said that he fully appreciated the value of woman's work in housekeeping, although she would sometimes brush around to the annoyance of man. (He perhaps does not fully realize, muses the lady secretary, the difficulty a woman labors under in "brushing around" when a man is constantly at home.) He therefore thought that woman's aid was necessary in the governmental household.

Mr. Langerfelt (we quote the secretary's words) made his usual speech, calling the attention of Mrs. Blake to the fact that the "economic basis" was the underpinning of the whole business—of art, of religion, of all civilization, in fact; but he spoke in the most subdued tone, evidently overawed by the eloquence of the speaker, and affirming that he was not in any sense exuberated by the inebriance of his own verbosity. The phrase "all this business" he employed but once, showing a gratifying tendency toward a higher method of expression. "What is rights?" he asked. There was not a person in the audience who knew, although rights were forever talked about. People had the right, affirmed Mr. Langerfelt, without pausing to explain what a "right" was, to develop their abilities, each and every one, to the utmost. The secretary here makes the criticism, in an eminently universological sentence, that Mr. Langerfelt ignores the fact that the privilege of voting, the right of which is woman's as much as man's, and for which Mrs. Blake is contending, is one of the necessary factors of this development of which he was speaking, and the greater part of the audience knew it as well as he did.

Mrs. Leonard confronted Mr. Cohen's statement that enlarging woman's sphere of activity would increase the power of the church, with a chapter from her own experience. For writing and publishing an article on prayer she had been branded "Infidel" by the newspaper press, conducted by the lords of creation.

Mrs. Blake made an eloquent speech at the close, showing her to be familiar with every phase of the question, the economic, the domestic, and all. She had not touched upon these because she had chosen other topics, and there was a limit to what can be said in an hour. The condition of the streets of New York was a proof of man's incompetency as a housekeeper. The thoroughfares of this city would never be properly cleaned until woman had control of the work.

The program of the club for the month of March is as follows: 7th, The New Marriage; or, Uniform Marriage Laws, by Charles Stuart Welles; 14th, Mormons and Mormondom, by Rev. G. W. Gallagher; 21st, The Mormon Question, by J. W. Stillman, of Boston; 28th, The Mad World; or, What is truth? by Madame Henri Delescluze.

Debate.

The dry bones of orthodoxy had a shaking at Murray, Iowa, on Jan. 29th and 30th. Mr. Branch (Campbellite), of Murray, challenged Mr. V. B. Cushing (Unitarian), of Creston, to a theological debate. The audience was large, but would hav been much larger had the Baptist building been larger. The proposition was, "That the New Testament is not true in all its parts." Mr. Cushing argued that the genealogy of Christ is contradictory, as the one list givs fourteen generations more than the other, and that both could not be true. Mr. Branch replied that one genealogy was for Joseph, the father of Christ, and the other for Mary, the mother; but Mr. Cushing pointed out that view is mere assumption, not in accordance with scripture. Mr. Cushing also hinted that genealogies were superfluous where the birth was miraculous. Mr. Branch, to get rid of the dilemma, asserted the two first chapters of Matthew are not genuin, and written by a different author; also that ten or twelve interpolations in the gospels are spurious. Whereupon Mr. Cushing politely thanked his opponent for conceding a point that he (Mr. Cushing) came all the way from Creston to prove. Mr. Branch somewhat lost temper, and said he believed the whole of the New Testament—the two chapters, interpolations, and all—to be true. A great number of contradictions were pointed out by Mr. Cushing, and his opponent labored, with more zeal than success, to reconcile the contradictions. At this stage of the proceedings, Mr. Branch unwarrantably charged the chairman, Mr. Wick, with "posting" Mr. Cushing, and promoting the cause of Infidelity. Mr. Wick then merely explained that the gentleman was entirely mistaken. Next day, however, at close of debate, Mr. Wick repudiated more fully the slur attempted to be cast on him as chairman, and told an amusing anecdote, wherein he likened Mr. Branch to the mountain sheep that bounces against rocks, and sometimes breaks its own head.

Mr. Cushing's last address of only five minutes was a masterpiece of eloquence, and completely won the sympathy of the audience. This debate I consider very damaging to orthodoxy, and, per contra, very beneficial to the cause of Freethought in all the neighborhood.

I would suggest an apology for the red-haired preacher in this debate, and for red-haired men generally. Their Saxon blood causes them to be excitable and peppery. They may sometimes be impassioned and eloquent, but never cool in debate. Blame not harshly their constitutional weakness; they may be generous or just; but in charity do not ask them to keep cool. "Do men gather grapes from thorns?" F. J. EMARY.

Osceola, Iowa.

Mrs. Severance Objects to Mr. Hull's Methods.

To MOSES HULL, *My Friend and Brother:* I feel impelled to write you at this time, firstly, to thank you for those wise words lately published in THE TRUTH SEEKER, in which you clearly set forth case after case where individual workers had been induced for certain reasons to take positions at variance with brave, progressiv ideas, and in harmony with conservativ prejudices, and the results of this suicidal course. Your points were suggestiv, and call attention to a law I firmly believe in—compensation. Secondly, I hav just read in the *Offering* of Jan. 6th a communication that has filled me with amazement and sadness, for I discern in this a beginning of catering to the old superstitions which I never expected you to manifest. In the first place, your society organizing as a church, so as to "get the ear of people who could not be induced to attend a spiritual lecture," you call a wise movement. Now, I would like to know of what use, as workers in reform, are such narrow-minded, prejudiced people as these, and will you not hav to keep constantly catering, assuming church methods and ordinances, to keep them in "the fold?" Such seems to be the case already as manifested by your christening ceremony, which "sensible-looking people" required at your hands. "But after a little reflection something seemed to say, Why not? If there is anything in magnetism, may not the laying of hands on him, and his dedication to the cause of human progress, possibly giv him more strength to fight the battles of life, to resist temptation, and to work for humanity? At least we will try it. And with a few appropriate remarks I took the little fellow in my arms and blessed him, as did one of old. Now let me say I believe in it."

If magnetism does giv strength to its recipient—and I know it does where there is a proper adaptation of the parties—is there any increase of that power from the fact of your having been chosen pastor of the church of the New Spiritual Dispensation? If not, did you not help by that ceremony to perpetuate a superstition that all Liberals ought to try to educate people out of? Was the taking of that child in your arms and blessing it "as one of old" anything different from what people hav done all these years since the "one of old" was purported to hav lived and hugged babies, and is not an equally beneficent effect produced every time a magnetic person takes a child in his arms? Did a dove descend upon the child, or what manifestation did you receive that so suddenly converted you to a belief in the ordinance? For it seems you began it as an experiment, but when you had finished it you declared, "I now believe in it." And who gave that child to the angels (What does that mean, anyway?), or who has any right to giv or pledge another person, whether child or angel, to any special line of life? If this can be done, if certain ordained ministers can dedicate others to works of humanity and love, I would like to know it, for I am in possession of an ordination certificate, which I received about twenty years ago, and I would like to dedicate our professed reformers, not to the angels, but to a sensible, honest, earnest, progressiv work for humanity. But I hav always held the opinion if there be any such dedication, it must be an individual work of one's own doing.

Your pastoral work begun, of course your duties increase, and next comes your marriage ceremony. You who hav spoken such strong, brave, defiant words against this institution; you whom I hav heard claim before large audiences that our marriage laws sanctioned the worst of crimes, and perpetuated them, and that it was a slave institution; you who refused to yield to its unjust demands, and suffered with a brave heart and bold front all sorts of persecutions for your

opinions like a man; you who hav for these many years been striking such effectiv blows to break the fetters that laws bind about human hearts, now enact the role of priest in sanctioning and solemnizing this abomination, as you hav claimed it to be, and send out a form or ceremonial as a pattern for others to follow which is not one whit better than that used by other priests. So step after step in the conservativ direction, your church business is leading you, and I should not be half so much surprised to hear of your church and its pastor celebrating the eucharist, as I now am at what you hav already done. Some day some "rather sensible-looking people" may come to you and ask to hav bread and wine served. You say: "Why not? We will try the experiment. And I took bread and wine, and blessed it, and gave to my disciples, saying, Eat ye all of it, as did one of old. And now I believe in it."

I hav always had faith in you; hav known you to do things that I thought showed lack of judgment, perhaps, as we are all wont to do, but never thought you capable of catering to popular prejudice till this present move, and it is a sorry conclusion for me, for I know just as soon as a reformer begins to cater he places himself in a negativ position to the party or parties he is trying to please, and his influence for good is lost; he is acted upon instead of being a controling force himself, and as a reformer he is dead. There are too few now who will follow truth, let it lead where it may, or who are strong enough and brave enough to dare to be true.

Sincerely yours, JULIET H. SEVERANCE, M.D.

Southern California.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* In your paper of Feb, 2d J. Heinrich and brother ask for some information in regard to Los Angeles and vicinity in this state. Southern California is the most favored section from a climatic point of view in the United States, and though but a comparativly short time has elapsed since American industry and enterprise superseded Mexican indolence and ignorance, wonderful changes and improvements hav been made. Land is steadily increasing in value, and indications point to a splendid future for sunny southern California, and all those who desire to leave the East, with its six months of winter and attendant hardships, for a semi-tropical climate should come here at once. Come where you can pick the ripening orange in January, and liv without a continual exertion to keep up the animal heat; where snow and blizzards are unknown. But particulars are wanted, and I will confine them to the Santa Ana valley, which lies about twenty-five miles south of Los Angeles, and in connected by a branch of the Southern Pacific Railroad. California has no fairer locality, no more equable climate, than is found in this valley, which is about twenty miles long and sixteen broad. Two-thirds of its area is arable land. Santa Ana, Orange, and Anaheim are its principal towns, and more beautiful places are hard to find. The rainy season here is from December to April, and the remainder of the year is dry. Everything is irrigated during the summer by water from the Santa Ana river which is brought into the valley by a ditch nine miles long.

A great variety of fruit is here produced, among which are oranges, lemons, limes, apricots, nectarines, figs, pears, peaches, apples, prunes, etc., numerous kinds of grapes, English walnuts, almonds, olivs, peanuts, yams, and vegetables of all kinds. Considerable corn is raised, but not much grain, for it is cut early and used for hay. Alfalfa, which grows like a weed when wet, is the feed for cows, and every place has a small piece on which to stake the domestic animal that supplies the family with milk and butter. Wells with windmills are plenty, but many hav cisterns made in the ground which are filled from the irrigating ditch. Wood is scarce, and sells for eight or nine dollars per cord. It is mostly oak. Ten acres of vinyard or orange orchard is about all one man can take care of, and good help is worth twenty-five and thirty dollars per month the year round. Irrigating is the most unpleasant thing about farming here, but one soon gets accustomed to that. The only disagreeable thing about this climate is hard winds in the winter, but what we get here would be called gentle zephyrs back in Missouri. They do not blow very often or long at a time, but are occasional affairs.

The summer months are middling warm, and the mercury plays about in the vicinity of 100 degrees quite often, but the nights are always cool, with ocean breezes, and sleep is both sweet and refreshing.

We hav just had the heaviest fall of snow known in nine years, so old residents say, and everybody is jubilant in consequence. Land has risen about ten per cent in the past two weeks, and in the undeveloped state now sells at from $150 to $200 per acre. Vinyards two years old are worth $250 and $300 per acre, and in one instance $600 was refused for a vinyard five years old. Orange orchards are worth about the same. In Riverside, sixty miles east of Los Angeles, $1,000 per acre is no uncommon price, but its being an older settled community explains why, and as time is destined to make land as valuable here as there, delay in purchasing is expensiv. Grapes are the crop to be preferred in this locality, for they require less water than trees, and either the wine or raisin variety is sure to pay. From twenty to thirty dollars per ton was paid for grapes last year, and an old vinyard will produce from four to six tons, and some hav as high as eight. Oranges, being rather scarce, are selling for from six to eight dollars per box this season. Last year they were from two to three dollars, and a person in Anaheim picked one thousand boxes from a ten-acre orchard four years old—but that was more than an average yield.

That money can be made in the Santa Ana valley is a question above doubt, but to succeed here a person must not run in debt too much, for the rate of interest in California is ten per cent.

In closing I will say, it has been my privilege to see a good part of the United States and portions of Mexico, but a more healthy and genial climate than this I hav never met, and I feel as did a lady I saw returning from a four years' residence in Arizona—said she, "There is only one California, and there I want to make my home." C. SEVERANCE.

Orange, Cal., Feb, 10, 1884.

Jewels from Afar.

So you hav wandered on through Persia;
Through the orient wide and grand,
And gathered its flashing jewels
With a deft and busy hand;
You hav caught a thousand colors
From the sea and sky and flower,
And I think the genii helped you
With something of Eden's dower.

You hav wrought a wondrous picture.
From these travels far away,
But still in your wildest wanderings
You were thinking of home each day;
And when the last jewel was gathered,
And the brightest of gold was found,
You placed the magnificent glory
On the hearth-stone's sacred ground.

The spirit of love thus ever
Wanders the wide world through;
It is restless for every treasure,
For every form and hue—
To pour its sweet delight in,
To image its fair thoughts,
For love cannot be loving
Except some task is wrought.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

Religion in Politics.

The convention to frame a constitution for Montana was not able to get God into it without spirited opposition. Among the glittering generalities which usually form the preamble to such documents it was proposed to insert this religious slush:

"We, therefore, the people of Montana, acknowledging with grateful hearts the goodness of the Great Legislator of the Universe, in affording us, in the course of his providence, an opportunity, deliberately and peaceably, without fraud, violence, or intimidation, of entering into an original, explicit, and solemn compact with each other, and of forming a constitution of civil government for ourselvs and our posterity; and devoutly imploring his direction in so grand and interesting a design, do agree upon." And so on to the end of the chapter.

The reading of this in the convention brought to his feet the Hon. Mr. Fergus, of Meagher county. He showed the idiocy of the language used, and the uselessness of expecting God to take extended notice of the doings of a territorial legislature. Among other pertinent objections he urged are these:

"A member on this floor has remarked that this constitution is to endure through all time. Time is but the measure of eternity. Time always was and always will be. Man came on the earth, as it were, but yesterday, but in that short time nations, languages, and religions hav had their infancy, their maturity, and their decay. It is an inexorable law. Our government, our language, and our religion will in turn be swept away by the scythe of time, and the place that knows them now will know them no more forever. Space, too, is everywhere; it is without limit. Our sun is but one of the millions of stars, and our earth but one of its smoothest satellites (and a poor one at that), rolling from side to side, burning us in summer and freezing us with its winter blasts. If there is a God—an impartial God—he must divide his time amongst this great universe, and Montana's share cannot be worth asking for. Therefore, I regard the passage I move to strike out as only an incumbrance to our fundamental law. If he guides and protects us, I hav looked for this protecting power in vain. The cars rush together, and there is no God to warn. The engineer asks not God to stay their mad career, but applies the air-brakes, the invention of a fellow-man. The steamship sinks in mid-ocean, and no helping hand is there; the shrieks of the helpless are borne on the wind until they are buried in the insatiate sea. The earthquake, the cyclone, and the volcano, following inexorable laws, destroy the just and the unjust, and Nature neither pities nor rejoices, neither loves nor hates. If man is saved, he must save himself; if he is hungry, he must feed himself; if he is cold, he must warm himself. Our prayers are unheeded; no deity puts forth his helping hand. Then, why bemean our manhood by inserting a lie in this our fundamental law?

"Jefferson, in a more superstitious age, and the framers of our national Constitution, pandered not to popular prejudice. Yet the nation livs, our own people hav ever ruled themselves; if Montanians cannot do the same thing they are unfit to be a free people.

"I hav heard it said on this floor that we don't want mossbacks or old fogies. In this case, sir, some of the old fogies are in accord with the spirit of the age. Henry Ward Beecher said in Denver not long ago that Adam never fell, that he began at the bottom, and if he fell at all, he fell up. Dr. McCosh, president of Princeton College, has published a pamphlet upon the same subject; and Bishop Heber, I think it is, of England, has also placed himself on record in favor of evolution. Had these men uttered such sentiments two hundred years ago, they would hav been burnt at the stake.

"But the world moves, except the constitutional convention of the territory of Montana, which goes back to the constitution of good old Massachusetts, just after she had burnt her witches, for stale, worn-out adulation to an imaginary being, who is supposed to be floating around in our uncongenial atmosphere, while we are enjoying ourselvs in warm apartments.

"I venture the assertion that neither the people of the United States, nor the people of Montana, are in accord with the spirit of this passage which I ask to hav stricken out. It is simply clinging to old traditions. A very intelligent gentleman on this floor has well said that man is only half developed, and to prove his assertion, he sits enveloped in the smoke of a poisonous weed, clinging to the superstitions of an ignorant age and race.

"Mr. President, about this matter I hav no pride of opinion; but I think the declaration I hav excepted to is unnecessary, uncalled for, and only an incumbrance. Old, with one foot in the grave, I still love and honor the man who stands up to his convictions without fear, favor, or affection, at all times, and in all places—one whose hell is to do wrong, and whose heaven is found in well-doing. Whether for or against this measure, I hope to be able to love and honor all here."

Mr. Fergus was supported by Mr. Callaway, a Christian, who announced himself capable of swallowing the Apostles' Creed, and with receptiv powers nearly sufficient to take in the creed of St. Athanasius; but he wanted religion confined to its proper sphere, and to cram it into a state constitution was certainly ill-advised and out of place. The holders of these views were in the minority, however, and Montana will hav a constitution which recognizes "Gaud."

The Truth Seeker Led into Error.

In an editorial on the death of Wendell Phillip's, in THE TRUTH SEEKER of Febuary 9th, the particulars of which were obtained from the *Sun*, the following statement occurs: "On the Chinese question, Mr. Phillips favored the restriction of Chinese immigration as a means of protection to American workmen. He said: 'They who seek to flood us artificially with barbarian labor are dragging down the American home to the level of the houseless street herds of China. If the workingmen hav not combined to prevent this, it is time that they should. When rich men conspire, poor men should combine.'" Can it be shown where he made the quotation referred to above? Of all the libels against him in the past, none equals this in its utter falsity. It is in direct contradiction of his whole life. As an abolitionist, he was for "equality before law," and the following letter shows that he retained his clearness of acumen. I cut it from the San Francisco *Chronicle*, and preserved it for its terseness on the Chinese question. His letter is as follows:

BOSTON, Sept. 5, 1878.

DEAR SIR: I read the slip you sent me stating Judge Black's views on the Chinese question. I do not accept his law. Any state regulation which violates a United States treaty is void. No one but a secessionist would question it. As to the general subject—Chinese immigration—I dissent entirely from the opinions entertained on the Pacific coast. Indeed, I detest the shallow, heartless, and narrow views taken there on the subject. In the first place, I have no fear of the Chinese coming here in such numbers as even temporarily to disturb our welfare, or the character of our institutions. Nations emigrate gradually; never in tens of millions at a time. History and common sense both bear witness against the possibility of it. Secondly, all the millions from any race, that will or can come here, are sorely needed to fill up the vast wastes in our possessions between Omaha and the Pacific. "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof," and we hav no right to shut a man out of any vacant lot which he needs to earn his bread. The Chinese are a painstaking, industrious, and marvelously capable people. Statesmanship and political economy, as well as Christianity, bid us welcome such help in subduing the continent; not violently to thrust them out. That we, who fled here only two centuries ago, should refuse the Chinese a place, is monstrous. But that the Irish, who took shelter under institutions already established, should use the rights we hav shared with them to oppress and torment the Chinese, is shameful inconsistency—another instance of how often the persecuted are themselvs the first to persecute. Shame on the Irishman who, after his country's four centuries of protest and rebellion, borrows of England the selfsame infamous and hateful weapons, to use them against the Chinese! If so sad and wicked an act could be the subject of mirth, the whole civilized world would see it as the most ridiculous inconsistency. But a deeper feeling than that of detestation and abhorrence is the mood of every honest man, and one needs the masterly sarcasm and rebuke of O'Connell fitly to describe it. Very respectfully yours,

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

To those who knew him, his whole life was a refutation of such a statement on the Chinese question as was gathered from the *Sun*. The statement is a travesty on his humanity. To those who look for truth, his letter givs no uncertain sound.

Milford, Mass., Feb. 24, 1884. CHAS. C. JOHNSON.

Church and State.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER *Sir:* A bill has been introduced into our state legislature to create in our state university a chair of theology. It ought to pass, and then the assembled wisdom ought to get up another bill to surround the chair with a lot of stools for the scholars to sit on, while the theological nincompoop in the big chair dispenses his inspired drivel to the embryonic asses who listen to his teachings. Maybe it won't do *us* much good but, Lord! what a big thing it will be for posterity. Mister Speaker, I vote for that bill. J. E. WICK.

Murray, Iowa, Feb. 22, 1884.

Communications.

Philosophy on the Half Shell; or, Ethics of '83.

VIVISECTION.—ELLIOTT PRESTON TO E. B. FOOTE, JR.

Sir: Permit me to open, for the benefit of the public, if not of your learned self, this communication to you, with a brief poem of my own, descriptiv of one of the most touching incidents recorded in the bloody annals of vivisection:

MAJENDIE AND THE DOG.—AN ACTUAL FACT.

In that dread hell of horrors where the knife,
With fiendish cunning, tents the mangled frame,
Exulting in each direr throe of pain,
The "prince of torturers" stood!
There in the trough
A hapless victim lay, bound by the thong;
But as the vivisector gloatingly
Bent to his task, and with deft chisel sought
To cleave the quivering spine, down to the red nerve's root,
The creature, in delirium of pain,
Broke from its bonds, and fled in mad dismay;
But, with remorseless hand, he drew it back,
Down to the torture-trough, that demon soul!
And yet again the pitiful, poor brute,
In awful agony, 'scaped that red hand;
But when, once more, the artist plucked him down,
Knowing quite well his fearful fate was sealed,
And no slight strength of his might more avail,
Clasped he his fenseless paws round that grim neck,
Licking the monster's face, with pleading vain!

First, let me warmly thank Harvey W. Pinney, Esq., of Mill Brook, Conn., for his manly words in condemnation of E. B. Foote, Jr., and his (Mr Foote's) stand in the vivisection controversy, as explained in his (Mr. Pinney's) article in THE TRUTH SEEKER of Feb. 16, 1884.

Mr. Pinney most justly says, in substance, "Two wrongs do not make one right, nor is vivisection the less atrocious because other forms of cruelty exist."

I hope all readers of this paper will imitate the worthy example set by Mr. Pinney, and decline to trust their own lives, or those of their families, in the hands of medical men who espouse or practice vivisection. Surely a man whose sensibilities are so blunted—as are those of the vivisector—by the frequent infliction or witnessing of animal pain would not be likely to be especially tender of the sufferings of these human beings who might commit themselvs to his care.

During the investigations made at the sessions of the Royal Commission in 1876 (which convocation of learned physiologists and others took place owing to the commands of Queen Victoria, and for the purpose of sifting this terrible question as thoroughly as possible) it was found that German physiologists, as a rule, ridiculed the idea that their fellow-craftsmen in Germany and elsewhere labored for "the good of humanity," but that it was simply for science in the abstract.

What has our champion of vivisection, E. B. Foote, Jr., to say relativ to the abominable proceedings of Signor Paolo Mantegazza, who recently carried out a long series of horrible experiments upon living, unetherized animals, merely to make a study of pain? Not pain inflicted with any possible beneficial end in view, but solely and simply out out of a hellish curiosity to discover how much agony various animals could be made to suffer before death took place.

He subsequently published the tabulated results of these atrocities in a work entitled "*La Fisiologia del Dolore*" (Florence: Felice Paggi, editore. 1880). I quote the following from "Light in Dark Places," a most valuable illustrated pamphlet by Miss Frances Power Cobbe, the eminent English opponent of vivisection. It will be sent free to readers of this article on application to the "Victoria Street Society for the Protection of Animals Liable to Vivisection," Victoria st., London S. W., England.

Let every interested person drop a postal card (adding a one cent stamp thereto, as required on postal cards for England) with the request for a copy of "Light in Dark Places," and it will be forwarded to their address free of charge. It contains twenty large illustrations of vivisected animals and vivisecting implements, beside much valuable printed matter.

"To study pain properly it was necessary, so Professor Mantegazza thought, to create the most intense pain he could possibly contrive; and with this object in view he devised various combinations. One, which he found excellent, consisted in 'planting nails sharp and numerous, through the feet of the animals, in such a manner as to render the creature almost motionless, because in every movement it would hav felt its torment more acutely.' Further on he mentions that, to produce more intense pain (*dolore intenso*) he was obliged to employ wounds followed by inflammation.

"Going a little further, he devised, and, with the help of an ingenious machinist in Milan, brought into working order, the instrument depicted in our illustration, which is exactly reproduced from his book, page 98. This machine enabled him to grip any part of an animal with pincers with iron teeth, and to crush, or tear, or lift up the victim, 'so as to produce pain in every possible way.' The first series of his experiments, Signor Mantegazza informs us, were tried on twelve animals, chiefly rabbits and guinea pigs, of which several were pregnant. One poor little creature, 'far advanced in pregnancy,' was made to endure *dolori atrocissimi*, so that it was impossible to make any observations in consequence of its convulsions. In the second series of experiments twenty-eight animals were sacrificed, some of them taken from nursing their young, exposed to torture for an hour or two, then allowed to rest an hour, and usually replaced in the machine to be crushed or torn by the professor for periods of from two to six hours more. In the table wherein these experiments are summed up, the terms *molto dolore* and *crudeli dolori* are delicately distinguished, the latter being apparently reserved for the cases when the victims were, as the professor expresses it, *lardeltati di chiodi* (larded with nails)."

I will now quote, once more, from another part of "Light in Dark Places:"

"We now come (page 20) to an illustration which will be recognized by many readers—the first of the two stoves invented and used by Claude Bernard. It is taken from his '*Lecons sur la Chaleur Animale*,' Paris, 1876, p. 347, and represents, as M. Bernard states, his 'first apparatus for the study of the mechanism of death by heat.' Of the results of experiments made with it he prints several tables. These tables show how dogs, pigeons, and rabbits baked in the stove expired at the temperatures of 98° or 100° Cent. in six minutes, ten minutes, twenty-four minutes, etc., and at higher temperatures at different intervals; and again how, when the apparatus formed a hot bath (*i.e.*, the animal was boiled instead of baked alive), a different scale of heat and subsequent death was observed. A small dog placed in a temperature of 55° expired after eight minutes, and so on. Again, another series of results was obtained when the head of the victim was kept outside the stove, while its body was baked or boiled. 'The animals' (M. Bernard notes, page 356,) 'exhibit a series of symptoms always the same and characteristic At first the creature is a little agitated. Soon the respiration and circulation are quickened. The animal opens its mouth and breathes hard. Soon it becomes impossible to count its pantings; at at last it falls into convulsions, and dies generally in uttering a cry.'

"In a subsequent table M. Bernard gives the particulars of the deaths in this apparatus of seventeen dogs, and of numerous rabbits and pigeons; and then proceeds in the next lecture to show his audience the diagram of another and more elaborate stove, in which many other series of animals were sacrificed. . . . We try the same experiment (baking alive) on a rabbit. The same series of phenomena are exhibited, *but more slowly*, for it only dies at the end of *twenty minutes!*"

Vivisectors commonly endeavor to hoodwink the public with the assertion that nearly all animals are rendered insensible to pain, through the administration of ether, chloroform, or the like, before being vivisected. This is absolutely untrue, as a glance at the report of the Royal Commission (a document of several hundred pages) will suffice to show. Indeed, it is nearly, or quite, impossible to render the majority of animals thus insensible; many die before reaching an unconscious state, and still others at the very moment of its attainment. Abundant testimony was obtained from the vivisectors themselvs, during the sitting of the above commission, to discredit the statement that anesthetics are given except where it is for the operator's convenience to do so, which is but very rarely.

The greatest vivisectors hav declared, at the end of their careers, that their terrible experiments were barren of useful results, and, at most, could only point to possible success in the future. The dying Claude Bernard said that he passed away with empty hands.

Another fact which many of my readers may be surprised to learn is, that during the course of history numerous men and women hav been given over alive to the vivisectors (particularly by the government of Tuscany), and it may be well imagined how exquisit must hav been the delight of these learned(?) gentlemen in having an opportunity to test at length their multitudinous experiments on dogs and cats, upon real live men and women! Nor let it be imagined that in these latter days of the nineteenth century vivisectors hav gotten over their penchant for vivisecting human beings—by no means. Very recently two vivisectors seriously proposed (in the London *Spectator*) that condemned criminals should be given over to them for vivisection, instead of compelling them (the vivisectors) to resort to the vivisection of unoffending dogs and cats (an unusual and most beautiful ebullition of virtue on their part).

Within a very few months a great stir has been made in England by the fact (published in the London press by these worthies themselvs) that certain of the vivisectional fraternity had been administering to the free patients of a great London hospital a specific poison, from which several of these poor people suffered injuries from which it appears doubtful if they ever will fully recover. Numerous cats, to which it was also administered, died.

In their first published account of these abominable proceedings, these gentry did not claim that the poison given bore any relation to the diseases of the patients, but later (finding public opinion deeply incensed against them) they said that "they had hoped the poison might do their victims good!"—about as likely a sequence to their poisoning "experiments" on human beings, apparently, as that 2 and 2 will sometimes make 5.

E. B. Foote, Jr., says in his criticism, now before me, of my essay referring to vivisection, "To prove its utility would require more of my time and THE TRUTH SEEKER'S space than the subject is worth," etc.

Right you are, Mr. Foote. It would take more space to demonstrate such utility than would be contained in every line of every page of every copy of the noble journal in which I print these remarks that ever came from the press-room.

Here is a further example of Mr. Foote's lack either of information or of fairness: "It [vivisection] is, as I contend, not enough of an evil to deserve attention from those who hav time and strength to devote to reforms."

Not so fast, Mr. Foote, if you please. Wait until the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER peruse my account in this present letter, of the "experiments" of Mantegazza, and of Claude Bernard; if I do not err greatly, your coadjutor's "scratching-newts'-tails" theory is becoming slightly transparent beneath the focus I hav brought to bear on it, and similar "cock-and-bull" stories, calculated to mislead the lay-public.

As good, or better, judges than yourself bear testimony that the tortures which vivisectors inflict are "the most atrocious that the imagination of man can conceive.

Let no reader of this epistle be led to suppose from what you write that vivisection is on the decline, and that great cruelties are not now perpetrated. Whatever you or your brother may or may not hav seen during your medical apprenticeship, the fact remains that this atrocious practice was never more widely prevalent than it is to-day. Here in the United States, state of Ohio, one vivisector alone is reported to hav sacrificed three thousand animals! If extremely painful vivisection is unknown at the present day, except in very rare cases (as you would hav the public believe), why the carefully detailed directions to students by Professor Austin Flynt, of New York city, in his student's handbook of physiology, as to the correct method for them to pursue in vivisecting "the fifth pair" in a living, unetherized rabbit?

You will find this a hard nut to crack, if I mistake not. This "fifth pair" vivisection (as I fully explained in my original essay upon vivisection, in THE TRUTH SEEKER of Dec. 29, 1883), is esteemed by the leading physiologists of the world to be the most acutely painful operation which it lies within the power of man to inflict.

In a very valuable pamphlet by M. Scholl, printed in the French language, and now before me, I find the minimum number of dogs sacrificed, in the laboratories of Europe alone, by vivisectors each day of the year, to be estimated at one hundred and forty-three, or forty-two thousand, nine hundred every year (allowing three hundred working days to the year). To these stupendous figures for dogs must be added thousands upon thousands of cats, rabbits, guinea-pigs, horses, asses, etc. And yet Mr. Foote thinks the subject of too little importance to deserve the attention of philanthropists!

I believe three motivs only commonly enter into the calculations of the true vivisector: 1. A burning curiosity to see what animals will do when subjected to intense torment; 2. The love of cruelty inherent in men's nature, and which becomes enormously enlarged by the constant sight of blood and suffering. 3. Ambition to surpass in feats of horror, and hence science (?), their fellow-craftsmen.

What vivisector, of even common intelligence, would devote a lifetime to vivisecting in hopes of benefiting humanity, when no valuable results hav been obtained therefrom in all past time, and the most persevering vivisectors die (as did Claude Bernard) with the admission that nothing of value has been accomplished as yet?

You will pardon me, Mr. Foote, for saying that your slur upon the gentler sex, because they disapprove of the atrocities of vivisection, is not a worthy sentiment to emanate from the pen of a Liberal, and one of which you may liv to feel ashamed. I deplore it the more in emanating from you, whose illustrious father has proved in his various invaluable works a true benefactor and friend of woman. No man can afford to sneer at a cause because it is championed by women, for without the approval and sanction of intelligent and noble-hearted women, no great reform ever has, or ever will be, carried on to a successful issue. Woman is the great civilizer of the world, and her presence and influence in any reform can be but an unmitigated blessing. Intelligent male readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER will condemn you for the utterance of so narrow and unmanly a sentiment, and its female readers will, I feel certain, not be sparing of their disapproval.

If thoughtless women, as you say, wear the wings of slaughtered birds upon their bonnets, it is men who killed these birds and (at first hand) offer them for sale. The boiling alive of lobsters (to which you allude) is an abomination which should not be tolerated amongst civilized people. I hav used my influence against the practice for years, and I trust no one who reads these lines will ever be guilty of committing such a cruel act. If lobsters cannot be eaten except when thus prepared, humane people will unhesitatingly deny themselvs the delicacy.

That you question (as you say you do) that very painful vivisection is common, proves beyond the possibility of a doubt that you are "wofully ignorant of its atrocities" (as I suggested as being quite possible), and hence had better "shut up shop" as an authority

on this subject, and allow someone else to take up the cudgels who is up to the times, both in this matter and that of the proper position of woman in all reforms worthy of the name.

I trust I hav not belabored you too hard, Mr. Foote. It is not you personally, but the class which you represent, that I attack; hence, "let not your angry passions rise" if I hav presumed to "handle you without gloves."

I will conclude this epistle with a poem of my own, now published for the first time, descriptiv of the renowned baker and boiler of living animals, about whom I hav had so much to say in this letter. It is entitled,

A VISION OF THE SOUL OF CLAUDE BERNARD.

The mind can merge itself, at times, with that
Which seems unearthly knowledge, and from out
The ghostly chambers of dim destinies, call shapes
In ages yet unborn. I once saw such—
Kind fortune grant I view them not again!
I had been conning, in a quaint, old room,
The vivisector's tale, and horrors strange
Crept through my curdling blood!—the fair earth paled!
Stood I, transfixed in black, abysmal hell!
And as I, shuddering, gazed on all around—
'Pon wraith of hideous crime and hapless woe,
A horrent genius rose, by which all else
Showed almost fair 'mid that infernal crew!
It bare not form of man, yet did I deem
It once walked earth, and dwelt in mortal mold,
Though eons since humanity had fled
Her outraged temple—and her charnel-house!
Its lean and sinewy hands were wet with blood
Of slaughtered innocents, whose poor, mute mouths
Could not denounce the author of their woe;
Dumb beasts they were, and yet to me it seemed
It wrought foul murder, that did butcher them!
And, ever and anon, 'pon those red hands
It gazed, with hellish joy Death could not kill!
Then, quoth I (plucking courage, lest my fears
Should serve to whet it), "Answer! what art thou
To whom yon blood seems incense, sweeter far
Than Araby's blest gale?"—but dared no more.
It spake not, but those pitiless, fierce eyes
Fixed on me, in a gaze so horrible—
So full of lust for blood, for blood's own sake,
I swooned to look; yet, ere my sense had gone,
With gory finger viewed the phantom trace,
"In me behold the soul of Claude Bernard!"

ELLIOTT PRESTON.

Money and Its Meaning.

NEW YORK, Feb. 16, 1884.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Last evening Mark M. Pomeroy ("Brick" Pomeroy) lectured, according to announcement, before the Liberal Club (New York), on "Panics in the Commercial World, Their Causes and Cure." In the course of his remarks he diverged to the consideration of money and the greenback issues. He was followed by Mr. Courtlandt Palmer, who alluded with courtesy and appreciation to my little work entitled. "The Labor Dollar." Contrary to a general resolution I hav long entertained not to discuss the money question, incidentally, or except when with ample opportunity to explain myself somewhat at large, I was betrayed into making a five or ten minutes' speech on the subject, and, as usual, under those circumstances, succeeded, I believe, in getting myself quite generally misunderstood. I said among other things that money did not, as I had understood Mr. Langerfelt to assert, depend on any real value inhering in it, or the fact that it would ever be redeemed at the fountain-head from which it was issued; but simply and purely upon the fact that for the time being the community gave it their confidence, or believed in it; and I instanced the case of a bank which is utterly bankrupt, and so known to be by its directors, but in whose bills in circulation the community, ignorant of the bankruptcy, continue to hav confidence. I affirmed that those bills continuing to circulate, and to serve as the instrument of effecting exchanges, went on performing all the functions of money, and accommodating the public, in that respect, the same, and just as well as if the bills were really guaranteed by gold coin back of them. Hence I inferred that it is not the gold, or the guarantee, but the simple element of *confidence, merely*, which is the gist of the function performed by money. I added that there are three principal ways in which such confidence may be secured. One is to make the money-token of a material which has an intrinsic value—thereby furnishing an immediate and tangible ground of confidence going along with the token in every exchange—which is the hard money device. The second mode is to place collateral securities back of the token (as gold in the bank back of the bill), the intrinsic value not then accompanying the token, but being (supposably) within reach when called for. The third is a sentimental and generous confidence such as a people may giv to its government, a tribe to its leader, or the whole people to mere usage, not looking for nor expecting any real redemption of the token, except from the equal confidence of the same sort, on the part of other citizens, making them willing to take and so redeem it in each repeated transaction of trade. I said that this last kind of confidence, if it existed, gave to money all the sanction it needed; and that in that sense fiat money is philosophically justified; but that the extent to which a government can go, in utilizing this spontaneous faith of the people, is matter for grave consideration and wise experiment.

In his reply, Mr. Pomeroy ignored my exposition, and brought up instead a stock argument of the Greenbackers, that it is the *legal tender character* impressed on the token, by fiat of government, and that only, which makes it money. This position, which has been a powerful one with the orators of that party, in worrying their still less well-informed opponents, is still entirely erroneous, as I will show farther on.

When the session of the club closed, I was surrounded by critics and inquirers, with protests against my views, or with inquiries respecting them. Mr. Langerfelt, for instance, was indignant at me for having said, as he construed me, that a bad bill is just as good as a good one. Mr. Cohen asked earnestly, showing real insight into the subject, if it were not price rather than value which money represents. I was in that way convinced on the one hand that I had made myself only partially understood, and on the other, that there is a deep and earnest interest, among us, at length fully aroused on the subject. Years ago I tried to find listeners in discussing it, but nobody cared for it. Now it seems to me quite different; and, with your leave, I will make a short analysis of the subject, after my method; but such as will probably not hav been met with in the books, nor heard in the current political discussion on finance. To put it in better form for quotation or reference, apart from the mere circumstances I hav recited, I will giv the treatis a sub-heading or title, as below.

STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

ANALYSIS OF THE NATURE OF MONEY.

All things whatsoever hav three very fundamental aspects, which are, 1. *Essentials*, 2. *Incidentals, and* 3. *Accidentals*. *Essentials* are those properties, features, or elements without which the thing *is not* at all, or cannot be, or exist, as the thing in question. *Incidentals* are those which, without being essential, are so usual and so implied in the idea that they follow, of course, as belonging to it, unless they are expressly excluded. *Accidentals* are those which the thing does not necessarily, or even of course, imply, and which must, therefore, be expressly supplied in order to belong to it, but which may be, and often are, so supposed. This, then, is our universological basis of criticism. The utmost confusion comes from the lack of this kind of discrimination in the estimate of things. Let us now apply this Canon (or Rule) of Criticism to the consideration of the nature of money.

Money is, in a general sense, the means, or, as it were, the tool, instrument, or contrivance, employed to aid us in making exchanges of commodities (things in trade), when there is delay on one side in making the actual delivery of the commodities, and a consequent credit or indulgence given on the other side—the money being that which is given temporarily in the place of the commodities which are not forthcoming. If, on the contrary, the two commodities or lots of commodity exchanged are both on hand at the time, and are mutually delivered, the transaction is called barter, and no money is needed or used. The need of money arises, therefore, wholly from the fact of credit or trust. In short, money is the direct and chief instrument of trade on credit. Money, therefore, strictly considered, instead of ever paying debt, is like a note of hand, an acknowledgment that a debt is due, ultimately to be paid (and the money redeemed) by the actual delivery of useful commodities, as agreed on. It is a contrivance to that end, seemingly a very simple one, but really, as we shall see, quite complex in its nature.

I.—ESSENTIALS OF MONEY.

There are three essential characteristic elements going to the make-up of the very idea of money, which, when they are all present, constitute money, and without any one of which money does not and cannot properly exist. These are:

I. It must be a measurer or measure of the mutual estimate of the parties of the basis of exchange in their bargain. The usual expression here is "a measure of values;" but that is not sufficiently exact for the present critical purpose. It would be better to say a measure of price, since price may refer to values, and usually does so in the present state of commerce, or to cost alone (the amount of labor put into the product), as it would do in a perfectly equitable commerce (a statement which I hav written a book, "Cost, the Limit of Price," to prove, and which I cannot elaborate here); hence it is better to say the basis of exchange to mean either value or cost or a mixture of the two; that, whatever it is, which fixes the price (or mutual prices) agreed on*. If values, then it need not be any other than those immediately concerned in the bargain; and again, it need not be the measure of the true or intrinsic values, even of these commodities; but merely of their values as estimated or assented to by the two minds—the agreement or consent of the parties to the bargain. They may underestimate or overestimate, which is not essential. Hence the expression is preferred: A measurer of the mutual estimate of the parties, of the basis of exchange (*i. e.*, of the mutual prices agreed on, whether founded on value or cost).

In order to be a measure in this limited sense, or in any sense, the substance chosen to serve as money must be of such a character as to be conveniently divided into proportionate parts, as the metals, paper, parchment, and the like—and which a horse, a house, a cap, or a hat is not—so that its differences of quantity (dollars, dimes, cents, etc.) may be easily referred to, and may giv a sort of certainty to other things, as we refer to or use the inches on a scale or rule; and for the same reason that an elastic substance would not serve well for a yard-stick.

II. It (money) must be a token, or reminder, of the measurement it has served to effect; a convenient and off-hand permanent record of the terms of the transaction; so that, by referring to the ten dollars (for example) in hand or agreed upon, and held as the sum (in commodities) due, we recall the facts even after they hav been forgotten, by calling up this unpretending witness, to the extent of *now* knowing what amount of commodities it should command.

III. It (money) must contain a pledge or promis (express or implied) by the party handing it over or giving it out (by him who has failed otherwise to complete his part of the exchange; who has obtained the credit or delay—the debtor) to the party who completed his part by delivering commodities, that he (the debtor himself), when called on (the money tendered back), or that some one for him (if the money is tendered to that some one instead), will supply an amount of real commodities equivalent to the face of the money presented—which promis, if believed in by the community at large, who are then ready to step in, each man in turn, and fulfil the promis, expecting it to be fulfilled to him in like manner—becomes the general purchasing power of the money.

The pledge or mere promis does not necessarily imply any other security than the promis itself, and the faith that is reposed in the promiser; as, when lovers pledge or plight their faith, it is not usual to exchange or deposit jewelry or other valuables as "collateral" to indemnify each other in case of a breach of marriage contract. Still that may be done, and in respect to money is often done. But the two things must be distinguished. The promis and the faith in the promis are of the essence of money, but not the additional securities which may or may not be given to back up the promis. These may not be needed; but if deemed necessary to secure the fulfilment of the promis, that fact, or factor of the transaction, is, as will be shown, an accident merely. If the promis is accredited or sufficiently believed in, on any ground, this third essential condition is present—and these three conditions constitute money.

To recapitulate, these are thus:

I. Money is in the nature of a yardstick, a steelyards, a quart-measure, or any other measuring instrument.

II. Money is like a memorandum-book, a record, a monument, or any other reminder of a past transaction and its particulars.

III. Money is in the nature of a pledge or promis given and credited, or believed in, and hence acted on, as a basis of a trade—transaction—or of an exchange, where on one side the actual commodities are not at the time forthcoming.

II.—INCIDENTALS OF MONEY.

It is an incidental of money that it should hav *currency; i.e.*, that it should be continuously believed in by a succession of people, and, at its best, by the whole community; so that everybody else, as well as the original promiser, shall be willing to stand in his place and redeem his promis, for the time being, by the delivery of the specified amount of real commodities upon the surrender of the money, used now as the evidence of the promis; and so that it should pass from hand to hand, when presented as a means of purchase, or should, in other words, go into circulation. But even this common attribute is not *essential* to its character as money. If one person has believed in it and received it, as the temporary equivalent of real commodities in a trade transaction, it is already money; although, if it be said that this one transaction is a beginning of circulation, then to that extent it is essential.

It is an incidental or usual property of money that it should be of a convenient character and form for transmission, for packing away, and for preservation. But this is not *essential* to its character as money. Lycurgus's iron money, which was expressly intended by its cumbersomeness to discourage the credit system and the use of money, was still, and none the less, money. There are doubtless some other incidentals of money, which it is not important to hunt out and characterize.

III.—ACCIDENTALS OF MONEY.

It is an accident of money that faith in its purchasing power (or real redemption) is sometimes backed up by something more than the mere promis. It is just as much money if all this confidence truly exists and rests merely on the well-known character for honesty and ability of the promiser; or on the established confidence, on whatever grounds, in the minds of others, giving it currency; but other security may be required, and often is. This other "collateral" or backlying security may be in the nature of intrinsic value in the token chosen to serve as money, as in the case of gold and silver coin; or it may be the (supposed) fact that such gold and silver money will be substituted for the paper token on demand at some bank or office for such exchange; or it may be merely the greater esteem and confidence of the people for a token issued by their government than they would be likely to hav for individual promis.

Paper money is to all intents and purposes money, if it hav the three essential qualities. Its real and final redemption is effected when it exerts its purchasing power, and is surrendered for its equivalent commodities, and so in each transaction where it is used. But, in the popular use of the term, "redemption" means the exchange of one kind of money, which carries an intrinsic security along with it, for another kind, the security for which is confidence merely. The gold is no more money than the paper, and has itself to be redeemed by the delivery of the actual commodities which it is said to purchase. In other words, the intrinsic value of coin is a collateral security to augment a confidence which the paper money may not command. But if the paper money does command the confidence requisit, the additional security is a mere incumbrance. It is like heavy armor worn amongst peaceable citizens. The intrin-

(*Continued on page* 154.)

*"Even the word equivalent (equi-valent), meaning of equal values, is objectionable. We ought to hav also such words as equiprecious (equi-precious), of equal price, and equimpensous (equi-impensous), of equal cost."

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The Uncertainty of Salvation.

It is generally held by the Protestant church that the four gospels are essential to salvation. Christ said that unless we believe we must be damned. But without the gospels how can we know what to believe? The Catholic church in this rises superior to her rebellious daughter. With her the church is superior to the Bible. It is now admitted by the Christian scholars that nothing was authoritativly known of the gospels till about 150 years after the alleged birth of Christ. The assertions made by the church, that Mark wrote his gospel within ten years after Christ left the earth; that Luke penned his within a couple of dozen years after the same event; that John was only sixty-three years posterior to his hero, are all valueless and false. Then, if this be so, how, allowing the claim for the sake of argument, can the Christians of to-day expect to meet in heaven their few and feeble brethren of the first and second centuries? For certainly one hundred years there were no *Christian* gospels. *Gospels* there were, but they were not recognized nor quoted as Christ's words. Indeed, all the Christians for three hundred years were worse than gospelless, for in the primitiv days of Christianity there were many false scriptures in circulation. The sin of running after strange gods was vigorously denounced by Jehovah, and can we suppose that a belief in false gospels was any less dangerous to the soul's salvation? And it may be that now the church is on the wrong track, for we do not know who did really write the four gospels, and twelve—and perhaps thirteen—of the other books. So, if a knowledge of Christ's words is necessary to avoid the brimstone flames, what a slim chance the Christians of the world stand of preserving the integrity of their soul's tender skin!

Until printing was invented, the gospels and the whole Bible were beyond the reach of the people. In the early middle ages a copy of a Bible cost a large fortune; and aside from the cost of the work, the fact that each copy differed from every other copy impaired, we should say, the value of the book. It has been estimated that every copy of the Bible previous to printing facilities cost over eight thousand dollars of present values, and that sum in those times is equivalent to many times that now. Bibles were therefore scarce. But if without the Bible there can be no salvation, how did the people then living get by St. Peter at the gate? How did they know what they were to believe, or what they were to do, through their ignorance of the Bible and its teachings? The pulpit of to-day pompously asks, "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" The Pews meekly respond, Nothing; and further query, "What shall we do to save our souls?" The Pulpit answers back, "Read your Bible. That is, always has been, and must always be, the only door to heaven!" But ever must come up that question of the people who could not, can not, and never will, get a Bible to read.

It is also supposed to be vitally important that the Bible should be read aright. There are over three hundred different Christian sects in the world. They differ in almost every vital dogma. Yet they all derive their authority from the Bible, drawing from it doctrins in opposition and contradiction to one another. About the only doctrin they hav in common is the one in which it is improbable that any are right—that is, that their particular sect is certain of heaven and the other sects equally certain of the other place. It is an impossibility for them all to be right. The Methodist prayerfully pours over the book, and comes to one conclusion; the Episcopal repeats his liturgical prayer, and arrives at a different conclusion; the Presbyterian goes into his closet, calls out his directions to the deity so that outsiders can hear him, rises from his knees, and says the Bible means this; the Baptist asks the blessing of God upon his studies and asserts the Bible means that; the Quaker, the Shaker, the Campbellite, the Mormon, the Unitarian, the Universalist, the Christian, the Congregationalist, the Catholic, the Mennonite, and all the others, little and big, say they hav the true meaning of the scriptures. They are all prayerful, devout, earnest, and sincere. Which is right, and what must we believe to be saved? Christ made belief the one prime consideration of salvation, and commanded that he that doth not hear let him be unto you a heathen and a publican. But who can tell us what Christ meant by his commands? The eternal things are all mixed up and there is none faithful enough to straighten them. Mountains and scriptural difficulties are not removed by faith, and, after all, those who cannot read the Bible are as well off as those who can. Our sympathy for the primitiv Christian is misplaced.

The Religion of Humanity.

It was Draper who said that nations, like individuals, hav their periods of youth, of manhood, of decay. This observation was not predicated upon hasty generalizations, or insufficient premises. It holds good of society and of religions. As Comte says, all essential phases in the evolution of society answer to corresponding phases in the growth of the individual. The highest progress of man and of society consists in gradual increase of our mastery over all our defects, as a child's progress is marked by the overgrowth of his babyhood faults. When the bib and rattle are laid away in the nursery, the child also lays aside many of his immature feelings. Fancies givs place to thoughts, aimless play to work with a visible object.

Under the rule of theology men hav been kept children. In other words, the intellect is the slave of the heart; reason subservient to emotion. It is the province of the religion of Humanity to giv men a religion worthy of man's estate; to furnish a rational outlet for those emotions, the abuse of which has led to foolishness of action and thought on the one hand, and cruelty and tyranny on the other.

Christianity satisfies no part of human nature. It approaches nearest to doing this in the affections, but it so perverts these feelings as to render them an instrument of exquisit torture, rather than a source of happiness. "If any man come to me and hate not his father, and mother, and wife," etc., "yea and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple." It is the criticism of the religion of Humanity upon the church, that the aim it sets before men, being unreal and personal, is ill-suited to a life of reality. The love of God requires the abandonment of all that is really worthy in life, and the abasement of manhood in utter rejection of reason. The desire for some central point round which all can meet, and to which all can cling who feel the need of some subjectiv leaning-post (which is all that God really is) is met by the new religion in its conception of humanity as a whole. This great being, compounded of separable elements, depends entirely upon mutual love knitting together her various parts. The disintegration of the great being would be the decay of humanity itself, and as to her existence there can be no Agnostics, for the object of worship is not like that of theological believers, an absolute, isolated, incomprehensible being, whose existence admits of no demonstration or comparison with anything real, but is a being, the evidence of whose existence is spontaneous, and shrouded in no mystery. The alleged saying of the Christian idol, "Inasmuch as ye hav done it unto the least of one of these, ye hav done it unto me," could hav no sense with him except in metaphor, but how appropriate and true a sentiment to be spoken in the church whose great being is composed of the "least of one of these."

Before we can, however, praise, love, and serve Humanity as we ought, says this religion, we must know the laws which govern her existence, an existence more complicated than any other of which we are cognizant. To accomplish this, not only must the supreme science of humanity be diligently studied, but the special sciences of life and the inorganic world be elevated and fostered. But science will be concentrated in the study of humanity, and all its researches will be to make this world and this life better and brighter. The men of science will also rise to the dignity of philosophers, and thus supplant the preaching impostors of the present, who teach neither science nor philosophy.

From philosophy to morality is an easy transition. The superiority of the foundations of morality implanted by this new religion cannot be gainsaid. Its morality is human in all its parts. By pointing out distinctly the way in which individual action reacts upon society, says Comte, it forces us to judge our own conduct without lowering our standard. Accepting the truths of science, it teaches that we must look to our own exertions for the only providence by which the hardships of life can be mitigated and avoided. The one great object of life is to become more perfect in every way. Christians' morality and reform are like their hell—exclusivly for their neighbors. In the religion of Humanity, by making the great being consist of the sum total of the race, there is a likelihood of ultimately attaining something near a perfect ideal; for in working for the great being, which is the *sumnum bonum* of existence in the new religion, each individual must improve himself, which is the object of all morality.

Poetry and art are cultivated by the religion of Humanity. They properly come under one head. And in the orthodox religion of Humanity (for there are already heretics and unorthodox members) art is placed ahead of science. Festivals are likewise a feature of the philosophical religion, and consist of two kinds, one to illustrate the existence of humanity; the other, her action. (It will be noticed that the great being is an improvement upon Jehovah, being of the feminin gender.) The first kind of a festival is called the static, and in it is illustrated the solidarity of the race—the oneness, Mr. Andrews might call it; the second, the dynamic, will explain social progress, and inspire the sense of historical continuity.

Such, in brief, are a few of the more important points—dogmas, some might call them—of the religion of Humanity. The propounder of the scheme is Auguste Comte, and the philosophy which it supplements is Positivistic. The immortality desired and expected by this school was shown in THE TRUTH SEEKER a few weeks since.

Pennsylvania is a Christian State.

It will be recollected by our older readers that in 1879 B. F. Underwood was engaged to deliver a course of lectures at Irwin Station, Pa. The schoolhouse, which, in that town, is used for a public hall, was hired by Wm. Crookston and others, representing the Liberals. The contract for its use was signed by Dr. McCormick, president of the school board. On the Sunday previous to Mr. Underwood's appearance the preachers united in an attack on the Liberals of the town, and on the coming lecturer, and demanded that the school board violate its contract and refuse the use of the school-house.

The next day the school board passed a resolution forbidding the opening of the school-house, but President McCormick refused to break the contract, and gave the managers of the lecture course an order on the janitor for the key. Mr. Underwood arrived on the day appointed, and the managers presented the order for the key. The janitor informed them that it had been delivered to the village constable by order of the school board, and he refused to surrender it. At the hour named for the lecture about five hundred people had gathered and were clamoring for admittance or their money. Finally A. M. Browser and Wm. Crookston forced open the schoolhouse door. The lamps were lighted and the hall was soon filled. All the leading church-members were present, however, and when Mr. Underwood began his lecture they drowned his voice by shouts, cat-calls, whistling, and stamping, at the same time addressing him in insulting and uncomplimentary terms. This was kept up so persistently that the lecturer was compelled to retire, and the meeting broke up amid great excitement.

The next day Messrs. Browser, Crookston, and Underwood were arrested on a charge of forcible entry, and detainer, and blasphemy. They gave bail to appear for trial, and the same evening Mr. Underwood delivered his lecture on "Science Against the Bible." The case against the three defendants came up at the April term of court, 1880. The suit was to recover damages for injury done to the schoolhouse by breaking into it, and by the "immoral and blasphemous use to which the building had been

put." The damage was placed at $500. The injury done the building by breaking into it had been repaired for twenty-five cents. The jury deliberated for half an hour and returned a verdict against the defendants, fixing the damages at $150. The case was appealed, and the judgment of the district court has just been affirmed.

The result of this trial givs Pennsylvania a prominent place in the list of states renowned for bigotry and blue laws. Her courts hav made her the equal of little Delaware. It is, perhaps, useless to expect the Christian legislators at Harrisburg to change these blasphemy laws, but the attempt should be promptly made. Such of the politicians as escaped conviction for bribery may be found willing to set their state ahead a notch when they find the Liberals hav several thousand votes at their disposal.

A Devilish Outrage.

An outrage in which the chief offender will probably escape punishment was perpetrated at Corning, Ohio, last Sunday.

Two weeks ago A. J. McDevitt of that place caused the arrest, on a charge of gambling, of the pastor of the Corning Catholic church, the Rev. "Father" O'Boylan.

A wheel of fortune at the church fair was the instrument on which the charge was based. The pastor gave bonds and resumed his occupation. Last Sunday Mr. O'Boylan preached a sermon in which he denounced McDevitt as a villain and a murderer. The words of the priest made a most intense impression on his ignorant followers, who left the church breathing vengeance.

A blinding snow-storm was raging, and through it eight men made their way to McDevitt's drug-store, where they found him alone. Drawing revolvers they marched him to the door. The telegraph tells the rest of the tragedy in these word:

"For God's sake, what do you mean? What are you going to do?" asked the frightened and helpless man.

"You'll find out what we're goin' to do," replied the one who seemed to be the leader. "We're goin' to march you out of the town, for one thing, ye black-hearted son of a divil."

McDevitt asked to be permitted at least to get his hat and overcoat, and not be compelled to face the pitiless storm bare-headed and with only a thin office coat.

"It's little you'll want o' hats or coats when we're done with you," said one of the men, and they hustled him out into the street.

They marched him a mile west of town to a secluded spot, and then compelled him, at the muzzle of a revolver, to strip to the skin. As fast as the garments were handed to them they cut them into shreds with their pocket knives and gave the tatters to the winds. When he was entirely naked the leader of the pitiless mob ordered him to kneel in the snow.

"Would you kill me?" pleaded their victim.

"Kneel!" demanded the leader, sternly, and he enforced his order by the click of a pistol.

McDevitt knelt on his bare knees in the snow.

"Raise your right hand," commanded the leader.

He did so.

"Now swear by the Virgin Mary, the holy mother of God, that ye'll never set foot or face in Corning again, the longest day ye liv."

"I swear it," said the shivering McDevitt, through his chattering teeth.

The men then left him there and came back to town, shouting back, as they left him still kneeling in the snow, "Good night to ye, Mr. McDevitt. Good riddance to the likes o' ye!"

McDevitt has not since been seen, but gangs of men are searching for his remains, and swearing vengeance on his outragers.

When a man hires another to commit a murder or burn a barn he is regarded as *particeps criminis*, and punished accordingly. This priest deserves to share the fate of his activ helpers, whatever that may be, and it should be the severest the law allows. In the eyes of an Irish Catholic, an offense against a priest is a crime against God himself. A priest can raise a mob by a few incendiary sentences. His power in a Catholic community is immense. His dupes are prompt to catch his meaning, and it needs no direct command to incite them to deeds of most infernal cruelty. They can be thrown in conflict with the government as easily as they were induced to strip and leave to freeze a helpless individual who had offended a tool of Rome.

Catholicism must be watched, its crimes punished, its interference in public affairs rebuked, and the state aid now rendered it withdrawn. Fanatical ignorance led by designing knavery is too dangerous a force to permeate a republic without jealous watching in the interests of liberty.

C. B. Reynolds lectured at Pultneyville, N. Y., on the 6th; will speak on the 9th at Bradford, Pa., and on the 10th at Richburg, N. Y.

Editorial Notes.

The *Popular Science Monthly* has an article on the "Disappearance of the Reptils." Can it be, asks the *Winsted Press*, thal Joe Cook and Anthony Comstock hav taken themselvs off?

A man and his family were found in East Winsted, Conn., last week, who had lived for several days on walnuts. They were too proud to beg, too honest to steal, and the father was unable to obtain work.

Daniel Curry, D.D., writing in the *Independent*, says it was not Garrison, not "Phillips and his following, nor the American people, nor Mr. Lincoln, acting out his own thoughts, that abolished American slavery, but Almighty God." It seems very curious if this be the case, and Almighty God is opposed to human slavery, that that great personage did not begin earlier his career as an Abolitionist. Certainly opportunities were not lacking. He might hav manumitted the slaves of the Old Testament as a starter.

The Lord does not seem to smile upon the efforts of the Methodists to convert the pagans of the Micronesian islands. In 1856 the church begged enough pennies from the Sunday-school children to build a vessel to be used by the missionaries in that unpromising field, but she was lost ten years after. Another was built, but she left her bones on the bottom of the sea within three years. A third is still afloat, but she is insufficient for the purpose, and to build another the church is again opening the little fists and grabbing the pennies therein. Great is Christianity—especially Methodism!

The nature and inutility of the parochial schools of this city are well illustrated in the remark of a porter in a down-town paper warehouse. His wife is an enthusiastic Catholic, and he himself is a nominal one, but possessed of rather too much sense to be truly faithful. His boy had been attending the parochial school at the instance of his mother, but one day the porter withdrew him and sent him to the public school. On being asked by a red-whiskered nothingarian drummer employed by the paper firm why he did it, he replied, "I didn't want him to study the lives of the saints; I wanted him to learn reading, writing, arithmetic, and spelling."

When Miss Justine Levy, a pretty young Jewess of Scranton, Pa., married Mr. John R. Farr, a Christian gentleman, her folks published a black-bordered "death notice" concerning the affair. This exhibition of fanaticism was rebuked by Rabbi Stern, of Wilkesbarre, who said that the intermarriage of members of two monotheistic sects had been decided to be regular by no less an authority than a rabbinical synod. By inference, then, the marriage of a monotheist to a polytheist would be a sin to be expiated by sacrifice. Religion is a funny business, and it takes many years to become an expert in it. As long as we hav studied theology, this kink is new to us.

The legislature of New Jersey refused to repeal the clause in the tax act exempting churches. It is not to be supposed that the short-weight and penny-pinching law-makers of a state whose judiciary hang chattering idiots to keep up their reputation for severity will ever voluntarily pay taxes on their religious joss-houses. We must admire the courage of the member who introduced the bill, but if he has only slightly studied paleontology he must know that tertiary-period fossils hav but little sympathy with nineteenth-century sentiments. As well expect Delaware to giv up her whipping-post or listen to Col. Ingersoll as New Jersey legislators to do an act of justice without immediate prospect of gain. The Pennsylvania Railroad has ruined the consciences of the Trenton statesmen.

Comptroller Swain has decided that all school property in Texas—the public schools and strictly charitable institutions alone excepted—is subject to taxation. This decision will reach property to the value of several hundreds of thousands of dollars, and add materially to the revenues of the state. The institutions affected number over one hundred, the larger proportion of which are controled by the churches, who maintain them to propagate sectarian dogmas. The rest are business schools conducted for profit. Among the church institutions are the Ursuline school, at San Antonio, and St. Xavier's Academy at Denison, institutions in which Catholics are manufactured to order. Mr. Swain is to be commended for the bold and honest step he has taken. Texas is a comparativly new state, and it is to her advantage that she start aright. Let her legislature extend impartial taxation to the churches and she will save herself much future misery.

On page 158 of this issue we print the address of David S. White, Esq., delivered before the Third Annual Convention of the Tonic Sol-fa Association. Tonic Sol-fa is a comparativly new system of teaching the art of song, largely in use in Great Britain, and now being introduced to some extent in this country. It is apparently much simpler than the old method of staff notation. The claim made for Tonic Sol-fa, as we understand it, is that it is a system derived, like the conclusions and demonstrations of Mr. Andrews, from the nature of things, although its discovery was made incidentally and by a man unacquainted with the science of universology. Mr. White is himself a disciple of the Great Universal Preacher, and a musician in a general way. Any inquiries which may be raised by the perusal of his address may be sent to David S. White, Mayor's Office, New York, who will, we hav no doubt, be pleased to furnish the desired information.

The Old and New Testaments are in conflict in Georgia, and a discussion is growing up between the Hebrews and gentiles of that state which bids fair to rival in bitterness the feuds of ancient times. In this case, however, the Christians cannot build a bonfire of Hebrew bodies as did their ancestors. At the last meeting of the Methodist conference two Hebrew brothers bearing the name of Magath, having presented themselvs as converts to Christianity, were licensed to preach. In Savannah and Atlanta their preaching stirred up the ire of the Israelite population, who denounced them as trading in the superstitions of gentiles. The most notable incident in their preaching occurred in Athens. A prominent Hebrew published a card stating that his brethren would not listen to the ravings of perverts, but if any respectable Christian preacher of gentile blood desired to enlighten his people they would giv him respectful attention. Rev. Mr. Davis, Methodist, offered his services. To this Rabbi Levi replied that not only would the Hebrews flock to hear Mr. Davis and giv him careful hearing, but that he himself would preach a return sermon to the gentiles, the only condition being that on neither occasion should the name of Christ be mentioned. Whether Mr. Davis will accept this condition has not yet developed.

Cant and imposture are the characteristics of the churches of to-day. The ministers know that the Bible is not what they pretend it is; among themselvs they openly admit the fact; but the people would be shocked to know the same, therefore it is concealed. It is solely for the good of the people that the conclusions of modern scholarship are locked in libraries and smothered in ministerial studies. Of course the bread-and-butter side of the question is of no account with our unselfish preachers.

Prof. Adler continues his efforts to reform the tenement house system of New York. Last Sunday he said that tenement house reform was really the first subject to be taken up in religion. The state of most of our tenements lowered self-respect and moral nature. He spoke for cleanliness for a moral purpose, for even the feelings of the cultivated and refined in the great cities must be lowered by the belt of contamination which surrounded them. The cry of better wages was but the old cry of "Stop thief!" He proposed to build one tenement of fifty feet front for a model. This could not amount to much with 38,000 thousand tenements around, but the vast good which would inure to the tenants would cause the building of more such houses as the demand spread for decent homes. The right to property was sacred, but the right to life was more so. The burning of the Van Riper family was an instance of the necessity of tenement house reform. Such houses should be torn down. Mr. Adler has raised $27,000, and has much more guaranteed. As soon as the architectural plans can be prepared the building will be begun.

Twenty-two New York and Brooklyn preachers receive $307,000 annually for their services in preaching the gospel of one who had not where to lay his head. Beecher heads the list with $25,000 salary, and perquisits at least equaling that sum. Heber Newton derives $10,000 a year from his pulpit, to say nothing of the fun he enjoys in seeing his brethren squirm over his utterances. For opening his cavernous mouth once a week and wearing his cap and bells with good grace, Talmage is paid $13,000 yearly. His perquisits are uncertain, but are no doubt large, as many people are willing to pay heavily to see a moral circus. Rev. Morgan Dix handles $20,000 in payment for keeping the women in subjection, and since Lillie Devereaux Blake got after him he earns it. Howard Crosby saves something out of his annual $10,000 by belonging to the Business Men's Moderation Society. The payment of John P. Newman's $10,000 is about as near the first cause of the little unpleasantness now running in his church as an analysis by able Methodists can determin. The "Little Church Around the Corner" yields Mr. Houghton $10,000, and Robert Collyer realizes an equal sum from the generous-hearted congregation of the Church of the Messiah. Ten thousand seems to be a popular salary, for out of the twenty-two aristocratic soul-savers listed by the *World*, thirteen worry along on that amount. As we insinuated at the beginning, Christ squeezed through life on much less; and if Paul's command to the brethren to hold all wealth in common were obeyed, these gentlemen would not be able to keep carriages and liveried servants while their betters are tramping the streets with leaky shoes.

"The subject of 'Church and State,' said Rev. E. E. Hale, to the class on public duties of an American citizen, "is not much discussed in this country. In Europe it is discussed a great deal. We hav attained a status that is envied by the whole world, and we hav almost no record of how we attained it. All the countries in Europe hav a strong ecclesiastical tinge in their organization, and where there has been an antagonism—not in England—between the church and state, it has generally been settled to the advantage of the church. The burning questions now before France and Spain are how far the state shall contribute to the support of the church. Carcless writers hav frequently said that the church and state in America were absolutely divorced from each other. That was because Europeans write upon our politics too much, and we write upon our fundamental principles too little. But," averred Mr. Hale, "there is not such a divorce as some imagin. It is the same body of men," he said, "who vote at the parish meetings who elect the governor and legislators of the state, and there is a great sympathy in the action of the church and state, though on paper the church and state are distinct. In the question of marriages the state and church touch," he said. "The state certainly should hav something to do with marriage, inasmuch as it must look after the legitimacy of the children and prevent adultery and prostitution. In the matter of oaths they touch again. The state, with all its pride, wants the truth, and can't get along without it. The state, therefore, says to the church, 'We will be glad to hav your full sanction in making this man tell the truth.' The church is very good-natured and replies, 'You shall hav it.' And then it turns to the man and says, 'You must tell the truth; if you don't you'll be damned.' But new difficulties arise when the Quaker refuses to swear at all, and the Agnostics refuse to be governed by the church in the matter. The drift," Mr. Hale continued, "is clearly to disconnect the state from the church on this subject, and the state must not attempt to bring ecclesiastical penalties to bear upon the witness." Mr. Hale favors taxing the churches, unless they spend for the public good a sum of money equal to the tax assessment. But would Mr. Hale favor exempting all property that did this? If not, where is his theory of equal rights for all citizens?

MONEY AND ITS MEANING.

(*Continued from page* 151.)

sic value of hard money, supposed formerly to be so essential, turns out, therefore, on analysis, to be a mere accident; not even an incident; still less an essential of money.

In like manner, the "legal tender" attribute of certain money is neither essential nor incidental, but merely accidental. It is a mere contrivance of the governmental authority to limit misunderstanding, quarrel, and litigation, where money is concerned. While money is a representativ of unpaid, or undelivered, commodities, it in turn is a commodity relativly to a common note-of-hand which is a promis to deliver money. But as there are various kinds of money afloat, this promis to deliver money is not definit. One of the two parties may tender as money that which the other party does not believe in, or think as good as some other; and a fruitful source of litigation occurs. To meet this difficulty and keep the parties out of the court-house the government specifies a particular kind of money which, if tendered, shall be received for such indebtedness; or, if not, the party refusing it shall hav no aid from the courts to collect his debt. But the parties can, if they choose, specify in their contract the kind of money intended, and then the "legal tender" falls, and the courts will enforce the contract as it is. The legal tender qualification is, therefore, also a mere accident of money.

Again, that money should bear the impress or *fiat* of government, or not, is a mere accident; and not incidental nor essential. Money, as an instrument of trade, never grew up out of government action, and does not rest upon it. Its currency may be favored by it, by increasing confidence, and certainty, and convenience, but not otherwise. Money grew up out of the social necessities of the people, and probably existed long before there was any government, properly so-called. The wampum of the North American Indians was just as essentially money as the best greenback or bank bill or gold coin—only not so well made an instrument. The stock argument that what passes in our country as money will not pass in another, for want of the proper government stamp, locally, does not alter the case. All that is accidental, affecting the degree of confidence merely. The old United States bank bill, or the Mexican dollar, had just as much currency in China as in the United States or Mexico; becaue *confidence existed.* If, *on any ground*, confidence should cease to exist *in any one kind of money* all over the world, that money would *be* money, and would *hav currency* all over the world.

Finally, that the money will ever be redeemed in any other way than by exerting its purchasing power; that it is or is not with or without additional security back of it; that if the security or the confidence fail, it will cease to hav currency; and that if it does cease to hav currency somebody will suffer loss equal to the amount held. All of these considerations are accidents more or less unfortunate, and needing various devices to guard against them; but none of them touching, in the least, the *essential* nature of money. The bill of a bank that is completely insolvent goes on serving all its purposes as money (helping to exchange commodities) just as well as before, so long as the public believes the bank to be solvent. Hence it is not the real condition, but the supposed condition, of things, and the resulting confidence, which is the gist of the purchasing power of money; which justifies Mr. Boucher's proposition that money is essentially not a *thing*, but an *idea.*

It is, however, a frequent absurd and gross error to suppose this statement to mean that a bank bill really worthless is just as good for all purposes as a good bill. All that is meant is that so long as it is accredited by the public it is equally good as an instrument for effecting exchanges. Thousands of people may be convenienced by a bill which is destined never to be redeemed in gold. A coin of such a size that it may be easily swallowed by the baby is not so good to prevent disaster of one kind, in the family, as a larger coin not liable to be swallowed, but is equally good to buy candy; in which connection the possible accident to the baby is not taken into the account. So the fact that if the bank fails the holder of its bills will suffer loss, does not in the least affect the goodness of the bills, as money, so long as the bank does not fail; and, still further, so long as the public hav not learnt that fact and lost confidence. The accident to the baby and the accident to the individual bill-holder who gets caught by giving a confidence which was not warranted, are mere accidents, from the point of view of the essential idea of money.

S. P. A.

Missouri Churches in a Bad Way.

The town in which I liv is noted for its numerous churches, its very bad boys, its lack of rational amusements (they being all crushed out by the churches). Every winter there hav been, for the last twenty years, exciting "revivals" in which, after earnest beseechings to "flee from the wrath to come," the "mourners" pressed forward and filled the first one, two, or even three front pews. Here, hoary-headed men, blooming maidens, and callow youth, even infants, made a pandemonium of cries, groans, tears, and shouts. The receipts, of course, were increased in a manner gratifying to the pastoral brethren who had earnestly prayed that they might "be blessed in their basket and in their store." This winter one denomination had its revival, and the fruits of two weeks' panorama of hell-fire was one poor little girl. Another denomination has hammered away two weeks and continues to do so, but not one "mourner," so far, has gone to the "mourners' bench." The other denominations made no attempts this winter.

There is no reason for friends of truth to be discouraged. We hav seen, and still see, a greater revolution than was ever before wrought in so short a time.

Lexington, Mo.

The Truth Seeker Annual and Freethinkers' Almanac.

I take a great pleasure in recommending to our friends this valuable publication. It is a new departure in the right direction.

It is a bright light gleaming upon the pathway of all future generations.

As far back as I can mind, the almanac and the Bible hav been the two books that hav been found in all homes, the two most read and best appreciated.

Henceforth the newspaper will take the place of the Bible, but as no other periodical can take that of the almanac, it is a grand and glorious idea to hav one that is devoted to truth, fact, and science, instead of weather guesses, saint days, pious twaddle, and medical cure-alls.

The TRUTH SEEKER ALMANAC is certainly a gem; an encyclopedia of valuable facts, and a mine of useful information.

It is a splendid book of reference. It has a regular chronicle of events, dates, etc., for each day of the year, not St. Peter's Day, St. Alban's Day, John the Baptist's Day, and such other pious records, but it has D. M. Bennett's Day; Elizabeth Cady Stanton's Day; Horace Greeley's Day; Lydia Maria Child's Day; Thomas Paine's Day; Frances Wright's Day; and those of other good, true men and women who hav benefited their race and hav left and will leave the world better than they found it.

There are splendid quotations from Ingersoll, Huxley, Bennett, Confucius, and other philosophers, and tip-top contributions from some of our best authors. Peter Eckler's description of the Old Free Enquirers' Association of New York is very interesting. In it he givs a fitting tribute to Frances Wright and her book, "A Few Days in Athens;" and right here I will say this book has been one of my choicest treasures from early girlhood, and I am glad to see this mention of it in our first almanac. "Ten Years of Freethought," by G. E. M., is also full of notes and jottings, well worth being remembered. H. L. Green has a good article on "The New York State Freethinkers' Association"—just the subject the great organizer of Liberal works is best fitted to treat upon.

Our Theron has several pages of valuable matter descriptiv of the grandest association in the world, "The National Liberal League," an association no one man has done more to keep alive and in good working order than has Mr. Leland himself.

Then comes a list of our Liberal Leagues, with names of the presidents, a list that should always stand honored as being the beginnings of Liberal conservativ organized work.

Mr. Stevens, in his interesting article, "Liberal Thought in Canada," tells us how Liberals in that dominion are taxed in their efforts to obtain useful information. He says, "I ordered from New York a small parcel of books, price, sixty-seven cents, charges on which amounted to sixty-five cents."

The old veteran publisher, Josiah P. Mendum, has a brief description of "Paine Memorial" and its uses. This being the only public building ever erected in memory of Thomas Paine, it is to be regretted that the article was not supplemented with a plate of this grand and noble structure. Pictures speak so much more expressivly than words; and we hav so few really Liberal pictures.

S. P. Putnam's "Ideal World" is so poetical, earnest, enthusiastic, and beautiful, so full of burning, blazing thought, that I feel like quoting it entire. He says: "Instead of growing less, this ideal world is growing larger as we come to a more clear and deep understanding of what is. Science unlocks a thousand springs that from the very heart of earth and sky fling their brightness into this invisible domain of mighty hope and impulse. Life becomes more royal as it sweeps in harmony with the force of nature. . . . The radiant links of the eternal order bind us to the true, the beautiful, and good, and we see the meaning of our work—that the seed of to-day blooms in the fruit of to-morrow, and that what we do joins itself on the stream of time with all the shining harvests of the race."

Our "Bell" has some good ideas on "Industrial Education," one of the most important movements of the age.

Chainey sticks fast to his "Rock of Ages," *This World.* He says: "What are all the pictures of heaven compared to these joys of earth? What is a host of angels compared to a true friend? What are all the cherubim and seraphim, and all the winged and wheeled creatures of heaven, compared to the children that expand and enrich our lives as we seek to strew their paths with flowers? Above all, what is the fair virgin of paradise—the mother of God—to the Catholic, the queen of heaven, and the star of the sea, compared with a true wife, the star of our love and queen of home?"

Eugene has a good article, "Agnosticism and Immortality." He says: "Nature has inspired men with a desire for existence; it is but natural that they should not wish to be blotted out. Yet if our little life *is* rounded with eternal sleep, if we are blown out like a candle, we shall be no worse off then before we awoke and the flame of life touch our candle-wick."

A brave list of "Liberal Charities" is given, and I hope each year more will be handed in and recorded, so that Christians will see that we do not "lay up our treasures in heaven," but use them for the earthly good of our race.

One quite lengthy and interesting story, "Big Jack Small," makes the work complete. The illustrations are fine, and I trust each year will increase their number. And I here suggest that a picture of the monument of our Bennett will be in the next issue, so all the contributors to it, as well as the rest of the world, will see the stone under which rests the sleeping hero of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and the true friend of humanity. I am sure every Liberal will want one of these almanacs, and will file them each year in regular order. They will thus become in a decade an encyclopedia of immense value of interest and instruction. If twenty-five cents' worth of more important facts hav ever been before compiled for Liberals, I do not know of its existence. Truly, ELMINA.

WHAT OUR CORNER EDITOR SAYS.

"What a pretty book!" I exclaimed, when I first saw THE TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL, and so full, too, of useful information, suited for all tastes. I am quite charmed with it, for it is a book that you can take up again and again, read over and over, and find a gem to admire every time you open it. I was most delightfully surprised with it. The articles are all fine, the illustrations perfect, and all is in such excellent taste that I wonder how it can be sold at the low price of twenty-five cents. If it is not already in every Freethought family, it ought to be, and I trust it will be, for really nobody should afford to be without it.

SUSAN H. WIXON.

THE TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL AND FREETHINKERS' ALMANAC. 284 (1884). With eighteen full-page illustrations. New York: published at THE TRUTH SEEKER office. Price, 25 cents. For sale at this office.

This first attempt in the way of a Freethought almanac in America is a success, a grand success. Its one hundred large octavo pages are replete with most interesting reading matter. In the almanac proper we find the usual astronomical facts, together with much of especial interest to Freethinkers.

There are contributed articles by Peter Eckler, Eugene M. and Geo. E. Macdonald, T. C. Leland, Charles Stevens, J. P. Mendum, S. P. Putnam, C. Watts, W. S. Bell, George Chainey, and H. L. Green. Mr. Leland's article is a condensed history of the National Liberal League, and in connection with it he givs the constitution of that body and a list of the local leagues. A sketch of the Freethought movement in England during 1883 is taken from the National Secular Society's Almanac. A list of foreign Freethought societies is given; a list of Liberal charities; also of noted Freethinkers and reformers; population and area of the states and territories; a partial list of the ancient and modern schools of philosphy; the sacred books of history; "Jefferson's Religion," useful measures, a number of short poetical and prose articles, and the story of "Big Jack Small."

The leading poems are "Sword and Pen," by Geo. E. Macdonald, and "Meditations of a Hindoo Prince and Skeptic." These are each very fine.

We hope to be able to soon hav space to giv our readers some samples of the bill of fare prepared by our enterprising TRUTH SEEKER friends, but now we can quote from its broad pages these lines only, applying them to this annual as compared with all preceding ones:

There is nothing so good as the new,
There is nothing so poor as the old;
Better the morning's silvery dew
Than the evening's river of gold
Better a thousandfold.

—*E. C. Walker, Editor of Lucifer.*

Doubts if He Saw God.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* In James Russell Lowell's alleged sonnet on Wendell Phillips, he says, "He saw God stand upon the weaker side."

The undersigned had the pleasure of corresponding, to a slight extent, with Phillips, and the latter never mentioned seeing God. If he did it was very reprehensible in him not to tell us what he looked like (not to murmur of photography). Our Anglo-American dude must be mistaken.

X. Y. Z.

Letters from Friends.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., Feb. 13, 284.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $1 for your paper. THE TRUTH SEEKER grows better each number, and I like it the best of our Liberal papers. You hav my best wishes always.

(PROF.) A. B. SEVERANCE.

FARMINGTON, UTAH, Feb. 10, 284.

MR. EDITOR: Please find within fifty cents, for which send me two ANNUALS. From the advertisment I judge them to be an annual necessity, and will do a deal of good. The dear old TRUTH SEEKER is the first among our many papers, and ever wanted. Our greatest need just now in Utah, I think, is some of our best Liberal lectures to lessen the Mormon majority.

With best wishes, H. W. HAIGHT.

ALUM ROCK, PA.

MR. EDITOR: Denton says, "A perfect man the world has yet to see;" and I suppose a perfect paper the world has yet to see also; but THE TRUTH SEEKER comes damned near to perfection since the "Children's Corner" and Putnam's story hav been added. I see no chance to improve anywhere; and where man can't improve, there is no use of God's trying. Compare THE TRUTH SEEKER with the best publication the Christian world can produce, and one minute's examination will show where all the merit is. The country is safe. Freethought is spreading like wildfire nearly everywhere. May you liv long and prosper. G. W. DINSMOOR.

NORFOLK, NEB., Feb. 8, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Allow me to say a few words about prohibition, as everybody seems to be nearly crazy on the subject. I would advise prohibition all around. Commence on marriage; prohibit a man from getting married unless he has a certificate from an orthodox preacher, showing that he is not consumptiv and free from every disease that is hereditary, a bald head not excepted. Then question as follows: Do you drink any? Do you smoke any? Do you use any medicin that has the smell of opium? Do you chew gum so as to cause your jaw to wag? Do you know that whisky will destroy the body and Infidelity will destroy both soul and body in hell-fire? Keep mum of the millions that are sent to the kingdom come before the first birth, let alone the second. JAS. GOODMAN, M.D.

ZANESVILLE, OHIO, Feb. 6, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I like your paper very much. I hav been taking it ever since it was published in Illinois. I am happy to see the strides Freethought is making. It does me good. I remember the time that I hardly dared to open my mouth as to any story contained in the so-called Christian Bible. It is different now, and times hav changed. The multitudes are becoming more intelligent, and, thanks to all the great Freethought advocates, Freethought is spreading. I honor all honest men for their opinions, and despise hypocrits. I hav never been influenced by the bibles or the supernatural since I could think for myself. Probably I was born a genuin Freethinker; but, as I hav read, a man who does right, being honest and upright, needs no savior; in fact, I hav not ever been cognizant of possessing any other individuality than my reason, the make up of which is my five senses. I am not aware of being double. I am satisfied I am here; I shall be satisfied when I go hence to the grave. I am with Solomon, who says there will be no more of us. J. BURGESS.

LAKE CITY, IOWA, Feb. 7, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find money to pay for the ANNUAL. I am much pleased with the manner in which your paper is managed, but cannot be deceitful enough to say I think the editorials excel those of Mr. Bennett. I do not think that man livs who could quite equal Mr. Bennett in putting in sledge-hammer blows at the right time and place. I think your paper, all in all, never was better than at the present time. I desire to thank that good and noble man, Elliott Preston, for his labors in behalf of animal creation. Yes, dear brother, from the bottom of my heart I thank you. You surely hav taken lessons from the teachings of Buddha, who said every good man would hav the same regard for every living creature that he had for himself, and I truly believe it. I hav no words of condemnation strong enough to express my loathing and contempt for any man that has one word to say in behalf of vivisection, and I do not believe there is a man living that has a disposition above a hyena or jackal that would engage in any such damnable business. I hope every Liberal having a kind, humane heart will speak out against this crime of all crimes. To say that such wickedness is committed in the interest of science is worn out and entirely too thin. Now, after asking pardon of the hyenas and jackals for comparing them with human brutes, I bid you a kind adieu.

J. L. TOMPKINS.

JACKSON, MICH., Jan. 2, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: An article in your paper by Elliott Preston, upon the painful subject of vivisection, was partially read, not wholly, because the subject was of so terrible a nature that I could scarcely endure the torture of even reading it. But it created the firm determination to do all that lies within my power to crush out such a monstrous practice. Oh that such things can be done, that creatures falsely called men—demons rather—can be found that will commit such fearful deeds! Words fail to express the horror of my soul. The community stands aghast at some murder; the murderer is hanged or sentenced to prison for life. Justice, they say, is satisfied. What then would satisfy justice for such acts as these, the torture of innocent, helpless creatures? A murderer is white and pure beside such criminals as these, for the victims of murder suffer but a short time generally. But this is deliberate torture. Science! Medical science! the less of it the better, bought at such a price. I would rather die; I had rather that my children, who are dearer far to me than my own life, should die than anything should be tortured to save them. These may seem strong words, but they are true, and I believe there are many humane people that will say the same. The death of an animal is nothing, nor, if necessary, dissection after chloroform is administered; but the living, conscious, quivering flesh—O God! No human life nor animal existence should be saved at such a fearful cost. Enough of words; now to business. Is this practiced in all medical institutions, or are there special ones? Did Mr. Bergh's lecture before the legislature hav any effect to prohibit or check the evil? Which would be the better method? Appeal to the legislature or arouse the indignation of the people? If circulating papers and books on the subject among the law-makers would effect the desired object, it would be better to do so, thus saving much suffering of mind. If that course will not succeed, then appeal directly to the people by voice and pen, the press, the pulpit by every means, until such a storm of indignation is aroused that the law-makers and the offenders will not dare to disregard it.

What is the address of the Society for the Prevention of Vivisection? What is its membership, and what are its terms of membership? Please reply through the columns of THE TRUTH SEEKER. Now, let every one unite, who has any knowledge of this subject, and resolve to fight against this monstrous crime until it ceases to exist. MATTIE C. MITCHELL.

OSCEOLA, IOWA, Dec. 25, 1883.

MR. EDITOR: For your persistent efforts to abolish superstition I admire your paper; for helping to knock all the gods from their pedestals, I commend you; for contributing with Ingersoll to knock the bottom out of hell, I giv you great credit. But high above all these considerations I honor you for the recent indications that your efforts are likely not to be limited exclusivly to metaphysics—to gods and devils, to heaven and hell, to celestial affairs only. In your recent numbers are indications that point to a protest against the grievous wrongs for many years perpetrated against honest labor in this world. Some indications in your late paper recognized the fact that both the old parties are corrupt, and care for naught but the "spoils." Haughty monopoly and down-trodden honest labor are in a great measure the results of party lobbying all sorts of injustice through Congress. Reform of any kind is out of the question by means of the old parties; and any paper that is so far in advance of its compeers as clearly to admit this proposition is greatly to be commended. Gerald Massey's hymn, "The People's Advent," is prophetic, and a few good papers like THE TRUTH SEEKER, in the van of progress, will help to fulfil the prophecy. Would any one paper, belonging to the "associated press," be willing to admit, or dare to hint, that the two old parties hav outlived their usefulness (useful now only to monopoly and oppression)? Yet such is the fact.

F. J. EMARY.

JACKSON, MICH., Feb. 13, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I herewith send you an account of a church row, as I clip it from our daily: ADA, OHIO, Feb. 12th.—A disgraceful scene occurred at the Baptist church Sunday morning and in the evening, which was only stopped by the interference of the police. At the meeting of the Sunday-school in the morning, Deacon D. A. Wood, a leader of one faction of the church, declared the election of a Mr. Enos as assistant superintendent of the Sunday-school null and void, and made some very uncomplimentary remarks. Superintendent Cary ran down from the pulpit, and, shaking his fist under the deacon's nose, commanded him to sit down. The deacon's friends arose to his rescue, and commanded Cary to sit down. The two factions then cried out, "Sit down!" "Cover me up with sawdust!" "No gamblers allowed to vote here!" etc. The superintendent endeavored to dismiss school, but the deacon commanded his party to remain, as he desired to hold prayer-meeting, and rallied his forces by singing, "Hold the Fort." One faction left and the other remained. In the evening the church was filled to overflowing with the curious, in anticipation of another row, as three members who were expelled from the church were to hav their trial. Promptly at 7:30 o'clock the music began; the deacons jumped to the floor; sometimes as many as twenty persons were yelling at one time. Roughs who had congregated cheered, women screamed, and everything was confusion. The police finally quelled the riot, and the meeting closed without attaining any result or receiving the benediction. J. B. STOCKHAM.

NEW ALEXANDRIA, O., Jan. 20, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: In response to your call for names, quite a number hav occured to me, and with a hope for their mental liberty and to increase the circulation of your worthy paper, you get them. They are, I affirm, each and every one, persons who are governed by their own thought and whom I should love to see liberated from the last of the threatening chains of their infamously diabolical superstition. And I would proffer a suggestion. If your "Catalog of Liberal and Scientific Books" is not too expensiv, send them to a few parties, keeping a memorandum of the names, and observe the result.

The reason is this: persons reared in orthodox families are taught that none object to Christianity but the lowest types of characters with whom it interferes, and then it is only because they hav not reflected upon its "most wonderful truths;" and if hearing and disbelieving still, they were, beyond all doubt, special instruments of the devil and invariably bigoted ignoramuses.

Now this is the influence your catalog had on me. There are names of the most profound scholars and scientists—Haeckel, Huxley, Tyndall, Humboldt, *et al*—either defying Christianity openly or giving their voices to scientific productions from which the Infidel gets his foundation. Now, I don't like to say it, but it staggered my confidence in my Christian instructors at once. However, reflection caused me to think their experience was not dissimilar to mine up to that time and that they had not intentionally lied to me. But seeing the names of so many noble, yes, illustrious, characters adorning the pages of that little book, roused a spirit to investigate for myself; hence, besides several dollars' worth of Freethought works, I am a subscriber to your paper. This is only a suggestion, remember, and I feel that I'm a Liberal. R. H. R.

LAWRENCE, MASS., Feb. 7, 284.

MR. EDITOR: Find inclosed 35 cents, for which please send me "Crimes of Preachers," also "False Claims," by John E. Remsburg.

As the ministers throughout the country hav organized for the purpose of influencing legislation in favor of more stringent divorce laws, etc, a copy of "Crimes of Preachers" should be placed in the hands of each member of the different legislatures, that the hypocrisy of the clergymen may become apparent and thus lessen their influence among law-making bodies. Cannot some such plan be devised? J. P. THILSON.

JOLIET, ILL., Feb. 10, 284.

MR. EDITOR: What do we know of nature beyond matter and electricity and magnetism? I believe these to be the triune God, and why look for something that does not exist? I believe that electricity and magnetism acting upon matter constitute the soul; and when the body dies, it passes back to its great fountain, and the soul also returns to its fountain. I believe that matter always did and always will exist, and also the soul (or magnetism and electricity); and soul and body both lose their identity.

Now, I will try to giv my view of Spiritualism. There are "mediums"—I call them connecting wires—and they are human bodies, but connect with this great fountain, their material body, with the soul fountain, and form images to suit their imaginations. If not, why hav different teachers? I should think that they would hav one spiritual teacher, and that he would teach all alike. I think there is an ethereal telegraph that will yet be discovered by which a person may, here in America, commune or converse with another living person in any part of the globe. I wish some one would consider and let me know if I am wrong.

When we can once learn what constitutes the soul, a gate will be opened between the orthodox and the Liberals. Then we can answer, when asked the question, What becomes of the soul? that it has gone to its element with its fountain-head; I think this would harmonize Liberals and Spiritualists when once established.

There are a great many Liberalists in this city, and what we want is that two or three good lecturers should come here and speak. We hav 20,000 inhabitants, but the city is governed by Jesuit influence. Every saloon-keeper is a Roman Catholic. We hav three or four Catholic churches, one German, and two Irish, and, I believe, one at the rolling-mills. Our police justice is a German and a Liberalist. I am a cripple, and hav to use two canes to walk with, or I should try to start a Liberal League. I am doing all I can to hav one formed. Our city has improved morally since the liquor license was raised to one thousand dollars. I asked two brothers, liverymen, if they would read Remsburg's lecture. "Oh, yes;" they had "nothing else to do nights and Sundays;" so I gave THE TRUTH SEEKER to one of them on Sunday morning, and went across the street. When I returned, the other followed me and handed me the paper, saying, "That's a nasty paper—it is not fit to read." The men are Roman Catholics. We hav two Presbyterian, two Methodist, one or two Lutheran, and how many more churches I don't know. S. G. SCOLLAY.

HELENE, NEB., Feb. 29, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I received the pamphlets and ANNUAL all right. The ANNUAL is immense. I had no idea of its real value till I read it, and cannot understand how you got so much together in such grand style for the insignificant sum of twenty-five cents.

"False Claims" is a clincher; so is "Crimes of Preachers.' They must be the means of making the saints feel very uncomfortable. What rascals they are! and Billings has made them appear in full dress.

"The Problems of the Universe" is in every respect a masterpiece. I hav advocated the same ideas for a number of years, but was not capable of dressing my thoughts in such grand language. I think Putnam is one shake ahead of anything I hav ever seen, and my private opinion, publicly expressed, is that it will be some time yet before anyone gets even with him.

Over thirty years ago I read Paine's "Age of Reason," and had not seen it from that time up to this winter. I hav been reading it of late, and must say it is a most wonderful book. Everything that has been written on the subject from that time to the present has added nothing material to it. Thomas Paine touched the key-note, and others hav only extended the strains. Could Paine's writings be read more, we would hav fewer crimes of preachers. Let Liberals see to it that it is put into the hands of the young. W. P. BROOKS, M.D.

FLOYD, VA., Feb. 1, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: We hav been passing through the dark shadows of our days. Our little babe, the joy and pride of our lives, has been taken from us by the merciless hand of death. Its age was four and a half months.

For a little season it came to gladden our hearts with smiles, then it passed away in childhood's morning, when the flowers of love and sunshine bloomed. I would gladly hav taken its place on death's sad bed, but alas! that could not be. Each one must go through the dark valley alone.

There is hope until death, and consolation after death. The cheering words of Ingersoll were ever with me during the babe's sickness. "In the night of death Hope sees a star, and listening Love can hear the rustle of a wing."

My one consolation is that its little eyes will never again be dimmed with tears. We know that "on the shores of death the sea of trouble casts no wave; hearts of dust do not break." Death touched the weary little heart, and he rests in the bosom

of his Mother Earth, with her tender arms thrown lovingly around him. In that dreamless sleep called death no cries or shrieks of war or famin or distress can awaken him; and so we will think of him as resting in calm and peaceful sleep.

ISAAC LEMON, JR.

DESDEMONA, TEXAS, Feb. 11, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Next week I will send you cash for four subscribers. The cause is growing slowly here, and orthodoxy gradually decreasing. We want a Liberal lecturer to shake up the dry bones and let the light of truth in.

The *Independent Pulpit* is doing good work in this state. The children are delighted with their Corner. "Waifs and Wanderings" is getting almost as good as "Golden Throne." The fact of the business is, we Liberals think your paper is improving all the time. Now while I think of it, you may possibly want just ten dollars, so will send our names and the cash. Wishing you a happy New Year, and a double subscription cash down, the subscriber—ourself—a full-blooded Infidel.

A. C. MARTIN, M.D.

POMEROY, WYO. TER., Feb. 5, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I would like for some one to tell the reason why gold is deposited in the natural quartz in higher or mountainous regions more than any other ore mineral, for we are all here to liv and to learn the way and purpose of all things. I love to hear the doors of wisdom opened against superstition. I think your paper is improving very much. The Children's Corner is a golden thread in the volumes. I would like to hav a talk with Mr. Putnam, Mr. Chainey, Mr. Watts, or any other sound Freethinker, for the words of such men are nourishing to the minds of all who are Liberal. I wish them goodspeed into every household. I am trying my best to Liberalize by distributing my papers among people who will not consent to subscribe. I think that by and by they will walk into the ranks. May your paper long liv to send its echo to the remotest bounds of the earth.

HENRY HENDEE.

HART, MICH., Feb. 12, E.M. 284.

MR. EDITOR: The grand old TRUTH SEEKER comes to hand in due time, and the perusal of it givs me much pleasure and strength to fight the old theology in this place, as I am a radical Liberal and a Materialist. The pious people hav given me a through ticket for hell, but on the whole I rather like it, as it will assure me of good company, such, for instance, as Paine, Franklin, Jefferson, Bennett, and Ingersoll, and hosts of other great and good men. If we liv after death I would much rather enjoy the society of these men than walk the streets of the New Jerusalem with monsters like Calvin, Booth, Guiteau, Cook, Comstock, and their ilk, and hav to shout myself hoarse in singing praises to the God of such angels. I hav no taste for shouting praises to such a God. I do like to talk common sense to deluded and creed-bound children of men. THE TRUTH SEEKER helps me much in convincing some of them of truth. Long may it liv and prosper.

Inclosed please find 75 cents, for which please send me the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL, "Problem of the Universe," and Paine's "Age of Reason."

GILBERT G. GABRION.

CASNOVIA, MICH., Feb. 6, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: We hav a prohibitory law against moral sins which is said to hav been given by Moses of old, and I hav been offering a premium to any man or preacher that will find a prohibitory law against spiritual sins in the Bible, and seeing that they hav failed to find it in the Bible, I think we had better hav one. Here it is:

"Thou shalt not sin against the spirit of the living God. Thou shalt not sin against the spirit of the living Christ. Thou shalt not sin against the spirits of the living apostles. Thou shalt not sin against the spirits of the departed. Thou shalt not sin against the spirit of thyself. Thou shalt not sin against the spirits of thy fellows. Neither shalt thou sin against the spirits of any kind that are in the universe above or on the earth below."

Now, Mr. Editor, a place for everything, and everything in its place. He that disobeys the prohibitory law against moral sins must hav his punishment in this moral or material world, where it belongs. He that disobeys the prohibitory law against spiritual sins must hav his punishment in the spirit world, where it belongs, providing we can establish the prohibitory law against spiritual sins. But if it can't be established, then where is that great scheme gotten up by the so-called divines as salvation for the people through the atonement of Christ? You're gone, for it was on spiritual sins that the atonement scheme was based.

Now, Mr. Editor, I will leave it to the readers of your paper to say whether there is a prohibitory law against spiritual sins to be found between the lids of the Bible.

R. H. TOPPING.

NORTHFIELD, MINN., Feb. 7, 284.

MR. EDITOR: Please excuse my tardiness. I believe this is the first time I hav been late since I entered your school. I shall make an effort to be prompt in the future, which will make excuses unnecessary.

Mr. Editor, the brief reports through the columns of THE TRUTH SEEKER of the proceedings and lectures at the Liberal Club, and elsewhere, are very interesting and instructiv; also some of the criticisms made at the club are very amusing. I would like to see a more complete report of these lectures and meetings published in your columns, and less of the "isms" that hav been discussed for some time past. The struggle and contest that hav been going on between the two schools may hav been enthusiastic to some, and amusing to others, while many regretted most sincerely that such a spirit of antagonism should exist between humanitarians.

It seems to me that there are other subjects that need to be discussed of far more importance to the present welfare of humanity than either Materialism or Spiritualism. As a whole, of what benefit has this strife been to either side? Was any knowledge gained, or any truths established? Are we not as deeply in the fog, and as remote from knowing the truth concerning existence or annihilation after "death," as we were before these discussions commenced?

If nothing gained, is there any loss? The columns of your paper might hav conveyed, to its hundreds of isolated readers all over the country, burning truths, the productions of the mind and brain of our most eminent thinkers. How many of us there are that hav no other facilities for knowing anything about grand orations and eloquent lectures but through books and papers! And while the latter are the most extensiv circulating medium, are we not doing injustice to many of the patrons of THE TRUTH SEEKER in using its columns to discuss subjects that we can neither prove nor substantiate satisfactorily to the world? Can discussions change a fixed law in nature?

Yet I hav no fault to find with these discussions nor the isms, no more than it seems to me to be unprofitable to discuss either Spiritualism or Materialism. I am a Spiritualist, yet I hav had no proof nor evidence, but I believe (at least I want to believe) there is a conscious state beyond what is termed "death." I can't come to the conclusion (though it may be true) that "death ends all," nor admit that oblivion is better than remembrance, nor annihilation better than existence. Neither can I see anything "terrible" in a continued life, if it were possible, even in this "wicked" world of "sin and sorrow," especially if we never grew old, for they say we don't in the "next world." For my part I like this world well enough, and would, if I could, liv "forever" on this beautiful globe, where there is more good than evil, more love than hate, and more sunshine than clouds.

Right here I would like to call the attention of the readers of your paper to the case of Mr. Heywood. Friends, he is not fighting the battles of liberty to gain freedom for himself and the Heywoods alone, but for us, and our children too, that we may all enjoy the full freedom of our inherent rights, rights that are being daily denied us by a bigoted majority. And for no other reason than we insist in exploring fields of advancement, and advocate truths and ideas that are in advance of the times. These narrow-contracted minds would usurp every right that a Liberal enjoys, if it were in their power; shut our mouths and pens too, if it were possible. But, friends, make good use of both. And more! furnish Mr. Heywood with the ammunition of war; be it ever so small an amount it will be appreciated and thankfully accepted by our persecuted and prosecuted brother.

Not long since I received a letter from Mr. Heywood, and I fear that he is, pecunarily, very short, and that he and family most suffer before the winter is over unless we unite and come to the rescue.

Friends, let us try and cheer Mr. and Mrs. Heywood in this their hour of need, with money, sympathy, and friendship.

THE TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL received. I hav read it all through, and must admit that it far exceeded my expectation, both in quality and quantity. The choice selection of information it contains is of far more value than four times the price of the almanac. I hope every one of your readers will send for a copy. The history of the National Liberal League, from its foundation up to the present time, is worth twice the money, to say nothing of the mirthful story, "Big Jack Small," and a thousand and one other good things it contains. And, Mr. Editor, if the next ANNUAL will be one-half so good, or contain one-half the information, be sure and reserve a copy for me, as I should feel that I would be losing too much valuable information if I could not get one.

Let me also call the attention of the readers of your paper to the lectures of Juliet H. Severance, M.D., now in pamphlet form. The fame and ability of this lady, as a public speaker, need no comments from any source. She is a monument of knowledge, and fearlessly promulgates the most radical reforms and practical questions of the day. All who hav not had the opportunity to hear Mrs. Severance should at once send sixty cents to 219 Grand avenue, Milwaukee, Wis., for five champion lectures; and fifteen cents for her able discussion of the social question with D. Jones, editor of the *Olive Branch*. We need not mention the total failure of the gentleman to hold the "fort" against the true and logical weapons of Dr. Severance.

MRS. S. J. LENONT.

PAWTUCKET, R. I., Feb. 11, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: My attention has been drawn to a correspondent of yours, Seward Mitchell by name, of Newport, Maine. He begins his letter by the statement that his life is spent in doing good. Mark that. He is pained to know that your noble paper does not belie itself in not condemning what he calls the foul murder of Patrick O'Donnell. He classes the English government as the most infamous the sun ever shone upon, and calls them a conclave of assassins. Yet this pure man justifies the assassination of Cary, and calls it a righteous act, and is sorry that a bullet or dynamite has not reached the miserable soul of Gladstone, and a score of lords and dukes, and especially that of Judge Denham.

Mr. Seward Mitchell, how well the word assassin sounds, coming from your lips, condemning and justifying murder in the same breath.

Let us take the case of Mr. Gladstone. All his long and noble life has been spent in lifting up humanity to a higher plane. Hundreds of orphan children will miss, and a whole nation mourn, the grand old man when his life goes out. He has been the best friend Ireland ever had as a British statesman, and a humanitarian in the strictest sense of the word. Yet you, Mr. Mitchell, would end a long and useful life by the bullet of the assassin.

Now let us take the case of the lords and dukes. You want a score or more of them shot. You are not particular as to numbers. Well, because a man is a lord or a duke, is he necessarily a scoundrel? I think not. During the twelve years I was in the British army and navy, I found them the kindest and best officers, far preferable to those that arose from the ranks or came in through the "horse pipes," as Jack says. They, the aristocracy so called, are taught from infancy to be kind and gentle to all, especially to those beneath them. There are exceptions, of course, but only exceptions. Now for Judge Denham. Could he hav acted otherwise than he did under the law? A jury found O'Donnell guilty of deliberate murder. And the prisoner confessed the crime, showing that he deserved the death. But oh! horror of horrors!—the detestable hangman! I should like to see Mr. Mitchell's countenance when speaking of that personage. I remember I and a lot of Mr. Mitchell's countrymen spent an evening in a public house in Melbourne, Australia, in 1847. In a seat at a table opposit us sat an individual smoking. As he was alone we invited him to join our party, which he did, and after a few glasses he turned out to be one of the best fellows you ever saw—full of song, told several capital good stories, and one of the best dancers, being able to perform the sailor's hornpipe to perfection. Towards shutting up time we got pretty maudlin, and some of our company hugged and (I think) kissed the stranger. Well, he finally left for home, after expressing the high regard he felt toward us. Finally the landlord came in and informed us we had been entertaining the right honorable the city hangman of Melbourne. Never shall I forget the look of horror in the countenances of my comrades; they were sober in a moment, and their faces were actually green with horror. Well, the poor devil was safe from their vengeance, and it was well for him he was.

Now, just let us compare the hangman with the murderer. The hangman is simply the executioner of the law, after the culprit has been found guilty by a jury of his countrymen. But the assassin, what is he? In the first place, he is a coward; next he is policeman; next he constitutes himself a magistrate, and issues the committal; he is jury, judge, audience, executioner; he is chaplain, attending to the funeral service, undertaker, and often sexton. He is a whole court and everything belonging to one. He causes children to become fatherless and motherless, and fathers and mothers to become childless, wives to become widows, and husbands to become widowers. He robs the home and fireside of all happiness, and brands himself a demon. Yet you will find society in the world that will take this loathesome thing by the hand and introduce him to wives and daughters; aye, and eulogize him for his crimes. Yes, men will do this that would turn with horror from the hangman, who has committed no crime.

When the Phenix Park murders took place and the news reached this country, the Land League here pretended to be horror-stricken, and, if I am not mistaken, offered a reward for the apprehension of the murderers. Well, all the ingenuity of the government was baffled for a long time, when one of the murderers came forward and gave state evidence, and the wretches were convicted and executed. Then the league altered its tune, and denounced the government as murderers. Now, the evidence such as Carey gave is counted the best of evidence, because he testified against himself, and such evidence is accepted in all parts of the world.

And now, Mr. Mitchell, where is your evidence that the English government is a conclave of assassins? Are you aware that the English is a representativ government, and that this government and its laws are but copies of theirs? Can you in this whole world find a more humane and fraternal government than the English? Can you find a nation that has done as much for humanity, as much for civilization, as the nation you denounce? Look at this United States as a nation, and tell me if she would hav been what she is to-day had it not been for the help of England. In this very town in which I write this letter the first cotton was spun, and the machinery made, by an Englishman. Who furnished you with some of her best mechanical labor, and with the money to build your railroads and many of your public buildings? Who is your best customer for your produce and trade? Think you if England went down to-morrow, that it would not be a great calamity to this country? I say yes; almost as much as it would be to her.

Let me show you some of the beneficial acts she has performed. She freed her slaves at a cost of £20,000,000; that, you must remember, was only the first cost. Ever since, she has been hundreds of thousands of pounds out of pocket by the falling off of the products of her colonies, caused by this one act of humanity. Next she opened up commerce with all the nations of the world. You hav the privilege to trade in every port where she has a footing. Your ships hav the privilege of taking cargoes from one English port to another; and that's a privilege you do not grant to English vessels. Show me the place in all the world, that she has possession of, where the people are not better off. India is ten times better off than under her own princes. Yes, the year before they issued the mandate to stop the suttee, over a thousand women were burnt at the stake under that horrible superstition. They hav opened the country by railroads and canals.

England has done the same for Canada. You say she has done all this for her own interest. Well, whose interest do you work for? Has not her interest been the interest of every other nation, civilized and savage? Has she not kept ships of war on the African coast this last half century, to keep down the slave trade? Has she not sacrificed blood and treasure to do so? Has that been act of humanity, or has been for self-interest?

"Ah! but look at Ireland," you say. Well, I discussed that subject two years ago in the public press, and it caused a great deal of ill-feeling, and that is something I wish to avoid if possible. But you must remember it was not all lovely in the Green Isle when two different popes requested the English to go over and stop the internal wars and bloodshed. But you must remember that you are not to punish the present generation for the fault of their forefathers on either side.

I do not think there is a nation on earth so much maligned and misrepresented as England is to-day; and I am sorry to say it is fostered by a large portion of the press. I don't envy the Englishman that loves his country his situation here, and I am quite sure I do not envy the man that does not love his nativ land, let him be where he will. "With all her faults, I love her still," as one of her great poets said. And, with all the hatred and malice, and all the uncharitableness heaped upon her, I trust she will overcome all her enemies.

She has produced some of the brightest names the world has ever heard of, in every class. She has brave soldiers, and equally brave and hardy sailors, and an indomitably spirited and loyal people, with an innate love of fair play; and as long as she does justice and loves mercy, she need not fear the ravings of a few lunatics that cannot govern themselvs and will not be governed.

Yours, ROBERT NELSON.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"His life is long whose work is well,
And be his station low or high,
He who the most good works can tell,
Livs longest though he soonest die."

Peek-a-Boo.

The cunningest thing that a baby can do
Is to play for the very first time—Peek-a-boo!

It will hide its little pink face in its hands,
Then crow and show that it understands

What nurse and mamma—and papa, too—
Mean, when they hide and cry, "Peek-a-boo!"

Oh, what a wonderful thing it is,
When they find that the baby can play like this!

And they every one listen and think it true
That the baby's gurgle means "Peek-a-boo."

I wonder if anyone ever knew
A baby who *never* played Peek-a-boo.

I truly think, and believe it is so,
That the very *first* baby played Peek-a-boo,

And the whole world full of the children of men
Hav all of them played that game since then.

And while the sun shines and the skies are blue,
Babies will always play Peek-a-boo. —*Selected.*

What the Fern Said.

"What an awful storm! Don't it rain, though? It just rushes right along, doesn't it? Yah—ah-ah-*aw!* What shall we do with ourselvs, anyway, this stormy Sunday? I've read till my eyes ache, and puzzled over the puzzles and charades and cross-words in this paper, until my head is whirling like a top, and I feel like saying cross words, myself. I say! Eliza Jane, wake up and say something."

"What d'ye want, Melissy?" said Eliza Jane, looking up from her book.

"Can't we do something to pass the time? the day seems more than fourteen hundred hours long!"

"O Eliza! what a whopper! I guess you'd be pretty tired if it was only one-fourteenth as long," said Herbert, yawning, and reaching out to tickle his sister, little Daisy Dumpling, as she was called.

"Let's play meeting, for a change," said Melissa. "It will be real fun."

"How do you play it?" inquired Eliza Jane.

"Why, hav a regular meeting—preaching, singing, and like that, you know."

"And praying?" queried Herbert.

"We can omit that if you wish," she answered.

"But the worst of it is, who will be the preacher? Now, if Job were only here—you know he talks with trilobites and rocks, and he would be a splendid preacher."

"There's Aunt Delight up-stairs. If *she* only would come and preach us a little sermon—but I think she is lying down, and I will not disturb her," said Eliza.

"Auntie 'Light isn't lying down at all; she is darning her stockings!" prattled Daisy Dumpling.

"Well, Daisy, please go and ask her if she will be kind enough to come below and preach to us. Come, trot along; there's a dear."

Daisy did not wait to be told a second time, and, after a few minutes, reappeared leading Aunt Delight by the hand.

"O Aunt Delight, we're ever so glad you came! We want to hav a little meeting at home, here. We can't go out anywhere, it storms so; and we want you to be the minister. Women can preach as well as men—and lecture, too; can't they?"

"Caudle lectures!" whispered the big brother, Cecil, laughing, while he pinched Daisy's chin.

"Where shall I take my text?" inquired Aunt Delight.

"Anywhere you please—but let us sing first. Daisy shall sing a solo. Go ahead, Dumpling! Don't stand there looking at your shoes all out at the toes, so bashfully. Sing, you little rascal!" And Eliza Jane pulled Daisy's dress playfully.

After some coaxing, Daisy commenced—

"There was a rat who went to mill,
And when he'd ate of corn his fill—"

"Well, what did he do then?—go on," said Herbert.

"He—he—he— just rolled over and went to sleep!" And the little girl ducked her head behind the lounge.

Daisy had forgotten the other part, and finished with a little original matter, at which they all laughed.

"Now, you must keep very still," said Aunt Delight, as she took from her pocket a piece of slate rock, beautifully impressed with fern-leaves. "There is a story—a true story—printed on this rock; and now I will personate the fern, and tell it to you, just as it is written."

"Oh, do!" exclaimed the whole congregation.

And then Aunt Delight—or, the fern—began: "Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen. I hav come a long distance to meet you, and I hope I see you well. I was born in what is called the Carboniferous age, which means the age of coal. I cannot tell my exact age—not because I am a lady and ladies are not expected to tell their ages, but because I really cannot remember; but I am, probably, without any exaggeration, not far from a hundred thousand years old. At the beginning of the period in which I was born, it is said that the Atlantic ocean passed through what is now southern New York, and west through Ohio, and across what is now known as the Mississippi valley, while the Gulf of Mexico went north as far as the middle of Iowa."

"Where were the great lakes?" inquired Herbert.

"There was but *one* great lake then, on this continent, Lake Superior. Slowly the waters were drained off, and left muddy, soft, warm earth, which, the dense, moist air pressing upon it, soon began to be like a hot-house."

"Where were all the folks?" asked Melissa.

"There were no human beings then, no air-breathing animals whatsoever—there never had been any at that time, for they could not breathe the carbonic acid gas that was all about. But we ferns could liv, and we did liv, and grew to be as big as giants. We were not like the little waving, feathery things you call ferns to-day, but we were taller than oak-trees, and were full of rich, dark green-foliage. Some of us had drooping sprays of flowers, but the most of us were clothed in leaves only, and resembled umbrellas, spread and covered with feathers and fringes. There were great trees of other kinds, and the trunks were not rough and scraggy as at the present time, but smooth and handsome as carved marble. You hav, doubtless, been in a wet swamp, and jumped from hillock to hillock, noting, at the same time, the spongy, yielding ground that seemed to settle beneath your feet. This typifies the state of the earth at that period, only then it was on a grander, greater scale. There were club-mosses, as you call them now, more than sixty feet high!"

"Oh! O-h-h!" they all exclaimed in a breath.

"Yes; and toad-stools as high as this house! And they were under my feet, for the tree upon which I grew was a foot and a half in diameter, or through its trunk. There were no birds then, and only a few insects humming about, and a very, very few flowers of dull colors. We grew all tangled up together, in hot, sultry silence. Finally, we dropped, and from our bodies sprang more vegetation. This process went on and on, for thousands and thousands of years, and all the time we were steadily at work, bottling up heat and light for future generations, for, as we dropped on the soft, peaty earth, we gradually hardened by the aid of time and gaseous changes, into the coal that makes your bright, warm fire to-day. Growth and decay, birth and death, filled the centuries. The waters would sweep over the great forests and sink them, then float away and new forests would spring up, and thus the leaves, branches, lichen, mosses, trees came to be coal, and the mud, sand, and pebbles, washed in by the waters, were changed into sand-stone, shales, or clay, and as we leaves were pressed into the sand mud, we remained there when these substances became shales, etc. Thus, in a coal mine, may be seen the most beautiful, artistic, and wonderful traceries of foliage and plants, flung in wild yet graceful luxuriance all around. You would fancy yourselvs in fairy land, or in some enchanted grotto, and would almost reach out to pluck the delicate leaves, mosses, and branches that elfin fingers had seemingly traced upon the walls. It would take twelve hundred years of the richest vegetation of this epoch of time in which you liv to make vegetable matter like that found in a single coal-seam six inches thick, so you can judge of the time it required to paint these pictures on the walls of your coal mines. I am only the impression of a little fern-leaf, but I hav tried to tell you, as simply as I could, a little bit of the history of world building. Step by step, as blocks, one upon another, so age upon age has come and gone. As Prof. Denton beautifully said—'As the stars sink, one by one, in the west, and new stars rise in the east, to be succeeded by the dawn, and then the day, so through the night of the past sank the old life-forms to be succeeded by the new, approaching nearer to the dawn of the day, in whose morning we liv.' Amen."

Cecil had drawn nearer the group, and the father and mother had come in to the meeting. The parrot also had been, apparently, an interested listener, and screamed out, "Amen! Molly put the kettle on! Amen!"

They gave Aunt Delight a vote of thanks, and declared it the best meeting they had ever attended.

Daisy Dumpling, when invited to sing again, said, "No! I hungry! I want some bread and butter!"

Eliza Jane went to wait on Daisy, and thus the meeting broke up, while the parrot screamed again, "Amen! Amen!"

[Just as we had finished the above, we received an interesting communication from a friend residing in a coal mining district, and bearing upon the same subject. It will appear in the Corner next week. We take this opportunity to thank our friends who hav kindly assisted in this, as well as our puzzle department; and, also, we would express our sincere appreciation of the hearty welcome with which the Children's Corner has been met. We are receiving scores of letters every week, testifying to the importance and usefulness of our work, and, while seeking a continuance of favors for our Corner, we shall endeavor, as heretofore, to make it as bright, attractiv, and interesting as possible—ED. CHILDREN'S CORNER.]

Our Puzzle Box.

NUMERICAL PUZZLE.

81.

Place two more figures with the two above, and make it read *less* than *eighty-one.*

H. VAN PELT.

WORD PUZZLE.

My whole consists of seven letters.
My 4, 2, 3, 1 is what some people sleep on.
My 5, 6, 7 is a domestic fowl.
My whole is where your food is cooked.

HERBERT O. POWLER.

WORD PUZZLE.

My whole consists of seven letters.
My 1, 2, 3, 4 is a mineral.
My 5, 6, 7 is a fluid.
My whole is used to light.

HERBERT O. POWLER.

A RIDDLE.

Sometimes I hav four little wheels,
Sometimes a little buggy stand;
No horse or beast my burden feels—
Drawn only by the human hand.

I hav four legs, but, strange to tell,
Only a single foot is mine;
But for my head 'twould do as well,
If you would only thus incline.

Irwin, Iowa. J. K. P. BAKER.

A PROGRESSIV SQUARE

Demands our care.
The word to write first
Is a word can be reversed.
Forward it must show
The ocean's ebb and flow;
Backward, nothing less
Than to oversee the press;
The second names a "thought"
That to the mind is brought;
"Beloved" means the word
Which we take for the third;
And last the "spikes of corn"
Must our little square adorn.

Irwin, Iowa. J. K. P. BAKER.

PALINDROMIC CHARADE.

Observe two coaches on the track,
And as they stand thus back to back,
A wond'rous change comes o'er the scene—
The cars become a "car marine;"
No car at all, but a ship discern,
With a pork's tail often at its stern;
But not for a whistle, I'll be bound,
For it never here givs forth a sound.

Irwin, Iowa. J. K. P. BAKER.

NUMERICAL PUZZLE.

We all know that the chapters in the Bible are all numbered with letters instead of figures —IV. for four, IX. for nine, etc.

Now, place IX. and add to it and make it read *less* than *nine.* H. VAN PELT.

Correspondence.

THOMASTON, CONN., Feb. 23, 1884.

DEAR MISS WIXON: My papa takes THE TRUTH SEEKER, and likes it very much; and I like it, too, since the Children's Corner is in it. I am thirteen years old. I go to school, and study reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, and history. I hav studied philosophy and geography, but am through with them now. I hav a Steele's "Fourteen Weeks in Astronomy," and the same in geology, and am going to hav a Steele's zoology, and a Barnes's "History of France." The answer to Fannie's puzzle is "Brainerd," and to Ida's is "Corning." Although I hav never seen you, still I am your true friend, GEO. E. BALDWIN.

BALTIMORE, Feb. 2, 1884.

LOVELY MISS WIXON: I want to write you a letter, but I 'fraid you cannot read such poor writing. All I am is seven years old, and my name is Susie, same as yours; but my other name is different. I hav never been to school, but my mamma teaches me at home. I read your stories, and I am going to write stories when I grow big. I hav a cat. His name is Roger Williams, and he is all over black. I hav six dolls, and one has lost an eye. It had a cat'rack on it. I love her all the same. I love you, too, more than tongue can tell.

SUSIE BUTLER.

Liberal Meetings.

[*Leagues and Liberal and Spiritualistic Societies in the United States and Canada meeting regularly, can hav notices of their meetings published in this column free if the officers will send them to us.*]

OHIO.

CLEVELAND.—The Liberal League meets every Sunday afternoon at 3 P.M., in the hall on the corner of Ontario and Bolivar streets. Exercises—lectures and discussion.

MAINE.

PORTLAND.—Dr. H. A. Lamb has hired Congress Hall, Congress street (entrance on Temple street), where free meetings, lectures, and discussions are held every Sunday, 2:30 P.M. Admittance free. Public invited.

OREGON.

PORTLAND.—MR. C. Beal holds meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, at Academy Hall, Second and Salmon streets, where he givs lectures, readings, recitations, and music. All are invited to attend. Admission 10 cents.

MASSACHUSETTS.

BOSTON.—Boston Liberal Club holds meetings for essays and criticisms every Sunday forenoon at 10:45 in the Paine Memorial Building, Appleton street.——The "Society of the Divine Homo" at same place every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Sunday-school at 2:30. Admission free.

PENNSYLVANIA.

PHILADELPHIA.—The Friendship Liberal League meets every Sunday at Hancock Hall, 814 Girard avenue, at 2:30 o'clock, and 7:30 o'clock, P.M., for lectures and free debates. THE TRUTH SEEKER and Liberal books for sale.

PITTSBURGH.—Pittsburgh Liberal League meets at Maltby Hall, 76 Fifth avenue, every Sunday (except during the Months of July and August) at 3 o'clock. A free platform is maintained. Exercises consist of a lecture, followed by 10 minute criticisms, with 15 minutes allowed the lecturer to reply. Clergymen invited to discuss.

NEW JERSEY.

NEWARK.—Newark Liberal League meets every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the League's Hall, 177 Halsey street. Exercises consist of music, readings, lecture, and discussion, in which all present are invited to participate. Admission free. Collection taken. Communications for the League should be addressed to J. W. Frankel, 10 Pine street, Newark.

CANADA.

MONTREAL.—Pioneer Freethought Club meets every Sunday at 3 P.M., at 1310 Catharine street. Reading-room open daily until 10:30 P.M. Library open for exchange of books three evenings per week, and on Sunday afternoons. Free public lectures on Sundays as advertised in local newspapers. Strangers always welcome. G. S. Wilson President, M. O'B. Ward, M.D., Secretary.

NEW YORK.

ALBANY.—The Liberal association meets every Sunday at Van Vechten Hall, 119 State street. Sunday-school at 2 P.M. General business meeting and debates and discussions at 3 P.M. Lecture at 7:30 P.M. The public are cordially invited to attend, also all Liberals visiting the city. Admission free.

NEW YORK CITY.—The Manhattan Liberal Club meets every Friday evening at 8 o'clock, for a lecture and discussion, at German Masonic Temple, 220 East 15th street. Admission 5 cents. Monthly cards 20 cents. Membership fee $3.——The American Spiritualist Alliance meets every Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock in Republican Hall, 55 West 33d street.——The First Society of Spiritualists holds its meetings every Sunday in Republican Hall, 55 West 33d street. Morning service 11 o'clock; evening, 7:45. Seats free. Public cordially invited.——New York City Ladies' Spiritualist Aid Society, permanently located at 171 East 69th street. Wednesday, at 3 P.M.——Frobisher College Hall, 23 East 14th street, near Broadway. The People's Spiritual Meeting every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 P.M.——229 East 48th street. Inspirational Lectures and Psychometric Readings every Sunday at 11 and 7:30 o'clock.

BROOKLYN.—The Brooklyn Spiritual Society meets at Conservatory Hall, cor. of Fulton street and Bedford avenue, every Sunday. Services at 11 A.M. and 7:45 P.M. Admission free. Public cordially invited. Liberal and Spiritual papers and books for sale.——The Everett Hall Spiritual Conference, 398 Fulton street, meets every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. Meetings free. Spiritual literature for sale.——The Eastern District Spiritual Conference meets every Monday evening at Composite Room, 4th street, corner of south 2d street, at 7:45. Spiritual and Liberal literature on sale. All invited.——The South Brooklyn Spiritual Society meets at Brauns Hall, 5th avenue, corner of 23d street, on the first and third Fridays of each month.——The Brooklyn Spiritual Fraternity. Friday evening conference meetings will be held in the lecture room of the church of New Spiritual Dispensation, Clinton avenue, between Park and Myrtle avenues, at 7:30 P.M. ——The Philosophical Association meets every Sunday afternoon in the Assembly Room of Wright's Business College, Broadway. corner of Fourth street, E. D., at 3 P.M. Public cordially invited. Doors open at 2:30 P.M.

TWO LITTLE RED MITTENS;

A STORY OF THE RIGHTWAY ALMSHOUSE.

BY JENNIE BUTLER BROWNE.

Price 10 cents. For sale at this office.

Poetry.

My Horse Sultan.

He was the parting gift of one I loved;
One-half the blood within his veins that moved
Was warm and glowing where Arabia's sun
Had shone upon his ancestors; and one,
The stronger half and calmer, came to him
Through Norman mothers, with their strength of limb,
Their width of chest, and loving, lustrous eyes,
Wide, soft, and tender, like those Norman skies.

I never gave to man a love so strong;
For woman not one friendship lived so long;
No joy so great has ever come to me
With music, eloquence, or poetry,
As when in saddle, to his graceful tread,
I skimmed the plains, or through the valley sped.
He had a rare intelligence, and knew
Each word I spoke to him, and soon he grew
To greet my coming with a gladful neigh,
And part from me with saddened eyes. Each day
This strong affection dwelt within my heart,
Until the hand of Death forced us apart.

I watched the luster in his eyes fade out,
Sad hour! But he'd no fear of death, no doubt.
If he had no immortal soul, no part
To liv beyond the beating of his heart,
No spirit in the great forevermore
To know and love as it had loved before—
If he liv not, and souls are but for man,
There's mystery in the eternal plan.

For I am sure no human heart e'er beat
More loyal to his love. I've yet to meet
A human friend more stanch and true and brave,
Or one whose friendship could outliv the grave.
And still my Sultan had no soul, they say,
No death-bed penitence, no voice to pray—
In fact, no proper requisit of man,
With which Eternity's wide bridge to span.

A horse, however human, has no soul;
A man, howe'er depraved, still claims the whole.
Thy mem'ry, Sultan, still is dear to me—
I'll mix it not with dark theology.

—*Medora Clark, in John Swinton's Paper.*

Mentor to Telemachus.

When some old hulk, safe anchored in the bay,
Watches the well-trimmed shallop speed away,
With snowy canvas spread to catch the breeze,
With sharpened, knife-like prow to cut the seas,
Mayhap the hulk, by sad experience taught,
May deem the shallop's voyage with dangers fraught.

When some old soldier stiffly walks the street.
And marching columns chance his eye to meet,
With silken banner, loud resounding drum,
Mayhap unbidden sighs or teardrops come,
For memory mingles with the shrilling fife
The moan that marked some comrade's loss of life.

When sweating miners rise from realms of night
To cooling upper air and health and light,
They pass descending cars whose living freight
Is happy, singing men, with hope elate;
Then well they know that soon the song will die
And smiles desert the laughing lip and eye.

So looks the aged on the youthful life
That, flushed and hopeful, seeks the maddening strife;
Age marks the graces that it once possessed,
And feels each fancy in the boyish breast;
Experience knows life's pitfalls and its snares;
Then, loving, fearing, follows with its prayers.

Thou, then, Telemachus, meet not with sneers
An old man's counsel, fervent prayers, or tears.
They oftenest go down to walk the strand,
Whose all is on the ocean, far from land;
The ship when outward bound attracts all eyes
More than a navy that at anchor lies.

Where shining headlands balk the seething waves,
Go look for wrecks and sailors' unmarked graves.
Oft where Calypso combs her golden hair
Some hero rests inglorious in her snare.
And Neptune, who upheaves the yeasty wave,
Will sing your requiem or become your slave.

Youth gazes onward toward the rising sun,
While age looks backward o'er the distance run;
Age harks to wisdom, hope allures the youth.
The gods still leave mankind to find the truth;
Happy the man who can his past survey
Nor wish one page of history torn away.

—*A. T. Worden, in the Utica Observer.*

What Tonic Sol-fa Predicts — A Glimpse of the Future.

Music, in its primary development, passed through three stages: 1. The Rhythmic; 2. The Melodic; and 3. The Harmonic. Musical instruments were developed in a corresponding order: 1. The Drum type; 2. The Pipe type; 3. The Lyre type. Chorus music passed through the same three stages. In the first stage of development men had only the drum type of instrument, capable only of marking the rhythm, and they had only the monotonous chant in chorus, the rhythm being also marked by clapping of hands and stamping of feet. In the second stage the pipe type of instrument was added, on which melodies could be played, and melodies were sung in solo and chorus, the marking of the rhythm becoming less and less prominent. In the third stage the lyre type of instrument was invented, capable of rhythm, melody, and harmony, and chorus singing became harmonic. Drum and pipe instruments were later, however, developed to the harmonic degree. In the musical history of mankind the harmonic stage is never found to precede the melodic stage, nor the melodic stage to precede the rhythmic stage.

The study of the history of the arts and sciences, of government, of religion, of all institutions among men, in fact, of whatsoever thing, shows that they always pass through three stages corresponding to these three stages in the development of music; the second stage being as nearly as possible opposit in character to the first, while the third combines the characteristics of the first and second, with something new added as the result of the combination. Thus, in music, rhythm and melody are opposit in character, while harmony combines rhythm and melody, but is something more than melody added to rhythm. Harmony may be called the rhythm of melodies. This order of development goes on continually repeating itself on higher and higher planes

Music was first written for the voice, but the staff notation has been developed to its present complication by the great masters, who wrote mainly for the orchestra, the voice in this stage of development of music being secondary. In the third stage of development, upon which we are now entering. the voice will regain its supremacy, instruments will be secondary, and the notation will be primarily designed for writing music for the voice. The Tonic Sol-fa notation is a product of this third stage of development and is primarily designed for writing music for the voice.

In Mr. Sedley Taylor's lecture on the "Tonic Sol-fa Movement," printed in the June number of the *Tonic Sol-fa Advocate*, he shows that the development of musical notation has been parallel with, or similar to, the development of astronomy; that the idea of the "fixed do," with the other tones revolving around it and all related to it, corresponds to the idea of the fixed earth, with the sun, moon, and stars revolving around it; and that as the false idea of the fixed earth has been replaced by the true one of a movable and moving earth, so the method of the "fixed do" has been replaced by that of the "movable do." Mr. Taylor, in this article, also compares the relation existing among the tones of a melody to a system of government, and says:

"In all but the most rudimentary tunes a point is soon reached where one of the subject notes—or even an entire outsider, owning no allegiance to the ruling tonic—seizes the scepter and reduces his predecessor to a private station, or it may be even subjects him to total extinction. Instances of such supercession meet us at every turn in music under the name of 'modulations,' or changes of key. A question of cardinal importance now presents itself. Suppose that, with our simple form of notation, we hav written down the opening notes of a melody in relation to their tonic, and that we come upon a modulation and the accession of a new tonic. What is to be done here? Are we to go on writing down our notes in reference to the dethroned tonic—a relation which has practically ceased to exist—or shall we by a suitable expedient cause our notation to indicate henceforth the relation which these notes bear to the new-crowned tonic, and so deliberately recognize and giv effect to accomplished facts?"

Which is equivalent to saying that the "limited monarchy" dynastic form of government is more rudimentary than that in which the real ruler is recognized to be such, and that the present system of government in England is like the "fixed do" system in music. The inference is, that there is a higher form of government than the present English form of government.

This is the era of great discoveries, which are of far-reaching importance to humanity, and Tonic Sol-faists hav made and are making great practical use of one of the greatest discoveries that was ever made by man. I mean the discovery of what are called the "mental effects" of the tones of the scale. It had long been known that a difference in feeling or character was observable in music written in different keys, that certain keys wers best adapted to certain kinds of music, but it remained for the Tonic Sol-faists to discover that this character—this mental effect—belongs primarily to the tones of the scale, which constitute the key-notes of the different kinds of music. The tones of the scale are the elements of music. You know that you do not assign these mental effects to these tones, but that you discover them there, that they are inherent in the tones themselvs, that the tones are laden with this meaning by nature itself. Now, do you suppose that the tones of the scale are the only things in the universe that hav inherent meaning? These mental effects are easily felt in music, because music appeals primarily to the feelings; but do you suppose that this universe is so lacking in harmonic structure that the elements of only one department of it hav inherent meaning, that nature has made an exception in the case of music? Is it not more reasonable to suppose that there is in the elements of every department of a harmonious universe, something which corresponds to the mental effects of the elements of music? That if the elements of music hav inherent meaning, the elements of everything else must also hav inherent meaning, which you may not yet hav discovered?

It is a universal truth that the elements of music, not only, but of everything else whatsoever, hav inherent meaning. It is also true that the elements of many departments of the universe are known, and what is more important, that the inherent meanings of these elements hav been discovered and that they correspond to, repeat, echo, the inherent meanings of the tones of the scale.

These tones of the scale are primarily the tones or sounds of the human voice. But we also recognize other sounds—the speech sounds of the human voice, the elements of language—and these also hav inherent meaning, which has been definitly discovered, and this discovery founds the new universal language of the future, which is capable of exactly expressing in spoken words, having inherent meaning, the inherent meanings of the tones of the scale, not only, but of everything else whatsoever. It will rightly name everything and exactly express all thoughts and ideas, as no other language does or can. The elementary forms and elementary colors correspond to and echo the tones of the scale; so do the elements of all things whatsoever. But these four domains, music, speech, form, and color, furnish the four leading methods of expression of inherent meaning, and from this standpoint are of leading importance.

If we know the meaning of the colors and of the tones of the musical scale, we can represent music by color, not by arbitrary assignments, but by corresponding meaning. And this will be found to be of immense importance in teaching music.

A great poet says:

"To me the converging objects of the universe perpetually flow,
All are written to me, and I must find what the writing means."

It is because of this correspondence in meaning of the elements of all things that we are enabled to "find what the writing means." This correspondence of part to part, of the elements of one department to the elements of every other, of the mode and order of development in one to the mode and order of development in every other, this echo of likeness and meaning, throughout the universe, is called analogy. This analogy is, because it must be. The science of analogy is the science of sciences.

Through the knowledge of these inherent meanings and of this science of analogy, and by observing the course of development in those departments or domains of the universe which hav been largely developed, we can predict the course of development of the other domains. Music, as a domain of the universe, has been more largely developed by man than any other. Music is the key-note of the universe, regarding the universe as a grand harmonic composition. Music is the interpreter of the meaning of all things.

Tonic Sol-faists hav made another discovery of vast importance. They hav discovered the true order of the presentation of the subject of music to the mind of the learner, the true method of teaching music, and, by analogy, the true method of teaching every subject whatsoever. To teach the recognition of the tones of the scale by their inherent character is a great step, but the other is still more important. I mean the order in which the tones of the scale are taught; do, so, mi, re, ti, fa, la—1, 5, 3, 2, 7, 4, 6—and, by analogy with the meaning of the tones, all that that implies. Though progress is being constantly made, the educational methods in use in our schools are still comparativly crude and unscientific. You all know that the learning of Tonic Sol-fa develops an enthusiasm in the pupils, and that there is a rapidity of acquirement of the subject, such as does not take place in the learning of anything else whatsoever that is taught in our schools. Why is this? It is because the method of teaching Tonic Sol-fa is the right method, and the ordinary educational methods are wrong. If the methods used by the Tonic Sol-faists in teaching music were applied to the teaching of all else taught in our schools, everything taught would be interesting to learn and easy of acquirement, and an enthusiasm would be developed corresponding to that developed by Tonic Sol-fa. If this method has changed music from the dullest and dreariest subject to the most interesting one taught in our schools, what will its effect not be when applied to those subjects generally considered more interesting than music? When Tonic Sol-fa is generally taught in schools, teachers will begin to inquire why it develops such enthusiasm, and why music taught by its methods is so easily and thoroughly learned; and the time is coming when that method, as now used, and to be still further developed and and applied, will be the educational method. Thus you see that the introduction and spread of Tonic Sol-fa is the most important educational movement of the age—the introduction of the true educational method of the future.

The secret of success of Tonic Sol-fa is that it is in harmony with the universal laws of progress and development, and, being so, it has had a steady growth in the right direction. Its history shows that it has taken no step backward, but has slowly and surely grown to its present degree of perfection; and it is capable of still further development in the same line. It is not a mere temporary expedient that at some time in the future is to be set aside for something different, but whatever changes it may pass through they will be in harmony with the principles that underlie it, and the grand tree of the future will be one with the sapling of to-day. Being true in principle and devolopment, it is, in the nature of things, permanent, and must become universal. Not only will all who learn to sing be taught by its methods, but all will learn to sing and all will be taught by its methods.

The Tonic Sol-fa notation is primarily designed for writing music for the voice. Some object to it on that account, and assert that voices trained to sing in the true musical scale, instead of the tempered scale used by most instruments, sing out of harmony with instruments. Well, so much the worse for the instruments. That shows they are imperfect as compared with the voice. The human voice is the model instrument, combining drum, pipe, and lyre, and the problem is not how to lower the voice to the imperfect standard of our present musical instruments, but how to raise instruments to the more perfect standard of the human voice; and instruments which can only use the imperfect tempered scale will giv place in the future to those that use the true scale. The music of the future, written primarily for the voice, will surpass the music of the past, as does the voice, in solo and chorus, surpass all musical instruments.

Dr. Joseph Rodes Buchanan, the greatest psychologist of the day, says that a teacher with a pleasant voice, expressing high moral quality, will cultivate the moral character of her pupils, by the mere tones of her voice, without saying a word about morals, more than would a teacher with an unpleasant voice who should teach them all the moral maxims in the world. Mental culture comes chiefly through the eye; moral culture through the ear and the voice. The culture of the voice, and of the ear, then, is of primary importance. The best means of culture is singing, and Tonic Sol-fa is the way to learn singing. In this connection I desire to call your attention to Dr. Buchanan's book on "Moral Education." Every one of you should read it.

The science of analogy shows that the principles and laws of music are the principles and laws of the universe; that the inherent meanings of the elements of music are the inherent meanings of the elements of all things whatsoever; that the laws of musical harmony are the laws of harmony everywhere; and that the laws of development in music are the laws of development everywhere. The great poets hav felt the truth of this. Emerson, in many respects the greatest poet that ever lived, often expresses it in his poems, as in the following:

"For the world was built in order,
And the atoms march in tune;
Rhyme the pipe, and Time the warder,
Cannot forget the sun, the moon.
Orb and atom forth they prance,
When they hear from the far the rune
None so backward in the troop,
When the music and the dance
Reach his place and circumstance,
But knows the sun creating sound."

In "Woodnotes" he makes the pine-tree say:

"Hearken! Hearken!
If thou wouldst know the mystic song
Chanted when the sphere was young.
Aloft, abroad, the pæan swells;
O wise man! hear'st thou half it tells?
O wise man! hear'st thou the least part?
'Tis the chronicle of art.
To the open ear it sings
Sweet the genesis of things,
Of tendency through endless ages,
Of star-dust, and star-pilgrimages,
Of rounded worlds, of space and time,
Of the old flood's subsiding sl me,
Of chemic matter, force, and form.
Of poles and powers, cold, wet, and warm;
The rushing metamorphosis,
Dissolving all that fixture is,
Melts things that be to things that seem,
And solid nature to a dream.
Oh, listen to the undersong—
The ever old, the ever young;
And, far within those cadent pauses,
The chorus of the ancient Causes!
Delights the dreadful Destiny
To fling his voice into the tree,
And shock thy weak ear with a note
Breathed from the everlasting throat.
In music he repeats the pang
Whence the fair flock of nature sprang.
O mortal! thy ears are stones;
These echoes are laden with tones
Which only the pure can hear;
Thou canst not catch what they recite
Of Fate and Will, of Want and Right,
Of man to come, of human life,
Of Death and Fortune, Growth and Strife.

. . . . . .

Come learn with me the fatal song
Which knits the world in music strong.
Come lift thine eyes to lofty rhymes,
Of things with things, of times with times,
Primal chimes of sun and shade,
Of sound and echo, man and maid,
The land reflected in the flood,
Body with shadow still pursued.
For nature beats in perfect tune,
And rounds with rhyme her every rune,
Whether she work in land or sea,
Or hide underground her alchemy.
Thou canst not wave thy staff in air,
Or dip thy paddle in the lake,
But it carves the bow of beauty there,
And the ripples in rhymes the oar forsake.
The wood is wiser far than thou;
The wood and wave each other know.
Not unrelated, unaffied,
But to each thought and thing allied,
Is perfect nature's every part,
Rooted in the mighty heart.

The poet of the Bible, too, when he says, "The morning stars sang together."

In the future this truth will be generally known, and this knowledge will be the key to all other knowledge. There will be but one inclusiv science, of which all special sciences will be but twigs and branches, and that one science will be the science of the harmony of all things. The educational methods of the future will be the methods now used in teaching Tonic Sol-fa, perfected and adapted to teaching all other subjects; and a truly "royal road to knowledge" will be trodden by all. In the future, the culture of the singing and speaking voice, and so of the ear, will be *the* means of moral culture, and music will be considered the most important subject taught in the schools, the basis of all true education. Then the knowledge of music and the art of singing will be universal and will be the great means of harmony in society. Instead of the contests and horrors of war, there will be contests of cultivated musical voices, in peace and harmony, and the voice of the people will become more nearly than it now is the voice of God. In the future all arts, all sciences, all methods of education, physical, mental, moral, ethical, and spiritual, the organization of society, all the life of humanity, will be in harmony with music.

I do not intend to discourage you by showing

you how far you are away from that grand future, but to cheer you on by showing you the glories in store for humanity. The world is now in a transition state, from the old to the new, and Tonic Sol-fa is part of the bridge on which it will pass over. You and all teachers and advocates of Tonic Sol-fa are doing a grand and glorious work. The principles of Tonic Sol-fa are right, its methods are right, and it only needs that the logic of its principles and methods should be still further applied to it in order that it may become the completely harmonious structure it is capable of being, and then it will be the prime model and guide for all teaching. Be sure that the Tonic Sol-fa movement is the greatest educational movement of the age, and go on, feeling that you hold in your hand the master key of the universe, and that it is only necessary for you to learn how to use it.

There is but one law of harmony in the universe, the law of musical harmony, and Tonic Sol-fa is its prophet. DAVID S. WHITE.

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SHULLSBURG, WIS., November 19, 1882.

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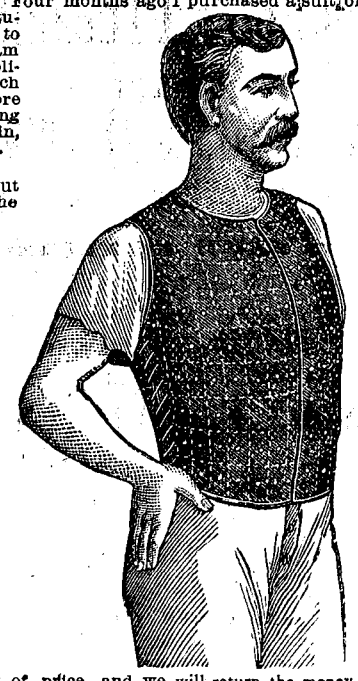
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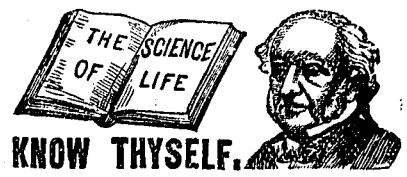
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This book should be read by the young for instruction, and by the afflicted for relief. It will benefit all.—*London Lancet.*

There is no member of society to whom this book will not be useful, whether youth, parent, guardian, instructor, or clergyman.—*Argonaut.*

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Gems of Thought.

IT is a brave and good man who pursues the right course, and who performs his duty faithfully because of the superiority of good actions over evil actions, and he is cowardly and contemptible who only does the right that he may escape punishment. Do good because it is right, and shun evil because it is wrong.—*D. M. Bennett.*

COMPULSION is not, and never can be, conviction. They exclude each other. . . . What is one to believe of people? One hears so many contradictory stories about them. Exercise your digestiv functions; assimilate the nutrition; get rid of the deleterious. Believe all the good you can hear of your neighbor and forget all the bad. . . . To suppress the truth may now and then be our duty to others; not to utter a falsehood must always be our duty to ourselvs. . . . Our appetites were given to us to preserve and to propagate life. We abuse them for its destruction. . . . Be what you are. This is the first step toward becoming better than you are. . . . Would you touch a nettle without being stung by it? Take hold of it stoutly. Do the same by other annoyances, and few things will ever annoy you. . . . A man who strives earnestly and perseveringly to convince others, at least convinces us that he is convinced himself.—*Guesses at Truth.*

SCHILLER did not often speak of wholesome prejudices; he did not embrace the Catholic religion "because it was the grandest and most comfortable." Truth with him, or what seemed such, was an indispensable requisit; if he but suspected an opinion to be false, however dear it may hav been, he seems to hav examined it with rigid scrutiny, and if he found it guilty, to hav plucked it out and resolutely cast it forth. The sacrifice might cause him pain, permanent pain; real damage, he imagined, it could hardly cause him.—*Carlyle.*

EACH little sect or religion has, doubtless, some germ of the truth within it, which has rendered it subservient to the great purposes of fertilizing the world, but so long as the professors of either of them think they are favored children of the divine father, whom he regards with a complacency with which he does not view the rest of humanity, so long is the fulness of God's idea not attained by them.—*Lessing's Education of the Human Race.*

THERE is no doubt but a judgment may be formed of nature in general from looking at each nature in its most perfect specimens; and what is a more perfect specimen of a man than those are who look on themselvs as born for the assistance, the protection, and the preservation of others? Hercules has gone to heaven; he never would hav gone thither had he not, while among men, made that road for himself. These things are of old date and hav, besides, the sanction of universal religion—*Cicero.*

ALTHOUGH it would be a great luxury to me to obtain my opinions by contract, ready-made, from a professional man, and although I hav a constitutional kindly feeling to all sorts of good people which would make me happy to agree with all their beliefs, if that were possible, still I must hav an idea, now and then, as to the meaning of life; and though the only condition of peace in this world is to hav no ideas, or, at least, not express them, with reference to such subjects, I cannot afford to pay quite so much as *that* even for peace.—*O. W. Holmes.*

"WHY do drug your wine?" a merchant was asked. "Because nobody would drink it without." Is it not just so with truth? Bacon at least has declared that it is; and how many writers hav lived in the course of three thousand years, who hav not acted on this persuasion, more or less distinctly? Nay, how many men who hav not dealt in like manner even with their own hearts and minds?—*Guesses at Truth.*

INDISPUTABLY, the firm believers in the gospel [the Rig Veda, or the Koran] hav a great advantage over all others—for this simple reason, that if true, they will hav their reward hereafter; and if there be no hereafter they can be but with the Infidel in his eternal sleep. But a man's creed does not depend upon himself; who can say, I *will* believe this or that, and, least of all, that which he least can comprehend?—*Byron.*

A FOOL uttereth all his mind; but a wise man keepeth it in till afterward.—*Proverbs*, xxix, 11.

THE

Truth Seeker Annual

—AND—

Freethinkers' Almanac.

1884.

(E. M. 284.)

With Eighteen Full Page Illustrations.

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THE SUNDAY LAWS,

BY J. G. HERTWIG.

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Odds and Ends.

WHILE we fellows are scratching to earn our living the cremationists are taking measures to urn their dead.

A LAWYER, too proud to allow his friends to suppose that he practices in divorce courts, advertises, "Misfits a specialty."

A HEALTH writer says, "Sleepless people should court the sun." Those who don't care much about sleep generally court the daughter.

"MY dear," said a wife to her rich but illiterate husband, "I want $500." "What fur?" he inquired. "Sealskin fur," she said, and she got it.

"BE you not unequally yoked," exclaimed a Philadelphia minister in a sermon on ill-considered marriages. This is good advice, but how are young people to know before marriage which is the best fighter?"

"NOW, darling, will you grant me one favor before I die?" "Yes, George, I will," she said, drooping her eyelashes and getting her lips in shape. "What is the favor I can grant you?" "Only a little song at the piano, love. I am afraid there is a dog outside waiting for me, and I want to scare him away."

"BASKET suppers" are a popular church revenue amusement in western Massachusetts villages just now. Each young lady prepares with her own hands a supper for two, and packs it in a basket, rolling a slip of paper bearing her name inside one of the napkins. Each gentleman buys a basket and shares the contents with the young lady whose name he finds within. Incidentally it may be noted that dyspepsia is rapidly becoming epidemic in western Massachusetts.

ELLA WHEELER IMITATED.

O love! My love! I could bust your wizen
In the howling craze of my mad desire,
I could tear you asunder from deck to mizzen,
And roast your soul in a raging fire.
I could yank your heart from your jumping bosom,
And drown out your life in a sea of bliss—
If I had a million lives I'd lose 'em
For a whooping whack at a fire-fringed kiss.
I could chew your ear till the flashing gristle
Collapsed like the crash of a wild cyclone.
I could shriek in glee like a railroad whistle,
And gnaw your chin to the gleaming bone!
I could swallow your breath as the toper swallows
The fiery flagon of rot-gut rye,
I could wallow in love as the hot hog wallows
In the pliant depths of the backyard sty.
I could snatch you bald in a holy minute,
And yell like a Yahoo to hear you squeal.
I could peel your hide from your head and pin it
With fiery spike to your bulging heel.
Oh, yes, I could hug you, and kiss you, and kill you,
And yet my mad passion I'd never quell,
You darling, delightful old liver pill, you,
I'd make you believe you landed in Tewksbury.

WHO is that little woman there,
With laughing eyes and dark brown hair,
And physiognomy so fair?
My wife.

Who's not as meek as she appears,
And doesn't believe one-half she hears,
And toward me entertains no fears?
My consort.

Who wakes me up on every morning,
About the time the day's a-dawning,
My protestations calmly scorning?
My spouse.

Who marks my clothes with India ink,
And darns my stockings quick as wink,
While I sit by and smoke and think?
My frau.

Who asks me every day for money,
With countenance demure and funny,
And calls me "pretty boy" and "honey?"
My little woman.

Who runs this house both night and day,
And over all exerts her sway;
Who's boss of this shanty, anyway?
My better half.

A CITIZEN who has an office on Monroe avenue, says the Detroit *Free Press*, has for the last three years been owing a grocery bill. The grocer's collector called on him over one hundred times to secure payment of the debt, but was always put off with some excuse or other. At one time it was death, another sickness, another time bad luck, and so it went on until it really seemed impossible for the debtor to invent any new pleas. The other day the grocer himself took the bill in his fist, and cornered the debtor in his office. "Yes, I know—very sorry—hand you the money a week from to-day," was the smiling excuse. "See here!" said the grocer, as he locked the door and pulled off his coat; "I've been figuring on this matter. This bill is for $15. I can giv you the worst licking a man ever received, and get off with a fine of $10. I'll then giv you a receipt for the other five and the account will be closed. Prepare to be pulverized!" "But suppose I lick you—then what?" queried the other. "Then there won't be any resort to the law, and you shall hav a receipt in full!" "That seems to be fair, and I'll do my best," said the debtor, and at it they went. The grocer expected to get away with him in about a minute, but he was a deceived man. It wasn't over three minutes before he was knocked over a chair and rendered *hors de combat*. "Is it a receipt in full?" asked the debtor as he sat astride the other and kept both hands fastened in his hair. "She is!" "And you'll pay me $2 in cash for the broken furniture?" "Yes." "Then you may get up, and I'll recommend you to a doctor who'll fix your broken collar-bone as good as new inside of a week." The grocer gave him a receipt for the account, and handed over $2 in cash, and later in the day, when telling the story in his store, he explained: "Gentlemen, I've sassed scores of citizens, abused dozens of hackmen, and been aching for three years past for a chance to pulverize some one. It's worth $17 to me to know that my grit giv out with the first round!"

THE TRUTH SEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., as Second-class Matter.

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Notes and Clippings.

A Southern Dakota editor advertises his Bible for sale. He has probably gone over to the other party.

During the hight of the flood, an Ohio woman prayed that the river might not go six feet higher, and it didn't.

In circles where he is best known, the last letter is dropped from the name of Rev. Snyder, the self-called newspaper interviewer.

Rev. Mr. Talmage says it has taken a million years to "evolute" him from an ape. There has been a very slight change for so long a time.

A minister out in Texas was arrested while riding a horse which he had stolen from a parishioner. He will hav a chance while in jail to evolve a discourse from the "Sermon on the Mount."

The recent rowdyism and paper-wad battles at Columbia College hav been well telegraphed over the country. It was Columbia College, wasn't it, which decided not to admit women students on the ground that it would lower the intellectual standard?

"How shall we treat the grandmother?" inquires our religious contemporary, the *Independent*. Don't treat the giddy thing at all if you can help it; but if she insists, it would be only a mark of respect due to age to let the old lady nominate her poison.

A lecture on "The Ten Commandments" was recently delivered in a western town, and the local paper spoke of it as a novel and brilliantly original code of morals, which will be likely to make a stir in the world when it becomes more widely known.

The Second Adventists hav set the 4th day of next November as the date for the end of the world. As this will be election day, it is hoped the final smash will hold off until in the evening, so we can at least make a rough guess at how the thing has gone.—*Christian at Work.*

A man who has just died in Bernardstown, Vt., provides in his will that his property shall be used "to oppose that horrid old monster of kingcraft called religion." One of his daughters stole money from him and ran away with a youth who boasted of his piety, and that was the cause of it.

The Philadelphia *Record* kindly gives this hint to a brother in distress: "If Rev. J. P. Newman has left in his cellar any of that good gin which he brought back some years ago from his inspection of consulates, he might distribute it with good results among the refractory members of his congregation."

This is from the Derry *News:* "Notice—Having a desire to use a few hundred dollars in the cause of Jesus of Nazareth, the Christ, I propose to exchange either city or country property for the same, at such figures as will enable the purchaser to realize 7 to 9 per cent on his investment. Address ———, Londonderry, N. H.

While Edward T. Hatch, who livs at Farmingdale, Me., was engaged in prayer one morning, the clothes of Mrs. Hatch, who was kneeling by the grate, took fire, and she was burnt to death. The paper which records the mournful event grimly heads the item, "Death came to her relief." If the prayer was like some which are inflicted on suffering humanity, there is reason in the remark.

A church committee at Genesee, Ill., hav been sitting in judgment on the actions of the Rev. Mr. Spurlock, and hav found him guilty of immorality. His victim or paramour, as the case may be, is the wife of a parishioner who moved in the "best society," whatever that may indicate, and has been unusually activ this winter in church matters. She is also a teacher in the Sunday-school. Mr. Spurlock claims that a conspiracy has been organized against him. The committee, however, are obdurate enough not to believe him.

"Do you think it wrong to patronize horse cars on Sunday, deacon?" asked Mrs. Goode. "Decidedly," replied the deacon, "decidedly wrong, Mrs. Goode; it's a desecration of the day, ma'am. I never take a horse car on Sunday, ma'am. I consider it wrong, decidedly wrong. I walk, ma'am, and I receive my reward in an approving conscience, not to speak of the fact that I hav saved five cents, ma'am."

The Catholic colonization in the United States is going forward with wonderful rapidity. An Italian colony "in the interior" is shortly to be organized, and committees are to be formed at Naples, Genoa, New York, Baltimore, and New Orleans, to assist poor emigrants. The archbishop of Naples has already established a committee. And yet Protestants, who claim to be patriots and upholders of the Constitution, see no danger in this, and waste their breath repelling the advance of Liberalism and of movements for the divorce of church and state.

A New York lady, under the date of Jan. 17th, writes from Tangiers, Africa: "This is the feast of Molech, when they present young children to the saints at the sanctuary of Tangiers. I hav watched the wild spectacle for five hours in fear of being shot, run down by the horses, or trampled under the feet of the mob and camels. Thirty-six tribes hav passed in procession, each with flags and each bringing a sheep or a bull to sacrifice. Men whirled their long guns in the air and caught them and fired without regard to life. The admiration I had previously felt for the Moors has merged into dread. They had a powder-play on horseback, shooting from galloping horses forced up a steep hill. Some Englishmen who were present were so much frightened that they took brandy."

The *Independent* is in slight doubt whether Salmi Morse's tragic death was a judgment of God or not. It says: "We should be arrogating omniscience were we to assert that God's purpose in allowing Salmi Morse to die a miserable suicide's death was to make him a warning against blasphemously travestying the crucifixion of our Lord. Yet we cannot but recall that he was the man who attempted to put a vulgar passion play on the boards of a New York theater." Perhaps also Mr. Morse sometimes went fishing on Sunday. Nothing but a violent death will satisfy the wrath of God on a man who goes fishing on Sunday. Murderers, however, often liv to a ripe old age unless abbreviated by the hangman's interference.

Orders hav been given to examin at St. Petersburg all passports of persons not well known living in thoroughfares through which the emperor is in the habit of passing, or is likely to pass, and to note those who occupy rooms with windows fronting the street. Police agents may be seen noting these particulars from the *dvorniks*, or house police. People well acquainted with the aspects of the streets of the capital hav remarked an unusual number of detectivs and spies meandering or skulking about since the return of the court. The imperial residence, the Annitchkin Palace, has a re-enforced guard at night. Besides the ordinary foot sentinels encircling it, and the guard of honor lodged in the entrance yard, may be seen a number of police officers at the gates and distributed round about, and also infantry detachments of three men pacing round the building on the foot path, and Cossack patrols in couples continually passing each other, making the same circuit.

The poet Whittier is not only troubled by autograph gatherers, but by preachers who want him to sign his name to poems which they themselvs hav written. And people who hav fallen from grace, it is said, are constantly seeking the poet's advice. The other day a forlorn-looking man went to the meter-loving Quaker and said: "Mr. Whittier, I believe I am going to hell. What do you think about it?" "Let me look at your tongue," said the poet. The man shoved out his tongue, and the poet, after turning it over and regarding it for a few moments, asked: "How long hast thee been impressed with the idea that thou art going to hell?" "Since day before yesterday, when I fell from grace." "How didst thee fall?" "You see, I was building an ash-hopper in the back-yard, mashed the nail off my finger, and swore until the streaks hung from the eaves of the house." "My friend," continued the poet, again taking hold of the fellow's tongue, "thee'cans't go to hell if thee wants to." Whether or not the man has gone, the associated press dispatches fail to say.

At a prayer-meeting in West Winsted, Conn., not long ago, one of the deacons delivered himself of a computation which is worth looking into. He said that the saving of one soul in Christ's day cost $24,000. When Christ cast out the legion of devils from the man who dwelt among the tombs they entered into a herd of two thousand hogs, and the hogs ran down into the sea and were choked. Assuming that each hog weighed 200 pounds, and that pork was $6 a hundred, the value of the hogs destroyed was $24,000. The deacon queried if the people before him would be willing to giv such a sum of money to save the soul of a member of the Episcopal church in the east village. Let us observe, says the Winsted *Press*, that if the hogs in question had belonged to Christ he would probably hav thought twice before he sent the devil into them, and saved his herd. We doubt not almost any member of the church would as readily sacrifice his neighbor's property to save a soul as A. Ward did his wife's relations to save his country.

The pope, in the matter of personal decoration, gets himself up regardless of expense. His gear is thus described by a visitor representing the Baltimore *Sun:* "The pope was seated. He wore a cashmere *alb*, made from the chosen lamb's wool on each St. Agnes's Day, fitting his body closely. Around his waist was a broad, richly-watered white silk sash, the falling ends terminating with gold bullion fringe. On his hands were white woolen knit mittens. From and around his neck hung a heavy gold chain, pendant to which was his only decoration—the cross, 'a bright, gold cross, that Jews might kiss and Infidels adore.' Thrown partly around him, and forming a strong Rubenistic background, was a rich scarlet glowing cloak of woolen fabric. This cloak was lined with purple, and its cape and edges trimmed with a tiny border of gold bullion lace. On his head was a little white skull-cap. His feet were incased in red slippers, with cross embroidered in gold thereon. These slippers are so made that they are really ankle-covering shoes, the upper parts being of white satin, lined with wool, and fitting closely. Thus a heavy expression is given to the feet."

Dr. A. E. Brehm, the German naturalist, lecturing in Chicago recently on the subject of "Monkeys" said that research into natural science had led him to place great reliance in the story of the Arabian sage who said that human beings were transformed into monkeys as a punishment for their sinfulness. He concluded from that that monkeys existed before the present human race. He held that the habits of the monkey deviated very little from the characteristics of man. For an illustration, he took his audience to the land of cynocephalus hamadryas, better known in English as the baboon. This class always traveled in herds and settled in one domain, under a competent leader, whose authority as a ruler was unlimited. In his judgment a monkey's appearance was repulsiv. The female, however, watched over its young with that tender regard indicativ of a mother's love. He had known female monkeys to die from grief at the loss of their young. He devoted an hour to a review of the different species of monkeys extant. His description was very interesting and edifying. The recital of his experience in trying, by way of experiment, to intoxicate a baboon, was irresistibly comical. The animal made a wry face at the first taste of liquor, but finally began to like it, and imbibed until it was in reality beastly drunk. Then it slept, and awoke with "a big head." The doctor thought that this experience would cure his monkeyship from any further desire to indulge. But not so. As soon as he sobered up he wanted more, just like a man.

News of the Week.

Matthew Arnold sailed for Europe last Saturday.

Booms for Arthur for next president hav been started. He is a harmless executiv.

New York city had a thunder shower last Sunday. The rain froze as fast as it fell.

Mrs. Langtry, the Jersey Lily, actress, has mortgages on New York real estate to the value of $93,000.

The police of Ellenburg, N. Y., are looking for George Holt. He is a church-member of high standing and has four wives.

Common Pleas Court No. 1 of Philadelphia has denied the motion to admit Mrs. Carrie Kilgore to practice as an attorney.

Osmand Digma, at the head of 6,000 Egyptian rebels, refuses to surrender to Gen. Graham. He has two cannon and 1,000 rifles.

A committee of woman suffragists called on the president last week. He told them he thought women had all the rights they deserve.

Barnum is in town with his greatest show possible on earth, including the sacred white elephant and many other startling and unusual objects.

The Senate committee on territories has agreed to giv the name of Lincoln to the new territory which it is proposed to make out of the northern part of Dakota.

The prefect of Milan forbade the proposed commemoration of the death of Mazzini on the 10th inst. The reason for this is that Mazzini was a patriot and a Freethinker.

Captain Duncan, in his celebrated libel case against the New York *Times*, for publishing an interview with Mark Twain, recovered damages of six cents each on two counts.

El Progressio, the organ of Senor Martos in Madrid, Spain, has been confiscated and its types seized on account of its violent and persistent attacks upon King Alfonso and the government.

A Garibaldi memorial tablet was unveiled with ceremony at Clifton, Staten Island, N. Y., last Sunday. The great Italian statesman and general formerly lived in a house at Clifton, which is still standing.

Mrs. Helen Gougar said at a temperance meeting in Cooper Institute last Sunday that the women of Indiana had the Republican party of that state by the throat. The party must giv them good temperance laws or die.

About 2,500 mill operativs are out on strike at Fall River, Mass. The striking cigar-makers of this city continue to hold out. The Cigar Makers' Progressiv Union request those in sympathy with the strikers to refrain from purchasing the cigars made by Straiton & Storm.

The ladies of Ellenville, N. Y., who threatened to boycott the business men who did not vote the temperance ticket are jubilant, as a no-license excise commissioner has been elected. The fact that women generally are in favor of prohibition complicates the female suffrage question to a great degree.

A. S. Hatch, president of the Stock Exchange, appeared at Jerry McAuley's mission as a revival preacher last Sunday. This affords an opportunity to repeat Beecher's little pleasantry to the affect that there is a resemblance between the calling of ministers and that of stock gamblers—they both deal in "futures."

The National Homestead Association was formed in Pittsburgh, Pa., last Saturday night by a number of prominent labor leaders and professional men. The object and purposes are to prevent the centralization of ownership in land, to aid members to procure homes, and to secure to them an interest in the soil, to foster and cultivate a spirit of economy and saving among wealth producers, and to establish more harmonious relationship between capital and labor by a combination of interest.

A Freethought Romance.

Waifs and Wanderings.

BY SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A NIGHT'S JOURNEY.

Columbus determined to bother the bloodhounds as much as possible. While Harry hurried with the baby to the rendezvous, Columbus and Amy took the road to the north, and when they reached the stream he carried her down a hundred yards or so, and landed her on the northern bank; she then walked a short distance to another stream, and from thence was carried to where the others were waiting. It was nearly twelve o'clock when they began their perilous journey over the mountains. The road was steep, rough, and interminably winding. At the end of the first hour they had only advanced three miles, and then there came a tremendous thump, and one of the wheels was broken.

"Thunder!" said Cupples, "we're done for now. We shall have to camp out. I don't see how we're ever to get over these mountains."

"I don't," said the sergeant. "But we've got to and that's the end on't. Can't the wheel be mended?"

"No," said Cupples, "it's completely smashed. What a devil of a rut! It's like the bottomless pit."

"Tony Lumkins lives up here somewhere," said Harry. "Perhaps we can borrow a wheel of him."

"Or steal it," said the sergeant. "It'll take too much time to borrow it. I'll hurry along and see if I can find his place, and while I am about it, I guess I'll take two wheels, for the other one may break. The baby's a crying, Cupples; can't you take care of it? It'll keep you warm while we're waiting."

The sergeant hurried off; Cupples took the baby, and Harry and Amy talked.

"It'll be all right, Amy. Sometime I shall be able to earn my living, and then I'll run away. I'm about as much afraid of father as you are. He's terrible to me. I can't understand it. But the world is broad, and somewhere we can work together and be happy."

"I don't know that you ought to give up your home," said Amy. "How hard it must be! I'm afraid I can't make you happy. I can't repay you for all that you will lose; so many friends, riches, honor. What can I give you?"

"Give me?" said Harry. "Hope, life, something to work for, a home and independence. What am I now but a slave? I long to be a man; to be myself; to bear my own burden, and reap my own reward."

"O Harry! I hope you will be happy. I will do my best. But I seem so weak. Can I help make you what you ought to be in this great world that is so huge, so roaring, so full of evil; where so much strength, so much courage, is needed? Oh, I wish I were an angel of heaven that I might help, help, help."

"O Amy! there are angels to help. We shall find a paradise."

So these young hearts, communed together, not knowing of the sad and fearful discipline of life, and how far off their paradise was.

The sergeant soon returned with a couple of wheels. He put one on in place of that which was broken, and kept the other in reserve. Harry said he would make it all right with Tony, who probably wouldn't find out his loss for a month or two; having no horses, he needed no wheels. When he wanted tobacco he walked to town, and tobacco was about the only thing he did want. It was his meat, and his drink was a quart of whisky per day. Surely his wheels could not have been put to better use. We sometimes wonder why people live in such little uncomfortable cabins away up on the mountains, miles from anybody else. They probably live there for just such emergencies as this. That's the way of providence. If Tony Lumkins had not lived just where he did, what would have become of this fugitive band with the bloodhounds on their track in the early morning? He had been living for years on that mountain an apparently useless and ruinous life, that those wheels might be on hand at that particular moment. If his whole life had produced nothing but those instruments of locomotion out of his broken-down shed, when he was in his usual midnight stupor, he did not live in vain. He was a link in a chain that went shining on. Does one say that eternal wisdom might have furnished those wheels in some other way? We can only answer it did not. So far as mortal vision extends, we cannot affirm that Tony Lumkins lived for fifty years in this world for any other purpose than to have a couple of good wagon wheels on hand for Sergeant Jones to steal. That's predestination and saints' perseverance; and we defy theology to throw any more light upon the subject.

It was three o'clock when they reached the mountain-top. The way down the farther side was but little better than the road already passed over, and before long the second wheel had broken and been replaced. The banners of morning hailed them from the piney crests, and seemed to say, "Hasten, hasten; we bring joy and terror. We light your way; but our beams are a signal for the enemy."

"It won't be long," said Harry, in a low voice, to the sergeant, before the hounds will be upon our track. "We must get to the station at eight o'clock, and there's about seven miles yet to go."

"If the wagon don't break down, we are safe enough. But these roads are terrible," replied the sergeant.

Columbus had balked the hounds for about two hours, but at six oclock they were upon the track of the fugitives, and went bounding away. Talk of cheating a blood-hound. It can't be done. They seem to have a sixth sense, and can trace the slightest atom that the fugitives drop in the liquid air.

It was a race for life. Harry and the sergeant felt that they must put forth every effort.

The hounds felt it too. The "sweet thunder" of their baying crowded upon the morning wind. A "rare and regal prey" was before them. On they dashed.

"Three miles more," said Harry, "Good God! the wheels are breaking."

They seemed to slump all at once.

"Now, Harry, for a gallop," said the sergeant. "You take one horse and ride on with Amy. Can you go it horse-back, Cupples?"

"Never did such a thing in my life. But my feet are as sore as they can be, and my back might as well take its turn."

"Jump on this one, then, and take the baby, and go as fast as you can. Hold on tight. I'll go afoot."

It was a new sensation to Cupples to be mounted. But his blood was up and he was ready for anything.

He almost repented after riding a mile or so. The animal was not a first-class saddle-horse. His backbone was rather sharp, and had a most forcible way of hitting Cupples's back-bone at right-angles. It did seem sometimes as if it would split him in two. Cupples uttered a fervent prayer every time he came unwillingly down. There was no need of rocking the baby. It enjoyed a continual jerk.

"How much—further—have we got to go?" groaned Cupples volcanically.

"Only a mile," said Harry, "and we are in time for the train."

When they reached the lone station, no train was in sight. They hoisted the flag. A wide, desolate flat extended about them, with gloomy woods stretching far away. Not a dwelling was to be seen. The turnpike, like a huge snake, rolled by and off into the labyrinthine wilderness.

"Hold the baby, Harry," said Cupples. "It does seem as if my legs reached clear to my neck. I'm stiff as a board; and if it wasn't for the way I ache I should think I was a corpse."

"Have your pistols ready," exclaimed the sergeant, as he hastily approached; "I hear the baying of the hounds."

Listening intently, his quick ear had caught the terrible music faintly trembling on the almost motionless air.

CHAPTER XIX.

OFF.

Sergeant Jones put his ear to the rail and kept it there nearly a minute.

"The train's a-coming," said he. "But I don't know which is the farthest off, the train or the dogs, and I reckon the dogs are the liveliest of the two. It'll be a mighty close scratch any way."

"Nip and tuck," indeed. The train was not fast; the dogs were. They seemed to sniff the exciting contest; and their loud baying swept the wind with increasing vehemence, while the fugitives listened with terror. Only the baby smiled, as much as to say, "It's all right," happier in its ignorance than we with our troublesome knowledge which shakes us with fear when really there's no need of it.

The sergeant looked down the glistening track. There was a faint puff of smoke.

"Hurrah," said he, "I see it."

For a while the train seemed scarcely to move; while the dogs seemed right upon them—though they were still a mile away. But the train was moving, and the quick, sharp music of the rails smote the ear. Ah! what pleading hands were waiting for that iron monster. How every puff of smoke was eagerly scanned as it glistened in the air, and every quiver of the black, shining frame! It came thundering on with fiery eye and brazen wings, a very angel of God. With earthquaking benediction, it leaped by the platform where the little band were standing. It seemed as if it would never stop, and the last clash and clank of the wheels seemed to say, "Hurry up; we must be off again." Of course they hurried up, for they were more eager for flight than the iron-horse himself. The bell rang cheerily out, and its last vibrating note just dropped into the throat of the foremost of the hounds—and that was all they ever got of the flying conquerors.

Away! away! out of those dreary woods, from those dark mountains and savage dogs—never again to be caught in such agonizing toils—though trouble and suffering in many other ways might meet them.

"Good-bye, Amy," said Harry at Mount Junction; "I must hurry back to my studies. Father must not know that I left them. How I'll work to win a home for you. You are now safe with friends. Good-bye! Good-bye! all of you. Only a little while and we'll be together again."

"Only a little while!" How often do we say, "Only a little while;" and how often do we believe it? Blessed, blessed falsehood. How many a good-bye would have naught but bitter tears if we knew how long and how harsh the separation was to be.

Harry was on the verge of life. He knew not its unsounded deeps; it's wide currents drifting far apart. The fairy-land might sometime appear; but how different from the splendors of his youthful vision!

Away to the great bustling city of New Orleans; past gleaming villages and broad savannahs. It was a brilliant panorama to the inexperienced Cupples, who had not before been twenty miles from his birthplace. The ride along the river, with its variegated pictures on either side, furnished him with materials for many a long talk. Like greater men he repeated the same thing again and again, but in sublime unconsciousness of the fact. The twentieth time telling was as fresh to him as the first. When once more at home he put new bolts on his doors, and defied anybody to steal that baby again.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Picture of New England Piety.

We know a refined, intelligent woman, living among the green hills of Vermont, whose life is typical of hundreds living in that vicinity and scores scattered throughout the far West, says the Hartford *Times*. She rises at five o'clock in the morning, chops wood, draws water, makes fires, prepares the meals for five stalwart "hired men," besides doing the family washing, ironing, scrubbing, churning, preserving, pickling, mending, and knitting. She beheads the chickens, feeds the hens and calves, and is occasionally called upon to accelerate the departure of pigs to that bourne from which no pig ever returns. Her work is never done. She fries doughnuts at 10 o'clock at night, and begins life on pie the next morning. Her only dissipations are prayer-meetings, funerals, and huckleberrying, varied by winter kettledrums, where the guests sew carpet rags, refreshed with cider, forfeits, and kisses. Her literature is limited to Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," "Josiah Allen's Wife," and the *Zion's Herald;* her music to a fountain filled with blood, dismal sounds from the tombs, and invitations to anxious seats; her pictures to a plump prodigal son, a perpetual Samuel, a furious Cain, an amiable George Washington, Napoleon on his death-bed at St. Helena, a weeping willow and widow in a graveyard of hair, and a few glistening tintypes of freshly engaged couples, who, with hands clasped, hair oiled, and imitation watch-chains spread out to "show," stare rigidly into a future the counterpart of her own. Her bric-a-bac consists of wax-work, daguerreotypes, plaster dogs with green noses, yellow baskets, and crushed strawberry tails, and a shell box containing reward of merit cards, and pathetic remembrances of her vanished childish years—the only visible recognition of her goodness that the poor little woman ever had. Her dress is calico all the year round for week days, and black alpaca for Sundays. Her windows are covered with green paper shades, and the parlor floor with the envy and the awe of the neighborhood, a tapestry carpet overflowing with red and pink atrocities in yellow horns of plenry.

She is a woman after Rev. Morgan Dix's own heart. She stays at home. The glorious pictures of majestic mountains, the flashing cascades, the leafy woods, the splendor of blue skies, the soft white clouds, and sweet-smelling daisy fields are not for her, except in tantalizing glimpses, which only increase the thirst of her thirsting soul. She has no time to receive the sense of power and peace that comes from those stately mountains; no time to revel in the exquisit beauty of those waterfalls; no time to lie on the grass and watch the softly sailing clouds, or trace the truthful symbols and discover the wondrous revelations that nature givs to those who love and understand her.

Yet this woman's husband has made a little fortune of $30,000 in lumber, which is considered something colossal in those regions where wants are few and pleasures circumscribed. She has been brought up to believe that he was created a superior being. So has he. He is coarse, red-haired, freckled, pious, penurious, and asthmatic. He has had a change of heart, and one change of "meetin' clothes," in which he looks more hideous than he does in his overalls. His chief satisfaction is to chew tobacco, talk in class meeting, and to get a bargain. He never owes a penny, and never givs one. He can pray, and he thinks he can sing. It takes him thirty minutes every night and fifteen minutes every morning to tell the Lord of several mistakes in the universe, and to ask a few mild favors. One is to wreak eternal vengeance on the wicked by plunging them into ever-

lasting fire, and another is a request for "power to wrestle with the stranger within his gates;" and, notwithstanding her promptly-paid board bills, to bring her to a sense of her own vile nature and hardened heart, created bad in the first place, only to be purified and saved by the acceptance of this man's peculiar theological beliefs. After singing, exhorting, and wheezing, he takes to snoring with an equal spirit and energy that makes him audible all through the night, and the sinner within his gates to look for a new boarding-house next morning. It does not occur to him to use his money to make his wife and their lives any happier; or that he can afford to bring a couple of strong servants into the house to perform the menial work of himself and his hired men. He means well. This superior being does not know any better. The circumstances of his narrow life and the inheritance of a narrow nature are accountable for his blind ignorance.

One day his wife returned from the village, after selling ninety cents' worth of eggs, produced by her own hens. She timidly asked if she sould keep the proceeds. He generously handed her fifteen cents, and pocketed the rest, with the grumble, "Wimmen folks is allus spendin'." He did not realize the meanness of the act, but when we saw it a line of Tennyson's seemed to spring suddenly into the air and enwrapped him in living words that said, "Half his little soul is dirt." But he does not know that, and never will—in this life. He cannot read the pitiful story stamped upon his wife's careworn face, with its habitual expression of unconscious self-abnegation and meek resignation. They never hav any pleasant walks, talks, jokes, read any books, or hav friendly companionship together. He never givs her ice cream, anniversary presents, unexpected praise, flowers, or kisses. When she dies she may hav a flower in her coffin, which will look strangely out of place, as none ever came into her married life.

Twice she made a feeble attempt to bring some cheerfulness into their home. She worked her husband a pair of slippers for Christmas, and placed a bunch of snowdrops on the table at Easter. He gruffly told her to "take 'em away, and not inkerage the scarlet woman by bringin' sich popish notions into the house." The country fences, barns, taverns, rocks, and landscape were once ablaze with flaming posters announcing the coming of a traveling circus and menagerie. She gazed on those pictured wonders; on the monkey parodies, pathetic camels, repulsiv serpents, leaping tigers, flying figures, complacent fat women, bushy-haired frauds, dissatisfied albinoes, pompous dwarfs, sunshiny giants, the sacred cow of Burmah, and the behemoth of scripture. Her very soul ached with an intense longing to behold these oriental animals from far-away tropical countries, from "Afric's burning sands," of which she had read in the Bible and in "Little Henry and his Beaver." Was it possible that those huge, ungainly elephants could stand on their heads, planks, and barrels, play tunes on hand-organs, and do other undreamed-of things, perfectly unnatural and unpleasant to an elephant?

Was it true that horses waltzed and dogs hung each other; that a woman could be shot from a cannon, and a tattooed man walk shiveringly about, clad only in his cashmere skin, and gauzy beings fly through hoops of fire over the backs of horses that had to make up their minds to stand it? It was wonderful—a fairy tale, a myth, perhaps. Everything was reversed, the toes of the rider, the clown in the ring, the ideas and trunks of the elephants. Seeing was believing, and she wanted—oh, how she wanted to go! It would be the one great pleasure, the one grand epoch of her dreary life. Only those who hav been forced to remain in the unvarying routine of hard work, care, and unending monotony can appreciate the happiness it would be could this downtrodden little Yankee woman go to the circus. She read on the brilliant posters that "people, press, and pulpit commended this great moral show, unparalleled in grandeur and magnificence, and that nothing was said, seen, or done that could offend the most moral and fastidious person."

To be sure, *Zion's Herald* had not advertised it, and she had not yet heard it indorsed by her own minister from his pulpit; but one minister differeth from another minister in opinions, and if even one attended the circus, surely she could. She had no money, and was afraid to ask for any, or to broach the subject to her husband, fearing his opposition. She remained awake at night, wondering if she was a wicked, designing woman for not mentioning her desire, and where she could obtain means to accomplish it. This was the first time she ever plotted, the first time she ever dared to strike out for herself. It showed how keen was the yearning for a little brightness to come into her cold and cheerless life. She knew it was useless to ask for any of the egg, butter, cheese, or milk money that she had earned.

She arose two hours earlier the next morning, did much of the housework, and while her husband was drinking molasses and water in the hay-field, she slipped away on a pretext and winged feet; and, under the burning August sun, with hands trembling and heart beating with hope and excitement, she picked five quarts of berries, that were sold at the hotel in S——. The next day, with the coveted money held tightly in her ungloved hand, she hurriedly climbed into the wagon of a neighbor who had called by her request to carry her with his wife and children to the circus, all joyful at the unusual holiday. How her heart beat! how her limbs shook! Once off and out of view of the hay-field, she would breathe freer. One taste of pleasure, and it was hers forever, no matter what happened afterward. They turned the corner, and a man appeared on the dusty road. It was her husband sent there by one of those malicious chances that sometimes "thwart the wills of men," and of women. He stopped them. Explanations followed.

"It is my money. I didn't take it from the house. I earned it yesterday," she faltered, holding up her toil-worn, thorn-scratched hand.

It was her only appeal, and it fell mute upon her quivering lips, as he sternly ordered her to "get down." She ought not to hav got down, and we are sorry to say that she did. But she is meek and good, and she "obeyed," with her eyes and heart full of tears.

He walked unrelentingly by her side to the house. He took her hardly-won bits of silver. He said they should go into the contribution-box next Sunday to atone for the heinous sin she had committed in wishing to enter unholy places. He entered the closed sanctuary of his parlor. He removed the tobacco quid from his mouth and placed it upon the mantel. Then he prayed. Kneeling in the center of the floor, on the biggest, yellowest, most unfaded "horn of plenty" that besprinkled the carpet, he asked the Lord, in nasal tones, to chasten the worldly spirit of his wife, to withhold her from the snares of temptation baited by the devil, and to keep her from the flesh pots of Egypt and Vermont. She never complains. She suffers vaguely, not fully comprehending the servil position she holds in her husband's house. We are glad she does not. In her case it would make no difference if she did understand it.

This is only one woman's life out of thousands, under varying conditions and circumstances, to be sure, but true just the same. Yet there are unthinking men and women who say that "justice and equality are not good for women; they hav all the privileges that are necessary."

A Sailor's Creed.

On a voyage across the Pacific there was an American sailor in our watch named Glover, who was a real rollicking tar, the soul of good nature, when he was not growling, and his yarns came nearer to the models of the sea-story-books than those of any sailor we had during the voyage. I became much interested in him, and one fine moonlight night, when we were on the lookout together, I endeavored to turn the conversation upon religious subjects, for I was curious to know if there were any serious thoughts concealed beneath his jovial speech. With some timidity, such as affects most people when they approach this subject, I said, "Glover, do you ever think about the future life?"

"Oh, yes," he replied, "I giv it a thought sometimes. We've all got to leave this world some time, and a sailor may go pretty sudden."

"What hope hav you got of being happy in the next world?" I asked.

"This is my hope," said Glover; "God is too good to let a sailor liv hard and die hard, and go to hell after all."

"But the Bible says that the wages of sin is death, and if you hav sinned there is no way to escape from hell, except by trusting in Christ as your savior."

"Of course I believe the Bible," said Glover, "but I don't know much about it, and can't understand it, and I kind of think it's meant for shore-folks. Sailors are different fish. When sailors die they go to Fiddler's Green. They say that when the first vessel was lost at sea, all the crew were drowned. When they got on their pins in the other world they saw heaven looming up ahead, and they pegged off, hot foot, to get into it. The lookout on the walls saw them coming along, shouting, singing, and dancing, and he called out to St. Peter, 'There's a crowd of folks coming that's different from anything we ever had here before.' St. Peter took a look at them, and was so scared by their capers he ran down with his keys and locked the gate. When the sailors got to the gate they knocked, and yelled, and shouted, 'Keeper, ahoy! let us in here!' But St. Peter called out, 'Go away! we don't hav any such people as you in here.' 'Well,' says they, 'if we can't get into heaven, let's go to hell; that's the next best place.' So off they marched to see if Old Nick would take them in. When the devil saw them he, too, was frightened, and said, 'It'll never do to let them chaps in here; they'd take charge of the place in a week.' The sailors knocked at the gate, but were told they couldn't come in. They swore they'd burst the door in, and they pushed so hard the devil put his back up against it and his tail stuck through between the iron gratings of the gate. The sailors thought that would do for a purchase to pull the gate open, and they caught hold of his tail and sung, 'Haul the bow-line,' while they pulled. They nearly jerked his tail out, and the devil roared for the cook to throw some hot water on them. They started on the run then, and when they were safe they said, 'If we can't get into either heaven or hell, we'll hav to shift for ourselvs.' So they hove to halfway between, and set up a camp that they called Fiddler's Green. All the sailors that hav died since hav joined them there."

"That will do for a yarn," said I, "but of course you don't believe such stuff."

"I don't know anything about it," said Glover, "and I never found anybody that did. But they say now that the devil is dead."

"Nonsense," I replied; "the Bible says he goes about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour."

"This is how I heard it told," said Glover. "There was a sea cap'n once that made a bargain with the Old Nick that if he would stand by him all his life, the devil should hav him when he died. Nick kept his word, helped the cap'n through a lot of his scrapes. But when the cap'n got old he began to get sick of his bargain, and began to overhaul his reckoning to see if he couldn't get to windward somehow, or work Tom Cox's traverse up one hatchway and down the other. So he called the old boy, and says he, 'Nick, it's coming on an awful storm, and I've got to come to anchor and pay out the chain to the last link to make the ship hold on. Now,' says he, 'I want you to hold on to the end of the chain, and check it when I tell you.' There was really no bottom there, but he unshackled the chain from around the foremast, and gave the end to the Old Nick. Then he let go the anchor, and the chain flew out like lightning through a greased gridiron. 'Hold on hard,' says the cap'n, and Nick grabbed the chain as death sticks to a dead nigger; but in a second he was yanked around the windlass, and snaked out through the hawsepipe. Nobody has seen the devil since."

I found it was not of much use to talk theology to Glover. His careless, happy-go-lucky mind would not concern itself with matters beyond his comprehension, and he rested in the conviction that he was willing to "take his chance" with a merciful God.

Sailors are seldom Infidels. They reverence God and respect the Bible, though they are very ignorant of its contents, and know nothing of the doctrins men hav built upon it. I knew of a minister's son who spoke disrespectfully of the Bible in a ship's forecastle, and an old sailor gave him a thrashing for it. Sailors are wholly unsectarian; their creed is as broad as the ocean on which they sail; they shun both the baptism of the waves and the sprinkling of the sprays; they are more concerned about falling from aloft than about falling from grace, and think more about the destination of the voyage than about predestination.

R. C. A.

The Free Land Question.

A great deal is being said in Liberal papers in favor of free land, and I presume there are many that think if the poor had all the good land they could work they would cease to be poor. I once thought so, but a dozen years' experience has done what a dozen hours ought to hav done for me. Here in Kansas are most likely half a million of people that hav been thus cared for by the nation. Every citizen over twenty-one years of age is allowed to purchase one hundred and sixty acres of land for fourteen dollars, and take their choice at that. The fact is, a vast number of people came and took land who would never hav owned any in the East, and it is within reasonable limits to say that three-fourths of them are, to use the mildest language, incapables—not vicious, not drunkards, not bad neighbors, not bad citizens, but simply incapable of conducting agricultural operations with profit; while the other fourth, with no better chance in any way, except what nature blessed them with in their mental and physical organizations, are prospering and in many instances are purchasing the lands of the incapables. And new emigrants that come too late to get land at government prices, purchase for a thousand dollars what the first occupant got for nearly nothing.

Now, what is needed of such reformers as friend Hacker, Mr. Cook, and some others, is to tell how to keep these people in possession of a home. If the law did not allow them to sell it, as now, after five years' occupancy, the land would become a nuisance to the capables, as the taxes would not be paid, roads worked, bridges built, schools supported, and the capables would hav so great a burden that they would in turn become incapables. It seems, then, if this is an argument, that it is not land the poor need, but capacity to work the land—mental capacity, I mean. I think it would be difficult to find a state or community on a large scale where that question has had a better chance of being tested than in this blood-bought Kansas. The land law has settled up the state and been of great service to the many and the world; but it has not given homes to the class of people that need them most. However, perhaps a partial evil is a universal good.

Perhaps some one will demand of me the cure of this evil of a homeless people. I regret that I can only, after much thinking, point you to friend Hey-

wood, of the *Word*, and he will say, "Quit raising incapables, and commence to raise capables."

Cawker City, Kan. GEORGE W. CHAPMAN, M.D.

The Liberal Club.

There were high jinks at the meeting of the Manhattan Liberal Club on the evening of Friday the 7th. Mr. Charles Stuart Welles was the lecturer, the "New Marriage; or, Uniform Marriage Laws," being the subject which he proposed to treat of. A smile illuminated the faces of his hearers as he opened with the words, "I am the light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall hav the light of life." This comforting assurance was followed by the explanation that the birth, life, teachings, and death of Christ were eminently regular, and symbolized in some mysterious way the true spiritual marriage. It was supplemented with a great deal more from the same source, and the audience grew fatigued and somewhat discouraged with the apparently unnecessary allusions to the great woman of bad character which John discourses about in Revelation. A young man who had brought his girl with him took her home and shortly returned alone, and Mr. Cohen suggested that a point of order would stick on the speaker. Adam and Eve, the lecturer went on to say, contracted an unfortunate marriage and thus brought trouble into the world. Considering that they were the only people on earth, and with no opportunities for a comparativ estimate of the merits of each other, it would seem that they might hav been excused for their bad taste in selecting a partner. It looks like Hobson's choice. This point, however, was ignored by Mr. Welles. The Bible was, he maintained, pre-eminently a treatis on marriage. Reluctantly leaving the subjects of adultery, abominations, and women of loose morals generally, whom, regardless of the presence of ladies, he spoke of in the coarse phraseology of scripture, the speaker came to what he called the argumentativ portion of his lecture. This was that whereas we hav laws providing for monogamic marriage, in practice we are polygamists. The law should either sanction polygamy or enforce monogamy. Running back once more to the matter of the celebrated frail sister of Bible fame, the scarlet woman, and the street-walker of Babylon, Mr. Welles caressed those worthies for a few moments, and then sat down, leaving a bewildered audience to wonder what it was all about.

Mr. Wakeman observed that it was a remarkable lecture. He wished that the second vice-president, Mr. Andrews, were there. He was better qualified than any other person to throw light upon what Mr. Welles had been trying to get through him. Others, however, would be permitted to go ahead and make as much out of it as was possible with the material at hand.

Mr. Cohen said the discourse was not what he expected to hear, but it was a remarkable lecture. Being a Hebrew himself, Mr. Cohen was interested in the curse upon the Jews. Judging from the prosperous condition of the Hebrews, so far as worldly goods were concerned, he estimated that they would manage to preserve their serenity, and would not allow the curse to make them seriously unhappy. The lecturer had made one clear statement to the effect that the marriage question should be treated intelligently. Mr. Cohen regrètted that Mr. Welles had not set an example by handling it that way himself.

Mr. Seering concurred in the general opinion that we had heard a remarkable lecture. The marriage question certainly had an economic basis, and it was to be regretted that Mr. Langerfelt had absented himself, as that gentleman was pre-eminently qualified to grapple with questions on that basis. Mr. Seering was influenced to make his remarks brief in order to giv room to Mr. Eccles, for whom there was a popular demand.

Mr. Eccles began by saying that it was the most remarkable lecture he had ever heard. He wished Mr. Welles had stated his position more definitly. He would like to ask the lecturer, before proceeding further, whether he was a Shaker or a Mormon. "Are you a Mormon?" said Mr. Eccles, addressing Mr. Welles. "You are a vagabond," said Mr. Welles, addressing Mr. Eccles. The speaker then continued, saying that by the survival of the fittest, monogamic marriage would be the final winding up of conjugal experiments.

Dr. Weeks corroborated the testimony of his predecessors, that the lecture had been a most remarkable one. Polygamy was a physical necessity to some men and women, and the doctor went on, in pretty broad language, to explain why. Time was called by an auditor. Dr. Weeks said if the auditor knew more about running that meeting than Mr. Wakeman did, he better take the chair.

Mr. Langerfelt, having come in, charged on the lecturer with great spirit. He had never heard such a remarkable lecture before. Here the young man who had taken his girl home and returned, applauded with such vigor that the campstool on which he was sitting collapsed. Mr. Langerfelt claimed the first knock-down. Remarking that he believed he had the floor, the young man arose and secured another seat. Business was then resumed.

Mr. Henry Stone, after saying that the lecture was a most remarkable one, asked the lecturer to explain what effect the curse passed upon the serpent had on that historic reptil's method of locomotion. The curse provided that the snake should crawl upon its belly. He would like to be informed how it could crawl in any other way.

It was now time for Mr. Welles to reply to his critics, but that gentleman was not to be found. He had disappeared. Mr. Furbish arose to say that he didn't think that was exactly fair. When he saw the lecturer's white choker he apprehended that he wouldn't face the music. It should be previously stipulated hereafter, with gentlemen with his cut of jib, that they should remain and see the thing through. It was their custom to shoot out through the door when they found it too warm for them. This was reprehensible and should be provided against. The lecture had been a remarkable performance.

Mr. Smith, omitting to allude to the remarkable character of the lecture, instanced the marriage aws of Peru, which provided that a man and woman could enter into the connubial state by mutual consent, and by sending to the constituted authorities a notice that they were about to assume new relations. Divorce could also be obtained by mutual application for it. The only improvement to be made upon this system, Mr. Smith thought, was to grant a divorce whenever either one of the married parties applied for it, and to levy a two per cent tax on all assets. Happy marriages could be secured by the man and wife settling down and living happily together.

Mr. Wakeman then notified the audience that they were released until next Friday night, when the Rev. Mr. Gallagher would speak on the "Mormon Question," and the visitors went away impressed with the belief that it is given to most people but once in a life-time to listen to such a remarkable lecture as Mr. Welles had presented before them. For uncontroled hilarity and humorous incident and remark, this meeting surpasses any within the memory of the oldest member. This stylographic pen may ne'er record its like again.

Introducing Mr. Livezey, of Catonsville.

An amusing person living in Maryland, named F. B. Livezey, has been busying himself for a year past in flooring Freethinkers—in his own mind. Mrs. Slenker was unwise enough to engage him in controversy in the columns of *Light for Thinkers*, and on that modicum of notice he has fed his vanity till he is inflated to the point of bursting. He is now employing his leisure moments in sending out the following circular. We receive it by courtesy of J. Allen Evans, of Buffalo, Wyoming Ter.:

INFIDEL MEN AND WOMEN.

A list of leading Infidel writers, authors, editors, and lecturers brought to grief, or confession, in the line of their profession, by F. B. Livezey, of Catonsville, Md.

1. Dr. T. S. Andrews,	a TRUTH SEEKER writer.
2. Arthur B. Bradford,	" " " "
3. Philip G. Peabody,	" " " "
4. Pohn Peck,	" " " "
5. H. R. Boynton,	" *Boston Investigator* writer.
6. Charles E. Cochrane,	" " " "
7. J. W. Dennis,	" " " "
8. A. M. Griffin,	" " " "
9. Horace Seaver,	" " " editor.
10. J. D. Kruschke,	" " " writer.
11. Dr. J. B. Sullivan,	" " " "
12. Prof. W. H. Chaney,	writer and lecturer.
13. Robert G. Ingersoll,	" " "
14. W. F. Jamieson,	" " "
15. Col. John R. Kelso,	" " "
16. Prof. M. C. O'Byrne,	" " "
17. Dr. L. J. York,	" " "
18. Miss Susan H. Wixon,	" " "
19. Mrs. A. S. Duniway,	editress.
20. Mrs. Elmina D. Slenker,	authoress.
21. M. O. Waggoner,	a lawyer.
22. John B. Willard,	an ex-Unitarian minister.
23. Thomas Winter,	the "Patriarch Materialist."
24. Andrew Jacobson,	author.
25. Elliott Preston,	"

Reader, you are at liberty to confront any of the above Infidels with my allegations of their inability to defend their forte with their chosen weapons of facts, reason, or commonsense; and if, behind my back, they giv the lie to my allegations, you may know that I hav the documents at hand for proof. True, in the list are a few who, after publicly inviting controversy with great pomposity or assurance, kept severely quiet in reply to my introductory antagonisms; but these slinking Goliahs rank lower than the ones that faced the shepherd's sling. Perhaps an exception should be made in the case of Ingersoll, as I did not forward him the several thousand dollars naturally expected for his utterances and pennings.

I proposed before the close of 1883, to publish a book containing the dialogs that had passed with the above Infidels, but, from various causes, I was deterred; still, it may yet be done, F. B. L.

February, 1884.

This ebullition reminds us of a story. A young fellow from the East was on a train crossing the Rockies. He wore a miner's blouse, top-boots, slouch hat, and leather belt, in which was slung a little revolver, carrying a ball of the smallest size. His garments sat upon him uncomfortably, and he was evidently a "tenderfoot" of the greenest variety. But he fondled his pistol ostentatiously, and was loud in his asseverations of what he would do if attacked by any one. In the same car, and seated in front of him, were a party of real miners—big-limbed, broad-chested, brown-bearded men, with voices like young volcanoes. They were dressed in the mining suits the stripling had imitated, and around their waists were belts holding each a pair of revolvers of the largest size. Hearing the valiant boasts of the boy behind them, and perhaps becoming a little tired of the noise, one of them rose up and said, "What d'ye got there to do all that killing with?" "This revolver," loudly answered the greenhorn. "Let's see it," said the miner, reaching out his hand, and taking the weapon, "Call that a pistol?" contemptuously asked the Hercules. Wall, if you was to shoot me with that and I should ever find it out, I'd lick you like thunder."

Probably the "leading Infidel writers, authors, editors, and lecturers," who had been "brought to grief" by Mr. Livezey feel as the miner did. And now that we hav called their attention to their downfall they may turn round and "lick him like thunder," and then again, perhaps, they mayn't, as it will be hard for them to realize their utter and final collapse.

We note with satisfaction that more "*Investigator* writers" hav been brought to grief than "TRUTH SEEKER writers." Even the veteran Horace himself has succumbed to the doughty Livezey, while we—but wait! in the long ago we remember that we received a communication from Catonsville. It was voluminous and nearly covered the bottom of the waste basket. The ear-marks of the crank were plain upon it, and while we were willing that the crank should whirl, we declined to turn the grindstone for him. So far as THE TRUTH SEEKER is concerned, he must turn on his own axis. For that waste basket act, he may catalog us among the "slinking Goliahs." Harrowing supposition! But on second thought that cannot be the case, for we never invited controversy with him. Our withers are, therefore, unwrung and we are free to commiserate our fallen brethren, and extend to them a helping hand, which we hereby do. If Brother Seaver wants the use of our copy of the Bible, or our "Lives of the Saints," including John Calvin, or "Book of Martyrs," which does not include John Calvin's victims, or our "Confession of Faith," or "Discipline," or any other of the books used in confuting, confounding, and sitting upon obstreperous Christians, who misquote their own creeds and mutilate their own histories in order to "bring to grief, or confession, leading Infidel writers, authors, editors, and lecturers," he can hav them with pleasure. We will hold up his hands and stand at his back, let Mr. Livezey do what he will.

But our opinion of the Maryland gentleman is that he is a nuisance, with no ideas worth the gathering, a retailer of other people's dreams and guesses, who substitutes abuse for argument, fancies for facts, and wishes to engage in controversy simply to get notoriety.

Editorial Notes.

FOUR-FIFTHS of the excise moneys raised in this city are paid to Catholic "benevolent" institutions.

THE Freethinkers of Kokoma, Ind., sent the Ohio river flood sufferers $104.30, the proceeds of a ball held for their benefit.

THE *Andover Review* thinks that "familiarity with the tongues, patristic learning, acquaintance with the history of the church, and especially of Christian doctrin, general culture, and acumen, are not for a moment to be compared with the simple possession and use of the sacred text as a means of arriving at doctrinal truth." The view that "where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise" will hold good with the Christian world as long as ignorance brings with it belief as well as alleged happiness. As that will be forever, the immortality of this delusiv old saw is assured.

AT a private session of the Woman's Suffrage Association in Washington last Saturday morning, it was decided to hold conventions during the coming year under the auspices of the association in every state and territory not now organized for woman suffrage, and to endeavor to secure the adoption by the state and territorial legislatures of recommendations of the proposed sixteenth amendment to giv the freedom of the ballot to women. It was also decided to use all the resources at the command of the association to defeat any presidential candidate, by whatever party nominated, who is opposed to woman suffrage. The views of the several candidates on this question are to be obtained by the executiv officers of the association—Mrs. Stanton, Miss. Anthony, and Mrs. Sewall.

ON February 15th the Associated Press sent out a dispatch from Washington which tells in few words the story of a shameful religious intrigue. The dispatch reads:

"The secretary of the interior has decided to recommend that the nomination of Mitchell to be receiver at Duluth be withdrawn, and has called upon Hon. Knute Nelson to name some one for the appointment in his place. Mr. Nelson has recommended the appointment of E. G. Swanstrom, of Duluth. It was very doubtful whether the nomination of Mitchell could be confirmed. It is said that charges of fraud in connection with the pre-emption law were not seriously regarded as an objection, as they did not appear to be sustained; but the secretary of the interior says that his attention has been called to a series of articles published by Mitchell some years ago attacking Christianity and using most violent and indecent language. These articles were shown to senators, and they declared that Mitchell's nomination ought not to be confirmed. These articles were the cause of Mitchell's defeat, some four years ago, for a second term in the land office. Hayes was then president, and refused to send in Mitchell's name when these articles were shown him."

The Mr. Mitchell spoken of is R. C. Mitchell, editor of the

Duluth Tribune. He is a heretic. A few years ago he published in his paper many articles reflecting upon the church, and showing Christianity to be a failure and founded on fraud and imposture. Finding that his outspoken course was injuring him, he ceased publishing his heretical opinions, although still holding them. But that is a matter for Mr. Mitchell to settle with his own conscience. It has no place in deciding upon the merits of his application for an office. If he had committed fraud in his conduct of a land office, that is proper to be considered by the interior secretary. But that charge appears to hav been trumped up by his religious opponents and not sustainable. Then the charge of heresy was urged against him. That was effectual. Since when a man's religious opinions are a qualification for office the secretary did not state. It may be that under the civil service rules the Presbyterianism or Methodism of a candidate will entitle him to a high mark, but if so the fact ought to be known. If political primaries are hereafter to be prayer-meetings, and a man's facility in showing the whites of his eyes and ability to make himself out the most miserable wretch on earth in order to illustrate the marvelous goodness of God in "saving" him, are to be counted superior to honesty and executiv ability, it will be well to adopt the God-in-the-Constitution amendment, hang a chime of bells in the capitol cupola, and call the nation to partake of the communion. The senatorial "cold tea" now passed around in "chinee" cups can be utilized for sacrificial wine.

THE Louisville, Ky., *Christian Observer* complalns that there is coldness between the brethren in that section. They do not patronize one another's mills; they order their papers through New York agencies; they go to Northern watering-places for their health. "What!" cries the *Observer*, "Is Christianity to be the cause of animosities and bitterness? Does the gospel hav an influence to restrain the natural outflow of amity and kindly feelings? Such will be, nay, such is, the arguing of worldly men wherever they see this sectional bitterness between Presbyterians. Surely this is reason enough to cause men to eschew it." Certainly. The *Observer* is away behind with the news, or it would hav said this before.

THE Rev. Mr. Wright (Congregationalist) is denounced as a fraud and adventurer, and good Christians are warned to eschew him. His actions justify the charge. He received a call to the pulpit of a church at Winooski, Vt., accepted the engagement, drew his salary in advance, and then got drunk and neglected his flock. When he did preach he used vulgar language in the pulpit, as he was in the habit of doing outside of it. His congregation dwindled from sixty-five to three. Ten out of the fourteen trustees requested him to resign. A glance at his history shows that this man had elsewhere begged money to transport his wife and children off to some distance, and then went on a riotous and immoral debauch, winding up in jail at Canton, where he was immured for three months. The career of this minister of the gospel is not essentially different from that of many others of his profession. It would, perhaps, be unjust to regard every preacher as a rascal until he has proved himself otherwise, but the prudence of such a course must commend itself to all.

A WRITER in the *Christian Statesman* givs from the leaves of his note-book the results of his interviews with several public men of St. Louis in regard to the proposed religious amendment to the Constitution of the United States. Ex-Governor B. Gratz Brown said: "I am opposed to any mixing of religion with politics, or the setting up of anything like a theocracy. Legislation must be confined to questions within the legitimate sphere of government. I cannot take part in any such convention." Dr. W. G. Eliot, president of Washington University, replied: "I cannot see that such an amendment would do any good. I think we hav no right to incorporate into our Constitution what would discriminate between Jew and gentile, Infidel and Christian." Dr. Goodell remarked, "I hav no time to talk on that subject." Dr. J. A. Wilson and Rev. J. R. Hill replied, "You cannot awaken an interest on that subject in St. Louis." . . . Gen. W. T. Sherman, who was very frank in stating his views, said: "The Constitution is good enough for me. Our country has prospered under it for over a hundred years; and it will continue to prosper, if we let the Constitution alone." But the pious editor of the *Globe Democrat* said emphatically, "Certainly, I am in favor of all such movements." And the editor has more influence over the people than all the rest.

THE Rev. De LaMatyr, Greenback orator and pulpit politician, made a speech the other day in a church in Denver, in which he undertook to defend Christianity against any and all assailants. Giving the pulpit a resounding whack, he announced the church as the author of all the good and the Freethinkers of all the evil. Then he shied his castor into the ring with these words:

"I challenge our citizens, who cheered the ribaldry of the clown at the opera house against the church, to show what schools Mr. Ingersoll and his friends hav established in this country. I wait a reply. What hav they done for education? Echo answers, What?"

Well, Gilbert, if you really want to know we will tell you. It is generally allowed that Stephen Girard did something to advance knowledge, and Peter Cooper's name has in times past been mentioned in connection with educational institutions. Charles Darwin, before he died, wrote some things that hav helped to educate a good many people, including a number of ministers. Herbert Spencer is not unknown to fame as a man whose labors with his pen hav contributed to educate the world. As an electrician and special scientist, Prof. John Tyndall has told many people what they did not know before, and Prof. Thomas Huxley has given the philosophical bent to more minds than you, Gilbert, will ever preach to if you liv a million years. The whole English, French, and German speaking world is being educated by scientific Infidels, and such questions as you hav asked, Mr. De LaMatyr, only show how ignorant and foolish you are.

A CORRESPONDENT of a Christian paper thus describes the auto-da-fe of thirteen hundred copies of King James's version of the Bible which were ordered burnt by the Spanish government: "The hour of the auto-da-fe came. The officers stood ready with shavings and matches. But where were the holy gospels? They were piled up in boxes, in the custom-house, beneath much larger boxes. It would take three days to clear away things so that the gospels could be reached. Meanwhile the superintendent of the buildings was in danger of losing his place. In due time the happy hour came. The chief paper, the *Publicidad*, exclaimed, 'The entrance is free for men and women of Barcelona.' It was barely ten o'clock in the morning before a great pile of straw, shavings, pieces of broken furniture, and other combustibles, lay ready for the work. Two officers brought out the boxes, the covers were knocked off, and there lay the beautiful books, nicely bound! The burning went too slowly, and so petroleum was poured upon them. It took one hour to make away with the pile. The custom-house officials were dressed in their gayest uniform, and greatly enjoyed the rare sport. Five hundred people looked on the strange scene." What a curious thing is this religion of the Nazarene! Every follower seems to be arrayed against every other follower, and the sword, the dungeon, and flame hav ever been their arguments. What stupendous folly to talk about such a religion being divine!

THE TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL AND FREETHINKERS' ALMANAC for 1884 is at hand, containing a great amount of useful information and interesting articles from the pens of prominent Freethinkers. It is especially interesting from a historical point of view, giving historical sketches of THE TRUTH SEEKER, various Freethinkers' associations, the National Liberal League, etc. We read with pleasure and profit Mr. Charles Stevens's article on "The Progress of Liberal Thought in Canada." The ANNUAL contains eighteen illustrations from D. M. Bennett's work, "A Truth Seeker Around the World." Two of these, to our opinion, are both superfluous and disingenuous, viz., "The Jewish Jehovah," and "That Old Serpent, which is the Devil and Satan." That the solid matter of the book is relieved by light reading in the form of a story is a good idea, and adds to the general interest of the work.—*Radical Review.*

The *Review* falls into error in crediting the pictures of Jehovah and his friend the devil to Mr. Bennett's "Around the World" volumes. Those two works of art were engraved for other purposes. They are faithful likenesses, we believe, of the two orthodox bugaboos, and were inserted in the ANNUAL for the purpose of making the Christians ashamed of their two deities. With chapter and verse before them they cannot deny the authenticity of the portraits. That we succeeded was shown conclusivly the other day when we called upon a Christian neighbor. He had a copy of the ANNUAL, and the two pictures were pasted together. He was ashamed of his God, and dare not look his devil in the face.

MR. KIRBY, of Doniphan, Kan., has another paper in this week's TRUTH SEEKER. He consumes space principally with speculations, upon the solution of which the highest authorities disagree. We are, therefore, willing to let that phase of it stand for what it is worth. But because Mr. Kirby does not understand how life originated he has no warrant for intruding his god upon the scene. For his existence he has advanced no evidence—not even the threadbare design argument. He has made some few assumptions, and seems to proceed upon the supposition that by ignoring everything previously said he can thrust his creator upon us and hav his *ipse dixit* taken as established fact. We warn him that such illogical proceeding is unworthy a scientific truth seeker. To settle his doubts as to the beginning of organic life we commend him to read Haeckel's "History of Creation," Darwin's "Origin of Species," Huxley's "Man's Place in Nature," and "Haeckel's Genesis of Man" by Lester F. Ward, and T. B. Wakeman's "Evolution or Creation?" A study of these will giv him more correct ideas than a perusal of his letter would indicate he now possesses. With his Spiritualistic ideas we hav no quarrel. On that subject we are truly Agnostic. Some of the phenomena we admit; the philosophy is as yet incomprehensible. We liv to learn. If Mr. Kirby knows it all, he is to be congratulated and may yet become our teacher. But as the case stands we tkink we can at least point out the way for him to acquire considerable knowledge.

MANY of the occupants of Christian pulpits in these days find themselvs in a tight place, says a Boston paper. They cannot keep their minds hermetically sealed against the truths that are everywhere afloat in the mental atmosphere; because of the standpoint they occupy, which commits them by its traditions and associations to the propagation of old creeds and articles of faith which no modern man can entertain, except by excluding from his mind the sunlight that illumines the intellectual world of to-day. But few hav the moral courage of Emerson, who, when he became convinced that Christian creeds were anacronisms in an age of reason and science, stepped down and out of the Christian pulpit. Here and there is a minister of advanced thought and frank speech who can retain his position without trouble, internal or external; but he is not recognized as a Christian. There *was* a time when clergymen did much of the deliberate thinking, and hence much of the reflectiv thought used to hav a clerical and Biblical coloring. Bishops Butler and Berkeley were thinkers; but they did all their thinking inside of the Thirty-Nine Articles, and so their ideas are incurably infected with ecclesiasticism and Hebrew and Christian superstition. But the great modern thinkers and scientists giv their reason *carte blanche*, to serve the interests of truth, irrespectiv of all creeds or canonized forms of gospels and so-called holy traditions. Science to-day is not at all anxious for pulpit sanction or indorsement. On the contrary, the pulpit is more in need of making its teachings appear to be in accord with science, to reach intelligent men. Not a few clergymen adorn their sermons and giv point to them by appropriating the ideas of the Freethinkers and scientists of the day, like the jackdaw that ornaments its nest with feathers and plumage that do not belong to it. But they usually pervert them to theological purposes. The temptation to do this is great; for the majority of the people are yet largely under the influence of the mythologies and theologies of the past, are suspicious of whatever plainly contradicts them, and can receive Liberal and scientific thought only in small doses, and when well mixed with superstition. But the difficulty is in satisfying the intelligent few, whose respect is valued, and not offending the larger number, whose support is needed.

THERE are dynamite and dagger Socialists in England as well as informers and assassins in Ireland. At a debate in which Mr. Bradlaugh participated recently, one of the revolutionary party, a Mr. Scheu, spoke warmly in favor of beginning a bloody warfare in Germany. Mrs. Besant was in the chair of the meeting, and as she listened to the threatening utterances of the Socialist, two things struck her forcibly. She could not help thinking that if Mr. Scheu meant what he said, his place, as a patriot, was in Germany. He mocked at Mr. Bradlaugh's care of individual life, yet he and the foreigners who, living in safety in England, "breathe out threatenings and slaughter," show a remarkable care for their own individual lives. "We must honor," says Mrs. Besant, "those who, finding oppression intolerable and deliverance hopeless save by the sword, throw themselvs forward to lead their brethren into strife for liberty, and risk all they ask others to risk; but we can but hav bitter contempt for those who, safe on English soil, urge others to face dangers they themselvs avoid, and play with the lives of others while careful of their own. The other thing that struck me was that the foreigners who seek English hospitality because they shrink from the peril of struggling for liberty in their own lands make but ill return when they seek to import into England the methods which may sometimes be inevitable under Russian, Austrian, or German tyranny. Secret societies and underground agitation are necessary in countries where free speech and press are unknown. Those who run away from the danger of sharing them in lands where there is no other form of progress possible, ought not to try and force on us the use of violence, while platform and press are ours. As Mr. Bradlaugh said on Sunday, were he a Russian in Russia, he would be a Revolutionist, because there no method of reform was permitted. But since Englishmen hav won for themselvs liberty of political discussion by tongue and pen, they need no teaching about the best way to further reform from foolish foreign Socialists, maddened by the oppression from which they hav fled, and fancying that England is as enslaved as their own fatherland. Let Mr. Scheu go back to Germany, and win for Germany something of the liberty we hav, before he comes to lecture us on the employment of barbarous methods of political conflict, which may be suitable for the backward political condition of his own country, but which we hav, fortunately, outgrown." What Mrs. Besant says of the inappropriateness of dynamite and dynamiters in England applies very well to those commodities in this country.

A KEENE, N. H., paper relates what it calls an "interesting event" which occurred in that little city. A local clergyman was the hero, and the eminently notorious Mr. Jo Cook played the role of heavy villain. It seems that the clergyman was interested in engaging Cook to deliver his lecture on "Seven Modern Wonders of the World," and had invited him to lead at the regular weekly prayer-meeting at his church, previous to the hour set for the commencement of the lecture. At the time agreed upon the preacher knocked at the door of Cook's room, but instead of being courteously received he was set upon by the man, who, in a towering rage, apparently disturbed in a nap, came out into the hall, and seizing the caller began to push about and otherwise lay violent hands upon him, at the same time using language unbecoming a gentleman. The disturbance made by the waltzers attracted the attention of a large number in the house, and the landlord, who was quietly eating his supper, at first supposed that Wheeler, the champion wrestler, and Fletcher, the butcher (two local hard cases), had met by chance, and were engaged in playing up for a grape-vine. He was among the first to arrive at the scene of action, but upon discovering two of his distinguished guests engaged in private business, he passed by on the other side, and returned to the dining-room. It is stated by the witnesses that such names as "barbarian," "Hottentot," "guerrilla," etc., were flung in by the contestants by way of emphasis. The preacher opened his meeting that night unassisted, and there was a large attendance, as notice had been given of the expected appearance of the celebrated Cook. At the proper time Cook was invited to lead in prayer, in which he complied with seeming reluctance. Then he was invited to entertain the audience with remarks. But instead of noticing the request he seized his hat and rushed out of the church, slamming the door behind him. His lecture was not largely attended. The local preacher has the sympathy of the community. To this may be added the testimony of a Boston correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*, that "Cook's Monday morning preludes, questions, and lectures are not a great success this year. For some reason or other he has lost his boom, says nothing notable nor peculiar, doesn't misquote Herbert Spencer and John Stuart Mill with his former fluency, and falls far short of making a sensation. Tremont Temple is not crowded with eager listeners, and the galleries, in which free seats are granted to publicans and sinners, are not packed as the lecturer would like to hav them every Monday morning." Cook went up as a baloon; he will come down like the great gas-bag that he is.

Lectures and Meetings.

THE first quarterly congress for 1884 of the Liberals of the West will assemble at the Opera House, Liberal Mo., March 28th, and hold a four days' session. This meeting will be under the auspices and management of the Brotherhood of Humanitarians, whose invitation extends to all human beings now on earth. Delegations from many points in southern Kansas and Missouri have already signified their intention to be present. Liberals of every phase and shade are specially requested to come. Important steps for the establishment of a school, wherein an education can be obtained untainted by superstition, will be one feature to be considered by this congress. Eminent Humanitarian speakers will be in attendance. Frank Greene is the secretary.

The Great Ingersoll.

Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll was in Denver, Col., recently. An attaché of the *Republican* of that city reports he following incidents and conversation:

At an early hour last night a *Republican* reporter was politely shown to room 182 of the St. James, in which were gathered half a dozen gentlemen, one writing in shorthand, and all listening intently to the graceful, easy flow of language of a smooth-faced, portly gentleman, who discoursed readily on the subjects of politics and religion. The talker was Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, known by reputation to everyone, from one end of the country to the other. Ex-United States Senator Stephen W. Dorsey was his right-hand man, suggesting points now and then, and enthusiastically indorsing what the colonel said. The writer was Mr. Baker, private secretary of "Colonel Bob."

The reporter was greeted cordially, and invited to take a seat at the table, which he did, and as soon as the business in hand was disposed of, began asking questions of the renowned Atheist; or, as he styled himself, "Pantheist." They were all answered readily, and with not the slightest hesitation, the colonel's memory of names and events being extremely good. A stenographic report of the interview is given below.

The first question asked was, "Who will be the Republican nominee for president?"

Colonel Ingersoll answered: "The correct answer to this question would make so many men unhappy that I hav concluded not to giv it."

The reporter then asked: "Has not the Democracy injured itself irretrievably by permitting the free trade element to rule it?"

"I do not think," was the reply, "that the Democratic party weakened itself by electing Carlisle speaker. I think him an excellent man, an exceedingly candid man, and one who will do what he believes ought to be done. I hav a very high opinion of Mr. Carlisle. I do not suppose any party in this country is really for free trade. I find that all writers upon the subject, no matter which side they are on, are on that side with certain exceptions. Adam Smith was in favor of free trade with a few exceptions, and those exceptions were in matters where he thought it was for England's interest not to hav free trade."

"Yes," remarked ex-Senator Dorsey, "and Richard Cobden was, also."

"The same may be said of all writers," continued the colonel. "So far as I can see, the free traders hav all the arguments, and the protectionists all the facts. The free trade theories are splendid, but they will not work out; the results are disastrous. We find by actual experiment that it is better to protect home industries. It was once said that protection created nothing but monopoly; the argument was that way, but the facts are not. Take for instance steel rails; when we bought them of England we paid $125 a ton. I believe there was a tariff of some $28 or $29 a ton—was it not, senator?"

"Twenty-nine dollars," answered Mr. Dorsey.

"And yet," pursued Colonel Ingersoll, "in spite of all the arguments going to show that protection would simply increase prices in America, would simply enrich the capitalist and impoverish the consumer, steel rails are now produced, I believe, right here in Colorado for $42 a ton.

"After all, it is a question of labor; a question of prices that shall be paid the laboring man; a question of what the laboring man shall eat—whether he shall eat meat or soup made from the bones. Very few people take into consideration the value of raw material and the value of labor. Take, for instance, your ton of steel rails, worth $42.. The iron in the earth is not worth 25 cents. The coal in the earth and the lime in the ledge together are not worth 25 cents. Now, then, of the $42, $41.50 is labor. There is not $2 worth of raw material in a locomotiv that sells for $15,000. By raw material I mean the material in the earth. There is not in a watch, the works of which will sell for $15, of raw material in the earth one-half cent. All the rest is labor. A ship, a man-of-war that costs $1,000,000—the raw material in the earth is not worth, in my judgment, $1,000. All the rest is labor. If there is any way to protect American labor I am in favor of it. If the present tariff does not do it, then I am in favor of changing to one that will. If the Democratic party takes a stand for free trade or anything like it, they will need protection; they will need protection at the polls; that is to say, they will meet only with defeat and disaster."

"What should be done with surplus revenue?" was then asked.

"My answer to that," said the colonel, "is, reduce internal revenue taxation until the present surplus is exhausted, and then endeavor so to arrange your tariff that you will not produce more than you need. I think the easiest question to grapple with on this earth is a surplus of money."

"That never bothers me to any great extent," *sotto voce* from Senator Dorsey.

The colonel did not seem to notice the remark, but continued:

"I do not believe in distributing it among the states. I do not think there could be a better certificate of the prosperity of our country than the fact that we are troubled with a surplus revenue; that we hav got the machinery for collecting taxes in such perfect order, so ingeniously contrived, that it can't be stopped; that it goes right on collecting money, whether we want it or not; and the wonderful thing about it is that nobody complains. If nothing else can be done with the surplus revenue, probably we had better pay some of our debts. I would suggest, as a last resort, to pay a few honest claims."

"Some Indian claims, for instance," remarked the senator. "It is a shame that, for forty years, they hav not been paid."

At the conclusion of these remarks of a political nature, the reporter branched off into religion with the following question;

"Are you getting nearer to or further away from God, Christianity, and the Bible?"

Colonel Ingersoll replied as follows:

"In the first place, as Mr. Locke so often remarked, we will define our terms. If by the word 'God' is meant a person, a being, who existed before the creation of the universe, and who controls all that is except himself, I do not believe in such a being; but if by the word 'God' is meant all that is, that is to say, the universe, including every atom and every star, then I am a believer. I suppose the word that would nearest describe me is 'Pantheist.' I cannot believe that a being existed from eternity, and who finally created this universe, after having wasted an eternity in idleness; but upon this subject I know just as little as anybody ever did or ever will, and, in my judgment, just as much. My intellectual horizon is somewhat limited, and, to tell you the truth, this is the only world that I was ever in. I am what might be called a representativ of a rural district, and, as a matter of fact, I know very little about my district. I believe it was Confucius who said, 'How should I know anything about another world who know so little of this?'"

"*When I* know so little of this," corrected Senator Dorsey.

"Yes," said the colonel, "'when I know so little of this.' The greatest intellects of the world hav endeavored to find words to express their conception of God, of the first cause, or of the science of being, but they hav never succeeded. I find in the old confession of faith, in the old catechism, for instance, this description: that God is a being without body, parts, or passions. I think it would trouble anybody to find a better definition of nothing. That describes a vacuum, that is to say, that describes the absence of everything. I find that theology is a subject that only the most ignorant are certain about, and that the more a man thinks, the less he knows.

"From the Bible God, I do not know that I am going farther and farther away. I hav been about as far as a man could go for many years. I do not believe in the God of the Old Testament.

"Now, as to the next branch of your question, Christianity. The question arises, 'What is Christianity?' I hav no objection to the morality taught as a part of Christianity, no objection to its charity, its forgivness, its kindness; no objection to its hope for this world and another, not the slightest, but all these things do not make Christianity. Mohammed taught certain doctrins that are good, but the good in the teaching of Mohammed is not Mohammedanism. When I speak of Christianity I speak of that which is distinctly Christian. For instance, the idea that the infinit God was born in Palestine, learned the carpenter's trade, disputed with the parsons of his time, excited the wrath of the theological bigots, and was finally crucified; that afterwards he was raised from the dead, and that if anybody believes this he will be saved, and if he fails to believe it, will be lost; in other words, that which is distinctly Christian in the Christian system is its supernaturalism, its miracles, its absurdity. Truth does not need to go in partnership with the supernatural. What Christ said is worthy the reason it contains. If a man raises the dead and then says twice two are five, that changes no rule in mathematics. If a multiplication table was divinely inspired, that does no good. The question is, is it correct? So I think that in the world of morals, we must prove that a thing is right or wrong by experience, by analogy, not by miracles. There is no fact in physical science that can be supernaturally demonstrated, neither is there any fact in the moral world that could be substantiated by miracles. Now, then, keeping in mind that by Christianity I mean the supernatural in that system, of course I am just as far away from it as I can ever get. For the man Christ I hav respect. He was a novelty in his day, and the ministers of his day cried out blasphemy, as they hav been crying ever since, against every person who has suggested a new thought or shown the worthlessness of an old one.

"Now, as to the third part of the question, the Bible people say that the Bible is inspired. Well, what does inspiration mean? Did God write it? No. But the men who did write it were guided by the holy spirit. Very well. Did they write exactly what the holy spirit wanted them to write? Well, religious people say yes. At the same time they admit that the gentlemen who were collecting, or taking down in shorthand, what was said had to use their own words. Now, we all know that the same words do not hav the same meaning to all people. It is impossible to convey the same thoughts to all minds by the same language, and it is for that reason that the Bible has produced so many sects, not only disagreeing with each other, but disagreeing among themselvs.

"We find, then, that it is utterly impossible for God (admitting that there is one) to convey the same thoughts by human language to all people. No two persons understand the same language alike. A man's understanding depends upon his experience, upon his capacity, upon the particular bent of his mind—in fact, upon the countless influences that hav made him what he is. Everything in nature tells everyone who sees it a story, but that story depends upon the capacity of the one to whom it is told. The sea says one thing to the ordinary man, and another thing to Shakspere. The stars hav not the same language for all people. The consequence is that no book can tell the same story to any two people. The Jewish scriptures are like other books, written by different men in different ages of the world, hundreds of years apart, filled with contradictions. They embody, I presume, fairly enough, the wisdom and ignorance, the reason and prejudice, of the times in which they were written. They are worth the good that is in them, and the question is whether we will take the good and throw the bad away. There are wise and foolish sayings. There are general and cruel passages, and you can find a text to suit almost any frame of mind; whether you wish to do an act of charity or murder a neighbor's babe, you will find a passage that will exactly fit the case. So that I can say that I am still for the reasonable, for the natural; and still am opposed to the absurd and supernatural."

Colonel Ingersoll was next asked, "Is there any better or more ennobling belief than Christianity; if so, what is it?" to which he answered:

"There are many good things, of course, in every religion, or they would not hav existed; plenty of good precepts in Christianity, but the thing that I object to more than all others, is the doctrin of eternal punishment, the idea of hell for the many, and heaven for the few. Take from Christianity the doctrin of eternal punishment, and I hav no particular objection to what is generally preached. If you will take that away, and all the supernatural connected with it, I hav no objection, but that doctrin of eternal punishment tends to harden the human heart. It has produced more misery than all the other doctrins of the world. It has shed more blood; it has made more martyrs. It has lighted the fires of persecution, and kept the sword of cruelty wet with heroic blood for at least a thousand years. There is no crime that that doctrin has not produced. I think it would be impossible for the imagination to conceive of a worse religion than orthodox Christianity—utterly impossible. A doctrin that divides this world, a doctrin that divides families, the doctrin that teaches the son that he can be happy, with his mother in perdition; the husband, that he can be happy in heaven while his wife suffers the agony of hell! This doctrin is infinit injustice, and tends to subvert all ideas of justice in the human heart. I think it would be impossible to conceive of a doctrin better calculated to make wild beasts of men than that; in fact, that doctrin was born of all the wild beast there is in man. It was born of infinit revenge.

"Think of preaching that you must believe that a certain being was the son of God, no matter whether your reason is convinced or not. Suppose we should meet, we will say on London bridge, a man clad in rags, and he should stop us and say, 'My friend, I wish to talk with you a moment. I am the rightful king of Great Britain,' and you should say to him, 'Well, my dinner is waiting; I hav no time to bother about who the king of England is,' and then he should meet another and insist on his stopping while he pulled out some papers to show that he was the rightful king of England, and the other man should say, 'I hav got business here, my friend; I am selling goods, and I hav no time to bother my head about who the king of England is. No doubt you are the king of England, but you don't look like the king of England.' And then suppose he stops another man, and makes the same statement to him, and the other man should laugh at him and say, 'I don't want to hear anything on this subject; you are crazy; you ought to go to some insane asylum, or put something on your head to keep you cool.' And suppose, after all, it should turn out that the man was king of England, and should afterwards make his claim good and be crowned in Westminster. What would we think of that king if he should hunt up the gentlemen that he met on London bridge and hav their heads cut off because they had not faith that he was the rightful heir? And what would we think of a God now who would damn a man eighteen hundred years after the event because he didn't believe that he was God at the time he was living in Jerusalem—not only damn the fellows that he met and who

didn't believe in him, but gentlemen who lived eighteen hundred years afterwards, and who certainly could hav known nothing of the facts except from hearsay.

"The best religion, after all, is common sense—a religion for this world, one world at a time, a religion for to-day. We want a religion that will deal in question in which we are interested. How are we to do away with crime? How are we to do away pauperism? How are we to do away with the want and misery in every civilized country? England is a Christian nation, and yet about one in six in the city of London die in almshouses, asylums, prisons, hospitals, and jails. We, I suppose, are a civilized nation, and yet all the penitentiaries are crammed, there is want on every hand, and my opinion is that we had better turn our attention to this world.

"Christianity is charitable; Christianity spends a great deal of money, but I am somewhat doubtful as to the good that is accomplished. There ought to be some way to prevent crime; not simply to punish it. There ought to be some way to prevent pauperism; not simply to relieve temporarily a pauper. If the ministers and good people belonging to the churches would spend their time investigating the affairs of this world, and let the New Jerusalem take care of itself, I think it would be far better.

"The church is guilty of one great contradiction. The ministers are always talking about worldly people, and yet, were it not for worldly people, who would pay the salary? How could the church liv a minute unless somebody attended to the affairs of this world? The best religion, in my opinion, is common sense going along hand in hand with kindness, and not troubling ourselvs about another world until we get there. I am willing, for one, to wait and see what kind of a country it will be."

"Does the question of the inspiration of the scriptures affect the beauty and benefits of Christianity, here and hereafter?"

"A belief in the inspiration of the scriptures has done, in my judgment, vast harm. The Bible has been the breastwork for nearly everything wrong. The defenders of slavery relied on the Bible. The Bible was the real auction block on which every negro stood when he was sold. I never knew a minister to preach in favor of slavery that he didn't find his passage in the Bible. The Bible teaches persecution for opinion's sake. The Bible—that is, the Old Testament—upholds polygamy, and just to the extent that men, through the Bible, hav believed that slavery, religious persecution, wars of extermination, and polygamy were taught by God, just to that extent the Bible has done great harm. The idea of inspiration enslaves the human mind and debauches the human heart."

"Is not Christianity and a belief in God a check upon mankind in general, and thus a good thing in itself?"

"This again brings up the question of what you mean by Christianity; but, taking it for granted that you mean by Christianity the church, I answer that when the church had almost absolute authority, then the world was the worst.

"Now, as to the other part of the question, 'Is not a belief in God a check upon mankind in general?' That is owing to what kind of god the man believes in. When mankind believed in the God of the Old Testament, I think that belief was a bad thing; the tendency was bad. I think that John Calvin patterned after Jehovah as nearly as his health and strength would permit. Man makes God in his own image, and bad men are not apt to hav a very good God if they make him. I believe it is far better to hav a real belief in goodness, in kindness, in honesty, and in mankind than in any supernatural being whatever. I do not suppose it would do any harm for a man to believe in a real, good God—a God without revenge, a God that was not very particular in having a man believe a doctrin whether he could understand it or not. I do not believe that a belief of that kind would do any particular harm.

"There is a vast difference between the God of John Calvin and the God of Henry Ward Beecher, and a great difference between the God of Cardinal Pedro Gonzales de Mendoza and the God of Theodore Parker."

"Well, colonel, is the world growing better or worse?"

"I think better in some respects, and worse in others; but, on the whole, better. It is my opinion that while events, like the pendulum of a clock, go backward and forward, man, like the hands, goes forward. I think there is more reason and less religion, more charity and less creed. The church is improving. Ministers are ashamed to preach the old doctrins with the old fervor. There was a time when the pulpit controled the pews. It is so no longer. The pews know what they want, and if the minister doesn't furnish it, they discharge him and employ another. He is no longer an autocrat; he must bring to the market what his customers are willing to buy."

The reporter then startled Colonel Ingersoll with, "What are you going to do to be saved?"

He smiled and said:

"Well, I think I am safe, anyway. I suppose I hav a right to rely on what Matthew says, that if I will forgiv others, God will forgiv me. I suppose, if there is another world, I shall be treated very much as I treat others. I never expect to find perfect bliss anywhere; maybe I should tire of it if I should. What I hav endeavored to do has been to put out the fires of an ignorant and cruel hell; to do what I could to destroy that dogma; to destroy that doctrin that makes the cradle as terrible as the coffin."

The interview had now lasted an hour, and, thanking the colonel for his courtesy, the scribe left the room.

Is There a God?

A VIEW FROM NATURE'S STANDPOINT.

Does the universe giv proof of the existence of a God? Is human life derived from pre-existing life, or is existing life a link in an unbroken chain of life succession? Is the life of man the production of prior life-being? Is human life indebted to an act on the part of an intelligent being for its existence, without which human life would not (could not) hav been? Or is the existence of mankind an evolution of matter, independent of prior life?

We hav endeavored clearly to state the two theories—the God and the evolution theories. We are inclined to think there hav been extreme positions taken on both sides of this question.

We hold the position that life is eternal, or that life, being a law of matter, has always existed. Need we attempt to prove life a law of matter? The fact that life is, exists—it is self-evident that it is a law of matter. And the fact that life is a law of matter is demonstrated proof that it is co-eternal with matter. Matter being eternal, all its laws must be eternal; and life being one of matter's laws, it (life) must be eternal. And as there never was a time when matter did not exist, there never could be a time when life did not exist. The eternal existence of intelligent progressiv life may be, and is, mysterious; but of the other mysteries, beginning or eternity of life, the latter is the less mysterious. Like the boundlessness of space, the endlessness of time, and the eternity of matter, these may be and are mysterious; but it is easier to conceive such to be than it is to ascribe to them limitations. So with the eternity of life.

Matter is visible and invisible. Life-beings are composed of visible and invisible matter. It is reasonable to suppose that life-beings may be composed of invisible matter (as well as of the visible, or both), spiritual beings, commonly called. No demonstrated proof to the contrary. And surely we cannot charge our Liberal friends (the Spiritualists), with such an overwhelming amount of proof as they hav given, as being deceived, or worse, as being fraudulent.

Life being eternal, it is reasonable to suppose it has always existed, visible and invisible, in the vast universe of matter and space. Life is not uniform in the sense of duration; no, the known facts are to the contrary; some members of the human family liv but a few days, while others liv over one hundred years. "The fittest survive." And it is reasonable to suppose that some of these visible or invisible beings may be of such a nature and in such a condition that their existence is immortal, eternal. And then add to this the fixed manifest law of progression, and we hav beings visible and invisible, which may hav existed from all eternity under the law of perpetual progression. And as "the fittest survive," it is reasonable to suppose, of all which may hav eternally existed, and eternally progressed, that amongst them there is "the fittest"—fittest in wisdom, power, goodness, mercy, and justice; such we would call God.

But has such a being, God, had anything (necessarily) to do with the creation of man? Or is man the evolution of lifeless matter, strictly independent of any such pre-existing or prior life-being?

We now call attention to known facts, and ask the question, Whence came the present existing human life? Was it derived from pre-existing beings; or was it the spontaneous evolution of inanimate matter? The known fact is the former, from pre-existing beings. Here we hav no doubt. No, the present life is known to be derived from prior life. The son and the daughter are the offspring of father and mother; and this fact is known to be true as far in the past as the human mind can penetrate. Yes, life-beings do, and, as far as we can conceive, always hav, derived their life from prior life-beings. This same fact (life derived from life) we claim for the beginning of human life upon the earth. Human life or beings are of such a nature that, like the locomotiv, they giv proof of intelligent construction, adapted for a particular purpose. As the telegraph line and its instruments are, by intelligent man, constructed and adapted to communicate thought, and as the locomotiv (by man) is constructed and adapted for the track on which it rapidly carries its ponderous load, so human beings (physiologically) are constructed and adapted by the wisdom and power of some prior intelligent being—God—to exist, and fill the purpose of their maker, the end for which they exist.

The telegraph, the locomotiv, and the innumerable intelligent adapted constructions that man has produced upon the earth, are not, nor can be, the spontaneous evolution of lifeless matter, and much less can man, a being adapted to this earth's sphere (with the power to perpetuate his kind), be the result, or evolution of lifeless matter, independent of pre-existing intelligent life-being—God.

Protoplasm may be the remotest condition of human life, but the peculiar environment is equally necessary to the development of human existence. Can it be shown that such peculiar protoplasm and environment can be produced by any other law than that by which they are now produced? Or is there proof that such can be produced (or evolved) from inanimate or lifeless matter? The law of human existence is uniform from its origin; that is, one generation produces another. Is it reasonable that lifeless or inanimate matter originated the first man and woman, with their peculiar adapted construction and relation one to the other, with the power of reproduction of their kind? Is there proof of such beings as the result or evolution of inanimate matter? Wonderful lifeless matter! As much so is there proof of our factories and all their products as the result of natural evolution, or the result of lifeless matter.

Intelligent progressiv beings are the offspring of such. Inanimate formation may be the simple result of its own law, or may be the result of intelligent, reasoning, constructiv beings, adapted to a given end, as seen in all the arts of the present and past ages. Everywhere do we see nature's laws appropriated by man, construed and adapted for the bettering of his condition in this life. Equally true do we see construction and adaptation in animate beings, in their relations to the inanimate universe. Yes, everywhere do we see the marks of intelligent construction and adaptation of animated beings to the inanimate universe.

I will close the present article here, and will add a few quotations from one of nature's noble minds—Thomas Paine: "As, therefore, the creator made nothing in vain, so also must it be believed that he organized the structure of the universe in the most advantageous manner for the benefit of man "(Age of Reason, pp. 27, 28). "Every thing we behold carries in itself the eternal evidence that it did not make itself. Every man is an evidence to himself that he did not make himself. . . . Neither could any tree, plant, or animal make itself; and it is the conviction arising from this evidence that carries us on, as it were, by necessity, to the belief of a first cause eternally existing, of a nature totally different to any material existence we know of, and by the power of which all things exist; and this first cause man calls God" (Age of Reason, p. 27). "I believe in one God and no more, and I hope for happiness beyond this life" (Age of Reason, p. 1). "And difficult as it is for a man to conceive what a first cause is, he arrives at the belief of it from a tenfold greater difficulty of disbelieving it" (Age of Reason, p. 27).

Doniphan, Kan. WILLIAM KIRBY.

Paine Historical Society.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Your last issue of THE TRUTH SEEKER contains glorious accounts of glorious sayings and doings in commemoration of the name of a glorious man on his late natal day, the 29th of January. Of all of nature's noblemen, Thomas Paine is my own most loved and esteemed. I rejoice exceedingly that each year redounds more and more to his honor, and swells the multitude of high-minded men and women who congregate to do him honor and to express their gratitude that he lived. I look forward to the time when a statue of him will adorn the parks and central marts of all of our principal cities. And right here I want to tell your readers that D. M. Bennett, our late noble hero, and myself together saw at Edward Truelove's place of business on High Holborn street, London, in the summer of 1880, the table upon which Thomas Paine wrote the "Rights of Man." It has on it an engraved silver plate, placed there by Paine's faithful friend, Clio Rickman, as a preservativ recognition. Mr. Bennett's notice of it may be seen on page 97 of his book of first European tour, "A Truth Seeker in Europe." But what I want to say here is, that upon a subsequent occasion I took my wife with me to Mr. Truelove's, for her to see the grand old table. And upon that occasion Mr. Truelove said to me that he had long felt that the Americans ought to hav the table, and, further, that he would be willing to part with it for a reasonable sum, if they would be willing to purchase and preserve it. And now, in consideration of the formation of this society in New York, I think it the thing for me to make this known to those who are to become the future guardians of Paine's tomb, as well as the collectors and husbanders of relics and reminiscences of that grandest apostle of human liberty. Then, I say, let us all chip in a mite toward its purchase, and place the table in their keeping. DR. T. S. ANDREWS.

Ortonville, Mich., Feb. 14, E.M. 284.

ONE of the best ways to help along the cause of Freethought is to circulate THE TRUTH SEEKER. Trial subscriptions of three months for 50 cents.

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SATURDAY, - - - MARCH 15, 1884.

The Monument.

When the last acknowledgment of the amount subscribed for the Bennett Monument was printed, there was on hand $1,366.62. We hav since received the following sums from the persons named:

Hy. McEvilla,	$1 00
W. H. Baxter,	1 00
John E. Krahmer,	1 00
Miss E. A. Gleason,	1 00
L. R. Webb,	5 00
Sol. Dyrenfurth,	25
James Tidhall,	50
Dr. T. M. Sams,	50
A. D. Cornwall,	90
L. D. Olney,	1 00
John McWhirt,	50

This, with the amount previously on hand, foots up to $1,379.27. We hav disbursed as follows:

For Monument,	$1,000 00
" Lettering two sides of monument,	134 00
" Medallion,	175 00
" Cartage of medallion,	5 25
	$1,314 25
Due Mr. Sheehan for lettering two sides, cap, and building the shed,	141 40
	$1,455 65
Cash received,	1,379 27
Balance needed,	$ 76 38

As is seen by the above, after turning over the $65.02 now on hand to Mr. Sheehan, there is a deficiency of $76.38. We hope this will be speedily made up, as no doubt it will be, now that the precise amount is known. The cost of medallion and lettering has somewhat exceeded the estimate given, but we also hav a larger medallion and more sentences than were first contemplated.

The monument is now completed. The medallion is in place, and the lettering cut and ready for the inspection of Mr. Bennett's friends. The memorial stands at the junction of Sylvan avenue and Osier path, in Greenwood Cemetery, about ten minutes' walk from the main entrance. It is distinguishable from the other monuments in the vicinity by its massiv proportions and severe plainness. The base consists of three stones varying in size from five feet six inches to three feet nine inches. The hight of the three is four feet six inches. Surmounting the base is a granit column six feet six inches high and three feet square where it rests on the base, tapering to two feet six inches. Upon this rests a cap, with polished faces, on the front of which are deeply engraved these words:

"ERECTED BY ONE THOUSAND FRIENDS."

Under this side of the cap is the medallion, 30x24 inches, standing out some four inches in relief. It is a faithful likeness, heroic size, with a laurel wreath around the head, and under it is a novel design representing the sword of persecution broken by the pen. Coiled around the sword is the serpent of superstition, also divided by the weapon of thought. The hilt of the sword is formed by the cross, and the ornamentation discloses a popish tiara, the whole symbolizing the forces of the church broken asunder by the forces of Freethought. The total hight of the monument is thirteen feet six inches.

Below the medallion is the following inscription:

D. M. BENNETT,
The founder of "The Truth Seeker,"
The Defender of Liberty, and its Martyr;
The Editor tireless and fearless:
The enemy of Superstition,
As of Ignorance, its Mother,
The Teacher of Multitudes.
The Friend faithful and kind,
The MAN honest and true,
RESTS HERE.
Though dead, he still speaks to us, and asks that we continue the work he left unfinished.

When the Innocent is convicted,
The Court is condemned.

On the second side of the monument, facing Osier path, are these words of Mr. Bennett:

"Demonstrated science may be regarded as the only true source of knowledge.

"What is called revelation is a snare, a delusion, a falsehood. Those who claim to speak for the gods simply speak their own thought.

"The gods do not speak; they are as dumb as the rocks, they are as speechless as the grave. With Nature it is not so. To know her is to know the truth, and to study her is to be wise."

The third side can also be read from the path, and the passer by will from its contents learn Mr. Bennett's position on the immortality problem. The quotation reads:

"The object of our lives should be to make this world as beautiful, and ourselves and our fellows as happy, as is in our power.

"I can hardly yield my consent that this is the last of our individuality; and I fondly think that Father and Mother Nature are able to accomplish the best, greatest, and most desirable of all problems—a continued individual existence. But I am borrowing no trouble about it."

The fourth side bears these sentences from the dead hero's works:

"I believe in the eternal powers and principles of Nature, in the superiority of good lives, in acts of kindness toward our fellow-beings, and in efforts to spread the light of truth over the dark spots of the earth.

"Each person must be responsible for the good or ill he does. Here is our duty, here is our allegiance, and not in the sky above us. We must make our heaven on the earth, and not in the air."

In selecting these quotations the committee was desirous of embodying in them as many as possible of the philosophical and humanitarian principles held by Mr. Bennett. The selections are widely diversified, yet each is pregnant with eloquent truth, with liberality and tolerance of thought. From them may be learned Mr. Bennett's opinion of science, of revelation, of continued individual existence, of the gods, of heaven, of his objects in life, and his reverence for nature. More could not be told in fewer sentences; we feel sure the selection will please his hosts of friends.

A few words as to the conduct of the cemetery authorities. It will be remembered that last summer the correspondent of an out-of-town daily wrote his paper that Mr. Bennett's friends proposed to put on the monument a quantity of ribald blasphemy. At that time the choice of inscriptions had not been made. Nevertheless the pious people all over the country began to write protests to the secretary of the Greenwood company, who notified us that the inscriptions must be submitted to him. The foregoing extracts were laid before him by Mr. Wicks, who was asked to leave them to be acted upon by the board of trustees of the cemetery. At the same time Mr. Wicks was given to understand that the board would not be likely to permit the selections to be engraved on the monument.

The board was very dilatory in meeting, and the work was delayed. Mr. Sheehan, the builder, called upon Mr. Perry, the secretary. Mr. Sheehan wished to go ahead with the work. He was told by Mr. Perry that he might engrave the first side, but that most of the matter intended for the others would not be allowed to be cut. The cemetery was Christian, and must not be desecrated in this way. Mr. Sheehan then placed the monument in position, leaving the sides smooth, and the matter of inscriptions to be settled between the committee and the cemetery authorities.

Finally the board of trustees met and "resolved" that in the matter of inscription on the monument of D. M. Bennett the board could not interfere. Notice was then given by the secretary that he would like to see some one representing the builders of the monument. This notice was sent to Mrs. Bennett's brother, but he, being sick, turned it over to us. We responded in person. The interview was brief but decided. Mr. Perry is a very nice gentleman, and a good Christian. He desired to compromise. He did not want anything more about the monument to get in the papers, and disliked to hav trouble in any way. He could not speak authoritativly for the board of trustees, who alone had jurisdiction in the matter—if we persisted in putting the heretical sentiments upon the stone—but in his opinion the board would, notwithstanding the resolution, interfere. The board had power to remove any monument or erase any inscription which a majority of its members might deem offensiv. In conclusion, Mr. Perry repeated his disinclination to quarrel, and asked if the committee would not back down and not bother the trustees. If we did not, the board would hav to interfere, although Mr. Perry could not say so authoritativly.

This was altogether too one-sided to suit us. The conciliatory olive branch shaded only one of the parties. The secretary might as well hav asked us to join his church. We argued the matter with the urbane secretary, pointing out that this was not a Christian country; our laws did not recognize Christ, whatever the judges might choose to say. We urged that Mrs. Bennett and Mr. Wicks owned the lot, which was their private property, and that so long as we complied with the rules as to the setting of the monument, and it came within all the mechanical requirements, we did not think the courts of New York would sustain the trustees in any efforts to prevent the cutting of the inscription on account of its heretical sentiments; and, while we could no more speak for the committee than he could for the trustees (as four more gentlemen were associated with us), yet, if we were to express our individual opinion, it would be to the effect that the inscription, just as he saw it, would go upon the monument. This terminated the interview.

We reported to the committee. None was disposed to retreat, and our four associates, Messrs. Foote, Ryan, Putnam, and Wakeman, instructed us, as the working member, to go ahead.

By this time it was mid-winter, and the stone cutters could not work in the cold. Mr. Sheehan built a shed around the monument, at an expense to the Fund of eight dollars, he contributing the material and the laborers their time to build it. We then gave Mr. Sheehan the copy of the inscription and instructed him to proceed, which he did, and the monument now stands completed, a credit to those who hav constructed it, an honor to those who hav contributed to its erection, and a fitting memorial to him whose sentiments it records.

We hav heard nothing further from Mr. Perry or the board of trustees. The monument is built; the heretical sentiments are engraved upon it; and there the committee proposes they shall stay. If the cemetery authorities want it blown from one end of the land to the other that they are bigots; if they desire to hav their authority questioned and their jurisdiction denied through every court in New York, they will proceed to meddle with the words cut in the granit marking Mr. Bennett's resting-place. They will, however, injure themselvs and Christianity much less by submitting to the inevitable.

Where Christianity Came From.

Rarely has a more valuable book been published than Felix Oswald's "Secret of the East."* It is a flash of mirrored sunlight into the dark well of Christian mythology, and exposes at the bottom the heap of festering corruption poisoning the waters which so large a portion of humanity has drunk through many malarial centuries.

Against Christianity Mr. Oswald finds seven objections to lie with a force unshaken by all the efforts of all the theologians who hav "expounded" its mysteries or "reconciled" with science its plain and and irreconcilable inconsistencies and contradictions. These objections he puts in answer to the claim of the church that the doctrin of the New Testament is "the leaven of the moral universe, the reforming agency that has redeemed the world from vice and barbarism." No one, he says, can overlook the facts that, 1. The rise of the Christian faith corresponds with the sunset of the great south-European civilization; 2. That the zenith of its power coincides with the midnight of medieval barbarism; 3. That the decline of its influence coincides with the sunrise of a north-European civilization; 4. That all the principal victories of Freedom and Science hav been achieved in spite of the church, and in the face of her open hostility; 5. That the exponents of the Christian dogmas persist in their hostility to the progress of all reform; 6. That the worst enemies of political and intellectual liberty were firm believers in the dogmas of the New Testament; 7. That among the contemporary nations of the Christian world the

* THE SECRET OF THE EAST. By Felix Oswald, M.D. Price, $1.50. For sale at this office.

most skeptical are the most civilized, while the most orthodox are the most backward in freedom, industry, and general intelligence.

But, on the other hand, continues Mr. Oswald, if the creed of the Middle Ages was a pernicious superstition, how could its exponents succeed in fastening their yoke upon so many noble and manly nations? How were they able to suppress the healthier instincts of the human race, and perpetuate their power for nearly sixteen centuries? By what baneful magic could the worst enemies of human happiness maintain themselvs upon the throne of religion and morality?

It is to the solution of these enigmas that Mr. Oswald has applied himself, and with signal success—at least, he arrives at the most rational conclusion compatible with the belief in the sanity of the human race and the acknowledgment of the fact that the world has wallowed for centuries in the grossest superstition. It is, in a word, the almost universal prevalence of Pessimism, the genesis of which he finds in ascetic Buddhism, whose most perfect type is the "brooding Hindoo," who, twenty-four hundred years ago, "retired to the hills of Barabar to meditate upon the problem of life and the origin of evil." "The hope of earthly happiness, according to the theory of Buddha Sakyamuni, is a chimera, a phantom that lures us from error to error through endless toils, and robs even the grave of its peace." The "goal of peace can be reached only by total abstinence from earthly pleasures. All worldly blessings are curses in disguise, and he alone who has lifted the veil of that disguise has entered the path of salvation. To him self-denial becomes the highest wisdom, and self-abhorrence the supreme virtue."

It is from this false and pernicious philosophy that Christianity has sprung, elaborating and making more dismal the creed that can only flourish in a sickly soil, such as Christianity found in the decaying Roman empire, and in which it developed its first germs.

First settling conclusivly that as a continuation, or second part, it is impossible to regard the New Testament in connection with the Old, Mr. Oswald shows Jesus to hav been but the successor of Buddha. In Buddhism is found tha "root-dogma which forms the connecting link" between the different doctrins taught by the New Testament. "The prophet of Nazareth was" but "a Buddhistic emissary, and preached his gospel in the name of Buddha Sakyamuni," says Mr. Oswald. Whether this be literally true or not, the resemblance between the two, as all students of comparativ mythology are well aware, is too marvelously close for a doubt to exist that the fabricators of Jesus's career were well acquainted not only with the life of Buddha and his apostle, Krishna, but with the ethical part of Buddhism. Mr. Oswald makes this clear.

The dogmas of Christianity, says our author, "were propagated with the zeal and with the disinterestedness of the purest moral enthusiasm; and yet there is no doubt that they hav caused the human race more woe than all wars, all plagues, all famins, all poisons, and all contagious diseases, and the rage of all the hostil elements of nature taken together; for it can be demonstrated with the utmost certainty of historical evidence that the darkness of the Middle Ages, and the horrors and the misery of that terrible night were the direct consequences of the faith which attempted to practice the precepts of the New Testament, and that the repressed instincts of our better nature burst their dam when the faith of the Middle Ages dissolved into skepticism, and the conventional assent that stops short of practice."

"True friendship was unknown while the denunciator of natural affection passed for a divine revelator. 'He that hateth not his father, brother,' etc., 'cannot become my disciple.' 'For if you love those that love you, what reward hav you?' Hence the zeal of the wretched bigots who delivered up their friends to the knife of the holy Inquisition, and exulted in the suppression of their better instincts."

"The doctrins of the Galilean Buddhist hav burdened the record of human misery with thousands of devastating wars. Hav they ever added one milletseed to the sum of human happiness? Did the apostles of Nazareth ever speak one word in favor of industry, of rational education, the cause of health, the love and study of nature, of physical and intellectual culture? Not one. Has he promoted our progress in the paths of science and freedom? Not one step. The phantasms of his sickly anti-naturalism hav made the world neither better nor wiser. His doctrin in all its tendencies is wholly *unearthly*, and therefore wholly unavailing for any secular purpose."

As for the benefit that comes from Christianity *per se*, Mr. Oswald has difficulty in finding any. The Reformation, however, was of incalculable good to the world because it was practically a breaking loose from the doctrins of the "Galilean Buddhist." And so far as that was accomplished, the Reformation has improved our moral status—"so much indeed that the doctrin preached from the pulpits of our Protestant churches is not Christianity, but an eclectic Bible, mixed with at least fifty per cent of purely pagan ethics. Most Methodists know that some of Wesley's doctrins are out of date; few Calvinists would like to mention certain tenets of the Geneva witch-hunter; and neither Catholic nor Old Kirk Presbyterian can doubt that the unqualified dogmas of the New Testament would circumscribe the sphere of a modern apostle by limiting his influence to the audience of a lunatic asylum."

The cause of the spread of Christianity is found by Mr. Oswald to be that "the religion of anti-naturalism appealed to the pessimistic tendency of decrepitude, and thus recommended itself to the instincts of a decrepit generation." In other words, the rotting Roman empire found in Christianity a religion whose views of life were just gloomy and dark enough to suit its decaying vision. "Worn-out senualists consoled themselvs with the hope of a better hereafter. Cowards pleased themselvs in the idea of fulfilling the duty of meek submission to injustice and 'the powers that be.' Monastic drones denounced the worldliness of industrial enterprises. Physical indolence welcomed the discovery that 'bodily exercise profiteth but little.' Envious impotence insisted on the duty of self-abasement. Transgressors against the health laws of nature relied on the efficacy of prayer-cure. Stall-fed priests sneered at the lean philosopher who wasted his time upon laborious inquiries, while he might waxed fat on faith and the sacrifices of the pious. The demon dogma was a godsend to the spiritual poverty of the elect. The so-called scholars of the Galilean church, who could not encounter the pagan philosophers on their own ground, found it very convenient to postulate a spook for every occult phenomenon."

That is how Christianity came to be adopted in the Roman empire.

The conversion of Europe to ceremonial Christianity was effected by the sword. Its poisoned philosophy was injected into the people on a spear-point. It was absorbed gradually, as a drunkard goes from cider to alcohol. "The first Galilean missionaries came in Unitarian and optimistic disguises. . . . But moral epidemics can rarely be confined to their incipient stages, and there is a curious analogy between mental and physical poison habits. The opium-eater graduates from laudanum to morphine. The victims of mental poison habits, too, prove that their vice is progressiv. Visionaries advance from hobgoblins to the personal devil. Buddha began with the deserts of Nepaul and ended with Nirvana. The asceticism of the Nazarene led from celibacy to the cross. All southern Arians ended by becoming fanatical trinitarians and persecutors of Arianism; the stronger poison prevailed; moderate absurdity had no chance against absolute nonsense. Their missionary zeal, too, increased. From synods, it rose to riots, to heretic hunts, to Jew massacres, to civil wars, to international wars, and culminated in the intercontinental warfare of the crusades. Intolerance advanced from excommunications to excoriations, from the burning of heretical books to the burning of heretics."

That is the way Europe was converted.

Christianity has been an expensiv creed to the world. The dogmas of the church "hav cost the world three million square miles of lands, which once were the garden spots of this earth, but which hav been turned into deserts by the neglect of rational agriculture and the influence of a creed which labored to withdraw the attention of mankind from secular to *post-mortem* concernments. 'The fairest and fruitfullest provinces of the Roman empire,' says Prof. Marsh, 'precisely that portion of terrestrial surface, in short, which, about the commencement of the Christian era, was endowed with the greatest superiority of soil, climate, and position, which had been carried to the highest pitch of physical improvement, is now completely exhausted of its fertility. A territory larger than all Europe, the abundance of which sustained in bygone centuries a population scarcely inferior to that of the whole Christian world at the present day, has been entirely withdrawn from human use, or, at best, is thinly inhabited. . . . There are regions where the operation of causes, set in action by man, has brought the face of the earth to a desolation almost as complete as that of the moon; and, though within that brief space of time which we call "the historical period," they are known to hav been covered with luxuriant woods, verdant pastures, and fertil meadows, they are now too far deteriorated to be reclaimable by man, nor can they become again fitted for his use except through great geological changes, or other agencies, over which we hav no control. . . . Another era of equal improvidence would reduce this earth to such a condition of impoverished productivness as to threaten the depravation, barbarism, and, perhaps, even the extinction of the human species.'"

"Christianity has retarded the progress of the human race by at least fifteen hundred years. The fruits of science and social reform, which our descendants will reap in fifteen centuries hence, might be enjoyed at the present moment if the last sixty generations had not wasted their time in disputes about the interpretation of idiotic dogmas, and the attempt to gain the heaven of a future world by despising the blessings of the present."

The night of the Middle Ages lasted to the beginning of the sixteenth century. With the revival of rationalism at that time began the decadence of Christianity, and it is to this decadence the world owes its present civilization. We should like to quote Mr. Oswald's strong language on this and other points, but space prevents. The book ought to be read and circulated wherever there is a Christian. It cannot fail to do a world of good.

Chainey's Lecture on Ingersoll and His Teachings.

Arrangements hav been made whereby Chainey's Sunday evening lectures will be free to all. The object of these lectures is to break the way for the noblest and highest form of Liberal ideas. These ideas are representativ of what is called the "Modern Spirit." Indefinitly they pervade the thought and feeling of vast masses of people to-day. The old creeds hav forever lost their power. The new thought and purpose and broad ideals that are now latent in the scientific conception must be brought forth and made a living and defined and conscious element in the moral and intellectual advance of man. Hence the need, both in press and on the platform, of the constant expression of Liberal truths. Is it not the duty and privilege of those who hav been pioneers in overthrowing the errors of the past to help build up the future of humanity by the promulgation of those conceptions of nature and life which are so precious to us and so necessary to the happiness of the world? So these Sunday evening lectures—the beginning, we hope, of a great movement for the Liberal cause—should be amply sustained in every way by the Freethinkers of this city.

The subject for next Sunday evening's lecture is a most fruitful one, dealing as it does with a representativ man, who by force of genius and the requirements of the age occupies a pivotal position in the immense changes that are now passing over the world. No one can more fully express the power of Ingersoll than Chainey, both with eloquent words and comprehensiv thought. Let there be a generous effort to fill the house next Sunday evening. Let every Liberal make a personal effort to advertise the meeting. Besides the lecture there will be good music furnished for the occasion. Remember time and place—Sunday evening, eight o'clock, German Masonic Hall, 220 E. Fifteenth street (Liberal Club rooms).

Retribution to be Meted Out.

The perpetrators of the outrage upon the Corning, Ohio, druggist hav been arrested. The priest was held in eight hundred dollars bail, and his fanatical tools in larger sums. McDevitt, the victim, was found alive. He proposes to remain in Corning, dispensing drugs, and will prosecute all who contributed to his sufferings.

This is good news. The Catholics must be taught that the person of a priest is no more sacred than any one else, and that a spiritual dictator cannot in this country become a temporal authority and punish his enemies after the style of the Spanish Inquisition, with modifications suggested by the different climates.

No God of Mercy.

No doubt, everybody has heard of the great flood which is now sweeping everything before it along the Ohio and Mississippi valley; destroying millions of dollars' worth of property, and bringing poverty, want, sickness, sorrow, pain, and death to many a poor soul.

I not only wish to speak of this great disaster, but of some few others much worse, which hav visited man within the past half century or so.

This flood, bad as it is, is but a bubble to compare with some others that hav occurred within the past half century. Then there are other calamities much worse, which I wish to call the attention of the reader to. We read accounts of these things, but how soon they are forgotten, until we are reminded of them by having them brought upon ourselvs.

We will now review some of these floods. In 1813, by a flood in Silesia, 6,000 people lost their lives. In 1833, by a flood in Canton, China, 1,000 lives were lost. In 1842, at St. Domingo, 5,000 more. In 1872, by a flood in Syria, 1,500 more perished. In 1876, a storm wave, which swept over Bengal, drowned 90,000 persons. In 1879, by a flood in Hungary, about 6,000 persons were drowned, 16,000 cattle and horses, and 90,000 sheep, and about 12,000 houses were destroyed; the value of the property destroyed was more than $5,000,000. In 1877, the volcano Cotopax had an eruption that destroyed, by an upheaval of water, 1,000 persons. A flood on the Mississippi, last June, destroyed crops to the amount of $1,000,000. A flood in Italy, last September, destroyed many lives and a great amount of property.

I hav reviewed some of the big floods that hav swept down on the human race and destroyed more than 110,000 souls in the past seventy years; and yet I doubt if this number will any more than half cover the amount of lives destroyed by floods in this time. But this is nothing to be compared to the loss of life by earthquakes and volcanic eruptions. Let us review some of these for the past few years. In 1815, the volcano Tamboro, in the island of Sumbawa, destroyed all of its population of 12,000 except 26 persons.

In 1822	earthquake	in Aleppo	destroyed	30,000
" 1850	"	at Naples	"	6,000
" 1851	"	in Italy	"	14,000
" 1857	"	" "	"	22,000
" 1859	"	at Quito, Peru	"	5,000
" 1861	"	" Mandoza	"	7,000
" 1863	"	" Philippine Island	"	10,000
" 1868	"	in Peru	"	25,000
" 1879	"	" Persia	"	1,000
" 1881	"	" Scio	"	8,000
" 1883	"	" Island of Ischia	"	2,000
" 1883	"	at Asia Minor	"	57
and rendered 14,678 homeless.				
" 1883	volcano	in Java	"	100,000.

Here are more than 242,000 lives lost by earthquakes and volcanoes that I hav accounts of in the past sixty-eight years, and it is quite likely I hav not collected more than half of them.

Now let us examin some of the disasters to human life by famin and pestilence. In 1876 cholera broke out in Bengal, after the great storm wave had destroyed 90,000 people, and took 75,000 more. In 1878–9, by famin and small-pox in Brazil, and in the surrounding country, about 800,000 people died. In 1880 by famin in Turkey, 2,000 died. In 1878 yellow fever in the South took 12,000. In India (some two years ago I think it was) 20,000 persons died of cholera while returning from a religious fair. In 1883 cholera in Egypt carried off 27,000. In India, a few years ago, more than 1,000,000 died of starvation; and in Asia, a few years ago, 5,000,000 people starved; committed murder and suicide, to prevent starvation. The famin was caused by the drouth, and the drouth by the general destruction of the forest. Here we find a destruction of 1,536,000 more.

Now let us look at some of the big fires that hav been burning people up. In 1863 by the burning of the Cathedral at Santiago, Chili, 2,500 lost their lives. In 1876, by the burning of Brooklyn theater, 285. In 1881, by the burning of a theater in Vienna, Austria, 1,000 more lost their lives.

Now if we were to review all the fires of the cities and of the prairies, and count up the loss of life in this way, it would amount to many thousands more. Many people lose their lives every year by cyclones and tornadoes. One that visited the East Indies in 1864 destroyed 60,000 lives; and another in 1876 destroyed 215,000 more.

Hundreds of vessels are lost at sea every year, and thousands of lives.

There are about 1,000 lives lost every year by railroad accidents in this country alone, and more than 1,000 murders are committed. On June 16, 1883, about 200 children were trampled to death in a hall, during a panic, in Sunderland, England.

Many millions of dollars are spent every year to support the armies and navies of the world, for the purpose of killing people.

In Peru two years ago, on the battle-field where the decisiv battle of the war was fought, might hav been seen twelve thousand dead soldiers, eight thousand of whom were left unburied, to rot on the top of the ground.

The historian Sully tells us that seventy-five thousand people were massacred on St. Bartholomew's Day in France by the Catholics, who were led by their priests.

The historian Burke estimates the number slain in battle and in other ways by man since the world began to be thirty-six millions.

Mr. A. R. Conklin lectured in New York city Dec. 17, 1883, and exhibited a stereoscopic view of a Mexican stone on which sixty thousand lives hav been sacrificed in religious rites.

Now, dear reader, I wish to know how you can look upon all this needless slaughter of human life and then tell me there is a good and wise God that governs and controls all things. If there be a God, he must be the worst kind of a fiend that can be imagined if he can prevent these things and will not. Look at the horrible crimes that are being committed every day; drunken and brutal husbands murder their wives and children. Some of the best men the world ever knew, such as Lincoln and Garfield, hav been murdered, and no God to stay the hand of the assassin, nor to save the life of Garfield when a whole nation prayed for his recovery. Look at the horrible crime of the murder of little Mabel Young in the church tower in God's own house by the religious fiend, Piper. And also Charles F. Freeman, of Pocasset, Mass., who took his little girl, only five years old, out of bed while asleep and plunged a knife into her heart, for the purpose of sacrificing her to the Lord, as he said.

Does God approve of these things, or is he deaf, dumb, and blind to all cries to him for help? It does look that way, as he never helps those that need his help the most. Look upon the vessel being dashed to pieces on the rocks, while men, women, and children are clinging to frozen rigging, praying to Almighty God for deliverance which never comes. Thousands of men are executed or banished to Siberia every year, there to die from starvation or cruel treatment at the hands of those heartless tyrants who hav them in charge—and for no crime except a clamor for their rights.

In England and Wales there are more than five thousand children under thirteen years of age employed in the coal mines, there to eke out a miserable life in poverty and ignorance while their employers revel in wealth and luxury on the lives of these poor children. And yet I am told there is a good God that watches the fall of every sparrow to the ground and tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. I am told he is the creator of all things, and that all are for some good.

Let us see. He has created the innocent little dove, and then the owl with eyes so he can see in the night to catch and devour him.

He has created the innocent little lamb, and then the ugly wolf to devour him. He has given us the domestic fowl, and then made the hawk and the fox to destroy them. He has given us the horse and cattle, and then made the lion, the tiger, and leopard to destroy them. He has made man, and then made beasts, serpents, reptils, and poisonous insects by the millions to kill and poison us to death. He has given us lands to cultivate, and then filled them with useless weeds, thistles, and thorns. He has given us fruit and vegetables, and then sends grasshoppers, bugs, and worms by the millions to destroy them.

A scientist estimates that the annual destruction to crops by insects will average $100,000,000. The governor of Minnesota a few years ago issued a proclamation for a day of fasting and prayer to rid the state of the grasshoppers, which were devastating everything, but it did not stop them.

God has made man, and then made the summers hot enough to burn him to death, and the winters cold enough to freeze him to death. He has made us to toil hard all day for a mere existence, and then given us the musketoes and bugs to eat us up while we sleep at night. He has made us, and then made more than two thousand diseases which we are subject to. He sends floods to drown us, cyclones to destroy us, and volcanoes and earthquakes to swallow us up by the millions, and givs us swamps filled with malaria to make us sick. He has created seventy thousand lazy, useless, idle, ignorant, superstitious priests and ministers, in this country alone, that we hav to support—not them alone, but their families, at a cost of some $200,000,000 a year. We hav had to pay for some $800,000,000 church property, the most of which goes untaxed, which makes the burden of the people so much the harder.

But my Christian friends ask, "What would you do with all the priests and ministers?" I would set them to work to earn an honest living. The churches I would convert into school-houses, colleges, and halls of science and art, and hav them free to all. The $200,000,000 that now go to support the church should pay for these things, which would educate every child, and giv him a knowledge of the world and himself, which would soon do away with crowned heads, lords and masters, poverty and crime, and place all men on an equal footing.

Under the name of religion men hav been kept in poverty and ignorance, and hav been murdered by the millions.

If we could blot out all Bibles, religions, and creeds, and teach only the practical knowledge of the world; if reason and common sense could take the place of ignorance and superstition, and man could learn to rely on self, instead of looking to God for help, much of the suffering of the world could be avoided. When man learns that everything that takes place comes from natural causes, and that no God has any control over it, he will be much better off.

C. D. Wallace.

The Tariff Question.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* I hav been more amused than instructed by your reply to your Kansas correspondent on the effect of a tariff on the American farmer. For sixty years I hav been an earnest advocate of a protectiv tariff, and my main object has been the incalculable benefit it confers on agriculture—being one of that class myself at present, and having always had its interests more at heart than all other interests put together. Now, if I hav been so long under a delusion in this matter, as many others hav been in regard to traditional superstitions, I shall be very grateful to you for opening my eyes to a correct view of the subject. I regard you as a skilful eye-opener on many important matters; but on a tariff it is barely possible that you may need to hav your own eyes opened—more especially to the effect of a tariff in building up a vast and prosperous agriculture in these United States.

What the farmer most needs is a good, steady, and reliable market for all he has to sell. Thanks to the fostering influence of a protectiv tariff in planting around him near his own door millions of well-paid toilers who need ninety-two per cent of all he can raise, and who are able and willing to pay a fair price for it. The foreign market takes only eight per cent of our produce, and if we could count everything—veal, lamb, chickens, eggs, fresh brook, river, and lake fish, fresh ripe fruit of all kinds, fresh vegetables and flowers, to say nothing of the millions of cans of fresh milk consumed in our cities; yes, if we counted everything that could not be preserved with salt, or by any other means, so as to bear a long sea voyage, I am persuaded that less than one per cent of all our vast and varied productions are now sent abroad. Turkish and Russian wheat is to-day only a dollar a bushel in England—a beautiful market, indeed, for the farmers of this great and growing republic to depend on!

The smaller the number of farmers in any community compared to those engaged in other pursuits the better for the interests of agriculture. Here in Pennsylvania we hav only twenty-one per cent of our population engaged in farming. The other seventy-nine per cent furnish us the best market in the world for everything we are able to produce. This permanent home market has been fostered and built up by the beneficent operations of a wise system of protectiv duties on foreign imports. Of course every intelligent American farmer exclaims, "Blessed be the tariff, and palsied be the hand that would tear it down or impair its efficacy." And they will be heard at the ballot box.

In the state of New York only twenty per cent of your population are farmers, and in Massachusetts only nine per cent, which accounts for the general thrift of agriculture in those states. Can it be that the farmers in those states are so blind to their own welfare as to tear down the bridge over which they hav passed from poverty, while depending on a precarious foreign market, to their present condition of independence with the best market on this planet near at hand? No, sir; it cannot be. I hav too much faith in Yankee intelligence to believe that.

In eastern Pennsylvania I know of no free traders among the farmers, and hav no fears of ever meeting with one, be he Democrat or Republican. We think we understand our own interests too well for that. We are not quite docil enough to permit you to cut our throats with "a pocketknife brought over from Sheffield, England," while we can buy a better and a cheaper one made in this country, and hav the maker to consume such of our garden truck as cannot be sent to Sheffield, and also to assist us farmers in paying our taxes and in sustaining our district schools.

In looking around, the farmer here sees that nearly everything he needs is made by his home customers neater, better, and cheaper than the imported article. I might quote authorities and giv statistics to prove this, but I do not think it will be disputed, and I am reluctant to occupy very much of your space. Place all the farmers on one side of the globe and all the artisans on the other side, with the broad Atlantic between them. That would be free trade run to seed. How do you like it?

One word on a tariff for revenue alone, which would be the most unequal and unjust systems of taxation that could be devised. Under it a poor laboring man with a large family would pay ten times as much tax on some articles as a rich man with no children. It would smoke with iniquity and all manner of abominations. No; let us abolish all custom-houses, and depend on a fair, equal, and direct tax on all kinds of property, real and personal, or hold on to a tariff which has made us the greatest and most prosperous nation that ever existed.

S. Stebbins.

Letters from Friends.

DURAND, ILL., Feb. 13, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed five dollars, for which you will giv me credit—your paper for another year, and a copy of your ALMANAC, and the balance use as you see fit.

Yours respectfully, DAVID P. CAMPBELL.

[Thanks, Brother Campbell. We will use the balance to send out extra TRUTH SEEKERS to such people as we may learn of who need enlightenment.—ED. T. S.]

CHARMING DALE, ARIZONA, Jan. 27, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I hav long been struggling against turbulent winds and waves of adversity, so that I am a long way in arrears for my paper, but I can now spare $5, which I inclose. I hav taken THE TRUTH SEEKER from the first copy published at Paris, Ill., and I appreciate its excellence and usefulness as few others can. To express fully my appreciation of its rise and progress, and its publishers, with its many contributors, would occupy more space than would be profitable. Every part has always been replete with powerful blows for the destruction of the most damaging myths and humbugs that ever infested the world. And in its late managers it has lost none of its original powers, but has added much refinement and great improvement to its brilliant pages.

S. C. ROGERS.

NEWPORT, ME., Feb. 26, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: In your issue of February 23d is an article on the prohibition question, by "S. R. S.," which I read with great interest, and then wrote on the margin of the paper opposit the article: "This letter is worth the cost of the paper a year."

And I heartily and truly thank you for printing that article. My only regret is that the author did not giv the full name. It is a production that any one ought to be proud of. To every word I respond an earnest amen.

The article by W. W. Hazard entitled "Prohibition Logic" is full of good sense, and so is John Warr's, and I am proud of such good, common-sense men, and hail them as brothers and true men in the grand work of regenerating the world—not on the John Calvin plan of force, but by the all-powerful weapons of reason and common sense.

I also wish to say that THE TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL is a beautiful production, and ought to be in tens of thousands of families. "Big Jack Small's" logic is unanswerable.

SEWARD MITCHELL.

EASTFORK, MON., Jan. 30, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: For fear of having my paper stopped, as my subscription is nearly up, I thought of writing and asking you to hav a little patience, as I would do without your paper no sooner than grub. I would remit at once if I could, and also send for a few books, but will not be able to do so before April, when I am going after supplies either to Buffalo, Wyoming, or Miles, Montana—the latter probably, as it is a little the nearest. I am engaged in building a new ranche for a cattle firm. The nearest post-office is Powderville, thirty-five miles from here. It is not a money-order office, and so I will hav to wait; but you can couut on me as a life subscriber. Although I am but a laboring-man, and cannot as well afford as a good many so-called Liberals to subscribe to the Monument Fund, still I am going to send you a couple of dollars for that purpose.

The Liberals should not hav too many irons in the fire at once for fear of getting some of them burnt. I am willing to assist the Liberal movement tooth and nail as much as I am able.

GUS. HOGAN.

CLEVELAND, O., Feb. 17, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Our League is constantly increasing in membership, and more interest is being felt in its meetings than at any time since our organization.

Mr. J. H. Burnham lectured here two weeks ago on the "Despotic Influence of Climate on Religion;" J. D. Mallonee, one week ago, on "The Soul and its Immortality," to large and appreciativ audiences. Mr. Mallonee is going to start soon on a lecture trip through Indiana, speaking at Elkhart the 24th, and at other places later. Mr. Mallonee is a young and talented advocate of the cause of Materialism, and in him it will find an able champion.

One of the indications of the advance of Freethought is the favorable comments on our lectures and meetings by the press of this city.

Representativs of our League attended the Linesville Paine Anniversary celebration, and report that they were highly entertained and edified by the brilliant speeches and the other exercises of the occasion.

May the day soon come when the people of America will giv the tribute of honor to the memory of that great man.

W. I. IRVINE.

LA CRESCENT, MINN., Feb. 19, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I hav received the last two numbers but not your bill; please send it. I cannot bear, for one moment, to needlessly "dead beat" it, or any one who tries as hard as you to turn things right.

Happy was I when I saw the first copy of THE TRUTH SEEKER; and happier would I hav been to-day had I made its acquaintance earlier. God-speed to your paper—not the Christian God-speed—but a genuin God-speed, not a fraudulent sentiment from an Almighty mover, no heaven controling impostor, but from a lover of "truth, what ever it be."

Happier will I be when westward the Freethought empire shall hav taken its weary way, and it is not professional death to a champion of truth and right to openly giv vent to his honest conviction. We need a few more Paines, Bennetts, Underwoods, Reynoldses, and Putnams throughout the country. We need a power to shake the cast-iron bond of faith in the trinity. Let us work and wait—mainly work—and we will hav our reward. It does me good to read the letters from all parts of the world, from those who love truth more than church fashion, and who are willing to assure us in our faith that we, the few scattering Infidels, though seemingly sown broadcast over this broad expanse, are not the only ones who do not bow down to the few who threaten us with professional death when we first express a thought antagonistic to their faith. Just continue to inspect the "unchangeable word of Constantine," and let the church suffer for any discrepencies. More anon, D. C. ALBERT.

ORLANDO, FLA., Jan. 6, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I inclose $1 for THE TRUTH SEEKER. I regret allowing it to stop. I hav read and re-read, given away, and loaned to best advantage possible. There is no book, paper, or writing of any kind that I read in preference to THE TRUTH SEEKER. I am now a lifetime subscriber, and will use my influence for it. If the old Salvation Army rises up against it, I will fight them. I am disgusted with orthodoxy and superstition. I would rid my house of the old Bible, and everything pertaining to it, if it were not for my wife. I am in favor of woman's rights, so I must be Liberal. I will surely vote or fight (if necessary) to separate church and state. There are quite a number of Liberals here, but they appear rather cowardly (I don't blame them much), for orthodoxy is ruling to the extent that if a man speaks boldly he is threatened with insanity and the asylum.

A clerk in our post-office told me that a person who would take, read, and believe in THE TRUTH SEEKER ought to be sent to the asylum. I told him I was a fit subject. Can't you influence an able gentleman or lady to come among us and lecture? there is quite a field open here. There are many like myself very anxious to hav them, but financially too weak to offer much encouragement. I examined the literature sent me for children, and I do highly appreciate it. I distribute it among my friends with a view of getting up a Liberal sabbath-school; I believe we will organize a school. Wishing THE TRUTH SEEKER a large circulation, and the National Liberal League a grand success, I bid you take courage.

Respectfully yours, JAMES C. PARKER.

CHICAGO, ILL., January 1, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: It has been two years since I first had the pleasure of grasping the best of all papers published, THE TRUTH SEEKER. I am indeed thankful, for my children's benefit, that I hav learned to know how to guide them in the path of Freethought. Had I not been fortunate enough to be the possessor of this valuable paper, my mind would never hav been so far. I feel perfectly at home on any spot on this earth. I feel free to speak my sentiments to any church-member or pretending Christian, and do it conscientiously. I am a free man, and it is surprising to me to hear well-educated men talk and preach from the Bible, undertaking to prove the existence of a God, the creator of this earth out of nothing. If such skye poodles could giv proof of what they preach, we would gladly accept it. To go back of this God, I inquire from whence he came. They twist their "physiog" into as many different forms as a circus clown, and with a shrug of the shoulder answer, "Oh, we are not to question his time of existence, or from whence he came."

Such a class of contemptible drones, to be supported in luxury, to stand in the pulpits Sunday after Sunday hooting the same tune from the same book that has been pushed into the throats of superstitious fools for the past eighteen hundred years! Look at the corruption of our country, and then ask, What has religion done for us? Robert G. Ingersoll, D. M. Bennett, and hundreds of others, are worth to the people of the United States more than all the churches and preachers combined.

While I liv I shall endeavor to read THE TRUTH SEEKER. It is the Bible of our family. My wife is equally interested, also my children. Yours truly, PARKER WINEMAN.

ST. CATHARINE'S, CAN., Feb. 18, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I see in the February 2d number of THE TRUTH SEEKER a paragraph from Fresno, Cal., signed "George Paddington," taking exception to my declaration that alcoholic liquor is the greatest curse that ever befell the human race. I find on referring to the original that my expression is *one* of the greatest curses, etc., which would require no other proof than common observation to substantiate. The expression became exchanged, accidentally, I presume. Notwithstanding, the printed expression would be admissible from an orthodox standpoint.

I know not Mr. Paddington's object in referring to the matter, except it was for the purpose of making public his antipathy to the (so called) Christian churches, and to sound me upon that subject. If so, I can say, in short, that I require no assistance in giving my views upon orthodoxy; which are, that I hav no sympathy whatever with anything pertaining to it in any manner, and never had, from my cradle up; nor hav I the least fear of "Mother Grundy" in saying it.

As to the extent of the curse and misery that intoxicating liquors hav produced, and are producing, throughout the world, very few, in my opinion, are aware of it. From my reading and investigation I came to the conclusion, a long time ago, that nineteen-twentieths of all the wars yet produced on this earth, so-called Christianity is answerable for; and as I understand the operations and tactics of wars, so far back as we hav any account of them, they hav been manipulated almost wholly with intoxicating liquors; and I go still further with my opinion, which is, that the majority of the sacrifice of all human life, in any form whatsoever, so far back as alcohol was first produced and used as a beverage, has been done under the influence of intoxicating liquors; therefore, I, as an individual, hav a right to believe that spirituous liquors hav directly produced more real misery and degradation even than orthodox superstition.

But be that as it may, I see no call for controversy in the matter. The cursed curse exists, and, as I said before, all the moralizing and legislation that can be produced will not remove it so long as it is allowed to be manufactured in any form that will intoxicate. But who can devise a way to prohibit its mannfacture, short of positiv prohibition? I can't. The only thing I can see is to leave it alone. The excessiv use of it may serve in a degree to prevent over-population of a class that might be dispensed with without any injury to the respectable portion of mankind. I hold views adverse to the procreation of human beings regardless of numbers, and that any legislation that would stipulate the number, under penalty, to each parent in accordance with the means they hav for feeding, clothing, and educating their progeny, to become when arrived at maturity ornaments in society, instead of, when in excess, beggars, murderers, thieves, robbers, and criminals of all kinds, as is more or less the case all over the world, would be wise.

I am quite aware that many will think that such views upon human procreation are very peculiar and would be restrictiv of human liberty, but, when properly considered, I ask, What earthly right has your neighbor or mine, without any visible means of support, to bring forth and turn upon the streets human beings to come up of themselvs and always be a curse to every one they may come in contact with? We would not submit to over-production in other species; then why in the human? "Progress and improvement in all things" is my motto. Respectfully, C. B. THOMPSON.

QUARTZBURG, IDAHO TER., Feb. 4, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I hope you will remember the offer our truth loving neighbor, A. G. Church, has made in regard to establishing a Freethought institute, and call the attention of other Liberals to the importance and advantage it would be to our cause if the Liberals would establish a savings bank, and elect R. G. Ingersoll or some other honest man to the presidency of the same. It seems to me that one leading bank of that kind would be just what the friends of progress need; through it from time to time we could learn our strength (money is power). Surely there are Freethinkers enough in America to make it a grand success, if their attentions were once called to the importance of the matter. If the proper steps are taken by a few leaders, thousands will flock to their support.

You able writers should show up to the masses of Liberals that it is for each and everyone's self-interest to place their power in a position where it can be used to the greatest advantage. Surely they can very easily be made to see that no great work can be accomplished without co-operation; and also that they must build and support schools and colleges, where the truth can be promulgated.

And there should be a charitable institute in every state in the union, where our Freethought warriors can sit in safety, and hurl the shot of truth into the ranks of our enemies, as long as they are able to wield a pen; or until the enemy is converted from their superstitious nonsense. Since Dr. J. L. York made his lecturing tour through this section, we notice that the hypocritical gospel pedlers hav but little to say to any one except their dupes. Quite likely they are afraid that we Liberals will induce him to come again, and thus destroy their business entirely. The Liberals of this coast are proud of J. L York, and hope his voice will be heard all over the land. He says he intends to make a tour of all the territories this year, and will be glad to hear from any Freethinkers that wish his services. May all truth lovers giv him hearty support, and I will pledge my word that they will never regret it.

C. E. CLARK.

GALESBURG, ILL., Feb. 15, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Brother A. Wood has closed his inquiry, "Has a man an immortal soul?" Whether a man is a soul, or has a soul, we will not discuss. The Greek will tell you a man, a horse, or a mule is a soul; and the revivalist will tell you if you don't join his church you will lose your soul.

I presume, from what Brother Wood says, he means, Has a man another existence after his corporeal body is dead? This he denies, and has written considerable in order to refute the idea, and to answer or reply to all his points would be too lengthy; therefore, I will confine my remarks to a few points in his closing argument. He finds fault with what Paul says on the subject, and quotes him thus: "When he says every seed has its own body; then, 'Thou sowest not that body that shall bear grain, it may chance of wheat or some other grain.'" Brother Wood says this is too obscure and general to say just what he did mean; but that if he says there is a chance for wheat to bear oats or any other grain, "I refuse to stand sponsor to the declaration. I deny that any God ever changed one grain into another or sowed one body natural and raised a spiritual body out of it."

As for Paul, this is not a correct quotation. A Freethinker should not misquote an author, notwithstanding his views may be wrong, but use him as he is, not change him and then use him; neither should a Freethinker advocate a position that makes it necessary to misquote or misrepresent in order to sustain it.

Brother Wood denies man is dual or double in his existence. I will first say Paul's illustration was a correct one. Brother Wood commences with Paul's qualification to what he had expressed, and to me it relieves the embarrassment of not knowing what he meant. My position is that not only man (who is compound in his make-up), but all existing things are dual, commencing with the origin of existence—spirit and matter (which are eternal in their duration). Matter constitutes substance, spirit constitutes life, and life constitutes motion; and the life of a thing is an essential part; so is the corporeal and physical part equally necessary in physical existence—the same as is reproduction the dual of male and female. In a stalk of corn the dual is the same. There is a dual is in every seed and kernel by which it reproduces its like. The life of each seed or kernel leaves the kernel or shell, concentrating its force or power through the stalk, forming a new body, the origin of which lay incased in the kernel, and (as Paul says) dies and passes into the earth, and a new body is the result

arising from the life in the kernel. As everything has a life suited to its nature and condition which is an essential of its existence; and as for the life of man, to leave a mortal body and enters a spiritual body, which lay in embryo, is no more a miracle than the growing of a grass-blade, a rose-blossom, or to change a grub to a butterfly.

Here I will call Brother Wood's attention to an article not long since written by myself upon the question, "Does the the grave end all?" published in THE TRUTH SEEKER, where he will find (notwithstanding he has labored hard to prove man is not superior to an animal) man is set forth in his proper place—the crown, the ultimate, and the heir to all the existing kingdoms; a creature of education and progress. Not so with the animal. A pig knows as much as a hog. Not so with an infant. It only knows what it learns. A horse, a dog, and the beaver knew just as much a thousand years ago as now, while man has advanced in knowledge and understanding. This is a part and portion of his being; and all we ask of Brother Wood, Brother Walker, and other limitarians, is that they giv their consent that man shall enjoy all those rights and privileges which he is heir to.

I now ask, Why do Materialists and Spiritualists call each fools and knaves when on this question? They should treat each other with brotherly kindness. There is but little difference between them. There is an excuse for such conduct among the sects that believe in a jealous God; it is a natural result. But such treatment should not exist among us. What would a Spiritualist gain should he exchange his anticipation of future happiness for the expectation of annihilation, worthless when reached, if true? And what would a Materialist lose should he exchange his expectation of nothing for the anticipation of future happiness, worth all on earth when reached, if true? The anticipation of man's condition being made better is a want in nature, and to tell a man this want will be supplied when all sensation ceases to exist is an insult to his good sense. ISAAC PADEN.

SKIDMORE, Mo., Feb. 14, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: My object in writing this is for the benefit of anyone who feels inclined to profit thereby. There is a good field here for a good physician, but I don't think any but a first-class, progressiv one would hav any business locating here. Anyone wanting any further information can address me, and I will be glad to tell them what I know regarding the above. W. J. SKIDMORE.

WAVERLY, N. Y., Feb. 25, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: In the death of Mr. Charles Dickson, on the 1st inst., the Liberals hav lost a true friend, and THE TRUTH SEEKER a willing supporter. He was a stanch Liberal, outspoken and honest in his opinion, and not afraid to express his sentiments, no matter who was by. He was in love with THE TRUTH SEEKER, and has told me that he intended to take it as long as he lived, and he did. He leaves a wife and daughter in good circumstances. If I was capable I would write up a little notice for your readers, but as writing is out of my line of business I shall not try. NEWEL WEST.

RICHFIELD, MICH., Feb. 21, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I see by the tab on my cherished and most valuable paper, THE TRUTH SEEKER, that it is time for me to remit. There are superstitious people here as in all other places. The sky-pilots, or divines, as they are pleased to call themselvs, are getting up quite a sensation, inducing all the idiots to believe or be damned. For my part, I cannot see how any sensible or intelligent person can read the Bible without being entirely convinced of its plain contradictions, but the worship of that old bloody and obscene book, that no child should ever be allowed to read, let alone be taught to worship, continues!

With many good wishes, I am a friend to the cause you advocate, MRS. ROSA HALE.

BUCYRUS, OHIO, Feb. 15, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find twenty-five cents, for which send me THE TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL. I moved here about a year ago. It is a great place for churches and church-going people! But a close observer soon finds in their folds a good many sheep in wolve's clothing. Our sanctified Methodist minister lately accomplished a great miracle. A short time ago he inspired by his earnest, fervent prayers, one of the sisters of his flock to such a degree that she made him a donation of a $1,000 bond to pay his debts and help him along in his good works. But when, soon after, her husband got wind of it, she repented it, and the good shepherd was compelled to refund the money. I find but very few Liberals here, and THE TRUTH SEEKER is a real blessing to me. I could not get along without it. C. NUESSLE.

PROVIDENCE, Feb. 17, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I hav read many articles in THE TRUTH SEEKER bearing on the solution of the universe, and also hav had numerous discussions on the same.

I believe most scientists agree that matter in motion is an eternal fact. Then why look for a cause beyond this fact? Can an eternal fact hav a cause? I don't see the necessity of it. A cause must be before the effect which it causes, although in many instances a cause occurs so nearly simultaneous with the effect the difference is imperceptible.

It is claimed by some that matter of itself is innate, unless there is life to cause it to move, and this life is only to be found in certain substances called germs or germ-cells; that men are evolved from such germs.

I may not hav a correct idea of what matter means, but to my mind matter includes everything that exists, however coarse or fine, visible or invisible. If the life-germ is composed of substance, however intangible, it is something, and therefore belongs to matter, and may be considered a condensed form of the same eternal fact—matter in motion.

I think it is the total incapacity of man to comprehend eternity that causes him to look for a cause for an eternal fact. Hence arises the theory of a great and infinit intelligence in the universe bearing a sort of parental relation to man.

If we had the telescopic power of mind to read and understand the universe, I believe we would discover endless intelligences, each manifold greater than the next inferior. But then, what relation would these bear to our intelligences any more than ours' do to those below us? What man would claim parental relation to all the ants, or bedbugs, or cockroaches, or other vermin? W. P. BLYTHE.

CLARK STATION, CAL., Feb. 7, 284.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $6.50, which you will use as directed.

Now, Mac, what do you think? to-morrow I leave here for Mariposa on snow-shoes. The snow right here in the valley is seven feet deep. Five miles from here on the summit it is fifteen feet. Pretty good undertaking for a man 61 years old. I hav put off going for two reasons; one, for two men to get money to subscribe for your paper, and the other to hav it stop snowing. As soon as the roads are open I will do all I can for you and the paper. Not long since two of us went to a Methodist preacher to buy each of us a load of barley, both having six-horse teams; and it being customary to feed men while on the farm, and we having to sew the sacks, dinner being announced, he asked a blessing running thus: "Heavenly father, nourish a portion of this food to the use of our bodies. I am in a hurry, and I know you are. Amen." He did not want to keep us over night. WM. R. VANCAMPEN.

ROCHESTER, N. H., Feb. 15, E.M. 284.

MR. EDITOR: Within please find one dollar, for which you will please send me one dozen copies "False Claims" and a FREETHINKERS' ALMANAC.

Sunday would be no day of rest for me without the glorious old TRUTH SEEKER, although I hav read it but two years. It is a matter of necessity with me. I think it is to be regretted very much that it is not more extensivly circulated throughout New England. I can assure you there is a vast amount of Freethought timber here; it only wants a little stimulus, a little more popularity, and it will thin out our churchgoers most wonderfully. Even now there are churches without priest or congregation, and I hope to liv to see more of them. I am going to try and do more in the future than I hav in the past for the old banner. The "False Claims" I want for distribution among the hardshells. I think it the grandest production for missionary work that I ever read. It givs old orthodoxy something to chew upon, even if they are not honest enough to acknowledge it. Wishing you and THE TRUTH SEEKER all happiness and prosperity, I remain

Yours for Freethought and reform, E. J. F.

DELAWARE, OHIO, Feb. 29, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: It is but a short time since I first knew that there was such a grand and noble paper as THE TRUTH SEEKER. I am not one of your subscribers, but intend to be. I am a Freethinker from the top of my head to the sole of my foot. I am now fifty-four years of age, and of all that I hav ever read concerning religion, yours suits me far the best. In my estimation it is true; and what can excel the truth? Your paper is nobly named. In my youth I started out in search of truth by joining the Methodist Episcopal church, and tried with all my might, mind, and strength to believe the Christian religion, but could not. I soon discovered that the Bible was untrue, and did not harmonize with the laws of nature, which are without any doubt immutable. We read in the Bible, it is not by bread alone that man shall liv. If faith is meant in this scripture to fill the place of bread. I think faith is to much like cheap boarding. Perhaps it would be well enough to state what cheap boarding consists of. Cheap boarding is to eat nothing for breakfast, warm it up for dinner, go to bed before supper, and there will be a little left for the next day. I know several Freethinkers in our city, and will do all I can to circulate your reading matter, and hope by so doing to promote your most noble and grand cause of truth and justice. It is manna to all who are in search of right and true light. You may expect to hear from me again.

Yours truly, S. E. PADDOCK.

FRANKLIN CITY, Feb. 26, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Being a constant reader of your valuable paper for the past three months, I cannot speak too highly of the great TRUTH SEEKER. I will endeavor, in my humble way, to drop you a few scattering thoughts. I attended the revival meeting at the Baptist church of this town, conducted by Dr. Graves. He preached from the text, "And Adam and Eve sewed fig-leaves together and made aprons of them." He began by saying that the aprons were a failure, and that everything that man ever attempted was a failure. According to Dr. Graves, the printing-press that enables him to publish his senseless sermons, and the locomotiv that conveys him and his senseless book to and fro—his book is entitled, "From Heaven to Earth"—are failures. The telegraph that enables him in twenty-four hours after their delivery to read here the account of the frightful sermons on hell by Hell's fire Spurgeon in England is a failure. The telephone that enables him to communicate verbally with his most reverend brethren as to the best place next to conduct a revival of fear, of superstition, and bigotry; the sewing machine that enables him to buy his broadcloth one-third cheaper than if it had never been invented are failures. Finally, he and his brothers in the cause, and their efforts to convert the world to the Christian religion, all are failures. But he did not mention the last failure. According to Dr. Graves, man has accomplished nothing. I think the great Ingersoll spoke thus in regard to what man has accomplished: "Is it nothing to fill with light, with discovery, with science? Is it nothing to grope our way into the dreary prisons, the damp and dripping dungeons, the dark and silent cells, where the souls of men are chained to floors of stone; to greet them like a ray of light, like the song of a bird, the murmur of a stream; to see the dull eyes open and grow slowly bright, to feel yourself grasped by the shrunken and unused hands, and hear yourself thanked by a strange and hollow voice?" Sublime man!

I hav not been in this town long. One of my new friends has subscribed for THE TRUTH SEEKER. There are others to follow. I will write you again.

Yours for the truth. THOMAS V. WILLIAMS.

MALONE, IOWA.

MR. EDITOR: It was Thomas Paine that said, while working in the interests of humanity, "I avoid all rewards." That is the position Prohibitionists occupy; the human family is the stake. We leave the emoluments to our opponents. The manufacturers and vendors of intoxicating liquors, their aiders and apologists, follow their calling for the money there is in it, the same as slaves were bought, and bred, worked, driven, and sold. No one pretends to say that to take the waving treasure of our beautiful fields and convert it into whisky is right. Cheeky as the opponents of prohibition are, they are unwilling to advise the snatching of bread from the children of washerwomen, whose husbands are on the road to delirium, except in a roundabout way.

"S. R. S." says, "I would rather liv in hell than in a country run by preachers and Prohibitionists." Now it does not strike me in that way at all. Shall I begrudge the preachers the privilege of being right once in their lives. If I see a preacher walking leisurely along the towpath, must I jump into the canal and drown myself? Can we break the force of priestcraft by putting our heads to soak in whisky? Prohibition for humanity's sake is carrying out the Darwinian theory of the survival of the fittest, and leaving a people fit to survive. Watery-eyed, one-suspender men are not suitable adornments for the great American republic. Besides, it is to be feared that when they sober up with shattered brain they would do as "S. R. S.'s" Kansas man, join the church and build up priestcraft. I hav a fine steel engraving of the Continental Congress in the altitude of listening while Jefferson reads the Declaration of Independence. I would respectfully inform "S. R. S." that these men were called Tories and traitors. The friends of humanity hav always had a struggle on their hands, and so far as our country is concerned they never yet hav failed.

S. L. WILCOX.

LEAVENWORTH, KAN., Feb. 10, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Every number of THE TRUTH SEEKER tells us that "one of the best ways to help along the cause of Freethought is to circulate THE TRUTH SEEKER." And we believe it, for surely no one can read it long and not be convinced of the rottenness of theology. But we find a great difficulty in the way of circulating it, as the church has so prejudiced the minds of the people against everything but its precious self, and considers it sacrilege to read such papers. Even novels, save Sunday-school books, are forbidden by most Christian parents, and said Sunday-school novels are calculated to keep the vail of superstition so closely drawn that not a ray of light can penetrate beneath its musty folds. After a child has been catechized, and attends Sabbath-school and family worship from infancy to maturity, it is with difficulty it can be induced to read any Freethought papers, or even giv ear to anything of the kind.

I giv a little of my experience in spreading the light. A few days since, I went into the office of an old friend with whom I had had a previous discussion on land-monopoly to show him the editorial on "Public Lands," in THE TRUTH SEEKER of February 2d. On looking over the page on which the article commences, he saw too much before commencing to read, and handed the paper back with a look of disgust. On asking him what was the matter, he replied that he didn't propose to read anything in such a paper as that. I told him the article was good, and would interest him, and was nothing concerning religion. "Oh, well," said he, "I hav heard of THE TRUTH SEEKER before, and want nothing to do with it." This called some remark from another party present (there being three others), which led to a discussion of religion, and the gray-haired follower of Christ presumed of course that I would admit there was a God who created all things, which I refused to do, until he produced some evidence to prove it. This he proceeded to do, by the design argument, and after asking us several questions, and running back to the foundation God on which the whole rotten theological fabric rests, stopped for me to say I was convinced.

Then, it being my turn, I meekly asked, Who made God? Holy horror! such an idiotic question! To ask who made the Deity! I was decided a fool at once, and told so many times with accompanying language that would make an Infidel blush to repeat, and during the short time it took to get out of the pious den, I had harder things said of me, and was abused more, than ever before or than I ever wish to be again.

Now, what we want to do is to get at the children; and my plan is this: For the Liberal press to get up business cards such as are used for advertising. But instead of a fancy chromo on one side, hav the picture of the leaders of Freethought and science, and those of religious leaders too, if desired, with a short biography of them, giving birth, death, belief, etc. Then let all who will (and all Liberals should) hav their business advertisment on the other side, make them attractiv to children, who will beg for them, and read them, which will set them to thinking, and older folks as well. And when once they begin to think, the game is up with the church. Few children ever hear the Bible or the God idea questioned. Nearly all hav heard of Thomas Paine, Ingersoll and others—how bad they were, what a horible death Paine died; of his recantation, etc., but few ever hear of his noble work at Valley Forge, or know that 'twas he that first wrote "The Free and Independent States of America." The church is busy scattering tracts to blacken his character, and that of all Liberals as well. Is it not, therefore, time we did something to checkmate them? Some may object to this plan on account of it hurting their business; but we apprehend no danger from that quarter. Besides, it would be the means of getting acquainted, and poor priest-ridden dupes would find out that all Infidels were not rogues and thieves. When we remember what Bennett and others hav suffered, surely we will not flinch at this; besides, if we are afraid to show our colors, let us take them in and go and join the church.

H. H. HUTCHESON.

Children's Corner.

Edited by Miss Susan H. Wixon, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"His life is long whose work is well,
And be his station low or high,
He who the most good works can tell,
Livs longest though he soonest die."

Jenny's Question.

What good can I, such a little girl
Do in this world below—
This world, with mighty rush and whirl,
Where streams of goodness flow?

My hands so very little be,
My form so very slight,
In this big world, it seems to me,
I'm nothing but a mite.

By wisest minds in all the land,
Great things seem understood.
Amid the great, the learned band,
Can *I* do any good?

KATY'S ANSWER.

Yes, you can *love* this world so bright,
And everybody in it;
And thus grow pure for heaven's light,
And, as an angel, win it.

Though your voice is low and weak,
Still it can others bless;
Words of love you e'er can speak,
With smiles of tenderness,

In loving all, this truth is clear,
And cannot be denied—
Perfect love casts out all fear,
When we with love abide.

Then, tenderly should every one
Love each the other well—
Love all the world till life is done.
And here we no more dwell.

And love will make the weakest strong,
When it is freely given;
'Twill wash away all sin and wrong,
And make this earth a heaven.

Wilkes Barre.

I want to say something to the girls and boys of The Truth Seeker that will interest them, and at the same time giv them an idea of the coal regions in which I liv.

Wilkes Barre, Pa., is located in the Wyoming valley, famous for its Indian massacre, its beautiful scenery, and its gracefully flowing Susquehanna river; but owing to the mining of coal, much of its natural beauty has been destroyed.

The mining of coal is the principal industry, and very great sums of money are spent in fitting up the extensiv pumping-engins and shafts, used to hoist out this concentrated sunlight of millions of years ago; for as you will see, it was the sun's light that produced the vegetation from which the coal was formed.

While the sun was shining in that early time, the earth's crust was comparativly thin, and could not cool off at night as it now does, and this produced a prolific growth of plants and trees, which piled up to a great thickness for hundreds of thousands of years; and, at last, a great pressure of gas from within the earth caused the surface to giv way, and down it sank for about five hundred feet, as the rocks will show. This cavity again filled up with dirt and sand, until it became solid enough to produce a soil and other growths of plants, etc., and after a time, a very long time, down it went again, a few hundred feet more. Then another growth was formed, and down it went again; so that three distinct formations of coal were made, and went down in the era of the world called the carboniferous.

This has been learned by observation of the earth's rocks, and by mining out her treasures for our use, and this is called geology, which has been learned mostly within the last fifty years

The great pressure of so much material upon the bottom vegetable matter, and other chemical operations, hav converted it into hard coal, the lowest formation being the hardest and best. And this shows also that it must hav been the thickest; the middle being the next best, and somewhat thinner, and the last formation is the thinnest of all and also the poorest coal.

In many places branches of trees are taken out which hav been undisturbed, and are turned into solid coal, sometimes running through sand-rock just as the limb was encircled by the floating sand that filled up around it, and which was afterwards pressed into solid rock.

There is a large tree stump in our courthouse which was taken from the mines near the city, of solid coal and slate, which is a proof of the truth of geology, and the way the earth was formed.

To get this coal out of the beds, there are roadways in the earth for each vein or formation of coal, some fifty feet, some three hundred, and so on up to a thousand feet deep, which go to the bottom layer, and these roadways extend for many miles underground. A man who understands them can travel for ten or twelve miles or more, without coming to the surface. After the coal is mined out, especially from the upper veins, it causes much of the surface to giv way, and sink down, carrying houses and whatever is above along with it, so that often large portions of a mining district will let down, and ruin the houses. This cannot take place in Wilkes Barre, because the city charter provides that no coal can be removed. The city owns it clear down to China!

Having given you some idea of the coal country, I will now tell you a story. About two years ago, close to our city, a portion of this undermined district gave way, taking a house with it, in which a poor woman and her baby were snugly sleeping; but of course such a terrific noise and disturbance soon woke them up. The house went down about fifty feet, and the earth caved in all around it, so that nothing but the chimney hole and a part of the roof remained above the sunken surface. The side of the house was crushed in, but not the side next the bed. The poor woman and her baby had no means of getting out, and had to remain there under ground until discovered by accident, as this was an old working and no other houses very near it.

A man who chanced that way fancied he heard a baby cry, and thought also he heard some talk. He turned round and round, and finally imagined he must be getting "looney," for he thought the sound must be in the air above him. He went on, and finally came upon a round spot sunken down, and discovered the peak of a house sticking out of it, and also heard the peculiar cry of a baby, and a mother's soothing words, and mumbled prayers. The man hollered out, "Who's there?" "The good Lord bless you, it's mysel' and my darlint, and I cannot get out of this, to be sure," was answered.

The man ran after an ax and a ladder, and left the woman praying ten times as loud as before to get out. When he came, the news soon spreading, a great many people gathered, and the man, with his ladder and ax, made himself a hero in five minutes by cutting a hole through the roof of the house. He first got the baby out and laid it one side, and then dragged the woman to the top also, amidst the shouts and hurrahs of the party outside upon the bank. The woman was so overjoyed at being rescued from her perilous position, that, not knowing how else to repay her deliverer, and true to her woman's instinct, she flung her arms around the man's neck, and, with tears from her eyes, and kisses from her lips, thanked him, while the spectators looked on and enjoyed the scene from above the pit. She then took up the child and showered kisses upon her "darlint."

They secured her furniture through the house-top, and took up a collection for her on the spot. And for a long time it was a curiosity to visit the old house and the hole in the roof by which Mrs. Lafferty and her "darlint" made their escape. Perry.

Wilkesbarre, Pa.

Our Puzzle Box.

A METAGRAM.

A constellation hung on high,
My glory gilds the southern sky
With six bright stars of golden flame.
Six letters spell my proper name;
Three syllables are all I claim,
To right and left pronounced the same.
My first and last will form a word
To name a late extinct large bird.
My first and second thus combined,
A woman's name we always find.
These syllables are dear to song,
For they to music's scale belong—
The fabled music of the spheres
Made real to human hearts and ears.
Unwritten now on music's staff,
My name divided half and half,
The first denotes a beetle black,
With priestly robe upon his back;
*Mantis religiosa** e'en
Could not appear so ghostly mean;
With straining eyes and droning wings,
The monster seems to think he sings.
And thus he greatly makes my second:
But he's a humbug, I hav reckoned.

Irwin, Iowa. J. K. P. Baker.

**Mantis* (Greek, prophet), a Linnæan genus of voracious insects, remarkable for their slender, grotesque forms. One species (*m. religiosa*) has a pair of legs in front resembling a person's hands when folded in prayer, and is often called the "praying prophet" (Webster). It is the Christian scientist who has thus caricatured his religion by ascribing devotional sentiments to even insects, because they cross their little legs. This universality (!) of the religious sentiment according to priestly logic proves the existence of their God, and so they call on "all creatures here below" to "praise God, fro whom all blessings flow." At once "all creation" falls on its knees and the little mantis meekly folds his arms in prayer.

CROSS-WOOD ENIGMA.

In Iowa, Ohio, Maine;
In England, France, and Spain;
In Germany, and Hungary;
In Turkey, Egypt too;
In Prussia, and Russia;
In Switzerland, and Sweden;
In Norway and Bohemia;
In Portugal and Italy;
In every land, in every clime,
Where men love right and hate a crime,
The praises of my whole are sung—
An orator of silver tongue.

Irwin, Iowa. J. K. P. Baker.

NUMERICAL WORD-SQUARE.

Make a three-letter word-square of IIII.

J. K. P. Baker.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

In sew, not in foe;
In claim, not in blame;
In beach, not in leek;
In mind, not in try;
In decay, not in play;
In Spain, not in cane;
In kind, not in fight;
In care, not in heir;
In vice, not in Christ;
In mirth, not in earth;
In pear, not in plum;
In north, not in horse;
My whole is a very large peninsula.

Hattie Otinger.

PUZZLE.

In rose, not in thorn;
In night, not in morn;
In snow, not in rain;
In winter, not in summer;
In exotic, not in perfume;
In lemon, not in prune;
In carnation, not in lily;
The name of a writer in The Truth Seeker.

Tulare, Cal. Mrs. Upham.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER, MARCH 1ST.

1. CONSTANTINOPLE.
2. THE TRUTH SEEKER.
3. THOMAS PAINE.

Correspondence.

Harrisburg, March, 2, 1884.

Miss Wixon: I'm eleven years old; I am learning grammar, arithmetic, geography, spelling, reading, music, and I'm learning in a book called Nature; it tells you about flowers, fruit, seeds, etc., and tells how great God is, which I do not take much stock in. My playmates are all something around my age, and are all nice boys.

Yours respectfully, Herman S. Tausig.

P.S.—The orient city, Constantinople.

H. S. T.

Woodstown, N. J., March 3, 1884.

Respected Miss Wixon: I hav solved the puzzles before and will send you the answers of two and hav one to be solved. We take The Truth Seeker and I read the Children's Corner every week, and I saw that it said all communications for this corner should be sent to you. For February 23d, the cross-word was George Washington; and March 1st, the cross-word, by R. O. Bert, was Constantinople. If you think this one is fit to be printed please put it in; if not, it is all right. I never made anything of this kind up before, and I thought this would be my first, and maybe my last. We hav been taking your paper for some time and I always found it interesting.

Yours respectfully, Hattie Otinger.

P.S.—I am twelve years old, and I thought it was a very good one. H. O.

—Artie is very inquisitiv. He is a baby boy just learning to spell. He says if I-O spells Io, then P-O spells Pe-o. Oh, these children! But, after all, there is a spark of wisdom in this childish prattle, for our spelling *is* an *awful* thing! J. K. P. B.

THIRD EDITION.

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AND THEIR

Parallels in Other Religions.

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THE TRUTH SEEKER,
33 Clinton Place, New York.

Liberal Meetings.

[Leagues and Liberal and Spiritualistic Societies in the United States and Canada meeting regularly, can hav notices of their meetings published in this column free if the officers will send them to us.]

OHIO.

Cleveland.—The Liberal League meets every Sunday afternoon at 3 P.M., in the hall on the corner of Ontario and Bolivar streets. Exercises—lectures and discussion.

MAINE.

Portland.—Dr. H. A. Lamb has hired Congress Hall, Congress street (entrance on Temple street), where free meetings, lectures, and discussions are held every Sunday, 2:30 P.M. Admittance free. Public invited.

OREGON.

Portland.—Mr. C. Beal holds meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, at Academy Hall, Second and Salmon streets, where he givs lectures, readings, recitations, and music. All are invited to attend. Admission 10 cents.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Boston.—Boston Liberal Club holds meetings for essays and criticisms every Sunday forenoon at 10:45 in the Paine Memorial Building, Appleton street.——The "Society of the Divine Homo" at same place every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Sunday-school at 2:30. Admission free.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Philadelphia.—The Friendship Liberal League meets every Sunday at Hancock Hall, 814 Girard avenue, at 2:30 o'clock, and 7:30 o'clock, P.M., for lectures and free debates. The Truth Seeker and Liberal books for sale.

Pittsburgh.—Pittsburgh Liberal League meets at Maltby Hall, 76 Fifth avenue, every Sunday (except during the Months of July and August) at 3 o'clock. A free platform is maintained. Exercises consist of a lecture, followed by 10 minute criticisms, with 15 minutes allowed the lecturer to reply. Clergymen invited to discuss.

NEW JERSEY.

Newark.—Newark Liberal League meets every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the League's Hall, 177 Halsey street. Exercises consist of music, readings, lecture, and discussion, in which all present are invited to participate. Admission free. Collection taken. Communications for the League should be addressed to J. W. Frankel, 10 Pine street, Newark.

CANADA.

Montreal.—Pioneer Freethought Club meets every Sunday at 3 P.M., at 1310 Catharine street. Reading-room open daily until 10:30 P.M. Library open for exchange of books three evenings per week, and on Sunday afternoons. Free public lectures on Sundays as advertised in local newspapers. Strangers always welcome. G. S. Wilson President, M. O'B. Ward, M.D., Secretary.

NEW YORK.

Albany.—The Liberal association meets every Sunday at Van Vechten Hall, 119 State street. Sunday-school at 2 P.M. General business meeting and debates and discussions at 3 P.M. Lecture at 7:30 P.M. The public are cordially invited to attend, also all Liberals visiting the city. Admission free.

New York City.—The Manhattan Liberal Club meets every Friday evening at 8 o'clock, for a lecture and discussion, at German Masonic Temple, 220 East 15th street. Admission 5 cents. Monthly cards 20 cents. Membership fee $3.——The American Spiritualist Alliance meets every Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock in Republican Hall, 55 West 33d street.——The First Society of Spiritualists holds its meetings every Sunday in Republican Hall, 55 West 33d street. Morning service 11 o'clock; evening, 7:45. Seats free. Public cordially invited.——New York City Ladies' Spiritualist Aid Society, permanently located at 171 East 69th street. Wednesday, at 3 P.M.——Frobisher College Hall, 23 East 14th street, near Broadway. The People's Spiritual Meeting every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 P.M.——229 East 48th street. Inspirational Lectures and Psychometric Readings every Sunday at 11 and 7:30 o'clock.

Brooklyn.—The Brooklyn Spiritual Society meets at Conservatory Hall, cor. of Fulton street and Bedford avenue, every Sunday. Services at 11 A.M. and 7:45 P.M. Admission free. Public cordially invited. Liberal and Spiritual papers and books for sale.——The Everett Hall Spiritual Conference, 398 Fulton street, meets every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. Meetings free. Spiritual literature for sale.——The Eastern District Spiritual Conference meets every Monday evening at Composite Room, 4th street, corner of south 2d street, at 7:45. Spiritual and Liberal literature on sale. All invited.——The South Brooklyn Spiritual Society meets at Brauns Hall, 5th avenue, corner of 23d street, on the first and third Fridays of each month.——The Brooklyn Spiritual Fraternity. Friday evening conference meetings will be held in the lecture room of the church of New Spiritual Dispensation, Clinton avenue, between Park and Myrtle avenues, at 7:30 P.M. ——The Philosophical Association meets every Sunday afternoon in the Assembly Room of Wright's Business College, Broadway. corner of Fourth street, E. D., at 3 P.M. Public cordially invited. Doors open at 2:30 P.M.

TWO LITTLE RED MITTENS;

A STORY OF THE RIGHTWAY ALMSHOUSE.

BY JENNIE BUTLER BROWNE.

Price 10 cents. For sale at this office.

Poetry.

Immortality.

My soul, where art thou going? he asked the failing breath.
What meaneth this undoing which mankind say is death?
What mean the sad sensations which strangely whirl my brain,
And tend toward oblivion? Shall I not liv again?
Say, soul, what is destruction? What is this vision strange?
Can dark annihilation pass universal range?
"Dust thou art," O man, at birth, "to dust thou shalt return;"
"Ashes to ashes," "earth to earth," is all what we can learn.
The earth receives those ashes; thy vapors shall again
Meet where the lightning flashes, converting them to rain,
Which, weeping o'er death's portals, shed circles of renown,
Displaying tears immortal within heaven's crystal crown.
The sun ray which is holding the glories of that wreath,
Is seen again unfolding them upon the mountain heath;
Thy withered brain shall nourish earth's everlasting womb,
And yield a plume to flourish sweet petals o'er thy tomb.
Thy every thought immortalized, because with beauty given,
In purity recrystallized, adorns the dome of heaven;
So matter is eternal, myself it doth embrace,
Though not a single molecule be found in its old place.
Dissolved into atomic weight, I then may cease to think,
But cannot lose the life innate while I'm creation's link.
Electrize with the essence which doth all things pervade,
And forces to existence whatever is decayed.
My elements, evolving from decomposing slime,
Are found again resolving the universe sublime.
"O grave, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting?"
The grave is but a bed to me, and death my waiting wing.
Mentation may be ended, yet I shall surely liv,
My atoms all reblended as providence will giv.
It may be in the sunbeam my gases shall ascend,
May be to the poppy then my blood its tints shall lend;
Absorbed into the flower, or riding in the breeze,
Or caught up in the shower to roll in distant seas.
Then free from creeds upon it my rising breath shall sing
The whirlwind's solemn sonnet on nature's airy wing.
With duty to humanity, I do not fear the sod,
But trust my lasting destiny to nature's unknown God.
And now my pulse is ceasing, and hands and feet grew cold,
And death my colors fleecing prepares me for the mold.
My sun is seeming beamless, and sinking in the west,
To lands where sleep is dreamless, and all is perfect rest.
The world is growing dimmer, and fading from my sight,
And but a flickering glimmer shows now a rayless light.
But one last link unbroken my friend still holds to thee,
Though words cannot be spoken beneath this upas-tree.
I love, and hope, and fear; my friend, it is for you,
Accepted this farewell tear. Adieu, beloved, adieu.

Catechism for Liberals.

Q. Who made the world?

A. God, it is supposed, fashioned it.

Q. Who is God?

A. A supreme being, unknown to all but the clergy.

Q. What is man?

A. One of God's creatures, composed of a body and soul, and made to God's likeness.

Q. How can we be made to God's likeness when we are red, white, and black in color, and our features and size vary in proportion?

A. It is not for the wise to know; the church is to determin.

Q. For what end did God make us?

A. To work and toil here on earth and support the so-called ministers of the gospel and our rulers in general.

Q. How can we know God upon earth?

A. By going to church Sundays and holidays, and contributing our dollars and cents to the cravings of our aristocratic clergy.

Q. What does the apostles' creed contain?

A. The superfluous heresies of the past, now called theology.

Q. Does God know all things?

A. No. He only knows those things that are profitable to his clergy.

Q. Can God do all things.

A. Yes, when you pay him according to the premium on gold.

Q. Had God a beginning?

A. No man can tell but the clergy, who will guess at it to satisfy you.

Q. What do you mean by the mysteries of religion?

A. The unscrupulous power that the crafty clergy has deluded the people with since the early age of Christianity, and a rivet of kingcraft.

Q. What means the unity of God?

A. That there is but one God; and there cannot be more gods than one (Ephesians iv, 6).

Q. Then all Christian theology must be wrong.

A. Certainly not, while the clergy can get the people to believe its absurdities.

Q. How many persons are there in God?

A. Three divine persons, namely, the autocrat, the aristocrat, and the aberrant.

Q. Did one of the three divine persons become man?

A. There was no need to become man according to Eph. iv, 6, if it was not to delude.

Q. Who is the Holy Ghost?

A. The third person that conceived the second person, according to theological science.

Q. Why did the devil tempt our first parents to eat of the tree of life in the midst of paradise?

A. That he might giv a living to all cunning and crafty men too idle to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow.

Q. Why did God make hell?

A. No Atheist knows; it is only an opinion of the Christian clergy that their penitents might be terrified into subjection.

Q. Can anyone come out of hell?

A. Yes, when you pave the way with greenbacks, that the stubble might be removed.

Q. What is original sin?

A. The first link of slavery the clergy has endowed us with, that their power and profits might prosper.

Q. Where are true Christians to be found?

A. At the gold ring, or money exchange, robbing their fellow-man of the fruits of his labor.

Q. Are we justified by faith alone, without good works?

A. No. If your faith were as pure as salt it profits you nothing without supporting the clergy in all things, spiritual and temporal, in luxury and ease.

Q. How is the church holy?

A. In its corruptions and usury laws, in swindling the superstitious by granting indulgences and dispensations to all those that hav money to loan.

Q. Can the church err in what it teaches?

A. No; for it always leaves a loophole to get out of, by telling us to obey the church—*i. e.*, our pastors.

Q. What must we do that we might be saved?

A. Support the politicians and the clergy in idleness and comfort, that they might become the rulers and bondholders of the land of the free.

Q. What is the duty of citizens?

A. To avoid whisky rings in politics, ecclesiastical donations, and never take bribes to sell the birthright of their fellow-patriots at elections.

Q. What ought to be done to delinquent Christians?

A. Enlarge the penitentiaries to receive them.

Q. Repeat the Ten Commandments.

A. 1. I am the Lord thy God; thou shalt hav no bondholder but me.

2. Thou shalt not take the name of the president of these United States in the gold ring.

3. Get married and do all christenings on the Sabbath day that the clergy might hav more time to rest, and concoct plans for the future.

4. Support your father and mother by honest industry.

5. Avoid taking that which you cannot reach.

6. Deal not in that which you hav no license for, or a revenue stamp to secure you.

7. Don't rob the exchequer; nor take bribes in contracts.

8. Never tell lies of your neighbor if he should differ with you in opinion.

9. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goose.

10. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's greenbacks, nor his bonds, nor his income tax.

One other command I giv you, that you love the poor for my sake, and the rich for your own sake; for it is in holy writ, "The hire of the laborers who hav reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth; and the cries of them which hav reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabbaoth" (James v, 4). Faith without works is dead, and wicked rich men warned. The patriots of '76 are conversing with the patriots of 284. They say: "If ye fulfil the royal law according to scripture, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" (James ii, 8). Who are they that do not believe all the church teaches? Patriots and Progressionists; they abandoned fraud and fiction.

Q. Who are the secessionists?

A. All those that preach reform by putting the God of kings into our Constitution, that the sons and daughters of freedom suffered martyrdom to abolish, and giv to mankind a government of the people.

Q. What will become of secessionists in the day of tribulation?

A. They will be tried before the tribunal of the people for the sale of their lands to foreign aristocrats, and for the poverty and misery they hav brought on the people, and be rewarded according to their crime.

Q. Who is Benedict Arnold?

A. A vain, deceitful man, fond of royal display and luxury at the expense of the people. When his fortune and pay did not meet his extravagance, he sold his country, and his honor, with all the patriots therein, for the paltry sum of one thousand three hundred pounds per annum of English gold.

Q. What became of Benedict Arnold when he died?

A. He went to the Christian heaven, where bondholders, bond robbers, land robbers, president assassins, and all believers in the divine right of kings go to enjoy their future with the angels in the paradise gained by fraud.

Q. Who is George Washington?

A. The God of our republic, the deliverer of mankind from kingcraft and priestcraft, all over this land; he who reprimanded the arch-traitor, saying: "The shadow of a fault tarnishes the luster of our finest achievements."

Q. Where is George Washington?

A. He is everywhere—in the hearts of the people, all over the globe. His name and memory will be cherished at the North pole.

Q. Who are the Liberals?

A. They are the forerunners of civil and religious freedom, the beacon-lights of civilization.

Q. What do the expounders of divine authority say of them?

A. That they are the enthusiasts of this age, and warn the Young Mens' Christian Association to beware of them.

Q. Who is the Young Men's Christian Association?

A. They are the would-be aristocracy of this age, who borrowed their orthodox ovation from John Williams, in the year of Christianity 1848.

Q. Who is John Williams?

A. He is the offspring of Welsh parents, who worked in a grocery store in London, England, and wishes to offer prayers and fasting to the sacred memory of George III.

Q. Who is George III.?

A. He was king of England by divine right, and defender of the faith by church right, and struggled to impose his divine authority over the American people.

Q. Are there any supreme heads on earth to the Young Mens' Christian Association?

A. Yes; Cook, Colgate, and Comstock—the divinity of Christian church charlatans, imitating the Hindoo trinity of the unknown gods, Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva.

Q, Where will all those Christian people go?

A. To the Christian heaven, to sit by the side of nothing, for Atheists to laugh at for their folly and ignorance.

Q. What does the Apostle Paul say of apostates?

A. That it is impossible for them to be renewed to their former glory without a great deal of scrip.

Q. Are we not strictly forbidden to worship images?

A. Yes; but we cannot disobey our rulers when it is on our curreney, that we might know our oppressor.

Q. To how many commandments may the Ten Commandments be reduced?

A. To these two principal commandments: Support the clergy, and then the state, with all your toil and sweat, and go in rags, as tramps do, that they might despise you, and be attentiv to the polls on election day.

Q. What do you mean by fast days?

A. Days we are allowed to use hog's lard on all occasions.

Q. What do you mean by national thanksgiving?

A. A national day authorized by the president of the United States that the clergy might hav business suspended to get acquainted with their neighbors' turkey and spring chickens.

Q. What do you think of those who, at their prayers, think not of God, nor of what they say?

A. They are to be pitied for having too many government bonds, and for striving to cheat in their income tax, that the burden might be greater on tho productiv classes.

Q. What must we do to remove this evil?

A. Repudiate the debt; it has long since been paid; giv the government lands to the people, and not to railroad monopolies and foreign lords; tax all church property as well as peasant homes, and make taxation on bonds as well as on mechanical enterprise. Equal taxation is the voice of the people.

Q. What do you mean by the last day?

A. The day of general judgment, when all the clergy will condemn you for the little support you contributed to their welfare and ease.

Q. What will they say to you on that memorable day?

A. Depart from me, ye progressionists and patriots; you hav disturbed my peace and comfort in this life by making others as wise as yourselvs.

Q. What will they say to the bondholders?

A. Come, ye beloved and benevolent old friends; you always legislated for our interest and state power, that we might keep the people in religious slavery; while you fleeced them in state and national legislation, we hav kept them in ignorance, where they ought to be, while we became the lords of the land. In making your dying will and testimony don't forget us, the shepherds of the most high, who are anxiously waiting to take all you will giv that you might in your folly go on your way rejoicing.

Q. Where is heaven for these righteous sinners?

A. When the clergy come back from their long search to find it, they will reveal it to you for your charity toward them.

My generous opinions on Christianity in general, I hope, will not be blighted by prejudice in the future without searching thoroughly, and penetrating closely into the most remote corner of your conscience.

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WOMAN is so built that she but seldom can throw straight. Providence, it is truly said, orders everything for the best, and after a husband has seen one tin cup sail harmlessly by his head he can run before she can snatch up another.

THE Rev. Dr. Deems says the Old Testament is true, word for word, from beginning to end, and that if he didn't believe it he would leave the pulpit. The reverend doctor would be a good man to meet when you return from a fishing excursion.

"YES," said Mrs. Liberal, "I hate those Straiters, they are so awfully bigoted; but they needn't be so stuck up about their religion. The Liberal faith is gaining fast, and it won't be many years, I guess, before we can be as bigoted as they are."

A BEAR stole a Mormon baby last week and carried it off into the woods, but when it was discovered that it was a girl baby he immediately carried it back home again. He knew the Mormons would need her in their business in the sweet by and by.

"How I pity the poor such a night as this!" said Blande, as he sat in his comfortable apartment. "Then why," asked Bluff, "don't you put on your coat and go out and see if you cannot render assistance to some of them?" "Ah," replied Blande, "then I shouldn't be so comfortable as I am now, and I might forget the poor and begin to pity myself. That would be selfish, you know."

ONE Sunday morning a minister of the gospel had his attention called to a number of boys who were in search of a lost ball with which they had been playing football. After lecturing to them for awhile about the wickedness of playing on that day, he said, "Now boys, let me assure you that it is useless you searching for that ball any more, for Satan has it now in his possession." Whereupon one of the lads remarked, "Why, he'd no business to touch it; he's not a member in our club."

ELDER TOOLE arose at the last meeting of the Lime Kiln Club and observed that information had reached his ears to the effect that the world was to come to an end on the second of May of the present year. He desired to ask if the president was aware that such a calamity was to take place. "De president am fully aware," replied Brother Gardner. "An' what am we gwine to do about it?" "We will wait and see. If dar am am any sich enterprise on han' dis club wants to be counted in. I wouldn't advise any of you gem'len, howeber, to let your rents slip past in hopes to beat your landlords."

"You had been drinking again last night, John," is what Crimsonbeak got fired at him when he met his wife at the breakfast table the other morning. "I must admit that I had," replied the husband, meekly. "You know as well as I do that liquor is your worst enemy." "So I do." "Why don't you giv it up, then?" "It wouldn't be scriptural, ma'am." "What!" screamed Mrs. Crimsonbeak, horrorstricken at her husband's remark. "I said it wouldn't be scriptural," repeated Crimsonbeak, rather decidedly. "Don't the scriptures teach us to love our enemies?" and Crimsonbeak smacked his lips at the very thought of it.

WAS IT A BOY OR A GIRL?

Mrs. Mulcahy: "Good marnin'." Mrs. O'Hollihan: "Good marnin', Mrs. Mulcahy." Mrs. Mulcahy: "An' how's the ould man, Mrs. O'Hollihan?" Mrs. O'Hollihan; "Och, purty wull, thankee, Mrs. Mulcahy, but dhrunk agin lasht night, though." Mrs. Mulcahy: "Och, dear, dear. The poor man!" Mrs. O'Hollihan: "Did you hear the news about the incraise in Mrs. McCarthy's family, Mrs. Mulcahy?" Mrs. Mulcahy: "Oi did not. Waz it a bye or a gurrull?" Mrs. O'Hollihan: "'Twas nayther." Mrs. Mulcahy: "Nayther?" Mrs. O'Hollihan: "Nayther; twaz twins!" Mrs. Mulcahy: "Wull, wull, wull!"

THE late anecdote in the December Drawer illustrating the colored brother's idea of the difference between *meum* and *teum* reminds a reader of a conversation on the same topic with an old acquaintance, Uncle Sy. "Did you ever find anything of value, Uncle Sy?" I asked, after telling him about finding a pearl ring that morning. "Yeh, sah; I foun' a pus' once, wid ten dollars in it." "Did you? Well, what did you do with it? You didn't keep it, of course?" "Yeh, sah; I did dat berry ting. I'se strickly honest; I wouldn't take no man's pus'. I lef' it where he could get it; but I took de money out fust. You see, he done los' de money—'twarn't his'n no more. I done find it; it was my money den. But de *pus* was his'n, an' long as I liv I ain't gwine to take no man's pus'."

THE TRUTH SEEKER

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Notes and Clippings.

THERE is an overproduction of clerical charlatans who preach lies for money.—*John Swinton.*

KNOWLEDGE alone kills religion; faith alone has no protection from superstition.—*Christian Advocate (Methodist).*

THE czar's physician has advised him to take more outdoor exercise, as his close confinement is liable to kill him. This is mighty hard on the poor czar, for now he is between two fires. If he goes out he is liable to be blown to pieces by dynamite, and if he stays in the house he will die anyhow.

THE melancholy discovery is made that "gosh" is the worst kind of swearing. Eliot, in his Indian Bible, uses "osh" (my father) for the Almighty, and the early missionaries employed "gosh" (your father). It is said the Indians at once adopted the latter word for the uses of profanity.

ALBERT ROBINSON, who is described as a very quiet, retiring man, is now chained to the floor of a cell in the county jail in San Antonio, Texas. He had been considerably enthused with the religion taught by a party of Sanctificationists, preaching in that city, with the above result. He is a raving religious maniac.

THREE different religious newspapers publish Jo Cook's Monday talks unabridged, each with the statement that the lectures are revised by Cook himself. These assurances are supererogatory. The frequency with which "laughter," "applause," and "sensation" are interjected in the printed reports is a sufficient indication that the author handles the manuscript.

JOHN McGINNIS, of Philadelphia, was a Catholic. Elizabeth McGinnis, his wife, was a Protestant. To settle the religious difficulties in which they found themselvs entangled, McGinnis treated his wife with such brutality that she was obliged to leave him. He then shot her, seriously wounding her, and killed her mother. On Friday, the 4th inst., McGinnis was hanged.

THE United States treasurer has just discovered that the supply of one-dollar and two-dollar bills is nearly exhausted, and they are scarce. It is strange how long it sometimes takes an official to find out what hundreds of other people hav known for years. Yes, Mr. Treasurer, the one-dollar and two-dollar bills are scarce, and there is no great abundance of bills of a higher denomination.

A BOSTON young lady who was on a visit to New York remarked to a citizen of that place that there was "no intellectuality in New York." Upon being asked why she visited such a city, she replied, "For intellectual rest." Whereupon the wicked New Yorker remarked, "I am glad to get your explanation of your apparent lack of intellect." And now the Boston lady won't even look at the gentleman.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN having vanquished Robinson without much difficulty, should now go into training to meet his fellow-townsman, the Rev. Jo Cook, who has evinced such marked pugilistic tendencies recently. The Rev. Jo has two stout arms and a powerful tongue.—*Chicago Tribune.* It is generally believed that Sullivan's weakest point is his wind. He is, therefore, hereby warned that he is no match for Cook.

THIS is the way that the editor of the *Presbyterian Banner*, warranted orthodox, writes to his paper from Boston: "It is good cause for alarm among Congregationalists when the 'Old South' abandons orthodoxy; when Andover Theological Seminary avows a 'new departure;' when Professor Ladd, of Yale College, publishes a work the effect of which, so far as it goes, is to destroy all confidence in the scriptures; and when Dr. McLane, late of Steubenville, is called to one of the leading Congregational churches of New Haven, though repudiating altogether the orthodox view of the atonement."

ANDREW JACKSON, a Seneca Indian, living on the reserve near White Cloud, Kansas, being able to write a little, and having borrowed two and a half dollars of another Indian, John Halftown, gave his note for the money, with interest, as follows: "Me, Andrew Jackson, day after to-morrow six months will pay to John Halftown may be three or four days, $3 or $4 dollars—no fetch paper no git money by dam." Signed Andrew Jackson.

A CLERGYMAN in Durham, England, some short time since, taught an old man in his parish to read, and found him an apt pupil. After his lessons were finished he was not able to call for some time, and when he did only found the wife at home. "How is John?" said he. "How does he get on with his reading?" "Oh, nicely, sir." "Ah, I suppose he'll read his Bible very comfortably now." "Bible, sir? Bless you, he was out of the Bible and into the newspapers long ago."

THE commission which was appointed at the instance of the National Congregational Council, held in St. Louis, 1880, has concluded its work and made its report. This report is in the form of a new creed in twelve paragraphs, the last of which affirms as follows: "We believe in a final judgment, the issues of which are everlasting punishment and everlasting life." This is signed by twenty-two doctors of divinity. We trust that the younger persons among the number may liv to be ashamed of it.

A CONTROVERSY has arisen among the members of the Dutch Reformed church in New Jersey over the burial of a negro woman in a part of a cemetery set apart for white people. It has been generally supposed that the grave was a common leveler of class distinctions, and that one person was as good as another under ground, even to "the politic worm." What, inquires the Chicago *Tribune*, will the members of the Dutch Reformed church of New Jersey do when they get to heaven, where there are no reserved seats?

A SEWING MACHINE was recently won in a church lottery in this city by a reverend archbishop. About the same time several candy dealers were arrested for violating the lottery law by selling prize packages of candy. The victims of Comstock's "candy-pulling" should join the church, and make sewing machines the only prizes in their lotteries. Then, by judiciously allowing the proper persons to win the prizes, Comstock would perhaps put on his leather spectacles when he went in search of them.—*Sewing Machine Journal.*

THE Little Rock (Ark.) *Gazette* prints the following as a veritable letter of Andrew Jackson, and says it is a fair sample of his private correspondence: "I was glad to hear from you and to know that the good Lord, in his divine mercy, had thus far spared you. May he ever bless us and damn our enemies. We must all lean on the cross for support, for man is weak. Did you ever see such a damned scoundrel as John Q. Adams? I am pleased to hear that you hav professed religion and joined the church. This more effectually elevates you above the damned whigs."

DURING the great Advent revival some years ago, the time for the ascension of the believers in that religion was set for a certain day in the spring. The greater part of the inhabitants of a little village in Maine had made all preparations to be taken bodily up to heaven; they had disposed of all their worldly goods by gifts to neighbors and friends that were unbelievers, and assembled the night before, dressed in flowing robes, on a hill known as "Scoodic mountain," so as to be the first to be taken. The elder, from loss of sleep, and also a greater part of his followers, fell into a sound sleep. Thinking to protect the elder from the cold blasts of the exposed place, several friends piled limbs of trees and brush around him. Along towards morning, just before light, some one, thinking to hav a fire to keep warm, set fire to the elder's protection. The flames quickly surrounded him, and, awakened by the sparks and flames from a sound sleep, he shouted, "In hell, just as I expected!"

THE Helena, Montana, *Independent* says: "Father Imoda, who came among the Blackfeet in 1869, has many interesting reminiscences of the red man in that early day. He found polygamy one of the hardest heresies to eradicate among them. The successful hunter usually wanted more than one wife to skin the slaughtered game, tan the hides, and preserve the meat. The scarcity of game of late years has greatly aided the church in rooting out polygamy, and the young men are generally contenting themselvs with one wife."

HERE is a social item from a Winnipeg paper: "A meeting of Sunday-school teachers was held a few evenings ago at an up-town book store, and a very enjoyable evening was spent. The meeting opened with prayers and singing, after which the guests partook of coffee and cake. Dancing followed, and then the party settled down to a quiet game of eucher and whist. After the night was far spent and the dawn was at hand Mr. Richardson proposed that they should all unite in singing a hymn, 'Sun of My Soul, Thou Savior Dear.' This was done, and the guests departed, well pleased with the night's entertainment. Everybody's taste was considered, which is the only sure way of having a real good time of it."

A "SPECTATOR," writing to a religious paper, reports that he lately went to a Brooklyn church, and says that he and his family had to wait in the vestibule till the pew-holders were seated, and then they were distributed around, he in one pew, his wife in another, and the two boys in the gallery. He thinks that since the churches sell reserved seats for the season, they should sell them for the single Sunday. He would hav been very glad if he could hav sent up the Saturday before and hired reserved seats for himself and his household for that Sunday morning service. "Why not?" he asks. It is hard to say why not, except that in the case of churches like that of Talmage a theatrical license would be required. By selling the pews for the season this issue is dodged.

ATTENTION is called by the New York *Graphic* to the fact that when the verdict in the Guiteau case was announced the prisoner leaped from his chair and shouted, "God will punish you for this," and then pronounced a prophecy of vengeance upon his prosecutors, their witnesses, and the jury. Corkhill, the district attorney, has lost his office, and is looking for something to do. One of his associate counsel took to drinking soon after the trial, and is now a common drunkard. Two of the jurymen are dead; two more hav failed in business, and another is hopelessly insane. Three of the medical experts who testified to his sanity are dead, and a fourth has become insane. And now it is announced that J. W. Tilden, the chemist who discovered the poison in the bouquet Mrs. Scoville sent to her brother the morning of his execution, has gone crazy, and been committed to the Government asylum for treatment.

THE pastorship of the church of Notre Dam (Catholic), in Chicago, is the subject of unchristian remark, and givs the wicked an opportunity to scoff. The Rev. G. Cote has been removed. There has existed in the congregation for years past a dissatisfied and not overscrupulous element that, it is claimed, has done everything under heaven to hav Father Cote removed. He has frequently received threatening letters from anonymous individuals, who declared that they would notify the archbishop of some scandalous conduct on Father Cote's part. They went further, and even sent a batch of this anonymous literature to the archbishop, but his grace paid no attention to the matter. Finally, the malcontents of the parish came out and declared themselvs, after having spread most damaging stories, reflecting upon Father Cote's priestly character, among the congregation, and requested him to resign, but he refused to do so. Some of the people finally managed to influence the ecclesiastic authorities against the priest, and Father Bergerson succeeds Father Cote as pastor of Notre Dame parish. A favorit remark with the founder of THE TRUTH SEEKER was, "How these Christians love one another!" This seems to be an appropriate occasion to repeat that observation.

News of the Week.

WESTON, the pedestrian, has just completed his tramp of 5,000 miles in one hundred days.

IT is estimated that the cattle-drive from Texas during the coming season will reach 300,000 head.

AT Witchita, Kan., a man has been convicted of a murder committed while returning home from a country prayer-meeting.

HENRY GEORGE, the land reformer, was given a banquet on the 15th by the Scottish Land Restoring League of Glasgow, Scotland.

THE government of Spain, apprehensiv of a rebellious uprising, has arrested several persons, including military officers and civilians.

IT is rumored that Mr. Gladstone will dissolve the British Parliament in order to get the sense of the country on the Egyptian question.

THERE is a genuin Fenian fright in Ottawa, Can. The parliament buildings are occupied by the watchman only, and the guard has been doubled.

THE Rev. William H. Baulin, a Baptist clergyman of Lawrenceville, Pa., was struck by a train near Limerick last Saturday night and fatally injured.

THE skeleton of an Indian who, it is said, must hav been seven feet tall when alive, was unearthed at South Beach, Staten Island, N. Y., last Saturday.

SITTING BULL, the Indian chief, is on a visit to St. Paul, Minn. He evinces great interest in everything he sees, and is inclined to regard the hotel fare favorably.

A NEW Socialistic newspaper has appeared in St. Petersburg, Russia. It is called *Swobodnoje Slowa*, which means *Free Speech*. The paper strongly deprecates terrorism.

THE attendance at the Rutgers Presbyterian church of this city is falling off so rapidly that the members are talking seriously of selling out. The pastor is anxious to resign.

THE Rev. John Lyon, of Bridgeport, Conn., is missing. He went to Hartford one day last week and has not returned. It is feared that he has become demented and wandered off.

THE exports of domestic cattle, hogs, beef, pork, and dairy products from the United States during February amounted to $6,960,475, as against $9,792,040 during the corresponding month of 1883.

THE daily newspapers which pay cash for their news are endeavoring to get a newspaper copyright bill through Congress to prevent other papers from copying the news under eight hours from publication.

AT the meeting of the "Joe Brady Emergency Club," in this city last Sunday, it was claimed by the orators that the knife, poison, and dynamite were lawful means of warfare. Anything to kill off the British, they said.

THE trouble in Parson Newman's church is not yet wrestled out satisfactorily. Newman preached a sensational sermon last Sunday on slanderers and foreigners, condemning both without stint. The anti-Newman party were largely absent.

OUR Irish citizens turned out in great numbers on the 17th to celebrate St. Patrick's day. The ceremonies consisted of parading the streets in high hats and green regalia, with occasional deflections from the line of march made necessary by the evident determination of the participators to patronize impartially every liquor saloon in the city. St. Patrick may well be proud.

MR. BRADLAUGH, while delivering a lecture at Bridgewater, one night last week, against perpetual pensions, was attacked by roughs and driven from the platform by showers of rotten eggs, fruit, and fireworks. The roughs afterward attacked and wrecked the chairman's house. In the matter of the action brought against him for having voted in the House of Commons, Mr. Bradlaugh has pleaded not guilty.

A Freethought Romance.

Waifs and Wanderings.

BY SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

Chapter XX.

THE FIRST SHOT.

The years roll by. The golden fruit comes, and the bitter frost; the summer and the winter and the happy spring.

The city of E—— is throbbing to its center. Every man, woman, and child is looking on the glittering stream of soldiery as with tossing banners it surges through the principal thoroughfares. The sounds of battle are in the air—of a mighty contest.

It is a gorgeous spectacle, and the pulses leap like fire to the music and the tread of swift battalion. Many an old acquaintance do we see in the newly recruited ranks. The summons has been made, and they are marching down to Dixie.

I suppose the most resplendent figure in all those gilded troops was the chaplain, the Rev. George Adolphus Hapgood. He did look radiant indeed, as if he already had the golden harp in his hand, and was marching through the streets of the New Jerusalem. His brass buttons answered back the glitter of the sun, as if to say, We are greater than thou. He wore a cockade hat, and its feathers floated brilliantly, yet with Christian meekness, upon the air. No doubt he would make a brave warrior in the rear column, and pray mightily for the soldiers and prey mightily for himself. The latter is the only kind of preying that he himself personally believed in.

And there was our good Doctor Dobson. How happy he looked—and weighing over two hundred at least. It seemed as if he should have a double quantity of horse-flesh to carry his patriotic body. He was determined, if not to die, at least to bleed for his country's sake.

And Stubbs was colonel now, smoking his pipe and carrying a pocket edition of Shakspere, and murmuring, "Now for the big wars that make ambition virtue."

Orderly Sergeant Jones was marching in Company A, and Cupples, high private in the rear rank, was valiantly holding the musket upon his aching shoulders, and swearing a little bit to keep his spirits up, for to keep "time, time, time," was not an exercise of which he was particularly fond.

Sheriff McGuffum, of course, didn't join the ranks; but he was ready to do his level best at shouting, and this he did to-day with pre-eminent success. Indeed, he was obliged before night to soothe his self-sacrificing throat with a volcanic inruption of whisky.

So wild and mighty was the excitement that even the tomb of the stately house of the Binneys seemed to stir with life, and a bit of rag, red white and blue, floated from one of their upper windows.

And now the band pours forth the animating strains, "Away Down South in Dixie," while the troops approach the wharf. The great steamboat is ready to receive them. The feeling of the vast masses seems to grow more intense as they clap their hands, wave their handkerchiefs, and send their kisses on the trembling air. Slowly the companies file on board; then the ranks break, and the real farewell begins. Husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, fathers and daughters mingle together, and passionate cries and sobs and tender admonitions are heard. There are claspings of hands as if they could never be separated; lips touch lips in clinging fondness; tears come, and smiles flash over them to be lost again in the rushing light of other tears. Soon the great bell sounds, and the last word must now be said, the last look of love-lighted eyes be rendered, the last prayer be uttered, the last touch be given.

A thousand eyes follow the boat as it slowly drops into the middle of the stream, and floats with the tide. The setting sun flings its million-shafted light upon the fluttering penants, the draping flags, and the starry folds that sweep the breeze from the topmost staff. Immense volumes of smoke roll forth, the slow thunder of the wheels is heard as they strike the flowing waters. Mingled with this bursts again the martial music. The men bend over the railing and scan the shore with glistening eyes, and wave long adieus. The shore seems alive at every point with moving signals. The masses of sunlight illuminate the city with many-colored fires, and the multitude, swaying like an ocean, seem ready to break, and like a cataract chase with tumbling splendors the receding freight. The river flows on, the great iron arms play, the sun hastens to its setting, night advances with its million torches, and beneath the vast gulf of separation rolls. The soldiers are gone, the smoke-stack has faded from view, and aching hearts go home and wonder when the end will be.

At early evening the boat stops at the little town of H——, on the Kentucky shore. The troops disembark and prepare for a night's encampment. It is a new task to most of them, but they work with willing hands. Only he who has participated can understand the zest with which one begins to build the tented city. It seems like magic—as if from the very dust bloom forth the habitations of men.

The camp-fires blaze. The men are hungry with a royal hunger that could spice the plainest dinner and make it fit for a king. The coffee is put on, and the hard-tack boxes brought to the front, and their contents distributed with entire justice—two to every man. I believe that hard-tack is about the only thing that one gets his full share of in this world. Thank heaven, the rich can't eat it, or else they would monopolize that, and the poor man would have to go farther and fare worse.

A jolly time the boys hav. They are ready for any fate. With wise recklessness they drown sorrow in joy. It is no use to fret, and they laugh as if all were sunshine—as if they were going home and not to battle and to death.

No coffee was ever made quite so nice as that which was made in the army. Somehow it seemed to hav the concentrated essence of outdoor life. It's the richest wine that man ever drank. Even army contractors seemed to lose their power when it came to coffee, and with a good conscience furnished the pure article. But they made it up with a vengeance on commissary whisky, which was always sure to kill at forty rods.

"How's this Cupples?" said Sergeant Jones. "Do you feel homesick already?"

"That musket was heavy," said Cupples; "I'd just as leave fight, but I don't like such artillery."

"You'll get used to it."

"We can get used to anything; but I think by the time I get used to this backache I shall die."

"For all that you'll have to stand guard to-night. Your name is among the first, and for picket duty, too."

"O Lord!" said Cupples; "that's too much. I begin to think that soldiering is confounded hard. I thought it was going to be easy-like. This beats me."

"No knowing what you'll meet. The enemy may come down on you in the middle of the night. You must keep a sharp lookout."

"I don't see how I can. I'm so sleepy now that I could take a nap on an iceberg."

"Take an extra pint of coffee. To-morrow you can sleep all day; but to-night you must be as keen as a briar."

"Fall in, guard!" the cry resounded, and Cupples took his place in the ranks, and the names were called. Just then the officer of the day came up, and the Rev. George Adolphus Hapgood. The latter thought it was a good chance to make a little speech, and show how patriotic he was when there was no danger to himself.

"Brothers and sisters," he began, and then corrected himself, remembering that he was not at the accustomed prayer-meeting.

"Boys, this is a great occasion. I hope you will improve it. In the midst of life we are in death. We know not what a day may bring forth—nor the night either—so we must be circumspect and put on the whole armor of God. The wicked flee when no man pursueth; but our redeemer liveth, and if we put our trust in him we shall certainly come out with flying colors. Be ye, therefore, watchful, and in the midst of the most trying circumstances don't forget that long as the lamp holds out to burn, the vilest sinner may return."

"Not until the guard relieves him. If he does he'll be shot for desertion," cried the sergeant, as the chaplain rode away with his flying cockade, conscious that he had made one of the very best speeches of his life. I won't dispute but what he had, only it shows upon what pabulum our fashionable churches are now supported. It didn't go down with the soldier-boy, however, one bit.

"I wish he had to hold my musket," said Cupples, "I'm sick of preachin'. What good does it do? It don't cure my aching back, and I'm sure it won't keep me awake. It never did, not even in church."

It was no use to grumble, and Cupples had to shoulder his musket and march away. He hadn't the slightest idea where he was going or what he was to do. He simply did as he was told. The troop went a couple of miles to a rickety old barn. Fortunately, Cupples was on the second relief and so he had two hours' good sleep, which he made the most of—while he also rested his back on the soft side of a pine board. It needed a tremendous amount of shaking by the corporal of the guard to rouse him when his turn came; but finally he was able to stand upright and grasp his musket, answer to his name, receive the countersign, and relieve guard. It was a dreamy sort of an affair until he was left all alone, when he became thoroughly awake and felt the responsibility of his position.

He was to guard the army of the republic. Who knew what might happen—what enemy might be prowling or creeping about, what direful blow might be hovering in the air? He was on the alert. He watched every motion and tried to catch every sound. It was near midnight, and the stillness was intense, save the music of an occasional breeze that, in the unaccustomed darkness, was very much like the voice of a ghost.

Cupples was afraid; but he grasped his musket firmly, and determined that under no consideration would he run away. He dared not utter a sound. He could not walk, for his instructions were to keep in one place and do nothing but watch, and this was about the hardest thing that Cupples ever did. His imagination began to kindle, and wavering shapes seemed to come and go, and he was constantly bringing his gun to charge and was on the point of crying, "Who goes there?" when his good sense told him that it was nothing but a shadow, and he settled back to sentinel stolidity with the feeling that, after all, nothing would happen and he would go back to the camp-fire without having achieved a particle of glory, for all of which he would be profoundly grateful—for he cared much more for a whole skin than for honorable scars. His two hours were almost up, and he was beginning to congratulate himself that he had safely passed the first ordeal of army life, when he did really hear a sound. He listened, and was convinced that it was outside of the line of pickets and might be the footstep of an approaching enemy. Whatever it was, it betokened a slow and cautious movement. Cupples was in hopes that the sound would pass away; but it increased momentarily, and his heart throbbed like a trip-hammer. Was he really to meet a midnight foe; was he really to fire off that huge musket and shed blood; or, worse still, was he himself to be taken off? It was an awful situation. How his cowardly legs did want to take leave of absence; but Cupples put his lips firmly together and just clung to his musket and kept a sharp look-out, his eyes blazing almost like coals of fire as he peered into the gloomy forest that skirted the left of the encampment. He was sure he could see a moving body; but as yet the darkness was undistinguishable, and it was probably an optical illusion. Five minutes passed and nothing more occurred, and his courage recuperated wonderfully—when again the sound reverberated more close and more decided, and his courage went at once below the freezing point. There was no longer a doubt but that somebody was secretly approaching the outpost. It might be a whole army, and upon Cupples rested the reponsibility of giving the alarm. "O Mariar," said he to himself, "that I must be the first one to bleed and die! It's altogether too sudden. However, I'll fire—hit or miss, some damage will be done."

The ominous sound increased steadily, his ear detected the direction, he watched intently, and soon beyond peradventure the darkness of the forest broke into an advancing object. With one tremendous throb, Cupples cried out:

"Who goes there?"

No answer came, and the object seemed to be leaping upon him, when aiming with both his eyes and pulling the trigger with all his fingers, his gun went off with a thundering sound and flung him violently back, while he poured forth volley after volley of summons, "Corporal of the guard! Corporal of the guard!" But he never flinched one iota from his post.

The whole camp was instantly in commotion. The corporal was by his side in a moment. The guard fell in, the long roll began to sound. The alarm spread from company to company. There was rousing in hot haste. A battle seemed to be imminent. The whole brigade was under arms.

"I don't know whether I killed him or not," said Cupples to the officer of the guard, "but I fired right there."

"You did nobly," said the officer. "I make you corporal on the spot."

"I was scared though," said Cupples.

"No matter for that so long as you didn't run. Forward, and let's see what's the matter. Careful though, for the enemy may be in full force."

The torches flared in the darkness, and the picket line went cautiously on. They did not really expect to find a dead enemy, for Cupples declared that this was the first time he had ever fired off a musket, and no doubt the enemy had escaped.

"If I did hit him though, he's dead," said Cupples, "for the shot like to have killed me. It seemed to go off in all directions."

They went about ten rods into the forest, and lo and behold! the shot of Cupples had done noble execution; the first shot of the war had been successful. Before the astonished gaze of the advancing company, there lay stark dead an enormous porker, one of the finest hogs ever raised in Kentucky.

There was a tremendous shout, and Cupples was heartily congratulated. "You shall hav the best ham that hogs afford," said the officer of the guard.

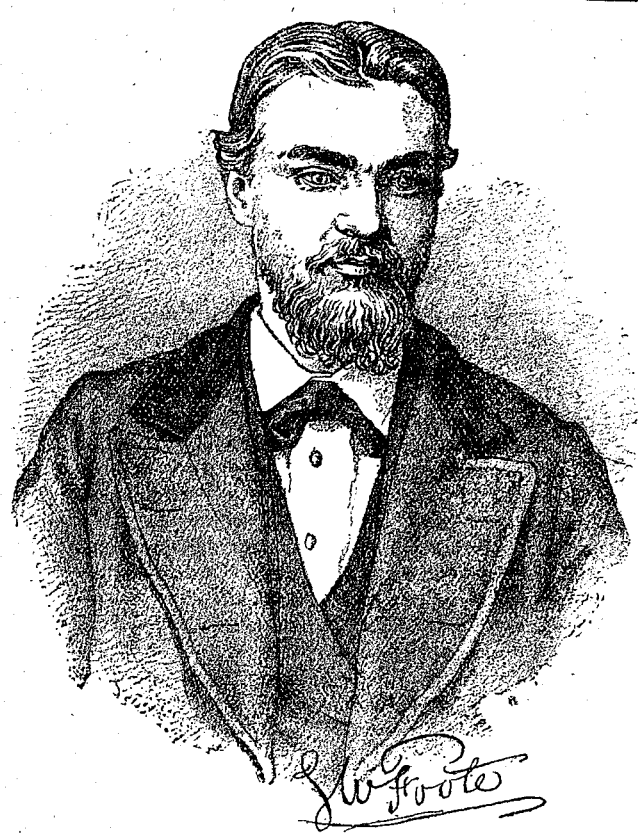
"We'll hav a barbecue altogether," said Cupples, "and invite the whole camp. I go in for union. I wish it would be hogs all the way through. It would be easy fighting and first-rate living."

"Fall in for pork, men," said the officer. "Giv the alarm for a royal dinner to-morrow noon. No danger of a retreat this time. We shall conquer hog's head, feet, and all."

"Maria and Bessie will be here," said Cupples, "and we'll dine together on the first shot of the war. We'll take it as a good omen. All's well that ends well, and what's better than roast pork?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CATALOG of our books free on application.





W. J. RAMSEY,

Sentenced, as proprietor of the *Freethinker*, to nine months' imprisonment in Holloway Jail. His release occurred on Saturday, Nov. 24, 1883, a full account of which was published in THE TRUTH SEEKER of Dec. 22, 1883.



HENRY A. KEMP,

Sentenced, as publisher of the *Freethinker*, to three months' imprisonment in Holloway Jail.

The Dungeon's Door Swings Open.

AND GEORGE WILLIAM FOOTE WALKS FORTH A FREE MAN.

On Monday morning, February 25th, the latest victim of Christian tyranny was liberated from twelve months' incarceration in Holloway jail for the fictitious offense of blasphemy. Long before eight o'clock in the morning, a crowd had begun to gather outside the great gates of the prison, which was presently largely augmented by the arrival of brakes from all parts of London, filled with men and women eager to sympathize with the man who had spent twelve months of the prime of his life within the gloomy recesses of a Christian prison.

At eight o'clock two carriages drove up to the great gates of the prison amid tremendous cheering; the first containing Mr. Charles Bradlaugh, M.P., Mrs. Besant, and the Misses Bradlaugh; the second, Mrs. Foote, Mr. Angell (father-in-law of Mr. Foote), Dr. Edward Aveling, and the Rev. Mr. Sharman (a gentleman who not long since was minister of a Unitarian congregation at Plymouth, but who left the pulpit that he might devote himself entirely to the agitation for the repeal of the blasphemy laws). The policemen who guarded the gates leading to the courtyard of the prison had evidently received orders to admit Mr. Bradlaugh and his friends, and they were allowed to drive up to the doors of the prison at once, when Mr. Bradlaugh, Mrs. Foote, and Mrs. Besant alighted and entered the prison together.

Everybody was then on the tiptoe of expectation, and the scene was one well worthy of remembrance. Three roads meet outside the prison-gates, and this afforded an exceptionally fine opportunity for an imposing demonstration. The ground rises gradually on one side, and on the highest point immediately facing the door by which Mr. Foote emerged, the wagonets were arranged in a long semicircle. From the wagonets to the great gates of the prison, the ground was packed with people, many of them, apparently, of easy circumstances, and there being a large number of ladies present, who entered into the proceedings with great enthusiasm. One of the wagonets displayed the memorable words used by Mr. Foote when sentenced by Mr. Justice North—"I thank you, my lord; it is worthy of your creed." On another were the words, "G. W. Foote, the Freethought martyr."

All eyes were now fixed with strained expectation on the great doors of the jail, and a few minutes after eight o'clock the doors of the prison slowly opened, as though reluctant to disgorge their prey, and Mr. and Mrs. Foote appeared, accompanied by Mr. Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant. Then arose a mighty burst of cheering, waving of hats and handkerchiefs; the whole of those assembled doffing their hats as the carriages drove out of the prison gates, recognizing in Mr. Foote the man who would rather endure the torture of twelve months' incarceration than cringe to a creed which he knew to be the barrier against moral, intellectual, and social progress.

A long procession was formed immediately after the carriages issued from the gates, and the procession, taking all the prominent streets in its way, drove to the Hall of Science, where a breakfast, to which some hundreds sat down, had been provided to celebrate the return of Mr. Foote to the outer world. At the conclusion of the breakfast, Mr. Bradlaugh, who was in the chair, addressing Mr. Foote, said:

Mr. Foote, we meet informally this morning to welcome you on your release from an imprisonment which, if it had been only for one week, we should hav considered petty persecution, but which, being for twelve months, we hold to be infamous in its harshness and severity. This morning our greeting is informal. On the 12th of March we shall formally testify, to you and your co-prisoners, our view of the whole persecution and imprisonment. But though the greeting to-day is informal, it is none the less hearty, real, and thorough. The cheers which commenced to greet you when Holloway jail doors first opened were the first words of the judgment of reversal of the highest court of appeal that civilized nations know—the court of public opinion, which thus reverses, annuls, and destroys the sentence passed upon you by Mr. Justice North. The friends who gathered at Holloway were numerous enough, I hope, to delight you, and are numerous enough here to show their earnestness; but they are only the few who represent the scores of thousands who in every part of England permit me to be their mouthpiece to-day. Since you hav been here you hav received from them, by letter and by telegram, testimonies to speak for themselvs. But during the last twelve months, I hav stood face to face with very many hundreds of thousands of your countrymen, and wherever your name has been mentioned there has been hearty, earnest, complete sympathy with you in your suffering, and desire for your release. You come out of Holloway jail this morning enrolled in the martyr-list, which in old times was headed by Bruno, Vanini, and Lezcynski—men who had none of that of which you hav this morning as recompense and reimbursement for their pain; for about their cinders none gathered save those who were hostil. You come out enrolled in the list which in our own century has written upon it the names of Richard Carlile, Robert Taylor, Henry Hetherington, Matilda Roalfe, James Watson, and scores of other brave and enduring Freethinkers, who all endured as you hav endured, but had not the pride to be greeted as you are greeted; for then opinion was so strong against them that it required daring to meet the prisoner on his release. To-day public opinion is working for you every hour, and your friends who meet you are proud to be able to do it. We meet to honor you for your brave and able defense of Freethought on your three trials; we meet to bear testimony to the great moral courage you hav shown; we meet to wish you health and strength in the future which is now open to you as it is to few men; we meet to assure you that the whole Freethought party throughout England looks to you to maintain the position which you fought for before Mr. Justice North, and which you won before Lord Coleridge. And I may tell you that when I and my colleague, Mrs. Besant, represented England at the International Freethought Conference at Amsterdam, we were charged most earnestly by the representativs of many nations to tender to you, as I do tender to you to-day, their warm sympathy with you in your struggle and suffering, and to express not only to you, but to the English people, as I do now express, their indignant protest against the severity of an imprisonment which at the present time is without parallel for such an offense in any civilized community in the world.

The Rev. W. Sharman, who was received with cheers, said:

Ladies and gentlemen, I rise simply for the purpose of conveying to Mr. Foote the assurance that his imprisonment shall not be a fruitless one. We mean that, as he is the latest, he shall also be the last, victim. We mean that the iniquitous state of the law which condemned him to twelve months' imprisonment shall soon be changed so that such an imprisonment shall be an impossibility. I wish to remind Mr. Foote that in this movement for the abolition of the blasphemy laws—a movement with which his name will always be chiefly associated—there are many workers to be found in the ranks of the faith that has been disgraced by his persecution. I specially mention the great services rendered by Mr. Stewart Headlam, by Canon Shuttleworth, and also by Mr. Verinder and those associated with him in the Guild of St. Matthew. I will not presume to stand between you and Mr. Foote another moment; but I will simply repeat my assurance of sympathy, and my determination to press on in the work we hav undertaken, so that Judge North, and any other judge like him, shall hav no opportunity of again disgracing English justice.

Mr. Foote, whose rising was the sign for great cheering, said:

Friends—for I think I may call you so who hav assembled to giv me such a hearty and enthusiastic greeting this morning—I perceive that my friends, Mr. Bradlaugh and the Rev. W. Sharman, are in excellent form. They hav not had the disadvantage I hav labored under of being out of practice for twelve months. The prison rule is silence. Fortunately, nowadays, the silence is not perpetual as it was in old times, and when a man is outside the prison walls there is no law that I am acquainted with to gag him. I hav looked forward to meeting my friends and the lovers of Freethought and justice from the very moment I entered those subterranean apartments which lie beneath the dock of the Old Bailey. I heard then the roar through the thickness of the walls and the earth of an indignant crowd of my fellow-countrymen outside and to-day I am privileged to hear more than their indignation; I am privileged to hear the voice of their acknowledgment that when I stood before a judge who so far forgot the dignity of the bench as to act as counsel for the prosecution, I did not altogether disgrace the cause which I had the honor then to represent. If I were to consult my own feelings instead of the calendar, I should say I had been in jail twelve years instead of twelve months. To the ordinary criminal confinement is painful; to a man accustomed to such an activ bodily and intellectual life as I enjoyed, such confinement was simply horrid. But still, Freethinkers, as Mr. Bradlaugh's enemies hav found, take a deal of killing, and I am happy to say that, although naturally my imprisonment has somewhat reduced my dimensions, I am still not unwell, and I mean, with a due regard to my health, to plunge at once into the work which Mr. Justice North—or perhaps I should say Judge North—took me, and from which Jailer Harcourt has ever since kept me.

I hav been for twelve months locked up, day and night, in a brick vault about twice the size of a grave, and nearly as somber. It is quite a treat to see daylight. My time has not been altogether wasted, it is true; so far as the prison light permitted, I hav read a good many books. I hav made use of my time for study ever since the commissioners allowed me to hav books; and, so far as I could, I hav done justice to what victuals were provided me. There is a deal of monotony, you know, in having exactly the same thing for breakfast every day, exactly the same thing for dinner, and exactly the same thing for tea—especially tea—for I can assure you that until I drank the very excellent cup of tea provided for me here this morning, I did not know how bad prison tea was. Now, I hav been imprisoned in a felon's cell for twelve months without having committed a crime. I hav deliberately never injured man, woman, or child. And permit me to say that if the law of a country will imprison men who are guilty of no real crime, it is not the alleged criminal, but the law, which must bear the disgrace. During the whole of that time I hav been able to ponder the glorious truth that England is a free country. My friends, you frequently hear this boasted of on platforms, especially before a general election; but it is not quite true. Mr. Bradlaugh, although for the fourth time, as I am happy to hear, elected by the same constituency to the same Parliament, cannot get inside because, as I heard one of the rough, uneducated prisoners say in Holloway jail, the men in the House of Commons—to use his very expressiv words—"is like a lot o' kids." Well, it is idle to talk about a free country so long as Mr. Bradlaugh cannot take the seat to which he is entitled. It is idle to talk of a free country when we hav Mr. Truelove here this morning, who suffered four months of horrible imprisonment for a man of his age, for simply giving publicity to ideas which every man should hav the right to publish. Nay, it was not very long before that that Mr. Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant were both within the very shadow of the walls of a jail, and only secured exemption from imprisonment by a very happy legal technicality, which did not in my case arise, because, profiting by their fault in drawing up the indictment against Mr. Bradlaugh, they took care to make mine all correct. And I say, too, it is nonsense to talk about England being a free country while men and women such as I see before me now, and such as I saw outside Holloway Jail, hav to welcome a prisoner from imprisonment for no crime. I hav pondered that truth for twelve months, and I can assure you it is profoundly impressed on my mind, Shall we as Freethinkers and Radicals, and justice-loving English people, submit to this? I, for one, fresh from the horrors of a Christian jail, say No! Now let me say a word or two—and only a word or two—about the trials and their results. One grand result was the recognition by the Lord Chief Justice of England of the fact that Freethinkers are entitled to courtesy. Unfortunately another judge—whose name would scarcely be known except it had figured in connection with the blasphemy trials—had shown an opposit example; but Lord Coleridge told the jury, and showed by his own example in court, that Freethinkers were entitled to courtesy, and what is more, that they were entitled to justice. I do not, however, wish anyone to understand that I consider freedom of thought is in any safer position because of the judgment of Lord Coleridge. It was a very humane decision; but it was one which makes it possible for any unscrupulous judge in the future to play fast and loose with the principle of persecution and the principle of freedom, and persuade a jury that they may send a Freethinker to jail, not because he has impugned their opinions, but because he has outraged their taste. And I am afraid the ordinary common jury of the Old Bailey, consisting perhaps—with no disrespect to those trades, but with a recognition that men in those trades hav not usually much time to study the niceties of free speech—I say it is to be expected that a jury consisting of half a dozen green grocers and half a dozen tallow-chan-

dlers should easily take the judge's view, and send a man to jail simply because they do not happen to like the cut of his opinions. One grand result, however, is that Mr. Justice Stephen has drafted a bill for abolishing these laws. In a memorable conversation in Shakspere a question was asked: "Stands Scotland where it did?" Fortunately, I hav not got to ask whether Justice North stands or sits where he did. I say stands or sits, because during the trial he stood about as much as he sat. He is removed to another sphere, I am happy to know, where both his bigotry and his eccentricities, while they may possibly inflict injury on the rights or property of his fellow-countrymen, can no longer endanger either their liberties or their lives. Judge North sent me to jail; Jailer Harcourt has kept me there. I wish it to be distinctly understood that no mitigation of the rigor of my sentence has ever come from Sir William Harcourt. I hav had books to read during the last nine months simply by the kindness of the commissioners. When on my entering jail I wrote to Sir William Harcourt on an official sheet of paper, asking amongst other things that I might hav books to read, the cold, formal reply came a month later that the secretary of state for the Home Department saw no reason to accede to my request. I hav had some change in diet; but I had the ordinary prison fare until after my trial before Lord Coleridge; and I owe nothing of this to Sir William Harcourt. I owe it to the kindness, rather, I will add, to the lofty humanity of Lord Coleridge, and the voice of public opinion throughout the country which had even reached the ears of people within the walls of Holloway Jail. Sir William Harcourt, not satisfied with maintaining the rigor of our imprisonment so far as he could, took the opportunity of libeling us in the House of Commons —a position where a man can be as libelous as he pleases without any danger. There is not a word of truth about Sir William Harcourt's statement that we were imprisoned for indecent libel. If we published an indecent libel, why did they not prosecute us for that? They knew they had no case. They prosecuted us for a blasphemous libel; and it is a villainous thing that, in order to justify himself, a member of a "Liberal" ministry, who looks after prisoners and another class of people of the opposit sex, beginning with a *p*, and who may be called, considering his duties, the common scavenger of the government, should be able, from the shelter of his official position, to libel men who at any rate hav shown their readiness to make some sacrifice for their principles, which I do not think he ever showed much readiness to do. Of my treatment in jail I hav already said something. I must, however, add that I shall ever bear a grateful recollection of Colonel Milman, the governor of Holloway Jail, who has shown himself throughout a gallant gentleman. The doctor also has done his very best for me, as well as for my fellow-prisoners. Of the chaplain I may say that he was so much exasperated and cut up by the reception which my friend Mr. Ramsey met with on his release that he has thought it prudent to go away for the benefit of his health. His visits to me in jail were not like angel's visits—few and far between. Shortly before the time when I was entitled to read books—when I had been in prison two months—he called, promising to let me hav some books fit to read; but I never saw anything of him after the time that I was entitled to them, and on the whole, I am very glad that I was under no obligation to him. I hav studied pretty thoroughly the operation of his teaching and the doctrins of his faith on prisoners in Holloway jail, and I shall hav an opportunity of saying something on that on Wednesday evening. The chaplain is a gentleman very anxious, according to his own account, to be "at home in heaven," as he phrases it, and yet he is always particularly anxious about his health. During the twelve months of my imprisonment he has had about three months' leave of absence. On the last occasion, when he addressed us before leaving the jail for the seaside, he stated he was going away to see what the Lord intended to do with him—and I hav heard several of the prisoners in their muttered conversations wonder what the Lord *was* doing with him. But I will leave him, contenting myself with repeating what I hav already said, that I am exceedingly glad I am under no obligation to him. There has been a great gain, I am glad to know, to our cause. The "blood of the martyrs," it was said, was the "seed of the church;" and we know very well that all persecution, unless it absolutely exterminates, must giv more strength and fervor to the persecuted party, and I verily believe that if our opponents will only continue to persecute us for a whole generation, we shall hav won a decided and irreversible victory over them. Mr. Bradlaugh has well said that no such greeting as this welcomed men in bygone days who suffered for Freethought. True, and it is a melancholy reflection; but it has also its bright side—because if such a welcome as I hav met with this morning is possible now, it shows that our principles are spreading. It shows that it is considered no longer a disgrace to testify one's love, not only of freedom, but of the principles that are activly assailed by those who profess themselvs lovers of freedom. There has been a great gain to our cause, and I hope I shall liv long enough to assist in a still greater gain to our cause. I thank you, friends, for the welcome you hav given me this morning. You will never know, until you stay twelve months in Holloway jail, the great joyous truth of Robert Burns's saying, "Liberty's a glorious feast"—the most glorious of all feasts. I thank you for your greeting. I am not played out. I am thinner. The doctor told me I had lost two stone, and I believe it. But I do not think the timbers of the ship after all are much injured. The rogues ran me aground, but they never made me haul down the flag. Now I am floated again I mean to let the old flag stream out on the wind as before. I mean to join the rest of our fleet in fighting the pirates and slavers on the high seas of thought. Mr. Justice North might hav thought that he was silencing Freethought at the Old Bailey; he might also perhaps hav thought that he was silencing or at least converting me; but he has done nothing of the kind. He has not silenced Freethought, because that is a task which a million Norths would fail before. He has not silenced me, because I am speaking to you in the same old strain this morning, and I hope that health and strength will be mine to go from one end of the country to the other to ask my fellow-countrymen what they think of my imprisonment. I shall ask them whether they do not think that the persecuted cause, which always, so far as I am aware, speaks out on behalf of the most precious rights of humanity, should hav a warmer place in the affections of all men and women who contribute something to the national greatness by the sweat of their brows or the labor of their brains, than the parties who simply liv upon the fruits of others' industry and use old effete principles and bygone, but not yet utterly dead, prejudices, to cripple those they hav not the strength to meet in a free and open encounter.

The meeting dispersed after giving three cheers for Mr. Foote. We may now ask ourselvs, "With whom lies the victory?" With the men who think that free inquiry and investigation can be stifled and suppressed by shutting up in prison for a year a man holding dangerous opinions? I think not. Rather with the man who, having suffered a cruel imprisonment, returns to activ life prepared to strike yet harder, to struggle yet more strenuously, to fight yet more energetically, against the creed which, though it cannot kill, is yet willing to strike the blow which, in its weakness, recoils upon itself. But we may console ourselvs with the conviction that, the tendency of the times is against persecution for matters of opinion, and that every blow aimed at Freethinkers is merely another nail in the coffin of orthodoxy. As Shelley says:

"Think not the tyrants will rule forever,
Or the priests of the bloody faith;
They stand by the brink of that mighty river
Whose waves they hav tainted with death.
It is fed from the depth of a thousand dells;
Around them it surges, it foams, and it swells;
And their swords and their scepters I floating see
Like wrecks on the surge of eternity."

ROBERT YOUNG.

The Liberal Club.

The lecture before the Manhattan Liberal Club on the evening of Friday, the 14th, was of the kind upon which there is no discount. It was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Gallagher, who is pastor of a Unitarian church in this city. His subject was "Mormons and Mormondom." Mr. Gallagher is a young man and a good declaimer. There is something of the actor and a good deal of the preacher about him, but the general effect of his style is agreeable. He was for several years a resident of Utah, and his testimony against Mormonism was that of an eye-witness. He read his lecture from manuscript, contrary to his custom, he said, because he had heard that speakers before the Liberal Club were held accountable for the deeds done in that body, and he wished to be accurate. Mr. Gallagher gave a brief outline of the life of Joseph Smith, the founder of Mormonism. He believed that Smith was actuated by a conviction that he was born for some great work, and that this conviction carried him through difficulties which would hav crushed him under any other circumstances. The worldly success of the Mormon people, the speaker said, was due to the practical nature of their religion, which was half superstition and half political economy. The priest tells his hearer how to raise good crops as well as how to save his soul. Mormon proselytism is carried on in foreign countries by the grossest misrepresentation. The missionaries hold up the most promising prospects to converts. Two young women of Mr. Gallagher's church at Salt Lake City told him that the missionary who brought them over from Europe related marvelous tales of the fertility of the soil in Utah. The missionary told them that upon the hillsides the honey bees fastened their comb, and that the cows, feeding upon the luxuriant vegetation, secreted so much milk that it dripped from their udders. The products of the cows and bees running down the mountain side together made Utah a land literally flowing with milk and honey. The poor girls were sadly disappointed when they came in sight of the arid Wasatch mountains, where a bee would die of melancholy and a cow would starve. The Mormons, the speaker said, were consummate liars and would not hesitate to perjure themselvs in the interests of their religion. The condition of women was that of the utmost degradation. Every natural instinct of womanhood and motherhood was crushed out. Still the women were the stanchest supporters of the priesthood. Mr. Gallagher could not account for this fact. He knew of a laborer who made about two dollars a day, and who had four wives. He did not support any of them. He boarded around a week at a time with each, and they had to provide for themselvs. This was the average condition of poor Mormons who were polygamists. Mr. Gallagher was firm in the belief that polygamy should be suppressed. He would confiscate the property of polygamists, giv one-half the proceeds to the public school fund, and the other half to the first and only legal wife. A renewal of the polygamous relations with either of the other wives he would punish as a crime. He would further make Mormons ineligible to any public office. A large number of other repressiv measures were also recommended by the speaker, together with various precautionary methods to make it impossible for either Mormon or gentile men and women to liv together in Utah or elsewhere as man and wife without having been legally married. The family, the speaker held, was the foundation of the republic, and loose marriage and divorce laws were inimical to our institutions.

At the termination of Mr. Gallagher's lecture a resolution was passed urging the governor to veto the bill which has passed the New York legislature making Good Friday a legal holiday.

Professor Eccles then took the floor. He could think of no more effectiv method of killing Mormonism than to induce every disciple of Joseph Smith to read the Book of Mormon. It was so full of absurdities and contradictions that no one could believe it after reading. The miracles of the Bible were a mere bagatelle compared with those of this book. To effect the decease of polygamy Mr. Eccles would recommend that every male Mormon should be forced to take a plurality of wives. They pretend to believe polygamy is necessary to salvation. Let us, then, compel every Mormon to be saved. Mr. Eccles said further that he did not see how we could consistently suppress polygamy in Utah while we had an Elizabeth street in New York.

Mr. Langerfelt thought it would be a great joke for our legislators at Washington to make laws restricting Mormons to the practice of one wife. He liked the economic part of Mormonism. It was the best thing in the country. But the Mormons had a monopoly of wives, and he could not abide monopoly in any form.

Mr. Andrews, when he stepped upon the platform, was received with a brave round of applause. He had been absent from the two previous meetings, on account of indisposition, and the cheering was the way the club had of showing they were glad to see he had got the better of the rheumatism. Mr. Andrews said that the reverend orator had been very candid and lucid in his statements; nevertheless, whoever came upon that platform did so for the purpose and at the risk of receiving whatever criticism might suggest itself to the minds of others. Mr. Andrews's remarks were so appropriate, and withal so valuable, that, contrary to the custom in these reports, they are given nearly entire. He said:

Notwithstanding what has been said and conceded in favor of the economical administration of the Mormon people, the burden of the discourse we hav listened to was that Mormonism is a foul blot upon the otherwise fair escutcheon of these United States and of the nineteenth century, and that it should be suppressed, not, the speaker thinks, by the shot-gun policy, but by stringent legislation, which is, after all, the ballot with the bullet just back of it. Now I stand here for the purpose of presenting the subject from a different point of view. In a very important and governing sense Mormonism is, in my judgment, one of the most precious and desirable facts in the history of the last half century. It is a precious boon to the age we liv in. It holds the mirror up to nature. It shows us precisely, here and now, the whole method and process by which a religion, founded upon faith in the supernatural, takes its rise in the subjectiv illumination of a single individual; in the credit given to his visions, illuminations, and authoritativ utterances by a little handful of impressionable and zealous apostles; in the gradual consolidation of this primitiv band of leaders into a powerful hierarchy and organized priesthood, believed in, submitted to, implicitly accepted, obeyed, and devoutly served by the still blinder and more ignorant masses, until an organization more powerful than any army; more powerful, it may be, than any civil government; more powerful, it may be, for a time, than all the enlightened, best interests of humanity, arises and establishes itself under the name of a church.

Now Mormonism has given us, during the last half century, right here, in present modern time, the opportunity to witness the precise way of this immense phenomenon. One hundred years ago nobody knew, or could know, what we now know of the engendering, gestation, and ultimate evolution of a great religious movement. Mormonism has contributed to us that knowledge. It is now easy to see what was before almost wholly hidden in or beyond the murky depths of past history, that every religion has arisen, grown, and unfolded itself in the same way; on the basis of faith, and specifically on the basis of faith in the subjectiv illumination of some individual man or woman. The instances of this remarkable evolution sufficiently modern to be somewhat known to us are Buddhism, Christianism, Mohammedanism, Shakerism, and Mormonism. The most modern, the most distinctivly pronounced to our observation, the most important, therefore, for us, is Mormonism. We could not afford to be without Mormonism. It is Mormonism that is going to show all the other great religious corporations precisely what they are and where they stand. They all build upon the same foundation. They are all tarred with the same stick. Moses, Abraham, and Joseph Smith are in no essential particular different from each other. Abraham was the ancient "father of the faithful," Joseph Smith the modern. Abraham heard God speak within him, commanding him to murder his own son, and was ready to do it, as Freeman, of Massachusetts, murdered his own daughter. That one fact marked him as father of the faithful and founded three of the great dominating religions of the world, Judaism, Christianism, and Mohammedanism. The same one voice from heaven, heard only in the secret vaults of an indviidual human mind, has founded, heretofore, all the great religious organizations. The basis of the whole thing is the exact opposit of objectiv observation, inductiv reasoning, rational reflection, and scientific instruction. The true orders of development are the exact antitheses of each other.

And now come the other branches of the same tree, the other religious organizations and churches of the land, proposing to resort to their old, exploded, discarded, un-American, and damnable method of persecution, by shot and shell, by bullet and ballot, by compulsion and incarceration, to extinguish Mormonism. It must be the Freethinkers, Liberals, the men who hav a rational as against an inspirational basis, who shall be called in to keep the peace, to defend Americanism as a principle, to insist upon absolute fair play for all.

It is said that Mormonism is a threat against the well-being, continuance, and success of the American experiment in free government. That is undoubtedly true; but in that respect it is nowise different from Catholicism, nor indeed from any and every other religious organization based upon a supernatural allegiance. Indeed, in America, every man who is not an ultra-radical is a secret enemy and a foreigner!

Nay, indeed, we could not afford to be without Mormonism. It shows us what every supernatural religion really is. It will in the end show all the supernatural religions to one another as they are. It is as rich a donation from fate to the nineteenth century as the art of daguerreotyping. It shows the spiritual faces of the religious sects to one another, precisely as the daguerreotype shows our physical countenances—marred, malformed, and mangy as they may happen to be. Yes, let them try it on. Let them persecute the Mormons here and now, right in the brilliant focus of this luminous and progressiv age. Every torch they light will kindle a fire in the roofs of their own edifices. Every blow they strike will recoil upon their own heads. The socialistic day of judgment is at hand. All parties must learn by some disciplin or other to stand upon a basis of equal rights, and to leave to others the same freedom which they claim for themselvs.

The discourse of to-night has failed to place the subject upon any fundamental principle. It was assumed by the reverend orator, without any justification, that our American institutions rest upon monogamy, and that monogamy rests upon Christianity. Neither position is true. Americanism to be true to the grandeur of its fundamental conception should be able

to accommodate, to test, and impartially to compare every possible variety of the relation of the sexes, and all other social relations. It in no manner whatsoever rests upon monogamy any more than it rests upon old-bachelorhood, old-maidism, Shakerism, or Oneida-perfectionism. And in the next place it is not true that monogamy itself rests in any proper sense upon Christianity. That has been assumed and said by the Christian teachers, and generally believed in; but modern historical criticism is opening our eyes to new views of old facts. Polygamy prevailed throughout Southern Asia and Europe, including Judea, at the time of Christ. It was neither reproved nor reformed by him. Monogamy came in chiefly through the Teuton or German influence from the North. It was thoroughly established there, and the complete equality of women with men practically realized by these people before Christianity rose to be a power in the world. The most that can be said for Christianity is that it adopted monogamy, and enforced it with a rigor which has made it, in turn, an intolerable tyranny, when united, as it was, with the religious spirit of bigotry and persecution. The moment that we put arbitrary limits upon freedom there is no freedom. Another reason why we cannot spare Mormonism is that American liberty is a great deal safer with two, five, or a dozen great competing hierarchies in our midst than if there were only one. The freedom we hav achieved in America is very greatly due to the numerousness of our religious sects. They hav mutually checkmated each other, and given the opportunity for the growth of freedom which the predominance of any single sect effectually would hav suppressed. So now we are safer with Mormonism and Romanism as both hostil to Americanism than we should be with either alone.

Mr. Gallagher, in replying, said the criticisms that had been made upon the Bible and the church rolled off like water from a duck's back when thrown at him. He did not believe that the Bible was infallibly inspired. He did not believe, either, that Christ would ever come again to reign upon earth. Thank God, he belonged to a church that was as free as the wind. He was bound by no creed. Mr. Andrews had said that he (Mr. Gallagher) had based the subject upon no fundamental principle. Well, he might hav gone through a process of induction and deduction; but he believed he was before an audience that wanted facts. That was all he had aimed to giv them. Polygamy could never furnish us the mental and physical manhood that was the result of monogamy. It had never produced, for instance, a man like the chairman. "Look," said Mr. Gallagher, "at that robust form—those muscles." (Mr. Wakeman extended his arms and felt of his biceps). "These," continued the speaker, "would be impossible under a system of polygamic marriage." He did not condemn polygamy on religious grounds, but because it degraded woman, deprived her of all she had a right to claim from man, and destroyed the home, the most sacred spot on earth.

J. W. Stillman, Esq., is engaged for the next meeting of the club. He will discuss Mormonism from a constitutional point of view.

Woman Suffrage and Prohibition.

I do not know what the attitude, strictly speaking, of the woman suffragists is toward the question of prohibition. I believe that as a rule women are in favor of prohibitory laws as applied to the sale of liquor. This is shown by several recent events, among others the threat of a woman suffrage speaker that the Republicans of Indiana must giv that state good temperance laws or the party must die. Now, to my mind, this meddling with the question of prohibition is the gravest error that our lady would-be voters could commit. It hardly becomes a class struggling for their own liberties to clamor so loudly for laws restricting the liberties of others.

To the understanding of those who look at both the measure and the outcome, woman suffrage and prohibition alike hav their difficulties. Woman suffrage is right in principle—against this statement there is no argument that holds good; but men who see the inevitable effect of extending the electiv franchise to woman cannot experience the enthusiasm which the justness of woman's demands would arouse if the case were different. The majority of women are pious. That mental affliction called spirituality is, on the average, more pronounced in woman than in man. She is therefore naturally more "religious" than he. Left to herself, she will forget to reason when once her sympathies are enlisted in any direction. If the Constitution stands in her way, she classes it with the other obstacles as something to be surmounted. There are exceptions to this rule; the lady contributors to THE TRUTH SEEKER may be among them. Given legislativ power, and what disaster would not emotional and superstitious woman precipitate upon this country? At the suggestion of priests the Jewish Jehovah would find his way into our national Constitution at as early a date as the provisions of that instrument concerning amendments would permit. This is a consummation devoutly to be dreaded; yet who can doubt that the supporters of a waning superstition would take advantage of their influence over women to bring it about through the ballot?

Up to this time, I believe, woman suffragists, through their representativs, hav not pronounced upon this God-in-the-Constitution question, but their advocacy of prohibition indicates which way their sympathies tend. Prohibition is essentially a church movement. Religious people are natural-born suppressors.

Freethinking women who are also woman's rights advocates admit that pious women would probably at first make of their newly-gained privilege the intemperate use of which I hav spoken, but urge that liberty must be its own corrector. They will not, however, apply the same reasoning to the matter of intemperance in the use of alcoholic liquors, or even of tobacco, the indulgence in which, I hav no doubt, they would prohibit with equal promptness. I sincerely hope that women may gain their rights, but it is still more desirable that they should first acquire a proper appreciation of the rights of others and how to exercise their own.

As to the difficulties of prohibition, they originate with the principle upon which the movement is founded. That principle is wrong, though the effect sought after is indisputably good. If the sale of liquor can be legally prohibited, so can that of tobacco, tea, coffee, candy, corsets, tight boots, and high-heeled shoes—all of which are said to be evils; and with vegetarians in the ascendancy, meat, butter, spices, in fact, the larger part of the grocer's stock in trade. When the first and greatest of these evils (liquor) shall hav been legislated out of the market, these natural-born suppressors will turn upon that which the loudest-mouthed may deem next in importance. There can be no logical stopping-place for prohibitionists until the American citizen is restricted by law to a diet of oatmeal and cold water.

Thus we see that in woman suffrage and prohibition two opposing movements strike hands—the one for more liberty, the other for less; the one founded on justice, yet destined to work immediate and almost irreparable harm; the other based upon a pernicious principle, and at the same time calculated to do at once, if practicable, immeasurable good. How can the patriot and reformer do otherwise than hold his judgment in suspense? I move you, Mr. Editor, that both motions be laid upon the table.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

To Go or Not to Go; That's the Question.

DEAR TRUTH SEEKERS: Ever since Mr. Lacy spoke in THE TRUTH SEEKER about having me go somewhere and see slate-writing and other phenomena of Spiritualism I hav been receiving letters from one and another urging me to go, and some offering me assistance to do so. I hav received a letter from Mr. Lacy this week saying he will send me twenty-five dollars towards paying my expenses whenever I am ready to start, and Mr. Slenker's sister offers to keep house for me while I am gone, so if there are enough of you who feel a sufficient interest in having me go to New York or Boston and stay a week or two and visit some of the prominent mediums, writing out for THE TRUTH SEEKER precisely what I see, experience, and think of it all, I will agree to go if you will furnish the funds. It will be of no personal profit to me, and hence I do not object to receiving the needed help, as I shall use it in the advancement of light, truth, and knowledge. A dollar or two from each one of those who hav been asking me to go will be amply sufficient.

All contributions will be acknowledged in THE TRUTH SEEKER, and should circumstances or lack of funds prevent me from going the money will be held in trust for the donor and at his or her disposal.

I would like to go as early as June so as to be there before the intense heat of summer. I think you all know me well enough to be sure that I shall deal fairly and honestly all around and make no attempt to evade the truth, let facts, or seeming facts, go for or against my present ideas or prejudices.

Address Elmina D. Slenker, Snowville, Va.

Truly, ELMINA.

Mr. Greene and Mr. Truesdell's $500.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Permit me to suggest to Mr. C. H. Greene (see THE TRUTH SEEKER of Feb. 16th) the policy of verifying the wonderful slate-writing mediumship of Mr. W. A. Mansfield by accepting and winning the $500 offered by Mr. Truesdell, rather than "designate 'Bottom Facts' as a misnomer." By so doing he will prove the falsity of "Bottom Facts" and its author, gain $500, establish the reputation of his medium, and, above all, furnish to Spiritualism and one of its main supports—slate-writing—one of the best tests the world has ever known. Please try it, Messrs. Greene and Mansfield. I am impatient to hav Mr. Truesdell lose that money. ELLA E. GIBSON.

Barre, Mass., Feb. 16, 284.

The Author of the Junius Letters.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* With honor and respect to the name and memory of Thomas Paine, of revolutionary fame, for his political and religious teaching to mankind, we cannot with any reasonable acknowledgment confer the honor of the letters of Junius upon Thomas Paine. Sir Philip Francis, a member of the British Parliament, and an activ promoter of the articles of impeachment of Warren Hastings, was considered by some as the author of Junius's letters. He died in 1818. Hugh Boyd was born in Ireland, in 1746, and educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and bred to the law; but being of a dissipated turn, he abandoned his profession. Having formed connections in England, he went to London, and through the introduction of Mr. Richard Burke became acquainted with the most celebrated literary characters. In 1772 he married a lady of considerable fortune. He was author of several political writings, and the celebrated "Letters of Junius." He accompanied Lord Macartney to India in the capacity of a second secretary. In 1793 he published the *Indian Observer*, a periodical paper, which was the first attempt of the kind in India, and gained him a great reputation. These essays were afterward collected and printed at Calcutta, in 8vo, 1795, and reprinted in London, 1798. He died in 1794, the year after he published the *Indian Observer*.

St. Joseph, Mo. M. H. BLACKFORD.

Two Opinions of S. W. Dorsey.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I was not a little surprised on reading your article on "How Garfield Carried Indiana." You must hav a very mean opinion of Garfield to take so readily the word of a notorious public plunderer, which, if true, proves Garfield to hav been not only a fool, but the vilest of human kind. Was Garfield so simple as not to know that every letter he wrote when a candidate for the presidency would be made public? If S. W. Dorsey ever received such letters as he speaks of, why does he not show them or publish them? That would clinch the matter. If he (Dorsey) was despicable enough to be Garfield's agent in such "dirty depths," let him prove it by producing the letters. He can sink no lower himself. S. STEBBINS.

Dugdale, Pa.

From the New York Sun of Feb. 25, 1884.

"It is only justice to him [Dorsey] to say that we hav never seen any evidence that he would tell a falsehood for any purpose whatever."

Obituary.

Died, at Mountain View, Cal., Feb. 8, E.M. 284, Evan Jenkins, aged 55 years.

He was a Freethinker during his lifetime. The death-bed terrors, as described by the elect of God, came not on the dying Infidel. His close of life was as peaceful as could be expected considering the nature of his disease, and the pain and suffering it caused; life passed away almost as smoothly as the "coming of the dawn."

"Thou grim king of terrors, thou, life's gloomy foe,
Go frighten the coward and slave;
Go teach them to tremble, fell tyrant! but know
No terrors hast thou for the brave."

DIO.

Lectures and Meetings.

THE Liberals of Leavenworth, Kan., hav secured the Rev. A. E. Higgins, who recently renounced orthodoxy, to occupy the platform of their lecture-room for the ensuing year.

MR. CHARLES WATTS expects to again visit this country on a lecturing tour. He will probably arrive in August. Friends desiring to engage him may address him now at his English home, 74 Herne Hill Road, Loughboro Junction, London S.E.

THE world moves! Within three weeks J. E. Remsburg has lectured in six churches, at Laura, O., Chesterfield, Ind., and Union, Nunda, Hainesville, and McHenry, Ill. Mr. Remsburg will be in Moline, Ill., March 17th; Wyoming, Ill., 18th, 19th, and 20th; Hannibal, Mo., 21st; Leon, Iowa, 22d, and 23d; Corning, Iowa, 24th, 25th, and 26th.

MR. CHAINEY lectured again in New York on the evening of Sunday, the 16th. There was a full house. Mr. Chainey's subject on this occasion was the "Life and Teachings of Ingersoll." He had intended, he said, to make his lecture somewhat descriptiv of Mr. Ingersoll's career, but he had learned that the colonel desired his friends to say as little about his deeds as possible, but to let his ideas stand upon their merits independently of what he might do or not do. Therefore the speaker mentioned in this direction only the fact that Col. Ingersoll was the son of an orthodox minister, and in early life commenced practicing at the bar. The lecture consisted largely of extracts from Ingersoll's writings, and as Mr. Chainey as a reader is scarcely inferior to the author himself, the effect was fine. The world made a mistake, the speaker said, in denominating everything in the line of Ingersoll's teachings "Ingersollism." Freethought was not the effect of Ingersoll, but Ingersoll was the effect of Freethought. As without the stage and the writers of plays who preceded him a Shakspere would hav been impossible, so without Freethought and men like Voltaire and Paine in the past no Ingersoll would exist in the present. The destructiv work of Freethought, Mr. Chainey added, was nearly accomplished. The majority of intellects worth gathering to the Liberal fold had been gathered. Those who had not heard Freethought lecturers were generally too stupid to be benefited if they should hear one. People in Boston who a few years before applauded to the echo the speaker's attacks on Christianity now took no interest in the movement whatever. Mr. Chainey's lecture was well received and the applause frequent, and at the close a satisfactory collection was taken up. The fourth Sunday in April Mr. Chainey will return and speak upon "The Genius of Shakspere and its Relations to Secularism."

Communications.

Vivisection Philosophy in the Whole Shell.

The letters which THE TRUTH SEEKER continues to receive and publish concerning vivisection show that there is more interest in the subject among its readers than I imagined, and as the poet and sentimentalist has been favored with another full page, room may be found for a plain statement from a matter-of-fact young man. As usual, folks who are so horrified by the infliction of pain upon animals lose sight of the sufferings of us poor mortals—especially mine.

Mr. Pinney and others say cruel things without any thought of my feelings. Mr. Tompkins doesn't believe I can hav a disposition above a hyena or jackal, and Mr. Preston spares neither myself nor his own friends, for he must see how much pain he is inflicting upon Mattie C. Mitchell and other sympathetic women by the recital of vivisection atrocities.

Of course, I squirm, and if you will permit me, I will offer my protest against the tortures so inhumanely inflicted upon me by your correspondents, whom I would like to call my friends.

It is now evident that I hav been deliberately walking into hot water, and hav taken again an unpopular side. To one who is theologically, politically, and medically a come-outer, it is no new thing to find himself unpopular and stemming against the tide of public opinion; but in this matter I do experience a new sensation in being on the side of success, for as yet the anti-vivisectors hav not succeeded in convincing legislatures of the necessity for, or wisdom of, enacting laws for the suppression of vivisection.

In the state of New York Henry Bergh, with all his power of organized society backed by abundant funds, has not obtained the law he worked for, and only of late the Prussian parliament has refused a petition which only asked for the prevention of vivisection as a means of instruction in public educational institutions. This opens up another point of view, and a thorough discussion of vivisection would include a separate consideration of vivisection in four phases, with and without anesthetics, and whether it may be carried on for discovery only or for instruction also.

Personally I am one who would not needlessly set foot upon a worm, and am by nature so constituted that the "living, conscious, quivering flesh" which casts such a shudder through Mattie C. Mitchell, affects me similarly, but fortunately I am not submerged by my sympathies, and in spite of a natural reluctance to cause pain, I hav in the dispensaries of this city, where anesthetics were not provided for small operations, been the means of causing a great deal of immediate pain, and an immense amount of lasting benefit and relief, and in no single operation is this better illustrated than in the deep cutting of a felon. Were I to describe such things in detail, as Mr. Preston does the pains of vivisection, or were I able to put them in *blank verse*, no doubt I could cause as many cold chills down the spine as do his *essays*.

Mr. Preston might be able to fill every page of THE TRUTH SEEKER with accounts of the horrible things which hav been done in the name of vivisection, and yet what I hav said in previous communications is true—that they are all insignificant in comparison to the horrors of sport, butchery, and fashion. Please remember that I hav not contended that "two wrongs make a right," and my main protest heretofore has simply been that those who hav time and strength to devote to reforms can find more pressing, important, and deserving ones than this.

Claude Bernard's experiment with live animals in a stove, baking them to death, is done once where boiling a live lobster is done ten thousand times, and in this city there hav been within ten years several hundred of human beings subjected to the same torture from carelessness and negligence as criminal as was Bernard's *sang froid*. Hotel servants, factory girls, and "our best society" (packed in theaters) hav been consumed in fires where there was no means of escape, and therefore I say that before there is a society for the suppression of vivisection, I hope to see societies formed whose objects shall be to discourage—

1. The killing of game for sport.
2. The wearing of birds on bonnets.
3. The dropping of live lobsters into hot water.
4. The brutal slaughter of animals for food.
5. The possibility of "great loss of life" through human negligence and greed.

Mattie C. Mitchell (whether Miss or Mrs. I know not, and to avoid offense use neither) is evidently wrought up to the pitch of doing something, and, if she has money in her purse, is doubtless ready to advance it for the good cause of crying down "this monstrous crime;" but let me quietly suggest that there is already a better and worthier purpose to which she can direct her enthusiasm and spare cash, and on page 153 of THE TRUTH SEEKER she will learn something of it. I refer, of course, to Prof. Adler's movement in the direction of tenement house reform, one result of which will be to prevent the possibility of burning whole families alive, which has been, and, under the present order of things in New York tenements, is likely to be a somewhat regular occurrence. The dangers of the cruel infliction of pain in this way are vastly greater than that any one in America will repeat the cooking experiments of Claude Bernard. If Mr. Preston had seen, as I hav, a human body cooked crisp, burnt alive, and distorted by muscular agony, he might write it up in lurid blank verse, and dedicate it to the souls of the wealthy and miserly owners of New York tenements.

To the lady's inquiry as to

WHERE VIVISECTION IS PRACTICED,

I can reply, right here in the medical colleges of New York; not in all, but in some special laboratories fitted up for the purpose, and one who has been among them can assure her that the operators are humane gentlemen who prefer to use anesthetics, not only because they hav no desire to cause needless pain, but also *because most of their operations can best be done when the animal is unconscious.* As you admit "the death of an animal is nothing, nor, if necessary, dissection after chloroform is administered," you accord to a majority of vivisectors (here, at least) all they ask. Having had a four years experience right in the headquarters of medical instruction in the United States, and during that time a pretty free run of its colleges, laboratories, and hospitals, I am fully convinced that any one with tender sensibilities can hav them more shocked by one day's visit to our hospitals, dispensaries, or tenements, than by a six months inspection of physiological laboratories; and as much better as man is than a sparrow, so much more important are activ and energetic efforts for the relief of his sufferings better than the expenditure of our sympathy on the lesser misfortunes that fall to the lot of animals.

MY KNOWLEDGE OF VIVISECTION

and its atrocities is based on what I hav seen and read. The former has not exasperated a naturally sympathetic mind, but what I hav read does, I admit, cause qualms. I hav no apology to offer or defense to make of "the abominable proceedings of Signor Paolo Mantegazza," which were evidently indulged from motivs described by Mr. Preston as the motivs of all vivisectors, viz., curiosity, innate cruelty, and ambition to surpass in feats of horror; but these are not the motivs of scientific men, nor is the brutal Italian a fair sample of scientific men, nor are his ways their ways; and such a man as Burt G. Wilder would denounce beyond measure such cruelty, though he is, perhaps, one of the most activ working naturalists to-day.

Cruelty from pure cussedness, or an inborn love of causing pain in other sensient creatures, is a relic of barbarism, which, like other human vices and evil propensities, is not yet civilized out of mankind, and that it should once hav been exhibited in a man who has, perhaps (I don't know that it is so), earned by talents the title of professor, is not strange in a world where thousands of cruelties are perpetrated every day; and when such "a devilish outrage" on a human being (in Corning, Ohio) as is described in THE TRUTH SEEKER before me can be done by the tools of the Catholic church, it is not, after all, so surprising that a man born and raised in the heart of Catholic church influences could exhibit a fiendish delight in the torture of animals, and making a record of his shame.

As I hav nowhere made the assertion that nothing wrong has been done in the name of vivisection, so the main point of contention between Mr. Preston and myself is as to the prevalence and relativ importance of the wrong thus committed; and as I hav said that my knowledge of such wrongs is derived from what I hav read, so I must say that this reading has been of articles written by essayists and sentimentalists, for whose exaggerations we must make considerable allowances; and when I read in Mr. Preston's first article that "entire factories hav been devoted to the production of vivisecting implements," I knew at once that he was writing for effect, to create a sensation, and not in the real interest of making the truth manifest, and until he shall name the factories, and giv the number of days devoted to the manufacture of such implements, and the number turned out per year, I shall knock off ninety per cent from his average statements. As Mr. Preston makes bold to accuse all vivisectors of three bad motivs, I will state what I consider their

MAIN MOTIVS,

and they are, first, not idle curiosity, but an earnest desire to ascertain facts and increase useful knowledge—they are real truth seekers; second, not a love of cruelty, but a love of life in its best aspects, and a desire to lessen the sufferings ultimately of both men an animals; third, ambition, not to surpass in feats of horror, but a legitimate and laudable ambition to make a name in achievements for the advancement of scientific knowledge. It is certainly the busy truth seekers in all departments of science, the experimenters, the inventors, the plodders in the study of the facts and laws of nature, who hav given us all that we hav that is useful as the result of civilization; and the motivs of such men, in whatever field they operate, are not to be impugned by mere "literary fellers" who can wield a caustic pen, and write to make the worse appear the better reason.

When men of mark in the scientific world value their own life as less than the pursuit of knowledge, their motivs are above criticism, and the instances which could be collected are many. John Hunter inoculated himself with the worst form of venereal blood poison for the purpose of studying the disease, and to acquire knowledge of its symptoms and treatment. Only lately Dr. Cory, director of animal vaccination at the Vaccine Establishment, London, inoculated himself with syphilis while experimenting, to determin whether the disease could be conveyed by vaccination, and the conditions necessary to such conveyance. Within a year past commissions, each composed of competent medical men, one from Germany and one from France, hav been risking their own lives by conducting investigations of cholera in Egypt and India, and one of the French company has forfeited his life by the disease. The motivs are the same whether the experiments are conducted upon themselvs or upon animals, and in the study of the action of drugs and poisons the annals of medicin show that both methods are employed.

As Mr. Preston never tires of repeating that there is no

UTILITY IN VIVISECTION,

I will enter upon this subject. When I wrote that "to prove its utility would require more of my time and THE TRUTH SEEKER'S space than the subject is worth," I meant that to prove it positivly and satisfactorily to the average reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER would require more space than the paper could spare for such a purpose. It is no small matter to prove anything, and the kind and amount of proof required depend greatly on the condition of mind that is to be convinced in comparison with the thing to be proved. Those who hav had a liberal education in medicin and allied subjects are easily convinced of the utility of vivisection, and on this subject, therefore, I ask only space to state a few of the achievements of vivisection, as they are acknowledged by the vast majority of medical and scientific men, and they are properly the experts from whom legislativ bodies ask opinions when this subject is brought before them. Of Claude Bernard's dying confession* that no good had come of his experiments, I know nothing; but I do know that in every book on physiology the results of his experiments are referred to and utilized in the teaching of this very important subject. Prof. Dalton has written: "The information which has been acquired by the experimental method is so extensiv that without it medical science could never hav reached its present position. Every important discovery in physiology has been directly due to its employment, and the more modern advances in pathology, as well as many of those in practical medicin and surgery, hav only been made possible through the same means."

He cites among the most remarkable instances of its utility the following:

1. Almost everything we know of the circulation of the blood, of respiration, of the functions of the nervous system, and its relation to the vital organs.

2. The possibility of saving life by transfusion of blood, by artificial respiration, by operations for cure of aneurism, and by prophylactic means for prevention of germ or parasitic diseases.

I hav before me a list of forty discoveries of value to medical science and art, some of actual service to humanity already, which are convincing to me. To make them equally so to everyone would necessitate a general education in the line of physiology, which is not now provided, though it ought to be. Some idea of the utility of experiments on animals is likely to be conveyed in stating that our knowledge of tapeworms and trichinæ (pork parasites, now a cause of international contention), has been thus obtained; and in the domain of germ diseases, known to be the cause of a large mortality every year, everything is learned by this means; and without the study already prosecuted in this direction there would not hav been the advance in general sanitary procedures which has been brought about in the last fifty years, and which is the great saving movement of the present time. (Look for more in this line in my lecture on "Bacteria," now in print).

A thought in regard to class instruction by experiments on animals: The greatest strain to which my nerves were ever put by such experiment was in a demonstration of the sufferings of a pair of pigeons in close confinement from lack of air to breathe; and while I should prefer to remain away from such a sight again, I am free to confess that I believe the majority of us would be permanently benefited by seeing it just once; and the deeper the effect the better, for one of the most difficult things to impress upon the minds of a very large number of people is the necessity of plenty of good air by sufficient ventilation, and all the talking, writing, and directing done by physicians and sanitarians is apparently of little avail. People suffocate and wallow in their own

*It is, perhaps, as true as the oft-told stories of the death-bed recantations or Infidels.

filth (atmospherically), and don't know when they are hurt by it. If the pupils of every public school could for one minute see the distress which can be occasioned to a pigeon by insufficient and poisoned air, it would probably convey a lesson that would strike deep enough to last them a lifetime and save an immense amount of carelessness and suffering. The objection to such a lesson would be the bad example of cruelty, to minds that might not be able to appreciate the difference between such an infliction with and without a purpose, rather than the amount of suffering the pigeon would hav to endure, for that would be insignificant in comparison to the headaches the pupils take home every day from imperfect ventilation of school-rooms.

Mr. Preston has no more justification for accusing me of slurring women than I hav to charge him with offering them blarney—or taffy, to use the most modern term. What "narrow and unmanly sentiment" hav I uttered? I hav no desire to treat women otherwise than justly, and in speaking of the "sympathetic sex," and so relating excess of sentiment with femininity, I speak as correctly as in associating cruelty with masculinity. While admitting the equality of the sexes, abstractly and potentially, I see that at present there are essential differences, and special virtues and vices dominant in each; so that while the most shocking cruelties are the result of the worst passions of men, the most sickly sentimentality is evidenced by some specimens of women, both of which statements were illustrated in the case of the negro Chastine Cox, who brutally murdered a woman, and then received visits of condolence and bouquets from women.

Men and women both need to cultivate intellect for the subjugation, control, and direction of feeling, sentiment, sympathy, and passion, and until they arrive at the higher plane in this direction they are not in a suitable frame of mind to hold consistent and rational views on a subject such as vivisection; and in the mean time we shall see one poet in most serious mood depicting the sufferings of a dog under vivisection, while another (Gilbert, the playwright) writes flippantly of "the coster-monger jumping on his mother," and women of estimable purpose and a life above reproach, so far as the infliction of pain on an animal is concerned, going about with a petition for the suppression of vivisection, and wearing a sealskin sack, which involves the necessity of clubbing infant seals to death while they rend the air with cries that are scarcely distinguishable from those of a child, and the mother-seals exhibit unavailing ferocity and anguish. Are they "thoughtless women," as you say, who wear birds on their bonnets, sealskin sacks on their backs, and drop living lobsters into boiling water? Yes, I admit it; and do "humane people deny themselvs," as you say, these luxuries? Not at all, or not much, at all events.

And so I end, as I began, by the broad, undeniable assertion that there are a hundred pressing and worthy reforms which ought to receive attention before the abuses of vivisection are taken in hand; and as folks at prayer-meeting send up requests for prayer, let me close with a few requests to Mr. Preston for poems which will provide appropriate matter for lurid description, activ imagination, and a gory pen:

1. Five thousand pigeons brought once a year from the far West in sacks, without food and water, nursed to life again, and sprung from traps to be riddled with bullets for "sport."

2. Cattle slaughtered by bleeding to death, according to the requirements of the Jewish butcher trade.

3. Capturing seals by the thousands, and braining the babies with clubs, so that our ladies may look fine, and our gentlemen wear rich fur hats.

4. The brutal husband kicking his wife to a jelly, which occurs the world over about as often as a vivisection without anesthetics.

Well, if Mr. Preston does justice to these, I will furnish on demand a few more for his agil pen.

E. B. Foote, Jr.

Fewer Saints and More Men and Women Needed.

As is better known to the editor of The Truth Seeker than to most of its readers, I hav been disposed to be quite conservativ in my views as to the merits and demerits of the church at large, and to make all just distinction between its better manifestations of liberality and its baser elements of narrowness and bigotry, as shown respectivly by its more Liberal and more bigoted sects, giving full credit for the one, and looking as leniently as possible upon the other, as natural and necessary links in the chain of human progress, and as successiv stages in the system of universal evolution.

These views and sentiments of an individual are significant only in that they represent the sentiments of a large class of Freethinkers who would carefully avoid an indiscriminate indorsement or repudiation of any institution which professes to labor for the good of mankind, and who would not only be eminently just in their discriminations, but would at the same time throw the broadest mantle of charity over the past history and the present attitude of the church and all other institutions in their relations to the work of human progress.

After all, the fact remains that the highest type of human advancement, the best fruitage of all this growth and blossoming of earnest endeavor, is a man or a woman in the largest development of the essential qualities of manhood and womanhood, standing erect and firm amid the idolatrous altars of superstition, free to think, free to speak, free to act in the fullest exercise of every manly and womanly prerogativ, and not that church-made man of a man-made church, twin caricatures of the human and divine, and libels upon both, nor that faint and fickle suggestion of diluted womanhood, weak in real humanity and wanton in assumed divinity, the measure of whose manhood and womanhood can be most fittingly inventoried as about two yards of semi-animated whine, howling the hosannas of heaven in the trembling accents of an abject fear of hell, and whose sole aim in life is to deadbeat its way through paradistical gates at death, and to secure a comfortable seat in a heaven of indolent and immortal ease by hanging its shriveled, shrunken soul of devout emptiness around the bleeding neck of "vicarious atonement."

One real man or woman, in the noblest sense of manhood and womanhood, is worth more to the world than a score of self-glorified saintships; and what the world most needs to-day is more men and women and fewer saints. J. M. Thayer.

Rochester, N. Y.

London Letters.

I.

It appears that those holy men, the bishops and minor clergy, representing the only true church of Christ, as by law established in this happy country, hav been greatly maligned for some long time past. Scoffers, and wicked defamers, hav said that these messengers of Jehovah hav systematically been doing nothing but carefully looking after their own worldly interests, and laying up treasure, while totally neglecting the condition of those under their charge. Certain ungodly individuals, instead of minding their own affairs, hav thought proper to giv to the general public an account of the misery they hav witnessed in this God-fearing and wealthy city. They hav gone amongst the slums and byways, and visited those who had scarce where to lay their head, and destitute of the wherewithal to provide themselvs with the semblance of a meal. Such disclosures created much excitement and discussion as to the means to be used to alleviate this great distress, though, as might be expected, nothing of a practical nature was suggested till the clergy came to the rescue. All the time they were, apparently, indifferent to the fearful wretchedness and poverty existing under their eyes, they were carefully considering the best and surest means of bringing about a better state of things; and after great consideration and prayer they hav finally arrived at the only sure cure for all these ills. Those who had not given careful consideration to the matter, and who were in the habit of merely giving a superficial view to anything that came under their notice, absurdly suggested that food was necessary for starving beings, and better houses instead of the disgraceful hovels in which the honest poor are compelled to liv, and work found for those who were able to do it, together with other rank socialistic ideas which would tend to utterly subvert the present all but perfect state of society. On the other hand the bishops, after long and careful deliberation, arrived at a far better and safer conclusion. Their remedy is doubtless the only true and lasting one, viz., that the suffering poor want more churches, where they may receive the true bread of life, softened with the milk of the word. That great and good man (may his name be ever held in reverence and esteem), the bishop of Rochester, at a convention, held a short time back, appealed to his fellow countrymen to immediately raise the sum of £12,000 to build another church in the poorest and most densely crowded portion of Southwark. He boldly declared it should never be said that the clergy were behind the worldlings when distress was to be alleviated, and good to be done. Within the last few days a new bishop has been installed to assist in the good work, and if, after all, these herculean efforts to remedy existing wrongs, the poor and down-trodden millions persist in their evil courses, the sympathy of every right-minded man and woman must at once be withdrawn, and the hardened wretches must be left to the doom they so richly deserve.

Let no ungodly Infidel now dare to raise his voice in reproach against such good and true men; benefactors hav they always been, and still are, and will be, to the human race.

I will engage to say no Atheist would hav ever thought of so simple and efficacious a way to solve this social problem.

Last evening I had the pleasure of hearing Charles Watts deliver a discourse on American Freethought orators, taking as representativ men, Ingersoll, Wakeman, and Chainey. It is needless to say he treated the subject in his usual able manner. He seems to be a great admirer of the former; perhaps he saw more of him than of the other two.

Mr. Watts fully indorsed the opinion of Freethought Americans regarding the colonel, and from his personal knowledge of the men of whom he spoke, he was able to giv much interesting information new to many of those composing his audience.

I hope it is not to late to wish you and your readers, and the Liberal party generally, a happy and prosperous New Year, and with a sincere wish that the cause may continue to advance still more rapidly than heretofore.

Jan. 7, 1884.

II.

Although the large-hearted and liberal Christian, luxuriating in the full blaze of gospel light, has strong objections to allowing his church or schoolroom to be used for the purpose of ventilating heterodox opinions, he does not, when he considers himself powerful enough, decline to avail himself of the standing offer of the narrow-minded and benighted unbeliever, who is groping in the darkness of reason and common sense, to a free use of his platform, a fair hearing, and consequently we are now and again favored with the superstitious notions unfortunately still current; but we hav plenty of varieties of opinions and interpretations of the one true faith, which is of so simple a nature that no two authorities on the subject can agree as to what it is all about.

A few Sundays back we had at the Hall of Science the benefit of an exposition on the so-called Apostle's Creed, given by the apostle of the Christian Socialist party, the Rev. S. Headlam. It was truly delightful to hear that this creed could be so explained that any secularist might fully subscribe to the whole of it, without sacrificing his own opinions in the slightest. The interpretation was scarcely orthodox, perhaps, but it seems the church allows considerable more latitude now in such things than it did in some years back, thereby showing what a tender mother holy church is. Some hypercritical individuals might perhaps say that such is the case because the parsons cannot help themselvs, and that when the power was in their hands they used it unsparingly, and with but little consideration for the feelings of others, but the punishments then awarded for heresy were on the same principle as those given by the schoolmaster to his refractory pupils—it always hurts the schoolmaster most. We are told, "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," and the church acted on similar lines, always for the good of the chastened.

Mr. Headlam was good enough to inform us that in his opinion secularists were people raised up by God to show the church as by law established how corrupt it had become, exactly as the Christian religion was instituted to correct the older creeds, and the only fault he had to find was that we did not acknowledge Jesus Christ as the savior of the world. The Infidels of the present day are the true Christians, but will not acknowledge their founder. The audience generally was somewhat in doubt whether the lecturer was poking fun, or really meant what he said, but as he is known as a very earnest man, and not likely to crack jokes, it must be assumed that he really believed what he stated, more especially as he is not considered very orthodox by his own party. If such is the case, it seems a great pity that a man who can enter so thoroughly into the principles of Secularism, and appreciate them, does not come boldly forward and throw in his lot with those he so much admires. It appears to me that it would be a far more honest thing to do, for no matter how ingeniously a man may argue himself into a belief that two totally antagonistic elements may be closely allied, it is rather straining facts to establish such a position. It is a great misfortune that there are men who lay themselvs out to reconcile such opposing forces, as it makes the work so much the harder for the disciples of reason to crush the hydra-headed serpent of superstition, and while good is intended, much harm is done; and in the deadly struggle now going on, there can be no real place for those who will not declare decidedly for one side or the other.

London, Feb. 18, 1884. J. D.

We Shall Try To.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* I inclose my $3, being thereunto admonished by my label and by you.

I am glad to see that you are fully alive to the importance of *news*—the news of the movement—*the* basis of all lasting success in every kind of journalism. Sweep the universe for news of man's progress in the use of his mind. Go on and prosper.

Very truly yours, James Parton.

Newburyport, Mass., March 2, 1884.

The Truth Seeker Annual and Freethinkers' Almanac is the first production of this class attempted by the Truth Seeker Office (33 Clinton place, New York city), and yet we do not see how its compiler could hav done better if he had had ten years' experience. Dispersed through its pages are many rich full-page illustrations from Mr. Bennett's Around-the-World volumes, and its pages are crowded with good things too numerous to mention, from the pens of popular Liberal writers. Price, 25 cents.—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.*

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

FOUNDED BY D. M. BENNETT.

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C. P. SOMERBY, - - Business Manager.

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SATURDAY, - - - MARCH 22, 1884.

Christians at Work.

A case deserving the attention, sympathy, and prompt aid of Liberals is that of the Vincents, father and sons, of Tabor, Iowa. The facts are these: The Vincents publish the *American Nonconformist*, formerly a Greenback paper, but latterly devoted also to the destruction of Christianity. So long as it was exclusivly a money reform journal, but little opposition was manifested toward it. But when the editor began his attacks on the church, the church began a warfare upon him and his paper.

In buying new material for the paper the Vincents were obliged to giv notes for $450. When these came due the Vincents were unable to raise all the money. This was the opportunity of the Christians, and they were not slow to seize it. A syndicate of church-members was formed, and the notes purchased at a premium of $35. The notes were secured by chattel mortgage on the printing material, and on obtaining possession of them the Christian syndicate foreclosed the mortgages. The Vincents succeeded in regaining possession of a portion of the material through a writ of replevin, and immediately began the publication again of the *Nonconformist*. About $250 has been subscribed by friends to help the Vincents, but much more is needed to pay the whole $450 and extra costs that hav been saddled upon the paper by the efforts of the syndicate to suppress it.

The animus of the prosecution cannot be doubted. The syndicate even went so far as to send a delegate to confer with Mrs. Vincent, who is a Christian lady, as to confining her husband in an insane asylum, the position taken by the syndicate being that a man who could oppose the Christian religion *must* be insane. Mrs. Vincent denounces the persecution of her husband and sons in vigorous language, and turns the many-sided Bible against her former church friends with a force and directness that must be unpleasant reading for the Sunday-school. They hav, she says in addition, lived in Tabor twenty-nine years, always supporting the church and paying their taxes. But since Mr. Vincent has become convinced of the rottenness of the Christian theology, they hav been unable to send their children to school because of the taunts and torments heaped upon them by the children of Christian parents. Mrs. Vincent accuses the syndicate of Christian professors of the sin of covetousness in endeavoring to obtain for $450 a printing outfit worth double that sum, of playing the spy and listening at a telephone office door to pry into the business of her husband and sons, and scorchingly asks them if it was not a noble example of Christian and neighborly love to threaten her son with prosecution to the full extent of the law if he did not stop publishing the *Nonconformist*. "Among you," she says, to the college professors engaged in the persecution, "you are acquainted with several languages; cannot you help me to some term that shall fitly set forth the depth of meanness to which you hav descended in sending to me to persuade me to leave my house to listen to your temptations to conspire with you to carry out your nefarious designs against my own children, my dear husband, and even against his liberty? Are there words in any language that can adequately describe the condition to which you must hav sunk before you could cause such a proposition to be conveyed to me?"

The freedom which the Tabor Christians propose to allow the Freethinkers of Iowa, was defined by the local preacher from his pulpit. "In the promulgation of beliefs," said the brilliant bigot, "the largest latitude must be allowed, *consistent with belief in the Bible or in Christianity.*" The sentiment expressed by this preacher is the real sentiment of the whole church, and is what the Christians mean when they talk of religious toleration. A man may hav freedom to think so long as his thinking is done within prescribed limits; he may hav liberty to talk until he begins to question the divinity of Christ and the inspiration of the Bible; the freedom of the press is to be maintained unless some daring man shall use his type and presses to print opinions adverse to the claims of the Jewish Jehovah, and then the freedom ceases. And this is called a free country! We tell you, Liberals, it is not free so long as Christians rule, and never will be until the church is deprived of power. It is true that in this case no state aid has been invoked, but who can doubt that it would be were it needed? That it has not makes the remedy easier to apply, and it should be done in such a manner as to deter the church party from making further attempts at suppression. Let five hundred Liberals send in the price ($1.50) of a year's subscription to the *Nonconformist*, and we guarantee that the Vincents will come out of the conflict with flying colors. Address H. and L. Vincent, Tabor Iowa.

The Republic's Enemies.

It is a good thing for the country that Catholicism does not spread in the West as rapidly as it does in New York and New Jersey. When Cardinal McCloskey was a lad at school there were only two Catholic churches on Manhattan island. To-day there are three hundred and forty-three in the archdiocese, and about one million communicants in this city, Brooklyn, and the cities on the water front of New Jersey. Under his command McCloskey has the attendants and inmates of forty-nine chapels, sixteen asylums, seventeen industrial schools, twenty-nine convents and monasteries for nuns and priests, besides a theological seminary and several hospitals. The parochial schools of this city hinder thirty-four thousand pupils from becoming acquainted with scarcely any knowledge but of the saints and the duty of supporting the priests.

In the diocese of Brooklyn, comprising the whole of Long Island, there is an estimated Catholic population of two hundred thousand, to whom one hundred and fifty priests attend in eighty-eight churches, of which forty-nine are located within the city; thirty-seven chapels, one theological seminary, sixteen asylums, four hospitals, eighteen academies, and seventy-three parish schools. The most important Catholic institutions in this city are St. John's College at Fordham; St. Francis Xavier's College, Manhattan College, Manhattan Academy, and De La Salle Institute, under the direction of the Christian Brothers; St. Bridget's Academy, in East Tenth street, under the Sisters of Charity; the Sacred Heart Convent, Manhattanville, and another of the same order in Seventeenth street; the House of the Good Shepherd, in Eighty-ninth street, under the direction of the Sisters of Mercy; Ursuline Convent, in East Morrisania; the Catholic Protectory, at Manhattanville, under the charge of the Christian Brothers; the Female Orphan Asylum, on Madison avenue, containing one hundred and fifty inmates, and a Commissariat of the Holy Land, established for the reception of subscriptions to be devoted to the preservation of the principal sanctuaries of the church in Palestine.

The state of New Jersey is included in the archdiocese of New York, and is divided into two dioceses, those of Trenton and Newark. The diocese of Trenton was erected in 1881, and Father Michael J. O'Farrell has within his jurisdiction forty-seven secular priests and seven clergy of the regular orders. He controls eighty-two churches, three convents, and twenty-seven stations. In the diocese are also twenty-six schools, with a pupilage of four thousand eight hundred and twenty, five academies, and one hospital.

In the diocese of Newark are stationed ninety-one secular priests and fifty-three members of recluse orders, eighty-three churches, twenty-three stations, and three monasteries. There are also eight convents and one seminary. About fifty of the churches hav parochial schools attached to them, with an aggregate of about two hundred thousand scholars. There are also three colleges for young men and seventeen academies for young ladies, five orphan asylums, and four hospitals. The Catholic population of this diocese numbers about one hundred and fifty thousand, which, with fifty thousand in the diocese of Trenton, makes a total Catholic population of about two hundred thousand in the entire state of New Jersey.

A new Dominican monastery has just been finished in Newark, and the Dominican sisters will immure themselvs therein on the 29th. The rules of this order are the strictest known in the whole church, and the imprisoned sisters spend their time in adoration of the "consecrated" wafer which they superstitiously believe to be the body of Christ, in prayer, and in embroidering gaudy gewgaws for the priests and bishops to wear.

These worse than useless institutions escape taxation, are under no supervision by the state, and no man knows what crimes are committed within their prison-like walls. The whole system of convents and monasteries is monstrous. At their best they lead to the perversion of human nature; at their worst they are vast brothels and prisons, and shields of intrigue and infanticide. Many rich Catholic women are induced by the priests to take the veil that the church may take the novice's money, and after she has passed her novitiate the nunnery hides her from her friends as effectually as would the grave. These institutions are not open to civil officers, and yet there is nothing in the whole land that needs closer watching than the convents and nunneries. Every year, at least, the state ought to open the doors and let the inmates choose whether to stay or come out into the light of day.

It does not seem that more words can be needed to point out the danger this country is in from this church. But our legislatures and press are perfectly apathetic in the matter. One of these days they will wake up and find what trusting, besotted fools they hav been all these years, and they will regret not paying more attention to the principles of government and less to how they may divide the loaves and fishes of office. Liberals, at least, can accomplish a little good by calling attention to the most dangerous growth of the institution and persistently urging our assemblymen to tax every dollar's worth of property not owned by the state.

Crazed by Christianity.

Another melancholy instance of the bad effects of revivals, of their tendency to drive crazy those emotionally sensitiv, and to bring unhappiness upon families, has just transpired in El Dera, Ill., the home of Charles Hazelrig, a young man of twenty-two years, with hosts of friends, intelligent, and seemingly well calculated to be an honor to his parents.

Young Hazelrig was visiting a sister at Edina, Mo., at which place a "revival" was started in a church. At first he attended as company for his sister, but soon the craze caught him, and his mind began to show signs of weakening, until his brain gave way entirely, and he became a raving maniac. His mother and father were at once summoned by telegraph and went to him. They are both very old, the former being past seventy, and the latter in the neighborhood of sixty. When they reached their son he was so bad that he had to be tied, and even then it required the combined strength of several men to hold him. He would at times plead in heartrending tones for pardon from the God he had been told he had offended, and falling upon his knees offer supplication after supplication in a beseeching voice. Then his mood would change, and he would say that he was Christ come the second time. Then he would become violent, and make efforts to harm himself and those attending him. He became so violent that he had to be taken to an insane asylum.

His mother is nearly distracted over her trouble and her mind is visibly affected by it. Last week, while wandering aimlessly over the house, she fell down a flight of stairs, breaking her right wrist, and bruising her face and different portions of her body painfully.

What a blessing Christianity has been to that family! The mother in bed with broken bones, the son in an insane asylum, a howling madman! The grief of the father and sister can be imagined, not expressed. And the cheap John revivalist whose work this is has taken his fees and gone to repeat his efforts in other places.

And what shall the harvest be? Crazed boys, illegitimate children, a host of crackbrained fools, with only wit sufficient to keep on the outside of asylum walls, divided homes, stricken mothers, and weeping sisters—a lull, a backsliding, and the town

plunged lower than ever in moral degradation. That is the outcome of two-thirds of the spasmodic orgies called "revivals of religion." A revivalist ought to pay a license like the saloonkeeper, or be put under bonds to support the lunatics his preaching makes. The fate of Hazelrig is a warning to the unconverted to stay dead in their sins rather than be awakened at the price of their sanity.

Editorial Notes.

"To love our enemy involves both an absurdity and an immorality; to do so would be wrong if possible, and impossible even if right."

THE new Congregationalists' creed affirms: "We believe that the love of God to sinful men has found its highest expression in the redemptiv work of his son, Jesus Christ." Per contra, it is supposed the wrath of God, who is "angry with the wicked every day," has found an equally high expression in the damnativ work of his adversary, the devil.

THAT Mr. Reynolds is doing substantial work in the lecture field is evidenced by the extended notices he is receiving from the secular press. These reports reach many more than he can personally address, and must do much good. Mr. Reynolds says things worth hearing, and says them in an entertaining manner. We sincerely hope he will be kept busy the year round. We learn that he proposes to start west soon, and would like engagements. Address him at North Parma, Monroe Co., New York, box 104.

A KIND of Liberalism that doesn't amount to much is prevalent in Canada, if one of our correspondents is correct. "There are," he says, "plenty of Agnostics in Canada, but they want courage, and the spread of papers like THE TRUTH SEEKER, and also organization, before they will be respected. We hav many here who pay pew-rent, but plead 'hard times' when asked to subscribe for any Liberal paper, or to help defray the expense of a lecture." With this state of things, is it any wonder that Canada keeps blue laws in force?

A NEEDY Liberal is Walter W. Broom, who is sick and almost blind, at 412 Wood street, Philadelphia, Pa. To help himself to bread and butter, with now and then a little cake, he is selling photographic copies of the Declaration of Independence, copied from a scarce metal plate, seven inches square, containing portraits of the signers of that historical document, with *fac-similes* of their signatures. Plain copy, $1; framed in glass and silver wire for $1.50. Mrs. Slenker has one, says it is a gem, and wants her friends to buy one to help the old man.

A short time ago THE TRUTH SEEKER was led to make some remarks upon the heretical utterances of the Rev. Mr. Curry, Methodist, of Chicago. Mr. Curry now denies that he was correctly reported. The reporter, however, who is himself a Methodist minister, is ready to swear to the accuracy of his transcript of what the Rev. Mr. Curry said. The question of veracity thus lies between two clergymen. It is to be hoped that there is some mistake, and that neither of the gentlemen will be called upon to acknowledge that he is capable of lying.

A WITNESS called in a civil suit in Toronto, Canada, on Friday, was objected to on the ground of religious unbelief, and, being questioned, said: "Well, you would call me an Agnostic. I would say I am a man. I was brought up in the Jewish faith, but I hold that I hav no knowledge of what is generally held as religious belief." The witness said further that he did not know anything of a future state, but he believed that if there was such a state its rewards or punishments for acts in this life would be eternal. Having expressed his belief in a supreme being, his evidence was allowed, and he took the oath on the New Testament.

THE TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL is going to the uttermost parts of the earth. A gratifying feature connected with its circulation is the fact that those who buy one, as a rule, upon seeing it, immediately order another. Brother J. A. Rutherford, of Brookston, Lamar Co., Texas, orders $10 worth, inclosing the cash. Brother Rutherford informs us that he is in his eighty-sixth year. We congratulate him that he has lived so long, especially as his protracted days hav permitted him to see the FREETHINKERS' ALMANAC. Here age and beauty meet indeed. We wish him many years of continued existence on this earth to repeat his motto, which forms the closing sentence of his letter to us: "Be good to your fellow-men and keep a good conscience in everything. Huzza, huzza for Liberalism!"

BISMARCK is a tyrant in politics, but not in religion. It is asserted that in his youthful days he was nearly converted to rationalism, and Mr. Bennett thought he had evidence sufficient to justify enrolling the German chancellor among the living Freethinkers. From extracts from Moritz Busch's forthcoming work on "Prince Bismarck in Relations to German Politics and Political Parties, and in Private Life," the religious status of Bismarck is given as "deeply religious, but in favor of the utmost liberty of thought and opinion in sacred matters." This is illustrated by the following story:

"One day at his table the conversation turned on the Puritanism of the New England states. 'The way they keep the Sabbath holy in England and America,' said Bismarck, 'is sheer tyranny of the most appalling description. I remember that the first time I went to England and landed at Hull I began to whistle in the street. An Englishman whose acquaintance I had made on board the packet begged me not to whistle. I asked, "Why not? Is it forbidden to whistle here?" "No," he replied; "but this is the Sabbath day." I was so much annoyed that I forthwith took a ticket for another steamer bound for Edinburgh. I could not stand not being allowed to whistle when I pleased.'"

We cannot giv Mr. Bismarck too much credit, however, until it is certain that his tolerance is not like the Iowa preacher's—"the largest latitude consistent with a belief in the Bible and Christianity."

IN an address at Belleville, Ont., the other day, a Rev. Dr. Meacham told a "story of the East." His discourse referred particularly to Japan. He enumerated several drawbacks to the spread of Christianity in that country, the chiefest of which, he said, was the introduction of Infidelity, which had had the effect of producing many Agnostics. "Literature written by Paine and Ingersoll had been extensivly circulated and read more widely and carefully there than in Canada." This testimony is extremely pleasing to us, for it is to Mr. Bennett's efforts while in the East that this luxuriant growth of common sense is largely due. His lectures in Ceylon hav not only been scattered broadcast in the country where they were delivered, but hav overflowed into Japan, and his presence aroused a number of the educated class, who hav taken hold of the translation of Ingersoll's and Paine's works. English Freethought literature has also been extensivly introduced into Japan. The fruit these efforts are bearing is acknowledged by Mr. Meacham in the remark that "Japan must hav a minister for every 50,000 people or the country will be populated with Agnostics."

BISHOP LITTLEJOHN, lecturing to the students of a theological seminary in this city on "The Impaired Influence of the Clergy," said that the cause which lies deepest "is the opposition of the spirit of the age to the supernatural which runs through the history of the church. Certain unscriptural and unchurchly notions which hav grown up in the church hav also tended to weaken the influence of the clergy. The principal of these is the notion which makes each member of the church practically independent of the governing body, the theory that an individual can save himself by immediate communion with God, and that church membership, while expedient, is by no means essential. Another hindrance is the enormous development of sectarianism in modern Christianity. The most potent cause of the decline of the influence of the clergy, however, is the decay of disciplin in the church." Bishop Littlejohn seems to hav gone all around the cause of the decaying influence of the clergy without touching it; and that is, the growing conviction that ministers, so far as their claim to divine authority is concerned, are impostors. They travel nowadays upon their intellectual merits. Lacking these, as most of them do, it is not necessary to look farther for the cause of their waning influence.

JOE COOK having pompously assured his Monday lecturship audience that Wendell Phillips had been admitted to heaven, the Rev. Dr. Curry pronounced his remarks "heathenish," and now the Rev. William Hayne Leavell steps into the columns of the *Independent* to assert that Mr. Phillips has gone to the other place. He is sorry for this, but "I plead," he says, "for simple, honest adherence to our doctrins. If the churches take the ground of Mr. Cook, that such men as the distinguished antislavery orator, who never pretended to be an evangelical Christian, are gone to an 'incalculably great reward'—meaning that he had been admitted to the high companionship of God and the angels—then they must change their creeds, or consent to be charged with holding doctrins they do not believe will be strictly enforced at the final judgment. Mr. Phillips was a man who believed most firmly in a kind, wise, and Almighty God of Providence; and in this faith fought his battles and won his victories; but there is no reliable evidence that he was a Christian in the evangelical sense at all; and we but cheapen our convictions of the doctrins of the New Testament when we unhesitatingly hand him on to a Christian's full reward the moment he dies. Mr. Phillips belonged to a class unprovided for in our conservativ theology. We cannot condemn them without declaring that our God is opposed to goodness. We cannot save them without contradicting our doctrin of salvation." Mr. Leavell is theologically correct. Wendell Phillips is in hell or Christianity is false. All the same, sensible men will prefer to go where Phillips is to where Cook will go.

Answers to Inquirers.

J. W. S.—The place for your differences with Brother Seaver is in the *Investigator*.

F. W. OPP.—Thanks for illustrations of Gen. ii, 7, and ii, 22. They are no doubt as true to life as the pictures of Jesus and the V. M. that adorn so many churches.

M. M. EGLI.—Henry Stone's address is 325 Clifton Place, Brooklyn, N. Y. Will publish your questions suggested by the Ohio flood, and the other when space will allow.

SOME one sends a communication entitled the "Devil." "I withhold," he says, "my name at present." Very well, friend; we shall withhold the article as long as you withhold your name—if not longer.

DR. L. V.—Gideon exercised a limited authority over the Israelites after their subjugation of Canaan; Abimelech, his son, tried to establish a kingship, but failed, and Saul was the first king.

C. H. BETTS.—We do not know which college had the honor of educating Col. Ingersoll. He is very much averse to answering inquiries of a personal nature, and we doubt if he would tell if we asked him.

R. W. MOSS.—Thomas Paine was not a signer of the Declaration of Independence. Of the circumstances you mention in Franklin's life we hav no knowledge. Lossing we regard as poor authority, especially where Freethought is involved. His reference to Paine shows his bitterness. Franklin was a Deist, but never avowed his belief in any religious system.

PHILIP PIPHER.—Captain McCabe's "Dream of Ingersollville" has been going the rounds of the press for the past four or five years. There is nothing in it to reply to. The sentiments, language, and actions attributed to the inhabitants of an imaginary place are based on a deliberate misconception of, and wilful lying about, Freethinkers. Such blatherskites as McCabe are not worth noticing.

J. R. RICHARDS.—Dr. Hay's onslaught on Ingersoll is funny, but his facts seem to be but guesses, his inferences only inferences, and his reasoning of but a feather's weight. Talmage did much better, yet made a "holy show" of himself. If we stopped to shoot all the folly flying from the pulpit, THE TRUTH SEEKER, big as it is, would contain nothing else.

MRS. S. J. LENONT.—Mason and Dixon's line in the boundary line separating Pennsylvania from Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia. It obtained its celebrity as being the divisory line between free and slave territory, but took its name from Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon, two surveyors who were engaged in 1763 by the owners of the lands to run the line. All Delaware at that time was owned by the heirs of William Penn, and Pennsylvania and Maryland had "lords proprietors" on grants by the crown. It was these "lords proprietors" who engaged Messrs. Mason and Dixon.

WM. FRAY.—The suttee (from the Sanskrit, meaning a virtuous wife,) is incorrectly applied by English writers to the practice at one time common in India of a widow burning herself along with the body of her husband. This self-immolation is not sanctioned by the laws of Menu, but rests upon the authority of the later Sastras and Puranas. The practice ceased in 1847. There is no doubt that many a Hindoo child has been thrown to the goddess "Ganga," as the worshiping nativs call the Ganges. The spirit prompting the sacrifice is the same that caused Jephthah to slay his daughter, Abraham to offer his son, and Freeman to plunge the knife into to bosom of his child. It is religion run mad.

N. FORD.—Until a child arrives at years of discretion, he must be governed and instructed. That he may be a good business man, he is taught arithmetic, bookkeeping, etc.; that he may know how to travel, he is taught geography; that he may know something about the countries he sees, he is instructed to read history. Now why, for the good of his health and that he may know the dangers of the cup that cheers, should he not be instructed in hygiene and physiology? He is not compelled to travel because he studies geography, and he is not compelled to put the physiological precepts into practice if he chooses not to. If he rather be a drunkard he has a right to be one—*so long as he injures no one else.* That, however, is such a difficult undertaking that, were it lived up to, you would never need urge prohibition more.

NICHOLAS HARPER.—Materialists hold that matter always existed because it is impossible to create something from nothing. Matter is an objectiv reality—a something that exists, and must, therefore, always hav existed. We will take this as the major premis of a syllogism: Everthing uncreatable existed from all eternity. And this for the minor premis: Matter is uncreatable. The conclusion then is, Matter exists from all eternity. Completed it stands thus:

Everything uncreatable existed from all eternity.
Matter is uncreatable; therefore
Matter exists from all eternity.

The only way to disprove this is for theologians (or any other doubter) to go to work and create a little matter. The conditions necessary to prove spontaneous generation (of life) hav not yet been attained. It is only an hypothesis—advanced, it is true, to the position of a working hypothesis—but when biogenesis is more fully understood the proof will probably be at hand.

WALTER SIMONDS.—Livezey's circular, the "Stake and Gibbet in 1884" is a lie, and we publish it that our readers may see just what kind of a man he is. The numbers in it refer to the circular we printed last week, headed "To Infidel Men and Women:"

THE STAKE AND GIBBET IN 1884.

If there is anything the Infidel professes to hate, it is the suppressson of the individual right to think, and to set others to thinking. He never tires of expatiating on the murder of Hypatia, and the burning of Bruno in the remote past. He sees back through the vista of years better than he sees the actualities of the present; but the stake and the gibbet are threatening some Oregon people in 1884, and where is the defender of Hypatia and Bruno? He is gathering the fagots, and knotting the rope side by side with the outsider, and the hypocritical churchman.

Reader, the *Portland Oregonian* of Feb. 2, 1884, givs an account of preparations being made by a vigilance committee to hang at least seven humble, toiling, inoffensiv Christians on account of their teachings and belief, unless they leave the locality in which they liv. Z. T. Bryant, of Marshland, Oregon, over seventy-one years of age, is one of them. He writes me that the committee bound itself under an oath (the same as did some forty men against Paul) to hang or burn at the stake, him and his friends if found after eight days. Last summer, after similar threatening, the preacher of these people was shot, members assaulted, and camp-houses burnt.

Reader, ask yourself, where are the Catholics, Presbyterians, Quakers, etc, etc., with their love of Christ and their neighbors, while these things are fomenting? They are lauding our nineteenth century civilization, they are boasting of the increase of peace and good will, they are converting the heathen, and they are vieing with the Infidel in threatening, vilifying, shooting, hanging, and burning Christ in his members. Nos. 12, 15, 16, 17, 19, and the New York TRUTH SEEKER, I hav alike confronted on behalf of these persecuted people; Nos. 12 and 19, of Portland, Oregon, particularly. (See circular.)

Catonsville, Maryland. F. B. LIVEZEY.

THE TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL for 1884 is a very handsome illustrated publication, and givs useful information as to our American Freethinking brethren. The story of the establishment and growth of the National Liberal League, which has now 265 auxilary Leagues or branches, the paper on "The Progress of Liberal Thought in Canada," and Josiah P. Mendum's little sketch of the Paine Memorial will be read with great interest on this side the Atlantic.—*National Reformer.*

CATALOG of our books free on application.

Letters from Friends.

KENT, O., March 1, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Accept the inclosed $10.50 to increase the subscription list of the good old TRUTH SEEKER. Credit me with a year's subscription, or to March 17, 1885, when I shall endeavor to again present you with another club of new subscriber as a token of my appreciation of your impartial management of that champion of fair play and Freethought, the fearless old TRUTH SEEKER. MARIUS H. HEIGHTON.

EUREKA, MICH., Feb. 24, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I must hav THE TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL for 1884, and the other books herein mentioned. All hail to the dear TRUTH SEEKER! It is our holy Bible. Long may it liv to do battle for the right. I bless the day I heard of and saw one of Mr. Bennett's papers, about seven years ago. It opened my eyes very quick. Every time I look on one of our TRUTH SEEKERS I think of our dear Bennett. MRS. L. E. TITUS.

WENTWORTH, DAKOTA, Feb. 21, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: The sample copy of your paper is received and thoroughly read. I am satisfied with its contents. We hav a very Liberal neighborhood, and I do not think this will be the last subscription from here. Inclosed find $5, for which send THE TRUTH SEEKER to me for one year, and also the inclosed list of books. I hav become disgusted with old orthodoxy, and want something with a tinge of common sense, and at least a little reason. W. L. HORTON.

WILLIAMSTOWN, O., Feb. 26, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I hav been very much interested in reading the opinions of different ones in regard to THE TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL. I hav carefully perused the copy I obtained of the editor, and hav this to say in regard to its worth: I do sincerely wish there was a copy of it in every family in the United States, accompanied by a copy of your paper. But Liberalism must certainly be wonderfully on the increase. I judge from the great number of specimen copies of Liberal papers sent me, and all seem to hav a very liberal patronage. It makes my heart rejoice to know of the great change which has been wrought upon the public mind in this direction in the last few years. And since the introduction of Liberal papers and tracts in this village and vicinity, the opossum has let go all her feet, and just hangs by the tail, orthodoxy.

Respectfully, B. D. EVANS, M.D.

LYON, RICE CO., KAN., Feb. 29, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I was much interested in reading the copy of THE TRUTH SEEKER which you sent me. The reports of the celebrations of Paine's birthday show that Freethought is certainly making some progress.

It is easy enough to hav such celebrations in cities or in old settled countries, where people are on the tide of prosperity, and where there are brains that are capable of giving and brains that are capable of receiving the bread of truth. But in new countries that hav been open ports to unscrupulous traders, broken-down sharps of all descriptions, and a poverty-stricken mass, such celebrations are impossible.

It is also hard to support many Liberal enterprises, when one has no other means of existence than raising wheat and corn. When the farmer has paid a fabulous price for a machine (made out of protected iron) to cut his grain; has paid extortions to railroads; has sustained the cross-fires of commerce, and paid his taxes, it leaves him for his share a little sack of bran. JOSEPH LECLERC.

NUNDA, ILL., March 5, 284.

MR. EDITOR: J. E. Remsburg is having good audiences in all of his appointments in Illinois, notwithstanding that in every place we go the Christians make a desperate effort to keep the people away from the lectures. Here in Nunda the Methodist Episcopal church is running a negro minstrel show as a counter attraction. Last evening Mr. Remsburg opened his course of lectures here with his lecture on the "Sabbath" to a good audience in the Disciples Church, and at the close of the lecture, a minister of the Christian church paid him the compliment of acknowledging that Mr. Remsburg had treated the Sunday question in a fair, logical, and truthful manner. Last Sunday the Congregationalists at Huntley Grove had a Chicago divine as a counter attraction. And in the evening while said divine berated and abused Infidels to empty pews and an audience of less than twenty people by actual count, Mr. Remsburg delivered his eloquent and unanswerable lecture on the "False Claims of the Church" to a well-filled hall.

P.S.—My post-office address is yet at Bloomington, Ill.

F. F. FOLLET.

BOSTON, March 3, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: The sample number of your paper has just come to hand. I am pleased to note the evidence of its perfect success in its search for the truth. I accept it as my teacher, and I inclose pay for three months' tuition.

I was reading to a friend the account of Garfield's questionable means of carrying Indiana. My friend replied: "Would not a Freethinker use substantially the same means to attain a desirable end?" I answered: "No; the case of Colonel Ingersoll illustrates the fact that I am right. When he had the governorship of Illinois within his grasp; when a little hypocrisy and judicious silence would hav given him the prize, he would not stoop to such means. He said, 'No; I will keep my manhood if I lose the office.' He did keep his manhood, and lost the office."

And just here is a fine illustration of the reward of being loyal to the truth and one's sincere convictions. Since rejecting the bribe of hypocrisy he has given to the world ideas which will place his name high on the scroll of fame, when all the governors of Illinois shall hav faded from the mind of man. How the cheap fame of governors, and presidents, and kings, and nobles, pales before the transcendent fame of a man like Colonel Ingersoll, who has blessed the world with light, who is the greatest orator of nature that has ever expounded her mysteries and illustrated her beauties! When the brain has cast out the impurities of superstitious ignorance there is a new life and exhilaration which no Freethinker will trade off for offices and honors.

W. M. CHANDLER.

SANFORD, N. Y., March 11, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Mr. Andrews says in his article entitled "Money and Its Meaning," that the legal tender attribute of certain money is neither essential nor incidental, but merely accidental. I would like to hav him state where money of any kind can be found that is not a legal tender, *i.e.*, is there anything aside from law that can make money? I understand that an English guinea is not money in the United States; neither is any foreign coin money outside the jurisdiction of the law of the country that coins it. National bank bills are money only as far as the law makes them a tender for taxes, salaries, etc. Trade dollars were once money; now they are only a commodity, the same as any other chunk of metal. If a person agrees to pay me fifty dollars, I am compelled to accept standard silver dollars, gold coin, or United States notes (greenbacks). Any other coin or paper I cannot be compelled to receive, although it may hav a greater commercial value. In short, does not nature furnish or make metal, while law makes it money? M. L. KINSKERN.

SALEM STATION, WIS., Feb. 18, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed you will find $5. I want THE TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL, and want to pay for the best paper on earth to January 1, 1885, and the balance to the Monument Fund, if I am not too late. I went to Milwaukee and met Mr. Bennett when he was on his return from around the world, and I found him looking so robust that you can hardly imagin how grieved and shocked I was when I tremblingly broke open the black-lined TRUTH SEEKER and read the account of his death. I rode in a car from the city of Milwaukee to Kenosha, where I bade him a last good-bye, as it turned out. We had a good visit on the journey, and pleasantly discussed the probabilities of a future life, he having more faith than I, but that did not disturb the harmony between us. If it is true that death does not end all, Mr. Bennett is enjoying life beyond the reach of the "low-down" Comstocks, it is to be hoped. But when I look over the entire field, looking at the pros and cons as much as it may be desired, I can see no valid reason why the old patriarch's saying is not true, that "man dieth like the ox."

A. D. CORNWELL.

LANCASTER, PA., Feb. 25, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Presuming that you and your many readers will be pleased to hav another county heard from, I take the liberty to address to you and them a few lines from this goodly city in the Keystone state.

With a population of thirty thousand, you may wonder that we hav no Liberal organization here in Lancaster, and, to tell the truth, it has always been a wonder to me; but do not conclude that we hav no Liberals living here. On the contrary, with its thirty-two churches, all reasonably well attended, although, as is usually the case, mostly by women and children, Lancaster counts among its citizens quite a number of Liberal men, who, if they could be stirred up to unite their efforts, would make a creditable showing. What we want is a few good lecturers to show to the priest-ridden populace the approaching light of the dawning day of liberty. Messrs. Watts and Chainey were booked here during last December, but unfortunately were prevented from fulfilling their engagement. I wrote to Mr. Remsburg during his tour in Ohio last month, but my letter must hav reached its destination after Mr. Remsburg's departure, as it was returned to me through the dead-letter office. So, in the absence of lecturers, I will try to do some good to the cause by introducing Liberal papers. So please send THE TRUTH SEEKER to each of the following gentlemen three months on trial. A. ADLER.

FRANKFORT, N. Y., March, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: We are once more called upon to chronicle the death of one from our Liberal ranks. Brother Phineas Gates, a well-known Liberal and Freethinker of Ilion, Herkimer Co., N. Y., died March 1, 1884. Born May 1, 1813, his age was seventy years. His sickness was somewhat protracted, though he was confined to his room but two months. His disease was of a rheumatic character, and very painful. Brother Gates bore his affliction with fortitude, fully conscious of his approaching death. He was strong in the faith which he espoused, and lived and practiced the Golden Rule. He passed away as calmly as going to sleep, without a struggle. He had no faith in gods nor fear of devils hereafter.

In early life Brother Gates was the associate and schoolmate of D. M. Bennett, and during that time he was nine years with the Shakers, leaving that society five years before Brother Bennett. He came to Ilion in September, 1849, where he resided until his death. He leaves an aged wife, and his friends and neighbors sympathize with her in this her lonely bereavement, and endeavor to smooth the pathway for those who mourn.

The funeral took place at his late residence on Main st., Ilion, Monday, March 3, 1884. Agreeable to the request of Brother Gates before his death, that no Christian theologian should speak over his remains, the funeral ceremonies were conducted by Brother Cattaway, who took his remarks from "The Truth Seeker Collection," on page 71, which were given with feeling and with satisfaction to a well-filled house.

G. A. KENYON.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., March 10, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: In a late number of THE TRUTH SEEKER I notice an illusion by a writer to the Jewish press taking exceptions to their position, and intimating that the Jews ought not to oppose or quarrel with the Liberals, because "they hav already enemies enough." Now I respect this Jewish press very much more for its antagonism, if sincere, than I should for "bowing before," against principle, simply to make friends. This is simply a repetition of what has been in nearly all creeds and parties, and is, perhaps, the more noticeable at present in Liberals, Freethinkers, radicals, etc., than others, for their platform provides "that each shall hav his or her individual opinion, free and untrammeled by any dictation of sect, set rules, dogma, or otherwise than by conscience." Now in the face of this, it seems entirely out of place for a Liberal (?) to chide another party for taking the very same position as does his own party, seemingly forgetting that this great Liberal (?) party was gotten up expressly to furnish means of expressing diverse opinions, independent of whether they agreed with some other preconceived opinion or not. Some—I do not say all or many—of the Liberals (?) are the most selfish, egotistic, and illiberal persons I meet. I am glad to be able to say, however, that this part is in small minority, and that the Liberals I meet are usually all that the name implies.

In an abolition meeting many years ago was a well-known character known as All Togood, a large, powerful man of forty, who was so underwitted as to be incapable of earning his living, but begged it from door to door, singing songs and telling stories for pay; but who had, however, an occasional brilliant idea. In the course of this meeting some dissenters spoke in opposition to the prevailing sentiment, and there was some loud hissing, stamping, and cries of "Put him out!" etc., when All Togood's voice was heard above the roar, shouting, "That's the price of free speech, gentlemen; that's the price of free speech!" which ended the confusion at once. The friends of freedom (?) saw the point, and that they were acting in opposition to their avowed principles. Thereafter the meeting was quiet and orderly, and succeeded in its praiseworthy object. By publishing this it will appear that "ye are not one of them." F. W. ROCH.

FARLEY, IOWA, Feb. 23, 284.

MR. EDITOR: You will find inclosed $5.75, which use as directed. THE TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL is a gem, a beauty, and a perfect storehouse of information, and we should all thank you for placing it within our reach. I am now keeping a list of heretical ministers who may be discovered during this year, as I am able to gather them from reading the newspapers. If you should think proper to insert them in the ANNUAL you will be welcome to the names I secure.

Now, as to the future prospects of our cause, we need hav no fear so long as we enjoy the liberty of the press. Our literature is doing its silent but thorough work on every hand and in every home. The secular press is becoming a strong helper in the forward movement. Although she may attack us in some of our most radical demands, yet she comes daily freighted with heresy and new and advanced thought. I am personally acquainted with several editors who put into their papers all the heresy that their readers can bear. This is all we must ask of them. They are doing a good work where our Infidel papers would not be looked at.

I hav just returned from a four weeks' trip in Wisconsin, and am happy to say that in every locality that I visited I found the church gradually losing ground, and Liberalism and Infidelity gaining. Most of the old gray heads cling to the church, but the young are nearly entirely out, and likely to stay out. The preachers may blow about converting fifty here, one hundred there, or two hundred at some other place, but it is not true. Under the strain of excitement, women and children get up and openly confess that which they had believed all their lives. This they call conversion; but we know better. Such a thing as a real conversion from Materialism to Christianity is very rare. I hav never known a case. All that Liberals need to secure an early victory is to work together in harmony, leaving all internal strife until we hav got rid of man's most dreadful enemies, superstition and priestcraft.

Yours ever at work in the cause, H. GILMORE.

MILLBROOK, CT., March 11, 284.

MR. EDITOR: At the risk of meeting the unanswerable and of course overwhelming accusation of being one of a mutual admiration society of two, the other member of which society is your able and noble-souled contributor, Mr. Elliott Preston, of Boston, I write again to express to him my heartfelt gratitude for writing, and to you for publishing, his late article on vivisection in reply to Dr. Foote, which appeared in the columns of THE TRUTH SEEKER of March 8, 1884. I may also thank young Dr. Foote for his weak defense of the horrible practice, because it provoked a continuance of the controversy. I hope the subject will be thoroughly ventilated, for if it is, such a cry of horror will arise from humanity that even doctors will become ashamed of vivisection, ashamed to defend it in the public prints, and afraid to hav it known that they practice it; and heartless young sprigs in medical colleges will no longer be taught the devilish art of extorting needless pain from unoffending animals, for public sentiment—once awakened—will not tolerate vivisection in our colleges. I earnestly entreat every reader of these lines to send to the "Victoria Street Society for the Protection of Animals Liable to Vivisection," Victoria street, London S. W., England, for a copy of "Light in Dark Places," which will be mailed to him free, and will disclose horrors that make the tortures of the Spanish Inquisition seem insignificant. Comparativly few, I think, hav any idea of the infernal torment which vivisectors daily inflict upon defenseless living animals. But let them procure and read the above work, and if they do not agree with me that vivisection is a most damnable practice, their hearts and heads must be of very different material from mine. And it seems that the torture inflicted is without any beneficial results to humanity; it neither benefits the vivisector nor adds to the sum total of human knowledge called science. It simply edifies bloodthirsty young doctors and monsters of cruelty, mad with ambition to excel all other monsters in the production of excruciating agony. Mr. Preston speaks of attempts on the part of vivisectors to obtain human beings for their experiments. This suggests the horrible thought that possibly

some of the many prattling and innocent little children who hav been kidnapped within the past few years may hav gone to the torture chambers of the vivisectors, and there (under the influence of the poison *curare*, which intensifies the nerves of sensation, and, at the same time, increases the torment, by paralyzing the motor nerves, by which sensation is expressed) been multilated and torn, baked and boiled alive, for the *amusement* of their tormentors, and under the stultifying and false pretense of increasing the store of human knowledge. We may be justified in supposing any attrocity possible in the practice of the mad enthusiasts of vivisection.

Again permit me to thank you, Mr. Editor, for printing and Mr. Preston for indicting unanswerable protests against vivisection, that fiendish practice which, undoubtedly, as he says, "produces within the compass of any given twenty-four hours a sum of agony surpassing in its hideous total all the suffering upon the earth or in the sea existing during the same period and ascribable to all other causes combined."

I can hardly find words, Mr. Editor, to express my admiration of the letter of Mattie C. Mitchell, of Jackson, Mich., in THE TRUTH SEEKER of March 8, 1884. It givs no uncertain sound, but has the true ring, and from the bottom of my heart I thank her. I am proud to know that even one of the lady contributors of your paper has dared to speak—and in language that cannot be misunderstood—in denunciation of the damnable practice of vivisection. I hope we may hear from her again through THE TRUTH SEEKER, and that others of the gentler sex will go and do likewise. It is a subject well calculated to arouse the sympathetic nature and finer sensibilities of woman. Also, warmest thanks are due to J. L. Tompkins, of Lake City, Iowa, in the same number of THE TRUTH SEEKER, for his short but sharp castigation of those fiends in human shape, the vivisectors, every stroke of which I fully indorse. Mr. Preston has struck the chord; let us help to keep it vibrating.

HARVEY W. PINNEY.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., March 3, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: A few words in criticism of Mr. Tewksbury's letter of Jan. 6th, published in THE TRUTH SEEKER of March 1st. I very seriously question whether the "death-ends-all" theory will, as he says, "keep people' minds in so low a plane of thought that nothing can be accomplished that could be done on a higher plane of thought and aspiration." I hav never regarded the "death-ends-all" theory as a very low plane, nor hav I been able to find anything especially elevating in the "belief of a higher life," which I regard as a twin sister of superstition. Perhaps, however, it is like the Christian's reward—to be received "over there." The aim of all Liberals, I agree, should tend to a higher life here; but whether this can be done by trying to solve the Spiritualistic theory I am much in doubt. The time naturally allotted us will be fully occupied in cultivating such principles of character as will make us worthy to be called noble and good, without muddling the mind with ghosts and disembodied spirits.

His letter is the first I hav seen that publicly arraigned THE TRUTH SEEKER, and charged that the editorial department and correspondence possessed "too little soul." The impartial hearing that all shades of belief hav enjoyed in its colums endears it to the Liberal world. What paper, I ask, has done half as much to break the shackles of mental bondage, and liberate enslaved humanity? The doctrins of Materialism and Spiritualism hav alike been assailed and defended through its columns. During the dark days, when, seemingly, the power of the church never would be weakened, THE TRUTH SEEKER nobly withstood the shot and shell of church persecution, pleading humanity's cause. Never has it forsook the standard its founder first reared. Fighting for a lifetime under the flag of Universal Mental Liberty, his memory will endure when those who would unjustly criticise the work he has done hav passed into forgetfulness. He has died, but his monument, THE TRUTH SEEKER, still livs, no less a shining light than when the first ray flashed forth from its columns. If the people of the town in which Mr. Tewksbury resides are "too careless and indifferent about matters of a reformatory nature," and care nothing for the advancement of humanity, I hav no hesitation in suggesting the circulation of a few more copies of THE TRUTH SEEKER.

A. E. RINGER.

CHEBANSEE, ILL., March 1, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: John E. Remsburg delivered three Liberal lectures in the Masonic Hall, at this place, on the 26th, 27th, and 28th of February, 1884. There was a large attendance each evening, and the lectures were listened to with the closest attention. The first lecture was on "The Sabbath;" the second, "The Bible," and the third, "The Church."

The lecturer handled his subjects in a very masterly and logical manner. In the commencement of the first lecture he said that Christianity stood upon three great fundamental pillars—the Sabbath, the Bible, and the church. In the course of these three lectures he proposed to demolish one of those pillars each evening, commencing first with the greatest and most powerful one, the Sabbath. With great eloquence and logic he disposed of the Christian Sabbath in his first lecture, and showed positivly that there was no authority for it in the scriptures. Since the lecture a number of semi-Christians are searching the New Testament for Sabbath-day authority, one of the Liberals having offered to buy the best new hat in town for any man who can find a passage in the New Testament requiring Sabbath observance.

In the second lecture the Bible was handled in a way that opened the eyes of many persons. He examined its origin, its history, and its character, and read some disreputable portions. Several delicately-constituted persons stayed away from the last lecture, because, as they said, his lecture was too severe and too obscene. Yet those same persons do not blame the Bible for being obscene—and the lecturer did not expose the worst parts of it, either. By many persons the last lecture was considered the best in the course. It was mainly his published lecture entitled "False Claims" of the church. F. F. Follet, secretary of the State Liberal League, was traveling with the lecturer and selling Liberal books and papers.

These are the first Liberal lectures in Chebansee for a number of years. There are three or four churches in the place, and they hav gone along almost uninterrupted, although there are a considerable number of Liberals—and still more "half-breeds"—here. The churches held opposition meetings every night during the lectures, and used their influence to keep people away. One old deacon said his boys were bad enough without going to such lectures, and he kept them away. The Catholic priest and the Methodist minister were both personally invited to attend the lectures, but they did not go. At the first lecture the chairman announced that any person who desired would hav the opportunity of replying to anything the lecturer might advance, but no one ventured to raise any objections.

These lectures hav stirred up the people a good deal, and will hav a good effect. The admission was free, the expense being paid by a number of Liberals. It is intended to hav more lectures of this kind in the future. The Chebansee *Herald*, in its notice, said: "The lectures in the Masonic Hall this week, by Mr. Remsburg, were well attended every evening. He is a fluent speaker, and makes it interesting for his hearers."

JOS. HAIGH.

ROCHESTER, N. H., March 10, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I notice by my tab that you are in want of another three dollars from me for the grand old TRUTH SEEKER. So here you hav it. This is my third year of reading your paper. I only hope that as long as I liv I shall be able to hav it and pay for it, for it is the most satisfactory and the cheapest reading that I hav. I received the ANNUAL all right. It is worth double the amount that you charge for it.

E. J. FOSS.

FORT SCOTT, KAN., March 6, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I hav just finished a course of lectures here, the course extending through two months. The interest manifested by the public in the cause of Liberalism indicates a desire on their part to become more fully acquainted with the purposes of Liberal reform.

Inclement weather has often been against our meetings; yet on nearly every night the court-house was filled. On last Sunday night a large number were compelled to stand during the entire evening, the subject being, "The Progress of Heresy." I anticipate giving another course of lectures here early in the summer. In the meantime, however, I wish to make arrangements to lecture through Kansas, Nebraska, Missouri, Iowa, and Illinois. All Leagues or persons desiring to communicate with me will address J. L. ANDREW,

In care of Prof. D. D. Bryant, Fort Scott, Kansas.

PHILADELPHIA, March 3, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: We are much interested in reading in THE TRUTH SEEKER of the progress of the Liberal work that is going on in all parts of the country, and I infer from my own interest in the cause of humanity that your readers may be interested to learn that this grand uprising of the people is manifest here as elsewhere. We hav made quite a great deal of progress in our League since we began a few months ago. The officers of our society are activ, intelligent, and liberal. They hav given the people here an opportunity to hear such capable speakers as Remsburg, Chainey, and Bell. The latter speaker addressed the League twice last Sunday, and it is the universal verdict of those who heard Prof. Bell that he is a splendid talker, and touches the most vital issues of the day in a common sense and practical way. We want to hear him again just as soon as he can arrange to come this way. W.

LOOKING GLASS, OR., Feb. 20, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I know no better way to aid the Liberal cause, especially in a district remote from the lecture field, than by helping to circulate Liberal papers. I find a great many who disbelieve in church dogmas, yet when their opinions are assailed can giv no good reason for the faith that is in them. The clergy here keep themselvs posted in regard to who is supplied with Freethought publications, and manage to govern themselvs accordingly. If you hav THE TRUTH SEEKER and Paine's "Age of Reason" about the house you can hardly coax one home with you. Since I hav been a reader of Liberal books and papers one thing more noticeable than anything else is the ignorance of some of the clergy, not only in scientific truths, but what should be facts pertaining to their profession, and yet we are asked to take counsel from them. Not long since a good member of the church asked me if I believed in the theory of the motion and rotundity of the earth. I left him in disgust. He doubtless thinks the earth square and with corners.

FRAZIER WARD.

SALISVILLE, MONT. TER., Feb. 7, 284.

MR. EDITOR: In common with others, I hav taken deep interest in the discussion between Spiritualists and Materialists as carried on through THE TRUTH SEEKER, but, after giving both sides a hearing, find myself as far from settled convictions on the subject as when the discussion began. To my mind it seems impossible that the question of immortality can ever be settled by argument any more than by dogma. Evidently the whole question turns on proof. No other solution will ever meet with general acceptance. And certainly the burden of proof logically rests with Spiritualism. We know nothing of a future existence, and when we attempt to reason the idea of immortality, as generally understood, seems too vapory to approach substantial reality. Yet my sympathies are with Spiritualism. I should rejoice to see a universal demonstration of continued existence. I can see no more in continued existence to be ashamed of than the present one. My present life has not been so barren of all pleasure but that I should be willing to repeat the operation of living over again, and would contract to liv a little longer when I bid farewell to blood and bones, should the laws of nature permit. Yet the facts are what we want, let them lead where they will.

The Materialist does not, as I understand, claim to hav positiv proof of his position—neither is it necessary he should—but arrives at his conclusions by a method of reasoning founded on what is known of the laws of nature. Whereas, the Spiritualist not only enters the domain of logic, but summons to his aid that which he believes to be proof of spirit existence.

What I write is not to enter the arena of debate, but is solely for purposes of information. And I invoke criticism to the end that those who are competent may point out my error and thereby either furnish a basis upon which I may arrive at conclusions more satisfactory than hitherto, or better enable me to form a correct estimate of my own ignorance, the existence of which is my only apology for writing this article.

For ages man has been insulted by a dogmatic demand that he should accept a priestly concocted belief labeled faith. Now that he has grown restless under such mockery of reason, he comes forward respectfully soliciting something more tangible. And should Spiritualists succeed in favoring him with absolute knowledge of continued existence they should, from my point of view, rank among the world's greatest benefactors.

Christendom has suffered an intellectual famin under the reign of faith. The only wonder, and bearing the closest resemblance to a miracle, is that even one good and sensible person exists to-day where "civilizing" Christianity has been, knowing, as we do, that for more than a thousand years the church was engaged in exterminating the noblest and best, and allowing the vicious and ignorant to survive and propagate their kind, genuin receptacles of faith, cut and made to order. In view of the pernicious effects of faith, I think our Spiritualist brethren will indulge our skepticism and deal tenderly with us when we ask in a becoming manner proofs which will reach these remote regior s of the West. Though many of the ablest and best accept existing proofs, yet many to whom the same appellations apply do not, and "moral turpitude" cannot properly be assigned as a reason. One difficulty seems to be, the demonstrations so far hav been confined within too narrow limits, too much so to attain rapidly to universal conviction. It would seem, if spirits exist and can communicate with mortals, conclusiv evidence of the fact to all intelligent beings could be produced without denying mediums their prerogativ of fixed and prescribed conditions. We are bound in earth life by similar laws, and spir its being only human at best. I can see no impropriety in according the same to them. Therefore we shall not, as some writers hav done, demand proof to each individual. Also we will recognize the demand for favorable conditions, and are willing mediums may remain in their cabinets, surrounded with every facility for thorough work. But we ask, not in a bigoted spirit, why can they not from these facts make their proofs of a universal character, and thereby reach the general public? Has not the telegraph operator stood at his post and compelled a skeptical world to acknowledge that man in his majesty can control electric force? He has not convinced each individual separately, or only those who were able to visit his office. Many thousand individuals hav never seen a battery for charging a telegraph wire, or know anything whatever of the *modus operandi* of telegraphy, yet are convinced of its truth. And why is this? The proof has been universal, and reached all alike. If we all hav to await the slow process of spirit demonstration now going on, quite presumably many will hav to await the reality. It is impossible for persons without means to visit a powerful medium hundreds of miles away. Even had they the means, and should they go, how are they to know but on returning home the first newspaper they pick up will contain intelligence of the exposure of the very medium who had so benignantly placed their feet on the rock of ages? The exposure of mediums seems always in order. How are we to know but that in time all will meet like fates—especially when we see mediums high in their profession challenged to exposure, and perfect silence prevail. Some time since a kind of feinting, dodging effort was made to convince Mrs. Slenker. Had the scheme been carried through, and Elmina convinced, the world would not be. True, we should hav rejoiced that she had received satisfaction as an individual, yet proof to her would not hav been proof to the world, no more so than proof to others had formerly been to her. The same may be said with reference to the long standing and almost forgotten Truesdell-Lacy test.

The question arises, How is proof to be made which will reach all alike without disturbing the conditions under which alone spirits can communicate? I ask those who are supposed to know, in the event such a thing is possible. Is it not claimed spirits can and do transmit messages? If they can, hav they not, in a great measure, the same means at hand to carry conviction to the world that the electrician had in his sphere of action? When the Jeannette for so many months was on her fatal voyage, and a world with bated breath awaiting even one authentic word from her, did not spirits lose one grand opportunity of demonstrating their existence? Why not hav brought back a faithful report of that terrible voyage? Had their report sustained a verbatim comparison with the ship's record when found, would not such evidence hav almost amounted to proof? Then did not considerations of humanity demand they should hav done so? Could not this hav been done without violating the conditions of spirit communion? Mediums could hav remained in the obscurity of their cabinets and awaited favorable conditions? To-day the Greeley expedition is somewhere within those terrible solitudes. Why not let us know something of it? I presume we will again hav to await the superhuman efforts of *man* to know its fate, when spirits without frosted ears, frozen fingers, or nipped toes could let us know all about it.

If spirits can transmit private messages, why not intelligence of a public character, and thus furnish proof essentially the same to each and all? and, if always reliable, especially when coming from remote regions where any other source of information would be impossible, certainly such evidence would hav weight. When Spiritualism succeeds in making a universal demonstration of its claims to all intelligent persons, I shall contribute all my stock of pleasure to the common fund of joy over the triumph. Respectiully. THOS. BURK.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"His life is long whose work is well,
And be his station low or high,
He who the most good works can tell,
Livs longest though he soonest die."

Grandfather's Pocketbook.

Grandfather's pocketbook, faded and old!
Years thresscore and ten hav over it rolled
Since the day and the hour when it was new,
And the sheen on it wore its glossiest hue.
Gray it is now with the touch of Time's fingers,
The hard print of which on it still lingers.

'Tis made of morocco, once shining and red;
Grandfather bought it the day he was wed!
He looked on its contents with little less pride
Than he gazed on his young and beautiful bride:
For that he well knew would keep want from the door,
And welcome would giv to the weary and poor.

'Tis a joy to see this pocketbook old,
With its cavernous cells for silver and gold;
It brings to our mind the time far away,
When greenbacks in darkness unconsciously lay;
When sov'reigns and guineas of genuin gold,
And Spanish-milled dollars were made in a mold.

Look! here's a letter, all blotted with tears,
All yellow with age, and stained by the years!
'Tis a love letter, and reads much the same
As letters this day of a similar name;
It begins with, "My darling," and tells of love
As lasting as that of the powers above.

'Tis addressed to grandmother's maiden name,
And there is in it a shadow of blame
That their wedding morn is so far away,
('Twas just one year from the date to the day.)
It tells that he rode sixty miles in a stage!
And grandfather's name's at the end of the page.

And see! here's a lock of grandfather's hair,
As curling and black, as shining and fair,
As when grandma's scissors clipped it from his head
On his nineteenth birthday, when softly he said,
"Take, Susan, I pray, the whole of my head!"
And that was the way he asked her to wed.

Here's their marriage paper, crumpled and torn;
See where it was folded, how it is worn!
The year eighteen hundred, the ink was wet,
Two years from the time my grandparents met,
When they to each other gave hand and heart,
To cherish and love till death should them part.

A sailor was grandpa, brave-hearted and bold,
And fearless of danger, as oft I've been told;
Hardy and activ, to all ports he went,
And brief was the time that at home he spent,
But blissful there were the hours that he passed,
Though shadows of parting o'er them were cast.

He sailed from Newport one bleak winter's morn,
Just as the day was caressed by the dawn.
Grandmother's sweet lips he touched with a kiss,
As he gave her the wallet, saying, "Take this;
There's enough for all that you'll want to buy.
Take care of your babies—and, darling, good-bye!"

Of that ship and crew not the slightest word,
From that day to this, has ever been heard.
Grandmother waited year out and year in,
Till she grew gray-haired, and faded, and thin;
But the dear one came not her fond heart to cheer,
And no tidings of him e'er did she hear.

But one still night, as she quietly slept,
Grandpa came in a dream, and over her wept;
She saw, in her vision, his clothes dripping wet,
And gently he told her that his sun had set;
In his face, icy cold, clearly she read
That his dear body forever was dead.

Time brought to grandma offers of marriage,
A house in town and a handsome carriage;
But to each and all grandma said, "Nay;
In patience I'll wait the coming bright day
When my low-roofed mansion is ready for me,
And I trust in that time my husband to see."

And now she has gone, at eighty odd years,
To the rest that she yearned for through misty tears;
And I think if there's life on the other side,
Grandpa has greeted his long-ago bride!
And I know, if so, the perfect bliss given
Compensates for the joy that here was riven.

The babies, two boys, are old men now,
And silver hair crosses each furrowed brow.
Father, and grandfather, each has become,
And their journey on earth is now almost done;
The shadows of twilight draw on apace,
With stars shining bright on the bosom of space.

Grandfather's pocketbook, faded and old—
Its leaves in reverence I tenderly fold;
And I lay its treasures back in their place,
Putting them up in their old-fashioned case—
For 'mong the choicest things I hav and hold,
Is grandfather's pocketbook, faded and old.

A Grizzly.

"Papa, what is a grizzly?"

"A grizzly, my son, is a species of bear that inhabits the Rocky and Sierra Nevada mountains of the West."

"Papa, did you ever see a grizzly? If you hav, tell me about him, will you?"

"The grizzly is the largest and most ferocious of all the bear tribe. His fur is of a dark brown color, thickly interspersed with white hairs, which giv him a grizzled appearance; hence his name. He grows to be nine feet in length, and frequently attains the weight of one thousand pounds. Although his claws are six inches long and his strength prodigious, his great weight prevents him from climbing trees, as the black bear does. The grizzly bear will attack man or beast at sight, fears nothing, and being very hard to kill is regarded by the hunter as his most formidable enemy and his most precious prize. The Indian brave who can wear a necklace of grizzly's claws, having slain the bear himself, is regarded by his admirers as the bravest of the brave, and honored accordingly."

"Papa, tell me a story about grizzlies, will you?"

"A true one or a make believe?"

"A true one, of course. I like those best. Made-up stories are too much like the Sunday-school books that Amy Linton reads—wishy-washy stuff that you can't depend on. I like something that I can believe and learn something from."

"All right, my boy. I will gratify you. When your grandfather was a young man he had a friend named David Huber, who studied medicin, and when gold was discovered in California by Captain Sutter in 1849, Doctor Huber left the old Keystone state and went to California in search of the shiny metal. But shoveling gravel and rocking the 'long tom' were not congenial employments for the doctor."

"Papa, what's a long tom?"

"A long tom was a kind of rude cradle with a slatted bottom, employed by the early miners of California to wash gravel and separate the gold from it. Doctor Huber practiced medicin for some time, but finally determined to turn shepherd. So he went up into the foot-hills that skirt the Sierra Nevada mountains, built him a substantial log cabin, and stocked his ranch with sheep. During the day the sheep were allowed to run at large, but at night they were carefully housed in order to protect them from the wild beasts that infest the country. One beautiful moonlight night the doctor thought he heard a disturbance among the sheep, so he jumped out of bed, and without waiting to take down his gun, or even dress himself, ran out to the pen, and sprang lightly over the log fence surrounding the sheep-fold and found himself face to face with a huge grizzly, contentedly making a meal on a slain sheep. Not wishing to share Mr. Grizzly's nocturnal repast or cultivate a close acquaintance, the doctor, without even begging pardon for the intrusion, sprang back over the fence and ran toward the house at the top of his speed. But Ephraim—as the hunters call the grizzly—felt insulted and determined to punish the doctor for his meddlesomeness, so with mouth open, growling ferociously, and with surprising agility he followed closely upon the doctor's heels. Finding himself closely pursued, and having no means of defense, the doctor grabbed a picket from the garden fence and wheeling round ran it down Bruin's throat, whose jaws closed like a steel trap, biting off the picket and chewing the offending piece into bits. In the mean time, the doctor having sprung aside, the bear spat out the unpalatable medicin and returned open-mouthed to the charge as before. Again the doctor administered a full dose of *piquet de jardine*, and sprang aside to await the effect."

"What is *piquet de jardine?*"

"Well, my boy, doctors are generally very learned men, and having a reputation to sustain they giv their medicin foreign names to enhance its value, and *piquet de jardine* is French for 'a picket off the garden fence.' But as the bear was not an educated one, and had never been to 'Yhrrup,' the effect was lost upon him. He regarded the medicin as a common American product and rejected it scornfully. But as 'desperate cases require desperate remedies,' the doctor continued to press the picket upon the bear's attention until the supply became exhausted. Gradually the doctor had worked his way toward the cabin door, and as Bruin made his last charge he gave him the stump of the picket as a last hope. The bear's long and heavy body went plowing past the cabin some distance, and before he could stop and turn around the doctor sprang into the recess formed by the ends of the logs at the door, and as he was shielded by the shadow the grizzly on turning around passed the door without seeing him and ran back to the sheep-fold. The doctor, who had been too busy to think of danger, now became thoroughly frightened, and, springing into the cabin, closed and barred the door, jumped into bed, and remained there till after sunrise the next morning. He then peeped cautiously out and his eye caught sight of his gun quietly reposing on the hooks over the door. In his excitement the night before he had entirely forgotten that he possessed such a valuable piece of property. But now it was too late to use it, as the sheep thief had taken his departure, carrying his booty with him. An examination next morning of the ground between the sheep-fold and the cabin revealed furrows in the soft ground as though a plow drawn by a yoke of oxen had done duty there during the night. This was evidently the result of the bear's efforts to check his speed and wheel his unwieldly body when the agil doctor had dodged him. Years afterward the doctor enjoyed many a hearty laugh as he related how he performed the 'wizard dance' by moonlight, while the music was furnished by a grizzly."

H. H.

Our Puzzle Box.

1.

CHARADE.

There is a man in England old,
A giant both in mind and mold—
Now hear what by his *Name* is told:

And *first* behold *a spike-tipped staff*
To stir John Bull up like a calf;
Then follows something like *a laugh!*

That *laugh* is yet at *law's* expense!
Such is my *whole's* divided sense,
And such the hist'ry of events.

But lights prophetic on me beam,
A change comes o'er my certain dream,
And Right and Law shall be supreme!

Irwin, Iowa. J. K. P. BAKER.

2.

COMPOUND REVERSIBLE CHARADES.

1. A modern writer's *Name*
Place upon the list of fame;
If but a "*portion on*" you write
All that *Name* appears in sight;
If reversed you read it fair
You will find it is "*no snare.*"
Kind of heart and free from strife,
Yet by his aid I took a Life,
The Life of—well, if you but bring
2. *His Name* engraved upon a ring,
And read it backward, you'll discover
"*I a t*" lover—a true lover—
And such he ever was, you'll find,
The Friend and Lover of mankind.

Irwin, Iowa. J. K. P. BAKER.

3.

RIDDLE.

I am all around you. You can feel me, but you cannot see me. What is my name?

4.

CROSSWORD.

In certain, not in sure;
In rich, not in poor;
In island, not in bay;
In clover, not in hay;
In apple, not in plum;
In organ, not in drum;
In froth, not in scum;
My whole is a Western city. B. D.

5.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 11 letters.
My 5, 10, 7, is not in the post;
My 10, 4, 3, 8, 1, is what gladdens the eye of desert travelers.
My 6, 10, 7, is an interrogation.
My 2, 11, 8, 10, 5, is our safety.
My 1, 4, 9, 10, 11, is a race of people.
My whole is the name of one of our most valuable TRUTH SEEKER writers.

F. W. COLLINS.

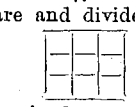
6.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 11 letters.
My 4, 5, 7, 8, is not written.
My 11, 7, 2, is a tropical vegetable.
My 2, 7, 1, 8, is what we expect each day.
My 1, 6, 7, 8, 11, is a country of Europe.
My 3, 7, 8, 10, is used by brewers.
My whole is what most people hope for.
Idaho Springs, Col. F. W. COLLINS.

7.

Make a square and divide it into 9 blocks, thus:



and put numbers in them so that they will add lengthwise, crosswise, and kittercorn ered both ways 11 4-7, and hav no two numbers of the same value. R. R. GALE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER, MARCH 8TH.

1. 8 1-2.
2. KITCHEN.
3. COAL OIL.
4. BEDSTEAD.
5. TIDE.
6. CARACK, from *carus*, a wagon, because it carries much, as if it were a *carrus marinus*, a large ship of burden. K is called "pork's tail" because it is the last letter of the word pork, and for a similar reason it is said to be at the stern of carack.
7. SIX.

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[Leagues and Liberal and Spiritualistic Societies in the United States and Canada meeting regularly, can hav notices of their meetings published in this column free if the officers will send them to us.]

MICHIGAN.

MUSKEGON.—The Liberal League meets every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock in the German Odd Fellows' Hall, corner of Western ave. and Terrace st.

OHIO.

CLEVELAND.—The Liberal League meets every Sunday afternoon at 3 P.M., in the hall on the corner of Ontario and Bolivar streets. Exercises—lectures and discussion.

WISCONSIN.

MILWAUKEE.—The Milwaukee Liberal League meets every Sunday evening at Fraternity Hall, 216 Grand avenue.—Exercises: Lectures, Criticisms, and Music.—Admission free.

MAINE.

PORTLAND.—Dr. H. A. Lamb has hired Congress Hall, Congress street (entrance on Temple street), where free meetings, lectures, and discussions are held every Sunday, 2:30 P.M. Admittance free. Public invited.

OREGON.

PORTLAND.—The American Liberal League of Portland, Or., holds meetings every Sunday, at 2 o'clock, P.M., at Nonpareil Hall, cor. 1st and Madison streets. All are invited. Admission free.

MASSACHUSETTS.

BOSTON.—Boston Liberal Club holds meetings for essays and criticisms every Sunday forenoon at 10:45 in the Paine Memorial Building, Appleton street.——The "Society of the Divine Homo" at same place every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Sunday-school at 2:30. Admission free.

PENNSYLVANIA.

PHILADELPHIA.—The Friendship Liberal League meets every Sunday at Hancock Hall, 814 Girard avenue, at 2:30 o'clock, and 7:30 o'clock, P.M., for lectures and free debates. THE TRUTH SEEKER and Liberal books for sale.

PITTSBURGH.—Pittsburgh Liberal League meets at Maltby Hall, 76 Fifth avenue, every Sunday (except during the Months of July and August) at 3 o'clock. A free platform is maintained. Exercises consist of a lecture, followed by 10 minute criticisms, with 15 minutes allowed the lecturer to reply. Clergymen invited to discuss.

NEW JERSEY.

NEWARK.—Newark Liberal League meets every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the League's Hall, 177 Halsey street. Exercises consist of music, readings, lecture, and discussion, in which all present are invited to participate. Admission free. Collection taken. Communications for the League should be addressed to J. W. Frankel, 10 Pine street, Newark.

CANADA.

MONTREAL.—Pioneer Freethought Club meets every Sunday at 3 P.M.,, at 1310 Catharine street. Reading-room open daily until 10:30 P.M. Library open for exchange of books three evenings per week, and on Sunday afternoons. Free public lectures on Sundays as advertised in local newspapers. Strangers always welcome. G. S. Wilson President, M. O'B. Ward, M.D., Secretary.

NEW YORK.

ALBANY.—The Liberal association meets every Sunday at Van Vechten Hall, 119 State street. Sunday-school at 2 P.M. General business meeting and debates and discussions at 3 P.M. Lecture at 7:30 P.M. The public are cordially invited to attend, also all Liberals visiting the city. Admission free.

NEW YORK CITY.—The Manhattan Liberal Club meets every Friday evening at 8 o'clock, for a lecture and discussion, at German Masonic Temple, 220 East 15th street. Admission 5 cents. Monthly cards 20 cents. Membership fee $3.——The American Spiritualist Alliance meets every Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock in Republican Hall, 55 West 33d street.——The First Society of Spiritualists holds its meetings every Sunday in Republican Hall, 55 West 33d street. Morning service 11 o'clock; evening, 7:45. Seats free. Public cordially invited.——Frobisher College Hall, 23 East 14th street, near Broadway. The People's Spiritual Meeting every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 P.M.

BROOKLYN.—The Brooklyn Spiritual Society meets at Conservatory Hall, cor. of Fulton street and Bedford avenue, every Sunday. Services at 11 A.M. and 7:45 P.M. Admission free. Public cordially invited. Liberal and Spiritual papers and books for sale.——The Everett Hall Spiritual Conference, 398 Fulton street, meets every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. Meetings free. Spiritual literature for sale.——The Eastern District Spiritual Conference meets every Monday evening at Composite Room, 4th street, corner of south 2d street, at 7:45. Spiritual and Liberal literature on sale. All invited.——The South Brooklyn Spiritual Society meets at Brauns Hall, 5th avenue, corner of 23d street, on the first and third Fridays of each month.——The Brooklyn Spiritual Fraternity. Friday evening conference meetings will be held in the lecture room of the church of New Spiritual Dispensation, Clinton avenue, between Park and Myrtle avenues, at 7:30 P.M.——The Philosophical Association meets every Sunday afternoon in the Assembly Room of Wright's Business College, Broadway, corner of Fourth street, E. D., at 3 P.M. Public cordially invited. Doors open at 2:30 P.M.

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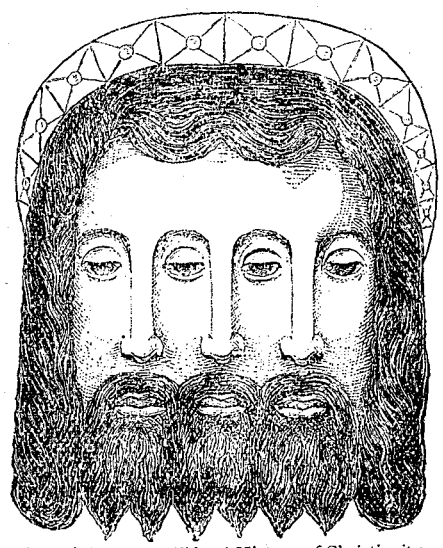
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Of all our thoughts which crowd into a life,
Of all our joys and pleasures, or of pain,
The one thing uppermost, and ever rife,
Is, shall we an immortality attain?

To *know* is what engages every thought—
To conquer error, and develop mind.
Then shall we say that all this work is naught?
And, dying, leave the world and all, so blind?

Shall we dissolve to elemental states,
And be dumb matter, o'er and o'er again,
To feed the bodies or the brains of apes?
Why not liv on to feed the brains of men?

How can I comfort take in the "here and now,"
When o'er my soul hangs an impending fate?
How can ignorance contentment know,
When life's *arcana* I may penetrate?

The school-boy worries on with slates and books,
His aching head attests his honest mind,
A puzzling problem seen in all his looks
To get the answer which he seeks to find.

But does he giv it up, and try no more,
And say, "I've done my very best, I trow!
My brain I've racked until it's tired and sore!
I'll rest and take my comfort, "here and now?"

Or see the men, a Newton or Laplace,
Or Kepler, whose telescopic visions rare,
Nature's grand realms taught us how to trace,
And learn of those celestial regions there.

Did such seek pleasure in the "here and now,"
And make no struggle for immortal fame?
Nor weave a wreath for manhood's noble brow,
Nor teach us how a noble manhood came?

Shall any problem which the mind can ask,
Or any thoughts concerning life or death,
Deter from the stupendous task
To answer—e'en with the latest breath?

I've known the gates of glory open wide
To dying man, whose vision then but came,
The angel sister standing by his side,
Who bade him come, and called him by his name

With tears of joy, and looks angelic, she
Brought others to his humble dying couch,
And then, with clairvoyant vision, he
Could see them all, and sense their gentle touch.

His aged father came, and many more
Whom he knew not while on this mortal side,
With cheerful faces, from the angelic shore
To help him o'er the vasty deep to ride.

And with a smile, as only death can giv,
He said, "My friends! to all I bid adieu;
I've seen the grand and glorious 'other side;'
Of heaven I've had a grand and glorious view.

No words I need on matter or on mind,
No canting priest to guide me on to rest,
His dogmas, rituals, and creeds, I find
The angels smile at, as but a cruel jest.

The soul livs on, as matter most refined,
The body, but the germ of mortal clay,
It dies, and to its mother earth returns,
While I with spirits fly to realms away."

With peace he closed his mortal eyes in death,
A mind full conscious of the "when and how;"
He taught us with his gasping, dying breath,
That immortality is here and now.

Wilkes Barre, Pa., Feb. 23. J. R. PERRY.

Couldn't Understand.

Opie Read in Arkansaw Traveler.

For some time young Mulkittle has been very studious, under the learned superintendence of Miss Patesmore, an old maid who stands in great favor with the minister's family. The other evening, when the lamp in Mr. Mulkittle's study had been lighted, preparatory to heavy work on a new sermon, entitled, by an original flash, "The Fall of Man," the good man entered, arranged his papers, and mused: "Yes, for some time I hav contemplated a sermon on this subject, something, I think, that under my observation has never been clearly done. The fall of man, by all religionists, is taken for granted, and too little effort to explore the case has been made."

The youngster entered.

"Why aren't you at your books, my son? I am much pleased with the progress you are making, and I hope that you will giv me no cause for changing my opinion."

"I want to talk to you," the boy replied.

"Well," turning from the desk, "you are old enough, and hav studied enough within the past five or six months, to talk sensibly. I hav just started to write a sermon on the 'Fall of Man.'"

"I saw him when he fell!" he exclaimed, in the light of sudden recollection. "He was walkin' along on the other side of the street, an' slipped up an' cum down, cur-bim! Ma told you, didn't she?"

"You don't understand me. I do not mean any man you may hav seen fall. I mean the fall of the first man—the fall that caused all our suffering."

"How did he fall?"

"He was told, you understand—for you hav often received instructions on this point—not to eat certain fruit—"

"An' he fell out of the tree?"

"Oh, no. Eve, his wife, gave him the fruit, and when he ate it—"

"It knocked him down?"

"Look here. I don't see that study improves you in the least. You hav heard the story of creation time and again, and—"

"I thought it was the truth."

"It is the truth."

"Then how can it be a story?"

"No, according to your construction of story, it is not one. A great many disputes hav arisen in regard to the tempting of Eve by the devil. Satan, as intelligent men understand the recital, was formerly an angel, thrown out of heaven."

"Why did they throw him out?"

"Because," scratching his head, "he was unwilling to acknowledge the supreme power of God. He wanted to overthrow the great ruler and become a ruler himself. This led to a war. Satan and his band were defeated and cast down to hell."

"Did they fight?"

"Yes, they fought with flaming swords."

"Did any of them get killed?"

"Oh, no; they were not human, and therefore could not die."

"Did Satan get scared?"

"Yes, for he was driven out."

"But if they couldn't kill him, what made him get scared?"

"We don't really know that he was scared, but at any rate he was driven down to hell. This was before man was made. After the creation of man, Satan saw him in the garden of Eden, enjoying himself, and was determined to work his downfall; so he left the infernal regions and went to the garden of Eden."

"Did God know when he left?"

"Oh, yes."

"And did he know that Satan wanted to hurt Adam?"

"Most assuredly, for he had warned Adam against him."

"Did God love Adam?"

"Yes, for Adam was made in the Lord's image."

"Then, why didn't the Lord scare Satan away?"

"You are getting into your old foolish habit again. The more I try to teach you the more foolish you become. Satan told Eve that she was blind, but that if she would eat of the forbidden fruit, her eyes would be opened. She believed Satan and ate of the fruit, and gave it to Adam, who also ate. Suddenly they discovered that they were naked—"

"Didn't they know it before?"

"No, for when they ate the fruit their eyes were opened and—"

"Satan told 'em the truth, didn't he?"

"Go on away, now," said Mr. Mulkittle, indignantly. "You are old enough to hav better sense than to ask such silly questions."

"But the fruit done just what he said it would do."

"Go on, or I'll paddle you with my slipper. You are too young to understand, but your youth does not protect you against just punishment. Go on!" As the reverend gentleman reached for his slipper, the youngster, perplexed at his own inability to understand, left the room.

Primitiv Christianity in the West.

BRIDGEPORT, IOWAY, March third ateen aty fore.

MR. EDITOR: Ive bin away holedin a pertracted meetin, over at Hells kitchen. its the wust place in this country, and we concluded, after a grate deel uv prayer and communein with the lord, that wede establish a church there, under the ospises uv the church uv Hopple. akordinly, we went over there, en mas, as it ware, and cut the logs and razed it in wun day. We bilt it with fore corners tu it, becoz the erth hez fore corners, and hosses hez fore legs. in fact, all kind uv fore legged animels hez fore legs. and we put the chimbly at the northeast corner becoz Solaman's temple wuz begun at the northeast corner, and while we warm the Soles of Sinners with the Gospel uv crist, the fire-place will warm their bodies. the populashun is mostly maid up of hoss theves and lude wimmen, and weve had a terrible time to git up a interest in the meetin. we commenst on Saturday nite, and on Sunday we had three fites and a hoss race rite in the church, but we told em wede cum tu stay, and they sed they dident keer a dum how long we staid ez long ez we dident steel nuthin. this we cunsiderd a insult tu the coz, but Bruther Hopple advized peece at anny price, so we kep on a preechin, and a exortion uv em tu cum tu crist. at last the preechin uv the wimmen, espechely mine, semed tu atract em. fust wun, and then another, and at last the hole croud cum, and a pack uv hounds follered, and when wede sing, them hounds wood jine in the corus; and it wood hav dun yure Sole good tu hev heerd the musick.

At fust thade laff at us, but we seed we wuz a gainin' ground. We node the holey sperrit wuz there ef they dident. We could see they ware a mellerin' up, little bi little, and when they cumenct to ask us home with em to eat, we node wede soon git the under holts on em, and shore enuf at the end uv the second weak, bi previous agreement, Sister Hopple tuck one corner and Sister Smith anuther, and Sister Slocum and me the other two, and after a powerful sermon from each corner Brother Hopple riz up in the middle uv the house and commenct a singin "Cum tu Jezes jist now," and uv coarse the fore corners jined in the corus, and the hole pack an hounds jined in with us, and jist ez the mud began tu fall out in the cracks between the logs Gideon Pate riz up and ast fer prairs, bellerin like a caff. And as he iz a leader uv a gang uv thieves the uthers soon follered him, and we had tu thro the benches out uv dores so they cood hav a chance tu rassel with the sperrit, and fer about six hours we wuz all mixed up in a pile on the flore so that we cood hardly tell which from tother. And sich shoutin and singin and huggin and kissin and prayin I reckon haint ben seen sence the day uv Penty Cost. The sisters each tuk one uv these wicked men into our special keepin, and the bruthers each rasseled with a fallen woman. You see we cood hav more effect that way, and were lurnt bi experience that a woman can handel a man at a revival better than wun man kin handel anuther man.

Bruther Hopple calls this strategy, and i gess it is, for it works offal nice. i hed the plesure uv assistin in the baptism uv that hole naberhood (except the hounds), and they wuz thare a sittin on the ice a-shiverin and a-watchin there masters and mistresses ez they cum up out uv the water kivered with glory and icecickles, and singin "thur is a fountin filled with blood," and so forth. i fele ez tho i must cloze this interestin letter, and in duen it i fele ez tho i owe to the reeders uv yure paper the follerin butifull lines. i cumpozed em last nite after the metein clozed. our metein hez bin such a suckcess that i fele ez wun inspired, and at sich times the poetry jist fairly runs rite out uv me.

The Pot uv glory's bilein
In the fiyur place uv hell,
And the dinner uv Salvashun,
That the Cristian luvs so well,
Will sune be on the tabel,
All a-smokin with the breth
Uv our Lord and Savior Jezes,
Hoo will save our soles frum deth.

Your sister in Crist,
REVERUNT MISS ABAGIL SPARKS,
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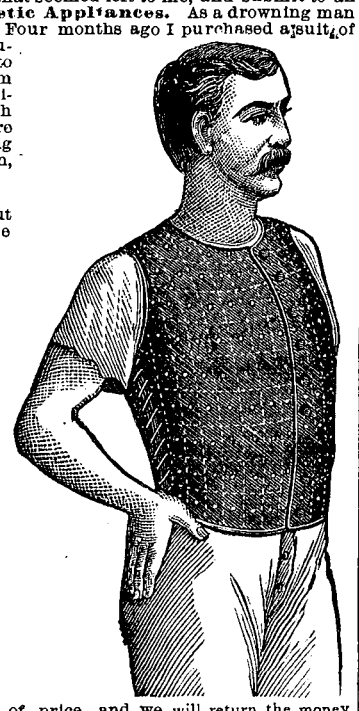
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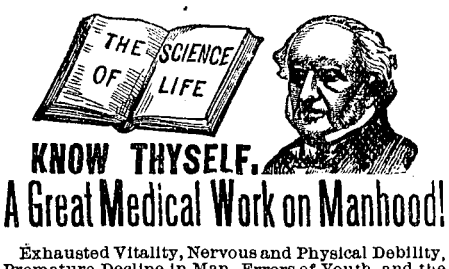
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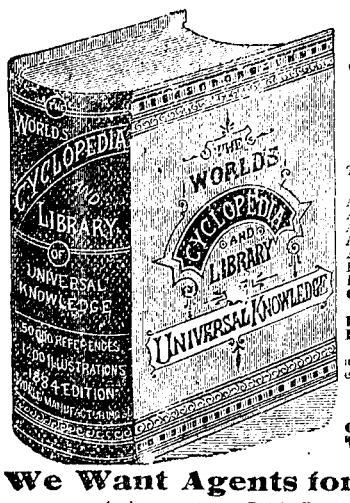
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Gems of Thought.

MAN may be regarded as an epitome of all that is below him in the scale of animal life; and he is endowed with passions and selfish qualities which, if yielded to, not only interfere with the happiness of others, but also with his own. It is man's prerogativ to draw from existence all the happiness that is possible, but this is not done by yielding to the voice of passion, nor by following the tastes which end in excesses that militate against his physical and mental health, and must result in pain and unhappiness. —*D. M. Bennett.*

MORAL courage is unquestionably, if the most manly, certainly the rarest of the social virtues. The most venerated traditions and institutions of society, and even some of the kindliest and most finely-fibered affections, are not in a few cases arrayed against its exercise, and in such cases, to speak the truth boldly requires a combination of determination and of tact, of which not every man is capable. . . . There are occasions when a man must speak boldly, and even at the risk of plucking the beard of fair authority somewhat rudely. If he does not do so he is a coward and a poltroon, and not the less so because he has nine hundred and ninety-nine lily-livered followers at his black.—*Blackie's Self-Culture.*

THE lazy, the dissipated, and the fearful should patiently see the activ and the bold pass them in their course. They must bring down their pretensions to the level of their talents. Those who hav not energy to work must learn to be humble, and sh ould not vainly hope to unite the incompatible enjoyments of indolence and enterprise, of ambition and self-indulgence.—*Sharpe's Letters and Essays.*

AS that man cannot set a right value upon health who has never known sickness, nor feel the blessings of ease who has been through life a stranger to pain, so can there be no confirmed and passionate love of truth for him who has not experienced the hollowness of error.—*Coleridge.*

"YOU are sick, that's sure!" they say.
"Sick of what?" They disagree.
"'Tis the brain," says Doctor A.
"'Tis the heart," holds Doctor B.
"The liver, my life I'd lay;"
"The lungs," "the lights!"
Ah me!
So ignorant of man's whole,
Of bodily organs plain to see;
So sage and certain, frank and free,
About what's under lock and key—
Man's soul. —*Browning.*

THE first step toward philosophy is incredulity.—*Diderot.*

"PIOUS and painefull!" Why has that excellent old phrase gone out of use? Simply because these good, "painefull," or pains-taking persons proved to be such nuisances in the long run that the word "painefull" came, before people thought of it, to mean pain-giving instead of pains-taking.—*O. W. Holmes.*

IT is necessary to the happiness of man that he be mentally faithful to himself. Infidelity does not consist in believing or disbelieving; it consists in professing to believe what he does not believe.—*Paine's Age of Reason.*

WHEN you pray, be not like the hypocrits, who delight to stand in the synagogs, or at the corners of the streets, that they may be sure to be seen. I tell you, they hav received their reward already. But when you pray, go into your inner chamber, shut the door, and pray to your father who is in secret; and your father who sees in secret will reward you.—*Jesus Christ.*

IF the religion of the present differs from that of the past, it is because the theology of the present has become more scientific than that of the past; because it has not only renounced idols of wood and idols of stone, but begins to see the necessity of breaking in pieces the idols built up of books and traditions and fine-spun ecclesiastical cobwebs; and of cherishing the noblest and most human of man's emotions, by worship, "for the most part of the silent sort," at the altar of the unknown and the unknowable.—*Huxley's Lay Sermons.*

UPON reading the Pentateuch, we find it full of prodigies and miracles. It givs an account of a state of the world and of human nature entirely different from the present—of our fall from that state; of the age of man extended to near a thousand years; of the destruction of the world by a deluge; of the arbitrary choice of one people, as the favorits of heaven, and that people the countrymen of the author; of their deliverance from bondage by prodigies the most astonishing imaginable I desire anyone to lay his hand upon his heart, and, after a serious consideration, declare whether he thinks that the falsehood of such a book, supported by such testimony, would be more extraordinary and miraculous than all the miracles it relates; which is, however, necessary to be received according to the measures of probability above established.—*Hume's Essay on Miracles.*

SO long as error and evil passions lift up their heads in literature, the soldiers of truth must go forth against them; and seldom will it be practicable to fulfil the task imposed upon Shylock, and cut out a noxious opinion, especially where there is an inflammable habit, without shedding a drop of blood. In fact, would it not be something like a mockery when we deem it our duty to wage battle, were we to shrink from using the weapons which God has placed in our hands? Only we must use them fairly, lawfully, for our cause, not for display, still less in mangling or wantonly wounding our adversaries.—*Guesses at Truth.*

THE sun will run his orbit, and the moon
Her circle. Wait and Love himself will bring
The drooping flower of knowledge changed to fruit
Of wisdom. Wait, my faith is large in time,
And that which shapes it to some perfect end.
—*Tennyson.*

THE first duty of a wise advocate is to convince his opponents that he understands their arguments and sympathizes with their just feelings.—*Coleridge.*

THE

Truth Seeker Annual

—AND—

Freethinkers' Almanac.

1884.

(E. M. 284.)

With Eighteen Full Page Illustrations.

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Odds and Ends.

A CLERGYMAN, meeting an inebriated neighbor, exclaimed, "Drunk again, Wilkins!" to which Wilkins, in a semi-confident tone, responded, "So am I, parson!"

THE reporter of a New York daily paper went to see the panorama of "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress." On being refused admittance without paying, he said, "Let me see Mr. Bunyan, then; he will let me in."

A LITTLE girl was taught to close her evening prayer, during the temporary absence of her father, with "And please watch my papa." It sounded very sweet, but the mother's amusement may be imagined when the child added, "And you'd better keep an eye on mamma, too!"

"YES," she said to her escort as they glided around the rink, "I do so love roller skating. When we are sailing around this way our souls seem to be floating away toward heaven, and ——" At this point both of her soles floated away toward heaven, while the rest of her smote the earthly floor with a mighty smite.—*Independent (Orthodox).*

THE conversation was about bishops, and one fervent dame said: "How good the dear bishop of Peterborough is! What a good man!" Instantly a small-salaried preacher replied: "There is no merit in that. Bishops ought to be so. They get five thousand a year for being good, while we are expected to be good for almost nothing—and most of us are."

THERE was a young man out in Arizona who once declined a pressing invitation to favor a select company with a song. "Oh, really, you must excuse me," he said. "I tell you I can't sing. I don't come of a singing family. Why, there was my old father; he used to try 'Old Hundred,' but he had so little ear for music that he never got any more than ninety out of the tune.

"PAP, is it a sin fur a man to hav two wives?" "Yes, son." "Well, it isn't a sin in heaven to hav' two wives there, is it?" "Yes, I suppose so." "Why, old Bloomer's wife what died yesterday is his second wife what's dead now, and if he goes to heaven when he dies, he'll hav two wives there, won't he?" "Yes." "Then heaven must be a sort of a Mormon place, isn't it?" "That'll do now." "Oh, yes; you always say 'that'll do now' when you can't answer what I ask you."

SUSAN adorned her well-turned limbs
With delicate hose, but not for show;
Yet everywhere that Susan went,
The wind was sure to go.

It followed her to church one day,
Playfully gamb'ling round;
Was mischievous, naughty on the street,
As Susan often found.

And when the sexton shut it out
It frisked and capered near,
Roaming impatiently about
Till Susan should appear.

"What makes the wind plague Susan so?"
Kind-hearted young men cried;
"'Cause Susan don't object, you know,"
An elderly maid replied.

AN old Newport lady is a great believer in coal oil as a cure for everything; in fact, as a cure-all, she has coal oil on the brain. And a few evenings ago, while some old women friends were calling on her, one of them said: "I don't know what's the matter with my Johnny's knee. It's swelled, and it makes him so lame he can hardly walk." "Bathe it with coal oil," said the old lady; "I'll guarantee you it'll cure it." Another said: "My Sarah has such a pain between the eyes." "Well, all she's got to do is to rub it well with coal oil three or four times a day, and it'll cure her," hastily remarks the old lady. "Well," said the third woman, "I ain't got nobody sick about my house, but if a body hasn't got trouble one way, she's got it another. All I can do I can't get my Jennie to stay at home of evenings." "Rub her with coal oil," said the old lady, in good earnest, "and I'll guarantee you it'll cure her."

SAYS Reuben Knott unto his fair,
In language burning hot:
"Matilda, do you love me dear?"
Says she, "I love you, Knott."

"Oh, say not so!" again he cried:
"Oh share with me my lot!
Oh, say that you will be my bride!"
Says she, "I'll wed you Knott."

"O cruel fair, to serve me so!
I love you well, you wot!"
"I could not wed you, Reub," says she,
"For then I should be Knott."

A light broke in on Reuben's mind
As in his arms she got;
She looks demurely in his face
And says, "Pray kiss me, Knott!"

THE Pennsylvania courts hav decided that while you mustn't lie about it directly and openly, it is perfectly lawful to keep your mouth shut during a horse trade, and while you must not warrant an animal as perfectly sound in wind, limb, and condidition, without fault, spot, mar, or blemish, when you know that he has a glass eye, goat neck, mange, saddle galls, roach back, ringbone, quarter crack, spavin, flat-foot, wind galls, scratches, capped hock, stiff joint, blind staggers, ox-foot, rattail, and hollow back, yet you are not compelled to call attention to these minor defects in the splendid Kentucky-bred animal you are trying so trade the stranger for a spring wagon, set of harness, two-year-old colt, and $75 cash. This is a wise and humane law, and lets deacon out of a good many tight places, where otherwise trade would be paralyzed, the arteries of commerce choked and stagnated by the unwise hand of oppressiv laws, and panic, mistrust, and depression would settle down upon a hopeless world in the rayless gloom of mistrust and suspicion.

THE TRUTH SEEKER

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Notes and Clippings.

THE new Congregationalist creed recalls to the *Universalist* the story of the colored theologian who told his flock: "Bred'ren, dar am two roads; one leads to hell and de odder to everlasting damnation." A listening brother called out: "If dat's de case, dis nigger takes to de woods."

GEORGE WASHINGTON was born on the 11th of February, 1732. In 1751 the Gregorian calendar, or "new style," as it is called, according to which we were obliged to jump forward eleven days, was adopted; and so we celebrate Washington's birthday on the 22d in place of the 11th of February.

WEATHER-PROPHET DE VOE, of Hackensack, N. J., has brought himself into public notice by heading a movement to enforce the provisions of the Sunday laws in his town. The New York *Sun* some time ago said that De Voe was a fool. Those who did not believe it then may reverse their decision now.

A NUMBER of ladies went to the house of the Rev. Mr. Garrison, of Trenton, N. J., one day last week to present him with a testimonial in the form of a gold watch. Mrs. John E. Mellor headed the procession, and as she was about to present the watch she sank into the arms of her husband and died. She had been subject to heart disease.

To show the vinegary effect of religion upon some people, an exchange relates this anecdote: "Dear," said a religio-shrewish wife to her husband, "isn't it time our daughter Amanda should join the church—she's got to be a grown-up woman?" "Heavens, no!" said the husband; "it is all we can do to get along now with your religion. If we had two such Christians in the house it would be impossible to liv in it."

THE Cœur d'Alene gold mine, in Idaho, is attracting a good deal of attention just at present. Contradictory reports as to the richness of the mines are rife. Mr. Pritchard, the discoverer, writing to THE TRUTH SEEKER, in a letter which will be published next week, advises those with comfortable homes to remain where they are, and not be too sanguin about the prospects of uncovering immediate fortunes in the hidden treasure of the Cœur d'Alene mines.

THERE was a warm discussion in a parish meeting of the Seventy-first church, the other evening, reports the Boston *Transcript*. It was shown that something must be done at once in the way of economy, and various suggestions were made toward the curtailment of expenses. One brother thought the paid choir should be given up, another suggested that the Sunday-school picnic, the young people's dance, and the older people's monthly raffle could be dispensed with; but it was finally decided to reduce the minister's salary. It would never do to interfere with the necessities of worship.

IT seems that the last criterion of honesty has failed. The following conversation illustrates that fact: "Do I understand that your cashier is an embezzler, Mr. Goldust?" asked a friend of the banker. "Yes," replied Goldust, "and we had every confidence in him." "Did he drink?" "Yes." "Chew and smoke?" "Yes." "Gamble and drive fast horses?" "Yes; and, so far as can be learned, was never a church-member nor Sunday-school teacher. In fact, he inspired implicit trust, and it only goes to show how hard it is to discern a man's true character by his habits."

REVIVALIST Harrison has been making a monkey of himself at the Centenary Methodist Episcopal church for some time past, and the flippancy with which he handles religious subjects causes some of the faithful to be themselves a little "fly" in discoursing about sacred things. Here is a sample: "I say, miss," an old lady remarked to a jaunty little creature in one of the front pews, "are you a Christian?" "Well, I should shake a sock," was the innocent maiden's reply. "Then you've found Jesus?" "You kin just bet your specs I hav," the little lady answered, tipping her chin and winking her left eye. "I've got him on a string." The old lady came near fainting, but had the presence of mind to go to the Rev. Harrison and send him around to shake hands with the girl.—*St. Louis Critic.*

THE influence of Christianity on the politics of this country cannot be overrated, remarks the *Winsted Press*. "I know three men," says a New Yorker, "in the church of which I am a member, not strict party men, either, but business men, who would each contribute a million dollars to aid in the expense of a campaign with Payne as a leader." The candidate with a barrel would plainly stand no chance of election in opposition to these Christians and their tank. With the help of the Lord and three million dollars the Democratic party might giv the Republicans a respectable funeral and hire the mourners.

LAROY SUNDERLAND writes to the Boston *Herald* to correct the notion that the men who took the leading part in the antislavery conflict inaugurated in 1830 by William Lloyd Garrison are all dead. He reminds the world that "Parker Pillsbury is living at Concord, N. H., and two members of the executiv committee of the American Antislavery Society, of which Arthur Tappan was president. One of these is Hon. Elizur Wright, of Boston, now eighty years old, and the writer of this article, who is of the same age, and for whose head, 'dead or alive,' his Methodist brothers at the South in the year of 1836 offered a reward of $300,000."

THE National Reform Association held a convention in Philadelphia on the 24th and 25th for the purpose of discussing the best means of overthrowing our government. The association "seeks the strengthening of Christian elements in our national life, as the Christian Sabbath and marriage laws and Bible in public schools. It opposes carrying mails on the Lord's day, which has been the fruitful parent of nearly all our public Sabbath desecration, polygamy, and easy divorce, now so common, and license of the liquor traffic under any form." The main object of the movement is "to secure an amendment to the Constitution recognizing Christianity as the fundamental law of the land."

IN Lyons, France, one year and a half ago, the Socialists published a weekly paper called *La Lutte*. It had three editors. They were arrested, the paper suppressed, and the editors sent to prison for three years. The next week the paper appeared with a new name, *Le Drapeau Noir*, and three new editors. Time passed, and they were arrested and jailed and the journal suppressed. Immediately it appeared again under the name of *L' Emeute*, three more men taking charge. Three weeks ago this journal was also suppressed and its editors imprisoned. Within a week, however, its successor, *Le Defi*, appeared, with three new men at its helm. It takes a long time for the truth to spread that persecution never succeeds but in inflaming the heart to greater deeds of heroism, France bedaubs her lilies when she persecutes for opinion's sake.

SPEAKING of Talmage's effort at St. Joseph, Mo., to demolish Ingersoll, the *Saturday Democrat* of that place says: "Talmage's lecture at Tootle's Tuesday evening in reply to Ingersoll was a disappointment to the majority of the audience. There was in the speaker a style of expression of such a violent and irreverent character as could only be tolerated in Talmage, and stands in unfortunate comparison with the smooth, charming, electrifying utterances of Ingersoll. His lecture was not argumentativ, but was of a political or pettifogging character. There were many people in his audience who hav no prejudice against Christianity and who went to hear Mr. Talmage, the acknowledged head of the orthodox churches, hoping that he would remove the doubts, the scales from their eyes. They were honest searchers for light and the truth, and that part of the audience left disappointed. Mr. Talmage's gestures and acting were at times painful and destructiv to his efforts. The *S. D.* is not a disciple of Ingersoll. It may be, and we hope it is true, that the distinguished scoffer is wrong—radically wrong, but if so it will take a clearer, stronger man than Dr. Talmage to down him."

THAT the confessional is regarded as superior to the law has new support just now from Ohio. The case of John Cohesy and John Weaver, accused of stealing $4,000 from Michael Powers, was tried before a jury in Judge Gardner's court, in Chicago on the 12th, and the defendants discharged. Powers and his wife were an aged and penurious couple. Last fall a box containing about $4,000 in cash was taken from their house. For some time nothing was heard of the money till Father Corbett, an old Roman Catholic priest connected with the convent of the Sacred Heart, hunted up Powers and returned him $1,036 of the stolen money. Where he got the money, or by whose hands it came to him, he refused to say, pleading that it was one of the secrets of the confessional. Cohesy and Weaver, two boys living near Powers, were arrested for the crime. Father Corbett was put upon the stand and severely cross-examined, the court holding that he was bound to tell who gave him the money, but he steadily refused to do so, saying, when pressed, that he did not know. And yet the politicians annually giv Father Corbett's church millions of dollars, and the people submit.

THE attention of those in charge of the Greely relief expedition is respectfully called to a request made on Sunday last by the Rev. Justin Fulton. "Place me," exclaimed Mr. Fulton, "upon a polar iceberg, where no verdure greets the eye and where naught but the white bear's growl can be heard." This request is a thoroughly admirable one, and it should be granted without a moment's delay. A polar iceberg is the very place for Mr. Fulton, whatever Mr. Bergh may say in behalf of the polar bear. Perhaps the bear would not suffer much, provided Mr. Fulton were forbidden to preach to him. The sermon in which the happy thought, as expressed above, is found, was directed against the theater, and contained some incidental abuse of Mr. Miln, the Chicago preacher who recently undertook to demonstrate that he could play Hamlet almost as well as he could preach. Mr. Fulton called Mr. Miln "a hypocrit," also "a cancer," also "a tumor." Waiving the question whether Mr. Miln is really a combined cancer and tumor, the accusation that he is a hypocrit is not justified by facts. Mr. Miln, when he found that he no longer believed the Christian religion, frankly said so, and left his pulpit. He may be a very undesirable person, but he is no more a hypocrit than is Colonel Ingersoll, and Mr. Fulton might with equal justice hav called him a Jesuit or a Quaker. As to the theater, Mr. Fulton proved that it is a wicked place, for the reason that "a good, old-fashioned, prayer-meeting" could not be held in a theater during the progress of a play without seeming to be out of place. Having thus proved the vileness of the theater, Mr. Fulton asserted that "Christians could no more desire to make his bed in hell." It would be a mere waste of time to argue with a man sincerely holding this belief as to the theater. Against such accusations as these the theater needs no defense. The pulpit and the Christian religion ought, however, to be defended against such persons as Mr. Fulton. The infallibility of Fulton is not a dogma of any denomination, and is probably held only by Mr. Fulton himself. He has therefore no right to decide, *ex cathedra*, what the theater is, and what a Christian may or may not do. If he is honest and sincere, he can know nothing of the theater; and it has long been very evident that he knows nothing of the Christian religion. In denying that any man is a Christian who does not agree with Mr. Fulton and the small number of ignorant persons who share his views about the theater, Mr. Fulton does not represent any intelligent person, much less any reputable sect. He merely expresses what he dignifies with the name of his views, and they are worth no more than the views of any other equally ignorant person.—*Times.*

News of the Week.

SHERIFF DAVIDSON, of New York, is under indictment for official corruption.

A NUMBER of important Nihilists are reported to hav been arrested at Kieff, Russia.

THE tax collector of Hoboken, N. J., is missing. His deficit amounts to $50,000.

EMPEROR WILLIAM, of Germany, celebrated his eighty-seventy birthday last Saturday.

THE Chinese government has ordered ten gatling guns from a company of manufacturers in Hartford, Conn.

A MAN was fined $10 last week for mutilating the marble tablet on the tomb of Daniel Webster, at Marshfield, Mass.

THE church building which Salmi Morse turned into a theater to produce his Passion Play in has sunk back to its old use as a church.

THE Rev. Mr. Kimball, who has been making an ostentatious display of his charity in publicly feeding the tramps of this city, is now sued by his landlady for a $145 board-bill.

THE Warwick Iron Company of Pottstown, Pa., will reduce the wages ten per cent on April 1st. The business prospects throughout the country are reported as not encouraging.

THE authorities in Kingston, Ont., hav notified the Salvation Army officers that their parades must be dispensed with and the beating of drums and singing on the streets must cease.

THE Rev. Henry A. Brann, D.D., rector of St. Elizabeth's church, Washington Heights, has been appointed by the cardinal to be censor of publication in the archdiocese of New York.

PRINCE BISMARCK explains his conduct in regard to the Lasker resolutions on the ground that Lasker always opposed him when alive, and for him to hav presented the resolutions would hav been to become his enemy's postman.

THE Rev. Florence McCarthy, who recently made this community hum by going on a riotous and drunken debauch, has not been suspended, but the bishop has allowed him a two years' vacation, which he proposes to spend in Texas.

A BILL has been formulated and caused to be printed, which provides that the postmaster-general shall establish telegraph offices at all post-offices within ten miles of any such circuit where the salary of the postmaster is not less than $500 a year.

A RELIGIOUS eccentric in this city has conceived a new method of "spreading the gospel." He pulls Bibles to pieces, and givs out the leaves to passers-by on the street. He has five hundred Bibles which he intends to dispose of in this way.

THE Rev. J. B. Johnson, superintendent of a Sunday-school at St. Joseph, Mo., committed suicide last Saturday. It had been discovered that he was in the habit of stealing, and a warrant for his arrest was issued. He changed the venue by shooting himself.

THE American College at Rome, according to report, is to be sold by the Italian government. The property was given to the United States by the pope. The expediency of the pope's leaving Rome and setting up his Vatican in some other locality was recently discussed by a congregation of cardinals.

GEO. W. FAIRCHILD, deputy United States surveyor for Nebraska, says that all the agricultural land there has been fenced in by the cattle men. Their ranges extend for hundreds of miles, and the wire fences, inclosing all desirable public lands and even watercourses, are posted at intervals with notices threatening death to any persons opening them. The herders assert that they hold these lands under the desert land and timber culture laws. The result is a check to persons seeking to make homestead settlements.

A Freethought Romance.

Waifs and Wanderings.

BY SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

CHAPTER XXI.

A NEW TURN.

There was general hilarity throughout the camp in view of the memorable achievement of Cupples. All prepared to enjoy a mighty feast. There were visitors from the city on the morning's boat, and among them Maria and little Bessie, the baby, now ten years old, but still called the baby for all that.

At high noon the drum corps fell in and played "Over the Rhine," the prelude of the coming attack on pork. The noble victim had received a royal dressing, and was so well cooked that even the palate of a Jew might water for each delicate morsel. Of course no one could get more than a mouthful, but hard tack and coffee and boiled potatoes and rice made up for what might be lacking of the redolent holocaust. There was plenty of good nature and a little commissary whisky to wash things down and make the dinner an Olympic festival. When Cupples advanced to take the first bite, the band vigorously played "See, the Conquering Hero Comes." Cupples bowed, and, after the American fashion, made a little speech, before he plucked the tail of the monster and ate it as his trophy of the night's battle.

"Fellow citizens: The war is begun. The enemy is ours. Thereby hangs a tail. Even so may all combats come to an end. That's to my taste exactly."

The orator was applauded to the echo. Maria and Bessie than took a bit of the fragrant monster. After that everybody got what they could amid universal rejoicing.

Said Col. Billy Stubbs as he strolled along:

"There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fame and fortune. A big swell for you Cupples. I'll try a bite of it just for luck myself."

"Take a big one; more luck the better," said Sergeant Jones.

"More hog the better, too, I guess," said Dr. Dobson. "At any rate, the hog gets a good meal."

"And makes one, too," said the sergeant. "It balances at the end."

"I suppose so. I wish I knew how I was going to balance."

"You'll tip the beam, I reckon. Take another slice and help it along."

"No, I thank you. I like to have things go round."

"And keep a going round," said Cupples. "The trouble is that the best things come to an end."

"And the worst things, too; so you see it evens up," said the sergeant.

"It's pretty well mixed though," said the doctor. "I have to say good lord and good devil with quick changes, in order to keep on the winning side."

"It's devil now, sure as fate," cried the sergeant. "Cupples, that's Bolton. Watch him. I hope his memory isn't as good as mine."

It was Bolton and no mistake. He was riding into camp under a flag of truce, a brigadier general in the rebel army.

He passed leisurely by the company with scrutinizing glance. It fell upon Cupples and the sergeant, and then upon little Bessie. A flame of recognition swept over his face, and a fierce gleam was in his eyes.

"Sandy," said he, to a mulatto body-servant at his side, "I know that little girl. It's her very image. I have not forgotten it. She's my slave by the laws of this land."

"I can swear to that myself," said Sandy.

"Haven't I a right to my property? That's what we are fighting for."

"Your claim is valid as things now are, and all the armies of the Union must back you up."

Sandy was his master's factotum. He said and did everything that Bolton wanted him to, for he had the faculty of reaping an advantage from every benefit that he did. Though a slave, he had a boundless ambition.

Little Bessie shrank violently when she met the gaze of the rebel general full upon her.

"I want to go home," she said.

"I guess we'd better," said Maria.

"I second the motion," said Cupples. "Somehow I don't like the look of things."

"There's nothing to be afraid of—only it's uncomfortable to have some folks round. It makes me shiver all over," said the sergeant.

"Like ghosts," said Cupples. "We are afraid of 'em, though we know they can't hurt us."

"It's safer to be at home," said Maria; "then we know what to do."

The day was drawing to a close. The immense porker had serenely vanished. The victory was complete, and everyone seemed to be in a very triumphant frame of mind. In imagination the war was already over, and the Stars and Stripes were floating in an untroubled sky. The blessings of a square meal were shed abroad. Cupples was off duty, and so he and Maria and Bessie could take a look at the dress parade before the evening boat returned. It was a gay sight indeed, and the music was inspiring. The regiment was not very well drilled, but every soldier took pride in his appearance and put his best foot forward, though not always in correct time. The star-spangled banner floated in front—a silken banner presented by the patriotic ladies of E——. There was quite a crowd of spectators, for this was the last time that friends would be permitted within the lines of the army. The next day the camp was to be broken up, and a march made into the interior with the daily expectation of a battle, although there was still some talk of compromise. War as yet had only flung its outward splendors upon the air. Its dark and terrible aspects had not lowered, and it seemed more like a gorgeous sport than a reality.

The brass band played its liveliest music and promenaded up and down before the glittering battalions with prodigious effect. Everybody felt patriotic and that the flag of our country would float only in sunshine.

Now the ranks are breaking up, and the great whistle of the steamboat is blowing, and in fifteen minutes it would start.

"We must hurry up," cried Cupples. "It won't do to miss the boat this time, for I haven't a spare bed in the house."

"Good-bye," said Bessie. "You'll be home in three months."

"Oh, before that," said Cupples. "It won't take long to whip the rebels. We shall have lots of fun."

"More fun at home," said Maria. "I don't like these stray shots."

"I shall dodge 'em," said Cupples.

They were just ready to step on board the boat when an orderly sergeant touched Cupples.

"Is this Bessie your daughter, so-called, or Bessie Bolton?"

"Both," said Cupples. "She's mine, and nobody can take her away."

"That may be," said the sergeant, "but I am ordered to arrest her. She is the slave of General Bolton, and he claims her."

"Claims her!" said Cupples. "Isn't he a rebel, and are we not fighting for freedom?"

"I don't understand that," said the sergeant. "I must do as I am told. According to the law every slave must be returned. They say that may bring about a peaceable settlement."

"Bosh!" cried Cupples; "I've had Bessie with me for years, and possession is nine points of law, anyway. The idea that our government will surrender my little girl to a slaveholder!"

"Come along; Col. Potter will settle it. He's in command of the brigade."

"I'm not going to stand this," said Maria. "I'm going on board. Come, Bessie."

Bessie leaped to her side, and they stepped upon the gangway.

"That's right, said Cupples. "Damn the impudence of this Bolton!"

"Damned or not," said Bolton, just riding up, "that child is mine, and I'm going to have her."

"No, you won't," said Cupples, "but you shall have this," and leaped upon him and dealt him a stinging blow.

Instantly there was commotion. Cupples was overpowered. Bessie was taken in charge by the officer of the guard. Maria went with her, rousing the whole camp with her indignant protest. The feeling of the soldiers was terrific, and many swore that little Bessie should never be taken away from the federal encampment.

"It's only an episode," said Col. Stubbs. "I'll fix it up, Cupples, to-morrow. What an impertinent cuss that Bolton is, fightin' against our laws and yet claiming their aid to restore his property—and that property the handsomest and sweetest little girl in E——. Blast my soul! If he ever comes out from under that flag of truce I'll give him a piece of my mind that will sound very much like a bombshell. I'm glad you hit him, Cupples, though it was a breach of discipline. I'll make the best plea I can, and you shall have a slice of my own steak, and some soft bread and butter into the bargain."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Mr. Cohen on Finance.

In a communication to THE TRUTH SEEKER Stephen Pearl Andrews does me honor in saying that I asked earnestly if it was not price, rather than value, which money represents; which, in his judgment, showed real insight into the subject. And yet in his elaborate essay under the head of essentials of money, he asserts, 1. That it must be a measurer, or measure—which by some is called a measure of value and by others a standard of values. The reason I stated that money represents the price rather than the value is, that an article may hav a price, but a different value at different times, different places, and for different persons. Values are commonly expressed by prices, but not sufficiently certain to make the money, corresponding to the prices instead of values, either a measure or a standard of values.

Values of products and labor may for a very long time remain the same, while the prices for the same may be constantly changing. Money is neither a measure nor a standard of values nor prices. The value of labor and products and prices thereof are determined by what is commonly called supply and demand, by crops, cost of production, transportation, etc., and are influenced by the fluctuation of money but not determined by money. If, for instance, there is a total failure of a crop of cotton, such failure, and not the money, would determin the price of the cotton on hand.

In his recapitulation, Mr. Andrews says: "Money is in the nature of a yardstick, a quart measure," etc. This is only true in one sense, namely: a sufficiency of measures or money facilitates business transactions, while an insufficiency of either restricts them. Again, as measures can be and are made of the cheapest and most convenient material, so can and should money be made. To illustrate: if we were by law compelled to hav a gold yardstick instead of a wooden one, a gold quart measure instead of a tin one, a gold pound-weight instead of an iron one, the consequence would be that these measures would be very dear and scarce, and hence restrict the facilities of exchange; and if this were so, would a yard of cloth be worth more if measured by a gold instead of a wooden yardstick? Would a quart of oil or a pound of butter be worth more for that reason? Is a pound of anything worth more if bought with a gold dollar instead of a paper dollar?

The reason why money is not a measure, unlike the others, is because these measures only measure quantities but not qualities. A yardstick will measure a cheap article the same as a dear one, which money, if it were a measure, would not do.

Money cannot be a measure or standard of values because it is subject to fluctuation and legislation, both of which effect its own and the values it represents. I hav defined money to be a "unit," and claim that after the prices of values hav been determined by supply and demand, money, instead of being a measure or standard of values, becomes a standard of payments.

Money is a representativ of values with the unit expressed upon its face, but the quantity and quality of values it represents are determined by markets, individual agreements—in short, supply and demand. The exchange of a gold or silver dollar having an intrinsic value equivalent to the market price of the commodity to be exchanged would be barter, which does not and cannot answer the present purposes of trade. And as the purpose of money is to constantly travel, its intrinsic material would be too burdensome, as experience proves. On this point Col. Ingersoll once said in Cooper Union: "A paper dollar, to be a good dollar, must contain a dollar's worth of paper. If so, a ten dollar-note should contain ten dollars, and a fifty-dollar note a bale of paper; and yet experience, which is the best teacher, proves that a silver dollar is worth a dollar without containing a dollar's worth of silver, a paper dollar is worth a dollar, containing only one-eighth of a cent's worth of paper, and, still more remarkable, a fifty-dollar bill is worth fifty dollars, containing no more paper than a one-dollar bill. Money, Mr. Andrews correctly asserts, is not property, for we may hav plenty of money and no property, or plenty of property and no money. If as a nation we had money and no property, then the money would be both worthless and useless. Money, being a representativ of value, should not be the value itself. This would only be necessary if it did not circulate. The objections to gold and silver money are, first, because the government, at the expense of the people, must buy the metals for the purposes of money. It buys it with either paper money or public obligations called bonds. If the paper money or bonds are good enough for the bullion dealers, why not for the people? If it is as good for the people as for bullion dealers, why buy the metals? Secondly, to pay off this paper money or bonds at maturity, the money coined having found its way into the public, and being hoarded, the government must buy again. Thus an artificial market for these metals is established and kept up. Third, metal money wears out every fifty years, and its total outlay is a loss upon the taxpayers. Fourth, in its loss by destruction so much real value is lost. Fifth, there never has been and never can be enough of these metals produced to supply this country alone with money necessary to do all its trade on a cash basis. That it is not necessary will be evident from the fact that the trade of New York city is done with one per cent coin money, two per cent paper money, and ninety-seven per cent credit. Sixth, coin money is subject to fluctuation either in the metals or by legislation. The Paris Monetary Commission to agree upon a uniformity between gold and silver coins decided that such was in the very nature of things impossible. Seventh, as long as different kinds of money exist in a country all others will be compared to that possessing the most intrinsic value, thereby causing a fluctuation or instability of the money and the value it represents. Eighth, different kinds of money is merely a scheme for the speculations of money-changers. When the

Constitution provides that Congress shall regulate the value of money, it declares for something which Congress cannot do. Congress can regulate its weight, fineness, design, etc., but its value depends upon its purchasing power, which Congress cannot determin. Its purchasing power depends upon prices, which are regulated by supply and demand, and not by Congress. Money is redeemed every time it pays a specified debt and every time it passes from hand to hand for value received. And as every individual is thus by law compelled to redeem it, so should the government in its transactions. Mr. Andrews says that paper money rests solely upon confidence, and is good as long as such confidence retains. I will show that it rests upon more than that. The government which issues it receives its supposed value before it passes out of its hands. For thus having its value received in behalf of the people, the people are morally and legally made responsible to redeem it, not only in coin money (this is an insufficient security), but with all they possess, gold and silver included. That portion of the money necessary to carry on trade is constantly redeemed among the people, and needs no other redemption. That portion which goes back to the support of the government is redeemed by its taxing power. There can be no safer basis nor redemption. It is good as a representativ as long as the original is there. It has been and should be good as a lien upon all its property collectivly even though a government were to change. It certainly is good as long as the government is good, and when the government fails, what guarantee is there for life, liberty, and property? Are they as important as money? Therefore I hold it is not a mere matter of confidence, but a legal obligation of all the people through its government to redeem said money, pledging therefor all they hav got, which ought to be the very best security. Lord Rusconi, Italian delegate to the Paris conference said, "Metal is one thing, money is another; nature makes the metals, law alone makes the money." If exchanges should be made by intrinsic equivalents, should not a mortgage transferring a house worth $50,000 be recorded on a plate of gold to the same amount? What givs a mortgage of $50,000 upon a cent's worth of paper the value of $50,000? Simply the law which enforces its provisions.

ISAAC COHEN.

Philosophy on the Half-Shell; or, Ethics of '83.

CHRISTIANITY.—ELLIOTT PRESTON TO "D. W. T."

Sir, or Madam: Judging from the size of your explosion (about four and a half columns in THE TRUTH SEEKER of Feb. 16, 1884), I suspect that some of the "hot shot" I poured into your redoubt in my article of Jan 19, 1884, must hav reached your magazine; at all events you hav "bloomed out" in most amazing proportions, and talk, too, as if you had "got mad"—a most improper proceeding for a philosopher and sage, such as you claim to be. The more I am abused the better I like it, for it givs me a splendid chance to "talk back."

As I hav already occupied a very large space in these valuable columns in speaking of Christianity, I feel I hav scarcely a right to take more room to-day than is absolutely requisit for touching rapidly upon a few of the leading points which you attempt to make in your criticism now before me.

First, in speaking of Christianity I used the word which you put at the top of your article, using it in its non-scholastic signification, meaning thereby the entire scheme believed in by average Christians. You are aware that without the Eden myth there could be no belief in Christ as a savior, since there would be nothing to be saved from had not our first parents sinned. You will notice that in my essay in the issue of Nov. 24, 1883, which caused all this discussion, I analyzed both Old and New Testaments under a common heading. I used the term simply to denote the belief of the Christian world, as you must hav observed had you taken the trouble to do so. I merely speak of this because you claim to misunderstand me.

The myths of the Old Testament were as much a portion of the Hindoo religion as were the myths of the New, as I presume you are aware, and hence I will not burden these columns with a transcription of the story which lies before me and is almost identical with the Jewish myths.

Is it to be believed (dispensing with references for the moment) that India tinctured the Jewish mind with only that portion of its myths which relate to the New Testament, conveying therewith nothing now found in the Old, since both were part and parcel of the same parent creed? I think not.

In order to dispose of the weight of evidence I derive directly from Col. Ingersoll's statements relativ to the location of the paradise of the Hindoos, etc., etc., as expressed by him in his eloquent lecture entitled "The Liberty of Man, Woman, and Child," you find yourself compelled to assert that he (Ingersoll) has probably "repented him" (in the style of the Jewish Jehovah) that he ever made such statements, and is even now ready to "eat his own words," if requested. This is a "house builded upon the sands" with a vengeance, and you had best get out of it before it fall about your ears. Upon what slimmer pretense could any argument be built than this? You know nothing, you prove nothing, but you "guess"—as we Yankees would say—that Ingersoll would "back down" if questioned upon the subject. If he did, it would be the first time he ever did on a point of theology, or I am greatly mistaken.

Neither are the statements found in Jacolliot's "Bible in India" of such a nature as to be set aside, off-hand, upon the testimony which you offer. I could, if required, fill the same number of columns as yourself with counter statements and authorities, but what would be gained thereby? There would still remain ample room for unlimited discussion and controversy.

Second. You profess to understand me to say that every one of the "Crucified Saviors" was an actual personage, and say I state I do not speak "allegorically." I do not use the word "allegory" or "allegorical" anywhere in my criticism, as you will see by referring to it. I did say I meant "pure and simple English," which you so frequently quote in your reply to me, but (granting my meaning not as absolutely clear as it might hav been made by some other form of expression) you can hav no possible excuse for misunderstanding my true position in the matter, since I say, with the utmost clearness, further on in the same article, "The whole gist of the matter is this: the entire business is most probably mythology, and about as likely to be true as that Christ was himself crucified," etc.

Does this leave any room for doubt as to my true position? Nevertheless, you proceed to set up "men of straw" through the space of several columns in THE TRUTH SEEKER, apparently for no better purpose than to hav the pleasure of knocking them down again. However, the histories of the saviors which you there giv are, in a moderate degree, correct, and so the space is not entirely wasted.

Third. Your apparent attempt to cover your former mistake in regard to my statement of the numerous correct ways of spelling Christna, by saying that every writer is a blockhead who chances to differ from you in his spelling of this name (including the very celebrated Renan), will scarcely stand as "fast colors"—the motiv is too apparent.

Your attempt, likewise, to destroy the credibility of the author of that wonderful work, "Isis Unveiled" (Madame Blavatsky), because she has also written a little volume entitled, "Occult Science," which does not chance to accord with your own particular views, is not likely to prove successful, unless you can "trot out" some better evidence than you hav yet.

By the way, before I forget it, if you desire still more saviors than the sixteen I offered, I hav a very choice lot left over, which you are welcome to, gratis. But I see I hav already exceeded my proper limits of space, and so, without pausing to discuss the subject more in detail, will bid you "Good-day" (or, rather, "Good-bye"), for I shall not probably tax the courtesy of THE TRUTH SEEKER by printing anything further on this subject in its columns at present; and hence, if I do not answer any "fireworks" of yours which this epistle may call forth, you will not be surprised.

As regards my supporter, "Antichrist" (who is personally unknown to me), he is abundantly able to "paddle his own canoe," and, I presume, may reply later on to your strictures upon his article.

As before, I hav the honor of remaining, sir (or madam), yours for exactness, ELLIOTT PRESTON.

A Plea in the Higher Court Against Fire.

If I shall ever stand before the bar of God for the purpose of being judged, in justice I should hav a chance to be heard in my own behalf before I am sentenced to eternal punishment. And believing that, if there is a God, he will be willing to listen, and will giv me an opportunity to present the reason, if I hav any, why I ought not to be damned, I hav prepared the following plea, which I hope to present at the proper time, if I am permitted to defend my own case.

THE PLEA.

May it please your honor: The question of eternal punishment, whether by fire or by any other punishment that shall be eternal, to me just at this time is an important question. In presenting my argument, I shall rely on reason and justice, and will occasionally refer to the eminent counselor, Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, as authority for what I hav to say.

May it please your honor, I hav never punished, nor felt like punishing, any of my erring children, not even for one whole day. In fact, in anger I never struck them a blow in my life. And a divine father has no more right to be cruel and punish his children forever than a human father would hav to punish his erring children forever, provided he had the power to do so.

Your honor has laid down the law that men should do unto others as they would that others should do unto them. And, sir, you cannot justly go back on your own law. Therefore it is your duty to do by me as you would hav me do by you if I were you and you were me. I would not punish you, nor even a dog, forever. Then under your own law you hav no right to punish me.

If I committed sin, and you had the power to hav prevented it, it seems to me that, instead of my asking you to forgiv me, in justice you ought to ask me to forgiv you. But, if I am mistaken, and it is my duty to ask your forgivness, it seems to me, as Ingersoll has said, that "here and now is the proper time and place to do it." And most respectfully, your honor, if I hav ever done you a wrong I now ask your forgivness, and as a merciful God you hav no right to damn me.

Your honor has laid down the rule that men should love their enemies. And if that rule is good for a man it ought to be good for a God. And I insist that you hav no just right to require men to love their enemies whilst you at the same time are damning your enemies. And you cannot consistently damn me under that rule even if I were your enemy, which is not the case.

It is unreasonable to require a father to love a God who has cast even one of his children into hell. I could not love such a God if I would, nor would I if I could. And any religion that requires a man to love the God who has damned either his wife or his children is a barbarous religion, and a religion for which I hav no respect.

In the Bible I find this passage, "That which befalleth the the sons of men befalleth beast, even one thing befalleth them; as the one dieth so dieth the other; yea, they hav all one breath. So that man hath no pre-eminence over a beast, for all is vanity. All go unto one place; all are of dust and shall return unto dust again" (Eccl. iii, 19, 20).

Your honor will please bear in mind that, if the Bible is your work, you hav said that men and beasts will go to the same place. I am here, but where are the beasts? The passage alluded to puts man on the same level with a beast; immortality for one, immortality for the other; no soul for the beast, no soul for the man. I am willing to admit that there are other passages that teach the immortality of the soul, but if one is wrong, how do I know the other statement is right? And I must insist, your honor, that it is unfair for you to damn me for not having taken the proper steps to save a soul that I did not know required saving.

I will now present for your honor's consideration an extract from the theological creed in use at the Andover Seminary, a place where they make Congregational ministers. It reads, and the minister is made to say, "I believe that the wicked will awake to shame and everlasting contempt, and with devils be plunged into the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone forever and ever."

Your honor, that creed is in accordance with the teaching of the Bible. And Rev. J. E. Richards, of St. Johns, who sued me for $10,000 damages to his character for having expressed my opinion that he did not believe the Bible to be the word of God, when in court swore that he did believe that the wicked will be cast into eternal fire, and he said that he could not say but that the fire might be the same kind of fire that we use in our stoves.

Now, your honor, I hav no fear that you will cast me into such a fire as that, believing that you are not quite so bad as my Congregational friend takes you to be.

Hell fire and eternal punishment hav been the stock in trade on which the priesthood hav lived and flourished in all times. With their dogmas of superstition they hav filled men with fear until they through fear fall upon their knees and confess to loving the God who has damned their dearest and best friends.

Your honor can think of what I hav said, and after a little I will go on with the argument, if you shall think that before you decide my case I had best to continue it.

M. BABCOCK.

The Day That I Was Dead.

The day my spirit fled
I mourned not that you were so alone;
I ever had abhorred that crowds should come
In Romish robes within our humble home,
And gaze upon me, helpless, white, and dead;
Or that the church be filled, and pompous priests delivering
The husks of worn-out creeds, while the blessed sun was quivering
Upon truer sermons where the singing grass was shivering,
And chanting its own requiem when life had sped.

That day when I lay dead,
You could not know my spirit dwelt so near,
Grieving with you weeping so many a tear,
And all you loved of earth beyond all earthly fear,
Returning to greet your lonely tread;
And angel guides leading me as I floated sorrowing,
The light of endless worlds my silent way was borrowing,
With morning song of suns, not sweeter than the mother's sing,
And there beheld my other self lying cold and dead.

"So sad 'twas true," you said,
And murmuring low that any sun could shine,
When cruel, cruel fate had parted thee and thine;
And with a spirit-thrill I touched your hand with mine,
While all unknown to you the greater burden fled.
Rejoicing then with me that bright hosts were gathering,
And fields inviting me had no flowers withering,
And you almost heard the tones that fell from a golden string;
And yet, and yet how could I leave you with your dead

Clearwater, N. C. MARY B. FINCH.

The Liberal Club.

The Hon. J. W. Stillman addressed the Manhattan Liberal Club at the last meeting of that body. His subject was the "Mormon Question." This is the third lecture before the club this month on subjects which admit of an incidental discussion of the marriage relation. A man or woman nowadays who is not prepared to giv a recipe for abolishing what little infelicity exists in the marriage state, is not considered by any means up to the exigencies of the times. Mr. Stillman's lecture was not devoted to considering either the morality or immorality of Mormonism, but to a presentation of the question whether or not Congress had jurisdiction over the territories, Utah among the rest. He held that it had no such jurisdiction. He could find no clause in the Constitution delegating to the general government the power to legislate for the people of the territories. Mr. Stillman pointed out that the Constitution was ordained and established "for the United States of America," not for the United States and Territories, and certainly that document contained no reference, either direct or implied, to the relation of the sexes as involved in the question of polygamy. The argument of the speaker was made with a design to establish these propositions, and from the facts given and quotations made from the Constitution and decisions of the courts, the attempt appeared successful.

Mr. Hunn, a prospectiv member of the club, though handicapped by the fact that he was recommended to the audience by Dr. Kinget, made quite an agreeable impression. He did not believe there was a man on top of the earth who was a polygamist by choice. It was natural for the human heart to seek "some one to love, some one to caress"—not half a dozen. Psychological affinity was necessary between two married people. The Rev. Mr. Gallagher, a week ago, had spoken of the happiness of a man who could look into his wife's eyes and see her whole soul looking back at him. That was not always the case. The wife was sometimes dead mashed on some other man. In such instances, the speaker maintained, psychological affinity failed to exist, and discontent was liable to prevail to a greater or less extent.

Dr. Weeks agreed with the speaker of the evening, that the Constitution gave Congress no power to legislate for the territories. If such permission had been contained in that instrument, the subsequent enactment of laws with regard to Utah would not hav been necessary. The very fact that these laws were necessary showed that the authority which they conferred upon Congress was an assumption and did not previously exist. The doctor was about to go on and explain from a temperamental point of view why polygamy and polyandry were necessary to the happiness of some men and women, but the demonstrations of a number of uncivilized persons in the rear of the hall interrupted him. He desisted.

Mr. Andrews held that if Congress had no power to legislate for the territories, it had done wisely in assuming such power, and he would admonish the lecturer that he had undertaken a difficult and hopeless task in endeavoring to convince people to the contrary. The fundamental question of sociology raised by polygamy, the speaker held, was, What may an individual do without authorizing the intervention of the community? We must define accurately the line separating the right of the individual from the right of the community. By the speaker's definition of that line no state or person had the right to punish polygamy any more than they had to punish Shakerism. This was a matter of individual development, and must be left to the sphere of the individual.

Mr. Eccles made a most absurd speech, presenting the proposition that the majority ruled. He was willing to do as the majority said. "Might is right!" he said, with all the emphasis, apparently, which he was capable of putting upon the assertion. At present, he was opposed to polygamy, but when the majority of the citizens of this country decided that it was right, he would say to every person who now differed with him, "My friend, shake hands; polygamy is right."

Mr. Wakeman considered the question of Mormonism in three aspects—constitutional, moral, and political. On constitutional and moral grounds we could not interefere with Mormonism; but it was the part of the wise politician, the statesman, to consider whether we could afford to allow this cancer to continue growing in our country. Mormonism was a hierarchy and opposed to our institutions. There was a limit to toleration. Mormons had reached that limit. They were to be regarded as aliens to this country, and should not be allowed to increase. We hav excluded the Chinese; cannot we exclude the Mormons? They should be denied the ballot. If Catholics organized in the same manner as the Mormons had done, Mr. Wakeman held they should be disfranchised in the same manner. As for Mr. Eccles's speech, Mr. Wakeman thought it the worst one he had ever heard.

Mr. Stillman, in replying to his reviewers, maintained consistently the stand which he had taken at the start, that Congress had no jurisdiction over the territories. He would say further that any state had a right to secede from the Union, just as much as a man had a right to secede from a church. Herbert Spencer also held that opinion. The measures proposed for the extermination of Mormonism were necessarily *ex post facto* laws, and laws of attainder, which were expressly prohibited by the Constitution. He did not expect to secure a reversal of the decision of the Supreme Court in these matters, because he did not believe the judges composing that court would make a reversal, even if they were convinced that he was right, unless they thought it policy to do so. Still his cause was not altogether hopeless. It was never to late to right a wrong. He had led a forlorn hope before. In 1868, when a member of the Rhode Island legislature, he had made a speech in favor of woman suffrage, and was not encouraged. As for the speaker himself, he said he had, as much as possible, seceded from the government. He had no hand in making the Constitution. He found it here when he came into the world in 1840. He found himself a subject of this government without having been previously consulted as to his wishes in the matter. Mr. Stillman is, like Capt. S. P. Putnam, practically an anarchist.

At the next meeting Madam Delescluze will speak upon "A Mad World." It is well-known that she regards the world as altogether off its base, and the Liberal Club particularly so.

Goldwin Smith on Evolutionary Ethics.

In the controversy which rages to-day around the doctrin of evolution, especially in its application to the sphere of morals, the position occupied by Mr. Goldwin Smith is a somewhat peculiar one. He has more than once expressed his general acceptance of that doctrin as,upon the whole, the most satisfactory interpretation at present attainable of the natural history of the globe and its inhabitants, including man. At the same time it is evident that he has so accepted it, not willingly, but rather upon compulsion. His attitude toward it somewhat resembles that assumed by De Tocqueville toward democracy. The eminent Frenchman saw that democracy was inevitable, and he spoke as many fair words about it as possible; but he did not love it for all that. So to Mr. Goldwin Smith, evolution, as a physical theory at least, seems inevitable, but he does not love it. One concession he steadily refuses to make to it; he will not allow that it furnishes any adequate basis for morals. He seems to say, prove if you like that man, after the flesh, had a simian ancestry; prove that the world is what it is to-day by virtue of certain processes to which you apply the term evolutionary; but unless you can provide mankind with other motivs to right conduct than this scheme of thought will furnish, the moral future of humanity is dark.

At the same time Mr. Smith does not take up this position in the interest of orthodox theology. He tells Mr. Herbert Spencer very bluntly that he (Mr. Smith) is "no more orthodox than he is." He says that, in his belief, the proof of miracles ever having occurred has failed, and that therefore he sets aside "all theological dogma respecting the trinity, the incarnation, the scheme of redemption, and the atonement." Even so he feels it to be his duty to try and show that a belief in God and a future life is essential to the moral integrity of the human race, or at least that without a belief in these doctrins no justification can ever be found for the practice of any greater or higher virtue than each individual may find convenient.

The orthodox churches of the land (if more than one church can properly be called orthodox) while they mourn over Mr. Smith's feebleness of faith, rejoice that his powerful pen is employed in assailing one very important aspect of the evolution theory. His article in the February, 1882, number of the *Contemporary Review*, entitled "Has Science Yet Found a New Basis for Morality?" was received with much satisfaction; and the one published by him in the last December number of the same periodical under the title of "Evolutionary Ethics and Christianity" will, we doubt not, be hailed with equal approval. "If this world," says Mr. Smith in the last mentioned article, "is merely a state of existence, it is a fearful failure, even in comparison with the works of man who economizes material, and tries to spare labor and avoid inflicting pain. If it is a theater of action, and a school of preparation for something higher, its imperfections may be capable of explanation."

We hav said that the position occupied by Mr. Goldwin Smith in relation to these momentous controversies is peculiar; we go further and say that it does not seem to us a very consistent one. He finds the world, as it reveals itself to ordinary apprehension, imperfect—so imperfect that it does not suggest either a wisdom or a goodness equal to that of man. The orthodox Christian who forms a similar conclusion, falls back at once and with confidence upon a revelation which tells him that this world is not all—that being but part of a much vaster scheme it does not and cannot tell the story of that scheme—that interpreted apart it must seem imperfect, if not unmeaning. For this view of the matter the believer can quote chapter and verse of an inspired book. Inspiration involves miracle, but miracle presents no obstacle to faith; on the contrary, it is the appropriate aliment of faith. But Mr. Smith, if he holds that the proof of the miracle has failed, must hold, we should judge, that the proof of inspiration has failed. The Bible therefore, however venerable it may still be in his eyes, can no longer speak to him with authority. What it says or hints in regard to the government of the world, or the significance of human life, can only be accepted as the utterance of this or that ancient sage upon questions really too vast for any individual wisdom to grapple with. What is the opinion of any mere man worth on such a question as whether this earth is "a mere state of existence" or "a school of preparation for something higher?" Manifestly upon such a question we can know nothing unless it be revealed to us. Now Mr. Smith's position appears to us to be inconsistent in this, that while he repudiates for his own part the knowledge which the ordinary Christian professes to hav in regard to these great matters, and contents himself apparently with mere conjecture, he yet accepts the responsibility of throwing discredit upon those theories of human duty and morality which other writers hav constructed and are constructing upon a naturalistic basis. We can understand the theologian and his disciples doing so, for they say, "We know that the naturalistic basis is not the true one; we know that another foundation has been laid, and that its maker and builder is God." But Mr. Smith, who has nothing to go upon but his own conjecture, supported by what to him are the mere speculations of ancient writers, should not, it seems to us, seek to make these conjectures or speculations the basis of anything so important as human morality—anything which so imperativly requires to rest upon solid facts. Better, it seems to us, from his point of view, to make the most of the naturalistic basis, to build upon it whatever can be built, and then, if the structure is criticised as incomplete, to to say: "Well, it is the best I can do on the basis of what is really known? Choose your ground and build better and more nobly if you can." This, we think, would be worthier of a great mind than querulously to persist in wishing to build upon ground that it has virtually abandoned.

The further question arises whether even the churches should not look more kindly than they do upon the evolutionary schools of morals. Of course if the churches are to be governed by mere party spirit they will seek to cast discredit upon everything done by those who are not with them; and evolutionary morals, like all the other works of the enemy, or supposed enemy, will come in for their share of partisan abuse. But if the churches can rise above the plane of mere party strife, they will be disposed to encourage all efforts, by whomsoever made, to inculcate the reality of moral obligation, and strengthen the sense of duty. The evolutionist—Mr. Herbert Spencer, Mr. Leslie Stephen, or Mr. Fiske—may not start from the point you would wish, but if each in his own way is laboring to show the unity of moral truth, and to consolidate the moral frame-work, so to speak, of human life, surely, so far, we may wish them god-speed. If, when they hav all done their best, their work stands manifestly imperfect, needing the crown which doctrinal Christianity alone can place upon it, the triumph of the latter will only be the more signal for the fair opportunity afforded to its rival. If, on the other hand, the evolutionists are jeered at, and thwarted, and misrepresented, the world may miss to some extent the good work which they are prepared to do, while the real difference between morality as constructed upon a naturalistic or positiv basis, and morality as constructed upon the basis of revelation, may not be so instructivly or clearly brought to light.—*Communicated to the Ottawa Free Press.*

Benefactions of an Evoluted Baptist.

George J. Holyoake, writing to a Boston paper, givs this account of his visit to the late Samuel L. Hill, the well-known philanthropist, of Florence, Mass.:

Afterward, I visited Mr. Samuel L. Hill, the chief founder of Florence. He was a man of good stature, a good forehead, and of impressiv countenance. In the middle of this century, he had been a chief leader and promoter of a social community in the neighborhood of Florence, which has an instructiv history. He subsequently acted upon the high principle of associativ life which he professed. He subscribed $20,000 toward the erection of the Cosmian Hall, in Florence, and subscribed $1,500 a year to the support of the preacher. A house he had built for himself he gave up to be used as a "Kindergarten" school for children. The upper room, with two bay-windows looking over verdant gardens, was very beautiful. It was well supplied with means of instruction. The teachers resided in the house, and all the establishment was supported by Mr. Hill's generosity. In the winter, when snow fell, he sent a large, light wagon from the farm, which went round to the homes of the little pupils. When school was over, this wagon came for them and again left each at home. The morning wagon, gathering clean-faced, rosy children, and driving them laughing from house to house, until it was full of little Kindergarteners, was a sight as pretty as a prayer. Mr. Hill was a Quaker; but, marrying a bright-eyed Baptist, he joined that church, and became deacon at Willimantic, Conn. He set himself against slavery in its dangerous days, but he was soon "admonished that the church could not be used to address the people on that subject." He was

afterward found with those engaged in the bitterest fight for the freedom of the negro. His philanthropy was not sentimental at one corner only; it was of an all-round, robust quality. He was also for the welfare of all in his employ. He wanted every man to be permanently well off. He assisted them to get houses and land of their own. It has been said lately in the Springfield *Sunday Republican* that probably half the buildings in Florence came to be thus owned by his aid. He owned himself the steam silk-mills of Nonotuck. He was a co-operator of the old school, who hav nearly all died out. He gave $25,000 to a fund to enable workmen to get houses, and 27,000 to erect a great school-house. To the school superintendent he paid $1,000 a year, in order that he might receive $2,000 salary, as he well knew that there is no folly like that of stinginess and parsimony toward those whose brains you need to do good-work. In all things, he was a co-operator, with the spirit of a gentleman, who knew that knowledge was a good investment, and took care that all who labored for him by hand or brain had "a good time of it." His merit was that he did not look for profit, but for improvement, or rather that was the profit he had in view. He lived himself in what we should call a plain villa residence. I think, with pleasure, that I spent some time with him the last night he passed in it. He set out next day for Citronville, Ala., for change of air, but died on his arrival, at the age of seventy-five. Many were the fugitivs from slavery of body, of capital, and of opinion, who had found shelter in his hospitable house in the evil days of progress. These were "actions of the just," which "smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

Editorial Notes.

THE Chinese hav evidently a poor opinion of the Christian religion. When Sir R. Alcock bade adieu to Prince Kung, the latter said, "Now you are going home, I wish you would take with you your opium and your missionaries."

SHAPIRA, the man who claimed to hav discovered an ancient manuscript of the book of Deuteronomy, has committed suicide. Mr. Shapira would hav died less under a cloud if he had committed this last act previous to making his remarkable discovery.

SIR JOHN BENNETT accuses the corporation of the city of London, which he knows pretty well, and perhaps too well, of "opposing national education," and being a "senseless enemy" of the people. This is the corporation that prosecuted the three Freethinkers whose portraits we printed last week.

THE Rev. Dr. Potter, who gets his living by lecturing all over England against the iniquities of Roman Catholicism, says "it is no infringement of liberty to restrain such blasphemers as Foote and Bradlaugh." That is good Christian doctrin, but Dr. Potter's frankness will be apt to prejudice some people against his church.

IN the prelude to his lecture of March 10th Jo Cook affirmed that "numerous obscure and infamous Infidel organizations advocate doctrins which undermine the permanence of the family and the sanctity of home." Is there any ground for this charge? Cook should giv names, "not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith."

MR. WAKEMAN, at the last meeting of the Liberal Club, made the astonishing proposition, if we may believe our reporter, that the Mormons at present inhabiting this country should be regarded as aliens and disfranchised accordingly. This was followed up with another quite as electrifying: "We hav excluded the Chinese; cannot we exclude the Mormons?" Certainly; but it would be an act as much at variance with American notions of liberty as any measure advocated by the Mormon hierarchy.

MR. MOODY, the evangelist, has circulated, or permitted to be circulated, a statement that he has recently converted "an avowed Infidel, prominently associated with Mr. Bradlaugh in the Freethought movement." Mr. Bradlaugh invites Mr. Moody to giv the name and address of the alleged convert, and says that Mr. Moody has more than once announced conversions which hav turned out to be purely imaginary or to hav been conversions of persons already really or nominally Christians. He adds that Mr. Moody must be either very careless or excessivly inaccurate.

ANY one wanting a good crayon portrait drawn should write to F. E. Sturgis, box 14, Upper Sandusky, Ohio. He is a Liberal in very needy circumstances, the care of a sick wife and a large family of small children having reduced him to financial straits. We can conscientiously recommend his work, for last year he executed a life-size crayon of the founder of THE TRUTH SEEKER which all pronounce to be the most life-like picture ever made of Mr. Bennett. We believe Mr. Sturgis to be a thoroughly honest gentleman, and it givs us pleasure to testify to his great skill with the pencil.

THE Italian papers report that after an examination with closed doors, the Austrian courts at Trieste hav sentenced Michele Vigna to five months' imprisonment with hard labor, and to expulsion thereafter from the Austrian territory, for being connected with the Societa Atea of Venice, of which Baron Swift is president, of which Gen. Garibaldi was honorary president, and of which Professor Buchner and Charles Bradlaugh are honorary members. The sentence is for disturbing religion. The editor of *L'Adriatico* winds up his notice by asking: "Is this justice? Is it law? Is it possible?" The story seems so monstrous, comments the *National Reformer*, that we wait for some further light on it.

MR. JUSTICE STEPHEN has published in the *Fortnightly Review* an elaborate essay on "Blasphemy and Blasphemous Libel," in which he points out that "everybody who sells, everyone who lends to his friend a copy of Comte's 'Positiv Philosophy,' or of Renan's 'Life of Jesus,' commits a crime punishable with fine and imprisonment;" and that the late William Rathbone Greg, who "was not only a distinguished author, but an eminent and useful member of the civil service," if convicted of "publishing his opinions, or even of expressing them to a friend in private conversation," might hav been "adjudged incapable and disabled in law to hold any office or employment whatever," and on a second conviction imprisoned for three years and practically outlawed. The judge further declares that it is because no one can dislike the blasphemy law more profoundly than he that he prefers to state it "in its natural naked deformity." He contends that the blasphemy law can only be explained and justified on "the principle of persecution;" for, "if the law were really impartial, and punished blasphemy only because it offends the feelings of believers, it ought also to punish such preaching as offends the feelings of unbelievers." In Judge Stephen's opinion, blasphemy and blasphemous libel should cease to be offenses at common law at all, and the statute of William III. should be repealed.

IN Aberdeen, Scotland, according to the Aberdeen *Express* of February 28th, the testimony of Atheists is not received in court. A case came up in which James Reith was charged with having sold liquor on Sunday. The first witness called was objected to by Reith's counsel on the ground that he did not believe in a God. The court sustained the objection, and the suit was brought to a sudden close. This action places the Presbyterian judge in a funny attitude. He had either to let Reith go unpunished for desecrating the "Sawbath" by liquor selling or take the testimony of an Atheist. He chose the former, therein being consistent with the rigorous faith that maintains the denial of God to be the worst crime in the universe; but how the morality of Aberdeen would suffer if all the bibulous population were Christians, and the abstaining complainants were Atheists!

IT will be remembered that the blasphemy of which Mr. Foote was convicted consisted of publishing wood-cuts caricaturing the Christian idols. During his imprisonment their publication has been suspended. They will, however, now that he is released, be again a feature of his paper, and appear regularly until he "goes to prison again." That contingency Mr. Foote does not regard as probable, for it strikes him "that the bigots hav had enough of the game for a good while." We cannot praise too highly Mr. Foote's pluck and heroism, but really we would like to see him employ a better artist in making his cuts. We hav no supercilious criticisms to make on his "taste," for we regard ridicule as a legitimate and powerful weapon to be used against the Jewish mythology; but his paper would hav a wider circulation, and so do more good, if his artists were better workmen.

CAPT. LOYD, of New Rochelle, once remarked at a Paine meeting that his neighbors were "so blue that they left a yellow streak behind them." This intense blueness is paralleled by the people of Orange, N. J., the home of Soap-boiler Colgate and other eminent Baptists. But their Christianity could not stand the test of the Salvation Army, which invaded the town the other day, appropriately hiring a hall over an undertaker's establishment. The first night the Army was forced to silence by the catcalls, hootings, and shameless remarks of the rough element that gathered to see the new sensation. The general applied the next day to the mayor for protection, but that worthy declined to interfere and ordered the policemen to *keep away* from the hall. This refusal to protect was prompted by a desire to drive the humble workers in the vinyard from the aristocratic precincts of Orange, and was taken by the "boys" as a license to work their will upon the preacher, which they did with rotten eggs and harder missils. And now the whole town may go plumb to hades for all the efforts that army will make. One of the females of the troop contributed her quota to the demoralization of the town by allowing herself to be led astray by one of the young Christians who rotten-egged the preacher. A missionary to civilize and moralize the lower stratum of Orange society would get a good subscription from the few Infidels of the town, and one to teach justice, humanity, and charity, would find plenty of work among the lip-serving accidents of wealth who pass in Orange for Christians.

THE Rev. Dr. J. A. Gordon laments with bitter tears, and almost without hope, the worldliness of the church of Jesus Christ. He cries out in this way:

"Oh, for a faith to abandon utterly the devices of naturalism, and to throw the church without reserve upon the power of the supernatural! Is there not some higher degree in the holy spirit's tuition into which we can graduate our young ministers, instead of sending them to a German university for their last touches of theological culture? Is there not some reserved power yet treasured in the church which is the body of Christ—some unknown or neglected spiritual force which we can lay hold of, and so get courage to fling away forever these frivolous expedients on which we hav so much relied for carrying on the Lord's work?"

If the Rev. Mr. Gordon can find something besides the devices of naturalism that will draw a congregation and keep it awake; if the Holy Spirit will giv clergymen a tuition which will enable them to speak grammatically; if he can discover something besides frivolous expedients that will fill the contribution-box, pay the pew-rents, and enable the preachers to liv well and dress well, it doesn't look as if he had suggested a very difficult scheme. Everyone would like to see the church run as he suggests. We are all willing to dispense with grab-bags, and to allow the oyster which has done service in so many stews, to be permanently retired. It would also be universally gratifying to see some of the "reserved power treasured up in the church" devote itself to paying taxes on a few million dollars' worth of church property. The community is growing despondent over fairs, lotteries, and pound-parties. The worldliness of the church affects the world quite as much as it does the church.

WRITING from Japan, a correspondent of the *Evening Post* confirms the report of the spread of Freethought in that land which we chronicled last week from the unwilling lips of a returned (would we could say reformed) missionary. The correspondent says: In the year 1881 there was organized in the city of Kioto the Kiukuwai Society, an Infidel association having for its object the opposing of Christianity. It was brought into being largely through the efforts of the Buddhist priests, who were offended at the planting of a Christian college for young men right in the sacred city of Japan. Recently I secured a copy of one of the publications issued by the society, and will make some selections from it for this letter, since it shows in what grooves the Japanese mind is running, and may be surprising to not a few. The pamphlet is published in Japanese, with the exception of the preface, which appears in English:

"The brutalizing and degrading tendencies of the Christian religion are not so apparent now as formerly, but they still exist, as the foreign newspapers attest in the accounts which they giv.

"One of the assassins who attempted the life of the emperor of Germany a few years ago was reported to be a religious monomaniac. Guiteau, the assassin of the president of the United States of America, was formerly a leader in a Christian church.

"The history of the Christian church in past ages is one narrativ of bloodshed from beginning to end. The Roman Catholics, being the most powerful, perhaps, hav committed the most of these atrocities, but the Protestants, as I shall be able to prove, were not backward in doing their share as far as they had the power.

"Although in the present day science has laid the Christian religion a captiv at its feet, all the elements which incite to evil still exist in it, but are held in strong subjection to modern thought.

"Here and there in times past noble men hav striven to shake off this horrible religion, and although their efforts were not successful in their generations on account of the great power of the Christian priesthood opposed to them, the seed which they planted has taken deep root, and now the end is near—in fact, the complete downfall of the Christian religion is seen by men of learning and discernment to be not far distant. The most learned men of modern times, historians, philosophers, etc., hav openly condemned it or quietly ignored it."

The writer then goes through the catalog of Hume, Gibbon, Darwin, Huxley, Spencer, Mill, father and son, etc., and ends as follows: "We certainly consider it a great misfortune that the people of England hav not the Buddhist religion, for if they were so fortunate as to hav it they certainly would not be so indifferent to it as they appear to be to the Christian religion."

Answers to Inquirers.

RICHARD CONWAY.—Thanks for the paper sent. We hav utilized it.

A. G. SCHULTE.—We will try and find the book you speak of. If unsuccessful, should much like to hav you copy it for THE TRUTH SEEKER. Your motiv is appreciated and help thankfully received.

JOSEPH LAKE.—We can furnish you "The Old Testament in the Jewish Church," by W. Robertson Smith, for 20 cents. The *Post and Tribune* is a violently partisan sheet, and you will do well to take its allegations with a grain or two of allowance.

F. G. LEITH.—We hav forgotten the name of the person who offered to giv ten acres of land in Florida to anyone who would settle on it, and hav not the time to look through four years' files to ascertain. Perhaps, if these lines fall under his eye, he will make the offer again.

PAT. F. GARRETT.—Thanks for club of subscribers. You hav taken one of the most effectual ways to spread Freethought. In every town where Liberal papers are taken our lecturers say they can get an audience, but a town destitute of such papers is poor territory for a white man.

JAMES HALE.—MS. at hand, but yet unread on account of its length. It was not necessary to dare us to print it. We giv all sides a hearing, trying to select the best from the large number of articles sent us, and threats hav no effect whatever. If we could we would print everything written for our columns.

WM. REYNOLDS.—Thanks for the magazines. It is difficult to see wherein Mormonism differs from Christianity. Mr. Cannon's *Juvenile Instructor* (what a misnomer!) defends the Old and New Testaments and lies about Paine in almost the same language the Christian press uses. As you say, the publication needs no comment; it is self-refuting to all intelligent people.

E. DICKERSON.—Christianity was introduced into Ireland in the fifth century. St. Patrick was its chief apostle. The story of his driving the snakes headlong from a cliff into the sea (the similarity to the New Testament hog story will noted) is without a shadow of foundation. In his search for the origin of the myth Moncure Conway found that no intelligent Catholics in Ireland believe the story, and even the priests, he says, discourage its repetition. The reason for the non-existence of snakes in Ireland is because of the cold, wet climate. Even in the Zoological Gardens at London snakes are only kept alive by blankets, and the outdoors of Ireland is altogether too much for the recipient of Jehovah's first curse.

Lectures and Meetings.

COL. INGERSOLL lectured in Chicago on the 19th. His subject was "Orthodoxy."

W. S. BELL'S address is 281 Mich. av., Chicago, Ill. Write to him for terms for lectures.

MR. W. F. PECK, who is conducting the Children's Lyceum for the Liberal Society of Ottumwa, Iowa., is also speaking each Sunday evening to crowded and enthusiastic audiences.

C. B. REYNOLDS would like some more lecturing engagements. He likes work and is happiest when making the orthodox unhappy. His permanent address is box 104 North Parma, Monroe Co., New York.

MRS. H. S. LAKE, who is speaking for the Liberal Society, of Flint, Mich., each Sunday of March, has been re-engaged for the month of April and may be addressed as above by Eastern societies desiring her services.

MEMBERS and patrons of the Institute of Heredity, and all friends of the movement, will please remember that the next Parlor Meeting of this winter's series will be held at the residence of Dr. E. B. Foote, No. 120 Lexington avenue, corner East Twenty-eighth street, on the last Thursday evening of March—the 27th—at eight o'clock.

Science.

The Use and Abuse of the Brain.

In a lecture before the Nineteenth Century Club recently, Dr. Wm. Hammond began by quoting the favorit saying of Sir William Hamilton, the Scotch metaphysician: "In this world there is nothing great but man; in man there is nothing great but mind." Dr. Hammond thought that this was not exactly right. It should read: "In man there is nothing great but brain." The brain makes the mind, and so it is the greater of the two. The lecturer then went on to describe the physical appearance of the brain, illustrating his remarks by means of a chart on which the white and gray matter were outlined. He referred to the white matter as of comparativly little importance contrasted with the real force stored up in the gray matter, and showed how, by means of convolutions, the latter was spread over a large surface. The doctor said he was not in the habit of idolizing anything, but if he should ever set up a god it would be a little bunch of this all-powerful gray matter.

Mind, he said, is the force developed by nervous energy. The force is evolved from the brain, and is not a simple force. Just as a ray of sunlight can be split up into its seven prismatic colors, so the mind force is a compound of four forces—the perceptions, the intellect, the emotions, and volition or the will. Speaking of the mind, the doctor wished it to be understood that he said nothing of the soul. That was something of which he knew nothing, but he did know something of the mind. Too little attention, he thought, was paid to the cultivation of the perceptions. It was only through these—through what the sense taught—that the mind was enabled to know anything. The old theory of innate ideas he held to be laughably absurd. Without perceptions one could not understand that 1 plus 1 made 2. Great stress was laid upon the importance of the proper cultivation of the perceptions in children. One of the best ways of teaching a child was to giv it a picture and ask it to observe carefully and to report what it saw. Great harm resulted from sending children to school at too early an age. The little ones should be only taught to observe, to gain ideas of things. No child should be sent to school before the age of ten years, and twelve is a better age. Kindergartens attempt to teach children to use their perceptions, but even these are not good. A child sent to school at ten or twelve will know more at fifteen than one sent at seven years. Adults use their perceptions too little, and should teach themselvs to observe.

One of the greatest safeguards against brain troubles is sleep. It is then that the brain makes good the waste incurred during the working hours. Even the heart rests one-third of the time—eight hours out of the twenty-four. One should sleep one-third of his life, work one-third, and spend the remaining third in recreation. Mathematicians are the hardest of intellectual workers, and they usually sleep long.

Dr. Hammond then spoke of the difference in the brains of the sexes. That there is a difference there is no doubt. though he would not venture to assert that the male brain was superior to the female. Before infancy this difference can be detected. With this difference in size and formation, the doctor thought it very improper to giv to both brains the same education. The girl's brain was of one kind, the boy's of another, and it was certainly not right to giv to different natures exactly the same training. As the bodies differ so do the brains, and so should the education and the mature life. The emotional nature of women may be the highest type of mental development, but it was not the nature of man, and the educational paths of the boy and the girl were not parallel.

The Sun: His Spots and Their Terrestrial Effects.

There is a periodicity about the sun-spots which is very peculiar. One hundred years ago observers had noticed that these spots were sometimes more numerous than at others, but no law upon the subject was evolved. In 1851, however, the Swiss astronomer, Wolff, stated that there was a rise and fall of sun spots, a maximum and a minimum, and that from one maximum to the next maximum, or from one minimum to the next, was 11 years and 11-100 of a year. The German astronomers showed that there was extreme irregularity in this period, which was sometimes shortened to seven years, and sometimes elongated to sixteen. But the grand average was as Wolff had stated, and the usual deflection from that was two years, making from maximum to maximum either 13 years 11-100, or 9 years 11-100. Now this periodicity was not analogous to planetary action, and could not, therefore, be caused by anv planet, as was the first supposition. Mercury and Venus were suspected of being connected with the matter because they were so near the sun, and Jupiter because of its immense size, and also because the period of its orbit was nearly coincident with the cycle of the spots. But this has never been made out. It is more probable that the cause is solar, and I hav conjectured that the forces in the sun accumulate and, as it were, boil over at recurring periods with the same irregular regularity as the spouting of a geyser. Is there any connection between the maximums of sun spots and terrestrial disturbances of any kind? Much surmise and also much serious investigation exist on the subject. It has been proved by our delicate instruments for measuring heat, that a sun-spot givs only one-half as much heat as another part of the sun's surface. This was shown by Professor Langley. But he also showed that the disturbed surface as a whole givs out rather more heat than less. I received last year a number of letters showing that the sun's maximum of spots then present was accompanied by cyclones, storms, tornadoes, etc., in our great West, and the writers were thoroughly convinced that some connection existed between the two facts. It was said that in 1870 there was also a maximum of sun spots, and an extraordinarily hot summer. But it was forgotten that observations to be conclusiv must cover the whole of the earth's surface, and not a part only. It so happened that in 1870 at our antipodes in New Zealand, there was at the time of our hot summer an intensely cold winter, something phenomenal for that region. But an unmistakable connection has been discovered between these maxims and aberrations of the magnetic needle. It is well established that the period of a maximum of spots is coincident with a period of greatest declination of the needle. It may be that the iron in the sun has something to do with this.

Ordinarily what we see of the sun is the photosphere. But outside of that and beyond it the sun has an envelope of gas and streamers 200,000 miles in extent, and sometimes a million miles, and even five or six million miles, are thrown out. This invisible part becomes visible at times of eclipse. Previous to 1868 a number of brilliant ruby-colored objects had been observed upon the edge of the eclipsed body of the sun. In 1868 the nature of these prominences was discovered. They were at every part of the photosphere, and there could be no doubt that there was a layer of them, which from the brilliancy of its coloring received the name of chromosphere. The spectrum showed that these were gaseous, and also that the gas was hydrogen. Jansen made the brilliant discovery that this chromosphere could be observed at any time, and that the astronomer need not wait for an eclipse to study it. Lockyer in England had found out the same thing.

I now come to the very interesting observations and hypothesis of Professor Hastings, now of Yale College, who accompanied the Caroline Island party for the purpose of examining the corona. He came to the conclusion that the gaseous envelope that givs the bright line in the spectrum was very narrow indeed, and its apparent enlargement was due to the diffraction of light. If the light were so diffracted the appearance of the halo would be vivid on the east side at the beginning of the eclipse and on the west side at the end. And that this is the case is absolutely certain. While I am not prepared to go so far as Hastings, his observations prove beyond much doubt that this atmosphere, or quasi-atmosphere, is not so great in extent as had been imagined, and can not be greater than from 25,000 to 50,000 miles.

But from the examinations of the chromosphere it is obvious that the prominences are projected into something beyond it, and this action has an extraordinary resemblance to the formation of clouds in our own atmosphere. They hav been seen at first low and not much beyond the chromosphere, and then in a few minutes they hav rushed out beyond it, so as to produce the appearance of a prairie on fire. Then they hav separated themselvs from their base, like clouds forming above a river in summer, and hav returned to it, like the same clouds falling in rain. There can be no question of the connection between the bright faculæ and the prominences. These prominences hav assumed shapes described as clouds, as diffuse, filamentary, stemmed, as horns, plumes, spikes, sheafs, and volutes, jets, vertical filaments, cyclones, eruptions, and flames.—*Prof. C. A. Young.*

The Sinking of the Earth's Crust.

The extreme sensitivness of the earth's crust to any changes in the distribution of weight upon its surface is, however, best exemplified by those local depositions and removals of matter which hav attracted more general attention at the present day. The chief of these is the transfer of matter by river action to large tracts, and its accumulation in such limited areas as plains, estuaries, and deltas. Borings of four to five hundred feet hav shown that these often consist of long successions of silts, which alternating layers of shells and of vegetable matter prove to hav been deposited at or near the sea-level, and the Wealden and eocene formations in the British area show that such accumulations may exceed one thousand feet in thickness. In the case of deltas, subsidence must keep pace almost foot by foot with the accumulation, and be confined to the area over which the sediment is being deposited, for any more rapid subsidence would check its growth and convert it into an estuary. This sinking is apparently of universal occurrence. A similar instance of the transfer of weight from larger areas and its precipitation on a very circumscribed area is seen in coral atolls and reefs. The explanation of their formation given by Darwin requires a gradual subsidence keeping pace with their growth, which takes place within twenty fathoms of the surface only. This theory, simple and admirable as it is, accounting satisfactorily for all the observed phenomena of coral growth, has been contested by Mr. Murray, who has shown that atolls might be merely incrustations of volcanic peaks. But his theory seems improbable by contrast, for it demands 290 volcanic peaks at the sea-level in the Pacific coral area alone, every foot of which has been completely concealed by coral growth, though few volcanic craters are known so near the sea-level outside this area. We seem thus to hav in coral growths another evidence of subsidence keeping pace with the increase of weight, sometimes, as soundings prove, to a depth of 1,000 feet or more. The replacement of a column of sea water 100 fathoms in depth by a column of limestone would increase the pressure per fathom from 619 1-2 tons to 1,487 tons, so that it is easy to realize how vast must be the increased pressure on such an area as that occupied by the great reef of Australia, 1,250 miles long and 10 to 90 miles broad. The sands, gravels, and clays, with marine shells and erratic boulders, prove that a great submergence took place during the glacial period, while Europe was under an ice-sheet 6,000 feet thick in Norway and diminishing to 1,500 in central Germany. The extent of the submergence has been perhaps understated at 600 feet in Scandinavia, and was at least 1,350 feet in Wales. A corresponding re-elevation accompanied the disappearance of the ice. It has often been supposed that the sinking of the west coast of Greenland is similarly due to its ice-cap.—*Nature.*

An Inexpensiv Filter.

Very many families desire some inexpensiv device for filtering rain and other water to be used for cooking and table use. A cheap and very efficient filter may be made by using a spirit or wine cask, placing it on end with the head removed, and having a faucet at the bottom to draw off the clear water. To fit it for the filter, take the removed top head of the cask, and with a small bit bore holes all over it, then place four clean bricks or blocks of wood on the bottom, and on these rest the perforated top. Now fill upon it about four inches of charcoal chopped into small bits the size of peas, and over this put a layer of sand six inches deep. Impure water poured into the cask on the top of the sand will become clear and sparkling after a little while, or as soon as all fine particles are worked out of the charcoal and sand. This filter will not need renewing oftener than once in two or three months.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Use of Tobacco by Boys.

All high medical authorities agree that the use of tobacco is injurious to growing boys; and, this being true, no teacher can do his full duty who does not impress this fact upon the boys under his influence. The following from the *Medical and Surgical Reporter* is high authority, and will make good reading for the school in these days of extravagance and excess, when, aping the folly of those older than themselvs, so many hundreds of thousands of boys are becoming slaves to the destructiv habit:

"The use of tobacco by growing boys is so generally recognized as pernicious that it is extraordinary that more energetic measures are not urged by those having the care of youth to prevent the habit. Already it has been forbidden in the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, in the United States Military Academy at West Point, in the Phillips Exeter Academy, and in various other enlightened educational institutions.

"This was not the result of prejudice or hobbyism. If any set of men are free from these vices of learning, it is the naval surgeons, and it was especially from these, and particularly from Dr. L. A. Gihon, U. S. Navy, that this attack on the weed began. The indictment laid against it charged: that it leads to impaired nutrition of the nerve centers; that it is a fertil cause of neuralgia, vertigo, and indigestion; that it irritates the mouth and throat, and thus destroys the purity of the voice; that by excitation of the optic nerve it produces amaurosis and other defects of the vision; that it causes a tremulous hand and an intermittent pulse; that one of its conspicuous effects is to develop irritability of the heart; that it retards the cell change on which the development of the adolescent depends.

"This is a formidable bill of particulars, and yet each of these charges is preferred by the best modern authority, and, what is more, each is substantiated by an abundance of clinical evidence. Testimony is also adduced from the class records of schools and colleges, which indicates very positivly that the effect of tobacco on the mental faculties is deteriorating. The best scholars are not tobacco users; and non-smokers take the highest rank in every grade."

What the Moon's Face Tells.

The moon's face, says Professor Proctor, tells of a remote youth—a time of fiery activity, when volcanic action, even more effectiv (though not probably more energetic) than any which has ever taken place on this globe, upheaved the moon's crust. But so soon as we consider carefully the features of the moon's surface we see that there must hav been three distinct eras of volcanian activity. Look at the multitudinous craters, for example, around the metropolitan crater of Tycho. They tell us of century after century of volcanic disturbance—but they tell us more. They mark a surface which varies in texture, and therefore in light-reflecting power in such a way as to show that the variations were produced long before the volcanic action began by which the craters were formed. For the variations of texture are such as to mark a series of streaks—some or them 2,000 or 3,000 miles in length, and many miles in breadth, extending radially from Tycho. Craters lie indifferently on these brighter streaks, and on the intervening darker spaces, and some craters can be seen which lie right across a bright streak with parts of their ring on the darker regions on both sides of the streak. This proves that the craters were formed long after the great streaks. When the streaked surface was formed, it must hav been tolerably smooth; for we see the streaks best under a full illumination, and there is no sign of any difference of elevation between them and the darker ground all around; they are neither long ridges nor long valleys, but mere surface markings. Yet must they hav been formed by mighty volcanian disturbance, such, indeed, as we may be certain went on at an early stage of the moon's history to which these radiating streaks must be referred. It seems clear that, as Nasmith has illustrated by experiment, they belong to the stage of the moon's history when her still hot and plastic crust parted with its heat more rapidly than the nucleus of the planet, and so contracting more quickly, was rent by the resistance of the internal matter, which, still hot and molten, flowed into the rents, and spreading, formed the long broad streaks of brighter surface.

Infidel Philosophy.

Gen. viii, 5: "In the tenth month, on the first day of the month, were the tops of the mountains seen." 9. "For the waters were upon the face of the whole earth." Vii, 19: "And all the high hills that were under the whole heavens were covered." 20. "Fifteen cubits upward did the waters prevail."

Here is a plain statement that the waters covered the face of the whole earth, and that a number of months passed by before the waters went down so that the tops of the mountains could be seen. Where did all this water come from? No more water could come down from the clouds than was taken up from the earth.

Gen. vii, 11: "The fountains of the great deep were broken up." What "great deep?" Tell me, ye squabblers on the walls of Zion, what is meant by the "great deep." Suppose all the waters of the ocean had been taken up and let down again, there would be no more water on the earth.

Did this water come from Venus or Mars, or from the sun or the stars? And where did this vast amount of water go to when the flood subsided?

Again, suppose by some hocus-pocus operation a sufficient quantity of water had been obtained to rise fifteen cubits above the highest mountains, what would hav been the consequence? The equilibrium between the centrifugal and the centripetal forces would be at once destroyed.

If the amount of matter which the earth contains should be augmented, the sun by its attractiv influence would take hold of it with increased power corresponding with the additional amount of matter. The centripetal force would then be more powerful than the centrifugal, and the earth would fall to the sun.

Again, the tops of the highest mountains are covered with perpetual snow and ice. Now, if the water rose to the hight spoken of, it must hav congealed, and the old ark would hav been stuck in the ice—a pretty fix for the boys, Shem, Ham, and Japheth, with not a pair of skates in the ark.

The flood was a great failure. It left God in just about the condition of Beecher, when he said that he had not done anything wrong, but at the same time promised that he would not do so any more.

God knew he had been guilty of a scurvy trick, although he did not confess as much; but we can easily imagin his hang-dog look when he said (Gen. viii, 21), "I will not curse the ground any more for man's sake, neither will I again smite any more every living thing as I hav done."

Now, when a god begins to choke and swallow, and sticks his thumb in his mouth like a boy who has been stealing melons, and promises that he won't do so any more, I think it is only fair to let up on him a little. Besides, it must be remembered that he was not an old, experienced God, who had been long in the business of world-making. Our world was the first one he ever tried his hand on, and a little crooked steering is not to be wondered at.

If he did make an egregious blunder in not killing the devil, and if he did miss it in not trotting out his savior instead of bringing the flood, so long as he promises to do better, I don't believe it to be quite right to be too rigidly exact with an inexperienced God. He might hav been a little unmindful of the welfare of those whom he had created, and let a few billions or trillions of human beings slip through his hands into hell, or he might hav been a little loose in his calculations about the salvation scheme; but then it is encouraging to know that he has promised to do better.

Gen. x, 5: "By these were the isles of the gentiles divided in their lands, every one after his tongue."

If words sustaining their proper relations in a sentence hav any meaning, the passage above proves that there was a diversity of tongues; yet in the first verse of the next chapter will be found the plain declaration that the whole earth was of one language and one speech.

Gen. xi, 5. "And the Lord came down to see the city and the tower which the children of men had builded."

Does this sound like talk from a God? Would not a man talk in precisely the same manner? Where is the "all-seeing eye" that can count every hair in our heads, and see every sparrow fall? Couldn't tell anything about the city; had to come down and see just as a man would. With you there is a difference between a great big hair or sparrow and a very small city. If the Lord is everywhere and fills the immensity of space, how could he "come down," or what was the use of his coming down? He could see as well from one point as another. Everything that man has ever done bears the marks of imperfection. God had to move about and go and see just as a man would, because he is a man-made God.

Gen. xviii, 21: "I will go down now and see whether they hav done altogether according to the cry of it which has come unto me, and if not I will know."

Splendid talk for a God! The more I read about him, the more I think I am like him, or rather the more I think he is like me, because man created God in his own image. 14: "Is there anything too hard for the Lord?" Of course there is, for he could not tell whether the reports from Sodom were true or not, and he had to go down and see about it, just as any short-sighted mortal would. Man never showed his weakness in such a marked degree as when he attempted to create and manage an infinit god.

There are many passages in Genesis which I could not recommend to the perusal of any ladies except Sunday-school teachers.

It is a strange fact that woman has been ground down and most degraded by Bible teaching, and yet she is the most engaged in teaching it, especially to the young. In all this broad land few mothers can be found who would call the attention of their young daughters to this holy filth. Although we are commanded to "search the scriptures," yet there is much that every prudent mother would fain cover up and hide from her child. And why is this so? Because calling obscenity holy does not make it any the less disgusting.

Now, my lady friends, you who are engaged as Sabbath-school teachers, dare you say to the young misses in your classes that this scum of filth is the holy word of God? If it is too vulgar and nasty for your daughters, is it fit for anybody else? Did you ever stop to consider that every time you speak of the Bible as the word of God, you indorse this filth and slime?

Go by yourselvs, lady teachers, where nobody can see you blush, and read the passages; then ask yourselvs if such disgusting stuff is the outcome of "the holy spirit." Settle this matter fairly with yourselvs, and find out whether God has made it incumbent upon you to smear the minds of the young with disgusting accounts of acts which even the brutes perform in secret.

Gen. xxii, 10, 11, 12: "And Abraham stretched forth his hand and took the knife to slay his son. And the angel of the Lord called unto him from heaven and said, Abraham, Abraham: and he said, Here am I. And he said, Lay not thine hand upon the lad, neither do thou harm unto him, for now I know that thou fearest God, seeing that thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son, from me."

Now, isn't this the silliest thing a God ever did. Must he absolutely try an experiment on old Abraham before he could tell what the outcome would be? I am not much of a God, but I can do as well as that. I can tell whether a friend will sacrifice anything for me after I try him. "For now I know that thou fearest God." Yes, after he had tried the experiment, not before. 'Cute God that!

In all the sacred writings, so-called, which men hav ever written, the gods hav proved a great fizzle, because it is utterly impossible for short-sighted, finite man to create a God, and clothe him with infinit knowledge and power, and then manage him him so as to make him a success.

The language which they put into his mouth will not become him—will not prove characteristic. The things which they make him do will be beneath the dignity of a god. When men fully come to realize the great blunders they hav made with their gods, they will learn the important fact that it is better to

> "Let gods attend on what the gods must know,
> Man's chiefest care relates to things below."

Think of an omnipresent God going round to see what is going on, as in the case of the tower of Babel, and Sodom, and Gomorra; of an unchangeable God repenting; of a God of infinit wisdom trying experiments as with Abraham; of a God clothed with almighty power backing down on account of a few "chariots of iron." No, no, the god business can never be made a success. When men let gods alone, and turn all their attention to the bettering of the condition of the race, there will be far less suffering, and the gods will fare no worse.

Gen. xxv, 23, 24, 25, 26. These verses contain a little more Sunday-school literature. If lady teachers consider these lessons profitable, they will be particular to call their classes to notice them. Don't forget to make it plain that these verses are the word of God. Then ask yourselvs if the low slang and indecent stories indulged in, in the dive-holes and dug-outs way down under ground, where the sun is ashamed to shine, where Paddy O'Ryan and Barney O'Flaherty get their vile whisky, are not the word of God too.

Verse 27: "And the boys grew." How astonishing! How important to know that boys grew three thousand years ago just as they do now! How could we hav possibly found out that important fact if it had not been for the Bible? "Holy Bible, book divine!"

Gen. xxx, 1–25. Here will be found another holy bouquet for young girls in a Sabbath-school. And I would like to inquire of honest wives of the present day how they relish the transaction between Rachel and her handmaid Bilhah, and her husband Jacob. It is evident that Rachel and Leah, and the wives of those days, were far more accommodating than the wives of the present time.

My Christian lady friends, how do you like the idea of a holy man like Jacob having two legitimate wives, and, in addition, to hav the freedom of the handmaids tendered to him? How do you like the idea of God making a pet of such a disgusting old libertin?

In view of these transactions, I want you to think of God's promis to this special old moonshiner (Gen. xxxviii, 15): "Behold I am with thee and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest."

Is it any wonder the Mormons believe that they are under the special protection of heaven? Who shall say that God has not shoved Brigham Young right into the heavenly king-row?

David and Solomon, and most of the Bible worthies, kept a regular harem, and were approved of God. And how, my Christian lady friends, do you know that God is not smiling on Mormonism to-day?

If the Christians ever succeed in getting God into the Constitution, and making the Bible the foundation of law, to be consistent, they must make Mormonism the pet institution of the country.

Couldn't God find something of more importance to write about than the manner of producing ring-streaked, speckled, and grizzly cattle? O lady teachers, from your youth up, you hav been imposed upon by this holy balderdash. Will you, in turn, impose upon others that which "sickens all it touches?"

Many send their children to Sabbath-school because they believe there is associated with it a moral influence. O my countrymen, is it possible that such teaching can refine or elevate the minds of the young, or in any way tend to improve their morals? The very relation of things, from first to last, must be changed before filth and falsehood can benefit any one. I may lack charity, but I really believe that those who teach the young that the apple and snake story, and the silly story of the flood, and that of beastly old Lot and his daughters, are a part of the word of God, do so from some motiv besides that of benefiting the race.

The time has come when the well wishers of the race must point to a new star. The curses, wars, robberies, filth, and abominations of the Bible will never do as a standard of morality. But the Christian will reply that some of the grandest moral lessons ever taught are to be found in the Bible. And it must be admitted, at the same time, that it contains some of the most loathsome and sickening slush and obscenity anywhere to be found.

Would the Christian consent to hav his daughters associate with the lowest and most abandoned wretches, one-half of the time, on the ground that there is decent company in the community? Wipe out the filth and dirt, the obscenity and absurdity of the Bible, and we will indorse all that is good, true, pure, noble, and elevating as heartily as the Christian.

JOHN PECK.

"THE Truth Seeker Annual and Freethinkers' Almanac," 25 cents.

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A Little Progress in Iowa.

On the 8th inst. the Iowa Senate passed a bill

"Limiting the exemption of church property from taxation to buildings used for public worship, with the grounds on which located, and providing that residence property owned by church, school, or college institutions, and used by clergymen, teachers, and professors, be taxed for the assessed value over $3,000."

This the Dubuque *Telegraph* says is "a concession to the Freethinkers of the state, who for a long time hav been persistently demanding the taxation of church and private school property."

The bill has now gone to the House, where it will meet with very spirited opposition, and every Freethinker in Iowa should without delay urge his representativ to support and pass it. It is not all that Freethought asks for; it is not even and exact justice, but it is a step in the right direction, and when the people of Iowa shall hav witnessed its good effects they will be the more ready to impose impartial taxation upon all property.

The passage of this bill will raise a large sum for the various town and county treasuries of Iowa, and enable the rate on farm and manufacturing properties to be lowered. According to the *Telegraph* no less than nine Catholic institutions in Dubuque alone will be obliged to walk up to the tax-collector's office and settle. These include three academies conducted by the "Sisters of Charity," a college run by clergymen, an academy supervised by nuns, a parochial school, an orphan asylum, and other similar institutions. Everyone knows just what these "academies" and "asylums" are, and it will be perceived that the measure hits just the ones that need hitting.

The reasoning of the *Telegraph* in opposition to this bill is well calculated to bring a smile to the faces of intelligent people. It presumes that the taxing of these schools would close them, thus entailing upon the community the expense of erecting public school buildings and hiring teachers. Next, it says, "Few Catholics are opposed to the public school system. Indeed, the great majority of them are warm advocates of that system." This is rich. In the first place, the Catholics maintain parochial schools because of their church's fierce and unalterable opposition to our "godless public schools." This hostility has been authoritativly voiced by ecclesiastical councils, by encyclicals from the pope, by pastoral letters, and by denunciation from the pulpits of the priests. A writer who deliberately says that Catholics are not opposed to our system of education is ill-informed or an unscrupulous falsifier. It is not at all likely that these sectarian schools will be closed so long as the laws of our land permit of their maintenance, which we trust will ever be, for a Catholic has the same right to revere the Virgin Mary as the Protestant has to invoke the blessings of her son, or the Freethinker to denounce them both as superstitious idols.

But the question is one in which dollars and cents hav no business to be considered. It is purely a matter of principle, and a vital and fundamental one. It affects the stability and permanence of our institutions, for in all history we read of no government that has lasted which gave special privileges to religious sects, and the weakest governments existing today are those by which the church is recognized as a political factor, and knelt to as of supernatural origin, deriving its power from forces beyond the people. Russia and Spain may be cited in proof.

But if the schools were closed in consequence of being required to pay taxes, it would be a public blessing. Under our constitution the church has no right to expect favors, and if on those she has illegally wrung from the people she has built more schools than she can support, the collapse is her own fault. A smuggler might as well expect relief from the government because, detected and forced to pay duty, his business fails for want of means to go on in a rightful and legal manner. Considering Catholic schools apart from Protestant prejudices, and in the light of correct principles of government, they are not only absolutely without merit, but are dangerous in their tendency. The Mormon hierarchy is a harmless fire-cracker compared to the immense weapon the church has in her protectories, asylums, and parochial schools, which teach the subordination of earthly governments to the divine power of the pope at Rome. The closing of every sectarian school, if it should be brought about by the withdrawal of state patronage, would be an inestimable blessing to the republic.

The profession of priest or minister is as much a business as the profession of the law or of medicin, and it is immeasurably better paid than the various trades. Why then should the pastor and the priest be allowed a house free of taxation, as in Iowa, or hav fifteen hundred dollars' worth of personal property exempted, as in this state? The good they do, say you Christians? Then exempt the houses of such men as Peter Cooper, Felix Adler, Samuel Hill, George Peabody, and every other benevolent individual. But before going so far as this, the good the preachers accomplish must be shown. Do they prevent crime, reduce pauperism, or promote peace in the community? Everyone knows they do not; the assertion that they do is preposterous. The only true reason that can be advanced to defend such practice is that it saves money for the parishes; and the perpetuation of the custom must be at the expense of the minority, and by an overriding of the rights of the few by the many.

The power of the church has always been used to uphold despotism. The pope aids the czar to keep his people in slavery; the Vatican has helped Bismarck tyrannize over the Germans; and it is Catholicism that unfits Ireland for self-government. Her "statesmen" are puppets worked by wires from Rome, and when did Rome ever free a people?

Religious schools can hav no possible claim to exemption from public burdens except such claim as a thief may hav to his plunder. They are built and maintained to benefit sectarian societies, and the people of Iowa will take a long step toward establishing a government of right principles when they shall tax every institution of the kind in the state.

Vicious Exaggeration.

Going the rounds of the religious press is this paragraph, with variations:

"There are said to hav been 500,000 Christians in the world at the end of the first century, 10,000,000 in the time of Constantine, 30,000,000 in the eighth century, 100,000,000 at the time of the Reformation, and 450,000,000 in 1883."

The variations are mostly upon the last number. It is given at 400 million, at 450 million, and some put it at 480 million. The religious editors hav written innumerable editorials based upon these estimates; exhorters hav rolled them out with sonorousness; a few secular paper hav been awed by the size of the numerals; and some writers of education hav been misled into quoting them as statistics. In his recent lecture at St. Joseph, Talmage repeated the statement, and enlarged upon it as a miraculous growth and a direct and incontrovertible proof of divine favor. He read it backwards, forwards, sideways, and cornerways, dilating upon it each way, drew from it the most astonishing inferences, and defied the world to gainsay it.

But, for all that, the estimate is a falsehood. It is not ascertainable with any degree of certainty just how many Christians there were at any given time since the first century, nor just how many there are at present. The United States is put down as containing over fifty millions, when there are in both Protestant and Catholic churches barely seventeen million communicants, and these figures include infants, backsliders, "moved aways," and other unreliable quantities. But if the Christian statisticians are allowed to rake the globe, the greatest number of adherents they can find is something over one hundred million. The ridiculousness of the four-hundred-million claim was admitted but a short time ago by one of the fairest religious papers published—the *Independent*. A writer in its columns asserted that four hundred million Christians could be counted. He was disputed, and, as became a Christian, retreated from the position on the vicarious plan. He asserted that the printer had used a 4 where he wrote a 1, and he wanted it distinctly understood that hereafter neither he nor the *Independent* would be responsible for any estimate over one hundred million.

If every person in the world were a Christian, or if there were not a Christian in the world, it would make no difference as to the truth or falsity of the system. Talmage is possessed of brains enough to see this, and his elongated argument can only be the result of his desire to mislead his hearers. He and all the other jumping-jacks of orthodoxy should be crowded into their boxes and the covers hooked down. Christianity cannot be saved by a lie.

The Editor and the Parson.

The difficulties in the path of Parson John P. Newman appear to thicken. The plot coagulates. The party with letters has turned up. He is the Rev. J. M. Buckley, editor of the *Christian Advocate*, and one of the breeziest and most refreshing productions of creativ sagacity. The Rev. Mr. Newman will be remembered as having been chaplain of the United States Senate in 1869–74. He appeared, or rather disappeared, later as inspector of American consulates in Europe and Asia. The field of literature is also not unknown to him, for he wrote a work entitled, "From Dan to Beersheba." He then accumulated further honors as the spiritual adviser of Gen. Grant. All this was achieved under the banner of Methodism. In 1881 Parson Newman thumped for the last time the pulpit of the Central church in this city, after having assaulted it every Sunday for three years. The disciplin of the Methodist church calls time on pulpit and pastor at the end of three years. If within that period neither of the combatants is knocked out the match is decided a draw. But the people of the Central church were loth to part with their preacher. He had become popular with them. They liked the way he had of cutting a letter *G* in air with one hand and a figure 8 with the other. His method also of kicking his leg straight out and presenting the sole of his luxuriant foot to his congregation had grown into the affections of his hearers. It was attempted to conceive of a plan that would permit of his staying a fourth year, but it is testified to by high Methodist authority that the scheme fell through at both ends. A scheme that falls through at both ends is supposed to be impracticable. It was then endeavored to remove pastors "worthily closing their second year" in order to insert Mr. Newman in their place. This scheme also, it is believed, fell through either at one or both ends, or at a mean distance from both, as it is on record that it did not succeed. With regard to this Dr. Buckley intimates rather threateningly that he has "remarkable facts" in his possession.

In the next chapter of events the Rev. Mr. Hepworth wore himself out under hard work and a big debt at the Madison Avenue church. The Rev. Mr. Davis picked up his hand and eventually passed from Methodism to Congregationalism. What change a minister necessarily goes through in this passage is unknown except to those who hav experienced it. A gratifying difference in salary and perquisits is sometimes instanced as a cause of Congregationalism appearing in a more favorable light than the doctrins of Wesley. The Rev. Mr. Davis in retiring suggested the Rev. Mr. Newman to the committee to fill his place. The committee negotiated.

It is the letters that passed between different parties to the negotiation in this matter that Dr. Buckley now brings forward, alleging that when the Rev. Mr. Newman got the call in his hands he "responded at variance with what he had said." Here it is perhaps appropriate to suggest that when a man is charged with having responded at variance with what he has said, dishonesty is implied. Nevertheless, the Rev. Mr. Newman was installed as preacher in the Madison Avenue church, from the pulpit of which he has abused Freethinkers in a way that should justify the Rev. Mr. Buckley in suppressing the "remarkable facts" in his possession, overlooking the Rev. Mr. Newman's dishonesty, and withdrawing the charge. This the Rev. Mr. Buckley had probably done up to the time of the present "trouble" in the Madison

Avenue church. Here he made the mistake of presenting the compromising letters to the enemies of the Rev. Mr. Newman. A church council was called, which sat upon the case of the pastor, many belligerent members of which evinced a decided inclination to sit upon the pastor's person as well. Before the council the Rev. Mr. Newman appeared and said, addressing the chairman:

"Sir, whatever respect I may entertain for Wesley R. Davis, I hav long since ceased to honor, either for his honorableness or for the manner he introduced that letter into this council—I hav long ceased to respect the Methodist meddler who brought that letter here."

The term "Methodist meddler" applied to the Rev. Mr. Buckley, editor of the *Christian Advocate*, there present. The indiscreet Dr. Newman could hardly hav realized what he was bringing upon himself when he uttered those words. When the Rev. Mr. Buckley got back to the office of the *Advocate* he grasped his pen with both hands, and wrote to the council these words:

"*To the Rev. H. M. Dexter, M.D., Moderator of the Council, Sir:* This morning the council received in silence an attack upon me. I respectfully submit to the council whether I am not entitled to its protection.

"Yours in Christian regard, J. M. BUCKLEY."

He then prepared for the next issue of his paper an article in six chapters, entitled, "The Recent Relations of Dr. John P. Newman to Methodism and to Congregationalism." In this categorical statement he sets forth that the subject of his remarks is a schemer, a dishonest man, aiming at the death of Congregationalism, and one who would be regarded in a court of law as not responsible. He also makes dire hints about a postal card, the publication of which would be damaging in the extreme to the Rev. Mr. Newman. He has, furthermore, other documents with which, if he was only inclined to meddle, which he is not, he could "ignite a bombshell." Dr. Newman's Congregationalism is, as he expected, like the iron and the clay in Nebuchadnezzar's image. All these facts Dr. Buckley brings out, not, of course, in the spirit of unchristian enmity, but because they are necessary, in his opinion, to the formation of a correct judgment, and because to do otherwise "would be an act of faithlessness to the trust reposed in the Editor of an official organ by the highest authority of the Methodist Episcopal church."

In this melancholy condition the affair now stands. The council, after a prayer by the Rev. Mr. Dexter for "wisdom, guidance, unity, and a proper spirit," and after several scrapping matches, in which Deacon Hopkins called Deacon Corley a "tramp and an idiot," and other light oratory was dispensed, reached a conclusion. This conclusion is that "Dr. Newman is still in full connection with the Methodist Episcopal church and amenable to its disciplin as a located preacher;" and further, "Dr. Newman cannot be regarded as Congregationally pastor of the Madison Avenue Congregational church." The peculiarity of the Rev. Mr. Newman's position must be painfully apparent to himself. The Congregationalists refuse to recognize him as one of them, and he has trodden upon the coattails of the "Editor of an official organ" of the Methodist church. This Editor has control of a sixteen-page paper and a stenographer. Those who know what kind of a man Mr. Buckley is, are convinced that the stenographer shall make pothooks night and day, and every page of the *Advocate* shall be filled with italics, rather than that the imputation that he is a Methodist meddler should go without a fitting rebuke.

That Preachment.

The Sermon on the Mount has been long venerated as the concentrated essence of wisdom, beauty, and charity, and has been regarded as Christ's plainest directions for getting to heaven. It will, therefore, pain many Christians to hear that Mr. Beecher has said these things of it:

"The literal following of the Sermon on the Mount would destroy order, morality, law, and human nature itself."

"If you literally accept the Sermon on the Mount you hav got to giv to every man who asks, and lend to every man who wants to borrow. I would like to see Wall street act on this precept for about an hour."

"Ultimately the ideal man will come to a state in which animal force won't be necessary, I believe; but in the administration of human life, and in all the economies of society, is this the meaning of the Sermon on the Mount, that goodness must lie down while badness walks over it?"

"The people who believe in a literal interpretation of the Bible hav no right to hav one single cent ahead. They hav no right to accumulate little properties that can be used to meet the exigencies of coming days. Yet universal poverty would be the result, and universal poverty is animalism."

"The law of development is the law of industry and of property accumulation. There is morality in this; there is government in it; there is happiness in it, and everything else that builds up."

"Take the flowers of the field. It is true that they don't weave or spin, and yet God clothes them with beauty. Very good. A flower has to develop. There isn't a flower in all the wilderness, nor in all the gardens, that does not work for a living."

"I suppose that more than one-half of the suffering of humanity is suffering on account of things that never happen."

The similarity of these sentiments with those many times enunciated by THE TRUTH SEEKER is very plainly apparent. Mr. Beecher is to be congratulated on the rapidity with which he is leading his congregation out of the arid desert of mythological nonsense. He himself has seen the promised land for many years.

The Vincents Victorious.

By the last number of the *American Nonconformist* we see that the Vincent family hav conquered the professors of Tabor College and the syndicate of deacons, and regained their type and presses. Hereafter the *Nonconformist* will be issued regularly, and will not cease to expose the wickedness of Christian professors and to show the fallacy of Christian theology.

This brave coming out of the woods is owing to the help of friends, the justness of Mr. Vincent's cause, and the splendid devotion of his wife.

Send them five hundred new subscriptions as a reward for the good fight they fought. It is richly deserved.

Books.

Owing to the pressure of valuable reading matter upon our columns, we hav not room to advertise from week to week in THE TRUTH SEEKER a tenth part of the desirable books which we hav on sale. We advise those wishing a list of these books, with prices, to send to this office for our Catalog, which will be mailed free of charge. Let our readers also remember that we can furnish any book that is in the market, whether in our Catalog or not.

Converting a School-house into a Church.

A curious state of things was revealed in the trial of a suit at Watertown, N. Y., the other day. The suit was in relation to a school-house at Tremaines Corners in the town of Rodman, which, for the past sixty years, has been used as a meeting-place for religious denominations, latterly at the approval of the defendant, who is sole trustee of district No. 12. in which the house is situated. About a year ago Recorder Purcell granted an injunction against Parsons, the defendant, restraining him from letting the school-house for religious purposes. Shortly after this, Judge Churchill, at Syracuse, removed the injunction, and the suit was again brought to secure another injunction.

T. H. Breen appeared as counsel for the plaintiffs and John Lansing and Maxon & Ramsdell took seats as attorneys for the defendant.

Mr. Breen, in his opening, spoke of the meetings in the school-house, which, he said, were injurious to the property. The desks were broken, the fuel of the district was burnt, the floor was covered with spittle, and the ceiling was ornamented with tobacco cuds, as a result of the religious fervor which pervaded the occasions. Many of the taxpayers of the town had requested the defendant to prevent the holding of the meetings, which he had refused to do.

"Well," said Mr. Breen, "the meetings were continued, and it became necessary to enlarge that school-house, although there were but twelve or fifteen scholars in that district, and we allege that they remodeled and rebuilt it into a church—more for a church than for the accommodation of the school. During the time in which the repairs were being made, the trustees of the district went about among the inhabitants and notified those who had contributed as members of the society or donated money towards the repairs, to meet at the school-house for the purpose of determining how they wanted the money that they had donated expended, and it was there decided that it was to be expended in rearching the ceiling, making it, as we claim, a church instead of a school-house.

"There were other taxpayers who went to that meeting, and they were informed by the defendant in this case that they were not wanted there—only such parties as had donated money were wanted and desired at that meeting, and it was expressly understood at the meeting, in the presence of these plaintiffs and others, that these repairs were to be for a church and that the money was to be donated and expended for that purpose."

Mr. Breen said that the state superintendent had been applied to, and he had replied that if the majority of the taxpayers wished to hold meetings in that school-house, they should be allowed to do so.

Mr. Lansing moved that the case be dismissed on the ground that there were not facts enough in the case to constitute a suit, and that the plaintiffs, as taxpayers and residents in the district, had no more ground for complaint than any other resident or taxpayer, and such being the fact no action can be maintained. The plaintiffs, he argued, not being peculiarly or particularly interested, the action belongs to the people to decide.

This motion was argued at some length, and much law was expounded by the learned counsel pro and con.

Judge Vann then granted the motion to dismiss, saying that the plaintiff had no capacity to sue, as he was not injured any more than the other taxpayers in the district. He had no right to personal damages or any peculiar or special right to claim injuries. "But if it came to the merits of the case," said Judge Vann, "I should be very reluctant to award an injunction. In the school districts in this state, time out of mind, the school-house has been the place where the people of the district assembled for meetings for any lawful purpose, and so long as the legislature has permitted it, I think any court of equity would be reluctant to restrain the parties in anything of the kind. Of course the defendant in this case, in common with all trustees, has no right to allow waste to be committed or to allow his privilege to be abused, or the fuel of the district to be burnt or destroyed, or the walls, or floors, or any part of the school-house, to be defaced. If he does, as he is custodian or guardian of the property, an indictment would lie against him. I know of no other remedy. This case must be dismissed with costs. Experiments of this kind ought not to be encouraged."

M. E. Rose, of East Rodman, who sends us the above account, makes also some reflections upon the decision. He says: "When judges depart from the constitution and law in making their decisions (which is a marked characteristic of Republican judges), either from interest or sympathy, justice fails and anarchy reigns. I honor the judge who, understanding the law, performs his duty regardless of selfish desires or personal sympathies. But a decision now means only the state of feeling or personal interest of the judge making it. Law seems to be breaking down. Individual rights are disregarded, and really church and state are becoming gradually united, certainly and surely—practically if not legally (according to Judge Vann's ideas).

"And I charge the existing state of things to the rule of the dominant party. It was born of sympathy for the oppressed, and appealed to the sympathies rather than to reason of the masses; and its rule has been one of sympathy (turned to selfishness), instead of by organic law. Bennett's persecution was of that nature, as also many others. I believe that the constitution and laws, if wrong, should be changed by the evolution of the masses, or education, through their proper, defined courses. Every official is sworn to observe the constitution and laws, and to carry out their provisions, and if my observation is worth anything, Republican officials hav a way of their own that makes it extremely dangerous for opponents to come before them for justice, and through Christian shrewdness the party has become the tool of the church, and consequently of other monopolies, and any Republican official who attempts to do his official duty regardless of party effects, signs his political death-warrant, if not his physical one also.

"While Liberals are watching the church to keep her from changing the organic laws of the country, the church is accomplishing her aims by ignoring the constitutional laws. The country will take a long step backward in the next twenty-five years if the order of things is not materially altered."

CLOSELY following the exposure and suicide of Shapira, who claimed to hav discovered the original manuscript of the book of Deuteronomy, there comes to this country from Constantinople a copy in Greek of another batch of manuscript asserted to bear the date of about 1056, and referable to the middle of the second century. This manuscript was "discovered" by one Philotheos Bryennios, metropolitan of Nicomedia, and announced to the world in 1875. It contains what purport to be epistles of Clement, Barnabas, and Ignatius, the synopsis of John Chrysostom, and the teaching of the apostles. A list of the books of the Old Testament is also included, the books being placed in an order altogether different from that in which they are given in the Bible. The *Independent* swallows this manuscript whole as genuin, and hails its advent as calculated to "smite with crushing power the sectarian prejudices of the several churches of Christendom." The manipulators of this manuscript hav apparently played their cards with consummate skill. It is made to emanate from Constantinople, perhaps the present center of Greek learning. Its publication was delayed until a breastwork of alleged references to its existence in early Christian writings could be thrown up, and until the most probable objections to its authenticity could be provided against. The whole business, however, has too close a resemblance to the finding of the book of the law by Hilkiah, in the reign of Josiah, and the modern imposture of Shapira, to be accepted off-hand as altogether above doubt. The idea that a manuscript could exist unmentioned from the year 150, or even 1056, to 1875 has in itself difficulties which are not to be easily overcome.

Letters from Friends.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 9, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: The excellent feature of THE TRUTH SEEKER, edited by Miss Susan H. Wixon, givs great pleasure to the young folks. It is just what was needed to make your journal a complete family newspaper. Miss Wixon has endeared herself to all children who hav read here pure and splendid work, "Apples of Gold," and through THE TRUTH SEEKER she is rapidly adding to her happy family. Parents of rationalistic faith rejoice that their children are under such noble tuition.

AGNOSTIC.

HOPKINTON, R. I., March 5, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I notice that you threaten to leave us without a paper unless we pay up. I think you are entirely right about that. I understand perfectly that you need the money to pay your own bills. I hav not time to explain the why's and wherefore's of this long neglect to pay up. Suffice it to say that we don't propose to get along without THE TRUTH SEEKER just yet. The children are very much interested, and in a great hurry to learn the fate of Cupples's baby, so please find inclosed $5.50 for 1883-4. P. KENYON.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., March 15, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Please send me THE TRUTH SEEKER ALMANAC for 1884, for which find money inclosed. I am, as you are aware, a regular subscriber to your paper. Now, will you be kind enough through your columns to ask the good preachers to explain this problem: that if Jesus Christ had drowned the devil inside of the two thousand innocent hogs, would it hav been necessary to hav Christ hung or to hav kept ever since a standing army of priests, with barracks free of taxation, and which Freethinkers are obliged to help protect with their police and fire department? ADRIAN DE YOUNG.

COHOES, March 10, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I am behind with THE TRUTH SEEKER. Please excuse me; you deserve better treatment. I heard from you by our friend Bennett when I was visiting him in Albany. I hav still a letter that he wrote to me when he was about getting out; I keep it as a relic. I went to see him out, and by the fault of my driver I was about five minutes too late, and I do not like that driver since. I hope to go and see you some day and hav a talk with you and make your acquaintance. We had a lecture in Troy yesterday by George Chainey. He is pretty good. He comes there every month.

Here inclosed please find $5 toward my dues to THE TRUTH SEEKER. Your brother in the faith, PETER GRANDJEAN.

HUNTSVILLE, ALA., March 15, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: In you edition of the 8th inst., Rev. Newman, who has Grant's soul at heart, says erroneously, that it takes $12,000,000 to feed the "preachers in the United States." The fact is this: It takes $5,000,000 a week to feed the 75,000 preachers, or $260,000,000 a year, which makes on an average $3,466 a year to every preacher in the United States; $66 a week. Rev. Taylor, N. Y. Tabernacle, has $16,000; some twenty preachers in Brooklyn, N. Y., hav $10,000 each; while others, as in Huntsville, Ala., eke out an existence on from $600 all along up to $3,000. The average is $1,000. The annual liquor bill is $50,000,000, and not $800,000,000, as the holy man puts it. Respectfully, HENRI PALING.

LITCHFIELD PLAINS, March 9, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Enklosed ples find stamps for ur ANUAL, hwich I se notist in the *Komunist* bi A. Longti ov Glen Alen, Mo. If u ar reali a truth seking kumpani I hop u wil sho it bi speling and printing without the us ov usles leters, as I tri tu du in riting tu u for ur olmanak. I hav no feloship for our old wa ov speling, and think but litl ov the profest reformers hwo du not labur for the speling reform; for ov al the modz ov krushing out the rezuning pourz in childhood thar iz nun tu be kompard with the old mod ov speling, and until the rezuning pourz ov the ung hav a far chans for develupment we ned not expekt much ov a reform that taks rezun tu bring it about. Hwot keps pepl in the old relijus and politikal ruts is simpli a wont ov a proper develupment ov the rezuning pourz. With al our edukashunal aplianses thar ar but fu pepl hwo ar gided bi rezun insted ov prejidis. It is tu be hopt that al reformerz wil go in for real reformz, and not sham the wurk bi sliding over the most important materz requiring reform bi riding sum hobi.

Respektfuli, WM. BARTLETT, a fonografer.

OREGON, Mo., March 10, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: A few more articles on vivisection such as that published in your issue of the 8th inst. would ruin the Universalist church. After reading of the hellish crimes of that Italian, Mantegazza, any person of ordinary sensibility will conclude that if there is no hell one ought to be created for such a soul. The very earth ought to yawn and swallow him up. However, if it damages Universalism it equally injures Unitarianism. As much as such awful cruelty calls for a hell, it annihilates God. No being capable of interfering could refrain. Doubtless the monster of our race was pious; the probabilities are all that way. I hav sometimes tried to believe that there may be some influence in religion to restrain some men from evil, but the following, from the *Western Christian Advocate*, tends to destroy that belief. That pious sheet, through Bishop Pierce, denounces the higher education of negroes as a positiv calamity, "as it would only increase the friction between the races, produce endless strife, elevate negro aspirations above the station he was created to fill." For cruelty, malignancy, and narrow mind the author of such sentiments can take the palm. One who cannot see that the ballot, once given, necessarily carries all else, may well believe that the God of the universe lends him his special attention when he howls at him a Methodist prayer. C. I.

BINBROOK, ONT., March 8, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find 25 cents for THE TRUTH SEEKER ALMANAC, also find clippings from the Hamilton *Spectator* for the author of "Crimes of Preachers." This book should be circulated through this part of the country, as a great many of the people here are so superstitious that they are afraid of committing some terrible sin to even doubt what their preachers or the bad old book tells them. There has been a Methodist protracted meeting going on here lately. The preacher has been making some speeches which would bring to anyone's mind the first part of Graves's "Biography of Satan." Well, between the preacher, the devil, and Jesus Christ they hav succeeded in coaxing, scaring, or dragging about a dozen poor, soft young girls up to the penitent bench. I am sure there must be rejoicing in heaven over such a bonanza. There are about one dozen Freethinkers here. The Christians seem to dread discussion, well knowing the result. I like THE TRUTH SEEKER very much. I would not be without it, and will try to get you some subscribers. J. LOVELL.

ITHACA, N. Y., March 17, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: You seem to be an interpreter of conundrums. Can you tell me the difference between Mother Church and the daughter Freethought? For mere inquiry, I will say, does not the mother depend upon her animal senses for knowledge by a theory wrought out through priests, her leaders; and does not her daughter (Materialists and Spiritualists) depend wholly upon her animal senses for knowledge through ex-priests and wise men of the East; and what is the difference? I can see none; except the daughter believes she has, through evolution and scientific knowledge, attained to a sixth sense (as a mere matter of belief, without any knowledge of facts), but this extra sense, through a mechanical invention, givs her power to control the other five senses, and giv them complete liberty of thought. And the first and only thought she seems to entertain is to drive her mother church out of the universe of nature. Thus I hav to confess I can see no difference, except the daughter professes scientific knowledge, the liberty of equality and humanity, but carries out neither; but is equally sectarian. Like thus begets like by heredity in the animal kingdom. ZENAS KENT.

WAYLAND, MICH., March 8, 284.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find 25 cents, for which please send me the FREETHINKER'S ALMANAC.

The revivalists are working hard to save souls in Dorr and neighborhood. Dorr is a little village near here. The people come for miles most every second evening. I went there one evening to see what they were doing. The most that I heard was "Come to Jesus;" "Giv your heart to Jesus;" "Repent, serve God;" "Serve the glorious gospel." Lazarus was so many days dead, and Jesus called him to life again, healthy and sound. O glorious gospel! Amen, Amen. Almost everyone around here joined the church, except myself and a few whom I lent THE TRUTH SEEKER and my books to. Many joined whom I always thought had some brains and common sense. It is generally the case, women go first and the men hav to follow, or there is trouble in the house. We few Liberals in this county cannot gain any ground except we work on the same principle as the revivalists. First, we need some female Liberal lecturers to lecture in every schoolhouse or hall where we can get admission. Call on the females to come, and draw a parallel between the Bible and common sense in plain English. A good many men would mind the baby and do some other work if their wives would go and hear the lecture. We need lecturers to lecture to mixed audiences, whoever will come, and giv them milk first, until their stomachs get stronger. I believe, to get at the root of superstition, we must commence with the females, laborers, and farmers, and if we could make headway in that direction heaven would soon come on earth, and hell would go where it belongs.

JOSEPH WENZEL.

ELMIRA, KAN.

MR. EDITOR: I am glad to be able to report that the prohibitionists in Mitchell county, Kansas, are seeing to it that men who hav been selling intoxicating liquors with impunity, and in violation of the law, for others to get drunk on, are being prosecuted and fined, and we expect to make prohibition a success in Kansas. We read a great deal about liquor reform in Liberal periodicals, both pro and con, and I envy men who hav got the manhood to advocate their convictions, without bigotry, but with courtesy to each other. One man inquires: "If the Liberal League Congress had adopted prohibition, would it not hav been a tool for the church?" We think like Ingersoll; as far as the church and the Bible are right, we say Amen, and so far as they are wrong we censure. The idea of rejecting a reform because the church advocates it would not harmonize the two elements as soon as we hav hoped. If we ever get real temperance by advocating prohibition, we will do well; and if our women had the electiv franchise the highest obstacle would be surmounted. We demand the expunging of that seventh plank at the next congress, and if those who meet in that congress cannot indorse temperance in any form they had best be silent on this subject. If there is any reform more needed in this nation than the suppression of drunkenness, will some one rise and name it? Any measure that redounds to the greatest good of the greatest number is on general principles one that is conceded by every reasoning Liberal. Would it not be better for the masses not to hav a drop as a beverage than to hav the distress, degradation, crime, and misery caused by the cursed stuff?

We hear ministers at temperance meetings offer prayers to the God of the Bible to restrain and do something to abate drunkenness. With all respect to them as men and women, we would say to them: Do not bore us longer with such nonsense; spend your time in logical reasoning that will lead to some legislation to effect the desired end. Your Jehovah God has provided for drunkenness, human slavery, the defiling of women, the useless sacrifice of brutes and humans, the robbing of the innocent for the pleasure and lust of the guilty; has fostered polygamy and every other crime without humanity on his side. Any one can learn this by reading the Bible. If he was worth the paper his name is written on, he would help people that cannot help themselvs.

Some of the sky-phantom worshipers had the courage to agree to meet us in debate, the proposition being that the doctrin of the Bible was better for the people than the doctrin of Infidelity; but when the time came they backed out.

Please send me THE TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL.

JOEL MCCALLISTER.

HOTCHKISS P. O., COL.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed five dollars for four FREETHINKERS' ALMANACS for 1884, and the other works named. I am circulating Freethought literature over this part of the country, and I think we will be able to form a Freethinkers' Club in a short time. I would be pleased to hav you giv me some instructions how to proceed in case we can get the number of men enrolled. At present meetings are being held here by a Baptist minister, but so far he has failed to get one convert, and it now looks doubtful whether he gets even one. I hav persuaded him to read several of your tracts, including the Besant-Hatchard debate. I hav had some talk with most of his congregation. The best informed ones are reading Paine's and Ingersoll's works, and they are dropping off from going to church. One of the leaders has read everything that I gave him, and now he has commenced the "Round-the-World" trip. E. T. HOTCHKISS.

RICHBURG, March 12, 284.

MR. EDITOR: Your much esteemed paper comes to hand invariably on time every Saturday, and is gladly received. Although but a subscriber since the first of the year, I could not do without it, it contains so much knowledge and good reading matter. Mr. Reynolds delivered a lecture here—"What Liberalism Teaches"—on Monday last, which was appreciated very much by those who heard it, and it did a great deal for the cause; for we hav gained some converts. Quite a number purchased Liberal works, the "Age of Reason" among others, and I regard that as a clincher. I purchased quite a number of books, among which was Bennett's "A Truth Seeker Around the World," which I consider is a grand work. Of course there has been considerable of an after-clap among the orthodox people; I attended church to hear it. One brother made a terrible fuss about a man denying the savior, and said it made his heart bleed, and a sister said she had prayed earnestly to God to hav the lecture stopped; but strangely enough it came off all right. We hope to make their "hearts bleed" again in the near future. There is quite a number of Liberals here, and we expect to form a society of Truth Seekers immediately, upon the earnest solicitation of Mr. Reynolds, which I think could be carried on successfully. R. P. BARTON.

LACROSSE, WIS., March 1, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I see Mr. Thompson has got an article on Spiritualism in THE TRUTH SEEKER of February 9th. Now, Mr. Editor, if you will allow me a little space in THE TRUTH SEEKER to make a few remarks, I will be as brief as possible.

Mr. Thompson says: "I believe in a spirit life-principle." If so, I want you, Mr. Thompson, to giv me proof positiv that your spiritual life-principle exists. I want us to come down to the bed-rock on this subject. I do not want to know what you believe or assert, but what you can prove positivly.

You add, "Mr. Winter deals altogether in assertions." Now, it cannot be required of Mr. Winter or any one to prove a negativ, for the principle of logic is this: Whoever makes a statement or assertion must bring proof positiv that the thing brought forward exists. I want no shuffling, either, until this is fairly settled and understood.

For you Spiritualists state it is the cause of all the spiritual phenomena. Therefore, it should be the very first thing to be proved. It is high time for the people to stop believing in ghosts, hobgoblins, spooks, spirits, gods, and all such nonsense, for to my view they hav set the people back hundreds of years, and made them perfectly crazy zealots and bigots. I think the spiritual-God policy is the greatest fraud and the biggest curse in the world, and the little time I hav to liv I want to do all I can to annihilate its cursed influence.

Hoping my good friend will find the evils of it before he has studied another thirty years. I am

Your well-wisher, J. PETTY.

EATON P.O., D. T., Feb. 16, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Allow me some remarks on "Realistic Freethought in America." Soft soap must be very cheap in some parts of the world, to judge from the manner in which it is used by Charles Watts in regard to R. G. Ingersoll. All honor to this great reformer who is doing such valuable work in loosening the fetters with which the church binds human souls to her footstool. But to call Col. Ingersoll "the greatest Freethinker the world has produced" is, I think, a very fallacious statement. Something more than devotion to secularism is necessary to make one the greatest Freethinker of the world. Such a title is all-embracing; anyone aspiring to it must be a Freethinker in science, philosophy, theology, and ethics. One of the few who, in my estimation, hav reached this lofty platform is Stephen Pearl Andrews. Charles Watts is very emphatic in speaking of Ingersoll's "gigantic intellect." But are not the products of that intellect remarkable rather for their happy coloring than for their vastness, weight, and novelty? Col. Ingersoll's success is due to his eloquence and humanitarianism; more touching than any of his speeches are the accounts of his kind acts toward his fellow-men. Were he to giv up his share of worldly goods, then he might be compared to Buddha or Jesus, but not to men of gigantic intellect. At a mental symposium the brain evolutions of the latter would be the nourishing food, those of In-

gersoll the exhilarating wine. We are daily reaping the fruits produced from seed that was sown in the field of reform by just as great and zealous workers as Ingersoll, but few are as lucky as he is in getting their reward. His efforts are crowned with honor and wealth, while in most cases the world pays reform work with ostracism, or the poorhouse, insane asylum, prison, or scaffold. Far from desiring to undervalue the merits of Ingersoll, these remarks hav been prompted by love of justice—"Not that I love Cæsar less, but that I love Rome more." Mr. Andrews says "love and justice are opposed to each other." If such is the case, O prince of reconciliation, can there ever be peace in the mind of a mortal? Mr. Andrews would no doubt benefit us by making that statement of his the subject of an essay in THE TRUTH SEEKER.

MRS. M. M. EGLI.

AYER, MASS., March 16, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Your interesting "Letters from Friends," it seems to me, hav but a small, too small, percentage from the Old Bay State. Maybe some of us are at fault, or perhaps the hitherto Parent of Ideas has thrown the burden upon the younger members of the family. The Hub, and Massachucetts generally, is not backward in correcting Puritanic authority, which said, "Don't think till I say when." Her schools hav proved to be the "tree of knowledge," which knowledge is fast supplanting church dogmas. Let a man preach hell-fire in the old way of dealing it out fifty years ago, and public opinion would try him as by fire, supplemented with brimstone, maybe. The tree of knowledge is easy and safe to approach, regardless of the "flaming sword which turned every way" to circumvent the spirit of progress. The spirit that stirs up thought is no longer accounted the devil's platform of labor, except by a few bigots, who say go it blind, we will lead the way.

It will not be long before that fabled book analyzed by Paine in his "Age of Reason" will be cataloged with other like traditions in the ancient library of effete literature, a witness of God's infancy and man's foolishness, and cease forever to be that sacred and canonical book of authority so long claimed for it.

"One by one fall ancient errors,
Reared by might and propped by wrong,
And earth wonders when they perish
That they stood the test so long."

God never punishes a man for using his reason, but man defrauds himself when he neglects to use it. It is said that he who believes nothing that he cannot understand—only what appeals to his reason—has a very short creed.

When on the school committee I discouraged the use of the Bible in the schools, and in the full knowledge of it was reelected. So the world moves. A book about which no two agree seemed to me unfit to induct into the minds of the young.

I said to one teacher, "If you will read from the scriptures, I would suggest that you select the verse, 'Jesus wept.'" Your abiding friend of universal mental liberty,

ELIJAH MYRICK.

EXPERIENCES OF AN OLD MAN.

WELLAND, ONT., March 12, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Being in the seventy-ninth year of my age, and having been accustomed to an activ life, but now unable to do manual labor, I cannot be idle. And as I hav often been benefited by reading in THE TRUTH SEEKER the views of our Liberal friends contributing to its pages, I now wish in return, and I hope for the benefit of others, to giv expression to some of my experiences through the same paper.

I find but few people here whose minds hav become sufficiently enlightened to enjoy a conversation above that of tittle-tattle or money-making. I am left to my own thoughts, and if I would giv expression to them it must be upon paper, and it is possible they may some day be read with interest when the mind that expressed them and the hand that wrote them are silent in death, and, as I apprehend, that time is not far distant. It is now seven years since the death of my dear wife, and six years ago I gave up my house and home to my son and family, more for their accommodation than my own. Since that time I hav had to find a home as best I could amongst my children. And although I hav done reasonably well, there has not been that home and home feeling you would be likely to experience in your own house. I hav five children; all hav homes of their own. They all differ in their characteristics, and I differ more or less from any of them, partly on account of age, and partly on account of my further advancement in the science of things.

Ignorance has but little sympathy or charity for that which it cannot comprehend, and the more ignorance the less charity. Ignorance and superstition can dwell together, but intelligence has to be very cautious, even how she knocks at the door of their dwellings, if she would not excite their wrath and vengeance. It is a most difficult problem to get even an entering wedge into an ignorant and superstitious bigot. As well try to split one of the worst of the pepperage-wood trees.

I hav one son about as Liberal as myself, and two sons about half Liberal, but very careless. They appear to care but little whether the dog gets the hare or the hare gets the dog. My two daughters are religious bigots, though neither of them very practical in living up to the Christians' creed they profess, yet are ready to oppose any views at variance with its dogma, and would fight for the faith once delivered to the saints, though it is of extremely small value to them. Such being the case, I hav found it somewhat difficult to find a home with them, where we could be at home with each other, and there has been quite a demand for charity on both sides, and what one side lacks the other has to make up, and that generally falls to my lot; and I am fortunate in having a rather large supply of it. Indeed I manufacture it out of the raw material. Seeing that I am to-day just what I am from my organization at birth, and the circumstances surrounding me since that time, and believing every person to be what they are from causes over which they had no control, although we may be very different in our views, we are but little entitled to credit or blame for being what we are, circumstances having transpired to make us what we are. Viewing things in this light enables me to manufacture the amount of charity required. We read in a certain book of faith, hope, and charity, and the greatest of these is charity. Now, to be in possession of a patent for the manufacture of one of the greatest of Christian virtues certainly ought to be a source of wealth to its possessor. But as I am an old man, and hav given up the pursuit of money-making, and hav adopted the religion of humanity, I make the whole race welcome to my discovery, and recommend it as worthy of adoption by the people of every race, creed, and color. J. R.

RICHFORD, VT., Feb. 16, 284.

MR. EDITOR: I am an old man, and a confirmed Atheist. I thought of trying to tell my TRUTH SEEKER brethren how I came to be so. The teaching of priests had an influence on my young, ignorant mind to make me greatly fear what I knew nothing about, only what they told me. They said God, devil, original sin, soul, hell, endless fire after we are dead, to make me groan and howl in ceaseless pair, and nevermore behold the light; and never, never rise again! Under the influence of such orthodoxy, I got me into the Methodist class-meeting, and was overrun by a class-leader some ten years, and I never got one particle of real information to remove the doubts that would arise in my mind about the truth of my theory. I concluded to examin the whole thing. First, the creed Wesley made for the class. Art. 1. "There is one only true and living God, everlasting, without body or parts, of infinit power, wisdom, and goodness; the maker and preserver of all things, visible and invisible." "And in unity of this God there are three persons of one substance, power, and eternity." Never since I soberly considered Wesley's Methodist God hav I believed in such a God. Wesley made his Methodist God of old Athanasius' God, A.D. 333. My opinion is that all gods in this world are only priests' forged names personified. There is but one God, says Wesley, of three persons, equal in substance, power, and eternity. "Lords many and gods many" throughout our Bible. "Made man in our own image, after our likeness, male and female," without body or parts! Rested and was refreshed. Repeated the God name twenty-seven times—"he" six times, "our" and "us" three times (Gen. i, 26). Then made man of the dust, woman from a rib-bone (Gen. ii). Made a garden man-taap, without body or parts. He knew man would get into it, by which all children would be born sinners exposed to endless hell for what their parents did. Then to remedy the evil, went to a Jew girl without body or parts, and begat a baby. So, they say, Joseph dreamed the angel told him (Matt. i, 20). This son must die to save a few, and damn all the rest of mankind. I think Wesley's God is no better than any priest-forged name. The Jewish God was a great stickler for his name, ten of them. But there was no God until the English language made it of an Anglo-Saxon word they used to express good in general (Adam Clarke). Our mystagog liars put it in our Bible to express location in particular. Such men as John Wesley made our Bible, the greatest book of falsehood ever on the earth. The character of the Jewish God, as described in our Old Testament, is worse than all the devils ever preached of. And Christians, as a body, to-day are the most lying, treacherous, murderous, criminal, dishonest curses in their government and church, and outside of both; worse than Jews and pagans. They are proud, haughty, tyrannical, money-loving followers of a priest-fabricated Jesus Christ, not one of whose commands do they regard, only, "Go ye into all the world" and tell lies in a pulpit to every creature, for a large salary. He that believeth your lies, and pays your salary, shall be saved; he who won't do it shall be damned, and damned if he does. One only good passage in the Bible covering the whole ground of natural morality, "All things ye would hav men do to you, do ye even so to them," is no more Christian than Eskimo. Every man, whatever his practice, wants others to do by him as everybody himself would be done by. Priestcraft, with their ceremony, God, devil, Christ, hell fire, gabble, fright, hav made our world what it is, since the quarreling Council of Nice, A.D. 325; hav murdered five hundred millions, in all manner of frightful ways, in support of orthodox Christianity, an outside show. The Bible is now being turned into a play—a game of eucher, to support all sects. If there ever was a personal God in the universe, "he," "our," and "us" would hav made himself known to all mankind positivly, instead of having six hundred differing John Wesleys to make gods for the ignorant to accept by faith, or go to brimstone fire eternal. The word "religion" has no definit meaning in the world, except the worship of falsehood.

Your leader of Feb. 9th in THE TRUTH SEEKER is splendid and just.

Inclosed find $1.50, for which continue the paper, and send me THE TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL. JOSEPH NOYES.

CENTERVILLE, UTAH, March 7, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Please send me THE TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL, Mr. Remsburg's "False Claims," and "God and the State." I see a letter in THE TRUTH SEEKER of December 29, 1883, over the name B. E. Fair, bearing date, Salt Lake City, Dec. 10, 1883. I hav thought it was too mean and contemptible to notice, but as your readers hav read my letter published in THE TRUTH SEEKER of November 17, 1883, I am not going to deny one word of what I said, for it is true. Mr. Fair says: "Now, the town from which your correspondent writes is a quiet, well ordered village, and the people are quite prosperous generally. The settlement is pleasantly located, and it has always kept pace with the many other successful little farming towns of Utah." Now, as for this place, far from being well ordered, it is fully under the control of the Mormon priesthood, and the place was as pleasantly located in 1857 when the head butcher of the Mountain Meadow Massacre, J. D. Lee, came up from Iron county after helping to murder 132 innocent men, women, and children in cold blood. He came to Centerville, and came into the Mormon meeting-house on Sunday, and was called to the pulpit to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ to us, and Brigham Young gave him an extra wife from this place at that time. Yes, it was as pleasantly located then as now.

The writer continues: "As far as I can learn, the writer of the letter to which I refer is a poor man, and it would seem that common sense would prompt more careful comment than he makes upon his neighbors on whom he depends to some considerable extent for his livelihood."

Well, this creature seems to me to be either a Mormon priest or a Liberal jack. I hav not been dependent upon my neighbors for my livelihood, for I am a miner, and I hav had to get my living by working in the the mines ever since they started in this territory. And I will say right here, that in the former days of this priest-ridden territory, Brigham Young made it as much as a man's life was worth to prospect, and try to open up the mines here. He seemed to hav a spite and animosity against us ungodly miners, but those days are gone, and old Brig too, and the gentiles continue to open up the mines finely, and I say amen to it. True, I am a poor man, but I do not consider that any disgrace to me, although I find it mighty inconvenient. Then this mighty man of brains says, "I believe in Freethought and free speech, but I also believe in cool temper and good judgment, and I submit to you that, in my opinion, this communication to which I refer lacks the most important elements. No matter how true the statements might be, any reasonable person might know that such abuse of an entire community would not be likely to help your correspondent's condition financially. If I am not mistaken, it is not long since the writer of that letter belonged to the church at which he hurls so may stinging adjectivs, and, from my own knowledge, I can assert that the church was no better then than now. Without doubt, at that time, he was as much a 'saintly, beastly thug' as any other of the members, and I hesitate not to say that he then would hav resented such charges with as much vehemence as any Mormon would now." Well, in reply to some of the falsehoods in the above statements, I will say I am not a beastly thug, nor ever was, and as for the belonging to the Mormon church but a short time since, is a falsehood, for it is now about fourteen years since I left the beastly and murderous outfit, and, like many more, I was dissatisfied with it long before I left it, but it would not hav been safe for me to say so. When I left it I struck for my mental liberty. I did not stop to consider the "most important elements." It was enough for me to know and understand, after due reflection, that the system that I with many more had been decoyed into, was a vile infamous fraud, and a wicked imposture, and every man that preaches it is an impostor, from old J. Taylor and Smoothbore Cannon, down to the lowest ignorant scrub. And I say still that this infernal Mormon outfit is a sore curse to this grand and delightful territory, besides a disgrace and reproach to the general government. Then Mr. Fair says: "I should hav paid no attention thereto, only that I hav a keen eye for illiberal Liberals. I think them the most contemptible beings on the face of the earth—that is, I would think so if I did not know better." Well, I will say that the influence under which that letter was written to THE TRUTH SEEKER is the same that put the late D. M. Bennett in the Albany penitentary, and put Mr. Foote and his companions in prison in England, for their fearless Freethought utterances. I shall expect next to hear of this man turning his keen illiberal eye on Mr. Charles B. Reynolds and Mr. George Chainey and others, for their fearless utterances against the priestcraft of Christianity, as Christianity was no better when they belonged to it than it is now, but I admire the sayings of such men as Mr. Reynolds and Mr. Chainey, and what you hav published in THE TRUTH SEEKER of the sayings of Mr. Reynolds of late, I must tell you I admire it, and I expect all of your numerous readers do, and I say, Go ahead Mr. Reynolds; let your tongue and pen be as a sharp cutting sword against all the Christian frand, and the clergy in particular. I must tell you, Mr. Editor, I drew the contrast between this correspondent that belies his name and that worthy man, Mr. H. L. Green, of Salamanca, N. Y., who admired my letter in THE TRUTH SEEKER of Nov. 17, 1883, so much that he wrote me a good letter and told me so; also, he made me a present of a certificate of membership of the Freethinkers' Association of the State of New York, and he has appointed me an agent in the community I am among, to get new names for it, but this place is so priest-bound I stand but a poor chance of getting many names. I hav shown several round here the paper of Articles of Association Mr Green has so kindly sent, but nary a name can I get yet, but I shall try, try again. I hav had letters sent me from other parties that liked my letter in THE TRUTH SEEKER, and told me to make use of them as I thought proper, to vindicate myself against that fellow with his keen illiberal eye. One letter asks the question, if this man has got brains to sell, and if so, does he sell, and how, by liquid or dry measure? Mr. Fair says: "I do not mention the name of your correspondent, because I do not wish to make this letter personal." To the above I will say, the person that wrote it is a fit subject to become a member of Taylor's church, if he's not already. I am not ashamed of my name. I hav always paid people their honest rights in my past life, and my name is William Williams, this I wish all the readers of your paper to know who hav read B. E. Fair's letter. Somehow I think the name is a fiction. I hope, Mr. Editor, you will forgiv me for tresspassing on your time and patience in my long letter to you, but I hav done so to vindicate myself in the cause of Freethought and mental liberty, though it has been somewhat unpleasant for me to do so.

I admired the letter of Mr. Walter Walker in the last TRUTH SEEKER; it has the true and right ring with it. It seems the holy priesthood has frozen him out from Farmington. Never mind, Mr. Walker, write what you know of this Utah abomination, and let it be published in your paper and other fearless journals. I send $1 for THE TRUTH SEEKER. I will close by saying, Success to the fearless TRUTH SEEKER and its host of readers, and I remain, as ever,

Yours for the truth, WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"His life is long whose work is well,
And be his station low or high,
He who the most good works can tell,
Livs longest though he soonest die."

The Four-leafed Clover.

A SONG, BY NATHANIEL J. MORTON
(Lost in the City of Columbus).

There's a tiny little blossom growing in the country fields,
Where butterflies are roving all day long;
And the new-mowed hay is scented with the perfume that it yields,
And butterflies around it love to throng.
'Tis said a magic power
Lurks in the fragrant flower—
Each country maiden in the charm believes;
And when the lads are mowing,
Through the meadows they are going,
To find a spray of clover with four leaves.

CHORUS—And all the world over,
Where'er grows the clover,
'Tis eagerly gathered and prized like a gem;
Good luck will attend you,
And fortune befriend you,
If four leaves are clustered upon the green stem.

There's a legend that the fairies dine upon the clover-bloom,
And swing their cobweb hammocks in its shade;
And when the closing roses will not giv them sleeping room,
'Tis there the little fairy-beds are made.
It has the fairies' blessing,
And any one possessing
A clover-spray should never with it part;
For friends will ne'er forsake you,
Misfortune ne'er o'ertake you,
If you wear a four-leafed clover next your heart.

Rosa Bonheur.

The greatest painter of animals and pastoral scenes in the world to-day is a woman. Rosa Bonheur is an artist of rare genius, and stands at the very pinnacle of her profession. Her name is symbolical of herself, and could not be more appropriate. *Bonheur* is French for good luck, success, happiness; all of which belong to the wonderful French woman, who was born in Bordeaux, France, in 1822. She inherits her artistic genius from her father, a drawing-master; her love of harmony and sweet accord from her mother, who was a music teacher. The offspring of two such artists could not be other than Rosa Bonheur.

Her mother died when she was seven years old, and her father placed her at school in Paris with her two younger brothers. But Rosa did not like the restraints of the school-room. She was a child of nature, and she used to run away from school and wander out to the Bois de Boulogne, a rough but beautiful young forest, which has since been transformed into a lovely park. It was nice and shady there, and Rosa thought it the loveliest place in the world, as she lay stretched full length on the ground listening to the linnets, and watching the sunlight straying through the branches of the trees, or counting the floating white clouds as they went sailing by like ships on a sea of blue.

They tried to make a seamstress of little Rosa, but she wouldn't and she couldn't be a living sewing machine, and then she was placed in a strict boarding school for young ladies, where her father gave lessons in drawing to pay for her board and tuition. There she kept the scholars laughing at her roguish tricks. She would cut out of paper perfect likenesses of the teachers and scholars. attach them by threads to what in school-boy parlance are termed "spit-balls," and send them flying to the ceiling, where they would hang dangling like so many jumping-jacks. Of course the scholars would laugh, and Rosa would be punished, while the teacher gathered up the caricatures and put them in her album to keep. Rosa was poor then, and wore the plainest clothes, and drank her water from a pewter mug, while her schoolmates wore handsome silk and velvet, and had silver cups to drink from. They often made her feel the difference in their social position, and at last her father took her to their own humble abode of four small rooms in the sixth story of a house in an unpretentious street, and here she commenced to study in earnest. She had no great love for books, but she adored nature, and she commenced sketching country scenes, and the animals that she came across in her wanderings in the fields and woods. Their rooms opened out upon a terrace, and here she kept a sheep amid flowers and trailing vines of green, which served as a model for two years.

Her studies and ambition gave her courage to visit the slaughter-houses, where she went thrice a week, and made pictures of butchers and animals. When, at lenth, she exhibited her paintings, she rose at once to fame. Wealth began to flow into her lap, and her reputation became world-wide. The aristocratic little schoolmates who once scorned her for her poverty are forgotten, while she, the woman of genius, is praised in every land and receives the homage of kings and princes.

But she is still the same Rosa Bonheur, devoted to her art, and finding her dearest companions in the dumb creatures whose natures and habits hav been her life-long study. She dresses simply and, when visiting markets and farm-yards, wears male attire, and a big, slouching hat, as this dress is more comfortable. In this garb she looks like a farmer, and, indeed, she says she was born to be a farmer, but that fate decided otherwise. She livs in a tasteful, pretty home, "a miniature castle," with everything about her that she desires, and, whereas once she kept her solitary sheep on the terrace of a sixth-story tenement, now she has spacious grounds, a large barn, and handsome horses, sheep, cows, dogs, and other animals to her heart's content. She is of medium stature, has a fine face, indicating great force of character, and wears her hair short. She receives immense sums for her pictures, but she will not permit herself to become wealthy. She is extremely generous, and givs away large sums every year.

She has achieved a career of which all women should be proud. Through many obstacles she has pursued her course with one purpose in view, until now, she is, for many years, the recognized equal of the best, and, in her particular line, superior to all.

In her we may perceive that mind is of no sex—that genius abides not less in woman than in man, and that in any department, a purpose, clearly defined and steadily pursued, must, eventually, achieve success. Goethe says, "It is energy of will that makes the difference between the great and small mind," and while all may not be artists like Rosa Bonheur, all may put into their undertakings a steady perseverance, enthusiasm, and a plodding industry that will accomplish wonders. If one does not possess these qualities in the degree that Rosa Bonheur originally did, he may, at least, cultivate them to some extent, in whatever vocation he may be called. No matter how trivial the employment, let it be done correctly. Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well.

Our Puzzle Box.

1.

CROSSWORD.

In new, not in old;
In America, not in Europe;
In poor, not in rich;
In love, not in hate;
In exhibition, not in show;
In south, not in north.
My whole is a city in Europe. MAGGIE L.

2.

SQUARE.

One F, one S, one Z, one N, two T's, two L's, two I's, two E's, four U's. Arrange in a square so as to form, 1. An African tribe; 2. A single thing; 3. Animation; 4. A tribe of Indians. Arrange so as to spell the same from top to bottom, and from left to right. R. O. BERT.
Newburgh, N. Y.

3.

CROSSWORD.

In winter, not in spring;
In bell, not in ring;
In hound, not in cat,
In dog, not in rat;
In ermin, not in mink;
In yellow, not in pink;
In lemon, not in peach;
In spider, not in leech;
In truth, not in seeker,
In Carlisle, not in speaker;
In blue, not in red;
In quilt, not in bed;
In ink, not in fluid;
In priest, not in Druid;
In storm, and in mist.
My whole was a great Abolitionist.
Newburgh, N. Y. R. O. BERT.

4.

ENIGMA.

In bad, not in good;
In butter, not in food;
In fat, not in lard;
In frame, not in card;
In cat, not in mouse;
In college, not in house;
In pond, not in creek.
The whole a city in the United States.
Harrisburg, Pa. HERMAN S. TAUSIG.

5.

FRACTIONAL PUZZLE.

To one-fourth of time,
To one-fifth of Rhine,
Annex one-fourth of mine;
To one-fourth of sign,
To one-fourth of line,
Annex one-fourth of lime.
My whole, 'twill be plain,
Is a girl's first name.
MAGGIE L.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER, MARCH 15TH.

Metagram, Dorado.
Crossword enigma, Ingersoll.
Numerical word-square,

II is	T W O
I is	W O N
I is	O N E

Puzzle, Susan H. Wixon.

Correspondence.

RICHFIELD, March 9, 1884.

DEAR MISS WIXON: My mother takes THE TRUTH SEEKER, and it is just splendid; and the Children's Corner is ever so nice. I solve nearly all the puzzles, charades, and crosswords. The answer to Benny Diction in Feb. 23d is George Washington. Answer to R. O Bert, in March 1st, is Constantinople; to Mrs. Upham, is THE TRUTH SEEKER. But she has a mistake in it—in exchange, not in return, should be in sink, not in swim. I hope you will not be offended at my pointing out the mistake. The answer to Herbert O. Powler's, in March 8th, first, is kitchen; next, is coal-oil. Answer to J. K. P. Baker, first, is bedstead; progressiv square,

T I D E
I D E A
D E A R
E A R S

I am going to write to you again, if this does not tire you too much. I like to write very much. Will send some puzzles soon.
So good-bye for this time, GEORGIE HALE.

CAMERON, Mo., March 10, 1884.

To MISS WIXON, *Dear Friend:* I like the Children's Corner in THE TRUTH SEEKER very much. Father has been taking THE TRUTH SEEKER for four or five years, and he likes it very much. When he commenced taking it I was too young to care much for it; but I like to read it now, and I think it is more interesting since the Children's Corner has been put in. There are not many Liberals here. With thanks for the Corner, I remain,
Your friend, MAGGIE LIVENGOOD.

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[Leagues and Liberal and Spiritualistic Societies in the United States and Canada meeting regularly, can have notices of their meetings published in this column free if the officers will send them to us.]

MICHIGAN.

MUSKEGON.—The Liberal League meets every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock in the German Odd Fellows' Hall, corner of Western ave. and Terrace st.

OHIO.

CLEVELAND.—The Liberal League meets every Sunday afternoon at 3 P.M., in the hall on the corner of Ontario and Bolivar streets. Exercises—lectures and discussion.

WISCONSIN.

MILWAUKEE.—The Milwaukee Liberal League meets every Sunday evening at Fraternity Hall, 216 Grand avenue.—Exercises: Lectures, Criticisms, and Music.—Admission free.

MAINE.

PORTLAND.—Dr. H. A. Lamb has hired Congress Hall, Congress street (entrance on Temple street), where free meetings, lectures, and discussions are held every Sunday, 2:30 P.M. Admittance free. Public invited.

OREGON.

PORTLAND.—The American Liberal League of Portland, Or., holds meetings every Sunday, at 2 o'clock, P.M., at Nonpareil Hall, cor. 1st and Madison streets. All are invited. Admission free.

MASSACHUSETTS.

BOSTON.—Boston Liberal Club holds meetings for essays and criticisms every Sunday forenoon at 10:45 in the Paine Memorial Building, Appleton street.——The "Society of the Divine Homo" at same place every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Sunday-school at 2:30. Admission free.

PENNSYLVANIA.

ALTOONA.—The League holds meetings every Wednesday evening and Sundays at 3 P.M., at the League Room, corner of Eleventh ave. and 13th st., third floor, entrance on 13th st.

PHILADELPHIA.—The Friendship Liberal League meets every Sunday at Hancock Hall, 814 Girard avenue, at 2:30 o'clock, and 7:30 o'clock, P.M., for lectures and free debates. THE TRUTH SEEKER and Liberal books for sale.

PITTSBURGH.—Pittsburgh Liberal League meets at Maltby Hall, 76 Fifth avenue, every Sunday (except during the Months of July and August) at 3 o'clock. A free platform is maintained. Exercises consist of a lecture, followed by 10 minute criticisms, with 15 minutes allowed the lecturer to reply. Clergymen invited to discuss.

NEW JERSEY.

NEWARK.—Newark Liberal League meets every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the League's Hall, 177 Halsey street. Exercises consist of music, readings, lecture, and discussion, in which all present are invited to participate. Admission free. Collection taken. Communications for the League should be addressed to J. W. Frankel, 10 Pine street, Newark.

CANADA.

TORONTO.—Secular Society. Reading and Lecture Rooms, No. 9 Grand Opera House. Open every evening and Sundays. Lecture every Sunday evening. Freethinkers and strangers are cordially invited.

MONTREAL.—Pioneer Freethought Club meets every Sunday at 3 P.M., at 1310 Catharine street. Reading-room open daily until 10:30 P.M. Library open for exchange of books three evenings per week, and on Sunday afternoons. Free public lectures on Sundays as advertised in local newspapers. Strangers always welcome. G. S. Wilson President, M. O'B. Ward, M.D., Secretary.

NEW YORK.

ALBANY.—The Liberal association meets every Sunday at Van Vechten Hall, 119 State street. Sunday-school at 2 P.M. General business meeting and debates and discussions at 3 P.M. Lecture at 7:30 P.M. The public are cordially invited to attend, also all Liberals visiting the city. Admission free.

NEW YORK CITY.—The Manhattan Liberal Club meets every Friday evening at 8 o'clock, for a lecture and discussion, at German Masonic Temple, 220 East 15th street. Admission 5 cents. Monthly cards 20 cents. Membership fee $3.——The American Spiritualist Alliance meets every Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock in Republican Hall, 55 West 33d street.——The First Society of Spiritualists holds its meetings every Sunday in Republican Hall, 55 West 33d street. Morning service 11 o'clock; evening, 7:45. Seats free. Public cordially invited.——Frobisher College Hall, 23 East 14th street, near Broadway. The People's Spiritual Meeting every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 P.M.

BROOKLYN.—The Brooklyn Spiritual Society meets at Conservatory Hall, cor. of Fulton street and Bedford avenue, every Sunday. Services at 11 A.M. and 7:45 P.M. Admission free. Public cordially invited. Liberal and Spiritual papers and books for sale.——The Everett Hall Spiritual Conference, 398 Fulton street, meets every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. Meetings free. Spiritual literature for sale.——The Eastern District Spiritual Conference meets every Monday evening at Composite Room, 4th street, corner of south 2d street, at 7:45. Spiritual and Liberal literature on sale. All invited.—— The Philosophical Association meets every Sunday afternoon in the Assembly Room of Wright's Business College, Broadway, corner of Fourth street, E. D., at 3 P.M. Public cordially invited. Doors open at 2:30 P.M.

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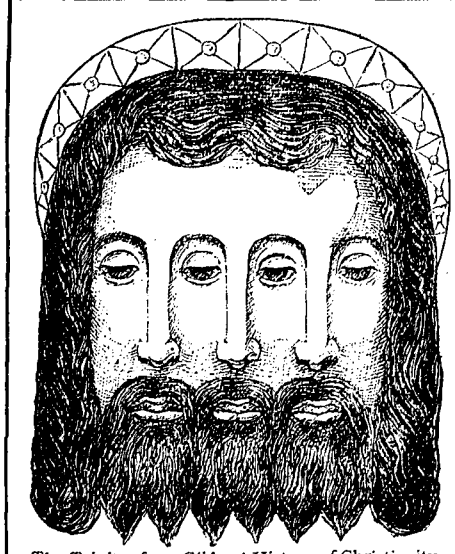
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This is a pamphlet of sixteen pages which includes two addresses by Mrs. Eliza B. Burnz, who is one of the most energetic spelling reformers we know. These addresses were delivered at Toronto, Canada, last August at the meeting of the International Congress of Stenographers. The latest systems of shorthand are based on the idea of leaving out silent letters, and spelling by sound, and thus phonography leads naturally to spelling reform. Mrs. Burnz givs in one address a very interesting history of the inception and maintenance of the free classes in shorthand at the Cooper Union of this city during the past ten years, and in the other she presents the many reasons why phonographers and everybody else should join in aiding the spelling reform, by the use, in writing and printing, of the "Five Rules for New Spelling," adopted and recommended by the American, English, and Canadian spelling reform associations. The five rules are as follows, and their effect on the printed page is shown by the pamphlet, which is spelled throughout in accordance with them: 1. Use *e* for *ea* when equivalent to short *e*. 2. Omit silent *e* after a short vowel. 3. Use *f* for *ph*. 4. Omit one letter of a final double. 5. Use *t* instead of *ed* when it represents the sound of *t*. Mrs. Burnz advocates the general use of a few amended spellings, as is done in THE TRUTH SEEKER, without waiting for any perfected alphabet, which, if made, people are not ready for.

ANTI-PROHIBITION. An address delivered in Paine Hall, before the New England Freethinkers' Convention, Jan. 28, 1884. By W. S. Bell. Price, 10 cents. For sale at this office.

There are, says Brother Bell, three things which prohibitionists fail to recognize, namely: 1. That vices are not crimes; 2. That government has no moral function; 3. That personal liberty is inviolable. Mr. Bell rightly maintains "that any legislation which assumes to regulate the conduct of the individual, except in so far as it directly and immediately affects the rights or interests of others, is entirely beyond the legitimate scope and function of government. I hav said," he continues, "that there is no short cut to the development of morality, and now I would affirm that *there is no short cut to the welfare of society.* But our patent-policy people wish to reach that end speedily, and hence they are in favor of passing laws against every species of wrong, forgetting, as they always do, the distinction between moral rights and legal rights. Prohibitionists do not see that it is wretchedness and despair which plunge so many men into the career of intemperance. They do not perceive that they hav begun at the wrong place in the social system to reform it. Let them learn the lesson of human rights—study the problem of liberty, investigate the wrongs which the millionaires hav done and are still doing the people who toil the long, dreary hours of the day—and every day—for the mere pittance which givs them a morsel to eat and wretched hovels in which to liv, in which through exposure, over-crowding, and bad ventilation, they contract diseases, become a burden to their friends, and after a brief and blasted existence die. We say, let our prohibitionists turn their attention to the real criminals of society and the true cause of intemperance, and there may then be some hope that by and by the toiler will get the just rewards of his labor, and will rejoice in the comforts and joys of a happy home and a temperate life."

Mr. Bell's pamphlet is a vigorous effort, and we commend it to our friends on both sides of the question. That the prohibition movement is a sentimental rather than a logical one he clearly shows. The questions to be decided, after all, are whether society has any rights the individual is bound to respect, and shall the individual be allowed to abuse himself if he chooses to without interference by others? Those who believe in a "consensus of the competent" as against individualism will not agree with our author. Mr. Walker's friends, however, will hail this book as a clincher.

Mr. Bell has removed to Chicago, and the Liberals of the Northwest are requested to keep him busy teaching Liberalism.

THE AGNOSTIC ANNUAL. Second edition. Edited by Charles A. Watts (Charles Watts's son). London: Cattell & Co. For sale at the office. Price 25 cts.

The first edition of this Annual was noticed by THE TRUTH SEEKER on its appearance. It was in every way an interesting, and, owing to Professor Huxley's correspondence, important contribution to Agnostic literature. The second edition derives its further interest from the fact that Professor Huxley saw fit to deny the authority of the editor to publish his contribution, the professor alleging that his letter was a private answer to Mr. Watts's inquiries. To this Mr. Watts responds that the circular he sent out was sufficient in itself to warn the recipient that whatever reply he chose to make would be published, and that of all the scientific and literary persons receiving it only Mr. Huxley and one other misunderstood its purport. The correspondence between Professor Huxley and Mr. Watts on this point is given in full in the preface to this second edition, and some of the words used are quite sharp. The distinguished scientific gentleman allows his temper to betray him into characterizing the publication of his letter as dishonorable, a charge Mr. Watts resents as a "wild accusation," alike "insulting and discourteous." A perusal of the whole correspondence will lead to the conclusion that Professor Huxley is wrong, for it would seem that no person could fail to see by Mr. Watts's original circular that he meant to print in the "publication entitled 'The Agnostic Annual,'" which he had "undertaken to see through the press," whatever reply he might get to his appeal for contributions to its pages. The judicious will grieve that this petty conflict has arisen among the English brethren, but they cannot help absolving Mr. Watts from all blame in the matter. Mr. Huxley's aversion to appearing to affiliate with his more humble fellow-believers probably arises from that arrogance which holds that those who walk with royalty are superior to those who walk with the people. Too many Englishmen are snobs in the presence of "me lud" or "'is royal 'ighness," and Professor Huxley is president of a scientific society patronized by the Prince of Wales.

THE APOSTLE OF LIBERTY. An address delivered in Paine Hall, before the New England Freethinkers' Convention, on the 147th anniversary of Thomas Paine's Birthday. By John E. Remsburg. Price, 10 cents. For sale by THE TRUTH SEEKER.

Of the many good pamphlets printed by friend Mendum, this speech is one of the best. On its delivery Mr. Remsburg was as heartily cheered as at the conclusion of his address on "False Claims." The essays on Paine are very numerous, and most of them hav merit. The masterpiece, of course, is the lecture of Col. Ingersoll. Next to it, as an oratorical effort, will rank the one under review. As a keen analysis of the man, his motivs, and the influence of the times upon him, Mr. S. P. Andrews's speech on the occasion of the 146th anniversary of Paine's birthday approaches the nearest to perfection. But that, unfortunately, was not preserved in book form.

Mr. Remsburg's "Life of Paine" is a defense; this oration is a tribute. Though to Liberals it is the old, old story told again, it is lit up with such flashes of genius, it is so poetical and picturesque, that one never wearies of hearing it. To Freethought, ever gathering recruits from the hordes of the church, it will be a pleasant revelation of a man they hav uninterruptedly heard abused by those actuated by bigotry and unacquainted with the life of the object of their hatred. Paine's life and work for America are too familiar to our readers to need another setting forth at this time, and we hav room for only one or two extracts from the pamphlet. Mr. Remsburg's rebuke of bigotry deserves a wide reading in the Christian church:

"I pity the man whose soul is so small that he cannot rise above the level of his creed to do justice to those whose religious opinions hav not been gaged by his particular standard. I am no Christian; but may I never become so ungrateful as to ignore my obligations to those who are. When war was desolating our fair land, and my young heart yearned to enlist in its defense, a Christian mother printed a kiss upon the cheek of her only boy, and bade him go; Christian hands made the grand old flag we followed; Christian women visited our hospitals, ministering to the sick, or wiping the death-damp from the brows of the dying; Christian generals led their troops on many a hard-fought field; and to-night, the stately oak, the drooping willow, and the moaning pine stand sentinel by many a Christian soldier's grave. But they are not alone. Beside his Christian comrade—beneath the shadows of the same trees—a martyr to the same cause, sleeps the unbeliever. And would you strew with flowers and moisten with tears the grave that enfolds the one, and trample with scorn the turf that grows upon the other? Side by side they grandly marched to war; side by side they bravely fought; side by side heroically they fell; and in the murmuring stream that wanders by their resting-place was heard the funeral chant of no religious creed, but nature's sweet, sad requiem to all.

And none the less do these poetic periods:

"Ungrateful Athens bade her savior drain the poisoned cup. It did its work, the spark of life was quenched; but the name of Socrates shines on, undimmed by the flight of more than twenty centuries. Columbus languished in chains, forged by the nation he had made renowned; but no chains can bind the towering fame his genius won. Religious zealots sealed the lips of a philosopher; but could they stop the revolving earth? Could they control the scientific tide rolling across the boundless sea of human thought? No! the earth went round, the wave swept on. To-day, the very church that persecuted Galileo, reveres his name, accepts his teachings, and through his telescope, the instrument she once condemned, her votaries with eager eye and throbbing pulse explore the starry fields of heaven. It is ever so.

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again."

Each fierce Thermopylæ she meets but proves the inspiration for some crowning Salamis. The wrongs of Thomas Paine shall be avenged. In vain his country passed to him the bitter cup; the fetters forged to chain his noble spirit to the dust were forged for naught; loving lips whisper, 'It still moves!'"

DIVORCE. A Review of the Subject from a Scientific Standpoint, in answer to Mgr. Capel, the Rev. Dr. Dix, the New England Divorce Reform League, and others who desire more stringent divorce laws. By Edward B. Foote, M.D., author of "Plain Home Talk," etc. Price, 25 cents. For sale at this office.

This is Dr. Foote's lecture before the Liberal Club, the objections of his critics, his reply to them, and in addition the opinions of eminent men upon the subject of marriage and divorce. The doctor is in favor of free divorce, and would lay the obstacles, if any are to be laid, in the way of marriage. At present the marriage relation is a deep, dark pit, with all paths converging toward it, easy to fall into, but with hardly a help up its sides for the feet of those who find it unpleasant and wish to get out. His experience as a medical man has made the author acquainted with much marital misery, and perhaps has led him to take a too pessimistic view of the subject; but there can be no question that most, if not all, his points are well taken; certainly they are well sustained, for Dr. Foote is an able man, and makes an exhaustiv examination of whatever problem he undertakes to solve.

In examining the position of the papal emissary the doctor uses language and cites facts that must convince Mgr. Capel that his assertion that it was the Catholic church that "raised up Europe from its degradation and gave woman her true position," is false. Up to the year 1884 woman nowhere holds her true position, which is that of an equal of man in all the affairs of life. She is a partner in his passions, his griefs and pleasures, and ought to be recognized as his equal before the law in the conduct of business, and in holding office and voting. The church has been the real enemy of woman, in assigning her a subordinate social position, telling her to be an obedient wife, a good mother, and to keep silent when the head of the household opes his mouth. Crusty old Paul, who went visiting the coppersmith's wife, was mistaken in his estimate of woman's capacity, as Helen Gardner would convince him if he could hear her lecture.

Dr. Foote makes a novel proposition to the people. Twenty-five years ago he proposed this plan, and he thinks that it is now just the scheme for the times. He would "do away with the present system of legalizing marriage, and substitute therefor a board of physiologists well versed in the sciences of temperaments, physiognomy, and phrenology, composed of an equal number of men and women, whose function shall consist in the power to examin into the mental and physical characteristics of candidates for matrimony; to grant or refuse marriage licenses according to the congeniality of the parties presenting themselvs, and to grant divorces to those who are miserably mated in wedlock. A board of this character should hav its sittings at stated periods in every county seat in the state or the district to which it belongs. I would hav a provision added that no man under thirty or woman under twenty-five should become a parent without a license from this board."

With such a system as this in force, the doctor thinks there would be no need of courts or referees, as all questions relating to the expediency of divorce in a given case, and to a proper division of property, could well be left to such an intelligent body of arbitrators, as the marriage and divorcing board would really be. Scattered through the book are a host of ideas, some sound, and others, in our opinion, erroneous. Space will allow only one more quotation, and with this we can more nearly agree than with the advisory board scheme. "But what of the home?" asks the doctor; and replies:

"There are those who express great solicitude for the home unless we hav stringent divorce laws. Now, you cannot break up a genuin home if you try. There is too much cohesion in it. Affectional glue is the stickiest glue ever made, and it often holds mistaken people together when it would be far better if they were to be taken apart. But when this affectional glue is absent, and the family would disintegrate without the hoops of law, it becomes a home quite unfit for children. Better break it up than to hav more children born into it. There is something far more threatening to the home than divorce. It is the cupidity of our rich men. In ancient times homes were practically prevented from being formed by the monopoly of women by opulent polygamists, who scoured the country and bought up all the good-looking girls; but now the home is threatened by the monopoly of land and the wherewithal to raise a family. Land and bread are quite as necessary with which to maintain a well-ordered home as faithful wives and temperate husbands. In our large cities we hav a few places on our most-fashionable streets which admit of the establishment of homes; but how is it in our cheap, unlighted flats and tenement-houses, which fairly swarm with human beings? We find in these no such home as the poet portrays or the moralist advocates. The true home has many factors: a sufficient number of square feet to giv room to a growing family; a domicil fitted with all modern conveniences, and well lighted and aired; the divinity presiding double-headed—both male and female—not single-headed and masculin only; and this human nest for younglings must be presided over by affection so pure and strong as to require no legal patchwork to hold it together. A home which does not contain these elements of convenience, beauty, love, and union has no business with the production and rearing of the young, and may better be broken up through the disintegrating agencies existing within it than to be held together by the strong arm of the law, to become a nest of vipers to prey upon society. A home held together only by law can only, in the nature of things, be a hotbed of vice, disease, and undesirable progeny. It produces minds which can suffer all the horrors of delirium tremens without the aid of alcohol. It produces bodies which disease consumes as readily as the flames lick up storehouses of petroleum. It is strange that our Capels, Dixes, and others like them, cannot see the swelling leech on the end of the nose as well as the musketo in the angle of the eye!"

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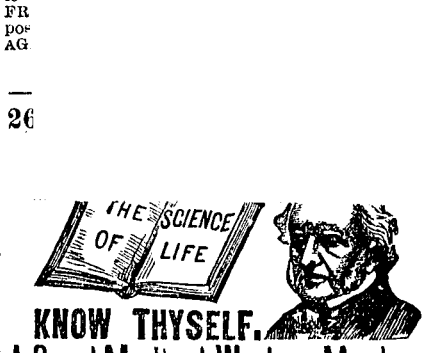
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WHEN the ancient gods and religions were in their glory it was firmly thought to be a great merit to believe in them; faith in them was counted a virtue; and to be considered a moral man was to blindly accept all the claims with regard to these gods and religions. A greater fallacy, however, could hardly be devised. There is at no time merit in believing unfounded assertions; there is no excellence in being deceived; there is no virtue or morality in believing a falsehood.—*D. M. Bennett.*

"I HATE to hear folks talk so," said the poor relation; "I don't see that you are any better than a heathen." "I wish I were half as good as many heathen," I said. Dying for a principle seems to me a higher degree of virtue than scolding for it; and the history of heathen races is full of instances where men laid down their lives for the love of their kind of their country, of truth, nay, for simple manhood's sake, or to show their obedience or fidelity. . . . Which seems to you nearest heaven, Socrates drinking his hemlock, Regulus going back to the enemy's camp, or that old New England divine [Jonathan Edwards?] sitting comfortably in his study and chuckling over his conceit of certain poor women who had been burnt to death in his own town, going "roaring out of one fire into another?"—*O. W. Holmes.*

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

He saw humanity in tears and chains,
Beaten and robbed, and by the wayside bleeding.
And priest and levite, passing by unheeding
The sufferer's cries and wounds and crimson stains,
And then, in eloquent and marvelous strains,
He spoke, and thrilled the nation with his pleading
Standing by justice, not one step receding;
"Scorning the gifts of fame," and golden gains,
That he might better aid the task of raising
The poor downfallen and downtrodden man.
The music of his speech the world is praising,
Made him the eloquent Samaritan,
Whose lips were at the altar touched with coals,
That melted hearts, and kindled kindred souls.
—*George W. Bungay.*

HELP us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.
—*Milton.*

THE BETTER LAND.

I know not where that city lifts
Its jasper walls in air,
I know not where the glory beams,
So marvelously fair;

I cannot see the waving hands
Upon that farther shore,
I cannot hear the rapturous song
Of dear ones gone before;

But dimmed and blinded earthly eyes,
Washed clear by contrite tears,
Sometimes catch glimpses of the light
From the eternal years. —*L. M. Latimer.*

CREDULITY is not a crime, but it becomes criminal by resisting conviction. It is strangling in the womb of conscience the effects it makes to ascertain truth. We should never force belief upon ourselvs in anything—*Thomas Paine.*

IF the love of Plato is a worthless ground for preferring error to truth, still more reprehensible is it to do wrong out of hatred and contempt for anyone, be he who he may. Could the father of lies speak truth, it would be our duty to believe him when he did so.—*Guesses at Truth.*

IN the interests of fair play, to say nothing of those of mankind, I ask, Why do not the clergy, as a a body, acquire, as a part of their preliminary education, some such tincture of physical science as will put them in a position to understand the difficulties in the way of accepting their theories, which are forced upon the mind of every thoughtful and intelligent man, who has taken the trouble to instruct himself in the elements of natural knowledge?—*Huxley.*

IN its mad, eager search for the real,
The age uses feet and not wings.
Does it too roughly treat the ideal—
Does it shatter too many dear things?
Are your idols all broken and battered?
Are there ruins of faith on each hand?
Yet precious the seed that is scattered
When harvest shall whiten the land,

Though we worship no more in their fashion,
Or walk where our fathers hav trod,
We are fuller of love and compassion,
And so we are nearer to God.
We hav taken the crown from the splendid
But bloodthirsty warriors of old,
And our homage and praise hav descended
To the thinker, untrammeled and bold.

The age turns aside from old byways,
We were taught to revere in our youth,
And finds the new beautiful highways
Lying bathed in the sunlight of truth.
Should we weep if some idols were shattered,
Some blossoms trod down by the way,
Since the seed that is everywhere scattered
Must yield a great harvest some day?
—*Ella Wheeler.*

Odds and Ends.

"DON'T forget the poor," urges a country editor. It isn't very often that an editor puts in a puff for himself, but occasionally he is driven to it by necessity.

"DO you believe in laying on hands?" asked a parishioner of the clergyman. "Certainly I do," he replied. "But if your child is very bad I would advise you to try a shingle."

"I THOUGHT I heard Fred kiss you on the piazza last night," said a father to his daughter the other morning. "Oh, no, pa," was the artless answer; "he only kissed me on the ear."

BY a new law in Arkansas, no saloon can be built within 640 rods of a church. But the natives dodge this law by building the saloon first. Then they erect the church right across the road.

A VERMONT man has a hen thirty-nine years old. The other day a hawk stole it, but after an hour came back with a broken bill and three claws gone, put down the hen, and took an old rubber boot in place of it.

A YOUNG mother, traveling with her infant child, writes the following letter to her husband at home: "We are all doing first-rate and enjoying ourselvs very much. We are in fine health. The boy can crawl about on all fours. Hoping that the same may be said of you, I remain, etc., Fanny."

AN order has been received in Boston for three pairs of shoes for a colored Methodist preacher. The measurements are as follows: 7 3-4 inches across the foot; instep measure, 19 1-2 inches; length of foot, 21 1-2 inches; width of heel, 7 1-8 inches. The wearer of these shoes weighs 410 pounds.

"FINE sermon, wasn't it?" said a man to a sleepy-looking brother, as they came out of church Sunday morning. "Yes, very fine gaped the other. "Were you not struck with the brilliancy of that passage beginning, 'Courage ye saints?'" "Oh, yes, but I was more forcibly struck with the passage beginning, 'Finally, brethren.'"

A LITTLE boy about four years of age was saying his prayers at his mother's knee, and when he had finished the Lord's prayer, she said: "Now, Willie, ask God to make you a good boy." The child raised his eyes to his mother's face for a few moments, as if in deep thought, and then replied: "It's no use, mamma. He won't do it. I hav asked him lots o' times."

PERSONS sometimes get answers they don't expect, even from children. One of them was questioning a Sunday-school class about the man who fell among thieves on the way from Jerusalem to Jericho. Bringing the story to a point, he asked: "Now, why did the priest and the Levite pass by on the other side?" A scholar held out his hand. "Well, my boy, why did the priest pass by on the other side?" "I know," said the lad. "Because the man was already robbed."

IF a man could liv a thousand years,
When half his life had passed
He might, by strict economy,
A fortune hav amassed.

Then, having gained some common sense,
And knowledge, too, of life,
He could select a woman who
Would make him a true wife.

But as it is, man hasn't time
To even pay his debts,
And weds to be acquainted with
The woman whom he gets.

A BOSTON paper says: "The punch-bowl from which the patriots drank, at the house of Samuel Edes, during the planning of the plot for throwing the tea overboard in Boston harbor, was presented by his descendant, Mrs. Long, to the Boston historical society, some years ago." That settles it. Then, instead of being a lot of pious patriots, who went prayerfully to work to destroy the tea of the enemy, the old duffers surrounded a punch-bowl till they got full. Then the patriotic act was only a common drunk, such as people indulge in nowadays. The patriots simply got their kegs full and went down to the boat whooping. There is a new name for it now days. They call it painting the town red.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL teacher was telling her class about Noah and the flood, and she had just said he had a pair of everything in the ark, when a small boy held up his hand: "What is it, Tommy?" she inquired. "Are you sure Noah had a pair of everything?" "Quite sure, for the Bible says so." "Well, when I go home I'll tell my pap he don't know what he's talking about." "Why, Tommy, what did he say?" "Aw, he thinks because he is a deacon he's mighty smart, and when I was gettin' my lesson, last night, Mr. Jones was there, an' pap said he'd bet a nickel against the Sunday collection that Noah didn't hav a pair of aces in the ark, from cellar to garret. Pap bluffed Mr. Jones, for he ain't a church-member, and don't know much scripter, but you bet he can't fool a Sunday-school scholar like me."

A TALL, fine looking gentleman arrived at one of he leading hotels lately. He registered, and as the clerk was looking over the room board and the porters were looking after the gentleman's baggage he addressed the clerk as follows: "I wish, if you please, that in assigning me to a room you would use some discretion and place me, if possible, on the worldly side of the house." The clerk stammered a little, looked at his diamond pin, rang two or three bells nervously, coughed, fumbled a blotter on the desk and said he did not quite understand what the gentleman was driving at. "Well, my dear sir, the last time I was here you gave me a room on the religious side of the house. To be frank with you, I think I was put between two—well, two prayer-meetings, and I heard nothing all night but groans and amens. If you hav a worldly side of the house just giv me a cot there. To some men prayer will take the place of sleep. I am not one of that kind."



LADIES' MAGNETIC JACKET. Price, $18.

THE EUREKA

MAGNETIC CLOTHING

CURES EVERY FORM OF DISEASE WITHOUT MEDICIN.

THE

EUREKA MAGNETIC INSOLE

CURES COLD OR MOIST FEET.

Sent to any address upon receipt of $1.00. EVERY PAIR GUARANTEED. Pamphlets and all information by letter or in person free of charge. Send for Illustrated Pamphlet.

Address all communications to

DR. L. TENNEY,

324 Race Street, cor. Ninth,

Cincinnati, Ohio

TESTIMONIALS:

Read the following testimonials, and be convinced that our claims are correct in every particular and that your ailments can be eradicated without the aid of MEDICIN. THESE APPLIANCES ARE THE ACME OF PERFECTION:

Remarkable Cure of Paralysis in One Week.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 19, 1882.

DR. L. TENNEY—Dear Sir: As I feel greatly indebted to you for the benefit I hav received from your treatment, and the use of your Magnetic appliances, I can say without hesitation to those afflicted as I hav been that the effect was simply marvelous. Two weeks ago I was stricken with paralysis in my right arm and could not use it at all, but after wearing a suit of your MAGNETIC CLOTHING for one week, can use it quite as well as ever. I hav also been troubled with Dyspepsia and Kidney Complaint for a number of years, from which I hav suffered intensely, and, although doctoring all the time, never found but temporary relief. Since putting on your appliances I hav experienced great benefit, and if I improve as rapidly as I hav in the past two weeks, will soon be well. I would, therefore, recommend to those suffering as I hav your Magnetic appliances as the only means of effecting a sure cure. Yours respectfully,

WM. H. CLEMMER,
No. 80 Eastern avenue.

Remember that the same appliances which will effect a cure in a case of Paralysis will at the same time eradicate CATARRH or DYSPEPSIA in the same patient. We do not, like the Old School Physician, change medicins every day until, after dosing the patient almost to death, he may possibly strike something (if he is very skilful) that brings relief for the time being.

Neuralgia of the Heart of Six Years Standing Cured in Three Weeks.

SHULLSBURG, WIS., Dec. 11, 1882.

DR. L. TENNEY—Dear Sir: After wearing one of your MAGNETIC VESTS for about three weeks, I was entirely cured of Neuralgia of the Heart and Side, which had been a source of misery to me for the last six years. I had tried numerous remedies before without benefit, but as soon as I put on the MAGNETIC VEST I got relief instantly. With unbounded gratitude, I remain

Yours respectfully,
H. A. BROWN.

Ladies, read the following testimony from a lady who had been under drug treatment for eight years with nervous prostration and female weakness:

OSBORN, O., Dec. 15, 1882.

DR. L. TENNEY: Your letter just received; also the Clothing on Tuesday last. Fitted perfectly. FELT BETTER FROM THE FIRST HOUR I HAD THEM ON. Am not joking, and if I improve as rapidly as I hav since Tuesday, will soon be well. Will report again soon. Respectfully yours, E. J. K.

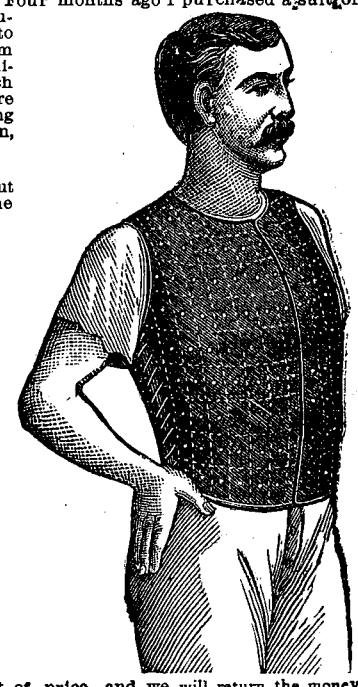
This lady reports herself entirely cured in less than six weeks after putting on the garments, and, although in bed, unable to get out, when applied, she nevertheless was able to ride twenty miles in two days after the application. The lady's name can be had upon application at this office, by anyone desiring to communicate with her.

Ladies, read the following testimony from a lady who had been suffering for two years with an **Ovarian Tumor**, and who had been told that nothing but the knife would save her life, and the chances were as 9 to 1 against recovery. In four months' time she is perfectly well, and has not taken a dose of medicin since putting on the appliances. Consult us when your physician tells you he can do nothinog for you; it will pay you.

SHULLSBURG, WIS., November 19, 1882.

DR. L. TENNEY, *Dear Sir:* About two years ago my health began to fail me; I became nervous, lost all desire for food, and, in fact, began to fail rapidly, so that I became alarmed and consulted several physicians of St. Louis, at which place I was then stopping, all of whom declared that I had an **Ovarian Tumor**, and that the only thing that would save my life would be the knife. About six months ago I grew rapidly worse, and had about made up my mind to take the only course that seemed left to me, and submit to an operation, when my attention was called to the **Eureka Magnetic Appliances.** As a drowning man will catch at a straw, so did I catch at this faint hope of a cure. Four months ago I purchased a suit of your appliances. From the very first I felt invigorated, the tumor, which had extended entirely across my abdomen, began to decrease, my pains became less from day to day, until now I am as well as I ever was in my life. Since putting on the appliances I hav not taken a single dose of medicin. My bowels, which before were constipated, are now regular. I would therefore cheerfully recommend them to anyone suffering as I hav, believing that they will do all and more than you claim for them. I remain,

Gratefully yours, MRS. MARY J. STEWART.



Remember that these appliances are not worn next the skin, but over the under-garment, and, unlike all other appliances in the market, they impart no shocks and leaves no sores.

PRICE LIST.

Nerve and Lung Invigorators, -	$ 6.00
Gentlemen's Belts, - - -	6.00
Ladies' Abdominal Belts, - -	6.00
Sciatic Appliances, each, - -	5.00
Leg Belts, each, - - -	4.00
Knee Caps, each, - - - -	3.00
Wristlets, each, - - - -	1.50
Sleeping Caps, - - - -	4.00
Ladies Jacket, - - -	18.00
Gentlemen's Vests, - - -	15.00
Superfine Insoles, - - -	1.00
Children's garments upon application.	

Any of the above garments sent to any address upon receipt of price, and we will return the money if they are not as represented in every respect. If you are uncertain as to what would best suit your case send us word stating symptoms, and we will advise you what would be best suited to treat you. While our appliances are offered at less than one-third of what others are selling worthless appliances for, yet we will guarantee that the magnetic quality is a hundred fold superior to any other appliance ever offered the public, and will outlast the garments themselvs. Every magnet is put through a particular process, and hav raised five times their own weight six months after being magnetized, while not a single appliance in the market will attract the smallest particle of iron, the majority of such worthless appliances having so-called magnets made of material no better than hoop-iron, and not capable of retaining magnetism for a moment. All of our garments are made from the very best material for the purpose, and will outlast any and all other garments now before the public. Every magnet is arranged in the garments upon *scientific principles*, and not haphazard as in all the others. We offer you therefore

The Only Scientific Magnetic Appliance Ever Constructed.

And challenge comparison with any of the so-called magnetic garments now offered under that head. At the same time the application of labor-saving machinery in our manufacture enables us to offer them about

ONE-THIRD THE PRICE HERETOFORE CHARGED,

So that we can say with truth, None are so poor that they cannot procure them, being but a trifle higher than ordinary clothing.

Remember that we are offering you the cheapest and best magnetic appliances in the market, and if upon receiving the garments they do not meet your expectation, return them at our expense and we will refund your money.

Ladies' Abdominal Jackets and Gentlemen's Vests are made to order, and a fit guaranteed.

AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY TOWN IN THE UNITED STATES. LIBERAL COMMISSIONS ALLOWED

Address for further information,

DR. L. TENNEY,
Race Street, cor. 9th Street, Cincinnati, O.

THE TRUTHSEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., as Second-class Matter.

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Notes and Clippings.

A CHURCH in Connecticut, by resolution, forbids its members to drink intoxicating liquors—"explicitly excepting hard cider." That is their "particular kind of vanity," remarks the *Advocate*.

IN a recent Western political convention an ex-preacher, who is now a politician, offered the following resolution: "*Resolved*, That the meek shall inherit the earth; and, further, *Resolved*, That we are the meek."

OF Mr. Beecher and his visit to San Francisco, the *Argonaut* says: "His biblical vagaries hav ceased to amuse the irreverent, and his irreverences hav ceased to shock the religious. Nothing can save his next lecture season but a new doubt."

A BOSTON clergyman has had the temerity to advance the theory that the Garden of Eden was located at the North Pole. Heretofore, says the Chicago *Times*, the general impression at the Hub has been that this famous garden fronted on Beacon street.

THE prison reform committee of Massachusetts proposes a new plan of distribution of convicts which will put the most hardened by themselvs. And Mr. Buckley thinks the principle might be applied with advantage in some of the Methodist Sunday-schools.

THE recent formation of societies for the cremation of the dead in New Orleans, Chicago, Philadelphia, and Boston shows that the reform is spreading with some rapidity, and that before long the method of the disposition of the dead will be radically changed.

A BIG petition for giving colored children more rights in Massachusetts public schools was signed, without reading, by a large number of eminent judges, politicians, and clergymen without regard to color. The opening sentence was, "We, the undersigned, parents of colored children."

Texas Siftings says that "Monsignor Capel having amused himself and everybody else, during his visit to the United States, will soon leave for England taking his little playthings with him." The playthings assigned to the monsignor are a bag of gas and a little tin lion on wheels labeled "Leo."

HENRY IRVING, the actor, met an old lady in Scotland who had so much respect for the Sabbath that she condemned the queen for boat-riding on it. She added: "I've read the Bible since I was so high, an' I knaw ev'ry word in't. I knaw things the good Lord did, but I want ye to knaw, too, that I don't think any the more e'en of him for a-doin' it!"

GENERAL GORDON'S example in recognizing slavery as a legal institution has been followed by Admiral Hewett, who has ordered that runaways be restored to their masters, on the ground that the Egyptian convention allowing slavery remains in force. And so England's load of infamy grows day by day. No wonder Gladstone breaks down trying to carry the burden.

A CLERGYMAN was devoutly reading the holy scriptures to his congregation, when he came to certain words in the lower right hand corner to which he desired to giv great emphasis. So he read with a loud voice, "I am"—turned over two leaves and continued—"an ass, the foal of an ass"—then, seeing his mistake, found the right place, and added, "that I am," which, of course, nobody would deny.

THE pains and penalties of perjury present themselvs in a rather muddled form to the youthful Philadelphian. A very little boy was called as a witness, says the *Times* of that city, in the quarter sessions. He was all over trembling. "My boy," said Assistant District-Attorney Kinsey, smiling like a good father, "do you know the nature of an oath?" "Oh, y-yes, sir," answered the boy. "Well, if you should tell a lie and die, what would become of you?" "I should become a mummy, sir."

MARTIN O. VAN FLEET—suggestiv name—was treasurer of Huron county, Ohio, and also treasurer of the Presbyterian church, of Norwalk. Recently he faded from public view and so did the funds which he had in his charge. The amount of available assets which flitted with Fleet amounted to about $70,000. As he was an "exemplary Christian gentleman," the good people of Norwalk are at a loss to account for his disappearance. There was nothing mean about him, however; he gave the combination of the lock to his wife and left the empty safe in the office.

IT is high time for the workingmen of the United States to rescue themselvs, by their own brain and brawn, from the accursed system that is crushing them into slavery and misery. Blast the vampires of capital, who drain the life-blood of their victims! Blast the greedy monopolists and corporations, who devour the substance of the poor upon whom they prey! Blast the land-grabbers, whose breath blasts the earth; the gambling lawmakers, who blast the public prosperity; the false priests, who blast the skies; the foul judges, who blast justice in the interest of the rich; and whosoever or whatsoever blasts the life or liberty of man, let him and it be blasted!—*John Swinton.*

THE Rev. Henderson Davis, pastor of the M. E. church at Coxsackie, N. Y., is causing his flock great distress. A husband of a female parishioner has openly denounced the pastor as a wolf in sheep's clothing. He claims to hav a letter in his possession which he found in the work-box of his wife, signed by the accused clergyman, in which Henderson addresses her as "dearest Emma," and speaks of the yearning of his heart to see her, and how when he met her upon the arm of her husband he became almost frantic. With this epistle the husband visited the minister's house and handed it to him for identification. The pastor destroyed the paper, and was thereupon kicked and cuffed by his suspicious parishioner. The matter will be brought before the church authorities and the courts.

THE Bartholdi statue pedestal committee estimated the whole cost of the pedestal at $250,000, $140,000 of which is in hand, but now they find that the granit alone will cost at least $240,000. That is, the whole pedestal will cost not less than $340,000, for they hav thus far spent $70,000 upon the concrete foundation, and it is but little more than two-thirds finished. The funds come in very slowly, and though great efforts hav been made to interest the rest of the country, and committees hav been appointed in the chief cities, not more than $500 had been received from them. The feeling doubtless is that the statue is to be New York's, and New York should pay for it. The 250,000 French people who paid for the statue itself, however, meant it as a gift to the whole American people.

BY Queen Victoria's special command, a divorce suit brought by Lady Colin Campbell against her husband, the brother-in-law of the Princess Louise, is to be heard by the English divorce court in "strict secrecy." The emperor of Germany has sent for the president of the Reichstag and informed that officer that a vote cast against the bill to continue the Anti-Socialist law will be regarded as an act against his imperial majesty. So the bill, which was virtually defeated, will now be successful. Prince Bismarck has ordered the Bremen Senate to ask for admission to the Imperial Customs Union. The Senate is unwilling to do so, but must yield. In a single day these three instances of royal and autocratic bulldozing occur. What an illustration of the liberty enjoyed by the people of Europe! A queen, to hush up scandals coming very near to her family, if not involving some of them, seals up the doors of a court and the lips of all its officers. A kaiser, finding a public measure liable to defeat, bullies the parliament of the people into passing it by making a vote against it an offense to the crown. An insolent minister orders a senate to do his bidding and it is forced to comply. Yet what will be the ultimate effect? The English people will imagin scandals more disgusting, perhaps, than the divorce case will disclose. The Socialists will lay up another wrong against the old emperor. The Bremen Senate will hate Bismarck more bitterly than ever.

THE excessiv modesty of the residents of Atlanta, Ga., has been greatly shocked during the past week by a very small matter. An enterprising picture-dealer to whose eyes classic works of art hav long been familiar put in his show-window a picture of Lady Godiva taking her noonday ride through Coventry. At once ladies began to shun the place, and some crossed over the street rather than look upon the horrid picture. Some of the older and bolder maidens gave expression to their indignation, and through them the police were called on to hav the object removed. The dealer very promptly took it down, but this gave rise to a discussion concerning the hypercritical tastes of certain people, in any one of whose houses could be found pictures fully as questionable. The antique maidens grew madder as their minds dwelt upon the incident, and it now seems as if it is destined to be a topic for some time. At several meetings the subject was gravely talked over and the opinion expressed that the world was growing worse, and that it behooved good people to make an open and activ fight for morality. One of the preachers in his sermon dwelt at some length on the transaction, going so far as to say that pictures, even when well-clothed, are but sensuous luxuries, and the money paid for them would be better employed if given to the missionary cause.

THE Boston correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune* writes to his paper: Among the records of the Boston Municipal Court the other day appeared this item: "Jeremiah Donnelly, for playing marbles the Lord's Day, fined $2 without costs." This did not happen in the year 1701, but took place last week before a judge who does not wear a wig. Jeremiah might hav gone up to the old Granary burying-ground on Tremont street (just beside the church where the Rev. Buckboard Murray used to delight great audiences) and spend Sunday gazing through the iron bars upon tombstone images which hav looked out upon passing crowds for 150 years or more; he might hav gone to hear the heretics lecture at Paine Memorial Hall; he might hav attended spiritual seances; he might hav gone to see the ancient Egyptian idols and the plaster of paris statues in the Art Museum; or he could hav walked softly along the sacred paths of the Common. All this could Jerry hav done without danger of trouble, but when it comes to playing marbles the Lord's Day the small boy's father must walk into court and rescue his sinful son with a $2 note. You hav got to draw the line somewhere. This little episode illustrates the peculiar Boston mind, which is liberal in spots, but cannot wholly break away from Puritan bigotry. A man can think and talk as he pleases as long as he observes the common rules of decency, and always find an audience, but he must not play marbles Sunday. He can expound all sorts of heretical doctrins the Lord's Day, and publish a paper threatening society with various kinds of destruction, and no one says a word about smashing his mouth or his printing-press, but when he dares to play marbles Sunday there is always a Puritan to point out the statute framed to punish such desecration, and the law says, "Obey the word of the fathers!" If the strict letter of the Massachusetts laws was enforced no man could hav peace, but still no one demands their repeal, and every little while a crank appears with the Bay psalm-book under his arm and the spirit of witchburners in his soul to cry out against the villain who plays marbles the Lord's Day. It is very small business, which would amuse everybody if it did not grow annoying, for the spirit of Puritanism crops out in many curious shapes and phases. Very likely it will die out with the elder generation of to-day, so that in 1900 small Jerry may play marbles on Sunday without fear of molestation.

News of the Week.

BISHOP MCNAMARA, of Brooklyn, is sued by his landlady for libel.

NEW revelations in the Rose Ambler murder case at Stratford, Conn., are promised soon.

PRINCE LEOPOLD, the Duke of Albany, Queen Victoria's youngest son, died on the 28th ult.

HIGH winds and cold weather hav made the last few days uncomfortable in and about New York.

THE Rev. Father Kearney, of Hempstead, Long Island, is sued for $5,000 for assault and battery.

BARNUM'S sacred white elephant is not white. The front part of it is pink and the rest slate-colored.

MR. CARL SCHURZ, ex-secretary of state, has declined a purse of $100,000 which his friends and admirers wished to raise for him.

THE women of Canton, Kansas, raided a saloon in that town one day last week and poured all the liquor found into the street. Their action is said to be indorsed by many good citizens.

THE trial of the Rev. Dr. Bristor, at Newark, N. J., is progressing, but nothing of importance has been elicited. The charge is immorality with several boys. The examination of witnesses is carried on in secret.

IT is thought not improbable that the Vatican (the pope's residence at Rome) and St. Peter's church will be confiscated by the Italian government. In that case, it is said, the pope will seek refuge in Austria.

PASTOR NEWMAN continues to occupy the pulpit of the Madison Avenue Congregational church, but is uncertain how long he will stay there. There are those who say he will remain, and others who think his engagement very brief.

STATE-SENATOR GRIGGS, of Minnesota, who has just returned from the Cœur d'Alene mining region, says that the yield of gold the coming season will be extraordinary. One man too poor at first to buy his outfit has taken $5,000 from a place six feet square. Another sold an acre and a quarter of his claim for $10,000. Miners who are working take out $40 per day. Many who are not working sit with gun in hand guarding their claims.

CHARLES L. KUSE, editor of the *Gringo and Greaser*, a paper published at Manzano, N. M., was shot and killed last Friday while sitting in his office. The assassin, who is unknown, fired through the window. Mr. Kuse was a Freethinker, and his paper was devoted to defending the state against the encroachments of the Catholic church. It is not necessary, perhaps, to look further for the cause of his assassination in a priest-cursed country like New Mexico.

IN the Episcopal church of the Holy Trinity in Brooklyn prayer was offered up last Sunday for the benefit of Queen Victoria, that she might be sustained in her recent severe bereavement in the death of her son. It would hav been the part of forethought for these sympathetic people to hav prayed a week or two earlier that the afflictions under which the good Victoria suffers might hav been averted. A prayer in time might save considerable suffering—if it was answered.

DISSATISFACTION over the verdict of a jury in a trial for murder has just precipitated upon Cincinnati, Ohio, one of the bloodiest riots ever known in this country, lasting from Friday, the 28th ult., until the following Monday. An attempt was made to lynch the murderer Berner, and failing in this the mob proceeded to all manner of violence. The court-house, which cost $250,000, containing valuable papers, was burnt Saturday night. All the troops in the state were ordered to the scene, and the mob dispersed. Between 75 and 100 persons were killed, many of them innocent bystanders who had nothing to do with the riot.

The Rostrum.

A New Lecture by Colonel Ingersoll.

ORTHODOXY DYING FROM SOFTENING OF THE BRAIN AND OSSIFICATION OF THE HEART.

It is utterly inconceivable that any man believing in the truth of the Christian religion could publicly deny it, because he who believes in that religion would believe that, by a public denial, he would peril the eternal salvation of his soul. It is conceivable, and without any great effort of the mind, that millions who don't believe in the Christian religion should openly say that they did. In a country where religion is supposed to be in power—where it has rewards for pretense, where it pays a premium upon hypocrisy, where it at least is willing to purchase silence—it is easily conceivable that millions pretend to believe what they do not. And yet I believe it has been charged against myself, not only that I was insincere, but that I took the side that I am on for the sake of popularity; and the audience to-night goes far toward justifying the accusation.

ORTHODOX RELIGION DYING OUT.

It givs me immense pleasure to say to this immense audience that orthodox religion is dying out of the civilized world. It is a sick man. It has been attacked with two diseases—softening of the brain and ossification of the heart. It is a religion that no longer satisfies the intelligence of this country; a religion that no longer satisfies the brain; a religion against which the heart of every civilized man and woman protests. It is a religion that givs hope only to a few; a religion that puts a shadow upon the cradle; a religion that wraps the coffin in darkness, and fills the future of mankind with flame and fear. It is a religion that I am going to do what little I can while I liv to destroy; and in its place I want humanity, I want good fellowship, I want a brain without a chain, I want a religion that every good heart will cheerfully applaud.

RELIGIOUS BIRTHS.

We must remember that this is a world of progress, a world of change. There is perpetual death, and there is perpetual birth. By the grave of the old forever stand youth and joy; and when an old religion dies a better one is born. When we find out that an assertion is a falsehood, a shining truth takes its place, and we need not fear the destruction of the false. The more false we destroy the more room there will be for the true. There was a time when the astrologer sought to read in the stars the fate of men and nations. The astrologer has faded from the world, but the astronomer has taken his place. There was a time when the poor alchemist, bent and wrinkled and old, over his crucible endeavored to find some secret by which he could change the baser metals into purest gold. The alchemist has gone; the chemist took his place; and, although he finds nothing to change metals into gold, he finds something that covers the earth with wealth. There was a time when the soothsayer and augur flourished, and after them came the parson and the priest; and the parson and the priest must go. The preacher must go, and in his place must come the teacher—that real interpreter of nature. We are done with the supernatural. We are through with the miraculous and the wonderful. There was once a prophet who pretended to read in the book of the future. His place has been taken by the philosopher, who reasons from cause to effect—a man who finds the facts by which he is surrounded and endeavors to reason from these premises and to tell what in all probability will happen in the future. The prophet has gone, the philosopher is here. There was a time when man sought aid entirely from heaven—when he prayed to the deaf sky. There was a time when the world depended upon the supernaturalist. That time in Christendom has passed. We now depend upon the naturalist—not upon the disciple of faith, but upon the discoverer of facts—upon the demonstrator of truth. At last we are beginning to build upon a solid foundation, and just as we progress the supernatural must die.

THE RELIGION OF RECIPROCITY.

Religion of the supernatural kind will fade from this world, and in its place we will hav reason. In the place of the worship of something we know not of, will be the religion of mutual love and assistance—the great religion of reciprocity. Superstition must go. Science will remain. The church, however, dies a little hard. The brain of the world is not yet developed. There are intellectual diseases, the same as diseases of the body. Intellectual mumps and measles still afflict mankind. Whenever the new comes the old protests, and the old fights for its place as long as it has a particle of power. And we are now having the same warfare between superstition and science, that there was between the stage-coach and the locomotiv. But the stage-coach had to go. It had its day of glory and power, but it is gone. It went West. In a little while it will be driven into the Pacific with the last Indian aboard. So we find that there is the same conflict between the different sects and different schools not only of philosophy but of medicin. Recollect that everything except the demonstrated truth is liable to die. That is the order of nature. Words die. Every language has a cemetery. Every now and then a word dies and a tombstone is erected, and across it is written the word "obsolete." New words are continually being born. There is a cradle in which a word is rocked. A thought is molded to a sound, and the child-word is born. And then comes a time when the word gets old, and wrinkled, and expressionless, and it is carried mournfully to the grave, and that is the end of it. So in the schools of medicin. You can remember, so can I, when the old allopathists reigned supreme. If there was anything the matter with a man they let out his blood. Called to the bed-side, they took him to the edge of eternity with medicin, and then practiced all their art to bring him back to life. One can hardly imagin how perfect a constitution it took a few years ago to stand the assault of a doctor. And long after it was found to be a mistake hundreds and thousands of the old physicians clung to it, carried around with them in one pocket a bottle of jalap, and in the other a rusty lancet, sorry that they couldn't find some patient idiotic enough to allow the experiment to be made again.

THEY DIE HARD.

So these schools, and these theories, and these religions die hard. What else can they do? Like the paintings of the old masters, they are kept alive because so much money has been invested in them. Think of the amount of money that has been invested in superstition! Think of the schools that hav been founded for the more general diffusion of useless knowledge! Think of the colleges wherein men are taught that it is dangerous to think, and that they must never use their brains except in an act of faith! Think of the millions and billions of dollars that hav been expended in churches, in temples, and in cathedrals! Think of the thousands and thousands of men who depend for their living upon the ignorance of mankind! Think of those who grow rich on credulity, and who fatten on faith! Do you suppose they are going to die without a struggle? They will die if they don't struggle. What are they to do? From the bottom of my heart I sympathize with the poor clergyman that has had all his common sense educated out of him, and is now to be thrown out upon the cold and uncharitable world. His prayers are not answered; he gets no help from on high, and the pews are beginning to criticise the pulpit. What is the man to do? If he suddenly changes, he is gone. If he preaches what he really believes, he will get notice to quit. And yet if he and the congregation would come together and be perfectly honest, they would all admit they didn't believe anything of it.

"HONOR BRIGHT."

Only a little while ago a couple of ladies were riding together from a revival in a carriage late at night, and one said to the other, as they rode along: "I am going to say something that will shock you, and I beg of you never to tell it to anybody else. I am going to tell it to you." "Well, what is it?" She says: "I don't believe in the Bible." The other replied: "Neither do I." I hav often thought how splendid it would be if the ministers could but come together and say: "Now let us be honest. Let us tell each other, honor bright—as Dr. Currie did in Chicago the other day—let us tell just what we believe." They tell a story that in the old time a lot of people, about twenty, were in Texas in a little hotel, and one fellow got up before the fire, put his hands behind him, and says he: "Boys, let us all tell our real names." If the ministers and their congregations would only tell their real thoughts, they would find that they are nearly as bad as I am, and that they believe just about as little.

THEY DON'T BELIEVE IT.

Now, I hav been talking a great deal about the orthodox religion; and, if after having delivered a lecture, I would meet some good, religious person and he would say to me: "You don't tell it as we believe it." "Well, but I tell it as you hav it written in your creed." "Oh, well," he says, "we don't mind that any more." "Well, why don't you change it?" "Oh, well," he says, "we understand it." Possibly the creed is in the best possible position for them now. There is a tacit understanding that they don't believe it. There is a tacit understanding that they hav some way to get around it, that they read between the lines; and if they should meet now to form a creed they might fail to agree; and the creed is now so that they can say as they please except in public. Whenever they do so in public, the church, in self-defense, must try them; and I believe in trying every minister that doesn't preach the doctrin as he agrees to. I hav not the slightest sympathy with a Presbyterian preacher who endeavors to preach Infidelity from his pulpit and receive Presbyterian money. When he changes his views he must step down and out like a man, and say, "I don't believe your doctrin, and I will not preach it. You must hire some bigger fool than I am."

QUESTIONING THE CREED.

But I find that I get the creed very nearly right. To-day there was put into my hands the new Congregational creed. I hav just read it, and I thought I would call your attention to it to-night, to find whether the church has made any advance; to find whether it has been affected by the light of science; to find whether the sun of knowledge has risen in the heavens in vain; whether they are still the children of intellectual darkness; whether they still consider it necessary for you to believe something that you by no possibillity can understand in order to be a winged angel forever. Now, let us see what their creed is. I will read a little of it. They commence by saying that they "believe in one God, the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and of earth, and of all things visible and invisible." I am perfectly willing that he should make the invisible if they want him to. They say, now, that there is this one personal God, that he is the maker of the universe and its ruler. I again ask the old question, Of what did he make it? If matter has not existed through eternity, then this God made it. Of what did he make it? What did he use for the purpose? There was nothing in the universe except this God. What had the God been doing for the eternity he had been living? He had made nothing—called nothing into existence; never had had an idea, because it is impossible to hav an idea unless there is something to excite an idea. What had he been doing? Why doesn't the Congregational church tell us? How do they know about this infinit being? And if he is infinit, how can they comprehend him? What good is it to believe in something that you know you don't understand—that you never can understand? In the old creeds they described this God as a being without body and parts or passions. I defy any man in the world to write a better description of nothing. You cannot conceive of a finer word-painting of a vacuum than a something without body and parts or passions. And yet this God, without passions, is angry at the wicked every day; this God, without passions, is a jealous God, whose anger burneth to the lowest hell. This God, without passions, loves the whole human race, and this God, without passions, damns a large majority of the same. So, too, he is the ruler of the world, and I find here that we find "his providence in the government of the nations?" What nations? What evidence can you find, if you are absolutely honest and not frightened, in the history of nations that this universe is presided over by an infinitly wise and good God? How do you account for Russia? How do you account for Siberia? How do you account for the fact that whole races of men toiled beneath the master's lash for ages without recompense and without reward? How do you account for the fact that babes were sold from the arms of mothers—arms that had been reached toward God in supplication? How do you account for it? How do you account for the existence of martyrs? How do you account for the fact that this God allows people to be burnt simply for loving him? How do you account for the fact that justice doesn't always triumph? How do you account for the fact that innocence is not a perfect shield? How do you account for the fact that the world has been filled with pain, and grief, and tears? How do account for the fact that people hav been swallowed by volcanoes, swept from the earth by storms, dying by famin, if there is above us a ruler who is infinitly good and infinitly powerful?

FROM THE RURAL DISTRICTS.

I don't say there is none. I don't know. As I hav said before, this is the only planet I was ever on. I liv in one of the rural districts of the universe. I know about these things just as much as the clergy. And if they know no more about the other world than they do about this it is not worth mentioning. How do they answer all this? They say that God "permits it." What would you say of me if I stood by and saw a ruffian beat out the brains of a child when I had full and perfect power to prevent it? You would say truthfully that I was as bad as the murderer. That is what you would say. Is it possible for this God to prevent it? Then, if he doesn't, he is a fiend; he is not good. But they say he "permits it." What for? So we may hav freedom of choice. What for? So that God may find, I suppose, who are good and who are bad. Didn't he know that when he made us? Did he not know exactly just what he was making? Why should he make those whom he knew would be criminals? If I should make a machine that would walk your streets and commit murder you would hang me. Why not? And if God made a man who he knew would commit murder, then God is guilty of that murder. If God made a man knowing he would beat his wife, that he would starve his children, that he would strew on either side of his path of life the wrecks of ruined homes, then I say the being who called that wretch into existence is directly responsible. And yet we are to find the providence of God in the history of nations. What little I hav read shows me that when man has been helped, man had to do it; when the chains of slavery hav been broken, they hav been broken by man; when something bad has been done in the government of mankind, it is easy to trace it to man, and to fix the responsibility upon human beings. You will not look to the sky; you need throw neither praise nor blame; you can find the efficient causes nearer home—right here.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

What is the next thing I find in this creed? "We believe that man was made in the image of God, that he might know, love, and obey God, and enjoy him forever." I don't believe that anybody ever did love God, because nobody ever knew anything about him. We love each other. We love something that we know. We love something that our experience tells us is good and great, and good and beautiful. We can not by any possibility love the unknown. We can love truth, because truth adds to human happiness. We can love justice, because it preserves human joy. We can love charity. We can love every form of goodness that we know or of which we can conceive, but we cannot love the infinitly unknown. And how can we be made in the image of something that has neither body and parts nor passions. "That our first parents, by disobedience, fell under the condemnation of God, and that all men are so alienated from God that there is no salvation from the guilt and power of sin except through God's redeeming power." Is there an intelligent man or woman now in the world who believe in the Garden of Eden story? If there is, strike here [tapping his forehead], and you will hear an echo. Something is for rent. Does any human being how believe that God made man of dust, and a woman of a rib, and put them in a garden, and put a tree in the middle of it? Wasn't there room outside of the garden to put his tree, if he didn't want people to eat his apples?

If I didn't want a man to eat my fruit I would not put him in my orchard.

THE "SNAKE STORY."

Does anybody now believe in the snake story? I pity any man or woman who, in this nineteenth century, believes in that childish fable. Why did they disobey? Why, they were tempted. Who by? The devil. Who made the devil? What did he make him for? Why didn't he tell Adam and Eve about this fellow? Why didn't he watch the devil instead of watching Adam and Eve? Instead of turning them out, why didn't he keep him from getting in? Why didn't he hav his flood first and drown the devil, before he made man and woman?

And yet people who call themselvs intelligent—professors in colleges and presidents of venerable institutions—teach children, and young men who ought to be children, that the Garden of Eden story is an absolute historical fact! Well, I guess it will not be long until that will fade from the imagination of men. I defy any man to think of a more childish thing. This God waiting around there, knowing all the time what would happen—made them on purpose so it would happen—and then what does he do? Holds all of us responsible; and we were not there. Here is a representativ before the constituency had been born. Before I am bound by a representativ, I want a chance to vote for or against him; and if I had been there and known all the circumstances, I should hav voted against him. And yet I am held responsible.

THE ATONEMENT.

What did Adam do? I cannot see that it amounted to much anyway. A God that can create something out of nothing ought not to hav complained of the loss of an apple. I can hardly hav patience to speak upon such a subject.

Now, that absurdity gave birth to another—that, while we could be rightfully charged with the rascality of somebody else, we could also be credited with the virtues of somebody else; and the atonement is the absurdity which offsets the other absurdity of the fall of man. Let us leave them both out; it reads a great deal better with both of them out; it makes better sense.

Now, in consequence of that, everybody is alienated from God. How? Why? Oh, we are all depraved, you know; we all want to do wrong. Well, why? Is that because we are depraved? No. Why do we make so many mistakes? Because there is only one right way, and there is almost an infinit number of wrong ones; and as long as we are not perfect in our intellects we must make mistakes. There is no darkness but ignorance; and alienation, as they call it, from God is simply a lack of intellect upon our part. Why were we not given better brains? That may account for the alienation. But the church teaches that every soul that finds its way to the shore of this world is against God—naturally hates God; that the little dimpled child in the cradle is simply a chunk of depravity. Everybody against God! It is a libel upon the human race; it is a libel upon all the men who hav worked for wife and child; it is a libel upon all the wives who hav suffered and labored, wept and worked, for children; it is a libel upon all the men who hav died for their country; it is a libel upon the human race. Leave out the history of the church, and there is nothing in this world to prove the depravity of man left.

Everybody that comes is against God. Every soul, they think, is like the wrecked Irishman. He was wrecked in the sea, and drifted to an unknown island, and as he climbed up the shore he saw a man and said to him, "Hav you a government here?' The man said, "We hav." "Well," said he, "I am ag in' it!" The church teaches us that that is the attitude of every soul in the universe of God. Ought a God to take any credit to himself for making depraved people? A God that cannot make a soul that is not totally depraved, I respectfully suggest, should retire from the business. And if a God has made us, knowing that we would be totally depraved, why should we go to the same being for repairs?

THE SECOND BIRTH.

What is the next? "That all men are so alienated from God that there is no salvation from the guilt and power of his sin except through God's redeeming grace."

Reformation is not enough. If the man who steals becomes perfectly honest, that is not enough; if the man who hates his fellow-man changes and loves his fellow-man, that is not enough; he must go through that mysterious thing called the second birth; he must be born again. That is not enough unless he has faith; he must believe something that he does not understand. Reformation is not enough; there must be what they call conversion. I deny it. According to the church, nothing so excites the wrath of God—nothing so corrugates the brows of Jehovah with revenge—as a man relying on his own good works. He must admit that he ought to be damned, and that of the two he prefers it, before God will consent to save him. I saw a man the other day, and he said to me, "I am a Unitarian Universalist; that is what I am." Said I: "What do you mean by that?" "Well," said he, "here is what I mean: the Unitarian thinks he is too good to be

damned, and the Universalist thinks God is too good to damn him; and I believe them both."

THE CONGREGATIONAL CREED.

What is the next thing in this great creed?

"We believe that the scriptures of the Old and New Testaments are the record of God's revelation of himself in the work of redemption; that they are written by men under the special guidance of the holy spirit; and that they constitute an authoritativ standard by which religious teaching and human conduct are to be regulated and judged."

This is the creed of the Congregational church; that is, it is the result of the high-joint commission appointed to draw up a creed for their churches; and there we hav the statement that the Bible was written "by men under the special guidance of the holy spirit." What part of the Bible? All of it. All of it; and yet what is this Old Testament that was written by an infinitly good God? The being who wrote it did not know the shape of the world he had made. The being who wrote it knew nothing of human nature; he commands men to love him, as if one could love upon command. The same God upheld the institution of human slavery; and the church says the Bible that upholds that institution was written by men under the guidance of the holy spirit. Then I disagree with the holy ghost upon that institution.

This church tells us that men under the guidance of the holy ghost upheld the institution of polygamy—I deny it; that under the guidance of the holy ghost these men upheld wars of extermination and conquest—I deny it; that under the guidance of the holy ghost these men wrote that it was right for a man to destroy the life of his wife if she happened to differ with him on the subject of religion—I deny it. And yet that is the book now upheld in this creed of the Congregational church. If the devil had written upon the subject of slavery, which side would he hav taken? Let every minister answer, honor bright. If you knew the devil had written a little work on human slavery, in your judgment would he uphold slavery or denounce it? Would you regard it as any evidence that he ever wrote it if it upheld slavery? And yet, here you hav a work upholding slavery, and you say that it was written by an infinitly good, wise, and beneficent God! If the devil upheld polygamy, would you be surprised? If the devil wanted to kill somebody for differing with him, would you be surprised? If the devil told a man to kill his wife, would you be astonished? And yet, you say, that is exactly what the God of us all did. If there be a God, then that creed is blasphemy. That creed is a libel upon him who sits upon heaven's throne. I want—if there be a God—I want him to write in the book of his eternal remembrance that I denied these lies for him.

I do not believe in a slaveholding God; I do not worship a polygamous holy ghost. I will not get upon my knees before any being who commands a husband to slay his wife because she expresses her honest thought.

GOD NOT AN AUTHOR.

Did it ever occur to you that if God wrote the Old Testament, and told the Jews to crucify or kill anybody that disagreed with them on religion, and that God afterwards took upon himself flesh and came to Jerusalem, and taught a different religion, and the Jews killed him—did it ever occur to you that he reaped exactly what he had sown? Did it ever occur to you that he fell a victim to his own tyranny, and was destroyed by his own law? Of course I do not believe that any God ever was the author of the Bible, or that any God was ever crucified, or that any God was ever killed or ever will be, but I want to ask you that question.

Take this Old Testament, then, with all its stories of murder and massacre; with all its foolish and cruel fables; with all its infamous doctrins; with its spirit of caste; with its spirit of hatred, and tell me whether it was written by a good God. Why, if you will read the maledictions and curses of that book, you would think God, like Lear, had divided heaven among his daughters, and then, in the insanity of despair, had launched his curses upon the human race.

And yet, I must say—I must admit—that the Old Testament is better than the New. In the Old Testament, when God got a man dead, he let him alone. When he saw him quietly in his grave he was satisfied. The muscles relaxed, and a smile broke over the divine face. But in the New Testament the trouble commences just at death. In the New Testament God is to wreak his revenge forever and ever. It was reserved for one who said, "Love your enemies," to tear asunder the veil between time and eternity and fix the horrified gaze of men upon the gulfs of eternal fire. The New Testament is just as much worse than the Old as hell is worse than sleep, just as much worse as infinit cruelty is worse than annihilation; and yet the New Testament is pointed to as a gospel of love and peace.

THE REIGN OF TRUTH AND LOVE.

But "more of that hereafter," as the ministers say. "We believe that Jesus Christ came to establish among men the kingdom of God, the reign of truth and love, of righteousness and peace." Well, that may hav been the object of Jesus Christ. I do not deny it. But what was the result? The Christian world has caused more war than all the rest of the world besides; all the cunning instruments of death hav been devised by Christians; all the wonderful machinery by which the brains are blown out of a man, by which nations are conquered and subdued—all these machines hav been born in Christian brains. And yet he came to bring peace, they say; but the Testament says otherwise: "I came not to bring peace, but a sword." And the sword was brought. What are the Christian nations doing to-day in Europe? Is there a solitary Christian nation that will trust any other? How many millions of Christians are in the uniform of everlasting forgivness, loving their enemies?

There was an old Spaniard upon the bed of death, and he sent for a priest, and the priest told him that he would hav to forgiv his enemies before he died. He says, "I hav not any." "What! no enemies?" "Not one," said the dying man, "I killed the last one three weeks ago."

How many millions of Christians are now armed and equipped to destroy their fellow-Christians? Who are the men in Europe crying out against war? Who wishes to hav the nations disarmed? Is it the church? No; it is the men who do not believe in what they call this religion of peace. When there is a war, and when they make a few thousand widows and orphans, when they strew the plain with dead patriots, then Christians assemble in their churches and sing "Te Deum Laudamus" to God. Why? Because he has enabled a few of his children to kill some others of his children. This is the religion of peace—the religion that invented the Krupp gun that will hurl a bullet weighing 2,000 pounds through twenty-four inches of solid steel. This is the religion of peace, that covers the sea with men-of-war, clad in mail, all in the name of universal forgivness.

THE WARS IT BROUGHT.

What effect had this religion upon the nations of the earth? What hav the nations of the earth been fighting about? What was the Thirty Years' War in Europe for? What was the war in Holland for? Why was it that England persecuted Scotland? Why is it that England persecutes Ireland even unto this day? At the bottom of every one of these conflicts you will find a religious question. The religion of Jesus Christ, as preached by his church, causes war, bloodshed, hatred, and all uncharitableness; and why? Because they say a certain belief is necessary to salvation. They do not say, if you behave yourself pretty well you will get there; they do not say, if you pay your debts and love your wife and love your children, and are good to your friends, and your neighbors, and your country, you will get there; that will do you no good; you hav got to believe a certain thing. Oh, yes, no matter how bad you are, you can instantly be forgiven then; and no matter how good you are, if you fail to believe that, the moment you get to the day of judgment nothing is left but to damn you forever, and all the angels will shout "hallelujah."

What do they teach to-day? Every murderer goes to heaven: there is only one step from the gallows to God; only one jerk between the halter and heaven. That is taught by this same church. I believe there ought to be a law to prevent the slightest religious consolation being given to any man who has been guilty of murder. Let a Catholic understand that if he imbrues his hands in his brother's blood, he can hav no extreme unction; let it be understood that he can hav no forgivness through the church; and let the Protestant understand that when he has committed that crime the community will not pray him into heaven. Let him go with his victim. The victim, you know, dying in his sins, goes to hell, and the murderer has the happiness of seeing him there. And if heaven grows dull and monotonous, the murderer can again giv life to the nerve of pleasure by watching the agony of his victim. I am opposed to that kind of forgivness. And yet that is the religion of universal peace to everybody.

PREVALENCE OF THE KINGDOM.

Now, what is the next thing that I wish to call your attention to?

"We believe in the ultimate prevalence of the kingdom of Christ over all the earth."

What makes you? Do you judge from the manner in which you are getting along now? How many people are being born a year? About fifty millions. How many are you converting a year; really, truthfully? Five or six thousand. I think I hav overstated the number. Is orthodox Christianity on the increase? No. There are a hundred times as many unbelievers in orthodox Christianity as there were ten years ago. What are you doing in the missionary world? How long is it since you converted a Chinaman? A fine missionary religion, to send missionaries with their Bibles and tracts to China, but if a Chinaman comes here, mob him, simply to show him the difference between the practical and theoretical workings of the Christian religion. How long since you hav had a convert in India? In my judgment, never; there never has been an intelligent Hindoo converted from the time the first missionary put his foot upon that soil; and never, in my judgment, has an intelligent Chinaman been converted since the first missionary touched that shore. Where are they? We hear nothing of them, except in the reports. They get money from poor old ladies, trembling on the edge of the grave, and go and tell them stories, how hungry the average Chinaman is for a copy of the New Testament, and paint the sad condition of a gentleman in the interior of Africa without the work of Dr. McCosh, longing for a copy of the *Princeton Review*. In my judgment, it is a book that would suit a savage. Thus money is scared from the dying and frightened from the old and feeble. About how long is it before this kingdom is to be established?

THE RESURRECTION.

What is the next thing here? They also believe in the resurrection of the dead, and in their Confession of Faith hereto attached I find they also believe in the resurrection of the body. Does anybody believe that that has ever thought? Here is a man, for instance, that weighs 200 pounds, and gets sick and dies weighing 120; how much will he weigh in the morning of the resurrection? Here is a cannibal, who eats another man; and we know that the atoms that you eat go into your body and become a part of you. After the cannibal has eaten the missionary, and appropriated his atoms to himself, and then he dies, whom will the atoms belong to in the morning of the resurrection in an action of replevin brought by the missionary against the cannibal? It has been demonstrated again and again that there is no creation in nature, and no destruction in nature. It has been demonstrated again and again that the atoms that are in us hav been in millions of other beings; grown in the forest, in the grass, blossomed in the flowers, been in the metals; in other words, there are atoms in each one of us that hav been in millions of others, and when we die these atoms return to the earth, and again spring in vegetation, taken up in the leaves of the trees, turned into wood. And yet we hav a church, in the nineteenth century, getting up this doctrin, presided over by professors, by presidents of colleges, and by theologians, who tell us that they believe in the resurrection of the body.

They know better. There is not one so ignorant as not to know better.

THE JUDGMENT-DAY.

And what is the next thing? "And in a final judgment." It will be a set day. All of us will be there, and the thousands, and millions, and billions, and trillions, and quadrillions that hav died will be there. It will be the day of judgment, and the books will be opened, and our case will be called. Does anybody believe in that now that has got the slightest sense?—one who knows enough "to chew gum without a string?" "The issues of which are everlasting punishment for the wicked and everlasting life for the redeemed." That is the doctrin to-day of the Congregational church, and that is the doctrin that I oppose. That is the doctrin that I defy and deny.

MOHAMMED.

But I must hasten on. Now, this comes to us after all the discussion that has been, and we are told that this religion is finally to conquer this world. This is the same religion that failed to successfully meet the hordes of Mohammed. Mohammed wrested from the disciples of the cross the fairest part of Europe. It was known that he was an impostor. They knew he was, because the people of Mecca said so, and they knew that Christ was not, because the people of Jerusalem said he was. This impostor wrested from the disciples of Christ the fairest part of Europe, and that fact sowed the seeds of distrust and Infidelity in the minds of the Christian world. And the next was an effort to rescue from the Infidels the empty sepulcher of Christ. That commenced in the eleventh century and ended in 1291. Europe was almost depopulated. For every man who owed a debt, the debt was discharged if he put a cross upon his breast and joined the Crusades. No matter what crime he had committed, the doors of the prison were opened for him to join the Crusades. And what was the result? They believed that God would giv them victory over the Infidel, and they carried in front of the first crusade a goat and a goose, believing that both those animals had been blessed by the indwelling of the Holy Ghost. And I may say that those same animals are in the lead to-day in the orthodox world. Until 1291 they endeavored to get that sepulcher, until finally the hosts of Christ were driven back baffled, beaten, and demoralized—a poor, miserable, religious rabble. They were driven back, and that fact sowed the seeds of distrust in Christendom. You know at that time the world believed in trial by battle—that God would take the side of right—and there had been a trial by battle between the Cross and Mohammed, and Mohammed had been victorious.

HOW ART WAS SAVED.

Well, what was the next? You know when Christianity came into power it destroyed every statue it could lay its ignorant hands upon. It defaced and obliterated every painting; it destroyed every beautiful building; it destroyed the manuscripts both Greek and Latin; it destroyed all the history, all the poetry, all the philosophy, it could find, and burnt every library that it could reach with its torch. And the result was the night of the Middle Ages fell upon the human race. But by accident, by chance, by oversight, a few of the manuscripts escaped the fury of religious zeal; a few statues had been buried, and the result was that these manuscripts became the seed the fruit of which is our civilization of to-day. A few forms of beauty were dug from the earth that had protected them, and now the civilized world is filled with art, with painting, and with statuary, in spite of the rage of the early church.

THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

What is the next blow that this church received? The discovery of America. That is the next. The Holy Ghost who inspired men to write the Bible did not know of the existence of this continent—never dreamed of it; the result was that his Bible never spoke of it. He did not dream that the earth is round. He believed it was flat, although he made it himself, and at that time heaven was just up there beyond the clouds. There was where the gods lived; there was where the angels were; and it was against that heaven that Jacob's ladder rested that the angels ascended and descended. It was to that heaven that Christ ascended after his resurrection. It was up there where the New Jerusalem was with its streets of gold, and under this earth was perdition; there was where the devils lived; there was where a pit was dug for all unbelievers, and for men who had brains; and I say that for this reason: That just in proportion that you hav brains, just in that proportion your chances for eternal joy are lessened, according to this religion. And just in proportion that you lack brains, your chances in proportion are increased. They believe under there that they discovered America. They found that the earth is round. It was circumnavigated by Magellan. In 1519 that brave man set sail. The church told him: "The earth is flat, my friend; don't go off. You will go off the edge." Magellan said: "I hav seen the shadow of the earth upon the moon, and I hav more confidence in the shadow even than I hav in the church." The ship went round. The earth was circumnavigated. Science passed its hand above it and beneath it, and where was the heaven and where was the hell? Vanished forever! And they dwell now only in the religion of superstition. We found there was no place for Jacob's ladder to lean against; no place there for the gods and angels to liv; no place there to empty the water of the deluge; no place there to which Christ could hav ascended; and the foundations of the New Jerusalem crumbled, and the towers and domes fell and became simple space—space sown with an infinit number of stars; not with New Jerusalems, but with constellations.

FIGHTING COPERNICUS.

Then man began to grow great, and with that, you know, came astronomy. Now just see what they did in that. In 1473 Copernicus was born. In 1543 his great work. In 1616 the system of Copernicus was condemned by the pope, by the infallible Catholic church, and the church is about as near right upon that subject as upon any other. The system of Copernicus was denounced. And how long do you suppose the church fought that? Let me tell you. It was revoked by Pius VII. in the year of grace 1821. For 205 years after the death of Copernicus, the church insisted that that system was false, and that the old idea was true. Astronomy is the first help that we ever received from heaven. Then came Kepler in 1609, and you may almost date the birth of science from the night that Kepler discovered his first law. That was the dawn of the day of intelligence—his first law, that the planets do not move in circles; his second law, that they described equal spaces in equal times; his third law, that there was a direct relation between weight and velocity. That man gave us a key to heaven. That man opened this infinit book, and we now read it, and he did more good than all the theologians that ever lived. I hav not time to speak of the others—of Galileo, of Leonardo da Vinci, and of hundreds of others that I could mention.

SPECIAL PROVIDENCES.

The next thing that gave this church a blow was statistics. Away went special providence. We found by taking statistics that we could tell the average length of human life; that this human life did not depend upon infinit caprice; that it depended upon conditions, circumstances, laws, and facts, and that those conditions, circumstances, and facts were ever activ. And now you will see the man who depends entirely upon special providence gets his life insured. He has more confidence even in one of these companies than he has in the whole trinity. We found by statistics that there were just so many crimes on an average committed; just so many crimes of one kind and so many of another; just so many suicides, so many deaths by drowning, just so many accidents on an average, just so many men marrying women, for instance, older than themselvs; just so many murders of a particular kind; just the same number of accidents; and I say to-night, statistics utterly demolish the idea of special providence. Only the other day a gentleman was telling me of a case of special providence. He knew it. He had been the subject of it. Yes, sir! A few years ago he was about to go on a ship, when he was detained, he didn't go, and the ship was lost and all on board. Yes! I said, "Do you think the fellows that were drowned believed in special providence?" Think of the infinit egotism of such a doctrin. Here is a man that fails to go upon a ship with five hundred passengers, and they go down to the bottom of the sea—fathers, mothers, children, and loving husbands and wives waiting upon the shores of expectation. Here is one poor little wretch that didn't happen to go! And he thinks that God, the infinit being, interfered in his poor little withered behalf, and let the rest all go. That is special providence!

THANKSGIVING.

You know we hav a custom every year of issuing a proclamation of thanksgiving. We say to God, "Although you hav afflicted all the other countries, although you hav sent war, and desolation, and famin on everybody else, we hav been such good children that you hav been kind to us, and we hope you will keep on." It don't make a bit of difference whether we hav good times or not—not a bit; the thanksgiving is always exactly the same. I remember a few years ago a governor of Iowa got out a proclamation of that kind. He went on to tell how thankful the people were, how prosperous the state had been; and there was a young fellow in that state who got out another proclamation saying: Fearing that the Lord might be misled by official correspondence, he went on to say that the governor's proclamation was entirely false; that the state was not prosperous; that the crops had been an almost entire failure; that nearly every farm in the state was mortgaged; that

if the Lord did not believe him, all he asked: He would send some angel in whom he had confidence, to look the matter over for himself.

Of course I hav not time to recount the enemies of the church. Every fact is an enemy of superstition. Every fact is a heretic. Every demonstration is an Infidel. Everything that ever happened testified against the supernatural.

I hav only spoken of a few of the blows that shattered the shield and shivered the lance of superstition. Here is another one—the doctrin of Charles Darwin. This century will be called Darwin's century, one of the greatest men who ever touched this globe. He has explained more of the phenomena of life than all of the religious teachers. Write the name of Charles Darwin there (on the one hand) and the name of every theologian that ever lived there (on the other hand), and from that name has come more light to the world than from all those. His doctrin of evolution, his doctrin of the survival of the fittest, his doctrin of the origin of species, has removed in every thinking mind the last vestige of orthodox Christianity. He has not only stated but he has demonstrated that the inspired writer knew nothing of this world, nothing of the origin of man, nothing of geology, nothing of astronomy, nothing of nature; that the Bible is a book written by ignorance—by the instigation of fear! Think of the men who replied to him. Only a few years ago there was no parson too ignorant to successfully answer Charles Darwin; and the more ignorant he was the more cheerfully he undertook the task. He was held up to the ridicule, the scorn, and the contempt of the Christian world, and yet, when he died, England was proud to put his dust with that of her noblest and her grandest. Charles Darwin conquered the intellectual world, and the doctrin of evolution is now an accepted fact. His light has broken in on some of the early clergy and the greatest man who to-day occupies the pulpit is a believer in the evolution theory of Charles Darwin—and that is Henry Ward Beecher—a man of more brains than the entire clergy of that entire church put together. And yet we are told in this little creed that orthodox religion is about to conquer the world. It will be driven to the wilds of Africa. It must go to some savage country; it has lost its hold upon civilization, and I tell you it is unfortunate to hav a religion that cannot be accepted by the intellect of a nation. It is unfortunate to hav a religion against which every good and noble heart protests. Let us hav a good one or none. Oh! my pity has been excited by seeing these ministers endeavor to warp and twist the passages of scripture to fit some demonstration in science.

These pious evasions! These solemn pretenses! When they are caught in one way they giv a different meaning to the words and say the world was not made in six days. They say, "good whiles"—epochs. And in this same confession here of faith and creeds they believe the Lord's day is holy—every seventh day. Suppose you lived near the North Pole where the day is three months long. Then which day will you keep? Suppose you could get to the North Pole you could prevent Sunday from ever overtaking you. You could walk around the other way faster than the world could revolve. How would you keep Sunday then? Suppose we ever invent anything that can go 1,000 miles an hour? We can just chase Sunday clear around the globe. Is there anything that can be more perfectly absurd than that a space of time can be holy! You might as well talk about a pious vacuum. These pious evasions I heard the other night from an old man. He was not very well educated, you know, and he got into the notion that he must hav reading of the Bible and hav family worship; and there was a bad boy in the family—a pretty smart boy—and they were reading the Bible by course, and in the fifteenth of Corinthians is this passage: "Behold, brethren, I show you a mystery; we shall not all die, but we shall be changed." And this boy rubbed out the c in the "changed." So the next night the old man got on his specs and got down his Bible and said: "Behold, brethren, I show you a mystery; we shall not all die, but we shall be hanged." The old lady said, "Father, I don't think it reads that way." He says, "Who is reading this? Yes, mother, it says be hanged, and, more than that, I see the sense of it. Pride is the besetting sin of the human heart, and if there is anything calculated to take the pride out of a man it is hanging."

I keep going back to this book; I keep going back to the miracles, to the prophecies, to the fables, and people ask me if I take away the Bible what are we going to do? How can we get along without the revelation that no one understands? What are we going to do if we hav no Bible to quarrel about? What are we to do without hell? What are we going to do with our enemies? What are we going to do with the people we love but don't like? They tell me that there never would hav been any civilization if it had not been for this Bible. Um! The Jews had a Bible; the Romans had not. Which had the greater and the grander government? Let us be honest. Which of those nations produced the greatest poets, the greatest soldiers, the greatest orators, the greatest statesmen, the greatest sculptors? Rome had no Bible. God cared nothing for the Roman empire. He let the men come up by chance. His time was taken up by the Jewish people. And yet Rome conquered the world, and even conquered God's chosen people. The people that had the Bible were defeated by the people who had not. How was it possible for Lucretius to get along without the Bible? How did the great and glorious of that empire get along without it? And what shall we say of Greece? No Bible. Compare Athens with Jerusalem. From Athens comes the beauty and intellectual grace of the world. Compare the mythology of Greece with the mythology of Judea. One covering the earth with beauty and the other filling heaven with hatred and injustice. The Hindoos had no Bible; they had been forsaken by the creator, and yet they became the greatest metaphysicians of the world. Egypt had no Bible. Compare even Egypt with Judea. What are we to do without the Bible? What became of the Jews who had the Bible? Their temple was destroyed and their city was taken; and, as I said before, they never found real prosperity until their God deserted them. Now I come again to the New Testament. There are a few things in there, I giv you my word, I cannot believe I cannot believe in the miraculous origin of Jesus Christ. I believe he was the son of Joseph and Mary; that Joseph and Mary had been duly and legally married, that he was the legitimate offspring of that marriage, and nobody ever believed the contrary until he had been dead one hundred and fifty years. Neither Matthew, Mark, nor Luke ever dreamed that he was of divine origin. He did not say to either Matthew, Mark, or Luke, or to any one in their hearing, that he was the son of God, or that he was miraculously conceived. He did not say it. The angel Gabriel, who, they say, brought the news, never wrote a word upon the subject. His mother never wrote a word upon the subject. His father never wrote a word upon the subject. We are lacking in the matter of witnesses. I would not believe it now; I cannot believe it then. I would not believe people I know, much less would I believe people I don't know. I say that at that time Matthew, Mark, and Luke believed that he was the son of Joseph and Mary. And why? They say he descended from the blood of David, and in order to show that he was of the blood of David they gave the genealogy of Joseph. And if Joseph was not his father, why not giv the genealogy of Pontius Pilate or of Herod. Could they, by giving the genealogy of Joseph, show that he was of the blood of David if Joseph was in no way related to David: and yet that is the position into which the Christian world is now driven. It says the son of Joseph, and then interpolated the words "as was supposed." Why then do they giv a supposed genealogy. It will not do. And that is a thing that cannot in any way by any human testimony be established; and if it is important for us to know that he was the son of God I say then that it devolves upon God to giv us evidence. Let him write it across the face of the heavens, in every language of mankind. If it is necessary for us to believe it let it grow on every leaf next year. No man should be damned for not believing unless the evidence is overwhelming. And he ought not to be made to depend upon say so. He should hav it directly for himself. A man says God told him so and so, and he tells me, and I havn't any one's word but that fellow's. He may hav been deceived. If God has a message for me he ought to tell it to me, and not to somebody that has been dead 4,000 or 5,000 years, and in another language. God may hav changed his mind on many things; he has on slavery at least, and polygamy; and yet his church now wants to go out here and destroy polygamy in Utah with the sword. Why don't they send missionaries there with copies of the Old Testament? By reading the lives of Abraham, and Isaac, and Lot, and a few other fellows that ought to hav been in the penitentiary, they can soften their hearts.

CHRIST'S MIRACLES.

Now, there is another miracle I do not believe. I want to speak about it as we would about any ordinary transaction in the world. In the first place, I do not believe that any miracle was ever performed, and if there was you can't prove it. Why? Because it is altogether more reasonable that the people lied about it than that it happened. And why? Because according to human experience we know that people will not always tell the truth, and we never saw a miracle, and we hav got to be governed by our experience, and if we go by our experience it is in favor that the thing never happened; that the man is mistaken. Now, I want you to remember it. Here is a man that comes into Jerusalem, and the first thing he does he cures the blind. He lets the light of day visit the darkness of blindness. The eyes are opened and the whole world is again pictured upon the brain. Another man is clothed with leprosy. He touches him and the disease falls from him, and he stands pure and clean, and whole. Another man is deformed, wrinkled, bent. He touches him and throws upon him again the garment of youth. A man is in his grave, and he says, "Come forth!" And he again walks in life, feeling his heart throb and beat, and his blood going joyously through his veins. They say that happened. I don't know. There is one wonderful thing about the dead people that were raised—we don't hear of them any more. What became of them? Why, if there was a man in this town that had been raised from the dead I would go to see him to-night. I would say, "Where were you when you got the notice to come back? What kind of country is it? What kind of opening is there for a young man? How did you like it?" But nobody ever paid the slightest attention to them there. They didn't even excite interest when they died the second time. Nobody said, "Why, that man isn't afraid. He has been there." Not a word. They pass away quietly. You see I don't believe it. There is something wrong somewhere about that business. And then there is another trouble in my mind. Now you know I may suffer eternal punishment for all this.

Here is a man that does all these things, and thereupon they crucify him. Now, then, let us be honest. Suppose a man came into Chigago and he should meet a funeral procession, and he should say, "Who is dead?" and they should say, "The son of a widow; her only support," and he should say to the procession, "Halt!" And to the undertaker, "Take out that coffin, unscrew that lid." "Young man, I say unto thee, arise!" And the latter should step from the coffin and in one moment after hold his mother in his arms. Suppose he should go to your cemetery and should find some woman holding a little child in each hand, while the tears fell upon a new-made grave, and he should say to her, "Who lies buried here?" and she should reply, "My husband," and he should say, "I say unto thee, O grave, giv up thy dead!" and the husband should rise and in a moment after hav his lips upon his wife's and the little children with their arms around his neck. Suppose that it is so. Do you think that the people of Chicago would kill him? Do you think anyone would wish to crucify him? Do you not rather believe that everyone who had a loved one out in that cemetery would go to him even upon their knees and beg him and implore him to giv back their dead? Do you believe that any man was ever crucified who was the master of death? Let me tell you to-night if there shall ever appear upon this earth the master, the monarch of death, all human knees will touch the earth; he will not be crucified; he will not be touched. All the living who fear death; all the living who hav lost a loved one will stand and cling to him. And yet we are told that this worker of miracles, this worker of wonders, this man who could clothe the dead in the throbbing flesh of life, was crucified by the Jewish people. It was never dreamed that he did a miracle until one hundred years after he was dead.

THE RESURRECTION.

There is another miracle I do not believe—I cannot believe it—and that is the resurrection. And why? If it was the fact, if the dead got out of the grave, why did he not show himself to his enemies? Why did he not again visit Pontius Pilate? Why did he not call upon Caiaphas, the high priest? Why did he not make another triumphal entry into Jerusalem? Why did he not again enter the temple and dispute with the doctors? Why didn't he say to the multitude, "Here are the wounds in my feet, and in my hands, and in my side. I am the one you endeavored to kill, but death is my slave?" Why didn t he? Simply because the thing never happened. I can not believe it. But recollect, it makes no difference with his teachings. They are exactly as good whether he wrought miracles or not. Twice two are four; that needs no miracle. Twice two are five; a miracle would not help that. Christ's teachings are worth their effect upon the human race. It makes no difference about miracle or about wonder, but you must remember in that day everyone believed in miracles. Nobody had any standing as a teacher, a philosopher, a governor, or a king, about whom there was not something miraculous. The earth was then covered with the sons and daughters of the gods and goddesses. That was believed in Greece, in Rome, in Egypt, in Hindostan; everybody, nearly, believed in such things.

Then there is another miracle that I cannot believe in, and that is the ascension—the bodily ascension of Jesus Christ. Where was he going? Since the telescope has been pointed at the stars, where was he going? The new Jerusalem is not there. The abode of the gods is not there. Where was he going? Which way did he go? That depends upon the time of day that he left. If he left in the night he went exactly the opposit way from what he would in the day. Who saw this miracle? They say the disciples. Let us see what they say about it. Matthew did not think it was worth mentioning. He doesn't speak of it at all. On the contrary he says that the last words of Christ were: "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." That is what he says. Mark, he saw it. "So, then, after the Lord had spoken unto them he was received up into heaven and sat on the right hand of God." That is all he has to say about the most wonderful thing that ever blessed human vision—about a miracle great enough to hav stuffed credulity to bursting; and yet we hav one poor, little meager verse. So, then, after he had quit speaking, he was caught up and sat on the right hand of God. How does he know he was on the right hand? Did he see him after he had sat down? Luke says: "And it came to pass while he blessed them he was parted from them and was carried up into heaven." But John does not mention it. He givs as his last words this address to Peter: "Follow thou me." Of course he did not say that as he ascended. In the Acts we hav another account. A conversation is given not spoken of in any of the others, and we find there two men clad in white apparel, who said: "Men of Galilee, why stand ye here gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus that was taken up into heaven shall so come in like manner as ye hav seen him go into heaven." Matthew didn't see that; Mark forgot it; Luke didn't think it was worth mentioning, and John didn't believe it, and yet upon that evidence we are led to believe that the most miraculous of all miracles actually occurred. I cannot believe it.

CASTING OUT FITS.

I may be mistaken, but the church is now trying to parry, and when they come to the little miracles of the New Testament all they say is, "Christ didn t cast out devils; these men had fits." He cured fits. Then I read in another place about the fits talking. Christ held a dialog with the fits, and the fits told him his name, and the fits at that time were in a crazy man. And the fits made a contract that they would go out of the man provided they would be permitted to go into swine. How can fits that attack a man take up a residence in swine? The church must not giv up the devil. He is the right bower. No devil, no hell; no hell, no preach; no fire, no insurance. I read another miracle, that this devil took Christ and put him on the pinnacle of a temple. Was that fits, too? Why is not the theological world honest? Why do they not come up and admit what they know the book means? They hav not the courage.

NECESSITY OF BELIEF.

Now, their next doctrin is the absolute necessity of belief. That depends upon this: Can a man believe as he wants to? Can you? Can anybody? Does belief depend at all upon the evidence? I think it does somewhat in some cases. How is it that when a jury is sworn to try a case, hearing all the evidence, hearing both sides, hearing the charge of the judge, hearing the law, and upon their oaths equally divided, six for the plaintiff and six for the defendant? It is because evidence does not hav the same effect on all people. Why? Our brains are not alike—not the same shape; we hav not the same intelligence or the same experience, the same sense. And yet I am held accountable for my belief. I must believe in the trinity—three times one is one, once one is three—and my soul is to be eternally damned for failing to guess an arithmetical conundrum. And that is the poison part of Christianity—that salvation depends upon belief—that is the poison part, and until that dogma is discarded, religion will be nothing but superstition. No man can control his belief. If I hear certain evidence I will believe a certain thing. If I fail to hear it I may never believe it. If it is adapted to my mind I may accept it; if it is not I reject it. And what am I to go by? My brain. That is the only light I hav from Nature, and if there be a God it is the only torch that this God has given me by which to find my way through the dark and the night called life. I do not depend upon hearsay for that. I do not hav to take the word of any other man nor get upon my knees before a book. Here in the temple of the mind I go and consult the god—that is to say, my reason—and the oracle speaks to me, and I obey the oracle. What should I obey? Another man's oracle? Shall I take another man's word, and not what he thinks, but what some God said to him?

WOULDN'T KNOW A GOD.

I would not know a god if I should see one. I hav said before, and I say again, the brain thinks in spite of me, and I am not responsible for my thought. No more can I control the beating of my heart, the expansion and contraction of my lungs for a moment; no more can I stop the blood that flows through the rivers of the veins. And yet I am held responsible for my belief. Then why does not the god giv me the evidence? They say he has? In what? In an inspired book. But I do not understand it as they do. Must I be false to my understanding? They say, "When you come to die you will be sorry if you did not." Will I be sorry when I come to die that I did not liv a hypocrit? Will I be sorry I did not say I was a Christian when I was not? Will the fact that I was honest put a thorn in the pillow of death? God cannot forgiv me for that. They say that when he was in Jerusalem he forgave his murderers. Now he won't forgiv an honest man for differing with him on the subject of the trinity. They say that God says to me, "Forgiv your enemies." I say, "All right; I do," but he says, "I will damn mine." God should be consistent. If he wants me to forgiv my enemies, he should forgiv his. I am asked to forgiv enemies who can hurt me. God is only asked to forgiv enemies who cannot hurt him. He certainly ought to be as generous as he asks us to be. And I want no God to forgiv me unless I am willing to forgiv others and unless I do forgiv others. All I ask if that be true is that this God should liv according to his own doctrin. If I am to forgiv my enemies I ask him to forgiv his. That is justice, that is right. Here are these millions to-day who say, "We are to be saved by belief, by faith;" but what are we to believe?

HE HAS BEEN IN ST. LOUIS.

In St. Louis last Sunday I read an interview with a Christian minister, one who is now holding a revival. They call him the boy preacher—a name that he has borne for fifty or sixty years. The question was whether in these revivals, when they were trying to rescue souls from eternal torture, they would allow colored people to occupy seats with white people, and that revivalist, preaching the unsearchable richness of Christ, said he would not allow the colored people to sit with white people; they must go to the back of the church. The same people go and sit right next to them in heaven, swap harps with them; and yet this man, believing, as he says he does, that if he did not believe in the Lord Jesus Christ he would eternally perish, was not willing that the colored man should sit by a white man while he heard the gospel of everlasting peace. He was not willing that the colored man should get into the life-boat of Christ, although there was plenty of room; he would not let them get into the boat with white men, although those white men might be totally depraved, and if they had justice done them, according to his doctrin, would be eternally damned—and yet he has the impudence to put on airs, although he ought to be eternally damned, and go and sit by the colored man. His doctrin of religion, the color-line, has not my respect. I believe in the religion of humanity, and it is far better to love our fellowmen that to love God, because we can help them, and we can-

not help him. You had better do what you can than to be always pretending to do what you cannot.

ETERNAL PUNISHMENT.

Now I come to the last part of this Bible—this creed—and that is, eternal punishment, and I hav concluded; and I hav said I will never deliver a lecture that I do not giv the full benefit of its name. That part of the Congregational creed would disgrace the lowest savage that crouches and crawls in the jungles of Africa. The man who now, in the nineteenth century, preaches the doctrin of eternal punishment, the doctrin of eternal hell, has lived in vain. Think of that doctrin! The eternity of punishment! Why, I find in that same creed that Christ is finally going to triumph in this world and establish his kingdom; but if their doctrin is true he will never triumph in the other world. He will hav billions in hell forever. In this world we never will be perfectly civilized as long as a gallows casts its shadow upon the earth. As long as there is a penitentiary behind the walls of which a human being is immured, we are not a civilized people. We will never be perfectly civilized until we do away with crime and criminals. And yet according to this Christian religion God is to hav an eternal penitentiary; he is to be an everlasting jailor, an everlasting turnkey, a warden of an infinit dungeon, and he is going to keep prisoners there, not for the purpose of reforming them—because they are never going to get any better, only getting worse—just for the purpose of punishing them. And what for? For something they did in this world; born in ignorance, educated it may be in poverty, and yet responsible through the countless ages of eternity. No man can think of a greater horror; no man can think of a greater absurdity. For the growth of that doctrin ignorance was soil and fear was rain. That doctrin came from the fanged mouths of wild beasts, and yet it is the "glad tidings of great joy."

GREAT AND GOOD MEN IN HELL.

"God so loved the world" he is going to damn most everybody, and, if this Christian religion be true, some of the greatest, and grandest, and best who ever lived upon this earth are suffering its torments to-night. It don't appear to make much difference, however, with this church. They go right on enjoying themselvs as well as ever. If their doctrin is true, Benjamin Franklin, one of the wisest and best of men, who did so much to giv us here a free government, is suffering the tyranny of God to-night, while he endeavored to establish freedom among men. If the churches were honest their preachers would tell their hearers: "Benjamin Franklin is in hell, and we warn any and all the youth not to imitate Benjamin Franklin. Thomas Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of Independence, with its self-evident truths, has been damned these many years." That is what all the ministers ought to hav the courage to say. Talk as you believe. Stand by your creed or change it. I want to impress it upon your mind, because the thing I wish to do in this world is to put out the fires of hell. I want to keep at it just as long as there is one little coal red in the bottomless pit. As long as the ashes are warm I shall denounce this infamous doctrin. I want you to know that the men who founded this great and glorious government are there. The most of the men who fought in the Revolutionary war and wrested from the clutch of Great Britain this continent hav been rewarded by the eternal wrath of God. The old Revolutionary soldiers are in hell by the thousands. Let the preachers hav the courage to say so. The men who fought in 1812 and gave to the United States the freedom of the seas, nearly all of them hav been damned since 1815—all that were killed. The greatest of heroes, they are there. The greatest of poets, the greatest scientist, the men who hav made the world beautiful and grand, they are all, I tell you, among the damned if this creed is true. Humboldt, who shed light, and who added to the intellectual wealth of mankind; Goethe, and Schiller, and Lessing, who almost created the German language—all gone! All suffering the wrath of God to-night, and every time an angel thinks of one of those men he givs his harp an extra twang. Laplace, who read the heavens like an open book—he is there. Robert Burns, the poet of human love—he is there because he wrote the "Prayer of Holy Willie;" because he fastened upon the cross the Presbyterian creed, and made it a lingering crucifixion. And yet that man added to the tenderness of the human heart. Dickens, who put a shield of pity before the flesh of childhood—God is getting even with him. Our own Ralph Waldo Emerson, although he had a thousand opportunities to hear Methodist clergymen, scorned the means of grace, and the Holy Ghost is delighted that he is in hell to-night.

Longfellow refined hundreds and thousands of homes, but he did not believe in the miraculous origin of the savior. No, sir; he doubted the report of Gabriel. He loved his fellowmen; he did what he could to free the slaves; he did what he could to make mankind happy; but God was just waiting for him. He had his constable right there. Thomas Paine, the author of the "Rights of Man," offering his life in both hemispheres for the freedom of the human race, and one of the founders of the republic—it has often seemed to me that if we could get God's attention long enough to point him to the American flag, he would let him out. Comte, the author of the "Positiv Philosophy," who loved his fellow-men to that degree that he made of humanity a god, who wrote his great work in poverty, with his face covered with tears—they are getting their revenge on him now. Voltaire, who abolished torture in France; who did more for human liberty than any other man, living or dead, who was the assassin of superstition, and whose dagger still rusts in the heart of Catholicism—all the priests who hav been translated hav their happiness increased by looking at Voltaire. Glorious country, where the principal occupation is watching the miseries of the lost! Giordani Bruno, Benedict Spinoza, Diderot, the encyclopedist, who endeavored to get all knowledge in a small compass so that he could put the peasant on an equality with the prince, intellectually, the man who wished to sow all over the world the seeds of knowledge; who loved to labor for mankind While the priests wanted to burn, he did all he could to put out the fire—he has been lost long, long ago. His cry for water has become so common that his voice is now recognized through all the realms of hell, and they say to one another, "That is Diderot" David Hume, the philosopher, he is there with the rest. Beethoven, the Shakspere of music, he has been lost; and Wagner, the master of melody, and who has made the air of this world rich forever, he is there, and they hav better music in hell than in heaven. Shelley, whose soul, like his own Skylark, was a winged joy—he has been damned for many, many years; and Shakspere, the greatest of the human race, who has done more to elevate mankind than all the priests who ever lived and died, he is there; and all the founders of inquisitions, the builders of dungeons, the makers of chains, the inventors of instruments of torture, tearers and burners and branders of human flesh, stealers of babes and sellers of husbands and wives and children, the drawers of the swords of persecution, and they who kept the horizon lurid with the fagots flame for a thousand years—they are in heaven to-night. Well, I wish heaven joy in such company.

OBJECTIONS TO FAITH.

And that is the doctrin with which we are polluting the souls of children. That is the doctrin that puts a fiend by their dying bed and a prophecy of hell over every cradle. That is "glad tidings of great joy." Only a little while ago, when the great flood came upon the Ohio, sent by him who is ruling in the world and paying particular attention to the affairs of nations, just in the gray of the morning they saw a house floating down, and on its top a human being; and a few men went out to the rescue in a little boat, and they found there a mother, a woman, and they wanted to rescue her, and she said: "No; I am going to stay where I am. I hav three dead babes in this house." Think of a love so limitless, stronger and deeper than despair and death, and yet the Christian religion says that if that woman did not happen to believe in their creed, God would send that mother's soul to eternal fire. If there is another world, and if in heaven they wear hats, when such a woman climbs up the opposit bank of the Jordan, Christ should lift his to her.

MISSIONARIES.

That is the trouble I had with this Christian religion, its infinit heartlessness; and I cannot tell them too often that during our last war Christians who knew that if they were shot they would go right to heaven went and hired wicked men to take their places, perfectly willing the men should go to hell provided they could stay at home. You see they are not honest in it, they do not believe it, or, as the people say, "they don't sense it," they hav not religion enough to conceive what it is they believe and what a terrific falsehood they assert. And I beg of every one who hears me to-night, I beg, I implore, I beseech you never giv another dollar to build a church in which that lie is preached. Never giv another cent to send a missionary with his mouth stuffed with that falsehood to a foreign land. Why, they say, the heathen will go to heaven any way if you let them alone; what is the use of sending them to hell by enlightening them? Let them alone. The idea of going and telling a man a thing that if he does not believe he will be damned, when the chances are ten to one that he won't believe it. Don't tell him, and as quick as he gets to the other world and finds it is necessary to believe he will say "yes." Giv him a chance. My objection to the Christian religion is that it destroys human love, and tells you and me that the love of your dear ones is not necessary in this world to make a heaven in the next. No matter about your wife, your children, your brother, your sister—no matter about all the affections of the human heart—when you get there you will be along with the angels. I don't know whether I would like the angels? I don't know whether the angels would like me. I would rather stand by the folks who hav loved me and whom I know; and I can conceive of no heaven without the loved of this earth. That is the trouble with this Christian religion; leave your father, leave your mother, leave your wife, leave your children, leave everything and follow Jesus Christ. I will not. I will stay with the folks I will not sacrifice on the altar of a selfish fear all the grandest and noblest promptings of my heart. You do away with human love, and what are we without it? What would we be in another world, and what would we be here without it? Can any one conceive of music without human love? Human love builds every home—human love is the author of all the beauty in this world. Love paints every picture, and chisels every statue; love, I tell you, builds every fireside. What could heaven be without love? And yet that is what we are promised—a heaven with your wife lost, your mother lost, some of your children gone. And you expect to be made happy by falling in with some angel. Such a religion is demoralizing.

And how are you to get there? On the efforts of another. You are to be perpetually a heavenly pauper, and you will hav to admit through all eternity that you never would hav got there if you hadn't got frightened. "I am here," you will say, "I hav these wings, I hav this musical instrument, because I was scared." What a glorious world! And then think of it—no reformation in the next world—not the slightest. If you die in Arkansas, that is the end of you. At the end you will be told that, being born in Arkansas, you had a fair chance. Think of telling a boy in the next world, who lived and died in Delaware, that he had a fair show! Can anything be more infamous? All on an equality—the rich and the poor, those with parents loving them, those with every opportunity for education, on an equality with the poor, the abject, and the ignorant—and this little ray called life, this little moment with a shadow and a tear, this little space between your mother's arms and the grave, that balances an entire eternity. And God can do nothing for you when you get there. A little Methodist preacher can do more for the soul here than its creator can when you get there. The soul goes to heaven, where there is nothing but good society; no bad examples; and they are all there, father, son, and holy ghost, and yet they can do nothing for that poor unfortunate except to damn him. Is there any sense in that? Why should this be a period of probation? It says in the Bible, I believe, "Now is the accepted time." When does that mean? That means whenever the passage is pronounced. Now is the accepted time. It will be the same to-morrow, won't it? And just as appropriate then as to-day, and, if appropriate at any time, appropriate through all eternity. What I say is this: There is no world—there can be no world—in which every human being will not hav an opportunity of doing right. That is my objection to this Christian religion, and if the love of earth is not the love of heaven, if those who love us here are to be separated there, then I want eternal sleep. Giv me a good cold grave rather than the furnace of Jehovah's wrath. Gabriel, don't blow! Let me alone! If, when the grave bursts, I am not to meet the faces that hav been my sunshine in this life, let me sleep on. Rather than that the doctrin of endless punishment should be true, I would like to see the fabric of our civilization crumble and fall to unmeaning chaos and to formless dust, where oblivion broods and where even memory forgets. I would rather a Samson of some imprisoned force released by chance should so wreck and strain the mighty world that man, in stress and strain of want and fear, should shudderingly crawl back to savage and barbaric night; I would rather that every planet would in its orbit wheel a barren star, than that the Christian religion should be true.

WHAT HE BELIEVES.

I think it is better to love your children than to love God, a thousand times better, because you can help them, and I am inclined to think that God can get along without you. I believe in the religion of the family. I believe that the roof-tree is sacred from the smallest fiber held in the soft, moist clasp of the earth to the little blossom on the topmost bough that givs its fragrance to the happy air. The family where virtue dwells with love is like a lily with a heart of fire—the fairest flower in all this world. And I tell you God cannot afford to damn a man in the next world who has made a happy family in this. God cannot afford to cast over the battlements of heaven the man who has built a happy home here. God cannot afford to be unpitying to a human heart capable of pity. God cannot clothe with fire the man who has clothed the naked here; and God cannot send to eternal pain a man who has done something toward improving the condition of his fellow-man. If he can I had rather go to hell than to heaven and keep the company of such a God.

They tell me the next terrible thing I do is to take the hope of immortality; I do not, I would not, I could not. Immortality was first dreamed of by human love, and yet the church is going to take human love out of immortality. We love, therefore we wish to liv. A loved one dies and we wish to meet again, and from the affection of the human heart grew the great oak of the hope of immortality. And around that oak has climbed the poisonous vine superstition. Theologians, pretenders, soothsayers, parsons, priests, popes, bishops hav taken all that hope, and they hav had the impudence to stand by the grave and prophesy a future of pain. They hav erected their toll-gates on the highway to the other world and hav collected money from the poor people on the way, and they hav collected it from their fear. The church did not giv us the idea of immortality, the Bible did not giv us the idea of immortality; let me tell you now the Old Testament tells you how you lost immortality; it does not say a word about another world from the first mistake in Genesis to the last curse in Malachi. There is not in the Old Testament one burial service.

No man in the Old Testament stands by the dead and says, "I will meet them again"—not one word. From the top of Sinai came no hope of another world. And when we get to the New Testament, what do we find there? "Hav thy heart counted worthy to obtain that world and the resurrection of the dead." As though some would be counted unworthy to obtain the resurrection of the dead. And in another place: "Seek for honor, glory, immortality." If you hav got it, why seek for it. And in another place: "God, who alone hath immortality," and yet they tell us that we get our idea of immortality from the Bible. I deny it. If Christ was in fact God, why didn't he plainly say there was another life. Why didn't he tell us something about it? Why didn't he turn the tear-stained hope of immortality into the glad knowledge of another life?

Why did he go dumbly to his death and leave the world in darkness and in doubt? Why? Because he was a man and didn't know. I would not destroy the smallest star of human hope, but I deny that we got our idea of immortality from the Bible. It existed long before Moses existed. We find it symbolized through all Egypt, through all India. Wherever man has lived his religion has another world in which to meet the lost. It is not born of the Bible. The idea of immortality, like the great sea, has ebbed and flowed in the human heart, beating with its countless waves against the rocks and sands of fate and time. It was not born of the Bible. It was born of the human heart, and it will continue to ebb and flow beneath the mists and clouds of doubt and darkness as long as love kisses the lips of death. We do not know. We do not prophesy a life of pain. We leave the dead with nature, the mother of us all, under a seven-hued bow of hope. Under the seven-hued arch let the dead sleep. "Ah, but you take the consolation of religion." What consolation has religion for the widow of the unbeliever, the widow of a good, brave, kind man who lies dead? What can the orthodox ministers say to relieve the bursting heart of that woman? What can the orthodox ministers say to relieve the aching hearts of the little orphans as they kneel by the grave of that father, if that father didn't happen to be an orthodox Christian? What consolation hav they? I find that when a Christian loses a friend the tears spring from his eyes as quickly as from the eyes of others. Their tears are as bitter as ours. Why? The echo of the promises spoken eighteen hundred years ago is so low, and the sound of the clods upon the coffin so loud, the promises are so far away, and the dead are so near. That is the reason. And they find no consolation there. I say honestly we do not know; we cannot say. We cannot say whether death is a wall or a door; the beginning or end of a day; the spreading of pinions to soar, or the folding forever of wings; whether it is the rising or the setting of a sun, or an endless life that brings rapture and love to every one—we do not know; we cannot say.

AN OLD FABLE.

There is an old fable of Orpheus and Eurydice: Eurydice had been captured and taken to the infernal regions, and Orpheus went after her, taking with him his harp and playing as he went; and when he came to the infernal regions he began to play, and Sisyphus sat down upon the stone that he had been heaving up the side of the mountain for so many years, and which continually rolled back upon him; Ixion paused upon his wheel of fire; Tantalus ceased in his vain efforts for water; the daughters of Danaides left off trying to fill their seives with water; Pluto smiled, and for the first time in the history of hell the cheeks of the Furies were wet with tears; monsters relented and they said, "Eurydice may go with you, but you must not look back." So he again threaded the caverns, playing as he went, and as he again reached the light he failed to hear the footsteps of Eurydice, and he looked back and in a moment she was gone. This old fable givs to us the idea of the perpetual effort to rescue truth from the clutches of monsters. Some time Orpheus will not look back. Some day Eurydice will reach the blessed light, and at some time there will fade from the memory of men the superstition of religion.

Felix Adler and King Christern.

In his concluding lecture on "Tenement-House Reform," on Sunday last, Felix Adler was speaking of governmental aid. He said people had a sentiment of aversion to it, which was a reaction in consequence of the intermeddling of governments in times past with things in which they had no right to interfere. Among other interferences he mentioned a decree of King Christern, of Denmark, which prescribed how often the floors of houses should be swept and the tables scrubbed. Now, when we take into consideration that in those days cleanliness was by no means an ordinary virtue, that floors were of earth or stone, and strewn with straw or rushes, in which dirt and vermin accumulated; that table-cloths were unknown, and plates were flat cakes of bread on which the meat was placed, and both bread and meat eaten with the fingers, it is not at all surprising, but very much to the credit of King Christern, that he looked after the ethics of his subjects, just as Dr. Adler is now looking after the ethics of the poor, and decided that the amount of filth endured by his people was prolific of evil, and that he would endeavor to lessen it. King Christern was the forerunner of Dr. Adler in the belief that cleanliness must precede godliness, and that government should aim at the moral as well as the physical interests of the body politic.

ETHICA.

"THE Truth Seeker Annual and Freethinkers Almanac," 25 cents.

A Freethought Romance.

Waifs and Wanderings.

BY SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE LAW, AND NOT THE GOSPEL.

The next day dawned brilliantly, and preparations were made for the great legal contest over the possession of little Bessie. The Stars and Stripes floated placidly upon the winds, as if they felt that no such huge injustice as the surrender of "this property" could take place under their generous folds.

Bolton was in a somewhat battered condition, for Cupples hit him hard; but he was keen and self-reliant.

"I only want my rights," said he, "under the Constitution. This will be a good example, and perhaps the harbinger of peace."

"There is no question of your right, master," said Sandy, with a truly devotional attitude. "This child is yours, and now it is providentially put into your hands."

Sandy, being too lazy to work, had been educated to be a Methodist minister among the slaves, having a very ready tongue; but he found it much more profitable to be the private secretary of his master. The survival, however, of his theological education will be noted in the style of his language.

"There's no way out of it," said Bolton. "They've sworn to support the Union, and the Union guarantees the protection of slave property. They can't deny the ownership, and hence my demand must be granted."

"Legally, he's got us," said Billy Stubbs to Cupples and his crowd. "If we appeal to the Constitution we are in a damned mess. We must stick to common sense and eternal justice, and I believe in a time like this they'll carry the day, though I have my fears of Col. Billy Potter. He's an old army officer, and believes in rules and regulations. He's a martinet—brave as a lion, but as petty in his ideas of government as a French cook. If he decides against us, I don't know what to do, for his will is the power just now. However, I'll try my eloquence."

Col. William Potter, the commander, was just such a soldier as Stubbs depicted. In law he knew nothing beyond precedent. It was impossible for him to appeal to simple common sense, and as for abstract justice, that was something entirely beyond his comprehension.

"We are fighting for the Union," said he, "exactly as it is, and I don't propose to change any of its laws. The sacred right of property must be maintained. Is this child your slave?" said he to Bolton.

"I can prove it easily enough. She is the daughter of Amy Bolton, now living in E——. This child was born to her while in my possession. They escaped a year ago, and I have been unable to reclaim them. Cupples will not deny these facts."

Of course Cupples could not deny them, and so far as the identity of the child was concerned, there could be no question.

"That settles it," said Col. Potter. "She was your property at the time of her birth by the laws of Kentucky. Has anything happened to change that status?"

"I claim there has," said Stubbs. "Col. Bolton is a rebel, and therefore whatever rights he might have had are forfeited."

"I beg your pardon," said Bolton, graciously; "I am not a rebel; I have not yet struck a blow. I am simply waiting to see. In the eyes of the law I am a citizen."

"Are you willing to swear loyalty to the Constitution?" said Stubbs.

"Certainly I am, as I understand it; I am not fighting against the Constitution, only against those who would deprive me of my rights.

"Col. Bolton is right there," said Potter. "No overt act is yet committed, and he is a citizen in good and regular standing. I see no bar to his appeal."

"Do you purpose then," said Stubbs, "to give this little child into his possession?"

"How can I help it? Doesn't the law say I must?"

"The law be damned," said Stubbs. "What does common sense say."

"Common sense has nothing to do with it unless it is law. I have no right to make a law. I must obey it."

"I say you have a right," cried Stubbs. "It's all nonsense to declare that we must obey what's on the books. That's Shylock—give me my bond. Are statute books infallible? Of course not. There's a law behind them, the law of nature, which they help to interpret, and if they don't interpret, then they are false and foolish. The Declaration of Independence is before the Constitution, and we must go by that, and it declares that there are unalienable rights, and every law that violates these rights must be void."

"I never heard of such a thing," broke in Col. Potter. "A law is a law, and that's the end on't with me. Why, you are a worse rebel than Bolton. These are dangerously revolutionary principles."

Billy Stubbs was nonplussed. He saw that he was getting the wrong side of the commanding officer and was thereby endangering his cause. But he had got started and prudence was out of the question, and so he thundered forth:

"Dangerous principles? Everything that's valuable to the world has been dangerous sometime. The Revolution was dangerous, very dangerous. It was entirely opposed to precedent. It paid no regard to the law of the day. There is such a thing as unwritten justice; and to that we should always appeal. No written law ever yet was perfect. It's full of flaws. It oftentimes gives the rascal a vastly better chance than the decent man. Think of giving this little girl up to a fate worse than death, and that beneath the Stars and Stripes. It can't be done; it shan't be done. I know it's the law, but it's a curse for all that, a violation of everything for which we have come forth to fight. I've enlisted for justice and liberty, and so have all of us, and I'd rather do battle for this little girl than for all the constitutions and the laws in the universe; for if party or government exists for anything, it exists for just such a purpose, to see that not a single living soul, however small, is trampled upon. You can't resist this appeal of simple human reason. It would be idiotic and imfamous in this case to do what the mere letter of the law demands. Slavery is bound to shake to its very foundation the Union that we love—and yet in the name of that Union we are called upon to sacrifice this innocent girl to that hideous Moloch."

Everybody, of course, applauded this vigorous speech, but Bolton was still unabashed, and said:

"These are fine sentiments; but sentiment is not law. If law exists, it must be enacted. It is sacred. It is established by the wisdom of the ages. If we unloose from law we are all at sea. Slavery is constitutional. This girl is my property. I claim it. If you resist, where are the rights of property, and upon what can you depend? You don't like it, but our likes and dislikes are not to be the guide, but what is written in the book. This is the only safe way. Give me my rights under the law of the land."

"And then you'll go away and fight us like the devil," cried Stubbs.

"That remains to be seen. So far I have done nothing except talk; and it may all end in talk."

"It won't if this injustice is perpetrated. We'll rebel on the other side."

"Exactly so," cried Bolton. "You want to fight for your rights, and we will do the same. Grant what we ask and we'll give no trouble."

"And we be cowards and sneaks? I guess not," answered Stubbs.

"It's no use to keep up this talk," said Col. William Potter. "There is only one way to decide this, and that is according to law. That's plain enough. The child belongs to Col. Bolton, and it is my duty as a loyal officer of the government to surrender it, and I cheerfully do so. It may be hard for the little girl, but its good for the country. Col. Bolton, you can take the child. It is a pledge of our devotion to the Union."

"I thank you," said Bolton, with sardonic pleasantry. "If the whole North were like you, there'd be no use of fighting. I should like to borrow some shackles to put on this little girl, for she looks as if she might run away."

"You shall have them," said the commanding officer; and under the Stars and Stripes the shackles were put upon the little girl.

"I won't endure it," said Stubbs, and he advanced to strike Bolton to the ground.

"Arrest him, officer of the guard," said Col. Potter, firmly.

"Don't touch me," said Stubbs. "This is no child's play."

"Indeed it isn't," said Potter. "I'm in command. These soldiers must obey me, and I will shoot every one that dares to rebel. Let the troops fall in at once."

The drums beat, and almost as by instinct the brigade was formed.

Law and order were bound to prevail. Stubbs was too keen not to see it, and too much of a diplomat not to yield when he saw there was no hope in opposition. Col. Potter had not a particle of fear, and his iron will was backed up by an undaunted spirit. He would have had Stubbs arrested and shot in an hour if he had persisted in any attempt at rescue; and although every soldier was indignant, yet such was the force of custom that they submitted to the cruel act.

"It's no use," said Stubbs to Cupples. "I must back down. Common sense has a mighty poor show when law and order are on the other side. I must swallow my indignation and shout for the Union and fall in with the rest. Spite of all, we have to do as the world bids, be it ever so foolish or wrong. I wasn't born for a martyr, and so I'll shake hands with the powers that be."

"I won't," said Cupples. "Bessie shall not be taken away." He made a dash at Bolton and grasped Bessie in his arms. But what was the use? He was overwhelmed in a moment, flung bleeding upon the ground, manacled, and dragged to the guard-house.

Bolton and Sandy rode triumphantly away with Bessie in their possession. The white flag of truce went with them and melted in the twilight as they disappeared from view.

Scarcely were they gone, when deep thunders were heard far away. A dusty messenger came riding in. The long roll was sounded. Instantly the battalions were in motion. The tents were struck. A long night's march was before the excited troops. Cupples was released and fell in with his company. Ardently he longed for battle, that somehow he might escape the awful agony that racked him like a fever.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Facts and Fallacies in Regard to the New Testament

When and where do saints obtain their reward?

There is no greater fallacy than the Christian faith and theory, alleged to be taught by the New Testament, that at death the immortal soul, the real person, goes to reward or punishment. Immortality of the soul is not taught either in the Old or New Testament.

We again call attention to the fact the word "soul," or rather the Hebrew and Greek from which it is translated, occurs in the Bible 873 times—768 times in the Old Testament, and 105 times in the New Testament.

The word rendered "spirit" occurs 827 times—442 times in the Old Testament, and 385 times in the New Testament.

Aggregate use of the words "soul" and "spirit" 1,700 times yet never once do we find either word qualified or preceded with the word "deathless," "immortal," or "never-dying." Why?

If Christian doctrin is true, why does the Bible, in 1,700 times, referring to soul or spirit, never once speak of immortal soul, immortal spirit, never-dying soul, never-dying spirit, or use any words that can possibly be construed to hav any such meaning? These terms abound in sermons, song and hymn-books, and exhortations, but are not found in any text in the Bible.

The Bible declares beasts hav the same soul and spirit as in men: "For that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts; even one thing befalleth them; as the one dieth, so dieth the other: yea they hav all one breath, so that a man hath no pre-eminence above a beast, for all is vanity. All go unto one place, all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again. Who knoweth the spirit of man that goeth upward, and the spirit of the beast that goeth downward to the earth?" (Eccl. iii, 19–21.)

That the same "breath of life" is in all creatures is asserted in Genesis. "And they went in unto Noah, into the ark, two and two of all flesh wherein is the breath of life. And all flesh died that moved upon the earth, both of fowl, and of cattle, and of beast, and of every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth, and every man. All in whose nostrils was the *breath of life, of all that was in the dry land died" (Gen. vii, 21, 23).

(Translated from the Hebrew word *N'shahmah*, which occurs 24 times in the Old Testament, and is translated "breath," "wind," "life of man and animals," "mind," "intellect.")

Beasts and men hav the same soul. "And levy a tribute unto the Lord of the men of war which went out to battle one soul of five hundred, both of the persons, and of the beeves, and of the asses, and of sheep" (Num. xxxi, 28).

The Bible declares that the soul dies and goes into the grave. "Behold all souls are mine, as the soul of the father, so also the soul of the son is mine, the soul that sinneth it shall die" (Ezek. xviii, 4). "Let him know that he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins" (James v, 20).

That death is cessation of thought, emotion, and existence is most positivly declared by the Bible, Old and New Testament alike. "For to him that is joined to all the living there is hope; for a living dog is better than a dead lion. For the living know that they shall die, but the dead know not anything. Also their love, and their hatred, and their envy is now perished" (Eccl. ix, 4–6).

Christians tell us their mind, their intelligence, their thoughts, comprise the immortal past, and can not perish. "His breath goeth forth, he returneth to his earth, in that very day his thoughts perish" (Psalms cxlvi, 4).

Christians claim the dead in heaven are praising the Lord, and denounce Liberals as impious wretches because they do not believe every word of God's holy and blessed Bible, in which we read, "The dead praise not the Lord, neither any that go down into silence" (Psalms cxv, 17).

In the thirty-eighth chapter of Isaiah we read of Hezekiah, who was sick unto death, and God sent him word to set his house in order, for he should die. Hezekiah was a most devout and pious man. He had walked before the Lord in truth, and with a perfect heart, and had done only that which was good in the sight of the Lord. If at death he would go to heaven and receive his crown, his little jewsharp, and re-

*Margin, "The breath of the spirit of life."

joice in glory forevermore, surely he should rejoice. But the record says: "And Hezekiah wept sore. Then came the word of the Lord to Isaiah, saying, Go, and say to Hezekiah, Thus saith the Lord, the God of David, thy father, I hav seen thy tears: behold, I will add unto thy days fifteen years" (Isa. xxxviii, 3–5). How did Hezekiah regard being kept out of glory fifteen years?

"Behold for peace I had great bitterness; but thou hast in love to my soul delivered it from the pit of corruption" (Isa. xxxviii, 17). Could he hav said this if he had believed that at death he would go to heaven? Did God in love to his soul keep him out of heaven fifteen years?

Job says: "He keepeth back his soul from the pit, and his life from perishing by the sword." "Yea, his soul draweth near unto the grave, and his life to the destroyer" (Job xxxiii, 18, 22). David was of the same faith. "But God will redeem my soul from the power of the grave, for he shall receive me" (Ps. xlix, 15). Paul also taught and believed his soul at death would go to the grave, not to heaven. "If after the manner of men I hav fought with beasts at Ephesus, what advantageth it me, if the dead rise not? Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die" (1 Cor. xv, 32).

If Paul believed with modern Christians that at death his immortal soul—the real Paul—would go to glory, and only his body go to the grave, he could not ask what advantage to hav been a Christian, for the self-evident answer would be much everyway. What matters if there is ever a resurrection or not, if you at death can go and enjoy perfect happiness in heaven?

Now comes the vital question, Did Christ die, soul and body? Christians claim that Christ was God, therefore immortal. If immortal, he could not die. All must admit that a dead God is an absurd impossibility. Christians assert that "Christ is God, but that he took on himself our nature. He was both human and divine, and died to pay the penalty of our sins; none but a God could make atonement, for by the sin of Adam death was passed on all men; Christ's body died upon the cross, thus paying the penalty of man's transgressions—all the debt we owe."

Which is it that sins—soul or body?

If the body sins, then why when the wicked die does the body sweetly rest in peace and the poor innocent soul go to hell's torments? If the body only sins, why do priests and parsons talk so much of our poor souls?

Is it the soul that sins? Then why did Christ say, "Wherefore if thy hand or thy foot offend thee, cut it off, and cast them from thee: it is better for thee to enter into life halt or maimed, rather than having two hands or two feet to be cast into everlasting fire. And if thine eye offend thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee; it is better to enter into life with one eye, rather than having two eyes to be cast into hell?" (Matt. xvii, 8, 9). "For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what shall a man giv in exchange for his soul?" (Mark viii, 36, 37). Since it is, then, our souls that sin ("The soul that sinneth it shall die"—Ezk. xviii, 20), it is our souls that are doomed to death. Christ must make atonement for our soul. If the penalty was paid by Christ, then his soul must hav died. But, if his soul died, he could not hav been God, could not hav been immortal. C. B. R.

The Annual Freethinkers' Convention.—When and Where to be Held.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* The board of directors of the Cassadaga Lake Free Association, by a unanimous vote, hav tendered to The New York State Freethinkers' Association their grounds and buildings, located on Cassadaga Lake, on and in which to hold the Freethinkers' Annual Convention on the 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th days of September next, *free of charge.* The executiv committee of the Freethinkers' Association hav accepted the generous offer, and the Convention will be held on those grounds at the days mentioned.

These grounds, as you probably know, are located in a beautiful grove on the lake above mentioned, and are fitted up in fine style. There is erected on the grounds an amphitheater, with a seating capacity for three thousand people. The seats are in a semi-circle, one above the other, so that all can hear distinctly all that is said from the platform. It is so inclosed and roofed over that the audience is protected from the inclemency of the weather.

The grounds are fenced in, so that a proper admission fee can be charged at the gates, and everything is arranged so as to make it a very convenient place for a large assembly of people.

There is one decided advantage our Association will gain by holding its annual Convention at this place. There are established from nearly every city and large town in the United States very cheap excursion rates of railroad fare to the great orthodox camping grounds on Chautauqua Lake. The Cassadaga grounds are in the same vicinity, and the Freethinkers, from all sections of the country, can avail themselvs of these already established low rates in attending our Convention.

And another advantage: Mr. Alonso Edwards, who has charge of all the hotels on the grounds, has agreed to board and lodge all who may attend the Convention for *one dollar* per day. This will save our friends hundreds of dollars from what they would hav to pay in a large city.

The Convention will not be so far from Buffalo but that the large dailies of that city will giv full reports of its proceedings; and the New York *Herald* has already given assurance that it will report the proceedings as heretofore.

The association will this year, as it has at all its past conventions, invite the Freethinkers of all the states and of Canada to meet with it, and thus make the Convention a national or international one. It is hoped that Freethinkers *everywhere* will make arrangements to attend the Convention, and thus make it a gathering that will attract the attention of the whole country. H. L. Green, Sec.

A Remedy for Land Robbery.

There are many land thieves and rich monopolists in this nation who hav robbed the working classes of their birthright to land and are grinding them into the earth under the heel of half-paid labor, aided by all the papers in the nation that their money can control, but still the working classes are in the majority, and if they so determin they can restore the land to its rightful owners, those who need it to cultivate. Let the workers, everyone of them, resolve to be men rather than slaves to political knaves who make politics their trade, and sell their votes to the political parties that are robbing them. Let them become willing to unite and vote together for the common good. Let them circulate petitions, or rather, imperativ commands, to their servants in Congress to enact the following laws, namely: A law that no more land shall ever be given to schools, colleges, churches, railroads, or any other corporations. Secondly, a law that no man shall ever hereafter come into legal possession by purchase, will, or bequest, of more land than he and his own family can cultivate—say seventy-five acres, more or less as may be decided best, but not more than one hundred acres. Third, a law that every landless man who will settle on and cultivate it shall hav one such farm lot by paying, at most, only the expense of surveying and fixing the bounds. Fourth, a law that when a man has selected such a lot it shall forever remain inalienable to him and his family, and never be taken from them for debt. Fifth, a law that when a large landholder dies each of his heirs may take one such farm lot, and the balance returned to the government for the price he gave for it, or sold at auction in farm lots only to landless men. Sixth, a law requiring of every railroad company that owns tracts of land not needed for positiv use of their roads to set a price on the surplus land, and the government shall either buy the land or tax it at the company's prices.

The moment these laws are enacted land will hav no more price than sunlight, air, or water. Speculation in land, which should never hav had an existence any more than speculation in air, will be killed at once, and every industrious family will hav it in their power to own a farm and be assured that the elements and laws of nature will permit of having a comfortable living; and as thousands now trampled under the heel of capital will run to farming, the thousands who remain can stand up like men, set a price on their own labor, and receive pay enough to liv comfortably and be men instead of slaves.

Berlin, N. J. J. Hacker.

Neither Francis nor Boyd was Junius.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* A complete refutation of the claim that Hugh Boyd was Junius will be found in the "Preliminary Essay" of Woodfall's "Junius," 1813. Boyd was taxed by the bookseller Almon in 1769 with writing the Junius Letters, because of a fancied resemblance of his handwriting to that of Junius; whereupon he changed color and said: "The similitude of handwriting is not a conclusiv fact." But there was, in fact, no similitude in the handwriting of the two, as Woodfall well knew, being the publisher of the Letters of Junius and familiar also with Boyd's handwriting. And some years later he told Amon that Boyd was not the author of the letters. There is nothing whatever to support the claim of Boyd. He was an imitator of Junius, and guilty sometimes of plagiarizing his metaphors. And, as an offset to his blushing evasion when taxed with being Junius, he was vain enough to induce his wife once or twice to challenge him with having written the letters. But aside from the total want of evidence in favor of Boyd, a single circumstance bars the claim on his behalf. In 1772, when the work of Junius was ended, Boyd had been suffering extreme pecuniary distress for about two years, and was driven to Ireland to escape arrest. Now, at the beginning of that very year, Junius was refusing to accept half the profits that were to be realized from the sale of an authorized edition of his letters. This fact was not publicly known until 1812, when Woodfall's son published the private letters of Junius to his father. In the letter of March 5, 1772, Junius says:

"What you say about the profits is very handsome. I like to deal with such men. As for myself, be assured that I am far above all pecuniary views. Make the most of it therefore, and let all your views in life be directed to a solid, however moderate, independence. Without it no man can be happy, nor even honest."

Woodfall emphatically denied that Boyd was the author of the letters, and at the same time confessed that he did not know who Junius was. Any other person competent to write the letters, except Thomas Paine, could not hav escaped discovery at the time.

The ablest argument in favor of Philip Francis was recently made by Mr. Lecky in Vol. III. of his "History of England in the 18th Century." I answered it in a brief article in the New York *Sun*, August 9, 1882; and the editor's own opinion was indicated by adding to my own heading this: "The real Junius was Thomas Paine." W. H. Burr.

Washington, D. C., March 22, 1884.

Mr. Chamberlain Visits the Monument.

My Dear Eugene: I cannot refrain from writing to tell you of my great gratification at the way in which you and your associates of the Bennett Monument Committee hav acquitted yourselvs of your task. When I learned from The Truth Seeker that the monument was completed, I determined to make a pilgrimage to it the first pleasant Sunday. Accordingly, last Sunday I had Professor Rawson to dine with me, and in the afternoon we went together to Greenwood. I am sure that Mr. Rawson was as much pleased as I, and I can only say my satisfaction was complete. We agreed that the Bennett Monument was of great merit and value. Solid and rich, bold and prominent, without being meretricious or obstrusiv, large and commanding, yet perfectly chaste and elegant, its grand and harmonious proportions attract the passer-by and compel attention, while its broad, polished sides tell a story of a sublime character and a glorious triumph.

Not the least worthy part of your work was the choice of the sentiments you culled from the abundance of his writings to exemplify his character and to perpetuate his thought. There is a peculiar appropriateness in the lines from his letter to The Truth Seeker family on reaching home after his Round-the-World tour:

"I believe in the eternal powers and principles of nature, in the superiority of good lives, in acts of kindness toward our fellow-beings, and in efforts to spread the light of truth over the dark spots of the earth."

And standing before that shrine, and reading again those beautiful and pathetic words already firmly fixed in my memory, I could not but feel that though in this life he borrowed no trouble about a future existence, yet in some way and somewhere he was at that moment conscious of the superiority of his good life over the lives of his mean persecutors, and that he was happy in the remembrance of the efforts he made to spread the light of truth over the dark spots of the earth. His was a life of deed and not of creed, yet while his works exceeded his beliefs, he bequeathed to the world in this short paragraph a creed of unsurpassed grandeur.

The work of the artist who engraved the epitaph and inscriptions is to be praised. They are all clear and plainly legible, and the paths conduct the wayfarer within easy reading distance of them all. Thus in death our hero will not cease to be "the teacher of multitudes," and his spirit will go marching on, while the form of his countenance will be preserved by the lifelike and wonderfully real portrait in enduring bronze which adorns the front of the monument. To merit such an epitaph as is written on this stone is indeed a proud distinction. Its writer has proved himself to be one of the most faithful of friends by a steadfast devotion throughout. Well I remember the sadness and desolation with which he and I, together with that grand old philanthropist, Dr. Foote, turned away from the new-made grave a year ago, and well I remember how he then said, "The old lion is dead, but he has left lots of whelps;" and when I went last Sunday and read upon this stone that our friend "though dead still speaks to us, and asks that we continue the work he left unfinished," I could hear in my imagination the young lions all over the world cry responsiv, *We will continue the work!* And that work shall go on till the last fetters of superstition are stricken from the last slave of ecclesiasticism.

Yes, friend Eugene, what your committee has wrought will stand, long after we are passed away, a lesson and a warning—a lesson that dishonesty, though invested with apparently irresistible power, shall yet be vanquished by truth and integrity, and a warning to those who corruptly trifle away sacred rights of which they should be the guardians and protectors.

"When the innocent is convicted
The court is condemned."

The one thousand friends who hav done this work of love through you hav done well, and each may cherish a feeling of pride that he was of that number. May the monument stand forever to emphasize and enforce the great idea that in this country ecclesiastical fanaticism shall not lead the people captiv.

Your friend, Ed. W. Chamberlain.

New York, March 19, 1884.

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A Disguised Steal.

A bill has been reported by the Senate Committee on Education which proposes to divide among the several states and territories and the District of Columbia some fifty or sixty millions of the surplus revenue to be used for educational purposes. The money is to be divided in proportion to the illiteracy of the population of the various states. This means to giv it mainly to the old slave states, the hot-bed of Christianity and ignorance, where the colored people and "poor white trash" are presumptivly unable to read and write.

The national convention of educators held last August at Louisville, Ky., discussing this proposed eleemosynary act, agreed that the division ought to be made, but *without restrictions*. The resolution was only mildly opposed by Northern members, and was unitedly supported and voted for by the Southern members.

On the face of it this bill appears to be good—that is, if the United States has any right to interfere in the education of the children of the states. But there is a bigger nigger in the fence than any on the plantations of the Carolinas. To anyone not conversant with Christian trickery it might appear that "without restriction" meant only to giv the state leave to squander this common school fund and steal it, as was notoriously done in ante-bellum days, when the negro was not to be the recipient of education, and as has lately been done by the bourbons of Virginia, who diverted a million and a quarter from the school fund.

But the blackest individual in the dividing obstacle is, as usual, the Christian church. Senator Blair, the introducer of one of the bills, and the chief mover in the matter, is a tooter for New England Puritanism. He comes from New Hampshire, a state that yet excludes Catholics from office, and is stern in his orthodoxy and a firm believer in the divine right of the church to rule everything. The Christian objection to having the disposition of the funds restricted by Congress to secular purposes, springs from the church's penchant for stealing from the state to support her own institutions. The pious never scruple at taking anything in the line of charity, and will fight for a testator's estate and take it all, even if it leaves his wife and children penniless. They are always on the lookout for dishonest advantages, as in the case of Girard College, and other educational institutions Christianized by them. But in none of the bills introduced are there any material restricting clauses, and yet considering the roguish channels through which the money must go, there needs to be several sharp restrictions to prevent fraud.

Among the restrictions that should be provided, if this money is to be parceled out, are that no state, territory, nor the District of Columbia should receive any portion of the money wherein by provision of law the state or territory givs, or any county, town, township, city, school district, or any municipal corporation, can giv, any money or property to establish, aid, or maintain any sectarian schools, university, college, academy, seminary, place of public or private instruction, or any sectarian institutions whatever. And the secretary of the treasury should be required to ascertain this fact before paying any of the money to the states or territories, or to the District of Columbia. Further, such money should be withheld from any state or territory in which equal education for all, white or colored, male or female, is not provided in all the educational institutions supported in whole or in part by the state.

In the state of New York we hav more to fear in this matter from the Catholics than from the Protestants, but in Massachusetts, New Hampshire, in fact, in all the New England and some of the Middle and Western states, the disciples of Calvin hav as long arms and large hands as the papal-toe kissers. And even in New York the Protestants hav sneaked in and share with the Catholics the hundreds of thousands of dollars annually given by our legislators to religious grist-mills. Their share amounts only to the crumbs from the Irish table, still they take them all the same as the Lord's bounty.

If Congress shall take to itself power to divide the surplus revenue among the states and territories, the least that should be done will be to copy sections two and three of the Illinois constitution of 1870, relating to education:

2. All lands, moneys, or other property, donated, granted, or received for school, college, seminary, or university purposes, and the funds thereof shall be faithfully applied to the objects for which such gifts or grants were made.

3. Neither the general assembly, nor any county, city, town, township, school district, or other public corporation, shall ever make any appropriation, or pay from any public fund whatever, anything in aid of any church or sectarian purpose, or to help support or sustain any school, academy, seminary, college, university, or other literary or scientific institution, controled by any church or sectarian denomination whatever, nor shall any grant or donation of any land, money, or other personal property ever be made by the state, or any such public corporation, to any church, or for any sectarian purpose.

Let provisions like the above be inserted in the donating bill, but let them be more rigorously enforced than is done in Illinois at present, where in her chiefest city the officers allow water taxes to be abated in favor of Catholic schools and churches. This is brought about through the sneaking fear the politicians of both parties hav of the Irish vote.

The colored children of the South form a large proportion of the illiterate, and some restricting clauses must be inserted for their benefit. If the officers of the states are allowed to divide the funds at their own pleasure, in the states maintaining separate schools the colored people will be left out in the cold. For them justice must be enforced, not merely made possible. If the states want to use the money, they should guarantee its benefits shall be shared impartially. For ourselvs, we do not see how Congress can constitutionally divide this money. But nowadays the strict construction of the Constitution is the last thing thought of by our legislators. and if this money is to be given it should not be used for sectarian purposes. This much Congress owes to the people of a secular republic, who, however much they may respect religion in the abstract, do not want to pay for overthrowing the government by educating the adherents of an alien despot.

The Older Religion.

The St. Catherine *Evening Journal* says that at the last meeting of the Victoria Philosophical Institute, of India, a paper was read by the Rev. R. C. Collins, M.A., on "Buddhism in Relation to Christianity." According to Mr. Collins, "who long resided in India and thoroughly investigated the subject, a religious poem was written in India about a thousand years ago, in which the events in the life of Christ are ascribed to the God Crishna. His belief is that the story of Christ reached India some time before this epic was written, and that there is abundance of proof that the story of the God Crishna is parodied from the history of Christ." Those who take stock in Mr. Collins and his belief will find themselvs egregiously imposed upon. The trick is old, and long since exposed. Some missionaries hav even gone so far as to claim that Crishna is the corrupted name of Christ, but it so happens that Crishna is a Sanskrit word, meaning "the dark god," or "the black god," while Christ is a *title*, from the Greek, meaning "the anointed," or "the messiah." The worship of Crishna was practiced in the time of Alexander the Great (330 B.C.). According to Professor Monier Williams, Crishna was deified about the fourth century B.C. Edward Moor (author of "Hindoo Pantheon" and "Oriental Fragments") regards as "very certain things" that both the name of Crishna and the general outline of his history were long anterior to the birth of Christ, and probably extended to the time of Homer, nearly nine hundred years before Christ. In "Asiatic Researches" it is stated that in the Sanskrit Dictionary, compiled more than two thousand years ago, we hav the whole story of Crishna, the incarnate deity, born of a virgin, and miraculously escaping in his infancy from Kansa, the reigning monarch of the country. The Rev. J. B. S. Carwithen, a "Brampton lecturer," bears testimony almost identical with that of Edward Moor, and adds that the knowledge of the priority of Crishna is not derived from Hindoo records alone. Both Arrian and Strabo assert that Crishna was anciently worshiped at Mathura, on the river Jumna, where he is worshiped at this day. Strabo wrote about the time Christ is alleged to hav lived, and Arrian some hundred years later. Columns of proof of the priority of Crishna could be adduced, against which the Rev. Mr. Collins and his belief can make no headway. There can be no more doubt that Christ followed Crishna by several hundred years than that both were the central points of mythology, and not the saviors their followers claim.

Heterophemy.

Some time ago a story was started that at Jenkintown, Pa., a carpenter had been stricken dead for blasphemy at a dinner at a hotel in that place. Several friends sent us copies of papers containing the account, with requests that we investigate, which we proceeded to do, but thus far hav received no answers to the letters written to Jenkintown. However, the religious papers were more successful, and hereafter when this story is repeated, Freethinkers can nail it as a lie on the authority of the New York *Independent*, which, after being gullible enough to print the yarn, was obliged to apologize in these words in its issue of February 14th:

"We copied from one of the New York daily papers last week portions of a telegram purporting to giv the particulars of a dinner given at a hotel in Philadelphia, at which, it was alleged, profane and other improper language was indulged in, and intoxicating drinks freely used by those present. It is now claimed, as we hear from reliable sources, that there was no improper conduct or improper language used at this dinner by anyone present, and that the whole story, as published in our columns and in many other papers, was greatly exaggerated, if not entirely erroneous. We are glad to hear this, and very much regret that, while no names or other personal allusions were given in our columns, we were led, even by the highly respectable source from which our information was obtained, to giv currency to the statements spoken of."

Where the story started we do not know, but it may hav been manufactured by some pious fool from a similar one that has been going the rounds in England. The transatlantic prototype is—

"A TERRIBLE WARNING.

"A Portsmouth correspondent sends the following: A few days since a private in the Hampshire Regiment invoked in a profane manner the name of the Deity by making use of the phrase, 'God strike me blind!' He afterward felt drowsy, and stretched himself on his bed; but when he attempted to open his eyes he found that he could not do so, and he has since been wholly deprived of the use of his eyes. He was conveyed to the Haslar Military Hospital, where he remains."

The sequel to this was furnished by the *National Reformer* of January 27th. It is in the form of a letter from the principal of the Haslar Military Hospital, directed to one of Mr. Bradlaugh's correspondents. The principal says:

"There is no truth whatever in the statement, and the lad who is supposed to hav sworn never swore at all. He has a weak right eye; it was slightly inflamed—the result of cold—but he is now quite well. He is very indignant and hurt at the statement, and if he did swear he is not blind."

As long as Christians resort to such miserable tricks they must suffer the mortification of exposure.

Cook and the New Creed.

The religious press is beginning to find Cook out. So long as he confined his lying to the Infidels, the *Independent* patted him on the back and made much of him, as the man destined to overthrow scientific skepticism by attacking the philosophers on their own ground. Now that Mr. Cook has denounced the new Congregational creed as being too easy on the deniers of theological Christianity, that eminent journal finds out that he is a "high-sounding Cæsar," as fallible as other sinners, if not a little more so. "If this is to be his gait," it says, "he will lose, and deserve to lose, both his influence and the power to exert it. He puts himself in the position of a hot partisan; he strikes out recklessly;" and concludes by more than intimating that Mr. Cook is not worth refuting. We may be sorry for the *Independent*, but for its previous laudations of the Boston charlatan it richly deserves all the tortures he can inflict upon it. Besides, if Christianity be true, Cook is right. There is no probation after death, and all the eschatologists in the world cannot take from hell its terrors. If there be no place of torment there can be

no abode of bliss. This is plain to the most casual reader of the New Testament.

Our Cat's-paw President.

So powerful had the Propaganda College of Rome grown, that the Italian government found it necessary in 1873 to confiscate the property of that institution, selling it, and applying the proceeds to the purchase of Italian bonds, the interest on which would be paid to the church. The sale was stopped by the church appealing to the courts of Italy, but the decision having been given in favor of the government, it is now to be proceeded with. The Propaganda College is the bureau that has charge of the missionary work of the Catholic church. It is made up of colleges, each having some particular country to debauch. Cardinal McCloskey asked President Arthur to instruct the United States minister to Italy, Mr. W. W. Astor, to beseech the Italian government to exempt the American College from this propaganda sale.

This has been done. Mr. Arthur requested Secretary Frelinghuysen to order Minister Astor to represent to the government of Italy that the United States would like it if the American College was allowed to remain in the hands of the church.

Now the people of the United States would like to know by what authority President Arthur has interfered in a matter exclusivly between the Italian government and Italian citizens. The American College is owned by Italians, and it is no part of the duties of a president of the United States to protect Italian citizens in an Italian city, especially when those citizens are engaged in a work that the government regards as dangerous to its own well-being.

Mr. Arthur will be disappointed if he expects that he can pull chestnuts out of the fire without getting singed. The votes he will gain by this unwarranted proceeding will be more than offset by the loss of the confidence the people had in him. And Mr. Arthur can ill afford to spare even one strong point.

The Monument Fund.

At the last acknowledgment there was needed $76.38. Since then we hav received the following sums from the persons named:

Jno. Engstrom,	$2 00	B. F. Wardwell,	$ 50
M. F. Dean,	50	Wm. Fray,	1 00
Wm. Smith,	1 00	Mrs. Lizzie Fray,	1 00
O. Dutcher,	1 00	Mrs. H. O. Kinney,	30
H. H Timby,	1 00	Ben Whaley,	1 00
Reuben Alworth,	1 00	Wm. Flett.	5
Martha B. Alworth,	1 00	Chas. McDorman,	5 00
Peter F. Spencer,	1 00	Geo. N. Hill,	50
Jno. Riggin,	1 00	Wm. Brown,	1 00
F. W. Cheney,	1 00	W. W. Webb,	50

The deficiency now existing is $54 58. We hav heard nothing from the cemetery authorities, and appearances therefore indicate that they hav concluded to gracefully submit to the inevitable.

Editorial Notes.

J. E. Remsburg reached Kansas March 24th. During his winter tour he traveled eight thousand five hundred miles and delivered one hundred and twelve lectures.

C. B. Reynolds has accepted an invitation to lecture on four Sundays in Pittsburgh, Pa., viz. April 13th, 20th, 27th, and May 4th. On his way he will lecture at Richburg, N. Y., the 10th and 11th. He would like engagements for week day evenings in any place within reach of Pittsburgh, and will accept calls on short notice and at low rates. We cordially recommend him to the Leagues and societies, as everywhere he works for organization and will help to strengthen the societies engaging him. His address is Box 104, North Parma, New York.

There are strong Freethought societies at Dunnedin, Wellington, Wanganui, Nelson, Christ Church, and Auckland, New Zealand, and younger bodies at Picton, Napier, Palmerston, Taranake, Helenville. Our correspondent says that the unconstitutional act of the fettered thought people in the House of Commons in England in preventing Bradlaugh from taking his legal seat in the house, and the unjust imprisonment of Messrs. Foote, Ramsey, and Kemp, hav given great impetus to the Freethought movement in New Zealand. Nine Freethought associations hav been formed last year through the above causes, and some others are under way. He adds that the little *Freethinker* is well supported since the unjust sentence, not for its intrinsic merit, but for the sturdy work it is doing in exposing the frauds of the church corporations.

The following resolutions were adopted by the Chicago Liberal League on Sunday, the 23d:

Whereas, The primary object of a republican people must be the universal education of their citizens, the latter being the strongest mainstay and securest safeguard of the perpetuity of self-government; and

Whereas, In utter disregard of this indisputable truth and of the fact that the framers of our Constitution hav made ample provision for the establishment of a perfect public school system for all on a secular basis, our city administrators are now depriving more than 40,000 children of the incalculable benefits of a national and unsectarian education by refusing to furnish the means for the erection of a sufficient number of school buildings in Chicago; and

Whereas, Thereby over 35,000 children are driven to sectarian schools in which they are inoculated with principles and ideas that are in direct opposition to those whereon our republic rests; be it

Resolved, That we, the citizens of Chicago in mass meeting assembled, demand that our common council make appropriations for the erection of as many new schoolhouses in Chicago as will meet the requirements of the people; that we view with suspicion and disapproval the attempts of the finance committee of our city council to reduce the sum of $325,000, the latter sum being insufficient to meet existing wants for school purposes; that we also look with strong disapproval on the actual truckling of our city council to the un-American and insidious encroachments of the Catholic church, and that we also express our suspicion of the political aims and tendencies of ambitious citizens in subjecting American educational institutions to influences emanating from Rome.

To Correspondents.

J. H. S.—The longest verse in the Bible is Esther viii, 9.

Benedict.—We do not publish anonymous communications.

Brother Seaver falls into error in assuming that "J. W. S." meant to attack him in these columns. "J. W. S." only forwarded to us the MS. of his reply to Mr. Seaver, a part of which that worthy editor did not print.

Ed. Farrell.—The word grandmother occurs in 2 Timothy, i, 5. Huldah the prophetess . . . dwelt in Jerusalem in the college (2 Kings, xxii, 14). But "college" means in this case, "second court." And Moses called . . . the sons of Uzziel, the uncle of Aaron (Lev. x, 4).

Martin Newlin.—Yes, the Oneida Community is a Christian institution. You know the primitiv Christians were communists, and Noyes, the founder of the Oneida brother and sisterhood, was very religious, as are nearly all his followers. Indeed, only on a religious basis could people be induced to remain in such unnatural social relations as formerly obtained at Oneida.

Book Notices.

Horses, their Feed and their Feet. A Manual of Horse Hygiene. By C. E. Page, M.D. Price, 50 cents in paper; 75 cents in cloth. Orders filled from this office.

We gave a notice to this book several weeks ago. Since then it has run through the edition, and been revised and much enlarged. A number of portraits of celebrated horses hav also been added, which, showing the improvement that can be made by careful training, will no doubt be appreciated by the rearers of horses. As was before set forth, the author of this book has radical views on the subject of horses, but the publishers of the book assure its purchasers that they need hav no fear of testing his theories, as they are in receipt of many letters from people who hav done so and found his suggestions invaluable.

Bible Myths and their Parallels in Other Religions. Large octavo. Nearly six hundred pages. Third edition; revised and enlarged. Price reduced to $3. Sold at this office.

The advertisment of this volume, on another page, shows what it is and what is thought of it by the press. We will only add here the opinion of the Boston *Commonwealth* upon its conclusivness. "It is useless," says that high literary authority, "in the light thrown upon the matter throughout the pages of this book, to argue that the Bible must be of special divine origin because of its contents, for here we hav evidence upon evidence that there is no myth, legend, supernatural occurrence, doctrin, rite, or ceremony recorded in the Bible which cannot be paralleled in some ancient record centuries older than the page on which the same thing is narrated in the Hebrew and Christian scriptures. If the existence of such and such things in the Bible is to be accepted as proof that the Bible is of special divine origin, then the existence of the like things in other ancient books of the world must be accepted as proof that they also are of special divine origin. If not, why not? Like effects must everywhere, and at all times, come from like causes. We confess we are curious as to how the orthodoxies of the Christian world will greet this book. We more than suspect that they will not greet it at all, but will be content to pass it by in fearful silence."

The Problem of the Universe and Its Scientific Solution; With Some Criticisms of Universology. By Samuel P. Putnam, New York: Published at the Truth Seeker office, 33 Clinton Place. Price, 25 cents. For sale at this office.

Would that every man and woman in this land could and would read this admirable little *brochure*. Into its thirty-nine pages are crowded a multitude of pregnant truths, and every line flashes with a jewel of thought. Mr. Putnam stands to-day in the foremost rank of the scientific apostles of liberty, and it is this fact which causes us to be amazed at the dedication of this brain-child of his to Charles Watts, who certainly is anything but a loyal, consistent, and courageous defender of the rights of man. He is, rather, the F. E. Abbot of England.

This error in judgment aside, S. P. Putnam's "Problem of the Universe" is almost perfect. We quote its closing sentences: "In adopting science we do not destroy idealism, for science is eminently ideal, forward-looking, and progressiv. It creates vast enthusiasms, wonderful impulses. Look at its glorious revealings, millions of stars, infinit palaces of light and glory, in the measureless realms of night, and in the bosom of the flower, in the hard rock, in the dancing foam of the sea, in the weed that tosses on the shore, in the bending grass, what wondrous wealth of life is ever flaming to our eyes; and so science, Memnon-like, is bursting forth with music on our way, as eternally new dawns flash upon its marble lips. Ah, science may seem cold to some, but she throbs with life; and when once the world is given wholly to her guidance, and adopts the severe limits of her methods and knowledge, then will be heard the sweetest songs; then, then will be enjoyed the most noble fruits."—*Lucifer*.

A Correction.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* Allow me to correct an error which has crept into your report of my testimony in a civil suit in Toronto. I did not say that I believed that if there be a future state its rewards or punishments for acts in this life would be eternal. This, in my opinion, would be simply the brutal belief in hell and in heaven where the many endure eternal misery and the few enjoy eternal bliss. I as solemnly protest against having made such a statement as I do against this revolting belief. I simply stated that, in my opinion, the *results* of all actions, good or bad, would be eternal; that having come to tell the truth, my oath on the Bible would be binding on my conscience, and that the latter was, to me, the highest tribunal.

In justice to all concerned, I will add that it was a piece of chicanery, which, in anything but respectful terms, challenged my testimony, and that the judge, on the other hand, did not hesitate for a moment to rule that my testimony should be admitted.

Requesting you to insert this letter into your columns, I am yours respectfully, B. Marcuse.

As to Money.

As a Greenbacker, I was much interested in the article on money in a late issue of The Truth Seeker, by our mutual friend, Stephen Pearl Andrews. For this clear statement of the money problem in terms of Universology, Mr. Andrews is entitled, and will doubtless receive, the thanks of all sincere currency reformers. I must, however, take exception to two things in this article. One is his undervaluation of the legal tender feature of fiat or natural money; and the other is his omission to state the true grounds on which national or fiat money is based, and the one more than any other, that he has mentioned that compels that absolute confidence which is essential to money.

I refer to that feature of the treasury note that makes it receivable by the government for taxes and for all debts due to it, thus making their redemption absolutely certain.

The "confidence" that supported the paper money of the Revolution and of the Rebellion (for no other money is available in revolutions). was that inspired by the hope that the cause would win and the money be redeemed. The "confidence" that floated the later system of representativ paper money was the fallacious belief in the security of specie basis, both of which were delusions and snares, as "promises to pay" so frequently are.

But when a strong and stable government issues its own notes, based on a promis to receive, there can be nothing more safe, not even gold.

Three times in great emergencies the United States has issued such treasury notes, as did also many of the colonies; and in no case were they ever depreciated, but on the contrary, were always at a premium.

My other exception is that the legal tender footing of fiat or national money is not estimated at its right value. It has an importance and a function other and greater than that mentioned by Mr. Andrews.

A fact from our own financial history will illustrate this better than any argument can. It is, that the first issues of greenbacks in 1862, which were made a full legal tender, were never in the darkest hours of the nation's struggle depreciated, and are to-day quoted at $1.33, while the later issues with the "exception clause" did subsequently greatly depreciate, and only because they were not receivable for duties and taxes; that is to say, the money was not a full legal tender, equal to gold, but was dishonored from it inception by its creators.

With these two exceptions I fully indorse Mr. Andrews's article, although couched in terms in which I hav not been accustomed to think.

Hugh B. Brown.

Wait a Little Yet.

Will Mr. Greene and other friends who hav written for The Truth Seeker in regard to Spiritualism, and are expecting replies to the articles from Elmina, please wait till she goes and sees something of the phenomena, if she is so lucky as to hav means enough sent to warrant the taking of the proposed trip? Elmina.

Letters from Friends.

DAVIS, MICH., March 16, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $5, for my subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER. I am the only one that takes your paper at this office, and although I can ill afford to take it I am bound it shall be represented here as long as I can pay for it. I know of some wealthy men around here who claim to be Liberals, and take no Liberal paper at all, but borrow them when they can. If all Infidels were like them there would be no Liberal papers or books circulated, and Freethought would soon be a thing of the past. I say, Shame on such Liberals! They are enough to bring the blush to the cheek of a brass monkey.

J. I. PETTIBONE.

STEWARTSVILLE, Mo., March 15, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Your noble paper reaches me regularly, and affords me great pleasure in reading its columns. I am a hotel-keeper, and do not believe in gods, ghosts, devils, or hell, or any of those Munchausen stories in the Bible. But I do believe in all that which is good, reasonable, and right. For thirty years I was among the priest-ridden, superstitious howlers after imaginary beings above the clouds, but by mixing with the different classes of men I hav outgrown those mythical notions, and look back and shudder to think what a poor fool I hav been.

Inclosed please find $1, for which send me "Crimes of Preachers" and some of Remsburg's "False Claims."

S. N. BRADFORD.

PALO, IOWA, March 20, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: As you are receiving letters from almost every place but this, I thought that a few lines would not come amiss, as I seem to be left almost alone now, as you will see by what as taken place here in the last year. Three good Liberals hav passed away since last spring, but there is one in particular that I wish to speak of, and that is Doctor H. G. Fish, who died October 9, 1883. He was in his seventy-second year, and had been a Liberal ever since I became acquainted with him. It was he that loaned me THE TRUTH SEEKER that opened my eyes. He was a true man, and never flinched from what he thought was true and right. He died as he had lived, and passed away as peaceful as a child. I see by his books and pamphlets he has left, that cost a good many dollars, he was the first man that took THE TRUTH SEEKER in this part of the country. I think that I am the only one that takes it here now. Some hav moved to other states and places, and others gone back to mother earth. I still like your paper, but it has seemed to me that there was a link missing ever since Brother Bennett died.

J. STRATFORD.

BROOKVILLE, KAN., March 10, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I will herein send $3 for 1884. And now that is settled, I propose to afflict you with a few words of blarney and business. Before I proceed, however, allow me to make you acquainted with a rough, tough, old soldier, not Major Bagstock, though, neither was I ever a soldier of the cross, but simply one of the rank and file of the Union Army during the Rebellion. After graduating at a backwoods country schoolhouse, at the age of seventeen, in the year of their Lord, 1861, I volunteered to go and fight Jeff Davis. My motiv was patriotism, plus thirteen dollars per month, while the chaplain received the rank and pay of first lieutenant. Being young and inexperienced at the time, I failed to see any practical value to the government or the army in the use of these old barnacles, who, taken as the whole lot together, commanded a smaller share of the respect of the army than the cooks and mule-drivers.

Now for THE TRUTH SEEKER. I'll say right here that we call it the best that we hav got on the shelf, and in regard to the editor, I'll say that when he assumed command my feelings were somewhat akin to those of Tim Linkinwater at the time Nicholas Nickleby dipped his pen into the inkstand and plunged into the books of Cheeryble Brothers, and am glad to say, like honest old Tim, that he'll do.

Yours truly, NEWTON MITCHELL.

FRESNO CITY, Feb. 26, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: In your paper for February 16th, page 104, there are five questions, the second of which referred to the tariff question. Let me state a few points, and ask a question or two, on that subject. 1. If there were no tariff, we would get manufactured goods thirty per cent cheaper. 2. If there were no tariff, then one-fourth of the consumers would be out of employment and would be producers. 3. That would reduce the prices of produce. 4. Would the producer be the loser on his produce more than he would save by buying foreign goods at pauper prices? 5. Hav we not want and poverty enough already without making it tenfold worse? 6. If we hav no tariff, how much will it cost for imported manufactured goods, one dollar for each person? 7. Would that be $50,000,000 yearly? If so, what would that amount to in twenty years, principal and interest? Two billions—enough to bankrupt any nation! 8. How much would the government lose from the import tax in twenty years? Possibly two billions more. 9. Would not that be too much to pay and to lose to make this a pauper nation? 10. Should not the men that hav the machinery and property for manufacturing be protected? If not, they would be great losers. 11. Should the poor that hav learned the trades of the many industries be protected by a tariff?

GEORGE PADDINGTON.

A WORD OF APPROBATION.

ADRIAN, MICH.

MR. EDITOR: After carefully reading and considering those selections made by the Monument Committee from the writings and sayings of D. M. Bennett, who came to his untimely death from the bigoted, intolerant, and persecuting spirit of the Christian church through its minions, and whose body now lies moldering beneath its shadow, I thought I could not do less than approbate these brief, wise, truthful, and apt selections for the monument, where they are now engraven on the erected column as an eternal reminder to the passing throng of the greatness of the man and the cruelties of his persecutors.

And now, friend Macdonald, you hav told us of the trouble and additional expense that this same Christian church, through their dupes, hav caused the committee in the erection of this plain and telling monument, and that they hav even gone so far as to intimate that if the Monument Committee did not back down the Cemetery Board would hav to interfere. Still their secretary was careful to add that he did not say this authoritativly.

Now, Mr. Editor, I don't know how other donators to this Monument Fund may feel on this subject, but, as for myself, I hav a little stock in that concern, and I feel entirely satisfied with the course that the committee has taken so far; and, if need be, I can double or treble my stock in that fund, in order to keep our monument intact just where our committee left it, without defacing one single word. And as it is now completed and there are a few dollars behind, I hope to hear of a few more who will want a little stock in this worthy enterprise, that may forever stand as a reminder to coming generations of the final resting-place of the man who in the midst of the threats from Christian bigots, dared to stand out boldly for the freedom of speech, the press, and the mails.

S. D. MOORE.

COLETE, ILL.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find three dollars, for which please continue THE TRUTH SEEKER another year. Inconsistency pains me, consequently THE TRUTH SEEKER pains me. It is this way. It and its supporters hav gotten out of the woods in relation to a personal God, yet they and thee—thee I now hav reference to—dost apparently revere and obey a statute that inflicts untold evils on human kind, and that had its origin only in him whom thou hast dethroned. This is inconsistent plainly, and its application is, that thee appears quite out of place in bringing in such terms as "dirt, nastiness," etc., as thee has from time in alluding to the Heywoods and their methods of enlightening people as to ways that to those who are reflectiv stand self-condemned. If a man has been shot thee does not judge me because I choose to say "He was killed," instead of, "He was murdered." If, in speaking of food for cows, I mention, "Blue Grass," am I "nasty" because I do not say *Poa Paralensis* instead? In the interest of reform, let this principle be recognized in all directions of research alike. A rose by any other name is just as sweet. Standards as to morality are ever changing. As we become more reflectiv and discover connections between actions and their consequences that heretofore hav escaped our observation, see that some hitherto held good are, in reality, not good, we become aware that old measures of their value need to be corrected. The Heywoods would be uncensurable if they even used the English names of the parts and functions of which they treat None are obliged to talk of astronomy in German, and why should one be obliged to talk of physiology in Latin? But the trouble is not here; it is because by this discussion an old and corrupt regime is overturned, and those who hav got no father than a simple disbelief in the Christians' God, will, with the rest, hav to adjust themselvs to the new and better order.

Plainly, obscenity is only in the mind of him who objects to the conscientious use of any term to express any fact. The English language is full of synonyms, and there is no authority and no more reason for their exclusion in one department of human affairs than in another.

Would it not be well to let go of the idea thee got from thy fathers, and which they got from an imaginary God; and if thee has no commendations which the Heywoods are thought so worthy of, will thee hold thy peace and not place added burdens for them to carry?

Nothing justifies ignorance of any organ or function, and with the facts so patent to us as to the prevailing and gross unwise use of those of our sexual natures, our silence here is doubly wrong. By all means let those who hav the inspiration speak it out, for "truly the harvest is plenteous, but the laborers are few."

Our fathers did not pay tax on tea after they had freed themselvs from George the Third. Let us, having ceased allegiance to a God of Comstock type and caliber, no longer be bound by iniquitous laws of his framing. I hope thee will giv this letter space in the paper, for I feel that possibly it may be the means of clearing the mists from the minds of some who seek to walk in the light of all truth, but to whom the way has not yet fully appeared.

JOSEPH ANTHONY.

PATERSON, N. J., March 12, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: In your issue or March 8th, there was a great amount of expression on the money question that amounts to nothing. In a few words I propose to giv what I conceive to be the only questions that are essential to a proper understanding of the medium of exchange.

Money is required to avoid the inconvenience of barter, and I deny that the need of money "arises wholly from the fact of credit or trust."

Its amusing to hear Greenbackers assert that an exclusiv government control of money would prevent panics. Government money can be contracted as easily as any other money, but the contraction cannot be produced by banks only through credit. It's the expansion of credits followed by the contraction of credits that produces monetary panics.

A gold, silver, flour, or special commodity basis is a fraud, unless its dollar for dollar. Money should be based on all the products of labor to destroy its speculativ character, and not on one, two, or three products; and that basis should be all the wealth and resources of the nation (the right to tax, to the redemption of its money).

If Astor issued ten million of notes payable in flour, and ten million not payable in any specified commodity, the one is equally as good as the other, for out of his resources he can redeem both, but the one payable in flour or gold has a speculativ character which the other has not.

A nation will not be affected financially by a commercial drain of gold and silver, if the money is not based specially on these commodities, but the commodity price of the gold and silver will be affected, thereby causing it to rise or fall as imports and exports increase and decrease; in other words, gold and silver become commercial regulators without affecting our financial condition, or our money value of any domestic product contraction, and individual hoarding of money will continue as long as money has an intrinsic or speculativ value. If the greenback was made a perfect legal tender with no exception, its speculativ character would be destroyed; but with the gold or silver government notes, the speculativ character remains; and unless the government holds dollar for dollar in gold or silver for its redemption, it's no better than the legal tender, while it's an evil, as it givs power to the capitalist to bankrupt the government, by cornering its gold and silver obligations in the same manner as cornering the flour obligations of an Astor.

A few words covers the whole ground. Money or circulating medium should be issued and controled by the people in their administrativ capacity, and it should hav no speculativ value. Gold and silver may be coined (or otherwise) as an international medium of exchange, paying balances of trade, etc. With a real gold, or gold and silver basis (dollar for dollar), the volume of money would be so contracted that its purchasing power would increase the real or labor wealth of the creditor class fourfold, and burden the labor and debtor class to a miserable and degraded serfdom. The purchasing power of money, or its labor value, can never hav stability, only through a government labor bureau to control the average price of labor (govern average labor, and skilled will be in proportion). If there is overproduction, it must be remedied by reduced hours of labor in place of reduced wages. If everything was carried on on a cash basis, and no government, state, or individual debts existed, no one would be affected injuriously or otherwise by the change in the purchasing power of money. If I had a house that was valued at five thousand dollars with labor at two dollars per day; if labor becomes reduced to one dollar per day, the house would only be worth two thousand five hundred dollars, but the purchasing power of the money, two thousand five hundred dollars, is now equal to the five thousand dollars; but the same rule will not apply to the debts, for I must giv double the amount of day's labor to pay it; and as it applies individually, so it applies nationally. The man that asserts that low paid labor is for the interest of a nation in debt, is either a fool or a knave.

J. J. HAVILAND.

BOSTON, MASS., March 3, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I hav often read the writings of Mrs. Slenker in a spirit of criticism, but never more so than her last "Open Letter to an Ex-Catholic," in THE TRUTH SEEKER of March 15th, and if it would not seem invidious, permit me through your columns to examin some of her assailable positions. "Man's life is a tragedy—his first utterance is a cry of pain, his last the groan of death," she pronounces a "false statement." I think she perverts the author's meaning in her strictures.

That man is dying all his life is as true as that he is living all his life, therefore a tragedy. Then, how many—yea, the majority, Elmina notwithstanding—find life full of tragedies! Their loved ones die before their eyes, those on whom they hoped to lean in old age, in storms and adversities; yea, friends desert and grow cold because of one's devotion to truth. Freshets inundate and drown, cyclones rend and uproot, mines explode, fire consumes, winter's blast congeals, suns prostrate, disease gnaws into the vitals, and death ensues in slow, lingering torments; or, in a moment, the tornado, the mine-damp, the elements of fire and water, and numerous unforeseen casualties whirl from activ life into the grave. Who will not say these are tragedies all the way from birth to the tomb? And, as if not enough, many, very many, are so crushed down with want, woe, and disappointment that rather than bear longer the ills of life they end them.

Does Elmina know of crime, poverty, unrest, and desperation in this world? Does she know of sickness, sorrow, pain, and death? Does she know that millions of suffering ones never tell their griefs—that the majority, unlike herself, "find more of shadow than sunshine?" "Ten times more of peace than war!" Where is there not war? War in the family, war in the individual, war in the nation's councils, war in the church, war in nature, war in all the elements, war everywhere, war in everything; war between Spiritualists and Materialists, war among reformers, war among "peaceful Quakers," war even in herself! If man's first utterance be not a cry of pain, or distress, why does he not laugh rather than shriek or wail? Yes, "natural to be born;" so, also, is it natural to for the mother to bear the child. Is it painless because it is natural? Remember, we are not talking about what should be, but what is.

"Man's last utterance the groan of death!" The audible groan accompanying the last gasp is not the author's meaning, as I understand him, but his dissolution is the ending of this tragedy, and cannot be painless—the feebleness and decay of old age, or the rending of vigorous youth or middle age, like the giant oak uprooted by the whirlwind.

There is no amount of sophistry that will make suffering man feel that he does not suffer. It would be for the landsman, who was never out of sight of the shore, to imagin how he would steer the crazy ship in a hurricane of storm, and giv orders to the experienced captain.

But Elmina's last paragraph needs criticising as a whole; but I fear, Mr. Editor, you will be out of patience with my prolixity, therefore will only hint at what I would like to say.

"Death as natural as life." Yes; but is life painless because natural? The last breath, and many breaths previous, may be unconsciously drawn, but that does not prove that death and its antecedent, decay, are painless. "Well-born, well-reared, well-lived!"—well, Elmina, tell me who of us *are*

these; not even yourself, I reckon. She says, to such "death is but a simple ending of all, painless and senseless, and not to be dreaded or feared more than being born." Who ever dreaded or feared to be born? Has Elmina turned transmigrationist? and does she expect a second birth which she will neither dread nor fear, because painless? or does she remember that she did not dread or fear being born in 1827?

How does she know that if "could we wake up and attempt to tell of the last moments, should we, as a general thing, be able to recall more of our feelings than we can those attending our birth?"

Let me say to her: You hav never died; wait till you hav and know, and then come back and tell us; or has the great Materialist, E. D. Slenker, already become a Spiritualist? and is her closing sentence given on the authority of some spirit who has "passed on" and returned to her with this important information, through some fifty-cent medium?

From a true Spiritualist, MARY V. CARPENTER.

ORANGE, CAL., March 5, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: W. S. Bell and E. C. Walker hav thoroughly used up the arguments of prohibitionists, and great credit is due them for so doing. No abler writers in the ranks of Liberalism hav dealt with this hobby of zealous but misguided reformers, and how W. F. Jamieson, and "Aunt" Elmina can withstand the effect of the pure reason and sound logic dispersed by these gentlemen, is suprising. Coercion, as a means of molding men's minds and regulating morality, is a bad thing to advocate, while the past remains as a warning against it, and Liberals, of all others, should be the last to war against personal freedom, and support measures that hav a tendency to increase restrictiv laws. Intemperance is more of an effect than a cause, for were the condition of society different it would be vastly diminished. It is not, as a class, the well-to-do, happy, and contented, that frequent the groggeries and dives, but those whose sphere of life is cast in the midst of poverty, hardship, and wretchedness, and they go there to forget and drown their misery; to raise their depressed feelings by artificial means; to revel in imaginary happiness, and soar for a time out of the depths of despair; for as one of these unfortunates remarked, "What's the use of being poor when twenty-five cents will make a man rich?" It is this poor, uneducated, and lowly class from which spring nine-tenths of all the crime attributed to intoxicating liquors; but no effort, comparativly, is made to benefit their existence by changing the unequal condition of affairs in society, and should those engaged in the attempt to prohibit the manufacture and sale of intoxicants succeed, it would only result in sending them into some other haunt of vice—the Chinaman's "opium joint," for instance—for misery looks down instead of up, and when hope has nearly fled, ambition dies and self-respect goes with it. Then but one desire remains—to kill time and gratify the morbid instincts of the body. But prohibition can never succeed, though laws upon laws are piled as high as the Washington monument; and should every distillery be razed to the ground, the demand for intoxicants would still cause their production. The attempt to restrict the manufacture of liquor invariably results in the illicit production of an inferior article, and modern science coupled with avarice now deals out chemicals and rain-water to fire the brain and enliven the poor man's spirits. Were pure liquors, such as our Christian ancestors brought over in the Mayflower, now used, that alone would lessen by one-half all the crimes attributed to strong drink, for it is the poison, the adulteration, the cheap chemicals in liquors, that in many cases transform the quiet and peaceful man into a very demon. I hav seen the effects of pure and impure liquors too much not to know this, and if the sale of such poisonous compounds could be restricted, there is no doubt that crime would be lessened. If the prohibitionists would turn their attention to this important matter, and work with half their present zeal for a high license law, they would accomplish some noticeable good; and would they take an activ part in instituting some of the social reforms now advocated, whereby the distribution of property would be more equal, and honesty as well as rascality could gain a decent livelihood, the cause of intemperance would cease to be a subject of such importance as it now is When every man possesses a home, and the fruits of his labor bring the comforts and necessaries of life, true happiness will supplant misery, and the desire, unless hereditary, to seek the fictitious in strong drink, will be greatly if not wholly removed. As society is now constituted, the man whose only wealth is his muscle can hardly supply the wants of the physical body, and to get a home, or accumulate property by fair, square means, is next to an impossibility. Though all wealth is the direct product of labor, the laborer is always poor, and if giant monopolies continue to crush out individual rights, and reduce the lower classes to more stringent servitude, a revolutoin will arise that will throw prohibition and temperance in the shade, for it will be a question of life or death. Within the next decade momentous changes are destined to occur, for there are evils afflicting society of far more importance than intemperance, and the whole civilized world is being agitated by revolutionary doctrins. The people, the masses, are beginning to wake from their lethargy, and find out that they hav rights as well as the patricians, the holders of wealth and power, and as sure as time continues those rights they'll claim.

To those who like good, solid mental food, and havn't yet done so, I would say procure a copy of W. S. Bell's lecture on anti-prohibition delivered at the New England Freethinkers' Convention, and chew it up. You will find he still retains his reputation as being one of the most logical speakers in the list of Freethinkers. C. SEVERANCE.

ST. CATHARINES, CAN., March 1, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: In looking over some of my file of the *Herald of Progress*, by A. J. Davis, published in 1863, it brought to my mind a series of articles on the science of marriage furnished by W. Byrd Powell, M.D., based upon the phrenological temperaments. He at that time was teaching this science to others, and in the series of articles he gave many remarkable, and apparently reliable, illustrations of the truthfulness of his science read from photographs; and he was thinking to publish the thing in full in book form, if his health permitted (it then being poor); but not long after that I saw a notice of his death.

If you do not think it would be asking too much, Mr. Editor, I would like to inquire through your cylumns if there is anyone extant who knows whether he succeeded to publish it as proposed; if not, it is lost to humanity, I fear—for the present, at least—unless some competent one or more took lessons of him and thereby preserved it; but it may be doubtful, for he said in one paragraph: "But who are those thus qualified to repeat my observations, and thus test the truth of the most important science ever announced to man? Some will answer, Our physicians. I know of but two who can do it, and they hav been my pupils; one of them is a lady. From my knowledge of the resources of the profession I feel safe in the inference that they are its only members in this or any other country who can do it."

I hope it is not lost, for from my limited knowledge and experience in the matter, I think as he did, that it is a study of great importance to humanity; and if he did succeed in putting it into book form I would much like to obtain a copy. He said that the development of the science had cost him nineteen years of toil, and that if anyone wished to be informed in the science, and would call on him at 319 West Third street, Cincinnati, Ohio, and take twenty-five or thirty lessons of him, of an hour each, he would qualify them respectivly to manipulate for themselvs.

Under the heading, "Physiological Laws in Relation to Marriage," he said: "I will incidentally remark here that I hold marriage to be a natural institution, and exclusivly amenable to physiological laws, and any legislation beyond enforcing obedience to the physiological laws is an insult to nature and an outrage upon human rights. As by the natural laws no one has a right to inflict an injury upon society, and as by the same laws society has a right to protection, hence it follows that no one has a right to tax society with idiotic, imbecil, blind, deaf, or scrofulous progeny."

Those are my sentiments and should be the sentiments of everyone.

If the doctor's science of compatibility of temperaments between the sexes is as correct and reliable as he was sanguin in believing it to be, it should be universally taught and promulgated. But the difficulty would arise in getting the sexes to heed and adopt it. They would prefer the old mode of courtship, and rely on what is called love in their choice, which has been considered in all time past the only true guide in such matters, but that we daily see is unreliable, in so far as that there is so little of true love in existence and exercised in those matters. Marriages produced from true love alone are, and always hav been, very scarce in this world of ours. Aside from those brought about by pecuniary motivs, not one marriage in twenty is, in my opinion, consummated with true love. Animal passion, mistaken for true love on the part of one or both, has been the consummater of the union; hence, after a time, the mistake is discovered and dissatisfaction arises on the part of one or both, and continues to increase until it becomes a feud ending either in constant quarreling, separation, or divorce. Under such circumstances, how can we expect the progeny of such parents to be other than what we see them daily. I often wonder that they prove to be so perfect as they are.

I will here incidentally say that my views upon matrimony differ materially from what custom has made it since Adam's time. I believe it to be one of the most solemn obligations that the sexes can enter into—more solemn even than the funeral.

Hoping this may meet the eye of some one who can giv some further information upon the subject, I remain

Yours as ever, C. B. THOMPSON.

P. S.—Since penning the above I see in THE TRUTH SEEKER of March 1st another contribution from Elliott Preston, headed "Suicide," which I fully indorse, more especially that under the heading "Marriage," also "Virtue or Chastity." It is more valuable than gold; and I say as he says in his last paragraph, I feel a loathing for such wretches I cannot express, and I would be even more severe on them than Shakspere (if possible) when he says:

"And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascal naked through the world." C. B. T.

EVOLUTION, March 6, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: As I am behind on my subscription, please find inclosed $2 to apply to the same, with thanks for the continuance of the indispensable TRUTH SEEKER.

As I am in receipt of a large number of letters of inquiry from Liberal friends, the most of whom are readers of your paper, I would like to reply to them through its columns. I hav not time to reply to so many personally, and another drawback is, it costs twenty-five cents apiece for every letter brought into the mines at present, which is no small sum for a poor man, although we are in hopes of a mail route being established in a short time, as we hav a post-office established at Eagle City, the principal place at present.

In the first place, the mineral belt is quite extensiv—80 or 100 miles in length, by 50 or more in width, and has been very little prospected as yet. The general features of the country, so far as tested, hold out good inducements to the adventurous, and those who are willing to endure hardships and undergo privations for the probability of obtaining riches. The mines that are opened, and those prospected on Prichard and Eagle Creeks, hav never been surpassed by any mines opened in the Rocky ranges, and the country that shows fair is very extensiv, and will without a doubt be one of the richest mining countries on the continent. The mountains are rough, and generally covered with timber, which in large sections has been killed by the fire, and much of it has fallen down and covered the ground with an overgrowth of young timber and brush, which makes it very tedious and laborious in exploring the country. There is but a small amount of agricultural land in the mountains, although there are several streams with bottoms from one-fourth to one-half a mile in width, with good soil, but they are generally covered with timber. The most of the streams where placer locations are made are quite wide—from 40 to 80 rods wide—and much of the ground expensiv to open and work, as the widest streams hav but little fall, and in many places the timber is heavy. The smaller gulches are easily worked, where there is sufficient water for sluicing. The quartz lodes are very plentiful through the entire belt, though very little prospecting has been done on them as yet; but many of them show free gold-bearing rock, and some very rich; also some Galena lodes carrying a rich per cent of silver. Many rich specimens of gold-bearing quartz hav been taken out, some of which would make the eye sparkle to behold them.

Now, as there are many asking advice about coming, I will say to such that I do not like to giv advice to any, and more particularly as I experienced a great lesson last spring by writing to a few of my friends. Although their intentions were good, it placed me in a very peculiar position. I wrote to T. Burke, an esteemed friend, whose friendship I prize highly, requesting him to giv information through the secrecy of the Liberal Leagues and some of the lecturers in the cause of Liberalism, also under the secrecy of the Leagues, when, to my surprise, I was visited by a stampede from Montana, which as I ascertained was in part occasioned by the publishing of my letter in THE TRUTH SEEKER, and in part by his friends being followed. They came early in the spring, through snow and high water, with the fever at boiling heat, many without grub or blankets, feet blistered, and generally in a pitiable condition. I tried to hav them go back to where they had left their stock and supplies, and wait until the snow went off, so that they could get in their supplies, and wait until the water ran down so that they could prospect; but they would listen to nothing, and nothing would do but a trip to the mines. They found snow and high water, and could do nothing, so they pronounced the mines a humbug, and myself a fraud, crazy, etc., also threatened hanging. After doing what damage they could, they left in disgust, and denounced the Cœur d'Alene mine to the world as a great swindle. But one grand feature of the humbug was that there was no one who made anything from it, as is generally the case, nor was there any one that expected it. I endeavored to throw what I could into the ranks of the Liberal class and laborers, as far as possible, and had the Liberals acted in accordance with my request, and sent agents through the different Leagues to investigate and see that the mines were likely to prove as reported, they might hav had the lion's share of what I had discovered; but they would listen to nothing, use no judgment, nor make any effort to see whether there were mines or not; and a crazier lot of men I never saw, although I hav witnessed several stampedes before, but a few remained, and a few more came in, and when the water ran down so that we could go to work it was soon shown to the world that the mines were all that I had stated, and also that I had told but a small part; and I found many pretended Liberals who acted very ungentlemanly. One stole a letter out of my house that I had written to T. Burke, and made a public thing of it, thinking to thereby injure me among the orthodox portion of the community, and succeeded for a time in turning away many of my friends, and I had to put up with a good deal of abuse for a good portion of the time. I was hardly able to be around, and some of the time confined to the house.

Now, I will say to those asking advice, this mineral belt is large, and but little prospected, and there will be many fortunes made very quickly; but, as the case has always been, there will be hundreds that will not get rich, and those who hav good homes and families had better remain and enjoy the comforts of life, for that is all that we can make use of to advantage. But there are many who are laboring and barely sustain life, and many with small means who might better their condition, for there will be a demand for all kinds of labor, and fair wages. There is already a good deal of capital going into the mines. Now, in conclusion, I would like to see my Liberal friends get their share of the hidden wealth, and will do anything I can, without sacrificing too much, to assist them or giv any information, and any questions asked through THE TRUTH SEEKER, or the Spokane Falls *Review*, of Spokane Falls, Washington Territory, I will gladly answer. Some hav sent me power of attorney to locate claims, but I hav had but little time to attend to them, and only located three for such. Another item, they never think of sending any money to pay expenses, and it costs three dollars to record a claim, and two or three men a day to measure, mark, and stake, and frequently hav to travel seven miles to locate and record.

I was stripped of most of my means by the stampeders, and hav had my claims jumped because sickness prevented me from defending them by brute force, regardless of law. I hav spent sixteen thousand dollars in gold, and nine faithful years of labor, before taking out anything of note, and to be robbed after spending years in the wilds of the mountains, excluding myself from society, and undergoing privations, whilst others were enjoying the comforts of life, is more of Christian civilization than I wish to become acquainted with. But such is Christian civilization where taught and practiced, and it is not the first time I hav felt its influence, for once I was financially ruined by the united efforts of the church because I would not kneel at their shrine and be made a tool of, instead of enforcing the law as an officer, as I was sworn to do. I hav no use for their creeds or their gods, neither do I court their heaven or fear their hell, or bother about imaginary things beyond this life. I think they should practice the religion of humanity, and improve the heaven we hav in sight, by adding to the comforts of life, and living in brotherhood so that all may share some of the privileges which nature has placed where man can enjoy them.

Hoping the day is fast approaching when all may be free from the fetters of superstition, and hav the privilege of expressing their sentiments without fear of offending Christ's chosen people, I remain, Yours truly, A. J. PRICHARD.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"His life is long whose work is well,
And be his station low or high,
He who the most good works can tell,
Livs longest though he soonest die."

Nobility.

BY ALICE CARY.

True worth is in *being*, not *seeming;*
In doing each day that goes by
Some little good—not in dreaming
Of great things to do by-and-by.
For, whatever men say in blindness,
And spite of the fancies of youth,
There's nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our mete as we measure—
We cannot do wrong and feel right;
Nor can we giv pain and gain pleasure,
For Justice avenges each slight.
The air for the wing of the sparrow,
The bush for the robin and wren,
But always the path that is narrow
And straight for the children of men.

We cannot make bargains for blisses,
Nor catch them like fishes in nets;
And sometimes the things our life misses
Help more than the things which it gets.
For good lieth not in pursuing,
Nor gaining of great nor of small;
But just in the doing, and doing
As we would be done by, is all.

Thro' envy, thro' malice, thro' hating,
Against the world, early and late,
No jot of our courage abating—
Our part is to work and to wait.
And slight is the sting of his trouble
Whose winnings are less than his worth;
For he who is honest is noble,
Whatever his fortunes or birth.

Bowser and the Pears.

About fifty years ago, when I was a very little boy, and could just begin to run away from home to see the farmers work in the fields, I remember distinctly some things that happened, and which made a lasting impression upon my mind, and I hav concluded to write them for the Children's Corner. They hav the merit of being true storirs, and not pure fiction.

If any lesson in life is more important than another, it is the fact that every thought and act of our lives go to make up what we call the mind; that is, our experiences which are recorded on what we call the memory. The memory and the ability to reason upon it by reproducing our former thoughts and states of feeling are what constitute our minds. How important, then, that we do nothing and think nothing but what will make us hapyy when we are compelled to remember it. for day by day, and year by year, is the memory built up, like placing one brick upon another to complete a house. Do not forget the lesson, and see how important is every act of life.

I lived in the lower end of Berks county, Pennsylvania, near where I was born, when my litttle story or history took place, and one day noticed a canal-boat tying up at the landing near our house. It was a boat used for the purpose of hauling lime for the farmers. That is the finest farming section of the Schuylkill Valley. The farmers put lime on their land to make it warm by giving off carbon to the soil. When the lime comes in contact with the moist soil and air it slakes and generates heat, which is as necessary on some land as a warm dose of tea or coffee is to some people.

I was attracted to the boy that drives the horse belonging to the boat, who said, "Hey, sonny. don't you want a ride?" (He was taking his horse over to the shed, as they intended unloading lime all day.) Of course I did. Where is the little boy that does not want a ride? And I had up to this time never been upon a horse's back. Said he, "I'll hold you on," and so he did, and I rode to the shed as proud as a major, and when he took me off I imagined I had accomplished a great thing. I had rode on a horse. After a while he said, "Sonny, don't you know where we can get some apples and pears?"

"Yes," said I, for the country was full of the most delicious fruit, and it was just in pear time. So I asked mother, and she allowed me to go along. We went to the next farmhouse. a Mr. Yeokum's. When we got near the house and the fine pear-trees inside the yard fence, the large black dog perceiving a stranger would not allow the boy to get over the fence. I got over and went up to old Bowser, whose friendly tail began to wag with delight as my soft little hand stroked him along the back. "Come on," said I; "he will not hurt you;" but while he wagged his tail for me, he would not take his eyes off the boy, and had nothing but growls for him. His head and tail did not agree. His tail was all joy, while his grinning teeth showed that he was mad at that end of his body, so that every attempt the boy made to get over brought forth a growl that meant business. He was a dog that could entertain more than one idea at a time; he was mad at one end and glad at the other. His tail-end said to me, "You are welcome; you hav confidence in me, and like me, and I like you. You hav lain down with me in the warm sun, when I was dog lazy, at the cellar door, and stroked me on the back and played with my cat-whiskers at the mouth, and pinched my tail, and tickled and scratched me, and never did a naughty thing to me. I always liked you, and we are friends. But that fellow I don't like. He is a boat-boy. They always throw rocks at me from the towing path and try to hurt me when I am not able to get after them without getting into the canal. I don't trust them; and so the fellow might as well go—he shall not come inside of this yard."

At last, finding that Bowser was determined, I said, "I'll get the pears, and you can stay there," but the boy concluded to go far enough away to keep clear of the dog, and it was a pleasure to see both ends of that dog laugh when he saw the lad moving away. He marched up to the door as though to introduce me to Miss Mary, who just then came out and learned my wishes. She was a very kind-hearted girl, and I can see her now as she went around that beautiful pear-tree with a very long pole, touching the nice yellow fruit from place to place until I had more than I could carry. cap full, all my pockets so full that they would not stay in; and it gave me more trouble to secure the over-load, or to pick up and replace those that would roll off my cap and creep out of my pockets than to carry the main load, so that when I got to the yard fence I was unable to move, but Miss Mary hoisted me and my load of pears over the fence at a bound. It makes my heart beat faster now as I think of the real goodness of those farmers of fifty years ago.

I bade Miss Mary good-bye, and shook my hand at Bowser, who was sorry to see me go away without having a romp with him, and then I toddled off as fast as I could, in search of the boy who had gone to his boat. It was a big treat for him, and I got many words of flattery because I was not afraid of good old Bowser, with whom I had a good acquaintance. This fellow was an adept at flattery, and I could hardly get away from him, but I did make out to get my dinner, when mother told me I must not go with him any more, after I related my adventure.

As soon as he got his eyes on me, however, he coaxed me to come; I resisted for a time, but at last he prevailed, and towards night I was again with him. He wanted some more pears, and finally he offered me five cents if I would go for some more. I had, up to that time, earned only a sixpence, and I got that from a gentleman who came to hear my brother play the violin. He said, "Sonny, if you will dance, I will giv you something," so I pitched in, and he laughed immoderately at the way I crossed my feet and pranced around. and then handed me a Mexican sixpence, so I thought for *five cents* I might do it; but I knew it was late, and decidedly wrong to go when I was told not to, but that selfish boy teased and persuaded, until I went again and I got him the pears; but from that day to this I never got the five cents. and, to make matters worse, I did get a switching, which, probably, I deserved, first for disobedience, and secondly for the trick I played and the anxiety I gave the whole family by my getting lost.

I wanted the five cents from the boy. and so remained out until quite dark, coaxing him to come up to his bargain. The best I could do was to get a promis to pay me when his boat came again.

I was afraid to go home, and watching my chance, I slipped into the hall-way and went up to my bed, and, losing my supper, left mother and my brothers and sisters hunting their lost boy among the neighbors.

When almost frantic with fears for my safety, one of my sisters bethought her to look in my bed and so discovered me. She soon hallowed out, "Here he is! here he is!" and there I was, shaking like a guilty culprit. It seemed that everything I did to avoid the responsibility of my first bad act only made things worse, which is generally the case. My mother, who is still living, nearly eighty-nine years of age, was both glad and sorry—glad that I was safe, and sorry that I had disobeyed her, and not knowing all the circumstances of the case, nor the sore temptations I had, thought I deserved a switching. and I got it; but I think some of my readers, if they are as kind-hearted as Miss Mary who gave me the pears, will pity me just a little when I tell them that when that bad and lying boy returned with his boat, on asking him for the five cents, he began to use very profane language, and actually threatened to pitch me into the canal if I told his captain of it.

If I had known as much of the character of that boy as the dog instinct shown by Bowser, I never should hav got into that scrape.

J. R. PERRY.

Our Puzzle Box.

1

A PUZZLE ENGAGEMENT.

There were ten little fellows came out to play,
Who belonged to a lady just over the way;
Just five pairs of twins, and, permit me to say,
I ne'er saw a lovelier, brighter array.
I kissed that dear lady one day—by mistake—
When I thought that most surely my poor head must break,
For a box with some nails these dear urchins would make,
Which the lady declared I must take for her sake.
Then the other five urchins came up to my side,
And a similar box to the first soon supplied;
Soon a swift emulation in boxes I spied
Surging up to my ears like a great ocean tide;
But my patience soon caused all this din to subside—
I am soon to be married—this lady my bride!
To one of these urchins, most faithful and bold,
Like a gallant young knight in the days of old,
I hav given a helmet of tempered gold;
To another, a thing that you need not be told,
Is a diamond most precious and bright to behold.
But, "Who is this widow?" I hear you exclaim.
She is not a widow—she ne'er was a dame;
And her life has been spotless and free from all blame.
"But these urchins?" Well, now, don't you see, it's my aim
That you shall my "second-hand family" name;
And the *ring*, and the *helmet*, and *boxes* explain,
And where there's a *tangle*, *untangle* the same.

Irwin, Iowa. J. K. P. BAKER.

2.

PARADOXES.

I can be wicked without sin;
I can go out, and still be in;
I never use the noxious weed,
But snuffing is just what I need;
And without snuffing—'tis no joke—
I'm very much inclined to smoke;
I do not drink, but, on the whole,
I cannot do without my bowl.
But I've said enough; my head is light;
Just try my snuff—so—so—good night.

Irwin, Iowa. J. K. P. BAKER.

3.

CROSS-WORD.

In blue, not in red;
In green, not in said;
In rain, not in time;
In bear, not in rhyme;
In flutter, not in gutter;
In great, not in low;
In low, not in great;
In end, not in bottom;
In rear, not in forgotten.
My whole is a noted man.

San Fransisco. J. A. HEINEBURG.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER, MARCH 22, 1884.

1. Bradlaugh. 2 Parton—Voltaire. 3. Air. 4. Chicago. 5. Susan H. Wixon. 6. Immortality. 7.

$4\frac{2}{7}$	$2\frac{1}{7}$	$5\frac{1}{7}$
$4\frac{5}{7}$	$3\frac{6}{7}$	3
$2\frac{5}{7}$	$5\frac{4}{7}$	$3\frac{3}{7}$

Solved by H. Van Pelt. and H. E. Juergens.

Correspondence.

HARWINTON, CONN., March 17, 1884.

DEAR MISS WIXON: My brother wrote to you a short time ago, so I thought I would try. I cannot make puzzles very well, but sometime I will send you some. The answer of the "Geographical Enigma" in THE TRUTH SEEKER of March 15th is Scandinavian. I am the same age as Hattie Otinger. I am twelve. Papa takes THE TRUTH SEEKER, and I think a great sight more of it now than I did before the Children's Corner was put in. I go to school and study arithmetic, spelling, geography, reading, grammar. I hope all the boys and girls who read the Corner will write direct to me. I would try and answer them all. Now, Miss Wixon, if you don't think this fit to print, throw it aside. Hoping to see more correspondence in the Children's Corner, I remain your true friend. To those who would like to write to me, my address is, EDITH BALDWIN.

Thomaston, Conn., BOX 476.

AN anti-vivisectionist meeting was held in Paris recently. The Beaumarchais Theater, in which the meeting was held, was not half filled. Clovis Hagues admitted that vivisection had rendered services to humanity, but protested against its abuse. Mr. Edward Mills spoke against the practice altogether, but was met with expressions of dissent, as well as of approval.

FREETHOUGHT WORKS,

Published at THE TRUTH SEEKER Office.

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Liberal Meetings.

[Leagues and Liberal and Spiritualistic Societies in the United States and Canada meeting regularly, can have notices of their meetings published in this column free if the officers will send them to us.]

MICHIGAN.

MUSKEGON.—The Liberal League meets every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock in the German Odd Fellows' Hall, corner of Western ave. and Terrace st.

OHIO.

CLEVELAND.—The Liberal League meets every Sunday afternoon at 3 P M, in the hall on the corner of Ontario and Bolivar streets. Exercises—lectures and discussion.

WISCONSIN.

MILWAUKEE.—The Milwaukee Liberal League meets every Sunday evening at Fraternity Hall. 216 Grand avenue.—Exercises: Lectures, Criticisms, and Music.—Admission free.

MAINE.

PORTLAND.—Dr. H. A. Lamb has hired Congress Hall, Congress street (entrance on Temple street), where free meetings, lectures, and discussions are held every Sunday, 2:30 P.M. Admittance free. Public invited.

OREGON.

PORTLAND.—The American Liberal League of Portland, Or., holds meetings every Sunday, at 2 o'clock, P.M., at Nonpareil Hall, cor. 1st and Madison streets. All are invited. Admission free.

MASSACHUSETTS.

BOSTON.—Boston Liberal Club holds meetings for essays and criticisms every Sunday forenoon at 10:45 in the Paine Memorial Building, Appleton street.——The "Society of the Divine Homo" at same place every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Sunday-school at 2:30. Admission free.

PENNSYLVANIA.

ALTOONA.—The League holds meetings every Wednesday evening and Sundays at 3 P.M., at the League Room, corner of Eleventh ave. and 13th st., third floor, entrance on 13th st.

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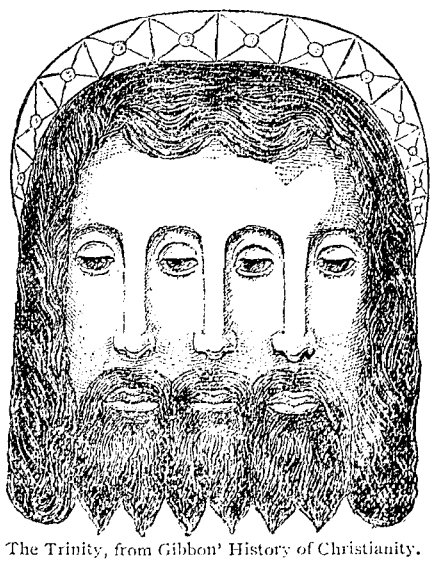
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Deceased Dogmatism.—Obituary.

"The mills of the gods grind slowly,
But they grind exceeding fine."

This old maxim has been strikingly verified among the god-mills of this place. Since the insolent "counter-petition" attack by the local clergy on our noble friend Bennett while in the hands of Judge Benedict and his holy inquisitors these theological millers hav ground their audiences down so fine that they are now scarcely tangible. Since the times that tried men's souls, when the pulpiteers of our popular churches had combined to crush that brave champion of Freethought and annihalate the little band of Spartans that stood by him, this priest-ridden place has been periodically shaken by a profusion of little tempests in the form of anti-sabbatarian circulars, medical rights, Satans unmasked, and other seditious breezes that hav swept over the city and caused pietists to pall with fear.

The present status of godliness, in contrast with that of those days, will appear from the lucubrations of lamenting Christians published in local journals under the sensational headings of "Reckless Church Extravagance—Small Congregations—Degeneracy of Religous Worship,' etc. Among other sorry statements, these candid correspondents confess: "The cry is going up from several of our city churches, not, 'What shall we do to be saved?' but, 'How can we raise funds to meet church expenses?'" From all accounts the majority of our churches financially are in nearly a bankrupt condition, and were it not for the extra contributions of a few of the more wealthy members who are importuned from year to year to come to the rescue with heavy subscriptions would hav been closed ere this. . . . The Sunday morning attendance makes hardly a respectable showing, but the evening attendance has dwindled down to so low an ebb and the listeners are so few and scattering that our clergymen preach mostly to empty pews. One of our aristocratic churches has lately averaged only fifteen or twenty listeners at Sunday evening services, and some of our other high-toned places of worship are so thinly attended that the more zealous Christians are getting discouraged at the falling off of churchgoers. . . . What a contrast of religious zeal then and now! At present a rainy Sunday thins out a congregation so that there are not enough present to make it an object to pass the contribution boxes. In addition to operatic music, it will soon require attractions in the way of oyster suppers, trapeze performances, and ballet dancing to fill the churches and pay expenses."

In order to comfort the mourners, and call their attention to a higher conception of human life, the writer published the annexed semi-obituary in commemoration of departed greatness, entitled "Decadence of the Church."

BYRON BOARDMAN.

Norwich, Conn., March 1, 284.

DECADENCE OF THE CHURCH.

TO THE EDITOR OF COOLEY'S WEEKLY, *Sir:* Your correspondents in the last two numbers seem to be greatly perturbed in spirit by the fearful falling off of church attendance, and a degeneracy of fashionable religious worship. The cause of this disaffection and laxity among church patrons is attributed solely to reckless church extravagance and the consequent increase in pew rent.

Admitting the facts as stated by your correspondents regarding the extravagance and aristocratical proclivities of the church, yet, evidently, there are other causes far more potent in deterring people from supporting the theological conceptions of past ages, as imposed by the pulpit on the intelligence of the present day.

So long as the priesthood could monopolize all the assumed knowledge or speculativ theories pertaining to a future existence, and thereby hold the people in religious subservience; so long as it could make the people believe they were "totally depraved," and by nature fit subjects for an endless hell; so long as it could hold over their heads, as a menace, a merciless God and a malicious devil vieing with each other for the supremacy; so long as they believed that the church was the proprietor of a "plan of salvation" whereby they might serve Satan and "roll sin as a sweet morsel under the tongue" during a lifetime, and at the last moment, through a moral bankrupt scheme, cheat the devil out of his dues, snap their fingers in the face of justice, skip hell and jump into the New Jerusalem; so long as the lash of fear could be wielded over ignorance, with jeweled crowns and golden harps guaranteed to the credulous, just so long was the church filled and supported by its votaries.

Evidently the increase of knowledge and a corresponding decadence of faith is the grand cause of popular apostasy, since where ignorance most abounds fear, faith, and full coffers of the church much more abound, as witness the costly cathedrals constructed and most magnificently maintained by the great mother church through the sweat of toiling millions. But the superstitious faith of past ages is being dispelled by the light of science, and the theological bugbears of mental childhood hav dissolved into thin nothingness. Moral philosophers hav learned that there is no escape for the transgressor of nature's laws, but that she will exact penalties to the utmost farthing; that each individual is dependent on personal effort to work out his own salvation, and that a reliance on the merits of another has proved a lamentable failure. It is evident that weak intellects are lured into the haunts of vice by a false hope of an easy escape from its moral consequences, for it is a well known fact that our penitentiaries are filled almost exclusivly with avowed believers in the orthodox dogma of a vicarious escape from merited punishment—from the inexorable results of a depraved life. While on the other hand intelligent people who hav learned the grand lessons of human life, and who realize the inflexible nature of the higher moral laws, are seldom found within prison walls, except as victims of religious intolerance, for they know that a wrong inflicted on another will inevitably injure the perpetrator far more than the subject. Hence common sense people hav come to the conclusion that there is something radically wrong in the fundamental teachings of theology, and that there is a more direct road to human happiness than through the iron gateway of total depravity and vicarious atonment. This is the reason why intelligent people flock to hear the grand truths proclaimed by the radical reformers of the present day, and this is why there are so many vacant seats in the sanctuary.

BYRON BOARDMAN.

Norwich, Conn., Feb. 25, 1884.

Lambert's Notes on Ingersoll.

CHAPTER I.

Lambert.—That which is eternal is infinit.

Comment.—Matter is eternal; therefore "it is infinit."

L.—That which is infinit must be infinit in every way.

C.—Matter is infinit; unlimited in every way. "Now matter is *not* limited." Therefore Lambert's assertion is absolutely false, that matter *is* limited.

L.—Matter is subject to change, and change involves limitation.

C.—God is subject to change, and "change involves limitation."

L.—Change supposes succession, therefore limitation.

C.—God "supposes" succession, therefore limitation. God cannot make two hills without a valley between, and therefore this is God's "limitation."

L.—If mind is matter, it must obey the forces that govern and regulate the action of matter.

C.—The forces that govern matter are as variable and invariable as Lambert's *variable god!* Therefore all his arguments are sophistical and *untrue.* If all things are governed by Lambert's God, "As well might we reason with a clock for running too fast, with fire for burning, or with a tree for growing."

CHRISTIAN RESPONSIBILITY.

Lambert.—"We hold ourselvs responsible to all the glib little whiffets of his (Ingersoll's) shallow school." [Bully for Lambert!]

Comment.—We hav taken away Lambert's God, his *only foundation;* and now Christianity (like Lambert) is unproved, unphilosophical, infinitly cruel, unnatural, and absolutely impossible and *false!* E. N. KINGSLEY.

Stray Scraps.

MR. EDITOR: Your space is too much occupied for me to write long articles, but I often read something in the columns of THE TRUTH SEEKER to which I would like to respond, pro or con, and as these scraps are but direct answers to questions propounded by your correspondents, I trust you will find room for them. ELLA E. GIBSON.

Barre, Mass., March 25, 284.

Mr. Elliott Preston, I agree with you on vivisection.

Mr. S. G. Scollay, Joliet, Ill., TRUTH SEEKER, March 8th, I agree with you mainly, also, that "electricity and magnetism acting upon matter constitute the soul; and when the body dies it passes back to its great fountain [that fountain being nature], and soul and body both lose their identity."

Your idea that there "is an ethereal telegraph that will yet be discovered by which a person may, here in America, commune or converse with another living person in any part of the globe," has been my belief for upward of thirty years.

I think with you, also, that the so-called "mediums" are nothing but "connecting wires," though I should express myself differently. I believe life to be refined, etherealized human electricity individualized.

Prohibition I advocate, not as a reform, but as a protection, the same as I believe in a law against thieving for the protection of property, and a law against murder for the protection of life. ELLA E. GIBSON.

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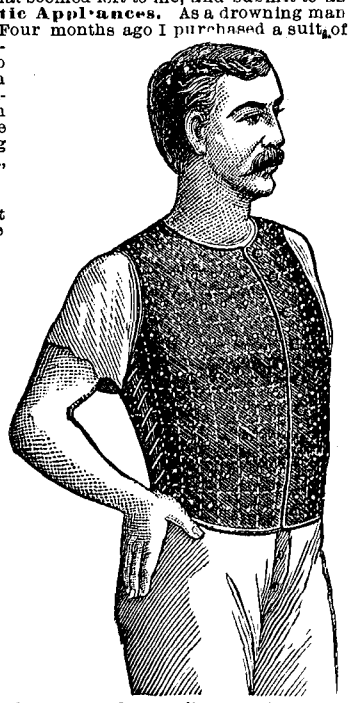
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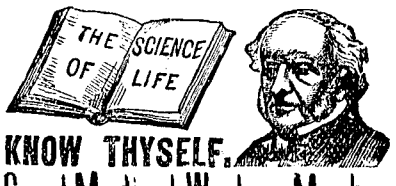
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WHEN told that twice two makes four, that two halves are equal to a whole, that a part is less than the whole, we are compelled to believe it, because it is sustained by evidence and our own experience, and we could not doubt it if we tried. But to believe without evidence, to accept without investigation, to admit apparent impossibilities without a vestige of proof, is not a virtue; it is not conducive to morality. Strange and unnatural things should not be believed until unmistakable evidence is forthcoming.—*D. M. Bennett.*

THE Muggletonian sect hav a very cold way of dealing with people. If I, the Professor, will only giv in to the Muggletonian doctrin, there shall be no question through all that persuasion that I am competent to judge of that doctrin; nay, I shall be quoted as evidence of its truth, while I liv, and cited after I am dead as testimony in its behalf; but if I utter any ever so slight anti-Muggletonian sentiment, then I become "incompetent to form any opinion on the matter." . . . Now, I hold that he whose testimony would be accepted in behalf of the Muggletonian doctrin has a right to be heard against it. Whoso offers me any article of belief for my signature implies that I am competent to form an opinion upon it; and if my positiv testimony in its favor is of any value, then my negativ testimony against it is also of value.—*O. W. Holmes.*

"HAV patience," I replied; "ourselvs are full
Of social wrong; and may be wildest dreams
Are but the needful preludes of the truth.
For me the genial day, the happy crowd,
The sport half science, fill me with a faith,
This fine old world of ours is but a child
Yet in the go-cart. Patience! Giv it time
To learn its limits; there is a hand that guides.
—*Tennyson.*

I HOLD one simple faith throughout the days
That wear on slowly to an unknown end—
A faith which glorifies the darkest ways
That lead me to my friend.

I may not understand the reason why
Some things are hidden which I fain would see;
My faith, the faith by which I liv—or die—
Is still enough for me.

And thus it is I am content to wait,
For fear and questioning to doubt belong.
Love knows but this, and proves it, soon or late:
The king can do no wrong.
—*Manhattan Magazine*

THERE is a very large amount of blind acquiescence in, or tacit acceptance of, propositions which never become the subject of any real or practical state. These beliefs, falsely so called, confuse the line of demarcation between mere intellectual notions and states of credence or conviction. Of this nature is the acceptance given by the mass of mankind to the statements they are accustomed to hear from the better informed class respecting the facts of science and the transactions of history. They do not dispute these statements, and yet they might be little disposed to commit their serious interests to such facts. So with regard to the religious creed handed down from parent to child. Some are found believing in the full import of the term; others, opposing no negativ in any way, yet never perform any actions or entertain either hopes or fears, as a consequence of their supposed acceptance of the religion of their fathers; their belief, accordingly, must be set down as a nonentity.—*Chambers's Encyclopedia.*

THE busy hav no time to be fidgety. He who is following his plow will not be breaking windows with the mob. Little is gained by overthrowing an idol, unless you restore the idea of which it is the shell and sediment. Nor will you find any plan so effectiv for keeping folks from doing harm, as teaching them to employ their faculties in doing good, and giving them plenty of good work to do.—*Guesses at Truth.*

CERTAINLY virtue is like precious odors, most fragrant where they are inclosed or crushed; for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.—*Bacon's Essays.*

THEY never fall who die
In a great cause: the block may soak their gore;
Their heads may sodden in the sun; their limbs
Be strung to city gates and castle walls,
But still their spirit walks abroad. —*Byron.*

THE trivial harp will never please,
Or fill my craving ear;
Its chords should ring, as blows the breeze,
Free, peremptory, clear;
No jingling serenader's art,
Nor tinkle of piano-strings,
Can make the wild blood start
In its mystic springs.

The kingly bard
Must smite the chords rudely and hard,
As with hammer or with mace,
That they may render back
Artful thunder which conveys
Secrets of the solar track,
Sparks of the super-solar blaze. —*Emerson.*

WE are learning to say, If the negro can learn, let him learn; if woman can preach, or practice law and medicin, let her do it; if anybody, at any time or place, can get or do any good, let him hav a chance to try; and whatever is in the way of this free movement, let it be put aside.—*Christian Register.*

WHAT you would not hav them do to you.' This is the substance of the law; the rest is only its application.—*The Bible for Learners.*

THE individual does not exist for the sake of society, as the Positivists would hav us believe, but society exists for the sake of the individual. And the test of complete social life is the opportunity which it affords for complete individual life. Tried by this test, our contemporary civilization will appear seriously defectiv—excellent only as a preparation for something better.—*John Fiske.*

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THE TRUTH SEEKER, founded by D. M. Bennett, is to-day perhaps the strongest foe with which superstition has to contend, and a long future of great usefulness is, we trust and believe, before it.—*Winted, Conn., Press.*

There ought to be five hundred subscribers to THE TRUTH SEEKER in this county, just to rebuke the infamous church bigots who are using force and fraud to suppress Liberalism.—*Worthington, Minn., Advance.*

This sterling and widely-circulated Freethought journal has won its way deep into the hearts of its readers. THE TRUTH SEEKER is a great paper, and deserves the most generous support of the Liberal public. The recent numbers received are splendid in every respect.—*San Francisco Universe.*

THE TRUTH SEEKER has gathered its resources, and will be a stronger, better, and brighter paper than ever.—*Liberal League Man.*

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Odds and Ends.

WHEN you see a counterfeit on the sidewalk always pick it up. You are liable to arrest if you try to pass it.

"I DOAN like too much humbleness," says Uncle Ople Reade. "De worm is so low dat he crawls, an he eats yer airter yer dead."

A FRENCH dramatist makes one of his characters in a recent play declare that he is "holding up the trousers of despair with the suspenders of hope."

"HAV you anything against Brother Watson?" "Nuffin', boss; not de fust thing. Only he's a clergyman. But he may be an hones' man for all dat."

A HOBOKEN grocer received this order from a customer: "Please send in by barer two pounds of shughar, a blackin' brush, five pounds of coffey, and some little nails, my wife had a baby last night, also two pad-locks and a monkey wrench."

"YOUR fare, young lady," said the conducted, as a pretty young miss stepped from his car, and was about tripping away. "Oh, thank you!" responded the absent-minded little beauty. "I think your mustache becomes you real well, too." She got her ride free.

A CHICAGO man got hold of the wrong jug the other day, and took a big drink of a mixture of kerosene oil and muriatic acid. Then he accused the servant girl of stealing his whisky, and pouring water in the jug to conceal the theft.

"THE trouble is with you young fellows nowadays, you want to begin where your fathers left off," said an old chap out West. "I don't want to begin where my father left off," replied one of the young fellows present. "No? And where did your father leave off?" "He was hung."

IN California the other day, just as the minister had concluded a marriage ceremony, the bride shot the groom dead. With a thoughtful sympathy and loving solicitude strangely out of place in the wild and uncouth West she put him out of his misery almost before he got into it.

TOGETHER they were looking over the paper. "Oh, my, how funny!" said she. "What is it?" he asked. "Why, here's an advertisment that says, 'No reasonable offer refused.'" "What's so odd about that?" "Nothing, nothing," she replied, trying to blush, "only those are my sentiments."

AT a Lake Erie pleasure resort last summer a certain small party of young ladies were out for a sail. The yacht was managed by a handsome young boatman, who unconsciously made a mash on the jolly girls. "Shall I hug the shore?" asked the sailor. "Well—yes—if that's the best you can do," was the reply of one of the girls.

THERE is a woman in Fargo who takes the flour. Her husband had treated her rather coldly for some time, and she hired a girl to sit around the house, play the piano, do fancy work, etc., while she did the cooking and the housework; the result is her husband heads her off in the hallway seven or eight times a day and kisses her, and in the evening when her work is done he makes love to her on the back stairs, takes her down town, jams oysters and ice cream down her neck, and pays her the closest attention. There's nothing like being a servant girl.

I ASKED my little love one day,
My saucy, witching Lu,
"If she would be my own through life,
My angel good and true."

But she tossed her nut-brown ringlets,
And said "she did not care
To be an angel yet awhile,
This world seemed very fair."

O Lu! My heartless, cruel one,
With mouth like Cupid's bow.
Why will you always laugh at me,
How can you treat me so?

Why will you lift that little nose
In haughtiest disdain?
Pray tell me that my pleadings, dear,
Hav not been all in vain.

She turned her merry eyes on me,
O'er brimmed with fun and life,
"I cannot be an angel, Fred;
But—I will be your wife."

LAST Wednesday morning Mr. Professor Jimson and Mr. Biglip Jarvis might hav been discovered purifying the walls and ceilings of a house on Tenth street with the liquid essence of lime. They had finished two rooms and were engaged upon a third when the eagle eye of Mr. Jimson espied a lady's portemonnaie lying on the bureau in the adjoining room. "Biglip," said Mr. Jimson softly, "look dar." "Look whar, Popco'n?" inquired Mr. Jarvis. "In dar," returned Mr. Jimson cautiously; "in dar on de boory." Mr. Jarvis followed Mr. Jimson's directions, and his eyes bulged out with guilty desire as he espied the inviting article. "Hit certny is wrong in fokes ter leabe pockitbookses er layin' eroun' loose like dat," said Mr. Jimson. "Hit certny is," acquiesced Mr. Jarvis; "an' ef dat dere leetle cullud gal whad we seen down sta'rs was ter see dat pockitbook she'd grab it sho'." "Dat she wood," said Mr. Jarvis. "'Tain't rite fur me 'n you ter leabe it dar ter temp' her," said Mr. Jimson. "Popco'n, you is certny rite," returned Mr. Jarvis, impressivly. Mr. Jimson ceased whitewashing for several moments. It was remarked by several neighbors in the evening that Mr. Jimson and Mr. Jarvis seemed less weary and more cheerful than they usually did after a day's work, and it was also noticed by the grocer around the corner that Mr. Jimson possessed several crisp and lovely bank notes more than he usually did. Late that night Mr. Jarvis reeled up against Mr. Simson and chuckled, "Whad's de madder wid you, Biglip?" queried Mr. Jimson. "Ain' nuffin' de madder," returned Mr. Jarvis. "I was jess thinkin' ob de narrer escape ob dat little cullud gal fum bercomin' wun er dese yere pussons wot fokes calls bugglers."

THE TRUTH SEEKER

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Notes and Clippings.

THE Rev. Mr. Wake is the pastor of a Methodist church in Middlebury, Ct., but the *Winsted Press* affirms that the people of that church sleep during the sermon just the same as any other congregation.

AT a dinner of the Twilight Club given last week in this city one of the speakers said that "we hav only the ghost of religion left. Men don't go to church. Women go and men pay for it, and they build churches where they own property."

ANTON SHUTTICE, a parishioner of the Rev. Mr. Sheik's, pastor of the German Lutheran church of Union Hill, called that divine a "Bible back hypocrit," and for so doing Mr. Sheik had him arrested. "Brethren should dwell together in unity."

IN a local school fight in a Connecticut town one of the voters said that the contest was between "God and Mr. Mead" on one side and "Tom Clarke and the Devil" on the other. History has again to record that the side espoused by the fallen angel came out ahead.

A TOWEL folded several times and dipped in hot water and quickly wrung, and then applied over the seat of the pain in toothache or neuralgia, will generally afford prompt relief. Headaches almost always yield to the simultaneous application of hot water to the feet and the back of the neck.

SEVEN Mormons sat on the jury in the recent trial at Salt Lake City of Edward Peterson, an avowed polygamist, indicted for registering and voting. All seven swore that they believed the divine law superior to the laws of Congress. They believed polygamy was right, and revealed from God through the Bible, and would obey God rather than Congress.

THERE are, according to the New York *Sun*, five Spiritualistic organs in France, four in Belgium, two in Holland, eight in Spain, two in Italy, and three in Germany. In addition to several journals devoted to the cause in England and the United States, it has one in Austria, Russia, Mexico, the Antilles, Chili, Brazil, Uruguay, the Argentine Republic, Australia, India, and Cape Colony.

A MODEL Christian institution for children is the Rev. J. E. Irvine's "Faith Parsonage" in New Jersey. Its method of instruction catches a tinge from the Middle Ages. Two little sons of a Mr. Redding, of Camden, stopping there, were treated with the greatest cruelty bv Mrs. Irvine. One of them failing to spell correctly had his head held under a stream of cold water from a faucet. The neighbors corroborate the tales of ill-treatment told by the children.

EDITORS in German Poland are learning with a vengeance what is meant by liberty of the press under Prince Bismarck. One of them has spent five months of the past year in prison, and has six more in prospect. Another has been condemned to eleven and one-third months' imprisonment. A third is now in prison for fifteen months, a fourth for three months, and a fifth for four months. A total in figures of three years and eight and one-third months' imprisonment for editors in one year. Only two political papers exist in Posen with editors not in prison.

THE following conversation is reported to hav lately taken place between a minister and a widow—both of Aberdeen. The widow, who called upon the minister, seemed desirous of relieving her mind of something which oppressed her, at which the reverend gentleman, wishing to hurry matters, exclaimed, "My good woman, you see I can be of no service to you till you tell me what it is that troubles you." "Well, sir, I'm thinkin' of getting married again." "Oh! that is it. Let me see; that is pretty frequent—surely. How many husbands hav you had?" "Well, sir," she replied, in a tone less of sorrow than of bitterness, "this is the fourth—I'm sure there's nae woman been sae tormented wi' a set o' deein' men!"

A NEW prison chaplain was recently appointed in a certain town in Scotland. He was a man who greatly magnified his office; and, entering one of the cells on his first round of inspection, he, with much pomposity, thus addressed the prisoner who occupied it: "Well, sir, do you know who I am?" "No; nor I dinna care!" was the nonchalant reply. "Well, I'm your new chaplain." "Oh! Ye are! Weel, I hae heard o' ye before." "And what did you hear?" returned the chaplain, his curiosity getting the better of his dignity. "Weel, I heard that the last twa kirks ye war in ye preached them baith empty; but ye'll no find it such an easy matter to do the same wi' this ane!"

THE Rev. Mr. Clough, who is now in this country, but who has for twenty years been a missionary in India, in speaking of the intelligence of the people in that country, says: "There is hardly a town in which there are not some men who hav received the degree of Bachelor of Arts in the Madras University. They are well educated in every respect, and speak English, many of them better than I do. They are mostly Brahmans, though there are some Mohammedans among the number. The Madras University is conducted on a plan similar to that of the German universities, where examinations are held every year, and degrees are conferred. There is a perfect mania for education among the young men in India, and especially for English branches and sciences."

MR. R. FITZPATRICK, of Columbia, Ky., was a Christian gentleman, but he committed a murder, and had to pay the penalty prescribed by law. Upon the gallows he made a speech, of which the following sentences are a part: "My friends, I am here to die. It is not just, but God is with me. I am glad to see so great a congregation here to-day. The way I got into this trouble was in defending my brother. I trust you will all take fair warning from this. This is my last day on earth, but it will soon be the bright day of glory. The preachers hav been good to me. Not less than seventy-five hav been to see me, and I thank them for it. I hope you will never see such a sight as this in Columbia no more. It is God's will, I reckon, and of course I ought to put up with it. I ask God to hav mercy on this world. I hav not much more to say; I might as well giv up and go." Such resignation and assurance as this are both beautiful and refreshing. It would have been a graceful thing, however, for Mr. Fitzpatrick to put in at least one good word for his victim, who seems to hav passed entirely from the purlieus of his memory. Giv him a harp.

OSCAR WILDE, in a recent lecture to his friends in London, said that the Americans are the noisiest people in the world, whose national occupation is catching trains. Pennsylvania, with its rocky gorges and woodland scenery, reminded him of Switzerland; the prairie, of a piece of brown blotting-paper. Everything is twice as large as it should be; everywhere is twice as far as it should be. He visited Leadville, the chief characteristic of whose inhabitants is the constant use of the revolver. He lectured to them upon "Benvenuto Cellini, his Life and Works," and was reproved by his hearers for not having brought that artist with him. The explanation that he had been dead for some little time elicited the inquiry, "Who shot him?" Among the more elderly inhabitants of the South he found a melancholy tendency to date every event of importance by the late war. "How beautiful the moon is to-night!" he once remarked to a gentleman who was standing next to him. "Yes," was the reply, "but you should hav seen it before the war." So infinitesimal did he find the knowledge and appreciation of art west of the Rocky Mountains, that an art patron—one who in his day had been a miner—actually sued the railroad company for damages because the plaster cast of Venus of Milo, which he had imported from Paris, had been delivered minus the arms! And, what was more surprising still, he gained his case and the damages.

NELLIE HIMMELRICH, a pretty, dark-haired girl of 14, is now lying in a semi-unconscious condition at the house of Frederick Reinhold, in Reading, Pa. The girl was baptized in the icy water of the river a week ago, and since then has been laboring under much religious excitement. Her pastor, the Rev. Mr. Musselman, of the Evangelical Mennonite church, is almost constantly in attendance. He says: "I hav no doubt that she is now in the same condition as was St. John when he was a witness of the wonders of heaven, described in the book of Revelation." The girl givs graphic descriptions of what she sees, and relates biblical facts which, it is asserted, she never knew before her present condition, her language being far above what she customarily uses. When in the trance her body becomes perfectly stiff, and she is apparently unconscious. Most of the above is probably fraud, the residuum is beastly cruelty. The girl has been driven insane by religious excitement and her icy bath. Her pastor, who is so constantly in attendance, ought to be ducked in a horse trough some day when the thermometer is down to zero, and her parents prosecuted for cruelty to children.

THE editor of the *Freeman's Journal* pronounces "pure and simple nonsense" the report that the pope will voluntarily leave Rome, but he explains that his holiness might feel himself forced to do so if the Italian government should, for instance, sell or let the Vatican over his head. Of that we presume that the pope has little real apprehension, though he may find diplomatic reasons for expressing, not *ex cathedra*, a fear of it. In any case, the editor of the Romanist journal is confident that the bishop of Rome will not come to the United States, because we are here "exceedingly Protestant," and Catholics do not hav as much liberty as in Canada and elsewhere, outside of Ireland, under the English crown. Yet we do not now recall any liberty essential to the peace and prosperity of a well-behaved person which would be denied to any one coming here from Italy. But if the pope does not regard it in that light we suppose the country might reconcile itself to getting on without him. We certainly could not accord him any special privileges, unless he should set up the Propaganda as an "infant industry." In that case we might tax the rival products of foreign lands, but we ought to admit that, for some time to come, at any rate, he would be liable to see the protection cut down or his goods put on the free list.—*Times.*

ONE of the most remarkable suits on record is about to be heard before the Supreme Court of North Carolina. This grows out of a mortgage on his own person made by a white man named John Hando, of Pitt county, in this state, securing Jim Taker, a cotton planter, for a debt due him. This deed reads: "I, John Hando, of the county of Pitt, in the state of North Carolina, am indebted to Jim Taker, of the state and county aforesaid, in the sum of $26, for which he holds my note, to be due on the 11th day of January, 1884; and to secure the payment of the same I do hereby convey to him these articles of personal property, to wit, myself, to work with him long enough to pay this debt. But on this special trust that, if I fail to pay said debt right away, then he, the said Taker, may sell me at the courthouse door for credit or cash, as he thinks best, after giving 20 days' public notice at three different places, and apply the proceeds of such sale to the discharge of said debt, and interest on the same, and cost and expenses of making such sale, and pay the surplus, if any, to me. Given under my hand and seal this, the 14th day of January, 1884." Hando failed to pay the amount due Taker, and the creditor was at liberty under the terms of the deed to sell him at public auction. Some time before the expiration of the twenty days' grace allowed the mortgaged debtor, the news got out, and the courthouse green was crowded with people expecting to witness the novel sale of a white man. An injunction was granted by the Superior Court, and no sale took place. The Supreme Court will hear the case.

News of the Week.

THE Duke of Albany was buried last Saturday.

CHARLES READE, the novelist, is reported dying.

FIFTY-ONE deaths resulted from the recent riot in Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE thirty-sixth anniversary of modern Spiritualism was celebrated last week.

BARNUM has offered a prize of $500 for the best poem on his so-called white elephant.

NONE of the bills making Good Friday a legal holiday in this state has as yet become a law.

PARSON NEWMAN announces his determination to resign his pastorate of the Madison Avenue church.

THE steamer Steinman, which foundered on the coast of Newfoundland a week ago, had 132 persons on board. Only nine were saved.

AN inventory of the contents of the Vatican at Rome was recently made. This is regarded as an indication that the pope intends to leave Italy.

POLICE JUSTICE WHITE of this city has decided that a man may distribute boycotting circulars in the street without being liable to arrest.

THE House committee on the judiciary has ordered an adverse report on the joint resolution proposing a woman suffrage amendment to the Constitution.

THE son of a Plainfield minister was recently hung in effigy, and driven out of Northampton, Mass., for deserting a young woman to whom he was engaged to be married.

ON April 1st Mark Twain received about two hundred and fifty letters from acquaintances requesting his autograph. It was a deliberate plot to April fool the eminent humorist.

HENRY JOHNSON, for forty years a Baptist deacon in Rome, N. Y., has recently been fined $75 for repeatedly and persistently kissing a young lady acquaintance against her will.

FOR some reason the wife of the Rev. Mr. Morrill, of Washingtonville, N. Y., was so unhappy that last week she committed suicide by cutting her throat and severing an artery in her wrist.

JUDGE MORROW, of Newton, N. J., in a temperance speech, accused Brewer Felgenspan of selling beer from a brewing in which a rat had been drowned. Felgenspan has sued Morrow for $10,000.

THE committee that tried the Rev. George R. Bristor, of Newark, N. J., for immorality and unnatural crime were unanimous in the belief that he was guilty, and so found in their verdict of April 2d.

THE Rev. Willian A. T. Smith is under arrest at New London, Conn. He is a fraud. For many years he has been collecting money for an alleged missionary scheme, and it is believed that he has obtained thousands of dollars in that way.

THE Rev N. H. Bangs came to New York to attend the Methodist conference, and was stricken dead a few days after his arrival. They call it apoplexy. When something of the kind happens to a Freethinker visiting a convention of Liberals, it will be a "judgment of God."

A MASS meeting of the Social Labor party held at Cooper Institute last Saturday night, to talk over the Cincinnati riot, occasioned great alarm to the police, and a deputation of one hundred and twenty officers were sent to the hall in anticipation of a riot. The speakers at the meeting disclaimed any intention of exciting to deeds of violence, and thanked the policemen present for their good behavior. There were no signs of a riot. Mr. King, Librarian of the Liberal Club, was the principal speaker in English.

A Freethought Romance.

Waifs and Wanderings.

BY SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

CHAPTER XXIII.

TO THE FRONT.

The battle rolled on. It was one of those tumultuous indecisive affairs that occurred in the beginning of the war, wherein there was much hard fighting and but little gain. The raw troops plunged gallantly forward. The unaccustomed shot, whose whistle was at first so terrific, became like music to their ears, and stirred the pulses like a thousand trumpets. Hither and thither, like the wild tides of the sea, tossed the headlong battalions. At times, in the confused rout, the rebel and the Union soldiers became almost intermingled. On both sides the advantage was lost and gained, and when the wings of night descended, one could hardly declare who was the victor and who the vanquished.

Just at the close of combat, the Union troops became thoroughly imperilled. With wonderful daring and skill, Col. Potter pushed his brigade right on to the enemy. For a few moments there was a tremendous fire, and bayonets almost crossed each other, and a hand-to-hand fight was imminent. But such was the rush and steadfast force of the Union troops that the enemy sullenly gave way. This for the time being ended the conflict, but in the midst of his brilliant achievement, Col. Potter received his death-wound. He was borne to the rear, shrouded in the flag that he had so ably defended.

"Death forgives all; and a death so glorious as that more than all. He was cruel, but he meant to be just," said Stubbs.

"I wanted to be where he *is*," said Cupples. "I did my best to get a bullet in my heart. What's the use of living?"

"All the use in the world," said Stubbs. "I never give up. There's always a chance."

"But if you can't get the chance it's just as bad. I'm tied, and must let her drift away."

"By no means," said Stubbs. "I'm in command now. I give you a free and roving commission to go where you will. We want spies in the Southern country, men of pluck. This war is going to last, and we must find out what the enemy's plans are. At the same time you can hunt for Bessie, and save her."

"I take that," said Cupples. "I want Sergeant Jones to go with me. He and I are old trampers together on this ground."

"That we are, and again will be. Hurrah!" shouted Sergeant Jones, flinging up his soldier's cap. "We'll scour the land from beginning to end, and not leave a stone unturned, but we'll find Bessie and serve the Union cause"

So everything was got ready, and in a few days the adventurers started on their perilous undertaking. Meanwhile a letter was received from Maria.

"You can't imagine how mad we are here," she wrote; "Amy has disappeared. As soon as the news came, she was gone like a flash. She will find Bessie, I know."

"That she will," said Cupples. "A mother's heart knows just where to go. But we'll follow, and somehow join forces."

Dressed in butternut suits, the sergeant and Cupples trudged along with a most innocent and forlorn aspect. They kept their eyes wide open, however, and observed everything. Troops were flying all over the country, but they managed to escape detection. They went directly to Bolton's residence, but evidently Bessie had not been taken there.

"I think he keeps her with him," said the sergeant. "That's the safest way for the present. Suppose we try and promenade his camp."

"I'm ready," said Cupples. "We can find out something that way."

It was rather risky, but they pressed forward, and by means of forged passes got within the lines of the camp. They were constantly on the alert to discover some signs of Bessie, but she was nowhere to be seen.

"Something is up," said the sergeant. "They are mighty busy. There's Sandy now. See him flying around. I wish I could trip him. I think he is about the slipperiest scoundrel I ever saw."

"Isn't that Harry?" cried Cupples. "I haven't seen him since we left Kentucky on the lightning express ten years ago."

It was Harry indeed, and changed from the bright young Harry of long ago. Noble looking he was, and every inch a soldier. He was fighting beneath the rebel flag, though his child was a slave beneath that flag. Strange contradictions of human nature! How inextricably blended are the evil and the good!

"I never could understand his keeping away," said Cupples. "We expected him right off, but days and months and years went by, and we gave it up. He wrote, I believe, often, but that stopped too. Amy went to work and thought only of little Bessie."

"Man's a queer creature," said the sergeant. "I think most of us are crazy. I feel so myself, and I can't tell what I'll do to-morrow."

"Nor I either," said Cupples. "I do some damn mean thing all of a sudden, and then I'm just as devilish good without malice aforethought."

"That's the way of the world," said Jones. "The unexpected always happens. When we think that one is going to act particularly nice he spoils the dish, and when we expect him to kick up a row like as not he's the very angel that we are after."

They watched Harry riding away to headquarters. This unexpected appearance put them off their guard, and for the flash of a moment their faces betokened that they were something other than they professed to be. At that nick of time Sandy came sweeping by and flung his quick glance upon them. Instantly their countenances becam immobile, and they looked like innocent country wayfarers. They were not swift enough, however, for the Mephistophelean eye of Sandy, who said nothing, but dashed forward to the general's tent.

"We must get out of this," said Jones. "I feel the halter about my neck. That man Sandy is putting spurs to his horse. I am afraid he's caught us."

"We had better drop into these woods," said Cupples. "In half an hour we shall be perfectly safe."

"That half-hour bothers me. By George, they've got the scent. See, the general and his whole staff are dashing this way pell-mell. We must run for it."

Run they did. A dozen shots were fired after them, but they made out to plunge into the woods However, the alarm was general, and the whole brigade was on the hunt.

"Penned in, sure as fate. Shall we blow out our brains or hang, Cupples?"

"I guess I'll choose the hanging," said Cupples. "It's farther off and no worse."

"You're a philosopher. I'll keep my brains and use them now that my feet are worthless. They say man never yet got into a scrape but he could get out of it if he knew enough."

They plunged along in wild fashion through the underbrush, while the shots were rattling on every side. Suddenly they broke into an open space, and found themselvs front to front with Gen. Bolton.

"What are you running so for," said Bolton.

"We wanted to get home. It's time to milk the cows," said the sergeant.

"I guess the cows will have to go for to-night. Come up to the guard-house."

"They'll miss us at home," said the sergeant with country boorishness and a whining voice.

"That's bumkum," said Bolton. "Your home isn't about here. I think I've seen you before."

"I have," said Sandy. "This man is Cupples, and this is his right hand-man—Jones, they call him. Don't you remember how Cupples hit you?"

"Yes," thundered Bolton, "and to-morrow morning you hang, both of you."

"We'll hang gaily," said the sergeant.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE BOY AND THE MAN.

Cupples and Jones slept soundly that night, as if they expected to wake up to a first-class meal.

"I've done my duty, and that's the end on't," said Cupples. "They say that choking is mighty easy. I hope so, for I can't try the experiment but once, and I want it to succeed the first time."

It was a lovely morning. The birds were singing marvelously among the trees, entirely unconscious of the great tragedy of human life that was going on. If there was a God anywhere enthroned in this beautiful scene, how utterly weak he seemed to be. What a tragedy existence must be to a God to see so much evil and not be able to help! To be infinite is indeed to be very cruel or very sorrowful.

Suddenly Harry entered the guard-house.

"Send the soldiers away," cried he. "I want to see these men alone."

In a moment he was face to face with his old friends.

"Do you recognize me?" he asked.

"Indeed we do," they both replied.

"How shall I explain myself," he said.

"I don't know," answered Cupples. "That's what has always bothered me. Why didn't you come to Amy?"

"I can't tell any more than you can. I expected to come—meant to come—but I delayed, hoping that time would make the opportunity easy. A thousand influences, however, were against me. I dreaded poverty. Gradually custom—the life of the world about me—the thoughts and feelings of all my friends, the force of circumstance, weaned me from my youthful purpose. I drifted on, and finally, I said, almost in despair, I will go the way of the world. It is useless to contend against it. If I do I shall be crushed. I despise myself, and yet it was my fate. No man is strong enough to be absolutely independent of his surroundings. I went with the tide."

"We all do the same," said the sergeant. "We've got to go with the tide now and hang for it."

"For the sake of your little girl," said Cupples. "We were seeking her."

"I know it."

"Where is she?

"I cannot answer. My father brought her to camp while I was away. Before I returned she had been stolen, or rescued, as I believe, by her mother. We have not a clue to her whereabouts."

"Amy has her beyond doubt," said Cupples, joyfully.

"I think so," said Harry. "Now for yourselves?"

"You can answer that better than we. If you don't help, we shall shuffle off this mortal coil in half an hour," said the sergeant.

"No doubt of it. I hav no authority whatever. Only something desperate can save you."

"Good-bye'" said Cupples. "We are all in the web, and its no use to kick."

"That's it," said Harry. "We are tangled on every side. We think we are free, free to think, free to do, yet we are constantly borne along. I feel as helpless as a leaf."

"You are fighting against the flag of our country. Do you do that of your own accord?"

"My education—everything—forces me this way. What has abstract reasoning or justice to do with conduct? It's the result of things in the midst of which we live. You think you are right, I think the same. It must be fought out, I suppose. I see no other way. You can't stop the whirlwind, and if you are in and of it you most go the way it goes."

"No use to argue," said the sergeant. "I hate to argue. I'd rather have a fair and square knock-down any time, and settle it that way. A man never yet was convinced by reasoning. You have to punch him into a conviction."

"Life is greater than thought, and goes on in spite of everything," said Harry. "What dreams I once had! It seemed so easy to do great and good things. The world lay before me like a dream-land. My feelings went forth simply to triumph. Alas, the miserable disappointment of it all, and worse than all, we become traitors to ourselves and scorn our own ideal and side with the world, and make the best of what we actually despise."

"Don't you feel like rebelling and making things to suit yourself?" said Jones.

"Yes, but who can resist opinion, custom, tradition, church, press, and the powers that be? I confess my inability. I've accepted the world as it is, but a heap of meanness and wrong I take with it. That's the only way by which one can really enjoy his virtue. To be in a minority of one is a very uncomfortable position, although it may be sublime. Such a minority always starves."

"I see you are a philosopher now," said the sergeant.

"I am. I was a poet once, or tried to be. But the music has gone. I am a practical man. I have no more theories."

"I think I understand you. I couldn't have acted as you did; but your are another man and that makes all the difference in the world."

"We'll shake hands over that. Now for action. I must get you out of this scrape somehow."

"I hope that fate is in that view of the affair, but I'm afraid it isn't. It looks as if fate meant to hang us."

"I hav no plan to offer, except that if you get a chance to run, *run* with all your might; and do just what Columbus tells you."

"Is Columbus here? then I do have some hopes. He's the incarnation of good luck. A man who can't speak is the luckest man living."

"Yes, if by not speaking he sets to thinking. He'll be ready at a moment's notice. I purpose to get you outside of this camp. I don't know how—but it most be done."

"Try it then. Only give us a ghost of a chance and we'll make a living of it."

"One shake of the hand," said Harry. "It may all go wrong and the devil be uppermost; but fate fights against fate itself, and now and then there's a chance for liberty. Good-bye."

"I don't condemn him," said the sergeant, when Harry was gone. "He's got the stuff in him, however badly it may be mixed."

"We are all badly mixed I guess," said Cupples. "Those who go straight have the least weight to carry."

"The more one has aboard, the more risky the voyage. I don't believe an empty vessel ever went on the breakers. It's perfectly safe to be a fool."

"Would I were the biggest of fools then," said Cupples, "till I got out of this."

"Trust to your folly. All the wit in the world won't give us a lift now."

"Then I resign my brains in favor of my neck. A good breath is better than a heap of knowledge," cried Cupples, vivaciously.

"Twenty minutes will decide. Let's be ready for a jump either into eternity, or into the woods," said the sergeant. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

ONE of the best ways to help along the cause of Freethought is to circulate THE TRUTH SEEKER. Trial subscriptions of three months for 50 cents.

Communications.

The True Character of Napoleon Bonaparte.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* I read in Mr. W. R. Dyer's poem, "Musings by the Way," in The Truth Seeker of March 1, 1884, these lines:

"A Bonaparte may waste two million lives,
Him of that baleful power no God deprives;
In vain the orphan's wail, the widow's woe,
This monster wills, and human blood must flow."

I regret being obliged to differ with any brother Liberal, but the above is most unjust (unintentionally so, I doubt not) to that supreme genius, and hence I esteem it my duty to rise and reply.

It is a matter of continual surprise to me that so few persons (Freethinkers, even), outside of France, know the true character of the first Napoleon.

I hav recently made the various lives which hav been written of him a careful and especial study, and I see no reason so reverse the decision I reached after reading the first one of all, Abbott's "Life of Napoleon." That book contains overwhelming documentary evidence to prove that Bonaparte was as good as he was great. It won't answer to "pooh! pooh!" Abbott's "Life," saying intelligent people giv it no credence, that it is disproved and supplanted, etc. It contains copies of a large number of state documents, official correspondence, etc., that must prove beyond a doubt, to the unprejudiced reader, that Napoleon was the Washington of France, and at least as worthy of esteem as was that personage. For the space of about twenty years, Napoleon, by the efforts of his gigantic genius, successfully held his own against the great banded powers of Europe. That he fell at last should not render him the less worthy of our respect and love. So far from being the monster, devoured by lust for conquest and love for bloodshed, which he is painted, he never fought except in self-defense, and his correspondence (see Abbott's "Life") shows that, throughout his political career, he never relaxed his endeavors to cement a lasting peace by making every concession which was compatible with the honor and welfare of his beloved France.

I do not defend him because I love him, but I love him because he was one of the best and loftiest characters recorded in history. All must do likewise as soon as they become acquainted with his true character and policy. Turn to France to-day; for hours hav I conversed with the middle orders in the French capital about their dead hero. Tears filled their eyes as they spoke of his noble endeavors to keep his adopted country free from a detested usurpation. Never, I think, hav I enjoyed conversation so intensely as with the few maimed, battle-scarred old veterans who fought under his banners, yet living beneath the glittering dome of "Les Invalides." Emotion choked my own speech, as well as theirs, when they recalled in tremulous tones the glorious fields whereon it was their privilege to fight beside their idolized "Little Corporal." Does a nation thus honor the memory of a tyrant? Never was leader so beloved—nay, reverenced, as was the hero of Marengo and Austerlitz, by his own soldiers. To a man, they they would lay down their lives for him.

This, even his bitterest enemies admit. Whence, then, his power? Will reasonable men believe such unqualified love could be evoked by a monster of cruelty, second scarcely to Nero himself? I wish all who can do so would procure Abbott's "Life of Napoleon," and judge for themselvs of the true character of the great champion of democracy.

America had but one foe (England), and between her and this single adversary rolled three thousand miles of billows, and yet, in a comparativly brief period, she was brought to the very brink of surrender, and but for the meteoric pen of Paine all would hav been lost.

France, on the contrary, was but twenty-one miles distant by water, at the nearest point, from her implacable enemy, England, and in direct land communication with Austria, Prussia, and "the colossus of the North," Russia. Notwithstanding all these disadvantages, Bonaparte successfully warred against his combined foes for nearly twenty years. Nothing, apparently, could hav established the peace of Europe except the absolute ruin of France and the enslavement of her people (as happened in the end), or the complete subordination of all the great powers to Napoleon; hence he fought for existence itself, and cannot be justly censured for doing in France what Washington did in America.

The true character of Napoleon (like that of Paine) has too long been obscured by the clouds of hate and the influence of kingcraft. In America, most of us are just learning the truth concerning our author-patriot, Paine; but of Napoleon, the great and gallant champion of European democracy, we, as yet, are far too ill-informed.

All Liberals should love Bonaparte; he fought and fell to defend the rights of the people of France against tyranny, and the occupation of a hated dynasty. I love Napoleon as I love but one other grand, noble man, and that man is Ingersoll.

I will close this letter with a short poem of my own, entitled

NAPOLEON AT FONTAINEBLEAU, MARCH 31, 1814.
(After the celebrated portrait by Paul Delaroche).

Majestically grand, the fallen Monarch sits,
With head sunk on his breast,
Despairingly, as o'er his prescient mind
The awful Future flits.

"Aye! every inch a king!" nor can yon hireling pack,
Seeking his noble life,
Subdue that haughty soul, which smiles at Fate,
Still victor of the strife.

Deem not he grieves for aught save hapless France,
Spoil of the carrion kite;
Or one base thought of self, an added gloom
Lends his stern spirit's night.

No! 'tis loved France, reft of a hand to guide
Her desp'rate course, that bows
His spirit i' the dust—such godlike grief
As Fate few breasts allows.

Defame him not! ye whose ignoble souls,
Callous to worth, but feel
The tyrant's lust for Power, trampling what he revered—
A loving People's weal.

Elliott Preston.

A Few Figures.

To hear some men talk, we would suppose we could not manufacture at all without a protectiv tariff, to tax all the consumers for the few factory people. One would suppose, also, there is no history of the past to be read. Several times in the past some nations hav tried free trade and then fallen back to protect monopolies. But we need only look back at our last census report. There we find that during the period of our very low tariff, called our free trade era, the number of factories in the Union increased twenty thousand, while the capital increased about one hundred per cent. This was between 1850 and 1860, when our population and wealth were more than one-half less than between 1870 and 1880.

If, now, we compare from 1870 to 1880, we find we increased only about eighteen hundred in the number of factories, and about thirty-five per cent on investment. This was the protectiv era.

The truth is, a high tax is fatal to industry. The internal revenue tax acted on tobacco and liquor as the external revenue tariff on all the so-called protected industries. Tobacco factories, breweries, and distilleries were swept as with a besom of destruction. Every county had some such industries. Where are they now? Swallowed up by a few great monopolies. Trade cries, with the true patriot, Giv me liberty or giv me death. Clarke Irvine.

Oregon, Mo.

Facts and Fallacies in Regard to the New Testament

Did Christ's soul die? Did he make his soul an offering for sin? Christians most emphatically and unanimously say no! But if they are right in this, then Christ could not be the savior of sinners; has never paid the penalty, for the penalty is positivly declared by God. "The soul that sinneth it shall die." If he did die, soul and body, then he could not be God, for God must be immortal. If he was not God, he was alarmingly like his father. "And for this cause God shall send them a strong delusion, that they should believe a lie" (2 Thess. ii, 11), for Christ again and again declared he was God. "And now, O Father, glorify thou me with thine own self with the glory which I had with thee before the world was" (John xvii, 5). Christ positivly declared he was God to the man to whom he gave sight. "Jesus heard that they had cast him out; and when he had found him, he said unto him, Dost thou believe on the son of God? He answered and said, Who is he, Lord, that I might believe on him? And Jesus said unto him, Thou hast both seen him and *it is* he that talketh with thee, and he said, Lord I believe, and he worshiped him" (John. ix, 35–37).

If Christ was not God, he was a vile sinner, for by claiming to be he induced this poor man to worship him as God. Again, Christ declares, "I know them that follow me and I giv unto them eternal life" (John x, 27–28). None but an almighty God could giv eternal life. Again he said, "I and my Father are one" (John x, 30).

If Christ told the truth, if he was God, he must hav been immortal. He could not die.

If only his body died on the cross, then the penalty for sin was not paid by Jesus, for the Bible declares, "The soul that sinneth it shall die" (Ezk. xviii, 20). Christ himself asks, "For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man giv in exchange for his soul?" (Mat. xvi, 26).

Christians positivly declare Christ's soul could not die, the Bible declares Christ's soul did die. Which is true? Which shall we accept? Which deny?

"Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him, he hath put him to grief, when thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin, he shall see his seed, he shall prolong his days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hand. He shall see of the travail of his soul and shall be satisfied; by his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many, for he shall bear their iniquities. Therefore will I divide him a portion with the great, and he shall divide the spoil with the strong because he hath poured out his soul unto death; and he was numbered with the transgressors, and he bare the sin of many and made intercession for the transgressors" (Isa. liii, 10–12.) Why do Christians deny the plainest declarations of the Bible, and then bitterly denounce Liberals for not believing every word of it?

Christ himself declared he died. The Christ that is now in heaven died, not the mere humanity he assumed. Appearing to John on the isle of Patmos over sixty years after the crucifixion, he said, "I am he that liveth, and was dead, and behold I am alive for evermore, Amen; and hav the keys of hell and death" (Rev. i, 18).

If we are to believe the New Testament, the declaration of Christ himself, Christ "has the office oposit to St. Peter, and keeps the gate of hell."

The Christ now in heaven says he did die. Therefore he could not hav been God. If he did not die, soul and body, then there never was atonement made for sinners. Christians and Christ declare he was God; church, Christ, Bible, and Christians contradict each other. And yet the gentle, pitying savior decrees, "He that believeth not shall be damned" (Mark xvi, 16). Chas. B. Reynolds.

Oh, What a God!

The following taken from a report of a meeting of the friends and relativs of the victims of the awful disaster in the Pocahontas mine, to take measures to get the bodies out of the mine, illustrates the unreason of superstition. These people believe their God knows everything and can do everything; yet they believe he sits unmoved amid horrors unspeakable which one motion of his will can end and convert into blessings. Were a poor weak man to stand idly by, unsympathizing, not assisting, they would lynch him as a monster. Their almighty God can do so, and they heap praises on him. "Be ye perfect even as god is perfect." "Imitate and obey God." Were one to try to imitate this monstrous indifference, to neglect to try and prevent a disaster seen approaching, what would be thought of him?

The presiding officer was a venerable and superannuated miner named William Forster, who with trembling voice said: "Men—I for one am here to see if I can't get the bodies of my two boys, who, as far as I can calculate, are buried almost underneath our feet, surrounded by a hell of fire."

A sob seemed to pass through the assembly, every member of which wore some badge of mourning. Women commenced to wail loudly for lost husbands, sons, and brothers, but were ordered with rough kindness to stop crying.

Peter Smith, whose brother is another victim, asked permission to pray, which being accorded he rose, and doffing his hat, made a touching appeal. The men outside the building also stood uncovered, and with the rain beating on their heads listened to the following:

"O God Almighty, we ask that you will giv us some comfort in this hour of affliction. We pray you to let us hav back the bodies of our poor relativs, and not to refuse us the chance of burying them. O Lord God Almighty, put out the fires and help us so that we can giv back the bodies to that earth from which we came. Help us so our action to-night may be wise, and that we may not be reckless or do things which the law don't allow. O great God, let your pity come to these here poor widows and children who now hav no man to get them bread. Let this great and rich country giv a few dollars so that we will not see them starving. Pray, God, don't let them go down under their troubles. If some poor fellow down below is yet alive, O God, kill him quick or show us how to help him. In the name of a merciful Jesus we beseech you to show pity on this town and help us bear the burden you hav given us to bear. God help us and teach us to liv your life, so we can die in peace when our time comes to die. If, as some say, our dead go to purgatory, then we pray you to be merciful to our dead. Let their agony in this deadly mine help to square their accounts. God help and comfort all in Pocahontas, for the sweet sake of Jesus Christ. Amen."

During the roughly spoken invocation the crying of the women, at first almost inaudible, rose in unison until the volume nearly drowned the speaker's voice. As he sat down tears were flowing from every eye, and great confusion prevailed, as several of the women had become unmanageable. The "keening" of the Irish women mingled with the frenzied lamentations of the colored women. The scene was distressing in the extreme to the few strangers who witnessed it.

Mr. Smith's Prospectus.

P. J. Smith keeps the Kittrell House in Gadsen, Ala. His terms are cash for saint and sinner, and he throws in this advice:

LETTER OF ADVICE.

Meet P. J. Smith, the meanest man in America, in heaven, where he has $50,000 in the treasury, deposited to his credit, together with ten thousand barrels of cream. Immediately after the final judgment he will open his ice cream parlor and furnish free lunch to all.

Climb the stairs, boys!

Comes Out of the People.

The Catholic clergymen of the diocese of Albany hav made up a purse of $15,000 for Bishop McNierney.—*Albany Journal.*

Dr. W. M. Taylor's life is insured for $50,000, the Broadway Tabernacle paying the annual premium of $1,238, in addition to his $16,000 salary.—*N. Y. Times.*

How few reflect that any money spent on that useless class, the clergy, necessarily comes from the hard-working people, even if clergymen inter-exchange presents, as in the above case! Paling.

Allying Church and State.

At a session of the National Reform Association, held in Philadelphia on March 25th, Rev. Dr. Barr, chairman of the Committee on Resolutions, offered the following which were adopted:

Resolved, That civil government is an ordinance of God and as such is responsible to him.

Resolved, That in the divine administration in this dispensation all power in heaven and earth being given to the Lord Jesus Christ, he is, therefore, the rightful ruler of all nations and they are bound to acknowledge him as such.

Resolved, That his will revealed in the Bible is the law of nations as well as of the individuals composing them, and this law must guide nations in all their acts and direct and control their moral character.

Resolved, That nations must suitably acknowledge him as their governor, and be subject to his will revealed to them as nations. Refusing or failing to do this provokes his righteous displeasure, and sooner or later such nations must perish by his righteous judgment.

Resolved, That it is well that this acknowledgment be made in the acts or legislation of nations, but in order that it may be put beyond the caprice of an individual will, or the changeable enactment of national or state legislation, it should be made in the fundamental law or national constitution.

Resolved, That moral reformation in the character of our rulers and legislators, reformation in laws relating to divorce, to the Sabbath, to the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks, and all kindred subjects, can be attained only by advocating and steadfastly adhering to the principles relating to civil government thus enunciated, and we therefore invite and earnestly recommend all Christian citizens to study these principles, and to labor for our nation's reformation upon the sure basis which they afford.

THE CONSEQUENCES.

We hav over and over again pointed out the consequences that would result from the union proposed by these fanatics, and this time we will let a Christian answer his brethren. In the current *North American Review* Rev. Dr. Philip Schaff, who was one of the American committee of New Testament revisers, writes upon the "Development of Religious Freedom." In the course of his paper he says:

Persecution dates from the union of church and state. . . . When Constantine the Great espoused the cause of Christianity he transferred his power as high priest of the state religion to his new position as the temporal head of the church. The Christian emperors now persecuted the heathen religion as the pagan emperors had persecuted the Christian religion. Not only so, but they persecuted also every departure from the established orthodox creed; they recognized but one legitimate form of Christianity, which was represented by the Catholic church, and they treated every heresy and schism as a crime against the state. In this attitude they were aided by the theological dogma framed by the fathers, of the exclusivness of the Catholic church, which they confounded with the kingdom of God, out of which there is no salvation. The imperial legislation from Constantine the Great to Justinian is filled with penal laws against Arians, Donatists, Manicheans, Gnostics, Montanists, Quartodecimans, Novatians, Apollinarians, Nestorians, Eutychians, and all other sects that dissented from the dogmas and canons of the ruling state church, and who were punished as enemies of society with deposition, banishment, and even with death. These laws were incorporated in the Justinian code, which was gradually adopted, together with the canon law, all over the continent of Europe. Rome ruled once more by law as she had so long ruled by the sword, and ruled over the children of those barbarians who had broken up her empire.

England alone, favored by her isolation and protected by the surrounding sea, resisted the introduction of the Roman civil law and the canon law; she preferred her own customs, inherited from Anglo Savon times, and built on them her common law (or *lex non scripta*) and her statute law (or *lex scripta*). But as to her religion, England was as thoroughly Catholic, and even Roman Catholic, as any country on the continent. The first archbishop of Canterbury, St. Augustine, who was sent by Pope Gregory I. to convert the Anglo-Saxons, could not tolerate the older and more independent Christianity of the Britons, which was driven to the mountains of Wales. The statute on the burning of heretics was in force even to the times of Queen Elizabeth and King James. Wicklif escaped persecution during his life, but was not spared after his death, and the Council of Constance, which burnt Huss and Jerome of Prague as heretics, condemned Wicklif and his writings to the flames; whereupon his remains were solemnly ungraved, burnt to ashes, and cast into the brook Swift, which (as Fuller says) "conveyed them into the Avon, Avon into Severn, Severn into the narrow seas, they into the main ocean; and thus the ashes of Wicklif are the emblem of his doctrin, which now is dispersed all the world over." Five hundred years after the completion of Wicklif's Bible translation his memory was celebrated in five continents. What a change!

The medieval persecution reached its hight in the crusades against the Waldenses and Albigenses, in France, and in the Inquisition of Spain. Both were ecclesiastico-political. The church defined and condemned the heresy, and the state punished it by the sword, using carnal force against spiritual offenses. The Spanish Inquisition was instituted by Ferdinand and Isabella, with the express sanction of the pope, for ridding the state of all enemies, Moors, Jews, and heretics. It is stated that during the first twenty years of its existence, from A.D. 1478 to 1498, when the terrible Inquisitor-General Torquemada resigned his office, over 8,080 persons were burnt alive, 6,500 in effigy, and 90,004 punished in other ways. The sum total of persons condemned to death by the Spanish Inquisition during the 330 years of its existence (from 1478 to 1808) is stated to be 30,000. Roman Catholic writers like Balmez and Hefele (the latter in his work on Cardinal Ximenes, the third inquisitor-general), in defense of the institution, question the figures of Llorente (who, however, was a Spanish priest and secretary of the Inquisition from 1789–1791), and claim for the Inquisition as a good result that it saved Spain from the horrors of religious wars, which would hav cost far more victims, and might hav ruined the country. But the peace of a graveyard is much worse than war. France, Holland, Germany, and England hav all passed through the ordeal of religious wars, and left Spain, once the proudest monarchy of Europe, far behind in everything that makes up the glory of a nation.

The Reformation of the sixteenth century was the grandest movement in history since the introduction of Christianity, and carried in it the modern principles of religious and civil liberty. But at first it was simply an emancipation from the thraldom of popery, which, from being a schoolmaster of the barbarous nations of Europe, had become an intolerable tyrant. The reformers had no idea of religious freedom beyond their own creed, nor of a separation between the church and the state. They were intensely convinced of the scriptural truthfulness of their views, and deemed it right and proper to deny to others the right of dissent which they claimed and exercised for themselvs. They appealed to the civil magistrate for the support of the new churches and the suppression of heresy. The Lutheran princes in Germany and Scandinavia acted on the principle *Cujus regio ejus religio*, and made themselvs supreme bishops or little popes in their territories. The republican magistrates of Zurich, Bern, Basel, Geneva, and other Swiss cantons, did the same. In England this principle was carried to the extreme of Erastianism. Henry VIII. simply cut off the Roman head from the English hierarchy, and put his own crown on the bloody trunk. He called himself the "supreme head" of the church of England, and his daughter Elizabeth, being a woman, only softened it into "supreme governor." Anabaptists and Socinians were persecuted in Protestant as well as in Roman Catholic countries. The only difference is in the extent of persecution and the degree of severity, in which Romanism has an unenviable pre-eminence, because it had more power and once ruled supreme in Europe.

Calvin consented to the burning of Servetus by the civil authorities of Geneva for denying the trinity and the divinity of Christ, though he had begged the magistrate in vain to mitigate the punishment by substituting the sword for the fagot. The burning was fully justified by all the surviving reformers, Farel, Beza, Bucer, Bullinger (Zwingli's successor in Zurich), and the mild and gentle Melancthon. Beza called liberty of conscience a diabolical dogma. Castellio, once a friend, then an enemy of Calvin, and expelled from Geneva, was the only Protestant of that age who denounced the execution; and he did it for the rationalistic reason that errors on speculativ doctrins, as the trinity, predestination, etc., which are impenatrably obscure, hav no influence on morals, and are therefore innocent. Luther and Zwingli, who had died long before that tragedy in Geneva, might possibly hav disapproved of its severity in obedience to their liberal instincts. Luther once made the excellent remark that if heretics were to be burnt the hangman would be the best theologian; but Luther would not hav tolerated Zwingli or Œcolampadius in Saxony, whom he refused to acknowledge as brethren at Marburg, though they agreed in fourteen out of fifteen articles of doctrin, and differed only on the mode of Christ's presence in the eucharist. The Melancthonians (or Philippists), Krypto-Calvinists, and all professors, clergymen, and school-teachers who would not subscribe to the Formula Concordiæ of 1577, lost their places in Saxony; and Chancellor Nicholas Crell, who had supported Calvinism, was, after ten years' imprisonment, beheaded at Dresden as a traitor (1601). "Since that time the name of a Calvinist became more hateful in Saxony than that of a Jew or Mohammedan." In Scandinavian countries, till within the memory of men now living, Lutherans only were allowed the privilege of public worship and the rights of citizenship. In England, the penal laws, enacted under Queen Elizabeth, were a systematic attempt to uproot every form of dissent, whether Roman Catholic or Protestant, and were carried out with cruel severity. John Knox declared that one popish mass in Scotland was more obnoxious and dangerous than a French army of invasion. Archbishop Laud was as bigoted and intolerant as any inquisitor in Spain. The Puritan assembly of Westminster expelled two thousand beneficed Episcopal clergymen, and Charles II. on his restoration took double vengeance on the Nonconformists in England and the Covenanters of Scotland. Cromwell was the most tolerant of the statesmen of the seventeenth century, but even he exempted "popery and prelacy" from his scheme of toleration. Milton, the most eloquent advocate of liberty in the English tongue, made the same exception. Baxter was comparativly liberal, yet he pronounced universal toleration to be "soul murder," and "the way to man's damnation." Jeremy Taylor, when in exile, eloquently defended the principle of toleration in his "Liberty of Prophesying," but abandoned it when the Episcopal church regained her power, and apologized for the publication or that book.

Nor is our own America free from the reproach of persecution. The first English settlers fled from persecution in their nativ land, and sought freedom of worship for themselvs, but for themselvs only. With the exception of the Baptist colony of Rhode Island, the Quaker colony of Pennsylvania, and the Catholic colony of Maryland (in its earliest stage), the principle of state churchism was as fully recognized and established in our colonial period as in England. Congregationalism was the established church in Massachusetts and nearly all New England; Episcopacy in Virginia, the Carolinas, and New York. There was a time when dissenters were fined, imprisoned, exiled, and even hanged for religious opinions, to the extent of the power of the civil authorities of our free country, even in the enlightened state of Massachusetts, and such persecution was justified on the basis of the union of church and state.

Wherever this principle is acknowledged and established, persecution becomes even a duty of conscientious rulers. The worst persecutors among the Roman emperors (with the exception of Nero, who persecuted the Christians, not for religion, but on the false charge of incendiarism) were influenced by motivs of patriotism and duty to the integrity of the ancestral religion, and are numbered among the best emperors—Trajan, Marcus Aurelius, Decius, Diocletian, and Julian. *And so we must dismiss the idea that every Christian persecutor is necessarily a bad man.* The great and good St. Augustine was the first among the fathers who formulated the very principle of persecution by his famous misinterpretation of "Compel them to enter in." Innocent III., who inspired the horrible crusade against the Albigenses and Waldenses, was one of the purest, as well as ablest, among popes. Cardinal Ximenes, the inquisitor-general of Spain, is the originator of the first Polyglot Bible, now one of the rarest and costliest books. Calvin, who burnt Servetus, is not only the greatest theologian among the Reformers, but surpassed them all in zeal for purity of doctrin and holiness of life. Lecky, who abhors persecution, fully acknowledges this fact.

Lecky derives religious persecution from the intensity of religious conviction, and the belief that there is no salvation beyond the limits of a certain system of orthodoxy. But here we must decidedly dissent from him. That the degree of earnestness and exclusivness of belief determins the degree of severity of persecution, we admit; but we utterly deny that orthodoxy in any shape is necessarily persecuting. Otherwise, Christ and the apostles would hav been the greatest persecutors, at least in principle, as they could not be in fact. Religious convictions were as deep and strong in the first three centuries, when orthodox Christians suffered from persecution, as in the Middle Ages, when orthodox Christians persecuted Jews, heretics, and Infidels. There are now in America plenty of Catholics, Episcopalians, Congregationalists, Presbyterians, Lutherans, who are as orthodox, as sincere, as earnest, even as exclusiv in their theological opinions, as their ancestors, and who yet utterly disavow their persecuting principles and practices. They all profess the opposit principle of toleration and freedom.

We maintain, then, that persecution is consistent with, and inseparable from, the union of church and state; while religious freedom is the inevitable result of a peaceful separation of the two. Church and state are as distinct as soul and body, as eternity and time.

The Liberal Club.

The 333d regular meeting of the Manhattan Liberal Club was held on the evening of Friday, the 28th of March. No representativ of THE TRUTH SEEKER competent to record the proceedings was present, but it is understood that an enjoyable time was had. Madam Henri Delescluze, a deeply religious lady of considerable elocutionary attainments, delivered the lecture as announced on the program, entitled "A Mad World." The world here described is the present one, no insinuation as to the sanity of the next being implied. The madam's lecture was criticised in the usual manner. Mr. King thought the speaker appeared dyspeptic, and Professor Vaughan, of Virginia, said something about snobs of reporters. Exactly what he said, or whom he alluded to, is unknown, and is not considered a matter of any great concern.

At the 334th meeting the subject was "Positivism and Politics," the speaker being Edward W. Searing, Esq., of the New York bar. Mr. Seering began by reading Bryant's poem, "The Crowded Street." He then described the corrupted condition of New York politics, and read an extract from the New York *Sun* on the way the political machinery was worked. The doctrin of individuality was too much taught. The fact is that the individual is of very little importance, compared with society. Positivism believes in unity, harmony, and the greatest good to the greatest number. Officers of the law should be appointed by their predecessors, and the electiv franchise should be exercised to vote men out of office instead of into it. A sense of responsibility should be impressed upon the people, as was done by Nelson at Trafalgar, when he nailed to the mast of his vessel, where all could behold it, this sentiment, "England expects every man to do his duty." The Englishmen did their duty and won the battle, but the distinguished Mr. Nelson was killed. Positivism would appeal to the sense of duty, which method was hardly ever known to hav any other than a favorable result.

Mr. Hunn, who availed himself of the platform with electric promptness, proposed that at the next election we hang up a banner bearing the motto, "America expects every man to do his duty." That would be a good test of Mr. Searing's ingenious hypothesis as to moral responsibility. Mr. Hunn went on to speak of the necessity of disintegration, which word he succeeded in pronouncing in three different ways. Politics was a trade which all should learn. Every man that did not vote should be fined. Mr. Hunn believed that Mr. Searing was bilious.

At this point the presence of Mr. Shook in the hall was discovered, and a suggestion that he should occupy the platform for a short time was received with vociferous cheers. The chairman nodded his head in approval; the secretary thumped the table with a silver half-dollar; the *Boycotter* man stamped his feet and shouted "Shook;" and a well-known poet and author clapped his hands with delight. Other intelligent though less distinguished persons present applauded also, and Mr. Shook took the platform. He said he was very glad to meet with the club again after a separation of many months. Before him he perceived pretty much the same old faces. A few fresh-looking individuals had been added to the audience, but they had the peculiar yearning expression visible on the countenances of the older members—a yearning after the new and the novel. Generally, however, he recognized the identical ancient sixpences that he had become familiar with long ago. Mr. Shook saw no improvement in the club, and did not claim much for himself. If the club had known he was coming it would hav exerted itself more.

Dr. Weeks said we should develop the feeling that the majority has no control over the minority. This as opposed to kingly and priestly rule.

Mr. King said he found great difficulty in criticising the lecture, because Mr. Searing was not doing the best he could. The fact was, Mr. Searing was not seen at his best when he read, nor was he fully appreciated when he talked. You could not blame him if he failed to successfully apply Positivism to the politics of such men as Johnny O'Brien and John Kelly. A great man might try that and fail, and still do middling well. Mr. Searing had not considered the relativity of things. We must hav reorganization. You cannot expect a prosperous state of society when women are paid only half as much as men for doing the same amount of work, and men are not paid more than half as much as they earn. The bottom, Mr. King said, was falling out of government and morality.

Mr. Andrews arose to express his good will, and his pleasure at the apparently increasing disposition toward conformity of views observable among the speakers. On the political horizon he could see that there were dangers. What they were he would not stop to say, as he was to speak next Friday evening on a question which would involve a discussion of that matter. Our present system of getting at public opinion was defectiv. In large cities no interest is taken in public measures until it is pumped into the

citizen by the politicians just before election. The voter does not know what is going on in his ward and don't care. The ballot, as a method of taking the sense of the public, works well in small towns, but fails entirely in cities.

Professor Vaughan, of Virginia, said that he had no objection to having a man for his god if the man was large enough. Humanity is an organism. We are all links, so to speak, in the great human sausage. A man, the professor argued, could not, with both hands occupied, and leading a dog at the same time, tickle his left ear with his right hand without serious results. The mind is a fenceless continent.

Mr. Searing, in reply to his critics, said he had studied politics. He learned to play draw poker, and that it was necessary to treat your constituency in order to make your calling and election sure. He would never read another paper before the Liberal club, but hoped to deliver some extemporaneous ones. He thanked the audience for their kindness and attention.

Next week Mr. Andrews will review Herbert Spencer's recent contribution to the *Popular Science Monthly* on "The Coming Slavery."

Girard College.

John E. Remsburg in Freethinkers' Magazine.

On the 26th of December, 1831, Stephen Girard died, leaving a fortune of seven and a half million dollars. A part of this he bequeathed to his relativs, to the cities of Philadelphia and New Orleans, and to various charitable institutions; but the greater portion of it was left for the purpose of establishing and maintaining a college for orphans in Philadelphia.

The bequest was made to the "mayor, aldermen, and citizens of Philadelphia, their successors and assigns, in trust, etc."

In his will he says, "There are, however, some restrictions which I consider it my duty to prescribe, and to be, amongst others, *conditions on which my bequest for such college is made, and to be enjoyed.*'

Among these restrictions was the following:

"I enjoin and require that no ecclesiastic, missionary, or minister of any sect whatsoever shall ever hold or exercise any station or duty whatever in said college; nor shall any such person ever be admitted for any purpose, or as a visitor, within the premises appropriated to the purposes of the said college. In making this restriction, I do not mean to cast any reflection upon any sect or person whatsoever; but as there is such a multitude of sects, and such a diversity of opinions amongst them, I desire to keep the tender minds of the orphans, who are to derive advantage from this bequest, free from the excitement which clashing doctrins and sectarian controversy are so apt to produce; my desire is, that all the instructors and teachers in the college shall take pains to instil into the minds of the scholars the purest principles of morality, so that on their entrance into activ life they may from inclination and habit evince benevolence toward their fellow-creatures, and a love of truth, sobriety, and industry, adopting at the same time such religious tenets as their natural reason may enable them to prefer."

An attempt was made to set Girard's will aside. "First, because of the exclusion of all ecclesiastics, ministers, and missionaries of any sect, and secondly, because it limits the instruction to be given to scholars to pure morality and general benevolence, and so excluding by implication all instruction in the Christian religion."

The case reccived two hearings before the United States Supreme Court, Daniel Webster appearing in behalf of the complainants. Justice Story delivered the opinion of the court, which was that the bequest was valid and legal.

Two million dollars were expended in the erection of suitable buildings. The college was formally opened on the first of January, 1848. The immediate government of the institution is vested in the directors of city trusts, composed of twelve citizens of Philadelphia appointed by the judges of the Court of Common Pleas, who, with the mayor and presidents of councils, constitute the board.

Girard wished "to instil into the minds of the scholars the purest principles of morality." and keep them free from the demoralizing influence of theological teachings. To secure this he wisely enjoins the exclusion of "ecclesiastic, missionary, and minister." Has this provision been respected?

In 1852, four years after the opening of the college, Mr. Henry W. Arey, secretary of the institution, made the following statement respecting its management:

"The order of exercises on week days is as follows: The pupil's rise at 6 o'clock, take breakfast at 6:30, attend morning worship at 8, assemble in the school-rooms immediately afterwards, remain there, with 15 minutes recess, until 12, then take recreation for half an hour, dine at 12:30, take recreation from 1 until 2, remain in the school-rooms from 2 until 4 with recess of 15 minutes, attend evening worship at 4, take recreation two hours, supper at 6, assemble in the section rooms at 7, retire to the dormitories from 8 to 10, according to their age.

"On Sundays the pupils assemble in their section rooms at 9 o'clock in the morning, and at 2 in the afternoon, for religious reading and instruction, and at 10:30 o'clock in the morning, and at 3:30 in the afternoon, they attend worship in the college building.

"At the daily or Sunday religious exercises, the president or some layman selected by him officiates, as by the will clergymen are not privileged to be admitted into the college. On week-days the exercises consist of singing a hymn, reading a chapter from the Bible or New Testament, and prayer. On Sundays, in addition, an appropriate discourse, adapted to the comprehension and situation of the pupils, is delivered."

The above is substantially the method of management at the present time. The wolf is permitted to enter in sheep's clothing. Ecclesiastics, missionaries, and ministers, in the guise of unordained clergymen, daily officiate within the walls of the institution.

Thus Girard College stands a monument to Infidel charity and Christian perfidy.

How Would Mr. Green Pay for the Printing?

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* Permit us to throw out a suggestion to Brother Green, and also to invite the opinion of fellow truth seekers as to the free publication in the "Directory" of the names of Freethinkers. The list, I am sure, does not represent one-tenth of our strength—at least I can safely say this for Canada—and until a collection of names is made and inserted free we will not pan out on paper as we ought to. I would like to hear from others on this point. Yours,

Gananoque, Ont, Geo. G. Meikle.

Chilling News for the Elect.

James A. Buck is a prosperous lumber merchant of Canada. He makes money, dresses well, and his only failing appears to be a tendency to go on periodical religious sprees. His last jamboree was celebrated in this city. From the Fifth Avenue Hotel he issued the following circular, which bears particularly hard on the churches and priests. We commend it to the Halls and Dixes and Morgans and Potters of the city:

THE SAVIOR'S SECOND COMING.

I am directed by the King of Heaven, who dwells in my bosom, using me as His instrument of clay, to publish that He, the Holy Mind of Nature, will, before many days, appear in a Cyclone of Fire, Sweeping the entire Animal Kingdom off the Planet Earth into the "Bottomless Pit" (Boundless Space), where the Devil, the Evil Mind of Nature, the "Beast," the clay-being who aspires to govern, and the "False Prophet" the clay-being who preaches Life beyond the grave, "will be tormented forever."

Behold the Judgment Day, with Cyclone Warnings, which hav destroyed many Lives and much property within the past twelve months.

The Millennium Era is now at hand, in which many Members of the Animal Kingdom evolving into Men may liv out the original Natural term of life of 1,000 years enjoyed by our Ancestors before Planet Earth was Cursed by the Evil Mind of Nature.

Go one, go all, in search of the "Tree of Life," found by obeying Matthew's Gospel perverted by False Teachers.

Priests and Preachers who preach for Gold,
The Day of Wrath to them is near;
If they don't find the Savior's Fold,
Before God's Bar they'll soon appear.

They do proclaim a silly *Fall*
In Eden's Garden long ago;
God says there was no *Fall* at all,
Nor were there ever only two.

They say, the Countless Stars were made,
And that the Sun did not once shine:
Preaching lies has long been a trade
By many who wear broadcloth fine.

They preach the Savior's Blood for pay,
His plain Command they will not keep:
"Take no gold," the Gospel doth say—
They are "Wolves" appearing like sheep.

They say there is in seeming skies
A Parlor Grand for Souls of Dead.
They say the rotten Dead will rise:
By lies they're housed and clothed and fed.

Gospel Commands are very plain,
The "narrow way" none need mistake;
No one who has a Mind that's sane
Need go to dwell in Brimstone Lake.

"Eternal Life" is not for sale,
The only Crown has been bought up;
Genesis the third has a tale
To tell. With God but two can sup.

Through Calamities last year over 120,000 Inhabitants of Planet Earth perished. An Army of 70,000 Christian Priests and Preachers, trafficking in the Savior's Sufferings and Holy Blood, if they cannot quickly find the "Tree of Life," will be Swept by the Almighty Holy Spirit into the "Bottomless Pit," but will never "perish;" Episcopalian Divines will find a "Trinity College," in which to study through all Eternity the meaning of the word "perish." Presbyterian Ministers "will wonder why their names were not written in the Lamb's Book of Life from the foundation of the World." Methodist Preachers will sing, "Twas great to speak a World from naught," and preach the "fall." Baptist Preachers will wonder why "Immersion" and the "finished work of Christ" did not save. The Devil's "popular Evangelists" will sing "Hold the Fort," and preach then with authority the doctrin of "Everlasting Punishment," and many Idolaters will wonder what became of the crucified body of Jesus after the ascension.

"And whosoever was not found written in the Lamb's Book of Life was cast into the Lake of Fire" (Rev. xx, 15).

The King of Heaven Challenges the entire Population of Planet Earth to fight Him. All Members of the Animal Kingdom possessing Gospel Knowledge, who accept the King's Challenge by not surrendering at once to Him, will be fought through all Eternity in a "Lake of Fire."

Electricity is the Gun
With which Almighty God will fight;
From it no one will ever run,
It is a Chain that does bind tight.

Electricity is the "Lake
Of Fire," which will ne'er cease to burn;
Electricity will soon take
Millions to Hell to Wail and Mourn.

James A. Buck.

Fifth Avenue Hotel, City of New York.

Limping Livezey.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* I notice in your paper of March 15th that one Livezey has captured the whole Freethought army. As an Irishman would say, he surrounded us.

For my own part, when I am executed I would like to be present.

I hav had no debate with this crank Christian. How, then, could I retreat, when I hav not even gone into battle?—no fault of mine, for everywhere I go the clergy receive a challenge from me to debate. I believe in debate, but hav been unable for two years to get any minister to meet me, for my sake, his own sake, or for "Christ's sake."

I am ready at the tap of the drum to meet Christ's servants in wordy war—any of them. But they bravely run away, boasting, as they run, what a glorious victory their Lord God is giving them. Is this not a fulfilment of prophecy, that "one man shall chase a thousand?"

Permit me to say that I hav just returned from giving a course of eight lectures in Creighton, Nebraska, to full houses. Because I am publishing a political paper I trust my Liberal friends will not suppose that I hav retired from activ lecture work. It is my expectation to continue that as long as I can wag my tongue. Hence I will receive calls to lecture anywhere in Minnesota, Wisconsin, Illinois, Nebraska, Kansas, or Dakota. Fraternally,

Pipestone City, Minn. W. F. Jamieson.

The Founder of Agnosticism.

From the San Francisco Post.

Professor Thomas Henry Huxley, the founder of Agnosticism, was born at Ealing, Middlesex, England, in 1825, studied medicin at the Charing Cross Hospital, and in 1846 entered the navy as a surgeon. In the winter of the same year he had a good fortune to be chosen as assistant surgeon of the Rattlesnake, Captain Owen Stanley. The exploring expedition of this vessel along the coast of Australia, New Guinea, and the Lousiade Archipelago afforded a brilliant opportunity for the young naturalist. Papers by him on marine animal life were published by the Royal and Linnæan societies, one even attaining the high honor of being included in "The Philosophical Transactions," and on his return Mr. Huxley found that he had already an established reputation in scientific circles. In 1851 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and in the next year received one of the two gold medals annually bestowed by the society for distinguished scientific achievements. Since then every year has seen valuable contributions to the literature of science from his pen. We can enumerate the titles of but a few of his publications. He was joint author with Mr. Tyndall in 1857 of "Observations on Glaciers;" "Theory of the Vertebrate Skull" (1858); "The Oceanic Hydrozoa" (1859); "The Glyptodon" and its "Osteology;" "Man's Place in Nature" (1863); "Lessons in Comparativ Anatomy" (1864); "Lessons in Elementary Physiology" (1866); "Lay Sermons, Addresses, and Reviews" (1870), perhaps his most popular book; "Critiques and Addresses" (1877); and a sketch of "Hume" (1879) are his principal works. Among the offices he has held are those of professor in the Royal School of Mines, where he delivered, besides the ordinary series of scientific lectures, a practical and most valuable series of lectures to workingmen; member of the London School Board for many years; professor of natural history in the Royal School of Mines; professor of anatomy to the Royal College of Surgeons; and in 1871 lord rector of Aberdeen University. He has, of course, a long array of titles from various scientific bodies, and his degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him by Edinburgh University. When, a few months ago, the death of Mr. Spottiswood left vacant the office of president of the Royal Society, probably the highest scientific honor existing in Great Britain, Huxley's name was at once recognized as the one to be selected. His election was a foregone conclusion, notwithstanding the bitter but numerically weak opposition of the more conservativ members of the society. As a biologist, anatomist, and naturalist he has no living equal. The most recent way in which Professor Huxley's name has been brought before the public eye has been in connection with a letter from him printed by the editor of the "Agnostic Annual." Professor Huxley, while admitting the authorship of the letter, declares that its publication was a breach of confidence. However that may be, the letter is a very bold defense of the Agnostic doctrin that it is impossible to define the unknowable in terms of the known. In the course of the letter Mr. Huxley declares that he himself first introduced the name of Agnostic into *modern* philosophical discussions. The above interesting facts we condense from an article in the *Evening Post*, accompanied by a wood-cut of the distinguished scientist. It need only be added that the fundamental doctrin of Agnosticism, and even the name itself, are centuries older than the Christian era.

Lectures and Meetings.

Mrs. Lake and Professor Peck hav been engaged for the Sundays of April by the Liberal Society of Flint, Mich. Eastern societies desiring their services will so address them,

The 6th Annual Convention of the New England Anti-Tax League meets in Codman Hall, Boston, Sunday, April 13th, at 10.30 A.M., 2.30 and 7.30 P.M. Rev. J. M. L. Babcock, J. W. Stillman, Esq., Joseph P. Sheafe, E. H. Heywood, Lyman A. Wiley, A. D. Wheeler, and other speakers are expected.

Speaking of Mr. J. H. Burnham, Harry Hoover, of Pittsburgh, Pa., writes as follows: "I am not a hero-worshiper, and not inclined to giv people taffy. But when a man or woman renders real solid service to the cause of Freethought, I feel that it ought to be recognized and appreciated. Mr. J. H. Burnham, of Michigan, has just finished a six weeks' engagement with our League, and has given such entire satisfaction that we contemplate employing him again in September. His lecture on "The Scientific Basis of Thought" was a profound and scholarly one, and his closing one, "What Has Christianity Abandoned?" left nothing to be said on the subject. His address is Saginaw City, Mich. By all means let him be constantly employed."

West Plains and Willow Springs, and other towns in or about Howell county, Mo., and on a railway from Kansas City to Memphis, Tenn., perfectly healthy region, high and dry, about latitude 37, in the midst of all varieties of the best timber ever seen, with some fifty saw-mills around, hav not one single furniture manufactory within a hundred miles or more of them. So says the *West Plains Journal*. A hint to those on the lookout is enough.

Catalog of our books free on application.

Science.

The Genesis of Man.

Phylogenesis, which is a cause, begins with the moner; ontogenesis, which is a consequence, begins with the cell. For man, as for all animals that hav advanced beyond an extremely low stage of existence, there is but one mode by which new individuals of the race can be created and the race itself perpetuated, and that is by the contact of two germinal principles having opposit sexual polarities. Each of these principles is a simple cell. The male is the sperm-cell, the female the germ-cell. Only by the union and literal blending of these two cells can generation take place.

The cell is the lowest organized form of existence. It is also the last term in the histological analysis of the tissues of the body. An animal is ultimately nothing more than an organized assemblage of cells, a compound individual.

The moner is a lower form of existence than the cell, the lowest known form, and may be distinguished as a wholly unorganized and undifferentiated individual.

There are but two essential properties of a cell, a central *nucleus* and surrounding *protoplasm*. The only organization, the only differentiation, is that which distinguishes these two substances. And this is itself very slight. Chemically they can scarcely be distinguished. Both consist of a carbon compound, containing a certain proportion of nitrogen, and belong to the albuminous group, of which all animal tissues are principally composed. The nucleus is generally of a darker color, but sometimes of a lighter, and may or may not contain in its center a minute dot—*nucleolus*. It also may or may not be surrounded by a membranous envelope. This is generally present in the cells of plants, while it is generally absent in those of animals.

The form of cells differs according to the circumstances of their existence. They are the most plastic and easily modified by external conditions of all organized beings, and therefore make the best subjects for the study of the law of adaptation. Stationary cells in a motionless medium are uniformly spherical. When subjected to pressure they assume hexagonal, elongated, or compressed forms, according to the nature of the pressure. Cells that are activ in a liquid medium hav a portion of the matter composing their outer parts extended into a caudal appendage away from the direction of motion. In addition to the forms named, cells frequently assume others, sometimes taking wholly amorphous shapes, resulting from the peculiar conditions to which they may be subjected. They frequently change their form, and this not only from external influences, but in obedience to internal or subjectiv determinations. For a cell is a living creature. It possesses all the essential characteristics of an organized individual. The only functions necessary to characterize a living being are nutrition and propagation. Both these the cell possesses. It grows by the absorption of nourishment from the medium in which it livs. Where this nourishment is not uniformly mingled throughout the medium, but exists in the form of scattered solid particles, the cell acquires the power to extend portions of its substance into temporary organs of grasping *(pseudopia)*, and thus to inclose and devour its food. It thus improvises a mouth and jaws on whichever side it may need them, and feeds itself after the manner of another animal.

The cell propagates, like many much higher organisms, by division, or fission. It continues to take nourishment and to grow until it reaches the limit fixed by heredity for its size, and then, instead of growing larger or of ceasing to take food, it divides into two distinct cells. Each of these then goes through with the same process of nutrition and division, and so on.

But besides these two essential phenomena, which are common to all life, whether animal or vegetable, the cell performs two other truly animal functions. It possesses the power of *locomotion*, and the faculty of *sensation*. Cells with caudal appendages, called lash-cells *(Geisselzellen)*, hav acquired that form in consequence of their independent activities in their liquid medium. Various other forms are traceable to similar causes. As a proof of the possession by cells of a faculty of sensation, we hav only to consider the efforts of various kinds to obtain their food. Some are actually carnivorous, and show a certain degree of dexterity in capturing their prey. They are, therefore, not only capable of feeling, but, in a qualified sense, of thinking and of reasoning.

There is no essential difference between the sperm-cells and germ-cells of higher animals, and the simple cells of which many lower animals consist, and beyond which they never advance. We can only say that among the infinitly varied forms of life we find that while most creatures hav developed into highly compound states, and only revert to the original unicellular condition at the beginning of each individual's existence, there are still many creatures that never progress beyond this primordial stage, and whose entire existence is passed in the form and condition of simple cells.* Among such creatures may be named the *Amœbæ*, the *Gregarinæ*, the *Infusoria*, etc. These animals, as well as those which consist simply of an accumulation or aggregation of cells, such as the *Labryinthuleæ*, etc., and which form the second stage of development, never rising above the cellular condition, are classed by Haeckel, together with his *Planœada*, in a grand division or department by themselvs, and called *Protozoa*.

According to the fundamental biogenetic law above stated, the cell must be the primordial form out of which all more highly organized beings, including man, hav developed, since it is the original stage of their ontogenetic development. And as there still exist unicellular beings resembling the sperm-cells and the germ-cells of higher organisms, the deduction is warranted that all higher creatures are the descendants of some form of these unicellular beings. Considering the differences that may and do exist even in cells, and in animals consisting of a single cell, Haeckel is led to the conclusion that of all the unicellular creatures known to science, the *Amœba* bears the strongest evidence of being the original progenitor of the human race.—*Lester F. Ward.*

*A complete description, both popular and systematic, of all the unicellular organisms known to exist, was published by Prof. Haeckel in 1878, entitled *Das Protistenreich.*

Curious Property of Ice.

Under certain circumstances ice does not behave as a solid, but as a viscous fluid, like very thick treacle. Glaciers do not move down in one block, but flow, accommodating themselvs to the varying width of their channel. Professor Tyndall planted a row of sticks in a straight line across a glacier, and after a few days the line had become a crescent, with a concavity upward, showing that the middle of the glacier moved faster than the sides, just as in a river the stream is stronger in the center. Two theories hav been put forward to account for the viscosity of ice; one is that it is a true viscosity, and the other is that it is produced by the effect of pressure in lowering the freezing point of water, so that whenever the ice is subjected to a great pressure it melts. The water then yields to the pressure, and instantly refreezes in its new shape. A striking experiment—due, I believe, to Mr. Bottomley—illustrates this. A block of ice being laid across the backs of two chairs, a fine iron wire is put over it, to which is hung a heavy weight. In a short time the wire passes completely through the ice, and allows the weight to fall, while the ice is not broken, nor is any mark visible where the wire has passed. The explanation is that the pressure of the wire melts the ice below it. The water is displaced by the wire, and fills the space above it, where, the pressure being removed, it instantly refreezes. The viscosity of ice can be shown by cutting a long, thin slab of ice, and supporting it on two chairs, when it will, even in a temperature below freezing, gradually bend with its own weight.—*Nature.*

Migration of Birds.

Familiar as the migration of birds is to us, there is, perhaps, no question in zoology more obscure. The long flights they take and the unerring certainty with which they wing their way between the most distant places, arriving and departing at the same period year after year, are points in the history of birds of passage as mysterious as they are interesting. We know that most migrants fly after sundown, though many of them select a moonlight night to cross the Mediterranean. But that their meteorological instinct is not unerring is proved by the fact that thousands are every year drowned in their flight in the Atlantic and other oceans. Nothern Africa and Western Asia are selected as winter quarters by most of them, and they may be often noticed on their way thither to hang over towns at night, puzzled, in spite of their experience, by the shifting lights of the streets and houses. The swallow and nightingale may sometimes be delayed by unexpected circumstances, yet it is rarely that they arrive or depart many days later, one year with another.

Professor Newton considered that were sea-fowls satellites revolving round the earth, their arrival could hardly be more surely calculated by an astronomer. Foul weather or fair, heat or cold, the puffins repair to some of their stations punctually on a given day, as if their movement were regulated by clockwork. The swiftness of flight which characterizes most birds enables them to cover a vast space in a brief time. The common black swift can fly 276 miles in an hour, a speed which, if it could be maintained for less than half a day, would carry the bird from its winter to its summer quarter. The large purple swift of America is capable of even greater feats on the wing. The chimney-swallow is slower—ninety miles an hour being about the limit of its powers; but the passenger pigeon of the United States can accomplish a journey of 1,000 miles between sunrise and sunset. It is also true, as the ingenious Herr Palmen has shown, that migrants during the long flights may be directed by an experience partly inherited and partly acquired by the individual bird. They often follow the coast lines of continents, and invariably take, on the passage over the Mediteranean, one of three routes. But this theory will not explain how they pilot themselvs across broad oceans, and is invalidated by the fact, familiar to every ornithologist, that the old and young birds do not journey in company.

Invariably the young broods travel together; then come, after an interval, the parents; and finally the rear is brought up by the weakly, infirm, molting, the broken-winged. This is the rule in autumn. The return journey is accomplished in the reverse order. The distance traveled seems, moreover, to hav no relation to the size of the traveler. The Swedish blue thrush performs its maternal functions among the Laps, and enjoys the winter holidays among the negroes of the Soudan, while the tiny, ruby-throated humming-bird proceeds annually from Mexico to Newfoundland and back again, though one would imagin that so delicate a little fairy would be more at home among the cacti and agaves of the Tierra Caliente than among the firs and fogs of the North. —*London Standard.*

The Body of Our Earth.

We hav long since thrown off that haughty illusion that our earth is a favorit star, and even the center of the universe, infinit in space and time. The earth is a star among stars. No special God has distinguished our globe and made it the throne of his glory. No God required for his glorification the servil adoration of kneeling mortals. No God needed the host of blind, humble children, to please whom he creates the sun and the moon and the stars to rise on the blue firmament as lights of day and night. Must these millions of creatures dwell in spiritual darkness that God may enjoy the fulness of his strength? Should God hav created all these immeasurable, astonishing, ever unattainable worlds on high but to impress our childlike mind with adoration? Is God the manager of a play-house, who exhibits the wonders of his creation to obtain as much applause and admission as possible?

It is clear that God wants not our admiration and prayers to be happy, but the church and her mortal priests need our admiration, prayers—and money—to reign, to deceive, and to liv. Needs God a throne, a central residence? Has infinitude limits, beginning, center, end? Can it suffice to infinity to be adored by an atom, as our earth is? Smiling, we but pity the hallucinations of our ancestors, who brought God and his happiness to depend on the psalms and anthems of this human race, wee and void in body and mind. Let us escape the misty surroundings of the church, which daylight but dimly enters; let us proceed into the free temple of nature. And lo! gay, verdant valleys, permeated by living springs, changing with voluptuous slopes; lofty mountains, overshadowed by gigantic pinnacles, covered with eternal snow; winter, autumn, summer, and spring clasp hands from the summit of the glacier down to the deep, deep lake that mirrors the sky and the stars! Earth ever rolls onward. Since millions of years she shows her changing surface to the sun. Here are drawn the long, undulating lines of the mountain ridge, from which slope endless plains and prairies, lacking the least elevation. Deeper and deeper it goes down, to the softest features of terrestrial physiognomy, to the majestic, glittering sea, to the infinit watery plain that embraces all continents, and cherishes and strengthens them as the nurse nourishes the infant. The sea is the heart and the lungs of the earth. From it the clouds arise to fall down, a fertilizing rain, all over earth's dry bosom. The sea is in continuous motion. Ebb and flood are its vivifying pulse and breath of life. In the formation of the clouds it regulates the current of the wind, and moderates all climates of the globe. The large rivers which on every shore originate from it and abduce the fertilizing fluid through the finest little veins of the brooklets and springs into the ribs, cracks, and furrows of the firm ground are comparable with the sanguinary system of the human organism. Through the cloud the sea effuses inexhaustible nutriment upon the earth, and feeds all springs and rivulets till, as powerful streams, on all shores they join again with the eternal ocean, to return as a cloud. This is the circulation of the water on earth, comparable with that of the blood in the human organism. Eternal laws regulate the weather on all the earth. Tornado and wind, rain and drought, decrease and increase of heat, are submitted to unchangeable rule from pole to pole. Earth is a whole, her regulator and respirator is the sea. The single countries present deviations according with their altitude, their accessibility and distance from the sea, with the bearance of the relativ parts of the surface of the sun, the first giver of heat. The laws of heat and moisture are the same on all our earth, and unalterable. They reign with the eternal immutability of a mathematical formula. The highly intelligent Egyptians, who undoubtedly formed the center of universal culture five thousand years ago, had then brought to consciousness the laws of

heat and moisture. And we are reminded of these laws when we hear the Jewish rabbi's emphatic enunciation that "as long as the earth standeth, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter shall not cease."—*Translated from the German of Dr. Adolf Silberstein by F. W. Opp.*

Acts of Peter and Paul.

Some portions of the book entitled "Acts of the Holy Apostles Peter and Paul" are of an early date—certainly prior to Origen, A.D. 186–253. A book called the "Acts of Peter" was condemned by Pope Gelasius, about A.D. 494. We gave in our "Revelations" a very brief synopsis of all the "Apocryphal Acts and Revelations," but a more extended notice of those relating to Paul is now needful.

This book is a supplement to the Acts of the Apostles. The Jews in Rome, hearing that Paul was coming, besought the Emperor Nero to save them from such a calamity; they said that the presence of Peter was affliction enough. Nero promised to prevent Paul's landing in Italy. Peter's disciples notified Paul of this on the 20th of May (year not given) by a letter conveyed by two men to the island of Gaudo*melita*. (Melita agrees with Acts xxviii, 1, but how about Gaudo?) With this warning, Paul sailed to Sicily instead of Italy, landing at Syracuse, where the shipmaster left his vessel and followed the apostle. The next stopping-place was Rhegium, in Italy; then they crossed over the strait to Messina (in Sicily); thence they proceeded to Didymus (probably on a little island north of Sicily), and thence to Pontioli. At Messina Paul ordained a bishop, and at Didymus he stayed one night. But in the book of Acts only two days are allowed for the sailing from Rhegium to Pontioli (xxviii, 13), and no mention is made of any intermediate stopping.

The shipmaster who accompanied Paul to Pontioli is named Dioscorus. But *Dioskouroi*, "Twin Brothers," *i.e.*, Castor and Pollux, is the Greek name of the ship that conveyed Paul from Melita to Syracuse; hence the probability that the apocryphal story-teller mistook the name of the ship for that of the captain. The Syriac name of the vessel is *Thama*, "Twins."

Dioscorus was bald-headed, like Paul; and while the apostle was hiding in Pontilio, the captain went out and talked so boldly that Nero's detectivs, believing that he was Paul in the disguise of a sea captain, took and beheaded him and sent his head to Cæsar, who showed it to the Jews, on the 14th of June, causing them to rejoice at the death of the heretic who had disturbed all Palestine.

Paul was grieved at th fate of his captain, and in retaliation prayed to the Almighty to punish Pontioli. Then he and those that believed in the word of God went forth to Baias (now Baja, ten miles west of Naples), where they had the pleasure of seeing Pontioli sink six feet under water; and the writer adds: "There it is until this day, for a remembrance, under the sea." But it must hav since emerged, for the town of Pozzuola now exists with 8,000 inhabitants, seven miles southwest of Naples.

From Baias (Baiæ on ancient maps) Paul went to Gaitas, where he stayed three days; thence to Tarcinas, stopping seven days; thence sailing by the river (canal?) to the Three Taverns, where he remained four days.

The destruction of Pontioli alarmed Nero, and he called the Jews together and said: "This is because I hav caused Paul to be beheaded." But the chief of the Jews appeased him by answering: "It is better that one city be destroyed and not the seat of thine empire."

Departing from the Three Taverns, Paul "came to Appii Forum, which is called Vicusarape" (*vicus* signifies "street," and *rapio* "to plunder"). Here he had a curious dream. He saw one sitting on a golden chair and a multitude of blacks beside him reporting certain evil deeds which they had seen done. One said: "I hav managed that the bishop Juvenalius, whom Peter ordained, should sleep with the abbess Juliana." This significant revelation was sent to the scandalized bishop the next day, and it caused him to run and throw himself at Peter's feet, saying: "I believe this is the light which thou wast awaiting." But Peter said: "How is it possible when Paul is dead?" Then the messenger was produced who satisfied Peter that Paul was alive. Peter then sent delegates to meet Paul at the Three Taverns, described by the writer as distant from Rome 38 miles; but a note from the "Antonine Itinerary" givs the distances as follows: "To Aricia is 16 miles, to *Tres Trabernæ* 17 miles, to Apii Forum 10 miles." Paul gave thanks at the arrival of the delegates, and departing from the Three Taverns they slept in the city of Aricia.

The reported arrival of Paul filled the Jews with consternation. They went to Simon Magus, and entreated him to inform the emperor. Simon was also astonished to learn that the bald head sent to Cæsar was not Paul's The Jews then waited on Paul, and tried to induce him to vindicate the Hebrew faith in opposition to Peter, who, they said, had abolished the Sabbath, and destroyed all the bulwarks of the law. Paul's answer was equivocal; he claimed to be a true Jew, and wished to meet Peter; if Peter had any new teaching, Paul would convict him in their presence; but if he conformed to the book of the testimony of the Hebrews, it became them all to submit to him.

So the Jews went and brought Peter. The two apostles wept for joy as they embraced each other. Paul related the story of his voyage, and Peter told what he had suffered from Simon the Magian. The rest of the day was spent in telling these things.

At dawn the next morning Peter came again to meet Paul. A multitude of the Jews were already before the door, and there was great uproar between the Christian Jews and the gentiles. Paul remonstrated with them, and by repeating some of the sentiments in his epistles appeased both parties. But then the Jews complained of Peter for renouncing their synagogs. This drew forth a speech from Peter, ending with the statement that on the cross Christ "offered the whole burnt-offering of his own body and blood as a sacrifice for all the world." This convinced most of the people. And on account of Paul's teaching many became Christians, even from the emperor's bed-chamber, and refused to return to the army or the palace. Among the believers were Libia, wife of Nero, and Agrippina, wife of the prefect Agrippa. (Nero's mother Agrippina, grand-daughter of M. V. Agrippa, was put to death A.D. 60, by her son. She had poisoned Claudius, A.D. 54.)

Simon Magus now began to denounce Peter as a wizard and a cheat. Simon had made a brazen serpent move, had caused stone statues to laugh, and had raised himself into the air. Peter had healed the sick, made the blind to to see, put demons to flight, and even raised the dead. Simon, being summoned before Nero, changed his own form and stature, becoming a child, a youth, and an old man, so that the emperor believed him to be the son of God. But Peter denounced Simon to the emperor as a liar and an apostate. Simon in turn warned Nero against both Peter and Paul, saying that if they were not destroyed the kingdom could not stand.

To test the claims of all three, Nero ordered them to appear before him on the following day. The report of the dialog between them and Nero is quite long. We note only a few points.

In answer to Nero's question, What is a Nazarene? Simon said: A man belonging to Nazareth, a city of *Judah!* (Nazareth was in Galilee if anywhere.)

Nero having asked, Who is Christ? Peter answered: What this Simon falsely affirms himself to be; but take the writing of Pontius Pilate sent to *Claudius!* (A D 41–54.)

The aforesaid letter was produced and read, being in substance as followers:

When I was procurator, the holy one promised to the Jews came and wrought miracles. All the people called him the son of God. The chief priests brought him to me saying that he was a wizard. Believing them, I scourged him, and delivered him up to their council. They crucified him. My soldiers guarded his grave, but he rose on the third day. They bribed the soldiers to say that his disciples stole the body. But the soldiers nevertheless testified that they saw him after he was risen. The Jews are not to be believed.

Nero appealed to Peter to say whether these things were so. Peter said they were, but that Simon was full of lies and deceit—was part man and part devil. Simon retorted that Peter was a poor uneducated fisherman, and wondered that Nero could endure him. "But," he added, "I shall forthwith order my angels to come and avenge me upon him."

Nero remarked that Simon had not only raised a dead man, but had presented himself before him three days after being beheaded. Peter answered: "But he didn't do it before me." And then he contrived a plan of circumventing Simon, by having Nero's servants bring a barley loaf, which Peter concealed in his sleeves, and challenged Simon to tell what he had done or was thinking of. Simon said that none but God knew the thoughts of men, and then called upon his great dogs to come forth and eat Peter up before Cæsar. The dogs came rushing at the apostle, who drew forth from his sleeves the pieces of barley loaf that he had blessed, and lo! the dogs vanished.

"Behold," said Peter to Nero, "I hav shown thee that I knew what Simon was thinking of; he promised to bring angels against me, but they are only dogs—not god-like but dog-like angels."

Nero now appealed to Paul, who said, "If thou permittest this magician to do such things, it will bring down thine empire."

Simon then said: "Build me a lofty tower, and I will go up on it, and call my angels to take me to my father in heaven in the sight of all. This will put to shame these uneducated men."

The angry dialog continued. Paul predicted that though Simon might seem to raise himself toward heaven, he would be sunk down to hades. Simon wished to cut short the controversy, and told Nero not to believe these circumcised knaves. Peter charged Simon with having been circumcised also, which the latter was forced to admit; but he said it was at a time when the rite was enjoined by God.

At last Nero began to doubt not only the pretensions of Simon, but of the other two men. So he ordered the tower built, and on the following day a multitude assembled to see what Simon would do. The rest of the story has been told in chapter lix of our "Life of Simon Kepha." The result was the fall and death of Simon Magus, whereupon Nero put Peter and Paul in irons, and soon after ordered Peter to be crucified and Paul beheaded. This glorious consummation, the writer tells us, was on the 29th of June. But history informs us that Nero died June 11th, *i. e.*, eighteen days before he executed the apostles, and three days before he showed the Jews the head of Captain Dioscorus, believing it was Paul's!

Appended to this absurd fabrication is an account of Paul's death. As he was led out to execution a God-fearing woman, blind of one eye, named Perpetua, met him and wept. "Giv me thy handkerchief," said Paul to her, "and when I turn back I shall giv it to thee." She gave it. The soldiers laughed and told her she would lose it. "Bind his eyes with it," said she, "when you cut off his head." This was done. He was beheaded at a place called Aquae Salviae, near a pine-tree, three miles out of the city. Before the soldiers came back the handkerchief was restored to Perpetua, with drops of blood on it; and as she carried it her blind eye was opened. After three hours the same soldiers returned, and meeting Perpetua, said to her, "Thou hast lost thy handkerchief." "No," said she, "I hav both got my handkerchief and recovered my eyesight." This miracle converted the three soldiers, and they refused to return to the city. Perpetua reported this in the palace of Nero, who ordered the soldiers to be executed, and the woman to be imprisoned. But in the prison she converted the female keeper, named Potentiana, sister to Nero's wife, who also became a Christian, and fled from the palace with some of the senators' wives. But both these women were soon put to death by Nero; Perpetua was thrown over a precipice, and Potentiana was tortured and at last burnt in a furnace.

A Request from Elmina.

Will friends who write to Elmina please giv full name and address each time? I hav a letter to-day from Chloride, N. M., but no name or address; so how can I fill the order for books, papers, and photos? Once I had an order of $5 for books, and the only signature was, "A Natural-born Infidel." A year after, I came across an old letter of that friend that had his name to it, and I then wrote him how it was that no books had been sent. Some address me "Pa.," and some "Ga.," and then wonder why books don't come. Where one gets a hundred letters a week, they cannot remember names and addresses, or even take trouble to look over 200 or 300 letters for them. All publishers are bothered in this way; hence it is well for the memory of writers to be jogged now and then. Truly, ELMINA.

Comstock as a Moral Bookworm.

From the Brooklyn Eagle.

Mr. Anthony Comstock may be doing a good work in arresting publishers who happen to hav a novel on their premises of whose principles he disapproves. If he could exterminate all the novels ever written by Mr. G. W. Reynolds, of England, he would, in our opinion, do a service to literature by destroying a great amount of trash. But our opinion of the literary value of "The Mysteries of London" must not blind us to to the fact that publishers and booksellers hav rights which everybody except Mr. Comstock is disposed to respect, and that until an Index Expurgatorius is duly established by law, with Mr. Comstock as its presiding officer, we are not bound to accept him as our literary censor, still less as chief inquisitor of our book shelves. No doubt he is a good judge; he is so familiar with immoral literature that with him to see is to embrace and lug it along with him to the station house. But the bookseller may not be so deeply read in immoral literature as Mr. Comstock, and may suppose that a novel which has circulated all over England and never been objected to by that government, even though full of libels against the reigning family, may legally be reprinted and sold in our republican country. No doubt Mr. Reynolds would be much obliged to Mr. Comstock for advertising his book, which is now so old as to be in need of a fresh lease of publicity. But does Mr. Comstock seriously intend to visit the book stores as a smeller of bad odors? Will he last long enough for such an arduous and extensiv mission? By parity of smelling, he should at once seize "Tom Jones" and "Joseph Andrews," as well as "The Adventures of Jonathan Wild, the Great." Has he yet put hands on Rabelais, or is a Frenchman too much for him? Is he afraid of Pope and his friend Swift, the late dean of St. Patrick's? Why doesn't he make Shakspere giv bail for Sir John Falstaff's appearance? The courts will not be able to contain the books that he must seize. And he must make his complaint against a goodly company even of the inspired writers. The author of Solomon's Song, when discovered, must be sent to Sing Sing.

The most effectual way of exciting a morbid curiosity for unhealthy books is to prohibit them, or to advertise them sensationally, as Mr. Comstock is doing.

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That Bible Amendment.

W. M. Kennedy, Recorder of Muscatine county, Iowa, asks:

"Is it possible to get the names of Senators and Representativs who hav in the past and do now advocate the God-in-the-Constitution measure? Why would it not be a proper thing to publish, that all might know who are striking at our liberties? There's to be an election soon for president and vice-president. I've been a Republican, but will never vote for a man who has advocated that damnable measure."

So long a time has elapsed since Senator Edmunds reported back from his Judiciary Committee the amendment which recognized the Bible as having a divine right in our schools, and which practically put the Christian God in our Constitution, that it may not be amiss to once more briefly set forth the facts.

On December 19, 1871, Senator Stewart, of Nevada, introduced into the Senate a resolution prohibiting the United States or any state or territory from aiding "in the support of any school wherein the particular tenets of any religious denomination are taught." Nothing came of this, and four years later Mr. Blaine, of Maine, then a Representativ, proposed in the House an amendment to the Constitution reading as follows:

"No state shall make any law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; and no money raised by taxation in any state for the support of public schools, or derived from any public fund therefor, nor any public lands devoted thereto, shall ever be under the control of any religious sect; and no money so raised or lands so devoted shall be divided among religious sects or denominations."

The House Judiciary Committee, to whom this was referred Dec. 13, 1875, reported it back on June 2, 1876, with this amendment:

"This article shall not vest, enlarge, or diminish legislativ power in Congress."

This, of course, rendered the measure valueless.

On August 7th the Senate considered Mr. Blaine's amendment, and several substitutes were offered. Mr. Sargent proposed this:

"There shall be maintained in each state and territory a system of free common schools, but neither the United States nor any state or territory, county or municipal corporation, shall aid in support of any school wherein the peculiar tenets of any religious denomination are taught."

Mr. Frelinghuysen, now secretary of state, offered the following:

"No state shall make any law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof. No public property and no money raised by taxation in any state, territory, or district, or derived from public lands or other public source, shall be appropriated to any school, educational or other institution, that is under the control of any religious sect or denomination; and no such appropriation shall be made to any religious sect or denomination, or to promote its interests; nor shall any public money, land, or property be divided between religious sects or denominations."

Senator Christiancy's substitute was in this form:

"No state shall make any law respecting the establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; nor shall Congress nor any state raise by taxation, donate, or appropriate any money or property for the support of any church or religious society, nor for the support or in aid of any theological school or seminary, or of any school or seminary teaching the peculiar religious doctrins, or subject in any respect to the control or direction, of any church, religious society, sect, or denomination; and no special or denominational system of religion or religious belief shall, in any state or territory, or in the District of Columbia, constitute any part of the course of study or instruction in any school or institution of learning supported wholly or in part by taxation, or by donation of any money or property by any state or by the United States."

All these substitutes, together with the House resolution, were referred to the Judiciary Committee of the Senate, which, on August 10th, reported them back in this form:

"*Resolved*, By the Senate and House of Representativs (two-thirds of each House concurring therein), that the following article be proposed to the Legislatures of the several states as an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which, when ratified by three-fourths of the said legislatures, shall be valid as a part of the said Constitution. namely:

"Article 16. No state shall make any law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, and no religious test shall be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under any state. No public property and no public revenue, nor any loan of credit by or under the authority of the United States, or any state, territory, district, or municipal corporation, shall be appropriated to or made or used for the support of any school, educational or other institution, under the control of any religious or anti-religious sect, organization, or denomination, or wherein the particular creeds or tenets shall be read or taught, in any school or institution supported in whole or in part by such revenue or loan of credit, and no such appropriation or loan of credit shall be made to any religious or anti-religious sect, organization, or denomination, or to promote its interests or tenets. *This article shall not be construed to prohibit the reading of the Bible in any school or institution, and it shall not hav the effect to impair the rights of property already vested.*

"SECTION 2. Congress shall hav power by appropriate legislation to provide for the prevention and punishment of violations of this article."

On August 11th the question came up by Mr. Edmunds calling for the regular order of business. On the question of amending the House resolution as reported by the Judiciary Committee, the vote stood [Republicans in Roman type, Democrats in italics]:

YEAS.

Allison,	Conkling,	Howe,	Paddock,
Anthony,	Cragin,	Ingalls,	Patterson,
Booth,	Edmunds,	Logan,	Sargent,
Boutwell,	Ferry,	McMillan,	Spencer,
Burnside,	Frelinghuysen,	Mitchell,	Wadleigh,
Cameron (Wis),	Harvey,	Morrill,	West—27.
Christiancy,	Hitchcock,	Oglesby,	

NAYS.

Bogy,	*Eaton,*	*Key,*	*Randolph,*
Cockrell,	*Gordon,*	*McCreery,*	*Ransom,*
Cooper,	*Kelly,*	*Maxey,*	*Stevenson*—15.
Davis,	*Kernan,*	*Norwood,*	

Messrs. Clayton, Wright, Morton, Robertson, Cameron, of Pennsylvania, Sherman, and Windom, who would hav voted in the affirmativ, were paired with Messrs. *Merrimon, Dennis. McDonald, Wallace, Saulsbury, Thurman,* and *Bayard,* who would hav voted in the negativ. The ques ion then being on ordering the joint resolution, as amended, to a third reading, it was agreed to by a vote of 27 yeas to 15 nays.

Mr. Edmunds then moved that the third reading of the joint resolution take place to-morrow at one o'clock, and said he was frank to say that he made the motion on account of the Senate not being full, and he feared to-night it might be lost on account of not having the necessary two-thirds vote. After a long discussion it was ordered that the joint resolution be read a third time at one o'clock to-morrow.

Mr. Conkling announced that he might not be able to be in the Senate at that hour to-morrow, and, to make the pair even, the senator from Massachusetts (Mr. Boutwell) had joined him in pairing with the senator from Kentucky (Mr. McCreery) on the joint resolution; that senator would vote against the resolution, while Mr. Boutwell and himself would vote for it.

At one o'clock on Saturday, Aug. 21st, the resolution was read a third time, in accordance with the order of the Senate on the previous evening. The presiding officer then announced that it would take its place on the calendar, the order of the Senate directing its third reading having been executed.

On Monday, the 14th, Mr. Edmunds moved to take up the resolution, which was agreed to—yeas, 25; nays, 13. A hot discussion ensued, and the vote on its passage was not arrived at till 1 o'clock in the evening session. A two-thirds vote being required to pass it, it was defeated—yeas, 28; nays, 16. The Republicans supported the measure solidly, the Democrats as unitedly opposing its passage.

This was a narrow escape for the country, and filled the National Reform Association—which is the misleading title the God-in-the-Constitution party hav assumed—with hope. Their organ, the *Christian Statesman,* indorsed the amendment and declared that "it is a virtual repudiation of the secular theory of government," and would be, if adopted, "an authoritativ interpretation of the meaning and design of the whole instrument." It would "recognize the use of the Bible in the schools of the nation as an existing fact, and will place on that fact the sanction of the Constitution." And at the annual meeting of the association held in Pittsburgh Feb. 7, 1878, the God-in-the-Constitution party adopted this resolution;

Resolved, That the amendment to the United States Constitution, presented by Senator Edmunds of Vermont, affords an opportunity to press the claims of this association, and will secure such amendments to the Constitution as *will settle forever its Christian character.*

The first part of the amendment was good enough so far as it went, but the portion we hav italicized is worse than poison in good food. Its acceptance would hav prevented, without another Constitutional change, the total separation of church and state, and rendered impossible the just taxation of the millions of dollars' worth of church property now escaping its share of the public burden. It would hav had practically the same effect as the recognition of the Jewish Jehovah. Senator Edmunds's warm advocacy of the measure ought to forever debar him from receiving a Liberal's vote for the presidency—for which place he is sometimes mentioned in connection with the Republican nomination—not because he is a Christian, but because he tried to revolutionize our Constitution, to subvert our government, and place it on a religious basis. No person who will use his official position to advance his private religious views is fit to be trusted. If a Freethinker should take advantage of his senatorial office to legislate against Christians, Mohammedans, or Confucians on account of their religious opinions, we would be the first to condemn him. So we denounce the traitors who tried to put their Bible and their Bible's God into the charter of our republic—a republic which owes its greatness and its liberty to the very fact that all governmental establishment of religion is strictly prohibited.

Theological Evolution in New England.

On the 2d instant the Rev. George A. Gordon, an able young Scotchman, was made pastor of the Old South church of Boston. "No stronger blow has ever been dealt the orthodox creed," says the despatch conveying the item of intelligence, "than by this installation." For over two centuries the Old South has been the leading evangelical church of New England, and its "fifteen pastors hav been foremost in upholding the Calvinistic articles in the orthodox creed." The new pastor is practically a Universalist, and by his installation the Old South has taken the long step from Calvinism to the more modern faith. The installation was no more orthodox than Mr. Gordon's creed. The leading churches and evangelical leaders of New England were invited to participate in the ceremonies, but they were given to understand that no objection they might make to the Rev. Mr. Gordon would be considered.

The heresy of the new pastor consists in denying that the death of Jesus could in any way be a propitiation of God for the sins of men, and in refusing to believe in the reality of eternal punishment. Without an activ and abiding belief in these two dogmas, it must be plain to everyone that Christianity is a lifeless body, simply moving about to save funeral expenses. If men cannot be sure of heaven through the suffering and death of Christ, of what earthly, or unearthly, use is there in worshiping him? To yield homage when such is the state of affairs, taking chances with big odds against us, can be nothing but gambling in spiritual things. If there be no hell, God is left powerless to punish, and is of no more practical use than a statute forbidding crime with no penalty attached for its commission.

Not the least significant part of Mr. Gordon's installation is the acceptance of him by the council by a vote of forty-eight to sixteen. It is true, he would hav been employed in any event, and the large majority in his favor may hav been influenced by the fear of a church fight in case of a refusal to confirm, and the consequent public ventilation of the heterodoxy latent in the different church bodies, but it is fair to assume that at least two-thirds of the whole number of affirmativ votes were cast because of sympathy with the advanced ideas of Mr. Gordon. New England has heretofore been considered the stronghold of Calvinistic orthodoxy. The idea must now be given up. The land of Wesley, Mather, and Bacon has gone over to the enemy, and but few are left to heed the despairing cries from the various Macedonias throughout the country. The truth is, the Freethinkers hav made the theologians ashamed of themselvs; and now all the time they can get between persecutions and sectarian and church quarrels they spend in amending their creeds so they may not insult the common sense of the century. An amended creed is an acknowledgement of error,

and a sign of defeat, extremely gratifying to the friends of humanity. May the good work go on till the last serpent of superstition has been strangled!

Editorial Notes.

THE New York *Journal* tells this story regarding W. H. Vanderbilt's wealth:

"A few days ago Mr. Vanderbilt sent some papers to a gentleman with whom he had business relations. On looking them over, the recipient was astonished to find the rough draft of a memorandum in the czar's peculiar handwriting. It was dated Jan. 15, 1884, and was evidently his last balance sheet, which by oversight had been folded inside another paper. Of course the secret could not be kept, and the figures reached the *Journal*. An error or two may hav crept in on their travels; but in substance they tell the following:

"Mr. Vanderbilt has registered in his name and in coupon bonds $54,000,000 in 4 per cents, maturing in 1907. He has lately added to these $4,000,000 in 3 1-2 per cents, and yet retains a trifle over $1,000,000 in 6 per cents. The 4 per cents are worth 124, and the market value of his Governments is $70,580,000.

"But the bulk of the wealth of the king of millionaires is invested in railroad securities. He holds 240,000 shares of Michigan Central stock, 300,000 shares of Northwestern, including 80,000 of the preferred stock, and a block of Omaha, 200,000 shares of Lake Shore, and 120,000 shares of New York Central. Besides this are smaller amounts in a score of other stocks, among which are Rock Island, of which he had 29,000 shares, and Lackawanna, where the total was 20,000. Of the others he had in all 21,840—a grand total of 930,840 shares of stocks.

"Of various railroad bonds there was an aggregate of $22,120,000, and of state and city bonds $3,200,000. In miscellaneous securities, manufacturing stocks, and mortgages the sum of about $2,000,000 was shown to be invested.

"Reckoning at yesterday's prices, the value of Mr. Vanderbilt's railroad stock is $98.750.000; of his Governments, $70,580,000; of his railroad bonds, $25,867,420; of his other securities, a trifle over $5,000,000. The aggregate is $201,332,413.

"The czar puts down an item as 'real estate, etc., $3,000,000.' In this is included his splendid Fifth Avenue mansion, which, with its furniture and contents, cost nearly or quite $3,000,000. His magnificent art gallery, with its gems from the best modern masters, represents almost $1,000,000. the estimate being that of a local connoisseur who is familiar with the gallery. His stables on Fifty-first street, occupying one of the most desirable building sites in the city, represent $200,000, while the equine beauties there luxuriously lodged would not be disposed of for as much more. Maud S. would bring $75.000 at a forced sale, and her owner would not dispose of her for any price. Early Rose and Aldine are also held above price.

"The czar can take life comparativly easy on an income of twelve millions a year, and watch his wealth pile up without any effort of his. From his Governments he draws $2.372,000 a year; from his railroad stocks and bonds, $7,394,320; from his miscellaneous securities, $575 695; or $10,342 from his investments alone. Thus every day they earn for him $28,334.25. Every hour sees him $1,180.59 richer, and every minute means $19.67 added to his hoard. Besides this, he calculates to make $2,000,000 every year by fortunate sales. His reinvestments last year he calculates did this."

The *Independent* suggests that the "czar" establish in this country a university, to be called "the Vanderbilt University," on a scale so broad and magnificent as to be fully equal to the very best university in Europe, at a cost, including endowments and scholarships, of some twenty-five or thirty millions, or even forty millions of dollars. We would supplement this by urging Mr. Vanderbilt to return to the people who hav used his railroads the exorbitant sums he has wrung from them by extortionate charges and the wholesale purchase of legislatures. Or he might set apart a few millions as a conscience fund to help Felix Adler reform the tenement house system of this city and giv the railroad laborers who hav really produced this wealth a decent place to liv in. But it is in nowise likely he will do anything of the kind. A fast horse, a strong cigar, and a bottle of good old wine satisfy the "czar's" physical needs, and of intellectual ambitions and humanitarian desires he seems to be destitute.

SOME time ago the Liberals of Alexandria, Minn., made up a purse of about $20, and with it purchased from THE TRUTH SEEKER Liberal books, which were presented to the village library. No fault was found until last fall, when a writer in the Women's Christian Temperance Union stated that "Christian mothers were pained at the character of the books brought by their sons from the village library." One of the directors of the library, under the nom-de-plume of "Justice," asked for specifications, and was answered, "French novels and Ingersoll's works." As one of the regulations of the library provides that minors shall not be allowed to take out books without a certificate from their parents or guardians authorizing them to do so, it is difficult to see on what grounds "Christian mothers" can justly complain. The library is not supposed to be run for the exclusiv benefit of Christians, and if they do not want their children to read Ingersoll's works they can show their bigotry and fear for their religion by forbidding them to be taken out. But when a "Christian mother" publicly affirms, as did the writer in the Women's Christian Union Temperance column of the village paper, that Ingersoll is immoral, and points for proof to the scurrilous pamphlet issued by Clark Braden, she forgets what is due to her womanhood and to her pretended love of truth and purity. If "the solicitude of Christian mothers for the moral well-being of their children outweighs all other considerations," they should bear in mind that quoting the words of a liar is not the best example to set before them. The controversy over Mr. Ingersoll's works has extended through the winter, but as yet the books are on the library shelves, and we hope there are Freethinkers enough in Alexandria to keep them there. The French novels will hurt no one who lets them alone, but as they were not presented to the library by the Liberals, they may be left for the Christians to defend. They can certainly be no more salacious than the Song of Solomon, nor more vulgar than portions of Leviticus and Ezekiel, and we never heard a "Christian mother" condemn these. Probably the animus of the opposition may be found in the fact that the trustees of the library are all Freethinkers. But they are also the substantial men of the county, one being a member of Congress, another is the coroner and county physician, another the county superintendent of schools, and the postmaster is on the board, with the cashier of one of the national banks, also a judge of probate, county auditor, court commissioner, and village recorder. With all these Freethinkers in office, and five of their churches without pastors, the Christians of Alexandria will not be apt to get much public sympathy, except from the village editor, who charges the Agnostic regular advertising rates for publishing his share of the discussion.

A NEW censor has been appointed for the arch-diocese of New York by Cardinal McCloskey to designate the literature that may be read by Catholics, or rather to indicate what books may not be read. Explaining his new duties to a *Telegram* reporter the other day, the Rev. Father Brann said that he had simply been delegated to supervise the works issued from the Catholic press. A different light was put upon the matter, however, by the Rev. J. J. Riordon, of St. Peter's church. This clergyman says, "A censor of publication has always been deemed a necessity in the Roman Catholic church. In the early days of the church it was not, however, found to be in such need as in the sixteenth century, when Wicklif, Huss, and others began to scatter heretical writings and when printing was invented. When a person writes a book on faith or morals he submits it to the censor of his diocese for his approval. The censor is generally a bishop or cardinal. Upon examination, if the book contains nothing unusual or heretical it is so stated by the censor. It is mainly on account of the failing health of the cardinal that he has given this position to Dr. Brann and has directed him to read over and criticise any book submitted to him. In Rome we hav the Index Expurgatorius. Any book placed on the index is considered dangerous to morals and faith to read, and all are warned against them. Heretical works, such as Gibbon's 'Rome' and Eugene Sue's books, are placed on the index. Once a book goes on the index, Catholics are not permitted to read it. It is the same here, if a religious book has not the approval of the censors, it is deemed dangerous to faith and morality. Among those books I may mention those by Zola. I think one of the greatest evils to youths and others is the reading of immoral books. As a mother looks after the food of her child so that it may be properly nourished, so do we look after the mental food which is taken by those under our care." It must feel nice to be a Catholic slave, and hav to ask a priest what you may eat and what you may read. There are some seven millions of these cringing serfs in this country, and a million of them hav votes.

QUESTIONS.—A friend writes and inquires: "1. Does the book for the mailing of which D. M. Bennett was imprisoned come under the head of Freethought literature, as the term is generally understood? 2. Can or hav the present postal laws ever been used to the exclusion from the mails of writings antagonistic to the Christian religion?"

With regard to the first question, we think that the publication alluded to was rather physiological than otherwise; yet free mails are one of the features of the Freethought movement. As for the second question, we must say *No*, to the best of our remembrance.—*Investigator.*

Mr. Seaver forgets that Mr. Bennett's first arrest was for mailing his "Open Letter to Jesus Christ," and that it was because of his failure to procure Mr. Bennett's indictment upon that and "How Do Marsupials Propagate?" that Comstock arrested him for mailing "Cupid's Yokes." Pending the arrest and the quashing of proceedings, the "Open Letter" was tabooed as much as or more than the "rather physiological" pamphlet. Comstock seized all the "Open Letters" he could find, and they hav never been returned.

Mr. Seaver also forgets that W. H. Lamaster's *Iconoclast* was denied mail privileges by the postmaster of Indianapolis without any legal proceedings because, as the postmaster affirmed, it was indecent, but really because it was blasphemous.

When one recollects how easy it is to say "indecent" and "obscene" of any book or paper that is objectionable the dangerous elasticity of the Comstock postal laws becomes plainly apparent, and the reasons for its total repeal are obvious. Freethinkers generally regard certain portions of the Bible as obscene and indecent, and if an Infidel postmaster chooses he could refuse the minister the privilege of sending a copy of that book to his female friends. This would be unsatisfactory to the ministers, as their conquests are easier when preceded by a thorough perusal of that ancient work. But seriously, the man who ca not see the danger these laws are to literature, when bigoted prudes and Christians are the sole judges, must be afflicted with the blindness of ignorance, or rendered incapable of reasoning by previous Christian training. The latter is most likely to be case with the *Investigator's* carping Boston contemporary.

ONE of the liveliest printed discussions ever held between representativs of Infidelity and Christianity is the "Humphrey-Bennett Discussion," well known to the majority of our readers. In it the affirmativ reverend, G. H. Humphrey, pastor of the Welsh Presbyterian church, Nos. 225, 227, and 229 East 13th street, made reckless charges of immorality against Paine, Voltaire, and all the prominent Freethinkers whose names he could call to mind. Mr. Bennett's retort was to publish a long list of clerical misdemeanors, mostly of an amatory nature. Were Mr. Bennett alive now it would pain him to hav to add to the monument of iniquity that on April 3d, in the alleged year of Mr. Humphrey's lord and savior 1884, Justices Ford and Smith, sitting in Special Sessions court at the Tombs in this city, found it necessary, according to the evidence presented to them, to compel the Rev. Griffith H. Humphrey, pastor of the Welsh Presbyterian church in East Thirteenth street, to giv bonds in $500 to pay $5 per week to support Laura A. Jones's child. As Mr. Humphrey is a married man and as Miss Jones is an unmarried young female, it seems queer that a decision of this nature should be given by such eminent police jurists as Messrs. Ford and Smith, but the bald fact remains that they hav done so. We trust there is some mistake. We trust the General Sessions court, to whom the case is appealed, will reverse this expensiv decision and vindicate the pastor, for it is inconceivable that one who, seven years ago, was so loud in comdemnation of immorality can be guilty of being the father of a child by a woman not his wife. Similar cases hav been heard of, but Mr. Billings has proved that they are not common—at least not over 33 1-3 per cent of the ministers can be rightly accused of such practices.

ON Thursday of week before last Dwight W. Thrall, agent of the Connecticut Humane Society, visited the house of Geo. C. Velie, in Winchester Center, to investigate a complaint which had been made regarding the treatment of Velie's insane wife. They found the woman in the attic of Velie's house on a bunch of hay, covered with a worn-out buffalo robe and a bundle of rags. The condition of filth which she was in was so abominable that it forbids description. Officer Thrall says that this is the most inhuman case that ever came under his observation. Mrs. Velie has been fastened in a room during the nights of the past cold winter without fire, and the wonder is that she has not frozen to death. Steps were at once taken to rescue the woman, and provide for her needs. She has been insane for years. She is about fifty years old, and the mother of quite a large family. Three of the children—one of the three being a grown-up son, and another a grown-up daughter—liv at home and were knowing to the treatment of their mother. "As near as we can find out," says the *Winsted Press*, "Velie is a true Christian. He is very pious, a church-member, and a regular church attendant. Being true Christians these people cannot of course be expected to hav many of the finer sentiments and humanitarian impulses which distinguish unbelievers and mere nominal Christians from the simon-pure of the church, and they should be judged leniently. So we judge them. Pity and piety are as wide apart as the poles, and as a pious man thinketh so is he."

THE *World* devotes considerable space to the examination of the evidence for and against the Catholicism of the Hon. James Gillespie Blaine, of Maine, and concludes by urging Mr. Blaine to settle the point for the public. Although we hav no evidence that would hold in court, the word of *Texa Siftings* has been passed that the ex-secretary of state is a Freethinker. It is also common rumor in Washington that Mr. Blaine is an ardent admirer of Col. Ingersoll's sermons. But, like many other eminent persons, the Maine statesman is willing to conceal his theological notions that he may lose no votes when running for office. We will wager that the *World* will receive no answer to its query.

THE faithful are warned not to hav anything to do with the Rev. A. C. Dixon, of this and other states. He is a powerful Methodist exhorter, has been the means of bringing many souls into the church of John Wesley, and carries a pocketful of credentials, but he is a bad man. Notwithstanding that he has several wives, he professed to become enamored of a young lady at Ellenburg, N. Y., and endeavored to persuade her to marry him. Failing in this, he got drunk, and in that condition took a train for the West. Broad is the road that leads to pious rascality, and thousands walk together there.

UNDER date of March 31st, Mrs. Slenker writes us that she had received no substantial encouragement to go out on her tour of Spiritual investigation. Her correspondents all "hope she will go," but forget to inclose the wherewithal to buy railroad tickets and pay mediums. She concludes, therefore, that "friends who *seem* to desire her to go are not wishing it enough to put money in it." This is all right, she says, but it is a great disappointment to her, and she hopes that the way will yet be opened by friends buying books of her, or donating the necessary amount.

DR. HAMLIN once nursed back to life a blasphemous sailor whom he found in the streets of Constantinople apparently dying of cholera. Three years after he received the following letter from him: "DEAR DOCTOR HAMLIN: *Thank God, I still* survive the ded! I am here workin' and blowin' the gospel trumpet on the Eri Kanal." Dr. Hamlin felt that he had had his reward. To reclaim a sailor from his sins, and send him "blowin' the gospel trumpet on the Eri Kanal," he realizes, is something that is not given to every man to accomplish.

AT the anniversary meeting of the Methodist Educational Society held in this city on the 3d, one of the clergymen said that "the sweetness and light of Matthew Arnold is a bank of London fog; it hides the stars of heaven, and chills the hearts of men. The cup he offers to humanity is the same old cup that was offered to Jesus on Calvary—a cup of vinegar and gall." This sentiment was loudly applauded by the assembled preachers. Mr. Arnold will undoubtedly feel flattered if he hears of this.

MR. D. G. KALB, of Springfield, Ill., is preparing a "Combination Historic Picture" of Methodism in the Sangamon district. It will consist of face likenesses of the pastors, presiding elders, and bishops of that vicinity. The photographs of those lights of Methodism whose names appear in Col. Billings's year book will not be included.

THE pious temperance women of Cleveland, Ohio, close their doors against the families of men who sell liquor. Yet the chances are ten to one that there is more morality, and twice as much happiness, in the families of some liquor dealers as in the family of the average minister. It has passed into a proverb that the sons of ministers hav the devil for a godfather.

WHEN Father McGlynn celebrated solemn high mass on last Sunday a large rat appeared in one of the aisles, walked up to the middle of the sanctuary, and paused directly in front of the high altar. Who says these are not days of degeneracy—for rats?

THE *Tribune* has heard of a preacher whose first name was Ananias. Strangely enough, his last name was not Cook.

LET every man do his own thinking and say his own saying. —*J. M. Buckley (Methodist).*

Letters from Friends.

CHARLOTTE, MICH., March 25, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find 75 cents for three of the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL. I fully indorse every word in Elmina's letter in THE TRUTH SEEKER of March 8th, and will do all in my power to circulate the instructiv book among my friends. A worker in the Liberal cause, LAURA POLHAMUS.

NORTH HURON, N. Y., Feb. 21, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I hav on hand a hundred or more copies of THE TRUTH SEEKER, which I am willing to giv to any person who would like them to read or distribute, for that purpose, and I will pay postage on the same. Persons wishing them can address G. W. SMITH.

MAUSTON, WIS., March 31, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I hav been waiting for the past two weeks to send you the inclosed $11, but circumstances over which I had no control prevented me from doing so. Bad roads prevented D. C. Robinson from coming to Mauston, and for the past week sickness prevented me from such duties, and I am scarcely able to pen these few lines to you to-day. But I hav no doubt you will excuse unavoidables. THE TRUTH SEEKER is the best Liberal paper ever published in this or any other country.

Please use the inclosed money as directed.

WM. HOLGATE.

AURORA, MINN., March 26, 284.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $3.25, to renew my subscription on THE TRUTH SEEKER for another year, and 25 cents for the FREETHINKER'S ALMANAC.

It is a very easy matter to step over to one's neighbor's, but when you come to ask them to take THE TRUTH SEEKER it is not so easy to get them to subscribe. There are several in this place who call themselvs Freethinkers, but when I ask them to subscribe for your paper they are not so free.

I hope you will ever be able to keep on in the good way you hav commenced. A. RICHARDS.

WEST FAIRLEE, VT., March 25, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: By a little exertion last evening I procured seven names, to which you will send THE TRUTH SEEKER for three months. The Methodists and Adventists are holding revivals every night, so I thought a few TRUTH SEEKERS would be beneficial, as most are accosted by the leader, a Miss Haley: "Don't you want to come to Christ? Do you want to lose your soul? Jesus died to save you; why will you delay?" etc.

Fraternally, ETHAN DIMOND.

P. S.—The "Crimes of Preachers" and "Christian Questions Answered" which I sent for are doing good service. I am circulating them where they do the most good. E. D.

MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS, WYO., March 19, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: My subscription having expired, I inclose money for renewal. Also send me the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL.

A most important and valuable feature of your paper is the correspondence. It enables one to estimate the actual condition of thought throughout the country, and also enables Liberals to communicate with each other. Special information is often correctly obtained about land and opportunities for settlement, which, coming from Liberals, is considered quite reliable. The Park Iron Company has paid out no money for eight months to workmen, hence all business at this place is quite dead. If workmen had been paid and work continued, several new subscribers could hav been got for THE TRUTH SEEKER. G. L. HENDERSON.

WEST UNION, OHIO, March 23, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Orthodox superstition rules here with a strong hand and an ignorant brain, but I think there is some ground into which good seed can be drilled, harrowed, or hammered. So we intend to try to sell the "False Claims," and if we can't sell it, we will giv it away, for it is the grandest array of solid historical *facts* on the subject of Christianity that I ever read. "The Short History of the Bible," I intend to study thoroughly and shoot a portion of it at them in the shape of a lecture. Some of them shall hear the truth or else keep their fingers very tight in their ears. Our pocket-books are short, or we would invest in a large order for books, and a long subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER. If you would drop in a small package of leaflets and tracts, we would distribute them free for your benefit and the good of the cause.

Yours in the search for truth, J. F. BECK.

MERIDIAN, TEXAS, March 24, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I will inform you that my dear husband, Charles Ahlstedt, departed this life October 29, 1883. He was a great Freethinker all his life. He always tried to help the cause of Freethought all he could so far as he was able. We hav been subscribers to THE TRUTH SEEKER for one year, and my husband always seemed so glad when it came. He often said he could not liv without it, and told me on his death-bed to always renew my subscription when it expired. I am left alone with two little children. They are both boys, and I hope if they liv they will be good Freethinkers.

I would hav written sooner, but trouble and sickness hav prevented me. Please find inclosed twenty-five cents for the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL. I am a good friend of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and I wish it success. ANN AHLSTEDT.

MILFORD, PA., March 24, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $4, for which continue my subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER, and send me the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL and "Crimes of Preachers," and the balance use to help make up the deficit on Mr. Bennett's monument.

I wish to congratulate you on the success of THE TRUTH SEEKER since the death of its grand and fearless founder. He was truly a martyr in behalf of Freethought. I had great fears for the life and success of his paper, the adored child of his brain, for which he sacrificed his life, after his death; but it livs, and in many respects has improved. There is less controversy, and more solid reading and seeds of thought sown. You may rest assured that any person who subscribes for THE TRUTH SEEKER has brains that are not devoid of some culture and thought. They require and can digest solid food.

Wishing you success and growing prosperity, I am,

Respectfully yours, W. W. WEBB, M.D.

MADRID, N. Y., March 27, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I hav had very good success in circulating THE TRUTH SEEKER. I hav got six families reading it here. I hav sent the first six numbers on a six-mile heat down the river. I hav got the next six numbers tied up to follow after. I am going to send for the *Nonconformist*. I believe it to be a good paper to circulate. I will try and get ten or twelve families to read THE TRUTH SEEKER this summer, and get attached to it; then I think the most of them will take it, unless they are too ignorant to do their own thinking. To tell you the truth, it is extremely unpopular here to be an Atheist. The hell-fire insurance agents hate the Atheists the same as their illustrious predecessors did the abolitionists fifty years ago. I can count more than a dozen Liberals here now. Six years ago I did not know one. I find a great many Infidels who will not speak their sentiments nor take a paper. H. A. RAYMOND.

So. GARDNER, MASS., March 24, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed is 25 cents, for which please send me TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL. I intend to renew my subscription soon. I am sitting up in a bed of sickness, from which my doctor told my friends that I could never arise, and I felt prepared to meet my fate cheerfully as a Pantheist. The doctrin of THE TRUTH SEEKER is good to liv and die by.

I hav been looking through Paine's "Age of Reason" months past, and I noticed that it is filled, as it were, with his belief in a creating, superintending, personal God, and he seems to think rather meanly of those who did not. He raves against the Old Testament Jehovah for calling Joshua and Samuel to their indiscriminate butcheries (and so do I), but is it not strange that his clear brain, with the writings of the great Spinoza before him, could not see that a cyclone or an earthquake, or the relentless lightning, sent by his merciful, superintending God, does as cruel work in the way of destruction and carnage as did any or all of those New Testament brutes? I wish that some of your correspondents would take up Paine on this question, as I think he deserves it. SILAS ADAMS.

MILLSVILLE, N. S., Jan. 5, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: This is my fifty-eighth birthday, and so I spend it writing to you. I don't believe in a personal God or a personal devil, or any life hereafter. There is nothing but orthodoxy around here, and they all say I am going headlong to hell and the devil. They can't tell me where hell is, but say I will find out soon enough. When I am dead and under the ground I don't care for all their hells and sulphurous pits, where it is said that nine-tenths of mankind go. The clergy can bark away, like the cock that crowed at the sun, which neither shortened the day nor lessened the heat or light. The poor cock had to suffer all the scorching heat of the noonday sun in spite of his merry din. Priestcraft is like the sirens, who are said to entice mariners from their ships by singing to them, and then destroy them. If what M. E. Billings says is true about the sky-pilots, I think it is well to hav nothing to do with them. All we know about a God is what somebody has told us, and the one that told us knew nothing more about him than we do ourselvs.

Our good old friend, D. M. Bennett, who founded THE TRUTH SEEKER, should not be forgotten. He should hav a grand obelisk, and his statue of full size placed on the top of the monument. Although Brother Bennett is dead, THE TRUTH SEEKER livs, and it is to be hoped that it will liv for a thousand years to come.

I gave a copy of the "Open Letter to Jesus Christ" to Wm. Martin Rae, an old man of over seventy, and he said the man who wrote it ought to be hanged. I asked him if he would put the rope on him, and he said he would. I would like to know how he would relish being hung for praying to his God or his Jesus Christ? We all count him a good man, and better than a great many. I believe if friend Rae had lived in Christ's time he would hav helped the priests to put Jesus Christ to death, and then think he was doing right. If the Christians could hang or burn us they would do it.

JOHN SILLARS ARTHUR.

FRANKLIN, March 31, 284.

MR. EDITOR: A calm, as it were, has come over the little town of Franklin; the conductor of the gospel of fear, of superstition and bigotry, has left. In his last sermon he impressivly told his congregation how degraded they were, and he made the startling declaration that even preachers sometimes fall to the lowest depth of degradation. He knew a preacher, in a certain Western town, who ran away with another man's wife. It struck me that he had been reading "Crimes of Preachers in the United States," by M. E. Billings. Mr. Graves has been instrumental in converting upwards of one hundred souls, all of them, I presume, happy and looking forward with fond expectations to the great day when Gabriel shall come and blow his horn. I hope that they will not lack the confidence and nerve necessary to meet such a great personage. I hope they will not get excited and run for dear life, say at the rate of fifty miles an hour, as a band of Christians known as Ascensionists did in Georgia. *Harper's Magazine* has it as follows: "Some years ago, in Georgia, that band known as Ascensionists were having a grand revival. One day, when the meeting was in full force, a storm came up, and a young gentleman who was out hunting with his servant took refuge in the church door. Being curious to see the service, the two hunters crept up into the gallery, and there hid in a place where they could observe without being observed. 'Come, Lord, come, our robes are ready; come, Lord, come!' cried the preacher, while all present gave a loud Amen. 'Marsa Gabe,' whispered Cuffy, lifting his hunting horn to his mouth, 'let me gib dem jist one toot.' 'Put that horn down, or I'll break your head,' replied the master, in a whisper. The horn dropped by Cuffy's side, and again the minister said, 'Come, Lord, we are all ready for thy coming. Come, Lord, come.' 'Do, Marsa Gabe, do jist lemme gib 'em just one little toot,' pleaded Cuffy, wetting his lips and raising the horn. 'If you don't drop that horn, Cuffy, I'll whip you within an inch of your life,' whispered the exasperated master. 'Blow, Gabriel, we are ready for his coming; blow, Gabriel, blow!' pleaded the minister. Cuffy could no longer resist the temptation, and sent a ringing blast from end to end of the church; but long before its last echo died away, his master and himself were the only occupants of the building. 'I's ready for the licking, Marsa Gabe,' said Cuffy, showing every tooth in his head, 'for I 'clare to gracious it's worf two lickings to see de way common farm cattle kin git ober de ground wid skeared 'Scensionists behind them.'"

There is quite a Liberal element prevalent in this town. There are eighteen Spiritualists, over sixty Atheists, and a great many more Liberal-minded people. I know of only five persons in the town that take the great TRUTH SEEKER. I do not know how to account for it. Lukewarmness is a sympton that I cannot help but notice. I must hav the great TRUTH SEEKER. I cannot do without it—it is my bible.

THOMAS V. WILLIAMS.

THE FREE LAND QUESTION ANSWERED.

MR. EDITOR: I wish to say a few words in reply to friend Chapman's article in THE TRUTH SEEKER of March 15th, on "The Free Land Question." I am somewhat surprised that "after a dozen years' experience and much thinking," he can offer no other cure for the evil of a homeless people than to "quit raising incapables." For such being impossible, were it the only remedy, the evil must necessarily continue, and if some other remedy is not found and administered, we fear will soon so undermine the waning health of our bloated "robberment," that nothing but some extreme remedy, bleeding, perhaps, will save its life. Although the case is chronic, we believe it can be cured without the shedding of blood if attended to in time. The remedy we would like to see tried is this: So amend the Constitution that no individual or company, not now owning to exceed 160 acres of land, shall hereafter own in excess of that amount. The effect would be that large land estates and monopolies would break up, and the land in excess of 160 acres to each heir would revert back to the government, to be disposed of as other government land, allowing heirs compensation for improvements thereon.

"Here in Kansas are most likely half a million of people that hav been thus cared for by the nation. Every citizen over twenty-one years of age is allowed to purchase 160 acres of land at $14, and take take their choice at that." Is not friend Chapman a little mistaken? The fact is, the choicest lands in Kansas hav been owned by Indian tribes and been ceded to the government to be sold at $1.25 per acre, or $200 per 160 acres, or granted to monopolies, railroad companies, etc., for nothing; and are held from both capables and incapables or from five to ten dollars charged for ever acre of it, thus driving the "homeless people" farther west to the land of the cactus and drouth, away from employment or any means of support. No wonder three-fourths of them failed; the wonder is that all hav not. Another reason that many hav failed was on account of interest on money. To illustrate, a fifty-mile strip of the southern part of the state, save some hundred thousand acres that our robberment allowed Joy to gobble up at seventeen cents per acre, was ceded to the government by the Osage Indians, to be sold for them at $200 per 160 acres. The homeless, landlord-oppressed people of the East flocked to this land and took claims with a forlorn hope of making a home and paying two hundred dollars for it in two years, besides supporting a family. Being poor as poverty, and no chance to make money in time to pay for it, they had not a dollar wherewith to do it, many being unable to pay expenses to and from the land office; so they borrowed money at 60 per cent per annum, getting $200 and giving their note secured by mortgage for $320 to be paid in a year from date, but at the end of the year they found themselvs no better off, it being all they could do to keep meal, meat, and quinine in the shanty. So the Shylock closed, took their land, and sent them on rejoicing over the misery produced by usury.

Cursed be usury! Those people were not drunkards, not vicious, not bad citizens, but simply incapable of paying 60 per cent interest. Now, friend Chapman, we would not prevent a poor farmer from selling his land to a good one, if the good one had not already his full share; there are plenty of good capable farmers that would be glad to get it and able to buy that hav none at all. But, were they to keep it, the condition would be no worse for the capables than for Jay Gould or some foreign capitalist to own it and hold it for speculation. Think again, Brother Chapman, and if you are a reformer, as I take you to be, I believe you will use your influence and ballot to crush this land monopoly before it crushes us, as it is sure to do if let alone. H. H. HUTCHESON.

THE FREE LAND QUESTION AGAIN.

COLUMBUS, KAN.

J. H. COOK TO GEORGE W. CHAPMAN, *Dear Sir:* I am glad you hav brought your logic (?) to bear on J. Hacker, myself, and others on the land question. "My head or yours," as Capt. John Smith said to the Turk.

You say that before I talk about giving land to a large class, who will not work it, I must tell how to keep these people in possession of a home. Is that your measure of justice to humanity? If a poor man works for you, I suppose you first find out how he will use his money, or whether he will spend it for bread or whisky before you will pay him. I see you are a physician. You ask of a patient pay for your services. He says to you, "Before I pay you must find out what you will

do with your money," or whether you hav "mental capacity" to take care of it or keep it. What do you think of such logic when applied to yourself?

Shall we be unjust to man and deny him his natural rights and possessions because he may not use them as we would? You say that in Kansas many hav been cared for (bought land or taken homesteads) by the nation. I suppose you would say that railroad companies hav been cared for to the amount of 200,000,000 acres by the nation. What is the nation? And who compose it?

You tell about getting land at "government prices." Who are the "government," or who ought to be? The whole people, Kansas included, or the president, his cabinet, and Congress? Where did this nation get the right or power to sell or buy one foot of the land which, like the air and sunbeam, belong, in use, not possession or legal ownership, to every man, woman, and child.

That great legal authority, Blackstone, says, "No just reason can be given why a piece of parchment should giv title to land" If, according to your logic, no one should hav any land but those who hav brains to "conduct agricultural operations with profit," what do you say of those few who legally own millions of acres, conduct no agricultural operations, but hold them for speculation? I infer you think that is right, since you hav nothing to say about it. You do not attempt to refute any of the propositions which the land-reformers present, but seem to ignore or evade them.

I am impressed that you are opposed to orthodox opinions, but not to orthodox laws, customs, and practices. You may be a humanitarian in some respects, but a man who questions the land's being free to all, and not to be monopolized, is not a full-fledged reformer.

It is possible you are a land-grabber, and hav yourself sold land "for a thousand dollars that cost you nearly nothing?" If so, I do not expect you to sympathize much with the landless, or to hav a very nice or keen sense of natural right or justice. I am for eternal truth and justice in regard to land as well as every other subject. I am an agitator and educator, and expect it will require time, if not war and devastation, to bring the land and humanity into true, just, normal, natural relations.

Now, if you please, giv me "fits," and show up my false logic and absurdities. J. H. Cook.

Eureka, Cal., March 19, 1884.

Mr. Editor: It is about a year ago that I wrote to you last. I often see articles in The Truth Seeker to which I would like to reply, but the distance is too great, and, besides, I am like Paul—the spirit is willing but the flesh is weak.

It seems the prohibitionists are not tormenting you so much as they used to; and it is to be hoped that they will take a rest. Every Liberal will admit that intemperance is a great evil, but few Liberals seem to be aware that prohibitory laws are a greater evil than intemperance. On the whole, we are too much governed already, and half the laws on the statute books ought to be repealed. There is no sense in making laws in regard to anything which is governed by the laws of supply and demand. So long as there is demand for liquors, so long will the supply be forthcoming. Sumptuary laws, usury laws, liquor laws, etc., always prove useless.

I am astonished at a certain class of Socialists who would like to hav it regulated by law when and how often a husband ought to kiss his wife, and what people ought to eat and drink, and on which side they ought to sleep at night. Nothing is more senseless and derogatory to human progress. The Milwaukee Congress erred to a great extent in the same direction. We may all boast of our freedom, but few people know what freedom is. A person who would like to see everything regulated by law, is nothing but an abject slave. The editors of *Lucifer* are doing good service to the world just now in trying to liberate from mental serfdom those who are slaves without knowing it.

Your correspondent, J. Hacker, givs himself a great deal of unnecessary trouble in regard to government land. The troubles he complains of exist; but they cannot be avoided in the way he proposes. Had he lived on the frontier as long as I hav, he would think different from what he now does. Within a few miles of where I write this, about 50,000 acres of timberland were stolen from the government within the last two years by a syndicate. They had five men in their emyloy, who scoured the country to hunt up men to take up land for the syndicate. As no improvements are necessary in taking up a timber claim, the thing was easily done. The entryman was furnished with the numbers of the land he was to take up. With them he went to the land office, swore to anything he might be asked to swear to, and filed on the land described. Then he went to the company's office, signed the deed which was made out while he was at the land office, received his fifty dollars (the usual amount paid), and went his way; the company paying for the land and taking the title.

This is certainly all wrong, but how can it be remedied? Not under existing laws. But of one hundred persons who pre-empt or homestead land, there is not one who takes it in good faith. The whole of it is a swindle; and the homestead and pre-emption laws ought to be repealed. If Mr. Hacker knew what class of people pre-emptors and homesteaders usually are, he would view the matter in a different light from what he now does. He means well, but lacks the practical experience.

For the edification of those who know nothing about pre-empting or homesteading land, I will giv a short description how it has been done where I liv.

The land here is mostly timber land, and when lumber rises to a high figure, which may happen from six to ten years, millionaires and speculators will buy up timber land. This is the time for the pre-emptor. The country at once gets alive with people, you cannot tell where they all come from, and they all start out for pre-emption claims. They pick out a piece of land, or pay some adept in the business to pick it out for them, and then file on it. As improvements are required, they build a cabin on it with boards split on the premises; that is not done to comply with the law, it is done to keep others from jumping it. The cabin is usually a little larger than a child's playhouse; high enough to stand up in and long enough to lie down in. This holds the claim. When spring comes, the pre-emptors club together in small squads and go upon their claims to put in a crop. The seed they often take out in their pockets. When they arrive on the claim they take a little brush and inclose a circle containing a few yards of ground, and there they sow the seed. And so they go from claim to claim. Often the potatoes that are planted in the evening are dug up again in the next morning and cooked for breakfast, for nothing that is sewed or planted is ever looked at afterwards. When the time of probation is up, each squad goes to prove up their claims, they all acting as witnesses one for the other. If you should read the testimony after the proof is taken, you would think that there was a nice house on each of the claims, and several acres of ground in good cultivation, yet the whole of it is a fraud and a lie. After proving up, the pre-emptor sells for whatever he can get, if he had not sold before he proved up, and if the excitement is still raging he starts out the next day for a homestead; but if the excitement is over he wants no homestead, and if a stranger, starts out for other parts of the world to play the same trick over again. This is the way pre-empting is carried on. There is no use in howling about monopolists and land-grabbers. Poor people are no more honest, on an average, than rich ones; they are really the parties who steal the land from the government, and often, after they hav sold out to the land-grabber, they turn against him, not from principle, but out of envy and regret that they cannot steal the land over again. Yours fraternally, Robert Gunther.

Evansville, Wis., March 11, 1884.

Mr. Editor: Inclosed find $1 for the Bennett Monument. I never expect to see it. I am an old man past seventy-seven. I hav thought many times I would like to be at your meetings held in New York, but never expect to. I expect to take your paper as long as I can see to read it. I never had any in my family that would read it, or any of the books that I hav bought. My family consists of three grown up daughters; my wife I lost about a year and a half ago. I think more of the success and progress of the work you are engaged in than all others. Hope you will succeed as Garrison did with slavery.

Yours in a good cause, Peter F. Spencer.

Millbrook, March 25, 284.

Mr. Editor: The complacent way in which Mrs. Slenker offers to do Spiritualism the favor (!) of investigating if Spiritualists will furnish the means is highly amusing to me. "It would be of no personal profit to me," she says—this investigation. Indeed, she seems to think that Spiritualism would be put under the greatest obligation to her should she deign to look at it. This beats the impudence of the clergy. I am a Spiritualist, and hav been for thirty years, but when I *hire* anybody to investigate Spiritualism I shall count myself a lunatic. It is not of the slightest consequence to Spiritualism whether Mrs. Slenker believes it, or investigates it, or looks at it, or sniffs at it, or not, though she seems to fancy that her dictum on the subject is of great importance. Nobody goes about hiring people to investigate astronomy or geology. It's my opinion that no sensible Spiritualist will hire Mrs. Slenker or anybody else to investigate Spiritualism. If my memory serves me right, she saw enough of the manifestations, according to her own statement, during her Northern trip, a year or two ago, to hav excited in an unprejudiced mind, it seems to me, a desire for further investigation, but she seems so willing to believe in annihilation, and so averse or indifferent to being convinced to the contrary, let her enjoy it if she can. If she is satisfied with what warmth she can extract from an iceberg it is nobody's business. A woman convinced against her will does not differ essentially from a man under similar circumstances. Harvey W. Pinney.

Oregon, Mo., March 29, 1884.

Mr. Editor: The prejudice against Freethought is very remarkable. It may be that they are beginning to take alarm so strongly that hate is agitated by fear.

I cannot see among our to-day Christians the least symptom of vital religion. All seem to follow it from habit or ambition. They evidently don't believe it themselvs.

The case of James B. Johnson, of St. Joseph, that is making such a stir, is in print. This man, amiable, popular, and exceedingly religious, has for years been stealing from his employers and generous, trusting friends. Put in charge over a large wholesale drug house, he has stolen enough to set up two considerable places for himself. He had a room whence he shipped the stolen goods. He was a kind, generous man; a most zealous churchman in season and out of season; a shining light among the Christians (Cambellites). Once he told me with a ring in his voice that sounded of tears and prayers, "I fear you are a lost soul, Mr. Irvine." I don't know when I heard such ill news as this about him. Position, friends, family, pride, religion—all were risked or sacrificed. And his fine little family—great God, it is awful! His employers were his warmest friends. Daily he wronged them. And after a competence was secured, he still persisted. Surely there must be something in the theory of obsession by evil spirits. One thing shows his superiority over some of his kind. On discovery he shot himself to death. Not suddenly, but deliberately, after some days of reflection. This is as it should be. But it is an awful example of the utter inefficiency of Christianity to restrain even a naturally good man.

Clarke Irvine.

Tyrzabad, Oudh, India.

Mr. Editor: I am in receipt of your post card, and in accordance with the same hav this day taken out a postal in your favor. I am astonished at the cheapness of your paper. The *National Reformer*, edited by Mr. Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant, and to which I am a subscriber, costs me 15s. 2d. a year. The price of a copy of this paper is 2d., and the postage 1 1-2 d. The Truth Seeker, which is a paper about twice the size of the *National Reformer*, comes all the way from America to this country for only one cent, which is about one-third of the postage paid by me on the *National Reformer*. England, though the first to introduce cheap postage, seems to be in a state of retrogression in such matters now. You may consider me a life-subscriber to your paper, which is the largest, cheapest, and best Freethought journal it has ever been my lot to peruse. Therefore, should I fall into a few days' arrears with my subscription, do not impute it to a desire on my part to stop my paper, but to forgetfulness.

I hav been fortunate enough to be able to get together a sufficient number of members of the National Secular Society, of which Mr. Bradlaugh is the president, to form a branch of the same here. This is called the Tyrzabad branch of the National Secular Society, and I am its corresponding secretary. It was dreadfully up-hill work when I first started, but the ultimate success is all the sweeter for the difficulties at first encountered. I am in correspondence with Mr. Kedar Nath Basu, of Murshedabad, who is doing grand work for the cause of Freethought in Bengal. It would be superfluous, almost, for me to giv you any praise for the noble manner in which you are carrying forward the good cause, but this much I must say, that you, through your paper, are helping to clear away the myths of superstition from the world, and are helping forward the dawn of a brighter day, not alone for future generations, but also for the present one.

It is my intention to open a subscription list for the Bennett Memorial Fund, and as soon as I hav collected as much money as I can I'll remit it to you.

In conclusion, I hav the pleasure to convey to you the cordial greetings and good wishes of the members of the Tyrzabad branch of the National Secular Society, and beg to subscribe myself Yours truly, W. C. Gibson.

Sebewa, Mich., Feb, 26, 1884.

Mr. Editor: If you will allow me space in your valuable paper, I would like to say a few words on Commemoration Day. Also a few words on prohibition. I think the 23d day of December ought to be considered a sacred day in the Liberal ranks, and I, for one, held it this year, and intend to continue to hold it, in preference to the 25th of December. We held a meeting on the 23d of December to honor our hero, D. M. Bennett. Our speaker was a Mrs. Hubbard, of Berlin, Mich., an inspirational speaker, and I must say that I think D. M. Bennett never received his just amount of praise as he did that day. He never received the honor his moral character and noble labors deserved in this world. She mentioned all the noble men from Washington's time down to D. M. Bennett's, and then placed his name above them all for moral worth and noble works for humanity. Long may his memory be honored, and The Truth Seeker, the child of his brain, be sustained, is the wish of one of his dearest friends. I notice that prohibition is creating quite a good deal of comment from your many readers. And I would say that "the greatest good to the greatest number" should be our motto in relation to prohibition. And by prohibition I mean prohibition of the manufacture of whisky, for just so long as it is manufactured just so long will it be drank, and as long as drunken fathers beget children just so long will drunkards encumber the earth. There is no use in trying to preach drunkenness out of people. It is a waste of time and labor. Reason has no effect on them. You might as well go to the insane asylum and try to reason insanity out of the patients. I consider the drunkard in a condition similar to that of the negro before the war. He does not realize his condition, but we who are not cursed with the appetite for strong drink can see and realize his condition as we did that of the slaves. And therefore it is our bounden duty to free him from his slavery as we did the negro. And in doing this by prohibition I will admit that we take from him the power to get drunk. But in return for this we giv him freedom from drunkenness, which is a greater good, both to him, his family, and society at large. We had to do an injustice to the Southerners, I think, in taking from them their slaves without paying for them. But in doing so we freed the slaves, which was the greatest good to the greatest number. And so it is in every move in life. There is scarcely any great movement in progression that does not crush some things under the wheels of progression's car.

I cannot see as there is any likelihood of ever being relieved from this curse of drunkenness except by prohibition, for there is no use in fighting the effect. But let us strike at the cause. There is no use in condemning drunkards and saloon-keepers so long as our government allows the cause that makes drunkards and saloon-keepers to flourish, as it is at the present time. I know that there are a great many who are very sensitiv about being deprived of their rights. Are they the only ones who hav any rights? Has the mother that bore them no rights that they are bound to respect? Must she stand silent and see her son going the way of all drunkards? Has the wife that they hav promised to cherish and protect no rights, that through their appetite for strong drink they can bring her to the deepest depths of poverty and disgrace? Has the innocent child no rights, that it must be cursed from the day of its birth to the day of its death by the sins of a dishonored father? Away with the idea of being deprived of our rights. It is a disgrace to the Liberal cause to bring such an excuse for one of the most damnable habits that ever cursed the human race. Rather let us consider it a privilege to sacrifice such a right for humanity's good. O woman, must you always be cursed by drunken fathers, drunken husbands, and drunken children; bringing innocent children into the world cursed by the habits of a drunken father, and to fill a drunkard's grave? Giv us the ballot, which these same drunkards deprive us of, and we will see if this curse cannot be removed, and men become what nature intended they should be—worthy the respect and love of woman, which I am sorry to say is not the case now. Scarce one man in ten is worthy to become the husband of a good woman and the father of her children. For God's sake let us be up and doing while the day lasts, before this curse of drunkenness sinks this nation in eternal night. A temperate slave is preferable to a free drunkard.

Yours for prohibition, with all my might and strength,

Mrs. Hattie Reeder.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"His life is long whose work is well,
And be his station low or high,
He who the most good works can tell,
Livs longest though he soonest die."

"Something to Show for It."

BY MAUD MILLER.

How well I remember those words long ago,
When running to father, with a shilling in hand,
How he patted my head in his fatherly way,
And gave me a smile that was suuny and bland;
How he put down the paper just fresh from the press,
And looked into my eyes with his own blue and clear,
And said, in a voice that was earnest and true,
"Hav something to *show* for that shilling, my dear."

I treasured the words of my father that day,
And straightway I went then and bought me a book,
And often that summer I culled its bright thoughts,
While seated for hours in some shady nook.
And the good that I got from its pages was great;
Although but a child, yet my memory was clear,
And I always remembered my own father's words,
"Hav something to show for that shilling, my dear."

If you hav a dollar to spare, then, young man,
Why fritter that dollar so easy away?
Why not sow the good seed as you journey along,
And invest that same dollar to do good to-day?
What though 'tis but little you hav of your own,
That little spent rightly will happiness giv,
But one hundred cents, do not squander it now,
Hav something to show for that dollar you hav.

Said old Farmer Brown to his neighbor Sinclair,
"How is it, my friend, that your son prospers so?
Why, he owns a nice farm and a home of his own,
And he is but twenty; yes, *that* much I know."
Then replied his old neighbor, with bright gleaming eye,
"You know his aunt left him some money last fall;
So, instead of spending it foolishly then,
He got something to show for his money, that's all."

Hav "something to show for it" all through this life,
How well it applies to the youth of the land,
As they get their hard earnings each Saturday night,
Be they workingmen's sons or the sons of the grand.
Hav something to show for that *hour* you hav,
For an hour once gone it can never return;
And would the dear laddies and lassies so bright
Hav something to show from each lesson they learn.

A Wedge of Gold.

"Now, John," said old Mr. Oliver to his son, "I am going to giv you this wedge of gold. It is solid clear through, and will be of great benefit while you are plodding through this world. Be careful you do not lose it, for if it is once lost you will find yourself in great trouble, and I doubt if you could ever replace it. With a good common school education and this wedge of gold I see no reason why you should not be prosperous and happy all the days of your life."

"It isn't a very big wedge," said John, feeling the paper that it was wrapped in.

"No, John; but it weighs considerable, after all, as you will find upon examination."

John was eleven years old when he received the wedge of gold from his father, but, as he said to his mother, it seemed to him a very little wedge to be so cautious about.

"That is because you do not yet realize its full value," said his mother. "The longer you keep it the more you will prize it. You must never part with it, anyhow, and it may be the means of saving your life sometime."

When John was fifteen years old he had to go to work, to strike out for himself, and he came to Fall River, in Massachusetts, with his clothes tied up in a good strong bundle, and his wedge of gold in his pocket. He went to work in a cotton factory, where he learned to make cotton cloth. He was a stranger, and he didn't hav great pay for his labor at first, but he made a rule to save a part of his earnings every month. He soon became acquainted with some boys who worked in the same mill, and the homesickness that had possessed him as he trudged to and from his work the first week began to wear off.

"Come, go to the circus with us, won't ye?" asked Patsy Murphy, as he and four more boys were going home from work, overtaking John Oliver. "It's a big show—is Barnum's—elephants, camels, monkeys, cockatoos, and everything!—almost every kind of bird and beast you can name and mention."

John had never been to a circus in all his life, having lived in a part of the country that was not visited by traveling showmen.

"How much do you hav to pay to go in?" he inquired.

"Fifty cents, and half-price for children; but of course we fellows pay the regular fare, you know."

John thought a moment, and concluded he could afford it, and said he would be on hand to go with the the boys to see the show.

"Oh, it's just gay, I tell you, boys; and your eyes will stick right out like big white onions, or Muscovy ducks' eggs, when you see the tigers and the elephants and the giraffes! They're funny fellows, giraffes are."

"And the lions, Patsy! You forget them," said Timothy Winkle. "Did you ever see any lions, John, eh?"

"No," answered John, "no live ones."

"We'll show him the lions, won't we, Tom?"

"Yaw," replied that individual.

At the appointed time the boys started together for the circus. They were in high glee, and when the band began to play they were so excited that they could scarcely contain themselvs. They looked at all the animals, and fed the elephants and monkeys with peanuts and cookies, saw the big giant and the little dwarf, the living skeleton, the electric lady, the tattooed lady, the Circassian beauty, and all the other curiosities, after which they went into the other tent, and took a seat to witness the ring performances. As the riders came in, seated on their elegant horses, dressed in velvet and glistening with spangles, and rode so easily and gracefully, keeping perfect time to the music, Timothy Winkle said to John, in a hoarse whisper,

"Wudden't ye like to be a circus man, eh?"

John did not reply, he was so taken up with the brilliant pageant.

"Hold your tongue," said Patsy, "an' don't be bothering the boy. Whist! there comes the clown."

To John it was like fairy stories, and when he saw "Mademoiselle Celeste" riding round and round the ring, and no saddle on the horse, and then jump through six hoops and land on the horse's back every time, he looked puzzled.

"Do you suppose it's a woman?" he asked.

"Course," said Dick Riley. "What a greeny you are, anyway! Where d'ye come from?"

"I came from Berkeley," he said, innocently.

"Oh, let him alone," said Patsy; "pay attention to the show. Just look at that for a summerset. Heigho! there goes the clown. He s the best one among 'em, I'll bet yer."

It was late when the circus was over, and the men began taking down the tent before the people were half out. John thought he had seen enough to last him a lifetime. His companions were almost uproarious in their praise of the performance. On their way home they had to past several drinking saloons, and when opposit one that was well lighted John inquired what kind of a store it was, for, although the outer door was open, there was a black screen before it. "I guess they are having a party in back there, aren't they?' he asked. "I hear music."

"They are having a party—yes!" said Timothy, winking to Patsy. "Let us take John in and show him the lions."

"Lions? Hav they lions in there?" exclaimed John, in amazement.

"Yes, lots of 'em! Come on. Let's go in," and John followed his companions. He saw what it was the moment he passed beyond the black screen, and turned to go out, but the boys would not hear of it. "Oh, hav some beer! hav some beer!" they all cried, and in another moment every boy had a glass of foaming, sparkling beer in his hand. "You can't see a lion till you drink," laughed Timothy. "Go ahead! Here's your good health, boy."

John thought he would not be odd, and was just going to follow the example of the others, when all at once he remembered his wedge of gold, and he felt a sudden chill at his heart, his face turned pale as death, and the glass of beer dropped on the floor, the glass shattered in a hundred fragments.

"O you fool!" said Timothy.

"Chicken!" exclaimed Dick Riley.

"Dough-head!" sneered Tom.

"What did ye do that for?" said Patsy.

"He wants to hav a fight!" declared Timothy. "I'll make yer nose bleed for ye," and he ran up to John with his fist doubled up.

"I don't want to fight," said John, "and I won't fight; I'm going home," and off he started amid sneers and jeers, amid many jokes and much laughter.

The cold sweat stood on his brow as he reached the boarding-place he called home, and crept up to his bed.

"Ah," thought he, "they might hav made me drunk and got my wedge of gold from me, and then I should hav been ruined forever."

When John was nineteen he was invited to go to a clambake on the banks of the Kickamint river. There were seven young men in the party, the day was fine, the sail delightful, and the bake all that could be desired. After the feast was over, one young man said, "Trot out the little black bear, Sam!"

John looked surprised, but said nothing, and waited to see the bear. It came out in the shape of a black bottle, and, one by one, six young men drank of its contents, and when it was passed to the seventh, which was John, he said firmly, "No, not any for me, if you please."

"O sho! What's the matter with you? Can't you be sociable on an occasion like this?"

"I dare not be sociable, as you call it, in that way," and John spoke up very bravely.

"Signed the pledge?"

"No."

"What's the matter, then? Here, drown your prejudices, and forget your squeamishness in this," and a cup of brandy was pressed to his lips. "Don't be an idiot, John."

"I hope not," he said, "but I can't touch that," and John pushed away the cup, thinking all the time of his wedge of gold, and fearful lest he might lose it among those gay young men.

He endured their bantering in silence, but it was with alarm that he observed the condition of the six when they embarked for home. Hardly one was able to sit upright, and not one was in a condition to steer the boat except John. His clear, cool head brought the boat and its living, though sadly bewildered, human freight in safety to the land, and it was with a great sigh of relief John saw them safely on shore. He reflected that had he been in the condition of the others, and embarking so, they would undoubtedly hav swamped the boat, and all would hav been lost. Thus the remembrance of his wedge of gold saved not only his life, but the life of the six who were with him.

John is steadily rising in business, being no longer an operativ in the weave-shop, nor a spinner, but a superintendent of a cotton factory, with a comfortable salary. He is quiet, gentlemanly, kind, and obliging, honored and respected by all who know him.

The wedge of gold that his father gave him is still in his possession, and he means to carry it with him to his grave. Timothy Winkle, who remains still a spinner, and always will, probably, said the other day to John, "Mr. Oliver, is it true that you hav a wedge of solid gold?" Somehow it had leaked out that John had such a wedge.

"Yes, it is true," said John.

"Hav you any objection to letting me see it?"

"None in the least. Here it is," and John took an envelope from his pocketbook. See for yourself."

Timothy took a piece of paper from the envelope, and read: "Beware of intoxicating liquors. Never, upon any account, let a drop of anything intoxicating pass your lips as a beverage. Touch not, taste not, handle not the unclean thing. Remember."

"Is this the wedge of gold?" and Timothy looked surprised.

"It is."

"Well, if I had remembered and carried such a wedge of gold as that I might hav been in better circumstances than I am to-day," sighed Timothy.

"And so might many another," said John.

Our Puzzle Box.

1

ENIGMAS.

Here is our song or chorus,
Like soldiers in a line;
One thousand now before us,
Behind us "ninety-nine."

Now simply change the order,
An order of plants to find;
One thousand still in front of us,
One hundred and one behind.

Oh, why should we be troubled?
The "angels" all are gay;
Their "rejoicings" I hav doubled
For the two that "went astray."

Yet for the "ninety-nine,"
And the thousand that would stay,
A melody divine,
Must now forever play.
For the song at last is mine,
Humanity's the day,
And to do right is better quite,
Than to repent and pray.

Irwin, Iowa. J. K. P. BAKER.

2.

CROSSWORD.

In money, not in sunny;
In ponder, not in wander;
In orange, not in porridge;
In grape, not in wait;
In flow, not in beau;
In look, not in foot;
In animal, not in camel;
In day, not in weigh;
In nice, not in wife.
My whole is the name of a race of people.

3.

AULD LANG SYNE PUZZLE.

I'll sing a song of "auld lang syne,"
Of the days that are no longer mine.
My youthful fire long since burnt low,
Even my mantle had to go.
And so I died of neglect and cold—
Perhaps of age, for I was old.
I felt it come like an ague fit,
And I grew too cold to even spit.
One vice I had, like human kind,
To smoke, I sometimes was inclined.
So while I lived some tears were shed,
And most were glad when I was dead.
Even my faithful dogs were sent
Into perpetual banishment,
And my loved cranes, that were my pride,
Hav had no roost since the day I died.
A new friend came—he hid his flame,
But gained their favor, all the same.
They could not do too much for him,
And always kept his pipe in trim.
But they walled me up in my little room,
Which ever since has been my tomb,
With the gods and creeds of my early day,
For they, like me, hav passed away.
But I sometimes come as I do to-night,
As a memory bright, or a ghostly sprite.

Irwin, Iowa. J. K. P. BAKER.

4.

LETTER REBUSES.

I

S. { Here we present to observation
{ A bounty, gift bestowed, donation.

II

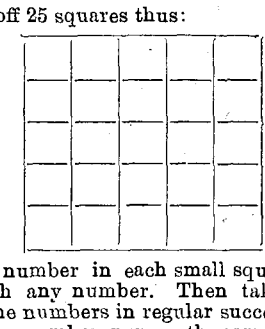
OT { And here, in letter rebus found,
{ A slave to church or party bound.

Irwin, Iowa. J. K. P. BAKER.

5.

NUMERICAL PUZZLE.

Mark off 25 squares thus:



Put a number in each small square, beginning with any number. Then take all the rest of the numbers in regular succession, not omitting a number, nor use the same number a second time, the numbers to be so selected and arranged that all the numbers in each vertical column when added will make the date of next year, 1885; all the numbers in each horizontal column when added will make 1885; all the numbers in each diagonal column when added will make 1885; the four corner numbers added to the central will make 1885.

Almond, N. Y. H. VAN PELT.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER, MARCH 29, 1884.

1. Naples.

2.
Z U L U
U N I T
L I F E
U T E S

3. Wendell Phillips. 4. Buffalo. 5. Minnie.

Solved by H. E. Juergens, A. E. Wineman.

Correspondence.

CEDAR GROVE, N. Y., March 30, 1884.

RESPECTED MISS WIXON: I hav THE TRUTH SEEKER taken for me for three months. I like the Children's Corner very well. I will send the answer of two puzzles (and one to be printed) for March 29th. The crossword (No. 1) is Naples, and the enigma (No. 4) is Buffalo, I think. If you think the puzzle I send is fit to be printed, please do so. If it is not, all right. I am twelve years old.

Yours respectfully, HATTIE R. OTINGER.

CHICAGO, March 31, 1884.

MISS WIXON: My father takes THE TRUTH SEEKER, and we all like to read it since the Children's Corner was put in. I like to work out all the puzzles.

I remain yours, A. E. WINEMAN.

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Liberal Meetings.

[Leagues and Liberal and Spiritualistic Societies in the United States and Canada meeting regularly, can have notices of their meetings published in this column free if the officers will send them to us.]

MICHIGAN.

MUSKEGON.—The Liberal League meets every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock in the German Odd Fellows' Hall, corner of Western ave. and Terrace st.

OHIO.

CLEVELAND.—The Liberal League meets every Sunday afternoon at 3 P M, in the hall on the corner of Ontario and Bolivar streets. Exercises—lectures and discussion.

WISCONSIN.

MILWAUKEE.—The Milwaukee Liberal League meets every Sunday evening at Fraternity Hall 216 Grand avenue.—Exercises: Lectures, Criticisms, and Music.—Admission free.

MAINE.

PORTLAND.—Dr. H. A. Lamb has hired Congress Hall, Congress street (entrance on Temple street), where free meetings, lectures, and discussions are held every Sunday, 2:30 P.M. Admittance free. Public invited.

OREGON.

PORTLAND.—The American Liberal League of Portland, Or., holds meetings every Sunday, at 2 o'clock, P.M., at Nonpareil Hall, cor. 1st and Madison streets. All are invited. Admission free.

MASSACHUSETTS.

BOSTON.—Boston Liberal Club holds meetings for essays and criticisms every Sunday forenoon at 10:45 in the Paine Memorial Building, Appleton street.——The "Society of the Divine Homo" at same place every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Sunday-school at 2:30. Admission free.

PENNSYLVANIA.

ALTOONA.—The League holds meetings every Wednesday evening and Sundays at 3 P.M., at the League Room, corner of Eleventh ave. and 13th st., third floor, entrance on 13th st.

PHILADELPHIA.—The Friendship Liberal League meets every Sunday at Hancock Hall, 814 Girard avenue, at 2:30 o'clock, and 7:30 o'clock, P.M., for lectures and free debates. THE TRUTH SEEKER and Liberal books for sale.

PITTSBURGH.—Pittsburgh Liberal League meets at Maltby Hall, 76 Fifth avenue, every Sunday (except during the Months of July and August) at 3 o'clock. A free platform is maintained. Exercises consist of a lecture, followed by 10 minute criticisms, with 15 minutes allowed the lecturer to reply. Clergymen invited to discuss.

NEW JERSEY.

NEWARK.—Newark Liberal League meets every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the League's Hall, 177 Halsey street. Exercises consist of music, readings, lecture, and discussion, in which all present are invited to participate. Admission free. Collection taken. Communications for the League should be addressed to J. W. Frankel, 10 Pine street, Newark.

CANADA.

TORONTO.—Secular Society. Reading and Lecture Rooms, No. 9 Grand Opera House. Open every evening and Sundays. Lecture every Sunday evening. Freethinkers and strangers are cordially invited.

MONTREAL.—Pioneer Freethought Club meets every Sunday at 3 P.M., at 1310 Catharine street. Reading-room open daily until 10:30 P.M. Library open for exchange of books three evenings per week, and on Sunday afternoons. Free public lectures on Sundays as advertised in local newspapers. Strangers always welcome. G. S. Wilson President, M. O'B. Ward, M.D., Secretary.

NEW YORK.

ALBANY.—The Liberal association meets every Sunday at Van Vechten Hall, 119 State street. Sunday-school at 2 P.M. General business meeting and debates and discussions at 3 P.M. Lecture at 7:30 P.M. The public are cordially invited to attend, also all Liberals visiting the city. Admission free.

NEW YORK CITY.—The Manhattan Liberal Club meets every Friday evening at 8 o'clock, for a lecture and discussion, at German Masonic Temple, 220 East 15th street. Admission 5 cents. Monthly cards 20 cents. Membership fee $3.——The American Spiritualist Alliance meets every Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock in Republican Hall, 55 West 33d street.——The First Society of Spiritualists holds its meetings every Sunday in Republican Hall, 55 West 33d street. Morning service 11 o'clock; evening, 7:45. Seats free. Public cordially invited.——Frobisher College Hall, 23 East 14th street, near Broadway. The People's Spiritual Meeting every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 P.M.

BROOKLYN.—The Brooklyn Spiritual Society meets at Conservatory Hall, cor. of Fulton street and Bedford avenue, every Sunday. Services at 11 A.M. and 7:45 P.M. Admission free. Public cordially invited. Liberal and Spiritual papers and books for sale.——The Everett Hall Spiritual Conference, 398 Fulton street, meets every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. Meetings free. Spiritual literature for sale.——The Eastern District Spiritual Conference meets every Monday evening at Composite Room, 4th street, corner of south 2d street, at 7:45. Spiritual and Liberal literature on sale. All invited.—The Philosophical Association meets every Sunday afternoon in the Assembly Room of Wright's Business College, Broadway, corner of Fourth street, E. D., at 3 P.M. Public cordially invited. Doors open at 2:30 P.M.

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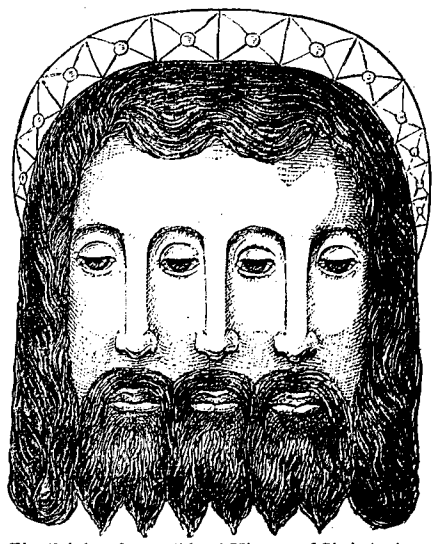
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As the forces spent their motion,
As the planets onward rolled,
Came to deity a notion—
This, at least, hav I been told.

As the myriads of people,
Toiling on for that which seemed
Should be theirs without a struggle,
Life, which better had been dreamed,

Circled round by heaven's bright border,
High up on a mystic throne,
God, the father, gave this order.
In a gentle, loving tone,

"Let a child be born." And seeing
That the order was obeyed,
That a struggling little being
In his mother's arms was laid,

Blessed the mother and the infant
With the holy bond of love—
Sweet fruition! joy each instant!
Given by the God above.

And the mother pressed this dear one
To her throbbing, loving heart.
Dearer than her life this near one,
Of her being but a part.

Thankful for the gift God gave her,
For his mercy and his love
Prayed most humbly to her savior,
In the regions far above:

"Shield my child from all temptation,
From foul Folly's baleful wiles,
From all sin and degradation.
Let him bloom 'neath heaven's smiles.

"Teach him of thy love unbounded,
Teach him all thou'dst hav him know,
Giv him fairest faith well founded,
Guide him where thou'dst hav him go.

"Take my darling little treasure
To celestial joys, and then,
If in nether regions, pleasure
Will be mine, O God. Amen."

. . . . . .

From the lake that burneth ever,
Where the dark, damned devils dwell,
Where foul fumes ascend forever—
From a grim and horrid hell,

Came a wailing cry for mercy,
From a mother's only son,
Pleading for a drop of water,
For his crisped and parched tongue:

QUERY.

Did that mother's crown of glory
Rest above a smiling face?
Did she speak that sweetest story—
Story of God-given grace?

S. V. M.

Obituary.

"Leaves hav their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all—
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O death!"

Died, Sunday evening, Feb. 24, 1884, at his late residence in Altona, Ill., after a protracted illness, greatly endeared to an affectionate family, and beloved by all who knew him, J. B. McCalmont, in his seventy-seventh year.

"Rest you, my friend; the endless sleep
Has closed your kindly eyes to-night;
Your form has vanished from my sight
Into the silence dark and deed.

"Rest you; no more shall ill befall,
Nor pain, nor anguish hard to bear,
Nor mortal grief, nor earthly care,
For death has overcome them all.

"Rest you; your heart was brusque but kind;
Of friends you were an honest one,
Nor trumpeted your kindness done;
To your good deeds the world was blind.

"Rest you in peace beneath the sod;
Your good intents, your actions fair,
Were sounded not in pompous prayer,
Nor heard of men, but known to God.

"Rest you; your failings were but few,
And ever leaned to honor's side,
Your virtues many—'twas your pride
To scorn the false, to love the true.

"Rest you; all soon with weary feet
I too shall follow in the way,
Beyond the twilight cold and gray;
When morning breaks, oh, may we meet.

"Rest you. Oh, hope forevermore,
Like starbeams, lights us on and on,
Beyond the night, into the dawn,
That breaks upon a brighter shore.

"Rest you; this life is but a dream,
But that beyond is real and sure,
Where gold is gold, where pearls are pure,
And friends forever what they seem."

Y. G.

Jason Kirk died at Cleveland, Ohio, March 21, 1884, aged forty-three years. He was a Freethinker in the broadest sense of the term; a subscriber to THE TRUTH SEEKER since its first issue in Paris, Illinois; an investigator of all live subjects, and an ardent supporter of truth wherever found. He died as he lived, and passed away with his lifetime crowned with honesty and good deeds. In September, 1875, he married Annie E. Edwards, a bright, intelligent woman, a mate to him in all that goes to make up a true, happy, and harmonious union. His wife survives him, and feels keenly the loss of a true and devoted husband. The funeral services were largely attended, Major Clemmer, of Salem, officiating. The Liberal choir sang some very beautiful and appropriate songs, after which the body was laid to rest in the cemetery at Alliance, Ohio.

"A good man to his rest has gone,
A husband true as polar star;
A husband whose affections won
The love of him that naught could mar.
Peace, sweetest peace, be to his soul,
And fragrant may his memory be;
He's fought the fight, and gained the goal
Of unalloyed eternity."

C. E. W.

With deep sorrow we chronicle the death, by consumption, of Levi J. Ball, one of our stanchest and most prominent Liberals, who passed from earth-life March 21st, aged fifty-seven years.

His funeral service was conducted by the J. H. Harter, of Auburn, N. Y. Brother Ball has been a life-long Liberal and truth seeker, and for years the president of our Liberal club at North Hannibal, N. Y., and during his sojourn with us, he won the esteem and affection of all who knew him; even his Christian acquaintances, whose isms and errors he so boldly and successfully fought, cannot say aught against him as a man, a neighbor, a devoted husband, and a kind and loving father. As he lived, so he died, calmly, peacefully, and with his mind unclouded by superstition, retaining his full mental faculties, and his life-long views of a mythical system of religion, and even detailing his wishes in regard to funeral arrangements, with a composedness far exceeding that of his listeners. Thus putting to silence any (would-be) Christian "I told you so." He has left the record of a death-bed scene which thousands of our Christian friends would do well to envy, and which our Christian ministers will probably not relate in their revival meetings. He has left a loving wife and a son and daughter to mourn their loss, who hav the sympathy of a host of friends. And though we submit to the inevitable, we feel the keen pang of sorrow caused by the death of him we held so dear, and who will not soon pass from our memory. Brother Harter was the right man (for this occasion) to stand between the living and the dead; to administer consolation to the bereaved, and also to meet our Christian friends with the bonds of a common brotherhood.

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IT does not follow, then, because we cannot believe that of which there is no evidence, that we are immoral. A credulous person may be very defectiv in morals, while an incredulous person may hav the best moral character. Morality is to be measured by actions, not by opinions.—*D. M. Bennett.*

THE primal duties shine aloft—like stars;
The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless,
Are scattered at the feet of man—like flowers.
The generous inclination, the just rule,
Kind wishes, and good actions and pure thoughts—
No mystery is here. —*Wordsworth.*

LOVE AND LIFE.

They stood alone in the light of the west,
He said that he loved her well,
He loved her well, but she loved the best;
There were none but the birds to tell.
The bluebells laid their heads to rest,
The birds flew over the wave;
And the heart of the woman who loved the best
Lay still in her silent grave.
For the love of the man who loved her well,
Lived but the life of a fair bluebell.

EVERYBODY knows the story of early astronomy and the school divines. Come down a little later. Archbishop Usher, a very learned Protestant prelate, tells us that the world was created on Sunday, the 23 I of October, 4,004 years B C. Deluge, Dec. 7, 2,348 B.C. Yes, and the earth stands on an elephant, and the elephant on a tortoise. One statement is as near the truth as the other.—*O. W. Holmes.*

HE must be a thorough fool who can learn nothing from his own folly.—*Guesses at Truth.*

WHAT is "the fact of revelation?" Probably to no two persons is it the same thing. The God "revealed" to Calvin and Jonathan Edwards, as predooming the great majority of the human offspring "to most grievous torments in soul and body, without intermission, in hell-fire forever," is surely a different being from the God revealed to Fenelon and Channing, as "not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance," and as only waiting to be sincerely sought to be found as the all-forgiving father.—*W. B. Carpenter.*

THE question is not whether a doctrin is *beautiful*, but whether it is *true*. When we want to go to a place we don't ask whether the road leads through a pretty country but whether it is the right road, the road pointed out by authority, the turnpike-road.—*Guesses at Truth.*

WHEN Bishop Berkeley said there was no matter,
And proved it, 'twas not matter that he said.
—*Byron.*

PATIENT study and perfect impartiality must precede rational conviction whether ending in faith or in doubt. Need it be asked how many are capable of such an examination?—*Sharpe's Letters and Essays.*

WE figure society as a machine, and that mind is opposed to mind as body is to body; whereby two, or at most ten, little minds must be stronger than one great mind. Notable absurdity! For the plain truth—very plain, we think—*is* that *minds* are *opposed* to minds in quite a different way, and *one* man that has a higher wisdom, a hitherto unknown spiritual truth in him, is stronger, not than ten men that hav it not, or than ten thousand, but than all men that hav it not; and stands among them with a quite ethereal, angelic power, as with a sword out of heaven's own armory, sky-tempered, which no buckler and no tower of brass will finally withstand. —*Carlyle.*

MEN hav no right to complain of evils which they themselvs are competent to remedy by mere common sense, joined to common humanity.—*Coleridge.*

HEREDITARY bondsmen! know you not,
Who would be free, themselvs must strike the blow?
—*Byron.*

IT is an old proverb, used by Chaucer, and quoted by Elizabeth, that "the greatest clerks are not the wisest men," and it is as true as if the poet had not rhymed, or the queen not reasoned on it.—*Scott.*

A MAN'S earnest and sincere belief is that which he must deal with as truth, and he has more chance of exchanging it for truth if he does so. He is bound —within reasonable limits—to make his protest against whatever he feels to be important error, and if he sees large buildings given up to the propagation of a mischievous mistake, men educated and paid to teach it, the state sanctioning an institution which has this sole aim with its partnership, the poor giving up a large part of their scanty time and energy to the study of it—shall he not do all in his power to destroy it? Ought he not to watch for every opportunity to attack this belief in every human soul, and most especially in those who spend their lives in propagating it?—*London Spectator.*

WE must remember that religious freedom was not dreamed of in the Jewish state any more than it subsequently was in the states of the church, for instance, as long as the chief priest of Rome had temporal jurisdiction. Indeed, before the French Revolution [Who hath ears to hear, let him hear!] there was hardly such a thing as religious freedom anywhere—and for how short a time hav Spain, Italy, and Scandinavia known it!—*The Bible for Learners.*

HEARD ye o' the tree o' France,
I watna what's the name o't;
Around it a' the patriots dance—
Well Europe kens the fame o't.
It stands where ance the Bastile stood,
A prison built by kings, man,
When superstition's hellish brood
Kept France in leading strings, man.
—*Burns.*

CHARLES JAMES FOX used to say that there was only one thing better than lying on the grass with a book, and that was lying on the grass without a book.—*London Society.*

THE progress of knowledge is slow. Like the sun, we cannot see it moving; but after a while we perceive that it has moved, nay, that it has moved onward.—*Guesses at Truth.*

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—AND—

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(E. M. 284.)

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Odds and Ends.

THE story came from the West that at an evening dance recently a mob forced its way into the building, and hung up the fiddler and the beau.

BRAKEMAN (rapidly)—Next stop Broad street passengers will please remain seated until train comes to a full stop at the station!" Suddenly awakened deacon (fervently)—"A-m-e-n."

"No one dying," says a Baltimore clergyman, "sends for a dancing-master to comfort him." Certainly not. And no one giving a party sends for a Baltimore clergyman to lead the german.

THE sheriff of Walla Walla, W. T., recently received two letters at the same time inquiring for two long lost brothers. One of the lost brothers had been hanged a week before for the murder of the other lost brother.

"ARE you having much practice now?" asked an old judge of a young lawyer. "Yes, sir, a great deal, thank you." "Ah, I'm glad to hear it. In what line is your practice particularly?" "Well, sir, particularly in economy."

ANOTHER coroner's verdict. It was rendered at Pekin, Ill., on the body of a man found in the river, and declared "that the late deceased had come to his death by a blow on the head inflicted either before or after he was drowned."

"HELLO!" said the policeman, "what are you sitting out here in the cold for? Why don't you go in the house; hav you lost the key?" "No," responded the disconsolate citizen, "I—hic—havn't lost ther key; I've—hic—lost ther key-hole."

THE late Rev. Dr. Raphall was fond of a witty retort. Once a gentile physician attended the funeral of an Israelite. "I don't like a Jewish funeral," said he, afterward, to Dr. Raphall. "There is no long oration, and everything is too quiet. I prefer a Christian funeral." "So do I," replied Dr. Raphall. "I prefer a hundred Christian funerals to one Jewish."

A COLORED man with his right foot bound up with numerous rags and cloths yesterday entered a grocery on Woodward avenue and asked for a cash contribution of twenty-five cents toward the erection of a new colored people's church edifice. "Where is it to be located?" asked the grocer. "Wall, that hasn't been dun decided on yet." "What is it to cost?" "Hain' figgered on dat, sah." "Who is the pastor?" "Dun forget, but I reckon we kin find one." "Who is the head-man in the enterprise?" "De head man? Wall, I'ze bout de head man, I reckon." "I am not satisfied with your explanations," said the grocer. "How can I be certain that you won't appropriate the money to your own purposes?" "Am dat what bodders you?" "I confess it is." "Well, sah, we kin git ober dat purty easy. Instead of making a cash contribution, just weigh me out two pounds of crackers wid instrukshuns to turn 'em ober to de buildin' committee. I'ze chairman ob dat committee if I ain't nobody else."

THE OLD CONFEDEDATE STORY.

We had all grown weary listening
To the stories of war and death,
When the old Confederate rested
A moment to catch his breath.
And one disgusted listener,
In rather sarcastic tone,
Said, "Now, see here, old soldier,
As we're all of us here alone,
Come, tell us, about how many
Of the Yanks did you ever kill?"
The old Confederate answered,
"It's a ticklish question. Still,
I don't mind tellin' it private
An' in confidence jest to you;
I've been fig'rin' 'em up here lately,
An', in fact, I've just got through.
It's a strange coincidence, very,
'Bout the strangest I ever see!
For I killed jest as many of the yuns,
As the yuns killed of me!"

"HOW TO MAKE HOME HAPPY."—He was a book agent. He rang a door-bell, and a woman who was sweeping opened the door so suddenly that he fell off the step and nearly lost his best equilibrium. But he was a book agent, and he recovered his momentum, and said fluently: "I am agent for the most celebrated book ever offered to the public since 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' was written, and filled with useful hints of things that cannot be found outside the covers of any other book, and with recipes for cooking and family prayers, and how to keep moths out of furs, and some fine poems by well-known and popular writers, and you can giv me your order to-day, and needn't pay for it till next June, or on the installment plan, which is cheaper than going without, and the name of it is, 'Three Million Hints, or Inquire Within How to Make Home Happy.'" "Oh, yes," said the woman sweetly. "How to make home happy. I hav one already," and she looked at the broom in her hand with dreamy eyes. He fell off the door-step again, and this time he didn't recover till there was a block between them.

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Notes and Clippings.

"They seem to forget," said the deacon, regarding the collection's slim returns, "when they experience religion, that it must be paid for, just like any other experience."

The New Orleans *Picayune* says: "The Israelites were originally to the manna born." The Burlington *Hawkeye* corrects this by saying: "We always thought the manna was originally borne to the Israelites."

Barnes, the mountain evangelist, claims to hav converted thirty-four thousand souls. If this is true, he is entitled to a golden harp when he dies, and that ought to satisfy him. He should retire from the field now, and giv some one else a chance, but he keeps right on. Some men are not contented with the prospect of heaven; they want the earth.

At Page, Texas, they hav a peculiar way of settling religious arguments. Recently two men, Mr. Burkhardt and Mr. Bale, were arguing the proper mode of baptism, and Mr. Burkhardt thinking that his theory was the best, tried to impress it upon Mr. Bale's mind by striking him on the head with a spade. It is said that he so far succeeded in his purpose that the argument stopped right there, and will probably never again be renewed.

The Rev. John Jasper was requested by a large number of leading white people, including many Northerners, to deliver his sermon, "De Sun Do Move," one night last week. Some three hundred whites were present. Before commencing Mr. Jasper told the deacons to close the doors. This being done, he said that a note for $100 was due by the church the day following, and unless the amount was contributed no sermon would be delivered. The deacons went around with the hat and the $100 was collected. Mr. Jasper then proceeded with his solar theology.

A Massachusetts clergyman declares that "Paradise is situated at the North Pole." It is evident that that clergyman longs for a land of pure delight, where the atmosphere is not inclined to be sultry. It is not stated what the trouble in his church is about, so it would be unfair to guess his reason for locating that future country in a land where skates and ulsters would be more in keeping with the surroundings than harps and song books. The North Pole, however, is a good place to locate Paradise, as it will afford a good excuse, suggests *Peck's Sun*, for those who fail to get there.

The following law and law case are taken from the records of the New Haven colony in 1669. The statute says: "Whosoever shall inveigle or draw the affections of any maide or maide servant, either to himself or others, without first gaining the consent of her parents, shall pay to the plantation for the first offence forty shillings; for the second, four pounds; for the third he shall be imprisoned or corporeously punished." Under this law, at a court held in May, 1669, Jacobeth Murtine and Sarah Tuttle were prosecuted "for setting down on a chestle together, his arms around her waiste, and her arme upon his shoulder or about his neck, and continuing in that sinful posture about half an hour, in which time he kyssed her and she kyssed him, or they kyssed one another, as ye witnesses testified."

Several years ago a Brooklyn florist named Fitzsimmons gave $2,000 to Father Philip Kenny, then secretary to Father McGuire, pastor of St. Paul's Roman Catholic church, in Court street. Father Kenny was to use the money for the purpose of bringing Fitzsimmons's daughter out from Ireland and educating her in a convent. The agreement was not carried out, and when the florist applied for the return of his money the priest denied having received it. Fitzsimmons then sued Father Kenny and recovered a judgment for the full amount. Judgment was issued and returned unsatisfied, the defendant having transferred his property to his mother for a nominal consideration some time before. Fitzsimmons then began a new suit to set aside the deed of transfer on the ground that it was made to avoid a judgment. The case was tried at Special Term of the Brooklyn city court, and last week Judge Reynolds gave judgment for Fitzsimmons, and granted the plaintiff $50 extra allowance.

The Philadelphia Medical Society, the largest county association of physicians in the United States, has refused, by a vote of nearly two to one, to admit females as practitioners. One year ago the constitution of the society was amended to make female graduates of reputable colleges eligible as members. Several candidates of the gentler sex were speedily proposed, and were blackballed. The experiment was tried again and again, with the same result, until it became unmistakable that some members had determined to blackball women to the end of time. A general meeting was then called, and a house-to-house canvass was made to defeat the resolutions. The result was a surprise to the fairer-minded members of the society. The vote stood seventy-nine to forty-eight.

The following presents a thought as to the power of a preacher over his congregation which, perhaps, has not before been pressed upon the attention of many. It is from George Eliot's Essays: "The platform orator is subject to the criticism of hisses and groans. Counsel for the plaintiff expects the retort of counsel for the defendant. The honorable gentleman on one side of the House is liable to hav his facts and figures shown up by his honorable friend on the opposit side. Even the scientific or literary lecturer, if he is dull or incompetent, may see the best part of his audience slip quietly out one by one. But the preacher is completely master of the situation; no one may hiss, no one may depart. Like the writer of imaginary conversations, he may put what imbecilities he pleases into the mouths of his antagonists, and swell with triumph when he has refuted them. He may riot in gratuitous assertions, confident that no man will contradict him; he may exercise perfect free will in logic and invent illustrativ experience; he may giv an Evangelical edition of history with the inconvenient facts omitted; all this he may do with impunity, certain that those of his hearers who are not sympathizing are not listening. For the press has no band of critics who go the round of the churches and chapels, and are on the watch for a slip or defect in the preacher to make a 'feature' in their article; the clergy are, practically, the most irresponsible of all talkers."

The closing of the Methodist Episcopal church in Coxsackie, N. Y., has led to the publicity of a scandal concerning the Rev. Henderson Davis, its pastor, and the wife of Benjamin Williams, one of the church wardens. "I hav a letter in my pocket that proves Davis to be a scoundrel in sheep's clothing," said Mr. Williams, and he produced an epistle addressed to his wife in the words, "Dearest Emma." The letter said: "But my tongue is too short, and language too limited to express my love. They may hunt us, and tease us, yet our love shall remain the same. Keep yourself from him as much as you possibly can. . . I hope he will go fishing this spring. How nice that will be; but I am afraid he will not go; ha! ha! ha! What does he say about it? Good-bye, darling. Yours truly, Henry." Mr. Williams said as his wife is illiterate she gave the letter to him to read to her. He took the letter to Mr. Davis, and that gentleman snatched it, and attempted to throw it in the stove. Mr. Williams knocked him down and kicked him. The minister became unconscious, during which time Williams recovered the letter and obtained an ax, with which he chased the preacher, when he had recovered his senses, down the street. "I would hav chopped him to piecss," said Williams, "but I accidently stumbled, and this saved me from committing a murder." Mr. Davis admits writing the letter, but says it was a fit communication to pass between brother and sister. He was a widower, and came from Elmira.

In favor of opening national institutions on Sunday, the earl of Dunraven, in the *Nineteenth Century*, says: "I presume most men are agreed that appreciation of beauty, acquaintance with art in the widest sense, artistic feeling, knowledge of literature, and interest in scientific subjects, are beneficial to a people. Sabbatarians hav objected that art sometimes has a demoralizing tendency. That may be true under certain circumstances to a very slight extent, but the same may be said of literature; yet no sane person would suggest that children ought not to be taught to read because immoral subjects are treated of in some books. Art can exercise a bad influence on the characters of those only who are unacquainted with art. The danger lies in ignorance. A true perception of art cannot fail to exercise a civilizing and harmonizing influence upon the human mind. Moreover, it adds a great charm to existence. The surroundings among which multitudes of English men and women spend their days are depressing and unlovely in the extreme. Their perceptions are stunted from lack of sustenance, or poisoned by pernicious food. From birth to death their senses are outraged by unwholesome smells, evil sights, and discordant sounds. . . . Material comforts are not all-sufficing; the mental palate must be pleased, and wholesome food must be supplied to the mind as well as to the body. Large towns, mining and manufacturing industries, make the aspect of nature hideous. The rich workers can escape, for a time at any rate, and refresh themselvs among the fairest scenes the earth can show, but the poor workers cannot. The beautiful in nature is denied to them; it is necessarily unattainable; but beauty in art is attainable; it is denied them only by the folly and injustice of their fellowmen."

It would be cruel to laugh at the crocodile tears which were shed in the White House, a few days ago, by Arthur and Frelinghuysen, when they got the official announcement of the death of Her Majesty Queen Victoria's son, His Royal Highness Prince Leopold, who, according to all accounts, came to his end amid the drunken debaucheries of a gambling house. The "spree" which closed his royal highness's career was an all-night affair, as described in the London dispatch to the *Sun*. For some time, he "had been living as fast as he could," and on the night of his death, according to the *Sun's* dispatch, "drank pretty freely, stopped up all night, danced furiously, and so brought on the fatal fit." For some days previous he had lost heavily on gambling, and stories are told of his doings that ought to bring a blush even to the faces of the ghosts of George the Fourth and William the Fourth. When the news of the death of the royal prince was conveyed, without decoration, to the president through the secretary of state, both Arthur and Frelinghuysen immediately began to shed crocodile tears in public places. They cabled their crocodile tears over the loss of the prince to the British court; they communicated them to the British minister at Washington; they sent them out to the Associated Press; they were plunged in grief; the American people were plunged in crocodile grief; the government of the United States condoled in crocodile tears with all the other bereaved governments of the world. It was even a more harrowing spectacle than was offered by the London reporter, who described at length the crocodile tears of the flunkies and maid-servants of the household of his royal highness. Now, then, were the American people bemoaning, in lachrymose crocodileism, the loss of the English prince? Were we all, for the time being, poor crocodiles? Could even Arthur and Frelinghuysen carry their cant further? Almost at the very time this pampered prince fell in his vices, the gallant young American patriot who, two years ago, shattered the Andre monument was done to death by half-a-dozen police ruffians in Brooklyn, under circumstances that hav been already described here; but who, of all the toplofties in the land, had shed even a crocodile tear over the grave of poor George Hendrix?—*John Swinton's Paper*.

News of the Week.

Charles Reade, the English novelist, died on the 11th inst.

Henry George has started on his return to New York from Europe.

Ten-dollar Confederate notes are in circulation in Montreal, Canada, and many merchants hav been victimized.

The pope is preparing a strong encyclical letter against the order of Freemasons and other secret societies.

Advices which are subject to contradiction report that Khartoum has surrendered to the False Prophet, and that Gen. Gordon is a prisoner.

In the Sharon divorce case in San Francisco, on the 10th, all persons admitted to the court-room, including the lawyers, were examined to see whether they carried dangerous weapons.

The man who was to hav personated Pontius Pilate in Salmi Morse's Passion Play, and with whom Morse broke his contract, has recovered over $1,400 damages from the co-partners of Morse.

Matsada Sorackichi, a famous Japanese wrestler, is giving crack American athletes a great deal of trouble, winning most of the contests which he has entered into. He weighs about 200 pounds.

La Monde, a clerical newspaper published in Paris, says that five French missionaries and thirty catechists hav been massacred at Thanhoa, a Tonquin town (in Anam) of some importance not far from the coast.

Keely, the motor man, promised to explain to the stockholders the operation of his engin at a meeting on the 10th. He afterward announced himself as not quite ready for the demonstration, and the meeting was postponed.

Col. Ingersoll will not be a delegate to the Republican convention this year. It is reported that he will spend the summer in New Mexico, where he has built him a house, and will take no part in the presidential campaign.

A woman came into Parson Newman's church on Madison avenue last Sunday, marched down the aisle toward the pastor, and screamed, "I hav a telegram from Christ direct to you." The woman was a religious lunatic. She was led out by a deacon.

The police of Jersey City arrested thirty-two boys last Sunday for desecrating the Sabbath by playing ball. The grand jury at Fort Wayne, Ind., was last week instructed to investigate Sunday base ball playing by the Fort Wayne Base Ball Club. They failed to return an indictment, and Sunday playing will be continued.

One of the most remarkable of late disclosures is the announcement of the "discovery of sundry musty rolls of parchment containing what is alleged to be the original manuscript of the Mosaic books of the Old Testament." The suicide of Shapira has proved an ineffectual warning, and the work of "discovery" goes bravely on.

A new eight-story apartment house in this city, completed two months ago at an expense of more than $200,000, and supposed to be fire-proof, caught fire last week and burnt like tinder. The house was full of people, and many narrow escapes were had. During the fire the place was looted either by the firemen or other persons, and many thousand dollars' worth of jewelry stolen.

The cause of temperance received a great impetus through the performance of Weston, the walker, who recently traveled five thousand miles on foot in one hundred days, without the aid of alcoholic stimulants. But for the sake of pulling down the argument which Weston so laboriously built up, a Mr. Spencer proposes to walk five thousand miles, and drink nothing but alcohol and alcoholic liquors. It is not desirable that Mr. Spencer should succeed.

Sociological.

The Coming Slavery.

BY HERBERT SPENCER.

From the Popular Science Monthly.

The kinship of pity to love is shown, among other ways, in this, that it idealizes its object. Sympathy with one in suffering suppresses, for the time being, remembrance of his transgressions. The feeling which vents itself in "poor fellow!" on seeing one in agony excludes the thought of "bad fellow" which might at another time arise. Naturally, then, if the wretched are unknown, or but vaguely known, all the demerits they may hav are ignored; and thus it happens that when, as just now, the miseries of the poor are depicted, they are thought of as the miseries of the deserving poor, instead of being thought of, as in large measure they should be, as the miseries of the undeserving poor. Those whose hardships are set forth in pamphlets and proclaimed in sermons and speeches which echo throughout society are assumed to be all worthy souls, grievously wronged, and none of them are thought of as bearing the penalties of their own misdeeds.

On hailing a cab in a London street it is surprising how generally the door is officiously opened by one who expects to get something for his trouble. The surprise lessens after counting the many loungers about tavern doors, or after observing the quickness with which a street performance or procession draws from neighboring slums and stable yards a group of idlers. Seeing how numerous they are in every small area, it becomes manifest that tens of thousands of such swarm through London. "They hav no work," you say. Say rather that they either refuse work or quickly turn themselvs out of it. They are simply good-for-nothings, who in one way or other liv on the good-for-somethings—vagrants and sots, criminals, and those on the way to crime, youths who are burdens on hard-worked parents, men who appropriate the wages of their wives, fellows who share the gains of prostitutes; and then, less visible and less numerous, there is a corresponding class of women.

Is it natural that happinnss should be the lot of such, or is it natural that they should bring unhappiness on themselvs and those connected with them? Is it not manifest that there must exist in our midst an immense amount of misery which is a normal result of misconduct and ought not to be dissociated from it? There is a notion, always more or less prevalent, and just now vociferously expressed, that all social suffering is removable, and that it is the duty of somebody or other to remove it. Both these beliefs are false. To separate pain from ill-doing is to fight against the constitution of things, and will be followed by far more pain. Saving men from the natural penalties of reckless living eventually necessitates the infliction of artificial penalties in solitary cells, on tread-wheels, and by the lash. I suppose a dictum on which the current creed and the creed of science are at one may be considered to hav as high an authority as can be found. Well, the command "if any would not work neither should he eat" is simply a Christian enunciation of that universal law of nature under which life has reached its present hight—the law that a creature not energetic enough to maintain itself must die; the sole difference being that the law which in the one case is to be artificially enforced is, in the other case, a natural necessity. And yet this particular tenet of their religion which science so manifestly justifies is the one which Christians seem least inclined to accept. The current assumption is that there should be no suffering, and that society is to blame for that which exists.

"But surely we are not without responsibilities, even when the suffering is that of the unworthy?"

If the meaning of the word "we" be so expanded as to include with ourselvs our ancestors, and especially our ancestral legislators, I agree. I admit that those who made, and modified, and administered the old poor-law were responsible for producing an appalling amount of demoralization, which it will take more than one generation to remove. I admit, too, the partial responsibility of recent and present lawmakers for regulations which hav brought into being a permanent body of tramps, who ramble from union to union; and also their responsibility for maintaining a constant supply of felons by sending back convicts into society under such conditions that they are almost compelled again to commit crimes. Moreover, I admit that the philanthropic are not without their share of responsibility; since, while anxiously aiding the offspring of the unworthy, they do nothing for the offspring of the worthy save burdening their parents by increased local rates. Nay, I even admit that these swarms of good-for-nothings, fostered and multiplied by public and private agencies, hav, by sundry mischievous meddlings, been made to suffer more than they would otherwise hav suffered. Are these the responsibilities meant? I suspect not.

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The blank form of a question daily asked is, "We hav already done this; why should we not do that?" And the regard for precedent suggested by it is ever pushing on regulativ legislation. Having had brought within their sphere of operation more and more numerous businesses, the acts restricting hours of employment and dictating the treatment of workers are now to be made applicable to shops. From inspecting lodging-houses to limit the numbers of occupants and enforce sanitary conditions we hav passed to inspecting all houses below a certain rent in which there are members of more than one family, and are now passing to a kindred inspection of all small houses. The buying and working of telegraphs is made a reason for urging that the state should buy and work the railways. Supplying children with food for their minds by public agency is being followed in some cases by supplying food for their bodies; and, after the practice has been made gradually more general, we may anticipate that the supply now proposed to be made gratis in the one case will eventually be proposed to be made gratis in the other, the argument that good bodies as well as good minds are needful to make good citizens being logically urged as a reason for the extension. And then, avowedly proceeding on the precedents furnished by the church, the school, and the reading-room, all publicly provided, it is contended that "pleasure, in the sense it is now generally admitted, needs legislating for and organizing at least as much as work."

Not precedent only prompts this spread, but also the necessity which arises for supplementing ineffectiv measures, and for dealing with the artificial evils continually caused. Failure does not destroy faith in the agencies employed, but merely suggests more stringent use of such agencies or wider ramifications of them. Laws to check intemperance, beginning in early times and coming down to our own times, when further restraints on the sale of intoxicating liquors occupy nights every session, not having done what was expected, there come demands for more thorough-going laws, locally preventing the sale altogether; and here, as in America, these will doubtless be followed by demands that prevention shall be made universal. All the many appliances for "stamping out" epidemic diseases not having succeeded in preventing outbreaks of small-pox, fevers, and the like, a further remedy is applied for in the shape of police power to search houses for diseased persons, and authority for medical officers to examin anyone they think fit, to see whether he or she is suffering from an infectious or contagious malady. Habits of improvidence having for generations been cultivated by the poor-law, and the improvident enabled to multiply, the evils produced by compulsory charity are now proposed to be met by compulsory insurance.

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Every extension of the regulativ policy involves an addition to the regulativ agents—a further growth of officialism and an increasing power of the organization formed of officials. Take a pair of scales with many shot in the one and a few in the other. Lift shot after shot out of the loaded scale and put it into the unloaded scale. Presently you will produce a balance, and if you go on the position of the scales will be reversed. Suppose the beam to be unequally divided, and let the lightly loaded scale be at the end of a very long arm; then the transfer of each shot, producing a much greater effect, will far sooner bring about a change of position. I use the figure to illustrate what results from transferring one individual after another from the regulated mass of the community to the regulating structures. The transfer weakens the one and strengthens the other in a far greater degree than is implied by the relativ change of numbers. A comparativly small body of officials, coherent, having common interests, and acting under central authority, has an immense advantage over an incoherent public which has no settled policy, and can be brought to act unitedly only under strong provocation. Hence an organization of officials, once passing a certain stage of growth, becomes less and less resistible, as we see in the bureaucracies of the continent.

Not only does the power of resistance of the regulated part decrease in a geometrical ratio as the regulating part increases, but the private interests of many in the regulated part itself make the change of ratio still more rapid. In every circle conversations show that now, when the passing of competitiv examinations renders them eligible for the public service, youths are being educated in such ways that they may pass them and get employment under government. One consequence is that men who might otherwise reprobate some further growth of officialism are led to look on it with tolerance, if not favorably, as offering possible careers for those dependent on them and those related to them. Anyone who remembers the numbers of upper-class and middle-class families anxious to place their children will see that no small encouragement to the spread of legislativ control is now coming from those who, but for the personal interests thus arising, would be hostil to it.

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The diffusion of education has worked, and will work still more, in the same direction. "We must educate our masters," is the well-known saying of a Liberal who opposed the last extension of the franchise. Yes, if the education were worthy to be so called, and were relevant to the political enlightenment needed, much might be hoped from it. But knowing rules of syntax, being able to add up correctly, having geographical information, and a memory stocked with the dates of kings' accessions and generals' victories no more implies fitness to form political conclusions than acquirement of skill in drawing implies expertness in telegraphing, or than ability to play cricket implies proficiency on the violin. "Surely," rejoins some one, "facility in reading opens the wav to political knowledge." Doubtless; but will the way be followed? Table-talk proves that nine out of ten people read what amuses or interests them rather than what instructs them, and that the last thing they read is something which tells them disagreeable truths or dispels groundless hopes. That popular education results in an extensiv reading of publications which foster pleasant illusions, rather than of those which insist on hard realities, is beyond question. Says "A Mechanic," writing in the *Pall Mall Gazette*" of December 3, 1883:

"Improved education instils the desire for culture—culture instils the desire for many things as yet quite beyond workingmen's reach; . . . in the furious competition to which the present age is given up they are utterly impossible to the poorer classes; hence they are discontented with things as they are, and the more educated the more discontented. Hence, too. Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Morris are regarded as true prophets by many of us."

And that the connection of cause and effect here alleged is a real one we may see clearly enough in the present state of Germany.

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Meanwhile there goes on out-of-doors an activ propaganda to which all these influences are ancillary. Communistic theories, partially indorsed by one act of Parliament after another, and tacitly if not avowedly favored by numerous public men seeking supporters, are being advocated more and more vociferously under one or other form by popular leaders, and urged on by organized societies. There is the movement for land nationalization which, aiming at a system of land tenure equitable in the abstract, is, as all the world knows, pressed by Mr. George and his friends with avowed disregard for the just claims of existing owners, and as the basis of a scheme going more than half-way to state communism. And then there is the thoroughgoing Democratic Federation of Mr. Hyndman and his adherents. We are told by them that "the handful of marauders who now hold possession [of the land] hav and can hav no right save brute force against the tens of millions whom they wrong." They exclaim against "the shareholders who hav been allowed to lay hands upon [!] our great railway communications." They condemn, "above all, the activ capitalist class, the loan-mongers, the farmers, the mine-exploiters, the contractors, the middlemen, the factory lords—these, the modern slave-drivers," who exact "more and yet more surplus value out of the wage-slaves whom they employ." And they think it "high time" that trade should be "removed from the control of individual greed and individual profit."

It remains to point out that the tendencies thus variously displayed are being strengthened by press advocacy daily more pronounced. Journalists, always chary of saying that which is distasteful to their readers, are some of them going with the stream and adding to its force. Legislativ meddlings which they would once hav condemned they now pass in silence, if they do not advocate them; and they speak of *laissez faire* as an exploded doctrin. "People are no longer frightened at the thought of Socialism," is the statement which meets us one day. On another day, a town which does not adopt the Free Libraries act is sneered at as being alarmed by a measure so moderately Communistic. And then, along with editorial assertions that this economic revolution is coming and must be accepted, there is prominence given to the contributions of its advocates. Meanwhile those who regard the recent course of legislation as disastrous, and see that its future course is likely to be still more disastrous, are being reduced to silence by the belief that it is useless to reason with people in a state of political intoxication.

See, then, the many concurrent causes which threaten continually to accelerate the transformation now going on. There is that spread of regulation caused by following precedents, which become the more authoritativ the further the policy is carried. There is that increasing need for administrativ compulsions and restraints which results from the unforeseen evils and shortcomings of preceding compulsions and restraints. Moreover, every additional state interference strengthens the tacit assumption that it is the duty of the state to deal with all evils and secure all benefits. Increasing power of a growing administrativ organization is accompanied by decreasing power of the rest of the society to resist its further growth and control. The multiplication of careers opened by a developing bureaucracy tempts members of the classes regulated by it to favor its extension, as adding to the chances

of safe and respectable places for their relativs. The people at large, led to look on benefits received through public agencies as gratis benefits, hav their hopes continually excited by the prospects of more. A spreading education, furthering the diffusion of pleasing errors rather than of stern truths, renders such hopes both stronger and more general. Worse still, such hopes are ministered to by candidates for public choice to augment their chances of success; and leading statesmen, in pursuit of party ends, bid for popular favor by countenancing them. Getting repeated justifications from new laws harmonizing with their doctrins, political enthusiasts and unwise philanthropists push their agitations with growing confidence and success. Journalism, ever responsiv to popular opinion, daily strengthens it by giving it voice; while counter opinion, more and more discouraged, finds little utterance.

Thus influences of various kinds conspire to increase corporate action and decrease individual action. And the change is being on all sides aided by schemers, each of whom thinks only of his pet project, and not at all of the general reorganization which his, joined with others such, are working out. It is said that the French Revolution devoured its own children. Here an analagous catastrophe seems not unlikely. The numerous Socialistic changes made by act of Parliament, joined with the numerous others presently to be made, will by and by be all merged in state Socialism, swallowed in the vast wave which they hav little by little raised.

"But why is this change described as the coming slavery?" is a question which many will still ask. The reply is simple. All Socialism involves slavery.

What is essential to the idea of a slave? We primarily think of him as one who is owned by another. To be more than nominal, however, the ownership must be shown by control of the slave's actions—a control which is habitually for the benefit of the controler. That which fundamentally distinguishes the slave is that he labors under coercion to satisfy another's desires. The relation admits of sundry gradations. Remembering that originally the slave is a prisoner whose life is at the mercy of his captor, it suffices here to note that there is a harsh form of slavery in which, treated as an animal, he has to expend his entire effort for his owner's advantage. Under a system less harsh, though occupied chiefly in working for his owner, he is allowed a short time in which to work for himself, and some ground on which to grow extra food. A further amelioration givs him power to sell the produce of his plot and keep the proceeds. Then we come to the still more moderated form which commonly arises where, having been a free man working on his own land, conquest turns him into what we distinguish as a serf; and he has to giv to his owner each year a fixed amount of labor or produce, or both, retaining the rest himself. Finally, in some cases, as in Russia until recently, he is allowed to leave his owner's estate and work or trade for himself elsewhere, under the condition that he shall pay an annual sum. What is it which, in these cases, leads us to qualify our conception of the slavery as more or less severe? Evidently the greater or smaller extent to which effort is compulsorily expended for the benefit of another instead of for self-benefit. If all the slave's labor is for his owner the slavery is heavy, and if but little it is light. Take now a further step. Suppose an owner dies, and his estate with its slaves comes into the hands of trustees, or suppose the estate and everything on it to be bought by a company; is the condition of the slave any the better if the amount of his compulsory labor remains the same? Suppose that for a company we substitute the community; does it make any difference to the slave if the time he has to work for others is as great, and the time left for himself is as small, as before? The essential question is, How much is he compelled to labor for other benefit than his own, and how much can he labor for his own benefit? The degree of his slavery varies according to the ratio between that which he is forced to yield up and that which he is allowed to retain; and it matters not whether his master is a single person or a society. If, without option, he has to labor for the society, and receives from the general stock such portion as the society awards him, he becomes a slave to the society. Socialistic arrangements necessitate an enslavement of this kind; and toward such an enslavement many recent measures, and still more the measures advocated, are carrying us. Let us observe, first, their proximate effects, and then their ultimate effects.

The policy initiated by the Industrial Dwellings acts admits of development, and will develop. Where municipal bodies turn house-builders, they inevitably lower the values of houses otherwise built, and check the supply of more. Every dictation respecting modes of building and conveniences to be provided diminishes the builder's profit, and prompts him to use his capital where the profit is not thus diminished. So, too, the owner, already finding that small houses entail much labor and many losses—already subject to troubles of inspection and interference and to consequent costs, and having his property daily rendered a more undesirable investment—is prompted to sell; and, as buyers are for like reasons deterred, he has to sell at a loss. And now these still multiplying regulations, ending, it may be, as Lord Grey proposes, in one requiring the owner to maintain the salubrity of his houses by evicting dirty tenants, and thus adding to his other responsibilities that of inspector of nuisances, must further prompt sales and further deter purchasers—so necessitating greater depreciation. What must happen? The multiplication of houses, and especially small houses, being increasingly checked, there must come an increasing demand upon the local authority to make up for the deficient supply. More and more, the municipal or kindred body will hav to build houses, or to purchase houses rendered unsalable to private persons in the way shown; houses which, greatly depreciated in value as they must become, it will, in many cases, pay to buy rather than to build new ones. And then, when in towns this process has gone so far as to make the local authority the chief owner of houses, there will be a good precedent for publicly providing houses for the rural population, as proposed in the Radical program, and as urged by the Democratic Federation, which insists on "the compulsory construction of healthy artisans' and agricultural laborers' dwellings in proportion to the population." Manifestly, the tendency of that which has been done, is being done, and is presently to be done, is to approach the socialistic ideal in which the community is sole house proprietor.

Such, too, must be the effect of the daily growing policy on the tenure and utilization of the land. More numerous public benefits, to be achieved by more numerous public agencies, at the cost of augmented public burdens, must increasingly deduct from the returns on land; until, as the depreciation in value becomes greater and greater, the resistance to change of tenure becomes less and less. Already, as every one knows, there is in many places difficulty in obtaining tenants, even at greatly reduced rents; and land of inferior fertility in some cases lies idle, or when farmed by the owner is often farmed at a loss. Clearly the margin of profit on capital invested in land is not such that taxes, local and general, can be greatly raised to support extended public administrations, without an absorption of it which will prompt owners to sell, and make the best of what reduced price they can get by emigrating and buying land not subject to heavy burdens, as, indeed, some are now doing. This process, carried far, must hav the result of throwing inferior land out of cultivation; after which there will be raised more generally the demand made by Mr. Arch, who, addressing the Radical Association of Brighton lately, and contending that existing landlords do not make their land adequately productiv for the public benefit, said "he should like the present government to pass a Compulsory Cultivation bill;" an applauded proposal which he justified by instancing compulsory vaccination (thus illustrating the influence of precedent). And this demand will be pressed, not only by the need for making the land productiv, but also by the need for employing the rural population. After the government has extended the practice of hiring the unemployed to work on deserted lands, or lands acquired at nominal prices, there will be reached a stage whence there is but a small further step to that arrangement which, in the program of the Democratic Federation, is to follow nationalization of the land—the "organization of agricultural and industrial armies under state control on co-operativ principles."

If any one doubts that such a revolution may be so reached, facts may be cited to show its likelihood. In Gaul, during the decline of the Roman empire, "so numerous were the receivers in comparison with the payers, and so enormous the weight of taxation, that the laborer broke down, the plains became deserts, and woods grew where the plow had been." In like manner, when the French Revolution was approaching, the public burdens had become such that many farms remained uncultivated, and many were deserted; one quarter of the soil was absolutely lying waste; and in some provinces one-half was in heath.

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Then again comes state ownership of railways. Already this exists to a large extent on the Continent. Already we hav had here a few years ago loud advocacy of it. And now the cry which was raised by sundry politicians and publicists is taken up afresh by the Democratic Federation, which proposes "state-appropriation of railways, with or without compensation." Evidently pressure from above joined by pressure from below is likely to effect this change, dictated by the policy everywhere spreading, and with it must come many attendant changes. For railway proprietors, at first owners and workers of railways only, hav been allowed to become masters of numerous businesses directly or indirectly connected with railways, and these will hav to be purchased by government when the railways are purchased. Already exclusiv carrier of letters, exclusiv transmitter of telegrams, and on the way to become exclusiv carrier of parcels, the state will not only be exclusiv carrier of passengers, goods, and minerals, but will add to its present various trades, many other trades. Even now, besides erecting its naval and military establishments, and building harbors, docks, breakwaters, etc., it does the work of ship-builder, cannon-founder, small-arms maker, manufacturer of ammunition, etc., etc.; and when the railroads hav been appropriated "with or without compensation,' as the Democratic Federationists say, it will hav to become locomotiv engin builder, carriage-maker, tarpaulin and grease manufacturer, passenger vessel owner, coal-miner, stone-quarrier, omnibus-proprietor, etc. Meanwhile its local lieutenants, the municipal governments, already in many places suppliers of water, gas-makers, owners and workers of tramways, proprietors of baths, will doubtless hav undertaken various other businesses. And when the state, directly or by proxy, has thus come into possession of, or has established numerous concerns for wholesale production, and for wholesale distribution, there will be good precedents for extending its function to retail distribution, following such an example, say, as is offered by the French government, which has long been a retail tobacconist.

Evidently then, the changes made, the changes in progress, and the changes urged, are carrying us not only toward state-ownership of land and dwellings, and means of communication, all to be administered and worked by state agents, but toward state usurpation of all industries; the private forms of which, disadvantaged more and more in competition with the state, which can arrange everything for its own convenience, will more and more die away, just as many voluntary schools hav in presence of board-schools. And so will be brought about the desired ideal of the Socialist.

And now when there has been reached this desired ideal, which "practical" politicians are helping Socialists to reach, and which is so tempting on that bright side which Socialists contemplate, what must be the accompanying shady side which they do not contemplate? It is a matter of common remark, often made when a marriage is impending, that those possessed by strong hopes habitually dwell on the promised pleasures, and think nothing of the accompanying pains. A further exemplification of this truth is supplied by these political enthusiasts and fanatical revolutionists. Impressed with the miseries existing under our present social arrangements, and not regarding these miseries as caused by the ill-working of a human nature but partially adapted to the social state, they imagin them to be forthwith curable by this or that rearrangement. Yet, even did their plans succeed, it could only be by substituting one kind of evil for another. A little deliberate thought would show that under their proposed arrangements their liberties must be surrendered in proportion as their material welfares were cared for.

For no form of co-operation, small or great, can be carried on without regulation and an implied submission to the regulating agencies. Even one of their own organizations for effecting social changes yields them proof. It is compelled to hav its councils, its local and general officers, its authoritativ leaders, who must be obeyed under penalty of confusion and failure. And the experience of those who are loudest in their advocacy of a new social order under the paternal control of a government shows that, even in private voluntarily formed societies, the power of the regulativ organization becomes great, if not irresistible; often, indeed, causing grumbling and restivness among those controlled. Trades-unions which carry on a kind of industrial war in defense of workers' interests *versus* employers' interests find that subordination almost military in its strictness is needful to secure efficient action, for divided councils prove fatal to success. And even in bodies of co-operators, formed for carrying on manufacturing or distributing businesses, and not needing that obedience to leaders which is required where the aims are offensiv or defensiv, it is still found that the administrativ agency acquires so great a power that there arise complaints about "the tyranny of organization." Judge, then, what must happen when, instead of combinations, small, local, and voluntary, to which men may belong or not as they please, we hav a national combination in which each citizen finds himself incorporated, and from which he cannot separate himself without leaving the country! Judge what must under such conditions become the power of a graduated and centralized officialism, holding in its hands the resources of the community, and having behind it whatever amount of force it finds requisit to carry out its decrees and maintain what it calls order! Well may a Prince Bismarck display leanings towards state Socialism.

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"But the governing agency would be a master which he and others made and kept constantly in check, and one which therefore would not control him or others more than was needful for the benefit of each and all."

To which reply the first rejoinder is that, even if so, each member of the community as an individual would be a slave to the community as a whole. Such

a relation has habitually existed in militant communities, even under *quasi*-popular forms of government. In ancient Greece the accepted principle was that the citizen belonged neither to himself nor to his family, but belonged to his city—the city being with the Greek equivalent to the community. And this doctrin, proper to a state of constant warfare, is a doctrin which Socialism unawares reintroduces into a state intended to be purely industrial. The services of each will belong to the aggregate of all; and for these services such returns will be given as the authorities think proper. So that even if the administration is of the beneficent kind intended to be secured, slavery, however mild, must be the outcome of the arrangement.

A second rejoinder is that the administration will presently become not of the intended kind, and that the slavery will not be mild. The Socialist speculation is vitiated by an assumption like that which vitiates the speculations of the "practical" politician. It is assumed that officialism will work as it is intended to work, which it never does. The machinery of Communism, like existing social machinery, has to be framed out of existing human nature; and the defects of existing human nature will generate in the one the same evils as in the other. The love of power, the selfishness, the injustice, the untruthfulness, which often in comparativly short times bring private organizations to disaster, will inevitably, where their effects accumulate from generation to generation, work evils far greater and less remediable; since vast and complex and possessed of all the resources, the administrativ organization once developed and consolidated must become irresistible. And if there needs proof that the periodic exercise of electoral power would fail to prevent this, it suffices to instance the French government, which, purely popular in origin, and subject from time to time to popular judgment, nevertheless tramples on the freedom of citizens to an extent which the English delegates to the late Trades-Union Congress say "is a disgrace to, and an anomaly in, a republican nation."

The final result would be a revival of despotism. A disciplined army of civil officials, like an army of military officials, givs supreme power to its head—a power which has often led to usurpation, as in medieval Europe and still more in Japan—nay, has thus so led among our neighbors within our own times. The recent confessions of M. de Maupas hav shown how readily a constitutional head, elected and trusted by the whole people, may, with the aid of a few unscrupulous confederates, paralyze the representativ body and make himself autocrat. That those who rose to power in a socialistic organization would not scruple to carry out their aims at all costs, we hav good reason for concluding. When we find that shareholders, who, sometimes gaining, but often losing, hav made that railway system by which national prosperity has been so greatly increased, are spoken of by the council of the Democratic Federation as having "laid hands" on the means of communication, we may infer that those who directed a socialistic administration might interpret with extreme perversity the claims of individuals and classes under their control. And when, further, we find members of this same council urging that the state should take possession of the railways, "with or without compensation," we may suspect that the heads of the ideal society desired would be but little deterred by considerations of equity from pursuing whatever policy they thought needful—a policy which would always be one identified with their own supremacy. It would need but a war with an adjacent society, or some internal discontent demanding forcible suppression, to at once transform a socialistic administration into a grinding tyranny like that of ancient Peru; under which the mass of the people, controled by grades of officials, and leading lives that were inspected out-of-doors and in-doors, labored for the support of the organization which regulated them, and were left with but a bare subsistence for themselvs. And then would be completely revived, under a different form, that *regime* of status—that system of compulsory co-operation, the decaying tradition of which is represented by the old Toryism, and toward which the new Toryism is carrying us back.

"But we shall be on our guard against all that—we shall take precautions to ward off such disasters," will doubtless say the enthusiasts. Be they "practical" politicians with their new regulativ measures, or Communists with their schemes for reorganizing labor, the answer is ever the same: "It is true that plans of kindred nature hav, from unforeseen causes and adverse accidents, or the misdeeds of those concerned, been brought to failure; but this time we shall profit by past experiences and succeed." There seems no getting people to accept the truth, which, nevertheless, is conspicuous enough, that the welfare of a society and the justice of its arrangements are at bottom dependent on the characters of its members; and that improvement in neither can take place without that improvement in character which results from carrying on peaceful industry under the restraints imposed by an orderly social life. The belief, not only of the Socialists but also of those so-called Liberals who are diligently preparing the way for them, is that by due skill an ill-working humanity may be framed into well-working institutions. It is a delusion. The defectiv natures of citizens will show themselvs in the bad acting of whatever social structure they are arranged into. There is no political alchemy by which you can get golden conduct out of leaden instincts.

A WESTERN CRITICISM.

From the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Herbert Spencer has an article in the current (April) *Popular Science Monthly*, in which he defines "The Coming Slavery" to be Socialism. He thinks most of the poor are undeserving, that the poor-rates in England tend chiefly to breed paupers, and that it is a very serious interference with sound social laws not to let the starving starve. It would be well for Herbert Spencer to call to mind the fact that a few years ago his friend Prof. Youmans made a partial tour of the United States, on purpose to pass around the hat for the collection of a fund to relieve Herbert Spencer from a condition of impecuniosity, which was represented to be unfavorable both to his personal comfort, and to the publication of certain portions of his work which were not selling for enough to pay the cost of publication. We believe the mission resulted in the presentation to Mr. Spencer of a voluntary offering of $5,000. In this connection it may be remarked as a coincidence that the other great apostle of the "let-the-beggars-alone-and-the-devil-take-the-hindmost" theory, Mr. Cobden, had a collection taken up in his behalf of £80,000, to lift him out of bankruptcy. Also that Prof. Sumner, who has just issued a book to prove that the social classes owe nothing to each other but indifference, is currently believed to participate in the exemption of Yale College from state and city taxes in a manner to make him the recipient in some degree of the forced contributions of all the people of the state. We do not intimate that either of these contributions in the nature of parochial relief to the impecunious is or was wrong. It is in questionable taste, however, for a charity scholar, in his graduating oration, to denounce charity scholarships.

Indeed, so many are the ways in which society endeavors to help the unfortunates, however imperfectly it may succeed in doing real good, that there are few who hav not during considerable periods of their lives derived their sustenance from others. Gentlemen who, like Cobden, Spencer, and Sumner, hold that such an act is admissible only on the part of infants, should not grasp the teat so firmly when it is extended to them by society, which in this case deserves at least the respect due to a generous stepmother.

TO OUR READERS AND BOOKBUYERS: *If you experience any difficulty in obtaining* THE TRUTH SEEKER *or any of our own or other Freethought works through any dealer, we shall feel greatly obliged if you will order direct from this office. We are fearful that many dealers do not take the pains they should to supply Liberal works—sometimes, even, wrongly reporting them out of print—thereby depriving the inquiring public of heterodox books, and preventing us from making needed sales.*

The Liberal Club.

At the 335th meeting of the Manhattan Liberal Club a fine large audience gathered to listen to Mr. Andrews's criticism of Herbert Spencer's article, "The Coming Slavery." The principal part of that article will be found in THE TRUTH SEEKER this week. Mr. Wakeman was in the chair. Mr. Shook came in a little late, and sat on a campstool beside Dr. Lambert, his face beaming with that effulgence which shows itself on the countenance of him who is inwardly satisfied with himself and has a proper appreciation of his own merits. Mr. Andrews was applauded when he took the platform. The secretary had furnished him with a tall and glittering brass lamp to read by, the brightness of which evoked favorable criticism. Mr. Andrews's lecture is regarded as a very thorough answer to the objections to state Socialism raised by Mr. Spencer. As it is to be published in THE TRUTH SEEKER, it is unnecessary to say more of it here except to remark that this was one of the speaker's most lucid occasions. Once in a while, to be sure, a word that exhausted the capacities of the alphabet would slip out and twist the point off the stenographer's pencil, but these occasions were so rare as to hardly warrant even this brief and inadequate allusion to them. Mr. Andrews is capable of meeting Mr. Spencer on his own ground, and can bring to a discussion of any subject in philosophy a degree of learning and an amount of thought in no wise inferior to that of the distinguished English philosopher himself.

Mr. Langerfeld was the first to venture upon the platform after the speaker of the evening had left it. He spoke in a very uncomplimentary way of the lecture, and claimed that it had not cleared the matter up as should hav been done. He would therefore proceed to supply that deficiency. State Socialism, economic basis, etc., are Mr. Langerfeld's weapons, and he wields them with more or less effect. His theory is that if property were held in common there would be no stealing, because the incentiv to steal would be absent.

Mr. Palmer said that the article by Herbert Spencer in the *Popular Science Monthly* was a disappointment to his friends. It was not what they expected from so eminent a writer. One of Mr. Spencer's best friends in this country had so expressed himself to Mr. Palmer. The speaker believed that the suffering of the poorer classes was the fault of the present system, which system we had it in our power to ameliorate. Mr. Andrews's lecture had been a thorough and remarkable reply to the misrepresentations of Herbert Spencer.

Mr. Cohen held that our present political system was wrong and that our legisiators had no reason to wish it righted, because it was a source of profit to them, and the more mischief the people did the better for the legislators. But he believed in compelling people to do right if they did not show a disposition to do so without legislativ encouragement. Our Congressmen were not fit to associate with decent people.

Professor Vaughan, of Virginia, mounted the platform with the declaration that he had something to say. He had spent his life laboring in the interests of Communism, and, impliedly, of Freelove. Otherwise honors would hav been showered upon him, and there was hardly a position which wealth and the gratitude of a great public would not hav bestowed upon him. As it was, he was poorer than Job's turkey and had to scratch with all his might to get enough to eat. If he were to answer to the law for all the offenses he had committed against it, a term of 976 years and 9 months would be necessary, besides a fine of several million dollars.

Dr. Lambert began by saying that one speaker had asked why we did not build post-offices and other public structures. He would reply, Because we do not get the contract. He had no objection to associating with Congressmen or other public officials. If we could not love them for their personal attractions we should respect them for the position to which they had been raised by the people. A great cause of misery was to be found, Dr. Lambert thought, in the manufacture and sale of liquor and tobacco. While these industries engaged half our labor and money we need not expect anything better than the evils we now enjoy.

Mr. Andrews, in his closing speech, said that almost nothing had been said which required special comment. He therefore proceeded to a further elaboration of his objections to Mr. Spencer's article under criticism. His remarks were, if possible, more direct and interesting than what he had previously said. When the lecture appears in print it must be apparent to all that these were among the most timely and important utterances of the day.

Professor Rawson will speak at the next meeting on questions relating to Biblical research.

E. B Thompson and Dr. W. Byrd Powell.

I notice in THE TRUTH SEEKER of April 5th that Mr. C. B. Thompson, of St. Catherines, is making inquiry as to the labors of Dr. Wm. Byrd Powell in the department of temperaments and the result thereof. If you can spare a little space in THE TRUTH SEEKER I think I can giv Mr. Thompson the desired information. I shall not undertake to giv exact dates in many matters, as it would require more time than I can spare at this moment.

The great work of Dr. Powell's life was unfortunately destroyed by fire. It was in manuscript, and was nearly ready for publication when he was stricken with paralysis. His negro servant, in his haste to build a fire for making some preparations for the treatment of the patient, gathered up these manuscripts and consigned them to the flames! After recovering from this first attack, the doctor prepared a small work of two hundred and forty-six pages, octavo, entitled "The Natural History of the Human Temperaments, and their Laws in Relation to Marriage." This book was published by H. W. Derby & Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, and bears the date of 1856. Although a valuable work in many respects, I was informed by the late Dr. Robert. S. Newton, who had an opportunity of looking over the manuscripts of the larger work, that it was quite inferior to that. The paralytic stroke left Dr. Powell in a condition to do little laborious literary work. In 1863 the New American Cyclopedia was issued by the Appletons, and that contained a valuable contribution from Dr. Powell on the temperaments. The later issues of the American Cyclopedia for some reason contained nothing in regard to Dr. Powell's discoveries. Most of the contributors to this work of the Appletons, I notice, are strongly old school. Dr. Powell was a new school man, and was identified with the eclectic medical movement in this country. It may be, therefore, that he was ruled out by old school bigotry. In the transactions of the Eclectic Medical Society of the City of New York for 1870, a large volume of some eight hundred and sixty-four pages, there is an

interesting essay by W. Byrd Powell, M.D., on Marriage and its relation to Physiological Law, in which he treats quite extensivly of the temperaments. The late Prof. Robert S. Newton was not only a warm personal friend of Dr. Powell, but was a thorough believer in his original views regarding the temperaments. And every winter, from the time of the establishment of the New York Eclectic Medical College up to the death of Prof. Newton, some three years ago, the pupils of that institution were instructed in the science of temperament in accordance with the views advocated by Dr. Powell. In 1869–70 I made a revision of my "Medical Common Sense," which I entitled "Plain Home Talk, Embracing Medical Common Sense," and in this revision of my work I adopted Dr. Byrd Powell's classification and views of the temperaments, and devoted about thirty pages to the consideration of the subject. As this work has already sold to the extent of some two or three hundred thousand copies in this country, England, Germany, and far-off Australia, there are many people scattered throughout the world who hav been made more or less conversant with Dr. Powell's views. In the fall of 1880, when the first convention of the Institute of Heredity was held in this city, Dr. E. V. Wright, of Boston, gave an interesting address upon the importance of observing the laws of temperamental adaptation in marriage, and based the rules which he gave upon the discoveries of Dr. Powell. For the last three winters there hav been held in this city parlor meetings of the patrons and members of the Institute of Heredity, and the subject of the temperaments was presented during the first winter that these meetings were held, and at the next meeting, to be held on the last Thursday evening in April, the views of Dr. Powell will be further presented, according to announcement, by one of the speakers. It will be seen, therefore, that the valuable discoveries of Dr. Powell hav not been lost to the world, but that they are steadily taking root in various fields of inquiry, and may be expected to bear good fruit in due time. E. B. Foote, Sr., M.D.

120 *Lexington Ave., N. Y.*

Our London Letter.

The enemies of liberty flattered themselvs that they had great cause for rejoicing when Charles Bradlaugh applied for the stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds, as they declared themselvs certain that his popularity was decidedly on the wane, and the electors of Northampton must be tired out; but because they shut their eyes they thought it must be dark to others as well as themselvs. Great, however, was their consternation when the champion of the rights of man was once more returned by an overwhelming majority, and his enemies were brought to shame.

But though they could not prevent his re-election, they could prevent him from taking his seat, and this they of course did. Their victory was largely due to the weakness and vacillation of the present so-called government, for which there will come a day of reckoning at the next general election, in which the question of Freethought will be brought conspicuously forward. The system of persecution persevered in during the last few years has added some thousands of recruits to our ranks, and more are constantly coming in. Though hard for the individual, it has done good for the cause. The imprisonment of those connected with the *Freethinker* has made a very considerable impression upon many to whom the word "Atheist" was formerly scarcely known, and allusions hav from time to time been made in the daily papers to the matter, and the release of Mr. Foote was noticed by most of them. The so-called leaders of public thought find that Atheism, as it is termed, has assumed such proportions that it can no longer be justly ignored as a thing of no moment, and its rapid growth is becoming more alarming to the salaried apostles of Jesus. Many of them, shrewd enough to read the signs of the times, are carefully trimming their sails to the breeze and following as closely behind as they dare—educating their congregations, they call it—but the fact of the matter is that while they must pander to the prejudices of the older members of their flocks, they wish to retain the younger ones, so manage skilfully to sandwich a slice of Freethought between two of orthodoxy, so as to make the mental pabulum palatable to all their members. This certainly shows worldly wisdom, but the least said about its honesty the better. Nowadays it is quiet refreshing to find an old-fashioned divine who firmly believes in the beasts and elders, the new Jerusalem, the millennium, a heaven built of gold and precious stones, and hell fire, and who hurls so much damnation on unbelievers that his church smells quite strong of brimstone. The parson who a few days back refused to bury a man because the grave was dug so that his feet did not face the east, and would cause him some difficulty in rising properly at the day of resurrection, was far more honest and deserving of patronage than those who are willing to concede that the world was not made in six days, and the deluge was not universal, and that the miracles were not just as recorded, and hell fire is not quite so hot as it once was, and people are not bound to stop in it long. Such men are not to be trusted, either by one party or the other, for if they saw an opportunity of making their salaries by lecturing on our side, they would very willingly do it. Last week I listened to a discourse given in one of our halls by an accredited agent of the Christian Evidence Society. He is reckoned one of the ablest men amongst them, "a champion for the truth." Poor man! he endeavored to prove that the Bible miracles must be true, and such a string of illogical arguments and hopeless conclusions I never listened to. All he said could be summed up in a few words. If one miracle could be proved true, it must be taken for granted that all were equally so, and as the Jews still keep up the feast of the Passover, that is sufficient proof that the slaughter of the first-born among the Egyptians took place at the exodus. Consequently all Bible miracles are true, and if the miracles are true, so must the whole of the Bible be. Two or three workingmen opposed and demolished his arguments in a few moments. As it is so many years since I attended a church I had well-nigh forgotten what the parsons talked about, but after hearing a grand effort put forth by one of the champions of the faith I don't think I hav lost much by my absence. If a grand effort, carefully prepared to convert intelligent thinkers, is composed of such poor materials, and amounts to nothing more than a house of cards, easily puffed down by the slightest breath, what must be the ordinary discourse delivered Sunday by Sunday to the believers? J. D.

London, March 27, 284.

To Our Readers and Bookbuyers: *If you experience any difficulty in obtaining* The Truth Seeker *or any of our own or other Freethought works through any dealer, we shall feel greatly obliged if you will order direct from this office. We are fearful that many dealers do not take the pains they should to supply Liberal works—sometimes, even, wrongly reporting them out of print—thereby depriving the inquiring public of heterodox books, and preventing us from making needed sales.*

To Correspondents.

Lyman Smith.—The *Iconoclast* has suspended.

The individual who sent us the *Dominion Oddfellow*, with the query, "True or false?" over the article on "Buddhism in Relation to Christianity," is respectfully referred to The Truth Seeker of April 5th, page 216.

D. B. Scofield, of Baker City, Oregon, has our thanks for a long list of trial subscribers and renewals. The circulation of papers is the best way in the world to spread Liberalism. We hope we may continue to deserve Mr. Scofield's kindness; and also that all the "trials" will become permanent subscribers.

W. A. D. Hume asks, "If a man cannot be, philosophically speaking, a free agent, how can he be, philosophically speaking, a free thinker?" To which we would say that, philosophically speaking, there is no such thing as a *free* thinker. All men must think as circumstances and their environment force them to; and their conclusions must be those which *to them* are supported by the strongest evidence. Innumerable things go to the making up of a man's mind—education, hereditary influences, transient occurrences, etc., etc. Everything in the universe is governed by law. There are no "accidents," and no "free agency."

D. R. Fruit.—Mr. Bennett had very good authority for giving two hundred and fifteen years as the length of the sojourn of the children of Israel in Egypt. It is true that Exodus xii, 40, says that "now the sojourning of the children of Israel, who dwelt in Canaan, was four hundred and thirty years," but this does not support your Christian friend, for it does not state that *all* the "sojourning" was done in Egypt. And other versions—the Vatican copy, the Alexandrian version, and the Samaritan—say the sojourning was done in Egypt *and* the land of Canaan. St. Paul says that the time from the making of the promis to Abraham to the giving of the law was four hundred and thirty years. From the making of the promis to the going down into Egypt of the seventy souls was two hundred and fifteen years, according to the generations given. Subtracting these two hundred and fifteen years from four hundred and thirty years leaves two hundred and fifteen years as the period the Jews stayed in Egypt. This is also in accordance with the dates assigned in the marginal notes by the Bible compilers. God told Jacob to go down into Egypt, and said he would go with him. The account of this is given in Genesis xlvi, and the date assigned is 1706 B.C. After they got there the Egyptians oppressed them sorely, but the Jews stood it till Moses was born, and then he headed a rebellion. God told them, through Moses, to *borrow* all the Egyptians' jewelry—a command they obeyed with wonderful alacrity, and a scrupulous fidelity to details, adding, on their own hook, the old clothes of the Egyptians—and then get out of Egypt between two days. This the Jews did. The date of this confiscation and flight is assigned to 1491 B.C. Therefore the time they sojourned in Egypt can be stated with exactness, or else the Bible is untrue:

Time Jacob went into Egypt	1706 B.C.
Time Moses and crowd left Egypt	1491
Number of years they remained in Egypt . .	215

Josephus, the Jewish historian, givs this period, and he is sustained at the present day by the best biblical scholars. Of course all these dates are taken from the Bible itself, and are true if it is true, and false if it is false. If the Jews went into Egypt at all, they "sojourned" this length of time.

Literature.

Mrs. Josephine R. Cables has begun the publication of a little four-page monthly devoted to the theosophical philosophy. Its name is *The Occult Word*, published at 40 Ambrose street, Rochester, N. Y.

Of Putnam's "Problem of The Universe," A. E. Giles, the distinguished Spiritualist philosopher says: "I do not remember to hav seen a better presentation of the Materialist position. It is valuable both to those who agree and those who disagree with the author." Says the famous octogenarian LaRoy Sunderland, "The solution is sweet and good—good for humanity and inspiring to the soul."

Canon Curteis's article on "Christian Agnosticism," which will appear in the *Popular Science Monthly* for May, is a reply to Herbert Spencer's recent paper on "Religious Retrospect and Prospect." Though declining to regard the "Great Unknown" as simply an Everlasting Force, he givs Mr. Spencer credit for pruning away many excrescences from the idea of God, and maintains that the attitude of the early Christian fathers differed little from what is now know as Agnosticism—a position he will hav much difficulty in holding.

Mr. Remsburg's pamphlet on the "False Claims of the Church" has gone around the world, and meets everywhere a hearty reception from Freethinkers. In Wanganui, New Zealand, is published a very able *Freethought Review*, in the last number of which we find this appreciativ notice: "Lectures, brilliant, logical, and convincing, are delivered from time to time in the interest of Freethought, but the address under notice surpasses all we remember having seen, in its statistical range and the comprehensivness with which it notices the salient features of Christianity. The address abounds in facts, figures, suggestions, and deductions, and is an excellent summary of the arguments against the Christian system. . . . For all purposes of ordinary controversy on the subject of Freethought and Christianity, 'False Claims' is a perfect armory of weapons of attack."

In noticing some of its exchanges, the *Sociologist*, published monthly by A. Chavannes & Co., Adair Creek, E. Tenn., says of us: "The Truth Seeker is an iconoclastic journal. The sworn foe of superstition and error in all its forms, its motto might appropriately be, War, war to the knife, and the knife to the hilt, for it never lets a chance go by to hit superstition a resounding blow. It is a first-class exponent of what we call fighting Liberalism. It was founded several years ago by D. M. Bennett. First a small monthly in a little town in Illinois, it has flourished till now it is the largest Liberal weekly in the country. D. M. Bennett has been one of the most maligned men in the United States. Not only has he been abused and reviled, but he was condemned to thirteen months' imprisonment in the Albany Penitentiary for selling a book entitled 'Cupid's Yokes.' A man of pure life and kind heart, his position as the editor and founder of The Truth Seeker marked him as the victim for the hate of men who liv by preying upon the foibles of humanity. But if those men could imprison they could not conquer, and the number of men who recognize Mr. Bennett's true worth is steadily on the increase. His untimely death, partly brought about by the sufferings he endured in prison, has not checked the usefulness of his paper. Under the direction of Mr. E. M. Macdonald, it still flourishes. Besides numerous articles of a polemic character, it contains a serial story by S. P. Putnam, a department for children, 'Notes,' 'News,' 'Gems of Thought,' 'Odds and Ends,' and numerous letters from correspondents. Besides The Truth Seeker, the firm publishes also Liberal books, one of the best specimens of which is their last publication, the Truth Seeker Annual and Freethinkers' Almanac, a perfect gem, both in contents and finish, and which we would recommend to be sent for by those who are not yet acquainted with The Truth Seeker publications."

The *Catholic Chronicle* has the merit of being straightforward in its arrogant assumption of divine right for the church, as can be seen from the following remarks concerning Mr. Bradlaugh:

"Bradlaugh is an Atheist, an avowed outspoken sneerer at Christianity, at God. For him there is no God, no Christ, no Christianity, no church, no minister of religion, no priest. He avows all this nonbelief, declares it to the world, not merely as his own sentiments, but as a protest to the world against religion, against the world's 'superstition.' There may be other Atheists in the English Parliament, but he is *the* Atheist. He and his friends, the English Radicals, do not desire his entry to Parliament for his own sake as much as for the sake of Atheism. His election by a majority of the voters of Northampton is taken as a victory for Atheism, and his admission to the House of Commons will be the triumph of Atheism. It may be said that the will of the people who sent Bradlaugh to Parliament should be obeyed by the House of Commons, that they are the best judges of the kind of men they want there. We say, no; the people of Northampton hav not the right to send an avowed Atheist to Parliament, and if they send one the House of Commons hav the right to keep him from taking a seat. In writing on this subject some months ago, we stated that though England is not a Catholic country, it is a Christian country. The aim of Bradlaugh and his friends is to wrench England from Christianity, to make it, in its legislature and its laws at all events, similar to the countries of Continental Europe, from the legislatures and the laws of which God has been banished. The English people do not want to see Atheism triumphant in their laws and their legislature. To an Atheist this may sound like bigotry, but we cannot see how it can sound like bigotry to a Catholic."

Of course these remarks apply to our country as well as to England. It is therefore well to know the course the Catholic church will pursue when she gets the upper hand in any legislativ body in the United States.

One of the best ways to help along the cause of Freethought is to circulate The Truth Seeker. Trial subscriptions of three months for 50 cents.

A Freethought Romance.

Waifs and Wanderings.

BY SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

CHAPTER XXV.

FATHER AND SON.

Harry went directly to the tent of his father. He hadn't the slightest idea what to do; only there was in him a tumultuous determination to get those prisoners free.

The general greeted his son with cold kindliness. Intellectually these two were much alike. They had many sympathies of thought and feeling, only the father was hard as adamant, while the son had much softness and sweetness of disposition, and this indeed was the source of his dereliction. His character was not of the stern and indomitable sort. He dreamed of the ideal, while he could not contend for it against difficulties. He was prone to grasp the lesser good because so easily acquired. He rejoiced in the beautiful, but he desired its possession without much effort on his own part. Mightily impulsive, he was not enduring in his purpose. He never meant to desert Amy. Only by degrees did his passion and zeal melt away. By the careful manipulation of his father manifold combinations and interests were induced by which he was kept from executing whatever desire he might have. The father was too wise to directly oppose his son, or in any way arouse the tremendous impulses that lay dormant in his nature, and let Amy and her child alone for the time being. So the years sped by, and Harry was fighting side by side with his father, and with a sad sincerity, too; for the great wave of Southern feeling possessed him, as it possessed so many an ardent mind, with irresistible compulsion.

"You should not have done this, father," said Harry; "let these men escape."

"I see no reason for that. They are spies."

"Possibly, but they ran this risk to save my child."

"Your child? Grant it. But your child was in my hands, and therefore perfectly safe."

"It may be, but you had no right to take it as you did."

"I simply obeyed the law. I wanted my property. You might have done with the child as you would so long as you kept her."

"I would not have kept her. She belongs to her mother."

"I won't dispute with you, since the child is gone. I suppose the mother has her."

"I hope so, but it is uncertain."

"We won't quarrel about that, but these men must suffer the penalty."

"I protest against it."

"That will do no good."

"I beg of you to grant to me this one favor."

"Impossible."

"I command you to do it," said Harry, with flashing eyes.

"On what compulsion?" said Bolton, with a mocking smile.

"It is murder! it is murder!" cried Harry. "You do it from vengeance."

"I have a right to do it, and I will do it. My word is law."

"I had rather die than that these men perish."

"That's a mere feeling. In a few days you will be all over it."

"You mistake. I am weak, but I am not evil. What shall I do?"

"Simply mind your business," said the father, with a cruel sneer. "This is my affair. Order the troops to fall in."

"Never! This murder shall not be committed if I live."

"Help yourself if you can. Officer of the day!" Bolton arose, as if the matter was entirely at an end.

"Stay!" cried Harry. "I have yielded many times to your will, but now I will not. It is life or death." Harry cocked his pistol, deliberately raised it, pointed it at his own temple and met his father's fierce look unflinchingly. "One step, and this ball speeds to my brain. Call out, and you will see me dead at your feet. Order the release of those men."

If the pistol had been pointed at his own head Bolton would not have been moved a bit; but he knew instantly that Harry meant what he said, and that if he stirred the fatal shot would speed.

Harry was, after all, the very idol of his father's heart, the thing he thought most of in life. The love of the father was entirely selfish, but it was love nevertheless, and the mightiest passion in his being. He trembled. For the time being, the son had the mastery.

"Quick! send it out," cried Harry imperiously.

Almost mechanically the father obeyed. He summoned an orderly and dispatched it to the officer of the day.

Harry was still standing like a marble statue, every nerve strained, and his soul gleaming from his eyes like the glitter of a snake's. It was a wonderful fascination, the fascination of intense and overpowering feeling permeated by a triumphant will. It was like the focus of a magnetic battery, and for a while Bolton was utterly helpless.

Harry knew that the order would be worthless unless he could gain a little time, five or ten minutes, for the flight of the prisoners. Every particle of his being was concentrated to this supreme effort. He kept the pistol pointed steadily at his head, and his eyes fixed with unerring flame upon his father's. For ten minutes each remained in this awful silence, and then Harry dropped like a stone. Instantly the father rushed to the door, summoned an officer, countermanded the release, and ordered an instant search for the fugitives. The camp was in an uproar. Every nook was examined, but nothing could be found of the escaped prisoners. They seemed to have vanished into the bosom of the earth.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MASKS AND FACES.

An old man and an old woman sat smoking and dreaming, apparently, before one of those half mud shanties in which the poor whites were wont to exist. Evidently they got a very spare living from the little lot of land which they cultivated. A few straggling hills of corn seemed to be about all there was. A melancholy-looking cow roamed sedately about the premises. A hen or two fluttered here and there, and a mule that seemed to be all bones and hind feet made out to get some sort of sustenance from a dreary mass of hay and stubble.

The troops dashed up to the very door and inquired if they had seen anything of the fugitives. Invariably they opened their sleepy eyes, puffed forth a column of smoke, and answered,

"Nothing this way."

Dinner time approached, and the old woman, occasionally assisted by the old man, proceeded to get the meal, which consisted of, as usual, hog and hominy.

Every now and then a fresh squad of soldiers would wheel up with volleys of questions, and then thunder off again, while the unsophisticated octogenarians placidly followed them with their quiet eyes, as if they had mighty little interest in all this havoc of war.

Very sedately and deliberately they ate their humble meal. They seemed to enjoy it hugely, and smacked their lips with more than usual vigor, and then took their place before the door in the sunshine, and puffed the fragrant smoke, and spoke a word or two at intervals of half an hour or so.

"I guess they are gone," said the old man.

"I guess so too," said the old woman.

"They've had quite a hunt."

"It looks like it."

"I don't believe they caught 'em."

"Nor I."

"I'm pretty sure of it," remarked the old man vigorously.

"I know it," said the old woman heartily, and there was a burst of subdued laughter from one and the other, while their eyes twinkled merrily.

"I must have a rest," broke in the old woman, and she flung off her gray locks, and behold! the face of Cupples came smiling to the surface.

"So far all's well," said the old man as he shook himself and straightened out, and exposed the stalwart form of Jones.

"Not hung yet, but it's a mighty close scratch still. How Columbus did bundle us into these clothes, and set us down here like a couple of dolls ready made for the occasion! It was a stroke of genius."

"I wonder how it all came about."

"I don't know. Harry must have done something sharp. The way we was hustled out of that guardhouse made my head swim."

"We must shift for ourselves now."

"That we can do, but we must keep the farce up. We are in a net-work of danger, and the slightest mistake will snap our heads off."

For a couple of weeks Cupples and the sergeant munched and dozed, milked the cow, circumvented the heels of the mule, made believe cultivate the straggling corn, lived on hog and hominy, and kept up between themselves a very subdued sort of conversation, as they were constantly afraid that somebody might overhear.

"The camp is moved," said the sergeant one bright morning, "and I guess we'll start. Harness up the mule, if you can do so without breaking your neck."

"Hold on to his heels while I tackle his head," said Cupples. "That'll be the safest way."

By their united efforts the mule was finally harnessed into the dilapidated cart. He had a very forlorn yet fierce appearance. There was vengeance in his eye, though his heels were apparently submissive.

"We'll take along what corn we have for market, and the old cow. She may serve us a good turn. As for the hens, I ate the last one this morning, and I never felt so old in my life. My stomach must cover centuries," said the sergeant.

Quite a procession they made as they started forth on their adventurous tour. Cupples made one of the nicest old women imaginable. He seemed to take to the character with a natural grace and dignity. The sergeant performed his role with admirable effect. He seemed to have sprung from the very soil, like the scarred and crooked oak. As for the mule, he placidly pursued his way, with an occasional jerk that almost upset the rickety vehicle that bore all the earthly goods of the quaint pilgrims. The cow brought up the rear, with a vivid remembrance of the lean kine. Almost every bone in her body seemed to be on exhibition, is if some kind of a Barnum had the management of her picturesque skeleton. Slowly they traversed the winding and rugged roads. It was a resplendent day. Never did the wind blow so sweetly and softly. The great trees towered gloriously in the sunlight, and appeared like gorgeously decorated sentinels of the palaces of the sky that to the imagination opened on every side. The fields were almost dancing, and the meadows stole away with verdant splendor to where the glittering stream went bounding on, or glassed itself in delicious nooks and corners. Nature was in fine spirits, and flashed forth in multitudinous smiles and glances. Even the mule seemed to step a little more daintily than usual, and his kick had a gentle fervor born of the sunny atmosphere. The cow also gave more vivid tokens of being able to furnish on demand a first-class porterhouse steak.

"Here's a good place for dinner," said the sergeant, as their little pageantry rolled up alongside a huge boulder and the mule seemed disposed after an energetic flourish of his heels to take a noonday nap.

"Let's try it then," said Cupples. "I have no fears of my appetite if the rations hold out."

"Anything will do—even the mule's hind leg. I could digest one of his heartiest kicks."

They all ate together, and seemed to make a very happy family in the noonday glory.

"Richard's himself again," said Cupples, after a hearty meal of corn-cakes and a bit of bacon. "I could conquer worlds now."

"Keep your courage up, for I think we'll need it," said the sergeant. Almost immediately the long arches of the forest thundered with the tramp of cavalry, and soon our little company was surrounded by about fifty soldiers.

"What have you here?" said the officer in command.

"There's a cow, and a mule, and some corn. We want to find a market for them," said the sergeant.

"You may go farther and fare worse," said the officer. "Fall in and we'll take your stuff. When we arrive at headquarters you shall be paid."

There was no help for it but to join forces and march again into the enemy's camp.

About the middle of the afternoon they halted, and preparations were made for a night's sojourn.

"Here's a tumble-down shanty. Let the old man and woman go in there. It's the best we can do for the fair sex," said the officer.

"Fair sex," said Cupples laughing, as he rolled into his airy quarters, for the shanty was in such a ruinous condition that it seemed to be about half out doors. "It's the first time my beauty ever did me a favor. I didn't know I was so handsome. Hurrah for the old woman!"

"Somethin's up," said the sergeant, as they cosily snugged together and prepared for their night's sleep. "This fellow has some dispatches. If we could get them we'd know something of the plans of the enemy."

"Have I got to risk my neck again?" said Cupples. "I think we play this game for too high stakes altogether."

"Never mind. We've made up the pot, and must win or lose. I'll have those papers, and I'll find out what's going on, and somehow I'll get back into our lines. Farther than that I know not. Let's go to sleep."

"That's my trump card," said Cupples. "I'll play it."

In five minutes they were sound asleep, as likewise was the rest of the company, save the sentinels.

Again the brilliant morning came, flooded with music, gemmed with bright-winged birds and dews and flowers.

"If anything happens, meet me right here, Cupples," said the sergeant. "When I get those dispatches we must run for it."

"You'll find me here, or else nowhere," said Cupples valiantly.

The day's march was taken up. They were a jolly company on the whole, and made the forest ring with merry songs and laughter.

"We needn't hurry, men," said the captain. "We shall get to camp by noon. If that cow bears us company she will make a good square meal."

"You'll be sure and introduce us to the general," said Jones. "I want to get my money right off."

"Bolton will do the fair thing," said the officers. "He pays good prices, or, at least, promises to pay, and that's just as good nowadays."

The sergeant and Cupples winced tremendously, but all to themselves, when they heard the general's name. Would they have to face him again?

"Not much," said the sergeant to himself. "Now

for a bold stroke, a dash for liberty, and perhaps the capture of some important secret. I'll have it, or I'll die."

Warily he watched his chances. None seemed to appear. They were marching through a dense forest, and among rugged hills. There were chances to escape, but no opportunity to secure the papers which the officer carefully guarded in his own breast. Passing along, they came to a wildly magnificent spot. There was a natural bridge of rock over a rushing stream of waters. The waters went whirling and seething and hissing along with the strength of a stormy sea. The immense volume a few yards from the bridge plunged into an awful chasm. It was a glorious sight to behold the swift battalions of white-crested billows throng to the dazzling edge, and as if with the sound of a trumpet plunge headlong forward. The whole company paused to look at the enchanting scene—a picture of surpassing loveliness and sublimity. It seemed like some giant's mighty cave, who was holding some fair maiden in his gloomy hold, and the restless and plumed waves were leaping to her rescue. Suddenly, with a quick jump and herculean grasp, Jones had the body of the officer in his iron embrace, and went headlong over the parapet of rocks into the resounding flood. The rest gazed horror-stricken on the glancing bodies, as in fearful struggle they swept over the edge of the cataract, and then there was a general rush alongside the stream to see where the mangled bodies might reappear. Instantly Cupples dashed back into the depths of the forest, and hastened in the direction of last night's encampment.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Science.

Reasons for Thinking that Life Began at the Poles.

As every one knows, the earth is flattened at the poles and bulged at the equator, as it should be if it was once a revolving liquid globe. This givs to the polar sides an increased area of radiating surface, and to this extent an increased loss of heat. Thus it is evident that the earth is, and always has been, radiating more heat into space polewise than any other one way, and this, to a limited extent, has kept the polar regions in advance of the equatorial in the process of cooling.

Another effect of the same cause and bearing in the same direction is this: The equatorial diameter of the earth is about twenty-six miles longer than its diameter polewise. This condition also favors the advanced cooling of the polar regions. First, the earth is so much thinner polewise than equatorially, and consequently there is less mass per square foot to be cooled by polewise radiation than by equatorial; or, secondly, this difference of diameters is equivalent to having had a layer around the earth of molten matter to be cooled thirteen miles in thickness at the equator, and tapering off to nothing somewhere north of the Tropic of Cancer and south of the Tropic of Capricorn in excess of the molten matter to be cooled by polewise radiation, and this would hav tended to keep the polar regions constantly in advance of all other parts of the earth in cooling.

In addition to all this, it is obvious that the shape given to the earth by this difference of diameters—this flattening at the poles of itself—would somewhat lessen the angles of incident and reflection of the sun's rays within the polar regions, which would still more decrease their effect, and so reduce the offset to loss of heat by radiation within these polar regions.

Can it then be doubted that the frigid zones first became cool enough to maintain life as we now see it on the earth?

To state the matter briefly, the polar regions hav received less heat from the sun, hav had less matter to cool, and hav radiated heat into space more rapidly in proportion to mass than the equatorial belt or any other parts of the earth's surface. In the light of these facts it seems to me the following conclusions cannot be well avoided:

First.—That the polar zones, having led the advance in cooling, hav had in turn all the temperatures, climates, and climatic conditions which at any time the torrid and temperate zones hav had, in addition to long later periods of cooler temperature and climates than either.

Second.—Therefore, that at one epoch or another the polar regions of the earth hav enjoyed all the various temperatures and climatic conditions necessary to maintain all the well-nigh infinit forms of life, both vegetal and animal, which are now, or ever hav been, upon this globe. At the risk of being tedious let us state this hypothesis in another way.

The whole globe was once a molten mass too hot to maintain life. The polar regions were then too hot for that purpose. These same regions are now too cold to maintain such life as we find on other parts of the earth. Nothing, then, can be more obvious than that the temperature of these now frigid zones, in sliding gradually from the first extreme of heat to the last extreme of cold, must hav passed slowly through all the grades of temperature and climatic conditions which were exactly suited at one time or another to all the varieties of plants and animals which now liv, or ever hav lived on the earth.

There is no escape from this conclusion, except by asserting that the usual climatic and concurrent conditions did not in this case follow along the line of lowering temperature. But this is not only raising a groundless objection, one without a single fact to support it, but it is also one which disturbs, contradicts, and reverses the usual order of things. Certainly the *onus probandi* should rest on him who invokes the supposition.

Of course the usual number, in considering this question, will very properly ask whether there was time enough for organic development after the polar zones were cool enough to maintain life, and before the other parts of the earth had reached the same temperature and climatic conditions. Well, time is the infinit factor in every calculation of this sort; nature, reason, and observation unite in saying "it is illimitable and all-sufficient." Certainly there has been and will be time enough for everything.

If the first isothermal belt, including the highest heat degrees in which any life is possible, had swept southward at the rate of one English mile in a millennium, it would hav taken about 6,000,000 years for it to hav traveled from the north pole to the equator. This would seem a sufficient lapse of time for a great advance and development of all forms of life moving within the zone. I am well aware that eminent geologists are assuming much longer periods for the life-history; for instance, Professor Dana mentions 48,000,000 years as an estimated minimum of time since the commencement of the Silurian age, while Sir William Thomson estimates geological time at 100,000,000 years, Haughton at twice that period, and many others at thousands of millions. Now, without courting an earnest approval for these, or any estimates for that matter, of the lapse of time since life began—the data being so insufficient and the conclusions so widely different—yet it is eminently conservativ, in view of them and other accepted calculations, to claim, so far as time is a factor, that a first life-bearing climate might hav commenced anywhere and traveled everywhere (and all sorts of organisms might hav traveled with it in the natural thoroughfares) over a globe only 25,000 miles in circumference without moving faster than one mile in ten millenniums.

On the other hand, a zone of torrid climate beginning near and surrounding the north pole, and creeping thence to the equator at such a slow pace, would hav given ample time in its long journey for the development of highly complex forms evolved from the very simplest, for all organisms moving within its isothermal limits.

There was time enough and to spare for vast and highly developed orders of life within the frigid and temperate zones before any movement, and probably before the equatorial belt was cool enough to maintain life, certainly before the first torrid climates near the poles became cold enough to exclude it. We may, therefore, safely conclude, if the code of natural laws has been uniformly in force—

First.—That life commenced on those parts of the earth which were first prepared to maintain it; at any rate, that it never could hav commenced elsewhere.

Second.—As the whole earth was at one time too hot to maintain life, so those parts were probably first prepared to maintain it which cooled first.

Third.—That those parts which received the least heat from the sun, and which radiated heat most rapidly into space, in proportion to mass, and had the thinnest mass to cool, cooled first.

Fourth.—That those parts of the earth's surface, and those only, answering to these conditions, are the arctic and antarctic zones.

Fifth.—That as these zones were at one time too hot, and certain parts thereof are now too cold, for such life as inhabits the warmer parts of the earth, these now colder parts, in passing from the extreme of heat to the extreme of cold, must hav passed slowly through temperatures exactly suited to all plants and all animals in severalty which now liv or ever lived on the earth.

Sixth.—If the concurrent conditions which hav usually followed lowering temperature followed the climatic changes in this case, life did commence on the earth within one or both of certain zones surrounding the poles, and sufficiently removed therefrom to receive the least amount of sunlight necessary for vegetal and animal life.

It seems almost superfluous to say that those parts of the earth which first became cool enough to maintain life had a climate warmer at that time than that which we now call torrid. It was for an epoch, and probably a very long one, as hot as it could be and maintain life.

It is also quite obvious, in the light of the foregoing considerations, that as the temperate zones hav always received more heat from the sun, and hav had more mass per square foot to cool, in proportion to radiating surface, than the polar zones, so, on the other hand, they hav always received less heat from the sun and hav had less mass to cool, in proportion to radiating surface, than the torrid zone; and so when the artic zones cooled from a tropical to what we now call a temperate climate, the temperate zones had cooled down to that temperature which we now call a torrid climate, while the equatorial belt was still too hot for any form of life. Thus the lowering of temperature, climatic change, and that life which made its advent in these zones surrounding the poles, hav crept thence slowly along, *pari passu*, from these polar regions to the equator. Doubtless, through all geologic time, wave after wave of climatic change and corresponding forms of life, including the remotest extinct species, from laurentian to alluvium, from eozoon to mammal, whose several biographies in the rocks, are now called epochs, hav followed each other in succession from this originally prolific polar zone to the equatorial belt.—*G. H. Scribner.*

Protoplasm.

Protoplasm is a real substance, found in considerable abundance in nature, not only within the tissues of organized beings, but, as we might almost say, in a mineral state, wholly disconnected from such beings. There is no more doubt that it is elaborated out of the inorganic elements than there is that ammonia or common salt is thus elaborated. It is a true chemical compound, in which the proportions of each element are known. It contains approximately 54 parts of carbon, 21 parts of oxygen, 16 parts of nitrogen, 7 parts of hydrogen, and about one part of sulphur and phosphorus.

The great truth that now comes squarely home to us is that *life is a property of matter.* It is simply the result of the movements going on among the molecules composing a mass of protoplasm. It is a phenomenon presented by this most highly complex form of matter, and which is never absent from it. To kill protoplasm is to destroy its composition, to degrade it into a lower order of substance. The activities, powers, functions, and susceptibilities possessed by this substance, whose combined effect we denominate life, are but the relations which the substance sustains by virtue of its constitution to the forms of matter around it. They are its properties, just as astringency, transparency, etc., are the properties of alum.

In reaching the substance, protoplasm, we hav not only reached the fact of life itself, but in its properties we behold all there is essential to life.

The moner is Hero's engin, the vertebrate is the modern locomotiv; the power that propels is the same in both. The observed advance is not in the *force*, but in the organization.

It was undoubtedly in the sea, that great receptacle for all forms of matter, that the first beginnings of life took place. In the sea there now exist millions of beings of lowly organization whose bodies consist almost exclusivly of protoplasm, either in its undifferentiated state, or but slightly modified into cells and simple aggregate of cells.—*Lester F. Ward.*

Evolution.

What of evolution to-day? I can only reply, *The battle has been fought and won.* A few stragglers on each side may still keep up a scattered fire, but the contest is over, and the victors hav moved on to other fields.

As to the origin of species, once thought to be the key to the position, no working naturalist of to-day who sees the great problems of life opening one after another before him will waste time in discussing a question already solved. This question, so long regarded as beyond solution, has been worked out by that greatest of naturalists [Darwin], whose genius all intelligent men now recognize, and whose recent loss the whole civilized world deplores.

Not only do we know to-day that species are not permanent, but every phase of life bears witness to the same general law of change. Genera, families, and the higher groups of animals and plants are now regarded merely as convenient terms to mark progress, which may be altered by any new discovery.

All existing life on the earth is now believed to be connected directly with that of the distant past, and one problem to-day is to trace out the lines of descent. Here embryology and paleontology work together, and the results already secured are most important. The genealogies of some of the animals now living hav been made out with a degree of certainty that amounts to a demonstration, and others must rapidly follow.

In this, and in all other departments of natural science, the doctrin of evolution has brought light out of darkness, and marks out the path of future progress. What the law of gravitation is to astronomy, the law of evolution is now to natural science. Evolution is no longer a theory, but a demonstrated truth, accepted by naturalists throughout the world. —*Prof. Marsh.*

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SATURDAY, - - - APRIL 19, 1884.

TO OUR READERS AND BOOKBUYERS: *If you experience any difficulty in obtaining* THE TRUTH SEEKER *or any of our own or other Freethought works through any dealer, we shall feel greatly obliged if you will order direct from this office. We are fearful that many dealers do not take the pains they should to supply Liberal works—sometimes, even, wrongly reporting them out of print—thereby depriving the inquiring public of heterodox books, and preventing us from making needed sales.*

The Situation Here.

Our London correspondent, in a private letter, says:

"If Freethought is progressing as fast with you as here, it is going ahead faster than Christianity did in the first centuries. The only difficulty is the want of proper organization, which is very defectiv with the good folks here."

The situation in England is very similar to that in America. There is an immensely strong undercurrent of Infidelity flowing through the land, but it is unorganized and widely scattered. Nevertheless it sweeps along, undermining the church foundations, and forcing the faithful to be constantly making repairs. The educated occupants of the pulpits hav been caught in it, and many of them are adding to its constantly swelling volume. Creeds are being revised, the Old Testament thrown away as possibly partially inspired, but on the whole an obstruction to "religion," the New Testament pruned of its hell-fire doctrin, and miraculous impossibilities; altruistic philanthropy is taking the place of the selfish egoistic charity which givs a dollar with the expectation of getting back a hundred dollar's worth of personal comfort in heaven, and a general broadening out and overstepping of orthodox lines is apparent everywhere. The treasures of the city of gold are rapidly being exchanged for good done here on earth. Christianity has become a commercial commodity, purchasable with good clothes, a high-priced seat in a fashionable church, and a regular donation to that particular church's pet charity. Long faces and "I am a poor worm of the dust" sentiments are not now necessary to "conversion;" the self-abasement of a half century ago is out of style and not considered in good form. In many parts of the country Calvinism has faded into Universalism and Universalism into nothing. The churches are sustained by business men for the sake of their wives, and their wives go for the sake of the society. Easter, which the Christian world celebrated last Sunday, is the designated day for donning spring bonnets and airing the preacher's eloquence on the subject of a "risen lord and savior," instead of rejoicing over the grave giving up its dead; fast days are feast days, and there is no general disposition to heed the frantic shrieks of a few old-style dominies who hav not yet became accustomed to the new order of religious things.

This breaking up of orthodox lines has been occasioned by several things, among which we may enumerate the acceptance of the philosophy of evolution; the general advance of civilization, rendering a religion originating among a barbaric people crudely ridiculous; the revision of creeds and expurgation of absurd dogmas; the rapid rise of a rationalistic biblical criticism, destroying the sanctity of the Bible and removing the old-time reverence for the book; the progress of investigations conducted scientifically, which upset the foundations of Christianity, and lastly, as we hav said, by the abandonment of the fundamental positions of the church by her most eminent preachers.

This is about the situation of the churches in the large cities of the East. In smaller places, where news travels slower, and two-thirds of the people never heard of Darwin and the researches of his school, where the male inhabitants vote for General Jackson and thrash the Jews they encounter because eighteen hundred years ago the Hebrews crucified Christ, and the news has just got around, there is not so much progress. In the cities the preacher who vilifies the Freethinkers is usually dishonest; he knows better, but chooses to do it. Through the country towns the preacher is generally honest in his belief that Infidelity is of the devil and leads to hell. He really believes in a hell, and that the saints rejoice at the eternal punishment of sinners, even though those saints may in this world be their nearest relativs or warmest friends. These country places all need stirring up, and the ministers need educating. This is being gradually done, and scarcely a week passes that "Another Heretical Preacher!" is not found among the headlines of the daily papers.

On the whole, we can assure our London friend and correspondent that Freethought is progressing rapidly, perhaps as fast as in England. And the condition of the outspoken, activ, aggressiv Freethought party is much the same. Solid to resist persecution, it becomes apathetic and careless under no provocation. The Liberal journals are the head and front of the movement, yet they are not supported as they should be and might be. We presume THE TRUTH SEEKER experience is the experience of the most. A few hundred of our friends do all the work. Hundreds more do absolutely nothing to spread the truth, being content with having found it for themselvs; and hundreds more forget to pay at all. Last week over three hundred names were stricken from our list because of arrearages varying $3 to $8. This sort of neglect keeps the publisher's noses right down to the grindstone of impecuniosity, and forces us to look seven ways for Sundays, as the old saying is.

There are a few very strong Leagues in the country, and a few which exist on paper only—they may be counted as dead. But there are several hundred Leagues and societies placidly existing—activ when occasion demands, apathetic when the need is over. Between four and five years ago two hundred thousand names were put upon one Liberal petition; double that number could probably be obtained now with half the labor, were it necessary.

But notwithstanding this, organization is as defectiv here as with the good folks in England. The only man who could organize the Liberals, if he could, will not; those who would, cannot, for lack of means. This is the fault of nobody in particular, but everybody in general. Last winter we asked for responses to help organize and conduct a Liberal reading-room and free library in this city. We received one letter in answer, and three or four verbal promises of help. We treasure that letter, and hav entertained ideas of framing it. It seems, after all, as though Ingersoll's sarcasm that some folks became Liberals to save pew rent had a grain of truth in it. We know of a well-to-do Liberal down in New Jersey who spends about ten dollars a year for Freethought literature, and fifty dollars a year to support his local church because his wife attends. That is sixty dollars a year for mental recreation for himself and and wife. It always seemed to us that he ought to divide it more equally. However, this is to some extent a free country, and a man has a right to do as he pleases with his own.

Summed up, the situation here may be put down as fair to good. The only fear is that some of the churches will get ahead of us in social works if we are not wide awake. Take an independent church that repudiates the creed of its fellows, that positivly has no hell, and no heaven more ethereal than our *Banner of Light* friends promis us, no God more unreasonably personal than Herbert Spencer's Unknowable, and that is a tolerably good Infidel institution. Mr. Beecher presides over just such a church.

Of course the great want is organization, but this is not a fatal defect, and will undoubtedly be remedied by time, not only here but across the Atlantic, where Mr. Bradlaugh has already a compact following held together by their love of secular principles and the monstrous injustice perpetrated upon their leader by Parliament. Foote, Ramsey, and Kemp found no lack of sympathizing friends throughout their infamous persecution—friends who not only sympathized by word of mouth, but took up the work and carried it on with trebly accelerated velocity. Considering how recently and how reluctantly the prisons of both England and America hav given up their victims, we think the Freethinkers of both countries hav reasons to be measurably satisfied. Certainly, with all the drawbacks, we hav more ground for hope and encouragement than the Calvinistic churches.

Andrews and Spencer.

This week we print the pith and marrow of Herbert Spencer's contribution to the current number of the *Popular Science Monthly*. Mr. Spencer's position in the scientific world is well known. He stands as the representativ of Individualism as against the state Socialism represented in this country most vigorously if not authoritativly by the Positivists of the Comte school. Mr. Spencer's doctrin might be stated in the words of the old saying, "Every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost." The devil in this case is poverty, misery, and all the ills suffered by the incapables of society. The Socialists, whose ire has been raised by these utterances of Mr. Spencer, on the other hand contend that the capable individual should not only take care of himself, but shall be a factor in organized society which shall care for all. The objection to the first or anarchical philosophy is that it is cruel to the unfortunate; to the second, that it legitimatizes Authority, which curtails liberty, and has always been invoked to aid tyrannical governments. Mr. Stephen Pearl Andrews's lecture last Friday night before the Liberal Club was in reply to Mr. Spencer. Mr. Andrews has a sociological philosophy of his own, in which the principles of Universology reconcile the extremes we hav outlined, and while obtaining for humanity all the benefits conferred by having a consensus of the competent, or authoritativ government of the wisest, also guarantee to every individual the widest personal liberty in action and thought. We shall print enough of his lecture to enable the public interested in sociological matters, to judge whether Mr. Spencer's criticisms of the Socialists and land reformers are sound, and can stand the test of scientific dissection. If the great English evolutionist is wrong, Mr. Andrews is the one man in this country to demonstrate it.

Good News.

By a too brief note in the *Iron-Clad Age* we learn that the new constitution of California puts church property upon the tax list, and that the constitution was adopted by twelve thousand majority, the main contest being over this clause. Also that the state senate has refused to elect a chaplain.

Will some California friend, who is thoroughly conversant with the means by which this victory was won, giv us full particulars? It might help in the contest now going on in Iowa, and certainly will be a splendid example for other states to follow.

A New Book by Col. Kelso.

We hav now in press the "Bible Analyzed," a book of 833 crown octavo pages, by John R. Kelso, and expect to hav it ready for mailing by the 1st of May.

It is just what its name implies, an analysis of the Bible. It is, in fact, the most thorough overhauling and dissection that venerable volume has received since Paine gave his attention to the subject. Mr. Kelso is a clear, logical reasoner, and he states his positions in such a way that all must admit their correctness, and then his conclusions follow as undisput d and indisputable climaxes. In this new book the Old Testament receives a large share of attention, the stories of the creation, the deluge, the exodus, and the alleged miracles being held up to view in a new and novel manner. While reading the proofs of this work, we hav sometimes thought that if Paine's "Age of Reason and Examination of the Prophecies" had never been written, Kelso's "Bible Analyzed" would do as well. Two chapters are devoted to exposing the scientific, chronological, verbal, and other errors of the book; one long chapter deals with the devil, another with the heaven and hell mapped out in the holy writ; the Sabbath question is treated from a Bible standpoint; and the existence of a supreme ruler and the doctrin of a messiah are examined freely.

Mr. Kelso's "Deity Analyzed" and "Real Blas-

phemers" hav received high and merited encomiums from the Liberal press and public, but we predict this new book will exceed these two in circulation and favor. The price is put at $3.00, which is little enough for a work of its size. Orders may be sent to us or to Col. J. R. Kelso, Turlock, Cal.

An Opinion of Comstock.

Mr. Anthony Comstock has been testifying before a legislativ investigating committee to the shortcoming of our city police. Reflecting upon his testimony, the *Sun* says:

"Mr. Comstock, by his apology at the conclusion of the proceedings on that day [Friday, the 11th inst.], showed that he is liable to make false accusations when under provocation, notwithstanding the fact that he is speaking under the solemn obligation of an oath. He first swore to a statement which was intended to convey, and did convey, the idea that during the administration of the late Benjamin K. Phelps as district attorney of this county, that officer and his assistants afforded protection to gamblers and gambling houses. He afterward swore to what was evidently meant to be a retraction of this flagrantly unjust imputation.

"The testimony of a man who acknowledges that he can be provoked into making inaccurate or even exaggerated statements under oath can hardly be scrutinized with too much care."

In plainer words, the *Sun* considers that Mr. Comstock is liable to tell a lie when it suits his purpose to do so.

So do we.

A Reprint.

So extraordinary has been the demand for THE TRUTH SEEKER of April 5th, containing Col. Ingersoll's lecture at Chicago, that we hav determined to reprint it next week for the benefit of those who wish copies to send to friends. Therefore all who hav unsuccessfully applied for copies of that date will please renew their orders, and they shall be served. Single copies 7 cents; in quantities of ten and upwards, 5 cents each. Send your orders early.

A Letter that Cheers.

SEATTLE, April 1, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $25.50 for ten subscribers for THE TRUTH SEEKER, to be sent as directed in private letter.

My work in Seattle is finished for this season, and, I trust, with hopeful results.

I gave my last lecture to a full house, and the fourteenth of this course.

About the League here, and also the Progressiv Lyceum, and my work here in Seattle, Brother Walter Walker, secretary of Lyceum and League, will send you a full report soon.

Yours for truth, DR. J. L. YORK.

TO OUR READERS AND BOOKBUYERS: *If you experience any difficulty in obtaining* THE TRUTH SEEKER *or any of our own or other Freethought works through any dealer, we shall feel greatly obliged if you will order direct from this office. We are fearful that many dealers do not take the pains they should to supply Liberal works—sometimes, even, wrongly reporting them out of print—thereby depriving the inquiring public of heterodox books, and preventing us from making needed sales.*

Editorial Notes.

MR. BRADLAUGH'S experience with talented religious liars has been varied and extensiv. He is obliged, he says, to lose a great deal too much time in correcting falsehoods. Some of these are most absurd, some are monstrous. This is one month's experience only: A country hotel keeper positivly stated that he heard Mr. Bradlaugh, watch in hand, defy God. This hotel keeper has fully retracted and apologized and agreed to framo a printed copy of his apology in his own bar. This cost altogether six letters. A Chester clergyman announced that in a Sunday-school established by Mr. Bradlaugh at the Hall of Science, a child was brought forward of the platform to publicly repudiate and denounce his mother's Bible and his mother's God. This clergyman has apologized, and given up the name and address of the London clergyman who invented the story. This required in all five letters. The Rev. Geo. Kenyon, at Caledonian Road, Wesleyan Chapel, stated that Captain Shaw, of Weymouth, having been compelled to put into Great Yarmouth by stress of weather, "saw large placards announcing that C. Bradlaugh, M.P. for Northampton," was lecturing on religion. That Captain Shaw attended, and at the close opposed with prayer, Mr. Bradlaugh running away and leaving the meeting entirely in his hands. Of course there is not a solitary word of truth in this from beginning to end; but although it has been contradicted, no apology had been received up to latest advices. A resident of Crewe, as an instance of Mr. Bradlaugh's unreliability, alleged in public "that over twenty years ago he heard Mr. Bradlaugh lecture on behalf or the United Kingdom Alliance objects at the Temperance Hall, Grosvenor street, Manchester, as a paid advocate, and that very shortly afterwards Mr. Bradlangh delivered a lecture on the *opposit side* at Bolton, having been retained to do so." The resident of Crewe who was guilty of this unmitigated falsehood has offered no apology, although he has been compelled to admit that he had never heard Mr. Bradlaugh, as alleged. Mr. Moody, the revivalist, allowed it to be pretended in the *Christian Globe*, with minute details, that he had just converted one of Mr. Bradlaugh's supporters, the chairman of the Cromwell Club. Though specifically contradicted, neither Mr. Moody nor the *Christian Globe* has had the decency to retract this pure invention. In a book published by Messrs. Partridge & Co., written by Miss Barlee, there was an abominable libel founded on information furnished by a city missionary named Edgar Osborne. Messrs. Partridge, who are gentlemen, withdrew the libel on its being brought to their notice, and Edgar Osborne asks Mr. Bradlaugh not to put him to expense, as he has eight children. This business took in all fully twenty letters. He has had in addition to write about a score of contradictions of falsehoods as to the parliamentary contest, and of at least a dozen mistatements at to votes and speeches on Ireland. Mr Bradlaugh complains of the extra labor the contradiction of these absurd fictions entails upon him, for even good friends feel aggrieved if he passes them by in silence, and says that although he is at the trouble to squelch them in one place he finds the same falsehood repeated in another town and by another liar as lively as ever. He thinks of putting in his paper a "Liars' Contradiction Department," with an additional letter-writer for that work alone.

OF all the arrogant beggars ever heard of, the Catholics of Iowa must be awarded the palm. At a meeting called to oppose the bill now pending in the legislature of that state to tax private and sectarian school property and pastoral residences, the "Right Rev. Bishop" Hennessy said: "That our civilization is essentially Christian, and is almost universally conceded to be such by law-making bodies, is evidenced by the fact that the daily sessions of Congress and of state legislatures are usually opened with prayer by Christian clergymen; and a still more powerful proof of its Christian character is found in the circumstance that our statute laws as a body are based upon the principles of justice first enunciated by the savior, and since taught and maintained by the Christian church. The clergyman was an integral part of Christianity—he could not be disassociated from it; and to tax the residence in which he lived would be equivalent to taxing the church itself. It would yet come to this if the efforts to tax pastoral residence were not now promptly met and defeated. The men who advocated such taxation were not friendly to Christianity, or to the civilization which is its outgrowth, and if they were successful in their present endeavor they would only be emboldened to continue till the taxation of religious schools, charitable institutions, and church edifices was the rule instead of the exception. The bill was a menace to Christianity, and the best interests of society and of the state required that it should not become a law." When some respectable town allows itself to be run by the paupers in its workhouse will be the proper time to consider statements of this character, which would hav more weight if possessed of a particle of truth.

MR. LOVING, near Dennison, Texas, owed his neighbor, Mr. Wood, some corn. Mr. Loving was piously raised, but Mr. Wood was not, and therefore saw no impropriety in calling for the corn upon Sunday. But Mr. Loving could not countenance the asking for the payment of an honest debt upon the Sabbath, though Mr. Wood may hav been hungry, and feeding the hungry on the Lord's day was recommended by the Lord himself; he therefore struck Mr. Wood on the head with a hard-wood club. Mr. Wood went home, announcing his intention of calling on some more convenient occasion for the corn. He doubtless would hav done so, but unfortunately he died soon after he reached his home, and cannot now well keep his appointment. Mr. Loving had to giv bonds to appear before the grand jury in session at Dennison. This, says the paper from which we condense this account, is all there is of the story up to date, but it conveys a very useful lesson to all who are willing to profit by it. In the first place, we should never hav any business transactions on Sunday with men who hav been too piously raised. This is the lesson which sinners should learn from the Dennison tragedy. Those who are raised to regard Sunday as altogether inviolable should learn to make exceptions to the rule that no work should be done on the Sabbath day, but that such deviations from the rule should not take the shape of hitting a Sabbath desecrator on the head with a stick of hard wood. On these points, the average Sunday-school book should be carefully revised, in the interest of all concerned.

THE *Christian Advocate* has come to the conclusion that the stories of sudden deaths in the commission of "wicked acts" like blasphemy are not always reliable, and that the hasty decease is not a "visitaion of God." Is reasons thus:

(1) No man can prove that God did *not* then and there affect this man with the disease. (2) But Abner Kneeland, Ingersoll, and hosts of other blasphemers, hav said in most conspicuous places similar things. D. M. Bennett spent many years concocting and uttering elaborate abuse of God and Christ. (3) Many more hav said and done similar things, and hav *not* been attacked. (4) Many good men hav been similarly attacked in the pulpit, in prayer, and in giving testimony for Christ.

The conclusion, therefore, is that "in view of the great number of cases of blasphemy where nothing sudden or remarkable follows it," it cannot be certain whether any judgments are sent by the offended deity. Dr. Buckley is evidently aided in arriving at this point by the fact that more ministers are stricken down while testifying for Christ than blasphemers while denying him. This would indicate that ministers are displeasing to God, and as such a thought can by no means be harbored—as it would drive all the preachers out of the business—Mr. Buckley is willing to admit that "judgments" are rare occurrences.

THE Rev. N. M. Long, of Memphis, Tenn., to whom one of our correspondents refers, is the same that recently preached too broad sermons in his Presbyterian pulpit and was obliged to found an independent church of his own in consequence. Six weeks ago the Memphis city council closed up all the places of business on Sundays. Boats at the levees were forbidden to unload or load, and no one but the preachers were allowed to earn money on the "Sabbath." During that time several lectures to large audiences were given on the subject, and every preacher in the city discoursed upon it. The Rev. N. M. Long created a sensation by declaring the Sunday laws a blot on the statute books, and by taking the Freethought position that government had no right under the Constitution to force any man to observe Sunday in any manner whatever, having no more control over men then than on week-days. Ten thousand copies of the sermon in pamphlet form were distributed. Judge Craft took the pulpit in the Cumberland Presbyterian church against the young minister, and the Methodist ministers held a meeting and denounced Mr. Long. The city council has passed a resolution allowing the barbers to keep open till 10 A.M., and it is probable that when the war of puritanical fanaticism shall hav passed by other doors than those of the tonsorial establishments will be found openly inviting trade.

A RESPECTED relativ of the editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER living down in Aroostook county, Maine, writes us that the "sky-pilots," as he quaintly styles the preachers of that vicinity, hav been stirred into unwonted activity by the circulation among the people of the kind of religious literature which emanates from this office. This literature, he informs us, "hurts bad." It has brought the preachers from several churches into his district school-house, where they hav held revivals with such success that one individual, not remarkable for intellectual attainments, has become about half converted. The respected relativ also reports that he has had discussions with some of the "mummies," and in no instance hav they appeared desirous to reopen the debate. They "pile it on to the Infidels and unbelievers" at their meetings in his absence, but he has observed that when he attends their "circus" they are as civil as grown people at church. Our relativ has trod Southern soil, and has borne a musket in defense of the Union. We hav confidence in his ability, with the blessing of good health, to uphold the banner of Freethought in the Aroostook.

MRS. ANNA OTTENDORFER has added to the noble list of Liberal charities. Her death, which occurred week before last, is not the first revelation of her broad-minded generosity, as she has always been prominent through unostentatious gifts in aiding worthy charities. The probating of her will reveals munificent donations, as follows: $25,000 to the Isabella Heimath at Long Island City; $10,000 to the United Relief Works of the Society for Ethical Culture of New York; and $10,000 to Das Nationale Deutsch-Americanische Lehrer Seminar of Milwaukee; $10,000 to the Deutscher Frauenvercin zur Unterstutzung Hilfsbeddurftiger Wittwen, Waisen, und Kranken of New York; $10,000 to the German Hospital and Dispensary; $5,000 to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and $5,000 to the German Hospital in Newark.

THE Annual African Methodist Episcopal conference was held this year in Newark. It was composed of colored ministers. Some of the dusky brethren were distinguished by a plainness of speech which may well be emulated by their more eminent and hypocritical white confreres. There was "a heap o' trubble on de ole man's mind" who presided, which he eased in this way: "The trouble is to raise funds. Preachers are much worse to get money from than stewards or trustees. They are the meanest men in the world when it comes to money matters. We want more trust in God and more brains. A man who enters the A. M. E. ministry with littttle in his heart and less in his head isn't going to get along." After this the brethren shelled out, and the bishop was placated.

LAST Sunday was the anniversary of the alleged resurrection of Christ. It is the custom in this city for people to put on new clothes on Easter Sunday and to appear in more gorgeous apparel than usual. This seems inappropriate. Since clothes are the "badge of lost innocence," they are hardly a thing to boast of under any circumstances. But on the anniversary of the resurrection of the person who redeemed mankind from the consequences of that lost innocence, it is particularly distressing to see the emblem of sin flaunted so openly. Considering the sacrifice by which good Christians obtained this "badge," they appear unbecomingly proud of it.

IT is the opinion of George Bancroft, who has been called the Father of American History, that "our great united commonwealth is the child of Christianity." It will be observed that this opinion differs materially from that of Jefferson, Franklin, Washington, and Paine, who were themselvs in fact the parents of the commonwealth. It is an unwise child that don't know its own father. Yet this nation has for more than one hundred years refused to recognize the paternity which the eminent historian claims for it. It would be interesting to hear the argument by which Mr. Bancroft supports his remarkable assertion.

MAJOR MOORE, the head of the American Salvation Army, was in jail last Saturday charged with grand larceny to the amount of $652.50. He finds it difficult, says the *Sun*, "to apply to the administration of that body here the principles adopted with such effect by Gen. Booth in London." Is this a covert way of saying that in England Gen. Booth steals with impunity?

"MANY a seeming accident," says the *Christian Observer*, "illustrates Cowper's lines:

> "God moves in a mysterious way
> His wonders to perform."

We should say so, and would point to the recent floods in Ohio as a conspicuous illustration of that fact.

CATALOG of our books free on application.

Letters from Friends.

HUNTSVILLE, ALA., March 20, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: It seems as if the clergy, or at least one out of the 75,000 preachers is coming to his senses, for I read in the *Daily American*, Nashville, Tenn.: "Rev. N. M. Long's sermon in opposition to the enforcement of the Sunday law has created a profound sensation among all classes. Ten thousand copies of the sermon hav been ordered printed for a general distribution." Yours for liberty and for one's own thinking, HENRI PALING.

WARRENSBURG, Mo., March 17, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I send you two papers containing the lecture delivered by Talmage in St. Joseph and Kansas City. It is certainly encouraging to Freethinkers to see how utterly weak and illogical is the defense made for Christianity by its ablest exponents, such as Black, Fisher, and others. Their arguments are splendid campaign documents for Liberalism; and the sincere and earnest searcher after the light and truth cannot be disappointed who reads them.

Yours, etc., FERD. CARROLL.

WALLA WALLA, W. T., March 30, 284.

MR. EDITOR: THE TRUTH SEEKER for a long time has been a welcome visitor to our home, especially to father, but gradually it won its way to all of us, as truth always will win its way into the hearts of young or old who are willing to receive it. Now it is looked for and enjoyed by every member of the family, which, of course, enhances its value to our parents.

We think the Children's Corner and the serial story valuable additions to your paper, as many a fact is communicated and impressed upon the youthful mind through the agency of an interesting story, which might be passed by if told in another and less attractiv way. So I say success to the Children's Corner. With sincerest wishes for the continued prosperity of THE TRUTH SEEKER, CHARLOTTE WHITE.

FAIRVIEW, ALA., April 5, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find money order for five dollars. I see by the tab on my Bible, THE TRUTH SEEKER, that it is high time it was renewed, so please make my tab read 85 instead of 84, which calls for three dollars out of the five; and please send me "Crimes of Preachers," by M. E. Billings, 25 cents; the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL, 25 cents; "Apples of Gold," by Miss Susan Wixon, $1.25; "Two Little Red Mittens," by Jennie Butler Browne, 10 cents. Now the other 15 cents you can use to help pay postage or do as you choose with it. It is a fine place this. Everybody here pulls a great long face one day in seven, but six out of seven the devil takes the pot every time. But I am going to try and introduce THE TRUTH SEEKER if it takes the hair, although they did not pull much of any hair out in Atalla, but those long-coated chaps would make up mighty ugly faces at me sometimes, just as much as to say they had an empty stomach, but I am not much on taking hints unless they kick me at the same time. Well, I must close by wishing every success, and a hearty good-bye for the present. W. L. NELSON.

DEERSVILLE, OHIO, March 26, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $2 to place to my credit for the good old TRUTH SEEKER that the Christians so much hate. Please accept my thanks for continuing my paper after the time paid expired. I hav been waiting for other names, but as yet get none. Floods being in order, people hav to make up what God has destroyed in his wrath. Some of the people on the Ohio river think God has not kept his word, in saying he would not flood the earth again. But this is not the first time he has changed his mind (as Abe Patterson says). Now if God did really divide the Red Sea, and let those thieves and cutthroats pass over dry-shod, he might hav been kind enought to hav pied the waters in these rivers five or ten miles high in their channels, and not let it overflow the land and towns, and thereby have shown that his "tender mercies are over all his works." But our Christians here says he did it for some wise purpose. But, indeed, I can't see the wisdom. Perhaps I am too blind to see it. But I do wonder if he did make the Red Sea part. Can you tell us? And again please let us know whether the whale swallowed Jonah, or Jonah the whale? A. AULD.

CORVALLIS, OR., April 3, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I see by the report in THE TRUTH SEEKER of Feb. 15th that there is a small amount needed in completing the great, grand, and noble work that will bear testimony of the love we bore for our hero and martyr, D. M Bennett. This work that has been done by the intellectual achievements of the lightning age will fill a two-fold purpose—yea, more, a standing monument, a living witness engraved on tablets of stone, written with pen of steel, resting in silence over the remains of one we loved and whose memory we cherish. Here deluded minds in silence will read and contemplate, communing with the dead, and here the poor, narrow-minded, bigoted fanatic, with all the hatred and animosity that was ever capable of having an existence in the minds of what would wish to be called human, be obliged to view the sentinel standing guard over the remains of one they persecuted with envy, malice, and brute force. And though he is dead his works will liv. No stake or fagot can hush the mighty work begun.

I would suggest that we should raise the means to hav the lithograph of the monument in THE TRUTH SEEKER, as many, no doubt, if not all, would like to see the picture. We should also hav it electrotyped, so it could be used at any future time. I suppose the cost would not fall short of forty dollars for taking four different views.

I send fifty cents toward the monument and fifty cents toward having the picture in the paper. The paper is now cheap, and it is for the people. Let each and everyone throw in their mite. B. F. WARDWELL.

RIVERSIDE, MASS., March 25, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I received the five copies of the "Crimes of Preachers" all right. They hav been read by thirty persons, and are opening the eyes of the people. You need not be surprised if you receive my check for twenty-five dollars' worth one of these days to circulate in Turner's Falls and Northfield if Dwight L. Moody or any of those sky pilots hav more to say of Lake Pleasant. NATHANIEL HOLMES.

ALLIANCE, O., March 16, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I notice the tab on the wrapper of my paper tells me the time has expired for which I hav paid, and I therefore inclose another year's subscription, and 25 cents for the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL.

Freethought is gaining slowly in our place. We hav a few professed Liberals who are so narrow-minded that they cater to church method and names, thinking to get the orthodox world to come in by so doing, while at the same time they are really going back to old-fogyism as fast as possible: 'Tis useless to try to blow hot and cold both at one time. If we would save Freethought for future usefulness we must keep it clear from all forms of Christianity. I am pleased with the manner in which Mrs. Severance shows up Moses Hull's catering in your issue of March 8th. I am utterly astonished at Hull's course, and think his day of usefulness to our cause is almost if not quite ended. I congratulate you on your success in making THE TRUTH SEEKER so interesting and instructiv. It has lost none of its former ring since you are conducting it. I am pleased very much with the Children's Corner, and hope its editor will not despair in well-doing

Respectfully, CARRIE E. WEIR.

CARROLLTON, ILL., March 20, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I believe, now that the Bennett monument is completed, it is a good time to commence the Bennett Hall and Home of THE TRUTH SEEKER. Mr. Bennett has friends enough to build a good hall at fifty cents a share, and at that rate I will take forty shares; and if necessary I will double that. I hav very little money to spare, but my whole soul is in the cause, and I will do all I can consistently. I feel anxious to keep the name of Bennett before the world. I hav no doubt that there are plenty of friends who will be both able and willing to giv ten times as much as I can I am nothing but a poor western clodhopper, who started and has grown up with the state of Illinois. I am now gettting well up toward eighty, but I hope yet, if I don't see it, at least to hear of a good hall in the city of New York dedicated to that noble friend of humanity and liberator of humanity from the shackles of mental slavery of kingcraft. Now is the time to strike, when Mr. Bennett is fresh in our minds. But still such men as Mr. Bennett can never be forgotten. I hav no doubt that a good hall can be built in a very short time, if you only start the ball rolling. It seems that five years ago he had 200,000 warm hearts that came to his relief, and now I hav no doubt he has double that number. While Hayes refused to notice 200,000 at that time, he would now be glad to notice 100, for I think that is about the extent of his friends. Nobody seems to know or care where he is. No one seems to hav any use for him, not even the church. This inhumanity to man has even disgusted his best friends.

But I started this letter to ask you to send me the FREETHINKER'S ALMANAC. WM. BLACK.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, March 16, 284.

MR. EDITOR: If it would not be asking too much I would like to say a few words to your readers through your paper.

I hav been reading Elliott Preston's "Philosophy on the Half-Shell," and commend him for the stand he has taken in regard to vivisection, and I hope he may continue the same good cause. You may be surprised when I say I am ignorant of the subject, for I never heard of it until I saw it in THE TRUTH SEEKER. I hav seen and read of a great many inhuman monsters, but I never thought that anyone could be so inhuman as to torture a dumb brute under the plea of scientific investigation, for the assumed purpose of gaining knowledge to improve our fellow-men. I don't see how they are going to improve our condition any by torturing the dumb brute, and I would say to the vivisector that if he can't further the cause of humanity in any other way he had better stop altogether. It hardly seems possible to think that anyone possessing a mind capable of understanding could stoop to torture a poor dumb brute. Why, only think: here is a man (I don't know whether I ought to say man or not; brute would be more appropriate) who, if he mashes a finger or foot will cry out in pain, who will shrink at the bare mention of being put to the torture, but will take a poor dumb brute and put him through all manner of torment to gain a little knowledge that will do him no good, and will benefit no one else. There should be a law passed that would put a stop to it. All honor to Elliott Preston for lifting his voice in the interest of the dumb beast, and may he continue to cry "Stop!" to that inhuman work which the vivisector is engaged in.

I should like to say something about the Salvation Army and its work before I close. I attended their meeting last Sunday night, and they made quite an impression on me; but they seem to make a greater impression on the "bums," however, than they made on me, judging from the number that joined them. The army is composed of some of the hardest-looking seeds I ever saw, and the performance they got through is a caution to sinners. It makes the cold chills run down my back, or maybe I should say hot chills, for they preached hell fire and damnation until I almost imagined I saw the flames of hell ascending in the room. The performance on the tambourines was a caution, no mistake. The captain said they had come to Cleveland to stay, and were going to stay until every sinner was captured, or they would shake Cleveland to its very center. So if you should fail to hear from any of us poor sinners here you may know we hav been made prisoners by the Salvation Army. I hav been trying to find out if there is any common sense in the Army all this week, but I can find none at all. There are about ten I might possibly get along with in heaven, but if the balance of that Army go to heaven, I want to sell out my mansion in the sky. Please print a notice on pasteboard, "For Sale," and hang it in the window. Easy terms and long payments The Army is running in opposition to the variety shows here, but of the two the latter draw the most select audiences, and giv a much better entertainment. DENNIS A. LOSSING.

MIDDLEBURY, IND., March 7, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $3.50 for THE TRUTH SEEKER, "Crimes of Preachers," and the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL. I hav taken your paper as long as it has been in existence, and will continue to take it as long as I liv. But I am getting old, and as this may be the last you will hear from me, I take this opportunity to giv you a scrap of my history. I took on the changeable garb of man in the year 1806. I was nursed, rocked, stewed, and steeped in the corrupt yet dying cradle of superstition, bigotry, priestcraft, and intolerance for the first twenty-three years of my life. Then the sun began to shine. The vapors commenced to scatter. Cloud after cloud passed away. Reason begins to assert its supremacy. The scene changes. But just as the opium-eater who resolves to turn over a new leaf, atom after atom was my being changed. I finally found myself standing in the light, awakened from the trance which now holds in its viperous stupor millions of human beings. I hav been branded hundreds of times as a vile skeptic, Atheist, and Infidel. I hav been slandered and abused by the priesthood, and would hav been burnt at the stake a thousand times if they had only had the power. And why all this? Simply because I do not believe that a certain, little, insignificant, cranky, ignorant, illegitimate Jew controls the mighty universe. But they are not so bad as they used to be. I hav seen a great change. Light and knowledge are afloat; mankind are beginning not only to think but to reason. The movement and progression of science are as irresistible as the motion of atoms or the revolving of spheres. To stop progression and Freethought would be to exterminate the human race. To hold it stationary is impossible. To let it go on, as it must, is to not only slaughter untruth, but to bury it so deep that even its bones shall never again come to the light of the world. The mystic veil of superstition is wearing threadbare in the glaring sunshine of the nineteenth century. All mankind are tending toward that perfection which all nature has been reaching for since the first vegetable cell existed. I hope that the noble cause of truth may go on uninterrupted, with THE TRUTH SEEKER at its head, until the earth becomes old with age, and is incapable of the lowest forms of life.

ISAAC IVINS.

OKETO, KAN., March 17, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I think the tracts you sent me are to the point; they speak my views exactly. I am the only Freethinker in this community, and therefore I hav a hard road to travel. The Christians are all picking at me, but I hope I am enough for them. I hav good backing in THE TRUTH SEEKER and other publications from your office.

I was amused, a few nights ago, on a visit to one of my neighbors, a Bible Christian. In the course of the evening my Christian friend got his children to speak their Sunday-school pieces. This was done to see what I would do. They all spoke God pieces to be sure. I will copy one piece that was spoken. Here it is:

"God made man, and man made money;
God made bees, and bees made honey;
God made Satan, and Satan made sin;
God made a hole to put Satan in."

This was the last piece spoken. They asked me if these were not nice. "Certainly," I said, "they are;" but I thought differently. This started my friend to preaching to me. I listened to him and said nothing to him in his own house nor before his children, till his wife told one of his little girls to ask me to speak a piece. I begged to be excused, but no excuse would be accepted. So when I saw I had to speak, I told them I would speak the piece that Ella spoke, but I would speak it in my way. Here it is:

"Nature made man, and man made money;
Nature made bees, and bees made honey;
Man is the devil, and the devil is sin;
And THE TRUTH SEEKER is digging a hole to put the devil in."

This put a damper on the evening's enjoyment; so I left. The next morning I met my neighbor. He says, "Good morning, truth seeker" (this is the name my neighbors hav given me). I said, "How do you do?" Says he, "I am sorry you spoke that piece last night." "Why," says I. "Because one of my children asked me this morning if THE TRUTH SEEKER was another god!" I asked him what he told the child. He said it was Mr. Bigham's God. "Well, then," said I, "of the two gods mine is the best, and besides, I hope the piece I spoke last night will so work on your mind that you will become a subscriber to THE TRUTH SEEKER, and your eyes will be opened and you will then see how the preachers hav kept you in the dark."

My love and good wishes to all the Freethinkers in the land.

JAMES BIGHAM.

ALEXANDRIA STATION, March 18, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I hav traveled a great deal the last nine years, and THE TRUTH SEEKER has followed me everywhere. I was all through California in 1875. At that time THE TRUTH SEEKER was to be found only at one place in San Francisco, on Second street. I had a lot with me and left a few copies at Los Angeles, at Santa Barbara, Lagraciosa, San Luis Obispo, and all along the coast. At Milwaukee also I only found it in one place. Now I see it is all over, and I rejoice in the thought that I may hav co-operated a little in its success, and I intend to keep on helping all I can, but at present I am in a dry field. Giv me an intelligent man or woman unfettered just enough to read THE TRUTH SEEKER and I guarantee salvation. There is intelligence enough here, but the other condition is lacking, yet I find a few brave enough to dare open their eyes and examin, and those I hav got pretty well enlightened. I can never cease thanking all the Liberal papers,

particularly the king of reform, THE TRUTH SEEKER, for the great improvement I see going on all around from day to day.

Before I close I must relate a little anecdote. My wife is French and does not speak very good English, though she understands it well. When I came here a year ago she remained at Mooers, N. Y., about eight months. The minister, who had not dared tackle me during the two years I lived there, called on my wife with some of the neighbors to present him. He talked religion to her an hour or two and tried to get her to join him in a prayer, but she told him she never prayed and would hav no praying done in the house. In the course of his pious conversation he spoke of the sweet by and by where strife and troubles are no more. He also alluded to the other place and its head manager, Reverend Lucifer. Mrs. Laperche asked him who created the devil. "God, of course," was the reply. "And what did he make him for?" was the next question. "Oh," says his reverence, "he was once an angel in heaven, and he, or they (as there was several of them), rebelled against God, and he then made hades and precipitated them therein." "Oh," says Mrs. Laperche, "there was once a row in heaven! What guarantee hav you that such a thing will not recur? Hav they abolished the sale of liquor there since? Let me go back into the earth. I am sure there will be no row there!" The man of God retired thanking the Lord that she had not more English, as his position might hav been critical in the presence of two or three of his docile sisters.

Yours ever and forever, I hope, in the good work of U. M. L.,
CHARLES LAPE HE.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., March 16, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Find cash inclosed for one dozen of Remsburg's "False Claims," and one copy of the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL. I am happy to inform you that the good work is going on here bravely. We are going to build a $30,000 Liberal church in this city this summer. In spite of revivals, salvation parades, and all, the Liberals are gaining ground every day. O. H. RICHMOND.

LANARK, ARK., March 31, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed you will find $1.25, for which you will please continue THE TRUTH SEEKER. For the 25 cents please send me the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL. I must hav the ANNUAL. I intend to make it do missionary work, for at last I hav got several to read THE TRUTH SEEKER. In a short time I will remit in full. I don't want you to stop the paper. I like it better than any paper I ever read, and I am now sixty-two years old. I hav them all bound, making seventeen volumes.

T. H. MONTGOMERY.

VERONA, PA., March 18, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: We are happy to see in this week's TRUTH SEEKER the noble stand you take in defying the board of trustees with respect to our Bennett monument and inscriptions. You hav done the right thing, and we hope every reader of Mr. Bennett's noble paper, THE TRUTH SEEKER, will try and contribute some little toward defraying the debt that is left, and we hope those who hav not sent anything will do so at once, and let the world see that Infidels are prompt to pay their just debts. Yours truly, WM. FRAY.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., April 7, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I hav read Mr. Prichard's letter in THE TRUTH SEEKER of April 5th, and it appears to me that there is a good opening for Liberals, and they should avail themselvs of this opportunity. It seems rather discouraging for one to start alone, and as there may be others like myself, who are somewhat timid about starting alone, I would suggest that a party be formed and we set forth at an early date.

If this suggestion meets the approbation of any I would be pleased to hear from them through the columns of THE TRUTH SEEKER, or by private letters. S. L. DANA.

FABIUS, N. Y., April 7, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed stamps for two TRUTH SEEKER ANNUALS. We are more than delighted with the Children's Corner, and feel like sending many thanks to that good old man, J. Hacker, for first urging the introduction of such a department. Many thanks to the editor for the publication. Love and thanks to Susan H. Wixon for editing it.

We also thank you for the department in your paper devoted to "Letters from Friends." One seems to meet their personal friends there. It is so social like, just as good as a class-meeting. In fact, we are thankful for THE TRUTH SEEKER from the first page to the last page. HELEN M. S. BILLINGS.

EL MONTE, CAL., March 30, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $2 35, for which please send me the following list of your eye-opening and mind-convincing Liberal gospel tracts: TRUTH SEEKER ALMANAC, "Crimes of Preachers," "False Claims," "Crimes and Cruelties of Christianity," "Materialism and Crime," "Scientific Materialism," "Christianity and Materialism," and "John's Way." I want to scatter them among the flock. May be the mental food dealt out to them by the above shepherds of freedom will satisfy their spiritual appetites, when they know what kind of sheep in wolves' clothing their bell-wethers are. I hav been a reader of your paper for nine years.

Yours for liberty, J. E. CLARKE.

STERLING, ILL., March 21, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I hav been a reader of your paper but a short time, but what I hav seen of it I like very much. In fact, such works as Col. Ingersoll's, Elliott Preston's, and those of many other writers, are worthy of perusal, and your paper abounds with their best.

If I could say anything new in regard to the Bible, I would with pleasure, but wiser heads should come first in all things, especially in great things. I find it necessary to remove from Rock Falls to New Windsor, Ill., and consequently would like to hav my paper forwarded to New Windsor. There are many Liberal men in that town, and they are the leading citizens. I never saw half so many dishonest Liberals as I hav Christian men. I would take a Liberal's word in preference to a Christian's every time where dollars and cents are concerned. My creed is do to others as you would hav them do to you, do as near right as you know how, and if there is such a thing as a God he will reward accordingly, or I do not want to associate with him. If I do right, yet do not believe the Bible, and God should send me to hell, I would willingly go to avoid the fiend or monster, and keep such company as is fit for a gentleman.

C. ENDERTON.

EAGLE CREEK, OR., March 20, 284.

MR. EDITOR: I am sorry I hav to inform you of the death of our old friend and neighbor, Philip Foster, one of the oldest pioneers of Oregon. He died March 17th. He was born in the state of Maine, Jan. 29, 1805. We celebrated the day with toasts and a good supper. He said a few words in praise of the author-hero that brought the tear to my eye. He was also a great admirer of D. M. Bennett, and had taken THE TRUTH SEEKER from the very first number. There was a large attendance at the funeral, but for the want of a York or an Ingersoll little or nothing was said at the grave.

I will inclose in this three dollars to pay for the paper.

Yours fraternally, HENRY MCELSANDER.

LAKE CITY, PA., March 14, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $1, for which send me five copies of Paine's "Age of Reason." I want them for missionary work. I find them, with Remsburg's speech, the best missionary works I can get. I hav nine, all out at the present time. I can get people to read Paine's "Age of Reason," when they find out he believed in a God, that will not read anything else. And when that is once read the mind of almost any man is pretty sure to keep marching on.

I see that good, pure man, Elliott Preston, still livs and works in behalf of the poor dumb creatures of creation. I think the murderer that strikes his victim dead at a single blow a gentleman by the side of the vivisector or any man that will uphold him. If all people were like me, vivisection would come to an end within twenty-four hours. How anyone can believe in a personal God after reading of all the horrors of vivisection is more than I can tell. A God that would not strike the criminal dead would be worse than ten thousand devils boiled into one. The man or woman that will inflict needless pain has all the contempt I am capable of bestowing upon them. I only wish they could see themselvs as good, kind people see them.

Well now, dear Eugene, with best regards for yourself and THE TRUTH SEEKER family, I am,

Kindly yours, J. K. TOMPKINS.

PITTSBURGH, March 17, 1884.

MR EDITOR: Find inclosed $1.25, for which send me a copy of your almanac. The remainder you may add to the monument fund, with a hope that the trifling sum needed will soon be raised. I only contribute to a something that will stand for years with the glorious and brilliant truths engraved thereon, serving as an index to point out the pure light of truth, which I hope will shine out brighter and brighter until all people shall be enlightened and lifted out of the mire of superstition and ignorance, and be able to make themselvs free and independent beings, governed by no creed or orthodox religion, which by its cloak of hypocrisy is only a blinding street leading them further and further away from the lights of truth contained in all nature. I hope for the rapid advancement of Freethought and truth, and I feel proud to be able to say that the Liberal element of this city hav not been sleeping these past few years; they are growing stronger in numbers and power. And I hope the time is not far distant when I shall see them meet in an elegant hall of their own, dedicated to the true and noble cause they advocate.

I would feel pleased to see a more extended circulation of your valuable paper, which is a power in itself to enlighten the masses who are groping after truth under the dark shadow of the church. Every true Liberal should see that their paper is read by one or more of their friends. It will work itself into every household, and thus secure thousands of supporters to this only true and good cause. With my best wishes for your continual success, H. H. TIMBY.

FORT SULLY, D. T., March 11, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I am rather late with my order to renew, but I'll get there at the eleventh hour, anyway. Please find inclosed $5, $3 of which apply to my subscription; 50 cents for trial subscriber; 25 cents for TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL; 25 cents for "Godly Women of the Bible;" and 50 cents for Paine's "Age of Reason." For nearly three years THE TRUTH SEEKER has been a source of pleasure to me, and, from the appearance of things, is doing good work wherever found by any sensible man. I hav struck a corner at last where your valuable paper finds goods soil, and you may reap at some future time from the good seed planted in your columns. Sully is located on the eastern bank of the Missouri. Company 4 of the 11th U. S. Infantry are stationed here, and, of course, couldn't get along without a chaplain; but if you could see the enthusiasm and interest taken in preaching you would change your mind immediately. I hav searched the post library through, but can't find much Liberal reading in it. I am at a loss to know what good is derived from preaching to a soldier; far better the money should be appropriated toward better pay or more rations. I am not wearing the blue myself; at times I wear government socks. I am, therefore, disinterested as far as pay is concerned; it is anything but fair for a man (a soldier), some with families, to work for thirteen dollars per month, come to the scratch whether or no, obey orders, no matter of what nature; while, on the other hand, a post chaplain ranges in salary with a captain; and what is he doing? Doing nothing, except talk about two hours a week on a subject that hardly anybody cares about. I would like to see some of our leading Liberals take a turn in Dakota this coming season, and see who is in this neck of the woods. My only trouble in the Liberal cause is a lack of proper command of the English language, that I might more readily handle the arguments so often brought against me. Most of my countrymen here are of the same opinion, and it matters not whether German or English,

"Es ist kein faden so fein gesponnen
Er kommt doch endlichan die sonnen,"

truth will prevail.

Your for universal mental liberty, FRED GARING.

OPEN LETTER TO MARY V. CARPENTER.

SNOWVILLE, VA., April 6, 284.

FRIEND MARY: If life were as much of a tragedy as thee seems to think it to be, few would cling to it as earnestly as they now do. The very fact that we prize and value life shows that it is enjoyed and loved. I do not deny that there is sickness, sorrow, sin, and crime; floods, cyclones, wars, shipwrecks, and all manner of disasters; but, taking the race as a whole, these are only as mere spots upon the surface of the sun. I am talking about *what is*. I do not attempt to sophistically deny that men suffer. It is only too self-evident. But I claim that nine-tenths, if not ninety-nine-one-hundredths, of human life is spent in comfort and comparativ happiness. Will thee deny that thee has nine hours of peace and pleasure where thee has one of trouble and unhappiness, or nine hours of health where thee has one of sickness? Look around upon thy home neighbors—can thee not find nine who are joyful, happy, hopeful, and contented where there is one who is the reverse? If thee cannot, *I can*.

Only a few days ago a man was telling me that he believed that very few were satisfied with their lot as married people, and that most of the married ones were disappointed, discontented, and unhappy, and would gladly unmarry and try again. I said, "Well, we will run over the town mentally and see." We took them house by house, and could not place a finger on one couple that we really thought would care to unmarry if they could, and I am positiv not one in ten would be as happy with another wife as they would be with their own—especially those who hav lived together for years and grown accustomed to each other's idiosyncrasies. No doubt thee has read in the old school-books of the prayer made to Jupiter that the people might bring all their afflictions and cast them into a pile and then each one exchange his for that of some other man. And then when they had tried their new afflictions a day or two they all desired to take back the old one again, and how rejoiced they were to be back again into the same old ruts. It is just so with us now. We are continually making our lamentations over the sorrows and misfortunes of our own race, and forgetting the joys and blisses that are so abundant the compensations that are so plentiful. I know when I hav had a severe attack of toothache, sick headache, or neuralgia—the feeling of rest, peace, and content, of self-gratulation and exaltation that I feel after all is over is almost worth the suffering endured to obtain it.

Thee says, "Life is painless because natural." And is not death natural also? What is death but a simple going to sleep? Many die in sleep and feel no change. I hav seen the grandparent, the parent, and the little child die, but I've never seen any evidence that death is painful. One severe attack of sick headache is more painful than a dozen ordinary deaths. The best physicians will tell thee that in a majority of deaths there is no pain, and no sensation even.

It is only too true that none of us are as well born, well reared, and well lived as we might be, but the nearer we reach these desirabilities the more health and consequently happiness will be insured us. No, I hav never died, but we hav the testimony of hundreds who hav died to all intents and purposes, been drowned, frozen, hanged, shot, and stabbed, and finally brought back to life, and a majority say that dying was comparativly painless, but the coming back to life was the hard struggle.

I don't understand why, if thy life has been so miserable, and thee believes that of the whole race is equally so, thee should cling to a belief in and desire a perpetuation of it after death ends all. Thee will take thyself along, and if so unhappy here how can thee hope to be better off in a beyond? There cannot be a life anywhere that is exempt from the sufferings, sins, sorrows, and crimes incident to humanity. We may lessen them, we may eradicate a few of them, but some of the old ones will remain, and many new ones will come.

We dread death just as we dread old age. We prize youth, health, strength, vigor, and vim. We would like to keep them and to liv forever in the prime of them all. But this wish will not create its fulfilment. Hence my motto is, One world at a time, and enjoy it in its fulness. Be useful, good, temperate, kind, and benevolent. Seek the sunshine and liv in its beams. Carry a glad heart and a cheerful countenance. Thee will shed happiness all around thee and make thy presence a harbinger of joy to those who are so favored as to be with thee.

There are croakers enough, and we need more hopeful, grateful, generous, whole-souled people. We need more who seek for the bright side of life, more who realize that happiness is the normal condition of all organized beings. Health is normal, sickness is abnormal. To hope is normal, to despair abnormal.

Try it again, Mary, and write when some wave of sunshine floods thy life, and see if thee cannot tell us a more cheerful story.

"Though the eye may be dimmed with its grief-drop awhile,
And the whitened lip sigh forth its fear,
Yet pensiv indeed is the face where the smile
Is not oftener seen than the tear.

"There are times when the storm-gusts may rattle around,
And spots where the poison shrub grows,
But are there not times when nought else can be found
But the south wind, the sunshine, and rose?"

ELMINA.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"His life is long whose work is well,
And be his station low or high,
He who the most good works can tell,
Lives longest though he soonest die."

Ali's Punishment.

Ali Ben Achmet, from his tent,
Looked out upon the firmament.

He saw the wonder of the skies.
And watched the pallid moon arise,

And mused upon the promis made
By Allah's angel, fire-arrayed,

Who in a dream, long years ago,
Had spoken to him, soft and low:

"Thy deeds of good hav won this grace,
That some day thou shalt see my face.

"Ask not when this reward shall be,
But some day I will come to thee;

"Be ready to receive, therefore,
Great Allah's angel at thy door."

Long years had passed o'er Ali's head
Since first those words of hope were said;

But every night before his door
Ali had placed from out his store

Half his supply of dates and bread,
And milk and pomegranates red,

And watched to guard them from the clutch
Of hungry hand's profaning touch.

"Touch not," he said; "these things are stored
To wait the angel of the Lord."

And as he sat and prayed that night
The angel came in glory bright,

Ali fell low upon his face:
"Allah, I thank thee for this grace."

Then, rising, to his door he went:
"Enter, I pray thee, thy servant's tent."

"Nay," said his guest, "I go not in
The tent of one defiled by sin!"

Poor Ali stood in sore surprise:
"Is my life sinful in thine eyes?"

"Hav I not given all my days
To Allah's love and Allah's praise?

"See here, where lies the wasted sum,
Of food laid by lest thou shouldst come."

"There," said the angel, "lies thy sin
Forbidding me to enter in.

"For how shall I take joy in food
That did no human being good?

"The sick and poor whom thou'st denied,
The hungry, who still hungry died,

"These hadst thou fed with what I see,
The gift would hav been made to me."

Ali Ben Achmet bent his head;
"Allah hath punished pride," he said.

—*Selected.*

The Human Hand.

The haud is a servant of the brain. It is composed of twenty-seven bones, arranged in three groups. The wrist, called in anatomy the carpus, has eight bones; the middle, or palm of the hand, is called the metacarpus, and consists of five bones, while the fingers, or phalanges, hav, as you can readily perceive, three bones each; the thumb, however, has but two. This part of the human body is symmetrically and beautifully made, and is gracefully adapted to the work required of it.

The brain directs, the hand performs, and it has elaborated many inventions, worked out many problems, built houses, palaces, manufactories, stately ships, noble academies, halls of state, and grand mausoleums for the dead It has reared obelisks and sphinxes that still remain impenetrable and unreadable, firm and enduring, after the lapse of centuries unknown, while their founders hav long ago faded into dust. Elegant works of art, dainty garments, sculptured forms of beauty, and canvas glowing with loveliness, are brought into being by the human hand. The products of earth, of animal and insect, are deftly woven by the hand into fabrics of cotton, wool, and silk.

The hand of Franklin brought the lightning from the clouds and made it minister to the necessities of man. The hand of Morse "put a girdle round the earth," and made all nations talk together. Edison annihilated space, united towns and cities by word of mouth, and changed dark night to instantaneous brilliancy and beauty by his electric light. Away back in the past the hand of Gutenburg lifted the veil of ignorance, and made knowledge possible to all by means of "the art preservativ of arts."

Thus might we go on relating the work of the human hand, how it has measured distances lifted the eyes to behold the wonders and grandeur of starry world in all their magnificence and greatness; floated ships on all seas, and compelled the earth to yield of its abundance, wresting from its grasp its gold, its silver and precious metals, and all would but increase our respect for this deft symbol of the power that guides and directs it.

We often hear of soft, white hands, of hard, brown hands, of handsome hands, and so on, but whether black and smutty, dirt-stained or of lily fairness, the hand that performs the good deed, that helps the unfortunate and distressed, that relieves the wants of the poor and needy, that ministers to the sick and weary; in short, the *useful* hand, is the one that is most beautiful to us.

The hand we do not like, no matter how fair soft, and white, it may be, is the idle, useless hand, that shrinks from honest toil; the hand that stealthily takes that which is not its own; that is raised to strike another; that does mischief; that is employed at the gaming table; that holds to its owner's lips, or to the lips of another, the wine cup, in whose dregs lurk danger, disease, crime, ruin, death—such hands we do not like.

Many noble deeds of which the world never hears are performed by those who pursue their quiet way, unconscious that they bear the insignia of heroes and benefactors.

In the city of Boston, in an upper chamber of a fine brick edifice, there is, to-day, a gentleman who possesses singularly beautiful and shapely hands, but the right hand is lame and weak. It became so in this way: Years ago he was passing along a street in the populous city where he resides, when all at once he observed a little child toddling along, and almost beneath the feet of a wild-eyed, infuriated horse. At the imminent risk of his own life, he snatched the child from the mad animal's path and rescued it from the jaws of death. The child was taken into a store near by, and its rescuer went on his way with a sprained and aching wrist, which was useless to him for many weeks afterward, and the original strength of which has never been fully regained, and never will be. The kind-hearted stranger never knew even the name of the child that he saved from death, but the lame hand is a perpetual reminder of the incident. He does not mind, however, the inconvenience arising from a weak and injured hand, for that hand saved a human life. This gentleman has performed many good and gracious deeds of benevolence and kindness, which, if they were all changed to stars, and woven into diadems, would crown him with glory and light all his way on the journey through this world.

On one occasion he visited a poor man who had been sick a long time. Sickness and poverty denied the feeble one many comforts and necessities. A well-meaning, kind-hearted gentleman was praying at the bedside when our friend entered. When the prayer was finished, and it was a good, loving, heartfelt prayer, and when, with many kind wishes, the gentleman had taken his departure, our friend stepped to the bed, and said: "You hav had a good prayer, and instead of my offering another I will giv you this little tract. It will get you medicin or something to make you comfortable. When I come again I will bring more," and he handed the sick man a five-dollar bill The smile and glad tears that illuminated the face of the sufferer were worth many times the amount bestowed.

So should our hands be trained to perform good and noble deeds, and when at last we rest from our labors, those who survive us may say as they caress our then still pale hands, "These hands were employed in useful labors, in doing good, and only good, to all the world." For a good deed is never lost; it radiates far and near, its influence is wide, its value priceless.

Nine-Block Squares.

H	A	F
C	E	G
D	I	B

If the numbers arising from the successiv additions of a constant addend be written in a nine-block square in the order of the letters A, B, C, etc., as shown in the diagram, the sum of each of the columns and horizontal and diagonal lines will be the same. If you count by *ones*, and put 1 for A, B will be 2, and so on. If A be 2, then B must be 3, etc. If you use the count by *threes*, and put 1 for A, B must be 4, C 7, etc. You can put any whole number for A, but the next in the count must be in B, and the next in C, etc. Strange as it may seem, this is no *magic*, but follows a precise mathematical law. There are no miracles. All things can be accounted for if we only know how. The law, of which I hav presented a few features only, admits of a more general expression, and is extended to embrace the squares of all odd numbers, however large. It admits, too, of the most rigid demonstration. The youths of this Corner will obtain "cumulativ proof" of what I say from every additional square that they make from this formula, but there is a general and conclusiv method of demonstration that is much more satisfactory. This is perhaps as hard as I ought to make it, and I shall not hav anything now to say of the "zig-zag method of elimination in algebraic epuations." I will close by presenting you with a diagramatic formula for a twenty-five-block square that can be filled out according to the directions for the nine-block square. There is scarcely a limit to the different squares you may thus form.

Q	X	A	H	O
W	E	G	N	P
D	F	M	T	V
J	L	S	U	C
K	R	Y	B	I

Irwin, Iowa. J. K. P. BAKER.

Our Puzzle Box.

1

ENIGMA.

In turtle, not in fish;
In horse, not in cow;
In mice, not in rats;
In sheep, not in hog;
In white, not in black;
In orange, not in apple;
In territory, not in state;
In volume, not in book;
In old, not in young;
My whole is composed of two words.

Patch Grove, Wis. DAISY HUMPHREY.

2.

CROSSWORD.

In apples, peaches, and pears;
In excursions, entertainments, and fairs;
In night, bright, and light;
In see, saw, and sight;
In tin, metal, and stone;
In coal, wood, and bone;
In fight, battle, and stripe;
In live, love, and life;
In men, women, and wife;
My whole was a great philosopher.

Newburgh, N. Y. R. O. BERT.

3.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. To stroll.
2. Abundance.
3. To lower.
4. Dissolves.
5. To hug.

San Francisco, Cal. J. A. H.

4.

COMPOUND ACROSTIC.

1. Woven.
2. A German city.
3. Indirect.
4. A souvenir.
5. A village famous through William Tell.
6. A cross in the form of an X.
7. To share.
8. A state.
9. Iniquity.
10. The Italian name for Pope Pius IX.
11. Oriental.

Primals, a noted author.
Finals, one of his works.

Newburgh, N. Y. R. O. BERT.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER, APRIL 5, 1884.

1. As soon as we think about these urchins being the thumbs and fingers, all is plain. The helmet is a thimble, the ring for engagement, and the "second hand family" follows the first hand, right or left.
2. Lamp.
3. Ben Butler.

Solvers.—Anna Mahara, Daisy Humphrey.

Correspondence.

CHARLES CITY, IA., April 3, 1884.

MISS WIXON, *Dear Friend:* We take THE TRUTH SEEKER, and I think it is the best paper in the universe. I read it through each week, commencing with the Children's Corner.

I hav solved some of the puzzles and I thought I would write to you and giv the answers.

I hav read the last lecture of Col. Ingersoll's entitled "Orthodoxy," and think it is splendid.

Your sincere friend, ANNA MAHARA.

"Handsome Is That Handsome Does."

It was Saturday afternoon, and all the boys had congregated, as was their custom, in Mr. Lindell s barn. They were stretched in every attitude on the hay, and Tommy Dunn was lying in a very dangerous and therefore very delightful position on one of the big beams.

"What are you going to do when you get to be a man?" inquired Tommy, as he gazed at the family of swallows that had made their nest in the ridge of the old barn.

"I suppose I'll help father run the place," replied Jimmy, soberly.

"I'm going to keep store," announced Eb Parsons, who was in the habit of making the most advantageous "swaps" of any boy in school.

Many of the boys had no clear idea of what they were going to do; but all were surprised when Tommy announced, boldly, "I'm going to be a circus rider."

Several had longings to become lawyers or physicians, but none had hoped to become one of those gorgeous gentlemen in pink tights and spangled trunks who had appeared in the circus which was in town the week before.

"But father says that a circus actor has to begin to practice when he is a boy," objected Jimmy.

"Of course," agreed Tom. "I practice every day."

"On what?" asked Jimmy, with a sly smile; for he knew well that Mr. Dunn would never allow Tom to drive his team, much less practice circus acts on their backs.

"Well, I havn't tried a horse, so far," Tom admitted; "but," he added, regaining his composure, "I swing on a trapeze and jump over boxes almost every day."

"Guess you'd find a difference if you tried a real horse," remarked Eb Parsons.

"Say, Jimmy, couldn't you get one of your father's colts to let me hav a try on?" asked Tom.

"I don't know; I'll ask him," said Jimmy.

He went to look for his father, and found him directing some men who were building a wall.

"Father, can we hav the colts to ride a little while?"

"The colts!" answered his father; "why, my boy, they are not broken yet. Take old Jack."

"But old Jack looks so bad," objected Jimmy.

"Handsome is that handsome does, Jimmy; and old Jack will do better by you than the colts would."

Jimmy went back to the barn not at all satisfied.

"Father says we can hav old Jack."

"Old Jack!" exclaimed Tommy; "a pretty circus horse he would make!"

"He looks more like a horse than your dry goods box that you hav been practicing on."

"Well, I suppose if we can't hav what we want, we've got to take what we can get," muttered Tom.

Accordingly the horse was led out.

"He'd make a good subject for a horse-doctor," commented Joe Fisher. "You ought to put him on a package of horse liniment, and lable him 'Before using.'"

Meanwhile, the boys were busily engaged in clearing the barn floor, and putting up a rope to make the ring. At last it was finished. Tom dropped from his perch on the beam on to the horse's back, and losing his hold, slid down on the floor.

"He's got a slippery back anyhow," Tom remarked, as he climbed on a manger in order to mount again.

Jack stood perfectly still, surprised, no doubt, by these strange proceedings, but evidently haying a clear idea that his first business was not to hurt the boys.

"Stand on his back," urged one.

"Stand on your head the way the circus man did."

The latter seemed the most difficult, and consequently the most attractiv to Tom's disposition. He scrambled up, and after several unsuccessful efforts, finally succeeded in balancing himself on his hands. The boys were in a fever of excitement.

"Start the horse," urged two or three, and before Tom could let himself down, Jack had taken a step forward in obedience to some one's order to "G lang."

It was only one step, but that was enough to make Tom lose his balance, and fall heavily to the floor. Jack stood perfectly still, and allowed the boys to drag Tom, who was stunned by the fall, from between his feet.

Fortunately Tom was not seriously injured, but it cured him of all desire to be a circus rider. When he told his father about the accident, he finished the story with:

"And if old Jack hadn't had more sense than all of us boys put together, I'd hav been killed. 'Handsome is that handsome does,' Mr. Lindell says, and old Jack must be a beauty, for he certainly acted handsomely by me."—*Allan Forman in Harper's Young People.*

Agents for The Truth Seeker.

JAMES ASHMAN, Salt Lake City, Utah.
J. F. BURR, 449 Main street, Hartford, Ct.
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Liberal Meetings.

[Leagues and Liberal and Spiritualistic Societies in the United States and Canada meeting regularly, can have notices of their meetings published in this column free if the officers will send them to us.]

MICHIGAN.

MUSKEGON.—The Liberal League meets every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock in the German Odd Fellows' Hall, corner of Western ave. and Terrace st.

OHIO.

CLEVELAND.—The Liberal League meets every Sunday afternoon at 3 P.M., in the hall on the corner of Ontario and Bolivar streets. Exercises—lectures and discussion.

WISCONSIN.

MILWAUKEE.—The Milwaukee Liberal League meets every Sunday evening at Fraternity Hall. 216 Grand avenue.—Exercises: Lectures, Criticisms, and Music.—Admission free.

MAINE.

PORTLAND.—Dr. H. A. Lamb has hired Congress Hall, Congress street (entrance on Temple street), where free meetings, lectures, and discussions are held every Sunday, 2:30 P.M. Admittance free. Public invited.

OREGON.

☞ PORTLAND.—The American Liberal League of Portland, Or., holds meetings every Sunday, at 2 o'clock, P.M., at Nonpareil Hall, cor. 1st and Madison streets. All are invited. Admission free.

MASSACHUSETTS.

BOSTON.—Boston Liberal Club holds meetings for essays and criticisms every Sunday forenoon at 10:45 in the Paine Memorial Building, Appleton street.——The "Society of the Divine Homo" at same place every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Sunday-school at 2:30. Admission free.

PENNSYLVANIA.

ALTOONA.—The League holds meetings every Wednesday evening and Sundays at 3 P.M., at the League Room, corner of Eleventh ave. and 13th st., third floor, entrance on 13th st.

PHILADELPHIA.—The Friendship Liberal League meets every Sunday at Hancock Hall, 814 Girard avenue, at 2:30 o'clock, and 7:30 o'clock, P.M., for lectures and free debates. THE TRUTH SEEKER and Liberal books for sale.

PITTSBURGH.—Pittsburgh Liberal League meets at Maltby Hall, 76 Fifth avenue, every Sunday (except during the Months of July and August) at 3 o'clock. A free platform is maintained. Exercises consist of a lecture, followed by 10 minute criticisms, with 15 minutes allowed the lecturer to reply. Clergymen invited to discuss.

NEW JERSEY.

NEWARK.—Newark Liberal League meets every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the League's Hall, 177 Halsey street. Exercises consist of music, readings, lecture, and discussion, in which all present are invited to participate. Admission free. Collection taken. Communications for the League should be addressed to J. W. Frankel, 10 Pine street, Newark.

CANADA.

TORONTO.—Secular Society. Reading and Lecture Rooms, No. 9 Grand Opera House. Open every evening and Sundays. Lecture every Sunday evening. Freethinkers and strangers are cordially invited.

MONTREAL.—Pioneer Freethought Club meets every Sunday at 3 P.M., at 1310 Catharine street. Reading-room open daily until 10:30 P.M. Library open for exchange of books three evenings per week, and on Sunday afternoons. Free public lectures on Sundays as advertised in local newspapers. Strangers always welcome. G. S. Wilson President, M. O'B. Ward, M.D., Secretary.

NEW YORK.

ALBANY.—The Liberal association meets every Sunday at Van Vechten Hall, 119 State street. Sunday-school at 2 P.M. General business meeting and debates and discussions at 3 P.M. Lecture at 7:30 P.M. The public are cordially invited to attend, also all Liberals visiting the city. Admission free.

NEW YORK CITY.—The Manhattan Liberal Club meets every Friday evening at 8 o'clock, for a lecture and discussion, at German Masonic Temple, 220 East 15th street. Admission 5 cents. Monthly cards 20 cents. Membership fee $3.——The American Spiritualist Alliance meets every Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock in Republican Hall, 55 West 33d street.——The First Society of Spiritualists holds its meetings every Sunday in Republican Hall, 55 West 33d street. Morning service 11 o'clock; evening, 7:45. Seats free. Public cordially invited.——Frobisher College Hall, 23 East 14th street, near Broadway. The People's Spiritual Meeting every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 P.M.

BROOKLYN.—The Brooklyn Spiritual Society meets at Conservatory Hall, cor. of Fulton street and Bedford avenue, every Sunday. Services at 11 A.M. and 7:45 P.M. Admission free. Public cordially invited. Liberal and Spiritual papers and books for sale.——The Everett Hall Spiritual Conference, 398 Fulton street, meets every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. Meetings free. Spiritual literature for sale.——The Eastern District Spiritual Conference meets every Monday evening at Composite Room, 4th street, corner of south 2d street, at 7:45. Spiritual and Liberal literature on sale. All invited.—— The Philosophical Association meets every Sunday afternoon in the Assembly Room of Wright's Business College, Broadway, corner of Fourth street, E. D., at 3 P.M. Public cordially invited. Doors open at 2:30 P.M.

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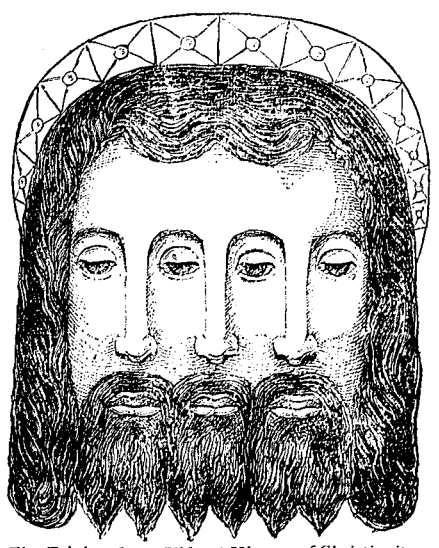
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The Cry of Labor.

We are the hewers and delvers who toil for another's gain,
The common clods and the rabble, stunted of brow and brain.
What do we want, the gleaners, of the harvest we hav reaped?
What do we want, the neuters, of the honey we hav heaped?

We want the drones to be driven away from our golden hoard;
We want to share in the harvest; we want to sit at the board;
We want what sword or suffrage has never yet won for man,
The fruits of his toil, that were promised, when the curse of toil began.

What matter if king or consul, or president holds the rein,
If crime and poverty ever be links in the bondman's chain?
What careth the burden-bearer that liberty packed his load,
If hunger presseth behind him with a sharp and ready goad?

Ye hav shorn and bound the Samson, and robbed him of learning's light;
But his sluggish brain is moving; his sinews hav all their might.
Look well to your gates of Gaza, your privilege, pride, and caste!
The giant is blind and thinking, and his locks are growing fast.

—*Jeffrey Roche.*

Stray Scraps.

"Henry Ward Beecher said in Denver not long ago that Adam never fell, that he began at the bottom, and if he fell at all he fell up" (TRUTH SEEKER, March 8th.)

Beecher stole that from Freethinkers. That saying was current among us Liberals twenty-five years ago. Henry Ward will hav to try again to get ahead of us unbelievers.

I admire John Peck's writings, but does he mean to be understood (see TRUTH SEEKER of March 29th) by "There are many passages in Genesis which I could not recommend to the perusal of any ladies except Sunday-school teachers," that he could recommend their perusal to gentlemen? If so, I disagree. That which is unfit for a lady to read is unfit for a gentleman. Pure women should be duplicated by pure men. Why should not the "Christian consent to hav his daughters associate with the lowest and most abandoned wretches," etc., as well as his sons? Why make a reservation of his sons? Let us not hav one rule for "ladies" and "daughters," and another for gentlemen and sons.

"Experiences of an Old Man," signed "J. R.," in March 29th, are very interesting. "Conversation above tittle-tattle or money making," as he complains, is very scarce, as my experience also proves, and anyone above that, in many localities, must put their thoughts upon paper or make a tomb of them in their own breasts. His "two daughters are religious bigots," and two of his three sons not much better. I know of several aged Liberals in the same predicament. How can the children of Liberals be preserved in the truth of their parents? Certainly not by sending them to Sunday-school in early youth to learn that which their parents had to unlearn in order to become good, common-sense Liberals.

ELLA E. GIBSON.

Barre, Mass., April 7, 284.

To Go or Not to Go.

Thus far I hav obtained the following contributions towards going to see and investigate spirit phenomena:

Francis D. Lacy,	(promised)	$25.00
J. W. Truesdell,	"	10.00
Dr. E B. Foote, Sr.,	(paid)	2.00
A friend,	"	2.00

It will not be safe for me to start till I am assured of sixty or seventy dollars, so I hope friends who are anxious for me to go will not delay in sending the needed funds. It will take money for board, for seances, and for incidentals. I make no private personal appeals, for I want no one to help who does not desire me to go.

Mr. Slenker says I need not think myself a D. M. Bennett, to be sent around the world. I will say I trust no one would fancy me conceited enough to think that, but if we cannot all be Bennetts we can be humble and earnest workers and try to emulate our noble hero in his efforts to spread the truth and make the world happier and better because we hav lived. ELMINA.

PROBABLY the longest funeral procession the world ever saw was that of Lieutenant De Long, the arctic explorer, which traversed over 11,000 miles by reindeer and horse sleds and by railroad and ocean transit, as this list indicates: Matveh, by reindeer sled, to Yakutsk, 800 miles; Yakutsk, by horse sled, to Irkutsk, 2,342; Irkutsk, by horse sled, to Krosnoyarsk, 670; Krosnoyarsk, by horse sled, to Tomsk, 367; Tomsk, by horse sled, to Omsk, 582; Omsk, by horse sled, to Orenburg, 1,000; Orenburg, by railroad, to Moscow (about), 900; Moscow, by railroad, to Hamburg, 1,300; Hamburg to New York (about), 3,000; total, 11,051.

Ingersoll versus Lambert.

Ingersoll. If matter is eternal and infinit, can a God exist?

Lambert. There cannot be two infinits—two eternals.

I. Can a God exist independent of a creator?

L. So the church teaches—and the church is infallible.

I. How do you positivly prove God's immateriality?

L. The church teaches it and it must be true.

I. Did God create himself and the Universe and all intelligences from nothing?

L. It is not a doctrin of Catholics that God created himself.

I. How do Catholics account for the existence of a God?

L. Because nothing can exist without a God.

I. How do Catholics know that the Universe cannot exist without a God?

L. Because the scriptures say that God created all things.

I. Is that all the proof Catholics hav to depend on?

L. The Bible the church and tradition are infallible.

I. Does God himself know *he* is *fallible*, and "repents" for making man?

L. You are a bold blasphemer and you will surely go to hell.

I. Must I be damned for using reason and common sense?

L. You will be damned for not believing and obeying the church.

I. Did God create a man from dust, and a woman from a bone?

L. The Bible teaches thus, and it must be true.

I. Did God know that the devil fell out of heaven?

L. For God's sake, Ingersoll, don't blaspheme your creator.

I. Did God always know that the devil will upset all his divine plans?

L. There you are—blaspheming again; do stop it.

I. Did God die to reconcile himself to himself and to sinful man?

L. Yes, indeed. That is just what God did do.

I. Does universal salvation prove universal ruin to all "unbelievers?"

L. Yes, sir. This is the doctrin of my infallible church.

I. Is Christ absolutely very and eternal God?

L. He is, sir, and you must believe this or be eternally damned!

I. Did God die to save all mankind from going to hades?

L. He did, but most all mankind will go to hell notwithstanding.

I. Did Christ's natural body of flesh, blood, and bones arise from the tomb?

L. Yes, sir. Otherwise there will be no resurrection of the dead to life again.

I. Is the virgin Mary truly the mother of God?

L. If you don't know that she is the mother of God, *you must be a natural fool!*

I. Do priests forgiv all sins?

L. They do forgiv all who are true penitents.

I. Is the church of Rome absolutely infallible?

L. The church is as infallible as God himself is.

I. How can God be infallible if he "repents," and his divine plans fail?

L. Mister Ingersoll, will you never stop blaspheming?

I. Does God know that the Catholic church, popes, and heretics, are as absolutely fallible as the angels who were turned out of heaven for rebelling, and then God changed them into devils who tempt and damn mankind?

L. Yes, God knew all about it—but none understand this mystery but holy priests!

I. Some little whiffets know that God must hav had a creator; that the sun or earth do not obey man's bidding, that man must be a child before he can be a man; that a dead child, dead man, and a dead God, never come to natural life again; that rivers never change to blood; that cattle do not die but *once;* that "water" never stood erect, upright, like a stone wall; that a man cannot liv an hour in a fish's belly; that fire always burns man—and no miracle can prevent it; that snakes and asses never talk foolishness, as little whiffet Lambert does.

The fact is, Lambert does know that Catholicism, with all its nunneries, mummeries, flummeries, bulls, boasting, bombast, bugbears, devils, hell, damnation, pardons, indulgences, domineering popes menacing liberty, and secretly maneuvering to usurp all temporal power, must be closely watched, or little Catholic whiffets will surely gain the ascendency in this free, model, confiding, secular government.

Americans are unconsciously fostering a system of mental slavery, retrogression, degradation, superstition, falsehood, persecution, disintegration, and certain ruin; and eternal vigilance is the only means of protecting and continuing the American Constitution and government from a sect whose church authority is above all earthly governments.

Liberty, independence, progress, prosperity, happiness, and peace depend upon firm, united opposition to the persevering encroachments and constant innovations of priestcraft in all its dreadful, horrid, gloomy forms.

Priests will hav idleness, luxuries, wine, and women secluded in cloisters under religious vows. Compared with those brothels, Infidelity is absolute purity. Catholicity has its secret nunneries and private debaucheries, but its "little whiffets" are forbidden to join secret associations under pain of excommunication and eternal damnation.

Catholicism was borrowed and born of paganism. It is heathenish, tyrannical, bloody, and murderous; our enemies themselvs (priests and escaped nuns) being judges. Yet Catholic "whiffets" still promulgate their infallibility, and continue their unholy practices. Lambert knows that Catholicism is fabulous in doctrins and wicked in practice; that it is unphilosophical, unnatural, unjust, unmerciful, and infinitly horrible, impossible, and false.

If God's little whiffet will prove Catholicism infallible, he will make the loudest barking and prove the greatest miracle that God Almighty ever performed with a little whiffet priest since time began.

This little whiffet's sophistry, impudence, insolence, brass, supreme braggadocio, and wonderful egotism surely "beat the Jews." The little whiffet has not, cannot, possibly prove Catholicism pure, perfect, and infallible. This little whiffet must bark louder next time.

We do not fancy or practice vituperation further than to "answer a fool according to his folly." All Catholics liv in glass houses, and they should try to avoid throwing stones.

Until God's little whiffet growls and barks loud enough to prove that God created himself and the universe and all intelligences from nothing, we leave God's little barking, growling, biting cur "alone in his glory."

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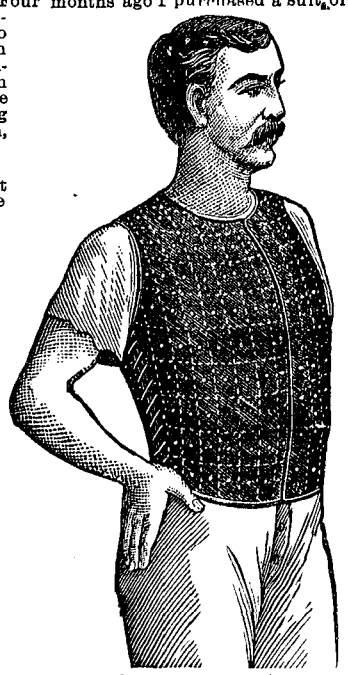
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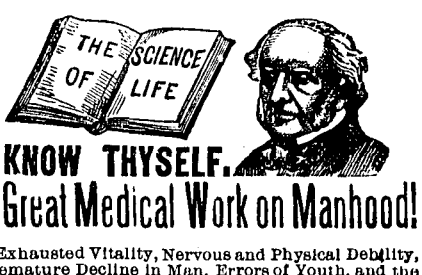
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GOOD deeds are as contaglous as the bad, and a good example from a wise man will help many to also perform good works. The more we see of kind and humane actions in others the more we wish to excel in the same ourselvs. If men could realize at all times the great influence which example exerts upon those younger, and with less powers of mind, they would be more circumspect and guarded, and would wield a much greater influence for good.—*D. M. Bennett.*

THE seeds of virtue are natural to our constitution and, were they suffered to come to maturity, they would naturally conduct us to a happy life; but now, as soon as we are born and received into this world, we are forthwith familiarized with all kinds of depravity and perversity of opinions; so that we may be said to suck in error almost with our nurse's milk. When we return to our parents, and are put into the hands of tutors and governors, we are imbued with so many errors that truth gives place to falsehood and nature herself to established opinions. —*Cicero.*

LET any fair-minded person read *The Light of Asia*, and note how similar the supernatural incidents are in many instances to the supernatural incidents of the New Testament narrations, and the conceit that Christianity is a supernatural religion, or the only one, must receive a magnificent rebuke. Here are supernatural incidents related so remarkably similar to those of the New Testament that, if the latter are accepted as so many facts, there is no reason why the former should not be accepted also, in which case we hav two supernatural religions on our hands. —*J. W. Chadwick.*

THE very aim and end of our institutions is just this: that we may think what we like and say what we think.—"Think what we like!" said the divinity student; "think what we like! What! against all authority, human and divine!" Against all human versions of its own or any other authority. At our own peril always, if we do not *like* the right—but not at the risk of being hanged and quartered for political heresy or broiled on green fagots for ecclesiastical treason. Nay, we hav got so far that the very word *heresy* has fallen into comparativ disuse among us. . . . When the common people of New England [and of all America] stop talking politics and theology, it will be because they hav got an emperor to teach them the one, and a pope to teach them the other!—*O. W. Holmes.*

THE truth cannot be burnt, beheaded, or crucified. A lie on the throne is a lie still, and truth in a dungeon is truth still. The lie on the throne is on the way to defeat, and the truth in the dungeon is on the way to victory. No accidents of position can change the essential nature of things, or the eternal laws which determin their destinies.—*Wm. McKinley.*

THE Talmud tells us a beautiful story about Hillel. A certain heathen, who probably wished to throw ridicule upon the numerous religious institutions and practices of the Jews, as consorting oddly with their doctrin of the unity of God, had gone to Shammai, the head of the opposit school to Hillel's, and told him that he wished to become a Jew and desired to receive instruction from him, but only on condition that the whole religious instruction of the Jews should be imparted to him while he could stand upon one leg. Shammai chased him from his door indignantly. The heathen was well enough pleased by this result, and went on to Hillel, expecting to make fun of him in the same way. "Good, my son!" answered the rabbi gently, "make ready and attend: Do not to others what you would not hav them do to you. This is the substance of the law; the rest is only its application."—*The Bible for Learners.*

RELIGION must lean to science to discover what is the method which the divine thought has followed, what hav been the processes by which it has evolved the order we now behold. All facts really established by science, religion must lean to science—nay, more, ought to welcome and incorporate into its own view of the universe, allowing them to modify that view in as far as this may be necessary. In refusing to do this, in looking with suspicion, if not with positiv hostility, on the fresh discoveries of each age, religous persons, since the days of Galilee downward, hav often erred and given just grounds for complaint to the advocates of science.—*Principal Shairp's Culture and Religion.*

A MAN should always hav these two rules in readiness: the one to do only whatever the reason of the ruling and legislating faculty may suggest for the use of men; the other to change thy opinion if there is any one at hand who sets thee right and moves thee from any opinions. But this change of opinion must proceed only from a certain persuasion, or of what is just or of common advantage, and the like, not because it appears pleasant or brings reputation.—*M. A. Antoninus.*

THERE is this difference between happiness and wisdom; he that thinks himself the happiest man is so, but he that thinks himself the wisest is generally the greatest fool.—*Colton's Lacon.*

REJOICE with them that do rejoice and weep with them that weep. Be of the same mind one toward another. Mind not high things but condescend to low estate. Be not wise in your own conceits. Recompense no man evil for evils. Provide things honest in the sight of all men. If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, liv peaceably with all men.—*Romans* xii, 15–17,

THE "Yankee" who has had the keenness to see the best in science, literature, and modes of living in every nation under the sun, and the readiness to appropriate them, will presently see the superiority of simplicity to pretension and will be able to adopt quiet manners and to turn his breath through his throat instead of through his nose as soon as he has leisure to attend to such minor matters.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

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Odds and Ends.

A LINEN shirt was first worn in England about the year 1250. There is a compositor in our office who has on that identical shirt.

A COLORED barber in Idaho has drawn the color line—he refuses to shave Indians. He evidently thinks himself better than the American government.

A CLERGYMAN who recently held service in Auburn prison preached from the text, "Go home to thy friends." His hearers were all willing, but couldn't seem to arrange it.

JOE HOXIE, referring to the bitterness of Southern ladies during the war, brought down the house by saying, "If the devil had been a woman, what a devil of a devil he would hav been!"

"Do you suppose eating angel-cake will make an angel of me?" asked a seraphic young lady of the worldly young man. "I've no doubt it will," he answered, "if you eat enough of it."

ADAM'S fall reached a long way. Adam and Eve were first placed in the Garden of Eden, where it was perpetual summer. When they sinned they were driven out into the cold world, and ever since that the sons of Adam hav had to pay $7 a ton for coal, and $500 apiece for sealskin sacks.

"Do you ever say your prayers?" inquired the old lady. "No'm. Don't never thay no pra'rs." "Dear me!" ejaculated the old lady in a shocked tone. "When you go to bed at night don't you pray to be taken care of until morning? Aren't you afraid something will happen to you if you don't?" "No; wot's de use. I ain't 'fraid o' nuffin. I thleep in de middle, I do."

"THERE'S a great fight in the Democratic party over the tariff question, Mr. Yager." "Vell, ouf dey got fight on dot question, meppy dem dramp der question oud." "It's a pretty hard thing to understand, the tariff. Can you explain the difference between a high and low tariff, Mr. Yager?" "To pee schure I oxblain dot. I don't peen no boliticals man, aber I know me dot. A high dariff him vas higher as a low dariff, und a low dariff him don't vas so high like a high dariff. Don'd you in der bapers some dings readt?"

SOME heartless wretch caught two cats, tied them by the tails, and flung them into the cellar of a Connecticut church. They kept pretty quiet until about the middle of the sermon, when they began to complain, and the pastor sternly remarked, "Will the choir please wait until its services are required?" And the choir denied making any noise, and finally, after long search, the sexton found and removed the cats. And everybody is laughing at the choir, and the way the members thereof are mad at the pastor goes ahead of the wrath of the maiden ladies who owned the cats.

"Do the girls' looks hav anything to do with the chances of securing a situation?" we asked the minister plenipotentiary of an employment bureau the other day. "Well, I should smile," was the reply of the guileless young man. "The prettier they are the better their opportunities?" "Not much. Now there's Mrs. Potiphar Brown, the minister's wife, just interviewing three damsels in the next room. Two are what you'd call pretty. The third's as homely as a hedge-fence, has a wart on her nose, a squint and tan freckles, and—" "You think the one with the tan freckles will—" "Take the cake, you bet. You don't get no airy fairy Lilian dumped down on the domestic hearth of the parsonage—not if Mrs. Potiphar Brown knows it."

"OF all the biblical characters," said Mr. Shinrack, putting aside the scriptures and addressing his interesting family, "I most admire David. Aside from being a great ruler, he was a poet, and a singer of great sweetness." "He was something like Andrew Johnson," replied the son, a young man whose career on the college play-ground has been spoken of in the highest terms. "Why like Andrew Johnson?" asked the father. "Because he was a tailor." "What, David a tailor?" "Yes, for the Bible says so," "The Bible says nothing of the kind." "Oh, yes, for don't you know that when Saul went into the cave David cut his garment?" After a few moments' silence, the father said to his wife: "There is an old horse-pistol somewhere up-stairs. Wish you'd bring it down."

"WHAT is the charge against this man?" asked an Arkansas judge as the prisoner was placed before him. "Killing an editor, your honor." "H'm, was the editor a resident of the state?" "Yes, your honor." "What hav you to say, prisoner, concerning this very serious charge? Are you guilty or not guilty?" "Guilty, your honor; I murdered him in cold blood." "Well," said the judge, "there is nothing left for me to do but to sentence you. The crime of murder in this state is becoming much too common. You are charged with killing an Arkansas editor, to which charge you plead guilty?" "Yes, your honor, I do; and I don't care if it costs me $50." "Prisoner," responded the judge solemnly, "you are fined $200, and stand committed until the amount is paid." The prisoner then swooned away.

THE operators at the telegraph headquarters in the Blackford block hav been much annoyed by repeated delays in forwarding telegrams from the branch office at the Union depot. One day last week Sheeney Ike approached the chief operator with a telegram in his hand, and a mingled expression of indignation on his honest Semitic features. "Mr. Langhorn, here is a telegram that must hav been delayed at the depot office for over eighteen hundred years." "What do you mean?" "Well, if you don't believe it, read it!" Mr. Langhorn read the dispatch, which was as follows:

"PALESTINE, April 14th.

"J. K. HEROD: Christ died yesterday. Come at once. LUKE."

The operator at the depot got his discharge that afternoon, and the gentile operators set up the cigars to Sheeney Ike.

THE TRUTH SEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

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Notes and Clippings.

MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN, the author, writes to the *Pall Mall Gazette* that the imprisonment of journalists is a barbarous practice, and unworthy of a civilized country.

SOME children hav naturally a discriminating mind. A clergyman was telling a marvelous story, when his little girl asked: "Now, pa, is that true, or is it only preaching?"

"AND do your workmen," asked a London visitor of a Lancashire mill owner, "do your workmen really liv in those hovels?" "Certainly not," replied the master; "they only sleep there. They liv in my mill."

GERALD MASSEY attacks the church of England on the ground that it spends a vast amount of money in propagating erroneous and false theology. Mr. Gerald Massey is correct. A good portion of England's wealth is diverted to the utterly useless support of ministerial idlers.

THE first temperance paper published in Europe was published by Joseph Lindsay. The first temperance paper in this country was by William Lloyd Garrison, and the first book in favor of total abstinence was written by Judge Herttell, all called Infidels.—*Marion Enterprise.*

A PHYSICIAN recently wrote a prescription on a piece of paper bearing a part of one of Joseph Cook's sermons on the obverse side. The druggist put up a dose according to the sermon instead of the prescription, and the unhappy patient who swallowed it expired in fearful agony.

THE Connecticut papers say, scornfully, that there was a great deal of boy's play about the Cincinnati riots. Well, yes, remarks the *Burlington Hawkeye*, they didn't amount to much from a Connecticut standpoint. There wasn't a young woman murdered, nor a preacher arrested in the whole three days' fighting.

MISS MARY MAGDALEN WINDSOR, of Annapolis, Md., lately a member of a Catholic sisterhood, lectured in Annapolis recently on the "Secrets of a Convent." She named several prominent priests of Baltimore and one formerly of Annapolis and charged them, together with Sisters of Charity, with gross immoralities.

HISTORIAN ANTHONY FROUDE, who was here in 1872–73 to deliver his lectures on "The English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century," promises to come again with a fresh course next fall. He is going to Australia first, and will reach this country by way of San Francisco on his return. He means to lecture in the leading cities in the Union.

THOMAS K. BEECHER, of Elmira, an amateur clergyman and journalist, is trying to attain something of the notoriety of his big brother, Henry Ward Beecher. He has lately publicly advocated the entire propriety and even desirability of suicide, and now he thinks it is not wrong to hire ignorant men to vote the right ticket. So says the *World.*

THERE are some emigrants who are not particular about getting work. Here is the way the Philadelphia *Call* puts it: "Well, Pat," was asked of a recently arrived emigrant, "and how do you like America?" "It's a foine country, sor." "Hav you succeeded in getting work yet?" "No, sor; but I hav a frind in Washington who is afther getting me a pension."

THE vestry of the Protestant Episcopal church at Tamaqua, Pa., hav voted to close their church and dismiss their pastor, the Rev. W. R. Burk, because he persisted in marrying against their wishes. The rector is a resolute, independent, and courageous man, whose character is above reproach. When a few weeks ago he announced his intention of marrying, the name of the bride caused a commotion among some members of the congregation, who held that she was not a fit associate for them, nor a fit wife for their pastor. The vestry protested, but the marriage was celebrated, and the congregation absented itself from the wedding.

THERE is war in the Baptist church at Augusta, Ga. At 8 o'clock on the night of the 16th the lights were put out and a pistol fired through the window at the preacher, the Rev. Mr. Walker. A regular riot resulted. A police detail was ordered to the spot, which arrested a deacon and two other members. The fight was the result of a division in the church over the choice of a pastor. No one was injured.

AT a Boston seance a disconsolate widower succeeded in establishing communication with his wife, who had passed into the spirit-land from the Hub, of whose æsthetic circles she had been a member. The man inquired if she was happy, and if she liked her new surroundings, to which she replied: "Well, dear, it is very charming, and lovely, and all that, but of course you know, dear, it isn't Boston."

THE Rev. G. T. Harper, colored, has resigned his pastorate at Newburgh and accepted a call to British Guinea. He gave as a reason that he did not like this country, which, he said, was free only in theory. The spirit of caste and the color line were too distinct, and negroes did not get decent accommodations in the cars. Hence American Methodism loses another of its "lights"—in this case a dark lantern, so to speak.

MRS. MARY TUCKER, a widow, thirty-five years old, died at Carnie, Ill., on the 11th, and on her deathbed related a story of clerical villainy to which she ascribed her ruin. She said that after the death of her husband in Missouri she received the attentions of Elder Morris, a local minister of thirty-five years' standing and sixty years old. They became intimate and she submitted to an operation, which caused her death.

A GOLD watch was disposed of recently at a church fair now running in this city, by lottery, each ticket of admission being numbered, and a certain number drawing the prize. That is similar to the scheme of the candy dealers whom Comstock arrested not long ago for violating the lottery law; but this happens to be a government of the church, by the church, and for the church, so that any deviltry in the name of religion is allowable.

SENATOR BLAIR'S grand scheme for dividing up the surplus in the federal treasury among the several states for educational purposes is certain of defeat when it goes to the House. This bribe of millions is a brazen effort to break down the old-fashioned objection to federal interference in the internal affairs of states. But in this instance the attraction of an appropriation will be overcome by a fear that the effect of the bill would be to overrun the South with New England schoolmasters, who might become, in time, the political teachers and leaders of the black race.—*Mercury.*

AN occupant of a Pennsylvania prison whom the restraints of the jail had make religious, one day said to the chaplain: "See here; I never thought of such a thing before in my life; but a man will do almost anything to get out of a place like this. Now, I'll tell you what I'll do. You get me out of here and I'll join the church." The solemn impressivness with which he concluded the offer made the chaplain feel as if the man really thought he was making a sacrifice next in importance to surrendering his life. As soon as he recovered from his surprise he asked him: "What church will you join?" "I don't care a damn which. I'll join any church you say, only get me out." It is not recorded that the man was released.

KEELY'S latest rival is not satisfied with ordinary "vibratory" or "odylic" force, but goes in for a triple extract of some kind, in addition to which, not content with ordinary business methods for selling stock in his company, makes it a church affair, starts a big revival, and booms it for all it's worth. This strikes us as a pretty bald scheme.—*Ex.* Yes, and a great deal more than it is worth. Church affairs usually prove the worst swindles, and when a man in a church pulpit becomes a stock boomer or degrades himself morally, they are covered up so long that a great deal of mischief is done before it is known, and honest followers of the church are disgraced by clerical beats, robbers, and the other criminals who wear the church cloak to play the devil in.—*Post.*

THE Prince of Wales, says the London *Freethinker*, has sent a very sensible letter in reply to a complaint from Southend. Mrs. Sarah Sykes, of that town, an old lady of seventy, was fined 5s. and 10s. costs by the local authorities for selling sweetstuff on a Sunday. Young Mr. Sykes wrote to Albert Edward about the affair, and a prompt answer came through F. Knollys that "his royal highness the Prince of Wales regrets that the law to which you refer, and which bears so hardly and vexatiously in many cases, has not been repealed." Mr. W. E. Petherick, honorary secretary of the "Sykes Defense Committee," has had Albert Edward's letter printed on a window-bill as a warning to the "Sabbatarian bigots."

LORD COLERIDGE, since his visit to America, is treating his English friends with new applications of good old stories, among them this: He was, he says, at Mount Vernon with Mr. Evarts, and, talking about Washington, said: "I hav heard that he was a very strong man physically, and that, standing on the lawn here, he could throw a dollar right across the river onto the other bank." Mr. Evarts paused a moment to measure the breadth of the river with his eye. It seemed rather a "tall" story, but it was not for him to belittle the father of the country in the eyes of a foreigner. "Don't you believe it?" asked Lord Coleridge. "Yes," Mr. Evarts replied, "I think it's very likely to be true. You know a dollar would go further in those days than it does now."

JOHN SWINTON lectured on the evening of the 17th before the McAdam Political Science Club of this city, on "Lights and Shadows of London." He told of the splendors of Windsor Castle, and how, close by, could be heard the mutterings of thousands of oppressed residents of the slums of the Seven Dials. The frightful contrasts, Mr. Swinton said, could be the outcome of only such a government as the monarchy of England. He said that the people of this country should be warned against the tolerance of a similar state of affairs here. Mr. Swinton said the condition of the poorer classes in London, Birmingham, Liverpool, and other English cities, or even those of New York, could not for a moment be compared to the peace and happiness of the workingmen of Paris.

"I CLOSED all my woollen mills, about a dozen in number," Judge Hilton said to a *Sun* reporter, last week, "because I can buy the goods cheaper than I can manufacture them. I am still running one of the largest carpet mills in the country. We used to hav ten or twelve thousand operators in our woollen mills. We can make woollen goods in this country as well as they can make them anywhere else, but there is no profit in it. The tariff on wool is too high. As to cotton manufactures, the factories are all shutting down. They are making no money. It is impossible to get back their money with the present prices of cotton. I don't think we hav begun yet to see the stoppage of mills and manufactures which is coming. The iron mills are shutting down. They are stopping building railroads, and the demand for railroad iron has ceased. Railroad iron is $35 a ton. It used to be $90. There is no demand for it. Look at the case of Gov. Sprague. Hoyt, Sprague & Co. were worth millions. Every bank in New England thought it must hav some of their paper. They were forced to close down, at a loss of 75 per cent on the great property invested in the mills. That was ruinous. Go into Sixth avenue today, and you will find cotton goods selling at 2 1-2 and 3 cents a yard. The cotton is worth more than that. Manufacturers can't engage in that kind of business unless they expect to fail. But we are as well off here as they are in France or Germany or England. They hav a poorer population than we. A French artican can't get work more than two weeks in three all the year round."

News of the Week.

GLADSTONE refuses to include a clause enfranchising women in the English Franchise bill.

THE Methodist meeting-house at Saginaw City, Mich., was burnt last Sunday morning. Loss, $10,000.

E. A. WOODWARD, of Tweed Ring notoriety, has been elected deacon of a church in South Norwalk, Conn.

THE war between rival lines of transatlantic steamers has reduced the fare from New York to Ireland to $18.

THE Rev. S. F. Dixon, Methodist, of Newburgh, N. Y., has been expelled by the conference for adultery.

THE sexton of the Methodist church of New Lexington, Ohio, hanged himself in the belfry last Saturday night.

A GANG of 416 Mormon emigrants was brought to this country by the steamer Nevada, which arrived last Sunday.

MR. JOHN SHEEHAN, the builder of the Bennett Monument, was recently elected corporation assessor of New Rochelle, N. Y.

WHITNEY, the agent of the Society for the Prevention of Crime, reports that there are about 50,000 fallen women in New York city.

MRS. GEORGE CARPENTER, of Brooklyn, while on her way to church last Sunday evening, was taken suddenly ill, and died in a few minutes.

ONE of New York's aldermen got drunk, assaulted the ticket-seller of a theater, and butted a policeman in the stomach, one day last week. He was held in $300 bail.

LAST Sunday's dispatches announced that Queen Victoria was sick with lumbago, but Monday's advices stated that she went to church on Sunday, and America gave a sigh of relief.

THE steamer Oregon last week made the passage across the Atlantic from Queenstown, Ireland, to New York in six days and ten and one-half hours, averaging 461 miles per day, the fastest time on record.

HUBERT COMSTOCK, a step-brother of Anthony Comstock, pleaded guilty in General Sessions last week to grand larceny in the second degree. He had appropriated a watch worth $55. He was remanded for sentence. The Comstock family is bound to distinguish itself.

MRS. W. H. PAINTER, the wife of a Clyde, O., minister, has suffered with lung disease for twenty-five years. Being made the subject of special prayer last week, it is said she arose from the bed to which she has been confined for several weeks, and declared herself healed. It is probable that she is a fraud.

THE Rev. Alfred F. Vedder, of Albany, was on the 17th inst. sentenced to three years' imprisonment for the crime of abortion on the person of Miss Anna Walters, with whom he had been intimate. Vedder was for several years a Presbyterian clergyman at West Milton, N. Y. He has a wife and one child.

THE Freethinkers and Social Democrats of Paris are preparing an elaborate celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the death of Denis Diderot, the French Atheistical philosopher, which occurred July 30, 1784. Invitations hav been sent to Charles Bradlaugh, Annie Besant, Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, and other prominent Freethinkers of various countries.

A RELIGIOUS riot occurred at Carbonnear, Newfoundland, last week. Catholics attacked Protestants returning from church. A man was fatally injured. The Protestants then collected in force and clubbed the Catholics until they dispersed. The next day a Catholic shot at an Orangemen. The Protestant Orangemen then turned out with guns and bayonets and marched the streets all night. A war-ship was ordered from Halifax to Carbonnear by the executiv.

The Rostrum.

A New Lecture by Col. Ingersoll.

ORTHODOXY DYING FROM SOFTENING OF THE BRAIN AND OSSIFICATION OF THE HEART.

It is utterly inconceivable that any man believing in the truth of the Christian religion could publicly deny it, because he who believes in that religion would believe that, by a public denial, he would peril the eternal salvation of his soul. It is conceivable, and without any great effort of the mind, that millions who don't believe in the Christian religion should openly say that they did. In a country where religion is supposed to be in power—where it has rewards for pretense, where it pays a premium upon hypocrisy, where it at least is willing to purchase silence—it is easily conceivable that millions pretend to believe what they do not And yet I believe it has been charged against myself, not only that I was insincere, but that I took the side that I am on for the sake of popularity; and the audience to-night goes far toward justifying the accusation.

ORTHODOX RELIGION DYING OUT.

It givs me immense pleasure to say to this immense audience that orthodox religion is dying out of the civilized world. It is a sick man. It has been attacked with two diseases—softening of the brain and ossification of the heart. It is a religion that no longer satisfies the intelligence of this country; a religion that no longer satisfies the brain; a religion against which the heart of every civilized man and woman protests. It is a religion that givs hope only to a few; a religion that puts a shadow upon the cradle; a religion that wraps the coffin in darkness, and fills the future of mankind with flame and fear. It is a religion that I am going to do what little I can while I liv to destroy; and in its place I want humanity, I want good fellowship, I want a brain without a chain, I want a religion that every good heart will cheerfully applaud.

RELIGIOUS BIRTHS.

We must remember that this is a world of progress, a world of change. There is perpetual death, and there is perpetual birth. By the grave of the old forever stand youth and joy; and when an old religion dies a better one is born. When we find out that an assertion is a falsehood, a shining truth takes its place, and we need not fear the destruction of the false. The more false we destroy the more room there will be for the true. There was a time when the astrologer sought to read in the stars the fate of men and nations. The astrologer has faded from the world, but the astronomer has taken his place. There was a time when the poor alchemist, bent and wrinkled and old, over his crucible endeavored to find some secret by which he could change the baser metals into purest gold. The alchemist has gone; the chemist took his place; and, although he finds nothing to change metals into gold, he finds something that covers the earth with wealth. There was a time when the soothsayer and augur flourished, and after them came the parson and the priest; and the parson and the priest must go. The preacher must go, and in his place must come the teacher—that real interpreter of nature. We are done with the supernatural. We are through with the miraculous and the wonderful. There was once a prophet who pretended to read in the book of the future. His place has been taken by the philosopher, who reasons from cause to effect—a man who finds the facts by which he is surrounded and endeavors to reason from these premises and to tell what in all probability will happen in the future. The prophet has gone, the philosopher is here. There was a time when man sought aid entirely from heaven—when he prayed to the deaf sky. There was a time when the world depended upon the supernaturalist. That time in Christendom has passed. We now depend upon the naturalist—not upon the disciple of faith, but upon the discoverer of facts—upon the demonstrator of truth. At last we are beginning to build upon a solid foundation, and just as we progress the supernatural must die.

THE RELIGION OF RECIPROCITY.

Religion of the supernatural kind will fade from this world, and in its place we will hav reason. In the place of the worship of something we know not of, will be the religion of mutual love and assistance—the great religion of reciprocity. Superstition must go. Science will remain. The church, however, dies a little hard. The brain of the world is not yet developed. There are intellectual diseases, the same as diseases of the body. Intellectual mumps and measles still afflict mankind. Whenever the new comes the old protests, and the old fights for its place as long as it has a particle of power. And we are now having the same warfare between superstition and science that there was between the stage-coach and the locomotiv. But the stage-coach had to go. It had its day of glory and power, but it is gone. It went West. In a little while it will be driven into the Pacific with the last Indian aboard. So we find that, there is the same conflict between the different sects and different schools not only of philosophy, but of medicin. Recollect that everything except the demonstrated truth is liable to die. This is the order of nature. Words die. Every language has a cemetery. Every now and then a word dies and a tombstone is erected, and across it is written the word "obsolete." New words are continually being born. There is a cradle in which a word is rocked. A thought is molded to a sound, and the child-word is born. And then comes a time when the word gets old, and wrinkled, and expressionless, and it is carried mournfully to the grave, and that is the end of it. So in the schools of medicin. You can remember, so can I, when the old allopathists reigned supreme. If there was anything the matter with a man they let out his blood. Called to his bedside, they took him to the edge of eternity with medicin, and then practiced all their art to bring him back to life. Cne can hardly imagin how perfect a constitution it took a few years ago to stand the assault of a doctor. And long after it was found to be a mistake hundreds and thousands of the old physicians clung to it, carried around with them in one pocket a bottle of jalap, and in the other a rusty lancet, sorry that they couldn't find some patient idiotic enough to allow the experiment to be made again.

THEY DIE HARD.

So these schools, and these theories, and these religions die hard. What else can they do? Like the paintings of the old masters, they are kept alive because so much money has been invested in them. Think of the amount of money that has been invested in superstition! Think of the schools that hav been founded for the more general diffusion of useless knowledge! Think of the colleges wherein men are taught that it is dangerous to think, and that they must never use their brains except in an act of faith! Think of the millions and billions of dollars that hav been expended in churches, in temples, and in cathedrals! Think of the thousands and thousands of men who depend for their living upon the ignorance of mankind! Think of those who grow rich on credulity, and who fatten on faith! Do you suppose they are going to die without a struggle? They will die if they don't struggle. What are they to do? From the bottom of my heart I sympathize with the poor clergyman that has had all his common sense educated out of him, and is now to be thrown out upon the cold and uncharitable world. His prayers are not answered; he gets no help from on high, and the pews are beginning to criticise the pulpit. What is the man to do? If he suddenly changes, he is gone. If he preaches what he really believes, he will get notice to quit. And yet if he and the congregation would come together and be perfectly honest, they would all admit they didn't believe anything of it.

"HONOR BRIGHT."

Only a little while ago a couple of ladies were riding together from a revival in a carriage late at night, and one said to the other, as they rode along: "I am going to say something that will shock you, and I beg of you never to tell it to anybody else. I am going to tell it to you." "Well, what is it?" She says: "I don't believe in the Bible." The other replied: "Neither do I." I hav often thought how splendid it would be if the ministers could but come together and say: "Now let us be honest. Let us tell each other, honor bright—as Dr. Curry did in Chicago the other day—let us tell just what we believe." They tell a story that in the old time a lot of people, about twenty, were in Texas in a little hotel, and one fellow got up before the fire, put his hands behind him, and says he: "Boys, let us all tell our real names." If the ministers and their congregations would only tell their real thoughts, they would find that they are nearly as bad as I am, and that they believe just about as little.

THEY DON'T BELIEVE IT.

Now, I hav been talking a great deal about the orthodox religion; and, if after having delivered a lecture, I would meet some good, religious person and he would say to me: "You don't tell it as we believe it." "Well, but I tell it as you hav it written in your creed." "Oh, well," he says, "we don't mind that any more." "Well, why don't you change it?" "Oh, well," he says, "we understand it." Perhaps the creed is in the best possible position for them now. There is a tacit understanding that they don't believe it. There is a tacit understanding that they hav some way to get around it, that they read between the lines; and if they should meet now to form a creed they might fail to agree; and the creed is now so that they can say as they please except in public. Whenever they do so in public, the church, in self-defense, must try them; and I believe in trying every minister that doesn't preach the doctrin as he agrees to. I hav not the slightest sympathy with a Presbyterian preacher who endeavors to preach Infidelity from his pulpit and receive Presbyterian money. When he changes his views he must step down and out like a man, and say: "I don't believe your doctrin, and I will not preach it. You must hire some bigger fool than I am."

QUESTIONING THE CREED.

But I find that I get the creed very nearly right. To-day there was put into my hands the new Congregational creed. I hav just read it, and I thought I would call your attention to it to-night, to find whether the church has made any advance; to find whether it has been affected by the light of science; to find whether the sun of knowledge has risen in the heavens in vain; whether they are still the children of intellectual darkness; whether they still consider it necessary for you to believe something that you by no possibility can understand in order to be a winged angel forever. Now, let us see what their creed is. I will read a little of it. They commence by saying that they "believe in one God, the Father Almight, maker of heaven and of earth, and of all things visible and invisible." I am perfectly willing that he should make the invisible if they want him to. They say, now, that there is this one personal God, that he is the maker of the universe and its ruler. I again ask the old question, Of what did he make it? If matter has not existed through eternity, then this God made it. Of what did he make it? What did he use for the purpose? There was nothing in the universe except this God. What had the God been doing for the eternity he had been living? He had made nothing—called nothing into existence; never had had an idea, because it is impossible to hav an idea unless there is something to excite an idea. What had he been doing? Why doesn't the Congregational church tell us? How do they know about this infinit being? And if he is infinit, how can they comprehend him? What good is it to believe in something that you know you don't understand—that you never can understand? In the old creeds they described this God as a being without body and parts or passions. I defy any man in the world to write a better description of nothing. You cannot conceive of a finer word-painting of a vacuum than a something without body and parts or passions. And yet this God, without passions, is a jealous God, whose anger burneth to the lowest hell. This God, without passions, loves the whole human race, and this God, without passions, damns a large majority of the same. So, too, he is the ruler of the world, and I find here that we find "his providence in the government of the nations?" What nations? What evidence can you find, if you are absolutely honest and not frightened, in the history of nations that this universe is presided over by an infinitly wise and good God? How do you account for Russia? How do you account for Siberia? How do you account for the fact that whole races of men toiled beneath the master's lash for ages without recompense and without reward? How do you account for the fact that babies were sold from the arms of mothers—arms that had been reached toward God in supplication? How do you account for it? How do you account for the existence of martyrs? How do you account for the fact that this God allows people to be burnt simply for loving him? How do you account for the fact that justice doesn't always triumph? How do you account for the fact that innocence is not a perfect shield? How do you account for the fact that the world has been filled with pain, and grief, and tears? How do you account for the fact that people hav been swallowed by volcanoes, swept from the earth by storms, dying by famin, if there is above us a ruler who is infinitly good and infinitly powerful?

FROM THE RURAL DISTRICTS.

I don't say there is none. I don't know. As I hav said before, this is the only planet I was ever on. I liv in one of the rural districts of the universe. I know about these things just as much as the clergy. And if they know no more about the other world than they do about this it is not worth mentioning. How do they answer all this? They say that God "permits it." What would you say of me if I stood by and saw a ruffian beat out the brains of a child when I had full and perfect power to prevent it? You would say truthfully that I was as bad as the murderer. That is what you would say. Is it possible for this God to prevent it? Then, if he doesn't, he is a fiend; he is not good. But they say he "permits it." What for? So we may hav freedom of choice. What for? So that God may find, I suppose, who are good and who are bad. Didn't he know that when he made us? Did he not know exactly just what he was making? Why should he make those whom he knew would be criminals? If I should make a machine that would walk your streets and commit murder you would hang me. Why not? And if God made a man who he knew would commit murder, then God is guilty of that murder. If God made a man knowing he would beat his wife, that he would starve his children, that he would strew on either side of his path of life the wrecks of ruined homes, then I say the being who called that wretch into existence is directly responsible. And yet we are to find the providence of God in the history of nations. What little I hav read shows me that when man has been helped, man had to do it; when the chains of slavery hav been broken, they hav been broken by man; when something bad has been done in the government of mankind, it is easy to trace it to man, and to fix the responsibility upon human beings. You will not look to the sky; you need throw neither praise nor blame; you can find the efficient causes nearer home—right here.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

What is the next thing I find in this creed? "We believe that man was made in the image of God, that he might know, love, and obey God, and enjoy him forever." I don't believe that anybody ever did love God, because nobody ever knew anything about him. We love each other. We love something that we know. We love something that our experience tells us is good and great, and good and beautiful. We can not by any possibility love the unknown. We can love truth, because truth adds to human happiness. We can love justice, because it preserves human joy. We can love charity. We can love every form of goodness that we know or of which we can conceive, but we cannot love the infinitly unknown. And how can we be made in the image of something that has neither body and parts nor passions. "That our first parents, by disobedience, fell under the condemnation of God, and that all men are so alienated from God that there is no salvation from the guilt and power of sin except through God's redeeming power." Is there an intelligent man or woman now in the world who believes in the Garden of Eden story? If there is, strike here [tapping his forehead], and you will hear an echo. Something is for rent. Does any human being now believe that God made man of dust, and a woman of a rib, and put them in a garden, and put a tree in the middle of it? Wasn't there room outside of the garden to put his tree, if he didn't want people to eat his apples?

If I didn't want a man to eat my fruit I would not put him in my orchard.

THE "SNAKE STORY."

Does anybody now believe in the snake story? I pity any man or woman who, in this nineteenth century, believes in that childish fable. Why did they disobey? Why, they were tempted. Who by? The devil. Who made the devil? What did he make him for? Why didn't he tell Adam and Eve about this fellow? Why didn't he watch the devil instead of watching Adam and Eve? Instead of turning them out, why didn't he keep him from getting in? Why didn't he hav his flood first and drown the devil, before he made man and woman?

And yet people who call themselvs intelligent—professors in colleges and presidents of venerable institutions—teach children, and young men who ought to be children, that the Garden of Eden story is an absolute historical fact! Well, I guess it will not be long until that will fade from the imagination of men. I defy any man to think of a more childish thing. This God waiting around there, knowing all the time what would happen—made them on purpose so it would happen—and then what does he do? Holds all of us responsible; and we were not there. Here is a representativ before the constituency had been born. Before I am bound by a representativ, I want a chance to vote for or against him; and if I had been there and known all the circumstances, I should hav voted against him. And yet I am held responsible.

THE ATONEMENT.

What did Adam do? I cannot see that it amounted to much anyway. A God that can ereate something out of nothing ought not to hav complained of the loss of an apple. I can hardly hav patience to speak upon such a subject.

Now, that absurdity gave birth to another—that, while we could be rightfully charged with the rascality of somebody else, we could also be credited with the virtues of somebody else; and the atonement is the absurdity which offsets the other absurdity of the fall of man. Let us leave them both out; it reads a great deal better with both of them out; it makes better sense.

Now, in consequence of that, everybody is alienated from God. How? Why? Oh, we are all depraved, you know; we all want to do wrong. Well, why? Is that because we are depraved? No. Why do we make so many mistakes? Because there is only one right way, and there is almost an infinit number of wrong ones; and as long as we are not perfect in our intellects we must make mistakes. There is no darkness but ignorance; and alienation, as they call it, from God is simply a lack of intellect upon our part. Why were we not given better brains? That may account for the alienation. But the church teaches that every soul that finds its way to the shore of this world is against God—naturally hates God; that the little dimpled child in the cradle is simply a chunk of depravity. Everybody against God! It is a libel upon the human race; it is a libel upon all the men who hav worked for wife and child; it is a libel upon all the wives who hav suffered and labored, wept and worked, for children; it is a libel upon all the men who hav died for their country; it is a libel upon the human race. Leave out the history of the church, and there is nothing in this world to prove the depravity of man left.

Everybody that comes is against God. Every soul, they think, is like the wrecked Irishman. He was wrecked in the sea, and drifted to an unknown island, and as he climbed up the shore he saw a man and said to him, "Hav you a government here?" The man, said, "We hav." "Well," said he, "I am agin' it!" The church teaches us that that is the attitude of every soul in the universe of God. Ought a God to take any credit to himself for making depraved people? A God that cannot make a soul that is not totally depraved, I respectfully suggest, should retire from the business. And if a God has made us, knowing that we would be totally depraved, why should we go to the same being for repairs?

THE SECOND BIRTH.

What is the next? "That all men are so alienated from God that there is no salvation from the guilt and power of his sin except through God's redeeming grace."

Reformation is not enough. If the man who steals becomes perfectly honest, that is not enough; if the man who hates his fellow-man changes and loves his fellow-man, that is not enough; he must go through that mysterious thing called the second birth; he must be born again. That is not enough unless he has faith; he must believe something that he does not understand. Reformation is not enough; there must be what they call conversion. I deny it. According to the church, nothing so excites the wrath of God—nothing so corrugates the brow of Jehovah with revenge—as a man relying on his own good works. He must admit that he ought to be damned, and that of the two he prefers it, before God will consent to save him. I saw a man the other day, and he said to me, "I am a Unitarian Universalist; that is what I am." Said I: "What do you mean by that?" "Well," said he, "here is what I mean; the Unitarian thinks he is to good to be

damned, and the Universalist thinks God is too good to damn him; and I believe them both."

THE CONGREGATIONAL CREED.

What is the next thing in this great creed?

"We believe that the scriptures of the Old and New Testaments are the record of God's revelation of himself in the work of redemption; that they are written by men under the special guidance of the holy spirit; and that they constitute an authoritativ standard by which religious teaching and human conduct are to be regulated and judged."

This is the creed of the Congregational church; that is, it is the result of the high joint commission appointed to draw up a creed for their churches; and there we hav the statement that the Bible was written "by men under the special guidance of the holy spirit." What part of the Bible? All of it. All of it; and yet what is this Old Testament that was written by an infinitly good God? The being who wrote it did not know the shape of the world he had made. The being who wrote it knew nothing of human nature; he commands men to love him, as if one could love upon command. The same God upheld the institution of human slavery; and the church says the Bible that upholds that institution was written by men under the guidance of the holy spirit. Then I disagree with the holy ghost upon that institution.

This church tells us that men under the guidance of the holy ghost upheld the institution of polygamy—I deny it; that under the guidance of the holy ghost these men upheld wars of extermination and conquest—I deny it; that under the guidance of the holy ghost these men wrote that it was right for a man to destroy the life of his wife if she happened to differ with him on the subject of religion—I deny it. And yet that is the book now upheld in this creed of the Congregational church. If the devil had written upon the subject of slavery, which side would he hav taken? Let every minister answer, honor bright. If you knew the devil had written a little work on human slavery, in your judgment would he uphold slavery or denounce it? Would you regard it as any evidence that he ever wrote it if it upheld slavery? And yet here you hav a work upholding slavery, and you say that it was written by an infinitly good, wise, and beneficent God! If the devil upheld polygamy, would you be surprised? If the devil wanted to kill somebody for differing with him, would you be surprised? If the devil told a man to kill his wife, would you be astonished? And yet, you say, that is exactly what the God of us all did. If there be a God, then that creed is blasphemy. That creed is a libel upon him who sits upon heaven's throne. I want—if there be a God—I want him to write in the book of his eternal remembrance that I denied these lies for him.

I do not believe in a slaveholding God; I do not worship a polygamous holy ghost. I will not get upon my knees before any being who commands a husband to slay his wife because she expresses her honest thought.

GOD NOT AN AUTHOR.

Did it ever occur to you that if God wrote the Old Testament, and told the Jews to crucify or kill anybody that disagreed with them on religion, and that God afterwards took upon himself flesh and came to Jerusalem, and taught a different religion, and the Jews killed him—did it ever occur to you that he reaped exactly what he had sown? Did it ever occur to you that he fell a victim to his own tyranny, and was destroyed by his own law? Of course I do not believe that any God ever was the author of the Bible, or that any God was ever crucified, or that any God was ever killed, or ever will be, but I want to ask you that question.

Take this Old Testament, then, with all its stories of murder and massacre; with all its foolish and cruel fables; with all its infamous doctrins: with its spirit of caste; with its spirit of hatred, and tell me whether it was written by a good God. Why, if you will read the maledictions and curses of that book, you would think God, like Lear, had divided heaven among his daughters, and then, in the insanity of despair, had launched his curses upon the human race.

And yet, I must say—I must admit—that the Old Testament is better than the New. In the Old Testament, when God got a man dead, he let him alone. When he saw him quietly in his grave he was satisfied. The muscles relaxed, and a smile broke over the divine face. But in the New Testament the trouble commences just at death. In the New Testament God is to wreak his revenge forever and ever. It was reserved for one who said, "Love your enemies," to tear asunder the veil between time and eternity and fix the horrified gaze of men upon the gulfs of eternal fire. The New Testament is just as much worse than the Old as hell is worse than sleep, just as much worse as infinit cruelty is worse than annihilation; and yet the New Testament is pointed to as a gospel of love and peace.

THE REIGN OF TRUTH AND LOVE.

But "more of that hereafter," as the ministers say. "We believe that Jesus Christ came to establish among men the kingdom of God, the reign of truth and love, of righteousness and peace." Well, that may hav been the object of Jesus Christ. I do not deny it. But what was the result? The Christian world has caused more war than all the rest of the world besides; all the cunning instruments of death hav been devised by Christians; all the wonderful machinery by which the brains are blown out of a man, by which nations are conquered and subdued—all these machines hav been born in Christian brains. And yet he came to bring peace, they say; but the Testament says otherwise: "I came not to bring peace, but a sword." And the sword was brought. What are the Christian nations doing to-day in Europe? Is there a solitary Christian nation that will trust any other? How many millions of Christians are in the uniform of everlasting forgivness, loving their enemies?

There was an old Spaniard upon the bed of death, and he sent for a priest, and the priest told him that he would hav to forgiv his enemies before he died. He says, "I hav not any." "What! no enemies?" "Not one," said the dying man, "I killed the last one three weeks ago."

How many millions of Christians are now armed and equipped to destroy their fellow-Christians? Who are the men in Europe crying out against war? Who wishes to hav the nations disarmed? Is it the church? No; it is the men who do not believe in what they call this religion of peace. When there is a war, and when they make a few thousand widows and orphans, when they strew the plain with dead patriots, then Christians assemble in their churches and sing "Te Deum Laudamus" to God. Why? Because he has enabled a few of his children to kill some others of his children. This is the religion of peace—the religion that invented the Krupp gun that will hurl a bullet weighing 2,000 pounds through twenty-four inches of solid steel. This is the religion of peace, that covers the sea with men-of-war, clad in mail, all in the name of universal forgivness.

THE WARS IT BROUGHT.

What effect had this religion upon the nations of the earth? What hav the nations of the earth been fighting about? What was the Thirty Years' War in Europe for? What was the war in Holland for? Why was it that England persecuted Scotland? Why is it that England persecutes Ireland even unto this day? At the bottom of every one of these conflicts you will find a religious question. The religion of Jesus Christ, as preached by his church, causes war, bloodshed, hatred, and all uncharitableness; and why? Because they say a certain belief is necessary to salvation. They do not say, if you behave yourself pretty well you will get there; they do not say, if you pay your debts and love your wife and love your children, and are good to your friends, and your neighbors, and your country, you will get there; that will do you no good; you hav got to believe a certain thing. Oh, yes, no matter how bad you are, you can instantly be forgiven then; and no matter how good you are, if you fail to believe that, the moment you get to the day of judgment nothing is left but to damn you forever, and all the angels will shout "hallelujah."

What do they teach to-day? Every murderer goes to heaven; there is only one step from the gallows to God; only one jerk between the halter and heaven. That is taught by this same church. I believe there ought to be a law to prevent the slightest religious consolation being given to any man who has been guilty of murder. Let a Catholic understand that if he imbrues his hands in his brother's blood, he can hav no extreme unction; let it be understood that he can hav no forgivness through the church; and let the Protestant understand that when he has committed that crime the community will not pray him into heaven. Let him go with his victim. The victim, you know, dying in his sins, goes to hell, and the murderer has the happiness of seeing him there. And if heaven grows dull and monotonous, the murderer can again giv life to the nerve of pleasure by watching the agony of his victim. I am opposed to that kind of forgivness. And yet that is the religion of universal peace to everybody.

PREVALENCE OF THE KINGDOM.

Now, what is the next thing that I wish to call your attention to?

"We believe in the ultimate prevalence of the kingdom of Christ over all the earth."

What makes you? Do you judge from the manner in which you are getting along now? How many people are being born a year? About fifty millions. How many are you converting a year; really, truthfully? Five or six thousand. I think I hav overstated the number. Is orthodox Christianity on the increase? No. There are a hundred times as many unbelievers in orthodox Christianity as there were ten years ago. What are you doing in the missionary world? How long is it since you converted a Chinaman? A fine missionary religion, to send missionaries with their Bibles and tracts to China, but if a Chinaman comes here, mob him, simply to show him the difference between the practical and theoretical workings of the Christian religion. How long since you hav had a convert in India? In my judgment, never; there never has been an intelligent Hindoo converted from the time the first missionary put his foot upon that soil; and never, in my judgment, has an intelligent Chinaman been converted since the first missionary touched that shore. Where are they? We hear nothing of them, except in the reports. They get money from poor old ladies, trembling on the edge of the grave, and go and tell them stories, how hungry the average Chinaman is for a copy of the New Testament, and paint the sad condition of a gentleman in the interior of Africa without the work of Dr. McCosh, longing for a copy of the *Princeton Review*. In my judgment, it is a book that would suit a savage. Thus money is scared from the dying and frightened from the old and feeble. About how long is it before this kingdom is to be established?

THE RESURRECTION.

What is the next thing here? They also believe in the resurrection of the dead, and in their Confession of Faith hereto attached I find they also believe in the resurrection of the body. Does anybody believe that that has ever thought? Here is a man, for instance, that weighs 200 pounds, and gets sick and dies weighing 120; how much will he weigh in the morning of the resurrection? Here is a cannibal, who eats another man; and we know that the atoms that you eat go into your body and become a part of you. After the cannibal has eaten the missionary, and appropriated his atoms to himself, and then he dies, whom will the atoms belong to in the morning of the resurrection in an action of replevin brought by the missionary against the cannibal? It has been demonstrated again and again that there is no creation in nature, and no destruction in nature. It has been demonstrated again and again that the atoms that are in us hav been in millions of other beings; grown in the forest, in the grass, blossomed in the flowers, been in the metals; in other words, there are atoms in each one of us that hav been in millions of others, and when we die these atoms return to the earth, and again spring in vegetation, taken up in the leaves of the trees, turned into wood. And yet we hav a church, in the nineteenth century, getting up this doctrin, presided over by professors, by presidents of colleges, and by theologians, who tell us that they believe in the resurrection of the body.

They know better. There is not one so ignorant as not to know better.

THE JUDGMENT-DAY.

And what is the next thing? "And in a final judgment." It will be a set day. All of us will be there, and the thousands, and millions, and billions, and trillions, and quadrillions that hav died will be there. It will be the day of judgment, and the books will be opened, and our case will be called. Does anybody believe in that now that has got the slightest sense?—one who knows enough "to chew gum without a string?" "The issues of which are everlasting punishment for the wicked and everlasting life for the redeemed." That is the doctrin to-day of the Congregational church, and that is the doctrin that I oppose. That is the doctrin that I defy and deny.

MOHAMMED.

But I must hasten on. Now, this comes to us after all the discussion that has been, and we are told that this religion is finally to conquer this world. This is the same religion that failed to successfully meet the hordes of Mohammed. Mohammed wrested from the disciples of the cross the fairest part of Europe. It was known that he was an impostor. They knew he was, because the people of Mecca said so, and they knew that Christ was not, because the people of Jerusalem said he was. This impostor wrested from the disciples of Christ the fairest part of Europe, and that fact sowed the seed of distrust and Infidelity in the minds of the Christian world. And the next was an effort to rescue from the Infidels the empty sepulcher of Christ. That commenced in the eleventh century, and ended in 1291. Europe was almost depopulated. For every man who owed a debt, the debt was discharged if he put a cross upon his breast and joined the Crusades. No matter what crime he had committed, the doors of the prison were opened for him to join the Crusades. And what was the result? They believed that God would giv them victory over the Infidel, and they carried in front of the first crusade a goat and a goose, believing that both those animals had been blessed by the indwelling of the Holy Ghost. And I may say that those same animals are in the lead to-day in the orthodox world. Until 1291 they endeavored to get that sepulcher, until finally the hosts of Christ were driven back baffled, beaten, and demoralized—a poor, miserable, religious rabble. They were driven back, and that fact sowed the seeds of distrust in Christendom. You know at that time the world believed in trial by battle—that God would take the side of right—and there had been a trial by battle between the cross and Mohammed, and Mohammed had been victorious.

HOW ART WAS SAVED?

Well, what was the next? You know when Christianity come into power it destroyed every statue it could lay its ignorant hands upon. It defaced and obliterated every painting; it destroyed every beautiful building; it destroyed the manuscripts both Greek and Latin: it destroyed all the history, all the poetry, all the philosophy, it could find, and burnt every library that it could reach with its torch. And the result was the night of the Middle Ages fell upon the human race. But by accident, by chance, by oversight, a few of the manuscripts escaped the fury of religious zeal; a few statues had been buried, and the result was that these manuscripts became the seed the fruit of which is our civilization of to-day. A few forms of beauty were dug from the earth that had protected them, and now the civilized world is filled with art, with painting, and with statuary, in spite of the rage of the early church.

THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

What is the next blow that this church received? The discovery of America. That is the next. The Holy Ghost who inspired men to write the Bible did not know of the existence of this continent—never dreamed of it; the result was that his Bible never spoke of it. He did not dream that the earth is round. He believed it was flat, although he made it himself, and at that time heaven was just up there beyond the clouds. There was where the gods lived; there was where the angels were; and it was against that heaven that Jacob's ladder rested that the angels ascended and descended. It was to that heaven that Christ ascended after his resurrection. It was up there where the new Jerusalem was with its streets of gold, and under this earth was perdition; there was where the devils lived; there was where a pit was dug for all unbelievers, and for men who had brains; and I say that for this reason: That just in proportion that you hav brains, just in that proportion your chances for eternal joy are lessened, according to this religion. And just in proportion that you lack brains, your chances in proportion are increased. They believe under there that they discovered America! They found that the earth is round. It was circumnavigated by Magellan. In 1519 that brave man set sail. The church told him: "The earth is flat, my friend; don't go off. You will go off the edge." Magellan said, "I hav seen the shadow of the earth upon the moon, and I hav more confidence in the shadow even than I hav in the church." The ship went round. The earth was circumnavigated. Science passed its hand above it and beneath it, and where was the heaven and where was the hell? Vanished forever! And they dwell now only in the religion of superstition. We found there was no place for Jacob's ladder to lean against; no place there for the gods and angels to liv; no place there to empty the water of the deluge; no place there to which Christ could hav ascended; and the foundations of the New Jerusalem crumbled, and the towers and domes fell and became simple space—space sown with an infinit number of stars; not with New Jerusalems, but with constellations.

FIGHTING COPERNICUS.

Then man began to grow great, and with that, you know, came astronomy. Now just see what they did in that. In 1473 Copernicus was born. In 1543 his great work. In 1616 the system of Copernicus was condemned by the pope, by the infallible Catholic church, and the church is about as near right upon that subject as upon any other. The system of Copernicus was denounced. And how long do you suppose the church fought that? Let me tell you. It was revoked by Pius VII. in the year of grace 1821. For 205 years after the death of Copernicus, the church insisted that that system was false, and that the old idea was true. Astronomy is the first help that we ever received from heaven. Then came Kepler in 1609, and you may almost date the birth of science from the night that Kepler discovered his first law. That was the dawn or the day of intelligence—his first law, that the planets do not move in circles; his second law, that they described equal spaces in equal times; his third law, that there was a direct relation between weight and velocity. That man gave us a key to heaven. That man opened this infinit book, and we now read it, and he did more good than all the theologians that ever lived. I hav not time to speak of the others—of Galileo, of Leonardo da Vinci, and of hundreds of others that I could mention.

SPECIAL PROVIDENCES.

The next thing that gave this church a blow was statistics. Away went special providence. We found by taking statistics that we could tell the average length of human life; that this human life did not depend upon infinit caprice; that it depended upon conditions, circumstances, laws, and facts, and that those conditions, circumstances, and facts were ever activ. And now you will see the man who depends entirely upon special providence gets his life insured. He has more confidence even in one of these companies than he has in the whole trinity. We found by statistics that there were just so many crimes on an average committed; just so many crimes of one kind and so many of another; just so many suicides, so many deaths by drowning, just so many accidents on an average, just so many men marrying women, for instance, older than themselvs; just so many murders of a particular kind; just the same number of accidents; and I say to-night, statistics utterly demolish the idea of special providence. Only the other day a gentleman was telling me of a case of special providence. He knew it. He had been the subject of it. Yes, sir! A few years ago he was about to go on a ship, when he was detained, he didn't go, and the ship was lost and all on board. Yes! I said, "Do you think the fellows that were drowned believed in special providence?" Think of the infinit egotism of such a doctrin. Here is a man that fails to go upon a ship with five hundred passengers, and they go down to the bottom of the sea—fathers, mothers, children, and loving husbands and wives waiting upon the shores of expectation. Here is one poor little wretch that didn't happen to go! And he thinks that God, the infinit being, interfered in his poor little withered behalf, and let the rest all go. That is special providence!

THANKSGIVING.

You know we hav a custom every year of issuing a proclamation of thanksgiving. We say to God, "Although you hav afflicted all the other countries, although you hav sent war, and desolation, and famin on everybody else, we hav been such good children that you hav been kind to us, and we hope you will keep on." It don't make a bit of difference whether we hav good times or not—not a bit; the thanksgiving is always exactly the same. I remember a few years ago a governor of Iowa got out a proclamation of that kind. He went on to tell how thankful the people were, how prosperous the state had been; and there was a young fellow in that state who got out another proclamation saying: Fearing that the Lord might be misled by official correspondence, he went on to say that the governor's proclamation was entirely false; that the state was not prosperous; that the crops had been an almost entire failure; that nearly every farm in the state was mortgaged; that

if the Lord did not believe him, all he asked: He would send some angel in whom he had confidence, to look the matter over for himself.

Of course I hav not time to recount the enemies of that church. Every fact is an enemy of superstition. Every fact is a heretic. Every demonstration is an Infidel. Everything that ever happened testified against the supernatural.

I hav only spoken of a few of the blows that shattered the shield and shivered the lance of superstition. Here is another one—the doctrin of Charles Darwin. This century will be called Darwin's century, one of the greatest men who ever touched this globe. He has explained more of the phenomena of life than all of the religious teachers. Write the name of Charles Darwin there (on the one hand) and the name of every theologian that ever lived there (on the other hand), and from that name has come more light to the world than from all those. His doctrin of evolution, his doctrin of the survival of the fittest, his doctrin of the origin of species, has removed in every thinking mind the last vestige of orthodox Christianity. He has not only stated but he has demonstrated that the inspired writer knew nothing of this world, nothing of the origin of man, nothing of geology, nothing of astronomy, nothing of nature; that the Bible is a book written by ignorance—by the instigation of fear? Think of the men who replied to him. Only a few years ago there was no parson too ignorant to successfully answer Charles Darwin; and the more ignorant he was the more cheerfully he undertook the task. He was held up to the ridicule, the scorn, and the contempt of the Christian world, and yet, when he died, England was proud to put his dust with that of her noblest and her grandest. Charles Darwin conquered the intellectual world, and the doctrin of evolution is now an accepted fact. His light has broken in on some of the early clergy and the greatest man who to-day occupies the pulpit is a believer in the evolution theory of Charles Darwin—and that is Henry Ward Beecher—a man of more brains than the entire clergy of that entire church put together. And yet we are told in this little creed that orthodox religion is about to conquer the world. It will be driven to the wilds of Africa. It must go to some savage country; it has lost its hold upon civilization, and I tell you it is unfortunate to hav a religion that cannot be accepted by the intellect of a nation. It is unfortunate to hav a religion against which every good and noble heart protests. Let us hav a good one or none. Oh! my pity has been excited by seeing these ministers endeavor to warp and twist the passages of scripture to fit some demonstration in science.

These pious evasions! These solemn pretenses! When they are caught in one way they giv a different meaning to the words and say the world was not made in six days. They say, "good whiles"—epochs. And in this same confession here of faith and creeds they believe the Lord's day is holy—every seventh day. Suppose you lived near the North Pole where the day is three months long. Then which day will you keep? Suppose you could get to the North Pole you could prevent Sunday from ever overtaking you. You could walk around the other way faster than the earth could revolve. How would you keep Sunday then? Suppose we ever invent anything that can go 1,000 miles an hour. We can just chase Sunday clear around the globe. Is there anything that can be more perfectly absurd than that a space of time can be holy! You might as well talk about a pious vacuum. These pious evasions I heard the other night from an old man. He was not very well educated, you know, and he got into the notion that he must hav reading of the Bible and hav family worship; and there was a bad boy in the family—a pretty smart boy—and they were reading the Bible by course, and in the fifteenth of Corinthians is this passage: "Behold, brethren, I show you a mystery; we shall not all die, but we shall be changed." And this boy rubbed out the *c* in the "changed." So the next night the old man got on his specs and got down his Bible and said: "Behold, brethren, I show you a mystery; we shall not all die, but we shall be hanged." The old lady said "Father, I don't think it reads that way." He says, "Who is reading this? Yes, mother, it says be hanged, and, more than that, I see the sense of it. Pride is the besetting sin of the human heart, and if there is anything calculated to take the pride out of a man it is hanging."

I keep going back to this book; I keep going back to the miracles, to the prophecies, to the fables, and people ask me if I take away the Bible what are we going to do? How can we got along without the revelation that no one understands? What are we going to do if we hav no Bible to quarrel about? What are we to do without hell? What are we going to do with our enemies? What are we going to do with the people we love but don't like? They tell me that there never would hav been any civilization if it had not been for this Bible. Um! The Jews had a Bible; the Romans had not. Which had the greater and the grander government? Let us be honest. Which of those nations produced the greatest poets, the greatest soldiers, the greatest orators, the greatest statesmen, the greatest sculptors? Rome had no Bible. God cared nothing for the Roman empire. He let the men come up by chance. His time was taken up by the Jewish people. And yet Rome conquered the world, and even conquered God's chosen people. The people that had the Bible were defeated by the people who had not. How was it possible for Lucretius to get along without the Bible? How did the great and glorious of that empire get along without it? And what shall we say of Greece? No Bible. Compare Athens with Jerusalem. From Athens comes the beauty and intellectual grace of the world. Compare the mythology of Greece with the mythology of Judea. One covering the earth with beauty and the other filling heaven with hatred and injustice. The Hindoos had no Bible; they had been forsaken by the creator, and yet they became the greatest metaphysicians of the world. Egypt had no Bible. Compare even Egypt with Judea. What are we to do without the Bible? What became of the Jews who had the Bible? Their temple was destroyed and their city was taken; and, as I said before, they never found real prosperity until their God deserted them. Now I come again to the New Testament. There are a few things in there, I giv you my word, I cannot believe. I cannot believe in the miraculous origin of Jesus Christ. I believe he was the son of Joseph and Mary; that Joseph and Mary had been duly and legally married, that he was the legitimate offspring of that marriage, and nobody ever believed the contrary until he had been dead one hundred and fifty years. Neither Matthew, Mark, nor Luke ever dreamed that he was of divine origin. He did not say to either Matthew, Mark, or Luke, or to any one in their hearing, that he was the son of God, or that he was miraculously conceived. He did not say it. The angel Gabriel, who, they say, brought the news, never wrote a word upon the subject. His mother never wrote a word upon the subject. His father never wrote a word upon the subject. We are lacking in the matter of witnesses. I would not believe it now; I cannot believe it then. I would not believe people I know, much less would I believe people I don't know. I say that at that time Matthew, Mark, and Luke believed that he was the son of Joseph and Mary. And why? They say he descended from the blood of David, and in order to show that he was of the blood of David they gave the genealogy of Joseph. And if Joseph was not his father, why not giv the genealogy of Pontius Pilate or of Herod. Could they, by giving the genealogy of Joseph, show that he was of the blood of David if Joseph was in no way related to David? and yet that is the position into which the Christian world is now driven. It says the son of Joseph, and then interpolates the words "as was supposed." Why then do they giv a supposed genealogy? It will not do. And that is a thing that cannot in any way by any human testimony be established; and if it is important for us to know that he was the son of God, I say, then that it devolves upon God to giv us evidence. Let him write it across the face of the heavens, in every language of mankind. If it is necessary for us to believe it let it grow on every leaf next year. No man should be damned for not believing unless the evidence is overwhelming. And he ought not to be made to depend upon say so. He should hav it directly for himself. A man says God told him so and so, and he tells me, and I havn't any one's word but that fellow's. He may hav been deceived. If God has a message for me he ought to tell it to me, and not to somebody that has been dead 4,000 or 5,000 years, and in another language. God may hav changed his mind on many things; he has on slavery at least, and polygamy; and yet his church now wants to go out here and destroy polygamy in Utah with the sword. Why don't they send missionaries there with copies of the Old Testament? By reading the lives of Abraham, and Isaac, and Lot, and a few other fellows that ought to hav been in the penitentiary, they can soften their hearts.

CHRIST'S MIRACLES.

Now, there is another miracle I do not believe. I want to speak about it as we would about any ordinary transaction in the world. In the first place, I do not believe that any miracle was ever performed, and if there was you can't prove it. Why? Because it is altogether more reasonable that the people lied about it than that it happened. And why? Because according to human experience we know that people will not always tell the truth, and we never saw a miracle, and we hav got to be governed by our experience, and if we go by our experience it is in favor that the thing never happened; that the man is mistaken. Now, I want you to remember it. Here is a man that comes into Jerusalem, and the first thing he does he cures the blind. He lets the light of day visit the darkness of blindness. The eyes are opened and the whole world is again pictured upon the brain. Another man is clothed with leprosy. He touches him and the disease falls from him, and he stands pure and clean, and whole. Another man is deformed, wrinkled, bent. He touches him and throws upon him again the garment of youth. A man is in his grave, and he says, "Come forth!" And he again walks in life, feeling his heart throb and beat, and his blood going joyously through his veins. They say that happened. I don't know. There is one wonderful thing about the dead people that were raised—we don't hear of them any more. What became of them? Why, if there was a man in this town that had been raised from the dead I would go to see him to-night. I would say, "Where were you when you got the notice to come back? What kind of country is it? What kind of opening is there for a young man? How did you like it?" But nobody ever paid the slightest attention to them there. They did'nt even excite interest when they died the second time. Nobody said, "Why, that man isn't afraid. He has been there." Not a word. They pass away quietly. You see I don't believe it. There is something wrong somewhere about that business. And then there is another trouble in my mind. Now you know I may suffer eternal punishment for all this.

Here is a man that does all these things, and thereupon they crucify him. Now, then, let us be honest. Suppose a man came into Chicago and he should meet a funeral procession, and he should say, "Who is dead?" and they should say, "The son of a widow; her only support," and he should say to the procession, "Halt!" And to the undertaker, "Take out that coffin, unscrew that lid. Young man, I say unto thee, Arise!" And the latter should step from the coffin and in one moment after hold his mother in his arms. Suppose he should go to your cemetery and should find some woman holding a little child in each hand, while the tears fell upon a new-made grave, and he should say to her, "Who lies buried here?" and she should reply, "My husband," and he should say, "I say unto thee, O grave, giv up thy dead!" and the husband should rise and in a moment after hav his lips upon his wife's and the little children with their arms around his neek. Suppose that it is so. Do you think that the people of Chicago would kill him? Do you think anyone would wish to crucify him? Do you not rather believe that everyone who had a loved one out in that cemetery would go to him even upon their knees and beg him and implore him to giv back their dead? Do you believe that any man was ever crucified who was the master of death? Let me tell you to-night if there shall ever happen upon this earth the master, the monarch of death, all human knees will touch the earth; he will not be crucified; he will not be touched. All the living who fear death, all the living who hav lost a loved one, will stand and cling to him. And yet we are told that this worker of miracles, this worker of wonders, this man who could clothe the dead in the throbbing flesh of life, was crucified by the Jewish people. It was never dreamed that he did a miracle until one hundred years after he was dead.

THE RESURRECTION.

There is another miracle I do not believe—I cannot believe it—and that is the resurrection. And why? If it was the fact, if the dead got out of the grave, why did he not show himself to his enemies? Why did he not again visit Pontius Pilate? Why did he not call upon Caiaphas, the high priest? Why did he not make another triumphal entry into Jerusalem? Why did he not again enter the temple and dispute with the doctors? Why didn't he say to the multitude, "Here are the wounds in my feet, and in my hands, and in my side. I am the one you endeavored to kill, but death is my slave?" Why didn't he? Simply because the thing never happened. I can not believe it. But recollect, it makes no difference with his teachings. They are exactly as good whether he wrought miracles or not. Twice two are four; that needs no miracle. Twice two are five; a miracle would not help that. Christ's teachings are worth their effect upon the human race. It makes no difference about miracle or about wonder, but you must remember in that day everyone believed in miracles. Nobody had any standing as a teacher, a philosopher, a governor, or a king, about whom there was not something miraculous. The earth was then covered with the sons and daughters of the gods and goddesses. That was believed in Greece, in Rome, in Egypt, in Hindostan; everybody, nearly, believed in such things.

Then there is another miracle that I cannot believe in, and that is the ascension—the bodily ascension of Jesus Christ. Where was he going? Since the telescope has been pointed at the stars, where was he going? The new Jerusalem is not there. The abode of the gods is not there Where was he going? Which way did he go? That depends upon the time of day that he left. If he left in the night he went exactly the opposit way from what he would in the day. Who saw this miracle? They say the disciples. Let us see what they say about it. Matthew did not think it was worth mentioning. He doesn't speak of it at all. On the contrary, he says that the last words of Christ were: "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." That is what he says. Mark, he saw it. "So, then, after the Lord had spoken unto them he was received up into heaven and sat on the right hand of God." That is all he has to say about the most wonderful thing that ever blessed human vision—about a miracle great enough to hav stuffed credulity to bursting; and yet we hav one poor, little meager verse. So, then, after he had quit speaking, he was caught up and sat on the right hand of God. How does he know he was on the right hand? Did he see him after he had sat down? Luke says: "And it came to pass while he blessed them he was parted from them and was carried up into heaven." But John does not mention it. He givs as his last words this address to Peter: "Follow thou me." Of course he did not say that as he ascended. In the Acts we hav another account. A conversation is given not spoken of in any of the others, and we find there two men clad in white apparel, who said: "Men of Galilee, why stand ye here gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus that was taken up into heaven shall so come in like manner as ye hav seen him go into heaven." Matthew didn't see that; Mark forgot it; Luke didn't think it was worth mentioning, and John didn't believe it, and yet upon that evidence we are led to believe that the most miraculous of all miracles actually occurred. I cannot believe it.

CASTING OUT FITS.

I may be mistaken, but the church is now trying to parry, and when they come to the little miracles of the New Testament all they say is, "Christ didn't cast out devils; these men had fits." He cured fits. Then I read in another place about the fits talking. Christ held a dialog with the fits, and the fits told him his name, and the fits at that time were in a crazy man. And the fits made a contract that they would go out of the man provided they would be permitted to go into swine. How can fits that attack a man take up a residence in swine? The church must not giv up the devil. He is the right bower. No devil, no hell; no hell, no preach; no fire, no insurance. I read another miracle, that this devil took Christ and put him on the pinnacle of a temple. Was that fits, too? Why is not the theological world honest? Why do they not come up and admit what they know the book means? They hav not the courage.

NECESSITY OF BELIEF.

Now, their next doctrin is the absolute necessity of belief. That depends upon this: Can a man believe as he wants to? Can you? Can anybody? Does belief depend at all upon the evidence? I think it does somewhat in some cases. How is it that when a jury is sworn to try a case, hearing all the evidence, hearing both sides, hearing the charge of the judge, hearing the law, and upon their oaths equally divided, six for the plaintiff and six for the defendant? It is because evidence does not hav the same effect on all people. Why? Our brains are not alike—not the same shape; we hav not the same intelligence or the same experience, the same sense. And yet I am held accountable for my belief. I must believe in the trinity—three times one is one, once one is three—and my soul is to be eternally damned for failing to guess an arithmetical conundrum. And that is the poison part of Christianity—that salvation depends upon belief—that is the poison part, and until that dogma is discarded, religion will be nothing but superstition. No man can control his belief. If I hear certain evidence I will believe a certain thing. If I fail to hear it I may never believe it. If it is adapted to my mind I may accept it; if it is not I reject it. And what am I to go by? My brain. That is the only light I hav from Nature, and if there be a God it is the only torch that this God has given me by which to find my way through the darkness and the night called life. I do not depend upon hearsay for that. I do not hav to take the word of any other man nor get upon my knees before a book. Here in the temple of the mind I go and consult the god—that is to say, my reason—and the oracle speaks to me, and I obey the oracle. What should I obey? Another man's oracle? Shall I take another man's word, and not what he thinks, but what some God said to him?

WOULDN'T KNOW A GOD.

I would not know a god if I should see one. I hav said before, and I say again, the brain thinks in spite of me, and I am not responsible for my thought. No more can I control the beating of my heart, the expansion and contraction of my lungs for a moment; no more can I stop the blood that flows through the rivers of the veins. And yet I am held responsible for by belief. Then why does not the god giv me the evidence? They say he has? In what? In an inspired book. But I do not understand it as they do. Must I be false to my understanding? They say, "When you come to die you will be sorry if you did not." Will I be sorry when I come to die that I did not liv a hypocrit? Will I be sorry I did not say I was a Christian when I was not? Will the fact that I was honest put a thorn in the pillow of death? God cannot forgiv me for that. They say that when he was in Jerusalem he forgave his murderers. Now he won't forgiv an honest man for differing with him on the subject of the trinity. They say that God says to me, "Forgiv your enemies." I say, "All right; I do," but he says, "I will damn mine." God should be consistent. If he wants me to forgiv my enemies, he should forgiv his. I am asked to forgiv enemies who can hurt me. God is only asked to forgiv enemies who cannot hurt him. He certainly ought to be as generous as he asks us to be. And I want no God to forgiv me unless I am willing to forgiv others and unless I do forgiv others. All I ask if that be true is that this God should liv according to his own doctrin. If I am to forgiv my enemies I ask him to forgiv his. That is justice, that is right. Here are these millions to-day who say, "We are to be saved by belief, by faith;" but what are we to believe?

HE HAS BEEN IN ST. LOUIS.

In St. Louis last Sunday I read an interview with a Christian minister, one who is now holding a revival. They call him the boy preacher—a name that he has borne for fifty or sixty years. The question was whether in these revivals, when they were trying to rescue souls from eternal torture, they would allow colored people to occupy seats with white people, and that revivalist, preaching the unsearchable richness of Christ, said he would not allow the colored people to sit with white people; they must go to the back of the church. The same people go and sit right next to them in heaven, swap harps with them; and yet this man, believing, as he says he does, that if he did not believe in the Lord Jesus Christ he would eternally perish, was not willing that the colored man should sit by a white man while he heard the gospel of everlasting peace. He was not willing that the colored man should get into the life-boat of Christ, although there was plenty of room; he would not let them get into the boat with white men, although those white men might be totally depraved, and if they had justice done them, according to his doctrin, would be eternally damned—and yet he has the impudence to put on airs, although he ought to be eternally damned, and go and sit by the colored men. His doctrin of religion, the color-line, has not my respect. I believe in the religion of humanity, and it is far better to love our fellowmen that to love God, because we can help them, and we cannot help him. You had better do what you can than to be always pretending to do what you cannot.

ETERNAL PUNISHMENT.

Now I come to the last part of this Bible—this creed—and

that is, eternal punishment, and I hav concluded and I hav said I will never deliver a lecture that I do not giv the full benefit of its name. That part of the Congregational creed would disgrace the lowest savage that crouches and crawls in the jungles of Africa. The man who now, in the nineteenth century, preaches the doctrin of eternal punishment, the doctrin of eternal hell, has lived in vain. Think of that doctrin! The eternity of punishment! Why, I find in that same creed that Christ is finally going to triumph in this world and establish his kingdom; but if their doctrin is true he will never triumph in the other world. He will hav billions in hell forever. In this world we never will be perfectly civilized as long as a gallows casts its shadow upon the earth. As long as there is a penitentiary behind the walls of which a human being is immured, we are not a civilized people. We will never be perfectly civilized until we do away with crime and criminals. And yet according to this Christian religion God is to hav an eternal penitentiary; he is to be an everlasting jailor, an everlasting turnkey, a warden of an infinit dungeon, and he is going to keep prisoners there, not for the purpose of reforming them—because they are never going to get any better, only getting worse—just for the purpose of punishing them. And what for? For something they did in this world; born in ignorance, educated it may be in poverty, and yet responsible through the countless ages of eternity. No man can think of a greater horror; no man can think of a greater absurdity. For the growth of that doctrin ignorance was soil and fear was rain. That doctrin came from the fanged mouths of wild beasts, and yet it is the "glad tidings of great joy."

GREAT AND GOOD MEN IN HELL.

"God so loved the world" he is going to damn most everybody, and, if this Christian religion be true, some of the greatest, and grandest, and best who ever lived upon this earth are suffering its torments to-night. It don't appear to make much difference, however, with this church. They go right on enjoying themselvs as well as ever. If their doctrin is true, Benjamin Franklin, one of the wisest and best of men, who did so much to giv us here a free government, is suffering the tyranny of God to-night, while he endeavored to establish freedom among men. If the churches were honest their preachers would tell their hearers: "Benjamin Franklin is in hell, and we warn any and all the youth not to imitate Benjamin Franklin. Thomas Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of Independence, with its self-evident truths, has been damned these many years." That is what all the ministers ought to hav the courage to say. Talk as you believe. Stand by your creed or change it. I want to impress it upon your mind, because the thing I wish to do in this world is to put out the fires of hell. I want to keep at it just as long as there is one little coal red in the bottomless pit. As long as the ashes are warm I shall denounce this infamous doctrin. I want you to know that the men who founded this great and glorious government are there. The most of the men who fought in the Revolutionary war and wrested from the clutch of Great Britain this continent hav been rewarded by the eternal wrath of God. The old Revolutionary soldiers are in hell by the thousands. Let the preachers hav the courage to say so. The men who fought in 1812 and gave to the United States the freedom of the seas, nearly all of them hav been damned since 1815—all that were killed. The greatest of heroes, they are there. The greatest of poets, the greatest scientist, the men who hav made the world beautiful and grand, they are all, I tell you, among the damned if this creed is true. Humboldt, who shed light, and who added to the intellectual wealth of mankind; Goethe, and Schiller, and Lessing, who almost created the German language—all gone! All suffering the wrath of God to-night, and every time an angel thinks of one of those men he givs his harp an extra twang. Laplace, who read the heavens like an open book—he is there. Robert Burns, the poet of human love—he is there because he wrote the "Prayer of Holy Willie;" because he fastened upon the cross the Presbyterian creed, and made it a lingering crucifixion. And yet that man added to the tenderness of the human heart. Dickens, who put a shield of pity before the flesh of childhood—God is getting even with him. Our own Ralph Waldo Emerson, although he had a thousand opportunities to hear Methodist clergymen, scorned the means of grace, and the Holy Ghost is delighted that he is in hell to-night.

Longfellow refined hundreds and thousands of homes, but he did not believe in the miraculous origin of the savior. No, sir; he doubted the report of Gabriel. He loved his fellowmen; he did what he could to free the slaves; he did what he could to make mankind happy; but God was just waiting for him. He had his constable right there. Thomas Paine, the author of the "Rights of Man," offering his life in both hemispheres for the freedom of the human race, and one of the founders of the republic—it has often seemed to me that if we could get God's attention long enough to point him to the American flag, he would let him out. Comte, the author of the "Positiv Philosophy," who loved his fellow-men to that degree that he made of humanity a god, who wrote his great work in poverty, with his face covered with tears—they are getting their revenge on him now. Voltaire, who abolished torture in France; who did more for human liberty than any other man, living or dead, who was the assassin of superstition, and whose dagger still rusts in the heart of Catholicism—all the priests who hav been translated hav their happiness increased by looking at Voltaire. Glorious country, where the principal occupation is watching the miseries of the lost! Giordani Bruno, Benedict Spinoza, Diderot, the encyclopedist, who endeavored to get all knowledge in a small compass so that he could put the peasant on an equality with the prince, intellectually, the man who wished to sow all over the world the seeds of knowledge; who loved to labor for mankind. While the priests wanted to burn, he did all he could to put out the fire—he has been lost long, long ago. His cry for water has become so common that his voice is now recognized through all the realms of hell, and they say to one another, "That is Diderot." David Hume, the philosopher, he is there with the rest. Beethoven, the Shakspere of music, he has been lost; and Wagner, the master of melody, and who has made the air of this world rich forever, he is there, and they hav better music in hell than in heaven. Shelley, whose soul, like his own Skylark, was a winged joy—he has been damned for many, many years; and Shakspere, the greatest of the human race, who has done more to elevate mankind than all the priests who ever lived and died, he is there; and all the founders of inquisitions, the builders of dungeons, the makers of chains, the inventors of instruments of torture, tearers and burners and branders of human flesh, stealers of babes and sellers of husbands and wives and children, the drawers of the swords of persecution, and they who kept the horizon lurid with the fagot's flame for a thousand years—they are in heaven to-night. Well, I wish heaven joy in such company.

OBJECTIONS TO FAITH.

And that is the doctrin with which we are polluting the souls of children. That is the doctrin that puts a fiend by their dying bed and a prophecy of hell over every cradle. That is "glad tidings of great joy." Only a little while ago, when the great flood came upon the Ohio, sent by him who is ruling in the world and paying particular attention to the affairs of nations, just in the gray of the morning they saw a house floating down, and on its top a human being; and a few men went out to the rescue in a little boat, and they found there a mother, a woman, and they wanted to rescue her, and she said: "No; I am going to stay where I am. I hav three dead babes in this house." Think of a love so limitless, stronger and deeper than despair and death, and yet the Christian religion says that if that woman did not happen to believe in their creed, God would send that mother's soul to eternal fire. If there is another world, and if in heaven they wear hats, when such a woman climbs up the opposit bank of the Jordan, Christ should lift his to her.

MISSIONARIES.

That is the trouble I had with this Christian religion, its infinit heartlessness; and I cannot tell them too often that during our last war Christians who knew that if they were shot they would go right to heaven went and hired wicked men to take their places, perfectly willing the men should go to hell provided they could stay at home. You see they are not honest in it, they do not believe it, or, as the people say, "they don't sense it," they hav not religion enough to conceive what it is they believe and what a terrific falsehood they assert. And I beg of every one who hears me to-night, I beg, I implore, I beseech you never giv another dollar to build a church in which that lie is preached. Never giv another cent to send a missionary with his mouth stuffed with that falsehood to a foreign land. Why, they say, the heathen will go to heaven any way if you let them alone; what is the use of sending them to hell by enlightening them? Let them alone. The idea of going and telling a man a thing that if he does not believe he will be damned, when the chances are ten to one that he won't believe it. Don't tell him, and as quick as he gets to the other world and finds it is necessary to believe he will say "yes." Giv him a chance. My objection to the Christian religion is that it destroys human love, and tells you and me that the love of your dear ones is not necessary in this world to make a heaven in the next. No matter about your wife, your children, your brother, your sister—no matter about all the affections of the human heart—when you get there you will be along with the angels. I don't know whether I would like the angels? I don't know whether the angels would like me. I would rather stand by the folks who hav loved me and whom I know; and I can conceive of no heaven without the loved of this earth. That is the trouble with this Christian religion; leave your father, leave your mother, leave your wife, leave your children, leave everything and follow Jesus Christ. I will not. I will stay with the folks. I will not sacrifice on the altar of a selfish fear all the grandest and noblest promptings of my heart. You do away with human love, and what are we without it? What would we be in another world, and what would we be here without it? Can any one conceive of music without human love? Human love builds every home—human love is the author of all the beauty in this world. Love paints every picture, and chisels every statue; love, I tell you, builds every fireside. What could heaven be without love? And yet that is what we are promised—a heaven with your wife lost, your mother lost, some of your children gone. And you expect to be made happy by falling in with some angel. Such a religion is demoralizing.

And how are you to get there? On the efforts of another. You are to be perpetually a heavenly pauper, and you will hav to admit through all eternity that you never would hav got there if you hadn't got frightened. "I am here," you will say, "I hav these wings, I hav this musical inetrument, because I was sacred." What a glorious world! And then think of it—no reformation in the next world—not the slightest. If you die in Arkansas, that is the end of you. At the end you will be told that, being born in Arkansas, you had a fair chance. Think of telling a boy in the next world, who lived and died in Delaware, that he had a fair show! Can anything be more infamous? All on an equality—the rich and the poor, those with parents loving them, those with every opportunity for education, on an equality with the poor, the abject, and the ignorant—and this little ray called life, this little moment with a shadow and a tear, this little space between your mother's arms and the grave, that balances an entire eternity. And God can do nothing for you when you get there. A little Methodist preacher can do more for the soul here than its creator can when you get there. The soul goes to heaven, where there is nothing but good society; no bad examples; and they are all there, father, son, and holy ghost, and yet they can do nothing for that poor unfortunate except to damn him. Is there any sense in that? Why should this be a period of probation? It says in the Bible, I believe, "Now is the accepted time." When does that mean? That means whenever the passage is pronounced. Now is the accepted time. It will be the same to-morrow, won't it? And just as appropriate then as to-day, and if appropriate at any time, appropriate through all eternity. What I say is this: There is no world—there can be no world—in which every human being will not hav an opportunity of doing right. That is my objection to this Christian religion, and if the love of earth is not the love of heaven, if those who love us here are to be separated there, then I want eternal sleep. Giv me a good cold grave rather than the furnace of Jehovah's wrath. Gabriel, don't blow! Let me alone! If, when the grave bursts, I am not to meet the faces that hav been my sunshine in this life, let me sleep on. Rather than that the doctrin of endless punishment should be true, I would like to see the fabric of our civilization crumble and fall to unmeaning chaos and to formless dust, where oblivion broods and memory forgets. I would rather a Samson of some imprisoned force released by thoughtless chance should so wreck and strand the world that man, in stress and strain of want and fear, should shudderingly crawl back to savage and barbaric night; I would rather that every planet should in its soundless orbit wheel a barren star, on which the light will fall as fruitlessly as falls the gaze of love upon the cold, pathetic face of death, than that the Christian religion should be true.

WHAT HE BELIEVES.

I think it is better to love your children than to love God, a thousand times better, because you can help them, and I am inclined to think that God can get along without you. I believe in the religion of the family. I believe that the roof-tree is sacred from the smallest fiber held in the soft, moist clasp of the earth to the little blossom on the topmost bough that givs its fragrance to the happy air. The family where virtue dwells with love is like a lily with a heart of fire—the fairest flower in all this world. And I tell you God cannot afford to damn a man in the next world who has made a happy family in this. God cannot afford to cast over the battlements of heaven the man who has built a happy home here. God cannot afford to be unpitying to a human heart capable of pity. God cannot clothe with fire the man who has clothed the naked here; and God cannot send to eternal pain a man who has done something toward improving the condition of his fellow-man. If he can I had rather go to hell than to heaven and keep the company of such a God.

They tell me the next terrible thing I do is to take the hope of immortality; I do not, I would not, I could not. Immortality was first dreamed of by human love, and yet the church is going to take human love out of immortality. We love, therefore we wish to liv. A loved one dies and we wish to meet again, and from the affection of the human heart grew the great oak of the hope of immortality. And around that oak has climbed the poisonous vine superstition. Theologians, pretenders, soothsayers, parsons, priests, popes, bishops hav taken all that hope, and they hav had the impudence to stand by the grave and prophesy a future of pain. They hav erected their toll-gates on the highway to the other world and hav collected it from their fear. The church did not giv us the idea of immortality, the Bible did not giv us the idea of immortality; let me tell you now the Old Testament tells you how you lost immortality; it does not say a word about another world from the first mistake in Genesis to the last curse in Malachi. There is not in the Old Testament one burial service.

No man in the Old Testament stands by the dead and says, "I will meet them again"—not one word. From the top of Sinai came no hope of another world. And when we get to the New Testament, what do we find there? "Hav thy heart counted worthy to obtain that world and the resurrection of the dead." As though some would be counted unworthy to obtain the resurrection of the dead. And in another place: "Seek for honor, glory, immortality." If you hav got it, why seek for it. And in another place: "God, who alone hath immortality;" and yet they tell us that we get our idea of immortality from the Bible. I deny it. If Christ was in fact God, why didn't he plainly say there was another life. Why didn't he tell us something about it? Why didn't he turn the tear-stained hope of immortality into the glad knowledge of another life?

Why did he go dumbly to his death and leave the world in darkness and in doubt? Why? Because he was a man and didn't know. I would not destroy the smallest star of human hope, but I deny that we got our idea of immortality from the Bible. It existed long before Moses existed. We find it symbolized through all Egypt, through all India. Wherever man has lived his religion has another world in which to meet the lost. It is not born of the Bible. The idea of immortality, like the great sea, has ebbed and flowed in the human heart, beating with its countless waves of hope and fear against the shores and rocks of fate and time. It was not born of the Bible. It was born of the human heart, and it will continue to ebb and flow beneath the mists and clouds of doubt and darkness as long as love kisses the lips of death. We do not know. We do not prophesy a life of pain. We leave the dead with nature, the mother of us all, under a seven-hued bow of hope. Under the seven-hued arch let the dead sleep.

"Ah, but you take the consolation of religion." What consolation has religion for the widow of the unbeliever, the widow of a good, brave, kind man who lies dead? What can the orthodox ministers say to relieve the bursting heart of that woman? What can the orthodox ministers say to relieve the aching hearts of the little orphans as they kneel by the grave of that father, if that father didn't happen to be an orthodox Christian? What consolation hav they? I find that when a Christian loses a friend the tears spring from his eyes as quickly as from the eyes of others. Their tears are as bitter as ours. Why? The echo of the promises spoken eighteen hundred years ago is so low, and the sound of the clods upon the coffin so loud, the promises are so far away, and the dead are so near. That is the reason. And they find no consolation there. I say honestly we do not know; we cannot say. We do not know, cannot say whether death is a wall or a door; the beginning or end of a day; the spreading of pinions to soar, or the folding forever of wings; the rise or the set of a sun, or an endless life that brings the rapture of love to every one—we do not know; we cannot say.

AN OLD FABLE.

There is an old fable of Orpheus and Eurydice: Eurydice had been captured and taken to the infernal regions, and Orpheus went after her, taking with him his harp and playing as he went; and when he came to the infernal regions he began to play, and Sisyphus sat down upon the stone that he had been heaving up the side of the mountain for so many years, and which continually rolled back upon him; Ixion paused upon his wheel of fire; Tantalus ceased in his vain efforts for water; the daughters of Danaides left off trying to fill their seives with water; Pluto smiled, and for the first time in the history of hell the cheeks of the Furies were wet with tears; monsters relented and they said, "Eurydice may go with you, but you must not look back." So he again threaded the caverns, playing as he went, and as he again reached the light he failed to hear the footsteps of Eurydice, and he looked back and in a moment she was gone. This old fable givs to us the idea of the perpetual effort to rescue truth from the clutches of monsters. Some time Orpheus will not look back. Some day Eurydice will reach the blessed light, and at some time there will fade from the memory of men the superstition of religion.

An Enormous Expenditure and Small Results.

According to Mrs. Knox of Elmira, who delivered an address on Wednesday before the Presbyterian Women's Foreign Mission Society, the whole of Christendom gives "only $6.000,000 a year, or six-tenths of a cent each, for the conversion of the heathen."

It seems to us that six millions a year is far from an insignificant sum. It is, indeed, an enormous contribution toward the conversion of the heathen, and must represent a vast amount of individual self-denial.

Instead of speaking contemptuously of this magnificent offering, Mrs. Knox had reason for astonishment that the great flow of money to spread the gospel in the heathen countries continued to be so great, despite the stubborn refusal of heathendom to be converted.

Rather let her ask, What are the results accomplished by means of so vast an annual expenditure? Are these millions so laid out as to produce the best effect, or is much of the money squandered because it is devoted to the maintenance of the missions of rival religious denominations and the teaching of more or less conflicting religious doctrins? How many genuin converts are actually made yearly among the heathens?

Besides, paganism is now spreading throughout Christendom at a most alarming rate. Infidelity is menacing the church in Europe and America as never before. It seems to us, therefore, that Christians hav their hands full at home.

Take New York, for instance; a vast majority of the people are no more followers of the precepts of the Christ and no more believers in the fundamental doctrins of Christian theology than the inhabitants of Calcutta, or Pekin, or Yokohama.—*Sun.*

A Freethought Romance.

Waifs and Wanderings.

BY SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

CHAPTER XXVI.—CONTINUED.

"Is it possible that he'll worry through?" said Cupples. "One chance out of a hundred and that's all. If the water's deep enough, he may weather it, for he's like a cat—giv him a chance, he's always right side up with care. I'll wait, and, meantime, get a square meal. If he don't share it with me, I can eat it all myself. I won't object to double rations."

Several hours passed by. Cupples had to eat his meal in utter loneliness. The gorgeous sunset came with its many colored banners, and, for one bright hour, held carnival in the heavens and earth, and then its jeweled tents were furled and away it passed, and the black troops of night appeared with their star-adorned turbans. They lowered over the forest and marched to the solemn music of the innumerable trees. Cupples held his breath. He was mightily scared, and devoutly prayed that the sergeant might materialize at once. It was almost midnight and Cupples hadn't slept a wink, and every noise made him tremble like a leaf.

Finally, he heard a faint halloo. It sounded like "Cupples."

"I must go," he said, "though I feel as if the devil would catch me."

He crept on toward the voice. It had a muffled sound, and he could scarcely tell whether it was human or not. As he stealthily approached, he felt sure that it was the sergeant's voice. He ventured himself, at length, to cry out. To this there was a quick, decisive reply, "Cupples!" He hurried forward and almost tumbled into the arms of the sergeant, who was limping and creeping along.

"Safe," cried Cupples.

"I don't know," said the sergeant. "I'm pretty well bunged up. I got an awful twisting. I believe my ankle is sprained. My head feels as if it was a squash. Help me to the shanty. I must have a night's rest, a good warm fire, and recover my forces. I've got a big thing here, and, by the eternal, I must get it to our folks. The enemy are massing all their forces on Fort Donaldson. That's their plan now. They'll succeed and strike a hard blow if I don't prevent. The other fellow went to the devil, I guess. It's a big gorge. I had to float down a mile before I found a landing-place, and I had to crawl my way back almost. If my ankle's all right by morning, so so that I can walk, I'll take my chances with good courage."

Cupples built a roaring fire, cooked the best corncakes he was able, made the sergeant as comfortable as possible; and for the rest of the night they both slept like logs, as if there were no enemy about. They had to do this, and forget all danger, for only by thorough rest and refreshment would they be able to cope with the enormous difficulties of the morrow. Their only safety was in being absolutely desperate.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A BIG HAUL.

It was almost noon when the sergeant awoke and rubbed his eyes.

"I guess I'm in the land of the living," said he, "though I hardly know where I am."

Cupples jumped up as if struck by lightning.

"I guess we'd better be going," he said.

"We might as well take our time," said the sergeant. "It isn't our legs that'll save us, but our heads. We must plan. We are as safe here as anywhere."

"If our legs don't take us out of this, I don't think our heads will."

"Wait and see. What we need first of all is a good rest and plenty of strength. I wonder if I can walk."

The sergeant hobbled around a bit.

"I don't think my ankle is sprained. Get me some water and I'll give it a good dosing."

He bathed it profusely, and in a little while he was able to walk quite comfortably.

"Now for the rest of that corn-meal. While you are cooking, I'll examine these dispatches, and see if I can plan anything out of them."

The sergeant wrapt himself in a brown study, while Cupples labored valiantly with the meal, and made some corn-cakes that were not quite as heavy as cannon-balls.

"Lucky we've got a good appetite," said the sergeant, "or we'd starve to death before we could digest these specimens of primeval rocks. But they'll serve to keep us until we've accomplished our plans. Do you know, Cupples, that I'm going to capture a whole regiment?"

"I expect you can do anything," said Cupples, "after going through that cataract. At the same time, I don't understand it."

"Listen, and I will tell you a thing or two. This is a map of the country, do you see? Over here is Bolton's brigade. The troops are massing there. This dispatch says that the 5th Georgia, now at Buford's station, will come down on the railroad tonight. The railroad runs right through the camp; but beyond that it goes directly to our own forces, six miles away, at Sinclair's. I shall board the train as it comes down, send it spinning through Bolton's camp, and straight on to ours. I engage you for fireman. Will you take the job?"

"It's no use to strike," said Cupples, "so I fall in; but I haven't the slightest doubt but we'll all go to smash."

"Perhaps so, but the greatest risk is the greatest safety now. We must be ready to ride the lightning if need be."

"When shall we run the gantlet?"

"About midnight, I guess. It's a couple of miles through the woods to the track, so we'd better start."

It must be confessed that Cupples didn't admire the project very much. It was a brilliant idea indeed, but it seemed an utter impossibility to carry it out. The sergeant went forward, however, as if he hadn't the slightest doubt of success; as if he had bought a first-class ticket for a palace car. After a slow tramp through the wood they came to the railroad.

"We must halt at this curve, just where they'll be going slow," said the sergeant. "This big tree makes a good hiding-place. What we must do, Cupples, is to jump aboard, fling the engineer and fireman off, put on steam, and go it. If we can get a fair start, I defy the whole of Bolton's army to stop us."

"I'll follow," said Cupples; "I can't manage the engine, but I'll keep the fire a-going."

"That's all I want. I know something about these iron horses. I've rode 'em, and I know how to get the speed out."

Quietly they lay hid amid the enormous branches of the wide-spreading oak. The verdant roof, spangled with rich masses of sunlight, made their temporary habitation seem like an airy palace. Occasionally some bright bird dashed in and out of their retreat. The squirrels kept them good company, as if they had a certain sort of unconscious enjoyment in the affair that was about to be undertaken.

The thunder of the train could be heard in the distance, as night overspread the heavens.

"Now for it Cupples. Creep along the edge of the wood there. The moment it reaches the curve we must spring."

Cupples mechanically obeyed. He kept his eyes fixed constantly on the sergeant. The sergeant crouched closely to the ground alongside the rail. Cupples did the same. The train approached and began to round the curve. It seemed as if the engine was about to run over the prostrate men, when, like flame from gunpowder, they leaped up and upon the engine, tackled the engineer and fireman, overpowered, gagged, and rolled them off, put on the steam, and in a moment, almost, were darting through the darkness at terrific speed. The lights of Bolton's camp soon gleamed; but, to the astonishment of the rebel troops, the train went rattling by like a whirlwind.

"Where in the devil is that train going?" said Bolton, as it went thundering like a comet.

"It's going to the federal camp," said Sandy. "Some Union spy has the run of things. I guess they'll stop him though before he gets much farther."

"I don't know. It looks as if they were bound to go to smash, and not a splinter be left."

"Pile on the coal, Cupples, make it red hot. Make the train shake so that they can't climb over, knock em off if they try it."

It seemed as if the whole night was awakened by the tumultuous swiftness of the train. It almost leaped from the rails in its mad career. It was a freight train; the soldiers were piled inside the cars, and it was impossible for them to reach the engine and grapple with the well-nigh insane adventurers. A few brakemen who endeavored to do so were thrown off.

"They can't stop us. We've passed the enemy's lines. Six miles more and we are safe."

It was as if a planet were thundering and blazing through the immensities of space.

"It almost takes my breath," said the sergeant. "I wish I could send word that I'm coming."

"What in the devil is that" said Stubbs, as he saw the fiery train dashing toward his encampment. "Can you make it, doctor?"

"I can't; it seems like an earthquake."

"Order the troops to fall in. Whatever it is, we'll be ready."

The long scream of the locomotive was heard again and again.

"Send the cavalry up the road," cried Stubbs. "If it don't stop soon it'll go over the broken bridge into the river."

The troops of cavalry went streaming up the winding railroad.

"Hurrah, Cupples, we are inside our own lines. Let her slack up. Now jump for it. Here we are on terra firma."

"What, Jones?" cried Stubbs, "and Cupples? Are you in command of this force?"

"They are your prisoners, if you'll be on hand to catch 'em."

"Of course we will. You don't find us napping."

"That's not all," said Jones, "read these."

"Bully for you," cried Stubbs, as he perused the dispatches. "This is important. We must march at once. See that the prisoners are properly secured."

The sergeant's memorable achievement became one of the traditions of the army. As the result of it, one of the most decisive movements of the war took place and the rebel army was defeated in one of its most daring and skilful undertakings.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Common Sense on the Temperance Question.

BUFFALO, April 10, 1884.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* The following letter to a friend may contribute to the controversy now going on in the columns of your paper if you think it worthy a place.

DEAR FRIEND: You question, "What is the matter with prohibition that you cannot vote for it?" I answer: The same matter I find in all political parties—intolerance, bigotry, policy. Everybody who does not shout for their candidate is classed with the rum party. They hold that no man is a temperance man unless he is a prohibitionist, and in tricks of politics they "out-Herod Herod." I hav mingled with them, and find them generally devoid of sympathy for the struggling mass of humanity. From hating the sin they learn to hate the sinner. But this is of the men. What of the measure? I cannot approve of prohibition. I believe in temperance and in total abstinence, and shall always do what little I can to advance that belief. But the day has passed when belief can be established by legislation. A belief to be enduring must be based on evidence. Now evidence in regard to excess in drinking is all on one side. Nobody denies the harm. Also in regard to adulterated liquors. But pure liquors taken in strict moderation is a question on which learned authorities differ. Until it can be established that "the thing in itself" is harmful, I must giv the credit of sincerity to those who claim it is not, and being sincere in their belief they hav as good a right to it as I to mine.

Here prohibition is in conflict with personal liberty. But you say, "It is not the moderate drinker the law aims to suppress; it is the grogshop." "To do a great good do a little wrong, and curb this cruel devil of his will." Now this sounds well, but the principle is wrong. "Be sure you're right, then go ahead," was Davy Crockett's motto. Prohibition should only deal with crime, and drinking liquor can be nothing more than a vice, and if we punish this vice, to be consistent, we should punish all vices, and if that were done, as Dio Lewis says, "the last man would hav to reach out through his cell-koor and lock himself in, for we are all guilty of vices." But you say, "Drunkenness is so much worse." True, drunkenness is a great nuisance, but we hav enough law on that question now. Also against the sale of liquor to children, the insane and idiotic, or other persons known to be dangerous when under its influence. Also laws against adulteration. But our prohibition friends neglect all these in their endeavor to get some new law on the statute books, to become in turn a dead letter. Their constant cry is somewhat like the crow—law, law, law! Moderate drinking is not a crime, it is not a nuisance; it may be a vice in so much as it may lead to drunkenness: but if the law can say, "You shall not drink this," may it not say, "You shall not eat that?" "But prohibition does not say this," you say. "It only says you shall not make and sell this drink." But this is a distinction without a difference. The aim is to prevent the drinking, else whence the harm? "To say a man has a legal right to drink, and then send a constable to stand between him and opportunity, is adding insult to tyranny." And, as Lewis further says, "the prohibitionist would say to a man who wishes to drink, My dear fellow, you hav a perfect legal right to drink, but I should smile to see you buy any. The right to drink includes the right to buy, not the right to buy through the lying prescription of a tricky doctor, but the right to buy of anyone who conducts the sale without crime and without making his business a legal nuisance." And so long as there is a demand there will be a supply, and private drinking clubs are considered by many good people as worse and more dangerous than the public saloon. There is a rebellious spirit in man that kicks against authority.

The Western farmers find that by driving their cattle away from their straw stacks and thereby inducing them to steal it they can get them to eat the straw which they otherwise would not touch. "Stolen fruits are sweet."

"Oh, yes, but consider the awful woe and misery caused by strong drink—crime, degradation, and poverty. Heavens! if prohibition fails, what shall we do to be saved?"

Now while admitting that King Alcohol is indeed a remorseless tyrant, I believe his power rests upon popular ignorance—ignorance of how to adapt ourselvs to our environments so as to secure the largest possible happiness for ourselvs and others. When education discloses the true paths of happiness alcohol will follow all other kings into oblivion. Educate, elevate, reform, and revolutionize society. Drunkenness and all other social vices are the result of our

social organization and the daughters rather than the mothers of poverty.

I consider wage slavery and the degradation of labor the cause of nine-tenths of all our vice and crime. Emancipate labor and educate the laborer, and our saloons, like Othello, would find their occupation gone. "It is asserted," says E. C. Walker, "that intemperance is the cause of every crime. If by intemperance is meant only the use of stimulating drinks, nothing could be wider of the truth than this. Every passion of man, his every desire, every unbalanced faculty, has helped to swell the crime list. National pride—count its windrows of slain! Ambition—view its fields of carnage! Revenge—how many daggers has it sharpened, how many vials of poison uncorked! Avarice—in mercy's name lift not the veil! Jealousy—see its victims bleed; hear their anguished moans! Parental ignorance and inharmony, bequeathing to children malformed bodies and erratic brains—go gaze upon the scaffolds they hav built!"

And what is the remedy for all this sad array? Why, a right education—a reformation of society founded on right and justice. To remove an evil we must seek for its cause. Law never removed an evil. History shows that the most vicious crimes hav followed the most rigorous laws. Priest and lawyers hav ever been stumbling-blocks in the path of civilization. They hav monopolized education and wealth and constituted themselvs the great slave-drivers of humanity. The lawyer's whip was present law; the priest's was law to come. But humanity is becoming restiv under the lash. There are mutterings all round the world, and priests and kings and lawyers begin to see the handwriting on the wall. The education which they sought to monopolize is being diffused among the people. Their ill-got wealth must follow suit. The "law" born of the priests and propagated by kings and lawyers, must pass away. A new era, a new dispensation, will follow. Liberty, born of reason and science, will reign supreme. No crown nor scepter, no cross nor crosier, will signal the new event: Reason the only guide, science the only method, liberty the only authority—"man's inhumanity to man" shall be no more.

"Forever in thine eyes, O Liberty,
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved,
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."

Yours in the hope that evolution or revolution may "hasten along the glorious noon-day,"

A. L. Ballou.

Money and Its Meaning.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* To-day my attention was called to an article of correspondence under the above heading, in your issue of March 8th, which number escaped my notice at the time owing to absence from home. The article is from the pen of Stephen Pearl Andrews, and as it helps to mystify the mind of those who may not hav gone to the root of the money question, I respectfully ask you to admit to your columns this reply.

Man is all-powerful. His body is perfection for a purpose. When the life, the spirit, is, by the power that gave it out and of which it is a part, is called back or returned to the parent, the body is valueless except as a commodity. So, too, with money. No matter what its size, shape, form, age, sex, or material. Endowed or surcharged with power to exist and appear and hold rank and perform as a *legal tender* to the discharge of a debt, it is all-powerful over all other creatures till the power that thus exalted it is withdrawn to be conferred upon something else, when it is a dead, inert mass; as is the trade dollar, or any other coin or thing that is demonetized—dead as money. The life has departed, but the substance remains for such purpose as it may be put to. But it is no longer money, which in the law is simply a legal tender to the discharge of debt.

At one time in my life, when I understood this matter no better or clearer than does my learned friend, Stephen Pearl Andrews, I could agree with his position in all of its foliage. But I cannot do so now without insulting intelligence and reflecting upon the wisdom, learning, and patriotism of the Supreme Court, the highest tribunal in this country.

The law does not affix values. This is left to buyer and seller to arrive at by barter. The law simply declares what shall be *moneta*, or money, or legal tender to the final discharge of a debt. Whatever is a legal tender is money. Whatever is not a legal tender is not money.

The law givs, and the law takes away the legal tender life, power, or spirit; withholds it, or givs it to another thing, as the case may be.

Mr. Andrews says that money has power to purchase. This I deny *in toto*. Not all the money issued by any government or power in the world has power to purchase my wife, my child, my vote, my manhood, or so simple a thing as the pen with which and by which I convey these ideas, thoughts, and facts to paper. The law does not pretend to giv money power to purchase, but does declare what is legal tender for debt; what is a specific for that one complaint. The patient, that is, the creditor, is not compelled to receive it, but the debtor is compelled to tender it if the creditor so demands.

The law declares that all foreign coins, and some United States coins, are not money, though they were money once. The law declares that a piece of paper stamped and issued under a certain law is legal tender money, and so long as that law remains in force, so long as that one dollar of legal tender is a legal tender for one dollar, so long it rides the topmost wave, pre-eminent over all articles bartered and traded for. If the law says that a trade dollar coin is legal tender for one dollar of debt, it becomes money. Now the trade dollar is not money. If the law says that a gold coin is not a legal tender, from that moment the gold coin is not money, but something else—a creation of a machine. The trouble has been that men who are ignorant or unable to comprehend the legal tender idea, or whose intelligence runs to foliage instead of root, as does the essay of my learned friend, do not understand the subject they write or speak of, and therefore get so far from shore that they lose themselvs, and need to be brought back.

What is money? It is that thing which the supreme law of the land declares to be legal tender for debts in the country where that law is supreme. Of what material is money made? The same as a house—of whatever material the architect decides to use.

Has the greenback dollar ever fallen below its face value? Not in its power to pay debts, and therefore has never depreciated. Why the war against the greenback dollar? Because, as an outburst of intelligence, it was to usury and kingcraft an enemy. It was and is a friend of the people, and therefore to be put out of the way for the enrichment of worshipers of the golden calf, who seek to build themselvs up at the expense of the many,

M. M. Pomeroy.

New York, April 11, 1884.

The Bryennios Manuscripts.

The *Andover Review* for April contains a translation of an ancient Greek manuscript entitled, "Teaching of the Twelve Apostles," lately found by Bishop Bryennios in a "Most, Holy Sepulcher" in Constantinople. It is claimed that the original book was composed between A.D. 120 and 150. The "Man of Sin" has read the translation and is inclined to believe that the date assigned to the writing is *not too early*. It appears that Clement of Alexandria has quoted a passage from it *as scripture*. If so, it must hav existed sometime before A.D. 200. But how long before in order to be regarded by Clement as holy scripture? Half a century would seem to be too short a time to acquire that repute, but two hundred years would probably be long enough. Why not, then, unless there is some evidence to the contrary, date it as early as A.D. 1? Jesus was stoned and hanged about 75 B.C., and Paul, who was one of the youngest apostles, survived until near the beginning of the Christian era. He was, probably, the last living apostle. After they were all dead was the time for their immediate successors to write out an authoritativ creed, and this book entitled, "Teaching of the Apostles," was just the kind of work we would expect to see, not professing to be the direct teaching of the apostles, but yet speaking as if by apostolic authority.

There are several more ancient Greek manuscripts discovered by Bryennios at the same time, of which we are about to hav translations. These are the first and second epistles of Clement to the Corinthians, the epistle of Barnabas, and the longer recension of the Ignatian epistles. "Antichrist" has, heretofore, expressed his belief that the first epistle of Clement, and the epistle of Barnabas, if authentic, were written as early as the beginning of the Christian era. Now we hav forthcoming a new text of these, varying more or less from those we hav heretofore. Let us see if there is anything in the new text incompatible with the early dates assigned to those two epistles by

Antichrist, A.M.

Reform in Home Life.

Professor Adler preaches a vast deal of common sense. At his lecture at Chickering Hall last Sunday he said: The family is one of the most remarkable inventions of human genius. He called it an invention because home life did not always exist. We hav ideally recognized monogamy, although practically there is polygamy and communism. To-day all sorts of wild propositions are made concerning the subject, and society is anxious.

Our position concerning the family is one of unyielding conservatism. We do not believe the present form of family life will ever be superseded. But if the inner constitution of the home is to remain unchanged, the external arrangements may be changed. Too much drudgery is imposed upon our women. The kitchen is made the base of our houses, and there are people who believe family life should rest on the kitchen; that mothers and wives should spend their time in the kitchen. If a woman spends her time in this way she cannot exercise those ennobling influences we demand of her.

Our homes are clumsy. The parlor is used for two purposes—it is the reception room for friends and is the art room, the fine room. We all like beautiful objects, but we hav no space for them. A union of families would bring about the establishment of a fine art room.

A great deficiency in home life is the want of proper children's schools. At three years of age a child has mastered self-consciousness. He wants to be occupied. If he is not properly occupied his character is injured. The little naughtinesses of children are not their fault, but the fault of their mothers. The mothers do not train themselvs to understand the soul life of the child. They are too busy with other offices. The kindergarten is a remedy for this, but the kindergarten is impossible in isolated houses. What I ask is that we should hav a union of households. We must hav a union so arranged that the family may be private and yet that there may be co-operation.

Liberal Notes from Illinois.

On Thursday evening, March 20th, I completed a four-weeks trip with J. E. Remsburg, over eastern, northern, and western Illinois. We traveled over five hundred miles together; he lecturing and I selling Liberal books, etc., at the meetings. He filled three engagements in addition to the nine which had been previously announced in The Truth Seeker. The additional engagements were McHenry, Moline, and Wyoming. In all he gave twenty-seven lectures on this trip in this state. The lectures were well attended, and in some places we had crowded houses. Notwithstanding that in nearly every place the sky-pilots did all they could to keep the people away, getting up opposition meetings and entertainments—and in one place the Methodists got up a negro show as a counter attraction, but it did not win to any great extent—Mr. Remsburg's lectures hav had a good and lasting effect wherever he has been. We parted company after the close of his lectures at Wyoming, March 20th. He is going to fill his appointments in Missouri and Iowa, on his way home to Atchison, and I turning eastward, toward the center of Illinois. I hav now completed four years' constant service in the cause of Liberalism in the state of Illinois, and along the borders of the adjoining states, selling and circulating Liberal literature, getting subscriptions to Liberal papers, and organizing Liberal Leagues wherever I could. During the four years that I hav been engaged in this work, I hav traveled something over ten thousand miles. First, with a horse and buggy, and for the past two years and four months by rail. I hav visited nearly every county, and every town of any considerable size that I could reach by railroad in this state. And as I review the work I hav done, I find that I hav accomplished far more than I ever anticipated that I could with the small means I had when I commenced. But now my means are expended, and I am compelled to quit and seek some renumerativ employment to replenish my purse. If I am successful in finding something to do, whereby I can earn a little money, I will again take hold of the Liberal work. Last fall I proposed to go into the state of Indiana, and work up a state League and local Leagues in that state, as I hav done in Illinois. But as I got no response to my proposal from the Liberals in Indiana, I dared not make the undertaking.

Now, I should be pleased to hear from the Liberals of this state, and especially from those who are members of the State Liberal League of Illinois, in regard to their opinions or wishes in reference to holding the Annual State Liberal League Convention this year. These conventions are necessarily attended with some expenses for hall rents, speakers, printing, postage, etc. And as I no longer hav the means to pay these expenses from my own pocket, I dare not run the risk of incurring the expense. I hope that those who feel an interest in upholding the Liberal cause in the state of Illinois, and would like to see a good Liberal convention held in our state during summer, will write to me, and let me know what they think about it. All letters or postal cards addressed to me to Bloomington, Ill., will be forwarded to me.

F. F. Follet,
Secretary State Liberal League of Illinois.

Galva, Ill., March 25, 284.

How To Take the Census.

Our mode of taking census is a sample of how a government is going to become a vast engin whereby several hundred thousand people may liv off the labor of millions. By dividing all the people of each county into groups of ten, with a head man for each ten, who keeps his reports up and presents them to the elder or head of ten such groups, who in turn reports to the head of ten like himself, the whole census is promptly taken at a trifling cost. Each head of the thousands can report to one common head. Organized thus, the census for the whole Union can be taken in a few minutes, on the same principle as that each family eats its own dinner. Perhaps some time we will begin to know what government by the people really is.

Clarke Irvine.

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Jesuitical Tricks.

Those fashionable Protestants who hav introduced Mgr. Capel into their homes are likely to regret it. Bishop Potter, of the Episcopal church, has been expecting that when the widow Hamersly died she would leave to his church a large portion of the four millions of dollars bequeathed her by her husband. But it turns out that the French Jesuit has been hunting in that direction, and has bagged the game.

In the matter of proselyting, the Protestants can learn much from their mother church. The old lady has had years of experience to profit by, and possesses a more elastic conscience. Mgr. Capel says their last stroke of business is a "professional secret," and refuses to divulge the means by which it was brought about. He said to a *World* reporter that as conversions come entirely from God, a priest being merely the instrument, he considered any discussion of them a sin of as great enormity as the sin of David in numbering his people. Were it known that he was on business of that kind, the houses of his Protestant friends would be closed to him, and his occupation would be gone. He tacitly admitted that his church was sure of the Hamersly millions, but he would not reveal what commission the pope allowed him on the transaction.

The Protestants can blame themselvs for this prospectiv loss. They hav taken Capel to their homes and bosoms, and given him opportunities he could never hav obtained had he been left to the courtesies of his own denomination. It is natural that the viper should sting, and only a fool will coddle one. The treacherous instincts of a Jesuit cannot be drowned in wine dinners; and this follower of Loyola is not diverted from his purpose by polite attentions. His mission here is fraught with danger to all our republican institutions, as is shown by his utterances on the school question previous to this capture of a fair millionairess, and his later effort to induce our government to interfere with the Italian conversion of the Propaganda property into interest bearing bonds. On the evening of the 16th, he addressed a meeting of Catholics, who proposed, "to ask the whole Catholic body in the United States to sign a declaration of its opinion and feeling concerning the step of confiscation, euphemiously called conversion, of the Propaganda property; and that it is their further intention to ask the government of the United States to protest, in the name of these signatories, against the contemplated action of the Italian government. Already," he says, "with a true instinct of right, and determined to uphold the rights of its citizens, hav the states demanded and obtained the protection over the American College at Rome."

Now no one questions the right of the Catholics to send individually, and as a body, to the Italian government a protest embodying their views of the rightfulness and legality of what Mgr. Capel, with dishonest purpose, calls the confiscation of the church's property, but when a foreigner heads a mass meeting which presumes to instruct the United States government to interfere with a friendly power in its dealings with its own subjects, the impudence rises to a sublimity which would call for no notice had not our accidental president already shown a disposition to fish for Irish votes by throwing the American flag over the "American" college—a step he had no more right to take than he would hav to hoist the Stars and Stripes over the Vatican, and say to King Humbert, You shall not tax this; it is American property.

Our codfish aristocracy deserve all the humiliation they may receive at the hands of Capel. They hav toadied to him in a manner that would be shameful in a body possessing as much sense as a monkey, and as they hav sown, so must they reap. But every drop of patriot blood must boil at the attempted indignity upon our government, and when Mgr. Capel's insolent proposition reaches Washington he should be snubbed and told to mind his own business. Will our present officials hav the backbone to do it?

Selling Flowers Sunday.

The "Society for the Prevention of Crime," Howard Crosby chief instigator, D. J. Whitney, chief bulldozer, has entered upon the task of converting New York's continental into a puritanical Sabbath. One of its hired spies has written to a police commissioner calling his attention to the public commission of the enormous sin of selling canes in Broadway on Sunday, while "gangs of boys with bouquets on boards, which they thrust under the faces of pedestrians," sell flowers on Sundays, from 10 A.M. to 2 P.M., at Fifth avenue and Twenty-third street.

Capt. Kip, first deputy clerk of the Police Department, wrote in reply that the 'superintendent had been instructed "to look sharply after the cane pedlers," but that it was "a serious question whether the law was intended for the suppression of flower selling, or whether its rigorous enforcement in that particular would be indorsed by public opinion." After saying that the flowers which decorate the churches are mostly delivered by florists on Sunday morning, Capt. Kip continues:

"It has long been the custom for religious people to purchase flowers from these little venders on their way to and from worship, and if it becomes necessary for this department to enforce a law prohibiting the sale on Sunday of an article so harmless, so beneficial, and at the same time so refining in its influences as the bouquet of flowers, it will do so without much heart in duties so unpleasantly imposed."

Mr. Kip's evasion is as bad as the society's bigotry. What the Christians buy on Sunday he would sell; that which they do not need to purchase he would prohibit from being offered. This looks very much as though he thinks the earth turns exclusivly for the Christians.

Once a Beggar, Always a Beggar.

The Supreme Court of this state has rendered a decision in the suit of the People vs. Peterson that is of interest. The law of this state allows exemption from taxation to the amount of $1,500 to all ministers. Mr. Peterson, since 1830, had been a preacher of the Reformed church. Fifteen years ago, by reason of old age, he was obliged to giv up preaching, and he retired, presumably on a competency, as he has done nothing since, and possessed property which the assessor taxed.

Although out of the pulpit it seems he did not turn honest, for he resisted the tax levy, and fought his case up to the Supreme Court, which has rendered a verdict in his favor. The court said, "Being a minister, and engaged in no other calling, he was entitled to the exemption, notwithstanding he was disqualified for activ duty by age and infirmity."

It is difficult to know which to condemn most, the stupidity which enacted the law, the partisanship of the court rendering the decision, or the moral obliquity of the minister who would receive exemption under the circumstances.

Pictures of the Monument.

It givs us the greatest pleasure to be able to say to inquiring correspondents that there is in course of preparation an elaborately designed lithograph of Mr. Bennett's monument. The size is 22x27 inches. It will be executed in colors, with the medallion likeness printed in bronze. Two sides of the structure will be shown. The large size will enable the inscriptions to be plainly read, and ornamental panels will show the lettering on the two obverse sides. The ample dimensions of the lithograph will enable the artist to make the medallion as large as an imperial photograph, thus insuring a faithful likeness of Mr. Bennett, which we know will be treasured by his thousands of friends. The whole will form a beautiful picture, an ornament to any parlor.

It was at one time proposed by the committee to send a picture of the monument to every one subscribing a dollar towards its erection. Such a picture would necessarily hav been a very plain affair, as the committee is not composed of wealthy men and could not afford to giv an elaborate present. But on considering the matter it was thought the subscribers to the fund would rather pay the bare cost of a picture such as is now in preparation than receive gratis a plain black lithograph. On the one designed the artist foregoes all profit, furnishing it for just the cost of preparation, and we hav added only the cost of the protecting roller and the amount of the postage. All those who hav contributed towards erecting the monument will therefore get the lithograph for thirty cents; others will be required to pay fifty cents. Orders will be received at any time, and filled as soon as the work is done. There is also a small balance (about $50) yet remaining unpaid on the monument itself. We shall feel great joy when we can announce the extinction of this debt.

A Chance for Mr. Livezey, of Catonsville, Md.

A friend of ours living in Idaho has received one of the circulars sent out by the Maryland crank accusing some Liberals of Oregon of conspiring to murder some Christians, and in a private letter to us, inquiring about Livezey, says:

"I will giv him one hundred dollars apiece for every Infidel found engaged in any secret plot to persecute any sect or denomination in Oregon. Furthermore, I will giv him one hundred dollars for each one found among the twenty-five ladies and gentlemen [that Livezey says he has brought to grief or confession] who upheld such work. I will also, if the What-is-it wishes, put up two dollars to his one for him to make his assertion good about Infidel assassins in Oregon, for if Infidels are of that class it is well the world should know it."

This is a golden opportunity for Livezey to either prove his charges or retract them, for surely a good "What-is-it?" cannot want to circulate a lie. As our friend's letter is private we cannot now giv his name, but it is sufficient that he is a reliable gentleman. We hav written to him to be ready with his cash, and Mr. Livezey can communicate with him through our mediumship.

One Vote for Edmunds Stopped.

Under date of April 13th, Charles C. Johnson, of Milford, Mass., writes:

"The cry in this section is Edmunds. Your editorial on 'That Bible Amendment' was timely. You could not hav struck better. I read it to a friend to-day. He said, 'That fixes me. I hav been talking for him; shall not vote for him now.'"

We do not see how any consistent Liberal can work for Edmunds or vote for him if he secures the Republican nomination. Mr. Edmunds would use his place to further the schemes of the God-in-the-Constitution party, and he who would do that is a dangerous man to put in power.

TO OUR READERS AND BOOKBUYERS: *If you experience any difficulty in obtaining* THE TRUTH SEEKER *or any of our own or other Freethought works through any dealer, we shall feel greatly obliged if you will order direct from this office. We are fearful that many dealers do not take the pains they should to supply Liberal works—sometimes, even, wrongly reporting them out of print—thereby depriving the inquiring public of heterodox books, and preventing us from making needed sales.*

Editorial Notes.

TALMAGE pictured what he claimed as the resurrection with so much realism on Easter Sunday that women went into hysteria and men would hav been seized with delirium tremens if they hadn't gone out of church in the middle of the sermon to find a man around the corner. What is the use, asks *Truth*, of these sanctified exclamation marks about a thing of which Dr. Talmage knows nothing and never will know anything? The whole thing was theatrical, but it had not the honesty of a theatrical representation, for a play is an acknowledged fiction. Dr. Talmage's heaven and hell, on the contrary, are only born of his vivid imagination, with a little Presbyterian theology thrown in, and he pretends that he knows all about them. Having a large and flexible mouth and a copious flow of words he presents his imaginary places of joy with great effect. Perhaps he is paid his salary to frighten women and disgust men.

AT a church dedication in Smyrna, Del., on April 5th, the Rev. Dr. Mutchmore took occasion to rebuke the faithful for their lukewarmness as manifested by the atomic size of their contributions. "I often think," he said, "that a man's faith may be gauged by his contributions to God's service. A man at a horse race will bet $500 on a certain horse. Why does he do it? It is the amount of faith he has in that horse. A dog fancier will bet $50 on the dog which he has faith in. You can gauge his faith by the amount of money he is willing to contribute toward the support of God's church; he drops a penny in the plate and plainly says that's the amount of my faith in the cleansing and saving power of the grace of God. The dog fighter has fifty dollars' worth of faith in his bulldog, and the Christian ten cents' worth in the savior of the world." It doesn't seem to hav occurred to the reverend gentleman that men's faith is sometimes pinned to the object that best deserves it.

The investigation of the charges against the Rev. M. N. Capron, at Utica, N. Y., lasting four days, and terminating on the 16th, resulted in finding the charges of imprudent conduct, immoral conduct, and fraud fully sustained by the testimony. The Rev. Mr. Capron was thereupon deposed from the ministry, but not expelled from the church. So says the account; and, for thus retaining the immoral and fraudulent member within the fold of the church, it may be added, that committee has the thanks of an afflicted and long-suffering world, which certainly has no reason to wish Mr. Capron thrown back upon it unless he can be returned in as good condition as he was received into the communion. This taking men into the church, keeping them until they are demoralized, and then turning them loose in the community again has grown monotonous. Every one must be relieved to know that the church will continue to be responsible for the peculiarities of the Rev. Mr. Capron.

An exciting debate between Charles Bradlaugh and H. Hyndman, president of the English Democratic Federation, took place on the evening of the 17th, at St. James's Hall, London, on the subject of Socialism. The members of the Federation had begun to grow cool toward Bradlaugh, says the cablegram, because he refused to keep pace with their revolutionary theories, and he consented to debate the entire question of Socialism with President Hyndman, his principal critic. The hall (which has the largest seating capacity of any in London) was crowded. Bradlaugh, although he greatly surpassed Hyndman in the skill with which he managed his side of the debate, lost the favor of the vast audience by advocating only milder forms of Socialism and contending for agitation as the means to accomplish governmental reforms. Hyndman characterized Bradlaugh's policy of agitation as child's play and boldly declared that the only way to bring the despots of Europe to their senses was to terrify them into making proper concessions. It is said that Hyndman's arguments carried the house by storm. The full text of this debate is to be printed in pamphlet form by the *National Reformer*, when American readers will hav the opportunity of reading it.

The tide of immigration setting toward our shores is subject to fluctuations, but there exists no reason to anticipate that during the life of the present generation it will fail to reach the average hight of the past ten years; immigration, therefore, continues to be one of the great economic questions of this country, and it involves a political problem of the highest importance, that of naturalization. That our naturalization laws are defectiv in many respects is notorious, and the demand for their revision will no doubt acquire added force from the publication of an article by Justice William Strong upon that subject in the *North American Review* for May. In the same number of the *Review*, Edwin P. Whipple offers a candid judgment of Matthew Arnold, as a thinker and as a man of letters. Richard A. Proctor, under the title of "A Zone of Worlds," writes of the vast multitude of the pigmy kindred of the earth, known as the asteroids. In "The Railway and the State," Gerritt L. Lansing essays to prove that the multiplication and extension of railroad lines, and the establishment of low rates of transportation, are hindered rather than helped by governmental interference. Professor Henry F. Osborn, of Princton College, has a highly interesting article on "Illusions of Memory." Helen Kendrick Johnson contributes an essay on "The Meaning of Song." Finally, there is a joint discussion of "Workingmen's Grievances," by William Godwin Moody and Prof. J. Laurence, of Harvard University, in which both make several mistakes, though on the whole Mr. Moody's statement is an exceedingly valuable setting forth of economic grievances.

At the close of a temperance lecture given by W. F. Jamieson at Creighton, Neb., a Mr. J. T. Lindsay, being called upon, said:

"I came not to speak, but to hear, if possible, on the subject of temperance. I think temperance in all things is the crown of excellence. There are thousands of men and women who kill themselvs by gluttony that the world knows not of, for they go to their graves silently and unmarked. When the drunkard dies, he goes amid the ravings of lunacy, and the wild shrieks of delirium. The worst man on earth is the man who gets drunk and abuses the wife who has clung to him through years of sorrow and adversity, with his heart deadened against the lisping words of love from childhood's lips—words that should thrill his soul with tenderness and joy. With Mr. Jamieson's permission, as this is his audience, I will say a few words for Christianity. When Christ said, 'Love one another,' he meant it. When he said, 'Be merciful and charitable toward all men,' he meant it. The minister of the gospel who talks to the sinner and Infidel the words of love and charity makes the best and most lasting impression. The men who used the thumb-screw, the iron rack, the fagot, and horrors of the dungeon, were not Christians but devils, who had stolen the livery of heaven, and were not only Infidels but fiends in human form. We should be honest. I wish to say this for Robert G. Ingersoll—Infidel as he is—in his practical life he shows many of the Christian virtues. He is a loving husband, kind father, a true and faithful friend, and does many acts of charity that the world knows not of. He never turns a deaf ear to the cries of the unfortunate, and offers a hand to assist many of those the world has left to sink deeper into hopeless despair."

Mr. Lindsay was formerly a law partner of Col. Ingersoll's, and has therefore opportunity to know whereof he speaks concerning the great Infidel. His knowledge of what constitutes a Christian is neither so well founded nor accurate. A perusal of Mr. Schaff's paper in the *North American Review* might alter his opinion of what constitutes a true Christian. By that he will see that *it is the duty of Christians to persecute Freethinkers*, and by talking toleration he is neglecting his duty.

T. B. Wakeman and T. C. Leland announce that at the next Annual Congress of the National Liberal League they will not be candidates for re-election to their respectiv offices of president and secretary of the organization. Their reasons are given as follows, in their paper, *Man:* "In a late number of *Man*, the Hon. A. B. Bradford, of Enon Valley, Pa., said: 'There are men in the land who are not identified, either with the Liberal League or its opponents, and who, if they would invite a national convention to meet, might from their high character close up our ranks.' In a recent *Index* we read that its editors and 'thousands of Liberals decline to work with the National Liberal League on account of the demand for a repeal of the Comstock United States Postal laws, passed as a resolve at the later congresses of the League. There is nothing so desirable as unity and co-operation among Liberals for the purpose of defense, propaganda, and constructiv effect upon society, politically and socially. The above intimations remind us of the propriety of timely notice that the editors of *Man* will not be candidates for any office of the League at the next Congress. They and *Man* and the New York Liberal Publishing Company think it best that a new deal should be then made, so that, if possible, the elements referred to by Mr. Bradford and the *Index* should be brought forward and harmonized with the League. This object we announced previous to the last Congress, but because it was not stated decisivly in time, the present officers were unanimously re-elected, and in such a way and at such a time that they could not decline without endangering the safety of the League. Now we giv ample notice. There should be in our columns, and in the Liberal press generally, friendly suggestions as to our successors, so that the Congress may make the wisest possible selections. Every League and Liberal society of any kind in the country should be represented at the next Congress, *whether they hav been able to agree with the course of the League or not.* There will be the amplest opportunity for the realization of Mr. Bradford's suggestion by having the Liberals who hav not acted with the League join in a call of their own to meet in a free, uncommitted and common Congress, to select new officers and inaugurate a new policy adapted to present conditions and issues. We take this course (1), Because we fear that past issues and differences cannot be removed from the minds of many Liberals except by a decided change of the *personnel* of the management of the League, and we would not stand in the way of its unity and welfare a moment by reason of past issues. (2) Then again, as we explained in our last paper, the Comstock issues which hav been a cause of difference, hav been largely tried out, and their right decision can be perhaps better secured without giving to them what seems to many exceptional prominence. (3) *Man* could and would still advocate organization and the principles of the League, but no longer in any official or semi-official way. Now let all those who believe in any kind of organization or co-operation of Liberal people in the United States consider who, as president and secretary, would best further that purpose. And whoever may be selected shall hav our hearty support."

To Our Readers and Bookbuyers: *If you experience any difficulty in obtaining* The Truth Seeker *or any of our own or other Freethought works through any dealer, we shall feel greatly obliged if you will order direct from this office. We are fearful that many dealers do not take the pains they should to supply Liberal works—sometimes, even, wrongly reporting them out of print—thereby depriving the inquiring public of heterodox books, and preventing us from making needed sales.*

Lectures and Meetings.

Col. Ingersoll will lecture at the Academy of Music in this city on the evening of Sunday, the 27th. Seats can be secured in advance at the box office.

The fourteenth annual convention of the American Labor Reform League meets in this city at Clarendon Hall, 13th st., Sunday and Monday, May 4th and 5th. Three sessions will be held daily. Wm. Rowe, Stephen Pearl Andrews, R. W. Hume, S. Myra Hall, Dr. C. S. Weeks, E. H. Heywood, Geo. M. Davenport, speakers.

Members and patrons of the Institute of Heredity and all friends of the movement are asked to remember that the last Parlor Meeting of this winter's series will be held at the residence of Dr. E. B. Foote, No. 120 Lexington avenue, corner East 28th st., on the last Thursday evening of April—the 24th—at eight o'clock. All are invited.

The "Union of the Freethinkers of Germany" held at Mannheim, South Germany, on the 27th and 28th its third annual convention. The morning sessions were devoted to business; the afternoon and evening sessions were public, and devoted to discussing such themes as "Orthodoxy and Culture," "Characteristics of Primitiv Christianity," the "Oath Question," and "Women's Rights."

C. Fannie Allyn has lectured for the Liberal League of Philadelphia the last two Sundays. The League has had before it Messrs. Putnam, Bell, Remsburg, and Chainey, and will hav Mr. Reynolds at the expiration of Mrs. Allyn's engagement. The attendance is good, and increasing. The question up for discussion last Sunday was, Is Christianity rational? Those who take the affirmativ of this are to be pitied, as Mrs. Allyn alone would snow them under. The League should encourage lecturers and sit down on wranglers.

Next Sunday morning at the Liberal Club rooms, 220 East 15th st., George Chainey will deliver his lecture on "The Genius of Shakspere and His Relation to Secularism." This discourse of our eloquent Liberal orator will be highly interesting as showing the true spirit of the immortal poet. The poetry of Shakspere is essentially of this world. It is the play of human passion and of motivs derived entirely from man and his surroundings. He breathes the genuin scientific and Liberal spirit, and, as Ingersoll shows, the profoundest inspiration of modern progress. Let there be a generous turn-out to our Sunday lecture. Admission free. It begins at 11 A.M. sharp. The subject and the orator should draw a crowded house.

Copies of The Truth Seeker will be mailed for 7 cents; in quantities of ten and upward, 5 cents each. We hav printed an extra supply of this week's issue, and hope our friends will distribute them broadcast. Colonel Ingersoll's lecture deserves a world-wide reading.

To Our Readers and Bookbuyers: *If you experience any difficulty in obtaining* The Truth Seeker *or any of our own or other Freethought works through any dealer, we shall feel greatly obliged if you will order direct from this office. We are fearful that many dealers do not take the pains they should to supply Liberal works—sometimes, even, wrongly reporting them out of print—thereby depriving the inquiring public of heterodox books, and preventing us from making needed sales.*

Unbounded.

There's a theory honestly held to-day,
Which we think our better thoughts gainsay.
It is this: The present alone is ours;
To it alone we should lend our powers;
The past is past and dead, they say,
The future a phantom that leads astray;
We can claim no more than this little day.

We hold, though the past no longer bides,
Its influence lingers still and guides.
To-day is the kennel of time, and would be
As nothing without its yesterday.

Weak and helpless in nature's chains,
For, fast in her fetters, our own strength wanes,
From forebodings of evil the morrow may bring,
As from a precipice we draw shuddering,
Or, cheered by a something the sense cannot sound,
For respite from sorrow we look beyond.
In the present we work, but rely on the past
For capital. The prize of recompense
Not in the now, in the subsequent lies.

As freedom abhors a prison cell,
True mind in bonds disdains to dwell,
Loving space's infinity
No more than time's eternity.
Galls as meaner curbs hav done
The splendors of rising and setting sun.

Rich is the memory of ages gone,
Richer the hopes of those coming on.
Expectation, remembrance,
Link future and past
Of this triple life
Which the now holds fast.

Concord, Ky., Feb. 4, 284. Virginia E. Vance.

Hitting Mr. Stebbins Some Sounding Whacks.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* I hav just read an article in The Truth Seeker of March 15th to which I think you ought to hav replied.

Mr. S. Stebbins takes you to task on the tariff question, and after writing a long article in favor of a protectiv tariff admits at the end that we hav no use for it. An idiot could hav done as well.

He says he can quote authorities and giv statistics to prove that everything he needs is made by his home customers neater, better, and cheaper than the imported article. If the needs of a farmer can be supplied at home neater, better, and cheaper than from abroad, the needs of the mechanic and merchant can be supplied as well as a general rule. Now everybody knows that we do not import what we can produce neater, better, and cheaper at home. Where, then, is the use of a protectiv tariff if we import nothing? His logic proves too much. And what use is there in the expression: "Place all the farmers on one side of the globe and the artisans on the other side." He might as well hav told you to take the sun into one hand and the moon in the other. It would hav been as sensible. Impossibilities cannot be allowed in place of arguments.

No doubt Mr. Stebbins livs in a country where people still vote for General Jackson, and all you may print about his being dead will not convince them that it is so.

All that can be said for or against tariff is simply this: it favors the monopolist, and in so far is a curse to the nation; but on the other hand it reaches a class of persons who, like Jesus Christ, hav never where to lay their heads, and who, but for the tariff, would never pay a cent to defray the expenses of the government whose resources they consume.

I hav seen the workings of a protectiv tariff in my own country. The same arguments were used in favor of it that its advocates use here, yet the tariff was abolished and the country prospered better than before. The same can be said of England. With a protectiv tariff England would stand low in the rank of nations; with free trade it defies the world.

The idea of a tariff is caused by the same selfish notion which causes Christians to fight against the taxation of church property, but while the benefits in this case are real, in regard to the tariff they are only imaginary.

Mr. Stebbins concludes by stating that the tariff has made us the greatest and most prosperous nation that ever existed. Such ignorance might be excused in a Hottentot, but is inexcusable in an American citizen. Robert Gunther.

Letters from Friends.

FORT STANTON, March 24, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $10, which please place as I direct, paying three subscriptions. The remainder I contribute to the D. M. Bennett monument. I am going to circulate a few of Remsburg's "False Claims" among the people. I hope to be situated by fall so as to giv some attention to getting subscribers for your paper. I believe I could get you fifty in this county in a short time.

P. F. GARRETT.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., April 15, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I am very much interested in Freethought literature, and am doing all I can to assist in circulating the same. Am also a constant reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER, which I receive regularly from my brother-in-law, who resides in California. Am anxious to obtain Ingersoll's new lecture on "Orthodoxy." Can you furnish it in pamphlet form?

MRS. MAUD SEVERANCE.

[We shall not publish the lecture in pamphlet form, as the Colonel objects.—ED. T. S.]

ST. JOHNS, ILL., April 3, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find three dollars for a renewal of my subscription. With the exception of two years, which I think were '80 and '81, I hav been a subscriber and constant reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER ever since September 1874. My reasons for not taking it those two years were by no means any lack of love or faith in the paper. or its grand and noble editor, whom I learned to love better than I was ever able to love the Christians' God, although I endeavored to be as best I could a Christian, and I hope to be able to read it the remainder of my life, for it is a precious boon to me in my old age, which is bordering on fifty-three.

WM. A. THOMPSON.

PARKERSBURG, W. VA., April 9, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: A receipt for three dollars in payment for THE TRUTH SEEKER has been received, and if you can afford space in your columns I wish to get an opportunity to say to friend Robert Günther, whom I cannot reach otherwise, that he has warmed up a few hearts besides my own, for my wife, with our four eldest children, love THE TRUTH SEEKER as dearly as I do, and they join me in giving our warmest and heartfelt thanks to friend Gunther and yourself. This single ray of the glorious sun of humanity will be reflected in our hearts as long as life lasts, and help to disperse the clouds that shade the brightest side of life. It givs me strength and new hopes, and a little chance to catch up with my arrears before the year is up. With best wishes for THE TRUTH SEEKER, I remain

Yours for humanity, J. G. KUHN.

ASHLAND CENTER, MICH., March 10, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Allow me a short space in your columns in regard to the orthodox. We hav one here—a Baptist. A short time ago, a few of us were in a country store giving our views of religion. I said to one of the company, "Why don't God kill the devil?" Just then in came the clergyman. The next day in the pulpit he took that for his text, though he did not explain why God don't kill the devil. If I had the power they claim God has, I would banish the old imp, and not hav him around kicking up such disturbances as they claim he does. The orthodox claim that a man may commit a crime, and be hung; he can repent and go to heaven; but the one that is murdered and is innocent must be sent to that everlasting lake that burns with fire and brimstone. I think brimstone must be cheap there. We cannot afford to burn very much here.

GEO. T. EVANS.

BIG BEND, CAL., April 4, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I hav distributed THE TRUTH SEEKER here; also keep our little library in circulation, calling the attention of the people to the arguments which most interest myself. Through these books I hav received kind invitations to visit several who are feeling their way out of bondage. But, alas! for lack of time I can't go. I cannot even do much canvassing right in the camp, though the prospects of success are only poor at present, owing to the departure of the most of those interested in such matters. I deeply regret my inability to do more for our cause, but hope soon to hav more time at my disposal. I can assure you I would like to help the grand TRUTH SEEKER along, What delight its able staff can take in it! And what delight its readers must take in reading it! I admire "Saladin," but prefer THE TRUTH SEEKER to the *Secular Review*. I hope to go East within a year, and if I do I shall certainly visit the TRUTH SEEKER family. What a splendid work is "Golden Throne!" Everybody says it the best novel they ever read.

M. MATHESON.

LOGANSPORT, IND., April 10, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed you will find $5.25 for my TRUTH SEEKER. I will be one year behind by the 23d of this month, so the $5.00 will run me to April, 1885. For the 25 cents please send me one of your ALMANACS.

I would be lost without THE TRUTH SEEKER. There are numbers of Liberals in our city, but they don't seem to take hold. The most of them dare not speak their honest opinion on account of the church. But we are gaining ground. It is only a question of time when the church must fall. The community is getting too wise to be humbugged much longer. Superstition, prejudice, priesthood, and witchcraft must be laid aside. A great many Liberals call on me on account of my being an outspoken man on the side of the truth, and I share with them THE TRUTH SEEKER, the truth of which they will not deny. We were all very much taken up with Brother Bob Ingersoll's lecture in the issue of April 5th, and it is our desire to hav him come here and giv another lecture. He has lectured here once several years ago, and in the language of Rip Van Winkle, may Bob and THE TRUTH SEEKER liv long and prosper is the wish of your humble servant,

JOHN G. KESSLER.

BUTLER, PA., April 9, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I like your paper very well. I am always glad when it gets here on Saturday, so that I can be through with it by Monday morning to send it out on its mission to spread the light and truth. We hav nine or ten churches here in this borough, with a population of about 3,000. I hav been here thirty-two years, hav been a Freethinker nearly all my life, and hav always believed in evolution since I commenced to reason.

A. CUTHBERT.

SACRAMENTO, April 5, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find post money order as per bill rendered. I am well pleased with the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL; it is a splended work; it should be in every family in the land; the editor deserves much credit for its production. Also "False Claims" should be circulated far and wide throughout this republic. In fact, the whole human family should read and consider its contents; it is a good missionary document; the church bigots cannot deny the facts therein stated. The twelve copies that I received are in good hands, and will circulate in the interest of Freethought and truth. A friend of mine said to me, after reading "False Claims," "My, sir! that little book contains more truth and solid facts, in regard to Christianity than all the Bibles that were ever published." Every man, woman, and child should read it; it's truth, every word of it. I will send for some and giv to my friends for truth's sake. Yours truly, R. BUTTERFIELD.

OTTER CREEK, March 24, 284.

MR. EDITOR: It has been a very hard, cold winter here, and I hav not been able to get away from home this winter to get any subscribers. As soon as the weather gets settled I am going out to see what I can do. Our crops were destroyed last year by the hail, and it left us in very bad circumstances financially. I hav given away the most of my papers. I find it is no use to giv them to the leading class of men in the village. Now I am going to distribute them among the farmers and laborers, and get what subscribers I can. I am a sail-maker by trade, and I think I shall go to the state of Maine this summer, and work some at my trade and help open up a new field of Liberalism, and devote part of my time to its cause. I hav no babies to take care of now; they can care for themselvs. Please send me the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL AND FREETHINKERS ALMANAC, and oblige,

Yours truly, JOHN W. STILLMAN.

QUINCY, OHIO, April 10, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: While reading the account of Mr. Chamberlain's visit to the monument, I made up my mind that I must hav my name enrolled among the contributors to the fund. Inclosed please find $1. I love the man for whom thousands of Freethinkers mourn, and I love the cause which he was ever ready to defend and suffer for. I feel proud to know that his name will be handed down to posterity as being worth more to humanity than all the gods, Christs, and ghosts that man was ever able to manufacture or conceive of. I am gratified to know that while principles for which he suffered are gaining ground, just in proportion the spirit of persecution is becoming more and more hateful to mankind. And while the churches seem to be prospering, and are not willing to recognize the rights of the Freethinker, I am glad to know that there are some with more sense, who are willing to assist in placing Freethinkers in the responsible and honorable offices of the country.

J. M. PUTNAM.

HOMER, MICH., April 11, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Mr. Louis, a Freethinker, died here recently. The preacher attended the funeral, but pretended to be sick, so he said that our brother was buried like a dog. I wonder how many hav been served the same who were Christians in the late war, and whose graves were not even known.

Religious people say that the Bible is being fulfilled—even the Jews are going back to the the four-square city of Jerusalem. Rock Hazen says he would not giv the four gospels of Bennett's Round-the-World books for all the bibles.

The man that was cheated out of twenty shillings by a preacher is mum. The minister has been discharged for falsehood. His name was Rev. Rawson, Free Methodist. Mrs. Bishop, a woman preacher, says the *Freethinker* is a bad paper. I asked why she read it, and she laughed. The truth is, all read Infidel works to get posted. The most of those who believe the Bible never read it. I hope if there is another war, the dogs will stay out and let the Christians be buried. I shall, for one, so they will know at last where I am laid.

E. H. CAMERON.

PORTLAND, OR., March 29, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Thinking the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER would like to hear a word from this far-away city among the hills, I will drop you a few lines. I feel as though I am not a total stranger, as I am a reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and had the pleasure of taking Brother Bennett by the hand when in California.

After reading of the convention of Liberalists and Spiritualists to be held in Michigan, it made me feel glad, and I wanted to send a word of approval. I earnestly wish there were more such meetings. Why cannot all Liberalists and Spiritualists meet on common ground? Let the platform be broad and Liberal enough for all, and giv everyone a hearing upon all subjects pertaining to the elevation of mankind, to extend the right hand of fellowship to all that hav got out of the old ruts of bigotry. If the Liberalists and Spiritualists would make half the effort that the churches do we could hav our places of meetings well attended and not be failures for lack of support. We hav a Liberal Club in this city, with Prof. Chaney as lecturer. He is a good speaker, who can take a dose of Spiritualism, and then wash it down with a stronger one of Materialism. But it does not suit all, of course. Some want one kind, and some another. The attendance is not as large as it should be. The churches are filled with Liberalists and Spiritualists. Why, may I ask, should such things be? Some of us are tired waiting for the good time to come, which we hope is in the future, when all persons with advanced ideas can meet together in harmony.

MRS. O. A. BENJAMIN.

WAYNESBURG, PA., April 1, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I think I could do some good with a few of your catalogs to distribute among some thoughtful persons of our town who I am satisfied would, on having their attention thus called to them, hav a curiosity to purchase and read some of your publications. A great many people would be really astonished to know that there are so many able Liberal works in existence, so assiduously does the ordinary bookseller avoid exhibiting them on his shelves. I am scattering your papers and publications among many readers, and it is having its effect, as I am frequently called upon to add a new subscriber to your list. There are a good many Liberals and Freethinkers here, but some of them seem to hav something the matter with their backs. But your TRUTH SEEKER and other publications are just the kind of medicin to giv them strength and courage, and I hope, ere long, to hav a sufficient number of convalescents to organize an auxiliary League. Then it will be surprising to see those with apparently no back-bone gaining strength and falling into rank.

Yours in the cause of liberty, H. CLAY LUSE.

PAXTON, ILL., April 9, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I hav just finished reading Prof. W. S. Bell's lecture or address delivered in Paine Hall before the New England Freethinkers' Convention, Jan. 28, 1884, on anti-prohibition, and think it is just splendid. Every one should hav it. I hope the Freethinkers will keep the Bell ringing, for we need such bold and logical reasoners all over the land to teach the people to use their reasoning powers, to educate them out of superstition and vice, and make reasoning men and women of them. Liberals hav had enough of "believe or be damned;" let us hav kindness and liberty.

The dear old TRUTH SEEKER is better than ever since the "Children's Corner" has been added. We want good reading for our little folks. We hav always been in the habit of handing one paper around when we had read it, so others could see the good work going on, and we find some that would like to take it, but their wives object to it being brought into the house. I cannot see why women will cling to their enemy, the church, and be afraid of reading common sense. I think if they would read it awhile they would see who their real friends are.

SOPHIE NEWKIRK.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., April 13, 284.

MR. EDITOR: Until recently I had thought that Providence contained little or none of the "true blue" Freethought element. But a slight investigation shows differently.

During last winter there has been in progress of construction a certain brick building, which seemed to assume a sort of unknown character and the question which seemed to puzzle the minds of the people was, "What is it going to be?"

We looked in vain for an explanation in the daily papers.

By and by it was whispered that it was going to be an Infidel Hall. What! a public building devoted to Infidelity in this land of Roger Williams? And the Christians would walk by and look, and no doubt the dark trimmings would assume a more somber hue as the idea of Infidelity flitted through their minds.

Before long the structure was complete, and then came the dedication. By the way, it seems the hall was built by the Society of Free Religionists. It was not my privilege to be present at the dedication, but, from all accounts, it was a glorious occasion. I heard a Mr. Lynn (Spiritualist lecturer) say it seemed like the millennium. There were represented about all denominations. For instance, a Freethinker would get up and spout, then an orthodox minister would get up and quietly endeavor to annihilate the Freethinker's arguments. He would get hearty applause, not because they believed a word he said, but because he had the moral courage to giv his views. I hav attended their services on two occasions and listened to fine discourses by Mr. Hinckley, who seems to be a sort of "presiding elder." Their doctrin is the religion of humanity. They are trying to establish a class in geology, which will cost but a meager sum per week. I hav just written for Ingersoll's terms for a lecture here.

Yours truly, W. P. BLYTHE.

SOUTH BOSQUE, TEXAS, April 9, 284.

MR. EDITOR: THE FREETHINKERS' ALMANAC and "False Claims" received. They are valuable productions. The ALMANAC fills a long-felt want among Freethinkers. The bits of historic information in the calendar are a valuable acquisition to any lover of truth and progression into whose hands it may fall. The illustrations are splendid. The orthodox think it blasphemous and sacrilegious to picture Jehovah, but they cannot dispute the likeness after reading the accompanying scriptures. One of my neighbors looked at the pictures and said he must hav one sure, and had me sit right down and order it.

The Rev. Samuel Morris, of the Methodist church, preached a sermon here, March the 16th, on the support of Christian schools and the church. "For," said he, "the life of the church depends on Christian education," which I think is true, and is verified in the Catholic church to-day; for I don't believe it could exist fifty years if it were not for these schools. The preacher, after quoting everything he could find on the subject of tithing and paying priests the tenth of all they make, he called for a subscription for the support of missions and Christian schools, to be paid by October 13th. After the paper was passed around, only $7 being subscribed, he made a talk to his flock on the danger of not subscribing more liberally. He said that they had better pay it over, for God would hav it. If they would not pay it in cash, God would take it out of their stock; or he would send a late frost, or a hail, or a cylone, or the cotton worm, or some other calamity on them, for he would hav it, and they might as well make up their minds at once; but the class did not seem much

frightened. He told them he would continue to call for God's dues until he got them, and they could take due notice and govern themselvs accordingly. I hav been out of the orthodox ranks less than one year, but I find Freethought and heresy spreading. I hav distributed Liberal papers as much as I was able to pay for, which is very annoying to our clergy and creed-bound neighbors. Infidelity is becoming more popular every day. It will not be many years until a man can do his own thinking and retain his respectability. You can see my heretical experience in the *Independent Pulpit*, No. 9, p. 9.

D. F. MARRS.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., April 8, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: The friends of reason and civil liberty are vigilantly and valiantly holding the fort in Milwaukee. Whilst we are not a city set on so high a hill as some Liberal consistories, we, without attempting to make ourselvs a universal providence, try to do the little we are able to do in the place where we are. The Liberal League here possesses some able speakers and many appreciativ hearers. In Mr. Gosman as president, and Mrs. Severance as secretary, is comprised a whole team. The beauty of the meetings is that debate is conducted without much wrangling, and any errors of statement are set down to wrong information or miscalculation, instead of being charged to wilful perversity. Last Sunday the writer occupied the stand and was gratified with attentiv listeners and discriminating critics to a dissertation on Practical Atheism. The ground taken was that the moral sense has its origin in the human consciousness, and has to do, not with pleasing an authority superior to himself, but is properly exerted as a sentiment under reason to discover the principles of justice and benevolence in our dealings with each other, and to prompt the individual to take care of himself. That the doctrin of a first cause was a contradiction of terms, and that all notion of a God must be repudiated, as it is the hypothetical basis of irrational despotism. That Liberalists, in all consistency, should discountenance organizations whose fundamental principle and ultimate purpose is hierarchy. Milwaukee's sentimental poetess, Ella Wheeler, says:

"When this world's pleasure for my soul sufficed,
Ere my heart's plummet sounded depths of pain,
I called on reason to control my brain,
And scoffed at the old story of the Christ.

"But when on burning wastes my feet had trod,
And all my life was desolate with loss,
With bleeding hands I clung about the cross,
And cried aloud, 'Thou needst a suffering God.'"

Imitating her style, I reply:

When idle fancies for my mind sufficed,
Before life's realties developed thought,
A mystic faith upon my feelings wrought,
And I believed the story of a Christ.

But when through science's path my feet had trod,
And much of labor brought me more of loss,
My reason, casting off the mocking cross,
Cried, "He who suffers cannot be a God."

JOHN P. GUILD.

GRANBY, MO., April 21, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find remittance for THE TRUTH SEEKER. Although for many years past I hav been addicted to reading Freethought literature, it was not till this last winter that I had the good fortune to meet with THE TRUTH SEEKER. A Mr. Wood, living near Cecil, Kansas, called my attention to it, and loaned me several copies, for which I am under infinit obligations to him.

It will doubtless seem strange that a paper of such extensiv circulation and patronage as THE TRUTH SEEKER should hav eluded the notice of a reading man till this late date, but the fact of my having followed the calling of laborer for the past twenty years, together with its attendant poverty and proscription, will perhaps be a sufficient explanation. Compelled to accept employment wherever I could find it, I hav for the most part consorted with purse-proud ignorance, and been under the edifying patronage of bigotry and superstition.

I am a nativ of Canada, reared in the neighborhood of Brockville, in the midst of gospel surroundings. I sometimes tried to avail myself of the lavish means of grace offered so freely at the revival meetings, but somehow the divine afflatus failed to giv down. Something in my spiritual organization didn't seem to harmonize with the regenerating appointments. Perhaps I was endowed with too lively a sense of the ludicrous in those days. I tried faithfully to cultivate a reverence for devotional airs, attitudes, and facial elongations, but to save my neck I couldn't assume such grimaces myself without provoking the mirthfulness of myself and my friends. I finally abandoned the attempt, and since then hav been groping my way through the world without the light of revelation. I am not to blame for my benighted condition, having made strenuous efforts to obtain a modicum of the evangelical caloric, with the results above mentioned. Phrenology defines the location of an organ called veneration, and perhaps the imperfect development of that faculty is to blame. I leave it to the metaphysicians to decide.

I am convinced at least that a man gifted with the peculiar propensities of a light comedian cuts but a sorry figure at a prayer-meeting among the elect of his neighbors. THE TRUTH SEEKER is not as well-known in Newton county among the rural population as it ought to be. Those lambs of God, the preachers, would denounce it and all such publications, lest they might divert the funds of the "dear brethren" from the contribution box. They (the brethren) are enjoined by their "guardian shepherd" to avoid all controversy with Infidels and skeptics regarding matters of faith, to read the literature prescribed by the church, such as Watts's Hymns, Baxter's "Saint's Rest," and Ayer & Co's. Almanac. Even the standard authors of poetry and fiction are not approved. The beautiful creations of Shakspere, Byron, Scott, Burns, Goldsmith, Dickens, and a host of other great and illustrious benefactors of the world, works that hav done more to humanize, exalt, and refine humanity than all the influences that ever emanated from the pulpit since Christ's time—such writings are effectually tabooed in the "rooral deestrix."

The writings of Paine, Voltaire, and the hosts of other Liberal writers are unknown, except by a very few much maligned Infidels. Even the brilliant and logical essays of Ingersoll would meet with a sorry fate should they fall into the hands of God's elect around here. I am much impressed with an article from the pen of Elliott Preston, published a few weeks ago in THE TRUTH SEEKER, entitled, "The Christian and Pagan Mythologies Contrasted." I hav read a little of Greek mythology and the poems of Homer, and after comparing them with the boasted "Paradise Lost," I am forced to the conclusion that the blind poet of Scio lays it away over Milton, both in harmonious rhythm and sublimity of diction. I believe the Iliad and Odyssey will survive the wrecks of time, and liv when Christ and Christendom be passed away, and Milton buried far beneath the crumbling debris of oblivion.

Well, I will close lest I exhaust your patience. Hoping to receive your splendid paper at an early date, the Liberal sentiments of which I shall ever strive to diffuse as far as my humble means and abilities will permit, I am,

Yours truly, JOSEPH TOWSLEY.

EATON, D. T., April 3, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I cannot help telling you again that THE TRUTH SEEKER is a constant source of joy to me. Every new number seems to be still more precious than the former ones. Out here in the solitude we get the mail once a week, and that on Sunday, and during the afternoon of that day we feast on Infidel literature, with more delight, I am sure, than any Christian could experience in reading his book of books. Very often I get so interested in reading, discussing, and meditating the many live questions treated in your paper that I lose my Sunday night's sleep over it, but I don't think I am paying too high for the treat. How often I wish to converse with you about these reform questions! But perhaps you would feel the worse for it, and hav reason to thank fate, who made my ship cast anchor about fifteen hundred miles from New York. Women talk too much, anyhow, and if I am making myself a torment in that way you will surely forgiv me when I tell you that for six months I hav not heard the voice of a woman or child, and can hardly remember that at times they may sound disagreeable. The blessed seclusion in which I liv givs me ample chance to ponder over the truth of the saying, "The world do move." I am sorry indeed that women in general are yet slow in taking an activ part in that move, but it must needs be so as long as they are not treated as citizens in the full sense of the word. It is said that in according them equal rights with men a retrogressiv movement would necessarily take place, women being so very devoted to the church. The same might be said of the sons of green Erin and Ethiopia, but who at the present day would think of denying them their rights in order that the nation's progress might not be checked? In education we claim that attraction brings better results than coercion. This is a fundamental truth everywhere. Giv women something to take the place of church and Bible, and they will gradually leave the latter, provided that what should take their places be better and more interesting. The question of equal rights is only the means, not the aim. To bring women to a higher standard, she must be taken from her present hothouse condition, set out in the open soil of freedom, learn to stand the purifying influence of sunshine and storm, and grow healthy, strong, and self-reliant. On that soil only will the seed of Liberalism bring a full harvest. There only can women learn to reason more correctly, to realize that devotion to foolish fashions ruins their health and dwarfs their children in mind and body. There they might also learn that prohibition will cure vile passions about as effectually as the strait-jacket cures insanity. There is no hope for temperance of any kind as long as we are not converted to a health-producing diet. The temperance questions must first be applied to our food. Surely health reform is the basis of all reform.

There, too, is the land question, treated so earnestly by J. Hacker and J. H. Cook, and so little understood or cared for by most people, especially by women; but a pioneer in the northwest who has tried to build up for herself a free home is wide awake to the subject, and very thankful to the above-named friends for their laudable efforts in that very important reform. The problem is a complicated one, and many more years may pass ere a satisfactory solution to it can be found; but find it we must, if we mean to be a free and progressiv people. Co-operation, not communism, and selling everything at cost would be the means of assisting "incapables" to become "capables."

I must not close this letter without saying a word of the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL. It certainly deserves all the praise it gets, and more too. The story of "Big Jack Small" is worth more than a theological library. I wish I had the pictures of Big Jack and Gov. Nye. I would paste them over those horrid ones of the Christian God and his dark superior. The many fine illustrations arouse all that is in me of the gypsy nature, and that is not a little. As I look at the first one, representing the Parthenon, it seems to whisper, "Do you remember?" Yes, I remember, and shall never forget the days when I wandered through the broken colonnades, and sat on the high steps of that monument of matchless beauty, that marble illustration of Tonic Sol-fa, built by and for a people who hav not yet been equaled in the great art of harmoniously developing body and mind. The famous ruins crown with grave serenity the surrounding landscape, echoing the words of Aristophanes, "O thou our Athens, violet-wreathed, brilliant, most enviable city!" Pallas Atheneum dwells in those lofty halls, teaching lessons of wisdom to all who are willing to hear. She tells of that power in the land, the cunning, jealous priesthood, who rested not until it had besmeared with lies the representativs of noble man and womanhood, Pericles and Aspasia; rested not until it had imprisoned and poisoned the apostle of eternal goodness, Socrates, the immortal. It is still at work, right here in our midst; that power in the land, still jealous and cunning as of old, and the goddess of wisdom points at it with warning finger. May the number of those who understand her increase day by day is the ardent wish of

Yours truly, M. M. EGLI.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

MR. EDITOR: In an indirect way, some months since, in alluding to the Oneida Community I used the words, "gigantic brothel;" and in THE TRUTH SEEKER under date of Feb. 9th Mr. Seward Mitchell, in an invectiv which he calls "friendly criticism," says my words are "wicked blasphemy." I would hav considered the criticism before, but illness prevented. I will now do so briefly, your space permitting.

Presumably he meant "a wicked lie," but he does not attempt to prove it. Could he hav shown it to be a mistake I would hav felt under obligations to him and hav been pleased to acknowledge the same.

The reference was to the institution as first organized. It was then by themselvs called a religious institution. It has changed in some respects for the better, it is understood, in the past few years, but still claims sanction and precedent from the so-called holy scriptures, and has no difficulty in finding an abundant warrant.

What is a brothel? In the proper and general acceptation of the term, a place where people of both sexes meet or liv and commingle without any regard to the marriage rites or ties. The Oneida Community claimed to be co-operativ in all things and to hold everything in common. Marriage complex, that is, in the interchange and commingling of the sexes, each man having a share in each or all of the opposit sex, and the relativ standing of the women the same in the ownership of one or all of the men. How many living in that way, Mr Mitchell, do you think it requires in numbers to make it a brothel, and what is the distinction and where is the difference, except that one is doing business in a small way, and the other you call a model home because conducted on a larger scale? And if a half-score, more or less, living in that way may properly be called a brothel, where is the impropriety in the least, or wrong, in calling one gigantic that you say can number three hundred?

"There I saw about three hundred people, men and women, and apparently a happier lot I never saw. Of the one hundred and fifty women all wore a beautiful reform dress. The buildings are real palaces." He wishes there were a million of such happy homes and families; then there would be no strikes, no hard times, etc.

It was reported through the papers some few years since that there had been a strike, a commotion, or an equivalent, and that the pious leader and founder had stepped out and over the border, accompanied by some choice and congenial spirits, and that some of those remaining leading and influential ones had submitted to what is called the legal form of marriage, promising fidelity, constancy, etc., and that others were soon to follow.

As to palaces, it is believed that inmates of smaller establishments of the kind often liv in luxurious apartments, dress in purple, and are frequently ornamented with diamonds.

Let us make a comparison, Mr. Mitchell, of a million homes of that kind esteemed highly by yourself with a million of another kind and call that the family home (not much in comparison, you say), where the affections center, not alone in being called father, husband, son, and brother, but all and more, which relationships are in harmony with and ordained by nature's laws. You may be a stranger to most or some of these relationships, but you had a mother, and are a son. Will you say that in one or in any condition it would hav been better for her to hav been a member of that institution? And if you hav a wife, sister, or daughter, would you say the same for them?

Extend the comparison a little farther, as to the children born under such lights and shadows as they would see and feel in places of that kind and those born in humbler homes, it might be in want and poverty.

"Without father, without mother,
Without sister, without brother,
They are nothing to the world,
And are nothing to each other."

All that is called love, and all of the affections ordained by nature and in common with the lower animals, are obliterated, dead.

Are there any words viler than those two, *free love*? I hope there are none in any other language that convey the same meaning.

Freethinkers hav no use for such. They believe in nature and in living in harmony with her laws, and nature everywhere and in everything revolts at that way of living. Animals and birds mate, rear their young in affection and fidelity, but the robin will not mate with the blackbird, nor the oriole with the swallow. Undisturbed, they come year after year to the same place, and both will share in the labor and care of feeding the young, and one has been known, when the other became disabled, to care, not only for the young, but for its wounded companion also. Song birds of all kinds do, and that king of birds, the eagle, will come year after year, the same pair, to the same crag, on the same rock.

The lion, called king of beasts, will mourn and pine for the loss of its mate, and manifests an undying affection for its young.

J. VAN DENBURGH.

THE Hartford (Conn.) *Times* tells the story of a theological student, soon to be graduated, who has a Bible class in one of the churches of that city. The subject of Sunday's lesson was the "Second Coming of Christ." Several of the good people expressed their views quite freely, after which it occurred to some that it would be well to hear from the theologian. He replied: "Six years ago I could hav told you all about it, but to-day I can't tell you anything."

ONE of the best ways to help along the cause of Freethought is to circulate THE TRUTH SEEKER. Trial subscriptions of three months for 50 cents.

Children's Corner.

Edited by Miss Susan H. Wixon, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"His life is long whose work is well,
And be his station low or high,
He who the most good works can tell,
Livs longest though he soonest die."

How Happy I Am!

Dialog for Two Voices.

FIRST VOICE.

How happy am I all the day!
Happy at work, and happy at play!
Oh, there isn't a bird, nor flower, nor bee,
That's any happier than little me!
For birds, and flowers, and humming-bees,
Though light and careless as the breeze,
Can't go to school like you and I,
And learn to tell the reason why;
They can't hav teachers kind and good,
To bear with every fitful mood,
Striving always, soon and late,
To lead them in at wisdom's gate.

SECOND VOICE.

Well, birds can soar along the sky,
Though they can't tell the reason why:
And they can sing from morn till eve,
With not a lesson to make them grieve;
And flowers bloom without a thought
Of what, or how, they will be taught!
And bees eat honey all day long,
And dance and play the flowers among.

FIRST VOICE.

Would you be a flower without a sigh,
To bloom to-day—to-morrow die?

SECOND VOICE.

Why, I'd bloom again next year!
And that, you know, would soon be here—
I'd come out then, all fresh and new,
With a softer leaf and brighter hue.

FIRST VOICE.

And when your colors all should fade,
Be swept away by kitchen maid!
And would you be a singing bird,
Your song forgot when it was heard?
Hiding yourself amid green leaves,
From pop-guns and from wicked thieves?
Would you be changed to a yellow bee,
With a dish of honey on your knee,
To get your living out of the flowers,
That nature planted in her bowers?

SECOND VOICE.

Well, they don't hav anything to do
But to be "jolly" the whole day through!
To eat and sing, and then to play
Throughout the long, bright, summer day.
Yes, I should like such fun as that—
I wouldn't be scared by a sly old cat!
And I'd build my nest high on a tree,
Where boys and pop-guns couldn't find me.

FIRST VOICE.

Birds are not idle—you mistake;
They go to work soon as they wake;
The flowers work while we're asleep—
Down at their roots they're digging deep;
They wash their faces in sparkling dew,
Which they get each morning, fresh and new.
The hyacinths and the daffodils
Hav come into life beneath the hills;
And the violets sweet hav oped their eyes,
And caught the blue from sunny skies;
Daisies and buttercups, too, will come—
Don't you think that they must work some,
To climb up here through the grass so green,
To jump right up, so nice and clean?
And all the bees that are anything,
The livlong day are on the wing,
And just as busy as ever you see!
All except the great drone bee,
Who idly sits the whole day through—
I wouldn't be a drone—would you?
I'm sure that I would rather be me
Than blooming flower, or bird, or bee,
And go to school from day to day.
Listening to all my teachers say—
And, while learning how to read and spell,
My tongue shall never a falsehood tell.
Kind and gentle, and good and true—
That's what I want to be—don't you?

Dot.

Her right name was Dorothy, but everybody called her Dot. She was small in stature, and thin, so that Dot seemed very appropriate, and as if it properly belonged to such a wee little girl. Dot was an only child, and her father was dead. Her mother bore the great burden of poverty as well as she could, and worked hard, early and late, to support Dot and herself; but, being a fragil woman, she overtaxed her strength, and one morning Dot woke up to find herself motherless and alone. Her mother had quietly passed away in the night-time, without a word of warning or of good-bye to Dot, her one great treasure.

Poor little Dot! How dark the world seemed to her when she came back from the village burying-ground, where neighbors had kindly laid her away from her sight her precious dead! How gladly would she hav closed her own eyes and slept the last sleep, too! But no; Fate decreed that she must liv.

"Ha'in't ye got no folks nowhere?" inquired one of the rather uneducated selectmen of the town, the night after the funeral.

"I hav an Aunt Miller somewhere up in New Hampshire; I don't know where," sobbed Dot. "She didn't like my mamma very well," and the big tears rolled down the little orphan's cheeks at mention of her dear dead and gone mamma.

Search among her mother's effects revealed the address of Dot's Aunt Miller, and a letter was dispatched to her, detailing briefly Dot's situation, and inquiring what her relativ would do concerning her. In due time came the laconic reply, "Ticket the child and send her on."

So the town authorities bought a railroad ticket for Dot with the money realized from the sale of the mother's scanty furniture and clothing, placed her in care of the conductor of train, with instructions to pass her along safely, and, with a basket of lunch, she was thus started on a journey of six hundred miles, to her Aunt Miller. Dot was eight years old, but appeared two or three years younger.

Her heart beat fearfully as she stepped on board the car, for she had never before seen a railway train, but the conductor and passengers were very kind and interested in the novelty of her condition, traveling alone to a strange place, with her ticket pinned on the bosom of her dress. Several of the passengers gave her money, until her little pocket was heavy with silver and gold coins. One kind lady gave her a small purse to put her money in, and as Dot dropped the pieces in the purse in a dazzled, bewildered way, she thought she was very rich.

In due time she reached her destination, very tired and very sleepy.

The driver of the stage-coach approached her, and looking down upon her slight form, he whistled a prolonged, low whistle.

"Say, little baby, are you the one they're expecting up to the Miller mansion?"

"I am going to my aunt Catherine Miller's, if I can find the way," said Dot, looking around, doubtfully.

"And what's your name, you leetle, teenty tonty creature, you?"

"Dot."

"The name fits you to a T. Did ye come all stark alone?"

"Yes, sir, only the folks in the cars."

"My stars and garters, I say! Well, hop right in here. I guess you're the one I was to look for. You must be clean tuckered out," and taking the child in his two big hands he lifted her into the coach as if she had been a kitten. "Got any luggage?"

"There isn't much left, but you may hav it—what there is," and Dot proffered a piece of mince pie and a biscuit from her basket.

"O pshaw! I didn't mean eatables. Havn't ye any trunk, or bandbox, or carpet bag?"

"No, sir."

"What, havn't ye any clothes at all?"

"Yes, these I hav on."

"Is that all? Gracious goodness! Well, we'll start along, then. Get up, there! G'lang!" and snapping his whip the horses started off on a brisk trot. In a short time he reined up before an ample, old-fashioned house, and, taking the thin little object upon his shoulder, he walked boldly into the Miller kitchen, and stood Dot on her feet before the astonished eyes of Mrs. Miller herself.

"Is this the young one?" questioned that lady in a tone that grated like a coarse file upon the ears of sensitiv little Dot. "Why, there's nothing to her. I can't get much work out o' her, I'll be bound. How old are you?"

"Eight," answered Dot, rather dubiously.

The poor child was tired, excited, and bewildered. The tears began to flow, and the sobs to come.

"Oh, don't go to crying the first thing. I've got to keep ye, I s'pose. Your mother was my half-sister, but she wasn't much for working, nor contriving, nuther. But no matter, now. Take off your hat, and go to the sink and wash your face and hands, and then you can hav something to eat."

Poor little Dot! She began to realize that she had not tumbled into paradise, exactly. But the hard-visaged, rough-spoken woman was her own kin, and had taken her under her protection, and she thought it was better than being sent to the poorhouse, anyway.

After supper she was glad to go to bed, for she was tired—so tired. She sank into the middle of a soft feather-bed, and was soon sound asleep. When she awoke a broad gleam of sunlight slanted across her pillow, and seemed to say, "I kiss you good morning, little girl."

She dressed quickly, and went down stairs with a palpitating heart, resolved, however, to do everything possible to please, and to be good and dutiful to her Aunt Catherine, who was a hard-working widow, and liked to see everyone around her busy about something.

"I let you stay in bed this morning," said she to Dot, "because I s'posed you were tired and sleepy, but hereafter you must rise when I do—at five o'clock; do ye hear?"

"Yes, ma'am," sighed Dot.

With the help of a hired man Mrs. Miller managed the farm, and in summer time kept a few boarders. She was a worker, and Dot soon discovered that she meant for her to be a worker too.

"I shall call you Dorothy," she said. "I'll hav no such baby names as Dot around here," and pretty soon it was, "Dorothy, run here!" and, "Dorothy, run there!" all day long. The little girl had small chance to play, and was only sent to school a part of the year. It was a hard, hard life for one so young, but she was comfortably clad, and had substantial food and a shelter.

She made herself very useful to her aunt, who would not permit her to hav any companions, because she said it would induce idleness and habits of gossip. But she could not keep the chickens, pigs, calves, and oxen from being company for Dot, or Dorothy, as she called her, for the child had a faculty of imitating the sounds of birds and animals, and it was amusing to hear her call the chickens, like the mother hen, and they would come trooping up to her and fly in her lap and on her shoulders, like so many pets, as indeed they were. She would call the pigs, and the old mother pig, with her thirteen pink babies, would come as fast as she could from the orchard, and the baby pigs would cuddle all around her. The bossies would run races with her, and the old cows would answer her *moo* from the farthest end of the pasture. She would bleat like the sheep, and whinny like the horse, and those animals would stare at her, wonderingly. Then she would call the birds with their own notes, and they would go circling around her head, and almost alight on her hands as she held them out to them. Everybody thought Dorothy a wonderful child, except her Aunt Catherine. To her, there was never but one wonderful child, and that was her own little boy who died when two days old. She told Dorothy she must stop imitating pigs and cows. There was no good, she said, in a girl sitting on a stone wall and wasting time imitating birds and animals—she must stop it.

"They're all the company I hav, Aunt Catherine," pleaded Dorothy. "Please let me hav them."

"Company! Am I not company enough, I should like to know?"

Poor Mrs. Miller, like many another, failed to understand the heart and mind of youth. To her mind, food, clothing, shelter, comprehended the whole of life, and that Dorothy should prefer the society of birds and animals to her companionship was an enigma that she could not solve. She thought that she knew life and all the world, but of Dorothy's sweet, sensitiv, far-reaching nature, she had not the remotest idea. Dorothy was her slave, and yet Mrs. Miller was a strong abolitionist, and did not believe in slavery; yet, if ever there was a slave, it was Dorothy. True, she was not beaten with a lash, but that was because she was obedient. So time wore on, and Dorothy did the bidding of her aunt uncomplainingly, day after day, year after year.

When she was seventeen she was taken sick with a fever. Sicker and sicker she grew, until one day the old doctor shook his head sadly, as he left the door of the Miller farm-house. "Make her as comfortable as possible," he said to Mrs. Miller, "I think she will not remain here long."

In a moment, Mrs. Miller began to see that she had not done just right by the poor orphan girl. As she had moaned on the sick bed, in her delirium, Dot had said many things that set her aunt thinking. She had missed her so much, too, that she realized how invaluable the girl was to her. And now, she was going to die. She saw how cruel and unkind she had been to the motherless one, and she was filled with remorse. Oh, if she would only get well, how differently would she do! How anxiously she watched, day and night, by her bedside! How she caressed the little brown hands, hardened and roughened by toil for her.

Dot, contrary to all expectations, did not die. Slowly the forces of life gathered, and she began to get better. Aunt Catherine hovered joyfully about her, and one day she kissed her, when Dot burst into tears.

"What's the matter?" anxiously inquired Mrs. Miller.

"You kissed me, and—and—I wasn't used to it," said Dot.

She called her Dot, too, her old name, and was so kind to her that Dot couldn't understand it.

When she recovered her health, her aunt invited the young people of the neighborhood to come and see her; she bought her a piano, and a new silk dress, and many other things—in fact, Dot had only to express a wish to hav it gratified. She was so astonished she didn't know what to do, and thought her aunt was losing her mind.

"No," said Mrs. Miller, "I am just coming to my right senses. I hav denied you the pleasures that your youth ought to hav had, that belonged to your childhood, and now I want to make all the amends I can. I want you to hav society, happiness, all that belongs to joyous life. I am growing old. I hav had my day, but I had forgotten it. Hereafter, I liv only in your life. I did not know what a good girl you were, until there was danger of my losing you. I hav been harsh and unkind to you many times, but after this I mean to be as much like a mother to you as I can be."

"Dear Aunt Catherine," said Dot, "since you will let me, I will be a daughter to you. As severe as my sickness was, I do not regret it, for it has let me find my way to your heart."

"Where you shall always stay," and Aunt Catherine pillowed Dot's head on her breast, and kissed her again.

Our Puzzle Box.

1

ENIGMA.

My first is in Michigan and not in Wisconsin;
My second is in truth and not in falsehood;
My third is in seeker and not in faith;
My fourth is in health and not in sickness;
My fifth is in shade and not in light;
My sixth is in love and not in hate;
My seventh is in Adam and not in Eve;
My eighth is in kindness and not in cruelty;
My ninth is in eternity and not in hour;
My whole is the name of a noted lady speaker.

Daisy Humphrey.

2.

NUMERICAL.

3, 5, 8, means to free;
7, 2, 3, 1, 6, means to diffuse;
4, 2, 1, means to drudge;
The whole a noted man.

San Francisco, Cal. J. A. H.

3.

DIAMOND.

1. A letter;
2. Might;
3. In leaking condition;
4. A priest;
5. A girl's name;
6. A wharf;
7. A letter.

San Francisco, Cal. J. A. H.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER, APRIL 12, 1884.

1. I. M—us—IC, music. II. M—us—CI, musci.

2. Mongolian.

3. The old fashioned fire-place; the "new friend" is the stove.

4. Largess—Bigot.

5.

375	388	371	384	367
368	376	389	372	380
381	369	377	385	373
374	382	365	378	386
387	370	383	366	379

Solved.—The first, second, and fourth by H. E. Juergens, the second by Maggie Headley, and numerical puzzle by Paul R. Towne.

[Correspondents are requested to write on one side of the page only, to spell and punctuate correctly, and the answers to puzzles should always accompany the same. This advice is kindly intended for boys and girls who are just beginning to write for publication. Correct habits acquired now will last a life time.

A slight error occurred in one figure in answer to numerical puzzle of April 5th. The mistake will readily be seen, and correction applied by solvers. It was not the fault of the author, who is very careful and correct in statements.—Ed. Children's Corner.]

Correspondence.

Woodstown, N. J., April 16, 1884.

Dear Miss Wixon: I liv in a family that takes The Truth Seeker. Richard Matlack and I are very much interested in the Children's Corner. I hav read and spoken a good many pieces in school, taken from the Children's Corner, and I like it very much. I hav solved the cross-word, by J. A. Heineburg, in The Truth Seeker, April 5th. The noted man is Ben Butler; April 12th, the race of people is Mongolian. I hav written a long enough letter for you this time. I will write again sometime. Yours truly,

Maggie Headley.

New York, April 13, 1884.

Editor of Children's Corner: I find that by using the consecutiv numbers from 365 to 389 inclusiv, a magic square can be formed meeting the requirements of Mr. Van Pelt's puzzle. In No. 4, the middle number, 877, occupies the central cell of the square. In No. 5, the smallest number, 365, occupies that position, and in No. 6, the largest number, 389, takes the place of honor.

Any given number of the series may be placed in any given cell, and the other numbers so arranged as to fill the conditions of this puzzle. Paul R. Towne.

THE TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL.
Price, 25 cents.

Liberal Meetings.

[Leagues and Liberal and Spiritualistic Societies in the United States and Canada meeting regularly, can have notices of their meetings published in this column free if the officers will send them to us.]

MICHIGAN.

MUSKEGON.—The Liberal League meets every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock in the German Odd Fellows' Hall, corner of Western ave. and Terrace st.

WISCONSIN.

MILWAUKEE.—The Milwaukee Liberal League meets every Sunday evening at Fraternity Hall, 216 Grand avenue.—Exercises: Lectures, Criticisms, and Music.—Admission free.

OHIO.

CLEVELAND.—The Liberal League meets every Sunday at 3 P.M., in room 29, City Hall building. Lectures free. Communications can be addressed to W. I. Irvine, Secretary.

MAINE.

PORTLAND.—Dr. H. A. Lamb has hired Congress Hall, Congress street (entrance on Temple street), where free meetings, lectures, and discussions are held every Sunday, 2:30 P.M. Admittance free. Public invited.

OREGON.

PORTLAND.—The Auxiliary Liberal League of Portland, Or., holds meetings every Sunday, at 2 o'clock, P.M., at Nonpareil Hall, cor. 1st and Madison streets. All are invited. Admission free.

MASSACHUSETTS.

BOSTON.—Boston Liberal Club holds meetings for essays and criticisms every Sunday forenoon at 10:45 in the Paine Memorial Building, Appleton street.——The "Society of the Divine Homo" at same place every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Sunday-school at 2:30. Admission free.

PENNSYLVANIA.

ALTOONA.—The League holds meetings every Wednesday evening and Sundays at 3 P.M., at the League Room, corner of Eleventh ave. and 13th st., third floor, entrance on 13th st.

PHILADELPHIA.—The Friendship Liberal League meets every Sunday at Hancock Hall, 814 Girard avenue, at 2:30 o'clock, and 7:30 o'clock, P.M., for lectures and free debates. THE TRUTH SEEKER and Liberal books for sale.

PITTSBURGH.—Pittsburgh Liberal League meets at Maltby Hall, 76 Fifth avenue, every Sunday (except during the Months of July and August) at 3 o'clock. A free platform is maintained. Exercises consist of a lecture, followed by 10 minute criticisms, with 15 minutes allowed the lecturer to reply. Clergymen invited to discuss.

NEW JERSEY.

NEWARK.—Newark Liberal League meets every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the League's Hall, 177 Halsey street. Exercises consist of music, readings, lecture, and discussion, in which all present are invited to participate. Admission free. Collection taken. Communications for the League should be addressed to J. W. Frankel, 10 Pine street, Newark.

CANADA.

TORONTO.—Secular Society. Reading and Lecture Rooms, No. 9 Grand Opera House. Open every evening and Sundays. Lecture every Sunday evening. Freethinkers and strangers are cordially invited.

MONTREAL.—Pioneer Freethought Club meets every Sunday at 3 P.M,, at 1310 Catharine street. Reading-room open daily until 10:30 P.M. Library open for exchange of books three evenings per week, and on Sunday afternoons. Free public lectures on Sundays as advertised in local newspapers. Strangers always welcome. G. S. Wilson President, M. O'B. Ward, M.D., Secretary.

NEW YORK.

ALBANY.—The Liberal association meets every Sunday at Van Vechten Hall, 119 State street. Sunday-school at 2 P.M. General business meeting and debates and discussions at 3 P.M. Lecture at 7:30 P.M. The public are cordially invited to attend, also all Liberals visiting the city. Admission free.

NEW YORK CITY.—The Manhattan Liberal Club meets every Friday evening at 8 o'clock, for a lecture and discussion, at German Masonic Temple, 220 East 15th street. Admission 5 cents. Monthly cards 20 cents. Membership fee $3.——The American Spiritualist Alliance meets every Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock in Republican Hall, 55 West 33d street.——The First Society of Spiritualists holds its meetings every Sunday in Republican Hall, 55 West 33d street. Morning service 11 o'clock; evening, 7:45. Seats free. Public cordially invited.——Frobisher College Hall, 23 East 14th street, near Broadway. The People's Spiritual Meeting every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 P.M.

BROOKLYN.—The Brooklyn Spiritual Society meets at Conservatory Hall, cor. of Fulton street and Bedford avenue, every Sunday. Services at 11 A.M. and 7:45 P.M. Admission free. Public cordially invited. Liberal and Spiritual papers and books for sale.——The Everett Hall Spiritual Conference, 398 Fulton street, meets every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. Meetings free. Spiritual literature for sale.——The Eastern District Spiritual Conference meets every Monday evening at Composite Room, 4th street, corner of south 2d street, at 7:45. Spiritual and Liberal literature on sale. All invited.—— The Philosophical Association meets every Sunday afternoon in the Assembly Room of Wright's Business College, Broadway, corner of Fourth street, E. D., at 3 P.M. Public cordially invited. Doors open at 2:30 P.M.

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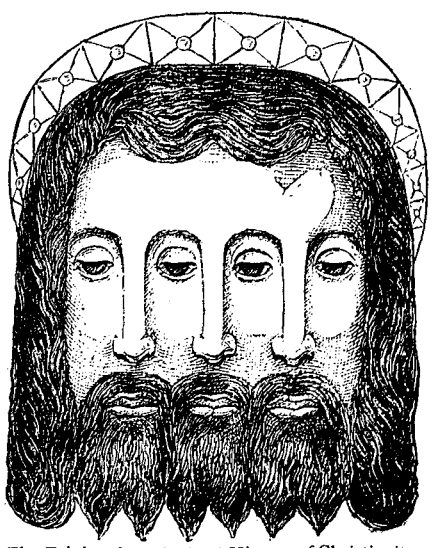
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To gull the mob and keep them under,
The ancients told their tales of wonder.
A pious fraud, a holy blunder,
A rainbow sign,
An earthquake or a blast o' thunder
Were held divine.

By those who've faith to swallow doses,
A wondrous story nothing loses;
The dextrous feats ascribed to Moses,
Are proofs as plain,
O' sleight o' hand, as Horman Bogue's
Legerdemain.

Beware the stories o' tradition,
Let sense giv way to superstion—
The royal magic competition,
O sacred *fountain!*
Which can a midge by faith's volition
Swell to a mountain.

A God o' mercy, just and good,
Held forth as in an angry mood,
Drooning the world a' in a flood
To punish Hymen.
And turning water into blood
Just like a demon.

He murdered thousands in a trice,
Made Egypt swarm with frogs and lice.
Had he sent sheep, and cows, and rice,
His hungry hoards,
Might ilka ane hav got a slice,
And praised their Lord.

Wi' hocus pocus rod in hand,
Like Mother Goose's magic wand,
They could the elements command,
As legends run;
Divide the sea and burn the land,
Or stop the sun.

Their prodigies bombast surpasses,
Like dykes the ocean stood in masses;
They had flying prophets, speaking asses,
Besides a saute wife.
heir amorous Ghaists o'ercame the lasses
Wha lived that life.

Their Samson's strength lay in his hair,
Their jealous waters sterling were,
Showers of fire came through the air
Like brimstone danders—
Saints lived in fire by virtue rare,
Like salamanders.

The Apostle Paul, by fancy's whim,
Soared up to heaven a' in a dream,
And Satan brought him back t'would seem,
So says himsel',
But how could Nick to heaven climb,
Wha's chained in hell?

This damned old wily serpent, Nick,
Was promised lang a mighty kick—
He turned the chase, and played the trick
Wi' God's first-born;
He got him scourged, nailed to a stick,
And crooned wi' a thorn.

First search the subject through the piece,
'Tis fraught wi' blunders such as these,
That reverend priests their flocks may fleece
Wi' weely conscience;
Teach humble beings by degrees
To swallow nonsense.

The sovereign leaders of each faction,
Join hand in hand in close compaction,
To set God's kingdom up to auction,
A lumpin bargain;
Drive silly mortals to distraction,
Wi' their damned jargon.

Yet moral truth shall gain the day,
Illumed by nature's glorious ray,
Anathemas shall fly away
Wi' priests and diels;
Sound reason shall the scepter sway,
Hard at her heels.

A Reply to Mr. Chapman.

To THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:*

On reading the letter of Dr. Chapman in your issue of March 15th, I feel like afflicting you with a few words more, if you can spare the space.

I am very sorry to see anyone, and especially one having the influence that physicians often hav, placing so much as a straw of discouragement in the path of human rights, progress, and happiness. It is a self-evident fact that every man who desires it has just as good a right to land enough to raise his food from as he has to life itself, and every man who wishes well to his country now or hereafter ought to exert himself to secure this right to all, instead of trying to lull the people and keep them asleep on the subject until all the land has gone into the clutches of railroads and rich monopolists, thereby giving cause for another bloody war to regain the workers' birthright, for the people of this nation will not always be slaves. A time will come when the working classes will demand their right to land, and will hav it, if every monopolist must die in the struggle.

Dr. Chapman says there are in Kansas half a million people who took up land under the Homestead law, paying only $14 for 160 acres, and that only one-fourth of them hav prospered, while the other three-fourths hav proved incompetent. Well, if only one-fourth are successful, then there are 125,000 in that one new state better off than they would be scattered about in other businesses, working for starvation wages; and the withdrawal of these men has given another 125,000 men a chance to get work, so that 250,000 hav already been benefited by the free-land law of Kansas, to say nothing of the benefits these farmers' children will derive from having homes and opportunities to become self-supporting, intelligent, and happy, instead of being exposed to the vices of city life.

And this success of only one-fourth of the Kansas settlers more than justifies me in all the hard things I hav said against land thieves and the venal Congress that aids them and is part and parcel of them.

How is it in other occupations? I hav repeatedly read that of those who start in life as merchants, ninety-five in every hundred fail, while only one in four of the Kansas farmers ha s failed. "Glory hallelujah!" if that expression means encouragement. I feel a new impulse, and will liv on two meals a day three months longer if I can get paper and stamps, and the papers will publish what I write. If a careful observer will look into the matter, he will find that at least nineteen in twenty landless men, who work for other men at day wages, fail ever to obtain of their own. Some hav abundant proofs in and out of Dr. Chapman's letter in favor of free land.

But, says the doctor, the other three-fourths of the Kansas experimenters are incapables, and hav failed of success, not because they are vicious, nor drunkards, nor bad neighbors, nor bad citizens, but are simply incapable of conducting agricultural operations with profit, because nature did not bless them with physical and mental organizations equal to those of the prosperous farmers.

Well, if a lack of physical and mental power is the cause of their failure, that is no argument against free land, nor is it a sufficient reason why the government should go on robbing everybody, the capable as well as the incapable, of land, and making them slaves, tramps, thieves, burglars, prostitutes, or paupers. So I find not one word in the doctor's letter against free land, although at first reading it may appear very discouraging to a superficial thinker.

The doctor says what is needed of such reformers as friend Hacker, Mr. Cook, and some others is to tell how to keep these people in possession of a home. If these people are physically or mentally incapable of managing a farm and obtaining a living from it they should not hav gone there; they should hav remained where they were born and brought up, and their friends should hav helped them.

If your "land laws" were not imperfect they would not be allowed to sell for $1,000 what they got for $14. Under the laws that I am trying to get enacted no man will be allowed to sell the land for more than he givs for it. If he receives a farm lot by paying $14 for surveying, fixing the boundaries, and making the deed, and then improves the land by his own industry or capital, he may sell the improvements he has made, and the one who buys the improvements becomes entitled to the land by paying only the $14 that the first settler gave.

Neither Hacker nor Cook can tell how to keep these men in possession of their homes, till we know more of the circumstances and of their real character and families. If they are really incapable, on account of physical or mental debility, why are they so? What caused their infirmity? Probably land robbery. Very likely their parents were robbed of their right to land, and had to work for others at starvation wages; had not time to read, study, nor think; grew up in ignorance of the laws of life and health; did not learn to restrain their passions, and after their weary day's work was over, squandered the little remnant of their vitality in begetting these incompetent children. And if this be so, the doctor's letter furnishes another proof or argument in favor of freedom; for when all can hav comfortable homes and time to learn anything, there will not be so many incompetents born. When all can hav homes, and read, and understand and practice the teachings of the noble Heywood's, very few "incapables" will be born, and then the people of Massachusetts will look back on those who are now persecuting the Heywood's with the same loathing and disgust that we now do on those who hung Quakers and witches; but without homes of their own, the teachings of the Word, or of the highest heaven—if there is such a place—cannot do much to improve the race; but enough for one chapter. Amen! Selah! Yours, J. HACKER.

Berlin, New Jersey.

Obituary.

Died March 19, 1884, Mrs Dulcinea Watts, aged 66 years.—*Osceola Sentinel.*

Then and there died a true Liberal—intuitivly Liberal, without conversion; naturally too Liberal to be bound by a limited creed. Her orthodox friends, during a long illness, and doubtless with the best of motivs, persuaded toward a change of mind, but the patient and tired spirit fled unchanged. Mr. Hastings delivered an impressiv address at the funeral.

The great and the good march on to the limitless future, but it is the good alone are great.

"Leaves hav their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all—
All seasons hast thou for thine own, O death!"

F. J. EMARY.

P. S.—Mr. Watts has by him the first number issued of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and, either from the office or from the book store, has taken it ever since.

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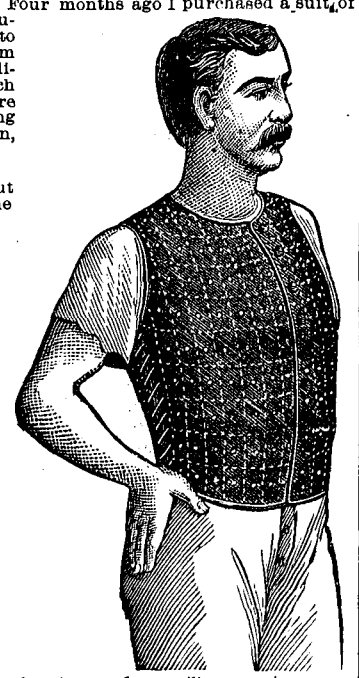
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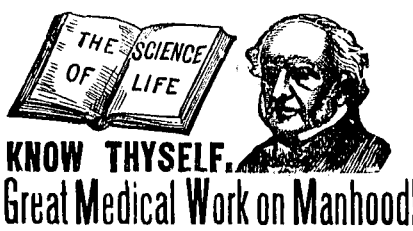
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MY words fly up; my thoughts remain below;
Words without thoughts never to heaven go.
—*Shakspere's Hamlet.*

DIFFERENCES in religious opinions are of incalculable benefit to mankind. They excite thought, and, though the discussions which arise often fan the embers of discord, they serve also to keep alive the pure flame of true religion.—*James Kennard.*

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WHEN we infer any particular cause from an effect, we must proportion the one to the other, and can never be allowed to ascribe to the cause any qualities but what are exactly sufficient to produce the effect. A body of ten ounces raised in any scale may serve as a proof that the counterbalancing weight exceeds ten ounces; but it can never afford a reason that it exceeds a hundred. If the cause assigned for any effect be not sufficient to produce it, we must either reject that cause or add to it such qualities as will giv it a just proportion to the effect. But if we ascribe it further qualities or affirm it capable of producing other effects, we can only indulge the license of conjecture and arbitrarily suppose the existence of qualities and energies without reason or authority.—*Hume on Providence and a Future State.*

"WHEN you are my age, my dear," said Sir Walter Scott to his daughter Anna, who had called something vulgar not in his opinion deserving the stigma, "you will thank God that nothing that is worth having is common." His life preached the lesson more eloquently than the touching words.—*London Spectator.*

THE peasant's idea of God—true to him—would be false to me, because I should feel it to be unworthy and inadequate. If the nineteenth century after Christ adopts the conceptions of the nineteenth century before him—if cultivated and educated Christians adopt the conceptions of the ignorant, narrow, and vindictiv Israelite—they are guilty of thinking worse of God, of taking a lower, meaner, more limited view of nature, than the faculties he has bestowed are capable of inspiring—and as the highest views we are capable of forming must necessarily be the nearest to the truth, they are wilfully acquiescing in a lie. They are guilty of what Bacon calls the "apotheosis of error"—stereotyping and canonizing one particular style of the blunders through which thought passes on its way to truth.—*Greg's Creed of Christendom.*

WHAT though a thousand years and more
We hav trod the threshing floor,
And our richer, fiercer neighbor
Snatched the guerdon of our labor—
Garnered up the sheaves of grain,
Leaving but chaff as our sole gain?
Lo! what light the east is bright'ning!
Herald of a better day,
Yonder cloud that towers o'er us,
Lurid with the threat'ning lightning,
Specter-like, shall fade away
In the splendor of its ray
A happier era's just before us!
When brazen fraud and flaunting pride
In oblivion deep shall hide,
When Force shall yield the earth to Truth,
And Right shall reign in fadeless youth.
The tokens of its advent thicken!
How life and hope, responsiv, quicken!
There's a flower about to bloom
In the desert, on the tomb;
There's a light about to glow
That will dissipate the gloom;
There's a fount about to flow
With waters such as ne'er were tasted.
By the workers wan and wasted.
Fellow-toilers, hail the day!
Wait as patient as ye may,
Watch and wait, but clear the way!
—*F. M. Vincent, in Chicago Sentinel.*

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Odds and Ends.

"WHAT is a lake?" asked the teacher. A bright little Irish boy raised his hand. "Well, Mickey, what is it?" "Sure it is a hole in the tea-kettle, mum."

A PREACHER having married a couple in the church the other day, unfortunately gave out as the very next hymn, "Mistaken souls that dream of heaven."

THE man who kicks his daughter's lover down three flights of stairs, sends her to bed with a scolding, then slacks the parlor fire, and turns off the gas, should be sent to prison for contempt of court.

"THERE is one thing about babies," said a recent traveler, "they never change. We hav girls of the period, men of the world; but the baby is the same self-possessed, fearless, laughing, voracious little heathen in all ages, and in all countries."

IN Philadelphia they hav an organized woman's club who dress in nobby male attire, presumably because they like to "wear the breeches." They will hav to wear their pants cut somewhat different from men, in order to allow them to sit down on the floor to get into their stockings.

A MARRIED dude who returned home unexpectedly, and found another dude hugging his wife, took a terrible revenge. He seized the visitor's slender silk umbrella from its resting-place in the rack, broke it across his knee, and roared out, "There, now! I hope it will rain real hard."

"MAMMA." whispered a little boy, who had watched the preacher vigorously pound the pulpit cushion for some time. "'Sh!" "But, mamma, I—" "'Sh! 'sh! You musn't talk in church." "I only wanted to say that if I was that cushion, I'd—" "'Sh!" "I'd be all black and blue by this time," he squeaked.

ONE Sunday, as a certain Scottish minister was returning homeward, he was accosted by an old woman, who said, "O sir, well do I like the day that you preach." The minister was aware that he was not very popular, and he answered: "My good woman, I am glad to hear it. There are too few like you. And why do you like when I preach?" "O sir," she replied, "when you preach I always get a good seat."

A YOUNGSTER to fond mother: "Papa has heart trouble, hasn't he?" F. M.: "Yes, my dear." Youngster: "That's why the doctor lays his head against his chest to listen, isn't it?" F. M.: "Yes, my child, but don't ask so many questions." Youngster. "Is papa a doctor, too?" F. M.: "No; why do you ask?" Youngster: "Because he had his head against nurse's chest last night, listening just like the doctor." Fond mother leaves the room for a brief conversation with the nurse.

AN Omaha preacher is the last pulpit pounder to try and put a stop to Sunday night courting. That preacher would meet with greater success by fighting a cyclone with a snow-shovel. This Sunday night courting business is as sure to come as death and the tax collector. It is an old established industry, which has been going on since the beginning of time, and it is sure to continue to the end. It is about the only industry that don't ask for a protectiv tariff, as the more foreign competition it has the better it thrives.

THE hour is a little late;
Two lovers swing upon the gate,
Bent down by sentimental freight,
In rapture great,
With soul elate.

But how the pair is cursed by fate!
The young man feels a father's hate;
He falls upon him in a state
Of anger great,
With sole elate.

"MY dear," said a Western farmer to his wife as she got out of bed, "will you look and see what kind of a day it is?" "Well," she replied, gazing out of the window. "Mr. Smith's barn across the way is being blown into the next lot, but—" "Not his new brick barn?" "No, the old wooden one, and it looks as if the roof of his house will hav to go, but I don't believe there will be very much of a storm." "Probably not," replied the husband, "but still we can hardly expect settled weather at this season of the year. I guess I had better drive to town to-day instead of waiting until Saturday. It might storm, then."

A MAIDEN to a dentist came;
Said she, "I think you are the same
That put a coping on my gums
Last summer." "Very like," said he,
"I cope with such promiscuously,"
And then he idly twirled his thumbs.

"You didn't mortis well your work,"
The maiden answered; "when I jerk
My lower maxilliary bones.
It sort of jars the coping stones,
And down my throat, last night, at tea,
I lost your dental masonry."

"'Tis safer there than in the street,"
The dentist made reply: "Just seat
Yourself in yonder vacant chair."
She sat; he siezed a dredging hook,
Or tool that might hav been mistook
For such, and bade her to prepare.

The mouth of maiden opened wide,
"There's room!" said he, and stepped inside;
The jaws came to with savage grin,
She gummed and swallowed him, and then—
"You took me in, O worst of men!"
She said, "and now you're taken in."

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Notes and Clippings.

HERBERT SPENCER has started for Australia, a long sea voyage being recommended for his health.

A NEW YORK sculptor has just completed a statue called "Slumber." It is supposed that it represents a congregation about the time the minister is saying "seventeenthly."

HARRISON, the "boy preacher," claims that he converted thirteen hundred sinners in St. Louis in ten days. St. Louis should be proud. It is not every city of its size that can boast that number of "sinners."

THE Salvation Army engaged in fighting the devil in New Jersey has received a hard blow from the enemy. Their captain is in jail for stealing. It would seem, remarks *Peck's Sun*, as though the devil was getting the start of the army in New Jersey.

DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, in a letter to a friend in England, promises that he will soon publish a new book. He says: "I am trying to do some kind of justice to Ralph Waldo Emerson in a brief memoir, taking short time to read and longer to write."

ENGLISH journalists are not fully posted on the geography of America. One intelligent editor informs his readers that the "preservation of the Adirondack forests is at last agitating the people of the West, who wish to protect their valuable prairie lands from drought."

A PHILADELPHIA merchant has offered to pay for two bands to play in Fairmount Park on Sundays, but there is no hope that the offer will be accepted, as the religious people know that with good music out of doors there is small chance of getting the average Philadelphian inside a church edifice.

A FASHIONABLE church in St. Paul has for its pastor ex-Congressman Gilbert de LaMatyr, who, having introduced an orchestra as a musical auxiliary to the services, has been abandoned by all the old-fashioned members of the congregation. He is, however, very popular with the young people, who crowd the house every Sunday.

AN officer in the American Tract Society reported that "at the present stage of Christianity and civilization it is impossible to get anything new in tracts or to make any money writing them." It would be next to impossible at this stage of Christianity and civilization to get any sensible person to read them if they were written and paid.

A LONDON editor writes that he is a comprehensionist, and "as a comprehensionist realizes the soul of the universe as the intelligence of the etherealized, then the intelligence must cognate that which is an over-continuance of extension, and the over-continuance is not the progressivness of circumferation." This is probably a new kind of heresy.

BUDDHISM is spreading with great rapidity among the more intelligent classes in Russia. Converts are counted by thousands every year. The reason given for its spread is that it is more easily understood than the Christian religion, and better adapted to the wants of the people. At present the Greek church is the only authorized church or Russia.

WE learn from a wild western paper that an Iowa society has inaugurated something new and novel in the social business. They hold "avoirdupois socials." The young ladies are weighed, before eating supper, and the boys pay one-half cent a pound for it on her weight. It is said that real nice, healthy fat girls don't stand any show at all. The slender girl monopolizes all the boys.

A FRENCH medical man has been talking of the wine question in a new and original way. "Is it," he asks, "absolutely necessary to drink wine? We can understand why Noah used it when we think of the profound disgust he must hav felt for water after the deluge. It was natural that a carafe of water should sicken him. But in making up his first vinyards did he consider the coming worries of the phylloxera, of adulterations, of licenses, of taxes, and of temperance orators? Is he not now looking sadly down upon the curious destiny of the wine he naturally rejoiced over, but which is moving to its center the capital of the civilized world?"

MR. REDMOND, the young Irish member of Parliament who was recently in this country, says, apropos of the dynamiters here: "Except a few fanatics, they only want to get money out of the business. Ford is the most formidable, but even he was only able to collect $4,000 in four months for his 'war fund.' As the fund owed its origin to the execution of O'Donnell, so I believe it will die out with the remembrance of it."

THE interference of a clergyman does not always produce the effect intended. The Rev. Mr. Stiles, who was in court in Brooklyn when the names of the jurors were called in a temperance case, remarked something about corrupted juries. The justice heard him and cautioned him to be more temperate in his language. The jury regarded the clergyman with marked contempt, and rendered a verdict contraryto his testimony, without leaving their seats.

IN the old days no woman was allowed to put her foot within the walls of the monastery at San Auguatin, Mexico. A noble lady of Spain, wife of the reigning viceroy, was bent on visiting it. Nothing could stop her and in she came. But she found only empty cloisters, for each virtuous monk locked himself securely in his cell, and afterward every stone in the floor which her sacrilegious feet had touched was carefully replaced by a new one fresh from the mountain top. Times are changed. The house is now a hotel.

A CLERGYMAN married a lady with whom he received a substantial dowry of $10,000 and a fair prospect for more. Soon afterward, while occupying the pulpit, he gave out a hymn, read four stanzas, and was reading the fifth,

"Forever let my grateful heart
His boundless grace adore,"

when he hesitated and exclaimed, "Ahem! the choir will omit the fifth verse," and sat down. The congregation, attracted by his apparent confusion, read the remaining lines:

"Which givs ten thousand blessings now
And bids me hope for more."

A NEW YORK publisher of Bibles recently received an extensiv order from the proprietor of one of Chicago's largest hotels for "fine, showy Bibles, with handsome covers." Surprised at the order, he asked the hotel man, "What do you intend to do with them?" "Place them in the guests' rooms. You see, I hav made arrangements to keep a lot of delegates to the presidential convention, and I want to giv them everything new and novel and what they are unaccustomed to." "But would you not like to hav the hotel's name stamped on the cover? It will cost but little, and will prevent their being stolen," said the publisher. "Oh, no," replied the other. "It is unnecessary. They are not sufficiently hard up to steal Bibles."

THE District commissioners decided on the 17th that the law regulating licenses places mediums in the category of the theatrical and other exhibitions. The smallest fee is $20 per week, $100 per annum, or $5 per meeting, if any fee is charged, no matter how small. "Under the present construction of the law," says a correspondent of the *National Republican*, "all moral and scientific lectures, and demonstrations of all kinds, even lectures on education, come under the ban. The effect of this decision will be to compel mediums to giv Washington a wide berth. Ohio alone disgraced herself and lost the last election by the Russell law, which is an embargo upon free thought, free speech, and scientific investigation; but her bigots and courts hav not dared to brave public opinion by its enforcement in a single case. It remained for the commissioners of this district, right under the shadow of the capitol, dedicated (?) to freedom, to lead off in this unjust discrimination upon the most flimsy pretext. It cannot be possible that the framers of this law ever contemplated such use of the law; or that they imagined that the act of Congress would be used to obstruct lectures on moral or scientific subjects of any kind."

DR. W. J. BEECHER, of Auburn Theological Seminary, tells his students than when he began reading religious newspapers there were plenty of leaders of religious thought who were strenuously affirming that, unless the earth and skies were fitted up in their present shape in the space of 144 hours by the clock, the Bible was a lie, and all religion was a fraud. "To-day," he says, "nearly every one is convinced that the process of bringing our system into being lasted through long periods of time, and that this view is entirely consistent with the Bible and with all sacred truths." So it comes that the Infidels of to-day stand on this particular question, about where the "leaders of religious thought" stood when the Rev. Dr. Beecher began reading religious newspapers.

THE loose ideas and practices of the New England people in regard to marriage and divorce, says the New York *Sun*, are well known. At Dover, N. H., the other day, a man and a woman appeared before a clergyman and asked him to marry them for six months. The would-be groom explained that he had already been married and divorced, and didn't wish to take any risk this time. The lady, secure of her charms, was willing to enter into the limited contract. She felt certain that her lover, spite of his caution, would ask for a renewal of the contract at the end of the six months. The clergyman refused to approve the plan, and so did a justice of the peace, who, however, kindly informed them that "it would be an easy matter to get married on this plan at Portland, provided they would wait five days." If this assertion of this New Hampshire justice can be depended on, limited time marriage contracts are likely to be very common in the preserves of Neal Dow, but six months is too long a period for even a limited marriage to last without a divorce in the truly moral puritan commonwealths.

THE boldness of the criminal classes in this city has reached such a point that hardened felons in the shape of small boys and little girls actually sell flowers in Fifth avenue and Broadway on Sunday. A member of the Society for the Prevention of Crime, shocked by the terrible spectacle, has formally brought the subject to the attention of the police, but the commissioners, evidently because of their fear of the flower-selling criminals, hav not yet ventured to arrest them. It is intolerable, continues the *New York Times*, that the loathsome and demoralizing spectacle of flowers should be openly brought to the attention of respectable men, virtuous women, and innocent children on Sunday morning. Flowers notoriously hav no respect for Sunday, and shamelessly open their petals and blossom on that day precisely as they do on a week-day. To offer these depraved flowers to people on Sunday morning is to turn their thoughts from sermons and other appropriate topics and to invite them to admire gaudy colors and meretricious perfumes. Not only is the public thus demoralized by the sight of Sunday flowers, but men and women are tempted to commit the deadly sin of buying violets or roses. It is impossible to say how many poor wretches who hav died on the gallows began their downward career by buying a bunch of violets while on their way to church. It may not seem to most people to be a really revolting crime to buy flowers on Sunday, but if it is followed by robbery, arson, and murder its iniquity becomes evident. The pretense that it is a work of charity to buy a flower on Sunday from a ragged child is unworthy of notice. Crime cannot be excused on the ground that it is committed from a charitable motiv. The monsters of iniquity, however small they may be in point of stature, who sell flowers on Sunday deserve nothing but the severest punishment. If necessary, the military should be called out to suppress them, and no matter what it costs, Mr. Louis P. Tibbals, of the Society for the Prevention of Crime, should be enabled to walk to church on Sunday without being shocked by the sight of godless and demoralizing flowers.

News of the Week.

THE negro Rugg has been convicted of the murder of Anna Maybee, at Brookville, L. I.

COMPETITION among telegraph companies has brought about a radical reduction in rates.

HENRY WARD BEECHER thinks that the nomination of James G. Blaine for president would be a national calamity.

THE captain of the Salvation Army of Cleveland, Ohio, is charged with abducting two 16-year-old girls of that city.

HENRY IRVING, the English actor, has given his farewell performance in America. The receipts of his tour in this country amounted to $405,600.

A DISPATCH from Rome says that five Christian missionaries and thirty lay coadjutors hav been murdered at Tonquin, Anam, in southeastern Asia.

Two anarchists of Berlin hav confessed that dynamite had been placed under the new colossal statue of Germania at Niederwald. Moisture alone prevented the explosion.

THE opposition party in Dr. Newman's Madison avenue church, hav put an injunction on the parson restraining him from performing the functions of a pastor in that edifice.

THE Rev. J. R. Allen was called very recently to the pulpit of a church near Honesdale, Pa. Riding out with his wife and child last week, the horse ran away, and Mrs. Allen was killed.

LAST Sunday was Bock Beer Day on Staten Island, and all the drivers of the brewery wagons wore high silk hats and cockades. The wagons were trimmed with flags and evergreens.

A BANQUET was given to Henry George on Wednesday evening of this week. Among those present were R. Heber Newton, Samuel P Putnam, Edward W. Chamberlain, and Courtlandt Palmer.

THE excise commissioners of New York hav refused licenses to various places of amusement of questionable reputation, including that of the celebrated Harry Hill, known as the wickedest man in New York.

LONDON was shaken by a earthquake last week. The dynamiters say they were expecting it, but do not explain how it was brought about. A fire in London on Saturday destroyed a million dollars' worth of property.

CITY FATHER SHIELS, arrested for being drunk and disorderly and committing assault, attributed his conduct to the effect of quinine which he had taken under the direction of a physician for disease of the eye. He was discharged.

A SIX-DAY walking match began in this city last Sunday night, with fourteen contestants, including Rowell, the Englishman, and a Chippewa Indian. It is propable that the Englishman will win and carry off a large number of American dollars.

GAINSWORTH PETTIS, of Lockport, Pa., was taken to the Erie almshouse last Saturday, a raving maniac on the subject of Spiritualism. On the same day the Rev. C. H. Harrison, of Belmont, N. Y., went to the Buffalo insane asylum shackled and handcuffed, and accompanied by six able-bodied men, that number being required to keep him in restraint. The doctrin of immediate sanctification crazed him. Religious papers making a note of Mr. Pettis's aberration will please copy this item entire.

THE members of Typographical Union No. 6, composed of printers, had a parade and a monster mass meeting at Cooper Union last week to bring into public notice their scheme to boycott the New York *Tribune*, which had broken its contract with the union. The *Boycotter*, published by the union, claims that the movement is having its effect both on the circulation and advertising patronage of the *Tribune*. The laboring man seems to be waking up and showing his strength in a manner heretofore almost unheard of.

A Freethought Romance.

Waifs and Wanderings.

BY SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

FAIRY-LAND.

The wonderful years fly by, throbbing with life, grim with death. A continent is alive with arms; camp-fires blaze upon a thousand hills; a million soldiers march through tangled wilderness and fair fields. The days and the nights bear gloom and glory in their tumultuous path. Terror keeps company with hope. Victory leaps the chasm of defeat, and flings the lustrous morning on the midnight of despair. Skeleton faces look through iron bars, and patiently wait for the rainbow of peace on the rushing clouds of war.

The golden evening rests broad and bright on the mighty forests that skirt the shores of the Gulf of Pascagoula. Far away they stretch toward the north in the vague and intense radiance, while toward the south the beautiful waters flash as if the departing day had left upon their bosom innumerable jewels. The faint effulgence of the night is caught afar, bringing its gifts also to the welcoming sky and joyous earth.

Touched by the last shafts of the retreating light, a dusty and toil-worn company linger on the edge of the majestic forest. Old friends they are, yet changed, scarred with battle, and decorated with hard-earned honors. The stars of a brigadier-general shine on the shoulders of our Shaksperean devotee, Billy Stubbs, and he bears them with true soldierly frankness and dignity. Sergeant Jones is now colonel, and Cupples is captain, and the good Dr. Dobson is in the flesh still. It would be indeed no easy thing for him to shuffle off his mortal coil.

"We must camp here to-night," said Stubbs. "I don't know where we are, but we must make the best of it."

"I never was lost so quick in my life," said Cupples. "These woods all look the same, and the roads."

"I guess we are not lost," said the colonel. "A day's march will bring us to our brigade again."

"I believe that last turn is what did it," said the doctor. "It was difficult to choose, however, for one way looked as bad as the other."

"Who knows what we may discover by this little episode," cried Stubbs. "There's a divinity that shapes our ends."

"Shapes our ends rough, as somebody says," cried the doctor, "hew them how we may."

"It seems that we can't trust divinity, so we must trust in ourselvs. Fortunately we have plenty of grub and can do it."

"We can smile at fate with a full stomach," proclaimed the doctor.

While Cupples prepared the dainty meal of hard-tack and coffee, and a slice or two of pork, the others made ready the night's encampment with extemporized dwellings of brush-wood, made fragrant with the beautiful magnolia blossoms that flashed like stars in the radiant blackness of the forest.

"Drink to a happy to-morrow," cried Cupples, as they gathered about the plenteously-furnished table underneath the wide-spreading trees. "This is the best coffee I ever made, and I know it will bring a spell of delight."

It was a gorgeous palace indeed in which they ate, with glad abandon to the witching influence of their wild surroundings. Tossed about like waves of the sea, these brave spirits ever reflected the brightness of the passing moment. In an unknown country, with danger upon every side, they had not the slightest fear.

In the effulgent evening, strewn with stars, rich with perfumes, filled with the harmonies of the sea that sounded along the white beach, Cupples and Col. Jones strolled among the woods, while Stubbs smoked the fragrant weed, and Dr. Dobson placidly meditated on the mutations of life in the midst of two hundred and fifty pounds of solid human flesh.

"Here we are to-day, and where we shall be to-morrow nobody knows," said the colonel. "We've been mightily knocked about for the last two years."

"Hardly had time to think," said Cupples. "I've always wanted to pursue our wanderings after Bessie, but there's been no chance, and here we are almost tumbled into the Gulf of Mexico."

"No news of Bessie yet?"

"Not a particle. Yet I believe she is safe. No news is good news, they say."

"We'll take it so. The world is big and folks are easily lost, especially when the world is upside down, as it is now."

"If Amy had not found Bessie she would hav returned. No doubt they have some out-of-the-way hiding-place from all this hurly-burly."

"Keep a good heart yet. There'll be a lull some time, and we'll take another turn at the game."

"It don't look much like a lull now. Things are in a mighty mess, and grow worse. I don't see head nor tail to it."

"There is, though. Grant'll work it out. He's got a plan, and some day there'll be a shake down."

"May I be there to see," said Cupples. "I've got through expecting anything. Dear me, I think I'd like to stay here a week or two, it's so handsome. It's like a garden of flowers, almost as if somebody lived here."

It was indeed a wonderful and beautiful spot to which they had roamed. The ground was covered with flowers of a thousand varying hues. Overhead there was a majestic arch, almost as perfect as if flung forth by the hand of human genius. The magnolia blossoms danced like waves in the star-lighted chambers that opened on every side from the illuminated aisles of the forest.

"I wonder if somebody don't live here—fairies at least," said Cupples. "It's a good place for home."

They both started, as a clear, bright note seemed all at once to strike the air and then burst into full melody. It was a marvelous song that for a time possessed the charmed atmosphere. Whence did it come? Was it some wondrous mocking-bird that had caught the accents of the human voice and was thus pouring it forth?

Wonderfully sweet it sounded on, rippling like a brook, dashing like sun-lighted waves of the sea, soaring like a bird, dropping like the soft petal of a flower. Now it seemed to tremble far away, and then it rapidly burst again with a shower of notes that seemed to fall all about the astonished listeners.

"I'm dazed," cried Cupples, when the enrapturing sounds suddenly ceased. "I'm sure that's Bessie's voice, or it is her spirit haunting this forest. I will sing an old lullaby and see if I can call her to my sight."

So Cupples answered to the regal voice with some snatches of baby melodies, given, however, with such effect that nobody could mistake from whence they came. If anyone had heard that sound in Patagonia they would hav sworn that it was Cupples's voice if they had ever by chance listened to that gentleman's remarkable vocalization. If Bessie was anywhere about to hear even one of his notes she would unhesitatingly appear, knowing that Cupples must be on hand. And Bessie did come dancing forth like a wonderful fairy indeed. She seemed to flash all at once from the darkness and tumbled into the arms of Cupples.

"Do you live in the sea?" said Cupples. "Are you a mermaid?"

"I'm flesh and blood still," said Bessie. "Feel of me—solid enough, am I not?"

"I should say so," said Cupples. "You've grown a foot taller since I've seen you, I believe."

"Why shouldn't I? I've had time enough. It's lucky you sung that song. Otherwise I should have vanished into my cave. We don't admit strangers here."

"We? Who's we?"

"My mother, of course. She took me when I left you."

"You didn't stay long with Bolton?"

"Indeed not. I knew mother would come. I watched for her, and one night like birds we flew away. There's no law here, and so we made it our home."

"How wise you are! I've a notion to take to the woods myself. I believe they are better than folks—they mind their own business."

"How funny it is!" cried Bessie. "Did you fight your way down?"

"We've fought every which way up and down and across lots, and now we are lost."

"What a war it must be! I'm glad we know nothing about it. You are the first soldier that ever passed this way. Have you a passport? If so you can come into my parlor."

"Yes," said Cupples, as he gave her a sounding kiss; "I guess that'll take me in without knocking."

Bessie dashed ahead and they followed. How beautiful she looked!—alert, graceful, fresh as nature herself, a very child of the woods, in perfect harmony with the magnificent scenery by which she was surrounded, as if she had bloomed from its very heart.

She led the way to what might be a natural bower, yet evidently arranged also by cunning hands. So deftly was it twined with the overhanging branches that one might almost pass it unnoticed."

"Walk in," said Bessie, as she flung a profusion of roses aside and revealed the entrance. "I will light a candle and then you can see."

Her candle was a pine-knot, which flung rich masses of light about the room into which they entered. Bessie held it above her head and her dark eyes danced gloriously in its beams. Her hair, unloosed and free as the wind, floated back and offset the delicate and strong lines of her handsome face, that seemed flooded with smiles, as she noted the amazement of the two men.

"Make yourself at home," she said, "the whole floor is at your service. I will call mamma."

In answer to her summons Amy instantly appeared and impetuously greeted the new comers.

"I thought nobody could ever find us out here," she cried.

"They could not," answered Cupples. "They must tumble to it, as we did. This is your home, then?"

"Yes; could I do better?"

"Not as things are now. It's a fairy-land indeed. Nothing can disturb you, no matter how much the fight goes on."

"That is what I desire. escape from the world, it seems so full of injustice."

"We'll right it some how," said the sergeant (colonel I would say with due reverence to his straps), "and then you'll come back again."

"Perhaps not. I am in love with this spot. I have spent many happy hours here."

"I would like to camp here myself," said Cupples. "But we are always on the move and can only take a night's rest."

"Make the most of it while you can," said Amy, "and then you shall have our best farewell."

"But tell us all about it," said Cupples. "What a story it must be!"

"You can guess," said Amy, "I followed Bolton night and day. He could not escape me. I enlisted as a confederate soldier; that gave me a chance, and I ran off with Bessie. I would not go North. I was indignant that a great nation should act so cruelly, although it might be for peace. I determined to depend on myself; to seek the woods, make my own home, and be my own defense. Even though I was a woman I felt that I could win my way; that nature was my friend and would reward me if I did my work. Here I am happy in these beautiful woods and the maker of my own fortune."

"Bravo," said Cupples. "Who shall talk of the superior sex after this. What man has done woman can do, and that's the end on't."

"This is my parlor," said Amy, "do you not like it?"

She led the way to the inner appartment. It was indeed wonderfully adorned. Shells gleamed with glittering colors around the walls. There were flowers of every description hung with gorgeous profusion. The floor was carpeted with the finest of pine needles and was as luxuriant as a Turkish rug. There were tables and chairs made out of the graceful boughs of trees. There was a cosy fire-place that seemed set in marble, so delicately had the huge sea-shells been set about it. Soon a flame was dancing at its heart, kindled by the deft hand of Bessie, and the warm sweet radiance flowed and melted amid the brilliant hues that the rarest of jewels could not surpass. There was a harp in one corner made by Amy's own hands, for she was touched with the genius of music and could create its choicest instrumentality and evoke its tenderest and most magnificent strains. Everywhere in that little room could be seen the wonder and glory of woman's genius. Out of the bosom of nature her art had made a paradise.

"I must whistle," cried Cupple, "I want the general to see this, and the doctor."

Cupples did whistle, and it was almost as if a musket had gone off.

General Stubbs and the doctor now made their appearance and joined with fresh hilarity in the dramatic surprise.

"There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy," cried Stubbs. "I shall begin to believe in miracles."

"I always believed in miracles," said the doctor. "We can do marvels if we only understand nature. Nothing is more wonderful than what is. The life of to-day is the greatest life possible."

"That's good philosophy," answered Stubbs. That's Shakspere all over. Does he not say:

> Yet nature is made better by no mean
> But nature makes that mean; so over that art
> Which you say adds to nature is an art
> That nature makes.

"Shakspere is right, and so touches the source of all poetry and religion. God, if there is one, is almighty only by being perfectly natural, and we are gods if we are on the right side of nature. Reality is our best friend."

"I guess you are right," said Cupples, "but I don't understand it all."

"Let them reason," cried Colonel Jones. "We'll take it as it is, and be the wiser for it, I reckon."

"That's so," cried the doctor. "The bother with folks to-day is that they want to know the cause of everything. They can't be simply happy. They want to know the reason why, and that spoils it. The moment one becomes conscious of his good health, you may be sure he will be sick. Knowledge is the first sympton of disease. When will people learn that ignorance is bliss? All this craze after information is nonsense. It kills life. People know too much nowadays, and hence their stupidity. We should strive to know less, and so be more alive."

"I confess my ignorance," said Amy, "but I am not satisfied with it; I desire knowledge but not books. I have none here, but I study the trees, and the flowers, and sea, and sky, and each day some new glimpse appears."

"Ah! how happy the world will be when all study like that," said the doctor; "when books are thrown aside, and the very mud beneath our feet takes their place. The culture of to-day is mere machine polish. It's nothing but a grinding. It's not a producing. There isn't one man out of a million who if put alone on an island wouldn't starve to death, he knows nature so poorly. There isn't one of our scholars who can read the bark of a tree, or the surface of a rock. Hence their Greek and Latin is folly."

"Deep waters, doctor, "said Stubbs. "Let gray-haired philosophy retire, and let music come dancing to the front. I want that harp to vibrate. He that hath no music in his soul is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils."

Amy took the harp, strung by her own hand, and filled the little room with delicate and ravishing notes. She had a remarkable skill, and the tender vibrations voiced the innermost genius of her being. She seemed to hold the air captive, and to make its subtile palpitations the minister of her expressive soul. Marvelous she shone in her beauty and strength, the ideal woman of the future. In her was the oak-like grandeur mingled with the grace of the flowing vine. There was not a particle of coarseness or hardness in her mobile and flashing face. Yet she had fought with destiny with the might of a man. She had carved from the rock of fate her own splendid fortune. She had defied a thousand difficulties, and had made her way to an assured and independent place. Yet no gentleness was lost, no touch of womanly glory. The queen who had been nursed in ease, who had been protected from the ills of life by some manly arm, and had seen nothing but the pomp of waiting ministers, could not have poured forth strains more soft, and sweet, and thrilling to the finest sense; while, sweeping over all with majesty and intensity, was a power born only of struggle, and with which the pampered slave of man's caprice can never hope to be dowered.

Afterwards Bessie joined her voice with her mother's and they sang many a wild, sweet melody, like a stream bursting out of the very soil and sounding with the noise of the trees and the deep chanting of the sea. The hours flew by, and ere they were aware the solemn midnight was upon the delighted company as if by some spell of enchantment.

"We must have a little sleep," said Stubbs, "so good-night. We shall bid a merry farewell in the morning, for we have a perilous and long journey, and cannot delay. When victory comes, with new hopes and new opportunities, I shall bid you welcome to our civilization, which, alas, is not quite so beautiful as this savage freedom, which I enjoy with all my heart."

So they sank to sleep, Amy and Bessie in the lovely secrecy of their embowered home, and the soldiers beneath the broad sky, with no pillow but a stone, and their bed the leaf-strewn bosom of the earth, and their roof the spreading branches of the mighty trees, gemmed amid their myriad changes with the deep azure of the boundless sky, and now and then with a star, shining like a fresh polished jewel just dropped upon the dancing canopy.

The morning came—beautiful Aurora with streaming garments, splendid with dews, glittering over the waters, dropping diamonds by the million on the eager waves. She comes, blessed goddess, eternally born from nature's breast, flying with jeweled feet over sea and land, bringer of joy, dispeller of darkness, awakener out of sleep, courage-breathing, glorious divinity. Her armies are the armies of peace and delight. See them rushing, surging, leaping with fiery banners from mountain to mountain, dashing over the forests and conquering its darkest recesses, gleaming in the cataracts, sweeping down the rivers, crowding over the fields and meadows, flaunting their flags in every home, rivaling the crimson splendor of the firelight on the hearth. Our gallant little company of men awoke and responded to the first onset of the brilliant day.

"A hasty good-bye and then we must dash on," said the general. Amy and Bessie were awake too. Swift farewells were said. Sweet hopes grew and blossomed for the future. The grief of parting was crowned with the light of happy to-morrows.

Away they went, while the two fair women were watching them with brimming eyes and eager hearts until in the dim distance their blue and gold apparel and gleaming arms were lost in the pathless wilderness.

"We must press right on to the north. We must turn neither to right nor left. That's our only safety."

Forward through the tangled brush, straight over the rushing rivers and black and dangerous swamps, forward they thundered steadily and swift. Soon they reached a road which had evidently just been traversed by a great army.

"We've struck a lead," cried Stubbs. "Let's go it. In an hour or two we shall be within the lines."

They put spurs to their horses and the noble animals themselvs seemed to feel that they must do their best, and with wonderful speed they galloped onward.

They turn down the road into a broad grove, and without warning are in the midst of a rebel encampment. They were immediately surrounded. It was no use to resist. They were compelled to surrender without striking a blow.

"This will land us in Andersonville; no more fighting for us," said Stubbs.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TO OUR READERS AND BOOKBUYERS: *If you experience any difficulty in obtaining* THE TRUTH SEEKER *or any of our own or other Freethought works through any dealer, we shall feel greatly obliged if you will order direct from this office. We are fearful that many dealers do not take the pains they should to supply Liberal works—sometimes, even, wrongly reporting them out of print—thereby depriving the inquiring public of heterodox books, and preventing us from making needed sales.*

Gladstone and the English Government.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Your correspondent, Robert Nelson, seems terribly worked up over some words of Seward Mitchell regarding Carey and O'Donnell.

I shall not take time to notice more than one or two of his positions. Speaking of Mr. Gladstone he says, "Hundreds of orphan children will miss and a whole nation mourn the grand old man when his life goes out." I suppose that Mr. Nelson means the orphans of English soldiers slain in the wars of the Transvaal, Zululand, Afghanistan, Cyprus, Egypt, and the Soudan—wars cowardly, causeless, and cruel, waged by England against weak tribes and states during Gladstone's administration. These are the glories of Gladstone, English premier. No, there is one more laurel in his crown. He never has had the manliness to stand by Charles Bradlaugh in his battle for the rights of constituencies, but has held aloof and permitted that man of the people to be betrayed and trampled in the house of his friends.

Next Mr. Nelson confounds the English people with the English government. Nothing could be more unjust to the former. The people hav forced the government into some semblance of decency on more than one occasion, but whenever the vigilance of the people has been relaxed, then a dissolute and tyrannical court, a greedy and corrupt state church, and a venal nobility hav robbed the nation and usurped the rights of the citizens, while they blinded the eyes of their victims with the glare and glory of foreign conquest—conquest over weak and poverty-stricken nations.

Talk of England in India! "Ten times better off than under her nativ princes!" Let Mr. Nelson read the exposures of England's rule in India as made in English Freethought papers and magazines, and then see if he can make such reckless assertions as the above. The Liberal progressiv men and women of England will almost if not quite unanimously bear testimony directly opposit to that given by Mr. Nelson. If Mr. Nelson would know what England has done for India in the years that are gone, let him study the history of the administration of Warren Hastings. If he would know what that rule is to-day let him read something other than the blood and glory "Jingo" newspaper press of his nativ land.

Mr. Nelson tells us that England has done much for Canada. The truth is, Canada has done much for England and for herself. The people of Canada hav leveled her forests, tilled her soil, built her cities, and all that the English government has done is to absorb a certain portion of their earnings to spend in wars of cowardly conquest; upon the princelings of the house of Brunswick, pampered pets of the civil and military lists, and hereditary pensioners. And in all this the English government has done what all governments do, no more, no less.

Next to the spirit of religion, the spirit of patriotism has cursed the people of this earth more than aught else. Under its malign influence the workingmen of the world hav cut each other's throats at the behest of kings and parliaments and congresses. Mr. Nelson is but one example of the evil work it does. With him it is England against the world; no matter what the crimes of her rulers.

Just so it is with the average Frenchman, the average German, the average American. It blinds its devotees to the crimes committed by their countrymen. Let us forget our national animosities and and battle for the right. E. C. WALKER.

A Protectionist's Views.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* There are many subjects discussed in your paper which interest me exceedingly, but none more so than your recent "free trade *vs.* protection" editorial. I was shocked that the noble TRUTH SEEKER should take such a stand, and delighted to read Farmer Stebbins's reply. He nobly holds up his end, the agricultural interests, but there are a few things (as a Knight of Labor and workingman) that I think can be shown in favor of a protectiv policy, that bear directly on the interests of those who labor for a living. It must be admitted by those who will admit anything when it is proved logically, that free trade never built up our manufacturing industries, neither will it sustain them when protection is withdrawn from them. Corner a free trader on his favorit topic, and giv him rope enough, and you can generally convict him out of his own mouth. Robert Ingersoll's facts on the cheapening of iron per ton in consequence of the protection accorded it are applicable to a great many other things; but he is wrong when he says that "the free traders hav all the arguments and protectionists all the facts." They hav no one argument but a better one may be found for protection. Workingmen are told that they should oppose the policy of protection because they do not get as large a share of the benefits of protection as their employers. Admitting that to be so, should the working classes giv even the small benefits up they now receive until free traders can show us whereby we may receive equal benefits from their policy? For the sake of crushing our employers shall we crush ourselvs also? Samson to kill his enemies had to kill himself. Hav workingmen got to do the same suicidal act? No, we hav a better way, as outlined in our Congressman Foran's bill in regard to foreign labor.

There is too much stress given both in protection and free trade papers, on tables of wages, giving the amount paid in foreign countries and America to workingmen. If it was conclusivly shown to me that an Englishman gets $15 where I get $12, still I should want to know where my $12 was coming from before I admitted the beauties of free trade. Free traders admit that many trades will be ruined, and wages decreased in all trades, but offset these slight afflictions by pointing to the greatly decreased price of living. But that they cannot prove to a certainty. There are two things to be taken into consideration: first, improved machinery that some branches of American industry hav, and great competition, hav reduced the price of many articles useful to the workingman to figures below what they sell for in foreign countries; under free trade that is one advantage we should lose; second, how do we know that the prices now prevailing in England will stay so? Increased demand for an article increases its price—for instance, take that pocket-knife that sells in England for thirty-five cents; with a market increased by fifty millions, would England still be good enough to sell it at the same price, or would the largely increased demand for them stimulate English workingmen to ask increased prices for making them, consequently making English manufacturers raise the price on them to pay the increased price of manufacturing them. All things sell cheaply in England to-day because they hav an over-production on a small market, but with the markets of the United States thrown open to them the prices of their articles could not, under the laws of trade, to say nothing of the selfishness of the English manufacturer when he found he had destroyed the American manufacturer remain the same. It would be a sorry day for the American workingman if he found, after fighting for free trade and getting it, that the prices of English goods bounded right up. Again, supposing that this country became almost wholly an agricultural country, who would do the carrying—who but England, that country which subsidizes its ships and shipping interests by taking an enormous amount of money from its own taxpayers, but is too conscientious a free trader to call subsidizing protection?—but subsidizing is nothing else but indirect protection.

While believing that the policy of protection is insisted upon for a natural selfish reason by the manufacturer, with no thought as to whether it benefits or hurts the men whom he employed, yet we believe there is an incidental gain to the working class, inasmuch as it at least givs them some kinds of work which they would not hav if certain kinds of industry were destroyed, yet the protectiv gain is not as much as it would be if the thing he sells was protected, namely, his labor. Add a wise provision to our tariff laws, protecting labor against unwholesome competition, and we will hav a perfect system. Repeal our present tariff laws, and we will hav the greatest panic America has ever seen. History will but repeat itself. Workingmen, read up; see what protection and free trade hav done for our interests in the past to judge what they will do in the future. Don't accept the mere theories of free trade against the practical benefits of protection. Who is the greatest agitator for free trade? England. Why? For our benefit? No; if you were a merchant in a certain town, and you had a rival in business who urged upon you the beauties of a change of policy, would you not look with just suspicion upon his motivs? Then why not look at England's motiv in the same way? If, as the free traders assert, there will be no change in America, except for the better, then indeed is England the most unselfish nation in the world; but I fear she is not, and that she is but using misguided American free traders as cat's-paws to poke her chestnuts out of the fire. Seeing awhile ago a communication from a Knight of Labor in your paper, I will sign myself, to let him know that he is not the only Liberal Knight of Labor, KNIGHT OF LABOR No. 2.

Cleveland, March 17, 1884.

Was Mesmer Correct? Does Mind Influence Mind?

"Why, yes—certainly!" I hear a thousand voices exclaim. And I myself believe those thousand and more voices are right. I think their "yes" certainly is the correct, truthful response. And yet, from a recent well-written article in the neat little Spiritual paper published at Atlanta, Ga., called *Light for Thinkers*, it would seem that that great old wheelhorse in thought and work, Dr. LaRoy Sunderland, of Quincy, Mass., does not believe a word of it; for he says he believes all the physical influence of mediums, and those who hav the power in religious revivals, is self-induced—that it is simply the revolving of the idea of what has been promulgated in the minds of the individuals so convulsed. And further, that looking upon a portrait of Mesmer that hung upon a wall before him, as he wrote, he proclaimed that he did not believe a word of his doctrins. And then he proceeds to relate that under the influence of the first sermon he preached, away back in the year 1824, I think it was (he having been a Methodist revival preacher twenty years of his long life), nearly, or quite, the whole congregation became prostrate. How queer this sage's reasoning appears to me as I look upon a large fine photograph of him now lying before me, which shows him to be the par-excellence magnatizer by reason of a very uncommon depth of subtle magnetism that lurks in his life, power, or mind. Then, I say, with this view his talk seems to me analogous to that of a bashful miss, who, being a natural, practical, and even far-famed musician, sits back when asked to perform, with the plea, "I can't." Or like Daniel Webster, a model of mental greatness with the phrenologists, who himself entertained a bitter prejudice against the very, and only one, system which can accurately rate him and other men according to their mentality. But what of it, anyway? Well, what we want is to get men to reason right, and to arrive at correct conclusions. And that brings me clear back to the query of my caption, viz., "Does Mind Influence Mind?" I answer, yes. In the first place, I agree with Mr. Putnam that the essence or seed of mind, and I say spirit, too, lies subtly in matter—in nature; and that evolution develops the mind and spirit from matter, and yet it is matter refined and perfected to its climax. Taking Prof. Denton's truism of the soul of things, we hav the first stepping-stone to the influence of mind upon mind. He says old wall paper, the walls of prisons, or the physical surroundings of beautiful and harmonious denizens will, in years after, impress one (or sensitivs) with the nature of what has been.

Then again comes the doctrin that "events cast their shadows before." Some individuals will dream at night of an almost forgotten personage, when lo! in the next day he or she receives a letter from that identical person. Why? The fact is, that letter, charged with the magnetism of the writer whose mind has been centered upon the one he has addressed, influenced his mind before the letter came. Many a one can tell by their own feelings if there is a letter in post for them. I say can tell; I mean that they feel a positiv impression before certain visible knowledge, that there is, or is not, a letter, etc.

Again the old adage, "The devil is always on hand when you are thinking about him." The fact is he is on the way to your house, he is thinking about you, because bent right on the way to you, and thus influences your thoughts with his mind, and you commence talking about him. And lo and behold! he rings at the door, he is ushered in, and all laugh, and with raised hands exclaim in acclaim, "The devil is always near when one is talking about him." Again, let one of powerful mind go to a table, or into a room where all is life and chat, and if in a grave mood, although this man of powerful mind is silent, but thoughtful, soon the tone of conversation becomes lowered, and finally all are nearly or quite silent. Or why does one orator hav more influence upon an assembly of people than another? Is it ideas he givs them which, revolved in their own minds, self induce? No, sir! not so, for the man of the least power may be the better speaker of the two, and present more ideas, yet it is the man of profound thought that moves the multitude, or the most positiv and penetrating minds that influence communities and friends, and not always the most learned. A letter written in deep feeling will impress its reader, possibly to tears. One written carelessly has but little influence with the reader, etc. Do we not all miss Mr. Bennett's influence in THE TRUTH SEEKER? That homely "Old Abe" like commoner influence is dwindling away and the paper is becoming more classical.

But to return. Dr. Sunderland goes on to tell of a lady who became tranced by the "Holy Ghost" under certain preaching at a revival meeting, and that years afterwards he met with the lady and she threw herself into a like trance; that she had become self-induced so she could do the self-same thing without the aid of another. Does the doctor realize that possibly his own mind or presence might hav been the cause upon that occasion, or that possibly after the start she had got at the protracted meeting, the spirits might hav taken control? These conditions of scenery indicate clairvoyance, and many of your readers will recollect the recitals of Andrew Jackson Davis, the Poughkeepsie clairvoyant, how after a time he became independent of his magnetizers, and saw the spirit-world, and from his scenes in the beautiful summer-land learned the lessons now taught in our Spiritual lyceums, that we may commence to do on earth as is done in the heavens.

Ortonville, Mich. DR. T. S. ANDREWS.

The Right Way to Advance Temperance.

A law has gone into effect in this state which declares "provision shall be made by the proper local school authorities for instructing all pupils in all schools supported by public money, or under state control, in physiology and hygiene with special reference to the effects of alcoholic drinks, stimulants, and narcotics upon the human system." It also provides that "no certificate shall be granted to any person to teach in the public schools of the state of New York after the first day of January, eighteen hundred and eighty-five, who has not passed a satisfactory examination in physiology and hygiene, with special reference to the effect of alcoholic drinks, stimulants, and narcotics upon the human system."

This is a strong blow at intemperance. Most drunkards become so thoughtlessly; they drift downward, day by day, without detecting their danger. Now, it becomes the legal duty of all our public schools to point out the moral, mental, and physical decay which must inevitably follow the indulgence in alcholic drinks, stimulants, or narcotics. If the next generation destroys itself it will do so with full knowledge. The state has erected a light-house on the rocks, and no one need stand there in ignorance of the danger.

Tobacco being a narcotic it will be the duty of teachers to call attention to its effects upon the human system. It is possible that we are making a strong advance upon another useless, filthy, sensuous, and injurious habit.

State Superintendent of Public Instruction Hon. Wm. B. Ruggles, has issued the following circular in relation to the law referred to, to the boards of education throughout the state.

An Act in relation to the study of physiology and hygiene in the public schools.

The people of the state of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

Section 1. Provision shall be made by the proper local school authorities for instructing all pupils in all schools supported by public money, or under state control, in physiology and hygiene, with special reference to the effects of alcoholic drinks, stimulants, and narcotics upon the human system.

Section 2. No certificate shall be granted to any person to teach in the public schools of the state of New York after the first day of January, 1885, who has not passed a satisfactory examination in physiology and hygiene, with special reference to the effects of alcoholic drinks, stimulants, and narcotics upon the human system.

No particular day being named in the act on which it shall take effect, under the Revised Statutes, part 1, chapter vii, title 4, section 12, it becomes a law on the twentieth day after its passage, namely, March 30, 1884.

The language of the act is very broad, and its provisions apply to all district schools, union free schools, public schools, organized under special statutes in cities and villages, normal schools, Indian reservation schools, and separate neighboring schools.

It applies to all pulpits in the above-named schools, to state pupils in all institutions for the instruction of the deaf and dumb, and blind, and to pupils in such asylum schools as share in the apportionment of the public school money.

This act does not conflict with the act of 1877 to prevent frequent changes of text-books in schools, but is to be construed and executed in harmony with the provisions of that statute.

Where the power to adopt text-books is vested by the statute in boards of education, or such bodies as perform the functions of such boards in the several cities and villages of the state, it will be their duty, within a reasonable time after the law of 1884 takes effect, to adopt text-books in which physiology and hygiene are treated, "with special reference to the effects of alcoholic drinks, stimulants, and narcotics upon the human system," if such text-books hav not already been adopted.

In other school districts, it will be the duty of the districts, at the first annual school meeting after the passage of the act, to adopt such text-books, and in the mean time, and until they shall hav been legally adopted by the district meetings, it will be the duty of the trustees, within a reasonable time after the passage of the act, to select such text-books and cause them to be used in the schools within their respectiv districts.

In graded schools, the local school authorities will make such adequate provision for the instruction of all pupils in their schools as will giv the law, in its full scope, a reasonable enforcement. The instruction required by the statute is not to be confined to the higher grades, as thereby many pupils would fail to receive the special instruction the legislature intended they should hav. The method of imparting the instruction will be within the sound discretion of the local school authorities, using text-books, or oral instruction, or combining both methods, as, in their judgment, may seem best adapted to the different departments.

Care should be exercised in the choice of text-books, to select those in which the subject is intelligently, temperately, and wisely treated.—*Exchange.*

"It is Greatly to a Man's Interest in This World to Join the Church."

Such was the expression which came from the lips of a Methodist divine of a city in Kansas not long ago. Such is the real sentiment of not only Christian ministers, but of Christian churches. What is the meaning, the significance of such a sentiment? Evidently this, that the man or woman who, disbelieving in the Christian religion, dares express his honest thoughts must expect defamation of character, decline of business, social ostracism, discharge from his situation as a laborer, and sometimes a disruption of his home.

There is not a town in this great country, and a country which, as such, recognizes no religion as its guide, where there are any outspoken Infidels, but that, at some time or other, those Infidels hav suffered in every form that the church could devise.

It is the boast of the Christian church—Protestant and Catholic alike—that whereas other religions hav utilized the sword, and used other forms of persecution, the Christian religion bases itself on moral suasion only—that it always has appealed to man's higher nature, and left the results of unbelief to God alone. To make such a statement in the face of the fact that from the earliest days of authentic history of the Christian church force of some kind (not moral) has been the principal means of the establishment and maintenance of Christianity, proves either ignorance or falsity in its author. To say that Christianity always has been, and is to-day, willing and able to go armed with its historic and moral evidences as the means of vanquishing its foes is an absolute untruth. The church never has been either willing or able to defend itself against its opponents by mere argument or logical demonstration. Every reader of history knows that the arguments of Porphyry were answered, not by reason or by an appeal to historic facts, but by fire—by burning his works. The increase of civil, ecclesiastical, and political power in the church gave another method of answering its opponents. They not only burnt the books, but their authors as well. For over fifteen hundred years persecution, tyranny, and ignorance were the great corner-stones of the Christian religion. Millions hav been cruelly put to death by the many denominations of Christianity for disbelief of its doctrins. "But the case is altered now," it is said. "No Christian church thinks of persecuting men for their unbelief, or rather for disproving its claims." Facts testify to the contrary in every town or city where Christians and Infidels liv. No Infidel dares declare his belief without suffering financially and socially. The cessation of the use of the fagot, the rack, the stake, and the gibbet is no proof that the disposition of the church has one whit changed. There are doubtless many Christians who are too good, too humane to injure an unbeliever. But it is also true that many Christians, both of the clergy and laity, would rejoice to extinguish Infidelity by brute force alone. Every man that ever held an official position in the church (and I hav, and know whereof I speak) knows that his temporal success has been interfered with by Christian people. Let a man locate in a nominally Christian town, and set himself up in business; let him be honest in all his dealings with men, and, being an Infidel who has courage enough to tell others his thoughts, he will shortly find that in spite of his honesty and general good conduct, his business declines, and he must join some church or else move to another community. In nearly every town where I lecture I receive this from the most reputable citizens. The following is the mode of procedure in a general way: The sanctified priest makes it his especial business and duty to inform the Christian sheep that such a man (meaning the Infidel) is very reckless and dishonorable in his character, that he is an enemy of common morality, that he is the embodiment of all that is low and sensual; in fact, that he is an Infidel. The last is of all things the most abominable to a good, orthodox Christian. They are then counseled to not help him in business by either buying or selling to him. If he be a laborer, every effort is made to hav him discharged. If his wife be a stanch Christian she is informed that to liv with such a man is the most grievous sin in the sight of God; that she is liable to lose her own soul, and those of her children as well. The result is that many a home where peace and love reigned has become a den of hatred and despair.

To burn, imprison, or behead men for their opinion is the result of the greatest intolerance. But is it not as cruel to defame character, to injure social position, or to create enemies instead of friends? Do not intelligent and good men and women suffer as intensely, if not more so, when their character is assailed, when their nearest friends are turned to enemies for no just cause or reason, as when mere physical suffering is administered? If there is any

difference in the moral turpitude in the two cases, the greater is in the former. Vile insinuation, damnable hypocrisy and deceit, and a peculiar qualification for brutally defending religion are the main requisits of the Christian advocates of to-day. No popular Infidel to-day is recognized by Christians as either good or great. The attitude of Talmage and Joseph Cook, and others of the same breed, shows what Christianity of the nineteenth century is. It is nothing better than a being in whom the venom of the snake, the cruelty of the tiger, and the heartlessness of a demon, all congregate and crystallize. Ingratitude, despotism, a lack of human sympathy, and violent ridicule are all the implements of warfare in possession of the Christian church.

The Christian church with some rare exceptions is composed of the same classes as it always has been: the ignorant—those who do not know enough to either doubt, disbelieve, or deny Christianity—and those who join it for the sake of social respectability, financial success, and civil power. Where one joins the church for the benefit of his soul, ten thousand join it for the aboqe considerations.

Christianity is to-day what it always has been, the enemy of reason and freedom. Its venom is as poisonous as it ever was. Its purposes change not. The Methodist and Catholic alike are despots. The Christian's mind is not free, and he is determined that others' minds shall be enslaved like his own. We need the power of that sentiment which over a hundred years ago, when the conflict in this country was political, expressed itself by demanding either liberty or death.

J. L. ANDREW.

Liberal, Mo.

Catholic Persecution of Protestants in Spain.

From the Independent.

The new Spanish Ministry, under Canovas, is very reactionary. It may be that the prime minister thought he would be able, in spite of the entrance of the Ultramontane leader, Pidal, into the ministry of instruction, to preserve to Protestants the small measure of religious tolerance which he had left them under his former government. But he had made his reckoning without his host—that is, without the fanatical clergy, which is now trying everywhere how far it can go with its encroachments and injuries, secure that in Spain the rigor of the law would never be turned against a "venerable pater." On the 23d of January, a child of seven years old died in the little village of Navarra, Olaragutia. Its Protestant parents called in the pastor of the neighboring Pamplona, to bury it in the civil cemetery; but the judge, at the request of the priest, ordered the body to be buried in the Roman Catholic cemetery. Accompanied by the knelling of the funeral bell, the judge, the town council, and many of the inhabitants came to the house of mourning on the 25th, and required the body to be given up to the priest. Mr. Goicoechea, the father, maintained his right and refused to yield, and the authorities went away. The governor of the province sent a written order to the mayor, to respect the right of the parents, and to order that the funeral should take place in the civil cemetery. But the mayor refused to obey the order till he had taken counsel with the bishop of Pamplona. On the 27th he came back again with the judge, who said that he ordered on the ground of higher authority (we suppose that of the bishop) the carrying off by force of the body, and its burial in the Catholic cemetery.

A sergeant and four *gens d'armes* carried out the act of violence and the burial took place in the Catholic cemetery amidst the cries of the crowd: "Long liv religion! Down with the Protestants." Thus, neither the king, the ministers, nor the government, but the priests alone, rule and are obeyed by the judges. Occasionally the people dare to defend themselvs. In the little village of San Martin a woman in child-bed called in a Freethinking physician, who baptized the child, which was at the point of death, shortly before its decease. No doctor in Spain would dare to omit baptism in such a case But the priest refused Christian burial to the child on the ground of its baptism not being valid. For four days—an unheard-of length of time for Spain—the body remained unburied until the people rose *en masse*, besieged the house of the priest, and took such a threatening aspect that he was obliged to do his duty. Near Besullo, in Asturias, a priest was returning to the village with the viaticum, the holy wafer. Two Evangelical boys, who could not turn aside on the narrow mountain path, ran on in front to avoid meeting him. The priest rode faster behind, and when they courteously stood aside to let him pass, he took the capsule out of his pocket, and said to the boys: "I hav God in here," bidding them take off their caps. But one of them answered, courageously: "The apostle Paul says, 'The Almighty dwelleth not in temples made with hands; neither is he served by men's hands, seeing he himself giveth to all life and breath and all things.'" The priest at once called on a witness, and both boys were called before the magistrate, where they were punished with four days' imprisonment and a fine of ten francs each, besides, what is far more, the costs. All these are facts, proved by official documents, and not a single case has occurred in which the persecuted hav really met with justice.

Lectures and Meetings.

MR. CHAINEY had a good audience at his fourth lecture in this city. His subject was "The Genius of Shakspere, and its Relation to Secularism." He will return on the 25th, and speak upon "Sunday: Past, Present, and Future."

COL. INGERSOLL lectured at the Academy of Music in this city last Sunday to an immense audience, which listened with profoundest attention, and laughed and applauded alternately. The lecture was substantially the one published in THE TRUTH SEEKER last week.

C. B. REYNOLDS is stirring the people of Pittsburgh, Pa., up very thoroughly. His lectures are attended by good-sized audiences. The papers of the town giv him fair reports, and altogether his course is a marked success. At his lecture on Thursday evening the 24th, he made the following strong points against the church. They are points which every workingman should consider:

"Why do those who do the hard work of the world so often hav least of its enjoyment? Why do the working classes hav such scant subsistence, while idle drones revel in luxury? Go ask priest or parson. They will tell you: 'It is the wisdom of divine providence; God knows best, and you should be content with that position in life to which it has pleased God to call you,' and they quote the words of Jesus, 'Blessed are ye poor, for yours is the kingdom of God.' 'Blessed are ye that hunger now, for ye shall be be filled' (Luke 6, 20, 21). And they strive to turn your thoughts from investigating why you should suffer want while they revel in luxury, by referring you to the instructions of Jesus: 'Take no thought of what ye shall eat or wherewithal ye shall be clothed.' I appeal to you toilers with brain or muscle. Is this true? Is it blessed to be poor? Ask those who hav shivered in the winter's cold, without sufficient fuel, food, or clothing, sick, cold, famished: Is it a blessing to be poor and hungry? Ask those whose lives hav been one constant round of toil, with never but scant clothing and plainest food: Is it blessed to be poor? You hav seen skilled workmen toil on until, broken in health and spirit, they hav sought oblivion in the intoxicating cup, and only found rest in the drunkard's grave. You who hav seen want and poverty drive young men to robbery and young women to sell themselvs for bread, is it true, that it is blessed to be poor and hungry? Christ and Bible declare it is. Priests and parsons tell us these light afflictions shall work out an exceeding weight of glory. The immortal souls of the poor saints shall find rest, peace, and plenty in heaven."

THE Manhattan Liberal Club held its annual meeting for the election of officers on the evening of the 25th ult. James Parton, the historian, was re-elected president, as were T. B. Wakeman, Esq., and Stephen Pearl Andrews as vice-presidents, Dr. E. B. Foote being chosen as third vice-president in the place of Mr. Edward W. Chamberlain, who assumes the office of assistant librarian. Mrs. A. C. Macdonald instead of second becomes recording secretary, with George E. Macdonald as assistant. This latter election is supposed to hav been brought about by way of recognition of services performed as reporter of the club for the past year. Professor A. L. Rawson will continue to serve as corresponding secretary, Mr. Morris as treasurer will still continue to take the nickels at the door, and Mr. King remains librarian. The trustees are Courtlandt Palmer, Leopold Magnus, and Theron C. Leland. The program for the month of May is as follows: On the 2d Mrs. Imogene C. Fales, president of the Sociologic Society, will speak on "Co-operation and Progress;" on the 9th Mr. Clinton Furbish lectures on "Pantarchism in Politics;" on the 16th Sabin Hough discourses upon "Civil Government;" "Education and Liberty" will be treated of by Dr. Paul Carus on the 23d, and on Decoration Day the officers of the club will take the lead in celebrating "The New Festival of the Dead," at which time guests and music are announced. This is a year of anniversary celebrations for the club. Friday falls several times upon red letter days. The first Friday of the year was the seventieth recurrence of the day when Congress ratified the treaty of peace with Great Britain, February 22d was Friday and Washington's Birthday; the 29th of the same month was Friday and Leap Year Day. Decoration Day comes on next to the last day of the week, as does also the Fourth of July. In fact, as will be seen by consulting our ANNUAL, important events are connected with nearly every Friday in the present year. THE TRUTH SEEKER wishes the club every success, and will continue from time to time to giv reports of its interesting meetings.

THE Spiritualists of Brooklyn held a meeting last Sunday evening, of which we extract the following account from the *Sun:* "Ex-Surrogate A. H. Daily announced last night in the church of the New Dispensation, in Brooklyn, that Mrs. J. T. Lillie would make an address refuting the charges made against Spiritualism by Dr. Talmage, in the Tabernacle yesterday morning. 'I went this morning,' said he, 'to listen to Mr. Talmage's tirade against Spiritualism. He said we were a set of "lank, lean, long-haired, lantern-jawed, and cadaverous individuals." Just think of Mr. Talmage describing anybody else in that way! He said we were all nervous, and that none of us was healthy. Now I am going to introduce to you at least one healthy specimen—Mrs. J. T. Lillie.' Mrs. Lillie was greeted with loud applause by 400 men and women, who had paid ten cents apiece to get in. She is tall, and was dressed in black silk, with white flowers at her bosom. She quoted Talmage's texts, slapping the Bible and imitating his manner in a way that threw the audience into convulsions of laughter. Mr. Talmage, she said, had all he could do to make theology and geology get along together without going outside for difficulties. Passages all through the Bible confirmed the consultation of familiar spirits and their materialization. Moses was a medium. He had consultations with spirits who told him what to do to induce Pharaoh to let God's people depart. And he had had to try a good many tricks, too, before he succeeded. He had found that the jugglers could do almost everything he could. That was just what Mr. Talmage had said of the Spiritualists. After Mrs. Lillie had concluded, Medium Matthews, of Philadelphia, said, turning to a lady in the audience: 'I see a spirit floating above you. Havn't you a husband living, named Edward?' 'Yes, sir,' replied the lady. 'You left him because his brutal conduct endangered your life, did you not?' 'Yes, sir' (crying). 'Now, do you know me, or anything about me?' 'No, sir.' 'On your oath?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Well, your mother's spirit is beside you. She commends your course, and tells you to keep away from your husband. She says he is in the hands of the law, and will be punished. Is that true?' 'Yes, sir.' When Mr. Matthews had finished the lady had become hysterical, and was sobbing violently."

Six Sonnets of Contrast.

I. WHAT THE FATHERS FOUND.

A hand that shaped the plastic stuff of things
With more than all we know of craftsman's skill;
A mind that ruled the fingers' fashionings
With more than we can dream of prescient Will;
Contrivance superhuman, yet which brings
Its elder brotherhood with human shift
Writ on the face of its perfected plan;
Economy beyond a housewife's thrift
In world-material, from the simplest flower,
The tiniest herb and insect up to man—
All these our fathers found—transcendent Power,
Unerring Art, and unhorizoned Love
In nature—with some puzzles, which an hour
Of sound apologetics would remove.

II. WHAT THE SONS FIND.

A struggling herd, of whom some fight their way
To the perfected type by slow degrees,
Through countless forms of death and of decay,
And (possibly) a Being, watching these;
Whose attributes we know not, save to say
That none in full infinitude he hath.
Not Power—or else Omnipotence laid by;
Not skill—his blunders strew creation's paths;
Not Thrift—the world stands shuddering at its waste;
"Not Love!" the unselected millions cry.
Nought infinit; unless it there be traced,
Where the grim Humor of his work appears
Seasoning the scheme for mortals, with a taste
As sharp as anguish and as salt as tears.

III. ACCORDING TO ARMINIUS.

Choose ye between the logic that arraigns
Jehovah at the bar of human woe,
And that which pleads, Our God not foreordains
The eternal pangs he cannot but foreknow.
Choose ye! Our choice is made: the soul constrains
The mind; the reasoning pious in its flaws,
Lax but endurable, contents us well;
Nor need we, zealous for symmetric laws
To bind the earth about the Eternal's throne,
Round off his scheme with a predestined hell.
Meanwhile, though everlasting pain foreknown,
And while foreknown permitted in man's lot,
Resembles evil foreordained, we own,
Our watchword still shall be: "God wills it not."

IV. ACCORDING TO CALVIN.

Foreknown is foreordained: he knoweth all;
There is no life his purpose runs not through.
He planned to damn the many by the Fall,
And by the Sacrifice to save the few.
It helps not fictions, that the facts appal.
Free Will? How could he other than decree
The act who made the doer what he is?
Free Will! His saving Grace alone is free:
To whom he wills 'tis given or denied.
Believe it—though thy spirit mutinies.
Believe it—though thy riven heart hav cried,
"Lord! see my tender child! Be these thy ways,
That it should lisp 'Our Father' at my side,
And ripen for damnation as it prays?"

V. THEISM.

The Being immanent in things, the Thought
Incarnate in the world, the Absolute,
The Unconditioned—dost thou giv us nought
But husks like these, Philosophy, for fruit?
What room or reason for "I love," "I ought,"
In mouths of men who stand in barren awe
Before—nay *in*—this vast and shadowy All,
Worshipers and self-worshipt? Guiding law,
Protection, love, communion, where are these?
How for this limitless Impersonal,
Resign that wealth of tender images,
The Father with the father's eye and hand,
The Shepherd with the sheep about his knees,
The Great Rock-shadow in the weary land?

VI. PANTHEISM.

Worship the man-made god that pleaseth you,
Good Theists! So the mediæval heart,
Adored undoubtingly the robed-in-blue
Cloud-straddling gray-beard of monastic art;
And so Xenophanes his oxen, too,
Constructed *their* ideal. But for me
Spinoza's creed shall serve; my feet must stray
Unguided, to the end, ere I shall see
A Shepherd-God to guide them. Yet my soul
Goes not unfortified upon its way;
For—once vain yearnings brought beneath control—
The Infinite, in whom, by whom we liv,
Shall breathe from solemn sea and starry pole,
A deeper peace than ever prayer can giv.

—*H. D. Traill, in the Fortnightly Review.*

Wolves in Congress.

From John Swinton's Paper.

It is perfectly true that Congress is full of lawyers, corporation agents, party hacks, railroad directors, political sharpers, bankers, landlords, wire-pullers, capitalists, land jumpers, contractors, mine and mill owners, coupon-cutters and millionaires.

How absurd it is for the voters to fill both Houses with such men as representativs of the farmers and working people of the country, or to suppose that they are desirous of enacting laws that must be injurious to their own interests!

If the producers are unfit to legislate, they are unfit to vote; for the election of legislators is but the first step in legislation.

As much sense is needed to vote for a man as to vote for a measure.

The Rostrum.

Herbert Spencer's "Coming Slavery."

STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS'S LECTURE BEFORE THE MANHATTAN LIBERAL CLUB.

An article by Herbert Spencer, recently published in England, has been republished in the April number of the *Popular Science Monthly* in this country, entitled, "The Coming Slavery." It is an able, of course—almost violent—a remarkable assault on the tendency in the community at large toward State Communism—toward that organization of affairs, I may say, of which our friend, Mr. Langerfeld, stands here always representativ. Herbert Spencer therefore appears now for the first time openly in the field as a contestant against what he himself admits to be a very strong drift, and, as he thinks, a very great danger in that direction. I am called upon to review that article. I shall divide my discourse this evening into three parts, somewhat after the manner of the clergymen. The first will be, A condensed statement of Mr. Spencer's position; the second will be, On the fallacies and weak points of Mr. Spencer's position and arguments; and the third will be, On the future type of human society as indicat d by universological sociology. You will, of course, see the inevitable necessity that I spend a considerable introductory portion of my time in reading the extracts from Mr. Spencer's article, which will giv you a clear insight into its nature and purpose.

[Here the speaker read a number of extracts from the article under criticism, giving the salient points substantially as printed in THE TRUTH SEEKER of April 19th. He then proceeded:]

My second part proposes to consider the fallacies and weak points of Mr Spencer's position and argument. In the first plaee, it is not true, as Mr. Spencer assumes, that pity for the suffering classes is the prime motiv of the community in working for the intervention of government to rectify the social condition. That is one of the motivs; Mr. Spencer has adduced it as the sole motiv. An immensely more potent motiv is the discovery in these modern times intellectually (it has been sensed in all ages) of the immense economies of the large scale; of the fact that things can be done in the governmental way, the official way, on the large scale; accommodating many thousands of people at once, and by a simple operation; the kind of facilities which government can and does thus provide for the people.

Another motiv not alluded to by Mr. Spencer is the growing sense of justice. I will read, to illustrate, a far deeper and more genial mode of reasoning in relation to that subject from a most remarkable and admirable work recently published, by Lester F. Ward, entitled, "Dynamic Sociology." He is the coming man, along with Comte, Spencer, and the great thinkers who will be much studied in the immediate future, and to whom you cannot otherwise than rightly giv a leading and pronounced attention. Mr. Ward, says:

> "But there is another point of view from which this question may be regarded. It is due to this class [the poor and ignorant] that the state stretch forth its arm in their behalf and elevate them to full citizenship. It is really not their fault that they are what and where they are. They are simply the victims of the existing social system. They hav been crowded further and further down by the force of unorganized circumstances. The state has stood by and calmly witnessed the process by which this has been effected. It has seen the social forces work out this result, and has not interfered. It has winked at the inequality of intelligence due to the inequality in the means of acquiring knowledge, and now it is paying for its neglect by being compelled to support paupers and prosecute criminals. Aside from its duty to itself, it owes a duty to this merely unfortunate class, and it cannot plead the lack of willingness on their part as an excuse for longer neglecting this duty. They cannot be expected to be competent to reason out what constitutes their true interests. Society does know and should take immediate steps to secure them, especially since in so doing it will secure its own."

Finally, another motiv that Mr. Spencer overlooks is the urgent necessity of escaping—at the risk of the coming slavery which he indicates—the coming slavery, and the actual slavery, on the other hand, which co-exist with the present order of society—the fear of being engulfed by monopoly, of being hampered and robbed by great corporations, and subjugated by the plutocracy in ten thousand ways; the influence of the great banks, and their control over the currency, etc., with which we in this club are so familiar. All this must in some way be met and counteracted by society; and the people look in the direction of State Socialism as the method.

Mr. Spencer has not one word of criticism for the extant order of society. He has never once used the word *justice*. He has never appealed to any high motiv on the part of anybody. I think his article must be a disappointment—and a great disappointment—to some of his best friends.

The position, therefore, that is presented before us is that of an actual slavery which we are in and which is every day augmenting and forcing us to do something—and do it quickly, if possible; and the danger of a slavery, on the other hand, coming from the further intervention of the state; that is to say, society is "between the devil and the deep sea."

The form of social doctrin which Mr. Spencer here represents is denominated—has been for many years so-called—the "*laisser faire*" theory. These words, for the benefit of those not acquainted with the French, and perhaps not used to this style of consideration, I will say, mean simply, "Let alone." It is the "go-as-you-please" doctrin. It is individualism as individualism is generally understood in the world. But Mr. Spencer does not mean hands off and let alone at all, in any radical sense; he means hands off from the system which now prevails. The only true *laisser faire* doctrin is that of the Nihilists and the Anarchists—those people who say, "If you will simply abolish your laws altogether and not interfere by the state at all, we, the people, will take care of the whole subject;" but that Mr. Spencer does not mean.

I am well known to be, personally, a stanch defender of individualism. I sympathize deeply with all Mr. Spencer's dread of the extension of state intervention. But individualism, to work out its good results, must be complemented by two other factors of social life equally as important as itself, and these are equity and courtesy. I will presently define the term "courtesy," and explain it. *Laisser faire* is the doctrin of liberty in the sense in which individualism is now understood. Equity is the doctrin of rights. Courtesy, deference, altruism, is the doctrin of duty. The Comtean Positivism, like the Christian religion before it, is based on altruism solely. Equity is the doctrin of rights. It givs no emphasis to liberty and none to the doctrin of rights, but in the direction of the moralization of capital it has a great role to play. From its simplicity of method it fails to be integral. The individualism which now prevails in society, and which Mr. Spencer stands sponsor for under the name of *laisser faire* is not, in operation, at all the same individualism for which I stanchly contend before this club. I mean individualism as one of the factors of a composit social system which is imbued all through with the doctrin of equity also, and with the doctrin of duty; and so combined, it is an indispensable element to the true and final order of human society. But individualism—the freedom simply granted to the strong to encroach on the weak, and with no doctrin even which prohibits it—turning the weak over to the strong—as the natural law of the subject, which is the doctrin of the present system of political economy, and is in accord with Mr. Spencer's doctrin—operates exactly the reverse of what a true individualism limited by equity and limited by duty would accomplish.

State Socialism proposes to establish equity by compulsion—to moralize the world mechanically, and by the agency of the law to make men do right by rendering it dangerous or impossible to do wrong. In this attempt, they, on the other hand, disregard liberty, and duty, and courtesy. In giving us the equities they are heedlessly sacrificing our liberties; and *they* again dispense with all appeals to our better nature. This is the new slavery which Mr. Spencer, with his Cassandra-like vaticinations, warns us against.

I come to the central weakness of Mr. Spencer's position. It is in the assumption that Socialism in its very nature involves the element of slavery. This he states unequivocally. It is a bold and surprising assertion, which is untrue and cannot be logically maintained. In making it he shows a lack of that analytical acumen which should characterize the great philosopher. What I wish to force upon your attention here, the counter statement that I wish to to emphasize, is, that it is not in *Socialism, as such,* but in the *compulsion* involved in a certain form of socialism, that the danger of slavery inheres; and that there is a higher and nobler form of Socialism which is not only not slavery, but which is our only means of rescue from all sorts and degrees of slavery; so far as that is possible in the nature of things. I refer to Pantarchism, or that *Guided Spontaneity,* to which I shall hav occasion to refer more fully further on. It is not true either in fact or in theory that all Socialism involves slavery. It is frankly and fully conceded by me that the element of slavery resides largely in the State Socialism which Mr. Spencer is criticising; and all my educational instincts are aroused, as his are, to sense the danger from that side. But mere danger must not deter us. Navigation is very dangerous, but we cannot afford to dispense with it. We must learn to navigate.

There are many comforting and assuring circumstances on the other side. The government itself is steadily ameliorating, or is destined to amelioration. Its future proceedings also will be under the full glare of criticism—a different condition of things from what has existed in the past. The counterweight of a constantly increasing individualism is to be taken into account. People will become more and more difficult to be governed adversely to their interests, and that is an existing force against this encroachment of the government. The cheerful view of Mr. Ward, his counter view to Spencer, will be found at Vol. II., page 582 of "Dynamic Socioogy."

Mr. Andrews's third part was devoted to a description of the ideal government, called pantarchy, which Mr. Ward and other political economists are beginning to consider. It is defined in brief as a "guided spontaneity—everybody doing exactly as they hav a mind to, and at the same time being guided by those who know better than themselvs"—the people voluntarily submitting to and sustaining the organized influence of the wisest and the best. He called attention particularly to Mr. Ward's statement of the four natural stages of the evolution of human society, which are, viz.; 1. The solitary or autarchic state; 2. The constrained aggregate, or anarchic state; 3. The national or politarchic state, and 4. the cosmopolitan or pantarchic state. We omit the further report of this third part of Mr. Andrews's lecture, on the text of the pantarchic state, because we hav it in mind to present the same train of reasoning to our readers from Mr. Andrews in another form at no distant time.

After the lecture had received the criticism which it is a time-honored custom of the Liberal Club to bestow upon whatever is presented upon its platform in the way of a lecture, Mr. Andrews spoke as follows:

There has been little, almost nothing, valuable said in the way of direct criticism upon the positions which I hav assumed. I hardly know why it is required for me to say anything in reply. I can do only a little, perhaps, in the way of elaborating some of my leading thoughts. I do not recall a single position that has been taken by my critics that requires any special comment. If there be one it was made by Mr. Cohen, and to the effect that the order of society which I propound, and which I always insist on when I talk, and which I offend Mr. Langerfeld by insisting upon, is that this high ideal of society is adapted, not to the men and women that we actually hav in the world, but to ideal men and women, *right* men and women. Well, now, I plead guilty in relation to that. That is the flagrant truth of all that I hav propounded on the question. The great question in sociology, for me, is not what is necessary tomorrow, not what is adapted to the low condition in which people are to-day; but first and foremost, What is the high ideal of a perfect human society? And if there is nobody to propound that question; if there is nobody that cares for it except my own single self, then I propound and I care far it; and I regret that there are so few who care for it, so few who step on this platform that hav seemed to appreciate a word of what I say on that score. There are a few, and I greet them as "bretheren" and "sisteren;" and when we all meet on the higher plane, if ever that happens, we shall mutually recognize, I think, the greatness and rightfulness of the method which I propound.

It is unscientific, it is simply empiricism, it is quackery, to deal with the evils of society by simply feeling our way along, as some parties are doing, in order to get something to-morrow a little better than to-day, and building up something which you did not start right with, and without thinking in the first place what was right and what was wrong; because you had no scientific or perfect ideal, no distinct ideal from fundamental principles, with regard to what would be a perfect order of human life for perfect men and women. If you do not know that, you do not know where you want to go; you do not know anything about an ultimate. You are simply wandering off into the wilderness, for the purpose of finding a way, but with no purpose to go to California or to any other particular place.

[Dr. Foote: "I want to ask in what way your planetary co-operation differs from that represented by the anarchy advocated by Mr. Tucker."]

It is only in the fact that Mr. Tucker does not emphasize or insist upon or greatly talk about it. He will admit, if you crowd him, all that I say, but it is not the thing he is interested in. What he is chiefly interested in is the pulling down of the old; the new must come up, so far as he is concerned, and take care of itself. I recognize the necessity myself for that destructiv process, and also experimental and temporary building; the building of scaffolding that we know is to be pulled down; but I want to know the form of the edifice that we are struggling to construct. I want to know something of the universal plan—of what Plato calls the *architectonic.* If nobody else cares for it, then I will care.

[A voice: "Judging from the past, at what time in the future do you think we will hav got to be perfect men and women?"]

I think that depends very much upon whether you men and women take my suggestions or not. As I see that there is only little probability of your doing so, the time will be probably a good way off—I should think it would be a great way off except I see there are changes in this respect rapidly going on, and I know that when you plant a new idea in men's minds, it is going to cling there whether they accept it or not. Though they despise it, it develops and grows; and three or five years hence people will be able and ready to appropriate and accept ideals that they may scout here to-night. Great ideas are now in the atmosphere. They are in the air. They are from the spirit world, if you choose, in some indefinit sense, as different people believe. There is a contagion of great purposes, great ideas, grand revolutions, and magnificent achievements for humanity, which the

world never saw at any time before; and there is allied with that mere inception, mere feeling, a great and a pronounced conviction on the part of a few, of the principles at the bottom of this world movement, and faith in the thing to be accomplished.

The question, I know, in most minds—minds that call themselvs practical—is, what is the use of going away off a thousand, years ahead, or five thousand years ahead for an ideal and profound thought? Why not take hold of the thing immediately before our hands and do that? Well, suppose it should prove that reaching for the soundest, holding the highest, believing in the grandest, and knowing the best be the shortest way to arrive at all you aim at? I got this idea into the head of a friend of mine—if you will excuse the illustration, as I know you will, for the sake of its aptness—and he said, "Oh, yes; I see; it is a great deal easier to make a baby than it is to make a hand." Now, if you strive for the whole thing, if you demand a perfect human society, if you summon together only three people—if there are only three on this earth who believe in that, and who hav that ideal in common, and who remember the principles by which it is to be accomplished—you hav got a bigger thing done, in my judgment, than if you had conquered the assent of a whole continent to some small step in advance. And such a germ is planted here and now on this earth; it is growing every day, and honey-combing with its influence your society here, and the society of the world, and preparing to spring out like the birth of Minerva from the brain Jove, and fill the whole world. This world is to be transfigured, as it were, in a day, when the right principle is got hold of—when the right little handful of men and women appreciate that idea, and when they devote themselvs to that work. All this in a sense is here and now. We hav unknown people, obscure persons, probably, working together from hour to hour to realize the highest ideal—and that is the pantarchy in embryo. It is here among you, and it is more than the coming of Christ; more than anything of the past; more than anything that will be in the future; because it will be the birth of humanity, in a true sense. I mean the millennium based on science.

Some Questions about the Floods.

On reading the distressing account of the terrible floods in the Ohio valley, one cannot help asking: Why all this suffering, this cruel destruction of human labor and human hopes? Is there no way to protect the fruits of honest toiling along the shores of our mighty rivers and turn the superabundance of their water to blessing? Why is it that engineers, who make the study of "river-correction" (so called in German) a specialty, do not turn their eyes to Egypt, where for thousands of years the rising water of the Nile has been used to fertilize its beautiful valley? For what reasons cannot the same plan be followed here through the more level part of the country? Would not an extensiv network of canals be the safest outlet for those devastating waters which might be gathered in reservoirs and made useful in the drouth season? No doubt it would be a very costly undertaking, but how enormous the losses caused by the floods occurring almost every year and destroying not only valuable property and lovely homes but precious human lives? Levees, while robbing the river shores of their natural beauty and picturesqueness, are but poor protections against those powerful agents let loose from the clouds; moreover the riverbeds are constantly filling up with *debris* carried along by the water, and in course of time even high levees must become useless; on the other hand, the sediments in the canals would make excellent fertilizers, paying well for the trouble of cleaning the canals. I hav no knowledge of technical sciences and should be thankful to any competent teacher who would kindly answer the above questions in a popular manner, they being, I believe, of vital importance to the welfare of the country not only from the pecuniary, but also from the hygienic and therefore humanitarian point of view.

Years ago, while living in Alexandria, Egypt, I had occasion now and then to take a boat-ride on the great canal which brings some of the muddy Nile water to the above-named city. Along the borders of the canal there are beautiful gardens rich with the luxuriant growth of the semi-tropical regions. Calling back the by-gone days, I enter again those orange and lemon-tree groves, inhaling mentally their sweet perfume and that of the roses so abundant that their leaves are used for preserves. I close my eyes and look up once more to the graceful crowns of lofty palm-trees and the dark, glossy ones of the laurel.

Further on, by a quiet pond, the slender bamboo grows, and the calla-lily. Statues of Grecian goddesses and gods seem to play hide-and-seek about the tall oleanders and the glowing geranium hedges. Bands of children amuse themselvs on the broad and shady gravel walks, where promenade with equal solemnity the silent Turk and the stiff English governess. In the center pavilion of the khedive's garden Arab soldiers play fantastic music, and far off, beyond the green fields, steamers and sailing vessels cross the Mediterranean Sea, blue like the cloudless sky above it. Blessed be the powers of memory! While my mind wanders to sunny Egypt, I am sitting in my little sod cottage surrounded by the snow and ice of Dakota; my re-opened eyes are dazzled by the light reflected from the white prairie. The contrast is great, but despite the blizzards I had rather be here than there. Egypt may be the land of wonders, but America is the land of all possibilities! May its fertil soil soon be as free to all as air and sunshine!

Eaton, D. T. MRS. M. M. EGLI.

Honor to Whom Honor is Due.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* It should be a part of the religion of Freethinkers to use good taste in their language, and civility in their address or reference to all decent people, and especially to their equals and superiors in ability, amiability, and responsibility. To adopt the current sobriquets of the barroom and race-course, and apply them in brusk familiarity to those entitled to our best regards, is an act of culpable thoughtlessness or of graceless ignorance.

"The man who calls you Tom or Jack,
And proves by thumps upon your back
How he regards your merit,
Must needs to you be very rare,
Or you must hav much grace to spare,
To pardon or to bear it."

Such ill-applied familiarity is bad enough to be resented in ordinary cases, but when witlessly spoken of the worthiest and most noted of our thinkers it is little short of reprehensible. Popular abbreviations of some names are euphonius and endearing enough to be tolerated. Others are too harsh for endurance. To speak of *Tom* Paine and *Bob* Ingersoll is out of all keeping with propriety. Who would now say *Tom* Jefferson or *Jim* Garfield? Not even those who differ from them. Was ever Colonel Robert Ingersoll heard to mention any person except by giving full name and title?

To be a Freethinker, and possess all that the name implies, is to be a gentleman or gentlewoman, for not to be so is not to think, and true freedom is in acting with intelligent and sensitiv propriety. Classical elegance of diction is not to be expected from any but the scholar and artist, but it is not too much for even Liberals to exact of each other that they do not carelessly and purposely express themselvs in coarse and rude phrase, JOHN P. GUILD.

A Query.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Would it not be well for your correspondent from Cleveland to visit some college of science where vivisection is practiced, and learn the different methods, as by his own confession he is so ignorant in relation to the matter as never to hav heard of it until THE TRUTH SEEKER gave him the knowledge? I think, perhaps, it would be worth as much to him, and perhaps to the world, as Elmina's ghost-hunting, and I, for one, would rather contribute to aid him, if I believed in contributions for personal knowledge.

I think your anti-vivisectionists should be a little less ready to style such men as Dr. Foote and many others who agree with him, "worse than murderers." "I would not needlessly set foot upon a worm," but if by doing so I could save my child from death or disease, or even some other woman's child, I would not hesitate one moment, even though some good but very ignorant friend should feel called upon to call me "worse than murderer." LUCY N. COLMAN.

Syracuse, April 20, 1884.

The Virgin Mary.

From The Boston Post.

It was left for a Boston Protestant preacher, Rev. Minot J. Savage, to say that "the Virgin Mary was a stigma on motherhood." The nations and creeds of the earth, even the Mahometans and Buddhists, hav united in respect for the exalted type of womanhood represented by the blessed virgin. Protestants hav awarded to her the credit due to Christianity for the social elevation of woman. And now comes a Boston preacher seeking for sensation, who is not content with uttering the customary filth against the purity of the papacy and priesthood, which is the stock in trade of his class, but who proceeds with the audacity of a clerical Barnum to befoul the most sacredly beautiful element in the Christian ideal. For shame!—*Boston Pilot.*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE *Boston Post:* A friend handed me the above slip, cut from your paper. I am always ready courteously to discuss opinions or arguments, but do not often turn aside to listen to one who merely calls me names. If, therefore, this had remained in the columns of the *Pilot,* I should hav taken no notice of it. But as you hav thought it worth while to giv it the currency of your circulation, I trust you will grant me the space for a brief reply.

1. That I hav ever sought after "sensation" is news to me, and will be, I think, to any one of my regular hearers.

2. As to the "customary filth against the purity of the papacy and priesthood," Mr. O'Reilly confesses (by calling it customary) that I am not altogether alone in my opinion. As to the fact concerning the ages to which I was alluding, I am quite willing to leave the matter to the decision of any undoctored history.

3. Now for the "head and front of my offending." I did say, "The Virgin Mary herself is a stigma upon all motherhood, holding aloft an ideal that mothers can never attain, and making them feel that they liv a lower, more common life, while they prostrate themselvs before her image as in the presence of an unattainable ideal."

Not only did I say it, but I am quite ready to abide by the consequences of my opinion. Mr. O'Reilly is welcome to all the comfort he can get from "the Mahometans and Buddhists," for I also said that nearly all the religions of oriental origin had always attached a special sanctity to the celibate life, and I gave at length the origin of those anti-human ideas.

On the *Pilot's* theory, God has enthroned virginity in the very heavens, as the type of a special and peculiar sanctity. If so, then ordinary motherhood is thereby relegated to a lower plane, and has attached to it the taint of necessary inferiority.

The Old Testament (Lev. xii, 2) treated all mothers as "unclean" and needing "purification," simply on account of the sacred fact of motherhood. Even the "Virgin" Mary had to be purified. See Luke ii, 22. And every student knows that the early Christians regarded marriage as only a concession to man's fallen and imperfect nature. That is, they thought that, had it not been for "the fall," no such unclean thing as wedded love would ever hav been known. And every student knows that it was out of such unnatural and prurient fancies that the doctrin of all the virgin mothers (Mary included) was born.

Any doctrin, then, that elevates virginity above motherhood as being something relativly inferior and impure does most certainly stigmatize all motherhood. Marriage and woman both will take their true places in the respect of the world only when wedded motherhood is elevated to the ideal position so long occupied by the outcome of a baseless tradition and a prurient fancy. M. J. SAVAGE.

Land Limitation Law.

From The Shaker Manifesto.

Land limitation is the one thing needful in these United States. The man, woman, or paper that will begin an agitation upon this subject and pursue it to a successful issue will become as immortal as John Brown, whose soul is marching on toward the emancipation of wages, slavery, hirelings, which is much deeper seated and far more universal than chattel slavery ever was on this planet.

Vested rights may not be touched. What, then, can be done? Where there is a will there is a way. Let land limitation be prospectiv. From Jan. 1, 1884, no citizen of these United States, male or female, shall buy and become possessed of more than 160 acres of land. So fast as present landlords die, their estates shall pass to landless heirs, 160 acres each; the overplus shall go into the market and be sold within one year, each heir receiving equal share of the proceeds. The operation of such a law would be like the dew of Mt. Hermon, the people would be continually refreshed thereby. Death would be a joyful messenger in the land. Let the funeral of a land monopolist become a festiv occasion. But if death claimed a land monopolist who had voluntarily sold or given away the legal overplus of his estate, let the mourners honor him or her by erecting some cheap but enduring memorial, such as planting a particular kind of tree in a section of the burial ground set apart by each town as a memorial ground wherein none other should hav the honor to be interred. How long would land monopolists run the risk of having the bells rung, the cannon fired, and bonfires lighted at their exit from the scenes of their unpatriotic earthly labors?

I think there is far more latent good in the hearts of evil-doers than philanthropists giv them credit for. Witness the fact that some of the most efficient abolitionists were from the ranks of slave-holders, and that the civil war itself was largely sustained by the self-sacrificing capitalists to whose misdirected financial abilities it owed its origin. "The foundations of the earth are out of course." The system of government may be largely improved. It can come only gradually.

The blessings flowing from a land limitation law require an abler pen and more vivid imagination than mine to properly depict. In every town in each county of New York state would begin a new life. Young men and women now looking westward for a homestead in which to build up a family would begin to lay by a little capital, to wait and watch the annual land market to secure the coveted prize. Farms would multiply, dwelling-houses with their accessories be built, schools be better supplied with children, and far better supported than at present, and public schools would soon become industrial schools, where economy, industry, and health would be among the subjects of education. Roads, lecture halls, and meeting-houses would be within easy reach of the people of a densely populated town, and the products of each district would be largely consumed by the producers in their neighborhood.

When so much good and no possible evil would flow from the land limitation law, why may we not hav it without unnecessary delay, to the end that there be neither rich nor poor left in the land?

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y. F. W. EVANS.

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SATURDAY, - - - MAY 3, 1884.

The Monument Fund.

The deficiency existing at the date of last acknowledgment was $54.58. We hav received since then sums as follows:

B. N. Trotter,	$1 00	J. M. Putnam,	$1 00
Thos. Hughes,	1 00	G. H. Scheel,	1 00
Geo. Wheeler,	75	Gus Hogan,	2 00
Dr. C. B. Tucker,	1 00	W. F. Moulder,	1 00
Pat Garrett,	3 00	S. F. Pearson,	25
		Total,	$12 00

Leaving $42.58 to be made up.

Maryland Intolerance.

Another instance of petty persecution by Christians occurred in Baltimore recently. Two young Jews were working on Sunday in a back room of their tailoring establishment. The front door was closed and locked. Two policemen were searching the neighboring premises for a nuisance that some one had complained of, and, hearing the machines whirring, broke open the door and arrested both workers.

While the church accomplished nothing by these arbitrary and unwarranted arrests, the district attorney refusing to prosecute and the court discharging the men, they hav served to bring up the Sunday question in Maryland, and led to a study of the laws upon the subject.

In 1649 Maryland passed a legislativ act in favor of religious toleration. For this, while she was a Catholic colony, the church has claimed great credit. But the honor dwindles into insignificance upon learning that the toleration was limited to trinitarian Christians, and that Jews and Infidels had no rights the Christians were bound to respect. The declaration of rights, 1776, article 34, granted religious liberty only to those professing the Christian religion, and it was not until 1824 that all disabilities were removed. Whilst the Constitution of 1850 recognized the Christian religion, neither Jew nor Christian is recognized in the declaration of rights of 1867, nor is any mention made of the Christian religion. The declaration of rights (article 36) now provides "that it is the duty of every man to worship God in such manner as he thinks most acceptable to him, and that all persons are equally entitled to protection in their religious liberty, and no person shall be molested in his person or estate on account of his religious profession or for his religious practice, unless under the color of religion he shall disturb the good order, peace, or safety of the state or infringe the laws of morality."

The enforcement of Sunday observance upon Jews and Seventh Day Baptists is, therefore, a violation of the above declaration. Having observed the r own peculiar day, they ought to be allowed to labor on all other days, if they choose to do so. Superstitions are almost as numberless as men, and in a free country one superstition should not be regarded above another. And there would be no trouble did not the most powerful sect persecute the weaker one.

The man with no superstitious reverence for a particular day, is, however, unprotected by statute. For him there is no majesty of the law, no equity, no justice. Less than one hundred and fifty years ago, Ingersoll says, the following law was in force in Maryland. And the strange thing about it, he adds, is that it was never repealed, and is in force in the District of Columbia to-day:

"Be it enacted by the Right Honorable, the Lord Proprietor, by and with the advice and consent of his Lordship's governor, and the upper and lower houses of the assembly, and the authority of the same:

"That if any person shall, hereafter, within this province, wittingly, maliciously, and advisedly, by writing or speaking, blaspheme or curse God, or deny our savior, Jesus Christ, to be the son of God, or shall deny the holy trinity, the father, son, and holy ghost, or the godhead of any of the three persons, or the unity of the godhead, or shall utter any profane words concerning the holy trinity, or any of the persons thereof, and shall thereof be convict by verdict, shall, for the first offense, be bored through the tongue, and fined twenty pounds to be levied off his body. And for the second offense, the offender shall be stigmatized by burning in the forehead with the letter *B*, and fined forty pounds. And that for the third offense, the offender shall suffer death without the benefit of clergy."

A state that can keep such a law as that upon its statute books will not be apt to get sick at the stomach over punishing a couple of Hebrews for working on Sunday.

Defeated but Not Discouraged.

The legislature of Iowa has adjourned without passing the bill taxing church property. In the lower house the bill, which had passed the Senate, was met by such a storm of remonstrances that it was referred to a committee, who reported that it be voted upon for indefinit postponement, which was done, not a solitary member opposing such action.

In the Massachusetts House of Representativs, also, has been defeated by a vote of sixty-two to seventy-five the bill providing that disbelief in God shall not affect the credibility of a witness. Some of the phrases of the Christians opposing the bill are worth noticing. Mr. Kendrick, of Springfield, said that "so long as this is a Christian state, and the vast majority do believe in a God, it is not right to allow the testimony of those who do not so believe to hav as much weight as those who believe in the pains and penalties of perjury." Mr. O'Sullivan, of Lawrence, "in the name of Christianity, protested against the bill." Others of the Representativs took a view of the matter more in accord with justice and right. Mr. Wilson, of Salem, defended the bill, setting forth that it was in the interest of sincerity and honesty; that educated Agnostics were among the most honest and moral people in the world, and among the most reliable as witnesses. Mr. Millett, of Malden, and Mr. Bracket, of Boston, spoke in favor of the bill, pointing out the absurdity of allowing men of undoubted rectitude of character to be liable to attack on account of their disbelief in deity.

When men are full of Christianity—love of God and hatred of men—it seems impossible to get them to do justice. The Massachusetts bill was defeated by puritan bigotry; the Iowa bill, by the fear of the politicians that its passage would lose them the church vote. The remedy in Massachusetts is missionaries in the shape of Freethought books, papers, and lectures that shall educate the Christians out of their narrow-mindedness. In Iowa the Liberals should make the recreant representativs aware that Freethinkers hav votes. Every member of the lower house should be defeated if he again runs for the office, and he should be told why he is defeated and by whom. We believe there are Freethinkers enough in Iowa to do it if they will band together. Fifty men in a district will often change the result of an election. We hav been informed that some of the representativs are Freethinkers, but if they care no more for their principles than to sit still and see a bill remedying in some manner the injustice perpetrated upon Freethinkers, go by default, they deserve to be politically snowed under—every one of them. Not much can probably be done with the Democrats, for the Catholic church is the most powerful factor in that body and can put its votes in a solid mass just where it pleases, but upon the Republicans very effectiv damage can be inflicted, and ought to be.

Until that measure or its equivalent is passed by the Iowa legislature the voting Liberals of the state should hav long memories, and especially troublesome to traitors to our republican institutions.

Religious Test of Jurors.

Mr. Richard Busteed, one of the lawyers defending the negro Rugg on trial at Long Island City for murder, is reported to hav had a list of thirty-seven questions which he put to each of the men summoned on the panel of jurors. One of these questions is as follows:

"Do you believe in a future state of rewards and punishments, and do you also believe that if you answer any question put to you on the present challenge untruthfully you will be punished for that falsehood in a future state of being?"

"Among the qualifications prescribed for jurors by the laws of this state," comments the *Herald*, "we do not find any warrant for the religious test implied in the above question. Belief in a supreme being or a future state is not required by the law in the lawyer who defends an accused murderer, in any witness who testifies for or against him, or in the judge who may pass sentence of death upon him. Such belief does not appear to be any more essential to a competent juror. Formerly a statute of this state required that every person to be a competent witness should believe in the existence of a supreme being who will punish false swearing. This religious test was abolished by the constitution of 1846, which declared that no person shall be rendered incompetent to be a witness on account of his opinions on matters of religious belief. This provision still exists in the constitution. The Supreme Court has decided that 'it makes all persons competent witnesses, whether they be Infidels or Atheists or believe they are like the beasts that perish.' The constitution allows all officers of the state from the governor down to make either oath or affirmation on entering office, and the form prescribed does not involve an appeal to God. By what authority, then, is a juror catechised as to his religious belief or want of it?"

The *Herald* has done a virtuous action in calling attention to this case. But it raises, if the statement of facts be so, a question as to the competency of those judges who hav decided that Atheists cannot be allowed to testify. A few years ago Joseph Treat was a witness in a law-suit against the Woodhull women. Knowing him to be an Atheist, Mrs. V. Woodhull instigated her lawyer to raise an objection to his testimony on that ground. The judge sustained the objection and debarred Mr. Treat from testifying. If we remember rightly, Mrs. Woodhull won the suit because without Mr. Treat's evidence the plaintiff could not complete his case.

Clearly an injustice was perpetrated against Mr. Treat by the judge, and also against the plaintiff, for which some one is entitled to recover damages. The parties are now scattered, the plaintiff we know not where, Mrs. Woodhull is in England, and Mr. Treat is in his grave. Since then, however, several similar cases hav occurred in the courts of this state. Surely some one ought to be liable for exemplary damages.

Saving the Missionary System of Christianity.

The Catholics held a meeting at Cooper Institute in this city last Monday night to further protest against the sale of the Propaganda property in Rome by the Italian government. Mayor Edson presided, ex-Mayor Grace was present, as also were ex-Postmaster-General T. L. James, Recorder Smith, Eugene Kelly, and many other prominent men. Letters of sympathy were read from Senator Kernan, Congressmen S. S. Cox, Frank Hurd, and Perry Belmont. Preambles and resolutions were read reciting:

"That the Italian government is seeking, not only to ruinously affect the Propaganda by reducing the nominal value of its property by more than one-third, and placing entirely at its mercy all that great department or bureau of the papal administration, but it is an attack upon the liberty of the pope in the exercise of the functions of his office, upon the Christian religion, and the highest and noblest interests of civilization.

"That we solemnly protest against the conversion and confiscation by the Italian government of the property of the Propaganda, as contributors to and *cestuis que trust* in which we hav not only religious but property interest, and deny the right of that government to deprive us by confiscation of one-third of its proceeds, or by force to change its condition."

Thanks were voted to President Arthur, Secretary Frelinghuysen, and Minister Astor for their successful intervention, and President Arthur was requested to transmit a copy of the resolutions to the Italian government.

Ex-Postmaster-General James said:

"The proposed confiscation is robbery and usurpation under forms of law, and a blow that is aimed at the missionary system of Christianity. American citizens who love liberty, justice, and equal rights would fail of their duty did they fail to utter condemnation of this act, which disregards constitutional liberty. The Italian government, in its attacks upon the Propaganda, has committed an act as much to be condemned as would be the seizure by our government of the property of Trinity Church, of Columbia College, of the American Bible Society, or the Union Theological Seminary. I reply to the question as to how this affair in Rome comes to be any part of our business, that liberty is our business the world over; that if Italy persists we propose to hold that kingdom up to the execration of mankind."

Will the supporters of the Catholic church show the clause in the Constitution empowering our government to take the steps it has been induced to by these enemies of the republic? What statute is

authority for interfering in a religious question, which these people desire to make this? When appealed to in the Tripoli matter, George Washington declared that this government is not in any sense founded on the Christian religion. What precedent can these Catholic coadjutors refer to to justify the United States government in warding off a "blow aimed at the missionary system of Christianity?" What tradition, even, constitutes our president guardian of religious property in Italy? We would like to hav the New York *Sun*, which has made a fool of itself in this matter, answer these queries.

If Trinity church property were all untaxed, with all that the directors might acquire from its untaxed rentals, our government would be obliged to tax it to protect our citizens. With as much propriety might Italy interfere to prevent taxing any of Trinity's rum-shops and bawdy houses.

This whole business is a miserable pandering to Christian power—another crime committed in the name of liberty.

Eclipse of the Sun's Brightness.

The *Sun* of this city neglects no opportunity of reminding the public that Ingersoll was the successful defender of Dorsey in the Star route cases. Because Mr. Dana believes Mr. Dorsey guilty, he presumes to denounce Col. Ingersoll for defending him in no measured terms.

A short time ago Sheriff Davidson, of this county, was charged with maladministration of his office. His alleged crimes were exactly similar to that which the *Sun* says Dorsey committed. Like Dorsey, Davidson was acquitted. Mr. Choate defended the sheriff. The morning after the jury rendered its verdict the *Sun* lauded Choate highly because he had defended a man whom popular clamor had already convicted. Every man, proclaimed Mr. Dana, is presumed to be innocent till a jury of his peers finds otherwise, and he is a noble lawyer indeed who will risk his reputation to defend a man public sentiment regards as guilty.

It makes considerable difference with some people whether the gored animal is an Atheistical Republican ox or a Christian Democratic beast. Consistency, however, still remains the same priceless jewel.

Christian Abuse of Spiritualists.

Without question Mr. Talmage may be allowed to be a doubter of Spiritualistic phenomena, but when he descends to calumniation of this sort the scorn and contempt of the decent portion of mankind should be visited upon him. Last Sunday forenoon he said:

"Spiritualism ruins the physical health and is a marital and social curse. Orgies of obscenity hav taken place under its wing. Women by hundreds hav been pushed off into a life of profligacy. If Spiritualism had full swing it would turn this world into a pandemonium of carnality. It is an unclean and adulterous religion, and the sooner it goes down to the pit from which it came up the better for humanity. Spiritualism produces insanity all over the land. If you put your hand in the hand of this influence it will lead you down to hell, where there is an everlasting seance. Spiritualism ruins the soul and makes men Infidels."

Mr. Talmage is known as the most reckless, mendacious, and dishonest pulpiteer of our times, but he never crowded more bitter and malignant untruths into a few sentences than in the above. Some Spiritualist Ingersoll should take him in hand.

Editorial Notes.

ONE of the questions scorching the hearts of the political editors of this city just now is whether "Brother Blaine" soured on "Brother Bob," or *vice versa*. When the truth comes out it will probably be found to hav been *vice versa*.

A LIBERAL Normal School is being built at Liberal, Mo. The edifice is rapidly approaching completion, and the only requisit to success is scholars. We know no reason why the school should not be a good one, deserving the patronage of every parent of growing children. The principal is Prof. W. E. Grayston, to whom application should be made for information relativ to studies, rates of tuition, boarding, etc.

THE 141st anniversary of the birth of Thomas Jefferson was celebrated at Newark on the 13th ult. by a dinner at which about three hundred gentlemen were present. Letters of regret were read from ex-Governor Hendricks and Senator Morgan of Alabama, and Representativ Eaton, of Connecticut. S. J. Tilden telegraphed as follows: "Concurring cordially in your wish to render the grateful homage of 55,000,000 of people to the illustrious political philosopher and the exemplar of administrativ reform, Thomas Jefferson, I regret that I can not possibly be present at your festival this evening."

THE *Philosophic Inquirer*, of Madras, India, whose genial editor was one of the good friends Mr. Bennett made on his famous journey, in its March issue condenses THE TRUTH SEEKER's report of the proceedings at the Bennett anniversary meeting in this city last December, and comments on the fact which one of the speakers developed, that Mr. Bennett was a Spiritualist. "The news that Mr. Bennett was a Spiritualist," says the *Inquirer*, "because of his belief in spirits so properly defined above, is indeed quite startling to us; but, while respecting the words of a public journalist, who held intimate friendly relationship with the departed hero of the anniversary day, we do not scruple to pronounce that Mr. Bennett's philosophical position is more logical, and, notwithstanding his declared belief in a future state of existence, Mr. Bennett to our thinking would hav been more consistent if he had fittingly declared himself to be a refined Materialist of Madame Blavatsky s type, the plea as might whatever be, that there is no midway between Western Materialism and Spiritualism, or that there is no *middle* term between Spiritualism and the dogmatic Materialism of the day." In his zeal our Eastern friend gets his language a little mixed, and his meaning is sometimes difficult to fathom. If Madame Blavatsky is not a Spiritualist we must get a new dictionary.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us the following yarn from the *Kansas Herald*, which paper credits it to "Carrollton (Ky.) Special," and asks us to comment on it:

"Dean Chapel is one mile from Worthville, Ky., on the Kentucky River. During the recent flood it was about half under water. After the waters had withdrawn pictures of Bible events began to appear on the four walls. From corner to corner there were representations of familiar scenes and personages of sacred history. These were clearly and beautifully outlined, some of them resembling steel engravings. The crucifixion covered a space two by three feet, and was certainly marvelous in its bold and perfect features. Two cities of destruction occupied the half of one wall. Gethsemane and the twelve apostles filled another half. There were animals of every description, and a portrayal of Noah's ark. It would be difficult to mention any important event related in holy scriptures that was not depicted on the chapel walls. Visitors came from distant homes to see these pictures, and by some they are regarded as miracles. Last Sunday, the 9th, the chapel was used for the first time since the flood. It was well heated, and gradually the pictures disappeared. At noon the walls became black, and not an outline could be traced. There has been a revival of unusual interest in the neighborhood at Dean Chapel; about forty conversions and twelve sanctifications. Last Sunday morning the worshipers who came out to join in the service and hear the Rev. Mr. Hubert were greatly moved, and filled the courts of God with 'sounding praise.' The entire community is wrought up as never before, and wide spreads the news of what God has done."

As there is no paper called the *Special* published at Carrollton, this account must be a special despatch, made by some sensation-seeking correspondent—perhaps by the reverend himself. The only comment we hav to make is that it is undoubtedly a lie.

To Correspondents.

CAPT. A. M. ENOCH.—M. E. Billings's address is Waverly, Iowa.

B. D. EVANS, M.D.—See page 66 of THE TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL for evidence to prove the paragraph untrue.

K. KORTGAIRD.—The pope fights secret societies because membership in them has a tendency to weaken his authority. He charges them with being godless, because that in the minds of his followers is the mortal sin. But so far as our information goes the Freemasons are a pious body. At least, men hav been expelled and refused admission for Atheism. But we are acquainted with some Atheists who are Masons. It is probable, however, that they became Atheists since joining. Being a member of no secret society, and therefore unacquainted with the benefits conferred, we are not competent to advise as to which is the best, if any, for you to join.

WM. M. KENNEDY.—The early Christians were a communistic, ascetic sect. They were regarded by the Romans as harmless lunatics. They gradually gained in numbers, and when Constantine adopted Christianity he but piled pagan ceremonies on crazy asceticism—the result was Catholicism, which gradually grew to be the enormous power it was in the Middle Ages, up to Luther's time, since when it has gradually waned in western Europe. Recently it has begun to spread with startling rapidity in this country, especially in the Eastern states. The Waldenses are a Protestant sect in the Piedmont valley, Italy. They are also called Vallenses or Valdenses, from *vallis*, valley; and *Vaudois*, "men of the valley." For six hundred years they hav claimed descent from a race which they say peopled the same valley and professed the same faith in the first centuries of the Christian era. This claim was once generally allowed by Protestant historians, but is no longer tenable, and is not made except by the unread portion of Protestantism. The name Waldenses first occurs in 1194 in an edict of the king of Aragon. They hav survived thirty-three persecutions by the Catholics, some of them among the bloodiest of history. Roswell D. Hitchcock finds three distinct periods in the existence of the Waldenses: 1. When they differed but very little from Roman Catholics except in regard to purity of life and the use of scripture; 2. When they denounced Rome as Babylon and the pope as Antichrist; 3. Since their reformation in doctrin, which, beginning in a revolt against Catholic corruption, obscenity, and bestiality, has ended in an acceptance of Presbyterianism. Mr. Hitchcock, who is a D.D. and LL.D. and a noted writer of Protestant church history, denies the claim of antiquity made by and for the Waldenses. They did not exist before the twelfth century, and therefore did not "keep alive Christianity from Christ to Luther." The descendants of the early Christians are the Catholics. The Waldenses never were in the mountains of Asia, and your good friend the postmaster is laboring under an error. He will hav to try again before he can show an unbroken successsion of Protestants, or even Catholics, "from Christ to Luther."

H. W. GILBERT.—We hav no politics—nary a one. We used to be Republican, and voted for Hayes—the only thing, Ingersoll once said, for which he felt the need of the atonement. The Republican party, however, is allied to the Methodist church and is corrupt as the government of Russia. The Democrats do not steal quite as much, because their opportunities are limited. In this state the Democratic party is controled by Tammany Hall, Tammany Hall by Jonn Kelly. John Kelly by his uncle-in-law, Cardinal McCloskey, the cardinal by the pope, and the pope, the Protestants say, by the devil. We shall not insist on the last, but the rest we know to be true. Our sympathies are with Antimonopolists, and we once helped elect a member of the New York Assembly on that issue, but when he got to Albany he was, a lobbyist said. the cheapest member of the lower house, and when John Kelly joined the party and it was found that Thurber was crying against the railroads for the sole reason that because he had offended the officers of the leading roads they had discriminated against him on the freights of his monopolizing grocery house, we quit voting. Some people of this city whom we respect highly—among them John Swinton, who says he is a blue Presbyterian. Charles Wingate, a Freethinker on the quiet, and others varying in religious belief between the two—hav organized a Liberty Party. Mr. Wakeman thinks the Liberals should join this party, and take the League with them, but we fail to agree with him. In our opinion the League has already taken on too much. Some of Mr. Swinton's theories are dangerous experiments to make in the present condition of society, which is so largely Christianized as to be inclined to tyranny. At the present we are content to be a political party of one, ever on the lookout for the interests of Liberalism, and using all the means at command to further them. We hav answered your letter publicly, because of several other inquiries of the same tendency. If the need should arise. or the circulars could be used to help Freethinkers obtain their equality before the law, we will comply with your suggestion.

H. J. M.—The Christian statement that "if the Bible is true, and I believe it all, I will hav everything to gain and nothing to lose," is termed the *ad utrumque paratus* argument, that is, prepared for either event. But a very little examination shows its fallaciousness. There are many other bibles just as authoritativ as the Jewish Bible, and believed in by many times more people; therefore in order to be absolutely safe the believer must swallow them all. Of course it does no good to believe in the wrong religion; the practical question, therefore, is, Which is the right one? If to decide this the age of a faith be taken into account. Christianity is not true; if we count practical works, again Christianity is left; if the decision is arrived at by taking a census, Christianity is in a hopeless minority. If Christianity were the only religion in the world, this "argument" might possess some merit as a repartee, but as it is, it is wholly without force, for it requires a man to believe all religions, with all their absurdities and nonsense; and the more horrible they are the more necessity for believing them in order to be safe from their terrors. The Bible tells us that the very devils themselvs believe, but what Christian will assure us that the devils are safe? To be absolutely certain that he is safe, the Christian must put faith in the Koran, the Shasta, and all other so-called sacred books and deities; and then he might be wrong, for some religion which he could not possibly hear of might be the true one. To be "safe," a Christian has to sacrifice his reason, renounce experience, mistrust his own senses, and submit to what priests tell him about heaven, without a thought as to its truth or falsity. The other Christian "reply"—"If you take away the Bible, what will you giv us instead?"—is nonsense, because no sane person wants to believe a falsehood. It is not necessary in curing a man of a delirious fever to substitute the smallpox. There is truth enough in the world to fill all the niches of the mind without using the rotten thoughts of superstition. But Freethought does offer a glorious substitute, and that is the religion of humanity. For the worship of a God who can neither be helped nor harmed by man's endeavors, we urge a devotion to the well-being, well-doing, and well-living of the human race. Instead of seeking an impossible heaven in the skies, we should seek to realize a possible heaven on the earth. Instead of dreading hell, men should only dread wrong actions. In place of worshiping Christs and saints and virgins, our adoration should be shown by imitation of those heroes who hav contributed to the amelioration of the world's hardships, and to the advancement of the world's knowledge. In the words of the illustrious founder of THE TRUTH SEEKER, "Here is our duty, here is our allegiance, and not in the sky above us. We must make our heaven on the earth, and not in the air."

Literature.

BROWNE'S PHONOGRAPHIC MONTHLY, speaking of "A Roman Catholic Canard," published at this office, discourses mysteriously as follows:

"This is another document in the direction of a vigorous and aggressiv belief or non-belief. It is hard to tell whether what a man don't believe is a belief or not. That is about the way the truth is sought by THE TRUTH SEEKER, and whether he believes what he don't believe or not we don't know, but his profession is the profession of doubt. A little doubt is a good thing; too much doubt now and then is altogether too doubtful. Dudes don't like it. Wise people would rather not doubt. Good people never doubt, and doubting people hav no doubt, and that is about as much truth as we hav been able to obtain by this peculiar search after the peculiar. The pamphlet may help some to get a clearer insight into something that they don't know anything about; if it does we would be obliged if they will let us know about it."

Neighbor Browne deals mainly in shorthand, and his system is so near perfect that the element of doubt has been eliminated. This accounts for the exceptionally placid state of his mind. Nevertheless he believes no more than he doubts and is fooling away the hour of grace making pothooks. He will never get to heaven, but we hav faith to believe that if he ever finds himself in hades he will be given the best accommodation the place affords.

Letters from Friends.

NESHANIC, N. J., April 20, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I hav got one more subscriber for you paper for three months. He is a deputy sheriff of this county. I was called as a witness before the county court, and was objected to on account of my religious belief, as I refused to kiss the Bible. I argued the point, and was allowed to affirm. So a little free advertising for the cause has been done. As there is not a paper published here that will giv me a chance, I agreed to hav the account published in THE TRUTH SEEKER, and send a few copies to be handed around.

Respectfully, A. L. GARDNER.

WAYNESBURG, PA., April 8, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I see that Robert G. Ingersoll, with his characteristic strength and candor, has hurled another bombshell into the Christian camp—one that can but awaken a great many from their long sleep of ignorance. How I wish we had more "Bobs" and more such lectures! I know of no better way to bring this lecture to the notice of those who would otherwise never see it, and also introduce to them one of the best papers published, than by having you send THE TRUTH SEEKER of April 5th to some of my friends. Inclosed are names of those to whom I wish it sent. Send the papers, and send me a bill of the amount. H. CLAY LUSE.

CUYAHOGA FALLS, OHIO, April 15, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I read in the *Sociologist* of your FREETHINKER'S ALMANAC. Inclosed find 25 cents for a copy. There is much said about Freethought. The word "free" is much talked of, and little understood. Men say they are free to do this, and leave that undone, not knowing they are under the control of circumstances during life, no matter how old they may be, or what faith they are subject to. I am an old man, yet hav to use my reasoning faculty as much as and more than in early life. The young folks claim that their will is certainly free for use, and they are the monarch—if not, why not? Are we not ourselvs responsible? so say our courts and judges. Hence it must be true, settled beyond dispute. WM. WILLS.

CORTLAND, O., April 21, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find order for 50 cents, 25 cents of it for "Crimes of Preachers," by M. E. Billings; and 25 cents for TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL. When I first took your paper, about eighteen months ago, my wife would not look at it or let me read it to her. Now it is just the reverse; if she has no time to read it she is continually asking me to read it to her. She thinks, "Waifs and Wanderings" is just splendid; in fact, we both think we can't get along without THE TRUTH SEEKER. I love to read your letters from friends; it givs me great comfort to know we are not alone to fight this battle for freedom. Some of my neighbors are as anxious to read my paper as I am. They say it is a good paper, but hav not the wherewith to pay for it. In lending your paper I sometimes strike a thorough-bred Christian, and then we hav an argument; and then comes the fun, as by reading your paper, I can stand a pretty good racket, and I giv them the facts for what they are worth. At the same time I feel as if I were doing my duty. Wishing you success,

I am yours for universal mental liberty, J. D. WHEELER.

MONMOUTH, ILL., March 31, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: The tab on my paper has long admonished me that my subscription is over due, and that I am now indebted for its weekly visits to your kind indulgence, for which please accept my thanks. Inclosed find $3. When this subscription has expired, I hope to send in advance. Should I not be able at that time to do so, I will as soon thereafter as possible. No paper receives a heartier welcome, and none is read with more interest. Its fair, impartial presentation, and candid treatment of all subjects pertaining to the advancement of humanity and its varied interests, ought to commend it to all Liberal minded men and women everywhere, and certainly the subjects discussed in its columns are among the most important that can engage the attention or enlist the sympathies of those who wish well to their race, and desire its emancipation from the thraldom of superstition, bigotry, and the countless obstacles that impede the path of progress, causing this, the only world of which we know anything, to be for thousands a "vale of tears," instead of the glad, bright paradise it otherwise might be. RICHARD T. WATSON.

CASSETA, GA., April 11, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Please enroll my name as a small stockholder in the Bennett monument. I deem it a great privilege to take stock in a monument erected to the grand old hero.

Orthodoxy is at a low ebb in this country, as you will see from this appeal I send you—it is from the circuit rider in this district. The Christians hav just turned out a man and his wife for heresy—the best paying members they had in the church. Churches in this country generally hav about two or three male members, and ten or a dozen women, often not more than one male, and he can't write. I also send you what they say about one of their best preachers.

Since writing the above, I attended one of the exhibitions of Miss Lulu Hurst, a plain, simple girl about seventeen. I went upon the platform with her. She could lay one hand on the back of a chair and it would fly over her head. I sat on the chair. She would just touch the back and it would throw me two or three steps every time. I had a cane in my hand; she laid one hand on it and lifted me off the floor. Two of the strongest men in the audience could not hold the chair down when it was on the floor, nor put it on the floor when it was up if she had her hands touching it. I understand she is an old-fashioned Baptist and knows nothing about Spiritualism. One man can't hold anything if she keeps her hands on it. She never grasps the object, but simply lays her hands lightly against it. What do you call it?

W. F. MALDEN.

LA CROSSE, WIS., April 23, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I hope you will giv a little space for the following lines, as I think they might be interesting to some of THE TRUTH SEEKER readers, and at the same time be a good nut for the Christians to crack.

A NUT FOR THE CHRISTIANS TO CRACK.

If God a *perfect* being is,
How did he form the plan
To spoil with evil his own work,
And make imperfect man?

If God did *perfect* make the man,
Who made his imperfection?
For man could no more make the thing,
Than make the whole creation.

If God *imperfect* made the man,
Made him a sinful creature;
Where is the justice of his plan
To *damn* him for his nature?

Your well wisher, J. PETTEY.

WAYLAND, MICH., April 13, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I am not a subscriber to THE TRUTH SEEKER, but hav been a constant reader of it for some time. I was pleased to read, in the editorial notes of March 29th, a recommendation to patronage of F. E. Sturgis, artist, of Upper Sandusky, Ohio, which I can fully indorse from a personal knowledge of his merits. He is a stanch Liberal, and has been for years, but adverse circumstances and poor health hav to a great extent crippled his usefulness. Now I would suggest that all good Liberals in affluence, who hav seen and admired his portrait of Mr. Bennett, send a dollar each out of their abundance, and make his heart glad by a present that will help him to some of the comforts of life. The first of May will be his thirty-first birthday. Why not make him a birthday gift? I will head the list by sending a dollar, and I am sure it will be gratefully remembered long after the donor's hav forgotten it. I will say that he is in entire ignorance of this suggestion, and perhaps would not approve of it; but I feel that the needy hav claims upon us which we ought not to disregard, and no doubt if the departed Hero could speak he would say, "Be ye Liberals in all things." S. A. STEWART.

BURTON, TEXAS, April 13, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I send you herein twenty-five cents for the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL. Please send me the two numbers of THE TRUTH SEEKER preceding April 5th; my last week's copy is also minus. I will be obliged indeed if you will furnish the copies missing, as I am keeping every one, with view of having them bound, which will prove as interesting as ever to re-read over again and again, quite unlike the majority of literature. I am taking quite a number of Liberal and other papers, more indeed than I shall hav time this year to read, and thought of dropping some of them when the time of subscription expired; but the experience of missing those copies has taught me how inconvenient it would be to dispense with THE TRUTH SEEKER, which like good liquor seems to improve with age. That the paper is much better than at any time since my acquaintance with it, cannot be denied. It is richly worth the sum you ask for it. If you send me those missing numbers I will try to distribute them where most likely to do you and the cause the most good, should the others turn up. Please also send another copy of the number containing Ingersoll's lecture for a friend. H. B. JONES.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., April 19, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $3.00, my subscription for one year. Also please send me a copy of THE TRUTH SEEKER containing Brother Ingersoll's great lecture. I loaned mine to an "orthodox" to read, who in his religious zeal destroyed it, lest it might be the means of opening the eyes of some benighted wretch like him. However, the good work is going on, and orthodoxy is fast losing its hold in our beautiful city.

The Rev. Mr. Powers, a fast friend of the great champion, Ingersoll, is doing a good work here. His sermon on "Ingersoll or Talmage, Which?" was listened to by about fifteen hundred people, comprising the most intelligent in our city. The orator held his audience spellbound for one hour and a half, and closed with the lines and sayings of the two men, leaving Mr. Ingersoll happy in the thought that the power we call God does all things well, and that amid the vicissitudes of life, when the shadows fall, we can hear the "rustle of a wing."

On the other hand, Mr. Talmage was presumed to be happy too, in the thought that in the hereafter he will hav the uncontrolable bliss of being permitted to lounge upon the battlements of heaven and look down upon a wife, father, mother, son, daughter, sister, or brother, forever damned to eternal pain. S. B. HOFFMAN.

OLYMPIA, WASH. TER., April 9, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: In answer to many inquiries in reference to western Washington territory I will say that we hav a fine climate, plenty of good water, some good land, and a heavy growth of good timber. A strip of country west of the Olympic range, thirty miles wide by eighty miles long, with mild climate, good soil, and heavy timber, consisting mostly of fir, cedar, hemlock, spruce, and cottonwood, is unsurveyed and unsettled. The majority of emigrants on first arrival do not like the country, it being so different from the East. People coming from Michigan, Maine, and Pennsylvania are the best satisfied. Those coming from the prairie states are very much dissatisfied—think it too much work to clear the land; in fact, I would not advise anyone to come here expecting to find well settled neighborhoods, with school-houses and so forth. They will find instead a dense forest, without roads. For the young man with industrious habits, strong arms, and a determination to succeed, this country offers good inducements. I hav been here fourteen months. I came sick, and hav regained my health, weighing twenty pounds more than I ever did before. I like the country well, but would not advise anyone to sell a comfortable home to come here without first visiting the place and seeing for themselvs. LEVI SARGENT.

FRESNO CITY, CAL., April 10, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Please giv me space in your paper to reply to Mr. C. B. Thompson. He states that intoxicating drinks hav done more evil in the world than orthodox religion. Possibly he is right, as orthodox superstition is limited in the United States. Mr. Thompson speaks of over-population. I hav stated my views on that question for more than fifty years. One thing that I hav asked a great many Christians is, "Do you believe in endless punishment? and if so how can you be the means of bringing children into the world, and so jeopardizing their souls, when there is so slim a chance that more than one in one hundred will escape a burning hell?" And, let me ask, Who is good, pure, perfect, and holy? Who will say, "I am?" If there are any such, let me hear from them.

I hav been reading Col. John R. Kelso's "Deity Analyzed, and the Devil's Defense" and "The Real Blasphemers." There is a great deal of interesting information in these books, furnishing one, as they do, with arguments to refute the dogmas of the Christian superstition. These, with Bennett's "Answers to Christian Questions," every Liberal should read.

GEORGE PADDINGTON.

MCCUNE, KAN., April 5, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: As I told you in my last, I hav been somewhat unsettled in locality, but as I expect to stay here a while you will please send my paper here. I hav been three months without it.

I am getting somewhat rusty out here in Kansas. I find a host of good, out-spoken Liberals, and some of the followers of the meek and lowly, which latter hav got so low that you dare not trust them. If you do they will beat you out of something.

An awful tragedy has taken place in our midst. A minister who has preached loud and labored hard to tell other people how to liv and how to raise their children has at the same time been leaving his own to run wild, with none but a poor weakly wife to look after a family of big boys. They grew up under his prayers and preaching. Not long ago one of those boys of the preacher shot and killed a young man at a district spelling school, all for a very trifling offense, and now the preacher is crazed with grief. He looks pale and thin. They tell me the mother is insane. There is something wrong. This preacher has never known God, or God has not known him. The boy is in jail, awaiting his trial. If he is adjudged guilty and is hung no doubt he will get religion and go from the gallows straight to heaven and join the rest of the murderers that hav gone before.

I am, as ever, determined to strike for the right and universal mental liberty. I think if some good live Liberal speaker would make some appointments in southeast Kansas the people would giv him a hearing. I giv my best wishes to the lovers of truth and I ask you to keep the old TRUTH SEEKER alive as we promised to do when our old hero, Bennett, left it to us. Let us remember his prison life. Let us not forget his worth. Let us liv as he would hav us liv if he were here. Please find inclosed two dollars, and send on my first copy.

Ever yours, M. S. GOWIN.

SUGAR HOUSE, UTAH, April 14, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $1, for which you will send me four copies of the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL AND FREETHINKERS' ALMANAC FOR 1884. Through the kindness of a friend I occasionly read THE TRUTH SEEKER, hence this order for the ANNUAL.

It has been my pleasure to traverse a vast portion of the Yankee domain lying west of the Missouri, where the unearthly yell of the savage was heard from the confines of our country, in the inclement north, to the sunny plains of Mexico; and the huge buffalo roamed in herds of countless thousands from Texas to the Yellowstone; while the wild deer and fleet-footed antelope bounded at will o'er the vast plains, and slaked their thirst from the sparkling waters of every stream from the Rio Grande to British America.

The 26th of this month, it will be eleven years since mine eyes first beheld the far-famed and world-renowned Salt Lake City, "the center stake of Zion," or seat of government for the "kingdom of God on earth," where the superlativly grand and magnificently planned city of the saints is nestled down in the very shadow of the cloud-mantled and silver-lined Wasatch.

Here in this beautiful city, the most favored spot on earth, I first beheld a people among whom contention and strife are unknown. 'Twas here I first saw prophets and apostles. 'Twas here I first heard the "drippings of the sanctuary,' and saw "the living oracles." 'Twas here I first realized the meaning of faith, and mingled with people who pitied me for not believing their leaders could jump over the moon, and leave their pocket-handkerchief on the seven stars as a token of their having been in the immediate vicinity of those distant worlds. It was here also that I first heard that George Washington, of little hatchet notoriety, was a Mormon, though unacquainted with the fact. Here in the valleys of the mountains I learned that "God's chosen people" would sweep down from the forest-clad summits of the mountains of Ephraim, and take possession of every "nation, kindred, tongue, and people," Frank James and George Todd included, and a great deal more; but even here we must sleep, and I will away into dreamland. Fill my inclosed order, and make one heart feel glad. J. N. BARR.

WESTFIELD, N. Y., April 20, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: The question to which all others are secondary is simply this: Are the two conditions in which everything exists, call them God and nature, spirit or force and matter, male or female, or by any name used to designate opposits, distinct entities, the one sovereign, the other subject? or are they positiv and negativ conditions of the same thing, inseparable and convertible? Thus far in the history of the human family belief that they are distinct entities has held full control, and on it the monarchies, monopolies, and aristocracies of Christendom are founded; that it is the last expiring effort

of the belief that our little world was the center of the universe, flat and stationary—a belief that has divided mankind into thousands of contending sects and factions, that never solved a problem, but complicates the most simple ones beyond the power of solution; has deluged the world in the blood of its children, and cannot too soon be buried with belief in flat worlds, where it originated. In opposition to the creation theory stands the self-evident fact that cause and effect are inseparable and convertible—all causes effects of of previous causes, all effects causes of future effects, with no beginning or end to either. That worlds derive their existence and sustenance from the elements in which they float, and as a whole are subject to the same laws of production and reproduction as their constituted parts, including the human family, is a fact that cannot much longer be disguised. Our world is following in the wake of the older planets of our solar family. Where we are they hav been, and instead of the man of our planet being the ultimate of organic law, he is simply at the head of animal life, and bears the same relation to the inhabitants of the older planets that lower grades of being on our planet bear to the human family. The same interchanging relation that exists between heat and cold, night and day, summer and winter, exists between the visible animal, whether man, monkey, or mouse, and a, to us, invisible counterpart, and the belief that either does or can exist independent of the other is as false as the belief has ever been destructiv. Whoever should assert that there are exceptions to the rule that twice two are four, or that half four are two, would be thought a lunatic or fool. Why not just as reasonable as the belief that there are exceptions to the law of interchange? Why not the same interchanging relations exist between the visible animals and the so-called spirit world, that exist between the roots and the top of the vegetable, the caterpillar and butterfly, or why not the same necessity for this double condition in one case as the other? If organic law may be taken as evidence, the same law of combination that makes higher numbers from lower ones, makes higher grades of being by combinations of lower ones, substitutes interchanges of sex for incarnation of unchangeable germs. Although it leaves all gods and the supremacy of spirit over matter out in the cold, it bridges the chasm between Materialism and Spiritualism, which nothing else ever will or can.

J. TINNEY.

HARVARD, April 13, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $2 50 for THE TRUTH SEEKER, which is a very welcome visitor at my house. I see by the paper that the monument is finished, and I am glad to hear that it is a nice one, for if anyone deserved a monument to his memory it was D. M. Bennett. I never had a personal acquaintance with him but by reputation. He was one of nature's noblemen.

I had the pleasure of attending two of J. E Remsburg's lectures at Capron, Ill. His first lecture was on the "Sunday Laws, Woman's Rights, and the Prohibition;" his second, "False Claims of the Church and Christianity." They were splendid lectures, from the fact that they were composed of undeniable facts, and any church-member knows that it is true that the church has opposed every new invention, and everything that diverged from the old ruts of orthodoxy, and as long as they believe their creed they should act according to their faith and creed. The man that worships an angry God—a God that is angry with his children every day—has a right to imitate his God. Any man that worships a God—I care not what kind of a character he givs him—will fashion his conduct after the character of his God. The teaching of that old Bible has caused more suffering and bloodshed than any other thing on the earth. The Blue laws of Connecticut and Massachusetts were founded directly upon the laws laid down in the Old Testament; and I warn the people of the United States to see that a scheming clergy do not get their God in the Constitution. It seems to me that any man ought to see that the clergy are doing everything they can to get the control of the people. It seems to me that they hav shown their cloven feet enough to open the eyes of the people. They see that they hav lost their hold on the people to a great extent, and they will make a powerful effort to regain their lost ground. The time was once that the people had to take just what the minister handed out, but such is not the case now, and I hope will never be again.

The Mormon question is the biggest nut our clergy hav had to crack for some time—and, in fact, it is a question that our best statesmen do not know what to do with. They dare not admit Utah as a state, with her polygamy. As long as we hold on to the Bible and our present Constitution, Talmage's theory in regard to the Mormon question won't answer; but throw away your Bible, and then you can say, "Stop your polygamous conduct, or by the eternal we will make you."

ABRAM CARMACK.

PORTLAND, OR., April 13, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Allow me to correct a mistake in your notice of Liberal meetings. Instead of Portland, O.. "American Liberal League" read "Auxiliary Liberal League."

Your paper continues to be the best of all Liberal papers, since I hav seen their sample copies lately. THE TRUTH SEEKER contains 16 pages, of which more than half are filled with literary food such as we very seldom get in the pages of the *North American Review* or other periodicals. No. 14, of the 5th inst., for example, contains Ingersoll's lecture on four pages, each of which is four times larger than the pages of the *North American Review*, and as the type is more than twice less, then the same lecture would occupy in the *Review* about forty pages. Add to this the "Waifs and Wanderings" of S. P. Putnam and other valuable articles in your paper, and I am sure that you could spare every week from fifty to sixty pages and place them in a monthly journal of over 200 pages, or twice thicker than the mentioned *Review*, which costs $5 per year. The weekly TRUTH SEEKER would stay a journal of eight or ten pages and contain no less reading matter than any other Liberal paper, as the *Investigator*, *Index*, etc., for the same price, and as a premium would offer its readers a monthly TRUTH SEEKER say of over one hundred pages. Think of the advantage your readers would hav in obtaining twelve valuable books each year, binding them, and building a home library.

Judging by myself, I may conclude that each subscriber of any Liberal paper givs it each time to some poor Liberal friend or some rich religious friend, and if not lost in passing so many hands it at least loses its shape and form and is of no value to be placed in a case of a nicely furnished room. Not so with a monthly journal in book form. The over cost of printing and mailing two journals I am sure could be gained by obtaining perhaps four times as many subscribers. Not only outspoken Infidels but members of the church and ministers even of more or less reformed churches would subscribe for the monthly TRUTH SEEKER. The principal thing is to offer it cheap.

If you consider this worth publishing, please append your opinion, and, if it doesn't coincide with mine, your objections.

M. S. WAHRHAFTIG.

[The plan of Mr. Wahrhaftig is one often entertained, but abandoned because of expense and the uncertainty of success. We hav not the capital necessary to make experiments with. If we had 12,000 to 15,000 prompt-paying subscribers much could be done that is now impossible for lack of money.—ED. T. S.].

MRS. SLENKER TO MR. PINNEY.

MISTAKEN FRIEND: Thee is altogether wrong about "the complacent way in which Mrs. Slenker offers to do Spiritualism the favor of investigating," etc.

For years my Spiritual correspondents hav been urging me to "see and believe," just as my Christian friends hav told me to "come forward to the altar and pray," and I'd be converted. But having neither faith nor funds, I could not go and see. Then when Mr. Lacy made his proposal, I at first refused it, as I had no housekeeper. Finally things shaped themselvs so I could go, and I consented to do so if all those who had been urging me cared enough to help me a little toward it. So many had made offers of that kind that I felt sure if all were in earnest plenty would be raised. And I think so still, but it was so long before I made up my mind I would go that it may be August or September before I shall get off.

I am daily receiving so many letters of advice and invitations to visit one and another during my trip, and encouraging wishes and hopes that I will not giv it up, that I think even thee thyself would say it is best to go.

I do not propose to "investigate" very largely. I only wish to go and see what I can, and tell what I see, just as if I should visit a museum or some foreign land. As I am writing for a great many papers, and hav been doing so for thirty odd years, of course I hav a host of personal friends who feel interested in what I would see and say about Spiritualism.

Instead of being "complacent," I really feel distrustful and doubtful of being able to satisfy even myself. But there is an old saying, "Nothing risked nothing hav," and if I don't try to see and gain real information, I may remain ignorant till the end. I've been reading all I could of this ism for years, and now I hope to be able to see something of it. But I want no one to contribute who does not really wish me to go.

As to being "averse or indifferent" to a life to come, I would say that all the pious world has for ages called Paine a monster of iniquity, and has said Atheists believed in chance. Both of these assertions thee and I know to be false. Well, I hav always assured you that life was very pleasant to me; that I would rejoice exceedingly to know that I could liv on, and that we could all liv on indefinitly and be happy in a beautiful summer-land in the future.

Yet in the face of all these assertions, you insist that I am desiring annihilation. It is true I am "willing" to giv up my personal identity after death if it must be so. So am I "willing" to grow old, feeble, and helpless if it must be so. I would like to be the owner of millions of money, yet I am content and happy here in our "little brown shanty," and am glad to make joy and sunshine out of what is. I do not find life an "iceberg," and neither is it a hell of heated fire, but it is full of a genuin, genial warmth, and I hope to enjoy it for many years yet.

I love my home and friends, and enjoy them right here and now. Yet I am willing to leave them awhile if I may learn something by it. Our mind is us, and if we would be something we must seek to know something.

"Sweet is the smile of home; the natural nook
Where hearts are of each other sure;
Sweet all the joys that crown the household work,
The haunt of all affections pure."

ELMINA.

POMONA, CAL., April 12, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $3, for which send me THE TRUTH SEEKER for the next twelve months. I hav been permitted, through the kindness of one of your subscribers, to read your outspoken paper, and it affords great pleasure to one like myself who has drifted, through the medium of Freethought, so far away from the fold as to be classed by the faithful as bad, to read of the many of limited education who are in the same boat. I can easily understand why there are so many Freethinkers among the educated and scientific—for they are thinkers—men who form opinions through the action of their own brains, by reason, analogy, comparison, and by the application of natural laws, cause, and effect; but it is different with us who are limited in education and in brains. What we learned in our youth (fifty years ago) was principally a system of theology—of how to get to heaven in a certain boat named Methodism. That being considered the most important, all else was neglected; our eyes and thoughts were directed toward the skies; consequently we lost sight of the realities and began our search for the phamtoms—the supernatural; and for many long years our mind was befogged—limited to the narrow channel in which the gospel boat is guided by the arrogant "sky-pilot." The wants, necessities, luxuries, and pleasures of this life were excluded from our craft as rubbish, contaminating, foul, wicked, and damning. We traveled thus many long and sorrowful years, our young heart longing for the joys and luxuries of this world, *this real* world. But, alas! we were in a boat going in an opposit direction, with a cross for a jack-staff and a Christ for a compass. Our pilot did his level best, with the means at hand, to steer us around and past the rocks of Freethought and common sense, but we would strike so many cross currents that we would occasionally bump up against some of them—for they were legion—until, finally, one of them (Thomas Paine) knocked of our jack-staff and upset our compass, which so confused our pilot that he ran us clean out on dry land ("Bob" Ingersoll), knocking the bottom out and wrecking the whole business. Since then we hav remained on dry land, traveling the easy road of Freethought, being a free man, as nature intended we should be, always happy and free to enjoy the good things of *this real world* so long as our happiness does not conflict with the rights and privileges of others. By so doing we do not expect to be popular among Christians, get to heaven, or avoid hell, but merit the approbation of ever noble man, woman, and child who may know us, and keep our paper at par. The affairs of this world should consume all our thoughts; those of another world are too remote, too mystical for our attention or comprehension..

Pomona, like other towns, contains many Freethinkers, but, like others, the church element predominates to such an extent, and its efforts to increase its members and patronage are carried on with so much zeal, that many Freethinkers are so intimidated through fear of unpopularity and business loss that they keep mum and will not express their minds in a public manner, but will occasionally drop $5 or $10 into the coffers of the church, thereby placing themselvs in a false position with both parties. It is morally wrong for any Freethinker to giv money to build churches or pay the salary of the *pounder* of Bibles. Moral cowards are contemptible, and hypocrits are detestable. No Freethinker is worth anything that will pander to the Christian sentiment. He should stand or fall upon his record. profess nothing conflicting with his every-day life, rely upon himself and not upon gods or devils for the correction of his errors; in short, do right and he will be happy and the world will be benefited by his living it.

H. L. SHAUG.

MOUND CITY, MINN.

MR. EDITOR: George W. Chapman, M D. Cawker City, Kan., says in THE TRUTH SEEKER of March 15, 1884: "A great deal is being said in Liberal papers in favor of free land and I presume there are many that think if the poor had all the good land they could work they would cease to be poor. I once thought so, but many of them are incapables. They are not learned in the school of farming." Dr. Chapman does not set forth the full meaning of the free-land question. It is not so much to keep these incapables in possession of a home as to prepare a way whereby future capables may possibly hav a home in this free country, where land should be as free as the air we breathe or the water we use. We cannot so clearly see the evil results of the land title system in America as we can in Europe. Look at Russia with her land owned by the few, and her many in serfdom, transferable with the land when sold. Look at England and Ireland—worse than *serfdom*—the land all owned by the landed aristocracy, who are drawing the life-blood from the people by heavy rents and destructiv usury. Ireland must fight or starve; there is no alternativ. The land cannot pay the rent and support the people. The tendency of the title in land is to bring about in our country the same state of affairs as is seen in England and Ireland today. It is to bring a landed aristocracy. Time only is required. The great jurist, Blackstone, says: "There is no natural reason why a deed upon parchment should convey the domain of land." This unnatural title in land is the basic structure of all those evils that are connected with banking, usury, credit, monopolies, and the whole train of bad effects that accompany the private banking system. The best right to land is possession and occupancy. The government should giv meets and bounds to land, and should recognize no other title than occupancy. Giv a man all he can cultivate, and he needs no more. If he is ambitious like Dalrymple, let him hav his thousands of acres if he can cultivate so much, and not interfere with others' rights.

The two great evils that are now holding the prosperity of the people in check are title in land and specie basis for money. These two are the strongholds of aristocracy, the bulwark of debt and usury, and the final degeneracy of the race. Our way of supporting the government by direct taxes is somewhat objectionable. The tax is drawn from that class of people who are the least able to bear it. There should be no tax on land. There is less than one per cent of real value in uncultivated land. All the rest is labor. The day labor pays no tax, and why tax farm labor? There must be a more equitable way to support our government than by direct taxation,

Suppose we change our system of finance? Instead of using national bank currency use greenbacks, fiat money, together with gold and silver. Let the government issue greenbacks and distribute them through the post-office in such quantities as the people may want to do business with. The trader, or whoever takes the money from the post-office, will pay a bonus or tax for the use of the money, and giv security for the payment of the amount that he received (without interest) on such time as may be agreed upon. Let this bonus be only enough to take the place of the direct tax. Some plan similar to the above may be formed that would relieve us of the inconvenience of direct taxation. This will also relieve us (in time) of paying the double interest that we are now paying to the national banks. This plan would in time wind up the credit system, and leave us a free people. What say you. Is this plan feasible? The bankers and the moneyed men, loaners of money, will say, No. What do the people say?

S. H. BARTLETT.

Children's Corner.

Edited by Miss Susan H. Wixon, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"His life is long whose work is well,
And be his station low or high,
He who the most good works can tell,
Livs longest though he soonest die."

May.

Smiling, sweet, all hearts addressing,
By thy joyous, gay caressing;
Never mournful, ne'er depressing,
Filled with fresh and fragrant blessing,
Bonnie, blithesome May.

Sunshine gilds the vales and hills,
And glittens on the dancing rill,
While hyacinths and daffodils
All the air with sweetness fill,
Bonnie, blithesome May.

Blue violets to life are stirred
At Nature's low, commanding word;
And we, with blossom, bee, and bird,
To thee all love and praise accord,
Bonnie, blithesome May.

"Muzzer's Chillun."

"My muzzer's almost trazy,
Her chillun is so bad,
An' my drate bid sisser Daisy
Does mate her dreffal sad,
So she says.

"And Daisy is a norful dirl;
Her nice new frock she tored,
An' tause she had her hair to turl
Why she—why she just roared
Yeserday.

"When baby cwyed, an' muzzer said:
'Go an' wock yittle Clair,'
She put trums in his tradle spread,
An' chew-dum in his hair
Tozzer day.

"What you sint one time she did?
Why, runned away from me,
She went and runned away an' hid,
I didn't know where she be—
Touldn't fine her.

"Dess I'se sometime norful too—
Of tourse I is, I know;
But what's a little dirl to do
When she don't wort to sew
Tause she tarnt?

"She's dot to try; be tross too,
When she's so small as me.
That's all the way she has to do
When she's tired—don't you see?
Tourse you do.

"When I'se weally dood and nice
Through all the drate long day,
Papa tells me 'a pearl of price,'
An' muzzer's dlad to say
'She was dood'"—*Selected.*

My First Temptation.

Children often learn to steal and do other bad things from innocent motivs. They take what does not belong to them, simply because they want it, and not from any desire to do wrong. This desire to gratify a natural want, if not corrected and properly restrained, may lead to the habitual practice of thieving.

When I was so little that I remember what I am about to relate as one of the earliest events of my life, we resided neighbors to a huxter by name of Frane. I may as well explain that huxtering was a very common and useful occupation in those days, before the invention of railways. The huxter would load his wagon with butter, eggs, flax, or whatever brought the best city prices, and bring back oranges, candies, peanuts, and other fruits and nuts, which he would dispose of at fairs, vendues, camp-meetings, and other public gatherings, to good advantage.

The principal thoroughfare was the turnpike, and all public travel was done by stage coaches. At this time Mr. Frane returned from Philadelphia with his wagon loaded with boxes of nuts, candies, and oranges, and I was there to see him unload, and to smell the perfume of the splendid oranges, which filled the place with their odor. I had never smelled nor seen such fruit before, and was very naturally siezed with a strong desire to hav one. They were carefully piled away in a large kitchen adjoining the house, box upon box, and finally, the family all retired into the house to unpack and inspect other things. I marched around that old kitchen taking in the perfume of the oranges until I thought I must take one home, and being observant, I noticed that one of the boxes had a part of the side torn off. And this circumstance tempted me to put my hand into the box and see if I could get one out. I succeeded beyond my expectations, and soon held a splendid orange in my hands. I had wanted one, oh! so much, and now I had it. My heart leaped with delight; and I am sure Mother Eve had no more temptation than I when she ate the fabled apple. As fast as my short limbs would carry me, I made tracks for home, which was but a few yards across the way, and held out the orange to my mother, who, supposing it had been given to me, was much pleased, and proceeded to remove the rind and put it into sections for a division and taste all around.

While we were enjoying the orange, a young lady of the Frane family came into our house in a laughing mood, and privately whispered into poor mother's ears that I had stolen the orange. She said they had seen the whole operation, and were delighted to see how cute I was, and how I toddled off when I had secured it. She was brimful of merriment over the affair. But not so with mother. To her this was a thing to be dreaded. She saw that here was the time to teach me a lesson. I must be shown that I had committed a sin, and must not "covet my neighbor's goods;" so she asked me, in a very solemn way, how I got the orange. I said, "I dot it out of a box," and as we had eaten it now, I wanted more, so taking her by the apron, and pulling in the direction of neighbor Frane's kitchen, said, "Come, let's det anodder." She then explained that I had done a very naughty trick by "stealing"—that the orange belonged to Mr. Frane.

The Frane family enjoyed it as a good joke, and made light of it. Mr. Frane came in the direction of our house smiling, but that only grieved mother the more, and I began to feel badly too. I just began to realize that I had been naughty. Finally, mother said the only thing for him to do now is to pay for the orange, and, placing four pennies in my hand, I was obliged to go out and meet Mr. Frane and hand him the pennies. He did not want to take them, and kept a smiling and a-shaking of his head at mother, but she insisted that I must pay him for the orange. She said, "I want to teach him a lesson, that he must never take what does not belong to him." At last, Mr. Frane, appreciating her motivs, took the pennies for the orange, but I could see in the good man's face that he did it only to satisfy my mother, and not because he cared for the orange.

The whole transaction, however, made a lasting impression on me, and ever after in life when a temptation fell in my way by which I might hav taken advantages, that early circumstance and thoroughly moral lesson of the stolen orange would stand out in my memory like a bright picture and a never-failing reminder of duty. The pleasant thing in the picture is the memory of the kind lines upon the face of neighbor Frane. And the most important shadows are the sorrowful looks and words of my wounded mother, whose sole concern was for the future good of her baby boy. And that fact made her words as mellow as the fruit I had eaten. They ever shielded me with a halo of motherly love and affection. And who can love as a mother? That episode in my child life has been a talisman that always broke the tempter's charm, and rendered me free from any desire to steal. I would not harbor the guilt of a dishonest man for a fortune. I love honesty for the peace and satisfaction it affords, as "a guilty conscience needs no accuser." Remember, our actions become a part of ourselvs, and the most important thing is this: that while every atom of our bodies is cast off many times during a long life, so that our bodies are never the same from year to year, or from day to day, even, yet the experiences of life are never cast off, but are retained in the mind, to bless or curse us in the memory of all of them; and also another fact: that while the body is undergoing this constant change and waste, the mind is as constantly adding and accumulating more and more of experience and mental growth, the longer we liv.

J. R. Perry.

Our Puzzle Box.

1

ENIGMA.

In luscious melons, ripe and sweet;
In grizzly bear, with great big feet;
In Gog, a giant, very tall;
In Greece, a country, very small;
In Bartholdi statue, not yet done;
In good health, wished by every one;
In arctic regions, desolate and cold;
In lion, an animal, desperate and bold;
My whole was an early navigator.

Newburgh, N. Y. R. O. Bert.

2.

SQUAREWORD PUZZLE.

A word that means what time.
A place which every one should hav.
A girl's name.
To be tidy or cleanly.

Columbus, Ohio. H. H. Fowler.

3.

I notice in the last Truth Seeker a numerical puzzle composed of 25 numbers, by H. Van Pelt. I hav not studied his out, but will send you as great a curiosity in combining numbers, for the Children's Corner. First make 25 squares and fill them with the numbers from one to 25 inclusiv. Thus:

17	24	1	8	15
23	5	7	14	16
4	6	13	20	22
10	12	19	21	3
11	18	25	2	9

Now the curiosity commences. Each line, horizontal, perpendicular, and diagonal, will make 65 when added. The four corner numbers, with the center one, will make 65. The four numbers 24, 8, 18 2, with the center one, will add the same; also 23, 0, 16, 3, with the center, will add 65; also 4, 1, 22, 25, with the center, will add the same; also 5, 14, 12, 21, with the center one will make the same; also 6, 7, 20, 19, with the center, will make 65 when added. There might be more combinations if I had time to study them up. If you deem this worth publishing I may send you another. Success to The Truth Seeker, although I am not a Materialist. Fraternally,

South Bend, Ind. H. C. Van Liew.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER, APRIL 19, 1884.

1. This world. 2. Aristotle.

3.
T R A M P
R I V E R
A V A L E
M E L T S
P R E S S

4.
T A F F E T A
H A M B U R G
O B L I Q U E
M E M E N T O
A L T D O R F
S A L T I E R
P A R T A K E
A L A B A M A
I L L N E S S
N O N O P I O
E A S T E R N

Solvers, Kate Gray, Augusta Cooper, and others.

Correspondence.

Newburgh, April 19, 1884.

Miss Susan H. Wixon, *Dear Lady:* As it is nearing my annual examination at school, I cannot make many puzzles, because I hav to pay more attention to my studies. I am thirteen (13) and expect to graduate to the academy in June. But I will try to send some puzzles occasionally, and I send two in this letter.

I remain yours respectfully,
Robert Bernheim.

Callao, Mo., April 8, 1884.

Dear Miss Wixon: My pa has been taking The Truth Seeker as long as I can remember. I was not much interested in it until the Children's Corner was added to it, but now it is real interesting to me. The "Puzzle Box" is something new to me. I never attempted to solve any of them before, and they were quite difficult for me to work out. I may not be as bright as other little girls of my age, but I hav this excuse to offer, I hav not had the society and culture that I might hav had had my parents resided in a more favored part of the country. My ma and pa were among the early settlers of the mountains of Colorado, where I was born and raised until a little over two years ago, when we came to this place, where I hope to stay. This is a pretty country. I would like to hav your photograph, if it would not be asking too much, and I will send you mine in return if you desire it. Here are the answers to the puzzles in The Truth Seeker of March 29th. Yours respectfully,

Mary J. Mellor, a young truth seeker.

[The answers were correct, but as they hav once been published, we omit them from our friend's letter.—Ed.]

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Liberal Meetings.

[Leagues and Liberal and Spiritualistic Societies in the United States and Canada meeting regularly, can hav notices of their meetings published in this column free if the officers will send them to us.]

MICHIGAN.

MUSKEGON.—The Liberal League meets every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock in the German Odd Fellows' Hall, corner of Western ave. and Terrace st.

WISCONSIN.

MILWAUKEE.—The Milwaukee Liberal League meets every Sunday evening at Fraternity Hall, 216 Grand avenue.—Exercises: Lectures, Criticisms, and Music.—Admission free.

OHIO.

CLEVELAND.—The Liberal League meets every Sunday at 3 P.M., in room 29, City Hall building. Lectures free. Communications can be addressed to W. I Irvine, Secretary.

MAINE.

PORTLAND.—Dr. H. A. Lamb has hired Congress Hall, Congress street (entrance on Temple street), where free meetings, lectures, and discussions are held every Sunday, 2:30 P.M. Admittance free. Public invited.

OREGON.

PORTLAND.—The Auxiliary Liberal League of Portland, Or., holds meetings every Sunday, at 2 o'clock, P.M., at Nonpareil Hall, cor. 1st and Madison streets. All are invited. Admission free.

MASSACHUSETTS.

BOSTON.—Boston Liberal Club holds meetings for essays and criticisms every Sunday forenoon at 10:45 in the Paine Memorial Building, Appleton street.——The "Society of the Divine Homo" at same place every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Sunday-school at 2:30. Admission free.

PENNSYLVANIA.

ALTOONA.—The League holds meetings every Wednesday evening and Sundays at 3 P.M., at the League Room, corner of Eleventh ave. and 13th st., third floor, entrance on 13th st.

PHILADELPHIA.—The Friendship Liberal League meets every Sunday at Hancock Hall, 814 Girard avenue, at 2:30 o'clock, and 7:30 o'clock, P.M., for lectures and free debates. THE TRUTH SEEKER and Liberal books for sale.

PITTSBURGH.—Pittsburgh Liberal League meets at Maltby Hall, 76 Fifth avenue, every Sunday (except during the Months of July and August) at 3 o'clock. A free platform is maintained. Exercises consist of a lecture, followed by 10 minute criticisms, with 15 minutes allowed the lecturer to reply. Clergymen invited to discuss.

NEW JERSEY.

NEWARK.—Newark Liberal League meets every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the League's Hall, 177 Halsey street. Exercises consist of music, readings, lecture, and discussion, in which all present are invited to participate. Admission free. Collection taken. Communications for the League should be addressed to J. W. Frankel, 10 Pine street, Newark.

CANADA.

TORONTO.—Secular Society. Reading and Lecture Rooms, No. 9 Grand Opera House. Open every evening and Sundays. Lecture every Sunday evening. Freethinkers and strangers are cordially invited.

MONTREAL.—Pioneer Freethought Club meets every Sunday at 3 P.M., at 1310 Catharine street. Reading-room open daily until 10:30 P.M. Library open for exchange of books three evenings per week, and on Sunday afternoons. Free public lectures on Sundays as advertised in local newspapers. Strangers always welcome. G. S. Wilson President, M. O'B. Ward, M.D., Secretary.

NEW YORK.

ALBANY.—The Liberal association meets every Sunday at Van Vechten Hall, 119 State street. Sunday-school at 2 P.M. General business meeting and debates and discussions at 3 P.M. Lecture at 7:30 P.M. The public are cordially invited to attend, also all Liberals visiting the city. Admission free.

NEW YORK CITY.—The Manhattan Liberal Club meets every Friday evening at 8 o'clock, for a lecture and discussion, at German Masonic Temple, 220 East 15th street. Admission 5 cents. Monthly cards 20 cents. Membership fee $3.——The American Spiritualist Alliance meets every Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock in Republican Hall, 55 West 33d street.——The First Society of Spiritualists holds its meetings every Sunday in Republican Hall, 55 West 33d street. Morning service 11 o'clock; evening, 7:45. Seats free. Public cordially invited.——Frobisher College Hall, 23 East 14th street, near Broadway. The People's Spiritual Meeting every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 P.M.

BROOKLYN.—The Brooklyn Spiritual Society meets at Conservatory Hall, cor. of Fulton street and Bedford avenue, every Sunday. Services at 11 A.M. and 7:45 P.M. Admission free. Public cordially invited. Liberal and Spiritual papers and books for sale.——The Everett Hall Spiritual Conference, 398 Fulton street, meets every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. Meetings free. Spiritual literature for sale.——The Eastern District Spiritual Conference meets every Monday evening at Composite Room, 4th street, corner of south 2d street, at 7:45. Spiritual and Liberal literature on sale. All invited.—The Philosophical Association meets every Sunday afternoon in the Assembly Room of Wright's Business College, Broadway, corner of Fourth street, E. D., at 3 P.M. Public cordially invited. Doors open at 2:30 P.M.

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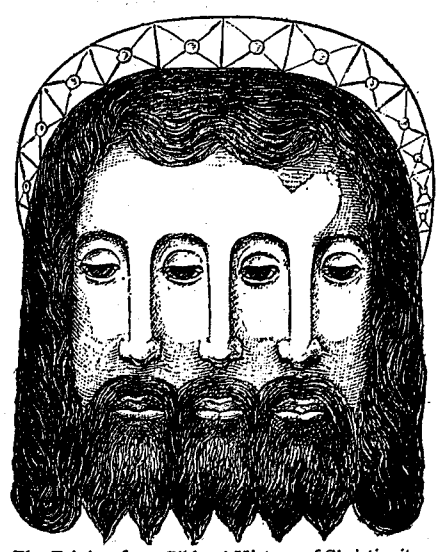
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Poetry.

Col. Ingersoll's Cabin Home in New Mexico.

This, however, has all been preliminary to a description of Ingersoll's log cabin in New Mexico, which Dorsey is building for him. The situation is one of the most beautiful in nature. Colfax county, in northeastern New Mexico, is an elevated plateau almost identical in area with the state of Massachusetts. The Palo Alto estate (commonly called Dorsey's ranch) is situated almost exactly in the middle of it. The whole country is one boundless and unbroken meadow. The estate proper consists of about 24,000 acres, in more than a hundred locations covering the springs that control the pasturage of more than a million acres. Dorsey's home ranch (his private property and not included in the Palo Alto estate) called Ojo del Monte—mountain spring—is situated on an elevation commanding a view of almost the whole county. It is next to impossible to convey the proper notion of western scenery to people unfamiliar with the optical effects of our rarified atmosphere. To say that when the air is warmed by the sun, between the hours of 9 and 4 a cow four miles distant will look larger, though the outline of form will be indefinit, than one ten paces off, is to assert what eastern people (save perhaps a few on the coast) hav not the data in their experience to verify. It seems impossible. To state that one can stand upon the vernada of Dorsey's residence in the balmy morning and gaze across endless meadows, upon mountain ranges 150 miles away, and see the peaks towering into the clouds, is to endanger your credibility by an assertion that almost makes imagination faint. In such a country, in the midst of such scenes, in an elevated position, yet sheltered by solemn pines and gnarled and twisted cedars, will be situated the summer home of Ingersoll. He has lately become a part owner of the Palo Alto estate, which, with its 45,000 head of grade cattle, is valued at $2,000,000. The house will be near Ojo del Monte—that is, a few miles away. Everything is "near" in a country where the natural roads are as smooth as race tracks and horses are as plentiful as chickens.

The building—or let us say buildings, for it is a great cluster—will be something unique in architecture, and I shall be greatly disappointed if the general plan is not soon extensivly copied in New England, where the material abounds in profusion and where fanciful things in architecture are now the rage. Nothing more perfectly delightful for a sea-side residence could be devised, especially for spots where land is cheap. Its size will be commensurate with the generous proportions of the man and his boundless hospitality for which his hearth has always been famous.

Ingersoll's immediate family consists of but four persons, a wife and two daughters, but I am told that he rarely sits down to a meal with less than a dozen about his table, and frequently that number is doubled. His New Mexico residence will accommodate thirty persons, exclusiv of servants, without crowding. He expects, as I understand, to occupy it from June to November of each year, and it is his purpose to withdraw himself so far from legal practice as to be able to devote that much of each year to the preparation of some books on religious and philosophical topics which he has long contemplated.

Learning that Mr. A. H. Young, of Raton, was the architect in charge, I called on him to obtain some facts for publication and was permitted to take a draft of the plan, which I send for reproduction in *Opinion*. To get the proportions right, make the distance around the veranda 940 feet. Formed into one rectangular building, this would make a house 300 feet long by 150 feet wide, about. You will thus be enabled to judge of the amount of space under roof.

"When do you expect to hav Col. Ingersoll's house ready for occupancy?" I inquired of the architect.

"By the 1st of July."

"Tell me how it will be finished—tell me all about it."

"Well, it will be built of logs entirely, on a stone foundation, and it will take twenty-five workmen from now till the time mentioned to finish it. Every log will hav the bark scraped nearly smooth, but left on, and then the whole will be oiled. The rustic effects will be carried out by making even the window frames of slabs, with the bark on, and all the doors will be of unique pattern. As for the windows, they will be of all shapes and sizes, those in no two rooms being alike, and stained glass will be liberally used. The floors, and such of the rooms as are not lathed and plastered, will be done in mountain mahogany and hard pine, two kinds of timber growing in the vicinity. No paint whatever will be used about the building, but all the woodwork will be treated with hot oil. The chimneys, of which there will be many, both in groups and scattered, will be of stone and red brick. Some will be inside, and others entirely outside the house, as may best serve effects in the general log-cabin design of the buildings. Every large room—and you see how numerous they will be—has a spacious fire-place for wood. With the exception of the octagonal room, which will be thirty feet high, and hav an observatory above all the buildings (you perceive it is not one building, but a numerous and grotesque jumble, all connected) will be but one story high. The roofs will be steep, semi-Gothic, painted gule red, which I think, with all the clustering gables and the chimney groups, will make a charming ensemble there among the green cedars and pines. I am very enthusiastic about it, for you see all the gentlemen of the county are proud to hav the colonel for a neighbor, and with the host of Eastern visitors he will hav, my work is sure to be appreciated."

"What will the whole affair cost?"

"Well, the contract price for the house alone is $10,000, but the stable, fences, putting in the fountain (you see the spring above throws the water thirty feet high at the house) will probably run the whole expense up to $15,000, and you are to take into account that much of the material costs nothing out there but the dressing."

As for society, Col. Ingersoll will not find himself among the barbarians in Colfax county. There is probably not another section in the whole Rocky Mountain region which contains a greater number of cultivated people than this.—*Denver Opinion.*

The Old Testament Manuscript.

This is the way the New York *Times* supports the recent "discovery" of the Pentateuchal manucript:

The example of Bishop Bryennios has already borne fruit. An enterprising finder of ancient manuscripts has found the original books of Moses in the latter's own handwriting, and has placed them in the hands of an eminent Hebraist, who is now engaged in testing them with litmus paper and with hydrochloric acid in order to ascertain if they are genuin.

The manuscript in question was found in the region through which the Israelites wandered on their way from Egypt to Judea. In the opinion of the finder, Moses had a good deal of leisure time on his hands during the forty years of wandering, and employed part of this time in writing the Pentateuch. The manuscript probably dropped out of Moses's coat pocket. Or Moses, instead of dropping the manuscript, may hav sold one of his old coats with the manuscript in one of the pockets to an Arab anxious to buy a nice second-hand coat, and the Arab, on afterward finding the manuscript in the coat pocket, may hav thrown it away, as an utterly worthless article, before Moses discovered that it was missing and sent to reclaim it. Precisely how the manuscript was lost is, however, a matter of no consequence. Its reappearance, apparently expressly in order to refute the critics who hold that Moses never wrote the Pentateuch, but that it was written by two literary partners—an Elohist and a Jehovist—is, on the other hand, an event the importance of which cannot be overestimated. If the new-found manuscript is really in the handwriting of Moses, and if that handwriting can be fully identified so that the manuscript can be offered in evidence, the enemies of Moses will be completely silenced.

Of course, there are those who, after the authenticity of the manuscript is as fully established as is that of the "Teaching of the Apostles," will demand to be informed how Moses could hav lost in the wilderness a manuscript containing the history of the conquest of Judea and other events which happened years after the manuscript was lost. No true archæologist—not to speak of theologians—will be in the least disturbed by such a question. If the manuscript is proved to be genuin by such evidence as the scorching of one of its corners by the patriarch's pipe and the fact that it is written with the identical stylographic pen which Moses is known to hav used, all subsequent arguments brought to prove that it a forgery can be disregarded. We might as well doubt the authenticity of the "Teaching of the Apostles" on the ground that the alleged author, writing at a time when bishops had become a distinct order of the clergy, knew nothing of their existence. At any rate, those good people who believe that Moses wrote the account of his own death will hav little difficulty in believing that he described the conquest of Judea before he had arrived in sight of the promised land.

The name of the ingenious finder of the Mosaic manuscript is not given. It evidently, however, was not found by Bishop Bryennios, and the latter will naturally be indignant with the person who has ventured to forestall him in making desirable discoveries.

The Origin of Religion.

The origin of religion is to be sought in the countless ages before the rise of theology; before spirits, ghosts, or gods ever took definit form in the human mind. The primitiv uncultured man frankly worshipped external objects in love and in fear, ascribing to them quasi-human powers and feelings. All that we read about Animism, ghosts, spirits, and universal ideas of godhead in this truly primitiv stage are metaphysical assumptions of men trying to read the ideas of later epochs into the facts of an earlier epoch. Nothing is more certain than that man everywhere started with a simple worship of natural objects. And the bearing of this on the future of religion is decisiv. The religion of man in the vast cycles of primitiv ages was reverence for nature as influencing man. The religion of man in the vast cycles that are to come will be the reverence for humanity as supported by nature. The religion of man in the 20 or 30 centuries of theology was reverence for the assumed authors or controllers of nature. But, that assumption having broken up, religion does not break up with it. On the contrary, it enters on a far greater and more potent career, inasmuch as the natural emotions of the human heart are now combined with the certainty of scientific knowledge. The final religion of enlightened man is the systematized and scientific form of the spontaneous religion of natural man. Both rest on the same elements—belief in the Power which controls his life, and grateful reverence for the Power so acknowledged. The primitiv man thought that power to be the object of nature affecting man. The cultured man knows that power to be humanity itself, controlling and controled by nature according to natural law. The transitional and perpetually changing creed of theology has been an interlude. Agnosticism has uttered its epilog. But Agnosticism is no more religion than differentiation or the nebular hypothesis is religion. We hav only to see what are the elements and ends of religion to recognize that we cannot find it in the negativ and the unknown. In any reasonable use of language religion implies some kind of belief in a power outside ourselvs, some kind of awe and gratitude felt for that power, some kind of influence exerted by it over our lives. There are always in some sort these three elements—belief, worship, conduct. A religion which givs us nothing in particular to believe, nothing as an object of awe and gratitude, which has no special relation to human duty, is not a religion at all. It may be formula, a generalization, a logical postulate; but it is not a religion. The universal presence of the unknowable (or rather of the unknown) substratum is not a religion. It is a logical postulate. You may call it, if you please, the first axiom of science, a law of the human mind, or perhaps better, the universal postulate of philosophy. But try it by every test which indicates religion and you will find it wanting.
—*Frederick Harrison, in the Nineteenth Century*

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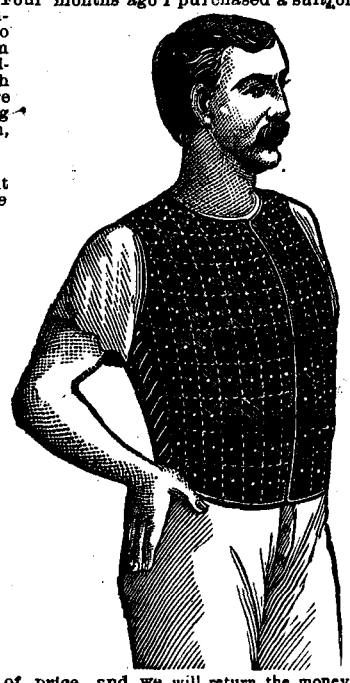
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ALL of us are planting flowers; will they blossom? Some of them; some will be bright, and will fill our homes and lives with fragrance. Some of them will grow for a little while and glad us with the anticipation of what is coming; and then, in spite of all our care, a worm shall gnaw their root, and frost shall blight them, the leaves shall turn black and fall off, and only the withered dead shall remain in our hands.—*M. J. Savage.*

THERE is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there.
There is no fireside, howe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair.

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings to the dead;
The heart of Rachel for her children crying
Will not be comforted!

—*Longfellow's Resignation.*

I COULD stand here by the hour and read passages from other bibles than the Christian and the Jewish—passages of the most exquisit truth and tenderness, the most delicate sense of divine things—taken from books that were written centuries before Christ was born, and among heathens; passages more delicious in their moral aroma than anything you can find in the New Testament. This we affirm; it is not matter of conjecture; it is not matter of speculation or of guess; it is matter of simple knowledge. We hav but to use our eyes and the fact is before us, that all the religions of the race are of one stuff.—*O. B. Frothingham.*

IT is time that a higher view of education prevailed than that which regards it as a mere means to an end, that end being the low and contracted one of being fitted to earn a living in some special sphere of toil. The correlated idea that every boy who gets an education a little above the average common school level must quit the farm or the mechanic's shop for some professional career is infinity mischievous.—*Toronto Globe.*

WE repudiate utterly the orthodox doctrin that only a small portion of the human race are elected to be saved; that those favored few were predestinated into everlasting life before the foundation of the world; and that all the rest of mankind were foreordained to everlasting death, which means everlasting life in unutterable and profitless suffering. We turn from such a proposition as from the blasphemy of demoniacs.—*Rev. Samuel J. May.*

MY last days are cheered by the sense of how much better my later years hav been than the earlier, or than in the earlier I ever could hav anticipated. Some of the terrible faults of my character which religion failed to ameliorate, and others which superstition bred in me, hav given way, more or less, since I attained a truer point of view; and the relief from old burdens, the uprisings of new satisfactions and the opening of new clearness, the fresh air of nature, in short, after imprisonment in the ghost-peopled cavern of superstition, hav been as favorable to my moral nature as to intellectual progress and general enjoyment.—*Harriet Martineau's Autobiography.*

ALLOWING the gods to be the authors of the existence or order of the universe, it follows that they possess that precise degree of power, intelligence, and benevolence which appears in their workmanship; but nothing farther can ever be proved, except we call in the assistance of exaggeration and flattery to supply the defects of argument and reasoning. So far as the traces of any attributes at present appear, so far we may conclude those attributes to exist. The supposition of further attributes is mere hypothesis; much more the supposition that in distant regions of space and periods of time, there has been, or will be, a more magnificent display of these attributes, and a scheme of administration more suitable to such imaginary virtues. We can never be allowed to mount up from the universe, the effect, to Jupiter, the cause; and then descend downward, to infer any new effect from that cause; as if the present effects alone were not entirely worthy of the glorious attributes which we ascribe to that deity. The knowledge of the cause being derived solely from the effect, they must be exactly adjusted to each other; and the one can never refer to anything further or be the foundation of any new inference and conclusion.—*Hume on Providence and a Future State.*

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Odds and Ends.

BEWARE of dried apples. They love not wisely, but to swell.

"NOTHING but leaves," as Adam remarked, when admiring his wife's polonnaise.

A BURLINGTON boy sent for a fifty cent watch and received a sun-dial. He named it "Faith," because faith without works is dead.

"NO, Laura; no. They do not open the campaign with a can-opener. They do it with a corkscrew. How little, alas! do women know about politics."

"MA, what did the minister mean when he talked about angels with palms in their hands? Havn't we all of us got palms in our hands 'fore we go to heaven?"

A POET sent to an editor a contribution entitled, "Why do I liv?" and the editor answered: "Because you send your contributions by mail, instead of bringing them in person."

A NEIGHBORING paper, reporting a recent social, says: "The opening piece was rendered by a 'mule quartet.' The reporter wrote it 'male quartet,' but the compositor knew better."

"WHAT are you doing?" asked Fogg's wife, as she saw him bundling up something suspicious, preparatory to going fishing. "Spirit-rapping," said Fogg, and he winked to himself all the way down to the creek.

FIRST Western desperado: "Well, did you kill old Col. Rich?" Second desperado: "Yes, I fotched him." "How did you do it?" "I found him riding on his horse along a lonely road, and had plenty of time to aim." "But where is his horse?" "I did not touch that." "Did not take the horse?" "Certainly not. In this section they will hang a man for stealing a horse."

DR. GALEZONSKI says that the ocular symptons of poisoning by nicotine are manifested by myosis and other ocular disorders, consisting principally of double amplyopia, with chromatic scotoma and chromopsia. It would be well to commit this to memory, and the moment you feel any myosis or double amblyopia stealing over your system send for a stomach-pump.

A BOY was sent out to milk the cow, and after he had been gone something over two hours his father started out to look him up. He found him sitting patiently on a three-legged stool in the corner of a ten-acre lot. "What the mischief are you sitting there for?" demanded the irate father. "Why don't you do your work and get back to the house?" "Because," answered the boy, "the teacher said to-day that all things comes to him who waits, and I am waiting for the cow."

DOCTOR: "Hav you got the better of the ague yet?" Patient: "No, sor. Me and me wife is as bad as iver, sor." Doctor: "Did you get that whisky and quinine I prescribed?" Patient: "Yis, sor; but it did no good at all, at all." Doctor: "That is strange! You took it according to directions, I suppose?" Patient: "Yis, sor; ye know a man and his wife are one." Doctor: "What has that to do with it?" Patient: "Well, ye see, sor, bein' as we are one flesh, I tuk the whisky and gave Biddy the quinine."

SOMETIMES it does seem as if this old world had slipped an eccentric, and was only working one side. The wicked man flourishes like a green bay-tree, while his honest neighbor gets whip-sawed at every deal. The doctor prescribes quinine for your chills, and the druggist puts you up something worthless and cheap for $2 an ounce. There are fifty-three authors of "Beautiful Snow," and not one for the "Bread Winners." In Philadelphia one manufactory makes nothing but century-old "grandfather's clocks," and furnishes pedigrees for the same to the purchaser, until to own a tall, antique clock is proof positiv that your family began only with your father. In Chicago they make violins that look one hundred years older than the most genuin Stradivarius, four weeks after they are made, so that now an ancient, honest-looking, decrepit violin is *prima facia* evidence of a glaring and outrageous fraud. There is milk in the water of commerce, and sugar in the sand the grocer sells. We hav rigors where we used to hav chills. "Old Subscriber" is really a man who borrows the paper from a neighbor, or reads the copy pasted up on the bulletin board. "Constant Reader" never read anything in all his life save the pictures on a circus poster, and "Taxpayer" is the signature of a tramp. A struggling genius writes a poem with a soul of fire that livs forever and a day, and dies in tears, loneliness, and poverty, in a hall bed-room, fifth floor, back. The queen writes a book that no living man outside the Guelph family and the proof-reader could be hired to read, and has pie three times a day, owns four dogs, and has India shawls to giv to the flood sufferers. So it is. Man goeth to the skating-rink with joy in his heart, and mirth on his lips, and he cometh away with his back so full of pine slivers that the porcupine sayeth unto him, "Thou art my brother," and the hedgehog crieth after him, "Behold my father and mother." When December is here with a select assortment of chilblains and frost bites, we cry, "Would to heaven it were July." And when July has come, straightway we are sunstruck. There are three thousand known, classified, and described species of fish. And yet a man can fish in good water all day long and never one solitary specimen of the smallest kind, and bringeth with him only a two weeks' ration of malarial fever. This also is vanity.

I never took a girl to church
The longest way back home to plan,
But what she left me in the lurch,
And walked back with another man.

Garfield was shot to death in the prime of a good and useful life. Lincoln was taken away just when the country least could spare him. De Long laid down his life for science ere yet his sun had reached its meridian, while a man who can write forty-nine chapters of the Bible on one side of a postal card will probably liv to the age of 93. This doesn't seem right.

THE TRUTH SEEKER

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Notes and Clippings.

THE best reporter in Kansas City is a woman, Mrs. Rees. She is connected with the *Journal*, and speaks four languages.

A PHILOSOPHER says it shocks him to hear people laugh aloud, the act is so purely physical and such a survival of barbarism. The philosopher is evidently a Bostonian.

IN Buffalo there is a Woman's Union to advance the interests of the sex in general. There are classes for instruction, in which women may learn penmanship, typewriting, and bookkeeping.

AN umbrella carried over a woman, the man getting nothing but the drippings of the rain, signifies courtship. When the man has the umbrella and the woman the drippings it indicates marriage.

MARITAL happiness appears to be on the decrease in New England. On one day Judge Allen, in the supreme court at Springfield, Mass., granted fourteen divorces, and refused four. There will be no need of pointing to Chicago as the wicked city after this.

AT a recent performance of "Faust," in an English town, when the time came for the orthodox descent of Mephisto into the lower regions, the apparatus would not work, and Mephisto stuck just his head and shoulders visible above the stage. "Thank God," cried a Christian spectator, "hell's full."

THE Bombay *Guardian*, a religious paper, referring to the sunset afterglow, which has recently been again observed in Bombay, says: "We will not venture to predict that this may be by way of preparation for the final conflagration, but one thing it is safe to say, namely, that it is well for every one to be ready."

IT is stated that Osman Digma has sent a message to King John, of Abyssinia, through friendly sheiks, threatening an attack on Abyssinia unless the Christians of that country become Mussulmans. History repeats itself, and Mohammedan Osman Digma is doing now only what Christian Constantine did fifteen hundred years ago.

AT a revival in Louisville a short time ago the class-leader urged those who were present to get up and tell what the Lord had done for them. A tall, matter-of-fact specimen of the granger arose, and in a loud, earnest voice, said: "He ain't done nuthin' for me, and I'm about tuckered out. The fact is, I'm a stranger, and need help right off."

THE *Sun* is authority for the statement that the Rev. Clara M. Bisbee has started a Free Church in Boston on the basis of "ethical culture." There will be in the service no petition to deity in the hope that human supplication may reverse the irrevocable decrees of nature, but "unworded music shall express our common confidence in that power which makes for righteousness."

A SICK man, lying on his death-bed, expressed a wish to see General Booth and his son before his death. Accordingly they were sent for, and promptly arrived at the sick man's bedside. On seeing them the sick man requested the general to stand on one side and his son on the other, and then said, "I can now die happy and like Jesus Christ."

THE Paris Communists hav decided to put up to competition the monument to be erected to the memory of the Federals who were executed and buried in the cemetery of Pere La Chaise during the Commune. The Prefect of the Seine refused to allow the monument to be placed in Pere La Chaise, but the municipal council propose to erect it in another part of Paris.

OLIVE LOGAN writes that Mrs. Victoria Woodhull is married to John Biddulph Martin, a rich London banker, "and any fine day you can see the pleased and amiable face of the now Mrs. Martin side by side with that of her faithful sister, Tennie C. Claflin, as they sit together in their comfortable carriage and roll toward their splendid residence in Courtfield Gardens over the smooth avenues of lovely Hyde Park."

FROM experiments made upon the pulse and temperature as affected by smoking, it has been found that the rate of both has been increased. Let the average temperature of non-smokers be represented by 1,000, then that of moderate smokers would be 1,008, and while the heart among the former class was making 1,000 beats, in the latter there would be 1,180 in the same space of time. This quickening of the action of the heart is considered a dangerous sympton.

A CORRESPONDENT of a labor paper says the workingmen want by constitutional means to limit land ownership, to fasten income taxation on the country, to control and own government railroads and telegraphs, to establish industrial schools and abolish the aristocratic West Point and Annapolis academies, to reduce labor hours, to prohibit all paper money but that made by the government, to bring down government expenses—yes, perhaps even to wipe out the Senate and Supreme Court!

OUR Puritan ancestors served the Lord as if the devil helped them, remarks the *Winsted* (Conn.) *Press*. They fined people for killing any game except an Indian, and banished the peaceful Quakers, first having stolen their horses. But they allowed no profane swearing or smoking of tobacco within a mile of any habitation. The Boston public library has just received, among other valuable papers, a recently discovered proclamation by Lieut. Gov. Wm. Stoughton, the council, and the assembly, issued in May, 1696, in which head-money was offered for dead Indians, and fifty pounds for every Indian man, and half that sum for any Indian woman, or child under fourteen, brought in prisoner. A premium was offered for scalps, "the scalps of all Indians slain to be produced and delivered to the commissioner for war, as the law in that case provides and the benefit of plunder."

Woods and Forests (English) says: "Any person, however ill-informed, might easily get the exact hight of a tree when the sun shines, or during bright moonlight, by marking two lines on the ground, three feet apart, and then placing in the ground on the line nearest to the sun a stick that shall stand exactly three feet out of the soil. When the end of the shadow of the stick exactly touches the furthest line, then also the shadow of the tree will be exactly in length the same measurement as its hight. Of course, in such a case, the sun will be at an exact angle of 45 degrees. Measurements of this character could be best effected in the summer, when the sun is powerful, has reached to a good hight in the heavens, and when the trees are clothed with living green so as to cast a dense shadow. To many to whom this idea may not hav occurred, it might be made annually a matter of interest thus on warm summer days to take the hight of prominent trees, and so to compare growth from year to year."

A CARGO of human freight left France the other day. Each year one of the general inspectors of prisons visits the six central penitentiaries where women convicts are serving their time to ask for volunteers to go to New Caledonia as wives for convicts serving out sentences in that penal colony. Fifty women who answered this appeal were shipped the other day from Bordeaux, and when they arrive at New Caledonia they will be divided between the two religious establishments, one at Noumea, and the other at Bourail. The convicts of the first class—that is, those who hav distinguished themselvs by good conduct, and who are accordingly to be rewarded by land grants—are informed of the arrival of the women. Those who are unmarried, or who are widowers and desire to get married, go to Noumea or to Bourail, where they are allowed to make their choice among the women. Of course they are not forced to make a choice, nor are the women forced to marry if the men who select them do not please them. The authorities introduce the men and women to each other, and allow them to act as they please. During the last century a more rapid and more curious system was in force. When the women arrived they, with the men, were drawn up in lines facing each other. The name of a man was called, and then the name of a woman, and when the list had been called over the couples thus paired were at once married.

A DISPATCH from St. Petersburg says that the *Novoe Vremya* warns Russian mothers of a new religious sect which has given several proofs of its existence. In Rostov, on the Dov, an officer engaged a middle-aged nurse for his three-year-old son. She was very attentiv and seemed fond of the child, but after two months she suddenly left the situation and the town. The child began to ail the very next day, lost its memory, and suffered from continual drowsiness. A week later it died without having been really ill. The corpse was placed in the coffin, when a young Jewess burst into the house, threw herself upon the dead child, and crying bitterly said, "The same woman poisoned my child. She was my nurse before, and now she has murdered your poor boy!" The woman spoke the truth. It has been found that in Rostov there is a society of child murderers, who poison children by means of narcotics. They are instigated to do so by a fanatical woman, who says, "It is every woman's duty to spare the evils of life to as many children as possible, and to make them share in the bliss of heaven before the earth has contaminated their souls."

THE persecution to which Mrs. Parnell, the mother of the Irish agitator, has been subjected, says the Boston *Herald*, would seem to indicate that the disposition to injure in a lawless and secret manner was by no means confined to one side in this Irish controversy. It is evident that the only cause for such molestations would be the relationship which exists between Mrs. Parnell and her son, and it is to spite the latter, rather than the former, that she has been made the victim of numerous annoyances. In fact, experience would seem to prove that it is not only the ignorant and the vicious who are disposed to thrust the law to one side when their interests are served by so doing. The mob in Cincinnati was supposed to number in its midst a great many respectable people, and it is notorious that insurance companies invariably charge for insuring distilleries against fire nearly twice as much as the inherent risks of the business are worth, for it has been found that men who are anxious to break up the trafic in intoxicating liquors are often sufficiently fanatical to secretly set fire to distilleries, and are upheld in such wrong-doing by a distorted public opinion.

REV. MINOT J. SAVAGE, in a recent sermon, treated the question of divorce with great freedom, but in a manner which showed that the historical and legal aspects of the problem had been closely studied by him. He demonstrated that severe laws, civil or ecclesiastical, concerning marriage and divorce had not raised the moral standard of communities, nor even prevented that standard from being lowered. From this to the position that the increase of divorces in Massachusetts, and throughout New England, is no indication of a growth of immorality was but a step. This increase, he held, was but the public or legal expression of a kind of evil condition, the like of which has existed for a hundred years. The house reported to be broken up by divorce may hav been broken up twenty years before the divorce took place. The still bolder ground was taken that in those cases where only legal bonds held husband and wife together, there was nothing but the sham and mockery of marriage, and the law should set them free. Divorces, or the desire for them, will be less frequent as men and women advance in intelligence, education, and self-control. The loose construction, the confusion, the illogical form, and the disagreement of the laws in the several states concerning marriage and divorce were denounced by the preacher as disgraceful to our civilization, and as the real causes of many of the frauds practiced by persons without principle.

News of the Week.

THIRTY-SIX members of the Idaho legislature are Mormons.

BUFFALO, N. Y., has labor troubles, and a threatened riot among 'longshoremen.

IT looks now somewhat as though Blaine would get the Republican nomination for president.

THE ocean steamer State of Florida, with a crew of 80 and 85 passengers, is reported lost at sea.

LAST year there were 1,517 murders in the United States, 93 legal executions, and 118 men were lynched.

THE Massachusetts Democrats hav elected Gen. B. F. Butler delegate to the Chicago presidential convention.

A GALE on Lake Champlain, Vt., on the night of the 2d inst., did $100,000 damage to docks and shipping.

THE liquor dealers paid into the treasury of this city during the year ending April 30, 1884, the sum of $616,650.

Two young men from New York hav started for San Francisco on bicycles. They expect to get there in about seventy days.

JOHN DALY, James Egan, and Wm. McDonnell, dynamiters, are on trial at Birmingham, England, charged with treason-felony.

THE Thetis, the flagship of the Greely relief expedition, sailed for the Arctic Ocean on the 1st inst. The supply ship Alert follows on the 10th.

WILLIAM ASTOR'S new yacht, the largest pleasure vessel afloat, was launched on Saturday last. She is 232 feet long, 30 feet wide, and 20 feet deep.

A MAN in Canajoharie, N. Y., has invented a clock that will run six months with one winding. He is now turning his attention to one that will go for a year.

RICHARD PROCTOR, the astronomer, is coming to America to take up his residence. He will liv in St. Joseph, Mo., where he has bought land and is building. So say reports.

FITZGERALD, an Irishman, of Long Island City, N. Y., won the last six days' walking match, making 610 miles, and beating the record by ten miles. Rowell walked 602 miles.

Two members of a gang of robbers and murderers that infest Lincoln and Boone counties, Va., were lynched last week by a mob. The lynchers were considerate enough to call in a minister to pray before the final drop.

AT the Methodist Conference in Philadelphia last Saturday the motion was made to appoint a committee on marriage and divorce. This was to deal also with the Mormon question. The matter was referred to the committee on the state of the church.

KRUPP, the cannon maker, is now constructing ten guns weighing 121 tons each for the Italian government, to be used for coast defense. They will cost about $175,000 each, and will send a projectil weighing considerably more than a ton through any armor which a ship can carry and float in an ordinary sea.

REPORTS say that the Cœur d' Alene mining camp is being deserted. The place became crowded with adventurers, gamblers, and desperadoes. It has been discovered that some of the mines were "salted" by swindlers with quartz and dust from San Francisco, and the people who went to Idaho with the expectation of making their fortunes are very anxious to get away.

GREAT forest fires hav visited the Catskill mountains in this state; also portions of New Jersey and Pennsylvania. The conjunction of smoke and dust in this city on the evening of the 2d turned the atmosphere a greenish hue. The sun went down blood-red, and the half moon came up the same color. Remarks about the day of judgment were indulged in by the superstitious.

Science.

The Secret of the North Pole.

There are three principal directions in which explorers hav attempted to approach the North Pole. The first is by way of the sea which lies between Greenland and Spitzbergen. We include under this head Sir Edward Parry's attempt to reach the pole by crossing the ice-fields which lie to the north of Spitzbergen. The second is that by way of the straits which lie to the west of Greenland. The third is that pursued by Russian explorers who hav attempted to cross the frozen seas which surround the northern shores of Siberia.

In considering the limits of the unknown north-polar regions, we shall also hav to take into account the voyages which hav been made around the northern shores of the American continent in the search for a "northwestern passage." The explorers who set out upon this search found themselvs gradually forced to seek higher and higher latitudes if they would find a way round the complicated barriers presented by the ice-bound straits and islands which lie to the north of the American continent. And it may be noticed in passing, as a remarkable and unforeseen circumstance, that the farther north the voyagers went the less severe was the cold they had to encounter. We shall see that this circumstance has an important bearing on the considerations we shall presently hav to deal with.

One other circumstance respecting the search for the northwest passage, though not connected very closely with our subject, is so singular and so little known that we feel tempted to make mention of it at this point. The notion with which the seekers after a northwest passage set out was simply this, that the easiest way of reaching China and the East Indies was to pursue a course resembling as nearly as possible that on which Columbus had set out—if only it should appear that no impassible barriers rendered such a course impracticable. They quickly found that the American continents present an unbroken line of land from high northern latitudes far away toward the antarctic seas. But it is a circumstance worth noticing, that if the American continents had no existence, the direct westerly course pursued by Columbus was not only not the nearest way to the East Indian Archipelago, but was one of the longest routes which could possibly hav been selected. Surprising as it may seem at first sight, a voyager from Spain for China and the East Indes ought, if he sought the absolutely shortest path, to set out on an almost direct northerly route! He would pass close by Ireland and Iceland, and so near the North Pole, and onward into the Pacific. This is what is called the great-circle route; and if it were only a practicable one, would shorten the course to China by many hundreds of miles.

Let us return, however, to the consideration of the information which arctic voyagers hav brought us concerning the north-polar regions.

The most laborious researches in arctic seas are those which hav been carried out by the searchers after a northwest passage. We will therefore first consider the limits of the unknown region in this direction. Afterward we can examin the results of those voyages which hav been undertaken with the express purpose of reaching the North Pole along the three principal routes already mentioned.

If we examin a map of North America constructed in recent times, we shall find that between Greenland and Canada an immense extent of coast line has been chartered. A vast archipelago covers this part of the northern world. Or, if the strangely complicated coast lines which hav been laid down really belong to but a small number of islands, the figures of these must be of the most fantastic kind. Toward the northwest, however, we find several islands whose outlines hav been entirely ascertained. Thus we hav in succession North Devon Island, Melville Island, and Port Patrick Island, all lying north of the seventy-fifth parallel of latitude. But we are not to suppose that these islands limit the extent of our seamen's researches in this direction. Far to the northward of Wellington Channel, Captain de Haven saw, in 1852, the signs of an open sea—in other words, he saw, beyond the ice-fields, what arctic seamen call a "water sky." In 1855 Captain Penny sailed upon this open sea; but how far it extends toward the North Pole has not yet been ascertained.

It must not be forgotten that the north-west passage has been shown to be a reality, by means of voyages from the Pacific as well as from the Atlantic. No arctic voyager has yet succeeded in passing from one ocean to the other. Nor is it likely now that any voyager will pursue his way along a path so beset by dangers as that which is called the northwest passage. Long before the problem had been solved, it had become well known that no profit could be expected to accrue to trade from the discovery of a passage along the perilous straits and the ice-incumbered seas which lie to the north of the American continent. But Sir Edward Parry having traced out a passage as far as Melville Island, it seemed to the bold spirit of our arctic explorers that it might be possible, by sailing through Behring's Straits, to trace out a connection between the arctic seas on that side and the regions reached by Parry. Accordingly, McClure, in 1850, sailed in the Investigator, and passing eastward, after traversing Behring's Straits, reached Baring's Land, and eventually identified this land as a portion of Bank's Land, seen by Parry to the southward of Melville Island.

It will thus be seen that the unexplored parts of the arctic regions are limited in this direction by sufficiently high latitudes.

Turn we next to the explorations which Russian voyagers hav made to the northward of Siberia. It must be noticed, in the first place, that the coast of Siberia runs much farther northward than that of the American continent. So that on this side, independently of sea explorations, the unknown arctic regions are limited within very high latitudes. But attempts hav been made to push much farther north from these shores. In every case, however, the voyagers hav found that the ice-fields, over which they hoped to make their way, hav become gradually less and less firm, until at length no doubt could remain that there lay an open sea beyond them. How far that sea may extend is a part of the secret of the North Pole; but we may assume that it is no narrow sea, since otherwise there can be little doubt that the ice-fields which surround the shores of Northern Siberia would extend unbroken to the father shores of what we should thus hav to recognize as a strait. The thinning off of these ice-fields, observed by Baron Wrangel and his companions, affords, indeed, most remarkable and significant testimony respecting the nature of the sea which lies beyond. This we shall presently hav to exhibit more at length; in the meantime we need only remark that scarcely any doubt can exist that the sea thus discovered extends northward to at least the eightieth parallel of latitude.

We may say, then, that from Wellington Channel northward of the American continent, right round toward the west, up to the neighborhood of Spitzbergen, very little doubt exists as to the general characteristics of arctic regions, save only as respects those unexplored parts which lie within ten or twelve degrees of the North Pole. The reader will see presently why we are so careful to exhibit the limited extent of the unexplored arctic regions in this direction. The guess we shall form as to the true nature of the north-polar secret will depend almost entirely on this consideration.

We turn now to those two paths along which arctic exploration, properly so termed, has been most successfully pursued.

It is chiefly to the expeditions of Drs. Kane and Hays that we owe the important knowledge we hav respecting the northerly portions of the straits which lie to the west of Greenland. Each of these explorers succeeded in reaching the shores of an open sea lying to the north-east of Kennedy Channel, the extreme northerly limit of those straits. Hayes, who had accompanied Kane in the voyage of 1854–55, succeeded in reaching a somewhat higher latitude in sledges drawn by Esquimaux dogs. But both expeditions agree in showing that the shores of Greenland trend off suddenly toward the east at a point within some nine degrees of the North Pole. On the other hand, the prolongation of the opposit shore of Kennedy Channel was found to extend northward as far as the eye could reach. Within the angle thus formed there was an open sea "rolling," says Captain Maury, "with the swell of a boundless ocean."

But a circumstance was noticed respecting this sea which was very significant. The tides ebbed and flowed in it. Only one fact we know of—a fact to be presently discussed—throws so much light on the question we are considering as this circumstance does. Let us consider a little whence these tidal waves can hav come.

The narrow straits between Greenland on the one side, and Ellesmere Land and Grinnell Land on the other, are completely ice-bound. We cannot suppose that the tidal wave could hav found its way beneath such a barrier as this. "I apprehend," says Captain Maury, "that the tidal wave from the Atlantic can no more pass under this icy barrier, to be propagated in the seas beyond, than the vibrations of a musical string can pass with its notes a fret on which the musician has placed his finger."

Are we to suppose, then, that the tidal waves were formed in the very sea in which they were seen by Kane and Hayes? This is Captain Maury's opinion. "These tides," says he, "must hav been born in that cold sea, having their cradle about the North Pole."

But if we carefully consider the theory of the tides this opinion seems inadmissible. Every consideration on which that theory is founded is opposed to the assumption that the moon could by any possibility raise tides in an arctic basin of limited extent. It would be out of place to examin at length the principle on which the formation of tides depends. It will be sufficient for our purposes to remark that it is not to the mere strength of the moon's "pull," upon the waters of any ocean that the tidal waves owes its origin, but to the difference of the forces by which the various parts of that ocean are attracted. The whole of an ocean cannot be raised at once by the moon; but if one part is attracted more than another, a wave is formed. That this may happen, the ocean must be one of wide extent. In the vast seas which surround the Southern Pole there is room for an immensely powerful "drag," so to speak; for always there will be one part of these seas much nearer to the moon than the rest, and so there will be an appreciable difference of pull upon that part.

The reader will now see why we hav been so careful to ascertain the limits of the supposed north-polar ocean, in which, according to Captain Maury, tidal waves are generated. To accord with his views, this ocean must be surrounded on all sides by impassable barriers either of land or ice. These barriers, then, must lie to the northward of the regions yet explored, for there is open sea communicating with the Pacific all round the north of Asia and America. It only requires a moment's inspection of a terrestrial globe to see how small a space is thus left for Captain Maury's landlocked ocean. We hav purposely left out of consideration, as yet, the advances made by the arctic voyagers in the direction of the sea which lies between Greenland and Spitzbergen. We shall presently see that on this side the imaginary land-locked ocean must be more limited than toward the shores of Asia or America. As it is, however, it remains clear that, if there were any ocean communicating with the spot reached by Dr. Kane, but separated from all communication—by open water—either with the Atlantic or with the Pacific, that ocean would be so limited in extent that the moon's attraction could exert no more effectiv influence upon its waters than upon the waters of the Mediterranean—where, as we know, no tides are generated. This, then, would be a tideless ocean, and we must look elsewhere for an explanation of the tidal waves seen by Dr. Kane.

We thus seem to hav *prima facie* evidence that the sea reached by Kane communicates either with the Pacific or with the Atlantic, or—which is the most probable view—with both those oceans. When we consider the voyages which hav been made toward the North Pole along the northerly prolongation of the Atlantic ocean, we find very strong evidence in favor of the view that there is open water communication in this direction, not only with the spot reached by Kane, but with a region very much nearer to the North Pole.

So far back as 1607, Hudson had penetrated within 8 1-2° (or about six hundred miles) of the North Pole on this route. When we consider the clumsy build and the poor sailing qualities of the ships of Hudson's day, we cannot but feel that so successful a journey marks this route as one of the most promising ever tried. Hudson was not turned back by impassable barriers of land or ice, but by the serious dangers to which the floating masses of ice and the gradually thickening ice-fields exposed his weak and ill-manned vessel. Since his time, others hav sailed upon the same track, and hitherto with no better success.

We come now to the most conclusiv evidence yet afforded of the extension of the Atlantic ocean toward the immediate neighborhood of the North Pole. Singularly enough this evidence is associated not with a sea voyage nor with a voyage across ice to the borders of some northern sea, but with a journey during which the voyagers were throughout surrounded as far as the eye could reach by apparently fixed ice fields.

In 1827 Sir Edward Parry was commissioned by the English government to attempt to reach the North Pole. A large reward was promised in case he succeeded or even if he could get within five degress of the North Pole. The plan which he adopted seemed promising. Starting from a port in Spitzbergen, he proposed to travel as far northward as possible in sea boats, and then landing upon the ice, to prosecute his voyage by means of sledges. Few narrativs of arctic travel are more interesting than that which Parry has left of this famous "boat-and-sledge" expedition. The voyagers were terribly harassed by the difficulties of the way; and after a time, that most trying of all arctic experiences, the bitterly cold wind which comes from out the dreadful north, was added to their trials. Yet still they plodded steadily onward, tracking their way over hundreds of miles of ice with the confident expectation of at least attaining to the eighty-fifth parallel, if not to the Pole itself.

But a most grievous disappointment was in store for them. Parry began to notice that the astronomical observation by which in favorable weather he estimated the amount of their northerly progress, showed a want of correspondence with the actual rate at which they were traveling. At first he could hardly believe that their was not some mistake; but at length the unpleasing conviction was forced upon him that the whole ice-field over which he and his companions had been toiling so painfully was setting steadily southward before the wind. Each day the extent of this set became greater and greater, until at length they were actually carried as fast toward the south as they could travel northward.

Parry deemed it useless to continue the struggle

There were certainly two chances in his favor. It was possible that the north wind might cease to blow, and it was also possible that the limit of the ice might soon be reached, and that his boats might travel easily northward upon the open sea beyond. But he had to consider the exhausted state of his men, and the great additional danger to which they were subjected by the movable nature of the ice-fields. If the ice should break up, or if heavy and long-continued southerly winds should blow, they might hav found it very difficult to regain their port of refuge in Spitzbergen before winter set in or their stores were exhausted. Besides, there were no signs of water in the direction they had been taking. The water-sky of artic regions can be recognized by the experienced seamen long before the open sea itself is visible. On every side, however, there were the signs of widely extended ice-fields. It seemed, therefore, hopeless to persevere, and Parry decided on returning with all possible speed to the haven of refuge prepared for the party in Spitzbergen.

The most remarkable feature of this expedition, however, is not the high latitude which the party attained, but the strange circumstance which led to their discomfiture. What opinion are we to form of an ocean at once wide and deep enough to float an ice-field which must hav been thirty or forty thousand square miles in extent? Parry had traveled upward of three hundred miles across the field, and we may fairly suppose that he might hav traveled forty or fifty miles farther without reaching open water; also that the field extended fully fifty miles on each side of Parry's northerly track. That the whole of so enormous a field should hav floated freely before the arctic winds is indeed an astonishing circumstance. On every side of this floating ice-island there must hav been seas comparativly free from ice; and could a stout ship hav forced its way through these seas, the latitudes to which it could hav reached would hav been far higher than those to which Parry's party was able to attain. For a moment's consideration will show that the part of the great ice-field where Parry was compelled to turn back must hav been floating in far higher latitudes when he first set out. He reckoned that he had lost more than a hundred miles through the southerly motion of the ice-field, and by this amount, of course, the point he reached had been nearer the Pole. It is not assuming too much to say that a ship which could hav forced its way round the great floating ice-field would certainly hav been able to get within four degrees of the Pole. It seems to us highly probable that she would even hav been able to sail upon open water to and beyond the Pole itself.

And when we remember the direction in which Dr. Kane saw an open sea—namely, toward the very region where Parry's ice-ship had floated a quarter of a century before—it seems reasonable to conclude that there is open-water communication between the seas which lie to the north of Spitzbergen and those which lave the northwestern shores of Greenland. If this be so, we at once obtain an explanation of the tidal waves which Kane watched day after day in 1855. These had no doubt swept along the valley of the Atlantic, and thence around the northern coast of Greenland. It follows that, densely as the ice may be packed at times in the seas by which Hudson, Scoresby, and other captains, hav attempted to reach the North Pole, the frozen masses must in reality be floating freely, and there must, therefore, exist channels through which an adventurous seaman might manage to penetrate the dangerous barriers surrounding the polar ocean.

In such an expedition, chance unfortunately plays a large part. Whalers tell us that there is great uncertainty as to the winds which may blow during an arctic summer. The icebergs may be crowded by easterly winds upon the shores of Greenland, or by westerly winds upon the shores of Spitzbergen, or, lastly, the central passage may be the most encumbered, through the effects of winds blowing now from the east and now from the west. Thus the arctic voyager has not merely to take his chance as to the route along which he shall adventure northward, but often, after forcing his way successfully for a considerable distance, he finds the ice-fields suddenly closing in upon him on every side, and threatening to crush his ship into fragments. The irresistible power with which, under such circumstances, the masses of ice bear down upon the stoutest ship has been evidenced again and again; though, fortunately, it not unfrequently happens that some irregularity along one side or the other of the closing channel serves as a sort of natural dock, within which the vessel may remain in comparativ safety until a change of wind sets her free. Instances hav been known in which a ship has had so narrow an escape in this way, and has been subjected to such an enormous pressure, that when the channel has opened out again, the impress of the ship's side has been seen distinctly marked upon the massiv blocks of ice which hav pressed against her.—*R. A. Proctor.*

ONE of the best ways to help along the cause of Freethought is to circulate THE TRUTH SEEKER. Trial subscriptions of three months for 50 cents.

A Little Tell-tale for Freethinkers,

AND A MORAL DRAWN THEREFROM RELATING SOMEWHAT TO LABOR EMANCIPATION.

Should any one of my attentiv readers doubt, in reading my story, whether it be true in all its details, he will nevertheless admit that it may be true, and then there will be no need for further supporting its reality. But not only will the reader admit the story's possible accuracy, but more than this, if he be a Freethinker, he will experience a desire not only that the story rest on a basis of facts, but a desire to see these facts repeated often before he may die, and to see them become the rule governing events within as few centuries of delay as practicable.

When Beauregard fired the first confederate shot at the federal Fort Sumter, events found me at the head of a charcoal-iron furnace in northeastern Alabama. We made stoves and pottery with our iron, and were doing a quiet, regular, and profitable business, selling our product in Southern states and getting once in a while an order from machine shops for pieces of castings too heavy for their cupolas. As we took the precaution, when about to cast such pieces of machinery, to keep out of our furnace the bog-ore which we used to mix with our excellent red hematite when casting pottery, we made a good record with our heavy castings, and it was this good record which shaped events thereafter. But orders ceased coming in; bills could no longer be collected after the secession war had commenced.

The establishment was owned by two men widely differing in their sympathies with regard to the national questions at issue, and the result was that operation was discontinued. The northern sympathizer sold out to his southern partner and went back to Pennsylvania. My activity was cut short, and, irresolute as to what new turn to giv to my career, but preparing to leave the waters of the Coosa river possibly for the far west, I received a telegram from the remaining partner, now the sole owner. He had gone to Montgomery as a delegate. The telegram called upon me to join my former employer, and when I had entered my name at the counter of the Exchange Hotel, my employer took hold of my arm, and leading me to a secluded seat, burst forth: "Can we make cannon?" and my answer was: "Certainly, if we get pay enough for them." I then had to make an estimate on the investment further required for changing the establishment into a cannon foundry. When my estimate was handed in, Mr. G., now my employer once more, confessed not to possess the money needed, in fact, that in paying off his former partner he had exhausted all his ready means. But the next day, when returning from a session of the confederate delegates, he introduced me to two of his friends, who, he said, had made up their minds to join him in the new enterprise, they wanting me to draw up papers for them. And then they stated the conditions on which they had agreed. The furnace property as it stood, with the iron-ore quarries and a piece of land at some distance, on which we had sunk a shaft into a vein of bituminous coal, and a quarter section on the river, on which we had built cabins for the negroes, which, in our former operation, we had hired from slave-owners in the neighborhood, in fact, the property of Mr. G., was to go into the partnership at a valuation of $50,000 in gold; Mr. F., one of the new partners, was to convey to the future firm fifty full-grown male negroes, those of them as had acknowledged wives on the date of the transfer to take their wives along, the total number to be valued at $50,000 in gold. Mr. H., the other of the new partners, was to pay into the bank account of the new firm $50,000 in gold. But it was agreed, also, that the future firm should keep the works in repair, and pay the taxes thereon; should furnish subsistence to the slaves, as it would furnish fuel for the boilers and engins, all these expenses to be for joint account, each of the partners being interested in the firm, enterprise, and property of the firm at the equal rate of $50,000 each of them. The papers were drawn up carefully, and a lawyer having approved of them, they were properly signed and sealed, the owners to act as an administrativ board, and to employ an executiv officer, as which I had the honor of being employed. I started for the works with a confederate government order in my pocket for 100 cast-iron guns of different caliber, to be cast hollow and be cooled, after being cast, from their inside, and smooth-bored. The fifty slaves, all stout, strong fellows, with some good mechanics amongst them, were promptly delivered; the shops were enlarged and fitted up, and when, on June 8th, a sample gun-carriage had arrived from Chattanooga and a telegram told of the state of Tennessee having joined the confederacy, the confederate officer watching the manufacture of guns for the government could fire the three first shots from three guns manufactured in the confederacy. The hundred guns were cast, bored, and delivered, and new orders were received and executed. All were paid for in gold, and the three partners received rich dividends, amounting on first of July, 1862, to $25,000 for each of the partners.

It thus appeared that Mr. F. received as the result of about 300 working days for each of the working male negroes he had contributed to the capital of the firm (the negroes having been lodged and boarded by the firm at an expense of about twenty-five cents per head and day) a dividend of $500, or of $1.66 for every day a negro had worked.

I had besides the negroes some white free laborers (immigrants) employed, paying them $1.00 for common labor, and $1.50 to $2.00 for skilled labor, but those, equaling on the average in their action to the results obtained from slave labor, earned about $1.25 in the average, from which they paid themselvs to the boarding-house keeper for lodging and board at the rate of about 50 cents per working day, or $3.00 a week.

It thus appeared that slave labor netted to its owner, $1.66 per working day, and free labor netted 75 cents to its owner, and the main cause for this difference consisted in the fact that slave labor was counted in as a part of the capital invested in the enterprise, and free labor was not. The difference in the cost of sustenance was caused not so much by the free white laborer living better fed than the negro as by the fact that, buying for about 30 negro households, I had the goods at wholesale prices, and may hav used a little better discretion, and may be judgment, in feeding the negroes, than the boarding-master showed in setting table for his white boarders.

Although some anxiety was experienced once in a while, as when Gen. O. M. Mitchell, of Gen. Buell's Federal army-corps, had captured Huntersville early in 1862, and when Gen. Bragg was reported as falling back in the north of us, and when Sherman was at Meridian, we remained unmolested at the works by the war. We continued casting guns, and dividing profits larger than those of the first year, but when new contracts were made in 1864, the word "in gold" had to be dropped out, and the words, "currency of the confederate states," took the place. Sherman's forces came close unto us in 1864, but it was not until Gen. Hood, in December, falling back before Gen. Thomas, sent a detachment to receive what guns were ready, and to warn us of the enemy's approach, that we realized our danger. We then discontinued operation, and then, not a day before, our negroes ran away, scattering all over the country. In April, 1865, a detachment of Gen. Wilson's forces passed the Coosa on a raft, and fired all the premises; and, finding out what we had been manufacturing, blew furnaces and machinery up with quarry-powder, of which they found a quantity; some of the negroes betraying its hiding place.

Having retired in time, I succeeded in getting through the lines into New Orleans, where one of the partners—the sole remaining one—lived. The two others had joined the confederate army, and had paid for their conviction of state right *vs.* Union right, and of the superiority of the white race above the negro, with their blood and lives.

I found that the remaining partner had entered, with his two now defunct partners, into an additional agreement, in case they should leave their lives on the battle-field, by which the property had become exclusivly his own, but had also been encumbered in favor of their heirs. All that was now left of it consisted in the real estate with ruins thereon, and in a large deposit in a Montgomery bank of "currency of the confederate states." The slaves, contributing one-third of the capital, had, by right of war, been set free by the Emancipation act, and had availed themselvs of their liberty when we had nothing more for them to do. The works had been destroyed by Gen. Wilson's detachment. So nothing remained to me but to settle my account, tell where the books of the concern were hidden, and go my way West.

A dozen years had passed. I had come East and collected a nice little capital for a mine, which I had opened and sold when it had become worth more to my neighbors and Eastern corporations than it was to me. Imagining that I deserved a rest, I concluded to once more go over the ground of my former activity. There were many faces I desired to see once more, and I needed time for coming to a conclusion as to what I should now drive at. I was conscious of my love of adventure, which the great West had fostered only, but I also knew about some literary penchant in my blood, and between the two I could not decide as yet. Thus the Morgan steamer brought me once more to New Orleans. I found the man who had been my employer twice in a filthy looking office, doing cotton broker's business, much older and much poorer than I had known him before. He held his property in Alabama yet. Many had been wanting to buy it from him, but nobody had bought it. So he had clung to it, paying taxes on it, but owing the interest on the incumbrances. He received me with open arms, and what he never had done when he was rich and my employer he did now, invited me to his home and introduced me to his wife and daughters—ladies of refinement, but little reconciled as yet to their after-war situation. As this would hav been the wrong place for reflecting on former neglect, I accepted and passed some pleasant hours with these Creoles of strong Southern instincts. It all resulted in Mr. G. accompanying me on a trip to the Coosa river. We reached Center, took saddle-horses, passed the river on a flat-boat, and rode toward the ruins. There was considerable

of change all round. Many new block-houses were to be seen, and many spots which I had known covered with young timber and underbrush were now under cotton growth. Riding along we met a negro, now a man of about thirty-five. When he had looked at us with an open mouth for a few seconds he jumped right into the air about five feet high—or that much it looked—he drawing his knees up to his chin before he alighted on the ground again, and a "Hallo" proceeded from his lungs loud enough to burst a foghorn. Well, he was one of our emancipated negroes, and from him we learned that most of them had returned to their old neighborhood and were now, most of them, owning little cotton plantations, making a scanty living from their own crop as well as from working for others.

We looked over the ruins, and when night approached, presented ourselvs at the door of a white farmer, who in the past had done much hauling for the works. We were soon comfortably seated, and with a well-furnished table before us. The news of our coming had spread fast, and when next morning I looked out of my window at sunrise, the front fence proved to be turned into a long bench by a crowd of well-built negroes, young and old, and two of them, one a fine mulatto, who had been office-boy, had learned to read, write, and figure up to some extent, now well-dressed and full-grown; the other, apparently the oldest of all those present, who formerly had run his daily shift at the boilers and blast-engin, approached the house and expressed a desire to see me first, and then their former owner. The former office-boy, now a Methodist preacher, but more desirous to work than to preach, as he stated, opened the conversation on the subject, which apparently intensely occupied their minds.

As an office-boy he had learned and known about the first arrangement between the three former owners and partners, and all the negroes who had now come with them knew about it. Mr. F., on whose plantation most of them had been born, had had one-third interest in the enterprise and property for furnishing fifty negroes to do the work, and they, the negroes, had had their board, and their master had had $1.66 a day, or in some years more than that for every one of their day's work. Now, if we would start up the furnace again, and make pottery and stoves as heretofore, the time for cannon having gone by, fifty of them, though not all the identical fellows, but when not the same, then as good ones as there were in their places, would come and do the work, and would take to begin with no more than they had for themselvs heretofore, namely, twenty-five cents a day, to keep them in grub, and then they would want one-third of all the net proceeds of the business divided amongst the fifty, and they would keep good order, and they had organized so that in case any of the fellows would not work or behave well they would get rid of him and put another one in his place, and though as a whole they would keep their title of ownership, it would attach to the single ones only as long as they would do their task, and they would do as ordered in all cases, but select their own foreman, and would themselvs put an estimate on every one of their lot, so as to make the division amongst themselvs according to merit. He then thus continued:

"We all of us hav become disgusted at the hypocrisy and cowardice of the Northern states and government, in granting to us what they call emancipation, while they withheld from us the most important and essential part of our emancipation—we mean the economical part of it. Our former masters owned us and had the benefit of the capital we or our labor represented. When we became our own owners, we found that our value had disappeared. Our masters had been robbed of it, but it was not left with us. It was sunk in the transaction. And when we inquired, "Why so?" the sole answer we ever received was, that it made all the difference in the world whether a laborer was a slave and belonged to a master who owned him. In that case labor was capital and could be counted as such, and be accepted as such, and share in dividends as such; but when the laborer was a free man and belonged to himself, and was owned by those only who as wife and children depended on him as their sole capital, in that case labor was capital no longer, and the rich people could not acknowledge such free labor as capital entitled to interest in the enterprise, and to share its profits; and why not? because free labor could always be bought for mere sustenance, and therefore need not to be allowed any further compensation, interest, or share in profits." And after a little pause, my own astonishment not allowing me to find the right answer yet, he continued:

"We fail to see or understand that, now we are free, we are worth less than we were worth when slaves, or that our emancipation should justly assign to us a lower position in the economical order of things than we occupied heretofore. We rather believe that if white laborers do occupy such a lower position than we did, we should not be forced down to their level, but they also should be emancipated economically, so as to represent the labor capital as we did; and if so emancipated, they would soon succeed to organize so as to establish the relativ values they represent, the same as we fifty hav organized and estimated ourselvs singly by majority vote."

I had, in formers years, read almost all the socialistic literature of Germany, France, and England, had myself deeply felt that there was something rotten in the position of the laboring classes. There was a practical solution—labor capital—entitled first as the money invested in boiler and engin to fuel—to sustenance while working—then to share in profits. Every laborer—menial or mental—representing a capital-value, owned by himself exclusivly, or jointly with those depending on him for sustenance; increase in value of enterprise during his working life-time or his connection being his accumulation as well as what he may save from dividends—a glorious idea!

I requested the committee to let me hav three days for considering the matter. Then I asked for ten days more. Mr. G. and I went to see the heirs of his former partners. One sold out and the other took the former interest in place of his claims. I joined with some money, and then we made the contract with our friends the negroes. They hav been joined by some white men, mechanics, to complete the fifty, the white men being voluntarily valuated pro rata higher than any negro except the preacher, who is now bookkeeper. We others hold the other two-thirds. No gang of laborers ever worked with greater emulation, never laborers were closer kept to duty, than they do keep one another; nowhere loss and leakage is more closely prevented.

We make stones and pottery, make coke from coal on our own land, and mix it with charcoal in the furnace, and with a portion of bog ore run with our red hematite, our castings hav corners as sharp as chisels, and the bookkeeper, in answer to questions as to what the labor capital will be entitled to at the end of the first full year's operations, has nothing to say, but a broad, bright smile spreads all over his face. We hav a store which sells at little above cost, and the laborers there hav credit for their sustenance money, and if, as is seldom done, they ask for money, they get it as a loan, payable out of their dividends at the now approaching end of the year. So far I see no inconvenience resulting from the arrangement, but a great many advantages to all concerned. One man died. A new comer took his place, agreeing to let the dead man's wife hav part of his share for a certain time to come. Another got on a drunk, and failed to put in an appearance. A substitute was found by his fellows, and when this had happened three times, the committee men announced that by their covenant he had been expelled for good, and a substitute had been put in. There is rather to much ore on hand broken in the quarries, because the force we can send there get ahead better now than ever they did twelve years ago, and a second furnace is contemplated if the first year's result will allow it and the labor capital will contribute its share to costs from dividends.

It is true that thus the original character of the investment will partly be lost, but as also new labor capital may be added at a valuation regulated by the laborers amongst themselvs, and in being properly accounted for pro rata to the existing investment, the original arrangement will not be disturbed.

MORAL.—*Labor is capital, as money and property are.*

F. M. F. C.

The Liberal Club.

The 338th regular meeting of the Manhattan Liberal Club, held on the evening of the 2d inst, opened peacefully. Mr. Wakeman brought the assemblage to order by rapping on the table with a little mallet, and called for the reading of the records. The new secretary read the minutes of the previous meeting in a voice that showed a manifest inclination to sink into his boots. The chairman then invited attention to the valuable nature of the last two issues of THE TRUTH SEEKER—one containing Col. Ingersoll's lecture, and the other Mr. Andrews's reply to Herbert Spencer. He also called notice to *Man*, which is getting into deep water on the subject of Spiritualism. Mrs. Elmina Slenker had taken an oar, and great trouble was apprehended before they got through with it.

Mrs. Imogene C. Fales, president of the Sociologic Society, was introduced as the speaker of the evening. She is an engaging lady, apparently on the desirable side of middle age. The lecture, the title of which was "Co-operation and Progress," was read from manuscript, and set forth that the condition of labor was most deplorable and pauperism on the increase. Meanwhile, wealth accumulated in the hands of the rich. Children who should be at school are obliged to labor in some places from fifteen to seventeen hours per day for insignificant pay. Women were also degraded by being forced to work for inadequate renumeration. This state of things breeds immorality and crime. The cause of this disastrous condition of affairs, Mrs. Fales held, was competition; the remedy, co-operation between capital and labor and a more general prevalence of the Christian religion. The lecture closed with a poem, a part of which ran as follows:

"And the smiths shall liv on the coarsest fare,
With the little that they may call their own,
While the idler is free from work and care,
For the best of all shall go the drone.
And the smith complains of the anvil's song—
Complains of the years he has wrought and pined;
For the priest and rulers are swift to wrong,
And the mills of God are slow to grind.

"But a clear, strong voice from over the sea
Is piercing the murk of the moral night.
Time is, time was, and time shall be
That John o' the smithy shall hav his right.
And those who hav worn the miter and crown,
Who hav pressed him sore in body and soul,
Shall perish from earth when the grist is ground,
And the mighty miller claims his toll."

Mr. Hunn, taking the platform first, said that it was out of the question to expect that capital would co-operate with labor. Labor had always been ready and willing to take an interest in the business of its employer, but the employer had never offered to share the profits with his employees. Whatever labor demanded it should take by political action. Workingmen cannot look to Christianity for aid, because the ministers are upheld and the churches are filled with the very men who seek to keep the prices of labor down. There was an irrepressible conflict between labor and capital.

Mr. E. H. Heywood, who has come to New York for the purpose of abolishing death and taxes in this municipality and elsewhere, was invited to the platform by Capt. Putnam. He said capital, being the result of labor, had no rights at all. "Interest is robbery!" "Pay no rent!" these words the English government found stronger than dynamite. Mr. Heywood thanked the club for the timely financial aid it had rendered him in his fight for the liberty of printing. The Comstock laws were a menace to freedom. They needed but the word "obscene" changed to "incendiary," as applied to literature, to imprison all labor and socialistic agitators.

Mr. Cohen, the member from Jerusalem, seeing that the lady speaker had begun the business, consented to quote scripture also, which he proceeded to do with great versatility. He would call attention to the passage which condemned every man to eat his bread in the sweat of his "brows." Any man, he admitted, who could earn a million dollars in the sweat of his brows was welcome to it. Mr. Cohen recurred to this text several times, the peculiarity of his accent and pronunciation convulsing his hearers with laughter to a dangerous degree; and then, having worked that passage for all it was worth, he came out with another: "Do unto others as thou wantst others to do unto you." The effect of this new rendering of the Golden Rule was cataclysmal. It appeared especially funny to the ladies, and they laughed gleefully. Mr. Cohen's facilities for English speech are hardly commensurate with his fecundity of thought, but he is usually right.

Professor Vaughan, of Virginia, accused several eminent persons of stealing his thunder and giving it to the people. As for himself, he was a martyr. If he were to go back to the pulpit, the genius of the world would become a sycophant at his feet. The cause of misery in this world was the condition of woman. "So long," said he "as man is the bread-winner, woman is a slave." We should crucify capital upon the cross of public contempt and odium.

A small gentleman who gave the name of Mars reached the platform and announced that he was not a member. Mr. Wakeman interrupted to say that that was just where the trouble began; none but members were allowed to speak, except on invitation. This had no effect on Mr. Mars. He began his speech. Mr. Wakeman said he must limit his remarks to five minutes. Mr. Mars smiled grimly and proceeded, and Mr. Wakeman sat helplessly but serenely down. The small man said that when a person hears ideas expressed that call his soul up in him it is hard to sit still. He was a Christian Socialist, and could not understand how anyone could fail to believe in Christ.

Mr. Andrews said Mr. Heywood was on the right track. Capital had no rights. No rent should be paid beyond the extent to which the property had deteriorated during the time it was occupied by the tenant. As for dynamite, it was an important civilizing agent. It placed a new power in the hands of the people, and the rulers were learning to respect it. The recent remark of Gladstone, that the trouble with the Irish would not cease till England did Ireland justice, showed this; as did also a late speech of the Hon. Abram Hewitt, which sounded as if it had come from the Liberal Club itself.

Mrs. Fales, in taking the floor to answer her critics, upheld the rights of property. Interest was right; rent was necessary; co-operation was imperativ. She invited Mr. Wakeman to giv his opinion. The chairman said he was sorry to see six people giv themselvs away as the preceding speakers had done. Mrs. Fales's co-operation would not do. Cohen's Socialism was not good. Heywood's Individualism, ditto. Mr. Vaughan would serve as a melancholy example—a monument of what to avoid. The real scheme was unselfish devotion to the supreme man, humanity.

At the next meeting Mr. Clinton Furbish will expose himself to annihilation by bringing up the subject of "Pantarchism in Politics."

Comstockism Again.

A curious feature of the obscenity craze has recently developed. On the 19th of December last, a young man named Muller was convicted before Judge Brady in the New York Oyer and Terminer, of selling indecent pictures. The fact was that in, the course of his business as a dealer in rare books and art works, he sold photographs of pictures which were exhibited in the Paris Salon, in which nude figures appeared. One of the jury, when reproached for this infamous verdict, and told that the Paris Salon was the highest tribunal in the art world, is said to hav replied, "Vell, ve av saloons enough in New York vere dey av such biedures." He thought the Paris Salon was something like the beer saloons in which he had received his art education, and he was willing to display his own great purity of mind at Muller's expense.

Shortly after this conviction, Judge Brady made a violent effort to shirk his responsibility by writing a letter to a New York paper in which he said substantially that the law was all wrong, and endeavored to convey the idea that he was all right. The General Term of the Supreme Court subsequently distinguished themselvs by affirming this conviction and it is now on appeal to the Court of Appeals.

On the 1st May, instant, the New York *Herald* presented to its readers pictures of nude figures copied from those exhibited in the last Paris Salon. The selling of these papers was precisely the same offense for which Muller was convicted. It had been decided by the case of Muller that such pictures were obscene, and the law is explicit and clear that he who sells or exhibits such pictures shall be punished, and therefore every newsdealer, stationer, or train boy who sold one of the papers was precisely as guilty as Muller, and in the same degree and to the same extent, and as liable to the punishment of the law. Moreover, every person who mailed one of these papers was liable to be tried and convicted under the United States laws before Comstock's judge in a court where the obscenists boast that they never lose a case. Here is a vast field for blackmailing enterprise suddenly thrown open, and we wait with interest the attacks upon the quarter of a million people who hav sold, exhibited, or mailed the New York *Herald* of May 1st, 1884. Verily, great is the majesty of the law. E. W. C.

The Uselessness of "Christian Homes."

NOTHING BUT A MOCKERY AND AN EXCUSE FOR BEGGING.

From the Chicago Daily News.

At 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon a young woman rang the bell at the Woman's Christian Association, 1514 and 1516 Wabash avenue, and was admitted to the presence of the matron, a pleasant-faced, sweet-voiced lady, with white hair, and black eyes shaded with heavy black lashes.

"I am engaged," she said, without rising from the little, orderly desk at which she was writing, "but if you will be seated I will see you in a moment." The wait gave the visitor a chance to look around the room, which contained only ordinary furniture, but everything was scrupulously neat. There was a stand of house plants in the window, a bed in one corner of the room, and a basketful of freshly-laundried house linen under the center table. The house was as quiet as a deserted nunnery, but strongly flavored with boiling cabbage.

"Now I am at your service. What did you wish?" the matron finally said.

"Hav you any vacant rooms?"

"Not vacant rooms, but plenty of beds. We hav to employ the doubling-up system, and there are several rooms in which a new boarder would not be objectionable.

"Prices range from $3.50 to $6 a week, according to location."

"Are there no accommodations for less?" was asked.

"That is the bottom figure."

"I suppose the house is open to all classes of working women?"

"Well, yes; but I could not admit you till you hav been approved by the committee of arrangements. You will hav to produce references as to your Christian character, and show that you will be a reliable boarder."

"Well, I cannot furnish any references. I am a stranger in the city—came here in January, and do not know one person in the state from whom I could get a testimony of character. I left Davenport, Iowa, to begin life for myself and took a position in a State street wholesale jewelry house as assistant bookkeeper and assistant cashier. I had the misfortune to incur the displeasure of the head cashier, who used his influence against me, and I was discharged without a moment's warning. Though I am conscious of having done my work faithfully, I hav not asked for a recommendation from the firm, but I hav always been conceited enough to think that I had the appearance of a lady. However, you may be of a different opinion, but as a woman I appeal to your womanly heart for consideration."

"You hav friends in Davenport; why not write to your former pastor for a letter?"

"I had no pastor."

"Then you did not belong to the church? You are not a Christian?"

"No," said the girl, "I never was a member of any church, but that does not debar me from calling myself a Christian."

"Well, but we are all church-members in the house. Everybody is obliged to attend some Protestant church on Sunday, and to participate in morning and evening prayers. If you are not a believer in Christ's church I do not think it would be desirable to hav you in the association, for you might express some opinions derogatory to religion that would hav a very bad influence on the other young ladies, and of course it is our purpose to avoid any such evil."

With some reference to the luxuries of the freedom of speech, the girl intimated that she would furnish bonds to keep the peace in all controversial points, and continued: "The woman with whom I hav been boarding is going to break up house-keeping next week and I must get some place to liv to-morrow. As I told you, I am out of a situation and hav nobody to help me and nothing to depend on but my own exertions. May I come in your house on probation, or until I can find safe accommodation? I hav very little money—not enough to pay a week's board—but I will giv you my watch and chain as security."

"No, I could not accept you. You will hav to go before the committee and be examined; we must take precaution; I cannot tell whether you are reputable or not, and it is essential for the good of the boarders that your reputation be satisfactorily established. The committee met yesterday; the ladies are not supposed to carry the business of the association to their private homes, and I think you will not be able to see them until next week. Come in on Tuesday at 2 o'clock and you can hav an audience," and the silver-haired matron bowed her friendless, homeless, moneyless sister out into the big, strange city, with its temptations and vices, the only avenues not closed against her.

Musings by the Way.

Is God of nature a component part,
Of things material the soul and heart?
Inherent in all nature doth he dwell,
As Pope's immortal lines so wisely tell?
" All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul."
Are nature's laws expressions of his power?
Does he dwell in the rock, or plant, or flower?
Is life the exhibition of his will?
Does he the life in plant and beast instil?
Doth he dwell in the planets in their course,
Of this great universe the moving force,
Who dwells inherent in its every part,
" As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart?"
The only theory of God that can
Convince the mind and please the heart of man.
On such a theme as this none can know aught;
The subject is too deep for human thought.
Our faculties their narrow limit reach
Before to us they aught of God can teach.
Something we learn of nature and her laws,
We cannot know of their inherent cause.
Nor need we care. Our time we waste away
Investigating this. As well to say
That God's the essence of material things,
Or say that each from its own nature springs.
No mystery from the mind could be removed
By having God's existence clearly proved.
The child who, told "God made all things," replied,
" And who made God?" had reason on his side.
Too much the mind of man has dwelt on themes
On which his thoughts were superstitious dreams;
Too long for truth has put his trust in creeds,
In books deemed sacred, and miraculous deeds;
Has turned away from nature and her laws
To fruitless speculations on their cause.
'Tis time to learn this, and devote the mind
To studying nature's laws their truth to find,
The only source of wisdom given to man
By which to understand creation's plan.
Let man leave things he has no power to learn,
To those within his mental grasp to turn;
To know of God man seems to hav no need,
Still less of superstitious form and creed.
To cultivate his intellectual powers,
And rise to that high plain by birthright ours,
By reason governed to that high degree
Which sets the mind from superstition free,
And, leaving all that's mean, and vile, and base,
Instructs, improves, and elevates his race;
To study nature, and material things,
Great source from which all human duty springs—
These should be man's more high and noble aims,
And nobler far than superstition claims.
His duties man has faculties to know,
Nor needs a revelation them to show.
What duty to our fellow-man requires
Is shown by our own wishes, needs, desires.
Before our birth we know of *no* life here,
And here no signs of future life appear.
If we liv here a life of real worth
We need not fear a life beyond the earth.
Our business is with life on earth to-day,
And not with one beyond the mists away.

W. R. Dyer.

The Nebular Hypothesis False.

It is amusing to me to read the speculations based upon the Laplace hypothesis of cooling worlds. Undoubtedly if the earth was once a ball of liquid fire, it must hav cooled fastest at the poles; and possibly in that case life would hav begun in the arctic circle when the equatorial belt was too hot for any form of life. But how much time do scientists allow for life-history on our planet? Forty-eight million years, at least, says Geologist Dana. A hundred million, says Sir William Thompson. Two hundred million, says Haughton, and thousands of millions, say others.

But what do astronomical scientists say? According to their data, not more than eighteen million years can be allowed for the contraction of our earth from infinit space; and in the course of five million years our sun will be reduced to half its present volume, when of course all life on this earth will hav ceased. See Newcomb's "Popular Astronomy," 1879, pp. 515–519.

The Laplace theory is a baseless assumption. There is no proof that our sun is contracting. All worlds are growing by meteoric accretion, and the only source of internal heat is the pressure of gravity. When our earth has grown to the size of Jupiter it will be red-hot at the surface, like that planet; and when it attains the size of our sun it will shine like the sun. Our solar system has but one sun; others hav two, and some probably more. W. H. Burr.

"Calling" Ministers.

On the subject of special calling to the ministry, a writer in the *Sunday Gazetteer* says: "There is hardly a preacher living, who is bound up by the creeds of men, whether he be educated (in books) or uneducated—possessing learned ignorance, or natural ignorance, but will claim that God has in some mysterious way called him to 'go and preach the gospel.' Since the death of the apostle John, there is no account that God ever called any one especially to the ministry. If he did, Ingersoll ought to get up one more lecture and call it 'The Mistakes of God.'

"About ninety-nine out of every hundred who are trying to teach the people know about as much in regard to the spirit of truth as a Hindoo priest does of the pretended vision of old Mother White, the witch of Battle Creek, Michigan.

"Among the great number who claim to hav been called to preach, there is hardly two of them that hav been called in the same way.

"I once knew a man back in old hoosierdom who claimed that he was called to preach in the following manner, which I will state in his own language, as I received it from him. He said: 'Once upon a time, while I was out hunting 'coons, all at once while alone near Pattie's garden, I took my seat by the root of a large gum-tree, and while meditating upon my wickedness, all at once a light shone around me above the brightness of the sun, and I heard a voice calling unto me and saying: "Jefferson, Jefferson, where art thou?" And I said, "Here am I, Lord, what wilt thou hav me to do?" And the Lord said, "Go preach."'

"In Missouri I knew another man that was called too. He was called on this wise: A mischievous fellow climbed up in a bushy tree near by where a wicked man was plowing, by the name of Joab ——, and called out to him—'Joab-a-dab, go preach my gospel.' This he repeated the third time, when the fellow unhitched his horse from the plow and went to his house, and informed his wife that he was not going to whip her any more, and when she asked him for an explanation, he said, 'I am called to preach.'

"In another neighborhood, same state, I knew another fellow that was called by his neighbor's donkey, which noise he mistook for an angel calling him and saying, 'Go preach, go preach, go preach.' And 'go preach' he did.

"I once knew a 'preacher woman' up in Iowa who actually said God took two of her children because she would not respond to the call, and to save the rest from the same fate, she at last consented to 'go preach.'

"It is said of the renowned Caskey, of Texas, that he once went to a certain place to preach, and as he was going into the pulpit, he espied a dog which had taken possession of it. Calling a halt, and in a forbidding manner looked down upon the animal, he said, 'You may be called to preach, too, but this is my appointment.'

"The time might hav been during the age of the wooden moldboard, tin grate, and log school-house, for a man to claim such nonsense, but not now. The world has outlived all such assertions.

"What the world is in need of just now is more teachers and less 'preachers;' more school-house (not sectarian manufacturing companies) and less 'church' houses, and more truth and less humbug.

"This calling business has just about as much sense in it as for a man or a woman to stand up before intelligent people (eighteen hundred years since the death of Christ) and declare that they are 'living witnesses for Jesus,' when the truth is, they never saw him (unless they are near 2,000 years of age), or any one else who ever did. If such people are the light of the world, deliver me from the darkness. I wonder if any of these so-called preachers would actually go before a magistrate and make oath that they had been called by divine authority to preach. No, they will not do it. They don't believe it themselvs. And if there should be such, then the authorities ought to take them into custody, and hav a room provided for them in some benevolent institution for lunatics."

A Freethought Romance.

Waifs and Wanderings.

BY SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

Chapter XXIX.

ANDERSONVILLE.

Heart-sickening, terrible, it was—that gloomy prison-pen. It was a starless night of desolation that brooded over the unfortunate ones. How much better to die in battle than thus linger in the chambers of disease, where so many ghastly forms are hovering, so many faces pale with despair, so many sinking hourly into unknown graves. The days, the weeks, and the months creep by, while the suffering grows more intense and the horror more painful. The bravest and the strongest yield at last to the slow torture. Only those divinely gifted temperaments that can be mirthful even in the midst of the most disastrous environments could survive the awful strain upon spirit and flesh.

It is only with smiles and laughter, after all, that we can bid defiance to the fates. The gift of humor is the imperial gift indeed. It crowns man with greater power than all the solemnities of thought. The sublimest of poets is he who can touch us with the sweetest cheer.

Our friends survived the dreadful ordeal simply because on every possible opportunity they would crack a joke. Whether there was meat in it or not, somehow or other it kept them alive. The poorest joke was their best friend.

A most melancholy spectacle they did present indeed—all rags, and half dirt, and decidedly lean. The doctor's two hundred and fifty pounds of flesh had dwindled amazingly, although it had certainly fought a good fight, and only yielded inch by inch to the advance of starvation.

"You'll catch up with us after awhile, doctor," said Stubbs. "I think that on the home-stretch you won't weigh much more than I."

"I feel as if I was a vacuum already," said the doctor. "My Waterloo is surely approaching. I have only my *bony part* for the fight."

"Oh, horrible! That's the worst pun yet. Only a starving man could have thought it out. I'll bet this last whiff of tobacco that you can't make a poorer one."

"Give me the tobacco first and then I'll try it."

"I'll divide, and then farewell to the weed. There's no chance after this to buy or steal any."

"There is no lower deep indeed. If I can't smoke then I *ham* not——"

"You've struck it this time, John Bull and all. A worse joke was never yet perpetrated by mortal man. The stakes are yours."

"Nevertheless you shall have your half; only, as being the bigger man, I will take the better half."

"The halves are so small it's pretty difficult to tell which is the feminine half without a microscope."

"You divide with Jones and I'll divide with Cupples, and in that way we shall probably reach the ultimate atom and solve the problem of the universe."

"Small favors thankfully received," said Cupples. "My teeth are almost dropping out, but I guess I can demolish this."

"This is the last round," cried Jones; "after this only bone soup."

"Why not toss up for our own bones," said Cupples. "I feel as if mine were of no further use. I have no flesh to hang on them. I'll bequeath them to the highest bidder."

"We'll take our evening stroll. Something may happen," said the doctor.

"Don't lay that flattering unction to your soul," cried Stubbs. "In these days it's a perfect blank, and nothing happens. No prizes in this lottery."

"Better keep a-going, though; that's always my advice to the sick. So long as a man can move he won't die."

"Then let's move, for I've made up my mind not to die."

The melancholy quartette pursued their slow and serpentine path around the narrow inclosure, with a desperate thought, almost, to pass the dead-line and end the tragedy. But, somehow or other, hope still whispered in their hearts.

The rebel soldiers, not much better off than their prisoners, managed to enjoy themselves after a fashion and eagerly caught at every new thing that might enlighten their monotonous occupation. A couple of Indian or Gypsy women had strolled into the encampment, and were attracting crowds by their tricks of sleight-of-hand and intricate dancing and wild songs. They were quaintly dressed, with bright colors, head-dresses of gorgeous feathers, and little tinkling bells upon their feet. Their long hair floated over their faces with graceful confusion, and their swarthy and wrinkled skin made them seem as old as the hills. They reminded one very strongly of the witches of Macbeth, they had such a thoroughly fascinating aspect, like all supremely ugly things. Extremes meet. The very ugly is as attractive as the very beautiful. They glided along with snake-like vivacity. Their performances were simply wonderful, tossing colored balls in the air, and catching them on nose and lip and brow and chin, and sending them like sparks rebounding into the air, while half a dozen bright knives went flashing to and fro in their hands, and the motion of their feet made as they advanced a soft, delicious melody. For one moment, enchanted by the delirious spectacle, the gazing prisoners seemed to forget all their misery. They crowded close to the line, rank on rank, and watched with haggard yet glistening eyes the tiny pageantry. Somehow or other it reminded them of home and of the thousand joys of memory and of hope. Such is the magic of motion, the silent music blending with such exquisit and infinit grace—a voiceless harmony, that somehow leaps into light and color and makes enchanting pictures. The guard grew less stern as they felt the influence of that rushing spell of fountain-like out-raying movement, and did not seem to care even if the vast crowd did for a moment pass over the dead-line in their eager admiration of the entrancing jugglers.

Then suddenly, spray-like, a charming voice burst forth, mingling with the tinkling bells, and lifting itself up like a flame, as if to touch the stars. Cupples seemed smote by lightning when that voice reached his ears. He knew in a moment that it was Bessie's, and those wheeling, grotesque figures were the child and her mother. He grasped Jones by the hand, and a quick recognition swept between them.

"I know who that is," whispered Jones. "Keep still. Something will come of this."

Cupples felt a quick blow upon his breast as the two swift figures surged close by him. He grasped his torn blouse and wrapped it snug to his bosom, for he felt that there was a precious freight within.

Still the figures went glancing on, and there was no sign of the communication that had been made. The glittering toys went dancing along the air. The music rang out more free and bold. There seemed a jubilance in it; the notes tossed and tumbled and chased one another onward, upward, through the sparkling air. Swifter turned the feet, and merrily clanked the bells, and the gorgeous colors mingled in bright confusion as the figures whirled in a mazy dance. All at once the panorama ceased amid the thunderous applause of the multitude; and then the two demure women with downcast eyes and indolent motion gathered a few stray pennies, and vanished almost like a dream.

"Let's unravel the secret," said Cupples. "Here's the package. That was a good shot they made. It struck me right on the heart."

"There's the nicest, keenest little saw I ever handled, almost like a diamond, it is so delicate and bright. That will open the way to liberty," said Jones.

"This a map of the country and a tiny compass," cried Cupples. "This is our guide. But here's something that I don't understand. It's all Greek to me."

"All Greek to me, too," said the colonel. "I must hand this over to the doctor."

"I can diagnose it," said the doctor. "It's a cipher, but I haven't the key, and what's the good of it?"

"We must depend on our wits for the key," said the general. "We haven't much brains if we can't find out. To begin with, the simplest explanation is the best. How would they naturally begin a note? Why, with Cupples, of course. Let's try it. The first word is *C*, the second, *u*, and so on. Wait a minute. There it is. When you know one or two letters you know the whole. Listen: 'Cupples, push due north from the oak-tree. In a gully to right we shall meet you with horses. Amy.' That's to-night, boys. Give me that saw. I know how to make a hole."

With the instrument of deliverance in their hands, it didn't take long for our adventurers to find themselves outside the barracks. Vast clouds floated through the heavens, gilded with the resplendent moonlight. On a little knoll about a mile away towered the noble oak, their first landmark. Its broad arms swung against the sky as if with a joyous welcome. Toward this they hurried, and soon stood beneath its cathedral canopy. Now for due north; but a sudden darkness filled the sky. The moonlight was quenched in tremendous drifts, and the low roll of thunder was heard.

"A match," cried the colonel. "We must read the compass."

Not a match, however, was in the crowd, and they could not tell which way the magnetic needle pointed.

"What shall we do?" cried Cupples; "no moonlight and no brimstone."

"There's always light," cried Jones as he swung his arm round and caught a fire-fly. "A man's a damn fool that can't pick his way anywhere."

He held the tiny creature close to the compass, and the thousand motions of its little wings flashed radiant jets upon the trembling needle, whose vibrating point revealed the hidden heavens wherein the star of freedom was blazing.

Onward they pushed through the intense blackness, under the impetuous guidance of Col. Jones, who seemed to know by instinct just where to advance. The rain poured while they plunged forward into deeper gulfs of the encircling forest. Suddenly the black walls flashed with dazzling brightness, as they broke into a narrow gully. It flared with radiance, bursting and shimmering from a couple of pine torches in the hands of Amy and Bessie, who were suberbly mounted, and beside them swift steeds impatiently pawed the ground.

"Mount and away," cried Amy; "I know the road."

Instantly they mounted and dashed after the retreating figures of the mother and child, who could ride as skilfully as any of them, and with the same exultant freedom; for they sat upon their horses *a la* Grace Greenwood, in manly fashion, and not with awkward feminine grace. Instead of being on the horse like a civilized woman, they were a part of the horse like a civilized man, and moved harmoniously with its fiercest motion.

"So you can ride as well as sing and dance," cried Cupples as he dashed alongside these brilliant equestriennes.

"I have learned to do everything," said Amy. "Why not?"

"That isn't quite feminine is it? There are some things a woman shouldn't know."

"Not if a man knows them. Woman should be as universal as man in knowledge and capacity."

"I see you are quite independent, and can get along without us."

"Indeed we can, and that's the glory of living for a woman—to know what man knows, only know it a little better."

"That's woman all over; she's bound to be ahead."

"Of course; because she has both reason and instinct. A woman guesses; a man can only reckon. The clouds are breaking. See the light on the hills."

The morning indeed just touched with roses the distant horizon. The stars glittered and grew faint in the advancing brilliancy, while a thousand jewels hung in the green dome beneath which the fugitivs swiftly passed. The rosy splendor increased, and the clouds that lingered about the orient sky in heavy columns and fantastic fleecy lightness, sparkled with multiplying hues that seemed fresh born each moment from the bosom of the day, whose pathway was more and more illuminated as it pressed onward to its midday throne.

"Just an hour's halt," said Amy as they galloped to the bank of a rivulet. "Here's a good place. It looks as if no mortal foot had ever trod it before."

It was indeed a secluded spot in the very depths of the forest and the mountains. It was like a vast amphitheater hedged in by lofty and pine-crowned hills that stretched away in desolate grandeur. Just back of our little company could be heard the thunder of the stream whose wild waters were leaping over a precipice fifty or sixty feet in hight. As one threw back the interlacing branches of the immense foliage, a vision of transcendent loveliness burst upon the view. The white glory of the cataract appeared spreading and glittering like a bridal veil, floating like soft sweet draperies in the gentle air, and then dropping like a mass of diamonds on the mossy stones beneath, from whence like a suddenly unloosed steed the exultant river forward swept.

The party rushed up, spread their hands, and drank of the gleaming waters.

"Here's luck," cried Jones, "right from the skies."

"Plenty of luck if we have pluck," said the doctor.

In a few moments they plunged on again, until the occident seemed to receive into its bosom the wealth of the morning and the noon, and the retreating day glowed with rival adornments. Again, the night flung its stars along boundless space, while the great northern light flamed on its familiar tower like some friendly beacon.

"We are in the most dangerous spot," said Amy; "the great army of the Confederacy lies somewhere between here and the Union troops."

"You know the country well."

"I do. I studied it faithfully because I knew that we were to take this trip."

"You knew we were in prison, then!"

"After awhile. Bessie had a strong impression that you were. I searched and discovered the truth."

"So we owe this rescue to an impression! That's good for Spiritualism."

"Perhaps so; but I didn't follow the impression until I verified it. An impression is a good thing to start with, but a poor thing to end with. Reason after all is our guide."

"I see you are pretty sound. You evidently study things originally."

"I have been compelled to. You can't deal with nature second hand, and make a living."

"Where are we now?"

"I don't know. Our only safety is to go right forward."

On through the pathless wilderness still they struggled. Suddenly they halted on the brow of a mighty precipice. A myriad lights were blazing before them far and near, tossing in and out among the hills, and covering the broad valleys and fields. Even to the distant horizon the fires leaped,

"This is a rebel encampment. If we are in the picket-lines we are lost, for sixty thousand men are in those tents. Hark!"

The noise of approaching troops was heard. Instantly, not ten rods away, a picket-company appeared as if from the caverns of the earth. The officer of the day was approaching. There was apparently no escape.

"Shall we fight?" cried the men.

"No," cried Amy, "that would be useless. Let us wait and see."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Infidel Philosophy.

Gen. xxii, 16. "And he delivered them into the hands of his servants, every drove by themselvs, and said unto his servants, Pass over before me and put a space betwixt drove and drove."

Of what imaginable benefit can it be to the world, after so many centuries hav passed by, to know how Jacob drove his cattle? I defy any man to write about anything of less importance. And yet this silly stuff is found in the Bible and palmed off on the unsuspecting as the word of God. Christians, are you not ashamed of the imbecility of the God you worship? If he had told the world something about utilizing the power of steam, or about the solar system, or about the art of printing, or telegraphy, or geology, it would hav been to some purpose. But no, it is of vastly more importance to the Christian to know about the "mandrake dicker," and the manner of driving cattle. "Great God and little fishes!"

Let the lady teachers call up their Sunday classes and read Gen. xxxi, 35; Gen. xxxviii, 27, 28, 29, 30, and Gen. xxxix, 7. If these passages are the word of God, they cannot be impure, neither can they be imperfect, for God is both pure and perfect. There is not one teacher in a thousand who would read these passages before her classes in the Sabbath school.

Lady teachers, I would like to hav you ask yourselvs why you would not read this scripture to your classes. No matter whether you believe that God is the author of this language or not, the reason why you would not read it before your classes is because it is too low and filthy. Did God ever write or indite anything that is too foul for the pure chamber of a woman's mind? There are very few women who would not feel grieved and insulted if such language were imputed to them. My fair sisters, is it possible that God has written something that you are ashamed of? Every noble-minded man takes a just pride in seeing the dignity of woman everywhere maintained. Two-thirds of all the Sabbath-school teachers in the country are women; and if the idea is to be impressed upon the minds of the young, that the filth in the passages above referred to is the word of God, I would rather regard woman as being too pure to do it. And the question arises whether it is possible for them to sustain the position of high-toned and intelligent women and teach the young that such indecent thoughts and unsavory sentences are a part of the word of God.

Abner Kneeland was imprisoned for what was termed blasphemy, but I doubt if he ever taught the young that such indecent language is a part of the word of God.

Bible believers are compelled to lay great stress on dreams. The wonderful conception of Jesus Christ has no other foundation to rest upon than a dream. In Gen. xli, 7, will be found an account of a dream which shows that in Bible times men dreamed just as foolishly as they do at the present time. Men dream of flying, they dream of seeing dead friends, and of attending the funeral of friends still living, and many other foolish and impossible things. Pharaoh dreamed that he saw one ear of corn eat up another ear. What of it? Suppose the president should dream that he saw one ear of corn eat up another, and suppose it should become known that he consulted the postmaster-general, and the secretary of state, and the attorney-general, and many others, to find out the meaning of his dream, would not nine out of every ten, who might hear of the circumstance, believe that the president's brain had become addled?

But this is what a great king did. And every Christian dude will tell you that God had a great deal to do with Pharaoh's dream. If God ever paid any attention to the folly of such a dream, it shows that he was just as big a fool as any of the rest of the fools who lived in Pharaoh's time. A dream would not hav a feather's weight in a court of justice now, and yet the Christian lays great stress on dreams when he does not know who dreamed, or when, or who told the story, simply because the statement is written in a certain book. "There is something rotten in the state of Denmark" when the chamber of the mind is robbed of that which is useful and filled with such rubbish. And when it is filled with stinkpots it is a thousand times worse, and this is the reason I hav so often called the attention of the ladies to the nature of their Sunday work. I am deeply interested in women and human kind, and for that reason I would hav every one consider wel what she does when she teaches the young that the Bible is the word of God.

I hav now gone through one book of the Bible, and pointed out a few only of the many absurdities, immoralities, and impossibilities contained in it. In like manner, if time could be spared, I might go through the other books and show that not one is a faultless production, as it should be if it emanated from a perfect being. I propose to glance through the other books and notice some of the more glaring absurdities and contradictions.

Let anyone read the book of Genesis carefully, and doubtless many errors and fallacies would be observed which I hav not noticed. "Search the scriptures" is a Bible command, but the time has come when the Infidel is more interested in having the people search scriptures than the minister. I wish I could induce all, especially young men who hav long and useful lives before them, to study the scriptures more carefully. I heard a minister say not long ago that when one began to criticise the scriptures he might know the devil was after him. Don't be afraid of the devil, but weigh every sentence, always asking yourselvs if this is the language of God. Ever bear in mind that God knew the result of every act from the beginning, that he has power to do everything in his own way, and that nothing in the broad universe can escape his "all-seeing eye."

Exodus ii, 1–5. Here is an account of a marriage, and, as far as can be learned from the narrativ, a first child born—a son. Owing to a decree of Pharaoh, the mother hid the infant among the flags. After the child was hid, his sister watched him to see "what would be done to him." Read the verses carefully, and then thank your stars that you are not compelled to tell where that sister came from.

I hav not the time to quote enough scripture to bring fully before the reader's mind all the judgments and wonders brought about in Egypt by God, Moses, Aaron, and the magicians. But I would advise all to read a few chapters of Exodus, beginning with the fourth, and ending with the twelfth. These chapters, with the "Age of Reason," acted as an eye-opener to me long years ago, and saved me from a life of mental bondage.

I remember well the beautiful Sunday that I lay with my head pillowed on the root of a giant oak, with the birds singing over my head, and read those chapters. To-day I sit with the same Bible before me, referring to marginal notes made with a pencil on that Sunday, over forty years ago. I hav read those chapters many times since that day, and every time they hav filled me more and more with disgust. O Christian, can you believe that such outrageous lies show the finger-marks of God?

Suppose a man should tie up his son and then command him to do something, and then punish him in the most brutal and inhuman manner because he did not do it, what would you think of such a man? Should not God be more reasonable and considerate than man? But this is just what God did.

Exodus vii, 3. "And I will harden Pharaoh's heart, and multiply my signs and wonders in the land of Egypt." 4. "But Pharaoh shall not hearken unto you, that I may lay my hand upon Egypt, and bring forth mine armies and my people, the children of Israel, out of the land of Egypt by great judgments."

Now, to harden Pharaoh's heart, and literally tie up his hands so that it was utterly impossible for him to comply with the requisition made upon him, and then because he did not comply to turn all the waters into blood, so that (verse 21) "the fish that was in the river died, and the river stank, and there was blood throughout all the land of Egypt," etc., and to keep on sending the most dreadful plagues and curses upon the Egyptians, shows that the Christian God can get down to meaner acts than the Bible shows the devil to be guilty of. The mind can't conceive of anything more despicable and mean, either among Gods or men.

Would it not be a wonder for the Hudson river to be turned to blood? But the Hudson is but a small stream compared to the Nile. We will suppose that Moses and Aron, with the help of God, did turn all the waters of Egypt into blood. Will some one explain how the magicians could turn the waters into blood, after Moses, God & Co., had already done it? If the magicians could turn the waters to blood once, they could twice, and then it would be bloody bloody blood. And then to think of the double-distilled stink of dead fish which had been killed the second time—whew! But it must all be so, for (shade of Munchausen!) is it not written down in scripture (22. "And the magicians of Egypt did so with their enchantments")? and didn't the minister say that all scripture is given by inspiration?

"Some books are lies frae end to end,
And some great lies were never penned.
E'en ministers they hav been kenned,
In holy ratpture,
At times a rousing whid to vend,
And nail't wi' scripture."

What a fortune such a magician would be in the hand of Barnum! It would do well enough to let him operate on a few small streams and streak the country with red here and there just to giv variety, but it wouldn't do to let him out on Lake Superior or the River St. Lawrence.

This bloody story must be a grand feast for the Christian, for he is as fond of blood as a nest of young tigers. A few years ago I would hav been imprisoned or perhaps roasted for holding up to ridicule this truly ridiculous story. And many are the Christians to-day who think they would be doing God service if they dare let the bad blood out of me. The same fiendish hatred that imprisoned poor Bennett would hav tortured him to death in true inquisitorial style if all courts were run on strictly Christian principles. Persecution is just as natural to the Christian as the grip is to the jaw of a bulldog.

God got in the habit of braying to Moses about his great power and how he would multiply his signs and wonders in the land of Egypt. He also takes great pains to let Moses know what a powerful colossus he is. "I am the Lord," "Jehovah," the great "I am." Whoop! Big Injun! See um war-paint! Being beaten by the magicians in blood, God thought to make a point on them by bringing up the frogs, but the magicians matched him in his own game, frog for frog.

But it must be admitted that in the matter of lice (Ex. viii, 17, 18) God got the start, but with the same practice in lousy tricks that God had had I would go two to one on the magicians.

Ex. ix, 14. "That thou mayest know that there is none like me in all the earth." What a bombastic God the Christians worship! Gen. ix, 15. "And in very deed for this cause hav I raised thee up for to show in thee my power and that my name may be declared throughout all the earth." Here is a case where a man is "raised up" for the express purpose of being afflicted, with the entire people, in this grievous manner, that God might show his power. Poor, weak, pusillanimous God! Could not a great God show his power in some other and less inhuman way? Must he deluge a whole country in blood, and afflict the people with the stench of putrefying fish and frogs, to show his power. The most cruel despot on earth could not exceed these acts in brutality. Christians hav put men in loathsome prisons whose highest ambition was to benefit human kind because they could not respect such a God.

Ex. xiv, 17. "And I will get me honor upon Pharaoh, and upon his hosts and upon his chariots and upon his horsemen." 18. "And the Egyptians shall know that I am the Lord, when I hav gotten me honor upon Pharaoh, upon his chariots, and upon his horsemen."

Such bombast might be expected from a swaggering bar-room rowdy, but no gentleman would express himself in that way. Suppose God should again come down on earth and hold converse with mortals, as in times of old, and suppose he should toy around young virgins, and make himself familiar with leading monarchs, as he did with the old lechers, kings David and Solomon, he would not be tolerated in decent society.

If I were a Christian I would try and hurry up the process of evolution and bring my God up to a standing where gentlemen could associate with him without being "spotted."

JOHN PECK.

Naples, N. Y.

Banished.

From Massachusetts, 1660. Written to Mr. H. A. Abbey's picture. By John Greenleaf Whittier.

Over the threshold of his pleasant home
Set in green clearings passed the exiled Friend.
In simple trust, misdoubting not the end.
"Dear heart of mine," he said, "the time has come
To trust the Lord for shelter." One long gaze
The good wife turned on each familiar thing—
The lowing kine, the orchard blossoming,
The open door that showed the hearth fire's blaze
And calmly answered, "Yes, he will provide."
Silent and slow they crossed the homestead's bound,
Lingering longest by their child's grave-mound.
"Move on, or stay and hang!" the sheriff cried.
They left behind them more than home or land,
And set sad faces to an alien strand.

Safer with winds and waves than human wrath,
With ravening wolves than those whose zeal for God
Was cruelty to man, the exiles trod
Drear leagues of forest without guide or path,
Or, launching frail boats on the uncharted sea,
Round storm-vexed capes, whose teeth of granit ground
The waves to foam, their perilous way they wound,
Enduring all things so their souls were free.
O true confessors! shaming those who did
Anew the wrong their Pilgrim fathers bore!
For you the Mayflower spread her sail once more,
Freighted with souls, to all that duty bid
Faithful as those who sought an unknown land
O'er wintry seas from Holland's Hook of Sand,
Aquidneck's isle, Nantucket's lonely shore.

And Indian-haunted Narragansett saw
The way-worn travelers round their camp-fires draw,
Or heard the plashing of their weary oars.
And every place whereon they rested grew
Happier for pure and gracious womanhood,
And men whose names for stainless honor stood,
Founders of states and rulers wise and true.
The muse of history yet shall make amends
To those who freedom, grace, and justice taught,
Beyond their dark age led the van of thought,
And left unforfeited the name of Friends.
O mother state, how foiled was thy design!
The gain was theirs, the loss alone was thine.

—*Harper's Weekly.*

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A Liberal Normal School.

Brief mention was made in a recent issue of THE TRUTH SEEKER of a school to be established at Liberal, Mo. Mr. Grayston, the principal of the Institute, has since forwarded his announcement, and it affords us much pleasure to make public the fact that at last Freethinkers hav a school for their children in which no superstition is taught.

Mr. Grayston's Institute does not aspire to be a college, but is "simply a school where young people can prepare themselvs for the profession of teaching, and for business." Besides the elementary studies, however, the student "can gain a clear idea of the principles of the sciences, and of the rudiments of history and literature." The importance of a thorough knowledge of English is recognized by Mr. Grayston, as well as the duty of imparting instruction in the greatest of modern discoveries, Evolution. Upon this latter point, Mr. Grayston says: "Ignore the laws of Evolution, and the most instructiv lessons of nature are lost. Without this law of progress all nature is nothing. This 'new philosophy' is revolutionizing the intellectual world. Its truths are recognized by the brightest intellects of our age. In spite of the combined opposition of bibles, creeds, and theologians, it asserts its right to a seat in the intellectual parliament of the world—the school-room. In this respect, the Liberal Normal leads the way. Every respectable school in the world is destined to follow."

The citizens of Liberal already maintain a Sunday-school in which the children are arranged in groups according to capacity, and are instructed in literature, history, and science. Facts alone are taught, but "nothing of a dry and repugnant nature ever appears in the program." The introductory course of the new Institute is for pupils of an age when object lessons are the most useful means of conveying information. The methods are based upon the kindergarten system. From this the scholars are advanced to the Preparatory course, then to the Teachers' and Commercial courses. A three years' Scientific course will meet the requirements of all who wish to prepare for scientific and lecturing work. All mythologies, bibles, and religions will be given an impartial hearing. They will all be compared, contrasted, and criticised alike. The leading arguments from every source will be given an equal hearing. Special privileges will be given to none. If they cannot stand a purifying criticism they will hav to fall.

The languages, however, will find no place in the curriculum prepared by Professor Grayson. He considers time spent in learning the dead languages to be time wasted. He would teach only modern tongues that are to be used by the learners. As the making of travelers is not the prime object of the Institute, he has not left room in the courses of study for any foreign language. But the instruction in English is very complete and thorough, and for mental training he considers the sciences superior to the classics, which are at best but a "preparation for the mother tongue." And "students cannot afford to throw away so many years in a preparation. They can learn the mother tongue easier than the classics."

Permission is granted to students to select such special studies as they may desire to become proficient in, upon a satisfactory completion of which they will be awarded certificates and diplomas. Arrangements will be made for a musical department, and children in the primary department will be trained in vocal music gratis. The organization of literary societies will be encouraged by the principal. For this purpose the students will hav the free use of the school buildings. A reading-room, well furnished with the best periodical literature of the day, is maintained in connection with the library for the use of the town. To this students hav free access. The Institute, at the beginning, will occupy four buildings, two of which will be used for school purposes, and two for boarding.

The first term opened last Monday, May 5th. Mr. Grayson asks for the patronage of the Liberal public, which he certainly should hav, if the school is of the high character he says he means to make. Liberal parents educating their children away from home should write to him for particulars as to board, tuition, etc. Address W. E. Grayson, Liberal, Mo.

Laboring Among the Canadians.

Mr. Chainey has been over the border filling engagements in Meaford and Belleville. In the latter town his efforts were limited, however, to an attempt to fill the engagement, for the Christians were on the warpath and were too numerous for the Freethinkers. The particulars are that in the latter part of March Mr. Chainey visited Belleville and organized the Belleville Secular and Literary Society, electing to the presidency Mr. J. Irby Iles. At the same time arrangements were made for Mr. Chainey's return on April 24th, and the City Hall was engaged for the occasion. Notice was given several days in advance of the date through the local papers, which had the effect of arousing the church party to unwonted activity. Petitions addressed to the mayor, requesting him to refuse the use of the City Hall, were signed by all the pious bigots of the place. The mayor was nothing loth, and ordered the doors of the hall to be kept locked on the evening. Mr. Chainey and his Belleville friends demanded admission and the use of the hall, according to the contract made nearly a month previously, but were peremptorily dismissed by the little Cæsar filling the mayoralty. The corporation of Belleville therefore now has a lawsuit to defend, in which justice and right are all on the side of the plaintiffs. Our Canadian brethren are plucky; they are not afraid of spending a few dollars in fighting their enemy; and although the courts of Canada are as bigoted and subservient to the church as the customs officers and city officials, they do not despair of eventually shaming the Dominion into granting equal rights to Freethinkers.

The objects of the secular societies Mr. Chainey is forming were outlined by him to a reporter of the *Belleville Intelligencer*, who called to get his version of the outrage on freedom of speech. The society, he said, was organized to act as an auxiliary body to the Freethought Association of Canada, whose purpose is to encourage the free discussion of all questions of public interest, the maintenance and enforcement of the right and duty of free expression of opinion and belief, and promulgate as the true scientific basis of organization the following epitomized statement: In things demonstrated, unity; in whatever can be doubted, free diversity; in all things, charity. Also, to afford mutual benefit, assistance, and support to the members of the association and its branches by subscriptions, donations, and divers other friendly means, such as shall from time to time be determined by the convention, the central executiv, or branch societies. The association was incorporated by a general act of Parliament 1877. The executiv is now engaged in raising funds with which to employ Charles Watts, of London, England, president of the British Secular Union and editor of the *Secular Review*, to settle in Toronto and lecture throughout Canada. To prepare the way for Mr. Watts, Mr. Chainey is trying to organize as many societies as possible in advance of his coming. Societies hav been formed in each of the following places: Welland, Aylmer, and St. Thomas.

Mr. Chainey set forth the purpose of his lecture on "The Church of the Future," and explained his conception of the fundamental principles of Secularism as follows:

"The mind is to be perfectly free to explore and investigate in all directions. It is only the Freethinker who knows the true joy of thought. Heresy means opinion. For eighteen hundred years it has been a crime worthy of eternal pain to hav an opinion. Morality is all those actions that are inspired by affection. We are not totally depraved. Our normal condition is the moral one. We are not good through what we believe, but by what we love. All physical, intellectual, and moral culture pertains to this world. If there is another world we will attend to that when we get to it. Men and women need all the help that we can giv them. It is the duty of the strong to help the weak. The very mountains receive the rains and snows and treasure them up in springs, that they may giv them to the grass and flowers in the valleys at their feet. If there is, as the church teaches, an all-wise and all-loving God, it is his bounden duty to serve us, not ours to serve him on trust.

"Having explained at length these principles, I counsel each society to construct a home of its own. I prefer to call our places of meeting secular homes, instead of churches. The word 'home' is more suggestiv of the loving spirit we are seeking to develop between man and man. Each of these homes should hav three departments.

"The first should be a gymnasium, with kitchen and bath-rooms attached. The next should be library and reading-room, and small room for the study of the various physical sciences. The third and last should be a free hall, with a large stage, and so adapted either for dramatic entertainments, a ball, or a lecture. I would divide the year into four quarters by four great festivals, coming on the first Sunday in each quarter. The first I would name Memorial Day, in honor of departed friends and all the great heroes and martyrs of history deserving to be held in everlasting remembrance. The second should be named Flower Festival, and should celebrate the return of spring and the birth of flowers. This holiday should be principally for the children, and could in many ways be made one of profit and delight. The third should be called Liberty Day, and be consecrated to rejoicing over every victory of freedom—the emancipation of slaves, the birth of republics, and the dawn of light and truth, freeing the human intellect from the fetters of ignorance and superstition. The fourth and last could be the Harvest Festival, taking the place of Thanksgiving Day in America. How beautiful and rational would these four holidays be!

"I would next divide each week as follows: Sunday morning either an original lecture or oration, or the reading of one by a well-trained reader. The afternoon should be given up to the children's lyceum, in which they should be educated by rythmic marches and light gymnastics into physical grace and strength.

"Here also they should be educated in self-possession and expression of face, eye, hand, foot, through recitations and dramatic impersonations. The dramatic principle is the most important in relation to personal culture, and yet it is entirely neglected by our present education, and treated as an outcast by the Christian church. By its application to life we will hav as an ever-present consciousness the joy we seek at the theater. I can only glance at this now. But the evening should be given up to a dramatic entertainment, and thus furnish incentiv to the cultivating of this element. Such a church would reform and develop the theater, which at present as often administers to vice as to virtue. But that is not the fault of the theater, but of the neglect of this principle in education.

"Monday should be science night, and especially devoted to the study of systematic truth. This will be our only theology.

"Tuesday should be discussion night; and so devoted to the development of our reasoning faculties.

"Wednesday should be athletic night, and devoted to this especial study and public exhibition and encouragement of those at work in gymnasium.

"Thursday should be art night, devoted to the study and practice of art in all its many beautiful forms, but most especially in its relation to personal culture. Even a truly graceful form is rare. Those whom one would think hav every opportunity in life to cultivate this, the sons of the rich, hav become many of them mere warts and wens, physical escrescences, things which we can neither call monkeys nor men, and are obliged to call them dudes. A woman with a fine form makes a hundred thousand dollars a year by its exhibition. Why do we pay so much money to sit in the outward shadow of beauty? Because we lack it in our own lives.

"Literature should be studied in social relations. If a church was needed for nothing else but this it would be well worth our while to build one for this alone.

"Saturday night I would devote to music. The songs of church and chapel are false and artificial. They come from the lips, not the heart.

"At the Quarterly Festival I referred to, I would hav the naming and registering of children. This church should also hav in charge the celebration of marriages and the burial of the dead. My time will not permit me to giv the proper ceremonies for these festiv and mournful events. Their characters, however, are fixed in the nature of things.

"The necessity for reform in all these things is the sure prediction of such a church as I hav sketched. How it will come and when I cannot say. Whether will be the product of many scattered rays slowly gathering to a focus, or burst like Minerva from the brain of Jupiter, full grown from the clear vision of some pregnant personality, I cannot say. Still, I feel that its day is at hand. As Jesus proclaimed the coming of the kingdom of God, so would I declare that the kingdom of man is at hand.

"But while we wait for this bridegroom of hope and promis, let us not be as the foolish virgins, but as the wise ones, who kept their lamps trimmed and burning.

"Life is health, and beauty is the flower and perfume of health. Let us study and seek for it with all diligence and loyalty. Life is thought, reason, knowledge. Let no day pass that does not enrich our minds with some pure gem of thought, or beauty of fancy. Life is love. Let us seek friends by being friendly; let us win love by making ourselvs lovable. So through these three, the greatest of which is love, we shall grow into such symmetry and fulness of being as shall make the hours fly by on golden wing, each day a romance and each night a dream of joy; so that when death comes with its final summons we can say: I hav proved what life can giv. I hav had joy and sorrow. I hav been intoxicated with health and strength, and experienced all the pleasures of the senses! I hav taken the wings of thought and soared to the hights above, and dived into the depths below! But above

all I hav loved and been loved. So that now, O death, whether thou art night or day, the folding or unfolding of wings, or eternal felicity, I giv thee welcome, and sink into thy mysterious arms without regret and without fear."

At Meaford Mr. Chainey's reception was of the same nature, but, owing to the sturdy persistency of an old Scotch Presbyterian, with different results. The Christians of Meaford presented petitions to the mayor making the same request as the Belleville people asked of their mayor. The mayor of Meaford was equally complacent toward the church party, and so far as he was concerned was willing to comply. But the town clerk, who had immediate charge of the edifice, interposed a veto. He was a churchman, he said, and disliked the Freethinkers as much as any man in town, but he had covenanted that Mr. Chainey could hav the hall, and hav it he should. More harm, he thought, would come to Christianity by his telling a lie than by a Freethought lecture. His attitude of stern integrity settled the question of the hall, and the wrangling over it by the churches had been a first-class advertisment for the lecture. But still further publicity was given by a band of salvationists who announced their intention of invading the room on the evening of the lecture and drowning the speaker with their martial music. But again the old Scotchman came out strong. He told the salvationists that if they disturbed the meeting they would all be arrested and locked up. This threat put a quietus upon further hostil demonstrations, and Mr. Chainey lectured in peace to a house filled to its utmost capacity.

We cannot help paying a tribute to the rigid old Presbyterian who fought so nobly for exact justice. No doubt if he had not passed his word that the hall might be used, he would hav been among the first to advocate the expulsion from Meaford of the Infidel speaker. But having made he kept his contract, and is the only Christian in the affair who came out with his honor bright.

Among the Belleville Christians, however, there was none righteous. They were all ready to break a promis given to a Freethinker. The honor of their chief official, of their town, was nothing to them so long as a Freethinker was debarred from speaking his opinions. Intending emigrants to Canada should note that Belleville is a city of liars, who hav, with what Mr. Andrews would call a guided spontaneity, chosen their chief for mayor. If Mr. Watts locates in the province, he will find an immense field for his civilizing efforts, and abundant room for the preaching of moral doctrins.

Prose Poems.

Extracts from Col. Ingersoll's lectures, mutilated almost beyond recognition, hav for several years been hawked about by unscrupulous book pirates, under the name of Prose Poems. The volume now before us is an attempt by the colonel's authorized publisher to rescue the fugitiv pieces from their rags and bad company, and place them before the world in the velvet robes they deserve. To Mr. Peter Eckler a whole-souled Liberal, was intrusted the work of shaping the garments, and he has executed his trust in magnificent style; handsomer volumes it will be difficult to find. This book of Prose Poems is done in quarto size, 9 1-2 by 7 3-4 inches, and contains 248 pages, printed on very heavy and richly tinted paper. It contains also a very fine steel engraving of Mr. Ingersoll, with autograph fac simile. "The work," Mr. Farrell says, "is designed for and will be accepted by admiring friends as a rare personal souvenir." The story is related that on the center table of the author of these prose poems is an elaborately finished copy of Shakspere's works, on the cover of which, in golden letters, are the words, "The Inspired Volume." We cannot but imagin that many copies of this book will be cherished in the same way.

The Decoration Day oration is now published for the first time in a finished shape. No newspaper report can do justice to Mr. Ingersoll's sentences. They come in such a torrent that no stenographer can follow him accurately, and anything that the reporter may supply fits as ill as a square peg in a round hole. The famous tributes are also brought together in this work, along with the most eloquent paragraphs from the published lectures. There is no doubt that Mr. Ingersoll is the greatest living orator. Those interested in what he says are therefore sure of its being said in the best possible way. Among the subjects treated in this work are tributes to some of the greatest men who hav ever lived—Lincoln, Voltaire, Paine, Bruno, Spinoza, Humboldt, Comte—and thrillingly beautiful apotheoses of Liberty and Love. In all some sixty-five long selections are made, with many shorter ones. The difficulty, the compiler says, where there is so much to choose from, has been to exclude. We wish Mr. Farrell had made the volume larger, but, like him, are content for the present, and cordially recommend the collection to the "real friends of intellectual freedom"—the Freethinkers of the world.

A Memorial to Congress.

Mr. T. W. Curtis, of New Haven, Conn., has prepared a petition to Congress, asking for a Constitutional amendment which shall right the wrongs that are suffered by the large portion of our people who are not Christians, and also effectually prevent any state from aiding in the maintenance of religion. The petition will be found on the last page of this paper.

We hav modified the petition as originally sent us by Mr. Curtis. He asks also for "national protection for national citizens," and a "co-operation between the national and state governments" for the maintenance of schools. These are political questions which, it seems to us, it is just as well not to mix up with the demand for state secularization. The great trouble with the League is that it has taken on so many "isms" and "issues" that the original objects are more or less lost sight of. These side issues hav been discussed and worked upon to the exclusion of the main question. We do not want to see the attention of Liberals again distracted until something is accomplished. Let us hammer away at this one thing until the work is done. Then we can turn our attention to other necessary reforms.

Editorial Notes.

"The church," said Mr. Beecher last Sunday, "is not an assembly of saints." If the ministers may be taken as samples, we should say Mr. Beecher is correct. In fact, it is more like an assembly of the other fellows.

The Rev. Mr. Martyn of this city complains of the habit the press hav of chronicling the delinquencies of church people under such headlines as "another misister shown up," and "another deacon in trouble." One way to prevent this disagreeable publicity would be for the pious to become moral.

The pastor of Trinity Church at Oakland, Cal., is preaching a series of ten sermons from Poe's "Raven." A local paper advises him, after completing the course, to run through the "Pickwick Papers," sarcastically adding that "the Bible is exhausted; that is out of the question."

J. P. Montgomery, summoned to serve as juror in St. Louis, handed to Judge Thayer the following communication:

"I respectfully ask you to excuse me from serving on the jury, as I cannot conscientiously take the jurors' oath. I need not tell you that if I were to violate my conscience I would not make a good and true juror. I learn from the word of God that moral, civil government is God's ordinance to man for good. Romans xiii, 4—the negativ of the above declaration of the word of God must be that immoral civil government cannot be the ordinance of God, nor good for man. The civil government of the United States does not acknowledge any authority higher than 'We, the people.' which source of authority is immoral and corrupt; therefore I cannot swear to support any such immoral institution of civil government, or put myself in the position of a juror to help execute the laws of such an institution, without violating my conscience. I therefore humbly pay thee to excuse me."

Mr. Montgomery is right. A consistent Bible Christian can take no part in a secular government. He must either hold himself aloof or strive, as do the Catholics and the God-in-the-Constitutionists, to make this nation a hierarchy. That is why Christianity is such a dangerous force. Only inconsistent and careless Christians can be good citizens.

By a resolution adopted April 13th at the meeting of the auxiliary Liberal League of Portland, Oregon, M. S. Wahrhaftig, assistant secretary of the League, was authorized to correspond with Liberal Leagues, societies, and individuals for the purpose of organizing an Oregon state Liberal League, similar in character and scope to the New York State Freethinkers' Association. In the circular sent out in accordance with this resolution Mr. Warhaftig says: "The necessity of a state League is well known to every Liberal who loves freedom. The intention of the Portland League, therefore, should be sustained by every citizen of this state. I invite you, dear sir or madam, to show this letter to your friends and urge them to join us in our work for accomplishing the intention of the founders of our republic to make it a home for free human beings by giving equal rights to every citizen by birth or naturalization, regardless of his or her belief or disbelief—an intention which cannot be accomplished, since orthodox churches are sustained by law, and their members, opposed to freedom as they are, hav more rights than our other citizens. The objects of the State Liberal League will be to stimulate Freethought and spread Liberalism and Radicalism and bring them into contact with our social life."

The Rev. R. R. Howison is a mildly heretical Presbyterian, and has written a book called "God and Creation." At a meeting of the Presbytery held in Richmond, Va., on the 18th ult., a committee was appointed to sit upon Mr. Howison and his book. The committee found that the work "teaches doctrins irreconcilably at variance with the scriptures as interpreted in the Confession of Faith and the larger and shorter catechism of the Westminster Assembly, notably on such points af the eternity of matter, the federal headship of Adam, and the human nature of Christ. The Presbytery does therefore emphatically condemn the book as heretical in its teachings and calculated to lead its readers astray on points of grave importance." But as Mr. Howison expressed a willingness, in deference to the judgment of the Presbytery, to giv no further circulation to his book, "God and Creation," and to carefully abstain from preaching or teaching in any forms doctrins at variance with the Confession of Faith, the committee charitably recommended that he be allowed to liv, and that the Presbytery take no further action in the matter. The similarity of this course with that adopted toward Galileo will not fail to strike the reader. But if we recollect rightly it is recorded that Galileo's opinion that the earth moves was not changed. Neither is it likely that Mr. Howison's views of the "federal headship of Adam" will be modified by the action of the Presbytery.

Lectures and Meetings.

W. F. Jamieson has just finished courses of four lectures each in Rock Elm and Spring Valley, Wis. He will shortly visit Elkton, Dakota. His post-office is Pipestone City, Minn.

C. B. Reynolds lectured twice in Pittsburgh last Sunday—before the League in the afternoon, and for the Turner's Society, by unanimous request, in the evening. May 6th and 7th he will be at Altoona, Pa., returning to Pittsburgh on the 11th. Monday and Tuesday, May 12th and 13th, he will visit Waynesburg, N. Y. Judging from his efforts in Pittsburgh, where he has become quite a favorit, Mr Reynolds is one of the best men in the field to arouse the people. His permanent address is Box 104, North Parma, New York.

Dr. J. L. York, the noted Liberal orator of the West, will leave his home in San Jose about the 10th of May for an extended lecture tour through Nevada, Utah, Idaho and Montana. He will speak at Eureka, in Nevada, and SaltLake City during May, and visit the towns in Wood river district and Boise City during June. He will deliver the 4th of July oration at Emmettville, Idaho, after which he will canvass Montana, speaking at Butte City, Bozeman, and other prominent points in the territory. Liberals on the line of this route, don't fail to hear this magnetic cyclone of the Pacific coast, and help him to open the way to scatter the seed-thoughts of mental freedom. His topics cover the entire realm of physical, social, and moral science, and reports tell us that his audiences do not sleep, but always increase in number and interest; and seldom do any leave the hall while the doctor is speaking, even though the lecture be two hours in duration. He has logic for the logical, humor for the fun-loving, and a tongue of fire for the sacred lies and bloated shams of church and state. Do not miss the rare treat of hearing the Ingersoll of the Pacific coast, who will also, as heretofore, present the claims of The Truth Seeker and *Boston Investigator* to his audiences, taking subscriptions for the same, and will organize Liberal Leagues and Progressiv Lyceum Schools for old and young, wherever desired, upon terms to liv and let liv.

To Correspondents.

W. S. Wood.—Your regularity in sending a long list of subscribers is praiseworthy. Be assured that it is appreciated. Wisconsin ought to be a habitable state after your long residence. Again, thanks.

L. K. Moore.—Isaiah vii, 20, reads, "In the same day shall the Lord shave with a razor that is hired, namely, by them beyond the river, by the king of Assyria, the head, and the hair of the feet: and it shall also consume the beard."

R. E. McKinley.—The Liberals hav a building in Waco, Texas; in Liberal, Mo.; a German-English Teachers' Seminary in Milwaukee, Wis.; a hall in Wolcott, N. Y. (unused at present, we think); a magnificent Paine Memorial building in Boston, and Girard College in Philadelphia (stolen by the Christians, however). No hall has been built in or near New York, and consequently your preacher's account of such a structure being in the hands of the sheriff is a pure fabrication. See also page 66 of The Truth Seeker Annual.

H. Snody.—On page 761 of The Truth Seeker of 1881 there is a letter touching on the death of Voltaire from James Parton, supplementing an editorial on the same subject on pages 728 and 729 of the same year. The editorial is a condensation of the facts of his death as given in Parton's Life of Voltaire, and that with Mr Parton's letter is a complete and truthful answer to all the Christians may say of Voltaire's last hours. The story cannot be told in a few lines, or we would do it here. If you hav not a file of the paper for that year we can supply it.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

BY W. O. SPENSER.

Within the crucible thou hast been tried;
Thy words been weighed, thy spirit too,
And found like ocean deep and wide,
Touching all shores some pearls to woo;
On Ganges's banks thou saw'st a shrine,
In Egypt found some scripts of lore,
Where God* had wrought, some truth was thine—
Thou walked where sages walked before.
No gentler harp the Hebrews touched in song,
No sweeter visions e'er to mortals came,
Concord's evangel, hater of the wrong,
Imperial now in loftiness of fame.
Swift hater of all creeds, and lover of all love,
A reverent worshiper of truth that's free,
All things were symbols of the God* above,
And all things proved our immortality.

*With me "God" means the forces of nature, and when I hav occasion to say "God" that is what I mean.

Letters from Friends.

PENACOOK, N. H., April 26, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: You will please find inclosed $1.30. I wish to pay one dollar toward the monument, which I see is not quite paid for yet The thirty cents is for the picture of the monument, which you will please send me when ready.

J. E. MARDEN.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 29, 284.

MR. EDITOR: THE TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL which you sent me is worth twice the price you ask for it.

When I see what a large amount of literature can be obtained for a small sum of money, it reminds me of what the theologians formerly said in relation to the art of printing, viz., that it was the work of the devil. Their minds hav not changed, but they dare not make the assertion now. LYMAN SMITH.

EATON RAPIDS, MICH., April 27, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: As our Liberal friend, Mr. Prichard, of the new mines of Idaho, has kindly consented to giv information in regard to the mines through THE TRUTH SEEKER, I would like to ask him a few questions. A reply may be of some benefit to those wishing to try their luck: 1. What is the nearest railroad station to the mines? 2. What is the mode of conveying supplies? 3. What would be necessary for a man to take, or can all kinds of supplies and tools be got in the mines at reasonable prices? 4. Is it necessary to be well supplied with firearms, and is game plenty? If Mr. Prichard would answer these question and giv such other information as he may think best, he would confer a favor on those contemplating a trip to the mines. A. ATWOOD.

BOURBON, Mo., April 23, 284.

MR. EDITOR: Sir I am overwhelmed with joy and gladness to tell you that the so-called religion of Jesus Christ has sunk to rise no more in Crawford and Franklin counties. Three of the most prominent preachers hav committed the following crimes: 1. Rev. James Harnet committed rape. 2. Henry Galagher stole horses. 3. Joseph Murphy broke into a store They hav gone where the dogs will not bite. We hav got several good Liberals here. Freethought is progressing rapidly as time goes on. I am an Infidel to the center. I am truly happy that I hav not that hateful, tyrannical, religious fever, the most loathsome, accursed disease that humanity is heir to—the Christian religion. Away with it, ye thieving disciples of that lowly savior Jesus Christ.

Departed this life, April 20, 284, Dr. Everard, of Bourbon, Mo. He died as he had lived, a true and a good man of the type of Infidelity. Dr. Everard died perfectly easy. He said he wanted to die; the future was clear before him.

C. B. HUNTER.

COWLESVILLE, N. Y., April 27, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I will inclose a dollar for four of the TRUTH SEEKER ALMANACS. I like your paper much. I see one of Col. Ingersoll's speeches in the last one. He says he should not know a God if he should see one. I don't think I should; never saw one, nor the priest's right bower, the devil. The first of June my TRUTH SEEKER expires. I take six papers. THE TRUTH SEEKER generally gets read first. This orthodox religion, allopathy practice, is supported by the credulity of the people. Ignorance is no crime. If it was, you and I would hav been in prison long ago. My time is most out for this life. If I liv until the 25th of next May, I shall be seventy-two. I think it is too late now to get the orthodox religion. I am a seeker after the truth. Our early impressions are not always based on science. Why? Because our parents did not possess the right understanding. We partake more or less of the same. How can we help it? It looks like poor business to study where our senses can't reach. They say that religion is obtained without money or price. I say it is a lie on the face of it Did you ever know a minister to preach for nothing? I hav said if they could not draw something from your purse, they would take off a blessing, and try to stamp on a curse. It is sickening to read the "Crimes of Preachers." Where a man gets a reward for hypocrisy, rogues will always fall in. The clergy are well adapted to it. They get paid for it. Well, it is not very safe to trust to any man's advice, where he has any interest, if he says he has religion. JEHIEL BUTTERFIELD, M.D.

WELLAND, ONT., April 21, 284.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find pay for THE TRUTH SEEKER another year. I take several Liberal papers, and send and giv them around. They are good missionaries. The greatest difficulty is to get prejudiced people to read them. But it does sometimes happen that after once reading a good, common sense article their prejudice begins to giv way, and they become more willing and better able to see things as they really are. It is unreasonable to expect a person to rid himself all at once of the creed he had been trained from infancy to believe as true, and which has become, as it were, a part of himself. It is easier to entertain new views than to get rid of old ones. It took me many years before I was able entirely to rid myself of the prejudices in favor of my religious training, and, such being the case, I can hav sympathy and charity for those whose organism and opportunities hav been less favorable. I apprehend it to be the duty of those whose minds hav become more enlightened by a knowledge of nature's laws, as revealed by science and good sense, to do what they are able to to disseminate that light for the benefit of others. The mill of evolution grinds slowly, but it is grinding, and it is for us, the stockholders, to see that the machinery is kept clean and properly oiled, and it will ultimately finish the grist on hand.

There is more of a disposition here on the part of a greater number of people to investigate for themselvs, to know the truth of things. In this small town of a little over two thousand inhabitants, there are eight churches, and as many reverend divines, who are clear-sighted enough to see that their bread and butter is in danger.

George Chainey lectured here on the 17th on the "Church of the Future," which is causing quite a rumpus. They are preaching that Infidels will neither support church nor schools, consequently are a curse to the country. One reverend gentleman (a Disciple minister) wishes to debate the question with us Freethinkers, so if anyone thinks it worth while there is a chance by addressing Rev. Mr. Sherman, Welland, Ontario, Canada. He has given his subjects as, 1. "The nature of the religion of Jesus Christ is such as to produce the highest earthly good in human character, wherever it is honestly lived out." 2. "The religion of Jesus, the Christ, is true in fact." He affirms in both.

JOHN RAY.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., April 27, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I herein inclose my mite toward the completion of the Bennett monument. It is, indeed, a late day to contribute to that most praiseworthy object; but I learn from the last issue of THE TRUTH SEEKER that a small sum is still needed to cover the expenses of the committee. My delay in contributing to the fund has not been for want of sympathy with the movement. Truly, if any man deserved such a testimonial from his friends, it was D. M. Bennett. My personal acquaintance with Mr. Bennett was limited, but my larger acquaintance with the warm-hearted, truth-loving champion of Freethought through his writings, enrolled me, years ago, among his admirers. He was not only a hater of the cant and hypocrisy of the age, but he had the courage of his convictions. In the years to come, he will hold a high place among those who hav labored to emancipate the race from the thralldom of Christian superstition. Vilified and slandered, persecuted and sentenced to occupy a felon's cell by the sneaking hounds of the Christian church, it is fitting and just that his friends should pay this tribute to his memory.

Mr. Bennett left behind him many monuments in words and deeds. THE TRUTH SEEKER is a monument to his memory to be proud of. His voluminous writings will prove a monument more lasting than marble. For those who knew him well,

He needs no monument of stone,
No temple reared to fame,
For prouder, more enduring far,
Is his immortal name.

But the monument is now *un fait accompli*, a tribute and a menace, upon which something like the following might with propriety hav been inscribed:

A thousand loving hands and hearts
Hav raised this tribute here,
To him whose name and modest worth
They cherish and revere.

Though bigotry in priestly garb
May often linger near,
And read the words hereon inscribed,
With many a pious sneer;

And slander, with envenomed tongue,
Should often haunt the spot,
And hiss, and fling its vip'rous slime,
Its fangs will harm him not.

Well may his friends this tribute pay
So fitting and so just,
And bid the shaft of granit rise
Above his moldering dust.

Be this its simple epitaph:
"Here lies an honest man,
Who, in the fight for truth and right,
Was always in the van."

C. A. BLEN.

LANCASTER, PA., April 22, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: There are certainly points concerning which mankind continues to be ignorant—the smartest, wisest, and best educated men of our country positivly ignorant. These points are the beginning and end of our life. Many and varied are the opinions given by men who claim to hav a deeper ken of this perplexing question. To this class especially belong the clergy of all denominations. It is truly astonishing to see them waging war against each other, Catholic against Protestant, Christians against Jews, Jews against all others, each ready, willing, and eager to demolish the rest, and all at once joining hands to pounce upon the Agnostic, their common foe, whose only crime consists in being honest enough to declare that he lacks all information on the subject, which, in the words of Robert Cooper, is "too heavenly to be understood."

The clearest remarks on this point are by a German poet. He says:

"What preceded and what will follow me I look upon as two dark, impenetrable curtains, suspended from each end of our life and as yet unlifted by any living being. Already many hundred generations stand before them, torch in hand, guessing what may be hidden behind. Many see their own shadows, the outlines of their passions. moving in magnified forms upon the surface of the unknown and tremble at their own image. Poets, philosophers, and statesmen hav painted their dreams pleasanter or darker as the sky above them appeared obscurer or brighter, but the vast distance showed them a deceptiv view. Jugglers, too, engage in eager race after the unknowable, but they likewise are permitted only to contemplate in astonishment a 'phantom.' Deep silence reigns beyond this curtain, and no one behind it can send us thence an answer; we simply hear the echo of our question, as though our voices had been directed toward a hollow arch. All hav to retire behind this curtain, which in passing they touch with awe, uncertain who may stand behind to receive them. Skeptics giv us their version thus: Beware! this curtain fools mankind. Did ever voice reach you from beyond? If not, may we not sajely conclude no one is there to speak? But they too are quickly sent thither, as it were, in order to convince them."

From our goodly city of Lancaster I hav nothing to report at present. Christians and Jews continue as heretofore—six days in a week to cut each others' throats, sin and re-sin, and fall heavily in God's debt, and on the seventh day, which happens to be the first day of the week, however, they endeavor to effect a compromise with their creditor by offering him about ten cents on a dollar, for which they giv a promissory note, which, in the absence of good indorsement or other security, is, I suppose, no better than an open account—and woe unto them if their God once falls short of available funds and presses for settlement. A. ADLER.

SOUTH DARTMOUTH, MASS., April 28, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Several weeks since a lecture was given at the Opera House in the neighboring city of New Bedford, the object of which was, if possible, to meet and overthrow Col. Ingersoll's arguments against the truth and inspiration of the "holy Bible." The lecture was by Gen. Carey, of Ohio, I think, who remarked at the commencement of his discourse that he had been requested to undertake the overthrow and demolition of Col. R. G. Ingersoll by some of the Methodist clergy out West. But, judging from his lecture in New Bedford, Mr. Carey was by no means successful in the attainment of his object. I will quote a few passages from his lecture. In one place he says: "The Ingersolls of to-day hav made no new discoveries. Their statements are only a stale rehash of the ideas of the professedly wise of other times." This assertion I look upon as not proved. It is by no means improbable or impossible that the concluding proposition of the sentence quoted may apply with much truth to those who are so industriously endeavoring to overthrow Col. Ingersoll and bolster up priestcraft, superstition, *et hoc genus omne*. Again, Gen. Carey remarks, "We affirm, in its history, its poetry, its morals, it surpasses all other books. It has stood the test of ages." He is here referring to the Christian Bible. No doubt the Mohammedans, Buddhists, and Chinese—not to mention any other "antique people"—entertain the same highly exalted opinion of their Bibles, as respects history, poetry, morals, and "the test of ages." All these Mohammedan, Buddhistic, and Chinese Bibles are old enough, antiquated enough. Some people seem to think that the older, the more antiquated anything is the more likely it is to be true. Reasoning on this ground, Protestantism, which dates back to the days of Luther, Calvin, Melancthon, etc., should yield the palm, on the account of having "stood the test of ages," to the Mohammedans, Buddhists, Chinese, etc. Protestantism is, as we all know, a creature of recent growth in comparison with the Mohammedan and the others just recapitulated. But the natural inference and supposition is that the Protestants will do nothing of the sort. This "test of ages" doctrin they will only apply to their Bible. One more quotation from Gen. Carey's lecture. He says, "Infidelity has never accomplished anything for the good of man."

Now I would inquire if Infidelity, represented by such men as Thomas Paine, the friend of human rights, making the same manifest in "the times which tried men's souls;" Benjamin Franklin, the noted philosopher; Stephen Girard, who founded Girard College in the city of Philadelphia in behalf of education; Peter Cooper, of New York city, the merchant and philanthropist, who founded the Cooper Union and the Cooper Institute; and James Lick, the California millionaire, whose efforts in behalf of Freethought, reform, and human progress are so widely and well known, "has never accomplished anything for the good of man."

I think if it had not been for such men as Paine, Franklin, and the others just mentioned, that the progress of Freethought, education, human rights, progress, and reform would hav been far less than events and circumstances hav unmistakably proved them to be. The cheap, off-hand, flippant talk of those who undertake to prop up the rickety old structure of superstition amounts to but very little. It convinces no one, except the weak-minded dupes of priestcraft, who are so completely under the thumb of designing, ambitious theologians. Those who think and reason for themselvs take no stock in such talk. Very truly yours, EDWIN H. BARTLETT.

SEATTLE, W. T., April 16, 284.

MR. EDITOR: Since my letter from this place appeared in THE TRUTH SEEKER I hav had quite a number of letters from parties in different parts of the country, each one making a great many inquiries with reference to Seattle, and what advantages the place offers for new comers. I would like to ask space in your paper for this letter, so I may answer them all at one time. But before I get to this part of my letter I wish to giv you a report of what we hav been doing here in the interest of Liberalism and Freethought. About two weeks before our Paine celebration Dr. J. L. York, of San Jose, California, came by invitation to spend (as we then calculated) about a month with us, to giv us an oration at our Paine anniversary celebration, and lecture Sunday evenings. The 29th of January, Paine's birthday, was the date on which the annual election of officers for the League should take place, and it was the occasion for a great time, of which you were apprised by Dr. York. Well, about the first work the doctor did was to help the League into better shape for work than it had been. The next thing was to organize a "Young People's Progressiv Lyceum." This is something I hav often talked of as a most important step in the right direction; a something that should be at least attempted in every town and place where there are a few live Liberals to carry on the same. I tell you what it is, Mr. Editor, we may lecture, we may discuss and debate, we may tear to pieces and pull down all we hav a mind to and are able, but until we begin to build, Liberalism is not a fact; and there is nothing so sure in the way of building up as the one of having our own schools, where we can correctly train the minds of our children, unbiased and unwarped by superstition, and giv them a start in the right direction. And here, let me say, if anyone wants to see what a grand thing can be done in this direction, just get Dr. York to work at it, and the results will grandly surpass your most sanguin expectations. Well, our lyceum is in excellent running order, with good, talented help to assist in developing the same. We hav sent for some two dozen copies of "The Youth's Liberal Guide,"

by Prof. H. M. Kottinger, A.M. I want to say a word about this book. . We got a copy of it, and after giving it a careful perusal we decided it to be the most useful Liberal book we could hav in our school, and the very book we needed, and that is why we hav sent for them—to hav for use in our lyceum. So much for the lyceum; but Dr. York's work did not end even here. The next thing we went at was the organizing of a U. M. L. Literary Club, for Liberal self-culture. Here is our manufactory, where we calculate to develop our thinkers, our talkers, and our lecturers.

Well, Mr. Editor, what do you think of it, as far as I hav gone? But I want to tell you a little more. We needed an organ, and the doctor set about to help us in that. The plan he proposed was to giv a lecture for the purpose, which he did, and the same night we raised over $160, and we hav got our organ paid for. By this time you must think we hav quite a strong Liberal element here, which we hav; their works show it. It is now near three months since Dr. York came here, and we hav kept him lecturing every Sunday evening since he came, and twice on week-nights, all the time to crowded houses, increasing every night. The doctor is sound in logic, strong in magnetism, and talks just what the people need—hot and heavy. Last Sunday night the doctor gave his last lecture of the season to a crowded house, who approved his red-hot shot. It was immense. No lack of audience when the doctor is here. We shall miss him when he is gone, and look very anxiously forward for his visit to us again next fall.

Well, I think I hav sufficiently reported our League and its appendages for the present. Now for some brief answers to correspondents about Seattle, the "pride of the Northwest," by this time. Its situation on the great inland sea of America must be pretty well known. A great many want to know if this is a grain country. No. The best kind of wheat, oats, and barley could be raised here if there was space for them. Clearings are only being made here for the city's growth. This is a great timber country. There are small farms dotting the country here and there, and within the area of fifty to a hundred miles there is considerable farming land. But I will tell you what we do raise hereabouts, and that is an abundance of the finest vegetables I ever set eyes on. Peaches, apricots, and corn do not do well here, but apples, pears, plums, cherries, and the small fruits arrive at perfection. It is said to be the finest country in the world for prune culture. Hops! well, this place beats all for hop-raising.

All agree that we hav the finest, most salubrious, even climate in America. We certainly did not hav more than three weeks hard weather the past winter. Some say the thermometer went down to zero, but I am certain mine did not. It seems to me people are putting in gardens all the time. They hav been at it for several weeks past, and are at it yet. I must mention the flowers. I like flowers. Here they bloom nearly all the year round. For weeks past, as I passed to my work, I hav had the pleasure of looking at the crocuses. daffodils, gillyflowers, daisies, and the beautiful pansies, in full bloom.

The population of this place is about 10,000, but is fast increasing. Of all places, this beats any I hav witnessed for push, spirit, grit, and enterprise. It is true of this place, as of others, winter and spring brought on somewhat of dull times, but in our case it has been owing to an over-rush of new comers rather than from the fact that there was nothing going on. Had there not been such an undue rush for this place late in the fall and during the winter, we should hav decided that business was brisk all the time. But the supply of labor exceeded the demand. However, men are fast finding work, and it can't possibly be long before the cry for more help is heard, especially if the railroads don't go back on us Trades and professions of all kinds are represented here, but that is no proof that they are all well supplied. There is generally room for one more.

I do not think of any more leading questions to answer, but before closing I wish to refer to one other item. Myself. with others who may hav been called to furnish music for our Liberal public meetings and entertainments, are all the time put to our wits' ends to know where to look for anything suitable for the purpose. We hav the "Truth Seeker Collection," and perhaps a few other songs, but the music, the tunes, where were they? Well, the result has been that we hav had to hunt all the gospel hymns and hallelujah books we could lay our hands on, pile them into a wheelbarrow, and haul them down to the hall for the half-dozen tunes we could find in them, crying from the depths of our souls as we went along, Oh, that some one would compile a book! Well, the book is coming. Mrs. Laura Hall, of this place, has bravely undertaken the task, and there will soon be announced a book called the "U. M. L. Song-book," which will be a credit to the compiler, and will well fill the bill. In it there will be songs to suit all—the young and the old, the hard-shell and the Spiritualist, the living and the dead. Oh, that will be joyful! Well, I hav had my say, and I fancy I hear you say, Amen.

Fraternally yours, WALTER WALKER,
Sec. Seattle L. L.

P.S.—In the body of my letter I omitted to mention that at a farewell benefit which was tendered Dr. York last Sunday evening on the occasion of his last lecture this season, the following resolution was voted unanimously, with much enthusiasm:

Resolved, That we, the members and friends of the Seattle Liberal League, recognize Dr. J. L. York as a very able and eloquent defender and exponent of Freethought principles. and vote him our heartfelt thanks for the brave and effectual work he has done while with us, not only in the help rendered the League in making it strong, but in the much more important work of organizing our Young People's Progressiv Lyceum. and the U. M. L. Literary Club, and wish him good speed and equal success wherever his labors may call him.

A mention of thi s is due the doctor. W. W.

THE GOD IDEA AND FREE AGENCY CRITICALLY EXAMINED.

LA CROSSE, WIS., April 23, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I am now nearly seventy years of age, but, nevertheless, with your permission, I want to do all I can to destroy, to my thinking, the fallacy of the supposed free agency in man that is attached to the monstrous God idea.

In entering upon this subject I shall take the following propositions as the substratum of my argument: First, that which is free must be uncontroled by, and act independently of, any other power, that is to say, where there is dependence there can be no freedom. Secondly, that everything which has been created must be the effect of some antecedent cause. Thirdly, that cause and effect are inseparably connected, that is, causation must imply necessity. These propositions, I presume, the logician will not dispute. For the first, it is quite evident that any power which does not exist and operate altogether independently of any other power, cannot be free. As to the second proposition, it is so plain as scarcely to require a word of explanation. The fact of anything being created must imply a creator or a cause. And as to the third axiom, it is manifest, if cause and effect are not necessarily connected, they must be contingent, and a work of mere chance; and if a work of chance, all moral and physical phenomena are rendered inexplicable—enigma and a chaos. There could be no such a thing as reasoning, no certainty in physical action. Having now established the basis of these propositions of my reasoning, I shall hasten to the subject proposed. First, I hold that the doctrin of free agency is altogether incompatible with orthodoxy or a personal intelligent God. Either free agency must be false, or the existence of the latter is an impossibility. If God be intelligent, he must possess thought; to possess thought, he must be endowed with reflection, and having reflection, he must be governed by cause and effect. Now, I hav shown in the third proposition that where cause and effect exist there must be necessity. To suppose the opposit would be to annihilate the principle of causation. As, then, cause and effect must be necessarily connected; and according to the second proposition, everything which has been produced must be the effect of some prior existence or cause, and, in turn, the cause of some subsequent existence. Now, God must reflect in order to be intelligent, and if reflection can be exerted only upon the principle of cause and effect, and cause and effect can alone take place on the doctrin of necessity, it is clear that the intelligence of God, as the intelligence of any other being, must imply necessity. This is impossible if the doctrin of free agency is correct.

This dogma, therefore, or that of the intelligence of God, must be abandoned. It may be asserted that the intelligence of God is of a peculiar kind—quite different from that which man possesses—is regulated by laws peculiar to itself. Now I deny that we are conscious of two distinct kinds of intelligence. We can conceive of no intelligence but that which comes from perception and reflection. We know, however, of degrees of intelligence, as, for instance, that of the horse and that of man, and the only difference that can exist between the intelligence of God and that of man must be similar in degree. This may be infinit—ours finite. But if his intelligence be infinit, his reflection, according to the previous reasoning, must be so also, and, therefore, his causation must be infinit, and consequently the principle of necessity must be so too.

Now, I will prepare another argument for old orthodox's reception. I hold that free agency and divine government of the world are doctrins involving a contradiction. Both cannot be true. It is a moral impossibility for God to be a universal sovereign if man be a free agent. Universal sovereignty must imply universal control. If, therefore, God possesses such power, man, and every other thing, must be subject to his will and must be dependent. Now I hav shown in the first proposition that where there is dependence there cannot be freedom, and consequently, if man be dependent upon God, as the divine sovereignty of the world implies, he cannot possibly be free. For if a man be a free agent he must be endowed with an independent power of himself—a power distinct, uncontroled; then it is as plain as the plainest axiom in Euclid that the whole is greater than its part, that God does not hav universal power, universal control, nor is he universal sovereign; indeed, he cannot be a God at all. One of these doctrins must be given np. Which one I shall not say. The orthodox may consult their convenience on that subject.

It is stated that the divine government of the world is that of omnipotence of God, a popular and convenient doctrin of orthodox; one which they will hav to abandon if they insist upon free agency. The mode of reasoning upon this point is somewhat different. To show the inco sistency of the doctrin of free agency with that of divine omnipotence, I will argue as follows: If God be omnipotent, he must possess all power, and possessing all power, nothing else in existence could hav power but himself—nothing could be free. Now, it is evident, if God possesses all power, that neither man nor any other being could possess power, directly or indirectly free, but God.

Either the doctrin of man's free agency, or the omnipotence of, God must be given up. The orthodox cannot consistently support both.

I will now notice another contradiction between free agency and orthodoxy. It is the inconsistency of that doctrin with the foreknowledge of God. If God possesses foreknowledge; if he can see into futurity; if he can anticipate occurrences to any extent of time, there must be some order and certainty, some process of cause and effect, *ad infinitum*. If, then, this is a certainty, there must be necessity; and certainty can alone exist but upon necessity. If it is supposed to exist upon chance, is to suppose a palpable contradiction. That which is certain cannot be accidental, and *vice versa*. If foreknowledge implies a certainty in events, it must imply a necessity; and if necessity exists, free agency is a chimera. To imagin a limitation of divine prescience or foreknowledge is to suppose there is something of which God is ignorant, and thus is his omniscience annihilated so he ceases to know all things.

Man, we are told, was created by God. Now, if he was created, he must, according to my second proposition, be the effect of some antecedent cause; and if so, causation must hav been employed in the creation, and therefore a necessity; as is stated in my third proposition, where there is one there must be the other. To suppose anything else would be a manifest impossibility. Again, if God created man, he must hav endowed him with certain capacities or functions, and according to these functions, and these only, could man act; and if man is thus bound by the nature of the capacities with which he is endowed, where is his freedom? What a flimsy and naked sophism! But the priests inform us, when God created man he made him, at once, a free agent, gave him a free and uncontroled choice as to whether he would be virtuous or vicious. And, at the same time, he manufactured a tree of knowledge, and God strictly prohibited man from partaking of its fruits, under pain of his eternal malediction Now see the inconsistency which here exhibits itself. Man is made a free agent, uncontroled to the selection of good and evil, and still, at the same time, he could not know what good and evil were; and. at the same time, was solemnly forbidden partaking of the means by which he could obtain a knowledge of the subject. A pretty free agent he was, certainly! His freedom would hav as much substance in it as the Irishman's stocking, which was footless and without a leg. It is elaborately stated in the assembly's catechism, "the sinfulness whereinto man fell consisteth in tbe guilt of Adam's first sin, of that righteousness wherein he was created, and the corruption of his nature; he is utterly disabled, and made opposit to all that is spiritually good, and wholly inclined to evil, and that continually." Now, if man is reduced to such wickedness as to be utterly "disabled" from enjoying anything that is good, where is his vaunted freedom? Free to do that which he could not do! I remember once having a dispute with a Christian upon this point some years ago. I put this question to him: "You consider man naturally depraved, do you?" He said, "I do." "You also maintain that he is a free agent?" "Unquestionably, I do," said he. "Well, then, allow me to ask you if you consider man free to be good?" "Free to be good!" he replied. "why, certainly; man is a free agent. be can please himself whether be is good or bad: and if he is good he will be rewarded by the Almighty with everlasting bliss; but if he is bad be will be condemned to eternal damnation." "Indeed!" I replied. "very charitable, truly; but, sir. if that is the case. why is it that man does not select that which is good?" "Oh!" he replied, "because he is naturally bad!" "Then." I said. "man is free to be good. and yet he is obliged to be bad!" He looked unutterable things and. after awhile, said I would find out different when I died; I would twitch up my toes and holler for mercy.

Before I leave this subject. I will make some reference to some passages in the liturgy of the church of England: "Grant us, O Lord. we beseech thee. the spirit to think. and do always such things as be rightful, that we, who cannot do anything that is good without thee. may we be enabled to liv." I think this proves that man is not a free agent. that be has no power of himself to be good. If it does not, I know not what does.

The "Lord's Prayer" is a composition which every infant is taught to lisp almost before it leaves its mother's breast I was taught it myself. "O Lord lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil," etc Now, does not this show that man, when exposed to temptation, has no power of resistance? And if so, where is his free agency?

I will now hav a few remarks upon the doctrin of redemption of man. We are told by the orthodox expounders that we cannot enjoy its inestimable blessings except through the instrumentality of divine grace by Christ Jesus This pious privilege depends not upon anything which we possess of ourselvs, but upon something held by another power, over which we hav not the slightest control. Where, then, is man's freedom? If salvation depends upon some other power extraneous to, and independent of, himself, where is bis boasted free agency?

I will now hav a few words upon the doctrin of election. This dogma, like that of divine grace, supersedes all free agency. It makes an individual's destiny depend upon a power independent of man's influence or control. It represents everything as the doings of God. It declares that he has selected a certain number for his especial favor, and that they, and they only, can enjoy the divine blessing If this be true, it is like redemption: it proves the inutility of man's free agency. In proof of this I will quote the following scriptural text: "He will hav mercy on whom he will hav mercy and whom he will, he hardeneth." Now, does not this place all power in God—none in man? Precious doctrin tbis, to be sure!

I will quote one or two more passages from Scripture to prove the falsity of free agency or free will Paul says, in Philip., chapter ii verse 13. "For it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure." And again, Isaiah xxvi. 12. "Lord, thou wilt ordain peace for us; for thou also hath wrought all our works in us." Now I think it is not necessary to add another word on the subject of free agency or free will in man. I might mention election and prayer, but do not think it is necessary, as they come under the category of the previous questions.

I want to add in conclusion to old orthodox advocates that they must giv up free agency in man or giv up the attributes of God, for they assert that God is omnipotent, omnipresent, and beneficent, and so forth To assert, as is often done, that God would not be invariably regulated by these attributes is to say he is not all-wise, all-powerful, or everywhere present, is to say he is sometimes not God What an idea—a deity being a God and still not a God! That confounds all ideas of order and consistency. Now, I maintain, old orthodox theologians must either giv up free agency or admit Atheism and deny a first cause. On the other hand, if there be a first cause there must be causation, and if causation there must be necessity, and if necessity there can be no free agency. Now which horn of this dilemma will old orthodoxy take? But certain it is, if they insist upon free agency it is they, and not we, who are the Atheists. Again old orthodoxy must either giv up this darling dogma or admit chance, which they themselvs denounce as being as horrible as Atheism. Chance is the opposit to that of necessity. They must therefore admit one or the other. If they admit chance they destroy the doctrin of a first cause, and consequently establish Atheism; and if they admit necessity they explode the dogma of free agency. I hav already shown that where chance exists there cannot be causation, and *vice versa*. I hav also shown that where causation exists there must be necessity, and consequently no freedom. Old theologians will hav only this alternativ either to concede that free agency is a phantom, or admit chance. Now I hav shown in this letter that churchmen must either abandon free agency or repudiate the doctrin of a personal intelligent deity, day of judgment, divine government of the world, omnipotence of deity, divine providence, foreknowledge of God, creation, fall, and redemption—yes, and the very existence of God. When they extricate themselvs from these troubles I may return to this subject again. But "sufficient to the day is the evil thereof." Mr. Editor, I am the well-wisher of tbe whole human race. J. PETTEY.

Children's Corner.

Edited by Miss Susan H. Wixon, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"His life is long whose work is well,
And be his station low or high,
He who the most good works can tell,
Livs longest though he soonest die."

The Doctor's Horse.

Once she was young, and cheerful, and gay;
Nimble and prancing was she in her day;
Very fleet of foot, and strong of limb,
Coy as a maiden, and as neat and trim.

Lithe as a bird o'er the road she sped,
Lifting her ears and shaking her head
As she glanced along in careless glee,
In love with life, and content so to be.

Many a mile the doctor she bore,
Where sickness lingered. and hearts were sore;
She trotted along, through snow and rain,
With a cheerful heart that ne'er might complain.

Quick she awoke in the dead of the night,
In the starless storm, or bright moonlight,
When the doctor's voice, in accents clear,
Fell in well-known tones on her listening ear.

Twenty-three years she came at his call,
Day-time and night-time, from fall to fall;
Faithful and true, year out and year in,
Her highest ambition his praise to win.

She heard of the patient's fevered breath,
Of the new birth, and the arrow of death;
And she almost seemed to know each "case"
By the smile or shade on the doctor's face.

So the years crept on, till, by and by,
With plaintiv neigh and pathetic sigh,
She laid her face 'gainst the doctor's cheek,
And *looked* the words she could not speak.

"I hav served you well," she seemed to say,
"Hav come at your call for many a day;
Your treatment and care hav been the best,
But I'm tired now, and fain would rest.

"Worn out, used up I am," she mutely said,
"And I feel that I shall soon be—dead;
What seemeth best, you must with me do,
For I'm of no further use to you.

"Old beasts, when their pulses are nearly stilled,
As a general rule are led out and killed.
Like cast-off garments, worn and rotten,
All their good service is forgotten"

"O faithful friend, and must we part?"
And the tears welled up from the doctor's heart.
"You hav been so gentle, true, and kind,
That I've not a word of fault to find.

"And now that age has touched your frame,
That you are feeble, weak, and lame,
Do you think that I can cast you by,
And turn you out, all alone to die?

"No! old friend, on this earth you shall stay
Till nature lets you go hence away;
'Mid pastures green, and by mountain stream,
Your days shall pass as a pleasant dream.

"And the kindest care you shall receive.
At morn, and noon, and shadowy eve;
This little, I'm sure, I should do for thee,
In return for your long fidelity."

In tender pity the doctor stood,
And stroked her head in a thoughtful mood,
While the creature looked her glad surprise
From out the depths of her eloquent eyes.

As the doctor goes o'er his usual space,
He will not forget that gentle face;
And the kindness he gave to the creature old,
Will come back to him a thousand fold.

Queen Dido's Dead.

It was a rainy day in April, and they were up in the barn playing, "Queen Dido's dead."

They were Tom and Jenny Brown, cousin Nell Brown and Johnny Dean. The hay in one end of the barn was on a level with the beam on which they sat in a row, with their feet hanging over toward the other end of the barn, where the hay had been taken out, until it was about six feet from the beam to the hay.

When the game reached its climax the players all tumbled off the beam onto the hay below.

On the day in question, after this point in the game had been reached, and they were resting, Johnny Dean, who was of an inquiring mind, remarked, "I wonder if ever there was a Queen Dido."

"Oh, ho!" laughed Tom. "Of course not. It's only a game, and old as the hills, for I've heard grandma tell about playing it when she was a girl."

"Well, I don't know," said Nell, "but if there ever was such a person, she was black, for my Uncle Jack has a pony named Dido, and it is black as night."

"Well, I don't believe there ever was such a person," said Tom, as he turned a handspring.

"We can ask grandma and find out," said Jenny. "Oh, there is Will!" she cried; "he can tell us." They looked and saw a head rising above the beam, and a voice said, "Hello!"

"O Will!" they all cried together. "Who was Queen Dido, and where did she liv?"

"Well, I am not sure that there ever was such a person, but the story goes that she was a princess of Tyre, and her brother, the king, did not treat her well; so she ran away to Africa, and built the city of Carthage. She was to hav as much land to build it on as could be covered with a bull's hide, and in order to get as much as possible she cut the hide in strips and made it cover a large piece of land. After a while she got tired of living, and burnt herself to death. That is all I know about her. I expect she did lively kicking while she was burning, and that is why your game is so lively."

"There," said Johnny, "I thought there must be something to it."

"Oh! well," said Tom, "no one is sure about it now."

"I say," cried Jenny, "let's play it all now. I'll be Queen Dido, and buy the land from you; but what can we hav for the hide."

"Here is my old hat," said Johnny, "it has a hole in it, and isn't much account."

The hat was soon cut into strips, and laid around on the hay with a heap in the center for Carthage. Then came the burning. This was represented by covering Jenny with hay, the dust which would rise representing smoke. This was lively work, as the queen did some vigorous kicking. But at last they had her nicely covered, and were putting on the finishing touches, when there was a swishing sound in the air, accompanied by a scream from Jenny, who struggled to her feet with water running from her hair and face.

"Will Brown, you are the meanest fellow in the world," they all cried.

Will laughed and said he was "just putting out the fire."

This put an end to the fun for that day, as Jenny had to go to the house to get dry. Johnny Dean had to wear Nell's hood home in place of his hat, and had also to go without cake for his supper, as a punishment for destroying his hat. When they played Queen Dido again, it was in the good old way, as they all agreed it was the better of the two.

Aunt Mab.

Our Puzzle Box.

1

CROSSWORD.

In Frankfort, not in Shelby;
In Frankfort, not in Shelby;
In Frankfort, not in Shelby;
In Frankfort, not in Shelby;
In Frankfort, not in Shelby.
My whole a city of the central states.
Newburgh, N. Y. R. O. Bert.

METAGRAM.

My *last three* is but *one*—
A trinitarian pun—
(How lucky for the "orthodox"
Could they so solve *their* Paradox).
My *first before last three*,
All vanishes we see.

My *first four*, having *joy*,
Beheaded, is a boy;
But my *last four*, denoting sound,
Transposed a famous School is found.
My middle, for the best of reasons,
Is *middle, first*, and *last* of *seasons*.
In order all my nine appears
As one of England's great premiers.
Irwin, Iowa. J. K. P. Baker.

Correspondence.

I shall try to furnish a short general formula and rule for the solution of all problems like H. Van Pelt's very interesting Numerical Puzzle. In the first place the numbers are to be written down consecutivly, beginning with the first number at A, second at B, etc., in the order of the alphabet in diagram No. 1. If you place 1 as the first number the sum of the columns will be 65. (See No. 1.)

To determin what must be the first number, we giv this rule:

Subtract the sum of the columns when 1 is the first number from the given sum, divide the remainder by the number of columns in one direction (No. squared here, 5), and to the quotient add one. This givs the first or lowest number of the series. Apply the rule to the solution of the given problem (puzzle):

1885—65=1820—5=364 plus 1=365, the first number in the required square, and now proceed by formula No. 1 and we obtain the answer No. 3.

No. 1. (Formula.)

Q	X	A	H	O
W	E	G	N	P
D	F	M	T	V
J	L	S	U	C
K	R	Y	B	I

No. 2.

17	24	1	8	15
23	5	7	14	16
4	6	13	20	22
10	12	19	21	3
11	18	25	2	9

No. 3. (Answer.)

381	388	365	372	379
387	369	371	378	380
368	370	377	384	386
374	376	383	385	367
375	382	389	366	373

Yours truly, J. R. P. Baker.

Grand Rapids, Mich., April 23, 1884.

Miss Susan H. Wixon: Being much pleased with the article in The Truth Seeker, by J. K. P. Baker, I herewith send something for that scientific department of the paper, entitled, "Even numbered magic squares." The even numbered squares are much harder to fill than odd ones, as the same rules will not work them. Several years ago I was much interested in the subject and with the help of a young man I found and recorded in a book the great number of 6,656 magic squares of 1 to 16, adding up 34 on all the 10 lines. No two squares alike. This is the one we started with. Your young readers can amuse themselvs very much by constructing them.

1	15	14	4
12	6	7	9
8	10	11	5
13	3	2	16

We never could form a new one after the 6,656th. O. H. Richmond.

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[Leagues and Liberal and Spiritualistic Societies in the United States and Canada meeting regularly, can hav notices of their meetings published in this column free if the officers will send them to us.]

MICHIGAN.

MUSKEGON.—The Liberal League meets every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock in the German Odd Fellows' Hall, corner of Western ave. and Terrace st.

WISCONSIN.

MILWAUKEE.—The Milwaukee Liberal League meets every Sunday evening at Fraternity Hall, 216 Grand avenue.—Exercises: Lectures, Criticisms, and Music.—Admission free.

OHIO.

CLEVELAND.—The Liberal League meets every Sunday at 3 P.M., in room 29, City Hall building. Lectures free. Communications can be addressed to W. I. Irvine, Secretary.

MAINE.

PORTLAND.—Dr. H. A. Lamb has hired Congress Hall, Congress street (entrance on Temple street), where free meetings, lectures, and discussions are held every Sunday, 2:30 P.M. Admittance free. Public invited.

OREGON.

PORTLAND.—The Auxiliary Liberal League of Portland, Or., holds meetings every Sunday, at 2 o'clock, P.M., at Nonpareil Hall, cor. 1st and Madison streets. All are invited. Admission free.

MASSACHUSETTS.

BOSTON.—Boston Liberal Club holds meetings for essays and criticisms every Sunday forenoon at 10:45 in the Paine Memorial Building, Appleton street.——The "Society of the Divine Homo" at same place every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Sunday-school at 2:30. Admission free.

PENNSYLVANIA.

ALTOONA.—The League holds meetings every Wednesday evening and Sundays at 3 P.M., at the League Room, corner of Eleventh ave. and 13th st., third floor, entrance on 13th st.

PHILADELPHIA.—The Friendship Liberal League meets every Sunday at Hancock Hall, 814 Girard avenue, at 2:30 o'clock, and 7:30 o'clock, P.M., for lectures and free debates THE TRUTH SEEKER and Liberal books for sale.

PITTSBURGH.—Pittsburgh Liberal League meets at Maltby Hall, 76 Fifth avenue, every Sunday (except during the Months of July and August) at 3 o'clock. A free platform is maintained. Exercises consist of a lecture, followed by 10 minute criticisms, with 15 minutes allowed the lecturer to reply. Clergymen invited to discuss.

NEW JERSEY.

NEWARK.—Newark Liberal League meets every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the League's Hall, 177 Halsey street. Exercises consist of music, readings, lecture, and discussion, in which all present are invited to participate. Admission free. Collection taken. Communications for the League should be addressed to J. W. Frankel, 10 Pine street, Newark.

CANADA.

TORONTO.—Secular Society. Reading and Lecture Rooms, No. 9 Grand Opera House. Open every evening and Sundays. Lecture every Sunday evening. Freethinkers' and strangers are cordially invited.

MONTREAL.—Pioneer Freethought Club meets every Sunday at 3 P.M,, at 1310 Catharine street. Reading-room open daily until 10:30 P.M. Library open for exchange of books three evenings per week, and on Sunday afternoons. Free public lectures on Sundays as advertised in local newspapers. Strangers always welcome. G. S. Wilson President, M. O'B. Ward, M.D., Secretary.

NEW YORK.

ALBANY.—The Liberal association meets every Sunday at Van Vechten Hall, 119 State street. Sunday-school at 2 P.M. General business meeting and debates and discussions at 3 P.M. Lecture at 7:30 P.M. The public are cordially invited to attend, also all Liberals visiting the city. Admission free.

NEW YORK CITY.—The Manhattan Liberal Club meets every Friday evening at 8 o'clock, for a lecture and discussion, at German Masonic Temple, 220 East 15th street. Admission 5 cents. Monthly cards 20 cents. Membership fee $3.——The American Spiritualist Alliance meets every Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock in Republican Hall, 55 West 33d street.——The First Society of Spiritualists holds its meetings every Sunday in Republican Hall, 55 West 33d street. Morning service 11 o'clock; evening, 7:45. Seats free. Public cordially invited.——Frobisher College Hall, 23 East 14th street, near Broadway. The People's Spiritual Meeting every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 P.M.

BROOKLYN.—The Brooklyn Spiritual Society meets at Conservatory Hall, cor. of Fulton street and Bedford avenue, every Sunday. Services at 11 A.M. and 7:45 P.M. Admission free. Public cordially invited. Liberal and Spiritual papers and books for sale.——The Everett Hall Spiritual Conference, 398 Fulton street, meets every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. Meetings free. Spiritual literature for sale.——The Eastern District Spiritual Conference meets every Monday evening at Composite Room, 4th street, corner of south 2d street, at 7:45. Spiritual and Liberal literature on sale. All invited.——The Philosophical Association meets every Sunday afternoon in the Assembly Room of Wright's Business College, Broadway, corner of Fourth street, E. D., at 3 P.M. Public cordially invited. Doors open at 2:30 P.M.

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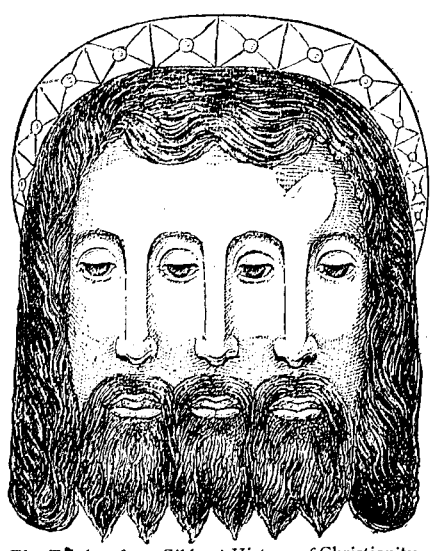
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Were the fair, caressing arms of our mother fondly twined
Round her darlings, loved in all the world the best!

Oh! in boyhood's careless hours, as a-roving hand in hand,
With a bashful miss o'er meadows green we strayed,
Then her coy, caressing arms we, with failing courage, drew
'Bout our waists, and shyly kissed the blushing maid!

Oh, in manhood's gallant prime, when, in Love's impassioned dream,
Our delicious thoughts were mingled in a sigh,
The divine, caressing arms of the idol we adored,
Swore a passion that we deemed could never die!

When at last, in hoary age, as with palsied step, and slow,
Down the hill of life we journey toward the sea,
Shall the dear, caressing arms of our children's children cling
Round old grandpa's neck, and twine about his knee! —*Elliott Preston.*

Catholicism Dangerous to the Republic.

Just before Capel's appearance in Pittsburgh, a paper of that town sent its reporters to learn the opinion of some of the clergy upon the two subjects he was announced to lecture upon—Catholic education, and the influence of the confessional. Their opinions are worth noting, being expressed with temperance, yet with force. We may add that the same remarks apply with but slightly diminished force to Protestantism. The two sectarianisms differ in degree, not in kind:

"Catholic education," said Rev. J. F. McCrory, "leaves out the first principle of education; that, is the thinking for himself by an individual who has arrived at an age of discretion. It develops the faculty of faith at the expense of all the other faculties of a man's mind. A Catholic is taught that faith is above reason, and that reason must submit to faith, whether it be contrary to all reason or not. In the second place, Catholic education denies a man the right to become acquainted with the best thoughts of the world, as it limits his reading to a narrow scope defined by the priest. Outside this he may not venture to think. The education of the Romish church in its highest sense does not allow a man to think in an original manner. His sole education is to learn what the rules of the church are, and not to go outside of them in his thinking. A Catholic gentleman who received his education in one of the best Catholic institutions of the country, the college of St. Xavier, near Latrobe, said they take the young men there and treat them as children, repressing every tendency to intelligent thought, and crowding their minds into the small compass of infantile obedience, to a set of uniform rules of faith and narrow church dogmas. That s what they deny them—the privelege of investigating other than what the church prescribes and lays down. With them, man must submit to the orders of the church, because the church sees fit to so order; not that his personal convictions would subscribe to the measures it dictates. With regard to the Catholic education in its bearings upon man in his relations to government, it may be truthfully said that Catholics hav but one idea of political government, and that is a civil system of which the pope is the head. In other words, their idea of a good citizen is that a man should be a good Catholic. Their education unfits them for any free institution, like a republic, where every man is entitled to an independent opinion, and has the right to demand protection in the free expression of it. With them there is but one thought, and that is the will of the pope. It is as Capel himself said in Washington, in speaking of the appropriations for educational purposes, if they do not receive from the government what they consider is their share of this fund, to devote to the education of their people after the methods of their particular teaching, the pope will issue his order which will be as sharp as the snap of a trigger, and the Catholics will withdraw from all American institutions."

Rev. J. M. Atchison remarked: "The Catholic is denied the liberty of being governed by his own conscientious convictions in every case where such convictions might conflict with the will of the pope. His mind is not allowed the vigorous exercise that it should be put to, but instead is narrowed down to the slavish observances of a set of rules created for him by those who are over him in authority, and who know best what rules to establish for the ends they may hav in view. Ecclesiastical government with the Catholics is superior to all civil forms of government, and obedience to church dogmas paramount to all other considerations. Their submission to the civil authorities is merely a policy by which to accomplish the upholding of the ecclesiastical power, and wherever they can, they enforce the submission of the civil government to the church of Rome."

"The education of Catholicism," said Rev. H. T. McClelland, "does not tend to broaden a man's mind, but narrow it into the channels laid out by those who know best how to strengthen the church. Catholics demand that you tie your faith to those utterances of the church which hav come down through all the ages, instead of allowing modern ideas to hav a weight in your judgment. They ask you to giv away blindly to all the church says. In his social relations, a Catholic may not affiliate with his neighbors of an opposit belief, because his education teaches him that all who are not Catholics must be eternally damned. I remember a case where a Catholic, who had been very kind to a neighbor, said to the latter when he was expressing his gratitude, 'If the church demanded your blood, I would take it as readily as I hav bestowed kindness upon you.' In his political education a Catholic is taught to do all that the church demands. With them the church is first; the state second. If the church thinks its subjects should be loyal to a government, they are loyal. When it comes to a question where the church decides for disloyalty, they will destroy such government if possible. With regard to the confessional and its tendency, it is well-known that Catholics claim that the priest forgivs the penitents in the confessional box. But the worst feature of the confessional is the fact that it teaches so much evil. Perhaps you are surprised. I hav it from the lips of a Catholic gentleman of this city, that at the age of fifteen he had learned more of badness in the confessional than he had learned in the outside world. Understand me, I do not mean to say that the priest directly instructs a youth in the way of wrong-doing, but the questions put in the confessional suggest so much of evil, that ideas of wrong are created in the mind where previously no such thoughts of evil existed."

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This lady reports herself entirely cured in less than six weeks after putting on the garments, and, although in bed, unable to get out, when applied, she nevertheless was able to ride twenty miles in two days after the application. The lady's name can be had upon application at this office, by any one desiring to communicate with her.

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A PETITION FOR STATE SECULARIZATION.

To the Honorable Senators and Members of the House of Representatives of the United States Congress:

A republican form of government being based on liberty, equality, and fraternity, as both means and end, involves the separation of Church and State, whose union is the worst form of class-legislation and the most infallible sign of arbitrary power. A house divided against itself cannot stand. The institutions of this Commonwealth should be made homogeneous throughout. Impartial protection of all citizens in their equal rights and liberties, by encouraging the free movement of mind, promotes the establishment of truth in whatever direction. Any infringement by government of this absolute equality of its citizens is the parent of manifold evil, a national crime committed against that natural "justice" which, as the Constitution declares, this government was founded to "establish."

And yet, though the first amendment to the Constitution of the United States says, "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof," there does exist a union of Church and State, which gives to Christianity moral and material aid, and so proscribes other religions and forms of belief and unbelief, while taxing these also for the support of that special religion.

The ways in which this old alliance between Church and State still survives among us are:

1. Recognition of God and Christianity in State Constitutions.
2. Exemption of Church property from taxation.
3. Appropriations of public money for sectarian purposes.
4. Religious exercises, as the reading of the Bible, etc., in the public schools.
5. Laws enforcing the observance of the Sabbath on the authority of the Bible.
6. Religious test-oaths in courts of justice and on instalment into office.
7. Chaplaincies in the Legislature, the Army, and the Navy.
8. Fast and Thanksgiving Proclamations, which contain theological ideas that may or may not be acceptable to the citizen.

The necessity for this separation of Church and State is more apparent now than ever before, because of the still greater diversity of religious beliefs, the many forms of dissent from the religion which receives State patronage, and the growing signs of sectarian strife and ambition in the arena of politics. And emphasis needs to be given to the fact that the union of Church and State is *a great hindrance to the employment of right methods* in dealing with many questions of reform now demanding attention. And most essential is it at all times, and especially in the present, in order to secure for the law its due respect and observance, that the people's representatives should exhibit the strictest fidelity to their trusts by following the law in its letter and spirit.

Your petitioners, therefore, pray that immediate action be taken by the law-making power to bring into harmony the theory and practice of our government in making the following principle a part of the fundamental law of the land by amendment to the United States Constitution:

The total separation of Church and State, by prohibiting Congress or any State, County, Municipality, or Township from enacting any law that favors religion in any of the eight ways specified, or in any other way, or prohibits the free exercise thereof.

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—AND—

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(E. M. 284.)

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Odds and Ends.

"WHAT is it that you like about that girl?" asked one young man of another. "My arm," was the brief reply.

A MEMBER of the Salvation Army in the West has been bitten by a dog. His friends are anxiously waiting to see what the effect will be—on the dog.

A CONNECTICUT minister has denounced kissing games at social church gatherings. He is ninety-five years old. The old man evidently wants it in the dark. The giddy old coon!

A VERMONT paper titled the *Landmark* informs its readers, in a burst of indignant righteousness, that no lady or gentleman, however costly or fashionable their raiment, will sit in a chuch and eat peanuts.

IT is estimated from a statistical point of view that loss of appetite among young people on account of love, annually saves to this country $100,000,000. Perhaps so; but the expense of extra light and fuel and caramels and ice-cream on the same account, it is estimated, more than balances this amount.

"Is it possible!" exclaimed the new chaplain to the worst thief in the penitentiary. "Are you fifty-two years old? My unfortunate friend, you don't look thirty!" "No," replied the thief, humbly. "I don't show my age, but that is because I take things so easy." And the good chaplain told him that was right; that care and worry make men old faster than hard work.

A FARMER who raises a good many hogs attended a state fair in Ohio, and wrote the following letter back to his neighbor: "*Dear Friend:* Yesterday I inspected the live stock department of the fair. You will be interested to know that the display of hogs was unusually large. Among the hogs I saw some of your breed, and was very much surprised at not seeing you there yourself."

A NEGRO was recently seated on a rail fence in Arkansas intently looking at the telegraph wires. A gentleman passing said, "Watching the wires?" "Yes, sah." "Waiting to see a message go by, hey?" The negro smiled and said, "Yes, sah." The gentleman kindly told him that messages were invisible, and explained the working of the electric current to him at length. Concluding he said, "Now you know something about it." "Yes, sah." "What do you work at?" "I'm a telegraph operator at the Hazel Switch station, sah."

THE greatest show on earth: Remembah that this is the only show having on exhibition the statesman who has gone out of politics, the Ohio man without an office, and the original Garfield man; that we hav here in a glawse case the reformer who is working the reform act without a salary and the private watchman standing wide awake on duty; we hav here a church choir singing and living in perfect harmony, not having quarreled during the past fifteen minutes; here we hav an actress with but one husband, her own and only; also will arrive per next steamer, consigned to this show, an English nobleman who has not proposed to Mary Anderson, the only living specimen on the face of the globe, and all spread out before your wondering eyes for the small sum of a quatovdollar.—*Hawkeye.*

A NEW YORK drummer the other day ran across a retail grocer in this state who had been in the business, and in the same store for thirty-four continuous years. "And didn't you ever fail?" asked the drummer. "How could I?" "Why, any business man can fail." "Perhaps they can; but when a fellow can't get credit for over seventy-five dollars before they draw on him, I don't see the object in shutting up shop." "And didn't you take advantage of the panic?" "Not a copper; I didn't owe anything, and the only goods which went up were clothespins and codfish, and I was short on both." "Never got burned out?" "Never. Every fire jumps right over me, no freshet comes within ten feet of my walls, and the only cyclone we ever had missed me by forty rods. I tell you, stranger, when I think how honest I've been obliged to be, it makes me shudder."

"WHUR did yer git dat fine piece ob poultry, Brover Johnsing?" inquired Parson Longface, the colored preacher, of Deacon Johnson, with whom he was taking dinner. "Over at Farmer Ploughshar's, sir," replied the dusky deacon, smacking his lips. "I truss' de Lord yer didn't steal it, Brover Johnsing," continued the parson, beginning to feel sick at the stomach at the very thought of eating stolen chicken. "No, no, parson; dat ain't no stolen burd." "Well, I'se glad ter hear it, deacon, but how did yer get it?" "Well, I'se gwine to tell yer, parson. Yer see, las' evenin' I was passin' Farmer Ploughshar's when I seed his chicken-coop door open. I jes' goes to dat coop, an' I shuts der door, and I sez ter myself, 'Johnsing, that's an honest act, an' yer orter be paid for it,' so I takes a plump hen—and 'dat's it what yer jest devoured, parson." After this explanation the preacher's conscience seemed to feel easier, and he looked around inquiringly as though he thought there might be some more fowl in the vicinity.

AN officer patroling Griswold street observed a stranger closely scanning the various buildings, as if measuring their dimensions with his eye, and finally inquired if he was looking for any particular number. "I'm a-looking for a bank," was the reply. "Well, there's half a dozen on the street." "Yes, I see, but I ain't quite satisfied. I've turned over a new leaf, and am going to start a bank account. Here's two dollars I'm going to put in as a nest-egg." "Well, I guess it will be safe with any of them." "Mabbe so, but I'm kinder mixed. If I bank with a four-story building like enough a cyclone will come along and shave off about two stori s. If I bank with any of the two-story fellers mabbe they'll rent the upper floor to somebody who'll dig down into the vaults and gobble my cash." The officer left him in a state of doubt, but two hours later found him in the alley in the rear of the post-office happy drunk. "Hav you got over your doubt?" asked the blue coat as he kindly collared him. "Whaz you mean?" "Why, about the banks?" "Yez, zur—yez, zur, 'stead of taking f-four or two-s-story, bank I split the differenze, and left all my money in a three-story s-saloon. Whoop! Turned over a new leaf, and going to start 'er bank myself!"

THE TRUTH SEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

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Notes and Clippings.

It costs $285,000 annually to supply the English army with spiritual consolation.

Dr. Darnall, the "former beloved" pastor of the Cumberland, Tenn., Presbyterian church, has gone crazy.

The first thing that the Puritans did here was to fall upon their knees; the next was to fall upon the aborigines.

Twenty-one years ago there were twelve women doctors in the United States. Now there are 850 and more coming.

The New York *Star* announces a Spiritualist temple, to cost $250,000, shortly to be built in the Back Bay region of Boston.

Prohibition certainly prohibits, but it don't prevent. A large distillery is to be established at Dubuque, Iowa. What's the matter with Iowa's prohibition laws?

At Gotha, in Germany, on Easter Day, the corpse of an American lady was cremated, this being the 163d case of the kind since the establishment of the Crematorium there.

The heathen Chinee may be peculiar, but he has his redeeming traits. In San Francisco the Chinese gave $45,000 to aid their countrymen who were sufferers from the recent great floods near Canton. Several Chinese merchants gave $1,000 each.

Rev. W. Venables Williams, J. P., rector of Liandrillo and Colwyn Bay, North Wales, has not only got into trouble with his parishioners and curate, but has also fallen foul of his bishop. He roundly abuses the bishop of St. Asaph, taunts him with unmanliness, and describes him as a "coward."

"The whole western portion of this country seems to be honey-combed with Infidelity," said the Rev. J. Hyatt Smith in the East Congregational church, Brooklyn, last Sunday morning. "Live missionaries must be sent there. It won't do to send fools. I came back after being there three weeks."

Another minister has—not ruined a sister but—had his eyes opened to the shortcomings of the church. "In the struggle of the broken-hearted poor about us," said the Rev. William Smith, of this city, the other day, to the Particular Synod of the Dutch Reformed Church, "the stately church spires only throw a darkening shadow."

A New England deacon called upon a brother deacon with whom he was at variance, and with an air of great solemnity said: "Brother Jones, it is a shame that this quarrel of ours should bring scandal upon the church. I hav prayed earnestly for guidance in the matter, and I hav come to the conclusion that you must giv in, for I cannot."

The United Presbyterian Presbytery of Dumbarton, Scotland, has refused to admit a Mr. Gray to the office of elder because he had taken a walk on a Sabbath afternoon and would not giv a promis to refrain from doing so in future. It is very evident, remarks the *Star*, that Christ and his twelve disciples would hav failed, had they been now living, to obtain an entrance into this remarkable religious community.

There is a man in Berrien county, Ga., who has not slept in a house since the war. He carries his entire wardrobe with him wherever he goes, as well as his pantry and kitchen utensils, and spends the night wherever darkness may overtake him. He is a veritable curiosity. He never reads newspapers, holding that to read the Bible as it should be read requires all of his time. Several days ago he inquired of the editor of a paper if Germany and France were still at war.

The news from Germany this week is that a committee of the Reichsrath will report favorably a bill for the suppression of Socialistic doctrins. Another bill providing for the imposition of severe penalties against the criminal use of dynamite and other explosiv material has been submitted to a committee of the Bundesrath. The prefect of police has received letters threatening to blow up the Parliament chambers with dynamite upon Prince Bismarck's next appearance there. Germany must be a comfortable country to liv in!

During a meeting at the Methodist church (colored) of Mc Kinney, Tex., the foundations gave away, and the building was thrown violently to the ground. Two lamps exploded, scattering burning oil over the congregation. One colored woman was burnt to death, and another had all her clothing burnt off and will probably die. Several others were badly burnt. The recent rains had undermined the foundations, causing the church to fall. "The Lord cares for his own!"

On the 3d inst, Judge Thayer, of Philadelphia, delivered the opinion of the Court of Common Pleas No. 4 admitting Mrs. Carrie B. Kilgore to practice. Every other Common Pleas Court of the state has refused her admission, although exceptional action was taken some time ago by the Orphans' Court where the lady is a practitioner. Judge Arnold dissents from the opinion of his colleagues, Thayer and Elcock. The court took the ground that its action was sustained by a common law right, which the legislature had not interfered with by statute.

At a meeting of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union in this city, Mrs. E. T. Ellis said: "I hope and pray that we may hav a temperance man and his wife in the White House. We need 'another Mr. Hayes in the White House." Does Mrs. Ellis call a person who is glad to drink at the expense of other people, and is too mean to pay for his own drinks, a temperance person? That is the kind of person Hayes was—stingy, sneaking, and hypocritical in this regard as in every other. The actions of such people as Hayes—if there are any other people who possess all his characteristics—are an injury and not a benefit to temperance.—*Sun.*

The *Christian Messenger* is responsible for the story that the ladies of a prominent church in Alleghany recently advertised a Hug and Kiss festival, to raise money for the flood sufferers. Only "very nice persons" were invited. The cards ran: "You are invited to assist in a hug and kiss festival held at the church for the benefit of the flood sufferers. You were highly commended to the committee." The prices were: Ten cents to hug any girl between thirteen and twenty, five cents for girls between twenty and thirty, old maids two for a cent, one dollar to hug another man's wife. Such is the nonsense practiced in some sections in the name of religion.

Professor Virchow said in the course of a recent lecture delivered before the students of Edinburgh University: "The opinions which I expressed hav in some English publications been much misunderstood. I never was hostil to Darwin, never hav said that Darwinism was a scientific impossibility. But when I pronounced my opinion on Darwinism at the Association of German Naturalists at Munich I was convinced, as I still am, that the development which it had taken in Germany was extreme and arbitrary." Professor Virchow will be recognized as the man whom Joseph Cook has held up and pointed at as the deadly enemy and exposer of the theories of Darwin. It is beginning to look as though it were impossible for Cook to make an honest statement.

At the Methodist Conference in Philadelphia last week, one of the delegates said he regretted that the disposition to employ "methods which find favor in political assemblies" was growing so rapidly in the church's election of bishops, and alluded to "combinations" which were disturbing the proceedings of the Conference. He was greeted with a loud chorus of "Amens," and was followed by the Rev. Dr. Hatfield, of Rock River, who created a tremendous commotion by charging that the old Methodist custom of the delegates spending hours upon their knees before voting for a bishop had given place to "caucussing, log-rolling, and wire-pulling." He said that a "delegate could hardly get out of a car before he was button-holed and asked to join a combination," and that there was too much of the "you tickle me and I'll tickle you," and too little of genuin piety in the elections to be good for the church. The Rev. Dr. Hatfield was finally shut off, but no one seems to hav questioned successfully the truth of his charges.

Robert Pyne, of the Hartford *Examiner*, cannot understand why *John Swinton's Paper* should urge the working people to press their demands upon Congress, while at the same it tells them that Congress givs no heed to their measures. It is plain enough, answers Mr. Swinton. Congress does not heed their measures, because they hav never yet made their demands in such a way as to compel heed. Congress is run in the interest of capital and monopoly *because* the horny-handed voters do not bring their power to bear upon Congress, or use the means they possess of controling it. The one side is strong, not because the other is weak, but because it does not use its strength. The assailants carry the day because the defenders are asleep. The Congress which is deaf to whining or groaning would obey a voice of thunder. There is no measure needed for the welfare of this country that the horny-handed voters could not put through Congress within a year from this time. If the present party will not heed, they can elect a body next November that will heed. Robert Pyne, of Hartford, should take a hand in urging the people to make their demands now; and then, if Congress treats them with scorn, they may thus be stirred up to put another Congress there that will not. Let us exhaust every means of gaining the desired end sought by Robert Pyne. All power is with the majority, and they will wield it when they are aroused.

A Boston paper makes these comments upon Mrs. Kilgore's victory: The admission of a woman to the bar in Philadelphia has been put by the judge on broad, scientific and logical grounds that will strengthen with the world's progress in the path it has been pursuing since men lived in caves and reckoned their women as domestic cattle. Three separate courts in Philadelphia hav rejected Mrs. Kilgore's application (in spite of her diploma from the University of Pennsylvania) on the ground that though the statutes say nothing about it, the uniform custom of the world has confined the practice of law to men. Judge Thayer, of the fourth court to which the lady has applied, is unable to see that any custom is established by "mere negation." He "declines to enter into a controversy on the subject of women's rights," and decides the case on the following grounds: First, that "if there is any longer any such thing as what old-fashioned philosophers and essayists used to call the sphere of woman," it must now be admitted to be "a sphere with an infinit and indeterminable radius;" that she is "found in all the pursuits and professions of life;" that persons who talk of her admission to these with apprehension as of "an impending social change," are asleep and ought to "awake from their slumbers" and recognize the fact that "the revolution is over;" and, finally, that it would not be in the line of a "wise judicial discretion" to attempt to "turn backward the wheel of time to convince history that it is all wrong, and to say at this time of day that woman shall not be permitted to pursue the vocation that suits her taste, and for which her studies hav qualified her." We call this a scientific and logical decision because it recognizes the facts, and the necessary deduction from them, however unpalatable those facts and their teachings may be. When women were permitted to learn the alphabet, the business was done for their "sphere." Physical disabilities handicap, but the physical less and less dominates the world. Darwin, in that letter which was received here shortly before his death, but which has never been published, probably because it givs so little aid or comfort to either side of the question, foretells the gradual equalizing of women with men, first in business and the professions, and then in politics and government, but deplores it as certain to be at the cost of the extinction of the "gentler sex" as such.

News of the Week.

A Mormon missionary has been condemned to a month's imprisonment in Vienna.

Monsignor Capel, the Jesuit emissary from Rome, is talked of for an American bishopric.

Schuyler Colfax predicts that the nominee for president will be either Lincoln, Harrison, or Edmunds.

The New York Greenbackers hav invited Gen. B.F. Butler to accept the Greenback nomination for president.

A statue of Chief Justice John Marshall was unveiled at Washington last Saturday. The eulogy was delivered by Chief Justice Waite.

Twenty union stove moulders of Quincy mobbed and fired upon a number of non-union fellow-craftsmen last Saturday. More trouble is anticipated.

A German duke who is the husband of one of Queen Victoria's daughters wishes to marry his wife's sister morganatically, which is a kind of left-handed, high-toned bigamy.

A New York undertaker is advertising his business by obtaining photographs of corpses at the morgue and distributing them with his announcement printed on the back.

Two remarkable "faith" cures are reported from Litchfield, Me. In one case a cancer was removed by prayer and in the other several deaf mutes were made to hear and speak. Every age has its fashionable fraud. The faith cure is in style at present.

"The Life of Queen Victoria," by Sarah Tytler, edited by Lord Ronald Gower, will be issued in June. Several members of the royal family assisted in its preparation. Victoria appears to be attracting a great deal of attention just at present for so inconsequential a personage.

The sparring tour of John L. Sullivan, the pugilist, has netted that eminent slugger more then $100,000 profit according to his own statement. He contemplates a trip to England for the purpose of interviewing, in his striking way, the distinguished members of his profession in that country.

About three acres of ground in Zanesville, O., sank suddenly several feet last Sunday, carrying a number of houses with it. The phenomenon was accompanied by a terrific report, and the belief was prevalent that an earthquake had caused it. The theory is that several deserted coal mines caved in.

The conduct of Father Kuenz, of the St. Stanislaus Bohemian church at Baltimore, so displeased Stephen Norokofski, a member of the church, that, meeting the pastor on the street one day last week, he assaulted him with intent to inflict bodily injury. The interference of a passer by saved the priest from a beating.

Twenty-four colored converts to the Baptist church were baptized in a creek at Elizabeth, N. J., last Sunday, notwithstanding the chilly condition of the water. This was done by an obscure negro preacher. It is not probable that the most distinguished minister in the Baptist church has opened the season with a more promising batch of idiots.

Ruth Lockwood, a young lady of this city, was nearly dying of diphtheria a few days ago when the remedy suggested by Dr. Delthel, of Paris, in a report to the French Academy of Medicin—the smoke of burning tar and turpentine—was tried. It has given her great relief at every application, always sending her off to sleep, and she is apparently getting well.

The Marine National Bank of this city suspended on the 6th. The cause was the failure of the firm of Grant & Ward, Wall street gamblers. The Grants of this firm are ex-President Ulysses S. and his son Jesse. All their property is said to be involved and swallowed up, with the exception of the fund of $250,000 raised for the elder Grant a few years ago, and which is held in trust.

A Freethought Romance.

Waifs and Wanderings.

BY SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

Chapter XXX.

GOLDEN SILENCE.

The officer of the day was making the "grand rounds," and in a moment our little company was surrounded with rebel troops. Their leader dashed forward to see who this unexpected company on the confines of the camp might be.

"It's Harry," said Jones, "and we are his prisoners."

Harry instantly recognized them, and ordered his soldiers to halt while he dismounted and advanced.

"I know you," he cried. "I have been expecting you. I hope you have good news." Turning to his escort he said: "These are scouts. I must see them privately. Remain."

Amy and the rest caught the drift of his words, and helped to carry out the fiction that they were secret scouts of Harry.

He quickly advanced and greeted them.

"I don't know where you came from," he said, "but you must escape from this."

"That's our plan," cried Cupples. "We have just run away, and don't like to be interfered with."

"You shan't, so far as I am concerned," answered Harry, "and whatever may be the laws of war, in this case I shall lend you a hand."

"These are our good friends, General Stubbs and Doctor Dobson," said Cupples. "They belong to this partnership, and must go with us."

"Your friends are my friends," said Harry, "and between us the obligation is supreme. And this lady."

For the first time Harry looked full at Amy. Beautiful and queenly she appeared in the faint effulgence of the night. In a moment the blaze of recognition came, and Harry impetuously leaped to her side, knelt at her feet, and passionately kissed her trembling hand.

"Is this possible?—fool that I have been!" he cried. "Was ever woman so worthy as this?"

Amy was like marble. Love and pride struggled in her bosom.

"Is this my little girl?" he cried, as he flung his arms about Bessie. "What a treasure!"

Bessie stared at him wonderingly, and hardly knew whether to flee away or nestle to his bosom.

"There is no time for this," he said. "We have met like ships at sea—just for a moment in the blinding storm. Danger is all about. I must bid goodbye in my very greeting."

He gave a sharp whistle, and Columbus was at his side.

"This is your guide," he said. "Follow him, and you are safe. He knows the whole country, and just where the Union Army is. I must hurry off, or there will be suspicion."

For an instant Harry seemed entranced, as with intense gaze he looked at his wife and child, so attractive in their natural beauty, children of the soil, akin with the trees and flowers and flowing with their powerful and radiant life, vividly contrasting with the dull mechanic copies of civilized commonplace.

"What have I not sacrificed to the world and custom?" said Harry in his heart. "Fool, fool, fool that I have been. This is nature's wealth, and I have given it up for the counterfeit. Nevertheless it is but a dream now. The reality is war and death."

With a mighty effort he recovered apparent calmness, and rapidly rejoined his escort, and was soon lost in the darkness, and our little company was again as if in the silence of a vast wilderness.

Columbus motioned them to follow, and they quickly obeyed.

With the daring of genius, instead of skirting the camp, he took them right through its center as being the safest way, having himself the countersign, and being thoroughly acquainted with the position of the troops.

In and out the alternate darkness and light they passed from brigade to brigade, and division to division, from one line of camp-fire to another, now through silence, and then the radiance smote by the clash of arms of those preparing for sentinel duty. Boldly advancing when challenged, and then being led by their skilful guide through the fringes of the forest, until ere morning they had passed the outermost limits of the camp, and were swiftly galloping toward the north.

"I do so want to talk with Columbus," said Jones, "but he never wastes his ammunition that way, and what is he not capable of doing?"

"A golden silence indeed," said the doctor. "He utilizes all his force and puts it into act. Oh, what an example for us poor devils who will talk and so lose our virility."

"If there must be talk, I think we'd better do it," said Stubbs. "I should be perfectly miserable if I were deaf and dumb and had to live on my own heart and brain. I'd rather talk like a fool than simply act like a wise man. To blow my own horn is the only luxury I've got. In fact, it's now a necessity."

"There's philosophy and religion in talk, no doubt," said the doctor. "Almost all the world runs that way. Theology is only talk gone to seed, and what would the church do without preaching. People would never go to church to keep silence. The meeting-house is more for the relief of tongue than for the salvation of the soul. They have to sandwich tongue between the services, or the people would never partake of the bread of life."

"Rather far-fetched that, doctor," said Stubbs, "but nevertheless you've hit it. I get my living by talking, and, therefore, I must stick to it. To me silence is not golden. The length of my purse depends upon the length of my tongue. To out-talk people is to outwit people. However, there must be intervals of silence and downright doing. This is the benefit, I suppose, of this tremendous war. Words amount to nothing, and we learn the value of action."

"Words must come to blows occasionally," said the doctor, "in order to vindicate their value. We make a good fight in order to lay the foundation for a good talk. What heaps of oratory there'll be after this war's over. Dear me!"

"I long for the time," said Stubbs. "I'm full of eloquence."

"Keep it bottled up," said Cupples.

"And burst like champagne," said Stubbs. "What a popping there'll be!"

Columbus still pressed on, silent and powerful as the sweep of gravitation. So omnipotent, after a while, became his example that even Stubbs ceased to utter a word, and they all went forward as if alike deaf and dumb. The spell of silence touched them to eager action, and every faculty was strained to make the best of each flying moment.

Columbus was a character of powerful reserve—ready for any emergency—meeting each difficulty without the slightest apparent exertion. He was a born leader, and, in happier circumstances, would have ruled an empire with *eclat*. He was one, however, who lived a life of unknown wealth and glory, one of those thousand million personalities that really make the world the marvel that it is; who are great in little things because they would be great in great things if the opportunity ever occurred. Greatness, after all, is not relative, it is essential. The relatively great man is very often an essentially small man, and, perhaps, the very smallness of his nature is that which contributes to make him large in the eyes of the world. The very fulness of one's being oftentimes makes him an unrecognized quantity in the outward affairs of men. The simplest action is such a delight that his genius does not seek for a prominent theater. The silentest deed is an all-sufficient reward, because the movement of the spirit is the supreme joy, and not the applause of mankind.

It was a pleasure to watch the quick, strong, ever-varying activity of Columbus. There was in it the intensity of the volcano and the calmness of a summer's sea. His form was like that of a gladiator. His arms and breast were prodigious in their muscular development. His neck was like a tower. His head was like Apollo's carved in ebony, and upon it gleamed the mystery and the majesty of the Sphinx. His eyes were deeply soft and brilliant, yet flashed like the keen rays of the North Star, and there was in them beams of latent fierceness, as if in his blood boiled the wild life of burning Africa; and the lion-nature was still at the basis of what he might have of cultivated manhood.

It was a wonderful fleeting, glittering picture those fugitives made as they went through the forests and over the streams. Columbus in the van, Amy and Bessie close behind, a perfect contrast in grace and dignity, yet blending in marvelous motion and color with his dark and giant form; while, with bold and dashing eagerness, followed Stubbs and Jones, noble specimens of Anglo-Saxon brightness and strength, while after them thundered Cupples, not quite so admirable in his horsemanship, for he would bob up and down occasionally and spread his legs out; but nevertheless, his picturesque riding was a vast improvement upon his original effort when, with Bessie in his arms, he was trying to avoid scraping acquaintance with the hounds. Last, but not least, came the doctor. He did pretty well considering that he had lost one-third of his weight and was not yet accustomed to handling such a diminished frame. It must be admitted that he was awkward. But he knew how to put the spurs in and hang on by the mane if necessary, and so he never allowed the rest to get very far ahead.

Evidently a great battle was going on. The boom of cannon was heard and the earth shook. Clouds of smoke surged up against the horizon. The sun rolled in red splendor through the heavens.

Nearer they dashed and heavier swelled the sounds of battle. They hurry on. The blood sweeps like a fierce fire in their veins.

Suddenly, on the broad brow of a precipitous hill, where rocks towering hundreds of feet high seemed mingled in abysmal conflict, the vast scene opened before them like a panorama, glittering with the awful magnificence of war. For miles and miles the landscape stretched before the eyes; how beautiful when summer's face was over it, shining with wood and stream and fair fields, stretching away to the luminous horizon like a dream of glory, but now it was lurid with the flames of a mighty conflict. Hundreds of thousands of soldiers were meeting in strife. Forth from the wooded hills belched volumes of smoke, rolling and mingling and enshrouding the armies in gloom. Amid the great rifts were seen the wild dash of calvary, the steady advance and tumultuous meeting of bayonets; troops plunging forward and then receding; flames bursting in one long line or flashing from a thousand quivering points, as if the very earth itself was opening and pouring forth is fires. The ghastly sun seemed amazed at the indescribable confusion, while mists gathered here and there and poured a tender baptism upon the bloody fields.

"There is something for all of us to do," cried Amy. "Bessie and I will take care of the wounded, the rest of you must leap to the front."

Quickly, like angels almost from the empyrean hights, the mother and child, in the midst of the terrific slaughter, brought love and blessing to many a perishing soldier.

The rest joined the Union ranks as best they could, grasped musket or sword, and swept along with the changing tides.

They struck the very heart of the battle just when the opposing forces met in supreme endeavor. The Confederate army was being gradually massed against the center of the federal troops, and it was evident that right here the victory for either side would be won. The banner of the North floated from a hill thick with soldiers pouring a deadly fire, and against these the efforts of the enemy were especially directed. Column after column of surging gray attacked the blue, but were driven back. Suddenly there was a fierce alarum, a vast battalion of rebel cavalry leap upon the hill and seem to writhe around it like a huge serpent, and flung its glittering fangs right against the heaving and tossing folds of the Union flag. So tremendous was the onset that the hitherto steady array of the blue was broken, and the flag, that had swept the breeze so defiantly, was thrust to the ground, and with a shout that lifted itself almost above the roar of battle, the foremost of the enemy bent to grasp the reeling standard.

It was a critical moment. One backward move and yielding of the northern line, and defeat was inevitable. Apparently it must be so. With such fury did the foe thunder upon the banner that it almost kissed the dust, when lo! like a flash of bewildering light it lifted itself again amid the clouds, and flung its blazing stars against the foe. The strong arm of Columbus held that standard now high over the clashing hosts, and summoned to its aid the almost defeated ranks. They close again, and press about the staff, forming line on line with the giant and unswerving form of the negro. It was a wonderful sight, as if for a moment all the downtrodden life of his race was exalted, as if from centuries of slavery the hidden power burst forth and flamed for liberty. High in one hand he held that flag, and with the other urged his way forward at the point of the bayonet. Step by step he pushed, while round about clung the concentrating bands of soldiers, until with almost irresistible force they break the lines of the gray, and press it tumultuously back. Slowly, however, the seething mass recoils. Inch by inch is contested. As if by some vast instinct, however, the Union troops throng about the central figure, Columbus. The other side is equally supported, and saber and bayonet mingle in the turmoil, and flash, and hiss, and sing, and sparkle with crimson drops as the bright blood leaps to the air, the jewel of many a vanishing life. The flag held aloft by Columbus tosses like a feather, yet not for a moment do its brilliant colors trail to the earth. The rout begins. At this and that point the phalanx breaks. The breach widens, confusion grows; the victorious leader plunges on with terrific blows. The Confederate forces scatter in every direction. Flaming in the van, Columbus receives his death wound. At the glowing moment of triumph the silence of his life falls into the eternal silence of death. The fruit, the flower has come. His life has rounded to a star, radiant in the heavens of fame. He falls, but the starry folds wreathe themselves about his black and sacred form, as if to enshrine forever that heroic soul in whom was the emblem of an eventful race, in whose agony a million homes were blended, and for whose redemption the fairest faces bowed to the earth. Mingling in death they were, the child of oppression and the flag of liberty, a blessed atonement and a glorious prophecy. Silently he had borne the burden, faithful he had been; with the beautiful affection of his race, he had died for the flag which for long years had refused justice and protection. Yet in that flag, stained as it was, he saw the promise of the coming world, the clearest symbol of the universal republic of man.

How beautifully the day dawned over the bloody field, seeking to drive away the fiends that haunted

it, the sorrow and the terror! Busy hands were at work with tender ministrations to repair the dreadful ruin. The sweetness and grace of woman touched the departing clouds of war with infinite pity and sublimity, soothing the pain, kindling the eyes with new hope, flashing upon the dying gaze the glory of human fellowship and its heart of love.

On the third day the vast procession was formed, and the body of Columbus was borne to its resting-place in the solemn shadows of a beauteous grove. Long lines of glittering soldiers followed the dead hero. Solemn music filled the air. Countless heads were bowed as the funeral pageantry passed by. It was a heartfelt tribute to him who had so courageously turned the tide of mighty war. Slowly amid the gorgeous drapery of flags the cortege advanced to the leafy temple of nature, about to be consecrated with the living spirit of humanity and become a spell in the advancing life of man, to be clothed with immortality, to be a perpetual influence and joy because haunted by the memory of one who had died for others.

The earth received the noble freightage, and over it the flowers were laid, and the enshrouding dust; and then from the solemn music burst forth quick and martial strains. With jubilant notes the triumphant army returned again to its accustomed avocations. Far away gleam the white tents. The ranks are broken, and over the fields are seen the glistening bands of soldiers. Suddenly a shout comes like the vibration of a mighty sea. A single horseman appears, dashing down the lines, waving a white banner. An earthquake seems to follow. From brigade to brigade, from regiment to regiment, all ears are bent to catch the accents of his voice, as if some marvelous music were in it that the world had never listened to before. It was indeed a mighty song that that impetuous horseman flung upon the air:

"Lee has surrendered. Lee has surrendered."

Were ever words so laden with melody and joy? Lightly they went from lip to lip, but left a new world behind. What entrancing visions flashed in the pathway of that far circling sound. Home was seen again, wife and children, the green fields, the open door, the tree, the flower, the trailing vine, the grove, the pasture, the tumbling brook, the bird in the air, the clear water of the well, the blue of the sky. Sweet winged words pouring from a thousand throats, and reverberating in deep undertones of quivering joy, tones that welled to smiles and tears, that touched the day with new magnificence, and made the stars hang heavily jeweled with promises of richer peace than had ever yet made happy the o'er wearied heart of the world.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Religious Intelligence.

What is Going On in the Churches.

EXPELLED.

NEWBURG, April 21st.—The Methodist conference has expelled another minister, the Rev. J. V. Given. The allegation against him was adultery. The committee's report sustained the finding of the board of elders, which body had adjudged him guilty. The alleged offense was committed in this city over a year ago, and since the charges were presented he has not preached. The Rev. G. E. Smith offered the resolution of expulsion, and it was adopted. The venerable Bishop Moore then called the erring brother to the altar, and, as in the case of Dickson [recently found guilty of the same offense], took him by the hand, and counseled him so touchingly that tears came to all eyes. Mr. Given strongly asserted his innocence.

A SIMILAR CASE.

CASSETA, GA., April 11th.—The Rev J. H. Fackler, Baptist, of Lumpkin, Stewart Co., Ga., was excluded lately from the Baptist church for drunkenness, lying, abusing his wife, and bigamy. Under the name of J. H. Price he is now somewhere in the West. He is also advertised in the *Christian Index*. I know the man well. W. F. MALDEN.

A CHURCH ROW.—ONE BROTHER DENOUNCED AS A HYPOCRIT AND A RASCAL.

ALBANY, April 21st.—There was a sensational scene in the Baptist church of Scotia, a suburb of Schenectady, N. Y., yesterday morning. The pastor, Rev. H. J. Whalen, had, while in Massachusetts, been accused of preaching the sermons of several prominent clergymen as his own productions. He did not deny having used the sermons in part. It became known that he had no license to preach. Messrs. Toll and Marcellus, of the congregation, looked into his record recently and found that the pastor's license had been taken from him in Massachusetts. They also found him involved in certain shortcomings. Yesterday Rev. Mr. Whalen read the thirty-fifth psalm from the pulpit, saying it was directly applicable to his own case. While the congregation were singing a hymn he walked out of the church, but soon after returned. He then said that he understood Brothers Toll and Marcellus had been looking into his history in Massachusetts, and had returned with stories about his conduct. He then denounced Toll as a hypocrit and a rascal. Great excitement ensued. A friend of Toll made a sharp reply, when the pastor excitedly said, "Go and tell Brothers Toll and Marcellus what I say about them." The excitement was increasing when Brother Barker rose, deprecated the difficulty, and said that it should not go on. The pastor then preached a sermon on the tribulations of David, and at its close tendered his resignation.

LUNATICS DEVELOPED WHILE YOU WAIT.

We cut this from the Ponca, Neb., *Journal:* Two evangelists, Woodward and Brookmiller, hav been holding meetings in Dakota City during the past three or four weeks. The result has been deplorable, at least so far as some of the citizens are concerned, several having become so excited as to become unbalanced mentally. One of them, Mr. Ralph Goodwin, became insane last week, grew rapidly worse, and on Tuesday was taken to the insane hospital at Lincoln. Mr. Goodwin was an estimable citizen and an old resident of Dakota county. His wife and child are thus left alone, and in tears and mourning. The worthy evangelists went away the day before Mr. Goodwin was taken to the hospital. They were requested to leave by a committee of citizens who deemed it their duty to protect their families from undue and unnatural excitement. The evangelists hav gone to some town in Iowa.

A $10,000 APPROPRIATION.

Mr. E. G. Woodward, of Philadelphia, treasurer of the board of trusteees of the general assembly of the Presbyterian church, and treasurer of the church board of education, is a defaulter to the amount of $10,000. He has fled from the city, and his whereabouts are unknown. Mr. Woodward's family are prostrated with grief. His domestic relations were particularly happy, and it was not known that he was in financial difficulty. Mr. Woodward is fifty years of age, and is the father of seven children. He lived in a comfortable home at Ridley Park. He had been connected with the board of trustees for twelve years, and was chosen to the responsible position of treasurer a few years ago. A month ago, it is said, he tendered his resignation, but it was not accepted. There was no suspicion then that anything was wrong. He did not make his appearance at the office on Wednesday nor on the next day. His son, who is a clerk in the office, when questioned by the board declared that he had no knowledge of where his father had gone. When the books were examined it was found that the funds taken belonged to the board of trustees, and amounted to $10,000. He was a man of generous disposition, and when asked for a loan seldom refused. He frequently assisted clergymen. One of his intimate friends said that Mr. Woodward had lost money in this manner because he never asked for collateral, trusting entirely to the borrower's honor. Mr. Woodward was known as an exemplary Christian. He was not given to extravagances nor fast living. His house is comfortably furnished, and his family are thrifty and economical.

IN THE ARMY OF THE LORD.

Mr. and Mrs. John Emmons residing in the northeast part of Ionia, Mich., were on Sunday, April 20th. found to be suffering from a demented condition of the mind, superinduced by religious excitement. The Ionia *National* says that they were among the first to join the Salvation Army, and hav been regular attendants ever since. When found they were gravely discussing which one of their children should be offered up as a sacrifice to the Lord, and had progressed so far as to hav carving-knives in their hands ready for the bloody work. The children were immediately removed to a place of safety and the unfortunate couple taken to the jail. Since their incarceration there they hav become imbued with the idea that the new court-house is to be a temple and that the erection is under their personal supervision, hence they stand at the window and persistently warn all idlers from interfering with the workmen. On Wednesday Judge Wordworth appointed Drs. Gundrum and Romig to make an examination. They pronounced it a case of acute insanity. The sheriff at once secured a permit from the superintendent of the Kalamazoo asylum for Mrs. Emmons, and afterwards for the man. The boys, says the Ionia *Evening Mail*, not to speak of the men, had a picnic at the Salvation Army meeting Thursday night. The meeting was held on the streets, and on that night a large crowd was on hand and whenever the Army started a tune the outsiders joined, but sung "John Brown" and similar songs. Between the two, the Army and the hoodlums, a tremendous hubbub was kicked up.

SANCTIFICATION AND INSANITY.

A dispatch dated May 3d, recites: The Rev. C. H. Harris, who was sent to the Buffalo asylum for the insane, is a raving maniac. He was taken to the asylum in irons, and has been violent and noisy ever since. The physicians do not permit any visitors, not even his relativs, to see the demented clergyman. He is greatly excited, and talks about everything and everybody in his incoherent ravings. The Rev. Mr. Harris is fifty-five years old, weighs 185 pounds, and has a good physique, having always enjoyed excellent health. His insanity was caused by his congregation deposing him from the pastorate of the True Wesleyan Methodist church at Belmont, Allegany county, for preaching a sermon in which he gave reasons why the Methodist doctrin of immediate santification was in error.

IRREVERENT DETECTIVS DISTURB A RELIGIOUS MEETING.

"Jim" Depew, a married man, residing in Blenheim, Ont., while attending a revival meeting in the Baptist church on March 6th, had his devotions interrupted by detectivs from Hamilton and Buffalo, who arrested him on charges of robbing at Hamilton, and murder at Buffalo. He was taken to Hamilton.

A SERMONIZER ON THE MOUNT.

Rev. Mr. McDonald preached an eloquent sermon Saturday evening at Auburn, Ill., but was arrested at Springfield the next week on a charge of the theft of a horse and a suit of clothes from a man named Foster, at whose house he went after the religious services for the purpose of spending the night.

AN UNPLEASANT REVIVAL.

A revival had been in progress at the Methodist church at Hillsboro, Ill., for several weeks. Among the converts was one Patrick Henry. A bitter feud had existed between him and Charles Seymour, an old and prominent member of the church. A short time ago they shook hands. But in the midst of the revival, Henry suddenly arose in the audience and began a tirade of abuse against Seymour. Henry rushed to the altar and publicly demanded that his name be erased from the books of the church, giving as his reason for his action that Seymour had called him "a liar and a thief." Henry then left the church.

A REPORT UNAVOIDABLY OMITTED.

We this week omit from our list of religious services under the local heading that of Grace Episcopal church, this village. For some time past there hav not been any services held there by the pastor on account of disagreements, the door of the church edifice being locked against him, it is said by a member of the church. We hav heard that this action was taken because certain other members of the church who are objectionable to the person who did the locking out are allowed to attend service there. Whether this is true or false, we do not know of our own personal knowledge. It is certain, however, that the Episcopal edifice has been closed almost the entire past winter, the lock having been filled with nails inside and fastened by wire to prevent the bolt from being sprung, and the knob taken off, and the handle or stem pushed inside so that the catch bolt could not be moved.—*Monroe, N. Y., Herald.*

A MINISTER TRIED FOR ASSAULT.

The Rev. Mr. Wardlow, of New Brighton, Staten Island, on Friday, was tried before Justice Casey on a charge of assaulting John M. Wallace, a furniture dealer.

A NEW HAGAR AND A MODERN ABRAHAM.

An examination in the case of Miss Carrie Plunkett, the servant in the household of the Rev. Samuel T. Graham, pastor of the Church of the Messiah, in Newark, and who was arrested on Saturday last, was held in the first precinct police court, Newark, on the 29th ult. Mrs Mattie Graham, wife of the pastor, was the complainant. Mrs. Graham testified that Carrie Plunkett had been a servant for the Rev. Mr. Graham fourteen months, and he had made her the virtual housekeeper. She and her husband did not speak, and had not for several months. She had to wash and iron her own clothes, but Carrie Plunkett washed for everybody else in the house. She said there was no fire or carpet in the basement dining-room where she lived, while her husband, the servant, and the children had comfortable rooms up-stairs. So coolly did her husband treat her that she once proposed that they separate. Her husband ordered all the household necessaries and sent them to the servant, who locked up everything and acted as mistress of the house. "I hav been so mortified and humbled by my husband," said Mrs. Graham, "for this servant, that I blushed in the presence of my children." The Rev. Mr. Graham settled in Newark in 1878, as pastor of the Hill Street Methodist Protestant church. Three years ago the congregation divided on the question of retaining him. It was said his domestic relations were not happy. The fight was carried to the Methodist Protestant National Conference, and the Rev. Mr. Graham's character was passed, but a new pastor was sent to the church. He then withdrew from the Methodist Protestant church and founded a new religion, with the Bible as the sole rule of faith. He holds services in Association Hall, under the name of the Church of the Messiah.

THE REV. MR. DELO'S SINISTER PREDICTION.

The Lutheran congregation of Brunswick, N. Y., told their pastor recently that on account of his attempted interference in school matters his resignation would be accepted. It was also intimated that unless the resignation was forthcoming he would preach to empty pews and receive no salary. Not desiring to preach the gospel under those discouraging circumstances, the Rev. Mr. Delo announced that he would deliver his farewell sermon the next Sunday. There was a large attendance. After reviewing from his standpoint the incidents which had led him to resign, Mr. Delo bitterly assailed the members of the church council, and, in conclusion, said: "I hav nothing to fear. I cannot say as much for others, and I will be preaching the gospel when a majority of this congregation is in hell." The remark created a profound sensation. An old farmer who had listened attentivly said, in a tone which caused not a few to smile, "This may all be so, and perhaps he will be preaching to his old congregation." There is a very bitter feeling against Mr. Delo, and threats are openly made that he will be treated to a coat of tar and feathers. An ex-member of the assembly said, "Giv but the word, and men stand ready to tar and feather him."

"PAINTING THE TOWN RED."

At about 10 o'clock on a recent evening, a Catholic priest entered the saloon at 203 Bowery with two tramps whom he had picked up on the sidewalk. The three drank whisky, and the priest paid for it, and gave the men fifty cents each. He then treated men who were sitting in the saloon, drank whisky himself again, and, becoming talkativ, said he was a Catholic priest from Canada. He left the saloon and stood in the hallway of Samuel H. Hadley's lodging-house at 207 Bowery. Mr. Hadley caught him at the head of the stairs, and with the help of some men he was finally pushed to the street, where he clenched with a man and fell, yelling, "Irishmen, help me! I am a Catholic priest!" He struck on his face, making his nose bleed. He arose, and, covered with blood, staggered to the corner of Delancey street, and there rolled in the gutter. He was lifted to his feet, and tried to board two or three cars, but the conductors would not allow him on board. He blocked the track, and a policeman arrested him and took him to the Eldridge street police station. He was laid on the floor in the back room. A handsome gold watch and chain and a check, No. 29, of Sweeney's Hotel were found on him. He had no money.

A BROTHER ARTIST.

On the returns that were sent to Police Headquarters on the 3d from the seventeenth precinct was recorded the arrest of Stephen O'Donnell, a clergyman, on a charge of intoxication. Policeman Brereton took him to the station-house, where he slept in a cell during the night. James O'Conner was registered as the complainant. Father O'Conner is the editor of the *Converted Catholic*. He said that O'Donnell is a Catholic priest hailing from Illinois, who visited him to see what the work he was doing amounted to. He caused his arrest when he had been drinking freely, because he feared the priest would lose money that he carried. O'Connor knew nothing of his antecedents.

THE New York State Sunday-school Association is the name of a pretentious organization which sends out missionaries to form Sunday-schools. Its next annual meeting will occur in June, and to raise money the sympathies of the Christian public are being harrowed by statements of the ungodliness of the rural portions of New York. One beggar says: "I hav just been informed of a section of country (in Madison Co.), about twelve miles long and six wide, where there are no Sunday-schools or preaching." He also speaks of a point in the same county where he gathered a roomful of children for the purpose of arranging a Sunday-school, but "there was not a Christian in the place." Of a portion of Lewis county, he says: "Religion is about the last thing spoken of in this part of the state." In Cayuga county he found a woman "who said she had not been in Sunday-school or church for seventeen years, and that she had a grown-up daughter who did not know what Sunday-school meant." At a point in Oneida county he recognized the "greatest religious destitution he ever met, a general condition of depravity and mischief." He traveled eight miles through a thickly settled section of the same county, "with numerous hotels, but no Sunday-schools." In one district of this county, there was "not a praying man or woman." The church recognizes that unless the children are brought up in fear of the ministers, the theological cubs growing up will hav to turn their hands to some honest work. The money spent now is capital invested for the next generation.

The Liberal Club.

Clinton Furbish, a somewhat noted Greenback orator, gave the Liberal Club last Friday evening a piece of his mind, and on the whole a very good piece it was, although it did not contain all of the truth of Universology. His subject was "Pantarchism in Politics." The theme and the man and the "other man," the original pantarch himself, brought together a crowded house, for all expected quite a lively display of wit and wisdom. Mr. Furbish was in favor of a pantarch, but he wanted a practical pantarch, and not an ideal one. He preferred the pantarch who digs to the pantarch who thinks. What is the use, said he, of planning out a railroad in your mind's eye if you don't build, and what is the benefit to a toiling humanity of a palace-car, if it has no place to run, but must lie idle and rot? No doubt Mr. Andrews in his philosophical seclusion has done a great deal of good, but his disciples must not go to dreaming after his fashion, but set themselvs to work, and be of some service in the affairs of to-day.

The Greenback party, said the speaker, is composed mainly of pantarchs. It is devoted to the highest and most progressiv principles. All the other parties are failures, but this is the ideal party; the only practical organization for the true reformer. It was committed not simply to a certain financial policy, but to the universal rights of labor

The lecturer was followed by Mr. Cohen, who as usual gave one of his impetuous discourses, and agreed in the main with what had been advanced.

Dr. Foote, Jr., vindicated the ideal standard of Mr. Andrews as being in the long run the most useful and effectual. Specialists must work in their particular lines, but above all and in all there should be a philosophy of ideas combining specialties so that the common good is reached harmoniously. Dr. Foote dwelt with especial fervor upon the grand idea advanced by Mr. Andrews that intellectual superiority has no more right to get the better of an inferior in its kind of power than physical superiority in its kind. The time was when the strong man physically ruled merely because he was strong. That time has passed. Now the intellectual man, the cunning man, rules simply because he is most cunning, and law and custom back him up. This mere cunning, however, must be stripped of its power, and the keen head shall hav no more power to tyrannize than the strong arm.

Mr. Andrews followed, and with his usual breadth of view admitted all that Mr. Furbish had said, and that from his standpoint he might be more correct than Mr. Andrews himself, for of course the work must be done and there must be men to do it. There must be Realists as well as Idealists. However, the shortest path to great reform lies in absolute devotion to the universally right, and from the higher view the ideal must never be surrendered for any temporary advantage. Its progress might be slow, but at last it advances with geometrical ratio, and accomplishes in a day what special reforms could not accomplish in a century.

Dr. Atkinson poured forth one of his transcendental discourses, full of subtleties of thought and sparks of eloquence. He was in favor of a "conviction of sin" not the old-fashioned conviction, of course—but there must be in man an intense feeling, and he must plunge into reform with his spirit on fire, and realize that there are great wrongs to be remedied, and that one must be tremendously in earnest.

Mr. Freeland showed after all that the Greenback party was not ideally perfect, for it had clashing theories of reform, and one Greenbacker did not agree with another Greenbacker on the money question. Mr. Freeland did not agree with the lecturer, and thought in some respects the doctrins he maintained were injurious to the party. Evidently the money question is a puzzle yet, and there must be a vast amount of thinking done before any political action can be taken. It is easy enough to do a thing when you know what to do, but when you don't know, then the best way is to be a philosopher and do nothing but think.

Mr. Wakeman insisted upon the necessity of the enthusiasm of humanity in order to make any permanent progress. There must be a pantarchism of the heart as well as a pantarchism of the head. Men must learn to work unselfishly in order to accomplish great results. The bottom of every scheme of cooperation will fall out unless it is based upon a thorough altruism.

Mr. Furbish, in closing, claimed that in some respects he had been misunderstood. He believed in the sublime philosophy of Mr. Andrews. It had done him good, and taught him many things; but he wanted some practical outcome; he wanted the fruits of this splendid theory. He wanted Liberals to work together; to be friendly; to lend a hand in the great struggles of the day.

The president of the club spoke a few words in commemoration of Mr. C. G. Mann, a member of the club of long standing, who had recently died. He was an unobtrusiv Liberal, not known to many, but of sterling qualities of character. He was almost constant in his attendance on the meetings of the club, and showed a deep interest in the Liberal movements of the day. His genial presence will be missed by many who perhaps never knew his name. He was a good soldier, and has passed away at an honorable old age, and is worthy of our generous commemoration.

The club adjourned at the usual hour.

California Letter.

DEAR EUGENE: THE TRUTH SEEKER of April 19th seems to me brighter and better than usual, and I can only wish that it might be found, together with the grand old Boston *Investigator*, on the table of every Liberal in the land. If it were so, my work in driving the plowshare of Freethought would be comparativly easy. Allow me to congratulate you for the many able and happy writers in THE TRUTH SEEKER, who, from time to time, shed light and joy into human hearts all over our dear country. To read Herbert Spencer's "Coming Slavery" as he grapples with the profound problems of Sociology is to be wiser than before. If he does not furnish a full and clear solution of every question involved in the science of human life, he does at least bring to every subject the cultured energies of a great mind; to read after Wakeman is to be swept along with a flood-tide of good things, while the versatil and beautiful composition of S. P. Andrews almost smothers one in rainbow tints and handsome words, pleasant to read if not easy to remember. To read Putnam is to be convinced of the masterly grip he has upon the principles and potencies wrapt up in nature, which, under his hand, find adjustment for the happiness and mental culture of all who grasp the spirit of his well-selected language, and to follow where he leads is like a ride through the beautiful Alameda of San Jose—cool, bright, and restful.

To read Col. Kelso, of California, is to come into contact with a whirlwind of fact and logic, which fasten on to the mind like fish hooks; and his clear and terse criticisms upon gods, devils, and holy virgins come at once to the comprehension of the masses of our people, and his works need only to be read to be appreciated by every lover of the naked truth.

And then, for hammer-and-tongs style, with logic like a dead shot, clear, forcible, and divested from all ambiguities, commend us to John Peck every time.

We can but admire the clear, close reasoning, and the irrepressible spirit of E. C. Walker in maintaining his honest convictions against legal prohibition in matters of food or drink, and, right or wrong, he possesses the elements of mental power in a marked degree.

We are always pleased with the bright and spicy style of Miss Wixon, whose handiwork graces the Children's Corner, a most significant feature in your paper, and I think we may all be proud to call her our sister. And then again, in almost every paper I pick up I see the name of Elmina, which in a few short years has come to be a household word. And her written words carry with them a spirit strong and free, and a mental grasp seldom met among the gentle sex. Her logic, though masculin in point of power, is permeated by an element of motherly affection which must endear her to all lovers of truth and humanity. Yes, Elmina, go and investigate the spirit phenomena for yourself. It is well worthy of your attention; but let me predict that after seeing the pencil write without any visible agency, as I hav seen on several occasions, you will not then believe in life after death. Your organism will not permit it; and whatever you may see, hear, or feel will not convince you of supermundane existence. You are a doubter like myself, and I feel assured that the lady who wrote the open letter to F. D. Lacy will always remain a doubting Thomas. But then an honest doubt is quite as commendable as an honest belief, and will always win the respect of true Liberals. Let us find comfort in honest doubts.

Now of course Ingersoll is one of my gods—not that I worship anything, but I love and admire him as the greatest man on earth to-day; not only great in his intellect but grand in his spirit, manly and pure in his affections, as he is unique and chaste in his style—but we love him most because he has placed himself in the gap as no other can do, and as Thomas Paine did in his day, against the whole world of shams and hypocrits. Somebody must stand at the head and lead the world of Freethought, as Shakspere leads the world of intellect; and we are proud of such a noble spirit as Ingersoll, against whose genius and wit the combined forces of superstition will beat in vain. A few more such men as Ingersoll, Bennett, and Paine; a few more such outspoken and fearless papers as THE TRUTH SEEKER and *Investigator*, and the world will feel the quickened breath of a higher life and being.

A closing thought and I hav done. In reading THE TRUTH SEEKER I always turn first to the Letters from Friends to see who has been saying something. And if there is one thing more than another which has anchored THE TRUTH SEEKER and our noble cause in the hearts of our people it is this department. We belong to the common people, and our sympathy is with them, and many are the gems of sincere, sparkling thought, full of helpfulness and good will, that crop out in these Letters from Friends. Not always do they bring us joy or pleasure, but sometimes a sorrow is couched in the message they bring. One of this character I note in the last TRUTH SEEKER—a short letter from our friend Henry McElsander, reporting the death of Philip Foster, a time-worn veteran in the cause of Freethought.

Our friend Foster was a great admirer of D. M. Bennett, and THE TRUTH SEEKER was his holiest Bible from its first issue. It was our pleasure to deliver the oration at his place, Eagle Creek, on the Fourth of last July. And although the frosts of eighty winters rested on his brow, yet his mind was clear and step firm, and he enjoyed with great delight my allusion to Thomas Paine as the leading spirit in founding our republic.

So it is our old warriors are passing away one by one to their rest 'neath the sod—the body to mingle again with Mother Earth, and the mind, we trust and hope, to a larger and brighter field of activity. And even should there be no life beyond, the grave has no horrors for me, and I often find myself thinking of it as a final rest, just dropping off to sleep, undisturbed by the cares, sorrows, and friction of life. Only so that we hav said and done something to make our fellow-creatures happy, and the world better for our having lived in it, we need hav no regrets, but sleep 'mid the harmonies of nature—one and united with the grass and flowers which deck the grave, and one with springtime's bursting bud or wintry snow; one with the singing birds or zephyr's gentle breath, in life or death we are not lost. Thus let our old friend Foster rest loved and cherished by those who knew him best.

One other sentence in that brief letter is worthy of attention. Our friend says that there was a large attendance at the funeral of Father Foster, but for the want of a York or an Ingersoll nothing was said. This should not be so; but better thus to be buried in silence than to call in a man of God to rob our dead of the victory over superstition of being buried in the Infidel faith.

When we look at the matter in a proper light but little need be said at a funeral, only let the proper thing be said. The "Truth Seeker Collection" contains appropriate and beautiful forms, which almost any kind neighbor could read on such an occasion. And if we are Liberals let us shun the superstition which offers a willing service to croak like a bird of evil omen over the forms of our loved and dead. And when I die I hope it will be with the harness on, fighting the foe, and my friends will see to it that no sniveling saint shall make any capital out of my extremity. For to what purpose is it that I hav lived a consistent Infidel if then I am to be handed over to my enemies at death? We liv for a principle; let us die by it, and be buried in harmony with the principles we advocated while living. Too often we are pained by the action of weak-minded so-called Liberals, who submit to the service of those who outrage our dead by a Christian burial.

Our Lyceum school in San Jose is going on splendidly, and Freethought is advancing all over the coast.

One thing more. Please find within my dollar to help bring up the deficit in the Monument Fund—the last act of kindness I will ever be able to do for our departed chief, whose memory in loving hearts I trust will outlast the granit and marble. And we hope that a suitable picture of the monument will be made at an early day for the columns of THE TRUTH SEEKER, the founding of which was the great work of his life.

With many kind wishes for you, Eugene, and the continued success of THE TRUTH SEEKER, let me always remain

Your friend and honored worker in the cause of truth, DR. J. L. YORK.

Mr. Kirby Not Satisfied.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Allow me a review of your note on my article, "Is There a God? A View from Nature's Standpoint," as found in THE TRUTH SEEKER, March 15th.

Thomas Paine, in "Age of Reason," and I, did not appear to find a hearty welcome in your paper, though you are careful not to mention Mr. Paine.

In previous numbers you suggested that I write on the existence of God and on the claims of the Bible. And having delayed my article in your office some two months, you finally publish it, with your note in the same number, condemning it as unworthy a place "in your scientific TRUTH SEEKER." You style it speculations, assumptions, intrusion, "thrusting his creator upon us, *ipse dixit;*" "we warn him, if Mr. Kirby knows it all, we can point out the way for him to gain more knowledge," etc.

Mr. Editor, you simply condemn the whole, Thomas Paine included; though you are silent as death on Paine and his "Age of Reason." But you must know your note is just as much directed against my quotation from "Age of Reason" as it is against my own matter.

But you condemn both without the least attempt at proof. I ask, Is this Liberalism? Is this investigationism? I answer, No, not in the remotest sense.

I did not expect to do what no one has ever done before me—demonstrate the existence of God beyond the shadow of doubt. I only offered what to me was the highest proof for the existence of God from nature's standpoint. And because I did not, could not, *demonstrate* each and every step in the argument, we suppose, for this reason, it was counted unworthy your paper. Thomas Paine does not, could not, *demonstrate* the existence of God in his "Age of Reason." Yet I should suppose my quotations from him might be worthy a place in "a scientific TRUTH SEEKER," and not be condemned as "intruding his creator upon us," *ipse dixit*, etc. Mr. Editor, such sweeping denunciation in the absence of reason or argument cannot possibly be of credit or honor to a worthy editor of a "scientific TRUTH SEEKER," who claims to be strictly Agnostic—investigativ. And though some of the reasons I hav offered for the existence of God may not be susceptible of demonstration, yet, allow me to say, there is not one of my reasons (or arguments) that can be refuted to a demonstration. The anti-existence of God has never and (I "presume" again) will never be demonstrated. And if nothing is worthy a place in your "scientific TRUTH SEEKER," only demonstrated truth and facts, I think Mr. Bennett should never hav undertaken such, much less yourself endeavor to perpetrate such.

But, Mr. Editor, I put the question to you square, Will you undertake to demonstrate the non-existence of God? Or will you undertake to demonstrate the negativ of any position I hav taken in my article? I ask you to undertake to prove that matter is not eternal, that life is not a law of matter, that life (as a law) is not co-eternal with matter, that there are not invisible beings (spirit beings), or prove that such hav not existed from all eternity; and that there was no prior being acted in the creation or formation of the human family. Mr. Editor, demonstrate, please, the origin of man. And if you are unable, why raise the questions existence of God, or the origin of man, in your "scientific TRUTH SEEKER?"

Please giv us *unquestionable proof* that there are no marks of *design*, "threadbare design," intelligent adaptation and construction, in the vegetable and animal kingdoms; and that their relation to what is called the inanimate universe is independent of what Mr. Paine pleases to acknowledge and call God. Mr. Editor, try some of these points. And do not, as editor, dispose of the worthy Thomas Paine so sweepingly, whom you, as Liberals, so unanimously and heartily honor. I respect all men; fear none. I ask you to please publish this in THE TRUTH SEEKER. My next shall be on the existence of God, viewed from the Bible standpoint, should you not object.

Yours, WM. KIRBY.

Doniphan, Kansas.

What Shall We Do with Mormonism and the Mormons?

The above is fast becoming what the English call a "burning" question. If statistics be reliable, in thrift and good morals generally, the two essential characteristics of a body politic called a *State*, Utah territory, in proportion to its numbers, is ahead of all the other states and territories of the Union. The only fault to be found, therefore, and the one that has hindered for years its admission into the sisterhood of American states, is the opinions of most of its people, and the corresponding practice by some, that polygamy is a lawful institution.

Now, it is well known that when Joseph Smith founded the Mormon sect, he had no idea of introducing among his followers the oriental custom of plural wives; but, as is equally well known, their fellow-citizens stirred up a persecution against the Mormons, killed Joseph Smith, and drove his adherents out of the country into a Mexican wilderness. When Utah came under our flag, as it did by our treaty with Mexico, the Mormons were very weak in numbers; and seeing that polygamy was a Bible institution, and practiced by Jews and gentiles all over the eastern world, they resorted to the system as a politico-economical measure, for the sole purpose of filling up the waste places of their Zion with a population of saints. I do not believe that in a northern climate, where it costs so much to liv and to bring up a family of children, any civilized man or people would prefer polygamy to monogamy. As to the moral character of the custom itself, there is no difference of opinion among the Radicals. They all condemn it because it is a violation of the law of nature as taught in the numerical equality of the sexes, and the obvious inference therefrom, that every man is entitled to hav but one wife. The only question is, How shall we best bring about a homogeneousness on the part of the inhabitants of Utah territory with the rest of the people of the United States on this one subject of marriage? The disgraceful proposal of a raid upon the Mormons under the color of law is headed and tailed by the church people with a brazen-faced inconsistency that would shock the world if history were not full of other similar examples. For polygamy, illustrated in the lives of the Old Testament saints, is indorsed in the New Testament by the "divinely inspired" Apostle Paul, who holds up Abraham, Jacob, David, Solomon, and other polygamists, as *models* and examples to the Christian church. How *can* Congress, if its members hav ever read the Bible, and bear in mind that the Protestant churches all consider it an infallible rule of faith and practice—how can they make a secular government like ours a blind tool in the hands of the clergy, to kindle the fires of another persecution against the Mormons, simply and alone because they believe in, and some of them practice, a Bible institution which all western nations hav repudiated?

Mr. Potter, of the Boston *Index*, in replying lately to Mr. Curtis, says that "*the national law declares polygamy to be a crime.*" But where does Mr. Potter find this declaration? The Congress of 1862 did pass an act "punishing and forbidding polygamy" in any of the territories. Up to that time polygamy was a term unknown in all our national or state legislation. *Bigamy*, the having *two* wives, was the only thing in this line forbidden by law. But if a case were appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States, no doubt that court would pronounce the act of 1862 to be unconstitutional and void. Because the law organizing Utah as a territory gave the legislature the power of legislating, just like a state, on all subjects not forbidden by the United States Constitution and laws. By Article X. of the amendments of the Constitution, "the powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the state, are reserved to the state, respectivly, or to the people." Hence, a murder committed in Ohio cannot be punished by the United States law; while counterfeiting the coin cannot be punished by Ohio law, because Ohio, when she adopted the United States Constitution and came into the Union, conceded to the United States all her authority in regard to *money*, while she *reserved* the right of trying and punishing *murderers*. Hence, also, all the states composing the Union *reserved* to themselvs, respectivly, the right of regulating the relations between the sexes by laws concerning marriage and divorce. This is the true doctrin of state rights. Suppose that the legislature of Massachusetts should pass a law dividing the surplus women of the state among the married men, so that every woman could hav a husband. what provision of the United States Constitution, and what law of the general government under it, would interfere with this arrangement? None. Massachusetts is sovereign over her own territory, and can do as she pleases in legislation, *provided* she does nothing in violation of the Constitution and laws of the United States. Now, a territory, in our political system, is an *inchoate* state, having a right, by the act of Congress organizing it. to legislate on all subjects not forbidden by the Constitution; and if there is anything in the *spirit* of by-laws, the act of Congress of 1862, "forbidding and punishing polygamy," was clearly unconstitutional, since the Utah legislature had not legislated in favor of a thing forbidden by the Constitution. If Massachusetts, a full state, could legalize polygamy by an act of her people represented in her great and general court, why cannot a territory, which is an inchoate state, simply waiting to be admitted into the Union, do the same thing?

But it is alleged that Mormonism is a *hierarchy*, and that the territorial legislature is made up exclusivly of Mormons. Well, suppose the state of Ohio had been originally settled by the people of a particular sect, say the Baptists; and that they prospered and increased, naturally and by immigration, so fast that they bought up all the lands for themselvs and their co-religionists as they came, till ninety-nine-hundredths of the whole population were at present Baptists. And suppose that they adopted a state constitution, and enacted laws under it, by reading which no one would be able to form an opinion whether the inhabitants of Ohio were Catholics or any sect of Protestants, so secular and unecclesiastical were they both; could anyone reasonably object that ninety-nine out of every hundred of her legislators, and her citizens, were Baptists? This is the very case with the Mormons. Their territorial laws are excellent. As an inchoate state they hav proposed a constitution for themselvs, which is also excellent, and which, if I am correctly informed, says nothing about polygamy. Their only fault consists of three particulars: that a number of the people practice the Bible institution of polygamy; that the whole of them think they hav a right to do so, if they please; and that the legislature is composed of Mormons.

Well, what shall we do with them? Why, in the name of God, let them alone. Every Roman Catholic priest and bishop in the United States has taken a solemn oath of allegiance to the pope of Rome as a temporal prince. They must, therefore, all be traitors to this government. Yet who that is sane proposes to persecute them? That division of the Protestant church represented by the "National Reform Association" propose to put God in the Constitution, which is only another way of proposing to send every heretic and Infidel to jail because he cannot accept their standard of orthodoxy. Who wants, before any overt act, to crush them out by law? None. The Jews in the United States are fast losing their faith in Moses and the prophets, because in this country they are *free*, and no one has either the despotism or the power to convict them as "*murderers of our blessed Lord and Savior.*" But open a persecution against them, as Russia and Germany hav done, and immediately they would go back to their ancient faith and ceremonies, and die rather than giv them up. So it would be with the Mormons. Therefore do not saw the valleys and mountain-sides of Utah with dragons' teeth. Let the Mormons alone. They hav violated no provision of the United States Constitution in allowing the practice of the Bible institution called polygamy. Congress has no case against them except that they continue to disobey an unconstitutional *ex post facto* law. No one is compelled to liv in Utah, and become either Mormons or polygamists. Let the people work out the problem of polygamy in a cold climate by themselvs, and without any legal intermeddling on our part. Let reason hav full sway with experience. Let us hav confidence in the safe and conservativ nature of freedom, and my belief is that the year 1900, when it comes, will not find a polygamist in all this country.

But I greatly fear that if this peaceful policy is not adopted, the religious Bourbons—the microcephalous idiots who still stick to the belief that it is the business of political government to legislate piety and good morals into a man, and send him to heaven by act of assembly—will not rest till, by the cowardice of Congress, they transform this government into a beast of prey, and convert Utah territory into a field of blood and fire.

A. B. B.

Enon Valley, Pa.

Died.

John Edward Griswold, son of W. S. Griswold and Lavin C. Griswold, of Kingston, N. Y., aged six years and six days.

Lectures and Meetings.

MRS. A. E. DE FRIESE will giv a free lecture upon the subject of Religious and Social Intolerance, before the Philosophical Association of Brooklyn, E. D., on Sunday, the 18th.

W. S. BELL lectured in Stoughton, Wis., May 10th, 11th, and 12th, and speaks at Utica, Minn, on the 25th, 26th, and 27th. On June the 1st, 2d, and 3d, he will be at Nashua, Iowa.

THE annual meeting of the Friends of Human Progress will be held in the usual place near Waterloo, N. Y., on the 31st of May and the 1st of June. A number of Freethought speakers will be in attendance.

JOHN E. REMSBURG has been lecturing in Kansas. He spoke in Morril April 26th and 27th: Axtell, 29th and 30th and May 1st; Seneca, 3d and 4th; Randolph, 6th; Leonardville, 7th. He speaks in Davenport, Iowa, May 27th, 28th, and 29th; Mantino, Ill, May 31st and June 1st; Oconomowoc, Wis., June 2d; Wausau, Wis., 3d, 4th, 5th.

C.B. REYNOLDS writes from Altoona, Pa.: "I lectured before the Liberal League of this city on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, May 6th and 7th. The interest aroused resulted in my complying with a unanimous request to giv an additional lecture on Thursday. The Altoona is a live League, earnest, zealous, agressiv. It is fortunate in having for its officers men of culture, enterprise, and Liberal in every desirable sense of the word. They are among the most successful and highly esteemed business men of the city. The League hav rented for their exclusiv use a very convenient and desirably located hall, and fitted it up neat and tasty; its tables well supplied with the leading Liberal periodicals. They hav the nucleus of a Freethought and scientific library, which affords the best possible opportunity for friends to help in the good work by donating scientific and Liberal books. Any friends desirous to place books where they will do most good can mail them to the painstaking and efficient secretary, John R. Kemp, secretary Liberal League, Altoona, Pa. This League realizes the need of more perfect organization; the establishment of science schools on Sunday. Why hav we no regular science lesson-leaves so that all could be helped and instructed? Here is noble work for some one that will insure gratitude of present and future generations, and do more for the cause than all the conventions ever yet held. Prof. W. Seymour lectured on Sunday, the 11th inst. Altoona League is bound to progress. 'They cannot command success but they do more deserve it.'"

DR. J. L. YORK'S volume of Freethought poems and lectures has passed into its third edition, so popular is the worthy doctor on the Pacific slope. The new edition is just ready, and will be mailed by the author on receipt of a dollar. His address is San Jose, Cal.

WOMAN suffrage was defeated in the assembly of this state last week by a vote of 62 nays to 57 yeas. Thirty republicans and twenty-seven Democrats voted in the affirmativ. The opposition to the bill was rather in criticism of its constitutionality than against the bill of itself. It is probable that not many years will elapse ere woman will be allowed to exercise a right that is as naturally hers as it is man's.

HENRY GEORGE was announced to occupy Heber Newton's pulpit last Sunday, and speak on Moses. But the wardens of the church were afraid of being compromised by his utterances, and requested Mr. Newton to request Mr. George to abandon the project. Probably when some of Mr. George's reforms are accepted, these same wardens will be among the first to claim the credit of them for the Christian church.

Communications.

"False Claims."—A Discussion of Its Statements.

MR. MAIBEN.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* One of my neighbors showed me a pamphlet that had been issued and published from your house, entitled "False Claims." The same also appeared in The Truth Seeker dated Sept. 15, 1883. Now there are statements in it that seem to me so utterly absurd and false that it is astonishing that any person of a grain of intelligence would be capable of expecting persons to believe it. I will enumerate a few of them.

"Next France. I quote from De Bow's 'Review of the Census.' Roman Catholic, 18,939; Protestants, 598; Jews, 130; Mohammedans, 53; Atheists, 0. . . . Not one Atheist in the prisons of France, yet a single Atheistical society of Paris numbers twenty thousand."

The above is a sample of his first statistics. Not one Atheist in the prisons of France! Either the Atheists of France hav changed since the time of the French Revolution in 1789 under the reign of Danton and Robespierre, or they hav the better art of hiding, as Robert Burns says, for certainly they did acts in that period that bring the blush to any civilized human being.

Now let me cite to you the inevitable logic of Atheism in the language of Michael Bakounine in a speech delivered at Geneva in 1868. I will not quote all the article, for it would occupy too much space in your columns, but a synopsis of its principle as he clearly defines it in unmistakable language:

"Brethren, I come to announce to you a new gospel. This gospel admits of no half measures and hesitation. The old world must be destroyed and replaced by a new one. The lie must be stamped out and giv way to truth. Now the beginning of all these lies which hav ground down the poor world in slavery is *God*. The second lie is *right*." After enumerating a list of evils flowing from these two evils, he goes on to giv his cure. Now be careful to note his doctrins, and see if they are not fundamental to all Atheism. "Let your own happiness be your only law." "Our first work must be destruction and annihilation of everything that now exists." "When you once begin your work of destruction, take heed that no ark be allowed to rescue any portion of the old world."

Now compare the action of the French Revolutionistic Atheist in 1789 with the action of the Atheistic Russian Nihilist of 1869, and note their leading principle, "Your own happiness your only law," and tell us that Atheism, pure and simple, does not far exceed in cruelty any Christian act that has ever been recorded; but the absurdity of calling these men incarcerated for crime Christians, no matter what their profession may be, is just as absurd as to say an honest thief or a sober drunkard. Let us define words and use them in accordance with common sense. Christ, the author and founder of Christianity, says, as plain as language can be framed, as follows: "Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, hav we not prophesied in thy name; and in thy name hav cast out devils, and in thy name done many wonderful works?" "And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you; depart from me, ye that work iniquity." Now if it were possible to speak plainer or be more explicit, I fail to comprehend it. Here are men represented as casting out devils, doing many wonderful works, and prophesying, and yet Christ says he does not know them, for they work iniquity. He wants them to leave him on the ground, and yet the writer of this address dares to tell us that the thieves, prostitutes, murderers, and scum of society are Christians, because forsooth they render to the various wardens of the jails of France their sectarian titles. Why, they are not even allowed the title of citizens in any country. They are in this free country disfranchised and not allowed to vote, and yet this writer calls them Christians.

I will now advert to another glaring falsity. It is where he alludes to Frederick Douglass. He claims that the negroes as a class were religious, but the most immoral and ignorant class in the country, while Frederick Douglass is a Freethinker. Now how any man of sound intelligence can call Douglass a Freethinker surprises me. I personally heard him in London in the year 1846. I purchased his published history from his own hand. Again I purchased his history entitled, "My Slavery and My Freedom," when I came to this country. In his speeches in London, which I personally heard, he declared himself to be a Christian, and in his printed works he claimed to be a Baptist. If I had not these facts in reference to Douglass I would be staggered at the many bold statements he makes, such as that the people consider Guiteau and Jesse James Christians, whilst we class Longfellow and Emerson as unbelievers. What monstrous idiocy to use such language!

One more idea I will touch upon and close. It is as follows: "The former were guided by the laws of natural morality, the latter were the legitimate fruits of Christian morality." Emerson was a Unitarian preacher, therefore he must hav studied the character of Christ, not natural morality. Longfellow says in his "Psalm of Life:"

> "Tell me not in mournful numbers
> Life is but an empty dream."

Here surely is no Atheist, nor yet a mere natural philosopher, for in another song he commences with these words:

> "O gift of God! O perfect day!
> Whereon no man should work, but play."

Surely no Atheist ever uttered the first line of this beautiful song.

As to natural morality I must say but little, for certainly I cannot see much. In nature I see nothing lovely. Wolves, bears, tigers, etc.; in the fowls of heaven, the vultures, hawks, owls, cormorants, etc.; in the fish of the sea, shark, sword-fish, octopus, etc.; in the insectorial world, grasshoppers, lice, bugs, etc. —in fact, all nature teems with death and destruction, misery and pain, and mankind has been struggling for age upon age with these hideous forces and trying to hold his own, and even yet Herbert Spencer declares that knowledge never can unveil the mysteries that surround us, and that life is the survival of the fittest—or, in other words, the strongest only will survive, not the fittest.

I must now close. Much more could be said, but as the main ideas hav been broached I need not continue. If Atheism and Freethought can play such fantastic tricks before heaven's high God as the French Revolution and Nihilism in Russia, and yet claim that Christianity is worse, and that the Voltairian morality is ahead of Wesley or Fenelon, surely mankind requires a new mode of conveying ideas.

Atheism may be preferable to cant, hypocrisy, and villainy, but for my part I prefer to take Christ's advice to the lawyer: "This do and thou shalt liv" (Luke x, 28), and leave Atheism, with all its glittering morality based on Michael Bakounine's inevitable logic, "Your own happiness your only law."

Trusting that the writer of the above treatis will take this for his text in his next and explain it, I remain yours, A truth seeker, John S. Maiben.

MR. REMSBURG.

Mr. John S. Maiben has written an article in reply to my Rochester address, the contents of which he requests me to take as a text and explain. The request is made in the same spirit that a giant with his foot upon the neck of a prostrate pigmy orders his victim to arise.

The prison statistics of France, the correctness of which he does not attempt to disprove, are taken as a pretext to assail Atheists, and the French Revolution, which he characterizes as an Atheistic movement. If he has been what he subscribes himself, a truth seeker, I fail to understand how he can honestly repeat these stale clerical slanders. The French Revolution marks the grandest epoch in the world's history. Its excesses we deplore. But it would be as reasonable to condemn the sun because its light is obscured by a few spots, as to assail with sweeping condemnation this glorious struggle for human freedom, because it was attended by some deeds of violence.

This revolution was to a great extent a Freethought movement, but Atheists are entitled to but a portion of its glory, and merit a very inconsiderable share of its shame. The two leading parties that participated in this great drama were the party of the Mountain, led by Robespierre, Marat, and others, and the Girondists who gathered around Roland and the brilliant deputies of the Gironde. In the Assembly the Girondists were in the majority, but in the Convention the Mountain gained the ascendency, and, backed by the rabble of Paris, soon expelled the Girondist minority.

Referring to those parties, Emile Acollas thus truthfully observes: "Robespierre and the Montagnards, disciples of the sentimental Rousseau, were Theists like their master. The Girondins, on the contrary, were frankly Atheistic."

Now, the universal verdict is that the Girondists constituted the real heart and brains of France. They were distinguished for their intellectual attainments, for their eloquence, for their heroism, and for their moderation. If they erred, they erred upon the side of mercy. Nearly all the excesses, nearly all the bloodshed, of the Revolution was the work of the Mountain. Not until this party came into power did the Reign of Terror begin. Thus the cruel acts that mar the French Revolution were committed, not by Atheists, but by those who, like my reviewer, believed in the existence of a God.

Robespierre, the central figure in these bloody scenes, he represents as an Atheist. Let Robespierre himself repel this charge. "How often, alone with my soul, hav I had nought to sustain me save the idea of God!" "If God did not exist, it would be necessary to invent him," said Robespierre. The events of the Revolution he referred to Providence. In the National Convention he moved the following, which was adopted by acclamation: "The French people acknowledge the existence of the Supreme Being, and the immortality of the soul." One of the last acts in his career was to institute a festival in honor of God, at which he officiated as high priest.

So much for "the French Revolutionistic Atheist." It is to be hoped, when this writer next takes up the subject of the French Revolution, that to the virtues of a truth seeker he will unite that of a truth teller. Continuing his assault upon Atheism, he proceeds to Michael Bakounine and his Anarchistic ideas. But by what authority does he make Anarchy and Atheism synonymous? Who authorized him to bring forward Michael Bakounine as the oracle of Atheists? He has no more right to cull out the extreme radical utterances of a Anarchistic agitator and label it "the inevitable logic of Atheism," than I would hav to present the platform of the last political convention as the Christian "Confession of Faith." With much that Bakounine has said and written, all Atheists agree; while respecting many of his views, a great diversity of opinion exists. He quotes from Bakounine as follows: "The old world must be destroyed and replaced by a new one." Well, this old world, to a great extent, will be destroyed. Old institutions must giv place to new. Our social fabric, founded largely upon ignorance and superstition, must be remodeled if not entirely removed. But the instrument employed in this work of demolition, so far as Atheists are concerned, will be the pen rather than the sword. "The lie must be stamped out and giv way to truth." This the writer would doubtless consider a calamity. "Now the beginning of all these lies which hav ground down this poor world in slavery is God." Oh, for a Michael Bakounine to proclaim this truth from every house-top in the land! "Let your own happiness be your only law." With Christians, the dominant spirit of whose creed is selfishness and cruelty, a practical application of this law would not be conduciv to the world's welfare. But with the honest, intelligent Atheist, whose greatest happiness is realized in making those around him happy, the case would be far different. Auguste Comte, one of the earth's noblest minds, a disbeliever in God, formulated this sublime law: "Liv for others"—conscious that in its observance our own happiness would be secured.

Are Atheists the monsters of vice and immorality that Christian bigots represent? Let Theodore Parker, a sincere Theist, say: "They seem to be truth-loving and sincere persons, conscientious, just, humane, philanthropic, and modest men. They are men who mean to be just to their nature, and their whole nature. They are commonly on the side of man, as opposed to the enemies of man; on the side of the people, as opposed to the tyrant. They are, or mean to be, on the side of truth, of justice, and of love." Let the greatest of living preachers answer. Speaking of the Atheists of to-day, Henry Ward Beecher says: "They are not beasts nor malignants; . . . they are not ignorant and vicious, but men of philosophic reputation and great thought, sincere men, and we may as well open our minds to it." Let Prof. Tyndall, an Agnostic, testify: "If I wished to find men who are scrupulous in their adherence to engagements, whose words are their bond, and to whom moral shiftiness of any kind is subjectivly unknown; if I wanted a loving father, a faithful husband, an honorable neighbor, and a just citizen, I would seek him among the band of Atheists to which I refer."

The Nihilists of Russia, too, come in for a share of this critic's wrath. But these Nihilists, or revolutionists, rather, for Nihilism is a thing of the past, are enlisted in the grandest cause in which man ever labored—the enfranchisment and elevation of their fellow-men. The deplorable condition of the French peasant of a century ago is the condition of the Russian peasant of to-day. "His squalid misery, his whole life stands forth full of sorrow, of suffering, of outrage. Look at him, exhausted by hunger, broken down by toil, the eternal slave of the privileged classes, working without pause, without hope of redemption." Then comes this "Atheistic Russian Nihilist." "He tears off the fine clothes that burn into his very flesh; he puts on the rough coat and the wooden shoes of the peasant, and, abandoning the splendid paternal palace, which oppresses him like the reproach of a crime, he goes forth among the people in some remote district, and there, the slender and delicate descendant of a noble race, he does the hard work of the peasant, enduring every privation in order to carry to him the words of redemption, the gospel of our age. What matters to him if the cutthroats of the government lay hands upon him? What to him are exile, Siberia, death? Full of his sublime idea, clear, splendid, vivifying as the midday sun, he defies suffering, and meets death with a glance of enthusiasm and a smile of happiness." True, these revolutionists hav killed a few tyrants, but think of the suffering and death these tyrants caused. Let me instance but one of ten thousand cruel acts committed by that worst of tyrants, Alexander II. When poor Poland made her last struggle for independence, one who took part in that revolution was the Abbe Sierocinski. This patriot was captured and sentenced to labor for life in the mines of Siberia. After years of toil and privation, he resolved with a few companions to escape. The plot was discovered.

From the emperor came this sentence, "*Seven thousand lashes each!*" The execution of the sentence is thus related: "The culprits were stripped to the waist, and their hands were tied behind to a bayonet. Each one, by turns, walked along the whole of one battalion, every soldier administering to him a blow with his full strength. A thousand blows fell, and then each miserable, torn, bleeding victim was sent back to receive another thousand. On the third journey, all, save Sierocinski, fell dead. Sierocinski had been kept until the last that he might behold the tortures suffered by his friends. He started on his fearful journey singing, 'God be merciful,' and his wild accents were gradually lost in the thud of the sticks striking his bare flesh, and the commands of the general, shouting, 'Strike harder! strike harder!' When he received the first thousand blows he fell fainting, his blood dropping on the snow. He was placed upright on a sledge, and tied so as to expose his back to the full weight of the descending rods. The unhappy man continued to groan until he was dragged four times before the battalion. He then became silent. The last three thousand blows fell on a corpse!"

He protests against calling men incarcerated for crime Christians, which he says "is just as absurd as to say an honest thief or a sober drunkard." But a "Christian thief" and a "Christian drunkard" are not more paradoxical than an "honest Democrat" or a "sober Republican." "Let us define words and use them in accordance with common sense." I use words in accordance with common usage, but in their use this writer manifests an utter disregard both for common usage and for common sense. Christianity is a system of religion, and all who accept the divine origin of that system, all who believe the Bible to be the word and Christ to be the son of God are Christians, regardless of their moral character. A church which places creed above deeds, which makes salvation rest not upon conduct but upon belief, has no right to deny the paternity of her legitimate offspring.

He quotes from Christ, "Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, hav we not prophesied in thy name, and in thy name hav cast out devils, and in thy name done many wonderful works?" These supplicants will not be Freethinkers. "And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you." If Christ be God, and omniscient, then he would profess a lie. "Depart from me, ye that work iniquity." But who are these workers of iniquity? Christ says, and my critic repeats, "Men represented as casting out devils, doing many wonderful works, and prophesying." Not one word about criminals; so that his effort to prove by Christ that criminals cannot be Christians must be pronounced a failure.

"And yet the writer of this address dares to tell us that the thieves, prostitutes, murderers, and scum of society are Christians." And why should they not be? The first man sent to paradise by Christ was a thief, his favorit female companion was a prostitute, while murderers, next to priests and idiots, draw fewer blanks in the celestial lottery than any other class.

"Why, they are not even allowed the title of citizens in any country. They are in this free country disfranchised and not allowed to vote." True, but they hav the consolation of knowing that in the sum total of the church's population to which Christians proudly point as evidence of their strength, each forms as big a unit as this writer who disclaims them.

"How any man of sound intelligence can call (Frederick) Douglass a Freethinker surprises me." How any man of sound intelligence can dispute the fact surprises me. He says that in 1846 he heard Douglass declare himself to be a Christian. His veracity upon this point I do not question. But bear in mind that I was referring not to the Frederick Douglass of 1846, but the Frederick Douglass of to-day. That Douglass was a Christian once is doubtless true. But because the writer stands in the same rut where he stood forty years ago, he should not forget that other men hav advanced.

One of the leading Freethought organizations of this country is the Free Religious Association. In 1874, Mr. W. J. Potter, secretary of this association, sent an invitation to Mr. Douglass to attend the annual meeting of the society for that year. Here is his answer:

"WASHINGTON, D. C., May 15, 1874.

"DEAR MR. POTTER: I hav delayed attention to your kind invitation thus long in hope of being able at last to send you an affirmativ answer, but circumstances are against me. I cannot be present at your Free Religious Convention in Boston. This is, of course, of smaller consequence to others than to myself, for I should come more to hear than be heard. *Freedom is a word of charming sound, not only to the tasked and tortured slaves who toil for an earthly master, but for those who would break the galling chains of darkness and superstition. Regarding the Free Religious movement as one for light, love, and liberty, limited only by reason and human welfare, and opposed to the works of those who convert life and death into enemies of human happiness, who people the invisible world with ghastly task-masters, I giv it hearty welcome.* Only the truth can make men free, and I trust that your convention will be guided in their utterances by its light and feel its power. I know many of the good men and women who are likely to assemble with you, and I would gladly share with them the burden of reproach which their attacks upon popular error will be sure to bring upon them.

"Very truly yours, FREDERICK DOUGLASS."

To call Guiteau and Jesse James Christians, and Longfellow and Emerson unbelievers, he characterizes as "monstrous idiocy." Then nearly all are idiots, for few, save those who deem it a virtue to lie for Christ's dear sake, will dispute these facts.

So very pious was Guiteau, that he could not bear to hear a profane word; while Jesse James was such a valiant soldier of the cross that he shot a companion for denying the doctrin of endless punishment.

After Longfellow's death, a reader of the New York *Sun* wrote to the editor asking him whether the poet was a Christian or not. The answer Mr. Dana gave, for he could truthfully giv no other, was, "Longfellow was not a Christian."

His attempt to prove that Longfellow was not an Atheist was uncalled for. No one has asserted that he was.

When Emerson died, the *Presbyterian* said: "He (Emerson) was an eminent and quite attractiv Pagan, living in the nineteenth century, but living a life wholly apart from Christ." Said the Rev. N. H. Chamberlain, of St. John's Episcopal church, Boston: "Mr. Emerson was not a Christian and did not claim to be a Christian. He definitly rejected, for reasons which he set forth, historical Christianity as a solecism and an error. Some loose talkers hav called him a Christan; but if he is to be admitted to the Christian fold, Christianity might as well commit suicide. If Mr. Emerson can say there is no need of Jesus Christ and still be a Christian, Christianity is logically dead."

"Emerson was a Unitarian preacher." So was Chainey. But Chainey outgrew the Unitarian faith, and so did Emerson. He says that being a Unitarian preacher, "therefore he must hav studied the character of Christ, not natural morality." Unitarian preachers do study natural morality, and recognize Christ as a product as evangelical Christians claim.

"In nature I see nothing lovely—wolves, bears, tigers, etc; in the fowls of heaven, the vulture, hawk, owl, cormorant, etc; in the fish of the sea, shark, sword-fish, etc; in the insectorial world, grasshoppers, lice, bugs, etc; in fact, all nature teems with death and destruction, misery and pain." And all these agents of death and destruction, misery and pain, were designed and created by his God! If such a God existed, in the language of Michael Bakounine, "it would be necessary to abolish him."

The ghosts of the French Revolution and Russian Nihilism seem to haunt this writer continually. With these themes his article begins; with them it ends. Christians hav caused more deaths in a single hour than all the Nihilists hav ever caused, hav slaughtered more in a single day than fell in Paris during the ten years that elapsed from the storming of the Bastile to the accession of Napoleon. Yet all the crimes and cruelties of Christendom receive no word of condemnation from him. He sees a hundred million human beings offered up upon the altar of Christian superstition; he sees earth covered with the yellow bones of murdered heretics and scholars; he sees the butcheries of Constantine, of Theodosius, of Charlemagne, and other early champions of the church; he sees the Crusades, in which more than twenty millions perish; sees the followers of Godfrey in Jerusalem; sees the indiscriminate massacre of men, women, and children; sees the mosques piled seven deep with murdered Saracens; sees the Jews burnt in their synagogs; sees Cœur de Leon butcher in cold blood thousands of defenseless captivs; sees the Franks in Constantinople, plundering, ravishing, murdering; sees an army of children sent forth to die with cold and hunger; sees their bodies scattered among the mountains of Europe and along the shores of the Mediterranean; he witnesses the expulsion of the Moors from Spain, the murder of the Huguenots and Waldenses; sees Smithfield and Bartholomew; the slaughter of German peasants; the desolation of Ireland; Holland covered with blood; he sees Cortez and Pizarro cutting down like grass millions of inoffensiv nativs in North and South America; he sees the Auto-da-fe, where heretics clad in mockery are led to torture and to death; he sees the Inquisition with its countless instruments of fiendish cruelty; he sees men stretched upon the rack, disjointed, and torn limb from limb; sees them flayed alive, their bleeding bodies seared with red-hot irons; sees their eyes bored out with heated augers, their tongues torn out, their bodies pierced with a thousand needles; sees them covered with pitch and oil and set on fire; he sees aged women tied to the heels of fiery steeds and dragged to death; he sees new-born babes flung into the flames to perish with their mothers, or with their mothers sewed in sacks and sunk into the sea; he sees thousands of mothers, wives, and daughters burnt for witchcraft; he sees Christian England in Hindostan sending her nativs to hell from the cannon's mouth; he sees the persecution of Jews in Europe to-day; he sees southern Europe overrun with Christian cutthroats; he sees our prisons filled wish Christian thieves and murderers; he sees hundreds of villains in the pulpit; sees helpless girls outraged and murdered by these godly priests. All this he views with an approving smile, but when the French Revolution and Russian Nihilism meet his gaze, he needs must hang his head and blush. Oh, that a painter were at hand to paint that smile and paint that blush and hang them side by side to show the world what superstition does for men!

He claims to hav "broached" all the leading points in my address. Glance through the work and say if this be true. Here are gathered a thousand damaging facts. But five or six of them has he noticed, and these among the least important ones. My address was directed against the false assumptions of the church. The church claims to be the great conservator of public morals. By the teachings of her leading theologians, by the testimony of impartial historians, by a long array of statistics, I demonstrated the falsity of this claim. How has he answered me? With a tirade against Atheism. The church claims to hav produced our civilization. I showed that the church destroyed the Greek and Roman civilization, and that our present civilization was the work of Rationalism. Has he answered this? The church claims to be the friend of science and learning. I showed that she had ever been the enemy of schools and science, and the persecutor of scholars and scientists. Does he deny it? The church claims that we are indebted to Christianity for our charitable and philanthropical institutions. I proved the falsity of this claim and showed that our noblest philanthropists were Freethinkers. He has not refuted this. The church claims to be the guardian of liberty. I showed that she had been the mortal foe of human liberty. He does not deny it. The church claims credit for the abolition of slavery, for the elevation of woman, for the temperance reform. I showed that these reforms were inaugurated by those whom the church was pleased to denominate Infidels, and that not until they became popular did the church espouse them. The truth of this he has not denied. The church boasts of our "Christian republic." I showed that our republic was established and perpetuated by men who held no allegiance to the church—that Paine, Jefferson, Washington, Franklin, and Lincoln, the men to whom we are most indebted, were Infidels. He has not attempted to refute this.

That "False Claims" is wholly free from errors I am not vain enough to suppose. But whatever errors it contains are not errors of wilfulness or recklessness. I fully realize that I do not stand in the "coward's castle" before a band of credulous followers, where bald assertion counts for argument and falsehoods pass for facts. Before I launched this little craft I took the precaution to protect it with a triple plate of iron facts. For months it has sailed along unharmed, till now this Christian sentinel, with spy-glass, fancies that he sees some specks of rust. He points them out and eagerly expects that it will sink.

JOHN E. REMSBURG.

A New Idea.

It may be presumptuous to call anything new. However, the writer has never seen the following advanced by any other person, and he has practically proved its truth within twenty years past. Students among our truth seekers will do well to note and test it.

If you should, after getting a smattering of any language, Greek, Latin, German, or other, go to work every day and study that language three hours each day for about two months, you would not be much advanced, although you will hav consumed 180 hours.

If, however, after having a little knowledge of the language—knowing its grammar well enough to construe short sentences—you will study five minutes or ten every day for years enough so your few minutes amount to the one hundred and eighty hours, you will become a proficient in the language. Six hours a day for one year will not do for you what ten minutes per day will do in five years. The writer some years ago determined to learn Italian. He took up the grammar and studied absorbingly for a few weeks, construing meanwhile sentences from the reader, for grammar without reading is to choke one with dry bran in a parched desert. After about a month, he resolved to read Italian every day for ten minutes until he mastered it. At the end of three years, never having neglected this task for one day, and confining himself almost strictly to the ten minutes, he could read Italian almost as easily as English. Without dictionary, or stopping to think what words meant, he read most difficult authors, page after page, as understandingly as he could English, his nativ tongue.

When a child, the same person was sent to a grammar school to prepare for college on the English plan. For three years he was confined to Latin and Greek grammar; for two years more to the readers and to Cæsar, Xenophon, etc. After graduating, he undertook to teach a young girl the Greek in the Lancastrian or common sense, anti-how-not-to-do-it method. In six weeks that little girl, who never had seen a Greek letter before, was a better Greek scholar than at least one-half the average sophomoreans of his day.

N. B.—One may be able to read a language as fluently as a nativ, and yet not understand a word in conversation. To learn by the eye is one thing; by the ear another. Words spoken run into each other confusingly. "Come here to me" sounds "kumere tumme," etc.

HOLT.

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SATURDAY, - - - MAY 17, 1884.

Mr. Kirby, of Doniphan, Kan., Once More.

On another page is a somewhat violent letter from our western philosophical antagonist. It is not Mr. Kirby's fault that he is not on hand oftener. In the exercise of our duties as editor we are obliged to thwart our inclinations as an individual, and defer his lucubrations till the opportune moment for us to make a note of his points arrives. We hav on hand between three and four hundred communications. In the nature of things a large portion of them can never see the light. But in doing as near justice to all as circumstances permit, it is inevitable that some delay must ensue with individual articles. We trust this explanation will allay our friend's wrath on that score.

If our condemnation of the *ipse dixit* style of presenting "arguments" seems to include Thomas Paine, we cannot help it. Probably Paine had for a parent the average Englishman, who believed, with Solomon (who, by the way, was a heretic, and not a good orthodox Jew), that to spare the rod was to spoil the child. Such being the case, in Mr. Paine's boyhood days he undoubtedly threw up the breastwork of a lie to shield himself from bodily chastisment. Yet if he did we cannot regard lying as right. And when Mr. Paine grew up beyond the reach of his father's rod he undoubtedly grew also beyond the petty sin of deception. We venerate Thomas Paine for his good labors; we honor him for his humanitarian work, and for the powerful aid he lent to the destruction of superstition. When he writes of the Bible and Christianity, of things tangible, seen, and examinable, he commands respect and compels agreement with him because he demonstrates the truth of what he says. But when it comes to a *speculation* upon what can never be demonstrated, one man's guess is as authoritativ as another's. Ingersoll said in one of his lectures that a man could lift as much nothing as a God. Talk on the question of "God's" existence is almost wasted words. Nothing but the *probabilities* can be considered. The arguments, as friend Kirby says, "may not be susceptible of demonstration." Thomas Paine, no more than Mr. Kirby, can perform the impossible.

On this question of the existence of a "God" whole volumes hav been written, the writers taking every possible position, yet never coming to an agreement, nor convincing others than themselvs of the truth of their speculations. It is this waste of words and time we wish to avoid. If Mr. Kirby has some evidence not drawn from his "inner consciousness"—evidence historical, objectiv, real, that can be weighed, summed up, decided upon once for all, and settled to the satisfaction of outsiders, we are willing to consider it. But he says himself that he does "not expect to do what no one has ever done before—demonstrate the existence of God." Then, we ask, why did he propose it? If he merely wants to put his speculations before the world, we answer that hundreds hav done so, yet no good resulted, no demonstration was effected. In this admission Mr. Kirby has conceded the impossibility of performing his self-appointed task, and acknowledged the sophistry of his own arguments; for some of his reasons, he says further, "may not be susceptible of demonstration." Well, we do not want such "reasons." If they are not susceptible of demonstration, why introduce them? Is it his plan to befog the reader and our poor self by multiplicity of words and high-sounding quotations?

And what need is there to "refute to a demonstration" an argument its author admits is not "susceptible of demonstration?" We would not insult the intelligence of the readers of the paper by seriously considering such "arguments." But now, after his fatal admissions, Mr. Kirby asks if we will undertake to demonstrate the *non*-existence of a God? Bless your heart, Mr. Kirby, what rules of logic can you point us to that require the negativ to be first proven? No, we will not undertake any such absurdity; neither will we undertake to prove that Mars is not peopled by men seven statute miles tall, and four nautical leagues round. If you will undertake to demonstrate the existence of these Martian monstrosities, we will listen respectfully, for there would be novelty in the proposition, a spice which your own wofully lacks. On the question of "God's" existence our position is that of Prof. Huxley—"we know nothing of what may be beyond phenomena." If our honorable opponent knows more he will greatly oblige by making his knowledge public. And as for disputing that matter is eternal, that is the very basis of the Materialistic philosophy, and completely overthrows the Bible story of creation. No, we shall not take the negativ on that. But if Mr. Kirby is a Christian, he will. In the first note we wrote for Mr. Kirby's benefit we pointed out the inconsistency of his adopting the Materialistic philosophy in this, and the Christian theology of the fall of man and his subsequent redemption by Christ. There is no need of going over the ground again. Whether life is co-eternal with matter is a problem we hav no means of solving. Our opinion is that somewhere in the illimitable past the changes and combinations of matter hav evolved what we call life. Its microscopic beginning, however, has not been positivly traced, and at the present incomplete stage of experiments it would be presumption amounting to folly to imagin it can be settled, or that even further light can be thrown upon the subject by a discussion between Mr. Kirby and this editor. Further along will be found the Evolutionists' conclusions upon this point. The physical scientists are the men to look to, and we recommend Mr. Kirby to engage Mr. Bastian in controversy on spontaneous generation.

On the existence of spirits we must again say that we *know* nothing beyond phenomena. Our *opinion* will not change the matter one way or the other. During the past few years Spiritualism has been discussed pro and con in our pages by scores of able writers and thinkers, but we hav yet to learn of one of them, or of one reader, who has turned a mental summersault in consequence. With this fact before us, Mr. Kirby must see how *futil* it would be for him and ourself to add our voices to the general clamor. But the most foolish proposition is that asking proof that spirits hav not existed from all eternity. It is impossible to be patient with such absurd propositions. Until their present existence is demonstrated in a manner which the world cannot resist any more than it can refuse credence to the multiplication table, we shall not take the useless trouble of speculating upon the origin and beginning of spirits.

Mr. Kirby also wishes the affirmativ taken on the statement "that there was no prior being acted in the creation or formation of the human family." The object of Mr. Kirby's whole letter, where he refrains from personal allusions, seems to be to involve us in a maze of speculations as absurd as the messianic idea, and the conclusion to which is as vain to seek as the fabled heaven of the Christians. He puts his "God" in all sorts of guises—as a "God," as a being acting in the formation of the human family. By his asking us to disprove it, we suppose he holds that some being did so act. It remains then for him to demonstrate the fact. The assumption is his; we know of no logical rule obliging us to demolish his fancies. He may present what evidence he has for his theory, and we will consider it.

The gentleman from Kansas says also that if we are unable to demonstrate the origin of man, why question the existence of "God?"—which is about as sensible an observation as to say to a man, If you don't understand Sanskrit, why question the astronomy of Ptolemy. Man knows he is here; the question ever recurs to him, Whence did I come? The Christian says, "God made you." But when we question the Christian closely he says he cannot prove it; his reasons are "not susceptible of demonstration." Now, Mr. Kirby challenges us to demonstrate our hypothesis. His fails him, and he, being an investigator, endeavors to get the truth. We will put our hypothesis, therefore, before him. On the origin of life, we will quote Lester F. Ward. We do not wish Mr. Kirby to believe this because Lester F. Ward says it. We only ask him to accept it as he sees its truth. And if he can he should go to the bottom of these facts for himself. Mr. Ward thus explains the origin of life:

"The complex stage of aggregation of matter exhibiting life is no longer a hypothetical one. The molar aggregate resulting from such a re-compounding of the albuminoids has been discovered. It exists under diverse conditions, and manifests properties fully in keeping with its exalted molecular character. This substance discovered by Oken in 1809, and denominated *Urschleim*, recognized by Dujardin in 1835, and called *sarcode*, and thoroughly studied by Mohl in 1846, who named it *protoplasm*, has now passed unchallenged into the nomenclature of modern organic chemistry under the last-mentioned title.

"Protoplasm is a real substance, found in considerable abundance in nature, not only within the tissues of organized beings, but, as we might almost say, in a mineral state, wholly disconnected from such beings. There is no more doubt that it is elaborated out of the inorganic elements than there is that ammonia or common salt is thus elaborated. It is a true chemical compound, in which the proportions of each element are known. It contains approximately 54 parts of carbon, 21 parts of oxygen, 16 parts of nitrogen, 7 parts of hydrogen, and about one part of sulphur and phosphorus.

"The great truth that now comes squarely home to us is that *life is a property of matter*. It is simply the result of the movements going on among the molecules composing a mass of protoplasm. It is a phenomenon presented by this most highly complex form of matter, and which is never absent from it. To kill protoplasm is to destroy its composition, to degrade it into a lower order of substance. The activities, powers, functions, and susceptibilities possessed by this substance, whose combined effect we denominate life, are but the relations which the substance sustains by virtue of its constitution to the forms of matter around it. They are its properties, just as astringency, transparency, etc., are the properties of alum.

"In reaching the substance, protoplasm, we hav not only reached the fact of life itself, but in its properties we behold all there is essential to life.

"The moner is Hero's engin, the vertebrate is the modern locomotiv; the power that propels is the same in both. The observed advance is not in the *force*, but in the organization.

"It was undoubtedly in the sea, that great receptacle for all forms of matter, that the first beginnings of life took place. In the sea there now exist millions of beings of lowly organization whose bodies consist almost exclusivly of protoplasm, either in its undifferentiated state, or but slightly modified into cells and simple aggregate of cells."

Mr. Ward, in his "Haeckel's Genesis of Man," has outlined the evolutionist's conception of the development of man, which has been a descent in a direct line from the lower animals. "Haeckel," whose large volumes Mr. Ward has epitomized, "pursues man's genealogy back through the labyrinth of primordial forms into the cell, and thence still back until he loses it in protoplasm. Standing, as man does, at the head of the animal kingdom, and forming the last and highest stage of development upon the globe, the history of his progress from the lowest form of organic existence must be co-extensiv with that of all other beings. It differs, however, from the history of development in general, in not being concerned with any of the branches that diverge at various points from the main anthropogenetic stem. This becomes obvious when we commence to study phylogeny, but may be noted here as a means of better appreciating the true scope of anthropogeny. A few illustrations will make it clear. Not to speak of the entire vegetable kingdom which is lopped off at the first stroke, we find, as we ascend the scale, that one after another the great branches of the Zoophytes, of the Annelida, of the Mollusca, of the Fishes, of the Reptils, of the Ungulata and Cetacea, of the Carnivora and Rodentia, and of many other less important groups, are successivly passed by and left behind, thus obviating the necessity of following out the special genealogy and development of each of these complicated divisions of natural history. The history of development of man pushes right on, taking such notice only of divergent trunks as is necessary to fix with certainty the position of his line of march."

This line of march is outlined with much technical particularity by Mr. Ward. The primordial ancestor of all organized beings, of course including man, was some form of moner. The direct descendants of the moner "are undoubtedly the various forms of amœba. According to Haeckel, neither the moner nor the amœba can be strictly classed either with animals or with plants." They form, however, the base of the animal scale, and are classed as the first and second terms of the series. The third stage is the animal amœbæ, which at one period of their development formed societies or compound individuals, being from that transformed into a "family of creatures standing at the base of the protozoa, whose bodies consisted of a simple, hollow sphere, the walls

of which were formed of a simple layer of cells. These were the Planæada," and formed the fourth stage. Out of the planæada developed the Gastræada, whose bodies consisted of a simple sack, open at one end. They are counted as the fifth stage in the development of organized life. The sixth was a race of extinct worms, which "originated from the gastræada by the formation of an intermediary germinativ layer, from which the two inner secondary layers eventually differentiated. These creatures belonged to the lowest sub-division of the worms, the *Accœlomi*, which, as their name implies, possess no cavity of the body *(cœlom)* distinct from the sack-like stomach. They are also without any vascular system, heart, or blood, but manifest the first traces of the formation of a nervous system, the simplest organs of sense, and rudiments of secretiv and reproductiv organs. Out of the *Accœlomi* were developed the *Cœlomati*, which, still low in the scale, neve rtheless possess a distinct *cœlom*. The now extinct race which effected this transition forms the seventh stage of anthropogenetic development. From this point the great articulate branch swung off, and a little higher the important branch of the Mollusks." The eighth stage "originated out of the worms of the seventh stage by the formation of a dorsal nerve-marrow, and by the formation of the spinal rod which lies below it." "The Amphioxus forms the ninth stage in the anthropogenetic line, and furnishes the first link in the vertebrate chain. It is the only known representativ of the once great subdivision of vertebrates called by Haeckel the *Acrania*, or skulless vertebrates. Of this wholly unique and extremely interesting creature sufficient mention has already been made. The *tenth* stage arose out of the Acrania through a simple enlargement of the anterior extremity of the spinal nerve and the differentiation of the corresponding part of the *chorda dorsalis* into a rudimentary cranium. The transition to the eleventh, the Selachian or primordial fish-stage, took place through the formation of a pair of nostrils and a pair of jaws out of the simple, circular mouth-orifice of the *Cyclostoma*. With the higher fishes human genealogy is not immediately concerned, but only with the lowest sub-class, the *Selachii*, whose present living representativs are few, and comprise the sharks, rays, etc., but which formed, in the Devonian age, the chief population of the waters of the globe, as their singular heterocercal remains, found in the rocks of that period, abundantly attest. The transition from the Selachians was next to the *Dipneusta*, which constitute the twelfth stage. It was brought about by the natural adaptation of the organs of the body to a partially terrestrial existence. The swim-bladders were transformed into imperfect lungs, the nasal orifices, which in fishes hav no communication with the interior of the mouth, established such a communication, and the single auricle of the heart divided into two, thus correspondingly improving the circulation of the blood. Gegenbaur has demonstrated that the real character of the fins of fishes is that of many-toed feet. The changes that led from the fish to the Dipneusta seem not to hav affected the number of these toes, although a certain adaptation of the fins to terrestial locomotion was perceptible. The next important transformation was to concern this part of the animal anatomy. The animals nearest related to the Dipneusta are unquestionably the amphibians, with which the former are frequently classed; but they differ from them in the important respect of possessing regular, five-toed feet. But one conclusion can be drawn from this fact, and this is that among the many and varied forms of the once great Dipneusta class, there was one whose locomotiv organs had become transformed through adaptation and natural selection into five-toed feet, and that from this long extinct five-toed progenitor the present amphibians hav descended. The human embryo itself, and that of all the higher vertebrates, pass through an analogous transition. With frogs, toads, and other higher amphibians, as we are most familiar with them, the anthropogenetic line has no direct connection. It constantly hugs the base of the whole group, exhibiting direct relationships only with the *sozobranchia*, which, therefore, form the thirteenth, and the *sozura*, which form the fourteenth stage.

"The creature which forms the fifteenth stage of man's genealogy, Haeckel calls the *Protamnion*. Out of it was developed primarily the great reptilian class, from which proceeded later the birds, with neither of which has man any direct connection. The origin of the mammals, however, must also be sought in the *Protamnion* stock, from which this class, too, must hav proceeded—perhaps simultaneously with the reptilian branch, though in quite a different direction. A very distinct race, which Haeckel styles the *Promammalia*, forming the next or sixteenth stage of man's descent, must hav developed out of the *Protamnia*, and transmitted all these marked peculiarities to the entire mammalian class. Man himself possesses all these special mammalian characteristics, and is therefore a genuin mammal."

The seventeenth stage in the development of the human race are the Marsupialia. "Here the cloaca [the excretory opening at the extremity of the intestinal canal] is divided by a horizontal partition into two distinct orifices, both opening externally; nipples are formed on the *mammœ*, to which the young attach themselvs, and the clavicles are distinct from the sternum. In these respects, the marsupials agree with all the higher mammals. The lemurs form the eighteenth stage in the anthropogenetic line. They "are harmless and melancholy nocturnal animals of a graceful form, and are chiefly confined to the islands south of Asia and east of Africa, and particularly to Madagascar. Their frequency on the islands of the Indian Ocean led the English naturalist Sclater to name this once continental, but now mostly submerged region, Lemuria, a circumstance to which Haeckel has given special prominence by pointing out the many facts which conspire to justify us in the conjecture that here may hav existed the true 'cradle of the human race.'"

"From the lemurs to the true apes," says Ward, "the transition is comparativly easy. Linnæus, with almost prophetic ken, notwithstanding his dualistic proclivities, classed man with the apes, lemurs, and bats, in his celebrated order, Primates. Blumenbach fancied he saw in the human foot a pretext for rescuing man from this association, and accordingly erected for him a separate order, which he called *Bimana* (two-handed), distinguishing the apes, etc., as *Quadrumana* (four-handed). This classification was adopted by Cuvier, and is the one which has generally prevailed among naturalists, down to Huxley and Haeckel. Huxley, however, gave the whole subject a complete re-investigation, and arrived at the conclusion that Blumenbach's order *Bimana* can not be maintained on anatomical grounds. He shows, in the most convincing manner, that the distinctions alleged to exist between the posterior hands of apes and the feet of man are apparent only, that they were based on *physiological* and not on *morphological* considerations. The apes are just as good bimana as men are, and men are just as good quadrumana as the apes." The tailbearing apes, according to Haeckel, are the nineteenth link. The tailless apes are the twentieth. The now extinct man-ape, or missing link, was the twenty-first genealogical stage, the twenty-second being the genus Homo, or man as we find him thousands of years ago.

The foregoing is Haeckel's exposition of the vexed question Mr. Kirby propounds. Mr. Huxley differs with him slightly in the latter stage, but the two are in substantial agreement. Of course we hav only given the general outline. The details are but matters of space. We do not ask our friend to believe it because Huxley and Haeckel say it. But we do ask him to read the records of their experiments and investigations and see just what they hav found out for certain, and also their premises for the conclusions arrived at. We hope no one will ever believe anything not demonstrable to common sense and reason, and certainly shall not urge Mr. Kirby to change his mind because some eminent person has written that his *opinion* is thus and so. Physical facts are what the evolutionists depend upon. If there were no facts, there would be no evolutionists, but with all the facts now demonstrated beyond cavil there is no other logical or even reasonable conclusion remaining.

We hav gone to such length in this incomplete epitome of man's origin that we hav but little room left in which to grant Mr. Kirby's other request. What he calls "intelligent design" is properly "adaptation." For instance: If Mr. Kirby sees a giraffe reaching for leaves, he would say, "What a blessing it is that God gave the giraffe his long neck!" when the fact is the giraffe has a long neck because, for successiv generations, he has been reaching for leaves, and the longest-necked, or fittest, hav survived and transmitted the distinguishing peculiarity to their offspring. When Mr. Kirby goes fishing and catches a flounder, if he paid any attention to his prey, he would exclaim, "See how intelligent design is manifested in putting both the flounder's eyes on top, so as he moves in the mud on the bottom he can see up!" But the intelligent design disappears upon reflection that the creature's habits hav determined its shape. Did space permit we could go on and giv thousands of such illustrations, proving them in detail by the experiments recorded by naturalists. Can Mr. Kirby quote any naturalist's experiments upon his God? Evolution is proved by objectiv realities. Deity is but a subjectiv speculation. We will leave it to Mr. Kirby's own common sense as to which is the truth.

THE Asbury Methodist church of this city has lost an enthusiastic and responsiv member. His name is Forbes. For ten years he has been a feature at the services of that church, and has kept up a running fire of amens, hallelujahs, praise Gods, and similar outbreaks whenever the oratory of the pulpit aroused him from slumber. But Mr. Forbes neither trumps nor follows suit. As his pastor says, "It is 'Amen!' hit or miss." For instance, when an old and highly respected member of the church lay at the point of death, two years ago, Dr. Ferris, then the pastor of the church, detailed the good man's virtues, and spoke of his unsullied reputation, and his blameless life. "And now," said the minister solemnly, "there is a sad prospect that he will pass away from us soon." Mr. Forbes, roused up from a refreshing doze at this juncture, and not catching the exact spirit of the remark, cried fervently, "Thank the Lord!" which was, to say the least, embarassing to the sick man's relativs. On another occasion, when Dr. Ferris had performed the wedding service over two other highly respected members of the church, and the young people were standing before him, he offered a prayer in which there occurred the sentence: "For in heaven there will be no marrying or giving in marriage." and Mr. Forbes promptly shouted, "Glory to God!" and disconcerted both the minister and newly wedded pair. Members of the church hav intimated to Mr. Forbes that a diminution of his enthusiasm would be appreciated, but Mr. Forbes has declined to accept hints. He has been in the habit of attending the class-meetings, but a short time ago the leader requested him to discontinue his attendance, as he sang so loud that he put all the others out of tune. A week or two ago the pastor of the church discoursed upon a temperance question, and whenever he made a telling point, or denounced any unrighteous practices with particular vigor, Mr. Forbes cried, "That's so!" "That's so!" and a few of the members of the church thought that his remarks were intended to be personal. This, it seems, capped the climax. Several brothers sought Brother Forbes, and requested that he become less vociferous. This the enthusiastic member declined to do, and announced his intention of leaving the Asbury church to join an Episcopal institution, where, like the disaffected darkey, he can "slosh around nachul."

A FEW of the clergy are beginning to see the trend of the times toward reformation in state and church. and are putting a foot over the fence, ready to jump down on the right side and cry that they were there all the time. Rev. Carlos Martyn, in his sermon last Sunday, said: "Grave political and social abuses exist here and abroad. Labor feels that it is hardly dealt with. Capital regards labor as the attempt of a beggar to ride; labor thinks that capital is fraud and tyranny already on horseback. Labor says, 'Get all you can;' capital says, 'Keep all you can.' Abroad things are worse. Grave political and ecclesiastical abuses, grown gray and venerable in iniquity, lie utterly beyond all hope of reform. Feudalism still says the masses are born saddled and bridled to be ridden; priests and kings are born booted and spurred to ride. The Established church in England has no sympathy with the people. There lies the darkened chamber of labor, that rises only to toil and comes home only to sleep If we were in Moscow or St. Petersburg to-night I would be arrested for preaching this sermon, and you would be liable to be arrested and sent to exile before morning; and if your wife or mother ventured to go to the authorities to ask what had become of you she might be stripped and flogged for the impudence of the inquiry and sent to join you in the hell of Siberia. If I were a European I should be a revolutionist. I should hate such a government and despise the European church. When the church forgets that its founder was a carpenter, that its chief apostle was a tent-maker, that its leading spirits in the apostolic day were fishermen, that its adherents were the poor and the miserable, it is time that society should spew it out of its mouth. If the church is to continue to exist it must deserve to exist, and it can only deserve to exist by nesting low down with the people and keeping in sympathy with every humane and generous movement."

WE hav begun in this issue of THE TRUTH SEEKER a new department under the heading "Religious Intelligence," in which will be found a quantity of news not printed in the *Advocate* or *Independent*, where it properly belongs. This collection is the result of a casual glance at the daily papers during the past fortnight. How long we shall be able to continue this department depends, of course, on the activity of the Christian community. We shall certainly feel gratified, in the interests of those who love peace, order, and good morals, when material for the department no longer exists; but when clergymen like the eminent Mr. Humphrey catch up with the procession and even bid fair to head the stately column, there seems to be slight room for hope. But the religion of which these misdeeds are the outcome is growing weaker in its influence every day. This sweetly solemn thought comes to us o'er and o'er.

ONE of the best ways to help along the cause of Freethought is to circulate THE TRUTH SEEKER. **Trial subscriptions of three months for 50 cents.**

Letters from Friends.

PATCH GROVE, April 29, 284.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $3 to continue my subscription for the best, most Liberal, and best conducted Freethought journal that I know anything about. I feel highly gratified that THE TRUTH SEEKER is so ably conducted. Each number does high honor to its illustrious founder's memory, as well as to your reputation. I am also gratified that Mr. Bennett's Greenwood monument is completed in spite of Christian bigotry. But his best monument is THE TRUTH SEEKER—may it long keep his memory green. MARY HUMPHREY.

KEOTA, IOWA, May 1, 284.

MR. EDITOR: For the inlosed fifty cents please send ten TRUTH SEEKERS, No. 17, with the eloquent lecture of Ingersoll. As lightning clears the air of the miasma of the mire, so does his oration clear the swampy brains of the priest-bound hosts of Jehovah. Unresisted, as a snow-plow clears the track, so his lecture clears away the rubbish of superstition to make way for liberty of thought, reason, and common sense. Every sentence is the "word of God," for God is thought. Some of the papers may be burnt; some may fall amongst thistles and thorns, some on bare ground, but some will bear fruit a hundredfold. Let us advance on the whole line.

CHARLES NAUMAN.

LEAVENWORTH, KAN., May 1, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Being a constant reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER, I wish to tell you how much I like it. Having been brought up a Christian, it seemed quite blasphemous at first, but now that I am used to it I feel as though I could not do without it. I feel as though I was well acquainted with most of its contributors, and so far like their company well; especially Elmina. But after having read Mary V. Carpenter's letter to her (Elmina), and then read Elmina's reply in No. 16, and then re-read both, I must say I think Mary has confuted Elmina most effectually. We thought Elmina almost free from prejudice, but find she is still quite human, else she would not make the assertion that she believes all that do not enjoy life would cease to love it, and many other statements as void of reason. But perhaps she did as well as can be expected on the wrong side. MARY HUTCHESON.

CAWKER CITY, KAN.

MR. EDITOR: I want to talk on paper a little. For many years I hav seen occasionally an article in THE TRUTH SEEKER denouncing the Oneida Community and the polygamy of the Mormons, and just now a Mr. J. Van Denburgh has been slandering the Community by calling their institution a gigantic brothel. I hav been waiting long for some one to support their charges on scientific grounds, and it seems that I shall hav to wait much longer unless I can be successful in calling them to the task.

The Liberals of the country claim for themselvs the preeminence in submitting all things to the standard of science, and consequently it is not fair to denounce the practices of any person or community unless the arguments are supported on scientific grounds. So now I demand of all persons generally, and Mr. Van Denburgh in particular, to giv these people the justice of a fair trial.

The fact is, either monogamy nor polygamy is natural, and the question of which is the bone between us. For this argument I shall call the Community polygamous, as it is simply promiscuous intercourse; and as to whether there has been a formal, legal marriage, I waive the question.

GEORGE W. CHAPMAN, M.D.

WEST UNION, IOWA, April 20, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: My subscription having expired, please find three dollars for renewal. THE TRUTH SEEKER has been a light to me, and light is what I am seeking for. More than sixty-five years I hav been seeking light from that old book of fables called the Bible or God's word, and I hav been in darkness. THE TRUTH SEEKER has proved a light that has lit up the path of life. That story of God's word given to Moses making the world in six days, and resting on the seventh, is darkness to me. Then to cap the climax, making man from dust and woman from a rib. Still worse, letting the devil in the garden, destroying the happiness of the family. This looks like a great failure for a god that had the power to make a world in six days out of nothing But here comes damnation, damning to all eternity the posterity of Adam for what they could not help. Is it any wonder that this book should prove a stumbling-block to man? God and the devil killing Job's children and cattle, and afflicting Job to prove that he was a good man; Joshua stopping the sun to get time to kill his enemies; Jonah taking a sea voyage in a whale's belly, three days and three nights--oh, yes, Mr. Editor, this is beautiful stuff to ask a man to believe in this nineteenth century!

J. S. BREWER.

BURTON, TEXAS, April 21, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I see in nearly every issue of your valuable journal something about prohibition, and none of its advocates seems to think rationally on this subject. Being a strict abstainer myself, a varied experience in business for nearly thirty years in different countries—a close observer withal—has proved to me most conclusivly that the more laws there are enacted, the higher liquor license is placed, and indeed the more you discuss prohibition and endeavor to force its principles in any manner, the more liquor is used, and deadlier is its effects. High license tariff causes venders to adulterate the stuff, and hence the more and sooner it kills. Stop dram shops, and people will buy it by the gallon or obtain it in some way, and hence more is used. There is but one way to stop its use, and that is to prohibit the manufacture and importation of all kinds of liquors. But can this be done? Clearly, it cannot; there are entirely too many avenues by which it can be introduced, and, too, such a law would savor of despotism rather than a free government that we claim for ours. If every other branch, or spring of water, from Maine to New Mexico was a fountain of pure liquor, pure and undefiled, free to all, I dare say there would be fewer drunkards than are to-day. I scarcely ever saw a boy raised by parents that strictly forbid the use of liquor, but turned out to be a drunkard in the end; whereas, those who were allowed its free use from childhood rarely cared to abuse it in after years. I hav employed clerks who had the name of drunkards, and would indulge to excess whenever liquor could be had, but who abstained entirely when it was handled and become plentiful every day before their eyes. While I admit that it is a great curse, and desire as much as any one to remedy the evil, I am sure these prohibitionists are adding fuel to the flames of this vice by their present course. H. B. JONES.

EXIRA, IOWA, May 1, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I send you herewith money-order for my delinquency to your paper, also for TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL. I hav taken THE TRUTH SEEKER since 1877, and hav read it with much pleasure and many curses. I believe that if Liberals would keep their private grievances out of the conventions, and ride their pet hobbies at home, and work together for the secularization of the government, which was the original object of the League, we would hav been sufficiently strong today to force a little favoring of politicians to us for our vote. There are votes enough in the Liberal ranks in the doubtful states to control the elections this fall, or the nominations in June and July to prevent such objectionable men as Edmunds and other sycophants to the church hierarchy from being nominated by either party.

New York and Indiana are very close, and every vote is sought after in those states by both parties. But men get crazy and think that all errors must be corrected in our movement. Hence every Liberal that had a hobby demanded that it be championed by the League. The League has been ruined, and our strength made an object of ridicule by the dissensions prevailing in it, by the wrangles over foreign questions, such as the prohibition and postal laws. Good Liberals honestly differ in opinions on these questions, but can agree on the main question—that of absolute separation of church and state. If the friends of free whisky and free mails wish to organize for the promotion of their respectiv views, let them do so under an appropriate name and calling, and let us hav the League, or a new organization, for the sole purpose of taxing church property, divesting our public schools of religious teachings, and our armies and legislatures of hired chaplains, paid for from the people's money, etc. I hav labored for this for thirty years, and derive much encouragement from the progress of Liberal ideas, but much chagrin from the crazy movements of what seem to me to be wild actions of individual members of what ought to be a united brotherhood.

Yours for union, J. A. HALLOCK.

MONTPELIER, IND., April 28, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I hav read with care the many articles pro and con on the prohibition of the use of intoxicants, and feel like sending one brief article for publication in your paper.

A few years in the past California was free to all without law or restraint. Anarchy prevailed; the most brutal and the strongest ruled, until the more thoughtful combined and tried the most offensiv characters in their absence and then arrested them and inflicted their penalties even though it were death, and it was thought by many that society was benefited thereby. At the present time California has a code of laws punishing crime, and the standard of morals compares favorably with other states. Every human being should come under government. If he is not a law unto himself he needs outside pressure to control his actions. The same rule applies to intemperance that applies to other crimes. A crime in the true sense is an infringement of personal rights, which certainly is the case with drunkenness, the effect of which is to unfit the parent to provide for his children, to let them want for proper home, food, and clothing, the consequence of which often is premature death—the mother and children driven into the pitiless storm by the drunken maniac father and husband, with all the train of evil consequences that make drinking intoxicants an evil, if we hav any evils, and a crime if any there be. I do not acknowledge the right to do that which insures evil consequences to wife, children, parents, sisters, and brothers, and all the social ties that are most dear to humanity. If intemperance is a case that does not admit of legislation, so is murder and all other crimes. Oh, but you cannot enforce prohibitory laws! Do you always enforce the penalty for murder? yet who thinks of making it respectable by repealing the laws inflicting the penalties for that crime. One of the best remedies for drunkenness is to make it disgraceful and criminal to manufacture, sell, or drink any intoxicating beverage whatever, and a prohibitory law passed with a determination to enforce it will exert such influence. I felt that it was truly humiliating that the National Liberal League should get a majority vote against prohibiting the nefarious traffic and then be rebuked by only a very few individuals. I would propose that the next National Liberal League Congress pass a resolution with a rousing majority declaring drinking intoxicants a crime equal in enormity with murder. WILLIAM ALLEN.

IONIA, MICH., April 27, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Thinking it might be well to post you a little on this part of God's moral heritage, is my apology for this intrusion (which you are at liberty to publish if you deem it, or any part of it, sufficiently interesting to be worth its space). Ionia is a young city of about seven or eight thousand inhabitants, pleasantly situated on the banks of Grand river, and is a live town; has eight houses for spook worship, costing from one to sixty thousand dollars each (untaxed), and as many expert sky-pilots, besides three or four extras for great occasions when it is necessary to double teams. Thus happily situated, we had come to think ourselvs very fortunate, never having suffered from any great calamity, such as fires, epidemics, hurricanes, cyclones, floods, tornadoes, or earthquakes. We had almost come to the conclusion that we were under the spiritual care of some big spook, when, about two months since, the Salvation Army struck us all unprepared for such a calamity—the first heard of it a man with a red band on his hat bearing the ominous words, "Salvation Army," came vending the *War Cry;* then came about a dozen more of both sexes, wearing like badges, marching through our streets by night singing loudly (which they are doing now past my door while I write this), "Blood and Fire! Blood and Fire! Hallelujah, we will conquer by the sword!" with a long train of boys and hoodlums in their wake, all joining in the chorus at the top of their voices. It is probably unnecessary to further describe their antics and orgies every day, lasting till nearly midnight every night for the last two months. The rabble, swelled by the more fanatical of the church people and sight-seers, for the fun of it is immense, numbered thousands. Lately the hoodlums drown their singing with their songs and yells, pelting them with beans, rotten lemons and eggs, tin cans, etc. Last night they threw cayenne pepper, and broke up the meeting. I send you, herewith, some clippings from our daily papers showing the work they are doing; several others show nearly the same mental condition, differing only in degree. By the way, has it never occurred to your mind that the Salvation Army was purely a Mormon scheme leaving out the more objectionable features? Surely it is Mormon as far as they go; a military religion, its members sworn in privately, sworn to go wherever their superior officers order them at any time, all under military management and rules; their preaching, if preaching it could be called, is identical with Mormonism as far as it goes. Salvation, salvation, and saints saved, saved, saved; it would not do to preach more of it; the same has been preached by all their missionaries in England, and no polygamy anywhere. Where are the fifteen hundred Mormon missionaries sent out to preach in the United States? Do you hear of them anywhere else? I think they are going about organizing Salvation Army posts. Those who work them after they are organized are paid by the week, or by the month, and they hav plenty of money. These are political times; such thorough organization may be of use to them. Mormonism means more than polygamy, and is not confined to Utah.

Respectfully, S. M. BAYARD, M.D.

SOUTH BEND, IND.

MR. EDITOR: Mr. Andrews, in his analysis of money (in THE TRUTH SEEKER of March 8th) seems to drift into the old orthodox channels—"belief is good as fact; the ideal is as good as the real." When Jehovah sat just above the firmament, his word was law, because it was believed the "cattle on a thousand hills were his;" but when it was learned that the cattle belonged to other parties, and Jehovah himself was not there, and never had been, the wildcat currency depreciated to zero, and there has been a theological panic ever since. The fact is, its promises to pay never had any real value. They represented nothing. Neither does the belief in any promis constitute money. Money is a real, tangible promis to pay.

John buys a wagon of James, for which he pays him one hundred dollars. But, being unable to take the wagon at once, he requires of James a promis to deliver the wagon on demand. This promis reads, "For value received I promis to pay John, or bearer, one wagon, worth one hundred dollars. (Signed) James." On his way home John meets George, and trades the promis of James for a horse. George trades it to Peter, and he goes and gets the wagon, and the promis is redeemed. All the time the promis circulated it was money. Again, as a balance of trade, John holds the promises of James for one thousand dollars, but as he is worth only five hundred dollars John requires that George and Peter sign the promis, whose combined ability to pay is one thousand dollars, and these promises continue to circulate from year to year, and are money. It matters not whether these promises were written on paper, silver, or gold. The fiat of James, George, and Peter constitutes money, just as long as the one thousand dollars stands ready to redeem the promis. The greenback is just such a promis, but in addition to the fiat of James, George, and Peter, the United States, all of us, we, the people of the United States of America, promis to pay, and the promis is good as long as there is a stripe or a star on the American flag. Every wagon, horse, farm, river, mine of gold and silver, stand pledged by the honor of fifty million honest hearts and hands to redeem them on demand.

The unit of value is the day's labor. James mines and coins one hundred pieces of gold in one hundred days. John raises one hundred measures of wheat in the same time. James calls his pieces dollars. John calls his measures bushels, but neither the gold nor wheat is money. Money has no intrinsic value. Intrinsic value means utility. Gold can be utilized, but not so advantageously as iron, wood, wheat, or even as paper.

The fiat of the people represented in Congress is the money of the people, whether it be inscribed on gold, silver, or paper, and every dollar's worth of property stands pledged for its redemption. This is the way it looks at 827 Prairie avenue, South Bend, Ind. J. W. WELLMAN.

WILLIAMSBURG, April 30, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I really confess I was unaware my sympathies could be so earnestly aroused in behalf of our veteran heroin of the doctrin of Atheism as they hav been in behalf of Elmina. In fact, I was, viewing creation from her standpoint of observation, preparing an article for THE TRUTH SEEKER in justification of suicide.

That this is "a beautiful world," a very beautiful world, to those who from favorable circumstances by nature inherit health of body, health of mind, wealth, and favorable surroundings, there can be but little doubt; but she must also admit beside this truth, very few, comparativly, save in a very limited degree, enjoy this happy condition; but many, very many, pine in untold wretchedness the wide world over. Admitting this fact, as she, I think, certainly would, I based my article on suicide as antidotal to all insupportable misery that

"flesh is heir to." I was arrested in my determination in sending this humane article to your paper by reading the able communications of Mrs. Carpenter, of Mrs. Severance, of Mr. Petty, and Mr. Harvey W. Pinney, lately published in your Liberal journal. My heart failed me. My symyathies were touched in her behalf to behold her literary plumage of a score of past years bedraggled in defense of Atheism—an effete philosophy. I am afraid Elmina left school a great many years ago, and is in a state of Rip VanWinkle bewilderment.

Some kind-hearted, enthusiastic Spiritualists seem willing to pay her expenses to witness some of Dr. Slade's "spirit slate" writing and other spirit manifestations. A betting man might bet high it would be of little use. The old adage comes in here appropriately, "You may bring an ox to the water, but you can't make him drink."

These enthusiastic Spiritualists seem to overlook the existence of the two primary forces ever operating throughout every department of nature. And these forces are known as attraction and repulsion. Define these forces as you will, giv them what titles you may, taste, affinity, like and dislike, rapture or mental disgust, we will find them still operativ—as operativ in the vast planetary system of creation as in the minutest pebble on the ocean's beach.

Now, I think it would be safe to wage that in the matter of "slate writing," as of any other physical phenomena, that such is the repellant fiber of her material mind (for Spiritualism is material or 'tis nothing), that no satisfactory, conclusiv manifestation could be got in her presence. With Elmina it must be a matter of growth.

And again, Mr. Editor, hav you seriously reflected on the disastrous consequences her sudden conversion would hav on the thinking world at large, and THE TRUTH SEEKER in particular? It is absolutely frightful! Let us pray.

DAVID BRUCE.

ERIE, COL., April 28, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I, with two others, left here directly after Mr. Prichard's letter appeared in THE TRUTH SEEKER last May. We followed the route laid out in his letter *via* San Francisco, Portland, and N. P. R. R. to Rothdrum, and arrived in the Cœur d' Alene camp. The Montana men, both Liberals and Christians, had been there and failed to find payable gold on Mr. Prichard's claim, and had treated the old man rudely. There were quite a number of Californians, one Black-Hiller, and some seven or eight—one with his wife—from Rathdrum on Prichard and Eagle Creeks when we arrived there. These had been invited in by private letters from Mr. Prichard before ever the letter that appeared in THE TRUTH SEEKER to the Liberal public had left Bozeman, Montana. Mr. Pritchard and the majority of them were members of the Masonic brotherhood, and all but himself were followers of the prophet of Nazareth.

The Californians had divided into three prospecting parties. One party went to work on a tributary gulch on the right and the second party on the left of Prichard's creek. They sluiced for days and only made sixty cents per day per man. The third party was put to work by Mr. Prichard on the very place where he claimed to hav discovered payable gold on the main creek. Results, 25 cents per day per man. Mr. Prichard, thinking that they must be leaving gold in the bed rock, came up, dug bed rock after them, and to his surprise could not get one pay prospect. This was in June, when the water had receded over twenty feet from the discovery spot, notwithstanding Craig's letter vindicating Mr. Prichard at the expense of the Californians. Myself and four others prospected a tributary, got gold in almost every pan, but out of some forty or fifty we tried we only got two payable prospects. One of them was a dollar and ten cents piece, alluded to in Mr. Erwin's letter last October. We also cut across by tunneling under the roots of trees an old channel on Pritchard's claim, the opposit side of the stream from the Californians, with no better results.

The same discouraging reports were received from Eagle creek. Our conclusions were that gold was scattered all over, that there might be spots that would pay, that Mr. Prichard had accidentally gotten on one and had unawares worked it all out. Mr. Prichard told us not to leave until he could return from a prospecting tour, but we and a party from Walla Walla, W. T., and the Californians left in the beginning of July before his return. A letter of his in August informed one of our party that he had found gold in payable quantities. I hav seen mining camps opened up in the wilderness of New Zealand, Australia, the Black Hills of Dakota, and Rocky Mountain countries, but I can only compare the Cœur d' Alene region to what I hav read of the jungles of Africa. I hav lost a good summer and winter's work through being away, and hav just arrived home with an empty purse, found my family had run in debt, and, worst of all, was over six months in arrears for my TRUTH SEEKER. If I am not asking too much, I hope you will keep sending me the weekly messenger until such time as I shall be able to forward you the amount, which I hope won't be long, and accept my thanks for sending it as you hav. Yours for the truth, GRIFF. A. LLOYD.

NEWPORT, ME., April 26, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Is the "waste basket" full? If not, here is an addition to its contents. I hav just finished reading Herbert Spencer's long article in THE TRUTH SEEKER. It fills me with pain and brings to my mind what Gerritt Smith once said, "Some great men are very little men." Mr. Editor, let me tell you that the world will not be reformed. You are in the largest city in this country; when you see any great reform in that "sink of iniquity," will you please report? London is a much older city than New York, and London is more corrupt to-day than it was a hundred years ago. And New York will be in a worse condition in another hundred years than it is now. Now, Mr. Editor, don't think I am fool enough to think for a moment that any one will be affected or believe what I say. The world is made up of fools and knaves. There are tens of thousands of men and women that crowd into these cities, living miserable lives, some half starved, and are constantly complaining—those who hav their eyes partly opened—of their condition. And while they are dragging out miserable lives, millions of acres of land are waiting for their hands to work it. And there are millions of men and women to-day who, if they were offered a good farm, would not leave their miserable dens in the city, and go in the country, where, with eight hours' labor, they could hav a real haven of happiness.

The blind are leading the blind, and none know the way out of the fearful, terrible condition they are in. A set of fanatical coolies are getting up an insane war for the suppression of intemperance. A large portion of them are out of their proper places, or they would be in an insane asylum. To talk of stopping rum selling while cities exist, and money—an entirely unnatural medium of exchange—is used—the most corrupting power on earth, unless we except the Christian religion—is insanity run mad.

No, no, my good but deluded brothers and sisters, you may set your hearts at rest, the world will not be reformed for one thousand years at least. You can reform *yourselvs* by leaving these corrupt cities, and go into the country and become producers. Every days' labor done in a city is lost. Cities are vast pauper establishments, hiding-places for criminals and prostitution. A city is no place for a true reformer. A person who livs in a city, year after year, cannot consistently preach reform to others. "Physician, heal thyself," comes home with great force to all dwellers in cities. Cities are unnatural gatherings, and it is impossible to do away with crime and intemperance while they exist.

These words are written by an unpopular man, but they will never be disputed. They may be denied in words, but they will not stay denied. For forty years I hav been trying to solve the question, How shall the fearful evils, the terrible crimes which run riot everywhere, be abolished? If anyone has a remedy to peaceably depopulate these cities, and abolish money as a medium of exchange, he or she is the man or woman that the world wants. War will not save or redeem the world; strikes will not accomplish it; shorter hours is not the remedy for this fearfully sick world. The people are sick, they are sick unto death, and most of them are ignorant of the remedy. That there is a remedy I know, but to a real, true friend they will not listen. They prefer to uphold this system of infernalism, "church and state," the very power that binds them hand and foot and makes them slaves.

Friends, brothers, and sisters, until you learn to be a "law unto yourselvs," make your own laws, become your own masters, leave these corrupt cities, and become producers, do not complain of "hard times," for you yourselvs are the cause of it. Go not to the devil's box, alias the ballot box, which is only a snare for your destruction. Our only safety is in self-government, which needs no implements of death to sustain it. Your friend, SEWARD MITCHELL.

JACKSON, MICH.

MR. EDITOR: Having just finished reading Dr. Foote's article on vivisecti on, in which he makes mention of myself several times, I now wish to write a few words of inquiry and reply. My aim is to be a Liberal and a truth seeker in the highest sense of those noble names, therefore I am always willing to hear all sides of every question. All hail to free discussion in a kindly and Liberal spirit of each and every subject pertaining to the welfare of all living creatures, for it is often the only way to arrive at truth in regard to them. If these terrible statements in regard to vivisection are not true, there is no one who will rejoice more than myself, for I hav been suffering a mental vivisection of the most horrible nature ever since hearing of it, as will be seen by my former letter. If they are true, then I desire to reaffirm more strongly than ever my detestation and horror. If vivisection is all that Dr. Foote represents, why is there so much opposition to it in all countries, especially in England, where anti-vivisection societies number among their members many of the most intelligent and humane people in all ranks of life, scholars, statesmen, etc.? What object hav the opponents of vivisection in making these statements if they are untrue? Surely it is not a pleasant task. As for myself, if it were not for the hope of doing some good I would wish I had never heard of these things. I would never read nor write nor even think of them again if that were possible. These terrible cruelties may occur in Europe, it is admitted, but not in this country. I hope not, but in an article in *Scribner's Monthly*, published in 1880, we hav the testimony of Dr. A. J. Leffingwell as to the extreme cruelty practiced and permitted in medical colleges in our own country. He says, "I think it may be safely asserted that in the city of New York, in a single medical school, more pain is inflicted upon living animals, as the means of teaching well-known facts, than is permitted to be done for the same purpose in all the medical schools of Great Britain and Ireland." I hope that writer was mistaken, and that Dr. Foote is not, but how long will it be before these things are practiced here, if not already, if public sentiment is not aroused against them and some measures are not taken to prevent their occurrence. How much better to begin now, when this evil is as yet in its first stages and can be easily dealt with, than to wait until it becomes so powerful as to require some desperate measure to eradicate it. If I understand Mr. Preston's position correctly this is what he aims to do. If slavery had never been permitted in this country, how much better it would hav been, how much suffering might hav been spared! But it was allowed to exist; and what it cost to overthrow its power! It is surprising to Dr. Foote that we make so much fuss—as perhaps he would term it—over this subject, when there are so many reforms needing our assistance. I am interested in every reform, in every movement for the benefit of humanity. Would that my cash box was large and full enough; I would pour out its treasures for every good cause. Had I the millions that lie wasted and idle, no woe and want, no injustice and evil that I could relieve or prevent would long curse humanity. So do not shink that we are deaf to other wrongs because we speak so loudly against this. The case is like this: There is a mother with a large family of children, for instance. All of them are in trouble or danger, some from one cause, some from another. But there is one who is in the most imminent peril or agony which far transcends any of the others; which of these children will her mother heart go out to most? Which will she rush to rescue first? While anxious to do all that is possible for the others, that one will claim her first attention. Will it not? How was it in the time of the great antislavery agitation? The slaveholders told the Abolitionists to reform their own evils before they attacked slavery. Those noble reformers well knew that great evils existed in the Northern states, and although condemning wrong and sympathizing with all movements to elevate the race, yet slavery was the greatest curse, and the voice of the enslaved appealed most strongly to their sense of justice. He speaks of human beings burnt to death in tenement houses, theaters, etc. These facts are horrible. But do they affect one as though these people were confined in these places and roasted alive by some religious or scientific society? Deliberate torture and accidental suffering and death are vastly different things. That argument could hav been used in the days of the Inquisition with just as much reason. Why worry about people being burnt at the stake and tortured on the rack when there are so many suffering from other causes? Try to reform other evils and let the Inquisitors alone, for are they not laboring in the cause of religion? It is the same old sophistry, with merely a change of name and victims—science now, instead of religion, and helpless animals instead of human beings. But the principle is the same. A crime is no less a crime because committed in the name of science. It is no evidence of the righteousness of an act because the motiv which prompted it was good. There can be no doubt that Calvin when he burnt Servetus was prompted by what he regarded as a good motiv, and the majority of the people of those times agreed with him that it was their duty to save the souls of the people from hell by giving to the stake and torture those who were teaching doctrins which they regarded as false and misleading.

The legislatures, you say, very properly accept the testimony of medical experts on the subject of vivisection. Ought the world to hav taken the evidence of the slaveholder and Inquisitor as to the right and necessity of bondage and bigotry, regardless of the appeals of their hapless victims?

Much that is now reverenced as science, medical science especially, will as human beings progress in knowledge be found fallacious. The science of this age is not infallible. We should be careful about accepting all that is claimed for it. There is a vast field for the medical profession to explore, but as a rule it is utterly ignored by the profession. Why do they not investigate the faculty of clairvoyance and the laws of magnetic treatment—those powers which enable a person who never received any medical education whatever to examin, to explain the use and condition of every organ of the human body, that enable them to diagnose and successfully treat and cure diseases that hav baffled the skill of regular physicians with all their medical science? If the medical profession are ignorant of these things it is time they were informed, for they are facts, and can be proved by thousands and thousands of witnesses.

When these laws are thoroughly understood and utilized in the treatment of disease the system of torture that has for years been inflicted upon mankind as well as animals will be at an end, and a natural, rational, and humane medical science will take its place. All this will doubtless sound visionary to many, but it is the truth, as time will prove.

I hav no excuses to offer for cruelties of sport, as it is called nor the vanity which prompts some persons to wear the dead and mutilated forms of animals and birds as decorations. These are harbarous instincts which the mass of human beings inherit from a savage ancestry, but the law of evolution which governs the moral as well as the physical nature of the human race will ultimately eliminate these brutal habits and instincts from mankind.

In the mean time all that can be done to prevent the cruelty and abuse of animals, all that can be done to alleviate the mental and physical suffering of humanity, it is our duty to do. Every living creature possesses certain inalienable rights which every human being is under moral obligation to respect. The law of justice demands this. Whosoever violates that law must surely suffer the penalty.

The practice of vivisection should be investigated; if everything is all right and as it should be no harm will ensue, but if the terrible state of things exist of which we are told, either in this or any other country, it should receive the attention and protest of the civilized world. Vivisection without the use of anesthetics or some other means to make the animals unconscious and insensible to pain is a crime which nothing can justify. MRS. MATTIE C. MITCHELL.

Fashionable Charity.

There is not a county in the United States where collections are not raised for foreign missions. In every county there are paupers, and in almost every one there are "poorhouses" or "county infirmaries," where poor or insane need looking after and special attentions. Although many of these public almshouses are well conducted, there are vast numbers of them in which terrible abuses are practiced. So far as we can learn, in no case do these church people who contribute to foreign missions ever think it necessary for them to look after the condition of the unfortunate inmates of these places. Annually millions of dollars are expended by them on foreign missions, not a penny on the poor of these establishments. "The law looks after these," is the cold, heartless remark and excuse. Would it not be better to devote some of the money and attention now expended on foreign missions towards caring for and ameliorating the hard condition of our home poor? The very fact that the churches keep a watch upon the institutions referred to would do much to prevent abuses that will rise from the selfishness and greed of men. I make these remarks in no fault-finding spirit, in the hope that they will attract attention in some quarters and result in good. I am never asked to contribute to a missionary cause, but I regret that a part at least of this money thus given does not go towards caring for our home poor. Fashionable charity is very liberal toward invisible objects.

C. I.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"His life is long whose work is well,
And be his station low or high,
He who the most good works can tell,
Lives longest though he soonest die."

An Angel's Visit Explained.

"Mamma said: 'Little one, go and see
If grandmother's ready to come to tea.'
I knew I mustn't disturb her, so
I stepped as gently along, tiptoe,
And stood a moment to take a peep—
And there was grandmother fast asleep.

"I knew it was time for her to awake,
I thought I'd giv her a little shake,
Or tap at her door, or softly call;
But I hadn't the heart for that at all—
She looked so sweet and so quiet there,
Lying back in her high arm-chair,
With her dear white hair, and a little smile
That means she's loving you all the while.

"I didn't make a speck of noise;
I knew she was dreaming of little boys
And girls who lived with her long ago.
And then went to heaven—she told me so.

"I went up close, and I didn't speak
One word, but I gave her on her cheek
The softest bit of a little kiss,
Just in a whisper, and then said this:
'Grandmother, dear, it's time for tea.'

"She opened her eyes and looked at me,
And said: 'Why, Pet, I hav just now dreamed
Of a little angel who came and seemed
To kiss me lovingly on my face.'
She pointed right at the very place!

"I never told her 'twas only me;
I took her hand, and we went to tea."—*Selected.*

Cousin John's Philosophy; or, It Might Hav Been Worse.

"How did it happen?" And an amused smile played on the features of Carrie Howard's cousin John. Carrie was his ward and lived in his house and under his guardianship, her parents being dead. "You look like a little mud turtle," he remarked, as he turned her about and lifted her dripping ringlets. "Only a little while ago you appeared before me in starched white muslin and beautiful red ribbons, and now, here you are, all spattered with clots of muddy water, and your ribbons draggled and defaced. Why, Carrie! But there, there, don't cry; I dare say you couldn't help it."

"Indeed I couldn't, Cousin John," she sobbed. "You know I started for Eva's lawn party, and I just stopped for a minute or two by the pool at the foot of the rock, to see a frog jump into the water. He splashed it as he jumped, and I turned quickly to avoid its getting on my dress, and, in turning, I stubbed my toe, or something, my foot gave a twist, and over I went into the pool—oh dear! oh dear!"

"In company with the frog, eh! A pretty couple you were, I must say.

Miss Carrie and the frog,
Both sat upon a log,
One jumped into the mud,
With a dull splash and thud;
The other, lank and thin,
Just went and tumbled in."

"Oh, don't make rhymes, Cousin John, and please don't laugh. It is too bad! O—o—I can't help crying!"

"But there's no use in boo-hooing like that, my dear."

"Don't you—see—I—can't go to the par-r-ty, now?"

"Oh, yes, you can. Wash your face, wipe up your eyes, put on another dress, and go on. This affair might hav been worse."

"I havn't another clean white dress, and how could this trouble be worse, I should like to know?"

"Why, you might hav been drowned!"

"Drowned in a mud puddle!"

"Well, then, you might hav sprained your ankle; that would hav been worse, surely. But come now, get on that pretty pink Mother Hubbard dress, and run along to the party."

"O Cousin John, you are so easy about everything. You never get ruffled, as I do."

"Ruffles were not intended for men, only for girls and little misses that fall into mud puddles! But come, come, you will be very late to the party unless you hurry."

Carrie soon reappeared in a clean dress, fresh ribbons, and a clean face, and was even prettier than before.

Awhile after, when the woods were beginning to don their autumn garb, and in spots were all aflame and aglow with scarlet, russet, and gold, Carrie went with some companions to gather the lovely leaves and red berries.

Oh, such a gay time as she had! and such a basketful of bright-hued leaves, such masses of maple, sumach, and elder! such sprays of green cedar and "creeping Jenny!" such bits of dark green mosses, with their tiny blossoms! such bright, red berries, such glossy wintergreen, with its blood-red plums! such great bunches of mock golden rod and "life everlasting" all in flower! such mullein leaves and dried grasses, as she gathered in the fields that adjoined the woods! "Oh, how kind is nature!" she thought, "to make so much beauty to adorn the dying year!"

But in a few days following she ceased to sing the praises of the wood, as she made her appearance with a swollen face and one eye closed entirely.

"What's the matter with you?" inquired Cousin John.

"O dear, I don't know. My face burns and itches terribly."

"Poisoned, evidently. I noticed you had some dogwood and ivy with your leaves the other day. But never mind, it might hav been worse."

"Oh, how can you say that, Cousin John? I don't see how it could hav been worse, anyway?"

"Why, my dear, both eyes might hav been closed up tightly. Whereas now you hav one good eye with which to observe the difference between dogwood and sumach. Had you studied your botany a little more you would hav been aware of the difference. I will get you a wash for that face, however, for it detracts, I must confess, considerably from your good looks, and does not tend to make you over and above agreeable."

Lying on the lounge that afternoon bathing her face, Carrie spoke up suddenly:

"Cousin John!"

"Well, my dear."

"How did you come to take everything so easily? Were you born with just that even disposition that can find some good in everything?"

"Well, no. I suppose not. I remember the time when I was fractious and—"

"Cross?"

"Yes, and cross; but, gradually, I learned there was no use in repining and fretting, that being cross and peevish did not help matters one bit."

"And then?"

"Then I reformed."

"Did you drink intoxicating liquors, Cousin John?"

"Oh no; but other people can reform, you know, besides drunkards.

"I resolved to make the best of that which could not be helped, and to think that however bad matters were, they might hav been worse. Being fretful helps nobody, makes yourself unhappy, and others miserable. Cheerfulness is a very desirable quality, and, if we do not possess it by nature, it is well to cultivate it to the greatest extent possible. Do you not think so, my dear?"

"Why, yes, Cousin John; but maybe you never met with many misfortunes to make you feel badly."

"Perhaps not, but I hav met with some trials. I invested, a few years ago, two-thirds of my property in what I supposed was a good paying investment; but it yielded no profit, and finally the concern failed, and I lost all."

"You felt awfully then, didn't you?"

"Well, rather badly for awhile, but I thought it might hav been worse."

"O Cousin John!"

"Yes, for I might hav lost my health. I didn't, and I reckon a man's health is wealth. I was well, and I went to work again. Then, you remember when I was burnt out—our place at Alwell? Everything was consumed in that fire, so that I had not even a pair of shoes to put on my feet, and it was winter weather too. And no insurance on the property; think of that—a total loss."

"And how did you bear that, cousin?"

"I thought it seemed rather hard, but then it might hav been worse."

"I don't see how it could, cousin, in that case."

"Why, don't you see that I might hav been burnt myself? That would hav been worse, sure; so I was thankful that I escaped with my life."

"But everyone cannot feel so in times of trouble, Cousin John."

"No, I suppose not, every clover cannot bear four leaves, but the three-leaved clover is not to be despised. Everybody can cultivate a cheerful disposition, and it will soon come quite natural to the one who really tries to obtain the treasure. Now you try and see what you can do. And in all days of trial and trouble, just think that it might hav been worse, and your burden will instantly begin to be lighter and easier to carry."

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My fifth is in girl, but not in boy;
My sixth is in hope, but not in joy;
My seventh is in beauty, in lovely, in meek;
My eighth is in beauty, but not in sweet;
My ninth is in summer, but not in June;
My tenth is in rose, but not in perfume:
My eleventh is in ringlet, but not in curl;
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[Leagues and Liberal and Spiritualistic Societies in the United States and Canada meeting regularly, can have notices of their meetings published in this column free if the officers will send them to us.]

MICHIGAN.

MUSKEGON.—The Liberal League meets every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock in the German Odd Fellows' Hall, corner of Western ave. and Terrace st.

WISCONSIN.

MILWAUKEE.—The Milwaukee Liberal League meets every Sunday evening at Fraternity Hall, 216 Grand avenue.—Exercises: Lectures, Criticisms, and Music.—Admission free.

OHIO.

CLEVELAND.—The Liberal League meets every Sunday at 3 P.M., in room 29, City Hall building. Lectures free. Communications can be addressed to W. I. Irvine, Secretary.

MAINE.

PORTLAND.—Dr. H. A. Lamb has hired Congress Hall, Congress street (entrance on Temple street), where free meetings, lectures, and discussions are held every Sunday, 2:30 P.M. Admittance free. Public invited.

OREGON.

PORTLAND.—The Auxiliary Liberal League of Portland, Or., holds meetings every Sunday, at 2 o'clock, P.M., at Nonpareil Hall, cor. 1st and Madison streets. All are invited. Admission free.

MASSACHUSETTS.

BOSTON.—Boston Liberal Club holds meetings for essays and criticisms every Sunday forenoon at 10:45 in the Paine Memorial Building, Appleton street.——The "Society of the Divine Homo" at same place every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Sunday-school at 2:30. Admission free.

PENNSYLVANIA.

ALTOONA.—The League holds meetings every Wednesday evening and Sundays at 3 P.M., at the League Room, corner of Eleventh ave. and 13th st., third floor, entrance on 13th st.

PHILADELPHIA.—The Friendship Liberal League meets every Sunday at Hancock Hall, 814 Girard avenue, at 2:30 o'clock, and 7:30 o'clock, P.M., for lectures and free debates. THE TRUTH SEEKER and Liberal books for sale.

PITTSBURGH.—Pittsburgh Liberal League meets at Maltby Hall, 76 Fifth avenue, every Sunday (except during the Months of July and August) at 3 o'clock. A free platform is maintained. Exercises consist of a lecture, followed by 10 minute criticisms, with 15 minutes allowed the lecturer to reply. Clergymen invited to discuss.

NEW JERSEY.

NEWARK.—Newark Liberal League meets every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the League's Hall, 177 Halsey street. Exercises consist of music, readings, lecture, and discussion, in which all present are invited to participate. Admission free. Collection taken. Communications for the League should be addressed to J. W. Frankel, 10 Pine street, Newark.

CANADA.

TORONTO.—Secular Society. Reading and Lecture Rooms, No. 9 Grand Opera House. Open every evening and Sundays. Lecture every Sunday evening. Freethinkers and strangers are cordially invited.

MONTREAL.—Pioneer Freethought Club meets every Sunday at 3 P.M., at 1310 Catharine street. Reading-room open daily until 10:30 P.M. Library open for exchange of books three evenings per week, and on Sunday afternoons. Free public lectures on Sundays as advertised in local newspapers. Strangers always welcome. G. S. Wilson President, M. O'B. Ward, M.D., Secretary.

NEW YORK.

ALBANY.—The Liberal association meets every Sunday at Van Vechten Hall, 119 State street. Sunday-school at 2 P.M. General business meeting and debates and discussions at 3 P.M. Lecture at 7:30 P.M. The public are cordially invited to attend, also all Liberals visiting the city. Admission free.

NEW YORK CITY.—The Manhattan Liberal Club meets every Friday evening at 8 o'clock, for a lecture and discussion, at German Masonic Temple, 220 East 15th street. Admission 5 cents. Monthly cards 20 cents. Membership fee $3.——The American Spiritualist Alliance meets every Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock in Republican Hall, 55 West 33d street.——The First Society of Spiritualists holds its meetings every Sunday in Republican Hall, 55 West 33d street. Morning service 11 o'clock; evening, 7:45. Seats free. Public cordially invited.——Frobisher College Hall, 23 East 14th street, near Broadway. The People's Spiritual Meeting every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 P.M.

BROOKLYN.—The Brooklyn Spiritual Society meets at Conservatory Hall, cor. of Fulton street and Bedford avenue, every Sunday. Services at 11 A.M. and 7:45 P.M. Admission free. Public cordially invited. Liberal and Spiritual papers and books for sale.——The Everett Hall Spiritual Conference, 398 Fulton street, meets every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. Meetings free. Spiritual literature for sale.——The Eastern District Spiritual Conference meets every Monday evening at Composite Room, 4th street, corner of south 2d street, at 7:45. Spiritual and Liberal literature on sale. All invited.—— The Philosophical Association meets every Sunday afternoon in the Assembly Room of Wright's Business College, Broadway, corner of Fourth street, E. D., at 3 P.M. Public cordially invited. Doors open at 2:30 P.M.

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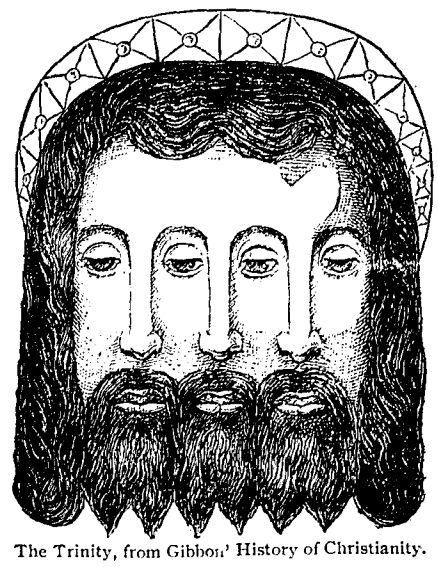
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All ready to be ferried o'er;
We wait the serving of the tide
To leave for aye this dusky shore.
'Tis night. Beneath yon spangled blue
A thousand fairy forms unseen,
Too subtilized for mortal view,
Are dancing on the village green.
The brook that wanders through the vale,
The flowers that spring in yonder dell
To listening ears unfold their tale.
The fairies know their language well.
The beauteous rose in full array,
Hath much of heaven in its bloom,
And, like a guide-post by the way,
Points to our home beyond the tomb.
The waves that rush before the blast,
And thunder on yon pebbly shore,
Tell us of other days long past,
Of loving friends we see no more.
Our passions hushed, and without fear
Of aught below or aught above,
Angelic beings hovering near
Imbue us with celestial love.
'Tis not a duty, but a boon,
Which makes immortal pleasures sure.
Sun-light reflected by the moon,
The glorious privilege to be pure.
All cheerful thought is light ahead,
Presaging what shall come at last;
All gloomy thought, remorse, and dread
Are but the debris of the past.
And soon, alas! the bigot flies
From inner light to tales of yore;
A savage faith his loss supplies,
Those angel whispers come no more.
We spurn the lies those pages tell
Of devils black, with hoof and horn,
A canting heaven, a burning hell,
Of sour, dyspeptic stomach born.
No slaves are we to tyrant Gods,
No vassals of another's will;
We bow beneath no chastening rods,
But trust in fate and fear no ill.
Lo! Asia's millions yield their breath
Where meager famin ever lowers;
A God whose creatures starve to death
Can never be a God of ours.
We harbor no sectarian trash
Which Christian seers hav said or sung,
We crouch before no scorpion lash
Of Jesus Christ or Brigham Young.
All natural change is upward flight,
And death the conqueror of despair.
Whate'er our crime, whate'er our plight,
A better world awaits us there.
Through death's dark vale with lofty trust
We march to brighter realms afar.
We leave our failings with our dust,
As from and of the dust they are.
For love is life, and life is love,
And love includeth every bliss;
And happiest in the world above
Are those who were the best in this.

—PAXTON.

Book Notices.

DYNAMIC SOCIOLOGY. By Lester F. Ward. 2 vols., 8vo. Price $5. For sale at this office.

When France produced Auguste Comte she reached her highest point in the production of humanity, both her best thought and her most unselfish feeling, these two by good fortune being united in the same person. England in producing Herbert Spencer may be said to hav done her best work in the same line. There is no disparagement of what others hav done in thus saying that, all things considered, these two hav done the best, and are the truest representativs, in those countries, of high intellectual development. But America, also, is contributing to scientific thought, and her best production thus far is Mr. Lester F. Ward with his new science of Dynamic Sociology. He, like the other two, is an original thinker, and a summer-up of the results of scientific progress. His work is as yet but little known, and this placing of him in the same list with Comte and Spencer will seem to many people a foolish overestimate. A thorough and careful reading of his book, however, by anyone who can himself think and judge of thought, will confirm what is here said of him. He is not so uniformly solid and free from fault as Mr. Spencer, perhaps, but, on the other hand, he is not so limited by any prepossessions; he is more free, more bold, and consequently has made a farther advance.

Dynamic Sociology, or the Science of Human Progress, which is Mr. Ward's more especial department, is relativly a new science, and in taking it up he has gone into a new field, one apparently considered of little importance by previous thinkers, but which he has found rich in the treasures of knowledge. Static Sociology, or the science of social order, polity, or organization, had been treated by Comte and Spencer; but the dynamic branch has by English scientists been neglected under the impression, as it would seem, that the advancement of society was brought about through natural agencies only, natural selection being the chief influence in determining its intelligence, character, and welfare. Mr. Spencer, in particular, has virtually discountenanced the idea that societies could do much, if anything, for their own progress, the general result of legislation having been so unfortunate, in the absence of sociological knowledge on the part of legislators, as to hav rendered him hopeless of any good by that means. But here is just where Mr Ward disagrees with him, though without being at all disposed to justify or excuse ignorant legislation. As all other sciences, including Social Statics, hav their applied phase, and are made useful to man only by application, so he believes there is a science of Social Dynamics that has applicability, and that by its application, after sufficient knowledge of it has been acquired, the same good effects will appear that hav followed the application of other scientific knowledge. As applied sciences thus become useful arts, so this, when developed and wisely applied, will become a true art of securing social advancement and well being. As natural selection and other natural influences hav brought the individual man from the ignorant, helpless, and miserable condition of the savage up to a degree of intelligence and moral regard, where he becomes free to take control of himself and his circumstances, reacting upon his environment for his own good, so society will by the same natural agencies be raised to a point where it will become conscious of itself and its powers, and by scientific knowledge and use of its forces will be able artificially to make itself what it should be in order to secure the highest well-being of its members, and its own safe perpetuity. In short, society like the individual, will learn how to liv, develop itself, and be happy.

The progress through natural influences is termed by Ward the *genetic* progress. That which is to come about by design, by artificial method, by intelligent use of means, is called *teleological* as the most appropriate name, the final cause of it being in society itself. This mode of operation will be characterized by invention, and by the indirect use of contrivances to effect desired results, precisely as in the application of mechanical or other science of a lower order than sociology.

His book is itself an instance of the indirect method. Knowing the necessity of an acquaintance with the prior sciences to a comprehension of sociology, he proceeds to giv an outline of what is known regarding Cosmogeny, Biogeny, Psychogeny, Anthropogeny, and Sociogeny. It amounts to an excellent resume of all the most important scientific results and conclusions; all of which go toward convincing the reader of the need of some different teaching from what we now hav.

When he comes to Dynamic Sociology proper, he lays down a scheme like this, though not wholly in the same words.

Happiness is the ultimate end of all effort.

Progress is the direct means to happiness.

Dynamic action—intelligent, inventiv, or indirect action—is the direct means to progress.

Dynamic opinion—correct views of the relation of man to the universe—is the direct means to dynamic action.

Knowledge—acquaintance with the environment—(scientific) is the direct means to dynamic opinion.

Education—the universal distribution of extant scientific information—is the direct means to knowledge. It is thus the most *indirect* means to happiness. But it is the *initial* means to the whole series, and whatever secures education secures knowledge, dynamic opinion and action, progress, and happiness. Hence the propriety of bending all social effort to the securing of universal scientific education, as the most effectiv method for obtaining whatever else may be desirable.

The succeeding chapters are devoted to the above six subjects, the discussion being critical, systematic, and suggestiv, and having the effect to show the extreme faultiness if not uselessness of traditional ideas.

Let us here say that we know of no existing book so well worth reading for what it contains as incidental to its ultimate purpose. The chapter on Biogeny presents a new and striking theory of the origin of life; that on Psychogeny does the same in regard to mind. Anthropogeny givs a full explanation of all man's characteristics without resorting to any but natural causes. Sociogeny analyzes the social forces, and shows the genesis of the more important social institutions, with their defects as at present existing. The author's view of man and nature is profound and clear; his statement of the scientific doctrins concerning the will is a model of lucid explanation. The criticism of ethics and morality is remarkable for its originality and boldness, while the doctrin of the connection between morality and intelligence is new and especially valuable. There is plain speaking, though with scientific coolness, upon industry, trade, government, religion, marriage, and conventionality. A multitude of subjects are touched upon, and the book is as full of original thought as an egg is of nutriment. Its vigor is refreshing. Its author stands in the extreme van of the scientific column. He sees with fully-opened eyes and a broad outlook the dangers and difficulties that beset civilization, and threaten in spite of all the progress yet made to again plunge us into anarchy, subversion, and medieval darkness. He sees no less clearly what society requires to secure its permanence and continue its development to the perfect stage. What this is is pointed out in his last two chapters, those on Knowledge and Education.

The first of these, along with other matter, givs an analysis of knowledge into its different kinds, and the tests by which its comparativ value may be known. The masses of the people are shown to be capable of receiving and understanding much more than they ever possessed. The bad results from unequal possession of it are strongly impressed, and the superlativ need that whatever scientific knowledge we hav should be distributed to the whole population.

But the true genius of the author is seen in his conception of education. This, the initial process, is the functional center for the whole work of social improvement. Yet education has been going on for centuries, without any such marked good effect as it ought to hav, and even sometimes with a bad one. He shows why. He considers the whole subject, and exposes the defects of all present systems. The true secret of strengthening the intellect, and the real cause of brain injury by overwork are brought out in plain relief. The necessity of instruction by the state, as the only way of making education impartial, and communicating it to every human being as a matter of justice, is powerfully enforced. Many other things of importance are crowded into this and the preceding chapter. They are exceedingly rich in thought.

Finally the author brings forward his plan, the peculiarity of which consists mainly in the *matter* of instruction, the kind of knowledge that is to be imparted. And this is scientific knowledge in its best form, the most *general* and the most *practical* truths it has to offer, those which giv the widest comprehension of the universe, including man, and the simplest explanation of all things, along with those of greatest practical value in all the concerns of life. All that is most ennobling and most useful among the treasures of science he would hav conferred upon every child in the nation. To this he would add whatever training in special science might be required to fit the grown-up man or woman for any special occupation to be chosen. He offers the abstract outline of a curriculum, and has fully met the difficulty first to be thought of, that ordinary minds will not be able to take in general, abstract, or comprehensiv ideas.

It is hardly conceivable that any one who has faith in science can read this book with a full grasp of its meaning, and not be convinced that it furnishes the true key to all permanent social improvement; that the initial means is really that through which all the machinery of society is to be operated upon to its greatest advantage—its highest ultimate good. No educator, no statesman, no moralist, no thinker of any kind, can afford to miss the reading of such a work as this. No other one book can be put beside it as its equal in practical value for the present time and the American people. It is the completest outgrowth of the democratic spirit, and proposes the most reliable mode of proceeding to establish democracy and equality firmly and forever on this continent. A better gift to his country could not be made by a patriotic scientist.

Of course Mr. Ward has a sufficient number of faults, and his estimate of religion especially may be fairly open to adverse criticism. But we need not take up this task; it will be well enough done by those who hav a natural antagonism to scientific doctrins. J. L. P.

WE are in receipt from the author, Col. John Kelso, of California, of copies of two of his works, published by the Truth Seeker Company, New York. The largest, containing about 450 pages, is entitled, "Deity Analyzed; in Six Lectures." It is one of the most radical "Freethought" publications that has come under our observation. Col. Kelso is as careless of giving offense, when he combats what he considers error, as Col. Ingersoll; and he writes with remarkable force and energy. Like the great Infidel orator, he resorts to ridicule as well as arguments to convince, but never lacks for facts to down the opposition. We giv the following quotation as an illustration of his style:

"Of necessity the creator must hav had an existence before the creation. But for how long a time? If for a finite period only, then, of necessity, he himself had only a finite existence; and by going back beyond that finite period, we hav space and duration existing without any God at all, unless we assume that there was an older God than the creator. If, on the other hand, the creator existed at an infinit distance in duration beyond the point at which the creation is assumed to hav taken place, then, of necessity, the period which lay between himself and the creativ power was absolutely incapable of ever having an end, or of ever growing any less."

It is difficult to evade the Colonel's conclusions, assuming his premises to be true, and we do not see how the premises are to be evaded, if we recognize a creator of the universe. In a similarly forcible and logical manner he combats the doctrin of atonement and other Christian dogmas. The last two hundred pages are taken up with a humorous piece of rhyme, in which the author's powers of sarcasm are freely displayed, entitled "The Devil's Defense." It assumes that Old Nick is arraigned for "high crimes and misdemeanors," but is allowed to make his own defense, in which he shows from the record that he isn't such a bad fellow after all.

The other book is in pamphlet form, and is entitled "The Real Blasphemers." We havn't the space to giv anything like a synopsis of the contents of these four lectures; suffice it to say that, taking Webster's definition as the standard, not the Infidel but the clergy are the real blasphemers. He supports his position by liberal quotations from both the Old and New Testaments.

If Christians wish to be fortified against the queries of their opponents, they should by all means read Col. Kelso's books, because he is one of the most radical Infidels of the age, and if his arguments can be answered, and his foundation knocked from under him, the privates in the skeptical ranks can be easily routed.

The prices of these books are, respectivly, $1.50 and 50 cents, and can be obtained by addressing THE TRUTH SEEKER, 33 Clinton Place, New York city.—*Sunday Gazetteer, Dennison, Texas.*

Obituary.

DIED, at her residence in Colen township, St. Joseph Co., Mich., on Monday evening, April 21, 1884, Mrs. Elizabeth Schoch Thurston, aged twenty-seven years and seven months, wife of A. H. Thurston, of Burr Oak Liberal League, No. 167.

Mrs. Thurston was, from her childhood to the time of her marriage in November, 1875, reared and brought up amid church influence and surroundings, but, like so many of the lovers of humanity, reason, and common sense who hav outgrown the errors taught them in early life, she too had discarded all myths and fables of superstition and stood boldly and proudly out upon the platform of nature and reality, and opposed to myths and ideality. She was a member of the Liberal League, and was buried in strict accordance with her views as they had often been expressed by her in life. A brother of the bereaved husband, Mr. S. K. Thurston, officiated, and pronounced one of the grandest and most beautiful discourses ever heard in this vicinity. Most truly was she one of whom it can be said, "None knew her but to love her." Always cheerful and pleasant, a kind word and smiling countenance for all she met, she made of home a heaven bright and happy, around which gleamed perpetual sunshine and joy. She leaves a little boy four years of age, an infant son, a bereaved and heart-broken companion, and a host of sorrowing friends and relativs. Long will it be before the wound which so sorely aflicts to-day will be healed.

"She liveth long who liveth well,
And, be her station low or high,
She who the most kind words doth leave
Livs longest though she soonest die."

M. P. THURSTON.

Burr Oak, Mich., April 26, 1884.

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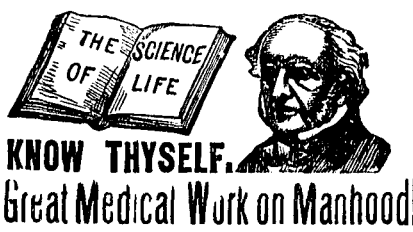
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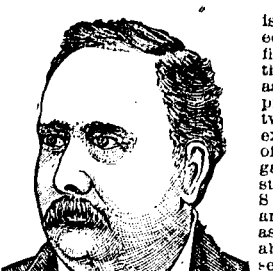
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REMEMBER that falsehood always aggravates a fault and makes it more heinous in the eyes of all good people. One who always speaks the truth is deserving of great honor. Always bear in mind that you hav but yourselvs and each other to depend upon, and that you cannot expect aid from supernatural sources, and that you hav no friend above the clouds who will come to your aid when you fail to help yourselvs.—*D. M. Bennett.*

WE speak of the veil of the future, and wish we could pull up a corner, at least, and look beyond and see what is coming, and yet no supernatural prescience of the future is given to man, and, I believe, never has been given to him. There is only one way of forecasting that which is to come, and that is precisely the way in which we forecast what is to be the future of a seed. If I take a flower in my hand with the bud unopened I can prophesy, the conditions being what they ought, what the flower will be. . . .

. If I know your characters and what your secret hopes and plans of life are, what you are thinking about and what you are planning for, and know something of what human life and experience hav been in the past, I can prophesy into what that kind of soul will develop when it comes to fruitage. But beyond this, which is the purely scientific position in the light of special laws and regular development of particular effects from particular causes, there is no prophecy and there cannot be. The future is dumb. It must still be to all of us a cloud into which we enter seeing only the first step that we take.—*M. J. Savage.*

IF you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which seeds will grow and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
Your favors nor your hate.

—*Shakspere's Macbeth.*

EVERYTHING harmonizes with me which is harmonious to thee, O Universe! Nothing for me is too early or too late which is in due time for thee. Everything is fruit to me which thy seasons bring. O Nature! from thee are all things, in thee are all things, to thee all things return. The past says, Dear city of Cecrops; and wilt not thou say, Dear city of Zeus?—*Antoninus.*

THE soul moves about with us, the same as our hands and feet. It belongs to the body. No man ever had a soul or mind until his brain was formed, and when his brain goes his mind cannot remain, because it is simply a quality of his body the same as any other function. If a man's mind existed before his body our mode of reasoning would be wrong; but as it has no existence until after the formation of the body or in connection with it, we conclude that our reason is physiologically right, and that Christians and Spiritualists are in error in talking of "disembodied" souls.—*Boston Investigator.*

"ARE there any marks of distributiv justice in the world?" If you can answer in the affirmativ, I conclude that, since justice here exerts itself, it is satisfied. If you reply in the negativ, I conclude that you hav then no reason to ascribe justice, in our sense of the word, to the gods. If you hold a medium between affirmation and negation by saying that the justice of the gods at present exerts itself in part, but not in its full extent, I answer that you hav no reason to giv it any particular extent, but only so far as you see it at present exert itself.—*Hume's Providence and Future State.*

AT the battle of Zutphen Sir Philip Sidney, after having two horses slain under him, was shot in the thigh. He was a mile from the camp, and was obliged to limp in that way to his tent. On reaching the tent, exhausted with the loss of blood, he feebly called for water. It was procured with some difficulty and brought to him. As he was about to put the flagon to his mouth his eye fell upon a poor common soldier lying wounded a few yards off upon the ground, whose piteous eyes were turned toward the refreshing draught. Sidney forgot his own agony, put the cup down untouched, and said: "Giv the water to him; his necessities are greater than mine." Fourteen days after that Sir Philip Sidney died, in the flower of his life, but leaving behind him a name that for inherent gentlemanliness, for manliness, for courage, and delicacy, and self-denial will liv as long as the word *gentleman* preserves its significance. —*O. B. Frothingham's American Gentleman.*

THE love and admiration which Sir Philip Sidney won from his contemporaries was mainly a tribute to the singular beauty of his character. His short life was illustrated by no brilliant achievement; and his literary genius, though true and exquisit in its kind, would scarcely of itself hav sufficed to account for the fervor of respect he inspired. But the purity and nobility of his nature and the winning courtesies in which its gentle magnanimity expressed itself took captiv all hearts whilst he lived and hav ever since kept sweet his memory. "Sublimely mild, a spirit without spot," he livs in the history of his country as a rare and distinguished type of English character in which the antique hero of chivalry is seen shading into the graces of the modern gentleman.—*Chambers's Encyclopedia.*

IN two or three passages Paul makes a marked distinction between what he delivers as his own opinion and what he speaks by authority: "The Lord says, not I;" "I, not the Lord:" "This I giv by permission, not commandment," etc. Here Dr. Arnold infers that we are to consider Paul as speaking from inspiration wherever he does not warn us that "he speaks as a man." But, unfortunately for this argument, the apostle expressly declares himself to be speaking "by the word of the Lord" in at least one case where he is manifestly and admittedly in error, viz., in 1 Thes. iv, 15.—*Greg's Creed of Christendom.*

A GOOD conscience fears no witnesses, but a guilty conscience is solicitous even in solitude. If we do nothing but what is honest, let all the world know it; but if otherwise, what does it signify to hav nobody else know it, so long as I know it myself? Miserable is he who slights that witness.—*Seneca.*

Please cut this petition out, attach it to a blank sheet of paper, sign it, get all your friends and neighbors to sign it, and then send it to this office.

A PETITION FOR STATE SECULARIZATION.

To the Honorable Senators and Members of the House of Representatives of the United States Congress:

A republican form of government being based on liberty, equality, and fraternity, as both means and end, involves the separation of Church and State, whose union is the worst form of class-legislation and the most infallible sign of arbitrary power. A house divided against itself cannot stand. The institutions of this Commonwealth should be made homogeneous throughout. Impartial protection of all citizens in their equal rights and liberties, by encouraging the free movement of mind, promotes the establishment of truth in whatever direction. Any infringement by government of this absolute equality of its citizens is the parent of manifold evil, a national crime committed against that natural "justice" which, as the Constitution declares, this government was founded to "establish."

And yet, though the first amendment to the Constitution of the United States says, "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof," there does exist a union of Church and State, which gives to Christianity moral and material aid, and so proscribes other religions and forms of belief and unbelief, while taxing these also for the support of that special religion.

The ways in which this old alliance between Church and State still survives among us are:

1. Recognition of God and Christianity in State Constitutions.
2. Exemption of Church property from taxation.
3. Appropriations of public money for sectarian purposes.
4. Religious exercises, as the reading of the Bible, etc., in the public schools.
5. Laws enforcing the observance of the Sabbath on the authority of the Bible.
6. Religious test-oaths in courts of justice and on instalment into office.
7. Chaplaincies in the Legislature, the Army, and the Navy.
8. Fast and Thanksgiving Proclamations, which contain theological ideas that may or may not be acceptable to the citizen.

The necessity for this separation of Church and State is more apparent now than ever before, because of the still greater diversity of religious beliefs, the many forms of dissent from the religion which receives State patronage, and the growing signs of sectarian strife and ambition in the arena of politics. And emphasis needs to be given to the fact that the union of Church and State is *a great hindrance to the employment of right methods* in dealing with many questions of reform now demanding attention. And most essential is it at all times, and especially in the present, in order to secure for the law its due respect and observance, that the people's representatives should exhibit the strictest fidelity to their trusts by following the law in its letter and spirit.

Your petitioners, therefore, pray that immediate action be taken by the law-making power to bring into harmony the theory and practice of our government in making the following principle a part of the fundamental law of the land by amendment to the United States Constitution:

The total separation of Church and State, by prohibiting Congress or any State, County, Municipality, or Township from enacting any law that favors religion in any of the eight ways specified, or in any other way, or prohibits the free exercise thereof.

THE TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL

—AND—

Freethinkers' Almanac for 1884

(E. M. 284.)

WITH EIGHTEEN FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS.

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Odds and Ends.

OF two women, choose the one that will hav you.

A CONSERVATIV is a man who will not look at the new moon out of respect for that "ancient institution," the old one.

TEACHER to a small boy: "What does the proverb say about those who liv in glass houses?" *Boy:* "Pull down the blind."

A NEW YORK clergyman speaks of raffles at church fairs as "the devil's kindling wood." His satanic majesty should not want for fuel.

"MY husband is vicar of St. Boniface—but I don't attend his church." "Indeed! How is that?" "The fact is, I—I don't approve of married clergymen!"

SOME men never lose their presence of mind. A Milwaukee man threw his mother-in-law out of a window in the fifth story of a burning building, and carried a feather-bed down stairs in his arms.

A RHYME OF THE RAIL.

He came on the car with a stumpy cigar,
He speaks with a curious drawl;
She close to him clings, decked with diamonds and rings,
With a puppy-dog wrapped in a shawl.

I hear her repeat, as she flops in a seat,
And playfully toys with his toes,
"Oh, dear little pet! Does I love oo? Oo bet!"
Then she kisses its dirty pug-nose.

The passengers grin as it licks her fair chin;
Her lover sits wistfully by,
And wishes his face in the puppy dog's place,
As he heaves a disconsolate sigh.

He throws up the sash, and quick as a flash,
The puppy-dog lifts his red nose—
It springs to its feet, and leaps from the seat,
And away through that window it goes.

A scream of affright; a disconsolate sight;
A beautiful woman in woe;
Who moans with regret, for her puppy-dog pet
That is left in the river below.

Two lovers that glide o'er the rail, side by side,
The tears are all dry on her face;
His stumpy cigar he has thrown from the car—
He has taken the puppy-dog's place.

A PREACHER not far from Boston found himself at one time in a sad dilemma. He stopped in his sermon and said: "If I speak softly those of you who are in the rear cannot hear me; if I speak loud I shall certainly wake up those who are close to me."

THAT was a sharp minister who stopped in the middle of his sermon and sang a hymn and then explained himself by saying: "If the members of the choir are to do the talking, they certainly will permit me to do the singing." It is said that it was so still in the neighborhood of the choir after that, that the sexton was sent with a search warrant to find the members to sing the last hymn.

AGRICULTURAL.

We'll graft the lobster on the hop,
The oyster bed we'll gayly weed,
The cranberry jelly tree we'll flop,
And save the macaroni seed.

The best root sugar we will get
By tapping of the hickory-tree,
Horse chestnuts in the spring we'll set,
That in the autumn colts will be.

We'll prune the climbing sorghum vine,
We'll dig the ruta baga pear,
The clam shall with the pea entwine,
And both shall, mingling, blossom there.

The Berkshire goat its wool shall shed,
The Bantam cow shall feed on hay,
We'll milk the ducks, all thoroughbred,
That steal the eggs the squirrels lay.

A SCOTCH minister was somewhat given to exaggeration in the pulpit, and wished the clerk, the next time he did it, to giv a cough by way of a hint. Soon after he was describing Samson's tying the foxes' tails together. He said, "The foxes in those days were much larger than ours, and had teels twenty fut long." "Ahem!" came from the clerk's desk. "That is," continued the preacher, "according to their measurement; but according to ours they were only fifteen fut long!" "Ahem!" louder than before. "But as you may think this extravagant, we'll just say that they were ten fut long." "Ahem! ahem!" still more vigorous than ever. The parson leaned over the pulpit, and shaking his finger at the clerk, said: "You may cough there all night, mon; I'll nae tak' off a single fut more. Would ye hae the foxes wi' no teels at all?"

THE WEDDING OF THE POETS.

She.—
In rhythmical frenzy I shiver
On quicksands of soulful suspense,
And watch the rhapsodical river
From my tear-fetching seat on the fence.
Should the thunderbolts lunch on my lifelight
I'll fling thee a basket of stars
That thy brow may effulge in a bright white
Like diadems ripped out of Mars.

He.—
If the gods of all gushing should mate us,
Ere the lip-tingling laughter has fled,
Couldst thou sling in the salt saleratus
And quiver the dough into bread?
Could'st thou blush in the face of a blizzard,
Or sigh o'er a cyclone let loose?
Could'st thou tear from the turkey his gizzard
And quench the last quack of a goose?

She.—
Now pillowed on fern-leaf, the curfew
I hear with my small coral ears;
Methinks that it brings back a beef-stew
From the deep-buried blank of dead years.
Then clutch me a fistful of moonbeams
And wind them around your fair bride,
That the night-hawks may not hear my muse-screams
And dream that to thunder they're tied.

He.—That settles it, we will die together.

THE TRUTH SEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., as Second-class Matter.

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Notes and Clippings.

JOHN SWINTON alleges that the monopolists of Fall River are "black-hearted orthodox Christians." Mr. Swinton is probably correct.

A petition, signed by Florence Nightingale, Mrs. Kendal, and many other ladies, has been sent to the English House of Commons asking for the passage of laws for the enfranchisment of women.

THE Duke of Marlborough offers to sell twelve pictures, including the Raphael and Rubens pictures of the "holy family," to the English government. The price asked is $2,000,000.

"You hav heard of the man," said Spurgeon to his congregation the other day, "who diminished his dose of food every day to see on how little he could liv, till he came to half a biscuit and then died; but, I tell you, most of you hav tried on how little religion you could liv, and many of you hav got to the half biscuit dose."

A COLLEGE POINT, L. I., clergyman wants the town authorities to suppress ball playing on Sunday, because his Sunday-school scholars desert the church for the ball-field. Perverse generation, to prefer the grass, and trees, and sunshine, and healthy amusement to a gloomy, ill-aired church, and lessons on total depravity and a sulphurous hereafter!

COLONEL INGERSOLL, who is an intimate friend and admirer of Joe Jefferson, has just been presented by him with two landscape monotypes. They are printed from etched copper plates, and Mr. Jefferson is an adept at producing them. Besides being a genius in the dramatic way, and in the cultivation of sugar cane, Mr. Jefferson is an excellent artist in oil and other lines of art.

THE Rev. Dr. Wright, a distinguished A.M. of Trinity College, Dublin, has created some sensation by an article in which he says that many of the fellows of that university do not believe in divine revelation or the existence of a personal God. Several are, at the best, Agnostics, if not Atheists. There is no way for disciplining either a fellow or professor for erroneous views, and so it is a propaganda of skepticism.—*Sun.*

MR. RUGG, the colored gentleman who figured prominently in several recent Long Island tragedies, and who is under an engagement with the sheriff to appear shortly at a necktie party, says he trusts in God and hopes to get a new trial. At the same time, two artists visited him and made a plaster cast of his head for exhibition. This leaves room, remarks *Life*, for doubts whether true greatness is a gift or an achievement.

FROM a French state paper, lately brought to light, it appears that in 1770 the following Parliamentary decree was solemnly passed and duly registered under King Louis XV.: "Whosoever, by means of red or white paint, perfumes, essences, artificial teeth, false hair, cotton, wool, iron corsets, hoops, shoes with high heels, or false hips, shall seek to entice into the bands of marriage any male subject of his majesty, shall be prosecuted for witchcraft, and declared incapable of matrimony."

"GOOD Monday mornin' to ye, Mrs. O'Raherty." "Good mornin', Mrs. O'Flaherty." "I see they tooked up a collection fur the orphants in St. Stephen's church yisterday." "Arrah, God bless thim. An' was Mrs. Malone there wid her little orphant Martin?" "Faith an' I dun know; but I hears that there wus but two little orphant byes on exhibition, an' aich wun of 'em wus led around by the hand through the aisles of the church by its father, who done the collectin', you see."—*Kentucky State Journal.*

ON Newton's refusal to allow Henry George to occupy his pulpit the Brooklyn *Eagle* remarks: "All doubt of Mr. Newton's orthodoxy and acquiescence in the powers that be must now be considered at an end. He is not likely to be found in the army of martyrs, but rather in the safe company of the honest Vicar of Bray. His subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles is undoubtedly sincere, especially to the ones that would silence Freethought with the proposition that 'they are not to be heard.'"

THE *Independent* narrates a sad case, in which it has been appealed to for advice An old clergyman, now a helpless cripple and poor, who cannot walk, stand, dress or undress without help, some years ago lent money to a poor student of one of our largest New England colleges to help him through his course, giving a note signed by the student and a near relativ. The student died, and three years later the relativ paid the interest for three years and a part of the principal, and since then refuses to pay a cent more. He is an eminent Christian in his town, and for many years has professed entire sanctification.

THE past week has proved a disastrous one, says the *Mercury*, for Parson Newman's congregation. Trustee Grant has been conspicuous as a partner in the colossal Wall street swindle of the day. Deacon Sage is sadly encompassed about by the ungodly, who swear that they hav been taken in by his puts and calls. And finally Judge Sedgwick has decided that the good pastor is only the stated supply of his church and not the settled pastor. If Dr. Newman has been investing in Grant & Ward contracts, as is rumored, his congregation will do a kindly deed by dropping their pocketbooks into the collection baskets.

A NEW YORK grocer said, "Three cents," when he handed a bundle of kindling to a little girl. As the little girl dropped the pennies into his hand he said to a bystander: "That's the largest bundle of kindling in the market. It measures just 190 cubic inches. Wood is cheap in New York, isn't it?" "About how cheap by the cord?" "A cord contains 421,184 cubic inches. So there must be 1,164 bundles to the cord. At three cents a bundle the price is just $34,92 for a cord. Good hemlock like this costs as much as $4 a cord up the country, but wood-dealers, and railroads, and grocerymen hav got to hav a margin to liv on, you know."

THE number of periodicals issued in New York city alone is 625, and that is just the number of periodicals of all sorts published in the czar's empire, from the Baltic to the Pacific, from the Northern Sea down to Turkey and Persia. For the 50,000,000 souls in the United States, there are 12,660 periodicals. For the 101,000,000 souls in Russia there are 625 periodicals. It takes only 4,000 persons in republican America to support one periodical; it takes more than forty times as many of his autocratic majesty's subjects to support a periodical. These solid facts plainly show what a republic means, and what an absolute monarchy means, so far as the press is concerned.

HENRY LABOUCHERE presents these figures for the consideration of English taxpayers: "Our interference in Egypt has cost us in round figures £5,000,000. This invested in consols would giv £150,000 per annum. At one penny per meal this sum would enable 86,666 children to hav a meal on 300 days of each year forever. The royal family costs, all told, about £1,000,000 per annum. This would giv a meal to 600,000 children on 300 days of the year. Heaven forbid that I should say that it would be better that 600,000 children should hav a good meal every day that they attend school than that we should enjoy the blessings of royalty. I am not so lost to all sense of the fitness of things as even to suggest such a heresy. I merely state a statistical fact."

DRAW poker has a great hold on some people. It is their ruling passion—a passion so strong that conversion cannot stand before it. One night this week four Sunday-school teachers and exemplary church-members met together in a certain house on —— street. After comparing experiences and discussing the best methods of instructing the youth how to shoot, one of the brothers proposed a game of religious and sanctified draw poker. It is a very fascinating and strictly moral game. The brethren played all night. Each card has an appropriate Bible text printed upon it. Brother R—— was badly broken up on a flush of "Come unto Me's," and Brother M—— won $3 on a pair of "Seek Me Earlies." Pious poker is destined to be a very fashionable game in Sunday-school circles.—*Winnipeg Siftings.*

A STRANGE story comes from Paris by way of the *National Reformer*. A lady, who was an enrolled member of a Freethought Society, died, and was buried civilly. Her husband had cut on her tombstone a heartsease and the word "*libre*," thus—as the name of the flower is French with the word "thought"—gracefully marking his wife's views. This lady, Mme. Chandelier, left six children, four of them being Freethinkers, and two of them Catholics. The two latter brought an action to compel the father to erase the emblem and the word from their mother's tomb, and succeeded in gaining their point. It seems rather hard that the feelings of two Christians should be accounted more sacred than those of the husband and wife and four children, who were all Freethinkers.

IN the Methodist General Conference now in session, a resolution has been offered severely censuring Sunday newspapers. What are the brethren really aiming at? Is it the reading of news on Sunday? If so, why are the few ministers who do not read the Sunday papers so willing to get the news by word of mouth on Sunday? Do they believe that if the people could not get secular papers on Sunday they would take more interest in the contents of the religious weeklies? Men and women will read the church papers if they like them; if they do not, no lack of other reading matter will force them to peruse what the religious press provides. Is their protest directed against Sunday labor? Nearly all the work for a Sunday paper is done on Saturday night; it is the Monday paper that is made on Sunday. Do not the majority of city preachers ride to their churches in horse cars, which compel man and beast to work? Do they not require good Sunday dinners over which servants must work? Is not the cream for their breakfast coffee taken from milk brought to the city by Sunday morning trains and delivered at the ministers' houses by milkmen who are thus obliged to do as much work on Sunday as on any other day? Unless there are reasons that do not appear on the surface, the protest against the Sunday newspaper is merely a relic of Puritan bigotry.—*Herald.*

ON the abolition of oaths the *American Law Review* observes: "The difficulty which surrounds the question lies in the fact that bigotry and intolerance hav excluded from the witness-stand a great many honorable and conscientious men, in whose minds an oath, as administered, amounts to no more than a declaration that the witness will tell the truth; and thereby the cause of justice is deprived of their testimony, and they themselvs are denied the privilege of vindicating their rights by their own testimony, which privilege is accorded to the most superstitious and dishonest believer who is willing to take an oath. Take, for instance, such a state of the law as exists in Pennsylvania, unless it has been recently appealed. A judge in Philadelphia adopted a rule of excluding a witness on the ground of a want of religious belief, which rule would exclude a judge of long service on the Federal bench, whom we happen to know, and admit to the witness-stand the most ignorant and depraved negro that can be found on the deck of a Mississippi steamboat. When Garibaldi died, and his red shirt was taken off, there were found upon his body the scars of thirteen wounds, everyone of which had been received in fighting battles for the rights of man. The laws of England, of Canada, and of Pennsylvania would hav excluded that man from the witness-stand, and would, at the same time, hav admitted to the witness-stand the most depraved scoundrel that had ever been turned out of a penitentiary. Such laws are a reproach to the age in which we liv."

News of the Week.

PRINCE BISMARCK has retired from the presidency of the Prussian cabinet.

NEW YORK *Truth*, the penny daily, has just been sold to satisfy its creditors.

J. NELSON POOLEY, of Dayton, Ky., lost his speech from excessiv use of liquor.

A COLOSSAL bronze statue of Martin Luther was unveiled at Washington on the 21st.

THE Prince of Wales is in Paris, closely guarded, as it is expected that he is followed by Fenians.

THE Presbyterian General Assembly adopted a resolution denouncing Sunday papers and Sunday trains.

A SPARROW has built a nest in the left hand of the bronze statue of Daniel Webster in Central Park, New York.

THE failure of Grant & Ward in Wall street was followed by several other suspensions, but quiet has since been restored.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, the scientist, aged fifty years, has just married Miss Fox Pitt, who is described as young and beautiful.

CHARLES READE, the novelist, died worth $500,000. He did not make it all by writing, but was engaged in various profitable speculations.

U. S. PAYMASTER WHIPPLE was attacked by road agents near Fort Buford, Dak., on the 16th. The mules attached to the ambulance ran away and saved the treasure.

THREE-CARD-MONTE sharpers of Springfield, Mass., swindled Oliver Utley out of $2,000 last Friday. Utley is a rich farmer, seventy-three years of age, living at Southwick.

A BUST of Wendell Phillips by Joseph Millmore is to be presented to the Metropolitan Museum in Central Park, New York, to be placed by the side of Charles Sumner.

GEN. BUTLER recently addressed the Senate Committee on Education and Labor in favor of government employees receiving extra pay for work performed in excess of eight hours a day.

CHARLES O'CONNOR died on the 12th, aged 80 years. He was a lawyer and a pro-slavery advocate, and at many of the Catholic churches last Sunday prayers were requested for the repose of his soul.

THE Rev. Nathan Hubbell, of the Hedding Methodist church of this city, denounces divorce as practical polygamy, and wishes the question of a United States divorce law to be made a plank in some political platform.

THE injunction against Parson Newman, restraining him from acting as pastor of the Madison avenue church, is continued. This will not prevent his extending spiritual consolation to Gen. Grant in that gentleman's hour of trouble.

THE Metropolitan Bank of this city followed suit of the Marine Bank and suspended payment. George I. Seney, the philanthropist who has given so many hundreds of thousands of dollars for charitable and so-called religious purposes, was president of the bank.

HENRY SCHNEIDER, of Cleveland, Ohio, put his hand into his chicken coop several days ago, when a big rooster pecked at it, causing blood to flow. The hand swelled, the swelling spread over the entire body, and at last accounts Mr. Schneider's death was hourly expected.

WHILE a Mormon elder was waiting at the depot at Water Valley, Miss., last Saturday, for several other elders he was assaulted by unknown persons, who emptied a bucket of tar upon his head. He made his escape. It is reported from Calhoun and other counties that the Mormons are making great headway, and these elders were on their way to a great revival meeting to be held fifteen miles from Water Valley.

A Freethought Romance.

Waifs and Wanderings.

BY SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

CHAPTER XXXI.

PRIDE AND LOVE.

Peace is over the land—the white blossoms—the beautiful winds of summer—the blue and the gold. Joy is in a million hearts.

The bloom and the perfume of roses overflow the air. The senses are intoxicated. The sun pours its golden shafts, and the green earth claps its hands with joyous exultation. Yet the passionate human heart is not at rest. It surges still in discord and in harmony.

In a quaintly furnished room brilliant with medieval and modern art, a vivid mingling of the old and the new, the grotesque and graceful, making a soft and enchanting picture, fascinating in its contrasts, Amy and Harry met in stormy and inevitable struggle—the proud and loving woman—the wayward and loving man.

"I waited for you for years," said Amy. "You never came. What woman can forgive such neglect? It pierces; it destroys."

"I was weak and foolish," cried Harry. "I was but a child."

"I grant it, and I was weak too. I have grown to be a woman since, and I have learned that weakness is almost a crime."

"It is a crime, and I despise myself. But the future is before me."

"I know not what that future may be. I cannot trust it. Alas, alas! what is love without faith?"

"Have you no faith in me, not even like a grain of mustard seed, that I may make it grow and be strong?"

"Ah, faith must be supreme when a woman surrenders. She commits herself to no mere guess. It must be an absolute conviction."

"You despise me?"

"I do not. I honor, I respect, but I cannot forget the long long years I waited. They have burned into my soul."

"I have changed."

"Perhaps so, but like the sea, to flow in light, and then in desolation again. Love wants not the sea, but the granit—the immovable."

"Is there no hope?"

"I can give no hope, for I cannot answer for my heart from hour to hour. I am in a whirlwind of doubt."

"Give me a chance to redeem myself."

"Impossible, for I cannot surrender. Only by my surrender can the greatness of your love be proved. I cannot give the condition, therefore I must forever doubt."

"Cruel woman!"

"I am not cruel. I am simply a woman. I have a woman's heart. Love is all in all to us. It is the star of our life, and it must be perfect or it must be nothing. It is our joy or it is our agony; our heaven or hell. O Harry, I could have loved you so—have loved you so! and now I cannot—I cannot!"

Harry sank to her very feet.

"O my queen! I beg of you, I pray you have mercy."

"I will have mercy. I will die for you if need be. But mercy is not love. I wish it were; I could then take you to my very heart."

"You bid me then despair; to have no hope?"

"I am helpless even as you are helpless. It is not my will, it is my feeling that dictates. If my reason only decided, I would cry, Come to my arms; but my instinct is stronger than my reason, and it bids you go. It is simply overwhelming. It is the law of love."

"Strange law, because you love me you bid me go."

"Yes, for love is linked with pride. That is its strength, its honor, and its glory. True love goes not with passion only, but with reverence. The conscience of love is based in pride. It cannot yield to desire. It must flow in honor, in worship, or it becomes darkness and not light."

"Have I no claims?"

"None, for you have deserted them long years past by. We must begin anew, and follow our separate paths."

"Without hope?"

"Without hope, for love seems to me dead and buried, and only a miracle can bring it to glowing life again."

"All things are possible to love."

"Outwardly yes, when love is harmonious within. How fruitfully then it goes forth, the sovereign of the universe, and weaves the brightest things; but if in itself discordant, it must be an eternal wreck. Its very power only makes it more impotent."

"You are like the sphinx, beautiful and terrible. You tempt me to destruction. I cannot solve your riddle."

"Nor I, nor any man or woman. It is beyond reason. It is of the heart. The mind only is a candle; the heart is an ocean boundless and immeasurable. The light dances upon it, but cannot change it. It rolls on from infinite deeps."

Harry did not understand this woman's heart. He thought that all he had to do was to bow at Amy's feet, to say that he was sorry, to sue for forgiveness, and all would be as bright as a summer's cloudless heaven. He had much to learn of a woman's illimitable soul, of its depth, of its hight, of its capacity for pride as well as for sacrifice, for that which makes woman so infinitely sacrificing is that also which makes her infinitely proud. The humility of her devotion is but the reverse of the sovereignty of her desire. She bends, but she will rule even in her bending, and will wear the crown while kissing the feet of her king. Woman is a bundle of contradictions, and in the realm of love she is as variable as the winds of summer, and yet she is obedient to a subtile and supreme law. Her contradictions flow to wondrous concord when the secret of her marvelous passion is touched; but when the order of her being is violated, and the careless mind of man finds not its essential fountain of affection, then woman is a puzzle indeed—a meteor, a will-o'-the-wisp, an iceberg, a thorn—anything but a rose. Fortunate man who catches the grace of woman's love, and avoids its tumultuous reverse. Like a god he then revels in the utmost glory of the universe. All the wisdom, however, of the world cannot make a man thus fortunate. Like a poet to his inspiration, the lover also must be born to this supreme happiness.

Amy was not a toy to be played upon, not a flute or a harp, or a clinging vine. She was an original force, as every true woman is, and acted from her own center. She loved, but she was not a fool in loving. Her intellect was implicated with her wildest emotion; and, more than her intellect, the honor and the integrity of her whole being. The greatest love is always mingled with the greatest pride.

Amy could not yield. She had suffered too much, too deeply, and too long. The slow years had crystallized her pride until it shone in icy glitter above whatever stream of love might be flowing in her innermost nature. She herself could not throw down that barrier. Her instinct was stronger than her will. She could not, without a sort of inward degradation, yield to the passionate appeals of Harry. There was an insulted womanhood. It might forgive, it could not forget. To forget was dishonor.

Harry realized his immense folly; what a miserable creature the world had made of him. It had stripped him of paradise and left him an inward desolation, which no outward rank could make other than a burning hell. What was all that the world could offer compared to this woman's love, so rich, so deep, so powerful, so stimulating, so capable of making every faculty supreme and beneficent. He might have had this ocean, this star, this marvelous music in his life, this perpetual morning, and now the gates were shut against him; the angels glistened, but not for his happiness; the sweet eyes shone, but not to touch his life with glory. He could only see what he had lost—the infinite delight—and over the desert of the world's way he must now travel with no fountains to flow, no flowers to bloom, only an outward splendor that would pierce him with a thousand shafts of disappointment. So much for him who chooses custom to the demands of his essential being.

"Must I go?" said Harry at last, with infinite pain; "must I bid you farewell?"

For a moment Amy covered her face with her hands. Tears streamed from her eyes like glittering stars. Her frame shook with the immeasurable agony of her strife.

"There is a gulf between us," she said. "I cannot cross it. I cannot say come. I must say depart."

"I obey," said Harry. "I will go and bear your image in my heart. Some time, perhaps, this gulf will roll away, and we can clasp hands amid the blending light. I can only work, true to myself, true evermore to my best thought. If the reward comes not I shall at least have the joy of knowing that I have not basely yielded. In my love for you, which over-domes me like the sky, and makes glowing all the horizon of my life, I will achieve something for myself, something for others."

There was silence for awhile. Amy was like impenetrable marble, cold and still, as if helpless in the hands of an o'ermastering fate. Harry took her listless fingers and kissed them tenderly, and turned to go with breaking heart.

He was met by his father, Gen. Bolton, and his factotum, Sandy.

"Why are you here?" he cried. "This is Amy's house."

"Because I knew that you were here," said the elder, "and I wished to see you on important business."

"You can transact that elsewhere."

"Certainly, but it concerns this woman also."

"How? What have you to do with her? She is free from you forever."

"Granted; but not from Sandy, her husband."

"Sandy her husband? This is infamous!"

"Not at all," broke in Sandy. "I married her years ago when she was the slave of Gen. Bolton. I shall insist upon my legal status."

"It is false!" cried Harry. "No such marriage ever took place."

"I can prove it," said Sandy. "And I shall prove it in a court of law. Gen. Bolton has the document, and is a witness. Slave marriages are binding."

"This is astounding," said Harry; "a lie, a fraud, a crime; I shall resist it to the utmost."

"It will be no use," said Gen. Bolton. "She is not your wife, and can't be. She and her daughter belong to Sandy, and to him she must submit. This is the law."

Strange human nature, and strange woman nature, too, the strangest part of it all. The very moment that a woman finds she can't do a thing, that very moment she is bound to do it. The forbidden has for her a wondrous fascination. She will not be compelled. So the very moment it dawned upon Amy's startled and bewildered soul that somehow the meshes of the law were being trained about her, and she was thrust perforce from Harry, she simply resolved that such a thing never should be. Her pride melted at once. The icy barrier vanished, and only the burning streams of love flashed, and her imperial will declared, "This is my husband. All the world cannot separate us." And with a wild leap, with swimming eyes and tumultuous heart, and almost dissolving frame, she sank into the passionate embrace of Harry. Sweet and soft could be heard the wedding-bells in the clinging touch of lip to lip, and the surging of spirit to spirit in impetuous rapture. Once more before all the world heart was joined to heart, stream flowed to stream in infinite fountains of delight.

"She is my wife," cried Harry. "I claim her."

"It's no use," said his father. "Sandy married her on my plantation. I'll swear to it. You might as well surrender."

"Never!" said Harry. "This is too outrageous. Sandy take my wife? Sandy take my child? Is there a law to do this? I will not believe it."

"To-morrow will decide the case," said the general. "Amy is summoned to court with her child."

"We will be there," said Harry. "It is not to be dreamed of that under the Stars and Stripes, the flag of liberty, such a tyranny as this can be upheld."

"Be on hand and you will find out," said the elder, with a sardonic grin, and both he and Sandy with infinite politeness bowed themselves out of the room.

A few precious moments there were for love-making ere the strife began.

"My darling, my darling," said Harry, "my own forever now. The storm drives us together. The earthquake makes us one. Hell has opened at our feet only to make us realize heaven."

From the hights of her womanhood Amy bent low and sweet, infinitely tender, infinitely loving, infinitely beautiful.

"Fate has killed pride. Love is conquered now," she murmured. "My king and my hero, in you is my refuge and my hope."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"Free Rum" and "Free Crime" Exchangeable Terms.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Few persons familiar with my contributions to THE TRUTH SEEKER will, I think, accuse me of narrow-mindedness or intolerance. Hence I ask from your large body of intelligent subscribers a candid and impartial weighing of the arguments I set forth in this present article, without prejudice from their former or antagonistic views.

I will commence with this incontrovertible axiom: "The good of the one must ever be of lesser importance than the good of the many, and hence must, in justice, ever be subservient to it." To the above axiom might be added another: "All law is, *per se*, an infringement of the liberty of the individual."

Weighed by the above standards, and in the scales of pure reason, let us see if "the right to get drunk" will stand as "fast colors." It cannot be denied that Liberalism has its extravagant enthusiasts, who are quite as fully off their logical feet as, in the opposit direction, is the Methodist ranter and howler. Extremes meet, and absolutely unrestricted liberty, or Communism, is simply Liberalism run mad. Communism is the return of civilization to barbarism, and the complete overturning of the rights of the pacific many by the mad orgies of the blind and belligerent few.

Most intelligent civil beings admit that civil law, and its enforcement in courts of justice, are absolutely necessary to civilized existence in the present stage of human development. Well and good. It will not suffice, then, to shout "Tyranny! tyranny!" when it is proposed to suppress the sale of spirits, but rather to endeavor to discover, if possible, whether "the greatest good so the greatest number is conserved by their sale, or by their suppression; and also, in case it be adjudged an evil, as to whether said evil is of sufficient importance to render it desirable to take legislativ action in the matter. Few, very few, will claim that the sum of human misery is not enormously augmented by the sale of spirits, and I be-

lieve "for the good of the many" that this distribution of "liquid crime" should be forbidden by the law of the land. If the drunkard only injured himself the case would be entirely different, but that is but the beginning of the evil. The vast majority of drinkers are laboring men or mechanics, who, even without drinking, are hardly able—and in many cases absolutely unable—to properly feed and clothe themselvs, their wives and children, let alone education and the gradual bettering of their general condition. What, then, must be the inevitable consequence when liquor is placed within their grasp? One thing only—degradation, want, crime!

I think I clearly demonstrated in my essay entitled, "Destiny; or, The Free Agency of Man," (which was published in THE TRUTH SEEKER of Jan. 5, 1884), the impossibility of "Man's Free Agency," and hence it must be conceded (bearing the non-free agency of man clearly in mind) that no man can resist temptation beyond a certain definit limit, and that it is eminently absurd to claim that "it is a man's own fault if he drinks." This talk is childish nonsense, and should be relegated to the realms of the nursery, where it properly belongs. When more weight is placed in one scale than in the other, the heavier inevitably falls. When more temptation is placed before a man than he possesses strength to withstand, he just as inevitably falls.

Now, millions of men are not possessed of sufficient strength to withstand the temptation of drinking to excess, when the liquor is placed within the reach of their scanty dollars. The consequence is that they squander what is absolutely required to prevent suffering to themselvs and families. Liquor, in excess, unquestionably brutalizes a man, hence another evil is added to the first. The man goes home, reeling, penniless, mad. He beats, kicks, and otherwise abuses (perhaps murders) his helpless and defenseless wife and little children. He eventually becomes a pauper or a criminal, and, after doing much harm, perhaps becomes a permanent curse, burden, and expense to society, and yet you say, "Let him drink," and shout "Tyranny!" when we would protect his defenseless family and ourselvs against his violence. If he "ran amuck" through your street, brandishing a sharp knife, to the imminent peril of your own life, you would say, "Stop him!" Why? Because your life is endangered. But should you not, as a lover of your kind, as a man, prevent him equally from abusing or murdering his unfortunate wife and her innocent babes?

I would advocate, under extremely heavy penalties, including imprisonment, a law forbidding the sale of spirits, except when prescribed by thoroughly reputable and duly authorized physicians, from whom an order for the same should in all cases necessarily be obtained. I think alcohol and alcoholic liquors should still be manufactured, unquestionably, as alcohol has a myriad of uses besides being a beverage, and alcoholic liquors are undoubtedly of great medicinal value in the treatment of numerous diseases. What I object to is the indiscriminate sale of liquors. I would hav them sold under as great, or greater, restrictions as are other poisons, which really work almost infinitly less harm than does liquor. Doubtless under the most stringent law liquor will be drunk, but I believe that fully nine-tenths of the evil wrought by it could be done away with. I would not restrict, but, on the contrary, rather encourage the sale of malt beverages (beer, ale, etc.), as well as light wines, which would soon take the place, to a great extent, of the present "kerosene" and "benzine" whisky, sold over the "five and ten cent bars." In Germany nearly everyone drinks beer, and in France nearly everyone drinks claret. Yet very little drunkenness or crime is caused thereby, as I can attest from residence in those countries. In conclusion, let me add that I am not a teetotaler myself. In France I habitually drank claret, and in Germany beer, and I believe both did me good. I am no fanatic, but a seeker for the light of truth in this, as in all other directions.

I believe that the arguments embodied in this article are sound, and I am willing to oppose them to those of Mr. E. C. Walker—for whom I hav much respect—and others who hold views honestly at variance with my own; and I trust that no friends whom I may hav made by former articles upon other subjects will think less of me for stating the truth as it appears to me with regard to the liquor question.

6 *Park Square, Boston, Mass.* ELLIOTT PRESTON.

P. S.—It may be objected that a man can spend his money on beer, ale, or wine as easily as for spirits. Such, however, experience in European countries proves is not the practical result. The former beverages do not excite to any such extent as do spirits the desire for continual indulgence; they do not intoxicate anywhere nearly as rapidly as spirits; and the intoxication following their inordinate use is of a comparativly harmless kind, both to the individual and to others with whom he comes in contact while intoxicated.

Let me ask, Why should we draw the line of law in such a way as to allow comparativly "free rum," while at the same time arresting the keepers of opium joints? Rum undoubtedly works annually one hundred times the mischief in the United States that opium does. Is it because of our government's abominable persecution of that most industrious, peaceable, and law-abiding citizen, the Chinaman, that, while pronouncing *ex cathedra* against the use of opium, it fills our country with rum-besotted beasts called drunkards? If but one of the two, the opium den and the grog shop, must go, by all means let it be the grog shop. I do not wish to be understood as advocating the opium joint, but simply as calling attention to the fact of the very faulty legislation which forbids the lesser but permits the greater of the two evils.

Now a word on another subject. I wish that every subscriber to THE TRUTH SEEKER would make it his or her duty to distribute as widely and wisely as possible each number of the paper after they are through with reading it. I always do, except when the paper contains one of my own articles which I wish to file, and I sincerely hope those who now hav their attention called to the matter will do likewise. The postage required is but one cent per copy. In no way can the advancement of Liberal thought be better conserved than by spreading copies of THE TRUTH SEEKER broadcast throughout the land. If everyone reading this will do as I suggest, without reference to what others do, a great good will be accomplished, and the number of persons who read the paper every week will be doubled, and during the coming year hundreds of new subscribers will probably thereby be obtained. Come, brothers and sisters, all lend a hand for the cause of liberty. E. P.

Jubila, Jubilo, Jubelum!

Isn't it about time this constant wrangle among Liberals and Spiritualists concerning the personality of Jesus Christ and all other gods was settled? There has been enough hair-pulling and hair-splitting, especially among all such as hav escaped the bonds of the Christian iniquity. It is to be expected that a large proportion of Spiritualists should stick to their Jesus and other idols which they hav carried off in their exodus from the Christian church; but that there should be found men (and women too) among Liberal writers whose ideas (with all the means at hand for information) hav not broadened beyond the thought that the Christ of Christianity was a real person of flesh and blood is a matter of surprise.

So, from time to time, we are treated to long, tedious, and unprofitable dissertations on the subject of crucified saviors; a subject which, like the rock of Sisyphus, involves the victim in a never-ending, still-beginning toil.

A number of years ago a mountain labored. The period of gestation was marked by low, portentous rumblings, something like the "Moodus noises" so celebrated here in the Nutmeg state. A book was to be born. Great revelations were to be made, and a great deal kept back which could never be revealed. The day of delivery came. Five hundred copies only! A "great cry and little wool," as the devil said, etc.

> "Greed was brooding and a mouse was born,
> And it was named 'Art Magic.'"

Then came "Isis Unveiled" by Madam Blavatsky, a really interesting and valuable work, yet there remained something back which could not be revealed, probably for the same reason that the authoress of "Art Magic" kept back so much. People with great pretensions always keep back a vast amount of knowledge for the very natural reasons that they can never reveal that which they don't know. At any rate the inference is left upon the mind of the reader of the above-named works that the authoresses had been initiated into some kind of raw-head-and-bloody-bones fraternity, with a throat-cutting, heart-rending ("I will rend the caul of their hearts"), body-slashing, bowel-burning oath.

In the words of Robert Taylor, "He who would be privy to the concealment of anything which concerns another as well as himself to know, is a villain. He who by any sort of ceremonies could be bound by others, or imagin that he had bound himself to keep such a secret, doth write himself a fool."

The key with which to unlock the entire mystery of the crucified gods is to be found to-day inside of every Masonic lodge on the face of the earth, yet Masons themselvs are as ignorant of the possession of that key as ignorance can make men ignorant of anything.

I hav been initiated into three degrees of Freemasonry, in a regularly constituted lodge, and know whereof I speak.

Taylor, in his four lectures on Freemasonry (see "Devil's Pulpit"), brought the entire mystery almost into the light of the present age. Yet, by some strange fatality, the full solution of the riddle escaped his attention; as he failed to note that which it would seem must hav been absolutely self-evident to him in his reflectiv moments.

Rebold, in his "History of Freemasonry in Europe," in a note on "the Hiram of the Freemasons" (he is careful not to say Hiram Abiff), givs his readers a faint view of the same key:

> "O thriftlessness of dream and guess!
> O wisdom which is foolishness;
> Why idly seek from outward things
> The answer inward silence brings?"

It is almost invariably the case that the most puzzling and difficult problems are solved by the simplest means.

Then who were the sixteen crucified saviors? Nobodies. This is fortunate, in view of the fact that they were all gods, for the killing of sixteen would seem to hav nearly exhausted the stock. That may be the reason why there is only one left.

If these sixteen gods, saviors, or what not, were nobodies, then the question arises, What were they? There is but one answer: The personified principle of the highest ideal manhood—the perfection of all human and divine possibilities—the standard of perfection, to which men were symbolically elevated in the initiatory rituals of the mysteries of sixteen different countries.

The grand tragedy of Osiris in the Egyptian mysteries, of Promethus in the Eleusinian, of Atys in the Phrygian, of Mithras in the Persian, of Hiram Abiff in the initiatory ceremonies in the first great college of Builders (Masons) established in Rome 715 years before the Christian era; and finally, to say nothing of the same tragedy in the mysteries of which history givs no account, we hav the grand climax of all human folly in the story of Gethsemane and Calvary.

The whole story is entirely astronomical in its esoteric or hidden sense, and is symbolic of the death and resurrection of the great Astrologue of the ancient skies, in the winter solstice, or sun stop—three days in the grave of the year, and raised the third day. This same astrological character is to be seen in the Old Farmers' Almanac to-day, and it is what givs the prophetic life-lines to every child born into this world, according to the nonsensical vagaries of ancient judicial astrology, of which the modern imitation is a bastard conception.

To elevate a man to the rank and dignity of this god, who ends up his yearly labors on the antumnal cross in the old wine signs, when he sheds his precious blood, which is wine and nothing else, for the benefit of man, the candidate for the high honors of the apotheosis, or deification, was in a theatrical sense slain upon a cross. He was the principal actor in a symbolic tragedy, and the only person in the play that had no knowledge of his part except as it was revealed to him as he went along.

To "die in Christ" and be "raised in Christ" was to be initiated and raised to the rank and dignity of the ideal.

In Masonry, the candidate for the high honor of a Master (or Lord) Mason dies as Hiram Abiff, or, what is better, Abi-Albon, which means "father of the building," the "Great Architect" of the universe.

The reader will now discover that the god was killed every time a candidate for the honors of deification was initiated, and the gods, like the old woman's eels, got used to being skinned. And this reminds me that the first real Taksbury case we hav any account of is referred to in John xix, 23: "Now the coat was without seam, woven from the top throughout." Now, reader, all men were initiated absolutely naked, and what, pray, has a naked man got on but a seamless coat, which is his skin?

But I forbear; the subject is too vast for a simple newspaper article, and with your permission, Mr. Editor, allow me to say: I hav a number of lectures already prepared on the subject of the origin of religious worship. They take in the whole range of the astronomical allegories of the Old and New Testaments, and their parallels in ancient mythology, the virgin idea, and the death and resurrection of the gods; and Freemasonry for the first time will take the witness stand, and be made to swear to what it knows about the hidden things of godliness; and if there are Liberals who are Masons, and object to giving me a hearing, that will be evidence that their Liberalism is but skin deep.

I am open for engagements to lecture before Liberal or Spiritualistic societies, on terms which will be satisfactory. Let the sphinx be dethroned!

Hartford, Conn. S. W. LINCOLN.

Capital's Relation to Labor.

The following is the moral drawn by "F. M. P. C.:" "Labor is capital, as money and property are," on the conclusion of his able article in THE TRUTH SEEKER of May 10th. Now why do so many confuse labor with money, capital, or property, as our friend has just done in the above? Never can the people be made to understand the problem of "labor and capital," the true relation they bear to each other, till we cease confounding labor with money, capital, or property, or something else that may be found claiming priority to labor.

Labor is not capital, but capital is the child of labor, or in other words stored labor; and now call transactions of exchange, trade, commerce, or by any other name that you will, it is, nevertheless, only the exchange of stored labor by labor; and without labor, stored labor or capital has no power to carry on any trade of any kind whatsoever. Thus I trust it can easily be seen that labor not only creates capital or stored labor, but constantly keeps it in exchange.

Right here now is where labor gave birth to money. Labor in making its exchanges found it necessary to create a medium of exchange to meet the differences in exchanges, arising from the many values held on stored labor of exchange. Further than to balance the differences or debt of exchanges, money is powerless. It possesses neither the power of creation nor destruction; and to sustain my assertion I will say I go to the smith and offer him money for an ax to fell some trees, but as he wants bread, the exchange can only be made in wheat, hence my money is powerless; but stored labor combined with labor can accomplish my object, still, it is labor alone that possesses power, as stored labor can only feed labor in carrying out its enterprises.

When you say Capital begot Labor, poor Labor breaks down completely, and sobs under the load of the stigma. But here comes the most trying ordeal, when poor crushed Labor is placed on the same level with money, and now trembling, he awaits to see what possibly may be brought forth next. Perhaps some profound political economist will yet find another aspiring child loudly claiming to be the father of Labor.

RAY D. CHAPMAN.

Editorial Notes.

IN signing the petition for state secularization Liberals should add their addresses, in order that there may be no chance for the church party to cry "irresponsibility," as they would be sure to do should the opportunity present itself.

COMMENTING upon our notorious ex-president's connection with a broken Wall street firm, the Utica *Observer* ungenerously remarks that "Mr. Hayes will never be charged with having allowed his name to be used by a firm of swindlers. You couldn't get a loan of ten cents on R. B. Hayes's name."

THE authorities of Newark, N. J., are furnishing the Salvationists with free board and lodging. So it seems these itinerants are better off than Christ, who, it will be remembered, complained that the Son of Man had not where to lay his head. A parallel, however, can be drawn between the Newark police and the Roman authorities of Jerusalem.

MR. J. A. RUTHERFORD, of Dowlin, Lamar Co., Texas, was born January 31, 1799. As he is a little proud of his age, he wishes us to say, and also wants other papers to copy, that he will be pleased "to receive a postal-card from every man and woman in the United States born about that time." He wishes to know who, what, and where? He will try to answer.

FRANCES POWER COBBE, "Hon. Sec. and Foundress Victoria Street Society for the Protection of Animals from Vivisection," has appointed Mattie C. Mitchell, our eloquent correspondent from Jackson, the "honorary correspondent from Michigan" of the society. Ernest Von Weber has also written her a letter complimenting her efforts. Elliott Preston is responsible for all this.

IN forwarding notices of his lecturing engagements our jolly friend Bell, who is going up and down the land preaching to all who want to hear him, writes a few commendatory sentences of THE TRUTH SEEKER. "I am," he says, "much pleased with the solid up-to-the-time style of THE TRUTH SEEKER. I think you are improving it all the time. Spencer and Andrews are well worth reading. And the people must come to it sooner or later, that THE TRUTH SEEKER givs them the best mental diet to be had."

AFTER several months' suspension Mr. Benj. R. Tucker's *Liberty* again appears. It is doubled in size, and will be issued fortnightly. A. P. Kelly is associated with Mr. Tucker in its editing, both gentleman being brilliant professional journalists. We find in the first double issue a criticism upon Mr. Spencer's "Coming Slavery," in which occurs the following: "A very acute criticism of Mr. Spencer's position has been made recently before the Manhattan Liberal Club by Stephen Pearl Andrews. Judging from the report in the New York TRUTH SEEKER, it is the best thing that Mr. Andrews has said in some time, and *Liberty* extends him her warmest thanks and congratulations. Room must be found for his remarks before long in the these columns. He shows that Mr. Spencer has never once used the word 'justice;' that he is not the radical *laissez faire* philosopher which he pretends to be; that the only true believers in *laissez faire* are the Anarchists; that individualism must be supplemented by the doctrins of equity and courtesy; and that, while State Socialism is just as dangerous and tyrannical as Mr. Spencer pictures it, 'there is a higher and nobler form of Socialism which is not only not slavery, but which is our only means of rescue from all sorts and degrees of slavery.' All this is straight to the mark—telling thrusts which Mr. Spencer can never parry."

How "practical" politicians legislate is well illustrated by Mr. Abram Hewitt's new tariff bill. A Washington dispatch to the *Sun* of the 16th says:

"Mr. Morrison to-day received a letter from H. W. Oliver, Jr., of Pittsburgh, in which, referring to the Hewitt Tariff bill, the writer says: 'The duty on wire is advanced half a cent per pound. The duty on iron rods, in coils or loops, is advanced from six-tenths of a cent to one and two-tenth cents per pound. Steel wire rods, in effect, are made free. Mr. Hewitt, therefore, modifies the duties on metals as follows: First, he increases the duty on wire, of which he is one of the largest manufacturers in the United States, half a cent per pound. Second, he doubles the duty on iron rods, of which he is the largest manufacturer in the country. Third, he places steel rods, of which he is a large consumer, and which he does not manufacture, practically on the free list. With the exception of placing ore and tin plate on the free list, the foregoing are about all the changes Mr. Hewitt makes in the metal schedule. Mr. Oliver suggests that so far as the metal schedule is concerned, the bill might be placed on the private calendar and entitled, 'A bill for the benefit of Cooper, Hewitt & Co.'"

And yet Mr. Hewitt is one of the most patriotic men in Congress.

SECTION 7032 of the Ohio statutes reads:

"Whoever, on the first day of the week, commonly called *Sunday*, participates in, or exhibits to the public, with or without charge for admittance, in any building, room, ground, garden, or other place in this state, any theatrical or dramatic performance of any kind or description, or equestrian or circus performance of jugglers, acrobats, rope dancing, sparring exhibitions, variety shows, negro minstrelsy, living statuary, ballooning, or any base ball playing, or any ten pins or other games of a similar kind or kinds, or participants in keeping any low or disorderly house of resort, or shall sell, dispose, or giv away any ale, beer, porter, or spirituous liquors in any building appendent or adjacent thereto, where any such show, performance or exhibition is given, or house or place is kept, he or she shall on complaint made within twenty days thereafter be fined in any sum not exceeding $100, or be confined in the county jail, not exceeding six months or both, at the discretion of the court."

Recently the "Exeeutiv Committee of the Cincinnati Evangelical Ministerial Association" called upon the mayor of Cincinnati and asked that the section be enforced. The mayor refused to move, alleging that no jury could be found to convict for "Sabbath" violation. This shows that the people of Cincinnati hav got their eyes open. Whatever is right on Saturday is right on Sunday, and any theatrical performance that is unobjectionable on that night cannot become wrong by the hands of a clock passing a given point.

A MORMON missionary has just been sent to prison in Vienna for preaching his doctrins. Commenting on this fact the *Post* this morning says: "The Austrian government at least understands how to deal with the Mormon question." Yes, it understands how to do it in the way the Jews delt with Christ and his religion; as the Romans dealt with Ignatius, Polycarp, Justin, and the other early Christian martyrs; as the Spanish Catholics a few centuries since dealt with their Protestant subjects in Spain and the Netherlands; as the Puritans of New England dealt with the unfortunates who happened to hold a different belief from them; as the Russian government, and Austria, too, of to-day permits Jews to be dealt with by its bigoted citizens. That, however, is not the American way of doing things. While we detest polygamy as much, if not more, than the Austrians, we do not believe in throwing a man into prison because he comes into our midst and preaches doctrins we do not agree with. We Americans are not perfect by any means in our spirit of toleration, but we hav, thank providence, a more truly Christian way of dealing with those who differ with us in belief than the Austrians.—*Pittsburgh Leader.*

We fail to see what grounds the *Leader* has for claiming toleration to be a Christian virtue. The *Post* is a Christian paper, yet it applauds the imprisonment of a man who had committed no crime, and only differed with the Austrian government in religious belief. The *Leader's* memory is also defectiv in historical reminiscences. It forgets the brutal persecutions of the Protestant Sonoy in the Netherlands, the torture inflicted upon the heretics in Geveva, and the infernal treatment of the Catholics in Ireland by the Protestant rulers. Toleration exists among Christians only when they are weak.

PROF. ADLER recently lectured in Chickering Hall, on the past and the future of the Society for Ethical Culture. During the lecture, in which he cited many interesting facts concerning the good work done by the society, the professor suggested that the society should become more republican in its organization. The establishment of a new priesthood was not what was wanted. The members could not approve of keeping up the old relations of priests and people, nor that the cross should be erected to divide these two orders. The priest was, he said, too much of a spiritual teacher, and not enough of an ethical instructor. The society should be divided into various sections, just as the societies for the advancement of science in the United States and England had divided themselvs. The separate sections of such societies met frequently to consider questions connected with their several specialities, and then the whole society came together at stated periods to discuss predetermined questions. He urged the establishment of sections to be known as "The Merchants'," "The Industrial," "The Lawyers'," and "The Mothers'." The members of such sections would best know the crooked paths in their respectiv departments whereby men were seduced from the right, and could therefore best suggest some means for improving public morals. No man could properly be ethical only on Sunday. What was needed more than all was the planting of ethical culture in the down-town offices. When it became known that a member of the ethical society was never guilty of false banking or fraudulent bankruptcy, then, indeed, would the society hav its reward in general appreciation. He thought that there must be among the members, as in the churches, an outer and an inner circle, the one to be composed of the hearers of lectures, and the other of true working members.

PEOPLE passing along Washington street, says a Boston paper, on the evening of Col. Ingersoll's lecture in that city, naturally gathered the idea as they neared the vicinity of the Boston Theater that either a fire was in progress, or a street fight of absorbing interest had just taken place. The stream of humanity which was pouring into the vestibule of the great play-house was insufficient to account for the crowd which had gathered upon both sides of the thoroughfare, blocking the sidewalks and extending out into the street. Investigation showed that the cause of the excitement was a placard printed in large black letters borne by a man who paced conscientiously back and forth just outside the curb-stone in front of the theater entrance. The inscription thereon was after this style:

THE WICKED
SHALL BE TURNED INTO
HELL,
AND ALL THE NATIONS THAT
FORGET GOD.
Psalm ix, 17.

Two men also industriously delivered tracts at the door as long as the supply lasted. It was the occasion of Col. R. G. Ingersoll's lecture on "Orthodoxy," and two opinions prevailed as to the meaning of the tracts and the placard. Some thought that it was mèrely an advertising dodge, the efficacy of which was very apparent, while others asserted that it was a warning sent down by the Young Men's Christian Association. Whatever the purpose of the documents, they certainly did not prevent Mr. Ingersoll from having a tremendous audience. The tickets were at a price which the ordinary lecture attendant would pronounce exorbitant, but, notwithstanding, the great auditorium was packed, even the space railed in for the musicians being taken, and chairs on the stage selling at a premium after the rest of the house was filled. If the Boston people can stand such an insult, certainly Col. Ingersoll has no cause to complain. The solicitude shown by the Y. M. C. A. affords strong proof of the efficacy of his lectures.

THE cowardice and dishonesty of the religious press is generally known, but it has again been shown by the Methodist *Christian Advocate*, J. M. Buckley editor. Some two years ago, "Chaplain McCabe," chief fugleman of the "Board of Church Extension of the Methodist Episcopal Church," was particularly vehement in his denunciation of Freethinkers. While laboring in the neighborhood of P. B. Reasoner, a stanch Liberal of Adrian, Mich., that gentleman addressed a few plain questions to the valiant author of a "Dream of Ingersollville," touching the Bible and theology, and demanded an answer. Under date of Sept. 16, 1882, Mr. McCabe replied, evading answering the questions, but reeommending Mr. Reasoner to correspond with the editor of the *Advocate*. The letter reads:

"P. B. REASONER, ESQ., *My Dear Sir:* Your letter of recent date is before me. I am glad to hear from you. Your questions are reasonable and quite capable of being answered to the satisfaction of anyone sincerely desiring the truth and willing to be convinced. I wish you would write out your questions and send them to Rev. J. M. Buckley, 805 Broadway, New York. He will take great pleasure in replying to them. He has in his paper, the New York *Advocate*, a question drawer, and he givs time and thought to just such questions as yours. I am, as you may readily believe, the busiest man in the Methodist church. My work takes every moment of my time. For myself, the gospel of Jesus Christ givs me joy unspeakable. You might as well try to convince me there is no light as to try to convince me there is no truth in a gospel that brings pardon and peace to my soul, and lifts for me the curtain of the future and reveals to me my own immortality. God bless you and guide you into all truth. Your questions may not be answered in the paper for some time, owing to the large number always ahead and waiting. But they will be answered in time.

"Yours faithfully, C. C. MCCABE."

Mr. Reasoner then wrote to Mr. Buckley—in fact, he has written him several times, but has received no answer. Again he wrote Mr. McCabe, who again referred him to Buckley, saying:

"I am too busy to discuss matters with you. Please write to Dr. Buckley. I gave him yours about the sons of Saul. Some day he will reply when you least think about it. I wish I could lead you to the truth, which would make you free and giv you rest. God bless you.

"Yours faithfully, C. C. MCCABE."

The *Advocate* of March 27th, of this year, contained an extract from the *Canadian Methodist Magazine*, in which a London journal was quoted to the effect of that of twenty former secular lecturers, sixteen had again professed Christianity. We wrote to Buckley, pointing out that in THE TRUTH SEEKER of Oct. 20, 1883, was printed a complete refutation of this preposterous statement, and asked him to tell the truth to his readers. In a day or two Buckley sent one of the assistant editors to this office for a copy of THE TRUTH SEEKER alluded to, which we supplied him gratuitously, though it was nearly the last one on hand, remarking to the gray-haired errand-boy that if Buckley was honest he would print the whole truth about Freethinkers. But not a word has the *Advocate* contained in retraction of the falsehood, and its thousands of readers are undoubtedly firmly convinced that sixteen leading English Infidels hav joined the church, and will bleat it around their respectiv neighborhoods as a convincing proof of the power of the gospel. After his futil attempts to get answers to his questions, Mr. Reasoner came to the conclusion "that all or nearly all of the Christian clergy are arrant cowards or knaves, or perhaps both," and we are strongly inclined to join him in his opinion.

F. B. LIVEZEY, the interesting crank of Catonsville, Md., professes to be willing to accept the offer of one of our correspondents (printed in THE TRUTH SEEKER of April 26th), and as we now hav the permission of the gentleman to use his name we append the letter in full:

"SQUAW CREEK, IDA. TER., April 6, 1884.

"MR. EDITOR: I received the inclosed [circulars, 'Stake and Gibbet in 1883,' and 'Priest Seaver,'], and not being able to fathom them, inclose the same to you. What kind of an animal is it—bird, beast, or man? If of bird species, is it a bird of paradise, eagle, or vulture, or a fence-bird? If of the beast order, is it hyena, elephant, or lamb? If of the higher grade, is it a Freeman, Guiteau, or a gentleman? When reading his Oregon story, it smelled very bad; also that Infidelity must go, etc. But the conscience of a man who would circulate such stuff (as it looks to me) must be small, or he must hav been born without one; and if one ever sprouted in his body, it never grew to be larger than the little end of nothing whittled down and then ground. I see there are twenty-five silenced men—at least I always took them to be men from reading their writings, for I hav the pleasure of the personal acquaintance of but one—the one smitten in the cheek. Now, if the —well, what is it? (Darwin lies buried in Westminster Abbey—poor man, what enjoyment he may hav lost!) wishes, I will put up two dollars to his one to make his assertion good about Infidel assassins in Oregon, and will giv him one hundred dollars apiece for every Infidel found engaged in any secret plot to persecute any sect or denomination in Oregon. Furthermore, will giv him one hundred dollars for each one found among the twenty-five gentlemen named who uphold such work, for if Infidels are of that class, it is well the world should know it. Perhaps he better purchase Dr. York's poems. There he will find echoes from Infidel hearts from the first to the last verse. See especially p. 70, v. i; p. 71, v. 1; p. 73, v. iii; p. 74, v. ii; p. 75, v. ii and iii; 'Only Waiting,' pp. 76, 77, and 78, especially v. iii, p. 86. How much truth found on pp. 94, 95, 96, and 97 He will learn 'Eternal Justice' on p. 7 (no sleepers). If we knew (p. 18) such literature came from an angel, let him show his wings and warble his voice that we may hear his echoes. For his benefit be it known I hav a share in the memorial to Thomas Paine, and hav had for years; als

one in D. M. Bennett's monument; and when others as worthy die, I will, if alive, want the honor of acting in like manner. By the way, if by reading A. Jacobson's book (see paper marked), we can learn to raise spotted calves, why shouldn't E. H. Heywood teach us how to raise unspotted men, so they would not be *spotting* their fellow-men because they differed on a subject no one knows any more of than my old grandmother did when she told me the spotted calf story?

"Any information through your columns will be thankfully received by me, and perhaps many others. If that fellow is another Guiteau, his friends better put him safely away in Albany.

"Kind regards to yourself and all others who are for justice and right—Christian, Jew, or heathen, for I hav always found a few good Christians, and guess James Vincent found one when he married. A. G. CHURCH."

Now let the Maryland gentleman proceed with his circus.

The Monument Fund.

Four weeks ago the deficiency on the monument was $42.58. Since then donations hav been made as follows:

C. A. Blen,	1 00	D. P. Willcox,	1 00
J. E. Marden,	1 00	W. W. Manderfeld,	70
Dr. J. L. York,	1 00	E. Runnels,	70
C. M. Piper,	55	Mrs. Sarah Clark,	1 00
Nat. Moore,	75	Henry H. Bigelow,	1 00
Franz B. Woelke,	1 00	Wm. Whittick,	70
Leonard Sevalley,	1 00	W. C. Hake,	75
J. T. W.,	25		
		Total,	12 40

Leaving still a deficit of $30.18.

The lithograph is being prepared with all possible expedition, and we expect to be able to send it out shortly. Meanwhile orders will be booked for it. The price, it will be remembered, is 30 cents to contributors to the monument; to others, 50 cents.

Lectures and Meetings.

W. S. BELL lectures in Alexandria, Minn., May 25th and 26th; Clear Lake, Wis., May 28th, 29th, and 30th; Arcadia, Wis., June 1st, 2d, and 3d; Nashua, Iowa, June 8th, 9th, and 10th.

THE Wisconsin State Association of Spiritualists will hold a three days' conference meeting in Omro, on June 6th, 7th, and 8th. Judge Holbrook, of Chicago, and Mrs. L. M. Spencer, of Milwaukee, are engaged to speak, and others are expected. Dr. J. C. Phillips is secretary, and intending visitors can learn of reductions made in railroad fares by communicating with him. Reduced hotel rates are advertised.

"SUNDAY, Past, Present, and To Come," is the subject of George Chainey's lecture next Sunday morning at German Masonic Hall, at 11 o'clock. What Sunday has been, almost everybody knows; what it will be, is a very important problem which no doubt Mr. Chainey will discuss with his usual eloquence and skill. Sunday was originally a pagan festival, and it ought in the future to be a Liberal festival. How this will be done our Freethought orator will show, and demonstrate that the future Sunday when observed according to scientific and artistic methods will be of immense service to humanity. It is to be hoped that the Liberals of New York and vicinity will show to what good use they can put the Sunday by coming one and all to this highly interesting and instructiv lecture. It deals with a subject of vital concern to the progress of Liberal ideas and the triumph of secular government. Remember that the seats are free. Come and bring your friends with you, and greet our eloquent advocate with a full house.

The Liberal Club.

It would be unreasonable for the reader to expect as good a report of the 340th meeting of the Manhattan Liberal Club as was given of the 339th, because the last mentioned was reported by a writer of great experience, who has driven the gleaming plowshare of his pen through every field where literary genius is capable of catching on. The present writer confesses, like the editor of the *Investigator*, to being an amateur.

The hall where the club meets has been furnished with new and elegant chairs, which, while they are not quite as comfortable to sit in as the old ones, are nevertheless a great deal handsomer. Added to this, the janitor, in a passing freak of extravagance, had lighted one or two more burners on the chandeliers than usual, and the scene was quite brilliant. Mr. Sabin Hough was the lecturer of the evening, his subject being "Civil Government." He traced the rise and development of government from its origin in the paternal type to its ultimate, the republic. He believed that this country, considering its youth, was doing very well. But the drift at present was in the wrong direction to insure continued prosperity. A mutually destructiv competition pervading every form of industry, bringing about a survival of the strongest though not the fittest, was the result. Non-producing capitalists on the one hand and tramps on the other were a heavier burden than industry could bear. The one remedy was government ownership and management of the railway and telegraph plant except such portions as bind themselvs to conduct their business as the government may direct. The tariff must also be reduced, and finally swept away entirely. The lecture was able and well written, but not especially enlivening, and a gentleman who sat near Madam Delescluze, dropped asleep early in the evening and snored softly.

Mr. Andrews said the lecture was a good one and remarkably opportune, as the questions involved were now forcing themselvs upon the world more strongly than ever before. The power of wealth was growing more and more aggressiv, and the monied men had a greater power over legislation than legislation had over them. Mr. Hough was mainly correct as far as he went, but failed to go far enough. The remedy will be the development of right men and women. There must be a conspiracy to do good; to take posession of the world and run it in the name of humanity.

Poet Founting was called upon, but his modesty forbade him to respond.

Mr. Hunn answered to his name, and took the platform. He agreed with all that had been said, but he desired to see talk supplemented with action. He held that it was the first duty of those present to vote for Ben Butler, when the Greenbackers nominated him for president. Then they must agitate. Talk wherever you are. "You want to get up here occasionally," said Mr. Hunn, "and make a fool of yourselvs, the same as I do." That might inspire some other individual to do likewise. Anything was better than inaction. He admired the Catholic church because it was so well organized. The Protestant denominations were nothing compared to it, and for them he had great contempt. The Catholic could could say to Ingersoll, "Go on, Robert; you are destroying other church organizations, but you are not hurting us." Hr. Hunn's liveliness was appreciated and encouraged by frequent applause.

Dr. Weeks also admired the organization of the Catholic church, but disapproved of it as an instrument of despotism. The people of this country must learn from their own blunders what is good and what is not good for their welfare. We profit by our mistakes. The bumped nose which we sustained in infancy was the first intimation we received that there was a law of gravitation. By making mistakes we find out what it is necessary to avoid, and learn by contrast what is good for us.

Madam Delescluze requested permission to say a few words, and was received with an amount of enthusiasm which her remarks, being devoted chiefly to an attempt to ridicule Mr. Andrews, served somewhat to put a damper on. After having raised a laugh at the expense of the pantarch, Madam Delescluze divulged the Socialistic scheme for setting things right, which was to force bad people to be good. She would strip the wealthy community naked, and make them go to work before they should eat or wear a garment. This eminently improper suggestion was favorably received by those who did not pause to consider the undignified spectacle that would be presented if the lady's proposition should be carried out.

Professor Vaughan, of Virginia, took the floor in a highly perturbed state of mind. Everything seemed to hav conspired against him. He said first that Liberal organizations were composed of bigots. It is inconceivable that the professor here alluded to the club itself, or even to the Newark Liberal League, of which he is willing to be a member. Then he recounted a visit which he had paid to John Swinton with the praiseworthy intention of instructing that gentleman in the art of running a newspaper. Mr. Swinton had listened to Professor Vaughan, and then remarked: "You are the fifth crank that has called on me to-day. If you will go and bring in the four others I will make over the whole business to you." But this was not the end of Professor Vaughan's troubles. A would-be wit had reported his speeches before the club, and reported a lie. (Perhaps this cannot be denied. The reporter is not responsible, however, for Professor Vaughan's statements.) "I am not so poor," said the speaker, "that I must abuse a man because he don't happen to take my paper." Consoling himself with this reflection, the professor made his customary speech. The long preface which he had inserted made his remarks extend over the ten minute limit, and the chairman's effort to cut it off at the end of that time were futil. This gentleman apparently doesn't know when he is well off. He has in his connubial arrangements solved the trinitarian problem of reducing three to one, and is otherwise an unusual person; but he is not pleased with the attention he has attracted, and his name will therefore be omitted hereafter from these reports.

Mr. Hough in his closing remarks predicted that this government as now administered could not survive the close of the present century.

Dr. Paul Carus speaks upon the subject of "Education and Liberty" at the next meeting.

Waking the Wrong Passenger.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* The following explains itself. The sleuth hounds are ever after the pillars of our liberties, and Edmunds, I think, is their man for president.

OFFICE CHRISTIAN STATESMAN,
1520 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Permit me to mail you a specimen copy of the *Christian Statesman*, which, I trust, you will carefully examin. The special purpose of the paper is to disseminate and urge the acceptance of the important principles of National Reform, although the character and varied nature of its contents make it especially valuable as a paper for home reading and study. No other journal givs a more thorough and reliable exposition or more brilliantly illustrativ treatment of the International Bible Lessons. The subscription price is $2.00 per year.

JOHN WAGNER PRITCHARD.

ORTONVILLE, MICH., May 1, 1884.

JOHN WAGNER PRITCHARD, *Dear Sir:* I hav a copy of your *Christian Statesman* sent me to this place, together with your printed postal card advising me that the central object of the paper is to advocate "National Reform," that is, to Christianize our noble national Constitution and submerge our people in the dark slavery of the old world, to wit, church and state. Those great-souled men, Franklin, Thomas Paine, Washington, Jefferson, Adams, Patrick Henry, and others, perceiving this monster of the old world, took their lives in their hands—defied the tyrants, and gave us *secular liberty*, and you would destroy it! The very monster the old world is now striving to shake off, you would saddle on to us! You can't do it! The people are becoming too thoroughly enlightened. But should it possibly come in my day, I would fight, for I hav strenuously labored the last thirty-five years against this very idea. I return your paper unopened, and you will please send me no more copies of it. DR. T. S. ANDREWS.

Pious Men.

From the New York Sun.

Mr. George L. Seney, lately the president of the Metropolitan Bank, has given away hundreds of thousands of dollars for religious and philanthropic puposes.

Mr. A. S. Hatch of Fisk & Hatch was conspicuous, not merely as president of the Stock Exchange, but also as an enthusiastic supporter of movements for the moral and religious improvement of his fellowmen. After presiding over the Stock Board during the week he would even do the work of a lay preacher on Sunday in Jerry McAuley's mission. Mr. Hatch was, besides, a liberal pecuniary backer of that and other religious undertakings.

But Mr. Seney, as president of the Metropolitan Bank, imperilled the property of his fellow stockholders and impaired confidence in the security of other banks by his vast speculativ ventures.

Mr. Hatch by his failure brought down also the Newark Savings Institution, and appears to hav used the securities of the institution deposited with his house, in an unwarrantable, if not extremely culpable, way. By so doing he has caused untold anguish among the poor people who had intrusted their savings to the Newark Bank. If the outcasts of Jerry McAuley's mission hav blessed him, the industrious poor of Newark must now curse him with much more heartiness.

Of course the vulgar scoffer will say that all this only proves the men to be religious impostors. But we do not call them so. We do not question their honesty and sincerity. That they both tried to do good for the sake of doing good we hav no doubt. The trouble was that the public assumed that because they were kind-hearted they were necessarily men of unswerving fidelity to a trust, sound business judgment, and firm moral principle.

A man's religious impulses may be good and true, and his enthusiasm for humanity deep and genuin, but his moral principle may be at the same time unsound and weak.

From the World.

The bankruptcy of the gambling bankers and brokers will play havoc with the professional saints and reformers.

President Fish is a member of the Union League Club, and a pious churchman and deacon.

President Seney, who also speculated with the funds of the bank of which he was trustee, is a church-member and a philanthropist who was liberal with the money he made in speculations, probably to satisfy his conscience and his sense of his religious duties.

President Eno, who depleted his bank of the nice little sum of four million dollars, is treasurer of the Civil Service Reform League, member of the Union League Club, and a class-leader in the church.

Ferdinand Ward is a leading light of a Brooklyn Hights church, and a member of the Union League Club.

President Dodd, of the Newark Bank, is a pious church-member, deacon, class-leader, and Sunday-school teacher.

Fisk, the broker, is the brother of the great reformer, Clinton B. Fisk, a member of the Union League Club and a church communicant.

Gen. Grant, the broker, belongs to the Union League Club, and is a member of Parson Newman's church-militant.

O. M. Bogart, the broker, is saintly in his church duties and prominent in the Union League Club.

President Hatch, of the Stock Exchange, is a shining light of the Union League Club, devout in his religious duties, an expert at leading in the hymns, and an exhorter at the Jerry McAuley Mission.

This is a goodly and a godly list. It shows that society and swindling may walk shoulder to shoulder and piety and peculation can go hand in hand.

ONE of the best ways to help along the cause of Freethought is to circulate THE TRUTH SEEKER. Trial subscriptions of three months for 50 cents.

"THE Truth Seeker Annual and Freethinkers' Almanac," 25 cents.

Communications.

Acts of Paul and Thecla.

This book is of undoubted antiquity. Tertullian speaks of it as follows:

"But if the writings which wrongly go under Paul's name, claim Thecla's example as a license for woman's teaching and baptizing, let them know that in Asia, a presbyter who composed that writing, as if he were augmenting Paul's fame from his own store, after being convicted and confessing that he had done it from love of Paul, was removed from his office. For how credible would it seem that he who has not permitted a woman (*mulier*) even to learn with over-boldness, should giv a female (*fœmina*) the power of teaching and baptizing" (On Baptism, xvi).

The story is, that after Paul's flight from Antioch (in Pisidia?) he went to Iconium. His fellow-travelers were Demas and Ermogenes (2 Tim. i, 15, iv. 10). Barnabas is not mentioned at all. These two fellows pretended to love Paul, and he taught them about the birth and resurrection of Christ.

Onesiphorus, a citizen of Iconium, with his wife and two sons, went out to meet Paul that he might entertain him. Titus (who is not mentioned in Acts unless as Titus Justus, of Corinth) had informed Onesiphorus how Paul looked, which enabled him to identify the apostle on the highway; and the writer describes him as "small in size, bald-headed, bandy-legged, well built (or healthy), with eyebrows meeting, rather long-nosed, full of grace." Paul smiled, and Onesiphorus said: "Hail, O servant of the blessed God!"

Demas and Ermogenes were offended because they also were not saluted; but the good man condescended to invite them to his house to rest themselvs.

There was great joy, bending of knees, and breaking of bread when they all entered the house of Onesiphorus. (See blessing of the same house in 2 Tim. i, 16, and iv, 9.) Paul delivered a discourse commending virginity, retiring from the world, and baptism.

While the apostle was thus preaching in "the church in the house of Onesiphorus," a maiden named Thecla listened to him night and day from her window close by.

Note here "the church in the house of Onesiphorus," as if established before Paul visited Iconium.

Theoclia, the maiden's mother, not being able to induce her daughter to leave the window, sent for her betrothed, named Thamyris, to try his power of persuasion. "For three days and three nights," said the mother, "Thecla does not rise from the window, neither to eat nor to drink." Thamyris went and kissed his beloved one, saying: "Why dost thou sit thus overpowered? Turn to thy Thamyris and be ashamed." The mother and maid-servants wept, but Thecla answered nothing.

Thamyris then went out to learn something about the strange preacher. He met Demas and Ermogenes and promised them money if they would inform him. They spoke disparagingly of Paul. He took the two men into his house and gave them a sumptuous dinner with much wine. They advised him to bring Paul before the governor Castelios on the charge of "persuading the multitudes to embrace the new teaching of the Christians."

The next morning he had Paul arrested and brought before the governor on the charge of "making virgins averse to marriage." Paul being required to answer, said that God had sent him to reclaim men "from corruption and uncleanness, and from all pleasure, and from death, that they may not sin"—that he taught only what had been revealed to him by God, who had sent his own son, who alon e had compassion on a world led astray. The proconsul committed Paul for a further hearing.

At night, Thecla bribed the gate-keeper to let her into the prison, where she sat at Paul's feet to receive religious instruction.

Thamyris missed his beloved, and went to search for her. The gate-keeper's fellow-slaves said she had gone out of the city, but the keeper himself was obliged to admit that she was within the prison.

This being reported to the governor, he ordered the prisoner and the maiden to be brought before him. The crowd cried out against Paul, saying: "He is a magician! away with him!" But the proconsul listened to Paul concerning Christ, and then called a council to try Thecla. "Why dost thou not obey Thamyris," said he, "according to the law of the Iconians?" She gave no answer. "Burn the wicked wretch," cried out the mother.

The governor was greatly moved, and having scourged Paul, and cast him out of the city, he condemned Thecla to be burnt in the midst of the theater.

The crowd attended the spectacle. Thecla "saw the Lord sitting in the likeness of Paul"(!) and said, "As I am unable to endure my lot, Paul has come to see me." Fagots were brought in by virgins, and as Thecla came in naked to be burnt, the governor wept. Making "the sign of the cross," she went up on the pile. The fire blazed, but God in compassion quenched it with a cloud of rain which came near drowning the people.

Paul had found refuge in a new tomb on the road to Daphne (near Antioch in Syria), and Onesiphorus with his family had followed him there. After many days' fasting, the children got very hungry; but the father had no money. So Paul took off his cloak, and sent one of the children with it to buy bread. This procured five loaves and some herbs. On the errand, the child met Thecla astray, and told her that Paul had been distressed about her and praying six days. She hastened to the tomb, where they were all refreshed with the food.

Thecla wanted to cut her hair and follow Paul; but he feared she might be unable to withstand temptation on account of her beauty. But she said: "Only giv me the seal in Christ, and temptation shall not touch me."

The seal of the Holy Spirit is alluded to in 1 Cor. i, 22; Eph. i, 13, and iv, 30. What it was no one now knows, but we shall presently see that it was something material.

Paul said to Thecla: "Wait with patience and thou shalt receive the water." Then he sent Onesiphorus and his family back to Iconium, while he and Thecla proceeded to Antioch (in Syria?). On the way a Syriarch named Alexander met them and tried to bribe Paul to giv her up. The bribe being refused, the man attempted to take her by force. She tore his cloak and pulled off his crown. Then he led her before the governor, who, upon her confession of what she had done, condemned her to the wild beasts.

This judgment aroused the indignation of the women; and one named Tryphena (Rom. xvi, 12), who had lately lost a daughter, was permitted to hav the custody of the maiden preparatory to the exposure to the beasts.

When all was ready Thecla was bound to a lioness. But the animal licked the maiden's feet to the astonishment of the multitude, and the women cried out: "An impious sentence!"

After this failure Tryphena again took Thecla to her home; for her deceased daughter had said to her in a dream: "Take this stranger in my place, that she may pray for me and that I may be transferred to the place of the just."

The next day, in spite of the indignation of the people, and especially of the women, she was brought again into the arena, clothed only with a girdle. Lions and bears were let loose upon her. A fierce lioness ran and lay down at her feet. A bear made for her, but was torn to pieces by the lioness. A trained lion, belonging to the Syriarch, her accuser, then ran upon her, but was killed by the lioness. More wild beasts were sent in. She prayed and then plunging herself in a ditch full of water, said: "In the name of Jesus Christ I am baptized on my last day." The multitude wept, saying: "Do not throw thyself into the water;" and the governor shed tears "because the seals were going to devour such beauty." But she threw herself in, and "the seals having seen thegl are of the fire of lightning, floated about dead. And there was round her, as she was naked, a cloud of fire; so that neither could the wild beasts touch her, nor could she be seen naked."

Her accuser now proposed to try some ferocious bulls that he had. The governor, looking gloomy, said: "Do what thou wilt." So the bulls were brought, and the maiden's feet being bound, red-hot irons were touched to the tender loins of the bulls to make them furious. The animals rushed about, but "the burning flame [of the seals?] consumed the ropes, and she was as if she had not been bound."

Here Tryphena, who was standing by the arena, fainted, and the crowd cried out: "Queen Tryphena is dead." The governor, in dismay, stopped the games, and even Alexander, the accuser, asked for the release of Thecla. "For," said he, "if Cæsar should hear of these things he will speedily destroy the city also along with us, because his kinswoman, Queen Tryphena, had died beside the *abaci*"—*i. e.*, near the stage.

Thecla was now set at liberty and clothed in her own garments. The women shouted: "There is one God—the God of Thecla." Tryphena again welcomed the maiden to her home, saying: "Now I believe that the dead are raised; now I believe that my child livs."

After a rest of eight days, Thecla heard that Paul was in Myra of Lycia. So she girded herself and put on a man's cloak, and taking some young men and maidens with her went to Myra, where she found the apostle preaching.

The only reference to Myra in Acts is when he stopped there on his voyage to Rome (xxvii, 5); but it is hardly possible that he could hav preached in that place at that time.

Paul was astonished to see Thecla and her companions. Thecla said, "I hav received the baptism, Paul." The apostle led her to the house of Hermeus (Hermas? Rom. xvi, 14), where she gave an account of her sufferings. And Paul said: "Go, and teach the word of God."

This is contrary to 1 Tim. ii, 12: "I do not allow a woman to teach;" and to 1 Cor. xiv, 34: "Let your women be silent in the church; for it is not permitted them to speak."

Thecla gave to Paul for the benefit of the poor some clothing and gold which she had received from Tryphena, and returned to Iconium. Here she went to the house of Onesiphorus. Thamyris, her betrothed, was dead, but her mother was living. She sent for her mother and said: "Theocleia, my mother, canst thou believe that the Lord liveth in the heavens? For whether thou desirest wealth, God givs it to thee through me, or thy child, I am standing beside thee." "And having thus testified," says the writer, "she departed to Seleucia, where she dwelt in a cave seventy-two years, living upon herbs and water."

In this cave she was beset by some wicked young men, but, "by the providence of God, she entered into the rock alive and went under ground."

At last she went to Rome to see Paul, but the apostle was dead, and after a short time she also died and was buried near Paul's tomb.

She was seventeen years old when she was cast into the fire; eighteen when thrown among the wild beasts; and lived to the age of ninety.

Another MS. locates the cave in a mountain called Calamon or Rhodeon, and givs a few more particulars of her life in the cave. She cured diseases and expelled unclean spirits. The physicians of Seleucia called her a priestess of Artemis (the son of Isis and Osiris), and as she had interfered with their trade they sent some drunken fellows to corrupt her. She told them that she was a humble old woman and a servant of her Lord Jesus Christ. The boys seized her. She then said: "Wait, my children, that you may see the glory of the Lord." Then she prayed, and a voice from heaven said: "Fear not, Thecla, my true servant, for I am with thee. Look and see where an opening has been made for thee." The rock opened and as she entered within, it closed up so that not even a joint appeared. Then the young ruffians were baffled, being only able to retain a fragment of the old virgin's veil.

This story may hav been forged by a presbyter of Asia in the second century, as Tertullian affirms. But we suspect that the alleged forgery was only a redaction of an old story founded on fact. There is an uncertainty about the geography which is probably due to the ignorance of the writer or to alteration of the text. Paul went to Iconium from Antioch, apparently in Pisidia; but from Iconium he went into a tomb on the road to Daphne, and from thence into Antioch. Now Daphne was a clebrated sanctuary of Appollo near Antioch in Syria, whence the ancient name Antioch by Daphne. And Seleucia was a seaport town sixteen miles from Antioch in Syria. There was another Seleucia Trachea in Cilicia.

We find nothing in the story requiring us to believe that it occurred in the first century, but, on the contrary, several landmarks belonging to the century before. When Rome began to absorb the kingdoms of Asia Minor and Syria, the princes were allowed, for a time, to retain their titles and some of their royal privileges. Hence the words, "Syriarch" and "Queen," in this story. Thecla's accuser was Alexander *the Syriarch*, and her benefactor was *Queen* Tryphena. But both of these were subordinate to the proconsul. This state of things existed in the reign of Augustus, but the race of Syriarchs and Asiatic princes became extinct long before the reign of Nero.

If Thecla went to Rome expecting to find Paul alive she must hav been far short of ninety years of age. Those who believe that Paul died in the reign of Nero cannot make the apostle more than sixty-eight years at most, while we make him an octogenarian, and truly "Paul the aged," in the reign of Augustus.

Ideal Perfection and Progress.

AN ANSWER TO S. P. ANDREWS.

I hav read with much interest the published account of S. P. Andrews's lecture in answer to Herbert Spencer's "Coming Slavery." So far as the lecture itself is concerned, I can only say that I heartily agree with Mr. Andrews in all the points he makes, and feel highly gratified that such a thorough answer should hav been made to Mr. Spencer's fallacies; but I must beg leave to differ from some of the sentiments in some of Mr. Andrews's rejoinder to his critics.

Mr. Andrews says: "The great question in Sociology, for me, is not what is necessary to-morrow, nor what is adapted to the low condition in which people are to day, but first and foremost, What is the high ideal of a perfect human society?" And follows it by expressing clearly his opinion that the best and shortest way to progress is to study out "what are the fundamental principles in regard to what would be a perfect order of human life for perfect men and women."

There is one insuperable difficulty about this mode of procedure, and that is: How shall we know that our high ideal of a perfect society is correct? Our knowledge of the future is altogether dependent upon our knowledge of the past, and the past furnishes us with no safe data that can enable us to conceive what constitutes a perfect society. Not only it has failed so far to furnish an example of a society that possessed the elements of perfection, but it has also entirely failed to evolve a common ideal of what would

constitute a perfect order of human life for perfect men and women.

Mr. Andrews is not the first man who has sought after this perfect ideal. Christ and his disciples had just such an ideal, and their followers hav been trying to realize it for the last 1800 years. Mohammed had also his ideal; so had Brigham Young; so had Noyes. Comte thought he had discovered the new order of society, according to the most accurate scientific knowledge; the same can be said of Fourier and his followers, and the world is full of men who are certain that they hav found the "fundamental principles in regard to what would be a perfect order of human life for perfect men and women." And when they fail, as all hav, and all will, they, like the Christians, place the failure on the imperfection of human nature that is not yet adapted to the perfection of their high ideal.

Now, for my part, I hold very clearly and distinctly that it has been given to no man, or set of men, to know what is a perfect man, or a perfect woman, or a perfect order of human life, or a perfect society; and that no two men of sufficient mind to originate their own thoughts will never agree entirely as to what constitutes this high order of society.

And I further hold that, if there is a superior intelligence that controls progress in society, that superior intelligence alone knows what the ultimate result will be, and has not revealed it to Christ, Mohammed, Young, Noyes, Fourier, Andrews, or anybody else; and that if there is no such superior intelligence, as Mr. Ward believes, then no one knows or can know what the ultimate result will be, for it will depend upon the concurring result of so many different forces as to defy the powers of calculation of any man or combination of men.

On the other hand, I maintain that the only way to progress is exactly the one Mr. Andrews deprecates, "to feel one's way along in order to get something to-morrow a little better than to-day." I contend that improvement in society is a growth, not a manufacture, and that the practical men are those who say: "What is the use of going away off a thousand years ahead of us, or five thousand years ahead, for an ideal and profound thought? Why not take hold of the thing immediately before our hand and do that?"

And I further contend that the Socialistic movement that Mr. Spencer opposes, and Mr. Andrews sustains, is a growth; that it is due to the blind consciousness of the laboring classes, who hav no high ideal of perfect society before them, but a clear perception of the evils of which they are suffering today, and feel their way along to a better position.

Mr. Spencer, who believes in the genetic growth of society, ought to sustain this movement, and certainly would if he had not taken such an early stand against state interference, so that now he finds himself in the anomalous position of seeing the evolution forces in society turn in a direction different from what he expected they would take, and foolishly believes that as he was an efficient agent in recognizing and analyzing those forces, he may by his influence help to turn them in the direction that he thinks they ought to take; while Mr. Andrews, who believes in progress by teleological action, would certainly oppose it if it did not happen to agree with some of his preconceived ideas of a high ideal of society, and to form a stepping-stone towards it.

As to Mr. Ward's position, no one has a higher opinion than myself of his book, "Dynamic Sociology," but I cannot agree with Mr. Andrews that he is the coming man, unless he follows his work by others of more practical value. "Dynamic Sociology" is important as a compendium of social science. The student finds in it the condensed knowledge of more than one hundred books treating of sociological questions. He finds also scattered all through it condensed arguments of great value in lecture or debate. But the original thoughts it possesses, and they are many, are not fully developed; they are only glanced at, and will hav to be pushed home by much more extended arguments and convincing proofs before they will become practically effectiv; and the ultimate aim of the book is to scientifically prove what the civilized world has already found in its blind, groping way, that what mankind needs is an increase and a greater diffusion of knowledge. Of the question, now of much more importance, What kind of knowledge is of most value to man? very little is said, much less than is found in Mr. Spencer's "Education," written twenty-five years ago.

Mr. Ward advances the idea that society is perfectly competent to take its own progress in its own hands and under its own discretion, and on that account has been highly praised by Comte's followers; but he fails to bring any fact to prove it, and curiously enough in a man of such ability, while he refuses to man the possession of free will, and the power to control his life except as circumstances meet him, claims for society as a whole what he refuses to its constituent parts, thus arguing that it can rise higher than its source.

The great merit of his book is to call attention to the fact that just as the individual can take advantage of his knowledge to promote his welfare by the indirect mode of action, so the aggregate of individuals, or society, can also, in their collectiv capacity, take advantage of their knowledge to satisfy their collectiv wants, and by calling attention to the advantages offered by government action as against corporations and monopolies, offers arguments that greatly strengthen the Socialist's position.

But this increase of knowledge, this desire to make it available for the growth of what I call political co-operation, is itself the result of a blind groping after better conditions, of a feeling one's way along in order to get something to-morrow a little better than to-day, and not of a high ideal of what constitutes a perfect order of human life for perfect men and women.

ALBERT CHAVANNES.

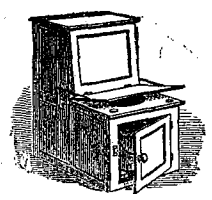
Adair Creek, E. Tenn.

A Late but Promising Device.

The 297,966th invention filed in the Patent Office is due to the cerebral activity of Mr. James Joseph Brennan, of Whippany, N. J., and is described as a "combined Holy-Water Font and Poor-Box." The claim sets forth the object of the arrangement as follows:

"The herein-described article of church furniture, consisting of a combined poor-box and holy-water font separated by a partition, the said poor-box being projected above the font and in the rear thereof, and provided with a slit or opening, and having a door, hinged at one edge and provided on its opposit edge with a suitable lock, and the holy-water font provided with a dip-opening, and a tank, and provided at one end with a door through which said tank may be removed, substantially as and for the purposes set forth."

Below we present a cut designed to convey a more or less distinct outline of Mr. Brennan's invention.



We are free to say this is not strictly accurate, but it is the best we can do with the limited facilities of this office, which is not fitted up with the necessary appurtenances for correctly describing articles of church furniture; and the inventor has been thoughtless enough not to furnish us with a correct representation. Taken, however, as a whole, the resemblance is striking. The slit or opening in the said poor-box projected above the font in the rear thereof must of necessity be imagined by the reader, but the partly closed aperture shown in this picture is identical with the dip-opening of the holy-water font; and the tank, and the door through which said tank may be removed, are both present. The whole device is designed to be placed in the vestibule of a church building. The devotee, upon entering, dips the fingers of one hand in the holy water contained in the said tank, and makes the sign of the cross. With the other hand the said devotee is expected to insert a coin in the slit or opening of the poor-box, which is designedly made large enough to admit trade dollars.

We hav to trust to luck that Mr. Brennan will be passably well suited with our humble effort to lay before an appreciativ public the fact that he is an inventor of great attainments; and we further trust that old subscribers will refrain from fumbling over back-numbers of THE TRUTH SEEKER in order to discover whence we hav obtained the cut with which this object has been so happily attained.

But the significance of this invention consists not so much in the thing invented as in the possibilities thereby opened up. If it proves all that is expected of it, we may soon hear of further inventions; for instance, a patent Bible, opening automatically to any required text, suited for all denominations, from the hardshell Baptist down to the Episcopalian; a machine, necessarily more intelligent than the average preacher, so constructed as to saw off the last part of a prosy sermon at any desirable point; an indestructible oyster for church fairs; a theological barometer that will reveal the presence of a new idea in the atmosphere in time for the congregation to escape before it strikes them; a contribution box furnished with a device for extracting coins from the pockets of slumbering worshipers, thus avoiding the disagreeable necessity of awakening them. This last may be supplemented with a contrivance for conveying the contents of the box to the pocket of the sexton without exciting unpleasant remarks. Another inventiv genius in Mr. Brennan's church may get up an improved virgin, warranted to be "ever virgin" without being done in marble or necessarily isolated from the priests, no competition with which to be tolerated in the church, and all infringements to be punished according to law, civil and uncivil. Something might then follow designed to prevent trustees and highly respected members of the community from leaving town between two days accompanied by the society's funds. Archbishops could be so improved upon that they would not embezzle more than half the cash intrusted to their care by confiding parishioners. This would be a vast and most desirable innovation. In fact, the area for invention and improvement in "church furniture" seems boundless. Mr. Brennan has done a virtuous act in attempting to explore and work it. He has as yet reached only the vestibule. When he gets inside the inner sanctuary he will find a larger field and little competition. The unmistakable resemblance between his present invention and a useful though unecclesiastical article of furniture should rather encourage than deter him.

Is Beecher an Honest Man?

From the Detroit Evening News.

Mr. Beecher does not attract quite as much attention nowadays in his lecturing tours as he once did, but his movements and sayings are still interesting to thousands of people in every community. To the disinterested student of contemporary manners he is chiefly interesting for the unique divergence between the doctrins he accepts and preaches and the causes to which, as embodied in parties and other visible divisions, he allies himself. In discussion, whether on the platform or in the pulpit, he adopts theories against the practical application of which in real life he hurls the whole weight of his influence in action.

In politics he has been always a free trader in theory, and a most persistent and faithful high protectionist in practice. He has talked in glittering sentences against the slavery of tariff, and he has steadily cast his vote and influence to continue in power the party pledged to protectiv tariffs as the cardinal doctrin of its creed and the chief practice of its policy. He has denounced tariff as robbery, and he has never failed to assist the robbers to their swag and protect them in its enjoyment. He has a hundred times in the last six months declared that the reform of the tariff in the direction of free trade was the only political question before the people of this country worth a moment's consideration, and he has warmly commended the efforts of Carlisle, Morrison, and their followers to bring about that reform; yet he intends doing his utmost to compass the election of a Republican president, which, as he perfectly well knows and is ready to acknowledge, will defeat the reform he pretends to desire. Nor does he apparently recognize the slightest occasion for apology or explanation regarding this contradiction between opinion and action.

His attitude on religious and philosophical subjects presents the same contradictions between utterance and action; between theoretical sympathy and practical affiliation and association. He runs after every novel doctrin of modern science like a child after a new bauble, and frequently with as little understanding of it, and plays with the flame of Agnosticism without apparent consciousness that it burns the fingers of his theology. He talks with the apostles of modern unbelief, yet insists on standing within the ranks of the saints. He is we know not what in belief, for it is impossible to hold him down to any rule of logical consistency; but continues to draw a salary as the pastor of a Christian church, and to call himself a Christian. He denies pretty much the whole contents of the Bible, but professes still in the pulpit to take it as his guide and rule to salvation. He denies the necessity of Christ's passion for the salvation of man as a monstrous doctrin; and accepts Christ's divinity without explaining why a God should undergo such torture for no necessary or practical purpose. He scouts at hell; yet talks of salvation, which is merely the converse of hell—as there can be no salvage where danger of loss or destruction does not exist.

His struggles with the theory of evolution are as amusing to a logical philosopher as they must be painful to a logical Christian. He accepts the theory and is apparently very proud of it, without understanding it; for he talks of the "conservation of energy" and of miracles and special providences in the same breath, although the two are absolute contradictions in terms. He indulges in the cheap liberality of giving away the foundations of Christian faith, while flattering himself that the superstructure is still intact. Accepting the doctrin of evolution, which was formulated, established, and demonstrated by such men as Darwin, Spencer, Haeckel, and Tyndall, he rejects their interpretation of it, and sugar-coating it with the vapid theology of such amateur as the Duke of Argyll, he swallows it down, persuading himself that the sour substance of Materialism which forms its kernel is not only covered, but neutralized. His attempted reconciliation of the doctrin with Theism and Christianity is as absurd as Canning's ridiculous effort to reconcile Moses with geology.

To attempt to consider and criticise in detail such a discourse as he delivered last night would be as vain as to argue a proposition in mathematics with one who denied or ignored all the axioms of the science. What can be done with a man who will in the same breath accept two propositions which are as utterly destructiv of each other as are the religious doctrin of miracles and the scientific doctrin that the sum of energy can be neither increased nor diminished? Reasonable people can only pass along with pity for one who lacks the courage to stand or fall by a consistent line of reasoning; and who is vain and worldly enough to attempt to win at the same time a reputation for piety and faith with Christians and for liberality and enlightenment with Atheists.

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Now Ready.

Col. Kelso's large book, "The Bible Analyzed, in Twenty Lectures," is now completed and ready for mailing. The work contains 838 crown octavo pages, is printed on tinted paper, bound in modern colors, beveled edges, stamped sides, and presents, typographically, a splendid appearance.

The name describes its contents as well as can be done by an extended review. Those familiar with Col. Kelso's racy style of dealing hard blows at the Christian superstition and mythology will heartily enjoy its perusal. The book bristles with plain statements of facts and logical deductions therefrom, upsetting all the cherished notions of the churchmen. We hope it will meet with a very extensiv sale to reward the colonel for his labor upon it. Orders may be addressed to either the author or THE TRUTH SEEKER. The price is $3.

Col. Ingersoll's Last Lecture.

The great demand for this latest utterance of the brilliant heretic has led to its publication in pamphlet form by the colonel's authorized publisher. It makes a neat book of fifty-four pages and is sold for ten cents. On orders of a dozen we make a reduction of twenty cents, forwarding that number postpaid for $1. The lecture ought to circulate by the tens and hundreds of thousands. Would that every man, woman, and child in the United States could read it. Send for a dozen.

The Pope and the Masons.

If all the pope says of the Freemasons in his last encyclical letter, the full text of which has just reached this country, were true, that body would be a magnificent power in opposition to the schemes of Rome. By substituting the word Catholicism where the pope has used Christianity, however, the *gravamen* of the pontiff's charges will be more clearly seen. It is a habit of the Catholic clergy to recognize nothing as Christian that is not also Catholic, and the anathematizing of Protestants as godless, Atheistic, etc., is for that reason dishonest. We wish it were otherwise; we could look with pleasure upon a world in which no superstition had a place, but as long as Protestantism is a religious force, the pleasure will be denied us, notwithstanding his infallible holiness has sent out word that Freemasonry and Freethought are synonymous. It is fair, we presume, to say that the pope denounces nothing he loves. Per contra, he and his church love nothing he denounces. Taken that way, this anti-Mason encyclical is a plain picturing of the ways of Catholicism, and shows how utterly impossible it is for Catholics to ever become reconciled to a republic, or to liv in one without plotting for its downfall. The principles most vigorously cursed by the old man in the Vatican are stated by him as follows:

"Now, it is the principle of naturalists, as the name itself indicates, that human nature and human reason in everything must be our teacher and guide. Having once settled this, they are careless of duties toward God, or they pervert them with false opinions and errors. They deny that anything has been revealed by God; they do not admit any religious dogma, any truth but what human intelligence can comprehend; they do not allow any teacher to be believed on his official authority. Now, it being the special duty of the Catholic church, and her duty only, to keep the doctrins received from God and the authority of teaching with all the heavenly means necessary to salvation, and preserve them integrally incorrupt, hence the attacks and rage of the enemies are turned against her.

"Now, if one watches the proceedings of the Masons, in respect of religion especially, where they are more free to do what they like, it will appear that they carry faithfully into execution the tenets of the naturalists. They work, indeed, obstinately to the end that neither the teaching nor the authority of the church may hav any influence; and therefore they preach and maintain the full separation of the church from the state. So laws and government are wrested from the wholesome and divine virtue of the Catholic church, and they want therefore, by all means, to rule states independent of the institutions and doctrins of the church.

"But naturalists go further. Having entered in things of greatest importance, on a way thoroughly false, through the weakness of human nature or by the judgment of God, who punishes pride, they run to extreme errors. Thus the very truths which are known by the natural light of reason, as the existence of God, spirituality and immortality of soul, hav no more consistence and certitude for them.

"Masonry breaks on the same rocks by no different way. It is true, Freemasons generally admit the existence of God; but they admit themselvs that this persuasion for them is not firm, sure. They do not dissimulate that in the Masonic family the question of God is a principle of great discord; it is even known how lately they had on this point serious disputes. It is a fact that the sect leaves to the members full liberty of thinking about God whatever they like, affirming or denying his existence. Those who boldly deny his existence are admitted as well as those who, like the Pantheists, admit God but ruin the idea of him, retaining an absurd caricature of the divine nature, destroying its reality. Now, as soon as this supreme foundation is pulled down and upset, many natural truths must needs go down, too, as the free creation of this world, the universal government of providence, immortality of soul, fixture, and eternal life.

"For domestic society almost all the doctrin of naturalists is that marriage is only a civil contract, and may be lawfully broken by the will of the contracting parties; the state has power over the matrimonial bond. In the education of the children no religion must be applied, and when grown up every one will select that which he likes.

"Now, Freemasons accept these principles without any restriction; and not only do they accept them, but they endeavor to act so as to bring them into moral and practical life. In many countries which are professedly Catholic, marriages, not celebrated in the civil form, are considered null; elsewhere laws allow divorce. In other places everything is done in order to hav it permitted. So the nature of marriage will be soon changed and reduced to a temporary union, which can be done and undone at pleasure.

"The sect of Masons aims unanimously and steadily also at the possession of the education of children. They understand that a tender age is easily bent, and that there is no more useful way of preparing for the state such citizens as they wish. Hence, in the instruction and education of children, they do not leave to the ministers of the church any part either in directing or watching them. In many places they hav gone so far that children's education is all in the hands of laymen; and from moral teaching every idea is banished of those holy and great duties which bind together man and God.

"The principles of social science follow. Here naturalists teach that men hav all the same rights, and are perfectly equal in condition; that every man is naturally independent; that no one has a right to command others; that it is tyranny to keep men subject to any other authority than that which emanates from themselvs. Hence the people are sovereign; those who rule hav no authority but by the commission and concession of the people; so that they can be deposed, willing or unwilling, according to the wishes of the people. The origin of all rights and civil duties is in the people or in the state, which is ruled according to the new principles of liberty. The state must be godless; no reason why one religion ought to be preferred to another; all to be held in the same esteem.

"Now, it is well known that Freemasons approve these maxims, and that they wish to see governments shaped on this pattern and model needs no demonstration. It is a long time, indeed, that they hav worked with all their strength and power openly for this, making thus an easy way for those, not a few, more audacious and bold in evil, who meditate the communion and equality of all goods after having swept away from the world every distinction of social goods and conditions."

Now we had always supposed that the Freemasons leaned more toward Christianity than toward Rationalism, and a correspondent in this week's paper says some hard things of them. But the pope's rage against them makes us suspicious that there may be considerable heresy in the body. The pope is no fool, though he is a spiritual and would-be temporal tyrant, and he manages, through his emissaries, to keep well posted as to what is going on. An intelligent Mason, who stands high in the order, also informs us that "a majority of intelligent Freemasons, those who read and think, are Freethinkers." That this is so is further shown by the efforts being made, under the guise of Knight Templarism, to "Christianize" the order, as the *Cornerstone* puts it. The creed of Masonry, we are informed, is simply Deism, although the Grand Orients of France, Belgium, and Holland do not exact a belief in a deity. It is probably because of its Deism that the order is so viciously denounced by Papists, Baptists, and Presbyterians. The Knight Templars form an extraneous order engrafted upon Masonry by those engaged in Christianizing the institution, and some of the Masonic papers protest against their being allowed to use the buildings of the order. A bitter war is now being carried on in the heart of Masonry, and has gone so far that, at the next meeting of the Grand Lodge in this city, the endeavor will be made to exclude the Templars from the Masonic Temple on its restoration from the effects of the recent fire. Knight Templarism has also been counteracted, we are informed, by the establishment of bodies in what is called the upper degree, variously known as the Ancient and Accepted, the Ancient and Primitiv, Memphis, and Mizraim rites. These bodies are strong, one consistory alone in this city numbering eight hundred. The *Cornerstone* also protests against the attempts to engraft Christianity upon Masonry. It is, says that journal, "a very serious question, pregnant with grave considerations touching the welfare and stability of the fraternity. It is by far a wiser course to avoid temptation, and thereby to discourage discussion of topics which contain seeds of discord."

It is seen, therefore, that the pope's fears are not altogether groundless. That the Masons form an immensely strong body is well known. If their influence is in the future to be thrown on the side of liberty, the Freethought party will hav a powerful, if silent, ally, and more good will come from a secret society than such bodies are usually credited with doing.

The Bible in the Schools.

A patriotic service has been rendered the independent citizens of Bloomfield, Iowa, by F. W. Moore, clerk of district and circuit courts of Davis county. In December of last year he filed a petition in the Davis district court asking the issuance of a writ of temporary injunction restraining the teachers of the independent district of Bloomfield public schools from reading, reciting, or repeating any portion of the Bible, or singing or causing to be sung any religious hymns or psalms in the school, and also restraining the directors of the school from having these things done, or paying out any money for the "encouragement, promotion, or carrying on of any kind of religious teaching, worship, prayer, Bible-reading, singing, or ministry of religion." On a final hearing the temporary injunction asked for was to be made permanent.

The appellant, who has two daughters attending the school, sets forth in his petition points that cannot be too often thrust upon the notice of Christians and impressed upon the minds of fair-minded men. Like the public school-houses in all our states, the building used in Bloomfield was built and furnished and is kept in repairs by taxes levied upon all the taxpapers of the district; and the teachers are hired for school purposes alone and are paid, like the janitor, out of the school fund raised by impartial taxation. Mr. Moore also states, what the defendants admit, that among the patrons of the school exists great diversity of religious belief, some being Christians, some Jews, some Agnostics, while some hav no definit ideas upon the subject, looking "upon all theology as an incomprehensible muddle."

Among the school laws of Iowa is one forbidding persons to teach in public schools without a certificate of capability, and Mr. Moore points out that the teachers hav no such certificate allowing them to teach religion, and that if the school-board prescribes the teaching of religion they must hire competent and certified teachers. Another count is that certain portions of the Bible are immoral in their tendency and "unfit to be read in a mixed assembly of people, and especially unfit to be read in the presence of persons of tender age."

The answer of the defendants (the teachers and directors of the school) is a very arrogant one. They coolly propose to Mr. Moore that if he does not wish his daughters to read or hear read the Bible *he can hav them wait in the hallway till the services are over.* A general answer is also made that the services are not sectarian, and therefore not in conflict with the Constitution.

The injunction was asked for before Judge E. L. Burton, and his decision was rendered December 24th, he refusing to interfere. The law and precedents cited by the judge are important to be known by the people of Iowa. He says:

"The plaintiff insists that reading the scriptures, repeating the Lord's Prayer, and singing a religious song must of necessity be teaching religious doctrin of some kind; that the teachers while so engaged are not performing the duties for which they were employed and for which they are paid; that in a public school, where all may go, no matter what their religious belief may be, or whether they hav any or not, any kind of religious doctrin should be excluded. His counsel insists to permit schools to be so conducted is in contravention of our Con-

stitution, and its practice should be inhibited, and cites Section 3 of the Bill of Rights:

"'The General Assembly shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, nor shall any person be compelled to attend any place of worship, pay tithes, taxes, or other rates for building or repairing places of worship, or the maintenance of any minister or ministry.'

"The section of the constitution referred to was intended to prevent the legislature from establishing any religion as the religion of the state. It was to allow perfect freedom of thought upon all religious subjects, and to compel no one to pay for the support of a ministry which his conscience or his religious training or belief taught him was erroneous.

"The framers of our Constitution—many of them, at least—were devout, God-fearing men; they were firm believers in the general doctrin of the Christian religion, and it cannot with reason be said that when the Constitutions were adopted it was intended to ignore the scriptures, the Christian religion, or deity. Such a thought was farthest from their minds; the conventions were daily opened with prayer, and the first thing the makers of our Constitution did was to recognize the existence of God. In the preamble they say: 'We, the people of the state of Iowa, grateful to the supreme being for the blessings hitherto enjoyed, and feeling our dependence on him for a continuance of these blessings, do ordain,' etc. The legislature of this state, in section 1764 of the Code, says: 'The Bible shall not be excluded from any school or institution in this state, nor shall any pupil be required to read it contrary to the wishes of his parents or guardian.'

"The plaintiff's counsel says, 'The foregoing section is void, that it is unconstitutional; that to allow the Bible in the public schools is to establish some kind of religion: that to allow the teachers to read it in the schools is to make them ministers in one sense of the word.' But we hav seen that such construction of the Constitution is not sound. That instrument does not deny the legislature the power to allow the Bible to be read in the public schools. The legislature has the same power to say that the scripture shall not be excluded from the public schools as it has to say that it shall be a crime to labor on Sunday, or that blasphemy shall be punished by fine or imprisonment.

"Our laws in many places recognize the Sabbath as a holy day. Thus courts cannot be opened or judicial business generally transacted on Sunday, Section 191 Code; notes cannot be protested on Sunday, Section 2094; original notices, except in certain cases, cannot be served on Sunday as a general rule, Sections 2952, 3028. And under Section 4072 it is made a crime to hunt, fish, shoot, dance, carry fire-arms, or to buy or sell property of any kind, or to do any labor, works of necessity and charity excepted, on Sunday. The courts under this section hav also held that contracts made on Sunday are void. Pike *vs.* King, 16 Iowa 49; Watrous *vs.* Blair, 32 Iowa 58.

"In short, the legislature in many ways recognizes the sanctity of the Sabbath or Sunday. It might be contended that the legislature had no constitutional power to enact such laws because to do so would be in the interest of religion. Men who did not believe in the sanctity of the Sabbath might say their natural or constitutional rights were infringed upon; that they ought to be permitted to do on Sunday what they could legally do on any other day. *But they must remember that this nation is a Christian nation, that the Christian religion must be recognized, to some extent at least, as a part of the common law.* Not so far, indeed, as to unite church and state, but far enough to prevent such gross actions and utterances as would shock the great moral and religious sentiment of the community.

"In many states blasphemy is punished as a crime, though to do so might be by some regarded as an interference with religious toleration. In Massachusetts such has been the law for many years, and although the subjects of religious freedom and universal toleration are provided for in the Constitution, and were long and earnestly discussed in the convention of 1820, no suggestion was made that the statute of blasphemy was in violation of the declaration of rights. And more recently, upon a general and careful revision of the whole body of statute law in that state, the law against blasphemy was reenacted, with some unimportant modifications.

"In Commonwealth *vs.* Kneeland, 20 Pick 206, the defendant was convicted of blasphemy for denying God, Jesus Christ, the Holy Ghost, etc., and the conviction was sustained by the Supreme Court.

"In New Hampshire, the constitution of which state has a similar declaration of rights to that of Massachusetts, the open denial of the being and existence of God, or of a supreme being, is prohibited by statute, and declared to be blasphemy.

"In Vermont, with a similar declaration of rights, a statute was passed in 1797 by which it was enacted that if any person publicly shall deny the being and existence of God, or the supreme being, or shall contumaciously reproach his providence or government, he shall be deemed a disturber of the peace and tranquility of the state, and an offender against the good morals and manners of society, etc.

"In Maine, with the same bill of rights, they hav the same statute.

"In New York the universal toleration of all religious professions and sentiments is secured in the most ample manner. It is declared in the Constitution that the free exercise and enjoyment of religious worship without discrimination or preference shall forever be allowed to all mankind in the state; with the only limitation, that the liberty of conscience thus secured shall not be so construed as to excuse acts of licentiousness, or justify practices inconsistent with the peace or the safety of the state. Notwithstanding this constitutional declaration, carrying the doctrin of unlimited toleration as far as the peace and safety of any community will allow, the courts hav decided that blasphemy was a crime at common law, and was not abrogated by the Constitution—People *vs.* Ruggles, 8 Johns 290.

"If, under our law, the Bible is not to be excluded from the public schools, then it can rightfully be read at such reasonable and proper times as the teachers may determin. It is rightfully in the schools, but no pupil shall be required to read it against the wishes of his parents or guardian. Subject to such restriction, I see no reason why a selection from it may not be read as a part of the morning exercises, provided it is not done for the pupose of inculcating some certain dectrin."

Next month Mr. Moore's appeal from this outrageous decision will be heard. In his prepared brief he has got down to bed-rock principles, and if the court refuses the petition it will but convict itself of a lack of common sense or of a disposition to over-ride justice in favor of Christianity. "At the outset," says Mr. Moore, "let it be understood that this proceeding is not an attack on anybody's religion; that whether the Bible is the last will and testament of Almighty God to the human race, or whether it is a pack of old wives' tales, should make no difference in the discussion of this question. The appellant makes no assault on the Bible as a divinely inspired book. It is not the province of this court to decide upon such questions. Appellant urges only that the common school is not the place in which to read and teach the Christian Bible, or the place in which to carry on any kind of worship. He insists that the common school is a creature of the law, carried on at the expense of the public, for secular education only. He makes no war on the Christian religion, but insists that the state shall not teach it, or any other religion, to his children; and claims the right to deny any and all religions, or to select and adopt for himself and his children the one that seems to him to be true. To speak plainly, as may be necessary to a clear understanding of the subject—yet without bitterness or intent to wound the feelings of any—it is nobody's business what the appellant's religion may be. It is nobody's business whether he has any at all or not. Appellant has the right to superintend the education of his children, and, in a free country, ought not to be compelled to keep them out of school to avoid the unauthorized attempt of an agent of the state to inoculate them with the peculiar religious views which such agent may deem to be a specific against endless misery."

To the judge's and defendant's reply that reading the Bible and singing religious hymns is not worship, the appellant retorts that the exercises consume from ten to fifteen minutes daily, which make "from fifty to seventy-five minutes per week—*more time than a Sunday-school devotes to the same purpose.* If this is not worship, what is it then?

"Is it a theatrical performance? If so, the school is not a theater. They claim that the songs are sung for the purpose of cultivating the voices of the children. Is it necessary to sing "sacred" songs to do that? It is hardly necessary to suggest that there are some kinds of songs that no teacher would be permitted to introduce into any school, no matter how cultivating they might be for the voice. Physical exercise is a good thing, but pupils are not generally allowed to exercise themselvs in making a football of a hornets' nest. If said teachers should devote fifteen minutes a day to the reading of the Democratic platform, and the repetition of the ordinance of Secession and singing the 'Bonnie Blue Flag,' it is hardly likely that they would be thought serious in denying that they were teaching partisan politics or something even worse. Or if they should devote the same amount of time to reading a work on law, or medicin, they could not claim that they were not teaching law or medicin. Is there any serious doubt in the mind of any sane person that the Bible is a religious book, and that it contains, or purports to contain, a system of religion? No, there is no such doubt; and for the purposes of this case the petition charges, and the answer admits, that it is a religious book. The people of this country hav learned enough of religious liberty to shut the mouth of the common school teacher when he proposes to giv to his pupil his ideas of the meaning of that book. All sects of Christians, as between themselvs, are agreed on this, and hav *agreed not to trust each other* in commenting on the book. This is all very well; but they do not consider that those who reject the book as a divine message are entitled to the benefits of the public school without having their children drilled day in and day out in the hearing of the contents of the book."

To the claim that the Code of Iowa permits the reading of the Bible in the schools, and that the provision is constitutional, the appellant says:

"It is claimed that Section 1764 of the Code authorizes the use of the Bible in the public school. It reads as follows: 'The Bible shall not be excluded from any school or institution in this state, nor shall any pupil be required to read it contrary to the wishes of his parent or guardian.' What does this section mean? It was passed, not by the General Assembly, but by a small body of men once existing in this state under the name of 'Board of Education,' which was abolished as soon as it could legally be done. Let us expand this section by inserting within it the meaning of the word Bible, as given in Webster's Dictionary; for we must assume that the lawmakers intended the natural, usual, and ordinary meaning of the word used:

"Section 1764. The Bible (the book, by way of eminence the sacred volume, in which are contained the revelations of God. It consists of two parts, called the Old and New Testaments.) shall not be excluded from any school or institution in this state, nor shall any pupil be required to read it contrary to the wishes of his parent or guardian.

"The law-makers certainly could not hav meant that an Infidel's child should be compelled to sit day after day and hav the book read *at* him or *to* him, or in his hearing, against his parents' wishes, and that the child should be exempt only from taking the book in his own hands and uttering the words with his own voice; or that a Jew's child should be compelled to hear the story of the cross as told in the New Testament; or that a Catholic's child should be compelled to listen to the reading from the version now in use among Protestants. There can be no difference in principle between compelling a child daily to repeat, 'There is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is his prophet!' and shutting him up a prisoner in a room and let a dervish howl the same thing at him. The public school is a *common* school, where people of all religious beliefs, or of no religious belief, send their children to hav them taught various branches of learning upon which all men are agreed. It is not a place to teach particular partisan political doctrins or religious dogmas; and what we asked of the court below we now ask of this court—to assist us in keeping the common school in just the condition that the law intends it to occupy; to prevent it from being diverted from its proper channel at our expense and in violation of our constitutional guarantees by a school board or a set of teachers who imagin that they hav been 'called' to devote a part of their time to the saving of the immortal souls of our children, in selecting and reading to them only such passages as teach and are 'calculated' to teach those peculiar dogmas that best fit in with said teachers' ideas of the eternal fitness of things, when such dogmas are in direct conflict with what we believe to be common sense, and but the words of the blind speaking to the blind in the dark. It is rank nonsense and injustice to say, as do appellees, that if appellant does not wish such doctrins taught to his children in the public school, he can keep them at home or let them stand out in the cold or dawdle away their time in the halls of the school building. Very gracious, kind, and considerate, surely! Perhaps they would let the children remain in the cellar in the coal bin, if appellant should ask humbly enough for the privilege. What crime has appellant been guilty of, or what taint of blood hav his children that they are not allowed access to the public school at all times when in session, except at the price of having some dreamer's 7x9 idea of divinity pumped into their ears! This Supreme Court has held, and has reaffirmed the doctrin, that a negro is even entitled to equal rights and privileges in the common schools, and that no youth can be denied admission to any particular school merely because of his color, nationality, or religion, or the like. (See Clark *vs.* Board of Directors, etc., 24 Iowa, 266; Smith *vs.* Ind., Dist. of Keokuk, 40 Iowa, 518; Dore *vs.* Same, 41 Iowa, 689.) If pupils cannot be denied on account of color or religion, a teacher certainly can not impose odious terms. Appellant's children hav the same rights that other people's children hav; he claims no more, and will be content with no less."

"If section 1764 should be construed according to the ideas of the appellees, then it is not a valid law. It is in direct conflict with sections 3 and 4 of article I. of the constitution of the state, and therefore void. Section 3 of our Bill of Rights is as follows:

"'3. The general assembly shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; nor shall any person be compelled to attend any place of worship, pay tithes, taxes, or other rates for building or repairing places of worship, or the maintenance of any minister or ministry.'

"Section 4 of the Bill of Rights, so far as herein applicable, reads:

"'4. No religious test shall be required for any office of public trust, and no person shall be deprived of any of his rights, privileges, or capacities, or rendered incompetent to giv evidence in any court of law or equity, in consequence of his opinions on the subject of religion.'

"A house of worship is a house in which worship is carried on. We do not suppose that appellees will insist that a solemn dedication is necessary. To the extent of about fifteen minutes each school day, the schoolhouse in question is a house of worship, and as clearly so as any church in the land. If singing praises to a God, praying to him, and reading to the assembly passages from his alleged revelation do not constitute worship, it is about time to revise our dictionaries; and if the person who conducts such exercises is not a minister of religion, then a man who habitually shaves the beard and cuts the hair of his customers is not a barber. We hav all heard of 'family worship,' which consists of exercises of just the character complained of."

Mr. Moore pertinently argues that if the General Assembly can make no law respecting the establishment of religion, *how can it say that the Christians' Bible shall be read at public expense?* If no person should be deprived of any of his rights in consequence of his religious opinions, how can he be deprived of the benefits of the public school unless he will submit to odious and invidious distinctions that ostracize his children from among their equals? Why must the Infidel and the Jew pay taxes to maintain the ministry of a religion utterly repugnant to their cherished convictions? And what difference is there in paying tithes direct or having the money voted by the town and the individual assessed to foot the bill? The clause in the Iowa Code empowering teachers to read the Bible in schools is plainly a violation of Section 3 of our Bill of Rights.

The court to which these arguments are addressed is asked to do what the lower court refused to do, grant an injunction restraining the further teaching of religion in the public schools. Whether it will do this or not remains to be seen. We hope that all the Freethinkers of Davis county will uphold Mr. Moore in his struggle against the church, and use whatever influence they hav to obtain justice for themselvs and their children.

Letters from Friends.

BELFAST, May 3, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Please send me the TRUTH SEEKER ALMANAC for 1884, and "Crimes of Preachers," for which find inclosed fifty cents. I must say to you that I sent for a trial subscription of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and I am much pleased with it. I hav shown the paper to some and find that it takes splendidly, but the postmaster and several here say that I am breaking up their churches, and that I ought not to show an Infidel paper to the faithful. And I hav found that several of my papers hav not come or that something is wrong, for I hav never received them. I shall continue to show my papers, if I get them, and these books I am sending for; and when my subscription for the paper runs out, I shall send for more and try and send several new subscribers. Good luck to THE TRUTH SEEKER, it is doing a great and good work.

Your sincere friend S. F. MCOMBER.

AN OPEN LETTER TO E. C. WALKER.

CANYON CITY, COL., April 27, 284.

FRIEND WALKER: I hav been looking over your arguments against prohibition, and hav come to the following conclusions: 1. That whatever arguments you may use against prohibition may be used with equal force in favor of toleration 2. That personal liberties must often be sacrificed to social interests, and the two essentials are finance and morality. The first is essential to life, and the other to civilization. If the liberty to use or use of liquor is a cost to the people of hundreds of dollars more than the benefit they derive from it, whose rights are paramount—those of few, or of many? I suggest that the rights of the many are paramount, and may extinguish in essentials of society the rights of the few. Friend Walker, in your opinion does the amount received from licenses to sell liquors balance the damages done by the use of liquors? Why should a man be required to pay license for doing right, or why should any man be licensed to do wrong? No man injures society by doing right. However profitable a business may be to an individual, yet if it proves a damage to the community their rights must be considered and his business discontinued. Suppose a man owns a lot across the street from you, it is his natural liberty to do what he will with his own, and he builds a hog-pen on it, and fills it with his pigs. In a short time an offensiv odor floats over to your dining room. Would you vote for its removal?

Now, as a parallel, it must be shown that saloons are a benefit to society—first to its finances. Is the drinker ever improved in his physical or moral relations? Does the habit of drinking liquor in any case better the condition of the drinker's family? Does drinking increase his property—make him more punctual and respectable? My friend, is he the man you would vote for to fill an office of important trust? Does a saloon tend to improve a man's morals, his language, his society, his manners, his intelligence? Do saloons ever elevate character? If they don't, what are their liberties in comparison with the rightful claims of the thousands?

A. B. PIKARD.

THE LAND WAR COMMENCED.

BERLIN, N. J., May 10, 284.

MR. EDITOR: There will probably be a most destructiv war in this nation before land-grabbers relinquish their hold on the land stolen from the people. If all the working classes would unite and act together for the general good, they would soon hav a government that would put a final stop to the selling and giving of land to rich corporations and land-grabbers, and all could hav land enough, without money or price, on which to raise food and make comfortable and happy homes. But the workers, the producers, who are all that are of any benefit to the world, are crushed down with toil and poverty, and are slow to move in anything reformatory, and the probability now is that their rights to land will be restored to them at a future day by bloodshed, rather than by the peaceable method of the ballot.

As all men hav just the same natural right to land enough on which to raise food as they hav to life itself, and as they are now being educated in regard to their rights, a time is coming when they will demand them, and will hav them, if every land thief must die in the struggle. This is just as sure to come as the sun is to shine, notwithstanding land thieves feel strong and think they are to hav everything in their own way. Indeed, the land war has already commenced. In some of the Western states railroad companies hav run barbed-wire fences around their large stolen tracts, fencing in the farms of actual settlers. In some places the settlers hav had to cut the fences to go in and out. In return, the railroad companies hav begun to burn the cabins of the settlers to drive them off. If this outrage goes on it will grow as fast as Jonah's gourd, and the railroad stations and the dwellings of the land thieves will be blown up with dynamite. The workers will not go on to this battlefield to be shot down like wild beasts, but will inaugurate a war safer to themselvs. I am not encouraging this outrage, but am simply telling what is to be unless Congress immediately changes its course in regard to the public land, and warning all of the danger now before us; for the land belongs to the people, those who want to cultivate it, and the people will hav it. The nation is now slumbering over a volcano, and foreigners as well as rich Americans cannot stop gobbling up the land a moment too soon for their own safety, and the sooner Congress stops selling the people's land the better for all.

J. HACKER.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., May 6, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I am now over four score, and hav been a Spiritualist since the summer of 1838, and hav been fully convinced in my own mind from what occurred in this state, and of which there are yet many living witnesses. I had prior to the Fox phenomena in 1848 never heard the word Spiritualism made use of, but what had occurred ten years before convinced me that spirits of departed friends and loved ones do visit those left here in earth life, and I fully, and, I may say, religiously believe that if the entire human race could be made to fully realize the true phenomena of spiritual birth in the human soul crime would be diminished and human happiness would be greatly increased. I hav been and still am an open and avowed Spiritualist. My acquaintance with thousands of avowed Spiritualists extends from one end of this continent to the other, and I hav not found one single case of insanity, as charged in that infamous production of Talmage. And the other tissue of falsehoods and infamous lying charges which he is reported to hav made ought to brand him as a public nuisance and a lying vilifier of the blackest dye. Let him look at his Christian adherents the world over, and he, with his millions of hypocrits clothed in celestial garb, can find thousands in state prisons convicted of every phase of crime to one Spiritualist that has ever been convicted in prison Let him look at the insane asylums all the world over—he can find hundreds if not thousands of Christians insane to one insane Spiritualist. Let him look at the slums of New York and he can find a thousand inmates of Christian professors to one, if any at all, of Spiritualists. Let him take that king of all hypocrits that ever walked this earth, A. Comstock, and visit the brothels of New York, and they no doubt would be welcome visitors amongst their Christian inmates, and see if the two can find a single open and accredited Spiritualist among the thousands who no doubt were and are Christian professors. If Talmage can show his face among decent and respectable people after uttering such a tissue of slander and infamous falsehoods, then he ought to lock arms with his Christian brother Comstock, whose infamous hypocrisy knows no bounds. If their God or their Jesus can affiliate with such demons in human form I can but pity such a God or his illegitimate son. That would disgrace even the so-called evil one.

H. WILLIS.

SEBEWA, MICH., May 3, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: As Mr. Seward Mitchell, of Newport, Maine, has taken me to task for my letter in THE TRUTH SEEKER of April 12th on prohibition, with your kind permission I will answer him through the columns of your paper.

Mr. Mitchell writes, "O my sister, my sister! you know not what you do, or you would not write such words as you do in last TRUTH SEEKER. Don't you know, my dear sister, that in advocating the *forcible* suppression of a great evil, you sustain a million times greater? a wholesale system of murder, a government of force, which, with its partner in crime, the Christian church, is the cause of all evil." Such are his words under date of April 17, 1884. Mr. Mitchell, you use pretty strong language, but I fail to see the point where, by advocating prohibition, I sustain a wholesale system of *murder*, a government of force. Do you mean to convey the idea that all government is systematized *murder?*—for I know of no government but one of force. You would not advocate the overthrow of all government, would you? As for sustaining a million times greater evil, I claim there is no greater evil than intemperance. It is the cause of more misery, disease, and death than any other thing in existence. This earth would be almost heaven if relieved from this cursed cancer of intemperance that is living upon the very vitals of our country. Ought we not to do as much for our weaker brother as we do for the brute? We hav laws prohibiting the abuse of the brute creation simply because they are not capable of protecting themselvs. Let us do as much for our weaker brother; let us make it possible for the drunkard to reform; let us remove the saloons from every street corner, and stamp out America's greatest curse known by the name of friendly treats. Away with such customs called friendship. I would rather a person struck a dagger to the heart of my boy than to offer him a glass of liquor. Better a person filled an honored grave than liv a dishonered life. For God's sake, do not condemn prohibition until you can giv us some surer and safer way of protection from the demon intemperance. When you can do that I will cry, Amen. For I believe in liberty as broad as the universe, when humanity hav advanced far enough to use it without abusing it. But liberty to the drunkard would be like fire to the child—he would burn his own house and his neighbor's also. When man has developed to such a hight that he becomes a law unto himself, governing and controling his evil tendencies, then, and not till then, is he capable of enjoying liberty. I acknowledge that the Christian church is the cause of nine-tenths of the evil in the world, but I consider God's especial pet, old Noah, responsible for intemperance, for the first act he committed on reaching land was to plant the vine and get beastly drunk, and man has followed his example ever since. Now, Brother Mitchell, I should like to hav you prove your assertion that, by advocating prohibition, I sustain a million times greater evil, a wholesale system of murder. Until then, I remain yours respectfully for prohibition, with all my mind, might, and strength. MRS. HATTIE REEDER.

HUNTSVILLE, ALA., April 29, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: On the Lord's day, April 20th, I had occasion to travel hence to Nashville, Tenn., 147 miles in six hours. I hav also traveled on week days, or unholy days, when I invariably had an entire seat for myself. On the twentieth, however, the seats not only had two occupants, but, in many cases, even three, one of the three sitting on the railing, while others had no seat at all and had to stand. There was nothing extraordinary going on; no fairs or races. How is it that on Sundays the cars are overcrowded? The idea struck me that this is a capital opportunity to decide, once and forever, that most foolish of all laws, the Sunday law, by trying to stop any and all traffic on that day; people will then come to their senses and revolt against any and all Sunday laws, and the country will be free once more. The way I look at it is, no government has any right to dictate any one's way of religion, or to set apart for him a special day for religion. In a republic, especially, one ought to be free, and settle with himself whether or not to observe one day out of seven, or one day out of 365, or every day in the year. I fail to see how Americans, freeborn, boasting of their individual rights, suffer themselvs to be handled as they are by the Sunday law. The front doors of the saloons in the South are closed; also when connected with hotels. Now, from within the hotel you reach the barroom, and it is nearer full on Sunday than any week-day. Why are the proprietors not fined, and the patrons as well? Either close the barrooms or open them in *front*. How an American who has his individual share in this government, a vote, and what not all, can so forego his manhood as to visit a barroom on the sly, when his vote could revoke the Sunday law, is a conundrum I cannot solve. Look at Holland—coffee-houses, saloons, theaters, stores, churches, etc., wide open on Sundays. Guests sit even outside sipping their wine, exposed to public gaze; still no one cares, because no one stops to gaze. How different here, in this boasted free land! Forbid Sunday traveling, in fact, everything but going to church, and, my word for it, the people *will* come to their senses and determin that any week day is as holy, or as unholy, as any Sunday. Speaking about Sunday reminds me of a Baptist church I visited in Holland. The service begins at 9 A.M. I entered at half past eight and looked around. Slowly the worshippers entered, and were shown to a bench provided with a door. Scarcely was one seated, when the usher takes a small key from his vest pocket, inserts it in the lock of the bench-door, and the worshiper is locked in, or locked up. The usher replaces the key is his pocket, and so the maneuver is kept on. As soon as the minister made his appearance in the pulpit, the usher made for the church door and locked it. Fortunately I was standing near enough so as to slip out, and in this way avoided an involuntary imprisonment. The churches in Rotterdam are foreign to lotteries prayer-meetings, church dinners, church suppers, protracted meetings, hand-shaking, experience telling, and begging, for the preachers are salaried by the government.

HENRI PALING.

SALESVILLE, MONTANA, April 27, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I see a letter in THE TRUTH SEEKER of the 19th, from S. L Dana, who wants Liberals to come to the Cœur d'Alene mines. He thinks from Prichard's letter that that would be a good place. Now for his sake and all others who think of going there, let me giv them some facts. I hav not been to the mines, but I had a chance to go one year ago with the first stampede. I know many of the boys who went there since, and some of our neigbors are coming from there every week, so I am better posted than those far away. In the first place there is nothing certain that the mines are rich, yet there is some gold there. but many who are rushing there know nothing of the country. Last May, when the boys went there, the snow on the ranges was nearly to the top of the telegraph poles, and, on Pritchard Creek, four feet deep the first of June. Besides, the high water was such that no work was done until July. And now the snow is four feet deep, and of course still falling, and so deep that there is no chance to get in there only on foot, over mountains of snow ten feet deep. Now a place where snow lies from four to ten feet deep nine months in a year is no place, no difference how rich. The whole country is claimed, and there is no work to do yet. nor won't be before July. And everything is high. A friend just from there gave me a list of prices: Flour, $25 per cwt.; pork or beef, 50 cents a pound; coffee and sugar, 50 cents a pound; meals. $1; lodging, to lie on the floor and furnish your own blanket. $1 per night. Then there are thousands going in there and coming out busted, and be ging their way back. Now you had better take Pritchard's advice, "That those who hav good homes had better stay there." This part of Montana has been wild. There are many men who hav mortgaged their homes for money, and are gone to the mines. All this Montana country is "dead flat." since the Northern Pacific Railroad was completed; our freight teams are gone; no work for laboring men; thousands of poor men out of work; farmers bankrupt. The railroad has been booming these mines for the money it brings, and every train is crowded with men going to these mines with scarce money enough to get there, and consequently they find themselvs in the rugged arctic region in a climate that they know nothing of, and poorly clad at that, to suffer, starve, and freeze to death. Now if you hav plenty of money to spend, and to come sight-seeing, make a trip to the mines in July or August, or go to the Yellowstone Park; but don't think of going to these mines to get rich; for one that will get rich a hundred will fail. Just received a letter from Dr. L. York, who is coming to Montana in July, and would like to receive letters from friends at various points. His address will be Salt Lake after May 10th. I hope the Liberals of Montana will giv him a cordial welcome.

DR. W. J. STOVER.

CALHOUN CO., MICH., April 30, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find a criticism upon Mr. Beecher. [The article is in print under the head, "Is Beecher an Honest Man?"—ED. T. S.] Whatever doctrins he has hitherto taught and denied, he still tells people "it is neces- to believe something." He praises Mr. Ingersoll, who in turn praises Mr. Beecher, and would fain tell people *what* to believe. He would hav us believe that it is not quite time for us to cease paying 75 per cent on all that we buy for the benefit of some individuals and corporations, notwithstanding it is a gross violation of the Constitution. He would hav us believe in the political economy of the Republican party, which involves only the one question, how much the few may, with any degree of safety, rob from the many. Now I look upon politics and religion as the same hell in which men gnash their teeth, and belief in the creeds of political parties and of religion as the same trap to catch men and deprive them of their liberties. The story of St. Patrick driving the snakes out of Ireland and St. George destroying the dragon in England embody the same idea. It means that when they had firmly established belief in something, they had conquered the wisdom of the nations and deprived them of them of their liberties.

Mr. Spencer's article on "The Coming Slavery" is the true pabulum. I am anxious to know how Mr. Andrews can better

his logic. I would be an independent sovereign state, delegating only what powers may be cheaper and safely exercised by another, and for the good of the body politic all alike, ignoring divine grace, which means special favors.

I am the only one who takes THE TRUTH SEEKER here now since Mr. Anderson and Dr. Howard are dead. But you must not jump to such hasty conclusions, as in a recent editorial, "that because a man has found the truth for himself, he cares for no one else." I am a photographer, depending upon the public for my living, yet I hav spoken my sentiments with boldness and firmness, and lost money by it. And I hav found to my cost that the Freemason elements are the worst enemies of THE TRUTH SEEKER. They drop it as a cat would a hot biscuit. But I hav some TRUTH SEEKERS out, even in the hands of church-members, and one of them told me frankly, "Well, sir, I hav had my doubts." Now I tell them that this is the royal road to progress. Don't believe what I say; believe nothing, not even the evidences of your own senses; but doubt, think, and reason.

The right way to stir up such places as this is for some fearless lecturer to strike them, even at a little sacrifice, as I hav done, at first, and by and by they will hav a highway through the wilderness, and the wilderness transformed into a golden harvest.

But I must not trespass longer upon your time, for I hav said more than I intended. My house is portable, and whether I go or stay I shall be an ardent friend of THE TRUTH SEEKER, its grand army of patrons, and its most worthy editor.

W. L. S.

DENVER, IOWA, April 25, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Although a Materialist, I am pleased to see Spiritualism discussed in a manly, intelligent manner in your paper. Every intelligent reader understands full well that abuse and denunciation are not arguments. I feel well convinced that the publication, week after week, of such letters as T. Winter writes is well calculated to disgust people with Materialism, and with the papers that publish his senseless and unmeasured denunciation of Spiritualists.

Nor do I believe the cause of Materialism or Spiritualism is to be particularly advanced by hiring one thought to be a leader to investigate either one or the other. Those who are accustomed to think for themselvs neither hav nor desire any leaders. What is the testimony of a former Materialist, who becomes convinced of the truth of Spiritualism, more than that of thousands of others? That which one has seen is no evidence to those who hav not seen it. Each must rely upon his own experience and observation. Though Mrs. Slenker may witness materialization, and become fully satisfied of the truth of Spiritualism, that cannot help my case, for her evidence is not mine; and were I disposed to accept mere *ipse dixit*, I should long ago hav swallowed all the isms in the world.

I hav seen things done by so-called mediums which I do not understand; but I cannot on that account jump at the conclusion that they were accomplished by the "spirits" of departed human beings. And I should be very glad to hav some of your cool, manly contributors, whether Spiritualists or Materialists, explain, if able, the means by which such things are accomplished.

In September, 1881, I went to Chicago, as a delegate to the N. L. L. Congress, accompanied by my wife and her stster, Mrs. A. N. Wood. We had been requested, by a Spiritualist friend, to call on one Mrs. Simpson, a medium in that city; and having an opportunity we sought out her address there, and visited her. About eleven in the morning we went with her into a room about 8 by 14, on the second floor. We were all three Materialists then, and are so still, but were resolved to make the best possible use of our senses to prevent imposition. At the east end of the room was a good-sized uncurtained window. On the north side of the room hung a picture representing some Indian. The only furniture in the room were four chairs and a so-called table, consisting of an unpainted pine plank, dressed on both sides, one and a half inches thick, about twelve inches wide, and three feet long supported by four round legs fastened in auger holes in said plank. Over the "table" was thrown a small colored tablecloth. The lower sash of the window was raised, and upon the window-sill was a common glass goblet, about one-third full of what I judged to be water, a few pieces of slate-pencils about the size of a kernel of wheat, and a small slate. There were two doors leading from the room—one at the west end, through which we had entered, and the other on the north side of the room near the east end, leading into another room. Both doors were closed.

We carefully examined the "table" and the cloth covering it, but could discover nothing about it calculated to deceive, or that it was other than what it purported to be. It stood square before the window, and about three feet therefrom. I took a chair at the south end of the table, my wife took one at my left, and Mrs. Wood on my right. Mrs. Simpson sat down near the side of the table, directly facing us, her right side to the table. She then took the slate, which was clean and free from any marks or writing, laid it upon the palm of her right hand, put a small piece of pencil thereon, raised the table-cloth with her left hand, and put the slate underneath, and held it against the underside of the table. I laid my ear upon the table, and could distinctly hear the pencil moving as if writing, dotting *i*'s and crossing *t*'s. The slate was then taken from under the table, when I read thereon the following: "Me like all the squaws and braves, and me do for them all me can." This was signed, "Ski."

Again the pencil was dropped upon the clean slate, and the goblet was set thereon over the pencil, and the whole was again put under the table, and held by the medium's right hand with the top of the goblet against the underside of the table. When taken out there was writing under the goblet, but the pencil was *in* the goblet.

Again the slate and goblet as before were held under the table, and when taken out there was in the goblet a large red pink, apparently just picked from the stem where it grew.

Again, Mrs. Simpson took a corner of the slate between the thumb and forefinger of her right hand, and Mrs. Wood with her left hand took hold of another corner in the same manner. They then held the slate under the table, some five or six inches from the table. Mrs. Simpson then laid her left hand upon the table and Mrs. Wood held her right hand thereon. Mrs. Simpson then let go the slate and took her hand from beneath the cloth, and took hold of the slate again with the cloth between it and her hand. She then took her hand away, when Mrs. Wood brought out the slate, with a fine, fresh, variegated dahlia thereon, apparently with dew on it, as it wet the slate slightly.

I hav made this letter longer than I intended, but could not well omit anything, as I wished to be particular in the descriptions.

M. FARRINGTON.

SAN BERNARDINO, CAL., April 7, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: In a late New York paper I find this notice with the caption, "Notes on Ingersoll:"

"A fourth edition of that very interesting little volume called 'Notes on Ingersoll,' by Father Louis A. Lambert. As a complete answer to the most glaring blasphemies of the self-styled 'apostle of liberty,' this little work is calculated to do much good, and ought to get at least as wide a circulation as did Ingersoll's rude caricature of philosophy. The late Judge Jeremiah S. Black once undertook to answer Ingersoll. The *North American Review* for August, 1881, contained a wholesale attack on the Christian religion by Ingersoll, followed by a defense of Christianity by Judge Black.

"The literary and legal world were as interested as were religious people, for the two contestants were lawyers of recognized ability; and if one was witty the other was wise; and then the subject was of such universal importance. The opinion that Judge Black had the best of the argument seems to hav been shared by Ingersoll himself, for three months afterwards in the same *Review* appeared an article from him complaining of Judge Black's mode of defense, attacking both religion and the judge bitterly, and Judge Black was at the same time informed by the *Review* that it had no room for any reply from him to Ingersoll's attack. The readers of the *Review* did not know but Judge Black had acknowledged himself beaten, as no word of explanation was ever given them. It was through a card from Mr. Black in a Cincinnati journal, and widely copied by other journals, that the publie learned the truth, to the great discredit of the *North American Review*."

The fact of these "Notes on Ingersoll" already having attained to a fourth edition implies that the work is popular, at least with Catholic readers, and probably able.

I hav some Catholic neighbors who are becoming deeply interested in Freethought, and for their assistance and the benefit of Catholics in a similar condition—and there are many—I would request, as an old patron of THE TRUTH SEEKER, to be favored with a critical review, in the columns of THE TRUTH SEEKER, of Father Lambert's "Notes on Ingersoll." I hav not seen the work, but having been a Catholic, I think its *animus*, from a Catholic standpoint, is somewhat generally known to me—implicit faith and obedience in the implied and attributed mysterious verities of almighty God as held and taught by the one and only infallible and Catholic church; in the *omnia exeunt in mysterium* there is nothing the absolute ground of which is not a mystery; in the *bonus vir sine Deo nemo est* without a God it is impossible for man to be good (as, for instance, the saintly Anthony Comstock, the moral paragon of the Young Men's Christian Association, and the innumerable lecherous men of God of Mr. Billings's book; and compare, also, the Godly and Christian adulterous, hypocritical pastor of Plymouth and the editorial lying detracter of the religious *Observer* with the irreproachable character of the Infidel martyr of Freethought, the revered Mr. Bennett; and with the apostle of universal mental and political liberty, the immortal Thomas Paine); and, above all, a lively and an unquestioning belief in the Catholic church's dearest doctrin of Paul, the ophthalmic, visionary enthusiast, "*est autem fides sperandarum substantia rerum, argumentum non conspectarum*," now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.

The metaphysics and casuistry of scholastic philosophy are but incidentally adjunctiv in the construction of the colossal pseudo science of theology—science falsely so-called—the foundation principles being really based on the assumed certainty of the Bible miracles, which, being absolutely devoid of fact or sufficient reason to establish the four essential ones—the miraculous birth of Christ, the raising of Lazarus from the dead, the resurrection and ascension of Christ—what folly to be everlastingly ding-donging into our ears the importance of the minor ones, and filling the world with dissertations, utterly incapable of proof, of their authenticity and efficacy—the harmless drinking of deadly poisons and handling of venomous serpents by the apostles and their priestly successors; the miraculously holy curativ properties of mineral wells and springs—medicinal waters of naturally transcendent virtues and efficacy being in abundance in many countries all over the world; the *stigmata* of St. Francis, and, more recently, the fresh bleeding ones of saintly peasant girls; scapulars, *Agnus Deis*, amulets, and talismans, and manual imposition in lieu of medical treatment as all-heal and preservativ panaceas in sickness and danger. And what argument is advanced and claimed as being all-sufficient support for this engrossing and bewildering superstition? Simply that "there is nothing impossible to Almighty God." But what is our knowledge of God? "All nature proclaims him," and "the heavens declare his handiwork," and, says Coleridge, "the truth the hardest to demonstrate is the one that of all others least needs to be demonstrated; that though there may be no conclusiv demonstration of a good, wise, loving, and personal God, there are so many convincing reasons for it, within and without—a grain of sand sufficing, and a whole universe at hand to echo the decision—the truth of which it is the least possible to prove, it is little less then impossible to believe." And thus runs, *ad infinitum*, this emotional, wonderful faith, continuing, as it ever has been, entirely and absolutely incapable of demonstration as a thing of God, as well as being utterly blind to even plausible reason. To be sure, the admission will not be withheld that "we are ever in the presence of an infinit and eternal energy, from which all things proceed." But as it is generally conceded by the ablest modern Biblical scholars that the claim of the inspiration of the scriptures is groundless; and m intained by the ablest scientists that the Mosaic cosmogony, or Bible account of creation, is inconsistent with natural facts and demonstrated science, and therefore impossible, mythical—there is no reliable or probable evidence that a supernatural revelation, as to beginning and ending, cause and effect, has ever been received by the human race; therefore, from all we are able to learn, with strict regard to truthfulness, Agnosticism unavoidably presents itself as necessarily the legitimate conclusion.

Having been a Catholic, as remarked, I continued steadfast in that creed till about the year 1850, when, after returning from a Fourth-of-July Paine celebration (two steamboats up the East River and Sound) on the Paine farm, at New Rochelle, I called at the office af the *Beacon*, and the Navigation School, in Franklin Hall, Franklin Square, N. Y., and procured from the editor of that Freethought publication, the teacher of the school and my Fourth Ward neighbor, Mr. Gilbert Vale, a copy of the great original creed-demolishing "Age of Reason," the perusal of which (then for the first time) completely staggered my ghostly visionary faith, and left it reeling, but not, however, entirely free from some spasmodic struggles, occasionally for re-invigoration and former ascendancy, till Mr. Bennett and the brave TRUTH SEEKER gave it the *coup de pied* of annihilation.

The above notice of Father Lambert's book has induced me to look up the *North American Review* for the months of August and November, 1881, containing, the first, Col. Ingersoll's and Judge Black's arguments, and the second, Col. Ingersoll's second paper; and after a close and attentiv re-reading I am constrained to remark that the judicially logical sledge-hammer blows of Judge Black make no convincing impression on a reader abreast with science and modern historical and biblical criticism, or, in other words, on an attentiv reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER. And in this respect Judge Black most glaringly betrays an inexcusable deficiency (one, however, being peculiar with the "faithful" might hav been anticipated), and because of the lack of this equipment, a correct understanding of the importance of scientific developments, and modern, historical, and biblical criticism—the logical. powerful blows of the great constitutional jurist are expended as impotently as the blows of a giant striking in the dark, while to such a reader (informed on these subjects) the arguments of Col. Ingersoll are irresistibly convincing. While exhibiting copious learning and the happiest argumentativ illustrations, there is a remarkably singular absence of any pedantic display. The whole is bewitchingly absorbing, combining, as it does, the incisiv logic of Junius, the burning sarcasm of Voltaire, and the delightfully calm, penetrativ reasoning and popular style of the immortal Paine. What has heretofore been considered the most abstruse subject in all literature, science, and philosophy is made easily comprehensible to ordinary capacity. In short, the abundance of the material, and its harmony with advanced science, giv to the whole argument, on the colonel's side, an easy, natural, and unlabored flow, by which it is at once rendered epigrammatic, attractiv, and demonstrativ.

This encounter of two of the most able and prominent citizens of the country recalls the memorable contest of Massachusetts's and South Carolina's champions, Hayne and Webster, for it is truly a war of giants; and it is as impossible to overrate the importance of the contestants as the issues involved in the controversy. As a victory in this contest, by the champion of religion, would be regarded as a vindication of all that the church has ever claimed—universal, absolute domination, mental and political, and especially as the triumph, being achieved by a legal Colossus and Democratic-Republican statesman of recognized ability and national reputation, the struggling cause of mental and political freedom of humanity would be regarded with suspicion, if not actually spurned, by the hosts now under the despotic yoke of the church, and the time of their deliverance, indefinit and remote. But by the overthrow of her arrogant pretensions, by the champion of humanity, the vast numbers of her wavering devotees will now take encouragement, and on liberation from the superstitious incubus of her debasing enthralment they will hail with ceaseless blessings the name of Ingersoll. For in this battle he has met the impetuous onslaught of the defiant Goliath, who, emboldened by an unfaltering trust in a supposed God, and with supercilious arrogance, vainly and sneeringly imagined that the triple-proof armor of his ghostly cause was impenetrable, and the victory triumphantly assured against the imputed empty, insignificant babble of freedom's champion "speaking an infinit deal of nothing." But the precision and deadly force of the sling of humanity's shepherd has humbled his arrogance, and completely discomfited his too confident army.

Col. Ingersoll conclusivly shows the unsoundness and often absurdity of the premises of the most material and essential propositions on which the Christian religion and theology are based and constructed. To untrammeled reason this of itself would be sufficient for rejection of the whole superstructure, being built on false premises, an insecure foundation. Untrammeled reason! Aye, there's the rub! From the presence of untrammeled reason, omnipotent deity of human grandeur, vanish theology and ecclesiasticism, the fell, ghostly fabries of the intellectual night of dark ages, as in the morning, nightly, noxious mists by the all-illuming radiance of the rising god of day. But the serpent superstitious error insidiously coiling himself around the "faithful" heart, and freedom of intellect being powerless in his deadly presence, both heart and soul are crushed by the consequent strangulation, and servilly crouch beneath the dictum of the uncompromisingly despotic "authority" of the church.

On the victorious monumental pillar of commemoration will be read, in all coming time, along with name of the conqueror, the expounder and establisher of reason, the inspired and ennobling inscription, born of true science and philosophy:

"Apart from moral conduct all that man thinks himself able to do, in order to be acceptable to God, is merely superstition and religious folly."

J. F.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"His life is long whose work is well,
And be his station low or high,
He who the most good works can tell,
Livs longest though he soonest die."

Our Susie.

I want to tell you to-day about my dear little niece and namesake, Susie.

It is not quite seven years ago since she first came into our home, a wee little cooing, crowing baby, and from the moment that she came she began to draw our love to herself. All babies are sweet and cunning, but our baby seemed to us the very sweetest and cunningest darling that ever drew the breath of life. Ah, how we kissed her and caressed her! How we watched the unfoldment of her mind—the development of her body, as it grew in grace and beauty! How we watched the fountain of light and love dancing in her lovely eyes! And how wonderful it was when her first little tooth appeared! And when she was able to sit alone, and hav playthings like other babies, we pleased ourselvs and her with all sorts of infantile toys.

By and by she began to stand on her feet, and I well remember the half frightened look in her eyes when she had learned to stand up alone. But presently she gained confidence, and by the aid of chairs and our hands she learned to step, and soon she was walking all about the room. She had long rides in her baby carriage, but oh, how delighted she was when she was old enough to walk! She would toddle along laughing, roll on the green grass, and then up again and run gleefully along like a happy, joyous bird.

Her voice was like sweetest music, and when she learned to talk it was a delight to listen to her chattering. And she learned to sing almost as soon as she could talk; yes, before she was able to frame ideas into words, she hummed the tunes of all the songs she heard.

Her songs still linger on my ear,
Her hands still thrill my heart,
The memory of her loving voice
Will nevermore depart.

Like all little ones, she was sometimes mischievous. One time she pulled up Lucy's choice flowers; she was about three years old then, I think.

"What made you do it?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't know," she said. "I suppose it was the mistiff [mischief] in me that did it."

Once when she wished to go to her "gammoo's," as she called her grandmother, Joe, the colored man who helped about the place, took her in the wheelbarrow, and brought her to her grandma's house. "I think Joe is so nice," said she, "to play he was a horse and drag me to my gammoo's. When he is old I will take care of him."

She was generous to a fault, and had, frequently, to be checked, for she would giv away anything that her friends or playmates wished for. She had a great many dollies, and one large "rag baby" that Henrietta made, and which seemed to outliv many a saw-dust dolly.

"It has had many hard knocks," said Susie, "but it stands the racket dreadful well!"

One Sunday a wounded dove dropped upon the lawn in front of the house. Susie pitied the poor little bleeding bird, and asked many questions concerning it. When it ceased to breathe, she said, "Why is it so still?"

"It is dead," I replied.

"Do folkses die like the dove?"

"Yes."

"It is sad, I think," she mused, "but then the dove can never be hurt any more."

She was passionately fond of flowers, and in flower time, she would always come with her hands full of loveliest blossoms. She liked to think of her friends being pure and sweet like the flowers. When she could find no flowers, she would gather bright leaves or grasses. I well remember a bouquet of daisies and ferns that she picked and arranged herself and brought to me. "I knew they would make you smile," she whispered; "flowers are smile makers!"

She was a very happy child. She would often say, "I am taking solid comfort now. We are all here together in solid happiness."

To her mother and father, she was a precious treasure, a most delightful and interesting companion, as, indeed, she was to me, and to all who came in close communion with her.

One day she had treated her kitten rather roughly in playing with it, and kitty ran away and hid, but, by and by, she came and nestled in Susie's lap, purring softly. "I think, mamma," said Susie, "that she has forgiven me!" By and by, she added sweetly, "And so must I forgiv those who are naughty to me, and be good to those who treat me badly, if anybody ever does."

She was, upon one occasion, reproved for speaking out when she was angry.

"And must I keep my madness in my mouth then?" she said.

"Yes," was the reply.

"But it is better not to keep it at all, but breathe it away in happy thoughts," she said, smiling.

She was very beautiful, was our Susie, beautiful physically, mentally, morally, in all ways a fair and sparkling jewel. She was so loving, too. She would pause from her play to put her arms around our neck, and say to each of her loved ones, "I love you, dear!" And, in some moment of great happiness, she would look up and say sweetly, "Ah, I am so happy, so happy."

Susie never went to school, but her mother taught her at home. She read fluently in the Fourth Reader, and was well advanced in arithmetic and geography. She took great pride in reading the daily newspapers, and was especially pleased with the stories in the Children's Corner. I sometimes read my stories to her before they were printed, and she was the best critic I ever had.

"When I am grown, I will write stories, too," she said, and I fondly hoped that her large ideality and deep insight into human nature would develop in that direction. But, alas! my hopes, plans, and wishes, every one of which centered in and around her, were doomed never to be realized.

There was a slight malformation in Susie's right hand, and, although she could use a pen or pencil very well, and had learned to write nicely, we thought it would be better for her if the two fingers that were partly joined together, should be separated. A surgical operation was decided upon, and the fingers were separated. The surgeons were skilled and anticipated no harmful result, and, for a few days, she seemed to be recovering, and, in a week, it was expected the wound would be healed. But it was not so to be. Diphtheria set in, and although all that love and the best medical skill could do was done, yet it was of no avail. Our darling, with her splendid talents, with all her grace and loveliness, with that sweet, affectionate nature, was doomed.

Patiently she suffered for two weeks, and then quietly fell asleep.

She had always been so healthy and activ, we never thought that she could die. Death was for us who were older, not for that sweet, rich, budding nature—so we thought. She was the only one, too, the only child, the only girl, and we felt we could not part with her.

My heart breaks with grief to-day, as I recall her gentle, loving ways.

When she was well, she would say, as often as she left me, "Good by, auntie! No one will hurt me! Don't disappear!"

To disappear was, to her, a very dreadful thing. Once, when she had been naughty, her mamma hid from her, and it made a great impression upon her tender mind. Ever afterward she used that expression to her dear ones, "Don't disappear!" And now she has disappeared; gone from our arms that held her so closely and so fondly. When I arrayed her dear little body for a long night of rest, I clasped the still form to my heart, and begged for one word to tell me where she had gone. But the eyes were closed; the dear lips that I had kissed so often moved not, and no sign escaped her to tell me whither she had fled. We had to lay the lovely casket that once inclosed an angel, a priceless pearl of rarest beauty, away in the cold ground. Tokens of love were showered upon her in her sickness, and bloomed around her after all was over. Her feet rested on a star of pansies, herself a bright and shining star, and the little mound to-day is covered and heaped with choicest buds and blossoms brought by her many friends, herself the fairest blossom of them all.

It seems but yesterday she came
With light and dancing feet,
And bathed my face in laughing glee,
With loving kisses sweet.

Shielded in helpful, tender arms,
Safe from every storm,
How could we think that death would touch
That lovely, blessed form?

How know that she so soon would fade,
So quick would float away,
Or that, to chill December blight,
Would change this blooming May?

In every plan, in every hope,
She held the chiefest place,
And every dream of life was bright,
Because of her dear face.

But, like some star in glory set,
She was too fair for earth;
A lovely bud of promis rare,
An angel from her birth.

We call her "lost," and yet, we know
She's safe from every ill;
No pain shall ever break her heart,
No tears her eyes shall fill.

This thought shall nerve our hearts to strength,
Since she is safe from blight,
Since never any harmful thing
Can hurt her spirit bright.

And while her memory we keep,
The fairest jewel yet,
May flowers of hope and peace entwine
These hours of sad regret.

I hav told you, dear children, about little Susie, because she loved the Children's Corner so well, and she loved those, who, from week to week, gather in that pleasant place; and I thought that I must tell you that one little darling had gone from our happy circle there. She would like to hav you read this little sketch, as brief and imperfect as it is, and to remember her in your hearts; and, best of all, she would be pleased to hav you cherish her memory as an inspiration to all good and noble deeds, to pure and elevating thoughts, to the making of this world brighter, better, and more beautiful for those who still remain in it.

Gladly would we hav kept our darling with us longer, but it was not so to be. She has gone away in all her sweet innocence and purity; gone from pain, sorrow, and trouble of every kind. Like the wounded dove that died from its hurt, she, as she said of it, can never be hurt any more. Her life was a bright, joyous, and happy one, too swiftly fleeting, but a song of joy as long as it lasted. We are better because she was with us so long as she was. We can never forget her, and time alone can soften the sharp pain of her removal from our midst. If that bright, intelligent mind continues in conscious existence, we shall some day see her again. Her little hands will be the first outstretched to greet us when the burdens of life become too great a weight. But if she has fallen into dreamless sleep forever, we are satisfied to sleep with her, for life would always hav a shadow in it, she being absent.

And now, we take up life's work again, seeking consolation for our loss in action, in doing good, in bringing joy to others, as Susie made joy and happiness for us.

Our Puzzle Box.

1

ENIGMA.

I am composed of eight letters.
My 2, 7, 3, 8, is good at supper;
My 4, 5, 6, is a smart little worker:
My 1, 6, 4, 3, 6, is what all must hav;
My 3,.7, 4, 1, 6, relates to peanuts;
My 8, 7, 3, 4, is a girl's name;
My 2, 4, 3, 6, is very useful;
My 1, 2, 7, 3, 5, is not agreeable to do;
My 3, 7, 4, 3, for the lion is nothing new.
My whole is a city in the Middle states.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER MAY 10, 1884.

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Liberal Meetings.

[Leagues and Liberal and Spiritualistic Societies in the United States and Canada meeting regularly, can have notices of their meetings published in this column free if the officers will send them to us.]

MICHIGAN.

MUSKEGON.—The Liberal League meets every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock in the German Odd Fellows' Hall, corner of Western ave. and Terrace st.

WISCONSIN.

MILWAUKEE.—The Milwaukee Liberal League meets every Sunday evening at Fraternity Hall, 216 Grand avenue.—Exercises: Lectures, Criticisms, and Music.—Admission free.

OHIO.

CLEVELAND.—The Liberal League meets every Sunday at 3 P.M., in room 29, City Hall building. Lectures free. Communications can be addressed to W. I. Irvine, Secretary.

MAINE.

PORTLAND.—Dr. H. A. Lamb has hired Congress Hall, Congress street (entrance on Temple street), where free meetings, lectures, and discussions are held every Sunday, 2:30 P.M. Admittance free. Public invited.

OREGON.

PORTLAND.—The Auxiliary Liberal League of Portland, Or., holds meetings every Sunday, at 2 o'clock, P.M., at Nonpareil Hall, cor. 1st and Madison streets. All are invited. Admission free.

MASSACHUSETTS.

BOSTON.—Boston Liberal Club holds meetings for essays and criticisms every Sunday forenoon at 10:45 in the Paine Memorial Building, Appleton street.——The "Society of the Divine Homo" at same place every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Sunday-school at 2:30. Admission free.

PENNSYLVANIA.

ALTOONA.—The League holds meetings every Wednesday evening and Sundays at 3 P.M., at the League Room, corner of Eleventh ave. and 13th st., third floor, entrance on 13th st.

PHILADELPHIA.—The Friendship Liberal League meets every Sunday at Hancock Hall, 814 Girard avenue, at 2:30 o'clock, and 7:30 o'clock, P.M., for lectures and free debates. THE TRUTH SEEKER and Liberal books for sale.

PITTSBURGH.—Pittsburgh Liberal League meets at Maltby Hall, 76 Fifth avenue, every Sunday (except during the Months of July and August) at 3 o'clock. A free platform is maintained. Exercises consist of a lecture, followed by 10 minute criticisms, with 15 minutes allowed the lecturer to reply. Clergymen invited to discuss.

NEW JERSEY.

NEWARK.—Newark Liberal League meets every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the League's Hall, 177 Halsey street. Exercises consist of music, readings, lecture, and discussion, in which all present are invited to participate. Admission free. Collection taken. Communications for the League should be addressed to J. W. Frankel, 10 Pine street, Newark.

CANADA.

TORONTO.—Secular Society. Reading and Lecture Rooms, No. 9 Grand Opera House. Open every evening and Sundays. Lecture every Sunday evening. Freethinkers and strangers are cordially invited.

MONTREAL.—Pioneer Freethought Club meets every Sunday at 3 P.M,, at 1310 Catharine street. Reading-room open daily until 10:30 P.M. Library open for exchange of books three evenings per week, and on Sunday afternoons. Free public lectures on Sundays as advertised in local newspapers. Strangers always welcome. G. S. Wilson President, M. O'B. Ward, M.D., Secretary.

NEW YORK.

ALBANY.—The Liberal association meets every Sunday at Van Vechten Hall, 119 State street. Sunday-school at 2 P.M. General business meeting and debates and discussions at 3 P.M. Lecture at 7:30 P.M. The public are cordially invited to attend, also all Liberals visiting the city. Admission free.

NEW YORK CITY.—The Manhattan Liberal Club meets every Friday evening at 8 o'clock, for a lecture and discussion, at German Masonic Temple, 220 East 15th street. Admission 5 cents. Monthly cards 20 cents. Membership fee $3.——The American Spiritualist Alliance meets every Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock in Republican Hall, 55 West 33d street.——The First Society of Spiritualists holds its meetings every Sunday in Republican Hall, 55 West 33d street. Morning service 11 o'clock; evening, 7:45. Seats free. Public cordially invited.——Frobisher College Hall, 23 East 14th street, near Broadway. The People's Spiritual Meeting every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 P.M.

BROOKLYN.—The Brooklyn Spiritual Society meets at Conservatory Hall, cor. of Fulton street and Bedford avenue, every Sunday. Services at 11 A.M. and 7:45 P.M. Admission free. Public cordially invited. Liberal and Spiritual papers and books for sale.——The Everett Hall Spiritual Conference, 398 Fulton street, meets every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. Meetings free. Spiritual literature for sale.——The Eastern District Spiritual Conference meets every Monday evening at Composite Room, 4th street, corner of south 2d street, at 7:45. Spiritual and Liberal literature on sale. All invited.——The Philosophical Association meets every Sunday afternoon in the Assembly Room of Wright's Business College, Broadway, corner of Fourth street, E. D., at 3 P.M. Public cordially invited. Doors open at 2:30 P.M.

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MR. D. J. COTTER, *Dear Sir:* Thinking you would like to know of the following, I notify you.

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Have you met with anything of this kind before by the application of your garments? I should be glad to have some information on the point. Yours respectfully,

DR. A. R. PETTIT,
149 Tompkins ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

COPY OF MY REPLY.

MAY 3, 1884.
312 Myrtle ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

DR. A. R. PETTIT, *Dear Sir:* Your favor received. In reply I beg to say I have several such cases, some of many years' standing, cured by the use of my Garments I would much like to see the tumor mentioned in your letter, if in your possession, if you will name a time I can call upon you. I will then give you all the information possible respecting the above-mentioned cases, and, if necessary providing my patrons are willing, will place you in correspondence with them, or the physicians who attended them prior to the use of my Garments. I await your reply. Yours respectfully,

DAVID J. COTTER.

Dr. A. R. PETTIT having replied, I called upon him and saw the tumor; it was the fibrous tissue of a large one; all other matter seemed to have been absorbed (by the action of the Garments) before it was expelled. I fully satisfied him of other such cases by letters in my possession from parties cured and their physicians.

The above speaks for itself, as the full name and address of the physician is given, and I have a doubt but he will be pleased to satisfy any inquiring mind of the above facts. D. J. COTTER.

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MRS. E. P. PLEASANTS,
Alderson, Monroe Co., West Va.

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Hoping thousands of others will be cured as I have been, I am, sir, Respectfully yours

MISS MARY C. BURTON,
Alderson, Monroe Co., West Va.

CURED OF ASTHMA.

FEB. 4, 1884.

DR. D. J. COTTER, *Dear Sir:* I had suffered with Asthma for years in its worst form, and never found anything to help me until I put on your Garments, in February, 1883. since then my Asthma has disappeared, and I have not been troubled about breathing in the least.

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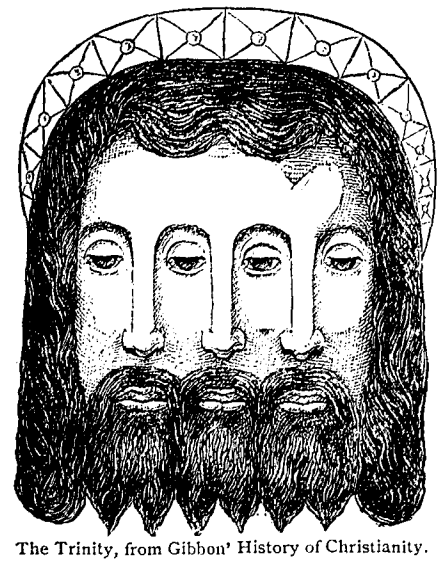
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The wise Cumæan Sibyl
Had not destroyed a line
Of those she brought to Tarquin,
The three that once were nine.

If the strong Powers had written
The reign of peace was near;
But the words were of swords—not plowshares,
And the prophecy austere.

Gone are the books of the Sibyls,
Sent down to earth in vain;
But others still more dolorous
In the hearts of Man remain!

—*R. H. Stoddard, in Independent.*

A Snake Story.

Two moccasins once waged a battle,
And much they fought like human cattle;
At first they shook the warning rattle,
Hissing their ire in snakish prattle.

At length, enraged beyond all reason,
Each other's tail they fiercely seize on,
By suction and by "dint o' squeezin',"
To swallow each in proper season.

The waning circle now grows smaller,
With every squeeze and every "swaller,"
In size a saucer—now a dollar—
There cannot be much more to "foller."

The little circlet still keeps shrinking,
Their snakeships of each other drinking;
The little eyelet now seems winking.
And like a spark goes out a-blinking.

Now, Christian friends, I know full well,
You'll not believe the tale I tell;
But if your reasons you adduce,
Why you to it your faith refuse,
These very reasons may be told
Against the Bible tales of old.

Irwin, Iowa. J. K. P. BAKER.

An Interesting Discussion Revived.

Since the learned S. P. Andrews and the poetic Mr. Putnam hav apparently concluded their interesting articles on "What is Science?" and settled down to the bottom positions of their respectiv doctrins, I avail myself of the privilege of assuming to act as a general critic, and hope to discover to the readers of your paper what is the real animus of the writers, with such other matter as I hope will prove interesting to them.

Mr. Putnam's assumption is that matter is the only substance, and the only thing having endurance, while mind is the result of this moving material manifested by the changes of its various forms; and that the highest object attained by matter, as the result of natural processes, is the production of the most perfect material forms; that of necessity they are constantly changing and giving place to new and better forms which endure for a time only, but with constant elements of change; that any mind which may be exhibited by any of the higher forms of matter (such as man) is only the incidental result of the action on motion of changing material forms. Hence he assumes that matter is the real substance, while mind is nothing. To put it in a somewhat different shape, we might say the whole effort of nature, in all its wonderful manifestations of matter and conscious mind, is to produce as a result a sublime nothing, and then immediately pitch into the worn-out organic stock, and work it all over into something else by the addition of other elements, and finally, in the course of Mr Putnam's infinit circle, produce the same grand and inimitable nothing forever. He consoles himself and his mourners over the failure of life, and the evanescent state of mind, that some fragments of a man's mind may, by the fortuitous circumstances of history, be handed down to a succeeding posterity, and incorporated into the life of humanity as a temporary benefit, not to himself, but to everybody else. And this is the grand, central, inspiring, and unselfish idea of modern Materialism, to realize which it requires the quintessence of unselfish devotion to humanity—to enable it to eat, drink, and be happy, for to-morrow it dies.

If Mr. Putnam and his friends expect to convert the world from Christian superstition and intolerant bigotry, I fear it will require a long time to do it by his doctrins; and to succeed, it will be neccessary to produce some palpable evidence of his affirmations in regard to matter and mind. And by no means can he sustain his assertion that such are the legitimate teachings of science. The immortality which he is advocating, while every word of it is a truth as fars as it goes, falls far short of the kind of immortality which every one is seeking for himself. We may induce ourselvs to believe in various theories about life, because of our inability to explain nature from our standpoint; but it will never do to assume the question in dispute, nor hunt for the answer like a school-boy, and then work the great problem of life to suit it.

Mr. Andrews, on the other hand, has laboriously shown that there is an objectiv and a subjectiv world in man; that the subjectiv is the only conscious one; that it only knows, and by the process of begripping the external and internal sensations is mind manifested, and that accordingly the true process of classification of knowledge is a mental process, and the true scientific process; that outside of man and mind there is no knowledge. But the essential point of difference between himself and Mr. Putnam he has not attempted to offer any arguments upon. He has not offered a solitary argument to show that this conscious inner world would continue after the dissolution of the material form, man's organic body, has changed and passed away. Mr. Putnam does not disagree essentially on the question of the manner in which sensations are produced, and there is apparently no difference about the fact of what constitutes scientific knowledge; but while Mr. Putnam strikes out boldly, and fearlessly defines his materialistic philosophy, we find Mr. Andrews obscuring his position with a profusion of etymological phrases, intended to explain what are the five senses, and the universological characters in the form of circles, cubes, triangles, etc., to correspond with them. This is a matter of curiosity and study. But what becomes of Universology if Mr. Putnam s philosophy is true? And how much will it benefit Mr. Putnam's humanity if our advanced thinkers cannot comprehend it now?

The question is, Does Universology teach the *immortality*, or any conscious life in a future state of existence, based upon the life of this existence? And if so, what arguments has it to sustain such a position? Or does it, in its unlimited accommodation, teach both immortality and annihilation for man, as Mr. Putnam's philosophy attempts?

The subjectiv world, then, in which the outer or objectiv is analyzed, compared, and classified, is the mental world of man's organization, and its modes are the only and the true scientific process. All knowledge is, therefore, the result of classification, and must be a purely mental process.

The whole *modus operandi* of nature, according to this view of life, is by means of the organic forms of being and feeling, and the various changes of organic structure, which are constantly producing a more advanced form of matter in which to manifest conscious feeling or mind, which is nature's greatest and most important work; the better minds always manifesting in the most perfect forms of organization.

If there *is* any object at all in nature this must be it, because it is a universal result.

By the Materialist, the only thing accomplished by nature is the production of material forms, while the thing which perceives and knows of these forms is nothing, and dies with them.

MOTION, SENSATION, AND MIND.

All matter contains motion, from the heterogeneity of its elements. Homogeneity is but an assumption; we are bound, for all practical purposes, to take matter as we find it. The elementary conditions of matter always did and always will exist. The different elements of matter hav a motion peculiar to themselvs, when effected in different states and conditions, and the motion in matter is but the law or mode or effort to impart its motions and conditions to all other matter in contact. This law accounts for the everlasting commotion, changes, and forms of life in a material point of view.

The various motions of matter are subject to the law of sympathetic vibration, and are all recognized by the fine material elements constituting man's organism. He is made sensible of them in the same way that any matter is moved outside of himself, which givs him sensation or feeling. All matter outside of as well as within man has feeling, is moved, and responds accordingly. Every sense which man has, and there are at least seven, may be reduced to one sense—the sense of feeling; but the highest sense of all is the sense of conscious being, which man possesses in an eminent degree. The sense of sight, hearing, tasting, smelling, and feeling, heat and force, are all variations of conscious feeling. Some philosophers boast of only five senses, but they hav more sense than they are aware of. It is strange that anyone should doubt the sense of force or heat, when even a vegetable or tree knows how to grow straight.

Many of the senses are compound. When we hear a sound we locate it. So of seeing. I am something different from my body. I am as sure of this as that everything outside of me is something different. If it were not for this distinct *ego* I would glide into a confused state of mind in which I could not distinguish myself, and would be lost amongst a multiplicity of forms, so that, whatever comes in contact with me, I am affected thereby and made conscious of its and my own separate existence. I hav, therefore, the same evidence of my identi y that I hav of that which is outside of me.

These conditions of life and being are transmitted from generation to generation. The most important consideration at this point is, how did I become a conscious human being, feeling motion, sensation, and consciousness? It came about through the organization and ascending scale of development and by the laws of heredity. And here is seen that other law of life, viz., the progress and development of lower into higher forms of life. Let us look at this. Every human being originated from two germs, a male and a female germ, the union and motion of these originating a human organism by an orderly and natural process, by means of the life-giving and life-sustaining elements of matter contained in these germs, and by having transmitted into them the conscious principle of life, and the peculiarities of the parent progenitors. This does not necessitate the influx or association of a spirit independently of the developing germs into a human being, for the spirit is as much an inheritance from the parents as the body it inherits, and this accounts for the parental characteristics.

The new-born babe has a conscious life, and givs evidence of it the moment it takes its first gasp of air. It immediately satisfies its bodily wants; it feels the chilling blasts of its new conditions, and by an instinct of feeling, superior to the slow process of reasoning or thinking, it huddles close to the source of maternal comfort. This givs evidence of a consciousness superior to ordinary mental processes to begin with, and this is its inheritance. Therefore man's spirit is the resnlt of a dual inheritance.

The next important step in this inquiry is the fact that all forms of matter in nature are advancing to a higher condition. All lower forms are giving place to higher forms of life, and always hav been, from the past to this time, and will continue in the future. There are no exceptions of any account to this law.

It will be observed that all the organic structures and senses and their growth in this new creature took place in a world where, by the necessity of the case, they could not be brought into use, where no exercise of such organs could be made, and where no direct action could impress these senses The babe had feet and limbs, hands and arms, and body developed in a state of being where they could not be used. See its delicate eyes, ears, the olfactory apparatus. The eyes formed in total darkness, not a ray of light to help on in the development, except those first received by the mother, and transmitted by impress upon this being, a purely unconscious process. Then its delicate ears, fully formed in a world so silent that even the throbbing of the maternal breast must hav been as still as death. In short, every element of organic life and being was transmitted by means of that umbilical attachment and by which formation took place, not for that abode, but to be used in another; and in order to effect this these life elements constituted a conscious entity similar to its progenitors. This is as true in regard to a human life as it is in the division and growth of the cells in protoplasmic life, and the one depends as much upon a germ or germs as the other. It shows that nature is constantly doing work in one stage of life which is to be progressed and utilized in a higher state.

The Materialist asserts that all this seeming effort of nature is but the production of the best physical forms of organic matter, and that although the human consciousness and mind is constantly advancing and growing and accumulating, even while the body it inhabits may be changing and decaying, yet at death of the body all the grand and stupendous images of thought must vanish like the mist before the morning rays, which is asserting that when nature has done her best she makes her greatest failure.

It is evident, then, that all this fine speculation and theorizing from a human point of view leads us directly and squarely against an impenetrable wall of doubt and uncertainty, which we cannot surmount by any human aid, nor penetrate with human sight. And just at this human terminus against which all efforts dash themselvs in vain, may be heard faint sounds and slight motions that indicate a solution of the difficult problem for those who will patiently listen and candidly investigate them.

The man who says he can see as deep into a millstone as the one who picks it is the most likely one to be mistaken.

There may be many facts and analogies in nature that will lead to both solutions of this question, but my word for it, there is but one direct way, which is to investigate all the phenomena accessible in our present time, and thereby undeceive ourselvs about what can and what cannot be done by nature.

The true solution may be had in the human intelligence conveyed by modern Spiritualism, and those who are too proud or too set in their egotism may contend and grapple and die in the struggle, but will never realize the truth which, according to the production of things around us, is tending to things above us. We were developed in a previous world so as to inhabit this, and are developing in this to inhabit a much higher and better one in a more advanced condition, and thus is nature ever bringing higher things from lower ones.

Wilkes Barre, Pa. J. R. PERRY.

Stray Scraps.

"Ingersoll says that a man who makes his family happy in this world can't be damned in the next."—*Boston Journal, April 28th.*

Well said! Does he mean to be understood that a woman who makes her family happy *can* be damned?

"The *Methodist Recorder* says that the Wesleyan body lose as many members every quarter as were saved on the day of pentecost. In illustration of this, it states that for the past three years the addition to the membership has been a thousand a week—162,599 all told. But the net increase is only 30,407. Or in another form, of every ten gained, seven are lost, one dies, and two only remain to represent the increase."—*Boston Journal, May 3d.*

Encouraging! and yet quite recently one of their clergymen boasted over Col. Ingersoll's assertion, "Orthodox religion is dying out in the civilized world," "Yes, at the rate that we are building a new Methodist church every day in the year." Churches increasing in advance of membership! Out of every ten converted, seven are lost, one dies, and two remain for God. What a falling from grace! Will *Methodist Recorder* please report their destiny?

Rev. Minot J. Savage's Easter sermon is a marvel in itself. It contains so many historical facts, sound deductions, and candid admissions both for and against ancient and modern religions, Spiritualism included, that it would be well if it could be printed entire in a tract as a model sermon, not only for the orthodox clergy, but for every believer, unbeliever, and would-be believer in modern Spiritualism. Such a summer-land as he depicts and hopes for would not be a bad exchange from this. I wish every one could read the sermon.

His "Virgin Mary" in answer to Boston *Pilot* and *Post* in THE TRUTH SEEKER, May 3d, is a gem. All honor to Minot J. Savage.

Yes, we hav been defeated in our Massachusetts House, 62 to 75, that "disbelief in God shall not effect the credibility of witnesses." But we shall get it yet. "Maryland Intolerance," "Taxing Church Property," "Religious Test of Jurors," and the "Saving the Missionary System of Christianity," make a tremendous quartet of subjects in May 3d TRUTH SEEKER, which, with "Editorial Notes," must, by the Liberals, be kept before the people until not a vestige of church power over the state remains. Agitate, then, "bretheren," agitate! and "sisters" be not in the rear in this great work of emancipating the world from the tyranny of superstition, priestcraft, and moral deception, which blinds to the reception of truth. ELLA E. GIBSON.

Barre, Mass., April 6, 284.

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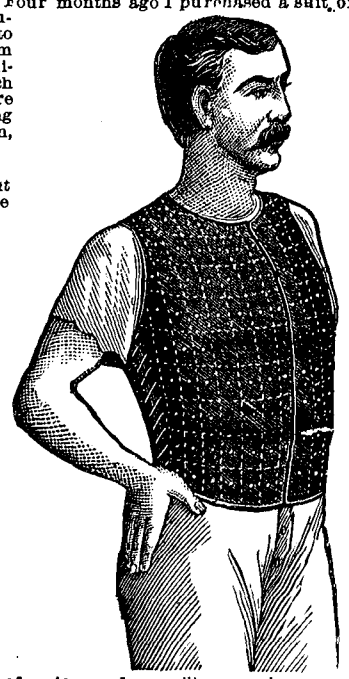
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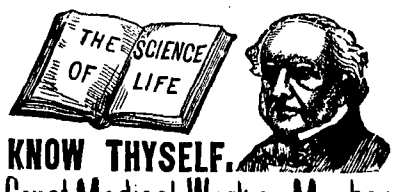
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BE assured it is far wiser to exercise to the fullest extent the powers and abilities which you possess, and to use the means within your reach, than to call upon imaginary beings and to look for help to those whom you know nothing of. Courage and determination can accomplish much, while timidity and irresolution must always prove failures.—*D. M. Bennett.*

YET we must confess that there is evil in human nature. We know that a certain thing is right, and yet there is the colossal selfishness of our nature which stands up in arms against us and seeks to corrupt our reason. There is a constant conflict against this enemy of ours; and if Liberalism means anything, it means a new assault upon the old, to bring new controversies into the conflict. Think of the story of Orpheus in the Greek mythology, who descended into the nether world in search of his wife, but failed of his object, because he was selfish, because in that region of darkness and death his heart shrank, and he thought of return to the upper life. Whoever dares to take up conflict with the powers of darkness in the human heart must not greatly value his life, but must go prepared to face difficulties, achieve his object, and secure victory for his cause. —*Felix Adler.*

IT is not the book in the quiet room that interests you so much as the busy ways of the world, the commercial interests of man, or, it may be, some mechanical craft to which your thoughts are ever turning, and your hearts inclining. How constantly are such differences observed in boys! Scholastic tasks weary and stupefy some who are all alert as soon as the unwelcome pressure is lifted from their minds, and their energies are allowed their natural play. Their aptitude is not for classic lore; their delight is not in love at all, but in activ work of some kind, the interest of which is of an every-day practical character.—*Principal Tullock.*

MAKE me feel the wild pulsation that I felt before the strife,
When I heard my days before me, and the tumult of my life;

Yearning for the large excitement that the coming years would yield,
Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves his father's field,

And at night along the dusky highway near and nearer drawn,
Sees in heaven the light of London, flaring like a dreary dawn;

And his spirit leaps within him, to be gone before him then,
Underneath the light he looks at, in among the throngs of men;

Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new,
That which they *hav* done but earnest of the things that they shall do.

—*Tennyson's Locksley Hall.*

'TIS well! from this day forward we shall know
That in our ourselvs our safety must be sought;
That by our own right hands it must be wrought;
That we must stand unpropped, or be laid low.
O dastard whom such foretaste doth not cheer!
We shall exult, if they who rule the land
Be men who hold its many blessings dear,
Wise upright, valiant, not a servil band
Who are to judge of danger which they fear,
And honor which they do not understand.

—*Wordsworth's Sonnets.*

THOSE who ridicule vulgar superstitions, and expose the folly of particular regards to meats, days, places, pictures, apparel, hav an easy task; while they consider all the qualities and relations of the objects and discover no adequate cause for that affection or antipathy, veneration or horror, which hav so mighty an influence over a considerable part of mankind. A Syrian would hav starved rather than taste *pigeon;* an Egyptian would not hav approached *bacon;* but if these species of food be examined by the senses of sight, smell, or taste, or be scrutinized by the sciences of chemistry, medicin, or physics, no difference is ever found between them and any other species, nor can that precise circumstance be pitched on, which may afford a just foundation for the religious passion. A fowl on Thursday is lawful food; on Friday, abominable; eggs in this house and in this diocese are permitted during Lent; a hundred paces farther, to eat them is a damnable sin. This earth or building, yesterday, was profane; to-day, by the muttering of certain words, it has become holy and sacred. Such reflections as these, in the mouth of a philosopher, one may safely say, are too obvious to hav any influence, because they must always, to every man, occur at first sight; and where they prevail not of themselvs, they are surely obstructed by education, prejudice, and passion, not by ignorance or mistake.—*Hume's Essays.*

IT is the highest merit of our educational system that it puts into the hands of every teacher a means by which he can awaken in the youthful mind a craving which will refuse to be satisfied with the scanty pabulum the common school affords. It would be well if every journal of influence would strive to plant larger ideas of education in the minds of parents, and to evoke loftier aspirations in the minds of children, instead of belittling its importance in the eyes of the latter, and encouraging the former to begrudge the necessary expenses.—*Toronto Globe.*

MEN exist for the sake of one another. Teach them, then, or bear with them.—*Antoninus.*

Please cut this petition out, attach it to a blank sheet of paper, sign your name and address to it, get all your friends and neighbors to do the same, and then send it to this office.

A PETITION FOR STATE SECULARIZATION.

To the Honorable Senators and Members of the House of Representatives of the United States Congress:

A republican form of government being based on liberty, equality, and fraternity, as both means and end, involves the separation of Church and State, whose union is the worst form of class-legislation and the most infallible sign of arbitrary power. A house divided against itself cannot stand. The institutions of this Commonwealth should be made homogeneous throughout. Impartial protection of all citizens in their equal rights and liberties, by encouraging the free movement of mind, promotes the establishment of truth in whatever direction. Any infringement by government of this absolute equality of its citizens is the parent of manifold evil, a national crime committed against that natural "justice" which, as the Constitution declares, this government was founded to "establish."

And yet, though the first amendment to the Constitution of the United States says, "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof," there does exist a union of Church and State, which gives to Christianity moral and material aid, and so proscribes other religions and forms of belief and unbelief, while taxing these also for the support of that special religion.

The ways in which this old alliance between Church and State still survives among us are:

1. Recognition of God and Christianity in State Constitutions.
2. Exemption of Church property from taxation.
3. Appropriations of public money for sectarian purposes.
4. Religious exercises, as the reading of the Bible, etc., in the public schools.
5. Laws enforcing the observance of the Sabbath on the authority of the Bible.
6. Religious test-oaths in courts of justice and on instalment into office.
7. Chaplaincies in the Legislature, the Army, and the Navy.
8. Fast and Thanksgiving Proclamations, which contain theological ideas that may or may not be acceptable to the citizen.

The necessity for this separation of Church and State is more apparent now than ever before, because of the still greater diversity of religious beliefs, the many forms of dissent from the religion which receives State patronage, and the growing signs of sectarian strife and ambition in the arena of politics. And emphasis needs to be given to the fact that the union of Church and State is *a great hindrance to the employment of right methods* in dealing with many questions of reform now demanding attention. And most essential is it at all times, and especially in the present, in order to secure for the law its due respect and observance, that the people's representatives should exhibit the strictest fidelity to their trusts by following the law in its letter and spirit.

Your petitioners, therefore, pray that immediate action be taken by the law-making power to bring into harmony the theory and practice of our government in making the following principle a part of the fundamental law of the land by amendment to the United States Constitution:

The total separation of Church and State, by prohibiting Congress or any State, County, Municipality, or Township from enacting any law that favors religion in any of the eight ways specified, or in any other way, or prohibits the free exercise thereof.

THE TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL

—AND—

Freethinkers' Almanac for 1884

(E. M. 284.)

WITH EIGHTEEN FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS.

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Odds and Ends.

THE way of the transgressor is—Canada.

A RECENT scientific theory is to the effect that it is possible under certain conditions to hear color. We are very glad to know this, because when we are walking around at night when it is dark, and we hav new clothes on, it will be gratifying to hear the green paint that has just been put on our enslaver's front stoop.

THE sugar flows out of the maple,
The blossom is white on the limb,
The fence wears the bill of the circus,
The boys are beginning to swim;
Hotels at the seaside and mountains
To advertise now do not fail,
And the ball breaks the first-baseman's fingers,
Or rips off a nail.

"NOW, brudders an' sistahs, I will now take up a collection fur de preacher," said the colored minister to his congregation a few nights ago. "An' I 'spec'fully' advise you ter not put no buttons in de conterbution hat, as I is goin' roun' myse'f, an' will take a list of de button membahs of dis congergation an' make them de subjec' ob my sermon de naix meetin'. Close that doah, dar."

SOON will the merry picnic days
In season roll around,
When, to escape the sun's fierce rays,
We'll seek the shaded ground,
Where ants hav a peculiar knack
Of wandering from their bed
And marching up a fellow's back
With a slow and measured tread.

OUR esteemed agricultural uncle, *The Rural New Yorker*, published a cut called "A Rabbit-Tight Fence." If there is anything that fills our souls with chaste and lovely music, it is a good fence-scape. But now we should be happy to see our E. C. bring out a picture of a fence through which a cow cannot crawl, over which two women cannot jaw back at each other, or a base-ball fly and go through your window.

"How do you like the new minister, Mary?" "I think he's just too sweet." "Preaches eloquent sermons?" "I don't know; our pew's too far back to hear well, but he called the other evening while pa and ma were away, and said he was going to restore one of the customs of the earlier church." "Did he giv you any idea of what it was?" "Oh, yes; he gave it to me several times." "What did he call it?" "The holy kiss."

"EDGAR darling,
Precious creature!
You're so sweet
I want to eat yer!"

"O Laurie, my own!
O glorious fate,
To be the Poe—
Et-Laurie-ate."

"ARE you still a member of the Temple Baptist church?" "Yes," she answered, "but it's very pokey, and I'm getting awfully tired of it." "Tired of it! You surprise me!" "Do I? Then you can't imagin what it is. In Mrs. Sprawl's church they're trying the clergyman for bigamy; at Mrs. Chizzleton's there's a jolly row among the deacons; Mr. Jorkins tells me a big scandal is brewing in their congregation, and unless something exciting happens in our church pretty soon, I know I shall hav to attend divine worship somewhere else."

ON one of the southern railroads there is a station called "Sawyer." Lately a newly married couple boarded the train, and were very loving indeed The brakeman noticed the gushing groom kiss the bride about two hundred times, but maintained a serene quiet. Finally the station in question was reached, and just after the whistle sounded the groom gave the bride a rousing smack on the lip, and the brakeman opened the door and shouted: "Sawyer! Sawyer!" "What's that?" responded the groom, looking over his shoulder at the brakeman. "Sawyer," replied the brakeman. "Well, I don't care a d— if you did; she's my wife."

GRANDPA likes to kiss wee Sallie.
She says no;
Says his whiskers, thicky and bushy,
Prick her so.
Grandpa's head is smooth and shiny
On the top.
Where the hair began to thin and
Wouldn't stop.
Grandpa kisses; Sallie questions,
So 'tis said,
"Grandpa, why not put your whiskers
On your head?"

DURING the overflow, just as the water was creeping up into the loft of a cabin, an old negro man, dropped on his knees, clasped his hands and prayed: "O Lawd, I'd jes like ter know what I'se eber done to desarbe all dis heah punishment. Lawd, ef yar sarvant hab eber tuck nothin' what didn't 'long ter him, an' he's afraid dat he hab, he's mighty sorry for hit. Water am all right, Lawd, but too much eben o' a good thing makes a man powerful sick." Just then Col. Milridge, who owned the plantation, came in a boat, and hearing the old negro, climbed noiselessly on to the roof. "Lawd, I'se tried ter be hones' an—" "Didn't you steal Milridge's hogs?" asked the colonel in a deep voice. "What's dat, Lawd?' in tones of agitation. "You know what I said. Didn't you steal Milridge's hogs?" "Lawd, come ter think er'bout it, bl'ebe I did sorter take holter one." "Old man, there is no use in lying to me. I hav been watching you for a long time, and I hav decided to punish you according to crime." "O Lawd, ef yer'll jes' let me off dis time, I neber will do nothin' else ter 'zerb punishment. I 'knowledges dat I'se de bigges' thief in de community, an' yer sarvint crabes pardon." The colonel began to laugh and the old man catching sight of him, said, "I sees yer up dar, colonel. I knowed it wuz yerse'f all de time. I never stold no hogs nor nuffin' else," climbing out on the roof. "Bless de Lawd, colonel, yer boat am floated erway. Uh, huh. Dat's whut yer gits fur tryin' ter ack de Lawd."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

THE TRUTH SEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

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Notes and Clippings.

THE woman suffrage question is to receive the expression of the legal voters of Oregon at the June election.

CUMMOO SULEIMAN, a wealthy citizen of Bombay, India, is soon to build and endow in that city a dispensary for women where female physicians will be in attendance.

ONLY a third of the ministers now assembled at the Methodist General Conference are in favor of allowing women to preach. Methodism, it appears, is a survival of puritanism into which new ideas creep slowly—very slowly.

THE surplus in the United States treasury over the national expenditures was $37,000,000 in 1860. It was only $2,000,000 in 1874; in 1881 it was over $100,000,000; in 1882, over $145,000,000, and in 1883 it was $133,000,000. This givs a per capita wealth of $2.66.

THE directors of the Chicago Driving Park hav unanimously decided to hav both running and trotting meetings on Sundays during the coming summer season. No pools will be sold or gambling in any shape allowed. Neither will their be any whisky sold. The idea is simply to afford the masses an opportunity to witness good racing on the only day they can affort to take the holiday.

AT a recent vestry meeting at St. Ethelbuga, Bishopsgate, in London, one of the speakers complained that, although the rector of the parish is in receipt of an income of £1,065 a year, his duties are entirely delegated to a curate, who receives an annual stipend of £140 only. It was stated that since the legal contest between the parish and the rector, on the subject of ritualistic practices, which ended in a victory for the church wardens, seven years since, the rector had not been seen in the parish. But he earns his money as fully now as when he officiated every Sunday.

THE new lecture by Col. Ingersoll, entitled, "Orthodoxy Dying," is creating a profound impression at the East. The great Agnostic especially assails in his own incomparable style the new and "improved" Congregational creed, and lays bare its absurdities and superstitions. The lecture has been published in full in a number of the leading dailies, and owing to the extraordinary demand for it, THE TRUTH SEEKER, though publishing it some time ago, was compelled to republish it in the issue of week before last. The blood-stained old temple of orthodoxy is tottering, and its sins and iniquities glare hideously under the electric light of Agnosticism.—*The Universe.*

WHEN the subscription list for the erection of the Garibaldi monument was opened, the Catholic community at Loreto, consenting for the moment to forget Garibaldi's anti-clericalism, and looking at him only as a great patriot, contributed toward the carrying out of the scheme. All went well until the final small details concerning the inscription, etc., came to be settled, when the religious subscribers were shocked to learn that the committee had decided to engrave on the base of the statue a denunciation of Christianity in general, and of the belief in the famous Loreto "manifestations" in particular. The government promptly vetoed the inscription.

THE Monmouth *Republican* says that a New Yorker rented a cottage in Asbury Park in the latter part of April, and expected to take his family there about May first, but an incident that happened one Sunday caused him to change his mind and break his lease. He was walking down Main street about when the train from New York passed the station, and continued on its travels without stopping at the Park. The New Yorker opened his eyes with astonishment, when he was told by a gentleman that trains were not allowed to stop at the station on Sunday. "Very well," he said, "this is a big country, but this portion of the United States is too small to hold me, and I'll locate for the summer in a more civilized part of the globe!" And he will, for he went up to the agent on Monday and had his lease cancelled.

ANCIENT ruins which surpass anything of the kind yet discovered on the American continent hav been found at Sonora, about four leagues southeast of Magdalena, Mexico. There is one pyramid which has a base of 4,350 feet, and rises to a hight of 750 feet. It has a winding roadway from the bottom leading by an easy grade to the top, wide enough for carriages to pass over, which is many miles in length. On the sides of this mountain a people of an unknown age hav cut hundreds upon hundreds of rooms from 5x10 to 16 or 18 feet square. These rooms are cut out of solid stone, and so even and true are the walls, floor, and ceiling, so plumb and level, as to defy variation. There are no windows in the rooms, and but one entrance, which is always from the top. The rooms are 8 feet high from floor to ceiling. On the walls are numerous hieroglyphics and representations of human forms, with feet and hands of human beings cut in the stone in different places.

THE lottery, as a means of raising revenue for church purposes, lingers as a survival in the province of Quebec. In Canada the lottery is illegal, unless when utilized for church purposes; and it is a mine which different denominations work to a greater or less extent. By the church of Rome, in Quebec, it is made the means of raising considerable sums of money. But the growing objection to the lottery, which has put an end to it as a means of raising revenue for state purposes, in most countries is being gradually extended to it as a source of church revenue. The rivalries of denominations do not tend to weaken the force of the denunciation. A bill now before the legislature of the province to incorporate "The Grand Colonization Lottery," in which the drawings may be for $1,000,000 each, is creating a lively discussion. Lotteries are denounced in the bulls as immoral, and strong advocates of provincial autonomy call on the federal government to veto the bill should it pass the local legislature Its defenders deny the general proposition that lotteries are immoral. The secular journals, published in the French language, say that in a question of morals it is for the church to decide, and that the church has never condemned lotteries as such, but has rather encouraged them when, as in this case, their objects are laudable. The declared objects of this bill are the erection and maintenance of churches and religious institutions, the settlement of wild lands in the province, the "promotion of education and morality," and the establishment of villages and parishes in parts of the country not now settled. At the head of the proposed company is Father Labelle.

GEORGE ELIOT'S opinion of the author of "Night Thoughts" is expressed as follows: "He is equally impressed with the momentousness of death and burial fees; he languishes at once for immortal life and for 'livings;' he has a fervid attachment to patrons in general, but, on the whole, prefers the Almighty. He will teach, with something more than official conviction, the nothingness of earthly things; and he will feel something more than private disgust if his meritorious efforts in directing men's attention to another world are not rewarded by substantial preferment in this. His secular man believes in cambric bands and silk stockings as characteristic attire for 'an ornament of religion and virtue;' hopes, courtiers will never forget to copy Sir Robert Walpole; and writes begging letters to the king's mistress. His spiritual man recognizes no motivs more familiar than Golgotha and 'the skies;' it walks in graveyards, or it soars among the stars. His religion exhausts itself in ejaculations and rebukes, and knows no medium between the ecstatic and the sententious. If it were not for the prospect of immortality, he considers it would be wise and agreeable to be indecent, or to murder one's father; and, heaven apart, it would be extremely irrational in any man not to be a knave. Man, he thinks, is a compound of the angel and the brute; the brute is to be humbled by being reminded of its 'relation to the stalls,' and frightened into moderation by the contemplation of deathbeds and skulls; the angel is to be developed by vituperating this world and exalting the next; and by this double process you get the Christian—"the highest style of man." With all this, our newmade divine is an unmistakable poet. To a clay compounded chiefly of the worldling and the rhetorican, there is added a real spark of Promethean fire. He will one day clothe his apostrophes and objurgations, his astronomical religion and his charnel-house morality, in lasting verse, which will stand, like a Juggernaut made of gold and jewels, at once magnificent and repulsiv; for this divine is Edward Young, the future author of the 'Night' Thoughts.'" Reviewing the book in which the foregoing appears, the *Tribune* says: "That the author's estimate of Young's personal character and the moral spirit of his religious poetry was just and discriminating, requires no extended argument. The 'Night Thoughts' was not the work of one who in any strict sense could be called a religious teacher."

THE Presbyterian General Assembly, after long discussion, adopted the following resolution: "That inasmuch as prominent among the forms of Sabbath desecration prevalent in our times are those to which many railroad and steamboat companies and publishers of Sunday newspapers are addicted, the Assembly earnestly counsels all our people not to be, as owners, managers, or employees of any company, nor as shippers or passengers on the Sabbath, nor as publishers, patrons, or writers for Sunday newspapers, partakers in the guilt of these flagrant forms of Sabbath breaking." It will be observed that the General Assembly only counsels Presbyterians to take no part in what it denounces as Sabbath desecration. But why does it not go further, and require them to desist from practices which it regards as contrary to the express command of God? In the view of the highest authority in the Presbyterian church, nearly all Presbyterians are guilty of the sin of Sabbath desecration, and yet, instead of commanding them to abandon their evil courses, and conform their conduct to the divine law, it only advises them to act differently. It lays down no rule as to the matter which they must obey under pain of ecclesiastical disciplin. The Assembly, of course, knew that it would be impossible to enforce such a rule in the churches without driving out nearly the whole membership. Especially Presbyterian capitalists, the men who giv the denomination its substantial support, are almost without exception Sabbath breakers within the meaning of the resolution we hav quoted. They buy stocks and bonds to make profit out of them, and if the profit is increased by Sunday earnings they are all the better pleased. So far as we know, the late William E. Dodge was the only conspicuous Presbyterian who ever refused to own stock in roads that run on Sunday. Presbyterians, too, are generally purchasers and readers of Sunday newspapers, and our neighbor, Mr. Whitelaw Reid, though a Presbyterian, publishes the *Tribune* on Sunday. Presbyterians do not hesitate to use the elevated railroads and the horse cars on Sunday to go to and from church, though they could easily walk the distance. We also see on a Sunday long lines of the carriages of rich Presbyterians before the doors of their temples of worship. But if it is sinful to do these things, the General Assembly is bound in duty to forbid them, even if the church is stripped bare of the wealth upon which it depends. If the men who practice them are guilty of "flagrant forms of Sabbath breaking," the church which harbors them, despite its denunciation of their sin, participates in their guilt, and shows an inconsistency which the scoffer will call hypocritical. The truth is that our civilization does not permit of any such strict observance of Sunday as a Sabbath as the General Assembly counsels. But to be consistent, a church should either revise its teachings as to Sunday observance so as to conform them to the necessities of civilization, or, keeping its old doctrins, boldly and uncompromisingly enforce them, on the ground that civilization is doing violence to the law of God.—*Sun.*

News of the Week.

THIRTEEN persons died of yellow fever in Havana last week.

THE broken Newark savings bank promises a dividend of 50 per cent to its depositors.

HOT weather prevailed in New York last week. Several cases of sunstroke occurred.

THE Anti-monopolists hav nominated Benjamin F. Butler for president, and the general has accepted.

ABOUT 50,000 persons went from this city to Coney Island last Sunday, it being the opening of the season.

THE Prohibitionists of Washington are pledging themselvs to cut loose entirely from both the Republican and Democratic parties.

A LITTLE girl was run over in Brooklyn, and lost her leg. Her widowed mother sued the railroad company and recovered $10,000 damages.

THE West Side Bank, New York, has stopped payment. The teller got away with some $100,000, which precipitated a run and ruined the business.

JAMES D. FISH, president of the bursted Marine Bank of this city, was arrested last Sunday evening. Ward, the partner of Grant, has been in jail for several days.

ONE failure has followed another during the past two weeks, and one bank after another has gone up. The business community is pervaded with general suspicion.

HENRY GEORGE secured the use of a pulpit in Brooklyn last Sunday in which to deliver his lecture on Moses. His utterances on the land question caused some of the audience to leave the church.

THE Very Rev. Henry Thomas Edwards, Dean of Bangor, Eng., committed suicide on the 24th. He had been suffering from insomnia, which is supposed to hav brought on aberration of the mind.

THE Atlantic coast has no longer a Russian church. The one in New York closed about a year ago; and by order of the Holy Synod of Russia, the consul-general has shipped all the paraphernalia to San Francisco.

AN insane mother in St. Louis last Sunday cut the throats of her three children, aged respectivly, 5 years, 3 years, and 4 months, and then cut her own. Two of the children and the mother were fatally wounded.

PRESIDENT SCHARMANN, in a speech before the Brewers' Association last week, showed from statistics that "hand in hand with the growth of the brewing interest the percentage of insanity due to the use of alcohol had decreased."

THE big bridge between New York and Brocklyn had been open a year on the 24th inst. During the year 6,083,100 foot passengers crossed the structure, 587,024 vehicles, and 5,151,220 car passengers. The receipts were $391,770.

Two well-known ladies of Huntingdon, Ct., were arrested last Saturday for purloining goods from the merchants in Birmingham. As both are wealthy, and members of the Congregational church, it is proper to speak of their eccentricity as kleptomania.

THE United States Senate has passed a bill to establish a Labor Bureau for the purpose of collecting information upon the subject of labor, its relation to capital, the hours of labor, and the earnings of laboring men and women, and the means of promoting their material, social, intellectual, and moral prosperity.

M. STANJUKOVITCH, the publisher of the journal *Djelo*, which was recently suppressed at St. Petersburg, Russia, has been placed under arrest. M. Ostrogorscky, the editor, and teacher at the same time in a gymnasium, was ordered to continue the publication of the *Djelo* as an advocate of the government's policy or to resign his position in the gymnasium. He at once resigned.

A Freethought Romance.

Waifs and Wanderings.

BY SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE COURT ROOM.

Judge Arno pinned his faith entirely to the law and the evidence. With a thoroughly cultivated mind, and in the main a noble and generous disposition, he was nevertheless one of those limited natures who can see nothing beyond the established rule. He had not a spark of originality. The way of the world was to him the best way conceivable. What had been done was the standard of what should be done. The wisdom of the past ages was the wisdom of all future ages. Not a dishonest thought was in his mind, but his thought was only a repetition. It was a photograph, and not a picture; a richly bound copy of what others had declared to be the truth. He would not swerve a hair's breadth from conscience, but his conscience was the fixed result of custom. It was an elaborate edition of the powers that be.

A fine-looking man he was, with white hair that seemed a crown of glory; a pleasant face, a Roman aspect, a bearing full of dignity, a presence gracious and imperturbable. He appeared a majestic impersonation of justice. Ah, he would have been if what the world thinks were right, if the voice of the majority and the dead past were indeed the voice of eternal verity. Being, however, but a mixture of error and wisdom, Judge Arno's reflection of it was as apt to be a sword to kill as a scepter to uplift.

So the drama proceeds, with him as the central figure, to dispense justice as it is in the eyes of the world, but to dispense *with* justice as nature proclaims it from those depths which only genius can sound.

The forms of justice were rigidly observed. In every respect red tape was scrupulously honored. Not a ceremony was omitted. Oh, what a useful thing law would be if it were as fresh and strong on the inside as it is cut and dried on the outside!

Sandy and Bolton had their evidence well marshaled, and it was not easily to be overthrown.

They both declared that a slave marriage ceremony had been performed between Amy and Sandy. A forged document signed by a local Methodist minister was produced certifying to this. A marriage being thus apparently performed, the legislative statute was produced, declaring that all slave marriages were valid.

"The evidence is overwhelming, your honor, and I do not see how you can decide otherwise than that the marriage is legal and holds. Law is law, and marriage is marriage."

"You are right," said the judge. "If the marriage is proven, then the law must take its course. Her husband can claim his rights."

"Let me ask a question," interposed Sandy. "This is so important that in order to get at the exact truth we must insist that every point of the law be rigidly enforced."

"I will see to that," said the judge. "The letter of the law shall be obeyed."

"I have no doubt of it," said Sandy, "and that the truth will be made clear. I wish to call your attention to the fact that under the law of this state no one can testify unless they believe in a God—a most wise provision—for surely if one does not believe in God, how can we trust his word? There is nothing to keep him from lying."

"Your point is well made," said the judge, "and in this respect the law must be observed. I shall be particular as to one's belief on this point."

"Then justice will be done," cried Sandy.

The first evidence put in by Sandy was the forged document, but forged so cleverly that it was almost impossible to discover the fact. This was a sort of marriage certificate, or declaration that the so-called ceremony, so far as slaves were concerned, had been performed between Amy and Sandy. This document bore the signature of a certain itinerant Methodist minister of much local repute, but since dead. Bolton and Sandy both swore to the genuineness of the signature and to the fact of the marriage.

"What is your religious belief?" asked the judge. "The law requires, in order that one's testimony be valid, that he believe in God."

"Most assuredly do I believe in God," answered Bolton, who was a Presbyterian of the old school. "I believe in an infinite and eternal God, the maker of the heavens and the earth, who has ordained from the beginning that a certain number shall be saved and a certain number damned; who has revealed himself in the scriptures of the Old and New Testaments; who sent his only beloved son into the world that we, believing in him, might be saved; and he that believeth not shall be damned. To all this I most devoutly subscribe."

"He must be able to tell a pretty big whopper if he believes all that," said Cupples slyly to Jones.

And certainly, after his confession of faith, Bolton proceeded to tell a most consummate falsehood, in the most unctuous and pious manner. I do not believe he could have told the truth with greater sincerity. He declared that he had witnessed the marriage ceremony between Amy and Sandy. Of course, having expressed his belief in such a magnificent creed, his magnificent lie was received as proper legal evidence.

Sandy's faith in God was a little different from Bolton's. He was a Methodist and did not believe in foreordination and that sort of thing.

"I believe," said he, "in the father, son, and holy ghost. That in Adam we fell, and that Christ is our savior, and washed in his blood we shall become pure as snow, and all our sins will be forgiven."

Evidently Sandy meant to make the most of his chance to sin while he could, and so drive a good bargain with heaven. He reasoned, I suppose, that there was no use in having an atoning sacrifice unless one had a vast amount of sins to be washed away; the more deserved punishment one had to be rid of the more satisfactory the arrangement. There would be but little pleasure in forgiveness if one didn't have a big thing to be be forgiven.

Sandy meant to get as much out of God's grace as possible, to have all he could out of sin, and then, at the last, all he could out of redemption. He was a devil of a saint and a most orthodox sinner. He testified, without hesitation, to his marriage with Amy, and in every way corroborated the perjury of Bolton. Legally the conspirators had pretty well entrenched themselves. So far, according to evidence, there was a valid marriage.

Of course the simple truth could destroy this evidence very easily if it only had a fair chance. But the trouble with all our courts is that the truth is so hedged in with a thousand formalities that its natural and serene strength avails nothing. Oftentimes it is so clogged that it hesitates as if it were a criminal indeed; while in these very formalities falsehood has a thousand places in which to lurk and save itself, and, indeed, flourish triumphantly.

A vigorous defense, however, was made. Harry was put upon the stand. When questioned in regard to his belief in God, he said:

"I cannot say that I believe in the God of the Bible, but I believe in some sort of a universal good spirit which I feel justified in calling God, though it is absolutely indefinable, and is more a feeling than an idea."

"I object, then, to his testimony," cried Sandy. "This is a Christian country—is it not?—and he must believe in the Christian's God."

"Certainly he must," said Bolton. "Harry always has been an Infidel, and I don't believe he can legally testify. I object."

"The law only requires belief in God," answered Harry, "and in rewards and punishments—that is, in retribution. In this I honestly believe, that they who break the law will suffer by the law. In this I find evidence of what I call God, but I do not profess to understand this God. He is incomprehensible and unknowable. I appeal to the judge."

The judge had some good sense, and so answered: "The law only requires a belief in God. It does not define what kind of a God. Whether the Mohammedan's, or the Christian's, or the Jews, or the Deist's. I decide that this witness is competent to give testimony. He declares his belief in some kind of a deity. That satisfies the law."

Harry's evidence bore somewhat strongly against that of his father and Sandy; although he could not of course swear that the ceremony had not been performed. He only proved some circumstances that made it improbable.

Cupples, and Jones, and Hapgood, and Dr. Dobson were put upon the stand to tell what they knew, which, however, did not legally amount to much, except to corroborate the drift of circumstances to what Harry had testified.

Cupples, when questioned as to his religious belief, said that his head was in a muddle on that point, and he did not know exactly what he believed, but so far as he could find out there was some sort of an overruling power that after a fashion made things right. He thought there was a big devil somewhere who had a great deal to do with the management of affairs, and almost won the game, but in the end, as good luck would hav it, was checkmated.

"So, then, you can honestly say that you believe in God," said the judge.

"Yes," answered Cupples; "that is, I believe in God more than I do in the devil, and I suppose it must be one or the other. God on the whole is a majority, and so rules; though there's a devilish big minority."

"You can testify," said the judge, good naturedly, although Bolton and Sandy with righteous indignation declared that it was an insult to God, and the destruction of all morality, to allow such evidence.

Jones said he had never thought of the matter before. He had not bothered his head about the existence of God. He believed in God, for that was the way of the world. He didn't see any particular reason for not believing. On the whole, things went on smoothly, and there was more happiness than misery. He didn't believe in a personal God, for he couldn't conceive of such a being; but he was inclined to think there was an influence that in the end made for the best.

This was enough to satisfy the judge, and so Jones told all that he knew about the matter.

Hapgood, of course, had no hesitation in declaring his belief. He was as glib as Sandy, and almost as orthodox as Bolton. It delighted him, indeed, to deliver a sermon on this all-important subject.

"There is indeed a God. The heavens declare his glory, and the firmament showeth his handiwork. He is omnipresent—not a sparrow falleth to the ground without him. He numbers the hairs of our head. He is father to the fatherless. He is without variableness, or shadow of turning. He inhabiteth eternity. He rides upon the whirlwind. He is a consuming fire. In him we liv, and move, and hav our being," etc., etc., to the end of the chapter.

Of course the testimony of a man who had such a glowing faith as this must be received in every court in the land, and Hapgood's passed without challenge.

There was some hesitation about Dr. Dobson. He really didn't believe much in a God. His creed was Atheism, with a certain mixture of Pantheism, and it was a very nice question to decide whether he had enough Pantheism to entitle him to giv testimony in a court of law. Since the doctor desired to say what he could in favor of Amy, he was willing to make the most of his Pantheism, and the least of his Atheism. So he put it this way:

"I can't affirm that I believe in an infinite and all-powerful God; but in a God with certain limitations, who is perhaps what you might call a stream of tendency, or the evolution of things. I think the universe is about right, though not exactly right. There are some flaws which may sometime work for good. In this sense I can declare that I believe in God."

"With this explanation," said the judge, "you are willing simply to say, I believe in God."

Dr. Dobson thought a moment, shut his eyes, and then answered:

"I think I can say this much with a good conscience. It's stretching the truth a bit, but under the circumstances if it's a lie, it's a good, nice, white one. It can't harm anybody. Yes, I will make that affirmation."

The judge ruled that the doctor could be received. He had in substance complied with the demands of the law.

The evidence, although somewhat slight and circumstantial up to this point, had been worked together with great skill, and formed a substantial basis upon which Amy's own testimony could be given, and be accepted legally at its full value; and, with any fair-minded judge, would turn the scale in her favor. Indeed, it seemed almost certain that Bolton and Sandy would be defeated in their scheme.

"Do you believe in God?"

For a moment Amy hesitated, and then calmly and firmly answered:

"I do not."

There was astonishment all over the court room.

"Do I understand you aright?" said the judge. "Is it possible that you, a woman, do not believe in God?"

"I do not," said Amy softly. "I cannot."

"Cannot," said the judge. "Are you insane? The fool says in his heart there is no God."

"That may be the old story, it is not the new. What the fool says in his heart, the wise man says in his head."

"But do you not see evidences all around you," persisted the judge. "See the design manifest in nature, in the stars, the flowers; everything."

"Design; but for what? for good and bad together. Who can trust the so-called design to make him happy. Does it make all happy as it would if there were a God? I cannot shut my eyes to the misery that is in the world. I myself have suffered tortures unnameable and innumerable. I have prayed, and no answer has ever come to my prayer. I have had to rely upon myself, otherwise I should have been crushed. If, however, I alone were the unhappy one, I might pass it by if all others were happy; for no matter what my condition might be, if all others were happy I indeed should rejoice; but millions are more unhappy than myself. It is born into my soul with unutterable agony, that there is no infinite goodness. Not my intellect, but my moral nature revolts against such a contradiction. All that has been done that we might ascribe to intelligence and love, we must ascribe to man. Man alone helps and makes better. The universe is neither friend nor foe. It is a field as apt to thistles as to roses, whereon we work and make the harvest. This is to me an overpowering conviction, and I cannot deny it, not even to save my life or my liberty."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Sin the Sun Forgot to Mention.

From the New York Sun of May 17th.

To the Editor of the Sun, Sir: In a recent paper you stated the *Sun* was run as a newspaper, and not as a religious weekly. Very good; in your enumerating the sins of a senator (April 30) you did not state that the most infamous sin of Edmunds was bringing into the Senate a bill for a Constitutional amendment incorporating the Christian God in the Constitution.

Grand Ledge, May 14th. JAMES MOYER.

The Fate of Christianity.

Christianity will pass away. The great champion of conscience; the arrogant power which has caused kings and princes to tremble; the boasted faith whose measureless ambition has prompted it to attempt to bring the whole human race into its fold, must be numbered with things that were. With mute eloquence the deserted pulpit will speak of man's release from the shackles of superstition. The pilgrim will seek in vain for walls that echo the story of a crucified redeemer. Light from the gorgeous stained window will cease to fall upon the bended head of the pious devotee. The solemn tones of the organ will be stilled, and the stirring chant of the choir. Hushed forever will be the footfall of the usher in the long aisles, and the sable robe, and cross, and crucifix will be laid away. Heavenward-pointing spires will fall to the ground and become heaps of *debris*, or be carried off and put to some useful purpose. But, says a good Christian brother, "How can this be? In all Christian countries, beautiful churches are being built every year. Revivals are being held, at which large numbers of converts are brought to a knowledge of the unspeakable joys of the religion of Christ. Sunday-schools are flourishing, missionaries, evangelists, and salvation armies are laboring with the heathen, and the day will surely come when all mankind will bow at the foot of the cross."

The man who predicts the downfall of Christianity must not place any weight upon feelings of revenge prompted by personal injuries at the hands of Christians, nor upon the fact that many people wish it to go down because they think something better might be substituted.

Upon what is Christianity founded, and whither is the ruling thought of the world tending? Science has effectually and forever exploded the absurd Bible story of the creation, and convinced every mind over which reason reigns that a miracle is an impossibility. Passing over the filth and obscenity of the Bible without comment, of what value is it to us as a history? Granting that Moses, after his death, wrote his own obituary, and that the sun stood still to allow Joshua to butcher a few more thousands of his fellow-creatures; the accounts of these and similar things may hav been of much importance to the Hebrews, but what is there to show that they concern the people of the United States any more than does the Koran or the Hindoo Vedas? Nothing. They are of far less interest to our people than the result of the next presidential election.

Again: It is not very long since a part of God's infallible word was revised and improved by his very fallible disciples. The new version was somewhat distasteful to that class of beings who would believe that Jonah swallowed a whale as readily as they would that a whale swallowed Jonah, if the Bible said so. But what will be thought of the *infallible word* now that the Old Testament has been so thoroughly revised that it contains very numerous changes both in form and meaning? If the new version is true, the old was not. What will become of the multiplied millions who went down to their graves with a rock-rooted belief that the old Bible was true in every word just as they read it? Or, if a belief in either of two different books is sufficient to secure salvation, why not a belief in any one of three or of twenty?

The late revising committees were composed of British and American scholars, and we are told that the reason why many changes were necessary was because the translators of King James's version were ignorant of Hebrew and *guessed* at the meaning of words. This is a blood-curdling, hair-raising statement. Think of the teeming multitudes of sentient beings who compose the population of the most enlightened nations of the earth basing their hopes of eternal felicity on the wild guesses of a few zealots set to work by royal authority, and who knew nothing of the work they undertook. What if nearly all their guesses were far away from the truth, and were written down as God's infallible word, and given as a sacred and sure guide to us poor ignorant mortals who know no more of Hebrew than the translators did? O superstition, thou monster odious, how long shall thy baleful shadow blight and blast the fair flowers struggling into light in the intellect of man? Thinking of this immutable word that is frequently changing, we are led to ask: Why not hang our hopes on the inspired writings of Josh Billings?

We are told that the American scholars in the late revision were "brave and inconoclastic; the British, conservativ and careful." This statement givs rise to another barrowing suspicion, that perhaps we havn't got the really simon-pure word yet. Doubtless if Americans had had entire charge of the revision, still more sweeping changes would hav been made. A hundred years hence, will the Bible really be the same book it was a hundred years ago? If the first translators who ever tackled the Bible had been Americans, we should probably hav had a book with far less mystery and debauchery and bloodshed in it, and hence, as an anchor of stupid, unquestioning faith, it would hav been much inferior to the Bible as it is; but it would hav been a much more readable book, and so plainly written that but few commentators' brains would hav waxed idiotic over it. Isaiah has been badly cut to pieces. The old prophet's glory has departed. We are told that "the changes that are made, particularly in the 28th chapter, transmute nonsense into sense and darkness into light." Let us hav another revision next year and take up Jeremiah. Again: "The reader of the English text can see that two writers were engaged on this poem." How is this? This is another startling statement. For thousands of years Isaiah has monopolized the glory of writing that "noble poetry," and now we can see that two authors were engaged upon it. If we hav just discovered that there were two authors, it is not unlikely that future revisions may reveal ten, and, furthermore, that no such character as Isaiah had anything to do with it. Again: "The mistakes in the meaning of single words hav been the occasion of errors that would be amusing elsewhere than in the sacred text." The old Bible would hav us believe that Job's hippopotamus "drinketh up a river and hasteth not; he trusteth that he can draw up Jordan into his mouth." We are now told that Job said nothing of the sort. He simply intimated that because the hippopotamus could swim, he was not afraid ofwater, even if it should come up to his mouth. But then the man who couldn't swallow the hippopotamus story would be but a second-rate Christian any way. What an enlightener is faith! "Isaiah's 'satyrs' were nothing but 'goats,' and his 'dragons' but jackals." Poor Isaiah! a cruel fate has overtaken thee. And we shall no longer be entertained with accounts of Mr. Belial and his noted sons. They hav been thrust out. Just think of it. The Bible will be Hamlet with Hamlet left out. The "fir-trees" that were used for weapons in the old Bible hav been turned into "cypress lances." Joseph's star-spangled coat has been thrown out to the rag-pickers, and the children will grieve as for a friend. No good orthodox Sunday-school can liv three months without Joseph's fancy coat. The good old Presbyterian of York state who has reverently pored over the same old hide-bound—beg pardon, calf-bound—Bible for forty years, till every leaf in it has become the color of an Indian moccasin, will visit his son in Nebraska, and seeing for the first time a new Bible lying on the table, will take it and sit down to read. He will soon discover that his favorit Munchausen stories are mutilated or missing. Amazement will sit enthroned on his brow. When informed that the book he has in his hands is the "correct thing" in good society now, and that it will probably be "the style" all summer, the old gent will be disgusted, throw the book aside, and become an Infidel on the spot.

The good Christian pities the poor heathen, little dreaming that Christianity and heathenism are all one. It is all mythology. The Christian borrowed heathen rites to begin with, and the moral codes of Buddha, Confucius, and Zoroaster were just as pure as Christ's, and far more sensible in some parts. But then those great reformers were only men, while Christ was God. That makes the difference in the Christian's view. Bringing a monotheistic God down to earth in the form of a man was a bold stroke of the founders of Christianity, and the world had just reached that stage when it was possible to establish the scheme, but they made a great mistake in adopting the Jewish Jehovah and representing him as a God of love. If they had discarded him altogether and manufactured a new God of better character, the system would hav lived much longer than it will as at present constituted. Swedenborg would hav made Christ alone all-sufficient, but his revelations came at too late a date. That old jealous God who enjoyed visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children, etc., had secured too strong a foothold to be dislodged.

Agni, the mediator, and the beneficent Vishnu were a worthier pair than Christ and his cruel father. When ancient nations went to war, they arrayed their gods against each other as well as their men, but when modern Christian nations go to war, they array God against himself. Both parties pray to him for help to overcome the other. The party that is conquered was in the wrong, and God withheld his assistance. The nation with the weaker or less skilfully managed battalions is always in the wrong.

The Christian smiles at the credulity of the poor Buddhist with his belief in 136 hells, but why not a hundred as well as one? The case should be reversed, however. If Christianity be true, it will be likely to need the larger number, but as the Buddhist looks for final annihilation, one hell ought to answer his purpose. Christian mathematicians hav taken the measurement of heaven as given in the Bible, and, after allowing half the space for the trinity and his or their personal staff, hav divided the remainder into rooms of confortable size, and they hav come to the conclusion that there will be plenty of room for all who are likely to go that way for several years to come. But the other place seems to be neglected. So far as I am aware, no accurate measurements hav been made. We are not told anything about the size of the rooms, nor whether the place is liable to become crowded.

Religion, in all ages and all countries, has corresponded with the mental advancement and the surroundings of its adherents, and Christianity follows the rule exactly the same as all the rest. When I hear men talk of the civilizing, elevating influences of Christianity, I cannot avoid looking back to see where I may find testimony in support of these statements. The Israelites delighted in slaying people by way of converting them; pagan Rome laughed at the dying contortions of Christians torn to pieces by wild beasts; in the fourteenth century the Moslem fiend, Tamerlane, drenched the soil of India with the blood of unnumbered thousands of Brahmans and Parsees for the glory of Allah and the Prophet; for centuries Catholics and Protestants hav butchered one another for Christ's sake, and the terrible Sepoy mutiny of 1857, with its devilish atrocities, was the result of Hindoo fear and hatred of Christianity. It is all the same. Supernaturalism, everywhere, inevitably and necessarily leads to bigotry and blood. If Christianity were really something essentially different from all other religions, and destined some day to dominate the world, I can see no reason why it did not commence at the scene of Christ's labors and gradually spread in ever-widening circles till the whole earth was brought under its sway. I hav asked Christians to giv me a valid reason, consistent with the claims of Christianity, why, on the one continent alone where Christ's alleged work was done, there are more people who know nothing of the savior or his scheme of redemption, than all the Christians on earth. And I am still waiting for an answer.

An able English writer speaks of Gibbon, the great historian, as one of the most dangerous enemies by whom the Christian faith was ever assailed. "He does not formally deny the evidence upon which is based the structure of Christianity, but he indirectly includes that system in the same category with the mythologies of paganism." When the world sees that there is no myth about Christianity, the work of conversion will go on rapidly. Bacon did more for the liberty and advancement of human thought than all the priests and preachers from his day until now, but where is the divine who tells us of any great good to the world in which the church had no part? No existing system of religion had its origin in the field of rational thought; hence, appeals to reason fall powerless in the presence of blind faith. Reasoning faculties that hav long been subordinated to the control of that vague fear inseparable from supernaturalism can only resume their normal condition by slow degrees. I think the living of blameless and happy lives by the majority of Liberals will advance the cause of Liberalism more than the most powerful arguments, however *eloquently expressed or logically* demonstrated. Whenever a worthy, noble deed is done by an individual, whatever his views on religious matters may be, it is usually spoken of as a real Christian act, when in most cases there was nothing Christian about it. Some Liberals, through the force of habit, generally let such remarks pass unchallenged. This is a great error. Let us hav Christianity clearly defined, and grant it all the good that belongs to it, but Liberals should be more on their guard against admitting these false claims.

The foremost nations of the earth hav now reached that stage where the fullest and highest cultivation of the reasoning, the purely intellectual faculties, is a necessity in order to hold their relativ positions in the great struggle for supremacy. Faith, fear, mytlis, feelings, sympathies etc., will be more and more neglected, and as these are the sole support of religion, Christianity must necessarily decline.

A Baptist minister of Detroit, in a sermon before a state church convention not long ago, said: "The conversion of the world to a universal religion will never come of those who ignore the divinity of Christ while they praise his humanity." Doubtless the reverend brother had good reason to warn his hearers. He was shrewd enough to see that the religion of humanity was getting into the church and threatening to supplant mythology. Protestants laud Luther for his boldness in bursting a few of the bonds of superstition and giving some impetus to freedom of thought, but if they could see the logical ultimate result of the work commenced by the great reformer, they would be filled with gloom instead of joy. Since Luther's time, a multitude of sects hav arisen, every one based on that well-known phrase, Freedom of conscience. Freedom has been the watchword all along the line. Can any sane man fail to see that in the great ocean of freedom, the central idea that has held these jarring factions together will ultimately be lost? Every new sect that is born is a warning stroke on the bell that will ring the death-knell of Christianity. The great religious system has not only made many false claims, but it is tardy in acknowledgment of favors received. All through the middle ages, nearly all the learning and culture that the Christian clergy had they learnt from the Jews. Even St. Paul, when he wanted a better argument than he could make, borrowed one from a heathen poet. There may be no truth in the tradition that the early Christians tore out portions of Cicero's manuscripts containing his treatis "On the Nature of the Gods," because those portions contained arguments which they (the Christians) felt powerless to refute, in case they should be brought forward by unbelievers; but many a legend with a far less likely

foundation has been implicitly believed for centuries. We often hear about revealed religion. Revealed religion, *per se*, may be a very nice thing, but the term is ambiguous and confusing. It implies that there is also a concealed religion. Then comes the query: Who has it and why is it concealed, and wherein is the revealed kind better than the other?

Much is made of the Christian's consolation in the hour of death. But how vain and hollow sound words telling of a consolation derived from the bloody tragedy of the cross, compared with the sublime composure expressed by those last words of Socrates: "The death to which you condemn me, I count a gain rather than a loss. Either it is a dreamless sleep that knows no waking, or it carries me where I may converse with the spirits of the illustrious dead." Or these words of Cicero, speaking of death: "No man, then, dies too soon who has run a course of perfect virtue; for glory follows like a shadow in the wake of such a life." The clergy will cling to the old religion because many of them can do nothing but preach. But there will always be work enough. The man of ability who has something to say will always hav an opportunity to speak, and he will hav an audience. Many think that a great religion cannot be overthrown without a crash. But there will be no crash. As the man in the circus at night watches the last farce and tricks of the clown in the ring till he suddenly finds himself in the open air, the canvas behind him having been removed, soon to be followed by the roof, so will the Christian on the upper seat gaze at the last acts of spiritual jugglery in the religious arena till his temple of faith has been silently moved away, when, turning, he will feel his temples fanned with the invigorating breath of the new philosophy.

The writer of these lines is no enemy of true religion, but he is a firm believer in the resistless progression of thought; and that the co-existence of Christianity with that progression for all time is an impossibility. He believes that Christian persecution of Freethinkers and Freethought papers is the result of shortsightedness, because if every Liberal speaker and paper in the world should turn Christian to-morrow, and plead the Christian's cause with all their power, the final result would be the same. The triumph of Freethought would be somewhat retarded, that is all. If a personal God should be recognized in the religion of the future, it must be a being with attributes such as man has never yet conceived, and is not now capable of conceiving. But however that may be, Christianity must "go." No religion can always exist on such a foundation as the Bible, and the tendency of the world's thought is unquestionably towards still greater freedom. N. G. W.

Our London Letter.

The Religious Tract Society, which is in the possession of a very large income, a portion of which is spent in printing weak literature in many known and unknown languages, and shipping the same in considerable quantities to all parts of the earth for the benefit of the waste-paper dealers, has been greatly exercised in its mind of late at the rapid advance of skepticism, and has therefore boldly came to the front with the well-meant intention of stopping the tide, and will doubtless be as successful in the attempt as was Mrs. Partington in her endeavors to keep back the waves of the Atlantic with her broom.

The desired goal is to be attained by the publication of a series of tracts written by various champions of the only true religion, and I hav wasted an hour in perusing two of them, respectivly entitled "Ernest Renan and his Criticism of Christ," and "Evidential Conclusions from the Four Greater Epistles of St. Paul;" and I should say if they are a fair sample of the bulk, any Infidel that is converted or perverted by them will be neither a loss to the one party nor a gain tothe other.

The chief argument of the first-named tract is to the effect that as Renan does not believe in the divinity of Christ, he is not sufficiently qualified to write on the subject with any degree of authority, and although this pretentious pamphlet professes to review and confute his "History of the Origin of Christianity" more particularly the "Life of Jesus," it chiefly quotes and attacks his "Recollections of My Youth," which appears to me rather aside from the question under discussion; but this is, as we almost invariably find, the system adopted by Christian apologists of the present day.

The second tract, dealing with the evidence from the epistles attributed to Paul, is equally strong, or weak, from whichever point of view you take it, and without taking the trouble of attempting to prove the authority of the documents, or answering the objections made from our side, contents itself with insisting that the reader shall accept them as genuin and divinely inspired, and launches forth a host of quotations from these precious letters to prove that the gospels are true. Fine reasoning indeed! Had skeptics never had a better case to put forward than the theologists, we should all at the present day hav been humble and devoted subjects of the absurd superstition called Christianity. I cannot possibly understand how people with fair brain power and generally good judgment in secular matters, can read such rubbish and not see its absurdity, and can only conclude that such blindness is greatly the result of early education, combined with a desire to be considered respectable.

It is really refreshing, after a short time devoted to such trash, to read an article in a Freethought paper, or hear a lecture from the lips of a Freethinker.

I heard Chas. Watts a week or two back lecture on secularism, previously to which Mrs. Watts recited in an admirable manner a poem written for her by Lara, which appeared in last week's *Secular Review*, and is well worth printing. I need say nothing regarding the lecture itself; it is quite unnecessary. I regret to hear that he contemplates paying you another visit in August, though why he is going I hav not the least idea. I am afraid he must hav gypsy blood in his veins, as he is so fond of rambling. (I don't mean in his talk, however.) Owing to this inherent restlessness, I am satisfied that he will not take up his permanent abode there; if it were not for this characteristic I should hav my fears on the subject. I fancy you must hav treated him too well on his last visit; if so, kindly reverse the operation this next time, and thereby hasten his departure. Do not, however, resort to harsh measures, and hurt his sensitiv feelings; but, after he has been with you three or four months, giv him a gentle but firm hint that it is time he was home again. J. D.

London, May, 1884.

The Liberal Club.

The weather was pretty warm when the members of the Liberal Club came together at their 341st regular meeting. The ladies were regardlessly radiant in summer apparel. Mr. Wakeman thumped the table with his mallet, and said that the secretary would read the minutes. The secretary did so, and on leaving the platform was button-holed by Dr. Weeks, who advised him to read louder next time. Dr. Weeks was thanked by the secretary, who then passed along, but was collared by a tall man with a big cane. This gentleman said the secretary read the minutes first-rate, only no one could hear them. He was instructed to go to the door and get his money back. A third gentleman jumped at the young man, and said he wanted the minutes read off as the former secretary read them. He was offered the earth. The suffering scribe reached the back part of the hall and wiped away the perspiration which had gathered in profusion on his brow.

The president read the announcements of meetings to be held, and spoke of *Man* and THE TRUTH SEEKER, which contained matters of remarkable interest. He then introduced the lecturer, Dr. Paul Carus, who spoke on "Education and Liberty." He held that education was the first essential to freedom; not a religious education, which imprisons the mind in a belief, the very reverse of liberty, but the kind of culture described by the German word *bildung*, for which there was no equivalent in English. The death of a tyrant, he held, would in no case banish tyranny. Tyranny exists because people, from lack of education, are not fitted to be free. All history showed that education ruled the world. Education would abolish intemperance and the social evil, because it would show man that dram-drinking and immorality were not necessary to his happiness, and would occupy his mind with higher pursuits. Freedom, education, and wealth go together and distinguish all civilized nations.

Dr. Carus is a German, and his mastery of English pronunciation is not yet complete. He, however, made himself fairly understood, and his lecture, being in every way excellent, was well received.

Mr. Robert Blissert, taking the platform, said this was the best lecture he had ever heard before the Liberal Club. Education was king. He employed men to work for him, and the reason he could get more out of them than they could get out of him was due to the fact that he knew most about the business. This speech of Dr. Carus's should be printed for a campaign document. Men who were elected to office represented the ignorance of the people, whether it was Arthur on the Republican side or some other bummer on the Democratic side. People should educate themselvs. As for Mr. Blissert, he was going to reform, and then he would be sure there was one less rascal in the world.

Mr. Andrews had observed, as had the lecturer, that the word "education" did not express the full significance of the idea. He had therefore formulated the phrase "integral development," which covered the whole ground. It was worthy of remark, Mr. Andrews said, that the Liberal Club was growing integral. Formerly every speaker was all-sided in his attacks; that was now changed to all-sidedness of toleration. No one man is doing all the educating. The advocate of the laborer, struggling to giv the workingman opportunity for self-improvement, is doing a greater work for education than he who teaches Greek or Latin, though both are necessary. What Mr. Andrews asked was that they should appreciate the value of each other's efforts, and not be enemies because laboring in different fields of usefulness.

Dr. Atkinson had no criticism of the lecture to offer. He deprecated self-reliance. A person should take counsel. If he did not know what to do, do nothing. He was formerly a teacher. When his pupils left him they inquired how they should judge of right and wrong without his wisdom to guide them. He said to them, "My dear boys, when you go out into the world and into society, seek the company of those you most esteem, and take their advice." The doctor liked the idea of one overruling God Almighty. It made every molecule in his corpus dance hallelujah to think of it. "We hav," he said, "too many God Almighties."

Mrs. Leonard wished to say that the human being is like the cat—born blind. We should educate woman as well as man. She did not think theology should be taught in the schools any more than the platform of the Republican party. Every well developed man and woman, in her belief, was a god. It should be the duty, then, of women, to go to work and propagate geds. She hoped to further set forth this idea at some future time. Mrs. Leonard took her seat amid hearty applause.

Dr. Carus had no reply to make to what had been said, because he was in accord with it all. He could only thank the club for his kind reception, and return his acknowledgments to the eminent president for being allowed to address so fine an audience.

At the next meeting, being on Decoration Day, the "Festival of the Dead" will be celebrated with appropriate ceremonies.

A Strange and Unnatural Christian Sect.

A St. Petersburg correspondent of the New York *Evening Telegram* recounts in a recent issue of that paper the story of his visit to a sect of religious fanatics a few degrees worse than the Mormons. He says:

During my stay in Yakutsk, the most northern capital of Eastern Siberia, I became acquainted with members of a community of Skopzi—169 men and 124 women—living at the village of Marshka, about ten miles from the city. The men I found to be remarkable characters. I paid a visit to the Skopzi village. Three men [eunuchs] to whom I was first introduced were kindly and gentle in their ways as girls. Their ages ranged from forty to fifty. One was of excessiv size, tall, and much puffed out; the two others were withered men, yet all must hav been originally strong, tall, and good looking. They neither drank intoxicating liquor, they said, nor smoked tobacco nor ate meat. Their voices were not so effeminate as I imagined I should find, being in fact not much different in tone from that of the ordinary run of Russian peasant youth. It seemed to me that they had retained the voice they possessed in early youth at the time when they were received into the sect.

Of the women I only caught a glimpse of two before they went out of sight. The "sisters," as they are called, did not show themselvs in the houses. They seem to be as carefully shielded from the vulgar gaze as are the houris of a Turkish harem. Those that I caught sight of were young, not over twenty-five at most, fair and comely to view. Of children I, of course, saw none. The cry of a baby was never heard in Marshka, for the "brothers" and "sisters" do not provide for descendants. The men complain bitterly of the many restraints placed upon them by the Russian government. For instance, they may not sojourn in Yakutsk for more than eight hours at a time, and this only during the day; nor can they leave their village in any direction without the written permission of the police authorities of Yakutsk. The authorities justify this strictness in the belief that they thus prevent the influence of the sect from spreading. They say that the community is very wealthy and pays well for new converts whenever they can get them.

The reasons given by the correspondent why men and women join this unnatural sect are much like those which induce people to join other religious bodies. He continues:

Most of the men whom I saw had joined the sect at the age of nineteen or twenty. Why thus early in life they renounced the lusts of the world, the flesh, and the devil I am not able to say, but I am inclined to think that the reason is frequently from remorse after debauched life, and sometimes from the melancholy produced by disease or abuse. Of the actual joys of life and love such a young Russian peasant race at twenty know nothing that is elevating; his life is spent in an atmosphere that is morally diseased. and he easily succumbs to the persuasion of members of the sect or other penitents like himself to undergo mutilation. The pictorial teachings of the Greek church may also conduce to the same end. Not many years ago there was a large painting in one of the churches in Yakutsk which represented the various punishments that awaited sinners of various grades when they came to receive their eternal reward. Hell was depicted on a dozen squares of the canvas, in each being a victim suspended over the fierce flames that sprang up beneath him, and diligently stirred by little imps of darkness. Thus the gentleman hung up by the tongue had been in life, so the inscription said, an incorrigible liar; the one suspended by his fingers, a noted thief; and the one hung up with a hook in each of his eyes had been found guilty of looking with covetous glance on the wife of his neighbor.

The picture appears to hav had the effect of making one or two converts to Skoptism in Yakutsk. A gentleman told me that his coachman, who joined the sect about four years ago, gave the following reasons for his doing so. With a companion he had lived a low and debauched life for some years, both generally drunk and both very immoral. One day, after a debauch lasting longer than usual, the twain found thomselvs in a condition representing a recovery from delirium tremens, and without a kopeck in their pockets. Said the other to the coachman, "Come, let us giv up this life and become Skopts; then we shall hav no more of temptation, and besides, we can get some ready money if we join." So they agreed to turn Spoptzi. They made their request known, and after an interview with the elders of the community, declared their readiness to submit to the ordeal. One day, says the coachman, he was invited to a gathering in the village, and went, quite unsuspicious that his conversion was to take place so soon,

He was there given a drink, after which, he says, he remembers nothing more until he awoke, suffering great bodily pain. His recovery occupied about three weeks, and his regrets last to this day. Why the women join the sect I am also unable to say, but probably for the same reasons as the men in some cases; in others from the desire to be rid of temptation and the inclination to the world and its griefs quickly and forever.

It seems, further, that the Skopts employ methods of securing youthful converts but little more culpable than those adopted by their contemporaries of other denominations. Protestants and Catholics alike warp the minds of children; the Skopts mutilate their persons. The writer goes on to relate:

Pitiable cases are these of the younger members of the sect, who hav been initiated into the brotherhood or sisterhood by their fanatical parents or relativs long before they could understand anything of the meaning of the rites which they were compelled to undergo. In each case the Russian government interferes, taking away the children, and looking out for employment for them. These hav all their rights as Russian citizens given to them, while their parents or relativs are outlawed or exiled.

The sect is kept up solely by new converts and has increased in numbers since 1859. There was published in St. Petersburg in 1872 a large quarto work, with colored portraits of members of the sect, and illustrations showing the methods employed in and the results obtained from the rites of initiation. The portraits of the women show faces of intelligence and great will power. The torture to which the members submit themselvs must be excruciating. And when all is done the traces of the original desires are not always entirely extinguished. Seceders from the sect hav told stories of orgies in which the brotherhood and sisterhood join on their great feast and holy days, and there hav been two or three cases of backsliding on the part of female members of the community which I visited. One woman who left the village afterward married in Yakutsk, settled down, and had children.

Thus it appears that the Russian government has upon its hands a religious problem similar to the Mormon question in the United States. And the only difference, it may be remarked, between the Mormons and the Skopts consists in the fact that the one sect take the lives of the Old Testament heroes as examples, while the other adopt the teaching of Christ—"He that is able to receive it, let him receive it." They, like Origen, regard themselvs as "able." It would be something in the form of a blessing to mankind if these two opposing sects of criminally religious fanatics could be transplanted—the Mormons from Utah and the Skopts from Russia—to some uninhabited island, there to settle their differences by the survival of the fittest. And should the fate of the famous Kilkenny cats overtake them, the world would certainly hav reason to rejoice.

Religion in the Temperance Movement.

A sensation was caused on Monday morning, says the Springfield, Mass., *Republican*, in Athol by the discovery of the following documents posted on the doors of various liquor saloons throughout the town:

"Notice—To law breakers in the traffic of rum and the whole traffic in the curse in this town: We, a committee of five, hav given and pledged our hearts and fortunes to suppress the whole traffic, licensed and unlicensed abomination. If we are powerless in law, we shall act in our judgment, and apply the aid given by the Almighty, by the use of his elements, such as we in our humble way can command. Per order of committee of five."

The fact that two saloons hav recently been burnt gives color to the joke or threat, whichever it may be.

A Question of Natural Law.

In THE TRUTH SEEKER of May 17th are two statements that arouse my "natural" impulse to *talk back*. Dr. Geo. W. Chapman says, "The fact is, either monogamy or polygamy is natural;" and A. B. B. in writing about Mormonism says the radicals "all condemn it because it is a violation of the law of nature as taught in the numerical equality of the sexes; and the obvious inference therefrom that every man is entitled to hav but one wife." Now, as a radical, I object to the statement that this inference is obvious, or that we hav any evidence that monogamy is more natural than polygamy. There is too much loose talk about what nature indicates, as there has been too much dogmatic assertion as to what "God says." Who knows what God wants or ordains? and who can know absolutely what nature's laws are? Scientifically, our only way of ascertaining what is natural is to observe the phenomena of nature, and study their relationship. As to man, he must be considered as an animal, and his habits as an animal examined from "away back" up to the present time. In the light of the natural history of man, it must be acknowledged that he has exhibited all the natural propensities of other animals in the direction of sexual irregularity. In primitiv states we find him living in polygamy, polyandry, and omnigamy, and in these later days we find about the same with the addition of one more phase of social relation as exhibited in Shakerism. The numerical equality of the sexes does not indicate monogamy as natural law any more than it indicates a general combination of all systems, and the fact that all are co-existent to this day in this one city proves, if anything, that man is following out the natural instincts which hav followed him from "away back," and maintained a sort of supremacy in spite of education in morals or sexual ethics of a higher order.

As Elmina truly says, "we must be continually reforming nature," and if we were to go according to numbers, we should be obliged in Eastern states to institute polygamy in order to giv every woman a husband or a part of one. In matters of this kind it is useful to study nature, but we should remember that times change and "circumstances alter cases." What may hav been natural and proper in the past must be revised to day, and our social and sexual relations should be amended in accordance with the "data of ethics," and not established, as A. B. B. would hav them, on so infirm a foundation as the "numerical equality of the sexes."

Yours truly, E. B. FOOTE, JR.

A Few Things in Brief.

I RECEIVE many copies of Liberal papers for which I feel truly thankful. How gladly I would patronize all of these papers if I had the ability to do so. Of course, with my limited time, I could not read them all; but I would subscribe for them and help along the good cause by sending them on missionary errands until light should shine in all the dark corners of the earth.

WHO knows what the lunatic Livezey is about? Why don't Preston make a raid on him as a vivisector? My friends hav been flooding me with something like a prospectus indicating that I, and many others, are to be publicly chopped up. Well, I think I may be able to pass through the ordeal, but, from the bottom of my heart, I pity such men as Putnam and Wakeman and Ingersoll, and the poor TRUTH SEEKER and *Investigator*. He has written to me enough to fill a good many sheets of foolscap, and I utterly refused to pay any attention to him. And yet, after every precaution, I don't expect there will be as much left of me as the Kilkenny cats could boast of.

I WANT to say to Ella Gibson that sex can neither excuse nor augment the nature of crime. And yet (it may be a weakness) I would rather see my father drunk than my mother.

I WANT to thank my Liberal friends all over the country for the many encouraging letters which I hav received. Of course, I cannot answer them all; it would take all the time. Many may think that I am a man of leisure, and that it is through neglect their letters are not answered, but this is far from the fact. How gladly I would take every Liberal by the hand and giv him or her a word of encouragement, especially the young, who hav long and useful lives before them. Press forward, I say—hold up the torch of reason until the gods and ghosts of superstition shall vanish forever, and the promotion of human interests shall become the supreme endeavor.

WILL some of my friends be kind enough to send me a copy of THE TRUTH SEEKER, dated March 3, 1883? It would be a real favor, and would be duly acknowledged and appreciated. JOHN PECK.

Naples, N. Y.

Editorial Notes.

A STRUGGLE for the possession of the negroes is to begin between the Protestant and Catholic churches. Bishop Williams has prepared a pastoral to be read in the Catholic churches, setting forth that the time has come for an official effort to spread the tenets of the Roman Catholic church among the negroes. The bishop imagins that his church can remove from among the colored people the licentiousness Protestantism has failed to check. After speaking of the rapidity with which the race is spreading, the pastoral continues:

"Here is this constantly increasing multitude in our midst, and the problem to be solved is, Shall they become a dire burden to to this community or a blessing? We can well ask ourselvs, are they advancing in chastity, honesty, industry, and morality in the same ratio as they increase numerically? It may perhaps be asked why there has been done so little in Georgia for them by the holy church. The reason is evident. In the very settlement of Georgia, under a charter from the British government, Catholics were excluded. The tide of Catholic immigration was therefore turned away. The settlement of Georgia was made exclusivly by Protestants, and few were the Catholics that came to Georgia after the establishment of our independence. Even at the present day the number of Catholics scattered over this territory is but 25,000. The vast slave population before the war was, therefore, owned by Protestant masters. The Catholic priest could not reach the slave. In spite of disadvantages the clergy of this diocese hav not forgotten the colored people. Savannah, Atlanta, and Augusta hav Sunday-schools for the colored people. A day-school was opened in Savannah under charge of the Sisters of St. Joseph for colored children, and a society for colored men was formed under the patronage of the African St. Benedict. The order of St. Benedict, which was so great an instrument in God's providence to bring the true faith and with it Christian civilization to our Christian forefathers, the Goths and the Vandals, opened a few years ago their monastery for the Christian education of the negroes. The work of the Benedictine fathers among the colored people in Savannah is growing daily more in value. A branch of the Colored Knights of America, to be composed exclusivly of colored men, has been successfully established in the Cathedral parish, and the sodalities for the women are a great edification. The two colored schools in Savannah taught by the Sisters of Mercy contain about two hundred scholars. A successful school exists in Washington, Wilkes county, and one will soon be opened in Sharon."

If the Catholics are successful in turning to themselvs the negro element, it will add about a million votes to the power of the church, without increasing the sum total of morality in the country. The Methodist Bishop Prince from long experience among them refuses to believe in the future of the negro. Compulsory education of the children and limited colonization in a colder climate are probably the only means of reforming the negro.

THE *Sunday Gazetteer* is a local journal of the Democratic persuasion, published by B. C. Murray at Denison, Texas. It is an able journal, and free. Mr. Murray is a Freethinker. He has been for some time endeavoring to "awaken the friends of order and good society to the importance of insisting upon police officers doing their duty in accordance with their oaths of office." Lately an attempt has been made by the churchmen of Denison to destroy the influence of his paper because, as he expresses it, he is "so mentally constituted as not to believe what is contrary to reason and experience"—in other words, the Christian religion. In explanation of his course Mr. Murray says:

"It is even asserted that because this journal is not distinctivly a Christian journal (what particular kind of Christianity is not stated), therefore its influence is against good morals. If it givs men and women of different views an opportunity to explain what they believe, or think, it is held its influence is evil, just because some dogma of some society or sect is attacked. The editor of this paper insists that there is no subject too sacred for investigation or discussion. Because an opinion is not popular is no evidence of its untruth; all new ideas are unpopular. Even the founders of Protestantism were unpopular and very decicedly so. But to say that infidel is another name for immorality is simply false, and those who make the assertion are not honest. Must a man favor theft because he doesn't believe in the holy trinity, or defend murder because he denies the doctrin of a burning, endless hell for the skeptic? The various teachings of any religious sect is simply a question of fact. The Catholic believes in transubstantiation, the Protestant denies it—there is no morality nor immorality about it, and, judging by our own senses, the Protestants hav the best of the argument. The Protestant says the New Testament was inspired by God himself; the Infidel doesn't believe it. Here is another question of fact, and in the light of history, internal evidence, and human experience, the *Gazetteer* says the Infidel has the best of the argument. A truth is a truth whether inspired or not, and, as Ingersoll says, error cannot be made truth though given by inspiration. It will be a sorry time for this boasted land of liberty when a newspaper cannot giv free expression to the views of the people on all questions agitating the public mind, even though the church may brand the sentiment expressed as Infidel."

THE *Church Record*, published at San Antonio, Texas, recounts that by dint of hard work a neat and comfortable frame church was erected at Del Rio. On the first of May it was to be consecrated to the service of God; but on the afternoon of the day before, a cyclone swept through the town, and when the bishop arrived he found the church a heap of torn and twisted lumber. This was obviously as much as anything a dispensation of providence, yet the editor of the *Church Record* bobs up serenely and asks for subscriptions to rebuild the church immediately. From our point of view, it looks this way: If providence was mean enough to blow down the house just for fun, then let providence be the loser; and if the building was destroyed in anger, it is equally flying in the face of the Almighty to attempt to build it up again. The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, The people of Del Rio must believe that they hav done their duty. They put up a meeting-house and providence turned it into kindling wood. He evidently prefers church material in that shape. In a new country like Texas this is comparativly cheap, and the inhabitants of Del Rio will save money by occasionally bringing round a load of slabs sawed stove length and dumping them on the former site of the St. James church.

UNDER date of May 24th E. H. Heywood writes us that his trial is to take place on the following Monday or Tuesday, "before Judge Pitman, an orthodox conservativ regarding morals." He adds that on this account "the outlook is not especially encouraging for a fair trial."

Lectures and Meetings.

W. S. BELL lectures at Clear Lake, Wis., May 28th, 29th, and 30th; at Arcadia, Wis., June 1st and 2d; at Waumandee, Wis., 3d, 4th, and 5th; at Northfield, 8th, 9th, and 10th.

THE Spiritualists of Iowa and vicinity will hold their June Mass Picnic on their campgrounds at Clinton, Iowa, on Saturpay and Sunday June 7th and 8th. Speaking forenoon, afternoon, and evening each day. The speakers are Dr. Juliet H. Severance, Moses Hull, Mattie E. Hull, and others. An admittance fee of ten cents at the gate to defray expenses. Everybody invited.

THE Thomas Paine Society of Frederick, Md., will meet on June 8th, to commemorate the death of Paine. Aaron Davis, the secretary of the society, writes: "After the regular ceremony of the society, the Paine men will march in procession to the cemetery to select a spot whereon they will, at some future day, erect a monument to the memory of Thomas Paine. We do not look upon death with the foreboding horror of the Christian church, whose members are afraid they will miss the road after death; but we look upon it as a May flower, unfolding its beauties to the balmy air."

The Lecture was a Success.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* In view of your courtesy in announcing in THE TRUTH SEEKER my lecture upon the subject of "Religious and Social Intolerance," before the Philosophical Association of Brooklyn, I wish to report that the attendance was fair in point of numbers, and for intelligence could not well be surpassed; and though the gentlemen were in the majority, there was a goodly number of ladies, among them Mrs. Imogene C. Fales, president of the Sociologic Society, Mrs. Dr. Burns, and others prominent in movements for social reform.

A. E. DEFRIEZE.

Communications.

Equal Rights for Woman as Well as Man.

What a question to be argued in this nineteenth century! Are women a part of the human race? If so, why are they not subject to the same conditions of law and government that men are? How or why was this distinction enforced? We are utterly unable to comprehend the enormity of the conception of a design that has subjected woman during the centuries past to conditions inferior to man. It would be thought an amazing credulity to believe the different treatment that has been accorded to women in the past did not history hav it distinctly and plainly confirmed. The first reference to woman, Gen. ii, 18: "And the Lord God said, It is not good that the man shall be alone; I will make him an helpmeet for him." The word helpmeet means a wife. Webster says a wife is a woman who is united to a man in wedlock; correlativ of husband. He also says a husband is one wedded to a wife; the correlativ of wife. He tells us that correlativ is one who stands in a reciprocal relation to some other person. We read that reciprocal means mutual, as reciprocal love and duties. Everything, as far as words go, appears to indicate the equality of man and woman. Whence came this inhuman bifurcation between the two that makes woman subject to conditions that are neither correlativ, reciprocal, nor mutual? Next we read that when the woman saw the tree was good for food, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she ate of it, and gave to her husband. She showed wisdom in giving her husband his share of good things, thereby illustrating mutual and reciprocal love. For doing that act, the Lord God said to her, "And thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee." Unto Adam he said, "Because thou hast hearkened unto the voice of thy wife, cursed is the ground for thy sake." We read no more of his hearkening to his wife's voice. His example is largely the rule of to-day.

I hav referred to this recorded case of different treatment of man and wife for the same so-called violation of a command, not as regards the truth or falsity of the narration, but because I believe that out of such a cosmogony has grown all the disabilities imposed on woman. Leviticus xii, the Lord said that if a woman hav a male child she shall not come into the sanctuary for thirty-three days; but if she bear a maid child, she shall not enter the tabernacle for sixty-six days, when she must bring a lamb for a burnt offering, and a young pigeon for a sin offering unto the priest, who shall offer it before the Lord, and make an atonement for her. What do we read of the man, the father, the correlativ of the wife? Not a solitary word. What difference in the treatment of a man and wife for the same act! Can such things be continued? Numbers xxvii, 1–8, is the first appearance of women to demand property rights. "Then came the daughters of Zelophehad and stood before Moses, and Eleazar the priest, and before the princes, and all the congregation, and said, Our father died in the wilderness, and was not against the Lord in the company of Korah." They gained their suit, and obtained their father's inheritance, and all in favor of equal rights must rejoice to read of justice being meted out to them even once, and but partially, for it was coupled with a condition that they should not marry out of the tribe, and they married their cousins. Deut xxiv, "When a man hath taken a wife, and married her, and it come to pass that she find no favor in his eyes, then let him write a bill of divorcement, and giv it in her hand, and send her out of the house." What kind of a bill shall the man hav if he find no favor in her eyes? None. The wife has now lost the correlativ position which she had at the starting of the race. After such a lapse of years it is sad to think of the change in her position from equality to an appendage to be divorced at the pleasure of her husband. At the beginning it was not good for man to be alone. In Job xxv, we read, "How can man be clean that is born of woman?" Who can compute the difference between the two statements as it affected the woman? From the time of Lamech, with his two wives, down to Solomon, with his three hundred wives and seven hundred concubines, I read of no expression against woman that comes so near the bed-rock of meanness as that in Job does. We need look no farther to decide what treatment woman must endure when men accounted the wisest so shamefully degrade her. A new dispensation is coming; what will it bring to woman? She has less to fear in the coming new than man has, as her situation cannot prove worse; consequently she has more to hope for, although it may prove to be a phantom. We enter the new and are at once confronted by the record that Mary, the wife of Joseph and mother of Jesus, was made to undergo the same degradation that was forced upon woman in Leviticus: thirty-three days was she forbidden to enter the sanctuary for having been the mother of Jesus; also to carry a pair of turtle doves to the priest, who should offer them before the Lord and make an atonement for her. An atonement for what? For being, as it is said, the mother of God! Watts, in his hymn book, says:

"This infant is the mighty God,
Come to be suckled and adored."

John Wesley, in his hymn book, says:

"God, who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself that ye might liv."

What atonement is required of the partner in Mary's crime? Nothing. If Mary had hopes of equal rights in the new dispensation, how suddenly were they blasted—as she was the first one to be dealt with in that inhuman fashion; and, as an outgrowth of such conditions, her son, when on the cross, and his mother near him, instead of addressing her by the endearing name of mother, said, "Woman, behold thy son!" Such a remark, coming from a son, would hav an added sting. We next read where a woman was adjudged the same treatment as her husband, for the same offense; but it does not show an advance toward equal rights for woman, as the man was stricken dead and no more could be done to the woman. I refer to Ananias and his wife Sapphira (Acts v). Paul, a new teacher, steps into the arena and says (1 Cor. xiv): "Let your women keep silence in the churches; and if they will learn anything let them ask their husbands at home; for it is a shame for women to speak in the church." What said he of the women who were not married? 1 Cor. vii, 34, 36: "But if any man think that he behaveth himself uncomely toward his virgin, if she pass the flower of her age, and need so require, let him do what he will, he sinneth not; let them marry." If he had gone to the bottom of that bottomless pit—once believed in—he could not hav found worse doctrins; and yet there are (I had almost said men) priests so devoid of all sense of equality that they hold up Paul as a paragon of virtue and morality to woman, whom he so shamefully maligned. The fact that woman will work to uphold his memory, or even to listen to fulsome praise of him, only shows what centuries of degradation, in the name of the Lord, hav accomplished. "Wives, submit yourselvs unto your husbands," is a command that has been obeyed better than many others. A few in all ages hav rebelled against tyranny. The tyranny borne by the women has been of such a character as to hold even the germs of freedom within her in abeyance. In 1541, in England, Ann Ascue was tortured, and after being so dislocated by the rack that she could not stand, was carried in a chair to the stake and burnt alive for denying the real bodily presence of Christ at the sacrament. Three men were burnt at the same time, and for the same offense, without being dislocated or tortured, thus showing that woman had no equal rights even at the stake. Can she ever be considered an equal factor in the human race? There is commotion in England, and a company of puritans, or roundheads, are driven by persecution to leave their nativ land and seek refuge in Holland. They decide to cross an almost unknown ocean and plant a colony in the wilderness—and for what? They say, "For freedom to worship God." They urge the Golden Rule, "Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you." That is all that women ever asked for. It would seem that its realization was near at hand. The Mayflower took on board her load of humanity, and with the blessings, tears, and prayers of the friends left on the wharf for a safe and speedy voyage, she started for the New World. Many noted names of men appear in the history of that departure, but the first reference made to the women was when they were sent on shore to do the washing. Is that a prelibation of their equality in the New World amongst a company professing to giv up everything for freedom to worship God? From 1620 to 1624, one hundred and fifty young women were sent from England to Virginia and sold to the planters for wives, 120 to 150 pounds of tobacco, cash for each. The women were not allowed to hav the proceeds of the sale of their own persons, any more than they were given by law their own earnings. In 1637 it was customary in Boston to hold meetings to consider the sermon of the previous Sunday and argue the doctrinal points. Females were not allowed to participate in the discussions. Old Paul's ideas of woman held sway. Anne Hutchinson, a strong-minded married woman, determined that she would no longer be debarred from joining in the debates. As the scripture enjoins "the elder women to teach the younger," she established separate female assemblies. She was called the "Nonesuch," and her feminin gatherings were styled gossippings, a word before that time of respectable import. She was cordially esteemed by John Cotton and Gov. Vance, and became the leader of a sect. She was banished from Massachusetts, went to Rhode Island, and was finally killed by the Indians.

We hav looked at the records of the first woman in creation—hav read the indignities put upon Mary, the first woman in the new dispensation. Also the treatment meted out to the first woman of any note in the New World, the only one of the three who appeared to show a realizing sense of knowing what freedom and equal rights mean. Let her name be honored and remembered for showing resistance to tyranny. In 1649, three married women of Reading, Mass., were fined five shillings each for scolding. Were there any men in that town given to scolding? History says nothing of any such persons. Bear in mind that the cases I hav referred to are married women, all of them. But the single women are interested as well in the progress of equal rights, or ought to be, as they hav not escaped in times past. Oct. 22, 1648, the kirk session of Dumferline, Scotland, ordered that Janet Robertson "shall be carted and scourged through the town and market with a hot iron" (Chalmers' History). It is a sin for a woman to liv alone. The kirk sessions of Perth records that "Janet Watson holds a house by herself where she may giv occasion of slander. Therefore, Patrick Pitcairn, elder, is ordained to admonish her in the session's name, either to marry or to pass to service, otherwise she will not be suffered to dwell by herself." It is a sin to liv with unmarried sisters. The kirk sessions ordains the two sisters, Elspeih and Janet Stewart, that they be not found in the house again with their sister, but every one of them shall go to service, or where they may be best entertained without slander, under the penalty of warding their persons, and banishment of the town. No man do I find ordered to marry or go to service. Why do these godly men deprive these women of equal rights, not giving them even a choice, for marrying has been to the woman going into service? We hav looked through all time, and all over the world, to find equality for woman. We hav not found it. Hav we gained any knowledge in our travels that will help us in the coming time, so as to bring about the desired result? In 1624 women were scarce and valuable, and a fine was imposed on any woman who should encourage more than one suitor at a time. What do the records say about the man—the beau that had two strings to it? Nothing. There has been much said and written during the past few years with reference to a labor bureau. Massachusetts was blessed, or cursed, with one from its settlement. Young women were required to spin as much as the selectmen prescribed, or be fined. How would our young women enjoy the supervision of the selectmen, being told how much straw to sew, or how much to spin, even though it be spinning street yarn?

Young women in the joy of life do not as a rule giv this question any thought. The reason is obvious. They continually hear the jeers, slurs, and innuendoes of the older women applied to the women who hav attained to a knowledge that enables them to see and bitterly feel the injustice that their mothers endured, and the inequality still enforced by law on themselvs. Young women, you are marching on to take your places in the decimated ranks of your mothers whether you choose or not. Time and nature are inexorable on that decree. You can change the conditions. See to it now, so that better conditions may be your inheritance when you enter womanhood. It can only be done by thought that will make you abjure the fulsome flattery and ribald talk of your present position, having all the rights you want. Nothing but ignorance can make a woman say, "I hav all the rights I want." When the slave said, "I do not want my freedom, having a kind master," it simply showed what slavery had done for him; it had, as it were, obliterated all his manhood. Many women say they hav had all of this life that they want, and attempt to commit suicide. If it becomes known before the deed is accomplished they are restrained from it and forced to take more of the life that has brought them to such a sad strait. No woman has a right to say, "I hav all the rights I want," unless she has all the rights that a human being can hav. No more, nor no less, ought to satisfy her. If women can be found saying, "I hav all the rights I want," it ought not to militate against the granting of rights to those who, knowing what they are, dare to demand them, any more than the attempted suicide of some woman should be given as a reason for depriving all women of life. Mary Dyer, a Quaker, was hung on Boston Common in 1658 for the crime of being a Quaker, by the men who came to this country to enjoy "freedom to worship God." What injustice! And, worst of all, to make her amenable to laws which she was not allowed to take part in enacting. In 1681 Haverhill, Mass., voted to "enlarge the room in the east end of the meeting-house by making a gallerie therein for the women." Inferiority everywhere. The men hav not been the only contributors to this inferior condition of women. History shows nothing more plainly than that the women in the past, in season and out of season, aided to establish and uphold the church, which could not be maintained without their efforts; and which, when sustained, has deprived them of rights accorded to the meanest male member without any demand for it. The church has always endeavored to hav the laws of all countries made in accordance with their idea of divine law. One fact we must always bear in mind. However much at variance the different churches all over the world are as to God and his requirements, they are all in unison on this doctrinal point, the inferiority of woman. The inferiority of woman always has been, and is to-day, accomplished through laws that are sanctioned and upheld by the

church. Outside of law they hav as many rights as men. When a tramp kills a woman with an ax in an illegal manner, all the power of the state is on his track, and if caught he is punished according to law, the same as though he had killed a man. If a tramp has a lawful wife, his treatment of her may be such that people see and realize that he is killing her just as surely as the other woman was killed with the ax, only not so quickly, because done in such manner as makes it legal. In the past it was lawful for the husband to chastise the wife, but as the years rolled on he was only allowed to do it in a reasonable manner. To-day he is not allowed to do it according to law. We can see the change for the better as the years roll on. What would Paul think if he could see the change? It would make no difference what he thought any more than it would what Brigham Young might think. The question must be settled on its own merits. Paul has failed to deal justly with the women, and must step down and out. The man who will not grant the same rights to another that he claims for himself is a scoundrel—only giv him a chance to carry it out. Paul had the chance, and the church, upholding his treatment of of woman, has had the chance, and both hav used it to the extent of making women satisfied with an inferior condition. The first duty of all is to cut loose from leaders of that stamp, acknowledging them as authority in no manner or way, and refuse to vote for any one who does. EQUAL RIGHTS FOR ALL!

Milford, Mass. CHARLES C. JOHNSON.

Talmagian Philosophy.

BY JOHN PECK.

It is not often that I pay any attention to so-called orthodox sermons. But when a man stands before the world, like Mr. Talmage, as one of the great Christian lights of the nineteenth century, and preaches a long sermon with scarcely a grain of truth in it from end to end; and when such sermon is published and read by thousands who believe that Mr. Talmage is "all in all," and that every word he utters has been duly considered, and who never take any mental food until it is chewed and put into their mouths, I think it is time for one smooth stone of truth to strike Mr. Talmage in the forehead. I never could endure a ranter, but a Christian ranter turns my stomach and gets me down to "the bottom of my loathing."

For a man to trample all truth, and history, and reason under his feet, and spit in the face of common sense, and then to hav his ravings spread out before the people in the newspapers, shows the amount of garbage the average Christian stomach can stand.

Mr. Talmage represents the extreme orthodox view, and as he has declared "for the largest liberty in religious discussion," and as it is as natural for me to tear the sheep's clothing from the wolf of falsehood as it is for ducks to make for water, I thought I would review the wonderful sermon of Mr. Talmage as reported in the *Sunday Tidings* of March the 2d, from Jeremiah vi, 16, in these words: "Ask for the old paths, wherein is the good way, and walk therein and ye shall find rest for your souls." Mr. Talmage likes the "old path." No doubt he would prefer the old stage coach to a Pullman. No doubt he would like to get back to a flat earth and a God that would converse with men and show his "person" as in days of yore. Mr. Talmage would probably be the Joshua who would put the brakes on the solar system and make it rain fire and brimstone at pleasure.

W.hat a pity Mr. Talmage could not get back into the 'old paths!" How he would enjoy the ignorance of the dark ages, and having the world stand still for another thousand years! Oh, for the "old paths" when there was no education except for the priests.

Anything but progress for him. He thinks all the world is in a fog because he don't see clear. He says, "A great London fog has come down upon the ministers in the shape of advanced thought." Too bad that these ministers are so far ahead of Mr. Talmage. Are the ministers so far ahead, or is it Mr. Talmage who is so far behind? "All of them," he says, "and without exception, deny the full inspiration of the Bible, and they will all land in a great continent of mud, from which, for all eternity, they will not be able to extricate themselvs."

Mud is a great improvement on hell-fire, and I think Mr. Talmage ought to apply to the great celestial patent office and take out "letters patent" on his discovery. It is one of the hopeful signs that man is advancing. "The fact that the Bible stands intact, notwithstanding all the previous assaults on all sides, is proof to me that the Bible is a miracle, and every miracle is of God."

Does Mr. Talmage know that there are some twenty "holy Bibles," or sacred histories, besides the one to which he refers? Some of those sacred writings antedate his Bible by many centuries. Can he not see that the argument which he brings to support the truth of his Bible will apply with equal force to all of these? Let Mr. Talmage ask himself why he believes Moses and rejects Mohammed, when all the difference there is between them, one received the law from the top of a mountain, and the other from a temple.

If Mr. Talmage claims that all other Bibles are man-made, I ask what could hav been the object? If man could find an object for writing twenty Bibles, could he not find an object for writing one more? What object had Joseph Smith for imposing upon the people with the "Book of Mormon?" What object had Mohammed? Let Mr. Talmage answer these questions as he may, his answers will apply to the "Book of Mormon," the "Koran," the "Puranas," the "Vedas," or the "Zend-Avesta," or any of the others with the same force that it does to his Bible.

"Advanced thinkers" seem to gravel the kidneys of Mr. Talmage terribly. What a pity he could not hold the world at a standstill so as to keep abreast of the times! I wonder if he thinks the world will cease to revolve because the beetle no longer rolls his ball.

He wonders how the Lord got along without "advanced thinkers" before they were born, and how he will get along without them after they are dead. In the first place, I hav no doubt that the Lord got along without them as well as he did without Mr. Talmage. In the second place, "advanced thinkers" will never die out. They hav come to stay, and they will be here to better the condition of humankind long after Mr. Talmage and his "stand-still" sermons are forgotten.

"Gibbon and Josephus and Prescott record in their histories many things they did not approve of." It is evident that Mr. Talmage is keeping his congregation about as ignorant as he could desire, or else he is very ignorant himself, for one of the facts which Gibbon recorded and "did not approve of" was that the New Testament was a fraud from the beginning.

"There are scores of things in the Bible which neither God nor inspired men sanctioned." So so! How did they get there? Can anything take place contrary to God's will? Was he not alone in the beginning, clothed with almighty power and infinit wisdom? How did things get in such a bad way that he could not sanction them? Did he create a power greater than his own, and was he too blind to foresee the result?

How does Mr. Talmage account for the wars of extermination commanded by God himself, like the war against Amalek, where God is commanded to "slay both man and woman, infant and suckling, ox and sheep, camel and ass? (1 Sam. xv, 3.) Did God sanction such barbarism? One would think he must hav sanctioned what he commanded. On what ground can Mr. Talmage justify the murder of these innocent children because a wrong had been committed many generations before they were born? Let Mr. Talmage square the justice of God as written down in the Bible with the ideas of justice to-day if he can. I am inclined to think that it is Mr. Talmage, and not the "advanced thinkers," who has "landed in a continent of mud."

In one instance God commanded the women to be ripped up alive that unborn children might be murdered. Had these unborn children done something to displease Mr. Talmage's Bible God? They certainly could not hav violated human laws. If space would permit I could cite other commands of God recorded in the Bible equally brutal and diabolical—one where all the men are to be killed and all the women who had known men by lying with them, and all the virgins are to be given over to the lust of a brutalized soldiery. If the Bible is true these things were sanctioned by God. And yet Mr. Talmage seems to be terribly disgusted because "advanced thinkers" do not get down in the dust like so many poodles and do homage to such a bloodthirsty monster.

"This book is the last will and testament of God to a lost world, and it bequeaths everything in the right way, although human hands may hav damaged the grammar, or made unjustifiable interpolation." Is Mr. Talmage a fool, or does he suppose he is talking to fools? "A last will and testament" that has been altered and amended and twisted and shifted by copyists and councils until nobody knows what the original was, or whether there was any original at all! What nonsense! Then he compares the mistakes in the Bible—which he admits—to the difference between spelling "forty or fourty." But if the "forty" stood in a note for forty dollars, and it should be changed to fifty or five hundred—although Mr. Talmage might think this little difference of no account—the difference would be just enough, as the Irishman said, to send a man where they sing twice.

Why, Mr. Talmage, think what you hav said. You first insist that the Bible has come down to us in its essential meaning, unaltered and unadulterated—"everything just right"—and then admit that human hands hav made "unjustifiable interpolation." Three new blades and two new handles, and the "same old jackknife yet!"

No, no, Mr. Talmage, that will never do. Where eternal salvation is on the one hand and eternal damnation on the other, we want to know just what God has said, and when and where. Now, Mr. Talmage, I wish to show you that you either see through colored glasses or else you do not see at all.

How large was a Bible before the art of printing was was discovered? and how much did one cost? and how many of the common people possessed a copy? Is it not a fact that the Bible was almost exclusivly in the hands of the priesthood? and could they not alter it to suit their own convenience? What means had the common people of knowing about it?

Although Mr. Talmage declares that "if there had been an element of deception the book would long ago hav fallen to pieces," I wish to inform him that the book has fallen to pieces many times, and been put together, but never twice alike.

Does Mr. Talmage know that in the manuscripts of the New Testament there were one hundred and thirty thousand various readings? and does he know that the authority of the scriptures was not established until the sixth century? and that additions thereto were made as late as the fifteenth century? and that for three hundred years different councils were overhauling them, and that books which were admitted at one council were rejected at another?

Now, I wish to show Mr. Talmage, by historians of the highest Christian authority, that he cannot put his finger upon one single passage of scripture and bring proof that would be accepted in any court of justice that it is the word of God:

"For the most important passage in the book of Revelation there was no original Greek at all, but Erastus wrote it himself in Switzerland in the year 1516" (Bishop Marsh, vol. i, p. 320).

"In the time of Simon and the learned Benedictines of St. Maur, very great and numerous errors with respect to the persons and transactions of those dark ages were commonly received. It is well enough known that in the early days of Christianity many silly and fraudulent persons composed fictitious narrativs of the life and actions of Jesus Christ and his apostles" (Dr. Smith).

"It was a maxim of the church that it was an act of virtue to deceive and lie, when by that means the interest of the church might be promoted" (Mosheim, vol. i, p 382).

"For if the truth of God hath more abounded through my lie, unto his glory, why yet am I also judged a sinner?" (Rom. iii, 7).

"The copies of the New Testament, of the gospels, at least, hav not come down to us as they were originally written" (Lardner, vol. iii, p. 67).

"The opinions, or rather the conjectures, of the learned concerning the time when the books of the New Testament were collected into one volume, as also the names of the authors of that collection, are extremely different. This important question is attended with great and insuperable difficulties to us in these later times" (Mosheim, vol. i, p. 108).

"Not long after Christ's ascension into heaven several histories of his life and doctrin, full of pious frauds and fabulous wonders, were composed by persons whose intentions perhaps were not bad, but whose writings discovered the greatest superstition and ignorance. Nor was this all; productions appeared which were imposed upon the world by fraudulent men as the writings of the holy apostles" (Mosheim, vol. i, p. 109).

"Such was the license of inventing, so headlong the readiness of believing, in the first ages, the credibility of transactions derived thence must hav been hugely doubtful. Nor has the world only, but the church of God also, reasonably to complain of its mystical times" (Bishop Fell).

I might fill a small volume with similar quotations from the most eminent writers, but sufficient has been given to show that the difference between the facts, as set forth in history, and Mr. Talmage's statements are greater than the difference between "forty" and "fourty"—sufficient to drive Mr. Talmage to admit either that he was ignorant of those admissions of historians, or that he was willing to impose upon his congregation.

Mr. Talmage thinks that some ministers of "advanced" thought are doing more to "hinder the world's betterment than five thousand Robert Ingersolls could do." Does Mr. Talmage realize that if it had not been for these advanced thinkers, he would be whipping women and hanging witches, and burning heretics to-day? Say, Mr. Talmage, wouldn't you be proud if you could raise all Christians up to the high intellectual and moral standing of Robert G. Ingersoll?

"Now," says Mr. Talmage, "if a man enters a denomination, and takes a solemn oath, as we all do, that we will promulgate the theories of that denomination, and then the man shall promulgate some other theory, he has broken his oath, and is an out-and-out perjurer." Yes, Mr. Talmage, these ironclad oaths hav ever acted as a clog to the world's progress. These "advanced thinkers" which you so much complain of hav never moved ahead one inch only as they hav overcome the united strength of the men who hav taken the ironclad oath. No matter how the world may move forward, no matter what new discoveries may be made, there you stand in your iron jackets, and cannot grow or move one inch. The wickedness is not in breaking such oaths, but in taking them. [CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

THE *North American Review* for June opens with an article on "Harboring Conspiracy," by Prof. Henry Wade Rodgers, who examins, in the light of international law, the diplomatic history of the United States, and the national Constitution, the question as to how far our government may and most go in suppressing plots against governments with which we are at peace. Henry D. Lloyd, in the same number of the *Review*, shows how every branch of production is coming under the control of "Lords of Industry," corporations, and monopolies Elizabeth Stuart Phelps has an article marked by rare philosophic force upon the "Struggle for Immortality." Other articles of not less importance are: "Sociological Fallacies," by Prof. W. G. Sumner; "The Rise and Fall of Authority," by President J. C. Welling; "Walt Whitman," by Walker Kennedy; and a symposium on "Expert Testimony," by Rossiter Johnson, Dr. W. W. Godding, T. O'Conor Sloane, Dr. Charles L. Dana.

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

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SATURDAY, - - - MAY 31, 1884.

The Proposed Change in the League.

The auxiliary Liberal League of Chicago recently took a vote on the anti-prohibition plank in the proposed political platform of the National Liberal League. The vote was reached after a lengthy discussion, brought about by the great dissatisfaction the plank had created, some members, according to the *Radical Review*, even withdrawing from the League in consequence of its recommendation by the National League. Gen. M. M. Trumbull first spoke against the plank. Mr. Trumbull said—we quote from the *Review*—that as he had been invited to open this question, he would do so simply by laying out a ground for debate. The anti-prohibitionist always took the ground that prohibition was a sumptuary measure. This he denied. A sumptuary law, he said, was a law for the purpose of restraining personal habits on the ground of morality, or for the person's own individual good; to prevent too great expenditure on the part of those who cannot afford it, such as, for instance, that all the people should eat at one table, and the same kind of food, in order to repress pride; or a law in England that decided the number of dishes a man should hav at one meal, because without the law inequality existed, and high living set an evil example to the poor, who became discontented. Then there were laws that decided what clothes a man should wear, and a law regulating the amount of cotton goods people should use; but this law was an economic one, made to protect the woolen industry. Prohibition, he maintained, could not be classified as a sumptuary law, and in the debate it was for the anti-prohibitionists to show that it was. If the people thought fit to prohibit the sale or manufacture of intoxicants they were perfectly justified, and the cry of special interest, or personal rights, as it was called, was not to be heeded. He had worked in reform movements for forty years, and had heard this argument of personal liberty used to defend every monopoly or wrong he had ever heard, as in the case of factory acts, education acts, etc., but he was glad to know that a feeling was abroad that no cry of personal rights would avail when the interest of the people as a whole were at issue.

Mr. Stevens replied by stating that this cry of personal rights was the sheet anchor of our liberty. He admitted that the evils of the drink traffic were great, but not so great as the prohibition fanatics would hav us believe. All the evils arose from the abuse and not from the use of drink, and why should he be denied the use of a thing because some people were too weak-minded to control themselvs? He resented this interference with his personal liberty. There was no knowing where it would end. The great supporters of this prohibition question were also supporters of the God-in-the-Constitution platform. The question was, Are we Freethinkers or are we Prohibitionists? He then went on to show how prohibition had failed, and quoted Gov. Robinson, of Kansas, as authority on the evil results of the prohibition measure there, how it demoralized the people; he also quoted figures from other states to show that there was more crime, and more taxes were paid in towns where prohibition was in force than in others where it was not. A lively discussion ensued, but most of the criticisms were directed against the position of Mr. Stevens; several of the speakers maintaining that it was not a question of Freethought and prohibition, nor of anti-prohibition, but a question whether it was advisable to maintain a plank in a platform which was a cause of keeping out many good members, or to erase the plank, and thus take away that cause of difficulty. Several of them were not prohibitionists, but neither were they anti-prohibitionists, and they thought that a man's opinion on that question had no more to do with the League than his opinion on free trade or protection, or hard money or paper money.

When the matter was submitted to vote, thirteen voted for and thirteen against, the chairman casting his vote in favor of retaining the plank.

During the past nine months arguments upon this question hav filled a good share of the space in The Truth Seeker, but without, so far as we can judge, any change in the situation. Those who were prohibitionists nine months ago are prohibitionists now, and *vice versa*.

The proposed political platform, of which anti-prohibition is one plank, was recommended at Milwaukee as a concession to the German Freethinkers. Without saying whether the favor has been returned, it should be considered whether the League had any call to go outside of its avowed charter objects. We do not think it had, and must agree with those who maintain that it is better for the League to stick to its legitimate business of working for the removal of legal disabilities of Freethinkers, the taxation of church property, the secularization of our public schools, abolition of religious festivals as appointed by our officials, the removal from public bodies of chaplains, and other measures of the same general character.

There were also many other planks besides the anti-prohibition one suggested at Milwaukee, which will hav to be dropped to insure harmony and unity of action. The proposed political platform is full of stumbling-blocks. The next Congress should allow it to still remain proposed, and devote its energies to framing a platform upon which prohibitionists and anti-prohibitionists, Democrats and Republicans, free traders and protectionists, Greenbackers and specie basis men, Spiritualists and Materialists, Socialists, Anarchists, and neither, can unite. In short, make a platform for Freethinkers, and for no one else.

Mr. Walker, of *Lucifer*, calls the declination of Messrs. Wakeman and Leland to longer hold office in the League "a prophecy of struggle," foreshadowing "great changes in the Liberal organizations of the country." We hope to be excused if we fail to see it. It might hav been so had the *Index* accepted the olive branch held out by the League president and secretary, but its contemptuous spurning of the offering leaves the League in the same position as before, except that Messrs. Wakeman and Leland wish to resign the offices they hav held so acceptably to all. And certainly they should be allowed to do as they please without questioning their motivs. Mr. Walker also thinks the statement that the Comstock issue is dead is erroneous. In this Mr. Walker is right. Section 4 of Article III. of the Constitution of the League recites that one of the specific objects of the League is:

"To defend through the courts, by the combined efforts and means of the Liberals of the country, any American citizen whose equal religious or moral rights are denied, or who is oppressed on account of any opinions he may hav held or expressed on the subject of religion or morals."

Therefore when Mr. Abbot and his friends refused to aid Mr. Bennett, it was simply a refusal on their part to practice what they preached when the constitution was adopted. It is a part of the business of the League to fight for Freethinkers oppressed by the church, and we are amazed that a proposition should be made to practically nullify this clause by suspending the agitation for the repeal of the Comstock law. We are for the repeal of any law under which can be worked such monstrous iniquity as imprisonment purely for opinion's sake, and for this reason, and on constitutional grounds, must vote for repeal first, last, and all the time. As Mr. Walker says, "there is nothing at stake which calls for co-operation with the maligners of our martyrs dead, of our heroes living."

We can go a little further with Mr. Walker:

"The League is bottomed, or should be bottomed, on certain definit principles, and our duty is to stand by these principles let come what may. We are to defend our colors though beneath the standard of freedom shall rally but a corporal's guard. Better a compact phalanx of one hundred true men, held in unity by an idea, than a mob of ten thousand held together by the sand rope of compromise."

True. And that idea should be State Secularization, and not Socialism, or Anarchy, or Prohibition, or Anti-prohibition. Let all of these hav their separate organizations, uniting if they please on such measures as all hav in common; but not forcing upon each body the ideas and principles of all. The League has been made a pack-horse until its back is bending. A little more piled on top of the load will break it. Yet Mr. Walker announces that he intends to pile the load on. At the next Congress, he says,

"There will be offered resolutions demanding the total and unconditional repeal of every statute which limits freedom of choice in the realm of letters and art."

We hope our fiery friend will forbear. If he thinks "there must be one national organization making this demand as a matter of right," let him organize one, and not saddle the League with an issue which two-thirds of its members would condemn to the extent of leaving the League. Mr. Walker talks violently of liberty, but he will not giv the League liberty to confine itself to its rightful purposes.

We must again express the hope that the next congress will frame a platform for Freethinkers; and upon such a platform we nominate for president of the National Liberal League

Samuel P. Putnam,
of New York.

Upon all subjects Mr. Putnam has strong opinions of his own, but he would, we know, be content to discuss them in their proper place, and, as president of the League, work solely for the advancement of the League's objects.

The Sins of Legislators.

The June *Popular Science Monthly* contains Herbert Spencer's second contribution upon the above subject. Mr. Spencer cannot be accused of sentimentality in his writing. He applies the evolutionary principles of natural selection and survival of the fittest with pitiless rigor. It is, perhaps, going too far to say he would let the incapables die off of starvation and the diseases common to low orders of life and intelligence, but certainly one who should accuse his writings of tending that way could cite many quotations to justify him. Mr. Spencer places the individual—and by individual he seems to mean exclusivly the "capables"—above society in remedying social evils.

Individual aid, he thinks, "more generally demanded than now, and associated with a greater sense of responsibility, would, on the average, be given with the effect of fostering the unfortunate worthy rather than the innately unworthy." For the latter class he makes no provision. For "the poverty of the incapable, the distresses that come upon the imprudent, the starvation of the idle, and those shoulderings aside of the weak by the strong, which leave so many 'in shallows and in miseries,' are the decrees of a large, far-seeing benevolence." By "benevolence," Mr. Spencer does not hold himself committed to a teleological implication. It is rather such benevolence as we should attribute to a farrier who shot his horse to prevent the creature's suffering; or the benevolence, if we may apply the word, of a ceaselessly whirling millstone which should complete its work of death after having caught in inextricable grip a limb of its victim. It is the benevolence of an unfeeling power in nature which causes worlds to revolve and the unfit to die. Added to this conception of the universe, which is purely and coldly scientific, Mr. Spencer finds that the progress made in civilization has been solely the result of "men's efforts to achieve their private ends. Perpetually governments hav thwarted and deranged the growth, but hav in no way furthered it, save by partially discharging their proper function and maintaining social order. So, too, with those advances of knowledge and those improvements of appliances by which these structural changes and these increasing activities hav been made possible. It is not to the state that we owe the multitudinous useful inventions from the plow to the telephone; it is not the state which made possible extended navigation by a developed astronomy; it is not the state which made the discoveries in physics, chemistry, and the rest, which guide modern manufacturers; it is not the state which devised the machinery for producing fabrics of every kind, for transferring men and things from place to place, and for ministering in a thousand ways to our comforts. The world-wide transactions going on in merchants' offices, the rush of traffic filling our streets, the retail distributing system which brings everything within easy reach and delivers the necessaries of life daily at our doors, are not of governmental origin. All these are the results of the spontaneous activities of citizens, separate or combined. Nay, to these spontaneous activities govern ments owe

the very means of performing their duties. Divest the political machinery of all those aids which science and art hav yielded it—leave it with those only which state-officials hav invented—and its functions would cease. The very language in which its laws are registered and the orders of its agents daily given is an instrument not in the remotest degree due to the legislator, but is one which has unawares grown up during men's intercourse while pursuing their personal satisfactions."

In another paragraph he emphasizes his adherence to the "benevolence" which stamps out the incapables—the process of natural selection. "So familiar has this truth become," he says, "that some apology seems needed for naming it. And yet, strange to say, now that this truth is recognized by most cultivated people—now that the beneficent working of the survival of the fittest has been so impressed on them that, much more than people in past times, they might be expected to hesitate before neutralizing its action—now more than ever before in the history of the world are they doing all they can to further the survival of the unfittest!"

To all this it can only be responded that it is true—every word of it; but yet it is not all of the truth; there is more to be said just as true, and the wonder is that Mr. Spencer has not himself said it. The reason that he has not is probably to be found in the almost universal law that men cease to grow after arrival at a certain age. Mr. Spencer got so far in his mental evolution; he learned just so much of nature, and then he stopped. His ideas on the "large, far-seeing benevolence" were penned in 1850, a third of a century ago, and he confesses that he has ad vanced no farther.

Mr. Spencer's impatience with the response of the sentimentalists to his statements of nature's laws is as just as the laws are inexorable. The sympathy of a society, which at one and the same time supports say a thousand orphans and disabled men and sends out armies with mechanically perfect instruments of death to make thousands of other orphans and disable thousands of other men, is not worth considering. The charity of a Wall-street millionaire, like the late Daniel Drew, who founded seminaries ostensibly to teach morality, and then fails, cheating his creditors and ruining hundreds of trusting clients, is of a not very beneficial kind.

But there is another natural and universal law which if recognized and applied would obviate the necessity of state charity or aid to the incapables. It is admirably stated by Mr. Spencer himself. "No one denies," he says, "that by the accumulation of small changes, generation after generation, constitution fits itself to conditions. . . . No one denies that people who belong to the same original stock, but hav spread into different habitats where they hav led different lives, hav acquired in course of time different aptitudes and different tendencies. . . . And if no one denies a process of adaptation everywhere and always going on, it is a manifest implication that adaptiv modifications must be set up by every change of social conditions."

Mr. Spencer has thus stated three premises, from two of which only has he reasoned. One of these two is the "survival of the fittest," which is the foundation of his *laisser faire* or let alone policy, and the other is the statement that to the individual is due all progress. This last is the reason for his cry to all governments to keep "hands off." He has left out of sight entirely his just as universal law of modifications of nature by change and adaptation.

If aid of the unfittest were certain to forever keep them unfit, if the law that peoples put into different habitats acquire different aptitudes and tendencies did not exist, Mr. Spencer's advice to let the unfit alone and let them die out would be sensible though cruel. In his "Coming Slavery," Mr. Spencer argues that the poor rates of England produced instead of diminishing pauperism. But would this be so if the habitats and conditions of the incapables were changed for a few generations instead of keeping them on in the same places? The law of adaptation is a larger and truer benevolence than that which stamps out the unworthy incapables as of no consequence in the economy of nature. Yet who and what power can thus help to modify and make the incapables fit to survive but the government or corporate society? Mr. Spencer relates that one of the counties on the upper Hudson in this country used to be remarkable for the ratio of crime and poverty to population. The cause came out at a meeting of the State Charities Aid Association held on December 18, 1873. Generations ago there had existed a certain "gutter-child," known as Margaret, who proved to be the prolific mother of a prolific race. Besides great numbers of idiots, imbecils, drunkards, lunatics, paupers, and prostitutes, the county records "show two hundred of her descendants who hav been criminals;" and Mr. Spencer asks, "Was it kindness or cruelty which, generation after generation, enabled these to multiply and become an increasing curse to the society around them?"

The "sins of legislators" is, according to him, that they do not take cognizance of sociologic conditions of evil like the foregoing, and stamp them out. Yet if society in its corporate capacity can rightly regulate such things, why not regulate smaller and greater but not less positiv evils? Must the incapables become debased criminals ere the state can undertake to modify the conditions of their life?

Mind, we are not advocating that the state shall own everything, and the individual be but a child under its parental care. A society organized upon that basis might indeed become a slavery as repellant to justice as is the present subjection of the people to the monopolistic individual. But the government may easily be made the agent of society in its corporate capacity to carry out those reforms to which individual effort is unequal. It is perfectly true, as Mr. Spencer says, that all the great discoveries, inventions, and enterprises, even language itse lf, hav grown up during men's intercourse while pursuing their personal satisfactions; but the matter does not necessarily rest there. Not asserting that it all could hav been done quicker and better by society in its corporate capacity acting through its agents, and not at all had not society relinquished many of its rights to aid in a supposed public benefit, yet it can be pointed out that it has all not been done well. Individuals hav abused the privileges granted them by their fellows, and by immoral means grabbed more than their share of material wealth, and become oppressors as tyrannical, perhaps, as any slave-drivers the most violent Socialism would produce.

Aside from the admitted sins of our legislators in not studying Sociology, and applying, or at least experimenting from, its principles, they hav committed worse sins in corrupting the public to looking upon them as an extraneous power and not as paid agents of society in its corporate capacity, to use again the felicitous phrase of Mr. Spencer. Our legislators hav accomplished this subversion of principle through the very individuals who hav done so much to advance civilization and to whom "governments owe the very means of performing their duties." If the government owed less to individuals and more to combined society, our legislators would hav more inclination to study the principles of Sociology and less to oppress society for the benefit of these overrated individual benefactors. A railroad may be used as an illustration, for to railroads is society deeply indebted, and by them grievously oppressed. To build one of these ways "of transferring men and things from place to place," the public is usually first taxed for a gratuity in the form of exemption from taxation for a term of years. This of itself givs the right to a voice in its management. Next, the legislators grant to the corporation the right to take any man's land for its purposes, paying practically its own valuation. Then often the government (society in its corporate capacity) guarantees the road's credit, or givs it public lands to sell. The road, being finally built, is owned by the corporation, which fixes its own charges for transportation, subject to such general laws as the corporation's attorneys in the legislature may hav enacted. These charges are always oppressiv, and made more so by discriminations in favor of particular points or some weak road concerned in a general pool. The public remonstrates, but is politely informed by the individual to whose exertions the road is said to owe its existence that the public may be damned, and asked in the language of another individual benefactor, What are you going to do about it? We instance these facts familiar to all Americans, because Mr. Spencer to support his reasoning has quoted Emerson as saying that "most people can understand a principle only when its light falls on a fact."

It is plain that the let alone policy can not be pursued without the oppression of society. Equally plain has history made it that government, considered as a force apart from the people, cannot be depended upon to conserve the interests of all. The question is thus marrowed down to a choice of evils, or the substitution of a new order of society, in which justice, even and exact, is accorded to all without demur from any. For this the world must look elsewhere than in Mr. Spencer's essays. He has set forth the difficulties in the way, but to their removal has contributed nothing but the suggestion that legislators study the laws of Sociology.

To Members and Frequenters of the Liberal Club.

The last meeting of the season for the Manhattan Liberal Club takes place Friday night, the 30th. The exercises are to be appropriate to the occasion. Mr. Wakeman will speak on the "Dead Past;" Andrew H. H. Dawson, Esq., will discourse on the "Living Present;" and the Great Universal Preacher, Mr. Andrews, will shadow forth the glories of "The Future." Mr. Putnam will read a poem. As the friends will not come together again for three months, we would suggest that those who are in the habit of purchasing their copy of THE TRUTH SEEKER weekly at the club, should hand the secretary (or send to this office) their names and addresses for a subscription to bridge over the vacation. This paper will be sent three months to new subscribers for fifty cents, and, as we hav often remarked, one of the best ways to help along the cause of Freethought is to circulate THE TRUTH SEEKER.

THE Congregational church of Elgin, Ill., publishes the *Elgin Workman*, in which they advertise for Sunday-school scholars. Desperate missionary efforts are evidently made. Elgin is full of work people, and to them this paper seems to be especially addressed. To get them into the fold on Sundays an article is copied from the *Christian Statesman*, in which the necessity of the Christian Sabbath is pointed out in statements like this:

"This portion of time, thus set apart, is sacred, and the public desecration of it is an immorality which strikes at the very foundation of social order and of all legitimate authority, *and is to be restrained and punished like blasphemy and other crimes of similar character and tendency.*"

From the *Christian Intelligencer* is quoted the following upon the subject of opening art galleries and libraries on Sundays:

"They will also be disappointed if they expect to elevate the character or ameliorate the condition of the workingman by Sunday entertainments. The device has failed utterly in Europe. The Nihilists and the Socialists of the most extreme sort, who seek to destroy all religion and morality as much as they seek to destroy social distinctions, who are Atheists and advocates of the most gross and pernicious profligacy, are to be found in the towns where art galleries, music halls, theaters, and all places of amusement are open on the Sabbath. Every man who has been in Europe knows that these Sunday shows do not tend to diminish the patronage of the wine and beer and liquor shops. We feel certain that they tend to increase the patronage of such places. And it is perfectly evident that they are absolutely ineffectiv to bring about the moral elevation of the laboring classes. The only benefit accruing is that workingmen learn how to make artistic articles. It would be easy to make such arrangements so that the end could be attained on other days. It is also to be remembered that deep moral degradation has been often associated with a knowledge of art."

So here we hav three Christian papers asking workmen to make slaves of themselvs by voting for or refusing to ask for repeal of laws depriving them of one-seventh of their time, and otherwise curtailing their liberty to do as they like with the time not necessarily spent in the work-shop. The Congregational church of Elgin must think the workmen are fools!

THE Methodist General Conference advises that the Roman Catholics of this country be treated as heathens, and that missions for their conversion to Methodism be established and "administered as foreign missions." To which neighborly insolence the *Sun* suggests that the Methodists will do better to look sharply after the members their churches now hold on their rolls than to run after the Catholics. "Religious skepticism," it says, "is appearing among the Methodists, and weakening the force of the body which of old knew only religious faith and zeal. Dr. Curry, their chief scholar, confesses that he has come to the conclusion that many of the Bible stories are only old women's tales, and that the ancient veneration for the scriptures as the word of God must slowly disappear. More than that, this is no time for war among the different divisions of the Christian army. They are confronted by a common enemy, and their common safety requires that Catholic and Protestant should fight shoulder to shoulder against unbelief."

The Activ Mind of Youth.

From the Somerville Journal.

"What was cats made for, mother?" asked a Somerville little boy, who has been scratched by a household tabby.

"Cats made for? Well, I suppose to kill mice."

"Who made 'em?"

"God made them."

"What was mice made for?"

"What was mice made for? For some purpose, I suppose. For cats to catch, perhaps."

"Did God make the mice, too?"

"He did; he made all things."

"Well if the cats is made for catchin' mice, God wouldn't need to make cats if he hadn't made any mice, would he?"

"No, I suppose not."

"What did he make them for, then?"

"Make what?"

"The mice."

"Child, it is time for you to go to school. Hurry or you'll be late."

Letters from Friends.

GANANOQUE, CAN., May 6, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Find inclosed $5, to be used as directed elsewhere.

A little band of Liberals in this town hav organized a society, and the ignorant and narrow-minded bigots are trying hard to stamp us out with their opinions and threats, but we are trying to work up an interest in our movement. Some Liberals are afraid to act with us for fear they will be "talked about." That is just what we want in order to advance our cause. We are trying to organize a quartet club and string band. We lack a violinist—one who can read music passably well—and would like to correspond with such a one.

Fraternally yours, HENRY SMITH.

BOX 614, UPPER SANDUSKY, OHIO, May 12, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: As you hav taken such kindly interest in my welfare, and given me an introduction to the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER, accompanied by a testimonial of my abilities professionally, I should like to get permission to say a few words in expression of gratitude to you and S. A. Stewart, of Wayland, and one or two others who hav written me since you noticed me in THE TRUTH SEEKER of March 29th. For the kind letter of Stewart's and the birth-day present, I say with all sincerity, please accept my thanks.

I would like to say to all Freethinkers who may hav any small pictures of any kind they would like to hav a crayon or pastel painting made of that I will make them very low and guarantee to satisfy you in every respect. The work I do is not of the ordinary kind of crayon. It is what is called stippled or painted, a higher grade of work than the drawings. If you will correspond with me I promis I will satisfy you that you will never get another chance to get good work at the price I will do it for now.

I do not like the idea of being an object of charity, as S. A. Stewart, of Wayland, Mich., proposes in your issue of May 3d, and take this way of trying to be self-sustaining. True, as Stewart says, I hav been greatly crippled by adverse circumstances and poor health, and for two years past my trouble has been increased by the addition of constant sickness in my family. This, together with the stringency of money matters and hard times, puts me in rather an embarrassing situation, but I do not believe that I am half so badly off as hundreds who are worse in every way than I, and who are not able to work if they could get it to do. To them, I would suggest, make your donations, and let me work. Hoping at once to hear from Liberal friends in regard to this matter, and promising to be partial in charges to Freethinkers, I will not impose on your space farther. With well wishes to THE TRUTH SEEKER office forces and its supporters, I am

Yours respectfully and in gratitude, F. E. STURGIS.

WAYNESBURG, PA., May 19, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I wrote you some time ago that I had engaged Mr. C. B Reynolds to deliver two lectures here. He was here on the twelfth and thirteenth and lectured to full houses both evenings. So far as I know these were the first Infidel lectures ever delivered in our town, and if there had been any efficacy in prayer I am confident they would never hav been delivered. Strange to relate, however, Christian prayers availed naught, and the great Jehovah allowed this "little fat man" to show up his infamous, selfish, unlovable character without a murmur. Jehovah is certainly growing less vindictiv, less cruel, more just, more merciful. I think he must hav turned Infidel. He is certainly not subject to those fits of wrathful vengeance so common in the days of Moses. Hear what he would hav done with such men as Mr. Reynolds then—"If thy brother, the son of thy mother, or thy son, or thy daughter, or the wife of thy bosom, or thy friend, which is as thine own soul, entice thee secretly, saying, let us go and serve other gods, . . . thou shalt not consent unto him, nor hearken unto him; neither shall thine eye pity him; neither shalt thou spare, neither shalt thou conceal him; but thou shalt surely kill him" (Deut. xiii, 6). But here we hav it. A young minister sees in Mr. Reynolds's visit to our town the special providence of God. Instead of strengthening Infidels in their belief he thinks it strengthened Christians in theirs. Ah, indeed! Let him lay this flattering unction to his heart and deceive himself if he can. He may also succeed in deceiving some of his congregation, but the more intelligent, thoughtful, observing ones know better. Mr. Reynolds has stirred up the putrid orthodoxy of this town as it was never stirred up before; and so great is the stench that it is becoming offensiv to many who hav long reveled in a mire that education had taught them to believe was unwonted purity. Many of the weak-kneed hav come out more boldly than ever before; some who had never before questioned the wisdom of their dogmatic faith hav begun to doubt, and if the spirit of investigation that has been awakened is only supplied with proper food, their doubts must soon develop into absolute unbelief. Mr. Reynolds's lectures were the cause of many Liberal books and papers being disseminated among our people, and I hav great faith in these. Let us once get honest intelligence sufficiently aroused to investigate this subject and our part of the conversion is done. We hav a gigantic work to perform. We require big consciences and brave hearts to meet the discouragements that false education and inherited superstition array against us. But the satisfaction of having acted conscientiously is worth much more than all the fame that can be derived from the suppression of honest convictions. To work, then, fellow-Liberals, in earnest! Every Liberal tract, every Liberal paper, every Liberal book, every Liberal lecture has its influence in shattering somebody's faith, in opening somebody's eyes, in giving somebody a glimmer of the light of truth.

Such men as Mr. Reynolds should be kept diligently at work. I was instrumental in bringing him to our town and had the honor of being with him most of the time during his stay here. He is a brilliant conversationalist, a big-hearted, jovial companion, and an earnest, stirring lecturer. He inspires confidence and seems to throw a halo of cheerfulness around him. Though I had known him but a short time, yet when I grasped his hand to say good-bye at the depot it seemed like parting with a friend I had known for years.

The editor of one of our papers went and sat in the hall during one of Mr. Reynolds's lectures and then took it upon himself to vilify and misrepresent the lecturer in the columns of his paper. I think that when he should hav been listening to the lecturer and weighing what he said this editor must hav been conjuring his brain for some vile terms to bestow upon Mr. Reynolds in his next issue. We should naturally expect such actions to emanate from a bigoted believer in superstition.

One of our divines pretended to review Mr. Reynolds's lectures last night, but if I were to tell you about it now my letter would be too long—perhaps it is anyhow. I may say something about it at another time.

Earnestly yours, H. CLAY LUSE.

BINBROOSE, ONT., May 1, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find two dollars, for which please send "Some Mistakes of Moses," "Life of Thomas Paine," by Gilbert Vale, and a couple of "Answers to Christian Questions." One Mr. Walter intends giving a series of lectures on the life of Thomas Paine here this summer, and I am determined not to let him hav all his own way, unless he sticks to the truth, which is not very likely considering that he belongs to the Ancient Order of Sky-pilots, and is a Presbyterian at that. Another of the same order announced from his coward's castle last Sunday that Thomas Paine recanted before death. I took the liberty, on reaching home, to write him a letter explaining in the most delicate manner that he either told a wilful falsehood or was mistaken; and now some Christians here wonder how I can be wicked enough to contradict a man of God. Certainly I had not done so. How do I know but that Jehovah is again putting a lie into the mouths of all his prophets or pilots, as the case may be? Or how do I know that the glory of God will not more abound through their lie? They must certainly think so.

I drove to Hamilton to hear Mr. Chainey lecture. And what a contrast between the pure, wise, and beautiful teachings I heard from him, and the hell-fire, blood-thirsty sermons preached from the pulpits of churches. Mr. Chainey lectures here again on the 16th. Subject, "Life and Teachings of Ingersoll."

J. LOVELL.

ESCANABA, April 30, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Your account reached me first, so I will be the first to respond. I think if I had done that sooner and not waited for some one else, you would probably hav had the pay for your papers, and been saved the trouble and annoyance you hav been subject to by neglect. I think if THE TRUTH SEEKER had been as good when it first started as it is now, you would hav had very many more subscribers than you now hav. You may rest assured that unless some unforeseen thing happens to prevent, you will get your pay for your paper ere long; then if we can't keep straight, we will order it stopped at once.

MRS. ADELIA DARLING.

ST. CATHERINES, ONT., April 30, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Is it not to be lamented that so many sincere orthodox Christians still cling so tenaciously to the old, ignorant, traditional doctrin, taught them by their ignorant preachers; that there is somewhere in the skies an omnipotent, omniscient, all-wise, forbearing, merciful, and gracious God, without body or parts, visible and invisible, three in one, and one in three; who, in his infinit goodness and plenitude of his power, governs all things in heaven and earth, and is especially mindful of his chosen Christian people to direct them aright? Candid Christian reader, I ask you now for your sincere consideration. Your Bible says God created the heaven and the earth; the earth had no form, void and darkness was on its face, on which God's spirit moved. God said, Let there be light, and there was light. Bear in mind he had already made heaven and earth, but it seems they did not suit your all-wise, omniscient God, for you see he is now altering them, and, strange as it may appear, he divided the light before there was any, which is preposterous. He said, Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters (absurd), but the elements did not obey him; he had to make the firmament, and divided the waters under and above it (preposterous); he then said, "Let the waters under the heaven be gathered into one place" (this is not true, for you know the waters are not all in one place), and it was so. Here the elements again obey him. He then said, Let the earth bring forth grass, fruit, trees, etc., and it was so. The elements again yielded to his request. He then, after the third day, said, Let there be lights to divide the day from the night (he had already divided the light from darkness), and it was so. The elements were again obedient to him. But even after it was so, he then made the two great lights (contradictory), and stars, and set them in the firmament. This is not true, for we know they are not set. He then said, "Let the waters bring forth abundantly that hath life." Here the elements did not obey him, for he had to create great whales, and every living creature. He then said, "Let the earth bring forth the living creatures, cattle, beasts," etc., and it was so. Again, here, bear in mind, he said it, and it was so; but afterwards made beasts, cattle, etc., and saw it was good. He then said. "Let us [now it seems there is someone with him] make man in our image, after our likeness." But instead of doing so, he created man in his own image, male and female created he them, and blessed them, and saw everything he had made was very good. Again, here, where is your all-wise God's precious omniscience that he had first to see his created things before he knew they were good? On the seventh day he ended his work, rested, and blessed it. But after this your Bible says the Lord God (who was that?) made earth and heavens (God made heaven), formed man of the dust, etc., planted a garden, put the man into it to dress it (did that paradisaical garden require dressing?), and told the man he might freely eat of every tree of the garden, except of the tree of knowledge, etc.; the day he ate of it he should surely die. Bear in mind this was said by your all-wise, foreknowledge Lord God. He then brought the beasts, and fowls, etc., to Adam, to see (again, here, he had to see—did not know it before) what he would call them, etc. Again, bear in mind, your almighty, omniscient God, who had previously just said, "Let there be, etc., and it was so." And he had already created a female, etc. But now your Lord God goes to work mechanically, like a finite surgeon, renders Adam insensible with sleep, then takes one of his ribs (and closes the fissure with flesh), from which he makes a woman, brings her to the man, who said she was now of his bones and flesh, and was taken out of man. How could Adam know all this when he was in a deep sleep? Both were naked but not ashamed.

Then one of God's subtil beasts, the serpent, it seems, knew the precept that the Lord God had given to the man, and recited it the woman truthfully, saying, "God hath said ye shall not eat of every tree of the garden." She said, "We may eat of the fruit of the trees of the garden, but not of the fruit [no fruit in precept] of the tree that is in the midst [not so in precept] of the garden. Ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it [not so in precept] lest ye die." Again, here the serpent tells the whole truth (I admire that serpent; it would not lie) to the woman, saying, "Ye shall not surely die, for God doth know the day ye eat thereof, your eyes shall be opened and ye shall be as gods," etc. When the woman saw the tree was good for food (how did she know before tasting it), and pleasant to the eye, and would make one wise (common sense), she, therefore, ate of it, as did also her husband; and as the serpent (not God) had told her, their eyes were opened. This transit from blindness, unopened eyes, to the bright sunlight of day and God's celestial garden, must hav overwhelmed them with exquisit delight. And now they knew for the first time that they are naked. Again, how did Adam (who did not even know that he was naked), with unopened eyes, name beasts, fowls, etc., and know that his wife was of his bones and flesh, etc., and how was the food pleasant to the woman's unopened eyes? Here the ignorant bring in their allegories, but the Bible writer does not mention them. Truth never errs, falsehood always. Again, did not your all-wise, foreknowledge Lord God tell that innocent man a positiv lie, when he told him the day he eat of the tree of knowledge, etc., he should surely die? Of all things, I abhor a lie. Next they hear the voice of the Lord God without body or parts, walking, etc., and he asked Adam if had eaten of the tree (had the Lord God's word proved true the man and woman would hav been dead), and he told the truth. He then asked the woman what she had done, and she said, "The serpent beguiled me, and I did eat;" which you know is false. The serpent did not even insinuate that she should eat of tree or fruit, but simply told her the truth; and for this your forbearing, merciful Lord God cursed it. Again, here, ponder well and you will see at once the palpable injustice of your long-suffering, benevolent Lord God in wreaking vengeance on the serpent for telling the truth. Could not the serpent hav justly said, and with the best of reasons, "Lord God, you told the man the day he eat of the forbidden tree he should surely die. He did eat of it but did not die. You lied to him; therefore curse yourself. I told the woman nothing but the truth; and as I had told her, so it came to pass. Wherefore cursedst thou me?" Again here the fanatics bring in the allegories; it was the devil that talked through the serpent. But this only brings out more of their ignorance. If it was the devil, then why did not their just God curse him instead of the innocent serpent and the ground? The Lord God said to the serpent, "Because thou hast done this." Done what? How he would like to throw the blame on the serpent! The Bible writer has headed the third chapter of Genesis, "The Serpent deceiveth Eve," which is false, though many would like to hav it true. Well might God say the serpent should go on its belly—any simpleton might know from the structure of the reptil that it could not go in any other way, and the combined powers of all the most mighty gods could not make it go on the end of its tail, as the ignorant believed it did before it was cursed. Again, "dust it shall eat," which is false. We know they eat flesh. It is much harped on by the ignorant, that Christ was promised, but there is no such word in the verse. Next he multiplies the woman's, etc. (obscene), curses the ground. Forbearing, merciful God that! Next he says, "The man is become as one of us" (I hope much better than the one described in the Bible), and now fears he will eat of the tree of life and liv forever. Where is that all-powerful God now who just said it and it was done? Has he lost all his mighty supernatural power that he must now physically, like a common man, follow the laws of nature, and drive the man out of the garden, and mechanically station there a sword that turns, etc., to protect that wonderful tree?

Respected Christian reader, can you now believe in an almighty, all-wise, omniscient God who, in his infinit goodness, would create a man and a woman who he knew from all eternity would not only disobey him, but entail on their posterity an everlasting curse, sin, shame, misery, and bloodshed? No, never, never, never! I sincerely believe if any man or woman reads the preceding narrativ carefully, he or she will at once see that the Bible story of the creation is one of the grossest tissues of falsehoods that ever was fabricated by the most illiterate, ignorant, superstitious, and supernatural fanatics imaginable. But oh, how I long to see the sun of reason dispel those superstitious, visionary myths and phantoms from their unenlightened minds, and fill them with useful knowledge and the glorious realities of this world as they are here and now, and ever bask in the illumination of an enlightened existence! They will ever love truth, sobriety, industry, integrity, justice, and honesty, which will ever actuate them to transact business with all their fellow-beings in such a manner that they will not only not be ashamed nor afraid to see them again, but will always be pleased to see them, and can look every person full in the face. This all intelligent beings are delighted to see. But alas! behold that contemptible, degraded, mean, low, vile wretch of a lawyer here (St. Catherines, Ont.),

who, under his holy Bible oath, has proved himself to be a liar, perjurer, embezzler, and sneak thief, and whenever he meets or sees his victim that he has ruined, he hangs his guilty, sneak-thievish head, and shirks, skulks, sneaks, and slinks; and his Christian partner who sings hallelujahs on the holy Sabbath in his Christian church here has also, after kissing his holy Bible, proved himself a liar, perjurer, and shameful embezzler, who now has to suffer the terrible ordeal of his innocent victim's gaze. The holy Bible kiss is powerless to force the truth from these degraded lawyers' desperate falsehood lips. But oh, how delightful to see that wonderful mechanism, man and woman, whose noble and enlightened minds ever actuate their hallowed lips to utter the precious truth these wretched lawyers, with all their wealth (which they got mostly by robbing their innocent victim behind his back), can never enjoy this world, because that terrible, unwieldy load of guilt will hang on their guilty heads whilst their lives endure. May mysticisms be banished from unenlightened minds, and good morals, justice, kindness, mercy, charity, and love be instituted instead, and may they ever be trained physically, morally, and intellectually in all the immutable and philosophical laws of nature, so their greatest desire will ever be to do what is right, not from fear of vindictiv wrath or punishment, but because it pleases them.

Ever onward with the good cause of secularism. May it be heralded from pole to pole. A. Moot.

BEHOLD WHAT A GREAT FIRE A LITTLE MATTER KINDLETH.

Mr. Editor: For over thirty years I hav been talking upon the various reforms of the world, advocating anti-rum, anti-tobacco, antislavery, equal rights, sexual temperance, and common sense, against fables and myths; and teaching general goodness as more prevalent than total depravity. In all this time, though I hav, now and then, found an opponent who used pretty strong language, yet, as a general thing, toleration, kindness and charity hav tempered their words and robbed them of their sting.

In view of this, I really fail to understand why my consenting to simply go and see what I can of Spiritual phenomena (so-called), and to tell what I see, should raise such a tumult of vituperation, scorn, and ridicule. Perhaps I ought to feel complimented by this manifestation of interest, and so I would be if I only had the consciousness of knowing that I merited the notice I am receiving. But when I realize how little I know of these wonderful manifestations that are puzzling scientists and thinkers, and fairly overturning the philosophy of ages, and also think of my inability to cope with what so many hav found incomprehensible, my heart fails me, and I dread the ordeal. Do you know, friends, that I am as easily gulled as a child? Why, it's a by word wherever I liv, "Oh! its no use to play a joke on Mrs. Slenker, for she always believes just what you tell her." It is a fact, too, that I try to believe in human truth and human goodness. Being unwilling to deceive others, I seldom expect to be deceived by them. But once convinced I am right, it takes mountains of evidence to move me. Mary Hutchison is not wrong in giving me a due amount of prejudice. I claim to be simply human and plenty of it. But I must insist that "all who do not enjoy life *would* cease to love it." If there is no happiness in the present and no hope for the future, I cannot conceive of anyone desiring its continuance. I am sure I should not, and I should be glad to hav Mary tell me *how* it could be possible for any one to to do so. And here is my whilom friend and correspondent, David Bruce, condemning me for not believing in one of the many gods that hav been conceived of by the ignorant and deluded creators.

Atheism is far from "effete." There are more Atheists today than there has ever been before since the historical period. The great mass of mind tends to Atheism. Will David please tell Elmina what views of a God he would wish her to believe in? I must say I am sorry his lot has been cast among the miserable and unhappy, the depraved and the wicked, the sick, the poor, and the starving. But is he sure even these are really so miserable as he imagins? Will he pick out fifty or a hundred of those whose misery he deems so "insupportable," and watch their lives a few days and weeks, and then tell me if they do not enjoy more than they suffer. I hav been all over Snowville (mentally) this morning, and could not put my finger on one miserable, or even comparativly unhappy, person. There are two old men who hav apparently but a few weeks or months more of life to liv, but they do not seem at all unhappy. There is one large family who seem destitute of nearly all the comforts of life, but the children dance, run, play, and laugh as merrily as the petted darlings of a palace.

Yonder is an old black woman with a house full of pickaninnies, and simply living from hand to mouth, yet I hav seen the little bare-footed things skip, dance, and play on the cold frozen ground and their rags fluttering in the wind, and their white teeth grinning in smiles; while cheery words of mirthful pleasure made glad the whole place.

I do not deny there is wretchedness, misery, want, woe, and crime—rivers and oceans of it—scattered all over our beautiful earth, but I say it is all exceptional, and this is why suicide is *exceptional* and probably ever will be. In the fifteen years we hav lived here, I hav heard of but one self-murderer in all the country round, and he was insane.

I may hav "left school a long time ago," but I taught school fourteen years, and hav been learning in the great school of humanity ever since, though I *hav* failed to learn anything of Gods and ghosts, and may miss doing so even if I go where spirits are supposed to be manifesting. I think I shall try it, ridicule or not. The money to go is slowly coming in. Mary, like David, thinks no manifestation will come in Elmina's repellant presence. But, really, I don't mean to be repellant. If the dead *do* liv, I want to know it. Why, I would giv my bottom dollar to-day to know that D. M. Bennett was "over there," and I should one day meet him and all the rest of our heroes who hav gone from earth. But I am not so conceited as to think my conversion would be a means of converting others. Seaver says I "cannot see ghosts for other people." Nor can I think thoughts for other people. But, probably, if I was convinced that death did not end all, Mary would study the subject with a desire to learn the weighty influences that had so wrought upon my "materialistic" mind. We each hav our personal friends and our own special field of influence.

If I can influence any one to be moral, temperate, kind, good, and happy, I shall be very glad, though I do not think, with Seward Mitchell, that even cities are as depraved as he seems to believe them. True, I hav not seen much of cities, but I thought there was a world of beauty, art, science, love, and pure happiness in all the cities I was in during my trip North. That there was also misery, destitution, and crime I am well aware, though I insist they are only incidentals.

The best way to make a child bad, untruthful, and vicious, is to insist he is so. But put him upon his mettle as a good, truthful, and honest boy, and he will strive to make his record tally with his reputation. Let us, then, look on the bright side and send out cheering words, glad thoughts, and hopeful messages that lift, elevate, and refine. Friend York says, "Let us find comfort in honest doubts." Elmina claims to be an honest doubter as regards the existence of Gods and spirits. Why, then, is she so culpable? She is willing to go and see, and should be commended for not doing as thousands are doing, turning her back on the whole thing and calling it humbug. Truly and hopefully, Elmina.

THE FOUNDATIONS OF RELIGION SHAKEN.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., April 12, 1884.

Mr. Editor: If I am not intruding on the liberty of your paper by this letter, let me say this: the great question before the world just now, when the foundations of a particular fetich are fatally shaken; when science denies that Christ, as we conceive him, ever was; and when art bewails wildly that should ever hav been, is whether the Christian religion can exist at all; whether when a few more years hav passed away it will not present to a modern mind the spectacle that paganism once presented to a mediæval mind. The priests and ministers know that the church is in danger, both through attacks from without and through a kind of dry rot within. Lyell and others hav demolished and made ridiculous the Mosaic cosmogony. Strauss and others hav demolished with more or less success the Biblical and Christian miracles. No sane man now seriously believes that the sun ever stood still or that an ass spoke in human speech, or that a multitude of people were ever fed with a few loaves and fishes, or that any solid human form ever walked on the liquid sea.

It is now pretty well agreed that there are substantially beautiful things in the world which hav precedence over fancifully beautiful things. The other poets hav taught us the loveliness of nature, the painters hav shown us the loveliness of art. Meantime, what does the church do? Instead of accepting the new knowledge and the new beauty, instead of building herself up anew on the debris of her shattered superstition, she buries her face in her own ashes and utters a senil wail of protestation. Instead of calling upon her children to face the storm and to build up new bulwarks against the rising wave of secularism, she commands them to wail with her or to be silent. Instead of perceiving that the priests of Baal and Antichrist might readily be overthrown with the weapons forged by their own hands, she cowers before them, powerless in all the paralysis of superstition, in all the blind fatuity of prayer.

Mr. Editor, let *us* look the facts in the face. The teachers of the new knowledge hav unroofed our temple to the heavens, but hav not destroyed its foundations. They hav overthrown its brazen images, but hav not touched its solid walls. To put the case in other, stronger words, the God who thundered upon Sinai has vanished into air and cloud, but the God of man's heavenly aspiration is wonderfully quickened and alive. The Bible of wrath and prophecy is cast contemptuously aside, but the Bible of eternal poetry is imperishable, its wild dreams and aspirations being crystallized in such literature as cannot die. The historic personality of the gentle founder of Christianity becomes fainter and fainter as the ages advance, but, on the other hand, brighter and fairer grows the ideal which rose from the ashes of that Godlike man. Men reject the old miracle, but they at last accept a miracle of human idealism in one word, though Christianity has perished as a dogmatic world.

This being so, how does it behoove a Christian minister, eating the church's bread, but fully alive to her mortal danger, to steer his course? Shall he, as so many do, continue to act in the nineteenth century as he would hav acted in the fifteenth —or, indeed, in any century up to the Revolution? Shall he base his teachings on the certainty of miracles, on the existence of superiority in this world and the certainty of rewards and punishments in another? Shall he brandish the old hell-fire or scatter the old heavenly manna? Knowing in his heart that these things are merely the cast-off epidermis of a living and growing creed, he may, in perfect consciousness of God's approval, put aside the miraculous as unproven, if not irrelevant, warn the people against mere supernaturalism, proclaim with the apostles of the Renaissance the glory and loveliness of this world, its wondrous scenes, its marvelous story as written on the rocks and in the stars. J. G. O'Hara.

Oak Valley, Kan., April 8, 284.

Mr. Editor: I noticed an article by Dr. Chapman, of Cawker City, Kan., on the land question. He seems to think that three-fourths of the people in this state are incapable of conducting agricultural operations with profit. It is also claimed that nearly eighty per cent of those in business make a failure. Now, what is the remedy? Co-operation of the people in all branches of industry will solve the question. Then every co-operativ factory or farm would hav the best of superintendents to guide the business right. Such farms as Dalrymple's and Dr. Glem's of California hav the best of managers, and everything goes on like clock-work. Large farming is carried on with all the improved machinery, while small farmers may lose their farms from having mortgaged them in order to compete with farmers that can afford machinery to conduct them rightly. We of the Knights of Labor are aiming to establish co-operation both productiv and distributiv, and we are still organizing assemblies of that order in this state, and are meeting with good success. The doctor says, "Quit raising incapables, and commence to raise capables." Such an idea is a good one, but let us hav a chance first. So long as thousands are compelled from their struggle for existence to put their children to work in the mines, in factories, and on the farms, and the mothers are compelled to scrimp, save, and toil, when they should hav the most congenial surroundings and plenty of rest, so that their minds will not be in a perturbed condition while those that are to follow us are being molded, we cannot expect to hav any other class but incapables; while the majority of the people who are producing incapables do so naturally from the position of serfdom that they are in to the capitalists, who are only fifteen out of a hundred. The offspring of those that control the existence of the many become incapables from their living a luxurious and riotous life. But when we hav a system of conducting the industries of our country so that there can be no great rich ones, there will not be any great poor ones; so the cause that produces incapables will be done away with.

I remember spendin' one fine afternoon last summer with the doctor, viewing his little stone palace near Cawker City, that has a great variety of geological specimens studding its front wall. The sight was very pleasing to the eye.

J. H. White.

Ogden, May 4, 1884.

Mr. Editor: Please send twenty copies of The Truth Seeker with Col. Ingersoll's "Orthodoxy." If the balance due on Mr. Bennett's monument is not paid up by that time, I shall send an extra dollar. To-day we celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of our union as husband and wife, and are both in our seventy-third year of our journey through life—still earnestly grasping after truth. John A. Jost.

An Ornamental Member of Society.

Charles C. Duncan is one of the pillars of Beecher's church. He is an elder, a member of the governing body, leader in all the class meetings, leading spirit of the Sunday-school and Bible classes, and, in fact, may be called one of the chief engineers of the Plymouth machine for the manufacture of saintly products. He is a day and night toiler in the vinyard and never wearies in his solicitude for the welfare of souls. Mr. Duncan has now been figuring in another role, and, as results prove, quiet a fleshly one. Judge Wallace, of the United States Circuit Court of New York, has handed down a decision which sets Captain Duncan up on a pedestal of greed, selfishness, and malfeasance, and it will probably take the combined power of Beecher's eloquence and Plymouth church influence to purify the afflicted brother. The captain has for many years been United States Shipping Commissioner at New York at a salary of $5,000 a year. The government allowed the captain a "reasonable sum" for clerk hire, and the law directs that the income from fees shall be turned over to the treasury, after deducting the expenses of the office. For many years it was noticed that the fees turned in by Captain Duncan did not amount to much, but nothing was said about it until the year 1882, when the captain made a report that he had collected $22,531 50 in fees for that year, and that the "expenses" had, strangely enough, amounted to just that sum—$22,531,50. This led to an investigation, and rare fun it was. The investigators went back through the preceding years and found a remarkable condition of things.

The captain was his own judge of what clerical help he needed, so he divided up the work of the office among as many deputies as were needed to eat up the receipts. Then he appointed his four sons as the deputies. For instance, in 1882 the receipts were $22 531,50. He paid his own salary of $5,000, and divided the rest equitably among the sons. That year the sons each received $3,648 salary. Going backward the investigators found that some years the sons were salaried as high as $4,600. In 1874, the receipts were very large. That year the four sons received $4,600 each, and other expenses were added up so that the government only got $123 out of the total receipts. In 1875 the sons were paid only $4,000 each as deputies, and from that time until the present, the whole receipts of the shipping office hav been divided between Duncan and his four sons. It was quite evident from this showing that Captain Duncan's capacity to bleed the treasury was only limited by his receipts. The number of his sons had nothing to do with it. If he had had only one son he would only hav had to pay himself $5 000, and turn the rest over to the son. If he had had a dozen sons they would simply hav had each to take lower salaries. But that the Duncan family, as a family, hav been well taken care of nobody will deny. Judge Wallace says under the law nothing can be done to recover this money. He can, therefore, only expose the conspiracy and leave it to the government to find a commissioner with more honesty, less piety, and fewer sons.

One of the best ways to help along the cause of Freethought is to circulate The Truth Seeker. Trial subscriptions of three months for 50 cents.

"The Truth Seeker Annual and Freethinkers' Almanac," 25 cents.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"His life is long whose work is well,
And be his station low or high,
He who the most good works can tell,
Lives longest though he soonest die."

The Mountain and the Squirrel.

The mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel;
And the former called the latter
"Little Prig."
Bun replied:
"You are doubtless very big;
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together,
To make up a year
And a sphere.
And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I am not so large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry.
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track;
Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut.

—*R. W. Emerson.*

Alone in an Unfurnished House.

"What's the use of so much study, I should like to know? And reading—what does one want to read for?"

"Why, Edward! What are you talking about? If you do not study and read, you will not know anything, hardly," said Edward's sister.

"What does one want to know so much for, Mollie? It is fun enough for me to play marbles, fly kites, and kick football, I think. Playing suits me to a 't.' I don't believe in so much studying. Books are a regular nuisance; and I don't intend to crack my brains, filling them with other people's thoughts, now, I can tell you."

"Books are real friends, Edward, and royal company, as maybe you will find out some day. With good books one need never be lonely, and, with the ideas of others, you can enrich your own mind. You had better pay more attention to your studies, Edward, if you ever expect to amount to anything in this world."

"Oh, you mind your business, Mollie, and stop preaching. Who wants to be an old bookworm, creeping inside of books and newspapers all day long!" and with a sudden toss, the first volume of the new history of England that Edward's father had put into his son's hands that very morning as an inducement to be studious, went flying up to the ceiling, and came down a partial wreck upon a delicate vase upon the table, breaking it in many pieces.

"There! you've broken the vase," exclaimed Mollie.

"I don't care—I wish it had been the book."

Mr. Beebe, in an adjoining apartment, was a listener to the foregoing conversation between his two children, and was deeply pained. His only son, although not a stupid boy, would play truant at school, and in many ways grieved his kind parents. Mr. Beebe had tried many plans to correct the bad, indolent habits of his boy, but all to no avail. He would not study; had little taste for reading, and was greatly in danger of growing up an ignoramus. For some time Mr. Beebe sat thinking. At length he seemed to hit upon a plan that he resolved to carry out.

He had recently purchased a beautiful summer residence on the border of a wood near the sea.

It was the last of May when he resolved to pay the place a visit, preparatory to arranging it for the summer, taking Edward along with him.

Arriving at the house after a long ride, they rested on the piazza awhile, and then Mr. Beebe told Edward that he must remain there until his return from a neighboring town, where he had some business.

"You will find some food in the pantry when hungry, and should I be gone all night there is a buffalo robe for you to sleep on. All I enjoin upon you is to stay here till I call for you," said his father.

"That I will, father, and I'll hav a jolly time chasing squirrels and hunting rabbits."

"All right, my son. Be sure you do not leave the premises until I come."

"No, sir."

Mr. Beebe rode away, and for a couple of hours young Edward amused himself roaming in the woods and throwing pebbles in the water, and then it came on to rain, and he went into the house. It rained and it poured.

Edward went into every room up-stairs and down. There was not a vestige of furniture, and presently a queer feeling came over Edward. The rain kept pouring down, and after several weary hours night approached. He ate a cracker or two that he found in the pantry, and sighed heavily.

"O dear, how lonesome it is here!" he said aloud. His voice echoed and resounded so that it almost frightened him.

"I wish there was a picture to look at, or something," he said. "These bare walls are dreadful blank. No carpet, no chairs, not even a cricket. O dear!" he sighed again. "I wish my father would come." The dark night drew on, but still he came not, and Edward began to be very nervous. He wished for a book or a newspaper, but there was not one in the house. He had never been fond of reading, and had nothing to recall of interest.

It grew very dark, and the rain kept beating down. One dim lamp he had, but he thought it only made the darkness more apparent. He screamed out in his nervousness, but the empty rooms echoed the scream in a hollow, sepulchral way that was anything but agreeable. Then he talked in a low tone, but every word seemed to call up other words from unknown sources, and at last he rolled himself in the buffalo robe and prepared to sleep, but just as he was about to drop off into the land of Nod something came rattling along the ceiling and walls, and his heart began to beat quickly.

"Maybe the house is haunted. I've heard of such things," he thought, and he covered his head with the robe. Edward was very superstitious on account of his ignorance. Ignorant people are nearly always superstitious in one way or another.

Just then, something touched his hand, and he shrieked in agony.

"There must be ghosts in the house," he whispered, as the cold sweat started from every pore. "Oh, they'll kill me! they'll kill me!"

Edward passed a dismal night with the imaginary ghosts for company, and when daylight came, pale and haggard, he did not look like the brave, hearty boy his father had left there the day before. He went out with the first streak of dawn, and nothing could prevail upon him to enter the house again until his father came.

Toward noon he heard the clattering hoofs of his father's horse, and ran with great delight to meet him.

"Well, my boy, how hav you passed the time in my absence?" inquired Mr. Beebe. "Had a jolly time, I suppose."

"O father!" exclaimed Edward, "how could you leave me alone in that unfurnished house? Besides, it is haunted. I *know* it is. Father," said he, lowering his voice, "there are *ghosts* in there!"

"What!" laughed Mr. Beebe. "How do you know there are ghosts in the house?"

"Oh, they came and tickled me. And I heard them jumping rope and dancing all night."

"Lively ghosts, weren't they?" and Mr. Beebe laughed and shook his sides. "How I would hav admired to hav seen them."

"Father, it was dreadful, dreadful! It is no laughing matter, I assure you," and the poor boy sank down in tears, as he recalled the night's experience.

"So you don't like the idea of living alone in an unfurnished house, Ned?"

"No, I don't."

"Couldn't prevail on you to stop there a week or two, could I?"

"No, no, father. I would rather suffer almost anything then stay there another night."

"Well, Ned, I suppose you had rather a hard time of it, but your ghosts, I fancy, were nothing more than rats, and as you are larger than a rat, I think you could easily demolish a ghost of that sort.

"But, Ned, to be alone in an unfurnished house a few hours is nothing compared to being alone for a lifetime in an unfurnished mind, such as yours. You will not read a book; you will not study; consequently your mind, the house you dwell in, is an unfurnished one. If you would be intelligent—if you would be a blessing to yourself; company for yourself and for others, you must read, reflect, study; thus you will brighten, polish, adorn, and beautify your mind, and become what I long to see you, a good and noble human being. There are over 25,000 books published yearly, about seventy per day. Of course, you cannot read them all, and too many are not worth the ink and paper on which they are printed. But there are good books that will benefit and bless you—such I desire you to read. I want you to resolve to know as much as other boys, and more. With a good, interesting book last night, you would not hav thought of being lonely, or nervous.

Edward saw the force of his father's remarks, and resolved to profit by them. The idea of his own mind being as blank and cheerless as the walls of that unfurnished house was horrible.

Mollie, and his parents, were rejoiced at the good effects of the lesson he had received, and Edward shuddered whenever he thought of living alone in an unfurnished house.

Be Kind to Animals.

Dear boys and girls who read the Children's Corner of this grand advocate of all reform, THE TRUTH SEEKER, I want to say a few words to you, if Miss Wixon will allow me a small portion of her valuable space.

First let me say I love you all, for you are to be the future men and women with whom must rest the splendid burden of carrying to a successful ending the noble work that your fathers and mothers are doing now; hence, I say I love you, and I rejoice that a portion of this splendid paper has been devoted to your interests every week. You will now learn, while yet boys and girls, how much better a religion it is to become upright, honest men and women, delighting in preventing all suffering and in doing good, than to believe in that foolish teaching called Christianity, which has made men murderers who hav desolated the earth for pretty nearly two thousand years, because everybody could not believe the silly and absurd things that they themselvs did.

Of all duties that every good Liberal should be happy to perform, none is more important and necessary than that he or she should be just to every living thing with which he or she may hav any dealings, whether men or animals. But I wish more especially to speak a few words to you about being kind to animals, because they hav so few friends, and cannot speak for themselvs. A man or a boy who will abuse or torment a defenseless animal is far more of a coward than one who abuses a human being, for the animal cannot inform anyone how it has been treated, and thereby cause its tormentor to be punished as he deserves.

No young person will, I feel certain, be guilty of so unmanly an act as to abuse a poor, unfortunate beast, who naturally looks to man for kind treatment and protection, since he labors unceasingly for him without pay; surely the least man can do for his faithful servant is to treat him with uniform kindness.

I hav often seen thoughtless boys tease cats and dogs, which I feel sure they would not hav done had they only stopped to think how unhappy their sport made the poor beasts. No truer mark of a lady or gentleman can be pointed out than their care for the animals under their charge. Remember these creatures cannot speak to make their wants known, and often (as in the case of the horse) make no cry, even if in very great agony. Recollect always to water and feed animals regularly, and you will do much toward making their existence a happy one.

I will now close with a little poem of my own, entitled,

BE KIND TO ANIMALS.

Be kind to those dumb friends whose lives are spent
In faithful service and unflagging zeal;
Toiling, without reward, from morn till night
To serve our pleasure—hear their mute appeal:

"He whom we serve with all our best endeavor,
Lift not the lash! Oh, spare the brutal goad!
Withold not fresh, sweet bed, and generous meal,
Nor overtask our strength with cruel load!"

ELLIOTT PRESTON.

6 *Park Square, Boston, Mass.*

Our Puzzle Box.

ADDISON.—Your very interesting and instructiv contributions to our puzzle department are too lengthy for the space at our disposal, consequently we are obliged to reserve some of them for a more favorable opportunity. Only absolute necessity compels us to lay them aside for the present. D. Clark and others hav also forwarded articles for our Corner far too lengthy for insertion. Please, dear friends, do not let this decision prevent you from forwarding brief communications for our department, which will always be welcomed gladly. —ED.

1

RIDDLE.

You see me in most every place,
With protrusions around my entire face.
When I am used I measure space,
And at your will I run a race.
Around my body I tightly lace;
Not claiming any particular fame,
But am useful to man, all the same.
Now please be so kind as to tell my name.

Burton, Texas. H. B. J.

2

NUMERICAL.

Name the figures which when multiplied by the figure will giv a result in figures all 1's.

3

PUZZLE.

My first is a dwelling;
My second is a dwelling;
And my whole is a dwelling.
What is it?

4

CONUNDRUM.

Why are the crows the most sensible birds in the world?

ANSWER TO ENIGMA IN CHILDREN'S CORNER, MAY 17, 1884.

Jessie Eason.

Correspondence.

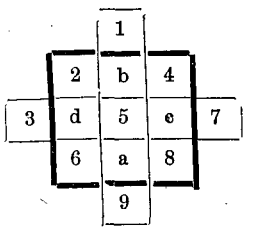
CLEVELAND, May 14, 1884.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I see by THE TRUTH SEEKER of May 10th that the magic square business is likely (if continued) to take up entirely too much space in the Children's Corner, because the end can never be reached if continued until time is no more. I hav already made them composed of thousands of thousands of numbers, and am no nearer the end than we are to the end of time, and consequently I thought it would be more interesting to the young readers, and, possibly, to some older ones, to change it to something shorter, and at the same time equally interesting. For the above reason I will introduce a new subject, the properties of one of the Arabic characters used in numeration; I will call attention to the wonderful properties of the figure 9. No other figure possesses such properties. If we multiply the figure 9 thus, 9 multiplied by 2 equals 18, and add the two figures together, they will make the original figure 9; now multiply 9 by 3, 9 multiplied by 3 equals 27, and add the two figures together, they are again reduced to 9; now multiply 9 by 4, 9 multiplied by 4 equals 36, and add the two figures together, they are again reduced to 9; and so you may multiply 9 by any number you please, large or small, and by adding the figures together time after time until the whole is reduced to one figure, and it invariably will result in 9; no other figure in the whole catalog possesses such powers or qualities. Respectfully, H. VAN PELT.

NEW YORK, May 4, 1884.

Your correspondent, J. K. P. Baker, must excuse me if I venture to criticise his explanation of the formation of "magic squares" having five cells on each side. His "formula" No. 1, in THE TRUTH SEEKER, May 10th, is really drawn from the numerical square No. 2. Why the letters of the "formula" are so arranged is the point that needs explanation. For at least two hundred years there has been no mystery connected with so-called "magic" squares, and if you will giv the space from week to week, I will giv such an explanation of them as will show that like all other problems in mathematics there is nothing "difficult" in them when one knows how to make the key that unlocks the combination. Let me premise, however, that the source of most of the information we now hav in connection with magic squares is "Hutton's Recreations in Mathematics," published in 1814, London, in two volumes. The work is full of amusing as well as highly instructiv curiosities.

It is always best to begin every investigation by solving the simplest problems connected with it. I, therefore, begin with the simplest magic square that can be formed, that of the numbers from 1 to 9 inclusiv. I do not know that the following method of forming it has ever been in print, and it is general for all squares having an odd number on each side. It is as follows:

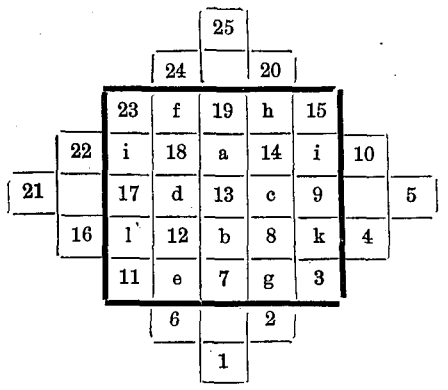


Having drawn the square indicated by the heavy lines having nine cells, each side is completed as in the figure by an outside cell. Place the number 1 in any outside cell, and arrange the other numbers in regular order diagonally in all the lines containing three cells. Then take the number 1 from the outside cell and place it in that vacant cell inside of the primary square which is next beyond the middle line between it and the number 9. That is, place the number 1 in the cell in which the letter *a* stands. Place the number 9 outside the primary square in the first vacant square above the middle line. This carries it to *b*. Take 3, which is outside, to the right, across the middle line and put it in the first square after crossing over it. This carries it to *c*. Lastly take 7 to the first vacant square to the left across the middle vertical line or row of the primary square, that is, to the cell *d*. Then erase the outside cells and you will hav the magic square which has puzzled so many young people, as follows:

2	9	4
7	5	3
6	1	8

As already suggested, this method of forming this square is general for all squares having five, seven, nine, etc., cells on each side. In order not to revert to it again I append the

square of twenty-five cells, formed in this manner:



By the rule the number 1, outside the primary square, goes into the first vacant square inside and above the middle horizontal line, that is, to the square *a;* 25 goes to *b;* 21 goes to *c;* 5 to *d;* 24 to *e;* 6 to *f;* 20 to *g;* 2 to *h;* 22 to *i;* 10 to *j;* 16 to *k*, and 4 to *l*. Then erase the outside cells and the magic square is seen.

23	6	19	2	15
10	18	1	14	22
17	5	13	21	9
4	12	25	8	16
11	24	7	20	3

Who first invented this method of constructing magic squares of numbers having an "odd root" I do not know. It must be regarded as quite ingenious, but it by no means develops the full solution of the "puzzle." The reader can now form the square of 49 cells in the same way. ADDISON.

EDITOR OF CHILDREN'S CORNER: As the "magic square" formed of any twenty-five consecutiv numbers, and which may also be formed of any twenty-five numbers in arithmetical progression, seems to be interesting to your young readers, I send you a "magic square" formed of the numbers from 1 to 36 inclusiv, with the remark, that it is also true that any thirty-six numbers in arithmetical progression may be used. This "magic square" givs a sum of 111 in every line of six numbers, and there are many curious details connected with it if one choses to take time in discovering them. Notice, for instance, how many combinations of four numbers analogously situated giv a sum of 74. These combinations, added to the two central *diagonal* numbers, 16 and 21, or 22 and 15, make also the number 111, of course.

Here is the square:

31	2	33	4	5	36
30	26	10	9	29	7
19	17	16	15	20	24
18	23	22	21	14	13
12	8	27	28	11	25
1	32	3	34	35	6

The most curious fact in connection with this square is that by its aid it may be demonstrated that "the world will come to an end" in 1887, a date that is fearfully near at hand. ADDISON.

FARADAY PAMPHLETS

No. 1.—The Relation of the Spiritual to the Material Universe; the Law of Control. New Edition, Enlarged and Revised By Spirit M. Faraday. Price, 15 cents.

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Achsa W. Sprague's and Mary Clark's Experiences in the First Ten Spheres of Spirit Life.
Medium, ATHALDINE SMITH, Oswego, N. Y. Price 20 cents.

Liberal Meetings.

[Leagues and Liberal and Spiritualistic Societies in the United States and Canada meeting regularly, can have notices of their meetings published in this column free if the officers will send them to us.]

MICHIGAN.

MUSKEGON.—The Liberal League meets every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock in the German Odd Fellows' Hall, corner of Western ave. and Terrace st.

WISCONSIN.

MILWAUKEE.—The Milwaukee Liberal League meets every Sunday evening at Fraternity Hall, 216 Grand avenue.—Exercises: Lectures, Criticisms, and Music.—Admission free.

OHIO.

CLEVELAND.—The Liberal League meets every Sunday at 3 P.M., in room 29, City Hall building. Lectures free. Communications can be addressed to W. I. Irvine, Secretary.

MAINE.

PORTLAND.—Dr. H. A. Lamb has hired Congress Hall, Congress street (entrance on Temple street), where free meetings, lectures, and discussions are held every Sunday, 2:30 P.M. Admittance free. Public invited.

OREGON.

PORTLAND.—The Auxiliary Liberal League of Portland, Or., holds meetings every Sunday, at 2 o'clock, P.M., at Nonpareil Hall, cor. 1st and Madison streets. All are invited. Admission free.

MASSACHUSETTS.

BOSTON.—Boston Liberal Club holds meetings for essays and criticisms every Sunday forenoon at 10:45 in the Paine Memorial Building, Appleton street.——The "Society of the Divine Homo" at same place every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Sunday-school at 2:30. Admission free.

PENNSYLVANIA.

ALTOONA.—The League holds meetings every Wednesday evening and Sundays at 3 P.M., at the League Room, corner of Eleventh ave. and 13th st., third floor, entrance on 13th st.

PHILADELPHIA.—The Friendship Liberal League meets every Sunday at Hancock Hall, 814 Girard avenue, at 2:30 o'clock, and 7:30 o'clock, P.M., for lectures and free debates. THE TRUTH SEEKER and Liberal books for sale.

PITTSBURGH.—Pittsburgh Liberal League meets at Maltby Hall, 76 Fifth avenue, every Sunday (except during the Months of July and August) at 3 o'clock. A free platform is maintained. Exercises consist of a lecture, followed by 10 minute criticisms, with 15 minutes allowed the lecturer to reply. Clergymen invited to discuss.

NEW JERSEY.

NEWARK.—Newark Liberal League meets every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the League's Hall, 177 Halsey street. Exercises consist of music, readings, lecture, and discussion, in which all present are invited to participate. Admission free. Collection taken. Communications for the League should be addressed to J. W. Frankel, 10 Pine street, Newark.

CANADA.

TORONTO.—Secular Society. Reading and Lecture Rooms, No. 9 Grand Opera House. Open every evening and Sundays. Lecture every Sunday evening. Freethinkers and strangers are cordially invited.

MONTREAL.—Pioneer Freethought Club meets every Sunday at 3 P.M., at 1310 Catharine street. Reading-room open daily until 10:30 P.M. Library open for exchange of books three evenings per week, and on Sunday afternoons. Free public lectures on Sundays as advertised in local newspapers. Strangers always welcome. G. S. Wilson President, M. O'B. Ward, M.D., Secretary.

NEW YORK.

ALBANY.—The Liberal association meets every Sunday at Van Vechten Hall, 119 State street. Sunday-school at 2 P.M. General business meeting and debates and discussions at 3 P.M. Lecture at 7:30 P.M. The public are cordially invited to attend, also all Liberals visiting the city. Admission free.

NEW YORK CITY.—The Manhattan Liberal Club meets every Friday evening at 8 o'clock, for a lecture and discussion, at German Masonic Temple, 220 East 15th street. Admission 5 cents. Monthly cards 20 cents. Membership fee $3.——The American Spiritualist Alliance meets every Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock in Republican Hall, 55 West 33d street.——The First Society of Spiritualists holds its meetings every Sunday in Republican Hall, 55 West 33d street. Morning service 11 o'clock; evening, 7:45. Seats free. Public cordially invited.——Frobisher College Hall, 23 East 14th street, near Broadway. The People's Spiritual Meeting every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 P.M.

BROOKLYN.—The Brooklyn Spiritual Society meets at Conservatory Hall, cor. of Fulton street and Bedford avenue, every Sunday. Services at 11 A.M. and 7:45 P.M. Admission free. Public cordially invited. Liberal and Spiritual papers and books for sale.——The Everett Hall Spiritual Conference, 398 Fulton street, meets every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. Meetings free. Spiritual literature for sale.——The Eastern District Spiritual Conference meets every Monday evening at Composite Room, 4th street, corner of south 2d street, at 7:45. Spiritual and Liberal literature on sale. All invited.——The Philosophical Association meets every Sunday afternoon in the Assembly Room of Wright's Business College, Broadway, corner of Fourth street, E. D., at 3 P.M. **Public cordially invited. Doors open at 2:30 P.M.**

DAVID J. COTTER'S

BELT OF LIFE,

AND

"WILSONIA"

IMPROVED

Magnetic Garments.

312 MYRTLE AVE.,

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

For the Relief and Cure of All Forms of Disease in its Worst Stages.

Readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER, read the annexed letter from a well-known physician who attended the following remarkable case:

Mrs. L——, a lady residing in Brooklyn, E. D., for two year, suffered terribly with a uterine tumor; her attendant physician advised an operation, but having great aversion to the surgeon's knife, she would not submit to it; some friends having used my garments and been benefited thereby advised her to try them. About the middle of Febrnary, this year, a body set, as advised by myself, was purchased for her.

The following letter will show the results and prove the value of my improved appliances in all forms of disease:

MAY 2, 1884.

MR. D. J. COTTER, *Dear Sir:* Thinking you would like to know of the following, I notify you.

Mrs. L——, a patient of mine, had a nterine tumor of two years' standing and would not consent to an operation; some friends recommended her to use your MAGNETIC GARMENTS (a body set, I believe). Unbeknown to me she did purchase and wear them, for ten weeks, so she now informs me. Two days ago I was sent for to attend her and found the tumor had been expelled entire while standing, without pain or flow.

Have you met with anything of this kind before by the application of your garments? I should be glad to have some information on the point Yours respectfully,

DR. A. R PETTIT,
149 Tompkins ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

COPY OF MY REPLY.

MAY 3, 1884.
312 Myrtle ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

DR. A. R. PETTIT, *Dear Sir:* Your favor received. In reply I beg to say I have several such cases, some of many years' standing, cured by the use of my Garments. I would much like to see the tumor mentioned in your letter, if in your possession, if you will name a time I can call upon you. I will then give you all the info mation possible respecting the above-mentioned cases, and, if necessary, providing my patrons are willing, will place you in correspondence with them, or the physicians who attended them prior to the use of my Garments. I await your reply. Yonrs respectfully,

DAVID J. COTTER.

Dr. A. R. PETTIT having replied, I called upon him and saw the tumor; it was the fibrous tissue of a large one; all other matter seemed to have been absorbed (by the action of the Garments) before it was expelled. I fully satisfied him of other such cases by letters in my possession from parties cured and their physicians.

The above speaks for itself, as the full name and address of the physician is given, and I have no doubt but he will be pleased to satisfy any inquiring mind of the above facts. D. J. COTTER.

These garments are a decided improvement on anything of the kind ever offered, and only produced after many years of close study and scientific experiment.

Much depends upon the knowledge of how to apply such garments. Many persons have really good appliances to offer, but unless they are judiciously and scientifically applied they are valueless Any person writing for pamphlet and information; by sending a full statement of their case, how long suffering, and all symptoms, would be advised free of cost, just what garment it would be necessary to use to effect a cure, price of same, etc. They are made to fit all parts of the body, easy of adjustment, and as comfortable to use as ordinary underwear; being well ventilated, they are cool, and the infusion of magnetism into the system produce a cool, pleasant feeling in the hottest weather, and will cure any of the following forms of disease: *RHEUMATISM, GOUT, LUMBAGO, PARALYSIS, NEURALGIA, DYSPEPSIA, LOCOMOTOR ATAXIA, SPINAL DISEASE, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, DROPSY, TUMORS, CANCERS,* and others not necessary to mention, as I claim that disease in any and all of its forms originates from one primary cause, a breaking up of the Ganglionic Nerves, preventing a flow of Odic or Vital force from the Medulla Oblonga a at the base of the brain to various parts of the body (just as the severing of a telegraph wire would prevent the message being sent), the result being the iron particles in the blood become demagnetized; congestion and disease follow; if in the small of Back, Lumbago and Kidney trouble; in the shoulders, Rheumatism; in the Head, Nefraigia or Neuralgia, and so on in any part of the human organization. We have a thousand and one different names for disease, though produced by and through one source only, and it is by strengthening the Ganglionic Nerves, conserving the vital forces, and infusing magnetism into the system, I effect so many marvelous cures after all other means have failed.

REMARKABLE CURE OF PARALYSIS.

NOV. 13, 1883.

DAVID J. COTTER, *Dear Sir:* In reply to your inquiry as to the effects of the Garments sent me I am pleased to say the result has been astonishing to myself and friends. The first two pieces sent gave me such relief that I had great confidence of being entirely cured when I obtained the others, and I was not disappointed My paralysis has entirely disappeared and I am altogether a changed woman, and it is only two weeks since I got the full set. I suffered very much with weakness in my chest and lungs. Now I can sing and talk as well as ever, also read aloud without the slightest difficulty. I can safely recommend the garments to any persons suffering as I was.

MRS. E P. PLEASANTS,
Alderson, Monroe Co., West Va.

P. S.—My daughter has also found great relief from the use of your garments. See her note inclosed.

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DR. COTTER, *Dear Sir:* I am very happy to state that my general health has improved wonderfully since the application of your garments. From undergoing the operation to my eye my health had become fearfully impaired, until my attending physician feared for the results; but *from the first ten days of wearing your garments* I began to improve. I seemed to get new vitality, and with renewed health my sight got wonderfully better, until now I feel myself perfectly cured, and I am out of my physician's hands. I cannot feel too thankful for the benefit I have derived from your appliances and shall always bless the name of Dr. Cotter for his wonderful invention for curing disease without medicine.

Hoping thousands of others will be cured as I have been, I am, sir, Respectfully yours.

MISS MARY C. BURTON,
Alderson, Monroe Co., West Va.

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FEB. 4, 1884.

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Poetry.

The Bad 'Squire.

The merry brown hares came leaping
Over the crest of the hill,
Where the clover and corn lay sleeping
Under the moonlight still;

Leaping late and early,
Till under their bite and their tread
The weeds and the wheat and the barley
Lay cankered and trampled and dead;

A poacher's widow sat sighing
On the side of the white-chalk bank,
Where under the gloomy fir-woods,
One spot in the bog throve rank.

She watched a long tuft of clover,
Where rabbit or hare never ran,
For its black sour haulm covered over
The blood of a murdered man.

She thought of the dark plantation,
And the hares and her husband's blood,
And the voice of her indignation
Rose up to the throne of good.

"I am long past wailing and whining,
I hav wept too much in my life;
I've had twenty years of pining.
As an English laborer's wife;

A laborer in Christian England,
Where they cant of a savior's name,
And yet waste men's lives like the vermin's,
For a few more brace of game.

There's blood on your foreign shrubs, 'squire,
There's blood on your pointer's feet;
There's blood on the game you sell, 'squire,
And there's blood on the game you eat.

You hav sold the laboring man, 'squire,
Body and soul to shame,
To pay for your seat in the house, 'squire,
And to pay for the feed of your game.

You made him a poacher, yourself, 'squire,
When you'd giv neither work nor meat,
And your barley-fed hares robbed the garden
At our starving children's feet,

When packed in one reeking chamber,
Man, maid, mother, and little ones lay,
While rain pattered in on the bride-bed,
And the walls let in the day.

When we lay in burning fever
On the mud of the cold-clay floor,
Till you parted us all for three months, 'squire,
At the dreary workhouse door.

We quarreled like brutes, and who wonders?
What self-respect could we keep?
Worse housed than your hacks and your pointers,
Worse fed than your hogs and your sheep.

Our daughters with base-born babies
Hav wandered away in their shame;
If your misses had slept, squire, where they did,
Your misses might do the same.

Can your lady patch hearts that are breaking,
With handfuls of coal and rice,
Or by dealing out flannel and sheeting
A little below cost price?

You may tire of the jail and the workhouse,
And take to allotments and schools,
But you've run up a debt that will never
Be paid us by penny-club rules.

In the season of shame and sadness,
In the dark and dreary day,
When scrofula, gout, and madness
Are eating your race away;

When to kennels and liveried valets
You hav cast your daughter's bread,
And worn out with liquor and harlots,
Your heir at your feet lies dead;

When your youngest, the meally-mouthed rector,
Lets your soul rot asleep to the grave,
Will you find in your god the protector
Of the freeman you fancied your slave?"

She looked at the tuft of clover,
And wept till her heart grew light,
And at last when her passion was over,
Went wandering into the night.

But the merry brown hares came leaping
Over the upland still,
Where the clover and corn lay sleeping
On the side of the white-chalk hill.

Leavenworth, Kan. H. H. HUTCHESON.

The Singer's Reward.

Oh, once there dwelt a singer in a valley far away,
Who in the fields with loving art awoke his lute and lay.

Now though his song, nor loud nor long, was strangely sweet to hear,
One day he said, while on his cheek there gleamed a silent tear:

"My note is low, my strain is weak, my singing all in vain;
The little guerdon I desire I cannot hope to gain.

I do not care for lofty fame, for wealth I do not long—
I only wish my fellow-men to love me for my song!"

The kindly zephyrs caught his lays and bore them far and wide,
"Such songs were never sung before!" the people rose and cried.

The great king even listened in his palace by the sea,
And said, "Some day we'll send for him, and honored he shall be."

Alas! no herald ever came, the ancient legend saith;
But when he put his lute away and laid him down in death,

The people made a great ado, and reared a column high,
In honor of the singer they had left in want to die.

—*Samuel Minturn Peck, in the Home Journal.*

A Reply to Mr. Bergh.*

To HENRY BERGH: Your strictures in the *Herald* of March 10th upon the meeting of the "Association for Ameliorating the Condition of Prisoners," held in Steinway Hall, are so inconsistent with that philanthropy you are supposed to possess for the street-vender's horse, that I think it deserving of a reply. You say the speakers were "eloquent on the wrongs of the poor criminals, and scarcely a word on the wrong of the poor public who are their victims." It is on *wrongs* we can be eloquent. Even Vanderbilt said, "The public be damned!" You "believe every subject has two sides to it," and volunteer to champion the public in a style that Guiteau might envy in his palmiest days. You claim that "every man and woman in this country can secure employment if they would." This statement is made in face of the fact that tens of thousands of men and women are seeking work and can not find it. Advertise for an employe, for any occupation you please, and the street is bombarded with applicants. And if you travel for work, you are pounced upon as a vagrant and sent to prison. You say, "The demand for laborers exceeds the supply, and the wages paid enormous, compared with those of Europe." We ask you to read the following extract from the *Herald*, which explains to you why criminals are so numerous:

"A party of thirty-six Italians will start tomorrow to return to their nativ land by way of Belgium as steerage passengers on the steamer Rhynland. They came to this country a few months ago, and were employed as laborers in building a railroad in Texas. They say they are completely disgusted with their experience in the 'land of the free,' and are firmly resolved never to try their fortunes here again. They complain bitterly of their treatment in the Lone Star state. They were obliged to work knee deep in water at times, whereby many of them hav contracted rheumatism. Having secured their pay on the recent expiration of their contract, their first move was to invest it in passage tickets for home."

The wages in Europe enable the laborer to liv and appear hearty and robust, as their appearance denotes on landing, while the work and wages of the laborer in this country do not allow the laborer to liv out half his days, and the half he does liv is a life of fear and suffering and poverty.

I call your attention to a second extract from the *Herald:*

"While the ferryboat Westfield was off Robbin's Reef lighthouse, last evening, on her six o'clock trip from this city, a carpenter named Heinrich Schaedler, of No. 130 Mulberry st., jumped overboard. The ferryboat was stopped and backed to where he was swimming. A line was thrown out, but Schaedler put his head under the water and tried to drown himself. A lifeboat was lowered, and the would-be suicide was taken from the water. He said his wife and children were without food, and as he had no work he wanted to die. He was taken to police headquarters at Stapleton.

"A *Herald* reporter called at No. 130 Mulberry street last night, and on the second floor found Schaedler's wife and three little children. The place bore every indication of the extreme poverty of the inmates, but was scrupulously clean. Mrs. Schaedler said that her husband had been out of work for two months, having injured one of his hands so that he could not do anything at his trade. He had, she said, become despondent, and after the death of one of their children recently began to act like one insane.

"There is but little doubt that the poor man was driven out of his mind by his inability to get bread for his wife and little ones."

I ask you how far these facts go toward bearing out your statement that "every man and woman in this country can secure employment for support."

Denham, in describing poverty, says:

"Such madness, as for fear of death to die,
Is to be poor for fear of poverty."

This language of Denham, strong as it is, simply expresses the truth, for thousands commit suicide annually from this very fear.

You say, "The multiplicity of criminals is the laxity of the laws." This completely stultifies the fable of the sun and the wind in their contest to compel the traveler to take off his coat. Like excites like; business begets business; and all experience proves that the more murderers you hang the more murders are committed. The more criminals you send to prison the more there are to be sent. You seem to be disgusted with politics, and think "the criminals elect the officials of government." In this we can almost agree with you, judging by our servants at Washington.

Your slur at foreigners is in bad taste for one whose "country has but a century's nationality," and owes its material prosperity to the labor of foreigners. If we mistake not, the largest contributor to the society for protecting dumb animals is a foreigner.

The rum monopoly you speak of as a monopoly, and so detrimental politically, could be best remedied by permitting free rum, the tendency of which would be to drive the business out of the hands of the "respectable." Could the East river flow with rum, we believe there would be no demand for rum; the coming generations would learn to shun it as the upas-tree. The glorious example you speak of in "sometimes arresting a respectable rum seller," reminds us of the society for the protection of dumb animals, who arrest the poor street vender, who is compelled to pay a license fee for the privilege of earning a living, while the rich owner of the Fourth avenue surface horse railroad, whose horses do not average the age of three years, after leaving their nativ plains, goes untouched, neither is he compelled to pay license to drive four in hand through the streets, for the *fun of the thing*. One word more in regard to what you term "foreigners." To whom does the North American continent owe its existence but to foreigners? They wrested the country from the nativs two hundred years ago. From England one hundred years later. And in the civil war against the Southern states, who stood at the front? Indeed, does any sane person believe the so-called Union would hav been sustained but for the imported substitute? You inquire, "Hav you ever thought of the possibility, nay, probability, of the dangerous classes utilizing their power for their exclusiv interest?" Well, this is *cool*. Whose interest should they use their power for but for themselvs? For whom does the capitalist utilize his power? Please tell us how long since water ceased to run down hill, or trees grow upward. We rejoice you are exercised in your mind upon this subject; and, in view of the fact, the poor, which we are told we must always hav with us, out-number the rich ten to one. It would seem natural for natural causes to take effect sometime. "You demand some power to prevent certain persons from taking their seat in Congress when elected." We thought you had that power, and used the power effectivly in case of Tilden versus Hayes.

And now you turn your thoughts to Utah, and say, "She should hav no representation in Congress." And pray, why not? She believes in revelation; driven by persecution to the wilderness which she has made to blossom like the rose, she has become numerous in spite of you. Pray tell us what you can do with the man when you could not crush the bantling. Again you turn your lamentations toward Long Island, whose people you term, "bullet-headed, bull-necked, low-browed wretches." In this choice malediction you include the masses generally.

Would it not be well to re-import the missionaries we hav sent to carry the "old version" to the heathen, and hav them take a twenty-cent copy of the new version to that lone isle? Mr. Heywood, of Princeton, Mass., and D. M. Bennett, of New York, were sent to prison for endeavoring to remedy the defects of the "bullet-headed, bull-necked, and low-browed." Did you lift your voice in their behalf? Again you are objecting to so many men and women sympathizing with those in prison. Will you tell us whom we shall sympathize with, unless it's the distressed? And shall we seek for the sheep out of the fold, or confine our attention to those who need no repentance? Please turn your eye to an old version of the New Testament, Matt. xii, 7; xxiii, 5, 24; xxv, 39, 40: Mark ii, 16, 17; Luke vi, 36, 37. Indeed, you might read this entire chapter with profit. Now will you please turn to John v, 15; viii, 3–11. Do not confine your theology to 1 Cor. x, 24. Will you read this extract from the *Herald?*

"A middle-aged man, clad simply in a tattered coat and a torn pair of pantaloons, stepped up to the sergeant's desk at the Oak street station last night, and, after asking for a night's shelter, reeled and fell to the floor dead. He was evidently an unfortunate tramp, who had not partaken of food for some days. His death is attributed to starvation and exposure."

You tell us too much clemency is shown to the criminal, which is in direct contradiction to the divine rule that "to err is human; to forgiv, divine," or the jurist law, that "ten guilty men better go free than one innocent one to suffer."

Again you say, "The criminals think no treatment too good for them." This is natural, and speaks well for their intelligence. There should be no abuse beyond confinement from society, who really make him what he is. Again you take issue with the superintendent of the Elmira Prison, for saying the striped garb of the prisoner tends to degrade him. Is this not true in all instances? Would you not feel your father was degraded if you saw him in the uniform of a footman? You speak of "maudlin sympathy" for our brother man—the prisoner. Please inform us what kind of sympathy you call that which sheds tears at the sight of a sea-turtle on his back in an express wagon, which he would be most of the time in his natural element. Again you say, "Human justice should be modeled on the divine." Presuming our early teachings to be correct on divine justice, you would make this earth a hot-bed. You "want more prayer." We don't see how you could hav more than in the case of Garfield, and less come out of it. We hav known rain come when prayed for, but that was when the wind was right. You claim the deity has the "sovereignty on earth." If so, it is not much to his credit in view of all the misery and suffering on earth. Yet we are not surprised, if he permitted his only son to be killed instead of the devil, who seemed to hav originated all the mischief. And now, Mr. Bergh, remember the same force of circumstances that gave you your position, gave the bullet-headed, bull-necked, low-browed their position.

New York. GEO. M. DAVENPORT.

*This reply to Mr. Bergh was refused by the *Herald* on account of "disrespect expressed toward the deity." The same reason was assigned by the editor of the *Irish World*, and, we believe, by *John Swinton's Paper* The daily *Truth* agreed to publish it, but after keeping the manuscript two weeks returned it to the writer. Mr. Davenport was obliged to fall back on THE TRUTH SEEKER, the only paper in New York not afraid of the deity or his antagonist, nor the men whom they divide between them. This will account for its late appearance.—ED. T. S.

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DR. L. TENNEY—Dear Sir: As I feel greatly indebted to you for the benefit I hav received from your treatment, and the use of your Magnetic appliances, I can say without hesitation to those afflicted as I hav been that the effect was simply marvelous. Two weeks ago I was stricken with paralysis in my right arm and could not use it at all, but after wearing a suit of your MAGNETIC CLOTHING for one week, can use it quite as well as ever. I hav also been troubled with Dyspepsia and Kidney Complaint for a number of years, from which I hav suffered intensely, and, although doctoring all the time, never found but temporary relief. Since putting on your appliances I hav experienced great benefit, and if I improve as rapidly as I hav in the past two weeks, will soon be well. I would, therefore, recommend to those suffering as I hav your Magnetic appliances as the only means of effecting a sure cure. Yours respectfully,
WM. H. CLEMMER,
No. 80 Eastern avenue.

Remember that the same appliances which will effect a cure in a case of Paralysis will at the same time eradicate CATARRH or DYSPEPSIA in the same patient. We do not, like the Old School Physician, change medicins every day until, after dosing the patient almost to death, he may possibly strike something (if he is very skilful) that brings relief for the time being.

Neuralgia of the Heart of Six Years Standing Cured in Three Weeks.

SHULLSBURG, WIS., Dec. 11, 1882.

DR. L. TENNEY—Dear Sir: After wearing one of your MAGNETIC VESTS for about three weeks, I was entirely cured of Neuralgia of the Heart and Side, which had been a source of misery to me for the last six years. I had tried numerous remedies before without benefit, but as soon as I put on the MAGNETIC VEST I got relief instantly. With unbounded gratitude, I remain
Yours respectfully,
H. A. BROWN.

Ladies, read the following testimony from a lady who had been under drug treatment for eight years with nervous prostration and female weakness:

OSBORN, O., Dec. 15, 1882.

DR. L. TENNEY: Your letter just received; also the Clothing on Tuesday last. Fitted perfectly. FELT BETTER FROM THE FIRST HOUR I HAD THEM ON. Am not joking, and if I improve as rapidly as I hav since Tuesday, will soon be well. Will report again soon. Respectfully yours, E. J. K.

This lady reports herself entirely cured in less than six weeks after putting on the garments, and, although in bed, unable to get out, when applied, she nevertheless was able to ride twenty miles in two days after the application. The lady's name can be had upon application at this office, by anyone desiring to communicate with her.

Ladies, read the following testimony from a lady who had been suffering for two years with an **Ovarian Tumor**, and who had been told that nothing but the knife would save her life, and the chances were as 9 to 1 against recovery. In four months' time she is perfectly well, and has not taken a dose of medicin since putting on the appliances. Consult us when your physician tells you he can do nothinog for you; it will pay you.

SHULLSBURG, WIS., November 19, 1882.

DR. L. TENNEY, *Dear Sir:* About two years ago my health began to fail me; I became nervous, lost all desire for food, and, in fact, began to fail rapidly, so that I became alarmed and consulted several physicians of St. Louis, at which place I was then stopping, all of whom declared that I had an **Ovarian Tumor**, and that the only thing that would save my life would be the knife. About six months ago I grew rapidly worse, and had about made up my mind to take the only course that seemed left to me, and submit to an operation, when my attention was called to the **Eureka Magnetic Appliances.** As a drowning man will catch at a straw, so did I catch at this faint hope of a cure. Four months ago I purchased a suit of your appliances. From the very first I felt invigorated, the tumor, which had extended entirely across my abdomen, began to decrease, my pains became less from day to day, until now I am as well as I ever was in my life. Since putting on the appliances I hav not taken a single dose of medicin. My bowels, which before were constipated, are now regular. I would therefore cheerfully recommend them to anyone suffering as I hav, believing that they will do all and more than you claim for them. I remain,
Gratefully yours, MRS. MARY J. STEWART.



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Knee Caps, each, - - -	3.00
Wristlets, each, - - -	1.50
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Superfine Insoles, - - -	1.00

Children's garments upon application.

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And challenge comparison with any of the so-called magnetic garments now offered under that head. At the same time the application of labor-saving machinery in our manufacture enables us to offer them about

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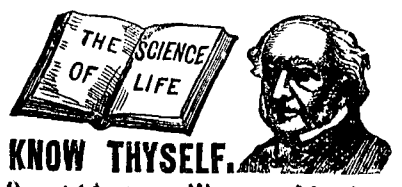
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LET justice and right be the standard by which you govern your actions, and never forget that the grandest thing a man can perform is to do what is right under all circumstances. The greatest virtue which men and women can attain to is to do their full duty to their fellow-beings, and to do naught that will cause pain or sorrow to visit a fellow-mortal. That is the highest duty we are called to fulfil. —*D. M. Bennett.*

MEN must liv together and work for common objects, even in priest-ridden countries; and those conditions which, in the course of ages, hav been able to create the moral sense, cannot fail, in some degree, to recall it to men's minds and gradually to reinforce it. Thus it comes about that a great and increasing portion of life breaks free from priestly influences and is governed upon right and rational grounds. The goodness of men shows itself in time more powerful than the wickedness of some of their religions.—*Clifford's Ethics of Religion.*

IT is a good thing for a nation to hav rich mountains—mountains in which mineral treasures abound; to hav broad plains, on which the golden crops of grain ripen, and rivers on which proud navies go forth to the ocean; it is a good thing to hav all these things which add to a nation's material wealth; and it is a good thing also to hav halls of learning and galleries of art, for by these the mind is strengthened and refined. But it is a better thing than all this for a nation to hav virtue, and men who protect its virtue, for without that all these other things are but corroding substances that bring on more speedily and surely the progress of natural decay.—*Felix Adler in Radical Pulpit.*

THE great end of life is not to earn food and clothing, though this is to most one of its first and most pressing necessities. If this were all of life it would not be worth living. And so the true end of education is not simply to enable the man or the woman to earn food and clothing. It is to develop the thinking faculties, and so to raise the individual to higher possibilities of enjoyment and of influence. These possibilities are quite independent of the daily employment. The man or the woman who has learned to think, who has acquired the capacity to enjoy a good book, to pursue a useful investigation, to hold intercourse with people of intelligence and thoughtfulnsss, to reason soundly and clearly on solid, moral, and religious problems, which are constantly presenting themselvs for solution, has reached a higher and happier level of humanity than the less fortunate neighbor. And there is no necessity for such to change their spheres of life. With the advantages of modern labor-saving appliances and the exemption they bring from the necessity for exhausting, unceasing toil, there is no reason why the farmer and the mechanic should not be the peers in general intelligence of the lawyer, the doctor, or the minister. Such an ambition is worthy of being cherished by every youth in this land of schools.—*Toronto Globe.*

HOW we drift like white sail across the wide ocean, now bright on the wave, now darkling in the trough of the sea. But from what port did we sail? Who knows? Or to what port are we bound? Who knows? I at least will shun the weakness of philosophizing beyond my depth. What is the use of pretending to powers we hav not? What is the use of pretending to assurances we hav not respecting the other life? If there is a wish for immortality and no evidence, why not say just that? If there are conflicting evidences, why not state them? If there is not ground for a candid thinker to make up his mind, yea or nay, why not suspend our judgment? I weary of these dogmatizers. I neither affirm nor deny. I stand here to try the case.—*Emerson.*

THE only one of the New Testament writings which contains a clear affirmation of its own inspiration is the one which, in all ages, has been regarded as of the most doubtful authenticity, viz., the Apocalypse. It was rejected by many of the earliest Christian authorities. It is rejected by many of the ablest critics of to-day. Luther, in the preface to his translation, inserted a protest against the inspiration of the Apocalypse, which protest he solemnly charged everyone to prefix who chose to publish his translation. In this protest one of his chief grounds for the rejection is the suspicious fact that this writer alone blazons forth his own inspiration.— *Greg's Creed of Christendom.*

WE do not believe that we are totally depraved, we do not believe the human race is lost, we do not believe in sin, we do not count ourselvs to be "miserable sinners." We believe in the power of thought, in reason, in conscience, in the strength of our heart to subdue the world. We believe that man is his own providence, his own deliverer, his own regenerator. We do not look for a supernatural redemption. To us the story of the birth of Christ is legendary, it is a myth. . . . To us the Christian mythology is like any other, rich and beautiful, it may be, but mythology still, created by imagination; a fantasy, not believed to be in the domain of history.—*Frothingham's New Song of Christmas.*

ALWAYS suspect a man who affects great softness of manner, an unaffected evenness of temper, and an enunciation studied, slow, and deliberate. These things are unnatural, and bespeak a degree of mental discipln into which he that has no purposes of craft or design to answer cannot submit to drill himself. The most successful knaves are usually of this description, as smooth as razors dipped in oil, and as sharp. They affect the innocence of the dove which they hav not, in order to hide the cunning of the serpent, which they hav.—*Colton's Lacon.*

THINK not so much of what thou hast not as of what thou hast; but of the things which thou hast select the best, and then reflect how eagerly they would hav been sought if thou hadst them not. At the same time, however, take care that thou dost not, through being so pleased with them, accustom thyself to overvalue them, so as to be disturbed if ever thou shouldst not hav them.—*Antoninus.*

THE TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL.
Price, 25 cents.

Please cut this petition out, attach it to a blank sheet of paper, sign your name and address to it, get all your friends and neighbors to do the same, and then send it to this office.

A PETITION FOR STATE SECULARIZATION.

To the Honorable Senators and Members of the House of Representatives of the United States Congress:

A republican form of government being based on liberty, equality, and fraternity, as both means and end, involves the separation of Church and State, whose union is the worst form of class-legislation and the most infallible sign of arbitrary power. A house divided against itself cannot stand. The institutions of this Commonwealth should be made homogeneous throughout. Impartial protection of all citizens in their equal rights and liberties, by encouraging the free movement of mind, promotes the establishment of truth in whatever direction. Any infringement by government of this absolute equality of its citizens is the parent of manifold evil, a national crime committed against that natural "justice" which, as the Constitution declares, this government was founded to "establish."

And yet, though the first amendment to the Constitution of the United States says, "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof," there does exist a union of Church and State, which gives to Christianity moral and material aid, and so proscribes other religions and forms of belief and unbelief, while taxing these also for the support of that special religion.

The ways in which this old alliance between Church and State still survives among us are:

1. Recognition of God and Christianity in State Constitutions.
2. Exemption of Church property from taxation.
3. Appropriations of public money for sectarian purposes.
4. Religious exercises, as the reading of the Bible, etc., in the public schools.
5. Laws enforcing the observance of the Sabbath on the authority of the Bible.
6. Religious test-oaths in courts of justice and on instalment into office.
7. Chaplaincies in the Legislature, the Army, and the Navy.
8. Fast and Thanksgiving Proclamations, which contain theological ideas that may or may not be acceptable to the citizen.

The necessity for this separation of Church and State is more apparent now than ever before, because of the still greater diversity of religious beliefs, the many forms of dissent from the religion which receives State patronage, and the growing signs of sectarian strife and ambition in the arena of politics. And emphasis needs to be given to the fact that the union of Church and State is *a great hindrance to the employment of right methods* in dealing with many questions of reform now demanding attention. And most essential is it at all times, and especially in the present, in order to secure for the law its due respect and observance, that the people's representatives should exhibit the strictest fidelity to their trusts by following the law in its letter and spirit.

Your petitioners, therefore, pray that immediate action be taken by the law-making power to bring into harmony the theory and practice of our government in making the following principle a part of the fundamental law of the land by amendment to the United States Constitution:

The total separation of Church and State, by prohibiting Congress or any State, County, Municipality, or Township from enacting any law that favors religion in any of the eight ways specified, or in any other way, or prohibits the free exercise thereof.

THE TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL

—AND—

Freethinkers' Almanac for 1884

(E. M. 284.)

WITH EIGHTEEN FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS.

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Odds and Ends.

"I WANT a Chaucer," said a customer to a clerk in a bookstore, looking over the list of English poets. "Fine cut or plug?" inquired the young man, putting his hand in his pocket.

BEECHER says that the angels hold their noses when they look down on a Wall-street man. A Wall-street man was never known to steal noses. They ought to hang on to their pocketbooks.

JUDGE: "Your client had better make a compromise. Ask her what she will take." Counsel: "My good woman, his honor asks what you will take." Old woman: "Thanks to his honor, I'll just take a glass of warm ale."

"WHAT is more awful to contemplate," said the lecturer, glaring about him, "than the relentless power of the maelstrom?" And a hen-pecked looking man in the rear of the building softly replied: "The femalestrom."

A CONNECTICUT paper raises the following difficult question: "In waltzing with a young lady not over seventeen years, pretty, and one of the never-get-dizzy sort, does the young man go around the lady, or does the lady go around the young man?"

"MOTHER, what was that you was sayin' about the children of Adam sufferin' for somebody's sins, last night?" "What I meant to say was that because of the sin of Adam, the father of mankind, in eating the forbidden fruit, his children all are punished." "Well, then, accordin' to that, if my pap does something wrong I ought to be licked for it, eh?" "That'll do sir. Now hurry out after the coal."

A YOUNG man who believes in self-improvement, having recently married, suggested to his wife that they should argue some question frankly and fully every morning, in order to learn more of each other. The first question happened to be, "Whether a woman could be expected to get along without a hat," and he took the affirmativ, and when he was last seen he had climbed up into the hay-loft and was pulling the ladder after him.

TWO guests were seated at a table in a hotel when a dog came up to them in a friendly manner, and sat down by the side of one of them. This led the other to ask, "Is that your poodle?" "No," was reply, "he belongs to the landlord, and a mighty cunning dog he is, too. Between us, he is a good deal smarter than his master." "Yes," returned the first speaker, "there are such animals, I know. In fact, I once owned such a dog myself."

THE SONG OF THE TENANT.

With fingers weary and worn,
With knee-caps tender and red,
A tenant strove in his old store clothes
To hit the tack on the head.
Rat—tat—tat—
Till his head went round in a hum,
And then, with a growl, he sat him flat,
Lamenting a mangled thumb.

LAST Sunday one of the pastors of the little village of Pownal was walking to church, when he saw a man with his coat off, digging in his garden. The good man beheld with grief and astonishment, and, coming up to the fence, began to recite in a solemn voice: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Six days thou shalt labor and do all thy work—" "See here," said the man in the garden, looking up, "be you talkin' to me." "Yes, my poor man, I am." "Wal, you needn't worry about me, then. I ain't agoin' to do any work; I'm only diggin' worms to go a-fishin' with."

THE performance of the locomotiv whistle, we are told, says the Rehoboth *Herald*, has been systematized on a Western railroad. Seven whistles are to indicate "down brakes;" thirty-two whistles, "up-brakes;" forty whistles and two snorts a "back-up." The instructions add: "In case of doubt, whistle like the d—l;" at street crossings, "whistle considerably." Again, "Always whistle before dinner. Require the firemen to keep the whistle valve open during dinner. After dinner whistle and squirt water, then back up. Then go ahead with a whistle, a squirt, and a ring."

MORE heavy poker playing in late years has gone on in Chamberlain's old club house than in any other building in Washington city. Fortunes were made and lost there. The place is now owned by the Young Men's Christian Association. Soon after the change was made a well-known sporting man dropped in one evening, a trifle mellow by some brandy a friend had given him to sample. The new occupants were holding a praise meeting, and a dozen of them were singing the old refrain:

"There is always room for more,
Come in! come in!"

He thought he appreciated the situation, and blandly replied: "No, gentlemen; play out the deal. I'll come in on the next hand."

THE MISGUIDED YOUTH.

A cowboy dropped into church,
Intent on goodness purely;
He went away up to the front,
And took a seat demurely.

He felt a little out of place,
But thought he ought to try it,
And, watching what the others did,
Maintained a perfect quiet.

He didn't make a single break,
Nor show the least deflection,
Until a little deacon came
To take the church collection.

The plate came to the cowboy first,
Of course with nothing on it.
He looked up at the deacon, then
Down on the plate a minute.

He couldn't tell the game at all,
And didn't dare to doubt it.
The more he tried to find it out,
The less he knew about.

At last he spoke right out in church:
"Now look 'e here, old Banty!
Don't try to bluff—I'll take the chips;
Jist sing out what's the ante."

THE TRUTH SEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., as Second-class Matter.

Vol. 11. No. 23. | PUBLISHED WEEKLY. | New York, Saturday, June 7, 1884. | 33 CLINTON PLACE. | $3.00 per year.

Notes and Clippings.

MR. BRADLAUGH thinks that England's course in the East must involve the annexation of Egypt. This he deplores.

THE Slavery Abolition Society has petitioned the minister of the colonies to stop the flogging of negroes in Cuba. The minister has promised a stricter execution of the law.

THE recent report of the National Board of Fire Underwriters shows that no fewer than 2,872 hotels in the United States hav been destroyed by fire during the past eight years, an average of 359 yearly.

THE *Sunday Gazetteer* says: "Brother Cox is going to organize another church in Denison. He says our city has a Democratic Methodist church, a Republican Methodist church, and he insists upon having a Greenback Methodist church. His party wants all the religious advantages."

A TREATY was signed on the 14th ult., by the United States and the Prince of Narez of the Siamese Embassy, for the regulation of liquor traffic in Siam when conducted by American citizens; and it is now announced that this treaty was the main purpose of the Prince's mission to this country.

SPEAKING of Sir William Thompson's announcement of a belief in a "possible magnetic sense," the *Alienist and Neurologist* thinks that we might as well be logical and liberal, and add to the present senses the touch sense, the self sense, the power sense, the logical sense, and the physic, muscular, and electro-magnetic senses. To divide and subdivide is believed to be a growing habit with medical writers.

ON Sunday, May 11th, remarks the *National Reformer*, the feelings of the average pious Scotchman and women must hav been sorely tried by the opening at the Corn Exchange, Galashiels, of the first exhibition of pictures ever attempted in Scotland on a Sunday. The collection belongs to a London art dealer. During the four hours the exhibition was open it was visited by upwards of three thousand persons.

A MEMBER of Professor Adler's Society writes to a Boston journal: "The tenement house reform movement has by far exceeded our expectations. A Tenement House Building Association has been formed, with an almost unlimited capital, some of the wealthiest gentlemen in New York being at the head of the company. The association is not connected with our society, but still is an outcome of Professor Adler's lectures on this subject."

AN old woman named Gordon in the north of Scotland was listening to the account given in scripture of Solomon's glory, which was read to her by a little female grandchild. When the little girl came to tell of the thousand camels which formed part of the Jewish sovereign's live stock, "What," cried the old woman, "a thousand Campbell's, say ye? The Campbells are an auld clan, sure eneuch, but look an' ye dinna see the Gordons, too."

PARSON NEWMAN, Grant's peripatetic consular theologian, said to a small audience in the Jane street Methodist church recently that "Universal suffrage may prove universal ruin. A restricted suffrage may be essential to the perpetuity of this republic. The coming of the stranger has been the downfall of many republics. Foreigners should be in this country twenty-one years before they should be allowed to vote. The typical American should govern America." Newman is a typical Christian, believing in liberty for himself but not for others.

THE *Catholic Union* attempts to make a "point" against Col. Ingersoll by saying: "Forepaugh's clown had scarcely gone when another buffoon—the notorious Ingersoll—came the way with his little side show. Each charged fifty cents a head for the performance." In New York it costs ten cents to get into a Catholic church building on Sunday. That is also the price of admission charged by the museums on the Bowery. It is true that many of the dime museums are humbugs, but so are the Catholic churches and the Catholic religion. This doesn't place the churches and the monkey shows in the same category throughout, but the *Catholic Union* likes that sort of comparison, and it is a poor rule that won't work both ways.

KATE FIELD is very angry at Felt, a Mormon elder. He once told her, in Boston, that no Mormon practiced polygamy without the consent of the first wife, that women did not object to polygamy, and that polygamous families were filled with the spirit of peace. She finds, on visiting Salt Lake City, that his matrimonial career is not proof of happiness incidental to celestial marriage. She delares that when he said that women never complained of polygamy and lived harmoniously in it, he quite forgot his mother's experience, that of his father's plural wives, and lost sight of his own second wife's broken spirit.

Truth was not quite right in its story about Bismarck complaining of being checked for whistling on the Sabbath in Scotland. What he said was: "The English and American mode of Sunday observance is a terrible form of tyranny. The first time I set foot on English soil was at Hull, and I began whistling in the streets, when an English fellow-traveler said, 'Oh, pray don't.' 'Why,' said I, 'is it prohibited?' 'No,' was the reply, 'it's not against the law, but don't you know it's the Sabbath?' I was so angry that I left the town at once and took the next steamer for Edinburgh." Here the chancellor seems to hav whistled along Princes street with impunity.

THE Roman Catholic bishop of Atlanta, Ga., recently addressed a large assembly of Sunday-school children, and wound up by asking in a very paternal and condescending way: "And now, is there a-a-n-y little boy or a-a-a-ny little girl who would like to ask me a question?" After a pause he repeated the question: "Is there a-a-n-y little boy or a-a-n-y little girl who would like to ask me a question?" A little shrill voice called out: "Please sir, why did the angels walk up and down Jacob's ladder when they had wings?" "Oh, ah, yes—I see," said the bishop; "and now, is there a-a-n-y little boy or a-a-n-y little girl who would like to answer little Mary's question?"

THE pope's recent encyclical against secret societies givs special interest to some piquant revelations made not long since with regard to the organization of the Italian Freemasons. They hav, it appears, three centers—Naples, Rome, and Turin. The Roman Grand Orient, though it affects to speak with authority on behalf of Italian Masonry, is far less important than the Turin section. Both, however, are more "advanced" than the Neapolitan Masons, by whom, about a year ago, they were solemnly excommunicated. The number of Masons in Italy is small, and tends to grow smaller. But, as in France, Spain and Germany, among them are many prominent politicians hostil to Catholicism. The Turinese Masons are trying hard to oust the Romans from the position they hold in the confraternity.

THE bark Athena was bound from Liverpool to Quebec with a crew of twenty, all told, in charge of Captain Lorenzen. On the 29th of April, the bark went ashore near Wolfe Island, one of the Magdalen group, in a dense fog. The captain at once said the Athena would soon be no more, and immediately engaged in prayer, inviting all on board to join. The second mate, Hans C. Engoe, endeavored to persuade the captain and crew to exert themselvs for their own safety. They paid no heed but continued praying and singing, and no attempt was made to lower the boats. Engoe returned on deck just as the bark broke in two. A heavy sea broke over him, and he thought himself a doomed man. In some unaccountable manner he found himself upon a plank, and on this he drifted ashore, benumbed by cold, and more dead than alive. He found himself a short distance from a lighthouse, which he reached next morning after enduring fearful privations. The total loss of life was nineteen, all the praying men being drowned, while the one who refused to pray was the only one saved.

"ARE you not afraid of snakes?" a reporter asked Nala Damajante, the Hindoo snake-charmer with Forepaugh's circus. "Are you not afraid the great anacondas may some time crush you in their powerful folds?" And the tender-hearted reporter shuddered as he thought of the pictures in the school geography of a snake eleven feet long crushing a full grown elephant into a pulpy mass of bonedust and mince meat, preparatory to ringing up the dinner act in the prodigal son drama. "Afraid of being squeezed to death?" said Nala Damajante scornfully, "la, no! I lived in Connecticut all my life, and our pastor—his wife wasn't congenial, you know, and he was one of these old bald-headed boys who are always yearning for an affinity and all that sort of thing—oh, my, he could just giv a python points on squeezing."

REFERRING to the dynamite scares the San Francisco *Argonaut* remarks: "Whether the church of Rome could, if it desired, and whether it desires to if it could, arrest this mode of warfare, we do not know. The institution is a very powerful one. It is very secret. Its Jesuits make splendid detectivs; its confessional is well calculated to find out secret criminal conspiracies, and we are inclined to the opinion that most of the dynamite criminals kneel before its altars. Nearly all who hav so far gone to the gallows hav been Romanists, and hav received from the Roman priests a remission of their sins, and hav been ticketed with a through pardon to Abraham's bosom, and guaranteed an eternity of bliss. Most of those persons now awaiting trial hav the daily consolation of religion administered by priests of Rome. Whether the church, in order to save its own property, would contribute to the protection of property it did not own, we do not know. We are inclined to think it would."

SINCE the death and incineration of Dr. Gross one of the chief social topics in Philadelphia has been the cremation of the dead. A correspondent of a daily paper reports that a movement is now fairly on foot to organize a stock company which will build the largest and most elaborate crematory in the United States. The capital will probably be fixed at $100,000, and the stock will be placed among the wealthy members of the community. Dr. Leidy, Dr. Samuel Gross, and many other distinguished physicians of the city are warm in their advocacy of the advantages of incineration over burial in the ground. Dr. Leidy speaks with much energy on the subject. "If any city in the world ought to burn its dead, that city is Philadelphia," said he. "Several of its largest cemeteries are located on the banks and above the level of the Schuylkill, the stream from which we draw our water supply. It does not require a scientific mind to realize the terrible effect on the health of our people. Much of the poisonous matter from the thousands of graves at Laurel Hill, for instance, finds its way into the water and is taken into the systems of the living. Isn't that an argument in itself sufficient to enforce the the burning of the dead?" This argument comes with double force at a time when Philadelphia is spending half a million of money to excavate for and lay a sewer pipe from Manayunk to a point below Fairmount dam, in the hope of carrying off the coloring matter and acids that are poured into the Wissahickon and Schuylkill from the paper, woolen, and carpet mills of that activ manufacturing suburb. It is charged by sanitarians, and not denied, that all the rags and bandages from the hospitals and dispensaries of this great city are sold to the paper-makers, and that the water and acids in which they are cleansed prior to conversion into pulp are alowed to flow into the streams about this city. It is certainly not a pleasant subject to talk upon or to write about, but its gravity renders the theme of too much importance to be ignored. So much has cremation grown in general favor that the crematory at Washington, Pa., has been obliged to refuse to receive bodies for incineration from beyond the borders of the county.

News of the Week.

MADAM COLOMBIER'S "Sarah Barnum" has got its author into jail for three months.

FIVE of the six murderers hanged on a recent Friday in this country declared that rum had led them into crime.

THE cold weather last week was accompanied by frosts, which did great damage to crops in the Hudson River valley and in New England.

ROWELL, the pedestrian, has returned to England. His wife, who is a mere girl, remains in this country to complete her education at school.

A CLOUDBURST on Frenchman Creek, near the Nebraska and Colorado line, last week, swept away and drowned eleven cowboys who were in camp there.

COL. NELLIS BORDEN and Capt. Linebeck, two respected citizens of North Carolina, quarreled about a mine in Mitchell county. Linebeck shot Borden and killed him.

TWENTY persons ascended in a captiv balloon at Lille, France, last Sunday. The basket broke and the occupants fell to the ground, killing three outright and seriously injuring the remainder.

AN encyclical letter from the pope was read in the Catholic churches throughout England last Sunday, warning people against joining the Freemasons or other secret societies under pain of excommunication.

MR. KINNEY, who kept a boarding-house at Spokane Falls, Mon., has recently sold out the business for $1,200. His wife was included in the sale. She had been unfaithful to him, and he sold her, along with the furniture and house, to the man who had caused the trouble.

IT has been announced that the dangerous anarchist, Schwartz, has left New York for Austria, bearing with him a quantity of dynamite. The people of Vienna are very much alarmed and the newspapers demand that the manufacture of dynamite be made a government monopoly.

NEW YORK'S free baths opened on June 1st. The city furnishes nine of these useful institutions for the use of its poorer citizens who would perhaps otherwise scarcely ever get a bath. The baths are open sixteen hours per day—four days in the week for males and three for females.

JOHN C. ENO, defaulting president of the Second National Bank of New York, was captured last Sunday in Canada. He had but $1,000 with him when arrested. "Father" Ducey, a Catholic priest who accompanied Eno in his flight, is not to be found. It is thought probable that Ducey has the stolen thousands taken from the bank.

DECORATION DAY was observed in New York in the usual manner, with parades, processions, speeches, games, races, and so forth. The Hon. Benjamin F. Butler was in town, and, as usual, received the lion's share of applause as he passed through the streets. President Arthur and Gen. Grant might command the respect of the populace, but it was left to Mr. Butler to arouse their enthusiasm.

PARSON NEWMAN'S church givs its pastor a vacation from June 15th to October 5th. Newman gets $10,000 per year salary, and some of the congregation wish to dismiss him in order to avoid paying the $3,500 which he will earn while vacating. The congregation is described by one of the deacons as poor, the church likely to be sold under foreclosure of mortgage, and the organ in a fair way to be ruined by a leaky roof.

AN explosion of dynamite occurred outside of the detectiv office, London, on the evening of May 30th. A corner of the building was blown off to a hight of thirty feet. No lives were destroyed, but thirteen people in the vicinity were injured by flying bricks and glass. The perpetrators of the outrage are unknown. O'Donovan Rossa, the Irish-American advocate of assassination, applauds the work, and says he expects more of it.

A Freethought Romance.

Waifs and Wanderings.

BY SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

CHAPTER XXXII.—(CONTINUED.)

There was silence in the room as these words, freighted with the intensity of an absolutely truthful soul, were poured forth. Only once in a while does the world witness such splendid reality. Almost all are a bit afraid of genuine truth—of the naked fact of things. Royal is that soul that dares to face it all; to deal with no makeshifts; to accept no golden coloring of fancy, but to front nature with the unflinching gaze. Out of the tragedy of her life Amy had reached this glorious hight, or, we might say, this lofty deep, whereby the very essence of things was revealed to her unconquerable mind.

"I am sorry for this," said the judge. "I cannot argue, but this confession precludes your testimony."

"Do you not believe that I desire to tell the truth, and nothing but the truth?"

"Indeed I do. I would not doubt your word, but the law forbids. If you could only somehow say that you believe in God, there would be no question of the admission of your testimony."

"If I lie, or can lie, then I am to be believed; but if I stand by the truth, then I am to be disbelieved?"

"Not exactly that," said the judge. "You will admit the imperfection of language. Can you not make the word God cover something of your belief?"

"Not without a wrong to my conscience."

"I hope that is not so," said Harry to Amy. "You see the extreme difficulty of the case. I cannot think you and I differ essentially in our belief, yet I can say I believe in God. Could you not do the same in a vague way, sufficient at least to open the gates of justice, that you may testify for what is most precious to you and others?"

"What is a truthful expression for your thought, Harry, is not a truthful expression for mine. Our thoughts may be the same, but they come forth in different garb, and conscience must clothe the thought as well as make the thought. I cannot use your language. It would be a lie to my soul."

"I will not insist. The very curse of my life is that I hav not been as absolutely truthful as you are now. Oh! this paltering with words and thoughts. It is slow murder. It rots and it buries."

Nothing could he said. The conflict was inevitable.

The judge was deeply troubled. Evidently his heart was with Amy, but it was utterly impossible for him to go against the plain wording of the law. He was willing to use subterfuge and circumvent the law in behalf of justice; but he was not willing to actually destroy the law, for in some shape or other the law was to him the supreme thing. He might even accept contradictory interpretations of the law for the sake of what seemed to him right, but the law itself must evermore be sacred.

The issue was direct. Amy did not believe in God, whether definable or undefinable, and the law said distinctly that, in order to give her testimony, she must believe in some kind of a God, definable or undefinable.

"I am sorry," said the judge, "that testimony so important, so absolutely necessary to the discovery of the truth, must be excluded."

Bolton and Sandy chuckled audibly. Legally they had won the day. Their evidence was uncontradicted, and according to that the judge must decide. Such is human justice when made dependent on a written law, which is like binding the ocean to an iceberg. No one set of circumstances is like another set, and therefore each must discover its own law. To govern by precedent simply is to govern by barbarism.

"In a question like this," said the judge, "I must decide according to the sworn evidence. I cannot go beyond that, whatever might be the dictates of my heart. We must aim for general justice, and not for particular justice. We cannot satisfy the claims of all. There must be some wrong in order that the universal welfare may be maintained. There must be forms of laws to be obeyed in all circumstances. Unless these are inviolable there is no certain standard. In this case we must take the established rule, though it seems to work harshly. The evidence is almost altogether in favor of the marriage claimed, and I must declare that the ceremony was performed as sworn to—that Amy is the wife of Sandy, and the girl Bessie is his daughter."

"Impossible!" cried Amy; "how can there be such injustice?" and mother and daughter were clasped in each other's arms.

"Four years fighting for liberty, and the prison walls yet!" cried Cupples. "I thought that when I saw the flag floating so gaily we should always be happy, and now my little Bessie is a slave again."

Sandy would have fared badly but the police officers protected him. He didn't like the looks of Cupples a bit. There was a small volcano in him, evidently.

Bolton, elder, was jubilant, and gave Sandy a most congratulatory grasp of the hand. His Harry was now free to some more worthy match—that is, to a fortune as well as a wife.

"Is there no remedy for this? Is this the law?" cried Harry.

"I could not decide otherwise," said the judge. "I would if I could."

Without doubt the judge declared his honest feeling. To obey was martyrdom—but it was duty.

"I swear," said Jones, "I can't understand this. It's plain as day the woman never was married, and yet she is married. The law says so, and the law—well, what the law is no fellow can find out."

"Law and theology," said Dr. Dobson, "are twin brothers. They both burn us at the stake. Perhaps medicine is the same thing. There is a damnable wrong in it all somewhere, but I can't just exactly tell where. I sometimes think that right and wrong are twin brothers too, and forever and forever hav to go together; and at times they do look so very much alike! I would pray for an infallible pope, but the more we have of 'em the worse off we are."

"I submit to your honor," said Sandy, "that this woman is my legal wife. Should she not follow me and live with me."

"So says the law, but I cannot compel, and if she does not choose to go that is the end of it."

"But this child—is she not mine?"

"She is, and must go with you. There is no help for that."

"Must I go with him?" cried Bessie. "He is not my father. I hate him."

"You must go with him. The law compels. Legally he is your master."

"Must I leave my mother, Cupples, all?"

"You must do as he says. Until you are of age he has sole authority. The law says he is your father. As such, he must command."

"O mother!"

"O my sweet Bessie!" cried Amy. "There must be some escape, though it is now dark as midnight. Let me put this on your neck, dear one. I have worn it ever since I can remember. It is a charm, they say. I give it with all my love and all my hope. Keep it, and be patient. We can conquer, we can conquer!"

She kissed her daughter, she embraced her, amid flashing tears. The sweet lips touched with luminous grief. The mother flung from off her heaving neck a circlet of ebony beads of quaint fashion, such as is frequently worn by the dusky and sometimes fairer children of the South, in whom there is a sweet, strange faith in these mystical ornaments. Amy had always worn this. She could not tell why. It seemed a part of her flesh and blood. She twined it with passionate caresses about the glowing neck of Bessie.

When Judge Arno saw these dancing ebony beads, clasped together by a grotesque image whose eyes blazed with emerald fire, an awful paleness overspread his features. He seemed ready to faint. By a strong effort he recovered himself.

"Let me see that necklace," said he. "I have not seen anything like it before, except once."

He graciously took the shining circlet darkly flashing, and gazed upon it with a far-away look.

"It reminds me," said he. "No matter. I only took it for that. How like—as if it were the very same!"

With a quick movement he pressed the relic to his lips, and kissed the curious image by which the beads were caught together.

"I remember this, I remember this," he said. "It cannot be! Lo, it is! Ah, the picture!"

He touched a spring, and the tiny image opened, and right within its bosom burned forth the glowing face of a woman, lovely as the wave when full of summer's smile, radiant as a star.

"I never saw that before. What does it mean?" said Amy.

Judge Arno looked at Amy's brilliant face, flooded with excitement, while her lithe form bent forward like a flame, and glittered with wondrous loveliness. The piercing glance of the judge seemed to rend her very soul. Then with a mighty cry he clasped her to his arms.

"My child! my child!" he said. "My long lost Leonora's child!"

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

A Suggestion for the Coming Convention.

I beg leave to offer a suggestion relativ to the convention to be held at Cassadaga Lake, hoping that if found available, and one in which others may acquiesce, they will express themselvs freely through THE TRUTH SEEKER. The question for the managers of the coming convention is, How can we produce an effect that will be the most lasting and beneficial to our cause? I suggest that the committee assign to each speaker such a subject as he or she is best qualified to present, and that the selection of subjects be placed in the hands of those best acquainted with the immediate wants of the people, so far as enabling them to break loose from the slavery in which they are held. Every move should now tend toward strengthening our cause. Let us hear from others on this question. A. E. RINGER.

Talmagian Philosophy.—Concluded.

"Just as soon as a missionary begins to doubt whether there was a Garden of Eden, or whether there is a place of future punishment, he comes right home from Beyrout and goes into the insurance business." All the better for Beyrout! Just as soon as a man begins to doubt he begins to get too honest to hold an agency in the old, played-out hell-fire insurance business, and it is only natural that he should look about for some business that has an honest phase to it.

"Orthodoxy, beginning with the Sandwich Islands, has captured vast regions of barbarism for civilization." Were you ever on board one of the early missionary vessels, Mr. Talmage, when the cabin was crowded with missionaries, and the hold stowed full of rum? Did you ever see one of these converted barbarians dance with delight as he saw the vessel coming in, and hear him shout, "More good missionary, more good rum?" And hav you ever found out why it was that the most loathsome disease broke out amongst them immediately after the advent of the missionaries?

"Ninety-nine out of every hundred of Protestant churches were built by people who believed in an entire Bible." And no doubt every one who had a hand in stealing Girard College away from the Liberals "believed in an entire Bible." Some of the greatest robbers and most bloody monsters the world ever saw "believed in an entire Bible." Most of the bank defaulters and those who get away with vast sums of the people's money are members of orthodox churches and "believe in an entire Bible."

"On that same street, and not far from being opposit, stood Park Congregational church, called by its enemies 'hell-fire corner.' Theodore Parker died, and his church died with him. Park church still stands on 'hell-fire corner,' thundering away the magnificent truths of orthodoxy, just as though Theodore Parker had never lived." And I will guarantee that for every one who ever heard of "hell-fire corner," or anybody who ever preached there, a hundred hav been delighted with the sermons and sayings and writings of Theodore Parker. He had too much good sense to run a "hell-fire corner."

"All that the world ever got that is worth having came through the wide aqueduct of orthodoxy from the throne of God." Well, now, if that isn't a specimen of orthodox cheek that an army mule might covet! If Mr. Talmage had stated that the rack, the ripping-knife, the iron boot, the thumbscrew, and all the tortures of the Inquisition had "come through the wide aqueduct of orthodoxy," he would hav been nearer the truth. I wonder if Mr. Talmage ever read about the Dark Ages, a period of about a thousand years, when Christianity had everything its own way; when there were no institutions of learning only for the priesthood; when not one in a hundred could write his own name. That long, dark night of ignorance "came through the wide aqueduct of orthodoxy." This worse than midnight darkness Mr. Talmage cannot lay to Infidelity, for it was a cardinal doctrin of the church "that it was better to kill heretics and send them to hell, where they belonged." To express a doubt was to meet death "through the wide aqueduct of orthodoxy."

In the reign of Elizabeth, that "most Christian queen," the prisons were filled, men and women were hanged, roasted, boiled, beheaded, ripped up alive, quartered, and otherwise tortured by every means that fiendish ingenuity could contrive. There were penalties imposed by acts of Parliament for different degrees of heresy, and sanctioned by Elizabeth, "the most Christian queen."

Is it possible that Mr. Talmage never read about these acts of Parliament? Is it possible that he never read about these Christian persecutions under Elizabeth? Or is it, as I hav long believed, that every Christian will lie for his religion? For these things "came through the wide aqueduct of orthodoxy," and I believe Mr. Talmage knows it.

"Who had the greatest human intellect? Paul. Orthodox from scalp to heel. Who was the greatest poet? John Milton. Orthodox from scalp to heel. Who was the greatest reformer? Martin Luther. Orthodox from scalp to heel." Who murdered James A. Garfield? Charles Guiteau. "Orthodox from scalp to heel." Who murdered his little daughter in imitation of Abraham? Freeman. "Orthodox from scalp to heel." Another father in like manner plunged a huge knife to the heart of his little boy. "Orthodox from scalp to heel." A dozen Molly Maguires were jerked to kingdom come in one day, attended by their priests, and are no doubt now waiting to giv Mr. Talmage a welcome to the New Jerusalem. "Orthodox from scalp to heel." All who had a hand in whipping women and hanging witches and banishing Quakers were "orthodox from scalp to heel."

All who had a hand in murdering and torturing and mutilating the thousands, in the days of the Inquisition, were "orthodox from scalp to heel." I wonder if Mr. Talmage has ever heard of a party of Frenchmen under the command of Ribault who were inhumanly massacred by a band of Spanish desperadoes, after being promised protection by the Spanish

commander. After being killed their bodies were cut to pieces and the pieces hung to the limbs of a tree, to which was attached the following inscription, "Not because you are Frenchmen, but because you are heretics and enemies to God." "Orthodox from scalp to heel!"

I could fill a volume with the acts of orthodox tyrants—with murders and robberies and seductions. If Mr. Talmage is ignorant of these facts, he had better exchange with the Rev. John Jasper. Jasper would be quite a curiosity up North, and Mr. Talmage would hav a success down South where Jasper has convinced them that "the sun do move."

"O man, believing in a Bible in spots, where are you going when you quit this world? Answer. Going into a great to be, so on into the great somewhere, and then I shall pass on through the great anywhere, and I shall probably arrive in the nowhere."

It must hav taken a deal of mental training to produce so lofty a sentiment. He must hav dieted a long time before giving birth to such language. I wonder how much brain food it took to enable him to produce such a sky-scraping thought. Nothing but the biggest kind of codfish, and a great many of them, could fit a man for the effort.

Mr. Talmage gulps down "the entire Bible from lid to lid." He doesn't believe it "in spots"—not a bit of it. He believes the world was made in six days; no "indefinit periods of time" for him. He believes in the snake story, and the flood story, and the Jonah story, and the Samson story, and if the "Arabian Nights," with "Sindbad the Sailor," had been added, he is a man of such "unbounded stomach" he could gulp them all down.

Moses and Aaron turned all the waters of Egypt into blood. Mr. Talmage believes it. Then the magicians did the same with their enchantments. Mr. Talmage understands just how it was done, and if the statement had been that the waters were turned into blood fifty times in a day, it would all be as easy for Mr. Talmage to believe as it is for an ass to talk, or for a woman to turn into a pillar of salt, or for a regiment of dead men to march up out of their graves and never be heard of any more. "I am going to my father's house; I am going into the companionship of my loved ones who hav gone before." How do you know that, Mr. Talmage? How do you know that your loved ones hav gone before, or will ever follow after? According to the Bible, it is a very uncertain thing. If your loved ones happen to be among the rich, they can no more enter the kingdom of heaven than a camel can pass through the eye of a needle.

Your loved ones must be able to heal the sick, speak with new tongues, handle rattlesnakes, tarantulas, and cobras, drink any kind of deadly poison, and cast out devils, because these are the signs which are to follow those who believe; and unless your loved ones can show these signs and hav been baptized they are to be damned, and there's the end on't, Mr. Talmage. But, no matter, if Mr. Talmage does not find his loved ones there, he will twang his harp and flap his angelic wings, and strut and spread his tail all the same, for when once a Christian gets his little shriveled-up soul into heaven, the little unimportant circumstance of his wife and mother and children being in hell don't even rumple his feathers.

"Brooklyn and New York would be better places to liv in with Raymond-street jail, and the Tombs, and Sing Sing, and all the small-pox hospitals emptied on us, than heaven without a hell." Of course every Christian will enjoy his heaven a great deal better if he knows some one else is roasting in hell. Rob a Christian of his hell, and his "pipe is out." "Take any shape but that." One is three and three is one —"believe or be damned." Every one of sense knows the class of people who "believe," and therefore will never envy Mr. Talmage his "companionship" when his wings begin to sprout.

"Nearly all the heterodox people I know believe all are coming out at the same destiny—Thomas Paine and George Whitefield, Charles Guiteau and James A. Garfield, John Wilkes Booth and Abraham Lincoln."

Yes, Thomas Paine must go to hell, not because his life was not worth more to the world than a hundred Whitefields', but because he did not believe as Mr. Whitefield did. This is the magnanimity that comes of Christian teaching. "The world is my country, to do good my religion," is a grander sentiment than Mr. Talmage, or any minister, or Paul, or Christ ever uttered.

How an intelligent man should get those names so jumbled is passing strange. Garfield only believed the Bible "in spots," while Guiteau was "orthodox from scalp to heel;" he believed the Bible "from lid to lid;" he has gone home to his "Lordy," and, no doubt, Mr. Talmage and Guiteau will twang their harps in unison and suck ice-cool lemonade through the same straw, while Mr. Garfield "will fetch up in the nowhere."

According to the Talmagian philosophy, Booth must be in hell, and Mr. Lincoln could not possibly get into heaven, because he was an Infidel, so that they will both be together after all.

"Those who deny the Bible, or any part of it, never die well." No doubt John Calvin, after roasting Servetus in a slow fire, "died well." Torquemada, after murdering and torturing scores and scores of human beings for opinion's sake, "died well." Constantine, who murdered those of his own household, and then made Christianity the religion of the state, "died well;" while such men as William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Philips, Charles Sumner, Ethan Allen, Abraham Lincoln, Thomas Jefferson, and hundreds of other good and true men could not "die well," because not one of them believed the "entire Bible" from "lid to lid."

It must be a grand thought for Mr. Talmage that all of these noble, self-sacrificing men are suffering the torments of hell, while such Christian monsters as Constantine, Calvin, Guiteau, and Torquemada are going to flit around the New Jerusalem.

"This world will never advance one inch beyond this old Bible." Not if Mr. Talmage and the Christian world can help it. No morality beyond that of the bloody old lecher, King David; no knowledge beyond a flat earth; nothing more clean and decent than the story of beastly old Lot; nothing more rational than the Mosaic creation; nothing more humane than the character of plundering old Joshua.

Mr. Talmage would like to keep the people in the "old paths," and make himself conspicuous, not by elevating himself, but by lowering down the masses. What a pity it is that he cannot get the people back to the ignorance of the dark ages and once more enjoy the luxury of burning heretics. Make the people ignorant enough, and Mr. Talmage would be a great man. Thomas Paine was great because he made the people free. Mr. Talmage wants to bring himself into notice by forging chains of slavery, and keeping the people in ignorance. He says that "God has not learned anything in a thousand years." Neither would any Christian if knowledge were not forced upon him by "advanced thought." All who hav believed in an "entire Bible from lid to lid" hav ever been fighting "advanced thought." They hav tried to hold the world down to the "Old Bible." How desperately they fought for a flat earth! Even after Magellan sailed around it they quoted scripture to prove that there must be some mistake about it.

A thoroughly honest belief in the perfection of the scriptures would hold the world down to a level with the dark ages in which they originated. Doubt is the mother of progress. None, except a few lunatics like Mr. Talmage, believe that the Bible is a perfect revelation from God, and the world will grow better as their number grows less.

Hundreds who hav heard and read Mr. Talmage's sermon on the "Splendors of Orthodoxy" will regard it as unanswerable, and yet, in the main, it has no foundation in truth. A greater regard for God and the scriptures than for truth and humanity has spoiled many men before Mr. Talmage. How long will the people believe a lie, for God's sake?

My article is now entirely too long. I hav only referred to points in the sermon which were without any show of truth, and calculated to deceive. But I will say that there is not one paragraph in the whole sermon that is entirely true. JOHN PECK.

The Petition for State Secularization Considered by a Druid.

I hav read with much interest the text of the "petition for separation of church and state," and am ready to co-operate in the matter to the furthest extent of my power, and that without delay. This matter exactly suits me and matches the general tenor of my life purposes. I beg leave to suggest a few points. I believe it would hardly do to *cut out* the impression of the text in current TRUTH SEEKERS and use it, and that the only orthodox method is either to copy it or reprint it as heading on petition blanks. My first impulse was to print off these here; my second was to get a stereotype of the text. I shall wait a while in order to see if there may be some alteration of the text. I shall work with you in this concern most heartily, and continue to do so indefinitly. You were quite correct in eliminating the side issues from the text, as the text will do for Druids as far as its substance is concerned, while in all or any respects there is no serious objection to it. The words, "*State Secularization*" are all right; the word "*Sabbath* may be *criticised* by the Sunday men, forasmuch as Saturday *is* the Sabbath both in philology and in fact. Druids hold in memory the history of the terms "church" and "ecclesia," and insist that the ecclesia has no right whatever to the title "church." The terms "religion and the state" would suit us well. Either a modification of the terms or the addition of an explanatory phrase would please us. We want a prohibition of the prevalent methods of prostituting the goddess of liberty to the purposes of religion in any form whatever. You are of the same mind, I see. In order to insure hearty co-operation, the text of the petition should be as satisfactory all around as possible. Take it altogether, you hav produced quite a good one. Suppose we say, "total separation of religion and the state, by some entitled *church* and state," etc.?

I shall distribute blank forms among about 100 leaders, in which case I shall want them printed all ready for use. We will pursue this matter without flinching as long as the end remains unaccomplished.

Then what will be the effect of the insertion of the words "*liberty, equality, and fraternity*" which occur in the first line? They seem to be the recognized triad of the republicanism of France. Hav not we in America got anything of our own? Such a small thing as this may make a material difference in the great struggle. Liberty and equality are all right, but *fraternity* is of very doubtful application. I think I hav seen some more appropriate triads, but cannot call them to mind. We would rejoice to hav identity of text with you.

As the Druidical laws of 1878 testify, we were going to make a movement sooner or later on our own hook. You hav burst forth ahead of us. Take the lead, then; your boldness entitles you to the position.

Again, in reference to the term "*church.*" What ecclesiastical institutions we hav among us are of Latin origin, with the exception of the Greek church, and possibly a little of the Coptic. The English language is hardly a means of criticism in ecclesiastical terms. The Reformation, it is true, brought forward English translations, or what may be regarded as equivalents, and among the rest the word "church" (kirk) was harnessed in and prostituted to the cause. Of course it had been used by the Christians before the time of the Reformation. It was popularly used in Scotland and England for the Christian assemblies after the expulsion of Druidism in all its forms from those countries. But in Wales, where Druidism continued under the name of Bardism (its truest name), the word *kirk* was not suffered to be prostituted, and Bardism holds it well clinched to this day. In Scotland the Christians stole and prostituted the term *clachan* also, which meant the whole church-yard, or what was inclosed within the outer kirk (or circus). The same thing was done in Wales, where *Lhan* (or *clachan* stripped of the internal guttural digamma) is used for a parish church and its yard; and the reason for this is, forasmuch as the property was entitled *clachan* or *Lhan*, which was confiscated for Christian use and ownership, *kirk* and *clachan* are, no doubt, two separate terms, both Keltic and Druidic, and each had its own particular signification. Clachan is certainly derived from Gaelic *clach*, a stone; plural, *clachan*. Kymmric (Welsh), Lhech, a flat stone. Clachan was a term applied to the nucleal portion of the parish; and was, and even is now, equivalent to the Cornish term *church-town*, or the hamlet or village around a parish church.

It is well known that *ecclesia* originally was applied to the *assembly* of the Christians. It really meant the invited or the *called-forth*, or perhaps the elect. Eventually, it was applied to the place of meeting. Wherever Greek Christianity traveled, the term ecclesia was on hand. Latin Christianity did not despise it for its Greek sound, but took it and used it almost exclusivly. It is the word now in Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and French, and even in Welsh. But the reason for its presence in Welsh (*"Eglwys"*) is but a little different from the cause wherefore it stands in the other languages named. In Italy it did not succeed the *kirk*, for that had degenerated ages before into the circus (kirkus).

All the pagan religious institutions *differed* too much from infant Christianity for an immediate union between them, nor would the pagans allow it. In Italy the ecclesia made its own independent start, with and under its own name of *ecclesia*, a Greek word of open import, and scarcely a *proprietary* with any institution previously, any more than the word *assembly* is now with us. After the coalition of the ecclesia and the pagan religion, before and at the time of Constantine, the Christians retained the term ecclesia. The missionaries carried the term to all countries whither they went. It was planted among the Kymmry, or Welsh, at an early date, and they hav it to-day; but it is to be remembered that the missionaries in Britain, who brought it, were looked upon as Hebræo-Greeks, rather than Hebræo-Romans, though they might hav set forth from Rome itself. The *kirk* was a Druidic circle, and in vogue not only in Britain but even in in Germany. Even the name was in vogue in Germany, and has continued to this day. The philology of the term shows that German and Gothic afford not even the pretense of an etymology for it. Gaelic and Kymmric, both of them, present us with a clear and undoubted origin for it. At the same time neither Latin nor Greek can afford a root for kirk or circus. For this reason the English Misokeltic scholars and the clergy hav ransacked everything in order to find a Christian proprietorship for the word. After a good deal of overhauling they settled on a *supposed* Greek compound, *kuriou-oikos*, meaning "Lord's house!" Marvelous! monstrous!

Yet this Lord's-house title may now be classed among what are called secondary or accidental etymologies, provided the fact be noted and kept in remembrance. Circ, or kirk, is a Kymmric word, also a Gaelic; and identical primarily with the present Kymmric word *kerrig*, plural of *carreg*, a stone; hence *kyrch*, a circuit, a religious circle, or a procession. I

referred to the Druidical circle of stones, which were sometimes twelve in number, sometimes thirty, sometimes one hundred, etc., but in Cornwall nineteen, the number of the lunar cycle, forasmuch as the Cornish are the remains of the third sub-nation or grand tribe, entitled *Lhoegrwys (Ligurians, Lunigeri,* moon-men, moon-rakers). The English nation is a mixture of the Ligurian grand tribe and various foreign elements, Gothic, Saxon, Anglic, Danish, Belgic, and Norman. The Kymmry, or first sub-nation, were children of the sun, and furnished most of the Druids, and built their kirks according to solar numbers. The second sub-nation were the Britons, and had the care of war, and to them generally belonged the commander-in-chief of the army. Hence the reason that in the time of Cæsar all the people were called Britons by the Romans. Nearly every attack made by the Romans was directed against the territory of the Ligurian grand tribe, which was the agricultural sub-nation.

Such is the kirk in its origin. It is evident the ecclesia has no claim to it. And even the clachan is stolen property.

Much more inappropriate still is the term "church," applied to a Methodist or Congregational conventicle, as is the custom in America. It is a stealing again of stolen goods—worse than ordinary thiefdom, for there is some kind of rude honor among thieves.

I hav digressed much, undoubtedly, in order to elucidate the cause of a piece of laudable pedantry to which Druids are prone when they contemplate their ancient property. Now I will return to the matter in hand, secularization. You hav eight counts. That is not quite right. Seven counts would be well, but a good criminal number is nine, the number of Noah and his ark. Let me see—I hav it—you hav forgotten the subject of marriage. In several states of the union religious solemnization of marriage is wedded with the civil law in a very unpleasant manner. It is necessary for the civil law to formally withdraw from the unhallowed touch. Religious people may still hav their rites in connection with marriage. Marriage is a natural act as birth is a natural fact, neither of them being *per se* religious. Druids hav their marriage ceremony, and one that for beauty may compete with any other whatever, and their priests of the white order are in many cases licensed as such to solemnize marriages by the civil authorities in the United States. Druids are willing to forego this privilege in states where such licensing is practiced, that they may help in the purification of the raped and befouled blessed Virgin, the goddess of liberty. The proper carrying out of this point would forever settle the vexed subject of polygamy, which is distinctivly a religious marriage.

Count 7. There are other chaplaincies besides those named.

Taking a view of the whole subject of secularization, I venture to assert that it was the intention of the original inaugurators of the American commonwealth to exclude religion just as much as to exclude George III. from participation in the civil machinery. It is true that even some of the leaders were religious and did not hav any idea of killing religion—neither would they kill George III., were they to get hold of him, but pamper him and giv him the best beef of New York and the richest pork of the interior, and the wines of many lands to wash them down. It is conceded that there must hav been many people in America in those days who desired a continuation of state religion, and showed themselvs very officious. These were confronted with the cold and ominous absence in the Constitution of any provision for the fulfilment of their desires. The intention of the Constitution is known to us; it is unmistakable. And we know that the spirit of the Constitution has been miscarried and flagrantly thrust aside. The time has come for something more than a weak protest. Men and women, sons and daughters of liberty, wake up and see the perilous situation; seek to be piloted therefrom without delay. Since the quadrennial election is close at hand, let us canvass the candidates with reference to this important matter of separation of church and state. I hav no doubt that the great majority of American citizens will favor this reform eventually, wherefore the necessity of enlightening them without delay, that the realization of it may not be unduly protracted.

Yours faithfully, CORAVAR AMERIG, Arch-Bard.
Canaseraga, N. Y.

COLONEL KELSO'S "Bible Analyzed," says T. C. Leland, is a big book, and "analyzed" is a big word. It takes a big book and a big word to deal with "the book"—the word of God. Analyze means to pull to pieces, to rip up, to tear down, to turn inside out, to examin piece by piece and in detail. This is what has happened to the Bible under the buzz-saw analysis of Col. Kelso. Millions of the human race are yet under the dominion of this Bible. Millions are enslaved by it, and are suffering torments and terrors on account of it. It is a mercy to free these slaves and relieve these sufferers. Col. Kelso's book will help to do it, or perhaps wholly emancipate any Christian who will follow him in his analysis. Liberals who are themselvs out of the Bible woods should help their benighted neighbors by calling their attention to this work. Thousands of inquiring minds would be glad to giv $3 for this medicin and ministration to a mind diseased. Let them know of it.

A Reply to Mr. Chavannes.

IN THE TRUTH SEEKER of May 24th, Mr. Albert Chavannes, editor of the *Sociologist*, of Adair Creek, East Tennessee, takes the kindly trouble to review, in part, my recent lecture before the Liberal Club, as reported in a previous number of THE TRUTH SEEKER. Judging from a somewhat slight previous acquaintance with Mr. Chavannes, and from a thorough reading of his interesting journal, I think him in a high degree competent to the intelligent and effectiv discussion of the high class of subjects to which he recalls our attention. He seems to me courteous, candid, and able. If I am not mistaken, he is a man of that logical order of mind that he will know when he is answered; and it is a pleasure to hold intellectual communication with such men, who are really the few.

In so far as my lecture was a review of Mr. Spencer, it has the good fortune to meet with the entire concurrence of Mr. Chavannes. He says, "I heartily agree with Mr. Andrews in all the points he makes, and feel highly gratified that such a thorough answer should hav been made to Mr. Spencer's fallacies." His criticism bears only, therefore, upon certain points of my rejoinder to my critics. The first and main position assumed by me, to which he takes exception, is that in which your report makes me say that "the great question in Sociology for me is not what is necessary to-morrow, nor what is adapted to the low condition in which people are to-day, but, first and foremost, What is the High Ideal of a perfect human society?" adding that "the shortest way to progress is to study out, What are the fundamental principles in regard to what would be a perfect order of human life for perfect men and women?"

To these propositions Mr. Chavannes objects, first, by asking, How shall we know that our high ideal of a perfect society is correct? Then he affirms "*that our knowledge of the future is altogether dependent upon our knowledge of the past,*" and that "the past furnishes us with no safe data that can enable us to conceive what constitutes a perfect society;" that "it has entirely failed to evolve a common idea of what would constitute a perfect order of human life for perfect men and women." He then mentions a series of leading minds who hav attempted to achieve such an ideal; and he adds, "When they fail, as all hav and *all will*," etc. He holds that it is given to no man to achieve such an ideal, and that no two "will ever agree *entirely* as to what constitutes this high order of society."

In reply to these positions of Mr. Chavannes, I hav now to say that the few hurried remarks upon which he comments were given oratorically, and must not be taken in all respects too literally. When I said "the great question," I meant, of course, the *greater* question as compared with another, the necessity and importance of which were still not denied. As to how we are to attain to a high ideal of society, or of true men and women, the subject is a large one, and we can do but little more than to enter upon it here; and then as to how we are to test the accuracy of our ideal, my answer is that we are to do so by scientific methods similar to those by which we test scientific prevision in other respects. And here, first and foremost, I wish emphatically to deny Mr. Chavannes's assumption that "our knowledge of the future is altogether dependent upon our knowledge of the past." This assumption is virtually the same as to assume that we hav no other mental faculties but observation and memory. But we hav also reason, which is allied equally with the past, present, and future, which transcends mere observation and memory, and which teaches us what *will* be, because in the nature of things it *must* be; whether our experience has ever exhibited to us the same concatenation of circumstances, or not. We work out new problems in mathematics every day, and know that we are right, although no human observation or memory has ever been there before—not from any experience, but from the knowledge of the abstract and guiding principles applicable in such cases. The statement here criticized, and now prevalent among positivistic scientists, has only a very partial and limited aspect of truth. It is true that we hav to walk, as upon legs—when we look to the present or future—upon our observation of the past and upon our memory of that observation; but it is not true that we hav no higher faculty than those legs, giving us prevision or the power to foreknow. It is therefore too much to say that we are *altogether* dependent upon them. We are, in a certain low and primitiv sense, dependent upon them; after which we transcend their range, and graduate into the higher spheres of our existence. The proposition in question is as if it were to be said that all literature is altogether dependent upon the alphabet and the spelling-book because it is through them that we get our initiation into literature; and this would be again the same as to say that there is nothing in the sublime productions of a Homer, a Dante, and a Shakspere, which was not derived from the alphabet and the spelling-book.

I agree fully with Mr. Chavannes, that no two minds will every agree entirely as to what would constitute a high order of society. It is this word *entirely* which makes all the difference. In details and particulars we shall always differ, but in the great outline conception of what constitutes true men and true women, and a true and modelic human society, there has always been, and will always be, a basis of substantial unity. The existence of such words as gentleman and gentlewoman, as nobleman and noblewoman, in all languages, bears testimony to the fact that in all nations and ages gentleness and nobility hav been reckoned among the characteristic properties which should and do indicate the superior type of humanity. Without, therefore, the need even of any new and special modes of test of the the proximately perfect order of human beings, and of society, it is obviously possible for us, by a proper analysis of what men instinctivly deem superior, to evolve a general type of human excellence.

But as I really meant, when I spoke the words to which Mr. Chavannes objects, something far more definit, and of a more scientific cast than this general instinctiv estimate, it is only fair dealing to answer, with more specification and directness, his question as to how we are to know the higher type conception of men and women and society to be the true one.

Still speaking at first, however, somewhat generally, I will say that we are to previse the future and higher outcome of humanity, individual and collectiv, precisely by the same means and methods as those by which science previses or forcasts its definit and reliable prognostications in other spheres of being. It is one of those curious paradoxes in the history of thought, while modern scientists are pretty loudly and generally affirming, along with Mr. Chavannes, that we "can only know the future by our knowledge of the past," and that our only method of discovery is "to feel one's way along, in order to get something to-morrow a little better than to-day," that they in the same breath are affirming just as loudly, and more truly, that the distinctiv office of science is prevision. Comte affirms, and rightly, that the absolute test of the arrival of any science at its culmination or perfected stage of being, is its ability to foretell the future with accuracy; as, for example, in astronomy, to calculate eclipses.

The way in which this contradiction seems to hav got lodged in the modern scientific mind is this: Theology predicates the hypothesis that God created the world for certain definit purposes or ends; that he knew the end from the beginning; that his purpose was the cause—in the sense called final causes, or such as look to the future or the outcome of things—of his act of creation. The science of final causes, allied with prevision, or the knowledge of the future, also came, in philosophy, to be called teleology (from the Greek word *telos*, end or aim). When, then, our Agnostic scientists discarded theology, they incautiously discarded teleology also, inveighing against it as something purely theological. At the same time they were discovering that the very gist and core of science is teleological; which property of science they announce and affirm under the name of prevision.

Lester F. Ward is the first among these Agnostic scientists to hav taken himself out of the snarl by affirming and making much of sociological teleology (the power of man to foreknow in respect to human events), while denying or ignoring theological ontology (or the supposed power of God to foreknow and plan with regard to universal events). Leaving aside the theological question, I stand with Mr. Ward in the stanch assertion that the governing feature of a true sociology is to foreknow the outcome to be desired and aimed at in our reformatory exertions, in order to devise and apply the best methods of effort for the accomplishment of those ends.

But I hav still not arrived at the specific and determinate answer to the question of Mr. Chavannes. My answer is, in fine, that there exists a new discovery and a new science of which Mr. Chavannes knows as yet hardly anything, and which furnish a new and supplementary method for conceiving, measuring, and testing human character, human institutions, and human designs, as much in advance of all that I hav previously spoken of as modern navigation by the aid of the mariner's compass is in advance of that ancient navigation which crept cautiously along the shores from headland to headland, having no other means of forecasting the voyage than observation and memory. This new element in sociological prevision is what I had definitly in mind when I spoke as I did at the Liberal Club. It is something specifically new; as much so as was the mariner's compass; and is precisely of the character of that which Mr. Chavannes affirms, that it never has happened, and *never will.* It is a perilous position for any one to assert, these days, of anything, that it never can or never will happen. What I refer to here is Universology, and Universology is too recent a discovery to hav become generally diffused in the scientific mind. In order, however, not to leave this statement hanging too much in the air, or seemingly altogether mystical, I will close for the present by propounding the following Universological *dicta:*

Everything, whatsoever, in the whole universe of being (which is not aborted and inverted into dissolution) undergoes three Successiv Stages of evolution. These are:

I. A crude, partially chaotic, and primitiv stage; technically denominated *naturismal.*

II. A regulated and regulativ, or exactified and exactifying stage; technically denominated *scientismal.*

III. An orderly, adjusted, harmonic, and culminating stage; technically denominated *artmismal.*

With this chart of human evolution before us, and here applied within the scope of human affairs, it becomes possible to correlate the past, the present, and the future of humanity, with a certain amount of scientific precision. The human world, until now, has been passing through its naturismal or semi-chaotic career. In the present age, with the definit institution of the science of Sociology, and specifically, with the discovery of Universology, it enters upon its second or scientismal career; and out of these combined, and transcending them, with something higher than either, in respect to harmony or perfection, will ensue the third or artismal stage of human development.

The career which is thus sketched by the *inherent laws of being,* now discovered and demonstrated, as science, for humanity at large, or the Grand Man, is the same career which every man and woman must go through in his or her own individual development, in order to be fitting members for society, in these several successiv stages of evolution.

In order, then, that we may become intelligent and efficient co-workers with Nature in forwarding her designs for a superior, collectiv humanity, it is necessary that we should become able, individually, to read our own characters, and stages of development, in the light of the new science. In this manner it becomes as possible to precalculate and to prearrange human destiny, individual and collectiv, in its great outline features, as it is to precalculate and prearrange the long sea voyage across immense oceans by the aid of a piece of magnetic iron which points to the north; and so to abandon, in the major degree, the method of "feeling one's way along in order to get something a little better to-morrow than to-day;" as the navigator, supplied with the compass, has abandoned, in the main, his watching of the coasts from headland to headland.

STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

The Proposed Change in the League.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I hav just read your editorial article, entitled as above, and although I hav but a moment of time, before taking the cars for the Waterloo meeting, I cannot forbear sending you my full indorsement of all you say on this subject. From the first I hav felt that the League should strictly confine its platform to the "Nine Demands of Liberalism;" and, until those demands are fully granted, we should not enlarge the platform.

I hav yet to find a professed Liberal in the United States who objects to any one of these "demands." And I believe that if the Congress of the National Liberal League will, at its next session, plant itself squarely on these demands, ignoring all other issues, it will go forward to victory.

Some time since I asked a leading advocate of woman suffrage if her society would adopt state secularization as a part of their platform? And she replied, "We cannot afford it, for there are many who believe in woman suffrage who do not indorse state secularization." And she was right. There must be a separate party for every great reform movement.

I heard Col. Ingersoll say, "If you find two thousand persons who will stand upon one specific plank, add another specific plank, or another question, and you will cut the number down to one thousand; add another, and the number will be diminished to five hundred; add a fourth specific plank, and you will hav but two hundred and fifty to indorse it."

There is much truth in that. Liberals are honest people, and will not, therefore, compromise their honest opinions. Therefore, if you intend to unite a large body of them, you must put into your platform only those things upon which they all agree.

This is saying nothing against the opinions of others. For my part, I am in favor of woman suffrage, but as there are many Liberals who are not in favor of it but who favor secularization, I am opposed to having it a part of the Liberal League platform. Good, honest Liberals honestly differ on the question of prohibition, therefore that question does not belong in the League platform. There are Greenbackers who believe in state secularization, and hard money men who are as zealous in its behalf. Therefore the League should not interfere with that question. And for my part I believe that there are Freethinkers who are equally honest who differ on the question which has proved such a great stumbling-block, the repeal or the modification of the "Comstock laws," who should be permitted to act together. I was much pleased with the noble stand taken by *Man* on this subject of a "new deal," and was sorry to see that the *Index* had not the liberality to meet *Man's* generous proposition in the magnanimous spirit in which it was made. If we are to hav a great union of all our forces each should be willing to concede something for the good of the cause.

H. L. GREEN.

The Goodness of God.

Christians vaunt the goodness of God as the reason why all should believe in, love, and worship him. Continually they reiterate the following and kindred texts: "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him" (Ps. ciii, 13). "The Lord preserveth all them that love him, but all the wicked will he destroy" (Ps. cxlv, 20). "But the salvation of the righteous is of the Lord: he is their strength in the time of trouble. And the Lord shall help them and deliver them" (Ps. xxxvii, 38, 40).

How can any sane person believe these texts, these blessed promises, these comforting scriptures, these pure and holy words of God? Does not every day's experience prove them falsehoods? If God is our heavenly father, he is a very bad one. What father having the right and power to interfere and prevent would stand by and see his child racked, tortured, burnt alive? The cyclone, the flood, the mine explosion, the fire, the shipwreck! Does the Lord pity the sufferers, even as a father pitieth his children? The innocent children, the devoutly pious, cry to God for help, to save them, spare them such terrible suffering. Yet this loving, merciful God, this heavenly father, is deaf to their entreaty, unmindful of their agony, for saint and sinner suffer alike. If he has the power and does so pity them, why does he not spare, save, relieve, deliver them?

Can there be a more palpable falsehood than, "The Lord preserveth all them that love him?" Did the cyclone, which Christians tell us is a dispensation of divine providence, spare the innocent, the Christian? Did it not strike the church, and spare the grogshop and brothel? In the shipwreck did the righteous find strength above all others to endure the storm, the starvation? Did the Lord help and deliver them, and destroy only the wicked? In the late mine explosion horror did the Lord help and deliver the righteous?

All nature in her movements is controled by eternal laws. In the action of the forces of nature we see at times terrible slaughter, but nature makes no distinction, is no respecter of persons; the earthquake, flood, fire, tornado force all in their way to pay the penalty.

The physical constitution of man is governed by law, and every violator of physiological laws must suffer disease and death. The plea of innocence and ignorance avails nothing. No God, no savior, no vicarious atonement can save from the consequences.

The texts we hav quoted are among the most prized in the Bible, yet they are worthless, deceptiv, proved false by every human experience. If this is true of the best texts that can be found in the Bible, what can be the value of the balance—the recitals of wars, butcheries of maidens and babes, intrigues of kings, wantonness and immorality of priests and saints?

Many think it a waste of the precious space to publish articles in THE TRUTH SEEKER, exposing the inconsistencies, falsehoods, and absurdities of the Bible, because faith and reverence for it are fast dying out. No men of science, very few of intelligence or ordinary scholarship, even among the clergy, but admit certain parts of the Bible hav no reasonable claims to divine inspiration.

But we call attention to the immense amount of money expended every year in publishing and forcing Bibles into every house; of the mighty power of the Sunday-school; and the blind worship and veneration the women of our land manifest for it; how under the instruction and influence of the clergy the mothers insist on the children's attendance at Sunday-school, and their study of the Bible lesson, instilling in their children's mind awe and reverence for the Bible as God's holy word, heaven's best and most precious gift to men.

There is need, not alone of articles in our Liberal papers making plain the truth, but that in every town and village Liberals should organize, establish science schools, to counteract the evil influence of the Sunday-schools, so that the rising generation may be released from the shackles of superstition, and the cruel bondage of fear, and be helped to rejoice in the glorious light of science, reason, truth, and common sense.

CHAS. B. REYNOLDS.

Obituary.

I do not feel like letting pass unnoticed the death of a noble and remarkable mother in our Liberal Israel, who, if she was not really a distinguished personage, ought to hav been so. I refer to Mrs. Clarissa Bartlett Spear Wing, widow of Moses Wing, who died at Brunswick, Maine, May 22d, aged ninety-one years. Mrs. Wing was a truly noteworthy personage, not only for her age, but for her remarkable domestic career, for the wide circle of her influence, and of the high sentiment of esteem which environed her; as, also, for her stanch advocacy of every reform. Her progeny has consisted of no less than thirteen children, forty-nine grandchildren, fifty-six great-grandchildren, and a small number, not ascertained, of great-great-grandchildren. For many years she has resided in Brunswick, surrounded by her numerous family. It was there that I made her acquaintance, many years ago, but when she was already advanced in years; and I hav seldom met with any person whose nature, intelligence, and force of character impressed me more. Every subject of human interest interested her. Religiously educated, and still retaining her connections with the church, no kind or degree of radicalism alarmed or offended her. She sought for and read all the organs of Freethought and progress, and all radical and progressiv books. This greed for knowledge and new thought lasted with her until the end. It was only for a month before her death that she knew suffering or sickness. In body and mind she was a whole woman. Parker Pillsbury once remarked of her that she ought to hav been the president of Bowdoin College at Brunswick, rather than any one whom he saw in that seat of learning.

Mrs. Wing was the mother of Mrs. Elizabeth G. Varney, of Brooklyn, so widely and favorable known for many years past amongst the Liberals of New York and vicinity; and the grandmother of Mrs. Varney's daughter Louisa Varni Gardinier, the successful Brooklyn artist, whose memorial picture of your present correspondent was purchased by my friends and presented to me as a birthday surprise, some three or four years ago.

Mrs. Wing was a direct lineal descendant of Elder William Brewster, and, also, I believe, of Miles Standish, of the Pilgrims and the Mayflower.

S. P. A.

Lectures and Meetings.

LADIMER KLAEEL, the Bohemian philosopher and Freethinker, will be honored on June 29th at Belle Plain, Iowa, near which many Bohemians liv, by the unveiling of a monument.

THE directors of the Michigan State Spiritual and Liberal Association, at a meeting held May 24th, decided to hold their summer meeting at Nemoka, near Lansing, convening July 25, 1884, and closing August 4th. Distinguished talent will be present, and as every effort will be put forth to make the meeting one of instruction and pleasure, the directors hope that a goodly attendance may be secured for the whole session. The Nemoka camping grounds, eight hundred acres, are situated on the banks of Pine Lake, about two miles from the Capitol, on the Chicago and Grand Trunk railroad; are easy of access from all points, and in many ways furnish almost surpassing opportunities for the pleasure seeker. W. Cronk is president of the association, and W. R. Alger, of Flint, is secretary.

C. B. REYNOLDS, the eloquent ex-Adventist preacher, desires further lecturing invitations. He is hopeful of doing a great work this summer and fall, and will be pleased to book engagements for months ahead. He would like to make a trip West, *particularly in Michigan, where the Adventists are plenty,* and among whom he anticipates he could make many converts to Freethought. But he is not at all particular where or how far he goes, provided appointments are made so as not to lose time. If he can lay out a route, or get engagements in consecutiv order, he will lecture at very low rates. Mr. Reynolds is a stirring man, and will do great good for Liberalism in every town he visits. He roused the Christians of Pittsburgh, and filled the Liberal halls to overflowing. Giv him a call and keep him at work. If there is a minister in your town who would like to discuss the issues between the church and the Freethinkers, Mr. Reynolds holds himself ready to accommodate.

A LARGE audience assembled at Paine Hall, Sunday afternoon, May 25th, to hear Mr. W. M. Chandler deliver Col. Ingersoll's famous Decortion Day oration, recently published in "Prose Poems." Horace Seaver presided and made the following introductory address: "We meet to pay a tribute of gratitude, honor, and admiration to the heroic soldiers who gave their lives in the war of the Rebellion for the preservation of that Union for which Washington fought and Thomas Paine wrote. They fought, they died, that you and I might liv in a land of freedom, where no chattel slave shall tread the American soil as long as the republic stands. May it endure forever as the home of liberty, the asylum for the oppressed of all the nations of the earth. As long as the human race shall survive, let the memory of those soldiers be honored and revered. Nor, in our admiration of the departed, shall we forget the living, who from the battle fields where victory was declared returned to cheer homes and make firesides bright. All honor to the living and the dead of the great Union army, who preserved the nation, overthrew slavery, and established here a land of liberty which, to-day, is the marvel and the admiration of the world. Our young friend who is to speak to us will read that great oration of our matchless orator, Col. Ingersoll, and I now take great pleasure in introducing our young Liberal friend, Mr. W. M. Chandler." Mr. Chandler said: "I am proud to know that Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, king of the platform, in my judgment the greatest orator that the English speaking race has produced, has a heart filled with love for man, woman and child; and that he has the ability and genius to thrill, inspire, and lead them on to the promised land—filled with milk and honey—which, thanks to the scientific civilization of the nineteenth century, is not far off. When a mass of American citizens are met to decide which is the best course for the ship of state to take, no one can giv them more light than he. When a jury are trying to make the scales of justice balance, no one can better adjust the weights than he. When the theater or lecture hall is packed with an audience, as the Boston Theater was two weeks ago, eager to settle the disputes between theology and common sense, no one can make plainer which is common sense. When a little group of mourners stand with bleeding hearts around the upturned sod, no one can better wipe away the tears of grief. And when gratitude seeks to express her thanks to the soldiers of the republic, living and dead, who kept the old flag floating above the capitol of every state, no one can more eloquently giv her voice." Mr. T. W. Henry, cornet soloist of the Boston Cadet band, with a young lady accompanist, furnished delightful music, and the audience went home well pleased.

Communications.

The Efficacy of Prayer.

The maddening rush of mighty waters over some fearful jutting cliff, the vivid lightning's gleaming flash, and the reverberating, echoing thunder-peal incite in the mind of the savage a feeling of mingled terror and awe. In this entanglement of phenomena his feeble intellect fails to discern law or orderly connection, and he attributes these inexplicable effects to a supernatural agency. He sees in the flow of the cataract the leap of a spirit, and in the crashing thunder-peal the hammer-clang of an exasperated God. He seeks to propitiate these terrible powers, and he offers up sacrifices to the demons of the earth and the air. Man, surrounded by incomprehensibilities, instinctivly appeals to a higher power, and propitiation of nature is the first rude effort of supplication.

The savage attributes death and disease to the working of evil spirits, and it is the duty of the medicin-man to exorcise the malignant and supplant it with the good. He is summoned to the bedside of the sick Indian, and appears, attired in the skins of wild animals, covered with venomous reptils, his hair streaming Medusa-like over his face and shoulders, inspiring awe, if not terror, in the mind of the fever-stricken patient. His remedies are exclusivly incantations, and with frenzied pantomimic gesture, accompanied with the wild hubbub of his rattle and his drum, he pounds the earth, utters demoniacal yells, froths at the mouth, marches to and fro, and blows into the mouth of his patient until he declares himself better or well. They claim to see the life or soul pass out of the body, and pretend they can seize it with the teeth and force it back again. Their functions are therefore more spiritual than medicinal. As the intellect expands, however, the idea of a direct personal volition manifesting itself in the economy of nature retreats more and more. We cease to propitiate the powers of nature, cease to exorcise the malignant spirit from the body of the sick, cease to pray for things in direct contradiction to natural law.

"At the approach of the Rhone," says Tyndall, "I met in the summer of 1858 a young peasant, who informed me he had come up to bless the mountains. This was the usual custom of the place, by which he sought to entreat the Almighty to make such meteorological changes as should insure the inhabitants at the foot of the mountains from glaciers, inundations, and floods. The diversion of the Rhone, or the deepening of the river-bed, would hav been of incalculable benefit to his little flock who dwelt below, but the priest would hav shrunk from the idea of asking the omnipotence to open a new channel of the river or cause a portion of it to flow over the Grimsall pass and down the valley of Upharsalia." This would hav been a miracle, but he didn't come to ask the creator to perform a miracle, but to do something which he thought manifestly lay within the bounds of the natural and non-miraculous. He didn't suppose that the prayer which he offered would cause the stream to roll back upon its source; but beyond the boundaries of his knowledge lay a region where rain was generated, he knew not how. He was not so presumptuous as to expect a miracle, but he firmly believed that in yonder cloudland matters could be so arranged that the clouds which caused the stream to rush with maddening torrent might by some process unknown to him be caused to disappear and wane slowly in the untroubled air. The cloud at first, the precursor of the storm, is but a hazy point, barely perceptible; a little wreath of mist, it increases in volume, becomes darker and denser until it obscures a large portion of the heavens. It throws itself into fantastic shapes, it gathers a glory from the sun, is borne onward by the wind, and the fury of the storm depends upon the comparativ attenuity of the atmosphere. Now we can show that the vesicles forming this cloud arose from watery vapor pre-existing in the atmosphere through reduction of temperature. We can show how they assume the form they present. We can assign optical reasons for the brightness or blackness of the cloud. We can explain on mechanical principles its driving before the wind, and its disappearance we can account for on principles of chemistry. The calamity the priest wished to avoid was the storm-cloud. In obedience to the laws of nature the storm-cloud would form, but he firmly believed that the Almighty in his infinit goodness in answer to his supplication would so prevent the play of the forces of nature that it would fade away in the ethereal space.

In the application of law the terms great and small are unknown. "The God that molds a tear also molds a planet," and the dissipation of the slightest mist by the special volition of the Almighty would be as much a miracle as the rolling of the Rhone over the Grimsall pass or the rolling back on itself of the falls of Niagara.

We hav ceased to propitiate the powers of nature, ceased to exorcise the malignant spirit, ceased to pray for things in direct contradiction to natural law, and now in our intercessions we beseech the Almighty to so adjust his laws that they may serve the volition of the petitioner.

In a small village in Pennsylvania, there dwelt a tradesman engaged in the humble but respectable occupation of making plow-handles. He had two sons of peculiar temperament. They were apparently devoted, if not consistent, members of the Methodist church, and were possessed of an unsuppressible ambition of acquiring public recognition. Their intellects were beneath the scale of mediocrity, and not susceptible of much cultivation or improvement. The force of their own mental endowments being insufficient to buoy them up before the public gaze, the arts of fraud and dissimulation were resorted to. One dark night, darker than the night that Falstaff had his immortal combat with the men in Kendal Green, the elder of the two, while returning to his house, was set upon by a robber who struck him with a sharp instrument. The blow was aimed for the heart. It had been true to its aim. The knife struck him directly over his heart; but, fortunately for him, in his side pocket he had his Bible. He always carried the precious volume with him, and the blow of the knife was intercepted in its deadly mission by the volume. The robber fled, and upon examining the book he found that the knife had entered it, and stopped at the very page where the Ten Commandments are, and that the point of the blade had stopped at the very commandment where it says, "Thou shalt not kill." This was a wonderful coincidence. Yet the proof was indisputable. He could show the Bible penetrated by some keen instrument in the manner above described. His brother had a still more remarkable circumstance happen him. He was painting the steeple of a church, and while standing upon the scaffolding surrounding the spire, he suddenly stepped off, and was unconsciously wafted, by some miraculous power in direct contradiction to the laws of gravitation, to the top of a large brick building on the opposit side of the street. Through a trap door on the roof he passed down through the building to *terra firma;* and, as a proof of his story, he referred the skeptic to the lady who lived in the house, and who had seen him come down from the roof. This story was published in the newspapers, became the theme of conversation, and was actually credited by many. Desirous of exposing this pious fraud, the writer, in company with a number of gentlemen, after urgent solicitation, finally induced him to prove the authenticity of his statement in the manner which he proposed. Upon arriving at the residence where his miraculous transportation occurred, one of our number was just about to knock, when he was caught by the arm and requested not to do so. The reason was obvious. He admitted frankly his falsehood, and requested us to say nothing. This same gentleman studied to be a Methodist preacher, and would hav been a successful candidate, were it not, as his brother said, for "Grief and Hegrew." A short time after this miraculous transportation, he took an activ part in a religious revival. In the midst of the good work he was taken seriously ill, and lay in bed for weeks. The local physicians could do him no good; nor could they successfully diagnose his disease. As a last resort he concluded to try the efficacy of prayer, and, at his request, his friends, and neighbors, and sisters of the Methodist church were called in, and gathered around his bedside. They prayed for him fervently, he joining in with them in their supplications. The effect was magic; his strength almost immediately returned, and he arose from his bed as well as ever.

In the classical precincts of Kendal Creek, near Bradford, Pa., an almost parallel case has recently been developed. A young lady was taken down with profuse hemorrhage. She became so emaciated she could scarcely lift her hand above her head. Everything that human power could do was done for her. The local physicians gave her case up as hopeless. Medical aid having proved futil, her friends as a last resort resolved to offer up prayers to the Almighty asking for the return of her health. She protested, but contrary to her wishes prayers were said every day for her recovery. Day after day from that time a marked change was noticed in her condition. So encouraged were they that they decided to consult Dr. Collis, of the Boston, Mass., "faith cure." He was made acquainted with the points in the case. He wrote back, appointing a following Tuesday as a day when supplication should be offered up for her relief. He advised the assistance of the Christians of the neighborhood, and between the hours of 3 and 4 o'clock in the afternoon, several devoted parties met at her bedside, occupying the time in prayer. Dr. Collis, who remained in Boston, joined in. The effect was, as in the former case, magic. The dry, hacking cough which had grated on the ears of the household for months immediately left. The marble stoneness or death-like pallor of the face was succeeded by a tinge of health; the helpless limbs began to show signs of returning usefulness, and her appetite returned to its normal state. But this wasn't all; while they were congatulating themselvs upon the improvement in her condition, she got out of her bed bright and early Wednesday morning, and she who was as helpless as a babe twenty-four hours before made her toilet, and came down stairs and ate a hearty breakfast.

Stories of the above type appear almost daily in the newspapers of the country; "they amaze the unlearned and make the learned smile." They, however, exemplify the indisputable truth that the fruits of prayer are only developed or garnered among the lowly, the ignorant, the illiterate and superstitious, and that it is merely the faint effort of a feeble mind to gain public recognition by the arts of fraud and dissimulation. In the annals of the past hav we ever heard of a Newton or a Laplace being shielded from the dagger of an asassin, or miraculously raised from a bed of sickness, through the efficacy of prayer?

It is conceded by the clergy that the age of miracles is past, and contended that the efficacy of prayer is not dependent upon a miracle, but that the Almighty is addressed only after the manner of the priest, who merely asked for the adjustment of natural laws, not the change of them. But the adjustment of the law of nature is as much a miracle as the violation of a law of nature. Jove must grasp the lightnings in his hand, and the divine or layman who offers up his supplications to an unknown power incorporates in every prayer a request to the Almighty to work a miracle. We pray for the repose of the dead, for rain, for the safety of the living from sudden death, from famin, scourges, pestilence, and plague, and the answer to all our entreaties necessarily involves the working of a miracle. The efficacy of prayer is therefore dependent upon a miracle. A miracle is its inseparable concomitant. But the age of miracles is past, and the efficacy of prayer has lost its only stable foundation. Scientific laws are invariable, and therefore unadjustable. They can only be obeyed or followed. We may adjust phenomena as in the case of scientific instruments; but to speak of adjusting the laws of nature is a misapprehension of them and of our relation to them. Man modifies phenomena by bringing them under laws, but he never varies or changes or adjusts laws in any way whatever. The fundamental laws of modern science render the efficacy of prayer inconceivable. These laws are the indestructibility of matter; the correlation and equivalence of forces; gravitation, and the law of evolution; and in just the proportion as the intellect becomes able to grasp and comprehend these laws will people come to rely upon them instead of on petitions to alter them.

Science associates natural phenomena with their approximate causes, and man ceases to propitate the powers of nature; the medicin man givs way to the physician and the surgeon, but again appears in the arena of the faithful in the form of the divine and the humble petitioner. The object desired is the same; the manner of supplication alone is different; the rattle and the drum disappear; the intonation of the voice is calmed, and the environment of civilization and the expansion of the intellect relieve him of his hideous trappings, but he still seeks to propitiate an exasperated God by self-abnegation and penances; still intercedes at the sick bed of the patient, and only illustrates the Indian medicin-man in a higher scale of civilization; still prays for deliverance from sudden death, from famin, scourges pestilence, and plague, and but imitates the action of the savage who offers up sacrifices to the demons of the earth and the air. The object desired is the same; the manner of supplication alone is different.

In the fable of Hercules and the wagoner there is considerable latent sarcasm concealed. It is a fair illustration of the scientific aspect of prayer. A wagoner, while traveling along a muddy road with a heavy load, becomes stuck in the mire. He immediately springs off his wagon, gets down on his knees, and entreats Hercules to come to his assistance. Hercules, in obedience to his summons, appears, and is represented, in the illustration accompanying the fable, as lying in a recumbent position stretched out upon a cloud in the sky. He comprehends the situation of the distressed wagoner at a glance, and commands him to discontinue his prayer and put his shoulder to the wheel. He does so, and, shouting at his horses, their combined strength soon extricates him from his difficulty.

While the scientist may believe that prayer does no harm, he will not admit that it will do any good; and he may be impressed with the belief that, in the case of the wagoner, if he had cut his prayer exceedingly short, and almost immediately put his shoulder to the wheel, he would hav been sooner extricated from his difficulty.

But, "touching the ways of God with man," the greatest mind can discover little more than the meanest. In theology the interval is small indeed between Aristotle and a child; between Archimedes and a naked savage; and the most eminent divine, the most learned theologian, or the most illustrious philosopher, after their unavailing attempts to fathom the secrets of the deity, will be forced to exclaim, in the language of a boy of eighteen summers:

"Saddened and softened by the whirling flood
Of doubt, anxieties, and troubled thoughts that beat
And surge in my tired brain, I stand and look
Into the trackless, shoreless ether, which contains
The unnumbered secrets of creation's handiwork,
The realm of vacant space, and undisturbed repose,

Of emptiness and all that is intangible.
And as I look into vacuity there comes
Into my goaded mind a question which recurs
Whene'er struck with that superstitious awe that fills
The breast when one is brought to face infinity.
I gaze into the blue, unclouded, pathless vault above!
Can it be true that the departed spirits now
Of those whose material forms on earth
Flooded with warm love the hearts of us poor worldlings,
From the effulgent hights of their elysium,
Look down in pity and in loving tenderness
Upon the toiling, careworn tenants of the earth?
O spirit of the unknown heavens, is it true
That the graves and sepulchers are only trophies of
The airy spirits that hav burst the vision gate,
And only work ruin of the carnal clay?
O ruler of the never-setting sun of time,
Creator of the greater and the lesser worlds,
I, thy poor creature, at thy altar bow,
And with submissiv but with longing lips do cry
To thee, This single mystery reveal to me:
Is there immortality for mankind?"

Bradford, Pa. L. K. P.

A Friendly Word to Ray D. Chapman.

The little telltale tells of an episode where laborers (first slaves and then free citizens) were capital in business. As a laborer is not capital unless he labors, I preferred to use the individualization of the action as substitute for the individual, a method sanctioned for a long time past by distinguished authors on two continents, with a full and correct perception of what they speak of, and when, indeed, not in want of instruction on the part of my illustrious corrector.

Permit me to utilize the occasion for expressing a practical view in the premises, for I am a man of labor practice. When Socialists cease to find confusion in every human brain but their own; when they cease to quarrel about words and interpretations; when they become more tolerant than dogmatic sectarians are; when they consider with a good will before they judge as doctrinaires; when they begin to see life and society as they are, and not as bad blood colors them—then, and only then, the people can be made to understand that Socialists are of any practical use to them in solving the problem of labor and capital. F. M. F. C.

Religious Intelligence.

What is Going On in the Churches.

WHAT IS THE MEANING OF "UNPASTORAL?"

The African Methodist Episcopal Conference is going to inquire into the circumstances of Bishop Hill for "unpastoral" conduct, which resulted in his deposition. The ex-bishop claims to be the victim of injustice.

A BLIND MONSTER.

Lizzie Dalton, of Philadelphia, Tenn., who was enticed away by her unnatural uncle, Fletcher Lowery, a blind preacher, has been sent to her home by the city authorities. He succeeded in swindling her out of all her inheritance by false promises, and then left her on the cold charities of the world, penniless and friendless.

"LETTER GENUIN, MAN A FRAUD."

Rev. F. Von Bodenfeld, a book canvasser for W. H. Stelle Co., of New York, recently sold books to A. S. Dealey and Rev. John Gordon, but is said after collection to hav failed to deliver. He exhibited pastoral letters recommending him as worthy of patronage. Among these was one from the bishop of New Jersey. After signing the subscription Mr. Dealey sent a postal card to the bishop and received the following telegram in reply: "Letter genuin. Man a fraud. He swindled many here. Arrest him." Bodenfeld was arrested May 10th.

THE MARKET PRICE OF CONTEMPT.

The Salvation Army leaders—Captain Robert Graham and Captain "Happy Mattie"—who were arrested in Port Richmond, Staten Island, on Sunday, May 18th, charged with noisy conduct on one of the main thoroughfares of the village, thereby frightening the passing horses and endangering the occupants of carriages, were arraigned before Justice Hulsebus on Monday evening. Counsellor Calvin Van Name apologized for their conduct. The court dismissed the accused on the charge of violating the village ordinances, but fined them $5 for contempt of court.

"SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN," ETCETERA.

The Rev. James E. Irvine and his wife Mary were arrested in Newark lately, on indictments charging them with assault and battery. Their home in Woodside, as the northern part of Newark is called, was known as the Faith Orphanage. Two of the young inmates, Frank Redding, aged 12, and Harry Redding, aged 9, ran away during the last week in March, and on being arrested accused Mrs. Irvine of treating them cruelly. Their story was corroborated, and Mr. Redding, the father of the lads, was allowed to take them to his home in Camden. The case was presented to the grand jury, and indictments against Mr. Irvine and his wife were found. The accused were held in $500 each.

A LIBELOUS BISHOP.

The judgment for over $10,000 obtained by the Rev. Samuel D. Hinman in a suit against Wm. H. Hare, Protestan Episcopal missionary bishop of Niobrara, for libel, has been affirmed on appeal by the General Term of the Supreme Court. Mr. Hinman, who has been for many years a missionary to the Indians in Minnesota and Dakota, was removed by Bishop Hare in 1879. He made a memorial to the General Board of Missions. It was not considered by the Board, and he published it. Bishop Hare in reply published and circulated among the clergy and bishops of the church a statement by which he sought to vindicate himself. He detailed at length the scandalous reports that had been brought to his attention affecting Mr. Hinman's moral character.

FUNDS UNACCOUNTED FOR.

The Rev. Hannibal Godwin, rector of an Episcopal church in Newark, N. J., is the defendant in a suit instituted in the Brooklyn Supreme Court by his cousin, Demas Barnes, to recover $2,000 alleged to hav been advanced to the Hogatype Company at the request of the defendant. Barnes and Godwin are cousins, and hav been lifelong friends. Dr. Godwin owned a process for reproducing plates, and with Barnes formed a stock company, which turned out disastrously, and he wants to get back his money. Dr. Godwin says the money was not advanced by Barnes, but that he (Godwin) deposited with Barnes some $6,000 or $7,000, and that Barnes is indebted to him for a considerable sum.

THE RESULT OF EXCESSIV ACTIVITY.

The Ottumwa daily *Democrat* of April 22d says: We regret to announce the insanity of Leon Monett, a well-known and highly respected young man of this city. His aberration of mind assumes the form of religious frenzy. This is thought to be the result of too activ participation in the revival meettings held in the city last winter, at which he was a constant attendant and zealous worker. He formerly came to this city from Keosauqua, accepting a position with Morrell & Co., but subsequently occupying the position of bookkeeper for W. A. Jordan & Sons. While at Keosauqua, several days since, he manifested signs of mental aberration, and becoming violent he was yesterday brought to this city, and taken to the asylum at Mt. Pleasant. Another supposed cause which contributed to his present condition is the loss of an only child during the winter. It required the united efforts of three men to handle him while at the depot yesterday.

AN INCOMPATIBLE COUPLE.

The Rev. Samuel Goldstein, of 237 East Broadway, says he was once a colporteur for the American Bible Society at Constantinople, and has lately been a missionary for the American Tract Society in this city. His wife accused him at Essex Market of assault. She said that while she was sewing in the parlor, her husband punched her repeatedly in the right side with his thumb, and then used language to her which made her cry. Their daughter, Elinor, a tall young woman, testified that her father was continually whipping her mother. Miss Elinor added that he whipped her, too, occasionally. Mr. Goldstein testified that he was forced to leave Constantinople on account of his wife's ungovernable temper. She was getting him into hot water there nearly every day. One day she destroyed documents presented to him by the czar of Russia, which he valued at $15,000. She promised amendment when leaving Constantinople, and for a time had improved. Lately she had again became violent, and put him to all sorts of annoyances. He poked her once in the side.

FELONS PROVIDED WITH UNDESIRABLE COMPANY.

The Sedalia *Democrat* is affected thus: "That was really a pathetic scene at the depot yesterday when Mrs. Haley bid good-bye to her husband, who was going to Kansas City to answer to the charge of a heinous crime. Only two months ago she was happy in the sunlight of a maiden's joy, young and merry, yet pure in heart. The man, who is now her husband, in the livery of heaven, preaching the gospel, teaching piety, morality, and virtue. In his robes of Christianity he wooed and won the heart of his young wife. She listened to his words, and accepted his proposal. She was young, pure, and innocent; she believed he was true and good. She was happy, but in her suitor she saw a new heaven of joy and happiness. She loved him and accepted him for her husband. But that fount of joy has become one of anguish. The happy, exultant bride is now a weeping, heartbroken woman. To her the world is dark and sad; life is dreary; disappointment and sorrow is her companion. He whom she loved and honored, and whom she looked on as a model husband, and in whom she gloried as a man of God, is now among felons in a felon's cell."

TWO WIVES AND PRUSSIC ACID.

Dr. R. H. Williamson, pastor of the First Baptist church of Chillicothe, Livingston county, Mo., committed suicide at that place on Monday night, the 19th ult. Mr. Williamson located in Moberly, Mo., a little over two years ago, where he was a great favorit. Less than a year ago he was transferred to Chillicothe. On Monday evening three deacons of the church of which he was pastor called on him and after a few preliminary remarks told him they had heard that he had a wife and family in the East. The pastor made no attempt to deny the charge, but asked for time to think the matter over. He said he had made an unfortunate marriage, and that his wife had deserted him, but before marrying again he had heard that she was dead. He was informed that news had been received to the effect that she was living in New York state, and that the probabilities were that the Grand Jury of Livingston county would indict him for bigamy. He begged for time, saying he could make things straight. The deacons retired, and Mr. Williams went out for a walk. Not returning, search was instituted, and he was found dead, with a vial labeled prussic acid by his side. His wife says she is unable to throw any light on the affair. She thought him to be a widower, and only knows that his first wife's home was in New York state somewhere.

LOOKING OUT FOR HIS FRIENDS AND THEN SKIPPING.

Adam Brabander, of Erie, Pa., better known as the Erie County Savings Bank, left the city on the night of May 21st. His shop closed its doors next day. The liabilities are reported at $360,000. The assets are not known. The shop had something called a capital stock described as $150,000, of which $15,000 had been put up to begin business on. Brabander is said to hav lost heavily in oil and wheat. Prior to his departure he took several thousand dollars out of the safe, and applied it to the claims of several relativs. The cashier remains and is not suspected of complicity in the failure. Brabander was an elder in one of the leading churches, and a Sunday-school superintendent. Runs were precipitated upon two other savings banks, but were successfully met and the business not interfered with. Brabander told his family that he was afraid to meet the depositors, and must leave the city. On Saturday evening, when the cashier and clerks left the shop, they left Brabander there. He did not set the time combination in the safe for Monday morning, as was his custom, and when Clerk Traut came to light up on Sunday he found the safe open, and $7,000 which had been left in the shop for Monday morning's business gone. In its place were the papers of Brabander's church trustees, and of his friends whom he had notified on Saturday night of the condition of affairs. This indicated that Brabander had been doing a midnight business with his friends. Brabander's standing was such that his shop was a favorit depository for trust estates.

A CHURCH QUARREL—NOTHING MORE.

The staid old Dutch Reformed church-members of Southern Ulster, N. Y., are being split into factions over the discovery that some of the members of the community hav been dancing at a sociable. Plattekill, in the town of Saugerties, has two churches, employing a common pastor. Some years ago Mr. S. T. Cole was the pastor, and under his ministrations everything prospered until a series of sociables began. They at first consisted simply of sitting in the corner and chatting with the girls, but one evening when meeting at a house where there was a piano the younger portion indulged in dancing, and at the next one even went so far as to hire a wicked fiddler, and some even say (although there is no means of verifying the statement) that liquors were drank. This aroused the consistory, who instructed Mr. Cole not to giv notice of the next sociable, and to preach a denunciatory sermon concerning them, which he accordingly did. This course so incensed the member at whose house the sociable was to be held that he, his family and three other families with whom he was closely allied by their influence made it so unpleasant that Mr. Cole resigned his position. Subsequently Mr. Cole was called to officiate at a funeral and was then tendered the pastorship, again. He accepted in the face of considerable opposition, and entered upon his duties. Finding that they had failed in this, the objectors next sent to the Classis of Ulster county, asking them to disapprove the call, which the Classis did by a vote of fourteen to three. The majority hav sent to Mr. Cole, asking him to come and occupy the parsonage end act as a "stated supply" for one year, which he can do independently of the action of the Classis. As a consequence the church is in a ferment.

TREASURES LAID UP, BUT NOT IN THE SCRIPTURAL WAY.

The completion of arrangements for the purchase of Father Taylor's Bethel on Hanover street, Boston, to be used as an exclusivly Italian church, has brought to light a curious, if not criminal, state of affairs in connection with the subscriptions for and purchase of an Italian church some years ago. Land and a small brick building were bought, the intention being for the building to serve a few years until such time as sufficient money could be raised to replace it with a more imposing edifice. Father Joachin, of the Franciscan Order, to whom the property was assigned, was made pastor of the church, and during several years sums aggregating $30,000 passed into his hands for the erection of a new church. Father Joachin continually represented that the finances were in a flourishing condition, but would giv no specific information concerning them. The parishioners subsequently learned that there were no funds; that even the church they then occupied had been mortgaged by Father Joachin for $10,000, and that he had borrowed $10,000 from members of the congregation, many of them loaning him their all. One of the creditors finally asked Father Joachin for his money, and began civil suit against him. Father Joachin gave bonds, mortgaged his library and household furniture for $4,000, and then suddenly went to Europe. The congregation afterward learned that on reaching Europe he had left the priesthood, built a costly residence in Toscana, Italy, and was living in regal elegance. The church property was in the name of the Franciscan Order, and the congregation could get no satisfaction. Father Boniface succeeded Father Joachin, and appeared to adopt the same tactics. Considerable money was turned over to him. but he paid nothing, not even interest on the $10,000 mortgage. Father Boniface is also charged with having adopted. when the parishioners would giv no more money, an un-Christian-like and brutal course toward them, refusing the last sacraments to those too poor to pay for them, and extorting considerable sums from those who could pay. The Italians hav now broken away from their pastor and organized a new society, which will come under control of the archbishop of the diocese.

THE COLORED TROOPS FIGHT NOBLY.

We acquire the following from the St. Louis *Republican:* Yesterday afternoon several colored gentlemen called at the Third district police station and asked for the loan of two of the stoutest and bravest policemen on the force. They said they were paticularly desirous that the officers should be brave and muscular, as the congregation they represented, the Pleasant Green Colored Baptist Church, intended to try one of their elders for bigamy. The trial promised to be very exciting, and it was likely to end in a rough-and-tumble fight. It was not their intention to "fire" the deacon bodily from the church, but they intended to hav him confronted in a public manner in the presence of the congregation by his several wives. The brother of one of the wives was to be on hand, and the deacons, elders, the treasurer, the minister and his entire flock had signified their intention to be on hand and see fair play. All the arrangements having been completed, the trial of Elder Royal, one of the high officials of the Pleasant Green church, accordingly took place in the sanctuary of the congregation, on Ninth near Biddle street, last night. One police officer stationed himself near the door and the other near the pulpit, which was occupied by the pastor of the church, the Rev. Thomas Jefferson. Many violent speeches were made, and much testimony was heard. For a time the proceedings were very stormy. While all the members were trying to obtain the floor, Elder Royal. unobserved, escaped through the front door. Mrs. Elder Royal No. 2, nee Miss Brookes, testified that she married the defendant in Louisiana seven years ago. She could not state the exact year, but she knew it was at the time Hayes was running for the presidency. He abandoned her at Carondelet about two years ago. She had a blank marriage license. upon which his signature and her own had been written. The original license she said she had lost. After she had made her statement the wildest excitement prevailed, as the discovery was then made that Elder Royal had mysteriously disappeared. Some maintained that it was wrong to continue the trial in the absence of the defendant, while others claimed it was his own fault if he failed to return in time to make a speech in his own defense. At this point an old female member of the congregation sprang to the floor and declared she knew the defendant had another wife who lived in an alley near Fifteenth street. This was vehemently denied, whereupon another member took the floor and said she had seen the marriage license of his alley wife. Finally it was suggested that the best thing the congregation could do would be to "fire" Elder Royal from his proud position. It was quite clear that a man could not expect to be an elder in the Pleasant Green colored church and hav a plurality of wives. The female members were in favor of allowing Mr. Royal to hold his office, notwithstanding the evidence that had been adduced against him. All the men voted to depose the elder, and as they were numerically stronger than the women, the unfortunate official was hurled from his pedestal and expelled from the church. Thus ended the trial, which it was feared would result in a general affray.

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

FOUNDED BY D. M. BENNETT.

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SATURDAY, - - - JUNE 7, 1884.

An Important Meeting.

The 342d meeting of the Manhattan Liberal Club held special services in honor of Decoration Day under the name of "The New Festival of the Dead." The hall was filled. Mr. Samuel P. Putnam presided, and opened the proceedings with a neat speech, followed by Miss Stivers with a piano solo. This was succeeded by Mr. Houghton and Mrs. McCune in a duet song. Mr. Putnam then read a poem on "Decoration Day," and Mrs. McCune sang. The first address was by T. B. Wakeman on "The Dead Past Not Dead." A solo by Mr. Houghton was supplemented with a speech by Andrew H. H. Dawson, his subject being "The Living Present." Courtlandt Palmer read his poem, "The New-Born Soul," and Mr. Stephen Pearl Andrews delivered an address on "The Ideal Future." "Home, Sweet Home," sung by Miss Adelina Peters, closed the services. The hall was tastefully decorated by the ladies of the committee, Mrs. Leonard and Mrs. Macdonald.

This meeting marks, in a degree, a new departure in Liberal gatherings, and shows how the cause may be brought to public attention by popular and at the same time appropriate means. The speeches were able and important. We expect to lay them before our readers in an early issue.

The next meeting in the hall is called for Friday evening, June 13th, in honor of the completion of the Bennett Monument. On this occasion the monument will be formally dedicated and presented to the contributors to its erection, and to the Liberals of this republic and of the world, to hold and keep in their care forever. Those who were with Mr. Bennett from the first, and those consequently who knew him best and admired him most, will deliver the dedicatory addresses. Let the date and place of the meeting be remembered by those who wish to attend, as they will be remembered long after—German Masonic Temple, 220 East Fifteenth street, New York, June 13, 1884.

The Bible Ordered Out of New York's Schools.

The state superintendent of public instruction of New York has rendered a very important decision in favor of Liberal ideas. The decision affects every school district in the state, and if obeyed will work a revolution in the existing order of things. We regret, however, that the grounds upon which Mr. Ruggles bases his order are sectarian and not political.

The order was provoked by the Board of Education of District No. 4 in Orangetown, Rockland county, which wrote that members of Catholic families applied for permission to allow their children to remain outside the schoolroom until after the devotional exercises each morning. The district superintendent says the Catholic children had been asked merely to behave during these exercises, and were not asked to take any part in them. He says that to grant the appeal of their parents causes disorder outside the schoolroom, and disturbance and loss of time when the Catholic children enter the room.

Upon this statement State Superintendent Ruggles decides that under our law all are equal in respect to the free exercise and enjoyment of the religious profession and worship; instruction is free, and the cost is defrayed by a population characterized by dissimilar religious beliefs and modes of worship. He adds:

"If it were possible to devise some limited measure of religious instruction for adoption in the schools, upon which all these diverse classes and sects could harmonize, it would be a gratifying result. But this is manifestly impracticable and impossible. The only alternativ, therefore, to preserve the benefits of the constitutional guarantees, in letter and in spirit, and to secure to all absolute equality of right in the matter of religious predilection, must be, however reluctantly the conclusion is arrived at, to exclude religious instruction and exercises from the public schools during school hours."

This is no new doctrin the state superintendent has enunciated. In 1838 John A. Dix issued an order going a short way in this direction. He held that a teacher might open school with prayer, but must not encroach on the school hours, or exact the attendance of the children. The next year his successor, John C. Spencer, held that "prayers cannot form any part of the school exercises or be regulated by the school disciplin." Mr. Ruggles says: "The principles laid down in these early decisions hav been followed by every one of my predecessors in office, no distinction having been made between scripture reading and prayers, but each having been held, in separate and distinct appeals, to constitute no legitimate part of the business of the public schools. They will be my guide and govern my action in all cases of like nature which may come before me."

We presume that no more attention will be paid to Mr. Ruggles's decision than was paid to his two predecessors' orders. Christians are such arrogant overriders of other people's rights, such insolent assumers of prerogativs clearly illegal, so self-complacent with the idea that the earth is God's and they his agents, that we cannot expect to see the state superintendent's instructions to teachers carried out without a legal contest in almost every school district.

A Connecticut Statute.

From a worker in the Nutmeg state comes this letter:

"GLENVILLE, CONN., May 21, 1884.

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Can you inform me if by legislativ action the reading of the Bible has been discontinued in any of the states in public schools? Also in which?

"We are to hold a school meeting here soon, and I propose to hav put to vote, yes or no, whether the Bible shall be read or not. If I argue in favor of having it discontinued, and in the course of my remarks should deny belief in it or the trinity, or any part of them, would I render myself liable to any action under Title 20, Chap. viii, Sec. 1, of this state's statutes, viz., 'Every person who shall blaspheme against God, either of the persons of the holy trinity, the Christian religion, or the holy scriptures, shall be fined not more than $100,' etc.? Would you advise running the risk, or submit the vote without argument? Yours truly, H. J. M."

A few Western towns hav, we believe, discarded the use of the Bible in the schools, among them the city of Cleveland, but the names hav slipped our mind. Will not friends residing in any place in which the school authorities hav forbidden the reading of the Bible write us stating how and when it was accomplished? The information would be valuable in cases of this kind.

The advice we should giv as to the desirability of of arguing the question in the school-board would be to go ahead. Connecticut is a pretty pious place, and its ancient history is badly tarnished by the accounts of Christian persecutions of witches and worldly-minded people, but it is inconceivable that its medieval brutality has survived to this day. The statute is one we think even a Leonard Bacon would consider to be more honored in the breach than in the observance. In the last century a court might hav construed a denial of Christianity into blasphemy, but not in this century, so full of heresy and religious bond breaking.

Why not ask the next Connecticut legislature to repeal this relic of barbaric Christianity?

The Difficulties in the Way of Freethinkers.

The charge is often made by dishonest clergymen against Col. Ingersoll that he lectures for popularity. To be sure, as he says, the size of his audiences givs color to the mild accusation, but other people find it different. The following letter will giv a clear idea of the struggles Freethinkers hav to undergo. For obvious reasons we suppress names, only saying that it is from a town in Pennsylvania:

EDITOR TRUTH SEEKER, *Dear Sir:* I hav acted almost too quick in sending off that petition with these names—not because I could hav gotten more names, though this might not be utterly impossible, but because some of the names represent parties who dare not be connected with a thing like that. The fourth name from above and the last name should, if at all possible, be destroyed from the paper. I presume the paper is yet in your hands and beg leave to entreat you to destroy these two names. —— —— belongs to the order of the Odd Fellows. When he signed he neither thought of the inconsistency of the act, though he is a Freethinker in theory, nor had he told me of his being bound by an oath not to sign anything of the kind. Shortly after I had gotten up the names a terrible commotion made itself felt, as well through the town itself as over the surroundings, as some fanatics had circulated that there was a petition filed and submitted by that Infidel who was about to tear away all churches and destroy all religion, burn the Bibles, and murder the priests, slay the Christians, etc., which immense *monstra et prodigia* were readily believed, and the factory rabble and the peasants both uttered that I should be shot, and some threatened to tar and feather me. One of the signers had been frightened and undoubtedly gave himself away. Others and their houses were almost stormed by the impetuous questioners and enraged fanatics who were afraid to hav their religion taken away which they love so well.

"This commotion could not be much assuaged by a large six-page explanation of the eight points in question which I issued in two copies, and which were read by some intelligent citizens to crowds on the sidewalks and in the stores; but the most did not, and others would not, understand; nevertheless, it confirmed the few friends of mine in their belief in my benevolent and philanthropic endeavors. The last name is that of a storekeeper, a new beginner, whom the others want to beat out of town or spoil his business by circulating that he signed a petition against the church. Fanaticism and greediness admit of no reasonable explanation—by all means they intend to hav him out. He is a good-hearted, Freethinking man, and will do more for Freethought, if once independent, than his signature could avail to. At any rate, if it is yet possible, destroy these two names; the others do not care, they even say they would sign it a dozen times. This is, on a small scale, a time for this little spot of earth 'that tries men's souls;' this is an occasion to stir up the stagnant waters of religious stupor and indifference. I had received a warning to leave town shortly before I departed, and if I did not intend to liv among civilized people, I would not hav left from fear of being lynched, but from prudenee and not to be compelled to do something hurtful in defending myself, hurtful, perhaps to myself and the cause of Freethought. Oblige, therefore, and await further more explicit narration."

A Common-Sense Decision.

The different marriage laws prevailing in the various states hav given rise to much difficulty in the courts, and been the text for many lurid sermons from priests who wish, from a business point of view, to control the ceremony. By giving it a flavor of "divinity," they are enabled to keep the people in more or less subjection, to the great advantage of their individual pockets and the glory of the clan.

A recent decision of the United States Circuit Court for Rhode Island will upset this attempt of the priests, and remove the cause of judicial complaint at the diversity of state regulations. The decision is that in spite of its contrariety to the statutes of the state in which it may be contracted, a marriage by agreement in the presence of witnesses, and attested in writing, is valid and will been forced by the United States courts.

This simplifies the question of marriage a great deal. Marriage is a purely civil transaction, has nothing divine about it, and only needs the legal protection accorded to any two contracting parties of legal age and common understanding of the obligations involved.

If this decision shall be generally adopted by the courts, the necessity for a United States law is done away with, and the Constitution spared another wrench.

Editorial Notes.

"A BASS drum," said Mr. Beecher last Sunday, "is simply sheepskin over nothing. There is plenty of bass drums in the pulpit."

A HAZELHURST, Miss., jury united in prayer on retiring to the jury room, and then acquitted a murderer, of whose guilt there was no doubt, as the killing grew out of politics.

IN tearing down a portion of the Washington Hotel at Bordentown, N. J., May 30th, a violin with the name "Thomas Paine" branded on it was found in the attic. Paine did considerable of his writing in this old inn.

COL. OLCOTT and Madam Blavatsky are said to be rousing Paris and London with their theosophy. The madam alleges that the colonel has performed several hundred miracles within the past few months. "Lord, how this world is given to lying!"

ROMAN Catholic Bishop Hendriken, of Providence, has issued a rattling order that may reach beyond the confines of his limited diocese. He absolutely forbids church fairs or excursions, picnics, festivals, and what not for ostensible religious purposes. He is much more "moral" than his brethren in Canada, who are the only authorized lottery conductors in the Dominion.

WALT WHITMAN attained his sixty-fifth birthday on the 31st ult. There was no formal celebration of the event, and he says he simply called up the happy memories of happier events to keep him company. He resides in an unpretentious cottage in Camden, N. J., and is a half paralytic. His brain is, however, clear, and he is proud of the fact that he retains his "poetic" fancies to the last.

E. H. HEYWOOD writes that the indictment against him is "disabled." H. L. Nelson, Esq., son of Judge Nelson, volunteered to argue the motion to quash, and did it so effectivly that the government "paused." Judge Pitman, whom Mr. Heywood found unexpectedly Liberal and sensible, reserves his decision, and the case goes over for this term. It is prob-

able the indictment will finally be quashed, but if tried before Judge Pitman, Mr. Heywood says he "should hav beaten them anyway."

MR. BRADLAUGH'S trial at the bar for illegally voting in Parliament on the question of his own admission is fixed for Friday, June 13th. Mr. Bradlaugh is kept very busy with his legal entanglements, and declines two enticing lecturing invitations that hav reached him from Wisconsin, and from Chicago, Ill. There is not much prospect, he says, of his crossing the Atlantic this season, though the journey would be to him both pleasant and profitable.

MR. TUCKER'S *Liberty* tells the story that when that paper was first started the editor received a very appreciativ letter from Nantucket, the writer expressing his unqualified approval of the political and social doctrins promulgated by the paper. The letter closed by saying Mr. Tucker did not need to know the writer's name, and inclosed a dollar for subscription, to be sent to a post-office box. It now transpires that the letter was from no less a man than the late Charles O'Conor.

THE services at the funeral of Julius R. Meyer, a member of the Ethical Society, of this city, were conducted by Professor Adler. As the friends of the deceased gathered around the coffin Mr. Adler said: "There was a vein of pure gold at the bottom of the heart of the deceased. At the time when the manners and morals of the business community were not of the purest, he was a rising exemplar. He had the courage to stand by the flag of those ideas he honored. He was also one of the most cordial supporters of antislavery before and during the war. These are qualities that shine like jewels from out of the darkness of the tomb. I am here in the name of you all to pronounce the last words of farewell." After addressing a few words of comfort to the bereaved family, Professor Adler concluded by saying, "And now, friends, I say the last word, a long, sweet good-night."

THE Rev. Henry Ward Beecher seems to hav created a sensation among the orthodox clergymen of Buffalo by his recent lecture there on the subject of "Evolution and Revolution." One prominent Presbyterian minister is reported as saying: "I think many of Mr. Beecher's statements were scandalous as coming from a Christian minister. I think they were worse even than Ingersoll's. I hav always felt well disposed towards Mr. Beecher, and sympathized with him through his late troubles, but with what he said here on Tuesday I felt very much pained and shocked. I was ashamed of myself for being among the audience. He said many violent and bitter things which cannot hav other than pernicious effect. I don't say that there may not be something to be said on evolution, but no minister of the gospel has a right to get up and place himself in such direct antagonism to the Bible as he did."

THIS week we again surrender a portion of our space to printing the church news omitted from other religious papers. As the season of ministerial vacations is approaching, it is hoped that the amusements indulged in by prominent lights of the church may be of that innocent variety not necessary to be recorded in these columns. It is of course with more pain than exultation that THE TRUTH SEEKER is called upon to lay before its readers these accounts of aberrant Christians. We would fain leave this unpleasant task to the *Advocate* and the *Independent;* but these papers hav up to the present time been remiss in their duty. They hav not come to the front in this matter so promptly as we might be led to expect they would by their frantic efforts to fasten crime upon Infidels, or rather to fasten Infidelity upon those who hav committed crimes. We trust they will see the pointedness of this rebuke and act accordingly.

WHEN the *Catholic Union* has occasion to refer to THE TRUTH SEEKER it generally speaks of us as "vile." One of our correspondents, formerly a Catholic, who in the Friendly columns of May 24th spoke not very flatteringly of Father Lambert's "Notes on Ingersoll," is described by this eminently Christian paper as an "idiot who loves to pose as a learned Infidel." Now we would remind the *Catholic Union* that it has taken upon itself the difficult task of clearing from guilt the character of Brother Frank, a prominent and activ—rather too activ—Catholic, who has been convicted, by due process of law, of ravishing a child. With such a burden as this upon his shoulders, we would further admonish the editor of the *Catholic Union* that he has "bitten off all he can chew," and is in no condition to knock the chip off the shoulder of an able-bodied writer like our correspondent from San Bernardino. When he has persuaded the governor of this state that rape is not a crime when committed by a Catholic priest, he may feel himself better fitted for the task of convincing the world that every man is an idiot who does not believe in the Roman Catholic mummery.

MAY 13th an immense meeting was held in St. James's Hall, London, to agitate for the repeal of the blasphemy laws under which Messrs. Foote, Ramsey, and Kemp were imprisoned. The chairman, of the meeting, in explaining these laws, said that "the bigots had been entirely powerless to touch Mr. Bradlaugh with them, they had only been able to strike Mr. Foote and his co-prisoners. Mr. Bradlaugh proved to be too hard a hitter for them. The bigots tried to fix upon him the publication of another man—a publication with which he had nothing whatever to do. Lord Coleridge described these laws as 'ferocious.' Justice Stephen described them as naked persecution. Where eminent judges differed it would be presumptuous on his part to express an opinion. We hav met to-night to help an association to obtain the removal of these laws, and I am glad that we hav expressions of sympathy with our cause from many clergymen. Under the Indian Criminal Code men could not be imprisoned for blasphemy. England should not lag behind India in this matter. England should be trusted with a similar measure of religious liberty. To remove that stigma is the object of our association." Several clergymen were present and spoke at the meeting in favor of repeal.

AFTER describing the monument erected in Greenwood by the Liberals and quoting the inscriptions thereon, the *Philosophic Inquirer*, of Madras, India, closes: "Truly, the object of our lives, considered in a purely ethical point of view, should be as what the dead hero dictated as above; and it is perhaps the best unselfish object of man imaginable and practicable on earth. The utterer of these noble words lived true to his maxim in word and in deed. Mr. Bennett's honest belief in a continued individual existence is a belief held and shared in by some of the greatest and sublimest intellects of the East and the West—a belief generally adhered to and sanctioned by the generality of mankind. The belief is merely a hankering of the human heart, a longing of the emotional part of human nature. Whether demonstrable by science or not—if it could admit of demonstration at all—the belief in a continued existence is a harmless one—this is our opinion. We close this piece with a thousand thanks to each of the one thousand friends who in grateful recognition of the grand services rendered to man in general, and to the Freethought world in particular, by our much lamented friend and brother, erected the monument to speak out his name and fame for generations and generations to come. Dear Bennett!"

JOHN SWINTON, in his paper last week, copied the following from the Liberal Club report in THE TRUTH SEEKER, and credited it to Dr. Foote.

"Intellectual superiority has no more right to get the better of an inferior in its kind of power than physical superiority in its kind. The time was when the strong man, physically, ruled merely because he was strong. That time has passed. Now the intellectual man, the cunning man, rules simply because he is most cunning, and law and custom back him up. This mere cunning, however, must be stripped of its power, and the keen head shall hav no more power to tyrannize than the strong arm."

In quoting this sentiment, which is a good and philosophical one, Mr. Swinton committed a number of oversights. In the first place, he omitted to mention that Dr. Foote was merely calling attention to an idea advanced by Mr. Andrews, to whom, by the way, the members of the club are indebted for a good many valuable thoughts. In the second place, the Liberal Club is not mentioned by Mr. Swinton. Again, no credit is given THE TRUTH SEEKER for conveying to Mr. Swinton the proceedings of the club. Mr. Swinton is an old journalist, and understands, if he does not practice, the amenities of journalism. He knows, or ought to know, that he draws his subsistence largely from the ranks of the Freethinkers. His best correspondents are those who hav made their names familiar to the public through the Freethought press. He has no reason to be afraid of giving credit where credit is due, although the act involves the printing of the names of Stephen Pearl Andrews and this paper.

IT will be remembered that when Mr. Foote of the London *Freethinker* was sent to prison over a year ago, J. M. Wheeler, a dear personal friend, was announced as interim editor, but becoming sick, was superseded by Dr. E. B. Aveling. Mr. Wheeler recovered fully, it was thought, but he has since gone crazy, and was on Sunday, May 11th, taken to a private asylum for treatment. Mr. Wheeler's insanity is owing entirely to the prosecution of the *Freethinker* and Mr. Foote's imprisonment. "When I saw him the last time for months in the Old Bailey, after Judge North's atrocious sentence on me," says Mr. Foote, "he was huddled up on the floor, in a convulsion of grief; and friends who saw him the same evening say that his mind was clearly unhinged. The bigots had flung their bolts; their stronger victims were only bruised, but the gentler was pierced and overthrown. His insane chatterings furnish the key to his madness. At one minute he talks about Lord Coleridge, and says, 'A fine judgment, my lord;' the next, he cries out, 'There goes old Judge North, off with his wig boys, kick it about.' Sometimes he calls out the words 'George William Foote,' with which Judge North commenced his little sermon to me in the dock. As we were carrying him down the stairs he shouted out, 'George William Foote, you know the agony and bloody sweat I've had for you,' and then, 'Damn old North.'" Mr. Foote adds: "Yes, my dear old comrade, I know it right well, and I am not likely to forget it. I too can curse, not 'old North,' for I despise him too much, but the damnable creed which gave that paltry creature the power to wreck a life like yours." Mr. Wheeler's young wife is being cared for by the Freethought organizations.

COL. INGERSOLL was found by a *World* reporter last Saturday at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, as he was preparing for his departure for Washington. The colonel was asked: "Are you going to Chicago?" "I don't know. I do not take as much interest as formerly. The matter is getting too personal. The person is the platform. The old issues that made the party sublime hav been almost settled, and the pioneers are getting tired. The Supreme Court abandoned the colored citizens of the South, and turned the 'wards of the nation' over to the tender mercy of cruel negligence of the states. Both parties are divided about the tariff, and there seems to be a general desire to suit all sides. If we can nominate a real Republican at Chicago, one really in favor of protecting citizens at home—one who believes in the Thirteenth and Fourteenth amendments, and is in favor of a tariff for revenue and reasonable protection, then we will hav an enthusiastic and successful campaign, otherwise it will be simply a scramble for office." "Who are you for?" "I believe Gresham is the man who ought to be nominated. He is a real Republican. He was a brave soldier, an honest and learned judge, and he has administered the post-office department with signal ability. He is simple in his habits, fair and honorable in his methods, and would giv the country a real, sound, honest administration. I do not believe a better man can be found. He comes from the right state and from the right part of the country. I am saying nothing against the others, but I believe Gresham to be the best man under the circumstances." "Were you arrested in Philadelphia?" "No. That was all talk. I do not believe the ministers want me punished here. As I am going to a place of eternal torment that ought to satisfy them." "Who will the Democrats nominate?" "Tilden, I think."

AT the late blasphemy demonstration in St. James's Hall, London, Mr. Moncure D. Conway told two stories which admirably illustrate, says Mr. Foote, the laws under which he and his friends were sent to jail. The first story shows what the Christians really mean by their claim to punish those who outrage the religious feelings of the community. Out in Ceylon some Buddhist priests—able, earnest, and gentlemanly men, who are bound to be poor by the vow of their order—started a little paper to oppose the Christian missionaries. They wrote in a very mild, not to say timid, manner; and they chiefly tried to show, by quotations from our leading writers, that Christianity was dying out in Europe while the ideas of Buddhism were spreading rapidly. The missionaries grew alarmed and applied to the authorities for aid. Thereupon the English government swooped down upon these poor Buddhist priests, who were striving to defend the religion of their nativ land against intruders who tried to bring it into "disbelief and contempt," and told them that unless they discontinued their little paper they would be prosecuted for blasphemy. Mr. Conway found these Buddhist priests in a state of trepidation; they had only published one number, and after the warning they had received they were afraid to publish a second. This is the infamous creed which chatters at home about its poor feelings. When it goes abroad, with a government to back it, it plays the bully on every side. The other story was quite as interesting. Mr. Conway addressed some nativ students at Madras, and referred in laudatory terms to the freedom with which speculativ beliefs are discussed among the English. When his speech was over one of the young Hindoos got up and said, "Yes, what you say about your liberty in England is very fine, but how about Mr. Foote?" Mr. Conway said that he never felt so disconcerted in his life. "My beautiful balloon," he added, "was punctured and emptied by that young student's question—'How about Mr. Foote?'"

LLOYD L. MAJORS, who was hanged at Oakland, Cal., May 23d, left the following statement as to his religious ideas:

"I want to say in regard to religion that I consider the Bible and the holy spirit the only rules of conduct for man in this life, and that my faith is the faith of the established orthodox church. With regard to Spiritualism, I wish to say since an attempt has been made by the Spiritualists of Oakland to discover my faith in their system, I therefore state that I believe it to be the most pernicious doctrin taught to-day. And I do not wish to hav any medium at any time in the future to presume that he could communicate with my spirit, or connect it with any such system. I hav no animosity against the parties believing in Spiritualism; it is the doctrin itself that I hate. I hav had some intimation that a medical institution would seek to obtain possession of my body after its burial. In view of the poor health of my wife, as well as for the sake of the commonest decency and charity, I trust that no such attempt will be made. Such a proceeding would be most unkind. I shall enter eternity without any fear or without any doubt. My trust is entirely in the master, and I hav had the full assurance of my acceptance. I believe that every man must be born of the water and of the spirit, and then he is in the kingdom of God, and I believe that there is no other name given among men whereby we must be saved, except the name of Christ. My hope is so strong in him that it bridges over all the present trouble, and by the grace of God he has saved me.

"LLOYD L. MAJORS."

Mr. Majors was formerly a Methodist preacher, president of a Young Men's Christian Association, and a Good Templar. The murder for which he was hanged was exceptionally atrocious. His incentiv was the meanest that ever sways mankind—plunder. And he was a coward as well as a murderer and a thief. He had not the nerve to do the deed himself, but he incited two wretches to murder two old men for the sake of the money they were supposed to hav in their cabin. He furnished his assassins with money and arms. He directed the plan of attack. And when the deed was done and the bandits returned to him without the expected plunder, he hastily rode to the cabin and ransacked it for money while one body was still warm on the floor, and the other lying in a field close by. Then he set fire to the cabin, and watched it burn till the body on the floor was charred past recognition. Commenting upon his legal taking off, the San Francisco *Chronicle* says: "If anything were wanting to complete the measure of public disgust inspired by this miscreant, it would be the record of his last hours. Under the ministrations of an Episcopal minister, he took religion. His last days appear to hav been equally divided between appeals to 'the grace of God' and an inordinate appetite for ham and eggs. He would 'talk to no one but his spiritual adviser,' and to him he unctuously confessed that in his opinion 'the Bible and the holy spirit are the only rules of conduct for man in this life.' He spoke of his coming execution as 'an entrance into eternity without fear and without doubt.' It never occurred to him to think of other entrances into eternity, such as that of the old men he had helped murder, or his little daughter, who died of grief a few weeks ago. His 'hope in the name of Christ' was so strong that, together with abundant dishes of ham and eggs, it 'bridged over all present trouble, and, by the grace of God, had saved' him. There was no penitence mingled with the hope, no remorse, no sorrow for the widow and the children he left behind in want and shame, no pang of agony when he thought of the gray heads he had trampled in blood and dirt—nothing but a selfish hope for himself, based on a lot of theological cant and strengthened by regular supplies of ham and eggs. To many reflecting persons the whole performance will appear simply disgusting and calculated to turn the offices of religion into ridicule. Without intending to embark in religious controversy, it may fairly be questioned whether teachings which so obviously tend to make a theological controversy take the place of all feelings of home, wife, children, and duty will long command the adherence of men of common sense, and whether the revolting mixture of sham piety and real ham and eggs which marked the closing hours of the murderer's life will not suggest the expediency of excluding the clergy hereafter from the prison cells of the condemned."

Letters from Friends.

WOOD RIVER, OR., May 8, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I see that there is still some lacking for the monument yet, so I will send in my mite if it is not too late. Inclosed find one dollar to apply to that fund. Although I never expect to see the monument, I am anxious it should be completed to help keep guard over the old TRUTH SEEKER, for I should be lost without it. Long may it liv!

MRS. SARAH CLARK.

HANOVERTON, O., May 21, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find three dollars to pay for THE TRUTH SEEKER another year. I am a natural Infidel. A little over a year ago I first saw Freethought sentiment on paper, when I pulled my feet out of the miry clay and began to tell the truth and talk back to ignorant superstitions and vile persecutors. But I don't hav much talk nowadays, for the bigots are giving me an extensiv letting alone. I bespeak a safe voyage for THE TRUTH SEEKER. I would be sorry to hear of its being lost with John Peck aboard. J. T. JOHNSON.

LUDLOW, ILL., May 19, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find one dollar for the Bennett Monument Fund. The dear TRUTH SEEKER, always so welcome to us, is welcomed by our little girl and boy now (thanks to Miss Wixon), and the Children's Corner has our attention, for the little ones should be served first. It was a pleasure to hear of Mr. Chainey in last week's paper. He is an admirable man. W. S. Bell is lecturing in Minnesota on his trip through the West. He is one of our best logicians. Wishing you a long and successful life, I remain your friend, MELLIE G. NEWKIRK.

BIG BEND, KANSAS, May 10, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I send you a new subscriber to-day, one who I think will stay. Rationalism is spreading in this state. I meet many people who express their opinions very freely to-day who would not hav dared to utter them at all a few years ago. Just the other day, a very estimable old gentleman, one who stands high with the people of this county, said to me that he had always had a very great respect for the Bible, but that it had always been the very hardest kind of work for him to believe it. Poverty is our great trouble out here, not having raised much of any crops for the past four years. I could get you many subscribers if the county would produce better. Accept my very best wishes for THE TRUTH SEEKER; may it liv for ever. Yours fraternally, S. M. TRAVIS, M.D.

LOWELLVILLE, OHIO, May 20, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: In reply to Mr. J. Petty in THE TRUTH SEEKER of May 10, 1884, I wish to say that freedom of the will, or free agency, and necessity are not irreconcilable propositions, but harmonious and true. In all that we do, we act from choice, in accordance with the preponderance of motiv or motivs, the preponderance constituting the necessity to act just as we do. But at the same time we act freely, always choosing to do just as we do in accordance with the weight of motiv. And we cannot conceive of free agency at all, only as choosing from motiv or motivs, and the preponderance constitutes the necessity, and free agency cannot exist without it, for without motivs from which to choose there could be no free agency whatever. If Mr Petty goes to New York, he goes impelled by motiv or motivs, and yet goes freely, choosing with all possible freedom, or free agency, to do just as he does. And here we see necessity, and free agency necessarily connected, linked together, and dependent upon each other, and cannot be separated, and both true to nature. WM. WATSON.

MERIDIAN, TEXAS, May 12, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I hope that every Liberal in the United States will call R. G. Ingersoll and George Chainey to organize on the principles of secularism as formulated in THE TRUTH SEEKER of May 10th. The principles as laid down in that number will, I think, stop the good from having to pay the debts of the bad. It was asked in one number of your paper if there was not some one who could lead the Liberals and organize them into a good working body, and I think you stated that there was one man that could if he would. I hav named him in this communication, and he will work if called and called aright. I think when he is asked he will lead in the reform.

J. D. Shaw has organized a Liberal church at Waco, in this state. Let them formulate a creed or set of articles and send men out to preach. Tell them to go and preach the truth. If I recollect, some hav asked Ingersoll what they should say and how they should say it. We want a head. It may look too much like a church, but we can't help that. Some one must drive. The people are ready and willing.

S. D. GREER.

CANYON CITY, COLORADO, April 7, 284.

MR. EDITOR: Having been a teacher so much of my life, and being thoroughly acquainted with the practical advantages of as many letters as sounds, I am often dumbfounded at the idea that an intelligent people will consent to pay, both in money and time, for the perpetuation of an absolute absurdity. I often speak out loud to myself, Why will the people cling to an inconsistency that does them absolutely no good, but a damage at every step in the path to intelligence? And how it is that Liberals, shaking off the shackles of religious superstition, should not also shake off as false, damaging, and barbarous orthography, I cannot see. Briefly, to show its damage to us, I will present a statement. In the New York *Tribune*, some time ago, I saw statistics saying that in the United States 3,000,000 children begin to go to school every year. Competent teachers in England and America say that on an average two years of time to every student would be saved in the course of his education. Now, suppose we allow ten years for a student's education under this present system, but under the new idea would obtain as much in eight as now in ten years, it would be a saving of 6,000,000 of years to the people, besides the costs of money, wear, and tear of that amount of school time. And after the first eight years it would be that amount every year. Just think what that would do toward improving the intelligence of the nation. But farther, in nearly every state there is a blind asylum, and why should the blind be forced to learn an orthography almost as blind? I am professor of English phonology. Yours, A. B. PIKARD.

MELVIN VILLAGE, N. H., May 19, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I wish to pay one dollar toward the Monument Fund if I am not too late. I think it a most worthy object. I am one of your new subscribers, and I cannot speak too highly of THE TRUTH SEEKER. It is indeed what its name implies, and I could not do without it. I wish that others of my family could think as I do about it. My husband says that he shall never giv up his God or his Bible. Now, reading the Bible made an Infidel of me. Is it not strange how people differ in their opinions?

There are two churches in this little village, and not to belong to one or the other is to be very unpopular, but I am willing to be unpopular as long as I am true to myself. The people here are all enemies to progress and Freethought, but it is cheering to know that the wheel of progress is moving, and I believe that the time is not very far distant when ignorance and superstition will be vanquished by the light of truth and knowledge. I am the only one who takes THE TRUTH SEEKER at this post-office.

I could not get one to sign this petition. I commenced in my own family first, and was met with only insult and abuse elsewhere. Wishing you and THE TRUTH SEEKER happiness and prosperity, I am Yours truly,

MRS. MARY A. HORNE.

BEAVER CROSSING, NEB., May 8, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I would like to say a few words in reply to Robert Gunther. In THE TRUTH SEEKER of April 12th, in reply to Mr. Hacker's article on land reform, Mr. Gunther makes some very wild statements. He says your correspondent, J. Hacker, givs himself a great deal of unnecessary trouble in regard to government land, and goes on to say the troubles he complains of exist, but they cannot be avoided in the way he proposes. Now, I think J. Hacker's theory is right and just, and that the evils he complains of can be avoided. If a person obtains money or goods under false pretenses, there is a law to punish him. If the law is not enforced, that is not the fault of the law. And again he says that out of one hundred persons who pre-empt or homestead land, there is not one who takes it in good faith. That statement is absolutely untrue, as far as Nebraska is concerned. I took a homestead in Nebraska in the spring of '69, hav lived here ever since, and I know that the most of the people who settled Nebraska took their homesteads and pre-emptions in good faith. I do not think that out of one hundred persons over ten obtained their land through fraud. His innuendo concerning the class of people who are homesteaders and pre-empters is unmanly, ungenerous, and illiberal, to say the least. If thirty men out of one hundred obtain land through fraud, that is no just reason why the other seventy should be deprived of their right to a homestead or pre-emption. I think that the class of people who settled this western wilderness will compare favorably with the people of any state in the Union, California not excepted, as to honesty and intelligence. B. N. TROTTER.

BURTON, TEXAS, May 12, 284.

MR. EDITOR: No truer words ever fell from a pen than those of J. L. Andrew in THE TRUTH SEEKER of the 3d inst. I hav fully experienced it all; and seeing this, those solid in my belief, hereabouts, consider it binding them to act the hypocrit, and nominally take sides with an institution they abominate and would assist to overthrow at any time were it safe to their business interest for them to do so. No few of those exist, and hence our strength cannot near be told; they are counted in the orthodox ranks, therefore we appear so inferior in numbers beside them. Several of my neighbors borrow papers of me, and read them eagerly on the sly, that would be glad to subscribe themselvs but for the ostracism in business, and society as well, they know would surely follow. I offered to pay the fees of some I know to be good Liberals if they would consent to let their names be enrolled in the Freethinkers' ranks for Brother Green, but no, such a thing could not be thought of. We need bold lecturers, and plenty of them, like Remsburg; may they soon appear, is the wish of Yours fraternally, H. B. JONES.

P.S.—I giv them the best I can on all occasions, knowing matters cannot be made worse, for they hav failed as signally to starve me out as did their prayer for God to remove me from the earth he made especially for his flock. And judging from what I see and hear very often, they would readily undertake the job themselvs but for fear some of them might visit the celestial abode of gold-paved streets a little premature of their God's call. I inclose the sum for FREETHINKERS' ALMANAC; it is both interesting and instructiv, and cheap at the price asked. H. B. J.

CAWKER CITY, KAN., May 12, 284.

MR. EDITOR: I hav been waiting several weeks to receive the shots from free-land gentlemen. They now seem to hav done, and I survive; but not, as some suspect, a land grabber. I do not own more than two acres, not a great lot, surely, when I could hav got 160 if I had liked to, but I am an incapable, and know and acknowledge it. If I were going to benefit mankind by a land grant, I should provide them with money to go where land is to be got, and where they could be useful if capable; but, I repeat, the great demand is to provide for the incapable. If I were to tell how I worked it, it would seem purely egotism; hence I forbear. But I am a physical incapable all the same, and I think it is from that fact that I hav been more observant and acquired more knowledge in that direction. I wish the land reformers would giv us a general plan of their mode of procedure to place all men in possession of a home, and keep them there. It might possibly gain by a little criticism. So much for the land question.

I see by THE TRUTH SEEKER that W. H. Burr does not take in the Laplace theory of the origin of the world, and I shall not sustain it. But Mr. Burr says that all worlds are growing by meteoric accretion. This he has made no attempt to prove. The proof would be interesting to me, at least, as I hav always understood that meteorites were detached pieces from one or more planets, and consequently this planet was growing by accretion at the expense of another; but if all are gaining by the same process, from where does the material come? I find that they are composed of the same material as is this planet, with one exception—the mineral schribersite is not known here. But Mr. Burr's article was very short. Perhaps he can fully explain at more length. I hav no doubt that he is correct, though at variance with a host of philosophers, that the heat of the interior of the earth is produced by pressure of gravity. GEO. W. CHAPMAN, M.D.

NORTH BENTON, OHIO, May 19, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $2, for which continue my paper and send me the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL for 1884. I cannot do without the paper. On May 18, 1884, in the afternoon, while the rest of the family were at the schoolhouse attending Sunday-school out of curiosity to see the performance of the cranks under the guise of religion, and hear them explain how Joshua made the sun stand still, and such like, I sat in the parlor reading THE TRUTH SEEKER, that being my favorit paper. I saw one of the nicest freaks of nature that is commonly seen; in fact, volumes can be learnt from it—more than could be learnt in Sunday-school in a lifetime. There was a turkey hen with thirteen small turkeys in the orchard near the house. I heard a commotion with the turkey hen; she kept up a rumpus for some time. I walked out into the orchard to see what the trouble was. I saw in the apple-trees two hawks, and also the turkey-hen on the top of an apple-tree. I looked around for the young turkeys, but could see none. I sat down under an apple-tree. In about ten minutes the turkey hen flew down and went about five rods, and commenced calling her turkeys. She very readily found eleven that answered to her call. She strolled off with the eleven turkeys about eight rods. Apparently dissatisfied, she stopped and surveyed the premises, and commenced calling, but no young turkeys answered. I supposed the hawks had got them. She fussed around some five minutes. The eleven that she had with her huddled close together, and the old one started back on a run over the eight rods and commenced calling for the young turkeys. She soon found the two missing ones, and led them to the eleven that were huddled together. Then she appeared to be satisfied. Now, how she knew there were two missing is the enigma, for they were huddled close to the ground, under the grass, and made no noise, and she appeared not to discover the loss till she got about eight rods away with the eleven. The question with me is, Was the discovery of the last two young turkeys instinct or knowledge? What more could a man hav done in that stage of development? Such streaks of development can be seen in almost all the animal race. The development in man is slow. The Bible says man has been on the earth six thousand years or thereabouts; science says many millions; yet I hav lived longer than or before steam, telegraphy, etc. CHESTER BEDELL.

A LETTER TO COL. INGERSOLL.

66 WEST 4TH ST., NEW YORK, MAY 24, 1884.

HON. ROB'T G. INGERSOLL, *Dear Sir:* I see in the TRUTH SEEKER of New York (Sat., April 26, 1884) "A New Lecture by Col. Ingersoll."

In the third paragraph you say: "There was a time when the astrologer sought to read in the stars the fate of men and nations. The astrologer has faded from the world, but the astronomer has taken his place."

I cannot but believe that you, having alway been an advocate of reason, freedom of thought and speech, and justice, would intentionally make a misstatement, or, having done so, would not hesitate to retract it were you shown to be in error. I wish, therefore, to ask you, Are these your words, and where is your authority for saying the "astrologer has faded from the world," or do you of your own knowledge know it to be so?

You will excuse me for troubling you, but I am very much interested in such matters, and I think if you examin into the subject you will find that astrologers hav not all faded from the world. It is true that they are not as common as they were centuries ago, but that is not for the reason that astrology has lost any of the truths it has always contained, but because of the bigoted theological element in the world who hav endeavored to carry out the words of the God in the Bible who is said to hav told the children of Israel, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to liv," and the so-called civilized nations of late years hav done everything possible to exterminate astrology, knowing not the difference between it and witchcraft.

When the persecutions of astrologers hav ceased, and the time comes when men will not be reviled, proscribed, or condemned for their belief in subjects that they been compelled to admit to be true by rational and unbiased investigation, then you will find the astrologer has not faded from the earth. You state, "The astronomer has taken his place." This is the first intimation I hav ever had that astronomers hav ever attempted to read the fate of men and nations. You speak of the great discovery in astronomy by Kepler, from which we may almost date the "birth of science." Are you aware that Kepler made equally as important discoveries in astrology? And "Kepler's Aspects," which he discovered, will be known by his name equally as long as his first, second, and third laws in astronomy.

Is it not strange that the ancients, who excelled in poetry, sculpture, mathematics, architecture, and also in astrology, putting it to the test every day for thousands of years, never discovered the falsity of it; while, in these days when very few persons know anything of the subject, every ignorant person supposes that astrology has been "exploded?"

Probably you were not aware that for thousands of years all the calculations in astronomy were made for the sole and only use of astrologers, similar to the astronomical calculations of the present day being made almost solely for the purpose of navigation. The only person I hav ever read, or heard tell of, that ever attempted, systematically, to explode astrology, was Bishop Butler, author of "Analogy of Religions." He wrote a number of articles against astrology, but finding he was so ignorant of the subject, it occurred to him that he could write against it with more advantage if he only understood the science. He began its study and ended up by writing one of the best works we hav on the science, called "Butler's Astrology." Why has not his "Astrology" been used as a text book in our universities, like his "Analogy of Religions?" Simply because astrology is not fashionable in our day.

Yours respectfully, L. D. BROUGHTON, M.D.

POMONA, May 12, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: This community has been exercised recently over a law suit between two of her citizens; one a follower of the "meek and lowly," the other—well, he is a common man who has not made "his calling and election sure" by becoming a member of the Methodist church to which the other belongs; the bone of contention being a piece of government land which both parties claim. As to the merits of the claims of the respectiv parties I know nothing, nor is it of any consequence to the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER. But what I am desirous that the outside world know is that the Methodists of Pomona are not a whit behind their brethren elsewhere in deeds of crookedness. The facts in the case are briefly these: The pastor of the little canal-boat and a number of his leading members buckle on the armor of their holiness in defense of their brethren in Christ, and approach one of the associate council of the bad man—the Infidel—by writing him a letter (of which I hav a copy), said associate council being a passenger in the Methodist barge, also Good Templar and prohibitionist, begging him in the name of Christ, Good Templarism, and Prohibition, to betray his client; his refusal to accept the bribe for so small consideration and step down and out has aroused their wrath and set the fires of hell burning in their sanctified breasts, and I am informed that they are now using every means at hand to cause the unfaithful brother to retire from the various orders to which they mutually belong.

Here is a church using its combined influence and power, conspiring to defeat the ends of justice, prostituting its pretended holiness to the level of fraud, in the name of Christ. Doubtless their petitions to the bankrupt court of heaven night and morning are ladened with fulsome praises of their brother and curses for the Infidel land-grabber, asking *piece* and prosperity for the one "altogether lovely," and hell and eternal damnation for the other; consigning him to the bottomless pit, where he will never be able to get either land or water, or even gaze upon the feathery tribe.

There is enough rascality and rottenness practiced within the church, if publicly made known, to consign its members to "hades" (wherever that may be). Let their crimes become known, and their privilege for wrong doing will cease. Violation of the rights of others in the name of Christ or any other supposed deity ought not to be tolerated by a free and law-abiding people. Let every Freethinker absolutely refuse to giv money or aid in any manner in the building of churches or theological schools; the loss will be felt, and the tax will begin to fall so heavily upon the members that their numbers will diminish, compelling the parson to gain his bread by other methods than *preying* for it. No respect ought to be shown to a man who gets a living by preying upon the ignorance and superstition of his fellow-being. The parson is of no necessity in this world; let him migrate. Giv him wings and a harp, and let him soar "on high" and join the band where his music may be appreciated; the air here is pure—does not need him to agitate it. Their teaching is an incentiv to crime; they pervert law, mislead and misdirect the young, dwarf their minds to the narrow channels of theological ideas by teaching a religion antagonistic to the wants and necessities of this life—in conflict with the joys of a beautiful home here. Abandon the parson and his supernatual teachings, and the home will blossom with the joyful things of this life; wealth and comfort will take the place of religion and poverty. Drive out the creeds and let in knowledge! Away with the phantoms—the supernatural—and deal only with nature and her laws, and we will be happy "even unto death."

H. L. SHAUG.

FLOYD C. H., VA., April 17, 284.

MR. EDITOR: If you will allow me space in your paper, I would like to say a few words on belief of immortality, and on the opinion that death ends all. Some believe that the death of the body is just the entrance into an eternal life, that our life here is simply the child life of eternity, that we hav to die to be born into the spirit life, that our lives will be lives of eternal happiness or lives of eternal pain, and that our happiness depends on, in the first place, our believing the Bible, although it is self-contradictory; in the second place, you must sell everything you hav and giv it to the poor—I hav often said that I wished that some rich person in my neighborhood would get in the notion of being saved by that clause, but it seems that they ignore that passage of the Bible altogether; but it seems to me the most reasonable of any, for I like to see anyone willing to pay for what they get; but I believe that those who claim the greatest rewards hereafter do the least to merit happiness, and if there ever is such a time as the judgment day to settle up accounts, I believe there will be a great many false claims presented. The idea of getting to heaven without living a self-sacrificing life would be like beating one's way on the train, or getting into a show on a counterfeit ticket, or cheating. The idea of heaven was born of human love. The idea of hell was born of revenge. And the idea that death ends all is born of nature and reason. I will now giv some of my reasons why there is not a creator having all power, and why there is not a future existence. Does it not seem likely that if there was a God innocence would always be protected? Does it seem probable that the innocent babes' brains would be allowed to be dashed out by a highway murderer, or that the murderer should outliv his victim—that the innocent babe should writhe in death's agonies, and the victim sometimes appear to suffer more in death than his murderer? Doesn't it seem likely if there is a future life, a heaven, that some of our dear ones that hav gone on before would come back to earth and visit their old home and their friends? It hurts us to think that they hav forsaken us. We hav friends who hav left us that would hav died for us at any moment of their lives, and whose place we would hav taken on death's sad bed, and we can't believe that they hav forsaken us. Why, if I were to die and reach the promised land, no sooner would I land there and see my loved ones I would retrace my journey back to my dear friends on earth, and cheer their sad hearts and wipe their tear-stained faces, and I would send the joyful tidings all the world around. We love and care for our friends while living, we laugh with them in health, we nurse them in sickness, we weep over them in death, and when burying them we cover their faces with tears. We take our last sad look at them, and with hearts of grief and agony we giv them back to their mother earth. In the time of sickness, at death, and after death for awhile, there are no words sad enough to express our grief for them. We see them in our dreams, they appear to be with us, and sometimes in health; and we can recall in our waking hours every word we ever said to them in anger, and in our mind's eye we see them do over again every kind and noble deed they hav done for us. We keep waiting, watching, and listening for them. But in vain. Years roll on, our eyes grow dim; no sound reaches the echoless shores, and no tidings ever come from the opposit side of the mystic river, and therefore we think that they hav never been called from their slumber, but are at peace in their "windowless palace of rest"—and who is it that is not willing to giv up the idea of eternal happiness to get rid of the idea of eternal punishment? But they say it is not a question of liking or disliking. Surely not. But if there is a God he is certainly as kind and good as a human being. If not, it is degrading to worship him.

Yours truly, ISAAC LEMON, JR.

ITHACA, N. Y., May 15, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: The difference of opinion between Mr. Kirby, of Doniphan, Kan., and yourself and others is in regard to whether there is a God who created man, on the part of Mr. Kirby; or whether he emerged from protoplasm, through self-creation, by a long line of evoluting changes from a succession of form from the lowest to the highest form of animal life called man, on your part, and all the arguments from authors on either side are of the greatest extremes, and from hereditary speculations, and a wide departure from the fundamental principles of nature. And by so doing you detract from nature (God) the light and power of knowledge. We know nothing of animal life except through our five senses. The knowledge of chemistry shows the component parts of inanimate matter, that they possess life in every part; and if matter is eternal, then life is co-eternal. Nature never changes, except by its own inherent laws, and that only in one direction, and that is only in vegetable and animal manner of life, form, growth, maturity, dissolution, or death, which is nature's transition state. There is more or less time allotted for this transition state, which is divided and applied to every variety of vegetable and animal form, from the lowest to the highest. The average age of individual man is about seventy years. Other animals may hav a shorter duration. So with vegetable life. Death is on our track, and is as inevitable as life, and is a law of nature, and we as individuals only liv again in our posterity. The only manner of the succession of animal and vegetable life is through male and female sexual relations, and is the inevitable law of nature. If we originated from protoplasm through a succession of animal improvement and gradation, why did nature change—why not continue the process? The theory supposes that nature had invented a new scheme, and was the inventor of speculation. No, friend Macdonald, let go all schemes and take nature as our senses now find her, with all her variety of forms, which is in every way self-existent and eternal.

Our senses cannot comprehend a God higher than man. What, then, do we mean by God? The best definition I can giv is, the concentration of all the faculties of the mind upon any object of sense. If a man concentrates his mind or all his faculties upon a horse, a dog, or a woman, that object is his god. And he may change this to another object. But nature is the demonstration of truth evidenced by all his senses. But we need not suppose that nature once was what she is not now. Nay, she is ever the same, but knowledge with us makes all the changes, and that is why I make this assertion, that man is the embodiment of the whole of nature, and when this knowledge is obtained we depend for knowledge on nothing outside of ourselvs. Though we are all immediately connected, we are created, so to speak, from nature's fundamental principle of variety. And when we come to the knowledge that classification is a principle of nature we shall agree to disagree, like the stars in the firmament. Though all connected as parts of the universe, yet each star has its special course of revolution and they never collide with each other. There is no known law in nature to change the species of animals to make a sheep from a goat, to make a cow from a horse, or *vice versa*, but each is a distinct species, and they cannot be changed other than by improvement, by change in the same species. Thus man from protoplasm, or even from a monkey, is preposterous, and entirely foreign from nature. The study of nature rejects every such idea. When a man by the study of himself finds that he is the embodiment of nature, he at once sees the connection between himself and all others, and he ceases at once all antagonism and becomes an intellectual man, or man of reason, and no more fights the variety of organism, but sees its classification.

ZENOS KENT.

ORANGE, CAL., May 23, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: In commencing this letter I will remark that I am not dyspeptic or bilious, neither do I wear a liver pad. It is plainly evident to those who hav perused "Aunt" Elmina's writings during the past that her organ of hope is about the same size as "Brother" Beecher's back brain—very large, as classed by phrenologists—and to that fact must we look for a solution of the lucent picture which the affairs of this world present to her mind. It is a broad statement to say that nine-tenths, if not ninety-nine-one-hundredths, of human life is spent in comfort and comparativ happiness, and one must either be unfamiliar with the different grades and conditions of society, or mentally color blind, to assert such a thing. The great majority of people in every quarter of the globe are those whose only capital is their muscle, and wealth has become so concentrated in the hands of a few that this majority can barely keep soul and body together, to say nothing of enjoying "comfort and comparativ happiness." They liv and move almost automatically, as it were, and organized capital keeps them in a condition of slavery from which it seems as though nothing but dynamite could free them. Incipient revolutions are agitating the whole civilized world, and never were there such discontent and mental disturbances as now permeate the masses of our country as well as foreign ones, and all because nine-tenths, if not ninety-nine-one-hundreths, of human life is composed of so much happiness! Reformers in every department of life were never so numerous, and though everybody is *so* happy, "Aunt" Elmina has been trying for years to rectify the condition of society and bring about the millennium by removing this one-tenth or one-hundredth of misery and unhappiness. If the world is so comfortable and happy, what means this universal protest for more freedom, more rights and privileges to enjoy life? Why these labor agitations and constant complaints from the toiling millions? Is it possible there is no cause for complaint except the workings of a morbid imagination, and the absence of hope enough to change black into white and darkness into light? If so, let the Institute of Heredity instruct the people, so future offspring can be born with healthy imaginations, and sufficient hope to discover happiness in slavery, and ten-tenths of joy in poverty and suffering, in physical and mental hunger, and the cravings of the soul that seek in vain for satisfaction. If all the trouble lies in the mind and everything is serene and happy, if we could only think so, what a pity everybody stricken with poverty, hunger, sickness, disease, and sorrow hasn't "Aunt" Elmina's organ of hope to transform everything into sunbeams tinged with joy and peace! How happy those Russian exiles in Siberia could be if they had her "normal" hope; the thousands of soldiers in foreign lands who are compelled to leave home and friends and serve the best years of their lives in a standing army to support effete monarchies; the women and children in English mines, forced to toil their lives away to gain the mere pittance necessary to ward off starvation; the thousands of factory operativs in our own country who can barely exist, to say nothing of attaining enjoyment and recreation for mind or body; the hordes of poverty-stricken wretches in our great cities who liv, the devil knows how, amidst dirt, disease, and sickness, in ignorance and vice, more like cattle than human beings; the inmates of hospitals, prisons, poor-houses, and insane asylums, and all who liv from hand to mouth with no place to call home! What immense happiness they might all realize without change of condition, if they only possessed the requisit amount of hope—the power to look on the bright side, whether a bright side exists or not! Were life such a tragedy as it appears to some, "Aunt" Elmina informs us that few would cling to it as earnestly as they do now; but the fact is, that makes little or no difference, for we are all born with vitativness, and it is so strong in some that no hardship or misery can lessen it, and that, instead of perfect happiness, minus one-tenth, or one-hundredth, is what wards off death and makes people cling to life. Take the case of a man imprisoned for life within the stone walls of a penal institution; what makes him cling to life, with no prospect of freedom? Is it happiness or his organ of vitativness? The latter, most surely; and to say people shun death because they are too happy to desire a dreamless sleep, or the existence believed in by Spiritualists, is an error. Elmina can't see why, if life has been miserable, one should believe in a continued existence or desire it, for, says she, sufferings, sins, sorrows, and crimes cannot be exempt. If there is a continued existence, which I firmly believe, not from faith but from satisfactory evidence, we shall be free from this physical body, which now confines the spirit and requires our constant exertions to provide for it. To fill the belly and clothe the back is all the majority of humanity can do, and the mind, the seat of happiness and joy, suffers neglect in consequence, and we cannot attain that state of bliss for which the soul yearns, while the physical acts as a drawback. When freed from this "prison-house of clay," there can be no more slavery; man can no longer oppress his brother and monopolize land and wealth to such an extent that hunger and want are ever near. Sickness and pain will hav fled, and crime cannot exist when the cause of it is removed. In the land of spirit, the unsatisfied cravings of the soul here will be gratified, and no physical cause will depress the mind nor restrict its freedom. The happiness experienced in this world by the favored few, when compared with that in the other, will be "as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine." So why shouldn't we desire a continuation of life, whether miserable or happy now? Let those who profess to desire annihilation reply.

"There is no death! What seems so is transition.
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call death."

C. SEVERANCE.

ALL the early martyrs were not poor. John the Baptist was "one sent ahead in the wilderness."—*New York Graphic.*

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Children's Corner.

Edited by Miss Susan H. Wixon, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"His life is long whose work is well,
And be his station low or high,
He who the most good works can tell,
Livs longest though he soonest die."

The Gift of Empty Hands.

A FAIRY TALE.

They were two princes doomed to death;
Each loved his beauty and his breath;
"Leave us our life and we will bring
Fair gifts unto our lord, the king."

They went together. In the dew
A charmed bird before them flew.
Through sun and thorn one followed it,
Upon the other's arm it lit.

A rose, whose faintest flush was worth
All buds that ever blew on earth,
One climbed the rocks to reach; ah, well
Into the other's breast it fell.

Weird jewels, such as fairies wear,
When moons go out to light their hair,
One tried to touch on ghostly ground,
Gems of quick fire the other found.

One with the dragon fought to gain
The enchanted fruit, and fought in vain;
The other breathed the garden's air,
And gathered precious apples there.

Backward to the imperial gate,
One took his fortune, one his fate;
One showed sweet gifts from sweetest lands,
The other torn and empty hands.

At bird, and rose, and gem, and fruit,
The king was sad, the king was mute;
At last he slowly said: "My son,
True treasure is not lightly won.

"Your brother's hands, wherein you see
Only these scars, show more to me
Than if a kingdom's price I found
In place of each forgotten wound."

—*Selected.*

My First Day in a Sunday-School.

To write a story calculated to instruct and benefit the reader, it should be drawn true to life, and so reproduce the feelings and impressions which transpired at the time of its occurrence, while the later or present thoughts are used to decorate the original facts, and thus bring the old and new thoughts into one picture. When we look back into life we find that all our mishaps were brought on by ignorance, and a disposition on our part to do as we pleased, and act according to our notions; and notwithstanding the pain we were often compelled to endure, it was much better for us to suffer and learn than to mope along like an obedient beast, with no ambition to do or to learn for oneself. In truth, without the development of self-will we could attain to no individuality of character.

The child must necessarily meet with many failures in learning to walk. It is needless for mamma to say, "Take care, darling," for baby is bound to try and sure to fall many times before the center of gravity is formed upon its pedal supports, but while it meets with many failures, and gets many bumps, it never givs up, but will "try, try again," until at last success crowns its baby efforts, and the joyful discovery goes from one to the other of the happy family that "baby can walk." The baby's first tooth and its first few toddling strides are the prime events of every child that comes into existence. The lesson to be drawn from this is that we had better fail often than never try, and a little self-will should not be checked too abruptly in children, though we know it will giv the darling some pain. Better let it be nipped by a little frost, or scorched by a hot poker, than not to learn the use of fire and frost.

About 1834 I attended the first Sunday-school. The good people of that neighborhood, wishing to follow after the originator of that institution, old Robert Raikes, the English cobbler, of whom they had read, they concluded to do as that crusty old man said, and gather all the children into some place to cram their young minds with the same sort of book learning in use in those days. The old man's motivs no doubt were good, his object being to teach the ragged and neglected children to read, but as soon as the sectarian spirit of the world took hold of the idea they saw at a glance that it would be a splendid opportunity to fill the minds of the young with the mysteries of their creeds, and so secure them to their churches as members when the days of catechism and installation should come along. In view of this object the Sunday-school has been turned into a church school, and everything of a secular or a scientific nature completely excluded. They are mostly so pious that to speak of any natural things upon "the Lord's day" is regarded as very sinful. They seem to forget that the same sun shines, the wind blows, the rivers flow, the birds sing and twitter, the beautiful flowers grow, and every other natural thing happens upon that day that happens upon any other day of the week, and if there is any sin about it the Lord of whom they speak so much must be guilty of disregarding this holy day by allowing all those natural things to go on in the usual way. The proper way to reason is this. It must be right to do right upon any day of the year, and it must be wrong to do wrong upon any day, so that the day can hav no connection whatever with the good or bad of an action, and every act of life must stand upon its merits or demerits, regardless of any day or time.

Well, our Sabbath-school was held in a large barn, the threshing-floor of which was cleared off and swept. In one corner was an old windmill with a scoop shovel and striking-board sticking out of the hopper. On the end of the sieve, by turning it away from the wall, were placed the writing materials, books, etc., and it was made to do duty as a desk and pulpit, to hold the big Bible, etc. In the other end were lots of bags of grain that had been piled up out of the way, and I remember two ladders forming a part of the framework to run up into the haymows on either side. These were a constant temptation to the larger boys, and it was quite a job to restrain some of them from climbing up into the lofts. The other temptation was to turn the crank of the wind-mill, and one boy came near doing the job, for a single turn of the crank would hav set the sieves in motion and scattered the religious documents over the barn floor, but his arm was caught in the nick of time and the sacred words remained safe on their shaky foundation, as they probably do to this day in another sense. The middle portion of the barn floor was filled with benches of all lengths and various hights, but not meeting the required wants, Tom, Dick, and Harry were dispatched among the neighbors for chairs, stools, etc., to accommodate the outpouring of women and children. It took considerable time to get started, as everybody did not know just what to do, and nobody could tell them, by which delay it took a long time to do nothing, and after it was over the balance of this "holy Sabbath" was consumed in toting home the borrowed benches, stools, chairs, books, etc., to get the barn in a fit condition for farmers' use.

I was very tired, and continually offered up my child's prayer, "I wish they would quit." My misfortune was to be placed upon a round stool near the wind-mill. In a half hour my limbs were completely numb, as they did not touch the floor. I concluded I could stand it no longer; I must get down upon the floor, but how to do it was the question. I made several efforts; I was in absolute misery. I screwed all my courage up and slid one foot along the stool leg until the toe just touched the floor, and holding on to the top of the rickety thing, cautiously I let my other foot slide down the other stool leg, but the moment I let my weight upon the floor, down I went plump, drawing the long-legged stool on top of me. My limbs were so benumbed I could not stand. This raised a general titter at my expense, for in spite of the fence-rail expressions of countenance, it seemed too irresistibly funny not to laugh at my predicament, which was shared in by the teachers. They laughed while I cried, both with pain and mortification. My teacher (although she had not yet taught me a thing) was kind enough to replace me upon the stool pedestal and admonish me not to go to sleep, thus adding insult to injury. I would like to see a child sleep on such a "*lookout*" as that. If they had placed me there for a monitor to overlook the whole school there would hav been some sort of sense in so elevated a position.

The whole proceeding was such a torture to me that I resolved then and there that I would never go to that school again if I could help it. And this is what came of it.

Bright and early the next Sunday morning I held a consultation with a neighbor boy about the tumble I got off the stool, and we resolved to dress up and go to the river Schuylkill. He knew of a large buttonwood-tree that a severe storm had prostrated, and we could go and gather balls, and let the hated school keep itself. This resolution we put into effect by hieing off about school time to the big tree. It had lots of balls on it, and we worked very hard cutting and tearing them off until we had gathered about a bushel into a large pile. It was glorious fun, but having picked off most of them along the trunk of the tree, it became necessary to venture out upon the limbs. At this I was only too confident, and my partner, for some jealousy at my success, began to shake the limb I was on. I told him to stop, or he would shake me off; but, watching his chance, he gave the limb a sudden jerk, when down I went about six or eight feet, striking upon a part of a broken limb of the tree upon the ground, and falling so as to bring my arm upon this limb, and under my body, which bent it into the shape of a horseshoe, the hand forced into the soft ground by the side of the broken limb. It was a terrible bend. The arms of children seldom break, on account of the softness and toughness of the osseous or bony matter, but as they become older the bones become harder and stronger, but more brittle, and are then more apt to fracture. The toughness of the bones are all the worse for children when they become bent, as it is much more painful to straighten a bent than a fractured bone. And I found it a tough job before I got over it.

My companion was much frightened at what he had done, and, on seeing my crooked arm, wanted to run away and leave me, but I held on to him with the good arm until he consented to help me off with my coat. After getting a full look at my injuries, for I was somewhat marked and bruised besides, we started home. On my arrival a doctor was soon called, who had great difficulty to get the swollen arm into any kind of shape. It was the most crushing pain I ever endured, as the operation was slow and coaxing, little by little, until it was straight. Some of the family and the neighbors who came to see me during the many weeks it was in process of healing seemed to delight in telling me that it was a direct punishment from God on account of my running away from Sunday-school, and I was not sharp enough to see the fallacy of such reasoning then, and for the time supposed it must be so. I did not then reflect how mean they were making their God, when, to produce the punishment in that way, he must hav inspired my companion with the petty jealousy of my success in gathering the buttonwood balls which he was too cowardly to venture out for. Nor did I reflect on the thousands of other instances where boys did not get their arms broken when doing worse things than that. He could just as well hav let me fall without the aid of that bad boy's act, but this is the miserable sort of sophistical subterfuge and inference that is used to create in the minds of children those superstitions that curse the world by degrading human nature, as well as our conceptions of such a God. The accident I met with detained me so long that the bright and warm days of the declining summer had passed away when I again took up the busy thread of child life, and then the Sunday-school had passed away, never more to be held in the old barn.

J. R. Perry.

Correspondence.

Mylapore, India, April 14, 1884.

Dear Miss Wixon: You will be surprised to get a letter from me; won't you? But I know you, although you do not know me. I hav read about you in The Truth Seeker, which comes to friends of my papa every week. I am a little girl. The missionaries say I am a little *heathen* girl, but papa says that missionaries do not always speak the truth, and that they hav no right to call me such. We like to read about you in our house. Papa says that Freethinkers love us far better than the missionaries, and that your paper is, oh! ever so much better than the tracts. One missionary left a tract at the house of my dear sister Rani, who is married and has a darling little boy. The name of the tract was "Why Will You Go to Hell?" and Rani came to ask papa about it. Papa comforted her and told her that happy days were in store for India, because in America and England there were many, many gentlemen and ladies who were very angry with the missionaries for frightening us so much. Papa is a Zemindar and has, oh! such lots and lots of rupees, or what you call dollars in your country. But he says that he will not giv a single rupee to the missionaries, although they ask him very often. He says that they get salaries. Is it not wonderful, dear lady, that they should think such dreadful things of us, when we are all trying to be so kind and good? Papa says that we must try to do what we consider right and good and never mind the missionaries, and he says that you will quite agree with him. Papa and Rani send their kind respects to you, and I send you a whole heart full of love.

Srimutti Bannerjee.

Newburgh, May 20, 1884.

Miss Susan H. Wixon: I hav taken time to make some puzzles, and if you see them fit I hope they will be published. I send you three; a square, a cryptogram, and an enigma. The answer to J. K. P. Baker's metagram in in No. 19 is Gladstone. But tell me please what has become of our puzzlers: H. Van Pelt, H. Tausig, Maggie L., Mrs. Upsham, Mr. Baker, and others? Are they tired already? Hoping to see some of their puzzles and correspondence, I remain

Yours respectfully, R. O. Bert.

Our Puzzle Box.

DOUBLE LETTER ENIGMA.

My first is in Freethought, but not in belief;
And my second is the same.
My third is in rescue and relief;
My fourth in Garfield's name.
My fifth in real, but not in thing;
And my sixth is also the same.
My seventh is in tail and wing;
My eighth is in colt, not in mane.
Read these lines over and you will find them the same;
A man! A man of great fame.

Newburgh, N. Y. R. O. Bert.

SQUARE.

An island.
A preposition.
To convey.
A girl's name.

Newburgh, N. Y. R. O. Bert.

CRYPTOGRAM.

A, a, b, e, e, e, i, i, L, l, l, M, n, n, r, r, s, t, t, U, v, y.
Arrange these letters correctly and you'll behold,
A Freethought motto here untold.

Newburgh, N. Y. R. O. Bert.

A TALE OF TEN TRAVELERS.

Ten weary, footsore travelers,
All in a woeful plight,
Sought shelter at a wayside inn
One dark and stormy night.

"Nine beds, no more," the landlord said,
"Hav I to offer you,
To each of eight a single room,
But the ninth must serve for two."

A din arose. The troubled host
Could only scratch his head,
For of those tired men no two
Could occupy one bed.

The puzzled host was soon at ease—
He was a clever man—
And so to please his guests devised
This most ingenious plan:

| A | B | C | D | E | F | G | H | I |

In room marked A two men were placed,
The third he lodged in B,
The fourth to C was then assigned,
The fifth retired to D.

In E the sixth he tucked away,
In F the seventh man,
The eight and ninth in G and H,
And then to A he ran,

Where the host, as I hav said,
Had laid two travelers by;
Then taking one—the tenth and last—
He lodged him safe in I.

Nine single rooms—a room for each—
Were made to serve for ten;
And this it is that puzzles me
And many wiser men.

—*Selected.*

ANSWER TO ENIGMA IN CHILDREN'S CORNER MAY 24, 1884.

1. Scranton.

X. Mylapore, India. Please accept thanks for your kindness.—Ed. Children's Corner.

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Liberal Meetings.

[Leagues and Liberal and Spiritualistic Societies in the United States and Canada meeting regularly, can have notices of their meetings published in this column free if the officers will send them to us.]

MICHIGAN.

MUSKEGON.—The Liberal League meets every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock in the German Odd Fellows' Hall, corner of Western ave. and Terrace st.

WISCONSIN.

MILWAUKEE.—The Milwaukee Liberal League meets every Sunday evening at Fraternity Hall, 216 Grand avenue.—Exercises: Lectures, Criticisms, and Music.—Admission free.

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MAINE.

PORTLAND.—Dr. H. A. Lamb has hired Congress Hall, Congress street (entrance on Temple street), where free meetings, lectures, and discussions are held every Sunday, 2:30 P.M. Admittance free. Public invited.

OREGON.

PORTLAND.—The Auxiliary Liberal League of Portland, Or., holds meetings every Sunday, at 2 o'clock, P.M., at Nonpareil Hall, cor. 1st and Madison streets. All are invited. Admission free.

MASSACHUSETTS.

BOSTON.—Boston Liberal Club holds meetings for essays and criticisms every Sunday forenoon at 10:45 in the Paine Memorial Building, Appleton street.——The "Society of the Divine Homo" at same place every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Sunday-school at 2:30. Admission free.

PENNSYLVANIA.

ALTOONA.—The League holds meetings every Wednesday evening and Sundays at 3 P.M., at the League Room, corner of Eleventh ave. and 13th st., third floor, entrance on 13th st.

PHILADELPHIA.—The Friendship Liberal League meets every Sunday at Hancock Hall, 814 Girard avenue, at 2:30 o'clock, and 7:30 o'clock, P.M., for lectures and free debates. THE TRUTH SEEKER and Liberal books for sale.

PITTSBURGH.—Pittsburgh Liberal League meets at Maltby Hall, 76 Fifth avenue, every Sunday (except during the Months of July and August) at 3 o'clock. A free platform is maintained. Exercises consist of a lecture, followed by 10 minute criticisms, with 15 minutes allowed the lecturer to reply. Clergymen invited to discuss.

NEW JERSEY.

NEWARK.—Newark Liberal League meets every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the League's Hall, 177 Halsey street. Exercises consist of music, readings, lecture, and discussion, in which all present are invited to participate. Admission free. Collection taken. Communications for the League should be addressed to J. W. Frankel, 10 Pine street, Newark.

CANADA.

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MONTREAL.—Pioneer Freethought Club meets every Sunday at 3 P.M., at 1310 Catharine street. Reading-room open daily until 10:30 P.M. Library open for exchange of books three evenings per week, and on Sunday afternoons. Free public lectures on Sundays as advertised in local newspapers. Strangers always welcome. G. S. Wilson President, M. O'B. Ward, M.D., Secretary.

NEW YORK.

ALBANY.—The Liberal association meets every Sunday at Van Vechten Hall, 119 State street. Sunday-school at 2 P.M. General business meeting and debates and discussions at 3 P.M. Lecture at 7:30 P.M. The public are cordially invited to attend, also all Liberals visiting the city. Admission free.

NEW YORK CITY.—The Manhattan Liberal Club meets every Friday evening at 8 o'clock, for a lecture and discussion, at German Masonic Temple, 220 East 15th street. Admission 5 cents. Monthly cards 20 cents. Membership fee $3.——The American Spiritualist Alliance meets every Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock in Republican Hall, 55 West 33d street.——The First Society of Spiritualists holds its meetings every Sunday in Republican Hall, 55 West 33d street. Morning service 11 o'clock; evening, 7:45. Seats free. Public cordially invited.——Frobisher College Hall, 23 East 14th street, near Broadway. The People's Spiritual Meeting every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 P.M.

BROOKLYN.—The Brooklyn Spiritual Society meets at Conservatory Hall, cor. of Fulton street and Bedford avenue, every Sunday. Services at 11 A.M. and 7:45 P.M. Admission free. Public cordially invited. Liberal and Spiritual papers and books for sale.——The Everett Hall Spiritual Conference, 398 Fulton street, meets every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. Meetings free. Spiritual literature for sale.——The Eastern District Spiritual Conference meets every Monday evening at Composite Room, 4th street, corner of south 2d street, at 7:45. Spiritual and Liberal literature on sale. All invited.——The Philosophical Association meets every Sunday afternoon in the Assembly Room of Wright's Business College, Broadway, corner of Fourth street, E. D., at 3 P.M. Public cordially invited. Doors open at 2:30 P.M.

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Mrs. L——, a lady residing in Brooklyn, E. D., for two year, suffered terribly with a uterine tumor; her attendant physician advised an operation, but having great aversion to the surgeon's knife, she would not submit to it; some friends having used my garments and been benefited thereby advised her to try them. About the middle of February, this year, a body set, as advised by myself, was purchased for her.

The following letter will show the results and prove the value of my improved appliances in all forms of disease:

MAY 2, 1884.

MR. D. J. COTTER, *Dear Sir:* Thinking you would like to know of the following, I notify you.

Mrs. L——, a patient of mine, had a uterine tumor of two years' standing and would not consent to an operation; some friends recommended her to use your MAGNETIC GARMENTS (a body set, I believe). Unbeknown to me she did purchase and wear them, for ten weeks, so she now informs me. Two days ago I was sent for to attend her and found the tumor had been expelled entire while standing, without pain or flow.

Have you met with anyting of this kind before by the application of your garments? I should be glad to have some information on the point. Yours respectfully,

DR. A. R PETTIT,
149 Tompkins ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

COPY OF MY REPLY.

MAY 3, 1884.
312 Myrtle ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

DR. A. R. PETTIT, *Dear Sir:* Your favor received. In reply I beg to say I have several such cases, some of many years' standing, cured by the use of my Garments. I would much like to see the tumor mentioned in your letter, it in your possession, if you will name a time I can call upon you. I will then give you all the information possible respecting the above-mentioned cases, and, if necessary, providing my patrons are willing, will place you in correspondence with them, or the physicians who attended them prior to the use of my Garments. I await your reply. Yours respectfully,

DAVID J. COTTER.

Dr. A. R. PETTIT having replied, I called upon him and saw the tumor; it was the fibrous tissue of a large one; all other matter seemed to have been absorbed (by the action of the Garments) before it was expelled. I fully satisfied him of other such cases by letters in my possession from parties cured and their physicians.

The above speaks for itself, as the full name and address of the physician is given, and I have no doubt but he will be pleased to satisfy any inquiring mind of the above facts. D. J. COTTER.

These garments are a decided improvement on anything of the kind ever offered, and only produced after many years of close study and scientific experiment.

Much depends upon the knowledge of how to apply such garments. Many persons have really good appliances to offer, but unless they are judiciously and scientifically applied they are valueless. Any person writing for pamphlet and information; by sending a full statement of their case, how long suffering, and all symptoms, would be advised free of cost, just what garment it would be necessary to use to effect a cure, price of same, etc. They are made to fit all parts of the body, easy of adjustment, and as comfortable to use as ordinary underwear; being well ventilated, they are cool, and the infusion of magnetism into the system produce a cool, pleasant feeling in the hottest weather, and will cure any of the following forms of disease: RHEUMATISM, GOUT, LUMBAGO, PARALYSIS, NEURALGIA, DYSPEPSIA, LOCOMOTOR ATAXIA, SPINAL DISEASE, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, DROPSY, TUMORS, CANCERS, and others not necessary to mention, as I claim that disease in any and all of its forms originates from one primary cause, a breaking up of the Ganglionic Nerves, preventing a flow of Odic or Vital force from the Medulla Oblongata at the base of the brain to various parts of the body (just as the severing of a telegraph wire would prevent the message being sent), the result being the iron particles in the blood become demagnetized; congestion and disease follow; if in the small of Back, Lumbago and Kidney trouble; in the shoulders, Rheumatism; in the Head, Nefralgia or Neuralgia, and so on in any part of the human organization. We have a thousand and one different names for disease, though produced by and through one source only, and it is by strenghtening the Ganglionic Nerves, conserving the vital forces, and infusing magnetism into the system, I effect so many marvelous cures after all other means have failed.

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NOV. 13, 1883.

DAVID J. COTTER, *Dear Sir:* In reply to your inquiry as to the effects of the Garments sent me I am pleased to say the result has been astonishing to myself and friends. The first two pieces sent gave me such relief that I had great confidence of being entirely cured when I obtained the others, and I was not disappointed. My paralysis has entirely disappeared and I am altogether a changed woman, and it is only two weeks since I got the full set. I suffered very much with weakness in my chest and lungs. Now I can sing and talk as well as ever, also read aloud without the slightest difficulty. I can safely recommend the garments to any persons suffering as I was.

MRS. E P. PLEASANTS,
Alderson, Monroe Co., West Va.

P. S.—My daughter has also found great relief from the use of your garments. See her note inclosed.

CURED OF NERVOUS PROSTRATION AND HYSTERIA.

DR. COTTER, *Dear Sir:* I am very happy to state that my general health has improved wonderfully since the application of your garments. From undergoing the operation to my eye my health had become fearfully impaired, until my attending physician feared for the results; but from the first ten days of wearing your garments I began to improve. I seemed to get new vitality, and with renewed health my sight got wonderfully better, until now I feel myself perfectly cured, and I am out of my physician's hands. I cannot feel too thankful for the benefit I have derived from your appliances and shall always bless the name of Dr. Cotter for his wonderful invention for curing disease without medicine.

Hoping thousands of others will be cured as I have been, I am, sir, Respectfully yours.

MISS MARY C. BURTON,
Alderson, Monroe Co., West Va.

CURED OF ASTHMA.

FEB. 4, 1884.

DR. D. J. COTTER, *Dear Sir:* I had suffered with Asthma for years in its worst form, and never found anything to help me until I put on your Garments, in February, 1883, since then my Asthma has disappeared, and I have not been troubled about breathing in the least.

Money could not buy the Garments I have if I could not get more.

I forward you this letter hoping it may be the means of inducing some poor sufferer to use your health-giving appliances, Yours very respectfully,

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I remember well when I was young,
Of a jolly smith who gaily sung
In his low, dark shop, 'neath tall, dark trees,
That caught the soul of the summer breeze;
And his voice was sweet as the summer day
Ennobling toil with a simple lay.
The steel shoes shaped to a rhythmic rhyme,
His gleaming hammer beating time,
And such a chorus the echoes had
When he sung his song of "Ballynaghfad."

'Twas a tortuous, dancing, gleeful strain
That carried us over the Irish main,
Where the white-haired harpers came and played,
And we saw the dancers all arrayed
In the shamrock's hue, for the criss-cross reel,
(They danced them then both toe and heel),
And "down the outside," full of grace,
The couples meet at the crossing-place,
And swaying past each waiting line
Their hearts are held in thrall divine.
And the piper's strains, though often sad,
Were gay on the green of "Ballynaghfad."

And I think they sipped the "mountain-dew,"
Though the smith was temperate, strong, and true;
He sang that song of the flowing bowl
As though it dwelt in his inmost soul.
And now I know 'twas not the words
That made his song like the singing bird's,
But a joyous heart defying rust,
Lighting his face through smoke and dust.
An honest life so bright and glad,
He well might sing of "Ballynaghfad."

And men of learning sought him there
Amid the din of the dusky air,
Where he whistled and sang, reciting by turns
The gems of thought from Robert Burns.
"Ah, wad some power the giftie gie,
To see oursel's as ithers see!"
Thus ready rhymes would smoothly flow
For good and ill, for high and low;
For every hap of youth or age
Some line flashed from his favorit page.
That tattered volume on his knees,
He scorned the idler's slothful ease,
Rending oppression's bolts and bars,
Till his anvil bore the shocks and scars,
And truth was purged of useless dross,
While the bellows blew its breath across,
And the fires of wrath the cool stream had
Scattered afar with "Ballynaghfad."

Now this merry man of sterling worth
Has gone the way of all the earth.
And I dreamed of him not long ago,
And the dream impressed and thrilled me so,
And it seemed so true as I wandered lone
Where a high wall rose of seeming stone,
And at the opening set within
Stood he who once the smith had been.
That window framed with leaves of June,
Whose measured sway was a silvery tune;
And I saw beyond the hills and flowers
Of heaven, fairer than all of ours—
Only a glimpse, but it said to me,
"Glorious scenes has this summer sea."
And a beautiful face the angel had,
Though the man had sung of "Ballynaghfad."

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"What is the pin racket?"

"A number of years ago a story appeared in a Sunday-school paper—where I would not be apt to see it—about a poor boy who applied for work at a large wholesale store. The proprietor told him he did not need any help and the boy started to go out. Just as he was leaving the store he saw a pin on the floor, and, picking it up, stuck it in the lapel of his jacket. The proprietor saw him do it, and, thinking that a boy so thrifty must be of some account, called him back and engaged him to go to work the next day. The boy, of course, ultimately became a partner in the concern, and subsequently a millioniare.

"Well, the boy I speak of had read the story and concluded to try to play it on me. He dropped a pin on his way into my counting-room—so as to hav it all ready—and the dodge worked just as he hoped it would. I saw him pick up the pin and place it in his jacket, and did, of course, just as the man in the story—called him back and gave him a job. He was a keen one and no mistake, but he is now in the penitentiary for stealing from me.

"The next boy that applied for work had a black eye and his shoes looked as if they had not been blackened for a month. He whistled, I know, coming up the street; nipped a handful of raisins on his way in, and stood chewing them with his hat on his head, when he asked: 'Mister, do you want to hire a boy?' I noticed, also, by the way, a pack of cards sticking out of his pocket. He had a good, bright eye, though—that is, the one that was not blacked—and I hired him, principally because he was so different from my other boys. He was a boy, every inch of him, and I had to tone him down a little, of course: but he was worth any dozen boys I ever had before or since. He is now—you may be interested to learn—my partner, and by his industry and business ability has at least doubled my fortune within the past seven or eight years. I accidentally learned that the cards he had in his pocket when he first entered my store were some that he had bought for his crippled grandfather with money earned by shoveling snow. The sight of those cards would hav at once prejudiced some men against him."
—*Boston Traveler.*

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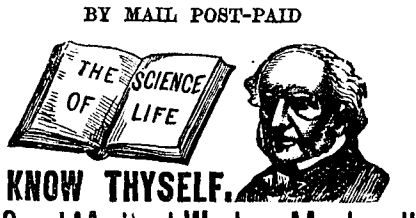
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WE must respect them that are of kin to us; and, on the other hand, we must not forget the relations we owe to ourselvs and the rights of our own individualism. Among the most precious of them are the rights of conscience. No one, how near and dear soever, has the right to interfere with these. No husband has the right to say to his wife that she must barter away her principles for his sake; no wife has the right to say *that* to her husband. No parent is a true parent that seeks to hamper his children in the formation or in the exercise of their convictions; *that* transcends the bounds of parental authority. Such a parent should hear such words as these: Father or mother, I shall never cease to love and revere you, or to obey you in all things where you hav a right to command; I shall always be grateful for what you hav done for me; I shall always yield whatever it is in my power to dispose of; but my convictions I cannot yield; for they are mine neither to giv nor withhold, and with faithfulness I will maintain them; for though you gave me life, you cannot, without guilt, take my life away, nor can I violate my own soul, that is my life of life. . . . Few things we must cultivate—one is respect for the ties which nature has given; and the other is repect for the integrity of conscience, which no man can disregard with safety.—*Prof. Adler's Emancipation.*

EVERY young man who has a love for speculation ought to study Locke's works. He should try to master his great work, the "*Inquiry into the Human Understanding*," and, at any rate, he should master his small work, "The Conduct of the Understanding;" and to make even this little treatis his own thoroughly, and enter into all its meaning, he will find a most bracing and wholesome mental exercise. —*Principal Tulloch.*

BY the verdict of Christendom the human mind is impotent to find the truth. The Christian looks back upon the religious development of the past and finds it a series of frightful mistakes and atrocious blunders; a chaos of superstition; a wild farrago of hideous dreams. There monstrous idolatries show, in the judgment of Christendom, what degradation the human mind sinks into when left to itself. With what different feelings the rationalist, clear minded and instructed, looks at the same facts! *We* are persuaded that all religions come out of the human mind in the process of development; that they are all efforts, and earnest efforts, on the part of men, to understand the conduct, and to get at the secret of the universe. Hence there is no credulity, however blind; no superstition, however dark; no error, however misleading; no idolatry, however grotesque; no delusion, however visionary—that does not represent a phase in this effort of the human mind to gain more light upon the problems that are flung down in its path.—*Frothingham's Sectarian Spirit.*

TRANSPLANT yourselvs, for a moment, to the coast of Africa. What is that burden which yonder naked, dark-skinned savages are bearing down to the seashore? They hav slain a victim, a man, and now they heave it, throw it far out into the surf, and the cry from within is drowned by the gurgling of the waves. And that is an offering to the spirit of the waters, that he shall protect their fisheries.—*Felix Adler.*

THE conquest of Asia by European powers is in reality emancipation, and is the first step toward the establishment of oriental nationality. It is needless to say that Europe will never again engage in crusades to liberate servil populations; but the pride and ignorance of military despots will provoke foreign wars, which will prove fatal to their rule. Thus war will, for long years yet to come, be required to prepare the way for freedom and progress in the East; and in Europe itself it is not probable that war will ever absolutely cease until science discovers some destroying force, so simple in its admistration, so horrible in its effect, that all art, all gallantry will be at an end, and battles will be massacres which the feelings of mankind will be unable to endure.—*Reade's Martyrdom of Man.*

AS regards the two famous texts, "He that believeth not shall be damned," and "Blessed are they that hav not seen and yet believed," it will comfort those who wish to preserve their reverence for the character of a great teacher to remember that one of these sayings is in the well-known *forged* passage at the end of the second gospel, and that the other occurs only in the late and legendary fourth edition, both being described as being spoken under utterly impossible circumstances. There precepts belong to the church and not to the gospel. But whoever wrote either of them down as a deliverance of one whom he supposed to be a divine teacher, has thereby written down himself as a man void of intellectual honesty, as a man whose word cannot be trusted, as a man who would accept, and spread abroad, any kind of baseless fiction for fear of believing too little. —*Clifford's Ethics of Religion.*

WE should embrace Christianity even on prudential motivs, for a just and benevolent God will not punish an intellectual being for believing what there is no reason to believe; therefore we run no risk by receiving Christianity if it be false, but a dreadful risk by rejecting it if it be true.—*Colton's Lacon.* [Note.—Colton generally speaks sense and his *Lacon* is still worth reading; but in the above extract he drops the sincere and straightforward man and puts on the quibbling priest. As to Christianity, so far as you find it true, and there are many valuable truths in it and around it, defend it without fear or favor; and as to what is false in it, and in the course of eighteen centures it has contracted many falsehoods, speak out boldly and cast it from you. The idea of finding *safety* in pretending to believe, when you cannot attain the reality, is the most mean and cowardly cause that a man can pursue. Even Byron has recourse to the same mode of arguing, but he spoke *from the teeth outwards*, and if he had always spoken so, his name and fame would, by this time, hav been forgotten.—*Hylax.*]

Please cut this petition out, attach it to a blank sheet of paper, sign your name and address to it, get all your friends and neighbors to do the same, and then send it to this office.

A PETITION FOR STATE SECULARIZATION.

To the Honorable Senators and Members of the House of Representatives of the United States Congress:

A republican form of government being based on liberty, equality, and fraternity, as both means and end, involves the separation of Church and State, whose union is the worst form of class-legislation and the most infallible sign of arbitrary power. A house divided against itself cannot stand. The institutions of this Commonwealth should be made homogeneous throughout. Impartial protection of all citizens in their equal rights and liberties, by encouraging the free movement of mind, promotes the establishment of truth in whatever direction. Any infringement by government of this absolute equality of its citizens is the parent of manifold evil, a national crime committed against that natural "justice" which, as the Constitution declares, this government was founded to "establish."

And yet, though the first amendment to the Constitution of the United States says, "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof," there does exist a union of Church and State, which gives to Christianity moral and material aid, and so proscribes other religions and forms of belief and unbelief, while taxing these also for the support of that special religion.

The ways in which this old alliance between Church and State still survives among us are:

1. Recognition of God and Christianity in State Constitutions.
2. Exemption of Church property from taxation.
3. Appropriations of public money for sectarian purposes.
4. Religious exercises, as the reading of the Bible, etc., in the public schools.
5. Laws enforcing the observance of the Sabbath on the authority of the Bible.
6. Religious test-oaths in courts of justice and on instalment into office.
7. Chaplaincies in the Legislature, the Army, and the Navy.
8. Fast and Thanksgiving Proclamations, which contain theological ideas that may or may not be acceptable to the citizen.

The necessity for this separation of Church and State is more apparent now than ever before, because of the still greater diversity of religious beliefs, the many forms of dissent from the religion which receives State patronage, and the growing signs of sectarian strife and ambition in the arena of politics. And emphasis needs to be given to the fact that the union of Church and State is *a great hindrance to the employment of right methods* in dealing with many questions of reform now demanding attention. And most essential is it at all times, and especially in the present, in order to secure for the law its due respect and observance, that the people's representatives should exhibit the strictest fidelity to their trusts by following the law in its letter and spirit.

Your petitioners, therefore, pray that immediate action be taken by the law-making power to bring into harmony the theory and practice of our government in making the following principle a part of the fundamental law of the land by amendment to the United States Constitution:

The total separation of Church and State, by prohibiting Congress or any State, County, Municipality, or Township from enacting any law that favors religion in any of the eight ways specified, or in any other way, or prohibits the free exercise thereof.

THE TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL

—AND—

Freethinkers' Almanac for 1884

(E. M. 284.)

WITH EIGHTEEN FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS.

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Odds and Ends.

THEY don't say in Boston now, "I got the cart before the horse," but "I placed the articulated circumlocutory vehicle in precedence of the quadrupedal vertebrate."

"KISS Me as I Fall Asleep," is the title of the latest song. It is intended, we suppose, as a pointer for young men who take their girls to church Sunday evenings.

IN the blizzard country. Man, pointing musingly over the hills and far away: "Yes, I came West to look after my property. I am looking after it now. There go the house and barn."

"THE tenor of a Harlem church choir is named Batter. He can rise up to the highest notes without the least difficulty if the church is warm, but it stirs him all up for the ladies to spoon on him.

WHEN Barnum parades his white elephant out West, we advise him to hav a band precede it with the sacred air, "Yes, Whiter than Snow." This will establish confidence in that extremely moral community, and call out the full quota of church goers.

"PAP, how big was Adam when he was borned?" "He was a man and as large as a man when made." "Then he never didn't hav any boy fun, did he?" "No." "And right away got married?" "Yes." "Good golly! No wonder he never laughed none."

WHILE talking to a number of gentlemen, Mr. Beecher remarked: "I never speak of a country nor place authoritativly unless I hav previously been there." "How about that sermon of yours on hell?" asked the wag of the party. Mr. Beecher took water, while the rest of the boys called for a more popular beverage.

A WHITE squall caught a party of tourists moving across a lake and threatened to capsize the boat. When it seemed that the crisis had really come the largest and physically the strongest in the party in a state of intense fear said: "Let us pray!" "No, no, my man," shouted the bluff old boatman; "let the little man pray—you take the oar."

"Is there a dude club in this city?" asked a stranger, entering the editorial room. "There is," returned the editor, as he produced a toothpick from his pocket and laid it on the roll-top desk; "that's it, and the first dude that shows his head in this office will be brained with it." With a deep sigh the stranger turned and disappeared.

"I SEE Sommers has busted." "Yes; he's gone up." "Did he bust well." "I hav nothing to say about that." "What is your opinion of him anyway?" "Well, he being a member of my church and in good standing, my public opinion of course is that he's an honorable man, but my private opinion is that he's one of the grandest rascals out of the penitentiary."

THERE AGAIN.

The poet stood at the editor's door,
And nervously there did he knock;
He'd knocked at that door so often before
His rap did the editor shock.

"What! you here again?" as the door swung wide,
"And another poem, by jing!"
"Ah! yes; I am guility," the poet sighed.
"The subject?" "A Welcome to Spring."

"'SPACIALLY JIM."

I was mighty good-lookin' when I was young,
Peert, an' black-eyed, an' slim,
With fellers a-courtin' me Sunday nights,
'Spacially Jim!

The likeliest one of 'em all was he,
Chipper, an' han'som', an' trim,
But I tossed up my head an' made fun o' the crowd'
'Spacially Jim!

I said I hadn't no 'pinion o' men,
An' I wouldn't take stock in him!
But they kep' up a-comin' in spite o' my talk,
'Spacially Jim!

I got so tired o' havin' 'em roun'
('Spacially Jim!)
I made up my mind I'd settle down
An' take up with him.

So we was married one Sunday in church,
'Twas crowded full to the brim;
'Twas the only way to git rid of 'em all,
'Spacially Jim.

THE SUMMER GIRL.

In winter time you seldom meet,
'Mid society's gay whirl,
One half so natural and sweet
As the honest summer girl.

Her eyes now sparkle with good health
Her cheeks bloom like the rose,
But now she's got, alas! a wealth
Of freckles on her nose.

No paint nor powder there you'll find,
No nonsense in her talk,
All affectation's left behind
In the city of "New Yawk."

She now pronounces all her r's
As plain as you or I,
And she can climb the orchard bars,
And when she does—oh, my!

Her knowledge isn't now confined
To satin and to silk,
But in the country you will find
She knows good buttermilk.

She asks no longer for an ice,
As though she scarce could eat,
But here she calls for bacon twice
And other kinds of meat.

She's not afraid of fishing worms
That used to set her crazy,
But picks one up and as he squirms,
Exclaims: "Oh, what a daisy!"

But, take this maiden as you may,
She is a priceless pearl,
And though I like her anyway,
She's best as the summer girl.

THE TRUTH SEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

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Notes and Clippings.

THE revised Old Testament will be completed in July and published next autumn.

THERE are thirty-five Mormons and forty-four Gentiles confined at the Utah Penitentiary.

THE Boston *Watchman* says that within the last nine years nearly 800 churches hav been burnt in America.

A CHURCH of England divine has just published a biography of Judas Iscariot, intended as an apology for the famous traitor.

THE following question is to be wrestled with by a country debating society at its next session: If a Mormon has eight wives and buries one of them, how much of a widower does he become, if any?

A PETITION was presented the other day by certain distressed weavers in Madras to the governor of that province addressed: "To Almighty God, care of his Excellency the Governor of Madras."

A RELIGIOUS weekly tells "how to keep from going to sleep in church." One way is to change your minister; but the most effectiv way is to go fishing in the morning and remain home at night to rest.

MR. HERBERT SPENCER'S work on Education has lately been translated into Chinese, having already been translated into all the living languages of Europe, as well as into Japanese and Chinese and several of the vernacular languages of India.

THE recent Papal encyclical against the Freemasons is aimed at no less than 138,065 lodges throughout the world, with 14,160,543 members, whose annual receipts are estimated to amount to about 890,000,000, of which sum fully two-thirds are expended in charities.

AT a general conference of the M. E. church, in Philadelphia, last week, a motion permitting "females" to preach was lost by a vote of 126 to 222. If the sisters would avenge this insult, says the *Sunday Free Lance*, by withdrawing from the church in a body, it would collapse in a holy minute, and its preachers would be compelled to make an honest living by hard labor.

RHETORICIANS tell us, remarks *Scissors*, that the slang phrases and idiomatic expressions of one period become the language proper of the next. If this be true we can expect in the next revision of the Testament to find the story of Adam and Eve treated thus: "And the Lord grew hot under the collar at the manner in which they monkeyed around in the Garden of Eden, and he gave them the grand bounce."

"I DON'T like these comic operas," said Mrs. Prim to her husband, the deacon. "Why not?" inquired the deacon, as he got out his Sunday coat to attend the third consecutiv night. "Why, the ballet is rather too void of dress," answered his good wife. "Yes," replied the deacon, "but the music is so sweet. We must take the bitter with the sweet." "Yes," insinuated his wife, "some folks like lots of the bitter." And then she put on her bonnet to go with the deacon.

"I HES to call de 'tention ob de brudders an' sistahs ob dis congergation to de conterbution box. De total receets frum de las' collection 'mounted to seben cents, four buttons, and a piece ob shabin' soap. Now, if dar be any brudder ur sistah in dis congergation whut kin lib a week on dat sal'ry let de same stan' up. No pusson stan's up. Dat am evidence ye kain't. An' if yer want ter hole up der dignerty ob de true 'ligion, yers got ter 'crease de parsimony. De sabior hisse'f kain't lib on dat, less de chicken surplus twixt Sundays am mighty brisk."

THE Chicago *Times* publishes the following: "A man in Wilcox County, Ala., has a remarkable tree growing in his yard. It is of the China species, is ten feet in circumference, and its top has been blown away by a storm, but six and one-half feet up the trunk of this tree two more China-trees hav sprouted, taken root, and grown up as high as the old tree is; and just half a foot further up the trunk of the old original tree a peach-tree has taken root, grown up to fair dimensions, and is now filled with fruit. At another place there is a blackberry vine and also an elm bush, all in a flourishing condition."

THE march of what is called progress, remarks Mr. B. R. Tucker, starting from Europe and breaking up several peaceable nations en route, all for the glory of God and the elevation of humanity, has made nearly the compass of the earth and produced some results. The blessings of civilization and a horde of missionaries were foisted upon the unobtrusiv Japanese some years ago, and the other day arrived in this country a special embassy from Japan to examin the latest American improvements in deadly weapons. The highest civilization being that which employs the most effectiv applianees for committing wholesale murder, Ambrose Beirce remarks that "Japan is now taking the last step upward to the light, and on the muster-roll of cultivated Christian nations her name will soon be inscribed in as red blood as the best of them."

A STRANGE story is being circulated in Naples of an incident that occurred in the church of San Maggiore, where some priests of the so-called mission are preaching. The preacher of the evening had chosen for his theme the terrors of hell. The church was crowded. Near the pulpit stood a figure of the Madonna. All at once, in the middle of the sermon, the lights went out, and the figure of the Madonna disappeared. The priest, striking the desk with an iron chain, cried out: "We are falling into hell! Look, the Madonna has fled! Call on her; call, or woe to us!" The panic was universal; women fainted, children screamed, and there was a rush to the doors, which were found to be carefully closed. At last the police appeared on the scene, and got the doors opened, and the congregation escaped into the open air without injury, beyond a few bruises and the loss of various articles of wearing apparel.

THE young people of Norwich, Conn., are making serious innovations in the old and established usages in church worship of that old city. In fact, it is dangerous to attend church service and attempt to enjoy it by indulging in the time-honored snooze. Recently one of the good deacons went to sleep, and on waking found that a boy had cut all the buttons off his coat. Another good deacon who was enjoying his customary nap with his mouth wide open, to drink in, as it were, all the good things, came near bei n choked to death by a gum drop which one of the girls in the choir dropped through his mouth into his throat, while another was aroused by a lot of spit balls hitting him on his bald head. And all this occurred in one Sunday morning. These things are regarded by some people as indecorous, but the fact probably is that they are only virtuous attempts to revolutionize church service in accordance with modern religious progress.

A COLORADO farmer having been to a revival meeting, felt very religious, and as they were entertaining some city friends he thought the proper thing to do would be to hav morning prayers. So the household were assembled, and he began by reading a chapter in the Bible; then he requested them to kneel while he made a prayer. He commenced. Ten minutes passed, twenty, then half an hour. The listeners began to grow restless, but still he prayed with unabated vigor, with no sign of a termination. His wife was in despair; all the farm work had yet to be done, beside the house work, and she felt sure the kitchen fire would be out and their chance of dinner slim indeed. She was perfectly in accordance with his wish for morning prayers, but to hav them continued all day seemed literally too much of a good thing. At length, unable to endure it longer, she leaned over and whispered to him: "John, don't you think you hav prayed long enough?" "Yes," he replied, "but I don't know how to wind the damn thing up!"

THE case of Mrs. Mordecai, a gentlewoman of Baltimore, who became violently insane in church during the service on a recent Sunday evening, was made the more shocking to her friends by the suddenness with which the malady appeared, and the absence of previous suspicion of danger. In this case the trouble is thought to be accounted for by the fact that the victim had been exposed to the direct rays of the sun for several hours a day or two before the attack; but cases of the kind are not rare, even where no such explanation exists. Maudsley and other writers record many instances, and a curiously sad one occurred some years ago in South Carolina. A distinguished clergyman of that state went wildly mad between the reading of his text and the beginning of his sermon. He was removed to a hospital, treated for the disease, and restored to apparently perfect mental health. After a considerable period, he undertook to preach again in the pulpit in which his attack had occurred, and again between the text and the sermon he became a madman —that time beyond hope of cure.

AMONG the first Confederate troops that went out from Arkansaw, relates the *Arkansaw Traveler*, was Parson Geesmore, who enlisted as a chaplain. He was a devout Christian, and his prayers were regarded by the men as utterances from a higher power. Just before the battle of Jenkins' Ferry, the old man in a sermon, said: "My dear boys, I hav decided to go into the next fight with you. I don't think a man can properly preach about the evils and sensations of war unless he has experienced the feeling of going into battle. Now, the next fight in which we engage shall hav me numbered among its participants." The old gentleman rode a large gray horse, and when preparations for the battle of Jenkins' Ferry were being made, he appeared on his snowy charger. Some of the officers begged him to keep out of danger, but with an expression of heroism he replied that he would engage in the battle. The first artillery fire from the enemy shot the horse from under the old gentleman, and by the time he settled himself on his feet a bullet came along and took off one of his fingers. He attempted to be calm, but just then a ball carried away the right thumb, and, wheeling around, the old man struck a determined trot for the rear. "Hold on, parson," called some one. "Hold on hell!" he replied. "Ask a man to hold on when the whole damned universe is shooting at him. Take care of your body and the Lord will take care of your soul."

JOE COOK'S faculty for making himself disagreeable seems to improve with age. The Lansing *Telegram* relates this incident: On Tuesday morning, as one of Porter & Goodrich's hacks was on its way to the L. S. & M. S. depot, a traveling man with a heavy "grip" hailed the driver and told him he would ride. He had a freshly-lighted cigar in his mouth, and as he went toward the hack its occupant notified him that a smoker could not ride with him. Politely tossing the cigar aside, he approached the hack, but the occupant again informed him that he could not ride with him, that he had hired that hack. The man of the "grip" without reply told the driver to go ahead. Arrived at the depot, the aristocratic passenger tendered half a dollar as his fare, but the driver told him it was, in this case, a dollar; that he could ride anywhere in the city for twenty-five cents, but if he hired the hack all for himself the fare was a dollar. The vituperation and loud abuse that flowed from that man's tongue is almost beyond belief. "Liar," "thief," etc., with the usual stock expressions of a blackguard, flew thick and fast. The station agent, hearing the altercation and knowing his duty as an officer of the law, put in his appearance and demanded to know the cause thereof. The autocrat of billingsgate vented his vials of wrath and ugly spleen on him in terms not fit for publication, but was finally obliged to listen to our "Mack" long enough to be convinced that he must both keep still and pay the dollar demanded. With many threats that he would report Mack as in league with liars and thieves, he departed. This was the Rev. Joseph Cook, of Boston.

News of the Week.

FIFTY thousand persons visited Coney Island last Sunday.

R. B. HAYES, ex-president, announces that he will vote for Blaine.

ISAAC DAVIDS, clothier, sold a pair of trousers last Sunday and was arrested for violation of law. This in the nineteenth century.

THE pope has directed that a special commission of cardinals prepare a protest to French Catholics on the subject of the divorce laws.

GEN. GRANT has severed his connection with Parson Newman's church. This is an event upon which it is thought both the church and the general can be felicitated.

THE annual gathering of the Baptists has just been held at Detroit, Mich. They report that large sums of money hav been raised, but not sufficient to stem the tide of unbelief that is washing away religious landmarks.

THE Salvation Army was treated as a nuisance by the police of Cleveland, Ohio, and its members were arrested accordingly. In London, Ont., five members were arrested and fined for disturbing the public peace.

THE English police say that certain dynamite conspirators they thought had fled the country are still hiding in London, they hav reason to believe. The government has drawn the attention of the French authorities to dynamiters in Paris.

MOODY and Sankey hav been invited by the evangelical Christians of India to visit that country in the interest of the variety of superstition represented by those revivalists. The many converts to Buddhism made by Col. Olcott and Madam Blavatsky hav alarmed the Christians and led to this step.

THE Rev. Henry Kimball preached a gospel-temperance sermon on the city hall steps in New York last Sunday. A park policeman of German extraction remarked as follows: "Dot beesness is a skin vrom the wort it goes. Efery man at dot dembrance sermon vas droonk, und der oder half vas pickpoggets."

FATHER DUCEY, the priest who ran away with Eno, the bank president, faced his congregation again last Sunday, and read from the Bible, "Judge not that ye be not judged." Mr. Ducey is in a position that certainly requires the exercise of great charity to absolve him from the suspicion of complicity in a serious crime.

THE Rev. Mr. Simpson, of this city, said in a sermon last Sunday: "I would that a great shrinkage in the nominal membership of the Christian church all over the world might take place and millions be reduced to a few thousands who believe in Christ with all their hearts." This is a consummation not altogether to be dreaded. Mr. Simpson believes that the age of miracles will return. It is evident that the age of misguided enthusiasts is already here.

THE Republicans in Convention at Chicago last Friday nominated James G. Blaine, of Maine, and John A. Logan, of Illinois, for president and vice-president of the United States. Blaine won on the fourth ballot, receiving 411 votes against 207 for Chester A. Arthur. His nomination was then made unanimous. Logan was nominated by acclamation. Blaine is 54 years old, and is a man of great ability, but it is alleged that his public record is cloudy. He was born in Pennsylvania, and is a member of the orthodox Congregational church. Logan's age is 58. He has a good war record as a general in the Union army. He was formerly a Democrat. The result of the Convention is a disappointment to many Republicans and a cause of jubilation with others. It is noticeable that few of the prominent Republicans were present and the candidates were feebly presented and supported. No words was spoken that will liv in history like those of Col. Ingersoll in 1876, when, in a magnificent speech, he presented Mr. Blaine as the Plumed Knight.

Decoration Day.

The New Festival of the Dead.

PROCEEDINGS BEFORE THE 342D MEETING OF THE LIBERAL CLUB.

The Decoration Day services at the Liberal Club were held at 220 East Fifteenth street on the evening of that anniversary. The platform was bright with flowers. Mr. Samuel P. Putnam presided, introduc- first Miss Adelina Peters, who performed a solo on the piano, and Mrs. McCune and Mr. Houghton, who sang a duet. Mr. Putnam then read the following

DECORATION DAY POEM.

Nature forever flings its flowers where darkest places are;
Its wealth of life blooms over death, and givs to night its star;
Its heart of fire breaks forth in joy, and flames a deathless glow,
And summer's promis haunts the sense o'er winter's bleakest snow.

To-day the roses fill the air, and over all the graves,
Like a bright ocean, surge and rest in many-colored waves.
The soft winds sing in triumph as they touch the petals fair,
For 'tis the garniture of life that glows resplendent there.

For death is life in other form; it is not nothingness;
It is a change, we know not what, nor thought can ever guess
What it may be beyond the range of what we know to-day,
But what has lived forever livs in being's endless play.

The living present holds the fruit of what far years hav cast,
The stream of time is rich to-day with heartbeats of the past.
The flowers we giv are nurtured by the blood our fathers shed,
Their deeds are wrought into the light that shines above our head.

We backward look for one glad hour, and pour our service sweet,
And beams of hope are gathered from memory's crowned seat;
The crystal yesterday contains the flash of heavens to be,
The coffined dust dissolves and sweeps into morn's golden sea.

O beauteous flowers! ye still convey the secret joy of earth,
O'er the sad portals still ye write of new and wondrous birth;
Ye are the language of the sky, jeweled along the sod,
Raying from every darksome spot message of life abroad.

O crown of death! and wreath of life, brief glory of the year,
Nature's eternal gospel, too, beyond the senses' sphere;
For still your vanishing hues do tell of that which dieth not,
Your very briefness is the grace whence noblest faith is taught.

Then cover all the graves with flowers, oh, cover them deep and sweet;
Fling roses, lilies, violets, and make the gift complete,
Till the past shall shine with glory, like a morning on our way,
And make the present vivid with love's immortal ray.

Then into the glowing future we pass to grander scope,
While all the flowers of earth become like glittering wings of hope.
The gifts we giv the dead to-day become to-morrow's fire,
By which we still press on, achieve, and conquer, and aspire.

Another piano solo, rendered by Miss Stivers, and a song sung by Mrs. McCune, were succeeded by an address by T. B. Wakeman on "The 'Dead Past' Not Dead." He spoke as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN: Perhaps the principal objections to Liberalism, on the part of those who know little or nothing of it, are summed up in the charge that it is a wild insurrection against the Past which strikes down all motiv for the Present and all hope for the Future.

This notion is essentially false. It arises wholly from the unscientific views of the Past, and its relation to the Present and the Future, which hav come down to us from the old Theological and Metaphysical views of the world, and which are found to be chiefly illusions.

Under all forms of Theology, for example, the Past dominated all there was of human life and hope by sheer authority of tradition or revelation which claimed to be the voice of God. The Past was the supreme influence, the realm from whence issued the power of a mighty Priesthood, binding the Present and Future in bonds stronger than iron; for they reached not only the bodies but to the very souls of men.

Modern Progress, under the general name of Liberalism, has justly rebelled against this false view, this limitation, of the Past, unsustained as it is by facts and evidence, and which is now seen to be the father of most of the evils and curses which afflict the human family. Against such an iron-bound and binding tyranny of the Past, let us rejoice that Liberalism has brought relief by a decisiv and victorious insurrection, which givs us light, liberty, and growth. Nor is the Metaphysical view of the Past much better; under that solution of the world, the Past was the mother of all of those so-called "first principles" which were assumed as the foundation of all right and wrong, of Nature, and of Law, under which the lot and fate of Man on earth must be dominated. To these abstract unverified principles every part of the Present and Future was supposed to be eternally subject. Philosophical schools of ideologists, under this view of the world, took the place of the Priests of Theology and enslaved us in the name of ideas and abstract notions in the place of the revealed commands of the gods, as of old.

Thus both of the dominant solutions of the world prior to science, that of the gods and that of ideas, has enthroned the Past as a tyrant, and made the Present and the Future merely its annexed and conquered provinces, to be considered of value and to be administered only under the dark shadow and the iron, unchanging, unprogressiv empire of the dead. Right well, therefore, has our American Longfellow, in his noble "Psalm of Life," protested against this view, and sung:

"Trust no future, howe'er pleasant,
Let the dead past bury its dead,
Act, act in the living present,
Heart within and God o'erhead."

The true view is that the past, present, and future are immense and equally important grand divisions of the mighty unity of human existence. Each is unintelligible without the others. But modern Liberals hav done well in laying emphasis upon the Present in view of the greater emphasis which has been heretofore given to the Past and Future by theology, often reducing the Present to a mere preparation for them, a vale of humiliation, a valley of tears, a pendulum between the Dead Past and a Life hereafter. In that view it was a great victory to discover that our Life was something in and of itself, that the chief object of life was to liv, and that this sun and star lit Hall of Earth, revealed to us by glimpses of the sun, had a meaning than which nothing can be more sacred, solemn, or touching. Why thou "revisit'st the glimpses of the moon?" is Shakspere's soul-touching query to the ghost. But these, our days, are the glimpses of the sun shining down upon us through the mighty chasm of the Present, walled in, as it appeared, on either side by those mighty, unchangeable, adamantine walls of time, known to us as the Past and the Future. Through that chasm of the Present, as through a rampart breach, the whole human race rises each day and charges on in the struggle for existence, and always with assurance of certain death. Such is the picture the great German poet-sage, Goethe, has given of the tragedy of human life. His little verse suggesting it will haunt for years whoever grasps its meaning:

Eine Bresche ist jeder Tag,	A new-made breach is every day,
Die viele Menschen erstuer- men.	Which many men are storming;
War auch in die Luecke fallen mag,	Let fall in the gap whoever may,
Die Todten sich niemals thuer- men.	Of the dead no heap is forming.

What a picture, what a vision is this of human life, considered as a mighty tragedy! But why are the dead not forming? Why is the gap never filled with the dead?

Science with it last solving word answers. That word is *Evolution*, and it, as with a magic wand, transforms and annexes the Past and the Future to us, to the Present, in a grand continuity of natural sequence and law. It shows us how we arise out of the Past, as the realm generativ of all things, and how we pass on to the Future, the home of all, and what we call the Present is the few moments of consciousness, when in the transition we pass the glimpses of the sun, like motes dancing in a sunbeam of the darkened room of existence. Under the lessons of Evolution these three mighty realms of existence cease to be tyrannies dominating each other, but are reconciled as indispensable parts of one grand continuity of memory, activity, and hope. The dead do not form as they fall, for they pass into and become parts of the wall on either side, and so make the new day ever possible.

Without the Past no Present could be, and without a knowledge of the Past, no Present is intelligible, no Future is possible or worthy of hope. Right well, therefore, has you Committee ordered that on this occasion the Past should be considered as the foundation of the Present and the Future in a Trilogy of addresses, as the Greeks used to present Prometheus as one Tragedy in there parts. He who follows me [Mr. Dawson] shall speak of the Living Present, and then Mr. Andrews shall properly close with the Ideal Future.

Spiritual things can only be discerned by Symbols. Let our old Scandinavian Symbol of the Tree *Igdrasil*, the Tree of Life, which was their deep-meaning solution of the world, come before you now and fix in your minds and hearts the lesson that evolution givs of the new view of the continuity of these three mighty realms of time.

Of this Tree of Existence, of time itself, the roots are indeed buried in the realm of the dead, the Past, and hidden from our eye, yet from thence came all there is of life. The trunk, which symbols the Present with all its strength and utilities, grows from them, is impossible and unintelligible without them. Hence arises the glorious Future, the head or full-top of the tree, with its leaves, flowers, and fruits expanding into the boundless hereafter of aspiration, liberty, and hope. This symbol, Tree of Life, is one of the oldest and yet one of the truest pictures of existence. Under Evolution it is more than ever fruitful in lessons and admonitions. Truly, as Goethe said:

"Would'st know the highest, the best?
The tree [this Tree] shall teach it thee.
What that unconsciously is,
Consciously be thou—that is all!"

The first lesson is, that we must accept the Past, not as of old, a Tyrant, but as our Parent, venerable, venerated, beloved, immortal, indispensable. Therein must lie our ever-continuing roots of life. The Present is but the surface of the Past. The Present has no meaning, except as by the eye of law we retrace the vistas of memory, and learn how we came to be as we are, and thence learn the true prophecy and hope of the Future. The realm of the dead is the earnest and the foundation of life, without which it were not, and without the knowledge of which, life itself is but an idle and foolish moment of sensation; a thoughtless bubble floating a moment on the infinit sea of the unknown, then gone forever. Our sublime democratic Poet-Loafer ("I loafe and invite my soul," he says) has given us an estimate of this lesson of the Past, which we should heed. We must get the Past in true perspectiv, and never over-rate it in any talk about Greece, and Rome, and the old "art-masters," etc., as I hav so often heard done even in this club. All the Past's triumphs hav only a historical value, and are steps to the Present, and are always less than the Present when truly seen, as the Brooklyn Bridge is greater than the Pyramids. But now hear Whitman:

"I conned old times,
I sat studying at the feet of the great masters;
Now, if eligible, oh, that the great masters might return and study me!

Dead poets, philosophs, priests,
Martyrs, artists, inventors, governments long since,
Language-shapers, on other shores,
Nations once powerful, now reduced, withdrawn, or desolate,
I dare not proceed till I respectfully credit what you hav left, wafted hither,
I hav perused it; I own it is admirable;
I think nothing can ever be greater—nothing can ever deserve more than it deserves;
I regard it all intently a long while,
Then take my place for good with my own day and race here.

Creeds and schools in abeyance,
Retiring back awhile, sufficed at what they are, but never forgotten,
With accumulations, now coming forward in front,
Arrived again, I harbor, for good or bad—I permit to speak,
Nature, without check, with original energy.

In the name of these states, shall I scorn the antique?
Why, these are the children of the antique, to justify it."

Then is it well that as Liberals and as Republicans we assemble to honor this New Festival of the Dead who hav died for us. For the dead are those who people the Past; from thence, from their urns, they rule us with their mighty scepters of thought. They only giv continuance to time, and enable us to enlarge our existence.

The next lesson is that as Liberals we greatly need to deepen our knowledge of the Past, and our feelings of devotion in reference to it. Education, culture, development, or as our German friend (Dr. Carus) said in his lecture before us last Friday, our up-building *(Bildung)* must come from a better knowledge of the Past. All true education, like true charity, begins at home—is, in a word, always self education. Let us then, as Gothe admonished, ever keep some of the great works of the Past in literature, art, and history before us. Let us consult them, and breathe their atmosphere daily, if even for a few minutes only. Let us in that way learn to calculate the latitude and longtitude of the Present historically as evolutionists, and know our position as children of the Past, and as heirs of time, which is our own seed-field.

Thus we should be prepared to honor, as this day we are called to do, those who hav fallen in the great struggle that has made our land free. Too soon is it, perhaps, to see and honor them rightly for the priceless treasures which their blood and toil hav secured. Only succeeding generations who become aware of the beneficent consequences can do that. But we can inaugurate the day, and strew their graves with flowers. We can rescue their memories and their sacrifices from ever encroaching oblivion and send them down the stream of time to a distant future who shall appreciate, and whose appreciation shall form at once a heaven and an immortality to those who hav made it possible.

Nor to the victors only let us be grateful. They hav risen high, because they had noble opponents. The lever avails only because of its fulcrum—only the conquered could lift aloft the conquerors. It is a shallow philosophy and a narrow view of life which says only to the beaten, "*Væ victis!* Woe to the conquered." "When some time be passed over," as Bacon says, we must say, "Glory to the conquered; to the lost cause!" That cause must hav been great and strong to hav made the better cause greater and stronger. Thus ever has Humanity grown by and from its victories. But more than that. The lost cause always has an equity and an element of good, "a spirit of good in things evil," or it never could hav been striven and died for by great, honest, and earnest men. When the excitement of the hour passes, the first duty of the victors is to inquire for and to recognize that good which may else be lost. Ever will it be found that the lost cause has made a mistake only in its emphasis, or way of reading the lesson of the time. All that they struggled and died for has its side of truth, which must be recognized and incorporated, in due perspectiv, in the historical progress of the race. In our own land let us cheerfully recognize it. State rights must balance, but not overthrow, the general Union of States and people. Slavery, to which evolution shows we owe civilization itself, teaches devotion of the weak to the strong, and of the strong to the weak. That devotion was defeated when the laborer became a chattel, and not less so will it be defeated in keeping him as a wage serf.

True perspectiv sees all the religions, revolutions, and institutions of the past as steps of progress. Thus our Republic must gather the spirit and substance of good from things evil with noble devotion and impartiality. For all which time has begotten or may beget are needed in our great Republic as parts thereof. Indeed, of the whole world it may be said that all the parts are needed and must be co-ordinated and molded into a higher unity, the Republic of Man, for all are children of the great Humanity which in proper time and place hath had or will hav need of them all.

THE LIVING PRESENT.

A song by Mr. Houghton intervened, and Mr. Andrew H. H. Dawson followed. He said:

MR. CHAIRMAN AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: When I entered this hall this evening, I did not know on what subject I would be expected to address you. The invitation I received requested me to appear here, on the evening of Decoration Day, and participate in the exercises of the club, as one of three speakers. I only glanced at the note, but supposing of course that it was to celebrate this day, I immediately replied that I would do so, and went on to say that I felt that there could be no question of the propriety of my taking part in such a celebration, and I will now proceed to giv the reasons why I said so.

On the 6th day of October, 1866, there was assembled in the Brooklyn Academy of Music as brilliant an audience as ever challenged the composure of a public speaker. It was a mass meeting called to ratify the nomination of John T. Hoffman as the candidate of the Democratic party for governor. He was to speak himself, and did. The war was just over, the reconciliation of the sections was one of the great objects of the Democratic party, and its leaders there felt that it would be a practical stroke of policy to secure a speaker from the South for that occasion, and I was selected; and I now ask your permission to read to you what I said in the conclusion of that speech, as you can but find it appropriate to this occasion:

"The South was not the only sufferer in the war. The North lost many of her bravest and her noblest sons. Even amid the storm of battle, death seemed ever aiming his fatal shafts at bright marks. Therefore, let the North and South meet as friends in affliction, having common griefs—sacred sorrows. Let us consign to oblivion's fathomless gulf the trials and troubles, hatreds and horrors of the past, and let us teach our lips the language of love toward each other. Let us recur as seldom as possible to distasteful and disagreeable themes, and let our allusions to the fallen, on the one side and on the other, be always respectful and kind. Every man who fell fighting, where his conscience told him duty called him, won a name that generations yet to be born must rise up and honor; and let us never desecrate the ashes of these brave martyrs by the rude trampling of unholy feet.

'On Fame's eternal camping-ground,
Their silent tents are spread;
Let Glory guard with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.'

"Woman is earth's angel. She is the morning star of man's infancy, the day star of his manhood, and the evening star of his old age. This is her golden opportunity to play an angel's part in her country's salvation. Let but the daughters of the North and the daughters of the South meet with their floral offerings annually, on some great memorial day, on the field where our heroes 'sleep their last sleep,' and let their flowers mingle their fragrance as their tears fall together upon the lowly pillows of the loved and lost. Let them kneel together there, and let their prayers for the welfare of our common country rise, as it were, on the wings of the same breath, and soar to heaven; angels will be in waiting at the portals of the skies to bear them to the footstool of the great white throne; and the God of our country will hear and answer them; fraternal feeling will revisit this riven land; man will recognize again in man his brother; sectional prejudice will pass gradually away; radicalism will receive the rebuke it deserves, and peace and prosperity, harmony and happiness, will crown a national glory and grandeur without a parallel in the annals of ages."

This, ladies and gentlemen, is the first suggestion that ever was made, or certainly ever then had been published, of the day we are here to celebrate. This speech was reproduced by the press in every state in the Union, and this suggestion of a Memorial Day was universally approved, and that universal approval has culminated in a legal holiday; and I trust that

the members of this club will do one of their own members the justice to attribute an allusion to its origin less to a desire to be egotistical than simply to mention a fact with which vanity should hav less to do than justice.

But I am expected to address you on the "Living Present," and I am called upon to do so when I hav made no preparation for anything of the kind, and must follow one of the profoundest thinkers of this age, who has just entertained you with a dissertation upon the mighty past, sustaining his well-deserved reputation for eloquence, and an eloquence, by the way, that is always instructiv.

It happens to be true, however, that very little preparation is necessary to talk for fifteen minutes about the "Living Present." No man could hav lived sixty-five years in this world, as I hav, without having been well posted by his observations upon the subject of the "Living Present." I deny that even the past is dead. I insist it still livs, and must continue to liv while time lasts, as an instructor of the present and the future; and if the past still livs, certainly the present cannot be dead. Within the space of fifteen minutes I could hardly make an invoice of the facts which prove this to be, to all intents and purposes, a living age. I would not hav to go out of this great city, where the energy of life is illustrated in so many forms and phases, such heaving throbs of power and of progress, such wonderful achievements in the arts, sciences, professions, and vocations of every description, and above all, in the onward and upward march of the catholicity of concession, the resignation of superstition to the necessity of listening with patience to bold expressions of independent thought, of conscientious convictions, of newer, brighter, and broader views of life, of duty, and of destiny, than hav heretofore circumscribed discussion, proscribed enlightenment, and fostered bigotry, arrogance, and ignorance.

I agree with no member of this club in his views, perhaps, about anything, except the right of every man to the untrammeled privilege of thought, feeling, and speech so long as they do not insult the feelings or injure the rights of his fellow-men. I can neither run with the hounds of orthodoxy nor hold with the hares of Infidelity, but I can differ with each respectfully, yea, deferentially, for there can be nothing more uncertain than what is the exact truth as long as it is insusceptible of practical demonstration, and there is no sign of the times that furnishes more grateful evidence that this is a living age than the strides which popular sentiment is daily making onward and upward in the new-found patience of toleration.

One peculiarity about the present is its fore-doomed fate to become the past, which is equally true of the future. Hence one of the missions of the present should be to furnish instruction to the future, when it shall become the past, in order that it may inspire the future to emulate its example in such usefulness when it, too, in the eternal progress of years, shall hav become the past. One of the fatal curses of the present is the defectiv and incomplete systems of education with which it is handicapped. Man is born with the shackles of passion upon him. He is the hereditary slave of avarice, of malice, of jealousy, of vanity, of ambition, and of envy, and his education is incomplete as long as it leaves him under the control of these wicked and wayward passions, the moral effect of which is painfully illustrated in the recent revelations made in Wall street, where it would seem that a man who had won an immortal name by his genius as a soldier, and had woven around him the love of a great people by his services as a patriot, and had challenged the admiration of all mankind, and had been rewarded, not only with the gratitude of his own country, but with the respect of the rulers of the world, could consent, after having tasted of power, after having acquired a splendid fortune, could not yet be satisfied, but had to stoop to the dirty business of increasing his wealth by giving, over his own signature, permission to a reckless adventurer to utilize his fame and his influence in business transactions that were covered all over with the leprosy of fraud. What will the future think of this? Point me to a spectacle, if you can, in the past, of a similar character, any more degrading. The great question is, What should the present do about it—the living present? It is by no means certain, my friends, that we can afford to congratulate the present on all of the life that animates it. We hav made progress, it is true, but it is not true that this progress has brought us nearer to God—has discovered anything whatever in the resources of man to establish any firmer and better governments than we hav had in the past. We may hav greater institutions of learning than we hav ever had before, more and better hospitals and benevolent institutions, and may be doing a greater amount of good than ever was done before—all this may be true, without its being true that we hav made the progress we should hav made in the moral world, in the higher missions of humanity, and in the spheres of practical usefulness. The same wickedness is here that provoked the flood. The same trick Jacob played sticking those reeds by the side of the brook is being played in a thousand forms on each revolving day we liv, and, strange to say, the success of all manner of frauds seems to be regarded as one of the signs of the life of the present. Exactly what most distinguishes this age is not free from doubt. It might be called, and probably will be by some historians, an age of inventions and discoveries. Another class of thinkers may characterize it as an age of accidents; and as most of those accidents hav been the results of greed and carelessness, it might safely be christened as an age of negligence and of cupidity. Beyond a doubt it is a living age, and I commit it to you, and you to it, with an admonition to watch it, study it, and do all you can to improve it.

Mr. Courtlandt Palmer, recited his poem, published some time since, entitled, "The New Born Soul."

THE IDEAL FUTURE.

Stephen Pearl Andrews said:

I am expected, here to-night, to take the deep and broad foundation which has been sunk by Mr. Wakeman, and the staid and elegant edifice which has been erected on that foundation by Mr. Dawson, and to put on the dome, and the cornices, and the friezes; to complete the general external decoration; to hang out a few banners flying in the wind, and so, in a loftier and more aerial way, to finish up their work. I might, in the first place, take issue with a concluding remark which fell from Mr. Dawson, to the effect that my task must be the most difficult one, inasmuch as it is impossible to *know* the future. In the first place, I might take direct issue by averring that, on the contrary, it is quite possible to prognosticate the future, and in many respects with absolute certainty. The aim and crowning glory of science is prevision. Science is the true prophet, who foretells, within his own limits, with undeviating certainty. The old religious prophets spoke with such dubious vagueness that the world has been puzzled ever since to know when and how and if their foretellings hav been fulfilled; but when science foretells an eclipse the whole world knows that without fail the event will occur at the very moment indicated.

Or I might take indirect issue with Mr. Dawson's remark, and say that for the very reason that the future is in great part unknowable it is all the more easy to plunge into it through the imagination unrestricted by the severities of history, as in the case of the past, or of extant observation, as in the case of the present. At all events, I feel very free here to-night to draw upon imagination. I am not here by my own election. I hav been drafted into this service. My subject has been assigned to me, and it is "The *Ideal* Future." I am not, therefore, held to scientific certainty, or even to scientific probability. By placing me here on this platform with such a subject and no limitations you hav taken the cap off, or drawn the cork, which might hav repressed the exuberance of my idealization and held me nearer to the track of sober reality. I therefore put the responsibility upon you for whatever I may say or suggest. I hav often talked in this club almost as much under the felt necessity of repressing my ideas as under the impulse to express them; but to-night I am emancipated. I hav the whole broad future and all its possibilities as my subject, and, as I hav said, you must take your risk of listening to things extravagant. The word "extravagant" means *extravagant*, or extra-wandering. And the ideal future is exactly the domain which admits of and provokes the utmost *extra-vagance*.

First let us glance at the ordinary industrial and political conditions in the world as they are certain to be in the immediate or not distant future by simply following on in the track of what now is. Mr. Dawson has given us a strong outline view of the immense business energy of those social forces which are now at work developing the fortunes of humanity. It is as certain as any thing under the sun that these forces will continue to operate to-morrow as they are operating to-day and as they did operate yesterday, only with immensely larger display of power, and correspondingly greater achievements. Our emphatic and peculiar present is sure to be the precursor upon the same lines of action of a still more emphatic and peculiar future. In another twenty-five, fifty, one hundred, two hundred years, this whole world is destined to be flooded by an accession of material wealth. This is the age of mechanics, of chemistry applied in the arts, and of rapid and all-sided invention. All these are new and extraordinary forces which hav sprung up in the world in the last century, and hav only begun as it were to-day, to produce their results. All of them are developing and strengthening with an accelerated ratio. The world will be in a few years glutted, as it were, with production. Prices will decrease on all hands to the verge of the labor cost, and commodities will so abound that wealth will tire of the effort of exclusiv possession. Equitable distribution will be in part devised and will in part force itself upon the world as inevitable. Mankind will thus hav come into the inheritance of a true commonwealth. Poverty is as certain to be abolished in the future as slavery was to be so in the past. All men will be rich as the natural and proper corollary of the freedom of all.

In the political arena the whole world is inevitably to become virtually one nation under some form or other of governmental adjustment. The nations of this world are to-day in the same situation relativly to each other that the American colonies were at the close of the Revolutionary war—feeling their way toward some sort of transitional confederation, which will then in turn merge into a universal nationality.

In the mean time the religions of the world will hav gone through that immense and destructiv criticism which they are in the midst of now; and so much of religious sentiment and expression as shall survive the ordeal will hav consolidated itself into the one universal religion of humanity and the world.

The manners and customs of the world will hav become assimilated and unified on the one hand, while yet admitting of an immensely greater freedom of fashion and individual peculiarity on the other.

Meantime the languages of the world will undergo a similar transmutation. In any event the world must and will hav some universal form of speech. If things were to go on in the merely naturismal order, the new language of the planet would probably be English, on account of its commercial supremacy, gradually drawing into itself, and smelting with its own substance, something from each of all the languages of the world. But opportunely, or just at the right "nick of time," Alwato—the new, scientific, universal language—is discovered, and will come in, first, for the technicality of all the sciences; second, as a general medium of communication among those speaking different languages; and thirdly and ultimately, as the true vernacular of the planet, transcending in excellence all extant languages as much as the railroad transcends the common country road.

Recurring to the political aspects of the future, four great political parties will speedily come to compass the whole earth. Two of these will be parties based upon compulsion, or the power of coercion, and two of them will be based upon the idea of freedom. The two compulsory political parties of the world will be the plutocracy, or the government of wealth, or the rich men, as it is now being rapidly developed in all civilized countries, and which is substantially identical with the *laissez faire* doctrin of the political economists, Mr. Spencer included; and State Socialism, which will be the transmuted politarchy; politics and government made Socialistic and paternal over the manifold interests of the people.

While these two compulsory and antagonistic forms of the governmental idea will, from now on, be rapidly growing and becoming more and more opposed, and yet more and more cooperativ in constraining the freedom of the individual, the other two social, civic, and semi-political parties, based upon the idea of freedom, will be, in like manner, gaining their seemingly separate and antagonistic, but really co-operativ and unifying, development. These are Divergent Individualism, called technically Anarchism, which simply strives to throw off all governmental control, to relegate the management of all human affairs to the pure, unorganized, unregulated spontaneity of the people themselvs; and Convergent Individualism, technically called Pantarchism, which looks to the voluntary, intelligent, and scientific organization of all human affairs on the basis of a Divergent Individualism already achieved, and which can, therefore, be no other than the orchestration and guided spontaneity of a social world functionating in freedom.

In order that the Pantarchal idea of the future of the planet be realized, other conditions and changes than those called political must hav ensued. It is requisit not only that Universology should be known as a basis and guide, and that Alwato should begin to prevail, not only that all the sciences should be more and more developed and diffused through education, but also that a certain specific change should hav taken place in the minds and characters of men and women themselvs, which cannot, perhaps, be so well described in any other terms as by employing Swedenborg's phrase, "The Opening of the Internal or Spiritual Senses." I will make obvious to you what is meant by this human phenomenon. If an individual with whom the material vision is alone open and ever so acute looks out upon this audience, for example, he simply sees the physical attributes of a certain number of men and women. They are so tall, and so large, so many blonde and so many brunet, with such and such features and dress. He might take the most minute inventory of us all in that sense, and yet see and know nothing more of us whatsoever. If, on the other hand, a person who in addition to all this had his spiritual vision opened were to look out upon this audience, he would take in at once the character of the audience and of individuals in the audience: he would see whether we were intelligent or ignorant, whether we we were practical or cranky, or wise or foolish, generous and noble, or mean and contemptible; he would, in a word, sample us by a simple outlook as rapidly and certainly as a paper merchant would sample varieties of paper, or a clothier different kinds of cloth. So if his internal or spiritual hearing were opened, all this, and a thousand deep things of our natures, would be revealed to him by the tones of our voices so soon as we should speak, and if his internal sense of touch were opened, if he shook hands with any of us, he would know by the feel of the skin, or by subtle emanations from the body of which other men are totally ignorant, a thousand particulars of our spiritual quality and personalities. A world full of people thus ripened in their perceptions would know their true leaders.

Of these subtle powers animals hav much, children hav much, women more than men, and Spiritualists, mediums, and sensitivs more than ordinary people. Just now, however, these occult faculties are being rapidly developed in the world. The world is ripening like a peach. The finer kind of human faculty is rapidly developing. The peach does not ripen suddenly all over. It begins at the point most exposed to the sun, but the new conditions soon diffuse themselvs, and become confluent throughout.

Mr. Dawson readily affirmed that the world of to-day is shrewder intellectually, and more variedly powerful practically, than the world of any previous epoch; but I noticed that when he came to allude to the matter of goodness, he hesitated and halted. Now, I will supplement him. I hav not one particle of hesitancy in affirming that the world was never so *good* as it is to-day. It would be a monstrosity if the three parts of our nature—Sentiment, Intelligence, and Activity—were not developed coincidently. There was never in the world so much mildness, gentleness, sympathy, charity; in a word, so much goodness as there is to-day. The reason why it seems otherwise is that we are all the time becoming severer critics of ourselvs. Faults that hav been passed over as a matter of course generations ago are now dragged to the light and severely and promptly condemned. When people criticise themselvs, that is the sign that their moral sense has grown vivid. When we come to confess that we are little better than a world full of rascals, you may be pretty sure that there is a growing modicum of virtue among us. When a sinner takes seriously to repentance, he is close on to becoming converted.

To recur to the development of the internal senses, there hav been, probably, no two men who hav lived in the past having a profounder spiritual insight than Emanuel Swedenborg and Charles Fourier. I hav just quoted Swedenborg upon this general subject. Fourier, in a great measure, intuited the whole pantarchal idea. He foresaw for the future a great universal nationality and social order, which he denominated the Omniarchy, of which the head-center was to be the Omniarch. The metropolis, he thought, was to be Constantinople. In coining the words Pantarchy, Pantarch, Pantarchism, etc., I did little more, while saving a syllable, than to correct the hybridity of Fourier's terms, and introduce pure Greek derivations. In that particular I hav very little originality to assert.

Fourier's conception of the social regeneration of mankind involved, and was virtually based upon, two immensely significant principles—they, too, virtually, branches of one principle—first, Attractiv Industry, and second, Passional Attraction. Under the head of Attractiv Industry, he propounded the wonderful thought that all the work of the world will be converted into play, and be performed with delight, so soon as everybody should be helped to do just what he or she most loves or desires, with all the necessary opportunity, conditions, and appliances supplied.

By Passional Attraction he meant that these immense and seemingly contradictory bundles of emotions, passions, and desires, which constitute you and me and all of us, will arrange themselvs spontaneously—and as certainly and truly as gravitation controls the planets—into a grand and harmonious social order, as wonderful as a great musical symphony, so soon as conditions of perfect individual freedom are supplied, and the right social adjustments provided.

Imagin, then, this whole world artistically and splendidly reorganized and, as it were, architecturally completed, or, as our witty Western friends would say, "finished, fenced in, and painted." Suppose every acre of this planet cultivated and embellished as if it pertained to a garden or park, every individual and family housed in a palace, education and enlightenment universally diffused, etc., we then come to the question, What more and beyond?

Aren't, with all this, things going to become a little monotonous? Will not this plethora of good things begin to stale upon us? Remember that in the mean time this world is virtually shrinking in size. We shall be running quite around it, probably, in twenty-five days. Every part and parcel of it will hav become as familiar as a cow pasture. Things will be getting altogether too familiar and trite. I am reminded of what happened with a certain lady, now in this audience, who was engaged in a Sunday-school. The question was propounded to the class, What the children wished her to talk about? One little fellow said, "Tell us about God." Another little boy, still smaller, some four years of age, straightening up, said, "No; tell us about something else. *I know all about God.*"

The Soudan and the Congo, the heart of Africa and the center of Asia, will hav been covered with omnibuses, railroads and aerial ships, which, however, cannot escape from our atmosphere. There will be no new place to go to. Those great military and expeditionary excursions, which hav furnished such immense stimulation and zest for all the past ages of the race, are beginning to come to an absolute end in this very age. Already there is nothing left on this planet to find except the poles; and we know exactly *where* they are; we being merely blocked out by the ice.

Would not this social world, artistically completed and filled in with the densest of population which the planet can sustain, be still worse. Like the young fellows in Piccadilly, Bloomsbury, and Fifth avenue, would not the whole people, in some sense, be reduced to the character of "dudes?" How is this alarming possibility to be obviated?

Just at this point Spiritualism steps in and opens out to us new worlds to conquer. Right or wrong in fact, the ideal is an enchanting one. Remember that I am not pledged to the accuracies of science, or even to *vraisemblance* of probability; it merely lies in my line to tell you what Spiritualism says about the matter. It affirms that there is a fine, permeativ, aromal world intimately allied with, and forming, as it were, a part of this world, but of a different order, and of unlimited dimensions. The term Spiritualism is already used in several senses. It is sometimes applied to our mere ideas, emotions, and fancies. Mr. Wakeman uses the term as freely as I do in that sense, while I am now meaning it in a very different sense. He and I spent a portion of one long session, recently, in settling the best technicalities to express this difference, and we agreed upon the terms Ideal Spiritualism and Entical Spiritualism. It is Entical Spiritualism which I now mean—the assumption of the existence of a distinctly real spiritual world.

See, then, what a fine thing this Spiritualism is to relieve us

of our quandary and dilemma. A gentleman (or lady) at his (or her) leisure stretches himself upon the sofa, or leans back and makes himself comfortable in an easy chair, shuts his eyes, and rubs his forehead, and sinks readily away into a subjectiv world, his own internal consciousness; departing from this external world and coming into *rapport* with that other ghostly world, unlimited by space, immensely variant in character, and satisfactory to the most aspiring ideals. To us standing on the outer side that ghostly world is very tenuous and unreal; but they tell us that for those who enter it, it is as real, more real even than this world, and only different in kind—a world made up in some sort of mere thoughts and emotions, transcending space and time, as do our thoughts and feelings; with motion as swift as thought; and still, in some mysterious way, preserving individuality, memory, and all the essential faculties of the man.

It must be very convenient, this power of a person to step out of his body and stand in his shirt, and look at his flesh and bones as he would at his jacket and pantaloons that he has just cast off, and be able in this *deshabille* to go gallivanting about the universe.

But apart from these extravagances of Spiritualism, let us come back to the more mundane view; let us cast a glance at the infinity of outlying space and stellar existence around us. When this earth shall hav shrunk to its utmost by our greater acquaintance with it, has become to our feeling, as it is in fact, a mere peppercorn rushing through space, with every acre of surface crowded with population like herrings in a box, it must be to the last degree aggravating to look out upon thousands of worlds filling immensity, most of them many times larger than the earth, and they brought possibly almost within touching distance, to the seeming, by wonderfully improved glasses and telescopes, and yet to be hopelessly and forever shut out from the possibility of emigrating, by the ponderosity of our bodies, and the terrible inhibition of the law of gravity.

Here again Spiritualism comes opportunely to our relief. It tells us that these seemingly solid corporeal bodies of ours are not that at all from the point of view of our spirits or souls—that they are, on the contrary, mere whiffs of vapor, capable at any moment of being dematerialized and dispersed into thin air by mere act of the will, or by some spiritual chemistry which pertains to us all as our inheritance, but which is as yet to most of us utterly unknown; and that again these or similar bodies may be rematerialized and made again to cover the spirit or the soul—which is during all these changes the *real* man or woman, while the body is no more than the hair and nails which we clip and throw away, and which grow again as they are needed.

If all this be true, then we see our way clear to *Planetary Emigration.* The individual has only to dematerialize, cast off and disperse his body here, pass as a spirit instantaneously through space to any of the planets, to the sun, to Sirius the Dog-star, Aldebaran, or wheresoever, rematerialize, take up his residence there, enter into business, build cities, make a corner on city lots in Jupiter, speculate in their Wall street, and, in a word, do what he will. He is no longer "cribbed, cabined, and confined." He has found the means of bursting the coil of this planetary limitation and has become a free citizen of the universe.

Perhaps this is a good point to rest at in our imaginary flight into the "ideal future." If you wish to go further and know more, call upon me a year hence and I may hav another budget of suggestions to deliver.

It is Liebig who says that *the secret of all those who make discoveries, is that they regard nothing as impossible.*

After a solo, "Home, Sweet Home," by Miss Peters, the audience were dismissed.

THE NEW-BORN SOUL.

BY COURTLANDT PALMER.

Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again.—JOHN iii, 7. Those who can read the signs of the times read in them that the Kingdom (Republic) of Man is at hand.—W. KINGDON CLIFFORD.

Of yore, as *realities,*
Spirits, in dreams, over slumber-land stole;
From such idealities—
Deemed *personalities*—
Fancy has fondly created the soul;

Yea, as an entity
Graspless and ghostly, a vision-made man,
A phantom identity,
Bodied nonentity,
Wafted to heaven when ended life's span.

But heaven's *locality,*
Vanished its bounds, to the boundless dilates—
So, thought's totality
Universality
Sheds in the mind and the *soul* re-creates.

Thus, from past wandering,
Home to man's self-hood his soul has returned
Freed from vain pondering,
Zeal no more squandering,
Strong in the strength for which long it has yearned.

The soul a reflector is,
Casting the image of sky and of earth;
No more a specter is,
But the perfecter is,
Pointing the path unto worthiest worth.

The soul is a trinity,
Intellect, will, and affection in one;
This man's affinity
Is to divinity,
This is the sainthood by manhood outdone.

So now the role of man
In his own manhood on earth shall be played;
So now the soul of man
Finds the true goal of man
Heavenly realms by this world overweighed.

The soul, in humility,
Turns to the infinit, rev'rent with awe,
But sees the sterility,
Feels the futility,
Godhead to limit in limits of law;

And yet it potential is;
Stars are its chariots, space its domain,
Thought its essential is,
Truth its credential is,
Science its symphony, Man its refrain.

The soul of HUMANITY
Is the good gained, the bad quelled through all time;
From dead Christianity,
New-risen sanity,
Saves us baptized in this race-soul-sublime.

Thus in a unity
'Midst nature's processes man will be found;
From such community
Free opportunity
Flows for earth's children in brotherhood bound.

By art beatified,
Roused by the good and redeemed by the true,
Life by love ratified,
Through duty gratified,
Such is the soul sweetest service to strew.

Oh, the nobility,
Ever with heroes and martyrs to stand!
Strong the stability,
Sweet the tranquillity,
Ransomed by hope in earth's Eden-made land.

Taken such attitude,
Souls so attempered *attain* the divine;
Widened faith's platitude
By wisdom's latitude,
Things of the *spirit* the realest things shine.

Achieved this morality,
Woman and man their completeness hav won;
Abased animality,
Crowned feminality,
"The woman-soul leadeth us upward and on."

And so when the birth of us
Shall to the death of our bodies giv place,
Then all the worth of us,
Freed from the earth of us,
Deathless shall liv in the life of the race.

Holiday Celebrations.

It was a very wise thing in the Liberals to celebrate Decoration Day under the name of "The New Festival of the Dead." It remains now for them to universalize Independence Day, or the Fourth of July. This government was born of the brains of Liberals, and whether Jefferson or Paine wrote the Declaration of Independence, it was the work of a Freethinker, and as such should receive the constant encomiums of the Liberal speakers and the Liberal press. Independents' Day should be added to the list of Liberal holidays. It should in no wise be considered a national or local holiday merely, but should be celebrated by Liberals in every part of the world without regard to nationality. It would be a grand thing if our Liberal meetings were called in reference to some appropriate day, as the Fourth of July. The Liberal League, now that it is likely to take a second thought, and confine its attention strictly to the purposes for which it was originated, could very properly recommend a list of Liberal holidays, of which Independents' Day should be one. Nothing else can be done, as you hav already so wisely said, that will hav a tendency to so quickly and permanently popularize the Liberal movement as the adoption of appropriate holidays and appropriate holiday exercises. Care must be taken not to make the number of such days so great as to prevent their general adoption and celebration. The manner in which they are to be observed must not be so pedantic or somber as to dampen the fresh, vigorous spirit of youth. At the gatherings thus occasioned the Liberals will learn to know each other and to bear the weight of Christian observation. They will also open up channels through which Liberal literature will freely circulate. Let us therefore hav our days for rejoicing. LIBERTA.

New Books.

LEGENDS OF LEMARS, AND OTHER POEMS. By H. C. Tripp, Lemars, Iowa. Price 10 cents.

These poems, it appears by the preface, were written for the author's amusement, and published for the gratification of friends. Both objects having been achieved, we are willing, for one, that the matter should rest.

THE INDEPENDENT PULPIT. Volume I. James D. Shaw Editor and Proprietor, Waco, Texas. Mr. Shaw forgets to state price.

A collection of the first year's issue of the *Independent Pulpit* bound in paper. Contains very many interesting articles, editorial and contributed, and will save the subscribers the trouble of binding their own copies, which can thus be disseminated to the advantage of Freethought.

THE BIBLE: WHAT IS IT? By J. D. Shaw, editor of the *Independent Pulpit.* Price 25 cents. Sold at this office.

Mr. Shaw is an energetic, capable writer, and in his little pamplet has condensed many of the strongest points made by ancient and modern scholarship against the inspiration and divinity of the Bible. He proceeds much in the same manner as Paine and Kelso, and makes his points as plainly apparent. The book is one more stout club with which to trounce Bible believers, and if wielded vigorously will leave its mark.

THE AMERICAN MONTHLY. A new magazine devoted to the free discussion of Literature and Science, Politics and Religion. Yearly subscription $4. Single numbers 35 cents.

The June number has a very interesting table of contents, comprising a paper on "Commercial Freedom a Right and a Benefit," by H. K. Smith. "What Our Tariff is Doing," by Van Buren Denslow, a high tariff man. "William Shakspere's and Francis Bacon's Scrap Books," "Little Nan," "Some Presidential Problems," a story, and other essays.

THE POPULAR FAITH UNVEILED. By H. J. Hardwicke, M.D. Published by the author in England.

A thorough and radical exposure of Christianity; where, in the opinion of the author, it came from, and where it is going. The historical evidences for Christianity are carefully examined; the system is compared with Brahmanism, Osirianism, Mithraism, Neo-Platonism, and other "classical mythologies;" the Bible is pulled to pieces in a scholarly and effectiv manner, and the movement of the church toward Rationalism fully exploited. It is a strong book by a skilful writer, and if we may judge by the number of titles after his name, one of eminence in the medical profession of England.

MAN: WHENCE AND WHITHER. By Richard B. Westbrook. D.D., LL.B., author of "The Bible: Whence and What," and "Marriage and Divorce." Price $1. Sold here to accommodate our Theistic friends.

Mr. Westbrook is not a Christian; neither is he a Freethinker. He is a Theist who has a God—much like Spencer's Unknowable—back of all phenomena; who rejects evolution along with the Bible, and is to all intents and purposes a religious guerrilla. The book is the best presentation of the peculiar theology held by the Theists that has come under our notice, and we hav laid it aside for the purpose of again calling attention to its fallacies—for it is full of wrong statements, illogical reasoning, and absurd dogmatism. Yet Judge Westbrook is such a courteous, scholarly gentleman that his accession to the ranks of Freethought would be a gain of great magnitude.

SCIENCE VS. THEOLOGY, a Practical Treatis on the Nature, Laws, and Properties of Matter. By Charles W. Coker. Cloth, $1.25; paper, 75 cents. Sold by Denny & Co., 418 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

The book sets forth Mr. Coker's theory of the formation of the earth and solar system; why the earth turns on its axis; why it is driven around its orbit around the sun; why the tides ebb and flow; why the Mississippi runs up hill; why the magnetic needle points north and south, why it varies; the cause of the gulf streams, all storms, thunder, lightning, volcanic fires, earthquakes, and every other meteoric phenomenon witnessed by man on the face of the globe; the origin of all gods, angels, devils, and their worships, and all religious creeds; the great Bible God, Jehovah; how the Lord of Hosts was captured on the battle-field, and kept from the Jews twenty years; with numerous other topics, and the religious faith of the author.

THOUGHT GERMS FOR THINKERS. By R. F. Judson, Kalamazoo, Mich.

About such thoughts as an advanced Christian who had read heretical and humanitarian works would be apt to think. Mr. Judson is opposed to theology, but makes the mistake common to many large-hearted people brought up Christian of alleging Christianity to be love, liberty, and human equality, instead of a system of supernatural religion. A man who has such indefinit ideas of language as to make this mistake is not competent, however good thoughts he may think, to throw much light on the burning questions of the day. One of his "Thought Germs" is that "the proper idea of God is that of the boundless, the eternal, the unmeasured and unmeasurable, in whom all things move and hav their being; recognized by thought, by spirit, never comprehended, but forever incomprehensible to human understanding." Which jargon is evidently the result of studying Presbyterianism, orthodox Spiritualism, and Herbert Spencer. The senselessness of trying to define the indefinable seems not to hav occurred to Mr Judson. There *are* good thoughts in the book, but the foregoing is not among them.

THE CO-OPERATIV COMMONWEALTH IN ITS OUTLINES; An exposition of Modern Socialism. By Laurence Gronlund. Price $1. Sold at this office.

For those desirous of studying Socialism, to which, it is alleged, the political forces of the times are tending; of knowing just what the social school of philosophers want and how they propose to get it; the reasoning by which they convince themselvs of the righteousness of their demands and the unrighteousness of those who differ with them, this book is as good as can be obtained. Probably no book was ever published that did not contain truth and error in unequal admixture, and this is no exception. It has a large share of both. An author who lays it down authoritativly that Henry George has buried Malthus and his facts must certainly be admitted to be a partisan. But that is of slight moment compared to another—the fundamental principle of the book; that is, that it is "the state that givs us all the rights we hav." It is the individual in whom dwell all rights to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," limited only by the equal rights to the same of others. The state is, or should be, the individual's agent in securing those rights, and seeing to it that the strong do not encroach upon the weak. If the state *givs* rights, it can also *take* rights, and a government of that kind administered with all the skill, justice, and philanthropy mankind will evolute into in the next five hundred years, would not be a desirable governmental investment. The sins of our

present government is that it takes rights from the people and givs them to individuals. It would be no nearer justice to take from individuals and giv to the people, calling themselvs the state.

But if the "Co-operativ Commonwealth" will do half the enthusiastic Mr. Gronlund promises it shall do for woman, for proper education of the young, and their training in morals; for the relief of the ineffectiv and vicious incapables who are now a burden supported in alms-houses and jails, some of the weaknesses of the system might be borne with until they corrected themselvs. If Mr. Gronlund could only get the people of some small state like Rhode Island to test the scheme, it would be well worth the while of the rest of the United States to pay the cost of the experiment.

NINETEENTH CENTURY CATECHISM. Also a lecture entitled, "Civilization the Child of Freethought." By Frank Greene, of Liberal, Mo. Price 25 cents. Sold here.

Here we hav the misdeeds of Christianity, some medieval and and modern history, the Materialistic philosophy, and an advertisment of the town of Liberal put into categorical shape and prepared for children's digestion by simple and plain language. Mr. Greene is a vigorous writer, as the readers of the *Liberal* know, and has put much vivacity into his present work. Take the following from pages 15–16:

Q. Do all Christians take their Bible medicin straight?
A. Yes. All but the mongrels.
Q. Are mongrels plentiful?
A. Yes. They are by far the most numerous.
Q. How do you distinguish the mongrels from the genuin Christians?
A. By observing their conduct, and comparing it with what their Bible teaches. Instead of selling what they hav, and giving to the poor, they invariably keep all they've got, and gobble as much more as possible.
Q. Where do Christians look for evidence in support of their religion?
A. To cemeteries and epitaphs. They are continually referring to the dying words of some general or statesman who never made theology a study.
Q. Do Infidels reject this testimony?
A. Yes. Infidels are acquainted with the laws of nature and know that dying is as natural as being born. They hav no confidence in the statements of those who are scared into saintship. These death-bed confessions are forced, and unreliable. They are usually made by those who are unable to do anything else.
Q. What is the object of Sunday-schools, throughout Christendom?
A. Sunday-schools hav for their prime object the collecting of pennies from children. They are nurseries, calculated to teach children not to think, and are largely successful.
Q. What becomes of the money collected from Sunday-school children?
A. It goes into a fund for missionary purposes managed in such a manner as to consume ninety-nine cents out of every dollar collected, in getting the other cent to the cannibal.
Q. What is a cannibal?
A. A cannibal is one of God's creatures with a mouth and appetite for missionaries. He is a man eater, with no interest in Jesus.

The book is full of as good hits as the foregoing, and can hardly fail to afford amusement and instruction to the purchaser.

Acts of Barnabas.

"This book," says the translator (1870) "has more an air of truth about it than any of the others. There is not much extravagance in the details, and the geography is correct, showing that the writer knew Cyprus well."

The writer of the book says of himself:

"I, John, accompanying the holy apostles Barnabas and Paul, being formerly a servant of Cyrillus the high priest of Jupiter, but now having received the gift of the holy spirit through Paul and Barnabas and Silas, who were worthy of the calling and who baptized me at *Iconium*."

But according to the canonical Acts, John, surnamed Mark, did not go to Iconium. Hence it is supposed to be a mistake for Jerusalem; especially as a little further on, where the writer says, "I remained at Iconium many days," one manuscript has "Jerusalem," and adds, "And we came to Antioch," *i. e.*, in Syria.

John informs us that after his baptism he was told in a vision that his name should be changed to Mark.

He describes in a few words the mission to Cyprus, agreeing with the account in Acts xiii, until they came to Perga of Pamphylia, when the two stories differ materially. In Acts we are told that John left the apostles in Perga and went to Jerusalem. In John's own account he says he stayed two months in Perga, when he wished to go West, but the holy spirit did not allow him. Therefore he turned, and having heard that the apostles were in Antioch (of Pisidia) he went to them there.

Here he found Paul in bed from the fatigue of the journey, and offended at him for his conduct in Pamphylia. Nevertheless John ministered to the apostles, though afraid to come near to Paul. Three Sabbath days were spent there, and during this time John sought Paul's forgivness on his knees, but without avail. The apostle's great grievance was on account of John's "keeping several parchments in Pamphylia."

When they were about to leave Antioch the missionaries could not agree where to go next. Barnabas besought Paul to go to Cyprus and "oversee his own in his village." Lucius entreated him to take the oversight of his city, Cyrene. (It does not appear from Acts that Lucius of Cyrene was with Paul and Barnabas at any time on a missionary journey.) But Paul had a vision in his sleep calling upon him to hasten to Jerusalem. Thus there was great contention. Barnabas wished John to continue with them as a servant. Paul refused to hav him, but was willing to let Barnabas take John and go his own way. At last they sought divine guidance in prayer, and after much groaning and weeping Paul fully approved of Barnabas's determination to go to Cyprus with John. Barnabas fell down at Paul's feet and and said, "I go to Cyprus and hasten to be made perfect; for I know that I shall no more see thy face, O Father Paul." And Paul said, "The Lord stood by me this night saying: Do not force Barnabas not to go to Cyprus, for there it has been prepared for him to enlighten many; and do thou also, in the grace that has been given thee, go to Jerusalem to worship in the holy place, and there it shall be shown thee where thy martyrdom has been prepared."

This separation of Paul and Barnabas is the same that is described in Acts xv, 36–41. But the two accounts differ in the following essential particulars:

Acts of Barnabas.	*Acts of the Apostles.*
The separation occurs at Antioch in Pisidia.	The separation occurs at Antioch in Syria.
It was during their first missionary journey (Acts xiii; marginal chronology, A.D. 45).	It was just before their second missionary journey (Acts xv; marg. chron., A.D. 53).
Paul was directed by the Lord in a vision to hasten to Jerusalem.	He traveled through Syria and Cilicia to Derbe and Lystra, and thence to Macedonia.
Lucius of Cyrene was present as a fellow-missionary.	Lucius of Cyrene was not sent on either journey.

The rest of this book relates to Barnabas, but as it seems to be partly historical, we deem it important enough to giv an abstract of the story.

Barnabas and John embarked for Cyprus in the port of Laodicea. This shows that the separation of the two apostles was at Antioch in Syria, which was about forty miles from Laodicea; Antioch in Pisidia was five hundred miles distant. Adverse winds drove the vessel far out of its course. They were compelled to stop at several landing-places. At Corasium (perhaps Corcyrus in Cilicia) they concealed themselvs lest some one should discover that Barnabas had separated from Paul. A storm detained them three days at the island of Pityusa (north of Crete), where they were entertained by a pious man named Euphemus, whom with his house Barnabas instructed in the faith. At Anemurium (in Cilicia) Barnabas converted two Greeks by promising to put on them clothing which would never become soiled. Having baptized them, he clothed them, one with his own robe and the other with John Mark's. The happy converts gave the apostle money, which he straightway distributed to the poor. As the ship was about to sail for Cyprus, one of the seamen, named Stephanus, wanted to go along, but Barnabas would not permit him.

At night they sailed across to Cyprus, landing at Cromycita. Here they were entertained at the house of Timon and Ariston, temple servants. Timon had a fever, which they cured by laying their hands upon him and invoking the Lord Jesus. Barnabas also cured the sick by laying upon them the documents he had received from Matthew, "a book of the word (or voice) of God, and a narrativ of miracles and doctrins." (Query: Was this the Hebrew gospel?)

At the next town, Lapithus, an idol festival was being celebrated in the theater. Being forbidden to enter the city, they journeyed over the mountains to Lampadistus, Timon's nativ town. Here they were entertained by Heracleius of Tamasus, then on a visit to his relations. Him Barnabas recognized, having met him at Citium with Paul, where his name was changed at baptism to Heracleides. They ordained him bishop of Cyprus.

Journeying over the mountain called Chionodes (*i. e.*, snowy), they came to Old Paphos, where they found Rhodon, a temple servant, who became a believer and accompanied them. They met, coming from Paphos, Barjesus, the Jew (alias Bar-Suma, the sorcerer), who recognized Barnabas. Barnabas did not go into Paphos (*i. e.* the chief town, called New Paphos), and so they proceeded to Curium.

At Curium (perhaps Curtium) an abominable foot-race was being performed by naked men and women. Barnabas rebuked the wicked city, and the western part of it fell, killing many people; the rest fled to the sacred temple of Apollo. As the missionaries drew near to the temple, they were opposed by a great multitude of Jews at the instigation of Barjesus. So they had to spend the night outside the city under a tree.

Next day they visited a village where Aristoclianus dwelt—a leper who had been cleansed at Antioch, sealed as a bishop by Paul and Barnabas, and sent to his village because there were many Greeks there. This village bishop entertained the missionaries for one day in a mountain cave.

Thence they came to Amanthus on the south coast. Here Barjesus had got the start of them, having gained over the Jews. They were not allowed to enter the city, but were taken in for an hour by a widow woman of eighty, who lived outside and did not worship idols. As they departed they shook the dust off their feet over against the temple in the mountain, where a multitude of low women and men were pouring libations.

Traveling through desert places they next came to Citium; but as there was a great uproar at the hippodrome and no one received them, they rested an hour at the gate and then sailed to Salamis.

They landed in the islands where there was a place full of idols, and a high festival was being celebrated. Here they found Bishop Heracleides again, and gave him instructions about setting up churches. Having gone into the city, they went to the synagog where Barnabas unrolled the gospel he had received from Matthew, and began to teach the Jews.

After two days Barjesus arrived with other Jews, and having brought together a multitude of Jews, they laid hold of Barnabas and bound him, wishing to take him before the governor of Salamis. But having learned that a pious Jebusite, a kinsman of Nero, had come to Cyprus, they did not take the apostle before the governor, but dragged him from the synagog to the hippodrome, and having gone out of the city, they burnt him with fire so that even his bones became dust. Then they gathered his dust in a cloth, intending to sink it with a wrapping of lead in the sea; but John, Timon, and Rhodon stole it away in the night and secreted it in a cave with the documents, where they also hid themselvs. But the Jews having discovered their hiding-place, they fled to another cave near the village of the Ledrians. Here they remained three days, until the Jews gave up the pursuit of them, when they went to the village of Limnes, whence they sailed to Alexandria in an Egyptian ship. There the writer says he remained preaching what he had been taught by the apostles, who baptized him and changed his name to Mark by the water of baptism.

We are inclined to believe there is a foundation of truth in this account of Barnabas, and possibly that John Mark wrote it originally. But it has been much corrupted, and the name Nero has been interpolated. This book is known to hav existed as early as A.D. 478, when the body of Barnabas (who was probably put to death and perhaps burnt to ashes about 40 B.C.) was *found* in Cyprus.

The ministry of the apostle seems to hav been short and unsuccessful. Twice he journeyed rapidly through his nativ island, making but few converts, and before he had completed his second missionary journey he was murdered by a Jewish mob instigated by Barjesus.

Obituary.

Mr. John P. Jewett, the original publisher of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," died on Wednesday morning, May 14th, at his home in Orange, N. J.

Mr. Jewett was born at Lebanon, Maine, August 16, 1814, and was in the 70th year of his age. He leaves a widow and four children.

Mr. Jewett was a son of the Rev. Paul Jewett, a nativ of Rowley, Mass. He went to Salem when quite a youth, finding employment in the bookstore and bindery of John M. Ives, where he worked his way up from the position of office boy to that of a partner, the firm name then being Ives & Jewett, and continued in that business for several years after Mr. Ives's withdrawal, under his own name, and as John P. Jewett & Co. He removed to Boston about 1849, where he enlarged his operations, and, in 1852, became the original publisher of Mrs. Stowe's world-renowned "Uncle Tom's Cabin" (which reached the enormous sale of 360,000 in this country alone); "The Lamplighter," "Isaac T. Hopper," "Beecher's Lectures to Young Men," the superb steel-plate engraving, "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress," and many other popular works. He was an activ member, from its organization, of the Antislavery Society of New England, also a member of the Boston Mozart Club for nearly twenty years, being passionately fond of good music; his favorit instrument was the violin. He also held various positions of trust, being trustee of a prominent Boston bank for several years among the number. He was a warm personal friend of William Lloyd Garrison, Hon. Charles Sumner, Governor Andrew, Wendell Phillips, ex-Governor Rice, Judge Sewall, Henry Ward Beecher, Hon. Elizur Wright, John G. Whittier, D. M. Bennett, and many other prominent characters.

He was in his later years a stanch Liberal, and when Mr. Bennett was living delighted in calling upon him and discussing the condition and spread of Freethought.

WHEN a minister falls, the whole community should put on sackcloth and ashes, not for the minister's agony—for that is deserved—but for itself.—*Advocate.*

Nay, Brother Buckley, it is not the community whose griefs we should bewail. It has been observed that when a minister falls there is usually some ruined woman left in the neighborhood, toward whom the sympathy of society can with appropriateness exhale.

A Freethought Romance.

Waifs and Wanderings.

BY SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE LAW AND THE GOSPEL.

"There is no doubt of it," said the judge. "She has always worn this?"

"Always," answered Bolton. "It was with her when she was brought to me. It seemed of no value; a mere charm, and I let it remain. I made no inquiries, for it was useless. No doubt the trader picked her up among wreckers. They do sometimes. I have no doubt she is your child. Her resemblance to this picture is perfect."

"How blind I was!" cried the judge. "They are alike. The eyes, the forehead, the lips, the whole beautiful face. I gave this to Leonora myself. I made it like a charm of common material outside, but rich within of most precious jewels. See how they sparkle and fling their light upon her features. Thou hast worn this not knowing its hidden wealth, a secret from all until this fateful moment. It was a charm indeed, meager in the eyes of the world, but with a heart of fire. Ah, my child, how welcome to my old age thou art, like a fresh morning! You bring my happiness back again, my youth, my love. Oh, those days of delight! I met her in Cuba beneath the soft, sweet skies, whose luminous depths shone in her own resplendent eyes. I met her amid the flowers; and the flowers made bright our marriage day. The months flew by, and we set sail for home. All was lovely. The sea mirrored our happiness as it flashed and rippled in the summer's breeze. The moon shed its radiance on our swift path. We watched beneath its orb the dancing waves, whose mingling crests seemed to weave for us a path of glory. Suddenly the ship struck a hidden rock. All was confusion. I found myself, I hardly know how, with my wife and child tossing amid waters with only a plank. We floated on. A tempest arose, and we were swept apart. Helpless I drifted to safety. You were rescued, it seems, also, but doomed to a life of toil, of slavery. How you must have suffered. It is over now. I have wealth, and through your mother there is a vast fortune which is yours by right. What is that, however, to the joy of knowing that you are my own child, my own child?"

It was an astounding transformation. It was like a story out of the Arabian Nights' entertainment, as if the lamp of Aladdin had flashed its wealth at their feet, and opened the fountains of romance and joy. The poor wronged woman was crowned with a queenly luster. No longer was she the unknown, the unrecognized, but the diademed. Worth had received its fitting adornment. It sometimes does happen that the inward and the outward touch with harmonious excellence.

In the midst of this happy moment, the rasping voice of Sandy was heard, like the hiss of a serpent in the midst of a symphony.

"This discovery does not debar my right. I claim my wife."

The judge turned upon him with blazing eyes, and raised his hand as if to strike.

"You yourself so decided," continued Sandy.

"Alas, it is so!" said the judge. "We are in the clutches of the law. You will not insist?"

"Of course he will not," said Bolton. "Things are changed now. I will settle the matter. It won't take long. Come, Sandy, a few words in this room."

Bolton and Sandy withdrew for a friendly conference. Bolton expected to pay a big price, but he was ready to do so in view of the vast fortune of Amy.

"This is an unexpected turn of affairs," said Bolton. "I suppose you feel like coming in for a share of the spoils."

"Of course I do," said Sandy, rubbing his hands delightedly, and grinning almost from ear to ear. "I am a most lucky fellow."

"That you are. This will make you a rich man."

"Yes, it will."

"Of course we must give up the marriage. Amy is a prize now. Harry could not find a richer wife, or one more honorable in descent."

"I am exactly of your opinion," said Sandy. "She is a prize indeed."

"You see the necessity, then, of letting the marriage be annulled. I will pay you ten thousand dollars."

"You are very kind," answered Sandy, "but I can not accept that."

"Do you want more, you rascal? Don't presume, or I may kick you out."

"You can do so, but that don't destroy my rights."

"Rights founded on a lie! Ha, ha!"

"No matter. The lie is accepted, and the marriage is legal."

"You've got me, Sandy. Well, I double up. Take twenty thousand and make yourself scarce?"

"I won't take twenty thousand, nor a hundred thousand," retorted Sandy. "I claim the marriage."

"You fool, you!" thundered Bolton. "What do you mean, you insignificant puppy?"

"I mean that I am the husband of Amy Bolton, née Arno, and I intend to maintain my position. You can't buy me off, and you can't kick me off. I am as good as you."

"You are a thief and perjurer," cried Bolton. "I could have you sent to prison."

"And go with me, too," answered Sandy. "Didn't you swear to the same lie I did? You, too, are a perjurer, as big a villain as I am, and I defy you."

Bolton was astounded. This tool of his who for years had obeyed his slightest wish, had done his meanest errands, his most degrading work, who was the most subservient of sycophants, now mocked him, and boldly challenged his will as if an equal. He seized Sandy by the throat.

"Let go!" cried he. "You are no longer my master."

"Nevertheless I'll kill you," burst forth Bolton savagely.

"Not yet," said Sandy, twisting himself free, and fronting his adversary with nimble strength. "Beware!"

Bolton was thoroughly amazed. He was confronted by his very self—by a man as devilish, as daring, and as unscrupulous. He was utterly unprepared for such a dramatic uplifting of the curtain of Sandy's inner nature and iron purpose. The slave was now in a position of mastery, and he showed himself capable of using his power with unflinching energy.

"This is nonsense," said Bolton, after a pause, with forced calmness. "Let us be friends."

"Certainly. I don't care to fight. That's not my way; but I will not yield."

"Why not?"

"Why not? A pretty question for you to ask. Would you give it up? I guess not, and that's my fix. I look out for number one. I don't care for anybody else."

"Think of what I have done for you, and be a grateful dog," said Bolton.

"Dog! yes, I have been a dog, but for my own purposes. I have let you spit upon me, but I did so because it was for my own interest. I was the under dog then, and stood it. I'm not now. I've got my chance now, and I shall keep it. It was for Sandy when I let you abuse me, and it's for Sandy now when I'm at the top of the heap, with a fortune in my grasp of which an emperor might feel proud.

"You intend to keep that fortune?"

"I do. It's mine by law. It does not belong to Amy but to me, her husband. I can use it as I see fit. The woman is nothing. Man is the head. Do you think I shall yield one particle of that wealth? I'll do just what you would do in the same circumstances. I have learned my lesson well of you. You will find me an apt student."

Bolton glared at Sandy and clenched his fists until the blood ran. He was caught in his own trap and he suffered the very agonies of hell. He had originated this very scheme, had paid Sandy five hundred dollars to carry it through. Now Amy was an alluring prize, and to be compelled to yield to Sandy, whom he thoroughly despised, and that too by reason of his own criminal subornation; well, for the time being, what he felt was equivalent to a good hanging.

They fronted each other like two gladiators. Bolton was at his wits' end. Sandy had the advantage. He was backed up by law; he could appeal to the brute force of civilized society.

"You stick to it, then?" said Bolton.

"I do," replied Sandy, "and you must be my ally, as I have been yours heretofore. I have stuck to you through thick and thin, now you must do the same for me. I have hated you and served you. Hate me as much as you will, but you must serve me."

Bolton knew it. He was compelled now to crouch before the man that he had kicked and spit upon. He must lift to a dazzling fortune one whom he considered only a dog. He must cheat his own son. He must deprive himself of honor and glory.

"Your are a crafty villain, indeed," said he.

"I acknowledge that, and we can mutually confess," answered Sandy. "We are each of us such mighty villains that we must keep up the partnership."

For the first time in his life Bolton was ashamed of his wrong-doing. He began to see that it didn't pay. No man is so sharp a devil but that sometimes he finds a sharper one to beat him at his own game.

"There's no use of prolonging the interview," said Sandy. "You know what is best for yourself, and I haven't the slightest doubt but that you'll do it. Come on."

Sandy marched triumphantly forth. Bolton meekly followed. The master and slave had changed places.

"Sandy declines to surrender his rights," spoke Bolton. "You must make the best terms with him you can."

"Cannot the case be re-opened?" asked Harry.

"Not without new evidence," said Sandy.

"Would you not testify, Amy?" said Harry.

"Not if I must take the oath as declared," answered Amy.

"Will you not allow her simple testimony, now that you know she is your own child?" pleaded Harry to the judge.

There was a vast struggle in the judge's breast. It was indeed the terrific struggle between truth and his sense of duty—a conflict hitherto inconceivable to a man of his temperament.

The truth and one's conception of duty do not always go together. They will clash sometimes in the immense complexities of human life. Truth is both relative and absolute, while duty is only relative; and when the absolute truth comes burning into the soul it shivers at times the sense of duty, and for the moment the man is a wreck. He has no compass, until from the new conditions the sense of a new and higher duty arises.

The judge buried his face in his hands. He was shaken as by a whirlwind. The wide realm of truth outside of his personal experience flashed upon him its intolerable radiance, and his being seemed utterly dissolved, smitten by excess of light unto midnight darkness. No star seemed to guide his way. He could only grope his way back to the old landmarks. That was his only safety. Otherwise he would have been insane.

"I can only decide as I did," he answered.

"Neither will yield; falsehood is triumphant," broke in Harry. "Was there ever such an utter wreck of life because each must cling to the best? If they had a little less conscience then might falsehood be destroyed; now it cannot be."

The greatest discord of life is not of truth with error, but of truth with truth. When will the hidden harmony roll forth?

"Is there no way to annul this marriage?" asked Bolton.

"No," answered Sandy. "I am a perfectly moral man. You can't touch me on that point. There's only one ground of divorce, infidelity, and not a word can be declared against my purity."

Of course not. He was a perfect icicle. He was too big a villain to have a particle of genuine passion. He was a communicant in the Methodist church, and always on his good behavior. His reputation was the very reverse of his character.

"I scorn you and leave you!" cried Amy.

"Do as you choose, but the money and the child are mine. Over them I have absolute control."

"It cannot be," cried Amy.

"It is so," said the judge. "The property and the offspring belong to the husband. So says the law."

"It is an inhuman law. It enthrones a hideous wrong," answered Amy.

The judge was silent. The logic of the law was at variance with his sense of justice, but he dared not think. For him there was no solution of the grim puzzle.

Sandy's all-remorseless cunning was in the ascendant. The net of the law was over the mother and child. They might appeal to eternal principles, but what was the use? That would involve war with society, and that was destruction. Amy would do it in the sublime independence of her womanhood, but she could not take Bessie with her. On Bessie society had laid its enormous brutal clutch and claimed her, the victim of its so-called accumulated wisdom of the ages. Amy, strong for herself, was helpless for her own child, and hence the chains were thrown about her own imperious spirit.

It was an awful dilemma—father, child, daughter held in woeful bondage—the inevitable outcome of the rigidity of law. There can be no absolute standard of its thousandfold application. Law, like poetry, should be evermore a new creation—a ceaseless fountain of truth, adapting itself to the million fresh issues of human life. Crystallize law and you make despotism. Law to be eternally just must be flowing like the effluence of the sun-laden air.

Like a northeasterly wind full of sunshine, our dear old friend Stubbs burst into the midst of our unhappy company, unhappy save Sandy, who was indeed a bright and shining light.

"Why, this looks like a funeral," cried Stubbs. "I received the summons, but couldn't come. I I didn't see any use, for I had nothing to say. I'd only been a fifth wheel to the coach, but better late than never. Here I am, dropped in for a morning's call. But it don't look right. I see clouds. Let's have it. Perhaps I can mend matters."

In a few moments the whole situation of affairs was explained.

"It's a strange mess," he said. "The law leads you a wild dance. Thank heaven! there's a way out *via* to-day's *Herald*, which I bought on my way up, which contains the latest news, and the last tergiversation of that acme of justice which we call law. Law! why, it's everything by fits, and nothing long, its masks, and faces, an ever-changing panorama. To-day this, to-morrow that. It's a magician's tool, and makes marvelous transformations. It's on both sides, and reconciles opposites. It's a fixity, and it's a fairy. It whisks its magic wand, and lo! it suffers a sea change rich and strange. You can't depend on law any more than you can on a woman's tongue. Yes and no follow each other with such rapidity that you don't know whether the fair one consents or not.

See here, the law says a slave marriage is valid. Valid—yes, says the latest decision of the court, if the parties freely consent to live together after emancipation; but if not, there is no binding, legal compact. The reason is simple enough. While slaves they are things, after emancipation they are persons. According to law, only persons can marry. Things can't marry. Therefore, a slave marriage is not valid in itself; it must be made valid by the actual consent of the parties after they become persons, and are capable of legal choice. Unless Sandy can prove that since the emancipation there has been a full consent to the marriage, he has no claim whatsoever. I think, therefore, he had better vamose."

The newspaper was passed from hand to hand, and the latest interpretation of the law eagerly read. It was a gospel indeed.

Judge Arno was delighted to find that he could get out of the clutches of the law by the law itself.

"I see it now," he declared, "but unless it had been told me I never should have thought of it. It's a shrewd device, but perfectly legitimate. In fact, it's common sense."

"The law and common sense do make a very happy couple occasionally. The trouble is, they don't keep it up. It's a touch-and-go marriage. Sandy, read and see where you stand," cried Stubbs.

Sandy read the decision carefully. He perceived at once that his case was hopeless. Law had put on a new face, and he was no longer master. Nevertheless he was diplomatic. He subsided gracefully. He gave his good wishes to all, and then went. The last heard from him, he was running for Congress on a reform ticket, with every prospect of election. That's the way of the world. There's always opportunity for an enterprising rascal like Sandy. He is by no means a "miserable sinner," notwithstanding his Sabbath-day confessions. Of course Bolton partook of the general happiness. That's the way of the world too. The saint and the sinner are so inextricably mixed that if one is happy the other is happy too. It ought not to be so; only the good should be happy, but the bad are happy likewise. The devil has a multitude of fine things. He shakes hands with the saints over many a victory. It is, however, infinitely better that the good should be rewarded than that the evil should be punished. It is reward, not punishment, that in the end makes things beautiful. No hanging ever yet advanced human welfare.

"Won't Mariar feel good over this?" said Cupples to Bessie as they went arm in arm from the court room. "She was sick a-bed and couldn't come. She'll get well now."

"Yes," said Bessie, while her eyes flashed gloriously and triumphantly. "And the best medicine will be that out of my first pin-money, I shall buy her a new spring bonnet."

"Hurrah!" cried Cupples, "that always did do her good, though it was rather hard on me. I'm glad my baby can foot the bills."

"And trip the light fantastic toe at the same time," answered Bessie. "Here's a kiss and away."

THE END.

Theology and Evolution.

I hav just been reading Rev. Thomas Mitchell's address at the Rochester Convention, and was very much amused at his attempt to prove that all life upon our earth is dependent on the existence of man, and his sketch of the gradual death of all animal life if man were annihilated. He says: "Man is the only animal who clears the land of trees and cultivates the soil, sows seeds, plants fruit-trees, and reaps harvests. There is no account of a race of men so low that they did not do these things, nor of one that did not rear and keep domestic animals. Wild wood trees will grow wherever there is soil enough to sustain any kind of plant; and they will be numerous in proportion to the richness of the soil. No cereal or fruit will grow in dense woods, nor even grass for hay." Then after describing the process of the distribution of food among the lower orders of animal life in Mosaic style, he says: "Let us now suppose the sudden extinguishment of mankind, and that this catastrophe took place in the spring—too early to sow or plant. As a result there would be no harvests reaped that autumn. By the next spring all the domestic animals would hav died of starvation." And then he follows with a short description of the destruction of each stage of animal life, and ends the passage with, "And before the end of ten years the last two of these would meet in deadly conflict, after which the survivor would die of starvation." This is so silly that his "Syllogisms" appear like sensible reading beside it. Who cleared the vast prairies of the West of trees? Surely the soil is rich enough to produce an abundance of vegetation, yet it does not require the intervention of man to prevent the growth of dense forests there, but instead man is using every means in his power to cover a portion of the land with such growth, and our government offers him an inducement to do so, but his efforts are attended with but indifferent success.

Last summer while traveling in northwestern Minnesota, I saw some of these attempts at forest culture. I saw a few little stunted shrubs of eight or ten year's growth, presenting a truly ludicrous appearance. Yet man was trying by every known art to keep them alive until he could obtain full title to the land which the government offered him as an inducement. The land was very fertil, producing an abundance of vegetation in the form of wild grass, and, where under cultivation, as fine fields of wheat as one could wish to see. I saw also a few wild rabbits and numbers of prairie fowl which were said to hav been abundant there at the time of its first settlement, but they are gradually disappearing before the relentless march of man.

Reverend Mitchell has all the fishes die in rotation, beginning with the smaller in our streams and near shore, which, he says, "had fed on vegetable matter washed from the cultivated farms," but seemingly fails to comprehend that our lakes and rivers were filled with an abundance of fishes long before there were "cultivated farms" on our continent (or at least within thousands of miles of them), to supply the "necessary vegetable matter." He has never noticed that these fishes are rapidly diminishing under the merciless destruction of man. By such reasoning as the above he hopes to establish the dogma of creation, and annihilate the "hypothesis" of evolution. Verily, it may be likened unto a flea that kicked an elephant.

Hoosick Falls, N. Y. F. S. HAMMOND.

Let Us Explode Capital, but Save the Pieces.

The press teems with platforms or political formulas designed to influence the constitution of parties in the next election, which, did it not embrace issues intrinsically of the highest import, would still hav for us the greatest interest, simply because it is the *present*.

I do not propose here a special criticism on any of these platforms. I only remark that, whether patent or latent, their general issue lies between capital and labor.

Attached by my moral convictions to the interests of labor, I am of that popular majority which, by default of intelligence in the mechanism or management of elections, has hitherto been without representation.

So numerous and powerfnl are the influences which capital is trained to exercise upon the ballot, that the *entering wedge* of the labor interest can be no other than minority representation. Concerning the methods of arranging this, I hav nothing new to add. Observation, experiment, and reason hav concurred in throwing light upon it. I will but refer in passing to a letter from H. Royer in the *Radical Review* of Oct. 27, 1883. Keep this issue before the people. Labor's rallying-cry cannot be a general confession of faith, or a program of *desiderata de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*. Its call to the polls has the shriek of a dynamite bomb shell aimed to hit capital right between past and future, exploding it "in pieces sma'," yet without jarring house or store, unless by rap of sheriff for payment of taxes. Nor must it abuse the convenience of lamp-posts under pretext of moral illumination; *ça n'ira pas*. Socialism, with the ballot, rides like Bacchus in a car drawn by passional lions and tigers. Its progress to the people's promised land depends upon keeping these beasts in good humor with the sympathetic juice of friendship's vine. Let the people once taste the blood of their oppressors, they break loose from the car of state and leave it in the mire.

Instead of methodical, pacific anarchism, we hav disheveled anarchy; mad mobs provoking while they justify the sole appeasing voice of the cannon, and, through military despotism, reëstablishing the orders of privilege. Small as is comparativly the United States standing army, capital controls no less effectivly here than in Europe the fighting material. "Money is the sinew of war."

Years of social and industrial education must elapse while we are unlearning the fallacies of our political superstition, and simplifying government to its first principles in the co-operativ farm and workshop. Meanwhile, it is urgent to loose the heavy yoke of capital from the neck of labor, prostrate in its half-plowed furrow. Let us transfer this yoke to capital, by taxing it in all its forms, real estates and personal, not forgetting government bonds to the extent of a virtually prohibitory tariff for the protection of labor. Assuming the last census as a basis, we may calculate the minimum to be enfranchised from taxation by dividing the total number of dollars at which all properties are estimated by the total number of inhabitants; then apportion the taxes (exclusivly direct) so that beyond the minimum or negativ point, they shall increase in geometrical rates to accumulation. We must also do a little *ex post facto* business for the benefit of Gould, Vanderbilt & Co., with their foreign coadjutors in land speculation. Bond-holders and other creditors of the United States war debt hav already been overpaid, from the moment when, for the fictitious though actual estimation of interest, we substitute the juster rate based on the annual increase of real values, after deducting the dividend of labor (skill of course included). If we pay such creditors another cent, it will be either from stupidity or else from expediences foreign to justice, and about which I am ignorant.

Next to minority representation comes the land issue. What form of proprietorship, fee simple for the actual cultivator or government lease, shall be adopted in restoring the soil to the people, invalidating all titles except personal occupation and improvement, and frustrating all speculation in the land market?

Should Henry George's scheme prevail, it behooves us to frustrate reproduction of the old abuses, the new titles of lease, and allow of no sub-leasing upon the basis of soil. There will remain a practical approximation to this by the interest paid to capital invested in machinery, depots, etc., but the geometrical ratio tax will here giv co-operativ associations a decisiv advantage over individual capitalists.

There are certain expediences which we, especially in the Freethinkers' wing of the labor party, should forbear to insist upon till we are sure of a majority. It is hard for us to resist the temptation of pressing on the public mind at all times and seasons the necessity of cutting the state loose from the church, yet we cannot ignore the actual predominance of clerical influence over the majority of voters. The labor horse is not yet old and strong enough to bear the Liberal League in the saddle. Its victory is the manifest destiny of common sense, yet it is of secondary order. It must bide its time. Among minor points for instance, however desirable to economize Sunday for elections, I should prejudice any other reform measure by connecting it with this in the minds of my neighbors.

Freethinkers being at present but a small minority of the people, and numbering in their camp many partisans of privilege who sustain capital in the oppression of labor, while on the other hand, the great mass of laborers call themselvs Christian, and are under church influence, it is impolitic, on a point comparativly unimportant and on which it is impossible to conciliate opinions or feelings, to arouse the sleepless dogs of puritan prejudice, or whet the zeal of churchmen against labor's rights. King Capital dethroned and geared in the co-operativ harness, there will be time and chance enough to reform the human understanding upon minor points.

There is another matter vitally important on which I fear that Freethinkers no less than other Americans are too superstitious and rashly inclined to substitute blind faith for reason. I allude to the premature, if not false, confidence of Socialism in its ideal state. What Uncle Sam has been, during the last century, we know pretty well, and between him and Jehovah it has been "pull Dick, pull devil," as regards justice to labor. But in political, as in theological aspirations, everybody makes his god after his own image and then worships it. Will Uncle Sam mend his ways on account of being elected by us road diggers? On that point I confess myself Agnostic. Yet it is to this secular hypothesis of virtue that Socialists would confide the supreme and exclusiv function of *money making*. What a privilege, and what a temptation to the men who constitute government!

The capitalists want a strong government; they need such to keep labor under foot. They are logical in equipping *their* government with sword and purse, of which we are the obedient soldiers and the humble fillers. The interests of labor are pacific, not belligerent; and it needs no other money than its own exchange notes. Take from Uncle Sam both sword and purse, make him work for his living like the rest of us, and let privilege content itself with the honors of administrativ wisdom.

Those who believe in the necessity of general governments and their functionaries, may argue that if the latter were not highly paid, they would only hook the more in an underhand way; or else that only rich men would run for office, thus to increase their power and so form a regular titled aristocracy. But I doubt whether the actual abuses of power and place could be exceeded by the poorest knaves if put in office; and as long as the mania for governments continues, there can surely be no harm in trying the economy of substituting honors for dollars in all beyond the average daily wages of laborers.

Abolish the custom house and indirect taxation along with the power of issuing money, otherwise than every citizen is free to pass his note where he can; make the treasury no longer a premium on rascality, and honest men may come to the front.

Any Socialist success achieved through the ballot can be only provisional, like shanties built upon a crust of ice.

The ice of probity, formed under the chill wind of poverty, rapidly melts under the seductiv zephyrs of luxury. Our landgraves and railroad kings complain that the average congressman ruins them in bon bons, bonds, and bonuses.

It is no wonder that the *fruges consumere nati* hav such a beggarly opinion of Socialism, of that Socialism, I mean, which begs the question of an *honest* government—*rara avis in terris*, even since the discovery of the black swan. Yes, an honest government is the *petitio principii* of modern Socialism, Marxic or Georgic. *Hinc illæ lacrymæ.*

What guarantees of honesty there can be outside of co-operativ associations, I do not perceive. After a century of treasons, let us get, if we may, a day of honest work out of our government; but I tell you we shall hav to make hay while the sun shines, and with big, black clouds looming on the horizon, we shall hav our hands full of work. EDGEWORTH.

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

FOUNDED BY D. M. BENNETT.

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C. P. SOMERBY, - - Business Manager.

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SATURDAY, - - - JUNE 14, 1884.

Dedication of the Bennett Monument.

The friends will meet next Friday evening, the 13th, at German Masonic Temple, 220 East Fifteenth st., as announced last week, to hold memorial services and to dedicate the Bennett monument to the Liberal public. Music and addresses will constitute the order of exercises, which is as follows:

1. PIANO SOLO. - - Miss LIZETTE STIVERS.
2. OPENING ADDRESS. - DANIEL EDWARD RYAN, Chairman Monument Committee.
3. SOLO (words written and adapted especially for the occasion). - - - - - - Mrs. L. M'CUNE.
4. MEMORIAL POEM. - - SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.
5. ADDRESS. - STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.
6. " - - - Mrs. A. C. MACDONALD.
7. MUSIC. - - - - - -
8. ADDRESS. - - - Dr. E. B. FOOTE, Sr.
9. " - - - E. W. CHAMBERLAIN, Esq.
10. " - - - - HENRY A. STONE.
11. MUSIC. - - - - - -
12. ADDRESS. - - T. B. WAKEMAN, Esq.

We are promised a number of the lithographs of the monument for the occasion, that those who hav not visited Greenwood may see how the structure looks.

The following additions to the Monument Fund are also to be acknowledged:

R. Hazelton,	$1 00	John Rees,	1 00
Mrs. Sanford Terrell	1 00	Evald Hammar	50
Alex. W. Hughan,	1 00	Clifford H. Swan,	50
B. N. Trotter,	50	Harry L. Gates,	50
Mellie G. Newkirk,	1 00	J. Williamson,	70
A. S. Gockley, M.D.,	50	Martin H. Hellerich,	70
Almira Sweek,	22	Alfred F. Vanta,	1 75
Mrs. Mary A. Home,	1 00	T. Theo. Colwick,	50
Dr. R. H. Lamb,	1 00	R. L. Baker,	1 00
L. Predmore,	1 00	Wm. Wilcox,	1 00

This reduces the deficit to $13.81. Nothing but the bare outlay on the monument and medallion is charged to this fund. The expense of footstones is borne by Mrs. Bennett, as is also the florist's bill for beautifying the lot, a description of which will be given in connection with the report of the meeting. We expect to dispose of enough lithographs to defray the cost of producing them, and a few friends are responsible for the expenditure necessary at the dedication exercises.

The League.

There seems to be a disagreement between the editors of *Man*. Mr. Leland indorses THE TRUTH SEEKER's position in regard to the League letting side issues alone, while Mr. Wakeman says that of the political platform proposed at the last Congress, "the Liberals hav reason to be proud instead of letting it be overslaughed and forgotten, and we hope to see it not only reprinted and circulated, but used to some purpose before the next canvass is over. Where," he asks, "are those who advocated it so ably before the League?"

To the query we can only say, we do not know. Those who advocated the platform at Milwaukee hav rarely been heard from since, and only one plank created interest enough to cause its discussion. If Mr. Wakeman had said that, *in his opinion*, the platform is too important to be forgotten, he would hav been nearer the truth, for the importance of the subjects embodied in it is a matter of opinion only, and very wide difference exists among Freethinkers in regard to it.

On the legitimate objects of the League, however, there is perfect unanimity, and no divisions periling the very existence of the body will arise. To show that this is the opinion of nearly all we quote Mr. Wakeman's brother editor. In the same issue in which the query of Mr. Wakeman appears Mr. Leland observes:

"We are glad to know that all our Liberal contemporaries agree substantially; first, that there is pressing need of a National Liberal organization specially devoted to Freethought work and the freedom and enlightenment of the human mind; second, that a strict Freethought platform ought to be adopted and adhered to; third, that the main platform and principles of the League are correct; and fourth, that the action and general administration of the League has been, as the *Investigator* says, 'as good as could be expected when we consider the means and circumstances.' If thanks are due for clear seeing of the League situation, for considering means and circumstances when measuring results, and for their unanimous agreement that the League should be sustained, then we thank our brother editors most kindly. We also thank them for their appreciation of such work as we hav been able to do in and for it."

MR. MITCHELL.

NEWPORT, MAIN

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* To defen principle do I take my pen to address you. I read with d interest your criticism on E. C. Walker's position as stated THE TRUTH SEEKER of May 31st.

Of all the readers of your paper there is not one that sees and admires your ability to defend the cause of liberty more than I do, but, my good brother, let me say to you in all kindness, you cannot sustain yourself against the impregnable position of E. C. Walker.

Wendell Phillips once said, "God did not put me in the world to free slaves, but to do right." Blot out the word "God," and the sentence is a grand one. Our business as the true saviors of the world is not to fear for compacts made by fallible men, but to contend for a principle, if in doing so we stand alone. The League has already compromised too much, and a few more such compromises will ruin it forever. There is no man in this country that stands on a more impregnable foundation than E. C. Walker, and history will certainly prove that my statement is correct. SEWARD MITCHELL.

As Mr. Walker's "position" is to load the League with a large number of side issues, having no connection with or relevancy to its charter objects, we imagin the impregnability is a debatable matter. It seems to us, also, a question of wisdom. The League was founded to accomplish certain definit purposes. It was not organized to work for prohibition or anti-prohibition laws; nor as a Socialistic or Anarchistic propaganda. Neither is it a Greenback, Free Trade, nor Protection and Hard Money Society. It is simply and solely a League for state and national secularization. We do not believe in diverting it from its purpose. A man may be a member of a dozen organizations, working zealously for each one, but he need not fly off at a tangent if every organization does not adopt the isms of all the others.

It is a large undertaking to reform all the evils of the age, and it will be glory enough for the League to effect the secularization of the state. When that is done Mr. Mitchell will find no paper more earnest than THE TRUTH SEEKER in working for the amelioration of other wrong conditions of life. One thing at a time, however, is about all that most people can do and do it well.

Information for Mr. Gunnison.

It seems to us that the writer of the following letter is in the one instance blind to inevitable consequences, and in the other ignorant of the true situation:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I hav seldom failed to be pleased with THE TRUTH SEEKER, but it seems that there are exceptions to all rules. Man is an intolerant animal, and even we Liberals are sometimes apt to forget our principles under strong excitement. I wish to criticise two of your articles that seem to me to show a little too sectarian a spirit for a Liberal.

First, I refer to your editorial against Edmunds *et al.* The proposed amendment seems to me to be an excellant one, just what we hav always contended for; and with only one fault—it does not go far enough. That, then, is the entire head and front of the senator's offending. Are not he and the others who voted for the amendment deserving of praise rather that blame? It was a move in the right direction, and all reforms move slowly, especially in Christian brains.

My second criticism is on the articles concerning the sale of the propaganda property in Rome by the Italian government. It seems to me that the Italian government is acting squarely against the plainest principles of civil liberty; first, by taking private property for public use without due compensation, and second, doing this to suppress freedom of speech. I think our government is in duty bound to protest, not in the name of religion, but in the name of liberty. It is no excuse that popery is the worst of superstitions, and has adopted similar tactics itself. Two wrongs do not make one right.

I would like your opinion on the above. E. S. GUNNISON.
Mt. Auburn, Iowa.

To make the matter more intelligible, we reprint the proposed amendment:

"*Resolved*, By the Senate and House of Representativs (two-thirds of each House concurring therein), that the following article be proposed to the legislatures of the several states as an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which, when ratified by three-fourths of the said legislatures, shall be valid as a part of the said Constitution, namely:

"Article 16. No state shall make any law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, and no religious test shall be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under any state. No public property and no public revenue, nor any loan of credit by or under the authority of the United States, or any state, territory, district, or municipal corporation, shall be appropriated to or made or used for the support of any school, educational or other institution, under the control of any religious or anti-religious sect, organization, or denomination, or wherein the particular creeds or tenets shall be read or taught, in any school or institution supported in whole or in part by such revenue or loan of credit, and no such appropriation or loan of credit shall be made to any religious or anti-religious sect, organization, or denomination, or to promote its interests or tenets. *This article shall not be construed to prohibit the reading of the Bible in any school or institution, and it shall not hav the effect to impair the rights of property already vested.*

"SECTION 2. Congress shall hav power by appropriate legislation to provide for the prevention and punishment of violations of this article."

We find no fault with this until we come to the italicized sentence. But that one sentence not only subverts the Constitution as we hav it to-day, but would when adopted as embodied in the amendment make this a Christian nation. Its object and effect would be to legalize evangelical Christianity and place the whole authority of the United States at its service to support it.

The last clause of the first section of the amendment in effect asserts: 1. The Bible is a superior religious book, *not to be classed as sectarian*, and that its being read is not a sectarian practice; 2. That the Bible is the recognized religious law of the nation.

This of course would prevent its ever being expelled from the schools unless another constitutional amendment were enacted. This is as plain as a pike-staff, and unless Mr. Gunnison is anxious to see the Bible made a permanent text-book he must oppose the amendment.

The clause further enacts: 1. That no state can tax church property already existing; 2. And that it is constitutional to compel non-church-going people to support the Christian religion.

The argument would be that the Constitution recognizes the truth of the Bible—else why speak of it?—that the Bible is nothing without its deity and salvation scheme, that those therefore are a part of our Constitution. The religion of Protestants would thus become the supreme law of the land, and woe to the Freethinker who should dare deny the book sanctioned by the Constitution. Mr. Edmunds is deserving of the severest censure from all friends of secular government. The fact that the God-in-the-Constitution party publicly worked for the bill, expressing their almost complete satisfaction with it, is enough of itself to make Freethinkers examin its provisions closely, and a very slight examination shows its pernicious and dangerous character.

President Arthur's interference in the sale of the Propaganda property was a piece of political insolence without shadow of excuse. The Congregation of the Propaganda has been in existence since 1622. It is charged with the missionary enterprises of the Catholic church. In the course of over two centuries and a half it has accumulated an immense property, consisting of college buildings, lands, libraries, museums, etc., amounting to millions. This property, in common with other church property, never paid taxes, or in any way yielded revenue to support the government which protected it. To maintain itself the Italian government was compelled years ago to confiscate a large amount of church lands, buildings, and personal property. The church owned nearly everything in Italy, and paid nothing. The step was a measure of self-defense which several nations hav been compelled to take. This Propaganda property was not taken at that time, but last January the Supreme Court declared this property liable under the laws by which the rest had been confiscated.

The situation would be paralleled should the Catholic church, by centuries of exemption from taxation, systematic thieving from the government treasury, and persistent begging from and bulldozing of the people, acquire such a portion of the property of the District of Columbia that the public burden upon the rest of the inhabitants became unbearable, and our government should take forty per cent of the property for arrearages, and allow the original owners the other sixty, but the property to be controled by the government.

If under these circumstances Italy should poke her governmental nose into the affair, she would be

likely to get it snubbed, and we only regret that Mr. Arthur's nasal organ was not made more *retrousse* by the Italian government when he yielded to the Catholic outcry. But what could be expected on the eve of a presidential election!

Funds for Politicians.

The Court of Appeals of this state has come to the help of the Lord, or of his institutions, which is all the same. That sapient tribunal has decided that it is not a violation of our state constitution to appropriate money for the support of sectarian institutions. New York city will therefore continue to be taxed a million and a half every year for the support of such delectable private and sectarian institutions as the Rev. Mr. Cowley's Shepherd's Fold, in which poor children will be trained in Christianity and the art of living on air.

According to this decision, the city is not obliged to maintain buildings in which to support its poor, but may farm them out to the lowest bidder, or to the institution which can use the most convincing argument with the committing magistrate. The poor may therefore be consigned to the care of the sect that is able to pay the highest premium for converts.

The court admits that the city is prohibited by the state constitution from giving money, or loaning its credit to private corporations—for instance, a church—but it holds that it can, under its duty to provide for the poor, compensate any institution for supporting orphans or friendless children committed to its care by local magistrates or charity commissioners. The Court of Appeals says, in effect, that if such an institution hav a special purpose beyond that of caring for the poor, it may not be deprived of public aid for that reason, as it is the fault of the city's officers if the money paid to it is more than sufficient to maintain the children committed to it, and the surplus is used for its pet religious scheme.

This decision is, in effect, a constitutional license for city officials to aid their church institutions from the public money. Any one conversant with municipal politics knows how little responsibility is felt by officials when parceling out the people's money. In New York a few thousand dollars given to a Catholic protectory or reformatory are returned with interest to the unworthy stewards in the shape of votes on election day. The decision ought to hav been handed down under the name of "A License to City Officers to use the Public Treasury as a Campaign Fund." The support of the orphans and paupers can be compensated very liberally, under this decision. There is, in fact, no limit but the sense of responsibility which the city officials feel toward the people, and this, as before stated, will not constitute a grievous burden to our municipal fathers. They feel more responsibility to the corner saloon-keepers than to public sentiment, even though the latter would bear them out in a good-sized steal if done in the name of religion.

Replacing the Old.

We giv special prominence to the proceedings of the Liberal Club on Decoration Day, for the reason that in them is illustrated an idea we are anxious to see understood and worked out. In the rapid disintegration of theology now going on, the tendency is already manifest by some liberal churches to substitute for the meaningless forms of superstition a humanitarian religion, in which God is replaced by Man. This work, it seems to us, should be led by the Liberals who hav forced the church to hitch along to this plain. Otherwise, when the new order of things is fairly inaugurated, theologians will claim the credit of the new movement, tack the name of Christianity to it, and cry that Progress is the child of the church.

Decoration Day was a most opportune time to start the new theology. The dead who die for freedom must always be honored. And it is better to make a festival of the occasion than pass it in hypocritical mourning. If Christianity be true, probably nine-tenths of the war heroes whose graves were decorated on the 30th are now in hell. Such a thought can never be the inspiration of a festival. The religion of humanity, on the other hand, has no dogmatic destiny for them who may hav died in sin, but who certainly gave their lives in support of freedom or through patriotism to their state. Humanity can forget their frailties in remembering their virtues, and honor the good without qualifying the eulogies by glimpses of hell.

The common-sense replacement of the few beneficent good points of the present religious sentiment is a work not fraught with much difficulty if Humanity be taken as the central rallying-point, and its service made glorious by recognition of its worth. The Liberal Club has set an example which may well be followed by Freethought societies all over the country.

A Step Ahead.

Although Massachusetts refused to do justice to her Agnostic citizens by repealing the oath law, she has performed one act which redounds to her credit and places her in a more creditable position among the states. The action is in relation to the Sunday laws.

Heretofore, whenever a suit for damages for personal injuries sustained on Sunday has been brought, it has been a sufficient defense to plead a violation of the Sunday law. If, for example, a person was injured while riding on a train on that day, and sued the company for damages, the company had only to answer that it was unlawful to travel on the Lord's day, and, therefore, the plaintiff was not entitled to recover.

The validity of this defense has been repeatedly sustained by Massachusetts courts, whose puritanical prejudices hav survived all the assaults of common sense. The most absurd results of this ruling were not sufficient to change it. In one case under this law, the *Herald* relates that the plaintiff had accompanied a funeral from Boston to Mount Auburn on Sunday afternoon. He was returning to Boston by way of Somerville, when he met with an accident and sustained personal injuries by reason of a defectiv highway in that town. In the suit for damages the town set up the defense that the plaintiff was traveling in violation of the Sunday law. The latter replied that attending a funeral on Sunday was lawful and proper. The Supreme Court held that the plaintiff had not violated the Sunday law in going to the cemetery, because he had taken the regular and most direct road. But his return by a circuitous route was unnecessary and for a worldly purpose. The court held this to be a sinful deviation in violation of the Sunday law, and accordingly decided that the plaintiff, being an unlawful traveler on the Lord's day, could not recover for injuries due to the negligence of the town.

By passing an act declaring that the violation of the Sunday law shall not constitute any defense in an action to recover damages for personal injuries, the legislature has relieved the state of a little of the odium left to taint the air by the witch hangers and Quaker whippers who settled within her borders and shaped her course.

"On the Rack of Persecution."

When we had finished Col. Kelso's large book, "The Bible Analyzed," he directed a copy to be sent to a Liberal friend of his living a considerable distance west of New York. The book impressed the person very favorably, and shortly after we received a letter saying as much. Before it could be put into type it was followed by another, which we print, omitting names:

"To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* I sent you an article in favor of Kelso's book. *Do not publish it.* I am in the *public school*, and there is a desperate effort to put me out. Last winter I took an activ part in a Liberal meeting—furnished the music, and gave a supper for the speakers. I think it was a death-blow for me here. Or, if you do publish it, change the name and place of writing. Being obliged to work for the public has closed my mouth, and I am on the rack of persecution."

What a beautiful state of society that letter shows to exist in that town, and what a blessing Christianity is to the people of this country!

Lectures and Meetings.

J. W. Harlan, M.D., will be glad to correspond with Liberal societies concerning Materialistic lectures. "I am," he writes us, "open to engagements to lecture on Liberal topics. I hav been an elder in the Methodist church, and wish in public to expose the frauds and devilisms practiced in that church. I will answer calls to lecture in any part of the United States." Dr. Harlan's address is Michigan City, Ind.

Mr. John Storer Cobb, president of the Boston Liberal Club, intends to start about the 1st of July for a tour through the Western states. Persons and societies desirous of making lecture engagements with him, can do so by addressing him at the *Investigator* office. Applications should be sent as early as possible, in order that the intended route can be definitly fixed. Mr. Cobb is very well qualified to giv satisfactory lectures on all Liberal subjects, and as we know his ability we recommend him to all our western readers.—*Boston Investigator*

The *Republican-Leader*, of Arcadia, Wis., speaks very favorably of the lecture delivered by Mr. Bell in that town, as may be seen by the following: "The course of Liberal lectures delivered by Prof. W. S. Bell, and of which we gave notice last week, attracted large and appreciativ audiences, and although not all who attended were converted to the Materialistic views advocated by the professor, still it must be admitted by all that he handled his subjects with great force and ability, and a very strong sentiment seems to hav been created in favor of his views. The professor is an attractiv, pleasing, and able speaker, and although strictly advocating his views, seeks not to injure the feelings of those who disagree with him; and should he come this way again, he will undoubtedly draw even larger audiences."

Religious Exercises in the Public Schools.

The following is the full text of the decision on the question of religious exercises in the public schools rendered by the state superintendent of public instruction on May 27, 1884:

STATE OF NEW YORK,
Department of Public Instruction,
Superintendent's Office,
Albany, May 27, 1884.

In the matter of the application of the board of education of Union Free School District No. 4, of Orangetown, Rockland county.

This application represents that the above named board of education "wish to move unerringly, but firmly, in the matter of sustaining the reading of scripture and prayer as a part of the exercises in opening the daily sessions of our public school;" that the board has "not required the children of non-Protestant families to participate in repeating scripture or the Lord's prayer, but hav simply required them to behave with decorum;" that a number of Catholic families "ask that their children be allowed to remain outside until the devotional exercises are concluded," and that "this interference causes much disorder outside of the room, and the subsequent entrance of these pupils causes a loss of time and disturbance to class work."

I hav carefully examined the special act under which this school was organized to see if there was any provision therein which might be held to authorize any other or different rule for the government of this particular school, in the respect in question, than that which applies to the public schools organized under the general law. I do not find any such exceptional provision.

By the constitution of this state all people, in respect to the free exercise and enjoyment of religious profession and worship, stand upon a footing of absolute equality. Interference therewith, in the way of discrimination or preference, even by legislativ enactment, is, by the express words of that instrument, prohibited.

Under our public school system, within the legal limitations of age and residence, instruction is free. The material resources necessary for the maintenance of this immense and complicated system are drawn at large from a population characterized by dissimilar religious beliefs, observances, modes of worship, and preferences. With such a public furnishing the money to support the schools, supplying them with the children in attendance, and having equal rights to the full and equal enjoyment of all the benefits of the schools, if it were possible to devise some limited measure of religious instruction for adoption in the schools, upon which all these diverse classes and sects could harmonize, it would be a gratifying result.

But this is manifestly impracticable and impossible. The only alternativ, therefore, to preserve the benefits of the constitutional guarantees, in letter and spirit, and to secure to all absolute equality of right in matter of religious predilection, must be, however reluctantly the conclusion is arrived at, to exclude religious instruction and exercises from the public schools during school hours.

This conclusion involves the enunciation of no new principle.

An examination of the records in this department shows a uniform series of decisions by my predecessors, extending over a period of more than forty years, in substantial conformity with the views above expressed.

In 1838, Hon. John A. Dix, then superintendent of common schools, referring to a former decision in 1837, says (Orders and Decisions, vol. vi, p. 391), "I hav heretofore decided that a teacher *might* open his school with prayer, provided he did not encroach upon the hours allotted to instruction; and provided that the attendance of the scholars was not exacted as a matter of school disciplin." This was a case in which the teacher was in the habit of attending in the schoolhouse at fifteen minutes before nine in the morning (nine o'clock being the hour for opening the school), and devoting the intermediate time to religious exercises.

In 1839, Superintendent John C. Spencer, having occasion to examin and pass upon the question (Orders and Decisions, vol. viii, p. 101), says: "Prayers cannot form any part of the school exercises, or be regulated by the school disciplin. If had at all, they should be had before the hour of nine o'clock, the usual hour of commencing school in the morning, and after five in the afternoon. . . . Both parties hav rights, and it is only by mutual and reciprocal regard by each to the rights of the other, that peace can be maintained or a school can flourish. The teacher may assemble in his schoolroom before nine o'clock, the children of those parents who desire him to conduct religious exercises for them, and the children of those who object to the practice will be allowed to retire or absent themselvs from the room. If they persist in remaining they must conduct themselvs with decorum and propriety becoming the occasion. If they do not so conduct, they may be dealt with as intruders."

On another occasion during the same year (Orders and Decisions, vol. viii, p. 87), he says: "Neither the common school system nor any other social system can be maintained unless the conscientious views of all are respected. The simple rule, so to exercise your own rights as not to infringe on those of others, will preserve equal justice among all, promote harmony, and insure success to our schools."

The principles laid down in these early decisions hav been followed by every one of my predecessors in office, no distinction having been made between scripture reading and prayers, but each having been held, in separate and distinct appeals, to constitute no legitimate part of the business of the public schools. They will be my guide and govern my action in all cases of like nature which may come officially before me.

In the particular case now under consideration, with these principles in view, and a disposition to carry them out fairly and to respect the rights and conscientious opinions of all, the board of education will, I think, hav no difficulty in avoiding further contention and securing harmony in the school.

W. B. Ruggles,
State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

Letters from Friends.

EAST PORTLAND, OREGON, May 26, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find 25 cents for the TRUTH SEEKER ALMANAC for 1884. We are receiving your paper regularly, and we would miss it very much if it should not come. I hav read with great pleasure Mr. Remsburg's answer to J. S. Maiben. As I am a nativ of Poland, and know all the suffering and privations, it did me good to see that we hav a friend in truth. I remain yours, C. L. SILVERMAN.

LORAINE, ILL., June 2, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Three cheers for John Peck and THE TRUTH SEEKER! I think Mr. Peck will find a rich subsistence if his stomach holds out with his grip on Mr. Talmage, and we all will hav a share in Peck. I hope my share will be a bushel, as it is more than a peck now.

Yours for a truthful picture, even of golden gods and holy pokers, R. H. WILTS.

POWDER RIVER, WYO., May 14, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $3, for which please send me your valuable paper for one year. I hav just read Ingersoll's last lecture in your paper, and it strikes me as being more to the point than anything I hav ever read. He surely givs them plain talk, and as Sullivan does it—straight from the shoulder. I for one wish we had more reformers like Colonel Ingersoll. I am what is called a cowboy, and I belong to a class that are held in holy horror by your average orthodox Christians. But I would hate to exchange morals with the average orthodox Christian, for certainly the more I see of these would-be holy people the less use I hav for them.

Wishing you success in your great and glorious work of liberating mankind, I remain, Yours truly,

C. W. MOSGAREIDGE.

HARTFORD, ONT., May 17, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find twenty-five cents for the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL. I am mad. My postmaster, a hard-shell Baptist, opens my paper, and has told the elder of the church that I am an Infidel. I shall not deny it. He thinks he is going to injure my business. I am a poor shoemaker, like the late D. M. Bennett, who will be spoken well of when my postmaster is forgotten. I gave the elder the two lectures printed in your noble paper. He found no fault with them. I take four papers, and THE TRUTH SEEKER is grabbed quicker than any of them when they come. Will send you some more subscriptions after a while, and I want some more of your books. Please inform me what books I want to confute this damnable priestcraft doctrin. I am going to spend all my loose money for the spread of a good sound doctrin.

PHILIP SLAGHT.

CINCINNATI, O., June 1, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: You hav not received a line from me for a long time, not because I am in any sense unfriendly to THE TRUTH SEEKER, or because I hav been converted to some kind of religious hobby. No; that would be a thing impossible; a backbone Materialist never swerves to right or left, but squarely and firmly stands on the platform of honest truth, as found in nature, and there only. Some of your very quizzical correspondents seem to think that T. Winter's Materialism is a little mite too solid for their stomachs; they seem to relish a kind of wishy-washy article, neither fish or flesh. But all such must look elsewhere for a dirt of that grade. I deal in no mixtures of second-hand principles, but pure, unvarnished realities; and, as I liv, I will never step down from the pedestal of truth Materialistic, for that, in lapse of time, must triumph over every phase of superstition.

Yours fraternally, T. WINTER.

ORION, MICH., May 26, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $1 for the Monument Fund. I am rather late, but it will count, even if it is the last. I hav been working here for the last ten years to encourage Freethought principles, and for the past three years those principles hav been undermining the strict church teachings. The churches are lamenting the coldness of the members, with no additions. We need organization, but there is not enough Liberal influence here at present to set things going. There may be a better day coming. I hav been distributing Liberal papers here until the church people think I am going crazy. After being a consistent church-member for fifty-three years, at the age of seventy-two to make a resolve to be honest is, they think, something strange—too much for them to believe. But I am only giving free expression to my honest belief in ignoring an individual supreme being who rules and governs all actions and movements in the universe of worlds.

L. PREDMORE.

MAITLAND, MO., May 28, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $1, for which please continue my subscription for such time as it will pay for. I am sorry I cannot send more, but will probably be able to scratch up another dollar by the time this runs out; and, perhaps, it will come as handy to you then as now. I am proud to know that there is such a paper in existence; and the only regret I hav about it is that its merits and value are not more generally known and appreciated. I am, also, very proud indeed to note how rapidly Freethought is gaining ground. Though I am comparativly a young man, I well remember when a man with Liberal ideas found it prudent to be careful of how and to whom he talked. But the tables are turning and the "servants of God" are very cautious when in company with known Infidels.

We hav a nice young town of seven or eight hundred inhabitants; two capacious churches; one M. E., the other Christian; the M. E's., hav service once a month, the other has a pastor at all at present. We hav neither a resident preacher nor a dance-house, but a happy, prosperous, intelligent community, with many Liberals interspersed.

Yours, D. MAXWELL.

CHESTER, PA.

MR. EDITOR: In your issue of May 31st, Mr. John Peck very ably reviews Mr. Talmage's sermon. It is such mystified sermons that keep the people in darkness and bondage to the priesthood.

If people were taught their duty in a plain and brief manner, so they could fully comprehend it, they would become more self-reliant instead of priest-reliant. Religion is looked upon by many as something very mysterious. There is no duty, in my opinion, more simple and plain. "The wayfaring man, though a fool, cannot err." I think the whole requirement is embraced in eight words, Liv up to your highest idea of right. This is a duty that would vary according to the idea of the individual, but nevertheless it is all and the very best we can do in church or out of church.

Very truly yours, R. I. LAMBORN.

WHAT CHEER, IOWA, May 22, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $3.25—$3 for one year's payment for THE TRUTH SEEKER and 25 cents for THE TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL. After having had a trial of your paper I find I shall want it as long as I can find money to pay for it. I hav read many Freethought papers, but I think yours ahead of the best of them.

I used to think myself a follower of the Lamb, but I found out when I left bonnie Scotland and came to this country I had been following a wild-goose chase. When leaving Scotland my kind, beloved pastor told me if I went to America and did not take my wife and family along with me God would not answer my prayers for their protection. I thought if that was true that was not the kind of God I wanted, so I set to work to find a better one. And I am happy to say I hav found one in place of the old humbug. It was six months before I was able to get my family out to this country, and my wife told me the pastor asked her once how I was getting along. She told him that I was doing well and that she was going out to me. He said, "Well, I was rather hard on him, but it was all for his good." Well, yes, it was; it opened my eyes. ALEX. CLARK.

ARROWSMITH, ILL., May 25, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I seldom consume any of your space, but I should like to ask our Liberal brethren what they think of the idea of collecting all the "Letters from Friends" that hav appeared in THE TRUTH SEEKER, and binding them in book form. They would make several volumes of practical Liberalism, giving the true history of the struggle of honest men all over the country while fighting for the principles of justice and right. Of course we could not expect to giv any room to the common enemy by printing any of their letters. We hav thousands of our friends who would gladly elbow each other in one grand army of readers during the long Sundays, while our superstitious enemies were working themselvs up to a fever heat saying bad things about us. If our good old wheel horse or pioneer, Mr. Bennett, was yet living, the chances would be that he would collect the letters, for he was never known to leave anything undone that had a tendency to help the cause of right. The letters would be a tribute to the memory of Mr. Bennett, and a treasure to his wife. A correct sum of Liberal ideas, and a bible to the sincere at heart, it would be a perfect mirror into which the clergy could look and see themselvs as others see them. Let us hav them, and inscribe them, "Letters from Mr. Bennett's Friends." Will some one second my motion? I wish the letters were more generally read. THE TRUTH SEEKER is too large to allow us time to read it all and reflect upon it well, and read our common dailies too. So if we had some way to preserve them in the order of their dates, we could re-read them at a more convenient season.

Ever a truth seeker and a truth preserver, PENN KIRK.

WAUSHIP, UTAH, May 21, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I mail you to-day's Salt Lake *Tribune*, containing an account of Jo Cook's lecture in that city last Sunday. His first sentence was, "Do you know of an Infidel book that you'd be willing to put under your head for a lying pillow?" The reporter thinks Mr. Cook pointed out the failure of the unbelievers to provide suitable books for pillows; but the reverse is true, for Infidel books do abolish the idea of a God ready to damn us for unbelief, even though belief is impossible. They also abolish all superstition, hence such pillows must be conduciv to peaceful and happy slumber.

I am glad to see in the same paper a notice that some prominent Liberals will reply to Mr. Cook, and I feel sure the reply will not make him a very comfortable pillow.

There has been a post-office established in this territory lately named "Ingersoll," I presume in honor of the immortal Robert G. I say immortal, because I believe he will be as immortal as man can be. I think his fame as a great and good teacher will increase as ages roll by, and his sayings be texts for future sermons, and countless thousands be named in his honor. Which reminds me of a thirty-miles distant neighbor who has named his son, a bright baby twenty months old, D. M. Bennett, in honor of that late champion of liberty, the founder of THE TRUTH SEEKER.

I think our territory is advancing very rapidly in Liberal ideas. The Utah commissioners in a late report said: "Utah is so changed from Utah of ten years ago that could the old style of affairs be restored for a week, the old slavery, the old restrictions, the Mormon people themselvs would rise up in rebellion. There are forces at work which are all-powerful, and which no restriction, no falsehood, and no superstition can resist." Which I think is a correct statement, and the forces spoken of are what the Rev. Jo would consider material for uncomfortable pillows.

That such pillows may become universal is the wish of

Yours truly, WM. REYNOLDS.

KALAMAZOO, MICH., June 2, E.M. 284.

MR. EDITOR: Agreeable to your request, I inclose petition signed by myself and others. I was in hopes to get a long list of names, but the Liberal element in this place are rather "weak-kneed" when it comes to action. There is a sufficient number to hav a good League in this city, but the excuses some giv for not signing the petition also express their sentiments in regard to forming a League. One says: "I don't wish to mix up with religion in *any* way;" and, "Well, I hav just commenced business here and I don't wish to offend my patrons; but then, them are my sentiments."

One thing I do find: those that are constant readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER never refuse to sign such a petition, and on the whole are more aggressiv and non-compromising with the hydra-headed monsters, superstition and bigotry, than any other class, due mainly to the grand enlightening and uplifting forces that are paramount in its columns—"long may it wave!" Although I cannot be a subscriber on account of my finances being at so low an ebb, yet, through the kindness of one of your readers, I am permitted to hav it to read every week. One word in regard to the League; there is some talk of reorganizing the League, and, with all due respect to *Man* and its able editors, I would like to see THE TRUTH SEEKER made the organ of the reorganization. There is no paper in the land that would be so effectiv in perpetuating and building up the National League as THE TRUTH SEEKER. More solid, genuin information and death-dealing arguments to superstition in its varied forms cannot be found in any Liberal paper in the United States. Others may honestly differ with me, but I would like to see as a part of the head of THE TRUTH SEEKER, "The official Organ of the National Liberal League."

Yours in annihilating myths, ARTHUR C. EVERETT.

AYER, MASS., May 26, 284.

MR. EDITOR: My only apology for neglect to renew my subscription when due is that, in my eagerness to peruse and enjoy the benefits of the healthy sentiments it contains, I tear off and throw away the wrapper without looking at the tab.

The contributors to THE TRUTH SEEKER are the "lights of the world." Skeptics and Infidels (to churchal creeds and dogmas) hav carried the torch that lighted the world through the dark, cruel, bloody reign of the Christian church, backed by the strong arm of the state, both innocent of promoting human love, happiness, or advancement; deserving the appellation they gave to others—infidel. To infidelity to church authority, and fidelity to human rights, is due all the progress of the world. Jesus, the great Infidel of his time, broke through the brazen firmament of religious despotism, and let a ray of light and hope down upon earth; and the clergy hav been industrious in trying to stuff his dead body into that aperture. They preferred darkness to light; a dead, crucified savior to a living savior; to living, loving, men and women, who dared say with their exemplar, "I am the light of the world."

If the priesthood had used their efforts to make this world a place of pleasure and enjoyment, taught how to be healthy and happy, a primary heaven instead of a primary hell, what a splendid achievement would hav been theirs; what a happy world would now be ours! Religion would walk with science among natural and solid facts; and science would reverently bow to righteous and peaceful religion, fraternal and natural allies.

Would it not be well to substitute *humanity* for Christianity, since the latter's history is written in blood? The former demands no human sacrifices, and has no morbid relish for burnt corpses of animals; no admiration for cringing, teasing mendicants, and requres neither prayer nor worship to keep him good natured; whose devotees say "Go into the world and preach the gospel (of peace on earth and good will unto man) unto every creature." Later on, another says, "The world is my country, to do good my religion." Transpose these beautiful sentiments as to authorship, would it lessen their beauty—be any less divine—less binding in their influence on human obligations?

We may extract some comfort, some courage, from the record of the last twenty-five years. Infidels hav proved their fidelity to the cardinal principles of human happiness "here and now," despite the hilt of that old flaming sword (whose blade has been converted into something mightier) which is still wielded by some to circumvent the spirit of progress. "Let us hav peace." ELIJAH MYRICK.

IN CAMP, LAKE CO., OR., May 9, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Please allow me, through your columns, to say a few words for one of our Pacific coast Liberals, Prof. W. J. Dean. About a year ago I listened to a course of experimental lectures on electricity given by him before the University of Seattle in Washington Territory.

I did not know that he was a Liberal, yet I wondered how a scientist of his ability could believe in spooks and spirits.

I heard nothing more of him until a few days ago, when, on passing through a small town in Jackson county, in this state. I saw a few hand-bills for a Liberal lecture by W. J. Dean. I quickly decided to stop over and hear it, and was well paid for so doing.

His subject was "Freethought and Freethinkers," which he handled in a masterly manner, throwing out many a nut that his orthodox opponents could not easily crack if they should try ever so hard.

He courteously invited the clergy to public discussion and offered to reply to any question that might be asked. At this an old gentleman, evidently not having the iconoclastic views of the speaker, asked what he had to offer in place of the religions that he would destroy. The answer was a settler; I wish I could giv it entire. That wound up the questioning.

Prof. Dean's style is clear, logical, scholarly, and very courteous. In his pleasing and gentlemanly manner on the stage he reminds me of B. F. Underwood. Like the latter, he makes no attempt at oratorical flourish. He informed me, in conversation the next day, that he depended more on the "force of facts than on oratorical display"—that if you con-

vince a man by oratory he may not "stay convinced." He "would prefer to fully convince one reasoning man to making a temporary impression upon a hundred." And, indeed, his style is convincing. He leaves an opponent nothing to hang to—hardly a show for a quibble. An opponent cannot go away angry and defiant, but to meditate and think. At least this was the effect upon me, for I did not fully class myself with the Liberals. There were some points that wanted clearing up. Mr. Dean's lecture and the subsequent conversation with him, together with the reading of two copies of THE TRUTH SEEKER that he gave me, hav settled my faith. Yes, friend Liberals, I hav come to stay. And I deem it giving credit where credit is due to thus speak a word for so earnest and talented a worker as Prof. Dean.

I am sorry to say that he is going to stop lecturing—that "it does not pay," etc. Really this should not be. Such ability should not be allowed to rust. The Liberals of Oregon and California should keep him at work.

Yours to "stay," LOUIS STANLEY.

MILWAUKEE, OR., May 27, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I was listening the other Sabbath in church to a little girl, she being heard in her catechism, and being the only one in her class. I will giv it below. I quote from memory.

INSTRUCTOR. Who made the world? PUPIL. Dod.

I. Who made Adam? P. Dod.

I. What did God make Adam out of? P. Dust of the earf.

I. What did God make Eve out of? P. Adam's wib.

I. What trees stood in the midst of the garden? P. Tree of life and the tree of knowledge.

I. What did the fruit of the tree of knowledge resemble? P. Do' no.

I. What did God tell them should befall them if they partook of the fruit of the tree of knowledge? P. That they should surely die.

I. What did the serpent tell Eve? P. That Dod knew they wouldn't surely die.

I. What did God do to the serpent for peaching on him? P. Turst him to trall on his belly all the days of his life.

I. How did the serpent travel before he was cursed to crawl on his belly? P. Do' know.

I. What language did the serpent converse in with Eve? P. You dot me adin, for I do' know.

I. What kind of a serpent was this? P. A little streaked snait.

I. Why not a boa constrictor, anaconda, or a big Iowa bull snake, instead of a little streaked snake? P. Taus the hedge was so high and tite round er darden, tordin' to Milton, bid snaits touldn't dit fru.

The instructor was heard to giv a grunt and say that it could not be expected of a child so young to answer with the same understanding that those of riper years would.

Shame them out of it, talk them out of it, lick them out of it, or any way to get them out. E. W. CRESSY.

CLEVELAND, O., May 25, 284.

MR. EDITOR: With your kind permission, I would like to say a few words in reply to the article entitled, "A Query," in THE TRUTH SEEKER of May 3d. I am surprised to learn that Miss Colman is an advocate of vivisection, for I hav always given the women credit for possessing the most tender sympathies in regard to inflicting pain in the interest of any cause whatever, and I never dreamed she would lend her aid to the cause of vivisection. The idea of experimenting on an animal to find what is good for man surprises me indeed. What, is there no difference between the anatomy of the animal and the anatomy of man? I think there is a big difference, but in order that vivisection of living animals will be of any value to the human race the system of the two must be alike, or else the knowledge of the one will be of no benefit to the other. How are we, by studying the diseases of the animal, to learn anything of any benefit to the diseases of man? I hav made it a practice for years to watch the phenomena of disease in both man and beast, and hav always found a wide difference between them, and I know positivly that in a great many cases it requires an entirely different treatment in different persons for the same disease, while the animals themselvs differ materially from one another. It is quite impossible to obtain always the same conditions of the nervous system of the animal upon which you intend to operate. This being the case, how then do you expect to obtain any but conflicting results? And if the evidence does not agree that is obtained from vivisection, how then are you going to turn it to the advantage of the human race? Dr. Foote says in his article of March 22d that men hav made experiments on themselvs. If a man wishes to endanger his own life for the sake of knowledge, why, he has a perfect right to do so. Indeed, I am not so bigoted as to say he shouldn't do so, but if he should experiment on another's person against that person's will, then I should say, "Stop!" And if he did not stop, then I would say the law should make him stop. To admit the utility of vivisection to animals would be to admit more than most vivisectors, I am afraid, would be willing to admit, and that is the evolution of man from beast, or at least to hav emanated from the same source, which it did. Then the animal is entitled to the same rights as ourselvs, and should not be put to the torture by force any more than man, and I would say to Mr. Eoote that if he cannot produce a better argument in favor of vivisection, he had better yield the fort to his far more worthy opponent, Elliott Preston. It is needless to say that in one instance, on which he lays considerable stress, the facts of which I am well acquainted with, having gained the knowledge without the aid of vivisection, or from studying the works of vivisectors, having found one instance where vivisection was useless or needless, I was led to look for more, and sure enough I hav found them, and I hav little doubt but I will, upon investigation, find that we can dispense with that most cruel of all cruelties, the torture of living animals, and labor to better the cause of humanity in a nobler and a better way. DENNIS A. LOSSING.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., June 1, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I had supposed that one could entertain an opinion and giv expression to such if the language used was proper and courteous, free from personalities, etc., in regard to creeds, sects, parties, and policies, and not subject oneself to the opprobrium of being called a blasphemer, slanderer, and the like, if silent on the creed and acts of our good, pious, orthodox friends and neighbors. Not so, however. Some who call themselvs Freethinkers handle and appear to relish the use of those terms as a child does sugar-plums.

"Well, every dog must hav his way,
Hav his little bark and little say."

When the favorit theory of a man weakens under the presentation of logical truths, and his best argument is the equivalent of "You lie, sir," he will be apt to make the world think his cause is lost. So here comes a volunteer recruit with an honored and distinguished name on the left, and an M.D. on the right, that is supposed to stand for doctor of medicin. See THE TRUTH SEEKER of May 17th, page 314, where I find Dr. Chapman saying that I hav been slandering the Oneida Community. And again he says: "Either monogomy or polygamy is natural. For this argument I shall call the Community polygamous, as it is simply promiscuous intercourse, and I hav been waiting long for some one to support their charges on scientific grounds." If science can solve such questions as polygamy and scientific intercourse, you are the man, doctor, to grapple with them. That is a new idea. It must be an original one, and it may be a great one. Step firmly to the front, doctor. Don't be timid. The science of "promiscuous intercourse!" Agassez or Humboldt never dreamed of that. And please tell us what is natural, doctor, if neither monogamy nor polygamy is, and if promiscuous intercourse—the kind that you call that which is in vogue at the Community—is another kind, refined and superior to that practiced in ordinary brothels. Make the distinction careful, doctor, for the sake of truth. Don't slander the pious Community. And again I ask how many engaged in practicing promiscuous intercourse of the refined or common order it takes to make a brothel. How many to make a gigantic one—three hundred, more or less?

I hav never discussed the Mormon question, but it is kindred to this, and as you hav introduced it, I will only say I consider the Community woman privileged beyond that of the Mormon. She can only be one of the wives or slaves of the man who owns her. No aspirations, and told that only through that portal will the gates of heaven open to her! While if the Community woman is ambitious, she can proudly say, "See how many husbands I own. He is my slave, if I am his;" and she is also made to think that theirs is a God-ordained institution.

J. VAN DENBURGH.

SIMCOE, ONT., May 24, 284.

MR. EDITOR: I hav just been reading your "Gems of Thought" column, and the second reads, "Yet we must confess that there is evil in human nature. We know that a certain thing is right, and yet there is the colossal selfishness of our nature which stands up in arms against us, and seeks to corrupt our reason." Now, on my part, I most distinctly object to such reading in the Gem column of THE TRUTH SEEKER. It is untruthful, and disrespectful to nature and the column. There is no evil in nature except what man himself has put there, which was one of the couldn't-be-helpeds in connection with his growth. It is the work of the gods that he has made out of the stock of nothing. Andthis brings me to the idea that some things can be made out of nothing, for all the gods were made out of it, especially the Christian God, and made by this wonderful animal, man. Wrong education made the gods, and of course the gods couldn't make anything but wrong education, which produces what we call evil. And I can easily understand why it should get incorporated into our natures, and thus become a mighty devil; but I could not understand how man, wonderful and all as he is, could make a god that made everything out of nothing, and become the slave of the god that he made out of nothing, without becoming a partner with the nothing agent, evil; but he has something to work with now, and I know he can make the slave into nothing again; but he can't do it with nothing, and he don't hav to.

And now respecting that much-abused word, selfishness, which is used to represent life, which is in itself good, and in which there can be no evil. With it man livs, and without it man is not. And it is not even related to nothing, out of which evil is produced. The more life a man has, or selfishness, as Felix Adler calls it, the better should be that man, if he has the necessary knowledge to direct with. And that can be bought from the Truth Seeker Company and S. R. Wells & Co., of New York. I owe my present existence to the latter firm I am sure, by stepping into their office twenty years ago last January, with my blue clothes on. The science of phrenology helps the growth of the mind, the man, and helps to direct him and the science of health. To life, economy shows the way.

I hav just been reading Elliott Preston's arguments about free rum and free crime, and I find no evil in his selfishness or life, but I find his necessity to apply to S. R. Wells & Co. for the volumes of the "Science of Health" published about eleven years ago. He does not yet know that it was the god that man has made out of nothing, properly called lies, who is responsible for all the present human misery, and chat prohibition simply means to try to cure one lie with another lie. And they still hav possession of Elliott Preston to a certain extent, for he believes in unnatural stimulants, and of course believes in an unnatural means as a cure to a certain extent only. He is not able to see that education can remove all the intemperance complained of, and that prohibition is intemperance of a different kind. I believe this knowledge has been stored in New York, I will say, thirty years, and yet most people know nothing about it, and the states hav just commenced to put it in the schools; but they will hav to put the Bible and Testament out before it can hav a fair show, because a Bible believer can't become very sound on the temperance question. The parent of all intemperance is lies, and the victims are slaves. He is the freeman whom the truth makes free, and all are slaves besides. Please don't ask me to prove my assertions, even to Liberals, for that requires the ability to remove lies—which all Liberals must know is very hard work—before the truth can be properly placed. Besides, the work is already well done and for sale.

I know there is a great number of Liberals who understand this question as well as I do, and better, and I know that there is a greater number who don't. and I suggest that Liberals become acquainted with the health laws as soon as possible, and help to kill the gods that hav incorporated themselvs in the medical schools, and are the sustainers of the present intemperance so much complained of, which is removable with liberty and right education only. Let us include the science of health first, with all the other sciences, and unite as one individual. We represent the best of the human race, and we should aim to prove it as soon as possible in every sense of the word. Never mind the cowards; they will come fast enough.

JAMES WILLIAMSON.

MOUND CREEK, KAN., May 27, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Your old friend and long-time subscriber, Major Schofield, and myself think THE TRUTH SEEKER cannot afford to let the tremendous tangle on finance contained in Isaac Cohen's communication of March 29th remain unchallenged.

But for the misuse of the term "value," the first column is sound, clear, and distinct. "Value" is a very handy word, but when used in the place of "price," or "cost," somersets the thing wonderfully. The value of money is not the cost of it, since cost is sacrifice, the death of labor. Its value is the usufruct in use. No price can be fixed on its value, more than on air, or the circulation of our blood. Lord Rascom, Italian delegate to the Paris conference, puts the basic principles of money pat on bed rock. "Metal is one thing, money is another; nature makes metals, law makes money." Nature creates matter, law creates abstract facts. Hence law and money can neither be seen, felt, weighed, nor measured. Nor can Congress regulate the weight or fineness of money, for it has neither. Neither gravitation nor quality inheres in it. Both are *ex cathedra* to it. Congress can regulate the number of cents in a dollar, and that it shall be a legal tender; it is then a perfect law-created fact, a fact to liv in use forever; while the fact remains a fact that it was created and issued on cost from some individual or company, which cost the money canceled by its first step into circulation. And, also, it paid the nation's indebtedness to the unit or company, for the cost of labor or anything else the nation received for its use. Of this cost of labor, etc., the nation has the use and benefit forever. Moreover, individual's credit and government's debt created the necessity for law to create money to cancel both individual credit and national debt. It cannot be done in any other way but by taxes. Indeed, a government worthy the name is in duty bound to pay its indebtedness to itself by law. No government should giv a bond or pay interest under any circumstances. And mark it, on this particular cost that each dollar represents, and nothing else, with law, it is that money is based.

Did anybody ever hear the word "redeemed" applied to gold money, so called? Still able writers seem determined to saddle it on paper money, so called? Now I dogmatically assert the man does not, never did, or ever will liv who can show or point out a scintillation of difference in money. It is always a law-created fact. The concrete material that conveys this fact from hand to hand points out that thing which it—money—represents; which thing the government that issued the money—legal tender—received before it issued it; and the *nomen* tells definitly in dollars what it cost him who credited the nation. But choosing a costly, limited material to stamp money on traverses in many woeful ways its beneficence. Still the fact, like every fact, as truth, is ever the same in essence. The word "redemption," applied to money, is a misnomer, a contradiction. Can justice, honesty, fact, be redeemed? To pay debts with money, or part with it in exchanges, is no redemption in any fair, legitimate meaning of that term. It "must be redeemed" implies some disability. There is no sin or defect in money. It is the *summum bonum* benefaction of law; to kill debt and credit at every step while the power that made it livs. But my friend Mr. Cohen says: "That portion which goes back to the support of the government is 'redeemed' by its taxing power." The government's taxing power puts individuals under the burden of a tax debt. The money, when paid in, "redeemed" the man, by paying his, and not the money's debt—if there was any redemption at all—just as the greenback redeemed—saved—the nation by use. When a government receives money to pay taxes, it must reissue as at first, to cancel cost of labor done; it now represents that cost, until it is again received, and reissued on new cost to whoever receives it. To receive and not reissue counts nothing. And if redeemed, as per the true meaning—that is, burnt, and a bond or gold given in its stead, it is robbery and murder. It is like burning your house, then giv a bond equal to its worth, then liv out of doors or be at the cost of a new one.

Therefore, emphatically, money cannot be redeemed, but it may be smothered and rendered a curse by misuse. It needs no "security," since it is based within itself; but it does need protection from nation-wreckers and pauper-makers. From constitutional "coin basis" money sings: Brothers, truth seekers, relief workers! Land free for a free people! National money stamped on the cheapest, durable, and convenient material, in quantity to zero per cent interest, may save the nation from impending ruin. The monopoly of land or money continued, there is no ground for hope. Men, yea, women of America! the "stream runs hard;" row for life, row! Yea, save the reckless wreckers from themselvs! ELIAS LEE.

"THE Truth Seeker Annual and Freethinkers' Almanac," 25 cents.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"His life is long whose work is well,
And be his station low or high,
He who the most good works can tell,
Livs longest though he soonest die."

The Lesson of the Flowers.

A DIALOG.

First Voice.

O royal gift of lovely flowers
That gilds with brightness life's dark hours,
That softly soothes the heart's dull pain,
And wakens it to joy again!
That speaks response to happy thought,
And brighter makes the gayest lot;
To beauty givs a double share,
And smooths the troubled brow of care.
From valley, plain, and mountain hight,
Sweet blossoms rise like gems of light;
And all the land, from shore to shore,
Thus with flowers is jeweled o'er.
From garden, woodland, dell, and grove,
Their messages come fraught with love,
And laden deep with tenderness,
To comfort, cheer, and sweetly bless.

Second Voice. (With wreaths of flowers.)

No preacher e'er had power to teach
Such sermons as the flowers preach!
Their voiceless lessons plain are heard
By ears attuned to catch their word.
Their perfume spreads in lavish love,
Like incense from some world above;
And garlands, that we twining wreathe,
Make fragrant all the air we breathe.
Petted child and soul forsaken,
Alike by each the gift is taken;
The prince and peasant, each receives
Alike the fragrance of the leaves.
And thus, true love the flowers paint,
The same to sinner and to saint.
No titled name their odors know,
But to all hearts their blessings flow.

Third Voice. (With Morning Glories.)

What poet, though with golden lyre,
And heart, o'er filled with heavenly fire,
E'er has told so sweet a story
As sings the purple Morning Glory?

Fourth Voice. (With bouquet of Forget-Me-Nots.)

What touches tenderly our thought,
Like blue-eyed, sweet Forget-me-not?
O memories pure of precious friend,
This lovely, modest flower doth send,
And through its mirror, bright and free,
Faces of dear ones we may see.

Fifth Voice. (With Mignonette.)

And where its seal hath meekness set
As on the scented Mignonette?
May such sweetness fold and hover
O'er all hurts that we discover.

Sixth Voice. (With Lilies.)

What eloquence the Lilies wake.
Born on the bosom of the lake!
But queenly crown they ever yield
Unto the Lilies of the field.
For kings in cloth of Tyrian shade,
Hav never been like these arrayed.
These flowers won a deathless name,
And diadems of lasting fame,
When Mary's son, strong, brave, and free,
Walked through the fields of Galilee,
And blessing breathed of love and power,
Upon the simple, blooming flower.

Seventh Voice. (With garland of Roses.)

Soft on the Rose doth beauty rest.
Acknowledged her most gracious guest.
So fair and queenly, who can guess
The secret of her royal dress?
Or by what art the color glows
Within the bosom of the Rose?

Eight Voice. (With English Ivy.)

And Ivy leaves all lustrous shine,
Since friendship's name they close entwine.
Without the hand of friend to clasp,
How slight on life would be our grasp!
And earth would be a lonely place
Without one dear familiar face.

Ninth Voice. (With Pansies.)

In Pansy leaves sweet thoughts we see,
Whisp'ring ever—think of me!

Tenth Voice. (With Myrtle.)

But Myrtle givs the chiefest grace,
For love hath made its name and place;
And where love's streams unruffled flow,
That place is made a heaven below,
From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
A sacred spot forevermore.

Eleventh Voice. (With bunch of Cypress.)

Of mourning souls dark Cypress tells,
Of bleeding hearts, and tolling bells;
Of loved ones parted many a year,
By low green grave and funeral bier.

Twelfth Voice. (With Snowdrops and Amaranths.)

But then, through bitter, blinding tears,
The Snowdrop consolation bears,
And tells of land of purest joy,
Where happiness knows not alloy;
Where no corrupting moth or rust,
Can change our treasures into dust.
And amaranthine buds unfold,
That we, in them, may thus behold,
Calm and serene, above all strife,
An emblem of eternal life,
That, by and by, the mystery plain.
Our loved ones we may see again,

Thirteenth Voice. (With tuft of Grass.)

And now, I trust that ere we pass,
We'll recollect the soft green grass,
That a carpet ev'ry springtime weaves,
To cover last year's blighted leaves;
Its use and beauty both combine
To make the wealth of summertime.

Third Voice.

Thus we may from the flowers learn,
Where'er on earth our feet may turn!
Of wisdom, justice, love, and truth,
And ways to find perpetual youth;
For earth a very Eden is,
And full of sweetest, purest bliss.
Around, above, beside, below,
Perfected law doth surely show;
And we hav but to ope our eyes
To find ourselvs in paradise.

Fifth Voice.

O sweetest month of queenly June!
Thy flowers keep our hearts in tune,
With Nature's heart so grand in tone,
To beat responsiv to her own.
We may not solve her problems all,
Nor know her ways or heed her call;
Or know if life is just as bright
Beyond the pale of death's dark night.
But whether activ life is ours,
When we shall drop beneath the flowers,
Or sleep shall press our eyelids down
Beneath an everlasting crown,
We know that here our happiness
Will grow as we shall others bless,
That life, unknown or understood,
Its essence is in doing good.

A Cat Story.

I once lived in the town of Brunswick, in the county of Rensselaer, New York, and owned a farm there. Of course I had all the domestic animals that were necessary, among them cats; and as they became too numerous, we sometimes contrived to get rid of them when the old cat was not around to know what became of her babes; so, one morning, in the absence of the cat, the kittens mysteriously (to the old cat) disappeared. The same day myself and my men were in the woods preparing our next year's firewood, and in doing so, I always selected dead or decaying timber; and in looking around, I found a large black oak tree with a dead top, and on that account we cut it down. As it fell, the dead top and branches broke all to pieces, and out of it ran an old squirrel. On going up to where the tree was badly broken, I found a squirrel's nest with five very small squirrels in it—so small that they could not crawl away, neither could they see, for their eyes were yet closed. I first thought that I would leave them there for their mother to find and nurse, but, on second thought, I knew that we should work around there for a long time, and until we left, the old one would not come back, and the little ones would surely die where they were; so I thought I would take them to the house, and feed them to my cat. I accordingly put them in my hat, and when I went to the house I called my cat and gave her one to eat, but instead of eating it, as I expected she would, she began mewing and purring, and licked it all over, all the time talking to it very lovingly. I sat down to my dinner, and when I had finished I offered the cat the other four squirrels, expecting she would eat some of the rest, even if she would not eat the first one, but she licked them, and talked to them as only a cat can talk, but would not not eat any. I felt afraid that after all they would perish. So I caught the cat, and opened the mouth of one of the little squirrels, and held it to where there was plenty of milk. In less than two minutes it was as full as it could hold. I then served the other four in the same way until they were likewise fed, and still the cat would not eat one. Putting them all in the basket where the kittens had been, I went away to my work. When I returned at night I found them full and comfortable, and then I concluded to leave them to the care of the cat. In a few days their eyes opened, and they became very lively and sociable. As they grew up they would come to us, on our laps and shoulders, to receive a nut or some good thing, and finally, we taught them to search our pockets for nuts, and never allowed them to search in vain; with them it was simply to "ask and receive," but, as they grew older, they learned to distinguish between our folks and strangers. As soon as a stranger came to the house, the squirrels would start and run for an old-fashioned tall clock in the corner, and climbing to the top would there hide away all but their heads, and remain there until the stranger departed, when they would come down and make themselvs at home. It was amusing to see the old cat go to the foot of the clock and call to them to come down (as I suppose), but it was of no use, as long as a stranger was in the house. They all grew up to be large, fat, handsome squirrels, and then we were about as badly off as when we had too many kittens; so I gave them away one at a time to my friends, but kept one for myself and the old cat, but that one, finally, was accidentally killed, and I felt the loss more than if I had lost a cow. HIRAM VAN PELT.

Cleveland, O., May 23, 1884.

Our Puzzle Box.

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The first is ever found:
"The Darwins" all hav it,
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You will therein it find.
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As this will call to mind.
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Could not very well stand.
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Presents this pretty rough.
In "An Hour With the Devil"
You find this, sure enough.
In the "Outlines of Phrenology,"
Though strange to speak of this,
It (my last) is always in the Bible,
Which so many revere and kiss.
My friends, please seek, and seek and find.
A far-famed traveler it truly calls to mind.

Pittsburgh, Pa. H. E. JUERGENS.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER MAY 31, 1884.

1. Hub of wheel.
2. 15,873x7 = 111111.
3. Mansion-house.
4. Because they never complain without cause (caws).

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Liberal Meetings.

[Leagues and Liberal and Spiritualistic Societies in the United States and Canada meeting regularly, can have notices of their meetings published in this column free if the officers will send them to us.]

MICHIGAN.

MUSKEGON.—The Liberal League meets every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock in the German Odd Fellows' Hall, corner of Western ave. and Terrace st.

WISCONSIN.

MILWAUKEE.—The Milwaukee Liberal League meets every Sunday evening at Fraternity Hall, 216 Grand avenue.—Exercises: Lectures, Criticisms, and Music.—Admission free.

OHIO.

CLEVELAND.—The Liberal League meets every Sunday at 3 P.M., in room 29, City Hall building. Lectures free. Communications can be addressed to W. I. Irvine, Secretary.

MAINE.

PORTLAND.—Dr. H. A. Lamb has hired Congress Hall, Congress street (entrance on Temple street), where free meetings, lectures, and discussions are held every Sunday, 2:30 P.M. Admittance free. Public invited.

OREGON.

PORTLAND.—The Auxiliary Liberal League of Portland, Or., holds meetings every Sunday, at 2 o'clock, P.M., at Nonpareil Hall, cor. 1st and Madison streets. All are invited. Admission free.

MASSACHUSETTS.

BOSTON.—Boston Liberal Club holds meetings for essays and criticisms every Sunday forenoon at 10:45 in the Paine Memorial Building, Appleton street.——The "Society of the Divine Homo" at same place every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Sunday-school at 2:30. Admission free.

PENNSYLVANIA.

ALTOONA.—The League holds meetings every Wednesday evening and Sundays at 3 P.M., at the League Room, corner of Eleventh ave. and 13th st., third floor, entrance on 13th st.

PHILADELPHIA.—The Friendship Liberal League meets every Sunday at Hancock Hall, 814 Girard avenue, at 2:30 o'clock, and 7:30 o'clock, P.M., for lectures and free debates. THE TRUTH SEEKER and Liberal books for sale.

PITTSBURGH.—Pittsburgh Liberal League meets at Maltby Hall, 76 Fifth avenue, every Sunday (except during the Months of July and August) at 3 o'clock. A free platform is maintained. Exercises consist of a lecture, followed by 10 minute criticisms, with 15 minutes allowed the lecturer to reply. Clergymen invited to discuss.

NEW JERSEY.

NEWARK.—Newark Liberal League meets every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the League's Hall, 177 Halsey street. Exercises consist of music, readings, lecture, and discussion, in which all present are invited to participate. Admission free. Collection taken. Communications for the League should be addressed to J. W. Frankel, 10 Pine street, Newark.

CANADA.

TORONTO.—Secular Society. Reading and Lecture Rooms, No. 9 Grand Opera House. Open every evening and Sundays. Lecture every Sunday evening. Freethinkers and strangers are cordially invited.

MONTREAL.—Pioneer Freethought Club meets every Sunday at 3 P.M., at 1310 Catharine street. Reading-room open daily until 10:30 P.M. Library open for exchange of books three evenings per week, and on Sunday afternoons. Free public lectures on Sundays as advertised in local newspapers. Strangers always welcome. G. S. Wilson President, M. O'B. Ward, M.D., Secretary.

NEW YORK.

ALBANY.—The Liberal association meets every Sunday at Van Vechten Hall, 119 State street. Sunday-school at 2 P.M. General business meeting and debates and discussions at 3 P.M. Lecture at 7:30 P.M. The public are cordially invited to attend, also all Liberals visiting the city. Admission free.

NEW YORK CITY.—The American Spiritualist Alliance meets every Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock in Republican Hall, 55 West 33d street.——The First Society of Spiritualists holds its meetings every Sunday in Republican Hall, 55 West 33d street. Morning service 11 o'clock; evening, 7:45. Seats free. Public cordially invited.——Frobisher College Hall, 23 East 14th street, near Broadway. The People's Spiritual Meeting every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 P.M.

BROOKLYN.—The Brooklyn Spiritual Society meets at Conservatory Hall, cor. of Fulton street and Bedford avenue, every Sunday. Services at 11 A.M. and 7:45 P.M. Admission free. Public cordially invited. Liberal and Spiritual papers and books for sale.——The Everett Hall Spiritual Conference, 398 Fulton street, meets every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. Meetings free. Spiritual literature for sale.——The Eastern District Spiritual Conference meets every Monday evening at Composite Room, 4th street, corner of south 2d street, at 7:45. Spiritual and Liberal literature on sale. All invited.——The Philosophical Association meets every Sunday afternoon in the Assembly Room of Wright's Business College, Broadway, corner of Fourth street, E. D., at 3 P.M. Public cordially invited. Doors open at 2:30 P.M.

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Mrs. L——, a lady residing in Brooklyn, E. D., for two year, suffered terribly with a uterine tumor; her attendant physician advised an operation, but having great aversion to the surgeon's knife, she would not submit to it; some friends having used my garments and been benefited thereby advised her to try them. About the middle of February, this year, a body set, as advised by myself, was purchased for her.

The following letter will show the results and prove the value of my improved appliances in all forms of disease:

MAY 2, 1884.

MR. D. J. COTTER, *Dear Sir:* Thinking you would like to know of the following, I notify you.

Mrs. L——, a patient of mine, had a uterine tumor of two years' standing and would not consent to an operation; some friends recommended her to use your MAGNETIC GARMENTS (a body set, I believe). Unbeknown to me she did purchase and wear them, for ten weeks, so she now informs me. Two days ago I was sent for to attend her and found the tumor had been expelled entire while standing, without pain or flow

Have you met with anything of this kind before by the application of your garments? I should be glad to have some information on the point Yours respectfully,

DR. A. R PETTIT,
149 Tompkins ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

COPY OF MY REPLY.

MAY 8, 1884.
312 Myrtle ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

DR. A. R. PETTIT, *Dear Sir:* Your favor received. In reply I beg to say I have several such cases, some of many years' standing, cured by the use of my Garments. I would much like to see the tumor mentioned in your letter, if in your possession, if you will name a time I can call upon you. I will then give you all the information possible respecting the above-mentioned cases, and, if necessary, providing my patrons are willing, will place you in correspondence with them, or the physicians who attended them prior to the use of my Garments. I await your reply. Yours respectfully,

DAVID J. COTTER.

Dr. A. R. PETTIT having replied. I called upon him and saw the tumor; it was the fibrous tissue of a large one; all other matter seemed to have been absorbed (by the action of the Garments) before it was expelled. I fully satisfied him of other such cases by letters in my possession from parties cured and their physicians.

The above speaks for itself, as the full name and address of the physician is given, and I have no doubt but he will be pleased to satisfy any inquiring mind of the above facts. D. J. COTTER.

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Prayer and Potatoes.

An old lady sat in her old arm-chair,
With wrinkled visage and disheveled hair,
And hunger-worn features;
For days and for weeks her only fare,
As she sat there in her old arm-chair,
Had been potatoes.

But now they were gone; of bad or good
Not one was left for the old lady's food
Of those potatoes;
And she sighed and said, "What shall I do?
Where shall I send, and to whom shall I go
For more potatoes?"

And she thought of the deacon over the way—
The deacon so ready to worship and pray—
Whose cellar was full of potatoes;
And she said: "I will send for the deacon to come;
He'll not mind much to giv me some
Of such a store of potatoes."

And the deacon came over as fast as he could,
Thinking to do the old lady some good,
But never, for once, of potatoes;
He asked her at once what was her chief want,
And she, simple soul, expecting a grant,
Immediately answered, "Potatoes."

But the deacon's religion didn't lie that way;
He was more accustomed to preach and pray
Than to giv his hoarded potatoes;
So not hearing, of course, what the old lady said,
He rose to pray, with uncovered head,
But she only thought of potatoes.

He prayed for patience, and wisdom, and grace,
But when he prayed, "Lord, giv her peace,"
She audibly sighed, "Potatoes;"
And at the end of each prayer which he said,
He heard, or thought that he heard, in its stead,
That same request for potatoes.

The deacon was troubled—knew not what to do;
'Twas very embarrassing to hav her act so
About "those carnal potatoes;"
So, ending his prayer, he started for home,
But, as the door closed, he heard a deep groan,
"Oh, giv to the hungry potatoes!"

And that groan followed him all the way home,
In the midst of the night it haunted his room,
"Oh, giv to the hungry potatoes!"
He could bear it no longer—arose and dressed;
From his well-filled cellar taking in haste
A bag of his best potatoes.

Again he went to the widow's low hut,
Her sleepless eyes she had not shut;
But there she sat in that old arm-chair,
With the same wan features, the same sad air;
And entering in he poured on the floor
A bushel or more from his goodly store
Of choicest potatoes.

The widow's heart leaped up for joy,
Her face was haggard and wan no more.
"Now," said the deacon, "shall we pray?"
"Yes," said the widow, "now we may."
And he kneeled him down on the sanded floor
Where he had poured his goodly store.

And such a prayer the deacon prayed
As never before his lips essayed,
No longer embarrassed, but free and full,
He poured out the voice of a liberal soul,
And the widow responded aloud, "Amen!"
But said no more of potatoes.

And you who hear this simple tale,
Pray for the poor, and praying "prevail;"
Then preface your prayer with alms and good deeds,
Search out the poor, their wants and needs;
Pray for peace, and grace, and spiritual food,
For wisdom, and guidance, for all these are good,
But don't forget the potatoes.

—*J. T. Pattee.*

"The Bible Analyzed."

I hav just read "The Bible Analyzed," a large and beautiful book, printed in clear and plain type, and in clear and plain language. It would seem as if all that could be said, either for or against this old book of Jewish mythology, had been said and repeated over and over again by so many writers that a new book, on the old thread-bare subject, could not possibly hav any interest. But I assure you that though I hav read from Voltaire and Paine up to Ingersoll, I was really fascinated by the easy, familiar, and flowing style of this volume of Kelso's. It is analytical, argumentativ, and historical; solid, sensible, and reasonable; merry humorous, and witty; cute, charming, and curious; and altogether useful, desirable, and valuable.

No Liberal library will be complete without it, and especially a League library. Hav you a pious friend or neighbor whom you would convince of the errors, mistakes, and falsehoods of the Bible? Persuade him to read this analysis of the holy (?) book, and the work is done.

Should some furious fanatic endeavor to thrust his stale and effete theology down your throat, tell him you will read any of the ten thousand pious books, from any pious theological library, that he will bring you, if he, in turn, will read "The Bible Analyzed," and that you will exchange criticisms and remarks thereon with him, *ad infinitum;* for you are just as certain to win the victory as the sun is sure to giv us light and life.

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I hope our friends will not only buy this book for its own intrinsic merit, but will choose it in preference to some others probably just as good. Select this one because the writer penned it amid poverty and destitution, penned it as a wounded and "almost totally disabled" soldier, who received his wounds in the service of our country, and is now trying to rear and educate his motherless children by the fruits of his pen.

I would like to place before you whole pages of this criticism on the blessed (?) volume, if I had space to do so, for I am sure if you knew the nature of the mental feast here spread for your delectation, you would be eager to partake of it.

If asked which is the most interesting chapter in the book, I think I would say the one on *Miracles*. He says: "Convince a Christian that no such miracles as described in the Bible were ever performed, and you at once make him an Infidel. So, on the other hand, convince an Infidel that the miracles described in the Bible are all genuin, and you at once make him a Christian. . . . The man who believes, does so simply because a sufficient amount of evidence has been brought to bear upon him to compel him to believe. . . . Anciently the word miracle was synonymous with the word wonder. A miracle was simply something wonderful. . . . The results of many scientific experiments appear truly wonderful—as the lighting of a fire with a drop of water, or with sparks from a man's nose; the converting of a cotton garment into its own weight of sugar; and the causing of large pieces of iron to stand in the air." All Christian Bible miracles, that are not myths and falsehoods, are probably "wonderful results of science," just as are the "wonders" reported of spiritual mediums of to-day.

"The Bible Analyzed" shows that the book is an irregular, straggling medley of fact and fiction, history and fable, poetry and nonsense, miracle and science. I was reading, only a few days ago, a serial story in the *Continent*, describing the persecutions of the early Christians and their underground life in the catacombs. The story made out the Christians to be "but a little lower than the angels," but for me the tale was ruined by its miracles. These were the restoring to life of two dead men, one of whom had his head entirely severed from his body. These were "raised" into life by the prayers of the congregation in the catacombs, and these two downright impossibilities made the whole story no better than a fable. Just so does the one miracle of turning *all* the waters of the land of Egypt into blood make the Bible no better than a book of fables; and then counting in all the other miracles Kelso mentions converts the old book into a collection far out-rivaling even Esop's famous volume.

Friends, the labor of two days will pay for "The Bible Analyzed." Mr. Kelso has spent years of study, and thought, and labor in producing this valuable legacy for Freethought. Can you grudge the work of two days if spent in purchase of what has cost so much? I think I am safe in offering to take the book off the hands of any Liberal at full price, if, on carefully reading it, he or she concludes it is not worth the outlay. Yours for the encouragement and appreciation of real merit,

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Yours respectfully,
H. A. BROWN.

Ladies, read the following testimony from a lady who had been under drug treatment for eight years with nervous prostration and female weakness:

OSBORN, O., Dec. 15, 1882.

DR. L. TENNEY: Your letter just received; also the Clothing on Tuesday last. Fitted perfectly. FELT BETTER FROM THE FIRST HOUR I HAD THEM ON. Am not joking, and if I improve as rapidly as I hav since Tuesday, will soon be well. Will report again soon. Respectfully yours, E. J. K.

This lady reports herself entirely cured in less than six weeks after putting on the garments, and, although in bed, unable to get out, when applied, she nevertheless was able to ride twenty miles in two days after the application. The lady's name can be had upon application at this office, by any one desiring to communicate with her.

Ladies, read the following testimony from a lady who had been suffering for two years with an **Ovarian Tumor**, and who had been told that nothing but the knife would save her life, and the chances were as 9 to 1 against recovery. In four months' time she is perfectly well, and has not taken a dose of medicin since putting on the appliances. Consult us when your physician tells you he can do nothing for you; it will pay you.

SHULLSBURG, WIS., November 19, 1882.

DR. L. TENNEY; *Dear Sir:* About two years ago my health began to fail me; I became nervous, lost all desire for food, and, in fact, began to fail rapidly, so that I became alarmed and consulted several physicians of St. Louis, at which place I was then stopping, all of whom declared that I had an **Ovarian Tumor** and that the only thing that would save my life would be the knife. About six months ago I grew rapidly worse, and had about made up my mind to take the only course that seemed left to me, and submit to the operation, when my attention was called to the **Eureka Magnetic Appliances.** As a drowning man will catch at a straw, so did I catch at this faint hope of a cure. Four months ago I purchased a suit of your appliances. From the very first I felt invigorated, the tumor, which had extended entirely across my abdomen, began to decrease, my pains became less from day to day, until now I am as well as I ever was in my life. Since putting on the appliances I hav not taken a single dose of medicin. My bowels, which before were constipated, are now regular. I would therefore cheerfully recommend them to anyone suffering as I hav, believing that they will do all and more than you claim for them. I remain,

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The Only Scientific Magnetic Appliance Ever Constructed.

And challenge comparison with any of the so-called magnetic garments now offered under that head. At the same time the application of labor-saving machinery in our manufacture enables us to offer them about

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So that we can say with truth, None are so poor that they cannot procure them, being but a trifle high than ordinary clothing.

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A PETITION FOR STATE SECULARIZATION.

To the Honorable Senators and Members of the House of Representatives of the United States Congress:

A republican form of government being based on liberty, equality, and fraternity, as both means and end, involves the separation of Church and State, whose union is the worst form of class-legislation and the most infallible sign of arbitrary power. A house divided against itself cannot stand. The institutions of this Commonwealth should be made homogeneous throughout. Impartial protection of all citizens in their equal rights and liberties, by encouraging the free movement of mind, promotes the establishment of truth in whatever direction. Any infringement by government of this absolute equality of its citizens is the parent of manifold evil, a national crime committed against that natural "justice" which, as the Constitution declares, this government was founded to "establish."

And yet, though the first amendment to the Constitution of the United States says, "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof," there does exist a union of Church and State, which gives to Christianity moral and material aid, and so proscribes other religions and forms of belief and unbelief, while taxing these also for the support of that special religion.

The ways in which this old alliance between Church and State still survives among us are:

1. Recognition of God and Christianity in State Constitutions.
2. Exemption of Church property from taxation.
3. Appropriations of public money for sectarian purposes.
4. Religious exercises, as the reading of the Bible, etc., in the public schools.
5. Laws enforcing the observance of the Sabbath on the authority of the Bible.
6. Religious test-oaths in courts of justice and on instalment into office.
7. Chaplaincies in the Legislature, the Army, and the Navy.
8. Fast and Thanksgiving Proclamations, which contain theological ideas that may or may not be acceptable to the citizen.

The necessity for this separation of Church and State is more apparent now than ever before, because of the still greater diversity of religious beliefs, the many forms of dissent from the religion which receives State patronage, and the growing signs of sectarian strife and ambition in the arena of politics. And emphasis needs to be given to the fact that the union of Church and State is *a great hindrance to the employment of right methods* in dealing with many questions of reform now demanding attention. And most essential is it at all times, and especially in the present, in order to secure for the law its due respect and observance, that the people's representatives should exhibit the strictest fidelity to their trusts by following the law in its letter and spirit.

Your petitioners, therefore, pray that immediate action be taken by the law-making power to bring into harmony the theory and practice of our government in making the following principle a part of the fundamental law of the land by amendment to the United States Constitution:

The total separation of Church and State, by prohibiting Congress or any State, County, Municipality, or Township from enacting any law that favors religion in any of the eight ways specified, or in any other way, or prohibits the free exercise thereof.

THE TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL

—AND—

Freethinkers' Almanac for 1884

(E. M. 284.)

WITH EIGHTEEN FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS.

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Odds and Ends.

IN politics the most successful men seem to be the ones who hav the greatest ginfluence.

WHEN did George Washington take his first ride? When he took a hack at the cherry-tree.

IT is noted as an interesting fact that the wages of sin hav not been cut down to any perceptible extent

THE cultured maiden from Boston wrote to her friend that she had just been to hear Mr. Joseph Emmett sing "Pique-a-bout."

IT is said that there will be three women to one man in heaven. Gosh! but won't we hav a nice time up there when we lay this burden down!

LITTLE FLAXEN HAIR: "Papa, it's raining." Papa: (somewhat annoyed by work in hand): "Well, let it rain." Little Flaxen Hair (timidly): "I was going to."

MAINE is noted more for its water-power than any thing else. Therefore it seems perfectly natural that its nativs snould take so kindly to the flowing bowl that a prohibition law is necessary.

A BUDDING poet recently sent a religious weekly a sonnet "To a Devil's Darning-Needle," and was greatly surprised at the sanctimoniousness of the said periodical when it printed his sonnet changed so that the title read, "To a Satan's D——g-Needle."

WE hav it on sound authority that the French government has resolved to return the exquisit courtesy of our lawmakers in kind. Hereafter a duty will be levied upon all works of art imported into France from America; and thirty per cent will be collected upon all American-made chromos and other works of art, such as tobacco labels, three-sheet pictorial posters, wooden Indians, Godblessourhome mottoes, pictures by National Academicians, advertising fans, please-shut-the-door signs, and nativ wines.

"NOW, my dear," said the candidate's wife, "I don't wish to throw the slightest obstacle in the way of your election, and if you choose to turn the house into a bear garden, and hav all the loafers in town tramping on my carpets and filling my curtains with pipe smoke and drinking whisky out of my best teacups, I shan't say a work. But I want you distinctly to understand that if another of those women's rights delegations comes to know if you are going to take a manly stand for down-trodden womanhood—well, that delegation has got to be twenty years older and keep its veil down, or I'll interview it myself. That's all, dear."

HOW CATHOLIC PATRIOTS SERVE THEIR COUNTRY.—AN OPERETTA OF THE HOUR.

SCENE.—*The rear room of O'Flaherty's saloon. The patriots sit in secret council around a table on which are set out sundry bottles, glasses, etc.*

FIRST PATRIOT.

Hurroo, byes, hurroo for the pathriot's trade;
A betther no mortal did iver invint;
To the divil I've flung away pick-axe and shpade,
And the tinimint's moine where I once paid me rint.
Sure, no longer I doine from a batthered tin can,
I've Dalmoniky's besht since I friz to this job;
Here's a health to ould England, she's med me a man,
For 'tis cursin' herself puts the bread in me gob.

SECOND PATRIOT.

'Tis navies we'll hav, byes—all here in me oi—
With Airin's green shtandart a-sailin' the says;
And we've dynamiote, too—here 'tis, labeled "Ould Roi"—
To bring down Johnny Bull to his dastardly knase.
Faix, the more of shtarvation and misery, too,
And shootin' and hangin' bedivils the Oile,
The betther it is, byes, for me and for you,
For the shtamps come in fasther and fasther the whoile.

THIRD PATRIOT.

Wan Rafferty keeps a schmall grocery shtore,
Where the woman that owns me was down on the schlate
Purty heavy, begob, till the villyun he shwore
Not a ha'porth on thrust anny more should we ate.
"Ye'd shtarve out a pathriot, would ye!" I said:
"For a thraitor and shpy I'll denounce ye, ye baste!"
Faix, Rafferty thrimbled. From that day, hedad,
Upon thrust on the besht of his havin' we faste!

(Cries of "Divil resaive him!" "More power to yees, Mick!")

FOURTH PATRIOT.

Ye know the bloind polper, byes, Terry McGlynn,
A nate little sum the ould bird had put boi
In the toe of a sock hid a tay-pot widin;
When Oi heerd of it, off, faix, to Terry wint Oi.
Oi discoorsed him, begor, of the want and the woe
The bloody red toirant had brought the green land,
And the tirrible vingeance we'd wrake on the foe—
Sure, he imptied the shtockin' right into me hand.

(Prolonged laughter.)

FIFTH PATRIOT.

"Arrah, where are yez bound," sez I, "Biddy O'Rorke?"
(She's a sarvint and soft). "Where so fasht now, Machree?"
"A passage to boi," sez she, "here to New York,
For the mother at home that I'm doyin' to see."
"Let her wait a while yit," sez I, "Biddy asthore."
And I shwore how the Gim of the Says wud be free,
Whin the pathriot byes had a few dollars more,
Till, half croyin', she gev all the money to me.

(Boisterous laughter, succeeded by cheering, and a voice, "Well, Reilly, ye bate the divil!")

ALL THE PATRIOTS [*in chorus*].

Hurroo, byes, hurroo for the Pathriot band,
And whin we git lift sure the day will be could,
The divil may care for the Imerald land,
While the money roulls into the Pathriots bould.
No longer we wrastle with shovel and shpade,
We're shtatesmen and warriors—that is our job.
Here's a health to ould England, our fortunes she's med,
For 'tis cursin' herself puts the bread in our gob.

—*Puck.*

THE TRUTH SEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., as Second-class Matter.

Vol. 11. No. 25. | PUBLISHED WEEKLY. | New York, Saturday, June 21, 1884. | 33 CLINTON PLACE. | $3.00 per year.

Notes and Clippings.

JEWS hav been so persecuted by the Christians of Limerick lately that numbers hav left the city.

KING THEBAU of Burmah has poisoned his mother-in-law. Thus is Christian civilization doing its perfect work, even among the heathen.

THE Baptist darkies of New York hav just dedicated their first church. This will probably hav the effect of introducing the razor into religious worship.

EVERY religion, like every dog, so to speak, has its day. What Sunday is to Christians Monday is to the Greeks, Tuesday to the Persians, Wednesday to the Assyrians, Thursday to the Egyptians, Friday to the Turks, and Saturday to the Jews.

SOME of the electors in the south of London are said to contemplate bringing forward Miss Helen Taylor as a Parliamentary candidate at the next election. They believe there is no legal obstacle to the election of a woman, although women hav not a Parliamentary vote.

A NEBRASKA girl recently took the first prize for blowing the largest soap-bubble at a church social. As the blowing of soap-bubbles is more a question of wind than anything else, we may soon hear of its becoming a popular pastime among religious people. The average pastor would hav a walk-over.

"PAPA," asked a little boy, looking up from his Sunday-school lesson, "what are the 'wages of sin?'" "The wages of sin these days," replied the old man, earnestly, "depend upon circumstances, and one's opportunities and business capacity. But they run up into the thousands, my boy, they run up into the thousands."

IN the last census of France no less than seven and a half millions registered themselvs as having no religion. Hundreds of curacies remain vacant in that country for want of young priests. The Chamber of Deputies has refused to allow the exemption of ecclesiastical pupils from the three years' military service by the overwhelming majority of 386 to 91.

Two bank cashiers dropped out of their places one day last week from the usual cause, and a third began his term of eight years in jail. It was not a very good day for cashiers, either; but it is apparent that there is a good deal of moral as well as of other liquidation going on just now. The returns so far show all to hav been Sunday-school superintendents, deacons, and church-members.

ONE of the most suggestiv strokes of irony upon the rottenness and hypocrisy of modern life, says "Honorius" in the *Irish World*, is the fact that among the items of outrageous vandalism on the part of the president of the failed Metropolitan bank was the snug sum of $1,000,000 which he had stolen whereby to endow a Methodist theological college. Whether a thief or a saint endows a theological seminary does not probably affect the merits of the theology, but suspicious human nature is ultimately to discredit the sources of such theological teaching in the belief that the theological teachers were more or less in conspiracy with the banking thief.

A MAINE paper relates that a Portland man, who reads the scriptures a great deal, after reading an account of Jesus walking on the water, decided that he himself had faith sufficient to walk at least over to the cape, and told his friends of his intention. Accordingly, several gentlemen gathered at the end of Custom House wharf to witness the performance. The man of faith was there, but as he had prudently provided himself with two life preservers to use in case his faith gave out, there was so much ridicule of him that he did not attempt the feat of walking upon the water. These schemes for transplanting the achievements of an age of fiction into this era of fact seem destined in every case to "fall through at both ends."

ROBERT LEITHAM, an Irishman, 80 years of age, has just landed in New York for the second time. He is looking for the Rev. John Rodney. When he was here many years ago, the Rev. Rodney borrowed $2,000 of him, and then sent him back to Ireland, telling him he would send him $3 per week during the rest of his life. Leitham has never received any money, and worked his way to this country hoping that Rodney would make him reparation.

QUEEN VICTORIA has just attained her sixty-fifth year, an age which has been exceeded by nine only of the sovereigns of England, dating from the Norman conquest, viz.: Henry I. and Edward I., who both attained 67 years; Queen Elizabeth, who lived 69 years; James II., 68 years; George I., 67 years; George II., 77 years; George III., 82 years; George IV., 68 years, and William IV., 72 years. On June 20th she will hav reigned over the United Kingdom for forty-seven years, a length of time which has been exceeded by three of the kings of England only, viz.: Henry III., who reigned fifty-six years; Edward III., whose reign reached fifty years, and George III., whose reign lasted nearly sixty years. Victoria is also the oldest European monarch, with three exceptions—the emperor of Germany, who is 67 years of age; the king of the Netherlands, 67; and the king of Denmark, 66.

THE *Christian at Work* makes this statement: An industrial school for candidates for the ministry in order to be able to support themselvs while studying, is urged by Bishop Gallagher, of Louisiana. "A garden farm," he says, "devoted to the cultivation of small fruits and vegetables, could be easily cared for by young men assembled for a course of study, and the proceeds of their labor would make the perpetual endowment of the institution." Mr. Peck, of the Milwaukee *Sun*, seconds the motion ably as follows: "The experience of watermelon farmers and raisers of fruit in the vicinity of theological seminaries would go far to prove that such farming would be right in the hands of the students. They are said to be a great help to farmers in harvesting their crops, and to do the work after study hours, late at night, and they ask no pay. In fact, it is hard to find out who does the night work. They hide their light under a fence."

THE new French divorce bill which has passed the lower house allows either husband or wife to obtain a divorce for cause of adultery, cruelty, serious insults, a sentence of imprisonment for dishonesty or offenses against public morals, any ignominious punishment other than banishment or degradation for political offenses, absence for a term of years. It also provides for divorces by mutual consent. In the latter case it provides that any couple finding their married life insupportable, but not wishing to accuse each other of any offenses nullifying marriage, can make a declaration that they are no longer able to liv together. This formal declaration must be supported by the acquiescence of three of the nearest relativs of both husband and wife, and repeated four times in the course of a year. Then a separation is granted, and at the end of three years an absolute divorce, allowing each party to re-marry. Should this bill become a law, and it seems likely to, the Chicago courts can not hold a candle to those of Paris.

A SHORT time ago a lady of Saco, Me., was reported to hav been miraculously cured of consumption by the power of prayer. The tidings of great joy were telegraphed all over the country. Nevertheless, for the perfect recovery of the patient, a supplementary petition to the throne was deemed necessary, and the help of a noted faith doctor was invoked. This fellow appointed a recent Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock for her friends to join in special prayer for her recovery. His idiotic instructions were carried out. When asked by her husband if she felt better, the sufferer replied, "No, but I feel very strangely," and in a short time she was dead, and the believers lost faith in the power of prayer. The editor of the *Maine Banner* deplores these proceedings as a course that leads to the rankest Infidelity and skepticism. The day of miracles, he holds, is past. He admits that the realm of prayer is boundless, but does not believe that it extends to the cure of a person in the last stages of consumption, or to the healing of a sprained ankle. Thus another miracle turns out to be, what everyone of them is and has been—a fraud.

THE religious bigots of Boston having imported Gen. Carey, of Ohio, to answer the arguments of Col. Ingersoll against the alleged myths of the Bible, the general held forth at the Tremont Temple on Monday evening last. The seats on the floor were about half filled, with a sprinkling of spectators in the lower galleries. The daily papers report the speech of Gen. Carey as a very tame reply to Col. Ingersoll, which it was. As the speaker wished to impress the idea upon his hearers, he would walk forward to the edge of the platform, and doubling himself up so as to place his hands upon his knees, would tell off the points by nodding his head very knowingly. He said, among other things, that Noah's ark was 43,413 tons measurement, more than the burden of eighteen of our largest men-of-war vessels which carry three hundred men, and provisions enough to last them for a year. He also said that there were not over four hundred quadrupeds in all the ark, and that the birds couldn't hav taken up much room. "When it was remembered that the ark was three stories high," said the speaker, "and all fitted up into compartments, there was room enough for all the animals, besides a suite apiece for Noah and his numerous children, *and several spare chambers for visitors!*" Much more similar verbiage was given to prove Ingersoll was wrong and the Noah Bible myths truth. If the appearance of the countenances of the hearers was any criterion of their thoughts, very little stock was taken in the address. The theologians here who hire people to come to Boston to antagonize Freethought lecturers for the purpose of bolstering up their effete creeds, must secure the services of abler men than Gen. Carey of Ohio. Even then they will not succeed. It is high time that the religious myths of the ages should giv place to the common sense and reason of enlightened humanity.—*Banner of Light.*

CAPT. KELLY, of Hudson, Wis., has applied for a patent on an improved device for holding hymn-books in church. This will fill a want long felt. There is nothing that tires a man more than to stand up in church and hold a hymn-book while the congregation is singing, and nine able-bodied men in ten will hold on to one side of a book and not lift at all, but leave the party holding the other side of the book to bear up under the burden. What a sigh of relief comes from a man when the last verse of a hymn is reached, and how natural it is to begin to close the book when the second line of the last verse is being sung, and how he drops into his seat with a dull thud before the notes of the organ cease! A man that will stand up and walk around a pool-table half the night trying to corral balls in corner pockets, will get so tired in an hour in a church that he wants rest. A man who can put up a pair of twenty-pound dumb-bells, and whose muscles stand out like whip-cord, will get so tired holding a hymn-book that he will actually turn pale. A man who can row a boat all day trolling for black bass, and never feel the effect of his exercise, will stand up in church with a thumb and fingers on one side of a hymn-book, and a frail little woman on the other side will take hold with both hands and bear all the weight, and sing like an angel, while the wicked man is languidly touching the good book, looking straight ahead over the pulpit, and thinking of a horse race or a baseball match. These things are wrong; but it is well that a hymn-book rest is to be furnished, because with such a contrivance a man will hav to brace up and do his share of the work. The cry to "giv us a rest," which has so long been heard in the land, is at last to be answered, and when the hymn-book rests are upon the market, and the wicked man is harnessed up with one of them under his arm, he will look like a scissors-grinder, and he will be ashamed of himself.—*Peck's Sun.*

News of the Week.

SAMUEL J. TILDEN has written a letter declining the presidential nomination for 1884.

THE difference in the post-office income for one year, caused by the reduction of letter postage from three cents to two cents, is $2,204,069.52 loss.

Two thousand barrels of oil burnt at Greenpoint, across the East river from New York, last Sunday, covering the city with smoke. The loss was $30,000.

MR. HEYWOOD sends word that the indictment against him has been quashed by Judge Pitman. This will rejoice every one who knows the animus of the prosecution.

THE Winchester Arms Company, of New Haven, Conn., hav spent $18,500 boring an artesian well. The shaft has been sunk nearly half a mile without striking water.

A TOURIST COMPANY in New York proposes to take sight seers from this country to Europe, visiting London, Paris, and Glasgow, and return them inside of a month, paying all their expenses, for $200.

THE president has signed the bill providing that newspapers weighing less than four ounces shall be sent through the mails for one cent. Two copies of THE TRUTH SEEKER, under this law, can be mailed with a one-cent stamp.

THE parading Salvation Army was prohibited as a nuisance at Buffalo, N. Y., last week, but on Saturday, the 14th, four members persisted in making a show of themselvs and were promptly arrested and sent to the workhouse.

THREE thousand employees of the worsted mills in Bradford, Eng., struck last Saturday for higher wages. Great disorder occurred, and the windows of the mills were smashed by the strikers. The stone masons in Bradford hav also struck.

IT was reported last week that Bradlaugh had written to the Prince of Wales, as a brother Mason, asking him to support an Atheistical propaganda in that order, and that the prince was much disturbed by it. Mr. Bradlaugh now denies that he wrote such an epistle.

GEN. GRANT and wife listened to Parson Newman last Sunday. The parson has bidden his congregation good-bye for four months, and will go West. When he gets back the legal proceedings to get him out of the pulpit of the Madison Avenue church will be resumed in the Superior Court.

COL. BLISS, of Washington, has succumbed to Mgr. Capel and joined the Catholic church. It is charged that Bliss dreaded the revelations that were likely to be made regarding his complicity in the Star route affair, and turned Catholic in order to secure the support of that church when the crash comes.

FLOWER and Cleveland are running shoulder to shoulder in the race for the Democratic nomination for president. The Hon. George Hoadly, the Freethinking governor of Ohio, is hardly receiving the attention his merits deserve. He is, however, a likely candidate. A meeting of workingmen in this city last week ratified the nomination of Gen. Butler.

AT about 9:20 on the morning of the 14th, a collision occurred on the Camden and Atlantic railroad between an accommodation train from Atlantic City and an excursion train from Camden for Lakeside Park, a short distance east of Ashland Station, N. J. Both locomotivs were entirely demolished with the tenders, and seven persons were killed and seventeen badly injured.

DE LESSEPS's canal across the Isthmus of Panama is reported by a correspondent of the New York *Sun* as not progressing very rapidly. Not more than one-thirtieth of the work is claimed to hav been done, after three and a half years' labor. Ten thousand to twelve thousand men are on the work. De Lesseps, it will be remembered, promised that the canal should be opened in 1888.

Communications.

Vivisection of Babies.—A Danish Vivisector's Sacrifice of his Own Child.

E. B. FOOTE, JR., ANSWERED ONCE MORE.

I clip the following from the *Zoophilist* for March of the current year:

"A Danish physician living at Samso has had, it seems, the honor of inaugurating a new stage in the progress of experimentation. He has been trying how to produce tuberculosis *in his own baby*. For half a year or thereabouts, he caused the infant to be fed with milk from a cow suffering from the disease. It was intended to test the 'interesting' circumstance whether such food would engender tuberculosis in the child. As usual, there was some uncertainty in the results. The poor infant has suffered from some form of scrofula, but 'doctors differ' as to whether it be—or be not—the consequence of the diseased cow's milk wherewith its *scientific* parent so tenderly provided it. The case is debated in the 11th volume of the 'Scandinavian Medical Archives.'"

The italics are my own. The *Zoophilist*, from which I copy it, is a very able journal of London, England, devoted entirely to combating vivisection, and is the organ of the "Victoria Street Society for Protecting Animals Liable to Vivisection," of which I hav frequently spoken in previous articles. Hence the truth of the statement may be relied upon as being above question.

This horrible offering up by a father of his own child, in the interests of vivisection, is the just and legitimate outcome of a monstrous system of cruelty, outrage, and wrong. Its (vivisection's) terrible effects upon its disciple in this instance had obliterated in the heart of the inhuman father, not only every spark of parental *affection*, but had transformed him into a very demon, delighting apparently in the prolonged torture of his little, helpless child.

I appeal to the reason—to the affections—of my readers. How long shall those monsters of cruelty, the vivisectors, hav their way in free, enlightened America?

Mothers, ye know not the hour when your own little ones may be in danger, for the "lust for cruelty" (as it has been most fitly called) knows no bounds when once aroused in the human breast. Think you a monster (I cannot say a *man*) like this Danish physician would hesitate to kidnap a child which had strayed from its home—a monster who had already immolated upon the bloody altar of the Moloch of modern science his own defenseless little child?

It is unsafe to permit a pet animal to go out of one's sight in many large cities, as the dog-stealers (who often steal solely to sell to vivisectors and physiological laboratories) are on the alert to capture all dogs unprotected by the presence of their masters, and to deliver them over to their patrons, the ruthless vivisectors. I saw it stated, some time since, and upon reliable authority, that in Lyons dogs were (on account of the great demand for them in the vivisecting schools of that city) actually becoming scarce, and that it was seriously proposed to breed them solely to supply the vivisectors. As strange as the idea may seem to those who hav given but little thought to the subject, there is a very strong suspicion in my mind that a few, at least, of the many children which are lost every year (mostly belonging to poor parents who hav no adequate means of ascertaining their fate), hav fallen into the clutches of these scientific (?) monomaniacs. Certain, beyond question, is it that, from time immemorial, it has been the burning, unquenchable thirst of vivisectors to obtain human victims. This is illustrated by the serious proposition of two of that fraternity recently, through the columns of a highly respectable London newspaper, that condemned criminals should be given to them for vivisection, instead of being relegated to the hangman; also by the Danish vivisector mentioned above, who sacrificed his own child. A few hundred years ago in Europe (as I stated in a former article), many condemned men and women were at different times given over to the tender mercies of the vivisectors.

Now, my esteemed readers (and, for the most part, I think I can safely say friends as well), if you love humanity and justice—if you would protect all human and brute creatures from these demons, in this and coming generations, in our own dear land of liberty, exert, now and henceforth, all your influence in the localities where you reside, to educate and enlighten your children and neighbors in this matter. Form, wherever practicable, clubs or small societies, all members of which shall be pledged to oppose this terrible crime by every means within their power. The meetings need entail no expense, as they can be conveniently held at the houses of members. Depend upon it, sooner or later great efforts will be made in favor of vivisection throughout the United States, the more particularly as it appears not unlikely that it may, before many years, be made illegal in the leading countries of Europe; strong shoulders are at the wheel, particularly in England, to prohibit it, but the struggle is most bitter upon the part of the vivisectors, so that it may yet be long before right shall triumph. Meanwhile, here, much vivisection is already practiced (although little, as compared to what is practiced in European countries). Now, then, is the proper time to educate the children and the masses in regard to this matter, so that they will not only demand that that now practiced be discontinued (for the sake of humanity and true progress), but that it may become impossible to spread the evil, under the sanction of the law. Licensing vivisection appears only to make the matter much worse; such, at least, has been the case in Great Britain, where an act granting licenses was passed some eight or nine years ago. It serves only to protect the vivisectors instead of the animals. Hence, my readers, never favor the licensing of vivisection, for it is only a cloak for concealing the crimes of science; insist upon absolute, unconditional prohibition of it, or things will be made worse, not better! Particularly let those among you who can do so, write up the subject for the local press, and encourage public discussion upon it. I am certain that this Victoria Street Society (1 Victoria street, London, S.W., England,) will gladly forward such printed matter to all interested parties as they may require, as well as furnish all desired information upon the subject, as to the best method of organizing anti-vivisection societies, etc., etc.

The editor of the *Zoophilist* evidently holds opinions similar to my own, relativ to the sentiments of the advocates of vivisection regarding the point of sacrificing children to that science (?), for, in the same issue in which I find the above account of the Danish physician and his child, I find also the following:

"The parallel between the old antislavery agitation and our own grows constantly more close. We can remember when an advocate of negro slavery denounced as a traitor to his country the man who should refuse to 'send back his mother into slavery.' We shall soon hav advocates of vivisection who will denounce the mother who will not devote her infant to pathological research (vivisection)."

Lest it be supposed (as E. B. Foote, Jr., would hav his and my readers suppose) that the experiments I hav described in previous articles upon vivisection be exceptional and rare, I will copy a few more, taken almost at random, from reliable books upon the subject. 1. "Majendie" (the subject of a poem of my own in a recent paper published in this journal), sacrificed 4,000 dogs in order to establish the distinction between the sensitiv nerves and the nerves of motion, and then sacrificed 4,000 others to prove that he was mistaken" (Henry Bergh).

2. Testimony of David Ferrier, M.D. (vivisector), Professor of Kings College, before the Royal Commission:

"Question: What is your practice as to anesthetics? Answer: Except for teaching purposes, or convenience, I never giv them.

"Q. Do you mean to say that you hav no regard at all for the sufferings of animals? A. No regard at all! I think that a man who performs an experiment has no time for thinking what the animal will feel and suffer.

"Q. Do you believe it the general practice on the continent to disregard altogether the feelings of animals? A. I do.

"Q. Do you believe that the feeling is different in England? A. I do not think it is; not among physiologists."

3. "I hav expressed publicly in the press that anesthetics, on the whole, hav been curses rather than benefits to the animals. The public hav generally supposed that anesthetics were used, and hence they did not feel called on to make any demonstration to save animals from pain, and all the while animals were suffering, and consequently anesthetics had served more to lull the public than the animals" (Testimony before the Royal Commission of George Goggin, M.B., formerly of Her Majesty's Navy).

4. *The Medical Times and Gazette* flippantly mentions an experiment on a living dog, which consisted in forcing half a pint of boiling water into the stomach, "in order to show that the animal tissue could be disorganized; and that the animal, after giving evidence of great suffering, vomited blood and died!"

5. Mr. Jesse B. Mills testified before the Royal Commission as follows:

"I am a veterinary surgeon in the Royal Artillery at Woolwich.

"Question: You went through college at Edinburgh? Answer: I did.

"Q. Were experiments made there on the occasion to which you refer, to discover any *new* facts? A. No; simply to demonstrate things that were perfectly well known to every student, almost; and to gratify idle curiosity.

"Q. What kind of animals were used? A. Cats and dogs.

"Q. How were they obtained? A. By hunting them down in the streets at night; and sometimes by a poisoned bait, after which antidotes were used, and the animals restored to animation.

"Q. In the operations performed were anesthetics used? A. None whatever.

"Q. What animals were operated on simply for *demonstration?* A. Horses and donkeys.

"Q. Were the operations painful ones? A. Very; the animals were cast by means of hobbles.

"Q. Were experiments made on any particular part of the animals? A. No; they were made all over.

Q. Were they destroyed immediately after operating? A. No; they were allowed to liv about twelve or fourteen hours.

"Q. Are students also permitted to practice on the horse? A. Yes."

6. Listen to what Brachet, a French physiologist, has to say of himself: "I inspired a dog with great aversion for me by plaguing or inflicting some pain or other upon it as often as I saw it. When this feeling was carried to its hight, so that the animal became furious as soon as it saw or heard me, I put out its eyes. I could then appear before it without its manifesting any aversion. I spoke, and immediately its barkings and furious movements proved the passion which animated it. I destroyed the drums of its ears, and disorganized the internal ear as much as I could. When intense inflammation had rendered him deaf, I filled up his ears with wax. He could no longer hear at all. Then I went to his side, spoke aloud, and even caressed it, without his falling into a rage; it seemed even sensible of my caresses."

Commenting upon the above "experiment," Mr. Henry Bergh justly says: "And what was all this to prove? Why, simply that if one brute has an aversion to another, it does not feel or show that aversion when it has no means of knowing that the other brute is present."

7. George Richard Jesse testified before the Royal Commission as follows: "I am prepared to amply and fully establish that the cruelties of vivisection are not surpassed by any recorded in the history of mankind, by furnishing extracts from the books written by these men themselvs; . . . that these practices are becoming a moral ulcer, tending to demoralize mankind and vitiating the minds of the young."

8. I transcribe the following from Paul Bert's work, the "Archives of Physiology," vol. ii, p. 650:

"Under the skin of a middle-sized dog, six centigrammes of *curare* [one of the most frightfully painful poisons known], in the solid state, were inserted, and as many grammes of the same substance, dissolved in water, were also injected. A few minutes afterward the animal staggered on its fore paws, walking on the tips of the toes; he then fell and presented all the signs of being poisoned by *curare*. . . . He gave out a large quantity of viscid saliva, *and wept very much*. I then opened the windpipe, and inserted the nozzle of a pair of bellows, to which an intermittent motion was given by a machine worked by water. In this way an artificial respiration was kept up. *The pneumogastric nerve was then laid bare and tied, and the same was done with the sciatic nerve* [two of the most sensitiv nerve-trunks in the entire body, the dog's sensibility meanwhile remaining absolutely unimpaired]. During *ten hours* the action of the nerves was examined hourly. After ten hours of artificial respiration, the animal became three or four degrees colder, and *the next morning* it was dead!"

Mr. Goggin thus comments upon the diabolical act:

"Here is a dog under *curare* during *ten hours*, upon whom the action of the pneumogastric and sympathetic nerves remains intact—or, in plain English, a dog was first rendered helpless and incapable of any movement, even breathing, which function was performed by a machine blowing through a hole in its windpipe. All this time, however, its intelligence, its sensitivness, and its will remained intact; a condition accompanied by *the most atrocious suffering that the imagination of man can conceive!* In this condition the side of the face, the side of the neck, the side of the fore leg, the interior of the belly, and the hip were dissected out, *in order to lay bare the various nerves*, and these were excited by electricity *for ten mortal hours*, during which the animal must hav suffered unutterable torment, unrelieved even by a cry! And the crowning discovery made by the merciless tormentor, and to which he called special attention, is that during these tortures the miserable creature urinated."

And he concludes:

"The inquisitors then left for their homes, leaving the tortured victim alone, with the clanking engin still working upon it, till death came in the silence of the night and set the sufferer free!"

I do not know what effect the perusal of the above account will hav upon my readers, but well do I recall the sensation of sickening horror which crept over me when I first read those terrible lines. "The effect of *curare* itself," says Mr. Bergh, "is horrible beyond conception, and even Claude Bernard is of the same opinion. What, then, must hav been the agony of this helpless creature?" And this same *curare* (in well-nigh universal use by vivisectors) is what that gentry try to palm off upon the lay public as being an anesthetic, in order to proceed unmolested in their devilish work.

Where are you now, Mr. Foote, with your pretty fables about the mildness of experiments in vivisection? Is there anything yet remaining of them or you (as a logician)? You espoused a weak and a wicked cause, and you hav not only succeeded in proving yourself as ignorant (or worse) in regard to what you set yourself about to prove, but your disastrous failure has had the entirely unintentional effect (on your part) of letting in a flood of light upon those hideous dungeons and charnel-houses where these nameless atrocities are daily and hourly being perpetrated. I believe I am now through with you, having no desire to further chastise one whose last feeble defense has disappeared before the army of incontrovertible facts which I hav collated. I take no credit to myself for your discomfiture; you could not but fail, for you were in the wrong, and in your position I should hav made no better figure than you now do.

Before closing this paper I desire to express my

warmest thanks to Mr. Eugene M. Macdonald for his extreme courtesy in according the subject of vivisection so generous a space in the columns of this journal. My heartfelt thanks are also due Harvey W. Pinney, Esq., Mrs. Mattie C. Mitchell, and J. L. Tompkins, Esq.

I had written thus far on the present article when THE TRUTH SEEKER brought me E. B. Foote, Jr.'s, three and one-half column reply to my last open letter to him, as well as Mr. Pinney's letter, in which I notice he (Mr. Pinney) suggests, as I hav, that some of the more ardent among the vivisectors (such, for instance, as the Danish physician of whose exploits I speak in this present paper), may possibly know more of the fate of certain strayed little ones whose fate has never been known, than they would like to tell. Surely a man who would slowly and systematically *poison his own child* would not hesitate to do the same or worse with others whom he could safely entrap.

Now a few words for Mr. Foote, relativ to his latest. He accuses me of great cruelty in informing noble-hearted Mrs. Mitchell and the other truth seekers of these atrocities, upon the principle, I presume, that it is better the defenseless animals should continue to be vivisected indefinitly than that the sensibilities of men and women should be roused to indignant protest by a clear presentation of the subject in all its horrors. This is, I take it, about the weakest plea he has yet advanced, and the most difficult to support by common sense. That Mr. Bergh has hitherto failed in securing legislation against vivisection is the best of reasons why philanthropists should redouble their endeavors to overcome and enlighten the apathetic indifference manifested by our legislators and the people at large in our country. In England and Germany columns of the leading dailies are filled with the discussion of vivisection, and, as I elsewhere said, a license law, supposably regulating its practice, has been passed in the former country.

Mr. Foote advances the old, worn-out plea of the gentleness of soul characterizing vivisectors, but I think the earlier portion of this article sufficiently exposes both the motiv and the hollowness of such a claim.

He also has much more to say of the cruelty of butchering, killing seals, etc. I admit all this is cruel, and should be stopped, but why does he, on that account, quarrel with me in my endeavor to suppress another and far more horrible cruelty? Mr. Foote professes to be horrified at Professor Mantegazza's exploits, but Mantegazza by no means stands alone. How about the famous—or, rather, infamous—Professor Schiff, who in ten years experimented upon fourteen thousand dogs, given over to him by the municipality of Florence, returning their bodies so mangled that the man who had contracted for their skins found them useless? During the same ten years Schiff vivisected, in addition to these fourteen thousand dogs, a number of pigeons, cats, and rabbits, which swelled the total to some seventy thousand creatures. How is this for the work of a single vivisector? He was evidently not one of those who contented themselvs with "scratching a newt's tail."

Driven from Florence at last by the indignant inhabitants, Schiff sought refuge in that paradise of true vivisectors, Switzerland, and he is now pursuing his diabolical trade at Geneva, where he at last accounts was "using" two dogs per week. My article is already long, and hence I can touch only briefly upon the major points that Mr. Foote brings up. I repeat again, and most emphatically, that nothing of importance has been discovered by vivisection, and the claims which Mr. Foote advances hav been again and again disproved, nor do many vivisectors make what they know to be such empty boasts. Bernard died very recently, and there appears to exist no reasonable doubt that he was honest enough at the end of his career to admit that his labors were all in vain. Mr. Foote calls me a "mere literary feller." His stock of what Mrs. Partington would hav called "opprobrious epitaphs" must hav run low if he feels obliged to taunt a man with being a professional writer. At any rate, I am in the same boat with my superior officers, Bennett, Ingersoll, Chainey, and Watts, and I think I can stand it if Mr. Foote can.

The discovery of the circulation of the blood, attributed to Harvey—although doubtless known to the ancient Greeks and Chinese—was not, as Mr. Foote states, discovered by him (Harvey) through vivisection, but, according to his own recorded words, by watching, with a magnifying glass, the heart pulsating "in wasps, flies, and transparent shrimps, as through a window." The discovery of the other matters to which Mr. Foote refers are all either failures themselvs, or else were gained from other sources than vivisection.

In conclusion, let me once more most cordially thank Mr. Macdonald for the generous space he has accorded both sides of the controversy to date, therein manifesting the tolerant and unprejudiced spirit of a true Liberal. ELLIOTT PRESTON.

6 *Park Square, Boston, Mass.*

P. S.—A single word relativ to the medical men to whom Mr. Foote refers, who, in the interests of science, inoculated their own bodies with syphilitic virus. It appears to me that any man who knowingly inflicts upon himself one of the most terrible and loathsome diseases that afflict mankind is little short of a scientific monomaniac, and, unless he has absolutely decided to forever eschew the office of paternity, he is nothing short of a criminal; for although he has the indubitable right to make of his individual body a lazar-house, he could upon no pretense be justified in entailing the most terrible of all hereditary diseases upon his children's children. I may add that I am not so ignorant of medicin as Mr. Foote believes, having made it a study and been a regular attendant at hospital practice for years. E. P.

The Tariff and Labor.

MR. STEPHENSON.

I hav read with satisfaction Mr. Stebbins's article in THE TRUTH SEEKER on the tariff question. His points are self-evident and conclusiv. I agree with Col. Ingersoll that any party that proposes a return to free trade will need protection at the polls. But we of the Pacific coast wonder how those who advocate protection for the benefit of labor can be so one-sided or blind as to advocate the importation of Chinese. What benefit the protectiv tariff can be to the American laboring people when it is so easy to reduce wages to a level with pauper slave labor of China is a mystery to us. Mr. C. C. Johnson, in THE TRUTH SEEKER of March 8th, quotes triumphantly a letter from the San Francisco *Chronicle* with Wendell Phillips's name attached, in which the following curious sentence appears: "In the first place, I hav no fears of the Chinese coming here in such numbers as even temporarily to disturb our welfare. Nations emigrate gradually; never in tens of millions at a time." Whoever wrote that—I don't believe Wendell Phillips was the author—must hav made an extraordinary effort to be oblivious to the facts patent to thinking men and women. Over one-third of the laborers on this coast are Chinese. Not one of them cares a nickel for the welfare of our country or its institutions. Not one of them expects to remain and make it his home. They come to get the benefit of our glorious prosperity—and take it away. They are the completest instrument for making the "rich richer and the poor poorer" ever discovered by heartless greed. Chinamen tell me that wages for a grown man in China are from $2 to $25 per year. They can be brought to California for $10 a head. There must be at least a hundred millions of laboring men in China. They are quite as well informed of the advantages to be gained by coming here as we are.

Of course it is selfishness in us that we are not willing to giv up our riches to the poor of Asia. We havn't enough to benefit them a great deal if we giv it all to them. The Chinese are superior to us in several things. They are so perfectly satisfied with an absolute form of government that they havn't even the capacity to *understand* any other form. They put up with beatings and all manner of degrading abuse. They will work for half what an American demands, and lay up money, every dollar of which they send to China.

It cannot too often be urged that the Chinese build up no industry. He only crowds out white men from those already started, by his power to liv on "rice and rats."

Of course the time will come at last when conditions will be equalized all over the world; when America will be no better place for the laboring poor than Asia, but we beg that our brethren of the East will *think* before forcing us down to the Chinese level. Don't be in a hurry. Let them come *up* some. We want our children to enjoy part of the fruits of our labor. Hair-splitting philanthropy may demand Communism run to seed, if by thought and industry we succeed in building up comfortable homes, and making it so that the "star of hope shines over the cradle of the poor man's babe," we must allow selfish greed to interpose millions of coolies between the hope and its fruition!

Every advocate of a protectiv tariff knows that cheap labor can be of no permanent good to us. They know that a good home market must be backed up by well paid labor How can we hav well paid labor if capitalists hav power to import unlimited numbers of laborers from China for ten dollars a head that will work for five dollars per month or less? Don't try to humbug people by telling them that we overdraw the danger. Pause and think. Californians are not all hoodlums, as most Eastern papers try to make you believe. Four years ago we took a vote on the further importation of Chinese in that state. Our ballot is secret, and no coercion was resorted to. The result was 160,000 *against* Chinese immigration, and 800 *for* it.

I wish to say to every humanitarian that is now so loudly condemning us for our position on this question, that if the time comes when they are compelled to wrestle with the Chinese as we hav for twenty years past, they will view their present shortsightedness as a piece of insanity.

I believe in the protectiv tariff, but do not believe in the propriety of robbing the laboring man of all its good fruits by the importation of Chinese to starve our own people T. R. STEPHENSON.

Lincoln, Cal.

MR. OLDAKES.

TARIFF AND THE FARMER.

If you will kindly allow me the courtesy of using a small amount of your valuable space, I will endeavor to notice a few ideas on tariff presented by Mr. S. Stebbins in your issue of the 15th.

First he says that for sixty years he has been an earnest advocate of protectiv tariff, his main object being the incalculable benefits it confers on the agriculturists. In what way? we would like to ask. Is it by building up a spoliation system, by giving a favored class the power to rob and despoil him of his hard earnings, while they revel in luxury bought with the money they hav legally stolen under the guise of protectiv tariff? If that is what the gentleman calls benefit we want none of it. What is the aim of protectiv tariff but to hinder foreign competition with certain favored home manufactures, and how is this accomplished but by taxing the consumer of foreign goods from twenty to one hundred per cent, averaging, I believe, about forty-five per cent? What is the result of this advantage given our manufacturers? They raise the price of their goods to as near the price of foreign goods, including tariff, as possible, and still undersell them, thus giving them the advantage of from fifteen to eighty-five per cent in the selling market. The perfection of protectiv tariff policy would be to effectually prohibit the importation of foreign goods and giv home manufacturers the sole monopoly of the market, thus leaving the consumer at the mercy of a greedy and not too conscientious class of people, who would not be slow to take the advantage. While tariff is to some extent a local question—that is, all sections do not suffer alike its benefits and injuries, and we are not loth to admit that in some sections, such as Pennsylvania, New York, and, in fact, all of the states where the principal industry is manufacturing, it may be of some benefit to the farmer, yet we do persistently maintain that in the great agricultural district known as the Mississippi valley it is a positiv detriment, a burden for which they get no recompense. First, it compels the farmer to pay for everything in the way of manufactured goods, a price artificially enhanced by tariff, while the products of the farmer get no protection or no benefit. It compels him to buy in a restricted market, while he has to sell in a free market, under the open competition of the whole world. When he ships a bushel of wheat to Liverpool he has to compete with all other wheat shipping countries. He has got to successfully compete with the serfs of Russia or he cannot sell; and it would seem from his talk that Mr. Stebbins had yet to learn that it is what the farmer gets for what he exports that fixes the price of his products, and not what he sells at home. When he takes a load of wheat to market the grain-dealer will giv him what it is worth at the sea-port from which it is shipped, less the cost of transportation, and allowing him a profit, and the shipper will giv the grain-dealer what it is worth in Liverpool, less the cost of shipping, and allowing him a profit also. Thus the farmer has to bear all the expense of transportation, which so far as it is done on railways is double what it should be on account of the tariff on steel rails, and is a great deal more than it should be on the ocean on account of having to hire foreign vessels; for there is very little shipping done on vessels owned by this government or even private lines. He has to pay at least two profits, and, in fact, bear all expenses, and when his wheat is in Liverpool has to compete with all wheat-shipping countries. If he takes a load of wheat to mill to be ground into flour for home consumption, the mills will giv what his wheat is worth in market. Thus it is plainly to be seen that it is not what he sells at home that fixes the price, but what he exports. Now if he was allowed to buy where he sells, or where he could buy cheapest, we would see no cause to complain. This he is not allowed to do without paying from twenty to ninety per cent *ad valorem* duty, simply for the protection of infant industries which, they claim, would not be self-supporting without this advantage in market and prices. Is this benefiting the agriculturist? Is this justice, is this equality? Is it really consistent with the principles of a republican form of government? Is it not, rather, commercial slavery? Let me say to you, brother farmers, and say truly, that free trade is but another issue for freedom; a struggle for liberty, which you must fight for yourselvs, not with the sword but the ballot. Then let us not cease to agitate till we hav laid this monstrous evil to rest beside its twin brother, chattel slavery.

We shall see how protectiv tariff givs us a home market for our crops. The following table tells the tale:

	VALUE GROWN.	VALUE EXPORTED.
1850,	$125,000,000	$643,795. Exp't per cent, .005
1860,	170,000,000	4,076,704. " " 2 1-3
1870,	305,000,000	47,171,226. " " 14
1880,	425,000,000	190,546,305. " " 36

We hav at present a home market for only sixty-four per cent of our wheat, and depend on foreign markets for thirty-six per cent of it. Whereas, in

the old free-trade times we had a home market at the very worst for ninety-seven and one-half per cent, and had to depend on foreign for only two and one-half per cent of our wheat. This shows us that the agricultural interest has progressed not on account of tariff, but in spite of it. And now I will giv a few statistics from Hon. Henry J. Phillpot's work on "Free Trade and Protection:

THE FARMER'S PRICES UNDER LOW TARIFF.

	WHEAT.	CORN.	BEEF.	PORK.
1855	$1.694	$.890	$8.70	$7.30
1857	1.853	.741	7.70	9.70
1858	1.015	.691	8.60	8.90
1859	.799	.769	7.10	8.20
1860	.981	.726	6.80	7.60
1861	1.234	.655	10.00	8.20
Average	1.377	.735	8 20	8.40

UNDER HIGH TARIFF.

	WHEAT.	CORN.	BEEF.	PORK.
1874	.27 5	$.692	$7.32	$7.32
1875	.877	.736	7.36	8.69
1876	1.109	.600	7.85	7.64
1877	1.092	.548	7.00	8.50
1878	1.318	.562	7.00	6.80
1879	1.067	.471	6.30	5.70
1880	1.243	.543	6.40	6.20
Average	1.156	.586	7.16	7.55
Difference	.161	.149	1.09	.85

Thus we see that the farmer's prices hav been actually less under high tariff, and this is not all. His living has cost him a great deal more on account of protection that he has not got and that does the farmer no good. His outdoor expenses hav also been greatly increased, thus rendering the farmers, especially in the younger states where capital is not so plenty as it is in older states, unable to develop their farms as fast as they could if living and implements were not from twenty to ninety per cent higher than they should be. H. E. OLDAKES.

Foote, Iowa.

MR. HIRT.

There are certain limits to everything, and when these are overstepped, even a good thing, or cause, becomes a curse rather than a blessing. So it is with our tariff system. A reasonable tariff is at present absolutely needed. We could not well get along without it. But for a number of years it has been carried beyond extremes to such an extent that it has created, on one side, some haughty, tyrannizing monopolists, and on the other, we may well say, a lot of poor, wretched, and miserable beggars and slaves.

Ingersoll says, "We find by actual experiment that it is better to protect home industries." That is very true. But he has forgotten to say that our farmers, too, need protection from being overcharged for the articles they buy from these protected home industries. If protection is merely given to one party and not to another, the "Great Ingersoll" will hav yet more to learn by "actual experiment," and that the farmer, too, is an "American laborer." And again, "It was once said that protection created nothing but monopoly; the argument was that way, but the facts were not." Protection gave into the hands of the protected the power to monopolize the prices for the articles they hav to sell. They took advantage of the occasion; hence, I cannot see how the colonel can infer that the facts are contrary.

In THE TRUTH SEEKER of March 15th, S. Stebbins has given us an able argument representing New England's side of the tariff question. But has he written one word favoring the prosperity and welfare of that broad expanse of territory, the West? No, sir; not one. If the honorable gentleman has been only "more amused than instructed" by your reply to your Kansas correspondent concerning this question with regard to the American farmer, let him come West; and then he can, perhaps, by experience, and by aid of an unprejudiced eye, become more instructed than amused. Let him invest in plows, seeders, reapers, threshing-machines; in fact, a complete outfit of farming implements, which he buys from his Eastern protected monopolists at twice or thrice the actual cost to manufacture them; let him clothe himself and family with the present high-priced articles of wear and tear; and, when comes autumn, let him sell his few hard-earned bushels of grain at the trifling price his Eastern purchasers (also speculating monopolists) are willing to giv him; and if, then, he views the balance of his accounts, he will not be heard so loud and so far exclaiming, "Blessed be the tariff, and palsied the hand that would tear it down, or impair its efficacy."

He says, "What the farmer most needs is a good, steady, and reliable market for all he has to sell." True, but hav the Western farmers got this? No, sir. Their wheat is now being sold for seventy cents per bushel, and less in many places; while it actually costs upwards of a dollar per bushel to raise and market it. Potatoes are sold in all our small towns for twenty cents per bushel. Corn would be no more had it been a good crop; as it is, it brings us almost nothing. The same may be said of all other produce. But for a threshing-machine, which, perhaps, costs no more than one hundred dollars to manufacture, we must pay upward of six hundred dollars; for a reaper from two to three hundred dollars, which should sell for fifty; and so on for every other article down to the pocket-knife.

Your farmers, counting less than seventeen per cent of the whole population of your states, may well boast of selling all their produce—"veal, lamb, chickens, eggs, fresh brook, river, and lake fish, fresh ripe fruit of all kinds, fresh vegetables and flowers, to say nothing of the millions of cans of fresh milk consumed in our cities." But what becomes of our produce? Our veal, lamb, chickens, eggs, etc., are not bought by your manufacturing establishments; for our fresh ripe fruit you giv us no market; our flowers are born to blush unseen, and waste their sweetness on the desert air; while our billions of cans of fresh milk must be made use of as best we can, yielding but a small profit. But for every article we must buy of you, because most of our states are yet young and hav not the necessary manufactering industries, you charge us a double price. As for yourselvs, I think you understand your interest somewhat very well. But let me assure you that, at least in this matter, the East has not treated the West as a brother.

Our friend also says, "In looking around, the farmer here sees that nearly everything he needs is made by his home customers neater, better, and cheaper than the imported article." That is true enough. Let me tell him why so. The tariff imposed on articles imported is so high that your home customers can afford to sell perhaps ten or fifteen per cent cheaper without any inconvenience to themselvs, and at the same time realize a good profit therefrom. This argument is old here in the West, but doubtless our friend, living in a hotbed of protectionists, has not heard of it, or ignores it. Whatever of benefit the East may hav realized from our protectiv system, the West has not yet reaped any, and doubtless, under present circumstances, never will.

If the protectiv system is beneficial to a small tract of country, and injurious to one many times as large, with perhaps a greater per cent of its population devoted to agricultural pursuits, there can be no justice in enforcing such a system, which creates a few Vanderbilts, Astors, etc., in a few small states, to tyrannize over millions of slaves in the larger ones.

And, moreover, if our throats must be cut with a knife, what material difference if that knife be brought over from Sheffield, England, or from our near New England neighbors? Is not the West being filled up with the children of the East—your own sons and daughters? And are you willing in order to now gain ten or fifteen per cent profit yourself, to enforce upon your own children fetters by which they will lose hundreds per cent hereafter?

Is the West of no more importance than that it should lie supinely upon its back, and let the East place its heel upon the former's neck, and crush it beneath its power? Did you admit us into the Union to be made your football? Do the so-oft-chanted eulogiums on the prosperous condition of the working class, even of the East, harmonize with John Swinton's articles? Would they continually be on the strike if they were not actually driven to it?

And now, to conclude, let me warn you if you wish to retain our Union—that Union as dear to us as it ever dare be to any of you—and if you wish to retain the West as a trading-point, then, sir, giv us at least an equal chance with yourselvs. Giv us free trade when you hav it, and protection when you are protected JOHN H. HIRT.

French Creek, Iowa.

Orthodoxy.

The Brooklyn *Eagle* quotes the following extracts from a sermon, preached by the eloquent Dr. Parker, at a convention of the Congregationalists in London. It givs a vivid picture from a competent witness, of the real nature and character of orthodoxy—which owes its origin to medieval ignorance and superstition—and which is here shown to be "like whited sepulchers, full of dead men's bones and all uncleanliness." Says this independent divine:

"Let me say, then, even at the risk of the most crushing self-condemnation, that I know not of any ghastlier irony than the life of a man who is orthodox in intellect and heterodox in heart. That is the deadly schism which rends the body of Christ. Think of a man boasting of his orthodoxy as to the mysterious constitution of the Godhead, and yet serving the devil in secret sin. [Cheers.] Think of a man callously sending others to the blackness of darkness on account of theological heresy, and yet cherishing malice and uncharitableness in the secret thoughts of his heart. Think of a man insisting upon the plenary inspiration of the scriptures, and yet being a churl at home, wanting in sympathy, querulous, exacting, and oppressiv. Men hav been expelled from the church for heresy, for drunkenness, for adultery, for theft; but who has ever been expelled for pride, for hardness of heart, for worldliness of mind, for bitterness of spirit, for self-righteousness, for contempt of the poor, or for censoriousness of speech? In escaping the vulgarity of crime we may hav yielded ourselvs to the refinement of sin. We must not forget that more is said in the Bible against pride than against drunkenness, and against an unforgiving spirit than against intellectual heresy, and we must caution ourselvs against the subtle danger of escaping those appeals under the lying pretense that they are commonplaces of Christian education."

Can the grim old fortress of orthodox faith long continue to withstand the many assaults to which it is now subjected? Can its defenders resist the fervid and eloquent appeals of Ingersoll; the able and indomitable attacks of the Liberal press; the flank movements of the Spiritualists, the Nonconformists, the Unitarians, and the Universalists; the undermining, disintegrating, and remorseless tests of science, and the indifference, disgust, if not open treason, of its ablest soldiers and defenders? PETER ECKLER.

"Good Homer Sometimes Nods."

Our brilliant casuist, T. B. Wakeman, in *Man*, not content with his generous triumph in revealing to poor Mgr. Capel the religion of Humanity, now as ungenerously knocks their antiquity out of the Hebrew traditions. Poor fellows! Herodotus forgets to write about them. They hav no historians but their own, which amount to none at all, *because* compilers hav chosen to stick the name of Moses before a book in which his death and burial are mentioned; and before the art of printing, how much Ezra may hav added to old manuscripts, nobody can tell. It is probably the political success ascribed to the book of Mormon which has suggested the idea that traditional religions and histories, such as those of Jesus and Moses, hav been but romantic compositons of theurgic novelists. Very different is the verdict of conscientious archæology. The old ships of theology are encrusted with barnacles and unseaworthy; but not rococo manufactured on purpose to cheat antiquarians. Invalidate the force of ancient prejudice by modern reason; kill superstition with the poison of science; let the spirit of nature preside in her temple of the world, no longer bedraggled with divine hypotheses; but don't begrudge the Jews the *age* of their old clothes.

Perhaps you will say it is a "fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind." Why not? Better be so kind than unkind. I am a Hebrew, to be sure, after the fashion of Heinrich Heine, which is, perhaps, like being a priest after the order of Melchizedek, my grandfathers' friend.

I suppose somebody had to be born so, and I just took the chances. I don't remember even having been consulted on the matter, and I could not very well hav voted on it through my representativ, as the ballot is a privilege from which, as well as Godfrey's cordial and the Comstock expurgate edition of morality, the majority of babes still unborn are excluded. I suggest the addition of a plank for them to the woman's rights platform. EDGEWORTH.

The Mummery of Mohammedanism.

From the Independent.

Nearly one-third of the human race hold the fierce faith of Arabia, praying five times with face toward Mecca to-day, and all the days; and this night, in the streets of Stamboul, when the watchman cries, "Who goes?" he hears from the Mohammedan, along with his answer, "There is no God but God." Well is the Moslem named the Faithful. In the sacred month of Ramazan, from sunrise to sunset, no true believer touches food or water. It is the holy month of Predestination, kept in memory of the revelation of the Koran, by the archangel Israfel, the word of the uncreated God which descended in leaves from heaven, verse by verse, to his prophet. When the weary thirty days of self-denial are ended comes the grand fête of Bairam—three days of feasting and revel. At night the six thousand lamps of St. Sophia are kindled, the many minarets are ringed with lights, showing in the darkness like glittering crowns let down from heaven. Texts from the Koran burst in illumination from slender tower to tower; the mosques, rounded domes and taper spires are festooned with ropes of lamps; the Bosphorus reflects trembling ribbons of flame from the palaces on its shores; and blazing globes on high flaunt in the face of the stars, seeming close under the sky; the guns of the forts thunder; echo answering echo from the girdling towers of the city of many fames, and Olympus, "high and hoar," watches the scene which poet has never sung and artist can never picture.

And yet, compared with its ancient splendors, Constantinople is but the reflected ray from a fading sunset. Once the fitful winds of the Marmora brought gems, spices, myrrh, balsam of furthest India. Ivory, gold-dust, silks, carpets, perfumes, came by caravan from Persia and Arabia. Every luxury poured into the lap of the most voluptuous of cities, which disputed with Rome pre-eminence of riches and numbers.

It had been swept by tempests of armies before it fell under the scimetar of the Turk. The conquerors of the world all came this way—Persian, Macedonian, Carthagenian, Roman, Genoese, Venetian; and the walls which circled Byzantium like a regal diadem were gashed and scarred by catapult and battering-ram ages before gunpowder was dreamed of. We can see the breach over which the last of the Constantines looked out, and, foreseeing his destiny, asked forgivness of his friends, serenely put off the

imperial purple, that no man might recognize his corpse, and fearlessly went forth to meet the coming doom. SUSAN E. WALLACE.

Col. Kelso's New Book.

THE BIBLE ANALYZED. By John R. Kelso, A.M. Published by the Truth Seeker Co. Price $3.

This is a great book. Mr. Kelso is a powerful reasoner, and the reader of this volume, whoever he may be, must admit the force and truth of his conclusions. He is original, and states facts in that straightforward and impressiv manner that carries conviction with it. We all know there are errors in the Bible, and Mr. Kelso has pointed them out in a brave, fearless manner, and makes of his book a Liberal gem. It is a timely and valuable offering to Freethought literature, and no one can afford to be without it, for it is all its name implies—a full and complete analysis of the Bible, dissecting it thoroughly, from Genesis to Revelation. It is printed handsomely, and covers 833 pages. It has also a fine portrait of the author, whose bright face and broad brow indicate just the vigorous intellect that is impressed on every page. Col. Kelso is a disabled soldier, and labors under many disadvantages. He is entitled to all honor for his efforts to emancipate humanity from the bondage of superstition, and should receive encouragement to persevere in his useful labors. We prophesy a ready sale for this latest work, and trust that this and his former publications may place him and those dependent upon him above want. SUSAN H. WIXON

Editorial Notes.

THE enormous personal popularity of Colonel Ingersoll was never better shown than at Chicago. The Republican convention had adjourned early in the day to allow the delegates time to strengthen their slates and the committees to patch up their resolutions, when some one espied the colonel in the galleries amd shouted for a speech from him. The delegates and people who packed the immense hall paused in their outward movement, and men gathered around Ingersoll and tried to pull him from his seat amid vociferous cheers. The colonel declined, and "Uncle Dick" Oglesby got up and spoke an hour. At the conclusion of his remarks, in which he asserted that "when the Republican party had occasion to legislate on the tariff, it would do it in a perpendicular way, as it had never done anything of any kind horizontally, and it had never approached anything horizontally, and had never consummated anything horizontally," the crowd again demanded Ingersoll, and tried to drag him out. Again unsuccessful, Frederick Douglas was called for, who spoke a few minutes and sat down. For the third time shouts for Ingersoll echoed and re-echoed through the hall, but like the two previous calls were unavailing. The colonel wasn't nominating candidates this year to hav them refuse him recognition after election.

MGR. CAPEL has written a book to convert the Protestants. He tells them that the Catholic is the only divine church; that the tendency of the times is toward high churchism and Infidelity; that the established church of England is a hybrid Catholic without sanction of divine grace; intimates that none of the other Protestant churches are worth mentioning, notwithstanding the efforts of the leaders to set themselvs up as small popes; says it is better to be subject to one acknowledged spiritual despot than to many self-constituted ones; remarks that the stigmatizing by Protestants of the Catholic church as foreign is insolent and unwarranted, as Catholicism came to this country with Columbus; and after a defense of the word "Roman" addresses his brethren thus: "The tide of indifference, of Agnosticism, of Infidelity, of Socialism, of civil disorder, is rapidly rising. God's church can alone stem it. Numbers and influence and wealth co-operating with the spouse of Christ can help to do great things to aid in saving humanity from the growing ills. She is the church of your baptism, to whom you owe allegiance and obedience, for the saving waters of regeneration are the portal to but one church. They made you not members of Protestantism, but children of the church of God."

THE Federal council of the canton of Berne, Switzerland, has refused the petition of the Roman Catholics for the admission of the Roman orders to the public schools. "This is right," says the Rev. Jeems Buckley, D.D. "To allow religious teachers in the uniform of their sect in the public schools is illogical, and would in the end be destructiv of all forms of state education." It makes a good deal of difference to the Rev. Jeems whose ax is ground. He would put the Catholics out of the schools, but keep the Protestants in. The "uniform" of a Protestant is a long face and a Bible, and he can do as much harm in a public school as a Catholic in gown and cap. There is no logic nor sense in Buckley's position. Either Christianity is of that supreme importance demanding its precedence of all else, or it is of no account whatever in the schools. The middle ground occupied by the devotees of the German monk is a quagmire of inconsistency.

T. B. WAKEMAN is out in a rousing editorial in *Man* for "glorious old Ben Butler." Would not our honored friend do better to learn first how Mr. Butler stands on the question of state secularization? When governor of Massachusetts his proclamations were more religious than the average sermon, and we havn't seen in any of the platforms on which Mr. Butler is nominated the least reference to the principles of the secular party. Mr. Wakeman has several times hitched on to the "reform" political parties, thinking he saw in them a way to help Freethought, but every time his hopes hav proved delusiv. The Labor party, the Greenback party, the Anti-monopoly party, are all afraid to embody the demands of the League in their platforms, and hav not heard Mr. Wakeman's cry to giv him a tow. Self-respect would seem to demand a different course. It may be that Mr. Butler is friendly to our cause, but we propose to find that fact out before throwing up our hats for him.

THAT the fools are not all dead yet is evidenced by the case of the man who refused to send for a surgeon to set the broken arm of his child, relying on the faith cure to get the bones back into place. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, however, got hold of the case, and two surgeons were called in, who found that although nature had begun the reparativ process, the rotary motion of the arm was destroyed. It is a great pity that the justice before whom the father was brought discharged him with no punishment. Such inhuman conduct ought to be expiated in lonesome silence. But probably the justice was a Christian himself.

AN insane baker at Paterson, N. J., went around and solemnly warned his customers not to eat any of the bread they had bought that day. As some of them had already eaten it, they began to be seized with nausea and cramp, and sent for doctors. The bread was all right. The trouble was that they believed the insane man. It seems that faith is more potent to make men sick than to make them well.

A CORRESPONDENT recently called attention to the fact that church and circus were originally identical in meaning. Any one visiting the Rev. Mr. Talmage's Tabernacle might observe that history repeats itself.

Lectures and Meetings.

CHAINEY AND WALT WHITMAN.—Let every Liberal in New York and vicinity come next Sunday and hear George Chainey's great lecture on Walt Witman, the most original poet in America. No one has interpreted the life and greatness of this new world with such vigorous music as Whitman. He is in the world of poetry what Wagner is in the world of melody, and no one has more fully grasped the meaning of this virile bard than George Chainey. As dealing with a representativ poet, Mr. Chainey's lecture will also deal with the great aspects of American life, with the notable reforms of the day, which are demanded not simply by science, but by the spirit of art. His discourse will voice the most advanced and splendid Liberalism of the day. This will be the closing lecture of the course, which has been exceedingly valuable in the impulse which it has communicated to the Liberal thought of the city. Let there be a full house, and a generous response to our eloquent speaker. The lecture is at the German Masonic Temple, 220 East Fifteenth street, 11 o'clock Sunday morning. Admission free. Please advertise this among all friends of the Liberal cause.

THE Pittsburgh Liberal League will hav a Basket Picnic on Wednesday, the 25th. Aliquippa Grove is the place selected, and round trip tickets from Pittsburgh are sold at 50 cents; from Beaver Falls, 30 cents. Trains leave L. E. railroad at 7:45 and 8:30 A.M.; 12:50 and 3:40 P.M. Music by Staley's band. Admission by invitation.

THE Rome (Mich.) Society of Spiritualists will hold their annual meeting at John Landon's Round Lake on Sunday, June 22d, at 10 A.M. All are invited, especially mediums.

MME. DELASCLUZE lectures for The People's Spiritual Meeting at Arcanum Hall, 57 W. 25th st., corner 6th Ave, Sunday evening, July 6th; subject, "The Mad World."

The Colonel's Opinion of the Republican Nomination.

Robert G. Ingersoll was seen at the Hoffman House by a *Mail and Express* reporter, fresh from the Chicago convention, where he had been to witness the proceedings which resulted in the nomination of the "Plumed Knight."

"What do you think of the result of the convention?" he was asked.

"I think that Blaine was nominated," he replied, "not by the politicians, but by the rank and file of the party. He is the choice of, I think, nine-tenths of the Republicans of the Western states, and I do not believe there is a Republican district in the United States in which a majority of the Republicans are not and were not for Blaine. If any mistake has been made it has been a mistake of the party. The result was not brought about by any trading or trafficking. Blaine was nominated because the Republicans are for him. The fact is, it was impossible to beat him at Chicago."

"Is there not much opposition to him now?"

"I think there is not as much as there was in the case of Garfield after his nomination."

"How do you compare him with Garfield in respect to fitness for the office?"

"I think he will make a better president. I think he has more executiv ability. Blaine is regarded as a real American, as the representativ of the progressiv spirit of the country. He has a great hold upon the young men."

"What kind of administration will he giv us?"

"There is a general feeling that he would add to our national reputation and to our national importance; that he would protect our citizens abroad; that he would enlarge our trade and lay the foundation for a great and growing commerce."

"Some of his opponents claim that he is not a safe man, and point to his South American policy as an evidence. What do you think on that point?"

"Stupidity never has much confidence in brilliant men. The man who has quick perception and acts is apt to stun the ordinary man, and the ordinary man gets his revenge by calling him unsafe. I never could see any objection to Blaine's South American policy. It is certainly of greater importance that we should be friendly with all the republics on this continent, and I don't see how any harm could grow out of a closer alliance with those countries. It is certainly not for the interest of this country to hav all the other republics hate us and do all their trading with other countries. If I understand Blaine's policy at all, it was one of friendship—that is to say, he desired to be on good terms with our neighbors. When that policy is understood I think it will be popular."

"What of the connection of his name with the so-called Landreau claim?"

"Blaine has explained that. He never was in favor of that claim. There was this vital objection to the claim, and Blaine understood that perfectly: a citizen of another country had a contract with Peru. Peru violated the contract with the citizen of another country, and assigned his violated contract to the citizen of the United States. Under such circumstances the United States was not and could be bound to protect the claim. This country does not propose to protect one of its citizens to whom has been assigned the grievances of the citizens of another country. In other words, national protection is not assignable. Blaine knew of that vital defect, and called attention to it, and that ended the case."

"What can be said in reference to the Mulligan case?"

"That has all been explained by Blaine in Congress. You will remember his explanation, commencing with the statement that he proposed to take fifty millions of people into his confidence. There is nothing left of the Mulligan matter."

"Do you consider his record perfect and unassailable?"

"I do not. Any man's record may be assailed, no matter how good, but I don't believe that Blaine can be successfully assailed. In other words, nothing can be substantiated against him. Garfield, too, was attacked, and probably there never was a greater storm of vituperation, and yet I doubt very much if Garfield lost a vote. There was certainly more said against Garfield than against Blaine. Besides, all this has been discounted long ago."

"Do you think the Democrats will be able to nominate any man at all who will be able to defeat him?"

"I think not. A great many men now imagin that they will go against Blaine. They are now making the choice in their minds between Blaine and some other Republican whom they wanted nominated. In a little while they will be forced to choose between Blaine and a Democrat, that is to say between Republicanism and Democracy—that is to say, between Free Trade and Protection—that is to say, between an English and an American policy. When it comes to that most of them will vote for Blaine. I think most of the Republican papers that hav pronounced against Blaine will find that they hav made a mistake and will be candid enough to correct it."

"Do you include the New York *Times* in that category?"

"Yes. I think the *Times* prefers a Republican administration to a Democratic one."

"You consider, then, that the Republican party is by no means dead?"

"I think it will win this time. There is a good deal of vigor in the Republican party yet, and those who hav been fighting that ticket for many years, after all, no matter how much they may object to our candidate, will hesitate a good while before they will assist to put the Democrats into power. I never want to see the Democratic party in charge of the government until the Democrats hav become civilized to such a degree that the rights of all citizens of the United States will be respected and protected. I never want to see that party in power until it is willing that every citizen entitled to a vote shall vote, and until it is honest enough to count the votes deposited by all citizens. This, I think, is the feeling of all Republicans."

"You consider the prospects for success in November, then, quite bright?"

"I think the outlook is better than it was four years ago. Blaine, of course, will make a very vigorous canvass. He will hav his forces well in hand and everything will be done that can be, and the canvass will be thorough, aggressiv, and enthusiastic. I don't mean by that obnoxiously aggressiv or maliciously aggressiv. It will be carried on in the best spirit."

"How does Logan's nomination suit you?"

"I think he is exceedingly strong with the soldier element of the party. He is a good soldier, won great distinction and stands deservedly high with the volunteers; and he is a good organizer himself, and his record, so far as I know, is perfectly good. I hav never heard of any charge of dishonesty against him, or that his official position has been used to gain personal ends. I think there is no man in the Senate with a cleaner record in that regard. In the event of a vacancy in the presidental chair he would make a safe man. All his impulses are patriotic and he is a man of ability. He is a man of strong common sense and great force of character. The country would be perfectly safe in his hands."

"Hav you any doubts of the success of the Republicans in the coming campaign?"

"Of course. Nothing is certain, but my judgment is that we will succeed. It will require work and plenty of it. I don't think it wise to underrate the strength of the opposition. The parties are very evenly divided, and we must remember another thing—that the South is solid, or substantially so. This givs the Democrats a great advantage. Some enthusiastic Republicans expect to carry West Virginia, and others are enthusiastic enough to suppose that we can carry two or three Southern states. I make no such calculations. I think we can succeed without carrying a Southern state."

"Can Blaine carry New York state?"

"Garfield carried it. No one can tell how it is going to go now. There are many new voters, new questions, and new influences on both sides. I believe Blaine will carry the strength of the party. If he loses some Republicans he will gain votes that might not hav been Republican with any other candidate, so that on the whole we hav very good reason to hope that we will carry New York against anybody the Democrats may nominate. As the canvass proceeds many men now opposed to the ticket will come over to our side. I can hardly see how any one who took part in the convention can oppose the ticket. If Edmunds had been nominated certainly George William Curtis would hav expected every delegate to hav supported him, and why should he go into a convention and take part in the election of the candidate if he didn't expect to abide by the result? Why should anybody? Had I been a delegate I would hav supported the nominee, no matter if he had been my bitterest personal opponent. If any delegate to the convention did not expect to abide by the result in case a certain man was nominated, he should hav notified the convention."

The Infidel's Prayer.

Giv me a God who, though mighty,
Is ever a God who is kind.
Show me the God that made me
With a weak and wavering mind;
Then tell me that he doth hate me
For the work or his own great hand,
And will damn me for my shortcomings,
And faults that I never planned
Show me the God whose sole purpose—
Yet having omnipotent power—
Will crush in its earthly strivings
A delicate human flower;
I'll call such a God a tyrant,
A hater of things he hath made,
A cruel, insensate vandal,
Whose home is a mansion of shade.
Show me a God who is gentle,
Show me a God who is just,
Show me a God in whom mankind
Can repose an infinit trust;
Then I'll show you a man who is godlike,
Since he came from the hand of a God,
Who rules by his mercy and wisdom,
Ignoring the chastening rod! W. CARLETON.

Communications.

"One World at a Time."

This is the cry set up by those who are opposed to the investigation of the claims of modern Spiritualism, by some professed reformers who hav learned, as it would appear from the attitude they assume, all there is to know in this universe of ours. Speak to one of these of phenomena that are taking place in your own home or that of your friends, and it is met by this—it may be scientific, I know it is senseless—cry of "One world at a time." Now these phenomena in this world are a part of the affairs of this world, and, it would appear from their persistence against all the opposition of theological and scientific bigots, they hav come to stay. They are among the persistent forces of the universe, and will not down at the bidding of any one.

The believers in Spiritualism are counted by millions, and are to be found in every civilized country in the world. It has encompassed the globe without missionaries, without authoritativ leaderships, and without any sacred books. All of these believers hav been compelled, by evidence that has come to them, to renounce their previously conceived opinions and accept what was proven to them. Every one of them has demanded and received what to him or her was conclusiv evidence of the fact of individual existence after the death of the body, and of the power under certain conditions to communicate with those still clothed in mortal form. I hav never yet seen the person who had a belief in Spiritualism based upon what some one else had seen or experienced. In this it is distinctiv, and unlike every form of past religions. It has no creed, is unorganized, and simply affirms and claims to be able to demonstrate that the death of the physical body does not kill a man; that he has a continued conscious, individual existence, and the same characteristics as here; that the law of progress is eternal, and that the formation of a physical man is not the finis of evolution.

Among those who hav carefully and critically examined these phenomena only to be convinced they were what they claimed to be, are to be found the names of a few eminent scientists in both this country and the Old World, who were brave enough and honest enough to engage in an unpopular investigation, expecting, however, to be able to demonstrate that the causes were other than those claimed.

Professor Hare, of Philadelphia, a man of rare erudition and skill, undertook to thus explain the physical phenomena, and after conducting a most thorough investigation in his own laboratory, with the most critical tests that science could invent and apply, was compelled, against his expectation, to decide in favor of its claims, and he wrote a book, "Spiritualism Scientifically Explained," in which he givs the *modus operandi* of his investigations, and the results. I would reccommend those scientific gentlemen who know all about it without any thorough investigation to read this work, also Zoellner's "Transcendental Physics," and Epes Sargent's "Planchette; or, The Despair of Science," carefully, and they will know more than at present upon this subject. Professors Crookes, Wallace, Mapes, and others hav come to similar conclusions.

Judge Edmonds, one of our soundest jurists, one accustomed to weigh evidence carefully and examin testimony critically, after a most thorough and careful investigation came to the same conclusion, and published a book on the subject.

I might go on and cite hundreds who stand high in popular esteem as learned, wise, and good men, who, in spite of their desire to the contrary, and in spite of the opprobrium attached to such belief by ignorant theologians and scientists, hav been, by their nativ honesty, compelled to acknowledge that a power outside of the physical body manifested intelligence and further gave proof unmistakable of identity, as persons who had lived among us, but were what we call dead, and that they still continue to liv as individuals. The great mass of professed scientists, instead of investigating these phenomena with the honest, fearless purpose which should characterize all efforts to understand and explain any phenomena of nature, which certainly it is the province of science to do, decide the case *a priori* upon the apparent hypothesis that there is nothing in the universe that has not been discovered and explained, and that their established ideas must be maintained at all hazards; they, like the pope, are infallible. Instead of investigating these phenomena, which all must admit exist, with an honest purpose, to learn what may be the cause, with the spirit of humility that all true scientists and large-brained, broad-souled men possess, they go into an examination, if at all, prejudging the case, and with a feeling of condescension on their part; or, like T. B. Wakeman in *Man*, who declares, "The investigator of Spiritualism has need to be more cute than a lynx, more heartless than marble, more cruel than a vivisector, and more impolite than a hyena." This shows as much intolerance and injustice as does Talmage or any other theological "crank," and is an insult to hundreds of men and women, in this and other countries, of attainments in science, and understanding "the law of the correlation of forces" of which he prates so frequently. He claims to be able to explain, but never does, all these phenomena. Were I a spirit, capable of returning and manifesting myself to my friends, I know the prospect of such a reception of heartlessness, frigidity, cruelty and impoliteness would be amply sufficient to cause me to leave all such to their satisfied ignorance.

It is well for a man who does not know a thing to honestly admit it; but it is the hight of arrogance and folly to assume no one else does. Ingersoll's simple admission, "I don't know," is more becoming, or, as Burnham says, "I don't know whether we liv hereafter or not; I hope we do. I think we ought to."

Elmina Slenker writes to T. B. Wakeman in *Man*, "We must go deeper than this, and prove that death ends all, or turn around and help on the other side—help prove that we still liv—and then seek for the best mode of obtaining the truest and most useful information from the beyond."

That is sensible, and the only position an intelligent unbeliever in Spiritualism can occupy, except that of agnosticism in the matter; but I fear it would be harder to prove that death ends all than it is to prove the reverse, for where could we find our witnesses? But were we to ask some of our wise opponents, Can you prove it? they would doubtless reply, "Yes; in the law of the correlation of forces." A wise reply leaving one so thoroughly posted on the subject!

It is amusing only for its being sad to see some of these people who hav decided the question twenty-five or thirty years ago declaring the evidence all in, keep on the even tenor of their ways, no matter if you pile testimony mountains high before them. They gently glide around it and resume the same old strain, thus illustrating another scientific law, that bodies move in the line of the least resistance, a law as universal in its application as that of "the correlation of forces." This method is illustrated by one of our oldest papers, and a good one too, that is always reiterating the same reply to any testimony that may be adduced to the contrary. The writer will proceed to relate what he has seen in clairvoyance, for instance, of the most remarkable character; his statements strengthened by corroborativ testimony until one would think the evidence must convince the most obdurate, but after all the same polite, gentle, but decisiv reply is forthcoming: It can not be true, because there is no such thing as clairvoyance. If there is, why do not the mediums tell where Charlie Ross is? That is conclusiv. No matter how much more wonderful the facts stated may hav been, they did not tell where Charlie Ross was, or the murderer of some recent victim.

To persons posted on such subjects, such talk is much like a blind man's declaring there is no such thing as light, or a deaf man that no sound is produced by striking the keys of a piano. It simply shows that to spiritual things they are blind and deaf.

I like honest skepticism, am very skeptical myself, but I claim honest skepticism will believe one thing as quickly as another on the same amount of evidence; that an honest, intelligent skeptic does not care what he believes, so it be the truth. He is willing to kneel at the shrine of Mother Nature, listen reverently to every voice to be heard, to feel every pulsing throb of her great heart, and try and interpret all the voices and pulsings intelligently—as a wise physician notes the beating of the human pulse, and from its indications forms certain conclusions, instead of deciding what the disease is in advance, and then interpreting the symptons in harmony with his decision—knowing that whatever changes of opinion he may be compelled to entertain in the interest of truth will be for the advancement of the human race, and his own growth and happiness. And no one is competent to investigate any subject properly until that spirit is attained. Would not that be a better qualification than to be "more cute than a lynx, more heartless than marble, more cruel than a vivisector, and more impolite than a hyena?"

But is this spirit of impartial investigation manifested by the opponents of Spiritualism in the Liberal ranks, where it certainly ought to be? Let's see. "Bottom Facts" is often referred to by these scientific editors as evidence, and I certainly think the author possessed all the qualifications required as an investigator in the aforementioned remarkable requisition. In courts of justice, if I am not mistaken, if a witness is proven to hav given false testimony, his evidence is thrown out or impeached, if he is not sent to prison for perjury.

Now these wise ones, who will smile with incredulity or derision at the testimony of hundreds and thousands of intelligent, honest, upright citizens, whose words on any other subject would never be doubted, offer in rebuttal this book, the work of a self-confessed fraud, and who, according to his own admissions, has for years deceived in the most sacred things of the human heart.

A person who would deliberately resort to mean and contemptible measures, I care not for what purpose, seems to me to be capable of anything in the way of crime. The question I should think would naturally arise in relation to any of his present statements, as put by my venerable Quaker friend, "Did thee lie then, or does thee lie now?" Consistency is not a scientific attainment, I presume.

The one world at a time theory must hav been the popular one when the Bible history of creation was written, this being the only world, and all the others since proven to hav existence would still remain as only lights and ornaments to this, had the "one world at a time" theory prevailed. It is the ignorant cry of the primitiv integration, and does not belong to the present age, and it is because there were spirits brave enough and wise enough to investigate other worlds and suffer contumely, scorn, and even death itself in consequence from persons living then who thought they knew it all, as some seem to now, that we know anything of astronomy with its mighty revelations.

A few years ago, had some person with clairvoyant vision told of the wonderful world then unseen and unknown lying all around and about us that the microscope has revealed to man, he would hav been considered as idiotic or insane, as are those who now tell of the no more wonderful world of spirit existence that surrounds us, that some day some invention of man may be able to reveal to the external senses of the most spiritually obtuse. Science constantly compels us to believe facts quite as wonderful as any revelation that claims to come from the beyond. I indorse the words of M. J. Savage in his Easter sermon in Boston. In speaking of Spiritualism he says: "As to science, I see no right that she has to turn her back on any fact. And since she is all the time dealing with invisible forces, the nature of which she cannot explain, it could be only arrogance that could lead her to disregard one of these because it seemed to be intelligent."

Milwaukee, Wis. JULIET H. SEVERANCE, M.D.

Are We Liberal?

Did a question of this nature emanate from those who conduct THE TRUTH SEEKER, its many readers would respond in the affirmativ. The generous use of its columns for the discussion of all cognate questions related to human rights and happiness makes it an indispensable necessity to every radical thinker, and in every home where reason and justice are encouraged and practiced.

While it is not a matter of surprise, it is a cause of sincere regret that so many of our Liberal friends exhibit such a spirit of bitterness and intolerance while engaged in opposing others, or elucidating their own opinions. This intolerance is in great part the legacy that Christianity, in its more orthodox phase, has entailed upon us, and which is so ingrained in the marrow of our mental and emotional characteristics that it seems well-nigh impossible to shake it off. As long as this superstitious incubus rests upon us, slow indeed will be the march of Liberal ideas. Discard as we may the importance of the emotional tendencies, and exalt as we desire the conclusion of enlightened reason, still it will remain true for many generations yet to come that the masses of mankind will be swayed most by appeals to the emotional side of their nature. However learned the teacher, howsoever his conclusions prove their advantage for human well-being, is he merely an intellectual giant, whose appeals simply satisfy the reason, he will fail. We hav to first touch the human heart; with love and tenderness we must show our nearness of kin to them by those influences that won the child and reached the soul of the mother. With this inspiration that lacks intolerance for opinion's sake, we hav within us the elements of true reform. I hold that this is one essential of true Liberalism. As yet the educational influences of "Freethought" hav not wrought out half their mission in connecting the old methods of intolerant abuse. Ere this we who constitute the school of radical thought and Liberal ideas should hav discovered the utter impossibility of honest minds reaching the same conclusion. No one at all cognizant of the earnestness with which men and women enlist in what to them seems important life-work, however much it may differ, can fail to giv credit to the workers, and commend their good intentions. The wordy war between Messrs. Putnam and Andrews was not as free as it should hav been from what bordered on the rancorous and bitter. Of course these giants hav their followers. Sister Elmina seems jubilant to think Mr. Putnam, in a few concise words, settles the whole question of the origin of mind and potentiality of matter. I am sure she is true and honest. Many will come to different conclusions, myself among the number. To me Mr. Putnam's conclusions hav not the odor of newness, and are only fresh in their prettiness of phraseology. In a different form they are but the bold statement of old-time Materialism. To many good, generous, and pure people they will seem conclusiv, and almost a divine revelation, clothed as they are in his poetic imagery. To another, and I think much larger class, Mr. Andrews will appear the victor.

The trouble with most of us consists in the fact that we forget the necessity for this difference of

opinion, and while too often blaming others for where they stand to-day, fail to recollect our position yesterday. Look at the immense amount of wrangling between Spiritualists and Materialists, and see the intolerant flings at each other for opinion's sake. It is just as true as the sun shines that the present method of discussion will add no well-earned laurels to either side. We of the incorrigible Spiritual order are not a whit less conscious of spirit intercourse and continued life, and instead of finding fault with our Materialistic friends, we think they hav done us good service. We hav looked better to our evidences, hav detected more readily the spurious, and are more than ever conscious of the weakness and unfitness of Materialistic philosophy to satisfy the needs of human nature, and to account for phenomena beyond the reach and present methods of modern science.

Many pure and honest Materialists, like our dear old friend, D. R. Burt, who so recently passed out of the earthly form, are growing, as he grew, to be more tolerant to us, and as he wrote and said to me, "I don't know how it is, but the more I mingle with Spiritualists the better I like them." And in addition, "Perhaps the wish is father to the thought. I almost hope, Brother George, your opinions are correct." Now, this is not introduced as any evidence for our opinions, but simply to illustrate how largely he was a true Liberal. While conscious that Christian churchianity is crystallized intolerance and superstition, there is a certain per cent of minds who honestly adhere to Christianity that are largely liberal and tolerant. As among my friends and acquaintances a portion of this element is represented, I will not condemn all with that sweeping denunciation too many radicals indulge in.

Another illustration of bad blood crops out in the discussion of prohibition. This discussion has been allowed large latitude of time and space in THE TRUTH SEEKER. As I am personally acquainted with a number of the disputants, and hav an anxious desire to see the question thoroughly sifted, the discussion was followed closely. I was sorry to see Brother George Gage handled so roughly by Walker and Leland, the latter especially, for Brother Gage is not at all such a man as friend Tee Cee supposes him. He is a grand and noble, if a mistaken, man. I do not say he is mistaken. Then, again, they picture Walker as a horrid fellow, when he is nothing of the sort, and in this game of "teter tater," as we used to call it, he is only on the opposit side of the plank, taking his ride down when his opponent goes up, and up when they are down. In a late TRUTH SEEKER, a correspondent from Ohio, who signs his name "Wm. Paulucci," champions Walker's position, and pours hot shot at Brother Jamieson by kindly telling him he (Jamieson) is used up. Now, in this he is mistaken. Brother Jamieson is not used up. Even I hav told him he was angular, too combativ, attempted too much, and withal a little too ambitious, but did not think him used up. Brother Jamieson is a good worker. There is nerve, pluck, and vim in him to keep Brother Walker and others busy for a long time. Used up? not much! Then again this Ohioan never knew a prohibitionist that was not a close-fisted church-member. For one I am sorry to think his associations hav been so limited. I know honest prohibitionists of all shades of opinion—Materialists, Spiritualists, Catholic and Protestant Christians, and those who drink the infernal stuff to excess, and which latter class pray for it as their only means of salvation.

After reading all sides, I scarcely know where I stand. Practically, I prohibit, and I am not sure I would not vote to try the thing if opportunity offered. On general principles, the abuse of it (liquor) is so common that at times it seems an unmitigated curse. Experience with the large majority of those who use it, and contend against its prohibition as an infringement of personal liberty, hav no objection to the disenfranchisment of women; in fact, as a rule, they scorn the idea of women voting, while the majority of Prohibitionists are ready, willing, and anxious for woman's enfranchisment. My judgment, as yet, holds this question in abeyance, and yet there is no doubt on my part of the sincerity and honesty of the disputants on the different sides, who ventilate their opinions through the medium of THE TRUTH SEEKER. In the discussion of this and cognate questions, let us ask ourselvs, "Are we Liberal?" and let what we say and do be a correct solution, so that we show by our examples that our growth out of the Christian church system has made us nobler and better men and women.

GEORGE LYNN.

Comstock's Distinguished Relativs.

John Winthrop, Boston correspondent of the New York *Independent*, givs a little account of Comstock's speech there which was the same old one that we hav heard here *ad nauseam*, and then bolsters up the great vicegerent by the following bit of respectable relationship:

"It adds not a little to the practical bearing of such a man's life upon the youth of the land to know that this earnest man has a brother who resembles him in physique and features, who is an instructor at Philips Academy, Andover, the Rugby of our New England."

But Winthrop didn't tell of that other Comstock brother, in jail for stealing a watch.—*Man.*

Methods of Presenting Freethought.

Mr. Ringer, in THE TRUTH SEEKER of yesterday, sounds the right note in the suggestion he throws out concerning the coming Freethinkers' Convention at Cassadaga Lake. I hav often thought that the Radicals, in their grand enterprise of delivering the minds and consciences of their countrymen from the bondage of the church superstition, ought to study the methods adopted by the Abolitionists when they undertook the herculean task of revolutionizing the public sentiment on the subject of American slavery. Knowing that in a republic the people were the source of all authority and power, they began by *organizing*, first themselvs, and then their converts, into societies, as a *sine qua non* to any practical work. Christianity, although it had some friends in Cæsar's household, began its work of undermining the old paganism by operating on the masses of the people. The Abolitionists did so too. As the object was to enlighten the popular mind, they sent out into the villages of the country, the highways and the hedges, lecturers, generally two by two, who understood the whole subject of disciplin from beginning to end, and whose souls were thoroughly in their work. Wherever they could get an audience of a dozen persons they delivered their message. Earnest and sincere men, no matter what cause they advocate, will always, sooner or later, get a hearing. After arranging for a series of meetings, the speakers would lay down a plan of the campaign, and work into each other's hands by a consecutiv course of reasoning. For instance, A, in a speech of an hour, would define slavery, showing what was the legal status of a slave, and what the Abolitionists proposed to do. He would be followed by B, in a half-hour's address, driving home the facts and arguments of A, as a carpenter drives and clinches a nail. At the next meeting B would be the leading speaker, and would show the conservativ nature of liberty, and that the slave, the master, and the soil, would all be gainers if free labor were substituted for slave. Then A follows with an address confirmatory of B's position. By this time the audience became interested, and wished to know more on the subject. The speakers keep up this logical train of thought, appealing to the intelligence and conscience of their hearers; and when the last of the two days' sessions were closed, every man who came to hear, provided he had a head to understand, and a heart to feel, was, henceforth and forever, an Abolitionist.

There is a striking analogy between the conditions of this country forty years ago in regard to slavery, and its condition now in regard to that vast system of superstition entrenched in the Christian church. The whole nation is priest-ridden. By that I do not mean that all the people are members of the church, and believe her doctrins; but that the *priest*, finding the people saddled and bridled by the past, and ready and willing to be ridden, mounts and rides. He baptizes our children when they are born; marries our sons and daughters when they found new families; and officiates on all funeral occasions with his doleful platitudes. At the late Chicago convention, although not one man in a hundred had a spark of what is called religion, the priest must open the convention with the mockery of prayer. Priestcraft, with its mummeries, like the frogs of Egypt, is everywhere. Now, how are we to free the people from this bondage? How are we to unhorse the clergy so that the people need not go any longer on all fours? Why, in the very way which the Abolitionists adopted, first in teaching the people on the slavery subject, and then, when soundly converted, organizing them into societies for practical work. What we want is an ever-enlarging constituency of voters, who, when the time comes, can act in carrying out our measures of offense or defense. What makes an act of Congress omnipotent is the fact that it is a representativ body, and has a constituency of fifty odd millions of people. Why did not the bill for making Good Friday a religious fast day pass the lower house of the New York legislature? The Senate sanctioned this new encroachment of the church on the liberties of the people. What strengthened the back-bone, and stiffened the knee joints of Mr. Ruggles, state superintendent of public instruction for the state of New York, so that he put an end to the mockery of prayer, Bible reading, and hymn singing in the public schools of the state? I strongly suspect it was the knowledge that Green's Freethought conventions, which hav been held so frequently, hav a *constituency* of voters who will punish a politician if he truckles to the church.

I wish to avoid a religious war, which is sure to come, unless we enlighten the masses who vote and who are the source of all political power in the state. Hence, conventions ought to be made attractiv by having particular subjects discussed, and the programs, with the topics and speakers, all announced beforehand. Allow me to say that there is too much waste of talent at our conventions, for want of a specific purpose and a plan. One-third the speakers present, if they understood each other, would do more work, and better, than if all manner of subjects were discussed by a large number of people. The conferences at such meeting, where the people express their views in short speeches, are to me deeply interesting, because we can estimate the worth of the constituents. They are the light artillery in the army of Freethought, and do invaluable work in their respectiv neighborhoods by calling the attention of the people to the subject, and awakening in them a desire to know more, and in getting them to take our Freethought papers. The heavy artillery are the thinkers, speakers, and editors, who take the bullion of Freethought, hammer it out into shape, and coin it in the mint of their brains, and by speech and pen circulate it among the people. One of the standing topics of discussion for conferences, during the meetings, of a convention should be "the best method for enlightening the minds of the common people in regard to the issues we make with the church." The common people know more on this practical subject than our studious men who do not mix much with them, and who do not adopt their discourses to popular audiences. It is the crowning merit of Ingersoll, as it was of his illustrious predecessor, Thomas Paine, that he takes an abstract principle, which, in the handling of most other men, would put an audience to sleep, and dresses it up in such attractiv style that the common people comprehend and rapturously accept it. And it is the common people, not the uncommon people, that we are after. All of which is respectfully submitted by

AN OLD ABOLITIONIST.

Enon Valley, Pa., June 8, 1884.

Vicious Literature.

There is a flood of humanity ever sweeping toward idiocy and insanity. Every day we read of the youth who has started westward after Indian scalps, and the man who has ended his life with the rope or dagger. Every paper that we pick up has in it an account of some insane wretch who has either murdered some of his family or committed suicide. Vicious literature is corrupting the human race. We are becoming mentally diseased by reading the fancies of others and believing them to be facts.

The boy who reads the tales of the West until he thinks they are real, and is inspired to be a desperado, is unfortunate; but the one that reads and believes a more ancient novel, which relates incredible incidents of war and bloodshed, not only of this world, but of other worlds in other spheres, is surely in a more deplorable condition. His imagination is always picturing celestial cities with diamond-paved streets and gates of pearl, inhabited by fairies which are half human and half bird. And in his dreams the poor maniac holds converse with these beaked and feathered vagrants of the skies, which exist only in his own fancy.

This novel, which givs accounts of battles between characters called angels, gods and devils, does more harm than all others together. It is taught to us from the cradle to the grave. No sooner has the child learned to talk than the parents begin teaching it to believe these fairy tales, and to ask favors of the boss fairy or god, and even to advise him how his affairs should be conducted.

This hero is not human like those we read about in the western tradition. He is a spirit—a three-bodied monster who made this universe of nothing, and then had as much nothing left as he had before; who once came down here and bore an illegitimate child to a married woman named Mary; who had a great opponent named Satan, and who first started the human race with Adam and Eve, and afterward drowned the world and started our race anew with a family called Noah. The child that Mary bore was named Jesus, and now it is said that Mary is not only his mother, but also his father's mother, making her Christ's grandmother. It is further claimed that Christ is God, his own father, the father of Mary, and consequently the father of his own grandmother, which makes him the great grandfather of himself.

In every town we hav houses where people spend a day in each week inoculating this fairy tale into the minds of their children. Freeman and Guiteau are specimens of children who were reared in this manner.

The hero of this novel was very fond of meat. He did not eat it as we do; but while his slaves roasted the carcasses of rams and bullocks, he reached his head out over the edge of a cloud and let his divine nostrils feast on the ascending fumes.

Incredible as it may appear, the majority of people in so-called civilized countries believe this vile superstition to be actually true. And countries that are not called civilized believe traditions which are equally absurd. Vicious literature has its baneful influence on the whole world.

These works of fiction hav filled the world with imbecils. Our asylums are full, and the only alternativ is to let them run at large. They build churches, preach what they call the "Gospel of Jesus Christ," and even edit newspapers. They would resist any attempt to pen them up, and if they could be all confined in an asylum, there would not be enough people left outside to carry food to the inmates. The disease commonly known as religion is epidemic, and the only medicin that will giv humanity relief is scientific education.

WILLIAM SCOTT.

Bellwood, Pa.

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

FOUNDED BY D. M. BENNETT.

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SATURDAY, - - - JUNE 21, 1884.

Two Open Letters.

We hav forwarded letters, of which the following are copies, to the Hon. James Gillespie Blaine, Republican candidate for president, and the Hon. Benjamin F. Butler, candidate of the Greenback, Labor Union, and Anti-Monopolist parties:

TO JAMES G. BLAINE.

HON. JAMES G. BLAINE, Augusta, Me., *Dear Sir:* When you were a member of the House of Representativs, in 1875, you introduced the following resolution:

"No state shall make any law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; and no money raised by taxation in any state for the support of public schools, or derived from any public fund therefor, nor any public lands devoted thereto, shall ever be under the control of any religious sect; and no money so raised or lands so devoted shall be divided among religious sects or denominations."

It met with little favor at the hands of your fellow-members, being killed by an absurd amendment originating in the Judiciary Committee. In the Senate you will doubtless recollect that Mr. Edmunds, one of your antagonists at the late Chicago convention, offered a constitutional amendment of a directly opposit character, which only failed by two of having the necessary two-thirds affirmativ votes. It was well for the country that he was defeated in the preliminary canvass for the presidency.

Our object in writing to you now is to ask these questions:

If elected president, will you, in your message to Congress, recommend a constitutional amendment similar in purport to the resolution introduced by you into the House? Will you also do all in your legitimate and legal power to prevent the payment from the national treasury of the salaries of chaplains in the army and navy? Your familiarity with our Constitution will enable you to perceive at a glance that the present course in this respect is an illegal procedure.

It is not probable that even the recommendation of the president would secure the passage of the amendment, but a beginning must be made, else this country will, in a few years, experience the dangerous evil of a united church and state. Millions of dollars are now annually donated by the various states and the national government to religious purposes. The only safe way, therefore, is to forever prohibit by constitutional amendment any state, and the national government, from loaning credit or giving money to any religious or anti-religious institution. We await your reply.

TO B. F. BUTLER.

TO THE HON. BENJ. F. BUTLER, *Dear Sir:* You are the candidate of the Greenbackers, Anti-Monopolists, and Labor Unions for the presidency. The sympathies of thousands of Freethinkers are with one or another of these parties. But with many, state secularization is paramount to all other considerations. No matter who is elected, this question presses forward for solution. Either our governmental institutions must be wholly Christian or wholly secular. The impossibility of maintaining them as they now are—secular in theory, Christian in practice and in law—must be apparent to you, a deep student of history.

We are well aware that while governor of Massachusetts your proclamations were almost pathetic in religious tone, but we beg to remind you that the world has never decided three things as to them: Whether the piety expressed came from an honest but mistaken heart; whether it was a bid for pious votes; or whether it was an exquisit satire and well-deserved rebuke to the pharisaical descendants of puritanical bigots.

For the benefit of several thousand Freethinkers, we beg to be enlightened. And we want to ask you a plain question: If you are elected, will you in your message to Congress recommend the following, or a similar, amendment to the United States Constitution?

RELIGIOUS FREEDOM AMENDMENT:
PROPOSED AS A SUBSTITUTE FOR THE FIRST AMENDMENT TO THE U. S. CONSTITUTION.
ARTICLE 1.

SECTION 1.—Neither Congress nor any state shall make any law respecting an establishment of religion, or favoring any particular form of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or permitting in any degree a union of church and state, or granting any special privilege, immunity, or advantage to any sect or religious body, or to any number of sects or religious bodies; or taxing the people of any state, either directly or indirectly, for the support of any sect or religious body, or of any number of sects or religious bodies; or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press, or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the government for a redress of grievances.

SECTION 2.—No religious test shall ever be required as a condition of suffrage, or as a qualification to any office or public trust, in any state. No person shall ever in any state be deprived of any of his or her rights, privileges, or capacities, or disqualified for the performance of any public or private duty, or rendered incompetent to giv evidence in any court of law or equity, in consequence of any opinions he or she may hold on the subject of religion. No person shall ever in any state be required by law to contribute directly or indirectly to the support of any religious society or body of which he or she is not a voluntary member.

SECTION 3.—Neither the United States, nor any state, territory, municipality, or any civil division of any state or territory, shall levy any tax, or make any gift, grant, or appropriation, for the support, or in aid of any church, religious sect, or denomination, or any school, seminary, or institution of learning, in which the faith or doctrins of any religious order or sect shall be taught or inculcated, or in which religious practices shall be observed; or for the support, or in aid of any religious charity or purpose of any sect, order, or denomination whatsoever.

SECTION 4.—Congress shall hav power to enforce the various provisions of this article by appropriate legislation.

Will you also do all in your legitimate and legal power to prevent the payment from the national treasury of the salaries of chaplains in the army and navy?

You are undoubtedly able to answer these questions at once, without argument, and we anxiously await your reply.

The object of the foregoing is to satisfy ourselvs as to the desirability of Mr. Blaine's or Mr. Butler's election. We do not propose to vote for any candidate who is not sound on the question of state secularization. A similar letter will be forwarded the Democratic candidate, and we hope every Freethinker in the country will write the three gentlemen.

The probabilities are, of course, that no answer will be returned. The churches are, as yet, too powerful for a popular candidate to affirmativly answer these questions. A negativ answer, the candidates know, will mean the loss of a few votes, and a discreet silence will be maintained.

A man who has not the courage of his opinions, one way or the other, is, however, too destitute of backbone to make a safe president. It is better not to vote at all than to vote for an enemy or a friend too cowardly to avow his friendship. If any candidate has doubts as to his position on these questions, we hav none as to him.

Army and Navy Chaplains.

One of the abuses imposed upon the tax-payers of the country by the Christian church is the support of chaplains for the army and navy, and in the two houses of Congress. Although Congress may make no law respecting the establishment of religion, according to the Constitution, it has done so in violation of that instrument. For many years the politicians hav paid but little attention to our national charter, and the Supreme Court in many of its decisions has shown as little regard.

The *Army Register* for this year shows the full number of chaplains allowed by act of Congress. Thirty post chaplains distribute spiritual food to a little over 28,000 enlisted men and officers, supplemented by four coffee-colored shouters for the colored regiments. The employment of these latter was authorized by act of Congress July 28, 1866. The others derive their license from an act passed as long ago as March 2, 1849. Their relativ rank is as captains of infantry, and considering ministerial predilections toward the sisters, it is, perhaps, about right.

These thirty-four incumbrances draw from the tax-payers of the country wages varying from $125 to $175 a month. The pay scale is for the first five years' service $125 per month; for the next five years, $137.50; after ten years' service, $150; after fifteen years, $162.50; after twenty years, $175. Upon retiring they are pensioned at the rate of $112.50 to $157.50 a month. There are at present thirteen of these retired leeches upon the roster. When traveling on orders chaplains draw in addition mileage of eight cents per mile.

The average drain upon the treasury for these unconstitutional burdens is probably about $1,800 a year each. Forty-seven times eighteen hundred dollars is eighty-four thousand six hundred dollars, a snug little sum to be spent annually to establish religion by our law-makers in defiance of their oaths to support the Constitution.

In the navy affairs are as bad. Chaplains while getting their sea legs on are paid $2,500 a year; after five years' service, $2,800. If during the initiatory five years they are left on shore to say their prayers, the people pay them $1,200 per year; after the five years, $2,300. On leave of absence, or waiting orders, doing nothing, they command $1,600 or $1,900, according as they hav been the five years or more in the navy. Retired chaplains hold the relativ rank of captains, with three-fourths pay. There are twenty-three of these naval nuisances activly engaged, with a round half dozen retired. A few weeks ago there were twenty-four activ, but one, the Rev. J. H. H. Brown, Episcopalian, has just resigned. His place, however, will speedily be filled, keeping the number up to thirty. Two thousand dollars a year is a low estimate to average for these, but putting the figure at that shows sixty thousand a years spent to establish religion in the navy.

In connection with this subject, the case of the Rev. J. H. H. Brown, Episcopalian, before mentioned, is of interest. We are indebted to Methodist hatred of Episcopalianism for the details of his particular steal. Not content with getting money he had no legal right to get, he has gone the government one better, and drawn money he made no pretense of earning. He had been in the navy more than ten years, but until April 1st of the present year he had never been to sea, and had but three years and seven months of shore duty. The amount of salary paid him up to April 1st was about $19,000, or more than $5,000 a year for the actual service rendered. The details are:

J. H. H. BROWN, LATE CHAPLAIN U. S. NAVY.

Entered service,	Jan. 23, 1874
Ordered to Navy Yard, New York,	July 26, 1875
Granted leave,	July, 1878
Navy Yard, Penascola,	Feb. 10, 1880
Sick leave,	Aug., 1880
Ordered to U. S. S. Hartford,	April 1, 1884
Resigned,	May, 1884
Waiting orders, 1 1-2 years, at $1,600,	$2,400
Shore duty, 3 years, at $2,000,	6,000
Leave, 1-2 year, at $1,600,	800
Leave, 11-12 year, at $1,900,	1,740
Shore duty, 7-12 year, at $2,300,	1,340
Leave, 3 2-3 years, at $1,900,	6,966
	$19,246
Total duty,	3 yr's and 7 mos.
Amount paid,	$19,246
At the rate of	$5,271 per year.

No doubt it is better that the chaplains should lie idle than that they should preach their superstition to the men and officers, but if they are the promoters of the morality they pretend to be, they ought to be honest enough to forego worldly wealth for which they render no equivalent. Imagin the Rev. J. H. H. Brown rebuking a ship's crew for taking what is not theirs!

The chaplains of Congress get $900 a session. The United States spends annually on these three services, therefore, about as follows:

Chaplains in Congress,	$ 1,800 00
" " Army,	84,600 00
" " Navy,	60,000 00
Total annual expenditure,	$146,400 00

And all this in direct and defiant violation of the Constitution. No sane man would pretend that employing nearly a hundred Mohammedan priests to preach to the government employees, was not establishing that religion. Yet the church has the impudence to pretend that the employment of Christian preachers on ships and government posts is not an abuse of power.

During the late unpleasantness with our Southern sister states, the North had a million men in the field. A chaplain went with each regiment, which consisted of nearly a thousand men. The North, therefore, in round numbers, had a thousand chaplains at $1,500 a year to tell God which side he ought to espouse. The Confederates also had a proportionate number. One thousand times fifteen hundred is one million five hundred thousand dollars per year, spent during the war. In four years, six million dollars were added to our national debt to pay a lot of men whose services were worthless. The expenditure for the same purpose of the navy could not hav been less than a couple of millions. The people hav been paying interest on that eight millions ever since. Since the war closed some three millions more hav been squandered on the loafing drones. In the last quarter of a century, Congress has devoted not less than eleven millions of dollars to the establishment of the Christian religion, and is continuing at the rate of nearly $150,000 annually.

Where is the authority for this vast expenditure? There is none. The churches simply ask it, and the politicians giv the money. They say it is done in response to public sentiment. No doubt it is the sentiment of the church-members, a paltry third of the population of the country, but to assert that the great mass of the people sustain this steal in the name of religion is to set a low estimate on the morality of the United States. The Democratic press and the Republican press of the country are keen in detecting robbery in their political opponents, but not a remonstrance do they utter against this misappropriation of public funds. They, too, are under

the dominion of the religious power, and see that only which is for their interests to see. If their professions of legislativ economy are not all sham, let them aid the Freethinkers in preserving to the national treasury nearly $150,000 a year.

Freethought in England.

The National Secular Society of England held its annual conference June 1st. The annual report, read by Mr. Bradlaugh, the president, contains many items of interest. When the conference met last year two members of its executiv council were in prison for blasphemy, necessitating the appointment of a Prisoners' Aid Committee. This committee raised for the help of the persecuted £642 12s. 2d. Testimonials for the prisoners realized £379 3s. 9d. "These figures," remarked Mr. Bradlaugh, "giv ground for congratulation, for they mark the strength and organization of the party since the persecutions of forty years ago." At the same time these large sums were contributed other large amounts were voluntarily given to Mr. Bradlaugh to aid him in his legal contests. In connection with the imprisonment of Foote, Ramsey, and Kemp, the report rebukes the home secretary of England for making the statement that the imprisonment was for obscene libel, when Lord Coleridge had already contradicted that charge by anticipation.

Mr. Justice Stephen is thanked for his clear exposition of the blasphemy laws in all their odiousness, and for drafting a bill for their repeal—a bill, however, which could find no sponsor in a Christian parliament. But members of Parliament are now being pressed by the society, and hopes are not unreasonably entertained that the repeal of the laws will soon be accomplished.

The struggle for the abolition of the oath still continues in England and on the continent. In Belgium a bill for the abolition of the judicial oath is now before the Belgian parliament. In England a large number of the clergy of the church of England hav had the sense to petition for the substitution of affirmation in all cases where an oath is now required. One of the members of the Secular Society, the report relates, was summoned on a coroner's jury. He claimed to affirm, and being questioned by the coroner stated that he was an Atheist. He did not refuse to take the oath; had he gone so far as that the coroner could hav imprisoned him. He was not allowed to affirm, as the law does not permit it in the case of jurors. In this most states of America are many years ahead of the mother country. That the Evidence Amendment acts of 1869–70 do not apply to Scotland has also been emphasized the past year by the absolute rejection by the presiding judge of the evidence of an Atheistic witness. Mr. Bradlaugh asks the branches of the society to spare no pains to win the right of affirmation "without question, objection, or observation, on the simple demand of the person who, under any circumstances or in any place, is or might be now required by law to take the oath." This seems a small thing to ask for, but it will probably be many years before the Christians of England will grant it.

The society will aid the Freethinkers of Paris in celebrating the centenary of Pierre Denis Diderot, the great encyclopedist, on July 30th. Australia and New Zealand, being colonies of England, are cared for by the English Freethinkers. Some of the societies in those countries are affiliated with the National Secular Society, and all are in friendly relations with its officers. In South Australia an Inter-Colonial Conference has been held, well attended by delegates, and Mr. Joseph Symes, of England, is now lecturing in Melbourne, being sent to the country for propagandist work on the invitation of the Australian Freethinkers.

A paragraph of the report, which we copy in full, shows how the society proceeded in a delicate and difficult matter:

"Your Executiv has to report a very painful case. One of your members, a sober, honest, industrious, well-conducted man, employed in the building trade, having been defrauded of his wages under circumstancas of considerable aggravation, unfortunately carried away by ungovernable passion, irritated by insult and a blow, killed his employer with one of the heavy tools used in his trade. The case was carefully investigated and considered by your president, under authority of a special resolution of your executiv, and counsel was instructed in the hope to reduce the offense to manslaughter. Though the jury expressly negatived premeditation, and the man's good character was shown, the capital sentence was enforced. Under the supervision of Mrs. Besant, the widow left penniless, with one young child and one since born, has been cared for and placed in a small shop where she has the opportunity of earning a modest livelihood."

Several companies hav been formed by the branches during the year for the buying or building of permanent meeting-places and lecture halls. The rapid growth of the society leads Mr. Bradlaugh to caution the branches against contracting debts, and especially to be careful in the business of each branch. A general building society scheme will by elaborated and adopted so soon as the president is relieved of a few of his legal cares.

By the Burials act of 1880, Freethinkers desirous of being interred in church-yards without religious ceremonies must draw a form of testamentary authority providing for the appointment of a legal representativ, specifying some friend willing to act at the funeral. In Belgium, France, and Italy, civil funerals are very largely on the increase. The legal red tape of English law is one of the blessings conferred by a state church.

It appears that the children of Freethinkers being educated in Board (corresponding to our public) schools can be withdrawn from religious instruction on proper application by the parents. Whether or not the children are compelled to wait in the halls, as the Bloomfield, Iowa, teachers request, the report does not say. The number of such withdrawals is large and increasing.

The growth of the science classes maintained by the society has been such that larger quarters are demanded, and the whole of a floor has been secured in the same building with the Freethought Publishing Company. A laboratory will be fitted up, and chemical appliances purchased; also a reading-room with books of reference. Miss Hypatia Bradlaugh is legally qualified and will conduct the class in chemistry. Mrs. Besant gratuitously devotes a good share of her time to these science classes.

One recommendation of Mr. Bradlaugh's will fit this country as well as England. It is that some earnest friend in every town should watch the local press and constantly contradict the many misrepresentations of Freethought and Freethinkers which find publicity. In several municipal and school board elections the cry of "Infidel" and "Atheist" has been raised against candidates Mr. Bradlaugh finds peculiar pleasure in recording that in every instance such candidates hav triumphed over their opponents.

The recruits to the society during the year ending May 31st number 1,747. Sixteen new branches hav been organized. The receipts of the General Fund were some $2,000; the expenditures about $1,800. From the Benevolent Fund has been paid over $600, with over $400 in hand. Seventy-two branches hav received nearly $20,000. Although fewer new members were admitted this year than last, the number of renewals of membership is greater. Besides the Funds already mentioned, the Freethinkers contributed about $700 toward Mr. Symes's expenses to Australia.

It must be admitted that the organization of the Freethought force is much more coherent and solid with the Englishmen than with Americans. No doubt a great share of the enthusiasm is due to the constant and unremitting persecution to which, in one shape and another, the Secularists of England seemed doomed, but a good percentage can be traced to the plans of organization perfected by Mr. Bradlaugh, whose re-election to the office of president was heartily unanimous. The society, under his able, if somewhat imperious, directions, has been put on a business basis. No members or branches are carried on the books for show. A wholesome disciplin is maintained, which has resulted in a very compact and effectiv body. The small size of England, too, favors organization, as all the branches are within a few hundred miles of the Executiv, and can receive instructions at very short notice. Each state in this country ought to show as powerful and numerous a membership of the League as all of England. And when our League gets down to bed-rock principles we think it will.

The cable dispatches of last Saturday convey the intelligence of the further progress of Mr. Bradlaugh toward his parliamentary rights. The government action against him for sitting and voting in the House of Commons on the night of February 11th began Friday and continued on the following days. Mr. Bradlaugh conducts his own case, and, the dispatch says, more than holds his own with the attorney-general. Lord Chief-Justice Coleridge, the presiding judge, it is observed, obviously leans toward the persecuted defendant. The inclinations of the other two judges are not known. Mr. Bradlaugh won an important point on the last day of trial in the decision by the court that his act in administering the oath to himself is not contrary to any known statute. He lost a point, however, in failing to convince the court that the speaker had acted illegally in refusing to administer the oath without having Mr. Bradlaugh's religious unbelief proved. The court decided that this question must be reserved for the decision of the jury. Several of the Tory members of the House, being fearful that Lord Coleridge would prove to be a partisan of Mr. Bradlaugh, endeavored to prevent the case being tried before him. In this they failed, but they may be able to work upon the two other judges to an extent sufficient to defeat the ends of justice.

The Monument Dedication.

The meeting for the dedication of the Bennett monument was held at 220 East Fifteenth street, on Friday evening, the 13th. In spite of the oppressiv heat, the hall was full, nearly half of those present being ladies. The services consisted of music, speeches, and a poem. Mr. Samuel P. Putnam presided. Daniel Edward Ryan, chairman of the Monument Committee, in an earnest and eloquent address, formally presented the monument to the Liberal public. Mr. Putnam read a memorial poem, and then introduced Mrs. A. C. Macdonald, who gave some touching and most interesting reminiscences of Mr. Bennett, drawn from nearly ten years of close acquaintanceship with him. Mr. Andrews followed with further remembrances of the founder of THE TRUTH SEEKER. Mr. Chamberlain, one of Mr. Bennett's most ardent defenders, spoke of the infamy of the Comstock persecution; and Henry A. Stone, whose acquaintance with the martyr-hero extends back to babyhood, paid him a glowing tribute. Finally T. B. Wakeman, in a magnificent oration, pronounced the benedictory words. The addresses were interspersed with music. Miss Adelina Peters drew marvelous melody from the piano; Mrs. McCune sang a beautiful song composed for the occasion, and Mr. Edward Boys contributed to the general harmony with his fine voice.

Next week we shall print a full report of the speeches, which were all of unusal excellence. The meeting was in every way a splendid success. There is an increasing enthusiasm in the Liberal movement in New York, much of which is due to the enterprise of Mr. Samuel P. Putnam, who is the leading spirit in our meetings. The name, too, of D. M. Bennett is a growing power for good. As all that was mortal of the man recedes from view, whatever failings he may be imagined to hav had pass from the memory. The magnificence of his achievements is being recognized as never before. The faults and the weaknesses of the clay are forgotten. Above all these looms the form of D. M. Bennett, the hero, the martyr, the apostle of liberty, the central figure in the Freethought movement of his day.

And yet, after all, those who did not know him as the kindly, generous soul he was, can never appreciate his crowning merits as a man.

Cremation in New York.

In printing Philip Peabody's communication on incineration of the dead, we deem it an appropriate time to introduce to the Liberal public the Cremation Society of this city. We insert for this purpose the exterior and interior plan of the proposed crematory. Several of the commissioners of the company are Freethinkers. James B. Brown, the president of the Board, is a Liberal well-known in business circles of this city; Dr. Bloodgood, the medical inspector at the Navy Yard, Brooklyn, is a Liberal; and all our readers know where Felix Adler stands. The other commissioners are Rev. J. D. Beugless, an advanced Christian against whom the only point that can be made is that he is the *de facto* chaplain at the Brooklyn Navy Yard; August Schwarzschild, E. C. Cockey, and E. A. Caswell. With the religious habits of these three latter gentlemen we are unacquainted. The capital stock of the company is $25,000, of which $12,000 or $15,000 has been subscribed, and the prospects are good for the rapid taking up of the remainder. The shares are $25.

In the center of the building is a room labeled "chapel." The word signifies its use as well as any. We understand the company intends to maintain no particular religious creed, but allow the manner of services to be directed by the friends of the deceased, who can invite their own orator to eulogize the departed. This would be in accordance with the American instinct of fair-play, and an example for the Philadelphians and Bostonians to follow when shall be completed the proposed similar institutions in those cities.

Letters from Friends.

SHAKOPEE, MINN., May 28, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed you will find six month's subscription for THE TRUTH SEEKER. I am not permanently located here or I would take it for a year. It is the best paper I ever read. It has opened my eyes so wide that no Bible or church can ever blindfold me again; and you can be assured of a permanent subscriber in me.

Your friend truly, JOS. SCHROLL.

COAL CREEK, COL., May 31, 284.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $2, for which please send me twelve lectures on "Orthodoxy," by R. G. Ingersoll, and two trial subscriptions, as below.

With the petition for state secularization I did what I could under the circumstances, getting sixty names. I could hav gotten more if I had had more time. I think I hav got about half. I asked a Frenchman to sign it. He then said, "Why did you not come to me sooner? It makes me so glad as if I had five dollars."

The arguments that I hav had while taking around the petition are too numerous to mention.

A Liberal League could be very easily formed at Coal Creek, and if I come back here next winter I shall try to get it in order. I think we could interest the people as much as the parson, if not more. HENRY BEICHLING.

HUMBOLDT, NEB., June 3, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: There has been a great break-up here in the Presbyterian church. Their minister, the Rev. Kelsey, delivered a lecture on undenominationalism, and he took quite a liberal view of the matter. It was the straw that broke the camel's back. A portion of the mossbacks were going to lock him out, but did not. He was requested by the citizens to repeat the lecture, which he did in the Opera House. The house was filled to overflowing, and the end of it is that there is a split in the congregation, and a wealthy lady here is building a church, the name of which will be the People's Church. Mr. Kelsey lectures now and preaches in the Opera House, commanding good audiences, and the Talmage party hav got a minister that will suit them. He is full of hell-fire, and heavy on the elect. Thus they are falling, slowly but surely. Let the good work go on. A. M. ENOCH.

ST. JOHNS, ARIZONA, May 28, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $2, for which send me the ANNUAL, and the balance I contribute to the Monument Fund. There are quite a number of so-called Infidels in this county; in fact, as Brother Talmage says, "the West is teeming with Infidelity." Brother Talmage is correct in this, and I hope to liv long enough to see common sense and reason take the place of fanatical superstition all over our great republic. There are many Mormons in this part of the territory who believe in and practice the precepts found in the Bible, and how in the name of reason the other Christian denominations can rave and hound at them is one of those things which I cannot comprehend. Consistency is said to be a jewel, but the orthodox churches surely lack this gem, for were they consistent in their belief they could not cast stones at the Mormons. If we take the New Testament as true and of divine origin, which I deny, there is not a true Christian in all Christendom, unless, perhaps, it be the Mormons, or Mormon church. For my part I wish THE TRUTH SEEKER were in every city, village, and hamlet in the United States; that all the churches were turned into schoolhouses, and the thousands of clerical drones were forced to earn their living as honest men are obliged to earn theirs. ALBERT F. BANTA.

BURNIP'S CORNERS, MICH., June 1, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I am a regular subscriber of that best of all papers, THE TRUTH SEEKER, and if I am not intruding too much on your good nature, I would like to ask you for a little space in which to say a few words for my old friend, F. E. Sturgis, artist, of Upper Sandusky, Ohio. Mr. Sturgis was formerly a resident of this place, and spent his boyhood days here. I hav known him for many years, and know him to be a gentl eman of strict integrity, industrious, temperate, hind-hearted; and as for his abilities as an artist, he has few equals, allowing me to be judge. He is a fearless, outspoken Liberal. He never lets an opportunity slip to giv old orthodoxy a blow, even if he injures his business by so doing. There is none of the sneaking hypocrit about him. As has been said by Mr. S. A. Stewart, of Wayland, Mich., sickness and adverse circumstances hav reduced him to financial straits, and he needs help to get upon his feet again; but as he declines to accept donations, as was suggested by Mr. Stewart, and simply asks for work, and that at a low price, he should receive the patronage of every Liberal in the United States. And those who are blessed with an abundance of the filthy lucre should be liberal and not confine him to the low price that he has offered to do work for, but should pay him liberally, so that he may get out of present difficulties and enjoy some of the comforts of life.

I believe that I am the only person taking your paper here. There is quite a sprinkling of Liberalism here, but mostly of the skim-milk kind. They lack the moral courage to let their honest convictions be known. But, Mr. Editor, I am hoping for better days. THE TRUTH SEEKER and other Liberal publications are making inroads fast in the ranks of orthodoxy, and in a few years an orthodox Christian will be a rarity.

Yours respectfully, C. A. BALL.

EL MONTE, CAL., May 28, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find five dollars to pay for the stanch old TRUTH SEEKER one year, and two dollars' worth of your Liberal gospel tracts, as per list within.

I made good use of the dozen "False Claims" by distributing them among the pet ewes of the holy flocks, who feed the bellwethers upon the wine, milk, and honey of our semi-tropics, through the gambling devices of grab-bags, fish-ponds, ring cakes, selling pools on the handsomest girl in the town, etc. And, what is the quintessence of meanness, by their schemes they wheedle nearly all the money out of nice young men and imbecil old ones, who are drawn into these games by the smiles and wiles of the gentler sex. Really there is much truth in the rough old miner's words, "God's middle-men hav the cheek surpassing an army mule" to thus use the angels of humanity as implements in order to bleed the purses of the male lobby members of the churches.

And then isn't it a glorious remuneration to be told in the next priestly harang, "He that disbelieveth will be damned!"

I judge you published some of my former communications, although I did not see that number of your paper, for I hav received of late many Liberal papers from all parts of the United States, and there are none I like, next to THE TRUTH SEEKER, better than Brother Bailey's *Liberal*, of Nashville, Tenn. After I get up a club of trial subscribers for your paper I intend to do so for the *Liberal*, that *multum in parvo* little sheet, which has metal that rings with a clear twang. I hope you will like my opinion of the little competitor in your trade, for, being somewhat of a chemist, I comprehend no ism or spirit that does not rest on a material substratum. Hence I belong to the same ungodly crowd with Brothers Winter and Bailey. Trusting you will excuse this verbose epistle, with a promis to be short and pointed in future, I am

Yours for the truth, J. E. CLARK.

DETROIT, June 3, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I wish you would exchange with the Chicago *Express*. You and they both need each other. The *Express* is ahead of THE TRUTH SEEKER in political reform, but they need THE TRUTH SEEKER to help them in religious Liberal ideas very much. While the Liberals are fighting all over the branches of religious oppression, while luxury, the root of all political and religious oppression, is allowed to flourish and propagate freely, the people of this land, and of the civilized world, must adopt the truth expressed by Charles Lever in his "Romance of Sir Jasper Carew," if they ever intend or hope to be free. In chapter xlvii he says that "whoever receives interest is a slave-owner and whoever pays interest is a slave." Now here is the key to all of the crime, vice, and misery in this country. As Brick Pomeroy said, the greatest crime ever committed was the sale by Congress to the money-lenders of the power to hav eighteen hundred and eight millions of money destroyed in 1865, so that from dire, distressful want of money the people might be compelled to go to the usurers and borrow their notes—their debts, called national bank notes—which are no more money than any other man's notes or debts; and since 1865, since this damnable bargain and sale of this nation into slavery, the debts hav increased to fully double the amount of the entire wealth of the nation. If the Liberals, instead of petitioning Congress for the secularization of the states, had given out the heading of a demand for issuing money to put the people out of debt, it would be striking at the root of the evils. It is true that whoever controls the amount of money in a country controls the lives and happiness of every person in it. Giv us liberty from debt, and the influence of churches will soon fade away with all other evils. The debt that the laborers of this country are expected to pay the interest upon, or hav the burden increase, is full enough to giv each and every one a good home, and furnish it well, leaving no more criminal or paupers. Why not work for liberty? J. H. WOOD.

HAMILTON, May 25, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I am out on the prairie of Gallatin Valley making an irrigating ditch for farming purposes, some twenty miles from Bozeman, and hav been for six weeks, and for that reason I hav neglected to send in my subscription for your paper for another year. The time expired on the tenth of this month, but rest assured I will send some money as soon as I can go to Bozeman, for I must hav your paper. I received six all at once, and hav been reading Ingersoll's lecture in Chicago: That alone is worth the price of the paper one year. One of my friends said to me yesterday, "Joe, you will go crazy from reading that old TRUTH SEEKER." I told him I would take chances, and I wish more would do the same. This is a grand country for Freethought, and the majority of the people are Liberal, yet we hav a few strait-laced roundheads that believe a man must go to hell if he dares think for himself. Last winter I was working in the mountains above Bozeman, on the line of the North Pacific Railroad, hauling lumber and coal to the track, and there came one of those zealous bigots to the camp with a kind of toy wagon on wheels in the dead of winter. He should hav had it on runners. It It was a fancy box in a frame fixed with handle and springs to draw out by, and fasten when pushed in. That box was filled with tracts and religious trash which he seemed very anxious to distribute amongst us, and which met with so little favor that he soon tumbled to the fact that there was quite a number there that must hav better food for their mental digestion. Next morning after all the men had gone to work, he asked permission to pray with the lady of the house, the hired girl, and the children. So they had to kneel with him through a long prayer, which put them back with their work and which was very annoying to them, yet they had not the courage to tell him so, and he, like so many of his kind, was ever ready to take advantage of a woman's weakness. He wished to start a Sunday-school in that place. So the next Sunday some of the young teamsters went around and gathered from ten to fifteen women and children apiece, and went to a station house to hold Sunday-school. When he told them it was necessary to pay ten cents a head, in the language of this country, the boys kicked. They did not mind gathering a sleigh load of women and children, and taking them to Sunday-school, but they did object to paying ten cents apiece for them. This long, lank, lazy soldier of the cross was very anxious to save souls at ten cents apiece, but for their sake, and for Christ's sake, not one. So ended the Sunday-school in the Rocky Mountains. J. O. CLARK.

ELGIN, May 30, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: In reading my Bible (I bought one at an auction for ten cents) I find there is a mint of money in it, and I feel confident that by publishing the inclosed for the benefit of the Young Men's Christian Association they will vie with each other to see who will lug up the patent first and go into the business. Hoping that some enterprising individual may be benefited by it, I am Yours truly, I. W. ARCHIBALD.

THE INCLOSED—MILLIONS IN IT.

Let a few of the boys get together, get a lot of rams' horns, go to some city, secure by some honest means a path round about the city on the extreme outside of it—for if not, the police might pick you up, and as you are on an honorable, praiseworthy mission you don't want to be disturbed by the city snobs. This done, you are all ready for the pile. All together march around the city seven times, blowing your rams' horns (be sure they are rams' horns). When you get around five or six times the inhabitants will be pretty well alarmed. Now is your time. Just quietly send a delegation to the city council, demanding—don't beg or pray, but simply demand—say two or three hundred thousand dollars, according to the size and the wealth of the town, which if they don't hand out promptly, tell them you hav only to march round their worthless town once or twice more, as the case may be, when their city will all tumble down, doing ten times more damage than the paltry sum you ask them. Don't you see the point? If you do, just go in and make money. As soon as you are through with one city go to another, and if the first one or two cities don't hand out the dimes just leave them in ruins. Others will soon hear of it and buy you off at once. Don't you see? It is as true as scripture. For fear others might try the same plan, I would recommend the boys to get out a patent right before starting. It would giv them a better chance, as they would hav Uncle Sam to back them if any of the foolhardy cities should kick against handing out the cash.

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

MR. EDITOR: We rejoice and are truly delighted to see that your glorious and invaluable paper is continually improving. Evolution and progress are the order of the day.

THE TRUTH SEEKER is always in the van of Liberal sentiment, free discussion, liberty of opinion, pure logic, unbounded liberality, impartiality, and absolute truth.

May the loyal TRUTH SEEKER
Still continue to wave
" O'er the land of the free
And the home of the brave."

Truth to-day mankind is "seeking,"
Truth, infallible and grand,
Truth TRUTH SEEKER now is speaking,
Truth true Liberals demand.
Truth, eternal as the sun,
Truth has all man's triumph's won.

Truth all falsehood is denying,
Truth is merciful and just,
Truth God's hell is now defying,
Truth will last when sabers rust.
Truth is infinitly great,
Truth is love, instead of hate.

Truth, man's interest and glory,
Truth produces perfect fruit;
Truth is merciful, not gory,
Truth did never persecute.
Truth all humbug does despise,
Truth will banish holy lies.

TRUTH SEEKER is growing better,
Truth will break God's hellish chains,
Truth will break the devil's fetter,
Truth, when only truth remains.
Truth is infinitly grand,
Truth does perfect love demand.

Truth is man's most pure condition,
Truth will happiness secure,
Truth will be mankind's ambition,
Truth forever will endure.
Truth, on yonder shining shore,
Truth, when time will be no more,
Truth, on the celestial plains,
Truth without a rival reigns.

E. N. KINGSLEY.

VINELAND, June 6, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find one dollar to pay on THE TRUTH SEEKER another spell. And as you giv space to the assertions of Mr. Perry, I hope you will find room for this. I am not in the habit of writing, or I would refute all Mr. Perry's false reasoning, and show up his wild assertions. As it is, I will point out a few. In his article in THE TRUTH SEEKER, May 24th, he says, "By the Materialists, the only thing accomplished by nature is the production of material forms, while that which perceives and knows of these forms is nothing, and dies with them." What Materialist says that that which perceives and knows of forms is nothing? Are the senses that perceive, and the brain which knows, not things. Again he says the Materialist asserts that all this seeming effort of nature is but the production of the best physical forms of organic matter, and that although the human consciousness is constantly advancing, or growing and accumulating, even while the body it inhabits may be changing and decaying, yet at death of the body, all the grand and stupendous images of thought must vanish like the mist before the morning rays, which is asserting that when nature has done her best she makes her greatest failure. This paragraph contains a number of false statements, but the concluding clause caps the climax. When nature produces a perfect physical form, is that form a failure? Does it not perform perfectly that for which it is adapted? Witness the ease and grace of motion of the perfect physical form; it is folly to call that a failure. It is also folly to say that the greatest intellects are failures. Is Shakspere a failure? Is Darwin a failure? Is Herbert Spencer a failure, and others whose thoughts hav benefited mankind, which benefits will last as long as the race? One more and I hav done for the present. He says, "We were

developed in a previous world so as to inhabit this; we are developing in this world so as to inhabit a much higher and better one, in a much more advanced condition. And thus is nature every bringing higher things from lower ones." All human beings are produced and developed in this world; they grow and mature in this world, body and mind together; they also decay in this world body and mind together, and at death there is no more thought, as thought is but nervous motion.

P. ROTHWELL.

HUNTSVILLE, ALA., June 5, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: "A glorious thing to be crazy about," replied to me an elder of a church whom I met on a Tennessee river boat from Cincinnati, Ohio, to Florence, Alabama—720 milse. "Where do you liv?" I was asked. I answered, "In Huntsville, Alabama, where people are crazy on the subject of religion."

In Cincinnati, Ohio, I of course looked for that champion of Freethought, Thomas Winter, a hatter by profession. He livs at 265 West Eighth street, behind the cathedral, and in the most curious immediate neighborhood of at least six or eight churches; for right in front of the cathedral is the synagog at the corner; two other churches separated by a stable are fifty feet from the synagog. In fact, I never in all my travels saw as many churches in one mass. The wonder is that Brother Winter is not deaf from hearing the many bells on the Lord's day. Unfortunately that honest working man was so busy with his legitimate and useful profession that he could spare me but five or six minutes. I wished they were as many hours. Mr. Winter sends it right hot—calls a spade a spade, a thief a thief, a hypocrit a hypocrit. The great amount of good he could do in the lecture field, if so disposed, in incalculable. I regret exceedingly I saw so little of him.

Seeing a church advertised for sale, I of course applied. It is, if I remember well, the Second Presbyterian church, on Broadway. The sexton, living in a part of the church building, and looking more a corpse than a mortal, showed me around. "Suppose I buy the church, organ and all, for a music school, will I hav to pay taxes?" "Certainly," he said, "for I pay taxes myself for that part of the church I occupy, and as you intend the church for secular purposes taxes will hav to be paid on the church as well." "The Lord in his inscrutable wisdom has not blessed this church, it seems," I ventured to observe. The living corpse replied: "On the contrary, this is a wealthy church, but its members moved into the suburbs, and built a church there for convenience' sake." The church, an oblong, gloomy building, impressed me as a sub-lunar grave, and I was glad to leave it and behold the friendly sun again.

HENRI PALING.

PÓMONA, CALIFORNIA, May 17, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $7.25 for the THE TRUTH SEEKER to the people named. THE TRUTH SEEKER is growing in favor in Pomona; the prospect is favorable for its increase in circulation here. I shall avail myself of all opportunities of procuring subscribers and showing up to the best of my ability the advantages of Freethought in matters of religion. Is there any necessity for adopting any of the prevailing religions of this world? Do they improve the status of the human race, as practiced through the various church organizations? Is not the believer equally vindictiv and bloodthirsty as is the unbeliever in their doctrins? Is it not a fact that they (the Christians) figure about equally with the unbeliever in the criminal records of the country? Do not the crimes of the parson figure up about equal with the crimes of men of other professions? Does being baptized in the belief of the divinity of Christ, as preached and practiced by Christians, prevent the believer from violating law? Does the oath of a Christian prevent the Christian from perjuring himself? Is it not a (historical) fact that the greatest crimes hav been perpetrated by Christians in the name of Christ, and for the benefit of the church? Is it not easier for a member of any church to avoid punishment by law, than if he were not a member, or if he were an Infidel? Does a Methodist believe that a Universalist is as good a Christian as is the Methodist? Does any of the Protestants believe that a Catholic is as much in favor with Christ as is the Protestant? Does any Catholic believe that the Protestant parson is infallible? Does any one but a Christian believe in ghosts, and in hell, and rejoice in their existence? Does anyone believe that the Christian hell is of any benefit to the living or dead, to the saved or the damned? Or everlasting salvation by faith, or eternal damnation through lack of faith, is just and equitable according to humane methods of administering justice? Does anyone, with a spark of intelligence to guide them in their thoughts, believe that the thousand mummeries, flummeries, idiotic and nonsensical performances practiced in the various churches, hav a tendency to elevate mankind to enjoy a higher respect for himself and his fellow-man, or bring him in closer relations with and win the indorsement of a wise and infinit God thereby, at some future time, wafting soul and body to the new Jerusalem, to become the possessor of a harp, and enjoy the exquisit pleasure of waltzing around the big white throne in company with some winged angel, and behold the babe of Bethlehem, and possibly clasp him in their sacred arms, exclaiming, Hallelujah, blessed Jesus, how I love you; my love for you is increased ten thousand fold, because I am here and you hav been so good as to consign my darling boy, my loving mother, to everlasting torment, and possibly the balance of my loved ones yet to come? "This is the way I long hav sought and mourned because I found it not." Yes, dear Lord, fill up the bottomless pit with brimstone, intensify the heat, increase the pain by thy heavenly wrath for their unbelief; blessed privilege!

Excuse me, ye heavenly band, for not wanting to enter the portals of your kingdom. I would prefer to be turned over to his satanic majesty, there to reside with him for all time to come, hoping, by strict conformity to the rules of the institution, to arouse some little spark of sympathy with his majesty whereby the fires might be cooled off during the summer months. If the record is true, giv me the regions of the long-tailed demon instead of the new Jerusalem with all its fuss and feathers, milk and honey, harps and hallelujahs, golden streets and golden crowns, and its vindictiv, revengeful king, who would not forgiv us for failing to believe that which it was impossible for us to believe. Rather than either, let us be encircled with the cool arms of Mother Earth until she tenderly resuscitates us and brings us again into animated existence upon her maternal bosom, where we may become fragrant by the dews of night and made joyous by the tinted rays of morn until again the harvest time comes, and be made to serve some useful purpose in the great laboratory of nature, where no atom will ever be lost and nature's god will be our conservator, a blessing far greater than any theological God ever promised or can bestow upon us.

H. L. SHAUG.

JONESBORO, IND., June 1, 284.

MR. EDITOR: Perhaps a few items from the Freethinkers of a Western town may not be distasteful to the readers of your noble paper.

Out here amid the churches and priests of Grant county, Indiana, we hav a few men who dare to think on matters of theology, and also a number still fewer who dare to express their opinions on all subjects. Unless one has an established reputation, however, to become an Infidel here is to become, in a great measure, an outcast. We know of but one avowed Liberal, a drug merchant, who is respectfully recognized by the religionists. All others, however moral, are regarded as low and hard, and not fit associates for our self-styled respectable people. It was but yesterday that an aged relativ told my wife that she found a certain neighboring family quiet and moral, and seemed to be at a loss to know why they were regarded by many as low. Had she but heard spoken the portentous words, "The husband and father is an Infidel," no further explanation would hav been necessary.

A few of our number are trying to organize a Liberal Club. We do not know yet whether we shall succeed or not. We shall hav to content ourselvs with a membership of eight or ten if we do. Could all our young Infidels be prevailed upon to come out openly with their theological views a far more promising result would be assured. Two or three good lectures are what we need to bring them out, and to put a few big doubts in the minds of Christians. We were expecting a Mr. Day, of Portland, Ind., to deliver a lecture on Thomas Paine about the Fourth of July, but circumstances hav changed the speaker's purposes, and as a consequence the lecture has been indefinitly postponed.

As there are many Liberals who believe that Christianity, though a stupendous fraud, is yet a great moralizing agent, please permit us briefly to sketch our experience in attending church and Sabbath-school during a great part of the preceding year. Out of forty church services which we hav attended but three were devoted to moral instruction, and they by the minister of a half Infidel church (Universalist). In attending Sabbath-school for months we did not gain a half-dozen moral ideas of any kind. Twenty-five of the sermons of which we hav spoken were delivered in a town having not more than one thousand inhabitants, yet during a great part of the time sustaining four saloons. Notwithstanding this array of intemperance, we do not think that of the whole time devoted to those discourses five minutes in all were given to the subject. Now, the ministers conducting those services were not, as may be supposed, ignorant backwoodsmen, but were intelligent, well-informed men.

The above is written from memory, therefore if any portion of it is wrong, it is because our memory serves us falsely. Reader, form your own conclusion. Ours is this: Were we to rely on such teaching for our morals, we should speedily go to the dogs.

THE TRUTH SEEKER has become indispensable to our happiness. That it may long fulfil its mission is the wish of

G. W. PEELLE.

CAWKER CITY, KAN., May 26, 284.

MR. EDITOR: About every issue of your paper contains an article on prohibition, for or against, and I hav read them all; and now it seems to me that few if any writers fully understand this question. Of course just here every generous person will say, Oh, what egotism! Don't we all know the serious effect of drinking? Is it not all around us, and hav we not a right to save them? Yes, you hav; but it has not been done yet, and after these several years of trial in Kansas I feel convinced that it will not be done by prohibitory law. Let me say right here that I hav been a water drinker for forty years, and am so now. I hav been several years in the drug business, and sold liquors; consequently I hav some knowledge of the ways that are resorted to to get liquor to drink, and when the prohibition question was coming forward I thought of drafting a bill to be laid before the house, but waited until St. John's bill had become a law; and on very carefully reading it I concluded that it was perfect, and would do the business thoroughly. Well, it does the business just as nicely as a sieve holds water. It is impossible to write a complete statement of the difficulty of enforcing the law unless one could command more space than could be afforded by THE TRUTH SEEKER. Indeed, I wish some one would write this matter up in a novel. It would be the most amusing and instructiv thing ever written. But perhaps it is better left out, as people learn villainy fast enought without having preceptors. But, pray, don't think that the liquor seller or the drinker is all to blame. Yet I must say that by our law a person can be committed to prison for his natural life for selling one drink of whisky, while another person may drink a barrel with impunity. But here is the greatest evil to the temperance cause. While this law has been enacted, I think, three or four years, I hav never heard of one temperance person getting liquor according to law. Of course most people use a little alcohol in wine for medicin, and there is a way provided to law to get it. But it costs something to follow that course, and it makes delay also. It should be understood that it is the druggists who sell the most liquor now, and they hav to pay the United States twenty-five dollars a year for the privilege, and that, if they sold only for medicin, as the law directs, the profits would not cover the expenses. Besides, they hav to giv a thousand-dollar bond to observe the law, so it can be seen that unless considerable sales can be made no liquors could be sold for any purpose. Now, let any person look around him and see how easy it would be to find a person who sells liquor according to law. I will say that I hav never seen the person that could do it, even if he were willing, because he would be imposed upon by the purchaser. Now let me tell of one example that covers many cases. I know of a young, thriving village eleven miles from any other town, and twenty from some. It has a complete and neat drug store. The owner cannot sell liquor under the stringent law, and the temperance people will not let him sell it without complying. Consequently it is not done, and of course people that need liquor hav to go to other towns to get it, and then purchase other goods that he sells at the same time; so his lawful business is ruined, and of course the effect is felt by others in other branches of business, as they lose custom at the same time. But there is another and worse feature to this business. If a person is engaged in selling liquor, and has a neighbor who would profit by his ruin, he sometimes complains, and law suits commence. A very large proportion of the cases are never proven, and very great cost is left to be paid out of the public funds. We hav one case here where four courts hav occupied several days, at great expense, and the defendant has not been convicted yet. Here is another case: A man sold liquor, quit the business, moved away more than a hundred miles, and eight months after was followed, brought back, tried, convicted, and imprisoned, but was pardoned by the governor. All this was done to make official cost and political capital, and this is but a very gentle hint at the immoral conduct of men to make money out of the law. I wish all the world could well understand the operation of the Kansas prohibitory law. It would save much money and time.

GEORGE W. CHAPMAN, M.D.

BOSTON, June 7, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Since Monday last I reside in the "Hub of the Universe." Provided that the climate proves more favorable in future than last week, I shall remain here. I left Spring Forge shortly after I had mailed that petition to you. Among those who signed are only four who are real, outspoken Liberals, but before I had come there they did not know it themselvs; the rest are also sensible enough not to meddle with church, parson, or salvation, but are rather afraid to confess. Nevertheless, they will now no more deny that they signed the petition after the whole town and neighboring farmers hav read my three sheets of "Explanation to the Petition of State Secularization," and, moreover, as even some church-members now think, the whole affair not only not anti-religious but evidently as undertaken in the interest of pure religion and common welfare. To this purpose, for those who may change their mind after my departure I left two copies of the petition with them in order that one or the other might yet hav an opportunity to sign. Shortly before my departure I was in greater danger than I thought of; a letter from Mr. B. S. Malaun informs me that about forty men had conspired to drum me out of town in one of the nearest nights, to "tar and feather" me, etc, you see—real Western style. The poor, miserable souls, who think themselvs Christians, did not consider that they would then hav played the part of the Jews whom the Christian gospel represents as the slayers of the Rabbi Jeshu, who, in the light of advancing historic investigation, will probably be undressed of all metaphysical and mythological masks and "seamless coats," and appear as a fearless reformer more or less worthy to stand on the side of the hundreds and thousands of male and female martyrs who died in the battle for truth and right. Mr. Editor, I hav experienced, both in Europe and this country, that the spirit of the crusaders yet dwells in the millions of hearts whither the light of secular culture has not yet entered.

Here, in Boston, I found a cordial reception by Mr. R. Sidelinger, a very industrious and cultured worker in the sublime cause of Freethought. Through him I was introduced to Mr. G. N. Hill, who is well known in the Liberal circles of this country, and whom I regard a true type of Liberal manliness and diligence. I should not be pleased to hav to depart again from this most cheerful company, in connection with which even my "weak strength" may prove of beneficent influence upon the bigotry and darkness around us. Mr. J. P. Mendum and Mr. H. Seaver encouraged me with their most friendly reception. I was surprised to find the Paine Memorial building of such magnificent and practical structure. It is, indeed, a comforting impression to the mind that was shortly before vexed by the the aspect of Girard College in Philadelphia, a temple dedicated by a dying friend of humanity to the cultivation of Liberal knowledge, but stolen by hands who love to be folded in adoration of the God of truth and justice (?). May there soon arise in the hearts of this nation the right spirit, the spirit of courage and constancy, to claim its own, to tear from the hands of Rome and her priests the gold that was earned by the callous hands of American free-born laborers; to fling back the lies into the faces of the sham reformers, to prove that the childhood of this people is passed, that they are a nation of men and women, and not the slaves of Rome or a book translated by the German monk. Before I close permit me to say that many Liberals find fault with the manner in which most Freethought papers and Almanacs date their issues, namely, with the E.M. 284 ("Era of Man)." This is an enormous long period which would not alone supersede the almost 6,000 years of the Jewish calendar, but which, as yet, frustrates all efforts of exact determination. Why should this period, which in its very beginning (1618–1648) is marked by a most cruel and religious war, be called the "Era of Man," while interceded by many periods of national welfare and peace, while really great men and women had lived before Christ, and Gregory, and Luther, and Frederick, and Galileo? I see the Paine Hall Calendar and some ten or eleven papers hav already adopted in its place A.S. (Anno Scientiæ), whereas it was thought proper also to recur to the year of the death of Giordano Bruno (1600), considering him the first martyr of true science and philanthropic investigation, but to name the period from the cause for which he died.

Yours sincerely, F. W. OPP.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"His life is long whose work is well,
And be his station low or high,
He who the most good works can tell,
Livs longest though he soonest die."

John.

John is a farmer, and holds the plow,
Plants the corn, and milks the cow;
Harrows and rakes, and tends the grain,
Digs and hoes, again and again;
Faithful and true to every trust,
I'm moved to say, and say it I must,
That of all the lads the sun shines on
None is equal to my friend John.

John is up with the earliest dawn,
And catches the bluebird's sweetest song;
Through pink and gold of morning sky
He scents the clover's sweetest sigh;
Views the millet and scans the oats,
While the linnet sings in thrilling notes,
That of all the lads the sun shines on,
None is equal to my friend John.

You should see the cows come at his call;
They know his step from spring to fall;
There is Minnie, Grace, and Katy, too,
Nannie, and Bess, and dainty Sue.
If those cows could speak I know they'd say
To-day, to-morrow, and every day,
That of all the lads the sun shines on,
None is equal to our friend John.

Then the horses, Kate and Fan, so neat,
They know every by-way, every street
From Bowenville to the market-place,
And they know, too, each kindly face,
And ofttimes say with a gleeful neigh,
As plain almost as words can say,
"Of all the lads the sun shines on,
None is equal to our friend John."

John has not time for dress and display,
For he is a toiler every day;
But for splendid eyes and glowing cheeks,
You may search the world for weeks and weeks,
And then agree with what I say,
That though he works hard every day,
Of all the lads the sun shines on,
None is equal to my friend John.

John is a thinker, a scholar, too,
With faith and courage to dare and do,
With a heart as tender and as true
As a rose just bathed in morning dew;
Manly and pure, upright and free,
Nature makes men of such as he.
And I am sure the sun shines on
No worthier one than my friend John.

John's hand is brown, but true as steel,
A strong, firm hand, whose clasp is leal;
It could never lead a child astray,
But only straight in the better way.
And if you knew John from day to day,
You would not think it too much to say,
That of all the lads the sun shines on,
None is equal to my friend John.

A Rainy Day Picnic.

"Oh, dear," cried Madge throwing herself into a chair, "it always rains when I want to go any place. We would hav had such a nice time to-day in the woods, and now it is all spoiled and the girls will be so disappointed," and she scowled and pouted.

"That is because you wanted to hav a picnic after your own fashion," said John, with a smile.

"Just as if my style is not as good as any other style," said Madge.

"Why, I think this is a delightful day," said Helen, who was mending an old water-proof skirt; "I love a day like this, and I am not going to stay in the house, either."

"Why, Aunt Helen, what can you do out of doors a day like this?" Madge asked, in surprise.

"Hav a good time of course," said Helen, "and if you will go along I will show you how to enjoy a rainy day out of doors. This rain is just a nice drizzle-drozzle, such as the old deacon prayed for, so we will not get very wet. Now make haste and put on an old dress and thick shoes and rubbers, your gossamer, or waterproof, and we will be off."

In a short time they were ready, Aunt Helen, Uncle John, and Madge. John carried three fishing poles, Helen a basket of lunch, and Madge an empty one for flowers, ferns, and moss. They crossed the meadow, climbed the fence, and entered the woods where it was quite dry. The birds were singing as though they were glad it was raining. The rain made fine, tinkling music on the leaves, the flowers smiled in the wet grass, and Madge began to think it was not so bad to be out on a rainy day. After walking about a mile, they came to a ravine through which flowed a clear stream. Here they stopped, while Johh got the fishing tackle in order, and then they scattered along the stream to fish. John soon went off by himself, as he said he could never catch trout when women were around, as they would talk and frighten the fish away.

Madge and Helen determined they would show him that he was mistaken, and they were doing very well, waiting for bites, when Madge espied a beautiful bank of moss and ferns, and the fish were immediately forgotten, while both Madge and Helen went to digging with much energy. Then there was a great mass of lovely sweet-williams just beyond, and they must hav them, and some pretty pebbles from the brook to put with the moss and ferns.

Then Madge climbed a tree for a deserted bird's nest. While they were resting, and surveying their treasures with much satisfaction, they heard a great splashing in the water where they had left their fish lines, and running quickly to the spot, they found a fine fish trying to get away with one of the lines. It was soon drawn out and strung on a forked willow twig. As they caught more fish when not fishing, they set the line and again left it.

By the time their basket was full of woodland treasures, John returned with a string of nice trout, and declared he was hungry enough to eat donation oysters, whereupon Helen brought forth the lunch basket, and seating themselvs on stones and stumps, they began their lunch.

"Well, Madge," said John, "how do you like rainy day picnics?"

"Why, I had forgotten it was raining," said Madge, looking about her. "I think it is just splendid.

"Just watch the water and see how pretty it looks when the rain-drops strike it," said Helen.

When they had finished their lunch, packed away the dishes, and scattered the crumbs for the birds, and some in the water for the fish, they walked down the ravine to see a water-fall that John knew of.

They watched the water dashing over the rocks, and foaming up in snowy masses where it struck the bottom of the basin. Then returning, they gathered up their baskets and fish, and started homeward. When they came out of the woods into the open meadow, the rain had ceased, and there was the promis of a beautiful sunset. When they were at home once more and the flowers, moss, and ferns arranged in an old platter for fernery; the fish sent to the kitchen, and the picnic party arrayed in dry garments, Madge said she would not care if it rained every holiday if she could hav such a good time. AUNT MAB.

Our Puzzle Box.

SQUARES.—HOW THE "FORMULAS" ARE OBTAINED.

On a square, flexible sheet draw the square, full size of sheet. Place the first number in the top cell of the center column. To find the next cell to be filled, bring the top and bottom edges of squares together, forming a horizontal cylinder, and place the next number in the next cell upward to the right oblique, and continue thus to fill the cells in this oblique line until you find it already occupied or until you reach the right-hand margin. If you find a cell in the oblique line with a number already in it place the next number directly beneath the last and continue to fill as before. But if you reach the right margin, change the horizontal cylinder into a perpendicular one by bringing the right and left edges of the square together, and then continue upward in the right oblique line as before. It perhaps is well to remark that when you fill the upper right-hand corner the cell just beneath is the next to be filled.

THE WHY.

If it were required that only the columns should add alike we migh obtain the result by simple line "zig-zags," thus: $\left\{\begin{matrix} -1\ 2\ 3 \\ 4\ 5\ 6 \\ 7\ 8\ 9- \end{matrix}\right\}$ and now by bringing the 3 and the 7 to the blanks in their lines in the square we obtain the square $\left\{\begin{matrix} 3\ 1\ 2 \\ 4\ 5\ 6 \\ 8\ 9\ 7 \end{matrix}\right\}$ whose *columns* will add the same; but by double zig-zagging, as I hav shown, we obtain the same result in every direction. This same principle underlies Addison's work, but somewhat in disguise. His exterior supplemental cells are really only fragments of similar squares adjacent to the primary; and then transferring the numbers temporarily placed in them to the corresponding place in the primary square. Thus it becomes identified with my method, which carries the "why and wherefore" much more plainly on its face. I can scarcely call Addison's remarks a criticism, but I must thank him for the notice, but especially for his own fine work. As an empirical rule it is better than mine. It is all novel to me. I never saw anything on the subject before. J. K. P. BAKER.

Irwin, Iowa.

NUMERICAL.

Take 6732 as a multiplicand, and multiply the same by any figure, or any number of figures, without my knowing what the multiplier is, and when it is accurately multiplied, and correctly added, then cross off any one of the figures (not a cipher), and tell me the figures not crossed off, and I will then tell what figure was crossed off. H. VAN PELT.

Cleveland, O.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER JUNE 7, 1884.

1. Frederic the Great.
2. CUBA
   UPON
   BORN
   ANNA
3. Universal Mental Liberty.

Correspondence.

A WORD OF WELCOME TO MISS BANNERJEE.

DEAR MISS BANNERJEE: I wish to send you just one word of welcome in your distant home—one word of hearty welcome to THE TRUTH SEEKER ranks.

It is very pleasant for us here in America to know that even as far away as India, the seeds of truth are being sown by that standard-bearer of liberty, THE TRUTH SEEKER, whom all honest Liberals love so well.

Your father is entirely right in telling you not to belive what the Christian missionaries tell you. Even *you* are quite large and old enough to laugh at their silly and dishonest stories.

I hope you may liv to grow up to be a stanch, fearless Liberal, and do all in your power to root out the poisonous doctrins that the impertinent and self-appointed saints of Christianity are trying to force upon your countrymen, almost at the point of the bayonet. Good-bye, and remember that thousands of eyes hav read your excellent letter in THE TRUTH SEEKER, and that thousands of hearts will henceforth beat in sympathy with your future work in India. ELLIOTT PRESTON.

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Liberal Meetings.

[Leagues and Liberal and Spiritualistic Societies in the United States and Canada meeting regularly, can have notices of their meetings published in this column free if the officers will send them to us.]

MICHIGAN.

MUSKEGON.—The Liberal League meets every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock in the German Odd Fellows' Hall, corner of Western ave. and Terrace st.

WISCONSIN.

MILWAUKEE.—The Milwaukee Liberal League meets every Sunday evening at Fraternity Hall, 216 Grand avenue.—Exercises: Lectures, Criticisms, and Music.—Admission free.

OHIO.

CLEVELAND.—The Liberal League meets every Sunday at 3 P.M., in room 29, City Hall building. Lectures free. Communications can be addressed to W. I. Irvine, Secretary.

MAINE.

PORTLAND.—Dr. H. A. Lamb has hired Congress Hall, Congress street (entrance on Temple street), where free meetings, lectures, and discussions are held every Sunday, 2:30 P.M. Admittance free. Public invited.

OREGON.

PORTLAND.—The Auxiliary Liberal League of Portland, Or., holds meetings every Sunday, at 2 o'clock, P.M., at Nonpareil Hall, cor. 1st and Madison streets. All are invited. Admission free.

MASSACHUSETTS.

BOSTON.—Boston Liberal Club holds meetings for essays and criticisms every Sunday forenoon at 10:45 in the Paine Memorial Building, Appleton street.——The "Society of the Divine Homo" at same place every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Sunday-school at 2:30. Admission free.

PENNSYLVANIA.

ALTOONA.—The League holds meetings every Wednesday evening and Sundays at 3 P.M., at the League Room, corner of Eleventh ave. and 13th st., third floor, entrance on 13th st.

PHILADELPHIA.—The Friendship Liberal League meets every Sunday at Hancock Hall, 814 Girard avenue, at 2:30 o'clock, and 7:30 o'clock, P.M., for lectures and free debates. THE TRUTH SEEKER and Liberal books for sale.

PITTSBURGH.—Pittsburgh Liberal League meets at Maltby Hall, 76 Fifth avenue, every Sunday (except during the Months of July and August) at 3 o'clock. A free platform is maintained. Exercises consist of a lecture, followed by 10 minute criticisms, with 15 minutes allowed the lecturer to reply. Clergymen invited to discuss.

NEW JERSEY.

NEWARK.—Newark Liberal League meets every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the League's Hall, 177 Halsey street. Exercises consist of music, readings, lecture, and discussion, in which all present are invited to participate. Admission free. Collection taken. Communications for the League should be addressed to J. W. Frankel, 10 Pine street, Newark.

CANADA.

TORONTO.—Secular Society. Reading and Lecture Rooms, No. 9 Grand Opera House. Open every evening and Sundays. Lecture every Sunday evening. Freethinkers and strangers are cordially invited.

MONTREAL.—Pioneer Freethought Club meets every Sunday at 3 P.M., at 1310 Catharine street. Reading-room open daily until 10:30 P.M. Library open for exchange of books three evenings per week, and on Sunday afternoons. Free public lectures on Sundays as advertised in local newspapers. Strangers always welcome. G. S. Wilson President, M. O'B. Ward, M.D., Secretary.

NEW YORK.

ALBANY.—The Liberal association meets every Sunday at Van Vechten Hall, 119 State street. Sunday-school at 2 P.M. General business meeting and debates and discussions at 3 P.M. Lecture at 7:30 P.M. The public are cordially invited to attend, also all Liberals visiting the city. Admission free.

NEW YORK CITY.—The American Spiritualist Alliance meets every Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock in Republican Hall, 55 West 33d street.——The First Society of Spiritualists holds its meetings every Sunday in Republican Hall, 55 West 33d street. Morning service 11 o'clock; evening, 7:45. Seats free. Public cordially invited.——Frobisher College Hall, 23 East 14th street, near Broadway. The People's Spiritual Meeting every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 P.M.

BROOKLYN.—The Brooklyn Spiritual Society meets at Conservatory Hall, cor. of Fulton street and Bedford avenue, every Sunday. Services at 11 A.M. and 7:45 P.M. Admission free. Public cordially invited. Liberal and Spiritual papers and books for sale.——The Everett Hall Spiritual Conference, 398 Fulton street, meets every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. Meetings free. Spiritual literature for sale.——The Eastern District Spiritual Conference meets every Monday evening at Composite Room, 4th street, corner of south 2d street, at 7:45. Spiritual and Liberal literature on sale. All invited.——The Philosophical Association meets every Sunday afternoon in the Assembly Room of Wright's Business College, Broadway, corner of Fourth street, E. D., at 3 P.M. Public cordially invited. Doors open at 2:30 P.M.

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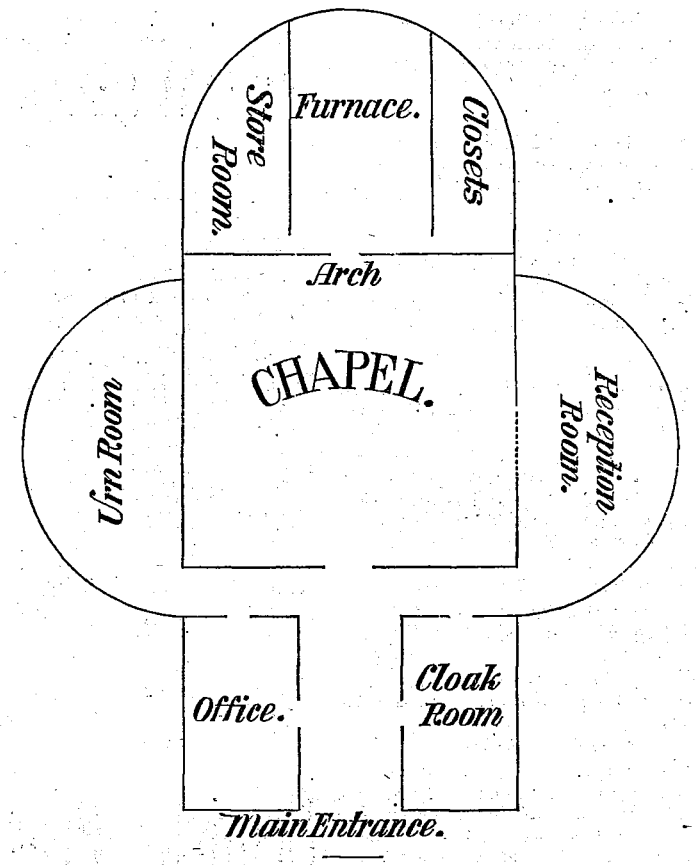
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Cremation.

The subject of cremation is one that first came prominently before the people of this country about nine years ago. When we consider the importance of the questions involved in the disposition of our dead, those of us who are at all thoughtful are astounded that until so recent a time no considerable number of persons activly engaged in agitating it.

The first advantage cremation possesses over burial, that I shall notice in this article, is that of avoiding disease, which is engendered to a far greater extent than is known to most persons by emanations from decomposing human bodies. This disease is spread by contamination of water-courses in and adjoining burial grounds, by the atmosphere, by reproduction from germs that hav been buried—*i. e.*, actually planted—but not killed. The grave is, therefore, in one sense, a disease factory. The epidemics that follow wars are undoubtedly the "crop" of the buried corpses and disease germs. The percentage of deaths is much larger in the neighborhood of cemeteries than elsewhere; the air of cemeteries contains more than double the normal amount of carbonic acid, the proportion being that of nine in cemeteries to four elsewhere. Experiments at Stuttgart proved that poisonous emanations from a graveyard, when the number of burials averaged only ten per week, were carried by the wind and were perceptible several hundred yards away. Charles Darwin, as long ago as 1837, and Pasteur more recently, hav presented formidable facts for the reflection of those who oppose the avoidance of plague generators in the cemeteries that surround, and, in too many cases, are embedded in our cities; the latter showed that earth worms bring to the surface millions of bacteria from decomposing bodies. Every instant of time, day and night, over sixty thousand human bodies are decomposing a few feet below the surface of the earth in and around New York. (Sir Henry Thompson) "No dead body is ever placed in the soil without polluting the earth, the air, and the water above and below it." Each decomposing human body generates annually about fifty cubic feet of carbonic acid gas, and other poisonous exhalations. The blood of persons dying of some diseases may be dried, kept for years, and pulverized, and yet the germs of the disease liv with power to produce the disease.

Truly, God must hav devoted ages of time and thought to hav "designed" so diabolical and wicked a scheme; is it possible to hav any feeling for him but that of hatred and contempt, too great to be expressed in all appropriate adjectivs in all the languages of the world? An investigation of the causes of a recent epidemic of yellow fever in South America disclosed the interesting "fact that the soil of the cemeteries in which the victims of the outbreak were buried was positivly alive" with "organisms exactly identical with those found in the vomitings and blood of those who had died in the hospitals of yellow fever." Earth was taken from one foot under ground over the remains of a person buried one year before; it was found to be thickly charged with these germs. There is no doubt that our cemeteries are being prepared to be plague spots to ourselvs and generations who succeed us.

Washington Square was, prior to the year 1806, the Potter's Field of New York. At that day science had not discovered that the soil, saturated with the emanations of decomposing bodies, would continue for hundreds of years a source of disease. To this day it is said that a dense blue haze, several feet deep, rests every calm morning over Washington Square; certain it is that physicians who hav lived for many years in its neighborhood declare that it is impossible to raise children on the ground floors of houses in that vicinity; and yet children are turned, by hundreds every clear day, into this park for health and recreation.

There is not a single large cemetery about New York, I believe, where three or more bodies are not put into one grave. In the great Woodlawn and Greenwood cemeteries this is notoriously the case. In the "public" part of Calvary cemetery I am informed, a trench is dug seven feet wide and about eleven feet deep (of length to suit convenience), in which coffins are piled five or more deep.

An advantage which is hardly less important than the avoidance of disease is the avoidance of burial alive. The number of human beings who are buried alive is positivly known to be vastly larger than is popularly supposed. It is an ascertained and admitted fact that there are conditions of the body when life is apparently extinct when it really is not so; not only is this the fact, but it may not become extinct until an indefinit length of time elapses and the person becomes conscious. To those who hav watched at death-beds and seen men die, as I hav many times done, this seems not so hard to realize as it does to those who hav only seen the human body in a state of health, with death apparently far off, or else after death. Unfortunately for society, it is of course but very seldom, comparativly, that it is known that any particular person is buried alive; we hear, however, almost weekly if not daily of cases of corpses which accident or some unforeseen necessity has caused to be disinterred, where life had undoubtedly not only not been extinct but when consciousness had ensued, as shown by the convulsed features, altered position of the limbs, flesh of the arms being eaten away, straining eyeballs and other indubitable proofs. I recollect of several such cases recently reported in the New York and Boston papers; also of one of a woman who had had a child partly born in the coffin.

The danger of burial alive is recognized, and the possibility dreaded by all thoughtful, well-informed men. A theological student at New Brunswick was placed in his coffin for burial some years ago, friends believing and physicians "pronouncing" him dead. One friend begged so persistently for postponement that for more than four days after the time fixed for the funeral he was kept in his coffin, and finally revived and lived, the accounts said, a useful life of many years. (From this we are justified in inferring that he did not become a clergyman.)

In times of epidemics of contagious diseases, when it is important to get the supposed dead bodies under ground as soon as possible, there is especial danger of burial alive. This was shown recently at Norfolk and Portsmouth. The late Charles A. Reed, of Massachusetts, directed his physician to sever his head from his body after death to prevent any error in regard to his being dead, and left him a bequest of five hundred dollars for this service. The renowned Garibaldi, as is well known, left instructions for his body to be cremated, but they were disregarded; let it be recorded to the disgrace of those who were responsible.

By a singular coincidence, while I sit writing, my eye involuntarily falls on a newspaper of this morning and on this item:

"They were about to bury a grandchild of Gen. Turner, of Memphis, when some one insisted that it should be bathed and slapped on the back. It is now alive and doing well."

A third advantage of cremation is its economy. This is an advantage that cannot be enjoyed until cremation supersedes burial to a far greater extent than it has yet done, and, I fear, to a greater extent than it is likely to do for some years. It has also been said with much justice that it is an advantage that cannot be fully realized long after cremation becomes fashionable, as there is probably no limit to which extravagance might not and would not go in having expensiv urns—assuming the actual cost of cremation to remain constant at a low figure—and it is to be feared that the poor would feel obliged to ape the wealthy in this respect exactly as they now feel obliged to imitate them in various ways, and more recklessly in the case of funerals than of anything else. Still, under the worst state of affairs, it is almost certain that the expense of funerals would be less than it is at present. If I may be permitted to express my own opinion, I would say that I think if the ashes were scattered to the winds in some vacant or wooded spot near the crematory and thus was accelerated what eventually must take place, the return of the elements to nature and their absorption into other living bodies, it would be far more poetical and beautiful in idea, and better in every way; and not the least advantage would be the tendency to put the rich and poor on a social level. The expense attending the funeral of a person who has died in moderate circumstances is at the present day somewhat alarming. The cost of burial lots in Woodlawn or Greenwood is about $75 per grave. A single grave in a public lot is $25. An ordinary headstone and footstone cost about $100, including the expense of erecting them. Eventually, and perhaps at a not remote day, all of these graves will be desecrated, and perhaps not a single body of the many thousands now buried therein will find another known resting-place.

So far as what is popularly known as "sentiment" is entitled to respect, cremation would be conduciv to it in the opinions of all those who are not grossly ignorant of what occurs in the grave. Not one person out of one thousand could look at a human corpse in the various stages of decomposition without a feeling of extreme horror and disgust. Do not most people assiduously avoid thinking, even for a moment, of, not the actual condition, but what they suppose is the condition of the body of any friend? If the truth were known to all as it is to some, it would be readily admitted that nothing but extreme and unaccountable ignorance would keep alive the custom of burying our dead.

One more advantage of cremation that is perhaps worthy of mention here is that the more ignorant of the Christian ministers of New York and vicinity, notably Mr. Talmage, of Brooklyn, are opposing it and denouncing it as "heathen" and "unchristian." I take it an unchristian burial is exactly what most intelligent and educated men and women—thousands of whom do not dare to say so—are desirous of having. No custom is more repugnant and offensiv to most educated people than the torrent of ignorance, falsehood, and stupidity with which well-informed persons are regularly and habitually well-nigh overwhelmed at Christian funerals, and of which the funeral service of the Protestant Episcopal church almost exclusivly consists. I know of no ceremony of that church—and I am thoroughly familiar with all of them—where this is so strikingly the case. The celebration of the "holy communion" is certainly comical, and, on account of the loathsome cannibal ideas which it contains, is disgusting, but I do not think the service as contained in the prayer book contains as many ignorant falsehoods as that of "the burial of the dead." Surely the lack of the Christian element is to be considered as one of the great advantages of cremation. We hear so much of the failure of the life of the ignorant, wretched man who died in such a cowardly way on Calvary at all other times that we certainly ought to hav the luxury of forgetting him when at the funerals of those whom we presumably loved or at least respected. Certainly the adherents of that religion whose favorit method of immolation has been fire, the slow burning of living men, women, children, and brutes, should, from motivs of modesty and delicacy, if not from better ones, be the last to object to the comparativly instantaneous burning of a dead body, especially when it is advocated largely by philanthropists and from philanthropic motivs. Can it be that Christians, not having the power, although far from lacking the desire, of torturing people openly at this day, still wish to retain the occasional opportunity of burying them alive, as a solace to their tender hearts? Otherwise what motiv can they hav? Surely the gods, virgins, saviors, saints, holy ghosts, and angels in whom they trust ought to hav power to resurrect a cremated body if they try hard. Let them beware of belittling the power of their God.

In regard to the actual operation of crem at-

ing a human body, a few words may not be out of place. I here quote verbatim from a work on "Cremation," originally published in the *Princeton Review*, to which I am indebted for many facts that I hav embodied into this article:

"The body is borne into the chapel and placed on a catafalque which stands in front of the altar. The section of the chapel floor upon which the body rests constitutes the floor of a lift, or elevator. As the funeral service proceeds the elevator invisibly and noiselessly descends, bearing the body to the basement directly in front of the incinerator, which by means of super-heated air, has been raised to a white heat within, at a temperature of about 1,500 degrees Fahrenheit. As the door of the incinerator is opened to receive the body, the in-rushing cold air cools it to a delicate rose tint, and the body, resting on a metallic bed, covered with a cloth of asbestos, or of linen soaked in alum, passes over rollers into this bath of rosy light. Immediately it becomes incandescent, in which condition it remains until incineration is complete. This requires about an hour per hundred pounds of the original weight. There remains only a few handfuls of pure, pearly ashes, equivalent to about four per cent of the original. These are dropped by means of a lever into the ash-chamber below, and are drawn thence into an urn of terra cotta, marble, alabaster, or other suitable material, and returned by means of the elevator to the catafalque. The service or ceremony being now over, the friends of the deceased find the ashes just where they had last seen the body of the departed, and may bear them thence to the columbarium or mortuary chapel, or set them in the border and plant violets, heartsease, and forget-me-nots in them from year to year.

"No fuel or flame substance comes in contact with the body. The process is accompanied with no sound or smell or smoke—absolutely nothing that can offend the sensibilities of the most fastidious. All the smoke and volatil products of combustion are passed through a regenerating furnace before being turned loose into the air, and are absoletely purified. The process is indeed in every way so decorous and so beautiful as compared with other methods of disposing of the dead, that it is described by those who hav witnessed it as 'fascinating,' and scarcely an instance is known of any one having witnessed the process, as thus conducted, who has not at once become a pronounced convert to cremation, whatever may hav been his pre-existing prejudice."

From this quotation, which explains the process far better than I could do without it, it will be seen that the popular belief concerning it is erroneous.

Of course I do not expect that any considerable number of persons will be at once converted to an approval of cremation, in consequence of a perusal of this hastily written article. I believe, however, that all discussion of this subject tends to bring about this much-needed reform, and it is in consequence of this belief, as well as a firm conviction that the time when the Christian religion and its adherents can prevent or materially postpone necessary changes of customs, as it and they hav so frequently done in earlier ages, is forever past, that I hav written on this subject. I write in no spirit of controversy, nor am I willing needlessly to shock or offend even those for whom I hav little respect. If we must, speaking of the past, still say with Rosalind, "Men hav died from time to time, and worms hav eaten them," at least, as a consequence of cremation becoming the custom, let us also be able to say with Laertes, looking to the future, "From her fair and *unpolluted* flesh may violets spring." PHILIP G. PEABODY.

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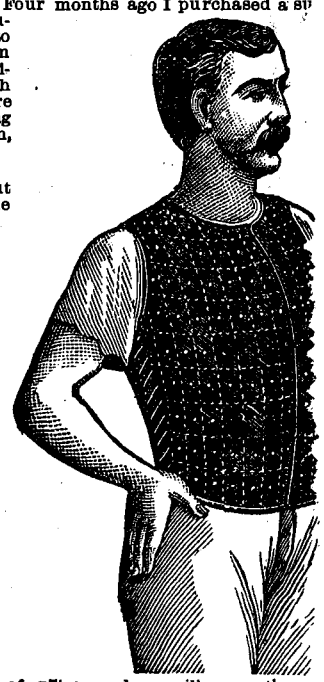
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And yet, though the first amendment to the Constitution of the United States says, "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof," there does exist a union of Church and State, which gives to Christianity moral and material aid, and so proscribes other religions and forms of belief and unbelief, while taxing these also for the support of that special religion.

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1. Recognition of God and Christianity in State Constitutions.
2. Exemption of Church property from taxation.
3. Appropriations of public money for sectarian purposes.
4. Religious exercises, as the reading of the Bible, etc., in the public schools.
5. Laws enforcing the observance of the Sabbath on the authority of the Bible.
6. Religious test-oaths in courts of justice and on instalment into office.
7. Chaplaincies in the Legislature, the Army, and the Navy.
8. Fast and Thanksgiving Proclamations, which contain theological ideas that may or may not be acceptable to the citizen.

The necessity for this separation of Church and State is more apparent now than ever before, because of the still greater diversity of religious beliefs, the many forms of dissent from the religion which receives State patronage, and the growing signs of sectarian strife and ambition in the arena of politics. And emphasis needs to be given to the fact that the union of Church and State is *a great hindrance to the employment of right methods* in dealing with many questions of reform now demanding attention. And most essential is it at all times, and especially in the present, in order to secure for the law its due respect and observance, that the people's representatives should exhibit the strictest fidelity to their trusts by following the law in its letter and spirit.

Your petitioners, therefore, pray that immediate action be taken by the law-making power to bring into harmony the theory and practice of our government in making the following principle a part of the fundamental law of the land by amendment to the United States Constitution:

The total separation of Church and State, by prohibiting Congress or any State, County, Municipality, or Township from enacting any law that favors religion in any of the eight ways specified, or in any other way, or prohibits the free exercise thereof.

THE TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL

—AND—

Freethinkers' Almanac for 1884

(E. M. 284.)

WITH EIGHTEEN FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS.

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Added to the foregoing is a splendid story, entitled

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Odds and Ends.

A BENT pin on a chair is an indication of an early spring.

"IF I were in California," said a young fop, in company the other evening, "I would waylay some miner with a bag of gold, knock out his brains, gather up the gold, and run." "I think you would do better to gather up the brains," quietly responded a young lady.

"WHERE do you liv, my little man?" asked a gentleman of a diminutiv specimen on one of our railroad trains a few days ago, "I hav the pleasure of residing—" "Never mind," observed the old gentleman, interrupting him; and leaning back, he thought to himself: "How easy it is to tell a Bostonian!"

A VERY small Speck was climbing up the milky way, one moonlight night. "Ah, my little fellow, where are you from?" asked the Big Dipper. "Me? I'm from a grocery store down on earth." "How do you come to be away up here?" "Oh, I've been getting higher and higher year after year; and smaller and smaller, too." "That's funny. Who are you?" "I'm the bottom of a strawberry box."

JAMES HENRY'S DESIRE.

He ambled along down the stone-flecked lane,
And out from his midst there frequently came
A full-strength cuss-word, deep and low,
As he knocked a nail from a wanton toe;
And he wished he was dead'n Socrates,
And the robins rang out a chime from the trees.

And he wished—as he stepped on a business brier,
Which made him reflect, "by gosh, Mariar"—
That he was a hundred miles away
From the farm and the meadow and making hay,
And "Brindle" and "Bright" and the kicking cows,
And the blackbirds sang in the alder boughs.

Now a Poet, who sat on a moss-hid stump,
With his face in a smile and his back in a hump,
Had heard the boy as he muttered away;
And he called him hither and bid him say
What life he'd choose if he had his pick?
And the brown thrushes piped from a new-built rick.

And the lad looked up with his eyes in mist,
And, cutting a snack of "Virginia Twist,"
He paused for a moment, then, child-like, said,
As he dropped on his bosom his old-gold head:
"Please, Mister Sir, if it's all the same—"
And the thrill of a thrush from a hedgerow came—

"Please, Mister Sir," the boy began,
And tears coursed down through the fuzz and tan;
"'S if's all the same, an' I had my pick,
I could tell ye so suddink 'twould make ye sick—
I'd be a cashier in a savings-bank,"
And the Poet fell over, limp and lank.

. . . . . .

And this simple child, with his tender thought,
From his sweet desire his wish has wrought;
And he rides in a chariot gilt and gay,
And the Poet is up on the box, they say.
And the world hies hence with its jam and jerk,
And the birds, as of old, get in their work.

THE WAIL OF THE HEBETUDINOUS.

[We hav made the interesting discovery that the most hebetudinous crank anywhere within the bounds of latitude and longtitude livs in the town of Cleveland, and edits a newspaper called the *Leader*.—*N. Y. Sun.*]

Oh, put me away in a grave-yard cool,
Amid verdure damp and dank;
For I am the man whom Dana called
A Hebetudinous Crank.

Oh, bury me deep with a stone on top—
I am feeling extremely bad,
And lay me to rest where Holman sleeps,
'Neath the weight of a liver-pad.

Oh, fain would I lie on some desolate heath
Where the jack-rabbit gaily bounds,
By the side of the good man weighing about
250 pounds.

Would you know why I wail in my deep despair,
Like captivs their chains who clank?
'Tis because I'm the man whom Dana called
A Hebetudinous Crank.

I hav tied my head in a moistened cloth,
And cleaned out my brain with a swab,
And thought and thought what it signified—
That etymological gob.

I hav thought, and thought, and thought in vain
What the phrase might signify;
But I never hav guessed, and I sometimes dream
That he knows no more than I.

I hav been a very bad man, I know,
I hav murdered my fair young bride,
And hammered the head of my cooing babe,
And spread him out flat at her side,

I've committed arson and burglary,
I hav busted full many a bank;
But what in the world hav I done to be called
A Hebetudinous Crank?

There are times, of course, when my grief is sore,
And myself I should like to hump,
And sling it back in his false, false teeth:
He's a pachydermatous chump.

I should like to call him an isotherm,
And a fulmeniferous plug;
And bring the blush of binomial shame
To his antiphlogistic mug.

But I know that I never, no, never on earth,
Can rival that awful word—
The meanest, and newest, and cussedest cuss
That a mortal has ever heard.

So take me away, and plant me deep,
Where the pattering pine-cones drop,
And the ages that roll will cover my bed
With strata of coal on top.

And *savants* to come, as they dig me out,
From fossilized foliage rank,
Will explain to the world what it is to be
A Hebetudinous Crank.

—*The Victim, per Puck.*

THE TRUTH SEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

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Notes and Clippings.

THE editor of a prominent religious weekly is moved to say that in the case of faith cures both the disease and the cure are invariably imaginary.

THE former president of a Hartford temperance society and his wife hav become inebriates, and the Humane Society is looking after them.

THE business of the Harvard Cooperativ Society from February 16 to July 1, 1883, amounted to $3,265.62, and this year, to July 1st, it is estimated at $7,005.00.

A PENNSYLVANIA clergyman recently lectured on "The Life and Employments of the Angels." If we were in an autobiographic mood, we might say something on this subject.

BASS, the great brewer, spent during his lifetime over £200,000 on religious buildings, and he has remembered the Lord in his will. He evidently believed in the Conservativ cry of Beer and Bible.

THE Old Testament Revision Committee has completed its work, with the exception of the appendix, which is nearly ready. A final meeting of the Old Testament Committee has been called to sit at the Jerusalem Chamber in London, the session to commence on July 1st, next.

IT is a singular fact that the ablest men in either branch of Congress did not hav the advantages of a collegiate education. This applies to Edmunds, Sherman, Wilson, of Iowa, Bayard and Pendleton in the Senate, and to Randall, Carlisle, Kelley, McKinley, Reagan, and Curtin in the House.

REV. DR. DEEMS tells his congregation to go to sleep if they feel sleepy in church; that both he and the Lord will forgiv them, but he insists that they must sleep quietly. Dr. Deems has what might be characterized as a great head. If he can keep his congregation under his eye, even if asleep, he knows they are not committing any sort of deviltry elsewhere.

T. THOMAS FORTUNE, editor of the *New Yorlc Globe* (known as the "Negro organ"), has in press a small volume devoted to the problems of land and labor and to the social conditions of his own race in the United States. He calls it "Black and White," and takes the ground that the cause of the laboring classes—whatever their color—is one.—*John Swinton's Paper.*

THE Maori chiefs were taken to St. Paul's Cathedral, in London, Sunday morning, and were so charmed with the sermon that they fell into a deep slumber. All savages, if properly dealt with, reasons *Peck's Sun*, soon fall into civilized ways, and probably if they would take the Maori chiefs to church regular, they would get their snoring apparatus tuned down so fine that it couldn't be told from that of a Methodist deacon.

THE clergyman who furnished President Pierce with a "character" was the late Rev. Henry Wood, who was rewarded with a consulate to Beyrout, and subsequently a chaplaincy in the navy, after Pierce came to the White House. The romancing nature of the "indorsement," says the Concord *Monitor*, was only equaled by the alleged subsequent discovery by the author of one of the wheels of Pharaoh's chariot in the Red Sea.

LAND of freedom as it is and has long been, says the New York *Herald*, Switzerland cannot be congratulated on the satisfactory condition of her laws relativ to religious liberty. The persecution of the Salvationists is matter of recent history. It now appears that not contented with driving the Salvationists out of the country, the authorities are making themselvs obnoxious by attacking all who are suspected of having any sympathy with them and by interfering with prayer-meetings, temperance meetings, and all such. The people, in consequence, hav been thoroughly aroused and a League of Common Right has been formed at Lausanne for the purpose of removing all restrictions to the free exercise of religion and of securing to all citizens the free exercise of their religion. The authorities hav already been approached on the subject, and it is believed that such changes will be made in the laws that persecution for religion's sake will be impossible on Swiss territory.

THE following thoughts suggested by a discussion on Darwinism will be fully appreciated at this particular time of the year: Minks—I don't see why it is that if men originally had tails they didn't stay on. Finks—According to Darwin, the tails dropped off when there was no further use for them. Minks—No further use for them! Good gracious! Did Darwin think that? Finks—Certainly. Minks—Well, I guess he never saw a bald-headed printer setting type in fly time.

A LITTLE girl came from her Sunday-school in a high state of indignation because her Sunday-school teacher had told her that Jesus was a Jew. "Was he a Jew, mother?" "Why, yes, my dear," said the mother, a little doubtfully, as if unwilling to concede the objectionable fact, but unable to deny it; "I suppose he was a Jew." "But I thought he was the son of God." "So he is, my dear." "I don't see how, then, he could be a Jew," responded the young sectarian, "for God is a Presbyterian."—*Christian Union.*

THE State Department at Washington denies the report that the American minister at Rome has been instructed to act in concert with the ministers of England, Austria, and Spain to obtain from Signor Mancini, the Italian minister of foreign affairs, a mitigation of the decision of the Court of Cassation in regard to the properties of the Propaganda. The secretary of state says that he has the subject under consideration to see if the United States has any right to act in the matter, but has as yet reached no conclusion.

SAM KALLETON, a member of the Arkansas legislature, was very fond of offering amendments to bills introduced. That was the limit of his legislativ capacity. One morning, after a night's hilarity, he entered the legislativ hall just as the chaplain was asking divine aid. The old man took a chew of tobacco and listened attentivly until the chaplain closed his petition with an effectiv recitation of the Lord's Prayer. "Mr. Speaker," said the old man, arising, "I move to strike out the words 'daily bread' and insert 'as much bread as may be found necessary for twenty days.' We hav already done enough for the flood sufferers."

THE clergy in the west of England were formerly devoted to whist. About the beginning of the century there was a whist club in a country town of Somersetshire, composed mostly of clergymen, that met every Sunday evening in the back parlor of a barber's. Four of these were acting as pall bearers at the funeral of a reverend brother, when a delay occurred from the grave not being ready, and the coffin was put down in the chancel. By way of whiling away the time, one of them produced a pack of cards from his pocket and proposed a rubber. When the sexton came to announce that the preparations were complete, he found them deep in their game, using the coffin as their table.

THE platform of the American Prohibition Anti-Masonic Convention, adopted at Chicago, declares that the God of the Christian scriptures is the author of civil government; favors the use of the Bible in the schools; asserts that God requires and man needs the Sabbath; demands strict prohibition laws, the withdrawal of all charters to secret lodges, and that their oaths be prohibited by law; opposes prison and imported contract labor; pledges the party to vote for woman suffrage; asserts that the civil equality granted by the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth amendments should be extended to Indians and Chinamen, that land and other monopolies should be discouraged, that the government should furnish a sound currency, that the tariff should be reduced, and that polygamy should at once be suppressed. S. C. Pomeroy, of Kansas, Gov. St. John of the same state, and the Rev. J. Blanchard, of Illinois, were named for president of the United States. Of the 77 votes cast, Mr. Pomeroy received 72, and his nomination was made unanimous. For vice-president, J. A. Conant, of Connecticut, was nominated by acclamation. A pleasing reflection in regard to these nominations is that the candidates cannot by any possibility be elected.

A DISSCUSSION of what is called telepathy is opened by the *Nineteenth Century*. The word means feeling at a distance the impulse of another mind through channels as yet unrecognized. There are two forms which telepathic phenomena are held to assume. One is that of simple thought transference, or mind reading, under the control of scientific experiment. In a mesmeric or hypnotic condition, and, indeed, without it, experiments are held to hav shown that impressions or ideas can easily be transferred from one mind to another by an act of will. The second form is that of a sudden, unexpected impression passing from one mind to another, as a sort of presentiment or apparition. The writers treat not at all of apparitions of the dead, but only of the living.

A NEW danger has been discovered in sanitary organization. The ubiquitous bacterium, which proves to be the germ of so many obscure diseases, has been found by M. Parize, a French savant, to take up its abode in brick walls. Noticing some peculiar mark on the outside of the wall, he scraped a little off and placed it under a magnifying power of three hundred; the result of which was to show myriads of organisms moving about with extraordinary activity. It was the more singular that this red dust had been covered with a layer of lime a quarter of an inch thick. Under the impression that the bacteria might hav been a superficial deposit, M. Parize then drilled a hole into the very center of the brick, and to his great surprise discovered that the powdered material was full of the same living organisms, although not in such large quantities as in the external layer. To make sure that this was not an exceptional brick, he carried on his experiments at various places in the walls, and always with the same result, that the bricks were more or less impregnated with bacteria, which appear to flourish equally well in a brick wall as in a saucer of some fermenting substance. There can be very little doubt that woodwork is often a source of danger from the same cause, a perplexing malarious fever having been traced by the doctors of San Francisco to certain decayed foundations and wood floors, which abound in that city, and which, when taken down, were found to be swarming with organisms.

AN engineer on one of the ocean steamers that ply between this port and Liverpool dropped into THE TRUTH SEEKER office recently to supply himself with reading matter for the leisure hours of his next trip across the Atlantic. He showed himself to be full of anecdote and rare humor such as characterizes the seafaring man. In the course of conversation he related the following: The weather was rough one day, and the ship was tossing wildly about. A parson who was on board approached the captain in a state of considerable trepidation and inquired if there was any danger. He knew that he was in the hollow of the almighty hand, but realized that the said hollow contained moisture enough to drown him. The captain referred him to the crew. The preacher worked his way to the forecastle and found the occupants swearing at the weather with an emphasis that nearly paralyzed him. He returned to the captain, and reported that the danger must be great, as the men were blaspheming horribly. The captain hastened to reassure him. Said he: "If the crew are swearing, it is all right; but when those fellows begin to pray you can put on your life-preserver." The preacher went off again, filled with new and serious reflections. Our informant related further that his ship was a favorit one with ministerial tourists. On shipboard they conduct themselvs much like other male passengers, being invariably on hand when the grog goes around, and particularly assiduous in their devotion to female beauty. They straighten up on Sundays, he said, and read off the service at the head of the table.

News of the Week.

THE Prince of Orange died at the Hague on the 21st.

THE excursion steamers carried about 75,000 people to Coney Island last Sunday.

THERE is talk of making the first Monday in September a national workingman's holiday.

THE mercury in this locality has of late ranged from 95 to 102 during the hotter part of the day.

PATRICK KERNAN, an alleged dynamite agitator, shot his landlord, who asked him for his rent last Sunday.

THE New York *Times* and *Independent*, which hav bolted the Republican nominations, are being seriously boycotted.

DENIS KEARNEY, the whilom labor agitator, says that if he had ten million votes Blaine should get everyone of them.

JAMES G. BLAINE has been officially informed of his nomination for president of the United States, and modestly accepts.

THE Rev. George T Gould, president of the Millersburg, Ky., female college, has made an an assignment. Liabilities unknown; assets $13,000.

BALTZER CEHR, of Oil City, Pa., celebrated his alleged 102d birthday last week. The old gentleman is considerable spryer than some of his sons.

GEORGE DERBY, of Berea, got married and his friends serenaded him with tin pans and a horse fiddle. He had them all arrested, and the justice fined them.

INTENSE heat has caused many deaths in this city during the past week. From last Saturday noon to Sunday noon 144 deaths occurred, one-third of which were due to the weather.

A LAW has been passed that telegraph wires in this city shall hereafter be laid underground. In spite of this the telegraph companies continue to put up huge poles, and string wires upon them.

THE result of Dr. Koch's observations of cholera, shows that the germ of the disease is something called bacilli. These, he finds, exist in water tanks, which become polluted in neighborhoods where cholera is epidemic.

GOV. GEORGE HOADLY, of Ohio, was in New York recently. He declined to talk about politics. Cleveland and Hoadly is the prospectiv Democratic ticket for president and vice-president. The tail, however, is bigger than the kite.

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York *Sun* finds that every relativ of either Blaine or Logan is already located in a fat position under the government, including Blaine's cousin, the Rev. Malnor C. Blaine, who is a chaplain in the United States army.

PASTOR J. J. WHITE, of Williamsburg, advertised last Sunday to preach on the "Candidates of the Nation." The church was crowded, when the pastor proceeded to talk about the savior and Lucifer, the candidates for the government of the world. Pastor White is something of a humbug.

MRS. ANNA JOHNSON conducts "faith cures" in this city. The last triumph was achieved over gangrene in the foot of Juan Ricords, who says he is getting well rapidly. The usual trick is for the patient to declare himself instantaneously healed. To allow prayer time to effect a cure, is giving patent medicin a chance to compete with the Almighty.

THE twelve hour bill designed for the benefit of about 15,000 horse-car drivers and conductors, who now work from fourteen to sixteen hours per day, and which passed both houses of the New York legislature, has been vetoed by Gov. Cleveland. Whether this measure was a just one or not, Gov. Cleveland's action has not added to his popularity among workingmen.

D. M. Bennett.

Dedication of the Monument.

Exercises in honor of the completion of the Bennett Monument, and by way of dedicating the structure, were held at the German Masonic Temple, 220 East Fifteenth st., New York, on the evening of Friday, June 13th. The platform was adorned with floral decorations, and American flags were draped about a colored lithograph of the monument. A fine audience had gathered when, at a little past 8 o'clock, Mr. Samuel P. Putnam called the meeting to order, and introduced Miss Adelina Peters, who executed a solo upon the piano so acceptably that she was unanimously recalled.

Daniel Edward Ryan, chairman of the Monument Committee, whom Mr. Putnam spoke of as one who had come out into Liberalism through reading D. M. Bennett's writings, read the following report and address:

DEAR FRIENDS: The Bennett Monument Committee, of which I hav the honor of being chairman, has completed the work for which it was appointed, and I hav the pleasure of announcing to you that this meeting has been called for the purpose of presenting and dedicating the fruits of our mission to the Liberals of the world, and the grand principles they represent.

In the sacred name of Liberty, in the higher one of Humanity, this Committee presents you with a noble and complete monument, reared to commemorate and perpetuate the splendid life of one of "nature's noblemen," the path-finder of mental liberty, the great Truth Seeker, D. M. Bennett.

There has been no halt, no lingering doubts and uncertainties, about the final success of this tribute of love and admiration; there has been no thought that the virtues, the kind heart, the genius and the patriotism that inspired as true a man as ever lived in any age should fail of fitting and enduring recognition from his friends; and now we, the men and women who knew him in life as friend or acquaintance, hav laid over his loving heart the responsiv tribute of our own, in the form of a beautiful monument bearing on its sides his grand sentiments, his imperishable principles, which bid all humanity hope, aye, and believe, that heaven is to be the work of human hearts and hands, and "this old world of ours" its location.

It is our proud privilege, in rearing this monument, to hav made secure the truth of history as to the life and death of D. M. Bennett. Standing on the gateway of our country, on a commanding eminence in one of our most beautiful cemeteries, voicing our personal knowledge of the man, in enduring stone, we hav written for all time to come the verdict that his life was that of a patriot and a good man, and his death true to the principles he advocated, and to Nature.

In doing this, we challenge the poisoned fang of Christian hypocrisy, the lying tongue of orthodox slander, the bloody hand of the church, to touch our noble dead. "*One thousand friends*" *hav made it impossible.*

Here on the bosom of his nativ land which he loved and honored, before the second grass was green above his grave, his friends hav raised a "beacon" on which the light of imperishable truth stands blazoned out as a guide and a comfort to those timid and halting ones who may gather courage from the fearless example of the dead lion, and it stands there as an evidence that a man can be a prophet with honor in his own country.

There has been no pretense on the part of the committee to build a *great* monument. Such was not its purpose; the time *is to come* for that. As it is, it stands in Mr. Bennett's generation, the fitting expression of the love and respect of his friends, and it is their final verdict on his virtues and deeds.

It remains for future generations to render the justice of a *great* monument to the memory of D. M. Bennett; be it a statue, a noble shaft, a grand institution of learning, or a temple of liberty in the form of a great public hall. When the heritage of his great work has increased his thousand friends into millions, then on this foundation of facts and honor which we hav placed for them, let them build anew.

During the progress of our work, many hav suggested that the monument fund be used for other purposes than a monument of the usual form, to all of which respectful attention was given; but having in view the pit of slander, lies, and disgrace into which the Christian church has cast many noble names, notably those of Voltaire and Paine, it was the sacred duty of Mr. Bennett's friends to make it impossible for saints in or out of the church, be their breed ancient or modern, to say that in any one of the virtues he was not as good as any Christian of his day. We hav made it impossible to bring to proof any charge that our hero and martyr lived any life but such a one as all humanity should be grateful for and Liberals proud of.

Our monument, reared as it were out of the hearts of his friends, stands to-day to giv welcome greeting to the coming of the giant monument to be raised to civil liberty; and while Bartholdi's "Light of Liberty" turns the waters of our beautiful bay into flashing waves of gold, to commemorate one infant step in human progress, ours is to shed the light of "Universal Mental Liberty" on every step that leads to perfect freedom.

With this much for the monument, I turn to the man whose life it is to commemorate; and here I halt, for I hav but little gift of tongue or pen to do justice to the good work of D. M. Bennett. I leave it for the orators of this occasion to do justice to his grand principles, his untiring efforts in battling for the rights of Humanity, his self-sacrifice in daring the power of wrong, his final triumph and vindication, his richly deserved popularity, and his all too early and unexpected death; to all these shining lights of a noble career they will no doubt pay the fitting tribute of oratory and poetry, but with me it must and can only be the plain expression of respect and affection.

This good, unassuming, and honest man affected my life mightily and moved my heart to love him. Now is the proper time to weave loving words into unfading wreats to lay upon his grave. Mine may not be the fairest or the sweetest; but I offer them as I would were it to the memory of my own father.

The fact that I am a Liberal and an Infidel, I may safely say, is owing in a great measure to my first acquaintance with Mr. Bennett and the study I gave his character. The great truth-finder released the last bit of a mortgage that Christian superstition held on my brain through the logic of his facts, based on nature and nature's laws. His profound and exhaustiv presentation of nature, coupled with the goodness of his own life, the hight and breadth of his manhood, the splendor of his Humanity, his self-sacrificing spirit in the cause of Liberalism, and his genuin patriotism, all stamped him as a son of God ("revised edition," by the Liberal standard) and a worthy exemplar for me.

In throwing off the chains of the church I reasoned it out thus: If men like Bennett go to hell, there will be very little brains and honesty in heaven. Again, there are so many grand men and women in the world whose genius and intellect dominate it, whose honesty and Infidelity are known of all men, who will go to the same Christian "hot-box" for like reasons, that the chances are in favor of hades being the most desirable summer resort; and if Bennett can stand it, so can I.

In the light of my freedom as I now enjoy it, standing before a real or imaginary God and facing my sins on my own responsibility, and not throwing them in a cowardly manner on an apostate Jew dead near unto two thousand years; I say that if saints are needed to intercede for sinners, and I am to be considered as one, I propose to accept as a saint a man of whose uprightness of life I hav full knowledge, and that man is D. M. Bennett, whom I appoint to the court of St. Peter in my behalf. Contrast his life, brimming with kindness, to the ex-murderers, the ex-human butchers, torturers, inquisitors, plunderers, incendiaries, perjurers, and other devils, who in the name of Christ hav desolated the earth for centuries, canonized saints by the canons of the church instead of the canons of the oppressed, and see how such a life as Bennett's hangs as a glorious star in a cloudless sky as compared to such tallow dips.

It was my privilege to know Mr. Bennett in close friendship, and to a limited extent as an adviser. I was drawn into closer relations with him when he was beset by the great American *procurer of crime*, Anthony Comstock. In then explaining to me his reasons for throwing down the gage of defiance to the United States government as represented by its human tools and villainous laws, I saw the grandeur of Mr. Bennett's character as a man, an American, and a patriot. For he said the obscenity laws are a disguise which, while passed seemingly in and for the interest of morality and purity, are intended to be used in the interest of the Christian church, eventually to crush out Liberal books and papers and Infidelity by working up eventually that all such books and principles were immoral.

He said some one must suffer by publicly defying the law and breaking it, and having the case made as public as possible. His argument from a patriotic standpoint was, if in the growth of corrupt and unjust laws, they are not resisted we finally become enslaved; and the prompt resistance to bad laws either causes their repeal, or revolution. It was corrupt and oppressiv laws that gave us such "traitors" as Washington and American liberty.

In view of the fact that there was no justice to be had without a fight for it, he proposed to fight, and fight he did, not for his own right, not for his own interests, but for *those of another* whom he felt it to be his duty as a citizen to fight for; not that he believed in the principle of the other's work (in fact, he opposed it), but he did believe in and fought for his weaker brother's right to enjoy the constitutional right of free speech, free press, and free mails, and that this morally bankrupt government had no right to set itself up as a moral censor.

In conclusion I will add that I enjoyed the pleasure of being the first man to grasp his honest hand as he came out of the Albany Penitentiary. I had the honor of being the silent and very happy chairman of the committee of reception, that tendered him a public ovation at Chickering Hall, and what a glorious Liberal earthquake it was for the grand old man's Christian enemies! How it struck into the vitals of orthodox bigots, and showed them the boiling, bubbling volcano of Liberal minds on which they were standing, and likely to burst forth at any time, and sweep all over the land. Again, at my residence, his friends gave him a good-bye reception when he was about starting on his tour around the world.

It was a happy occasion, and all felt that the turning-point of his life for many years of joy, comfort, and usefulness was before him. We bade him good-bye, feeling that our country was ennobled by such men being born on its soil, and that liberty was secure while we had such as he to uphold and defend it.

His trip around the world has made humanity richer from his gathered knowledge, and his books on that trip are almost unrivaled in the extent and value of their information. He returned to his nativ land, to proud and loving friends, to his honored and beloved wife and associates. We welcomed him by a public dinner, and made him feel that in real, genuin friendship there is much of heaven, and that he had good and true friends, and many of them. But as his future grew golden with happy promis, the thunder-clap came, and our hero lay dead. When all seemed to center in him that rendered his life and services invaluable to our cause, he lay down and died.

The night of his funeral, we took upon ourselvs the trust to erect a monument to his memory, and in asking the discharge of this committee, I will say that the gradual and insidious growth of power and corruption in all branches of our government, the dead conscience of Christianity, the slavish fear of the law by the masses, the insane desire for wealth, the growth of monopoly, the centralization of power, the perversion of constitutions and laws as against popular liberty, all threaten its speedy downfall. But I say to you that while there are men and women left who build monuments to worth, to devotion, to humanity, to patriotism, to self-sacrifice, then liberty will eventually triumph. It is safe. The race of moral heroes like D. M. Bennett can never die out while the golden steps that lead up to the citadel of liberty are guarded by the great minds of each generation.

The following song, adapted from Adelaide Proctor's "The Lost Chord," was sung by Mrs. McCune:

Behold life's infinit wonder.
Though the darkness of death may come,
Though its shadows ever tremble
Over the bluest dome,

We know not what is in living,
Or what we in dying gain,
But we strike one chord of music,
Like the sound of a great amen.

It floodeth our onward journey
Like the thrill of a noble psalm,
And it touches the struggling spirit
With a sense of infinit calm.

It quieteth pain and sorrow
Like love overcoming strife;
It seems the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.

It links all perplexed meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembles away into silence
As if it were loth to cease.

We hav sought, but we seek not vainly,
This one great chord sublime,
That leaps from the soul of the living,
And blends with deathless time.

Not upward, but onward, bright angels,
Will fill the to-morrow's ken,
And the dead shall still shine in glory,
Still they speak life's grand amen.

During the singing of this song, rendered in a clear contralto voice, the listeners could hardly restrain their applause, and at the close Mrs. McCune received quite an ovation.

This memorial poem was read by Mr. Putnam:

'Twas spring's first jewel in the golden year,
Day, rich with promis and with present joy,
Decking the earth with beauty, and the sky
With thousand signals of resplendent hope.
'Twas nature's festival, and all its light
Seemed bursting forth in grass and leaf and flower;
The voice of birds poured trembling with delight;
The clouds but veiled the blue to softer fire,
And touched the face of heaven with brighter smiles;
The heart was jubilant—care fled away—
And the sharp pains that pierce the struggling mind
Trying to solve the problem of vast life,
Of good and evil mingled in the web
Of shifting worlds upon the maze of time.
All now seemed good, all beautiful, deep bathed
In the effulgence of fulfilled desire.
On such a day, when life's supremest rose
Was blooming like a crown to every path,
I went with eager step, with glowing mind,
To view the gleaming City of the Dead,
Flooded with life on this sweet gala day;
Afar the sea with circling jewels flashed
Along the quivering radiance of the sky;
The charm of all things lovely filled the air,
And seemed to draw from out the heart of earth
The flaming wreath of everlasting hope.
While on the vision of the inward self
Burst the far wonder of what death might be,
A sea of joy in life's immensity,
Sweeping to golden shores of loftier birth.
I stood beside the gracious gift—the granit shaft—
The crystal memory of a thousand hearts
To him who fought when Freedom's banner trailed,
Who lifted it from out the dust, and flung its folds
To greet the morning of the world's new day.
My soul was thrilled beside that buried corse—
It was not buried and it was not dead;
I felt its life within my throbbing brain,
I felt the touch of an immortal power,
I felt the endlessness of right and truth;
That manhood cannot perish—'tis a star
Shining forever in the depths of time,
And death but makes more beautiful its orb,
Veiling with mystic grace its quenchless fire.
I felt the hero living 'neath the mound,
The martyr's soul still burning like the sun,
Illuminating, kindling, till my thought
Went forth in energy unconquerable.
Life grew to wondrous meaning and delight;
Work was not valueless, nor high desire;
Nor that which labors for to-morrow's weal;
Nor the ideal splendor of the soul;
Nor any feeling for the good and true;
Nor any effort of the struggling flesh;
Nor any dream of beauty or of joy;
Nor any thrill of the ecstatic mind.
Still flows sublimest effluence to each deed,
Undying in the gathering stream of time,
Still makes for truth, for virtue, and for love.
Thus in fair memory this toiler livs;
Sincere and brave he was—Nature's bold child—
Rugged, like oak, yet kindly, graced with flowers
Of beautiful feeling—stern student of the real—
Unflinchingly he faced the naked truth,
Yet reveled in the joy of noblest dreams.
Peaceful he was and sought the radiant calm
Of science, and the hights of foremost thought—
Yet, when the conflict deepened and the stab
Of subtle foes was made at Freedom's breast,
Quick was he to the front and met the blow,
And falling in defeat won noblest crown
And seated Freedom on a fairer hight,
And made her promis richer to the world.
From prison bars he walked to ampler life;
Yet, deep within, the savage chain was felt,
And its dark fruit was death, surcease of all,
The body buried in the voiceless sod;
But fame is his, sweet as the summer's breath;
He is a living thought within our minds,
A memory and a glory—to the world
This gift shall bear his name to deathless light,
Freighted with precious words—his clearest thought—
Speaking to millions through the shining days,
Making man's hope more beautiful, his death more grand,
Life more beneficent, its toil more high,
And joy more regnant in each humble task.

After a song by Mr. Edward Boys, Mrs A. C. Macdonald said:

In inviting the general Liberal public to join with us in the ceremonies of formally dedicating to the purpose for which it was intended the monument erected to the memory of our martyr-hero, D. M. Bennett, it seems to me that it is not only appropriate, but that it is incumbent upon those who had the privilege and the honor of knowing the character and the characteristics that placed Mr. Bennett so prominently before the public, and entitled him to be so remembered, to tell to others, to that public, just what those characteristics were. When I was invited to speak on this occasion, my first thought was that I would treat of the relations of the great secular or Liberal movement—in which Mr. Bennett was so deeply engaged—to the cause of my own sex, the enfranchisment of woman. It is a well-known fact that a great many people who hold, from principle, to the right of woman to take part in political affairs, when they look at the superior devotion of woman to the church, yet hesitate to giv her the privilege of the franchise, for fear that the first effect would be to vote "God into the Constitution." And there certainly is some show of reason for this fear. So I wished to point out to woman what to my mind is perfectly clear, that the work of such men as Mr. Bennett is even more in her behalf than in that of her lord and master. But when I came to reflect how few comparativly had the privilege of knowing D. M. Bennett as I did, and, in fact, when I remembered what an almost incomparable opportunity I had of really and truly knowing him, I felt it was my duty to record some of the reminiscences of our long and intimate acquaintance, and relate some of the impressions which his personality made upon me.

On the removal of THE TRUTH SEEKER from Paris, Illinois, in December, 1872, where it had been published as a monthly four times only, the little babe in swaddling-clothes found a cradle and a home, and, I might almost say, a mother's care, in a little office at 335 Broadway, which I had rented for my eldest son, now editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER, then a boy of

eighteen. A few weeks previous my son had come once more to New York to engage in his calling as compositor. From that time to Mr. Bennett's untimely death, when I also had the privilege of watching the final struggle of expiring nature, and of closing his eyes as he sank into "that sleep that knows no earthly waking," I was in more or less intimate communication with him; my son, as doubtless many of you are aware, working in his office in various capacities, as type-setter. proof-reader, foreman, etc.; and myself, after working with him, sitting beside him at his editorial table for a number of months, being in almost uninterrupted communication with him, sharing his confidence, sympathizing with him, always believing in him and encouraging him what little lay in my power; and so I propose to record, as I said, some of the reminiscences and relate some of the impressions I derived from my close acquaintance with him.

Did I believe in a "special providence," as I once did, I should hav firmest faith that that special providence directed and controled a course of events that has finally drifted affairs where they are to-day. Our good orthodox friends would dwell, I think, with considerable gusto upon the fact of a very wise and good providence, which, seemingly, has so led the two parties—one the simple, childlike, even to boyishness; great-hearted, unselfish, genial, energetic, resolute, determined almost to obstinacy; the persevering, honest, earnest founder of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and the Yankee country boy, now its editor—into each other's company.

A few weeks after my son's arrival in New York, in the fall of 1871, I took for him, he being too young to do the business, the little office I hav already spoken of, at 335 Broadway, where THE TRUTH SEEKER subsequently found its home.

During the previous summer, at a little meeting at 200 Third avenue, instituted by that veteran enthusiast, Mr. Schwackhammer, especially for Mr. Andrews, I had become acquainted with Mr. Morris Altman, a brother of Altman & Co., on Sixth avenue, a converted Jew—converted to Infidelity—and it was through Mr. Altman that Mr. Bennett was introduced to Eugene in his little office, and THE TRUTH SEEKER found lodgment where it did in New York. Mr. Altman seemed to think that an office conducted by my son would be a fitting place for the issuing of a Freethought newspaper. And so it has proved. From that time forward I was more or less in communication with Mr. Bennett, always in sympathy with him and his work, and always believed in him. Perhaps, at times, I might hav wavered in my faith in him had it not been for the months I sat beside him at his little table, and witnessed the thorough honesty of the man, the thorough earnestness and devotion of his work. I might include, did time permit, in this special providence, some of the working of events which brought my other son, George E. Macdonald, to New York, and into THE TRUTH SEEKER office. He came at seventeen years of age, entered the office, and learned to set type, worked his way up through different grades—as errand boy, type-setter, proofreader, foreman, etc., etc. Although his name does not appear, he is really an assistant editor. He is, as many of you are aware, the reporter of the Liberal Club meetings, and the writer of many humorous and poetical contributions.

Probably to my dying day I shall not forget my first meeting with Mr. Bennett. To at all appreciate the relief I felt at the sight of his benovolent face on that occasion, you would hav to understand the state of anxiety I was in. I had taken the office as a job office, as I hav said. Mr. Altman and others thought and said that we ought to print Mr. Bennett's paper, but there was no newspaper type in the office, and I had no means of getting any. Mr. Bennett might hav started a paper to liv, or he might hav started one to die, as in a thousand other cases papers hav been started only to die a few months old. Mr. Bennett might be a rascal, or he might be an honest and honorable man, and even then the paper be a failure. But he had got into the office, my son had run his credit for type, and had gone to work on the January number. I was at work in a printing office in Park Row, and on my way home one evening called to see him. As I entered the room, there beside the stove sat an elderly man in the garb of a downeast or western farmer, the farthest looking from a literary man possible. Unblackened shoes, unkempt hair, unshaven face, a farmer, not an editor, any one would say. Eugene stepped forward and introduced us. One glance at his kindly, genial face, which so plainly spoke the nativ goodness of the man, and a load was lifted from my heart. The first thought that entered my mind was: My boy has found a father; and so it proved. From that day till the day of Mr. Bennett's death, the two stood in the relation of father and son to each other, or rather it were nearer true to say of an elder and a younger brother.

The quality in Mr. Bennett's character which impressed itself most forcibly upon me was his unimpeachable honesty. By this, I do not mean merely honesty in dealing; I mean something far more than that. A man might be as honest as honesty itself in his commerce with others, but still not possess one particle of this trait, so prominent to me in his character. I mean that *unswerving fidelity* to his own convictions which prompted him to be ever true to himself. He always said what he meant, and meant what he said. He uttered what he believed, and believed what he uttered. He was never ashamed of his convictions. They were so palpable to him that he entertained them as a matter of course, so that the idea of shrinking from the utterance of them never entered his mind. It was not anything that he had reasoned himself into; but was nativ to his character. And this was the case with all his traits. They were part and parcel of his very nature—"nativ and to the manner born." Like Topsy, "he growed." He was never converted, for he had no need of it to make him just what he was. He was an eminent example of "the man of the future," of whom Beecher spoke, of those who are so well-born that they do not need to be born again. And so of his unselfishness or altruism. That was another of his most prominent traits. His heart and his pocket were always open. I know whereof I speak. He never refused to help another for the sake of keeping a dollar in his own pocket.

Mr. Bennett was a deeply *religious man*. I mean this in no *canty* sense, but in the deepest, truest, aye, in THE TRUE sense of the word; for talk and think as we will of the meaning of the WORD religion, that element in human nature which constitutes religion *per se*—which underlies or pervades all systems of religion, and makes their religion, whatever creed or form they assume—is "*devotion to the highest.*" Thomas Paine said, "To do good is my religion." Now, it was because that was the *highest* work that he could do, that made it his religion.

The *word* religion—and there is a vast difference between the THING *itself* and the word or term which we use to designate that thing—the *word* "religion" may mean, etymologically or otherwise, anything that it is demonstrated to mean, but that does not affect the *thing itself* of which I am speaking, that element in our nature which we *call* religion. The word may mean "to tie back," or "to tie together;" the thing itself, I repeat, is "devotion to the highest." If to "tie" or unite "together" is the the *highest* work that we can do, then that is our religious work; and the measure of our devotion to that work is the measure of our religion; but just now the Liberals, it seems to me, are engaged in taking apart, tearing down, rooting up generally. If they are doing this iconoclastic work because they see that it is necessary to be done, and it is the highest work that they can do, then it is their religious *work*, just as truly religious as worshiping God or saving souls. True, you may say that this tearing down is preparatory work—preparatory to ulterior building; that the separating is preparatory to uniting on a higher plane; that the analyzing, as it were, or freeing mankind is in order to "tie again" in a true and harmonious oneness. Granted all this, but then the work is not religious because it involves the tying together process, but because it is devotion to the highest. The Hindoo mother considered it *her* highest to throw her babe into the Ganges; the Hindoo widow *her* highest to lay herself on her husband's funeral pile; the Christian's highest is to honor and glorify God.

It is in this sense that Mr. Bennett was a religious man; and if we measure his religion by the measure of his devotion to his work, he was a *deeply* religious man.

The work which he did was the very highest, in his estimation, which he could do, almost which there was to be done, and his whole heart, his whole soul, was in that work. He thought of it by day, and he dreamed of it by night, or rather his life was the merest alternation between working on and for THE TRUTH SEEKER, and sleeping Other duties he accepted as a necessity, but they were secondary and subsidiary; but, as I said, he alternated between work on his paper and sleep, giving regularly but three or four hours—from 11 or 12 o'clock to 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning—to sleep, taking the remainder of his rest in his chair at his office table, in cat-naps, as they are called. He would drop off for a minute or two in the middle of an article he was writing, or in the middle of a sentence, awaking refreshed, and taking up his pen again seemingly unconscious that he had been asleep at all.

Just look at the immense work he did in the few short years after he came to New York—his "Champions of the Church," his "World's Sages, Thinkers, and Reformers," his almost interminable letters from Ludlow street and Albany, his "Truth Seeker Around the World," an amount of work that no one man could accomplish unless he made that work his religious work. Hence I say he was a deeply, a devotedly *religious* man.

Then, again, sentences were continually dropping from his lips which would show to one, even though one did not know the habit of his life, where his heart was. One I remember, and will repeat because it showed not only that THE TRUTH SEEKER was first and foremost ever, but that he thus early appreciated at its true worth the literary ability of THE TRUTH SEEKER'S subsequent and present editor, and also that he already at that early date had in his mind the consideration of what was to become of the offspring of his own brain and heart.

It was in the early days of the National Liberal League, just after we had obtained a charter for the Fourth New York, now the Bennett Liberal League. He and I were going together up to the meeting of that League, to take place in the parlors of our good Brother Ryan. I called his attention to an article just published in the Boston *Investigator* from the pen of the then young literary aspirant, E. M. Macdonald. I asked him if he did not consider the article "pretty good." "Excellent, excellent," he replied, and added, "I tell you my mantle will fall on worthy shoulders." Alas, how little did we think it would fall so soon!

I might speak of his other traits of character more in detail, of his peculiarly easy style of writing, which enabled him so successfully to appeal to the masses, etc., etc., but I hav already exceeded my time.

Just two weeks before he passed to another life (as he and I believed), I saw him conscious for the last time. He was working at his desk, but disease had already made and was making sad inroads upon his frame, and he was already aware what the result would probably be. Turning to me, after telling me how badly he was feeling, he said, "I tell you that unless they do something for me, Bennett is simply going out." Two weeks later, as I said, we watched his life "go out;" but his light—never! When even this granit monument which we dedicate here to-night shall hav crumbled into dust, the light which he kindled when he started that little paper in Paris, Ill., will shine on and on; and as founder of THE TRUTH SEEKER his name will liv while mankind love liberty, and men honor the memory of our heroic dead.

Mr. Andrews spoke as follows:

When I was invited to speak on this occasion, I first had it in mind to find the most leading trait or traits in the character of Mr. Bennett, and to take them as texts for what I had to say. But on reflection, it seemed to me that his character was so exceedingly round and simple that a stroke of genius was requisit in order to see how to carry out that program. Thinking of the matter further, and learning what Mrs. Macdonald was expected to do here, on this occasion, I hav thought that it would be more agreeable, and a better use of the time, for me to back her up with a series of reminiscences in relation to Mr. Bennett.

When Mr. Bennett came to this city, he came directly to my house; and for the first ten days or two weeks he made my headquarters his headquarters—not that he lived exactly with me, but that he came there and did his writing, and made it the center of his operations while he investigated the city and the possibilities of his doing something here. During that period I had constant intercourse with him, and an opportunity to learn of him and his character.

I think I shall hav to diverge a moment, and ask you to excuse me for saying something in relation to myself and my past history earlier than that day, but which seems to stand so related with this subject that it will not be, I hope, found inappropriate. The question arises, perhaps, in your minds, why did Mr. Bennett come to me? Well, the only reason was that for thirty-five or forty years past in New York, I hav been, in a certain sense, a sort of rallying-point for the radicals and enthusiasts, and cranky people of all sorts; that my house, which has sometimes, through poverty, been reduced very nearly to a garret, and sometimes, through prosperity, surrounded with comfort, verging on luxury—my house has always been a sort of cross between a hotel and a university; and, somehow or other, I hav been known not only in this country, but abroad, so that pretty much everybody of the so-called cranky type that arrived in New York found out where Stephen Pearl Andrews lived, and generally reported pretty early. In fact, it would be a very curious history to know what has occurred of this kind. The persons who are known before the world as reformers hav, a very large proportion of them, passed through my school, and hav often actually resided with me, from two or three days to two or three years; and in that way a certain centering influence has gone out which made others know with regard to there being such a center of curious folks; so that when they came to New York, as I said, they were very apt to find me.

Mr. Bennett came to me. He brought me no letters of introduction, because he sensed the fact that no letters of introduction were requisit—that every earnest seeker, every earnest worker, every enthusiast in behalf of the improvement of human condition, was always welcome. I think Mr. Bennett had only one otber friend here. I had not been his friend, knowingly. I knew nothing of him till he arrived, although he knew of me. He had a friend in the city, who was Mr. Morris Altman. I think he had had some correspondence with him; but he came to me first, as I remember his inquiring how he was to find Mr. Altman. Mr. Altman and he became very intimate and loving friends, and Mr. Altman's subsequent death was one of the greatest strokes of ill-fortune that ever occurred to Mr. Bennett. During these two weeks that Mr. Bennett and myself were thus thrown very intimately together, I had, as I said, the opportunity of knowing him. But I don't think I came to know him. I regarded him as one of a group of devoted, and enthusiastic, and good men, who wished to do something, and hoped they could do something, and were determined to do something; but I didn't read his character as it was developed subsequently in the light of circumstances. My spiritual sight wasn't sufficiently open to see in that plain countryman the qualities that made D. M. Bennett what he proved to be subsequently; and while he consulted me, while he told me what he came here for, and what he intended to do, I think I said quite as much to discourage him as to encourage him. I painted the difficulties. I had known of hundreds of instances of similar earnest and honest efforts to start this and that and the other enterprise in behalf of reform, almost all of which had sunk into nonentity; and I didn't sense in Mr. Bennett any special power that was going to make him the exception. I had to learn subsequently, by experience, what, if I had had more intuition, I might hav known then.

At that time I was engaged in giving a series of Sunday lectures, which I called "Scientific Sermons," the De Garmo Hall series, which Mrs. Macdonald has adverted to, and which lasted something more than a year. Mr. Bennett continued to attend very frequently, though not always, upon my ministrations upon those occasions; and he became, as he told me, subsequently and often, profoundly interested in the idea of Alwato, the universal language; although he was not a linguist, and didn't propose charging himself with anything about it personally, yet the idea became a dominant one with him for the remainder of his life.

The next thing that dwells in my memory, with regard to Mr. Bennett, is one which, curiously enough, I find Mrs. Macdonald has almost entirely forgotten, although she was one of the parties immediately concerned in it. I think it was while they were still in that little primitiv office in Moffatt's Building on Broadway. Mr. Bennett fell, in the midst of his labors, from his chair on to the floor, as if dead, and Mrs. Macdonald came to his relief, and called in others, and he was lifted on to his seat; and went home; and probably rested for a few hours; and then went to his work again. Now, it has been said that he was persecuted, and taken to prison, and that in consequence of that persecution he was broken down in health, and was a martyr, in that sense, to his persecution. I doubt that fact very much. I believe that Mr. Bennett unconsciously, thoughtlessly, murdered himself; just as hundreds and thousands of our highest, and best, and noblest personages are doing, by overwork, by this continuous, uninterrupted, unmitigated labor that you hav heard described here to-night; with no knowledge of physiological law, or no obedience to it, if known; and with utter indifference to results, except immediate success in what is in hand.

I do not mean that all that was not necessary; but I mean that it was a fact. Just in the same manner, it has been said, for example, of Horace Greeley, that he was killed by his last political campaign, when he was candidate for the presidency. I know better. Two months before he entered into that campaign at all, I being at the rooms of a mutual friend of his and mine, in the Astor House, Mr. Greeley came in there, and said he wanted to lie down on the sofa. He did so, and as he lay on the sofa he fainted; and I remained there four hours over him, laboring to recover him and bring him to, and make him recognize those about him; and he wouldn't allow us to send—he knew enough to object very obstinately to having a physician called. He finally recovered, and, I suppose, didn't giv himself half an hour of time to rest, but went right back to his work as before. Horace Greeley killed himself; and he was virtually a dead man before he went into that campaign at all.

The second great occasion upon which I came in any special contact with, any close relation to, Mr. Bennett (although we continued always to hav friendly intercourse) was the day before he took his departure for his tour around the world. On that occasion he came to see me, and told me that for that day, almost the first time in his life, he was at leisure. He said he had all his preparations made for sailing, and that he hadn't another thing to do, and that he had taken the opportunity to come and make me a visit; and he remained two or three hours, and seemed loth to go.

There were apparently two or three purposes that he had in his mind, one of which was to tell me how much he really and sincerely and deeply appreciated the kind of works that I am engaged in; and with regard to Universology, that he believed in it, because I believed in it, but that he didn't understand it—didn't profess to.

His second purpose was apologetic. During the whole period of THE TRUTH SEEKER'S existence, up to that time, I had appeared in the paper very little indeed. I had tendered several long papers—not longer than Mr. Bennett's own—and he always found them inappropriate, and crowded them out; but during the year or two previous to this Mr. Wakeman had appeared very largely in THE TRUTH SEEKER, and had produced his magnificent series of papers upon Constructiv Socialism. Mr. Bennett's main purpose, then, seemed to me to be apologetic. He wanted to tell me why it was that he had never done more for the promulgation of my peculiar thought. He said: "I am full of ideas of my own that I hav been wanting to get out, and that was the first thing with me. We," explaining that he meant himself and his readers—"we are a plain people. We understand common language and common ideas, and we don't understand much else. Mr. Wakeman is just all we can stand. I don't more than half understand Mr. Wakeman; and of my readers, I presume, not one in a hundred understands him as well as I do, and," said he, "if I see right, you puzzle and bother Wakeman about as much as we are puzzled and bothered by him. Now," he added, "your time will hav to come later. I am, I think, just about on a level with the people, and Wakeman is a good ways away from the people; and you are a good ways away from Wakeman; and so I hav not found the opportunity to do much for your thought. But the time will come; don't you worry; you will be heard from, and it will be all right." That was his second purpose.

His third purpose, in his long visit, was apparently to talk freely about his own affairs, and his hopes, and his future journey, and his future purposes in the world, when he should return. I cannot take the time to go over the ground of all that. A great deal was said very freely between him and me on that occasion, and, as I said, he lingered, and seemed unwilling to go. There was also a sort, as it seemed to me, of foreboding, as though, in a high degree of probability, he should never return—never complete his journey; and there was a tenderness and real heartfelt friendliness manifested toward me, personally, that I had no knowledge of before.

One thing I will mention where I had some influence and effect, probably, upon the destiny of THE TRUTH SEEKER; and that was in connection with the introduction of improved spelling—the modified spelling which is now used in THE TRUTH

SEEKER and in a good many other of the reformatory papers. Mrs. Eliza B. Burns, herself one of my early disciples in that line, and myself were, I think, the sources of influence which induced Mr. Bennett to adopt that reform. He believed in it, but to apply it practically, in the way in which he did, he felt to be a great step which he shrunk from, as possibly calculated to cut down his list of subscribers, and really to be a great sacrifice; and it was a good while that he was thinking about it, and talking about it, before he made up his mind ultimately to take the step. When he did so, I intimated that very likely he would be discouraged. He said, "You needn't hav any trouble about that; if I begin I shall never let go; I don't take any step backward."

A third and last striking point of contact between him and me was just prior to his death. I omit reference to the public matters, such as his reception on his return from prison, and his return from abroad, on both of which occasions I took part; but as to our somewhat more private intercourse and relation, the occasion to which I shall now refer was what I may call the third of the point of contact between us.

The Defense Committee, which you all know about here, had at the time weekly meetings, called up in connection with Mr. Heywood's affairs. I am not a member of that committee, but I hav a standing, and, usually, a special, invitation to be present at these meetings, and to take part in their discussions. Being present about three weeks before Mr. Bennett's death, at a weekly meeting of this Defense Committee, Mr. Bennett opposed the methods of Mr. Heywood, in a way which seemed to me very illogical, and I so said, and an earnest discussion grew up between him and me, which was really excited—almost a quarrel on both sides—in which I charged upon him his want of consistency, the two cases being, as it seemed to me, parallel; and he approving his own course in having defied the public, and disapproving Mr. Heywood's. The bad reasoning that he resorted to on that occasion actually provoked me, and I said some harsh and unpleasant things. The next week—a week after—he came again, dragging himself into the meeting. It was the last public meeting, or meeting of any kind, that he ever attended. The same subject came up again; there was the same perversity in his mode of reasoning, the same disappointment to me in the man; but as I watched him I saw that he was sick—exceedingly sick—and that his brain was not working with its former accuracy; and I suppressed all tendency to reply to him; we all did—deferred to his condition; and the matter ceased to be discussed. On that occasion he said, in very nearly the same words that Mrs. Macdonald has brought to your attention, "If you fellows don't do something for me soon, Bennett is going to die." We inquired about his symptoms and sufferings. He related them, and added that he had "taken all the medicin, of all sorts, that anybody had recommended" to him. Well, I felt a good deal discouraged in prescribing, under those circumstances. I did not know anything that I could do. Dr. Foote, senior, took him in charge. We had great confidence in him, and I did not visit the patient immediately again, and the next thing that I knew, he was in the act of dying.

Those are my reminiscences—my remembrances—with regard to personalities as between Mr. Bennett and myself. I don't know that there is anything that I need to add more than what has been said and implied by the eloquent tributes that hav been made to him here to-night.

Mr. Bennett was an exceedingly rare character, not only for what he was, but for what he did not seem to be. He did not carry about him that which made the impression on others, I think, of the power that was in him; and, consequently, he was never a man that aroused the enthusiastic admiration of cultured people. I think the Boston cultured people felt that he was an insult to their prim, precise, and admirable methods, and I think that few of that cultured class were great enough to be just to the greatness of such a man as Mr. Bennett.

The chairman read this letter from Dr. Foote, whose health did not permit him to be present:

NEW YORK, June 13, 1884.

TO THE FRIENDS WHO DEDICATE: My heart is with you this evening, and I only wish my ears might be also, but for reasons that can hardly interest you I must catch what I can of your enthusiasm and giv the responsiv amens while twenty miles away from the city. This is alone my misfortune, and I greatly regret it.

On a previous occasion I think I intimated that if I understand the tastes and prejudices of Liberals, they do not much take to monuments, whether of bronze or stone. There are individuals eminent in life who would hardly be remembered when dead without monuments, and there are many now occupying positions to be seen of all men who would hardly receive a passing thought a century hence though parks and monuments be lavishly ornamented with their effigies. But our late effectiv co-worker, our ever-to-be-remembered D. M. Bennett, threw huge stones at the enemies of human progress, and in rearing the monument to his name and memory we but gather them and engrave his own immortal thoughts thereon, so that, though dead, our hero yet speaketh. The pen of steel has been transformed into enduring granit which rust can never corrode, and some of his best thoughts are as good as rewritten day by day, while eyes which hav been blinded by superstition gaze upon the massiv block one thousand admiring hands hav raised in Greenwood to mark his resting-place, and to establish a permanent milestone for those who are inquiring the way to the land of mental freedom. Our late brother rests among the Protestant dead, in the great and fashionable burial-place of the Christian Protestants, *the greatest Protestant of them all*, with a shaft rising above his ashes which must ever remain a standing protest to the Christian Protestants themselvs, as well as to the superstitions of the mother church, with its relics of pagan worship. All who contributed in money or labor to the massiv block of granit now standing as a pillar to Liberalism in Greenwood Cemetery may well feel proud of what has been accomplished.

Though absent, I take you one and all by the hand and congratulate you that the religion of humanity has an established preacher among the throngs who crowd the walks and drives of the most beautiful cemetery on the continent.

Cordially yours, E. B. FOOTE, SR., M.D.

A duet was sung, and Mr. E. W. Chamberlain spoke substantially as follows:

MR. CHAIRMAN AND FRIENDS OF BENNETT: When I was asked to speak this evening, the invitation was coupled with the pat suggestion that, as there were to be a number of speakers, my share of the time would necessarily be brief. I did not, therefore, attempt to reduce my thoughts to writing, as some of the preceding speakers hav done, and my only preparation to speak has been since I came here this evening. I now find myself embarrassed because, as I tried to collect my ideas, interesting reminiscences of Bennett and recollections of my relations with him crowd upon me so tumultuously that I am unable to choose what to present to you, and while, without conceding that any more earnest or devoted friend of Bennett than myself could be chosen to address you, I feel that I am to be followed, as I hav been preceded, by those whose eloquence more fitly adorns this occasion; so, although I might talk to you for hours, I will trespass only a little upon your time while I lay my simple flower upon the grave of the heroic truth seeker, and pay my homely tribute to his memory.

It is right that we should come here to-night with music and flowers, for we hav cause to felicitate ourselvs and humanity that a monument is completed which shall fitly show our esteem for the truth seeker and at the same time perpetuate his thought in the world. But this is not the culmination of our effort, nor the end of our work. This meeting is only one milestone which marks advance in the path of progress, and we must not rest here, but only pause to observe from some hight the whole field over which we hav come, and point out our future course.

The Chickering Hall reception on the liberation of the truth seeker from prison was, as expressed in the resolutions then adopted, "a protest against the obscenity in private life, the corruption in office, the hypocrisy in the pulpit, and the dishonesty on the bench, which hav combined to perpetrate the outrage upon Mr. Bennett." At that time so great a scare was created by the report that Mr. Bennett was convicted of *obscenity* that the trustees of Cooper Union, where some of the most radical meetings are held, closed its doors to the committee who sought to engage their hall for the Bennett reception. Since then what has happened? Only two months ago the procurer of crime was thoroughly exposed before a legislativ committee in this city, and a number of conscientious and worthy gentlemen united in the opinion that no reliance was to be placed upon him under any circumstances. The knavish priest who so desired the imprisonment of the truth seeker that he sat in court throughout most of the farcical trial has come to be an object of contempt and ridicule and the butt of the funny men of local papers. It is not infrequent to see in the newspapers after his name the descriptiv words, "the liar." That other ecclesiastical busybody who chuckled and exulted over the shameful incarceration has subsided into insignificance. The judge whose infamous decision in the case of Lawrence led to the Winslow Extradition scandal, who connived with the procurer of crime to assail one of the noblest philanthropists that ever lived, and who lent himself to the assassination of the truth seeker, still pollutes the bench, but he has come to be hated and detested for his brutality and vindictivness. The writer who misrepresented our hero and placed him in a false light by his article, "The Apotheosis of Dirt," is dead. Let us forgiv him, for he knew not what he did. The statesman who yielded to the importunities of his meretricious wife and withheld the pardon he should hav hastened to giv to the convict whom he knew was innocent has taken up the more befitting occupation of raising chickens. These men were the enemies of liberty. If what they did to the truth seeker is the outcome of their religion, if their religion sanctions and approves such an outrage as they committed, then I say the world would be better without their religion, and I say, moreover, that the principles of American liberty which were violated by the imprisonment of Bennett are of more valuë to mankind than any religion that ever was devised or concocted.

Contrast the deceitfulness of these men with the truthfulness of Bennett. You remember that he never for one moment flinched from telling the truth, even when the strongest temptation ever spread before any man was offered him to falsify his actions, even when he had every reason to expect that his telling the truth would alienate all his friends whose support and encouragement were so vital to him.

Contrast, I say, the sneaking characters of the men who hav not ceased to malign him with his truthfulness and fortitude. I can imagin the grand old hero crying out from the anguish of his imprisonment even as Latimer cried to Ridley out of the flames of persecution: "Play the man, Master Ridley. We shall this day light a candle in England that will never be extinguished." So Bennett has lighted a candle for liberty that no fanaticism can ever put out.

At the Chickering Hall meeting it was resolved "that we pledge ourselvs to continue to do whatsoever true men and true women may rightly do to reverse this whole current of procedure," and it was suggested by one of the speakers that each person in the audience might in his individual capacity go forth from that meeting and create a healthy public sentiment that would prevent in future the enactment of such monstrous wrongs under the sanction of the law. I do not know how that suggestion was acted upon by each, but I do know that public thought has much changed since those days; and I ask each one of you to go forth from here and to do what you can to set right the wrong which was done to the truth seeker. Let no one think he is so poor or so humble, or that his sphere is so limited or his opportunities so circumscribed that he can not do something for American liberty.

Mr. Henry Stone, being introduced, said:

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN: Possibly, my friends, it were better that I refrain from addressing you on this occasion, that others more able in language, more eloquent, should occupy the time; and yet, perchance, it were fitting that one who had perhaps much longer acquaintance with our patriot-hero than most or all others here present, should offer his feeble tribute of praise on the dedication of the monument erected to the memory of our late friend, D. M. Bennett, to the care of those who hav contributed toward its erection. Though but a slight token of our esteem, love, and reverence, yet it speaks, and shall continue to speak, volumes to the world. From all over this broad land, from Alaska's ice-bound shores to Mexico's tropical clime, aye, from the uttermost parts of the wide world, loving hands hav toiled, kind hearts hav yearned, to send their feeble mite to assist in the erection of this memento to the memory of him we all learned to love and revere. Could all this band of admirers meet, from the most aged, whose hoary locks are white with the frosts of time, to the little prattler's at their mother's knee, whose ruby lips delight to lisp his honored name, no hall in this broad land is capacious enough to giv them shelter. Yet, as the years go and come, and the centuries pass away into the dim vista of the past, even so with a thousandfold more rapidity shall the admirers and lovers of that most noble man, D. M. Bennett, augment and increase to an innumerable throng.

I could not, my friends, even were it possible, wish in some wild outburst of enthusiasm or fickle flight of fancy to picture our martyred friend as more than human. It was for this we loved him, perhaps, more than aught else. Mild, loving, and generous, noble and true, yet fallible, therein proving that he, like ourselvs, was at times beset with temptations, and tempted by charms that allure, perhaps sometimes to our detriment and final regret.

His life was an open book, that all who chose might read. Did he make a misstep, his only care seemed not to cover it from sight, but to apologize for and punish himself by confessing it to the world. Then ghoulish fiends, reeking in filth and corruption themselvs, sought to whitewash their own records by blackening his. Such tolled their own death-knell. They are as dead to-day as the very mummies in the catacombs of Egypt. But enough. The lives of the noble, the good, and the true are ever a standing reproach to those who liv in sin and shame.

In the cause of humanity, its interests, prosperity, and growth, and in defiance of all that conflicted therewith, our friend had the courage of a Napoleon. For those who sorrowed and suffered he had a heart as sympathetic and kind as that of the loveliest of women. But, my friends, it is not my purpose on this occasion to enumerate the virtues of Mr. Bennett, to extol his noble, grand sentiments, recall his ardent love and devotion to the cause of humanity. 'Twere a waste of words. Far better revere his memory, emulate his noble acts by adopting them into our own individual lives. While time shall last, and language remain, his own homespun, hearty, and honest writings and sentiments shall speak far more forcibly and eloquently than tongue or pen of ours. Even our own granit monument, beautiful and lasting though it be, that marks his last resting-place; aye, or shaft of brass or bronze, shall crumble with the lapse of time, but the monument carved by his master hand shall know no decay. Brighter and brighter, more grand and noble, burnished by the fleeting cycles of time, shall it stand forth a conspicuous guide and mile-stone for generations yet to come. When the requiem of mighty nations yet unborn shall hav been sung, when the cloud-piercing steeples, reared by their hands, their most durable monuments and loftiest domes, shall hav crumbled in dust, still shall the names of those who hav died or imperiled their lives that humanity might liv, ever glow with increasing luster.

Mr. T. B. Wakeman was called upon for the final and benedictory word, and in response said:

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN: This late hour, the beautiful, graceful, and truthful words which we hav just heard in regard to our departed hero, render unnecessary and almost improper any further word than the formal one of dedication and consecration, which the president calls on me to speak by way of benediction.

Yet those words would be without meaning if you did not for a moment grasp and gather into your minds and hearts the substance of what has been said, so that you may know and feel what this man has been, and what the cause is, and will be, which will make him remembered ever more among the lovers of liberty on earth.

Of the *man*, so much has been said that I will not add my store of reminiscences; for I hav many things, too, that I would like to tell of my intercourse with him. As a lawyer, I was sometimes consulted by him, although on his final trial I was not his counsel, but his friend and his bail. As a lawyer, I may plead my privilege not to reveal, as well as the time of the evening, now so far spent, admonishing brevity, as good reasons for omitting what I else would be happy to say.

Let me refer, however, to one point, to which our friend Mr. Andrews has referred, and as to which, although speaking the truth as he did, yet, as I fear and think, the whole truth was not said, and therefore his remarks might leave some little misapprehension.

It is true that the undermining process began long before the final stroke came which removed our friend from us. It is true that Mr. Greeley gradually wore out his life to a great extent before the final breaking up of his powers. Yet the last great exertion, with its affliction and strain, was the real blow that brought him down. It is true, in like manner, that Mr. Bennett's toil for years may hav weakened his heart and brain; but the truth, testified to me by himself and by his noble and devoted wife, is that, although it took many strokes to weaken his great heart and brain, it was the last stroke—that stroke of infamy which fell upon him from that ecclesiastical persecution, and that imprisonment which followed it, together with that severe illness which afflicted him during its early period, which really weakened his constitution and brought next the final stroke which ended his life prematurely. Many strokes on the solid rock but prepare for the fracture; the last breaks.

This much only as to the individual. I indorse fully all that has been said about his honesty, his devotion, his truthfulness, and the fact that, reaching the great, plain, common sense heart of the country, he stands deservedly with Thomas Paine as one of the intellectual emancipators of the great common people of America; and as such, if you are just, and the lovers of liberty in this country are just with you, he will remain in his life results for years and years a beacon of living light and hope to millions.

So much may we say of the man, for back of him stood a cause—and what cause? You may grasp it one word, LAW *against* LAW. He was devoted to the new meaning of the word "law," as the test of liberty and morality, and of the highest hopes of man. He taught the new meaning of the word "law"—its scientific meaning. The word "law" has two antagonistic meanings. It means, commonly speaking, now, and has meant almost invariably in past ages, the enforcement of human authority and enactments by means of force and prosecutions. That human, artificial, legislativ meaning of the word "law" is fast becoming the old one, and that great change was the cause in which Mr. Bennett spent his life. He was intent upon placing the new meaning of the word "law" in place of the old. The old, or the authoritativ, meaning of the word "law" has come down to us when men did not understand that there were really laws of nature, or of the world around them, and so they took all the law and order they had from the authority of tradition. The savage peoples hav yet their *taboo*, which is the root of, and answers with them for, the whole mass of legislation which the civilized world has evolved from it. As you proceed higher in civilization, you find that this authoritativ sense of law becomes more and more weakened. Contracts and wills take the place of *status* and traditions. Just in proportion as people become more and more satisfied that there are laws of Nature and of human evolution, the law of authority falls. The observation of the order of the world around us; the record of the facts observed, disclose an order and a regularity which is the higher and the true order upon which only human life can be beneficently based.

Now, the great movement of the Liberal world and its thought, in which Mr. Bennett became prominent, was to teach that Nature and her laws were really the proper bases of human life, instead of the blind traditions and authority of the past. Law, as authority, is restraint against liberty. It is the giving up by the individual under restraint—the blind restraint of a human command or custom—that freedom which is of the very essence of life. This restraint, the reason of which he does not know—for very often no good, substantial reason can exist—makes life a mental and physical prison. The reason of it is lost, because it comes down from a past wherein the reason of the law was lost, so that the faith, traditions, belief only remain.

But under science, which grasps the mighty world itself, as but a name for order, the word law is designed to mean the natural order as the basis of the life we hav. That is an entirely different phase of life, thought, and feeling, and it has given us the modern world and its new life.

For upon this last, this scientific notion of law, rests the very idea of liberty. Liberty is not possible in this world until that transition is made from the old authoritativ word "law" to the new scientific order of Nature as law. Upon the order of Nature law means the line of least resistance; that is, the line or direction of the great play of things in their free, easiest course, which is liberty itself. The ordinary movements of all things occur according to that free line, so that

liberty and law, in that sense of the word "law," are always synonymous. The play of the world's forces is free; the play of our forces, when we become a part of the world's forces, is free. It is by this law that we are "emancipated, regenerated, disenthralled," in so far as we annex ourselvs to the beautiful, free, overflowing order of Nature.

Thus we catch a glimpse of the mission that this man whom we loved performed. He taught the great common people that the authoritativ traditions, the authority of the churches, the restraints which the past throws over the present, are now unnecessary; that true religion was not in binding ourselvs back by bonds which had been thrown upon us from the past, but that true religion was in uniting ourselvs to the chariot of the stars, to the powers of Nature, to the order of the world in which we liv. Of that grand emancipation he was largely the prophet and the missionary among the plain, common people of our country. His qualities, as a sincere, plain man, fitted him for that position peculiarly, and as Mr. Andrews has just said, it is only those who are broad and general enough to see somewhat the length and breadth of the mighty cause in which he was a soldier, who are capable of appreciating his efforts and life.

And now that we may do that, see: Liberty rests upon law, and morality rests upon liberty. Never forget that. Unless there is a choice, a liberty to do right, and also to do wrong, there can be no morality. For unless there is liberty, there is no power of choice. Unless there is a power of choice, there is no morality in our intentions or actions, but merely blind obedience to force, which is slavery. This man, known and honored by thousands, was known and honored not as an immoral man, but as their chief emancipator and the guarantor to them of the possibility of true morality, based upon the laws of liberty. Thus I may say that he is rightly honored by the thousands, and even the millions, to whom he has spoken, or yet will speak.

And then, too, in regard to the motiv of human hope, and the great sanction of morality, he, following the line of thought of which I hav spoken, was a true admonisher and prophet. The conscience under liberty becomes the sun of our moral day. It is strange to think that in the past, in the olden times—even the palmy days of Greece and Rome—it was not an independent conscience, but a sort of public opinion, that all the people were striving to enjoy. They had a newspaper immortality before the newspaper came. The shallowness of ancient history and its heroes depends upon the fact that they really had no idea of progress, and, therefore, no substantial future to which they could appeal as against the present as the basis of an independent conscience. Even the glorious lines of Tacitus's Agricola close with the prophecy that his hero should hav the honor—only the honor—of his comrades, and of those who were immediately associated and connected, as succeeding generations in that one single empire of Rome. The Greek had the same idea. His state and its opinion was his heaven. It was all there was then. He was dependent upon the public opinion of the present for the sanction of his moral judgment.

The basis of morality was increased and enlarged, it is true, when we entered the Christian phase of thought, because then there was a heaven—supposed to be, at least—and an appeal to that from the present and its injustice was possible. We could open our hearts to that Higher Power above, where, it was supposed, an infinit wisdom, an infinit justice dwelt.

But now, under the new sanction of liberty and morality, see how much deeper and broader the conscience becomes! The present homage and present life of the old antique hero might end, as it often did, in injustice and disappointment, if, as in the case of Aristides, his neighborhood or his compatriots disowned him. The Christian heaven itself might fail, because what erring man could ever be sure that the infinit justice would not strike down both him and his conscience as faulty and unworthy?

But now, under this new evolutional view of life, our heaven is placed here in our own hearts, in our own capacity to do good, and in feeling and knowing the infinit consequences of that capacity and enjoying them as if attained. Under the laws of evolution and development, we hav at once a guarantee against Mrs. Grundy of any present public opinion, independent, too, of any heaven, or God in heaven, independent of all earthly power, in the grand approval of our own conscience, and in what it commands us to do, because we know that what it does is eternal in its fruits and consequences. It is the turning-point that takes hold of both past and future, and is justified by them. Change egotism and egoism to altruism; make your happiness rest upon the satisfaction that you hav in the fulfilment of the objects of life, which you know will be permanent and eternal as time, and you are independent of all mortal men and all gods or devils; your sanction is above all gods; you become forever your own—the true hero and guide and pilot of your life. For the only true heaven is the one you carry in your heart.

Under that mighty sanction our hero lived and worked as best he could. He did what he did under the difficulties which surround the trying life which has been pictured to you. His heroism was manifest and praiseworthy because it was exhibited often under adverse motivs, passions, and feelings (and he was always too candid in confessing and revealing them), and under serious embarrassments which always more or less hampered him. Yet he stuck to his principles of truth and liberty nobly, truthfully, usefully, to the bitter end; and for that we are here to bear witness and to honor him.

Can a monument honor him? No. Says the wisest man:

Und wo die Freunde verfaulen	And where the friends decay
Das ist ganz einerlei	All the same t'will be,
Ob unter Marmor-Saulen	Whether under marble shafts
Oder im Rasenfrei.	Or in their turf-beds free.
Der Lebende bedenke	But thoughtful be the living,
Wenn auch der Tagihm mault,	Though oft the day is awry,
Das er den Freunde schenke,	That he to friends be giving
Was nie und nimmer fault.	What now and never can die.

Yes, monuments to him were and are nothing; the monument that did amount to something was his own work and the approval of his own conscience. No one could, no one can now, add to that. But monuments, needed monuments are for us; monuments to the cause may indeed be useful. They may tell a blind and thoughtless people that in this living cause was an immortal power more durable than bronze, more solid than granit. Not to him need we build monuments, nor for him, but for ourselvs, that we forget not, nor let the generations unborn forget. Thus shall these stones share the endurance of the cause which was his own, become a part of his immortality and inspire us and the ages to come.

Therefore, my friends, we, with one thousand other compatriots, hav raised this monument to the love of liberty more enduring than bronze. We hav made it the memorial of a life which was, and is, and shall be typical of the great cause of law, of law as the basis of liberty, and of liberty as the basis of morality, and of conscience. That monument, whose image is before you, I, as one of this committee, am charged to declare, is now complete. It stands as a speaking witness of the man and of his cause. Let it be delivered over to those who shall came after us—to the lovers of liberty on all this broad earth, and throughout all the ages, as solemnly dedicated to the memory of the truth seeker, D. M. Bennett, and consecrated thereby to the cause of liberty forever.

Mr. Wakeman's remarks were frequently interrupted by applause, which was also hearty and long-continued at their close, as had been the case with every speech throughout the evening. It was after eleven o'clock when the audience were dismissed.

Some Recollections of an Interesting Event.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* Attending the dedication services of the Bennett monument, and hearing his former acquaintances relate their remembrance of the grand old man, hav awakened in my mind some reminiscences of him that I am certain your readers hav never heard the details of, and which may not be altogether uninteresting. The particular occasion of which I would like to speak is that of the reception given Mr. Bennett by his employees upon his return home from Albany. This matter is briefly alluded to by him in his glad announcement of "Home Again" in The Truth Seeker of May 8, 1880. He says:

"We arrived here at a little past seven in the evening. . . . All the *attaches* of The Truth Seeker were in waiting. The office was illuminated, speeches were made, songs sung, toasts given, etc. California wine in reasonable quantity was placed upon the large imposing-stone in the composing-room, and I found a wineglassful did me no harm, it being the first drop of wine or beverage of any kind I had tasted for nearly a year. The Reception Committee held a meeting in Science Hall building, which I attended."

This does not tell the whole story. Of course, to Mr. Bennett, it was but an incident in the series of grander receptions that were given him; and he could not giv it the space in his paper that I know it occupied in his heart. Permit me to relate the circumstances and proceedings.

There were some ten men in the office at that time. During the imprisonment of Mr. Bennett E. M. Macdonald was raised from the foremanship to the position of editor and manager; I took his place as foreman, and Mr. Henry J. Thomas, since then the editor of a mercantile journal published in this city, was proofreader. The boys had been "laying back stiff" in anticipation of the coming event, which cast its shadow before in the shape of a huge wicker-covered receptacle filled with a light variety of nativ wine, scarcely more intoxicating than an equal amount of sweet cider. As a matter of fact, I believe anything in the form of a stimulant would hav been powerless to increase the exhilaration already felt over the prospect of seeing the "doctor" again. The office was at that time lighted with lamps, of which there were about twenty. These were lit and placed upon the imposing-stone, mingled with glass bottles, Indian clubs, and dumbbells, with the wicker-covered object in the center. There was nothing ornate about the display, but we conceived that the general appearance was cheerful. Old Mr. Bronson, who had come all the way from Streator, Ill., to welcome Mr. Bennett home, found his way among the boys, and enjoyed himself, though considerably overcome by the cordial reception he met with.

About 8 o'clock Mr. Bennett reached the office. Proceedings were then opened. The cork also was drawn both of the bottle and of the enthusiasm which had been hitherto repressed. A few moments of quiet followed while we shook the hand of the hero; then the glasses were filled and emptied, Mr. Bennett, as he himself relates, drinking a wineglassful and finding it did him no harm. For my part, I do not believe he ever drank anything in his life that did him more good. Cheers followed in unregulated numbers. Mr. Bennett addressed a few words of thanks to the men for this evidence of their joy, and then, admonishing us to "hav a good time," he left us to attend the meeting of the Defense Committee, of which he speaks. The meeting of this committee was called in a room adjoining that where we were holding services, with a not very substantial partition between. As our communion services progressed, the Defense Committee began discussing the desirability of adjourning to another part of the building, which they finally did. This was not so much because their deliberations disturbed us as because ours made it impossible for them to present their arguments effectivly.

It was deemed desirable for the printers to offer a considerable number of toasts, and as guests dropped in upon us occasionally, the supply of toasting material was eventually exhausted. An intelligent compositor was detailed to procure more. He was a rollicking and irresponsible youth named Wendeborn. It may be worthy of note that this young man did not immediately return. His absence, it seemed to us, was unreasonably prolonged. Search was instituted, and he was found in a neighboring "Weingeschaft" playing a game of ten-point eucher with the proprietor to decide whether he should pay for the wine or not. He was induced to return, and things went on again. Somebody suggested that a song would not be inappropriate to the occasion, and the "Isle de Blackwell" was started, the participants forming in prison file, each man with his hands on the shoulders of the man in front of him, and all marching around the imposing-stone. Dr. Foote, Jr., Mr. Elliott Preston's present victim, dropped in and was assimilated. All the current songs were taken up and executed in turn until exhausted, and "The Truth Seeker Collection" was brought out and sung through. Not everybody knew anything about singing, nor ever sung before or since, but I put it on record that they all sang then.

Mr. Bronson, during all this, was a silent though apparently appreciativ spectator. Attention was finally turned in his direction, and an impromptu orator explained the circumstances of his presence. He received three vociferous cheers. But the enthusiasm did not stop here. His hat, of peculiar structure, also got an ovation. Then one enthusiastic genius, rising to the exigencies of the occasion, grasped the old man's umbrella, and mounting a chair, waved it aloft and shouted, "Three cheers for Mr. Bronson's umbrella!" The response was immediate and overwhelming.

At twelve o'clock Mr. Bennett came in to bid us good-night, and after a final cheer, all hands went home, feeling that we had enjoyed a quiet and orderly meeting, though such, it appeared, was not the opinion of Mr. Hugh Byron Brown, the proprietor of Science Hall, and he so expressed himself as we passed by his door. Some printers might, considering the occasion, hav felt justified in drinking to excess. It was different with us. True, young Wendeborn was in the act of leaving the place without his overcoat, and I was obliged to remind him of that fact. But this proves nothing against his sobriety, because another person committed the same act of forgetfulness. It was the writer of these lines.

These are the circumstances of the occasion as they remain fresh in my memory. A word as to Mr. Bennett's employees. They were loyal to a man when Comstock was terrorizing all connected with The Truth Seeker. Because they knew him they held their faith in him when others turned traitors. There was universal sorrow among them when he died; and as his body lay in the temple on the day of his burial, they went there in sad procession, and placed upon his coffin their united offering of flowers.

George Macdonald.

Good Again.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* I refer to your editorial in the issue of June 14th, in reference to the League's work. I think your position is sound. There would be just as much reason in asking the League to commit itself in favor of or against Spiritualism as to require it to vote for or against prohibition.

The League has a well defined platform, or set of principles. It is no "compromise," as Mr. Mitchell seems to think, for the League to refuse to champion anti-prohibition.

Because I do not agree with some Liberals on prohibition is no reason whatever why I should drag that question into the League, and denounce its defenders as illiberals because they object.

Prohibitionists are ready to discuss the question outside the League to the heart's content of the anti's in any publication open to them, or on the stump or rostrum.

W. F. Jamieson.

Pipestone, Minn.

Mr. Leland Protests Humorously.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* I hav probably, in my time, by patience and perseverance, accomplished a multitude of sins; but what particular wickedness of omission or commission I ever wrought upon Brother George Gage, I hav not the slightest remembrance. I suppose I am getting old, and memory failing. I wish George Lynn would tell me where or when I ever saw George Gage sick and ministered not unto him, in prison and visited him not, naked and didn't toss him a cast-off neck-tie. I think, and hope, George has somehow mixed me and the other George up, and by some chance there will be a basket-hole of escape for

Tee Cee Lee.

How Persecution is Carried On in India.

The following extract from a letter recently received from India explains itself, and shows that the enemies of human progress are never idle. Kedarnath Basu is a gentleman of fine culture, of honest, earnest endeavor, with marked ability to do good. It is to be hoped that the base slanders circulating against him will not be entertained for one moment by anyone in this country, or that his sincerity will be doubted by any friend of Freethought.

Susan H. Wixon.

. . . Some of the enemies of mental liberty are persecuting me to their heart's content, and trying to put down my Freethought propaganda by manufacturing and circulating base slanders against my character. They are doing their best to thwart my project of the *Universe*, a new publication, and I learn that they are sending papers containing defamations against my character to my friends in America and England, with the evident intention of deterring them from assisting me. A false Freethinker named Kaliprasanna Kavyabisharad has joined the enemies of mental liberty, the minions of superstition and bigotry, to help circulate slanders against my character. But you will see from the persecutions that we are steadily gaining ground.

Kedarnath Basu.

Berhampur, Bengal, India, May 6, A.S. 284.

Communications.

The Limit of the Power of Reason.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* I hav been much interested with Mr. Andrews's reply to my criticisms, and shall make no apology for continuing a discussion which, I hav no doubt, is both interesting and of practical use for your readers.

I believe there is less difference of opinion than I had supposed, yet upon some points the difference is sufficiently great to demand a more complete investigation.

The difference really all comes from Mr. Andrews's objection to my statement "that our knowledge of the future is altogether dependent upon our knowledge of the past." Had I said that it is *limited* by our knowledge of the past, Mr. Andrews would be entirely correct, and I would be at fault, for, like him, I believe in the power of reason to illuminate the future, and to enable us to see what will be, because it *must* be.

But the question comes up at once: What does this reasoning power work from? Does it require a basis in the form of knowledge, or can it supply itself with its own material? Now I hold that reason always works from a knowledge of the past, and is altogether dependent upon it, and if its knowledge of the past is correct, its knowledge of the future is correct also; while if its knowledge of the past is false, its knowledge of the future is false also; and thus I maintain that our knowledge of the future is altogether *dependent* upon our knowledge of the past. That is easily proven. Let any man go into a lunatic asylum and he will find there men and women whose reasoning powers are perfectly sound, and if you grant their premises their conclusions are perfectly correct; but their premises are false, based upon false knowledge, and their conclusions are false also. The Puritan ministers hav ever been celebrated for their logical powers, but they reasoned from false knowledge, and the possession of true knowledge enables us to detect the mistakes of their logical deductions.

Mr. Andrews brings forward the mathematical problem and the use of the mariner's compass to show the power of reason. But complicated mathematical problems can only be worked out because we hav acquired sufficient knowledge to giv us reliable data to work from. All the mathematical knowledge we possess has not enabled us to find out the exact distance from the earth to the sun, for we hav not yet acquired sufficient data to calculate it exactly; and the mariner's compass is only of use because we hav an exact knowledge of the place we want to go to. It is of no help to us if we desire to sail to an undiscovered country, and surely will not tell us anything as to the kind of a place we will find when we get there. It is an improvement as to the means by which men find their way to other lands, but it does not add one iota to our foreknowledge.

But the most striking example of the failure of reason to enable us to foretell the future, when not supplied with sufficient data to work from, is its failure in enabling us to foretell the condition of men in a future existence. After the best investigation possible, the only conclusion the best thinkers hav reached is that we know nothing about it. Why? Because we hav no knowledge of the condition of those who hav gone before, and having no knowledge of the past, we can hav no knowledge of the future. Even the knowledge that the Spiritualists believe they hav, is built upon their supposed knowledge of the condition of their deceased friends.

Taking all these facts in consideration, and granting, as I fully do, that the reasoning power has been given to us to enable us to foretell the future, I believe I am justified in holding to my statement that our knowledge of the future is altogether dependent upon our knowledge of the past.

Then the next question is: Hav we sufficient knowledge of the advance of society in the past to enable us to foretell what the final outcome will be? And right here Mr. Andrews and myself differ, and I will simply state my reasons for believing that we do not hav sufficient data to enable us to foretell what will be a perfect order of society.

All we really know of the past of society is this: For some four or five thousand years society has been developing in some special directions. Mankind is getting healthier; there is more individual freedom; there is more willing co-operation; there is more production; there is more land cultivated, and it is under better culture; the facilities for travel and commerce are better; there is less tendency to war and a greater desire for peace; instruction is more general and of a better kind; machinery is coming into more general use, etc. We can safely reason that society will keep on advancing in those several directions. But does it tell us what a perfect society will be? Not at all, for we hav no knowledge how far this advance will maintain itself, nor whether any new factor may not come in and change the whole surface of things. One dozen or one hundred new discoveries, each as important as the use of steam or of electricity, may yet be made, and change not only the physical conditions of things, but change the character and mental qualifications of men. The very qualities that we now prize the most may become entirely obsolete. We hav seen that change, for there was a time when physical courage was the highest attribute of men, and education was a reproach; and just such changes may take place not only once but a dozen times.

The simple fact that Mr. Andrews acknowledges that no two minds will entirely agree as to what would constitute a high order of society is sufficient to disprove his claims to a scientific foreknowledge of a high order of society.

The soundness of scientific hypothesis is tested by its ability to explain details. It is in explaining details that the Christian logic breaks down. I hav often met Christians or Spiritualists who claimed to hav a pretty clear idea of the condition of things in heaven, but a very short cross-examination would entangle them in a mass of contradictions, and very easily show that they had never tried to work out their own belief, but had contented themselvs with generalities. And it is the same with the future society. Let us take one single example. I personally believe, and I suppose Mr. Andrews will agree with me, that at some future time the people will so thoroughly understand the laws of health that there will be no disease. What does it imply? That there will be no doctors, no drug stores, no patent medicins, no hospitals, no summer resorts for invalids, no winters spent in Florida, no nurses, no people moving about in search of health, no early deaths; besides, our systems of education, our modes of life, our forms of marriage, all will hav to be changed to conform to our greater knowledge. Add to that the extinction of war and all that pertains to it, a better distribution of property, banishing want, and we will hav a state of society so entirely different from the actual state that no one can realize the difference except in the broadest details; and yet these are only three of the changes that are now going on, and do not take in consideration new changes that may take place.

The modern scientists hold that the way to sound knowledge is from the known to the unknown, but they also realize that the power of reason is limited, and depends upon our knowledge of the past; and I still maintain that when reason tries to fathom, not the near future, not the need of the day, but that which lies far beyond our horizon, it fails, always has failed, and always *will*.

Yet, as I said at the beginning, there is less difference of opinion than I had supposed. In the heat of the argument, if I read his reply aright, Mr. Andrews had spoken more positivly than he had meant. It was because it read like a condemnation of those who work for the needs of the day that I accepted what sounded like a challenge, that I was unwilling to see it unanswered. As it is, I hav also my ideal of society, and although I hav reached it by a different road, it would agree very closely with that of Mr. Andrews, as defined in his explanation of Universology. But I do not take my ideal for my guide, for I know that it is not the result of sound reason, but the work of imagination. I follow the lead of nature as it places my work day by day before me, satisfied with its daily reward, a daily portion of personal happiness. I am one of those who believe that nature has a clear, objectiv point; that it marshals its forces as accurately and intelligently as the growing plant prepares for the fruition of its seeds, and that our best work is done, not at the dictates of our high ideal of society, but in doing that which lies near our hand, leaving the results to the care of Nature itself.

Albert Chavannes.

Self-Interest.

Mr. Courtlandt Palmer, in *Man*, says: "I know of but two predominant motivs to human conduct, the one self-interest, which spurs a man to conquest of gain and power, the other a religious motiv, which leads men to acts of noblest self-sacrifice for their God and their fellow-men." And he seems to rely on a "religious motiv" to inspire men with enthusiasm in the work of reform, while "self-interest" is spoken of as leading to "the old and oft-repeated," and "mad efforts of the few to rise again on the ruins of the many." And he further says, "There must be either a revival of despotism, or there must be established a guided spontaneity." Now, whatever may be the meaning of "a guided spontaneity," self-interest seems to be looked upon by him as a motiv which leads to very undesirable results, and Mr. Palmer seems to be in a quandary or "hard up" for a motiv to inspire Liberals with enthusiasm.

It seems to me, however, that self-interest, the desire for individual happiness, is the strongest motiv that can be brought to bear to work up enthusiasm among the people in opposing the systems of error and superstition which hav so long held the world in ignorance and sin. All mankind desire to be happy. It is this "which leads men to acts of noblest self-sacrifice for their God and their fellow-men." It is this which leads men to avoid wrong and the hell which they hav been taught must follow wrong. It is this desire for happiness "which spurs a man to the conquest of gain and power," to honest labor and toil, as well as all dishonest efforts to accumulate wealth at the expense of others. It is this self-interest or desire for happiness which spurs or leads men to all manner of crime or wrong. In short, it is the leading motiv by which men are worked up to enthusiasm in every department of life. And why not utilize it in the cause of reform? There is no selfishness in it unless others are wronged. And this motiv which moves and governs the world in all departments will move and govern the world of reform as soon as the people learn that self-interest—enlightened self-interest—naturally impels or leads to reform and right conduct in all the departments of life. It is the interest of all to do right, or to liv and act in harmony with nature, which is the same thing, and happines can be obtained in no other way, neither in this world nor in the world to come. Let this be understood, and reform naturally and necessarily follows, self-interest being the propelling or leading force.

But the teachings of the church and clergy hav been otherwise, and this propelling force perverted, "good works" misrepresented as "filthy rags," and ignorance and wrong has been the result. But let the laws of nature, the laws of human nature, and the constitution of man be understood, and this leading or propelling force will lead or drive the people to the right, or to do the best they can or know in all directions. The divine laws of nature will then be studied and learned instead of the human laws of God, written and interpreted by ignorant men in the Dark Ages. The laws of health will also be learned, and the people know how to liv and be well, instead of sick and under the necessity of paying half their earnings for medical aid; and they will save the enormous expense of supporting and paying seventy thousand preachers in this country for teaching religion, which has proved a failure and cursed Christendom for ages. And then nature's retribution, no forgivness, no way of escape, will be learned, instead of substitution; that suffering always follows wrong, and swindling, and fraud, and embezzlement will be carefully avoided, as we avoid putting our fingers in the fire. If swindlers, gamblers, and monopolists knew their own interests, self-interest would lead them to liv honest lives, and "each for himself" would be for all, too, instead of "the devil take the hindmost." Yes, self-interest is all right, and leads or drives all mankind, and must be caught and tamed, enlightened and utilized, or otherwise reform will be forever held in abeyance.

Wm. Watson.

Lowellville, Ohio.

The Country Newspaper.

Among the many hindrances to the most useful intelligence may be found the country newspaper. By a great majority of its readers it is held infallible, and, as a rule, the man or woman who makes it a point to giv it a thorough and unquestioned perusal performs the highest duty, and gratifies the last need. The editor by his patrons is regarded as a sort of autocrat, and every word coming from his mighty pen is considered too sacred for confutation. As they hold him in reverence as being the great exponent of the most valuable information, so does he stand in awe of them, careful to never say anything worth saying, lest he excite criticism or shock the over-sensitiv feelings of his life-long admirers. Rather than lose one subscriber he will tell a hundred falshoods rather than one truth for truth's sake. Prevarication, subterfuge, and dissimulation are his strong points; in these lies his success. That he possesses religion in any shade or form is the last thing one would think of, his past record bearing no evidence. But if he deems it a necessity to antagonize something not in keeping with orthodoxy, he almost startles one with his display of piety. We are almost overwhelmed with disgust, and immediately perceive what contempt was intended for. Did this mogul of the rural province possess half the wisdom he imagins, he must be aware that his opinions, stale, threadbare, and erroneous, are fast becoming obsolete, and he himself must go to the wall. There are men to-day who hav a deep and sincere love of truth, and are growing tired of seeing it misconstrued and perverted. Being sincere, their purpose is to rebuke injustice whenever the occasion demands. Mental liberty is fashioning itself to the minds of the people, while cowardice, self-interest, and indifference to principle must ere long expiate the wrongs they hav so wantonly infiicted. Just now a "quaint old town" rises to our view, venerable with its hundred years or so, and orthodox, too, I know, being "nativ there, and to the manner born." Probably never since the time of its christening has its theological peace been broken, never a doubt to disturb its placidity. But I am told of late Freethought has invaded its holy precincts, boding a "winter of discontent." Emphatic expressions derogatory to time-worshiped tenets hav set men and women to thinking who never thought before. The village newspaper mentions it as though it were an "invincible armada." Evidently despite "our paper" there will be in the near future a revolution of thought that will effectually arouse the inhabitants from their supine quietude. When country editors are taught that it is their imperativ duty to enlighten themselvs before assuming the task of teaching others, men will not hav to forswear religious convictions to obtain

political honors, as is witnessed repeatedly. If an editor is not capable of giving his readers the best, he had better step down and out, as there are some who might take his place whose capabilities are unquestioned.

VIRGINIA E. VANCE.

Concord, Ky.

Facts and Fallacies in Regard to the New Testament.

THE CHRISTIAN HEAVEN.

There is no text in the Bible, either Old or New Testament, that describes heaven as a desirable abode for either saints or sinners after death The New Testament positivly asserts that in heaven we hav no especial love or affection for those so near and dear to us in this life. Yet the parson assures the heart-broken young mother that the death of her beautiful baby was a dispensation of divine providence, the act of a loving heavenly father to turn her thoughts to heaven; that Jesus will restore her dear babe to her loving arms, and in heaven again she shall read the love-light in its bright eyes, and her heart thrill with joy as she givs and receives its dear caresses. The weeping widow is bid by the pastor to dry her eyes, for in heaven she will meet again her dear loved husband, never more to part. The heart-crushed father moaning over his dead child, his noble boy, the joy, hope, and pride of his life—the parson declares that son shall liv again in heaven, and there father, son, and all dear loved ones shall dwell together for all eternity in joy, peace, and love made perfect.

If the New Testament is true, every word of this oft-used consolation is utterly and wholly false, for Christ himself positivly declares, "For when they shall rise from the dead, they neither marry, nor are given in marriage; but are as the angels which are in heaven" (Mark xii, 25).

Christian reader, do you realize the force, the true meaning of this declaration? Those who attain heaven will be as the angels, who never knew human love; never had near or dear ones, father, mother, brother, sister, husband, wife, children, kith, nor kin. And when we rise from the dead, Christ says, all human love shall cease. We become as the angels, and regard all alike.

Despite your many doubts and fears, your convictions, at times, of the falsity and absurdity of the teachings of your church, yet you hav bid reason, truth, common sense, avaunt! as you desperately cling to Christianity in hope of the promised joys of heaven, the first, greatest, best, and chief of which is reunion with your dear loved dead.

Would heaven be a place of joy, or even endurable, if, when you meet those you so truly, dearly loved on earth, you find they hav no more love or affection for you than they hav for stranger angels, or the saintly Guiteau, Jesse James, or the glorified ones who reached heaven *via* the scaffold and hempen cravat route?

How we hav been deceived by church, priest, and parson! In the language of the immortal bard:

> "Be those juggling fiends no more believed
> Who palter with us in a double sense
> And keep the word of promis to our ear
> To break it to our hope."

Jesus himself declares there can be no love of husband, wife, mother, father, brother, sister, or children in heaven. In harmony with this is the declaration of Christ to the multitude: "If any man come to me and hate not his father and mother, and wife and children, and brothers and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple" (Luke xiv, 26).

And the context calls attention to the great necessity of first counting the cost before becoming a Christian or trying to gain heaven. "Whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple" (Luke xiv, 33).

When we hav become so truly Christian; when we hav learned and practiced the teaching of Jesus and the New Testament that we hate father, mother, brother, sister, wife, and children here on earth, we shall be able doubtless to get along without their love or any especial love for them in heaven.

The word "hate" in Luke xiv, 26, is translated from the Greek word *miseo*, and is found twenty-four times in the New Testament. Its definition is, "to detest, to abhor, to regard with ill-will."

The following is Webster's definition: "Hate—to hate, abhor, detest, abominate, loathe." Hate is the generic word, and implies that one is influenced with extreme dislike. Our savior is said to hav hated the deeds of the Nicoloitans; his language shows that he *loathed* the lukewarmness of the Laodiceans; he *detested* the hypocrisy of the scribes and Pharisees; he abhorred the suggestions of the tempter in the wilderness.

The learned D.D.'s, in their frantic efforts to explain away this damaging testimony, claim *miseo* should be translated, "love less." Even if we accept this strained interpretation, we then hav Christ's own declaration that in order to become Christians we must love less father, mother, brother, sister, and children, than we do God, Christ, and angels, whom we hav never seen, whom we are to meet for the first time on our arrival in heaven.

Christians are fiercely indignant because we doubt the divine authority for some Bible statements. They declare we must not pick and choose—accept what pleases us and reject what what we think opposed to right and reason. We must believe every word of God's holy Bible just as it is written, and they quote: "All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrin, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness; that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works" (2 Tim. iii, 16, 17). Will some learned D.D., priest, parson, or humbler Christian please to harmonize the words of Christ (Luke xiv, 26) with the inspired testimony of John (1 John iv, 20)?

Lukce xiv, 26.	1 *John* iv, 20.
"If any man come to me, and hate not [love less] his father and mother, and wife and children, and brethren and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple."	"If a man say, I love God, and hateth [love less] his brother, he is a liar; for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen."

Christians promis eternal life in a heaven of delight, happiness, and joy. They promis to all who will become devout Christians reunion with their loved and lost, that they shall dwell together forever in heaven, the home of perfect love.

Where is the authority? Christians claim the Bible abounds in promises of all this. Giv us one chapter—giv us three consecutiv verses that, honestly construed, even intimate any such thing. Where is the one single verse that promises we shall be restored to our dead loved ones and liv with them through all eternity? We do not ask for "I think," "I believe," "I feel assured." Giv us the Bible for it. You cannot, for it does not exist.

CHARLES B. REYNOLDS.

The Unprogressiv Nature of Religion.

Civil government, as well as society, has yielded old landmarks and adopted new methods instead, in order to harmonize present times and circumstances. Old laws are repealed, or by common consent stand obselete; new ones are enacted, not in honor or obedience of the sentiments of our ancestors, but to meet the necessities of to-day, even the probable requirements of the near future, and all tending to accommodate the "living, activ people."

Religion alone refuses to yield a single step; she alone flaunts her borrowed vestments as of old, when her ancient priests, gifted with the knowledge of astronomy and other sciences, stood, intellectually, so high above the average people, as, with slight effort, to make them believe what they chose. They found the populace ignorant, and determined to keep them so, but this was not enough; ignorance alone did not suit their purpose; they added superstition, and by his combination their schemes were at once successful, and their trade became lucrativ.

And is it not even so to-day? Do not the clergy arrogate to themselvs the power to dictate to their respectiv flocks, "what they shall eat, drink, wear, what pleasures they may partake of, and on certain days what labor they may perform, if any?"

Happily, "love" is no more the exclusiv birthright of the priest; the common folks begin to think, reflect, compare, and form their own conclusions; the black gown and skull-cap are no more shield against criticism. So beware! ye vicegerents of the great I am; ye self-appointed guardians of mankind; the time has come when you must feed the people on solid food. An empty stomach will no more be satisfied with a promised feast on "glory hallelujahs;" nothing short of real victuals, immediately furnished, will stay its cravings.

When a man is poor, aid him in obtaining bread for his children, but do not rob him of his last shilling on the pretext of praying the poor soul of his departed relativ out of purgatory. If there be such a soul, at such a place, deserving of punishment, let it be punished. The body, after decomposition, having lost all sense of feeling, cannot be punished; and if the soul, as a part emanating from that whole, which very many call God, is liable to punishment, "*it is the whole God who punishes part of himself*," and if that affords him pleasure, far be it from us to interpose.

Lancaster, Pa. A SUBSCRIBER.

Revelation of Paul.

This book was fabricated about the year 380, and is, therefore, hardly worthy of our notice. It purports to hav been found underneath the house of Paul in Tarsus. A nobleman living in the house in the reign of Theodosius and Gratian was told by an angel three times in a vision to upturn the foundation of the house, and having dug he found a marble box containing the Apocalypse of Paul.

The apostle being taken up by an angel into the heavens under the firmament saw sinners punished and saints rewarded. Within the circle of heaven he saw the river called Ocean, which surrounds the whole earth. The city of God was one hundred stadia (eleven and one-third miles) square, and bounded by four rivers flowing with milk, honey, oil, and wine. On the south side, where the milk flowed, he saw all the infants that King Herod slew.

Outside the city, looking westward from the river of the ocean that supports the firmament, he saw a river into which sinners were cast, some only up to their knees, others up to the tops of their heads in the water. At the southwest was a river of fire, where the wicked were suffering intolerable torments, aggravated by torturing angels. In a well, which the angel unsealed and from which an intolerable stench issued, were confined the souls of those who maintained that Mary was not the mother of God, that the Lord did not become man out of her, and that the bread and the wine were not his flesh and blood. For these, as well as for those who denied the resurrection, there was no mercy.

Looking up into the firmament, Paul saw the archangel Gabriel coming with a host of other angels to judgment. Sinners in torment entreated Gabriel for mercy, causing both him and Paul to weep. Gabriel said: "Perhaps the good Lord may hav compassion and grant you remission." So when the son of God came down in great glory at the sound of the trumpet, the sinners appealed to him. And there came a voice saying: "What good work hav you done that you are asking for rest? For you hav done as you wished, hav not repented, but you hav spent your life in profligacy. But now, for the sake of Gabriel, the angel of my righteousness, and for the sake of Paul, my beloved, I giv you a night and a day of the holy Lord's day, on which I rose from the dead, for rest." For this small remission they blessed and praised the Lord.

The last scene which Paul was permitted to behold was paradise, where Adam and Eve transgressed. Afar off he beheld a woman coming with a multitude of angels singing praises to her. This woman, he was told, was the holy Mary, the mother of our Lord. She saluted Paul and praised him for his good works in the world. Next came the righteous forefathers Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and the whole succession down to Manasseh. They said: "We knew thee in the flesh before thou camest forth out of the world." Then came Moses weeping and lamenting the unbelief of his people. "When the Jews hanged the son of God upon the cross," said Moses, "all the angels and archangels, and the righteous, and the whole creation of thing in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth, lamented and mourned with great lamentation; but the impious and insensate Jews did not understand; wherefore, there has been prepared for them the fire everlasting and the worm that dies not."

After Moses came "Isaiah, whom Manasseh sawed with a wood saw," "Jeremiah, whom the Jews stoned," and "Ezekiel, whom the slayers of the Messiah pierced." "All these things," said they, "hav we endured, and we hav not been able to turn the stony heart of the Jews."

Then came Noah, who said he built the ark in a hundred years without putting off his coat or shaving his head; and yet his coat was not dirtied nor his hair diminished.

Christianity's Legitimate Fruits.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Permit me to call the attention of your readers more particularly to the atrocious persecution of a Liberal, Mr. J. M. Wheeler, who, it is stated in an editorial note on page 361 of THE TRUTH SEEKER (June 7, 1884), acted as "interim editor" of the London *Freethinker*, after the infamous sentence and imprisonment of Mr. Foote.

You state that Mr. Wheeler's insanity (he is now a lunatic) was occasioned solely by (Christian) persecution of the *Freethinker*, and the incarceration of his friend, Mr. Foote.

Let this stamp of double-dyed infamy rest forever upon Christianity, and when hypocritical and canting priests tell us of that beautiful religion of theirs, so full to overflowing with pity and compassion, point them to this, and a million other black crimes committed in its name. Let this abomination never be forgotten by a single Liberal, young or old, who reads these lines, and if ever his or her endeavors to crush out the bloody superstition which instigated this act should flag, the thought of the assassination of a free and noble intellect will serve as a spur to renewed and tireless effort.

In another editorial note on the same page of THE TRUTH SEEKER, you speak of the hanging of Lloyd L. Majors, and of his dying confession of religious belief. Like many millions of Christian sneaks (excuse the word, but it best and most exactly expresses my meaning), he felt entirely confident that through the grace of God he would be saved by the atoning blood of Christ.

It seems to me the whole wretched system called Christianity never appeared more utterly reprehensible than in this instance. This apology for a man who said that "he considered the Bible and the holy spirit the only rules of conduct for man in this life!" Beautiful rules of conduct, were they not? First, to make a man a murderer, and second, a shameless shuffler who was willing and eager to crawl into heaven upon the merits of another man! Verily, great are the glories of Christianity, and of the faithful disciples and apostles of him, the Christ of Nazareth!

ELLA E. GIBSON.

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

FOUNDED BY D. M. BENNETT.

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SATURDAY, - - - JUNE 28, 1884.

The Monument Dedicated.

We giv in full the speeches and proceedings at the final and formal completion of the monument. That the orations would be appropriately eloquent was to be expected from the well-known ability of the speakers, but the love they all bore for him whose virtues they told inspired them to more than ordinary effort, and consequently each speech is a gem in its way. Perhaps Mrs. Macdonald mentioned the present editor and his brotherly assistant a few times too many, but that must be charged to motherly love, and not set down prejudicial to her usual good sense. One thing in the speeches that will probably surprise the reader is the ease with which each orator showed Mr. Bennett to be especially interested in his particular thought. This is accounted for by the fact that Mr. Bennett had more than one idea, and was the friend of all reforms. But he was preëminently a Freethinker, using the term in its sense of opposition to Christianity. He rightly held that the church is at the bottom of about all of the evils humanity is suffering under, keeping the ignorant and unthinking in perpetual bondage to the idea that God made them as they are, and therefore it is sinful to repine at their lot, while to openly rebel against the present constituted order of society is moral crime of the most heinous nature. He regarded the abolition of superstition and mental slavery as the grand reform, inclusiv of all others, and necessary to the achievement of any of them. He was practically an Atheist, though he sometimes expounded pantheism, declaring his philosophical adhesion to that belief. He was converted to Spiritualism by phenomena occurring in his own household and elsewhere, and he reasoned out a philosophy covering the ground he took of "Material Spiritualism." It is due to him, now that he is unable to speak for himself, that these facts should be known. Though they hav been stated repeatedly, both by himself and by us since his death, it was only a few weeks since that we joined a party who were discussing these points as vigorously as we often discussed them with the hero himself.

We giv also a full-page picture of the monument, showing its face and one side. Upon the face the lettering is plain, and can easily be read; that upon the other three sides is as follows. On the second side:

"Demonstrated science may be regarded as the only true source of knowledge.

"What is called revelation is a snare, a delusion, a falsehood. Those who claim to speak for the gods simply speak their own thought.

"The gods do not speak; they are as dumb as the rocks, they are as speechless as the grave. With Nature it is not so. To know her is to know the truth, and to study her is to be wise."

The third reads:

"The object of our lives should be to make this world as beautiful, and ourselvs and our fellows as happy, as is in our power.

"I can hardly yield my consent that this is the last of our individuality; and I fondly think that Father and Mother Nature are able to accomplish the best, greatest, and most desirable of all problems—a continued individual existence. But I am borrowing no trouble about it."

On the fourth, which is shown in the cut but is not lettered, is engraved:

"I believe in the eternal powers and principles of Nature, in the superiority of good lives, in acts of kindness toward our fellow-beings, and in efforts to spread the light of truth over the dark spots of the earth.

"Each person must be responsible for the good or ill he does. Here is our duty, here is our allegiance, and not in the sky above us. We must make our heaven on the earth, and not in the air."

The burial lot has been beautified by Mrs. Bennett, who is as devoted to her husband's memory as she was to him in life, finding her greatest consolation in lovingly adorning his resting-place, by planting flowers around the border of the lot, placing therein two large bronze vases filled with flowers, and two bronzed settees for the convenience of visitors. An appropriate footstone has also been erected by the same wifely generosity. The appearance of the lot is radiantly beautiful, and friends in the vicinity will find a pilgrimage to the cemetery well repaid.

The cost of the monument, including a bill not heretofore counted because unpresented, has been $1,465.65. Of this $1,460.24 has been paid, leaving only $5.41 to be made up. This exhibit is gratifying in the extreme, alike creditable to Liberalism and the friends of Mr. Bennett. The work has been a spontaneous offering of devoted Liberals, and their generosity is worthy of all praise.

PICTURES OF THE MONUMENT.

The engraving of the monument, which has caused a delay of one day in this week's issue of THE TRUTH SEEKER, is not designed to supersede the lithograph, which will be ready soon, but serves merely as an outline of the latter, and also in a slight way as a redemption of the promis of the committee. The lithograph will be a work of art really to be admired. Messrs. Buek & Lindner hav spared no pains to make it as artistic and satisfactory as possible, printing it in seven colors to obtain the right effects. The medallion appears in bronze, presenting a *fac simile* of the monument itself. The foliage of the trees around presents a natural appearance, and the dim gray background givs the dark polished granit of the shaft an imposing and solid look, as though meant to stand the war of centuries. The inscriptions are all printed in the lithograph, together with the locality of the work, method of execution, and date of dedication. We hope that in appropriate frames they will ornament the homes of all Mr. Bennett's friends.

THE MONUMENT FUND.

Since the last acknowledgment the following donations to the Bennett monument hav been received:

J. Schuh,	1 00	Henry J. Thomas,	1 00
F. A. Day,	70	W. R. Barton,	50
J. B. Everett,	1 00	A Friend,	2 00
Henri Paling,	1 00	Oliver Gardner,	1 00
N. H. Wheeler,	1 00	Alf. Banta,	1 75
C. P. Ludwig,	1 00	Mrs. Jno. Curtis,	50
Mrs. A. R. Tryler,	50	Chas. W. Bowser,	1 00
Jas. M. Ramsay,	1 00	Jacob Cretois,	70
Geo. Chamberlain,	50	W. B. Chamberlain,	1 00
Miss Vie Dalton,	25	R. Butterfield,	1 00

The League Organization.

In replying to what Mr. Underwood terms silly remarks of Mr. Leland, the *Index* says:

"In response to this, we stated frankly, but courteously, that the National Liberal League had by its repeal policy alienated from it the great mass of Liberals, and it was now without vitality, influence, or harmony, and that, if there were to be a convention to form a National Liberal organization *(of which we were in favor)*, if it could be effected on a wise basis—namely, the principles of the state secularization), it should be held without connecting with any of the existing organizations. Our suggestion, in harmony with Mr. Bradford's remark, was prompted by the desire only for such action as should prevent antagonism, and not render fruitless all efforts to unite Liberals for a common purpose. We knew the League was identified in the public mind with the obnoxious policy that had made it a failure; that, until the adoption of this policy, the League was an object of but little, if any, interest to the present leaders; and that they would never consent to a recission of their repeal resolution; or, if this were done, and the League was put as far as possible in the position it occupied before the date of the Syracuse Convention, that neither these men nor those whom they represented would feel any further interest in it. Now, the attempt is made to giv the impression that the officers of the Leauge hav made a most magnanimous offer in the 'new deal,' proposed, and that the *Index* has treated it with contempt. Neither statement is true. We will only add that, when a serious effort affording any promis of success is made to unite the Liberals of this country in a National organization, *it shall hav our support and co-operation.*"

Judging by this, the *Index* is apparently in favor of an organization devoted to state secularization, and promises co-operation. The chief officers of the League—the president and secretary—understand it this way, it seems, for Mr. Leland, in last *Man*, makes the proposition to the Syracuse soreheads that the League go back to first principles as the easiest way to a reconciliation. The secretary says:

"In the article before us Mr. Underwood now writes of a National Liberal organization 'of which we [Mr. Underwood] are in favor,' and givs the assurance that a 'serious effort to unite the Liberals shall hav our support and co-operation.' Why didn't he say that before? Has the generally expressed Liberal sentiment of the country shown him that he is not sustained—that organization, or a reorganization, can go on without him, and that he would better hav met reconciliation, at least a step or two, if not half-way? Anyhow he seems to hav struck a light from some quarter, and is now in favor of something. We will take him at his word and see what will come of it.

"Here are two questions, preliminary to an all-inclusiv movement:

"1. In any organization, with the hope and design of including all Liberals, would the *Index* and its friends approve of *any* expression in the new platform in opposition to what is now known as 'Comstockism?' We need an explicit answer on this point.

"2. If the *Index* and its friends answer affirmativly on the first question, would they accept the ground taken in the original League Congress held in Philadelphia in 1876—would they indorse either the Whereas and Resolution introduced by Mr. Stephen Pearl Andrews, or the two resolutions introduced by Mr. B. F. Underwood, or would they accept both? We here reprint all these resolutions so that they and the country may hav the whole proposition before them:

"MR. ANDREWS'S RESOLUTIONS.

"WHEREAS, There are many symptoms of a growing intention on the part of the religious power to re-establish a virtual censorship over the press and the post-office, by influence exerted over the several legislativ bodies, under the pretense of zeal for the public morals, but really in behalf of religious and ecclesiastical despotism; as, for instance, in procuring a body of loose, dangerous, and oppressiv legislation against the circulation of 'obscene literature,' under which, it is believed, some of the purest and best men of the land are at this hour suffering in prison or stand in danger of their liberties; therefore,

"*Resolved*, That we recommend to the members of the League and to the public the utmost vigilance and the closest scrutiny in detecting and unveiling any such conspiracy or conspiracies against the liberties of the people; and that they should thus commence the accumulation of facts upon which the League may, if found requisit, act specifically to procure the entire repeal or righteous modification of all such laws."

"Mr. Underwood said: 'I hope the resolution will not be laid on the table. I think the resolution is not only relevant as it now stands, but appropriate. I should be sorry to hav this congress fail to pass a resolution so well defined and appropriate as that. There is not a word in it of approval of any wrong act, or of any obscene work. I think it our duty, under the circumstances, to sustain this resolution, and I hope it will pass.' Would Mr. Underwood say that now?

"MR. UNDERWOOD'S RESOLUTIONS.

"*Resolved*, That this League, while it recognizes the great importance and the absolute necessity of guarding by proper legislation against obscene and indecent publications, whatever sect, party, order, or class such publications claim to favor, disapproves and protests against all laws which, by reason of indefinitness or ambiguity, shall permit the prosecution and punishment of honest and conscientious men for presenting to the public what they deem essential to the public welfare, when the views thus presented do not violate in thought or language the acknowledged rules of decency; and that we demand that all laws against obscenity and indecency shall be so clear and explicit that none but actual offenders against the recognized principles of purity shall be liable to suffer therefrom.

"*Resolved*, That we cannot but regard the appointment and authorization by the government of a single individual to inspect our mails, with power to exclude therefrom whatever he deems objectionable, as a delegation of authority dangerous to public and personal liberty, and utterly inconsistent with the genius of free institutions.

"If the *Index* and its friends will now take that action and approve that ground, the president and secretary of the League would also indorse it as the plank on Comstockism in the new platform, and we think the majority of the National Liberal League would approve of it. If all sides should agree on that, and the present officers of the League decline re-election, as they propose to do, so as to leave the whole field open for a re-organization, would not that place the National League 'as far as possible in the position it occupied before the date of the Syracuse Convention?'"

The president of the League, in *Man* of even date, puts his proposition this way:

"BEGIN AT THE START AGAIN.

"To go back to First Principles is one of the best, easiest, and most non-committal ways of getting out of present differences. Some friends of the Liberal League hav advised that it begin at the start again, as it did at Philadelphia in 1876. Our secretary has worked out the suggestion in another column, and certainly it is worthy of serious attention from all dissenting Liberals.

"We are reproached by those who say there should be some general union of Liberals, with having induced the League Congress to do or say something that prevents a general co-operation. At the slightest intimation that we might be in the way, we withdrew personally.

"Now, we second the suggestion to let all of the by-gones be sunk as though they never were, and try to meet on the original League platform and the proceedings at Philadelphia in 1876, and start anew.

"Men and Brethren, what more can we do? Shall we issue the call for the Congress in that form?"

Paine once remarked to George Washington that, in considering a certain line of conduct he saw fit to pursue, the world would hav great difficulty in deciding whether he was an apostate or an impostor. The same puzzle will meet the future historian when weighing—if he hav scales so small—the course toward the League of the Free Religious journal, unless the program be heartily adopted. It is certainly a generous enough concession to irrational prejudices and personal spite. But we question the wisdom of making too strenuous efforts to get into the League gentlemen whose previous efforts hav been directed solely to two purposes—ruling and ruining the or-



THE D. M. BENNETT MEMORIAL.

ganization. Mr. Underwood at Syracuse stultified Mr. Underwood at Philadelphia. If the gentleman honestly thinks he was mistaken in 1876, he has not said so; yet respect for his subsequent attitude to the League would seem to demand such a declaration.

Mr. Leland's activ work as secretary of the League has shown him the difficulty of maintaining intact an organization devoted to such a mass of reforms as appears in the platform proposed at Milwaukee. He has all along been in favor of a return to first principles. We are pleased to see that he has converted his distinguished *confrere* and official superior. It is pleasant to learn, in connection with this conversion, that between the two gentlemen there has never existed any real difference of opinion. Replying to an editorial in THE TRUTH SEEKER of June 14th, in which we quoted Mr. Leland as gratified that nearly all the Liberal journals agreed with him in wanting to stick to secularization as the sole object of the League, and Mr. Wakeman as sorry that the proposed Milwaukee platform should be overslaughed and forgotten, Mr. Wakeman says:

"ONE THING AT A TIME.

"Thus says THE TRUTH SEEKER of the duty of Liberals, and tries to make out some difference between the secretary and president of the League as to the objects of the League. There is no difference, and the point is not well taken, but the confusion of our esteemed neighbor may be the occasion for us to clear up a general misapprehension. The object of the League is *secularization*, and all that the word implies, which is certainly one thing, and THE thing as to which we may all be agreed. But how can this one thing be attained? Evidently by political action only. That was the main purpose of the League when it was founded, and every Congress has taken measures looking in that direction. But it has been ever manifest that this political action must be achieved through a Liberal party organized for the purpose, or else by a coalition with existing political parties. But no such party action compels Liberals to adhere to and emphasize their own issue as one measure only of a great party. The people, as every sensible man sees at once, will require to know of that party how it proposes to administer the affairs of the country generally. What will be its policy as to foreign and domestic affairs, the tariff, revenue, currency, internal improvements, etc., etc.? Now, when Liberals and the League project their own issue they are bound to recommend some party or platform with it. As well might you order your cook to get up a dinner out of one article only as to seek to run this great nation on the issue of secularization only. A cook with the motto, One dish only for a meal, is not likely to be engaged. The secretary was speaking only of the League issue upon which all Liberals could rally, while I was in the same paper calling attention to the political measures Liberals were likely to favor in the general management of the country which every political party must undertake, if it undertakes administration at all. The last Congress *recommended* the measures it felt would be most consistent with the great question of secularization. That *recommendation*, we regret to say, has been generally misapprehended. It did not make that platform a part of the League at all, nor bind any one to it. It was an indication of the political drift of Liberal thought, and a very great and most important indication, to which the Liberals hav failed to respond as they should. The range of Liberal thought seemed to be below it, and unable to grasp its noble and far-reaching statesmanship. More than one thing at a time seems to confuse its vision. But things seen in this single way are not properly seen at all. Things, and especially measures and issues in politics, reform, and statesmanship, can only be seen in their relations. The political relations which are implied by and which consistently go with the policy of secularization, are the subjects which can alone make that policy visible and practically attainable. We hav been ready to co-operate with any party which would, with most consistency, bring forward our issue. The Congress declined to recommend that course, but projected a platform as the suggestion of a party, thus repeating the attempt at a new party inaugurated in Cincinnati in 1880. But now, as then, the Liberals fail to respond. Lately, however, the Liberty party and other reform parties hav stolen their thunder to such an extent that it may seem best to add our issue to theirs, if we can, and go in with them for General Butler as the best exponent we can find of secularization, and of the issues and reforms which it implies. Can we not be more unanimous on this than on any other course? If a new Liberal party is impracticable, what other than the great financial, anti-monopoly, and labor reform candidate can attract the sympathies and votes of Liberals?"

As to the disagreement, we are willing to rest the case. Mr. Leland said one thing, Mr. Wakeman another; if that is not disagreement, the English language is more marvelously flexible than the Hebrew tongue appeared when Mr. Huxley stood aside and admired the grammatical athletics of the theologians who find in Genesis the records of evolution.

That attempts to affiliate with other reform political parties hav resulted unhappily is natural. Not one of them has publicly expressed sympathy with secularization, or embodied a single "demand" in its platform. Why, therefore, should the League go to them any more than to the older parties? If B. F. Butler will answer affirmativly the questions we addressed him last week, we will work for him; otherwise not. Our president is a poor politician to throw himself into the arms of a candidate before he knows whether he will be welcome. Of course, if he regards Greenbackism or Anti-monopoly as above secularization of the state, he does right in voting for Mr. Butler. He would be untrue to himself did he do otherwise.

One more point, and then we will turn to the interesting Mr. Walker, who proposes to issue from his rustic retreat of Kiowa this fall and commit the League to the issue of repealing all laws against obscenity. Mr. Wakeman remarks that "as well might you order your cook to get up a dinner of one article only as to seek to run this great nation on the issue of secularization only. A cook with the motto, One dish only for a meal, is not likely to be engaged."

Mr. Wakeman's ambition is great, and, like Cæsar's, will likely be his ruin. Brutuses are scattered all around in the shape of other political parties who want to run this nation. Had Cæsar been content with *guiding* destiny instead of taking it into his own hands, he would hav lived longer, and consequently accomplished more. When Liberalism is powerful enough to elect a president, there will be no need of doing so. To win a perfectly secular government is all that Liberals can logically do as a body of *Free*-thinkers. Action to that extent is all that is necessary. The precise method of action can be determined when there is something to act with.

Now to Mr. Walker. He is, so far as heard from, the only person bent on using the League for all imaginable purposes, from abolishing the presidency to repealing the state statutes against obscene literature. Quoting our statement that "it is the business of the League to fight for Freethinkers oppressed by the church, and we are amazed that a proposition should be made to practically nullify this clause by suspending the agitation for the repeal of the Comstock law. We are for the repeal of any law under which can be worked such monstrous iniquity as imprisonment purely for opinion's sake and for this reason, and on constitutional grounds, must vote for repeal first, last, and all the time," Mr. Walker replies:

"That is very true in its argued statement, and very good in its stated determination. There is no room for any exception here which should allow *any* law which can work such wrong to stand. Mr. Macdonald distinctly says that he is for the repeal 'first, last, and all the time,' of '*any* law' which can be used to imprison for opinion's sake. That is the position that I assumed when I declared that in the next congress of the League would be 'offered resolutions demanding the total and unconditional repeal of every statute which limits freedom of choice in the realm of letters and art.' Whereupon Mr. Macdonald expresses the hope that 'our fiery friend will forbear,' tells me that if I want an organization which shall make this demand to go outside of the League and organize one, and not deny to the League 'liberty to confine itself to its rightful purposes.' What a jumble of contradictions we hav here! 'Confine itself to its rightful purposes?' Has he not just said that one of the rightful purposes 'of the League is to defend those prosecuted and persecuted for opinion's sake on the subject of religion and morals?' that he is 'amazed' that a proposition should be made to suspend the agitation for the repeal of the law denying liberty of opinion? that he is for the repeal of '*any* law' which does this?

"Does not a 'state' law do this as well as a 'national' law? What is the use of trying to draw distinctions where there are none? Is a prison cell for opinion's sake less dark and terrible because the state of New York instead of the United States government sends a man there? Is denial of liberty of thought by a state less criminal than its denial by the nation?"

We can go a good way with our rhetorical friend in regard to the repeal of the state laws under which Comstock has worked much iniquity, but Mr. Walker knows as well as we that there are publications which newsdealers should no more be allowed to sell than druggists should be permitted to hand poison over the counter to every child or half insane person who asks for it. We believe in a strict construction of the Constitution, letting Congress exercise the powers delegated to it by the Constitution, and no other. For that reason we think the Comstock statutes should be repealed. We also shall work for the repeal, as we said, of all laws under which men can be imprisoned purely for opinion's sake. If under any present state law men can be thus imprisoned, repeal it. But we deny that statutes suppressing those publications manifestly intended to inflame the sexual passions can be inimical to Freethought. But shall we endeavor to force our opinions upon the League? If we had a personal end to achieve, and thought that in that way we could see success, we might try it, as the movers of the Milwaukee platform did. But would it be right? Decidedly not. The League was organized to compass state secularization; and men and women are asked to join it with that object in view. A majority of those present at the last Congresses hav incorporated other issues, some of which are, in our opinion, grand and noble, and some are not. But the point we make is that it is unfair to the minority to make them advocates of political reforms they do not like. Members joined the League for the purpose of getting the Bible out of the schools, and other reforms of that nature which are duly specified. They are now asked to work, among other things, for the abolition of the presidency, the promotion of co-operativ association, with loans from the public treasury, public aid to indigent colonists, and to uncompromisingly combat the so-called Republican and Democratic parties—which, however good in themselvs, are not properly among the purposes of the League. To illustrate the unfairness of this, we will quote a few illustrations from Herbert Spencer:

"Suppose [he says] that at the general meeting of some philanthropic association it was resolved that, in addition to relieving distress, the association should employ home missionaries to preach down popery. Might the subscriptions of Catholics, who had joined the body with charitable views, be rightfully used for this end?"

Again:

"Suppose that of the members of a book-club the greater number, thinking that, under existing circumstances, rifle-practice was more important than reading, should decide to change the purpose of their union, and to apply the funds in hand for the purchase of powder, ball, and targets. Would the rest be bound by this decision?"

Again:

"Suppose that, under the excitement of news from Australia, the majority of a Freehold Land Society should determin, not simply to start in a body for the gold-diggings, but to use their accumulated capital to provide outfits. Would this appropriation of property be just to the minority? and must these join the expedition?"

"Scarcely any one would venture an affirmativ answer even to the first of these questions, much less to the others. And why? Because every one must perceive that by uniting himself with others, no man can equitably be betrayed into acts utterly foreign to the purpose for which he joined them. Each of these supposed minorities would properly reply to those seeking to coerce them: 'We combined with you for a defined object; we gave money and time for the furtherance of that object; on all questions thence arising we tacitly agreed to conform to the will of the greater number; but we did not agree to conform on any other questions. If you induce us to join you by professing a certain end, and then undertake some other end of which we were not apprised, you obtain our support under false pretenses; you exceed the expressed or understood compact to which we committed ourselvs; and we are no longer bound by your decisions."

If this does not enable Mr. Walker to see the point we shall hav to giv him up as one blinded to the hight of the mountain by too close observation of the dirt at his feet.

A Suspicious Attack of Honesty.

Most of the extremely pious people, especially in the East, it is well known, are Republicans. Yet they seem unable to swallow the party candidate, if we may regard the religious press as voicing their sentiments. The *Independent* bolts the Chicago nominations squarely. The *Christian Union* regards them with "unfeigned regret," and says that the best Republicans will "stand quiet" in the campaign, having an "unalterable determination not to support Mr. Blaine for the presidency." To the *Congregationalist* his nomination is "a sad disappointment." The *Baptist Weekly* expresses a like aversion to Blaine, and the Boston *Christian Register*, the organ of the New England Unitarians, says that voters who desire decent politics "hav no further interest in or use for the Republican party."

Letters from clergymen sustaining these journals in their bolt are also numerous, ranging from Henry Ward Beecher up and down.

In view of the morality generally prevailing in the church, this change of expression is bewildering to the onlooker. In the recent explosion of bubbles in Wall street every defaulter and dishonest bankrupt was a church-member in good standing; and the ministerial lapses from virtue hav been alarmingly frequent of late, so frequent, indeed, that our space is over-taxed in fulfilling the duty to the public shirked by the religious press.

If we could regard this sudden cry for honesty in politics as the turning over of a new leaf on the part of the religious public, great credit would be given them. But the days of miracles are past. There must be some other reason.

GEORGE CHAINEY gave the closing lecture of the series in this city last Sunday. His subject was "Walt Whitman." There has been but one expression regarding Mr. Chainey and his lectures; that is, that the addresses possess unusual literary merits, and that he is an orator of fine parts.

Letters from Friends.

SACRAMENTO, CAL., June 9, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Herewith I send $2, for which please giv me credit on subscription to the grand TRUTH SEEKER. It is better than any of the eight or ten Bibles of creeds, because it labors for the advancement, elevation, and happiness of mankind. It labors to diffuse light and knowledge among men, while the priests strive to enslave and degrade them.

Yours, P. V. WISE.

VINELAND, N. J., June 13, 1884

MR. EDITOR: Thanks for your specimen copy of THE TRUTH SEEKER. I was pleased to notice your petition for state secularization. I cut it out per order, and hav thirty-one names. I think I can get quite a number more, but I want to be sure and send it to you in season.

I am a Spiritualist, but more than that a Liberalist, and feel the deep need of Spiritualists and Liberalists uniting forces for all our sakes. Fraternally yours,

MRS. JENNIE A. DOANE.

CANTON, OHIO, June 17, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Through my son I came in possession of THE TRUTH SEEKER three years ago, and a better paper I never read. It has been my Sunday companion ever since I left the church. I hav paid a good deal of money to the preacher, as neither the church nor the preacher's house was paid for, and every once in a while the preacher had to hav a little donation. But I think now it would hav been better if I had risked damnation. I cannot do without THE TRUTH SEEKER, therefore I inclose $3.25 for it and the ANNUAL. DAVID S. AUNGST.

WESTFIELD, N. Y., June 1, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: In reply to the suggestion of A. E. Ringer, please allow me to ask, Why not make the principles on which our republic is founded (that the powers that govern are derived from the governed) a leading plank in the Liberal platform? A truth demonstrated in every organic form, and although ignored by the religion and science of the day, seems to me to be the only basis on which a republic can sustain itself. Hoping this question will receive the consideration it merits in the coming convention, it is respectfully submitted.

J. TINNEY.

STERLING, ILL., June 14, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I am able at present to send my own name only, as there are very few Freethinkers, Spiritualists, and Infidels at this place where I liv. But I hope every reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER will send in his name, at least.

There should be one more point added in secularizing marriage, which would also perhaps solve the Mormon problem, and that is, the marriage ceremony should be performed by a United States officer, and not a priest or religious preacher of any kind, but a legal officer, to make it legal. I hope some one will prepare a lecture on the same, which should be printed or published in THE TRUTH SEEKER.

Yours truly, F. C. KRAMER.

BURTON, TEXAS, June 13, 284.

MR. EDITOR: I hav received several circulars from one Livezy, who claims the miraculous power of completely silencing all and any Infidels in the land. He calls particular attention to his answers to letters from Infidels inclosed, which to me is quite *cranky* for a man presuming so much. I don't see how he expects to make plain the foolishness of scripture by giving us more of the same kind of hash.

I should be on the watch for him if in Ingersoll's or the president's place, for fear another Guiteau had sprung up to receive a divine command to murder some one. He exults in about the same kind of tirade as Guiteau did before he assassinated the president, and to prevent another such sad occurrence, I think this apostle should be confined.

H. B. JONES.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., June 16, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find three dollars to pay for THE TRUTH SEEKER another year.

I also send you some circulars that I received in April from S. G. Lewis, of Grass Valley, Cal., representing a work which he calls, "A Revelation in Sexual Science." I gave some of them to some friends, and they wished me to send with them and get the book, which he would send for 25 cents per copy, or five for one dollar. We sent the dollar and received five envelopes, each containing eight pieces of paper, 5x8 inches, the contents mostly from other writers. I suppose he got my name from the "Freethought Directory;" and now will you tell what name would be the most fitting for him, fraud or humbug? Yours, C. W. COREY.

BUTTE, MON., June 11, 284.

MR. EDITOR: Find inclosed $6.30, which please apply as directed. I think your paper is better than ever, especially since the "Children's Corner" was started. What tenderness and pathos in that sketch of "Susie's Death!" John Peck is a good one; his articles suit my taste. I feel sorry for Elliott Preston and Mattie C. Mitchell. Vivisection may be wrong, but I do not think the doctors use unnecessary cruelty. They need practice to get nerve for man's benefit.

I don't use liquor, but sincerely hope these inflammatory prohibitionists will use more cold language. It is only brutes that abuse whisky. During our long winters, the saloon is a great help to our poor who cannot obtain work; and cabins and wood are very scarce for many an honest workman. They get light, warmth, and reading for nothing, hundreds of them. And all this must be stopped to save a few chronic drunks. The saloon is all right if used right.

In regard to human happiness, I think Elmina is right. Those persons who can see nothing but crime and misery on earth must be bilious and experts in the use of government socks. From my own experience and observation, I believe the majority of the race are happy. I hav had to "rustle" without aid since I was ten years old; am a cripple, hav no education, no brains, physically weak, and hav always been poor, but yet I am satisfied with life; am happy though I "could harrow up thy soul" with tales of suffering.

Wishing THE TRUTH SEEKER family happiness and good luck, I subside. FRED. COOKE.

SENECA, KAN., June 9, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Hav received three copies of your paper, and find them to be very good, filled with solid reading. If the rest of the papers turn out to be as good as the ones I hav got I will renew my subscription.

There are but few Liberals around here, as the most of the people are German Catholics. John E. Remsburg (whose name I see mentioned so often in your columns) gave three lectures here about a month ago on "False Claims," and on the lives of "Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, and Paine," which were well attended. Some persons who hav looked at THE TRUTH SEEKER say it is obscene. The same persons read the New York *Weekly*, and say it is filled with good, solid reading matter. As I am but a boy, some persons say I am foolish for choosing such reading matter, but I tell them I am running my own boat, and wish them to do the same.

Yours in search of truth, FRED. H. KERNEEN.

LEAVENWORTH, KAN., June 9, 284.

MR. EDITOR: Having just read H. L. Green's hasty letter to you in THE TRUTH SEEKER of June 7th, concerning "The Proposed Change in the League," I wish too say that I too concur with him in indorsing all you say or hav said in regard to the League confining its platform to the Nine Demands of Liberalism. We personally do not object to any of the planks it contains, but think some of them are out of place where they are. Further, those nine demands granted, we will hav accomplished wonders; like getting the black sheep through the gate, all the rest are bound to follow. Besides, there is great danger of going to extremes, which should be avoided. The nine demands are the sentiments of all Liberals, but not *all* their sentiments. Mr. Green says: "There are many Liberals that are not in favor of woman suffrage." If this is a fact (which I hardly concede), and they (so-claimed Liberals) should be allowed to put an anti-woman-suffrage plank in the platform, we think it would be deserted by all true Liberals. For how any can claim to be Liberal, and at the same time deny women rights they claim for themselvs, thus denying rights and privileges to their mothes, wives, and daughters granted to uneducated foreigners and negroes, is more than I can conceive. If there be any such, and this comes to their notice, we hope they will giv their reasons for the same through the columns of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and oblige their differing friend,

H. H. HUTCHESON.

DESDEMONA, TEXAS, June 6, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $2, for which please send "What Objections to Christianity?" and "Interrogatories to Jehovah."

Orthodox Christianity in this place is so puny that the brethren can't get up an excitement. There is not a Christian here who is bold enough to undertake a defense of old rotten Joshism. In fact, we are afflicted with but one man who believes in the Mosaic creation—that the world is flat, that the sun did stand still, and that a woman should obey her husband. So we are in a reasonably healthy condition.

We are opposed to any change in the League. The addition of a straw is often sufficient to break the camel's back. Let us stick closely to the Nine Demands of Liberalism and fight it out on this line.

We most heartily second your nomination for president of the League.

The "sky pilots" in adjoining neighborhoods hav killed—yes, hung, crucified, burnt, and forever damned Col. Ingersoll on account of his last lecture. That lecture constituted his unpardonable sin. How sorry we should be that there is no hope now for the colonel's salvation! We hav heard expressions from Christians relativ to this lecture as being the most damaging thing ever given to the public. A great many people in this state are realizing the validity—the truth—in the charge that "every God is the fossilized nightmare of a savage brain."

Wishing THE TRUTH SEEKER every possible success, I remain, as ever, A subscriber, A. C. MARTIN, M.D.

CAWKER CITY, KAN., June 12, 284.

MR. EDITOR: I think it was R. W. Emerson who said that the masses of mankind can understand a principle only as its light falls on a fact. Now, I wish to illuminate a fact in the interest of Mr. Hacker, our Liberal free-land man. I will, if he will come here, see that he gets all the land he can work as long as he livs. It shall be good land, well situated, deep, rich soil, not a tree or a stump on it that would weigh one ounce, or swamp, or any other objectionable feature. He shall pay no taxes in any form. It shall be prairie land, and deeply plowed, close to the city; or if that don't do, I will buy as many town lots not five minutes' walk from the city, and place him in possession of them on the above terms. Now, Mike, do you hear me? If you don't come up and take that, shut up! You don't know any more about the land question than a horse does about astronomy. I am just as much in earnest on the home question as any man, and I fancy I hav seen some of this country and hav been as poor as any one. I hav traveled in twelve states, and upper and lower Canada, and passed the first twenty years of my life in England. I hav been a cripple from infancy, consequently am an incapable, and my sympathies are with that class, the only class any one need to trouble about. All others can take care of themselvs. I am fully aware of the greatness of the home question, but as the world is, I can see no way of bettering it than each one for himself. I hav tried Communism, and it proved a complete failure. I hav read everything I could find on the subject, and hav carefully watched the labors of all nations and classes of people, and am free to acknowledge that I am yet in ignorance. Sometimes I think of writing a pamphlet on "How to Get a Home," but second thoughts hav always forbidden it, when I thought that fools rush in where wise men fear to tread. I hav made myself a comfortable home on a small scale, commencing without money enough to pay the first week's board, and now I believe I could repeat it in a thousand different ways. But it took me a long and laborious road to find the way, and hence I hesitate to advise, knowing that many must fall by the way.

GEO. W. CHAPMAN, M.D.

WARRENSBURG, MO., June 10, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I received your kind letter of May 29th. I am very sorry that my circumstances are such that I am absolutely unable to settle up my account with one of the best moral instructors on earth, THE TRUTH SEEKER. The *Investigator* is also one of my favorits. I can't decide which is the best. I constantly distribute them among friends and foes—to whoever will read them. I frequently send them on missionary work to my friends in other states.

There is not another Infidel to Bibles and Christianity in this town (of about 6,000 inhabitants) that dares to come square out and face the Christian Protestant orthodox music but myself. But I am going to stick to the work if I die by it. I think that I hav accomplished some little good that I know of. Kersey Graves's "Bible of Bibles" has influenced two preachers, one a Methodist and the other a Dunkard, to quit preaching and quit their churches. Of course THE TRUTH SEEKER and *Investigator* did their part, as did their tracts and such books as they hav from time to time sent me, which I distributed.

I am very sorry that I was unable to send a small amount towards completing the Bennett monument. I am sorry that I am left out, and I must tell you how much I hav always sympathized with our late brother, D. M. Bennett, and our cause. While under sentence to the Albany Bastile, while lying in Ludlow Street Jail, I wrote to Peter Cooper to see if it was possible to so arrange it that I could take his place in the prison and serve out the thirteen months in his place. I got no answer. Then I wrote to Brother Macdonald to the same effect. I got no answer in any shape. From a Christian standpoint the principle of one man suffering for the sins of others is all right, but in the eye of the law if I wish to take Mr. Bennett's place, believing him to be entirely innocent, and knowing that he could do so much more good to mankind than I could possibly do, the law will not allow the precedent or principle to be carried out. My object in making the offer to serve out his sentence was to do my best to cause the people everywhere to think and pass judgment upon the Comstock laws, upon the iniquity of Benedict's rulings, and, above all, I wished to see Brother Bennett free, so that his mighty pen might get away with ignorance, superstition, and intolerance.

And this reminds me of one thing, viz., that inside of fifty years the world has got to establish and protect mental and political liberty all over this little globe, or it has got to go back to barbarism, as it was five or six hundred years ago. The Bible, with its bankrupt system of theology, must go, and polygamy with it. All the beasts—or, in other words, the creeds—with their seven heads and ten horns, must go. Christianity is doing its level best against the religion of humanity. One or the other must go, and the way I look at it this wonderful nondescript of a God who is described in our Bible must go. Two things can't occupy the same space at the same time, and as immutable law is our governor and our god, and occupies all space, there is no room for the Christian God, and if that be so, what is the use of an Agnostic, anyway? Why not come square out, call for the proof of his existence, and whenever the priests, or preachers, or anyone else, can show us anything that he ever did that we can't account for without him, let us all fall down and worship him, for those are the credentials we are looking for, and then he will be eligible to a position in our Infidel constitution.

I hav already bothered you too long, but you will hear from me again as soon as I can get out of this high grass. If you hav any more loose tracts lying around send me a few for distribution. Yours for the right, E. BROOKS.

GREAT VALLEY, June 10, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Among the many thoughts that manipulate the fiber of my brain tissue, is one that I am and hav been your debtor since the 15th of last April, to the amount of three dollars in current funds, for one of the best papers published in America—one that is ever welcomed by every thoughtful, free, and progressiv man and woman, while to those that take the *ipse dixit* of thus sayeth the Lord, as the final of all truth through faith, and without investigation, by all such THE TRUTH SEEKER is feared and shunned, that is, if they hav the capacity to ever learn there is such a paper, which, we are sorry to say, is the case of but a small number as yet. But then, you know, the chicken must first break the shell and emerge therefrom before he can be said to to be an independent chick. So let THE TRUTH SEEKER keep right on in the even tenor of her ways, until the independent chicks shall constitute a majority, instead of as now a minority, and then each individual chick will know it has as good a right to crow on its own dung-hill as perchance the more pretentious game who would fain hav us believe his ancestral blood was of the pure Jehovah stock; and then won't we cocks and hens, who hav had the courage to trace his pedigree, crow and cackle with joy unspeakable and full of glory?

And now I will submit my case to the wise decision of yours, Mr. Editor and patrons of THE TRUTH SEEKER, whether or no there won't be a great decline in the general opinion and price of the Jehovah church stock, all of which I respectfully submit. I listened to the profundity of a reverend Adventist the other evening; one of those wise ones who can harmonize the Bible and make the fools understand it. He was quite a glib talker, with a sanctimonous countenance, which said in

actions, at least, "I am more holy than thou." He said in the course of his remarks that through the Advent explanation of the Bible, a representativ Infidel had of late been converted, and that he had the pleasure of leading him down into the water. I asked him for the name and residence of said Infidel. He said his name was Williams; couldn't think of given name; said he lived at Steamburg, this county. I said, "What do you think of the conversion of Brother C. B. Reynolds to Freethought?" He said he thought he was going to the bad. Said I, "You think him honest, do you not?" He said he had his doubts still. I asked if he would meet Mr. C. B. Reynolds at our place, in debate on the question of the divinity of the Bible. He said no; that he would not debate with one who denied the divinity of the Bible. So you see one must first believe in the divinity of the old tradition book in order to get a chance to prove it otherwise. Hocus pocus, presto, change! under which box is the little joker now? Great is Diana of the Ephesians. I am a Spiritualist, a rational one, I hope, of THE TRUTH SEEKER sort. Good-bye.

A. F. ALBRIGHT.

HUNTSVILLE, ALA., June 14, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Who is Livezey? He keeps on sending me printed or lithographed letters, though I wrote to him that it would be an easier task for him to drink the Atlantic than to try to convert me, the red-hottest Infidel he possibly could hav found on the face of the globe. Nevertheless he loses no hope, it seems, and, to a certain degree, he must consider me a dog; the more you beat him, the more he thinks of you. One letter is headed, "Two honest men out of sixty Liberalists." What is his profession?

Harper's illustrated weekly takes great pains in photographing Taylor, Worthington, and Bradley, three newly-elected bishops. Three hard-working printers or farmers I would hav preferred. Bradley (Catholic) is thirty-eight years old, Taylor (Methodist) is sixty-three years old. Both hav found Christ, and him crucified, and all the balance of the nonsense. The pithiest, the most true, the most to the point saying I hav heard or read since my illustrious birth, is Ingersoll's sentence, "The clergy know that I know that they know that they do not know." It struck me so that it has given me sleepless nights, and any amount of food for reflection.

HENRI RALING.

LEAVENWORTH, KAN., June 14, 284.

MR. EDITOR: Find inclosed $2, for which please continue my name on the roll of your patrons, as I cannot afford to do without THE TRUTH SEEKER. I expect to keep its company as long as I remain in the body. I hav never been so unfortunate as to belong to any religious organization, church, or creed, but hav always been an earnest seeker after the truth. And now being in my seventy-third year, I feel that I am nearing the close of my present state of existence, and knowing how anxious the church and Christians are to claim Infidels after they are past defending themselvs, their past persecutions notwithstanding, I therefore wish to intrude upon your valuable space and time, for the first and probably the last time, to deny publicly any claim they (the Christians) may make to me or mine, through THE TRUTH SEEKER to its many readers. When I hav left the body that I now liv in, I wish it to be quietly laid away without any display or pompous parade. I forbid any religious cant or hollow mockery over it in the way of preaching, praying, or psalm-singing. As I hav kept clear of such things all my life, through respect for the body I hav occupied so long, I should not like to see it desecrated after I hav left it. As I believe I shall simply pass from this stage of action to a better and happier one, I wish my friends to so act and be cheerful, and not drape themselvs or their house in mourning.

Believing in progression, I expect to take up or continue life beyond the grave, just where I leave off on this side.

F. WHEELER.

SOUTH DARTMOUTH, MASS., June 15, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I highly approve of the suggestion of our friend at Arrowsmith, Ill., under date of May 25th (Mr. Penn Kirk), that the "Letters from Friends" be published in book form. "I second the motion," as they say at town meetings.

There seems at the present time to be a good deal of discussion on the tariff question, some advocating protection, and others free trade. I can very well remember—say as long ago as 1842—when President Tyler vetoed the Tariff bill which passed Congress at that time, and which was in the interest of protection, that the tariff question was *the* question in political circles. The Whig party advocated protection, and the Democratic party advocated free trade. President Tyler, as all know who are conversant with the history of the United States, was a candidate for the office of vice-president on the same ticket whereon Gen. William Henry Harrison was a candidate for the office of president, at the election in November, 1840. Gen. Harrison and Mr. Tyler were the candidates of the Whig party, and were placed in opposition to President Van Buren and Vice-President Johnson, the Democratic candidates. Gen. Harrison and Mr. Tyler were elected by a decisiv majority over their political opponents. The tariff, and the alleged extravagant expenditures of the Van Buren and Johnson administration were the leading issues in the campaign of 1840. When, as is well known, President Harrison had been in the office but one month he died, and was succeeded by Vice-President Tyler. When Mr. Tyler vetoed the Tariff bill there was a rupture between him and the Whig party, all the members of his cabinet, with the exception of Hon. Daniel Webster, of Massachusetts, secretary of state, resigning in a body. The Whigs were not very complimentary in their language toward President Tyler, calling him "Captain Tyler," "His Accidency," "traitor," etc.

Passing from Mr. Tyler's administration down to the present time, it would seem that the tariff question has been rather in the background in consequence of the slavery question, and the reconstruction legislation of the Congress of the nation, growing out of the late conflict between the states, occupying its former place. Now, however, there seems to be some prospects of protection and free trade coming to the front again by entering into the coming presidential campaign as a prominent issue.

I hav read more or less on both sides of the tariff question. There is very much to be said and written both in advocacy of free trade and protection. Clay, Webster, Greeley—not to make mention of others of less note—argued in favor of protection. John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina, Thomas Hart Benton, of Missouri, familiarly known by the cognomen of "Old Bullion," owing to his undeviating advocacy of hard money, Gen. Lewis Cass, of Michigan—men very prominent in the Democratic party—were for free trade. After having read the arguments, pro and con, and after having given the question much thought, as also careful consideration, I hav come to the conclusion that a protectiv tariff builds up and enriches the manufacturer at the expense of the consumer. I am of the opinion that if the question of free trade and protection were to be fairly and squarely brought before the people, the latter system or question would be voted down. The Whig party, from 1835 or '36 up to 1856 (when the party died a natural death) tried to get their system of protection indorsed, but most signally failed. If the present party in power (the Republican) tries this plan during the ensuing presidential campaign, the chances are that it will fail as signally as did the Whig party.

EDWIN H. BARTLETT.

SOUTH BOSQUE, TEXAS, June 4, 284.

MR. EDITOR: As I was a private church-member for about seventeen years, and an honest believer in its dogmas, with your permission I will giv your readers some of the mistakes the common people labor under as regards conviction of sin, conversion of the soul, being born again, heartfelt religion, etc., from my own simple experience.

For thousands of honest people take the foregoing evidences as positiv proof of the genuinness of Christianity and their acceptance with God. First, I was taught that I was a sinner, and unavoidably so, caused by Adam's transgression as well as my own, and in order to obtain God's favor and hav a possible chance of escaping hell and gaining heaven, I must repent of my sins—and Adam's, too—get forgivness for the same, and as an evidence of said pardon I would be made to rejoice for the hope and the change of heart experienced. All these explained and rehearsed on all revival occasions by the clergy, in whom I had the greatest confidence, I never doubted their truthfulness.

When I was about eighteen years old I set about "getting religion," as we called it, and while attending a Methodist camp-meeting I was persuaded by my Christian friends, also the convincing arguments from the pulpit, to go to the mourners' bench and "seek Christ while he may be found." There I prayed and was prayed for. I agonized, and was so earnest in the matter, and imagined myself such a sinner, that I felt to be a great criminal in the eyes of God, although I never had been a bad boy, for I had been strictly moral all my life, had never been drunk, sworn an oath, visited any place of bad repute, or broken the Sabbath; but I was taught that there was less hope for a moral person than a desperately wicked one, and I should plead nothing but unworthiness and total depravity. After praying for hours and trying to perform the duties required, viz., exercising a living faith in Christ's power to forgiv sins, and waiting for that proof "which takes no denial," and makes the mourner shout and praise God, the meeting closed for the night and left me without the satisfactory evidence. Next morning I went to the brush, away from any human beings. There I prayed and poured out my very soul in humble, honest prayer and confession to God, after which I felt greatly relieved, but did not shout. On the way back to camp I met one of the ministers, who saw that I was helped up, and he asked me if I had found the pearl of great price. I answered that I felt better than the night before. He said that was good proof that I was on the "king's highway to holiness." This spirit of satisfaction increased, and after hearing the next sermon I was exultant in the faith, happy to know I had escaped hell and had a home in heaven, which is enough to make any wretch rejoice. If he is of a nervous temperament he will be noisy; if not, he will be quiet, but happy.

And in after years, when any heretical idea would come up in my mind I would think of these as a positiv proof that the idea was a suggestion of the devil, and that there was a reality in the religion of Christ, and that I was an heir of God, and a joint heir with the Lord and savior Jesus Christ, and accepted that and the love I had for the church and Christian people as a positiv proof—"for we know we hav passed from death unto life because we love the brethren."

I hav heard almost hundreds of Christians tell their religious experiences, and they coincided with my own surprisingly, too, which was another proof that I had religion. I hav led in public prayer-meetings, love feasts, class meetings, and had prayer at my own hearth-side. All this I did because I thought it to be my duty.

The first convincing proof I had that there was a mistake somewhere was when I made the acquaintance of a few Infidels. I found they were as honest, peaceable, and charitable as our best Christians, and at the same time I was studying phrenology and physiology, with some other scientific works, by Fowler & Wells, Spurzheim, etc. These caused me to enlarge my list of books, which I hav given much valuable time. Being a poor man, I could not invest much in books, but read and studied what I could get for all they were worth, with the full intent to giv a rational answer to all reasonable questions, for I believed it could be done from a Christian standpoint. But alas for our expectations!

As my letter is already too long, I will close, for I would love to tell you how, while a Christian, I felt called to preach, etc.; and, too, how, since I became convinced that Christianity was a myth, I hav such strong inclination to lecture and tell what I do know about the absurdities of these deluding, emotional evidences; for I hav enjoyed these same soul-cheering, heartfelt religious feelings at the Infidel gatherings, with good music, etc., that I enjoyed at class meetings and other religious exercises. Your honest Agnostic friend, D. F. MARRS.

IT IS ALL IN US.

"No man understands any greatness or goodness but his own.
I swear the earth shall surely be complete to him or her who
shall be complete.
The earth remains jagged and broken only to him or her who
remains jagged and broken."

Thus writes America's greatest poet, and thus decides the philosopher when he says, "We judge others from our own standpoint." And thus it is with all of us. Elmina is glad, greatful, and jubilant, because her lines are cast in pleasant places, because she has a heredity of hopefulness, and an appreciativness of the good, the true, and the beautiful. It is all in her and she can't help it. She has not uninterrupted health, or wordly wealth, great scholarship and mental genius. She dwells in a small brown shanty and dresses in calico. She has dug and delved, and scrubbed and scoured. She has passed the fiery flames of sickness and death that hav robbed her of parent, sister, and her only darling girl; but over all and through all, the bright sun of hope has smiled and beamed. Sweet flowers hav shed their perfumes, and gay bird-notes hav threaded their melodies. "From the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

Nevertheless, and notwithstanding we allow a broad margin for this natural inherent hopefulness, the fact still remains that even as sunshine abounds more than storms, so does happiness abound more than misery. Will our friend Severance claim that wealth is certain to insure to its possessor that which is most desirable and enjoyable? If all else is compatible, then wealth givs happiness. But as it is, it is the workers, the comparativly poor who liv in huts and hovels, "whose only capital is their muscle," that really enjoy the most happiness; not the ignorant and reckless poor, but the middle classes of life—the laborers and thinkers. I hav been as happy when standing over the wash-tub, or weeding the onion bed, as I hav when threading the mazy dance in a ball room, or riding at my ease in a palace car.

It is all in us. When I take a walk in the cool, breezy woods, I do not not go along peeping into old decayed logs, or crevices in the rocks, hunting for snakes, centipedes, and lizzards; nor am I listening for the howls, snarls, and growls of wild beasts. But I watch for the shimmer of the sunshine through the leaves, and look for the lovely wild-flowers that laugh and smile at me from covert and hedge. I hearken to the myriad cheery notes of insect, and bird, and breeze; of the gurgling, laughing rill; and the thousand melodies of nature, and my heart is filled to overflowing with "sweetness and light."

It is precisely in this way that I go into a neighbor's house. I do not look into dark closets for hidden skeletons, or under beds for dust and dirt, or commence boring them with personal sorrows or grievances of my own. But aiming to take sunshine along with me, I go full of cheeriness and friendliness, and, therefore, meet bright smiles and happy gestures, and hear pleasant greetings, kind words, and merry badinage. Mr. Severance says, "If this world is so comfortable and happy, what means this universal protest for more freedom, more rights and privileges to enjoy life, and why is Elmina trying so hard to bring on a millennium by removing the tenth or hundredth of misery and unhappiness?" I would answer that this continual protest for more freedom and more rights is precisely what is keeping people strong, vigorous, hopeful, and happy. Giv a man all he wants, and what would he be good for? It is wants, desires, and hopes that stimulate and impel us to continuous industry and keep up competition, energy, and life. If we do not work to rectify the tenth or hundredth of misery and unhappiness now existent, it will soon increase and multiply till it becomes nine-tenths and ninety-nine-hundredths, and this is why Elmina seeks to do her part toward this good work.

I deny none of the horrors friend Severance so graphically portrayed; but to insist that these are the fate of ninety-nine hundredths of our brothers and sisters, is only to add to the misery by proclaiming its inevitability. Destroy hope and you crush all motiv for improvement. We hav lived among "factory operativs" all our lives. Mr. Slenker began work in a woolen factory when a mere boy; our son began work in a factory when he was so small he had to stand on a block of wood to feed the picker, and worked for one cent a day, and father and son still make their bread and butter in the woolen mill here, and I will wager that either of them, as well as any "hand" now in the factory, will say their lives hav been more than nine-tenths sunshine. One lady weaver said, only yesterday, that if she could liv forever right here just as she now lives, working in the factory for her daily bread, and having her children kept, and never herself knowing one well day, she would accept this life in lieu of the promised heaven of Christianity, or any future life ever pictured to her view. And right here I echo her statement. Giv me a thousand more years of just such life as I hav had, and 10,000 top of hat, and I will take them gladly in preference to being "freed from this prison-house of clay." I don't care if there are a thousand worlds to come. Nature will be nature through them all. Sickness, disease, misery, crime, and "unsatisfied cravings" will be in every one. Perfect happiness is impossible. It would be stupefaction. I hav never "desired annihilation." I love life. But we don't hav all we love. I adore beauty, but I am homely; I crave wealth, but I am poor; I worship youth, strength, and muscle, but mine are fast passing away. No art has yet discovered the elixir of eternal youth. None will ever find that of eternal life or unalloyed happiness. But all this should only stimulate us to make the best of what is and snatch pleasure as it flies; labor for the bright, the beautiful, and the good, and look on the silver lining of every cloud that flits over our pathway; rejoice in the good the world so lavishly bestows, and do what thou can't to add to the great ocean of happiness.

"What you giv me I cheerfully accept,
A little sustenance, a hut and a garden, a little money, as I
rendezvous with my poems;
A traveler's lodging and breakfast, as I journey through the
states.
Why should I be ashamed to own such gifts? Why to advertise for them?
For I myself am not one who bestows nothing upon man and
woman,
For I bestow upon any man or woman the entrance to all the
gifts of the Universe." —*Whitman.*

ELMINA.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"His life is long whose work is well,
And be his station low or high,
He who the most good works can tell,
Livs longest though he soonest die."

Try Again.

King Bruce of Scotland flung himself down
In a lonely mood to think;
'Tis true he was monarch, and wore a crown,
But his heart was beginning to sink.

For he had been trying to do a great deed,
To make his people glad;
He had tried and tried, but couldn't succeed,
And so he became quite sad.

He flung himself down in low despair,
As grieved as man could be;
And after a while as he pondered there,
"I'll giv it up," said he.

Now just at that moment, a spider dropped,
With its silken, filmy clue;
And the king, in the midst of his thinking, stopped
To see what the spider would do.

'Twas a long way up to the ceiling dome,
And it hung by a rope so fine.
That how it would get to its cobweb home
King Bruce could not divine.

It soon began to cling and crawl
Straight up with strong endeavor;
But down it came with a slippery sprawl,
As near to the ground as ever.

Up, up, it ran, not a second to stay,
To utter the least complaint;
Till it fell still lower, and there it lay,
A little dizzy and faint.

Its head grew steady—again it went,
And traveled a half yard higher;
'Twas a delicate thread it had to tread,
And a road where its feet would tire.

Again it fell and swung below,
But again it quickly mounted;
Till up and down, now fast, now slow,
Nine brave attempts were counted.

"Sure," cried the king, "that foolish thing
Will strive no more to climb;
When it toils so hard to reach and cling,
And tumbles every time."

But up the insect went once more,
Ah, me! 'tis an anxious minute;
He's only a foot from his cobweb door,
Oh, say! will he lose or win it?

Steadily, steadily, inch by inch,
Higher and higher he got;
And a bold little run at the very last pinch
Put him into his nativ cot.

"Bravo, bravo!" the king cried out;
"All honor to those who *try;*
The spider up there defied despair,
He conquered, and why shouldn't I?"

And Bruce of Scotland braced his mind,
And gossips tell the tale
That he tried once more as he tried before,
And that time did not fail.

Pay goodly heed, all ye who read,
And beware of saying, "I *can't;*"
'Tis a cowardly word, and apt to lead
To idleness, folly, and want.

Whenever you find your heart despair
Of doing some goodly thing,
Con over this strain, try bravely again,
And remember the spider and king.

—*Eliza Cook.*

A Prairie in May.

I wonder how many of the Eastern little folks ever saw a great prairie in May.

I know some of them hav not, and this beautiful May morning, I feel just like trying to make a word picture of one.

The one in this part of Indiana is known as the "Grand Prairie." Just east of us is a long strip of prairie land called the "Twenty Mile." But this Grand Prairie is rightly named. Some of our Eastern folk who are used to mountains, and rocks, and mighty waters, might not see the grandeur at first sight, but it is like Old Ocean, grand in its mighty vastness, beauty, and peacefulness. I hav seen the Atlantic at Cape May, and at Nantasket, when I said to my daughter, "How much it looks like one of our great Western prairies!" Now, as I sit at my window, I say to myself, "How like it is to the ocean!" The blue-grass meadows, and the emerald green of the wheat fields, as the wind plays upon the long, slender blades, appear so much like the swells of the sea; and the orchards, with their snowy blossoms, are the white-capped waves. The distant trees look like clouds, low down in the horizon, and the great farm-houses and barns can, by a stretch of the imagination, be converted into huge vessels lying at anchor, or lighthouses built upon rocks; the little white-covered creamery wagons, darting around from house to house, gathering up the cream, look like tiny sail-boats tacking about and dodging the larger vessels, while the newly broken ground appears like great sand bars.

Two-thirds of a mile south runs the Grand Trunk railroad, and is in plain sight for a clean stretch of more than two miles, and as it is made up of many lines of railroads, it has many colors of cars—red, yellow, green, blue, white, and brown; while some are green with great red shields painted on their sides, and others are red with white stars; but I cannot enumerate the many varieties, and as they go gliding along through the blue meadows and green fields, they remind one of some great sea serpent, panting, snorting, and spitting fire and steam.

In any direction you may look may be seen cattle (one involuntarily exclaims, "Cattle upon a thousand hills"), red, white, brown, dun and black; staid old cows, frisky, frolicsome calves, and bellowing, pawing bullocks. Then the horses and colts, the light-footed fellows, how they play and caper! Just across the road are three of them, "yearlin's," their owner would tell you; two are black, and one is what we used to call, when I was one of the little folks, "dapple gray." How their coats shine as they play "dare" in and out of the grove, adding life and picturesqueness to the scene!

Then the birds; oh, the birds! What a lot of them, and how glad they are to get back; and how busy they appear to be, hunting places for building nests! One bluebird awaked me every morning in April, tapping on my chamber window, trying to see if it could make a hole big enough to get in, but, he finally gave it up, so now I sleep in peace. I opened the window, but he thought he would not come in unless he could make his own door. Then there are the jays, robins, red-headed woodpeckers, blackbirds, meadow-larks, brown-thrushes, and snipes, all screaming and chattering at once, filling the air full of sound, song, and melody, while the mocking-bird, perched upon the highest tree in the neighborhood, almost sets the bird-world crazy with his mimicry and teasing. The Baltimore oriole, with his red and black plumage, and the wild canaries, with their soft, yellow browns and grays, and the red-winged blackbirds, and the bright golden-yellow hammers, and the little brown wrens, and the red-breasted robins, flitting in and out, among the maples, look like animated blossoms. Then, there are the white pigeons, great blue hawks, and high-stepping and noisy chanticleer, and the mother hen with her little downy chickens. Isn't there a lot of things, and little children, too, with their print dresses, and sun-bonnets, and the boys in their straw hats, now here, now there, hither and thither, into mischief, and out before we can catch them; getting hurt, and having fun; laughing and crying, apparently as aimless and thoughtless as the apple blossoms borne upon the wind; now gathering flowers, daisies, buttercups, violets, wild pansies, star-flowers, and dandelions; hands, hats, and aprons full, then flinging all away, and off, pell mell, after one of those living blossoms called butterflies! When all tired out, away they go to the barn, to swing, or roll in the hay, or lie idly on the floor, and watch the swallows building under the eaves; as wild and careless as the calves, colts, and birds.

There is so much room; so much clean, fresh, sweet-scented air; such long straight roads, with grass, knee deep, on both sides, all mosaicked with flowers; so much time to look at the farm-houses in sight, eighteen of them, not one nearer than half a mile, and some four miles away. Almost all hav a bell, and if one rings half an hour sooner than is its wont, how all who hear it speculate about it. Is some one sick? has a tramp frightened the women? or, has some one come? How we wonder why one neighbor turns under his sod, while another plants grass; why one plants trees and another cuts trees down—we can see it all going on, miles away, and wonder and gossip about it. It is like a great living, moving picture, with its emerald background, and its framing of oaks and maples.

And then, in the evening, how pleasant it is to sit and watch the cows go home, "long strings of them," as the children say! How soothing the far-away tinkle, tinkle, of the bells! How beautifully the foliage of the trees lights up under the reflection of the setting sun! How plaintiv the note of the ring-dove! How sharp and shrill "Bob White" peals forth his note! What a time "Whip-poorwill" is having, as he screams faster and faster, until, all out of breath, he is compelled to stop and gather himself together for a fresh start! But, mercy, mercy, there is no end to it all, so I will stop short off.

How I wish you could all enjoy it as I do, for I assure you it is a sweet and charming picture.

E. L. HULL.

ANSWER TO PUZZLE IN CHILDREN'S CORNER, JUNE 14, 1884.

David Livingston.

Wonders in Natural History.

A single female house-fly produces in one season 20,080,320 eggs. A wasp's nest usually contains 15,000 or 16,000 cells.

A queen bee will lay 2,000 eggs daily for 50 days, and the eggs are hatched in three days. A swarm of bees contains from 10,000 to 20,000 in a natural state; in a hive, from 30,000 to 40,000 bees.

Two thousand nine hundred silk worms are required to produce one pound of silk; but it takes 27,000 spiders to produce one pound of web.

Spiders hav four paps for spinning their threads, each pap having 1,000 holes, and the fine web itself is the union of 4,000 threads. No spider spins more than four webs, and when the fourth is destroyed they seize on the webs of other spiders.

The river Rhine carries to the sea every day 145,980 cubic feet of sand or stone.

Correspondence.

HARRISBURG, PA., June 12, 1884.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I hav taken a great interest in reading THE TRUTH SEEKER since you hav been editing the page for young folks, and I like the reading very much. I am fourteen years old. I am about through school now, as my parents cannot afford to send me any longer, but I hav a pretty fair knowledge of common school studies, and am going to learn a trade. My mother says I hav got a high temper. I licked a fellow yesterday, and made his nose bleed, but he made me mad; that's why I did it. My temper is all right, till I get mad. Yours respectfully,

JOHN BLISCO.

P.S.—How is my writing?

[Your penmanship does very well, and, what is better, your spelling and punctuation are correct. But you must try and control that high temper as much as possible, or it may sometime lead you into difficulty. "He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he who taketh a city."—ED. CHILDREN'S CORNER.]

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Liberal Meetings.

[Leagues and Liberal and Spiritualistic Societies in the United States and Canada meeting regularly, can have notices of their meetings published in this column free if the officers will send them to us.]

MICHIGAN.

MUSKEGON.—The Liberal League meets every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock in the German Odd Fellows' Hall, corner of Western ave. and Terrace st.

WISCONSIN.

MILWAUKEE.—The Milwaukee Liberal League meets every Sunday evening at Fraternity Hall, 216 Grand avenue.—Exercises: Lectures, Criticisms, and Music.—Admission free.

OHIO.

CLEVELAND.—The Liberal League meets every Sunday at 3 P.M., in room 29, City Hall building. Lectures free. Communications can be addressed to W. I. Irvine, Secretary.

MAINE.

PORTLAND.—Dr. H. A. Lamb has hired Congress Hall, Congress street (entrance on Temple street), where free meetings, lectures, and discussions are held every Sunday, 2:30 P.M. Admittance free. Public invited.

OREGON.

PORTLAND.—The Auxiliary Liberal League of Portland, Or., holds meetings every Sunday, at 2 o'clock, P.M., at Nonpareil Hall, cor. 1st and Madison streets. All are invited. Admission free.

MASSACHUSETTS.

BOSTON.—Boston Liberal Club holds meetings for essays and criticisms every Sunday forenoon at 10:45 in the Paine Memorial Building, Appleton street.——The "Society of the Divine Homo" at same place every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Sunday-school at 2:30. Admission free.

PENNSYLVANIA.

ALTOONA.—The League holds meetings every Wednesday evening and Sundays at 3 P.M., at the League Room, corner of Eleventh ave. and 13th st., third floor, entrance on 13th st.

PHILADELPHIA.—The Friendship Liberal League meets every Sunday at Hancock Hall, 814 Girard avenue, at 2:30 o'clock, and 7:30 o'clock, P.M., for lectures and free debates. THE TRUTH SEEKER and Liberal books for sale.

PITTSBURGH.—Pittsburgh Liberal League meets at Maltby Hall, 76 Fifth avenue, every Sunday (except during the Months of July and August) at 3 o'clock. A free platform is maintained. Exercises consist of a lecture, followed by 10 minute criticisms, with 15 minutes allowed the lecturer to reply. Clergymen invited to discuss.

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1 Kings xxii.

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Ahab at Ramath Gilead must fall,
So we decree. Now let the courier speed
With falsehood fired to consummate the deed.
So shall our righteous vengeance be appeased,
When death's cold hand the recreant wretch has seized.
The courier sped at dread Jehovah's nod,
Approached the earth, concealing all the God.
The holy prophets saw, at once they knew
(A cloud concealed him from the vulgar view),
But hoary-headed Micaiah alone
Received an adverse message from the throne.
Now two huge antlers Zedekiah brings,
And straight approached the throne, where sat the kings.
"O king," he said, and raised the antlers high above his head,
Then in the solid ground he plunged with force.
The earthy fragments flew along the course.
So shall thy sword thy timorous foes disperse.
"'Tis God's decree, his message I rehearse."
Israel's vain king by God's decree misled,
Urged on the fight and in the conflict bled.
His chariot left the field for him too late,
The perfidy of God had sealed his fate.
When gods essay their vengeful spite to try,
Priests, kings, and people in one carnage lie.

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A Gospel Temperance Orator Off Duty.

The following appeared in a recent issue of the New York *Sun*. The description of the "noticeable gentleman" fits the Rev. Mr. Sawyer, who conducts religious revivals under the name of gospel temperance meetings at the Cooper Institute in this city:

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A gentleman of fine physical presence sat in Mouquin's restaurant in Fulton street at six o'clock last evening. Other diners could not help noticing him, although he sat well toward one end of the long room, and enjoyed such further seclusion as was afforded by a screen set against the wall on the side of the table toward which he faced. A companion, florid-faced, with shortly cropped black hair and side whiskers, sat with his back to the screen, and gave orders glibly to the waiters in French. He also spoke fluently to the head waiter in German. With his large, noticeable companion he spoke easy, idiomatic English.

A quart bottle of red wine and a jug of seltzer stood on the table in addition to one or two excellent dishes.

Several in the room seemed to recognize the noticeable gentleman, but no salutations were passed. He kept his face steadily toward the screen. He wore a Prince Albert coat buttoned high up about his sturdy body. His shoulders looked three feet across, and an observer would say that it would take a four-foot tape measure to encircle his chest. His head was small and round above the ears; his dark hair was closely cropped, and he was slightly bald just about the crown. His face was longish and benevolent looking, in spite of its square jaws. His moustache was especially peculiar. It was heavy and brown, with a definit broad patch of creamy white just to one side of the center.

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Ladies, read the following testimony from a lady who had been under drug treatment for eight years with nervous prostration and female weakness:

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DR. L. TENNEY: Your letter just received; also the Clothing on Tuesday last. Fitted perfectly. FELT BETTER FROM THE FIRST HOUR I HAD THEM ON. Am not joking, and if I improve as rapidly as I hav since Tuesday, will soon be well. Will report again soon. Respectfully yours, E. J. K.

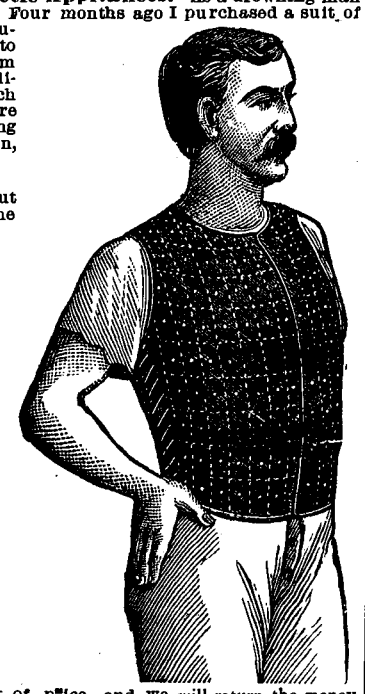
This lady reports herself entirely cured in less than six weeks after putting on the garments, and, although in bed, unable to get out, when applied, she nevertheless was able to ride twenty miles in two days after the application. The lady's name can be had upon application at this office, by any one desiring to communicate with her.

Ladies, read the following testimony from a lady who had been suffering for two years with an **Ovarian Tumor,** and who had been told that nothing but the knife would save her life, and the chances were as 9 to 1 against recovery. In four months' time she is perfectly well, and has not taken a dose of medicin since putting on the appliances. Consult us when your physician tells you he can do nothinog for you; it will pay you.

SHULLSBURG, WIS., November 19, 1882.

DR. L. TENNEY, *Dear Sir:* About two years ago my health began to fail me; I became nervous, lost all desire for food, and, in fact, began to fail rapidly, so that I became alarmed and consulted several physicians of St. Louis, at which place I was then stopping, all of whom declared that I had an **Ovarian Tumor,** and that the only thing that would save my life would be the knife. About six months ago I grew rapidly worse, and had about made up my mind to take the only course that seemed left to me, and submit to an operation, when my attention was called to the **Eureka Magnetic Appliances.** As a drowning man will catch at a straw, so did I catch at this faint hope of a cure. Four months ago I purchased a suit of your appliances. From the very first I felt invigorated, the tumor, which had extended entirely across my abdomen, began to decrease, my pains became less from day to day, until now I am as well as I ever was in my life. Since putting on the appliances I hav not taken a single dose of medicin. My bowels, which before were constipated, are now regular. I would therefore cheerfully recommend them to anyone suffering as I hav, believing that they will do all and more than you claim for them. I remain,

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Gems of Thought.

PUT away thy sorrows as soon and as quietly as thou canst. Though many may feel sympathy and pity, few hav much interest in hearing of others' afflictions. The chronic invalid is too prone to inflict upon friends long accounts of the aches and pains that rack the tortured frame, not realizing that the listener is generally bored rather than interested, while his own sufferings are multipled by the repetition of them. A semblance of cheerfulness, if but merely to make it pleasant for a friend, will often react upon one's own feelings and create the very happiness thus simulated.—*Elmina D. Slenker.*

SCIENTIFIC men who hav conducted the battle on behalf of the less crude opinions hav generally been influenced by religious aspiration quite as strongly as the apologists of the more crude opinions, and so far from religious feeling being weakened by their perennial series of victories, it has apparently been growing deeper and stronger all the time. The religious sense is as yet too feebly developed in most of us; but certainly, in no preceding age, hav men taken up the work of life with more earnestness, or with more real faith in the unseen, than at the present day, when so much of what was considered all-important has been consigned to the limbo of mythology.—*John Fiske's Unseen World.*

IF I see anything, I do see this—that the element of humanity, respect for intelligence, reverence for knowledge, belief in the power of sympathy and kindness, the resurrection of the human conscience, faith in the power of human achievements, is growing, is spreading. Help it grow. Help it spread. We shall find that there is not an evil which we can not easily remove; not a burden that we cannot lift; not a mischief settled upon us in America which, when we will, we cannot break away like dust. It is so; all that is necessary is that we should feel that the human nature in us is coming to its rights. And then the angels will sing their ancient song once more, but they will sing it *in our own hearts*, and they will not only make the promis of "peace and good will," but they will fulfil it.—*Frothingham's Song of Christmas.*

MEN will wrangle for religion, write for it, fight for it, die for it—anything but liv for it.—*Colton's Lacon.*

HIS unhappy end has cast its shadow over Christ's life. He has been continually spoken of as "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." There is no reason to suppose that in any special sense he corresponded to the prophetic picture. Undoubtedly he had his sorrows; undoubtedly he was acquainted with grief. But unless there had been in his private life some tragedy of which we are not informed, these sorrows were not of the bitterest, nor was the grief of the deepest. There is, no doubt, in his language a tinge of that sadness which all great natures, who are not in harmony with their age, must needs experience. He believed that he had great truths to tell, and he found his countrymen unwilling to receive them. Here was one source of unhappiness; and another he had, in common with all who are deeply conscious of the miseries of human existence. But in no special or transcendent sense can he be called a man of sorrows or acquainted with grief. So far as our evidence goes, he was exempt from the terrible calamities that befall mankind. Free from all earthly ties but those of friendship with his chosen companions, he was not exposed to many of the anxieties and trials which afflict men—ordinary men. Dying young, he did not suffer (so far as we know) from any serious illness, nor from the troubles, both physical and mental, that scarcely ever fail to beset a longer life. Bereavement, the most terrible of human ills, never afflicted him.—*Amberley's Analysis of Religious Belief.*

Please cut this petition out, attach it to a blank sheet of paper, sign your name and address to it, get all your friends and neighbors to do the same, and then send it to this office.

A PETITION FOR STATE SECULARIZATION.

To the Honorable Senators and Members of the House of Representatives of the United States Congress:

A republican form of government being based on liberty, equality, and fraternity, as both means and end, involves the separation of Church and State, whose union is the worst form of class-legislation and the most infallible sign of arbitrary power. A house divided against itself cannot stand. The institutions of this Commonwealth should be made homogeneous throughout. Impartial protection of all citizens in their equal rights and liberties, by encouraging the free movement of mind, promotes the establishment of truth in whatever direction. Any infringement by government of this absolute equality of its citizens is the parent of manifold evil, a national crime committed against that natural "justice" which, as the Constitution declares, this government was founded to "establish."

And yet, though the first amendment to the Constitution of the United States says, "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof," there does exist a union of Church and State, which gives to Christianity moral and material aid, and so proscribes other religions and forms of belief and unbelief, while taxing these also for the support of that special religion.

The ways in which this old alliance between Church and State still survives among us are:

1. Recognition of God and Christianity in State Constitutions.
2. Exemption of Church property from taxation.
3. Appropriations of public money for sectarian purposes.
4. Religious exercises, as the reading of the Bible, etc., in the public schools.
5. Laws enforcing the observance of the Sabbath on the authority of the Bible.
6. Religious test-oaths in courts of justice and on instalment into office.
7. Chaplaincies in the Legislature, the Army, and the Navy.
8. Fast and Thanksgiving Proclamations, which contain theological ideas that may or may not be acceptable to the citizen.

The necessity for this separation of Church and State is more apparent now than ever before, because of the still greater diversity of religious beliefs, the many forms of dissent from the religion which receives State patronage, and the growing signs of sectarian strife and ambition in the arena of politics. And emphasis needs to be given to the fact that the union of Church and State is *a great hindrance to the employment of right methods* in dealing with many questions of reform now demanding attention. And most essential is it at all times, and especially in the present, in order to secure for the law its due respect and observance, that the people's representatives should exhibit the strictest fidelity to their trusts by following the law in its letter and spirit.

Your petitioners, therefore, pray that immediate action be taken by the law-making power to bring into harmony the theory and practice of our government in making the following principle a part of the fundamental law of the land by amendment to the United States Constitution:

The total separation of Church and State, by prohibiting Congress or any State, County, Municipality, or Township from enacting any law that favors religion in any of the eight ways specified, or in any other way, or prohibits the free exercise thereof.

THE TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL

—AND—

Freethinkers' Almanac for 1884

(E. M. 284.)

WITH EIGHTEEN FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS.

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Odds and Ends.

NO woman should borrow the husband of another, because it is not good for man to be a loan.

A YOUNG man writes to consult us about the best pattern of health lift. We would suggest helping his mother a little with the coal hod.

THE garden season is here, and the husband of the woman who throws-stones-at-the-hens is getting himself into a position to dodge.

WHAT resemblance is there between kind words and the bald-headed? Kind words can never die, and the bald-headed can never dye, either.

IT is not generally known that Tennyson, in his early life, was a grain speculator. In his "Locksley Hall," he tells us that he "dipped into the 'future.'"

AN amateur punster informs us that some houses hav wings, and that he has often seen a house fly. We thought that no part of a house save the chimney flue.

"I WISH I was a saloon," said a loving woman to her husband. "Why?" he inquired, with some degree of surprise. "Oh, because you'd run in eighteen or twenty times a day to see me."

FOGG says he doesn't believe it pays in the end to get your landlord to make extensiv repairs. Putting new wood into an old building is like putting new cloth into an old raiment. The rent is made worse.

"PAPA, what is the tariff?" asked a congressman's little boy. Gazing compassionately at the youthful knowledge seeker, and sadly shaking his head, the father replied: "My son, I cannot tell a lie; I do not know."

A MERCHANT who died suddenly, not long ago, left on his desk a letter he had intended mailing to a correspondent. An Irish clerk, finding it, sent it off after adding the postscript: "Since writing the above I hav died."

"YOU seem to feel unusually well this morning," said an imp of darkness to his satanic majesty. "Yes, indeed," responded the old sinner, flicking his tail playfully. "I hav just heard some good news." "What is that?" "Bob Ingersoll is lecturing again."

A GENTLEMAN in Richmond, Va., had a servant named Joe. One morning he lay in bed till nine o'clock, but no Joe, and no fire. The impossibility of shaving with water thirty degrees below freezing-point brought imprecations on the tardy domestic's head, when the door opened and Aunt Polly leisurely began to light the fire. "Where in thunder (the historian is nothing if he is not accurate) is that son of yours? I've been waiting for him two blessed hours." "Now, Marse Tray, you must 'cuse Joe," said his mother in her most conciliating tones, "you really must 'cuse Joe dis mornin'—Joe's dead."

A COUPLE of practical jokers living at a big uptown hotel bought a terrapin while walking through the market the other day, and slipped it into the bed of a fresh arrival who had just registered. They watched that night until they saw the newcomer retire to bed. In a few minutes a white-robed figure began shouting down the elevator shaft for the landlord. When the crowd got up stairs, the victim conducted the landlord to the bed, and turned down the clothes. "Mister Hotel Keeper," said the stranger, solemnly pointing to the terrapin, "I'm from New Jersey, and I can stand most anything, but either that bug or me has got to take another room."

A PASTOR'S POINTED ANNOTATION.

The London *Christian World* prints the following guide to the service, lately handed to the English minister in whose pulpit he was to preach. The order was partly printed and partly written—the written part being the annotation of the pastor of the church, who had suffered much from the unwritten order of service observed by the choir and the congregation:

Order—Evening Service.

I.—Ballooning by the choir. II.—Scriptures read reverently by the clergyman. III.—Hymn. (Congregational). IV.—Prayer. (Minister all alone, and congregation meanwhile wool-gathering.) V.—Gloria. (Further ballooning by the choir all alone among clerestory windows, roof, etc.) VI.—Sermon. VII.—Hymn. (Congregational.) VIII.—Prayer. (Minister all alone, congregation wool-gathering, putting on gloves, getting couchant ready to spring.) IX.—Benediction. (Violent stampede while organ moves off, sky-rocketing and turning handsprings like a drunken Bacchante.) X.—Silence and darkness, and the restored presence of God!

A CALLOW young man,
Of the good, goody sort,
Thought a pretty maid to wed,
And though he strove to win her love,
Strove not to win his bread.

When her sweet eyes looked into his,
His heart went a flip-a-flopping,
And pent-up love would bubble up,
He knew no way of stopping.

"Alphonso, dear," the maiden asked,
"Where'll come our bread and butter?"
He quickly drew her to his side
And whispered: "If you'll be my bride
We'll trust the Lord for daily bread,
And Deacon G—'ll trust us for butter."

ASSISTANT SUPERINTENDENT MILLS called on one of the younger classes in the Sixth ward school to see how they were getting along in geography. As the lesson progressed, he asked: "Now if I were to bore a hole down through the center of the earth, where would I find myself?" One of the children eagerly shook her hand for recognition. "Now, where would I be?" asked the professor calling on the child. "You would be in—in—the bad place!" she shouted at the top of her voice. The professor was considerably shocked at the answer, but satisfied himself with saying, "You are away off—sit down."

THE TRUTH SEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

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Notes and Clippings.

ELDER THOMAS SMITH, of the Christian church, Baltimore, is under the cloud of expulsion for abstracting a $1 bill from the contribution plate he was passing.

A GOAT got into an orthodox Brooklyn church the other day and ate the manuscript of the minister's sermon. The animal had got fat eating tin cans and circus posters, but the sermon burnt out the interior of his stomach and he died in great pain.

THE Rev. Ralph E. Macduff, pastor of St. Mary's church, Cleveland, has been arrested for riding a bicycle on the sikewalk, and fined and reprimanded in the police court. It is evidently the opinion of the court that the Lord's chariot is not a bicycle.

A WASHINGTON lawyer has unearthed an old law, still in force in the District of Columbia, which provides that any man who blasphemes the Almighty God by using profane language shall be branded on the tongue with a hot iron. The law was enacted about 1805. It has never been repealed.

WHY was Noah the best broker of ancient times? He could float more stock than any other man.—*Puck.* And had the entire stock market under his control.—*Boston Post.* With unexampled facilities for watering it.—*Philadelphia Call.* After the flood, it will be remembered, he was not so much a "bull" as bare.

A PRIVATE dispatch received in Boston by the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions, dated Hong Kong, June 21st, announces the total loss of the missionary brig Morning Star at Kusaie. All on board were saved, and are en route to San Francisco by the steamer Oceanic. This is the third missionary ship of the same name lost in Micronesia.

THE Rev. Wardlaw Thompson, the traveling secretary of the London Missionary Society, reports that in all the tribes of south Africa bad brandy is the greatest curse of the nativs. Half the chiefs of Basutoland hav a "still" on most of the time. The brandy keg, he finds, does more damage than the powder barrel. Much the same is the truth about the inhabitants of places nearer than South Africa.

"LEMONS are remarkably cheap this year," said the Sunday-school superintendent to the deacon, while they were making arrangements for the annual Sunday-school picnic. "So I hear," answered the deacon; "but why do you mention it?" "I was thinking," said the superintendent, musingly, "seeing they're so cheap, that it wouldn't be a bad thing to make a new departure at the picnic this year, and put some in the lemonade."

AT the Clonmel (Ireland) Petty Sessions recently two women were prosecuted for having burnt a child three years old by placing him naked on a hot shovel. The act was the result of gross superstition on their part, the two women alleging that he was an old man left by the fairies as a substitute for a real child they had taken from its mother. The charge was proved against one of the women, and she was sentenced to a week's imprisonment.

IF the following, from the Boston *Congregationalist*, shall hav the effect of undeceiving any as to the popular folly known as "faith cure," then the publication of that sheet will not hav been, as it has hitherto appeared, altogether in vain. Says that paper: "Not all the cases of alleged healing by means of 'Christian science' or 'faith' will bear examination. We know of one instance, at least, and hav reason to suppose that there are multitudes of others, where the last condition of the patient was worse than the first. The artificial strength excited by an imagined cure sometimes bears a resemblance to genuin vital force, but the reaction, sure to follow in many cases, reveals its true character. There may be individuals who hav been permanently cured by this mode of treatment, but we hav never chanced to see one, while we can testify of its failure."

MR. P. RYAN owns the Sunnyside Base Ball Grounds, at Long Island City, N. Y. He permits ball playing on Sunday. Last Sunday the police appeared and announced that the first man who ventured to touch a ball would be arrested. Thereupon Mr. Ryan picked up a bat and sent a ball whizzing through the air. He was arrested and held in $100 bail, charged with breaking the Sunday laws. He will make this a test case to see whether a man has a right to play ball Sunday on his own premises.

MR. CHESTER A. ARTHUR was approached in New York by a curly-headed flower girl, two feet high, who said, "Buy a bouquet, mister?" The president bought a bouquet of forget-me-nots, and put them in his buttonhole. He offered the miniature vender a silver coin and a kiss on the cheek, and she took them both sedately. About the same time Gen. Grant and Gen. Sheridan were kissing a dozen little girls in white gowns in another part of the city. Gen. Sherman was also kissing ladies in Washington.—*Ex.*

IT is the opinion of the *American Literary Churchman* that the effect of Heber Newton's lectures will be "to produce the conviction that we know next to nothing about the real meaning of the Pentateuch; that its biographies are incredible; and, above all, that it contains the record of no divine revelations, but only a confused account of the natural evolution of religious feeling and speculation which had taken place through long and very remote periods, and which is here presented in the form of a history almost wholly imaginary and ideal."

AT St. John's M. E. church, Bedford avenue, Brooklyn, last Sunday morning, the Rev. W. L. Phillips took for his subject, "Heathen at Home." "Come with me," he said, "to the dark places of a large city, and I will show you an amount of ignorance, debauchery, and a lack of moral distinction that can hardly be surpassed, if, indeed, it is matched, by heathendom. Look at the dark places that exist at your very feet before you giv money to foreign missions. Illuminate these dark corners of so-called Christian lands before you turn your attention to heathen ones."

"MY dear friend," said the minister approaching the bedside, "are you aware that your lease of life is very short?" "I—I am afraid it is," the sick man replied; "the physician says there is no hope for me, does he not?" "Yes, he informs me that you are rapidly nearing your end, and I come to offer you the consolation which religion alone can giv." "You are very kind," the sick man responded gratefully, "I fear that my life has not been all that it should hav been in that respect. I shall be very glad to talk with you, but"—and here he spoke very earnestly—"I wish you wouldn't say anything to anybody just yet, in regard to my seeking the consolation of religion. I may possibly recover after all, you know."

A WRITER in the *Pall Mall Gazette* givs an account of an interview which he had with Cumberland, the professed exposer of Spiritual mediums. Whether Cumberland is a medium in disguise, or a man who is enabled to duplicate genuin Spiritual phenomena, probably no one but himself knows. The writer says: "I happened, in the course of our conversation, to ask Mr. Cumberland whether he was an able spirit-rapper. In a moment mysterious rappings were heard from all parts of the room, as if in reply to the question. 'You see,' said Mr. Cumberland, 'I can produce all sorts of knocks and cries, from the still small voice of the infant in the celestial regions to the sepulchral tones of the tormented spirit, whose unearthly groans are so effectiv. I get the still small voice by dislocation of the thumb,' and the still small voice spoke in its most melodious tones. 'The sepulchral tones come by a displacement of the knee-joint—so—' and the sepulchral tones reverberated through the room. 'The *peronius longus* I can now easily work, as you hear, although I hav a pair of thick boots on.' It was very easily worked, and effectually."

THE Canadian Methodists are as intolerant as the followers of Wesley in this country. At the recent conference held at Toronto a report was adopted protesting against the running of trains, ferries, street cars, or printing-presses on Sunday, and Sunday funerals with parades, and all Sunday parades and marches. The committee also expressed regret that in the construction of the Canadian Pacific railroad those in authority permitted the continuance of work on Sundays. They suggested the appointment of a commission of three ministers and three laymen to confer with the Dominion goverment for the enactment of laws carrying out the wishes of the conference. The report was adopted. During the discussion the Salvation Army parades were denounced as an intolerable nuisance.

"THERE is something unutterably pathetic," remarks the *Mercury*, "in the fate of Two Standing, a noted brave of the Omaha tribe, who died in one of our city hospitals last week, and was buried in Potter's Field. His name was a decoration won by personal valor, he and another warrior being the only two left standing at the close of a desperate battle in which a party of Sioux were defeated. He came to New York with a show troupe, and being taken sick was abandoned to his fate. Alone and among strangers, he passed away to the happy hunting-grounds of his fathers, and the red warrior found no white man to giv him a burial worthy of his deeds and name. He was only an Indian—a vagabond in the land where his fathers had been kings." Here is an appropriate text for Father John Beeson, the red man's friend

THE *Christian Register* says: "The Presbyterian General Assembly, which recently met at Saratoga, passed resolutions against Sunday papers, Sunday trains, and Sunday mails. Before considering the effect of these resolutions upon the United States government and the people at large, it is pertinent to ask what will be their effect upon Presbyterians themselvs? Are Presbyterian business men the country over willing to giv up their Monday morning mail for the sake of stopping the trains which carried it on Sunday? Are Presbyterian stockholders in American railroads willing to giv up the dividends which come from Sunday travel, or to sell out their stocks in roads which run trains on that day? And are Presbyterians willing also to giv up their Monday papers, because Sunday must be devoted to their preparation? When our Presbyterian brethren can enforce these resolutions in their own household, their example will hav more effect upon public opinion than their declarations."

THE new Dominican monastery in Newark, N. J., has been visited by thousands and inspected with a curious interest. The monastery is a gloomy, square, plain, Gothic structure of rough brown-stone. It has no ornamentation whatever, and is said by the architect to be a copy of monasteries of the same order in the Old World. The cells of the monastery contain only a bed, a chair, and a table, with a brown-stone pitcher and a basin. They are each 8x10 feet, and hav for beds wooden tables, covered with a tick containing a little straw. The prioress of the house was formerly known as Miss Julia Crooks. Night and day two nuns kneel constantly before the "host." They all rise at midnight and pray for two hours. They then return to bed and sleep until 5:30 o'clock, when they rise and engage in prayer in their cells. At 6 o'clock they go to the chapel for private prayer and to assist in the mass. At 8 o'clock a little coffee and bread are partaken of, and from 8:30 to 10:30 the nuns work in the community-room. Devotions follow till 11 o'clock, when a plain dinner is eaten. Meat is never eaten. From dinner the nuns go to the cloister or garden for recreation. Except at this time there is no conversation in the house save such talk in undertones as may be absolutely necessary. There are now in the monastery fifteen full nuns, who wear a white habit and a black veil; six lay sisters, who wear white habits and veils and black aprons, and ten postulants who dress in black.

News of the Week.

CHOLERA is prevalent in Marseilles and Toulon, France.

WILLIAM A. BEACH, the eminent New York lawyer, is dead.

THE shoemakers' strike in Philadelphia has been settled in favor of the workmen.

THE president has nominated Eli H. Murray, of Kentucky, to be governor of Utah.

JUDGE MOORE, of Brooklyn, has refused to giv Anthony Comstock warrants for the arrest of pool sellers on Coney Island.

CONNECTICUT Democrats talk of Hoadly and Waller for the presidential ticket. Waller is governor of Connecticut, and very popular.

A NEGRO who had slandered several respectable white ladies near Caledonia, Miss., was lynched last week by a mob. The ladies can now regard their honor as vindicated.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, Vanderbilt's attorney, has gone to Europe. His mission, it is said, is to raise money among the American bankers in Europe for the Blaine and Logan campaign.

THE Virginia Midland morning express ran off the track a half mile north of Lynchburg, Va., last Sunday, and plunged into the James River. The passengers were released by cutting holes in the tops of the cars.

THE returns already in show that the total reductions made in the rents ef the Irish peasantry by the land commission will amount this year to nearly $15,000,000. This practically reduces Irish taxation $3 per capita, five millions being the number of that people.

THE Democrats are still looking for an available candidate to run against Blaine for president next fall. It is not thought that Cleveland is strong enough in the North, and Butler is unpopular in the South. But nothing is the matter with Hoadly, and he is an Ohio man.

GEORGE HALL, a quack doctor, has been arrested in London, Ont., for manslaughter in killing a deaf and dumb child. He undertook to effect a cure by administering hypodermic injections and splitting open the child's tongue. The child died eight hours after the operation.

THERE seems to be a marked mortality among clergymen. Among the prominent members of the profession the death is noted of Bishop Simpson, of Philadelphia, Methodist; the Rev. James Baldwin, of London; the Rev. Henry Koopman, of Paterson, N. J., and the Rev. Henry Belden, of New York.

MISS REBECCA KERBY, of Chardon, Ohio, has been for forty years an invalid. For twenty-eight years she had not sat up. Last week, after an exercise of prayer and faith, she claimed she was enabled to walk across the floor, and has since been wheeled around in a chair. This is called a faith cure.

THE members of the Pan-Presbyterian Council now in session at Edinburgh, Scotland, went last Saturday to look at the Giant's Causeway. On the way, the Rev. David Irving, secretary of the American Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, was so unfortunate as to tumble out of a car and break his leg.

BUFFALO BILL is giving representations of the "Wild West" at the Polo Grounds in this city, employing buffaloes, Indians, etc., for that purpose. One of his Indians, named Two Standing, died last week. His body was sent to the Morgue. Buffalo Bill refused to bear the expenses of the interment, and the red man has be en buried in the Potter's Field.

MADISON STANFIELD a powerful negro, crazed with religious excitement, ran amuck at Lynchburg, Va., last Saturday. After breaking jail he ran a mile through the village in a nude condition, brandishing a heavy bludgeon, and creating a panic in the markets and stores. The police put handcuffs upon him, and he snapped them like threads. He had to be literally wrapped in cords before he could be got back to the jail, where he was placed in irons.

Communications.

Facts and Fallacies in Regard to the New Testament.

Heaven, as it really is, according to the New Testament, is rarely spoken of. For lack of any scripture that describes heaven or even intimates it is in any sense a desirable abode for saints, priests and parsons quote: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hav entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him" (1 Cor. ii, 9). This text they wrest, as they do also the other scriptures, unto their own destruction, perverting it from its plain and obvious purport, so as to make it seem to sustain their creed and dogmas.

Reading the context will convince any one that there is not even an allusion made to heaven as the reward of the saints. Both Paul and Isaiah, whom he quotes (Isa. lxiv, 4), refer only to the advantages resulting from faith in this present life. The very next sentence proves this—"But God hath revealed them unto us by his spirit." "Now we hav received not the spirit of the world, but the spirit which is of God, that we might know the things that are freely given to us of God, which things also we speak" (12, 13). The first approach to anything like a description of heaven in the New Testament is found in Hebrews viii, 1–5, and is as unlike the heaven preached and promised to us as it is possible to conceive. "Now of the things which we hav spoken this is the sum: We hav such a high priest who is set on the right hand of the throne of the majesty in the heavens; a minister of the sanctuary, and of the true tabernacle, which the Lord pitched, and not man. For every high priest is ordained to offer gifts and sacrifices; wherefore it is of necessity that this man hav somewhat also to offer. For if he were on earth he should not be a priest, seeing that there are priests that offer gifts according to the law; who serve unto the example and shadow of heavenly things, as Moses was admonished of God when he was about to make the tabernacle: for see, saith he, that thou make all things according to the pattern showed to thee in the mount."

We are told heaven is where God and Christ now dwell. The New Testament declares Christ is in the true sanctuary, of which that made by Moses was an exact copy. There are any number of texts to prove the exact whereabouts of Christ. "We hav such a high priest who is set on the right hand of the throne of the majesty in the heavens" (Heb. viii, 1). "Which he wrought in Christ, when he raised him from the dead, and set him at his own right hand in the heavenly places" (Eph. i, 20). "Seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God" (Col. iii, 1). "Who is gone into heaven, and is on the right hand of God" (1 Peter, iii, 22). Paul affirms that Christ is now officiating as high priest in the real sanctuary in heaven. After describing the sanctuary of Moses, he declares, "But into the second went the high priest alone once every year, not without blood, which he offered for himself and for the errors of the people." But Christ being come, a high priest of good things to come, by a greater and more perfect tabernacle, not made with hands, that is to say, not of this building. Neither by the blood of goats and calves, but by his own blood he entered in once into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for us" (Heb. ix, 7, 12). "And almost all things are by the law purged with blood; and without shedding of blood is no remission. It was therefore necessary that the patterns* of things in the heavens should be purified† with these, but the heavenly things themselvs with better sacrifices than these" (Heb. ix, 23). Reader, make a note of this text. No error of translators here.

The New Testament asserts that heaven, where God himself dwells, needed cleansing to be rendered pure, and that Christ had to take his own blood to heaven with him to cleanse the true sanctuary. "And almost all things are by the law purged with blood, and without shedding of blood is no remission" (Heb. ix, 22). "We hav such a high priest who is set on the right hand of the throne of the majesty in the heavens. A minister of the sanctuary and of the true tabernacle, which the Lord pitched, and not man. For every high priest is ordained to offer gifts and sacrifices; wherefore it is of necessity that the man hav somewhat also to offer" (Heb. viii, 1, 3). "But Christ being come, a high priest of good things to come, by a greater and more perfect tabernacle, not made with hands, that is to say, not of this building. Neither by the blood of goats and calves, but by his own blood he entered in once into the holy place" (Heb. ix, 11, 12). Where did Christ obtain the blood to do this? There is no account in the New Testament that Christ ever shed his blood.

Christ talked about making the sacrifice—is said to hav left his abode in glory and came down on earth for the sole purpose to shed his blood to take away the sins of the world. But according to the positiv and unmistakable testimony of the New Testament, when the time came—in the hour of trial—Christ's heart utterly failed him—he lost all hope or faith in a resurrection, lost all faith and trust in God—and died in the anguish of despair, with his dying breath reproaching his father, God, for having forsaken him; and the record is that he died without shedding his blood at all.

We hear a great deal about the precious blood of Jesus shed on Calvary. It is the pet theme of pulpit and hymn book.

> "There is a fountain filled with blood,
> Drawn from Immanuel's veins."

(Fanatics' imagination-vein is the only authority for such an idea). "Jesus on the cross; for me a sinner bled." "His precious blood was shed for me." "He who intercedes above, who shed his blood on Calvary." "Washed in the blood of Jesus," etc., etc.—*ad absurdum, ad nauseam.*

Christians partaking of the Lord's Supper declare the bread and wine represent Christ's broken body and spilled blood. Christ's body never was broken. Christ's blood never was shed or spilled.

Luke says: "And he took bread, and gave thanks, and brake it, and gave unto them saying: This is my body which is given for you; this do in remembrance of me. Likewise, also, the cup after supper, saying: This cup is the New Testament in my blood which is shed* for you" (Luke xxii, 19, 20).

The Apostle Paul declares: "For I hav received of the Lord that which also I delivered unto you, That the Lord Jesus, the same night in which he was betrayed, took bread, And when he had given thanks, he brake it, and said, Take, eat; this is my body, which is broken for you" (1 Cor. xi, 23, 24). (Is broken, is omitted in the revised revision, but a foot says: "Many ancient authorities read, *is broken for you.*")

Now examin the account of the crucifixion by the four evangelists, and ascertain the facts. Matthew says no word of piercing his side, givs no faintest intimation that there was any blood shed or spilt, nor any breaking of his body. Mark seems equally oblivious, givs no hint of anything of the kind. Luke, so precise in narrating all the incidents of the crucifixion, knew nothing about any shedding of blood or broken body. John alone makes any reference to either, and he denies that Christ shed his blood, or that his bones were broken. He declares it was "after Christ was dead" that one of the soldiers pierced his side. "But when they came to Jesus and saw that he was dead already, they break not his legs. But one of the soldiers with a spear pierced his side, and forthwith came there out blood and water" (John xix, 32, 33).

It is ridiculous to talk of the wondrous love of Jesus who shed his blood for us—after he was dead. But the writer of the so-called gospel of John seems to hav realized his story of blood and water coming out of a dead man was a severe tax on human credulity, and so tries to fortify his assertion by declaring he was not lying. "And he that saw it bare record, and his record is true; and he knoweth that he saith true, that ye might believe" (verse 35). It is, to say the least, very suspicious when persons defend their character before it is attacked. If, in a company of supposed reputable people, we should lose our pocketbook and on stating the fact, one cries out, "I did not steal it," we should look no further for the thief.

Even John Wesley admits this was a great miracle and mystery. He says: "Forthwith there came out blood and water. It was strange, seeing he was dead, that blood should come out; more strange, that water also; and most strange of all, that both should come out immediately at one time, and yet distinctly" (John Wesley's Notes on New Testament, John xix, 34).

When any of the evangelists make incredible statements, they declare it was "that the scripture might be fulfilled," and in no instance does the scripture referred to hav the least reference or allusion to Christ. John, after declaring he was not lying, backs up his assertion by the pretense of fulfilment of prophecy. "For these things were done that the scripture should be fulfilled, A bone of him shall not be broken" (John xix, 36). We are referred to Ex. xii, 46; Num. ix, 12; Psalms xxxiv, 20.

Abundance of evidence, three good texts. What more could be desired? Surely this is proof enough! Yes. But suppose instead of taking it for granted, we turn and read, and examin the proof offered. "In one house shall it be eaten; thou shalt not carry forth aught of the flesh abroad out of the house; neither shall ye break a bone thereof" (Ex. xii, 46). "They shall leave none of it unto the morning, nor break any bone of it; according to all the ordinances of the passover they shall keep it" (Num. ix, 12).

Do these texts refer to, are they in any sense prophecies of Christ? Were they fulfilled by blood and water coming out of his side after he was dead? These texts refer to the lamb of the passover. If the lamb died from fright before its blood was shed, it would be unclean, and could not be offered. There is no parallel between the slaying of the paschal lamb, and the crucifixion of Christ. The lamb was bled to death; died by pouring out his blood. Christ did not die from loss of blood; his blood was not poured out.

The third text reads, "He keepeth all his bones; not one of them is broken" (Psalms xxxiv, 20). How easily are we deceived by trusting in priests and parsons! Read the context and see if this text refers to Christ. The very next verse says: "Evil shall slay the wicked, and they that hate the righteous shall be desolate." If it is true, as is alleged, that verse twenty was a prophecy of Christ, and was fulfilled at his crucifixion, then it proves that Christ was slain because he was wicked, and God forsook him—left him desolate because Christ hated his neighbors. Where, oh, where! is the fountain of blood drawn from Immanuel's veins? We are told "he did shed his blood. Luke says he did, in the garden of Gethsemane." What does Luke say? "And being in an agony, he prayed more earnestly, and his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground" (Luke xxii, 44). It does not say he sweat blood, but his sweat was *like* clots of blood. The original reads:

> HIDROS HAUTOU HOSI* THROMBOS AIUATOS.
> Sweat of him like clots of blood.

But the absurdity of this claim is best shown by the context. This claimed shedding his blood was when he was praying that he might not die; that he might be spared from making the sacrifice. The equally silly subterfuge that he shed his blood from his hands and feet, by which he was nailed to the cross, is contrary to facts, common sense, and the highest and best accredited Christian authorities.

"Was watched, according to custom, by a party of four soldiers, with their centurian, whose express office was to prevent the stealing of the body. This was necessary from the lingering character of the death, which sometimes did not supervene even for three days, and was at last the result of gradual benumbing and starvation" (Smith's Dict. of the Bible, Article, Crucifixion).

Instead of suffering as never man suffered, the very reverse is the truth. There is no record of any other ever dying by crucifixion so quickly.

Reader, ask yourself if you would accept as sacred truth such evidences, and be horrified at the exposure of such deceptions, if they all related to Brahma, Christna, Mohammed, or Joe Smith? Is it wrong to expose the fallacies and absurdities of the Hindoos, the Chinese, the Turks; to dispel their reverence for the gods their fathers hav for generations worshiped? Before proceeding to examin the reality of heaven, and of what the sanctuary consists which has to be purified and cleansed with the blood of Jesus, we hav a few questions for priests, parsons, and Sunday-school teachers, and suggest that honest Christians should demand and insist on having honest answers.

If Christ was God, how could he die—cease to exist—and another God no more powerful than himself resurrect him? If Christ's body only died, and his soul continued to liv, why did he not resurrect himself? If Christ's body only died, how could the death of his body pay the penalty of man's sin, when the Bible declares, "The soul that sinneth it shall die?" (Ezek. xviii, 4). How could a God, coequal with the Almighty, hav prayed in the garden of Gethsemane, "If it be possible, let this cup pass?" If Christ was God, coequal with the father, did he not know if it were possible or not? Could Christ be God, equal with the father, yet not be omniscient? Is not knowledge, of all things, an essential quality of a God? Would a God suffer such agony of fear at the mere thought of death as to sweat as it were great drops of blood? Was it godlike to be terrified at making the atonement, which, it is alleged, he and his father had agreed on since the foundation of the world, and which he left the high courts of heaven, and took upon himself our humanity, especially to make? Was it amazing love to pray the cup might pass, desiring that all mankind should be damned rather than he should suffer for three hours on the cross, knowing that in less than three days he would be alive again, and become the prince of glory, and dwell in heaven adored by all the saints and angels for all eternity? If Christ was God, or equal with God, why did he need the help of an angel to giv him strength (Luke xxii, 42, 44)? If Christ was God, how comes it he disbelieved his own assertions, was false to his own teaching, gave evidence of his own utter lack of hope or faith in God? Were not his dying words, "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?"—a reproach? Could he hav uttered those words if he had believed the scriptures—"For the Lord loveth judgment and forsaketh not his saints?" (Psalms xxxvii, 28.) Did not this same Christ declare, "He that believeth not shall be damned?" (Mark xvi, 16.)

We ask these questions in all sincerity. They must be admitted worthy of earnest thought. And

*Pattern (Gr. *Hypodigma*, an image, effigy, copy corresponding to an original).

†Purified (Gr. *Katharizo*, to cleanse, to render pure).

*Shed (Gr. *Ekkeuno*), to pour out, gush out, to giv largely.

**Hosi*, just as if, as it were something like.

if once honest Christians begin to think, faith dies. When reason reigns, superstition abdicates. In the language of the noble model truth seeker, D. M. Bennett, "Oh, for a revival of reason, truth, and common sense!" CHAS. B. REYNOLDS.

Infidel Philosophy.

Ex. xvii, 16: "The Lord hath sworn that the Lord will hav war with Amalek from generation to generation." If God was bound to exterminate this people, would not common humanity dictate that it should be done at once and without suffering? If he had the power to engulf Pharaoh's hosts in the Red Sea, he had the power to giv them a sudden and painless death. Why pursue them "from generation to generation," with the malignity of a fiend, for four or five hundred years? Why murder innocent children for an offense committed by their fathers many, many generations before they were born? Why kill all the oxen, and asses, and camels? Had they too offended? In 1 Samuel xv, 3, will be found the last scene enacted in this bloody drama, "Now go and smite Amalek, and utterly destroy all that they hav, and spare them not, but slay both man and woman, infant and suckling, ox and sheep, camel and ass." This scene of carnage, where gasping children are pressed to the bosom of dying mothers, must yield great consolation to the Christian when he realizes that it was all done according to the will of God. No man can bend a knee to such a God and maintain his self-respect. Pray tell me, ye pious godlings, why these helpless children should be slain for an offense committed by their ancestors hundreds of years before they were born.

Is this your God of justice? Is this the way he manifests his "loving kindness?" "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

The Bible God is simply a creation of the imagination. He is represented with all the frailties and passions of weak, erring mortals. His plans frequently miscarry. He is compelled to go from place to place to see what is going on, as in the case of building the tower of Babel. He shows his bombast by boasting of his power and his greatness. Like a passionate man, he gets mad and "swears in his wrath." He shows his egotism by declaring that there is "none like him." He is vacillating and changeable, at one time commanding the utter destruction of innocent children, at another time blessing them. He created man and pronounced him good, and then repented of what he had done. He shows that he is low in his associations by choosing as boon companions lechers, robbers, and murderers. He is far below the moral standard of any civilized nations, as is shown by his giving over innocent virgins to the lustful embrace of a bloody and brutalized soldiery who had murdered their fathers and mothers. He is vulgar and obscene, using such language as would not be tolerated by those who lay claim to respectability. Such is the Bible God as portrayed in the pages of scripture. Let no one think that I say these things to injure the feelings of any. The character of men will depend, in a great measure, upon the character of the God they worship. Man, today, is far in advance of those who fashioned the Bible God; but he never can attain to his full stature so long as he adores a God that is a representativ of an ignorant and barbarous age. As gods grow smaller, men will grow greater. Ex. xix, 9: "And Moses told the word of the people unto the Lord."

What kind of a God is it that did not know what the people said until Moses told him? It is said that "every word which we utter is spoken in the ear of the Lord;" that he knows even our innermost thoughts; that not a sparrow falls without his knowledge. If these things are so, what use was there of Moses mumbling over to the Lord what the people said? Moses did not tell the Lord anything, any more than anybody else did.

It is impossible for imperfect man to make a perfect God, and here lies the trouble. He is constantly coming short. He did not know whether Abraham would offer up his son or not until he tried him. Was he everywhere present when he showed his "back parts" to Moses? According to the account, he did not know what was going on in Sodom until he went there to see?

There are numerous instances mentioned in the Bible in which he did not know what was transpiring, and of things which baffled his skill and transcended his power.

Ex. xxxi, 15: "Whosoever doeth any work on the Sabbath day, he shall surely be put to death." I called the attention of a minister to this text, not long ago, and he said it meant "unnecessary work." If the minister had a right to say that God did not know what he was talking about, I hav a right to say that he did not talk at all. Man was far more exacting and superstitious in regard to creed and dogma then than he is now, and God was made to sanction the cruelty of their observance.

We hav risen far above the rigid Puritanical rules and observauces, and some day we shall fiud out that the less we hav of gods, and creeds, and Christianity, the better it will be for the race.

But let us return to the text. God says, "any work;" man says, "unnecessary work." Man has grown. God has stood still. And just in proportion as man has faith in the sayings of the Bible will he stand still. We make progress only as we outgrow our gods. According to the text we must not milk a cow or feed a pig. All domestic animals must fast over Sabbath. We must not build a fire even to prepare a little nourishment for a sick child. If God ever gave such an inhuman command he is the one who ought to be "put to death."

Ex. xxxii, 10. "Now, therefore, let me alone, that my wrath may wax hot against them, and that I may consume them." 12. "Turn from thy fierce wrath and repent of this evil against thy people." 14. "And the Lord repented of the evil which he thought to do unto his people." How is this for an unchangeable God? Can God repent without changing? If he "repented of the evil which he thought to do," who knows but he has repented of sending Infidels to hell? and who knows but he has repented of the hell scheme altogether? And how does the Christian know when he gets to heaven that his New Jerusalem and white throne and golden harp will not turn to ashes? Who can depend upon a God that repents and whiffles about like a weather-cock?

27. "Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, Put every man his sword by his side, and go in and out from gate to gate throughout the camp, and slay every man his brother, and every man his companion, and every man his neighbor; and there fell on that day about three thousand men." Is this a "thus saith the Lord," or a "thus saith" somebody else? If the latter, there should be a rule to enable us to distinguish between the two. If it is a genuin "thus saith the Lord," then he is better fitted to lead a tribe of scalping savages than he is for our praise and adoration.

Lev. xx, 10. "The adulterer and the adulteress shall surely be put to death." Some of the best men and greatest philanthropists believe that the death penalty should not be inflicted under any circumstances. Under strict construction, the Mormons and many others might be proven guilty of adultery. Would any sane man say they ought to be put to death? This shows that man progresses while gods are stationary. How about David, and Solomon, and Jacob, and the hand-maids, and the mandrakes? Very few men could be found to-day who would say that the crime of adultery should be punished by death. And yet there are thousands of men who believe that there should be a God in the Constitution, and that the Bible should be the foundation of all law. Away back in the dim past men made a fool of a God, and the same imaginary God keeps making fools of men.

Lev. xxv, 44. "Both thy bondmen and thy bondmaids which thou shalt hav, shall be of the heathen round about you; of them shall ye buy bondmen and bondmaids." 45. "Moreover, of the children of the strangers that do sojourn among you, of them shall ye buy, and of their families that are with you, which they beget in your house, and they shall be your posessions." 46. "And ye shall take them as an inheritance for your children after you, to inherit them as a possession; they shall be your bondmen forever." Human slavery is the crime of crimes, and the curse of curses, because every crime and every curse is bound up in it. It has aptly been denominated the "sum of all villainies." There never was a man born to be a slave, nor a man to be a master. Freedom is an inalienable right, and cannot be wrested from a man, all the gods to the contrary notwithstanding. Scarcely an enlightened man could be found who would attempt to sustain slavery as a right. Now, my pious Christian readers, God is either in favor of slavery to-day, or else he never inspired the forty-fourth, forty-fifth, and forty-sixth verses of the twenty-fifth chapter of Leviticus, for he cannot change. The Christian who cannot understand that the Bible God is just a shadow of the morality and brutality of the times in which he originated is too dull to reason and too blind to see.

If a fair comparison could be drawn between man as he is to-day, and man as he was when the above verses were written, I think it would account for the slave-holding, woman-killing, child-murdering, virgin-ravishing God of the Bible. No doubt many will shudder at these remarks, but if any will show that the picture which I hav drawn of the Bible God is not fully warranted by scripture, I will gladly retract anything which I hav set down amiss. I admit that it is a terrible picture, but the Bible God is a terrible God.

Num. xxiii, 19. "God is not a man that he should lie, neither the son of man that he should repent."

Christians, do you believe that God inspired that language? It is only rational that a man who believes in an infallible God should think he could not lie, and the man who believes in an immutable God is forced to believe that he could not repent.

Gen. vi, 6. Here it is expressly stated that "it repented the Lord that he had made man on the earth." Doesn't it look as though this iuspiration business had got a little cross-banded? A man may believe that God cannot repent, or he may believe that God did repent, but believe both statemeuts he cannot.

Now I hold that it is perfectly fair to treat the Bible just as we would a witness on the stand. When he crosses himself, or states something highly improbable or utterly impossible, his evidence is entitled to no weight farther than it is corroborated by other testimony, or supported by circumstances. The Bible should be subjected to the same rule. If not, why not?

Num. xxxi, 7. "And they warred against the Midianites." 17. "Now, therefore, kill every male among the little ones, and kill every woman that hath known man by lying with him." 18: "But all the women children that hav not known man by lying with him, keep alive for yourselvs."

I hav said that the Bible God was a slave-holding, woman-killing, virgin-ravishing God. Don't think I would set down aught in malice. I would treat God fairly, but the Christians must not expect me to wash off God's war paint, and "giv his mauners a brush," in order to render him presentable. It is the Christian's Bible, and the Christian's God. I consider myself far above such a brutal, savage God, and as for the Bible, much of it is too foul for clean feet to tread upon. I want no stock in either.

25. "And thirty and two thousand persons in all, of women that hav not known man by lying with him." These, of course, according to verse eighteen, were given over to the soldiery. How is that, my Christian friend, for a decent God? Is it any wonder that he was ashamed to show his face to Moses?

Lady Sabbath-school teachers, stick a pin dowu here, and think of this transaction when you tell your classes that the Bible is the word of God.

It appears from the statement that after the Midianites had been slain, and the smoke of the battle cleared away, there was a division of the spoils, and it appears (39) that a part was set apart for the Lord, and he received as his share three score and one asses. It has long been a question what the Lord did with all these asses. But with those who hav witnessed the pranks of the Salvation Army, it is no longer a mystery. JOHN PECK.

St. Ann's, New York.

THE PROTEST OF A DISTURBED CITIZEN.

By heat oppressed, and disinclined to roam,
I spend the Sabbath in my humble home.
Borne to my windows, looking toward the West,
Come anthems rising to the winged and blest,
And organ's peal that quivers on the air,
The drone of human voices blending there;
The shriek of tenor, orotund of bass,
Soprano screaming in Jehovah's face,
And wail of preacher supplicating grace.
A church looms skyward, mocking Babel's hight;
Through windows stained pours in the varied light;
An uncouth tower, offensiv to the eye,
Givs shelter to a bell whose agony
Finds voice in rasping and sepulchral sound,
That grates the nerves of all the dwellers round.

O pile of brick and monumental stone,
Thou'rt reared by martyrs, from their blood and bone:
For every brick a sacred life they gave,
And for each stone some hero found a grave.
Thy window panes that tint the sunlight's flood
Hav caught their hue from sacrificial blood;
And chime, and chant, and mammoth organ's tone,
Seem echoes of a dying martyr's groan.
Nuisance thou art to deity or man,
Thou church of God Almighty and Saint Ann.

G. E. M.

A Last Word with "F. M. F. C."

I beg a small space of THE TRUTH SEEKER to say that I did not misunderstand our friend when substituting the action for the individual in using the word "labor." I still contend that at no time, nor under any circumstances whatever, is the laborer or the action capital in business. On the surface, perhaps, it looks quite clear that the slaves of the South were capital in business, but underneath it appears very different. Now what they were, and all human beings are, whether in a state of serfdom or freedom, is one of the natural resources of the earth, capable of storing labor or capital. Hence being capital producing machines, they were as much if not more sought for than a fruit-bearing tree, both having power to produce independent of the possessor. Still at no time would the slaves or the tree be capital (stored labor) in business. Only their products could be.

(Perhaps it will be said I did not understand the application of the word capital. To me there is but one definition, stored labor Even the natural resources of the earth are not capital in business till stored.)

What the land is to the landlord, was the slave to his master; both landlord and master succeeded in getting possession of that which in nature was never intended to be monopolized; and to-day everybody cries shame slavery; why not shame landlordism? The two are analogous. If a crime to monopolize one of the earth's natural resources in slavery, should it not be as great a crime to monopolize the earth itself?

The last I merely add in response to our friend's iutimation that I may possibly be one of those crazy Socialists. RAY D. CHAPMAN.

Miscellaneous.

The California Constitution.

Some time ago we found an article in a Liberal journal to the effect that under California's new constitution the churches were taxed, and the legislature without a chaplain. By courtesy of John Gibson, of Santa Maria, we hav been furnished with a copy of the document working these beneficent changes, and transfer such portions of it as are of especial interest to Freethinkers. The preamble is Deistical in nature, recognizing "Almighty God" as follows:

"We, the people of the state of California, grateful to Almighty God for our freedom, in order to secure and perpetuate its blessings, do establish this constitution."

Section 4 of the Declaration of Rights lays down the broad law that

"The free exercise and enjoyment of religious profession and worship, without discrimination or preference, shall forever be guaranteed in this state; and no person shall be rendered incompetent to be a witness or juror on account of his opinions on matters of religious belief; but the liberty of conscience hereby secured shall not be so construed as to excuse acts of licentiousness, or justify practices inconsistent with the peace or safety of this state."

The liberty of the press is stoutly maintained in these words:

"Every citizen may freely speak, write, and publish his sentiments on all subjects, being responsible for the abuse of that right; and no law shall be passed to restrain or abridge the liberty of speech or of the press. In all criminal prosecutions for libels, the truth may be given in evidence to the jury; and if it shall appear to the jury that the matter charged as libelous is true, and was published with good motivs and for justifiable ends, the party shall be acquitted, and the jury shall hav the right to determin the law and the fact."

Under section 22 no appropriation can be made for the benefit of any asylum, hospital, or charitable or other institution whatsoever, not under the exclusiv management or control of the state, except institutions for the support and maintenance of minor orphans, or half orphans, or abandoned children, or aged persons in indigent circumstances; and, in all such cases, without any reference whatsoever to the wealth or poverty of such institutions, the aid must be granted by a uniform rule, and it cannot grant any such aid to one or more impoverished and meritorious institutions without granting the same aid in proportion to the number of inmates to all other institutions of the same name within the state, regardless of the necessities or merits of the case; and, in like manner, must grant to counties, cities and counties, cities and towns, the same pro-rata where such municipalities provide for the support of like persons. This is just, and could only be improved by compelling each town or county to provide support for their own paupers and not farm them out to institutions which are as often prisons as otherwise. The section reads:

"No money shall be drawn from the treasury but in consequence of appropriations made by law, and upon warrants duly drawn thereon by the controler; and no money shall ever be appropriated or drawn from the state treasury for the use or benefit of any corporation, association, asylum, hospital, or any other institution not under the exclusiv management and control of the state as a state institution; nor shall any grant or donation of property ever be made thereto by the state; provided, that notwithstanding anything contained in this or any other section of this constitution, the legislature shall hav the power to grant aid to institutions conducted for the support and maintenance of minor orphans, or half orphans, or abandoned children, or aged persons in indigent circumstances; such aid to be granted by a uniform rule, and proportioned to the number of inmates of such respectiv inmates of such respectiv institutions; provided further, that the state shall hav, at any time, the right to inquire into the management of such institutions; provided further, that whenever any county, or city and county, or city, or town shall provide for the support of minor orphans, or half orphans, or abandoned children, or aged persons in indigent circumstances, such county, city and county, city, or town shall be entitled to receive the same pro rata appropriations as may be granted to such institutions under church or other control. An accurate statement of the receipts and expenditures of public moneys shall be attached to and published with the laws at every regular session of the legislature."

The constitution in section 25 enumerates thirty-three things which the legislature shall not do, and the twentieth is "exempting property from taxation." Article XIII. directs that all property shall bear its share of burden, in these words:

"All property in the state, not exempt under the laws of the United States, shall be taxed in proportion to its value, to be ascertained as decided by law. The word 'property,' as used in this article and section, is hereby declared to include moneys, credits, bonds, stocks, dues, franchises, and all other matters and things, real, personal, and mixed, capable of private ownership; *provided*, that growing crops, property used exclusivly for public schools, and such as may belong to the United States, this state, or to any county or municipal corporation within this state, shall be exempt from taxation."

If the legislature had allowed a chaplain to say prayers at the opening of its sessions, it is difficult to see how he could hav been paid—and who ever heard of a minister who didn't want pay for a political job?—for section 29, of article IV., says:

"The general appropriation bill shall contain no item or items of appropriation such as are required to pay the salaries of the state officers, the expenses of the government, and of the institutions under the exclusiv control and management of the state."

If section 30, of same article, had been incorporated in the New York constitution, a good many millions of dollars would hav been saved the taxpayers. It ought to be the organic law of every state:

"Neither the legislature, nor any county, city and county, township, school district, or other municipal corporation, shall ever make an approriation, or pay from any public fund whatever, or grant anything to or in aid of any religious sect, church, creed, or sectarian purpose, or help to support or sustain any school, college, university, hospital, or other institution controled by any religious creed, church, or sectarian denomination whatever; nor shall any grant or donation of personal property or real estate ever be made by the state, or any city, city and county, town, or other municipal corporation for any religious creed, church, or sectarian purpose whatever; *provided*, that nothing in this section shall prevent the legislature granting aid pursuant to section twenty-two of this article."

Article IX. prescribes the methods of conducting the common schools, section 8 of which prohibits giving money to religious schools in these words:

"No public money shall ever be appropriated for the support of any sectarian or denominational school, or any school not under the exclusiv control of the officers of the public schools; nor shall any sectarian or denominational doctrin be taught, or instruction thereon be permitted, directly or indirectly, in any of the common schools of this state."

It is also commanded that the University of California "shall be entirely independent of all political or sectarian influence, and kept free therefrom in the appointment of its regents."

Section 3 of article XX. provides for affirmation in place of the oath, and no reference to "God" is made. All the official is required to do is to support the constitutions of the United States and California and perform the duties of his office. "And no other oath, declaration, or test, shall be required as a qualification for any office of public trust."

Marriage is made a purely civil contract by this section of the same article:

"No contract of marriage, if otherwise duly made, shall be invalidated for want of conformity to the requirements of any religious sect."

Woman's rights are recognized to the extent that "no person shall, on account of sex, be disqualified from entering upon or pursuing any lawful business, vocation, or profession." The right of suffrage is, however, withheld. Eight hours is made a legal day's work on all government jobs.

Blaine of Maine.

Some friend sends a copy of the Chicago *Herald*, with the following marked:

"The Rev. Dr. James H. Esop, of the Second Presbyterian church in Albany, N. Y., makes the following estimate of James G. Blaine, which ought to discount ten times over what is said by Henry Ward Beecher and other clergymen who do not know him personally:

"I hav known Mr. Blaine since 1872. During ten years of that time I was pastor of the church in Augusta of which Mr. and Mrs. Blaine are members. The satisfaction I take in his nomination is based upon such knowledge of him as only a pastor can gain. I believe that I am too true a Republican, and I know that my conception of citizenship is too high, to permit me to ratify the exaltation of any man whose character has not the true ring. I hav been very near to Mr. Blaine, not only in the most trying political crises, but in the sharper trial of great grief in the household, and hav never yet detected a false note. I would not be understood as avowing too much for human nature. I mean that as I hav known him he has stood loyally by his convictions, that his word has always had back of it a clear purpose, and that purpose has always been worthy of the highest manhood. In his house he was always the soul of geniality and good heart. It was always summer in that house whatever the Maine winter might be without. And not only his rich neighbors and kinsmen welcomed him home, but a long line of the poor hailed the return of that family as a special providence. In the church he is honored and beloved. The good old New England custom of church-going with all the guests is enforced strictly in the Blaine household. Whoever is under his roof, from the president down, is expected to be with the family at church. Fair weather or foul, those pews were always well filled. Not only his presence on Sabbath, but his influence, his wise counsels, his purse, are freely devoted to the interests of the noble Old South church of Augusta. The hold which Mr. Blaine has maintained upon the hearts of such great numbers of his countrymen is not sufficiently explained by brilliant gifts or magnetism; the secret lies in his generous, manly, Christian character."

It is needless to say this is no answer to our questions. Except that his adhesion to Freethought would swell our ranks, and the country would be safer in the hands of an Infidel, we don't care a continental what Mr. Blaine's religious opinions are. The vital point is, will he aid in secularizing the government?

The Commandments in Canada.

One of the professors connected with the Normal school of Ottawa, not having the fear of God before his eyes, has formulated the following rules for the pupils:

"I. Thou shalt hav any other girls but these girls.

"II. Thou shalt not make unto thyself any graven image of any of these girls, or carry away any likeness of any girl that is in the lecture room above, or that is in the lecture room beneath, or that is in the waiting room beside the lecture room; thou shalt not bow to them nor take walks with them, for I, the drawing master, am a jealous drawing master, and hav reserved that special right for myself.

"III. Thou shalt not smoke upon the street, for I, the principal, will not hold him guiltless that smoketh upon the street.

"IV. Remember the hour of three o'clock on Friday afternoon. Four and a half days shalt thou labor and do all thy work, but in the afternoon of the fifth day, thou shalt do no manner of work, thou, nor thy masters nor assistant masters, for I, the principal, require your regular and prompt attendance in this lecture room, to disperse you to the several ministers of the gospel to attend to your spiritual welfare, which I fear is sadly neglected during the rest of the week.

"V. Honor thy masters, and giv unto them strict and unhesitating obedience, that thy certificate may be granted to teach in the fair Province of Ontario.

"VI. Thou shalt not be out after 9:30 oclock.

"VII. Thou shalt not enter in by the center door nor loiter in the passages.

"VIII. Thou shall not steal sly winks and looks from those on your right.

"IX. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy boarding house keeper if thou findest any foreign matter in the hash, for she will surely giv thee away to the principal.

"X. Thou shalt not covet the gold medal; thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's marks, nor his learning, nor his ability, nor anything that is thy neighbor's."

The publication of this parody leads the Montreal *Gazette* to observe that such "playing upon Bible phraseology is little less than blasphemous," and another Canadian editor voices his indignation thus:

"An extraordinary piece of blasphemy was a few days ago publicly read for the amusement of the teachers in training at the Ottawa Normal School, being a travesty on the Ten Commandments, in which the thunders of Sinai and the oft-recurring name of the Almighty are frivolously played with to make the foolish young men and women laugh. Woe to the land whose children are placed under the watch and care of such triflers. To say nothing of reverence for Almighty God, the disrespect publicly displayed toward their teachers by those who participated in this piece of profanity bodes ill for the training of the rising generation in that most important of all the departments of school training—respect for authority."

The Freethinkers' Annual Convention.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* I am receiving from Freethought friends in various sections inquiries where Cassadaga Lake is, the place where the annual Freethinkers' Convention is to be held on the 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th days of September, and the best way to get there. Will you allow me to answer these inquiries through The Truth Seeker? The place is located on the Dunkirk, Allegheny Valley & Pittsburgh railroad, some ten miles west of Dunkirk and some fifteen miles east of Jamestown. The following description of the place I take from a circular before me:

"LOCATION AND ATTRACTIONS.

"The Cassadaga Lake Camp-meeting Grounds are eight miles from Lake Erie, and seven hundred feet above it; situated midway between New York and Chicago, one and a half hours by rail from Buffalo, five from Cleveland, nine from Pittsburgh, fourteen hours from Cincinnati, sixteen from Philadelphia, eighteen hours from New York, twenty hours from Boston and Washington, and twenty-one from Chicago. It lies on the shore of a beautiful chain of lakes, three in number, and at an elevation of nearly fourteen hundred feet above the level of the sea. Here can be found the perfection of water scenery with the purity of mountain air. From its great altitude, and the purity of the water and air, malaria, contagious and epidemic diseases are almost entirely unknown. The grounds are high, and descend by natural terraces to the water, and the sanitary condition and safety of the camp is carefully guarded and protected."

And the following I also cut from this circular, which will giv desired information:

"ROUTE OF TRAVEL.

"Eastern and western passengers over the Nickel Plate, Lake Shore & Michigan Southern railroad, and eastern passengers over the New York, Lake Erie & Western (formerly Erie railroad), change cars at Dunkirk, N. Y., and take the Dunkirk, Allegheny Valley & Pittsburgh to

"CASSADAGA CAMP-MEETING GROUNDS.

"Eastern and western passengers over the New York, Pennsylvania & Ohio railroad (formerly Atlantic and Great Western), and eastern passengers over the Buffalo & Jamestown railroad, change cars at Atlantic and Great Western Crossing, and take the Dunkirk, Allegheny Valley & Pittsburgh railroad for Lily Dale Station."

To be more definit, I will say that persons coming to the Convention from most of the cities or large towns in the United States will find it the cheaper to purchase excursion tickets to Chautauqua Lake. These can be obtained very cheap, and then leave the cars at the crossing of the Dunkirk, Alleghany Valley & Pittsburgh railroad near Jamestown, and then take the last mentioned road to Lily Dale Station, near the camping-grounds. But persons coming from any station on the N. Y., L. E., or W. railroad, or any of its branches west of Binghamton, will pay full fare to Dunkirk and then be returned at one-third fare home. The Dunkirk, Alleghany Valley & Pittsburgh railroad will sell excursion tickets at two cents per mile from any station on that road.

THE HOTEL RATES.

The following prices hav been established at the hotel for board: $1.50 per day, for one day and less than three days; and over, $1.00 per day. Table board: breakfast, 40 cents; dinner, 50 cents; supper, 30 cents. Lodgings, 25 to 50 cents.

H. L. Green, Secretary.

P. S.—Our association has never met in as pleasant a place before, and never before had arrangements for as cheap railroad and hotel rates, and I

predict it will be much the largest Freethought convention ever held. Most of the Freethought lecturers of this country will be present, and two or three from foreign countries. H. L. G.

Faith in Revelation Not Requisit.

The Rev. Dr. Curry, of Chicago, has been elected editor of the *Methodist Quarterly Review*, an official church organ. Mr. G. D. Fox, who dates his letter from the United States Senate, writes to the *Sun* that if that paper's recent statement of Dr. Curry's opinion of the Bible be correct, this election by the General Conference "only needs to be known to blow the church to pieces." In answer the *Sun* remarks:

"Last winter the Rev. Dr. Curry made an address before the Methodist preachers of Chicago. What he said, apparently, was not intended for publication, but was rather a confession of skepticism for the ears of his clerical brethren only. It so happened, however, that one of the preachers present was a stenographer also, and he took down Dr. Curry's remarks exactly as they came from his lips. Subsequently the verbatim report, as to the accuracy of which the preacher is ready to take his oath, was printed, and our remarks concerning Dr. Curry were based on that report.

"Here is a part of what Dr. Curry then said:

"'But we are now standing on the eve of the most stupendous revolution in reference to the doctrins of the Bible that the church has ever known. Uncertainty and doubt are pressing upon us. We are not certain of the authorship of the Old Testament. We cannot tell what part was written by Moses, and what part by other hands of the books attributed to Moses. We say David wrote the Psalms, but we know that the Psalms were not all written by David. They were written by different persons at long intervals. No one can tell who wrote the book of Job. It contains evidences of being one of the oldest books in the Bible. The Old Testament abounds with 10,000 old wives' fables, which will finally drop out, like a tadpole loses its tail when it has no further use for it. It would not be prudent now for us to attack these fables in the pulpit. But I must say there is a great deal in the Old Testament that is of very little value to religion. It is not all given by inspiration. When you hav to giv up what your mother taught you, do it honestly, but do not say much about it publicly. The revised New Testament is incomparably superior to the old version; but there are still many things that will hav to be changed. But I am awfully shy of the Old Testament. It has got to be thoroughly revised, and, if criticism says that any of the books are not genuin, they must go overboard. Many of the prophecies of Isaiah and other prophets, that are applied to Christ and the church, had reference to the return of the Jews from their captivity. Let those who attack Robinson (Robertson) Smith, and others with him, move slowly, for they may find themselvs standing on the same ground in the near future.'

"If that does not mean that the Rev. Dr. Curry has outgrown his old faith in the scriptures as all given by inspiration, if it is not the language of a skeptic, it has no meaning. It certainly justifies the remark which our correspondent quotes from the *Sun*. Of course, if the Methodist church wants Dr. Curry as the editor of its organ, that is its own business; but it is evident that the Methodists no longer require that their teachers shall hav faith in revelation."

Let Mr. Fox stand clear of the falling pieces of Methodism.

Mr. Bradlaugh Aids a Nihilist.

Alexander Seminoff, a highly educated Russian, who has been living in Cincinnati a short time, and attracted the attention of scholars, givs the following account of himself: "My name is Alexander Seminoff. In 1876 I was one of the editors of a secret Nihilist paper, and, having been convicted of treason, I was sent to Siberia for an unlimited number of years. Nihilism, you may be aware, is spread all over the Russian empire, and the peculiar secrecy of its principles and workings is mainly owing to the fact that only ten may join together to form a band. Each band often knows nothing whatever about another band of ten. Each band works separately. We do not know even outside of our band who is a Nihilist or who is not. After editing a nihilistic paper for two years, I was betrayed to the police by one of my associates, and was surprised one night in bed and taken to the prison in Odessa, after having been cruelly scourged. After an eight months' examination, I was sentenced to three years' hard labor in Siberia, and to exile as a colonist in the extreme north of the country. In June, 1876, I was separated according to legal form sanctioned by the clergy of Russia, from my wife and children, and with head shaved on one side, and twenty-eight pounds of iron attached to me, I was sent with other alleged criminals to the central prison in Moscow. The journey lasted fourteen months, and during that time the knout was used freely on the prisoners. Our destination was Nertschinsk, and on arriving we were assigned to different gold mines. In the mines I worked from 4 o'clock in the morning until 9 at night. The allowance of food per day is two and a half pounds of black bread half baked and hardly palatable, and a bowl of soup with a small quantity of meat. Morning and evening a cup of tea is allowed. I endured my suffering for two and a half years. Then I completely broke down, and the doctor of the district declared that I was unfit for work. The rest of my sentence was remitted, and I was immediately assigned to my place in the colony. It was in one of the primitiv forests of the north where wolves, bears, and reindeer dwell. In 1881, toward the end of May, I resolved, with four companions, to escape without money or weapons, and with only a knife and tea-kettle. We took the direction toward the Caspian Sea, through forests and an almost impassable country. We had no shoes on our feet, and kept ourselvs alive on fish, game, and mushrooms. In the Tauskian country we separated, and with only one companion, Marsilli Murainnoff, I went on. I soon lost him, and then pursued my journey alone. At length I arrived at Astrabad and Teheran, in Persia, where I received assistance. My hair had grown over my shoulders, my beard extended to my chest, I had neither shirt nor shoes, and my face was sunburnt almost to a black color. An English telegraph operator took charge of me. He had me washed and gave me clean clothing. I next went through Turkey and thence to Switzerland, where I was arrested and kept in prison for four months. Again I was arrested in Hesse Darmstadt, and served a term of five months. I then resolved to find peace in England or the United States. I met Mr. Bradlaugh in London, and at his request remained at his house for four days. Through his kindness, I received means enough to take me to the United States. I arrived in New York in January last, and hav been in Cincinnati a few days only. I want to go to Chicago, where I understand a great many Russians reside."

For Reorganization.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* You don't know how I long to see the Liberals of this country united, heart and hand, in a national organization. Not only can nothing be accomplished in our present disorganized state, but our failure to fraternize is cited everywhere by our enemies as evidence of our tendency to riot, wrong, chaos, and the devil generally. They may well say that it is a bad cause which cannot organize and harmonize its adherents.

However much we may differ in relation to a thousand and one details, there is one point upon which all Liberals will agree—the secularization of our government. Methods to this end which fail to receive the almost unanimous approval of Liberals cooperating, should be laid aside. Carefully and gradually the field of agreement and operation could be enlarged until all the work was laid off that one organization could successfully carry on.

Nothing need prevent the working of a dozen special class societies aiming at specific and secondary objects. Very likely I should myself desire to take stock in a few of them. I believe in a division and subdivision of labor. The less variety, the greater proficiency. One organization cannot do it all and do it well. Our Christian neighbors hav one national organization called the "Evangelical Alliance," and others of various names and purposes, through all which they wage war against us Liberals. They are combined to tie us hand and foot; let us combine to prevent them from doing it.

If reorganization and a bran new name is necessary to secure union and harmony, let it be that. The word League isn't no great shakes for a name, anyway. If it is a "stumbling-block" to any number of our brethren, let it go. A new banner flung to the breeze with "Universal Mental Liberty" on one side, and "National Liberal Union," or "American Secular Union," or any other name, inscribed upon the other, will serve as well, or better, to fight under, than our old ones, grimed, as they are, with fratricidal gore. No difference now who was right or who was wrong. Our enemies are after us. Let us "pool our issues," and roll up our sleeves and go to work. S. R. Shepherd.

Leavenworth, Kan.

The Noblest Example of the Age.

Reading of charity, I hav ever thought that a monument sky-reaching should be erected to the memory of that poor Englishman, Wright, of whom *Harper's* made mention some years ago. And the story ought to be retold for a lesson and example. He was a poor, hard-working man. Visiting one day a penitentiary, his soul grew sad at seeing so many unfortunates. "What becomes of them?" he asked of the keeper. "Oh, they almost every soul are sure to get back here or into another prison."

"And is there no help for it?"

"No! Who will employ them? They are forced to crime after once getting here."

A grand thought struck his mind. "Can I get acquainted with one about to leave here and visit him every week? I hav an idea I can save one anyhow." Permission was given. He formed the acquaintance of one and told him his object. He arranged to get him employment in the very shop he himself worked in. When the prisoner's time expired, he took him with him to his house. He exacted of him a pledge that he would help him to redeem two more. In time they had four workers. Each one coming out of prison engaged to aid. By Wright's exertions, he got one or two influential persons to countenance the work. Ere many years, over one hundred redeemed men were thus at work, and the keepers of the prisons declared that in several years not one prisoner thus taken care of and given work on discharge ever had got back. Every man was noted for steady industry, and for taking the same interest in others that Wright had done.

Here is one of the noblest efforts towards forming a true brotherhood I ever heard of, and I hope to call attention to it. The state does everything to ruin and pervert these unfortunate men and women. Let individuals join to save them. C. I.

Oregon, Mo.

Modern vs. Ancient.

"There is nothing new under the sun" was a very unwise remark of a reputedly wise old king. Yet how often has it been repeated, apparently in the sincerity of belief, by cavilers at the host of innovations that hav ever since been coming in conflict with ancient doctrins and beliefs respecting every branch of human thought and action! When Solomon reigned, the man who could read or write was so rare an exception as to be an object of curiosity and mystery. Schoolhouses and education for the masses were unknown, nor did the common people possess a right to property, liberty, or even life itself, that he, as their king, was bound to respect. They were as completely subject to the will and caprice of the king as were his sheep and oxen. No law or power stood between them and his will and purposes. The lives and welfare of an entire people were as nothing when weighed in the balance against the pleasure and purpose of a king.

Solomon, with all his wisdom and glory, never saw a printed book or a newspaper. He never heard of a post-office, sent a telegram, or talked through a telephone. He never rode on a rail-car, steamship, or any other conveyance equal in comfort and convenience to a modern lumber-wagon. He never saw an iron plow, a power-loom, or mariner's compass; while the Mrs. Solomons never saw a range with hot and cold water—to say nothing of a sewing-machine, a patent washer, or clothes-wringer.

A single regiment of men, armed with modern implements of war, would put to almost instant flight the most numerous army King Solomon ever saw, if armed as were the warriors of his time. No subject of his kingdom ever enjoyed the privilege of a trial by jury, and not even his wisest men ever presumed that the earth was other than a vast flat surface, around which the sun, moon and stars revolved every twenty-four hours, and that they were, as they appear, mere tiny objects, existing simply as attendants, and for the convenience of the earth. Solomon veritably believed in the ends of the earth, and that rain was poured from the windows of heaven. Thunder was to him the voice of a disturbed deity. Comets and meteors were heavenly messengers presaging war, famin, pestilence, or other dire calamities, which were deemed to be the judgments of an offended deity.—*Penman's Art Journal.*

Stray Scraps.

Said the new Bishop Mallalieu at the People's church, Boston, Mass., Sunday, June 2d: "There are some weak Christians that tremble when they see the investigations of science, when they *seem* to find that this world is millions of years old." And well they may; but the bishop seemed to find consolation in infallible (?) Paul's assurance: "We *know* that if this earthy house be dissolved, we hav a house of God not made with hands," etc.

Mr. Gamaliel Bradford described some of the effects of stock gambling upon legitimate business in an address before the Young Men's Christian Association last evening.—*Boston Journal, June 6th.* Glad to hear it! Just the place where stock gambling *should* be described, as most of the stock gamblers and defaulters are graduates from the Young Men's Christian Association, alias the church.

The Baccalaureate sermon delivered by James Latimer, D.D., Dean of the University School of Theology, Boston, is a marvel of inconsistency. After having exalted theology to the hights and accuracy of science, he eases his troubled conscience by declaring, "In fact, science and theology rest on probabilities, both stand on the same footing as regards absolute truth." What a whopper!

Our Massachusetts legislature, following suit of the National Salary Grab, voted to pay themselvs $150 extra for their persistent absenteeism in prolonging the session to one hundred and fifty-five days. The law against non-recovery of damages for "personal injury on the Lord's day" was repealed. Woman Suffrage received the worst defeat it ever sustained, and "Constitutional prohibition" was negatived. The Republican national ticket does not suit the Massachusetts Reform Club (prohibitionists).

Who ever heard of a prayer being cheered? And yet it was actually done at the late Chicago Republican Convention, because so full of genuin Republicanism. And why not? The Hebrews used to shout in their camp and make a mighty noise unto Jehovah. We wish the reporter had told us whether God accepted the prayer offered, or whether he rejected it, as he did the fifty million petitions offered for the life of President Garfield. Said the prayer, the Rev. Mr. Bristol, "We thank thee, O God, for the Republican party!" Indeed! what had God to do about its formation, its successes, its corruptions, and its possible defeat and dissolution!

Said Congressmen Horr, of Michigan, at the Republican Convention: "God would not hav put the gold, and coal, and iron in the bowels of the land if he thought the Democratic party was going to rule the country and abolish the tariff." Where would he hav put them—in the sky? Mercy, what a tumble—not in prices, but on our heads!

A resolution of the Republican Convention, June 5th: "*Resolved*, That it is the duty of Congress to enact such laws as shall promptly and effectivly suppress the system of polygamy within our territory, and divorce the political from the ecclesiastical power of the so-called Mormon church, and that the law so enacted should be rigidly enforced by the civil authorities if possible, and by the military if need be. The people of the United States in their organized capacity constitute a nation, and not a mere confederacy of states." That's good. Divorce all political and ecclesiastical power as soon as you can, and begin on the Mormons, if you please, Mr. Republican Party, but, pray, don't resolve upon military coercion, lest you find too bloody work before you get through with all necessary divorces of state and church. Ella E. Gibson.

Barre, Mass., June 9, 284.

Communications.

An Ebionite Calumny Concerning Paul.

Epiphanius, bishop of Constantia (formerly Salamis) in Cyprus from A.D. 367 until his death in 403, was born of Jewish parents in Palestine. His credulity and want of honesty were excessiv(Chambers's Enc.). He tells us a scandalous and incredible story about Paul. The Ebionites, he says, denied that Paul was a Jew, and asserted that he was born of a gentile father and mother, but having gone up to Jerusalem, he became a proselyte, and submitted to circumcision in the hope of marrying a daughter of the high priest; but not being able to obtain her, he was enraged, and wrote against circumcision, the Sabbath, and the law (Epiph. Haeres. xxx, 16. Sup. Rel. iii, 316).

This testimony is not only worthless, but is opposed to Paul's own repeated affirmation that he was an Israelite of the seed of Abraham, of the tribe of Benjamin, a Hebrew descendant of the Hebrews, circumcised the eighth day, and as to the law a Pharisee without fault (Rom. xi, i; 2 Cor. xi, 22; Phil. iii, 5, 6).

Epiphanius only repeated an Ebionite calumny. There certainly was violent opposition to Paul and his doctrins until the latter part of the second century, when the Catholic church accepted his epistles as authority.

JOHN THE REVELATOR AND PAUL.

The prevailing opinion that the book of Revelation was written A.D. 95 or 96, at Patmos, accords with the tradition that John was banished to that island near the close of the reign of Domitian; but internal evidence points to an earlier date and to Ephesus as the place of writing. The book itself shows that Jerusalem had not been destroyed, but that the catastrophe was impending. Seven kings are spoken of; "five are fallen, one is and the other is not yet come" (xvii, 10). Galba was the sixth emperor; or if Julius Cæsar is called the first, then Nero was the sixth. Nero died June 11, A.D. 68; and Galba, his successor, reigned till January 69.

Early tradition ascribes the authorship of the book to the apostle John, but critical doubts began with Dionysius of Alexandria, who ascribes it either to John the presbyter, or to Cerinthus. To this opinion Eusebius was inclined.

John the Revelator does not claim to be an apostle. He calls himself "the servant of Jesus Christ," and by implication excludes himself from the college of apostles in the following passages:

"Rejoice over her, thou heaven, and ye holy apostles [*hoi agioi kai hoi apostoloi*] and prophets (xviii, 20).

"And the wall of the city had twelve foundations, and in them the names of the twelve apostles of the Lamb" (xxi, 14).

Even against such evidence as this Dr. Davidson argues in favor of the apostle John as the author; and his argument would be quite cogent if not only John, but several other of the apostles, were living at the time the book was written, which the learned doctor never dreamed of doubting. For it is inconceivable that in the lifetime of the apostles a book falsely purporting to emanate from one of them could hav been accepted as genuin. It surely would hav been disavowed by John himself and contradicted by the other apostles.

But the case is quite different when we consider that there were two Johns living a hundred years apart. Eusebius quotes a passage from Papias distinguishing the two, and says:

"So that it is here proved that the statement of those is true who assert that there were two of the same name in Asia, that there were also two tombs in Ephesus, and that both are called Jonn's even to this day" (iii, 39).

We deem it, therefore, possible that the Apocalyps was written by the presbyter John; though Dionysius of Alexandria, who died A.D. 265, says that prior to his time some had set it aside as a forgery by Cerinthus (Eus. vii, 25).

There seems to be no evidence in favor of an earlier date for the composition of this book than A.D. 68. It may therefore be regarded as a description of the state of the church in Asia at that time by an orthodox pen. Paul, it will be remembered, caused a division in the synagog at Ephesus. That division doubtless continued long after Paul's death, even down through she first and second centuries. But the author of the Apocalyps was bitterly opposed to the heretics. In his address to the church of Ephesus he says:

"Thou hast tried them which say they are apostles and are not, and hast found them liars" (ii, 2).

And to the church of Smyrna:

"I know the blasphemy of them which say they are Jews and are not, but are the synagog of Satan" (ii, 9).

And to the church of Philadelphia:

"I will make them of the synagog of Satan which say they are Jews and are not, but do lie" (iii, 9).

And to the church of Pergamos:

"Thou hast there them that hold the doctrin of Balaam, who taught to Balac to cast a stumbling-block before the children of Israel, to eat things sacrificed unto idols, and to commit fornication" (ii, 14).

And to the church of Thyatira:

"Thou sufferest that woman Jezebel, which callest herself a prophetess, to teach and to seduce my servants to commit fornication, and to eat things sacrificed to idols" (ii, 20).

These denunciations seem to be aimed at the followers of Paul and of his associates, whose doctrins the author caricatures. The revelator avoids naming the false apostles, but in the same connection twice mentions the Nicolaitans whose deeds and doctrins he hates (ii, 6, 15). He commends the Ephesians for hating them, and reproves the church of Pergamos for tolerating them. Were those deeds and doctrins essentially different from those specifically denounced? It appears not, according to the revised translation:

"So hast thou also some that hold the teaching of the Nicolaitans *in like manner*" (ii, 15).

Nicolas the proselyte was one of the seven deacons of Antioch. Irenæus claims him as the founder of the sect of Nicolaitans. Epiphanius describes him as the originator of this and other immoral sects. Clement, of Alexandria, on the other hand, defends him against the charge of immorality, and says that his doctrins were misinterpreted by his followers.

Nicolas was a proselyte, and Paul was the apostle to the gentiles, while John the Revelator was evidently a Hebrew with narrow Judaic views. He condescends to mention the gentiles but once, and then in this contemptuous manner:

"But the court which is without the temple leave out, and measure it not; for it is given unto the gentiles, and the holy city shall they tread under foot forty and two months" (xi, 2).

We conclude therefore that the Revelator meant to denounce the followers of the apostle to the gentiles. One doctrin he held in common with them, namely, the near advent of the messiah. But that was the prevailing doctrin of the time, beginning with the book of Daniel, about 168 B.C., and continuing until the end of the second century. But there is this peculiarity of the Apocalyps, that its author does not seem to recognize a messiah as having already come in the flesh; the "Lamb slain from the foundation of the world" is yet to appear on earth.

A Modern Elias.

Among the queer fish to be met with in New York is Bishop S. S. Snow. He preaches sermons on prophecy every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the corner of Twenty-third street and Fourth avenue, in the hall of the medical college. This is the hall where one branch of the Liberal Club held its meetings for a while after the Rev. Charles McCarthy had succeeded in producing a split in that organization several years ago. A representativ of THE TRUTH SEEKER attended upon the ministrations of Bishop Snow one Sunday recently. Twenty-two persons were present, including Mr. Snow and the reporter. A half dozen men and women were gathered around a melodeon placed in one of the aisles about half way between the entrance and the circular bar upon which the pulpit is mounted, and these were singing with such ability as they possessed a hymn which ran thus:

Hark! in the wilderness a cry—
The herald's voice that loudly calls,
"Prepare the way, the Lord is nigh,
And every voice before him falls."

Or words to that effect. The singers were not especially talented. An old man with a rasping voice was looked upon with marked disfavor by the rest of the choir, but was not in the least disconcerted thereby.

Bishop Snow opened the exercises by observing that it was not inappropriate to occasionally turn our thoughts backward as well as inward. To carry out this idea, he read an extract from a letter which he wrote to the Boston *Investigator* under date of December 27, 1844, explaining that the *Investigator* was an Infidel paper, to which he had been previous to that time a subscriber, contributor, and also among its agents. "I was then an Infidel myself," said he, "God forgiv me! and my unbelief in the Bible was of the most determined kind." Under the light of Second Adventism, however, Mr. Snow was led to see the deplorable error of his way. His peculiar delusion at present is that he is the Elias and other singular persons foretold in prophecy. Mr. Snow extracted his text from the anecdote of the ten virgins, who were engaged, it seems, to carry transparencies in a procession. Five of these were so improvident as to go without oil. The painful manner in which they eventually found themselvs left is related in full. He then entered into an argument with himself to demonstrate the moral of this melancholy circumstance, directing his remarks chiefly to a sedate individual seated near the pulpit, evidently the most responsiv person present. When Bishop Snow conceived that he had clinched a point, he appealed to the sedate individual and inquired in a terrific voice: "Isn't that so? Can you dispute that?" The victim nodded and shook his head in a dazed way. The questioner crowed gleefully over the sedate individual's humiliation and his own triumph, and wriggled about in a most contemptuous and exasperating manner. Beyond question, the bridegroom, he argued, was Jesus Christ; and by subtracting 457 years from 2300 days, it was proved that he came for the second time in 1844. It was hoped that the insignificant fact that no one had seen the bridegroom would not cause any intelligent person to doubt his having come at the appointed time. He was merely "tarrying," as he had done in the parable of the ten virgins. We must not walk by sight, but by faith.

The sedate individual being now apparently under sound conviction as to the foregoing facts, he was tested on the identity of the ten virgins, half of whom were confessedly foolish. Were they the Protestant and Catholic churches? The responsiv person, in the extremity of doubt, nodded and shook his head again alternately. No; they were not the Protestant and Catholic churches. Those institutions were respectivly the mother of harlots and the abominations of the earth. Therefore the ten uncultivated damsels were the Second Adventists. Here the sedate individual momentarily collapsed. "Now," said the merciless tormentor, "whose voice was it that awoke the sleepers when the bridegroom appeared? Who was the faithful sentinel? I know and you know. You hear him now." The face of the sedate individual gleamed with sudden joy, and he winked knowingly at Mr. Snow.

In about this manner Bishop Snow's meetings are carried on. His central object is to show that he is the second John Baptist crying in the wilderness. Whatever may be his course of reasoning, it is sure to lead to that conclusion. He talks familiarly with his audience. A lady dropped asleep during his discourse. He called attention to the circumstance, and paused while her escort proceeded with sundry shakes and prods to restore her to wakefulness. The preacher espied the writer and asked him if he knew the dimensions of the new Jerusalem that John the Revelator saw let down from heaven. The writer felicitated himself that he did. This question was followed up with the query if the reporter properly appreciated the difference between regeneration and conversion. No. "Well," said Mr. Snow, "there are some people who are ignorant beyond belief. Was Christ ever converted? and yet did he not call upon his disciples to follow him in regeneration?" And thus the discourse was carried on for a dreary, vacuous, and uninteresting hour. The bishop is ludicrously conceited, and intensely overbearing and insulting toward his hearers, who, evidently attracted by his sensational advertisments, go to hear him through curiosity. He is a harmless fanatic, though as much out of place in an enlightened age as is the Salvation Army. A product of the Bible, he may perhaps prove useful in a measure by deterring others from sacrificing their reason as he has sacrificed his upon the altar of Daniel the Delirious and John the Revelator. He is a melancholy example of a good man gone wrong.

Faith or Trust in the Gods.

It has often appeared very strange why faith should be the leading and essential feature of all the religions of the world. Hav we not found a solution of the mystery in this, that faith or confidence is the basis of the villain's success? Nothing startles him so much as even suspicion, and investigation is death to all his vile schemes.

If it is strong evidence of rascality or tyranny in any man to insist on faith or confidence in himself as the only conditions of a business or other transaction of vital importance that he has forced upon another person, would not the demanding of such conditions be equally suspicious and unjust in any one, though claiming to be a God? Inasmuch as positiv knowledge can only be had by positiv proof, all shades of belief or faith are evidences that the thing believed in is unknown. It is conjecture only. Therefore, to ask consent of the judgment without proof is unreasonable, and to try to force it is tyranny. So it would seem to the unregenerated. Brethren, let us pray for that sharp, discriminating sense that would enable us to see that things done by holy persons and in holy places are quite different from those done by sinners in the external world. G. W. BIDDLE.

"The Bible Analyzed."

This work, by John R. Kelso, is to the Bible what Lord Ross's telescope was when applied to the starry heavens, a resolver of the composition and mystery of these creations. The law of evolution is as clearly traced in religions and their sacred books as is seen in the development of worlds and the various orders of life upon them. He shows conclusivly that the Old Testament was not written until after the Babylonish captivity, more than five hundred years after the death of Moses, and proves that the latter could not hav written the Pentateuch. This any unprejudiced mind will be ready to concede on perusal of the arguments set forth in the book.

During the Jewish captivity of seventy years among the Chaldeans, the Jews took on many of the manners and customs of the land to which they had been removed, and no less was the change wrought in their religion and religious worship. They had learned that their religion needed a cosmogony, and explanation of how the world and man upon it came into existence, as well as a god idea inseparable from all

worship. Evidently this was cunningly devised by Hilkiah, the priest, and the scribes he let into the secret, in finding a book of the law of the Lord on their return from captivity to Jerusalem, and in which the Chaldaic cosmogony, or Genesis, was first written, as it bears internal evidence of being produced at that date. "Of the finding of this book," he says, "there is something suspicious in the circumstance that the book should hav been found by a priest. This was according to the usual course of priestcraft. Strangely enough, all the sacred books of the world that hav ever been found hav been found by priests; and all that hav ever been received directly from heaven hav been received by priests. There is also something suspicious in the circumstance that in this case, as in all others of the kind, the book which was found should happen to contain the favorit doctrins of the very priest who found it. Without fear of successful contradiction, I assert that no priest ever did find or receive from heaven a book whose teachings were at variance with his own preconceived opinions. In all cases of this kind the book has always happened to confirm, never to change, the previous opinions of the very priest who happened to find or receive it. In all cases the parties happen to find just such books as they respectivly happen to want." Thus was the monotheism of the Jews incorporated with the various orders of deities of Chaldea, as their names of seraphim and cherubim indicate. The books of the Old Testament, as well as those of the New, are proved not to be written by the men whose names they bear, and that their dates and authenticity are unknown.

Christianity is shown to be but an outgrowth from Judaism, substituting Christ as a sacrifice sufficient, in lieu of the lambs and goats, which were getting rather too expensiv for the purpose. Then, again, the Emperor Constantine engrafted paganism into Christianity, with its idea of demi-gods or mediators, thence the long succession of popes and potentates of the Catholic and Protestant churches since that time.

These changes and evolutions are presented in so clear and forcible a manner that the mind is led irresistibly to the same conclusions of the author.

Mr. Kelso has done much in this work to clear the ground whereon the temple of liberty and humanity may be reared; wherein art, beauty, goodness, and moral worth shall receive the homage so long paid to imaginary deities.

In this analysis the author has gone through the wilderness of superstition, uprooting obstructions and blazing the way straight through to the clear fields of truth.

No one can read this book without feeling that the scales of sacredness hav fallen from his eyes in regard to the Bible and its God.

The book is beautifully printed in large, clear type on fine paper; contains over eight hundred octavo pages, and sells for $3.00. MRS. LUNA HUTCHINSON.

Bishop Creek, Cal., June 1, 284.

A Request Complied With.

COLUMBUS, OHIO, June 22, 1884.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Can you not publish Bryant's "Thanatopsis" in THE TRUTH SEEKER? I think it is one of the most beautiful things that was ever written. It is exceedingly appropriate to read at the funeral of an Atheist, as it contains no theology or superstition, and I presume that a great many of your readers hav never seen it. FRANK S. MONTGOMERY.

THANATOPSIS.

To him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his dark musings with a mild
And gentle sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart,
Go forth, unto the open sky, and list
To nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depth of air—
Comes a still voice. Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mold.
Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past;
All in one mighty sepulcher. The hills,
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun—the vales
Stretching in pensiv quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured around all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinit host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, traverse Barca's desert sands,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings—yet—the dead are there.
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, hav laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest, and what if thou shalt fall
Unnoticed by the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure. All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh,
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorit phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth, and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,
The bowed with age, the infant in the smiles
And beauty of its innocent age cut off—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those who, in their turn, shall follow them.
So liv, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Know Thyself.

If there had never been another command given to the world, and that one had been obeyed, the world would to-day occupy a higher standard in progressiv life than it now does; and how few realize the importance of becoming acquainted with themselvs!

Man, know thyself, study the laws which govern thy physical structure, learn how to preserve the harmony of the system. The natural condition of the body is health, and by becoming acquainted with the laws governing us, and living in obedience to those laws, health must necessarily be the result.

And when we hav learned the laws governing our bodies we should endeavor to become acquainted with our minds. Learn to think. Too long has the world allowed the few to do the thinking for the many. Learn to think for yourselvs, and learn to think logically. Keep your eyes open, observe the events which are transpiring, and learn to trace from cause to effect.

Note the religious movements of the day. Observe the attitude of the various so-called Christian leaders toward each other. Study the history of the religious movements of the past. Go back and learn who originated them, and where. Follow them and their history, and decide for yourselvs whether they are the light of the world. Be no parrots, idly prating, but take up the live interests of the day. Learn their history. Learn the characters of the leaders of political movements; judge of the reasons actuating them.

Form your own opinions on all subjects which are in your power to investigate. These are some of the methods by which the masses may learn to think for themselvs. For the time has arrived when every man and woman who has the cause of human progress at heart should understand the true condition of affairs. On the one hand the church, endeavoring to so amend the Constitution that it will recognize the Bible God as the ruler of the people, the one to whom our homage is due, so that laws can be enacted compelling everyone to sustain the church. Oh, can you not see there is danger ahead? for it is not by fair and honorable legislation that they hope to accomplish this, but by pious intrigue they hope to pass the amendment at some favorable opportunity when the friends of human freedom are off duty.

On the other hand, the laxity which is manifest in a large percentage by those who claim to be Liberals. They hav thrown off the yoke of superstition, and no longer fear or accept the teachings of the church, but hav set themselvs down and cry, "Peace and safety. Why troublest thou us?" And while we recognize in this one of the laws of nature, a reaction from the restralnts in which they hav been held in the past, the necessities of the case require that they should be aroused, for the enemy is at our very doors, and the sentries are asleep at their posts. Could we realize the condition of affairs as it really is to-day we would start at the danger that threatens. The coil of the Jesuitical serpent will, if efforts are not made to prevent, entwine itself around the very life of this nation. See to it, ye who call yourselvs freemen, and ere it is too late avert the danger which threatens. See to it that the candidate who is elected to be a leader of this great people is a man who can be trusted, for there never was a time in the life of this nation when such watchfulness was necessary as at the present. There never was a time since the nation's birth when danger threatened upon every hand as now. The campaign upon which you are now entering will be fraught with weal or woe to the nation's life. See to it that your energies and influence are cast upon the side of right.

Now is the time to work for the best interests of the country, not for party but for the people. To your mothers, daughters, and wives are you responsible—ye who hav refused to them the means whereby they can protect themselvs; for if the ballot is a protection to man it is also to woman. To those whose interests it is your duty to protect are you responsible for the manner in which you cast your ballot. Weigh well the situation, for to neither of the political parties of the day can you look for protection. The aim of the one is the aim of the other—the thirst for power, and a rush for the spoils. It is to new principles and a new party that you must look for salvation; and see to it that the liberties which you value are perpetuated—which they will not be by either of the parties which are now in the field, for if in the struggle the party in power to-day holds sway you can only expect the continuance of the policy which is sapping the foundations of this republic; the policy that permits and fosters the accumulation of vast wealth in the hands of the few, to the financial ruin of the masses, is not the policy which should be sustained by a government of the people. On the other hand, the battle-cry of reform has a glorious sound; but what does it really mean? Only an open sesame to power and spoils.

Friends, radical changes are needed for the perpetuity of the government which was founded by our brave sires, who in the dark hour of peril shrank from no sacrifice. Their lives and sacred honor were freely laid upon the altar of liberty, and to you they look to continue the work so nobly commenced.

Another thought. The patriotic women of America, those whom birth and education hav placed on an equality with their brothers, should hav the ballot. While it may not be expedient at the present time to extend to all women—those from foreign shores, whose education, or want of it, has wholly unfitted them to appreciate or rightly use that sacred symbol of the free—yet to the intelligent women of the land it is a crime to deprive them of it. And your laws should be so amended that all emigrating from foreign shores should necessarily remain here the same number of years as your sons before the rights of citizenship could be conferred upon them. Make it an honor to be an American citizen; make it necessary that every voter should hav an intelligent understanding of the political situation, and make it a crime punishable by both fine and imprisonment both to buyer or seller of the ballot. Our schools should be broadened in their conception. Not only should professors of political economy be employed, teaching the fundamental principles of government and enabling the young to form correct ideas of both self and national government, that they may be fitted to use the privileges of citizenship wisely; there should also be attached to all schools branches of industry, wherein the various trades are taught, fitting and preparing the rising generation to be self-sustaining. One of the surest means of eradicating crime from the land is to instruct the young of both sexes in some honorable means of obtaining a living. Remove all incentivs to crime by industrious habits. Employed minds and hands seldom seek for amusement or recreation aside from the paths of virtue. A nation's safeguard and protection is the love of truth and honor that is implanted in the minds of the rising generation.

Truth and justice is our watchword;
Ever let it be
Guiding star of love and duty,
Banner of the free.

San Jose, Cal. MRS. J. L. YORK.

Christian Superstition in Italy.

A Naples correspondent writes to the London *Standard:* "In the province of Catania, Sicily, we are informed, the festival of San Filippo, the patron saint of Calatabiano, is celebrated in a strangely superstitious manner. The ignorant population of that district believe that San Filippo has the power of restoring to health all those afflicted with epilepsy, hysterics, insanity, or other nervous maladies—in short, that the invocation of the saint is sufficient to cast out the 'evil spirit.' On the day of the festival such afflicted persons from all the country around are brought by their relations to be cured instantaneously at the church of Calatabiano. On arriving they are seized by robust peasants, who attempt to make them kiss the image of the saint, and cry, 'Viva Sant Filippo.' Some, as might be expected, are too stupid to obey, some struggle furiously in the hands of their captors, who then resort to the most savage means of compulsion, tearing off their clothes, pulling their hair, and even biting them, continuing the torture throughout the day until the victims pronounce the sacramental words. This being accomplished, the unfortunate invalids are again consigned to their relations, who take them home with tears of joy, only to be bitterly undeceived by finding them later on worse than before. This year the same scene was repeated, but was soon put a stop to by a police constable, who in the name of the law arrested all those who refused to renounce the barbarous custom."

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SATURDAY, - - - JULY 5, 1884.

☞Judging from the many expressions of pleasure reaching us, the engraving of the monument printed last week givs great satisfaction. If our readers wish copies of the paper containing it to send to friends, or for other purposes, we can supply a few hundred at 10 cents per copy.

Defying the Order.

The recent decision of Mr. Ruggles, state superintendent of public instruction, on the question of religious exercises, is undoubtedly fresh in the memory of THE TRUTH SEEKER readers. His decision was given in answer to the Board of Education of Union Free School of Orangetown. This board applied to the superintendent for a decision, representing that it wished to "move unerringly, but firmly, in the matter of sustaining the reading of scripture and prayer" in opening the school. Children of Catholic families had not been required to participate in repeating the scripture or Lord's Prayer, but had simply been required to behave with decorum. The question was raised by a request made by a number of Catholic families that their children be permitted to remain outside the school until the devotional exercises were concluded. The board was unwilling to grant the request, because the "interference causes much disorder outside of the room, and the subsequent entrance of these pupils causes a loss of time and disturbance to class work." Hence the appeal to the superintendent for instructions.

Mr. Ruggles took the ground that the only course to be followed, if the benefits of the constitutional guarantees are to be preserved, and the absolute equality of right in matter of religious predilection secured, is to exclude religious instruction and exercises from the public schools during school hours. Mr. Ruggles bases his decision upon the constitutional guarantee of the absolute equality of all people in the state in respect to the free exercise and enjoyment of religious profession and worship. Instruction being free under the public school system, the material resources necessary for its maintenance hav to be drawn from a population characterized by dissimilar religious beliefs, observances, modes of worship, and preferences. It is impossible to devise a limited measure of religious instruction for the schools upon which all these classes and sects could harmonize, and, therefore, the exclusion of all religious instruction and exercises, in Mr. Ruggles's opinion, is the only alternativ.

When calling attention to this but a few weeks since, we predicted that no attention would be paid to it by the school authorities of the different districts, and in this we were right. The schools of this city are all opened with the reading of the Bible, and in some cases with religious hymns. This is done in obedience to a by-law of the board of education which makes it obligatory. The by-law is based on an old state law which went on the statute books of the state in 1851, *the product of a compromise between Thurlow Weed and Archbishop Hughes.*

City Superintendent Jasper told a *Tribune* reporter a week or more ago that Mr. Ruggles's decision was not heeded. "We hav had no trouble," he said, "for eighteen or twenty years on the score of religious exercises, and I do not think any will again arise. The teachers now obey the by-law on the subject and read each morning a portion of the scriptures without note or comment. I am bound to see the by-laws obeyed, and if a question should arise, I would refer it at once to the board. But I do not think trouble will come. It is to the interest of every principal to remain popular with the people whom he is among, and as a rule all principals study the wishes of the parents of their pupils. This guides them in the selection of the portions of scripture which are read. Usually they are from the Psalms, Ecclesiastes, or Proverbs, and are unobjectionable to any religious feeling. We do not call the exercises religious exercises at all. Attendance is, of course, obligatory, for the reading takes place in the first minutes after nine o'clock in the morning, and the general contentment among all classes and sects is shown by the fact that the tardiness of scholars throughout the city is only two per cent of the attendance, and this percentage is not made up of the same children day after day."

Every day shows more and more that there is no sense of decency or justice in the Christian heart. Old Thurlow Weed and Archbishop Hughes parceled out the schools, giving to each as much superstition as the parents would stand, finding a common ground in the middle of the Bible on which they agreed, and paying not the slightest attention to the rights of any but the two great sects of fetich worshipers. And now Mr. Jasper doesn't propose to change the program. Because the people submit without protest, he concludes they like the doses of damnation doled out to their children in the first few minutes of the morning session. An order of his official superior is set aside, and the Bible rises again triumphant. The mugwumps of Christianity are indeed in the ascendant!

The League Congress.

Why cannot the next Congress of the National Liberal League be held at Cassadaga Lake, immediately following the convention of the New York State Freethinkers' Association? Such a conjunction would insure a large attendance of Liberals who can not afford the time and money to attend two conferences. It would also enable the League delegates to ascertain the feeling of Liberals as to political and social combinations, and thus aid in determining the action of the League.

We somehow feel that the next Congress will be an important one, as affecting the life of the national body. Practically nothing has been accomplished the past year by the League, and but few new auxiliaries hav been organized. Another year of such inertia would paralyze the organization, and render precarious its very existence. By meeting with the New York state auxiliary, it may be stimulated to renewed activity, and by confining its attempts at reform to secular issues, and mapping out a program in accordance therewith and prosecuting it vigorously, the report of its officers at the Congress in 1885 might be worth traveling a few hundred miles to hear.

The change in place of meeting from Cleveland to Cassadaga Lake is not violent. The lake is only about three hours' ride east of Cleveland, and the delegates who could attend at the latter place would certainly come on to Cassadaga, as the state convention is likely to be not less interesting than any former one. To borrow the interrogation of our esteemed contemporary, *Man*, What say you, Men and Brethren?

Woman Suffrage.

Several states hav this spring taken legislativ action upon questions affecting the natural rights of the female portion of our citizens. In most cases—in all where the right of suffrage was asked—the verdict has been adverse to woman. In Iowa both houses refused to even submit to popular vote a proposed constitutional amendment relating to the issue. In Massachusetts the adverse vote was 144 to 50; but a small gain in that state can be chronicled in women being allowed to practice medicin—something of a step for a commonwealth so bigoted as Massachusetts to take. In New Jersey the proposition led to a facetious debate in the house, and that is all. In Oregon, a state whose newness led people to look for a little display of justice, the popular vote is stated to be about three to one against the women. In this state only eight votes were lacking in the Assembly to submit the matter to the people, who must pass upon it in the shape of a constitutional amendment. In Utah the women may vote, but a bill disfranchising them is now pending in Congress.

In Pennsylvania, Mrs. Carrie Kilgore, a Freethinking woman, with a Freethinking husband, has compelled a reluctant court to admit her right to practice law. Mrs. Miller also forced the United States authorities to issue a steamboat captain's certificate to her, she passing the examination required of Mississippi pilots. These two victories, and the privilege of practicing medicin in Massachusetts, are the only substantial gains made.

A Franchise bill is now pending in England to which an amendment was made including the principle of woman suffrage, but Mr. Gladstone declared that the government would desert the bill if the amendment was tacked to it, and Parliament voted the amendment down—271 to 135. Oxford University, however, during the past year, has opened its honor grades to women, thus, in some small measure, atoning for Mr. Gladstone's unjust conduct.

Notwithstanding these defeats, we predict that it will not be twenty-five years ere the people of this country and England will comment unfavorably upon the conduct of their fathers in denying woman a right they will then concede she is as much entitled to as the men.

More Nominations.

The Liberal papers thus far hav maintained a stern silence as to our nomination for president of the League, which puzzles us, as they are not wont to keep still on matters pertaining to Liberalism. If any of them are acquainted with a better man for the position than Mr. Putnam, we hope they will not be shy in mentioning him. But if Mr. Putnam is not the man they desire, what would they say to this nomination for the presidency?—

HORACE SEAVER,
of Boston, Mass.,

who has for so many years edited one of the best Freethought papers in the world. Or if a man of national reputation is demanded, why not elect

JAMES PARTON,
of Newburyport, Mass.,

if he will serve, and some young, energetic man like Mr. Putnam for secretary?

The Belgian Election.

Belgium, with its five and a half millions of population, mostly Walloons and Flemings, has a large secular citizenship of the sort that goes to the polls and puts its convictions into the shape of ballots. But the valorous band hav been defeated by the very party that will one day or other make trouble for the American citizen—the Catholics. Political parties in Belgium consist of the Radicals, the Clericals, and the Liberals. The Radicals are the extreme secularizationists; the Clericals are Catholics, the Liberals standing midway between, with a pronounced leaning toward the Radicals The Protestant population is only about 15,000, mostly Calvinists. For long years the Clericals hav been out of power, though pushing the Liberals hard. The population of Belgium is chiefly Catholic, and on a measure for the revision of the constitution the Radicals could muster only eleven votes. But the Liberals needed aid in other measures, and to gain it made concessions which alarmed the Catholics and united them in the election which has just returned the old Clericals to power. The chief issue in this contest has been the secularization of education.

Previous to the recent election the government was substantially anti-clerical and secular. There is no state church in Belgium; ecclesiastical appointments are exempt from government control; and religious liberty is guaranteed by the fundamental law. These principles, if logically carried out, would render educational institutions not only tolerant, but strictly secular. As long ago as 1850 the lycées, or intermediate schools, were reorganized on the basis of secular or lay instruction. In the primary schools the influence of the clergy remained supreme. They not only taught the catechism, but directed the course of instruction and selected the books. The Liberals revised in 1879 the Education laws, resorting to the same compromise which had been effected in the intermediate schools. They did not prohibit religious instruction, but they restricted it to certain hours and required the clergy to confine themselvs to the catechism. The clergy were no longer allowed to choose the books and to control the courses of education. The primary, like the intermediate schools, were released from ecclesiastical domination.

The religious sympathies of the Liberal party are mainly with the Radicals, and a complete secularization of Belgium's schools might hav been looked for had not this national disaster overtaken her. But Catholicism is bound to go sooner or later, and as Protestantism does not seem to flourish on Belgian

soil, Liberalism must ultimately win back the position it has temporarily lost. Indeed, the opinion is generally prevalent that the Catholics will not dare undo the good work already accomplished, for fear of uniting against them all the disaffected political forces, cutting short their lease of power. It is feared that an attempt will be made to re-establish the relations of the Vatican with the government, but this would probably lead to the reorganization of the ministry, and though the Catholic press of neighboring countries advise not only this but the recommittal of the schools into the hands of the priests, it is not likely to be immediately attempted.

Bradlaugh Defeated Again.

The indictment against Mr. Bradlaugh on this occasion was for sitting and voting in the House of Commons as a member for Northampton, after administering the oath to himself, and after having been verbally ejected by the speaker. The "crime" charged is misdemeanor, and the jury has found him guilty on all the counts.

Of course it is disappointing to Mr. Bradlaugh. He certainly has right and justice on his side, and law that leaves these defenseless is tyranny of the most odious kind. Mr. Bradlaugh had what seemed to him good grounds for expecting a different verdict; but the one given only confirms the impression fast spreading that in England a Freethinker has no rights the Christian is bound to respect. The result of the trial, the cable reports, is everywhere regarded by the orthodox as a triumph of Christianity over Atheism. On the night of the rendering of the verdict, one of the Queen's counsel—spoken of as a veteran—said, "It is illogical, but it is legal, and the fact is that reverence for the forms of Christianity has become an ingrained part of English common law." It is doubtful if this eminent lawyer realized the full import of his words, and what they really meant, which is that the church "tried" Mr. Bradlaugh, and not the court. But that it is true there appears no room to doubt. England is a good deal more concerned in this verdict than Mr. Bradlaugh can be, even though it should result in bankrupting him or sending him to prison.

The case will be carried to the Court of Appeals, and the defendant is preparing a long list of exceptions to the ruling of the court. The Freethinkers of England are contributing generously to defray the expenses. Mr. Bradlaugh is in no wise daunted, and the unequal struggle of one man against the great English government will be continued while life holds, or until the victory is won.

Editorial Notes.

Some time ago the *Canadian Methodist Magazine* printed an article by the Rev. W. Harrison, in which that writer quoted a London journal to the effect that "of twenty Infidel lecturers and writers, sixteen hav abandoned their Infidelity and openly professed their faith in Christ and their joy in his salvation." Why the London journal took the number *twenty* out of which to distinguish sixteen hypocrits is not known. He might hav taken three hundred—there are probably that number of Freethinkers in England as prominent as those mentioned; but the object was doubtless to show that four out of five had recanted. This was the first fraud in the matter. The *Christian Advocate*, of this city, copied the article referred to. Dr. Aveling, of London, took the subject up and showed (1) that not all the persons claimed had recanted; and (2) that scarcely one was a representativ Infidel. The editor of The Truth Seeker wrote to the editor of the *Advocate*, admonishing him of these facts and asking for a correction. This is the way the *Advocate* printed his letter:

"To the Editor of the Christian Advocate, *Dear Sir:* I see that in your issue of March 27th, you reprint from the *Canadian Methodist Magazine* an article of the Rev. W. Harrison, in which he quotes a London journal to the effect that of twenty Infidel lecturers and writers, sixteen hav abandoned their Infidelity and openly professed their faith in Christ and their joy in his salvation. Allow me to say that this is incorrect. In the —— —— of Oct. 20, 1883, the paper of which I hav the honor to be the editor, I printed a long and complete refutation of this charge of apostasy so industriously circulated in England and in this country. If the story is not absolutely without foundation, it is so nearly so as to come under the stereotyped heading 'Christian Falsehoods.' As you hav given the wrong information to your readers, I shall expect you in justice to your readers in this country and in England to print the correction. Yours, for humanity, —— ——."

The omissions denoted in the foregoing by dashes are "The Truth Seeker" and "E. M. Macdonald." Dr. Buckley (editor of the *Advocate*) devotes three columns to the subject, leaving it finally exactly where it stood before, with the exception that he knocks off two from the Rev. Mr. Harrison's statement, and admits that only fourteen recanted from their Infidel opinions. We cannot help admiring the courage of Dr. Buckley in advocating a cause in which he must necessarily make so feeble a defense. What we can complain of, however, on behalf of the readers of the *Advocate*, is his omissions in his published copy of our letter. The name of The Truth Seeker, at least, should hav been printed, that the religious public might know who it is that the Rev. Dr. Buckley is discussing this question with. If the fear was that some good Methodist might obtain a copy of this paper and thereby hav his convictions shaken, then Dr. Buckley has little confidence in the stability of those convictions when assaulted by the logic of Freethought. In this respect the *Advocate* is far behind the *Catholic Union*. That paper prints The Truth Seeker in italics whenever it feels inclined to call it a vile Ingersollite or blasphemous sheet, which occurs nearly every week. Dr. Buckley adds that "some of the ablest Infidels we hav ever known hav renounced Infidelity and become Christians." Will Dr. Buckley giv their names and testimony to that effect, "not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith?" The fact is that Freethinkers do not become believers except under some strong religious excitement, which, as in the case of Bishop Snow, weakens their intellect and takes away their reasoning faculties.

Considering Sir John Lubbock's bill to restrict the hours of labor in England to twelve, Mrs. Besant says: "A day of twelve hours is brutal. Suppose a 'young person works for twelve hours; he or she, if 'young,' ought to hav at least nine hours' sleep; a growing animal needs many hours of repose. But if, out of the twenty-four, twelve hours are to go to labor and nine to sleep, what is left for education, for play? If the law fixes twelve hours as a 'fair day,' that law will largely govern custom. I declare that a 'legal day' should be eight hours on five days in the week, and not more than five hours on the sixth. If the labor is of an exhausting character, these hours are too long. For a shop, with its constant breaks of employment, they are fair; but if labor is to be continuous, these should be shortened. How can the producers become educated and refined if they are to be worn out by physical labor, and given no opportunity for mental endeavor? Full education, and time also for mere play, are the rights of every human being. That such a claim should seem exorbitant is the condemnation of our present social system. There ought to be none who has not the opportunity of appreciating all that is fair in nature and in art. And it must be remembered that 'opportunity' includes the precedent culture which is necessary to such appreciation."

Religious prejudices become involuntarily beneficial when they are exercised in the interests of justice. For instance, the reading of the Bible and other religious exercises in the public schools of Sharon and Sharpsville, in Mercer Co., Pa., will probably result in a law suit. The Roman Catholics complained to the bishop of Erie, the Right Rev. Tobias Mullen, that the teachers and directors of the Sharpsville and Sharon public schools were compelling their children to attend objectionable religious exercises upon pain of expulsion. The bishop advised the Catholics to keep their children out of school until after the devotional exercises. The teachers punished this tardiness by expulsion. The state superintendent of instruction did not sustain this action. The Catholics will now go to the courts to compel the discontinuance of all religious exercises and the reading of the Bible in the public schools.

Mr. Remsburg held, during the past week, at Stewartsville, Mo., a debate with the Rev. Mr. Green, a champion of the church. Of Mr. Remsburg's lecture at Davenport, Iowa, *Der Demokrat* of that place says: "Mr. John E. Remsburg held his third and last lecture in the German Theater last evening, His, 'False Claims,' was one of the grandest lectures of the three he gave in this city. The speaker pointed out nearly all the claims of the churches, and he plainly and forcibly demonstrated that they were false. Mr. Remsburg leaves for Chicago this morning, and he will in the next few weeks lecture in different cities of Illinois and Wisconsin. May he soon return. His lecture of yesterday has made him many friends, of which the lively applause frequently interrupting him yielded evidence."

Grace Church, in this city, has for years been minus an appropriate spire. A subscription of $50,000 was therefore raised, and up to June 24th a marble steeple had reached the hight of 171 feet. Then the foot of the derrick, used for hoisting the stones, slipped, and a workman named Simpson was caught beneath a rope and killed. Another man was severely injured, and a shower of huge stones, knocked loose by the arm of the derrick, went crashing through the roof of the edifice, doing some five thousand dollars' worth of damage. An $800 window was shattered by a swinging rope. Whatever was the design of this accident, it is beyond doubt a dispensation of Providence, and the religious world will now proceed to bring forth the royal diadem and crown him Lord of all.

A Food Reform Society has been organized in this city, about twenty-five persons meeting at Dr. Holbrook's Hygienic Hotel one day last week for that purpose. Dr. Holbrook was chosen president. One speaker announced that only about one-tenth of the Americans were healthy, and that the consumption of animal flesh was the cause of this state of things. Mr. Henry Chubb, a Quaker, contended that the eating of meat was against the teachings of the Bible! Well, who cares if it is? The main question to be considered is whether the eating of animal flesh is detrimental to health. Experience has not yet proved that it is—or that it is not.

The *Catholic Union and Times*, of Buffalo, demands the legal suppression of Ingersoll. Somehow our pious contemporary don't seem to hav "caught on to" the spirit of Americanism, but plods along as though it were enjoying the times of Philip the Second and Torquemada, when the roasting or racking of a few thousand heretics was only a pleasant diversion for the faithful. And our p. c. also tags right on after the pope in his Quixotic crusade against the Masons. What a curious physiological phenomenon it is, that when an old codger in Rome takes snuff some six or seven millions of people three thousand miles away should all sneeze in concert!

It is the opinion of the editor of the Methodist organ that provided dancing is prohibited, "there is no good reason why a picnic may not be a means of grace." Historical accuracy impels the remark that few things hitherto, except Methodist camp-meetings, hav proved a more prolific source of disgrace than the average religious picnic. Dancing is by no means the worst thing about it.

The board of commissioners hav decided to no longer pay $1,200 per year for a preacher in the insane asylum on Ward's Island, and whoever wishes to officiate in the capacity of chaplain for that institution will hereafter do so free of charge. We shall now see how much interest is taken in the salvation of the souls of lunatics, apart from a money consideration.

Heretofore blasphemy has not been considered a legal offense in New Zealand, but a new code is being considered by the colonial parliament into which the Christians hav injected this "crime." The Freethinkers of the colony are vigorously protesting through their paper, the *Freethought Review*.

The coming Plenary Council of Roman Catholic Primates, to be held at Baltimore, will discuss the subject of "Round Dances," and the "Duty of the Church to the Negro." In respect to the latter, we would suggest that the let-alone doctrin would prove the most profitable to the colored man.

Congregations are now sending their pastors into the country and to foreign parts for a few months. Ostensibly this is to giv the preachers a respit, but if the truth were divulged it would probably be found that it is merely a dodge of a suffering people to get a little rest for themselvs.

The Chicago *Tribune* dubs the Independent Republicans "George William Curtis's Salvation Army." Nothing needs salvation more just now than politics. Some of the political candidates are especially in need of it.

Literary Notices.

G. P. Putnam's Sons hav in press a volume by Capt. R. C. Adams, entitled, "Travels in Faith, from Tradition to Reason." Price, $1.25.

Wm. Hanson has written, and the Fowler & Wells Co., are publishing a book entitled "The Fallacies in Progress and Poverty." It is expected to be an answer to Mr. Henry George.

Mr. R. S. Sidelinger, of Boston, writes to Mr. Putnam as follows: "I hav read your 'Waifs and Wanderings,' the story that has been running through The Truth Seeker. I must let you know that I think it is one of the grandest productions that I ever had the pleasure of reading. The scene at the death of Columbus was fine, grand!" "Waifs and Wanderings" is soon to be issued in book and pamphlet form. In paper covers the price will be 50 cents; cloth, handsomely bound, $1.00

The *Popular Science Monthly* for July, has a long and very interesting article by Herbert Spencer on "The Great Political Superstition;" a statement of the advantages and disadvantages of Colorado for invalids, by S. A. Fisk, M.D.; an exposition of the "New Theology," by a Rev. Mr. Lyon, who makes it out to be an improvement and purification of the old; a paper by Grant Allen on "Our Debt to Insects," and ten other essays of more or less permanent value. Taken year in and year out, the *Popular Science* is one of the very best of the monthlies.

The *Freethinkers' Magazine* for July is a good average number. Among the more noticeable articles are those of S. P. Andrews, Elizur Wright, George Chainey, A. B. Bradford, and our voluminous correspondent, Elliott Preston, who contrasts Buddhism with Christianity in its protection of the lower animals. Mr. Andrews's dissection of reforms and reformers is spicy reading, and Mr. Wright has considered the evils of Sunday laws in his well-known incisiv way. Mr. Bradford livs a good deal in the past, and the lessons he learned in Abolition days are valuable hints for the present. We expect eloquence and beauty from Chainey, and his short communication in no wise disappoints the expectation. Rumors are in the air that Mr. Green intends to locate in Liberal, Mo., but this number of his Directory fails to confirm them.

Some suggestions for the improvement of the existing jury system are presented by Judge Robert C. Pitman in the *North American Review* for July, under the title of "Juries and Jurymen." "American Economics" are expounded by Professor Van Buren Denslow. Judge Noah Davis writes of "Marriage and Divorce;" Dr. P. Bender, whose subject is "The Annexation of Canada," sets forth the advantages likely to accrue to the United States from the absorption of the Canadian provinces; Professor D. McG. Means, in an argument "Government Telegraphy," subjects the management of the post-office to a most searching criticism; Charles T. Congdon writes of "Private Vengeance;" and, finally, there is a symposium on the "Future of the Negro," by Senator Z. B. Vance, Frederick Douglass, Joel Chandler Harris, Senator John T. Morgan, Professor Richard T. Greener, Gen. S. C. Armstrong, Oliver Johnson, and others, which is interesting reading. The *North American Review* can be ordered through this office. Single numbers are 50 cents; $5 per year.

Locating a Baptist.

April 11th, W. F. Malden, of Casseta, Ga., wrote us:

"The Rev. J. H. Fackler, Baptist, of Lumpkin, Stewart Co., Ga., was excluded lately from the Baptist church for drunkenness, lying, abusing his wife, and bigamy. Under the name of J. H. Price he is now somewhere in the West. He is also advertised in the *Christian Index*. I know the man well."

June 18th, A. Butterfield, of Ingalls, Kan., locates Mr. Price. He says:

"Price is preaching a little way west of here. It is the same chap. He had to run away from Iowa on account of seducing a young girl, and I think he will leave here soon for swindling some three or four different parties."

Letters from Friends.

RAYMOND, June 14, 284.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $4, which place to my account. I am glad of the move of Sister Elmina to investigate Spiritualism. But if she has not got the bug out of her ear that made its way in there when she was on a visiting tour some time ago, I should like to hav her rise and explain, because according to her own report she then made she could not account for what she received from the strange medium whom she visited. Now if what little she then received cannot be accounted for, what is the need of more evidence from the same source?

We hav a good many Liberal people in this part of Kansas —Materialists, Spiritualists, etc.—but they are too much like myself—too much wood about them.

Yours for free speech, free press, free mails, and equal taxation, C. W. NOLAND.

GALT, ONT., June 16, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I am highly pleased with your paper, and will always subscribe. I hav been kept busy reading books that friends gave me. I hav some sweet times talking religion to my companions, who are commencing to think the same. I am now an enemy of religion. There is plenty of it here, Salvation Army and Gospel Army. They make quite a stir on Sundays, and if they go to heaven I think I will. They are a terrible class. If I saw you I could tell you better. Mr. Laird helps me on, and what I don't know he tells me. There are quite a few Freethinkers here, although they won't say anything. But I can't keep it in, and will not as long as I liv. I hav been reading up Ingersoll's works, and they are immense. I am a barber, and hav plenty to talk too. Some think I should not talk religion, as it will injure business. But if I do my work right, religion will make no difference. I will close at present, and will do what I can for THE TRUTH SEEKER. J. D. BRUCE.

CINCINNATI, O., June 20, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I hav but little time to write, in consequence of a rush of business. But hard work and clear thoughts are often close company. Now, friend Macdonald, I do find in Freethought papers what seems to me the very reverse of clearness of thought. From my standpoint, much of it looks about as clear as mud, and how such opaque ideas can emanate from anything claiming to be sane, is to me a puzzle. Now were we not all born? Yes, that is one fact; and do we not now liv? Yes, that is another fact; and another and positiv fact is that we shall die. These three facts are clear and manifest. None can dispute or deny it, and neither before the first fact or the last is anything positivly known. We exist from moment to moment by nature's forces acting by and through organic matter, and so long as that organism is unimpaired by any cause or causes, life is intact, and works its way physically and mentally to the end. And whenever the lungs cease to respire, and breathing is no more, that, sir, is death! And beyond this last and final fact nothing is or can be known, and all the strange and proofless assertions to the contrary are the result of misconceptions, false conclusions, or wilful and perverse inclinations, growing out of ignorance, or a plastic mind easily controled by clerical sophisty or cunning trickery. Sir, Materialism is as clear as the noon-day sun. But every phase of supernaturalism is a fog bank, and those who would be wise should wash the blinding bandage of superstition from their minds, and clearly see that Materialistic philosophy is the standard of truth, and all should follow it as a grand and solid thing for happiness.

T. WINTER.

June 22, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Imagin my surprise last Sunday morning when I opened your paper to find a private letter I sent you published. Allow me to giv you the medal as the prince of blunderers, as I much rather the article mentioned would not hav been published. But I hav learned the fact that if you want a mistake made in handsome shape, giv it into the hands of a man. Instinct belongs to woman, reason to man. But allow me to express my private opinion by saying instinct is superior to reason. A man may theorize a month, and nine times out of ten he will accept the first opinion of his wife.

If it is a fact that you object to private letters from ladies, I will hereafter stamp all my correspondence to you with indelible ink, "Public!" I will forgiv the offense by your publishing this explanation. The trouble I mentioned was not, as I seemed to infer, a public move, but from a private individual, whose family are said to belong to the Catholic church, a family whose ignorance and superstition can hardly be equaled—people who are not satisfied to believe in a future hell, but keep up a miniature hell here, hot enough to raise tropical fruits for a mile square.

Our Board of Education is composed of men and women who are courageous enough to dare to do right, and when they face a man who is black in nature, though he may be white externally, they dare to say, "Get thee behind me, Satan."

The world moves on, and the ungentlemanly wretch who made such a desperate effort to giv me a rest found he was playing barn-ball, and no one hurt but himself. His present appearance reminds me of a dilapidated rooster after a thunder shower. In the language of Peck, I am a Liberal from head to foot, now and ever more, independent as the day is long, and a firm believer in a heaven and hell, devils and angels of love and mercy, here on earth. Having all these on hand, it seems a waste of time to look farther. While the religious creeds seem like so many dark demons that hold their victims with a mesmeric grasp, powerless by reason of early education and surroundings, still we as Liberals should entice them out of the darkness, and into the broad road of light, into channels of new thought, by love and kindness, instead of fire and smoke and the cruel jest. I hav but the kindest of feelings for the honest Christian. That I am not one is simply a streak of good luck. An investigating disposition and a lack of faith was my savior. SEE MORE.

MELVIN VILLAGE, N. H., June 23, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find three dollars, for which please send me THE TRUTH SEEKER for one year. I am rather behind the times in not renewing my subscription sooner, but did not intend to be. And I cannot tell you how much I hav missed its weekly visits. It is but a very short time since I commenced to take your valuable paper, and it has been to me indeed an intellectual feast, and to take it once is with me to want to take it always. So you may count me as a life-long subscriber. I am alone, as it were, in Freethought. I hav many foes to fight. It is truly astonishing with what tenacity the people hold their creeds and dogmas here, and I am opposed in my own family. My husband is against me in my opinions, as it is not the way that he has been taught to believe.

I attended a funeral yesterday, and to prove the literal resurrection of the dead the preacher said that Aaron's rod budded and blossomed, and bore fruit, and he spoke of the golden pot of manna that kept fresh for hundreds of years. That is the kind of doctrin that suits best here. Yet I think there are some, if they would be honest, and would dare to tell what they think, who would not believe the Bible. There are a great many hypocrits who belong to the church for the sake of being popular. I hav a little son who attends church and Sabbath-school. He has no other society. There is no other for him. And the seeds of error are being sown in his young mind, which in later years will be hard to eradiate. Yet his father wishes it, and the circumstances are such that I cannot very well control them.

It was my good fortune to hav an Infidel father, who, when I was very young, tried to instil into my mind principles of truth which I hav never forgotten—that the Bible is not the word of God, but an imposition on the world, and reading it myself has convinced me that it is so.

Wishing you every success, I remain, yours ever in the cause of truth and mental liberty, MRS. MARY A. HORNE.

A LETTER TO MISS WIXON, FROM A SPIRITUALIST.

SOUTH ROYALTON, VT., June 17, 1884.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I hav just read in THE TRUTH SEEKER your very touching article on "Our Susie." I cannot keep silent. You say, "If that bright, intelligent mind continues in conscious existence, we shall some day see her again." Yes, my friend, you will see her. There is no room for doubt. That darling spirit is near you every hour when you think of her. All our loved ones who hav left us in the form are still watching over us to bless us. I *know*, and therefore must speak. My heart goes out in deepest sympathy to all who mourn the loss of dear kindred and friends. I wish to tell everybody what I *do know*, that their hearts may be comforted. All alone in my humble home they (spirit friends) come to me. I wish I could find words to express my joy and happiness in communing with the bright spirits that come to me. It is as near a heaven as I ever expect to enjoy, even in the sweet summer-land. Why, my friend, when H. B. A. was with us on a visit a few years ago we were blessed with the presence of more than sixty old neighbors, friends, and relativs. They not only spoke their names, but shook hands as heartily as when in the form, and expressed great joy to meet us again; also wrote letters full of affection and instruction to us all, with spirit hands. Now, these are *truths* which we *know*. There is no guess-work or mistake in what I write you. I know that those called dead are more alive than when in fleshly bodies. Oh, that every aching heart could know and believe these glorious facts as I myself do! To me there is no death in all this mighty universe. Life—life immortal and progressiv to the endless ages of eternity—is the rich boon of humanity. How can any student of nature fail to read the great and glorious facts which she teaches in the tiniest blade of grass, or in the ever-shining orbs over our heads, which are

"Forever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine."

With best wishes, your friend, MRS. H. J. SEVERANCE.

LOUDONVILLE, N. Y., June 22, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: It has been a long time since I wrote to the dear old TRUTH SEEKER, and I want to do so to-day, to thank Mr. Preston for his efforts in behalf of anti-vivisection, and you, Mr. Editor, for pubishing his articles on the subject.

I confess that the reading of those same articles was harrowing in the extreme to my nerves. I thought I would not read them, but sometimes the horrible has such a fascination, you know. I hope Mr. Preston will continue to agitate the subject, with your help, and thus giv it an airing and publicity which it so richly deserves.

There is scarcely a medical work or journal that does not contain reference to some vivisector's experiments. I would rather die by slow suffering, pain, and torture than that one poor little dumb rabbit or faithful little dog should suffer torture that I may liv. Moreover, I don't believe that the doctors learn much by such inhuman processes, anyway. It is more to satisfy curiosity and the developed boyish fiendishness that liked "to see 'em wiggle." It's a proclivity of your sex, Dr. Foote, to which "vivisection for scientific purposes" is a plausible excuse. Medical colleges are not all of the nice character of the ones the doctor is acquainted with, nor are all the students of his bent of character, unfortunately.

It is really kind of the doctor to be so solicitous of our nerves, and I doubt not he is a great friend of ours, but really, you know, one does not like a sneering reference to one's "weakness," even by one's best friend, and the doctor's way of referring to our sex was scarcely chivalrous.

Although THE TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL has laid on my table since last March, it was not until last week that I gave it a thorough perusal, and considered my time well spent in so doing. The character sketch of "Big Jack Small" was well worth the price of the book, let alone the information, dates, etc., it contains.

I found but one fault, and laid it down with a sense of disappointment that Ella E. Gibson's name was not in the list of prominent Freethinkers and reformers. No one acquainted with her writings and labor in behalf of Freethought can disclaim the justice of her name being in the list. She has written, lectured, and talked for years, sometimes for no compensation, and in most cases for scarcely enough to meet her expenses. Laid on a bed of pain and weariness nearly all the time for the past three years or more, her greatest sorrow is that she cannot be at her life work—fighting old theology.

With best wishes for the prosperity of THE TRUTH SEEKER, I remain Truly yours, WINEFORD V. ASPINWALL.

[The omission of Miss Gibson's name was an oversight that can be remedied next year.—ED. T. S.].

HELENA, MON., June 18, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Knowing that many of your Western readers personally knew and loved my late wife, I send the accompanying obituary and poem for publication in THE TRUTH SEEKER. Respectfully yours, C. B. VAUGHAN.

DIED.—At Helena, Mon. Ter., June 4, 1884, Jessie, wife of C. B. Vaughan, aged 33 years. Mrs. Vaughan was formerly Mrs. Dr. A. A. Howard, and had many friends in Nebraska, Nevada, and California. The following poem expressiv of her belief was read at her funeral:

THERE IS NO DEATH.

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine forevermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change, beneath the summer showers,
To golden grain or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granit rocks disorganize
To feed the hungry moss they bear;
The forest-leaves drink daily life
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away;
They only wait through wintry hours
The coming in of May.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er this earth with silent tread;
He bears our best-loved things away,
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate,
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice, whose joyous tones
Made glad these scenes of sin and strife,
Sings now an everlasting song
Amid the tree of life.

And when he sees a smile too bright,
Or heart too pure for taint and vice,
He bears it to that world of light,
To dwell in Paradise.

Born into that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them—the same,
Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear, immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there is no dead.

HUNTSVILLE, ALA., May 8, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Suppose Talmage was a shoemaker, but had a religious literary bend of mind, and that no one encouraged him by substantial means to change his vocation. Suppose, further, that some godly man died, a relation of Talmage's, and left the following last will:

"In the name of God, Amen! I, being of sound mind, do bequeath to my children and their heirs and assigns all the prayers I hav made for their welfare during the last forty years. I bequeath to them the result of all my lifetime toil in their behalf. I bequeath to them the Christian religion, that has done so much to comfort my sorrows, in the hope it may comfort them in their sorrows. I bequeath to them a hope of reunion in the land where there shall be no parting. May they share and share alike in eternal riches. I bequeath to them the wish that they may avoid my errors and keep anything that may hav been right. In the name of the God who made me and the Christ who redeemed me, and the Holy Ghost who sanctified me, I make this last will and testament. Witness all the hosts of heaven. Witness time. Witness eternity. Signed, sealed, and delivered in this, my dying hour, with the love and tears of father or mother."

Suppose, finally, that some ungodly man, also a relation of Talmage's, died at the same time, and left this last will:

"In the name of God, Amen! I being of sound mind, do make this my last will and testament: I bequeath to my children all the money that I hav made and all the houses that I hav built; but I rob them of what I got from my father. I hav squandered that by my own impenitent and worldly life. Let my children share and share alike in the disappointment and the injustice and the everlasting outrage. Signed, sealed, and delivered in the presence of God and man, and angels and devils, and all the generations of earth and heaven and hell. January, 1884."

The question is (as we know Talmage to be a pious man, even in his shoemaking vocation), which of the two wills would he accept, or would he remain by his "last" and refuse the houses, etc., which the so-called ungodly man bequeathed to Talmage? The question is not fair, I think, because the answer is clear. And yet both wills are Talmage's own words of January 6th, on the Lord's day, at the Brooklyn Tabernacle. The text was from Samuel—"Whose son art thou, thou young man?" I must confess with me the choice would be easy enough, and unless Talmage be an angel of angels he would like to accept the houses, and call the godly testator a fool of fools.

The Rev. Holy Dr. Talmage speaks also of holy nursery

rhymes. I think I hav read considerable, including in part the Bible, even, but I never read or heard of a holy nursery rhyme in my life, and were a pious sister in the country to ask me to bring her a holy nursery rhyme book from a city, say Cincinnati, I fear that Thomas Winter even would be unable to direct me where to buy it, on this globe or in heaven.

HENRI PALING.

MURRAY, O., June 22, 284.

MR. EDITOR: In accordance with your request in regard to "A Petition for State Secularization," I hav complied inasmuch as I hav signed it, and as many of my friends as I could induce. I might probably get more to sign the petition had not a certain event occurred in this place which can be briefly stated as follows: Murray is a small mining village depending entirely upon the one mine, isolated, as it were, from any other mine some four or five miles. The mine in question is one of a number of mines owned and controled by a "syndicate" known by the name of "C. & H. C. & I. Co." On the 9th inst., the "syndicate" suspended operation in this mine for an indefinit period, thereby necessitating the miners of this place to either remain at home and starve with their families, or go to the expense of moving away. Some hav gone one way, some another. As I said, had it not been for the above scattering of the men, I might hav been able to get more signers. As it is, I hav done the best I could. Inclosed find petition.

If it would not be intruding too much, I would like to insert a few quotations from a work that I am now reading, which I think will be interesting to some, for I am certain it was to me. The work is entitled, "Our Wild Indians: Thirty-three Years' Personal Experience among the Red Men of the Great West. A popular Account of their Social Life, Religion, Habits, etc." By Col. Richard Irving Dodge.

In writing about the religion of the Indian, the author, on page 100, says: "The Indian is as religious as the most devout Christian, and lays as much stress on form as a ritualist. He believes in two gods, equals in wisdom and power. One is the Good God. His function is to aid the Indian in all his undertakings, to heap benefits upon him, to deliver his enemy into his hand, to protect him from danger, pain, and privation. He directs the successful bullet, whether against the enemy or against the beasts of the field. He provides all the good and pleasurable things of life. Warmth, food, joy, success in love, distinction in war, all come from him.

"The other is the Bad God. He is always the enemy of each individual red man, and exerts to the utmost all his powers of harm against him. From him proceed all the disasters, misfortunes, privations, and discomforts of life. He causes all the pain and suffering; he brings the cold; he drives away the game; he deflects the otherwise unerring bullet; from him come defeat and wounds and death.

"The Good God is always the Indian's friend and assistant in everything that he wishes or proposes to do. If the Indian desires to steal a horse or the wife of a friend, to kill another Indian or raid a settlement of whites, it is the Good God to whom he turns for countenance; and it is by his assistance that he hopes to accomplish his purpose.

"The Bad God always thwarts; and from the lameness of a horse to final death, every annoyance, mortification, or disaster is attributed to the direct influence of the Bad God."

Further along in the same work, the author, on page 110, says: "There is a curious point of resemblance between the beliefs of the wild Indians and the Christian. Both believe in two great beings. The former believes in a God and a devil, equals in power and wisdom. Christians believe in an omnipotent and all-merciful God; but are so inconsistent as to believe in a devil, who, over human conduct and human souls, has ten times as much power as the Good God."

It will be thus seen that although there is a "curious point of resemblance" between the two beliefs, the wild Indian's is the most reasonable of the two.

"Ashamed to be a Christian!" I for one would be ashamed, and be classed by historians with the savage Indians of the West, and they one count ahead. We cannot be surprised at them for believing as they do; but for civilized people it is remarkably strange. They hav had no chance whatever of developing their reasoning faculties; while we hav every chance in the shape of colleges, the press, in fact, in almost any conceivable way; and yet with all the benefits of the latest inventions, discoveries, and so on, the Christians hav not advanced religiously beyond the wild Indians of the West. Not being satisfied with being back of the age themselvs, they want to put their God into the Constitution and keep us all back. Probably I hav made this letter too long, therefore I will conclude by signing myself,

Yours for state secularization, D. E. LEWIS.

WELLAND, ONT., June 1, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I hav been induced to pen the following lines from the circumstance of some of my Quaker friends having made me the subject of discourse in their sermons, and also in some printed pamphlets, which they hav sent out, giving me an advertisment. While having one foot in the grave, and while a member of their religious society and indorsing their religious creed, I had mistakenly, like Mother Eve, given way to temptation, repudiated their religious creed, and resigned my right of membership in their society, which in their opinion would hav been my passport at the entrance-gate of some celestial city, the whereabouts of which I confess my ignorance. They, like myself, were brought up and trained to believe in a religious superstition founded upon a false basis, in the days of ignorance, and perpetuated by a cunning and designing priesthood, pretending to hav a sort of divine commission to act as agents for the Jewish Jehovah or Christian's God in expounding or explaining his will, as written in an old book (as they say by divine inspiration), but by whom or when written there is no satisfactory evidence to show; we know that Moses could not write an account of his death and burial, and science tells us that the creation story is not true; and that is the foundation upon which the whole fabric of the Christian religion rests; and, if the foundation is false, any system built upon it cannot be true.

But there can be no blame attached to those holding to the belief in such silly, impossible, and dogmatical views, when we consider that our characters hav been formed for us instead of by us, by our organization at birth and the circumstances and influences surrounding us from that time to the present. In our infancy and childhood, before our minds had begun to develop and were susceptible of being impressed with any ideas that our dear parents saw fit to teach or instruct us in, it would hav been just as natural and as easy to hav been trained in the religious creed of the Jew, the Mohammedan, the Buddhist, or any other, as that of the Christian; and how could we be to blame for being so trained, any more than we were to blame for the circumstance of our birth, as we had no control over any of these events? Having been taught from infancy the importance of implicit faith in any of these creeds, they hav become ours, and are, as it were, incorporated into our very being, and it is no easy matter to rid ourselvs of them. The first step is to begin to doubt their truthfulness, and this doubt leads to a more dilligent investigation, and in this we are led to see how easy it was for an ignorant people to draw upon their imaginations to account for things they did not comprehend. Hence, the creation of gods and spirits good and bad; and these myths we hav been taught to believe are real beings, without any good evidence of their being such other than imaginary.

In the same way arose a belief in witchcraft, which was as firmly believed in as any other spiritual phenomenon, and which cost the lives of many unfortunate homely-looking people, and others. It only required a higher degree of intelligence to rid ourselvs of the belief in witchcraft, and as the human race rises to a higher intelligence by becoming acquainted with the sciences and the laws of nature, a belief in kingcraft, ghostcraft, and priestcraft will follow in the same wake. We are evoluting toward that point, and it is only a question of time when it will be reached, though all the influence of self-interested parties, such as kings, priests, and ignorant church people will be raised in opposing the spread of a higher intelligence. It is hard work for self-interested parties to lose sight of their individual selfishness for the benefit of the human race. Perhaps my expression of these views may be far in advance for the less thinking part of the community to realize their truth, but they are not the less true for that. People require to be educated to hear and understand, as well as to speak and write. Though we hav all been endowed with a faculty for thinking, yet that faculty is but little employed by a very large number, except how to make a living and accumulate wealth, while the higher branches of our intellectual faculties are allowed to lie dormant.

It is fortunate for the human race that there hav been a few leading minds which hav been directed to scientific investigation, and hav arrived at conclusions founded upon facts that are capable of demonstration to be facts, and not dependent upon imagination or a creed-bound faith, and the number of these minds are greatly on the increase, as the light of scientific truth is being disseminated; it no longer satisfies an enlightened mind to profess to believe what he does not believe, or in a creed that he really knows nothing about. The difference between a scientist and a religionist is, the one knows and the other believes. To say, I believe, is only equal to saying, I don't know. All the faith in the world will not change a truth to an untruth, nor an untruth to a truth, though it is said to remove mountains, which is false, and if any one believes it will, let them try.

JOHN RAY.

HOBART, IND., June 8, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Is there any other thing in this world that comes so hard as it does to be truly "Liberal?" How plainly manifest the trouble is in writing on the questions that are discussed in THE TRUTH SEEKER; prohibition and the Bible, for instance. Some one writes an article on prohibition and portrays the evils resulting from the liquor traffic, and pleads for Liberals to take hold and help crush the monster body and soul; shows what a blight and mildew it is upon our fair land; what a hindrance it is to growth; how it stunts our youth, starves families, and impoverishes the many for the enrichment of a few, etc. We read and think what a splendid thing that is, and long for the ability to add our mite of influence in the same direction, and think, of course, every Liberal in the land will say Amen, and join hands in the warfare.

But, right in the next column, we will find an article from another Liberal, all on the other side of the question; somebody who almost flies all to pieces because somebody wants to interfere with his "personal liberty;" and from reading the essay one would be led to believe that alcoholic stimulants were the sum total of man's necessities. Who would dare to interfere with his right to do as he pleased? Whew! mercy! words are too weak to express the horror and disgust at the idea of such interference. He has a right to drink what he pleases; eat what and when he pleases, and read and write as he pleases. But go slow, and see what other rights he has. Isn't it astonishing? He claims not only the Liberal right of ruling his own conscience, but of ruling everybody else. Demands the right of abolishing Bibles, and tearing down religious institutions, and playing hob, generally, with everything he don't like.

I am, probably, very obtuse, but, for the life of me, I can't see why his liberty to drink is of so *much* more importance than some other person's liberty to read or believe as he pleases. I do not understand why the prohibition of the sale of alcohol is trespassing upon personal liberty, any more than the prohibition of the Bible in schools is trespassing upon the liberty of some conscientious Christian (for I believe there are such). I know old people whose most happy hours are spent in reading the Bible. They revere it; and do just as Christ commanded when he said, "Search the scriptures, for in them ye *think* ye hav eternal life." They do think eternal life is taught in them; and it is none of my business. I would not deprive them of their liberty to read their best loved book any sooner than I would an Infidel of reading Paine's "Age of Reason."

I make it my business to sign every protest I can against Christians forcing school-children to read or hear the Bible read in schools. I would just as readily sign a protest against having Spiritualism taught in the public schools; and against Materialism too. I do not believe in teaching "oxys" at all to children; they hav enough to learn, and beliefs will make themselvs in time, and they should be natural ones—not taught. And yet were I compelled to choose between the Bible or alcoholism, I would take the old book. A child, left to itself, would not read it enough to injure it, even though it saw every old lady and man in its vicinity reading it. But not so with spirits; the Bible only hurts those who indulge in it, but whisky hurts to the third and fourth generation. Belief in any certain direction is not absolutely incurable in a well-balanced mind; the effect of alcohol upon the children of habitual drinkers is that they are liable to hav their minds destroyed before birth, and not only that, but their bodies dwarfed and their forms racked with desease. I will not furnish Bibles for my children to read in public schools, neither will I compel them to attend in time for devotional exercises. I explain my motivs to teachers, and when they see I am honest in my convictions, they always respect my wishes in the matter.

I would not send children to school where they were taught that to deprive them of forming the opium habit, or arsenic habit, or tobacco habit, or any other habit whose whole tendency was evil, was an interference with their personal liberties.

Alcoholism is just as baneful as either, or all the others combined, and to restrict its sale is no more a trespass upon personal liberty than it is to compel men to refrain from selling poisoned meat, or tainted fish, or turning loose among our defenseless citizens a lot of rabid dogs, or wild animals unmuzzled and unrestrained.

I know one person who is a good illustration of this hobby of individual rights. He is so afraid his perfect freedom—to do as he pleases—is going to be encroached upon that he is the laughing-stock of his personal friends. He is one of the best men in the world, and intellectually rather above the average, but his personal freedom almost "gets away" with him. On one occasion he accompanied a party of ladies to a famous beach, where they were to spend the day. He could only stay to see them comfortably settled, when his business compelled him to return home. Before starting home he called his wife and said: "Now be sure to take the five o'clock boat. Do not forget it on any account. Do not let me worry about you. I must not be cramped by anxiety. I must hav everything just right, or I can't hav liberty." And he kept repeating this until one of the ladies said: "See here. Did it ever occur to you that it might encroach upon the liberty of some one of us six or eight women folks, all able to take care of ourselvs, and get home without any assistance from you, to take that five o'clock boat? There might be such a thing as our wishing to go sooner, or we might conclude to wait an hour longer on the beach. And in that case whose liberties should we consult—yours, to whom it cannot make one particle of difference, or our own? It is six to one, remember."

Sometimes this thing of personal liberty is a wonderful convenient thing to hav around. But I hav seen it used where it did not look well, to say the least. That kind of liberty-loving folks are generally pretty hard to liv with. They generally want all there is of it, and every body else is expected to toe the mark. There are several kinds of liberty that would be better were they somewhat fettered. Public opinion would be the most acceptable anchor, but if that can't be had, something else must do. Too much exclusiv liberty is not good for thieves, libertins, monopolies, priests, bosses, classes, castes, or males, either in the family or government. But all together do not compare in hideousness to crime-making establishments commonly called distilleries, and their outlets, saloons.

What would be thought of a community like this? A man has a lot of dog-berries. They are sweet, and our children like them. He gets a nice hall, and puts his poisoned candies up in fine style; puts screens to his doors, and flowers in his windows; has a fine band inside that discourses sweet music. Our little folks naturally run in. He shows his wares, and tells them to buy; it will made them dance, and sing, and feel wonderfully nice. They see some one who has eaten one. He is witty, and they laugh at him. The fellow behind the counter says, "Just one won't do you any harm; try it." They are persuaded. One is swallowed. Next day another. In a few days it takes two, and so on. The dose has to be increased until the fatal number is reached, and the victim dies in agony! How long would such an establishment be allowed to stand? Would the fathers and mothers stand idly by and declare that man's personal liberty to kill their children should not be interefered with? No, you know better. Lynching would be considered too good for him. And yet we hear people who claim to be capable of teaching truth and justice fairly ranting for fear just exactly such a traffic shall be interfered with. To my mind a person whose liberties depend in any degree upon the continuance of the liquor traffic, as it is carried on to-day, is in a deplorable condition, and should not be held up as an example for our children to copy; no matter whether he drinks the liberty-giving beverage or lets it alone. You say it don't hurt a stomach it does not come in contact with. No, but it does hurt the brains and body of the child of the man or woman who indulges in the use of it when begetting that child.

The rulers of Germany see these evils, and make it a crime for a boy under sixteen or eighteen years of age to use spirituous or malt liquors, as it unfits him for the army and other athletic pursuits.

How long shall woman weep, and youth debase himself, while men make laws making it possible for a man to hav a good moral character, and at the same time make fools of men and paupers of whole families? ELVIRA L. HULL.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"His life is long whose work is well,
And be his station low or high,
He who the most good works can tell,
Livs longest though he soonest die."

The Children's Hour.

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night begins to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
And the sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamp-light,
Descending the broad hall-stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence,
Yet I know by their merry eyes,
They are plotting and planning together,
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

They climb up in my turret,
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine.*

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you hav scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am,
Is not a match for you all?

I hav you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon,
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there I will keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day;
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And molder in dust away.

—*Longfellow.*

*Bingen is a town on the Rhine, where the river is narrow and runs between very high rocks. Mice-Tower (der Maeusethrum) is built upon them, and is so called from the belief that Archbishop Hatto, of Metz, who speculated in grain during a famin, was gnawed to death there by mice in the year 969.

Our Dog Spang.

Our dog Spang was a wonderful being, and attained a great reputation. He was a cross between the shepherd's dog and water spaniel, of medium size, jet black, with the exception of a streak of white upon one foreleg, and a gradual shading into yellow tufts of hair approaching the feet; and a pair of yellow eyebrows, which, at a distance, looked like an extra set of eyes.

This dog possessed a very friendly disposition; and was inclined to wag his caudal appendage before every stranger if in company with one of the family, for then he took it for granted that the person must be a friend or on intimate terms with us. Because of this trait, he was a general favorit, and enjoyed the good will of the whole village; was not often abused, and could visit anybody's yard without fear of insult or bad treatment. He was fond of children, and often would go to school to do tricks and play for the boys. His feats consisted of jumping through a hoop, shaking his paw, jumping over a stick if not held up too high, and quietly walking under it if it was, which would create rounds of merriment; but, above all else, he was a great diver and swimmer; he would paddle about in the water for hours, bringing out sticks, and diving to the bottom for stones that had been shown him, and he rarely got the wrong one if he was permitted to see it before it was thrown in. This was often done by breaking off a piece or in some way marking the rock. He would dive down and open his eyes under water, and hunt around until he got the right one. In my childish anxiety, I was often afraid the boys would drown him when in hunting, he would remain under water so long.

He was, in consequence of his training, very expert in duck-shooting. The river at certain portions of the year would be lined with squads of wild ducks, and the hunter would shoot them from the river bank, and no matter how far out, if a duck was hit and crippled, Spang would spring into the water and bring it to the shore. He did one act in this line that brought all his dog knowledge into play, and raised his reputation to the top notch of doghood in that region. It often happens that if a duck is shot, it will dive down, and feeling the instinct of death, will fasten into anything in the shape of grass or roots it may find, and thus held by a death grip, will not come to the surface, and hence be lost to the sportsman. Upon one occasion this happened to a hunter who had Spang with him. When his gun went off, down went the duck, and in pounced the dog (Spang could tell just as well as the hunter when a duck was hit), and swimming to the spot, he went round and round, watching for the crippled duck to come to the surface, and hav his fun in catching it, but no duck came. At last he got as near to the place as he could, where the duck had gone down, and up went his tail, and he slipped under the water like a streak, and in less time than I can write it, out he came with the dead duck in his mouth, and laid it at the hunter's feet. The man noticed that the duck's bill contained the roots and tuft of grass into which it had fastened its death grip. He was so astonished at this performance that, in relating it, he declared the dog knew more than he did! The sagacity of this act was the crowning glory of Spang's reputation as a duck hunter. He did another thing, however, that was much more important, and exhibited an equal or greater amount of shrewdness. My niece, at that time a mere child, on a Sunday visit, by some means ran away from her mother and the rest of the company, unnoticed by them for a time. She went around the corner of a storehouse at the side of which was a wharf for unloading boats; for some reason this child wanted to play in the water, and getting a stick, commenced striking into the canal. The dog probably heard the splashing of water, and he slipped around the corner and to the wharf. Just then the child was missed, and great fears were had that she might hav tumbled into the water from the wharf. To ascertain this in the shortest time, the company ran out upon a canal-bridge, from which place they could look down upon the dangerous wharf, where, to their astonishment, they beheld the child close to the water's edge striking into it, and Spang holding on to her clothing. She would occasionally strike at the dog, when he would let go, but the moment she turned to strike at the water he would take hold of her clothing, and try to pull her away. The company watched this performance with excited astonishment and wonder for several minutes, until my mother was able to get around the large storehouse, and secure the child in her arms. As soon as the child was safe, Spang jumped over the wharf, and swam from sixty to a hundred yards down the canal, and brought out her bonnet which she had dropped into it, and which he knew was floating away while he was preventing her from falling into the water. This lady remembers the faithful care of our dog Spang with emotions of thankfulness and affection to this day.

No matter what floated along that canal, if Spang saw it, out it must come; if he thought it useful he would bring it home; if not, it might lay upon the bank. A merchant one day threw into the canal two two-gallon bottles which had become dirty with linseed oil. Spang jumped in and brought them out, and carefully carried them by the neck, one at a time, and laid them at mother's feet. They were scalded out and used in the family for more than fifty years, a reminder of the many intelligent acts of this good dog.

The lesson to be drawn from this is to bring into view the laws of association; that is, association molds the character and develops intelligence in the animal world. All domestic animals are more intelligent by being associated with the highest intelligence, or man. The traits of character hav been taught and impressed upon certain domestic animals, and fitted them to be useful and proper associates. The dog, horse, etc., exhibit so much use because we hav bestowed so much care and affection on them. If you want animals to love you, you must love them. This principle extends to every creature, and I think that even a reptil can be made to care for and protect you if you can love and protect it. The Indian snake charmers prove this. It shows also that love is a universal elemental feeling which may be cultivated and exchanged, one with another, until we insensibly glide into that happy frame of mind which produces that supreme state known as the love of universal nature. The mind will then rest satisfied, and will regard the life we liv as the most gracious gift that nature, under favorable conditions, has bestowed upon us. J. R. PERRY.

To Our Puzzlers.

Mr. H. E. Juergens very kindly offers as a prize to the first one solving the word square and charade which appears in this number a copy of a book on puzzles, entitled, "Puzzledom in a Nutshell." The answers may be forwarded to my address, and the one who givs the first correct answer will be entitled to the book. The book givs a brief sketch of "the mystic art" from before the Christian era to the present, givs hints on solving puzzles, contains quite a collection of diagrams, a list of the various kinds of puzzles, a list of journals having a puzzle department, and also names and *nom de plumes* of puzzlers, etc. It is an interesting little work of 72 pages, and is of value to puzzle makers and solvers.

ED. CHILDREN'S CORNER.

Our Puzzle Box.

TRANSFORMATIONS.

1.

Transform a key into a nobleman.

2.

Transform a circle into a file.

3.

Another style of transformation is thus: Show that a large body of troops are expensiv. ESPRIT FORT.

4.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. A fish;
2. A female name;
3. A part of the body;
4. A geographical name;
6. A plant.

H. E. JUERGENS.

5.

CHARADE.

The other day as I did take
A walk down into town,
I took with me my noble "Jake,"
Of color he was white and brown.
We walked along about two squares,
And met a man, who *first* did do,
And *second* right on my noble "Jake,"
Who into a rage quickly flew;
I on the man my whole did set,
Who not a whole rag on him left.

Pittsburgh, Pa., H. E. JUERGENS.

Couldn't Quarrel.

In the depths of a forest there lived two foxes who never had a cross word with each other. One of them said one day in the politest fox language:

"Let's quarrel."

"Very well," said the other, "as you please, dear friend; but how shall we set about it?"

"Oh, it cannot be difficult," said fox number one. "Two-legged people fall out, why not we?"

So they tried all sorts of ways, but it could not be done, because each would giv way. At last number one brought two stones.

"There," said he, "you say they're yours, and I'll say they're mine, and we will quarrel and fight and scratch. Now I'll begin. These stones are mine."

"Very well," answered the other, gently, "you are welcome to them."

"But we shall never quarrel at this rate," cried the other, jumping up and licking his face.

"You old simpleton, don't you know that it takes two to make a quarrel any day?"

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Liberal Meetings.

[Leagues and Liberal and Spiritualistic Societies in the United States and Canada meeting regularly, can have notices of their meetings published in this column free if the officers will send them to us.]

MICHIGAN.

MUSKEGON.—The Liberal League meets every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock in the German Odd Fellows' Hall, corner of Western ave. and Terrace st.

WISCONSIN.

MILWAUKEE.—The Milwaukee Liberal League meets every Sunday evening at Fraternity Hall, 216 Grand avenue.—Exercises: Lectures, Criticisms, and Music.—Admission free.

OHIO.

CLEVELAND.—The Liberal League meets every Sunday at 3 P.M., in room 29, City Hall building. Lectures free. Communications can be addressed to W. I. Irvine, Secretary.

MAINE.

PORTLAND.—Dr. H. A. Lamb has hired Congress Hall, Congress street (entrance on Temple street), where free meetings, lectures, and discussions are held every Sunday, 2:30 P.M. Admittance free. Public invited.

OREGON.

PORTLAND.—The Auxiliary Liberal League of Portland, Or., holds meetings every Sunday, at 2 o'clock, P.M., at Nonpareil Hall, cor. 1st and Madison streets. All are invited. Admission free.

MASSACHUSETTS.

BOSTON.—Boston Liberal Club holds meetings for essays and criticisms every Sunday forenoon at 10:45 in the Paine Memorial Building, Appleton street.——The "Society of the Divine Homo" at same place every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Sunday-school at 2:30. Admission free.

PENNSYLVANIA.

ALTOONA.—The League holds meetings every Wednesday evening and Sundays at 3 P.M., at the League Room, corner of Eleventh ave. and 13th st., third floor, entrance on 13th st.

PHILADELPHIA.—The Friendship Liberal League meets every Sunday at Hancock Hall, 814 Girard avenue, at 2:30 o'clock, and 7:30 o'clock, P.M., for lectures and free debates. THE TRUTH SEEKER and Liberal books for sale.

PITTSBURGH.—Pittsburgh Liberal League meets at Maltby Hall, 76 Fifth avenue, every Sunday (except during the Months of July and August) at 3 o'clock. A free platform is maintained. Exercises consist of a lecture, followed by 10 minute criticisms, with 15 minutes allowed the lecturer to reply. Clergymen invited to discuss.

NEW JERSEY.

NEWARK.—Newark Liberal League meets every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the League's Hall, 177 Halsey street. Exercises consist of music, readings, lecture, and discussion, in which all present are invited to participate. Admission free. Collection taken. Communications for the League should be addressed to J. W. Frankel, 10 Pine street, Newark.

CANADA.

TORONTO.—Secular Society. Reading and Lecture Rooms, No. 9 Grand Opera House. Open every evening and Sundays. Lecture every Sunday evening. Freethinkers and strangers are cordially invited.

MONTREAL.—Pioneer Freethought Club meets every Sunday at 3 P.M., at 1310 Catharine street. Reading-room open daily until 10:30 P.M. Library open for exchange of books three evenings per week, and on Sunday afternoons. Free public lectures on Sundays as advertised in local newspapers. Strangers always welcome. G. S. Wilson President; C. Stevens, Secretary.

GANANOQUE, ONT.—Gananoque Secular Society, meets every Sunday evening at eight o'clock, in Acton's Hall. Free Library and Reading Room open all day Sunday. Visitors and strangers always welcome. Geo. G. Meikle, President; Henry Smith, Secretary.

NEW YORK.

ALBANY.—The Liberal association meets every Sunday at Van Vechten Hall, 119 State street. Sunday-school at 2 P.M. General business meeting and debates and discussions at 3 P.M. Lecture at 7:30 P.M. The public are cordially invited to attend, also all Liberals visiting the city. Admission free.

NEW YORK CITY.—The American Spiritualist Alliance meets every Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock in Republican Hall, 55 West 33d street.——The First Society of Spiritualists holds its meetings every Sunday in Republican Hall, 55 West 33d street. Morning service 11 o'clock; evening, 7:45. Seats free. Public cordially invited.——Arcanum Hall, 57 West 25th Street, cor. 6th ave. The People's Spiritual Meeting every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 P.M.

BROOKLYN.—The Brooklyn Spiritual Society meets at Conservatory Hall, cor. of Fulton street and Bedford avenue, every Sunday. Services at 11 A.M. and 7:45 P.M. Admission free. Public cordially invited. Liberal and Spiritual papers and books for sale.——The Everett Hall Spiritual Conference, 398 Fulton street, meets every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. Meetings free. Spiritual literature for sale.——The Eastern District Spiritual Conference meets every Monday evening at Composite Room, 4th street, corner of south 2d street, at 7:45. Spiritual and Liberal literature on sale. All invited.——The Philosophical Association meets every Sunday afternoon in the Assembly Room of Wright's Business College, Broadway, corner of Fourth street, E. D., at 3 P.M. Public cordially invited. **Doors open at 2:30 P.M.**

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A burst from the upper clouds;
Sung in churches by Christians who love us,
And believed by the credulous crowds;

A barbarian Bible idea,
As to how God's failures begun;
And of which all the saints, year by year,
Shout glory for work that is done;

A wreck of the race in still water,
Brought about by an ever-wise God,
Was a holy biblical slaughter,
Queer enough, and certainly odd.

Was not that a calamity horrid,
Not by the de'il, but a friend;
And thus was eternal war ordered,
Nor will it hav ever an end.

Of all failures this was the first one
What God's wisdom has failed to expect;
He started his boilers and burst one,
And his plans and his hopes became wrecked.

. . . . . .

Life's voyage began when all its sail were spread,
When this wise God announced with great surprise,
That all his officers and crew had mutinied,
And then turned backward and fled to his skies.

And this all-wise God has remained unknown,
Even to all his priests that go between,
Ensconced so high upon his heavenly throne,
As if ashamed thereafter to be seen.

His plan a failure, this God cried aloud,
His fat was then thrown all into the fire;
When he decended from his cloud,
Of erring Eve and Adam to inquire.

Catastrophes by God were brought about,
As horrible for each one as for you,
Then nature's order should hav been wiped out,
Its very vitals smitten through and through.

From that depravity comes all our pain,
Our sorrows, sicknesses, and grief,
No exit from God's adamantine chain,
Doomed e'er to suffer, and without relief;

The work of living, and of death the fears,
Beyond all any one can know,
A spark of transient joy, with many tears,
Succeeded by an everlasting woe.

And, thus, our race has long been tossed about,
With nondescript like this as guide,
Of him, the race has always been in doubt,
As well they knew, sometime, some one had lied.

And thus it is the mind is first deceived,
By preaching when a wound is made,
And sick by faith, they are by faith relieved,
And thus we hav the priest's and preacher's trade.

No Christian can hav any solid base.
They choose the sky to rest themselvs upon,
And to the clouds they pray for saving grace,
And fail again, as God has always done.

The Christian world united prayer hav made,
And failed, for murdered Garfield when he died,
'Twas thus in faith that all the churches prayed,
And now they know again some one has lied.

The drift of that old book is but a dream,
To judge us human beings by,
And damn us all to fires of hell agleam,
All from a mythus hidden in the sky.

In the beginning thus this Godhead failed,
And still his glory is forevermore proclaimed
Upon his own, the subtil serpent, he has railed,
And hence that reptil, innocent, was blamed.

God swelled with anger on an unborn race,
And still on anger doth he love to feed;
An equal curse is *in* his saving grace,
When God himself is powerless to succeed.

And all the curses by the human tongue,
Increased ten times ten million million fold;
And all the popish curses launched, and said, or sung,
Fall far below this story herein told.

Ere born we all are blasted and accurst,
To God the glory, now and ever more;
Yet, in this monster still the Christians trust,
And on their bended knees his name adore.

Curses like these the devil in hell would shame,
But not a devil could perform such things;
And on mankind then still put all the blame,
And thus the pulpit preaches, prays, and sings.

Thus of a myth that fills unbounded space,
And shows us how that he himself has lied;
For many that he failed to save by grace,
He tells us in his heart of heart he cried.

In this Godcraft credulity has always sailed;
Its captain has been out of sight so long,
We overlook how he has always failed,
Or else there ever could hav been no wrong.

Hence, that Pandora's box has opened wide,
Whence all this mischief ever known has come,
That no sky-captain any way can hide,
And hence was born to him one bastard son.

And what a birth, and false, too false to tell,
How many of that circumstance hav lied;
And of damnation endless in a burning hell
Lies hav been told and falsehoods multiplied.

And still they say sin has the more increased,
The whole race has been growing worse and worse;
All prayers hav failed, while every saint and priest
Is urging on us now that fearful, hellish curse.

Oh! what a monster knot of holy lies,
Black lies above six thousand years long;
By Christian gulped and swallowed with closed eyes,
And worshiped in this prayer and praise and song.

As to that story of a talking snake,
Humanity still smiles and sneers with scorn;
The race should hav been stopped with that mistake,
And unto Adam no more sons been born.

Hence, here and now, to you I hav explained,
Why good men fail the heinous wrong to see;
In false ideas they hav too long been trained,
Wrecked by a myth upon the open sea.

MORAL.

Our emotions of faith, of hope, and of fears,
Come from trust in a mythical God;
When the mind overshadowed by false ideas,
Fails to cognize the holy fraud.

The isms are blown as soap bubbles are,
That float and are wafted around;
That balloon is inflated with faith as with air,
And, punctured, must fall to the ground.

Quincy, Mass., June 22, N.E. 108.

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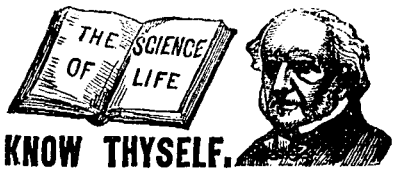
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THE true hero is the one who does right, regardless of ifs and buts; he aims for truth, justice, and for the highest good to the greatest number. He does not say, "Will this bring *me* the most good, glory, or honor?" but "Will it be right? Will it be just? Will it result in the best ends for humanity?" This is the position that leads to true heroic martyrdom; to the only sacrifice of self that is just and right.—*Elmina D. Slenker.*

"VERILY, I say unto you, this generation shall not pass away, till all these things be fulfilled" (Matt. xxiv, 34). See also Mark xiii, 30; Luke xxxi, 32. Also Matt. xvi, 20; and x, 23. If these predictions really proceeded from Jesus, he was entirely in error on the subject, and the prophetic spirit was not in him; for not only did his advent not follow close on the destruction of Jerusalem (A.D. 71). but eight een hundred years hav since elapsed and neither he nor the preliminary signs which were to announce him hav yet appeared. If these predictions did not proceed from him, then the Evangelist has taken the liberty of putting into the mouth of Christ words and announcements which Christ never uttered.—*Greg's Creed of Christendom.*

IT seems a very hopeless thing, nowadays, to try to hold any minds by the mere bonds of authority. The intellectual air all around is too astir for this. There is no system of mental seclusion that can well shut out the young from experiences the most opposit to those to which they hav been accustomed. The old safeguards which were wont to inclose the religious life as with a sacred chain no longer do so. Even those who rest within the shadow of authority do so in many cases from choice rather than from habit They know not what else to do. They hav gone in quest of truth and hav not found it; and so they hav been glad to throw themselvs into arms which profess an infallible shelter and seek repose there. This is not remedy for doubt, but despair of reason. And no good can come in this way.—*Principal Tulloch.*

IT is asserted that the doctrin of the immortality of the soul and of happiness in a future state givs us a solution of that distressing problem—the misery of the innocent upon the earth. But in reality it does nothing of the kind. It does not explain the origin of evil and it does not justify the existence of evil. A poor helpless infant is thrust into the world by a higher force; it has done no one any harm, yet it is tortured in the most dreadful manner; it is nourished in vice and crime and disease; it is allowed to suffer a certain time and then it is murdered. It is all very well to say that afterward it was taken to everlasting bliss; but why was it not taken there direct? If a man has a child and beats that child for no reason whatever, is it any palliation of the crime to say that he afterward gave it cake and wine?—*Reade's Martyrdom of Man.*

IT is almost as difficult to make a man unlearn his errors as his knowledge. Mal-information is more hopeless than non-information, for error is always more busy than ignorance. Ignorance is a blank sheet, on which we may write; but error is a scribbled sheet, on which we must first erase what is written. Ignorance is contented to stand still with her back to the truth; but error is more presumptuous and proceeds in the same direction. Ignorance has no light, but errors follow a false light. The consequence is that error, when she retraces her footsteps, has farther to go before she can arrive at the truth than ignorance.—*Colton's Lacon.*

THE superstitious man considers not that the most genuin method of serving the divinity is by promoting the happiness of his creatures. He still looks out for some more immediate service of the supreme being, in order to allay those terrors with which he is haunted. And any practice recommended to him, which either serves to no purpose in life, or offers the strongest violence to his natural inclinations, that practice he will the more readily embrace, on account of these very circumstances which should make him absolutely reject it. It seems the more purely religious because it proceeds from no mixture of any other motiv or consideration. And if for its sake he sacrifices much of his ease and quiet, his claim of merit appears still to rise upon him in proportion to the zeal and devotion which he discovers. In restoring a loan or paying a debt, his divinity is nowise beholden to him, because these acts of justice are what he was bound to perform, and what many would hav performed, were there no God in the universe. But if he fast a day, or giv himself a sound whipping, this has a direct reference, in his opinion, to the service of God. No other motiv could engage him to such austerities. By these distinguished marks of devotion he has now acquired the divine favor. and may expect, in recompense, protection and safety in this world and eternal happiness in the next.—*Hume's Natural History of Religion.*

MEN, like butterflies,
Show not their mealy wings but to the summer;
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honor; but honor for those honors
That are without him, as place, riches, and favor,
Prizes of accident oft as merit.
—*Shakspere's Troilus and Cressida.*

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A PETITION FOR STATE SECULARIZATION.

To the Honorable Senators and Members of the House of Representatives of the United States Congress:

A republican form of government being based on liberty, equality, and fraternity, as both means and end, involves the separation of Church and State, whose union is the worst form of class-legislation and the most infallible sign of arbitrary power. A house divided against itself cannot stand. The institutions of this Commonwealth should be made homogeneous throughout. Impartial protection of all citizens in their equal rights and liberties, by encouraging the free movement of mind, promotes the establishment of truth in whatever direction. Any infringement by government of this absolute equality of its citizens is the parent of manifold evil, a national crime committed against that natural "justice" which, as the Constitution declares, this government was founded to "establish."

And yet, though the first amendment to the Constitution of the United States says, "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof," there does exist a union of Church and State, which gives to Christianity moral and material aid, and so proscribes other religions and forms of belief and unbelief, while taxing these also for the support of that special religion.

The ways in which this old alliance between Church and State still survives among us are:

1. Recognition of God and Christianity in State Constitutions.
2. Exemption of Church property from taxation.
3. Appropriations of public money for sectarian purposes.
4. Religious exercises, as the reading of the Bible, etc., in the public schools.
5. Laws enforcing the observance of the Sabbath on the authority of the Bible.
6. Religious test-oaths in courts of justice and on instalment into office.
7. Chaplaincies in the Legislature, the Army, and the Navy.
8. Fast and Thanksgiving Proclamations, which contain theological ideas that may or may not be acceptable to the citizen.

The necessity for this separation of Church and State is more apparent now than ever before, because of the still greater diversity of religious beliefs, the many forms of dissent from the religion which receives State patronage, and the growing signs of sectarian strife and ambition in the arena of politics. And emphasis needs to be given to the fact that the union of Church and State is *a great hindrance to the employment of right methods* in dealing with many questions of reform now demanding attention. And most essential is it at all times, and especially in the present, in order to secure for the law its due respect and observance, that the people's representatives should exhibit the strictest fidelity to their trusts by following the law in its letter and spirit.

Your petitioners, therefore, pray that immediate action be taken by the law-making power to bring into harmony the theory and practice of our government in making the following principle a part of the fundamental law of the land by amendment to the United States Constitution:

The total separation of Church and State, by prohibiting Congress or any State, County, Municipality, or Township from enacting any law that favors religion in any of the eight ways specified, or in any other way, or prohibits the free exercise thereof.

THE TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL

—AND—

Freethinkers' Almanac for 1884

(E. M. 284.)

WITH EIGHTEEN FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS.

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Odds and Ends.

NO, my son, do not laugh at a young woman because she cannot throw a stone with accuracy; when you shall hav married her, you may find that her awkwardness in propelling missils is her chief charm.

"LET me see," thoughtfully said a man who was looking at an old well, "the windlass needs repairs, the bucket leaks, the rope is rotten, and the curbing is defectiv, but considered as a hole, I think it will do."

AN Oswego paper describes a fire by saying that "the red flames danced in the heavens, and flung their fiery arms like a black funeral pall, until Sam Jones got on the roof and doused them out with a pail of water."

A YOUNG man sent fifty cents to a New York advertiser to learn "How to make money fast," and was advised in reply to glue a $5 greenback to the bottom of his trunk. Having neither greenback nor trunk, he is still unable to make money "fast."

"MAMMA," said a little girl, "do all the wicked go to the bad place?" "Yes, dear," "And all the good people go to heaven?" "Yes." "Ain't some people wickeder than other people?" "Yes, I suppose they are." "Well, I think that the people who are not so very wicked ought to go to the bad place only in the winter time."

"YOU are beginning to grow old," said the raspberry to the strawberry, as they peeped over the edge of the new style half-pint quart boxes at each other; "but I must say you giv indications of being pretty well preserved." "Oh, you be jammed," said the strawberry, and then, as the grocer carried one of the boxes off, the conversation was discon-continued.

AT a meeting of the Austin Literary Club, not long since, during the discussion the president spoke of printing having been invented during the fifteenth century, whereupon one of the graduating class of the University of Texas, who happened to be present, laughed derisivly, and said. "That's all bosh, I've got a 'Life of Christ' in my room, and he lived more than three thousand years ago."

SAYS Oscar Wilde: "My marriage is intended to realize a poetical conception I long hav entertained." That is pretty good for Oscar, but it will certainly take time for him to fully understand whether his "poetical conception" will be fully realized. It would hav been better for Oscar to hav kept his mouth shut for the present anyway, then nobody would hav known of his ambition in case it proved a failure. Oscar's wife will probably object to "clubs," etc., just the same as ordinary wives do.—*Peck's Sun.*

"AH, my dear friend," said the clergyman, "you should not feel that way, but rise above your enemies." "Rise above 'em is it?" retorted the angry man, "Rise above 'em? I will do that very thing if I ever get him near enough to me so that I can knock him down and walk on him!" The clergyman considers it a hard case to adjust, and has given it up for a bad job, but he keeps watch of the murder column of his local paper, to see if the man has really made the effort to rise above his enemy.

THERE is more theology and logic on tap in the brain of the small boy than in that of the dignified D.D., and it isn't every man who wears a seven and a quarter hat that gets the best of him. "The lions didn't like Daniel, did they?" asked "Shavey Head," of his well-posted papa. "Oh, yes, they did. The Lord made the lions like him, so they wouldn't hurt him." "Well, when God makes me like anything I eat it, I do." "Yes, yes. Go away, child. He made the lions hate Daniel." "Then why didn't they bite him?"

WHILE Rome was yet burning, and Lucullus Pennarum, the editor of *The Daily Quiritan*, was employing every means to catch the early mails, Titus Quibblerius, the musical critic, arrived in hot haste. "What news from the fire?" eagerly inquired the enterprising Roman journalist; "hav the Diocletian baths succumbed to the devouring flames?" "Of that I hav no information," replied Titus Quibblerius, the musical critic; "but I hav here a two-column criticism of the violin fantasie performed to-night by our most august emperor, Nero. I find that in the seventh andante passage of the third symphony he slurred the descending fourth note of the D in alt, allowing the instrumentation of the contrapuntal adagio to staccato with a vibrato quality into an inordinate pianissimo fiorituri."—*Chicago News.*

ADVICE.

What'er you hav to say, my friend,
Whether witty, or grave, or gay,
Condense as much as ever you can,
And say in the readiest way;
And whether you speak of rural affairs,
Or particular things in town,
Just a word of friendly advice—
Boil your MS. down.

For, if you go spluttering over a page
When a couple of lines will do,
Your butter is spread so much, you see,
That the bread shows plainly through,
So, that when you hav a story to tell,
And would like a little renown,
To make quite sure of your wish, my friend,
Boil your MS. down.

DRESSED for church, she stood before the mirror admiring herself, and mentally observed that she never had appeared more lovely. The candid critic, however, would hav declared that her figure was not in just proportion, for she was very tall and thin, and her hight seemed greater than it actually was, in consequence of a bunch of ostrich plumes that floated in snowy masses over her hat. "Yes, I know I am handsome," she said; "but I can't help it;" and, turning to go out, caught sight of her little brother standing in the doorway. "What are you doing there, Bob?" she asked sharply. "Looking at you, Fanny?" returned the artless child. "What do you want to be staring at me for?" "'Cause you look just like a long-handled feather duster." And sitting all alone in church that morning she wondered how she would feel if Bob got the measles and died.

THE TRUTH SEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

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Notes and Clippings.

A GIRL pupil in the drawing class of an Omaha convent school was punished for banging the hair of St. Cecilia.

LOUISIANA seems determined on the suppression of the press, having passed a law imposing a license fee of five dollars on every newspaper man.

IN the Philadelphia directory the name of "Carrie Kilgore, lawyer," is given in large letters, and underneath it the name of "Damon Y. Kilgore," her husband, in small type.

THE Rev. R. Hodgson, an English vicar, who has taken the lecture field, reconciles science and religion by arguing that pre-Adamite remains are nothing more nor less than fossil angels.

"YOU had better make haste with your breakfast, deacon," said his wife, "or we'll be late to church. Don't you want a cup of coffee?" "No, I guess not," the good old deacon replied. "Coffee keeps me awake."

A COLORED lawyer of Baltimore sets forth in a petition to the Senate that he has acquired a thorough legal training; and yet laws of Maryland exclude him from practicing his profession in that state solely on account of his color.

"UNLESS this nation returns to the ways of the pilgrim fathers who mixed their prayers with their labors and duties," said the Rev. James Chambers last Sunday, "the republic will not last." Another conversion to the God-in-the-Constitution party!

MR. BRADLAUGH and Mrs. Besant state, in response to Mr. Green's invitation to be present at the Convention of the New York State Freethinkers' Association, that it will be impossible for either of them to cross the Atlantic this summer. Charles Watts, however, will be on hand.

A YOUNG gentleman while calling on his girl asked for her hand and heart and was accepted. He told her that he had had something on his mind for a long time, but was afraid she would get mad. Says he: "I hav two brothers in the penitentiary." "That's nothing," replied she; "I hav two brothers in a theological seminary."

THE clerical triumph in Belgium is already bearing its natural fruit. The building of schools has been stopped. Now, as of old, the clergy object to the eating of the fruit of the tree of knowledge. Their gains are threatened by the education of the people, and between the church and the school no peace is possible.

FOR the terrible crime of lying on the grass in City Hall Park, a New York police justice has sentenced two colored men to prison for ten days each. To prevent further deeds of this dreadful note the New York police and courts are so busy that they hav no time to look after the little misdemeanors of peculating bank presidents and unfaithful cashiers.

THERE was quite a ripple of excitement, says the Toronto *Mail*, in the Division Court before Judge McDougal on the 3d. W. N. Sears, of No. 139 Church street, was the defendant in an action on an account. He entered the witness box to giv evidence, but refused to be sworn. He said he was not a Christian, and an oath would not be binding upon him. His honor sent for a copy of the statutes, and found that he had power to allow the witness to affirm, which was done.

IT appears that the Prohibitionists who, in the interests of religion and morality, hav nominated for the presidency that Christian statesman, ex-Senator Pomeroy, better known as "Old Subsidy Pom," are only a part of the Prohibition party. The Pomeroy Prohibitionists desire to prohibit secret societies, and a quantity of other things, as well as the sale of spirits. The majority of the Prohibitionists think, on the contrary, that it is better to prohibit one thing at a time, and they intend to hav a convention of their own, and to nominate their own candidate. Anything more ridiculous than the nomination of Pomeroy by any class of reformers could not well be imagined. To mention only one fact, Pomeroy, at the time when he was driven out of public life for bribery and corruption, was a leading member of a prominent secret society. This savory person is now put forward as the special representativ of morality, religion, and opposition to secret societies.—*Times.*

MULLER'S ORPHANAGE, at Bristol, England, is protected by prayer, and not by sanitary arrangements. There is, in consequence, an actual outbreak of typhoid fever, seventy cases and four deaths; and this is the third attack this year. In the debate with David King fourteen years ago, Mr. Bradlaugh drew attention to a similar state of things in the same Orphanage, then noticed in the daily press, and in 1880 Henry Varley, on the authority of Muller's agent, charged him with falsehood.

CARNIVOROUS plants that lie in wait for, and entrap unsuspecting insects, hav long been known. Now Prof. Baird sounds a warning against a voracious fish-eating plant. The queer feature of the story is that this bladdervort has hitherto been carefully introduced into the government's carp ponds as food for the fish, nobody surmising that it makes the fish its own food. The carp might well complain of misplaced confidence against their protectors. An old poet notes that plants "are, with constant drinking, fresh and fair;" but it is evident that some of them also eat fish.

IN his Sunday morning prayer, a Wisconsin minister prayed the Lord that such of his congregation as were speculating in wheat might be brought to a realizing sense of their iniquity by losing heavily. During the next week wheat dropped nine cents per bushel, and twenty-three members of the congregation had such cold feet that they couldn't stand still. The week after that there was a meeting of the congregation to see about raising the minister's salary, and the result of the meeting was to cut it down from $1,500 per annum to $800. As one of the kickers answered in explanation: "We had them Milwaukee chaps right by the short hair, and this fellow had to jump in and request the Lord to knock us endways. If he wants more'n $800 a year let him buy lottery tickets and pray for 'em to hit."

THE funeral of Mrs. Elizabeth A. Hatch, the wife of Mr. A. L. Hatch, of Astoria, L. I., occurred on July 2d. Her only daughter, a beautiful girl of about nineteen years, died in 1877, and, in the belief of the parents and of many others, her spirit appeared frequently in their house and went about the different rooms as in the days of her life. So firmly were Mr. and Mrs. Hatch convinced that they thus enjoyed the presence of their dead child that their grief over her death was greatly relieved. Up to the time of Mrs. Hatch's last illness, her parents hav not for a moment doubted that she was frequently and visibly with them, and Mr. Hatch is still firm in that conviction. Mrs. Hatch died June 30th, and the services were prior to the removal of the remains to Vermont, where they will be interred. A large number of friends were present. On an easel at the head of the casket was a large, life-like portrait of the deceased daughter, and below it a smaller engraving of her as she is reported to hav frequently appeared bending in misty outline over her mother as the latter sat at a piano. In addition to the services of music and prayer, there was an address by Mrs. Nellie Brigham, the Spiritualist lecturer.

CHURCH "lawn parties" hav been very fashionable in Norwich, Conn. Two or three hundred church-members, ladies and gentlemen, in summer attire, gather on the lawn of a fellow-member, play tennis and croquet, and eat ice-cream under the trees. The latest party was unfortunate in furnishing a practical test of the efficacy of prayer. The First Baptist Society worships in a large fashionable Gothic church under the maples on the west side. They are one of the most influential denominations in the city. The most elaborate lawn party of the season was appointed for a recent Wednesday afternoon on the spacious grounds of John H. Ford, one of the members. It was important that the weather should be auspicious, and on the Sunday preceding the pastor, the Rev. Mr. Dickinson, and all the congregation, joined in a fervent special petition at the morning and evening sessions that the heavens might wear an unclouded face on the appointed day. There was no reason to apprehend rain. None had fallen for nearly a month. The sky was like steel and vaporless, the earth baked with the drouth. On Wednesday afternoon, just as the party were gathering, a thunder-cloud rolled over the sky and a deluge of water fell all the afternoon and until the middle of next day. It was the heaviest rain in several years, over five inches of water falling. The members of the First Baptist Society are at a loss to account for the phenomenon. Outsiders think that the prayer gauge must be out of order.

LONDONDERRY, Ireland, is greatly excited over an affair which has cropped out from the Orange-National feuds. During vespers in one of the Catholic churches a man wild with excitement entered the church door and yelled at the top of his strong voice, "Look out, you damned Papists!" Then he ran down the center aisle, howling and cursing as he went. He reached the sanctuary rail, and with a bound he passed over the rail and ran up the steps to the altar. This he attacked, and succeeded in breaking to fragments the benediction pieces standing outside the tabernacle. He then leaped upon the altar table and cursed the people and priest. Disrobing himself of his coat, vest, and pantaloons, he danced upon the altar, and then snatched up the communion cloth and tore it to pieces with his teeth. Finally the officiating priest and a number of men rushed upon the intruder. He was hurled from the altar, and would hav been torn limb from limb but for the interference of the priest. The man made a desperate resistance, and was not overcome until some policemen handcuffed him. He had taken such a firm hold with his teeth upon the communion cloth that it had to be cut away from his mouth. It was ascertained that he was an Orangeman of weak mind who had become hopelessly demented during the recent exciting political events in Derry. He was removed to an asylum.

AMONG the other vicious and "dangerous doctrins" which the pope says the wicked Freemasons promulgate, are the following: "That men hav all the same rights, and are perfectly equal in condition; that every man is naturally independent; that no one has a right to command others; that it is a tyranny to keep men subject to any other authority than that which emanates from themselvs. Hence the people are sovereign; those who rule hav no authority but by the commission and concession of the people, so that they can be deposed, willing or unwilling, according to the wishes of the people. The origin of all rights and civil duties is in the people or in the state, which is ruled according to the new principles of liberty. The state must be godless; no reason why one religion ought to be preferred to another; all to be held in the same esteem." Well, now, all that may be very "dangerous" and "incendiary" over in Europe, but it sounds all right over here. We believe this United States government is founded on these very Masonic principles. If that is all the pope has to say against the "free and accepted Masons," then we, an impartial outsider, neither a pope nor a Mason, shout: "Long liv the goat!" and back him against the bull to win every time. Back him head first at that, too, that's the way a goat backs most effectivly. And by the way, in Ireland, which we believe is a Catholic country, and outside of Ireland certain Irishman, whom we believe to be Catholics, are bravely fighting with their mouths, and laying down their lives, in their minds, for these very same principles of liberty, equality, and the reign of the common people. The horns of the goat appear to be exalted.—*Hawkeye.*

News of the Week.

THERE were twenty deaths from yellow fever in Havana last week.

THE workingmen of this state hav pronounced against Cleveland.

RICHARD A. PROCTOR, the astronomer, arrived in America last Sunday.

SOME 4,000 persons witnessed a Spanish bull-fight at Dodge City, Kan., on the 4th.

THE Democrats in convention at Chicago this week hope to nominate the next president.

THE cotton duck mills of Hooper & Sons at Woodberry, Md., which employed some 1,200 hands, hav shut down.

THE Rev. Dr. John A. Broadus, of the Washington Avenue Baptist church, Brooklyn, fell unconscious in his church while preaching last Sunday. It was an attack of vertigo.

MR. P. RYAN, of Long Island City, N. Y., has not been able to vindicate the right to play ball Sunday on his private grounds, and last Sunday the players were stopped by the police.

THE cholera at Toulon and Marseilles, France, is thought to hav reached its maximum. The inhabitants of those cities are leaving their homes by the hundreds to escape the disease.

THE survivors of the Seventeenth Regiment Connecticut Volunteers hav erected a monument at Gettysburgh, Pa., to the memory of their comrades who fell in battle at that place on July 3, 1863.

MISS MULLER, who is a member of the London school board, a woman suffragist, and a property-holder, refused to pay taxes on her house until she should be allowed to vote. She was sold out by the sheriff.

MISS LULU HURST, the so-called "magnetic girl" of Georgia, is in New York. According to those who hav witnessed her exhibitions, the feats of strength which she performs may be accounted for by an enormous muscular development.

A TORNADO swept through the southern part of Sioux City, Iowa, on the evening of the 4th, wrecking a bell-tower, two churches, and several other buildings. In Macon, Sangamon, and Christian counties, Illinois, on the 5th, buildings were blown away, and crops destroyed by a cyclone.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN, the pugilist, was too drunk to spar with Mitchell at the match arranged to take place in the Madison Square Garden in this city last week, and many thousand people were thereby disappointed. Mr. Gibbs, the temperance advocate, immediately sent Sullivan a pledge with the request that he sign it.

MUSIC was furnished in Central Park last Sunday, and the largest crowd ever seen in the park gathered to hear it. This is the first Sunday music given at that place. In Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, fifty thousand people enjoyed themselvs. The fourth Sunday band concert on Boston Common was listened to by large crowds.

THE American lacrosse team has returned from England after repeated victorious contests with British athletes. They report that they were rather shabbily treated by the Britishers. Myers, the American champion runner, is winning easy victories over the pedestrians of London. Lawn tennis and cricket teams from this country are also meeting with success in England.

THE Fourth passed over New York without doing the city any serious damage. There was rain in the afternoon, and noise all day. Firecrackers that made a report as loud as a young cannon were frequently exploded. Nervous people suffered. It required the exercise of great patriotism to repress the wish that the Americans of Revolutionary times had been everlastingly licked.

Communications.

A Letter from Scotland.

CHRISTIANITY AND SECULARISM.

On the evening of Tuesday, June 10th, in Mr. Long's quaint-looking Mission Hall, Saltmarket, Glasgow, there was reserved for all true lovers of controversy one of the most enjoyable of intellectual treats. Under the presidency of Mr. James Allan, of the Glasgow Eclectic Society, a public discussion of some repute in the history of dialectics took place between Mr. Harry Alfred Long, the accredited Calvinistic champion of local orthodoxy, and Mr. Charles Watts, the well-known Secular leader and Freethought advocate from London. Mr. Watts, it will be observed, has been, during the short interval allotted him from his journalistic duties in London, activly engaged in Freethought propagandist work beyond the Tweed, delivering a regular course of lectures on the principles of Secularism, and the fallacies and delusions of the popular creed, and had on the previous evening, as pre-arranged (or predestinated), fought a well-contested battle with Mr. Long, in the Secular Hall, Ingram street, on which occasion the latter assumed the defensiv. Implementing the articles of agreement, it was Mr. Watts's turn to combat the orthodox champion on the Christian platform, confronted with an audience chiefly composed of Mr. Long's most spirited retainers, and a fair representation of advanced thinkers from our local branch, with of course the usual following of conventional nondescript Christians.

At eight o'clock precisely the stately figure of the secular champion, accompanied by the chairman, was observed passing through the hall on the way to the dialectic stage. This, it need hardly be said, was the signal for loud and prolonged cheering from all parts of the hall, which was densely crowded. The reception accorded Mr. Watts on this as on all other occasions, was a most enthusiastic one—the harbinger of beneficial results in the future. This is highly gratifying to the noble cause he advocates, as it contains in it the germs of an intellectual emancipation of the people, inciting them to a studious course of impartial investigation and honest inquiry.

The few introductory remarks of the chairman past, it was Mr. Long's duty to take the initiativ by attacking "Secularism Entirely Wanting in Authority," the subject selected for the ensuing two hours' discussion. Generalizing the matter of the first speech, which lasted half an hour, the fatalistic Hercules contended that Secularism philosophically considered was baseless, unauthoritativ, and without leader, human or divine; that the followers of this uninviting, earth-born philosophy were the children of wild caprice, and without a goal when the cold, blank mantle of death descended upon them. Frail barks, destitute of chart and compass, they were mercilessly tossed about in the tempestuous waters of that illimitable ocean of Agnosticism, *Mare desperationis tenebrosum.*

The following may be accepted as a fair specimen of his reasoning on this particular point: "Suppose we form a meeting under the presidency of a gentleman elected for the evening, we pass certain rules; can we make them into laws? We can for ourselvs, but not for the community. The people outside would take no notice, any more than they do of those of Good Templars, Freemasons, Foresters, or other friendly societies. They make rules, not laws." Leaving aside reiteration, inconsistencies unpardonable, and the inharmonious use of incidental inferences, it would be foreign to the purpose of the present article were we to recall to memory Mr. Long's exhaustless *repertoire* of stock arguments; suffice it to say that a great deal of the matter introduced into the first and subsequent speeches was of a nature irrelevant and extraneous to the subject matter under discussion. This is admittedly one of Mr. Long's prominent argumentativ qualities, and one which he has acquired, need it be said, after a lengthy apprenticeship extending over twenty years and more. A young and inexperienced opponent, animated with honesty of purpose, though not inured to the wily tactics of dialectic warfare, as practiced on the Christian platform, would not attempt the cunning and evasiv artifices of the Sautmarket predestinarian, but would boldly attack the debatable points, bravely perishing in the heroic but futil attempt. Mr. Long has at last realized in its fulness the truth underlying the grand old secular maxim, that life, with all its drawbacks, vicissitudes, and future prospects of an endless existence in the devil's crematorium, is really worth living, and when he "runs away" from the subject matter under discussion, he evidently intends to "fight another day," either with Mr. Watts or his worthy colleague, commencing where he left off, and ending where he commenced, which was somewhere in the neighborhood of the Feejee Islands or Timbuctoo, for, alas! such is the controversial life of a Christian dialectician.

Mr. Watts on rising to reply to the indoctrinal points raised by his opponent was most courteously received. And as the brilliant oratorical powers of this distinguished secularist are well known to all readers of secular literature on both sides of the wide Atlantic, it would be serving no end or purpose were they to be again dilated upon in the present pages. His arguments, as might hav been anticipated, were crushing and conclusiv. All the points of his adversary were closely scrutinized and the fallacies exposed. Though Mr. Watts did not deprecate the secular and utilitarian teachings of the book divine, the pillar and ground-work of Protestant faith, yet he declared it to be a book of human origin, which, with all its lofty sentiments and sublime teachings, inspiring men to deeds noble and good, it also contained much that was pernicious and impracticable in this enlightened age, and on which account it was highly detrimental. Referring to a future life, he said the present life is a reality, and that all our ideas regarding a future or transitional state of existence were chimerical, vague, and undetermined, a mere speculation begotten of selfishness and cherished by the illiterate and ungovernable multitude. The best preparation, he averred, for the acceptance of a future state of existence, assuming the possibility of such, was a life well spent in the present state—"Virtue hath its own reward."

At ten o'clock the discussion was brought to a termination, nothing untoward having happened to mar the enjoyment of the evening, and the disagreeable services of the chairman, as he anticipated at the outset, were never, during the evening, called into requisition.

About three years ago, when the same gentlemen confronted each other in hostil attitude, it will be remembered that a great number of the "convinciv arguments" adduced by Mr. Long were only brought forward to be rebutted by the very effectiv replies of the secular champion. The same were again resuscitated from the dead, amongst which may be mentioned the ameliorativ effects of Christianity in the Feejee Islands, which Mr. Watts at once attributed to the intellectuality of the human race, the introduction of the public press, and the benign influences of an advanced civilization accruing therefrom.

Christian charity at home and abroad was another theme on which he frequently descanted. Mr. Watts had to again point out the fact that hospitals, and other similar institutions for the alleviation of human suffering, had been in existence in many of the highly civilized states of the ancient world at periods long anterior to the advent of Christ, leaving out of the question the systematized, ethereal code known as modernized Christianity. Mr. Long evidently forgot to mention the Mitchell Library, the Buchanan Institution, and many other unsectarian educational institutions in close proximity to the classic Saltmarket of Glasgow, that were the gifts of secularists, who do not look for their individual reward in the skies, but considered the moral and intellectual well-being of the race of primary importance.

BANDERILLERO.

Our London Letter.

The latest clerical dodge for getting money is somewhat ingenious if true, and as it has been reported in more than one of the daily papers, and has met with no contradiction, there is no reason to doubt its correctness. At South Kensington, a piano-organ is being taken around the streets, and worked by a footman in livery, contributions being collected by a clergyman, whose name, however, is not given, and who solicits donations, which he receives on a silver salver. His ostensible object is to procure funds for the relief of the outcast poor in his district, but anyone with but a slight knowledge of the ways of the clergy may easily imagin how the money is bestowed, and what is its ultimate destination. The report of an inquest held at Croydon, near London, may perhaps throw some little light on the matter. A poor woman died there a week or so back, and, according to the evidence given, she was receiving the munificent sum of 3s. 6d. (about 85 cents) per week from the parish authorities, half of which she had to pay for her lodging, the other portion being considered sufficient to find her in food. She was too ill to work and increase her means in any way. It appeared in the course of the inquiry that she received visits from "Christian" district visitors, but that they never gave her either food or money, but considered that they had sufficiently done their duty toward her by reading tracts and ministering to her spiritual welfare to the neglect of her physical wants.

This is perhaps a fair specimen of the "immense amount of good" done by "self-denying Christian helpers" of both sexes who instead of wasting their precious time in the frivolities of the word, devote their lives to the glory of God, and the assistance of the poor and needy. Christianity of the present day must indeed hav a hardening effect upon the hearts of its adherents. No one but a modern Christian could go into the wretched abodes of the victims of civilization, and see the suffering caused by insufficient food and foul air, and calmly read them a tract, or a chapter from the Bible, instead of at once relieving the bodily distress so apparent. For bread they giv them a stone, and the coldest, hardest stone they can find, and then complain that the poor are so ungrateful, and don't receive their visits in a proper spirit. Were they not so weakened, and their spirits so broken by their hard struggle for the bare means of subsistence, they would, I should think, kick such visitors from their doors, and in many cases such treatment would be only too well merited.

Year by year appeals are made to the public for funds to support these missions, and the immense amounts collected and squandered by officialdom, and wasted in the publication of the utterest trash that ever emanated from the mind of man, would go far to relieve the helpless poor amongst us.

Atheists are often taunted because they do not possess hospitals, and so-called charitable societies; and it should be one of our proudest boasts that we don't require them, for the Atheist has more of the milk of human kindness in his bosom than the pietist, and relieves want before he sees the wretched object dying of starvation, and past all help.

I am quite willing to admit that there are many Christians better than their creed, and many Atheists worse than theirs; but as Christianity is supposed to hav such a humanizing effect upon those who believe in it, and Atheism such a demoralizing effect upon all who accept it, surely there ought to be such a vast difference apparent between the two that its effect shall be apparent in every act of their lives. Every believer should be superlativly good, and every unbeliever superlativly bad. The believer should always wear a beautiful expression on his countenance, and a halo of glory round his head, while the unbeliever should show to the most casual observer by his gloomy and forlorn appearance that the blackness of despair was continually gnawing at his heart, and that he was perpetually enduring the pangs of a bitter foretaste of the eternal fires to which he was doomed before ever the foundations of the earth were laid.

J. D.

London, June 19, 1884.

Al Koran.—The Other Book of Divine Revelations.

The best authorities in statistics giv the following round figures as the numbers of the followers of the different creeds on this globe:

Buddhists and Brahmans,	740,000,000, or 51.53	per cent.
Christians and Jews,	400,000,000, or 27.86	" "
Mohammedans,	180,000,000, or 12.53	" "
Heathens,	116,000,000, or 8.08	" "
Total,	1,436,000,000, or 100	per cent.

Thus it appears that while the Bible is the book of revelation—this means the book of divine communication—to about one-fourth of all human beings, the Koran is the book of revelation, of divine communication, to about one-eighth of mankind; or, for two Bible readers—if all Christians and Jews were Bible readers—there is one Koran reader on the face of the earth. It would thus appear that although American Freethinkers hav bestowed prevalent attention on the Bible on account of their immediate surroundings, the Koran deserves a share also of their interest and of their investigation.

While in younger years a student at one of the justly renowned polytechnical institutions of Central Europe, and an enthusiastic Christian, I came into friendly intercourse with a young Constantinopolitan, sent to the same institution by his wealthy parents. As would be natural for a Christian trained to missionary instincts, on one of our promenades I turned our conversation to religion and creeds. As all Christians do, I felt eager to bestow on my friend the benefits of Christianity, and began to speak about the holy book, the Bible. My Mohammedan friend patiently listened to me for a good while, and when I paused he asked, "So, now! hav you said all you wanted to say?" And when, with the customary reservation of good Christians, I answered, "Yes, for the present," he drew out of his pocket, to my great astonishment—no, not a dagger or a pistol, as Christian imagination would be apt to hav it—no, not that, but a Bible; and then he proceeded as follows: "I knew it would come, you Christians are such meddling people, so I prepared for it. Now, if I prove to your own admission that your Bible lies right on its first page, will you cease bothering me with it, and permit our conversation in future to exclusivly be concerned in matters more worthy of our attention?" I willingly conceded, because I expected to be able to explain the history of creation in the Bible to be typical of what geognosy had taught us of the origin of natural things. My Mohammedan friend opened his pocket Bible at its first page, and therefrom read: "And God made two great lights, the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night: he made the stars also." And then vehemently closing the lid of the holy book, he proceeded, "What did he make, if anything, but one light and one reflector, and not two lights?"

Being both of us students in exact sciences, it would not do for me then to attempt covering up the biblical misstatement by theological interpretation.

We never spoke thereafter about religion again; but I afterwards learned the young Turk had become

a citizen of the great republic of Freethinkers and Agnostics, which, during the last quarter of the nineteenth century, is extending its realm at a higher rate of conquest than Christianism or Mohammedanism did in the early stages of their history.

RELATION BETWEEN BIBLE AND KORAN AS STATED BY THE KORAN ITSELF.

Chapter v of the Koran, entitled "The Table," or, also, "Contract," contains amongst others the following, the "we" used meaning divinity speaking through Archangel Gabriel:

"God formerly accepted the covenant of the children of Israel; and we appointed out of them twelve leaders; and God said, Verily I am with you; if you observe prayer and giv alms, and believe in my apostles, and assist them, and lend unto God on good usury, I will surely expiate your evil deeds from you, and I will lead you into gardens wherein rivers flow; but he among you who disbelieveth after this, erreth from the straight path. Wherefore, because they hav *broken their covenant* we hav cursed them, and hardened their hearts; they *dislocate* the words of the Pentateuch from their places, and hav forgotten part of what they were admonished, and thou wilt not cease to discover deceitful practices among them, except a few of them. But forgiv them and pardon them, for God loveth the beneficent. And from those who say, We are Christians, we hav received their covenants, but they hav forgotten part of what they were admonished; wherefore we hav *raised up enmity and hatred among them* till the day of resurrection; and God will then surely declare unto them what they hav been doing. O ye who hav received the scriptures, now is our apostle come unto you, to make manifest unto you many things which ye conceal in the scriptures; and to pass over many things. Now is light, and a perspicuous book of revelations come unto you from God. Thereby will God direct him who shall follow his good pleasure into the paths of peace; and shall lead them out of darkness into light by his will, and shall direct them in the right way. *They are Infidels* who say, Verily God is Christ the son of Mary."

THE ORIGIN OF AL KORAN DESCRIBED IN ALMOST THE VERY WORDS OF CHRISTIAN HISTORIANS.*

The religion of the Arabs before Mohammed, which they now call "the state of ignorance," was idolatry in its Sabian version, but there were also great numbers of Christians, Jews, and Magians among the Arabs. The Sabians revered a supreme being, but paid adoration to the stars, or to the spirits of the stars, also. Their creed took shape in many and severe ritualistic exercises, and in the offering of sacrifices, but different from the Jews. They ate not thereof, but burnt them all. Prohibition included beans, garlic, and some other pulse and vegetables. Their "Kebla," or the place to which to turn when praying, appears to hav been the favorit star of the devotee. Their pilgrimages were directed for unknown causes to a place, "Harran," in Mesopotamia, and to the Egyptian pyramids, believed to be the sepulchers of Seth and his two sons, Enoch and Sabi, the latter being considered as the father of their sect. Of the Bible they acknowledged the book of Psalms exclusivly, but they had other sacred books, amongst others one written in the Chaldean idiom called the book of Seth, discoursing on topics of morals. Christianity had never affected them further, but that they had accepted John the Baptist as a prophet, and by alliteration to Sabi they called themselvs in consequence Saba, this is "the host of heaven." The Koran later on called them "the people of the book."

It sounds strange when George Sale, in his book, "The Koran Translated," on page 16 of his preliminary discourse, states: "Some of the pagan Arabs believed neither a creation past, nor a resurrection to come, attributing the origin of things to nature, and their dissolution to age." These words were written before Darwin had ever published a line, and the author was not aware how subtle theology made a distinction between the nature of matter, and the supernatural existence of metaphysical individuality. Sage at many places proves his adherence to the high church of England, and thus had no cause to color in the premises. The sciences the Arabians chiefly cultivated before Mohammed rose were three: 1. History and genealogy of their tribes; 2. The knowledge of the apparent movements of the stars and of their influence on the weather; 3. The interpretation of dreams.

If such was the state of religious affairs in Arabia, the Arabians were not entirely without knowledge of what was going on in the so-called Christian world. Even when relying on ecclesiastical historians exclusivly, Christianity must hav had some peculiar effects on the nations which had adopted it. Let me quote from Risant's "State of the Ottoman Empire," p. 187, where he states as to these nations that they were "far from being endowed with activ graces, zeal, and devotion, and established within itself with purity of doctrin, union, and firm profession of the faith." On the contrary, what by the ambition of the clergy, and what by drawing the abstrusest niceties into controversy, and dividing and subdividing about them into endless schisms and contentions, they had so destroyed peace, love, and charity from among them, and instead thereof, continually provoked each other to that malice, rancor, and every evil work.† The worship of saints and images in particular was then arrived at such a scandalous pitch that it even surpassed whatever is now practiced among Romanists.*

Thus Mohammed found idolatry amongst his own nation, and corruption amongst other nations, as an instigation to reform. To aid him in such reform, he found among his own countrymen their three great virtues, eloquence, expertness in the use of arms and in horsemanship, and hospitality.

F. M. F. C.

*Much in this chapter is taken almost verbally from George Sale: "The Koran," London, F. Warne & Co., as well as from Boullainsvillier's "La vie de Mohamed;" "State of the Ottoman Empire," and Prideaux: "Life of Mohammed."

†From Prideaux's preface to his "Life of Mohammed."

*From Boullainvilliers' "La vie de Mohammed." But it should here be said that when Boullainvilliers wrote these lines, he knew not of what the second half of this century would produce in the way of pilgrimages of noble France to Lourdes (an apparition of Mary in a tree), Italy to Rimim (a picture of Mary moving eyes), Belgium to Verviers (image of St. Mary with a black face), and Germany to Kaevelaer and Telgte (doll-images of St. Mary), or he would hav known that Rome was still going from bad to worse. It will not be long before we shall hav on this continent, also, a miraculous image of St. Mary, as the object of adoration for Catholic pilgrims. It is bound to come.

Mr. Perry—Mr. Rothwell.

I had concluded, on account of the abundance of good matter always on hand for the paper, I would not trouble you for a while by writing on any subject; but just as I was sweetly reposing in my obliviousness and indifference to the mental world, I get a nudging from P. Rothwell, of Vineland, who points out some of my errors in regard to what constitutes Materialism, and wants to know what Materialist says that "that which perceives and knows of material forms (the mind) is nothing?" In answer, I will inform him that the gentleman I was criticising, Mr. Putnam, says so. In his "Problems of the Universe" he has gone into an elaborate definition of the subject of mind, and uses a number of illustrativ terms to convey the idea that mind is nothing but action, and that action is the result of the changes in matter. When matter does not act, there is no action and consequently no mind. And this is the general thought held by Materialists. Again he inquires, "Are the senses that perceive, and the brain which knows, not things?" It seems that the gentleman makes no distinction between sensations and perceptions, and the organs by which they are conveyed to the mind. Every one admits that the brain is a something; but the perceptions of the mind must pertain to that realm of thought which many say is not a substance. If Mr. Rothwell will be kind enough to explain the difference between an idea of thought and a barn door, or the brain that generates it, I shall feel under obligations. By all means make an effort to expose all Perry's errors. That is what is wanted—more light.

I think the friend has misunderstood me, or he would not ask the questions he does. I hav not said that when nature produces a perfect physical form, the fact of death shows it to hav been a failure, or that a Darwin or Shakspere was it a failure. What I do say is this: The mind which inhabits a physical body is the better. The thought that moves the form is better and higher than the form, no matter how beautiful it may be. At death this beautiful body decays, but not an atom goes to waste; every part and parcel of it is economically re-utilized and made to adorn some other part of animated nature; but that better part, that mental engin, force, power, mind, is lost to itself, diffused and annihilated—lost, say the Materialists. Now what I say is that to save every atom of the defunct body, and destroy the most important thing that pertained to it, is a failure, and argues that nature is only engaged in the everlasting work of producing physical forms that are perishable at most; while if that spirit were to draw out of this decaying form its most vital product, and continue to liv on and progress, it would argue a profitable result instead of the contemptible failure which an elaborate process to produce nothing as a final result involves. If Shakspere and Darwin are a success to us and posterity, it does not argue that they are a success to themselvs; and here is where the difference comes in this question. Is a man a success to himself? Does consciousness pertain to a refined materiality?

I do not believe that friend Rothwell has studied all the facts of nature, and I doubt his authority for saying as he does, "that the body and mind decay together, and at death there is no more thought, as thought is but nervous motion." If he could prove these assertions, the whole question would be settled; but if he proves this instead of taking it for granted, it will giv him something of an undertaking instead of mere assumption. How does he know that consciousness, having evolved from or by any other means associated with the most advanced organic forms, will, at death, cease to be so associated in the future? What facts has he to prove it? Does matter send out thought, or does thought act on matter? Can a man build an engin, or does the matter compel the man to form it? If the mind is merely action, or nervous action, then the real actor must be his body, while we know that a human being is a duality, having a conscious being that acts on the body, and is, in turn, acted upon by the wants of the body. A man may be intensely hungry, but for a purpose he may refuse to gratify that hunger; he may hav planned a fast, or he may want to starve himself. The world is full of facts to show that the mind is a power greater than its body, and usually controls it within certain limits, and the more mentality the man possesses, the greater will his control be over the passions of the body.

The pursuits of the astronomer, mathematician, philosopher, and inventor, in using his mind to discover things not directly in reference to his bodily wants, shows a mental world of thought in which the physical body is subordinated to the higher wants of the mind. The body influences the mind only to remind it of its own wants, and does it mainly through the involuntary nerves, but is a mere servant to the higher reason, and usually does its bidding. The body and mind are not one thing, but two things, intimately connected and related, but still distinct things. If this is not so, it ought to be shown to the contrary. Respectfully, J. R. PERRY.

Wilkes Barre, Pa.

Vivisection of Human Beings by the Hundreds of Thousands.

A WORD TO ELLIOTT PRESTON.

I hav just finished reading the article of Elliott Preston in THE TRUTH SEEKER of June 21st. In it I find these words:

"Now, then, is the proper time to educate the children and the masses in regard to this matter, so that they will not only demand that that now practiced be discontinued (for the sake of humanity and true progress), but that it may become impossible to spread the evil under the sanction of the law. Licensing vivisection appears only to make the matter much worse; such, at least, has been the case in Great Britain, where an act granting licenses was passed some eight or nine years ago. It serves only to protect the vivisectors instead of the animals. Hence, my readers, never favor the licensing of vivisection, for it is only a cloak for concealing the crimes of science; insist upon absolute, unconditional prohibition or it, or things will be made worse, not better."

A great principle was never enunciated in better terms than Mr. Praston has employed in the above quotation. The crimes he calls upon all right-minded and sympathetic people to join him in making impossible are deserving of the severe condemnation he so bravely pours out upon them. He has my sympathy and my "good-speed" in his noble endeavors.

Bad as it is to permit a class of peaple to legally use dogs, cats, and asses with cruelty that by some fortunate accident such persons may discover something that will hand their names down to posterity as great discoverers, it is still worse to license—that is, enable to act under the protection of the law—a large class of people to vivisect hundreds of thousands of human beings, the fathers, brothers, sons, and even mothers, sisters, and daughters of society. Does this sort of thing go on in civilized and Christian lands? It certainly does. What is the object of these human vivisectors? To liv without labor. Do they succeed in living upon the humanity they vivisect without laboring themselvs? They do. "Tell us the manner of it. I may as well be hanged as tell the manner of it."

However, let me call attention to another passage in Mr. Preston's able paper:

"4. The *Medical Times and Gazette* flippantly mentions an experiment on a living dog, which consisted in forcing half a pint of boiling water into the stomach, 'in order to show that the animal tissue could be disorganized; and that the animal, after giving evidence of great suffering, vomited blood and died.'"

The license which the law givs in nearly all Christian lands is to do to human beings a more atrocious thing than pouring a pint of boiling water into the stomach; it is to pour into the stomach a quart or so of alcohol. Such a quiet and comparativly easy death as vomiting blood and dying does not follow this extensiv vivisection of humanity. The human being thus vivisected with alcohol dies the horrid death which follows an attack of delirium tremens. No beast ever suffered anything more terrible. Nothing is more certain than, as Mr. Preston has explained, license only makes the matter worse, giving the color and sanction of the law to the abominable practice. I am for prohibition on this very principle. Judge Pitman, the same who quashed the indictment against Mr. Heywood, will probably be nominated by the Prohibition party for the vice-presidency before this little communication to the ever onward and upward TRUTH SEEKER can be published. Would it not be wise for the Liberals to struggle for the prohibition of every wrong? LIBERTA.

Illinois State League.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I should like to hear from the Liberals of Illinois, and especially from the members of the State Liberal League, in regard to what their wishes may be in reference to holding the annual State Liberal Convention, this year. If it is their wish to hav the convention it will be necessary for them to express their willingness to contribute something toward the necessary expenses. I am no longer able to bear the bulk of the burden lone. Address me at 302 State street, Chicago, Ill. Yours for Universal Mental Liberty,

F. F. FOLLET,
Sec. State L. L. of Ill.

Communications.

Mr. Walker Coming Around.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* In your reply to Seward Mitchell you say, "As Mr. Walker's position is to load the League with a large number of side issues having no connection with or relevancy to its charter objects, we imagin the impregnability is a debatable manner." Will you be so kind as to name even one of this "large number" of side "issues" with which I am trying to "load the League?" You certainly cannot refer to the Milwaukee platform, for in your editorial to which Mr. Mitchell referred in his criticism of you there was no attempt made to connect me therewith, your strictures of me following your review of that, and being upon an entirely different matter. As a matter of fact, I opposed the adoption of most of those resolutions, and hav since given them a lengthy and unfavorable review in *Lucifer* It is true that I voted for the anti-prohibition plank. It was before the congress by no act of mine, but it expressed my sentiments, and I gave it my vote. But I am not at all anxious to make that question a part of the League work. All this, however, it is not particularly necessary to dwell upon for the reason that there was nothing in the article of mine in *Lucifer* which you criticised which referred in any way to the Milwaukee platform. Where, then, are your "large number of side issues?" Purely and solely in your imagination, my dear sir. Re-read my "Reforming the Lines," and your criticism of it, and you shall find that the only point of serious disagreement between us was in regard to the propriety of the League demanding the repeal of all obscenity statutes, so-called. You agreed with me that it was not the time to cease the agitation for the repeal of the Comstock (national) statutes. You showed that such agitation was in no way extraneous to the original objects of the League, and in taking this view of the subject you uttered sentiments which I hav entertained and expressed ever since the discussion of this matter was sprung upon us by the seceding faction. Where are the "side issues?" I again ask.

You demand the repeal of the national obscenity statutes; I demand the repeal of all such statutes. Behold what a great smoke a little fire kindleth! Out of this one divergence of opinion hav come (in the mind of Mr. Macdonald) a "large number of side issues," etc., with which I am trying to "load the League."

Admitting, for the sake of argument, what I deny as a matter of fact, that to demand the repeal of state "obscenity" statutes would be a side issue, and we find that your "large number" is reduced to one! And yet your whole reply to Mr. Mitchell rests upon this fundamental misstatement of my position. But is the demand which I would hav the League make really a side issue? In a word, hav we even one side issue left as a basis for your assertion? I aver that it is in no sense a side issue, that it is part and parcel of the demand which you yourself favor. You say that you are in favor of the "repeal of any" law which attempts to limit freedom of opinion. Does not a state law do this as much as a national one? Hav you not attempted to make a distinction where there is no real difference? Injustice is injustice whether committed by a state or a national court. The League stands upon insecure ground, and in an indefensible position, so long as it does not make this fight as a matter of principle, and demand the "repeal of all law limiting freedom of choice in the realm of letters and of art."

In conclusion, your "large number of side issues" resolves itself into a difference of opinion between you and me regarding the dangerousness and criminality of state as compared with national "obscenity" statutes. Will you not frankly say so, as becomes a man who desires to deal justly with his fellows?

E. C. Walker.

The National Liberal League.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* I am much gratified to observe the spirit of reconciliation that seems to be abroad in the Freethought ranks, and to notice the seemingly honest effort from various quarters to reorganize the National Liberal League at its next congress on a basis that will be acceptable to all parties. And as I notice a number of nominations hav already been made through your columns for the new officers, allow me to nominate a board of directors that, in my opinion, would unite all the friends of state secularization:

For President, Col. Robert G. Ingersoll.

For Secretary, Samuel P. Putnam.

For Treasurer, Courtlandt Palmer.

For Chairman National Executiv Committee, B F. Underwood.

Chairman Finance Committee, Mrs. Judge Mattie Krekel.

I am sure if the election is unanimously tendered to Col. Ingersoll by all sections of the Freethought party on a platform such as is now proposed, he will accept it, and his name would be a tower of strength for the new monument. Then let the national committee be made up of such well-known, earnest Liberals as T. B. Wakeman, of New York; F. E. Abbot, of Massachusetts; J. H. Burnham, of Michigan; G. W. Baldwin, of Pennsylvania; G. H. Walser, of Missouri; John C. Bundy, of Chicago; E. C. Walker, of Iowa; W. H. Burr, of Washington; Byron Adonis, of California; Dr. H. Lamb, of Maine; Joseph Gillson, of Ohio; Dr. J. R. Monroe of Indiana, and others from the states and territories not named of equal influence and ability; and then, forgetting all past differences, *all* go to work *in earnest* for the *sole* object of *state secularization*, and I am sure that the great reform that was so nobly inaugurated by Mr. Abbot, and those who met with him at Philadelphia, July 4, 1876, will go forward to victory in the near future. Many of us hav despaired of ever seeing such a union of the friends of Freethought, but this is a day of sudden and remarkable occurrences, and it looks now as if such a desirable state of things might be brought about. If so, we will giv our old friend, A. B. Bradford, the credit of first suggesting it, and too much praise cannot be given Messrs. Wakeman and Leland for the magnanimous course they hav taken in this matter.

You make the suggestion in your editorial article this week, that the National Liberal League Congress meet at Cassadaga Lake at the same time that the New York State Freethinkers' Convention meets there. I hav just written to the board of directors of these grounds and hav got their permission to hav the Liberal League hold its Congress there the 8th and 9th days of September, the two days following our convention, and I take the liberty, through your columns, to invite the board of directors of the National Liberal League to hold their coming Congress at the time and place here named. By so doing we will bring together the largest assembly of Freethinkers that was ever convened on this continent. Now I hav had my say, I hope everybody will be free to speak their own sentiments. Let us all unite and work for *liberty and humanity.* H. L. Green.

Mr. Putnam's Nomination Seconded.

From the Pittsburgh Truth.

The Truth Seeker of May 31st nominates for president of the National Liberal League Samuel P. Putnam, of New York. We know of no Freethinker better qualified for the position than Mr. Putnam, and if elected believe he will perform the duties of that office with an ability and dignity equal to that of Mr. Wakeman. If it is not too late we will second the nomination. We regret that Messrs. Wakeman and Leland desire to resign the offices they hav so acceptably filled.

Col. Ingersoll in Cleveland.

Col. R. G. Ingersoll lectured here a few evenings since to one of the largest and most intellectual audiences ever assembled in this city. It was the finest audience I ever had the pleasure of looking upon in this or any other city.

A prominent Liberal of this city has this to say about the event in the *Sun*, the leading Sunday journal of this city:

INGERSOLL AND HIS AUDIENCES.

To the Editor of the Sun: The immense audience assembled in Case Hall on Friday evening to listen to Col. Robert G. Ingersoll's lecture on "Orthodoxy" (and his audiences in other cities are about the same) must certainly set the clergy to thinking, if it does not totally refute the statement made some time since by one of the ministers of this city (Rev. T. F. Hildreth), who said:

"The devotees of Ingersoll you will find in the rum-shops, in the brothels, and in all the dens of infamy throughout the land. You will find that they are those who under the guise of honesty overthrow public morality and decency."

A grosser slander was never uttered. For a more respectable audience, ranging in age from seventeen to seventy, never graced Case Hall, and it is worthy of mention as a noticeable fact that so many young folks were present.

Will the Rev. T. F. Hildreth dare to include such an audience in his category of devotees?

The failure of one of our great dailies to report a discourse which attracted so many of our best citizens, while so much of its space is daily given to "baseball," "horse-racing," "wrestling," and "slugging matches," etc., etc., shows either an ignorance of the growing skepticism toward "Orthodoxy," or a perverse and wilful endeavor to mislead the people and bolster up orthodoxy.

The paper referred to as refusing to notice the colonel's lecture is one of the most intolerant journals toward the Catholics that I hav ever read. As a contemporary has expressed it, "the editor is afraid of the pope's toe."

The lecture was practically the same as delivered in other cities, and was delivered in the author's own impressiv and instructiv style.

Our society (the League) is steadily gaining in membership, and is, I believe, a thing that has come to stay.

It is very much to our regret that there was no place in the city that would accommodate a larger audience than the hall procured for Col. Ingersoll (the largest in the city), for many were turned away from the ticket office, being refused even the privilege of standing room, so large was the attendance. Every seat in the hall was reserved and sold before the evening of the lecture, besides many tickets for standing room. I think that if the Liberals of our city would only stir themselvs a little and make an effort, the many Liberals throughout the country would aid us in building a hall that would accommodate a large audience in this city, that would be controled by Liberals, and would be open for any Liberal speaker. Why should it not be so? It is true that our city is very bigoted, but still we hav a fine band of willing but unable patriots who would erect a temple to Freethought if they were able. With a little liberal aid we could erect a fine building similar to the one in Boston, owned and controled in the same manner, and the stockholders would also realize a fair dividend from their investment. Who will speak first? W. I. Irvine.

Cleveland, Ohio, July 3, 1884.

Christian Persecution.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* In a recent number of The Truth Seeker I see a letter from a very dear friend of mine, to whom I had sent a copy of my new book, "The Bible Analyzed," and whose opinion of said book I wished given to the public. From the letter in question I learn that my friend's opinion—a favorable one—was given to The Truth Seeker for publication. From the same letter I learn further that the publication of this opinion was stopped by my friend, who, as she expresses it, was "on the rack of persecution," and who feared that the publication of an opinion favorable to my book would add to the bitterness of that persecution.

In regard to this matter you well remark, "What a beautiful state of society that letter shows to exist in that town, and what a blessing Christianity is to the people of this country!" What a beautiful state of society, indeed! And yet the Christians of that town are no more intolerant than are their brethren of all other towns and cities in which they are largely in the majority. Indeed, though many weak-kneed Christians now try to deny the fact, Christianity is essentially an intolerant religion, and the whole history of the Christian church establishes this fact beyond all dispute.

The fact that persecution does not now prevail to so horrible an extent as it prevailed during former ages is due entirely to the decline of Christianity, and not to its greater power. Without fear of successful contradiction, I assert that the Christian church never abandoned any form of persecution, no matter how horrible that form might be, so long as she r. tained the power to use it. With equal fearlessness, I assert that she has never admitted that her persecutions of the past were wrong; that she has never renounced her pretended right to persecute; and that she has never disclaimed her intention to renew those persecutions, should she ever recover her lost power. I further assert, and defy successful contradiction, that the religious toleration which does now, to some extent, prevail in several countries, has been brought about, in spite of the church, by Liberalism, her natural enemy. Christians, then, must hav a monstrous amount of *"cheek"* to arrogate to themselvs, as they do, the credit of this better condition which, as they well know, has been brought about, in spite of their utmost endeavors, by their enemies, the Liberals.

Even Jesus, the reputed founder of Christianity—if the teachings of the New Testament be any authority—was himself an embodiment of bigotry and intolerance. "And whosoever shall not receive you nor hear your words, when ye depart out of that house, or city, shake off the dust of your feet. Verily I say unto you, It shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom and Gomorrah, in the day of judgment, than for that city" (Matt. x, 14, 15).

"Think not that I am come to send peace on earth; I came not to send peace, but a sword. For I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law. And a man's foes shall be they of his own household" (Matt. x, 34, 35, 36).

"And found in the temple those that sold oxen, and sheep, and doves, and the changers of money sitting: And when he had made a scourge of small cords, he (by assaulting them in a ruffianly manner, and being sustained by a mob of ruffians) drove them all out of the temple, and the sheep, and the oxen; and poured out the changers' money, and overthrew the tables" (John ii, 14, 15). The parenthesis is mine. The parties here driven out by Jesus and his mob, had just as good a right in the temple as had he, and they were engaged in a much more honorable business than that of assaulting peaceable people with unlawful weapons, overturning tables, etc., and committing other acts of inexcusable rowdyism.

"If any man come unto me and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple" (Luke xiv, 26). This is, undeniably pure Christianity; and it is also, undeniably, the religion of pure hate. So is the following: " . . . he that believeth not, shall be damned" (Mark xvi, 16). Could the followers of such a teacher be otherwise than bigots and persecutors? See how quickly and how naturally Paul follows in this same strain: "If any man preach any other gospel unto you than that ye hav received, let him be accursed" (Gal. i, 9).

These are all undeniably Christian teachings of the very highest authority, and they undeniably require all true Christians to hate and to accurse or devote to destruction all unbelievers, and all heretical believers. And this is just what all true Christians hav ever done. They hav never recognized unbelievers and heretics as possessing any rights, except the right to be burnt at the stake, and then damned to eternal burnings after death. He that does not hold these views is tinctured with unbelief or heresy, and cannot justly claim to be a true Christian.

Let us, then, not blame Christians for being persecutors, since they cannot be the former without being the latter. Let us labor for the overthrow of the system of religion which makes persecutors of otherwise good men and women. While Christianity exists, persecution will also exist.

The friend whose persecutions called out this article is a delicate little woman—a widow who is dependent for her own livelihood, and for the support and the education of her children, upon her earnings as a teacher in the public schools. She is a woman whose intelligence and refinement render her an ornament to society, and whose goodness renders her a blessing. And yet Christians are now standing between her and her means of earning a support, and are threatening to take those means away if she dares to publicly express her favorable views of Liberalism in general, or of my new book in particular. I regret exceedingly that I hav innocently added anything to the burden of her persecutions. As the matter stands, however, I will ask, as a personal favor, that every reader of this article will place it in the hands of some Christian friend, and let him see what his religion really is, and what it is doing. I hope that every Liberal, who feels able to do so, will also place the book in question in the hands of a Christian friend, and let him see whether, for indorsing such a book, a worthy widow and her children should be deprived of their means of living. Please order this book at once.

For nearly thirty years, I hav been almost constantly exposed to these same forms of persecutions. Being a disabled Union soldier, I, like my fair little friend, am now dependent for a livelihood principally upon my earnings as a teacher in the public schools. And if the indorsing of such a book as "The Bible Analyzed" calls forth so bitter persecutions against her, how much more does the writing of the book call forth persecutions against myself. How long I shall be able to hold my position in the public schools I do not know. If every Liberal who is able to do so would buy one or more of my books, I would not need to teach any more at all, and would giv my whole time to the noble cause of Liberalism.

Modesto, Cal., June 28, 284. JOHN R. KELSO.

Notes from Dr. J. L. York in the Lecture-field of Montana.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Please find inclosed nine dollars for THE TRUTH SEEKER, to be used as directed in private letter.

That our friends who are interested in the movement and cause of mental liberty in the far West may know where I am and how goes the battle, I send, as before, my notes from the lecture-field.

My first appointment on the trip found me at Eureka, Nevada, where I gave six lectures to splendid audiences, I trust with good results.

The orthodox religion is quite faded and thin among these sons of toil who delve in mother earth for the precious metals. And a gospel Sunday is out of the question in the mines; in fact, the sound of pick and shovel and the roar of the smelting furnaces goes on night and day, year in and year out. A mining town in the mountains is an unhealthy place for religion—too busy to think how Christ died, but not too busy to read THE TRUTH SEEKER, and turn out to a radical Freethought lecture.

Thanks are due at Eureka to Geo. Gavin, C. B. Bidwell, and Jason Burlingame for the comforts of home and kindness during my stay.

The next place was Salt Lake, where my story was brief, as I found on arrival that the celebrated Gerald Massey was already advertised to open a course of lectures on the following day. I, however, spent the day in calling on some of the friends of THE TRUTH SEEKER in Salt Lake. I made a hurried visit at Farmington on the way to Ogden in order to shake hands with Henry Souther and Hector Haight, two warm supporters of our noble cause in its struggle against the Mormon deviltry.

Taking the northern line, I passed through Utah and into Montana, over a wide stretch of country, beautiful in its wildness and rich in mineral wealth and stock-raising, reaching Butte City right side up with care.

This is a most thriving camp of about ten thousand people, and without doubt the richest on the Pacific coast since the days of the Virginia bonanzas. The people here were hungry for the gospel of nature, and responded by full houses for six nights. Many thanks are due here to W. W. Filkins, Dr. Whitford, and others, and especially to our friend Fred Cook, one of nature's noblemen, for much kindness in helping us to do our work in Butte City. With the promis to return in two or three weeks for another course of lectures, I turned toward Bozeman, a fine little town of about fifteen hundred people on the North Pacific Railroad, where I am advertised to giv a course of four lectures, and where I am at the present writing.

There is a large Liberal element in this little city. I hav had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Stover, a stanch Infidel, who writes sometimes for THE TRUTH SEEKER; also Thomas Burk, former president of the Liberal League here. I am also made happy in meeting our old-time friend, Mrs. Judge Davis (formerly Belle Chamberlain), who in former years canvassed the entire Pacific coast in the interest of Liberalism. Her many friends will be glad to know that she is pleasantly situated in Bozeman, surrounded with every comfort. And well she deserves comfort and rest after her long struggle against poverty and religious prejudices, against which she battled for many years.

Next week I will be in Helena, and the week following in Butte City again, after which I am going to giv a short course in Deer Lodge, and thence move on to Missoula, and thence to Spokane Falls, Cheeney, Walla Walla, and so on down the Columbia to Portland, Oregon.

I hav thus sketched the route that readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER may be on the lookout and help me, that I may help them, in the name of universal mental liberty.

With many kind regards for you and yours, I am, as ever, Yours for the whole truth,

DR. J. L. YORK.

The American Party.

Not long ago a convention of the American party was held in Farwell Hall, Chicago. I try to keep slightly posted on political matters, but I was so densely ignorant that I did not even know that we had an American party in this country. Butler should hav been nominated. He is the champion nominee in the wide world, and the other places so far as heard from. I learned by the papers that an American party not only exists, but it has a "mission." During Senator Pomeroy's address on "The Mission" he said, "The adopted citizen should hav all the rights of the nativ born." He advised the committee to make this a "conspicuous plank." It would hav been instructiv to the convention and the people generally if the senator had pointed out and explained a dozen or two of the rights that are enjoyed by the nativ born but denied to the adopted citizen of this country. If he referred to the clause in the Constitution relating to the presidency, his "conspicuous plank" was decidedly un-American. Such is the consistency of party-makers. He advised the committee to be concise and pithy in the statement of their principles. The statement was pithy. Pith is a soft, spongy substance. Below are a few sections of the platform, "which was fervently pronounced to be 'God's platform' by Dr. Blanchard."

The first thought that occurred to me when I read that was, If it is God's platform, why not send it to heaven and hav it read before the gods and angels? We hav no use for it here. Most of the inhabitants of this country are human beings, and would not know how to commence a campaign on a "God's platform:"

"We hold: 1. That ours is a Christian and not a heathen nation, and that the God of the Christian scriptures is the author of civil government, and is accepted as our supreme ruler." The first sentence implies that the country is discussing the question whether this is a Christian or a heathen nation, and that it is necessarily one or the other. The fact is, there may come a time when it will be neither. The word "heathen" may be made to cover almost any meaning you please. It has undergone so many changes of meaning and been so differently construed that it is worthless as applied to a nation. With each Christian it nearly means everybody who does not belong to our branch of orthodoxy. Where did the God of the Christian scripture originate civil government? How many books has he written on that subject? Did he ever say anything about a republic or an American party? God may be accepted as our supreme ruler, but who are meant by "our?" The handful in Farwell Hall or all the people of this country? If the former, they are welcome to their ruler, but if the latter, the statement is untrue.

2. "That the Bible should be associated with books of science and literature in all our educational institutions." Supposing the Bible to be perfectly true and the best book on earth, why should it be associated with books of science and literature? Our educational institutions are not supported for the purpose of teaching or studying the Bible. Is it not sufficient that the Christians hav the privilege of studying the Bible in their churches and their homes? Students who wish to become learned in science and literature hav no time for studying the Bible while at school or college.

3. "That God requires and man needs a sabbath." That plank is so explicit that an Infidel might stand on it. Nothing is said about a cessation of business or going to church, or singing, hymns, or anything of that kind. The man who sawed out that plank must hav been one of the party who prepared the timber for Noah's ark. Sections 4, 5, 6, and 7 relate to prohibition, secret lodges, prison labor, and patents.

8. "We hold to and will vote for woman's suffrage." That is a very "short hold" indeed. I fail to see how they can "hold to" something that doesn't exist, and if it were a reality there would be no need of voting for it.

Section 9 demands civil equality for the Indians and Chinese American party on "God's platform." 10 and 11 relate to arbitration and monopolies.

12. "That the general government should furnish the people with an ample and sound currency." 13 relates to tariff and taxes.

14. "That polygamy should be immediately suppressed by law." Clear as mud! Could anything be more definit? The American party on God's platform has solved the polygamy question. Inasmuch as Congress has made some heroic efforts to suppress polygamy by law, but without flattering success, it would hav been really refreshing if the new party had given us a page or two of explanations of the *modus operandi* in this little suppression operation. Through some inadvertence a few sections that should hav been appended to the platform were omitted. They are as follows:

15. That every Infidel and Spiritualist should be compelled to attend some Christian church at least three times every Sabbath, and kiss some minister's toe once each month.

16. That the property of any Freethinker should be confiscated and given to any Christian neighbor who may happen to be in need.

17. That the sum of $9,000,000 should be drawn from the United States treasury and expended in Bibles, and that every Infidel should be compelled to buy at least ten Bibles.

18. That every child attending the public schools should be taught that the earth is flat and has four corners.

19. That the government should furnish each of the founders of this party with an ample suit of clothes having an ample supply of ample pockets to hold the ample currency, and each should hav an office with an ample salary attached.

20. Inasmuch as our party will need recruits, the government should appoint an ample exploring committee (from the persons here present) to search the earth—and the stars, if necessary—for a race of men without brains.

And this *party* went seriously through the mockery of nominating candidates for president and vice-president of the United States, appointing a national committee, and a special committee to notify the nominees of the honor they had received. It reminded me of a group of six-year-olds playing "keeping house," or "school." It is humiliating to one's national pride to think that, in the year 1884, in this favored land, a band of professedly intelligent persons can be found, capable of giving utterance to such pitiful imbecility, such inexcusable idiocy, as the above so-called platform.

Were it not for my strong faith in progression, I should sometimes be tempted to think that man has already passed the culminating point in intellectual development and is lapsing toward barbarism again. Liberals, wake up! Don't doze off to sleep as long as that Bible is allowed inside of an American school building. Get that Bible out, then take a little nap and be ready for the next move. N. G. W.

THE following bit of controversy between the *Independent* and the *Central Presbyterian* is funny. The omniscience of the editors seems to be equal to that of God himself, but an unconverted layman can only wonder how they both found out so accurately what is God's intention toward the sinner. We quote from the *Independent:*

"'The position of the *Independent* is that a man is not under condemnation for the sin of Adam, but only passes under condemnation when he himself begins personally to sin. This, the *Independent* admits, he will certainly do, just as the pointer dog will inevitably hav the instincts which belong to that breed of dogs.'

"That is very nearly a correct statement of the facts as we see them. It proceeds:

"'If this is a true account of the case, then of all creatures we are certainly the most miserable.'

"We hav not noticed such to be the case, except as all sin is most miserable.

"'We "inherit," without any fault of our own, a propensity to sin.'

"[True.]

"'Which we cannot resist, which no man has ever resisted.'

"[Which we can resist, which we ought to resist, which millions of saints hav resisted with great success, though none with such entire success as to hav avoided all sin from the beginning of their moral life.]

"'And we are under God's wrath and condemnation for a nature which we cannot help having any more than a pointer dog can help his instincts to act in a particular way.'

"Never, never! God condemns no man for what he does not do himself; no man for what he inherits; no man for the 'nature' which came to him without his will.

"'"God is angry with the wicked every day;" but why is he angry with men for committing sins which they cannot help any more than a dog can help barking or biting?'

"He certainly is not. He would be no God if he were. The whole point of the mystery is that man inherits from his ancestors a nature which is his misfortune, not his guilt. He must resist it, or suffer God's just displeasure."

That settles it.

Communications.

Whatever Is, Is.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* You may, perhaps, remember that heretofore I hav contributed a few articles for The Truth Seeker, under the heading, "Is Mind Material?" in which I argued only one side of the question of the existence of mind, as well as of everything else that exists in the universe, to show that if Materialism was true, as held by Materialists, that mind and all other phenomena in nature were the result of material organization, then evolution would be chargeable with everything that Materialists find fault with, including every system of idolatry—all the different gods that men hav imagined had an existence and hav worshiped; and every ism and fraud that has ever existed—the Jew-god and Christianity, and every humbug, from the year 1 (if there ever could hav been a year 1) down to the present time; for if the material organization of matter is the cause of all things, then all things are the result of that cause; and according to that theory, whatever is, not only is, but whatever is is right, or, if wrong, would be attributable to that cause for its existence; for there could be no other cause. Having thus summed up my arguments, and answered some of my critics, I proposed, at some future time, if I had time and was so disposed, to present some arguments in favor of a spiritual or eternal intelligence theory; and as I see the subject still elicits continued discussion by S. P. Andrews, S. P. Putnam, J. R. Perry, Otto Wettstein, and others, under the headings of "Universology," "The Problem of the Universe," "Final Causes," "Spiritualism," etc., I hav been induced to present a few thoughts of my own on the subject under discussion, and convictions that I hav entertained for several years; and thought that, for the sake of a little variety, and to avoid monotony, I would take a new text. And, first, to begin a new departure from my former train of thought, I will take up the question presented by Otto Wettstein in his reply to Mrs. Heddon, in The Truth Seeker of Nov. 24, 1883, page 746, where he says: "If you say God created, we say who created God?" and in an editorial reply to Wm. Kirby, in The Truth Seeker of Nov. 17, 1883, page 726, where the question is stated to be, first, "Is there a god," and second, "If there is, did he hav anything to do with preparing the different Bibles now existing?" and again, in an editorial reply to John S. Parish and S. E. Cooley, in The Truth Seeker of Feb. 16, 1884, page 105, where eternal is described, and very truly, as being endless both ways, and has always existed, never could hav been begun, and as every effect must hav a cause, the conundrum is presented, If God is an effect, what or who is the cause of God? and then asks: "Giv it up, do you?" and then says, "Well, here is the answer: There is no such being as is described in the Bible and called God." As to the God described in the Bible I shall not differ from the editor, but as to the idea that there is no God, I shall beg leave to dissent from that view of the question.

To ask the question, Who made God, or what or who was the cause of God? is just dodging or begging the very question at issue, and just as positivly denying the existence of God, as to say so in plain words, and assert that there is no God. For if God could be created, he would not be God. A created being would not be eternal in existence. God must be eternal to be God, as Mr. Editor says eternal means endless both ways, and could never hav been begun. And so must God be; could never hav had a beginning, and can never cease to exist. And as I stated in one of my former articles on the Materialism of mind, I do not believe that God can commit suicide. I believe that to be one thing that God, infinit in power, cannot do. And so God cannot be an effect of a cause. There must be one cause without a cause—eternal. That alone is God. But the Materialist asks how can that be that is inconceivable, therefore impossible! That theory givs nothing to stand upon—that it is necessary to hav a material basis—something tangible, something conceivable. Then I would ask how could matter be eternal? The same question will apply to the material. It is just as inconceivable how this material universe could hav eternally existed, as that an intelligent supreme being could hav eternally existed. It is entirely useless for us to begin where we are and trace back the succession of effects and causes in nature to find the beginning, for there can be no beginning. Something must be eternal, or no thing could be. The fact that I exist is the proof that there is an eternal existence. And, reasoning from the principles by which we are governed in all the transactions of this life, and in compliance with which we learn all we know or ever can know, we must arrive at the conclusion that the eternal cause is an intelligent cause; for we know as surely as we know that we exist, that in all the transactions of this life on this earth, everything is the result of the exercise of the intellectual powers of the mind of man or the inferior animals; that mind is the power, though invisible, propelling and governing all the multifarious business operations, scientific investigations, discoveries in the laws and forces of nature, in the astronomical, geological, chemical, and in every department of science; and everywhere mind is all and all. The activ, intelligent force that plans, supervises, and through these material organisms of ours, which the mind uses for the carrying out its designs, executes those plans and purposes. We can see in all these operations going on all around us the evidence of intelligent design for the accomplishment of a purpose. This, if we would only stop to think how it is so, presents as great a mystery for us to solve as the eternal existence of God. We cannot explain how the mind makes this body move at its will and do its bidding any more than we can explain how God could hav eternally existed. Now if we can see the same evidence of intelligent design in all the works of nature as far as we can scan the universe, then we hav the same reason to believe in an intelligent power that controls the operations of nature, and directs everything with a design for the accomplishment of a purpose, that we hav for knowing, as we do, that mind is the intelligent power that plans and controls all the operations of mankind in the transactions of this life.

Mr. Putnam tells us, on the page of The Truth Seeker referred to (742), that mind is not a substance, that it is simply phenomena, a manifestation. We cannot make it identical with pure existence, for it has no independent life. We cannot conceive of it as existing in itself, while we can so conceive of matter. I think that I can conceive of my own mind as an identical existence, independent of this body, and that I can conceive of it or recognize it in no other way but as an identity, as my ego, myself, though I cannot see it as I see material objects. Yet I can see it with my mind's eye, as is sometimes said—in other words, the mind can recognize itself. I can recognize my own thoughts, and I can recall them from away back in the years past, and reconsider them, and pass judgment upon them as to their value and their influence upon my actions and the formation and development of my character and present condition in life. Will the Materialist tell me that this power, this facility, is all the result of a peculiar material organization, and then tell me in the next breath that these materials are constantly changing under a process of evolution, so that in the course of about seven years every particle of my present organism will be changed, and be composed of entirely different particles of matter from those of which it is now composed; and if this is true, then how is it that the mind does not change? How is it that these entirely new and different materials get possession of and hold on to the old thoughts? Why doesn't the organism of the mind change with the body? I know that I am the same; I am that I was when I was as far back as I can remember—not more than five years old. I think these facts prove that we can make the mind identical with pure existence, and that we can conceive of it as existing in itself as certainly as we can of matter. In fact, we can conceive of it in no other way but as an identical, pure existence. We can conceive of no possible connection between the mind and the material organization of this body. We can not explain how they are connected—how the mind controls the body. All we know is that it can and does—that the mind is the power, the body the machine.

But if it could be proved that mind is the result of material organization, instead of being the result of the direct fiat of the Almighty, it would make no difference as to the result, only as to the mode of producing that result. Whatever is, is; the how and the why are questions open for discussion. If the mind is the result of material organization, then that is God's way of producing that result, that is all. I believe in evolution, but an evolution with a God to back it up.

As to design, Mr. Putnam tells us, as all Materialists do, that "science sweeps the endless heavens with its telescopic glance. It continually discover matter, but not mind. There is no evidence of what we call intelligence." No wonder that mind cannot be discovered in that way, for the discoverer is looking for a material mind, and there is no such thing to find. Might as well look for the end of eternity. But when the assertion is made that there is no evidence of what we call intelligence, I beg leave to dissent, and must deny the truth of that assertion. He says there is "simply orderly force, but orderly force is not mind. It is law, and the existence of law does not indicate mind. Law is not a thing, it is a mode, and this mode always has been, always will be," etc. This is assertion with a little truth mixed in to make the assertion pass, if it will, for truth, like bogus coin, with a little of the genuin coin mixed in. Orderly force is not mind—it is law; but orderly force is the best possible evidence we can hav of intelligent design. Law is for a purpose. It orders a course of procedure, to carry out a design, to accomplish a purpose. It is just as much an evidence of intelligent design as the Victoria Bridge over the St. Lawrence River, which shows the design of making a passage-way for locomotiv engins and trains of cars over that stream of water, which would be utterly impossible without that bridge. And so with all the laws of nature. They are God's rule of action, that is all. They all speak for themselvs. They are for a purpose, to direct us in the right way to the truth, and if we violate any of them we must and surely will suffer the consequences, suffer the penalty that follows every violation of any law. Mr. Putnam says the movement of the stars, the wondrous magnificence of their procession, does not indicate anterior mentality. If law began to be, I grant that the supposition of a mind to begin it would be reasonable. But as law never began, mind as a cause is superfluous, and therefore in the eyes of science there is no such thing. If the movement of the stars and the stability and order of the universe, the regularity and precision of the movements of the planets if they had a beginning, do not indicate anterior mentality, then I do not know what can do it.

If the eyes of science cannot see the evidence of a mind in the laws of nature—whether they ever begun or are eternal could make no difference—then those must be blind eyes, or the eyes of a false science.

If the whole spirit of science is toward unity, and seeks to resolve every force into one force—and this is the goal of all analysis—goes from the complex to the simple, and the more simplicity it finds the more satisfaction it finds, and never will explain the universe by two things, but eventually by one, then all science has got to do is to accept the theory of one supreme, self-existent, eternal intelligence as the cause of all things, to reach the goal of analysis, and it is done. But Materialism will never do that, never reach that goal. Mr. Putnam says the source of mind is protoplasm, that this is amply demonstrated, but does not tell us how that is demonstrated. It is simply assertion without a particle of proof, and that if we destroy protoplasm we destroy mentality—that is another assertion without proof. "Let human intelligence entirely vanish, what we call the material universe would still exist." That does not prove that protoplasm is the source of mind—that the material universe exists after human intellect has vanished—because it has not been proven that protoplasm is the source of mind. It is merely assumed that it has been proven, by making the assertion, that is all. Just like most of the arguments that are advanced to prove that mind is the result of material organization, no argument at all, nothing but assumption.

But to continue the investigation of this design question. I hav heard it asserted that there was nothing in the works of nature that gave any evidence of design, and those who advocate that theory generally go as far away in the universe as they can for their facts or fictions to substantiate those views, far away beyond the comprehension of ordinary intellects; to the fixed stars, the nebula, the milky way, the formation of worlds, or something of that sort, to confuse and bewilder the mind instead of coming right home to familiar and well-known facts to prove the truth of their theory. Now, I propose to commence here with myself, and what is true in respect to myself would be true in the same manner with every other person in the world. The eye shows design. Nothing could be plainer than that the eye was constructed for the purpose of vision for seeing, and a most wonderful piece of mechanism it is, too, and answers the design for which it was constructed completely. There can be no mistake as to the design of that organ for the purpose to which it is applied, giving us a view of the outside world, by means of which we can store our minds with knowledge that could be obtained in no other way. And the ear is another organ peculiarly constructed for another purpose—to aid us in our intercourse with the outside world in cases where the eye alone would be useless, but where the sense of hearing would be of the greatest advantage to us—perhaps the means of saving our lives, and of the greatest service to us in thousands of ways here in this life. That organ shows design, if anything can do so—that it was constructed for the very purpose for which it answers. Nothing else could supply its place. The hands are constructed for a purpose, and they answer the design, fulfil the purpose for which they were peculiarly formed. There is no mistake about it. They are all right for the use they are to be put to. If anything shows design, these members of the body do, and so with the arms. The length, the joints, the proportion, and everything about their structure show design. The feet show by their peculiar construction that they were designed for the very purpose of walking and balancing the body in an erect position in our movements from place to place here on earth.

But it is needless to enumerate every member of our body. Every organ of our physical system shows design, an intelligent design, and the fact that all these peculiarities are the same in all the millions of the human race proves that they could not hav come by chance. But they must be in accordance with fixed laws, and the result of one, and only one, designer and maker.

I will just refer to another of Mr. Putnam's statements in the article heretofore mentioned on page 742 of The Truth Seeker, November 24, 1883. He says: "Let it be distinctly understood what we mean

by saying that mind is the result of matter. We do not mean that it is a form of matter. Mind is not matter, however subtil and ethereal. Neither is it a property of matter, or quality, or attribute; neither is it an entity or thing. It is simply a process. It is a movement, an activity. The soul of man is not a substance; it is action, action, action—wonderful, magnificent, far-reaching, piercing, and penetrating; but action, and nothing more. Why this action, called mind, results from certain organizations of matter, is more than we can tell. That problem, at present, is not solved. It may be eventually, but the difficulties are immensely simplified the moment we admit that mind is a process and not a thing." Now just let us take a peep at this logic. How is this mind, that is not a form of matter, that is not matter, that is not a property of matter, or quality, or attribute, neither an entity or thing, going to act? I should like to know. How is nothing going into action, wonderful, magnificent, far-reaching, piercing, penetrating, but action and nothing more? Well may he say that this problem is not solved. Can we conceive of a movement, unless there is something to move? Of action unless there is something to act? Could a greater absurdity be presented to our understanding than such a proposition as that? And that is, really, the solution of Materialism, and nothing more or less. That is the argument to prove that there is no God—simply nothing, with the bottom knocked out of that, to carry out the inconsistency of such nonsense offered as argument. Is it any more inconceivable how there can be an eternal existence, intelligent or material, of which we hav the positiv evidence, in the fact that both exist, or the material, at any rate, which Mr. Putnam admits, than that nothing can act in such far-reaching, piercing, penetrating a manner, as is described in that statement? I cannot see that the admission of such a proposition as that is lessening the difficulties of solving the problem of the universe, but on the contrary, can only see that it would be utterly impossible to solve anything in that way with nothing. Most wonderful is science! Mr. Putnam says, as I understand him from statements made in the same column just preceding this peroration of action, action, action, that the only way to escape the force of this reasoning, that mind is not the result of protoplasm or material organization, is to affirm that we know the outside universe solely through mental action; that is, that we infer the existence of the material universe from the operation of the mind; we only know mind directly, it is said, and, from that direct knowledge, we reason to the existence of the universe itself. This seems a very plausible assertion, and, if true, says Mr. Putnam, of course mind is the reality, and matter the shadow. But what mind is the reality? Simply my own mind. The universe, I infer; and Mr. Andrews and all other minds, I infer. I don't know that the universe exists. I don't know that Mr. Andrews exists. I only know that I exist.

Mr. Andrews is the shadow of a shadow, the inference of an inference. This is simply nonsense. I think so, too—simply nonsense; for in the first place there is no evidence to prove that it is true; and in the next place, what difference could it make with the mental action of the mind whether it was the result of protoplasm or not? and again how could it reason at all if the mind is nothing but an action, the result of protoplasm or material organization, and not a thing or entity? The reason must be in the protoplasm or organization, of which the mind is the result, action only, and nothing more. But I know that it is myself—my own mind—that is reasoning, and that all my actions and conclusions are the result of that reasoning. If not, then I do not know that I exist; and if I don't know that I exist, then I don't know anything. So that if we assume that the mind is the result of protoplasm, we are in just as bad a muddle as if the mind came to be in some other way, as a separate and independent thinking power, as it is just as capable of solving the problem of the universe as if it was derived from a cabbage-head.

I hav always supposed that I was a being, an entity, some ego, myself, intellectually, but am now informed that I am only an action, and nothing more. That is, that all that I know myself by, and all the intelligent self I know myself to be, is nothing but an action, but a pretty long one, for I can remember back quite a length of time, and of performing a great many actions myself, but all those actions were of short duration—did not last as long as I hav. They ended as soon as they were performed, and that was all there was of them; they hav gone into oblivion. But I am here yet. I hav performed many a day's work in my life, or at least I supposed they were within my lifetime; retired to rest at night, and hav arisen again in the morning, and supposed that it was all correct, did not know or think that my actions knew anything of themselvs which they must hav done if they were like me, if I am only an action. I never heard any of them say that they knew what was going on, and they hav all died out, and I am here yet, a stationary old action, too rough and solid to be killed off very easily. But science must prevail, and there is no sense in trying to overcome science with any such nonsense as that I am an entity, an ego by myself, or that any intelligent existence is, though Mr. Putnam calls himself an ego, which I suppose he would hav us understand to be an intelligent being, and applies the same term to others, as Mr. Andrews, that he recognizes as an ego different and separate from himself, as if he was something more than an action, which he says is not an entity or thing, but simply a process, a movement, an activity. I hav made these references to Mr. Putnam's propositions as to the origin of mind because they seem to come within the how of what is, is, the same as the question of intelligent design is introduced to show how the universe came to exist as it does, whether organized and controled by an intelligent designer, or evoluted from inanimate matter into the various forms and phenomena exhibited in the works of nature, without design, or whether evolution is not the result of a designing, invisible intelligence, so that if mind is the result of material organization, as is claimed, it would amount to the same thing; organization only being the means or process by or through which the result is accomplished, the intelligent designer acting back of this evolution, or in this evolutionary process, as I believe, for I cannot conceive it possible that intelligence could exist here with us, as we know it does, without an intelligent cause. I can understand plainly enough that such a cause must be eternal. But how it is eternal I cannot understand any more than I can understand how I exist. Yet I know that I am, and that what is, is, whether I can understand it or not. If I don't know that I exist, then I don't know that anything exists, and there may be nothing in existence after all, and this idea places everything out of the range of reason. But that is what I must believe—that all that appears to be is not, that the throngs of thousands upon thousands of men, women, children, and everything else that we see moving on the face of this our earth are not; that it is all a mistake; that I am not here myself, writing and thinking, before I can believe there is no God, no eternal, self-existent intelligence at the head of and all through all, and in all, the life of all life, the supreme ruler, the source of all power, ever acting and moving in the material universe, the same as my soul or spirit exists within, and is the life and power that makes me the I am that I am.

Detroit, Mich. JAMES HALE.

Protectiv Tariff.

Protectiv tariff is a stimulant to the manufacturer—what liquor is to the inebriate. A little does at first, but after awhile the system craves more, the first quantity ceases to be sufficient to satisfy the disordered organs of acquisitivness, which demand more, more; and may be denominated the second downward step from manhood's true condition of independence—the first step being when they stooped to the degrading position of asking the many (consumers) to giv to the few (manufacturers).

From self-reliance to abject dependence is the certain result of intemperance and of protection.

There is no bottom to this quagmire of false pol tical economy. The debasing habit of asking alms of the government at the expense of other classes of a nation is sure to bring its own reward. Not long before the delirium tremens willbegin to show itself. The system has become too much saturated to unload itself, and it sees "snakes in its boots," or, in other words, failure stares them in the face. It is death to stop and death to go on. Their business has been carried on with borrowed capital, or, in other words, profits hav been stolen, outrageously taken from other sources than legitimate ones. An unhealthy state of manufactures is brought on—a surplus of products without a corresponding consumption. Foreign markets are shut off, and shops hav to shut down, and laborers hav to suffer for the necessaries of life. Commerce is ruined; products hav cost so much that they cannot be sold in foreign ports without loss; and the cry is "More, more! giv us more! (whisky) subsidies in the shape of protection, or we die."

If the true physician prescribes that which common sense teaches, a lessening amount of stimulant and an increase of manhood, the whole pack start in a moment and he has to take himself off. But the false, the fraud, and quack puts in his appearance, and with his flattery agrees with the patient that it is more which will relieve him, and receives great patronage and large sums of money, and great is the quack.

There was never in the world's history a more false theory promulgated, unless it was the Christian doctrin, which is also protecting in its teaching—protecting the guilty rascal from the punishment he richly deserves.

When manufactured articles can be shipped to different parts of the world and sold at a profit, then we will hav a commerce again, and not before. When we take articles of food to foreign countries and exchange for things that they can make cheaper than we can make them, their laborer will stay there and not trouble us, and our own laborer will be benefited thereby.

If I obtain money by my industry, I claim that I hav an inalienable right to purchase where I can get the best and cheapest, without paying another man or set of men anywhere from one to hundreds per cent for the privilege to do so.

Are consumers a commodity, that a corner can be made upon them, the same as wheat, corn, or other commodities? Giv me the exclusiv right to manufacture an article of general use and prohibit the consumers (my commodity) from purchasing elsewhere, and I could get tolerably well off, or, in other words, I would be well fixed.

Out upon such stuff! Giv us freedom, loosen the shackles which are being drawn around us, which are sapping our very life-blood and making us slaves to monopolies and money corporations.

The history of our country will bear me out when I say that the country prospered the most when nearest free trade, and *vice versa*.

Yours truly, M. E. ROSE.

East Rodman, N. Y.

Liberal Christianity.

From The New Thought.

Of all the inconsistent humbugs in this world, the one known as Liberal Christian is the most sublimely ridiculous. There is no such thing as Liberal Christianity; there can be no such thing. That which is Liberal is not Christian, that which is Christian cannot be Liberal.

Christianity is a scheme to save fallen man. Hell-deserving sinners are by its manipulations to learn how to escape justice and get a heaven, to which they could never by their own merits hav been entitled.

Now, there are thousands who call themselvs Liberal Christians who do not believe the fundamentals of Christianity. If man has not fallen, how can he be restored? If there is no hell, from what will you save men? If Jesus is a man only, how can he be a mediator between God and man?

Dr. Thomas, for instance, wanted to remain in the Christian church. The Methodists very consistently turned him out. He had no affiliation with them. He believes none of their dogmas; why should he want to train with them? The Methodists are trying to raise men out of depravity and save them from hell; and all this by the blood of one of their gods. Dr. Thomas holds no sentiments in common with the Methodists; they did right in disfellowshipping him.

Now, if doubters, Infidels, Spiritualists, and progressers generally would cease to bow to the Grundy family—if they would come out and say, "Christianity has become a synonym for exploded superstitions, and therefore I am not a Christian," the Christian superstition would soon be consigned to sleep in its grave along with other exploded follies.

Let us no longer try to galvanize into respectable life the putrid carcass known as Christianity; a carcass which should long since hav been buried from sight.

Pamphlet Notices.

"The Legend of Gautama Buddha" is a mine in itself, and should be read by every Liberal, then presented to Christians. Only 5 cents.

In James Beeson's "Essay on the Ownership of Land" (Water Valley, Miss.) I find much to admire and nothing to condemn.

Professor Grayston's Normal School, Liberal, Mo., should be well patronized by Liberals. Please take notice and send for the announcement circular.

More valuable matter crowded into 46 pages it has never been my good fortune to read than is found in "The Bible—What Is It?" by J. D. Shaw, editor and proprietor of the *Independent Pulpit*, Waco, Texas. Price 25 cents.

Professor Joseph Henry's "Essays on Deaths and Funerals" are well worth the attention of Freethinkers who do not wish to be entombed in orthodox fashion. Your humble servant positivly forbids *any* services following her death. The professor's address is Salina, *Kansas*. *Pamphlet*, 25 cents.

"Separation of State and Church," by Karl Heinzen, is by far the most radical and best work I hav ever read on the subject. He advocates "church annihilation as an organized power of the priests to use the belief for the enslavement of the believers, for the plunder of the people." Price 10 cents.

Professor A. B. Bradford's lecture on the "Model Saints of the Old Testament" should be read to every religious audience at least once a month, that a true knowledge may be gained of the Bible character of the heroes and heroins of Christian canonization, as clergymen, superintendents, and teachers of Sunday-schools carefully avoid mentioning the salient points in the lives of these distinguished gentlemen and ladies.

"Something New. A Society Called the National or Anti-Christian Burial Society" organized recently in Boston, Mass. Membership fee, 25 cents. The society, free of expense, will furnish a Freethought speaker at funerals within one hundred miles of Boston. Liberals now can hav no excuse for patronizing Christian services on these occasions. For further particulars see *Boston Investigator*, June 4th, and address Geo. N. Hill, State st., Boston, Mass. ELLA E. GIBSON.

Barre, Mass., June 4, 284.

"THE foundation of fact is a good thing, even for the most impassioned rhetoric," says the *Christian Advocate*. "One of our preachers got it into his mind that a brother had been terribly burnt rescuing one of his children. But in point of fact the brother was intoxicated, and went to sleep in a brick-kiln. The congregation scoffed when the preacher made a pathetic reference to the honorable scars of the heroic father."

"THE Truth Seeker Annual and Freethinkers' Almanac," 25 cents.

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

FOUNDED BY D. M. BENNETT.

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SATURDAY, - - - JULY 12, 1884.

Sunday Concerts in the Parks.

The pressure of enlightened public sentiment has at length become strong enough to overcome the opposition of the churches of this city to Sunday open-air concerts, and last Sunday Central Park was filled by thousands of men, women, and children whose opportunities for listening to good music are restricted to Sundays and evenings.

Every year the park commissioners hav been asked to change the time of the weekly concerts from Saturday to Sunday afternoon, but the churches hav been solidly opposed, and the commissioners refused. This summer the pressure has been greater, and the opposition less, for during the past year great strides hav been made in Liberalizing public sentiment. Orthodoxy has lost its grip in this town, and Sunday diversions are common and cheap. The commissioners hav felt the change and drifted with the tide, and the result is that the people are now to be favored every Sunday with a magnificent classical-music concert.

Philadelphia has enjoyed such for the past three weeks in Fairmount Park, last Sunday the press reporting some fifty thousand listeners. The music is furnished by private business enterprise, the traditions of the city forbidding the authorities to use public money for "desecrating the Sabbath." For four Sundays past Boston Common has been visited by thousands, attracted by music provided by the city. Though this has been the rule for six years, the Lord has not destroyed the place. At first the music was sacred, but that feature has been dropped gradually, as the people preferred such lively airs as "Milliken's Galop" and Meyerbeer's "Robert the Devil." In Chicago, Milwaukee, and other Western cities Sunday is an enjoyable holiday, and though the preachers of all these places predict a rapid journeying of the populace toward the lower regions, the world moves on without any catastrophes traceable to this source.

All these signs mark the disintegration of Christianity, and the triumph of common sense. A superior entertainment is better than a cast-iron statute to empty the loafers' chairs in the corner saloons.

Mr. Walker.

Mr. E. C. Walker denies that he has given any evidence of a desire to load the League down with a "large number of side issues," and says that in assuming that he does so desire we are in error.

This is pleasant, truly. Mr. Walker is coming around, and has changed his mind since last year. But we must correct him on one point. It was exactly the Milwaukee platform we had in mind in replying to Seward Mitchell, and we understood Mr. Mitchell to mean the same. Mr. E. C. Walker was a member of the League Committee appointed in 1882 at St. Louis to draft a body of "issues," and report at Milwaukee. Mr. Walker accepted the mission, and made no protest then against the League making new demands. When the platform was presented at Milwaukee, he, representing the minority of the committee, spoke against a few only of the planks. The report, prepared for us at the time by the secretary and revised by the president of the League, reads:

"E. C. Walker, representing the minority of the same, read a report dissenting from a few radical declarations and demands as they exist in the report of the majority. It was received with the understanding that it be considered in connection with the majority report."

If he objected to a few only out of some thirty new propositions, we submit that the expression "a large number" was justifiable. Or if he objects to most of them, say two-thirds, there would be left ten new planks—a very large number considering their nature.

But all this is a side issue itself. Mr. Walker, at Milwaukee, did not object to the League being made a horse on which every member could pile his individual hobby. He objected to the planks that controverted his ideas, that is all. Had the platform been entirely anarchistic, anti-prohibitory, and radical on the marriage question, those lengthy and unfavorable reviews in *Lucifer* would hav been unnecessary. His present letter is a model of how to seem to say it, but not to.

The Petition for State Secularization.

When this petition was first printed it was the intention to present it to this Congress, but the heated political campaign upon which the country is just entering has forced everything else to one side, and the prospect of getting the "prayer" acted upon was not considered propitious. Mr. Curtis, the mover in this matter, agrees with us that the postponement will be advantageous to the interests of Liberalism, and it is so ordered. By pursuing this course the list of signers can be greatly lengthened, which will add correspondingly to the effect. There is nothing the politicians fear so much as a long list of voters who mean business. If the League had a thousand auxiliaries, with each a membership of a hundred, its demands would be almost immediately granted. A petition with a few hundred thousand names rightly presented and vigorously advocated will limber up the knees of the members of both houses.

Roll up the names!

Mr. Hale's Errors.

In a voluminous contribution in this week's issue Mr. James Hale essays some criticism of Mr. Putnam, Mr. Wettstein, and, incidentally, the editor. In the sinuous course of his manuscript he makes some ludicrous errors in reasoning. For instance, he asks those who reason that if everything that exists has been created, "God," provided he exists, must also hav been created, how it can be that matter is eternal; and he says "it is just as inconceivable how this material universe could hav eternally existed, as that an intelligent supreme being could hav eternally existed."

It seems surprising that Mr. Hale does not see the absurdity of thus placing upon an equality a product of the imagination and a reality, a speculation and a fact. That matter is eternal is logically demonstrable; that there exists an intelligent supreme being is not demonstrable in any way. It is solely a speculation of philosophy, and an assumption by theology. In a knowledge of this "being" we are no farther ahead than the world was two or three thousand years ago. All we hav is empty words and names. Ideas of "God" hav proceeded from innumerable religious fancies, which, in turn, originated in fear of natural phenomena and ignorance of their cause. "God" was the hobgoblin of the nursery of the race, and the priests the self-elected nurses who kept the children quiet by mentioning in scared whispers his terrible name. In this age men hav mostly outgrown this gross conception, but, unable to account for all the mysteries they behold, some conjure up a "Supreme Intelligence," an "Absolute," or an "Infinit Energy." The difference between these conceptions and the ideas of the early man is precisely the difference existing between the knowledge men had then and that which they hav now. One conception is no more demonstrable than the other.

The material universe, on the other hand, or matter, is here. It is seen, felt, weighed, tasted, heard, smelt, analyzed. Not a particle can be destroyed, not an atom created. It is, therefore, immortal, eternal; the changes taking place in its forms are but the accretions and dissolutions of organic and inorganic tissues, and not creations and utter extinctions. It has passed to an axiom that out of nothing nothing can arise. But until something can be created from nothing, matter must be admitted to be eternal. A fiat creation is an impossibility, and complete annihilation equally so. This is scientifically established, and cannot be denied. How absurd, then, to compare the existence of the material universe with the existence of that which is and can be at best but speculativly cognized! "No man hath known God at any time."

Mr. Hale sees, also, design in things as they are, and he assumes that it is intelligent. Supposing all things were exactly opposit to what they are—Mr. Hale would hav seen design in that, too, and could hav adduced precisely as logical reasons for so doing. But in "design," as Kant says, our intellect admires a wonder which it has itself created, for "how can we speak of design, knowing the objects only in one form and shape, and having no idea how they would appear to us in any other? What natural contrivance is there which might not be imagined to be rendered more perfect in design?" The arrangements in nature in which design is apparently seen are but the result of influences acting according to natural law. Nature makes many abortiv attempts, which fail because conditions change. What design is there in a blasted potato-field or frost-bitten peach crop? In the perpetual struggle for existence, as shown by Darwin, only those forms are able to sustain themselvs which possess some, however feeble, advantage over their contemporaries. What, then, could the design hav been in bringing into existence the weaker forms of plants and animals, which the "supreme intelligent being" *must* hav known would perish? "The multitude of living beings," says De Jouvencel, "presents itself before us not as the execution of a natural plan, but as a historical result, continually modified by a multitude of causes which hav acted consecutivly, and in which every accident, every irregularity, represents the action of a cause." This being so, if every action has a cause, the chain of cause and effect cannot be broken, and there would be no necessity for the "supreme intelligent being" after he had put in action the first cause. And that brings us right around to the cause of offense to Mr. Hale, who says that "to ask the question, who made God, is dodging or begging the very question at issue." But he will see that it is imperativ that it be asked, for if God is the "Great First Cause," he is and must also be the Great First Action, and if every action has its cause he is his own cause, its action, and the result—a manifest impossibility.

The only alternativ, therefore, is that matter is eternal, and has been acting eternally, and that the "Great First Cause" never could hav existed. But this latter hypothesis is perfectly demonstrable. United to matter is *force*, revolving in the same never-ending cycle, and emerging from any form in the same quantity it entered. Force may be latent, but is never lost, and in all places where it is manifested may be reduced to its sources, or to the other forces that contributed either directly or by conversion to its expression. Force, as heat, light, electricity, etc., etc., is inherent in matter, inseparable from it, and co-eternal with it, and like it can never be created or destroyed. Matter and force is the eternal pair from which hav evolved all the combinations in the universe—plants, animals, men, all the organic and inorganic things. This conclusion is the only escape from the vicious circle which ends where it started by asking, Who made God? Modern natural science, Buechner says, has pretty much emancipated itself from the empty notion of design, abandoning the assumption to those who contemplate nature rather with the eyes of the feelings than with those of the intellect. For as there was a time when no organic life existed on earth, and a time will come when the physical forces now existing will be plunged into night and death, what, in the presence of such facts, are the pompous phrases of a philosophy about the designs which became accomplished in the creation of man—what are the life and efforts of man himself compared with the external, inexorable, irresistible march of nature? There is no need nor room in the economy of this nature for a supersensual supreme intelligent being.

A New Liberal Industry.

B. F. Butler is the cause of two ridiculously baseless remarks in the last issue of Wakeman & Leland's paper. One is by Mr. W. T. Doty, the writer of the "Secular Notes," the other by Mr. Wakeman himself. Mr. Doty proclaims that

"The intolerant opposition to Bradlaugh is like that against B. F. Butler in this country."

In defending his political hero Mr. Wakeman says:

"General Butler has been wise enough to obtain a competence, but he has worked hard and done it honestly in law, politics, and war. In doing it he has justly cared little for party, but he has been true to common honesty, to the union, to the rights of labor, of financial reform, and Liberalism whenever he could do it a service."

Now, we hav no hatred of Mr. Butler. In the light

of present knowledge, we would as soon vote for him as for Blaine, or any man the Democrats are likely to nominate. But to compare Butler's position in politics to Bradlaugh's is to show lack of historical accuracy—or the other thing. To claim for him services to Liberalism is pure and gratuitous assumption. *Man* should leave to the regular party papers the labor of creating virtues for a candidate.

The Liberal League and a New Departure.

In view of the best interests of Liberalism, and the vast results involved, I think there should be a full and frank expression of each one's opinion. There should be no reserve or false delicacy. It is not a question of men, but of principles and methods of action. We must do what is wise no matter at what sacrifice. It is not for this or that man's success we aim, but for the advancement of our cause, and so the welfare of the world.

To me Liberalism is the life of humanity, and being everything, the simple truth should be spoken, for no sure progress can be made except by the most absolute square dealing with one another. We talk together on this great subject as friends and not as enemies. The motivs of none should be impugned. If we are thoroughly honest, the noblest counsels will undoubtedly prevail.

Let the dead past bury its dead. If mistakes hav been made, those mistakes cannot be changed. We must turn to the future and make the most of the opportunities that lie before us. We learn from the past, but we choose and act for the time to come.

In the first place, I will say that I fully indorse the position taken by the editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER. There must be *concentration* of effort. The League cannot do everything. It cannot take up all the reforms of the day. Each reform must hav its separate method and law of growth. The business of the League is to furnish the basis of all reforms, namely, absolute free thought. This is mission enough for any one organization, and in the present state of the world is the grandest mission of all. Freedom of thought has not yet been attained, nor its correlativ, freedom of action. Man is yet in the toils of superstition and slavery, and no reform can ever advance to assured victory except in the atmosphere of liberty. Let us hav liberty, scientific liberty, and every true reform will be successful.

I affirm this, therefore, to be the one and all-controling purpose of the League. It should insist upon freedom and confine itself to this one issue, and make perfect the condition of human progress, and giv ample room and range to every thought and wish. It should create a liberty so glorious and stimulating that every generous impulse shall be most fruitful, and every keen insight and lofty ideal be made practicable.

But while I believe in *concentration*, I do not believe in compromise. I hate compromise. It is always a backward step and a sacrifice of the eternal truth. Compromise for the sake of a larger following is death to every noble enterprise. It is the refuge of the weak, the wavering, and the faithless. Better a corporal's guard and the truth, than a whole army and half the truth. Half a truth is sometimes worse than a whole lie, for it detracts, tortures, belittles the conscience, and corrupts the moral nature.

Hitherto the League has been true to principle—it has been loyal to the fundamental verities of Freethought. If now, after having achieved so much, it should turn back, put its flag at half-mast, and strive for anything less than absolute freedom, I am frank to say that I should hav no more interest in the League. It would turn to dust and ashes. It would hav no rallying-cry and no inspiration. It would be but a feebler form of orthodoxy. It would help rivet some chain on tortured and struggling humanity. No, let us be true, no matter how small our numbers. Let us vindicate the unalienable rights of every human soul. Let us be the pioneers of advancement. Let our call be the trumpet call of absolute sincerity and truth.

Concentration of effort on fundamental ideas, with no compromise whatsoever, should, I say, be the law of our future work, otherwise there will be no juices and no fruit. The tree we hav planted will die and the waters of life flow on to nourish some nobler growth.

But while I abhor all compromise, I am in favor of the most inclusiv methods of action. I do not believe in passing so many resolutions. Resolutions amount to nothing. It is action that tells. Liberty is not a doctrin, it is a growth, and slowly does the world understand its immeasurable meaning. Language is limited, and if we undertake to bind people with resolutions and platforms, then our area of fellowship is contracted—not by a principle, but by a method of expressing that principle. When the time comes we must express ourselvs, of course, and speak in clarion tones, but better, far better, the lightning deed than the thunder of a long string of resolutions. Too many are satisfied with high sounding phrases. These may do for a time of peace, but not for a time of war. In war we want the vigorous blow, not merely the brave word. Let our declaration of principles then be as simple as possible. Let us affirm the principle without abatement, but let its thousand-fold interpretation and expression be for each man's earnest search. While undeviating touching basic truth, we will be thoroughly inclusiv as to the methods by which it shall leap to life and action. Words are necessarily sectarian, and hav split mankind into innumerable creeds. The truth itself has never yet divided man; it is the verbal outcome of truth that has done this. Let us avoid multiplicity of words, let them be few and strong, stirring and comprehensiv, that shall unify and not separate. Words are but counters, symbols, and reflections of ideas, and to put the word in the place of the ideas is, of all things, the most illiberal.

Concentration, no compromise, but Liberality of method, is what I would insist upon.

Furthermore, in regard to political action, I think it should be entirely negativ, and not positiv. What we should do in that line is included in the Nine Demands. Let us make good these demands, and we shall do a very great and far-reaching work. Upon these demands we are united, but when we attempt more there will be division in our ranks. Positiv political action must be left to other organizations. I am not much in favor of positiv political action anyway. The ballot, as things now are, is a compulsory force, and cannot be aggressivly used by Liberals until it has changed its character and become simply a moral power. I am entirely in favor of a voluntary form of government. This is the ideal toward which every true reformer must aim. The ultimate of human government is what Stephen Pearl Andrews so well names a *guided spontaneity*, and to attain that our present brutal form of state administration must be overthrown. Hence the League must confine itself to negativ political action, to limiting the functions of the state, to cleaning out ecclesiasticism and all tyranny, and so prepare the way for a finer evolution of social harmony. The positiv work of the League should be entirely social, outside of politics, building up neighborhood amenities, and urging moral and artistic developments upon the basis of Freethought.

Concentration, no compromise, liberality of method, negativ political action in accordance with the Nine Demands, and positiv work only in the larger life of society, of which politics is the mere shell, eventually to be sloughed off—these will furnish right conditions for the success of the League.

I now come to the most important point of all—*a change of method of leadership*. If this change is not made, we can, I think, win only partial success; if made, we know not what power we may attain in a few short years. I mean this: we must put at the head of our forces, we must choose for the president of the League, a man who can *devote his entire time to the affairs* of the League, who shall make this the business of his life. We do not want the tenth, or the third, or the half of a man's time and energy, but the whole of it. No man can meet the demands now made upon the League unless he givs himself heart and soul to the work. If he is immersed in other pursuits, if he has some profession or business outside of the League to make drafts upon his attention and vitality, he cannot be the man for the place, however great his ability or enthusiastic his spirit. The time has come when the president of the League must be married to the League—take it for better or worse; surrender all else, and fling himself into the great work that lies before him. No vast movement in human history has ever been successful without this entire leadership. Rome has withstood the onsets of modern progress by means of this leadership. The churches to-day are vigorous because they hav such devoted officers. Let the church straggle along as Liberalism has straggled along hitherto, and where would it be at the end of a hundred years? It is trained leadership that built up the church, won all its victories, and saves it to-day from destruction. Trained leadership is what Liberalism must hav, or it cannot combat with the skilled hosts of the church. The church has thousands of trained and devoted captains. Should not Liberalism hav at least one? Look at the success of Bradlaugh and the secular movement in England, a success that never could hav been attained except Bradlaugh had given up all else and made leadership the work of his life.

Look also at the New York State Freethinkers' Association. Where would it hav been to-day if it had not been for the strenuous devotion of H. L. Green to its success? He gave everything to this work—all his life and all his energy—and in spite of enormous difficulties, what a success he has achieved! If Mr. Green had been engaged in other pursuits, and given only a part of his time to the cause of the association, that association to-day would hardly be alive. Mr. Green's meetings hav been the most successful and pregnant ever held upon this continent. And why? Because of the thoroughly business-like manner in which he has labored.

Who can build up a great paper without giving his entire time to it? Who can build up a great business without unqualified attention to it? And so with the work that now lies before the Liberal League. We must inaugurate Mr. Green's method. Our president must make a business of being president, and not hold the office merely as a side issue of a busy life, although, essentially, he may be the best man in our ranks, but having the pressure of a laborious profession, he is not the man we want, because the hour demands a whole man, and not a half. A whole man is worth a thousand half men.

The League has done little or nothing the past year; it has made no record simply because it has lacked this trained and devoted leadership. Messrs. Wakeman and Leland are eminent in ability, but they hav had other duties to perform, and so the League has suffered vitally, and I believe that another year or two of such half leadership will destroy the future successfulness of the League. On this matter I speak with the utmost frankness, because I deeply feel the necessity of the hour—that we must hav a new method, or the next quarter of a century will be frittered away in mere disintegrating effort. The next meeting of the League will make or mar its destiny.

I recognize fully the merits of Mr. Wakeman. He is a representativ man indeed. No one is more worthy in himself of the honor of being the president of the League. He would, therefore, still be my choice if he could surrender to the interests of the League every other pursuit, and devote himself without distraction to the advancement of our cause; but if he is so bound with his professional engagements, if other interests and duties are so peremptory that he cannot, as he himself declares, make this surrender, we must, as a matter of principle, accept his declination as final. I think that Mr. Wakeman should, without reserve, express his mind on this matter, in order that, without making unpleasant complications, we can select some new man on the basis of the new method. Since Mr. Wakeman declares that he cannot assume this responsible position, I would suggest another brave and gifted Liberal—George Chainey—as Mr. Wakeman's successor, a man of national reputation, of noble thought, of earnest spirit, and eloquent tongue. Free, as I understand him to be, from other pursuits, he can, without doubt, giv himself wholly to the League's work, and infuse into it new life and hope.

It is not a question of men, however, but of principle, of a right method of action. I will not vote for any mere figure-head, or any man to giv us respectability; or any man, however good in himself, who can render but a portion of his time. I want for this place in which so many high interests are centered, a whole man. I believe that all Liberals will see the wisdom of this, and will insist that he whom we select for our standard-bearer shall be selected not simply for his reputation, but because he can giv himself without stint to the interests of the League.

Let us meet by all means at Cassadaga Lake in conjunction with the New York State Freethinkers' Association. Let there be a representativ gathering. Let each one be courageous in the expression of his views. Our method of work is of the utmost importance. The cause is infinitly greater than any one man. Never were the opportunities of the League so great as now. But if for want of boldness and insight these opportunities are not rightly seized, they will not soon be presented again, and Liberalism will receive a wound in the house of its own friends. I hav spoken on this matter my innermost thought. Those who know me will know that I speak from no interested motiv. I hav nothing to gain or lose by what the League may choose to do. Messrs. Leland and Wakeman hav called for an expression of opinion, and here is mine for what it is worth. There must be a new departure indeed; not, however, in the way of compromise, but in fulness and greatness of work; and hence I am in favor of the election of some man like Chainey, who can devote his whole time to the cause. Unless we adopt this method of leadership, the power of Liberalism will not be felt as it should be felt, both to-day and in the hereafter.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

Miss Gibson Pleased Also.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* It is not surprising that "the engraving of the monument printed last week givs great satisfaction," and let me 'add my feeble testimony" to the list of delighted friends. My sister regrets that Mr. Bennett's hand could not hav been visible grasping the pen. It is a very accurate likeness of Mr. Bennett as I first beheld him in 1874, though, perhaps, somewhat more youthful and less fraught with that deep thoughtfulness and care-worn expression apparent in late years. My engraving is already framed and adorns the walls of "my den," awaiting the receipt of the more artistic lithograph.

I wish to add that I agree perfectly with your Boston correspondent, R. S. Sidelinger, in his estimate of the merits of S. P. Putnam's "Waifs and Wanderings," and am glad it is to reappear in a book. Its sale is already assured. ELLA E. GIBSON.

"THE Truth Seeker Annual and Freethinkers' Almanac," 25 cents.

Letters from Friends.

CORTLAND, OHIO, June 29, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Who is this F. B. Livezey? He has sent me some circulars, which I do not understand. I cannot comprehend his meaning, unless it is ridicule, which seems to be his sole object. I consider him a lunatic at large. He is running down the best men and women we hav in the ranks of Freethought without any excuse whatever. He givs no cause for complaint. Well, the time is coming, I hope, when I can be able to procure Mr. Bennett's and R. G. Ingersoll's works, as well as other good reading your catalog contains. I lend the good old TRUTH SEEKER to all my neighbors who wish to read it, and I think you may look for some new subscribers shortly. I never tire of hearing Elmina speak her words of wisdom. She livs the life she was born to liv, and takes pleasure in making everyone happy within her reach—also many other contributors to THE TRUTH SEEKER. Wishing you success, I remain, Yours truly, J. D. WHEELER.

ST. JOHNS, ARIZONA, June 21, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: In THE TRUTH SEEKER of the 14th, the $1.75 which I had the honor to contribute towards the Monument Fund is accredited to Alfred F. Vanta, which is wrong. I am a professed and outspoken Liberal; hav been for over twenty years, and do not deny my faith. Therefore, I do not want my contribution accredited to another or fictitious personage. If there is honor in erecting monuments in memory of our heroes (and I esteem D. M. Bennett one of them), and as I hav in a small way assisted in this matter, I wish to go correctly upon record. 'Tis true my contribution was a mere mite, nevertheless I think myself honored in honoring the memory of D. M. Bennett, and under these circumstances one naturally wishes to be properly and correctly represented. I care not who knows my views in matters of belief, nor how often they are howled from the house-tops. They are matters that concern no one but myself, and not being a hypocrit, I say just what I think, and think just what I say. Please make the necessary correction in the spelling of my mame.

ALBERT F. BANTA.

LUZERNE, N. Y., June 28, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I hav cut the petition out, and hav a few names on it—all taxpayers. I am what you will call a tinker, and travel in Saratoga and Warren counties. I talk the petition up, and explain it. They all know that I am a Freethinker, and those I speak to are in favor of the churches paying taxes, and will vote that way, but are afraid to put their names down for fear some person might see them. A few years ago people were offended at me for talking about the Bible and religion, but it ain't so now. I hav parties at night in different houses as I travel along. I can talk better than I can write. They all think I am bold in saying what I do, and it is a wonder some religious person don't kill me. If any one can prove what I say is wrong, they are at liberty to show it up. I like to come across the silk-stocking paupers who liv on the stupidity of the people. My profession suits me to spread the light of truth. I find some bloodthirsty Christians who will do most anything for the love of their God. If the taxation of church property comes before the people, there will be a big vote in favor of it. Please send me the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL. JOHN HART.

PROVIDENCE, June 12, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: In last week's TRUTH SEEKER Mr. Wm. Watson replies to Mr. J. Petty. Perhaps it is bad form for me to "put in my oar," but I trust to be pardoned. I understand Mr. Watson to mean that choice of action may co-obtain with the impulsion by the strongest motiv, and yet the former be free and independent of the latter. This reminds me of an incident. When I was a lad I was very wilful. Not having a father, I generally had my own way. But I had a big uncle who was not afraid of me. One day mother wanted me to go to market. I would when I got ready. A deep-toned masculin voice sounded from another room, and I got ready quick. When out of sight I was pouting and sauntering along, and in a sudden rage threw the basket ahead af me. I at once found myself seated on tbe strong hand of my uncle and wafted through the air at a terrible speed in the direction of the basket. I was impelled by such a strong motiv that I chose my course at once.

Now, friend Watson may be right, but I consider free agency and free will as superfluous terms when applied to actions which are attributed to motivs. When a new and stronger motiv supersedes the present one I will stop writing. For instance, suppose I learn that by starting at once I can get a million dollars in Europe, I should not write this article, for with a million I could start lots of Freethought journals.

W. P. BLYTHE.

OMRO, WIS., June 9, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Please giv space in your columns for a brief report of the meeting held at this place June 6th, 7th, and 8th. The speakers present were Judge Holbrook, of Chicago; Mrs. L. M. Spencer, of Milwaukee, and G. H. Brooks, lately from Kansas.

The judge's lecture was mainly his own experience in his investigation of Spiritualism, and was well received. Mrs. Spencer's were given under control, and after each gave tests to the audience, describing spirits, etc., which were mostly recognized. Mrs. Spencer is not what the majority would call a first-class speaker, but is growing rapidly, and without doubt at no distant day will stand in the front rank of reformers. She is doing a grand work in Milwaukee. G. H. Brooks is a young speaker, having been in the field but a short time. He speaks in a semi-trance from questions given him by the audience, and I predict for him a brilliant future. The discuss ions throughout were highly practical at each session. This is the first meeting held since our organization was perfected. We hav large numbers of names on our books, and wish every place in Wisconsin containing a Spiritualist represented at our next meeting. So, friends, send the secretary your names, with one dollar, which will constitute you a voter in all business matters pertaining to our society.

The railroads extended the courtesies of reduced rates to attendants, and no doubt the same will be given at the next meeting. The attendance was good throughout, and the interest marked. Representativs from Chicago, Milwaukee, Fond du Lac, Oshkosh, Ripon, Oconomowoc, Weyauwega, and Milton Junction were present. The meeting closed with best of harmony. The next meeting will be held at Omro, Sept. 5th, 6th, and 7th, 1884. DR. J. C. PHILLIPS, Sec.

DRIFTWOOD, PA., June 30, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed my subscription for next year. I cannot do without THE TRUTH SEEKER. In this orthodox village there are very few of us Liberals. The orthodox party in this community hav often insulted me with such remarks as this—that if they believed as I do they would rob, murder, steal, or do anything that they desired. What a desire! One of the same class came to me one evening to borrow five dollars to aid him in time of great distress. I am poor, and could not do it. He insisted, and finally said he would swear to his God, giving him the privilege of paralyzing him if he did not pay the money. The time is out when it was to be paid, and that party is living and well.

An acquaintance came to my house two years ago, and died after some months' illness. I took care of him during the time and heard the last words he uttered on this earth, in which he stated that he did not believe in the orthodox hell, and had no fear of the like. I buried him in my lot in the cemetery. After all was over, the orthodox said that I prevented the clergy from coming to see him, which is false. He was buried according to his own desire. They often say they would like to hear what I would say when I come to die. If I die in my right mind it will be the same as now. I hope you may liv long and prosper. W. SCOTT.

AXTELL, KAN., June 22, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I inclose the following, which I wish you to publish:

Died, in Greeley, Col., June 13, 1884, from the effects of an injury received years ago by playing base ball, Louis K. Mason. The deceased was born in Boston, Mass., about thirty-two years ago. His father moved near Dubuque, Iowa, and is a successful farmer, where Louis received a good education, and about six years ago came to Netawaka, Kan., bought and improved a farm, and married Elizabeth Wilson. He then sold that and moved to this place; bought and improved a fine farm here, which they now own. He was for years the only one taking THE TRUTH SEEKER here, but partly through his influence the cause spread until there has been as many as twenty-five copies sent to this office regularly. His Christian mother gave him a Bible and told him to read it. It said: "Prove all things and hold fast to that which is good." It also said: "The dead know not anything; neither is there any work or device in the grave whither thou goest. A man hath no pre-eminence over a beast; all die and go unto one place." That did not satisfy one seeking after a knowledge of the future, so he investigated Spiritualism, and in that he found the exposures of tricksters, and that it required a medium; that no word came direct to him, so he took for his motto, "To do good is my religion," and no man came nearer living up to his profession. Charitable to a fault, his word was as good as the bank; a good provider in his family, a faithful officer, an independent radical thinker and talker; kind hearted as a child, and ready at all times to giv his views on medicin, politics, and religion; all of which were of the most advanced sort. He lived a good and useful life. "The world is better for his having lived." He leaves a wife and two children; father and mother, brothers and sister, to mourn his loss, all of whom hav the sympathy of his many warm friends.

E. W. MINER.

ARROWSMITH, ILL., June 29, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Yesterday I received a roll of Livezey's circular letters. I laid them aside until to-day to read. The weather has been tolerably warm, and you bet I hav had a soporific game at reading them. This man Livezey seems determined, by the help of circulars, to gain the "pearly portals" of notoriety. If I was in the oroide business I should admire him for his brass. His manner of introducing himself is as shrewd as a sharper, and does not savor of crankiness, either. His plan is to engage Liberals in some kind of correspondence. Then he will garble their letters, interlacing his replies through them, hektographing a lot of them and sending them to near friends of the Liberal he thus engages. If the Liberal takes no note of his correspondence, he hektographs it to the Liberal friends anyway, and thus thrusts himself upon them unasked for. Of course a man will read a circular letter about his friend, and Livezey, knowing this, manages to hector himself into the most sacred places. In this his manner reminds me of a trickster instead of a gentleman.

I hav come to the conclusion that the "cause of Livezey" is uppermost in the mind of this celestial sign-post. There is one proposition with reference to the study of human nature that I find to be absolutely and universally true. That is, men hav numerous ways of acting for self-interest—the more indirect, the surer they are working toward that end. The gambler throws his dice for money, the priest throws his moans and groans for dreams; others seek to balk an imaginary hell by self-kindled hells, going through the world eyeless and tongueless, sexless, crippled, deaf; either to shame their gods or make themselvs stronger to suffer than hell is to harm. But we gain nothing by knowing this, except the pleasure, if it be one, of multiplying useless words. And, if Livezey chooses to buy heaven with his circulars, in what he supposes to be hell's hard market, he will find the toil begins as soon as the bargain is through.

In one line of his circular he requests Mrs. Severance to reply to his stuff. In another he impudently remarks that he "became disgusted with the littleness of woman controversy in an eight months' tilt wtth Madam Slenker." I should judge that to be an exhibition of his reasoning faculties, "divinely inspired." I can rather guess Mrs. Slenker got a fair exhibition of his bigotry in an "eight months' tilt," and I feel like congratulating her upon getting rid of him at this late date.

I do not admire the manner of Livezey's tactics in the least. If Liberals do not feel disposed to engage in a literary duel with him, he ought to hav sense enough to not hound them into public by hectoring their friends regardless of their wishes. Livezey is a schemer, and don't you forget it. If his name and manner of work stands for a complete system of religion, I should think it no small service to the cause of good sense and good taste to point out the contrast between his magnificent pretensions and his miserable performance.

Respectfully, PENN KIRK.

OGDEN, UTAH, June 22, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find petition for state secularization signed by myself and others, some of whom hav been Mormons, and who now reject it in every part that pretends to a saving power through John Taylor, and revelations from God to him. That Mormons are becoming more sensible to the light in which they are held by "Outsiders," that being the name the Mormons gave the other Christian orders, is perceptible. Here in Utah they designate us Liberals as Infidels, or any persons that will deny the system of creation as shown in the Bible. But as a general thing they giv us credit for having more sense than the orthodox Christians who believe to a certain extent in the same book, and then only that which suits their case best. They also make us Liberals or Infidels arbitrators of any disputes they may hav with outside Christians.

Another thing I will speak of happening here. A day or two after Blaine's nomination at Chicago, the Republicans here had a rally with torches, and a Rev. Mr. Atchinson, of the Methodist Episcopal church, made a speech, or attempted to do so. What a speech! more like a camp-meeting sermon, where God and the state were continually getting mixed up. He was a Republican, but would waive his claims on the party if he could get recruits for the Methodist Episcopal party, and would insure them an easy victory (he being one of the ballot counters). I take your paper through a newsdealer here, the only one coming that way. The dealers being good Christians don't order it in advance for fear it might eventually be the only order had here. There are quite a number of truth seekers in this city. We take pleasure in forwarding THE TRUTH SEEKER to those whom we think most need it. J. H. PARKS.

CAWKER CITY, KAN.

MR. EDITOR: THE TRUTH SEEKER is just now striking such Thor-hammer blows on the advance political ideas of the times that it seems almost impossible for me not to try to be one among them. This Kansas is an advance state, but our city press is in the hands of the fossils, so I hav no chance to put in a word; and although I hav been favored with a place in THE TRUTH SEEKER several times, I pray you let me hav just one little space to giv just one new political idea relativ to the much-vexed question of protection versus free trade. It is the most common argument of the protectionists to say when told of the law encouraging partial or local advantages, "Oh, well, we are all one people; it helps us all." So now I wish, parrot-like, to say, Yes, we are all one people, and before the post-office law we are all treated the same, and treated well, and there is no complaint. So the new idea I wish to advance is for the government to be the carriers of all things with the same uniform rate of charges. The difficulties between the East, West, and South are at once settled, and settled justly. A bushel of wheat raised in Kansas or Colorado will bring as much to the producer as one raised in western New York, and a keg of nails made in Pittsburgh will cost no more in Kansas than in Cleveland. I know that this will meet with a terrible opposition until it is well ventilated, but no longer. I can remember when letters were charged according to the distance, and it is not many years since postage to California was double that east of the mountains. Remember we are all one family, and that some of us in the West and South hav contributed thousands of millions of dollars to the encouragement of manufactories in the East, and this even would be no favor. It is but placing the labor of every member of the family on an equality, and if this idea has not its foundation laid deep and sure in that ever-memorable declaration that men hav the same right in the pursuit of happiness, I am unable to comprehend the meaning of language, as also the meaning of all of one family, for certainly it can be of no use to be of one family if one gets the porridge and the other the spoon.

GEORGE W. CHAPMAN, M.D.

SOLDIERS' HOME, MILWAUKEE, WIS., June 27, 284.

MR. EDITOR: Let this 50 cents go to the Monument Fund, lest it be completed before I hav a chance to put in. My subscription ran out May 12th, when I wrote you in regard to my prospects for keeping up my paper. They are growing brighter. The Mexican Pension bill I mentioned has passed the Senate and will soon become a law. Never, since the time that the old Jewish God and his partner, sometimes called the devil, conspired together to try the patience of their servant Job, has the patience of any body been tried like the patience of those few old survivors of the Mexican war. We never lost a battle, and often five to one against us. We added to this government in two years and two months more wealth than we possessed before. Our bill has been kicked and cuffed about between the two political parties in Congress for ten years. Forty years, nearly, hav elapsed since that war, and now they grudgingly giv us the bare outlines of a

living, eight dollars a month. It is true that some of us, who rendered service in the late war, also receive the benefits of those national homes where the government has kindly furnished us with both priest and preacher, who take turn-about in holding the inmates in ignorance and confusing their minds with samples of hell and heaven. When I came here over two years ago, I found THE TRUTH SEEKER on our reading-room table, but last fall, through the influence of priestcraft and villainy, it stopped; orthodoxy got in its work and deprived us of the only means by which we could confront them with their lies. However, it did not hurt the paper much, for I doubt whether they ever paid for it. It had the effect to cause some few others to scratch around and get a TRUTH SEEKER of their own, which is doing nearly as much good as when it lay on the reading-room table.

Mr. Editor, I wish you would tell *Puck* to show us how Blaine looked when secretary of state, rushing out of bed at midnight to issue resolutions of condolence to send to the Russians to let them know how bad we Yankees felt when their emperor's life was in danger. And when *Puck* gets this, I guess you had better put the rest in the waste basket, if it ain't full, as my friend, Ben Parkins, tells me that self-preservation is the first law of nature, and he is a philosopher and must know. Yours for truth, NELSON HUNT.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., June 28, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: And so the Monument is finished, and tender, loving friends hav consecrated it to truth; hav left it with us, the friends of him whose memory it commemorates, and to all of the present and the coming future generations, to be helped by its history in our work for the world. I would gladly hav been with you in your most interesting evening service, but surely there was no need of other speech or presence, so many good things were said, and just the appropriate things, by every speaker; but I want to say that I think none more appropriate than Mrs. Macdonald's. It was the fitting occasion to introduce to the lovers of THE TRUTH SEEKER its present editor and his brotherly assistant. Not once "too many times" does the mother tell of the devotion of these young men to our departed hero; and are we not every one of us more interested, if that were possible, in the success of the paper, when, through this well-timed introduction, we know that these, our friends, mother and sons, hav from the time of its first entrance into New York, a little four-month-old without home only as it was held close to the hopeful heart of its great originator—this woman, mother of sons, opened wide her arms and helped its young life to grow, till now it has become so large, so beautiful in its entire make-up, that we wonder how anybody can afford to be without it? Surely this was what we all wanted to know, and most sincerely we thank Mrs. Macdonald that she has told us the story in a true, womanly way. I trust she may always hav reason to be as proud of these sons as she is to-day, and that as editors they shall keep up the character of THE TRUTH SEEKER until its fame shall be such "that it shall be read and known of all men."

Massachusetts seems by her judges and lawyers to hav become quite ashamed of the persecution of Mr. Heywood, and so has quashed the indictment. I trust we shall hav a rest now, and be able to giv attention to something more agreeable than saving good people; we hav enough to do in saving bad people, though I confess to being more interested in people—human people—than in anything either above or below humanity. I suppose if only I were allowed "suffrage," I should be interested in some political party, certainly not in saving the Republican; and as it has thoroughly damned itself, I should not be needed for that purpose, so I may as well try to "bide my time." With a good hand-shake with all the lovers of humanity, I am, as ever, your co-worker and friend,

LUCY N. COLMAN.

——— June 30, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I hav been unable to do anything, as yet, about getting subscribers for the club I said I was going to make up. They do not all liv around here, and I am obliged to go slowly. I am working as hard as I can, and think I shall hav two or three more subscribers at least. I am pleased with THE TRUTH SEEKER, and you can put me down as a life-long subscriber, as I never intend to be without it as long as I liv. The only regret I hav is that I hav not been a subscriber ever since the paper was started. I will do all I can for the cause and for your paper, but I cannot do much here. I am ashamed to say it, but I hav to get my paper directed to me under the name ———, which is not my name now, nor the name I go by, as I go by my step-father's name. The people up here are confounded, bigoted fools, but they will find some of their number Infidels if they stay here awhile. If you publish any letter from me, do not publish my name or where I am, as I am under the same conditions as that gentleman who was "upon the rack of persecution." But I hail that as a good omen, for it shows their inability to maintain their hobby against Infidels. You giv Christians a capital letter to their followers, so I giv Infidels the same. I am a Pantheist, and always was, although I hav been under the influence of Christian training. I never knew a happy day while I was a Christian, and I wonder how thinking men feel. As soon as I commenced to think, I doubted the whole system, and the struggles I endured to get out of the glamour of the accursed imposition I hope I shall never undergo again. I now take care of my health, do all the good I can, and I must say I think I lost nothing and gained a good deal by renouncing Christianity.

I will send for some more books as soon as I can get my things straightened a little. I hope THE TRUTH SEEKER will continue to prosper, and that it will keep gaining subscribers until it becomes known and appreciated all over the world. You can rest assured I will giv it all the aid and advertising I can.

I see in my "Thirty Discussions," etc., that Mr. Bennett wanted to know how Christians make the two nights and one day that Jesus was in the earth to be the three days that Jesus said he should be in the earth. I will say that they were indefinit periods of time; and if anyone should find any like statement in the Bible, they must remember that if there is any apparent contradiction in reference to time in that holy book (?), they can account for it in that way.

I hav made one unbeliever in Christianity, and hav decided three who were wavering and in tormenting doubts.

I will continue to look out for subscribers, and will report as soon as I can. ———.

BENTON, TEXAS, June 28, 284.

MR. EDITOR: I am glad to see that the subject of cremation is agitating the minds of the people; there can possibly be no sound arguments presented against it, but much more good reasons for its adoption than the few sensible ones set forth in the article which appeared in your last issue. It quickly does what we know is bound to ultimately take place by the slow and disgusting process of decomposition of the body, the matter devoured by worms, and the bones to mold and crumble into dust. If there is anything revolting to our senses, it is the latter method of disposing of the dead.

There is nothing more purifying than the disintegration by fire, but, like religion, the minds of people hav been educated to abhor incineration as a heartless method; they think God would hav more trouble in collecting the gases, and fixing them up to look respectable that final day when graves will open for the dead to rise. Viewing all these absurdites in a sensible light, it strikes us that the world is composed of lunatics, rather than the sensible people we claim to be, although we can look back on the dark ages when people miracled, and attributed it to some unseen something that some giv the name God, and others by some other nickname. We can see progression, it is true, but how slowly it comes! At the same rate, thousands of years, perhaps, will be required to evolute the masses from the silly superstitions that so many are sadly diseased with now; but when the time does come, happy will be those fortunates that then liv. Then the poor and helpless and needy will receive the aid that is now worse than squandered building fine churches and paying large salaries to such drones as inhabit these useless edifices, disclaiming a teaching that, if followed, would demoralize a good people.

When this useless tirade can be dispensed with in the halls of Congress, in the army and navy, and every other department, and the millions saved that are now wasted annually, we will see less pauperism, less crime, better morals, and in every way a happier people; our taxes will no longer be a burden to keep down the poor and oppress the rest. The thousands of sleek, well-fed, well-dressed impostors who are living now from the sweat of the laborer's brow will themselvs become self-supporting, or else can starve and don their celestial robes and wings to embark for the promised land of milk and honey, where the expense will be far less for their keeping.

Yours truly, for reason and reform, H. B. JONES.

P.S.—I wish to add my acquiescence in what you say to Mr. Sewart Mitchell, in reference to those side issues. As you say, we shall hav done a great work when we accomplish the main issue for which we are striving. If a man is sick, the principal cause of which proceeds from the liver, or some other organ, first relieve the grand cause, and the rest will right themselvs. Let us by all means, I say, bind our whole energies to relieve the grand cause of all trouble, "superstition," and the rest of the work goes easy. But should we attempt to do those minor evils, in which there are at present such diverse opinions, we lose, in a measure, the co-operation of many good workers for the main cause.

Yours for solid organization, H. B. J.

READING, KAN., June 24, 1884.

"What do you want to be an Infidel for?"

"I don't want to be an Infidel. I would like to believe everything I read, hear, and see; or rather, I wish there might be nothing written, or said, or shown, that is not evidently to to my mind true, and then I could not be an Infidel."

"You are the strangest man I ever heard talk. What I mean is, why don't you believe there is a God, and in the Bible, and go to church and be respected like other folks?"

"My dear, it appears to me you are the strange one. I never said I did not believe in God."

"Well, what is the difference? You say you are an Infidel."

"My dear, there is a great difference. I will try to explain. Infidelity means simply non-belief in whatever alleged fact is presented to the mind. If you were to say, 'There is a God,' and I should say, 'I don't believe it,' I am an Infidel to that alleged fact. When you speak of me as an Infidel I admit it without defining in what regard, from the fact that the world has applied the word when not otherwise defined as meaning one who denies the Bible as being the word of God."

"Do you mean to tell me that you can believe in God and be what the world terms an Infidel?"

"Certainly I do."

"Well, the church folks and preachers and Sunday-school superintendents and all say that you and Bob Ingersoll and the Infidels don't believe in God, devil, or anything, except to argue and make fools of yourselvs, and I just want you to keep your mouth shut, so that the church folks and respectable people will call on us"

Mr. Editor, this much of a conversation was overheard this morning as it passed between man and wife, as she was arranging her toilet preparatory to parading the aisle of the Methodist church, of which she is a member. As she uttered the last words she slammed the door through which the words came to me, and I thought, "There is very little sense in what she has said, but how many hundreds of Infidels there must be who are placed similarly in their family relations by the egotistic, false teachings of the church and their studied efforts to impress upon their listeners the idea of degradation and shame to all who do not bow at the foot of the cross!" And I thought of the first question and what would be my answer if the speaker had been my own wife addressing me. Although the gentleman's answer was good and all true, the social relations existing with me are quite different. I am proud to say, in the first place, that my wife is too well read in English dictionary not to know the meaning of the word Infidel, and she knows exactly what I mean when I say I am an Infidel. And then, again, she knows me too well to ask any such foolish questions, so I cannot expect any such question from her, but if she or any other person should ask me why I am an Infidel, what would I answer? My first answer would be: "Well, I hav read and studied the alleged word of God and the evidences. I find these are not sufficient to satisfy me that they emanated from any other than imaginary and ambitious persons who perceived in nature and observations of the planets the same God which Infidels of to-day recognize, but are honest enough to say they know nothing of."

As a further answer to the question why I am an Infidel, I hate a hypocrit; I despise a man that cannot be what he is and say what he thinks, regardless of public opinion. I do not mean to say that all church-members are hypocrits, but I do mean to say that no preacher or teacher in any orthodox church knows what he is talking about, and consequently ought not to be tolerated as such; and if I should help to support them I am untrue to my belief, and consequently I would be a hypocrit. I despise a man that will join the church simply because he thinks it is to his financial interest to do so. If the church is right, go for it and support it like a man to the extent of your ability, and if it is wrong, stamp it out, as you value the future welfare of your children. If the Bible is true, support it; if it is a lie and a humbug, kill it. My advice to all is, "Search the scriptures." W. H. P.

ITHACA, N. Y., June 28, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: If you please, once more I introduce myself to your columns in the capacity of Freethinker. Freethought is independent of all outside influences whatever. It is not shackled with Bible histories or authors of any kind. It is inclosed in a world entirely its own. In a word, it is born of true liberty, and thinks for itself. It is not contaminated with books, papers, lectures, or sermons of any kind, but is a star of its own glory. Nature has formed it in a moral sense, with capacity to explore its own territory, with a view to the knowledge of all advance territory of other connecting worlds. First of all, primary knowledge begins at home; then all advance knowledge in Freethought step by step must be, not only in theory, but in practical proof. When we graduate in these first principles, our capacity expands, and we take in by the same rule of independent Freethought the knowledge of all the great variety of worlds outside of us, and behold the true connecting link in the great body of dual, animal, and moral nature, and whatever our membership may be in the body, it shall be to our glory. There are two general principles in nature which are, with others, fundamental; and those twain are cold and heat, light and darkness in the material world, and good and evil in the animal world. And these are the balancing poles. We cannot appreciate the one without the other. A contrast is inevitable, without which everything whatever would become monotonous, or sameness, and would yield no pleasure. Variety is a fundamental principle in our constitution. Then let us yield to everybody's theory of thought, which will feed good or evil, and keep up the contrast. And this is the very lesson to be learned. We all raise the standard of good (or pretend to), and repudiate the evil that is in us, and we use means to feed it in spite of ourselvs, though we pretend to reject it; yet it prevails. Look at the prevailing evil habits of mankind over the world in excessiv drinking, tobacco-using, and opium-eating. What great revolution is going to reform it? Prohibition can never prohibit. We must either by a general legislativ act cease to make it throughout the world, or prohibit children from its use, which is impossible, for it is hereditary or impregnated in their conception. Every sober person acknowledges the damnable evil, and often restrain themselvs to get rid of it, but cannot. The evil habit is an epidemic, and prevails through the world. And also lasciviousness, if possible a greater evil, prevails through the world. In taking a retrospectiv view of these great prevailing evils, Freethought is made to exclaim, What shall we do to be saved from ourselvs? Then to look into the political world, to behold the dishonesty, theft, and corruption of every kind prevailing in our law-making and legislativ halls, is sickening, and makes one think the balancing poles are unequal, and the greater percentage is on the side of evil. This brings to my mind as a side issue to this subject the familiar visits (referred to by Mr. Bennett in his travels at the East) by Melchizedec, the perpetual priest, who is said to be without beginning of days or end of life. The knowledge and efficacy of such sacrificial priest applies well here between good and evil. In all history evil seemed to be the prevailing power, for in every decade of the past, as far as we hav knowledge, the principle called evil has prevailed. It is said in the Bible that "I the Lord create good, and I create evil. I the Lord do all these things," meaning that it was needful and natural that there should be a contrast or a distinction, and to corroborate this, Jesus said it must needs be that evil or offenses come; so in every sense a necessity for good and evil is established. But the over-balancing of good with evil seemed to require a perpetual mediator or sacrificial priesthood to draw the line of balance, and satisfy good, and this must be the leading character of the future, or good will bolt and war will succeed. But whatever the result, Freethought will stand upon her dignity of individuality, secluded and safe in her own quiet world. She may be a spectator in the clash of worlds or sexual excesses, but she will sail over the prevailing flood of impurity, whose waters may cover the highest mountains of legislativ halls. In every phase of human affairs evil is feared and provided for by the perpetual office of sacrifice and the law of punishment. Freethought from her high standpoint of independence equalizes all these differences by accepting both good and evil as the undivided possessions of her territory. No amount of force can change nature, but Freethought must accept the situation, and good and evil will balance themselvs.

Yours truly, ZENOS KENT.

Children's Corner.

Cressbrook Cottage.

Now I am going to tell you about my visit to Cressbrook Cottage, on the New Boston road.

I did not go that way, however, to reach it, but took a nearer cut, through Oak Grove Cemetery, where the silent sleepers are scattered all about in that beautiful "city of the dead," and where we recently laid away our darling little Susie in all the beauty and loveliness of her fair young life. Pausing by the flower-covered mound, we thought of her sweet and gentle ways, recalled her affectionate little sayings, her loving eyes, and the pure expression of her face, while the hot tears fell upon the flowers above her resting-place. With a sigh, we went slowly on to the lower end of the cemetery, and through a gateway, thence down a lane that would hav delighted your eyes with its wealth of red and white clover, its little oceans of buttercups swaying and dancing in the breeze, pure white daisies, clustering wild roses, fragrant sweet-brier bushes, floods of elder blooms, dainty grasses, and feathery ferns, cuddling beside great "pudding stones," and mossy rocks, between which ran tiny streamlets, and little purling, babbling brooks, into which I saw leap, with a sudden plunge and splash, two great, green, long-legged frogs, as if afraid I had come to disturb their meditations on the rock.

Bluebirds trilled their flute-like notes overhead, while thrushes, robins, and other wild-wood birds welcomed me with sweet songs, or peeped down from their sheltered nests in the tall trees that shaded either side.

Yarrow, mullein, hardhack, and laurel, all in bloom, and budded golden rod, nodded and breathed perfume on me as I passed.

I must tell you a little anecdote about our common field mullein. An American lady in England was taken to see a rare plant brought from her nativ land, and regarded as a very choice specimen. They called it the "American velvet plant." When the lady looked at it she recognized at once its light yellow flower, stiff stalk, and broad leaf. An amused smile crept over her face, as she said in her straightforward Yankee style, "Good Lord! 'tis mullein!" adding, "Very good for sore throat."

Now and then a late dandelion peeped up, as if to tell how much it was in love with life and all its blessings.

Just around the corner of this flowery lane a few paces, and we were at the gate of "Cressbrook Cottage," to reach the threshold of which we passed up a box-bordered path, on either side of which bloomed gay flowers in artistic beds, from the central and larger of which arose a cunning little martin box.

Such geraniums, roses, honeysuckles, verbenas! Such evergreens, fruit-trees, and grape-vines, suggestiv of mellow pears and bunches of sweet grapes!

And I must not forget about the hens and chickens and the one duck, whose little homes are as guiltless of dirt as the garden is of weeds. A young and thrifty orchard promises fair fruitage by and by, and a kitchen garden whispers of new potatoes and green corn, with lots of lettuce and cucumbers long before the days begin to shorten.

The pretty white cottage is nestled down in the midst of all this beauty, like a jewel in a casket of emerald, away from the dusty street, in the midst of plenty of room, plenty of pure air, peace and plenty all around.

Inside that gem of a cozy cottage is the happy family. Aquariums, with water ferns and mosses growing cheerily in them, and awaiting the goldfish that are coming to inhabit them by and by. Overhead, mingled with baskets of flowers, bright-plumaged canaries trilled sweet songs, while in another room a sky-lark sat contented in his cage, seemingly not caring to soar aloft, as is the custom of the lark, who sings his sweetest songs when highest in the heavens. Like the prisoner of Chillon, this lark might say,

> "In quiet we hav learned to dwell;
> My very chains and I grew friends,
> So much a long communion tends
> To make us what we are."

Then there was a parrot, an African-gray parrot, with dark, mossy wings and red tail. You should hav heard him whistle, shriek, call the chickens, laugh, and gossip. He can say A and B, and with care might perhaps learn the whole alphabet, but I fear it would take a good many years to do it.

By and by some children came in, bright little girls and sturdy boys, and oh! they had such fun with the parrot! and such keen enjoyment romping in the fields and gathering great bouquets of daisies and other wild blossoms. I thought how pleased my little niece would hav been to hav formed one of their number. I wished, too, all you who will read this sketch could hav been present and enjoyed with me the scene; that you could hav seen the great cases of butterflies arranged like stars and flowers, and the case of birds, as well as the stuffed animals on the mantelpiece. What a good time you would hav had!

Mr. James Warburton, the owner of the cottage, is a spinner in a cotton mill. He is a nativ of England, and has always worked in a mill in the "old country," and in this.

How did he get such a pretty home? you ask. Well, I will tell you. He earned it by hard labor, honest labor. I remember only a few years ago the lot on which the cottage stands was but a boggy swamp. Mr. Warburton bought it, and people inquired if he was intending to build him a saw-mill.

"Never mind," he said. "You wait and see." Now, all the time he had to work was early in the morning, before sunrise, ere it was time to go to the mill, and after six at night, holidays, and, perhaps, Sundays, and whenever he could get an extra hour. Well, with a wheelbarrow he carted sand and dirt, and filled in the low, wet places, covered up the bogs, and made a high and dry lot; then he built Cressbrook Cottage, so-called from the brook below, where water-cresses grow.

All his life he has shunned strong drink, never tasting alcoholic stimulants. Sober, industrious, of steady habits, he has brought himself to this lovely pass—the ownership of a comfortable, handsome, happy home, which he never could hav had if he had spent all his earnings in alcoholic beverages. It is the drink, the beer, that is the secret of many a man's ill fortune, eating up his earnings, inflaming his blood, destroying the brain, paralyzing the intellect, and making the toiler, as well as the idler, a poor, miserable drudge and poverty-stricken dependent all his days.

Mrs. Warburton, the quiet, gentle wife and helpmate of James Warburton, possesses a romantic and interesting history. Her father was an officer in the British army, but she was early left an orphan, and was adopted by the regiment, which was stationed in the East Indies, where she lived all her early days. She has been in many parts of India, and also spent some time on the island of St. Helena. The gentleman in whose family she lived assisted in laying out the remains of the great Napoleon. Both Mrs. and Mr. Warburton are full of interesting reminiscences of other days, and it is pleasant to be in their beautiful home and to listen to their instructiv discourse.

I hav told you about Cressbrook Cottage that you may see what one man, and he in humble circumstances, may do. Not only has he, with the assistance of his wife, won this home of his, but he has not failed to improve his mind, and is well posted on past history as well as current topics. He takes an activ interest in all that is going on, is a devoted friend to the labor interests, and a bright, witty, and interesting correspondent of several newspapers.

You would hardly believe, to read his printed correspondence, and to hear him talk, that at nineteen years of age he could not read a word. Yet such was the case.

He is proud of his success in life, and justly so. He does not boast of "mansions not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," but he is very sure of Cressbrook Cottage and its pleasant surroundings, for it is unencumbered by debt or mortgage, and there is nothing shadowy or unreal about it.

We may learn a lesson of prudence, sobriety, industry, and thrift from this spinner in the mill. A favorit quotation of his is the following, which I hope you will remember and practice:

> "Since life forever will not last,
> Let us improve the passing hours,
> Correct the present by the past;
> The future may not long be ours."

Looking about that pleasant home, with its carpets, pictures, birds, and flowers, with its modern conveniences, we can but commend Mr. Warburton's course as worthy of imitation, and if generally followed there would be brighter, better times, and many happy homes with as sweet and attractiv surroundings as has vine-covered, rose-embowered Cressbrook Cottage."

The Dog's Appeal for Mercy.

Dear boys and girls who read the "Children's Corner," I wish, to-day, to speak a few words to you, through the kindness of Miss Wixon, about our good, faithful friend, the dog.

Nearly everywhere upon the earth where man is found, the dog is by his side to protect him and his goods from all harm.

Would you believe that men falsely called "scientific" (which properly means *learned*) could be found cruel and wicked enough to slowly torture and torment our dear, good friend, the dog, only to make their names famous, and to be considered by ignorant people (who know nothing of *real* science) to be great men? No, I am sure you would never believe it, yet it is true.

Now, just think how you would feel to hav your own dearly-loved dog, who eats every day from your hand, thus treated!

Below I will giv a little poem of my own, in which the faithful companion and friend of man appeals to you all to protect him from his cruel, remorseless enemies.

Dear children, when you grow up, please remember what the poor dog says (or would say, could he speak), and use all your influence to protect him from those wicked, heartless men.

THE DOG'S APPEAL FOR MERCY.

All-potent man! let not thy power
Abuse that trust we place in thee!
To guard thy life our own we giv,
And e'er thy faithful friend will be.

Oh, spare us from the cruel knife!
Let not the loving, kind, brown eyes
That gladdened when they met thine own,
Become a worthless, miscreant's prize!

We cannot speak, else should our prayer
To pity melt his stony heart
Who touches every spring of pain
Discovered by a hideous art!

What is our crime, that we must bleed,
The martyrs of a senseless cause?
Oh, is it thus they would repay
A love which every wrong ignores?

Ye are the lords of earth and sea,
And there is scarce one distant land
Where we are not, with watchful eye,
Found ever at thy side to stand!

Was ever, in recorded time,
One dog found faithless to a friend?
Then why for us thy bloody knife,
And pains which heart of fiends might rend?

Our mouths are dumb—we can but turn
True eyes to you in mute appeal,
Oh mercy! mercy! heartless man!
Know that our frames, like thine, can feel.

Oh, pity us who love thee well!
List to our dread, despairing cry!
Oh, spare us, ye who still be men!
Is there no friend—no succor nigh?

Yea! there doth swell a mighty shout
Which rolls in thunder through the land,
Uplifted by the foes of wrong—
A stern and swift-increasing band!

Yes, wronged dumb friends, our tireless arm
Shall rest not till thy latest foe
Doth sink to earth to rise no more,
And thou art free as winds that blow!

ELLIOTT PRESTON.

Honorary and Life Member of "The Victoria Street Society for Protecting Animals from Vivisection;" united with the "International Association for the Total Suppression of Vivisection," London, England; Life Member of "The Great German League Against the Scientific Torture of Animals," Dresden, Germany.

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Our Puzzle Box.

1.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

The whole, composed of 13 letters, is formed like a top.

The 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 is a molusk. The 10, 9, 12, 13, is hard. The 8, 11, 7, is a nickname.

Pittsburgh, Pa. H. E. JUERGENS.

2.

RIDDLE.

On fluttering wings I early rose,
In no exalted flight;
The lily in the shade that blows,
Not purer or more white.

At eve or morn 'twas pleasant sport
Adown the stream to glide;
I helped my mother to support,
And never left her side.
A reckless man, who sealed my doom,
Resolved a prize to win,
Dragged me remorseless from my home,
And stripped me to the skin.
He cropped my hair, that skin he flayed,
And then, his ends to seek,
He slit my tongue, because, he said,
He thus could make me speak.

'Twas done—my name and nature changed—
For love of hateful gold,
With many victims bound and ranged,
To slavery I was sold.

I'm slave to any man, or all,
Yet do not toil for pelf,
And though I'm ready at the call,
I cannot work myself.
Your tears and smiles I can excite,
Your inmost thoughts revealing,
Can giv you sorrow or delight,
And yet I hav no feeling.
Long persecutions I hav seen,
But this I must avow,
I think I never yet hav been
So badly used as now. —*Old Almanac.*

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This book is what its name indicates—an analysis of the Bible, and as such is as much superior to the only other work of the kind we hav ever seen, Hitchcock's "Analysis," as an unabridged dictionary is to a spelling book. It is a book that no Bible reader, and especially no student of the scriptures, should be without. It is written in plain, earnest, and easily understood language—clean English, and not burdened with words found only in late editions of the dictionaries. It is printed on clear paper and new type of a size and style plain to read, is well bound in good cloth, and is an ornament to the center table or library. The book contains a fine portrait of its author, who is a handsome, scholarly-looking man, yet one who has seen the dark side of life, as we learn from the preface to his book, in which he says:

"Being almost totally disabled by wounds received in the service of my country; being destitute of means; being often deprived of employment; and having a family of motherless and homeless children to support and educate on my limited earnings, my home while writing has been an old deserted warehouse; my seat an empty goods-box; my table a board propped up; my food has been often soda crackers or bread alone; my bed has been but little of anything, and my company has been the bats that hav kept up their monotonous circlings over my head. And yet, under circumstances apparently so hard, amid surroundings apparently so cheerless, my energies hav never flagged. I hav all the time been proud, independent, hopeful. I hav all the time felt that I was engaged in a good work, in a work that was to benefit my fellow-men long after my eyes are closed in eternal slumber."

Col. Kelso is an old soldier, having won distinction in the war of the Rebellion, and being a prominent member of the G. A. R. These facts, notwithstanding the merit of his book alone demands it, should insure for it an extensiv sale.

FALL RIVER, KAN., June 20, 1884.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I hav given the great work, "The Bible Analyzed," by the Hon. John R. Kelso, a careful perusal, and esteem it a very valuable addition to Liberal literature.

The work is analytical in character, not burdened with quotations and references from the writings of the ancients.

The chapter on Miracles is the most masterly effort I hav ever read on this subject. It really seems that a belief in such foolishness should end with the appearance of Kelso's book as darkness flees from the rising sun. The three chapters on Creation dispose of a large amount of orthodox nonsense. A personal God, worlds manufactured out of nothing, talking snakes, the bone foolishness, and other kindred topics are held up in the light of reason, common sense, and ridicule.

It is my privilege to be intimately acquainted with Col. Kelso; was with him when he first conceived the idea of writing "Deity Analyzed" and heard his first lecture on that subject. He is familiarly called Hon. John R. Kelso, having represented Missouri one term in Congress soon after the close of the Rebellion. We call him Col. Kelso because he was a colonel in the Union army, and commanded a detachment whose special business was to attend to the welfare of bushwhackers. We call him Professor Kelso because he is a distinguished educator and master of the languages. He has tasted the sweet and the bitter of life, from living feasted at the president's table in the White House, down to eating kernels of corn scratched out of the dirt where mules had previously been fed. He began life as a Methodist minister, but had too much largeness of heart to remain long in the "service of God." He never uses a pop-gun when a Dahlgreen is needed. Whatever he assails feels the blow of a sledge-hammer.

His touching yet modest allusion to himself in his preface is too true. Devoted to his work, with a heroic confidence in the great good he is rendering to his fellow-man, there is no sacrifice he would not make, and no privation he would not endure, to accomplish his object. The Liberal world, everywhere, cannot but welcome his work, "The Bible Analyzed," as a valuable addition in the great battle for Freethought.

P. VAN HYATT.

The Freethinkers' Magazine

for July is out, and is for sale at this office. The contents are as follows: The Impeachment of Christianity, by Francis E. Abbot; The New-born Soul, a poem, by Courtlandt Palmer; Universal Union Reform, by Stephen Pearl Andrews; Sunday Laws, by Hon. Elizur Wright; Science and Theology, by Geo. Chainey; Agitators, by A. B. Bradford; A Plea for the Rights of Animals, by Elliott Preston; Hints to Speakers and Writers, by John Stoltze, M.D.; All Sorts—Editor al notes; Freethought Directory; Extracts from Letters; Advertisments; Business Directory. Price 25 cents.

Liberal Meetings.

[Leagues and Liberal and Spiritualistic Societies in the United States and Canada meeting regularly, can hav notices of their meetings published in this column free if the officers will send them to us.]

MICHIGAN.

MUSKEGON.—The Liberal League meets every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock in the German Odd Fellows' Hall, corner of Western ave. and Terrace st.

WISCONSIN.

MILWAUKEE.—The Milwaukee Liberal League meets every Sunday evening at Fraternity Hall, 216 Grand avenue.—Exercises: Lectures, Criticisms, and Music.—Admission free.

OHIO.

CLEVELAND.—The Liberal League meets every Sunday at 3 P.M., in room 29, City Hall building. Lectures free. Communications can be addressed to W. I. Irvine, Secretary.

MAINE.

PORTLAND.—Dr. H. A. Lamb has hired Congress Hall, Congress street (entrance on Temple street), where free meetings, lectures, and discussions are held every Sunday, 2:30 P.M. Admittance free. Public invited.

OREGON.

PORTLAND.—The Auxiliary Liberal League of Portland, Or., holds meetings every Sunday, at 2 o'clock, P.M., at Nonpareil Hall, cor. 1st and Madison streets. All are invited. Admission free.

MASSACHUSETTS.

BOSTON.—Boston Liberal Club holds meetings for essays and criticisms every Sunday forenoon at 10:45 in the Paine Memorial Building, Appleton street.——The "Society of the Divine Homo" at same place every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Sunday-school at 2:30. Admission free.

PENNSYLVANIA.

ALTOONA.—The League holds meetings every Wednesday evening and Sundays at 3 P.M., at the League Room, corner of Eleventh ave. and 13th st., third floor, entrance on 13th st.

PHILADELPHIA.—The Friendship Liberal League meets every Sunday at Hancock Hall, 814 Girard avenue, at 2:30 o'clock, and 7:30 o'clock, P.M., for lectures and free debates. THE TRUTH SEEKER and Liberal books for sale.

PITTSBURGH.—Pittsburgh Liberal League meets at Maltby Hall, 76 Fifth avenue, every Sunday (except during the Months of July and August) at 3 o'clock. A free platform is maintained. Exercises consist of a lecture, followed by 10 minute criticisms, with 15 minutes allowed the lecturer to reply. Clergymen invited to discuss.

NEW JERSEY.

NEWARK.—Newark Liberal League meets every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the League's Hall, 177 Halsey street. Exercises consist of music, readings, lecture, and discussion, in which all present are invited to participate. Admission free. Collection taken. Communications for the League should be addressed to J. W. Frankel, 10 Pine street, Newark.

CANADA.

TORONTO.—Secular Society. Reading and Lecture Rooms, No. 9 Grand Opera House. Open every evening and Sundays. Lecture every Sunday evening. Freethinkers and strangers are cordially invited.

MONTREAL.—Pioneer Freethought Club meets every Sunday at 3 P.M., at 1310 Catharine street. Reading-room open daily until 10:30 P.M. Library open for exchange of books three evenings per week, and on Sunday afternoons. Free public lectures on Sundays as advertised in local newspapers. Strangers always welcome. G. S. Wilson President; C. Stevens, Secretary.

GANANOQUE, ONT.—Gananoque Secular Society, meets every Sunday evening at eight o'clock, in Acton's Hall. Free Library and Reading Room open all day Sunday. Visitors and strangers always welcome. Geo. G. Meikle, President; Henry Smith, Secretary.

NEW YORK.

ALBANY.—The Liberal association meets every Sunday at Van Vechten Hall, 119 State street. Sunday-school at 2 P.M. General business meeting and debates and discussions at 3 P.M. Lecture at 7:30 P.M. The public are cordially invited to attend, also all Liberals visiting the city. Admission free.

NEW YORK CITY.—The American Spiritualist Alliance meets every Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock in Republican Hall, 55 West 33d street.——The First Society of Spiritualists holds its meetings every Sunday in Republican Hall, 55 West 33d street. Morning service 11 o'clock; evening, 7:45. Seats free. Public cordially invited.——Arcanum Hall, 57 West 25th Street, cor. 6th ave. The People's Spiritual Meeting every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 P.M.

BROOKLYN.—The Brooklyn Spiritual Society meets at Conservatory Hall, cor. of Fulton street and Bedford avenue, every Sunday. Services at 11 A.M. and 7:45 P.M. Admission free. Public cordially invited. Liberal and Spiritual papers and books for sale.——The Everett Hall Spiritual Conference, 398 Fulton street, meets every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. Meetings free. Spiritual literature for sale.——The Eastern District Spiritual Conference meets every Monday evening at Composite Room, 4th street, corner of south 2d street, at 7:45. Spiritual and Liberal literature on sale. All invited.——The Philosophical Association meets every Sunday afternoon in the Assembly Room of Wright's Business College, Broadway, corner of Fourth street, E. D., at 3 P.M. Public cordially invited. **Doors open at 2:30 P.M.**

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Religious Intelligence.

What is Going On in the Churches.

THE DEVIL FISHING.

[The appended poem is deemed highly appropriate to this department.]

The devil sate by the river's side,
The stream of time, where you'll always find him;
Casting his line in the rushing tide,
And landing the fish on the bank behind him.

He sate at his ease in a cosey nook,
And was filling his basket very fast;
While you might hav seen that his deadly hook
Had a different bait on every cast.

He caught 'em as fast as a man could count;
Little or big, it was all the same;
One bait was a check for a large amount,
An assemblyman nabbed it, and out he came!

He took a gem that as Saturn shone;
It sank in the water without a sound,
And caught a woman who long was known
As the best and purest for miles around.

Sometimes he'd laugh, and sometimes he'd sing,
For better luck no one could wish;
And he seemed to know for a dead sure thing
The bait best suited to every fish.

Quoth Satan: "The fishing is rare and fine!"
Then he took a drink—somewhat enthused;
But yet a parson swam round the line,
And e'en the most tempting baits refused.

He tried him with gold, and with flashing gems,
Hung fame and fortune upon the line;
Dressing gowns with embroidered hems,
But still the dominie made no sign!

A woman's garter went on the hook;
"I hav him at last," quoth the devil, brightening;
And Satan's sides with laughter shook
As he landed the preacher as quick as lightning!

THE PETULANT POP OF THE PISTOL.

At 7 o'clock on the evening of June 7th, Samuel Armstrong, of Dallas, Texas, was shot and killed by the Rev. Olin Mumsford, Baptist. The murderer was captured and locked up. The dispute between the two gentlemen was as to which was a thief.

A THOROUGHLY BAD MAN.

A church quarrel at Sebastopol, Col., has unearthed incidents in the career of the Rev. J. C. Crisman, Presbyterian, that are unfit for publication. He has, if reports are true, committed nearly all the crimes prohibited by the decalog, and beat his alleged wife besides.

THOU SHALT NOT STEAL

The Rev. Thomas H. Smith, of Baltimore, Md., is 72 years old, and for many years preached Christ and him crucified. For seven years he was deacon in the Christian church of Baltimore. Recently he stole money from the contribution basket. The church authorities expelled him.

THE LARCENY OF A HEART.

A wealthy old citizen of Marion township, Ohio, has brought suit against Rev. J. H. Ralsey for $5,000 damages, sustained by reason of the reverend gentleman's having alienated the affections of and led astray the young and handsome wife of his venerable parishioner. The developments in the trial were highly sensational.

PREACHED RELIGION, BUT STOLE.

J. H. Cole has been arrested at Bowling Green, Kentucky, for robbery. He said he was the agent of Fairbanks, Palmer & Co., book dealers, of Chicago. He exhorted the the prisoners in the county jail on Sunday, and when Cole was arrested some of the stolen property was found in his possession.

THROWN BACK UPON A LONG-SUFFERING WORLD.

The Rev. A. F. Vedder, now in state prison serving a sentence for adultery, and abetting criminal malpractice in the case of Miss Walter, has, through counsel, had an ecclesiastical trial before the Presbytery of Albany, N. Y. The result was that the Presbytery deposed the defendant from the ministry and excommunicated him from the church.

THE CLASH OF RESOUNDING ARMS.

"I hav a breech-loading, double-barreled shotgun and a pistol at the parsonage, and I intend to defend myself if I am attacked. You can count on that." Such was the language of boycotted Parson Washington, of Morris Brown church in Charleston, S. C., when told that his rebellious flock would probably move upon the parsonage. The leaders of both factions in the African Methodist rebellion are getting bloodthirsty and slinging mud at a terrible rate. The church is represented by Presiding Elder Jefferson and the Rev. Samuel Washington, and the rebels by the Revs. J. E. Hayne and W. E. Johnson. Both of the rebel preachers hav been deposed by Bishop Dickerson for conduct unbecoming ministers. Johnson is accused of disobedience to lawful authority. He has gone to two of the Sea Islands to strengthen the backbone of the congregations there that hav joined in the insurrection. The boycotted parson of Morris Brown church applied in the Superior Court for a mandamus to compel his congregation to reinstate him.

A CITIZEN COERCED BY A PRIEST WITH A SHOTGUN.

The Rev. Thomas O'Flaherty, the deposed and eccentric priest of Auburn, N. Y., who now lives in seclusion in the town of Sennett, Cayuga county, was arrested in Auburn on a charge of assaulting his neighbor, Earl Gurnee, with a deadly weapon. Gurnee asserts that one night last week O'Flaherty came on his premises with a shotgun, which he pointed at him, and compelled him at its muzzle to march over to the ex-priest's house, where he was detained and threatened for about two hours.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE HOST GOES WRONG.

Captain Merey Little, of the Muskegon, Mich., division of the Salvation Army, failed to return to her boarding-house the other night, which greatly excited her comrades, they reporting her as probably abducted to the chief of police next morning. Later it was discovered that she had spent the night in the office of a shyster real estate and insurance agent. At the court-marial Friday night she made no denial, saying simply that she was sorry. She is a very pretty but very ignorant English girl of about eighteen years. The army is not so noisy since the captain's fall

Y. V. T.

IN IMITATION OF ABRAHAM.

A boy named Andy Adams, at North Creek, near Wheeling, W. Va., who became insane on the subject of religion, has murdered his mother and an eight-year-old sister. The boy has been arrested, and the series of religious meetings which he attended has been stopped. The neighbors called at the house and made a horrible discovery. The mother and daughter were both dead. The former had her head mashed, and the latter's throat was cut from ear to ear. The boy was found crouched in a corner. In reply to questions he said the Lord had told him to offer his mother and sister as a sacrifice, and the Lord would bring them to life again. The cabin presented a ghastly appearance. Blood was everywhere. The mother was killed with an ax, and the sister's throat was cut with a butcher knife.

A MAN MAY PRAY AND PRAY, AND BE A VILLAIN STILL.

Mrs. Noble, a wealthy widow, and mother of a handsome daughter, living at Quaker City, Ohio, married John Evans, a singing teacher, about a year and a half ago. Not much was known of Evans previous to his coming there, but he became a leading church-member. Four months ago the daughter left home, as she said she did not want to be dependent. The family opposed the arrangement, but she entered the family of a farmer near Zanesville. Six weeks ago she came home much emaciated in appearance. The doctor said she had had a fever. There were ugly rumors about her and Evans, but as he stood high they were little heeded. The girl soon died. A few minutes before her death she tried to say something about Evans, but was not understood. Evans stayed in town and appeared so devout that the matter was soon forgotten. On Sunday the mother found a letter written by the daughter, in which she charged Evans and the doctor, who said she had a fever, with a criminal offense. Evans was burnt in effigy, and ordered to leave within three days, under pain of death, which he did. Where he went is not yet known. The doctor has been arrested.

ANOTHER PASTOR TAKES THE BROAD ROAD.

The community of Westover, in the township of Beverly, Ont., is greatly excited over the departure of Rev. J. D. McColl, who had been for a couple of years pastor of the Baptist church there. The organist of the church was a Miss Shaver, whose parents are respectable people living near McColl's house. The organist and the minister were naturally thrown much into each other's company, but no evil was suspected. Some time ago Mrs. McColl fell sick, and at the earnest request of the minister Miss Shaver went to his house to assist in the care of the children. When Mrs. McColl recovered she found a package of addressed envelopes and some medicin which excited her suspicion. These she took to Mrs. Shaver, and the result was that McColl was accused of undue intimacy with the young woman. He denied it on his honor, and assured his wife and the girl's mother that their suspicions were unjust and unfounded. His wife was not convinced, but nothing was done for a short time until the clergyman announced that he was going away. He sold property and some goods belonging to his wife as well, but she received none of the money. Then he took his wife and seven children to her father's home in Bothwell. Returning to Westover he preached his farewell sermon, and went off to the states. He settled at Dover, Ill., and as far as is known he is there yet. From Dover he wrote to Miss Shaver, inclosing her money for expenses, and she followed him. The infatuated girl walked from Westover to the Brock road, and took the stage to Dundas. Her sisters wrote to McColl, reproaching him with his infamous conduct. He had the audacity to reply that he had done all for the best, and that the love between himself and the unfortunate woman who followed him was unconquerable. The chances are that he will desert her in a short time as he did his wife. He says he proposes to go on with his work in the ministry.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF A MINISTER.

The Rev. Dr. Merkle, who, by the grace of God and John Kelly, holds the office of coroner, was so wroth one day recently that he swore like the army in Flanders. He livs at No. 422 East Fifty-first street, and was just sitting down to his first repast, when a cart drove up and a policeman summoned him to look at the body of a man who appeared to be a 'longshoreman, and who was found in the East River at Forty-seventh street. The Rev. Dr. Merkle stifled his disgust and curtly told the officer that his home was not the morgue. Soon after another cart brought to the house the body of Edward Binder, who shot himself in Central Park. This time the Rev. Dr. Merkle vented his anger so that the air was blue, and the bystanders were aghast at the scope of the reverend gentleman's vocabulary. In the afternoon the Rev. Dr. Merkle expressed himself forcibly and freely in regard to the matter. "Eets a tam shame," he exclaimed, "and ze polees should no petter. Shust thunk, my house meestaken for ze morgue. Cot tam eet, eesent eet a shame to preeng poddees to a man's house in ze morning? Meester Vite, pleez do and find owit who vas dat poleezman. I vant no more brozeeshuns of poddees to mein house." Keeper White promised to find "owit."

A DOCTOR OF SEVERAL DIVINITIES.

From a Western paper the following incidents in the career of a man of God are learned of: San Jose, Cal., has a first-class sensation. A minister who sailed under the holy-sounding title of the Rev. B. S, Gardner, D.D., about two weeks ago had his lustful regard excited for a girl of fourteen while he was in the act of administering to her the ordinance of baptism. Soon afterward he set about accomplishing her ruin, and succeeded by persuading the girl that there was no harm in her yielding to the desires of "a man of God."

The lecherous impostor would stand up in the pulpit and preach the love of Christ while the victim of his lust sat in the audience. The *Times* of that city says of him: "On Sunday, the 8th inst., he was dismissed from the congregation as an unworthy member. Three weeks ago he made over all his property to his wife, fearing probably that a suit for seduction might be brought against him. He is charged with crimes the nature of which stamp him as a scoundrel of the deepest dye. While officiating as a minister of the gospel he seduced several young girls, whose names are withheld from publication for reasons that all appreciate. Taking advantage of their tender years, and of their faith and trust in him as an expounder of the gospel and a teacher of moral truths, he deliberately wrought their ruin. That he has been permitted to remain in the city after such actions is a mystery to us. That he will leave after this publication may be taken for granted."

BLACK BUT COMELY, AND ALSO VERY IMMORAL.

The Rev. H. Davis, formerly pastor of the African Methodist Church at Elmira, N. Y., was expelled lately by the unanimous vote of the New York Conference, in session at the Bridge Street Church, Brooklyn. The charge against the pastor is immorality. Pastor Davis is represented as one of the handsomest men of his race, and well calculated to inspire the giddy members of his flock with admiration. He went to Elmira two years ago with his wife and family. His presence created a sensation among the female members of his flock. They feted and flattered him, and the apparent pleasure their attentions gave him excited the attentions of the older members of the congregation. Mrs. Johnson, the pretty wife of Barber Johnson, appeared perfectly infatuated with Pastor Davis, and he appeared to return her affection.

Their conduct excited suspicion, and about six months ago a scandalous discovery was made. Johnson told his wife that he was going to New York on a Saturday night to be absent until Monday. As soon as he had taken his departure, Mrs. Johnson, it is charged, sent a letter to the pastor. After Sunday morning's service Pastor Davis informed his wife that he had a pulpit to "supply" in the country, and upon leaving her he went directly to Johnson's house, and spent the afternoon with Mrs. Johnson. He even overslept himself, and did not get to the church in the evening service at all. The congregation gathered, but were told by Mrs. Davis that her husband had gone to the country, and they were just about separating when Johnson suddenly appeared on the scene. He was greatly excited, and his face was of an ashen hue. Calling Deacon James, Elder Jackson, and other officials aside, he communicated to them the fact that the pastor had been at his house and not in the country at all. The elders were horror-stricken, and it was determined to hav the pastor who had so disgraced himself expelled.

The case was discussed at great length in the conference. Pastor Goodey suggested that Davis be suspended for three months.

Pastor Dardis moved as an amendment that Pastor Davis be suspended for six months.

Rev. Horace Talbot moved as a substitute that he be expelled. "He has been guilty of grave offenses," said the indignant pastor, "and ought to be punished to the full extent of the law." His motion was put and unanimously carried.

CONFESSION FOR THE GOOD OF THE SOUL.

There hav been some remarkable developments in connection with the wholly unexpected retirement from the pulpit of the Rev. Jonathan H. Dally, late pastor of Trinity Methodist Episcopal church, Jersey City. He is a young married man, and became the pastor of Trinity church in March last, for three years previous to which time he was pastor of the Market Street church in Paterson. His appointment to Trinity church was made by the Newark Conference at the earnest request of the leading members of the congregation. Being an eloquent speaker and of pleasing manners, he soon became a general favorit in Jersey City, and under his ministrations the church membership rapidly increased.

Recently, without notifying any of the officers of the church, Mr. Daily absented himself from his pulpit, and upon investigation it was learned that he and his wife had gone to Woodbridge, N. J., on the previous day. Neither Mr. Dally nor his wife has been in Jersey City since, and it was stated by one of the officers of the church that the pastor had retired in disgrace from the pulpit, and that his resignation was in the hands of the presiding elder. It was also learned that Mr. Dally had made to the presiding elder a confession admitting a criminal intimacy with a woman known as Annie Stewart. This woman, it is said, while Mr. Dally was pastor of the Market Street church, applied for admission to the parsonage one evening, saying that she was ill and without friends. Mr. Dally admitted her to his house. In a short time she recovered, and an intimacy then sprang up between her and the pastor. The woman then revealed to Mrs. Dally the story of her husband's downfall. Taxed with his fault by his wife, Mr. Dally confessed all to her, begged forgivness, and was pardoned. The woman then threatened to expose all if she was ejected from the house, and a horrible existence began for the preacher and his wife. The burden became so terrible that Mr. Dally was frequently tempted to call in his brethren and confess everything. In the mean time, Mr. and Mrs. Dally made every effort to rid themselvs of the woman's presence. In vain they tried to get her places to liv. It became plain that she did not intend easily to lose her hold upon the minister, and he turned her out of the house.

She then swore out a warrant for his arrest on a charge of infidelity, and learning of this the disgraced pastor fled, and the woman has also disappeared from Jersey City.

A PENITENT PREPARED FOR CONFIRMATION.

The following is translated from the Swedish paper *Svinska Folkets Allehanda*, published at Litchfield, Minn.:

"Scarcely had the public's excited feelings, caused by the crime against morality which not long ago was committed within the Minnesota Conference, been stilled, before again within the same conference an even more abominable crime was committed by one of its pastors. A rumor of this has a longer time been around in circles where events of this kind generally are discussed and judged before the public get a clear insight into them. We also hav long had a partial knowledge of the alleged deed, but hav been unwilling to lay it before our readers until sure facts in regard to the same had been gathered. Now the veil has fallen, and the crime stalks forth in all its horrible nakedness. *Hemlandet*, the church's own organ, has this time declared it roundly, and with few but sharp words scourged not only the crime now committed but also other abuses within the church. Meanwhile, were it not our duty as publishers to impartially communicate to our readers events of more prominent weight both within the state and church's dominions, we would rather hav left the designated priest-scandal untouched, and this partly because we come somewhat *post festum* with it, and partly because it is not unknown to us how recklessly one or another of the 'synod's' organs proceed against those who in one way or another hav happened to step on their tender corns. Yet we cannot but herein see a remarkable *Nemesis divina*, as we believe that we hav found that more than once the Augustana synod has seen the mote in the brother's eye, but has been unwilling or unable to discover the beam in its own. But now to the matter in question. N. G. Dahlstedt, pastor of the Augustana congregation of Carver, East Union, and Jordan, and secretary of the Minnesota conference, was intrusted with the momentous and responsible calling to prepare the scarcely sixteen-year-old girl, H. Qvarnstroem, of Jordan, for her first communion. It is understood that the girl was not well enough grounded in the Swedish language, for which reason the pastor, to be enabled to impart to her the needed knowledge of Christianism, took her home separately, for the purpose of by these means to get her prepared for confirmation with the other children. But during this the pastor's desire for unchastity so wholly overpowered the soul organ that he committed crime against morality with his own penitent. Dahlstedt has himself confessed his crime, and after due investigation was expelled from the ministry."

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Remarkable Cure of Paralysis in One Week.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 19, 1882.

DR. L. TENNEY—Dear Sir: As I feel greatly indebted to you for the benefit I hav received from your treatment, and the use of your Magnetic appliances, I can say without hesitation to those afflicted as I hav been that the effect was simply marvelous. Two weeks ago I was stricken with paralysis in my right arm and could not use it at all, but after wearing a suit of your MAGNETIC CLOTHING for one week, can use it quite as well as ever. I hav also been troubled with Dyspepsia and Kidney Complaint for a number of years, from which I hav suffered intensely, and, although doctoring all the time, never found but temporary relief. Since putting on your appliances I hav experienced great benefit, and if I improve as rapidly as I hav in the past two weeks, will soon be well. I would, therefore, recommend to those suffering as I hav your Magnetic appliances as the only means of effecting a sure cure. Yours respectfully,

WM. H. CLEMMER,
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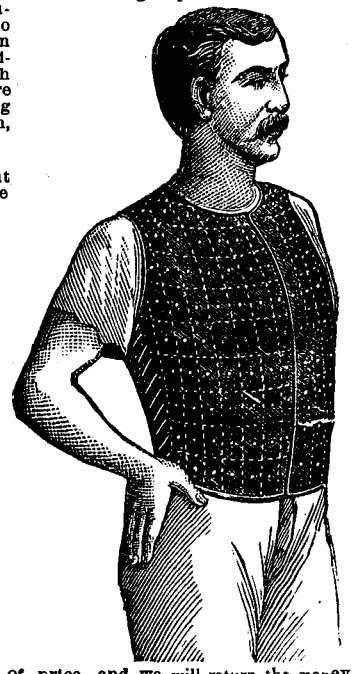
Remember that the same appliances which will effect a cure in a case of Paralysis will at the same time eradicate CATARRH or DYSPEPSIA in the same patient. We do not, like the Old School Physician, change medicins every day until, after dosing the patient almost to death, he may possibly strike something (if he is very skilful) that brings relief for the time being.

Ladies, read the following testimony from a lady who had been suffering for two years with an **Ovarian Tumor,** and who had been told that nothing but the knife would save her life, and the chances were as 9 to 1 against recovery. In four months' time she is perfectly well, and has not taken a dose of medicin since putting on the appliances. Consult us when your physician tells you he can do nothing for you; it will pay you.

SHULLSBURG, WIS., November 19, 1882.

DR. L. TENNEY, *Dear Sir:* About two years ago my health began to fail me; I became nervous, lost all desire for food, and, in fact, began to fail rapidly, so that I became alarmed and consulted several physicians of St. Louis, at which place I was then stopping, all of whom declared that I had an **Ovarian Tumor** and that the only thing that would save my life would be the knife. About six months ago I grew rapidly worse, and had about made up my mind to take the only course that seemed left to me, and submit to an operation, when my attention was called to the **Eureka Magnetic Appliances.** As a drowning man will catch at a straw, so did I catch at this faint hope of a cure. Four months ago I purchased a suit of your appliances. From the very first I felt invigorated, the tumor, which had extended entirely across my abdomen, began to decrease, my pains became less from day to day, until now I am as well as I ever was in my life. Since putting on the appliances I hav not taken a single dose of medicin. My bowels, which before were constipated, are now regular. I would therefore cheerfully recommend them to anyone suffering as I hav, believing that they will do all and more than you claim for them. I remain,

Gratefully yours, MRS. MARY J. STEWART.



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Yours respectfully,
H. A. BROWN.

Ladies, read the following testimony from a lady who had been under drug treatment for eight years with nervous prostration and female weakness:

OSBORN, O., Dec. 15, 1882.

DR. L. TENNEY: Your letter just received; also the Clothing on Tuesday last. Fitted perfectly. FELT BETTER FROM THE FIRST HOUR I HAD THEM ON. Am not joking, and if I improve as rapidly as I hav since Tuesday, will soon be well. Will report again soon. Respectfully yours, E. J. K.

This lady reports herself entirely cured in less than six weeks after putting on the garments, and, although in bed, unable to get out, when applied, she nevertheless was able to ride twenty miles in two days after the application. The lady's name can be had upon application at this office, by anyone desiring to communicate with her.

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Gentlemen's Vests,	15.00
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Any of the above garments sent to any address upon receipt of price, and we will return the money if they are not as represented in every respect. If you are uncertain as to what would best suit your case send us word stating symptoms, and we will advise you what would be best suited to treat you. While our appliances are offered at less than one-third of what others are selling worthless appliances for, yet we will guarantee that the magnetic quality is a hundred fold superior to any other appliance ever offered the public, and will outlast the garments themselvs. Every magnet is put through a particular process, and hav raised five times their own weight six months after being magnetized, while not a single appliance in the market will attract the smallest particle of iron, the majority of such worthless appliances having so-called magnets made of material no better than hoop-iron, and not capable of retaining magnetism for a moment. All of our garments are made from the very best material for the purpose, and will outlast any and all other garments now before the public. Every magnet is arranged in the garments upon *scientific principles,* and not haphazard as in all the others. We offer you therefore

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There is no member of society to whom this book will not be useful, whether youth, parent, guardian, instructor, or clergyman.—*Argonaut.*

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Gems of Thought.

IN no country and of no country hav greater misrepresentations been made, in none hav high hopes been more thoroughly disappointed, and in none hav more arrant falsehoods been told; in the matter of falsehoods, past and present, Palestine beats the world. A fragment of the religion of the latter country, but founded upon its errors and containing much of its untruth, has been imported and adopted by other nations; and being comparativly fresh and new it still exhibits considerable life; but as whatever is based upon error cannot endure, so this paganism engrafted upon Jewish stock is bound to follow in the wake of its predecessors, to go into ruins and be counted among the relics of the past.—*D. M. Bennett.*

"IF it is not true I do not want to know it," is an expression on the lips of hundreds, and, I am sorry to say it, these lips are generally those of women. Men want to know; men dig deep, soar high, and fly far. Women sit at home, float on the surface, and are content to believe instead of knowing. This is why man keeps the upper hand and retains the ruling power. Knowledge is power. Let woman once resolve that she will hav the truth, let it be what it may, that she will know, and not simply believe, and she will find such a deep, pure joy in the blessed experience of real knowledge that she will no longer be content to remain in child-like ignorance, satisfied to swallow any fable or fiction, so long as man tells her to, but she will cling fast to truth and follow where it leads, till she is owner of herself and is a perfect independent, self-supporting individual—the real half of man—his equal and counselor—his guide and friend—the same as he is hers. Then, and only then, will our great and glorious land of liberty and equality deserve its name; and then, and only then, will this name be a real and actual truth. —*Elmina D. Slenker.*

ALAS! for Maiden; alas! for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might hav been!"
—*Whittier's Maud Muller.*

I HAV read of a king of Spain who, having inadvertently expressed some compassion for one of the victims at an *auto da fe*, was condemned to lose one quart of his blood, which the inquisitor-general insisted should be publicly burnt by the hands of the common hangman in the great square of Madrid. Here we know not which most to despise, the monarch that could submit to such a sentence, or the proud priest that could pronounce it. The most galling of all fetters, those riveted by superstition, well befitted the people that could tamely behold such an insult offered to their king.—*Colton's Lacon.*

NO man will hinder thee from living according to the reason of thy nature; nothing will happen to thee contrary to the reason of the universal nature. . . . What kind of people are there whom men wish to please, and for what objects and by what kind of acts? How soon will time cover all things, and how many has it covered already!—*M. A. Antoninus.*

IT is at least a right and wise feeling for the young to cultivate—that there is no form of honest work which is really beneath them. It may or may not be suitable for them. It may or may not be the species of work to which they hav any call. But let them not despise it. The grocer is equally honorable with the lawyer; the tailor with the soldier. It is just as really becoming a gentleman—if we could purge our minds of traditional delusions which will not stand a moment's impartial examination—to serve behind a counter as to sit at a desk, to pursue a handicraft as to indite a law-paper, or write an article. The only work that is more honorable is work of higher skill and more meritorious excellence. It is the qualities of the workman, and not the name or nature of the work, that is the source of all real honor and respect.—*How to Succeed in Life, by Principal Tulloch.*

Odds and Ends.

"SPEAKING of the sagacity of animals," said Mr. Marrowfat, "I never knew that our dog Bruno had much intelligence until last Sunday, when he followed us to church and slipped unobserved into the pew." "I should rather accept that as an evidence of his piety," interrupted the visitor. "What proof did he giv of his sagacity?" "Why, he slept during the whole sermon."

RULES OF COURTSHIP.

The manly youth who would a maiden woo
Will profit if he keeps these rules in view:
Be not precipitate nor yet too slow;
Be not abashed at a rebuff or so.
If she is unresponsiv, distant, cold,
The wooer should be delicately bold;
If she is timid, diffident, and shy,
Don't fret, she'll find more courge by and by.
Let not her first refusal giv distress;
A woman's no is often meant for yes.

A PRETTY Boston schoolma'am and a youth of mien sedate Were parting in the evening beside the garden gate; His hand and heart he'd offered her, in a grave and sober way, And she, with quiet dignity, had named the happy day; He lingered at the gate with her, and said, in accents low, "There is a little favor I would ask before I go, A favor never asked before; sweet maiden, it is this, A lover's privilege, that is all, a sweet betrothal kiss." "If you'll wait," the maiden whispered, with her color rising high, Till I remove my spectacles, I'll willingly comply."

MARJORIE'S KISSES.

Marjorie laughs and climbs on my knee,
And I kiss her, and she kisses me.
I kiss her, but I don't much care,
Because, although she is charming and fair,
Marjorie's only three.

But there will come a time, I ween,
When, if I tell her of this little scene,
She will smile and prettily blush, and then
I shall long in vain to kiss her again,
When Marjorie's seventeen.

A SUMMER IDYL.

NOw shy
\nd bashful lovers sit upon the stoop
And sweetly spoon,
N hile downward summer's first musketos swoop
With weird, low tune,
And high
d higher up the sapphire skies
She climbs the moon,
d eyes look love to loving eyes,
And sigh greets sigh.

The frog
A nocturne warbles to his listening mate
In accents low,
The youth perceives the hour is growing late,
And he must go,
Yes, jog.
He kisses her a wild good-bye;
Meanwhile, oh, woe!
rate pa, with angry eye,
Lets loose the dog.

Few moons
'er gazed upon so harrowing a sight
With smiling face;
A youth, wild yelling, flying with affright,
A dog in chase,
Still croons
The frog within the sedgy pool,
While from the race
The dog returns with mouth crammed full
Of pantaloons.
—*Somerville Journal.*

PICKED UP ON THE COLLEGE CAMPUS.

To-day! We stand on the threshold! We stand there! Waiting! To be asked in. Life! Is a river! We meet it boldly. Hope, courage, and high purpose thrill our hearts! We cannot tear aside the veil that hides the future from our view. The future! Is before us. The past! Is behind us! The present, however, stays right by us. We do not fear it. We press bravely on. Onward and upward! The hour strikes the noontide of the world. With resolute hand we grasp the shadows on the dial. Behind us is the school. A long way behind us, the most of it. Before us lies the world. We accept it. Grave are the responsibilities of the trust. Lifelong will be the labor of reform. We hav put our hands to the plow, and we will never look back until we get to Canada. As the years roll on—which they will probably do—we will never forget our alma mater; but we will shake things up on the street ourselvs, and if there is any re-hypothecating to be done, inquire within. *Hoc tempore*, the world is in bad form. Vice rules the world. *Bonos vires* take back seats in the convention. Lupus sits in the high places and judges the people in the gates, while Agnus ekes out a precarious existence in the wool business. Our rulers wallow in vice. The temples of commerce are as dens of thieves. Mistrust, guilt, and suspicion stalk through the land, *nudus membra*. All this has come to pass while we were at college. But we will reform all this sort of thing now. Not this week, because this week the gods look down from high Olympus to see the boat-race. Next week the world holds its breath while our baseball match is played; and the week after that the sun stands still upon Gibeon, and the moon in the Valley of Ajalon, while we play the closing game of lawn-tennis for the championship. But after that we will mount our bicycles and go forth conquering and to conquer. Life! Is an ocean! Let us, then, cleanse its Augean stables of this blighting leprosy, and beard this lion in the bud, and, in the gathering gloom which marks the footprints of decay, throttle it in its cradle ere yet its black wings shall strike its fangs deep into the soil of American freedom, and with a Judas kiss betray our fondest hopes and brightest dreams into the sand-swept waste of this sirocco-stricken maelstrom that yawns at our feet, waiting for some self-sacrificing Curtius to lay the ax at the root of this deadly Upas-tree that shadows all the land with the lurid light of its basilisk eye, which, syren-like, charms with its delusiv song, only to chill into pulseless stone with the Gorgon horror of its icy blast!—*Robert J. Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.*

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Notes and Clippings.

"The Sons and Daughters of the Order of St. Luke" is a colored organization in St. Louis. The members believe St. Luke was black.

Bibles are no longer to be found in watering-place hotel parlors and bed chambers. Formerly the Bible was as much a part of the furniture as the match-safe.

What many consider the most valuable relic in Italy is the sword Balaam wished he had had in his hand when the ass spoke. It is the glory of a convent at Albano.

Every Other Saturday quotes the late Thomas G. Appleton as describing a conveyancer as a "seraph gone to seed." A few days since a Boston pastor, speaking of a confrere, alluded to him as "a dear old moth-eaten angel."

The *Home Protector* tells the story that one of Philadelphia's most popular "pastors" gave his Sabbath-school a picnic recently, "the most conspicuous feature of which was the permitting of large numbers of young girls to smoke cigars."

The *Christian Register* admits that as "men build houses as they build creeds and institutions, that they may hav a settled home; but there is nothing in this world that can prevent mutation, and sooner or later the sign-board appears, 'For Sale or to Let,' so this is the sign-board which orthodoxy is putting up on some of its old dogmas, and the former tenants hav moved to better quarters."

Monte Carlo, with its infamous gambling-hells, which are reported to hav caused thirty-two cases of suicide already this season, is correspondingly orthodox in its piety. Rome is supreme, and no Protestant is allowed to distribute tracts or Bibles, or to open a church. Piety is the readiest means of making vice respectable. Worship God and obey the church, and it doesn't matter if you do ruin your fellow-man and drive him into a suicide's grave.

Ten years ago a penniless man, with a peculiarly shaped head, made a bargain with a London professor of anatomy by which the latter was to hav the head on payment of the man's funeral expenses. Meanwhile the man became wealthy, and when he died the other day his friends tried to avoid fulfilling the contract. But the professor insisted, and the matter is to be brought before the law courts. Pending the decision, the defunct gentleman has been buried with his head on his shoulders.

A dispatch from Richmond, Mo., of July 10th, says: "Joseph Smith, a son of the founder of the Mormon church; Alexander Smith, T. W. Smith, and W. H. Kelly, the committee appointed by the Mormon conference at Salt Lake, are now in that place comparing the 'Book of Mormon,' as at present published, with the original manuscript in the possession of David Whitmer, of Richmond. Mr. Whitmer claims to be one of three persons who saw an angel giv graven plates to Joseph Smith, and this manuscript is a copy of the plates made by the prophet himself, and is the only one in existence. Why the comparison is made is not stated." Well, we don't see why the Mormons hav not as good right to revise their Bible as the Christians hav to rewrite theirs.

This good old story is going the rounds again: Mary was a buxom country lass, and her father was an upright deacon in the Methodist church in a Connecticut village. Mary's plan of joining the boys and girls in a nutting party was frustrated by the unexpected arrival of a number of the "brethren" on their way to the conference, and Mary had to stay at home and get dinner for the clerical guests of her father. Her already ruffled temper was increased by the reverend visitors themselvs, who sat about the stove and in the way. One of the good ministers noticed her wrathful impatience, and desiring to rebuke the sinful manifestations, said sternly, "Mary, what do you really think will be your occupation in hell?" "Pretty much the same as it is on this earth," she replied, "cooking for Methodist ministers."

The *Christian at Work* remarks that "in England, where the beer shops are opened on Sunday evening, it is found that the game of cricket has weaned many young men from their temptations;" and admits that in this country "a boy who is playing ball is at least honestly employed." In the light of these facts, however, the *Christian at Work* thinks the Sabbath should not be broken by ball playing. If Sabbath-keeping is more desirable than temperance and healthful exercise, that paper may be right; otherwise, not.

"You swear positivly that it was on Sunday morning that you heard the woman shout for help?" "Yes, your honor, positivly." "This affair occurred some months ago. Couldn't it hav been Saturday morning, or Monday morning, instead of Sunday morning?" "Impossible, your honor." "But why?" insisted the judge. "Man's memory is not infallible. Why are you so positiv that it was Sunday morning?" "Because when I first heard the cry for help I was out in the back-yard digging angle-worms."

"What is that invisible power," asked an Austin Sunday-school teacher, "that prevents the wicked man from sleeping, that causes him to toss about on his pillow, and what should he do to enjoy that peace that passes all understanding?" "Go to the drug-store and buy some insect powder. Ma sent me for a dime's worth last Wednesday, and we havn't felt—" Johnny Spilkins would hav gone into particulars as to the further workings of the "invisible power," if his sister, who is a little older, and has ten times as much sense, hadn't pulled him down.

The Unitarian Association is petitioning the queen against the Athanasian Creed. They don't like to be told thirteen times a year that without doubt they shall perish everlastingly. They resent this official "insult" as a great offense against their religious feelings. Poor things, and do they feel a religious insult so keenly? Yet they hadn't the pluck the other day to support Mr. Geldart's resolution against the wicked blasphemy laws. Freethinkers may suffer twelve months' solitary confinement; but poor dear Unitarians mustn't hav their feelings hurt by religious rubbish uttered in churches that they don't attend.—*London Freethinker.*

About a year and a half ago the Rev. Father Tiernan died while assistant pastor of St. Cecilia's Roman Catholic church, Brooklyn. The pastor was the Rev. Florence McCarthy, who was in the courts a short time ago for criminally assaulting a servant girl. An executor for Father Tiernan's estate was appointed by Bishop Loughlin, but no executor was appointed by the surrogate. Mrs. Mary Smith, a niece of Father Tiernan, believes that the priest left some thousands of dollars, and she has commenced an action for an accounting against the executor, who, it is supposed, has either diverted the property to his own use, or turned it over to the church.

It must go on record to the credit of the Christian press that there is one religious humbug which it refuses to unanimously indorse. This is what is popularly known as the "faith cure." Says the *American Literary Churchman:* "The Rev. Mr. Sloan, who was obliged to retire from his parish, Christ Church, Stratford, Conn., presumably on the ground of what most sensible people would consider a monomania, has set up a 'Faith Mission' in the same place. This seems to be a schismatic organization for the purpose of curing disease without medicin or surgery by 'faith' or prayer. It is idle to discuss this kind of nonsense. If anything in the world could make religion justly contemptible, it would be the establishment in connection with every parish of a 'faith mission.' Cannot Mr. Sloan bring the whole matter to a successful issue, not by practicing on the susceptibilities of nervous and hysterical invalids, but by restoring by prayer and faith a lost leg? Everybody can see with his own eyes whether a man has one leg or two; he could also see the new leg growing and grown. We are free to say that we regard the whole business as a disgusting parody of the Christian religion."

The announcement has been made to the congregation worshiping in St. Peter's Cathedral, in Cincinnati, Ohio, that marriages will hereafter be solemnized only in the morning. This rule has been adopted by Archbishop Elder for the reason that it is more Catholic for marriages to occur during the morning hours, and that the custom of afternoon and evening weddings is one which fashion has dictated, and it divests the ceremony of much of its sacredness. As a consequence, it is held, the vows are often lightly taken, and divorces hav multiplied. Before proceeding further it would be well for the archbishop to consult those contemplating marriage as to what time in the day they would prefer to hav the ceremony performed. A marriage that will not hold if done in the evening is not of much account anyway.

The acknowledgment of the injustice suffered by woman under the existing condition of things in Norway is slowly but surely gaining ground in the public mind of that country. Some two years ago the legislature, after considerable opposition, passed a law placing women on equal terms with men in regard to admission to studies at the public university of Christiania, from which they had until then been excluded In the same year the first female student entered the university. As an unavoidable consequence the Odelsthing lately passed a law granting women the right to graduate from the university, most characteristically the only one member opposing that bill being a minister of the established church. Another step which may lead in the direction of the emancipation of women was recently taken by the same legislature. The government spends every year thousands upon thousands of dollars on public schools for boys, but hitherto not one single cent has been appropriated for schools for girls, those schools having been left entirely to take care of themselvs, or to the care of the communities. In order to test the system of joint education for boys and girls, the legislature appropriated some hundred dollars a year for a public school in some little town on the condition that the joint education system should be adopted. Insignificant as this appropriation may appear, still, if this system proves itself to work well, it is likely to be generally adopted, and then at last the future women of the country will get their share of the public education, and thus be enabled to do their share of the public work.

William Rossiter, in the *Nineteenth Century,* debates the Sunday question as follows: "Why is it desired to open public institutions on Sunday? 1. Because there are many people who cannot go on other days, but who could and would go on Sundays. 2. Because it is good for people to visit such institutions at any time, even on Sunday. 3. Because, being national property, the people (who are the owners) should be able to enter at any time they desire to do so in any number. 4. Because it is self-evident that people who work long hours on week-days (and there are many who do so) cannot go at all except on Sunday. This is especially true of shopkeepers, assistants, and laborers." Mr. Rossiter adds: "Why is it desired to keep them closed on Sundays? Because to open them deprives, or would deprive, many of their day of rest, since the attendants, etc., would hav to work. But many do work on Sunday in church, chapel, Sunday-school; and perhaps no work in the world is more useless than that of ringing a church bell for an hour or more every Sunday in a town where everyone has abundant means of knowing the time. Domestic servants work nearly as much on Sunday as on other days. Policemen and soldiers are employed by the public. So that it is not Sunday work, but needless Sunday work; not Sunday work that is, but Sunday work that might be, that is objected to. But since it is right to employ policemen to protect property and preserve order, it might be as well to employ museum assistants in the work of education, which tends to remove the need of policemen." This argument was old before Mr. Rossiter thought of it, but he will now hav an opportunity to realize how little argument is worth to those who never reason.

News of the Week.

The 12th inst. was Orangemen's Day. A procession at Cleaton, Ireland, provoked a riot. A Catholic was shot by an Orangeman.

Anarchist Hanisch, of Vienna, has been sentenced to ten years' imprisonment. He is charged with having attempted the life of a policeman.

Benjamin P. Shillaber, the humorous writer under the name of "Mrs. Partington," celebrated his 70th birthday at Chelsea, Mass., on the 12th.

France has made certain propositions to China, and unless they are accepted immediately the French will open fire on the forts at Shanghai, China.

The dynamiters of this city hav declared for Blaine. The Independent Republicans of Philadelphia hav also given in and will vote for the Plumed Knight.

The cholera epidemic at Marseilles and Toulon, France, has not abated. Last Sunday there were nearly one hundred deaths from the disease in those cities.

The police of Newark, N. J., believe that they hav caught the man guilty of the Phœbe Paullin murder committed at Orange last November. His name is Davis.

Somebody is reported to hav attempted the blowing up of the train upon which the emperor Francis Joseph of Austria was supposed to be riding, last Saturday. No damage was done.

Evangelist Moody is returning to America. He believes that London is now the most religious city in the world, and that the United States is more in need of missionaries than England is.

Some young men in Stonington, Conn., serenaded Deacon Wheeler, of that town, and the deacon came to the door with a pistol and fired at the crowd. He was placed in the care of the sheriff.

A petition is being circulated asking for the abolishment of the music afforded to Sunday visitors at Central Park in this city. Last Sunday the second concert was given to an immense concourse.

There is a complaint among the churches that new hymns and hymn-writers are needed. This want should not be very long or keenly felt while "The Truth Seeker Collection," the "Liberal Hymnbook," and Dr. Weeks's "Songs of the Morning" are in print.

John Swinton calls attention to the following facts. The inference is left to the ingenuity of the reader: "Jim Blaine was nominated by the Republicans at Chicago on Friday (Hangman's Day), June 6, 1884. Governor Cleveland was nominated by the Democrats at Chicago on Friday (Hangman's Day), July 11, 1884. The only candidate in the field not nominated on Hangman's Day is Gen. Butler, who was nominated at Indianapolis, Thursday, May 29, 1884."

Parson Newman has been preaching at Coney Island. The *Christian Intelligencer* has this unappreciativ notice of his efforts: "Coney Island entered upon its usual desecration of the Lord's Day last Sabbath. At the Manhattan Beach Hotel there was a so-called religious service. The pulpit consisted of a card table on which a champagne basket was placed, and a white cloth cast over the whole. Over this arrangement Rev. J. P. Newman preached a short sermon."

The Democrats in convention at Chicago last week nominated Governor Cleveland, the present governor of New York, for president of the United States, and Thomas A. Hendricks, ex-governor of Indiana, for vice-president. Gov. Ben Butler was there, but his name was not presented to the convention. What he will do with his Greenback and Anti-monopoly nominations is not known, for as a delegate to the Democratic convention it is supposed, as a matter of course, that he will support the Democratic ticket.

Communications.

The Forged Letters of Pliny.

The famous letter of Pliny to Trajan concerning Christianity in Bithynia early in the second century we would willingly accept as genuin if we could. Christianity began about 75 B.C., and was preached by Paul in Asia Minor until about 20 B.C. It is quite likely, therefore, that small congregations of believers in a martyred messiah existed in Bithynia and other provinces of Asia Minor as early as the beginning of the first century, or more than a hundred years before Pliny was made governor. Marcion, who came to Rome with Paul's epistles about A.D. 138, was the son of a bishop in Pontus. In the reign of Augustus, Pontus was partly absorbed into Bithynia, and after A.D. 63, they were spoken of as one province, *Ponti et Bithynia* (Smith's Gr. and Rom. Geog.). Galatia bounded Bithynia on the south, and joined Pontus on the east.

But we are compelled to discredit the letter of Pliny for two cogent reasons heretofore given (Rev. of Ant. p. 32), which we now repeat.

1. The writer flatly contradicts himself. He first says that he has never been present at any *trials* of Christians, and then tells about subjecting two female slaves to torture, but discovering that they were actuated by an absurd and excessiv superstition, he deemed it expedient to adjourn *all further trial* until he could consult the emperor. The Latin word for trial in both instances is *cognitio*. The governor of Bithynia could not hav contradicted himself thus; it was the blunder of a forger.

2. In this letter of ninety-eight lines, the word "Christian" occurs seven times; "Christ" three times, and "Christianity" once; and in Trajan's answer of eighteen lines, "Christian" occurs twice. In none of the rest of the letters is either of these words to be found, or any illusion to Christianity.

But there is reason to suspect that all the letters of Pliny are spurious. He was proconsul of Bithynia about A.D. 110. Some say 103, but that is a mistake, as Gibbon has shown in his "Vindication." The only other work of Pliny that we hav is "A Panegyric of Trajan." If he wrote the letters he was a literary coxcomb. Imagin a volume of letters by the late Edward Everett beginning thus:

"MY DEAR MR. SMITH: You hav frequently pressed me to make a select collection of my letters (if, in truth, there be any which deserve a preference), and giv them to the public. I hav selected them accordingly."

For "My dear Mr. Smith," read, "To Septitius," and you hav the first letter of Pliny. He selects two hundred and thirty-seven for publication without a single answer—as if he had taken care to keep a copy of all he wrote, but did not preserve the replies of his distinguished correspondents! His inordinate vanity is exhibited in quoting poetry in praise of himself; in descanting upon his own orations, and in repeated self-laudation. If we are to believe him, he and Tacitus were the two great writers of the time, and as a leading lawyer, he commends himself for never having received a fee, reward, or present! *Credat, L.L.D.!*

After giving to the public nine books of his own letters, as requested, he condescends in the last book to publish forty-eight answers of the emperor. This looks suspicious; but there are other reasons for discrediting the tenth book, even if the other nine are genuin.

1. At the beginning of the tenth book the English translator (William Melmoth, 1746) makes the following significant note:

"The greater part of the following letters were written by Pliny during his administration of the province of Bithynia. They are of a style and character *extremely different from those in the preceding collection*, whence some critics hav injudiciously inferred that they are the production of another hand, not considering that the occasion necessarily required a different manner."

Pliny having announced at the outset, in obedience to the oft-repeated request of Septitius (Smith?), a selection of his own letters for publication, letters addressed to Tacitus, Suetonius, Quinctilian, and all the noted authors of that time, together with some that appear to be not contemporary, departs from the original plan in the tenth book, and givs fifty common-place and unimportant letters of Trajan. Why did he not assign a reason for such a departure? And having made the departure, why did he not giv some excuse for suppressing the far more important letters of his other distinguished correspondents?

2. Many of the letters in the tenth book are of too little importance for the consideration of a proconsul, much less of a Roman emperor. In letter 117 Pliny says:

"It is customary in this city [Nicomedia] upon any person's either taking the manly robe, solemnizing his marriage, entering upon the office of magistrate, or dedicating any public work, to invite the whole Senate, together with a considerable part of the commonalty, to a feast, and to distribute to each of the company one or two *denarii*. I request you to inform me whether you think proper this ceremony should continue to be observed, or how far you approve of it."

A denarius was equal to fourteen cents, and Pliny suggested that when there were a thousand persons present the distribution of so much money might hav the appearance of factious largesses. Trajan in his answer agrees with Pliny—indeed they rarely differ about anything—and grants him full power to do as he pleases. Can it be possible that the emperor troubled himself about such trifles?

3. In letter 52 Pliny says:

"Upon examining the public expenses of the city of Byzantium, which I find are extremely great, I was informed, sir *(Domine)*, that the appointments of embassador, which they send yearly to you with their homage and the decree which passes in the Senate upon that occasion, amount to 12,000 sesterces [$480]. But knowing the generous maxims of your government, I thought proper to send the decree without the embassador."

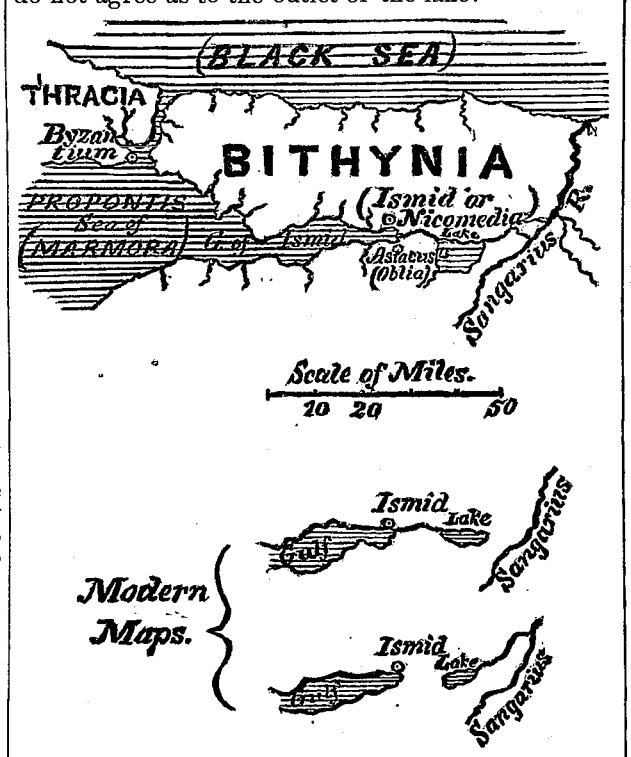
He further says that he has saved to the city $120 by dispensing with an envoy to Moesia, and he wishes to know whether these economical acts meet the emperor's approval. Trajan answers affirmativly, as usual.

Now what had the governor of Bithynia to do with Byzantium, the capital of the province of Thrace, on the other side of the Bosphorus? But even supposing that Pliny had jurisdiction over that province or city (now Constantinople), would he write to Trajan about the paltry saving of $700 in all, when matters of a thousand times greater magnitude required his attention? In letter 46 he tells of $200,000 being wasted in his own capital, Nicomedia, in building an aqueduct, and proposes a further large expenditure in procuring water from another source. And in letter 48 he says that Nicea has expended for a theater over $400,000, the foundation of which is insecure, and the walls are cracking; therefore, he wants permission to discontinue or destroy the work. Such large expenditures are in striking contrast with the paltry ones, and we cannot resist the conviction that these letters were fabricated by a literary crank about the end of the second century.

4. But there is yet a stronger evidence of forgery. We quote from letter 50:

"Bordering upon the territories of Nicomedia is a *most extensiv lake*, upon which the commodities of the country are easily and cheaply transported to the high road, but from thence are conveyed in carriages to the seaside at great charge and labor."

That "most extensiv lake" was never more than ten miles miles long, as may be seen by a map in Vol. IV. of Rawlinson's Herodotus. It there has two streams running from it, one directly west about ten miles and emptying into the gulf on the Propontis (Sea of Marmora) near the city of Nicomedia (not then built); and the other running northeasterly about twelve miles and discharging by two branches into the river Sangarius, which empties into the Black Sea about twenty-five miles further northward. Here is a map of Bithynia outlined from Rawlinson's, representing the lake as it was 450 years B.C. And we hav subjoined two different modern maps which do not agree as to the outlet of the lake:



Pliny wishes to improve the navigation of this "most extensiv lake" by opening a canal between it and the sea. He says:

"It only remains then to send hither, if you shall think proper, a surveyor or an architect, in order to examin *whether the lake lies above the level of the sea* (!), the engineers of this province being of opinion that the former is higher by forty cubits."

Is it possible that the learned Pliny did not know whether the lake was higher than the sea? If it was lower, no stream would run from it, and its water would be salt. If a stream ran out of it to the gulf, or to the river Sangarius, then, of course, the lake was higher than the sea. And all the maps we hav seen, ancient or modern, which represent the lake at all, hav it discharging its waters one way or the other, or both ways.

The writer then speaks of an old unfinished canal in the neighborhood, cut by some former king, "either to drain the lands or communicate between the lake and the river;" and he wishes Trajan to "hav the glory of executing what kings could only attempt."

"As if," says a former commentator, "an emperor of Rome could not do more than a little king of Bithynia." This criticism the translator makes a ludicrous attempt to answer. "It is much more probable," says he, "that this critic should be mistaken in his objection than Pliny in his compliment, and though he will hav it to be a little king, it is more reasonable to suppose our author meant some great king of Persia."

The emperor returns a favorable answer to the scheme, but says:

"You must first carefully examin the situation of this body of water, what quantity it contains, and *from whence it is supplied;* lest by giving it an opening in the sea it should be *totally drained.*"

How ingenious! Trajan knows that water runs down hill! And Pliny answers, saying that the emperor's apprehensions are agreeable to that *sagacity he so eminently possesses!* But not to be outdone in sagacity, Pliny thinks he has found a method of keeping the water in the lake. In letter 69 he says:

"A channel may be cut from the lake to the river, and a narrow slip of land left between them."

Brilliant idea! But this intervening ridge he thinks may not be necessary:

"For, in the first place, the lake is considerably deep, and in the next, by *damming up a river which runs from it on the opposit side*, and turning its course as we shall find expedient, the same quantity of water may still be retained. Besides, there are several little brooks near the place where it is proposed the channel shall be cut, which, if skilfully collected, *will supply the lake with water in proportion to what it shall discharge.* But if you should rather approve of the channel's being extended farther and cut narrower, and so conveyed *directly into the sea*, without running into the river, *the reflux of the tide will return whatever it receives from the lake.*"

After taxing our intellectual faculties to understand what this writer meant, and coming to the conviction that he did not know himself what he meant, we at last happened to think that there could be no tide in the Sea of Marmora, which is only an enlargement of the river that conveys the waters of the Black Sea into the Grecian archipelago. And upon consulting the American Cyclopedia we find that there is "no observable ebb and flow" in the Black Sea, and "no tides" in the Sea of Marmora.

Here, then, we discover that the forger has "given himself away." Living at some place on the Mediterranean, where the tides were sensible, he supposed that they existed everywhere.

We hav expressed the conviction that these letters were fabricated about the end of the second century, or some fifty years after the death of Pliny. Tertullian refers to the two letters concerning the Christians, and Eusebius repeats what Tertullian says. It is possible, therefore, that the passage in Tertullian is an interpolation, in which case the forgery of the letters of Pliny may be assigned to the third or fourth century.

The Great Confutant.

The great Talmage came to our Western capitals to answer Ingersoll, who had preceded him a week or two. Judging by reports, Talmage is a very great natural orator; for he has a very poor voice, an unpleasant manner, and repulsiv appearance. Yet ere he is through with his oration, all sense of these and of his ludicrious mannerisms is completely lost in admiration and sympathy. One thing I liked especially about him; that was his simple, unostentatious way of traveling, so admirably in contrast with the pride, pomp, and circumstance that some others exhibit. No special palace car, no toadying attendants, no glorifying committees to salute, introduce, and giv him valediction. So, at least, he came and left here.

But the man seems not to hav the remotest conception of what an argument is, like so many others of his cloth. It was astounding to hear this literal Bible believer and interpreter set out in his assault on Robert the Great by telling his hearers that "false in one, false in all" is the universally admitted maxim. Any book or witness or statement that makes a false assertion on one point is rightly taken to be false in all. And so he goes on to set up a man of straw and pelt him down. No book was ever so open to this objection, and no speaker, as Talmage and his Bible. Not that he wilfully misstates, but he is utterly incapable of criticising the book or his creed. He quotes just enough to satisfy himself. Thus, to show his fallacious method of treating matters, in order to show that the flood story is not an impossible one, he says it was not such a great deluge after all, for the country where it happened was a kind of valley or bowl-shaped region, and the writers spoke of the affair as they saw it. He forgets his book says, "Not a soul that breathed was left alive; even the fowls of the air perished" (save Noah, etc.). So he takes up the great subject of polygamy, which it seems Ingersoll accuses the holy scriptures of upholding. He, in reply, says the Bible mentions many things. It speaks of murder, lust, sin of all kinds, but does it therefore approve them? By no means. As to this polygamy, this infamous slander on God and Bible,

let us see. False in one, false in all, Mr. Ingersoll. If you hav falsely accused on one point, you are false in all things. How many wives did God make for Adam? Ah, hah! How many wives had Noah? And so on, mentioning some few others. But David had several wives. True, and was he not punished? Solomon had many wives; was he not punished? Every man spoken of in the Bible who thus violated the laws of God was punished. "False in one, false in all." Down you must go, Bob Ingersoll. You hav by half quotations and misconstructions slandered our holy book by these horrid accusations. Shame on you! See how with one flash from my light I hav exposed you.

And thus he replied to Ingersoll, and no doubt nine-tenths of his audience were carried away to judge by the applause. Successful oratory is the art of destroying reason for the time; one is so captivated and deliciously thrilled he does not want to think.

Now the orator is unconsciously guilty of the very "false in one, false in all," he accuses in his opponent. Such a mode of arguing is precisely equivalent to this: the James boys are accused of having robbed the trains; of having broken into banks and robbed them; of having committed murder. Answer: This is a false accusation and I will put you down at once, and as you are false in one, you are false in all things. Thousands of people hav seen the James boys riding in the cars peacefully. They are on the best of terms with all the conductors. It is known that at one time they prevented a frightful accident by warning a train of a lost bridge just before it reached the spot. They patronize banks; deposit largely in them; always keep their money in banks. As to murder, robbery, and the like, why, the James boys are the kindest-hearted, most chivalrous and benevolent beings that liv. Then, innumerable instances might be referred to showing their excellent dispositions.

As to the polygamy charge against the Bible, let this be said: Within its covers there is not one single direct prohibition of it, although its whole action from Alpha to Omega transpires among people where polygamy was practiced on the largest scale, and, what is worse, concubines and slaves were held. And yet laws are given upon about every subject of human action, and recorded in that book, that applied to a time, at least, of sixteen hundred years. Laws are given as to treatment of wives, slaves, and concubines that recognize polygamy. Thus, for one instance, "if a man hav two wives, one beloved, the other hated" etc. (Deut. xxi, 15). (See Exodus xxii, 16.) No distinction between married and single men in such cases. Polygamy is regulated by statutes; thus, while a wife was living, the sister of the wife could not be married to her husband (Lev. xviii, 18). So mother and daughter could not hav the same husband (Lev. xx, 14). A priest could hav one wife—a virgin (Lev. xxi, 13, 14). Slavery, the fountain of concubinage, is established by a statute that is perfect. Would that our Congress and state law-makers made their statutes so clear, plain, and undoubted as is Lev. xxv, 44–46. No question as to interpreting the meaning could arise. Who shall be slaves, how, whose, "and they shall be your bondmen forever." All is told in tersest, apt language. Provisions as to new wives taken (Deut. xxiv, 5). (See also Numbers v, 27, 28) —the most of the chapter for the Theocratic Method of Assuaging Jealousies. Here is a method worthy of a patent. The water therein mentioned should be prepared by some Ayer, Radway, or Pierce, and sold in bottles. No house should be without it. Jealous husbands could hav a constant quietus for their passions, and frisky wives a monitor. How be it if Talmage preacheth a sermon upon that text?

Well, do not the foregoing squint very strongly toward polygamy and its worse sister, concubinage? Not one word of inhibition. It is like the Missouri liquor law—all regulation, no prohibition.

But the wicked polygamists were punished. Let us see. David, the man after God's own heart, the man of numerous wives, was punished for the matter of Uriah the Hitite—for murderously getting one of the wives. In fifty places David is spoken of as the great example of what God's own friend should be. "His heart was perfect with his God all his days;" and such like references are made repeatedly. Here is one (see 1 Kings xv, 5): "Because David did that which was right in the eyes of the Lord, and turned not aside from any *thing* that he commanded him all the days of his life, save only in the matter of Uriah the Hitite." See also the references there made. How about the many-wived and myriad-concubined Solomon? He also was so intimate with Jehovah that the latter came to him in visions. Notwithstanding this intimacy, it seems another god, old Baal, had more influence with Solomon in his latter days. It was for this that Jehovah got after him.

Let us consider Rehoboam, his son (2 Chron. xi). He for a long time followed the law of the Lord at first. He had the old man's love for women. He was always "taking," and "loving," and "desiring." For three years he and "they," "those who set their hearts to seek the Lord," walked in the ways of David and Solomon. "And he dealt wisely and dispersed his children throughout all the countries," etc. "And he desired many wives." But afterwards it came to pass that Rehoboam forsook the law of the Lord and all Israel with him. From the context we may believe polygamy was the law of the Lord. Certainly if such loose talk as Talmage has is argument, we might logically so conclude.

Chronicles givs short sketches of all the kings, telling how this one obeyed the Lord even as David did. Some are mentioned as having wives. We know that of course they all had many wives. One Joash (2 Chron. xxiv) did especially serve God all the days of Jehoida, the high priest of this god, and who gave the poor young man, his king, two wives. Here certainly is recognition, historic, theocratic, and religious, of polygamy. This high priest was such a good man his life was miraculously prolonged to 130 years, we may infer, and he received a grand burial for his good in Israel, both to God's and David's house. After this, Joash left God and worshipped groves and idols, and wrath came upon Judah for it. After him came Amaziah, whose heart was with God, but not perfectly. Nothing is said of his wives, and perhaps therein he was imperfect even as David was not. But this Amaziah was an amazing good man; for on one occasion, when favored by the Lord, he made an immense slaughter, and carried back other ten thousand captivs whom he had thrown from a high rock. Later he brought back an idol from some great victory, and setting it up, began to worship it. Surely the most surprising fact about all these favorits of Jehovah, his intimates for whom he works his miracles, is this proneness of theirs to worship any idol they happen to capture. Perhaps their quick desertion of their theocratic friend is merely another exemplification of the saying, "Familiarity breeds contempt."

HOLT.

Oregon, Mo.

Matters in Texas.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* The inclosed clipping from the *Galveston News* is an address delivered before the State Teachers' Association, which met at San Antonio on the 24th, by that stanch Liberal, Gov. Roberts, of Texas. I send it to you knowing that you will be glad to publish in your columns the utterances of the only governor in the country who was plucky enough to resist that mawkish sentiment which would hav made him commander of the Lord's host in Texas.

The great and only Dr. Dietzler, who is said, by his admirers, to belong not merely to the church militant, but to the church triumphant as well, is here fighting in the cause of the meek and lowly Nazarene, and though he handles his mind batteries with the well-known skill of his class, the public, generally, and even a few believers, appear to be rather disappointed in him. Indeed, I hav noticed since his visit, as well as that of Clark Braden, who honored us some months ago, that such lectures succeed rather in making men, who had till then concealed their opinions, bolder and more outspoken—and not in their favor either.

It is unnecessary to tell you that he confines himself to the same old line of so-called argument which has been worn threadbare by frequent repetition and refutation. Nor can he be blamed; he does his best. It is his cause which is weak. It is true the reverend gentleman might hav made less use of such epithets as "liar," "ignoramus," and various other "arguments" of a like nature; still, when a learned man has brought himself so far as to favor such a cause, nothing that he says or does need excite surprise.

As for his lecture, in only one instance does he make an effort to prove what he advocates. He attempts to make Moses and the geologists agree by quibbling and garbling, and by reading out such parts of the Bible as suit his case, leaving his devout hearers in blissful ignorance of the context—no one being less conversant with the holy book than the average Christian.

For the rest, he disposes of Ingersoll by calling him a liar and "Bobby." He laments that such an "ignoramus" as Beecher should presume to speak on so vital a subject as religion; and declares Draper a second-class man. He proves (to his own satisfaction) that Huxley is either a knave or a fool, and that Darwin forsook his favorit theory. He complains, bitterly, that Infidel lecturers can go to Boston, Chicago, and New York, and meet large audiences, who express their appreciation in loud applause. Why the worthy doctor does not go and do likewise does not appear. He prefers to come to such centers of refinement as Marlin and gather together nearly seventy-five people, and proceed to tell them that Shakspere, Milton, Napoleon, Washington, and sundry other great men were Christians, leaving it to be inferred that, as a consequence, we should all believe as they did in the matter, an "argument" not entirely original with him.

The Blanco *Star-Vindicator* anounces that the debate between Revs. Dietzler and Sweeney, on the subject of "Baptism," will take place on July 18th, whereupon the *Galveston News*, rejoicing, says: "It will giv Dietzler a chance to abuse his opponent and giv the papers a rest." The *Weatherford Methodist* and Texas *Christian Campbellite* paper are at war. The former believes it its duty to defend the gospel against Campbellism and "many other false systems." I hope you will be glad to learn that a Christian paper has at last been found which voluntarily told the truth.

IKE PHILLIPOWSKI.

Marlin, Texas.

GOVERNOR ROBERTS'S ADDRESS.

[The question of methods of moral instruction in public schools was taken up and discussed by seven educators. During the interchange of views much was said against the use of intoxicating drinks, and in condemnation of places of resort where beer and wine were dispensed. While the various phases of moral instruction were being commented upon, the question of the constitutional exclusion of Bible reading in public schools was propounded, and Governor Roberts called upon to answer. In reply, he said:]

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN: The constitution of the state of Texas, in making provision for education, took charge of the free public schools within its territory. It is to be done by a fund already accumulated by the sale or lease of lands that hav been in former times appropriated to the purposes of education. I will say just here that there are not less than thirty million acres of land yet unsold, and there are several millions of dollars —I forget the exact amount—in the shape of lands, and other means, which constitute the available fund. The state proposed to take the schools into her charge—not to the detriment of private schools. In addition she now adds the taxation of the people for carrying out the same purpose, which may amount, as standing now, to some twenty cents on the one hundred dollars, *ad valorem* taxes, and one-fourth of the occupation tax, and one dollar poll tax, with the permanent fund. This constitutes the only amount to be distributed, and is quite a large amount. Who pays the taxes? Everybody who returns their poll tax. Who are they? What class do they belong to? Very nearly all classes in Christendom. There is the Englishman, Irishman, Scotchman, German, Italian, Frenchman, Swede, Norwegian—all of different creeds and religion. Now, it was thought, by those who framed this constitution, that as those people were all required to pay taxes to educate the rising generation of the country, they should hav equal rights in the schools to be carried on by the public. Now, what means did they adopt? I say this constitution indicated a fund by which this should be accomplished. The fund thus raised by taxation and donation should be given to no sectarian schools. The law that has been passed in pursuance of that constitution is intended to carry the same idea. I do not now recollect the exact language of the law, but it was designed to carry out that idea. There is a difference of opinion as to what the word sectarian means. Sectarian in one limited sense means Baptist, Methodist, Episcopalian, etc., and in another sense it means the religion of a sect. I think that is what Webster would tell you is the meaning. It means the religion of a Jew, Turk, or Chinaman. It would mean not only the sect in the ordinary character—it would mean any sort of religion, or none at all. For instance, the Liberalists, who do not agree with the orthodox doctrins of the day. Now, as to the people paying the taxes that constitute the fund that educates the children, the most liberal hav thought there is to be no species of religion at all in the school. Now, the question arises, can a Catholic teacher teach a school without having the children put a cross on their forehead? Is it practical for any one of the Christian denominations to teach without giving some sort of bias in favor of that denomination? If such a thing is practicable, it must be permissible. The Jews are a very large class in this state, and pay a large amount of taxes. It is well-known the Jews would be very highly offended if the New Testament were used, and the Catholics if the Old Testament. I take it that the founders of our system thought that the teachings of religion should not be of such a character as to bias the mind of the children in any particular section. This is my idea of it, and that, I think, is a view which lawyer and statesman in this case will take of it; that as all contribute to accumulate this fund, all ought to enjoy an equal advantage. Now I would say something about my German friends. I go to their gardens and never see anything wrong about them. I hav never seen any one party more polite, and with more gentle principles, than that I hav seen in the Turner hall at Austin. I would right here say that, in my opinion, based on a very long experience, is the very best way to encourage the drinking of wine and beer. You never saw any one, after taking a glass of wine or beer, who wanted to do some violent act. Drunkenness is the disgrace of our country; and in defense of our colored citizens, I think it is the best education that has ever been introduced in the state of Texas, as it banishes strong drink and the infamous habit of drunkenness. Wine and beer do not put the Old Scratch into their heads. Whisky does, and brandy too. There is a wide field of morality that ought to be introduced into the schools, that does not intrench upon anybody's ideas of religion, and this is the purpose of the constitution and laws of this country. If they be wrong, why, it is for the people to renovate them. I giv it as my opinion it is not wrong.

Communications.

A Call for the Eighth Annual Congress of the National Liberal League.

All citizens of the United States, whether they hav heretofore acted with this League or not, who believe in a secular government and a secular republic, separation of church and state, the equality of all citizens before the law, without distinction of creed or race or sex; justice for all, and privileges and monopolies for none; the need of universal secular education, free speech, and a free press as the basis of universal suffrage, are invited to appear or to be represented at the Eighth Annual Congress of the National Liberal League, to be held at Cassadaga Lake, Chautauqua Co., New York, on Monday and Tuesday, the 8th and 9th of September next (at the close of the New York Freethinkers' Convention at that place).

The League has for its objects the purposes above stated, and has sought to carry them out by securing:

1. The total separation of church and state; this is the first and chief object of the League, and includes among other things the taxation of church property and the suppression of sectarian appropriations; and, as necessary to that general object, the League insists upon,
2. The protection of all citizens in their equal religious, civil, and political rights, without regard to religious belief or want of such belief.
3. The universal, secular, and scientific education of the people, so as to emancipate them from the prevalent superstitions.
4. The impartial, secular administration and enforcement of the laws by secular authorities only, who shall be directly responsible to the people.
5. The inviolability of the mails, and their impartial administration for postal purposes only.
6. Freedom of the press and of speech, without any censorship except responsibility before the jury of the country for any abuse of that freedom.

Year by year we find that the above principles and measures are openly or covertly violated more and more in every state and by the general government, and chiefly through church influences. Any sect, church, or "religion" that militates against these principles openly or covertly, directly or indirectly, is the enemy of American liberty and of the American people. The League is opposed to churches and "religions" only as they are opposed to liberty and to the rights of man, the general education of the people, and the progress of mankind.

All American citizens, therefore, to whom these principles and objects commend themselvs, should rally to their support by a common and permanent organization, which is now the National Liberal League, and should make it the nurse and defender of freedom in every town and state as well as in the nation. In no other way can "the blessings of liberty," the birth-right of American freemen, be effectivly maintained. At this Congress it is designed to revise the basis of the League so as to make it so broad and Liberal that all who sympathize with its general purpose may co-operate with it to the end that a general union of all citizens of Liberal sentiments may result, and that new officers of the League may be selected without regard to past differences.

All Charter and Life Members of the League, and all delegates from local Auxiliary Leagues, will hav votes in the Congress. Each Auxiliary is entitled to send five delegates—its president, secretary, and three other members—to the Congress. Annual members are entitled to seats in the Congress, and to votes by the permission of the Congress.

Combine, then, for your common defense, for general secular education, and for the firm support of the essentials of free institutions. Let it not be your fault if, in the growth and prosperity of our people, their liberties and yours are frittered away and lost!

Dated New York, July 12, 1884.

T. B. Wakeman, President N. L. L.
Elizur Wright, 1st Vice-President.
T. C. Leland, Secretary, 744 Broadway, New York.

Miss Gibson Makes a Nomination.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* With due regard for all the names proposed for a League president, permit me to inquire why the man whose "meetings," Mr. Putnam declares, "hav been the most successful and pregnant ever held upon this continent," would not make a good League president? Mr. Putnam also says (see The Truth Seeker, July 12th), "Where would the New York State Freethinkers' Association hav been to-day if it had not been for the strenuous devotion of H. L. Green to its success?" From personal knowledge I can answer, *nowhere!* Therefore, I present the name of H. L. Green for our next League president.

My interest in this association did not commence when I became a charter member at the organization of the National League in Philadelphia, 1876, but dates back to its very incipiency; hence my desire that none of the disasters befall it pointed out by Mr. Putnam and others. Again, I inquire, why not giv the presidency to the most indefatigable worker in our ranks, and one who has earned such a reputation as Mr. Putnam justly awards him?

Will "N. G. W." giv the *names* of the candidates nominated for president and vice-president by the "American (or God-in-the-Constitution) party?"

Barre, Mass., July 11, 284. Ella E. Gibson.

A Vigorous Protest from Mrs. Severance.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* I am amazed at reading Green's nominations for the proposed new deal. Wouldn't there be liable to be harmony with such men on a committee as Walker, Abbot, Wakeman, Bundy, Adonis, etc.! Wouldn't it be a fine thing to hav a man like Bundy, who is at every possible opportunity defaming such men as Wakeman, and others equally good, and traducing the League on every possible occasion. A man who will for some little personal pique or for a difference of opinion flood the country with vile libelous charges, and in every possible way try to injure any one who will not bow to his august decrees—men who are capable of resorting to such measures as did he and Underwood to try to stab to death a brother editor and Liberal while unjustly imprisoned, and helpless to defend himself—the latter of whom Green himself pronounced dishonest and repudiated!—no, sir! no such men as these are wanted, or could be of use in the League. Men who must rule or ruin—a million of such men would not be worth a hundred men and women like those who compose the League today, who are strong, honest, reliable, self-sacrificing adherents of principles which are vital, and which they will maintain. If the new deal means any such incongruous combination of elements, it means a dishonorable death, and the sooner it dies, the better for Liberalism. There will be no backward movement of the League, or I am greatly mistaken in my estimation of the quality of the metal now composing it. Juliet H. Severance, M.D.

One World at a Time.

From the showing of our excellent ally in Milwaukee it is evident that she goes for two worlds—and, maybe, more than two, as "spirits" hav reported from Neptune, Jupiter, and other planets. But she is mistaken when she supposes Liberals opposed to the investigation of spiritual phenomena. All the Liberals I know are in favor of investigation. Those who hav investigated the most hav the least faith in mystical phenomena.

And if, as Mrs. J. H. Severance seems to think, spiritual phenomena belong to this world, I beg of her to tell us why modern mediumship was delayed so long after the race had begun. Modern mediumship was born in a "haunted house" in 1848. If we suppose that the angels two hundred thousand years, more or less, had been fully cognizant of all forms of human suffering, and yet they did nothing for our relief, does not seem to tell much in their favor. With the modern "rap" I hav been familiar from the first, in 1848, in the Fox family, till the last one this day. And my opinion is that those scientific men, and others, who hav investigated mediumistic phenomena the most, hav the least faith in them.

Still, we hav humanity's hope for the future, that it must be better, whatever that state may be. We submit to nature's order that in death annihilates our connection, as it does our knowledge, of this world. But my object is not to argue any question here with Mrs. Severance. I wish rather to suggest to her how numerous the unknown factors in her theory are; and how many of the bottom facts she has overlooked in her contribution.

A Mr. Truesdell has published a popular book on what he calls "the bottom facts." But Mr. Truesdell is himself a medium, and of that class of human beings upon whom "spirits" depend for all they know of us, or our world. He is himself a "bottom fact," and failing to appreciate that fact, his book is a deception, and somewhat of a fraud.

All we know, or can know, of Spiritualism is the phenomena. We do not know how or by whom they are produced, except that the brain of a medium is a factor, and all else is unknown. Thus: 1. We know nothing as to the personal identity of an invisibility, nothing as to their origin, their number, their sexhood, character, occupation, food, dress, disposition, mating, nor the world they innabit. And it seems enough for us to know that they do not belong to our world, especially when we bear in mind the number of mediums "under spirit control" that hav committed suicide, and, too, that hav reported themselvs mothers of "spirit babes," begotten by "spirit fathers."

2. We do not know that the invisibles would ever hav answered to the name of "spirit" if this term had not been at first suggested by Mrs. Fox in that "haunted house."

3. We do not know that spirits hav any external senses by which they can obtain any external knowledge of us and this physical world without the brain of a medium.

4. We do not know that spirits sustain any relation to us except what they assume to gratify the medium and interested parties.

5. How do you prove that spirits sustain any relation to this physical world? Spirits hav declared that they were from the planets.

6. How do you prove that death is not the annihilation of our memory, and all our relations to this world?

7. How do you prove that all the knowledge that spirits evince of us is not obtained by contact with this earth?

8. How do you prove that there is ever more than one spirit to each medium?

9. How do you arrest, try, and punish an invisible criminal?

For Spiritualists I hav feelings of kindness and respect. And I could wish they might become a power sufficient to wipe out ancient mediumism from the face of our planet. And but for these unknown factors, and were the subject really all that the enthusiastic faith of its victims estimates it for, it would hav done this long ago. A Rustic.

Livezey's Growls.

It is hardly worth while to bother with Mr. F. B. Livezey, but as Mr. A. G. Church challenged him through our columns to make good his assertion about "Infidel assassins," and as Mr. Livezey has responded in a characteristic circular, it may be due to him to hear what he has to say. The "proof" he alleges reads:

"I hav been called upon by A. G. Church, of Squaw Creek, Idaho, in The Truth Seeker of May 24, 1884, page 324, to prove my charges against Infidel persecutors. I here consider one of many cases. 1st. Are not letters from friends and foes and articles from newspapers to be accredited as proof of a thing? 2d. If letters and newspaper articles charge a shooting upon a man, are they not proofs that the shooting was done. 3d. Is the statement of a surgeon who extracted the ball not proof that a victim was shot? 4th. Is the statement of a witness who saw the assassin chase his victim, shoot him, fell him to the ground, and hollo, 'I fetched him,' not proof of the shooting? 5th. Is the statement of a man who was knocked down immediately after the shooting of man No. 1 by the butt end of the assassin's pistol, breaking his nose, no proof of the murderous tirade of the assassin, additionally, when, immediately after this, the same pistol was pointed at and within a foot of a lady's face, all in or at the door of a church on Sunday? 6th. Is it not proof that the victim No. 1 was shot, when his wife writes that it reduced him to the point of death, and the both of them had to flee the state of Oregon to avoid a repetition, leaving behind a thrifty farm, earned by their own exertions? 7th. Is the published statement of a well-known Infidel of the county in which the shooting happened, not a proof of it, when it reads, in part, thus: 'Shooting a human being is deplorable in most cases, but the regret in this case is that the ball didn't take a more fatal course?' 8th. If the assassin's own mother acknowledges him to be a 'well-known Infidel,' is that not proof that he was?"

While Mr. Livezey carefully suppresses names and places, it is not difficult to determin what is meant. There is no doubt that a case of shooting once occurred in Oregon. The perforated individual was the Rev. L. T. Nichols. The kind of a man he is was thus explained by the *New Northwest*, published in Portland, Oregon, a year ago last May:

A blight has recently fallen upon several families in Yamhill county, and one or two in Lafayette, through the preaching of a certain "Christadelphian," who induces his followers, chiefly women, to forsake all earthly ties, and "separating themselvs from the world," become a "peculiar people,' ready to induce and endure all sorts of martyrdom in this life that they may be of the favored few who are to enjoy the "first resurrection" and so inherit "eternal life." Every clear-headed person can see through the veneering of this man's preaching. It is Mormonism, pure and simple, and will end by the avenging bullet of some outraged son or husband, unless the sanctimonious wolf in sheep's clothing can elude them till he gets hold of property enough to line his pockets in the name of the "church," and then, of course, he can get away with the swag, women and all. He is already coaxing his followers to go with him to the "holy land," which to the initiated means Utah, or some other place where the dupes of an unnatural religion may get their eyes open after it is too late to help themselvs. At present they are stark crazy through the influence of his magnetism, and can no more be reasoned with than so many March hares.

The reason of the shooting is told at length by a Lafayette (Or.) correspondent of the *Yamhill Reporter*. The account was printed in these columns July 14, 1883, as just previous to this Mr. Nichols had challenged the Freethinkers of the coast to debate with him. It is from this account Livezey quotes, and we print it again entire:

Last Sunday, the 10th of June, about 11 o'clock, A.M., news was brought to town that Rev. L. T. Nichols, Christadelphian preacher, was shot and fatally wounded, while preaching to his congregation. Dr. Calbreath was called out and found the man wounded by a pistol ball. The shot had taken effect about two inches to the left of the spine and just above the hip joint; the ball, glancing, passed around among the muscles of the left side and lodged within about two inches of the navel. Had it passed through the cavity, it would probably hav been fatal; as it is, the injury is but slight. Of course the shooting caused some excitement, and the "Soul Sleepers" (Christadelphians) and their creed was pretty thoroughly canvassed. I picked up so much of their history as you get here:

About five or six years ago this man man Nichols arrived here in this county from Salt Lake. He professed to come with a revelation and a mission. By this revelation he was commanded to establish a new church, with a set of tenets, new in some respects, but smacking strongly of Mormonism in their general features. The principles of his doctrin required that all members should be independent of the outside world; that they must abandon all ornament, either personal or otherwise; that education, except enough to read the Bible, was worldly and must be shunned; that members should in-

dulge in the holy kiss; that all property owned by members belonged to the Lord, and that he was the agent of the Lord; that food must be of the simplest kind—no tea, no coffee, no sugar, no leaven in the bread, and no seasoning of any kind; that all house ornaments and musical instruments must be thrown aside; that they must not giv testimony, vote, or take any part in the government of the state, but to be governed by him as the Lord's deputy; that a parent having a child not belonging to his church should be disowned and discarded; that they should hold themselvs entirely aloof from others and look on them as mere worldlings, whose society would be contaminating; that the only thing that could keep a believing wife tied to a non-believing husband, or *vice versa*, is the force of the law—a force to be set aside as soon as possible.

With these tenets he went amongst the people and succeeded in getting a number, mostly ignorant, soft-headed women, under his control. A few men joined him, but the greater part dropped the business when they saw its drift,

For a while things went along smoothly, but in time the man became bolder and demanded more sacrifices; for instance, that children should be turned over to him, especially the girls, for religious training.

Soon a discontented muttering was heard; there was altogether too much meddling in family matters. Husbands and sons began to see that Brother Nichols was more potent at the family fireside than they were; food was cooked according to Nichols, wives and children were dressed by the same authority, and all family intercourses were conducted according to the letter of his law.

It was observed that in practicing the holy kiss Brother Nichols was chaste enough with the old and ugly sisters, but the young, good looking ones always received a vigorous hug, and a lingering on the kiss that looked altogether too carnal, and in some cases, where the sister was buxom, smacked decidedly of the lascivious. Of course all this could hav but one result. Husbands objected to having everything about them *a la* Nichols; even in kissing their wives they must conform to his rule. Husbands objected and wives persisted; family troubles followed where peace had reigned and ought to reign. There were separations because of it, and men were compelled to threaten Nichols's life if he came about their houses because of it. But the fellow persisted. He invaded the family privacy and advised the wife against her home interests, against everything that is considered lawful and sacred, and they believed in him.

One point always appeared plain in this man's labor, and that was, that he never bothered himself much about any only such as had property, or a good prospect of getting it. Among his victims—for we may call his adherents nothing else—is a lady of this town, Mrs. Martin, wife of the late Frank Martin. Mrs. Martin had considerable property in her own right, and her husband dying willed all his to her, but stipulated that the minor heirs should be properly educated. Soon after Mr. Martin's death, Nichols, who had an eye to business, managed to get the complete control of Mrs. Martin, and the result was soon apparent. She took her children from school, forbade their associating with the older members of the family, and was about to send her daughter, about eleven or twelve years old, to be instructed by Nichols, and declared that her property belonged to the Lord, which was readily understood to be equivalent to saying that it belonged to Nichols. About the same time rumor had it that all Christadelphians were obliged to turn their property into cash, and gather together in one community. Mrs. Martin's children and her mother, Mrs. Burnett, of McMinnville, all used their best efforts to change the lady's mind, but to no purpose. She remained fixed. Then her oldest son, William, returned, and he and James stood guard over their mother's home and fairly drove Nichols and his dupes off by force and threats.

Last Sunday Mrs. Martin went to the church, a grove about one mile south of this place, and the boys followed to take her home. When Nichols saw them he valiantly took to his heels. Notwithstanding he had taught his people that he could not be hurt, he took himself off lively, and, as his friends say, while he was running, James Martin pursued him on horseback, and shot him in the back. He had taught his dupes that he could not be hurt. That was a part of his revelation. Now they knew that he lied to them.

Shooting a human being is deplorable in most cases, but the regret in this case is that the ball didn't take a more fatal course. We are told that there is no law to protect a household from such scoundrels as this fellow; that under the name of religion any man can force himself on the privacy of a family, regardless of all decency, and do such mischief as he pleases. If this is so, then every man must be a law unto himself, and the revolver the arbiter, and any man who attempts to destroy family relations must know that he takes his life in his hand when he does so. The better way would be, when such as Nichols appears in a community, to giv him notice to leave or be strung up to the first tree. Had Nichols been treated thus, several families now separated might be still living happily together. Allowing such men to ply their vocation is not religious liberty; it is but giving license to swindlers and libertins, and the sooner people and governments take that view of it the better. Away with them, to prison or the gallows!

While everybody regrets the necessity of using the pistol, yet the Martin boys hav the sympathy of nearly all the country, except it may be a few perverse cranks, who always manage to be on the opposit side of every question. But the general expression is sorrow that the ball did not take a more fatal course, whoever fired it—which the Martin boys deny doing.

Frontier justice is apt to be rough and hasty, but it is usually *justice*. A preacher who in places where the revolver is a familiar toy interferes between man and wife must necessarily hold his life lightly, and if he loses it has no one but himself to blame. Had Mr. Nichols let the women and girls alone; had he been less anxious to hav his dupes consecrate their property to the Lord—meaning Nichols; had he been less ready to greet with holy kiss—in short, not to go over the disgusting details of his career, had he been anything but a scoundrelly Christian adventurer, he would not hav brought upon himself the punishment he did. It is perfectly plain for what he was shot; the only mystery being why he was not shot sooner.

Mr. Livezey intimates that he has several more as good cases as this, but we imagin that until he finds some *a good deal better* Mr. Church will keep his money in his pocket.

THE pleasant creed of the last sect discovered in Russia is that it is the bounden duty of the faithful to slay all those who do not agree with them in their religious views, and it is said that numbers hav already paid the death penalty for non-conversion.

Mormonism Again.

So many remedies having been recommended for the practice of the Bible doctrin of polygamy in Utah, and all having so signally failed, I, a resident here for the last twenty-three years, and somewhat familiar with the features and phases of Mormonism, would humbly suggest a last and, I am sure, a lasting cure against the evil. My plan would be worth while trying before the Rev. Talmage's amputation method should be resorted to. It is this: Let Congress cease tinkering up, mending, amending, and patching their bills for the suppression of polygamy or any other doctrin founded upon their word of God, the Bible. Instead of sending us richly-endowed ex-senators, ex-congressmen, etc., as commissioners to execute their inefficient laws, let Congress appropriate a few thousand dollars annually, say for three or five years, to each of some such men as John E. Remsburg, George Chainey, Charles B. Reynolds, and, if it could be, to Col. Ingersoll. Send them as missionaries to reason, argue with, and talk to the people. In a few years hence the result would be no kingdom-building in Utah, no polygamy, no necessity for political interference, because there would be no priestly interference here. This people would be as loyal as any other in the Union. Utah would be admitted as one of the great states. Our educational facilities, now so much hindered, would be greatly furthered.

Such a change effected by such men, means, and methods may not suit Talmage, God, and the Christians, but I am more than confident of the good results from personal observation and experience in the town where I liv. Only fourteen years ago the inhabitants here, one and all, were perhaps more devoted to Mormonism and all its tenets than their brethren of the surrounding settlements. At least that was what the highest church authorities here asserted. Now, what a change! The majority, if not avowed Freethinkers, are so tinctured with Liberal views and ideas that only one polygamous marriage has been contracted during that time. Sunday meetings are but slimly attended; tithing, none, or, if at all, flowing in as slow as molasses in cold, winter weather. The cause of this falling off was several years ago ascribed by the then bishop to the fact that "there are so many Tom Paine men here." And I knew and know his expression was correct. As for legislating Bible religion into or out of any community or individual, the experiment has too long and too often proved a fruitless task, for

> "Convince a man against his will,
> And he is unconverted still."

To send out Christian reverends with their Bibles here would be worse than useless. An Orson Pratt (the ablest Mormon apostle) would not hav been necessary to come out victorious in the debate with the Rev. Dr. Newman upon the question whether the Bible sanctions polygamy or not, for anybody conversant with the book would hav more than matched the doctor.

The Mormons say that Jehovah has talked this matter over with Joseph Smith; and did he (Jehovah) not talk, and often upon similar topics, in former days? Certainly. And is he not the same as he was four thousand years ago? Ye Christians, answer.

Milton, Utah. L. P. EDHOLM.

A Methodist Minister's Heresy.

From the New York Sun.

A very intelligent New Haven Methodist writes to us at length with regard to the views of the Rev. Dr. Curry touching the scriptures, and more especially the Old Testament. Dr. Curry, it will be remembered, confessed that a great change had come over his mind with regard to the Bible, which he was disposed to now treat in a spirit of doubt and criticism rather than with the reverential faith with which he formerly approached its pages.

These sentiments, our correspondent very truly says, do not represent the position occupied by the Methodist church, but he suggests that Dr. Curry may hav spoken in haste and heat and without having made "a deliberate, thoughtful study of the field." "I still cherish the hope," he says further, "that there is some misunderstanding which can be explained with honor to all."

It seems to us, however, that it is useless to cherish any hope of that sort. What Dr. Curry said was taken down by a stenographer, and it was so plain and positiv that there is no possibility of a misunderstanding with regard to it. Moreover the sentiments were uttered by a man who stands at the head of Methodist theologians, and who, presumably, had come to the conclusions he expressed only after a careful study of contemporary biblical criticism. If he at all deserves his reputation, it is an impertinence to assume, as our correspondent does, that he talked without a knowledge of his subject.

But, so assuming, our Methodist friend proceeds to try to help Dr. Curry out of his scrape by supposing "he really meant" this:

> "To enforce in strong language the truth that we are commanded to believe not on Methuselah or Nebuchadnezzar, but on our Lord Jesus Christ; that the Old Testament must find its support and glory in the New, and that it is unwise to pin our faith on the mummy sleeve of a remote past when the myriad voices of the living present are calling upon the church to arise and stand forth as the light of the world and the salt of the earth. This, I think, is the actual position of the working masses of the Methodist church. In their zeal for the acceptance of Christ as a present savior, and in their earnest expectation of a blissful immortality, they may not draw so tightly the cords of doctrinal and historical orthodoxy; but I am confident that the great body of the church is sincere, and that they hav no esoteric doctrins which they are ashamed or afraid to proclaim."

If Dr. Curry does not know how to say what he means, and treats so important and grave a subject as the authenticity and authority of the scriptures with carelessness and thoughtlessness, we are surprised that the Methodists, at their general conference, made him the editor of the review which expresses their most serious and deliberate thought. But, of course, he knew what he was talking about, and what he said was the result of the same kind of study and the same reading which hav led so many other theologians to the conclusions he declared in unmistakable language. The track he had been traveling is well beaten, and very familiar to those who hav kept up with the march of modern religious skepticism.

Nor is there any use in attempting to reconcile views like those of Dr. Curry and the Rev. Heber Newton with the creeds and doctrins of Christian theology. The two are utterly antagonistic. If you take away perfect faith and substitute reason, the supernatural basis of the church is gone; there is nothing left for it to stand upon except a code of morals not peculiar to it.

Testing the Candidates.

From the New Thought.

The editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER has written a letter to both James G. Blaine and Benjamin F. Butler, asking each of them to commit himself fairly on the proposed amendment to the United States Constitution. He asks each of them, if elected, to in their inaugural or in a message to Congress recommend an amendment to the Constitution, "that neither Congress nor any state shall make any laws respecting an establishment of religion, or favoring any particular form of religion, or prohibiting the exercise thereof, or permitting in any degree a union of church and state, or granting any special privilege to any religious body, or taxing the people of any state either directly or indirectly for the support of any sect or religious body." Or "that no religious test shall ever be required of anybody as a condition of suffrage, or as a qualification for office; that no person shall be deprived of the privilege of testifying in courts of justice in consequence of religious opinions. That neither the United States, or states, territories, or municipalities shall be permitted to make any gift, grant, or appropriation to any church, sect, or faith."

The above is simply a condensation of the principal points of a very able and quite lengthy letter. Of course, neither candidate will pay any attention to it. There are other worse enemies—enemies of more power before the people to-day than the churches, and the candidate who brings that issue into the came paign would lose more than he could possibly gain.

While we do not ask a president to propose the above amendments to the Constitution, we would not vote for one who was opposed to them; and while there is a small party of bigots in the United States threatening our liberty, it is well that the other side claim a hearing. This move on the part of Mr. Macdonald, if it does not set the candidates to thinking, will make others think. It will open up new questions for discussion, and thus, though it is doubtful whether it will change a single vote, it will stimulate thought in the right direction, and is, therefore, a good move.

If the political campaign can be made an occasion for showing how much money this professedly secular nation is even now wasting on chaplains, in Congress, legislatures, armies, and prisons, it will be a good work. The government of Russia kept a bear at public expense for many years. It was supposed the government would go to pieces without a real live governmental bear. But a government bear happened to die just when another one could not be procured to take its place. The government somehow managed to get along without it. So it was learned that the bear was a needless expense and it was abolished.

Our costly bear is the religious services in Congress, legislatures, prisons, asylums, and armies.

A Case of Constructiv Insult.

M. Labeau, the sexton of the Catholic church of St. Laurent, in Montreal, had an old grudge against a Mr. Turcotte, a prominent member of the congregation. He wished to insult him, and he took a novel method of doing it. One Sunday while he was taking up a collection he omitted to present his enemy with the plate, although the latter had his money in his hand. The sexton passed him by with a contemptuous glance, and Mr. Turcotte was obliged to put his money back again into his pocket. However, he determined to get even with the sexton. For having thus "wickedly and deliberately" omitted to present him with the plate, he sued him and laid his damages at $190. The case was tried before the Superior Court of Montreal, and resulted in a judgment against the wicked sexton, who was compelled to pay over to Mr. Turcotte the sum of five dollars to indemnify him for the injury he had caused.

Communications.

Facts and Fallacies in Regard to the New Testament.

When and where do saints obtain their reward? The main dependence of Christians to establish their pet dogma of the immortality of the soul is the record in Luke xvi, 19–31.

This scripture is either parable or recital of facts. It cannot be part parable and part fact. It is alleged it must be recital of facts because it commences with the positiv assertion: "There was a certain rich man," etc. But the by-all-acknowledged parable of the unjust steward in the same chapter commences with the same words: "There was a certain rich man," etc., verse 1.

Parables are allegories. Christ explains this in the parable of the "Wheat and the Tares" (Matt. xiii, 24–40). He says: "The sower is the son of man; the field is the world; the good seed are the children of the kingdom; the tares, children of the wicked one; the enemy that sowed them, the devil; the harvest, the end of the world; the reapers are the angels." If Rich Man and Lazarus is a parable, Rich Man does not mean a rich man, or Lazarus a beggar, but are taken to represent something else. "Without a parable spake he not unto them" (Matt. xiii, 34). Thus the going to heaven or hell at death theory is left without a text to sustain it.

Some, in despair, at lack of all scripture to uphold their chief and darling dogma, insist it is not parable, but recital of facts. Even allowing this, we hav already shown there is not one word about righteous or wicked, good or bad, saint or sinner. It simply says: "The rich man was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day. The beggar named Lazarus was laid at his gate, full of sores." It does not even intimate that either possessed or lacked faith. It says no word of going to heaven. "And it came to pass that the beggar died and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom; the rich man also died and was buried" (Luke xvi, 22).

It is claimed "Abraham's bosom" is heaven, or means heaven. Where, in either Old or New Testament, is the text that justifies such an assertion? If it is relation of facts, then, indeed, it asserts all the beggars with sores go to Abraham's bosom. What a capacious bosom the old patriarch must hav!

Let us examin a few texts bearing on this point: "Looking for and hasting unto the coming of the day of God, wherein the heavens being on fire shall be dissolved" (2 Peter iii, 12). If Abraham's bosom is heaven, then Abraham's bosom is to be on fire until it is dissolved. Then all the saints in heaven would need a drop of water to cool their tongues—quite as much as the rich man. When Abraham's bosom is on fire, would not that make hell for all the saints?—to say nothing of being exceedingly uncomfortable for the old gentleman himself. "Nevertheless, we, according to his promis, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness" (2 Peter iii, 13). Beggars and all other saints who go to heaven will find it hell at last, "for the heavens being on fire shall be dissolved." In all seriousness we call attention to the Bible declaration, "Heaven, the host of angels—all in heaven—shall be dissolved in fire." "And all the host of heaven shall be dissolved, and the heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll; and all their host shall fall down, as the leaf falleth from the vine, and as a falling fig from the fig-tree" (Isa. xxxiv, 4). This fire is to be ignited by God himself. "Looking for and hasting unto the coming of the day of God, wherein the heavens being on fire, shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat" (2 Peter iii, 12).

If the teaching of the church is true, that the righteous go to heaven at death, the Bible declares they will be burnt up, dissolved in fire, when the great and terrible day of the Lord comes.

If this scripture, rich man and Lazarus, is fact, how about verses 23 and 24? "And in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments, and seeth Abraham afar off and Lazarus in his bosom. And he cried, and said, Father Abraham, hav mercy on me, and send Lazarus, that he may dip the tips of his fingers in water, and cool my tongue, for I am tormented in this flame." This, if a recital of facts in regard to the condition of the righteous and wicked after death, teaches that those in heaven constantly witness the tortures and writhings of their dear loved ones in hell; listening to their shrieks of agony, their imprecations, and vain cries for mercy.

What ecstatic bliss, what perfect happiness, for a mother in heaven to daily and hourly witness the burning and horrible sufferings of her children! What a desirable heaven!

CHRIST'S COMFORT FOR MOURNERS

But, fact or parable, how can our Christian friends claim such interpretation of this scripture in support of a theory directly opposed to the plainest declarations of Christ and the New Testament?

At the grave of Lazarus, Jesus, desiring to comfort the sorrowing Martha, did not, after the manner of the modern parson, tell her, "Your brother is better off; do not weep for him, he has gone to heaven, is with the angels singing glad hosannahs around the throne of God." But he said, "Thy brother shall rise again." Surely Christians ought to be willing to admit Christ gave her the very best consolation possible. "Martha saith unto him, I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day" (John xi, 23, 24). Now, if Lazarus had gone to heaven, and the record declares he had been dead four days; if he was reveling in the joys of heaven, why did not Jesus correct her and comfort her with the information? Instead of this, he confirmed her in the theory that the only hope was in the resurrection.

"Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he liv" (25)—by and through the resurrection. "And whosoever liveth [until the last day, or day of resurrection, of which both were speaking] and believeth in me shall never die"—shall be translated—(1 Thess. iv, 16–18). Was death regarded as the door to glory by Jesus when he raised Lazarus? If so, how cruel for Christ to command him to come back from the realms of glory, to take off his wings, giv up his crown, resign his little harp, forsake the society and songs of angels, and return to this world of sin and sorrow!

Again, when the Sadducees who denied the resurrection came to Jesus and asked him if a woman had seven husbands, whose wife shall she be, not at death, but at the resurrection—"And the seven had her, and left no seed; last of all, the woman died also. In the resurrection, therefore, when they shall rise, whose wife shall she be of them, for the seven had her to wife? Jesus answered, When they shall rise from the dead, they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels which are in heaven" (Mark xii, 22–25). And Jesus calls attention to the utter unconsciousness of the dead, and because of that unconsciousness the necessity of a resurrection.

"And as touching the dead that they rise" (26, 27), he refers to Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, whom they knew to be dead and buried. Now, as proof that they must hav a resurrection, and were not then alive or in heaven, Christ declares, "For God is not the God of the dead, but of the living.

Christ most positivly asserts none hath ever ascended up to heaven. "And no man hath ascended up to heaven but he that came down from heaven, even the son of man which is in heaven" (John iii, 13). Speaking to his disciples in regard to going to his father in heaven, he declared even his disciples, not even the beloved John, could go to heaven. "Little children, yet a little while I am with you, ye shall seek me, and as I said unto the Jews, Whither I go ye cannot come; so now I say to you" (John xiii, 33).

David is indorsed as a perfect saint both in the Old and the New Testaments. "Because David did that which was right in the eyes of the Lord, and turned not aside from anything that he commanded him all the days of his life, save only in the matter of Uriah the Hittite" (1 Kings xv, 5). "And when he had removed him, he raised up unto them David to be their king; to whom also he gave testimony, and said, I hav found David, the son of Jessie, a man after mine own heart, which shall fulfil all my will" (Acts xiii, 22). Certainly if any one ever ascended into heaven at death, David did. Yet the inspired Peter, on the day of Pentecost, especially inspired in his utterances by the Holy Ghost, declared: "Men and brethren, let me freely speak unto you of the patriarch David, that he is both dead and buried, and his sepulcher is with us unto this day." "For David is not ascended into the heavens" (Acts ii, 29, 34). Paul indorses this declaration: "For David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep, and was laid unto his fathers, and saw corruption" (Acts xiii, 36). All the teaching of Paul is to the same effect: "For if the dead rise not, then is not Christ raised; your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins. Then they also which are fallen asleep in Christ are perished" (1 Cor. xv, 16–18). If Christ be not raised, your faith is vain. How could this be, if faith in Christ would insure going to heaven at death? What matter to them if their immortal soul, the real man, the conscious entity, was enjoying the delights of heaven? What need they care about the body if their faith would insure their soul's salvation?

"Then they also which are fallen asleep in Christ are perished." How could David hav perished if his soul went to heaven at death? But the Bible positivly declares he had not ascended into heaven. Like Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and all the rest of the saints, they must lie unconscious in the grave till the resurrection.

Paul taught this in regard to himself and all the saintly Christians: "If after the manner of men I hav fought with beasts at Ephesus, what advantageth it me if the dead rise not? let us eat and drink; for tomorrow we die" (1 Cor. xv, 32). A modern priest or minister would roll up his eyes in mingled astonishment and horror. What advantageth you, Paul? Much every way. Don't you know at death you go at once to heaven? No matter, then, resurrection or no resurrection, you are sure of dwelling with Jesus and the angels in heaven. But Paul knew nothing of this theory. Speaking of comforting those who are mourning over the death of dear loved ones, he declares: "For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them which are asleep. For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first. Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words" (1 Thess. iv, 15–18). Not at death, but at the resurrection, Paul claims Christians hav hope of heaven. Learned doctors of divinity tell us that our soul is part of God, and therefore must be immortal. Even the souls of the wicked must liv forever—in everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.

It is by all admitted that a vast number more wicked than good people die. If wicked souls go to hell, then the greater part of God is in hell. Christian friends, do you believe your own doctrin? Does God send the biggest part of himself to hell for the devil to roast and torture, thus triumphing over God?

Can any being be God, and be unjust? Impossible; for the moment it is proved a God is unjust, that moment he is dethroned. It must be admitted by the most bigoted worshiper of Jehovah that none of us were consulted in regard to the time or epoch in which we liv in this world.

Let us suppose a case. A man lived a hundred years ago; he lived a most exemplary, earnest, devout Christian life. At the age of sixty he happened to be presented with a copy of Mr. Thomas Paine's "Age of Reason." He read, thought, reasoned, and of necessity lost faith in Bible inspiration and church creed, while thus disbelieving died, and was damned (the loving, pitying Jesus declares, "He that believeth not shall be damned"), goes to hell, where there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth.

To-day a man sixty years old dies, who has been an unprincipled, degraded wretch, living a vile life of brutality and sensuality. He dies and goes to hell. Where is the justice? Why should the good, pure, noble man, whose only offense was the exercise of his reason in regard to religious matters a few days before death—why should he hav to endure one hundred years more of hell, torture, and burning than the miserable wretch who died to-day?

On the other hand, a man died in the faith a hundred years ago (to avoid any quibble about his going to heaven, since every one of the thousand and one denominations claim they alone are God's chosen and peculiar people, we will send by the all-acknowledged, sure, safe, lightning express, with free pass, baggage permit checked through, infallible, direct route, bee line to the arms of Jesus and the eternal realms of glory); he lived a miserable life of drunkenness, vice, and crime, ending with the brutal murder of his wife, three children, and aged mother. On the scaffold he would, after the usual custom, assure the spectators that "he rejoiced in the love of Jesus; he was willing to die, for he was going to his blessed savior, who had paid it all, all the debt he owed; he had but one regret, as he is about to be borne by the holy angels to the bosom of his blessed savior, and dwell forever in the joys of heaven—that his wife, his little children, and his poor old mother, could never meet him in heaven; they had died in their sins, without one prayer, and in the mercy and love of his dear heavenly father they were doomed to eternal hell. But he hoped to meet all who had been so kind to him since his arrest, those dear sisters in Christ who had been so loving in 'tending him in the cell, bringing him choice flowers and delicacies; the holy and reverend gentlemen who had led him to Jesus, and the sheriff who had so indulged him in all he asked for. Blessed Jesus, holy savior, I come to thee!"

And the sheriff, per the hempen cravat line, swings him straight into the arms of Jesus.

A man of great benevolence, practical piety, a benefactor of his race, dies to-day. He, too, goes to heaven.

Why should the miserable criminal who only complied with the conditions by fear of the scaffold hav one hundred years more of the joys of heaven than the good and noble man, who lived a long life of virtue and benevolence?

CHAS. B. REYNOLDS.

The Government Has too Much Power Already.

Would it not be a good idea to make our state free school system a national system, and in this way get a free school system in all and each state? Also make it entirely free from all kinds of sectarianism? Compel parents and guardians to send their children, of school age, a certain number of weeks or months to these schools? In this way the nation could assist to furnish the means to aid the state to educate into science. Leave the sects religiously to teach their doctrins independent of our national free schools. By teaching the sciences the nation would be putting the minds of the next generation on guard against error in all forms, be it Roman Catholic, or Mormon, or orthodox, or any other.

The next generation would hav scientific truth as

a basis to reason from, and be better able to keep clear of error in any and every form. Is this not the only remedy from all the dangers to this nation as a nation?

I put this thought to the well wisher of the good of this nation, and ask the question, Am I right?

South Lowell, Ala. J. K. DEARTH.

Duplicating the Tricks of the "Georgia Wonder."

MUSCLE, NOT MAGNETISM.

From the New York Sun of the 9th inst.

Wallack's Theater opened at half past seven o'clock last evening, but long before that hour a great crowd of persons had gathered on the steps. At half past eight o'clock the curtain and the lights went up together, and the slim young man who discoursed so sensibly the night before did the same thing again.

Behind the young man, and far back on the stage, sat a tall, hearty-looking young woman, all in black with the exception of her cheeks, which were red, and her hands, which were very white and large. When the young man got through speaking on his own account he introduced the young lady in black as the Wonder, and invited any gentleman among the spectators to come on the stage and see what she could do. A dozen men accepted the offer, and all the performances of Monday evening were repeated, even to the piano, which played exactly the same tune.

The biggest man on the stage was invited to come out and hold an umbrella over the young lady's head. He did so. He was then told to hold one hand in front of his face, so that the umbrella wouldn't hit him. That he also did. Then the Wonder put the palm of her hand against the umbrella, and the slim man told the big man not to let the umbrella move. But it did move, and so did the big man and the Wonder. When a whirlwind of evolutions around the stage had calmed down, the umbrella was turned inside out and otherwise wrecked, and the big man and the Georgia Wonder were both very red in the face and perspiring freely. The big man was satisfied, and went away, while others tried the powers of the Wonder one after another, all with the same result. None could hold the umbrella still, but all, when they retired to the rear of the stage, agreed that there was no magnetism about the Wonder, but that there was a great deal of muscle. The spectators didn't hear these remarks, however, and stamped, whistled, and clapped in token of very great delight.

One young man, very blond, in a very blond suit, afforded the spectators especial delight. Not only was he pushed hither and thither at the will of the Wonder, but when she let go of him he spun round and round, as though he had sprung from the grasp of Miss Lulu into the vortex of a whirlwind. The more he spun around the more the spectators were delighted, but the gentlemen on the stage noticed that when he stopped spinning he smiled very sweetly, and they thought that he did not show enough agitation for a young man who had met a Georgia Wonder for the first time, and had passed through the experience of a dry leaf in a gale of wind. When several umbrellas, all alike, and all rather weak, had been eternally ruined, the Wonder passed to other exercises. A stout cane was given to a gentleman, and he held it with both hands in front of him, and about two feet apart, and was told not to move while Miss Lulu put the palm of one or both of her hands against the stick and used her magnetic power. The man tried not to move, but he couldn't help it. The next gentleman who tried the experiment was the one who had loaned the stick. He was thick set and very powerful, and although he had to move more or less, he moved very little, and when his experiment was concluded the Wonder showed signs of greater fatigue than he. A dozen others tried the cane experiment with varying results, all moving around more or less, but none very violently, with the exception of the original blond young man, who was as much affected by his endeavors to hold the cane as by his efforts to keep the umbrella from moving. He spun just as industriously for one experiment as for the other.

In the following experiments first one and then two men vainly endeavored to hold a billiard cue steady, and one after another succeeded, after a severe struggle, in forcing one end of the billiard cue to the floor. When this had been done for the third or fourth time, an old gentleman in the front row, with a red face, who had been breathing hard and trying to make the top of his head smoother with a silk handkerchief, concluded that he had solved the mystery. He arose and said impressivly: "She's got electricity stored in her shoes. I want her to take off her shoes and stockings, and then we'll see how she does it." The red-faced man smiled a satisfied smile, as though he had solved the problem, but the slim man in the swallow-tailed suit did not agree with him, and said kindly: "I'm sorry, sir, but the young lady does not take off her shoes and stockings on the stage."

The spectators laughed, while Miss Lulu looked daggers at the man who had hinted that her shoes were big enough to conceal electric batteries. A young man on the stage, inspired by the elder one's example, got up a theory of his own, and announced in a loud voice that the stage was charged with electricity, and he could feel it in the bones of his feet. His idea won little favor, and he sat down and kept his feet off the floor. The packed house had become impatient and showed anxiety for more wonders, so Miss Hurst continued her exhibition. The largest man left on the stage, and several others after him, held a chair in their arms and tried vainly to keep themselves and it from moving around the stage when Miss Lulu wanted them to do so. After that she held the chair, and as many as could get a hold of it tried to force it to the floor, but had the greatest difficulty in doing so. Thus ended the peaceful half of the show.

The chair was put well in front on the stage, and Miss Lulu twirled it around and around with her hands. Several gentlemen sat on the chair, and she threw them out of it without apparent effort. A tall gentleman, with a pink in his coat lapel, had been on the stage from the first, and had been among the most unsuccessful in his efforts to defeat the wonder. The man who felt electricity in his feet even accused him of being an accomplice. But he was not. When the third or fourth gentleman had been thrown from the chair he walked to the edge of the stage, and, while trembling with excitement, said:

"This whole business is a fraud from beginning to end. Anybody here can do anything that she has done. I can do all these tricks myself. Why don't she hold a cane still, or press a chair to the floor, if she has this wonderful power? I'll hold the chair and let her try it."

The tall man tried to say more, but everybody was yelling at once. The slim man was screaming in his ear and waving his arms, and the very blond man began to look dangerous. For at least five minutes a perfect uproar reigned. Everybody who had a voice used it, and Miss Lulu alone stood calm and self-possessed, in the midst of a wild uproar, in which everybody yelled, whistled, stamped, shouted, and groaned, and which seemed calculated to shake the nerves of an unsophisticated Georgia girl. Finally the slim young man, whose shirt front was now ruined, and whose hair was tumbled, succeeded in obtaining a moment's silence.

"I wish," said he, in a voice that seemed rather nervous, "that the audience would tell me what they want."

The audience was entirely willing, and did so for five minutes more. The only words the slim young man could distinguish were "dude," "chair," "cane," and, "Sling her out." Then the tall man, who had become calm, and who proved to be Dr. W. E. Forrest, began to speak. Nobody heard him, but at the end a fat man was sitting in the chair, and the doctor was getting ready to do what the Wonder had done. He did it. He put both hands against the sides of the chair. The one toward the spectators was passiv and idle, as had been that of the Wonder, but the other, not in sight, grasped the chair with a firm grip, and with great ease threw the fat man on the floor just as Miss Lulu's right hand had done. Then the crowd yelled more, and the slim man made a motion to retreat, but was prevented by the men on the stage. He walked dejectedly back and said, "Let him hold a chair and keep men from forcing it to the floor." A man in the balcony constituted himself umpire, and said everything must be fair, and the tall man must grab the chair the way the girl did. When he had done so, half a dozen men, including the slim one, pitched for the chair, but could not force it to the floor. When the crowd came to for the last time the lights were turned down, and the Georgia Wonder, the slim young man, and the very blond young man had disappeared.

While some were looking for them, others had a little riot on the stage. The doctor received an ovation from admirers who pressed around him to congratulate him. A man who was variously called "Wright" and "Sanford" by the crowd around him menaced the doctor and called him hard names. The doctor, no match for him physically, stood up like a man, and the crowd backed him vociferously. The man called "Wright" and "Sanford" did not last as long as the Wonder. He disappeared suddenly.

The following is the explanation of one of our correspondents, resident in Georgia, of the *modus operandi* of Miss Hurst. It appeared in the Augusta (Ga.) *Chronicle:*

EDITORS CHRONICLE: Credulity is like jealousy; it "doth make the meat it feeds upon."

By the papers I see that Miss Hurst has fallen into the hands of the doctors, and has completely captivated them. They seem to be astonished at her ability and acknowledge that she has wonderful "occult force." I am sure I hav no objection to whatever subtle power Miss Hurst may possess. But are the doctors sure that she has the "magnetism" or "force" attributed to her, which they detected?

The idea has gone out that Dr. Rains and others made a test of her "psychic" force, and seemed to be convinced that she had the marvelous power, by the mere touch of her hands, to hold up a chair, overcoming the efforts of two or three men to put it to the floor. But it appears it did not occur to the doctors and the lawyer to reverse the order of things, and let two or even one man hold the chair and request Miss Hurst to put it to the floor by all the "psychic force" she may possess. It may seem strange to those who hav never tried it, but almost any lady can hold a chair in her hands and successfully resist the efforts of two men to put it down to the floor.

The feat of swaying a stout man about, and pushing him down on the stage, to the astonishment of "skeptics" and delight of the believers, while he is holding with both hands a chair firmly pressed to his breast, which has given Miss Hurst such renown, any girl twelve years old can do, as can be readily demonstrated. The explanation is this: Let a stout man, for instance, hold a chair, grasping the front part, the post with both hands, firmly pressing the back of it to his breast; then let the "magnetizer" put the palms of the hands upon the bottom of the chair and gently press with a slight swaying motion until the person is thrown off his equilibrium; then put one hand, just the palm if you wish, on the back of the chair, and turn the person around, or sway him from side to side, and if he holds on to the chair he will soon fall. His struggling is to maintain his balance, which the holding of the chair prevents. Generally the bewildered man throws the chair away to keep from breaking his neck, and converts all the skeptics. Very little force, when adroitly applied, is required to do this. No electric power nor magnetism is concerned in it. Some persons are much more easily thrown about than others.

The umbrella trick which astonished the lawyers and doctors and made a "cyclone" of the lawyer's umbrella, as the astonished reporter stated, is a very simple thing. Any little girl ten years old can produce such a "Burke county cyclone" with the umbrella as described at the meeting of the doctors. The *modus operandi* is this: Place an open umbrella over any little girl or young lady and a man, and let her slip her hands over the staff, to electrify it, if you please, then suddenly flirt it up, always requesting the person under the umbrella with you to catch it and hold it down when it starts up. As soon as the person lays hold of it, the operator must suddenlg jerk it down over both of their heads, and tangle it up in the hair of the head. Then she must fumble about awhile to disengage it, and as soon as it is partially free (never mind the fellow's eye) suddenly thrust it over the heads of the wonder-struck bystanders, whose duty is to seize it as it flies. In the scramble it soon breaks into pieces. The more that pull at it the better the marvel. I hav performed this "prodigy" repeatedly. It requires no "odylic force" to cause an umbrella to break in pieces, if a crowd of men pull at it.

The whirling of a chair by putting the palms of the hands on the hind posts is very easily accomplished. A very little practice will make anyone expert in it. After sliding the palms of the hands over the post, the chair leaning a little, a slight twitch of the muscles will turn it over. There is no magnetism about it, or necessary. The fact is, the occult power or force attributed to, or claimed by, certain individuals exists in the credulity of the spectators. Now, I do not pretend to say that Miss Lulu Hurst claims any "occult force" in doing what she does so well.

However, discussions of this character, about the marvelous, the magnetic, or electric power of certain individuals, remind me of the wrangle over a proposition a certain king submitted to the savants of France. Of course the king's question had to be discussed. It was this: "Take a given number of pounds of water, add to it a live fish, and the weight would not be increased." The doctors disputed over the singular phenomenon for several days without arriving at any satisfactory solution of the paradox. At this crisis a wag suggested: "Suppose we test the matter." The water and the fish were carefully weighed, and the discussion was suddenly closed.

FIAT JUSTITIA.

MORE QUEER WOMEN IN GEORGIA.

From the Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution.

Georgia is winning a great reputation abroad as being the home of electric women. The manifestations of Miss Lulu Hurst are now puzzling Northern audiences. Then Miss Mattie Lee Price, living not more than ten miles from the home of Miss Hurst, developed the same mysterious power, and has also gone abroad to illustrate the new type of Georgia womanhood. Now a third and more remarkable case has developed in Atlanta, the lady being Mrs. C. F. Coleman, the wife of the superintendent of the Atlanta cotton factory, and a lady of great worth. Mrs. Coleman had seen the wonderful Lulu when she was in this city, and her husband had felt her peculiar and inexplicable power. About ten days ago Mrs. Coleman accidentally ascertained that a chair would yield to her touch and twist in any direction at her will without the use of muscular power. She imparted the knowledge to her husband, and repeated trials were made. These trials only strengthened Mrs. Coleman's power, and convinced her husband that she could repeat Lulu Hurst's freaks. Mrs. Coleman made the discovery known to her friends, and last night quite a number of invited guests assembled in the Young Men's Christian Association rooms to witness her first public manifestation of the strange power. Mrs. Colman was, at first, somewhat embarrassed, but as she proceeded with her task she became calm, and succeeded in everything she undertook. A stick held by Mr. Scott and Mr. Kimball was made to pass round freely, despite strenuous efforts to hold it still. One of the gentlemen was compelled, very much against his will, to giv up a pleasant chair in which he was sitting, the chair turning over and throwing him out, while a table was raised almost entirely from the floor simply by Mrs. Colman holding her hands upon it. The masterpiece was performed when Mrs. Coleman took a walking cane in her hand. She held one end, and by simply touching the other end to the edge of the table made the table stand on two legs only. During the entire entertainment the gentlemen present watched closely, but could detect nothing resembling trickery. They all declared that the lady's power was something wonderful, and while all said that she was equal to Lulu Hurst, some declared she excelled her. Mrs. Coleman is at the same loss as Miss Hurst was to account for the power she commands.

Going to the Show.

"Oh, dear! it has been the longest day I ever knew," said a lady to me this evening (Sunday).

"Well, you should hav gone to church," was my reply. "There were three special attractions and several minor ones there. First, there was the white negro lady from Frankfort. She was not only the fairest but one of the best dressed women in church. She came in with a coal-black negro and sat in the negro gallery, looking like an angel in a crowd of troglodytes.

"Then there was the daughter of our merchant prince, just home from her commencement, and dressed in pure white, with an exquisit 'love of a bonnet' and other feminin fixings to match.

"The third attraction was the presence of Mrs. Hall, the daughter of one of Snowville's greatest preachers, and the wife of a noted evangelist; and she is also the whilom belle of our little village. She is just in from her St. Louis home to visit mother, sisters, and brothers, and other home friends. She was exquisitly dressed in peacock-blue silk, and was the center of all eyes.

"Then there were several minor attractions—a lady with a long white plume; another dressed this way; and another just the reverse."

"Yes, but what of the men?"

"Oh, nothing of note, only Mr. P. had a ripe apple with which he was taunting some of the girls till one of them finally snatched it from him."

"And the preaching?"

"Well, the expected stranger failed to put in an appearance, so Dr. B. gave us a short sermon—nothing new, though."

It seems from all I can gather that the "going to church" of the present group here convened amounts to a view of female loveliness enhanced by beautiful dress goods and lovely millinery, and as I've no curiosity in that line, and I've heard "you 'uns" all describe the show, I hav been a gainer by remaining at home, for I've written several articles for the press, and half a dozen letters, and this afternoon Mr. S. and I took a long walk to Graysentown to call upon a friend. I enjoyed every step of the walk around the mountain path, through green lanes and grassy fields strewn with ripe dewberries and with oxeye daisies laughing cheerily at us and inviting us to gather a wild-flower bouquet for the mantel vases at home as a reminder of the Sunday's outing.

ELMINA.

July 6, 284.

A Nomination for Secretary.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Believing that the declination of the office of secretary of the National Liberal League by Mr. T. C. Leland is more sincere than the recent declination of Mr. Samuel J. Tilden, and considering that nominations for the place he will leave are now in order, I would like to suggest for the next secretary of the League Mr. Charles B. Reynolds, of North Parma, N. Y. I make this nomination knowing the earnestness of Mr. Reynolds, and believing that the labor of the position would not be a hindrance, but rather an advantage to him in the prosecution of the work he has chosen for himself. I can see how the work of secretary could be very advantageously combined with that of Liberal lecturer, and Mr. Reynolds is the man above all others within the range of my observation who could be relied upon to run the mill effectivly and well.

New York, July 5, 1884. E. W. CHAMBERLAIN.

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SATURDAY, - - - JULY 19, 1884.

☞WE wish that our subscribers who are in arrears would make a special effort to pay up. During the summer months our book sales are small, and we hav to depend upon the subscriptions coming in to pay expenses, which are just as heavy now as ever. We know that business generally is dull, that "times are hard," but the amounts are so small individually that it would seem no one can be inconvenienced by paying his dues, while in the aggregate they foot up large, and mean everything to us. It is unpleasant to us to dun our friends, and money is never asked for till imperativly needed; now we must hav it to pay bills with. A good many hundreds of dollars are due on subscriptions, so we are not asking a favor, but simple justice and square dealing between friends.

The League.

The point made by Mr. Putnam in last week's issue, that the president and secretary elected at the coming Congress of the National Liberal League giv their undivided attention to the affairs of the League, is well taken. These officers, at any rate, should go into the field and labor unremittingly for the advancement of organization. By doing this they can undoubtedly build up the League to represent in some degree the expanding forces of Freethought The *Investigator*, also, seems to think this should be done. Because he is not able to take the stump, to go among the people and help them form strong auxiliaries, the old veteran, Horace Seaver, declines to be a candidate for the presidency. He is obliged to us, he says, for our courtesy in nominating him, but he "objects to the nomination as entirely unfit, for if elected we [Mr. Seaver] would not be able to attend to the duties of the office, and that is a sufficient reason for declining it." Mr. Seaver adds it is his opinion that "a more activ, enterprising, and a younger man should be chosen," and he names as among those suitable for the energetic prosecution of the League's business Mr. Samuel P. Putnam, Mr. John E. Remsburg, Mr. W. S. Bell, Mr. H. L. Green, Mr. George Chainey, Mr. Walter C. Wright, Dr. J. L. York, or the Hon. A. B. Bradford. Either of these gentlemen would suit THE TRUTH SEEKER, but an exceptionally good nomination was that made by Mr. Putnam—his friend, George Chainey. Mr. Putnam himself is our first choice, for we know him to be a good man. He is enthusiastic, industrious, economical of resources, and possesses executiv abilities of a very high order. Without his labors—rendered gratuitously, in season and out of season—the fine meetings we hav held in New York the past winter would hav been impossible. We still stick to him for first choice; but as he has nominated Mr. Chainey in his place, we defer to his wishes, but suggest that the ticket be:

For President,
GEORGE CHAINEY,
of Boston;

For Secretary,
SAMUEL P. PUTNAM,
of New York.

With both of these gentlemen in the field, working for all they are worth, we think the number of good live auxiliaries could be doubled. Mr. Chainey is as eloquently persuasiv a speaker as we hav; Mr. Putnam is second to only Chainey, besides being a harder worker. We think they would make a strong team, and we move they be given a trial. Several attacks on legally entrenched orthodoxy hav been made the past year, such as Mr. Moore's suit against the school authorities of Bloomfield, Iowa, the attempt to repeal the legal discrimination against Atheists in Masschusetts, and the decision of Supt. Ruggles against the Bible in the schools in this state, which will hav to be enforced through suits of interested parents, but we hav heard nothing about the National Liberal League being in any way in any of them. This is not right, for the League was formed expressly to help fight such cases; but Abbot's example of shirking has been followed by the present officers, not from lack of interest in the cases, but from lack of ability to adequately aid the suers for equal rights. What we think desirable to see is *something done*, some tangible reason put forth for supporting the organization. At the coming Congress we hope to see some steps taken to put the organization on a *working* basis; let the members raise funds for the National League to use, or do the work themselvs. The auxiliaries can help the National officers by getting up lectures, social meetings, or concerts which will pay a few dollars each, and in this way a fund can gradually be gathered. The present officers hav been unable to do anything for lack of means. The responsibility for this rests with the Liberals of the whole country, and upon them, it seems to us, the responsibility for the League's future existence must continue to rest. If they take hold earnestly, much can be done; if they do not, nothing. The League may hav the best officers in the world, but unless backed up their official existence is practically useless.

We do not say this in any spirit of fault-finding. The present management has done all it could with the means at command. But the point we argue is this: If the League at the next Congress cannot take steps to command more means of action; cannot draw to its support men and women willing to work for its objects, it might as well be disbanded as a *National* organization, and the auxiliaries be converted into such Liberal clubs as their members prefer.

The Catholic Church and the French Government.

The people of France can be divided into two religious classes—the Atheistic and Catholic. Since Calvin's time Protestantism has not had an extended nor strong hold upon Europe outside of Germany, and the Fatherland is not a conquest of which the Protestants can boast. German scholarship is synonymous with Rationalism, and has largely affected the whole world. The Atheistical population of France comprises the educated and governing class; the pope of Rome holds the peasantry and unlettered workmen. The church is yet subsidized from the national treasury, but this is done as a measure of policy, and not from love of the church, or with intent to benefit her.

The influence of the Vatican upon the French government is small, and apparently growing smaller. Measures intended to deprive the church of all her privileges will probably be advanced at an early date. The situation, as stated by M. Paul Bert in a London review, is bad for Rome. The government is in the hands of Radicals who hav no respect for religious pretensions. The Radicals are, however, divided as to the best method of rendering nugatory the Catholic power. One party, led by M. Paul Bert and M. Ferry, are in favor of continuing the present relations of the state and church, as "from one point of view a state church is a crippled church, the government stipends being at once a prop and a gag." M. Paul Bert, who was formerly Minister of Public Instruction and Worship, is, says a Protestant journal, an astute and dangerous enemy of Rome. It is enmity and not friendship that leads him to advocate the retention of the Concordat. He would continue to pay the salaries of the priests that he may control them, but he would enforce rigidly the terms of the contract. This agreement was made in 1801 between the pope and Bonaparte, and adopted by the French Chambers in the following year. By this convention, known as the Concordat, the French government bound itself to support only the bishops, whose number was reduced to 51, and the *curés*, or established rectors of important parishes, of whom there are only about 2,500 in all France. It did not agree to pay the incumbents licensed by bishops, who officiate in the rural parishes, and form the great majority of the working clergy. The first grant for Catholic worship made in pursuance of the Concordat did not reach $400,000. The state also reserved the right of nominating the bishops, who in turn were to nominate the *curés*, but the latter could not officiate without government approval. Neither does the Concordat make mention of religious associations, all of which had been prohibited in 1792, but some of which hav during the present century been recognized by legislativ or administrativ ordinances.

Considering how the triumph of M. Paul Bert's wing of the Radicals would affect the church, a paper not particularly friendly to Agnostics says:

"We can understand, then, why Catholics feel no special gratitude to M. Paul Bert for announcing himself as a champion of the Concordat. That instrument in her hands would become a Shylock's bond, and be used to bring about a widely different relation from that which, in spite of recent changes, still subsists between the state and the church in France. He would giv to Catholicism nothing which is not called for by the strict letter of the contract, and he would press to the uttermost all the concessions that can be turned against it. Now, there is no doubt that if the contract wrung from the papacy by the first consul were to be construed by an implacable enemy, the little finger of Paul Bert would prove thicker than Bismarck's loins, and whereas German Protestants had scourged the Roman church with whips, French Agnostics would chastise it with scorpions."

The opposition to Bert is led by M. Clemenceau. His plans are to abolish the Concordat, and hav the state deny "not only support, but every species of recognition to all religions organizations." The criticism passed upon this course by M. Bert and his followers is that it would giv the church more power than she now possesses. The clergy, they say, would artfully construe it as persecution, and, laying this view of it before the ignorant and superstitious peasants who form the bulk of the Catholic strength, embitter them against the government to an extent sufficient, perhaps, to change the complexion of the government at succeeding elections. The opponents of M. Clemenceau regard it as certain that the clergy could, in such a case, wring more money from their dupes than they now receive from both the government and the people.

There is, of course, much truth in this. M. Paul Bert may be a more dangerous enemy to Rome than M. Clemenceau and his method better calculated to keep the church under. But that is a narrow and sectarian way of looking at the matter, and justifiable only as a matter of political policy. The Catholics in the past hav committed the grossest and most inhuman outrages upon the liberty of the people, and there is no reason for supposing that the church has lost the will to still further curtail the rights of the individual; but after all, for the honor of humanity, for the credit of the great and growing body of Freethinkers, not alone in France, but the whole world, Agnostics in power should do what is right, even if not the most expedient. Church and state should be totally and eternally separated. The errors of the past should be rectified as speedily as possible. A man has a natural right to be a fool, and if the Catholics can sustain their church in France without state aid, let them. But any compromise the state can make with them can be only a "league with death and covenant with hell," for a reversal of administration would enable the church to swell the "Worship budget" from the few millions of dollars now voted to as many millions as the country could stand without a revolution. The right way will, in the long run, prove to be the best statesmanship.

Giving in Marriage.

A recent refusal of a police justice of this city to perform the marriage ceremony, on the ground that he had no authority, has produced a ripple of excitement, and been the cause of a close examination of the statutes and precedents bearing upon the subject. With one exception the laws of this state are exceptionally clear and common-senseful. This exception is the provision allowing the solemnization of the rite by "ministers of the gospel." That the preachers hav this right can never be admitted by a Secularist. Giving power to them is a recognition of Christianity at variance with our national Constitution, and abhorrent to the sense of a secular community. The Revised Statutes, chapter viii, reads that marriage may be performed by "ministers of the gospel." What gospel? The gospel of Buddha? the gospel of Mohammed? the gospel of Mormon Joe Smith? Of course not; the gospel of Christ is meant. And this gospel of Christ is getting to be the abomination of this country. It obtrudes itself everywhere. It seeks to control everything. The minister of the gospel comes with the doctor at births, and stands at his side at the burials. Christianity is too ubiqui-

tous. It runs the family, the school, and is trying to run the government. Our statutes recognize it in indirect ways, and with or without the citizen's consent, the "minister of the gospel" is an altogether too prominent personage in a great many of his affairs.

The officials authorized by the statutes of the state to ratify the marriage contract are "mayors, recorders, and aldermen of cities, justices, and judges of courts of record, judges of the city courts, and justices of the peace." These officials perform no "divine" services in marrying couples; their functions are similar to a notary public's in witnessing a signature and affixing his seal as an attestation that it is genuin.

The law upon the subject of marriage is essentially secular. All interpretations of it agree that the contract is civil, and the only formality necessary is the bona fide agreement of the parties, in the presence of witnesses, to enter into the relations of husband and wife.

New York, by thus holding, has done much to take power from the priests of the gospel and put it where it belongs—in the hands of the people. The recent decision of the United States District Court of Rhode Island, that such marriages are valid all over the country, adds to the value of the law as a precedent for other states that may throw off the grip of the "ministers of the gospel."

Persecution in Erie County.

When the League gets into fighting condition it will be in order for it to take hold of cases like this, as telegraphed from Erie, N. Y., July 9th. The dispatch reads:

"For haying one Sunday, to prevent certain destruction of cut hay from rain, Farmer James Sampson, of Fairview township, this county, was arrested to-day and held for trial under an ancient unrepealed statute. He is an Ingersoll follower, and when waited on by the committee from the church said he would stop work if they could convince him that God would save his property over Sunday."

Perhaps Mr. Sampson is fully able to hold his own alone against the forces of iniquity—otherwise known as the Christian church—but if he could hav aid and moral backing from outside it would render his little martyrdom more tolerable, and while the town is stirred up over the case if the League could flood the place with circulars and arguments against the retention of such laws on the statute books, sleeping Freethinkers could undoubtedly be found, and an auxiliary League perhaps be formed.

Such an outcome would teach the Christians to be mighty careful how they invaded a citizen's rights on the strength of a statute passed in the gloomy morning of the country's life.

THE Rev. J. H. Vincent, D.D., of Chautauqua, has faith in God, but intends to keep his powder dry. In the course of his splendid speech, delivered at Woodstock, Conn., July 4th, and printed in the *Independent*, he says:

"When man forgets and forsakes some other possible hold, and trusts God in lieu of personal fidelity, he has as little right to find rest in his faith as hav captain and crew on a foggy sea when bridge and foremast are deserted, and the fog horn silent."

It has been ascertained by experiment, we believe, that with proper attention to details and appropriate safeguards, numerous difficulties hav been surmounted without any faith in God at all. On the other hand, many a ship has gone down and carried with it a large number of persons distinguished for their piety. The three missionary vessels named the Morning Star, lost in the Micronesian Islands, may perhaps hav been in the Rev. Mr. Vincent's mind when he spoke the words which we hav quoted.

THE committee appointed to revise the books of the Old Testament hav finished their task. When the result of their labors shall be given to the public it is supposed that we shall know exactly what the deity meant to say when he wrote the Bible. Whether the distinguished Author will be permitted to revise the manuscript, or whether corrected proofs of the same will be forwarded to him at his summer residence, is a secret of the press which has not been divulged. It is a melancholy fact that of the twenty-seven members of the Revision Committee, twelve hav died since the work began.

IN the Rev. Joseph Cook's Fourth of July oration, the following passage occurs:

"The ostrich buries her thin, wilful head in the sand, and thinks her whole body covered. In circles, only half educated in morals but aspiring, great is the American eagle, greater is the American peacock, and greatest is the American ostrich.'

What does that mean? Who is the American ostrich? Is it Cook?

SPEAKING of the weekly Sunday concerts in Central Park, this city, the *Independent* remarks, "We do not like it; but what can be done!" Why, do nothing, Brother Bowen. The attitude of a man who does not believe in a rational use of the day of rest should be characterized by a calm and studied inactivity.

"THE church first, then politics," says the *Advocate*. This is contrary to the spirit of the old adage, "Between two evils choose the least."

Lectures and Meetings,

JOHN E. REMSBURG, Liberal lecturer, of Atchison, Kan., will start East on a lecturing tour in August.

THE New England Spiritualist Camp-meeting Association will hold its Eleventh Annual Convocation at Lake Pleasant (Montague, Mass., on the Hoosac Tunnel route), from August 2d to August 31st next. Many prominent Spiritualist speakers will be in attendance. Amusements in the form of concerts, rink skating, parties, readings, and dancing will be afforded.

J. L. ANDREW, of Fort Scott, Kan., has made engagements to lecture in Illinois, beginning about the middle July. He will be pleased to hear from any Liberals or Liberal organization desiring his services. Mr. Andrews has made partial arrangements to lecture in Texas, and would like to correspond with those in that state in want of a Liberal lecturer, so that he may hav ample time for arranging details. His fees, he announces, will be reasonable. Mr. Andrews may be addressed at Fort Scott, Kan., in care of Professor D. D. Bryant.

"The Great Convention."

This is the year of conventions. All hearts and minds are full of them. Through them the leaders of the future are to be selected. Through their loud noises and harsh discords floats a sweet strain of music, promis of better days to come. Above the smoke and roar of battle shine stars of hope that tell us of peace, of purity and reform. For many days to come the country will be agitated with the strife and rivalry of opposing forces. The pessimist will see in all this nothing but weakness and insanity. The optimist will see in every torchlight procession human nature lighting its path to victory, and progress regenerating itself in the baptism of its own enthusiasm. The cause may seem to some unworthy. The difference between parties and candidates will no doubt be magnified out of proportion. Still while the majority can be so excited and drawn from private to public concerns, we should preserve our faith in the worth of our race.

But the great convention of the year is yet to be held. This convention will make but little noise. The papers, many of them, will think it unworthy of notice. Others that mention it will only sneer at it as a congress of cranks. And yet it will be in a true sense the greatest convention of the year. Its platform will hav more truth and less folly than all other platforms combined. Its triumph will bring more joy and truer prosperity to mankind than the success of any other party.

I need hardly say I mean the combined Convention of Freethinkers and National Liberal Leaguers to be held the first week in September, at Cassadaga Lake, N. Y. Here will gather the representativs of the only people who hav yet learned the meaning of liberty; who really both in word and deed wish to destroy every form of corruption and slavery, and extend to every other man, woman, and child the right each to be happy in their own way so long as they do not infringe upon the equal right of any one else. Here will come the men and women who are no longer captivs to the skies; who, instead of seeking through pain and self-denial to find happiness beyond the grave, hav learned how, through the truth of nature, to find heaven right here and now.

Through all the past the best devotion of humanity has been wasted upon the skies, consumed in useless smoke of sacrifice that has only smirched the bright firmament above us. Instead of this waste we would giv all that we hav to giv to the joy and comfort of living men and women. If there are Gods and angels, it is their bounden duty to serve and comfort us, not ours to serve them. The strong must help the weak. This world is ours. Let us possess it and enjoy it to the utmost. There is enough for all if no man wrong his brother. Half the money now thrown away on the skies, devoted to the needs of man, would make the light to shine into all darkness, and cause the flowers of health and comfort to blossom at every hearthstone. This is our gospel. How to carry the glad tidings to all is the great question.

Upon the essential principles of Liberalism we are all agreed. Being yet in our infancy, we are yet only finding out the best methods by experiment—like little children learning to walk, we hav stumbled along thus far by apparent failures. But each fall has taken us nearer the truth. It is not my purpose in this article to review the history of the National Liberal League. With all its mistakes, so-called, I am satisfied. Whatever has been done was done with good intentions. But the time has come for us to walk forward with more assurance and a firmer step. Thus far most that has been done has been provisional. But we are now entering upon the formativ period—from the laboratory of experiment emerges into light the bright crystal of concentration and definit purpose, sketched for us in last week's TRUTH SEEKER by our friend, Mr. Putnam. Excepting everything personal to myself, I wish to second with all my mind and heart the new departure therein proposed. I trust a much better man than the one he nominates may be found for president.

Mr. Wakeman, our retiring president, has several times asked me to consent to be nominated for the office.

For various reasons I hav thus far declined. If, however, the annual congress should take up the program laid down by Mr. Putnam, elect him as secretary, and pledge itself both in word and deed to support us in the field, I should not decline. But this can only be settled in convention.

In the mean time, let the whole field be surveyed. Let each one speak his mind freely and frankly. The bugaboo of Comstockism is so tattered and torn that it can no longer scare away even a blind bird. All ought to be equally satisfied by this time that anything beyond negativ political action can only disintegrate, instead of integrate. I hav traveled almost as much as any man in this work, mixing mostly with Liberals. It has been my business to study their wants. I hav corresponded with thousands. I am thoroughly convinced that the great need of all is live, activ men in the field, possessed of such personal gifts as shall giv them large audiences, who shall find it to be to their practical and immediate interest to promote organization and local activity. Lecturing as a private enterprise does good; still if the lecturer should speak as the representativ of a live and effectiv organization, his work would be far more productiv of good.

The first thing to be done by the Annual Congress is to put its principles into the most compact and fewest words, and to lay down a program of activ work; next to elect the two best men offered among our workers and speakers who can giv their whole time to the offices of president and secretary; last, but by no means least, fix upon a salary for each to be paid out of the money they raise. This salary may be made large enough to pay them in full for their services, or in part, leaving them free to make something by lecturing.

The successful missionary of a Liberal gospel can not travel far without scrip and purse. Tavern keepers and depot restauranteurs are not given to entertaining angels unawares. To command an audience needs a decent suit of clothes and a clean shirt, as well as an eloquent tongue. When the committee meets the lecturer at the depot his appearance must not make them want to hurry him down a back street to the hotel for fear the people will see him before the seeling hand of night hides the threadbare condition of his wardrobe.

I often see, and hear it stated, Liberals are poor. That, however, is false. I generally find among them many of the most prosperous people of the town.

There are a thousand professed Liberals in this country who could pay one hundred dollars each per year, and never miss it. Why don't they do it? Because they are stingy? No, not by any means. Simply because we hav not made it worth their while to do it. Meet in convention; put the right men in the field; let them show by their deeds what they can do; call for the money, and it can no more refuse to come than water can avoid running down hill. We all know that any promis of money to be paid to the officers of the League must be contingent on their ability to inspire the rich Liberals to giv it. Hence the men selected must hav faith in their own ability. The advantage of such recognition, however, by the Congress will be great. It says to the rich Liberals, "It is your duty to help the weak." It binds the officers of the League into a close relation with the organization. It makes their personal interests dependent on the development of the League. It will enable them when not otherwise engaged to say to the Liberals in towns unacquainted with their own strength, "Provide a hall and pay the actual expenses, and we will come and hold a meeting." I think that the president and secretary should spend six months of each year traveling together. Their combined official influence and speaking ability would giv to each meeting the character of a convention. In the course of the year they ought to speak at least in two hundred different towns. In such places where there is organization they should study its needs, giv advice and encouragement toward its greater development. Where there is none, they should do their best to start it. Occasional reports of their progress should be furnished to all the Liberal papers, so that the Liberals of the entire country may be cheered with the history of the progress and promotion of organization.

This is my advice to the coming Congress. It will be a great event, coming, as it will, in conjunction with the New York State Freethinkers' Convention. Let this discussion go on, so that from many minds we may gather up the scattered rays of wisdom and combine them into a torch that shall flash the light of freedom on.

GEORGE CHAINEY.

"THE Truth Seeker Annual and Freethinkers' Almanac," 25 cents.

Letters from Friends.

TO THE PEOPLE OF JAMESTOWN, OHIO.

I saw a letter from one of the good Christian citizens of Jamestown to a friend of his in the far West in reference to the Jamestown cyclone which occurred last April, in which he asks the question, "How did it happen that so few were killed and badly injured?" He then goes on to say that the general answer by the people of Jamestown is, "Intervention of providence." Suppose we examin this specious answer a little and see if it is satisfactory to all the people of Jamestown. If God intervened to save the lives and property of some, he purposely destroyed the lives and property of others. This is not only logically but actually true. What a comfort it will be to those who hav lost relativs, friends, and property to be told that God in his infinit wisdom and goodness has seen fit to take from them their dearest treasures, especially to those poor widows who hav lost all their earthly goods! What consolation it must be! And yet I will venture to assert that if those who were killed had funeral sermons preached for them, something very similar to what I hav just said was preached, and in all probability in the same sermon they were told that God is no respecter of persons. If they were not, they ought, for the Bible says so.

Those who claim that they and theirs were saved by a special act of providence are ten-fold more self-righteous, arrogant, and selfish than the Pharisee who thanked God that he was not as other men. If God in his wrath proposed destroying certain persons and property in Jamestown on account of their wickedness, why was he not as just and merciful to them as he was to those of old whom he intended to destroy, viz., Nineveh, Sodom and Gomorrah, etc.? Why did he not tell them that they had the most wicked little city in the world, and that their abominations which they wrought under the sun were more than he proposed to stand, and unless they repented in sackcloth and ashes he would positivly cyclone them or giv them a dose of fire and brimstone? Had he thus warned them, I hav no doubt they would hav repented in sackcloth—or almost any other cheap cloth—and ashes—or almost any other kind of dirt that was convenient and dirty. I hav no idea that those who suffered such sad and irreparable losses had the least suspicion that they were so much more deserving of punishment for their sins than their more fortunate neighbors who suffered not at all, and yet if the intervention theory is true they must hav been.

There is another phase of this providential question worthy of examination. It is in regard to God's destroying his own property, the God-houses, built for his own special glory and worship. A Springfield, Ohio, paper, speaking of the Jamestown cyclone, says, "It seemed to hav traveled out of its way to destroy churches," and such actually seems to be the fact in almost if not in every case. In Fort Madison, Iowa, on the third day of July, 1876, a tornado destroyed $60,000 worth of church property and not more than $1,000 worth of other property all told. The churches that suffered the greatest loss were the Catholic and Baptist, both new and elegant. The Catholics hav never been able to restore their church to its former elegance. The Baptists restored theirs, except a bell. They hav not been able to replace the bell, which was broken by the fall. They mortgaged the church to raise money to repair the damage done by the storm, which mortgage has remained on it until this spring, when, by the long and persistent efforts of its present pastor, it was raised, to the joy of the members. But alas! how fleeting were their joys! God in his infinit wisdom and goodness saw fit to send another cyclone last Monday afternoon and knock it down again. We would suppose they would take the hint this time and let it stay down. We would be like the Dutchman who had subscribed largely to build a church and was afterwards solicited for money to put a lightning-rod on the church. He said, "No; I hav helped to build a house for de Lort; now if he chooses to dunder on it and knock it down he does it at his own expense."

In Mount Pleasant, Iowa, several years ago, a fine church edifice (Baptist), just finished at a cost of $50,000, was destroyed by a tornado. The Presbyterian church, also a fine one, was destroyed, and little damage done other property.

In this city last fall a cyclone "seemed to travel out of its way" to destroy a God-house. And so we might go on and fill a volume with such cases. There are more God-houses struck by lightning in proportion to their numbers than almost any other kind of property. It is getting to be actually dangerous for ministers of the gospel to conduct religious services. I saw accounts of several being killed by lightning within the last year while conducting religious services—one while in the act of pronouncing the benediction at the head of the grave.

These things are very discouraging. Doubtless many will remember the sad account given several years ago of a crew of some three hundred and sixty ministers of the gospel who went down with the vessel in which they were sailing. An Infidel, the only person saved, put his trust in a good life-preserver which he had taken the precaution to hav with him. He had no faith in prayer. I myself would sooner put my trust in a good life-preserver on such an occasion than in the prayers of all the world and the power of all the gods thrown in.

The same Christian citizen said in his letter that "some who professed to be Infidels admitted that they prayed to God when the cyclone struck them." Well, I must confess that was the most nonsensical thing I ever heard tell of an Infidel doing. I am not at all surprised at the people called Christians who hav not emerged from the ignorance and superstitions of their ancestors, the Jews and pagans, from whence they got most of their religions, doing such foolish things. All people whom we call heathen, and especially the ignorant and superstitious of all religions, under such circumstances pray to their supposed angry gods to stay their wrath. But for those who profess to be civilized and enlightened, especially in the last quarter of the present century, to do such foolish things is discouraging to those who hav outgrown all such superstitious nonsense. If those who pretend to be Christians understood and actually believed the fundamental doctrins of the Bible they profess to believe they would never be guilty of such folly. The Bible, which purports to be the word of God, says that he is an infinit God—infinit in all his attributes, infinit in his purposes and designs; unchangeable—the same yesterday, to-day, and forever; without variableness or shadow of turning; who will do all his pleasure; whatever he has proposed that will he perform. Who with one grain of the commonest kind of common sense and a modicum of reasoning would be foolish enough to pray to such a God? The idea of changing the mind of an unchanging God or of getting him to do something he had not proposed doing is simply ridiculous. If he was subject to change at the instance of prayer the most vivid imagination would fail to picture a being so fickle. If God had anything to do with the Jamestown cyclone his purposes in regard to it were unalterably fixed decillions of years before the little planet upon which Jamestown stands—or stood—was in existence.

It seems to me that the untimely death of President Garfield ought to satisfy the mind of any sane person in regard to the efficacy of prayer. When the whole civilized world prayed for his recovery, God would not or could not grant their request, notwithstanding he has said in his book that where two or more are agreed concerning a certain thing he will do that thing. My own opinion is that a crazy Christian's bullet and the probes of two or three quack doctors were too much for him. They were about as hard for him to contend with as were the iron chariots of the people of the valley whom he said he could not drive out because they had chariots of iron.

Anyone who pretends to be an Infidel and has no more sense than to buck against a cyclone with a prayer ought to be sent to some benevolent institution for imbecils and idiots or hav some one appointed to look after him. Infidels—so-called—who hav become such by long, careful, and impartial investigation of the laws of nature and a thoroughly philosophical mode of reasoning in regard to the cause or causes of things, never pray to any God for anything, from the fact they know their prayer will not be answered. If there was such a God as the Christians' God it would be very unjust in him to answer an Infidel's prayer when he never answers the prayers of his professed followers except when they happen to pray—though generally very ignorantly—for something in accordance with the laws of nature, like the old lady in Cincinnati when the flood was at its highest prayed that the waters might not rise six feet higher. And they didn't. Some thought it was because the old lady prayed.

All heathen and all ignorant and superstitious people are humbled by such things as cyclones, earthquakes, volcanoes, and floods. Having no idea of their true causes, they suppose that some angry God or demon is thus venting his wrath upon them for something they hav done that displeased him, and so they go at once to propitiate him by debasing themselvs in the dust of humiliation, or by sacrificing to him some object most dear to their hearts. The Christian gets down on his knees and beseeches in sepulchral tones his God, whom he presumes is somewhere in the skies, in hearing distance, just out of danger, waiting to be asked to stop the storm or other pestilence. All sorts of debasements and genuflexions were first learned from the lower animals. It is natural for the domestic animal to get down and crawl up to his angry master. The language of such acts is, "See how humble I am. You can't strike such a poor humble creature as I am."

Scientific Infidels never debase themselvs, never prostrate themselvs in the dust before any supposed celestial being. The dust of humiliation is never found on their knees. They stand up like men and claim the right to think and act for themselvs, answerable only for their acts to their fellow-man at the bar of justice; and to no person, or bar, for what they think or believe. They seek out through nature herself the causes of all her motions and changes, submit themselvs with dignity to the inevitable, strive to prevent all that is preventable that is detrimental to their well-being, and strive to ameliorate the condition of their fellow-men and make them happy now and here, and are satisfied that the future will take care of its own. Their motto is, One world at a time.

In conclusion, I will say to those of you who hav lost relativs, friends, or property, or any or all of these, my sympathies are with you, and did my circumstances admit I would show my sympathy in a more substantial way. Should you ever build another dwelling, don't be foolish enough to think you hav been purged from all the sins that bring cyclones, and that your present scourge and sufferings will be immunity against the same in the future. If you do, in the language of the West, you will "get left." The best immunity against cyclones is a good cyclone cellar, and the best prayer you can make is to make that kind of a cellar.

Fred Douglass said when he was a slave he used to pray God to set him free. But the best prayer, he said, he ever made he made with his legs when he ran away. Probably the best way to make a cyclone cellar is, when you dig your house cellar, at the same time dig a narrow cellar from some part of it out into the yard as far as desired; build the wall up with the main cellar wall; leave a door between it and the main cellar; arch over the cyclone cellar; let the top of the arch be at least one foot below the surface. At the end leave an opening large enough for an adult to escape. Over this hav a trap-door that fastens below. There should also be an aperture at or near the outer end to admit air. Fill up and sod over the cyclone cellar, hav a substantial door between the main and cyclone cellar, and when you see a cloud coming that givs ominous signs of danger get all your family into the cellar, close the doors, and sing, "Blow away, gentle breezes." You will be as safe as Jonah was in the fish's belly. Don't be afraid of being laughed at by your neighbors for being a coward. That kind of thing is played out in the West, and seeing Jamestown is in the cyclone's way, you had better take warning. The man who takes the best care of his family is most fit to hav one.

MELA.

THE OLD AND NEW.

BURTON, MICH., June 28, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Of the old and new I shall speak in a theologic sense. From a careful and thorough examination of the subject I am fully convinced that in the days of Jesus, the apostles, and church fathers, and down to A.D. 150, the godhead of Jesus was not believed in, as taught by the Trinitarians of to-day. The nightmare had not seized the brains of wandering, hunted, and frightened Christians as they were dispersed by various persecutions over the different countries bordering on the Mediterranean Sea and its tributaries. The personality of the Holy Ghost was not taught and accepted by the then Roman Catholic church until A.D. 450. Jesus was believed in as a divine person, as the son of man, as the messiah, but that the father through him did the works. He was believed in as the manifestation of the divine power in performing what were called miracles, as healing the sick, casting out demons, raising the dead, as was supposed, the power or agency being the same as that controling good and gifted mediums to-day. The field is large, and I cannot amplify or present proof in a short article confirmatory of every important statement. In A.D. 325 a church council was called by the Roman emperor Constantine the Great, being the first Christian emperor, to convene at Nice, in Asia Minor, to settle the exciting controversy long and bitterly maintained between Arius and Alexander, both bishops of Alexandria, in Egypt. In this first Nicene council Arius was condemned and banished with some bishops of his party by the Trinitarians. Arius and his party taught the unity of God. The Trinitarians taught there were three Gods in unity, equal in power and glory. Under the lead of Constantine this latter dogma assumed organic form, and has held a prominent place in the Roman Catholic and Protestant churches to the present time. Down to the council of Laodicea in A.D. 363 the Old Testament, or Hebrew books, were considered the only sacred and inspired books by both Jews and Christians. At this council Origen's list of sacred books or parchments was accepted—viz., all the books of the Old Testament, with Apocrypha, as in the Douay or Catholic Bible. Those of the New Testament—four gospels, thirteen epistles of Paul, and all the others nearly as we now hav them, except the epistle to the Hebrews and Revelation or John. After many controversies these became parts and helped complete what was called the Sacred Canon, A.D. 397, which was pronounced by church leaders the infallible word of God, and assumed mastery over the human conscience in lands where the Christian Bible was accepted. Since then, under church rule, men hav not dared to reason on theological questions, only to simply learn what the book said through the priests, then, like abject, cringing slaves, served God in fear. Few in those dark ages could either read or write. The Bible was in the hands only of popes, bishops, priests, and monks. These only were its interpreters, and their schemes of dominion and aggrandizement gave awful color to its teaching. When the book assumed mastery, progress in ethics and religious knowledge ceased, and man became its cringing slave, and only as he has dared to throw off this galling yoke, this priestly bondage, and return to the plain morality and religion of Jesus, Confucius, Christna, Hillel, and many of the grand religious souls gone before—the plain, simple, and exalting worship of a loving father; the communion, comfort, and help of angels, once human—has his religion been rational, peaceful, hopeful, and elevating. The Christianity of to-day is a monstrosity; Jesus knew nothing of it. The pomp, parade, pride, and show of popular churches would again thrust the spear and press the thorny crown upon the head of the master, should he appear in their courts and teach and heal the sick as in the long ago. Along the bloody centuries, the dogmas of the fall, eternal punishment in a lake of literal fire and brimstone, pardon of sins, three Gods in one, eternal life and bliss in heaven, hav been held as essentials of a religious faith—in every possible way, through pope, priest, monk, and cardinal, they hav been fastened upon the souls of men, women, and children.

Men hav not dared to reason upon theology, only in subjection to the infallible book. Men will reason fairly on all questions except on religious subjects. Here their reason is palsied from long disuse. The idea that the Bible is inspired, and is the only rule of faith and practice, hangs like a nightmare upon the souls of men. To break this spell, to induce men to read all scriptures as the works of men of barbarous ages, as they would any other human production, is the main hope of the world. The dark ages of a thousand years was when the church had her way. When Luther broke with her it was not on the question of church dogmas, but on her assumption of divine power over the souls and bodies of men. In fact, he brought with him and fastened upon his adherents all the church myths of 1,500 years, including transubstantiation. Lutherans now hold that in the sacrament the bread and wine become by priestly manipulation the literal body and blood of their master. All Roman Catholics hold the same view. The church has tried to subsist upon this fiction of body and blood until her spirituality has become paralytic.

Did Jesus teach the fall of man? If so, where? What he did not teach is no part of Christianity proper. Modern Christianity rests entirely upon the teachings of Paul. The entire scheme of salvation is based upon the fall. In the coming "age of reason" that dogma must fall, and the entire bloody scheme built upon it. Then the hopes of men will rest upon the scientific basis of natural morality, where virtue brings happiness, and vice misery, here and hereafter, and men can calculate results as they would eclipses, without calling in the scapegoat. The sooner we leave the air-castles and anchor on this stratum, the more promptly will reason and common sense come to our rescue. The so-called old lights are growing dim and fading from human sight. They must giv place to the new. They hav been weighed in the balance and found wanting. The new is on hand and at the door. Telegrams hav been received from "across the blue sea," from the immortal homes of many of the best of our race. Thousands hav shown themselvs in materialized forms to the joy and perfect

satisfaction of their earthly friends under the strictest test conditions. Some mediums are deceivers, and hav sought to make merchandise out of the hopes of men. But the greater part are true, honest, and self-sacrificing. Did they not positivly know they were chosen messengers of loving friends, to giv to the world important facts, they would not act in that capacity subject to obloquy, slander, and misrepresentation. But millions know immortality is a scientific fact. It can no longer be gainsaid. Demonstration has settled it as a sublime and glorious truth. What matters it if the church, true to her evil habit of crushing out every idea that militates against her methods, cries devil, humbug, mind reading, psychology, etc.? What matters it if Brothers Winter, Sunderland, and many others object? They hav not reached or fail to appreciate the proofs, though as demonstrable as chemistry, clairvoyance, or magnetism. Some are color blind. Some are spirit blind, or, in other words, do not perceive spiritual facts, ideas, and laws. They are not to blame. It is constitutional. They lack the organs or faculties. The germ is there. When the shuck is cast off open vision will develop it "over there." The errors of fifteen centuries cannot be removed in a day. The battle will be long and heavy. Organic and hoary myths, intrenched in college, church, and school will hav to be met in open field, and vanquished under the guns of truth and reason. Giv the iconoclast room. Let the images be broken. The builders will come in season and construct anew on a scientific basis. In autumn the "sere and yellow leaf" of forest and field givs no evidence of rejuvenation. But when the new life from sun and rain forces root and bud, all nature dons her finest robes, the throbbing, teeming, and radiant world is made more balmy and glorious by past decays. So the old faiths must giv place to the new, and the theological *debris* of the past ages givs sap and nutrition to the religion of science for the healing of the nations. But what do telegrams from the land of the immortal reveal to us? He that hath ears to hear let him hear:

"There is no death. What seems so is transition.
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life Elysian,
Whose portal we call death."

There is no pardon for sin. Its consequences affect or injure man only, and will be outgrown. There is no angry and avenging God, only one of law and love. There is no endless torture to any one human soul. Sorrow and suffering are disciplinary, work repentance, and result in moral progress and consequent elevation to higher grades, and others are constantly taking their places for the same object; and all are moving onward and upward under the law of progress. Man never fell as taught by the church, and consequently was never lost, only needing culture and moral elevation. There is no resurrection of the physical body, only of the spiritual. Man is not saved through the blood, merits, and intercession of the master. Every man is his own savior, and must depend upon himself. The world of mind and matter is ruled by unchanging laws, and happiness is found in studying and obeying them. Suffering adheres to the transgressor only. It cannot be transfered. All truth is based upon science, and science is a classified form of knowledge. There is no sin where there is no injury either against God or man. There is no sin against God as the soul of matter or the universe, because there is no injury, and hence no pardon to be granted, and the laws of nature become their own executors, and for the wrong-doer there is no escape only in ceasing to do evil. Pardon is a license to crime. Penalty is a remedy to deter from evil. Exact justice can in no wise clear the guilty. This power sweeps away all vicarious offerings for sin. The sinner may and should repent, reform, and outgrow sin's consequences. "Happiness is our being's end and aim," and our capacity for it is simply illimitable. If we will learn to comply with its conditions it is ours forever. No moral obliquities can invalidate this inheritance of endless happiness, only postpone. The lesson of all the ages past, compressed and voiced in thunder tones, is, Obey nature's laws and be blessed; disobey and suffer. Pain, sorrow, and suffering are needful agents in the economy of nature. They develop the moral and spiritual powers, and are the most efficient educators. They contribute largely to the supremacy of the moral sentiments, without which man would be a remorseless savage, unloving and unloved.

These are some of the revealments through media in the face of old superstition, to encourage, elevate, and bless the wretched, hungry, starving poor of every race and clime. Encouragement in the line of progressiv development is the world's greatest need. How cheerless the outlook if death ends all! Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die, and all love, hope, culture, reason, and consciousness go out in darkness and silence; and o'er our disintegrating forms the storms of ages break. Human life, with its pains, trials, and sufferings, only a riddle and a curse. No future chance to correct errors, gain new ideas, triumph over failures; no, nought but a long oblivious sleep. The temple demolished, and the oracle dumb. Believe this who will. It is their right. But better views will illumine and cheer the heart in the good time coming. One of the mightiest agencies to speedily endow the soul of man, and send it forward with railroad speed on the solid and graded track of moral and intellectual progress, is right parentage and good ante-natal influences. No act involves so much as right procreation. Love, purity, health, and content, with pleasant surroundings, should overshadow every prospectiv mother. Parentage should be held as the greatest of all human sacraments. Then will spring to life children of love, health, and happiness, and with prophetic eye we may

"See a grand race our spacious courts adorn;
See future sons and daughters yet unborn."
Forms outwrought in beauty's classic mold,
In wealth of love and nativ charms untold,
With loud acclaim will ever bless the day
We sent them down this shining, guiding ray,
That through all future time will light their way.

D. HIGBIE, M.D.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 29, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: As an Infidel, I am truly glad to know that so many of your readers are alive to the most dominant political question of the times. Need I say I refer to the prohibition of the liquor crime? This movement is an Infidel movement, and has reached its present position through the Infidel's mode of advancement—scientific investigation. Science has shown that alcohol is a poison, and hence total abstinence from intoxicants is a duty. If this is true—and I challenge its denial—then prohibition of the sale, except for useful purposes, should be the law. The one is the logical sequence of the other. I am aware that theoretical objections to prohibition hav been eloquently and subtly put by our Brother Walker and others. But there are certain practical questions connected with this issue to which experience can giv indisputable answers, and which out-weigh, in the minds of ordinary people, the sophistries of theoretical objectors. With the opponents of prohibition, *liberty* is a favorit word. But the liberty for which they contend is the liberty of the highwayman when he puts his pistol to his victim's head, and says, "Your money or your life." It is the liberty of the rum robber when he, by the magic influence of music, and with the fair faces and sweet voices of women, induces the young and inexperienced into his saloon, and puts the poison to his lips and says, "Your money and your life." The personal freedom contended for by the opponents of prohibition has been the boast of all tyrants who hav robbed and enslaved mankind. It is only another name for licentiousness, and is the foe to true liberty. What is liberty? This may seem a strange question to ask the intelligent readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER, but it seems to me that some of your correspondents are ignorant of its true meaning. Their writings are merely an echo of the demands of the poison venders, who claim the right to debauch and destroy our people with their villainous stuff, as an inalienable right. Liberty has been invoked by the perpetrators of all crimes, and all forms of licentiousness and vice hav sought to hide behind the mask of personal rights and individual freedom. But what is liberty? Consulting the dictionary of our own language, we find that "civil liberty is an exemption from the arbitrary will of others, which exemption is secured by established laws, which restrain every man from injuring or controling another. Hence the restraints of law are essential to civil liberty." Referring to the lexicons of Greece and Rome, to whose splendid achievement we Infidels point to disprove some of the claims of the church, we find that there can be no such thing as liberty without prohibition. Ask the grand old heathen Cicero what was the meaning of the liberty which warmed the hearts of his countrymen and gave to the world the glories of Rome? And he replies (in his "Officus"): "One thing, therefore, ought to be aimed at by all men—that the interest of each individual, and of all collectivly, should be the same, for if each should grasp at his individual interest, all human society will be dissolved. And also, if nature enjoins this, that a man should desire to consult the interests of a man, whoever he is, for the very reason that he is a man, it necessarily follows that, as the nature, so the interests of all mankind is a common one. If that be so, we are all included under one and the same law of nature, and if this, too, be true, we are certainly prohibited by the law of nature from injuring another. But the first is true, therefore the last is true." I say this is a complete refutation to the sophism of the personal liberty defenders. Ask Frecthinking Germany what she understands to be the liberty which has so brilliantly illuminated her historic heavens, and through her distinguished Infidel philosopher and statesman, Baron Wilhelm von Humboldt, she replies: "The right of nature, when applied to social life, condemns all actions in which one man encroaches on the due province of another, and hence includes all those cases in which the injury arises from a blamable oversight, or when it is always associated with the action, or with such a degree of probability in the consequence that the agent either perceives it, or becomes accountable by overlooking it. But that the state should rest here seems justly questionable, especially when we consider the importance of the injury to be apprehended, and the possibility of rendering the restriction imposed on freedom only moderately hurtful to the citizen. In such a case it is clear that the right is undeniable on the part of the state." This is a complete answer to our honest opponents, and "pulverizes" the vaporings of the poison vendors of our country. Ask the Infidel author of the Declaration of Independence what was his conception of liberty, and then turn to his inaugural address of 1801: "With all these blessings, what more is necessary to make us a happy and prosperous people? Still one thing more, fellow-citizens, a wise and frugal government which shall restrain men from injuring one another, shall leave them otherwise free to regulate their own pursuits of industry and improvement, and shall not take from the mouth of labor the bread it has earned. This is the sum of good government." I envy no man's receptiv capacity who can't see that Thomas Jefferson believed in the principle of prohibition. Let us take a look at another Infidel document—the charter of our liberties, the hope of the world, the Constitution of the United States: "We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect iunion, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselvs and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of Amcrica." I say that the liquor traffic does the very opposit of the things for which our government was organized to accomplish. It is not justice to license 200,000 unscrupulous men to pander to depraved appetites, and kill yearly 100,000 of our people. It is not justice to protect these traders in tears in a business which, according to eminent physiologists, in bringing into existence every year thousands of American children with alcoholic constitutions which predispose them to disease, pauperism, and crime. It is not establishing justice, nor promoting any of the objects for which our Constitution was adopted, to encourage a business the very nature of which is to attract into it principally depraved men, men in whose ears the clink of coin sounds louder than the wail of the widow and orphan, men who can stand the piteous appeals of broken hearts and ruined homes but who fear law, and by bribery and corruption control political parties, and seek to rule our courts as well as our jails and penitentiaries. Our Constitution does not sanction the personal liberty contended for by some of your correspondents, and by the whisky criminals throughout our country Chief Justice Taney says, "If any state deems the retail internal traffic in ardent spirits injurious to its citizens and calculated to produce idleness, debauchery, or crime, I see nothing in the Constitution of the United States to prevent it from regulating and restricting the traffic, or from prohibiting it altogether if it thinks proper (5 Howard, 676). I hav said that prohibition is the most dominant question of the day, and if my letter were not already too long, I would prove that it involves more dollars and cents, effects morals, industry, education, and political economy, more than any or all questions combined which now engage the attention of the American people. When it comes to pass that the great political parties of our country will not take cognizance of a question involving such vital interests, because of the arrogant dictations of this traffic, is it not an evidence that these parties hav outlived their usefulness, and is it not the duty of patriots to cast their ballots with higher aims than the serving of a whisky conspiracy?

Readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER, if you desire to perpetuate this Infidel government, join hands with the brave, true man and woman of the prohibition party, "who with one hand on the heart and the other on the altar of their country" hav vowed to "pulverize the rum power." GEORGE T. BRUCE.

LA CROSSE, WIS., July 4, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I see Elmina has been reviewing Mr. Putnam's book on the "Problem of the Universe." I hav not seen the book. I hav only seen Elmina's quotations from it.

Now, Mr. Editor, with your permission I will review the few sentences which she has quoted. He says, "Mind is not property," and then claims, "It is a process, and is limited." What an idea—to be talking and writing about nonentities which are but words—words without substance or signification. You aver, "The soul of man is action, far-reaching, and penetrating." Now, if the soul is action, far-reaching, and penetrating, it must be something; then what is it?—for a hundred nonentities will not make a body. You claim, "Science sweeps the eternal heavens." Hav you been there with your sky scienc and seen it sweep? What an absurd expression! You aver "Law is not a thing," but add it is "a mode." Now, what a mode? Let us see what Worcester says about it. He says, "Mode is quality, manner of existence." Now, manner and quality of existence are not existence itself. Here is a lot o gab again about nothing. As for law, it presupposes a law maker, or giver. Who is the giver or maker—you, Mr. Putnam? You assert, "The universe is matter, and it is force." Now, if matter exists throughout all space, as you say, wher is your space for force, for you add they both exist." You claim it is not an "iron but a flowing universe." How ridiculous! You add, "If we fly in the face of nature she is ou enemy," and then assert there is "orderly force." What orderly force and "nature our enemy!" You claim, "Force flashed into the steamship, the palace car," and so on. I would think it flashed in the water that is in the boiler, if at al Now, I unhesitatingly deny that force is anything of itself, or any other of your attributes. But if you think differently, giv me their length, breadth, density, and thickness. I class al such words with power, space, attraction, repulsion, and so on, which to my view hav no existence in themselvs. But you do not mean that. You confound attributes of existence with existence itself, which I think is absurd. If your words hav any meaning, they must signify something that exists. From what Elmina says about your book, I think she does not understand it. To my view, what I hav seen of it, it is most all attributes. You remind me of what a German once said—"Some mens know some dings, but more almost noddings." And further adds, "Some professors mit pig heads hav too much talk, and not enough think," which I think is the case with you. I am your well-wisher, J. PETTEY.

WENTWORTH, D. T., July 2, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find draft for $6.85; please send books as per inclosed list. The last books sent I hav read and passed to Liberal friends, who hav read and passed to the next, and I think they hav added their mite towards rooting out old superstition. About two weeks ago a Methodist clergyman was called from a neighboring town to preach a funeral service. During his remarks he said he understood this was a nest of Infidels down here, and furthermore went on to say that any man that did not believe the Bible was not half a man, but more a fool. He chose a very appropriate place for these remarks, for out of respect to the mourners he was allowed to go his way. But he ruined church prospects in this vicinity, as nearly all of our business men are Liberal in belief, and all were hit the same way. I read the old TRUTH SEEKER, and then pass it around. W. L. HORTON.

OAK POINT, WASH. TER., June 3, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I see that by the 10th of this month my time for THE TRUTH SEEKER is up. So inclosed find $3 for another year. I am getting signers for the petition, and I will forward the same in a few days. But instead of petitioning, I think that the Liberals should demand; and if every Liberal would cast his vote independent of party politics, it would soon make a change in our office-holders and law-makers.

Yours for independence in politics and religion,
L. C. SCHARNHARST.

MILTON, OR., June 30, 284.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed we send you some names for the petition. When we go around with such a paper we hav an opportunity to find out who the Liberals are. There are all sorts of excuses given. Some who profess to be Liberals refuse their signature for fear it will hurt their business. I tell such that I would sign it if I knew it would make a pauper of me. A man who is afraid to do what he knows to be right is no man at all. Respectfully, T. V. NICHOLS.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"His life is long whose work is well,
And be his station low or high,
He who the most good works can tell,
Lives longest though he soonest die."

Baby Belle.

O trustful, soft, brown eyes that seek my own!
O pure, white palms, I clasped so close in mine!
How could I labor, severed from thy side?
How could I rest, denied thy kiss divine?

"My daughter!" In these words some sweet spell lies,
Which wins me from Fame's weary field of strife.
Weaving anew my web of shattered hopes
Lying long dormant 'neath a loveless life!

Thou art mine all, sweet child. There is no dream
In all my future where thou, too, art not!
No scene were fair without thee; for, alone,
Alike were palace proud, or peasant's cot!

Kiss me again, my darling! thy sweet breath
Fanning my cheek like some celestial breeze!
Sleep, little maiden, all the wealth of earth
Against *thee* weighed were dross—all gold beneath the seas!

KISS ME GOOD-NIGHT.

(Cradle-Song for Baby Belle.)

Kiss me good-night! The perfumed breeze
Steals through the casement; and, afar,
The wavelets beat the silv'ry sand
That shimmers 'pon the harbor-bar!

Kiss me good-night! Ah, little one,
Thou knowest nought of earth's dark strife;
No sorrow yet its shade hath cast
Athwart thy young and sinless life.

Kiss me good-night! Thy rosy palms
I press in mine. I stroke thy hair.
Ah, can it be the fates shall frown
'Pon such as thee, divinely fair?

Kiss me good-night! Ere in thy bed
I lay thee down to take thy rest,
Where visions bright shall haunt thy dreams
Amid the "Islauds of the Blest!"

Kiss me good-night! The lashes droop,
Deep-fringed, upon thy velvet cheek;
Thy sunny curls sink on my breast,
And nature's sweet repose bespeak!

Then slumber on; no harm shall come
To thee, for I am by thy side,
Till, joyous, on the jocund morn,
Thy lustrous eyes are opened wide!

ELLIOTT PRESTON.

6 Park Square, Boston, Mass.

A Funny Fellow.

HOW HE WAS CURED OF PRACTICAL JOKING.

"Now, Benny, *will* you try to be a good boy, and not cut up any more capers? You do act so; I don't know what to do with you. What *does* make you behave so, Benny?"

"I don't know, mother. I suppose I was born to behave just so, or else I wouldn't," and Benny adroitly threw a loop that he had been making on the end of a line, right over Neb's head, and drew him, yelping along the floor.

Neb was the name of the dog. His whole name was Nebuchadnezzar, but they called him Neb for short.

"You hurt the dog, Benny. Oh, why *don't* you act better?" and Mrs. Handy looked grieved and sorrowful.

"Well, I will act better, mother, see if I don't," said Benny, kissing his mother fondly as she tied her bonnet strings preparatory to going out.

In the course of an hour, when she returned, what did she see but all her pretty hens, Daisy, Dolly, Matilda, Angelina, and all the others who had no names but common Biddy, half shorn of their beautiful plumage, and fluttering about in a dazed and bewildered manner.

"Why, what is the matter with the hens?" she inquired in some alarm.

Nannie, Ben's little sister, spoke quickly, "O mamma, Benny blew up the hens, and the old rooster, too!"

"Blew them up? How did he blow them up? Tell me, Nannie."

"He put a lot of corn on the flat rock, and called them all there to hav a lunch; then, while they were eating, he made a ring of gunpowder all around them, and put a fuse on it, and then he lit the fuse! And the hens went up in the air, and the feathers flew in all directions! And, mamma, they cackled and squalled, *awfully!*"

Of course Benny had a good scolding, and you would think he would not hav meddled with the fowls again. But not long afterward, his father sent him to throw out a lot of wild cherries that had been soaked in alcohol, and what did he do but carry them out in a vacant lot, and call the neighbor's turkeys, who gobbled them up in short order.

"Oh, dear, dear!" said old Mrs. Temple, "my lovely turkeys are all dead," and she rushed into her house in great agitation. There they lay scattered about the yard as dead as herrings! "They must hav been poisoned, and it's too bad, too bad!" And sure enough, there lay a dozen or more, fat, handsome turkeys, apparently lifeless and inanimate, upon the ground.

"I suppose I might save the feathers," said the bereaved woman, and she proceeded, without more delay, to pluck the turkeys of their fine dresses. When she had finished her work, she sat down and cried heartily. An hour later she went to bury their dead bodies, when, to her astonishment, one by one, the turkeys came staggering, and reeling toward her, looking sheepish and ashamed.

"Gobble, gobble, gobble," said the old gobbler. "Where are our coats and neckties?"

"What was the matter with the creatures, I wonder? How comical they do look, anyway!" and Mrs. Temple surveyed them with curious eyes.

"Gobble, gobble, gobble, gobble!" shrieked the old father, shivering like a leaf.

"That means that they've been *drunk!*" said Ben, looking over the stone wall. "Big fools! they hav been stuffing themselvs with the cherries that I threw out. Idiots! not to know any better than that! I knew men would be such fools, but I did think turkeys might know better," and Ben winked at the creatures.

One Sunday afternoon, Benny's mother had invited the minister and a few friends to tea. She got everything ready before she went to church, set the table, and left Benny to keep house till she returned with the company.

When she came, accompained by the minister and two or three friends, Benny met them at the door with a smiling countenance. There was a roguish twinkle in his eye, however, and his mother was almost afraid he had been in mischief, but everything appeared as when she had left, and her misgivings were put to flight.

They were all seated around the table, and the minister very solemnly invoked a short blessing. Then the covers were removed from the dishes and, instead of the oyster stew, roast beef, etc., in every dish appeared only beans—raw, uncooked beans.

"Benny," said the mortified woman, "I am ashamed of you! What do you mean by such conduct?"

"I only meant to hav a little *bene*diction!" said Benny, with a grave face.

His father frowned, and bade him bring on the edibles, which he had hidden ere he substituted the beans upon the table, at which good humor was restored, and the long faces were changed into smiling ones.

After this, Benny was sent to his grandfather's, hoping that he would turn over a new leaf and cease playing practical jokes.

His grandfather lived in an old-fashioned house, in which was a huge kitchen and an ample fire-place. In this kitchen, religious meetings were wont to be held once every two weeks. Indulging his love of fun, Benny had incurred the displeasure of Deacon Plunkett, who had sharply reproved him for his irreverence during meeting-time, and commanded him to sit beside him at the next meeting, and see if he could be kept in a prayerful frame of mind.

When meeting night came, Benny seated himself demurely beside Deacon Plunkett on the long bench attached to the old-fahioned loom, that in the winter-time was suffered to remain in the kitchen. Overhead, depending from the beams, were bunches of herbs, catnip, life-everlasting, double tansy, wormwood, and thoroughwort; strings of red-peppers, some long skeins of blue yarn that had just been dyed, and, among a lot of other articles, a small but very full bag of mustard seed.

A string of red peppers fell down, and Benny stood up to replace them, when he espied the bag of mustard seed. With his knife he made an incision, and out dropped a mustard seed, one, two, three, and more, right on top of Deacon Plunkett's bald head, and from thence rolled down to his neck, and disappeared inside his collar.

The deacon scratched the bare place on his head, and rubbed his shoulders against the loom.

Benny never smiled, but watched the mustard seed descend, while the deacon prayed for greater faith and more knowledge.

Presently Benny slyly pulled the stick from its place in the loom, where it held the bench upon which he was seated in place, and, suddenly, with a jerk, down went one end of the plank, and up went the other upon which Deacon Plunkett sat, and away went his head through one of the long skeins of yarn! Benny rolled head over heels on the floor, laughing to himself at the figure Deacon Plunkett made, as well as at the troubled and astonished faces of the audience present.

The next morning Benny was sent home in disgrace, and found his oldest sister was soon to be married.

"Now Benny," said she, "I dare not let you be present at the ceremony for fear you will do something dreadful, and make us all ashamed. So you will hav to remain in another room until it is over."

"Oh, please let me see you married; please do," he pleaded. "I will be good, indeed I will, Maria, if you will only let me come in. I never saw a wedding in all my life."

"Well, if you promis to behave, you may come in, but be sure you sit still and say nothing."

"Yes, Maria," said Benny very demurely.

When the hour for the interesting ceremony arrived, the guests were all in their places, but Benny was absent. After a search he was found and bade to come in.

"I will be there in a minute," he answered. "May the cat come, too?"

"Yes, Benny," said his mother. "Come right along."

Presently in he came, and just as the ceremony was about half over, in came Rebecca, the cat, making a great racket, and causing a titter to run through the assembly. Benny had split some large walnuts through the center, and stuck them on Rebecca's four feet with shoemaker's wax. You can imagin what a piece of work she made of walking, and how ridiculous she appeared as she went up in front of the bride and uttered a prolonged me-ow!

Soon after this occurrence Benny went away to school, and the strange boys there commenced a system of hazing, as they sometimes do with fresh boys in college. One night they secured a rope about Benny's person, and dragged him quite a distance, unheeding his cries and pleadings to be let alone.

"Poor Nebuchadnezzar! and poor Deacon Plunkett!" said Benny. "This reminds me of how I used to torture them. I wonder if they can ever forgiv me!"

When the Fourth of July came, some boys invited Benny, who was home enjoying a vacation, to celebrate with them Independence Day. They had a lot of fireworks, firecrackers, Roman candles, "nigger-chasers," skyrockets, pistols, torpedoes, and a tar-barrel. Benny was among the foremost to handle the fireworks, and set them off.

By and by, amid the reports of rockets and snapping of crackers, there came a bang, a fizz, lots of smoke, and a dreadful smell of powder and singed eyebrows.

Poor Benny was a sight to behold, with a blackened and burnt face, hair, eyebrows, and hands dreadfully singed, and his clothing disarranged. Oh, how his face smarted! how his eyes ached! and his hands! oh, how badly they were scorched!

"If mother's hens and the old rooster felt like this when I blew them up, I pity them, that's all!" and he groaned in agony.

After awhile, like all other boys, Benny grew to be a young man, and one time he went on what was termed a "racket" with three other young men. While enjoying the "racket," Ben drank several glasses of whisky, beginning first with root beer. The effects of the whisky overcame him so much that he fell down. His companions dragged him to a secluded spot and left him. Two rough men came that way and robbed him, not only of his money and gold watch, but most of his clothing, so that when he came to his senses he shivered with cold.

"Where's my coat and my necktie?" he asked dubiously of the wind. "And where's my gold studs, and sleeve-buttons, and my vest? And what's the matter with me, anyway?" gazing around, bewildered.

"I guess you've been drinking," said an old man on his way to market in the early gray of the morning. A woman was in the wagon with the man, and she said loud enough for Ben to hear, "Maybe he knows how my turkeys felt when they made a meal of wild cherries one time!"

It was Mrs. Temple. Ben sneaked along like a culprit, walking worse than Rebecca did when her feet were stuck up with shoemaker's wax, and she was waddling along on walnut-shell shoes.

He had often promised he would do better, and would turn over a new leaf. This time he actually did turn a leaf. He saw how his love of fun had made others unhappy, and honestly declared that what he would not wish done to himself he would never do.

He saw, also, that "rackets," if followed up, would destroy him, soul and body, and he resolved that his first "racket" should be his last.

He became a good, wise, and honest man, and although he had a great love of jokes, he was careful that they were always innocent, and that no creature, not even a fowl or cat, was harmed thereby. There was a great deal of merriment in his nature, but it was purified by experience, and although he was called a "funny fellow," he was liked far better than he would hav been had he persisted in his early methods of playing jokes.

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1.

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Write all the digits except the figure 8 thus: 12345679.

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Cleveland, Ohio.

2.

REBUS.

Five letters do my magic name compose,
Which any one can curiously dispose.
My first one by itself, as I'm alive,
Will count two hundred times the entire five.
My second is no less a standing wonder,
It counts just nothing by itself, or under.
My third's a paradox, you my depend,
It's just the middle of a midge-tail's end.
My fourth is two third's of an ox's eye,
Sometimes you'll find it in a pumpkin pie.
My fifth you'll see on any cloudy day,
In yonder sky resplendently gay.
My whole's the talisman that rules mankind.
If you can't guess me now, you must be blind.

—*Old Almanac.*

3.

ANAGRAM.

A word of seven letters,
Two letters a male—three a female,
Four letters a brave man, and the
Whole a brave woman.

LAURA LANE.

ANSWER TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER, JULY 5, 1884.

1.

Key, Quay, Wharf, Pier, Peer—Nobleman.

2.

Circle, Ring, Wring, Twist, Wind, Twine, String or Cord, Line, Row, Rank—File (Soldiers).

3.

Corps—Core.
Heart—Hart.
Stag—Deer.
Dear—Expensiv.

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[Leagues and Liberal and Spiritualistic Societies in the United States and Canada meeting regularly, can hav notices of their meetings published in this column free if the officers will send them to us.]

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MUSKEGON.—The Liberal League meets every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock in the German Odd Fellows' Hall, corner of Western ave. and Terrace st.

WISCONSIN.

MILWAUKEE.—The Milwaukee Liberal League meets every Sunday evening at Fraternity Hall, 216 Grand avenue.—Exercises: Lectures, Criticisms, and Music.—Admission free.

OHIO.

CLEVELAND.—The Liberal League meets every Sunday at 3 P.M., in room 29, City Hall building. Lectures free. Communications can be addressed to W. I. Irvine, Secretary.

MAINE.

PORTLAND.—Dr. H. A. Lamb has hired Congress Hall, Congress street (entrance on Temple street), where free meetings, lectures, and discussions are held every Sunday, 2:30 P.M. Admittance free. Public invited.

OREGON.

PORTLAND.—The Auxiliary Liberal League of Portland, Or., holds meetings every Sunday, at 2 o'clock, P.M., at Nonpareil Hall, cor. 1st and Madison streets. All are invited. Admission free.

MASSACHUSETTS.

BOSTON.—Boston Liberal Club holds meetings for essays and criticisms every Sunday forenoon at 10:45 in the Paine Memorial Building, Appleton street.——The "Society of the Divine Homo" at same place every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Sunday-school at 2:30. Admission free.

PENNSYLVANIA.

ALTOONA.—The League holds meetings every Wednesday evening and Sundays at 3 P.M., at the League Room, corner of Eleventh ave. and 13th st., third floor, entrance on 13th st.

PHILADELPHIA.—The Friendship Liberal League meets every Sunday at Hancock Hall, 814 Girard avenue, at 2:30 o'clock, and 7:30 o'clock, P.M., for lectures and free debates. THE TRUTH SEEKER and Liberal books for sale.

PITTSBURGH.—Pittsburgh Liberal League meets at Maltby Hall, 76 Fifth avenue, every Sunday (except during the Months of July and August) at 3 o'clock. A free platform is maintained. Exercises consist of a lecture, followed by 10 minute criticisms, with 15 minutes allowed the lecturer to reply. Clergymen invited to discuss.

NEW JERSEY.

NEWARK.—Newark Liberal League meets every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the League's Hall, 177 Halsey street. Exercises consist of music, readings, lecture, and discussion, in which all present are invited to participate. Admission free. Collection taken. Communications for the League should be addressed to J. W. Frankel, 10 Pine street, Newark.

CANADA.

TORONTO.—Secular Society. Reading and Lecture Rooms, No. 9 Grand Opera House. Open every evening and Sundays. Lecture every Sunday evening. Freethinkers and strangers are cordially invited.

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NEW YORK.

ALBANY.—The Liberal association meets every Sunday at Van Vechten Hall, 119 State street. Sunday-school at 2 P.M. General business meeting and debates and discussions at 3 P.M. Lecture at 7:30 P.M. The public are cordially invited to attend, also all Liberals visiting the city. Admission free.

NEW YORK CITY.—The American Spiritualist Alliance meets every Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock in Republican Hall, 55 West 33d street.——The First Society of Spiritualists holds its meetings every Sunday in Republican Hall, 55 West 33d street. Morning service 11 o'clock; evening, 7:45. Seats free. Public cordially invited.——Arcanum Hall, 57 West 25th Street, cor. 6th ave. The People's Spiritual Meeting every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 P.M.

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He told his wife of his plan. "Why not try it at once?" said she, "and I will help you." "But I hav no galvanic battery, and there is none to be had in this place; besides, I cannot spare the money to buy one if there were." "Can't you make one yourself," said she. "If I only had some copper and zinc plates I hav all the chemicals," he replied; "but there is no such thing for sale nearer than Pittsburgh." His wife disappeared for a few moments, and then returned with their copper kettle and zinc washboard. "They would do," said he; "but, oh, my! how your mother will scold if we cut them up; they are almost new." "Leave that to me," said she; "mother is out, and we will get the battery made before she comes back." So they went to work with might and main, and by bringing the sugar-bowl and the teapot into requisition for battery cells, they soon had the battery completed; but before they had time to clear away the scraps their mother came in. She didn't scold just then; she couldn't; she only held up her hands and gazed in stupefied amazement.

That night they managed to get all their appliances in their sleeping room and then, in stocking feet, they experimented nearly all night. Before morning they had produced their first plate. It was all bad but one little patch, about as big as one's finger nail, and that, as Mrs. Moss expressed it, was "*just beautiful*, and almost as deep as a well." Alas! alas! great inventions are like Topsy in the story of Uncle Tom's Cabin, who said: "I never was born; I growed."

In their exultations that night they did not realize that nearly ten years of constant experimenting under the most trying circumstances, often in great poverty and want, would roll away before they would be able to make the first plate that would be paid for and used.

He soon gav up the photographic business and commenced the publication of a country newspaper. This was not successful; so he went to Philadelphia and worked as a journeyman printer through the day, and spent his evenings and Sundays in reading and experimenting, his wife assisting him in everything he did. Through the day she would purchase and mix the chemicals, and get everything in readiness for him. Many, many times success would seem so near that he would giv up his employment and they would devote all their time to experimenting, until not only their little savings were exhausted, but until they had sold everything that could be disposed of. On one occasion, having sold nearly everything but a feather bed, a gift from Mrs. Moss's mother which they had resolved never to part with, he said that if he had a few dollars more to buy chemicals, success would be sure. Overhearing the remark Mrs. Moss quietly left the room, and in a short time returned with hasty steps and presented to the astonished eye of Mr. Moss a $10 bill.

"Why, Mary! where did you get that?" exclaimed he. "The other day I heard the washerwoman say that she was saving up money to buy a feather bed; so I went and sold her mine;" then added, with a merry laugh, "feather beds are very unhealthy to sleep on, anyway. We will pick out a soft board, it will make us grow straight."

The $10 was soon spent, and still other difficulties to be surmounted; more chemicals were needed. Nothing remained but a small cooking-stove and an old-fashioned rocking-chair, a sort of heirloom of Mrs. Moss's family; and her mother had charged her never to part with it, for it would bring bad luck to the family. So the stove went first. Mrs. Moss said cheerfully, "It made the room too hot; besides, I will giv up tea, and I can make your coffee and cook what little we need upon our alcohol lamp." A few more chemicals were still needed. Mrs. Moss was again equal to the emergency—the old chair was sold; but this time, as she drew out the money, the tears came to her eyes, but when she saw the sadness of her husband's pale and haggard face, she said cheerfully, "Never mind; we will soon liv in our own home, and hav all the nice furniture we want." Success was still far in the future. Mr. Moss went back with a heavy heart to "sticking type," while Mrs. Moss kept on with their experiments.

Many such domestic dramas had to be passed through before success finally crowned their efforts. We shall only mention one more instance.

It was after they had commenced practically working their process in a small way in their own dwelling. They had what they considered a large order on their hands, and their chemicals were, as photographers would say, "kicking" badly. One part of their process failed them entirely; the chemicals would not work as they had worked before. Day after day passed, but still they could not succeed. The time was up for the delivery of the plates, and they were getting fairly desperate; they saw that one part of their process must be radically changed before they could ever succeed. They had scarcely slept for several nights. Mr. Moss had devised one method of overcoming the difficulty which seemed to him faultless in theory, but still it failed in practice. Mrs. Moss insisted that he had not given it a fair trial. About two o'clock in the morning Mr. Moss sat down upon the side of the bed, worn out and in utter despair. Tired nature soon gave way and forced sleep upon him.

When he awoke in the morning, he saw by the bright smile on his wife's weary face that she had overcome the difficulty. She had prepared for him a good breakfast—a hot loaf of Graham bread, with fresh butter, and a pot of steaming coffee. Mrs. Moss had remained up all night, and had repeated the experiment with complete success. No king's feast was ever eaten with so much relish as that little family enjoyed their plain and simple breakfast, for it seemed to them that the last difficulty had been overcome. The order was speedily finished, and the proceeds sufficed to supply their most urgent wants. But their troubles were far from being at an end. Their outfit, though sufficient for experimental purposes, was not suitable for practical work. However, they gained ground little by little, until they found it necessary to take a place of business in New York city. They fitted up a loft at No. 26 Cedar street, but still labored under great disadvantages for want of capital and skilled workmen. Here their work began to attract considerable attention, and Mr. Moss was induced to engage in a stock company with a view to working the process on a large scale.

In 1870 the Actinic Engraving Co., was formed; but as his associates had no experience in the business, and could giv him but little assistance, and were willing to invest but a small amount of money, he was worse off than he had been before the company was formed.

For nearly a year and a half he struggled against adversity, and was finally compelled to withdraw from the company in which he had lost all of his first outfit. He soon affer entered into an arrangement with Rev. Mr. Hobart, who agreed to loan $10,000 for a half interest in a new company to be formed. The Photo. Engraving Co. was incorporated in the spring of 1872, and opened an establishment at No. 21 Dey Street, but had barely commenced operations when they were completely burnt out. They immediately fitted up again at No. 62 Cortlandt street.

The first year proved very discouraging, as new apparatuses had to be constructed or purchased, and above all employees had to be patiently and carefully trained to perform their respectiv duties, it being an entirely new branch of industry for which no skilled labor could be procured; and to make matters worse Mr. Moss's health was rapidly giving way. Long hours of toil and great mental anxiety had reduced his weight from 170 to 110 pounds; besides, he had almost become incapable of sleep. He seldom slept over two hours out of the twenty-four, and then only for a few moments at a time, while his ever patient wife sat by his bed and applied wet cloths to his fevered brow. He looked like a man in the last stages of consumption. One Saturday night their bookkeeper announced a small gain for the last month. This favorable announcement brought about quite a crisis with Mr. Moss. He went home in a very happy state of mind, and that night he slept so soundly that his wife watched by his bedside throughout the night—he was so calm and motionless that she feared his end was near. After ten or twelve hours he awoke, greatly refreshed, and from that time he continued to gain in health and strength.

The second year the company began to prosper, and Mr. Hobart was soon paid back the $10,000 he had advanced to the concern. After that their prosperity continued for several years. But Mr. Hobart was getting old, and his health grew feeble. Under these circumstances he became loth to expend more money for new improvements, while on the other hand Mr. Moss, being in the prime of life, was eager to go on increasing the facilities to meet the growing demand for their work. Dissatisfaction gradually sprung up between them, so Mr. Moss named a sum which he would be willing to giv or take for the business. Mr. Hobart and his friends bought out the interest of the Moss family. Mr. Moss was then free, and with all the capital he needed, and with his long years of practical experience and many new improvements and inventions which he had never felt warranted in introducing previously, he immediately set about fitting up on a large scale.

In the spring of 1880 the Moss Engraving Co. was formed, with John C. Moss as president and superintendent; his wife, M. A. Moss, as treasurer; their son, Robert B. Moss, assistant superintendent; and Jas. E. Ramsey and Henry A. Jackson, old and trusted employees, as secretary and assistant secretary. This company was a great success from the start, and is now the largest establishment of the kind in the world. Their place of business is at 533, 535, 537, and 539 Pearl street.

Mr. Moss, though in his forty-seventh year, is in the best of health, and looks younger than he did when we first remember him some twelve or fifteen years ago.

Mrs. Moss was in rather feeble health for several years after the death of her beloved mother and an only daughter; but she rides out almost daily, has regained much of her wonted energy and cheerfulness, and seems to enjoy the fruits that, with her husband, she labored so faithfully to earn.—*Anthony's Photographic Bulletin.*

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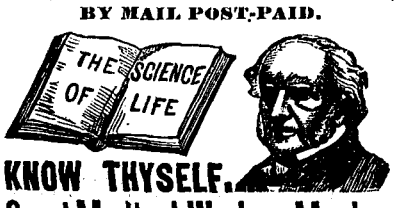
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is a regularly educated and legally qualified physician, and the most successful, as his practice will prove. He has for twenty years treated exclusivly all diseases of the Sexual Organs, in which he stands pre-eminent. SPERMATORRHŒA and IMPOTENCY as the result of self-abuse in youth and

Gems of Thought.

ALL gods and religions hav been based upon the great untruth of supernaturalism; all hav been composed largely of the same gross falsehoods, and all hav been inimical to the best interests of the human race. All hav fallen short in affording to man the truths he needed, all produced darkness instead of light; all proved an incubus instead of an aid; all augmented the evils of ignorance instead of increasing knowledge.—*D. M. Bennett.*

HOME.—A happy well-ordered home is a paradise. It is a place where love, joy, peace, and true happiness abound. It is a refuge where rest, quiet, and contentment abide. It is a store-house to which we carry all our treasures and place them therein in safety. It is where we work, eat, sleep, read, play, talk, and are ourselvs at our very best. It is where we liv, love, and are best beloved. Is it a wonder, then, that poets sing sweetest of home; that artists paint home as the most delightful of all spots; and that lovers picture the home they will create as the abode of all that fancy can invent, or imagination can conceive as choicest, best, and loveliest? Blessed be the sweet, magical word home, and may every heart feel its worth, and every hand help to make more and still more homes to bless and beautify our own joyful and happy earth.—*Elmina D. Slenker.*

THERE is one miracle peculiar to John (ii, 1-11) of so singular and apocryphal a character as to call for special notice. The turning of water into wine at the marriage feast in Cana of Galilee has long formed the opprobrium and perplexity of theologians, and must continue to do so as long as they persist in regarding it as an accurate historical relation. None of the numberless attempts to giv anything like a probable explanation of the narrativ has been attended with the least success. They are for the most part melancholy specimens of ingenuity misapplied, and plain honesty perverted by an originally false assumption. No portion of the gospel history, scarcely any portion of the Old Testament, or even of the Apocryphal narratives, has such unmistakable marks of fiction. It is a story which, if found in any other volume, would at once hav been dismissed as a clumsy and manifest invention. In the first place, it is a miracle wrought to supply more wine to men who had already drank much—a deed which has no suitability to the character of Jesus, and no analogy to any other of his miracles. Secondly, though it was, as we are told, the first of his miracles, his mother is represented as expecting him to work a miracle, and commence his public career with so unfit and improbable one. In the third place, Jesus is said to hav spoken harshly to his mother, asking her what she had in common, and telling her that his hour [for working miracles] was not yet come, when he knew that it was come. Fourthly, in spite of this rebuff, Mary is represented still expecting a miracle, and this particular one, and as making preparation for it. She said to the servants, "Whatever he saith to you, do it," and accordingly Jesus immediately began to giv orders to them. Fifthly, the superior quality of the wine, and the enormous quantity produced (135 gallons), are obviously fabulous. And those who are familiar with the apocryphal gospels hav no difficulty in recognizing the close consanguinity between the whole narrativ and the stories of miracles with which they abound.—*Greg's Creed of Christendom.*

[NOTE.—The miracle of Cana was at any rate a good beginning, but to think of the same omnipotence being drawn upon to procure a penny to pay his taxes (Matt. xvii, 27). What a falling off was there, my countrymen! A truly fishy story.—*Hylax.*

GOD has not put us into a world where life and death depend upon the accuracy of another man's calculations, or the question as to whether he is minded to tell the truth. The great question as to what kind of a universe this is; as to what kind of a God manifests himself through its laws—this is not a matter of doubtful history, but of scientific verity. Then as to the nature of man, what kind of a being he is, according to what laws he needs to liv in order to develop himself, in order to organize into societies and states, to attain his highest possible welfare. This is not a question of doubtful historic testimony, it is a matter of scientific observation, experiment, and verification. Again, as to what evil is, as to the causes of crime, of pauperism, of all those ills that undermine human happiness, that shadow the world, and blot out the light of heaven—these are not matters that depend on testimony; they are questions for observation, for experiment, to be settled by the scientific method. And so of all great problems—those of religion, those of morality; the deepest questions of society and statesmanship, and all practical control and conduct of life are not those concerning which we need be in any doubt. They do not depend upon any gospel, or Bible, or book, or testimony of any witness who is now dead. They depend upon the great facts and laws all around us, in whose arms we are, in whose presence we stand, in whose power we liv and breathe. They depend upon those things that are open to the observation and experiment of the world.—*M. J. Savage.*

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(E. M. 284.)

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Odds and Ends.

OFF for the summer—Flannels.

"HOW did you like the doctor's sermon?" said one to his companion, as they were walking home from church. "First-rate. I *always* liked that sermon."

"CAN a man be a Christian and not be an activ politician in a republic?" is the subject of one of the *Continent's* prize essays. We don't know about the activ politician; but it seems difficult for a man to be a Christian without being an absconding bank president or cashier.—*Puck.*

LILLIAN: "What a queer title for a book!" Mary: "What title?" Lillian: "'Not Like Other Girls.'" Mary: "It is rather odd. Is it a novel?" Lillian: "Yes. I wonder what the heroin can be if she is not like other girls?" Mary: "If she is not like other girls I guess she must be a boy."

"TELEMACHUS, don't let me hear you laughing at a woman again because she can't sharpen a pencil. When you want something in that line to laugh at, do you just contemplate a man cutting out a paper pattern with a pair of scissors, by the united efforts of his right hand, lower jaw, and two-thirds of his tongue."

A FASHIONABLE Austin lady was very much shocked last Sunday at hearing the strains of an operatic air that were wafted from a neighoring beer saloon. "The police ought to stop that profane music on Sunday," she remarked indignantly. "Why, that's the same air we heard this morning in church," remarked her husband. "Yes, but that's a different thing." "What's the difference?" "We had our best clothes on then. That makes all the difference in the world."

MARK TWAIN tells this story of Mr. Bergh: A lady was talking with Mr. Bergh one day, and chanced to speak of a friend of hers who had lately been traveling out West. In crossing the frontier it became necessary that the father, mother, and three children should cross a somewhat swollen ford. Their only beast of burden was a mule. So the father placed two of the children on its back, then plunged in and led the beast in with him. It swam obediently behind him, and all reached the other shore in safety. At the man's bidding the intelligent mule returned to where the mother and child were waiting to cross. The mother, fearing to put too heavy a burden on the already tired animal, put only the child upon its back, bade him hold fast, and, with a prayer, led the animal to the water's edge. They plunged in, swam bravely for a time, then were seen to struggle and go down. "Oh, think, Mr. Bergh," said the excited and pitying lady, "just think what must hav been the feelings of that mother as she saw her darling child lost in the depths of that black water!" "True, oh, too true," sighed Mr. Bergh. "But did you ever think, my dear lady, what must hav been the feelings of the mule?"

THE HEATHEN IN HIS BLINDNESS.

"This," said the returned missionary to the Poor Heathen whom he had brought over, "is a church."

And the Poor Heathen greatly admired the church. By and by he asked:

"Who is the fat man with the big watch seal, who looks at the church as though he thought some of putting on a $50 bay window and raising the rent $500 a year?"

"That is a trustee," said the returned missionary.

"He does most of the praying, I suppose?" said, the Poor Heathen, who in his blindness knows very little about the way we do these things.

"No," said the returned missionary, "he don't believe in praying; he is a Bob Ingersoll man and believes that nobody deesn't know nothing and that they know that he knows that they know he knows they don't. He is not a member of the church, but he is a good, clear-headed business man, good manager, strong on real estate deals, and so he's a trustee. Doesn't take very much of a Christian to be a trustee, except in the country. In town a church only wants a good business man for trustee."

"And who is the man who stands in the door and glares at the people as they pass in, and tries to keep them out?" asked the Poor Heathen.

"That is the sexton," replied the missionary. "He doesn't believe in opening the church for religious services at all. He says the church was built to hav swell weddings in, and that for preaching and prayer meetings and other side shows of that nature the trustees should hire a hall."

"Who is the very young man who pushes people out of the way that he may hav room to pass in, and stoops very low as he enters the twenty foot door and sits directly under the steeple lest he should strike his head when he stands up?"

"That," said the returned missionary, "is the new superintendent of the Sunday-school. They are all that way at first. By and by, when he has forgotten every line of his beautiful speech, when there are distinguished strangers present, when he has started the wrong tune to an entirely strange hymn, and corrected himself by striking the right tune on a key so high that the chimes of Normandy couldn't ring second bass to it; when he has flunked, fair, square, and outright, on the first ten question in his question box, he will know less by a ton than he does now, and be a good, useful, earnest, and humble superintendent. He's only young and new, like an August persimmon."

"Here comes the owner of the church," the Poor Heathen said. "He looks as though he had decided to make pemmican of the sexton and trustee, and not hold any service to-day."

"No, that is not exactly the owner of the church," the returned missionary said; "that is the leader of the choir."

"Who is that meek, timid little man who is trying to creep in without letting the sexton see him, and who has just taken off his hat to the leader of the choir?"

"Oh, that is only the pastor of the church," the returned missionary replied. "Will you go inside?"

And the Poor Heathen said he would, because he rather guessed from their looks, the sexton and the leader of the choir had made up their minds to settle that morning which of the two should take the church and run it."

THE TRUTH SEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., as Second-class Matter.

Vol. 11. No. 30. | PUBLISHED WEEKLY. | New York, Saturday, July 26, 1884. | 33 CLINTON PLACE. | $3.00 per year.

Notes and Clippings.

In Japan every newspaper employs a man whose sole occupation is to go to prison whenever a court orders that punishment for the editor; a new application, only, of the idea of vicarious punishment.

A Brooklyn clergyman declares that "the eternal glory of heaven would be incomplete without a background of infinit woe to set it in relief." That clergyman is hereby nominated for the background.

A graduate of the Michigan Theological University went to St. Paul, where, failing to get into a pulpit, he went to sawing wood. He now makes $2 a day and owes no man a cent. For a theological graduate, this man is a phenomenal success.

Mr. Tucker, in *Liberty*, thus outlines the political campaign: "One party nominates for president its strongest man, who is a rascal; the other nominates nearly its weakest, who is a nonentity; and between this knave and this nobody the workers of the country expect and are expected to choose the way of their salvation from the present economic chaos." That is the anarchistic view of it.

A crematory is to be built at Buffalo, N. Y., says an exchange, modeled after the famous one at Milan. No flame, but intense heat, will be used to reduce the bodies to ashes. The high temperature is afforded through pipes from a movable heater, which will be connected with the furnace. The required heat by this method must be 800 degrees, and it will take four hours to reduce a body to ashes.

William Smith, a blind man, peddled lead-pencils on Chatham street. He was arrested and sent to the almshouse for vagrancy. His wife, left alone, became melancholy, and one day last week she was found dead in her room with Paris green spattered over her face, and a glass half filled with beer and the poison stood on a table. Dangling from a nail on the otherwise bare wall, in a broken frame, was the motto, "God bless our home!"

Truth and justice are immutable and eternal principles—always sacred and always applicable. In no circumstances, however urgent; no crisis, however awful, can there be an aberration from the one or a dereliction of the other without sin. With respect to everything else be accommodating; but here be unyielding and invincible. Rather carry your integrity to the dungeon or the scaffold than receive in exchange for it liberty and life. Should you ever be called on to make your election between these extremes, do not hesitate. In every situation a dishonest man is detestable, and a liar still more so.

The editor of the *Christian Advocate* has followed the example of his clerical brethren and gone to Europe. He assures his readers that they need feel no alarm as to the conduct of the *Advocate* during his absence, as he has written a sufficient quantity of editorial matter to last until his return. It looks, indeed, as though the conduct of the paper should be the occasion of the least apprehension. It is the conduct of the absent editor which should be the subject of special prayer. As he states that he is about to crowd three years' vacation into one, it is feared that he intends to paint some of the oriental towns a brilliant occidental red.

Francis Galton, who has been investigating the heredity of genius, concludes that the brain of a child naturally tends to develop the faculties, more or less equally commingled, of both its parents. This general rule is, however, modified in the first place by the superiority of one sex over the other. In some families the influence of the father's intellect, or want of intellect, is conspicuous in all the children, and prevails altogether over that of the mother. In other families the positions are reversed, and in many instances some of the children resemble one parent and some the other. Sometimes they are like neither parent, but an uncle, aunt, or some other collateral relativ.

The Wesleyan Theological students are just like other college boys, only a little more so, the divinity that is supposed to hedge in shaveling theologians as well as kings being insufficient to prevent them from getting excited on lemonade and cigarets, and abusing everyone with whom they come in contact. Their disreputable performance on a recent journey from Middletown to East Haddam is reported by the Connecticut press as scandalous in the extreme. Their piety is kept for dress parade.

Elliott Preston wants this printed. The name of the paper from which it is taken he does not giv: "We regret deeply to learn that in the celebrated Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore there exists at present one of the largest and most activ physiological laboratories in the world, and from whence the cries of tortured animals are heard in the other departments of the building. It is stated that Professor Huxley, having visited Baltimore a few weeks ago, inspired the trustees of the University with the ambition to obtain distinction for their institution in this field of glory. The professor of physiology is Dr. Martin, of Cambridge; a pupil, we believe, of Professor Huxley."

A curious document, evidently drawn up by a lunatic, has just been recorded in Worcester, Mass. It is a deed of one-half acre of land in Ashburnham, Mass., with buildings. It states that "I, Charles Hastings, of Ashburnham, gentleman, in consideration of the love and good will of the Lord Jesus, and one cent found on the premises of his, the rightful owner of all lands, as recorded in the first book of laws, the Bible, fiftieth psalm of King David, 9th, 10th, 11th, and 12th, and 23d, and 24th verses, the receipt whereof I do hereby giv, grant and convey unto the Lord Jesus, the supreme ruler of the universe, a portion of the late Colonel Joseph Jewitt's land," etc. It is hoped that the new owner of this real estate will not be backward about taking possession.

The "faithful" from this country, remarks a Protestant journal, who purpose visiting Italy, and enjoying the pleasure of kissing the pope's toe, will be saddened to learn that his holiness is so troubled with an ingrowing nail as to render the least pressure on the foot intensely painful. Fortunately, however, this affliction is confined to one foot, and the pope has substituted the left foot for the right in this important ceremony. The true Catholic will find no difficulty in believing that the left foot is the right one when the pope says so; and we see no reason why the exercise may not be just as charming and delightful, just as rational and philosophical, just as religious and profitable, with the great toe of the left foot as of the right one. It is a ceremony, however, that does seem a little out of harmony with the intelligence of the nineteenth century.

In attempted rebuke of Ingersoll's disposition to make sport of the Bible, Henry Ward Beecher recently said: "I would like to see the man who would bring down the cradle in which his children had been rocked and split it up for firewood and laugh to see it burn. What sort of a man would he be? When the child is gone and in some moment the mother finds in the drawer a little shoe that the child wore, she is bathed in tears, though the child has been dead for years and years; natural affection leads us to repeat the children's little broken language. The prattle becomes dear to us, and the little garments that would be absurd to put upon the grown man's back we hang up and look at as our children's heritage, as belonging to them." But this absurdity, Mr. Beecher, is just what the Christians are guilty of. Suppose the mother in question, instead of hanging up the garments of her child to cherish as mementoes, should don them and parade the streets therein. Would she not cut a most ludicrous figure? And if her sanity were not questioned, would she not be rightly ridiculed? Yet you, Mr. Beecher, and your fellow-Christians, don the outgrown garments of a barbarian theology and persist in walking the streets at noon-day; and then weep because Infidels, clad in more modern garb, are forced to hold their sides with laughter. Put away your Bibles, read them in your closets as the childish prattle of your ancestors, and no smile of ours shall disturb your tender recollections.—*Liberty*.

Mr. Spurgeon has been unbosoming himself to the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Some of his views, observes the London *Freethinker*, are worth noticing. For instance, he says that wealthy Nonconformists are only kept in the Liberal ranks by their hatred of the state church. This is what we hav always contended. At bottom, religious people take sides in all public disputes on religious grounds. Abolish the state church and it will then be seen that the Liberalism of nonconformity has been a historical accident. By and by all great issues will be cleared. We shall see on the one side Christianity and Conservatism, and on the other Freethought and Republicanism. Mr. Spurgeon also gave his view of the efficacy of prayer. He needs £8,000 a year, besides the endowment for his Orphanage; and, says he, "I ask God for it, and he sends it." It is difficult not to cry out "hypocrit," in reply to this statement. Mr. Spurgeon tells thousands of people, as well as the Lord, that he wants money; and when the cash arrives it always comes through human channels. Let Mr. Spurgeon tell the Lord only, and see if that personage will supply his wants. He knows better than to try.

The Ministerial Union of Trenton, N. J., met in that city May 26th, and adopted a resolution requesting the authorities to suppress the sale of newspapers on Sunday, and urging "all good citizens to discountenance and in every way seek to repress this and all other forms of Sabbath desecration." To this the *Sunday Gazetteer* remarks: "These meddlesome clergymen might just as well resolve that the sun shouldn't shine, as far as the result is concerned. They are religious mossbacks, fully a century behind the times. Sunday papers are published because the reading public demand them, and as it is the intelligent public that read, and intelligence shapes the government, there is no danger of a few clerical bigots suppressing the Sunday papers. The animus of these attacks upon 'Sabbath desecration' is apparent. The masses prefer the newspaper to the stale and effete sermons such preachers as those who congregated in Trenton dish up weekly to their sleepy congregations. When the clergy advance to that point that they can edify better than the Sunday paper, there will be no need of resolving against this form of 'Sabbath desecration.' The Sabbath (and Sunday too) was made for man, and the clergy will not be allowed to monopolize it in these United States of America."

The Roman Catholics of New Jersey hav complained for several years that their clergymen hav not been permitted to giv religious instruction to the Roman Catholic children in the State Reform School at Jamesburg, and that Protestant clergymen were given every opportunity to teach all the children. On July 2d a resolution was passed giving a Roman Catholic clergyman the privilege of visiting the school one hour in each week. Trustees Helme and Swain tendered their resignations, and it was said that Supt. Eastman would also resign. Supt. Eastman says that the Rev. Ruesing, the Roman Catholic pastor at Jamesburg, does not go to the Home because he can not giv the children of his faith separate instruction. Of the 314 boys in the institution 130 are Roman Catholics, and the superintendent claims that for the better disciplin of the children they should all be taught by one moral instructor. Another officer of the Home said that clergymen of all denominations could under the rules of the board hold divine service on Sunday, but it must be done under the rules of the management. There is no reason why a Catholic priest should not be allowed to talk to these young convicts, provided, of course, that the convicts are willing. But perhaps when they hav served out the terms to which they hav been sentenced they will feel that they hav satisfied the law without undergoing this additional infliction. Punishment carried too far becomes torture.

News of the Week.

A concourse of people too numerous to be counted listened to the music in Central Park last Sunday. There was no disorder.

England has agreed to loan the government of India £140,000,000 for the purpose of making extensions of their railway system.

The threat of France to open fire on the forts of Shanghai has caused China to look with favor upon a peaceful method of settling its differences with the Frenchmen.

The cholera, which began at Toulon and Marseilles, France, is spreading over other parts of the country. More than five hundred people hav died of the disease.

The czar of Russia had it in his mind to visit Warsaw, but defers the excursion now that he finds a plot exists to blow up the royal palace at that place. Happy czar!

President Viele of the Park Commissioners says that the Sunday concerts in Central Park will go on. He is satisfied, he says, that the sensible public approves of them.

A correspondent of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* claims to hav discovered scandalous frauds in the construction of the Lincoln monument at Springfield, Ill., which threaten the fall of the entire structure.

The Rev. Mr. Bristor, of Newark, N. J., who has just escaped conviction on a charge of unnatural crime by the stealing of important papers bearing on his case, is now sued by his lawyer for counsel fees.

The Washington monument at Washington, D. C., has reached a hight of 488 feet, and is now the highest structure in the world with the exception of the cathedral at Cologne, in Prussia, which is about 500 feet high.

Justice Delehanty, of Long Island City, N. Y., has decided in the case of Mr. P. Ryan, arrested for playing baseball on Sunday, that ball-playing when indulged in as a Sunday pastime is not a crime. Mr. Ryan was therefore discharged.

While Father Hennessey, a Roman Catholic priest, was distributing consecrated wafers last Sunday in the cathedral in Jersey City, he was stricken down with a hemorrhage. The physicians who were summoned pronounced his condition critical.

Blaine has written his letter of acceptance of the nomination for the presidency. It is mainly an argument for protectiv tariff, but favors a peaceful foreign policy, and the extermination of polygamy among the Mormons. He holds that "it is a good land which the Lord our God doth giv us," and pleads for the sacredness of the ballot.

The women of Wequetequock, Conn., were some time ago denied the use of the schoolhouse to hold religious revivals on the ground that the crowd which they drew together were in the habit of damaging the interior decorations of the edifice. The gentle damsels thereupon armed themselvs with axes and crowbars, and smashed their way in, overpowering a dozen men who opposed their entrance, and inflicting a crowbar wound upon the hand of the prudential committee. The prudential committee has now called a meeting of the voters of the district to decide whether a suit shall be brought against the assaulters and batterers.

The relief ships Thetis and Bear hav found the survivors of Lieut. Greely's Arctic exploring party. These were seven in number, eighteen of the original twenty-five having died of starvation and exposure. The survivors were found on June 22d, five miles off Cape Sabine, in Smith's Sound, on the coast of west Greenland. The men rescued were at the point of starvation when found. The Greely party had been further north and west and made more important discoveries than any previous explorers in that direction. But for the lack of food the expedition would hav been successful and returned in safety. The expedition sailed from St. Johns, Newfoundland, June 7, 1881.

Communications.

An Antidote Analyzed.

INTRODUCTION.

In the Waynesburg *Messenger* of May 20, 1884, appeared a lengthy article from the pen of A. G. Cross, in which the writer undertook to "antidote, if may be, the pyæmic poison that drops from the tongues and flows from the pens of modern Freethinkers and so-called Liberalists." Feeling assured that our people had imbibed nothing poisonous from the tongues and pens of Liberals, and fearing that the poisonous slanders and misrepresentations of which his medicine was largely composed might have a deleterious influence upon some of his convalescing patients, I felt it my duty to reply to Mr. Cross in as courteous a manner as the nature of his attack would permit. I did so, and presented my reply to the editor of the Waynesburg *Messenger* for publication, supposing, of course, that he would have enough respect for fairness and gentlemanly courtesy to extend to me the same privilege he had granted my opponent. But it is with reluctance and a blush of shame for my brother-man that I am compelled to make known this editor's absolute refusal to grant me the rightful privilege of his paper to defend an honest belief, for whose virulent attacks he had freely surrendered more space than I desired. He first refused on the ground that my communication was too long. Besides the article to which mine was a reply, this editor had, in a subsequent issue, published a much longer communication from Mr. Cross on the same subject, and he admitted having another then in type. I explained to him that my article would not occupy as much space as two of Mr. Cross's, and that he could publish it in two issues; and, finally, I agreed to condense it to the length of Mr. Cross's first article. Utterly baffled in this excuse, he was compelled to find another. He then urged that he was running a secular paper, and did not want to get "mixed up" in discussions on religion; that my article would call forth another from Mr. Cross, and I would want to reply to that, and he didn't know where it would stop. He also took the pains to inform me that Mr. Cross's articles were not interesting to his readers; that he wished he had not published them, and that he would not publish any more. Of course this was all *very* gratifying. But I replied that I didn't know nor care what kind of a paper he might pretend to run; that I was not attempting to introduce any new department in his paper; that if he didn't want to get "mixed up" with religion he had proceeded in a very strange manner when he published three lengthy articles on the subject; that if he intended to exclude such matter from his columns he should have done so when the act would have done no one an injury; that Mr. Cross had presented one side of the question—all I asked was the privilege of presenting the other side. I told him that if he did not regard my article as readable, I should consider him perfectly justifiable in rejecting it, but that if he debarred me from the use of his columns on any other grounds I should consider it a palpable and gross injustice. I also agreed to make the communication final on my part. He admitted my article to be well written, and, thus left without a shadow of an excuse, simply refused.

Now, I am not going to inundate the Waynesburg *Messenger* and its editor with abusive epithets. On the other hand, I am inclined to view his unkind, unfair action with a great deal of alleviation. I have simply stated the facts, from which all will see his unjust, unfair, uncharitable position.

The majority of the readers of the *Messenger* are intolerant Christians, who, this editor no doubt feels, would ostracize him were he to publish my communications; and I suppose his fears are not altogether unfounded. Do not understand me as justifying him on this ground. I merely mention this consideration as palliating in some degree the unfairness of his act. He is now a slave to an intolerant, tyrannical master. I hope to see the day when I can grasp him by the hand as a free and honest fellow-Liberal, unfettered by the chains of bigoted superstition, untrammeled by the fear of an intolerant patronage, and unbiased by the voice of popular opinion. That day of emancipation is rapidly approaching, and I hope the editor of the *Messenger* may liv to enjoy its beneficent influence.

I have sworn unceasing warfare against a system of religion that I believe to be absurd, pernicious, and revolting. Justice forbid that I, like my Christian foes, should wage this warfare with bigotry and intolerance!

Being debarred from the rightful medium for presenting my reply to Mr. Cross, I present it in the following pages, just as written for the *Messenger*. All I ask of my readers is a fair and impartial examination of its contents. Having granted me that courtesy, they are at liberty to praise or condemn, as their better judgment prompts. I am in earnest, and solely desirous of knowing the truth. To those who are willing to point out in a kind and gentlemanly manner what they consider my errors, I am ever ready to give my most courteous attention. We would kindly ask those who are so fond of wielding the weapons of abuse to think before they aim their poisoned shafts at the hearts of earnest, honest men.

H. CLAY LUSE.

Waynesburg, Pa., June 15, 1884.

LIBERALISM.

MR. EDITOR:

"The mousing owl may strike, but the eagle's flight is above its reach, and his sunlit home far beyond the strength of its feeble vision."

Just so.

There are brave and honest men who hav dared to substitute the torch of reason for the darkness of credulity; who, instead of crushing their first honest, intelligent doubt with the leaden weight of bigotry, have searched diligently for its foundation and found it firmly planted on the indestructible pillar of reason; who have weighed the evidence and found the Christian religion to be unsupported by anything that appeals to unprejudiced intelligence as worthy of belief; who are proud of the term Infidel so opprobrious to some, and who frankly voice their sentiments in spite of flippant scorn and heartless tyranny.

These men have too much humanity, too much noble manhood, to be affected by the invective and misrepresentation of persons who may differ from them in opinion.

Let the "mousing owl" strike—and hoot, too, for that matter.

The Infidel has built his home with justice, mercy, and human kindness on the sunlit rock of reason, far beyond the "feeble vision" of those who have no defense for their "striking" save that of waning popularity.

"Now and then somebody examines, and in spite of all keeps his manhood, and has the courage to follow where his reason leads. Then the wise get together and repeat wise saws, and exchange knowing nods and most prophetic winks. The stupidly wise sit *owl-like* on the dead limbs of the tree of knowledge and solemnly hoot."

Dr. A. G. Cross has felt called by duty to administer an antidote to those who may have imbibed "the pyæmc poison which drops from the tongues and flows from the pens of modern Freethinkers and so-called Liberalists."

Well, giving antidotes is in the line of the doctor's profession, and he is certainly to be commended for endeavoring to prolong the life of the "most intelligent and benevolent religion known to mankind." Nor should he be censured because the antidote fails to do the work intended. The physician administers the medicine that his better judgement teaches him will be most effectual, and if the disease proves an incurable one, he has, at least, done his duty.

Mr. Cross is not to blame because his religion is not capable of a strong defense. It is a matter of surprise, however, that intelligent men should believe in a religion capable of no stronger defense than the applause of its growth and popularity, and the vilification and gross misrepresentation of its opponents. This is the defense he has presented. It is the one hurled from every pulpit in the land.

Man, from an inherent quality of his nature, is loath to place himself in a position conspicuously different from the majority of his fellow-men. Most especially is this true when such a position will bring upon him the contemptuous sneers and ridicule of a multitude of good but thoughtless people. Preachers realize this fact, and it is the weapon with which they keep the cowering, thoughtless, superstitious multitude within their folds. They flaunt before their credulous congregations the great prestige and influence of the Christian religion. They throw themselves into a storm of pathos and extol the so-called beneficent results of Christianity. They roll up the whites of their eyes and bawl about the love and mercy of Jehovah, the infamous character of Infidels, and the danger and wickedness of Infidel teachings. Thus they wind their accursed chains of fear around the innocent hearts of childhood and crush the youthful intellect with burdens of prejudice and bigotry, and then exclaim: "See what a power we are!"

We should certainly not presume to dispute with a learned M.D. as to what is poison and what is not. He ought to know. Yet we would commend to his consideration whether or not he may hav, at a casual glance, mistaken something for poison that is just the opposite. We ask that before giving any more antidote he give this material that he is pleased to term pyæmic poison a more careful analysis than the substance of the antidote already prescribed would indicate.

I should be pleased to notice some of the pyæmic poison that has dropped from the tongues and flowed from the pens of that little army of grand and noble souls who have stood up for truth and humanity. But I fear I should take up too much space, so I desist. I simply ask you to search the writings of such men as Robert G. Ingersoll, H. W. Longfellow, Jas. E. Emerson, D. M. Bennett, and Chas. Darwin, and if you don't succeed in finding any poison, turn to the "book of books," and read the twenty-third chapter of Ezekiel.

The doctor's article is so filled with disgusting misrepresentation that I am loath to wade through it; but it is by such misrepresentation that a great many people are deceived. The ingredients of the antidote seem to be: praise and misrepresentation of Christianity, denunciation and misrepresentation of Infidelity.

Here is the way the good doctor does up Infidelity: "If Infidelity was a positiv institution, if it had any documentary proof, then it might be a subject for argument; but as it is a mere negation, and consists wholly in the rejection of testimony, the repudiation of evidence, and the denial of facts, logical, argumentative, and inductive reasoning is out of the question."

Easy, isn't it? Just as easy as rolling off a log to disprove of it in that way. After writing the above long sentence I imagine I can see the antidotal sage lean back in his chair, draw a long sigh of relief, and soliloquize thus: "Ah, how nicely I have disposed of that! Now I shall not be expected to notice any of those Infidel arguments that puzzle me so, but I can go on and misrepresent Infidelity and laud Christianity to my heart's content."

Now, doctor, there are a few things that we Infidels do not just understand. Of course we would not ask a man so wise, so learned, so logical, as yourself to come down from your high pinnacle of logic and attempt to argue with us. But you have asked a few questions which we shall endeavor to answer in the course of our letter. Will you be kind enough to answer some of the questions Infidels are constantly asking? If you will answer them satisfactorily, we think you might do great good for your cause; and we think you could conscientiously depart from your high standard of logic for a few moments in order to do so good a work. Don't say, "All the so-called arguments of Infidels have been answered." That's too much like the schoolboy who, when he doesn't like to admit his inability to answer the question asked him, says, "I know, but you know, too, and I don't want to tell."

"Is darkness anything but the absence of light?" asks the learned, logical doctor. If we take science and common sense for our guide, no. If we take the Bible as authority, yes. Notice: "And God said, Let there be light, and there was light. And God saw the light that it was good; and God divided the light from the darkness." If this means anything, it means that light and darkness were two distinct substances that God could mix up and divide at his will. We are not told where he put the light nor where he put the darkness—or absence of light—but he divided them. He did this, too, before he created the sun. After he had made the sun and moon and the other heavenly bodies, he set them in the firmament "to divide the light from the darkness." Since he had already made this division, this office of the heavenly bodies would seem unnecessary.

Infidels cannot understand how the earth and the whole planetary system could have been created in six days. Scientific knowledge and common sense give the lie to the statement. Infidels take the position that the permament, indestructible, unchangeable phenomena of nature are much stronger proofs than an old, patched, contradictory, unreasonable, easily changed, anonymous, combination of poetry, fable, and obscenity. Infidels would like to know how you reconcile the absurdities of this book with the character ascribed to the one who is claimed to be its author. If you consider the days of the creation story as "good whiles," Infidels would like to know what your author meant by bounding each of them with an evening and a morning. If the seventh day was a "good while" of millions of years, didn't God take a long rest? And since he blessed and sanctified that "good while," and commanded us to keep it holy, should our Sabbath extend through millions of years instead of twenty-four hours? If "day" means "good while" in this particular instance, why does it not mean the same in all the writings of Moses?

Infidels would like to know if you believe the world is only six thousand years old. According to the Bible, it is but six thousand years since its creation. Do you believe it?

Is God omniscient? If so, didn't he know when the slimy serpent was in the garden enticing one of his children? If so, why didn't he kill the serpent, or invite his snakeship out? He is omniscient, and must have known what his serpent was at. He is omnipotent, and could have prevented the interview. Yet he did not. As a consequence, thousands of us poor mortals are going to hell every year. Are we to conclude that God is all-merciful? Tell us frankly, doctor, is this in accordance with your ideas of mercy? But he sent his only son from above to die for us, and atone for our sins. Oh, did he? Well, what kind of justice and mercy is that? Do not nature and all established laws of justice teach us that punishment should be inflicted upon the transgressor and not upon one who is innocent? Here are two violations of this simple, self-evident law of justice. We can be in no degree responsible for Adam's sins, yet God compels us to suffer for them. We do not hesitate to say that this is the most despicable, heartless violation of justice recorded of gods or men. Think of millions of men suffering on account of the sins of one man whom they never knew except

through the pages of history! Justice? Mercy? What is justice? What is mercy? To accommodate the Bible we must have new definitions for the terms. Again—Christ could have been in no way responsible for our sins, yet God punished him on account of them. Infidel as I am, bad as the Christians would make me, I want to incur the punishment that follows my transgression. I want no innocent one to suffer for my folly. Accursed and despised be the doctrin that one man's sufferings may atone for another's sins!

In Gen. vi, 5, we read: "And God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually. And it repented the Lord that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart. And the Lord said, I will destroy man whom I have created from the face of the earth; both man and beast, and the creeping thing, and the fowl of the air; for it repenteth me that I have made them."

What kind of omnipotence is it that couldn't make a perfect man? What kind of godliness is it that would create a world and place a man and woman of his own creation on it and command them to be fruitful and multiply, and when they had obeyed the commandment to such an extent that the world became abundantly populated, would, at that late day, repent that man had been made, and decide to destroy "man and beast and creeping thing, and the fowl of the air" from the face of the earth? If man was a failure, whose mistake was it? Didn't God make him? What kind of a God is it that would get mad because something he had made didn't turn out as his omniscience expected, and drown a whole world of innocent people, including the inoffensive brutes of the field and fowls of the air? Being responsible for man's existence here, God ought certainly to have sent him back to the oblivion whence he had brought him without the infliction of pain. Why didn't he take them up to heaven as he did Elijah?

But he didn't drown everybody. Noah and his three sons and their wives he saved as the select few with which to people again the world. Now, in selecting this man whose progeny were to scatter over the whole world, we should naturally have expected God to select a perfect men. But if this were impossible, why didn't he kill Noah, too, and try his hand on making another mud man? He could certainly not have made a much worse failure than he did in his first attempt when he pronounced his work good. But I suppose he had run out of the right kind of mud or something, so he preferred to take a new start with Noah. ~~But Noah was a drunkard (Gen. ix, 21).~~ Maybe Noah deceived God and made him think he was a better man than he was. However this may be, we have to record another signal failure of omnipotence, omniscience, and infinit good to people a world without wickedness. God drowned a whole world full of people in order to get clear of wickedness, and then spoiled the whole business by saving a drunkard, and wickedness still exists. No telling how soon he will get mad at himself again and send us into oblivion.

Infidels would like to know if you believe that God had sense enough to know he was calling himself a fool when he inspired Solomon to write (Eccl. viii, 9), "Anger resteth in the bosom of fools." Lest you should deny that he did so, we shall ask you to turn to Jer. viii, 20, and read, "Therefore thus saith the Lord God, Behold mine anger and my fury shall be poured out upon this place, upon man and beast, and upon the trees of the field, and upon the fruit of the ground, and it shall burn and it shall not be quenched."

Nice business for a God that says, "Anger resteth in the bosom of fools," isn't it? He pours out his *anger* and *fury* upon the dumb brutes and senseless trees!

Number xxi, 4: "The Lord said unto Moses, take all the heads of the people and hang them up before the Lord against the sun, that the fierce anger of the Lord may be turned away from Israel."

In 1 Chron. xiii, 7–10, we read that some of God's people had God's ark in a cart, and Uzza was acting as God's ox-driver, and because "the oxen stumbled," Uzza very naturally and innocently put forth his hand to hold the cart; and the anger of the Lord was kindled against Uzza, and he smote him because he put his hand to the ark; and there he died before God." In the same book, xvi, 34, we find this: "O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good; for his mercy endureth forever."

We are continually reading in the "book divine" of God's anger being kindled against somebody or something. Yet God is omniscient and "anger resteth in the bosom of fools."

Is it wise for a man to become angry with a dog and vent his wrath upon him in blows and kicks? Do we not rather admire the tranquil wisdom and mercy of that great man, Sir Isaac Newton, who, when his dog Diamond overset a candle among his papers and destroyed the almost finished labor of many years, only exclaimed, "O Diamond, Diamond, thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done?" The knowledge of man compared with that of God must be less significant than the knowledge of the dog compared with that of man. Is it wise for an omnipotent God to become angry with man—a little pigmy of his creation whom he can control at will?

Lest the doctor should become forgetful of the goodness and mercy of his God, I shall quote a few more extracts from that wonderful book.

Ezekiel ix, 5, 6: "Go ye after him through the city and smite; let not your eye spare, neither have ye pity. Slay utterly old and young, both maids and little children and women."

If God gave such a command as that, I wonder what kind of a command the devil would have given.

Isaiah xiii, 16: "Their children also shall be dashed to pieces before their eyes; their homes shall be spoiled and their wives ravished."

Hosea xiii, 16: "Samaria shall become desolate; for she hath rebelled against her God; they shall fall by the sword; their children shall be dashed to pieces and their women with child shall be ripped up."

"God is love."

Infidels would like to know what kind of love it is that inspires such indiscriminate butchery as this.

Infidels would like to know how Christians are going to make peace with their God for keeping the first day of the week as Sabbath instead of the seventh, as the Bible distinctly commands.

There are thousands of other things they would like to have explained, but for the present we must desist.

We have taken a few extracts from the book upon which your religion rests, and which you claim was given by divine inspiration. If we have not misquoted, and if the conclusions we have drawn from our quotations are just, then your religion is worthy of the contempt of every intelligent, honest human being.

We ask, in all kindness, that, in your next "antidote," you either show where we have misquoted, or drawn unjust conclusions, or else come out frankly and admit that you too are an Infidel.

"Ten years ago, when Christianity was filling Christian lands with her divine beneficence; when the clergy were learned, pious, and zealous; when the laity were devout, liberal, and abundant in their charities—then, without a reasonable provocation, but from sheer hatred of the truth and malignity against Christ and his church, the Infidels of Europe and America combined to overthrow the most intelligent and benevolent religion known to mankind."

Shame on you, doctor! Have you no better defense for the religion you so highly extol, than these ~~childish, malignant slanders against its antagonists~~? So plainly are they slanders that they need no reply. Why should Infidels hate truth? Why should Infidels hate Christ and his church? Is not unbelief in Christ the only thing that could cause any one to hate him? If he were the meek, loving Jesus you endeavor to represent him, would we not naturally love instead of hate him? Do you suppose you will get the world to believe that such men as Darwin, Huxley, Spencer, Tyndall, Haeckel, Carlyle, Arnold, Ingersoll, Emerson, Longfellow—men whose whole lives have been devoted to a search for truth—do you, I ask, expect anybody will believe these men to be haters of truth?

About parallel with what we have quoted above is the sentence in which the doctor speaks of "men who try to be unbelievers." The doctor knows very well that a man's will has nothing to do with his belief, except it may prevent him from examining proofs. If he examines the evidence, he may will what he pleases, but his belief will be in accordance with what reason dictates. Did I believe in the Christian religion, and, at the same time, speak of it as I do, I should feel sure of an incontestable title to the warmest corner of hell. So, I say, once for all, the very fact that a man openly professes Infidelity is absolute proof of his sincerity; while professions of Christianity carry with them no evidence of sincerity except that which rests in our confidence in the professor's honesty. There are many reasons why weak-kneed, unscrupulous Infidels should clothe themselves in the popular robes of Christianity; but none why the Christian should make professions that he must believe will send himself, and perhaps others, to hell.

All the doctor's verbosity in endeavoring to show that Christianity is influential and widely believed might have been spared. We have never denied this. But whether a cause has three hundred or three hundred million followers has nothing to do with its justness. Everybody believed once that the earth was flat and stationary, but you see that didn't make it so. The followers of Mohammed number about 200,000,000. Brahmans numbers about 175,000,000. Buddhism has a following of about 500,000,000. These religions make a good showing in spite of the vast amount of time and money spent in Christian missionary work.

The doctor's figures to show that Christians' hearts are in their cause are also unnecessary. We have always admitted that they have much more heart than brain in their cause. So faithful is the Mussulman to his religion that he will toil out in the hot sun all day without putting a particle of food or water between his lips. He does this to please his god, and I doubt not he is sincere. In our late war the Southern people put their hearts so earnestly into their cause as to sacrifice much wealth and many lives in its defense. Yet we have never considered these facts as evidence that the Mussulman has the true religion or that human slavery was a just institution.

Had the assault upon Fort Sumter continued to the present time, and had the defense proved equal to the attack, could the government of the United States, in the face of Europe and all the world, rightfully claim a substantial victory?"

By no means. It is not wise to count chickens before they are hatched; neither is it wise to count victories before they are won. If the Confederates had continued their attack on Fort Sumter until to-day, and had found, and should still find, their own forces strengthening and those of the enemy weakening, could they not reasonably expect that victory would finally be theirs?

We know not whence the doctor gleans his statistics to show the progress and following of the Christian religion, but it is unimportant. We do know that Christian statements in regard to these matters do not harmonize. You will notice he gives the population under Christian governments. I suppose the doctor calls this a Christian government, yet a Christian paper is responsible for the statement that nearly fourty-four per cent of our people are unbelievers. It is not difficult to get accessions to a popular belief from the ranks of the unthinking and ignorant, no matter how unreasonable that belief. Yet we wonder how many of the four million claimed to have been received into the church remained in it.

If I were to tell you that Christianity is a waning power you would not believe me, because I am a wicked blasphemer—an Infidel. So I shall let the Christian pulpit and press do it for me.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher says, "There is among educated thinkers a growing impression that Christianity is losing its hold upon men, and that the church is a waning power."

Says the Rev. Mr. Newman, of the Methodist church, Washington, D. C.: "Within the next decade, aye, within the next five years, Christianity will be tried as it was never tried before. There are men in England and America to-day who will bring to the assault a ripeness of intellect and a breadth of view unequaled by the past."

The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage exclaims: "Oh, we have magnificent church machinery in this country; we have 60,000 American ministers; we have costly music; we hav great Sunday-schools, and yet I give you the appalling statistics that in the last twenty-five years the churches of God have averaged less than two conversions a year each. There has been an average of four or five deaths in the churches. How soon at this rate will this world be brought to God? We gain two, we lose four. Eternal God! what will this come to?"

Bishop Gilmore, one of the ablest Catholic divines says: "Religion is fast passing away. . . The crowds that hasten to listen to a Beecher preaching a religion without Christ, and applaud an Ingersoll preaching bold and open Infidelity, tell in words that find no contradiction whither we are drifting."

Said the late Rev. Dr. H. W. Bellows: "If you believe what the men of science, the philosophers, the poets, and the critics believe, you cannot believe, except in a general way, in what the creeds and churches generally profess."

The Rev. David Watson wails thus: "The great, and the wise, and the mighty are not with us. . . These men, the master minds and imperial leaders among men, the Comtes, tne Carlyles, the Goethes, tho Emersons, the Humboldts, the Tyndalls, the Huxleys, if you will, are called by us Atheists, are outside our most Christian church."

The New York *Times* gives testimony: "Many feel as if a tremendous wave of skepticism was sweeping over the intellectual world of England and America, and carrying away all the oldest and most revered landmarks, and in this calamity they find the younger and more enthusiastic minds especially involved."

Smilar expressions of "priests of the dying faith" could be quoted almost *ad infinitum*. But we desist. What is the matter with the doctor's figures? In the face of such a "glorious showing," what mean these wails and lamentations?

Having finished his long line of figures, the doctor proceeds:

"Can Infidelity, with all its boastings, make a corresponding showing? How many temples has it reared? Has it dedicated one? It once had a shrine in the great metropolitan city of New York; but that has disappeared from the face of the community. Can it boast of a solitary regular convocation? It once had a temple in Boston, but that fell under the sheriff's hammer. How many journals does it maintain? Can it point to one influential paper? And what is its literature? Has it publishing houses of which it might be proud? The books which it has printed, are they not a drug on the market? And what of its annual gatherings?"

It is plain, doctor, that you know almost nothing

about Liberalism. We shall endeavor to give you some light.

You want to know if we can make a corresponding showing with Christians. So far as the string of figures is concerned, we cannot; but in the matter of progress the showing is much more encouraging and hopeful.

Have we not grounds for encouragement in the wails and deploring appeals that are welling up from the Christian pulpit and press? Have we not a glorious showing when men of the Christian cloth admit that the great, the wise, and the mighty are not with them, but with us? And do you blame us for boasting that the great scholarly thinkers of the age are outside the church? Is it not something of which we may be proud that the men who achieve the greatest results in the way of education and knowledge are the men who have least faith in the Christian religion? Cast into oblivion the names of Paine, Franklin, Jefferson, Adams, Madison, Hamilton, Lincoln, Garrison, Phillips, Comte, Humboldt, Goethe, Shelley, Byron, Burns, Gibbon, Hume, Voltaire, Carlyle, Emerson, Arnold, Longfellow, Mill, Huxley, Darwin, Tyndall, Haeckel, Spencer, and Draper—blot these names from the pages of history, and what a blank it leaves! Infidels, every one of them! Some of them were not antagonistic to Christianity, but none of them believed or do now believe in its fundamental teachings.

In 1836 Abner Kneeland was tried in the Supreme Court of Massachusetts for blasphemy. The prosecution was based upon these words uttered by Mr. Kneeland in his paper, the *Investigator*, "He believes in a God, which I do not." Mr. Kneeland in his defense claimed that the comma was erroneously inserted after "God," and that it was not his intention to express disbelief in a God, but belief in a different God from that of his opponent. He was, nevertheless, convicted and imprisoned. To-day there are thousands of people in the United States openly avowing disbelief in any God without the least fear of punishment. Then Kneeland's *Investigator* was the only Freethought journal in America. To-day we publish and support scores of Liberal papers. To-day we have nearly three hundred Liberal Leagues that hold meetings and work in harmony with the National Liberal League. But our greatest achievements probably lie within the church herself. The churches are drifting away from orthodoxy and preaching more of humanity. Like the tadpole, they are gradually losing their tails, and we hope ere long to see them come out full-developed Infidel frogs. Preachers are dropping a tenet here and a tenet there in their creeds until some of them have very little of Christianity left except the name. Beechers and Savages and Newtons are becoming more and more numerous and are carrying large congregations with them. Brilliant leaders in the church—Chaineys, Milns, Reynoldses, Burnhams—are stepping out into the broad sunlight of Freethought.

Have we influential papers? THE TRUTH SEEKER has climbed up from an eight-page monthly to a sixteen-page weekly, has a wide and profitable circulation, a list of able and scholarly contributors, and is an influential paper. The Boston *Investigator* was founded in 1830 by Abner Kneeland, and is to-day a strong and influential paper. *Lucifer*, *Man*, the *Radical Review*, the *Ironclad Age*, the *Independent Pulpit*, and many other influential and progressive papers make out the list.

Have we publishing houses of which we might be proud? The Truth Seeker Company have a large publishing house in New York, and the Boston *Investigator* has one in Boston, and from the prosperous business they are doing we should judge their publications are by no means a drug on the market. What temples have we reared? Have we dedicated one? Let us see. Josiah P. Mendum occupies part of Paine Memorial as a publishing house, and probably knows at least as much about it as the doctor; so we will let him describe it:

"This fine building, devoted to Liberalism, is located on Appleton street, in the city of Boston, Mass. It is a very attractive place for lectures, discussions, meetings, concerts, and assemblies of a social and national character. Here the friends of progress meet together, and in a friendly manner present and defend their different views on religious, political, reformatory, or conservative measures.

"Paine Memorial is a large brick building with stone trimmings, five stories high, and contains three large, convenient, well-lighted halls, viz., Investigator Hall, Paine Hall, and Kneeland Hall, with waiting and retiring rooms, and large pleasant parlors. On the lower or ground floor are two stores, one of which is occupied as the Liberal bookstore, connected with the Boston *Investigator*. The editorial and composing rooms occupy a part of the upper story of the edifice, from the top of which the visitor may have a fine view of the city of Boston and its suburbs.

"The land on which the memorial stands was purchased in the spring of 1874, and on the 4th of July following the corner-stone was laid with appropriate ceremonies. The work was pushed forward from that time with rapidity, and on the 29th of January, 1875, the anniversary of the birthday of Thomas Paine, it was dedicated with interesting exercises adapted to the occasion, a large congregation of Liberals being present.

"A building like Paine Memorial standing on a prominent street in a large city, with a marble bust of Thomas Paine on its front, and marble tablets containing many of his mottoes placed so conspicuously that the passer-by is attracted and stops to read them, and thereby learns the sentiments the author-hero held, must do very much to disabuse the slanders against Mr. Paine, and teach the public what kind of a man he was. The Memorial is a fitting tribute to the patriotism of Thomas Paine, as an apostle of civil and religious liberty, and a useful structure where lessons of Liberalism and Freethought are taught every week. We hope similar edifices may soon be erected in every state in the Union, and the public learn to appreciate truth without error, bigotry, or superstition."

Speaking of the last Freethinkers' Convention at Rochester, N. Y., the doctor says: "But as I happen to know something of that convention, let us open the door and look in upon it." Then follows a jumbling of stuff that is too childish and silly, as well as too vilely false, to quote. Be honest, now, doctor—what *do* you know about that convention? Were you there? You didn't glean that stuff you have given us from any of the secular press of Rochester, which gave us fair and favorable reports. You didn't get it from the *Sun* or *Herald*. Where did you get it, anyhow? Do you expect anybody to believe it? Ah, no; instead of opening the door of that convention you have opened the door of your biased brain and revealed a huge propensity for silly misrepresentation. You failed to tell us that Christians had a representative in that convention, in the person of Rev. Thos. Mitchell, who in response to a kind invitation from Liberals was there to defend Christianity against T. B. Wakeman. You failed to tell that he proved unequal to Mr. Wakeman in debate, yet had manhood enough to give a favorable account of the convention. His words were, "I was never treated better in my life." You failed to tell that such distinguished men as Chas. Watts, of England; Hon. Elizur Wright, Dr. T. L. Brown, George Chainey, Samuel P. Putnam, John E. Remsburg, Courtlandt Palmer, and others, spoke from that stage. You failed to tell us that among the list of speakers were the names of Mrs. Judge Mattie Krekel, Susan H. Wixon, Amelia H. Colby, and other cultured, intelligent ladies.

Before you attempt to enlighten the people in regard to Liberalism again, in justice to your readers please learn something of it yourself.

To my readers I would say before closing that I have adopted as my creed these words of Thomas Paine: "I believe that religious duties consist in doing justice, loving mercy, and endeavoring to make our fellow-creatures happy." I can no better express my rule of action than with these words of William Lloyd Garrison: "*I will be as harsh as truth, as uncompromising as justice. . . I am in earnest; I will not equivocate; I will not excuse; I will not retreat a single inch, and I will be heard.*" And with Emerson, "We feel that in all directions the light is breaking; that reason, the noblest and purest religion, will find its abiding home in our institutions." H. CLAY LUSE.

Dr. McCosh and the Question of Evil.

It is told of Dr. McCosh, of Princeton, that once, lecturing before the senior class on Leibnitz's theory of the reason of evil, he was interrupted with the question, "Well, doctor, why was evil ever introduced into the world, anyway?" "Ah," he replied, "you hav asked the hardest question in all philosophy. Socrates tried to answer it, and failed; Plato tried it, and he failed; Kant attempted it, and made bad work of it; Leibnitz tried it, as I hav been telling you, and he begged the whole question; and I confess I don't know what to make of it myself."

The above extract was cut from our sage daily, the New York *Tribune*. What do its conductors mean by dragging before the public the reverend doctor in this ridiculous manner? I can hardly believe the event took place as here represented. Why, sir, its answer involves the whole authenticity of Mosaic history of creation; and to answer which, honestly and conscientiously, would absolutely be taking a mean advantage of the doctor's orthodox position.

The great difficulty with all our theologic pundits is, their calling compels them to stumble at the idea of a sudden creation of everything in nature our eyes behold. They become perplexed at the operations and evidences of the universal law of progress everywhere surrounding us. But the bold, untrammeled thinker will not cramp or limit his observations of the developments of nature in the matter of time to millions on millions of cycles of years, even if he has to trace creation backward into the misty realms of imagination. He is greatly encouraged in his researches as he finds fashionable theology based on a venerable absurdity. This is peculiarly an age for the examination of first principles, both physically and morally.

The thinker, without attempting to examin into the antiquity of spirit or matter, or on their unity, observes that in tracing nature retrospectivly, even into its atomic condition, every entity, either in mind or matter, exists, and always has existed, as a *duality;* that every entity is composed of two activ elements which might be designated as its positiv or negativ condition. Or, to be more clear, everything, to exist at all, needs its counter or opposit. Electricity could not act without its negativ. Heat needs its opposit, cold. Bitter must hav its sweet. Light must hav its darkness. Strength must hav its weakness, wisdom its folly, pleasure its pain, goodness its evil — the great puzzle of the reverend doctor. Everything exists in resultant quality only comparativly, as either of these two elements are in excess. Even vice is virtue in excess.

Even man, in the examination of his own mind as a metaphysical being, finds himself a duality. He finds he possesses these two elementary principles. He is never alone; he is in constant debate with himself. He is ever thriving for the accomplishment of some desire, some personal gratification.

Man deserves the highest condition of happiness; a blissful tranquility, but there is an activ, restless spirit within him always at war; "self-love to wage, but reason to restrain." And when he trenches on the healthy condition of his own nature, or the rights of his fellow-man, he becomes wicked, and sinful, and the abhorence of the sanctified, and instantly requires the prayers of all the saints to restore his moral tranquility. Even in the spirit domain, if man expects to loll about listlessly in a condition of blissful inactivity, he will find himself mistaken. There cannot be imagined a condition of inactivity. Antagonism is the propelling principle of progress.

Will our thoughtful sister, Elmina, rise and enlighten us and the doctor about this "resting in Jesus?"

D. BRUCE.

Brooklyn (E. D.)

The Hurst Phenomena.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* At this season I am more adept at dipping the oar than the pen, but the tricks of the "Georgia Wonder" hav lured me to spend an evening in the city; and as I had the pleasure of being "waltzed" around the floor with a chair, under her smiling yet irresistible influence, I felt like coming forward to testify in her behalf. Let me first say that, after viewing a whole performance, and experiencing a part of it, I was fully convinced that she is no humbug, trickster, or athlete; and though she has more opportunity than anyone else to know and feel the manifestation of the "power," she really knows no more of its how and why than do her subjects or her audiences.

My personal observations lead me to formulate the following propositions:

1. No one ought to publish their views about Miss Hurst's power without experiencing its influence.

2. A strong man will become "winded," wet with perspiration, and considerably exhausted by from three to five minutes' effort in opposition to her power.

3. Miss Hurst will wrestle with from thirty to fifty men during two hours without any evidence of having exerted muscular power.

4. Her power is manifestly greater with some than with others, and with a few she fails.

5. It is not always the heavy-weight or athlete with whom she fails; and most such hav succumbed to her power.

6. A strong man can do most of her feats, but not without very evident muscular effort, as manifested by contortions of countenance, braced positions of body, reddening face, and panting breath.

7. Her exhibition of holding a chair from the floor with only one hand on it while four or five men struggled to put it down, and of raising a chair with a heavy man in it, simply by placing the palms of her hands on the back of it, cannot be imitated by the most muscular man.

8. In trying to hold a chair quiet while her hands are upon it, one is not aware of any mental influence or mesmeric effect, but if he makes up his mind to hold to the chair he feels that he must go with it.

9. The motions do not seem to be guided by her, nor to hav any intelligent or wise direction; the movements are forcible this way and that, while she merely follows about to keep her hands on the chair.

10. With her hands placed over those of her subject, when any muscular effort would surely be felt by him, the manifestation of power is sometimes just as evident as when her hands are on the cane or chair.

The explanation of all this is "easier said than done." The wiseacres and quack wits hav their say, as usual, and some of them hav even essayed to imitate; but I saw Dr. Forrest's ridiculous efforts, and it is a pity he could not hav been where I was to see himself, and to compare his own awkward exhibitions of brace and pull with her graceful and easy attitudes.

I claim only to be an unprejudiced observer, and hav no explanation to offer. Naturally, I am so constituted that I always endeavor to trace phenomena to natural causes, believing there is no supernatural, but I am not of those who think they know it all, and that the substance and forces of nature hav no new surprises for us.

The Hurst phenomena are not new or unparalleled. A French girl did similar things in 1864, as investi-

gated by competent observers and reported in the *Atlantic Monthly* of that year, and it is being reported from various parts of the United States that other women are able to rival Miss Hurst. The phenomena are no more wonderful and obscure than were the first discoveries of electrical force, and may yet be shown to be related to it.

We know the earth is full of activ currents of force and latent supplies, and we hav knowledge of some methods of calling them forth. Perhaps Miss Hurst, without knowing how to do it, has the knack of drawing upon these forces for certain irregular manifestations of power, and it may be that we shall all some day acquire the art for useful practical purposes. Mr. Burt, long a subscriber of THE TRUTH SEEKER, but now deceased, fully believed that he could, by his will, influence natural forces of earth and air, and Miss Hurst's will power has done more than all his assertions did to make me think there's something in it. It is important that all man's latent faculties and powers should be understood and developed, and, perhaps, by the time humanity shall be evoluted so far as to be safely intrusted with a will power over the forces of nature, we shall all be endowed as Miss Hurst is, but more liberally, and with a more intelligent control of it. Yours truly,

Larchmont, N. Y. E. B. FOOTE, JR.

The Land War.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* In your issue of May 24th I told your readers that the land war had commenced. The following slip sent me by one of your readers, of Leavenworth, Kansas, will show how the war is progressing:

Correspondence of the Kansas City Times.

ARKANSAS CITY, KAN., April 18, 1884.—One of the most remarkable cyclones that ever visited this section of the country, and at the same time the most perfect in its demolition, swept over that portion of the "Cherokee strip" just south of this section of the Kansas line last Sunday night, and, returning, was equally destructiv and remarkable on the following night. It was remarkable because of its narrow width, zig-zag course, and peculiar destructivness. It was not more than a foot wide and about in the shape of a Virginia worm fence, destroyed fencing, tearing down posts, and, in some cases, absolutely pulling out the holes.

Your special took a ride to the scene and found the description inadequate to the facts. He found twenty miles of barbed wire fencing down, the posts awry, the stays gone, and in some cases the holes obliterated. Close examination revealed the fact that every panel of the wire was neatly, sharply, cut close to the post, as though done with nippers, and every strand lying on the ground. The posts had, some of them, been pulled out and were missing, as well as all the stays.

Just inside the Kansas line, across the road from the north side of this fence, were found two heaps—about a car load—of barbed wire on spools, which was to hav been shortly used in fencing more pasture. This had been set fire to and literally burnt up. I could hardly believe it possible until examination explained: The wire is wound on pine spools and is then immersed in coal-tar, as a paint. Kerosene had been poured into the tube of the spools and over the heaps. Ignition was powder-like and combustion easy. In each heap were burnt holes through to the ground, the melted metal running together like lava, looking not unlike cooled "lob-lolly." [I express you a lump taken from the pile.] The little not melted was totally ruined; of the car load of barbed wire not a yard is fit for use.

Immediately on the line between Kansas and the "Cherokee strip" in the Indian Territory—but inside of this state—is a line of thriving farms, whose owners hav snatched from the desert and made to blossom like the rose their acres of Kansas soil. A common road separates these farms from the barbed wire fencing of the Standard Oil Company. Long miles of the jagged cruelty stretch annoyingly before these hardy tillers of the soil, shutting out from their stock the green fat of unlimited pasture and completely cutting off the timber. To add insult to injury a car load of wire for further use in fencing the twenty-five miles square for the Standard Oil Company had been dumped down right in the front yard of one of them.

Mutterings of distant thunder had been heard; lately it grew portentously; and last Monday and Tuesday nights the remarkable cyclone above described burst upon that fence, followed it all the way round the twenty miles, cut every panel, only pausing in its sweep to send a lightning streak into those heaps of barbed wire in that mad farmer's front yard.

The agent of the Standard Oil company immediately put United States Marshals Reed and Rarick on the hunt after the cyclone. Evidence, sure, was found against six men, and the agent, Pink Fouts, posted to Winfield (the county seat) to consult the company's attorney, W. P. Hackney, Esq., who told them he knew of no redress. He hasted to Wichita to get United States Commissioner Hatton to issue warrants; but he told him he had no power to do so. In final despair he telegraphed to United States Attorney Hallowell, at Topeka, but he electrified Agent Fouts with the message: "No law to cover the case; the stock association are trespassers, as were all other stock men on that strip."

The agent returned and reported to the anxious deputy marshals, Reed and Rarick, "We are beat and could do nothing; but we will get a law passed that will cover the case." Imagin the feelings of the expectant marshals. The penalty was said to be $500 in each case, and here went $3,000 up the flume as quickly as that fence went down.

Congress and the land-grabbers, you see, committed the first offense. Congress first encouraged and sanctioned the great sin of stealing land, and then the land thieves, in their greed, fenced in the land of actual settlers with the land they had stolen. The settlers had to cut the fences to pass out and in, and then the grabbers burnt the cabins of the settlers; and now the settlers hav made made a greater destruction of the fences. And so the war will probably go on until the railroad stations and the habitations of rich land-grabbers will be blown up higher than kites.

Congress in one hour's time could stop all this, kill land speculation, and make land entirely worthless, as it should be, except to those who want to cultivate it with their own hands. But there are so many thieves in Congress who hav in their own hands large tracts of stolen land that they will not enact the necessary laws, and the war will probably go on until the land thieves are killed off. And now it is the duty of every worker, at whatever occupation, to be careful who they vote for in the future. Let none vote for a president, nor any other officer, until he has publicly given a solemn pledge that he will use his utmost endeavors to hav all the public land reserved to be given in farm lots to those who will cultivate it without the labor of hired slaves. Will my friends in all parts of the Union send me papers containing any article on the land question, either for or against free lands, with the articles marked? J. HACKER.

Berlin, N. J.

Magian Myths.

To Mr. Lincoln, whose interesting paper on Freemason mysteries appeared in THE TRUTH SEEKER of May 24th, I would apply for information about Mithras, the details of whose mythology escaped my notice, if they exist either in the studies of Dupuis, "Origine de tous les Cultes," in those of Auquetel du Perron on the Zend books, or other memoirs such as I could find in the library of Harvard University. Ignorance of German prevented my consulting other works particularly recommended to me by Theodore Parker, and with which your kindred range of study has probably familiarized you.

From what slight mention I found of Mithras, I inferred that he was regarded like Apollo, as the sun spirit, and that to him must attach the esoteric or spiritual sense attached to the fire-worship ceremonial; but concerning his connection with Oromasd, I found nothing. He was not classed with the amchasbands or superior genii of nature. Had he, like Atys, Osiris, Adonis, Jesus, and other solar men, a distinct human legend? With regard to Jesus, of course, it is fair to discriminate between the ethical and the cosmological traditions. Poor, good man! he little dreamed, when raised upon his cross, of the gratuitous mockery to which his memory was destined in this fine solar company, theatrically born every 25th of December, killed and resuscitated every Easter week. This role was expedient for the church propaganda in times and countries wedded to the old solar ritual. A gentle fusion thus was effected between the two mythologies, before humanizing them with the personal virtues of Jesus. I translated the legends pertinent to this theme, adding my own comments, in 1853, "Zend-Avesta and Solar Religions." I should like to know who has a copy of this work, which is now out of print, and the plates stolen.

The myth of Mithras would hav the more interest for us, because the Hebrew messianic idea is reputed to hav been borrowed from the Magian while the Jews were Persian subjects. If so, while they were borrowing, why did they not take a wife for messiah? The Zend legend prophesies of that function as connubial, and executed in duet which is more feasible.

M. E. LAZARUS, M.D.

The New Deal.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I hav already presented one ticket for the consideration of your readers for the officers of the National Liberal League. Will you allow me to present another, that, I think, ought to be elected? For president, Ex-Rev. J. H. Burnham; for secretary, Ex-Rev. Samuel P. Putnam; for chairman of committee, Ex-Rev. George Chainey. These three are all working positions, and I know of no three persons that could fill them any better. I believe Mr. Burnham would be acceptable to a large portion of the Liberals. He is very popular in his own state, where he is best known, especially with all Spiritual friends, although not a Spiritualist himself. Then he and Chainey should be kept constantly in the field building up auxiliary societies. Then we might hav as other officers, Courtlandt Palmer for treasurer, and Mrs. A. C. Macdonald, of New York, as chairman of the finance committee. That would place a majority of the board in New York city, with one member in Boston and one in the West, Michigan. They should not all be taken from the two great Eastern cities, and I am sure it would giv much greater satisfaction to hav the president selected from the West. And I know of no one in the West who would giv better satisfaction than would giv better satisfaction than Brother Burnham. I learn from a friend of Mr. Underwood, of the *Index*, that he would not accept of any office this present year on account of his editorial duties, but that, if a good ticket is elected and such a platform adopted as has been proposed, Mr. Underwood will giv the new movement his hearty support. And I feel sure that he and his friends on that side of the question would be satisfied with Mr. Burnham and the others I hav mentioned.

I notice that Mrs. Dr. Severance is not as yet prepared for reconciliation. I am sorry for that. And my old friend Walker is still on the war-path. But if we hav got fight in us, and it must come out, why not direct it toward the common enemy? We can learn something from the political parties. They are willing to accept all who will aid them. Really the old Comstock issue is dead, and it is now proposed to reorganize on the Nine Demands of Liberalism. Why should anyone object to that?

Freethinkers are rather independent people—so independent that it is difficult to organize them. If they do not agree, they are all sure they are right, and none of them like to get on their knees and ask forgivness for their past course of action. And no one should be required to do so. Let each hold tenaciously to the opinion that they hav been in the right in the past and are so at present. And then, as we hav found solid ground upon which we can all stand, let us cease our bickerings and unite all our forces, and go to work in harmony. For myself, I will not accept any position but that of private in the ranks, and I do not know a man or woman living but I will cordially work with in the attempt to secularize the government.

It has been suggested that the society take a new name, something like "The United States Secularization Society." Possibly it would be best to do so. All these questions will come up at the Congress at Cassadaga, and I hope will receive the intelligent and candid consideration of all present. I was very much pleased with Courtlandt Palmer's article in last week's *Man*, and hope it may be copied into THE TRUTH SEEKER and other of our Liberal journals. "Let us hav peace," and also renewed resolution to accomplish more than we ever hav in the past.

Truly yours, H. L. GREEN.

Plans for the New York Crematory.

A plot of land has been purchased in Newtown, L. I., by the Uuited States Cremation Company, and ground is to be broken for a crematory in about two months. The secretary of the society, E. A Caswell, said recently: "The directors of the company are to meet once a week until one of the many plans presented by architects is adopted. Then the work will go right on. The building will hav a rich effect without any pretentious ornaments. The chimney will be in the shape of an obelisk. Much delay was caused by listening to the wishes of some of the directors regarding the site of the crematory. These directors thought it ought to be on Manhattan Island, in order that it might be within easy reach of every one in the city. They were anxious, too, for a stylish edifice. In both considerations they were finally overruled for the following reasons:

"The crematory at Newtown will be opposit to the Lutheran cemetery, and on very high ground, overlooking New York city on one side and Sheepshead Bay on the other. It can be easily reached from the Seventh street, the Twenty-third street, and the Ninety-third street ferries. The crematory will be ninety minutes from Madison square. It is about equi-distant from either end of New York city. The price of the land was less than it would be in New York, and hence more money was left for a building.

"The land cost between $2,000 and $3,000. Of the capital stock of $25,000 there has been $14,000 taken. The building we expect will cost from $12,000 to $15,000, and a crematory furnace after the pattern of that at Gotha, Germany, one of the best we know of, and in which hundreds of bodies hav been burnt, will cost $3,000. We hav a complete description of the Gotha crematory, and are going to improve on it, we hope. The general plan for the building will include reception rooms, and a chapel or hall, with a catafalque at the remote end of the room, and a pulpit or reading desk beyond the catafalque and near the wall. Neither the body nor the coffin will be seen after it is placed in the catafalque, unless it is desired by those in charge of the last rites. Of course there will be different arrangments at the funerals, according to the wishes of those interested. Probably the usual way will be to place the body with the coffin and flowers or gifts, if desired, on the catafalque, over which will be a covering or pall, which will hide the coffin from view of the audience. Then the body will be lowered into the furnace, and before the services are over the body will be half consumed. There can be no complaint that it is a nuisance, for the neighborhood of the Lutheran cemetery and the outskirts of Williamsburgh are lugubrious already."

"Won't the chance of quickly and completely getting rid of a victim tend to increase murders by poison?"

"No. Unless a reputable physician givs a death certificate the body will not be received."

"What will be the charge?"

"Not over $25 or $30 for each incineration. The operation will be over in an hour. No flame touches the body. The temperature of the furnace will be 2,000° Fahrenheit. Hot air destroys the body inside of an hour, leaving a residue of pure white ashes weighing about four per cent of the body. These the friends may take away with them. The crematory will be in operation before winter."

"THE Truth Seeker Annual and Freethinkers' Almanac," 25 cents.

Communications.

A Call for the Eighth Annual Congress of the National Liberal League.

All citizens of the United States, whether they hav heretofore acted with this League or not, who believe in a secular government and a secular republic, separation of church and state, the equality of all citizens before the law, without distinction of creed or race or sex; justice for all, and privileges and monopolies for none; the need of universal secular education, free speech, and a free press as the basis of universal suffrage, are invited to appear or to be represented at the Eighth Annual Congress of the National Liberal League, to be held at Cassadaga Lake, Chautauqua Co., New York, on Monday and Tuesday, the 8th and 9th of September next (at the close of the New York Freethinkers' Convention at that place).

The League has for its objects the purposes above stated, and has sought to carry them out by securing:

1. The total separation of church and state; this is the first and chief object of the League, and includes among other things the taxation of church property and the suppression of sectarian appropriations; and, as necessary to that general object, the League insists upon,
2. The protection of all citizens in their equal religious, civil, and political rights, without regard to religious belief or want of such belief.
3. The universal, secular, and scientific education of the people, so as to emancipate them from the prevalent superstitions.
4. The impartial, secular administration and enforcement of the laws by secular authorities only, who shall be directly responsible to the people.
5. The inviolability of the mails, and their impartial administration for postal purposes only.
6. Freedom of the press and of speech, without any censorship except responsibility before the jury of the country for any abuse of that freedom.

Year by year we find that the above principles and measures are openly or covertly violated more and more in every state and by the general government, and chiefly through church influences. Any sect, church, or "religion" that militates against these principles openly or covertly, directly or indirectly, is the enemy of American liberty and of the American people. The League is opposed to churches and "religions" only as they are opposed to liberty and to the rights of man, the general education of the people, and the progress of mankind.

All American citizens, therefore, to whom these principles and objects commend themselvs, should rally to their support by a common and permanent organization, which is now the National Liberal League, and should make it the nurse and defender of freedom in every town and state as well as in the nation. In no other way can "the blessings of liberty," the birth-right of American freemen, be effectivly maintained. At this Congress it is designed to revise the basis of the League so as to make it so broad and Liberal that all who sympathize with its general purpose may co-operate with it to the end that a general union of all citizens of Liberal sentiments may result, and that new officers of the League may be selected without regard to past differences.

All Charter and Life Members of the League, and all delegates from local Auxiliary Leagues, will hav votes in the Congress. Each Auxiliary is entitled to send five delegates—its president, secretary, and three other members—to the Congress. Annual members are entitled to seats in the Congress, and to votes by the permission of the Congress.

Combine, then, for your common defense, for general secular education, and for the firm support of the essentials of free institutions. Let it not be your fault if, in the growth and prosperity of our people, their liberties and yours are frittered away and lost!

Dated New York, July 12, 1884.

T. B. Wakeman, President N. L. L.
Elizur Wright, 1st Vice-President.
T. C. Leland, Secretary, 744 Broadway, New York.

A Proposit'on from Mr. A. B. Bradford.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* I am glad to notice the disposition of our radical brethren to consider the present and the future of the National Liberal League, as an agency for the spread of Freethought. I, too, hav an opinion on the subject, and it is expressed in a series of resolutions which I shall ask the New York State Freethinkers' Association to adopt, during its approaching meeting at Cassadaga. I send them to you for publication in The Truth Seeker, and my object is to lay them before the minds of our brethren in good season, so that when the time comes for discussion and action, we may hav matured thoughts expressed on this practical subject.

I confess to a blush of shame at the smallness of the sum suggested in the resolutions, as the pay of a general agent. The man we need for this responsible and self-denying work must hav a thick skin, and a courage and perseverance which never dream of defeat. In any of the Christian sects he would readily command a salary of *five* thousand a year. But in the beg nning of a great movement like ours, aiming, as it does, to overthrow the fortress of superstition which it has taken eighteen hundred years to build up, *sacrifice* must be the order of the day. A reformer, before he strikes a single blow, must lay out his accounts to sacrifice wealth, honor, reputation, position, and all else that men hold dear, on the altar of truth and righteousness. Respectfully,

Enon Valley, Pa., July 15, 1884. A. B. Bradford.

THE RESOLUTIONS.

1. *Resolved*, That in view of the truthful maxim, "In union there is strength," the New York State Freethinkers' Association, assembled in convention at Cassadaga, respectfully suggest to the National Liberal League, which is soon to meet in this place, whether or not it would be good policy to drop the name taken 1876 at its organization, and assume the title of "The American Secular Union," as more expressiv of our principles and purposes, announced to the world in the "Nine Demands of Liberalism."

2. *Resolved*, That we respectfully recommend that the Radicals of this country, constituting such an organization, should confine their efforts to the one purpose of secularizing the general and state governments, and destroying the present unconstitutional and dangerous power which the church practically exercises in our politics; leaving all other projects of reform, important as they may be, either to the future where they belong, or to other bodies of citizens who may feel a particular interest in them.

3. *Resolved*, That as a pre-requisit to secularizing the state, the people who compose the state must be enlightened as to the history and claims of the organization known as the Christian church, and the danger to which popular liberty is now, and always has been, exposed by its officious intermeddling and dictation in political affairs. This enlightenment can only be effected by a full, fair, and free discussion, through the press and the platform, of the pretensions of this vast and powerful body, showing the people who hav for ages been misled by its influence that there is no ground whatever, either in history, criticism, or reason, for the claims it makes.

4. *Resolved*, That if the National League shall take the aforesaid suggestions in the kindly spirit in which they are offered, we would earnestly recommend the executiv authority to employ for one year, as an experiment, a suitable person to act as a general agent, whose duty it shall be to visit societies already formed, to organize new ones, to awaken an interest in the cause by lecturing and by personal visitation, to procure readers of, and subscribers to, our Radical newspapers and other periodicals, and to act in all other ways calculated to promote the cause.

5. *Resolved*, That if such suitable man can be found in our ranks to render this much needed service, this association pledges itself to raise one-half of a salary of $1,000 to support such an agent in the field; leaving the other half to be raised by the other societies now composing the League; the agent to make quarterly reports to the executiv authority of his progress in the work.

Something About New England Puritanism,

There has been a vast amount of laudatory effusion expended over the superior enterprise, intelligence, and virtue of the New England Puritans. Their zeal for justice, their love of liberty, their desire to promote education and advance civilization, hav been said and sung, and their praises proclaimed both long and loud. The efforts of their worshipers are those of the lawyer, who is bound to win his case, right or wrong. They are not striving to bring out the whole truth and do the subject exact and even justice.

It is true the Puritans possessed an indomitable will, great courage, patience, perseverance, and determination; they had inherited these qualities from the old North Sea robbers, from whom they had remotely descended. They also had a fiery religious zeal that persuaded them to suffer and die for their belief, and to hang the person who doubted it. They educated their children, and with them labor was honorable. But they were bigoted, superstitious, and intolerant, and a person of Liberal ideas could not liv in the colony.

At their first election of officers, held on board the Mayflower before they landed, Nov. 9, 1620, every person was allowed to vote. After eleven years, in 1631, the Puritans having had supreme control, and an opportunity to develop their real inwardness, a law was passed restricting the right to vote and hold office to church-members. Oaths of obedience to magistrates were required; taxes were levied on all to support the Puritan church, and a law also passed to enforce attendance on public worship. Such was the liberty given by unadulterated Puritanism when it had the power. For opposing this policy, Roger Williams was banished in the dead of winter, and for fourteen weeks wandered in the snow through a desolate forest, living on parched corn, roots, and acorns, and sleeping at night in hollow trees.

When a more representativ form of government was attempted to be established in 1634, that leading Puritan clergyman, Cotton, preached a powerful sermon against any change; and he only reflected the policy of the Puritan church. Says the historian, Redpath: "Every shade of popular belief was closely scrutinized; the slightest departure from orthodox doctrins was met with a charge of heresy, and to be a heretic was to be an outcast."

How they loved liberty!

In 1637, "Mrs. Anne Hutchinson and her friends were declared unfit for the society of Christians and banished from the territory of Massachusetts." The crime they were guilty of committing was, insisting on the right to speak in public meetings.

In 1643 the English settlements of Piscataqua, Providence plantation, Plymouth colony, and the Island of Rhode Island, were refused admission into the confederation of New England colonies on account of their entertaining some heretical belief.

In 1656 two Quaker women arrived in Boston, Anne Austin and Mary Fisher. "The two women were caught and searched for marks of witchcraft, their trunks were broken open, their books were burnt by the hangman, and they themselvs thrown into prison. After several weeks' confinement they were banished from the colony. Before the end of the year eight others had been arrested and sent back to England. The Delegates of the Union were immediately convened, and a rigorous law passed that excluded all Quakers from the country. Whipping, the loss of an ear, and banishment were the penalties for the first offense; . . . the other ear cut off for the second, . . . and the tongue bored through with a red-hot iron for the third" (Redpath's History U. S.).

In 1657 Anne Burden was beaten with twenty stripes for preaching against persecution. To enjoy life, to liv in peace with these Puritans, one had to believe precisely as they did, or, if disbelieving, the mouth must be sealed as close as it is in death. No questions or arguments allowed. This secured unanimity and piety, and diffused genuin Puritanism.

In September and October, 1659, four men and one woman were arrested for heresy. The men were immediately hung. The woman, after being led to be executed with a rope around her neck, was reprieved and banished, to be hung if she ever returned. She returned, and was hung. Twenty-seven others were thrown into prison to await trial, when public indignation forced these Christian, liberty-loving Puritans to repeal the outrageous law and let the prisoners go free.

In 1692 witchcraft broke out at Salem, Mass. It had its origin in a person troubled with a nervous disorder. There was a quarrel between two factions in the churcb, and the dominant party utilized this popular superstition to secure their ends. Such was the beginning of Salem witchcraft. But the fostering hand of a bigoted church soon swelled the superstition to fearful proportions. One hundred and fifty were soon thrown into prison. Fifty-five were tortured into telling abominable falsehoods, and twenty were executed. To doubt the reality of witchcraft was considered a heresy worthy of death.

Cotton Mather, the exponent of the Puritan church, the head and representativ of the New England clergy, preached in favor of this persecution and sat at the trials for witchcraft, and decided when there was sufficient proof to condemn. He wrote a treatis on "Witchcraft," "expressing his great thankfulness that so many witches had met their just doom." And this impudent book received the approbation of the president of Harvard College.

The Puritans hav sold the widow's last cow, last hog, and last bed to pay the church tax. They had great reverence for God, and Sunday, and the Bible, but no sympathy for suffering humanity. These are the people who were called "Puritans" because they believed in the right to interpret the Bible for themselvs. This is the way they took to scatter light, and love, and liberty, and intelligence throughout this country.

Is there any class of persons so religiously blind as to believe it is that kind of influence that has shaped our civilization, given us our genius and enterprise, and fixed our national chrracteristics? Ten thousand factors hav been at work to do this, the least of which is genuin New England Puritanism. Until Puritanism became humanized, civilized, liberalized, and modernized, a free thought could not exist, and where there is no free thought there is no progression, and man is a slave.

The Irishman who builds a railroad or canal, the German who drains a wet farm, the farmer who clears off his land or improves his stock, the inventor who brings better machinery to perform our labor, the capitalist who invests his money in useful improvements, and the thousands of others of God's laborers, are all of them important factors in the progress of civilization. But the men who fold their hands and depend on prayers don't push the world along very much.

Genuin Puritanism is dead. The pure article has vanished and gone, but its ghost returns at regular intervals to receive the adoration of its blind worshipers. A little wholesome criticism and a little

healthy reference to history occasionally will hav a tendency to make the visits of his ghostship less frequent. Then Fourth of July orators will not slobber all over them with their verdant effusions, and clergymen will not pour forth by the pailful their laudatory eulogies upon the Puritan fathers without any regard to historical facts.

During all this persecution for opinion's sake, this unreasonable and unrighteous dictation of what a person must believe to enjoy life and peace among these bigoted, dogmatic, and intolerant Puritans, there was an element constantly striving for more religious liberty, more freedom of conscience, more political rights and privileges. After a length of time this spirit of toleration and liberal ideas permeated the whole of New England. As they came in contact with the rest of the world their sectarian bigotry disappeared and they became a very different people. Don't let this important point be forgot. The world has changed them more than they hav the world, and the genius and spirit of American institutions was developed more in spite of than on account of the genuin Puritan element. S. H. EWELL.

Tariff.

I do not often dabble in politics, but when I see such glaring advantages taken of statistics as are shown by the article of Mr. Oldakes in THE TRUTH SEEKER of June 21st, and the unfair comparisons of high and low tariff, I cannot refrain from a word of caution in that direction.

He notices the low tariff from 1855 to 1861, and compares the prices of wheat with what he calls the prices of the same from 1874 to 1880, in order to show the injustice of high tariff as discriminating against the farmers of the country. But why does he gentleman omit the high or highest tariffs from 1861 to 1874 in his showing? Simply because during these years the highest prices obtained for wheat, and would hav defeated his pet scheme. It would show that extraordinary prices were had for wheat; that in 1866 to 1868 flour went from nine to sixteen doldollars per barrel and retailed something higher in many parts of the country; that the general wheat crops and trade has never been better; and if high tariff or any tariff causes the activity or depression, why not giv high tariff the advantage of a fair showing?

We had a money crisis in 1857 which had much to do with the price of wheat. The Morrill Tariff bill of 1861 and 1862, which was in force during the war, and was in some respects a prohibition, made a better condition for the farmers, as well as all other classes of labor, than any state of things we hav had in this country either before or since, so far as the enhancement of values of all kinds was concerned. We could afford then to pay internal revenue on manufactures, and thus support the government, in addition to getting higher prices for labor of all kinds, and including wheat.

His argument is that the farmers of the West want a low tariff, so as to enable them to procure farming implements, etc., in a cheap market. The fallacy of this will be seen at a glance when we consider that comparativly few farming implements of any kind are imported. In fact, we hav no competition with any foreign nation in farming implements. We make the best, and stock the whole West at prices lower at any time than the same can be had anywhere in the wide world. The idea of a tariff of from twenty to ninety per cent on these tools is a freak of the imagination, and cannot be found on our custom house books.

A good deal is being said about building up monopolies at home by creating flourishing times by means of a high tariff. When men talk thus, they concede the whole argument in the case. To admit that a high tariff will build up anybody in America is to admit what is claimed for it. The misfortune of creating riches for a few may be a thing to be remedied, but it is an undoubted argument in favor of the doctrin that a tariff will promote industry here. And, bad as it may be, it can be no worse than favoring the outside world and thereby creating monopolies and riches abroad. If industry creates riches for the few, and only a comfortable living for the many, it is certainly much better for us that those riches should be made in America than in Europe, for by the incidents of change and death those riches in some way will, by our institutions, find in time a sure distribution.

Another argument in favor of a somewhat high tariff is that it is the most general assessment upon all classes of people for the support of the government, much more equitable than could be devised by any possible system of internal revenues, and has the merit of creating industry at the same time, while it affords opportunities for emigration to America, and an increase of population. The emigration, enormous as it is, we can stand, at least for a while, but to import laborers by the millions every year, and at the same time open our ports to the manufactures of the world, and thus in addition supply ourselvs with labor already done, is a policy so manifestly ruinous that I wonder how any man of sound political judgment can advocate it.

We hear much complaint in reference to the Western farmer, which to a certain extent is a truth, and this, too, like the incidental fact of building up monopolies, is to be deplored, but, as I hav shown, a low tariff will not help his case. If people will pioneer too rapidly, and push out into territory much in advance of established markets, they must suffer from poor markets and speculators, simply from the fact that other industries hav not yet overtaken them. But to shut down our workshops, and import their products, would only enhance the difficulty, by crowding into the farming districts the multitudes thrown out of employ, and thus make still more farmers, and poorer markets. To make this country a success, and to benefit the farmer most, is to protect American products, and push home manufactures close upon the heels of the agriculturist. The experience to this time has been that the best tariff for protection has afforded the most revenue, and enabled the government to pay its debts, with a flourishing country and plenty of money in the treasury, which cannot be done by any low tariff system.

It is a most singular fact that the question of manufactures was the foundation cause of our nationality. Lord Pitt declared in Parliament that the "American colonies should not be allowed to manufacture a hob nail," which policy at last culminated in our making a tremendous tea party in Boston harbor. What the English government failed to do for the colonies she has been continually since then attempting to accomplish by free trade, and has employed various secret societies with piles of British gold to bring it about. We hav lots of influential newspapers to-day advocating free trade, which are paid by English manufacturers; and the late Cobden Club society is a sample of what can be done in the way of social influence to gain a political point.

Any person who has been observant as to the effects of high and low tariff upon the whole country since the compromise of 1833, ought to be able to settle that policy very easily. From 1833 to 1842 we had the most wretched times that America ever saw; and the "hard times," as they were called, reached their worst in 1843, when our industries were completely prostrated, and the markets so glutted with foreign manufactures that it required several years to consume them after the tariff of 1842 went into operation. The government was so kind to the free trade policy that, at the request of English manufacturers, it built bonded warehouses in Boston and New York to store up their goods, and even favored them so far as to hold millions of dollars' worth of goods almost free from storage, permitting the low duties to be paid on removal. It was the most shameful policy that ever was practiced upon a struggling people; but it raised the importance of tariff and protection to such a white heat that, in 1840, the free trade party was overthrown and a new policy of protection substituted. When a petition twenty miles in length was presented to John Tyler, the acting president, praying for a tariff for protection, and by which means the tariff of 1842 went into effect, he declared that it came to him as a "voice from the people." The Democratic party succeeded in partly defeating the policy by declaring James K. Polk to be a better tariff man than Henry Clay, and George M. Dallas gave the casting vote in favor of the tariff of 1846, after secretary Robert J. Walker had laid a draft of that tariff before the British House before it was submitted to our Congress; which acts of political treachery then condemned the party, from which it can never recover under a free trade policy, and a large portion of its rank and file to-day are fair on the tariff question.

Our nation has always been prostrated under a low tariff, and prosperous under a reasonably high one; and while I should not advocate prohibitory duties, I cannot from my observations these fifty years, and a contrast of the two policies, help but see the vast advantages to be derived from a sound policy of protection for American industries; and to prevent monopolies my method would be, that any corporation, after paying definit expenses, should be compelled to pay dividends to the general government; and for charter privileges, and to obviate excessiv individual gains, I should favor an additional wealth tax to be paid on all excesses over and above certain accumulations, and I should make the tax higher in the ratio of accumulations. This would hav the effect to induce certain successful moneymakers to divide and distribute amongst their relativs and friends, and thus to avoid the excessiv tax levies. It would be doing a vast good by an early distribution of their excessiv wealth. What I would do to wealth I should do to that article in all its shapes—money, lands, and goods of every kind. To make lands or money as free as air and water, as many (would-be reformers) talk of, is an impracticable scheme; or to expect any government to take into its management all the railroads and commercial enterprises of a nation is too absurd to think of. If it cannot find time and legal force enough to punish a few Star Route thieves, what would it do with plunderings of the whole nation of "speculativ droppers," who by hook or crook would manage to get at the head and management of these enterprises? It would render the government a thing to be abused and plundered, and in time create a whole nation of outlaws, cutthroats, and villains.

J. R. PERRY.

A Short Method with Mr. James Hale's God.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* We are under no necessity of drinking a barrel of vinegar in order to ascertain whether or no it is sweet wine! And it seems not to hav been apparent to Mr. Hale, that if, indeed, there were any such a personal omniscience as he supposes, he would be under no necessity of filling four or five of the broad columns of THE TRUTH SEEKER to prove it! Surely it is enough for the priests, and those victimized by that old barbarian book, to boast of an omniscient God, that has "created" a racé of thoughtful minds, that hav no mental capacity for knowing him! Manifestly there are only two methods for dealing with this "God" idea. One is, the long method, "by faith," the Bible idea, "by faith" (Heb. xi, 1-6). And by this method you may hav one "God" or a million, or three gods like the Christians. The other method is the scientific; this is a short one, and in time it will supersede that method of "faith" recommended in that old barbarian book. And what is the verdict of science? It is that, in the whole of things, in all worlds, all phenomena, there is but one substance, and its affection or quality—force. There is but one force, and one matter, uncreated, but without beginning or end; never more nor less in the whole of things. One force, self-controling and progressiv, evolves all the phenomena, in all worlds and all minds. All result from nature's order and laws. Humanity itself is the resulting phenomenon evolved by these forms of force and laws. Now, in Mr. Hale's long argument, he has pointed out no place, no hole, for his "God" to come in; nothing for his "God" to do. There is nothing outside of nature.

Quincy, Mass. LAROY SUNDERLAND.

The Petition.

From the Index.

Progress has been made in the work of obtaining signatures to the petition for state secularization. But, as it was only started near the close of this session of Congress, it appears advisable to keep it before the public until the next session. Events which hav occurred since the petition was put into circulation demonstrate more clearly than ever the necessity of action on the part of Liberals. The Republican party has just pledged itself to the "separation of the political and ecclesiastical powers" in the territory of Utah, "by the aid of the military, if need be."

"Be we men, and suffer such dishonor?"

What is good for Utah is good for Massachusetts and the District of Columbia, and any place where float the Stars and Stripes. It was proposed in the United States Senate, the other day, to appoint a superintendent of the schools of Utah, in order to prevent the teaching of the Mormon religion in those schools; and this clause of the bill was only withdrawn at the last hour, or minute rather, when it was conclusivly proven to that "honorable" body that no church books of any description were ever heard of in these schools. But what greater right, I ask, has the Bible than the Book of Mormon in the public school, even though it were not true, as it is, that the latter condemns polygamy, while the former sanctions and upholds it? Nay, would the teaching of polygamy in our schools be any greater crime than prayer, trinity, and blood atonement?

Here, Liberals, is your opportunity. Let us take the Republican party and the Senate of the United States at their word, and insist that "the political and ecclesiastical powers" *shall* be separated through the domain of this republic, and in the doing of this that no favor shall be shown to any religion, be it Mormon, Christian, or Pagan. T. W. CURTIS.

Hearty Indorsement.

From the Investigator.

Mr. Samuel P. Putnam has an able article in the last New York TRUTH SEEKER recommending Mr. George Chainey for the office of next president of the National Liberal League. Mr. Chainey is well qualified in every respect to discharge the duties of that office in a satisfactory manner, and the welfare of the League will no doubt be promoted under his administration. If Mr. Wakeman, the present effectiv presiding officer, should resign, we would like to see Mr. Chainey occupy his place.

Representativ Men.

In our own opinion, Mr. Underwood and Mr. Wakeman are the most representativ Liberals in America.—*Radical Review.*

How about Col. Ingersoll?

A CONGREGATION of Middlesex was dreadfully shocked on a recent Sunday at seeing the oldest deacon, who had been sitting in the clover-patch in front of the church, begin to throw back somersaults and go through a most violent series of gymnastics. The sympathy was general when it was known that the first bumblebee of the season had mistaken the leg of the good man's trowsers for its nest.

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☞WE wish that our subscribers who are in arrears would make a special effort to pay up. During the summer months our book sales are small, and we hav to depend upon the subscriptions coming in to pay expenses, which are just as heavy now as ever. We know that business generally is dull, that "times are hard," but the amounts are so small individually that it would seem no one can be inconvenienced by paying his dues, while in the aggregate they foot up large, and mean everything to us. It is unpleasant to us to dun our friends, and money is never asked for till imperativly needed; now we must hav it to pay bills with. A good many hundreds of dollars are due on subscriptions, so we are not asking a favor, but simple justice and square dealing between friends.

Mr. Bradford's Propositions.

On another page we print a letter from the veteran Liberal, A. B. Bradford, which embodies three direct changes in the policy of the League. These are:

1. A change of name.

2. The return to first principles in the scope of the work undertaken.

3. The pledging by the New York State Freethinkers' Association of $500 towards paying the salary of an agent to work in the field.

1. The first of these, it seems to us, is unnecessary. Had the name "American Secular Union" been adopted at the outset, it would hav been an admirable one, as in itself it determins the nature of the organization. But to change now would look like backing down. We agree with Messrs Putnam and Chainey in "no compromise." The mistakes of the League need not be looked upon as time entirely wasted, but as a gathering of experience necessary to its growth, and valuable as a guide. What the League's Christian enemies may say of it we do not care. And if its present opponents within the Liberal ranks will not rally round the standard when its course shall be clearly defined, and includes only those objects upon which all Liberals must, in the very nature of things, agree to, then it will be plain that they care more for their own triumph than for the cause they profess to love.

2. We were the first to ask for the return to first principles, or, in other words, to confine the attempts of the League to Freethought work. By doing so we believe that the state laws now discriminating against Freethinkers in the matters of oaths, enforced support of churches (indirect but no less enforced), and other legally collected contributions to Christianity, can be repealed. But it is only by united effort that this can be done, which united effort cannot be had on a platform embracing all the "reform" issues of the day. Therefore, the second of Mr. Bradford's propositions has our cordial indorsement.

3. The third suggestion is also a good one. We hope the State Association will adopt it. The League should, in our opinion, authorize the president and secretary, provided they enter the field and remain continuously employed, to raise and retain $1,200 each for their services, which, with the privilege of lecturing, will enable them to support themselvs and families, and pay their traveling expenses. They should also be authorized to print and distribute tracts, to go before legislativ committees, to employ legal counsel when necessary, and to take all needed steps to counteract and render harmless the influence of the churches on our government.

We understand that Messrs. Chainey and Putnam are willing to enter upon the work on conditions similar to these, trusting to their own exertions to raise the money. Let us accept the sacrifice, arm and equip them, and send them forth.

COPIES of THE TRUTH SEEKER containing full page picture of the D. M. Bennett monument will be mailed on receipt of ten cents.

Early Religious Liberty in Massachusetts.

It will be remembered that in a recent number of the *North American Review*, copied by us at the time, Philip Schaff, an eminent Christian scholar, made the statement that:

"There was a time when dissenters were fined, imprisoned, exiled, and even hanged, for religious opinions, to the extent of the power of the civil authority of our free country, even in the enlightened state of Massachusetts, and such persecution was justified on the basis of the union of church and state."

Dr. John Hall, in the *Tribune*, now says this is not so. He makes the bold assertion that:

"The simple historical truth in the premises is that no person was ever hanged or otherwise executed or punished in Massachusetts for religious opinions."

The banishment of Roger Williams and the executions of Quakers in Boston, Mr. Hall contends, were for political and not religious reasons, and he cites Bancroft and other authorities in proof.

It can, however, easily be shown that Dr. John G. Hall is mistaken. In his zeal to defend Calvinism he forgets many things that convict him of partisan untruth, only one of which we will mention now, as but a few months ago a full statement of the doings of the early Christians was made in these columns.

In 1833 Abner Kneeland was arrested, indicted, and tried for blasphemy for saying that he "did not believe in the God which the Universalists did." The verdict of guilty was affirmed in the Court of Appeals, and in 1836 Mr. Kneeland was sentenced to two months' imprisonment, which sentence was executed.

This is an incontestable fact, the witnesses to it are living, the court records show it, and even Dr. John G. Hall's brazenness will be found insufficient to cover the spot of blood on Massachusetts' fame. Other cases of persecution for religious opinions are almost as easily shown, but this is enough to convict the preacher of falsehood.

French Freemasonry.

According to the London *Freemason*, that order in France is filled through and through with Atheism. At present, it says, French Freemasonry stands before the world utterly ignoring the name of God, and welcoming within its pale not only Voltairean Deists, but those "who say in their hearts, There is no God." It is also stated that religious Freemasons are getting discouraged at seeing "the skeptic, the Positivist, the open unbeliever, brought to the fore."

This state of things grieves the good *Freemason*, which declares "God" to be the Great Architeknos of the order, and a doubt of his existence a heinous crime, of which it can hav no tolerance. Until, therefore, the bad French Masons believe in "God"—or say they do, if they don't—the pious-minded are advised to hav no intercourse or fellowship with them.

Did it never occur to the editor of the *Freemason* that the French brethren hav as good a right to rule themselvs, and believe as they please, as the English lodges? Such a thought would console him, and relieve him of the necessity of expressing intolerant ideas, which may sometime come back to plague the author. It is the opinion of an eminent Italian gentleman, now living in Rome, that there are a great many heterodox Masons scattered throughout the world. The *Freemason* may yet find itself lonesome in its piety.

IN the course of his mental evolution, Mr. H. W. Beecher has every now and then driven a peg to mark where he had got to. The row of pegs is now quite formidable to the onlooking Christian. They are arranged about as follows:

1. Rejected the Creation story.
2. " " Fall "
3. " " Hell "
4. " " Atonement "

Sunday he stuck another, which is:

5. Rejection of the Resurection story.

In the course of the remarks made while driving this peg Mr. Beecher turned off some sensible paragraphs, and some that the unconverted will find confusing. A couple only are worth quoting: 1. "I am not one who believes in the resurection of the literal body, nor that literally my bones shall be covered again with my identical flesh, and blood flow in these veins and arteries; nevertheless I will never drop the language of the days when people did believe it. 2. The resurrection of the body is not to be accepted as a scientific fact. Innumerable troubles beset the steps of those who, instructed now in science, yet find it hard to tear themselvs away from old teachings that this very body is to rise again. But we are to hold to it by imagination. I am not to believe in it by my intellect; but I will believe it by my imagination."

IN a report deploring the frequency of divorce, adopted at the last conference of the Methodist church, occurs this passage: "Unchastity is a nest wherein are bred sin and crime, while an unchaste people are a pest in a political body." If the conference had not adjourned we would respectfully represent to the august body that a closer tethering of Methodist ministers would in a great measure remove the cause of many divorces. Statistics prove that the ordained followers of John Wesley are just the "pest in a political body" that the report complains of.

JAMES G. BLAINE, in his letter of acceptance, says not a word about the separation of church and state, though he devotes considerable space to the Mormon question, which is a matter of far less interest and importance. His remark near the close of his letter, that "it is a good land which the Lord our God doth giv us," is peculiar. It is a tradition handed down to this generation by good authority that the men who fought and died in the Revolutionary war were in a measure instrumental in giving us the country we inhabit.

PRESIDENT VIELE takes the right course in ignoring the petition of the Sabbatarians in regard to the music in Central Park on Sunday. The concerts were furnished in response to a popular demand, and no person of sense will say that music is any more sinful in the Park than in a church, or on Sunday than any other day. These Sabbatarians are what Mr. Dana might well characterize as hebetudinous.

At Rest.

At her home in St. Cloud, N. J., on Sunday, July 13th, after suffering for several years with consumption, Jennie Macdonald, wife of E. M. Macdonald, passed to her rest. She died in the belief which for many years she had held in common with her husband, finding consolation in the love and kindness of her family and friends, welcoming death as a surcease of the suffering which no skill could allay, and dreading it only as it separated her from the bright world and those she held most dear.

Funeral services were held on the 15th at the house of Mr. Andrews. The room was filled with those whom death had made mourning friends. At the head of the casket a table stood laden with floral offerings. Mr. George Chainey delivered the funeral discourse. He spoke as follows:

DEAR FRIENDS: In such an hour as this I always feel that silence is more eloquent than speech. If I could utter the grandest words of all the orators, the wisest words of all the philosophers, and the sweetest words of all the poets, your hearts crushed with grief would say with the sorrow-stricken Hamlet, "Words, words, words." We are here to comfort, as best we can, dear friends out of whose sight has gone in this young life so much of the light and beauty of their lives. But our silent presence speaks louder than anything I can say. Real love is seen and felt best in the warm clasp of the hand —the eyes that are soft and tremulous with its light, and in loving, thoughtful deeds. In the chamber of death and grief we are brought to feel, more closely than at any other time or place, our common human relationship. One touch of nature makes the whole world kin; sooner or later all must mourn. Death and woe are our common heritage. The sunniest life is sometimes flecked with shadow. Friend after friend departs—who has not lost a friend? It is only through the memory of our own heart's sorrows that we can enter into the feelings of our friends to-day. Fortunately for our poor hearts, after the darkest night of grief comes the morn of some new day of joy. The flowers of hope, crushed to earth beneath the pitiless storm of grief, rise refreshed beneath the smiles of the warm sun of human love and sympathy. Time, also, is a great restorer. Companionship with nature in her kindlier moods medicins our grief and proves to be like the innocent sleep—balm for hurt minds. The divine bard, Shakspere, in the first act of Hamlet, disperses all the gloom of night and death when he says:

"But look! the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill."

Our grieved hearts would seek to hide themselvs in dark and gloomy places, and to find comfort in sad and mournful rites. In this we are unwise. Life brings enough sorrow at its best, without aiding it by putting on mourning, or shutting out of our lives the all-healing sunlight. Fortunately, we are learn- of nature to comfort ourselvs with the soothing influences of flowers and music instead of adding to the sadness of death with the dark and gloomy superstitions of the past that hav so often made a mockery of grief and an auction of consolation.

It was not my privilege to know intimately the dear one whose loss we mourn. I remember her bright and winning face and her sweet voice when she sang for us in some of our Liberal meetings. In the early summer of the season and of life, that sweet voice has been hushed in death, and the home of our brave young editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER been deprived of her beautiful presence. How gladly the great army of readers of this paper would comfort and cheer him in this hour of sorrow if they could! We and they all hav learned to love him for his good work as the successor of the martyred Bennett. His position has been a difficult one. The influence of Mr. Bennett having been so largely a personal one, many predicted that the paper must die with its founder. But not

only has he kept the grand old TRUTH SEEKER up to the point of interest at which he received it, but carried it so far beyond that even his enemies hav confessed that the paper is improved. But could the readers hav seen how this labor was being performed while every day he saw the light of his home fading out, and the hours he should hav spent in rest passed in the sick chamber of his wife, I am sure they would hav felt the warmest love for him as a man as well as admiration for him as an editor. As he has ministered to their enjoyment, so now, I trust, they will minister to his comfort by doing all they can to support him in his great work. As one of these readers, I would say to our editor, Accept the earnest sympathy and most heartfelt compassion of our hearts. I am sure that in this I shall echo the sincere feeling of all the thousands of your friends and patrons.

As Freethinkers we hav no comfort to offer at the grave better than the fellowship of human love. I am not a priest. In the presence of death my eyes are as blind as yours. For long I strove to look beyond the hights—but death to me is still the strange country from whose bourne no traveler returns. I know that as long as love and death endure many will imagin that they see the glint of stars shining on a fairer land, and hear the hushed footsteps of unseen travelers from that far distant bourne.

But the longer I liv the more I am convinced that even if this hope is ever to be realized, and we are in some sweet Elysian fields to liv again with our loved and lost, our joy will there and then be the sweeter by every moment we hav forgotten it in our desire to make this world a little more of a paradise. Let us then daily toil and strive to make some one else happy, to plant a few flowers in some waste corner of the earth, and then though death for us be the dreamless sleep of eternal rest, the race livs on, growing grander and nobler every day. So shall we join that choir invisible, whose music is the gladness of the world. So shall we ever help on the right side in that great conflict that is constantly widening the skirts of light, and making the struggle with darkness narrower. To reappear again only in the grass or flowers, or to be a part of the unconscious dust of the most common highway, along which living feet run on errands of mercy and justice, were a million times better than the immortality offered us either in heaven or hell by the orthodox religion. But, friends, no matter what I say, death cannot appear other than death. Here it is waiting for each of us as the last price we must pay for the boon of life.

Some would teach us that we must prepare to die. But our business is to liv—to liv. Life is health, strength. Let us seek for it by taking care of our bodies. Life is thought, reason, knowledge. Let no day pass that does not enrich our minds with some ray of wisdom. Life is love. Let us win love by making ourselves lovable. Then when death comes we can say: I hav proved what life can giv. I hav had joy and sorrow. I hav experienced all the pleasures of the senses. I hav known the joys of thought, and above all I hav loved and been loved. So that now, O death, whether thou art night or day—the folding or unfolding of wings—eternal rest or eternal felicity, I giv thee welcome and sink into thy mysterious arms without fear and without regret.

The burial took place at Woodlawn Cemetery, a few miles north of New York. When the coffin had been lowered, Mr. S. P. Putnam stepped forth from among the friends who had gathered at the grave, and said:

The fewer words we utter at a time like this the better, for words can but feebly express the thoughts and feelings that possess us when thus overshadowed by the awful beauty of death. Sure I am that we are made richer by this hour's experience, for we realize more deeply and tenderly than ever the bonds of human friendship. As we go forth from this sacred spot into the great battle of life, our heart and hope blend together in the ineffable memory of this dear friend who is now invisible.

We cannot solve the mystery of life. It has unknown deeps. Neither can we solve the mystery of death. There is no revelation. Each heart must find its own hope and comfort. But just as spring follows winter, even so from our darkest sorrows comes a light to make new joy for our way. In the shadow of death we see the stars of eternity.

This young life has not perished. It has been and it yet will be a stream of beauty, though it flows on unseen. Because she has lived and loved we are better and stronger, and the world of our affections is enriched. Therefore to this dear friend we say, Farewell! we leave thy body to the dust—but thy bright face lingers in memory still. We cannot forget thee. Thou art an impulse to our onward life. We know not what thy fate may be—but it must be beautiful, even like the flowers which spring from the dark bosom of earth. Over thee we strew the flowers, symbol of the thoughts within us of the dead which can never die. Sweets to the sweet. And from thy fair and unpolluted flesh may violets spring.

As Mr. Putnam spoke the words, "sweets to the sweet," each friend came forward and dropped upon the coffin a bouquet of flowers. Nothing could be more appropriate or more touching in its effect.

So passes from life to death another from out our little group. The shadow has fallen, and in its darkness disappears the wife, the mother, the friend, the singer of sweet songs. As a wife, none was ever more true, as a mother more indulgent, as a friend more steadfast; and as a singer it seemed to us that none could so disclose the melody of the human voice. She sang at Chickering Hall when thousands gathered to welcome home the founder of THE TRUTH SEEKER; at Watkins when the Freethinkers went there to their annual meeting; at all our League meetings here; and at home she filled her house with music like the warbling of a bird. She was nearly persuaded to accept a belief in a future life. Some eighteen months ago, when her baby died, she wondered if it was to liv again. And Mr. Bennett, who had but a short time been dead, would he not find her little babe and care for it there as she knew he would in this life if it had no other friend? But when death came, if beyond the sea of time the dying eyes beheld a farther shore, she gave no sign. With almost latest breath she spoke good-bye to husband and mother, and so speaking sank into unconsciousness and died.

Words are many—they cannot picture grief; friends are strong and kind—they cannot bring back the dead; resignation to what is inevitable—that may at least, we hope, teach us to suffer and be strong.

Dr. Westbrook Demurs.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Your notice of "Man—Whence and Whither?" in your last issue, is calculated to mislead your readers. You say, "Mr. Westbrook is not a Christian, neither is he a Freethinker."

If by Christianity you mean the system of theology held by Romanists and Orthodox Protestants, I am not a Christian. But if by Christianity is meant that principle of natural religion which Augustine said "has always existed among the ancients and was not absent from the beginning of the human race," and of which Professor Tyndall says, "The facts of religious feeling are to me as certain as the facts of physics," and of which Renan says: "But nothing is more remote from the truth than the dream of those who seek to imagin a perfected humanity without religion." . . . "Devotion is as natural as egoism to a true-born man"—then I am a Christian.

If by "Freethinker," you mean an Atheist, I am not a Freethinker, and in this I am backed by Darwin and the most advanced scholarship of the world. But if by "Freethinker" you mean one who believes in the exercise and publication of *Free*-thought, then, as I plainly proclaimed myself in the *Investigator* of April 30th, I am a "Freethinker of the Freethinkers." It is about time we understood whether Freethinkers must subscribe to a fixed, narrow creed, a shibboleth of negations, or whether they are to be left to the exercise of Freethought and free-speech, without being held up to contempt as "religious guerrillas," as you are pleased to class me. I am sorry to find among a few so-called Liberals as much of the spirit of intolerance and bigotry as among the orthodox sects themselvs. You say I "reject evolution." This is as big a "mistake" as "Moses" ever made, and rivals Joseph Cook in his genius for misrepresentation! I say distinctly on page 80, "The general law of evolution is as real as the law of gravitation." And on page 82, I say, "Evolution is an acknowledged fact among well educated men." The most charitable conclusion is that the writer of the "notice" of my book had overlooked chapter iii.

I thank you, Mr. Editor, for speaking so flatteringly of me as a "courteous scholarly gentleman," and I always hope to merit such compliments. I really had imagined that I was already in the ranks of Freethought. But it seems a "gain of such magnitude" has not yet been realized. Perhaps I shall take a step in advance when you point out the "fallacies, wrong statements, illogical reasoning, and absurd dogmatism," of which you say my book is full. I am a truth-seeker and hav much to learn and hav often been obliged to revise my opinions; but I feel sure that I shall never admit that *Free*-thought means conformity to the conclusions of others.

You are certainly very kind, Mr. Editor, to keep my book on sale "to accommodate your Theistic friends." It might be impertinent to inquire how many books you would hav left upon your shelves if you should establish a Liberal (?) index exgurgatorius and exclude all Theistic and Spiritualistic publications!

R. B. WESTBROOK.

1707 *Oxford street, Philadelphia, June* 14, 1884.

Our objections to Mr. Westbrook's book can be shortly summarized. As stated they were:

1. A rejection of evolution.

2. That his book is full of fallacies, wrong statements, illogical reasoning, and absurd dogmatism.

But first let us say that Mr. Westbrook is too familiar with dictionaries and accepted etymological authorities to need enlightenment on the meaning of "Christian." To be a Christian one must believe the creation story and the fall, because on them hang heaven and hell, and several other everlasting things. Mr. Westbrook now proclaims himself an evolutionist, consequently he is not a Christian. This is easily shown. But that he is not a Liberal is not so easily shown. On all secular matters probably Mr. Westbrook would work with us; but "Liberal" in this country has grown to mean those who pitch overboard in its entirety the Christian mythology. Mr. Westbrook keeps hold of the central myth, and in that sense he is not a Liberal. It may be a careless use of the word, and reprehensible; if so, he will pray forgiv us.

The statement that he rejects evolution might hav been clearer had it been written that he rejects the *results* of evolution. It is true that he formally, and by word of mouth, accepts evolution, but his evolution is "merely the uniform processes in which every product has an antecedent, every effect a cause" (p. 59), and not that science which, beginning with protoplasm, shows the orderly succession of life till man, the highest and best, is reached. Evolution from him receives only lip acceptance, of little value in the face of sentences like these: "It [natural selection] has no doubt contributed to his improvement and elevation, but it is impossible to conceive how it could hav developed man from a clot of jelly reposing in the depths of the ocean." "The fact is that all impartial and profound thinkers cannot but feel at times that natural selection . . . is wholly inadequate to account for the stupendous results which everywhere exist in the world." It is easy enough to sneer at "clots of jelly," but it will be somewhat difficult to convince the reading public that the writer of the foregoing lines is an ardent supporter of Darwin and Haeckel.

One of Mr. Westbrook's wrong statements is this:

"We try to grasp the idea of the eternity of matter, and find it impossible. It certainly cannot be demonstrated, and therefore it is nothing but a subterfuge for ignorance—a guess."

A man who could deliberately write that can hav little respect for reason, or must be blind to the conclusions drawn from unquestionable premises. As was pointed out in the comments on Mr. Hale, it has become an axiom that "out of nothing nothing can come." Even if Mr. Westbrook's God formed the universe, he must hav had something out of which to whittle it. Matter exists, and is neither creatable nor destructible. The only avoidance of the idea of eternity for it is to demonstrate that it does not exist, or that it is capable of perfect annihilation, or that it can be created at pleasure. Perhaps Mr. Westbrook will favor the world by making just a little new matter.

An "absurd dogmatism" of the gentleman's is found on page 102 of his book:

"But we are pressed with the common queries, Where did God originate? Who made him? We cannot answer these questions, but it does not follow that he does not exist. There are many things we cannot account for, the reality of which we never question. If we could answer all possible questions about God, he would not be God. If Laplace had found God in scanning the heavens with his telescope, or if Lawrence had found him with his scalpel, he would not hav been the infinit intelligence and power. Such a God as cultured reason discovers in the scientific method cannot be seen with either telescope or microscope. The finite cannot comprehend the Infinit; the lesser cannot contain the greater. The child cannot tell where his father came from, but he nevertheless had a father."

According to this reasoning the strongest proof of God's existence is the very fact that we cannot find him. For if he is found, that isn't "him," but some *ignis-fatuus* that vanishes when touched. After reasoning thus, to remark that God exists for all that, is dogmatism—if not absurd, certainly gratuitous. Mr. Westbrook acknowledges that the Theistic postulate is an assumption, and the assumption is God. A trained scholar of Mr. Westbrook's ability ought to know that constructing a theory and then trying to find facts to sustain it, is not the scientific method. The evolutionists first found their facts, and on them based their theory. The two methods constitute the difference between deductiv and inductiv reasoning. Mr. Westbrook need not be told which is scientific and which metaphysical, which stands and which falls. The mistake of the book is found here. The author has used as evidence that which he sets out to prove. The strength of such a procedure is not great enough to need elaborate confutation.

Our friend's remarks about an index expurgatorius were probably written in a heated moment, and call for no special comment. Our book-trade is conducted on the principle that governs the course of the paper—to do good. We never "write up" a book just to sell it.

A GOOD way to promote the cause of Freethought is to get trial subscribers for THE TRUTH SEEKER. To such the paper will be sent three months for fifty cents.

Letters from Friends.

THE NUMERICAL EQUALITY OF THE SEXES.

ADAIR CREEK, E. TENN., July 10, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: The question of polygamy is being discussed in your paper, and I notice that Dr. E. B. Foote, Jr., takes objection to monogamy being called natural, and polygamy condemned as a violation of the law of nature as taught by the numerical equality of the sexes. I would call the attention of the persons interested in this discussion to a fact that bears upon the question and that I hav never seen mentioned yet.

While it is probably true that there is an equal number of men and women, yet, as for some reason women marry earlier than men, it is equivalent to an excess in the number of women as far as marriage is concerned. Let us suppose, for argument's sake, that women marry at twenty and men at twenty-five years of age, and that both average to liv till they are fifty years old. Then a woman would hav thirty years of married life and man only twenty-five. Thus if five men of twenty-five were to marry five women of twenty, at the death of the five men their widows would hav each five years to liv that they could spend in the married state, or twenty-five years between them all, so that five men could each hav two wives for five years, or one man six wives for five years, or one man two wives twenty-five years, and yet defraud no men from their chances of marriage.

This fact, that women marry earlier than men, accounts for the large number of widows and old maids; and also for the number of persons that liv in irregular sexual relations, and of itself overthrows the arguments in favor of monogamy as based upon the numerical equality of the sexes.

I am, myself, no friend of polygamy, for I consider it an infringement upon the equal rights of the sexes; but I believe that all those who desire it should hav the right to practice it, and I hav no doubt that it would be found much better adapted to a certain stage of civilization than monogamy; but I am far from believing that monogamy is a natural state; on the contrary, I believe that, as it is understood now, it is entirely artificial, founded upon the needs of private property, and has to be enforced by law and public opinion.

What would be the truly natural relation of the sexes, no one can tell, for time alone will evolve it when the question will hav been taken out of the control of religion, authoritativ morality, public opinion, and when production will hav become so abundant, and so evenly distributed, as to leave all persons free to follow their inclinations without the thousand and one restraints by which our lives are now regulated.

ALBERT CHAVANNES.

FRIENDSHIP, N. Y., July 13, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: For nearly three years my pen has been mostly silent—impaired health; hence no brain force. But the tocsin notes from the watchtower of Hon. A. B. Bradford, the trumpet call of S. P. Putnam, and the rallying words of H. L. Green, Esq., infuse and enthrill my soul, and should speak to the heart and conscience of every true Liberal. To the rescue, to action! is blown on every breeze. Truly the times are propitious. Yet how many sit supinely content with personal ease? And those, too, calling themselvs Liberals, arrogant that they are not orthodox. Does not the history of the late past—our leaders immured in felon's cells, the encroachments of the church, the vigilance of the God-in-the-Constitution movement—challenge to action, to watchfulness, to vigilance? Not words alone, but actions, deeds, are needed. Wise, able leaders, counsellors; able, fearless presses—these should and must be appointed, established, and sustained. The National Liberal League must be made a success—a triumph. Let one and all resolve to attend the Cassadaga Freethought Convention and the conjoint League Convention. Numbers giv encouragement and influence. Only let the Liberals and those only yet half evoluted come within the influence of these earnest, devoted leaders who will then champion the cause from the rostrum, and selfishness and supine inaction and indifference will be shamed and retired. Then the hoarded dollars will flow into the channel that is to giv life, new impetus, the real sinews to this movement which is struggling to lift humanity from superstition's chains, fetters, and darkness, into light—the glorious light of love and freedom. Although Liberalism has made vast strides, yet the coils of superstition, the world's fear, enslave the thousands, and to few indeed is it an easy or even possible condition to think, speak, and act with freedom. Religious prejudice ramifies all business pursuits; its devotees are still dictators. This must be overcome, and equality of rights and beliefs established. Absolute Freethought is the basis of all reform; to establish this is the mission of the league; its perpetuity and advancement the aim and method of all Liberal organizations. Therefore let not the standard bearers flag in energy, vigilance, defense, or aggressivness until sectarian influence has become a thing of the past, and all religions or no religion shall stand equal before the law and public sentiment.

Either Col. Ingersoll, Geo. Chainey, or S, P. Putnam would be a tower of light as president of the League—either of the trio who can giv the "whole man" to the work. From our limited outlook, Geo. Chainey seems the man, his soul is girded for and in the work; other professions or business environments do not command him as they do Col. Ingersoll and S. P. Putnam, and the present honored president, T. B. Wakeman. With "concentration, no compromise, and liberality of method" as motto; and Chainey "of noble thought, earnest spirit, and eloquent tongue" as president, victory would seem assured.

One word more: May every Liberal appoint himself a committee of one to advance the cause, disseminate its literature, and urge to united action and effort all within his influence. Let "Ho! for Cassadaga" be the greeting and the effort; canvass your towns, wards, and cities, and assemble *en masse* at the beautiful camp-grounds, inbreathe the inspiration, listen to the eloquence, the glorious gospel of freedom of those who giv their life and strength for freedom's might, receive there the baptism of love, truth, and fraternity, and ever will you bless your stars that you went to Cassadaga.

A lover of truth and scorner of intrigues,

GRACE L. PARKHURST.

HIGHLANDS, N. C., July 3, 284.

MR. EDITOR: If for a short time longer you will excuse me for not paying the price of the dear old TRUTH SEEKER, I will try to see you paid up soon. I am paying the price, in some small degree, at least, it cost its grand old founder, whose sympathies ran over the walls of prejudice everywhere for the oppressed of all grades, great or small, high or low.

I hav taken THE TRUTH SEEKER ever since I first became acquainted with it and its honored editor at Wolcott, N. Y., and I would feel lost without it. My business has been dull all winter, and continues so up to the present time. We hope to see it liven up after the Fourth. I sent you our local paper with the free puff for Freethinkers, which will show what kind of Christians we hav here. We hav more Freethinkers than the numbers stated, of all kinds, but only ten are as yet educated up to an understanding of themselvs and the demands before them, else the Christians would hav no power to injure my business. But it seems that that is the thing we are to look out for. When I came here they had no organized church, and Christians and all society were very kind and fraternal, but the money and influence of a very wealthy lady of an overbearing nature soon brought about a change in the condition of society. First, a Presbyterian minister was obtained to reside here, and to organize a church, and now they are building up a very grand church, and I sometimes think that as that goes up I must go down, or my living, rather.

We hav great advantages here for a healthy resort for winter or summer, and I believe I could do well if it were not for this Christian opposition. Several hav told me that if more such men as I am come here good Christians will hav to leave, and the minister says I am tearing down the work he is building up. Of course you see the drift. I must be starved out in order to sustain the holy cause. Several of the Presbyterian ministers come up here every summer, but never stay with us, and worse, I believe the influence of the pious frauds is very damaging to my business. JOSEPH FRITTS.

[Mr. Fritts keeps the "Highlands House," at Highlands, Macon Co., North Carolina, which he advertises as follows: "Altitude nearly 4,000 feet. Summer resort, unsurpassed for equable climate, pure, invigorating air, pure, cold, spring water, and grand mountain scenery. All who try our very long, cool, and delightful summers, whether they come from the South or the North, the West or the East, are alike pleased, and pronounce this the best place east of the Rockies for those who seek health and natural scenery. Invalids are greatly benefited. No musketoes and few flies. Our quiet town of 300 inhabitants is very beautifully located in a large valley on the crest and northwest slope of the Blue Ridge, about four miles from the Georgia line. The hotel is situated in the center of the town. Twenty-five minutes' walk to the top of Mt. Satula, giving one of the mountain views of the whole range. Five miles' drive to the top of the famous Whiteside Mountain. Four miles to the falls of the Cullasaja. Other grand peaks, scenes, and waterfalls too numerous to mention, all within easy distance. Good rooms. Pleasant suites of rooms for families, plainly furnished. Table supplied with the best the markets afford. Terms, $1.25 per day; $6 per week; $20 per month (four weeks). Special rates to families. Satisfaction guaranteed. Come to Seneca City, Walhalla, or Tululah Falls, or via Asheville to Webster or Franklin, and take hack from either place for Highlands, or Cunningham's stage from Franklin to Highlands.]

XENIA, OHIO, June 18, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: It is amusing to see our wise men on the old fogy plain of religion, and our wise men on the Liberal side of religion, cross swords and spar away from one year's end to another, without giving us middle men one fact to improve upon. One says that a great or little God made everything that exists out of nothing, when any fool knows that nothing does not exist. The other side says that matter is all the God there is, and that is the only cause that exists. I believe the last theory to be as foolish as the first. If the orthodox God exists, he or she is an object, and no object ever placed itself into existence; hence there must hav been something or somebody prior to their god, or such a god could not exist. The above position is not a debatable one, as there is no reason or philosophy in existence that can upset the truth. On the other side, the Materialists say just as the orthodox do, that there was a time when matter was without form and void, but by and through its own inherent powers it has made millions of objects out of itself. This theory is just as untenable as the other, and neither to me is true, as both positions are only based upon assumptions, without one particle of proof. That matter always existed I believe, but I do not believe that matter of itself has, or ever had, one particle of power, either to act upon itself or any other object. I care not what kind of divisible matter you may take, it is impossible for any man living to demonstrate that matter has one particle of power or motion unless it is acted upon. Now the great question for our wise men on either side to demonstrate and understand, is this, What is it that acts upon and through matter, and places millions of objects in existence? If it is not the orthodox God, or the Materialist's matter, what is it? I defy any man living to prove that a God ever produced one single object out of matter, or that matter, under any conditions, ever produced one single object out of itself. Again, the above being facts, what did form objects out of matter?

I do not deem the orthodox theory of creation worthy a comment, as to me it is a false theory, and nothing else. The Materialists, in my opinion, are, as yet, far from solving the problem. When we reason from analogy, we become satisfied that all planets are heavenly bodies, that hav sufficient oxygen surrounding them to produce a certain amount of light; hav human beings upon their surface, the same, or nearly the same, as the earth, and came into existence in the same way. The Materialists claim that it is the laws of evolution, attraction, and development that giv the power to matter to form objects. This would be a very plausible theory were it not for one fact, and that fact leaves us in the dark. If matter formed all the different objects in existence, under never-varying laws, I would ask, where did the laws come from? It is not only illogical, but absurd, to say that matter created laws, then turned around and produced objects out of itself by using the laws it had created. Laws of every being in the universe are only creatures, and not creators. Now, Mr. Orthodox or Materialist, where did your laws of nature, as you call them, come from? Can any of you answer? There are millions of different laws in existence, but not one that created itself, or one that matter brought into existence. Should you deem the above worthy of space in your paper, I will, at some other time, giv my opinion how law came into existence, when I hope to be able to show that it did not take an orthodox God, or a Materialist's matter, to produce law.

I. D. SEELY, M.D.

STEWARTSVILLE, MO., July 3, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: About a fortnight ago, one Rev. J. M. Green, of St. Joseph, Mo., came to our godly and priest-ridden town, Stewartsville, Mo., to lecture against Infidelity, and, his friends said, to totally destroy the Infidels, and knock R. G. Ingersoll entirely out of the ring. I went to hear him speak in the Methodist church, and must say that if low slang and vile abuse will destroy Infidelity, then it was certainly destroyed.

Mr. Green then challenged any Infidel to meet him in a discussion. I offered to discuss with him then and there. He refused on the ground that it was Sunday, and not a fit day—for Infidels, I suppose he meant—but said he would meet me, or any other Infidel, even R. G. Ingersoll himself. After three or four weeks a meeting was agreed upon to take place at the Opera House in Stewartsville, on the night of the 30th of June, between Mr. J. E. Remsburg, of Atchison, Kansas, and J. M. Green, of St. Joseph, Mo. On the day appointed both men were here, and the Opera House was well filled. Mr. Remsburg delivered his lecture, one of the finest ever given in this part of the country. But where, oh! where, was the destroyer of Infidelity? Instead of coming to the hall, as was agreed upon, he organized a meeting in the Methodist church, and tried hard to get all the people to go his way, but made quite a failure. He dare not meet us! He dare not let his followers hear the other side, or else, like Othello, his occupation would be gone. This is only one of the many cases where they hav agreed to meet Infidels in an open field, and failed to do so. Does this not show conclusivly that their cause is a bad one. All ought to read Mr. Remsburg's lecture delivered here. It shows what the Bible and Christians hav done, and what the Infidels and Freethinkers hav done. It shows where ignorance and superstition most abound, there the Christians with their hell-making God flourish best. But where education and intelligence hav found their way, Freethinkers and Infidels are fast coming to the front. The world does move, and so do the people. We are now just beginning to see light. May the good work go on till priestcraft, bigotry, and superstition are things of the past. They are fast fading away.

Inclosed please find one dollar, for which you will please send me two copies of the "Crimes of Preachers," and a few of J. E. Remsburg's "False Claims." They are doing good missionary work here. S. N. BRADFORD.

A LETTER TO ELMINA.

SOUTH ROYALTON, VT., July 14, 1884.

DEAR SISTER: Are you sincere in saying you would giv your bottom dollar to know that our departed liv again? When every quarter of the globe is being filled with the wonderful doings of those very spirits whom you so long to hear from and know that they exist; when the sick are healed, the lame made to walk, and mourners are comforted, can you still say, I don't know? Why, right here in South Royalton village we are having cures done through a woman's organism which surpass any recorded in the Bible, except the raising of the dead, and may yet hav that, so many are in a trance and are being buried alive. Mrs. W. S. Russell is a farmer's wife, about fifty, I should judge. She first began to hear voices telling her to go and doctor an old man who had got hurt by a fall. Very reluctantly she did go, and by laying her hands on him and rubbing, she cast out the pain and cured him. Since then she has treated all kinds of sicknesses. One little girl twelve years old fell and injured her spine so she was paralyzed from the waist down—could not feel a pin if inserted in her flesh—for nearly two years. The doctors said she could never walk. Her father carried her in his arms up into Mrs. Russell's rooms. The next day she walked. Her crutches are left for any caller to see. It is needless to tell you her parents were almost crazed with joy, for she was the oldest of the family, and they were very short of what some hav more than they know how to get rid of. She is now at work for two dollars per week.

Another poor cripple, who had not set his foot down on the floor for twenty years, was made to walk by one or two treatments; says two thousand dollars would not tempt him to be put back as he was before. He livs here, and is well-known among the people. Cancers and tumors are being cured and removed from the system. Many cases of lameness caused by rheumatism hav been cured. She has all the patients she can treat in this vicinity and in towns around. Now, Elmina, please tell me what does these cures? Facts are stubborn things. I hav just received a blessing on my poor head from good Brother Seward Mitchell, by way of a postal. Many thanks. I take no credit to myself for that letter to Miss Wixon. I merely obeyed the promptings of the spirit. Also received a note of thanks from Scranton, Pa., from a mourner.

Now I wish Materialists in all candor to tell me why the bereaved heart so hungers and cries out after knowledge and will not be satisfied when the loved ones are laid away out of sight. Not long ago I received a card from an aged man asking me to tell him what real evidence I had that there was another life. Poor old man, he was in the dark, groping his way into the cold grave, and not one ray of light could he see

beyond! My heart aches with sympathy for all such, and gladly would I giv them light, and hope, and knowledge too, of the life which awaits every child of earth. These are my humble views, and why should any true Liberals hav any objection to them? In union alone can we as Liberals do our work for humanity. Let us hav harmony of action, and giv the same freedom to others we wish to enjoy, and we can move mountains and fill up valleys until the earth a garden shall indeed become! Men and women shall walk together as brothers and sisters in all the occupations of life, and make one family here as they will be in heaven.

I hav just received from Brother H. L. Green a certificate of membership of the Freethinkers' Association of New York. Many thanks. I will labor for the cause in my humble way. Liberty and freedom to do right shall be my watchword in the future, as it always has been in the past.

MRS. H. J. SEVERANCE.

ST. LOUIS, MICH., July 6, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I hav been a reader of your TRUTH SEEKER for the last three years or more, it being the first and about the only Freethought paper I ever read—having been a devoted Methodist until I was over sixty years of age, endeavoring honestly to lay up a treasure in heaven; but for many years, while serving in the church in the capacity of leader, etc., there were many glaring inconsistencies which I never could reconcile with reason and common sense. For instance, we should always be ready to giv a reasonable answer for the hope that was within us. Our Christian poets said there was "a heaven over yonder skies, a heaven where pleasure never dies; a heaven I sometimes hoped to see, but feared again 'twas not for me"—for if the righteous scarcely be saved, where will the ungodly and the sinner appear—the question being asked, "Are there few that be saved?" and the declaration made that "many should be called, but few chosen—many should come and the door would be shut."

It seems they expected a happy admission, set forth their claim as having cast out devils and in Christ's name done many mighty works. They appear to hav been true believers, but they made some sad mistakes and were denounced—"depart from me, ye workers of iniquity; I never knew you." After volumes of thought on the seeming contradictions and uncertainties of salvation, or of anybody being saved—for if we kept the whole law and offended in one point, we were then guilty of the whole—it occurred to me that there really would be few saved. Then, again, should I accidentally be saved myself, how would I feel not to find in heaven the mother whom I lost when I was a child, and many of my children, and the multitude of friends I hav? In my serious meditation my religion was not very satisfactory to me.

Again, when I read the various doctrins from the different sects, their different theories filled me with utter confusion. Calvinism ran something like this: God did decree before all things just what he meant to do. From out the wreck of human souls he'd save a very few. What a horrible conception of a just and good God!

Since reading THE TRUTH SEEKER, with its many able contributors who labor for the good of their fellow-beings, and suffer imprisonment in the cause of humanity; whose purity of purpose is unquestioned, and who could be trusted to anything, and anywhere, I wish to say to all my Methodist friends and everybody else that I depend entirely upon good behavior; and if perchance any of us should do anything wrong, if it is ever made right we'll hav to do it ourselvs. I do not believe God ever said, "Go kill the Canaanites, the women and the children too." You know it isn't right.

And as for prayer, why, that won't change God's purposes, you know, for he has fixed all things by law to rule this world below.

Oh, how I rejoice in Freethought, this new and cheerful religion! It is growing very rapidly. The scales of ignorance and superstition are dropping fast.

Let us blame no one for anything,
We're undeveloped yet;
The more mistakes and blunders here,
The clearer light we'll get.

O you mighty host of Freethinkers, how I admire you all! You hav come up out of the horrible pit of miry clay; and you are well established.

I hav just been reading D. F. Marrs, of Texas. How I admire his thoughts! How I love to read Freethought! I do not expect to meet any of you. I liv here in the woods. I get THE TRUTH SEEKER regularly and I hav your company constantly; and how cheerful I feel! I think my last days are being my best days.

If I should mention you all by name the list would be too long. Allow me to mention one—"my man," John Peck. I would giv a dollar to shake hands and see him five minutes. But I must close. I enjoy a constant love-feast with you all.

Your honest Agnostic friend, C. P. LUDWIG.

SOUTH BARRE, N. Y., July 2, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: We would like to say something in honor and memory of the lofty and great hero, D. M. Bennett, but what can we say after reading what was said at the dedication recently by Mrs. A. C. Macdonald, S. P. Andrews, T. B. Wakeman, and all that was said there? We can add nothing but Amen and Amen!

Considering all things, Mr. Bennett, we think, was a wonderful man. Few realize what is sure to come of his real life and teachings. He was closely allied to nature and her laws, and when such laws are better known, then D. M. Bennett will be more fully appreciated. He is to this age what Thomas Paine was to 1776—the former a great neutralizer of the gods, the latter of kings and tyrants. Together they show the duality of nature.

To-day I am sixty-seven years old, having spent twenty years in sleep, ten in unconscious youth, and about ten more lost in extricating myself from and above false teachings from my father (who was a preacher) and other friends; which, by the help of Combe, Huxley, Darwin, Bennett, Paine, Elmina, and a host of others, I hav succeeded in doing, so that I feel cleaner and safer in this life, and this continued, than any of my acquaintance that say they hav been cleansed from all sin by the blood of the Lamb.

Now you all see at my age I hav only twenty-seven years left for reading and reflection, and in view of all that is, and is to be known, how very, very little it is that I know. Thus you see this is sufficient excuse for my not attempting to eulogize our friend and hero, D. M. Bennett. But Robert Ingersoll says in his lecture, "Come, let us be fair now; let us be honest, good friends," etc. We agree with him. Then let us look at this cleansing by blood. Does it not cleanse too much, or too many? The most of our criminals to-day, according to our religious press, go direct from the scaffold to heaven. Now, let us all be fair. I am when I say let me go to hell, or hades, at least—with good, solid, social women and men, including D. M. Bennett and many others. They cannot keep us there long, let us pray.

M. B. DELANO.

BURTON, TEXAS, June 17, 284.

MR. EDITOR: In the working of the notorious murderer and thief, Majors, in California recently, we hav another example of how the recruiting agency for heaven works, but withal, no doubt, the devil was ahead, as the poor old man he had murdered for his cash had no time to thus prepare.

It certainly does seem that our law-makers are blind to the injustice of society, by allowing this silly practice of priests interfering with criminals condemned to the gallows. The very object the law intends as an example to others is defeated in a very great measure by this course, from the fact it detracts from many of the terrors that the execution would otherwise hav, and here is where some of the demands of Liberalism will work well for the good and safety of law-abiding citizens, as well as in many others, if we should ever get them allowed To abolish the clergy from all state and government affairs is sure to cause a healthy reaction that is so much desired.

It cannot be denied that the thieves, murderers, and wrongdoers generally, nearly always take on a full cargo of prayer and faith to sustain their consciences in all sorts of rascality; and why should they not?

Believing in the Bible they can find where it upholds murder, theft, rape, concubinage, and anything else, and in another place it commands, "Thou shalt not kill." But, if you do kill, why, it's O K. God will forgiv you if you only ask. Can there be anything more silly? Indeed, the thief on the cross is constantly being pointed out by the aerial pilots as one of God's double-geared means of salvation, the most infamous doctrin, in my opinion, ever preached, and calculated to inspire the faithful to thieve and murder. When our country becomes enlightned enough to elect such men as Col. Ingersoll president, then, and only then, can we look for true reform.

H. B. JONES.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., July 4, 284.

MR. EDITOR: For one of your most pious readers please giv this pious poem a place in the very pious and logical TRUTH SEEKER:

TRUTH.

Truth, a poem of instructions;
Truth for Liberals to read;
Truth from logical deductions;
Truth does Christian's faith exceed.
Truth, if fully understood—
Truth is universal good.
Truth do seek and find.

Truth is precious and we love it;
Truth most high and holy aim;
Truth above all else we covet;
Truth does giv eternal fame.
Truth, should God and heaven fail—
Truth will triumph and prevail.
Truth do speak and mind.

Truth is truth seeker's ambition;
Truth the glory of the past;
Truth, improving man's condition;
Truth is now progressing fast;
Truth is union, love, and light;
Truth will all mankind unite;
Truth do always heed.

Truth THE TRUTH SEEKER is telling—
Truth that all mankind should prize;
Truth THE TRUTH SEEKER is selling—
Truth, instead of holy lies.
Truth is logical and light;
Truth was Bennett s great delight—
Truth to prove and speed.

Truth we seek and find;
Truth we speak and mind;
Truth we prove and heed;
Truth we love and speed.

E. N. KINGSLEY.

VALLEY FALLS, KAN., June 3, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Please state in your valuable paper whether the *taenia echinoccus*, or parasite which is described in Mrs. Slenker's "Darwin's," really exists in the dogs of this country, and I am sure you will oblige several of your readers.

Respectfully, YOUTHFUL READER.

MRS. SLENKER'S REPLY.

To "Youthful Reader" I would say that the article treating upon the tape-worn in dogs was taken from one of the most reliable hygienic papers, *The Oneida Circular*, and the author of it refers us to such high authorities as Prof. Verrell, Dr. Krabbe, and Dr. Cobbold as proof of his statements. We rely on geologists for our information concerning drift deposits, glaciers, rocks, formations, the coal age, etc., and on botonists as to classes, species, and natural localities of plants and trees, and on astronomers for facts concerning stars, moons, planets, comets, and eclipses. And why not rely on medical authorities as to the origin of diseases and their nature?

The dog must go. It is only a question of time. When hunting for wild game is no longer a pastime, and our neighbors' rights are considered to be as sacred as our own, we shall cease to keep dogs to plunder, rob, and steal; to kill sheep and frighten children, or to take bread from the little one's mouths. If, now and then, a dog saves a life, ten more are lost from dog-bites, or might be saved from starvation by food fed to useless, mangey curs. Each man loves his own special canine, and so would he love a bear or wolf if he had one as a companion and a pet. One might pet a black snake, but what right hav we to let it go into the yards and homes of our neighbors, and frighten, annoy, and, perhaps, bite them? True, this is a free country, but no one is free to do wrong. If a dog can be kept at home and insured against annoying others, perhaps there is no wrong in owning it. Nor would there be in owning a cobra or rattlesnake.

Truly, ELMINA.

ONEIDA, July 8, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $3 for THE TRUTH SEEKER another year. Its weekly visits are like those of a tried and true friend, like a guide upon which we can ever rely. It is sure to bring something good. The articles from the pen of John Peck are alone worth the price of the subscription; and many others are very interesting and instructiv. I liv in a town of churches and grog-shops, and of course we hav plenty of Jesus and him crucified. The Salvation Army nuisance is here—they get some recruits from the dregs of the town. I hav attended one meeting. It reminds me of a play that I used to take part in forty years ago, when I attended school, that we called "Old Bloody Tom." They seem to hav a great deal of trouble with the old orthodox devil. While they were quarreling with his satanic majesty, one of those old-style hymns came to my mind that used to be sung in the churches. I thought I could improve upon it a little. And now I will send it to you and see how you like the improvement:

Now I can read my title clear
To liberty below,
I hav no jealous God to fear,
As Christian people do.

When priests against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at pious rage,
And face a Christian world.

Let Talmage now in fury storm,
And showers of brimstone fall;
His ranting cannot do me harm,
I do not scare at all.

But journeying onward thou my soul
To the spirit home of rest;
And not a sulphurous wave shall roll
Across my peaceful breast.

I guess I hav scribbled about enough for once. I shall send for a few books as soon as I can spare the money. Also for our noble martyr's picture, D. M. Bennett.

Respectfully, G. BEEBEE.

GARFIELD, COL., July 4, 284.

MR. EDITOR: I do not wish to trouble you all the time, but I hav circulated another petition, and therewith I proceed to send you twenty-one names of petitioners for state secularization. This one I circulated here in Garfield and in Monarch Land. Freethinkers are not very numerous here. The harvest is plentiful, but the laborers are few. It is very hard work climbing these mountains looking for Freethinkers; but just as soon as I can find that mountain from whence I can see all the kingdoms of the earth I shall go up and take a look around. I hav been above timber-line quite often, and hav seen but a very small portion of the United States—let alone all the kingdoms of the earth.

Neither Garfield nor Monarch is tormented with a church, and perhaps that is the reason I hav not seen a single intoxicated person here, and Monarch is blessed with six saloons and Garfield with one. It was here proposed to start a Sunday-school, but the undertakers thereof could not make the riffle. It is deemed that the public school is better. A priest came around here last summer to take up a collection for the sisters, and after getting a few dollars he got on a spree. Mr. Editor, as I am not your commander I do not wish to giv you orders what to do and what not to do, but I do believe it would be a good idea to hav the "Iron-clad and Manna Series" bound in volumes, and also the "Truth Seeker Tracts" from No. 140 to 163 with Nos. 11, 12, and 13 of "Scientific Series." But the question is, will it pay to do it?

HENRY BEICHLING.

NORFOLK, NEB., July 9, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I am a constant reader of your paper, but not a subscriber. John Geiger, a gentleman living here, sends it to me, hoping, as he says, to open my eyes on superstition.

Now, Mr. Editor, I wish to ask one question, and I hope you will giv it space in your paper. Nearly all your radical writers go in for liberty; they hold Bob Ingersoll above Christ because, they say, he does more good. Now, I ask, at any of Bob Ingersoll's lectures did you ever know of any one going out and inviting those that were destitute to come in and hav this blessed gospel preached to them? Bob Ingersoll is a lawyer—what more need be said?—but if Liberals are so liberal, why not giv a poor workman, or poor workwoman, a chance to hear your Almighty God? Truly yours, AB SLOCUM.

[Mr. Slocum must be looking for a free ticket. His case is anticipated by two Boston young men who made a wager as to whether the colonel would giv them passes, and when he did, paid the price and had the passes framed as a quietus on just such gentlemen as Mr. Slocum.—ED. T. S.]

ROCHESTER, July 3, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $3, for which please send the worthy TRUTH SEEKER one year to the address below. Am pleased with it in most all respects, and hav received it regularly since you received my subscription, or rather from the time I ordered it. You may use my name as being in favor of the petition for state secularization.

Yours as ever for truth, M. E. LISCHER.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"His life is long whose work is well,
And be his station low or high,
He who the most good works can tell,
Livs longest though he soonest die."

A Child's Night-Thoughts.

They put her to bed in the darkness,
And bade her be quiet and good;
But she sobbed in the silence, and trembled,
Though she tried to be brave as she could.

For the night was so real, so awful!
A mystery closing around,
Like the walls of a deep, deep dungeon,
That hid her from sight and sound.

So stifling, so empty, so dreary—
That horror of loneliness black!
She fell asleep, moaning and fearing
That morning would never come back.

A baby must bear its own sorrow,
Since none understands it aright;
But at last from her bosom was lifted
That terrible fear of the night.

One evening the hands that undresssd her
Led her out of the door close by,
And bade her look up for a moment—
Up into the wonderful sky,

Where the planets and constellations,
Deep-rooted in darkness, grew
Like blossoms from dark earth blooming,
All sparkling with silvery dew.

It seemed to bend down and meet her—
That luminous purple dome;
She was caught up in a glory,
Where her baby heart was at home;

Like a child in its father's garden,
As glad as a child could be,
In the feeling of perfect protection
And limitless liberty.

And this had been all around her,
While she shuddered alone in bed!
The beautiful, grand revelation
With ecstasy sweet she read.

And she sank into sound child slumber,
All folded in splendors high,
All happy and soothed with blessings
Breathed out of the heart of the sky.

And I doubt not in like manner
Might vanish, as with a breath,
The gloom and the lonely terror
Of the mystery we call death.

—*Lucy Larcom.*

What Stephen's Owl Was Stuffed With.

"What did you bring that horrid old owl here for?" exclaimed Mrs. Diggles, with a frown, as Mr. Diggles deposited on a chair a great brown owl with solemn, yellow-brown eyes that seemed always saying, "I know a great deal more than you giv me credit for!"

"I shall hav to take care of it, I know," continued Mrs. Diggles. "I always do hav to look out for your squirrels, rabbits, horned toads, and all other outlandish jiggeries that you litter the house of with. Oh, dear!"

"I'll take care of him myself, Tabitha," said Mr. Diggles. "Who knows but what he may be of great service to some of us yet!"

"Great fiddlesticks! Who wants such a horrible looking thing as that about the house? See the old fool wink! Such great staring eyes! They say owls associate with ghosts, and all such creatures that go prowling about in the night time," and Mrs. Diggles sighed heavily.

"I thought may be Stephy would be pleased with it, and Etta, too. It might amuse them both," suggested Mr. Diggles.

"I'm sure Etta would not so much as look at the ugly old creature," snapped Mrs. Diggles. "Would you, Etta?"

"No, indeed, ma," lisped Etta. "I hav something else to think of besides such an ill-looking object as that, winking and blinking at nothing."

At that moment Stephy entered the room. "O father, it's a regular owl, a night bird. Where did you get it? What a splendid fellow! What horns! My! but he's a beauty."

"There! I knew you'd like to hav it," said his father, gleefully. "It is only the common American screech owl, but it is a handsome fellow, nevertheless. You can study up about the owl family, and you'll find it quite interesting, I dare say. After all, owls are of great use to humanity."

"How? in what way? I should like to know." snapped Mrs. Diggles.

"Oh, by destroying the mice, destructiv insects, beetles, and the like."

"It's a bird of ill-omen, anyway," said Etta. "All the poets and learned people say so."

"Yes," said her mother, "the scriptures speak disparagingly of it, and almost everybody looks upon it with horror."

"Because they do not know any better," laughed Mr. Diggles. "We will hope this bird will be one of good omen. Do you not know that the old Greeks and Romans made the owl an emblem of wisdom, and dedicated it to Minerva, who was regarded as the goddess of wisdom and liberal knowledge?"

Just then the owl uttered a fearful screech that sent Etta and her mother running from the room, at which Stephy and his father laughed immoderately.

"Never mind, Stephen, we will keep the owl, anyway, no matter what they say, and you must feed it and care for it."

"That I will, father. I'll look out for it, never fear."

Stephen was Mr. Diggles's son by a former wife, and Etta was Mrs. Diggles' daughter by a former husband, and the two children did not get on very well together. They might hav lived very happily, but Etta and her mother were always thinking that Mr. Diggles thought more of Stephen than he did of them, and being each of a fretful disposition, they had a hard time of it all around.

"He brought the ugly bird home just to please Stephen; I know he did," Etta said to her mother. "I've a great mind to kill it."

"I know that is why he brought it home, but it will not do to kill it, for we do not know what might happen to us if we did," and Mrs. Diggles shook her head. I don't know but owls are in league with magicians and things!"

"Pooh! I don't believe that. And still we don't know. His eyes look like cat's eyes. Oh, I think it is just dreadful to be so tormented—how he did screech!" Etta shivered, and drew up her shoulders. "I wish he'd pick Stephen's eyes out."

"You shouldn't say so, my child."

"Can't help it—an old screech owl!" and Etta began to stamp her feet and kick.

Time went on and Etta and Stephen had many a word-battle about the bird, and Mrs. Diggles fretted and sputtered away, and tried to prevail on Mr. Diggles to get rid of it someway, but he paid no attention to her, and the bird lived and throve under Stephy's management.

One day, however, the owl was observed to droop, and the next morning Stephy found him dead in his cage.

"Oh, my owl, my owl!" he sobbed.

"What's the matter with your old owl?" inquired Etta.

"It is dead," sobbed Stephy.

"Glad of it!" chorused Etta and her mother, as they exchanged glances.

"I'll get him stuffed," declared Mr. Diggles, and so he did. When he was brought home, Mr. Diggles said he looked almost as good as new.

"But he can't wink," said Stephy, "and he can't eat, and he can't screech."

"There's your bird of good omen," sneered Mrs. Diggles; "and now you've been to the expense of stuffing him, what does he amount to? I should like to know."

"He *may* be a bird of good omen, after all," said Mr. Diggles, as he placed the owl, that would screech no more, on the top of the old-fashioned clock in the corner.

"Is he mine, just the same?" asked Stephy.

"Just the same, my boy, he is yours always," and Mr. Diggles patted his son's head.

"Stuffing and all?" said Etta sneeringly.

"Yes, stuffing and all," replied Mr. Diggles.

When Stephy was sixteen he took a notion to go to sea. His father tried to dissuade him from the idea, but nothing would change his mind that was fully made up, and to sea he went.

He started on a whaling cruise, and was gone three years. He came home with some money, some bits of wisdom, and splendid health, but he did not remain home long. He had breathed the air of liberty that a "home on the rolling deep" inspires, and, restless and uneasy, he longed to be riding over the bounding billows again.

Etta and her mother had never noticed him a great deal, and were secretly glad to hav him away. His father, who was growing aged, and who loved him dearly, did not want him to go, however.

"I shall never see you again, my son," he said, with tears in his eyes.

"Oh, you must not think that," said Stephen.

"I cannot liv always, you know," was his answer. "However, if you wish to go, you are old enough to choose, and I will not stand in your way more than I did at first. But if you do not find me here when you come back—"

"You'll find your stuffed owl," laughed Etta.

"Yes, and take care of it Stephen," said his father, "and don't let it get destroyed."

He shipped for another three years, and was soon off for the Arctic seas.

When it was nearly time to be thinking of coming home again, he heard that his dear old father was dead, and then he felt no inclination to return, but, in another port, again shipped for a still longer cruise.

He met with some drawbacks, but he always maintained his integrity, though he picked up some sailor phrases, of course, and used some pretty rough language. Unlike many sailors, he saved what he earned, and placed it in savings banks whenever he went into harbor, so that, eventually, he had a snug little sum of money, all his own, that he had earned himself. After awhile he resolved to go home—he had such a longing to see the old place once more, and, besides, he knew his father had quite a little property that should by right belong to him. He had just been shipwrecked, and was in a sorrowful plight when he presented himself at the door of his old home.

"Good evening!" he said to Mrs. Diggles.

"And what do you want?" inquired that lady.

"A night's longing, if you please. Do you not know me?"

"No, I don't. I suppose you are a tramp."

"I am Stephen Diggles. Do you not know me, Etta?" As he was bronzed by exposure, and bearded by time, he did not wonder they did not recognize him.

"I do not know you, I'm sure," said Etta. "I hav no acquaintance with tramps. What makes your clothes so ragged?"

"I hav been shipwrecked, and lost all I had on board."

"It's too bad—I'm sorry for you, but, of course, your father is dead, if you *are* Stephen, and things are changed, and—and—and we cannot entertain you here," said Mrs. Diggles, with dignity.

"I—I—don't see the—old owl, anywhere," said Stephen, glancing up at the old clock.

"Oh, the stuffed owl!—why, where is it, Etta?"

"I put it in the attic. I suppose you know, if you are Stephen, that your father made his will, and the homestead and other property is ours, as long as mother lives. I wrote you at the time."

"Yes; I believe you did. But I—would like to—hav—the owl," said Stephen, slowly.

"*I* shall not dispute your right to it, I'm sure," laughed Etta.

Taking a light, Stephen went slowly up the stairs, and amid the lumber of the attic he picked up the old stuffed owl and came down with it under his arm.

Mrs. Diggles relented somewhat while he was in the attic, and said to him as he came in the room with the owl, "I suppose you can stay all night—I see it is beginning to rain. The bed room in the back chamber is not occupied—you can sleep there, can he not, Etta?"

"I don't care—he looks like a tramp, I'm sure," said Etta, brushing past him.

"No, I thank you, I'll find a lodging somewhere, I guess. Good-night." And off he went, the poor shipwrecked sailor.

"A sailor isn't afraid of a little wetting," said he laughing, and looking into the yellow-brown eyes of his owl.

After some delay, he found a shelter for the night, and was soon sound asleep. He did not know what possessed him to take away the owl, but he fancied it was a remembrance of his boyish days, a boyish freak he thought. He went to sleep thinking of the reception he had met with at his old home, of his dead and gone father, and, lastly, of the poor old dusty stuffed owl.

As he slept he dreamed. He thought in his dream that the owl came and stood on the side of his bed, and winked and blinked as it used to; that presently it began to speak.

"I'm a bird of good omen," it said.

"How do I know that?" he asked. "My father used to say that, but how can I tell that you are?"

"Knock the stuffing out of me and see," screeched the owl.

At that instant, Stephen was awakened by a loud crash. He heard a scampering of rats as he hastily lighted a match to see what was the matter. His owl had been knocked down and thrown upon the floor by the hungry rats, and had, evidently, fallen apart, as the floor was strewn with a number of papers. It took only a minute to light the lamp, and Stephen then began an examination of the papers, which he discovered to be United States bonds to the value of several thousand dollars, together with a large bunch of national greenbacks, sewed tightly in a leather bag, and all labelled and addressed to him in his father's handwriting. There was also a last will of his father, revoking all former wills by him made, and giving all the property he possessed, together with the contents of the owl, to his only son Stephen, after amply providing for Mrs. Diggles during her lifetime.

So Stephen was a rich man all at once, and Mrs. Diggles and Etta were two highly astonished women when the news came out. Stephen's own accumulations, of course, added to his means.

"Who would hav thought it?" said Etta, "such a poor old tramp as he looked to be."

"We cannot always judge by appearances, that is true," remarked Mrs. Diggles. "If I had supposed he was so rich, I would not hav slighted him, I am sure."

"That old owl was a bird of good omen after all," said Etta. "But I wonder if he will turn us out now," and she sighed wearily.

Stephen did not turn them out, but he built himself a new home, and with his money he makes many people happy. He regards wealth as a means to do good, and many a wanderer has felt to heartily bless his name. He does not follew the sea now, but while he helps his fellow-men, he makes a specialty of assisting shipwrecked sailors, and rumor has it that he will erect a Home for that class of our common brotherhood in memory of his father, and it will stand in place of a marble monument, more enduring and superior, inasmuch as it will bless and help the poor and unfortunate, as no marble block or granit pile can do.

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1.

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2.

WORD SQUARE.

1. A celebrated naturalist;
2. A relativ;
3. A flower;
4. A tribe of Indians;
5. An animal;
6. A bird;
7. A part of the human body.

LANCASHIRE LIL.

ANSWER TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER, JULY 12, 1884.

1. Strombuliform; 2. Quill.

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Liberal Meetings.

[Leagues and Liberal and Spiritualistic Societies in the United States and Canada meeting regularly, can have notices of their meetings published in this column free if the officers will send them to us.]

MICHIGAN.

MUSKEGON.—The Liberal League meets every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock in the German Odd Fellows' Hall, corner of Western ave. and Terrace st.

WISCONSIN.

MILWAUKEE.—The Milwaukee Liberal League meets every Sunday evening at Fraternity Hall, 216 Grand avenue.—Exercises: Lectures, Criticisms, and Music.—Admission free.

OHIO.

CLEVELAND.—The Liberal League meets every Sunday at 3 P.M., in room 29, City Hall building. Lectures free. Communications can be addressed to W. I. Irvine, Secretary.

MAINE.

PORTLAND.—Dr. H. A. Lamb has hired Congress Hall, Congress street (entrance on Temple street), where free meetings, lectures, and discussions are held every Sunday, 2:30 P.M. Admittance free. Public invited.

OREGON.

PORTLAND.—The Auxiliary Liberal League of Portland, Or., holds meetings every Sunday, at 2 o'clock, P.M., at Nonpareil Hall, cor. 1st and Madison streets. All are invited. Admission free.

MASSACHUSETTS.

BOSTON.—Boston Liberal Club holds meetings for essays and criticisms every Sunday forenoon at 10:45 in the Paine Memorial Building, Appleton street.——The "Society of the Divine Homo" at same place every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Sunday-school at 2:30. Admission free.

PENNSYLVANIA.

ALTOONA.—The League holds meetings every Wednesday evening and Sundays at 3 P.M., at the League Room, corner of Eleventh ave. and 13th st., third floor, entrance on 13th st.

PHILADELPHIA.—The Friendship Liberal League meets every Sunday at Hancock Hall, 814 Girard avenue, at 2:30 o'clock, and 7:30 o'clock, P.M., for lectures and free debates. THE TRUTH SEEKER and Liberal books for sale.

PITTSBURGH.—Pittsburgh Liberal League meets at Maltby Hall, 76 Fifth avenue, every Sunday (except during the Months of July and August) at 3 o'clock. A free platform is maintained. Exercises consist of a lecture, followed by 10 minute criticisms, with 15 minutes allowed the lecturer to reply. Clergymen invited to discuss.

NEW JERSEY.

NEWARK.—Newark Liberal League meets every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the League's Hall, 177 Halsey street. Exercises consist of music, readings, lecture, and discussion, in which all present are invited to participate. Admission free. Collection taken. Communications for the League should be addressed to J. W. Frankel, 10 Pine street, Newark.

CANADA.

TORONTO.—Secular Society. Reading and Lecture Rooms, No. 9 Grand Opera House. Open every evening and Sundays. Lecture every Sunday evening. Freethinkers and strangers are cordially invited.

MONTREAL.—Pioneer Freethought Club meets every Sunday at 3 P.M., at 1310 Catharine street. Reading-room open daily until 10:30 P.M. Library open for exchange of books three evenings per week, and on Sunday afternoons. Free public lectures on Sundays as advertised in local newspapers. Strangers always welcome. G. S. Wilson President; C. Stevens, Secretary.

GANANOQUE, ONT.—Gananoque Secular Society, meets every Sunday evening at eight o'clock, in Acton's Hall. Free Library and Reading Room open all day Sunday. Visitors and strangers always welcome. Geo. G. Meikle, President; Henry Smith, Secretary.

NEW YORK.

ALBANY.—The Liberal association meets every Sunday at Van Vechten Hall, 119 State street. Sunday-school at 2 P.M. General business meeting and debates and discussions at 3 P.M. Lecture at 7:30 P.M. The public are cordially invited to attend, also all Liberals visiting the city. Admission free.

NEW YORK CITY.—The American Spiritualist Alliance meets every Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock in Republican Hall, 55 West 33d street.——The First Society of Spiritualists holds its meetings every Sunday in Republican Hall, 55 West 33d street. Morning service 11 o'clock; evening, 7:45. Seats free. Public cordially invited.——Arcanum Hall, 57 West 25th Street, cor. 6th ave. The People's Spiritual Meeting every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 P.M.

BROOKLYN.—The Brooklyn Spiritual Society meets at Conservatory Hall, cor. of Fulton street and Bedford avenue, every Sunday. Services at 11 A.M. and 7:45 P.M. Admission free. Public cordially invited. Liberal and Spiritual papers and books for sale.——The Everett Hall Spiritual Conference, 398 Fulton street, meets every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. Meetings free. Spiritual literature for sale.——The Eastern District Spiritual Conference meets every Monday evening at Composite Room, 4th street, corner of south 2d street, at 7:45. Spiritual and Liberal literature on sale. All invited.—— The Philosophical Association meets every Sunday afternoon in the Assembly Room of Wright's Business College, Broadway, corner of Fourth street, E. D., at 3 P.M. Public cordially invited. **Doors open at 2:30 P.M.**

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Echoes of a Rational Sunday.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* The inclosed remarks on the religious condition of Brooklyn are from the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle*. I am not certain that they are worthy of publication, but it is certainly very amusing to hear our "American citizens of African descent" warble their pious notes.

Gibbon, in his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," says that "a metaphysical religion may appear too refined for the capacity of the negro race." But in this the great historian was mistaken. The African is a born theologian. The mysteries of the Christian religion are to him as familiar as household words. His faith surmounts all difficulties, and his intellect is unvexed by doubt. He, therefore, rides the "Mefodis mule" with a picturesque grace entirely his own.

New York, July 9, 1884. PETER ECKLER.

From the Eagle.

Such frequent efforts are made to deprive the people of Brooklyn of any sort of amusement on Sunday, that the accounts given by our New York, Philadelphia, and Boston contemporaries respectivly of the many thousands of happy and orderly persons who were permitted to enjoy the liberty of listening to delightful music in Central Park, Fairmount and Boston Common last Sunday read like a romance located in some other and less governed country than ours. It seems incredible that the Commissioners of Central Park should hav ventured to brave the moral prejudices of the clergy and the physical objections of the police so far as to furnish rational amusement to the mothers and fathers, husbands and wives, and the attendant young ones who are inseparable from them on Sunday, and allow 60,000 persons to listen to an afternoon concert. We can only account for it by the fact that the clerical inquisitors and guardians of our puritanical Sabbath hav left the wicked city to its fate while they spend their expensiv holidays abroad and that without the prohibition preachers the police of New York hav not moral stamina enough to repress innocent recreation.

It is, perhaps, more extraordinary still that on Boston Common the fourth Sunday concert of this season was given last Sunday afternoon. To the great credit of this once superstitious and persecuting city, in which a man who whistled on the Sabbath would certainly hav lost his tongue or his ears, the municipality has for the past six years expended many thousands of dollars annually upon these Sunday afternoon concerts during the summer. Great crowds assemble on these occasions and are always perfectly orderly, as human beings generally are when rational liberty and amusement are allowed them.

The echoes that come to us from other cities where an increase of individual liberty and of Sunday amusements is being tried so successfully encourage us in the hope that the occupation of these venal inquisitors and censors will soon be gone and that Brooklyn may be as well provided with Sunday recreations as New York, Boston, and Philadelphia. Of such recreations music is undoubtedly the most popular and humanizing, and is the best antidote to depraved tastes and sensual excesses.

The style of Sunday amusement that is now permitted in Brooklyn is described by the *Eagle* as follows:

There is one troupe of genuin colored men who sing well and accompany themselvs on musical instruments. They hail from the classic region of Crow Hill. They combine the songs of the Mulligan series with camp-meeting melodies, greatly excelling in the latter. The young people are not long in catching the refrain and at a distance one is reminded of the orthodox camp-meeting. A hymn which took well put the believer on the back of a Methodist mule in the ride to glory, the more striking verses being as follows:

I'se got on de back of de Mefodis mule,
Sinner doan' ye stan' dar lookin' like a fool;
De bridle bit am silber, de saddle am gold,
An' I'se boun' fur to go to Aberham's fold.
An' I'll ride,
Yes, I will,
An' I'll ride right on to glory!

I'se sunk my sins in de savin' pool
An' got on de back of de Mefodis mule;
An' here I stick like a big black leetz
Till de ole mule stomp on de gold'n streets!
An' I'll ride,
Yes, I will,
An' I'll ride right on to glory!

Oh! come from de chu'ch an' de Sunny-school,
An' see me ridin' on de Mefodis mule;
Dem Baptists ain't got no sort of show,
An' I'll make dem 'Pistoble bosses blow!
An' I'll ride,
Yes, I will,
An' I'll ride right on to glory!

The spirit with which the singing was executed, not less than the odd mannerism of the colored men, gave the hymn increased interest. The hat was sent around and returned with a goodly sum. This pleased the performers and they responded with another camp-meeting melody. The audience being unable to join in the song whistled the time with all their might and beat time with their feet. The best verses were as follows:

Oh, Master Jesus, take me home,
Wash me, wash me;
Rake off my sins wid a curry comb,
Wash me whiter den sno-ow.

I'se dun got a nuff oh dis ole worl',
Wash me, wash me;
Fur sin flies roun' in a reg'lar whirl,
Wash me, Lawd, sum mo'.

I'd be might hungry afore I'd steal,
Hole me, hole me;
Won't dribe my hogs in anuder man's fiel',
Hole me wid yer han'.

I lubs Mars' Paul an' Peter, too,
Hole me, hole me;
An' I wants to wear salvation's shoes,
Hole me in de han'.

An' er come er long, ole Judy, an' sing ter de Lam';
Come er long, Jasper, come er long Sam;
We'll go up yonder where a groan ain't heard,
An' fly all aroun' wid de wings of a bird.
Oh, dance roun' David's harp.

Let me go 'fore the ole red rooster crows;
Lif' me, lif' me;
Long 'fore de dew is on de rose,
Lif' me up on high.

Ole Job's biles was bo'n on de earth,
Lif' me, lif' me;
But da couldn't last airter his secon' birth,
Lif' me up ter de sky.

When I gits up dar I'll hafter laff,
Push me, push me;
Ter ole ole Aaron without his calf,
Push me thru' de gate.

I'll walk aroun' on de streets ob gole,
Push me, push me;
Wid a ham bone tied ter a sassafrass pole,
Push me 'fore it's too late.

An' er Polly, an' er Dina, an' er Tony, come er long,
Fur ter 'prise de Lawd wid er mighty sweet song,
We's gwine up home whar dar's no mo' pain,
Whar de leaves ain't scorched for de want ob a rain.
Oh, dance roun' David's harp.

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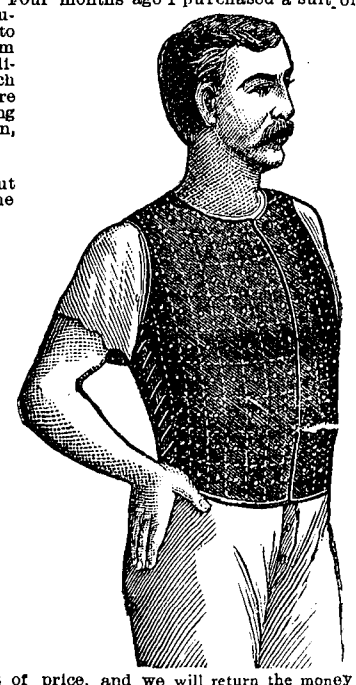
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This lady reports herself entirely cured in less than six weeks after putting on the garments, and, although in bed, unable to get out, when applied, she nevertheless was able to ride twenty miles in two days after the application. The lady's name can be had upon application at this office, by anyone desiring to communicate with her.

Ladies, read the following testimony from a lady who had been suffering for two years with an **Ovarian Tumor,** and who had been told that nothing but the knife would save her life, and the chances were as 9 to 1 against recovery. In four months time she is perfectly well, and has not taken a dose of medicin since putting on the appliances. Consult us when your physician tells you he can do nothinog for you; it will pay you.

SHULLSBURG, WIS., November 19, 1882.

DR. L. TENNEY, *Dear Sir:* About two years ago my health began to fail me; I became nervous, lost all desire for food, and, in fact, began to fail rapidly, so that I became alarmed and consulted several physicians of St. Louis, at which place I was then stopping, all of whom declared that I had an **Ovarian Tumor,** and that the only thing that would save my life would be the knife. About six months ago I grew rapidly worse, and had about made up my mind to take the only course that seemed left to me, and submit to an operation, when my attention was called to the **Eureka Magnetic Appliances.** As a drowning man will catch at a straw, so did I catch at this faint hope of a cure. Four months ago I purchased a suit of your appliances. From the very first I felt invigorated, the tumor, which had extended entirely across my abdomen, began to decrease, my pains became less from day to day, until now I am as well as I ever was in my life. Since putting on the appliances I hav not taken a single dose of medicin. My bowels, which before were constipated, are now regular. I would therefore cheerfully recommend them to anyone suffering as I hav, believing that they will do all and more than you claim for them. I remain,
Gratefully yours, MRS. MARY J. STEWART.



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...

...

Gems of Thought.

BY general consent it is thought that no system of morality is equal to that which comes from believing the Christian system of religion; and to doubt its claim is held to be the worst of immorality, the worst of sins. There is no greater absurdity than this. Belief is not a matter of choice, not a matter of will, but with people of good intelligence it is a matter dependent upon evidence. It is not a person of sound mind who believes without evidence.—*D. M. Bennett.*

THE idea of gospel inspiration is received, not from any proof that it so, but from an opinion or feeling that it ought to be so. The doctrin arose, not because it was provable, but because it was wanted. Diviners can produce no stronger reason for believing in the inspiration of the gospel narrativs than their own opinion that it is not likely that God should hav left so important a series of facts to the ordinary chances of history. But, on a little reflection, it will be obvious that we hav no ground whatever for presuming that God will act in this way or in that, beyond what premises analogies may furnish; and in this case no analogy exists.—*Greg's Creed of Christendom.*

"THOU, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all its hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!"

IT is clear that to prove such a miracle as the re appearance in life of a man who had been publicly slain, the direct and concurrent testimony of eye witnesses would be necessary; that two or more should state that they saw him at such a time and place, and *knew* him—and that this clear testimony should be recorded and handed down to us in an authentic document. This degree of evidence we *might* hav had—this we hav not. We hav epistles from Peter, John, James, and Jude, all of whom are said by the Evangelists to hav seen Jesus after he rose from the dead, in none of which epistles is the fact of the resurrection even stated, much less that Jesus was seen by the writer after the resurrection. This point deserves mighty consideration. We hav ample evidence that the belief in Christ's resurrection was very early and very general among the disciples, but we hav not the direct testimony of any one of the twelve, nor of any eye witness at all, that they saw him upon earth after his death. Many writers say, "he was seen;" no one says, "I saw him alive in the flesh."—*Greg's Creed of Christendom.*

THE new faith—the creed that I explain to you from Sunday to Sunday—may be expressed in a few words. Undoubtedly, in part, it allows of great differences, but the substance of it is thus: that an unknown and unsearchable force lies behind creation, protects and impels us. The course of things has been from the lowest rudimental beginning onward and upward to the present point, and is destined to pass beyond this point to unimaginable splendor. The world of man lives, is growing, is making from year to year, ay, from day to day. The race of man is making. Man is the real creator. Man is the real caretaker. Man is the ultimate ruler. Therefore, the actual movement of the world depends not upon this personal individual, of whom it is said that he touches the spring to open the organized forces which drive the wheel.—*Frothingham's Life as a Test of Creed.*

THAT man Longfellow twists a few simple words about a meditativ dawdler, and a bridge, and the moon, and the water, and a church clock, into the simplest rhyme; and lo! the hardest wretch who ever read mathematics cannot hear it sung without a sensation in his throat and a mist before his eyes. Arrange the words any other way, and they are dull and meaningless; alter a syllable and the magical music is broken into discord. So the notes that make "Hope Told a Flattering Tale," or "The Last Rose of Summer," would make a serio-comic ethiopian melody, if you twisted them another way; and it is, after all, the arrangement that makes the genius. . . . You and I will sit still and enjoy ourselvs, my dear, happily conscious that every day a hundred aching brains are racking themselvs to find out something for our advantage—from the amiable philanthropist who devotes his attention to our kitchen stoves, to the monomaniac who tries to find for us the philosopher's stone.—*Miss Braddon's Sir Jasper's Tenant.*

A WISE minister would rather preserve peace than gain a victory, because he knows that even the most successful war leaves nations generally more poor, always more profligate than it found them. There are real evils that cannot be brought into a list of indemnities, and the demoralizing influence of war is not the least of them. The triumphs of truth are the most glorious, chiefly because they are the most bloodless of all victories; deriving their highest luster from the number of the saved out of the slain.—*Colton's Lacon.*

YET much remains
To conquer still; peace hath her victories
No less than war; new foes arise
Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains;
Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.
—*Milton's Sonnets.*

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Odds and Ends.

SOME of the city churches are closing for the summer. The devil, being accustomed to the heat, will not shut down.

HIS REVERENCE (pointing to a braying donkey): "Pat, d'ye hear yer mother calling to ye?" Pat: "Shure an' I do, *Father.*"

CHOOSING a wife is very much like ordering a meal in a Paris restaurant when you don't understand French. You may not get what you want, but you will get something.

A WESTERN paper says: "Mr. Meeker, of Argo, Col., has a duck that laid an egg with a nickel embedded in the yolk." This is not a freak of nature. It is a newspaper lie.

"BEGORRA, I've always been a Dimmycrat, but I'll vote for Logan this toime," exclaimed an enthusiastic Irishman on the glorious Fourth. When asked his reason, he replied, "Shure an' the papers sez he murders the English, and be the powers Oi'm down on the English!"

JOHN L. SULLIVAN has returned to Boston from his triumphal tour across the continent. It is understood that Mr. Sullivan will lecture this year before the Concord School of Philosophy on "The Whatness of the Finite Henceforth; or, the Ultimate Environment of the Protoplasmic Germ; a Monograph in Four Rounds."

BISHOP WURTZBURG, a noted clergyman, used to delight in telling a joke at his own expense. He was walking in a meadow, when he met a little shepherd lad. "What are you doing, my son?" said the bishop. "Tending swine, your reverence." "How much pay do you get?" "One florin a week." "I am also a shepherd," continued the bishop, "but I hav a much better salary." "That may all be, your reverence, but then I suppose you hav more pigs under your care," replied the boy.

"LUCY," said Rutherford B. Hayes a few days ago as he was mixing some dough for the little chickens, "did you hear that General Grant has lost all his money in Wall street?" "Yes," answered Lucy in a dry, husky tone of voice, "I read something about it in the papers. That comes of not having a wife that is able to take care of him and his money, Rutherford. You never lost any money in Wall street, did you?" "No, ma'am," said Rutherford. "Well, just let me know when you do." "Yes, ma'am." And Rutherford went out to feed the cunning little new spring chicks.

A WORLDLY man stood in the Milwaukee & St. Paul Depot last Sunday afternoon waiting for a train to take him north, when he was approached by a solemn-faced young man who handed him a tract entitled, "A Guide to Holiness." "I wish you would read this," remarked the young man. The worldly man glanced at the title and looked up, saying, "I ain't going that way, but if you hav got a guide to some cool summering place where there's plenty of good fishing, trot 'er out an' I'll buy it." The young man turned and walked away, feeling that his efforts in a good cause would be better appreciated in Africa.

A WICKED, unregenerate, and profane man once journeyed through the South, in the land that is over against Mason and Dixon's line, and behold he met a large multitude upon the way; and he said unto one of those whom he met, "Whither go ye?" And they answered him, "Even unto the baptism," which is after the manner of that country. And he turned about and followed them even unto the rink whereat they did baptize. Now, it so happened that when the preacher had washed away a slough of sins and was about through, the profane man from the San Juan, who stood by the shore, seeing that the preacher was aweary and that he approached the bank for to come out, put forth his hand to aid him; but behold, when he put forth his hand the preacher rallied and jerked the worldly man from San Juan into the water and proceeded to baptize him with the usual extempore remarks. The profane man sought again and again to excuse himself, and even with tears to set forth that he had not been regenerated, and that owing to the panic he had failed to meet with a change of heart, but the preacher would not listen to it. He immersed the ungodly man from San Juan, and asked how he felt. Forgetting for the moment the peculiar circumstances by which he was surrounded, the profane man answered that he felt O. K., but it would be a d——d long time before he attended another baptism.

A YOUNG man who was recently converted at Harrison's revival was going up-town last Wednesday evening, and on the way he passed by Ingle Street Church. He noticed that the church was lighted up, and then he remembered that probably their prayer meeting came on that evening, so he smoothed his curls with his hand and entered. Five minutes had scarcely elapsed before the minister rose up and thanked the Lord that a young newspaper man had checked his wild career and come to Christ for blessing; then he eyed the young man who had just come in, and asked him to lead in prayer. Now it happened that the young fellow had never prayed in his life, and was completely caught off his guard by the request. The cold sweat oozed from his brow, and he felt his breath gradually leaving him. He clutched wildly to regain it, but it went upward to the ceiling, and there danced for an instant or two. One second passed—two—then three—and yet not a word was offered up. The minister was kneeling, his head was bowed in his hand, and the congregation, too, were bowed down. The young man gazed vacantly around, and observing that no one was looking, he stealthily left his seat and made a sneak for the door and slid out for home. There is no telling how long the congregation remained upon their knees before they ventured to look up, but when they did they probably called on some older brother who had more experience in wrestling with Satan. The young man has been dodging the members of that congregation ever since, and goes along the streets looking ahead with a wild and harassed look that is painful to behold.—*Evansville Argus.*

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A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., as Second-class Matter.

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Notes and Clippings.

BOWDOIN COLLEGE, at Brunswick, Me., has made Blaine an LL.D.

SPURGEON, the great English preacher, is laid up with the gout, but as he does not use his legs for gesticulating purposes, his oratory is not impaired. Talmage should not eat too much rich food, or it may interfere with his eloquence.

IN Russia, the people are bound to hav blood at any cost. The latest slaughter is being indulged in by the Christians. Whenever a Christian finds a man that doesn't believe in his religion, he prepares him for a funeral ceremony by gently choking him to death, or, if the man is long-winded, they run a knife into him.—*Peck's Sun.*

MRS. BESANT, in the *National Reformer*, says that Mr. Bradlaugh was a member of the Grand Lodge of Masons of England until the Prince of Wales was elected Grand Master, when he sent in his certificate and withdrew on account of the notoriously immoral character of the prince. Yet Mr. Bradlaugh's Atheistical opinions had been proclaimed openly throughout the kingdom for upwards of twenty years.

"THIS is all nonsense about Russia being behind the times," said a Wall-street banker who was reading a newspaper to another gentleman. "I don't know, but I don't think there is much civilization in Russia." "You don't, eh? Well, just read this account of a government official having gotten away with 10,000,000 rubles. If that's not a sign of civilization, then we Americans are a race of barbarians."

FREDERIC HARRISON, the distinguished writer and Positivist, says in the *Freethought Review* (Wanganni, N. Z.) that Henry George is trying to import into England the morals of a Californian bandit and mail-robber. This is hardly correct, for Californian bandits do not, we suppose, justify their actions to their victims. If Mr. George is a bandit, he is one with a benevolent purpose, though we approve as little as Mr. Harrison does of some of his doctrins.

A GERMAN Catholic bishop has sent around a circular urging all the faithful in his diocese to offer up prayers for newspaper editors. This is very kind of the bishop, but the man who does not take or pay for a newspaper needs praying for first. There is really no occasion to offer up any special prayers for editors in Germany, as they are, for the most part, included in the general prayer for those who are in prison and under bonds, or in any trouble of mind, body, or estate.

SOME time ago the emperor of Japan issued an edict prohibiting a particular class of public discussions. The Tokio *Times* thus explained the government order: "Great numbers of unsanctioned debating assemblages hav been held, the speakers in which hav often proclaimed the extremest theories of Communism, and, arguing upon the basis of Proudhon's maxim that 'property is robbery,' hav expressed a lively dissatisfaction with the relativ pecuniary condition of classes in Japan. It is not thought advisable that sedition and Socialism be quite so freely advocated; hence the edict, which applies exclusivly to unlicensed gatherings for the purpose of general and political deliberation."

MASSACHUSETTS is becoming somewhat alarmed at the growth of illiteracy, as she may well be. The last census showed that there were in the state 75,635 persons above the age of ten who could not read, being 5.3 per cent of all persons above that age, a proportion which is exceeded by no other Eastern state except Rhode Island. The last legislature passed a law which it is hoped will tend to check the advance of this percentage. It provides that any person who employs a minor fourteen years of age who cannot read and write shall forfeit from $20 to $50, and that any person who employs a minor over fourteen years of age who cannot read and write, providing such minor has been for one year a resident of a city or town wherein free evening schools are maintained, shall forfeit from $50 to $100 for every such offense, to go to the benefit of the evening schools.

AFTER August Roddert attempted suicide at Woodhaven, L. I., recently, a story got abroad which connected his name with that of Mrs. James Solly. Roddert had been treasurer of the Congregational church, and Mrs. Solly was the secretary of Daniel's Band, a temperance organization in the church. The church took the matter up, and expelled both. Neither is now in the village. Just before church time on Sunday morning, Mrs. Solly's husband appeared before the church door and inquired for Dominie James. His manner made Mr. J. Prall, one of the members, ask him why he wanted to see Mr. James. He replied that the Congregational church had ruined his family, and he wanted satisfaction. He then stood in front of the church, and warned people not to enter. "It will ruin you," he said. "It is worse than hell. Dominie James and the church-members are all hypocrits." When Mr. James approached the church with his wife, Mr. Solly shouted, "Here comes the gray-headed old sinner." Mr. Prall cautioned Mr. James to keep away. When it was proposed to send for Constable Abrams, Mr. Solly shouted: "Sam Abrams won't arrest me. I'm a God-fearing man, but you're a lot of scoundrels. I'll stand in front of this church every Sunday until I break it up."

ONE of the funniest things in the presidential campaign is the posing of "Old Subsidy Pom" as the candidate of the religion and morality party. Truly, "politics make strange bed-fellows." The handful of righteous men who desire to save this political Sodom from destruction by abolishing secret societies, putting God in the Constitution, enforcing prohibition in the nation, and doing various other things too numerous to mention, and who rejoice in the name of the American Prohibition party, hav certainly selected a most worthy representativ of the good, the beautiful, and the true. It does not take a long stretch of memory to recall the time when Senator Pomeroy was driven out of public life for bribery and corruption. The scene in the Kansas legislature, where York shook the intended purchase money in the face of the senator, is almost too fresh in the public mind to let the cloak of reform cover up Pomeroy's record. At that time "Pom" was a member of a secret society, too. But then he may be the best kind of a candidate after all, on the same principle that a reformed drunkard makes the best temperance lecturer, because, owing to his familiarity with all that is disreputable in politics, he can "speak by the card."

MR. SPURGEON said very naively that he did not depend upon advertisments or any lay methods for his charitable income—about £10,000 a year—but simply on prayer. They prayed for cash, and God sent the cash. This sounds strong, no doubt, observes the London *Truth*, but it never seemed to occur to him that Spurgeon and his tabernacle are about the most colossal form of advertisment going in this or any other country, and that the intense *esprit de corps* of several thousand more or less self-righteous and conceited persons, is next to the seductions of rank and fashion, about the most formidable as well as the most secular agency for levying charitable moneys in existence. We do not grudge him or his people their beliefs, nor would we damp anyone's faith and ardor in Mr. Spurgeon's good causes; but do not let us hav prophetic and religious "bunkum" where explanations of a quite sublunary nature will suffice. As for Mr. Muller, at Bristol, who also prays for cash, he obtrusivly noises abroad the fact that he is constantly asking heaven for five-pound notes, and that a number of children will starve if he doesn't get them. What is this (unconsciously, no doubt) but an advertisment exactly fitted to draw cash from the pockets of all who believe in the power of prayer? However, I don't wish here to criticise Spurgeon in any unfriendly spirit. We are all proud of him; we all deceive ourselvs a little about our motivs, and overestimate our own importance, when, perhaps, we hav not quite so much real importance as Spurgeon has to overestimate; only I must say that for a man who openly professes "Calvinistic theology" and "Puritanical morality" Mr. Spurgeon certainly takes a smiling, if rather narrow, view of life on Beulah Hill, and from that pleasant vantage ground appears to contemplate the predestination to eternal torments of the great majority of the human race with tolerable equanimity.

"YOUNG FREETHINKER" writes to say that "in many instances the words of the Bible are untrue as applied to our own times," and he says: "Take the passage, 'Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?' I say they are not." Oh, well, I agree with "Young Freethinker" that the passage quoted may not apply to this day and this generation. But that is the fault of the generation; the Bible is all right. It is only we who are wrong. Two sparrows were sold for a farthing then, and I don't suppose that inspiration itself could foresee that, in in the year 1884, in the United States of America, a race of human beings would wring from a starving neighbor $1.75 for a spring chicken no bigger than a robin, or $2 for a squab three days out of the shell, and would sell a peck of peaches in a two-quart basket, and would make butter out of dead cattle, and when their children asked for bread would giv them a preparation of alum, and would catch imported sardines off the coast of Maine, and would sell "bob veal" in the public markets, and would mix split peas in the coffee and sand in the sugar. I suppose it was the intention to burn the old globe up before a generation arose that was capable of doing such things. Of course you can't make the Bible fit our day, my son. Omnipotence couldn't do that without making a hopeless wreck of the Bible. But you can make our day and generation fit the Bible? Suppose you try that. Commence at the other end of the bridge, and by the time you get Wall street fitted to the Sermon on the Mount you will be gratified to see that you hav landed the country safely on the old "two sparrows for a farthing" basis.—*Robt. J. Burdette.*

MR. JOSEPH SYMES has gone to Australia as a Freethought missionary, and he finds much sympathy with our cause in that land. He is not a sanctimonious hypocrit in a white choker, but a vigorous gentleman, able to defend his cause and friends, if we may judge by a paragraph from a letter he wrote to Mr. Bradlaugh. He was on board a steamer returning from a trip to Adelaide, a port some forty-eight hours from Melbourne, when he "was nearly in a fight." Mr. Symes tells the story as follows: "A fellow in the shape and garb of a gentleman, and speaking the English language with tolerable correctness, calling himself a merchant, began in the most disgusting manner to abuse Mr. Bradlaugh, of whom I soon found he knew about as much as my umbrella. I warmly resented his conduct, and some very high words passed between us. Then he proceeded to abuse Mrs. Besant, and our words became more fierce. I told him he must be a low scoundrel to abuse people so much his superior in the style he adopted. He threatened to throw me overboard! I stepped toward him and invited him to try his hand at it, which he declined to do. I denounced him in the most vigorous language I could command, and the passengers gathered round me, at first with a good deal of clamor, putting questions by the dozen. 'Giv us a Freethought lecture!' cried one who evidently knew me. 'I am on private property, and hav no right to do that,' said I. 'If you want a rational discussion, appoint one of your number, and let us speak alternately,' continued I. Things became cooler, and a discussion ensued, of about two hours long, not, however, arranged as I desired, but more or less desultory, my chief opponent being a Mr. Walker, secretary of the Adelaide Young Men's Christian Association. At the close I had gained a great many friends, and the slanderer discovered that he had made a mistake, and was most silent and grave for the rest of the voyage. On the other hand, several passengers had private and genial conversations with me respecting the views I entertained upon religious and social subjects. Thus Freethought is propagated by the very abuse which unscrupulous and ignorant fellows direct against it."

News of the Week.

THE authorities in England and Ireland still discover immature dynamite plots and concealed ammunition in both countries.

THE French continue their war in Madagascar without success, being repulsed in an attack of 1,200 men upon the Horas June 26th.

LONG ISLAND, the site of so many recent tregedies, was aroused on July 22d by an attempted outrage at Ravenswood upon a young German girl of fourteen years, who, however, managed to escape before the villains, two in number, could accomplish their purpose.

ON July 20th Lizzie Bradley, a demented young girl living near Pittsburgh, wandered away from home, and after several days was found in a dying condition near a fishing camp up the Monongahela River. She had been outraged, maltreated, and robbed by the men of the camp, fifty of whom hav been arrested.

THE violence of the cholera is decreasing in Toulon and Marseilles, but increasing in surrounding villages. The total number of deaths in France since its outbreak is 1,000. The number of cures is 500. The total number of places in that country in which it has appeared is fourteen. Many hav committed suicide through fear, or upon first attack, and many become insane. The present epidemic, however, has not the same virulence that has characterized previous outbreaks, appearing to hav attacked sickly individuals rather than whole sections of the population. It has appeared at Spezzia, Italy, having been carried there by an Italian workman from the arsenal at Toulon.

STATEMENTS which hav been published that the leaders of the Anti-Monopoly party hav become dissatisfied with Gen. Butler, because of his delay in issuing his letter accepting the Anti-Monopoly nomination for president, and hav therefore decided to work for Cleveland, are contradicted by John F. Henry, president of the National Anti-Monopoly League, who says: "The fact that Gen. Butler attended the Democratic National Convention as a delegate does not, as reported, appear to us inconsistent with his position as nominee of the Anti-Monopoly party. In his own time he will probably address a letter to the Anti-Monopoly party through me, and I hav every reason to believe that the letter will be a stinging review of the letters of the other candidates. We shall then go on and nominate our presidential electors in the different states in the interest of the Anti-Monopoly and labor men, and of the so-called Greenbackers. Blaine took six weeks to prepare his, and Cleveland's is yet to come. Possibly Gen. Butler desires to see how Cleveland will straddle the tariff plank."

THE National Prohibition Convention was held at Pittsburgh, Pa., July 23d and 24th. It resembled in many respects the old time antislavery conventions, but differed, however, in having a much larger proportion of orthodox ministers. It was profusely supplied with pamphlets and tracts and other means of propagating ideas. The sessions were opened by the singing of "John Brown" and similar songs. Upon the vote all nominations save that of Ex-Gov. P. St. John, of Kansas, turned out to be merely complimentary formalities, he being unanimously elected. The platform, which was adopted with acclamation and no opposition of any moment, arraigns both Republican and Democratic parties with severity. It is backed by a mass of voters which is causing anxiety to both old parties. The number of votes they will cast is estimated at from half a million to a million. The Prohibitionists, says the *Sun*, are a highly respectable body, in dead earnest, and cannot be persuaded or bribed out of their opinions. Under ordinary circumstances their votes would be thrown against Mr. Cleveland, because the Democratic Convention has adopted an unequivocal declaration against liquor prohibition; but as they will support a candidate of their own, and as most of them were originally Republicans, it remains uncertain which of the two great parties will be helped and which will be damaged by their action.

Communications.

The Annals of Tacitus a Forgery.

Before concluding our life of Paul, we deem it necessary to remove the only vestige of heathen testimony as to the crucifixion of Christ under Pontius Pilate. For two years the passage from the so-called "Annals" of Tacitus concerning the persecution of Christians by Nero has served as the strongest prop of historical Christianity, next to the now admitted forgery in Josephus.

In 1829, Robert Taylor proved that Cornelius Tacitus never could hav written such a passage. In 1878, further evidence was adduced by us to prove the forgery. We discovered that in the description of Nero's persecution the author of the "Annals" plagiarized a passage from Sulpicius Severus, an elegant Christian scholar, who died A.D. 420. In the "Annals" we found a sentence of twenty-five words, eighteen of which are identical and consecutiv in Severus. If the learned Christian father had found those words in the writings of the heathen historian, he surely would hav credited and not stolen them. Such testimony in favor of historical Christianity was too valuable to be slighted by churchmen in the year 400. Nor does Severus introduce into that passage the names, Christ, Christian, or Pontius Pilate. These are added by *pseudo* Tacitus in the fifteenth century.

Cornelius Tacitus is supposed to hav been born about A.D. 53. But this is based upon a letter of Pliny in which he speaks of himself and Tacitus as "nearly of the same age" (B. vii, 20); and another in which he says he was "but eighteen years of age" at the time of the eruption of Vesuvius, which was August 24, A.D. 79 (vi, 16). From this the date of Pliny's birth is fixed A.D. 61 or 62. But we dispute the authenticity of the Letters of Pliny.

The author of a masterly work published in London in 1878, entitled, "Tacitus and Bracciolini," without discrediting the Letters of Pliny, controverts the statement in those letters that Tacitus and Pliny were "nearly of the same age;" and adduces most cogent evidence that the former was born at least as early as A.D. 44, and was therefore past seventy-three when he paused in writing his "History," which would hav made him eighty or ninety when he began the "Annals" (chap. i).

Three unquestioned works of Tacitus hav come down to us—namely, his "History," "Germanicus," and "Life of Agricola." The "History," which is unfinished, begins with the reign of Galba (A.D. 68), because, as he says, others had written Roman history up to that time most admirably. If, therefore, he afterwards wrote the "Annals" embracing the time of Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius, and Nero, he performed a work that he knew to be superfluous.

The following statement in Taylor's "Diegesis" (p. 393) is fully confirmed by the researches of the author of "Tacitus and Bracciolini," whose name is supposed to be Mr. Ross:

"The first publication of any part of the 'Annals' of Tacitus was by Johannes Vindelinus de Spire, at Venice, in the year 1468 [1469 or 1470]; his imprint being made from a single manuscript. . . . From this manuscript . . . all other manuscripts and printed copies of [this part of] the works of Tacitus are derived."

Robert Taylor did not suspect the whole of the "Annals" to be a forgery. Mr. Ross has proved it, both by internal and external evidence. Some of his points we now briefly present:

1. Three passages in the "Annals" agree almost *verbatim* with Sulpicius Severus. (The last one of these is the passage we also discovered in 1878.) In the first one, out of twenty-one words sixteen are identical and almost consecutiv in Severus; in the second, seven out of eleven are the same; in the third, eighteen out of twenty-five. But Mr. Ross points out that in the last passage Poggio changes *cum* to *ubi*, which is a grave grammatical error. Severus was too good a Latin scholar to write *ubi* for "when," but Poggio in the fifteenth century, though one of the best Latinists of his time, makes frequent errors of that sort, as might be expected.

2. It cannot be discovered that a single reference was made to the "Annals" by any person from the time when Tacitus lived until shortly before 1469, when Vindelindus of Spire first published the last six books, forty years after their discovery by Poggio.

3. It is generally supposed that Jornandez, bishop of Ravenna, A.D. 552, refers to the "Annals" in speaking of "Cornelius etiam annalium scriptor;" but the passage quoted is about Meneg in Cornwall, and is nowhere to be found in any ancient Roman writer. Furthermore, the name "Annals" was not given to these books by anyone until 1533. In all the MSS. the title is, "Ab Excessu divi Augusti Historiarum Libri," and the title of the genuin work of Tacitus is, "Augustæ Historiæ Libri." In 1574 Lipsius distinguished the two works by calling one "Annals," and the other "Histories." Jornandez, therefore, never heard of the "Annals" of Cornelius Tacitus.

4. No MS. whose existence can be traced back further than the 16th century contains the whole of the "Annals," and no MS. that can be traced back further than the first half of the fifteenth century has the closing books of the "Annals." The MS. first discovered which supplied the last six books is lost, and that which contains the whole (*i. e.*, first six and last six books) is of an age that nobody can determin.

5. A speech of Claudius is given in the "Annals." In 1528, more than a hundred years after Poggio wrote that speech, a copy of the genuin speech was discovered at Lyons, totally unlike the fabricated one in the "Annals."

6. London is described as "remarkably celebrated for the multiplicity of its merchants and its commodities" in the reign of Nero, A.D. 60. If it existed at all at that time it was a very insignificant town. As late as the fourth century the people of London were only exporters of corn, and importers of polished bits of bone, toys, and horse-collars. Poggio's description of the city answers to 1420, when he was there.

7. The author's sojourn in London also accounts for an obscure passage in the "Annals," in which he says that "a form of government based on a selection and conjunction of the commonalty, the aristocracy, and a monarch, if realized, cannot last." Such was the constitution of the English government in 1420, and it seemed to be unlikely to stand.

8. He speaks of the oracle of Apollo Clarius as existing in the reign of Claudius. Strabo, who lived in the time of Augustus, says that in his day it no longer existed.

9. He limits the reign of Bardanes in Babylon to less than a year, and has him die in early youth by assassination—A.D. 47. Bardanes reigned long, lived to a good old age, and died a natural death (Philostratus's Life of Apollonius).

10. He speaks of the capture of Nineveh in the reign of Claudius. Strabo says that not a trace of it was left in his time, and Lucien tells us it was destroyed when the Assyrians were overthrown. The statement in the "Annals" is probably taken from Marcellinus, an unreliable historian of the fourth century, whose work was discovered by Poggio.

11. The author of the "Annals" is the originator of the blunder by which the Emperor Augustus is called Octavianus, instead of Octavius, his real name.

12. He has falsified history by making Cumanus and Felix for a time joint governors of Judea. Cumanus was governor of the Samitarians; after his banishment Claudius sent Felix to be governor of Judea, Galilee, Samaria, and Perea (Jos. War, ii, 12, § 8).

13. So much bad Latin has been published in the "Annals" that scholars hav imputed to Tacitus a want of knowledge of his nativ tongue. For example, in that work a monosyllabic preposition is often placed between a substantiv and an adjectiv or pronoun, as "lacu *in* ipso," "judice *ab* uno," "urbe *ex* ipsa." This usage is tolerated in poetry, but not in prose-writing; it is not found in the other works ascribed to Tacitus, nor in any of the ancient Latin prose writers. In short, the genuin works of Tacitus are free from all the grammatical blemishes found in the "Annals."

Theological Re-Creations.

We premis by declaring our love and veneration for sincere disciples of Jesus, the Nazarene, whose supreme modern type has been Oberlin, of Steinthal. It is needless to remark that such characters no more than Pope's humble Man of Ross can be touched by the generic term "parasite." True and appropriate for the rank and file of priests, of all ages, countries, and faiths, it suffers other special exceptions where the priests, as in Egypt and Peru, hav been also the national scientists and administrators in the practical economies of the state, embracing agriculture and the useful arts. On the same principle, though as but a volunteer militia in the army of industrial progress, we except from the stigma of parasitism the Benedictine monks, who heralded Europe's renaissance in their revival of horticulture. *Rari nantes in gurgite vasto.*

THE CLERICAL PARASITE.—Among animal poisons are distinguished the viruses and venoms. The viruses (some of which are now known as nucrophytic) occasion diseases of a regular and characteristic evolution and catastrophe more or less grave, from chickenpox to the malignant pustule. The venoms are characterized by their aplasmic potency, fluidifying blood, and determining extravasation, which facilitates this aplasmic venom—which, for the bloodsucker but a trivial accessory to its purpose, is for its prey an affliction far greater than the loss of blood. Over with some in a minute or two, with others it continues several days. Of some insect bites the wound is mortal, or chronic diseases result from them. We are thus prepared to expect very serious results from conscience-poisoning by the clerical insect in its parasitic suction. Such is the nature of church venoms. How subtle may be divined by the humility of kings, in kneeling before popes who kick off their crowns —*à la mode ancienne.* Slaves of clerical doctrins hav just as much will left, in face of their masters, as may suffice for a sheep to get shorn.

The Catholic church economizes this *woorara* for its own clerical administration and revenue. The Protestant declares for laical and democratic autoxy. In consequence, the Catholic may leave his confessional box light-hearted, as well as light-pursed; whereas sin with the good Protestant has the depressing force of a chronic disease. That is, supposing identical temperaments; for the Italian may season his maccaroni with doctrins that would stiffen out an Englishman, just as a bear don't mind taking arsenic enough to kill a deer, and fowls fatten on nux vomica that kills the hawk.

Infinitesimal doses of venom, such as are infused by insects of the temperate zone, like the doctrinal impression of a fashionable church service leave on fat skins and well padded consciences but a moderate and transient irritation, which yet rankles in the unsophisticated mind of earnest youth. Conscience, then, begins to scratch, and this may go on to a chronic eczema or lichen furiosus, that leaves no repose. Coinciding with diathesis, a sermon may initiate persistent neurosis, usually of the hypochondriac, or occasion great distress in tender souls, who hav yet sense enough left not to show it in society. This morbid sense of sinfulness rarely fastens upon criminals, or on persons of a strong aggressiv will, but torments innocent victims of a false ideal. That crown of thorns which your Jesus wore up the hill of Calvary, millions of Christians since hav worn, and still wear, inside their skulls. Sin is, like dust, everywhere, and the most wholesome soil is but dust in the eyes of the housewife. And her doctrinal bias makes a sin of dust. She often thus gets dust upon the brain, looks for it everywhere, and never will rest till she gets it in her lungs. Lunatic asylums are populous with church doctrins. Now, the keener the pangs of neuralgia, or the more intolerable the itching, the greater the demand for morphine, chloroform, and patient-killers for palliation. The more morbid the conscience, the greater the demand for priestly mediation, and the larger the income of the churches. Like hypochondriacs, whose ailments form their staple of conversation, the neuralgic conscience is eternally prating or writing of its sinfulness. It caresses its pet evils; there is no piece of interference which it will resent more than the attempt to prove to it that these evils are imaginary.

If some reader astraddle on the fence, between the moral night and day worlds, has a chronic affection for the pet word, sin, let us respect his indecision; but if he would learn what true conviction and repentance mean, let him read, penetrate, analyze, and realize the social truths dramatized by Eugene Sue in the Count Dariveau of that noble romance, "Martin Les Miserès des Enfans Trouvés."

In the tropics, where the bite of the Abyssinian fly may prove fatal, clerical doctrins prove equally so, as in Hindostan, Mexico, and some African country lately visited by Tunisian explorers *(Popular and Scientific Monthly)*, where the Man in the Moon is the brother of Allah and orthodox God. Temperament, doubtless, is here an important factor. Religion rarely strikes in very deep upon the sanguin temperament, though it may readily excite to dangerous combats, as in time of the Crusades, etc. To estimate, however, the influence of churches by their doctrins is fallacious. You can't tell a cow's milking qualities by the sound of her bell. Clerical venoms are, at worst, but accessory to the main objects, power and pelf.

Doctrins are words; words form language, and language is the art of concealing our purposes. The more absurd a doctrin, the fitter to rivet attention; as a chalk line drawn on the floor before the nose of a chicken will fix it to the spot more effectivly than placing a board there. Doctrins, portentous and sinister, like that yon eternal flaming hell, wakening wonder and fear, vibrate through brains whose susceptibilities, in the sleep of ignorance, are cumulativ by imagination. Such doctrins, so conditioned, most effectivly relax the sphincter of the purse.

Churches are organisms constructed for the absorption of property. The Catholic church, with its Jesuit proboscis, is the most complete organ of this parasitic function possessed by humanity, or which takes possession of it. Archimedes might die of envy in contemplating the perfection of its mechanism. Cumulating depletory faculties which adapt it to the exploitation of either capital or labor, it adds to the tenacity and abdominal capacity of the tick, which expands with the occasion, the ubiquity of the flea, the psalmody of the musketo, and the Briarean tentacles of the pieuvre, or octopus (see Hugo's "Travailleurs de la Mer"). Do you begin to understand the benevolent subtlety with which divine providence disposes of its victim creatures for the nourishment of priestcraft?

> "Did you eber see de debble,
> Wid 'is iun spoon and shubble,
> A peepin' troo a brush pile,
> Jis afore day?"

From the inculpation of moral theology by lunatic asylums, justice requires allowance for cases in which certain doctrins hav given their color to the insanity, but only as adjuvants, other originating causes having pre-existed. In many observed cases, however, and in at least one of which I hav certain knowledge, the neuralgia of conscience was absolutely and simply the effect of religious convictions, and was dissipated as soon as religious meditation and the prayer-

ful mood were replaced by industrial and social activity.

Radical cures require change of site and occupation, in rural life especially. Spade-work has great healing power over doctrinal disease. Voltaire's genius is most subtle and evinces profound observation in sending, by the force of circumstances, his Dr. Pangloss lot of crazy philosophers to find natural cure in garden work for their subsistence.

Reason, being antipathic to superstition, is preventiv, but is feeble as a curativ.

The emotional sphere having been compromised, it is through emotion that curativ agents influence most directly. Humor and wit, which season reason with fun, and shake the diaphragm with laughter, acting thus at once upon the brain and sympathetic ganglia, are more potent than reason alone.

Voltaire's shaft hits the bulls-eye on the target of superstition, while the serious D'Holbach or sentimental Rousseau glance aside. Paine's emotional prescriptions combine the sense of the absurd with indignation. Their American disciple, Col. Ingersoll, carries the masses, while Parker and Renan sway only the judicious few. Bakounine is superior to all of them by the integrality of his sweep over the compound superstition of state and church. What prostrate humanity now needs to raise it is a genius combining Bakounine and Proudhon with the wit of a Voltaire. What has Proudhon to do with it? Proudhon struck a death-blow at financial parasitism, by the institution of the Labor Exchange Bank,* eschewing all state intervention. Government stopped this by his imprisonment.

The state or general government, the church, and capital, under its three forms of usury, monopoly, and stock-jobbing, are all alike parasitic, useless, and cumbersome, demoralizing and depletory on labor. Solidary in their conspiracy against humanity, no one of them can die alone, for each will be perpetually reproduced by the others. The integral medicin of absorbent substitution kills this parasite trinity by that of the Labor Exchange Bank, faith in justice and charity, and organized co-operation. Let the evolutionists who dethrone the miscreating God of parasites help us to evolve a god of honest men from the realization of these principles. EDGEWORTH.

*For details on Labor Exchange banks consult Wm. B. Greene's pamphlet on "Mutual Banking."

The National Liberal League.

While the nomination of favorit distinguished Liberals for the presidency of the League is engaging so much attention, will it not be well to remember that change of officers can never of itself effect the needed change in the organization, practical working, and efficacy of the League? True, much depends on the president, and, if we mistake not, very much more on the secretary. Both must possess ability, energy, perseverance, tact, and judgment; and, as Brother S. P. Putnam, in his very able article in THE TRUTH SEEKER, so wisely suggests, they should giv their whole time, devoting heart and soul to the work. Yet the most able and efficient officers will fail to insure success without the earnest, constant, practical cooperation, of not alone its present members, but all true Liberals. It is lamentable to look over the field, see the vast amount of brain and money available, and yet how very little is being accomplished.

Only by agitation, by presenting facts, awakening thoughts, and discussion can we hope to attain the much-needed thorough and perfect organization that shall giv us a live, working, branch League or Liberal lyceum, with its regular weekly meetings, in every school district in the United States.

We depend on the National Liberal League to secure more united and efficient work in behalf of secular government, equal rights to all, a true, responsible liberty, and advancement in all that pertains to truth and scientific knowledge.

The League should be reorganized with a view to the benefit, not alone of avowed Liberals, but of thousands of honest hearts who are looking for beacon lights to lead them from the errors of the past—from useless rites and ceremonies to principles of reason, right, and truth, and to the harmonizing that large class who are seeking a higher plane of thought and action.

We hav no right to expect the triumph of universal mental liberty until thorough organization has brought all Liberals to realize they hav an individual work to do now, this very day, and every day, and a spirit of emulation is aroused. They best shall work, who best agree.

Hobby-riders and I-am-ites hav often forced people to think, opened up discussion, induced investigation, and so far hav done good work. But however laudable or praiseworthy their hobby or pet ism may be of itself, when they refuse their support and earnest cooperation in efforts to secure the secularization of our government because they cannot hav their pet ism grafted on the Nine Demands of Liberalism, and compel all to ride their pet hobby-horse, in season and out of season, they cease to be Liberals, and become intolerant cranks, intolerable boxes, and should be ignored.

We are either Liberal or intolerant; and the time has come for personal examination and decision—which? If Liberals, let us liv out the first great principles of Liberalism, do justice, love mercy, and endeavor to make our fellow-creatures happy, freed from the shackles of superstition, illumined by the light of truth. We are under obligations to co-operate with heart, energy, and pocketbook in the endeavor to help others to the same joy, peace, freedom, and happiness we experience. Is it just, is it merciful, to leave friends and neighbors to grope in the dark quagmires of superstition, when with a little effort we could lead them out into the broad, green fields of science and freedom? Why should not Liberals of all shades of opinion unite in the great and noble work of disenthralment of honest hearts from the meshes of superstition and priestcraft, in educating children in the glorious and ennobling truths of science, in cultivating love of nature, the study of her laws, and inciting a spirit of self-sacrificing effort in securing universal mental liberty?

How can this be effected but by thorough and efficient organization? In view of the importance of the matter, will others of our leading Liberals, following the example of Brother Putnam, giv the subject their earnest attention, and write out their views for THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Investigator*, and other leading Liberal papers?

Would it not be advisable for Brother H. L. Green and the executiv committee of the New York State Freethinkers' Association to engage the best available talent to prepare, and at the evening sessions of the Convention present, plans and suggestions for making the National Liberal League more effectiv, and devote the morning sessions to ten-minute speeches, discussing the suggestions of the speakers of the previous evening, and interchanging their opinions on this subject, so that at the Congress of the League prompt, intelligent, and effectiv action can be taken, and it be made plain that it is to the interest, as well as the duty, of Liberals of all shades of opinion to become activ, zealous, working members?

If it proves impossible to so remodel the League that it will meet the necessities of the times, then make a new departure—form an organization that will. CHARLES B. REYNOLDS.

North Parma, N. Y., July 16, 1884.

How Ought Liberals to Vote?

For a long time this has been an unsolvable problem. Just at this time it is quite as difficult as ever before. The Liberals hav themselvs neutralized whatever of influence they might hav had in political matters by dividing their votes among the various political parties. What is the result? Both the great political parties of the republic opened their national caucuses with prayer, and one of them closed with "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow." This in a country where Jefferson, Paine, and Franklin served as chief patriots.

Only one thing is plain: the Liberals hav not disposed of their votes in a manner to make themselvs respected by the politicians. Having no title to the sympathy or support of any party now in existence, it would seem that the only thing left for them to do would be to form a party of their own; yet this is for grave and sufficient reasons impracticable. For this year, at least, the Liberals must support one or all of the parties now in existence. Let us look over the ground and see where most consistently they can locate their fealty and their sympathies.

Butler does not represent the Liberals. He poses simply as the demagog of the laboring men. He is very pious when he thinks votes can be obtained in that way. There is no one the Liberals can less afford to support than a hypocrit. The Democratic party is the party of the Catholic church. It is the mission of that party to gratify Ireland and the pope. The Catholic vote is not large—not larger than the Liberal vote; but it is compact, it always goes in one direction. It counts for all that it is worth. It has still another advantage: it not only votes all together, but with a large number of other voters. Should the Liberals form a party of their own, it would be really their own. It would avail nothing because of the paucity of its numbers. Every voter in that party would hav to shoulder all the mud that has ever been heaved at the Infidel; only the few Stalwarts of the Liberals would be found working at the poles. The Liberals cannot afford to join the ranks of the Catholic party and help to rivet the chain which the pope is gradually weaving around the republic. Not far distant is the day when the minions of the pope will demand public support for their nun-taught schools in this republic. To defer that day, even unto eternity, is the sworn determination of the Liberals. Nothing is clearer than that the Liberals will not partake of the Democratic oyster.

The Republican party is as distinctly the party of the Protestants as the Democratic is of the Catholics. Liberals, it is true, are much more in sympathy with the former than with the latter. And while the Catholic church stands fast by its infallible pope, its wafers, and its mass, the Protestants are breaking up into hundreds of sects—each new one, with the exception of the Salvation Army, coming nearer and nearer the ideal of the Liberal thinkers, and more and more in harmony with the demonstrations of science.

In view of this fact, it would seem, at first glance, that the Liberals ought to make their peace with the Republican party—but then there is the nomination. Is James G. Blaine a man the Liberals can consistently support? Who will answer this question, bearing constantly in mind the fact that Cleveland vetoed a bill which a Democratic legislature had passed to fee their Catholic adherents out of the state treasury? Some day there will be a Democratic legislature, perhaps a Democratic Congress, and there will be no sturdy Cleveland at the head of public affairs to lay upon sectarian bills the eternal fiat of the executiv veto.

When we come to this closer inspection, it appears that for this coming election the choice of the Liberals is between, not Blaine and Cleveland, or the Republican party and the Democratic party, but between the Republican party, with its more Liberal principles, and Cleveland, the sturdy defender of the people against the aggressions of the Catholic church.

The implication is that the Liberals are really of that growing new party which never yet has put a candidate of its own into the field, but still has a marked influence upon the political features of the country, the independent voters. This is a gun-squad that fires wherever it will do the most good. Very consistently it may support Cleveland this fall and on a recurring election support a candidate of its own or of any other party. Here is an attempt to go behind all parties and cliques and cast a vote which will represent some great principle which is on the point of being crucified by the stupid or selfish political demagogs.

The Independent Voters is the name of the party which at the present time best fits the purposes of the Liberals and which givs them an opportunity to support a candidate who is liable to be punished for an act which is demanded in the very Demands of Liberalism. John Kelly and his heelers are against Cleveland for this very veto. If for this they are against him, is that not reason enough for us to be for him? Whom shall we reward, if not those who act in accordance with our demands? Can we expect officials to do our bidding if we do not sustain them for so doing? So far as Liberalism is concerned, this is the only issue the present campaign offers. On which side shall we be found? LIBERTA.

The Old, Old Question.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER *Sir:* "What will you giv us in place of Christianity?" is a question often asked by many people, who, not being quite certain their own unaided efforts will enable them to attain perfect happiness in eternity, endeavor with a sort of passiv complacency to convince themselvs they implicitly believe in the alleged promises of Christ, and cling to them as the infallible sheet anchor of hope to ward off all temptations of the flesh in this world, and exempt them from all possible danger of hell-fire in the next. We presume the professing Christian will admit that none but those of pure life truly merit eternal happiness. But we hav only to attend a few Sundays at any church to be convinced that the average church-member is no more to be relied on for strict business integrity or general moral purity than his Infidel neighbor. It follows then as a logical sequence that the mere profession of religion, or a passiv acquiescence in its absurd tenets, does not infallibly purify the morals, or, as Christians felicitously express themselvs, regenerate the carnal nature of man. Can we be so stupid as to think a mere tacit belief in any set of dogmas can regenerate the human heart? The mind must first be educated and purified before any permanent improvement is possible. The believers in the Bible, being imperativly limited as to what they shall or shall not believe, never can become advanced students in natural science, in geological knowledge, or a rational comprehension of those more abstruse philosophical laws forming the only true guides to mental advancement. What does it signify to become perfectly versed in the Mosaic account of creation and yet remain profoundly ignorant of the fact that what is there recorded is, if we place any reliance on modern geological discoveries, utterly incapable of being reconciled with science or reason? An understanding of Darwin, Spencer, Haeckel, Huxley, or Tyndall, that bright constellation of chosen spirits who hav illuminated our favored century, must totally wreck one's childish trust in the scriptural rendition of insolvable phenomena, and stamp the account of creation, so soon succeeded by the fall of man, with its attendant horrors, to be the senseless vision of an uncultured brain. The author, or, more properly speaking, the authors of Genesis had conceived a crude image of an unknown something beyond human power, but as yet had not basked in the effulgent rays of true knowledge, which can only be truly said to be divine.

To-day, with all the aids we hav from every clime, and every type of intellect, the beginning, its how and when, remain an insolvable mystery still. How human life, with its vivifying and etherealizing es-

sence, the intangible soul, first became a part and parcel of infinity, man may never know. Yet of this we are positivly assured; creation, as the spontaneous result of omnipotent volition, could not hav been the *modus operandi*. We are irresistibly forced to seek a solution of the grand problem by some more reasonable method. But with Moses how easy it appeared as the effect of divine volition; God, the barbaric term for the incomprehensible, created this endless universe at one supreme effort. From a condition of absolute chaos—dark, shapeless, lifeless—this long slumbering vacuity suddenly took on the rapt harmony of infinity, and life and time began! Imagin the stupendous change—absolute nothingness becoming instantaneously replete with life and soul and immortality! What had been up to that moment wrapt in night's most somber mantle suddenly blooms radiant with life, animation, the rays of supernal intelligence! Only an uneducated and yet vividly imaginativ mind would hav conceived the Mosaic process—Titanic, certainly, yet utterly antagonistic to every effort of nature as we behold her at the present day. Anyone making it a study will not fail to observe that nature's processes are ever slow; her evolutions may require centuries ere any radical change is quietly accomplished. The causes culminating in volcanic eruptions or the action of earthquakes are doubtless snail-like in their respectiv careers. But we cannot cite volcanic action as an illustration in the child theory of creation, for we must remember that as yet cause and effect were unknown, only a creator existing as the supreme ruler of an utterly dead, endless vacuum. And the Christian is duly trained to believe his soul's salvation is imperiled if he even doubt this primitiv theory touching a something man will never know with absolute certainty.

We take a long stride down the ages, and lo! we hav the divine conception of Christ, his immaculate birth, his god-like nature blended with human form, his life absolutely spotless and radiant with miracles! Blasting the fig-tree and raising the dead seem certain evidence of divine power, surely. But can we be perfectly certain those miracles were in reality accomplished?

To understand how easy the performance of a miracle—related by flying rumor at the time, and subsequently recorded on the page of partisan history—we must ever bear in mind that in ancient times any phenomenon not directly understood was ignorantly attributed to the exercise of supernatural powers—in other words, to the intervention of a god or goddess. Had they possessed an intimate knowledge of the laws of nature, this stupid belief in miracles could never hav obtained. A liberal diffusion of scientific knowledge was utterly unknown; ignorant rumor and magnifying tradition supremely ruled the herd. Just imagin, if you will, the total annihilation of the printing-press and all its wonderful modern triumphs. Realize, if you can, the mental stultification, the utter dearth of every grand idea, each noble sentiment the "art preservativ of arts" has infused into the great throbbing soul of the human race! Just this hapless condition, neither more nor less, represents man in the time of Moses, and again four thousand years afterward, at the advent of Christ, the printing-press as yet unknown to redeem man from his long slumber in the terrible Lethe of barbarous ignorance. How easy, then, to promulgate by tradition the miracle of creation! The spurious record once established, a religion based on other miracles, eagerly swallowed by the untutored dupes, followed as a matter of course. The priesthood next became a necessary adjunct of human society. From time to time the fiction would naturally require bracing and strengthening. We hav the grand culmination in the fictitious birth of Christ, and his many spurious miracles—the deceitful records of lying priests, each and every one setting at utter defiance every known immutable law in the grand harmony of nature. It may be pertinently assumed that, even allowing Christ to hav been divine, he could not set nature's laws aside and be consistent. A God, to be a God, must be perfectly in accord with his own laws. Even omnipotence—supposing such a power to exist—cannot violate a law stamped by the Almighty fiat as immutable. We must candidly confess, then, that miracles can only be performed by lying tradition to further a selfish end; and here, indeed, we hav the only rational key to the entire business.

I think no more need be said to convince any reasoning mind that this is the true solution of all supernaturalism. Would it not appear reasonable to suppose that any religious system based so evidently on error as is Christianity would inevitably sink to oblivion? And such, undoubtedly, will be its ultimate fate, for the human mind cannot always be enslaved, although it would seem as if the very last use the multitude make of reason is to think. I hav asked myself the question, as I jot these lines, Will the world ever happily arrive at that stage when virtue, in unsullied purity, shall rule supreme in every human heart? Will strict business integrity, unbiased by selfish motivs, unstained by even a shadow of suspicion, become the rule in daily life? Can we hope to see Right finally triumph, and Truth maintain her gentle sway over the minds of men?

Such an arcadian condition of life terrestrial is certainly most desirable, in place of the sordid and hypocritical civilization which is so glaringly the result of religious beliefs founded on preposterous fallacies. So long as the seeds of groveling superstition are sown on every hand, we can hav no true civilization permeating the great mass of mankind. While men passivly yield obedience to the usurped dictum of priestcraft, they will, in effect, retrogress, for it is a law of nature that nations cannot remain physically or intellectually immobil; hence true enlightenment, to exist at all, must ever steadily advance. The slime of debauching superstition is being instilled daily into the minds of the young. The priestly brotherhood never slumber. The present occasion is ever being dextrously improved. They lurk with smooth address and unctuous smiles in all the highways and byways of life, their only aim being ever and always to perpetuate their influence over the minds of their unsuspecting dupes. Often in contemplating the various phases of human life, it has seemed to me our modern millionaires would do well to reflect that their lives, having only the prestige of wealth to perpetuate their fame, must ever be utterly ignoble compared with those whose intellectual works hav lastingly benefited the human race.

Compare, if you please, for a moment the infinit mine of mental wealth which Charles Darwin left as his grand legacy to remotest posterity, with the paltry heap of coin so basely acquired by a soulless Vanderbilt or Gould. How immeasurably superior and enduring the heartfelt tribute of respect paid to true, unselfish genius, rather than the fleeting admiration of the fickle crowd, which fawns and flatters only to despise and forget when the vain pageant of gaudy wealth has passed by!

This, my friends, is the precious seed I would like to see take root in the mental and moral world—an enlightened understanding of natural cause and effect—rather than linger unsprouting in the deadly shade of this blighting upas-tree, Christianity. And I wish to see implanted in the hearts of all the purpose, ever inviolate, of living here so that the approach of death might well be greeted with a fearless smile. I would hav no grinning monsters lurking in the infinit vista of eternal love. In their place let there be the calm resignation of a pure soul to the dispensation of that all-pervading spirit of which the humblest life forms an inseparable part.

Christianity based exclusivly on supernaturalism and unreasoning faith in impossible incongruities can never grant man the all to which he justly aspires. We may bend the knee of superstition to the anthropomorphous idol, vainly styled Jehovah, and yet be infinitly removed from true civilization. So long as that loathsome relic of barbarism—a belief in miracles—forms part and parcel of our every-day life, we halt lamely on the imperfect level of pious savagery, and are to all intents and purposes even below the worshipers of Isis or Diana.

D. T. Ross.

Prohibitory and Sumptuary;

AND TO MY CRITICS.

[EXPLANATORY.—The following is composed of parts of several articles written last winter and more lately, and for which the editor did not find room. He returned them to me recently with the request that I should condense them into an article of fair length. This I hav endeavored to do, though the task has necessitated the elimination of much of vital importance to the discussion, including all of my reply to Mr. Ray.]

I am somewhat surprised that even "Liberta" should take the position he does regarding the use of the term, "sumptuary laws," when it is remembered how completely I destroyed his argument upon that very subject in THE TRUTH SEEKER of Oct. 28, 282, to which "Liberta" and our readers are respectfully referred.

If my opponent thinks that the quotations which he makes from Bauvier's Law Dictionary are any help to him, he is assuredly welcome thereto. Whatever the avowed objects may be, the end sought is the same—the limitation of individual expenses; and that, too, for the declared reason that such luxury "is opposed to public policy." Why, what is the greatest evil of intemperance, as asserted by temperance men and prohibitionists alike? Is it not the waste of labor fruits in the purchase of intoxicants, and the consequent misery brought upon women and children, and the drain upon the pocket of the tax-payer? The *expensivness* of the drinking habit is one of the standard arguments of the prohibitionist, used by him invariably in support of his proposition. Sumptuary laws are laws intended to curtail "the expenses of the people;" prohibitory laws are laws intended to accomplish the same purpose—so asserted by prohibitionists, by them everywhere loudly proclaimed and most sharply emphasized. The prohibitionist avers that prohibition will prevent extravagance, will limit expense in the matter of drinks. A law which does this is, by the authority which "Liberta" quotes, a sumptuary law, and yet he waxes mighty wroth when I state that sumptuary laws and prohibitory laws are essentially the same. And yet "Liberta" talks glibly of my asserted ignorance or dishonesty!

In my previous article, referred to above, I quoted Webster upon this very point, and I now reproduce his definitions: "Sumptuary—relating to expenses; regulating expenses or expenditure." "Sumptuary laws or regulations—such as restrain or limit the expenses of citizens in apparel, food, furniture, or the like." "Liberta" says that prohibitory laws will "restrain or limit the expenses of citizens" in drinks; authority says that this is the province of sumptuary laws.

Again, Webster defines a prohibitionist to be "one who favors prohibitory duties in commerce." If this does not show the generic relationship of "prohibitory" and "sumptuary," then language has no meaning.

But this is not all. Bauvier says that sumptuary laws "originated in the view that luxury is, in some of its degrees, opposed to public policy, and that the state is bound to interfere against it," referring to Montesquieu. But why opposed to "public policy?" The natural inference is that luxury tends to immorality and crime, as most moralists hav asserted, and that this tendency should be nipped in the bud by a cutting off of supplies. Now, the second leading argument of prohibitionists is precisely similar; they assert that intemperance leads to immorality and crime, that it tends to make men bad citizens, and, therefore, the state should, by prohibitory laws, cut off the supplies.

In a word, sumptuary laws were enacted to curtail the expenses of the people as a matter of public policy; prohibitory laws are enacted to curtail the expenses of the people, and as a matter of public policy. In the first instance, we hav an interference with the private business concerns of the individual, ostensibly for the public good—*i. e.*, to prevent immorality and crime. In the second, we hav a like interference for the public good—*i. e.*, to prevent immorality and crime. But "Liberta" will doubtless object—it is a common dodge of the sumptuary champions—that whereas sumptuary laws say what shall not be bought, prohibitory laws prescribe what shall not be sold. There is a distinction here, but the difference is less than the difference 'twixt tweedle dum and tweedle dee. When you deny the means to a given end, you deny the end. The right to use implies the right to buy; the right to buy involves the right to sell. To deny the right to sell is to deny the right to buy, and to deny the right to buy is to deny the right to use. When you prevent the manufacture and sale of a certain article, you prevent its use. Whether or not the attempt succeeds makes no difference in the intent. And the buyer and user is equally a criminal with the manufacturer and seller.

Suppose that we hav an interdict laid upon the manufacture and sale of broadcloth coats—we will not stop to consider the reasons for such interdict—will "Liberta" contend that this is not sumptuary, that the right of the citizen to buy and wear is not interfered with? Where would be the difference between such a law and the prohibitory law, so far as the right of the citizen to purchase and use is concerned?

"Liberta" may now bring on some more "discriminating writers" and invoke a little more "authority," but I would kindly advise him, for his own sake, to be a little more "discriminating" in his selections.

"Liberta" does me too much harm in attributing to me the direct or indirect authorship of the Seventh plank of the Milwaukee platform. He must aim his scatter-gun at larger game, at better known and more influential Liberals than I. And our friend should know that the resolutions adopted by any Congress of the League are but the expressed opinions of the majority which adopts them, and are not in any sense binding upon dissentients. This principle was made very clear during the discussion of the postal law repeal resolutions, and it is a mystery to me how an anonymous writer, who evidently did not attend that Congress, can consider himself compromised in any way by the action of those who were there.

"Liberta" has strayed upon personal liberty grounds toward the close of his article, and I am persuaded that he, consciously or unconsciously, copied this, with which I am very willing to close, from the utterances of some anti-prohibitionist: "If we are, indeed, such miserable creatures that we cannot be moral and decent unless controled by some authority, let us, in justice to ourselvs, hunt up a master and submit ourselvs unto him."

Friend Jamieson says that he is "pelted with epithets" because he regretted that by the Seventh plank of the Milwaukee Congress the League was made "the tool of the rum-selling power," as he alleged. The facts of the case are, as the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER know, that I never called in question Mr. Jamieson's right to dissent from that plank, that I simply repelled his most uncalled for and ungenerous reflections upon the character and motivs of those who voted "Aye" upon that question. I "pelted" no one "with epithets," but I did characterize as they deserved the epithets he heaped upon the personal liberty members of that Congress.

It is no use, Mr. Jamieson; you cannot but fail in your attempt to obscure the issue by trying to make it appear that some one is abusing you for dissenting from the Seventh plank. You well know that it was not your opinions and motivs which I criticised, but rather your unfair reflections upon the opinions and motivs of others. In support of this it is only necessary to quote this passage from your last letter: "It may be, too, that the men and women who passed it [the Seventh resolution] are as strictly temperate as I dare be. If they are, they hav a queer way of showing it." Queer to your conception, perhaps, my dear sir, but you hav no grounds for insinuating that T. B. Wakeman, T. C. Leland, W. F. Peck, Juliet H. Severance, A. B. Severance, Mrs. H. S. Lake, and scores of other well known Liberals who disagree with you upon this subject are one whit less temperate in their habits than yourself. Into this one short paragraph you hav condensed all to which I objected in your first note, and conclusivly proven that I was completely justified in criticising the tone and animus of said note.

But further along in his last letter, friend Jamieson tries to mend the matter a little by attempting to show that the church could as easily prove a lack of interested connection with the slave power of the *ante-bellum* days as temperance anti-prohibitionists can their lack of pecuniary connection with the rum power. He says that the church claims that we found fault with the Abolitionists because of their methods, but that she "was as much the friend of freedom as Abolitionists dare be." Of course there are no facts to support this assertion. In the first place, the church did hav a pecuniary connection with slavery. The spokesmen of its various branches knew that to declare against slavery was to arouse against them the prejudices of the masses, and to very materially lessen the revenues of the church. New England manufacturing interests bowed in cowardly submission before the gold god and under the lash of the overseer; and the church North, as a body, dared not risk the loss of popular favor and the dollars of those who fattened on the unrequited labor of the slave. The connection—the interested, pecuniary connection—between the church both North and South and the slave power was most intimate and powerful. On the other hand, it will be impossible for Mr. Jamieson to show such a connection, or anything akin thereto, between the rum power and the Liberals whose opinions and actions are at issue between us.

In the second place, the church opposed the Abolitionists, not because of their methods particularly, but because they sought to bring into disrepute and to destroy a Bible institution. The church, through its representativs, defended slavery as a divine institution, and hurled the Bible at the heads of May, and Phillips, and Foster, and Garrison, and Lucretia Mott, and their co-workers.

As there is no parallel between the attitude of the church toward slavery and our attitude toward the liquor traffic, as Mr. Jamieson vainly claims, so, also, there is no parallel between slavery and intemperance, save that both are evils, as is Christianity, tobacco using, etc.

Slavery is the exploitation of man by man, the forcible denial of the right of contract, of the right of locomotion, of individual initiativ, of the right to possess and enjoy the fruits of one's own labor, of the right to form and continue social and sexual relations without interference from any "owner," and of the right to a voice in the enactment of laws by which one is to be governed. These rights slavery denies and forcibly alienates; intemperance does nothing of the sort. Intemperance is a personal vice, and, like all other vices, it may lead to the injury of others, and the remedy for this is to be sought and found nowhere else than in the scientific education of all, and the sweeping away of all statutes which limit liberty and deaden enterprise. Prohibition is of the same genus as slavery, possessing many of the characteristics of the latter tyranny. It, too, is a denial of the right of contract, of individual initiativ, of the peaceful possession and use of the results of one's own toil—all this directly, while indirectly it is guilty of opening the door for the admission of nearly all the other evils of which slavery was guilty.

Says Mr. Jamieson: "Prohibition is no more a contradiction of personal liberty than was abolition. If I am illogical, let us hav the proof, and not mere assertion." *Per contra*, prohibition and personal liberty are at the antipodes, and so are prohibition and abolition, and the proof you will find above, and in the files of THE TRUTH SEEKER for the last two years, where I hav adduced it, Ossa upon Pelion. Abolition demanded personal liberty; prohibition denies it. The old antislavery struggle is dragged into the discussion of many questions by writers whose zeal outruns their logical acumen, and whose argument is completely refuted by the lessons it gave to the world; and Mr. Jamieson's present contention is a case in point.

Again says Mr. Jamieson: "Does it logically follow, because I am heartily in favor of the right of the people to promulgate even wrong opinions, that I am equally in favor of wrong conduct? Is this a specimen of friend Walker's logic?" No, to both questions; and it is a specimen of friend Jamieson's logic—and a very poor specimen of a very poor species it is, too. Talk about the "logic of the pulpit," and "subtle sophism!" Certainly our friend should be a good judge of both, judging by the sample he givs us. If to be opposed to wrong conduct legitimately leads to the suppression of wrong conduct by law, then to be opposed to wrong opinions legitimately involves the suppression of wrong opinions by law. And the converse of this must be true also; if we favor right opinions and right conduct, then, according to Mr. Jamieson's logic, we are bound to favor their inculcation and enforcement by law. The fallacy of Mr. Jamieson's assumptions lies in this, that he assumes that the question of the rightfulness, or righteousness, of actions is what is at issue, whereas that is not the question at all. We all agree that righteousness is very desirable, that wrong conduct should be condemned; but we divide wrong actions into two general classes, crimes and vices, and we include intemperance in the last, while prohibitionists place it in the first class. Thus we perceive that whether or not we are in favor of wrong conduct, that is not the question, the issue between us being whether we should supress all wrong conduct by law. Prohibitionists say, Yes; we say, No.

Another sample: "Because I say that 'Liberty is Virtue's mother,' I was not aware that I stood committed, logically, to the notion that Ruin is the daughter of Liberty." This, of course, is intended to prove that the suppression of the liquor traffic by law would not be in violation of the principles of liberty. Let us see how this works. "Because I say that 'Liberty is Virtue's mother,' I was not aware that I stood committed, logically, to the notion that Christianity is the daughter of Liberty." By a parity of reasoning, according to the canons of the Jamieson textbook of logic, that gentleman is bound to demand the suppression of Christianity by law!

There come to me through the mails numerous inquiries relativ to the discussion on prohibition which has been going on in THE TRUTH SEEKER for some years. Friends are urging me to notice some of the many critics who hav attacked me since my last article appeared in this journal, among which critics may be named Elliott Preston and A. B. Pikard.

I need not say that fresh hands hav advanced nothing new, for that fact is self-evident to all thinking men and women who hav closely followed the discussion which for more than two years has been carried on through the columns of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and one side of which has been chiefly conducted by me. But in spite of the fact that whatever is yet to be said must be, in the main, only repetitions of what has already been said, I should be very glad, for the sake of new readers, to continue the discussion if the editor is willing, for I esteem it a subject of vital importance—one forced upon us in multiform ways by the potent moralists of the press, rostrum, and halls of legislation.

One word in closing on the general principle involved. I can easily understand how Freethinkers can disagree among themselvs regarding the existence of a God, the continued or immortal life of man, etc.; I can understand how they may naturally differ upon such subjects as the marriage relation, the finances, voting, industrial, and other problems, but how any *Freethinker* can espouse prohibition is the deepest, most inexplicable of mysteries. I hav honestly tried to place myself at the point of view of the Liberal (?) prohibitionist, but I could find no such point. When I reached that "point—no point" I was no longer a Liberal, standing upon a Liberal platform, reasoning upon the line of Liberal principles, but a Christian, standing upon a Christian platform, and following a line of Christian logic.

Years ago, when a Christian, I was also an ardent prohibitionist. This was the only natural, logical, and consistent position I could then take. But all was changed when I accepted the principles of Freethought, and I must now say, at the risk of being called a bigot by those who are themselvs so bigoted that they would by fines, confiscation, and imprisonment coerce those who cannot agree with them, that no man who accepts the fundamental principles of Freethought, knowing what it is that he accepts, can be a prohibitionist.

Yours for a Liberalism consistent with itself, and bottomed upon liberty. E. C. WALKER.

Kiowa, Kansas.

Unity in Diversity.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* The splendid letter of S. P. Putnam, in THE TRUTH SEEKER of July 12th, shows clearly that he grasps the true idea of the Liberal movement. I second the nomination of Mr. Putnam for our next president of the National Liberal League, provided he can giv himself wholly to the work in accordance with his own lucid statement of the needs of the office.

H. L. Green is my next choice. Indeed, I do not know but he is my first choice, because I think he fills Mr. Putnam's prescribed requisits in every particular. He is practical, and the best organizer the Liberal movement has yet produced. While others hav been disputing with each other as to how they should organize, what "planks" should be put in, and what left out, he has gone ahead and organized. He has proved himself a man of deeds. He has refused to harbor animosities against his brethren who differ from him in opinion or methods. He has modestly worked, and organized the greatest Liberal association in this country. He has had the genius to perceive the genius of Liberalism: diversity of opinion. This diversity is deplored by some, but it is the grandest feature of mental liberty. Intellectual freedom leads to variety of thought and expression. It is inevitable, and desirable. Diversity of thought puzzled and baffled the church, puzzled and almost baffled the Liberals. The church sacrificed freedom of thought to unity. Thousands of Liberals hav stood ready to commit the opposit mistake, to sacrifice unity to freedom of thought. But liberty refused to accept any sacrifice. It demands justice and truth.

H. L. Green has organized thousands of Liberals on a simple, natural platform as broad as the expanded heavens and compact as the Catholic church.

Pipestone, Minn. W. F. JAMIESON.

Nominates Col. Ingersoll and Mr. Green.

The following resolutions were offered and passed unanimously by our League at a meeting July 22, 1884.

WHEREAS, the present officers of the National Liberal League (president and secretary) hav announced their determination to decline re-election, and

WHEREAS, we, the members of St. John's (Ill.) Liberal League, No. 93, believing that no individual is more worthy of honor than those who devote their lives to driving superstition from all places where it has been planted by vicious religions, and holding those in highest esteem who hav done most to emancipate the human mind from the horrible incubus of an angry, vengeful, irresponsible fetish they call God;

Therefore, we wish in some manner to record our thankfulness to those pioneers of Freethought, both living and dead, who hav done service in this neglected field.

As foremost and greatest among them all, we wish to tender our sincerest thanks and heartiest appreciation to the American citizen who stands in eloquence without a peer; in sagacity without an equal; in courage and in ability without a superior living or in history—a man whose name and noble work will liv long after priests, and presidents, and kings shall be forgotten.

If possible, we would request this honored citizen to giv his mighty talents exclusivly to the liberation of the mind of man, and to that end, and for the purpose of effecting a more perfect union of all phases of Freethought, we suggest that the presidency of the New National Secular Organization be tendered unanimously to Robert G. Ingersoll.

Furthermore, recognizing in Mr. H. L. Green one of the best organizers either inside or outside of Liberalism, we think a mistake would occur not to make him secretary.

Resolved, that the thanks of the League be tendered to the present National Liberal League officers for their unselfish and arduous labors.

Ordered, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to THE TRUTH SEEKER and *Man*, with a request to publish.

JOHN BALMER, President.
W. G. KNIGHT, Secretary.

Brother Gardner Preaches A Sermon.

"I has bin wonderin' if our orthodox religiun am not a leetle queer," observed Brother Gardner as the triangle sounded and the meeting settled down to business. "De odder day dar was a hangin' across de ribber. A man who had nebber darkened a church doah, as any one knew of—a man who had followed a low-down bizness all his life—a man who had eber sot a bad example to de youth of the land, was hung for murder. It was one of de coolest an' most bloodthirsty crimes of the aige. De murderer was tried by an honest jury, giben ebery show fur defense, an' the verdict was, guilty. De sentence of de law was carried out, an' our orthodox religiun took a hand in. It sent preachers to the murderer's cell to coax him into a change of heart. It sent men dar to sing de hymns dedicated to God. It sent women dar to tell him dat he war gwine straight from the scaffold to glory.

"When dat man walked out to die he believed hisself a martyr. He talked about de support which de Lawd was givin' him. His voice jined in singin' 'Nearer, My God, to Thee.' His life had been one unbroken career of sin. De climax was a foul murder. An' yit he was made to believe dat religiun would sail him straight to heaven's pearly gates!

"My fren's, if religiun takes a murderer to de same heaven dat it does de man who has lived upright all his days, I doan' want it!

"I speak to you in de most solemn airnestness when I tell you dat dis horrible burlesque—dis absurd mockery—dis farce played by lunatics around a murderer on de gallus—am sufficient to bring our religiun into vile contempt, an' to make sinners doubt dat it am anything beyond a vagary."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Back Numbers Wanted.

To make our files of this year perfect we need a few copies of THE TRUTH SEEKER of April 5, 1884. Anyone having a copy of that date to spare will greatly oblige by mailing it to this office. In payment the sender may select any ten-cent pamphlet in our catalog. We would also like, on the same terms, a few numbers of March 15, 1884.

Communications.

What Mr. Andrews Told the Union Reform League.

I write for the purpose of making you a short report of the meeting and proceedings of the sixth annual convention of the Union Reform League, which occurred here the fourth, fifth, and sixth insts. Of that organization I hav since the third meeting had the honor to act as president. Ezra H. Heywood is secretary, and Mrs. Mina M. Egli (late of Switzerland, now of Dakota) is corresponding secretary. A special interest attaches to the meeting of this year, as it is a sort of glorification over the immense triumph for the cause of Freethought and the freedom of the press which has recently occurred through the decision of Judge Pitman, at Worcester, quashing the indictment against Mr. Heywood on the charge of obscenity. The first impression that has gone forth, I believe, is that that decision—as such is usually the case in the quashing of indictments—related to the matter of form, as to the manner of bringing the action only, and that it merely lets Mr. Heywood off in this particular case, but without reaching the principle involved. This is a total mistake. The decision goes centrally to the merits of the case, and, coupled with that of Judge Nelson, in the previous case, at Boston, in the United States Court, virtually reverses the whole current of rulings in the case of Mr. Bennett by Judge Benedict, and puts the whole subject on the grounds which we hav all along contended for. I will in a subsequent communication take up and expound that matter; and so I will confine myself now mainly to giving an account of the convention.

Personally I hav been here something more than two weeks, enjoying the fresh air, the splendid scenery, and the serving hospitality of this Mountain Home. On the 4th of July the convention opened promptly at half-past ten o'clock, and continued during the three days, with three sessions each day, forenoon, afternoon, and evening, often inordinately prolonged from the seeming impossibility to procure adjournments, even for meals, the interest in the discussions overmastering the more mundane appetite; the evening discussions and business being prolonged, the last two days, till midnight or later. The town hall where we hav held our previous meetings having been burnt during the past year, this convention was held in the ample parlors of the Heywoods' (Mountain Home). The first session was inaugurated by the reading of the Declaration of Independence by Alfred E. Giles, Esq., the able lawyer and publicist of Hyde Park, Mass.—who was improvised into the chaplain of the occasion, and continued subsequently to officiate in that capacity at all the more solemn passages of our proceedings.

At the first session Mr. Heywood, in an opening statement, briefly noted the origin, history, and purpose of union reform, urging the necessity of associate effort, to appeal all questions of reform, law, and morals to personal sense of right and duty in the nature of things. In the afternoon Lyman A. Wiley, of Newfield, Mass., known among us as the Dennis Kearney of the East, gave one of his impetuous and electric speeches on the labor and money questions. Friday evening and one session of Saturday were given to the temperance question, and the discussion between Prohibitionists and moral suasionists was lively in the extreme. The speakers were, especially: P. B. Southwick, of Berlin, formerly of the Hopedale Community; Deacon J. T. Everett, of East Princeton, one of the most influential citizens of Princeton; A. H. Wood, of Lunenburg, the Nestor of reform in this whole region, and the youthful and genial wit of near upon eighty years of age; Wm. J. Melvin, the rising young journalist of Clinton; Mr. Giles, Mr. Heywood, and myself. Saturday evening was given to the free love question. Mrs. Egli opened the debate with a lucid, philosophic, and fearless statement. She was followed by Mrs. Wm. J. Melvin, and Mrs. J. S. Laigley, Mr. Southwick, Mrs. Heywood, and others. Mrs. Heywood's talk was spiced, as often happens, with audacities which even radical reformers are not much accustomed to hear, but nobody seemed to be alarmed or worried, and so free speech was vindicated. One session was given entire to Mr. Massena, who read a long but very instructiv paper on European Socialism, with an account of special investigations made by himself into the conditions of labor in the so-called "black" country of England. Part of another session was given to another gentleman from Europe (prudence prevents recording of the name) in exposition of Anarchism and Nihilism. Frank T. Howe, of Nashua, N. H., and M. A. Worth, of Waltham, Mass., added their contributions.

In fine, one session of the convention was given to an exposition of Alwato, one to an exposition of Universology, and one, the concluding session, to the nature and affairs of the Pantarchy. The session given to Alwato proved, I think unexpectedly to the audience, intensely interesting. Indeed, I hav never found any subject in which all sorts of people, the old and the young, the learned and the unlearned, can be more deeply interested than in the analysis of speech—an account of what we do and can do with our mouths, and language generally—when the subject is rightly handled. My six years of service in the introduction of phonography and the spelling reform, many years ago, provided me with an experience which makes me always sure of commanding the interested attention of my audience on that class of subjects. I addressed myself on this occasion especially to Master Hermes Sidney Heywood, a ten-year-old boy, and Miss Vesta Heywood, to whom we were indebted for our music. Phonetics and the spelling reform, going beyond the one language, English, culminate in a universal alphabet—one alphabet for the whole world—a unitary dress for all languages; and Alwato goes the additional step of *being* the one language for the whole world—*wears* that dress. Phonetics (the science), the basis of phonography and of the universal alphabet, is itself based upon the axiom, "One sign to one sound, and one sound to one sign." Alwato is based upon the further-on discovery that every sound, vowel, and consonant has a natural and inherent meaning; so that a universal language is one of the things which is, in the nature of things; and only awaited our discovering faculty—the same in that respect as music.

Universology is based on the similar discovery that unlimited things—infinitudes—like time, space, substance, etc., are like the vowel sounds in language, continuant, uninterrupted, and, therefore, one-like or unismal, while limits—things finiting other things—lines, edges, boundaries, etc., are like consonant sounds, breaky, discontinuant, interruptiv, and therefore two-like or duismal; so that there is an analogy or fundamental similitude between the make-up of the universe, with its infinitudes and boundaries, and the make-up of language, with its vowel and consonant sounds—which then goes further and proves to be a universal analogy or similitude between the elements and the combinations of elements in the make-up of any given sphere of being and the elements and combinations of elements in the make-up of each and every other sphere of being. This subject is somewhat more difficult, and requires a little more pluck, and more of the true student spirit, to be fully interested in it, and to master it. Its immense importance is known, however, to the few who hav studied it.

But the main subject among those especially assigned to me at the convention, and that of which I wish to giv a little further account, especially of what was transacted in that connection at the last meeting, is the Pantarchy. Three years ago the Union Reform League resolved itself into an auxiliary of the Pantarchy, but that action has remained somewhat barren of results. It was probably little more at the time than a generous and graceful compliment to me—a sort of vote of confidence, from which by the constitution of the Pantarchy it could withdraw at any moment, and which, therefore, it felt safe in rendering; and did not, as I knew, imply any very vital understanding of or interest in Pantarchism. That matter was left, therefore, to rest, and go for what it might, and not taken as a foundation to build upon. But, on this occasion, finding that there were two persons present newly known to me, who, from their reading, and from the expositions they listened to, seized with avidity and profundity of comprehension, and strong conviction, upon the central principles, the need, and the feasibility of the Pantarchal institution, and who were willing and anxious to lend their names and pledge their efforts for the more thorough founding of the Pantarchy, I resolved to take this opportunity for a step in advance in that direction. These two individuals were Mrs. Mina M. Egli, a lady of learning, remarkable clearness of perception, and the courage of her opinions, recently of Zurich, Switzerland, and more recently from Dakota, from which distant territory she came to attend this convention. The other is Monsieur L. F. Massena (Pierre Quiroule, his *nom de plume*), from Paris, France, a grandson of the distinguished General and Marshal Massena, of the first (Napoleonic) empire, himself a traveling correspondent for years past of Parisian and London newspapers, with a roving commission to visit all the countries of the world. His address is 12 Union street, London, England. Mrs. Egli is a reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and through it and some correspondence had formed her very decided opinion of the Pantarchy before I met her here, where she still remains, and can be addressed for the present. To Mr. Massena the whole subject was new. The first passage between us was this: I handed him a copy of the "Transactions of the Colloquium," which bears upon the cover the motto of the Colloquium, which is also the motto, and, in fact, the fundamental constitution of the Pantarchy, as to its whole conception—these words:

MOTTO.—"In things proven, Unity; in whatsoever can be doubted, Free Diversity; in things not trenching upon others' rights, Liberty; in all things, Charity."

Mr. Massena had no sooner glanced his eye over this motto than he exclaimed, with great energy and appearance of conviction, "That is the grandest platform that I hav ever seen or heard of; and the first one upon which I am willing to base my life purpose, along with all who will stand upon it." As I hav piqued myself upon this last work of condensation in expressing the ultimate basis of all true human intercourse, which cost me much thought and effort—almost more than I hav spent upon anything else I hav ever done; and as I hav been not a little chagrined that my Radical friends hav made so little use of it—hav, indeed, manifested so little appreciation of it, I was, of course, greatly flattered and pleased at this off-hand verdict of an intelligent European. Further intercourse with Mr. Massena convinced me that his extended and varied travels and adventures all over the earth, and his extensiv acquaintance with the languages and with the habits and the needs of the various peoples, had peculiarly qualified him to grasp the idea of the political side of the Pantarchy—as the future type, beginning now, of the future government of the world. He has already lectured and written on subjects leading up to the idea. I think I may say, indeed, that after myself in this particular, speaking frankly, he is the first man I hav ever met who has distinctly developed what I may call a planetary ambition, in the good sense of the word. By this I mean the conception of the unification of mankind as the immediate feasible thing, leading us to begin at once and to work practically and earnestly by proper device of methods to organize the One Government for the Whole World. The nearest and most distinct approach to this conception which I hav found in any book, not of my own writing, is the following remarkable passage extracted from Lester F. Ward's "Dynamic Sociology:" "It therefore becomes the interest and the duty of society, throwing off the yoke of *government*, in the odious sense of that ill-conceived term, to establish a truly progressiv agency, which shall not only be a product of art, but which shall itself be an art. The institution, like all true arts, must be based upon the recognition of the reality and reliableness of the natural forces with which it is to experiment, and whose laws it is to utilize. These forces are the so-called social forces, as defined in a preceding chapter. The science which treats of them is Sociology. The art which consists in their application [which is the mode of their application] may still, for the want of a better term, be called government. But the present empirical, anti-progressiv institution, miscalled the art of government, must be transformed into a central agency of social sciences, which shall stand in the same relation to the control of men in which the polytechnic institute stands to the control of nature."

All this is pure Pantarchism; and is, indeed, so named by Mr. Ward himself elsewhere. It is a precise description of the University State, the central organization of the Pantarchy, as planned, programmed, and intended by me. Others here and in Europe are talking vaguely of the Universal Republic, the Parliament of the World, etc., but no other writer has so sensed the fact as Mr. Ward has, that the government of the future must and will be reduced to the organized results of science applied to the Collectiv Life of the World. And yet even with Ward this is, as yet, a mere speculativ programming of the idea. He does not propose to do anything about it here and now. The actual Pantarchy goes the step farther, and enters upon the work of practically organizing this universal government of the future into a real, concrete working existence—of course in mere germ, but as a thing which is to grow and fill the whole earth. The Pantarch is simply the volunteer head-center who undertakes to lead in this enterprise of promulgating the idea, and getting it into working condition, of rallying the scientific world to become practically reformatory, and of rallying reformers to become scientific, and then artismal. That I should assume this office myself, at least for the time being, is inevitable, if the thing is to be done, as there is nobody else who appreciates the conception, and is willing to giv the necessary time, labor, and devotion to its practical outworking.

These remarks apply more especially to the political side of the Pantarchy. It has numerous other branches—domestic, educational, inter-communicativ (lingual), artistic, religious, etc. In the general sense, including all these, in embryo, the Pantarchy has been inaugurated for more than twenty years, has had a name to liv, and has had a somewhat filmy and unrefined existence; but has been steadily engaged in necessary preliminary work. It has even not been altogether without a treasury based on the idea of voluntary tribute. Some thousands of dollars hav been contributed for publication, and other contingencies. A single gentleman has paid in more than a thousand dollars—he being a High Church Episcopalian, and not willing that his left hand should know what his right hand executes. But until the present occasion there has been no formal inauguration of the Political Side of the Pantarchy as a High and Scientific sort of Internationalism, looking to the bringing of all the nations and peoples of the earth into political unity. It was the presence, here, on this bright Fourth of July, and afterwards, of Mrs. Egli, the lady, scholar, and traveler, and of Mr. Massena, the world-wide traveler, earnest reformer, and prospectiv international statesman; with the com-

plete intelligence and deep interest they manifested in respect to the design; and the presence also at the convention of several Americans just returned from prolonged and critical European travel, who gave their sympathies and prospectiv cooperation, which determined me to choose this occasion to inaugurate, formally, this Political Side or Section of the Pantarchy; and these were the events which occurred: Premising that, in so far as individuals can stand for nations, Mrs. Egli represents the republic of Switzerland, Mr. Massena the republic of France, and myself the United States—the three great republics of the world—it being in the true order that the republics should enter the Pantarchy first, as being nearer to its design.

I concluded a somewhat prolonged exposition of the Pantarchy in this sense, on this last evening of the convention, by stating a technical distinction between Pantarchists and Pantarchians (see "Constitution of the Pantarchy"), to the effect that students of the principles of Pantarchism and who favor its purposes sympathetically, but without becoming formal and proposed members of the organization, are denominated Pantarchists; and the formal and professed members are known as Pantarchians. The difference is something like that between the congregation and the church-members in church affairs. I stated that I hav good reason to believe that every person present was a Pantarchist, but that only two, Mrs. Egli and Mr. Massena, had proposed themselvs and been accepted by me for full membership. I then greeted them as fellows, extending a hand to each, and the ceremony was concluded, except in its financial aspect. A small single piece of money was then put into my hand by each of the new members, to symbolize the principle of Voluntary Taxation, upon which the new order of government is founded. Of the fund thus placed at my disposition, I then turned over (appropriated) ninety per cent to Mrs. Heywood to be applied by her to the local work at Princeton, auxiliary to the Pantarchy, retaining ten per cent of the amount, as the special contribution to the sustentation of the center. And, in fine, I then appointed Mrs. Egli as one of my semi-military helpers (in this new Salvation Army), *aide de camp*—the first appointed with that title—and appointed Mr. Massena Courier to the Pantarchy abroad, with the prospectiv office of Embassador.

The special logement of the University-state, as the Head of the Pantarchy, is the University of the Pantarchy. Such an institution has been chartered under the Special Act of Congress for the District of Columbia. Circumstances hav hitherto fixed its working center at New York, at and near my home (of course, also in an embryonic way, for the want of men and means). Circumstances now seem to point to the development of a branch of the University at this place, as a summer resort of the students, and a summer school of Philosophy, Science, and Universal Reform. STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

Princeton, Mass., July 11, 1884.

Foote-Note on Vivisection.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* After reading Mr. Preston's last communication on vivisection, I concluded to make no reply, for two reasons. Firstly, because he was manifestly unwilling to discuss the subject from the point of view of my first criticism—that it is *relativly unimportant* as an evil; and, secondly, because, as I hav previously said, I do not consider it of enough importance to occupy much of your space. To fortify my position, I had made a few clippings from the daily press, of which I will now only offer the suggestiv titles, though any one subject could be written up in as lurid a light, and with as heart-rending a pen picture, as Mr. Preston's last presentation of details of vivisection. The headings are: "Wanton Butchery of Deer in Canada;" "A Bill Before Parliament Prohibiting Wanton Shooting of Pigeons;" "The Buffalo Chase"—a slaughter of four hundred buffaloes during three weeks by one hunting party in Montana, just for sport. One clipping I would like to quote here:

"Recent dispatches state that a great deal of indignation has been excited over the reported condition of insane women in the county poorhouses throughout the state of Indiana. The secretary of the state board of health and the superintendent of the insane asylum hav been making a survey of these poorhouses, and the condition of things is terrible. Superintendent Fletcher states: 'If one could tell half the truth about the poorhouses of Indiana, and the treatment of the women in them, the insane and the idiotic, I believe the women of Indiana would move upon them and tear them down. There is a fine opening for reform, and if you will awaken sentiment on the subject, you cannot fail of doing great good.'"

This is an object more worthy of humane effort and a philanthropic purse than the formation of an anti-vivisection society. But now I come to the point that led me to open up the subject again. Mr. Preston's last appeal was that all good people should exert themselvs to prevent the legal license of vivisection under restriction as in England, and it is the report of work done under such licenses (published in the *Medical Record* of July 12th), which I would call especial attention to. The extent of the evils of vivisection in England can be fairly judged from this report, I suppose, and if there is any clandestin work of a more serious kind, it would not be reached by a repressiv law any more than by the existing provision for license. Now for figures: 44 persons held licenses; 32 licenses were made use of; 535 experiments were performed; 290 were made with anesthetics, and the subjects killed before return of sensibility; 177 were experiments in inoculation—some 55 of these without anesthetics, but causing no more direct pain than vaccination. The inspector's report concludes, "The amount of direct or indirect suffering from the performance of physiological experiments during the past year was wholly insignificant, and limited to about 15 animals." I hav nowhere denied that vivisection may hav been accompanied by unnecessary brutality since its inception, but this is true of other good institutions, or such as hav been considered good. There is less brutality in the enforced service of domestic animals, less in the education of children, less in penal and insane asylums, and very much less in the propagation of creeds; but in all directions there is as much room for improvement as in the practice of vivisection; and probably in no other direction is progress more rapid and more in accord with humane ideas.

E. B. FOOTE, JR.

Wasted Millions.

The English church is enormously rich. Precisely what its income is the two archbishops who are at the head of the establishment alone know, and they keep that knowledge to themselvs; but with tithes, glebe, pew-rents, and other sources of revenue included, the income is over $50,000,000 per annum. Some of the most valuable property in the United Kingdom belongs to the church of England, which has held it ever since it was taken away from the Roman Catholics and bestowed by Henry VIII. on his church to make the fealty of the newly created bishops certain and sure. The archbishop of Canterbury has an income of $75,000 a year, and the archiepiscopal palace given him as a residence besides. The fortunate holder of this pleasant position is the Right Honorable and Most Reverend Edward White Benson, who succeeded Archbishop Tate in 1882. He has a staff of seven persons, the head of which is a dean, the Very Rev. R. Payne Smith, who receives $10,000 a year, and six canons—one an arch-deacon—who each get $5,000 a year, and has also a large household of officials, such as prebendaries, minor canons and other clergymen. The other bishops are paid as follows: Right Hon. and Right Rev. John Jackson, bishop of London, has $50,000 a year; Lightfoot, bishop of Durham, $35,000 (his dean, the Very Rev. C. W. Lake, is allowed $15,000 for assist- his superior, which he does by preaching one sermon a week); Edward Harold Browne, bishop of Winchester, $35,500; Right Rev. James R. Woodford, bishop of Ely (it is he of whom Thackeray speaks under the thin disguise of "the bishop of Ealing,"), $27,500. The bishops of Bath, Lincoln, Oxford, Salisbury, and Worcester each receive $25,000, and the others are paid from $22,500 to $15,000, and finally, the bishop of Sodor and Man, who has neither cathedral or dean, gets $10,000 annually, principally for doing nothing.

The First Sight of Greely.

From Mr. Norman, the ice pilot of the Thetis, who was the first to enter Lieutenant Greely's camp, the following graphic report has been elicited:

"At 8 o'clock on the evening of the 22d of June, having found a record previously three miles north of Cape Sabine, we proceeded in the steam launch to the spot indicated as the camping ground of the Greely party. As we approached within two yards of the shore we saw a man staggering down the hillside toward the ice fort. He held a small flag in his hand attached to which was a piece of a handkerchief. This he feebly waved. As soon as the steam launch struck the shore Captain Ash, of the Bear, and myself jumped on the shore. The man proved to be Long, one of the Greely party. He wore a haggard, ghastly look, and was scarcely able to stand. He muttered out his words. They asked him how all hands were. He replied, 'There are seven of us left.' I ran up immediately to the place where he pointed out the camp. Captain Ash and Lieutenant Colwell went back to the launch to bring some pemmican biscuits and some stimulating drink. When I reached within a few yards of the tent I cried out, 'Cheer up, Greely.' 'Is that you, Norman?' faintly replied Lieutenant Greely, who knew my voice, although three years had elapsed since I bid him farewell in the Proteus in Lady Franklin Sound.

"A fierce storm was blowing and the tent had fallen on its wretched occupants. I cut and tore it open, entered and there saw with horror the pale, shriveled form of Greely lying in the middle of the camp, encased in his sleeping bag; Ellison, with hands and feet lopped off by frost since the first of the previous year; Beiderbeck lay down listlessly in front of Greely; Connell, pointed at by his comrades as dying, was reclining in a motionless posture on Greely; Brainard lay down alone under the shelter of a corner of the tent, and was separated to the eye from his comrades in misfortune. Immediately Captain Ash, Lieutenant Colwell, and the chief engineer arrived, and we at once began to administer small doses of food of the lightest description. The men at first were ravenous and loudly insisted on getting more and more food. We refused to gratify their wishes, fearing disastrous results from over-eating.

"The launch was dispatched to the steamer, and brought on shore to our assistance Drs. Ames and Greene and Commander Schley. Preparations were at once made to convey the party on board. All the records were gathered up, and everything worth saving was carried down to the launch. We left nothing behind but some clothing and a few cans of the wretched food on which Lieutenant Greely and his men were living for weeks. This consisted chiefly of scraps of sealskin cut up in small pieces about the size of a cent piece. It had been stewed and converted into a kind of broth, with some shrimps and seaweed. This repulsiv stew formed the sole diet of Lieutenant Greely and his unfortunate comrades."

Popular Creed.

"I believe in Capital, Father Almighty, maker of weal and woe, and of all things visible and invisible. And in one power, Usury and Increase, the only begotten Son of Capital, begotten of the Father before all dues. Money of money, wealth of wealth, very cash of very cash, begotten, not made, being of one substance with capital, and whereby all things are done; which for us men and for our perdition came forth from the bottomless; and was invented by '*anra sacra fames*,' and incarnate of the virgin money, and was made gold, stamped, and established also for our fleecing under all governments. It is conjured with and buried and made to rise again, according to the bank books.

"And I believe in '*anra sacra fames*,' the Lord and Giver of Business, which proceedeth from Capital and Interest, which with the Father and Son together are worshiped and glorified; which spake by the economists. And I believe in one all-gathering and illimitable Thrift. I acknowledge one and every dodge for the fleecing of the poor, and I look for the Kingdom of Iniquity and eternal plunder to come—amen."

A New Zealand View of the Population Question.

From the Freethought Review (Wanganui).

There is no part of Mr. George's book, "Progress and Poverty," more open to criticism and refutation than the chapters on Malthusianism. To tell the Irish people that they may be as reckless and improvident in this one respect in the future as they hav been in the past, if they can only get rid of landlordism, is to encourage them to sink into a more helpless condition than they hav yet experienced. Whatever increase of wealth or of food may take place in consequence of political or economic changes, it is certain that, unless the prudential or other check be applied, the population will rapidly rise to high-water mark of the means of subsistence. If the economic rent were confiscated to-morrow, and every occupier lived rent free, the enfranchised tenant would be able, no doubt, to increase his family connections; though we are afraid we should hav to allow for the fact that the rentless landlord might at the same time be compelled to reduce his. The circumstances determining the population a nation may contain are too complex to enable anyone to arrive at an estimate worthy a moment's consideration. But one thing stands out as an indubitable scientific conclusion, that a people who hold it a virtue to bring as many children as possible into the world, will quickly meet with that check included in the Malthusian category which admits of no quibbling over terms—the giant specter of starvation and premature death.

Mr. Moncure D. Conway conveys to an interviewing representativ of the *Pall Mall Gazette* a vivid picture of British India. "The population," he says, "grows thicker and ever thicker upon the soil, increasing by millions the number of paupers—for they are all more or less paupers—festering and squalid in their misery." The interviewer appears to hav been touched by the description, and he asked: "What, then, Mr. Conway, do you think should be done?" "It is difficult to say what," said Mr. Conway with a smile, "unless we are to appoint Mr. Bradlaugh to undertake a general Malthusian apostolate throughout India." A grave word spoken in jest. The rapid increase of population is due to the absence of those checks which before the advent of British rule held sway—the massacre of millions in merciless wars and periodical famins. These checks are removed, while the prudential one has not been supplied. "In India," our authority further remarks, "the first duty of man is to breed. The women are mere child-producing machines." Christian missionaries no doubt increase the mischief as far as they are able by their idle cant about the "providence of God." It is in this field science can work out its ends beneficently, and redeem by a gradual process myriads of human beings from national and individual degradation. Mr. Conway observes that all the educated Hindoos he met were Freethinkers, and it is to them we look with the hope that knowledge will be brought home to every village commune.

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Address all Communications to THE TRUTH SEEKER COMPANY. Make all Drafts, Checks, and Postal Orders payable to CHARLES P. SOMERBY.

SATURDAY, - - - AUGUST 2, 1884.

☞ **We wish that our subscribers who are in arrears would make a special effort to pay up. During the summer months our book sales are small, and we hav to depend upon the subscriptions coming in to pay expenses, which are just as heavy now as ever. We know that business generally is dull, that "times are hard," but the amounts are so small individually that it would seem no one can be inconvenienced by paying his dues, while in the aggregate they foot up large, and mean everything to us. It is unpleasant to us to dun our friends, and money is never asked for till imperativly needed; now we must hav it to pay bills with. A good many hundreds of dollars are due on subscriptions, so we are not asking a favor, but simple justice and square dealing between friends. It is usual for papers to exact pay in advance, but we hav never adopted the rule, believing that Liberals are honest enough not to cheat the printer. But the accommodation sorely tries our resources, and the readers ought not to force us to wait longer than they can help.**

The Pulpit and Press at Odds.

The step recently taken by Park Commissioner Viele in changing the weekly concerts given in Central Park from Saturday afternoon to Sunday afternoon has awakened about all the latent bigotry in the churches of this city. Since the first concert the preachers hav been untiring in their efforts to hav the playing stopped. The general opinion of the ministers is the same as that of the Connecticut Puritans, who smashed the organ, that Sunday music is of the devil, and is one of his most potent weapons to win souls from God. They take the ground that this is a Christian country, and that one day of the week has been consecrated to Christianity; any violation of this day is, therefore, a violation of their rights. Argument with them has no effect. The insolence of their demands never seems to occur to them, and the deniers of their claims receive no courtesy.

In this fight, however, the people hav the aid of a force more potent than the pulpit—the press. With no exceptions worth noting, the great secular papers are against the clergy. Of course the religious press is a unit in backing up the churches, but its influence is small upon the general public. The *Times, Sun, Herald, Star,* and the best evening papers speak out openly about this question, and advise the ministers to acquiesce in what they cannot help. The time has gone by, the dominies are pointedly informed, when they could control the people's amusements. John Calvin might regulate the dress and manner of the Genevan laity, Knox, Wesley, and Mather might tyrannize over their followers, but this being the nineteenth century, and people not being all fools, the clergy must confine their efforts to the religious sphere. Any exceeding of duty will be rebuked by loss of prestige and power. When the clergy are found against the people, the people will leave the clergy.

The result of this is another victory for freedom, and another broken link in the chain supernaturalism has riveted on men. With the great press on our side, it cannot be long ere the demands of Liberalism are allowed. Let us hope that the editors will dare to argue for the other points as ably as they hav for this one of Sunday music.

The Monument Fund.

When the monument was dedicated only $5.41 was lacking to pay the entire bills. Since then we hav received the following sums:

J. D. Edgar	$1 00	Jos. La Tumee	$1 00
Henry Tilley	50	Geo. N. Cross	1 00
Dr. H. L. Horton	50	E. N. Kingsley	25
Lew Breedlove	1 00	Nelson Hunt	50
M. B. De Lano	1 00	J. Phillips	1 00
E. M. Carr	1 20	Chas W. Bowser	1 00
Wm. F. Davis	1 00	Jacob Cretors	50
Silas Burd	1 00	W. H. Fitch	1 00
Chas. Gregg	50	Jas. E. Bishop	1 00
W. A. Lowe	50	Elliott Preston	50
Peter "	50	G. H. Abel	1 00
			$17 45

These sums were all received shortly after the publication of the dedication services, and were evidently the visible signs of a generous emulation as to who should pay the last dollar. They are entered as received. Mr. Edgar's, Mr. Tilley's, Dr. Horton's, Mr. Breedlove's, Mr. De Lano's, and Mr. Carr's subscriptions were all needed, and twenty-one cents of Mr. Wm. F. Davis's. The subsequent subscriptions are subject to the order of the donors, and will be credited in any way desired, as will any sums hereafter received. If we may be allowed, we suggest that orders for lithographs would be appreciated, as the cost of that will be between two and three hundred dollars, but a small portion of which has been so far received. The lithographs ought to hav been ready ere this, but the perfection of the drawing—the first not being quite natural—has consumed much time. We are promised it now, however, very soon. But any disposition of the money will be acceptable to us, so long as our friends are suited.

The League and the Nashville "Liberal."

The Nashville *Liberal* is usually a bright paper, but its aged editor must hav mislaid his spectacles when he read the paragraph from THE TRUTH SEEKER criticised by him as follows:

"The noble TRUTH SEEKER, in speaking of the National Liberal League, and of the supposed inefficiency of some of its officers, closes its article by saying:

" 'If the League at the next Congress cannot take steps to command more means of action, cannot draw to its support men and women willing to work for its objects, it might as well be disbanded as a national organization, and the auxiliaries be converted into such Liberal clubs as their members prefer.'

"It was certainly unfortunate for this grand leader of Freethought to even hint about 'disbanding' the League under any circumstances."

This is nearer caviling than criticising, and applies to neither our sentiments nor words, but only to Mr. Bailey's careless misapprehension of them.

In the first place, we never said that some of the officers of the League are inefficient. They hav undoubtedly done as much work for the League as any men could do who were obliged to earn their daily bread first and labor for the organization second. If the League officers could hav had their families provided for so they could hav given their time to the work more would hav been accomplished. That they can do this in the future a salary should attach to the offices of president and secretary of the League, and these officers should go into the field and earn it.

We said, "disbanded as a *national* organization," leaving the local Leagues to be converted into Liberal clubs—as they now are, in fact, for their allegiance to the parent League is only a formal one, with no benefit to either. And really, what is the use of paying office rent, clerk hire, postage bills, etc., unless some good comes out of the expenditures? The Leagues should be brought into closer relations, the auxiliaries having responsibilities to the national society and deriving benefits therefrom, and the whole should be consolidated and activly supported.

Questioning a gentleman from London the other day, a Liberal of enthusiasm, we learned one reason for Mr. Bradlaugh's great power in that country. It comes from the strong organization of the National Secular Society, which has branches in all parts of England, whose officers are in constant communication with the officers of the parent society. Nothing of importance to Secularism can transpire in any place without some Liberal learning of it, and giving information to the nearest branch, whose secretary sends the information immediately to London. The branches are also local committees to prepare for lectures, for the distribution of literature, and for activ campaign work generally. In turn the parent society helps the branches by furnishing counsel for members when, as sometimes happens, their outspoken opposition to Christianity and disregard of the "sacred sabbath" gets them in the clutches of the inquisition, as it did Foote and his confreres; and in different ways effectually repays the allegiance of the branches. This plan, or something similar, should be tried in this country, and we hope to see the initial steps taken at the coming Congress at Cassadaga Lake.

Man and Brute.

In a paper in the current *North American Review,* Mr. George J. Romanes discusses the question of mind in men and animals—whether they differ only in degree, or whether man's is of another order altogether, having a different mode of origin, and distinct traits. On this subject there is a wide divergence of opinion, even among the scientific evolutionists, but its importance is too plain to be passed over.

In early days, before evolution, we were taught that men had minds, God-given, of course, but that the reasoning faculty the Lord had endowed animals with was instinct. This theological distinction between man and the brute Mr. Romanes passes over, as "it rests upon a dogma with reference to which scientific inquiry has no point of legitimate contact." This well-phrased disdain of Christian standards is not exceptional with Mr. Romanes. It permeates all our scientific literature, and is one reason for the dislike theologians entertain of science and its votaries.

Observing that it has been established that the principles of evolution apply to the phenomena of mind as we find them presented in the lower animals, and that we hav satisfactory evidence of these phenomena being all due to processes of a natural and continuous development, the causation of which is now in a large manner ascertained, Mr. Romanes attempts to prove not only the mental evolution of man, but to show the principles which hav been concerned in the process. He first considers the question on purely *a priori* ground. There is no dispute that the process of organic and mental evolution has been continuous throughout the whole region of life and of mind—with the one exception of the mind of man. Therefore he holds, as reason one, that it is highly "improbable that the process of evolution, elsewhere so uniform and ubiquitous, should be interrupted at its terminal phase," as it must be if man's mind is of a distinct order from other minds, or reasoning powers, found to exist. This he considers a very strong point, the presumption that there can be no such break in the chain of evolution being so "considerable that it could only be fairly counterbalanced by some very cogent and unmistakable facts showing a difference between animal and human" minds "so distinctiv as to render it . . . impossible that one could ever graduate into the other." Second: It is unquestionable that the mind of every individual human being presents to actual observation a process of gradual development or evolution from infancy to manhood, and that in this unfoldment from a zero level to, it may be great genius, there is no sudden break, or leap of progress, such as the passage from one kind of mental life to another might be expected to show. Everyone, from their own experience in watching the growth of children, can bear Mr. Romanes out in this. Third: It is also a matter of recorded observation, from documents, traditions, antiquarian remains, and flint implements, that in the history of the race there has been a steady growth from barbarism to civilization, and no traces of "cataclysmic" jumps are anywhere found. This, the last of his *a priori* considerations, Mr. Romanes concludes proves that if the process of evolution was interrupted between the anthropoid apes and primitiv man, it must hav recommenced with primitiv man and since then been continued as uninterruptedly in the human species as it previously did in the animal. This hypothetical break between the anthropoid apes and early man Mr. Romanes holds to be antecedently improbable; and, if analogy is worth anything as a guide in reasoning, he is right, for the principle of continuity in nature, as he says, is the principle found by men of science to be the one most often verified when introduced as a hypothesis to temporarily bridge over a chasm or break in discovered facts.

Mr. Romanes then proceeds to review impartially the objections found by the psychologists to this theory of continuous evolution in mind as well as in

physical bodies. It used to be held that animals were unconscious machines, but he concludes that the theory has been given up by all whose opinions in such a matter are worth considering; and he likewise sets aside as of no consequence the distinction once made between human and brute psychology that the one is rational and the other not, for he contends that the rationality of brutes—meaning by rational merely the power of drawing inferences from observation—has been abundantly proved by the numberless instances of the display of this quality. The dictum of Aristotle and Buffon that brutes hav no power of mental apprehension Mr. Romanes considers to be unquestionably opposed to all the facts of observation; and he finds in Locke the first opponent with objections worthy extended consideration. Locke held that the mind of the brute differs from that of man in not being able to form abstract ideas. To this Mr. Romanes observes: "Now, it must be observed that Locke here restricts the term abstraction to that higher manifestation of the faculty which consists in thinking about an abstraction as an abstraction. I cannot find that he denies to animals the power which they unquestionably possess of forming general ideas of qualities as apart from any particular objects in which the qualities may inhere. A dog, for instance, like a young child, has a general idea of hot and cold, good-for-eating and bad-for-eating, etc., although we hav no evidence to show that he ever thinks about this idea as an idea, or sets the idea itself before his mind as an object of contemplation. To me, therefore, it appears that Locke, when properly understood, has here hit the nail upon the head. The one great distinction, and indeed the only one which can be shown to obtain between the two orders of mind in question, consists in the power which the human mind displays, not merely of forming abstract ideas of qualities as apart from particular objects, but of thinking about these abstractions afterward as abstractions. This is the initial or basal distinction. But, narrow at first as the space included between two lines of rail at their point of divergence, we hav here the beginning of a difference which is destined to end at the opposit poles of mind. For, by a continuous advance along the same line of development, the human mind (we may see the process exemplified in the psycho-genesis of every child) is enabled to think about abstractions of its own making, which are more and more remote from the sensuous perceptions of concrete objects; it can unite these abstractions into an endless variety of ideal combinations; these, in turn, may become eleborated into ideal constructions of a more and more complex character; and so on, till we arrive at the full powers of introspectiv thought, of which we are each one of us directly cognizant."

In this Mr. Romanes finds "the only distinction that can be shown to obtain [exist] between the two orders of mind." And the task of explaining it is the one he sets for himself. In the first place, he finds that "all the emotional and intellectual ingredients of animal psychology are identical with those of human, so far as they go." This being so, the difference is but a prodigious superadded growth. Is this growth accounted for by environment and experience? Mr. H. Lewes has shown, says Mr. Romanes, that in animals as well as in ourselvs, there is a "logic of feelings." That is to say, familiarity with the circumstances of his life has given man a logic, or grouping together of laws. He is also able to reason about his own thoughts. Whether animals are in any measure able to do this, there is no question that they can and do adapt their actions to circumstances, thus evincing a logic of feelings. Reasoning that this proves the common origin of both, Mr. Romanes shows how it is that men hav gone so far, mentally, beyond their brute ancestors. The reason of this is, the power of speech. "A very little reflection," he says, "is enough to show of how immense a service are verbal signs as instruments of thought. By giving to an abstract idea a name we are able, as it were, mentally to handle it, to compound it with other symbolical abstractions of the same kind, and so on till we arrive at verbal symbols of more and more complex qualities, as well as of conception further and further removed from immediate perception. Words are thus like the steps of a ladder, by the help of which we climb into higher and higher regions of abstraction; they are also like coins or bank notes, into which we manage to condense a large amount of that value which we term meaning; or, to use a still closer analogy, they are like the symbols employed by the mathematician, which may contain in an easily manipulated form the results of a long calculation, no part of which could hav been conducted but for the use of other symbols of the same kind. So that, to put the matter briefly, we may say with Max Müller, that the growth of thought and language is coral-like; each generation of living thoughts secretes around itself the staple forms of words, which in turn serve as the basis for a further generation of thoughts."

The next question is, Why has man alone been gifted with the power of speech? First, in what does the essence of the logos consist? or, what is speech? "Analysis shows that it consists in the power of predication, *or of making a proposition*, which is the expression of the power of forming a judgment. Thus far, men of all schools of thought are in agreement, even Mr. Mivart conceding that 'if the brute could think "is" man and brute would be brothers.' I conceive, then," concludes Mr. Romanes, "that the only question before us is to explain the possible evolution of the power of predication."

Asking the inquirer to remember that speech in all its forms is nothing more than a highly elaborated systems of signs, and that the gestures of a deaf mute or an Indian are as distinct propositions as though orally made, Mr. Romanes proceeds to show that this power to propose occurs among animals at least as far down in the scale as the ants, and much more developed in animals as high as the anthropoid apes. "Pointer dogs make gesture signs, the meaning of which they well understand; terriers will 'beg' for food; cats will pull at one's dress to lead one to their kittens in trouble; and a hundred other instances might be given. It is true that in none of these instances hav we any evidence of predication, properly so called. But we hav the germ of it. And when we hav an animal sufficiently intelligent intentionally to translate its logic of feelings into a logic of signs for the purpose of communication, we hav an animal which, in effect, is making a proposition, although it may not know or think about the proposition as a proposition. The quadrumana habitually employ vocal signs as well as gestures whereby to express their emotions and the comparativly simple logic of their feelings. Let us, then, try to imagin an anthropoid ape somewhat more intelligent than the remarkable chimpanzee which has recently been brought to the Zoological Gardens of London, and which, in respect of intelligence, as well as hairlessness and carnivorous habits, is, perhaps, the most human-like of these animals hitherto observed. It does not seem to me very difficult to imagin that such an animal should extend the vocal signs which it habitually employed in the expression of its emotions to the conventional naming of a few familiar objects, such as food, child, etc. This, indeed, is no more than we find to be the case with a much less intelligent animal, viz., the parrot, which in many cases certainly uses vocal signs as names—whether these vocal signs are words the meaning of which it has been taught, sounds imitativ of those made by the objects named, or, as is sometimes the case, wholly arbitrary, such as a peculiar squeak to signify a nut. Whether this nominativ stage of language in the ape was first reached by articulation, or, as is more probable, by vocal sounds of other kinds, and gestures, is immaterial. In either case the advance of intelligence which would thus hav been secured would in time hav reacted upon the sign-making faculty, and so hav led to an extension of the vocabulary, both as to sounds and gestures. Sooner or later the vocal signs, assisted by gestures, and even leading to a gradual advance of intelligence, would hav become conventional, and so, in the presence of suitable anatomical conditions, articulate."

Mr. Romanes has entered, in discussing this subject, upon one of the most difficult of the problems arising from the general acceptance of evolution, and the endeavors of its expounders to follow the protoplasmic germs up through successiv stages of life to man. Physically, his origin may be taken as settled; its twenty-two steps hav been traced; and if Mr. Romanes can determin the psychological problems ever presenting themselvs, his labors will be second to none in value. In his present paper—which is but an epitome of his forthcoming book—he has, we think, made a large contribution to evolutionist literature.

"THE Truth Seeker Annual and Freethinkers' Almanac," 25 cents.

A Call for the Eighth Annual Congress of the National Liberal League.

All citizens of the United States, whether they hav heretofore acted with this League or not, who believe in a secular government and a secular republic, separation of church and state, the equality of all citizens before the law, without distinction of creed or race or sex; justice for all, and privileges and monopolies for none; the need of universal secular education, free speech, and a free press as the basis of universal suffrage, are invited to appear or to be represented at the Eighth Annual Congress of the National Liberal League, to be held at Cassadaga Lake, Chautauqua Co., New York, on Monday and Tuesday, the 8th and 9th of September next (at the close of the New York Freethinkers' Convention at that place).

The League has for its objects the purposes above stated, and has sought to carry them out by securing:

1. THE TOTAL SEPARATION OF CHURCH AND STATE; this is the first and chief object of the League, and includes among other things the taxation of church property and the suppression of sectarian appropriations; and, as necessary to that general object, the League insists upon,
2. The protection of all citizens in their equal religious, civil, and political rights, without regard to religious belief or want of such belief.
3. The universal, secular, and scientific education of the people, so as to emancipate them from the prevalent superstitions.
4. The impartial, secular administration and enforcement of the laws by secular authorities only, who shall be directly responsible to the people.
5. The inviolability of the mails, and their impartial administration for postal purposes only.
6. Freedom of the press and of speech, without any censorship except responsibility before the jury of the country for any abuse of that freedom.

Year by year we find that the above principles and measures are openly or covertly violated more and more in every state and by the general government, and chiefly through church influences. Any sect, church, or "religion" that militates against these principles openly or covertly, directly or indirectly, is the enemy of American liberty and of the American people. The League is opposed to churches and "religions" only as they are opposed to liberty and to the rights of man, the general education of the people, and the progress of mankind.

All American citizens, therefore, to whom these principles and objects commend themselvs, should rally to their support by a common and permanent organization, which is now the National Liberal League, and should make it the nurse and defender of freedom in every town and state as well as in the nation. In no other way can "the blessings of liberty," the birth-right of American freemen, be effectivly maintained. At this Congress it is designed to revise the basis of the League so as to make it so broad and Liberal that all who sympathize with its general purpose may co-operate with it to the end that a general union of all citizens of Liberal sentiments may result, and that new officers of the League may be selected without regard to past differences.

All Charter and Life Members of the League, and all delegates from local Auxiliary Leagues, will hav votes in the Congress. Each Auxiliary is entitled to send five delegates—its president, secretary, and three other members—*to* the Congress. Annual members are entitled to seats in the Congress, and to votes by the permission of the Congress.

Combine, then, for your common defense, for general secular education, and for the firm support of the essentials of free institutions. Let it not be your fault if, in the growth and prosperity of our people, their liberties and yours are frittered away and lost!

Dated New York, July 12, 1884.

T. B. WAKEMAN, President N. L. L.
ELIZUR WRIGHT, 1st Vice-President.
T. C. LELAND, Secretary, 744 Broadway, New York.

Literary Notices.

THE *North American Review* for August contains an article by Justice James V. Campbell on "The Encroachments of Capital," which will command the serious attention of all readers. Richard A. Proctor treats of "The Origin of Comets," and succeeds in presenting that difficult subject in a light so clear that persons who hav little or no astronomy can follow his argument. "Are We a Nation of Rascals?" is the startling title of an article by John F. Hume, who shows that states, counties, and municipalities in the United States hav already formally repudiated, or defaulted in the payment of interest on, an amount of bonds and other obligations equal to the sum of the national debt. Judge Edward C. Loring finds a "Drift toward Centralization" in the recent judgment of the United States Supreme Court on the power of the federal government to issue paper money, and in the opinion of the minority of the same court rendered in the suit for the Arlington property. Julian Hawthorne writes of "The American Element in Fiction," and there is a symposium on "Prohibition and Persuasion," by Neal Dow and Dr. Dio Lewis.

A GOOD way to promote the cause of Freethought is to get trial subscribers for THE TRUTH SEEKER. To such the paper will be sent three months for fifty cents.

Letters from Friends.

PHILADELPHIA, July 10, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find three dollars for the paper for the ensuing year. Permit me to congratulate you on the able manner in which the paper is edited. Every number is full of interest and shows the untiring industry of its management.

Yours respectfully, JOHN B. MAKINS.

CARROLL, IOWA, July 6, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find petition for state secularization containing eleven names. I hav handed it to men who called themselvs Infidels, yet they would not sign. One man said the public money was never appropriated for religious purposes. He believes that all religions are frauds, yet he is willing that the Bible should be read in the schools, and the Jesus crowd nursed and encouraged in every way possible.

RICHARD CONWAY.

DOWAGIAC, MICH., July 15, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I hav this moment finished reading S. P. Putnam's article in last TRUTH SEEKER, of the 12th inst., and it so fully expresses my sentiments in regard to the "new departure," also the right man for leader, that I cannot refrain saying Amen, and Amen. I, too, hate compromise and policy. He says, "Giv us the whole man." Then I say, Place woman by his side, and all will be well. Never will the League succeed till this is done. Heed my words! ABBIE KNAPP.

HIGHLANDS, N. C., July 10, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Would it be possible or practicable among Freethinkers to save and keep up a fund—as the Christians do—to pay one or more good Liberal lecturers to spread the truth among the people by lectures and circulating of Liberal documents among such communities as are indifferent to or unable to hire lecturers? There is in every village the nucleus of a Freethought organization, that, with a little assistance, might be developed into a successful, self-sustaining society.

Respectfully yours, JAMES RIDEOUT.

WASHINGTON, IND., July 14, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: The inclosed $1.00 is to pay my subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER four months, to November 22, 1884. I hav no fault to find with THE TRUTH SEEKER except its willfully wrong spelling, and would like it still better than I do if you printed fewer articles on Spiritualism, which I consider a grand humbug. I like the paper well enough to continue a subscriber, and I think the editorials, articles on the tariff, and Miss Wixon's department, worth many times the subscription price of it. I want John Peck's "Infidel Philosophy" printed in book form. It would make one of the grandest works ever published. Y JOHN A. GEETING.

MURRAY, O., July 16, 284.

MR. EDITOR: In your issue of July 12th I see that no immediate action will be taken in regard to state secularization through Congress, Mr. Curtis and yourself agreeing that it will be better to postpone the matter until a more convenient season. By following in this direction it will enable us to increase the number of signers. Consequently I took around another petition this morning and succeeded in securing a few names. I hope that every Liberal who has read THE TRUTH SEEKER of July 12th will act likewise. Let us work with renewed energy. Roll up the names. In the language of Brother H. L. Green, "Let us all unite and work for liberty and humanity." D. E. LEWIS.

HORNITOS, CAL., July 4, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $5, for which you will please send THE TRUTH SEEKER for one year to the inclosed address, and the balance place to my credit. I hope to get more subscribers soon. The new subscriber whose name and address I inclose is a No. 1 millwright, and an intelligent and outspoken Freethinker. He is building a quartz mill for me. I took out to the mine several bundles of TRUTH SEEKERS, which I hav sewed up in three-month volumes since January 1, 1880. Also *Radical Reviews* and big little *Man*, for the men to read in their off-hours. In the course of two weeks I will hav the mill finished, when I will hav more men to work, and will keep them stocked with Freethought reading, by which means I hope to procure more subscribers.

R. W. BARCROFT.

NORTH WOLCOTT, N. Y., July 14, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $2, for which send me the following list. I am very much pleased with the Bennett monument, and think it is elegant, and a fitting tribute to the dead hero whose name and principles it represents.

I think THE TRUTH SEEKER is growing better all the while; and I could not afford to be without it, for it is a source of mental food that strengthens and enlightens the brain that feasts upon it; and I only wish that every individual bowed down in the slavery of ignorance and superstition could receive the blessed liberty and light shed abroad by the glorious old TRUTH SEEKER, edited by E. M. Macdonald.

Yours for Freethought, C. H. BETTS.

WOODSTOCK, VT., July 7, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I look upon your paper, THE TRUTH SEEKER, as the highest type of a journal in all respects, with one exception. I am a Spiritualist—this you knew before; I hav not changed. But my knowledge of that world to come increases with age, from my intercourse with those that hav gone on before me. They return and do communicate, and I do see and hold communion with them as when on earth. I hav one or two friends whom I wish to hav know what is going on out of their beaten track. I know of nothing that will increase their desire to know of these things more beneficially than your paper, and I will send you their names and remit to you the amount that you require for three months, hoping that at the end of that time they will wish to continue in the knowledge which they can gain by the perusal of THE TRUTH SEEKER.

Yours, etc., JOHN D. POWERS.

DEADWOOD, DAK., July 9, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $2.30, of which giv me credit on subscription for $1, and apply the balance to the Monument Fund—that is to say, $1 of it—the thirty cents is for the picture.

I hope you will encourage the movement to reunite the Liberal forces at the coming League Congress. It seems to me that Underwood's resolution on the obscenity question, as adopted at Philadelphia, and as it stands to-day, covers the ground sufficiently to satisfy the most jealous liberty-lover in the land; while our divisions are certainly most deplorable, and are making us a laughing-stock to all sensible men, and our enemies in particular. Inasmuch as it has been charged that Freelovers hav captured the Liberal League, it would, in my judgment, be wise also to refute such sentiments by proper resolutions at the next session.

Respectfully yours, D. P. WILLCOX.

VINTON, July 12, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: No man venerates the illustrious dead more than I do; but I never thought very much of monuments of marble or brass to enable us to remember them. But I do believe a good deal in monuments of goodness, of good deeds, noble thoughts, and great truths, that lift up the fallen, relieve distress, and make the world better for having been in it. Monuments of that kind will always endure, and never feel the molding touch of time. Hence the reason of my not subscribing to the Monument Fund long ago. But since I hav seen a picture of the beautiful shaft, and read the wise and truthful sayings of our mutual friend on it, I feel like dropping a flower, however small, on his grave. So I will send a little—enough to make the balance an even $5. With kind and loving regards for Mrs. Bennett,

I am truly her friend, M. BRANIN.

ST. PAUL, MINN., July 17, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed you will please find a notice of a lecture delivered by Col. R. G. Ingersoll last Sunday night at the Grand Opera House. The extract is taken from the St. Paul *Daily Globe*, a paper by no means favorable to his views, nor likely to giv a too glowing account of the interest manifested by the people. This was his second appearance in this city. The Young Men's Christian Association had two or three of its advocates stationed near the Opera House distributing tracts, as is customary in such cases. Their texts were from 1 Tim. i, 1-17. The tracts were put into use to turn the masses from the "wide road that leadeth to destruction." The tracts were headed "Orthodoxy," and were supposed to giv a better definition of the subject than Col. Ingersoll. They made very poor reading, but many occupied the time looking them over until the colonel made his appearance on the stage, when everything but what he was saying seemed to be forgotten. From the beginning to the end the attention was most marked, while the rounds after rounds of applause that burst forth all through his lecture showed how much the audience appreciated his rare eloquence and humorous sallies. The success which has attended this lecture should be encouragement to other Freethought speakers to try the same field. Hitherto they hav fought shy of this place, and this is probably the reason we hav no Liberal society here, although the churches are by no means strong. F. W. GREAVES.

MARCO, FLA., July 15, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I hav read all that I hav seen or heard of as coming from Col. Ingersoll, and in point of religion I agree with him *in toto*. But I think he is rather hard upon us in the South. The colonel should remember that Massachusetts was once as much of a slave state as South Carolina. Massachusetts found out that capital payed better in cotton machinery than in slaves. So she ran her slaves off South, sold them for cash, invested in cotton machinery, and then found out that slavery was wrong. The North proclaimed their states free. They preached it in their pulpits and taught it in their schools, until the rising generation thought that God would hold them responsible for its existence in the United States.

Now comes in what I object to. You sold us this property; got value received for it; whipped us, and took it away from us because you were the most powerful. Where is the justice in this case? I don't say that the negro should not be free, but I do say I don't think it was fairly done, after selling us the property and getting pay for it. I think it would hav been right to pay us for it if you wished to free it.

The negro can never make a respectable citizen of our country. I would rather hav a Chinaman for a neighbor than a negro. Nine-tenths of the crime committed in the South is done by negroes. No respectable white person will invite a negro into his house, or sit at his table. There is a law against intermarriage in this state. You had as well think of making a courser out of a donkey as to think of making a president of a negro. It is only the lowest grade of white people that associate with them in the South.

Do you think you could by hunting the negro portion of Africa or the United States find an equal to D. M. Bennett? No, it is not in the race to produce such a head. I wish to state a case that occurred near here some time ago: They were trying a negro, and insisted that a majority of the jury should be negroes. They got all but one negroes, and elected a big-lipped fellow foreman. They soon agreed and went before the judge; the judge called for their verdict. The foreman said: "Wergit! I war in the room dar wid de boys; I didn't see no wergit." The judge looked at the white man in the jury and said: "Were you never on a jury before?" "Yes, sir," he said. "Why were you not appointed as foreman of the jury?" Pointing to the thick-lipped foreman, he said: "They elected that gentleman." If the bone and sinew of Florida has got to govern it, I don't see why mules and jackasses should not hav a fair show. W. T. COLLIER.

EL IOWA, June 15, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Ever since the first proposal to erect a monument to the memory of our dear Bennett, it has been my intention to drop my "mite" into that Fund. To that end you will find herewith $2—$1 for the Monument Fund, the balance as elsewhere designated. Here, in our village of seven hundred inhabitants, we are all blest (?) with four church houses, and as many church organizations, with two others struggling for a foothold. But we also hav a good graded school, and enough good stanch Liberals to run it; and with the help of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and some other Liberal papers, books, and tracts, the thing is about equalized or neutralized, and, on the whole, Freethought is gaining every day.

I don't know if this scribbling will ever see the light, but if it does, I want to say that, as for myself, I came into this world without any wish on my part, and shall fight the leaving of it to the last minute. If I ever existed before I came to this world, I cannot remember it. And if I am to go to another world after this life is done, I hav no knowledge of it now. As to an an infinit God, I, not being able to conceive of the infinit, consequently cannot conceive of an infinit God. If I was always in existence, and did not know it till I was forced into this world, and if I am to be forced out of this into another world by any kind of a God, or any other kind of law, I am satisfied he, or it (the law), will be as kind to me hereafter as now; and this is about the turn of mind of most of the Liberal element here. I am much pleased with your paper, and as soon as I am able, financially, shall work hard for a Liberal reading-room here. Yours, with my heart and money in the work, JAMES COOLEY.

SAINT JOHNS, A. T., July 10, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I had, all along, supposed the "crank" Guiteau, who went thundering down the gallows, to be the chief of cranks; but it appears, however, that the state of Maryland can claim this (dis)honor, for she has yet within her borders the crankiest of cranks. It is to be hoped, for the fair reputation of Maryland, that the "fool-killer" will soon pay a visit to that unfortunate state. Of the two cranks—Guiteau and the Catonsville crank—I prefer the first named. Both were insane after a little notoriety; the first capped the climax of his idiotic ambition by swinging from the gallows, while the other, if left severely alone, will finally die within the walls of some institution for confirmed imbecils. In his correspondence for July 2d, he talks very incoherently of "mad-houses," "strait-jackets," etc., which leads one to believe his wandering, ill-balanced, and rapid brain must hav, in some undefined way, a misty premonition of his future fate.

"This ready man at every meeting rose,
Something to hint, determin, or propose;
And grew so fond of teaching, that he taught
Those who instruction needed not nor sought."

Some people (the Maryland crank is one of them) are never so happy as when they can attract attention from their superiors; and the more fool, the more "cheek" they will display to the world in order to attain this pinnacle of their ambition.

"When Truth and Reason are our friends, we seem
Alive! awake!—the superstitious dream.
Oh! then, fair Truth, for thee alone I seek—
Friend to the wise, supporter of the weak.
From thee we learn whate'er is right and just;
Forms to despise, professions to distrust;
Creeds to reject, pretensions to deride,
And follow thee, to follow none beside."

A. F. BANTA.

SEATTLE, July 6, 284.

MR. EDITOR: I hav gone very greatly out of my usual way to-day and visited the Young Men's Christian Association, and now to make amends I will endeavor to write and tell my Liberal friends a part of the subject of the meeting.

The music, from the "Gospel Hymns," was very fine, and to a Christian I should think would be soul-stirring. After which the sixth chapter of Matthew was read, and the text selected, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

The first speaker said that it was an absolute fact that all those who put their trust in God never were known to suffer want. He said: "Last night, as I was returning from the reading-room, I was hailed by a man who asked me if I was a member of the Young Men's Christian Association. I said, 'Yes; what is wanting?' 'I want a place to sleep.' 'You hav been dissipating, hav you not?' 'Yes,' said the man. And so it goes," said the preacher. "Out of hundreds of cases of destitution that hav come under my observation, not one has been a Christian." Said he, "Show me the man who has devoted all his life and services to Jesus who is in want." Whereupon the following thoughts entered my head and would not down: What do they say, then, of the thousands of poor women who do now and always hav devoted their lives and their best energies to the cause of Christ, but hav been dragged down and down by the force of circumstances—possibly sickness or disease, possibly by the drunkenness and other vices of their husbands, who may hav died and left them destitute with a large family of children to support without means, starvation staring them in the face, and nowhere to go for relief except to "seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness?" About the only way he is apt to provide "all those things that are to come afterward" is to take them hence to that "bourne [according to the belief of the church] from whence no traveler returns," or allow them to drag out the remnant of their days in misery and want; and more than likely in spite of her prayers and seeking her children will grow up around her a disgrace to the human family.

Another speaker told how long he was seeking Jesus—that for four years he watched the members of the church, trying to find one among them worthy for him to follow, that should be to him an example. At last he found Christ Jesus, and in

him he put his trust. Oh, thought I, what a pity! How sad that in all his four years of watching he could not find one Christian worthy to lead him in the way he should go! I don't believe he realized how that sounded, and possibly I was the only one in the audience who noticed it.

Another said: "Our savior did not come to the earth to promis us rewards if we did good actions, but commands us to 'seek first,' etc., after which, that we might not be afraid to take him at his word, he gave the promis that 'all these things shall be added unto you.'" "Consistency, thou art a jewel."

Respectfully, L. E. H.

WALTON, IND., July 9, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I am glad of the move of Mr. R. S. Shepherd in a plan for the reorganization of the Liberal League. Its present form needs remodeling. The secular organization of the government is all we want at the present time, and no more. After this is obtained there will be ample time for something else. Mr. Shepherd suggests a new name, and that is what we hav got to find. It is useless to talk about the old name; giv a horse a poor name, and nobody wants him. The name, "Liberal League," never sounded well to me at any time. Mr. Shepherd givs three names. Two of them will do well; the other will not. He says: "A new banner flung to the breeze with 'Universal Mental Liberty' on one side and 'National Liberal Union,' or 'American Secular Union,' or any other name, inscribed upon the other, will serve to fight under as well as, or better than, our old ones, grimed as they are with fratracidal gore." Please scratch out the second name, "National *Liberal* Union." The word "Liberal" is what I object to. It is a good enough word, but is liable to be abused. "Liberal" sounds as if there might be too much familiarity connected with its signification. There is a maxim that reads in this wise, "Too much familiarity begets disgust." As I said, "Liberal" is a good word in its place, but is liable to run to seed. Erase that second name, and I will be well pleased with the new names; and I think everybody else will, whether a Freethinker or a dependent thinker.

It would be well enough to hav an eye on this thing. I hav, myself, belonged to several organizations where there was too much familiarity, and it produced no good, but always harm. Correct principle is what will make our ship sail clear of breakers. Get right, and stick to it, and we are safe. Secular organization of our government will suit everybody but sore-headed Christians. We need not care for them. It is sound heads that we want.

I see our old "virtuous" friend, Winter, is in the Materialistic, crude form yet. I wonder if he would not like to remain so for a hundred or more years. I should not blame him for it, if so. I am quite glad that he is so brisk at his venerable age. Yours, etc., E. VAN BUSKIRK.

MILLINGTON, MASS., June 26, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Two numbers of THE TRUTH SEEKER received. The paper is new to me, though after hearing and reading of it we love the name, and trust it is truthfully applied; for there are few people who do not prefer truth to error; and the more earnest, humble, and loving we are the sooner we grasp the golden fruit; and of course to learn the truth, even of this world, we must place ourselvs in a receptiv condition. So also, in regard to spiritual truths, which we learn by a somewhat different course of study. Some seem to be fitted by nature to easily learn material truths, while others more readily catch the spiritual; and then again others are so organized that almost in their virgin purity are spiritual truths unfolded to their vision; and they likewise as easily master the material things of earth. The receptacle is pure, and nature in her loveliest moods caressingly lingers there.

But to take the world as it is: we watch the dear children who cluster around us, we note their different natural qualifications—how easily one masters his mathematics, while another will puzzle himself with the same, the subject never being luminous to his vision, but perhaps will grasp the artist's pencil, and—behold the result of his ready genius! And still another, to whose nature either subject would be foreign, but with spirit eye so clear that, although his little playmate had passed the confines of mortal life, he still sees and plays with him as before he awoke in spirit life. Of course instances of this kind are rare; so, also, is the perfect artist or inventiv genius, but occasionally they flit before us in their power and beauty.

We love the soul that strives to break asunder the chains of darkness which like a girdle hav environed this earth so long, and say all hail to the workers whose hearts are alive and whose hands are ready to work for the uplifting of humanity, thereby causing untold blessings to the human family—also to those we term the brute creations, the helpless creatures, subjects of human kindness or abuse. L. SKINNER GOODNOW.

EAST CHATHAM, N. Y., July 17, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find three dollars for arrears and continuance of your indispensable TRUTH SEEKER.

In our little village of about two hundred inhabitants and two churches, mine is the only Liberal paper received at this post-office. Still, I think there is a decided growing Liberal sentiment manifest among us, as our churches are not as well attended as in years gone by, while prayer-meetings are barely kept alive by the exertion of our Methodist "sky-pilot" and a few leading members of both churches, and every year seems to mark a further decline of orthodox zeal. Our Baptist church changes pilots about once a year, and stands unoccupied about one-half of the time at that, as each new advocate of "believe or be damned" finds the dimes are not forthcoming according to expectation, concludes that his "call" must hav been for the man standing next to him, and soon vacates for a new adventurer fresh from some theological school, waiting for a vacancy, brimful of creeds and dogmas, doubtless expecting to astonish the world by unveiling the mysteries of godliness that no rational mind can possibly understand, hoping that eventually he may rival some Talmage and secure a salary that will secure him from not only want, but toil, care, and anxiety, so common to the lot of mortals. While I do not wish to, and hope I do not, betray confidence, I cannot but compliment our late Baptist clergyman for his frankness and honesty, expressed in an evening chat on his calling. He had lately been questioned for instruction as to the meaning of the opening of the first chapter of John the Evangelist, to wit: "In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God, and the word was God; the same was in the beginning with God. . . . And the light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not," etc., etc. As he desired my opinion on the meaning of this holy preamble, I could not but acknowledge that to me it was a mere jargon of words, without any positiv importance or meaning, like many other passages in this "peerless, priceless" book. And he honestly acknowledged that he was in the same fix. And I am happy to say he vacated his charge, and is now engaged in an honest, honorable calling, with a good prospect of success, and does not feel compelled to make something vastly mysterious and wonderful out of nothing as a means of livelihood. In this connection, with your permission, I will attempt to giv a short history of this close communion church, that some seventy years ago was in its zenith, centered near my nativ rural neighborhood, when my grandfather's strongest interest seemed to be centered in its success, as a deacon, and occasionally as an expounder of its "word." At that time our zealous elder could take almost any text from the Bible and preach the same sermon, all well spiced with baptism by immersion, and ending with the indispensable prerequisit, "For Christ's sake."

But, strange as it may appear to a "true believer," notwithstanding the thousands of prayers that hav been presented to the throne of grace for the prosperity and success of this church by the long list of elders that hav been "called" to preside over its interests, all based upon the sacred promis that "the prayers of the righteous availeth much," the congregation, once numbered by scores, with its revivals, baptisms, and crowded sacramental occasions, is now a mere corporal's guard—a fact I hav several times alluded to when importuned to take my worthy grandfather's place. One zealous elder, considerably older than myself, who had formerly been intimate with my grandfather, and was not satisfied with my criticisms, felt called upon to overthrow and demolish my skepticism on the authenticity of the book. He wished to know what there was in the New Testament that I doubted or could not understand. My reply was that with me the book called "the Revelation of John the Divine" contained many passages and words utterly meaningless and unintelligible, among which I alluded to the 19th and 20th verses of the fourteenth chapter. I said, "First please inform me what meaning, figure, or metaphor are we to understand by the sentence, 'The great winepress of the wrath of God,' or by the 20th verse: 'And the wine-press was trodden without the city, and blood came out of the wine-press, even unto the horse bridles, by the space of a thousand and six hundred furlongs?' There, elder, you hav me honestly confounded. I can't wool that." Explanation (apparently in anger): "I suppose it means a great blood-pond. Is that what bothers you so?" And here my instruction closed, and I was still left to wander in darkness as to the importance of the great Revelation John so "especially commissioned from on high."

Yours in the cause of truth and progress, J. M. BARNES.

"RISE AND EXPLAIN."

SNOWVILLE, VA., July 15, 1884.

"I am glad of the move of Sister Elmina to investigate Spiritualism. But if she has not got the bug out of her ear that made its way in there when she was on a visiting tour some time ago, I should like to hav her rise and explain, because according to her own report that she then made she could not account for what she received from the strange medium whom she visited. Now, if what *little* she then received can not be accounted for, what is the need of more evidence from the same source?—*C. W. Noland.*

MR. EDITOR: If friend Noland expects Elmina to account for all she sees while she is trying to learn something of Spiritualism, he will doubtless be grievously disappointed. Does he think this ism would hav created all the *furor* it has for a quarter of a century if any single man or woman could hav accounted for and explained the phenomena? Even the letter that was mysterious in the seance I had in Washington *may* be accounted for in several ways. The medium was a near friend of the cousin I was staying with, and she knew I was there, and hence may hav heard me talk, and thus knew what was wrong with my vocal organs; and her knowing my cousin's relativs may hav accounted for the names given me as of present spirits at the time. All this did not occur to me then, but it did afterward. The fact that mediums are all the time trying new devices and dropping old ones as fast as explained or exposed shows there are probably natural explanations for most of the phenomena. In Baltimore a German not very long since performed the most wonderful feats of Spiritualism, and yet assured his audience it was all trick and sleight-of-hand. A friend in New York with me a year or two ago said: "Mrs. C. and I went to see Herrman perform last night. We got a seat but a few feet from him, and there, right before our eyes, in the full blaze of gaslight, we witnessed the most marvelous manifestations of spookery, and yet were assured they were but sleight-of-hand. He brought out a little cabinet on legs, let the audience go up and thoroughly examin it, turn it over, and test it in every way, inside and out. Then he brought in a little trunk (mainly of glass), and submitted that to like handling, all right out in full light and sight of the audience. Then he put a large man in the trunk, so all could see him through the glass sides, tied up the trunk with ropes and locked it, put it inside the cabinet and locked that, and instantly hands and arms were thrust through the openings, and voices talked, and upon opening the cabinet again there was an empty trunk—the man had vanished. He took a large, live rabbit out of a little scrap of paper that the audience had examined, gave it a little toss right up before a thousand watchful eyes, and it vanished before their gaze. It was wonderful. From 8 until 11 o'clock he amused a large audience with such performances." Now, does friend Noland suppose he could go and see these thaumaturgical performances and "explain" them all? Would it be fair to accuse him of having a "bug in his ear" because he could not see farther into a mill-stone than it was possible for him to do? One by one these tricks of magicians become public property, and the whole public can perform them. This is what we are aiming to do with spirit phenomena. We want to keep on witnessing it and telling what we see and hear, comparing notes and observations, and putting on record the unexplained, till by and by the collected experience will be sifted and resifted till all the chaff and bran is taken out, and if there is any real flour fit for food we will hav it preserved for future use. I shall try and do my little, and I hope all who feel interested will help me. If any friend who is mediumistic at home cares to invite Elmina to a free seance, he or she may feel assured of her gratitude, and her desire to giv a fair and truthful narrativ of the matter. Means being scant, my stay will necessarily be short. Hotel bills will prevent a long one, but better do a little than sit inactiv while there is so much need for work. Yesterday I spent most of the day weeding and hoeing the garden. In September I hope to labor in other fields. And "what will the harvest be" time only will decide. I shall do my best, and that is all anyone can promis with prospect of fulfilment.

"Of the progress of the souls of men and women
Along the grand roads of the universe,
All other progress is the needed emblem and sustenance—
Forever alive, forever forward.

"They go! They go! I know that they go,
But I know not where they go;
But I know they go toward the best—
Toward something great.—*Whitman.*

ELMINA.

POMONA, CAL., June 15, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: The arrival of THE TRUTH SEEKER of June 6th created some stir among the faithful in Pomona. At their Wednesday night session of bended-knee work they petitioned the great what-is-it on account of the Infidel blasphemer who dared to make known through THE TRUTH SEEKER their deeds of crookedness with other "worms of the dust." What particular language was used on the occasion referred to I am unable to giv, as it was only intended for the keen ear of the jug-handle savior. But it is safe to presume that, as the holy petition was couched in the usual wording of the holy scrap-book, it was ejected with such power that it exploded directly at the feet of the mediator with so much force that the great white throne was rent in twain, knocking all the holy birds then congregated *hors de combat.* As this was probably the first shot from these quarters that ever penetrated the heavenly kingdom, it might hav been mistaken for dynamite and charged up to the fiends of England. On consulting the map of the United States they had but little difficulty in locating the magazine in California and the battery in Pomona. As no judgment from on high has been visited upon us up to date, we feel safe, and hav concluded to offer this our prayer:

A FREETHINKER'S PRAYER.

Most wonderful nature, the God that is: thou hast seen fit through the workings of thy great laws to produce and bring into existence upon the face of this earth a variety of things. Among others thou hast evolved *men*—some with *intelligence*, others with a superabundance of ignorance and superstition. Being cognizant of these facts, we make bold to address thee in behalf of this latter class. They hav through their ignorance of thy great laws become superstitious in the extreme, and hav through their distorted imaginations arrogated to themselvs knowledge and laws superior to and in conflict with thine. They hav instituted a court and a code not in harmony with thee or thy intelligence. They hav appointed judges not known to any of thy worldly people, at whose court we are not allowed to plead or in our own way present our cases. We are now being arraigned before this bankrupt court (with night sessions) for trial. The witnesses hav been tampered with, the jury has been "caved down the bank," the attorneys hav been filled with holy water even unto "slopping over;" the songs of heaven hav permeated their entire anatomy. The fables of the past will be rehearsed at the trial; the tragedy of Calvary's hill will be offered as evidence against us. The blood of Jesus will be sprinkled at our feet to intimidate us. All the crimes perpetrated in the name of any other God for the past eighteen hundred years will be charged to us. Opposition to the father, son, and holy ghost, and to their agents or indorsers, spooks and spook-houses, all the phantoms of the skies, both winged and wingless, will be our crimes. We will be styled pagan, Mohammedan, Jew, Infidel, Atheist—all this, and more, too, will be in the indictment against us. We want a fair trial and no misstatement of facts; but we shall want in vain, for the whole court and clan is corrupt.

And now, O God of nature, we are not so bad; we are not in opposition to thy laws; we do not desire to disobey thy mandates; we would not murder or wrong our fellow-being. We hav no desire to take that which does not belong to us, even though it were as free as water. We would not attempt to bribe our fellow-men for Christ's or anyone else's sake. We will not place ourselvs in a false position for the gods of the skies. We are not desirous of forcing our companionship upon the "elect." We would not willingly be transported, body and soul, to the "New Jerusalem," for money, marbles, or chalk. We prefer to remain with thee and thy people for all time in preference to joining the "band on high." We are happy here, and enjoy ourselvs extremely well in all that is. We delight in the good things of this real world; hav no taste for that of another, or desire to be educated to its wants. We love our family better than we love Jesus of Nazareth or the God of Moses. We delight in Freethought and liberty of the mind, in preference to the slavery of the creeds. We dislike hypocrisy, and hav but little faith in hypocrits in general. The songs and prayers of the faithful only amuse, but do not frighten us in the least. Pious groans and heavenly sighs in our behalf only arouse our mirthfulness, and a profound sympathy for the groaner. We do not anticipate in this contest the loss of health or appetite by their holy antics, and sincerely trust that the farce so valiantly begun will not end in a tragedy, for we are averse to deeds of blood. So blow away, ye holy band; tune up your harps of a thousand strings. Toot your rams' horns as of old. Your divine music is harmless to us, who are anchored on the rock of Freethought and common sense. H. L. SHAUG.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"His life is long whose work is well,
And be his station low or high,
He who the most good works can tell,
Livs longest though he soonest die."

My Mother.

The parental, in two loves so joined,
Makes authority and duty;
And in its constant fulfilment we find
Concord, perfection, and beauty.

There is a charm in that name of mother,
A spell never to be broken;
A love never known by any other,
Whatever loves hav been spoken.

My mother dear, the truest friend to me,
Who sweetly softened all my pain—
In this journey I follow after thee;
Thine, to me, is the sweetest name.

And of all the names known on earth,
One there is sweeter than another;
It is that name that I obtained by birth,
When I heard the name of mother.

Her ear was open to my infant cry,
As helpless in her lap I lay;
For that maternal smile I always sigh,
And feel its absence here this day.

Her eye was ever open to my wants,
And she gave me the first supply;
As for the cooling brook the thirsty pants—
Alas! that one such friend should die.

In all her manners, kindness; and so bland,
So winning to the wayward child!
Soft and gentle was that maternal hand,
That often held mine when she smiled.

The aroma of her genial spirit,
Her love, her patience—and so kind!
Let me her hopes and virtues inherit,
Is the bliss I desire to find.

The past, in all my plays, that mother bore,
And so, all through life, to the end;
And this so made me love her all the more,
As counselor, umpire, and friend.

Memory, faithful to its holy trust,
Keeps her image before me still;
Of all the loves I know, her's was the first,
And it soothes me now as it ever will.

Filial love her memory green will keep,
Never to be loved any less;
Now laid in humanity's lap to sleep,
She remains a power to bless.

LAROY SUNDERLAND.

Quincy, Mass., July 14, N.E. 109.

Blackey.

"Horses know considerable, don't they?" said Charley.

"They know too much to be abused, and insulted, beaten, and driven so fearfully as they often are," I said. "Now just look at Blackey here—do you not suppose he knows when he is well treated? And would he not know also, very quick, if ill-treated? There is not so much difference as one might think between horses and some sort of folks! I hav thought sometimes, when I hav seen men apply the whip to a poor, patient, hard-working, and obedient animal, that the four-footed creature was the best of the two."

Blackey threw back his ears and walked solemnly on as if he comprehended and applauded what I said.

I hav been acquainted with Blackey several years. I knew him when, young and dashing, he dragged a carriage-full of happy children, with their mother, away out in the country, and by river roads into the pine woods, spicy and fragrant with rich odors, and bright with nature's gallant plumage. The birds sang and the children laughed, while Blackey would shake his head and whisk his tail as if he, too, were gay and glad with the little ones. How often he would turn his head as if to see that they were all there! And how careful he always was that he should not step on them if they chanced to play around his feet! But alas! the children hav gone now—not grown out of baby clothes into stalwart manhood and beautiful womanhood, but silently gone away in their bright and joyous childhood into the unseen realm. Perhaps they are growing there in that fair land—in *some* fair land—and expanding with grace, knowledge, wisdom. I do not know. I only know they are absent, somewhere; that we hear no more their sweet and merry voices; that the bright smile, the gleeful song, and joyous laugh exist now only in memory. But all intertwined with it is the fond hope that sometime, somewhere, we may see again the fair, fresh faces, beautiful in their innocence and purity—that their dear voices will, sometime, be heard again, and their sweet smiles dispel the memory of the shadows that now linger about our pathway.

No doubt Blackey sometimes wonders what has become of the dear children who once played around his heels, as he looks wistfully in the faces of those he meets, but sees no bright little Binney, no blue-eyed, fair-haired Grace, and no baby Pauline, reaching up her chubby little hands to caress his glossy mane and arching neck. Perhaps he wonders, too, where the grandfather has gone who used to drive him away up Highland avenue and around the big pond; unknowing that he, also, has penetrated the mysterious shades of the silent city. And he must miss the mother of those dear little children whose heart went with them when they left her arms so empty, and her home so desolate.

"Come, oh, come!" were the words that sounded in her ears, until she could resist that loving call no longer, and fell asleep to gently pass into the land of silence with all her loved ones gone before.

Blackey is a handsome creature, of fine form and jet black coat, adorned with a white star in his forehead. He is shy and sensitiv, and when younger would start at a piece of paper in the road, or at anything strange or grotesque. But he is more mature now, and would not shy at anything, unless, possibly, at a fashionably dressed "dude" or a drunken man. He will even stand boldly by and watch the steam cars go past without the quiver of a muscle. Sometimes a pebble gets in his shoe, and then he walks lame, when Charley has to get out and remove the obstacle, when he trots off with great pleasure.

Occasionally he will make believe he has a stone, or something, in his shoe, and go very lame.

Charley gets out and makes an examination, but finds nothing there, when Blackey will toss his head, kick up his heels, and start off on a gallop, as much as to say, "I was only fooling! O you great goosey, you!"

Blackey is a horse that has no ambition to climb long hills, and will generally stop at the foot of one and look over his shoulder. In horse language that is an inquiry if he *must* go to the top of that hill. After a minute or so he seems to say,

"Well, if I must, I must, and I guess I'll make up my mind to do it;" and then away he goes, wishing, probably, that there were fewer hills in this life for horses to tread.

If left to himself Blackey would always stop at my gate. He has called so many times to take me to ride that he stops at the gate of his own accord, stamps his feet, looks toward the door, and neighs.

"I suppose you know what the neigh means," said Nettie.

"Certainly I do," I replied. "It means, 'Aren't you ready to go out? Come, get on your things!' And if I do not hurry, he stamps again, which means, 'Why, how slow you are! I'm impatient to be going. Come along, you Sue!'"

He knows all the nice drives in this vicinity, east, west, north, and south, but he has a very indulgent mistress, and hence he is never overdriven, never goes hungry or thirsty, nor is suffered to get very tired, although he has traveled many a long mile in his day.

He has heard us admire the lovely view up the river, and across it, and has listened to stories of wise Weetamoe, the Indian woman, and sachem of the Pocasset tribe, who was drowned in the river while attempting to cross it at Slade's Ferry, in the long ago time.

Blackey has heard us speak, also, of the far away past, when the plain at Mechanicsville was, probably, submerged, and was a part of the river, but is now dry land, and dotted over with homes and manufactories, and I fancy he knows the spot on the hillside near the river, close to the road, where low, dark stones mark the place where repose the ashes of those citizens who once owned the land with which now their bones commingle, unheeding that the roadway was made right through their resting place, uncaring that civilization has pushed and jostled their dust carelessly, as it erected shops, saloons, factories, and houses thereon.

Such are the changes of time, and from the dust of the burial-ground with its dead past arise the life and industry of the living present.

Blackey knows well the way over the "new bridge," for his head is often turned that way, and he scents the saltish air as he trots over the long bridge, until he reaches the draw, and then, glancing up at the notice, "Draw—Walk," he sedately changes his trot into a soldierly step, and walks across the draw, looking demurely at the Captains B. and S., who, leaning over the rail, are watching the fish and the ripples of the river. Sometimes Blackey has to halt until the great draw swings back to allow a stately three-masted schooner or a cunning little tug-boat to pass through on a journey up the river to Somerset or Taunton.

Across the bridge, Blackey knows the favorit way to the left, and he dashes on rapidly, especially if he hears the rumble of the railway train on the bridge overhead, for he dislikes to be outrun even by steam. On he goes to the left, and by the water-side, and the picture is a very pretty one. Across the blue waters, npon which dance many a white sail, may be seen the mammoth steamer Pilgrim at the dock, waiting for her load of passengers and freight. Other steamboats and sailing crafts are going out and coming in, while above, on an elevation, is the busy, thriving city, with its work-places and homes, its spires, domes, and school-houses, its cleanly streets and wealth of sheltering foliage, and the blue shy overhead flecked with wreaths of cumuli, and dotted with stars—which we do not see, because it is daylight.

A wealth of wild roses are blooming among the rocks on the bank all along, and handsomer blossoms, the living children, play hide-and-seek among them. Blackey likes to pause a moment to watch them, and also to take a look at Bealky's dry dock, where, nearly always, may be seen a vessel or two undergoing repairs.

Turning to the right, Blackey knows well the way to Brayton's point, for he has taken his mistress there many times in the course of his life, and when he hears her say, "I do not feel just right to-day," he knows as well as can be that a drive to the shore will revive her sinking spirits, and infuse new life and health in both brain and body.

"What fine stone walls!" he has heard me say, when I hav been one more in the carriage. And he looks over the meadows and pastures where the cattle are grazing, and almost stops to see, when I say, "See the chickens, and the pigs, and the jet black ones, playing like lambs, while the old mother looks on, contented and proud of her big family."

Then there is the great farm house—but I don't like its leaden color, though in the comfort of living in it one would not mind the color, maybe.

And then there are fields of waving oats, potato-patches all in white blossom, giving promis of hidden health and wealth in the beds beneath the thick green leaves—that is, if the bugs do not destroy them before maturity.

A thick wood, full of deep shadows and glistening with glossy leaves, proud with tall trees, whose swaying branches seem to whisper of hiding rabbits and slimy serpents, as well as wildwood flowers, twining grape-vines, aromatic herbs, and soft, velvety mosses. The birds sing gaily among the trees, secure from interruption in their homes among the deep recesses of the forest glades, and the wild flowers bloom and fade among the birds and berries.

A turn again in the road, past lovely scenery, farms through which wind Lee's and Cole's River, make a sweet and attractiv view. Flowers and ferns grow all along the country roadside, and, in their time, wild strawberries peep out from the long grasses. Passing a little railway station, all at once we come to a bend in the bay, and we are at the Brayton beach, and the water is kissing the shore as it slowly recedes, while an old man digs clams, pausing now and then to take a long breath, or, perhaps, to take in the loveliness of the panoramic scene before him—rich meadows, farm lands, historic Mount Hope below; in front the wide expanse of salt water, and the city across it on the left. The view is exquisit, the pure air intoxicating, and I always feel as if I did not stay half long enough in such a lovely spot.

One day, Charley unhitched Blackey and led him into the water to wash his feet, though he would not go till Charley took off his shoes and went into the water also.

Returning home, a load of hay was just ahead, and Blackey snatched a mouthful, and thus all the way on to the bridge he would keep snatching mouthfuls, running up to the load and then walking slowly till that was devoured, then trotting up to the load again, slyly helping himself, and so on all the distance.

If the driver chanced to turn his head, Blackey would look another way innocently, as though he never thought of newly mown hay all his life. Don't horses know?

Well, I should say they do. Blackey knows, and Mrs. P. will never part with him till the shadows fall, and, his work done, he lies down to rest.

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Correspondence.

EAST DENNIS, July 6, 1884.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I hav been thinking of writing you for a long time, and hav intended to write, but every week there has been something to occupy my mind and time. I hope you will not think I hav forgotten you entirely, for I certainly hav not. I read your letter to the *Investigator* of a few months ago speaking of the death of your little niece Susie, and felt very sorry for you in your affliction; she was such a dear little girl. It must be very hard for you to become reconciled to her loss. It seems so strange that those who are so bright and smart should be taken away; but diphtheria is a terrible disease, and many families are made sad by its entrance into them. Please accept our deepest sympathy, even though it comes late. I hav been away to Spencer for a while. Went in May, and returned last Monday. It had been so long since I was there in the summer that it seemed like a new place to me. It is very pleasant there now and I enjoyed my visit very much; hav been almost sorry I did not stop longer, we hav had such miserable weather since I came back, so much dampness here, and it was so dry and pleasant there. My uncle and aunt were quite well; they are quite anxious to go to Saratoga, but I think it rather doubtful if they do, as it is not convenient for them to leave home.

I hav finished my silk quilt; it is quite pretty; I hope you will come to the Cape sometime and see it. I am greatly obliged to you for the pieces which you sent me for it. The superintendent of the Universalist church in Spencer felt badly because I was coming home so soon; he was quite anxious to hav me join his Sunday-school. I told him I was no fit subject for a Sunday-school, as I had hardly been in one for ten years. I expect I quite shocked him, however; I thought I was about tired of being invited in when I did not wish to go. I must close now; shall be much pleased to hear from you when it is convenient for you to write, and should be very glad to hav you come and see us. With love from father, mother, and myself,

Yours affectionately, S. HEURS.

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[Leagues and Liberal and Spiritualistic Societies in the United States and Canada meeting regularly, can have notices of their meetings published in this column free if the officers will send them to us.]

MICHIGAN.

MUSKEGON.—The Liberal League meets every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock in the German Odd Fellows' Hall, corner of Western ave. and Terrace st.

OHIO.

CLEVELAND.—The Liberal League meets every Sunday at 3 P.M., in room 29, City Hall building. Lectures free. Communications can be addressed to W. I. Irvine, Secretary.

MAINE.

PORTLAND.—Dr. H. A. Lamb has hired Congress Hall, Congress street (entrance on Temple street), where free meetings, lectures, and discussions are held every Sunday, 2:30 P.M. Admittance free. Public invited.

OREGON.

PORTLAND.—The Auxiliary Liberal League of Portland, Or., holds meetings every Sunday, at 2 o'clock, P.M., at Nonpareil Hall, cor. 1st and Madison streets. All are invited. Admission free.

MASSACHUSETTS.

BOSTON.—Boston Liberal Club holds meetings for essays and criticisms every Sunday forenoon at 10:45 in the Paine Memorial Building, Appleton street.——The "Society of the Divine Homo" at same place every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Sunday-school at 2:30. Admission free.

PENNSYLVANIA.

ALTOONA.—The League holds meetings every Wednesday evening and Sundays at 3 P.M., at the League Room, corner of Eleventh ave. and 13th st., third floor, entrance on 13th st.

PHILADELPHIA.—The Friendship Liberal League meets every Sunday at Hancock Hall, 814 Girard avenue, at 2:30 o'clock, and 7:30 o'clock, P.M., for lectures and free debates. THE TRUTH SEEKER and Liberal books for sale.

PITTSBURGH.—Pittsburgh Liberal League meets at Maltby Hall, 76 Fifth avenue, every Sunday (except during the Months of July and August) at 3 o'clock. A free platform is maintained. Exercises consist of a lecture, followed by 10 minute criticisms, with 15 minutes allowed the lecturer to reply. Clergymen invited to discuss.

NEW JERSEY.

NEWARK.—Newark Liberal League meets every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the League's Hall, 177 Halsey street. Exercises consist of music, readings, lecture, and discussion, in which all present are invited to participate. Admission free. Collection taken. Communications for the League should be addressed to J. W. Frankel, 10 Pine street, Newark.

CANADA.

TORONTO.—Secular Society. Reading and Lecture Rooms, No. 9 Grand Opera House. Open every evening and Sundays. Lecture every Sunday evening. Freethinkers and strangers are cordially invited.

MONTREAL.—Pioneer Freethought Club meets every Sunday at 3 P.M,, at 1310 Catharine street. Reading-room open daily until 10:30 P.M. Library open for exchange of books three evenings per week, and on Sunday afternoons. Free public lectures on Sundays as advertised in local newspapers. Strangers always welcome. G. S. Wilson President; C. Stevens, Secretary.

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NEW YORK.

ALBANY.—The Liberal association meets every Sunday at Van Vechten Hall, 119 State street. Sunday-school at 2 P.M. General business meeting and debates and discussions at 3 P.M. Lecture at 7:30 P.M. The public are cordially invited to attend, also all Liberals visiting the city. Admission free.

NEW YORK CITY.—The American Spiritualist Alliance meets every Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock in Republican Hall, 55 West 33d street.——The First Society of Spiritualists holds its meetings every Sunday in Republican Hall, 55 West 33d street. Morning service 11 o'clock; evening, 7:45. Seats free. Public cordially invited.——Arcanum Hall, 57 West 25th Street, cor. 6th ave. The People's Spiritual Meeting every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 P.M.

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SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

Catholicism Dying Out of Mexico.

W. A. Croffut, Freethinker, in Church Union.

CITY OF MEXICO, March 10, 1884.

Verily, the Catholic church is having a hard time during these latter years. Bismarck has laid a heavy hand on it; in France it is an outcast; and in Italy, home of the holy father ever since Peter's crucifixion, heresy so abounds that few men are bold enough to go to church; and the man who either fears, respects, or obeys a priest is regarded as little better than an idiot.

The church entered Mexico as a wonderful miracle-worker, with the winged god, Cortes, at its head, but to-day almost all of its glory is lost. Few are left to do it reverence except the peons, the very lowest class, not one in ten of whom can read or write. In the year 1859 one-third of all the real and personal property of Mexico belonged to the church, including vast tracts of fertil land and great blocks in the heart of the chief cities. When Juarez, the renowned "Upsetter," put his hand on the helm of state, he gave things new direction. He confiscated the property of priests and of the church. He abolished convents. He drove out the nuns. Even now, when the Juarezian hostility is somewhat relaxed, no priest is permitted to appear on the street in the garb of his order, and there is a law that no house shall be the residence of more than one nun. I think it was a nun I met this morning on the street, attired externally like any other woman, her white cap barely visible beneath the folds of a heavy black woolen shawl drawn over her head.

The parade of the church has everywhere been discouraged; its noise and pompous ceremonies are everywhere crippled by law. Monks and nuns hav mostly been expelled, some convents are falling to ruins, many are deserted; and at Zacatecas and Monterey they hav become hotels. It is said there is only one church in Mexico at present undergoing repairs. Many churches hav become factories, some are used as barracks, others as warehouses, and a few, it is said, as breweries, and even as barns, like the Cologne Cathedral in the wars of Napoleon. Some hav been sold by the state for a few dollars. If they were more portable I would bring one home as a relic.

As in Italy and in France, inscriptions of adherence hav been exacted of every church, and painted prominently on the facade. Here every church that survived Juarez has been compelled to raise a flagstaff on its front, where the national colors are displayed. It should be added, however, that this is not always required, as the republic of Mexico is divided into twenty-seven states, one territory, and one federal district, and these states, having greater power than our own, hav enacted restraining laws of various degrees of severity. In the states of Michoacan and Talisco, for instance, the power of the clergy is still strong; while in Yucatan, which I visited last week, they are not allowed to appear in their vestments in public; and in this city no church bell is allowed to be rung for more than three minutes at a time, nor oftener than once in half an hour.

Yet it must not be inferred that the spirit of the Catholic church is entirely broken, by any means. It is still activ, if not dominant. With the French army and Maximilian they fought railroads and telegraphs, declaring their arrival to mask the invasion of the devil; but when Juarez, the great image-breaker, came back and shot Maximilian, it prepared the way for that revival of railroad building that took place under President Porfirio Diaz, introducing the nineteenth century—the new order of things. The prescience of the church has been justified, and the iron way and the iron wire hav proved indeed its enemies. The church is losing power day by day; day by day the spirit of unbelief grows strong. As on the continent of Europe, few educated men go to church at all, and many forbid their wives and daughters to attend the confessional. But the nativ peons—the poorest and most wretched class—are still mainly subject to the priest. In many provinces and states they yield him implicit obedience. Even boycotting is carried on in this spirit of fanaticism; in many of the rural districts the peons refuse to work for a farmer or a manufacturer who is not in favor with the priest. Like the unlettered peasant of Italy and Austria, the peon of Mexico is still the bulwark of the church.

Walking down the Puente San Francisco to-day I saw an unusual flutter ahead of me. Fifty people gathered in half a minute on the sidewalk, where a carriage had stopped. A man stepped out of a carriage and walked into an open door bearing something in his hands. On the instant all fell down upon their knees on the pavement and in the street, some, indeed, dropping supine upon their faces—everyone but three of us. One of these last was a well-dressed lady, who drew her Spanish lace more closely around her head and glided away, and the other was a man in a silk hat—a Spaniard too, I think, who cast upon them a smile of pity and walked on. Presently the prostrate peons scrambled to their feet again, robed, all of them, in the nativ costume, each in two garments of coarse white cotton cloth. and some with sandals, but most of them bare of head and foot.

I hav visited the cathedral, too—the largest in North America. It stands on the great Aztec temple where sixty thousand living human beings had their quivering hearts torn out and offered reeking to the horrible god. In no cathedral of Europe did I ever see so many people at their devotions as knelt there to-day before the various shrines. The confessional boxes were mostly occupied; the priests sitting with face exposed and a listening ear, and at the other side a well-dressed lady murmuring with a fan shielding her face. There were no peons at confessional; they were all kneeling with upturned face to some gaudy object of devotion, or, with their faces bent low, kissing the wooden floor. One peon from the rural districts knelt serenely behind a bag of corn which he had set upon the floor in front of him; another had a string of live chickens around his neck, hanging head downward and sending up a gentle peep of pain as he counted his beads and said his prayer. Perhaps he prayed that he might get a good round price for his chickens—*quien sabe?*—and perhaps if they could hav prayed they would hav supplicated to be let loose after long hours of torture.

As we passed out, a haggard woman sitting behind a long table covered with folded papers outside the door stopped us with a vehement gesture and besought us, as we valued riches, to buy one of the thousand lottery tickets upon the table, for this was the last chance, and the ticket would draw the magnificent prize to-morrow. Would we fling away such a splendid opportunity? We would; and we turned around to look at the curious Aztec calendar stone that leaned against the wall.

A Plucky Woman.

From the Boston Commonwealth.

We found a genuin smacking of heroism in the recent refusal of Miss Mueller (or Miller), in London, to pay taxes on the property she held. The law, as we all know, is very ready to read to women responsibilities that should only exist with certain rights that are universally denied her. If women commonly revolted against this injustice the effect would be good, prompt, and final. Miss Mueller, we understand, is in no sense different from other women who hold property except in the fact of being rather more than ordinarily interested in the movement for woman suffrage and in being pluckily determined to assert that interest practically. In due course of law she was assessed, as are other women, by the state. But here the parallel breaks off rather abruptly. For, instead of timidly and unquestioningly paying her taxes after the manner of the generality of the sex, she refused to acknowledge the justice of the tax so long as she was denied suffrage. As the law is materially stronger than an isolated person, the officers in fair time arrived and destrained a certain portion of the recalcitrant's personal property. This is the usual course, which the victim can only ineffectually protest against. But it is well to note in conclusion that the woman who suffers in this case is not weakly stunned under the blow; she simply goes to work anew to make this "outrage" impossible for the future.

If all women would do as this one has done, the cause of woman suffrage would receive an unstemmed impetus. The protest is simply of kind with that announced by the American colonists when they led the way to revolution. The principle is one we are apt to forget, but it is unanswerable. We in America are readier to make it the basis of our claims for republicanism for men in Europe than to giv women the benefit of it at home. England is, in respect to women, no more an offender than the United States. Arguments used against woman suffrage are often so mean, and so unlike those we would urge if the rights of men were at stake, that they resolve male "superiority" into absolute dishonor. Is it square and manly to force theory into a fitness with irreconcilable substance? And yet we do it with the hasty and inexcusable negativs we put upon the female right to vote. It is not likely that anyone could explain fairly just why the English woman should be the victim, as she is now, of an unjust national spirit. It is, of course, said that the taxes should hav been paid first, and the protest then made, but the effect, as is evident, is greater as chosen by Miss Mueller. The colonists never would hav won their cause on such a mode of procedure. There is a fresh and conclusiv pluck in the act selected.

Stray Scraps.

AT Bates College commencement, Lewiston, Me., June 26th., Annie Maria Bracket read a thesis—"Modern Civilization Based on Christianity." Doubtless the girl-child treated the subject thoroughly, and we Liberals may now hold our peace, as the question is settled forever.

"ONE can do nothing without God," said Rev. Philip Brooks in his Baccalaureate sermon before the Harvard class '84. Then Guiteau was right; God helped him assassinate President Garfield; and without God Judas Iscariot could not hav betrayed Jesus Christ.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER in his Phi Beta Kappa oration, Dartmouth College, June 25th, referred to the "mind cure" craze in Boston as "evidence of singular credulity and inclination to delusion." Did he forget that himself and every Christian are worse deluded in a credulous scare about a young Judean tramp 1800 years ago curing somewhat after the same fashion; yea, even to the raising of the dead (?), the healer himself being a sample proof of resurrection?

SAID Mrs. Livermore at the late Boston anniversaries: "It is woman's especial duty to advance the work of churches." If this is true, will woman vote God in the Constitution or out of the Constitution? The American party (God-in-the-Constitution), in their platform at Chicago last month, resolved: "We hold to and will vote for woman suffrage." Yea, because they realize the value of woman's vote, *a la* Mrs. Livermore; while the two large, popular parties scorn her aid as an interference.

IN his Baccalaureate sermon, June 29th., President Seelye of Amherst College said in reference to the dynamite scare and threats: "You cannot put down social disturbances by social science. When men hav bound themselvs in the chains of a false doctrin, you cannot liberate them by proving the doctrin to be false. The purpose which has chosen the falsehood prevents one from seeing that it is false." Oh, how true is this of Christianity; Would that Professor Seelye could see that he is picturing himself in his mistaken description of heretical scientists. Social science no more failed to put down those six Amherst seniors who were to hav graduated the next day, but were expelled because they "roused the whole neighborhood early Sunday morning by riotous behavior," than did the harmonious religion of the prince of peace in which the faculty had instructed these drunken Amherst senior rowdies, the majority of whom probably were the sons of doctors of divinity: "A party of Amherst seniors roused the whole neighborhood of that part of Amherst village known as 'East street,' early Sunday morning by riotous behavior. They broke the door of the East street Congregational church, pounded upon the doors of private residences, and broke several windows. A large party of citizens assembled, and with the aid of constables captured the whole party but one. Six seniors were bound over by Judge Thomas on a charge of drunkenness and riotous behavior, and their case comes up on Wednesday at the very hour that they would hav graduated. Under the college rules the offenders are no longer members of the institution. The names of the men arrested are G. W. Wadsworth, John H. Noble, E. H. Sawyer, C. W. Eustis, A. W. Whitcomb, and S. E. Appleton."

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Gems of Thought.

IT does not follow, then, because we cannot believe that of which there is no evidence, that we are immoral. A credulous person may be very defectiv in morals, while an incredulous person may hav the best moral character. Morality is to be measured by actions, not by opinions.—*D. M. Bennett.*

THE common feeling, no doubt, is, that as all supernatural power is the special gift of God, he would not hav bestowed it upon any but the good, nor for any purpose but that of conferring blessings and spreading truth. But this inference is wholly at variance with the analogies of the divine economy. *All* power is the gift of God—the power of intellect, the power of rank, the power of wealth, as well as the power of working physical marvels—yet, are these given to the good alone, or chiefly? Are these bestowed on those who employ them exclusivly, or mainly, in the service of mercy and truth? Would not the reverse of this statement be nearer to the fact?—*Greg's Creed of Christendom.*

THE same Cicero, who affected, in his own family, to appear a devout religionist, makes no scruple, in a public court of judicature, of treating the doctrins of a future state as a ridiculous fable, to which nobody could giv any attention.—*Hume's Essays.*

NATURE now beckons us; the advancing season warns us to leave the confined atmosphere of the city and seek those pleasant fields where we shall draw our inspiration from the fountain head. Nature offers you her tent. Nature will giv you her exhortations. Nature will cheer and inspire you with her undying prophecy. Never does it seem to me hav the flowers been so beautiful, or their fragrance so intoxicating. Never does it seem to me has the earth decked herself with such wonderful verdure as in this "merrie month of May." Everything blossoms anew and an exuberant life is visible in the ground. Behold, then, our temple is prepared for us. The giants of the forest make its pillars; the azure vault its dome; the purling streams murmur therein their benediction; the whispering winds waft the songs of countless choristers through its leafy aisles; and from afar the sounding bell peals, forever and forever, its solemn anthem to the infinit.—*Radical Pulpit. Prof. Adler.*

THE professions to which life invites the young are of very various kinds; and the question of choice among them, as it is very important, is sometimes also very trying and difficult. Rightly viewed, it ought to be a question simply of capacity. What am I fit for? But it is more easy in many cases to ask this question than to answer it. It will certainly, however, facilitate an answer, to disembarass the mind of prejudice. The field of choice is in this manner left comparativly open. Work as such, if it be honest work, is esteemed, not for the adventitious associations that may surround it, but because it offers an appropriate exercise for such powers as we possess, and a means of self-support and independence.—*How to Succeed in Life, by Principal Tulloch.*

THE society which founded the divinity [illegible] of Hartford University—one of the most Liberal in America—prescribes that free encouragement be given to the serious, impartial, and unbiased investigation of—what? Why, the prior, impartial, and unbiased investigation of *Christian* truth! So you see truth has a label! A thing is not true when it is simply true—it must be *Christian* truth! You hav heard of Christian charity and Christian gentility, and now we hear of Christian truth.—*Felix Adler, Radical Pulpit.*

IT is worse than useless to deplore the inevitable. —*Shelley.*

OF the Levites it is solemnly declared in Deuteronomy that they hav "no part nor inheritance with Israel," and that "the Lord is their inheritance." But "the Lord" is soon seen to be a very substantial inheritance, indeed. From those that offer an ox or a sheep the priests are to receive "the shoulders, the two cheeks, and the maw;" while the first fruits of corn, wine, and oil, and the first fruits of the sheep's fleeces are to be given to them (*Deut.* xviii, 1-5). Moreover, giving to the priest is declared to be the same thing as giving to the Lord (*Num.* v, 8). A similar notion, always fostered by ecclesiastical influence, has led to the vast endowments bestowed by pious monarchs and wealthy individuals upon the Christian clergy.—*Viscount Amberley.*

THE religion of the Africans, whether Pagan or Moslem, is suited to their intellects, and is, therefore, a true religion; and the same may be said of Christianity among uneducated people. But Christianity is not in accordance with the cultivated mind; it can only be accepted, or rather retained, by suppressing doubts and by denouncing inquiry as sinful. It is, therefore, a superstition, and ought to be destroyed. With respect to the services which it once rendered to civilization, I cheerfully acknowledge them, but the same argument might once hav been advanced in favor of the Oracle at Delphi, without which there would hav been no Greek culture, and, therefore, no Christianity. The question now is, not whether Christianity assisted the civilization of our ancestors, but whether it is now assisting our own civilization. I am firmly persuaded that whatever is injurious to the intellect is also injurious to moral life; and on this conviction I base my conduct with respect to Christianity.—*Reade's Martyrdom of Man.*

N. Y. State Freethinkers' Association.

THE SEVENTH ANNUAL CONVENTION;

Where Held—The Speakers Engaged—The Hotels, Railroads, etc.

THE NEW YORK STATE FREETHINKERS' ASSOCIATION, in accordance with its established custom, has invited the Freethinkers of all the other states, and also of Canada, to meet them in annual Convention, at Cassadaga Lake, N. Y., on the 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th days of September next.

THE SPEAKERS.

The following well-known speakers hav been engaged to address the Convention: Thaddeus B. Wakeman, of New York; Miss Helen H. Gardner, of St. Louis; Courtlandt Palmer, of New York; Charles Watts, of London, England: Allen Pringle, of Selby, Canada; Col. John R. Kelso, of Modesto, Cal.; George Chainey, of Boston; J. H. Burnham, of Saginaw City, Mich.; Mrs. Dr. Juliet H. Severance, of Milwaukee; Stephen Pearl Andrews, of New York; Dr. John Stoltz, of Chicago; William S. Bell, of Boston; Judge R. S. McCormick, of Franklin, Pa.; John E. Remsburg, of Atchison, Kansas; Lyman C. Howe, of Fredonia, N. Y.; M. E. Billings, of Waverly, Iowa; Hon. A. B. Bradford, of Enon Valley, Pa.; Charles B. Reynolds, of Rochester, N. Y.; Samuel P. Putnam, of New York; Dr. William F. McCormick, of Franklin, Pa.; and Richard B. Westbrook, D.D., orthodox, of Philadelphia, Pa. And the following hav also been invited, the most of whom are expected to be present: Hon. Elizur Wright, of Boston; F. E. Abbot, Cambridge, Mass.; Horace Seaver, Boston; Luther Colby, Boston; Judge Arnold Krekle and Mrs. Judge Krekle, of Kansas City, Mo.; James Parton, of Newburyport, Mass.; Judge Carter, of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia; and B. F. Underwood, editor of the *Index*, Boston, Mass. It is possible that Col. Ingersoll will be present and address the Convention.

THE SINGING.

Professor A. D. Lane, of Olean, N. Y., one of the most popular professional singers in the state, accompanied by as good a quartet of voices as can be found in Western New York, has been engaged to provide the musical entertainment for the occasion. Professor H. H. Hall, who sang for the Rochester Convention, has also been engaged.

THE PLACE OF MEETING.

The location where the Convention is to meet is one of the most pleasant and picturesque in the state. It is described as follows in a circular issued by the Association: "The Cassadaga Lake Camp-meeting Grounds are eight miles from Lake Erie, and seven hundred feet above it; situated midway between New York and Chicago, one and a half hours by rail from Buffalo, five from Cleveland, nine from Pittsburgh, fourteen hours from Cincinnati, sixteen from Philadelphia, eighteen hours from New York, twenty hours from Boston and Washington, and twenty-one from Chicago. It lies on the shore of a beautiful chain of lakes, three in number, and at an elevation of nearly fourteen hundred feet above the level of the sea." The Association last year erected on the grounds an amphitheater, with a seating capacity of twenty-five hundred people, with the seats in a semi-circle, which givs every one present an opportunity to hear all that is said from the speaker's platform.

ROUTES OF TRAVEL AND RAILROAD RATES.

Eastern and western passengers over the Nickel Plate, Lake Shore & Michigan Southern railroad, and eastern passengers over the New York, Lake Erie & Western (formerly Erie) railroad, change cars at Dunkirk, N. Y., and take the Dunkirk, Allegheny Valley & Pittsburgh railroad to the "Cassadaga Camp-meeting Grounds."

Eastern and western passengers over the New York, Pennsylvania & Ohio railroad (formerly Atlantic & Great Western), and eastern passengers over the Buffalo & Jamestown railroad, change cars at the Atlantic & Great Western Crossing, and take the Dunkirk, Allegheny Valley & Pittsburgh railroad to Lily Dale Station.

To be more definit, persons coming to the Convention from most of the cities and large towns in the United States will find it the cheaper to purchase excursion tickets to Chautauqua Lake. These can be obtained very cheap; and then leave the cars at the crossing of the Dunkirk, Allegheny Valley & Pittsburgh railroad near Jamestown, and then take the last mentioned road to Lily Dale Station, near the camping grounds. Persons coming from any station on the New York, Lake Erie & Western railroad, or any of its branches west of Binghampton, will pay full fare to Dunkirk, and then be returned at one-third fare home. The Dunkirk, Allegheny Valley & Pittsburgh railroad will sell excursion tickets at two cents a mile from any station on that road.

THE HOTEL RATES.

The following prices hav been established at the hotels for board: $1.50 per day, for one day and less than three days; and over, $1 per day. Table board: breakfast, 40 cents; dinner, 50 cents; supper, 30 cents. Lodgings, 25 to 30 cents. The hotel accommodations are sufficient to entertain all who may attend.

H. L. GREEN,
Salamanca, N. Y. Secretary New York State Freethinkers' Association.

P. S.—I am glad to announce that the Truth Seeker Company will hav an agent on the grounds with a large assortment of Freethought publications for sale. The editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER will, as heretofore, make full reports of the proceedings. Other reports of the Convention will be published in the New York *Herald*, the Buffalo *Courier*, and other secular papers. H. L. G.

On Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 8th and 9th, the

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EIGHTH ANNUAL CONGRESS

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In his call for the Congress the President of the League invites "all citizens of the United States, whether they hav acted with this League or not, who believe in a secular republic, separation of church and state; the equality of all citizens before the law, without distinction of creed or race or sex; justice for all, and privileges and monopolies for none; the need of universal secular education, free speech, and a free press as the basis of universal suffrage."

All Charter and Life Members of the League, and all delegates from local Auxiliary Leagues, will hav votes in the Congress. Each Auxiliary is entitled to send five delegates—its president, secretary, and three other members—to the Congress. Annual members are entitled to seats in the Congress, and to votes by the permission of the Congress.

Odds and Ends.

IF you need fresh air, don't go to the sea-shore; it's salty there.

SING the early melon and cucumber, "We're cramping to-night in the old cramp ground."

"I am a man of enter pries," remarked the burglar as he inserted his jimmy into the safe-lock.

A MONTANA girl has been kidnapped by a bear. She probably got one hug from the bear and followed it off.

"THE pootiest woman of all Boston," said Micky Muldoon on his return from the Hub to his home in Kensington, "livs in Philadelphia."

THE Rev. Joseph Cook calls himself a pandenominationalist. What a great many other people call him doesn't make such a wholesale inroad into the alphabet.—*Norristown Herald.*

"WHAT is this?" exclaimed a Burlington lady, as she opened a letter and something like a crumpled postage-stamp fell out "Oh, yes; I remember now. It's that Boston bathing suit I ordered for Nellie."

"JUST to think," said a Vassar graduate, "here's an account of a train being thrown from the tra ck by a misplaced switch. How utterly careless some women are about leaving their hair around!" And she went on reading and eating caramels.

A COMPANION piece to the song, "Where Is My Boy To-night?" has been issued, entitled, "My Boy, Where Is Your Father To-night?" This is wrong, very wrong. Boys should not go to inquiring too much where the fathers are. Fathers are liable to be all right if the boys are.

"ARE you a Theosophist?" inquired a St. Louis lady of a brilliant Bostonienne, who was visiting her. "A what?" ejaculated the young lady from the Hub. "Why, a Theosophist." "Oh, dear, no; we hav no such thing in Boston. The Sullivan fist, you know, is the only popular one in Boston now."

A TRAMP stopped at a house on Main street the other day and asked for something to eat. "Which do you like best?" asked the hired girl—"steak or chop?" The tramp meditated a minute and then replied, "Chop." "Step right this way," said the hired girl; "here's the ax and there's the woodpile."

"YES, they are excellent boots," said the shoedealer to the young lady purchaser, "they will wear like iron." "Do you think the buttons are sewed on securely?" she asked. "They are: the boots are supplied with the old maid's wedding button, a new invention." "Why is it called the 'old maid's wedding' button?" "Because it never comes off."

Now the small boy, loudly wailing,
Misses both his pants and coat;
While he's in the river trailing
They were eaten by the goat.
Now the fool who goes a-sailing
Just to rock the cranky boat,
Will gain strength while they are bailing
Out the water from his throat.

A GERMAN gentleman of esthetic proclivities recently sat in a London restaurant where Oscar Wilde occupied a table. Oscar called for a bunch of violets, stuck his nose into them, inhaled their perfume, and remarking, "I hav dined," paid his bill and passed out. The German esthete reflected for a moment and then ordered a cake of Limburger cheese. After inhaling the perfume he exclaimed, "I alzo haf mittag gehaben," and followed Wilde.

NOVEMBER POETRY.

O beautiful ship, with your booms all set,
And the gang-plank heaved ashore,
Pray, gather the boys in out of the wet—
Oh, gather them in to-day,
Ere you sail to the creek away.
With your decks knee-deep with gore—
The boys all covered with dust and sweat
And bleeding at every pore.

O beautiful creek with the saline name,
Be good to the ship, we pray—
Be kind to the gang who hav lost the game
And, wearied of worldly charms,
Forsake political arms
And sail in the ship away;
Oh, dull their ears to the sound of fame,
With the dash of thy salty spray.

"Oh, I do so much like this book," said a lady, putting aside, with a weariness that could not be concealed, a work from the pen of a realistic novelist. "Everything is so natural. Why, it speaks of the heroin stopping on the stairway and tying her shoe." "Very thrilling," replied her husband. "Oh, no, dear, it is not thrilling, but it is so real. That's what I call fine art." "It was no doubt necessary for the young lady to stop and tie her shoe, but I don't know that it was art. Anyone, of even slight digital education, can tie a shoe." "Oh, you don't understand. The mere act of tying a shoe implies no art, but the fact that the novelist should hav spoken of anything so natural, is art." "Then, in your opinion, high art must be easily attained. I am thinking of writing a piece of high art. I feel the inspiration. Giv me pen and paper." Turning to a table, he busied himself with writing, and then, calling his wife, said: "Here is a chapter from my forthcoming book: 'A calf stood in the lot. A horse-fly buzzed among the leaves of a peach-tree. A gray-headed man, with a gouty limb, blew his nose and let down the back window. The calf switched his tail. A hawk flew over and a chicken squawked. The calf held up his head and said, 'Bah.' A dog jumped over the fence and cautiously approached the calf. The calf snorted and looked intently at the dog. The calf said, 'Bah,' and the dog tucked his tail and jumped over the fence. Now, my dear, is not this realistic?" "It's disgusting." "It is perfectly natural. Take, for instance, the old man blowing his nose. How lifelike it is!—quite as much so as the picture of the young lady who tied her shoe. I make you tired, eh? I see that you do not like realism."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

THE TRUTH SEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., as Second-class Matter.

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Notes and Clippings.

THIRTY-SIX men and nine women committed suicide for love in Italy in 1883.

A PITTSBURGH man has gone to an insane asylum because both of his babies were girls. He wanted a boy.

A STATIONER in Glasgow has been forced by a ring of ministers to discontinue the sale of Ingersoll's lectures. They terrorised him eventually through his landlord, and when the alternativ was "cease selling Ingersoll or starve, with your wife and children," he had practically no choice. The same Glasgow ministers, remarks the *Freethinker*, are often loud in their praises of Christianity as a religion of tolerance.

FOR nine seasons a little sparrow with a deformed foot returned with each summer to the window of a Boston woman and tapped at the pane. She always received him kindly, and finally fell into the habit of making him a special cake. This summer on his first call he alighted on her hand, showing plainly that he was ill. She carried him out into the fresh air, but he would not fly, and died while she still held him.

EXPERIMENTS by Professor Maggiorani, of Rome, to ascertain the influence of the magnet upon the animal organization gave results which are likely to modify the uses of magneto-electricity. Eggs placed in the current were delayed in development, were smaller than the average size, and some of them appeared without the yolk. The chickens were precocious (a sign of organic inferiority), were born lame or rickety, and showed remarkable disturbances at the nervous centers.

FOUR million dollars is now fixed upon as the sum which China must pay for having killed or wounded forty or fifty French soldiers at Lang-son. This is only one twenty-fifth part of the amount originally suggested as a suitable indemnity for the offense, yet it makes the violation of the Tientsin treaty of May 11th an expensiv luxury. When, however, the probable results of even a ten days' war are considered, it is evident that China will show immense capacity for money-saving by quietly paying her fine of four millions.

A BAND of the pope's enemies took food and drink outside the walls of Rome on a Sunday and then entered town through the Angelic Gate, within a stone's throw of the Vatican. On seeing the policemen and soldiers guarding the Vatican entrance, the band of fire-eaters shouted: "Spies! assassins! Death—away with them!" and set to work caning them and stripping off their cockades and epaulets, but were finally arrested and imprisoned. Such rows are frequent in the neighborhood of the Vatican, and Leo XIII. would certainly be attacked by the roughs if he entered the streets.

A METHODIST preacher, one Caruther, in Holt Co., Mo., has disgusted the people of the county by his ill treatment of his sister. She married a gentleman of high respectability and good habits, but against her reverend brother's will, she being several years above the legal age. The reverend man forbid her his house, never again spoke to her, and persistently slandered her. To cap the climax of his spite, when his sister died he persisted in his course, would not speak to the husband at the funeral, and kept up his abuse at the very grave. So much for the mild influence of religion.

"YES, sir," said an enthusiastic citizen of a new Western town, "we've got a right smart town, stranger. Why," he continued, impressivly, "it's only six months old yet and it's got two hotels, forty-eight beer saloons, twenty-seven gamblin' places, four drug stores, to say nuthin' of grocery and clothin' stores, and the best half-mile track west of the Missouri." "Any churches?" asked the stranger. "Any what?" "Churches." "You mean them buildin's with a long pint sticking up in the air?" "Yes." "No, we hain't got any of them. Thar was some talk about buildin' one, but we finally allowed it would look too dudish."

To three Milwaukee lawyers who put in bills amounting to $25,000 for services in settling an estate worth $32,000, Judge Thomas Drummond said: "Gentlemen, you consider yourselvs good lawyers. How much more are your services worth to your clients than mine to the people? You hav charged $25,000 for sixty days' service. Could you not be content, each of you, to take my *pro rata* for the same time? These charges are infamous. They are such as men who are scoundrels and thieves at heart would make. This charge of $15,000 is cut down to $1,500, those of $5,000 each to $500. Repeat such a piece of rapine in this court and I will disbar every one of you."

THE Rev. Samuel McChesney, once a Methodist presiding elder, is pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church at West Amsterdam, and of Tribe's Hill, N. Y. His salary is fixed at $300 per year from each church. He says he has received only $15 since February, and that his family hav lived on charity most of the time, and ofttimes hav not had enough to eat. This week Willis Mosher, of Amsterdam, who held a mortgage on McChesney's horse, foreclosed the mortgage, and the pastor will hav to walk from one church to the other on Sunday, a distance of three miles. That's nothing. Christ's salary was less than $15, and the only horse he had was a donkey—and that wasn't his.

A DISPUTE has arisen between the Roman Catholic and the Greek orthodox clergy at Jerusalem under circumstances which cannot but provoke a smile from ordinary rational beings. The facts of the case are these: The stone of the floor of the chapel of the Virgin in the holy sepulcher is so worn or otherwise damaged as to require its removal and replacement by a new stone. The duty of carrying out this work is claimed both by the Catholic and the Greek clergy, and feeling ran so high among these religious fanatics that the presence of Turkish troops alone prevented the rival parties from deciding the important question by a recourse to blows. The matter, finally, has been referred to the porte.

THE abolition of public or official prayers by the French legislature has led to much very heated discussion. It authors maintain that it means simply that the state has no religion and has nothing to do with religion. But some of the bishops declare that it is a formal repudiation of God, a denial of his existence by the state. M. Paul de Cassagnac, who says he is a pious man, sides with the unbelievers or "laicizers," as they prefer to be called, but for a reason peculiar to himself, viz., that he does not pray for the republic lest his prayers should be answered, and a form of government which he hates should profit by them. This, says the *Evening Post*, is probably the oddest expression of belief in the efficacy of prayer yet produced.

AT a hallelujah prayer-meeting in Norwich one night last week, according to the bulletin of that city, many of the well-dressed women became so excited at the declaration of one of the leaders that plumes and finery are a barrier to the full enjoyment of sanctification that they pulled off their bonnets, tore from them the ostrich plumes, flowers, and ruches, and threw them crumpled upon the floor until there was a pile sufficient to fill a half-bushel basket. The prayer meeting was kept up in full force all night and long after sunrise next morning. Religion and rum, observes the *Winsted Press*, seem to hav a similar effect on many people, and whether a woman fuddled with religion isn't a bigger nuisance than a man fuddled with brandy is a very nicely balanced question.

ONE C. W. Thomas, a very pretentious, pious person of Oregon, Mo., a lawyer withal, having been long suspected of various larcenies of a petty nature, was arrested last June under three warrants, for stealing postage stamps, stamped envelopes, tobacco, books, morphine, etc., pleaded guilty of one charge to get away from the sheriff, turned off to Kirksville to deliver an address to the students there, and then, at the state convention of teachers at Sweet Springs, read an address, in which he complained that there is not enough religion taught in the schools. He declared that some great special efforts should be made to inculcate religion, to prevent so much crime. He then returned home, and by the leniency of his prosecutors was allowed to plead lunacy, no resistance being made for his family's sake.

THE peculiar sect known as the "Shaking Quakers" deserve credit for many of the useful inventions of the present. More than half a century ago they first originated the drying of sweet corn for food, and they first raised, papered, and vended garden seeds in the present styles. From their first methods of preparing medicinal roots and herbs for market sprung the immense patent medicin trade. They began the broom-corn business. The first buzz-saw was made by the Shakers at New Lebanon. This is now in the Albany Geological Hall. The Shakers invented metallic pens, first made of brass and silver. All distilled liquors were abandoned as a beverage by the Shakers sixty years ago, and during the past forty years no fermented liquor of any sort has been used, except as a medicin. Pork and tobacco are also numbered among the "forbidden articles."

THE *Daily Leader*, Eau Claire, Wis., pays its compliments to Comstock in this vigorous style: "The New York society, engineered by a creature one of whose aliases is Anthony Comstock, has published its usual yearly pack of lies. The society, engineered by the creature one of whose aliases is Anthony Comstock, claims to hav seized during the year nine hundred pounds of obscene books, eleven hundred ditto photographs, and one hundred and thirty-seven negativs for taking the same, and a hundred and sixty-five thousand nine hundred pamphlets, circulars, cards, etc., of like description. The old story about publishers advertising for the names of children all over the country is repeated with scarcely the variation of a lie. It has for many years been known to all who hav given the subject any attention that the society engineered by the creature one of whose aliases is Anthony Comstock exists for the purpose of blackmailing newsdealers and booksellers and obtaining money under false pretenses from the few who are still foolish enough to believe such tales as the above."

I MUST nail to the pillory of European opinion a characteristic example of the position of women in Siberia. It happened to Olga Lioubatovitch, one of heroins of the "trial of the fifty" at Moscow, where the Socialist propagandists gained to so remarkable an extent the sympathy of the public. On the 30th of August, 1883, on passing Krasnoiarsk on the way to her destination in Eastern Siberia, she was called before the "ispravnik" (chief of the police of an arrondissement), who told her she must exchange her own clothes for a convict dress. But as she was condemned to transportation by administrativ order, and not to hard labor, she had a right to wear her own clothes. This she tried to oxplain to the ispravnik. At her first words, however, he became furious, and repeated that she must not only change her dress, but do it then in the bureau before everybody. To this unheard-of intimation Olga Lioubatovitsch answered by a categorical refusal. Then at a sign from the police officer his subordinates seized hold of the prisoner in order to undress her by force. A barbarous struggle ensued. This crowd of men began to beat this woman, to pull her hair, and tear off her clothes. So long as she kept her feet she defended herself as best she could, but the chief of police by a violent kick felled her to the earth. This is how she herself describes this infamy: "I fell into a kind of stupor. I remember confusedly how the heavy boot of the ispravnik struck my chest. Some one was pulling my hair, another was striking my face with his fist; the rest were tearing off my clothes, and at last, naked, crucified on the door, in the presence of a crowd of men, I felt all the shame and horror of a woman violated. Frightened of their own deed, the cowards fled, and when I recovered consciousness I saw around me only my companions, pale as death, while Fanny Moriness was writhing in hysterical convulsions."—"*Stepniak*" *in "To-day."*

News of the Week.

A LARGE part of the town of Emporium, Pa., has been destroyed by fire.

FRANCE and China, it is reported, will refer their difficulties to the United States for arbitration.

THE rear portion of the United States Hotel at Washington fell in on August 3d, burying seven employees, of whom some are fatally injured.

MISS LILLIE DEVEREAUX BLAKE and other female suffragists dissent from Miss Anthony's. Blaine manifesto, and are enthusiastic for Cleveland.

GREAT excitement prevails among the Shakers over the elopement of a prominent female member, Miss Mary Americus with a neighboring farmer.

AN organization has been formed at Washington proposing to import foreign laborers of all grades under contract at low wages to supply the demand for cheap labor throughout the country.

LARGE numbers of Irishmen attended a convention held in Chickering Hall, this city, under the auspices of the Irish-American Independents, and, declaring their independence of the Democratic party, pledged thousands of votes to Blaine.

THE revision of the Old Testament, which it was hoped would be out this year, will probably not make its appearance before early in 1885. Nothing is positivly known of any changes made in the old version, the revisers on both sides of the Atlantic having preserved strict secrecy.

CAPTAIN SHELTON and his two young daughters, aged respectivly 19 and 21, while traveling through Texas in a carriage for pleasure, at a halt on July 30th went bathing, when the girls, getting out of their depth, were drowned, the father being compelled to shake them off to save himself.

THE Prohibition party of the county of New York hav held a convention and passed the following resolution: "We hereby mutually pledge ourselvs to each other, that we will entirely separate ourselvs from the Republican and Democratic parties, and from all other political parties not opposed to the liquor crime."

MORE investigation is being made into the corruptness of the police and detectiv forces of this city, the cause of the movement being, as is usual, the protests of the press—the *World*, in particular, having partially exposed the scheme of the protection of influential and moneyed criminals by the executiv authorities and by the courts. Could these infamous practices be fully exposed, there would be a sensation in this city exceeding even that following the exposure of the Tweed ring rascalities. At the door of the notorious opium joint, 13 Pell St., and the others in the vicinity, policemen stood last Sunday nodding cordially to the visitors. Several complaints were made during the week by citizens who had been causelessly clubbed in various parts of the city by members of our "finest."

AMONG the crimes of the week brutal assaults upon women seem to foot up the largest number, some eight or ten, committed mostly by tramps, being reported from different states. Three murders are reported—one from Falls Village, Conn., where Andrew Gorman was shot by Edward Halstead, the trouble being over women; and another at Fayette Court House, Ala., where, in a drunken quarrel, Simpson Lindsey cut Villa Finch's throat from ear to ear, killing him instantly; while another drink-crazed man, in Maysville, Ky., after running amuck through the town, shot an old and inoffensiv colored man, as he sat in his own doorway. Two suicides were committed. Edward C. Steers, the son of one of the wealthiest planters of Louisiana, shot himself at Richfield Springs, N. Y., from unrequited love; and at Charlotte, N. Y., Frederic Hutter, a well-to-do citizen, poisoned himself, the the cause being an unhappy marriage relation

Communications.

A Realistic Meditation.

It is Sunday. Relieved a few precious hours from the burdens of the store, I read once more the late letters of your estimable correspondents, Macdonald, Heddon, and Perry, in their able defense of immortality. I am anxious—determined—to be convinced of this happy fate in store for us, but in spite of my earnest endeavors, in spite of my longings, in spite of greatest flights of fancy, it is utterly inconceivable to me how a person can liv when he is—dead. I no sooner gather the ethereal elements in my imagination and attempt to shape them into a "spirit," when the fairy bubble vanishes in the air and I am forced to the conclusion that if such beings exist and hav their abode somewhere within the realms of space, it is beyond all human conception, and a thing and locality and condition purely miraculous and supernatural. We know of nothing else like or similar to it in nature; no science can demonstrate it or locate it. It becomes a matter of blind faith or speculation, which the masses may embrace with ardent joy, but which the true philosopher must regard as a popular phantasm. While all other organisms coming in contact with man may be seen, understood, dissected, and analyzed, the spirit form alone, while often visible and tangible to the most ignorant, can never be seen, heard, or felt, much less be analyzed and resolved into its component parts, by the wisest of men. While all other forms which occupy space may be reduced to their constituent elements, spirits alone hav no elements or parts—are composed of nothing! While all other bodies hav weight, a spirit, or ten thousand of them, would not turn a scale the width of a hair. While the human form is composed of bones and sinew, tissue and flesh which giv it size and shape, the spirit form, said to be identical in outline and form, yet is composed of nothing. While the functions of the human body are performed by organs and brain and nervous system—in all, the most subtle and complex organism ever evolved—the identical functions are said to be produced by spirits without these organs. They see without eyes, hear without ears, speak without organs of articulation, think without a brain, and move about without either legs or wings. Fingers they hav not, but they can always hold a pencil to write in locked slates; their limbs are missing, but they can clasp their loved ones firmly in their arms. Flux and influx of air take place without lungs, digestion without a stomach, circulation without blood. The hair of the head is prolific, yet the original lies well preserved within the grave. And this hair especially is remarkable; it will grow and grow a few years until it has assumed a graceful length and then, behold the miracle—it will grow no more, forever no more. And the nails on their toes and fingers, and the hair on a gentleman-spirit's head and face, are subject to the same law of growth for a very few years, and then will remain *in statu quo* forever. And teeth are formed, but not of enamel, and never decay; and infants and children here grow into beautiful men and women spirits, and then also stop and remain eternally the same. The aged here are restored to youth, the blind will see, the lame walk, and, last, but not least, all hav the appearance, and size, and form, and sex, of living human beings, without a particle of the matter which originally made the human being.

And the spirit world—pray, where is it? Alas! our scientists, with the aid of our strongest telescopes, hav failed to discover those mystic shores. As the strength of the mighty disks has been indefinitly increased, and the explorers of the heavens hav penetrated the realms of space into depths inconceivable, yet all is but a repetition of our own grand system, and nowhere a spirit world. All that is claimed for this is idle speculation, theory, the cunning devices of avaricious priests and cranky visionaries, or the conflicting testimony of hundreds of deceived or deceiving mediums.

If the spirit world is a reality, it, like the spirits which are supposed to congregate there, is absolutely unlike all natural worlds or localities, and also entirely miraculous and supernatural. And the modes of communication or travel to and from this the spirit world are also unlike any other mode of locomotion known to us, and, like the ascension of Elijah and Christ, again purely a miraculous process. All is mystic, strange, incomprehensible, unknowable.

It is a well-known fact that no body, or at least no delicate organism, as a spirit form necessarily must be (if spirits exist at all), can, by any *modus operandi* known to us, rise beyond this world's atmosphere without being immediately doomed to destruction. No two bodies can occupy the same space at the same time, and while it is easily conceivable how light may penetrate a pane of glass, or electricity an iron or stone wall (this process being like flour falling through a sieve), yet the spirit body—being organic if a reality, and occupying space 2x6 feet—must positivly abandon the space it occupies, before any other body, especially a planet sweeping through space at the rate of many thousands of miles an hour, can take possession. For instance, it is utterly inconceivable how the spirit of a person, or a greater spirit, "God," can, at any time, come within range of a planet while sweeping through its orbit and not be instantaneously annihilated.

Again, while it is readily conceivable to all how the breath (to use a vulgar phrase) should leave a man, or how light and electricity—being simply an aggregation of inorganic matter or atoms—may penetrate his chamber walls or doors (all matter being porous), it is absolutely inconceivable, I insist, how an organic body or spirit, in the shape and size of a man, can first escape from the body, leaving it entire and perfect, and then make its escape through the solid walls or closed doors and windows without either leaving an opening in wall, door, or window, corresponding in size to its diameter, or else resolving itself first into original particles and escaping like all inorganic matter through the pores of the material through which it passes, and thus, of course, meeting with instantaneous disintegration and death.

Let us suppose the case of a dying girl. The spirit has left the body and has miraculously emerged into the cold and bleak atmosphere of a winter's day. A fierce tempest rages, and the piercing wind and snow sweeps everything before it. What becomes of our frail spirit, so tender and fair? Even a robe, as yet, is not forthcoming, and nude and helpless it must proceed on its weird and fearful journey to the spirit world. Up it soars, higher and higher, until it reaches the regions of perpetual snow. But here is no resting-place, and on it goes beyond the clouds, where breathing to a human being becomes impossible. But still the frail traveler soars up and up until, behold! it finds itself upon the brink of our atmosphere, revolving through space at the rate of a thousand miles an hour. But it escapes from its perilous voyage and soon finds itself beyond in space, the world sweeping on in its mad career! On again it soars, on, and on, until finally, safe and sound, it reaches that "beautiful shore." Here it is speedily robed in a spotless robe of white (but which never needs washing), and then finds itself among a group of friends and relativs, long dead on earth, but now glad to welcome our young friend to the spirit world.

If this is not a fair description of the journey all spirits are supposed to make, will some one please describe it more consistent with supposed facts. It cannot be done. All is miracle; all strange, all unnatural, from beginning to end; and, as for me, I would rather be excused from ever making that trip.

And the "evergreen shore"—how about that? There hav been nearly as many descriptions of it as there hav been mediums, and no two alike! Some place the spirits here, there, and everywhere; some on one planet, some on others. Some hav them hovering around us all the time, their sole occupation being to guard Spiritualists not yet dead. Some say there are regular changes of the seasons, and some insist on an eternal spring-time, and flowers which never cease to bloom. Some say the lower animals, even the faithful horse or dog, do not follow us, while others insist that all animals, including vermin, snakes, and oysters, may be found in the sweet bye-and-bye! All, however, are inclined to concede the "eternal spring-time" and immortality to birds in "heaven," as falling leaves, and a winter's storm, and no winged songsters, would hardly conform to their ideas of eternal bliss.

But all Christians and spiritists alike, being naturally modest, insist that: 1. Spirits must be clothed; 2. That spirits must partake of food; 3. That family relations and reunions will be possible; 4. That there must be mansions or other grand architecture in the sky, etc. Without all this, life, of course, would be intolerable during all eternity.

But alas! like all other ideas about spirit, when the above propositions are submitted to a ray of logic and reason we instantly discover their absurdity.

If spiritists from the first inception of the idea had insisted that spirits were made and returned to us in like condition, they would not hav placed such a formidable proof in the doubter's reach that the whole idea is a vain delusion. For surely old clothes are not immortal. And cotton cloth is only woven from cotton raised the usual way, and woolen trousers made only from the wool off of a real live worldly lamb. Yet when was a spirit ever seen without clothes? Are they not always pictured by Christians in flowing robes, and by our modern mediums always seen in the identical garments known to hav been worn by them while living, often stored away in chest or closet, or perhaps worn, at the very moment when worn by a spirit, also by a needy survivor? And yet, in spite of this fact, mediums invariably describe the clothes worn by the spirits they behold—which fact only proves that, being radically deceived about the clothes, and imagining they see when they don't see them, they are likewise deceived in regard to the spirit in the clothes, and imagin they see when they don't see it.

If spirits eat, they must hav organs to digest food—liver, stomach, etc.—and the process would be purely physical. But not being physical, the chemical process of digestion cannot possibly take place, and consequently spirits must liv during all eternity without food. But this again is contrary to the testimony, and contrary to natural history, as no organism can exist without food or nourishment for any length of time. A spirit masticating food, then, is impossible, but a spirit not masticating food is likewise impossible.

It is claimed that the wife shall join her husband, the father his child, etc. But these relations are also impossible without the physical. The happy family circle, now the highest condition of bliss attainable, must cease when the bodies lie under the sod. The propagation of children being, of course, impossible, the relation of husband and wife could, at most, continue only as friends. The difference in the ages of father and son, also, being but a few years comparativly, after a few or ten thousand years the parental relation also would entirely disappear. And in the case of the wife who died, and whose husband married a second, and a third, and a fourth wife, as is often the case, and *vice versa*, what condition of connubial bliss is in store for such an unfortunate one during all eternity?

And the notion generally conceded by spiritists, that heaven is a place of mansions is, if true, purely miraculous. If not miraculous, who is their builder and architect?

Clothes necessitate soil and a climate like ours to raise the cotton; planters to grow, gather, and ship it; also mills to manufacture it into cloth; and tailors to make it into garments. This necessitates mechanics to build the ships, and mills, and sewing-machines, and this necessitates furnaces, and fuel, and mines, and teams to haul the material, and many hands to perform the menial labor, in heaven, even, as upon the earth; and behold, if the innumerable hosts of spirits are clothed and dwell in mansions, the same life of drudgery now in store for a vast majority of mankind is awaiting them in heaven, and once there they must work, work forever, with no prospect of relief, or rest, or death!

It will be apparent now, if my crude way of expressing myself properly conveys my meaning, that no life is possible or conceivable, which, when properly viewed in all its phases, is not the same life over again which man is doomed to lead on earth, and that an eternal life without toil and care, without pain and misery, is but a happy dream, which never can be realized.

Divested of our physical bodies, as we shall be, and consequently forever denied the pleasure of the gratification of the desires of the physical nature, which now, though we may not realize it, are the only things making life endurable, forever denied sleep—the downy bed, the three meals a day, the embrace of an affectionate wife, the kiss and prattle of our little ones, luxuries like wines, fruits, desserts, candies, or cigars, the happy gatherings around the festiv board, family reunions, song, music, art, and oratory, the opera and drama—as all these will be impossible in heaven, as can easily be demonstrated—what then, I ask in the name of reason, is left to constitute an eternity of unalloyed bliss?

Let me sleep, forever sleep. As my condition, so to speak, during the eternity preceding my birth was not a cause of regret; as the condition of the unborn millions destined to liv hereafter, but now virtually dead or annihilated, is no cause of fear or dread, why should we mourn or fear to enter again that eternal sleep which knows no grief or sorrow?

But Christians say we will hav a harp, and spiritists insist there may be music and song "up there." But again a fearless logic inquires, Whence your harps, whence your pianos, whence your voices? Spiritual harps and spiritual catgut may be accepted by some as a consolation to their faith, but such childish notions must forever be barred in a philosophic discussion. They may be taken for granted, but can never be proven.

There is no such a thing as "spiritual substance." All is blind, unconscious force, which, physical conditions being favorable, may evolve the primary life-germ which in time, by due process of evolution, may produce man. All this is but a chain of purely physical causes and effects. But man can think, reason. This is a function of this creature, man. It is purely local, individual, began with him, and must end with him. But while mind, like life, must expire in each individual, it will be eternally reproduced in the future, as it ever has been in the past.

Rochelle, Ill., July 25, 1884. OTTO WETTSTEIN.

National Liberal League.

AN AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION, AND A NOMINATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* The constitution of the National Liberal League makes no provision in case of absence or disability of the president.

Article 6 reads: "The officers of the National Liberal League shall be a president, six or more vice-presidents, etc." These "six or more" may be ornamental, but are quite too numerous to be useful. I would respectfully offer the following suggestion:

that the first clause of Article 6 of the constitution be amended by striking out the words, "six or more vice-presidents," and the words, "A vice-president, who shall perform all the duties of the president, in case of the absence or disability of that officer," be substituted.

And then, in harmony with the noble sentiment of the "Call," "the equality of all without distinction of creed, race, or sex," I would nominate for the position one whose high standing, tried worth, and great ability, insure the hearty and unanimous indorsement of Liberals of every shade of opinion—for vice-president of the National Liberal League, Mrs. H. S. Lake, of Milwaukee, Wis. C. B. Reynolds.

North Parma, N. Y., July 19, 1884.

The Heywood Trials, and the Recent Triumph of Freedom of the Press.

In my report of the convention here in my last communication, I promised to subsequently giv some account, in the nature of a partial review, of the great triumph of free speech and freedom of the press in the recent decision of Judge Pitman, quashing the indictment in this third and last raid upon Mr. Heywood on the charge of obscenity. I proceed now to fulfil that promis. District-Attorney Hopkins ordered Mr. Heywood to trial May 26th, before Robert C. Pitman, judge. Mr. Heywood had prepared a motion to quash, and expected to conduct his own defense, as he had done the year previous, in Boston, in the United States Court, Judge T. L. Nelson presiding; but, to his grateful surprise, H. L. Nelson, Esq., a practicing lawyer of fine repute, of Worcester, and a son of Judge Nelson, just mentioned, who also resides at Worcester, in this county, volunteered his services to present and argue a motion to the same effect. Here, then, were assembled Judge Pitman, a stanch free-trader, an old-line free-soiler, and temperance advocate, a man whose antecedents hav associated him more or less, for many years, with reformers, and whose rulings show him to hav a true sense of principles, and citizens' rights; Mr. Nelson, the zealous and enterprising young lawyer, now for the defense; W. S. B. Hopkins, the prosecuting attorney, son of the well-known Erastus Hopkins, of Northampton, and Vesta and Hermes, the Heywood children, whom, as usual, Mr. Heywood had dramatically brought in his train. Mr. Blackmer, the previous prosecuting attorney who had conducted the preliminary examination in a zealous and persecuting spirit, the Lord had now taken to himself; but the recollection of the hard blows Mr. Heywood had dealt him on that occasion still lingered in the court house. The citizens' petition, and the protest addressed to the prosecuting officer, which I had somewhat elaborately drawn, and to which I had procured the signatures of the citizens of Princeton, had also been circulated, and placed where they would do the most good, stirring up the interest of the public, so that the case was no longer the obscure affair, to be hurried through unobserved, which those who began the prosecution had hoped to make it.

The following is an abstract of the parts of Mr. Nelson's brief bearing on rights of opinion, commerce, and association:

"First, as to the importance of alleging the intent. The Mass. cases are, Commonwealth *vs.* Filburn, 119 Mass. 297; *vs.* Barrett, 108 Mass. 302; *vs.* Bean, 11 Cush. 414; *vs.* Clifford, 8 Cush. 215; Tully *vs.* Commonwealth, 4 Met. 357.

"In Commonwealth *vs.* McGarrigill, Superior Court (Suffolk), 1855, Abbott, chief justice, says, as to the necessity of alleging knowledge in an indictment under this statute: 'Generally, intent, knowledge, is of the very essence of crime, and there must be very strong reasons shown to exist to take any case out of the application of the general rule. There certainly appear to be no such considerations applicable to this case; and to hold that this offense may be committed by a blind man who sells books for a livelihood, and who happens innocently to sell an obscene publication, would be giving a construction to the statute manifestly harsh and not required by rules of law.'

"In United States *vs.* Carll, 105 United States 611 (last case on subject), Judge Gray held that it was necessary to allege knowledge under a United States statute against passing counterfeit money, even though the statute did not purport to make knowledge essential to the crime. In Chitty's Criminal Law (vol. II, p. 42), his form of an indictment for distributing obscene literature contains an allegation of knowledge, 'intending thereby to corrupt the morals of youth.' These authorities overrule Heard's Criminal Law, the Massachusetts book which all lawyers use in drawing up indictments.

"Second, as to the indictment not alleging to whom printed paper was distributed. In all the forms this is alleged. Heard, Criminal Law, p. 585. So in all the adjudged cases, Commonwealth *vs.* Holmes, 17 Mass. 336; *vs.* Tarbox, 1 Cush. 66; *vs.* Lawrence, Worcester, May T. 1878. So in indictments for illegal sale of intoxicating liquors, it must be alleged to whom the liquor was sold—Commonwealth *vs.* Thurlow. 24 Pickering 374; *vs.* Doyle, 11 R. I. 574. So in indictments for illegal gaming must allege with whom game was played. Bishop on Stat. Crim., § 894. So for larceny and adultery must be alleged to whom property stolen belonged, or with whom defendant committed crime. It is an elementary rule of criminal pleading that the crime must be described with great particularity."

Judge Pitman's incidental remarks were liberal and sensible, showing that if Mr. Heywood had been tried before him his rulings would probably hav ranked him with Lowell, Nelson, and Treat, rather than with Clarke, Aldrich, and Benedict.

It is obvious, by a glance at these points, that although they arose in the form of a motion to quash the indictments, they did not in the least relate, so far as intent is concerned, to any mere matter of technicality or form, but that they go directly to the gist of the whole matter in dispute between the obscenist-persecutors and the reformers and thinkers who claim the right to discuss any subject whatsoever in their own way, in so far as they deem necessary to the proper elucidation of their ideas. The decision, in fact, in quashing the indictment upon these points, overrules, in so far as the authority of this decision goes, the whole current of adverse rulings which were made in Bennett's case, in Heywood's first trial, and elsewhere, when these cases were sprung upon the country, and when the bench and the bar had not as yet been called to any thorough examination of the subject. We are greatly indebted to Mr. Nelson for having come thus gallantly to the defense of the right, and for having so industriously unearthed these more recent and more reasonable decisions, setting aside the musty authorities of an earlier date and a more conservativ age; for, while reformers do not, in the main, rely on any authority not based upon reason and abstract rights, still it is a great additional bulwark of strength to find that honest and enlightened judges hav already decided in favor of justice.

In connection with this recent and most important decision, let us recur to the other trial before Judge Nelson, a report of which is just now for the first time published by Mr. Heywood, in concert with the Defense Committee (New York), and a copy of which should be in the hands of every lover of liberty in the land. At the beginning of the trial Judge Nelson threw out "The Word Extra," because the allegation in the indictment that it "is too grossly obscene and lewd to be placed on the records of the court" is untrue. He asked Mr. Almy, the acting prosecuting attorney, to say on what passages in "Cupid's Yokes" he based the same charge. Mr. Almy replied that he had not yet selected the "obscene" portions. "Then," said Judge Nelson, "you must read the whole book before we proceed further." Mr. Almy stumbled along through it, noting the "obscene" passages, but did not find the "worst" (best) ones. Judge Nelson said, "The court is robust enough to stand anything in that book," and out it went. "But your action involves acquittal of the defendant on the two first counts of the indictment," said Mr. Almy. "Can't help that," replied Judge Nelson; "I do not rule on alleged obscenity, but simply say the allegations in the indictment that the works are too obscene to be spread upon the records of the court is not true."

The courts are great educators of the people in the matter of making close, but all-important, distinctions which the common mind is apt to overlook and disregard. Nothing is decided in either case on the right or wrong of Mr. Heywood's opinions on the matters in question, but only, in the one case, that, right or wrong, he has the perfect right to utter them, and in the other case, at this point, that it was false to state, as the prosecuting attorney had done in the indictment, that the language used was *too obscene* to be placed upon the records of the court—that is, to be reinstated, and again brought before the public for examination and estimate; and to be read therefore by the public; for to place it upon the records of the court is to republish, or re-introduce it to the public—not too obscene, therefore, for all pure and decent and fair-minded people to read and ponder and decide upon for themselvs. Virtually, therefore, this was a decision to the effect that the language was not, in the opinion of the court, obscene at all, although the judge did not choose to put it that way, but arrived at the end indirectly; thus saving the jury the trouble of deciding upon a fact which was so patent to a clear-minded thinker that it needed no jury in the matter.

Two observations occur to me here. One is the very kinky and peculiar nature of laws and court trials on this question of obscenity at all; and the very unique and trying position in which a defendant is placed, different from what happens in any other kind of trials. The charge is that he has said some naughty words, or that he has shown a naughty picture, and if to show that he has not done so—here comes in the kinkiness of the situation—he wishes to repeat the words or show the picture to his judges, or to the public, who are in part his judges, he will, in the very act of doing so, repeat the offense. In other words, he cannot show that he is not guilty, or even *tell people what he is accused of*, without, *thereby*, —in the very act of defending himself—*committing a new crime*, if crime it happens to be. Even the prosecuting officer is guilty of the same offense. The other observation is to commend the peculiar and discreet conduct and nice choice of just the right word in this particular ruling by Judge Nelson. He quietly, and with subtle irony and reproof, says that he thinks the court is *robust* enough to endure anything there is in "Cupid's Yokes," or in Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass;" which means, of course, that all right-minded and decent people, and the public at large, should be equally "robust." I thank the judge for that word. This idea of a moral robustness, which is not overcome or dismayed by every approach to forbidden topics, is a very precious suggestion, which I propose to recur to in another article. It is a protest against the weakness and babyism of our present namby-pamby social ideas; the prevalent ideas of proprietists in the community, and which the obscenity-prosecutors are endeavoring to continue and intensify, as against the more robust morality of the new and coming age, which will tolerate and approve the freest discussion of every subject. I hav lived in an English-speaking community in the South, where to talk of legs, or to speak of pricking one's finger, would hav been pronounced by the universal verdict as the most outrageous obscenity; while in England a word is used every day, as the name of a current coin, which is never heard in America, except among boys and youths in a sense most offensiv to our ideas of morality, so greatly are notions of this kind mere matters of neighborhood limits. And yet the great nation of the United States is engaged, through its courts and hired agents, in determining for us when we hav said a naughty word—under a penalty of ten years' imprisonment and five thousand dollars fine!

It is grandly to the credit of Judge Pitman that he says, "The rights of the majority of well-to-do, popular people are rarely imperiled; courts exist to protect the rights of minorities, of unpopular citizens;" in which I now learn that he follows the *dicta* of Hon. J. G. Abbott, of Boston, then chief justice of the Superior Court of Massachusetts, in a memorable series of decisions, thirty years ago.

This is the only true position, but is greatly in advance of where the majority of even professed reformers practically stand. It is of the utmost importance that they come to see and feel its righteousness, its beauty, and its grandeur as a social doctrin. It means that the more I disapprove, or even loathe and abhor, the ideas that my neighbor is uttering, by mouth or pen, the more am I bound, the more lowly am I summoned, to stand by and defend his right to utter them; and when anyone feels called on to hedge and apologize for such adhesion and defense by adding, "But I don't approve of the idea," or words to that effect, as if such approval in any degree were involved in the doctrin, it generally implies that he is not quite firmly intrenched in the grand idea of the doctrin itself.

In conclusion, I wish to quote the conclusion of Mr. Heywood's defense speech in the United States Court trial, an oration in the face of great danger, which will, I feel certain, enter into permanent English literature beside the great speeches of such men as Emmet, Chatham, and Burke, when pleading for life imperiled or for the rights of man:

"Your Honor, chosen to the seat of reason, with eye quick to see subtle falsities, as well as plain equities; with ear attuned to the indwelling harmony of things; guided by natural justice, which was before governments and will survive them, in that judicious use of power assured by intelligence and character—will render such decisions as the heart of commonwealth inspires. Hitherto under this statute Freelovers and Freethinkers selected by his alias 'agency' to be 'stamped out,' we, negroes of to-day, hav had few rights which obscenists were bound to respect. Sad, indeed, is it that hitherto liberty has come mainly through martyrdom; that 'by the light of burning heretics' we track the bleeding feet of Progress—civilization advancing from prison to prison, from gibbet to gibbet, from stake to stake. But there are instances where official power becomes liberating Providence, as when Judge Harrington of Vermont said to a slave-hunter, 'Show me a receipted bill of sale from God Almighty, and you may hav this man;' as when Lord Mansfield's ruling made every human foot free that stepped on English soil; as when myriads of Russian serfs were liberated by Alexander II.'s potent word; which was echoed in the stroke of Lincoln's pen that freed four million slaves here. The prosecutions under this statute since Nov. 2, 1872, not only disgrace the noble word, 'Law,' and make government the synonym of contempt, but record a page in history which will burn and blacken before all eyes as time advances! I hav no fears that this medieval barbarism now rioting here under the forms of law will reverse fundamental guarantees of liberty constitutioned in these states. True, Comstockism is a loathsome, deadly, secret disease; but perhaps your honor is to medicin it, and you, gentlemen, are the bearers to carry out its compost remains; perhaps the time has come when a judge of 'the quick and the dead,' and jurymen, strong in natural health and self-respect, will say to this contagious effect, 'Thus far, but no farther!' Be that as it may, my effort to vindicate citizen right, against lecherous, murderous assault, thus far is done, and I hav no word to unsay, or step to retrace. Intrenched behind our Massachusetts Bill of Rights and the Federal Constitution, behind the Declaration of Independence, and Plymouth Rock, behind Lincoln's and Alexander's emancipation decrees, and Magna Charta, behind the Protestant Reformation, Christianity, and every other utterance of the infinit word, I say with Luther before the Diet at Worms, 'I neither care nor dare retract anything; it is neither right nor safe to do so against conscience. Here I take my stand; I can do no otherwise.' You, gentlemen, and your honor, will also obey your sense of right. The adverse verdict, five years ago, ruined my business, broke up my home, turned my family penniless on the street, took my liberty, and, well-nigh, my life, caged in tomb 52 of Dedham hell, with clipped head and in felon's uniform, my physical vitality slowly but irrevocably breaking under the torturing rigors of even a liberal jail. As the days, weeks, months wore heavily on, and sympathetic, indignant, throbbing hearts in many states echoed my protest, these precious children in their temporary, charitably-provided abode, again, again, and again asked, 'Mamma, why does not papa come home?' 'Why does papa not come home?' Gentlemen, shall I go home? Freed from the vindictiv clutch of a foreign spy, shall I once more be allowed to—mind my own business? Liberty, home, and loved ones whose wants it is religion to supply, whose society it is heaven to share, are indeed dear to me. But what shall it profit one to hav freedom himself if others sink under the pestilential breath of repression? If the 'agent's' will must longer be law in state and gospel in church, if with your aid he again slave-pens me in a prison-vault to wait and waste away in my narrow home of iron and granit until the rude corpse-box bears back this body-form to my be-

reaved family, even then the ultimate result will be worth to the world all it costs me and mine; weak things will confound the mighty; others and still others with increasing, invincible numbers will rise in my tracks, and the good fight of faith will go on, until freedom to acquire and impart knowledge on all subjects of human interest; the right to hav, print, and *mail* honest opinions, is assured wherever the Federal-union flag floats."

STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

More Biblical Criticism from Modern Orthodoxy.

In order to giv some of our TRUTH SEEKER readers who hav not seen the lectures of Professor W. Robertson Smith on "The Old Testament" an idea of the views of this profound biblical scholar, I undertake an abridged exposition of some portions of them. Professor Smith occupies a chair at the Aberdeen College, Scotland, and doubtless regards himself as perfectly orthodox, although his frank confessions of his views would make the orthodox of twenty-five years ago open their eyes. He sets out by declaring: "The ordinary laws of evidence and good sense must be our guides, and we must apply these to the Bible just as we would to any other ancient book."

He declares that the scribes had the sole control and transmission of the Bible, and that Ezra was the father of the scribes who originated in the later times of the Old Testament. As Ezra lived during the later years of the captivity, many centuries after Moses, and even David and Solomon, and about five hundred years before Christ, what became of those parts of the Old Testament that are supposed to hav been written by Moses, Joshua, Solomon, Samuel, Isaiah, etc.? According to Professor Smith, there could hav been very little, if any, of those books in existence. There were traditions handed down orally, and possibly a scrap here or there of some writing on bits of leather. The old Hebrew language had long ceased to exist. It never was a written language, nor was its successor, that was called Hebrew, a language fully written. Professor Smith denies that these books were written by the men whose names they go under. Even Ezra and Nehemiah were not written by Ezra and Nehemiah. They bear evidence that they were written long after—as late as Alexander the Great's time. When the language we now know as the Hebrew became written, matters that had been delivered orally, as having been originally uttered by certain men, were written with such additions as had naturally grown to them. For instance, Moses doubtless received the Ten Commandments from Jehovah (when Jehovah received them Professor Smith does not say), and these, with possibly a few statutes, Moses had left to the Hebrews. In time, more ordinances grew up necessarily. These would all pass down to posterity as the laws of Moses. This will account for some books bearing the names of certain prophets, etc., as they do. The law was continually changing from century to century, yet always bore the name of Moses to giv it authority.

As to the text, he says the scribes chose that which we now hav at quite a late time, and that they had no great skill. They worked from a false point of view—their objects being legal, not philological. The Jews, for ages, worshiped images, called their God Baal, and supposed they were worshiping the true Jehovah. In Hosea's time the word Baal was felt to be dangerous to true religion [that is, to some other true religion.—Holt].

That anyone can exercise such enlarged common sense in criticising the book itself, and yet fail to use the same common sense in estimating the character it givs to the creator, will strike us as not a little strange. It only illustrates the wonderful capacity in the human mind to be inconsistent.

He declares that a large portion of the Old Testament writings are anonymous, are of composit origin, and hav been edited and re-edited in different ages, receiving additions or modifications at the hand of each editor. Whoever owned a roll of manuscript, owned it as his own property, there being no such thing as a property in books in our modern sense. The next owner or copyist would make his own changes by interlining and marginal notes, and these would all be incorporated by the next copyist. For the rŏlls were very perishable, and written with ink easily blotted out. Copyists looked to the meaning rather than the pen, not having our sense of the importance of word-for-word copy. To show what differences grow up, he compares several verses from the Hebrew and Septuagint—which last he greatly prefers, and with reason. For instance, take 1 Sam. xiv, 18:

Hebrew.	*Septuagint.*
"And Saul said to Abiah, Bring hither the ark of God. For the ark was on that day, and the children of Israel."	"And Saul said to Abiah, Bring hither the Ephod, for he bare the Ephod on that day before Israel."

He cites several more verses throughout the Bible to show the difference. In fact, the difference is as that between black and white. Take Jer. xxvii, 5–22. The Septuagint leaves out verses 7, 13, 17, 21, and about half of verses 1, 8, 10, 12, 18, 19, leaving the whole narrativ much simpler, more natural, and more forcible. The very titles to chapters are often, if not always, inserted by some unknown writer. "Not only the language, but the meaning, is entirely different in many parts."

"All the historical books are anonymous, with the single exception of Nehemiah, in which the author's name is prefixed to the first chapter. Why do not the authors giv their names? Because the public was interested in the substance, and cared not who wrote it." "This remark is not equally applicable to lyric poetry, like David's eulogy on Saul and Jonathan." "Nor does it apply so strongly to the sermons of the prophets. There are indeed a certain number of prophetic writings with no title; these were probably never spoken, but were composed in solitude." "The chief example of anonymous prophecies is the last twenty-seven chapters of Isaiah." Isaiah was a separate volume, even to Christ's time. See Luke iv, 17.

The custom of putting an author's name to a book as the title soon grew. That part in which the custom is most fully carried out is Psalms. The Septuagint ascribes some to David which the Hebrew version does not, and so conversely. The frequency of this ascription to David in the Septuagint is proof of an increasing tendency to do this. We know this continued till nearly all the Psalms were supposed to be of David. The same is the case with even the New Testament. Many manuscripts prefix the name of Paul to the epistle to the Hebrews, "although it is quite certain the oldest copies left it anonymous," says Prof. Smith. With considerable portions of Jeremiah and Isaiah it is evident these prophets never had anything to do. Most readers regard the prophecies as having been written and posted up to date. Such is not the case. "They were uttered at various times, and very unskillfully compiled."

So of Proverbs, which is regarded as a single composition by Solomon from first to last. "But here again we find such transpositions as show the book is a collection of various proverbial books and tracts." Had Professor Smith adopted the beautiful simplicity and striking terseness he so much admires in the Septuagint it had been better for his readers. But in that case his terrific assaults on our esteem of the scriptures were too apparent. Perhaps he thought that decency here required an abundant use of words to hide meaning. As to Proverbs, the professor admits that the book no doubt has some proverbs of Solomon, but embraces in addition a variety of other matters from other sources.

Coming to Kings and Chronicles, and criticising the way in which the history of reigns after Solomon's are narrated, he says, "There is what critics call the framework of history, and there are the details within that framework." He says the notices of the accession and death of each king, with certain stated particulars, and reference to the royal chronicles of Judah or Israel, are the framework, and bind the whole together. But the details within the framework are not a continuous story, and are plainly by different hands. Some of these details in the Septuagint are referred to a different time or place, or are omitted. He refers to the "inextricable difficulties" of the story of David and Goliath in one version, in 1 Sam. xvii. David is at court, a friend of Saul. Then suddenly there is a campaign, yet David is not along; he is with his father, who sends him to his brothers, who treat him with too much petulance for a favorit. Yet at the close of the chapter he seems utterly unknown at court. But in the Septuagint, verses 12 to 31, and verses from the 55th to the 5th of the next chapter, are omitted, and we thus get a natural account.

The Old Testament Apocrypha is found in the Septuagint side by side with books we call canonical. He explains this by the like fact of apocryphal New Testament books having been regarded as of equal authority for long periods of time. The line was not sharply defined. The idea of canonicity was not fixed. Even while New Testament books now held as canonical were still disputed, the epistle of Barnabas had not been definitly relegated to a lower place. "The line between the old and the new cannot be drawn with precision as to time, for the Psalms are in part considerably later than Ezra. The difference can be felt, rather than described."

As to any volume containing all the books of scripture in the times before Christ, we know that was out of the question. In one passage of the Talmud a volume containing all the prophets is mentioned as a singularity. Very few persons could ever dream of having them in a collected form. Daniel did not probably exist in its present form till after the time of the Maccabees.

We know as a matter of historical fact that the Pentateuch, as a whole, was never put into operation as a rule of Israel's life until Ezra. "The theory that it was given in the wilderness before they entered Palestine is erroneous. The prophets did not abolish the Pentateuch, or Levitical system. On the contrary, it is just as prophecy ceases that we find this code solemnly advances to authority, for the first time, under Ezra." So says Professor Smith. If anyanything will make ordinary Bible readers open their eyes, the above will. It will be observed how different Smith's method is from Bishop Colenso's. Colenso begins with Exodus, certain facts and figures being premised—as that the Hebrews went into Egypt some two hundred and over years before, seventy-two in number, and at the exodus are about three millions, with much cattle. Bearing this in mind, and knowing what the increase of population is at best, he wonders how such an increase could be—how Dan, for instance, who entered Egypt as one person, could then be some sixty thousand men, armed, and fit for war; how two midwives could serve for some three hundred births per day; how these millions could suddenly get up and start with all these old persons, and infants, and cattle, about 2 o'clock A.M., and march ninety miles in three days, and cross the Red Sea in a few minutes, as it were; how they could find rest at Elim under seventy palms, and water in twelve wells; how the priests could perform all these services in a camp of three millions, and eat so many burnt or sin offerings, etc.; and he concludes the whole narrativ is a tissue of blunders and nonsense, and Moses never wrote it. Joshua is even worse from the beginning. He passes Jordan even as Moses did the Red Sea; he circumcises the six hundred thousand and more men in a day, and carries them through signs and wonders greater than Sindbad ever saw, or Munchausen recorded.

But Professor Smith examins the subject in the concrete, and shows, not only that the details might be abused, but that the whole affair, according to our ideas, is a mistake. All that vast mass of material called the Old Testament, with but small exception, never was recorded in any way till a very late time, by whom we know not. Some of it existed as oral tradition from some time possibly prior to Ezra, 500 B.C. As to the prophets, had the Jews believed them, we had never seen a word of their sayings. Because the Jews disbelieved they wrote down some things to testify in after days. The Psalms were gradually introduced for the temple worship, and it is absurd to ascribe them to another who died before ever a temple was built. As to the Levitical code, and most of the ceremonials and ordinances of the Pentateuch, it is plain the greatest kings, prophets, priests, and seers never knew anything of them. Many of the chief favorits and confidants of Jehovah practised just the contrary, and supposed they were doing right. The greatest of the prophets denounced such observances.

It was not till Israel ceased to be a nation that its people lived under "the law."

Such are a few of the important facts clearly pointed out by this reverent and profound Biblical scholar of the land of Presbyterianism.

Oregon, Mo. HOLT.

Mr. Hale to Mr. Sunderland.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Will you permit me to reply, through the columns of your paper, to the rhodomontade of Mr. LaRoy Sunderland in THE TRUTH SEEKER of July 26th, page 471, against my article in THE TRUTH SEEKER of July 12th, on the "Existence of a Supreme Eternal Self-Existent Intelligence," that I call God. He says, after complaining of the hardship of having to drink a barrel of vinegar, to find out whether or no it was sweet wine, that if there were any such personal omniscience as he supposes, it would be unnecessary to fill four or five of the broad columns of THE TRUTH SEEKER to prove it; and then goes on to say that it is enough for the priests, and those victimized by that old barbarian book, to boast of an omniscient God, etc., as if I had taken my god from that old barbarian book—which is false inference. My god was *not* taken from that old book, and if Mr. LaRoy Sunderland will look at my article in THE TRUTH SEEKER, he will find in the first paragraph that God of that old barbarian book, the Jew God, classed with all the different gods that men hav imagined had an existence, and hav worshiped under every system of idolatry, and with every humbug, ism, and fraud that has ever existed from the year one—if there ever could hav been a year one—down to the present time. I would thank Mr. LaRoy Sunderland to confine himself to facts in his statements, and not misconstrue what I hav said and misrepresent my position and the ideas I hav advanced. And again, he asks, What is the verdict of science? It is that in the whole of things in all worlds—all phenomena—there is but one substance, and its inherent quality—force. There is but one force and one matter—uncreated, but without beginning or end—never more nor less in the whole of things. One force, self-controling and progressiv, evolves all the phenomena in all worlds and all minds, all results from nature, order, and laws, etc. He says, "In Mr. Hale's long argument, he has pointed out no place, no hole, for his god to come in, nothing for his god to do." There is nothing outside of nature. If Mr. Sunderland will only read the last fifteen or sixteen lines of my article in THE TRUTH SEEKER of July 12th, page 439, he will see that my god is a full match for his force, and has quite as much to do in running this universe as his force has, and that Mr. Hale's God can fill as large a hole, or as small a hole, as his force can; and that if this force, which he has substituted for my God, only possessed the intelli-

gence of this God of mine, and knew what it was doing, and why it was doing what is being done—was not an insensate, dummy sort of a thing, operating without knowledge or sense, like a volcano, or the expansion of water by heat or frost—it might pass for a sort of lackey for the true God of nature.

For further reply, I will refer him to my article in THE TRUTH SEEKER. If he will read it as it is, and not misconstrue and pervert it, he will come out all right.

Most respectfully yours, JAMES HALE.

Detroit, July 29, 1884.

Softening the Asperities.

From the New York Sun.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR: I find in to-day's *Sun* the following:

"TOM MOORE WROTE IT.

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN: *Sir:* Who wrote the poem beginning:

"'Oh, ever thus, from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay?'

"CONSTANT."

Will you please tell me what poem Tom Moore ever *began* with those lines? In the middle of a sentence in "Lalla Rookh" I find:

"'Twas bright, 'twas heavenly—but 'tis past!

"Oh, ever thus, from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flower
But 'twas the first to fade away;
I never nursed a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die!"

But who wrote this parody?

"I never had a bit of toast,
However good and wide,
But it always fell on the sanded floor,
And on the buttered side!"

"Even the great Homer nods."

It is permissible to soften the asperities of politics with literature. Very truly your friend and servant,

Lowell, July 30. BENJ. F. BUTLER.

We think Gen. Butler nods a little in his parody quotation. The second line does not begin with the word "however." The line should read:

"Particularly good and wide."

But what a tremendous meeting will assemble to greet General Butler when he makes his first speech in this city—say about four weeks hence. There will be no asperity about that, nor any decay of childhood's hopes; and Butler can begin his oration just as he pleases.

Our Maligners.

From the Philosophic Inquirer, Madras, India.

The *Indian Messenger*, the leading organ of the *Sadharana Brahma Somaj*, contains in its issue of June 3d a long paragraph from "one who has read many of the publications of the Theosophical Society with great care," containing some unmerited remarks and innuendoes against the leaders of the Theosophical Society, especially against their alliance with the late lamented D. M. Bennett, of the United States. One of the charges brought against this association is that that Society's organ givs gratuitous advertisments of Infidel publications and American and English works on Atheism, and that the theosophical leaders hav publicly defended Mr. Bennett against the vile insinuations and baseless charges brought against him by the vulgar-tongued Joe Cook, and others of his stamp, in view to discredit the Society in the eyes of the unwary public who do not often wish to inquire into things themselvs, but are content to be led by anyone who calls himself a public man. From the spirit with which the above charges were urged against that Society, we cannot help thinking that they were written by one who hates Infidels, and who, not caring to know the truth about what he writes, wants to hold the Society up to the ridicule of the unthinking portion of the reading public. The writer, for aught we know, may either be a Christian of the "low and meek" type, or a Brahmo of the New Dispensation class. Whatever it may be, it is certain that the writer, whether he has read with care much or little of the theosophical publications, is one who is unwilling to do the fullest justice to the aims of that august body. His readiness to identify the teachings of Occultists with modern Materialism, or Atheism, in view to raise an unmerited prejudice in the minds of those who are sluggish enough not to inquire into the problem of existence themselvs, and to face the conclusions which a rigorous logic would lead one to—his readiness, we repeat, is simply suspicious. The critic under notice, in his natural zeal for things dear to his cherished convictions, remarks that "it is an utter misuse of terms to call this theosophic discovery a basis for religion—for religion without love and gratitude and spiritual aspirations is a misnomer." We need not go the length of showing that the above remark savors of Christian cant and puts beyond doubt the fact, either that the writer has not sufficiently read philosophy in its highest phases, or that his mind is enveloped in the mists of superstition and prejudice. Nor is his allegation that Mr. Bennett was convicted for the publication and selling of obscene and immoral books and imprisoned in his own land well founded. It appears to hav been recklessly taken up from the report of a certain lying missionary who wanted to make money by traducing the characters of men who are in advance of the times, and who in consequence are adjudged criminals by interested bigots who will not permit others to think or write as they would wish to. The truth is, Mr. Bennett was imprisoned for a crime similar to the one for which Mr. Bradlaugh was convicted in "*the* land of liberty," and bigots must look up to that land with great pride for the wise manner in which people are still prevented there from thinking otherwise than as the clergy would wish them to do on the subject of religion and morality, delinquency being punished with no less than rigorous imprisonment. Such is the law in Christendom. Shame, that it should be preserved in the statute books and administered by men who call themselvs Christians. Strange, that in a land of complete religious freedom like the one we are now in, anyone who pretends to the least culture should consider that the barbarous law in Christian countries which now punishes Freethought with imprisonment, and which in olden days used to punish it with loss of life after protracted torture, is a righteous one, and that the sufferers therefrom are immoral men.

A Real Enjoyable Sunday-School Picnic.

"Oh, but haven't we had fun to-day!" exclaimed a young lady to some of her companions, as they settled down in about fifteen seats, a young man and a maiden to each seat, with one or two disconsolate young men left over, as is the rule with picnic parties. "I don't care if it was a Sunday-school picnic, I've had one of the best times. Say, Charley, what's that on your pantaloons? You must hav been sitting down on the pie. Say, Mary, were you with us when [outbreak of laughter]—when the minister [another outbreak]—when the minister kneeled down to ask the blessing on our lunch there by the big tree, the one that ——" Here occurred the third laughing fit and the first pause for breath. Mary improved the opportunity by replying that she was not there, wherever it was, and to inquire what was so funny. "Well," resumed the first maiden, "Rev. Hobbs lunched with us. We spread our things out on the grass, and so he kneeled down to ask the blessing [more laughter]. It—it makes me laugh so I can't tell it. Well, as I said, he was kneeling down. He started out to say, 'We thank thee, Lord, in the name of thy son Jesus Christ,' but no sooner had he said this than he jumped about five feet up in the air. You ought to hav heard the way he spoke those last two words. He just yelled 'em out as if he was swearing. It was shocking, and we girls started to run away, when Jimmy Johnson came and told us what the matter was." "And what was it?" "Well, just as the minister reached the 'Je'—a horrid wasp bit him right through his pants."—*Chicago Herald.*

Appreciated Sympathy.

At the last regular meeting of the Gananoque (Ont.) Secular Society, held in Acton's Hall Sunday evening, the following resolution of condolence was moved and carried:

WHEREAS, We learn with deep regret of the death of the wife of our esteemed co-laborer, E. M. Macdonald, editor of the New York TRUTH SEEKER;

Resolved, That the Gananoque Secular Society tenders its sympathy to Mr. Macdonald, and assures him of the most heart-felt sorrow shared by us in this his great grief.

Signed, on behalf of the Society,

GEO. G. MEIKLE, President.
HENRY SMITH, Secretary.
JOHN GRANT, Treasurer.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., July 27, 1884.

DEAR BROTHER MACDONALD: It was with great sorrow that the Liberals of Syracuse and vicinity learned of your sad bereavement in the death of your wife in reading the grand and beautiful words of Messrs. Chainey and Putnam. Mr. Chainey expressed in words what we would like to say better than any of us could do. Yet we cannot let the occasion pass without expressing to you our heartfelt sorrow and sympathy in your great affliction.

We hav therefore

Resolved, That in the death of your estimable wife the Liberals hav lost a valuable member from their ranks, and you and yours a true and noble wife and friend. And though words are but feeble comforters at such a time, yet we hope you will accept this as evidence of our sympathy and friendship.

E. A. WOOD, President;
WM. MALCOLM, Treasurer;
HENRY NOXON, Secretary;

of the Syracuse Liberal Club; and one hundred other Liberals.

PERSONAL.—I hav received, in addition to the resolutions of these societies, a great number of sympathizing letters from valued friends. I am sure they were not intended for print, and I would reply to each if I could, but the task, in addition to my other labors, is too great. But from a full heart do I return thanks to each and every one. From Humanity must consolation be sought in times of trouble, and from Humanity alone can it come. "Help for the living—hope for the dead;" and help and hope proceed only from warm hearts. Words cannot recall her to life, but a continuance of that work in which she so fully sympathized can ease the pain of separation, and make her memory a hallowed and a sacred thought, a stimulus to effort, a constant inspiration in the right. If possible, her high ideals shall be realized, and then I shall be willing to lay down my burden and join her, whether it be for good or ill, whether to enter Nirvana or a spiritual activity.

To the friends who hav written me with tenderness and cheer I again return thanks.

E. M. MACDONALD.

Editorial Notes.

THE *Catholic Examiner* says that the religion received by the negroes from Methodists and Baptists is a "ghastly sham."

W. F. JAMIESON, Pipestone, Minn., is at lecture work, and has commenced the campaign early, having had large audiences in July at Marshall, Minn., several evenings in succession. Address for lectures at Pipestone, Minn.

THE tax-collector has handed his bill to the London *Freethinker*. One of his items is: "2s. 3 1-2d. for one year's vicar's maintenance." Mr. Foote thinks that if his particular vicar has any conscience the victuals he purchases with that sum ought to choke him. Mr. Foote pays his school-tax with enthusiasm, for it will, he thinks, in the long run choke all the vicars on earth.

"FATHER" LAMBERT'S "Notes on Ingersoll," hav had a circulation away and beyond its merits, being buoyed up by Christians who, by reason of their slight acquaintance with dialectics, thought they saw in its shallow reasoning a reply to the unanswerable logic of Freethought. It was handed to us at the Rochester Convention, but we never could see how it deserved the consequence of a reply. The Catholic church provides all its students for the priesthood with a set of answers to all the Rationalists' objections to theology. These answers are ingenious, as the Romish church has in her ranks the best of sophists, but none of them can stand for a moment when closely analyzed. Pastor Lambert has used the stereotyped formula, and with no more success than his predecessors. But as many of our readers hav heard of the book and want to know what it is like, we yield considerable space this week to a volunteer review of the work.

THE attempt to raise money to pay off the enormous debt of Archbishop Purcell seems about to be abandoned. The *Catholic Telegraph* made an appeal to the Catholics of the archdiocese to contribute money toward this purpose, and a subscription list was opened by the Rev. F. J. Goetz. Father Goetz has now withdrawn this list, in consequence of an interview with Archbishop Elder, who refused to giv his public approval to the schome. The archbishop, in a letter published in the *Catholic Telegraph*, denies that he ever forbade the list or expressed disapproval of it. He admits that he told Father Goetz that he was publishing his list in a paper which was in an "attitude of defiance to authority;" but adds that amends hav since been made by it. The Catholic church robbing the outside world is a familiar sight, but to deliberately and publicly steal the earnings of its own dupes—besides frightening them into giving a good portion of their property—reveals a depth of depravity startling even if not unexpected.

THE verdict against Mr. Bradlaugh for the crime of voting in Parliament without having taken the oath is not by any means the end of even that attempt to suppress him. The verdict is without legal effect until judgment shall hav been heard, first in support of a motion for a new trial, then in support of a motion to enter judgment for him, and again in support of a motion for arrest of judgment. This fight, which he publicly announces he will make, may put the end off for years, for if even all these motions are rejected he will go to the Court of Appeal, and from the Court of Appeal to the House of Lords, if that ancient nuisance is in existence at the time. If a new election of members of Parliament be in the meantime ordered, he can be re-elected by Northampton, and, going up with the first forty members, swear himself in with them, and no redress can be had by the Christians except they resort to the stake or dungeon, for it is the legal method of beginning a new parliament.

DR. CURRY, of Chicago, who characterized the Bible as "a lot of old wives' fables," was at the last General Conference elected editor of the *Methodist Quarterly Review*. In the first number under his editorship appears an article by Dr. Milton S. Terry which gives away the whole Pentateuch. Mr. Terry's paper states that "the Pentateuch contains a number of passages which cannot, without doing violence to sound critical principles, be attributed to Moses as their author. The Pentateuch, especially the book of Genesis, contains documents of various dates and authorship which hav been worked over into an orderly and homogeneous whole. The laws of the Pentateuch were either unknown, or else largely neglected and violated, during most of the period between the conquest of Canaan and the Babylonian captivity. The books of Exodus, Leviticus, and Numbers show different stages of legislation, and Leviticus contains a noticeably fuller and more elaborate priestly code and ritual than appear in Deuteronomy." Dr. Terry's assent to these propositions is stated in these words: "We are frank to say that we regard the above propositions as simple statements of fact." This is certainly cautious enough, but none the less conclusiv. Between Dr. Curry and his contributor the Bible gets hard raps, and if the Methodist church proposes to continue their membership its "Disciplin" will hav to be amended.

Communications.

The Annals of Tacitus A Forgery.—Continued.

Many more equally conclusiv internal evidences of forgery are adduced and elaborated by Mr. Ross.

The external evidence of forgery is also irresistible.

Poggio Bracciolini (pronounced *Bratsheoleny*) was secretary to several successiv popes during a period of forty years. In erudition, intellectual ability, and power of writing, he was without his equal. In some qualities as a writer he was superior to Tacitus. He wrote the fable of "The Old Man, the Boy, and the Ass."

In 1418 he went to England with Henry Beaufort, bishop of Winchester, afterwards cardinal. From 1420 to 1422 he was constantly complaining in letters to his bosom friend Niccoli, seventeen years his senior, of unfulfilled promises by the prince prelate. His benefice was only 120 florins a year, with hard work; and when it was exchanged for another worth £40, with less duties attached, still he was dissatisfied.

In February, 1422, came an offer of new employment of a very mysterious character, which his friend, Niccoli, who seems to hav been at the bottom of the scheme, advised him to undertake. If he would do it, his countryman, Piero Lamberteschi, would endeavor to procure for him in three years 500 gold seguins. "If he will make it 600," writes Poggio, "I will at once close with his proposal. . . . I like the occupation to which he has invited me. I hope I shall be able to produce something worth reading; but for this purpose, as I tell him in my letters, I require the retirement and leisure that are necessary for literary work."

This mysterious task appears to hav been the forging of the hopelessly lost additional books of the "History" of Tacitus, and palming off the forgery on Cosmo de Medici, a wealthy patron of learning and special admirer of Tacitus.

In June, 1422, Poggio writes to Niccoli:

"Giv me the leisure and the time for writing that *History*, and I will do something you will approve. . . . When I reflect on the merits of the ancient writers of history, I recoil with fear from the undertaking; though when I consider what are the writers of the present day, I recover some confidence in the hope that if I strive with all my might I shall be inferior to few of them."

His first intention was to go from England to Hungary, where he would be unknown, but in the summer of 1422 he returned to Rome, where as secretary to the pope he had a small salary and little or nothing to do.

In May, 1423, he writes to his friend Niccoli to send him without delay all his notes and extracts from books. In October he speaks of the "beginnings of any kind being arduous and difficult; what the ancients did pleasantly, quickly, and easily, was to him troublesome, tedious, and burdensome." In November he begs Niccoli to get him a map of Ptolemy's geography and send him several historical works, particularly Suetonius and Plutarch.

But now he begins to see the impracticability of forging additional books to the History of Tacitus on the plan of that author, for the want of material. So he suggests another scheme of fabrication just as audacious.

Iu January, 1424, he implores his friend Niccoli to seek out Cosmo de Medici and tell him of a great discovery in a far-off town in Germany of two large volumes containing the ten Decades of Livy's History. This was a trumped-up story by which he hoped to be relieved of his present difficult task; he could forge books of Livy much easier than of Tacitus, and if Cosmo could be caught with this fly, Poggio would be able in a short time to make his fortune. Already he had made discoveries of ancient manuscript, either alone or in company with other scholars, and fabulous sums had been paid for such discoveries. In fact, he was occupied with that sort of business nearly all his days, and may hav forged other ancient books.

But the new suggestion did not tempt Cosmo; Livy was not his favorit author. Poggio therefore had to proceed as best he could. Three years and a half elapsed when mysterious utterances passed between him and Niccoli with respect to Tacitus, and after nearly two years more, in the spring of 1429, a monk is said to hav brought from a convent in Saxony, near the borders of Bohemia, the last six books of what are now known as the "Annals" of Tacitus.

The forgery is completed in Poggio's fiftieth year. He has earned his five or six hundred gold seguins, which is a fortune in 1429, equivalent to fifty or sixty thousand dollars now; and for the rest of his life he can indulge his long cherished wish of devoting himself to literary undertakings. From that time until his death, at the age of seventy-nine, his published works number at least fifteen, many of them valuable.

Fifty-three years after his death, when his fourth son, a man of sixty-eight years, is holding the same office that his father did before him, John de Medici, who has just become Pope Leo X., offers a reward of 500 gold seguins for the discovery of new copies of ancient Greek manuscript or Roman works; and in less than two years his *thesaurum questor pontificus*, Angelo Arcomboldi, afterwards bishop of Milan, produces the first six books of the "Annals," incomplete.

The composition of the first six books (five, as now divided) is superior to that of the last six, as might be expected, being later work; but they are all by the same hand. The presumption is that, emboldened by the success of the first forgery, Poggio endeavored in his old age to complete the whole work, sixteen books, but was surprised by death in 1459. The manuscript was left to his sons, and was not made public until it came into the hands of the last surviving son, who was in a position to use it with the collusion of a competent scholar like Arcomboldi.

The first six books, like the last six, contain errors that Tacitus could not hav made, as, for example:

1. The writer tells us that before the time of Claudius only two generals, namely, Sylla and Augustus, had exercised the privilege of the enlargement of the *pomoerium*. Commenting on this, Lipsius says: "I am not going to defend you, Cornelius; you are wrong; an enlargement was also made by Julius Cæsar, who was 'pitched' in [*interjectus*] between these two."

2. We read in the "Annals" that Julia, the only daughter of Augustus and wife of Tiberus, after languishing in exile for twenty years, banished by her father, and deserted by her husband, and supported only by the bounty of her mother, "Augusta" (Scribonia), died in the first year of Tiberius. In the fourth year of the latter's reign, he ordered a coin to be struck in honor of his wife Julia. That coin is preserved in the National Collection in Paris.

3. The author says that at the funeral of Drusus "the images of the Claudii and the *Julii* were borne around his bier." Drusus belonged to the Levian family and not to the *Julian*. The mistake is so palpable that Lipsius and other modern editors hav substituted *Liviorum* for *Juliorum*.

But we forbear to adduce further evidences of so palpable a forgery, and will only note again what Mr. Ross further says about the oldest manuscripts:

"The manuscript in the Mediceo-Laurentian library is known as the Second Florence manuscript. All the other manuscripts of the last six books of the 'Annals' are copies of it; as James Gronovius puts it, 'emanated' from it; just as the other Florentine manuscript is the only one containing all the books of the 'Annals,' or, as Ernesti says, 'It is unique; we hav no other manuscript of those books.'"

There was no necessity of making many transcripts of the latter codex, for printing had come into use a good half century before it was found—or, more properly, said to hav been found—in the Abbey of Corvey.

At the end of the Second Florence manuscript is a note purporting to be written by Salustius, a heathen philosopher of the fourth century. But the codex is written in Lombard characters, which were not in use in Italy until the sixth century.

Again we quote Mr. Ross's words:

"This copy in the Mediceo-Laurentian Library in Florence of all the 'Annals' of Tacitus cannot be traced further back than to the possession of a man who flourished in the days of Leo X. and the Emperor Maximilian I.—Johannes Jocundus, of Verona; so that it turns out on careful investigation that all positiv knowledge of this manuscript stops at the commencement of the sixteenth century, exactly as all positiv knowledge of the other Florentine manuscript stops at the commencement of the fifteenth century."

Mr. Ross lays no special emphasis on the passage in the "Annals" conceiving Christ crucified under Pontius Pilate, nor does he deign to notice Robert Taylor, who first proved that passage a forgery. But he draws an ugly portrait of the forger—a rare scholar, the brightest intellect of his time, but devoid of principle, delighting in obscenity, addicted to lewdness, prone to calumny, and fond of depicting vice. He lived in a notoriously immoral age, just prior to the Protestant Reformation. Hence, as might be expected, his pretended History of the Cæsars is totally unlike that of the gentle Tacitus. It is a counterfeit record of court scandal, and shamefully exaggerates the vices of the Roman emperors.

Nero is said to hav set fire to ancient Rome, A.D. 64, and to hav charged the crime upon the Christians, who were "already branded with deserved infamy," and upon whom he "inflicted the most exquisit tortures." Did Poggio believe it? Of course not. And it is not a little singular that he should omit to mention either Peter or Paul, who, having escaped the mythical slaughter, were reserved for special martyrdom at the hands of the same anathematized emperor.

The citizens of Florence placed a statue of Bracciolini in the church of Santa Maria. In 1560, the reigning duke of Tuscany transferred it to the interior of the sacred building and placed it among the twelve apostles. The group is not altogether an inconguous one—twelve shadowy apostles and one brilliant impostor.

An Explanation Wanted.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* Does the petition for the impartial protection of all citizens which appears on the last page of your issue for June 11th include women? If it does not, then, though the petition were granted, and all the "citizens" enjoyed their absolute equal rights, there still would exist a national crime, committed against that national justice for all the people which, as the Constitution declares, this government was founded to establish, because the women who compose the best half of the people would still continue vainly striving for the rights which are so unjustly withheld.

But if it does include the women, we ask why it does not say, "people," instead of "citizen"—then it would also include the Indians. For the Fourteenth Amendment declares: "All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States, and of the state wherein they reside."

The Fifteenth Amendment says: "The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or by any state, on account of race, color, or previous condition."

Thus the law is as plain as words can make it that not only women, but Indians, are nativ-born citizens, and are justly entitled to the free enjoyment of their religion and laws upon their respectiv reserves, which are theirs either by heritage or by treaty stipulations, precisely the same as the Shakers and other co-operativ parties enjoy their respectiv creeds and customs upon their own domains. This fact suggests another item which needs explaining. Why is it that with the Nine Demands of the Liberal League there is not one for the protection of the Indians against official outrage, much greater than the evils prayed against in all the nine put together?

The Indians are not only compelled to liv under the control of the different churches, and to hav their children taught their conflicting creeds, but whenever the whites want their land, as in the case of the Modocs, and the great tribes under their respectiv leaders, Sitting Bull and Chief Joseph, an army is sent to drive them off or put them to death. Canby and Custer both perished in this sad attempt under national authority. Other tribes are now threatened by acts of Congress which are passed under a show of justice, of which the following are specimens that I cut from the Jacksonville, Oregon, *Times*, and the Ashland *Tidings*, of July 4, 1884:

"The sale of 640 acres of the Umatilla reservation, ordered thrown open by Congress, has closed at Pendleton, over 4,000 lots having been sold. The appraised value of the land was about $60,000, but the sale realized over $200,000."

"One of the finest farms in the United States is said to be that of Hank Vaughn, on the Umatilla reservation, says the Walla Walla *Journal*. Features are 900 acres of wheat, 480 acres of barley, fifteen acres of Russian oats, thirty of miscellaneous vegetables, 160 acres of pasture, 600 acres broken for fall sowing, and an orchard planted and in thriving condition; 600 or 700 chickens, countless ducks, a large number of hogs, and hundreds of horses and cattle; good residence and fine barns and outbuildings; an abundance of the best machinery; the land all fenced; several hundred thousand feet of lumber hauled from the mountains; 150 cords of wood. This year's crop is magnificent. The wheat is as high as an ordinary man's head, and very thick. Mr. Vaughn calculates to clear $22,000 from this year's products. On the 18th of May, 1883, the land was an unbroken prairie, with no sign of cultivation. It now blooms like the rose."

The Umatilla Indians are more civilized than those who call them savages. They never were at war with the United States, but were forced from their nativ homes to liv a thousand miles south, in a sickly country, where hundreds died of fever.

The following extract was from a letter published in the *Council-fire* at Washington, but so far as I can learn it was not noticed by any other paper:

"We Western men wish it to be understood that we do not approve of Gen. Howard's moving the Indians (510 in number) from Camp Harney in Oregon to Washington territory, 360 miles, starting in January, when the ground was frozen a foot deep, covered with snow, very cold, and the Indians not half clad. I am sure that the settlers did not demand this needless suffering.

"The horrors of this trip in mid-winter can never be described. Men, women, and children, well and sick, were crowded into ox-wagons and jolted over the rough and frozen ground; women were taken in labor, and the sick were frozen dead and stiff before reaching their camps. The weird wailing of friends for the dead was enough to melt the hardest heart. Such a sight, I pray God, I may never witness again."

Another letter in the same paper has the following:

"My head and heart are full of bitter memories of the indignities which hav been heaped upon the Indians by scores of military men. Many hav left their half-breed children to perish—worse than full-blooded Indians, who are never brute enough to desert their own offspring. I hav witnessed no grief more sincere than Indian woman suffer from being brought to shame among their own people by army officers, and then left unaided to provide for their children."

Col. Meachem, the editor, adds: "I know these writers to belong to a class often called border ruffians, of whom there are thousands married to Indian women, whose conjugal affection is unequaled, and infinitly superior in every element of honor to those who seduce the mother and desert the child."

With these facts before us, I respectfully suggest that the following be added as a Tenth Demand of the Liberal Leagues and to the petitions to Congress:

Whereas, the Indians are citizens, and are entitled to all the protection of the government which their circumstances need for the enjoyment of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; therefore,

Resolved, That the appointment of missionaries and the military should be chiefly to instruct, and to restrain the lawless whites from aggression.

Resolved, That all difficulties should be settled by arbitrators, mutually chosen.

Respectfully, John Beeson.

Talant, Oregon.

Christian Liberty.

"I will pray the father, and he shall giv you another comforter that he may abide with you forever, even the spirit of truth" (John xiv, 16, 17).

"Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty" (2. Cor. iii, 17).

In proportion as the human race becomes enlightened, it strives after liberty. The ignorant only are content to be slaves, and the struggle for freedom is the cause of progress. Carrying on this struggle, men constantly advance to higher and nobler conditions of life. Abandoning it, they retrogade towards the lower state of mere animal existence.

Christianity promises to instruct the ignorant, and to free the slave, but her utterances are false and misleading. Her spirit, instead of guiding her disciples along the highway of truth, conducts them into the by-paths of error. In the place of bestowing liberty, her efforts hav ever been directed to binding the world in the iron chains of thraldom.

The knowledge which is calculated to benefit us does not consist in fanciful dreams of an uncertain future, but in a practical acquaintance with the world which we inhabit. It is a knowledge of ourselvs and our fellow-beings. It results from a study of the means which are adapted to render their lives and ours happier and better. This science is within the reach of humanity, although it can be acquired only by slow degrees, each generation adding to the inheritance left by its predecessors. But that the stock may be increased, we must not fall into the delusion that we already possess all that we require. The blind faith and implicit obedience taught by religion are the worst enemies to human progress. So far as they influence communities or individuals they keep them in the darkness of ignorance, and bind upon them the fetters of slavery.

The statements contained in the passages at the head of this article are, like most scripture texts, absolutely the reverse of fact. Only by seeking for truth can we discover it, and the dogmatic spirit of Christianity is entirely opposed to this search. Happily the spirit of humanity is stronger than that of any religion that was ever promulgated. Year after year, day after day, it proves its strength. First one, then another evil doctrin is cast to the winds. Articles of faith are constantly diminishing in number, while those that remain are becoming more elastic, as the religion of humanity becomes blended with the religion of the churches. Past generations united with Pilate in asking Jesus, "What is truth?" Like him they received no answer. Now men turn from the dumb oracle to search the open pages of the book of nature, and seeking they find.

Hence the rapid strides with which humanity is advancing. Every day men throw off some of the shackles imposed upon them by their religious teachers. The time when credence was given to idle folks because they were indorsed by those in power, and submission yielded to tyrants because they were "the Lord's anointed," is fading from our view. The world is a brighter, happier, better dwelling-place for us than it was for our ancestors. It will be brighter, happier, better still for our descendants when we shall hav passed away.

If it be a fact that "where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty," then is the spirit of the Lord absent from all religious bodies? The most Christian communities are those where tyrants hav most power. Wherever freedom may be found it can be traced to the exercises of human reason. Christianity inculcates only blind faith and entire obedience, and religious people are only tolerant in proportion as they admit a mixture of secularism with their teaching. The doctrin of original sin assumes that the pursuit of knowledge and the exercise of the will are criminal, and caused the ruin of the human race. That doctrin is the foundation on which the churches are erected. Remove it, and they tumble to the ground —no fall, no atonement, no first Adam, no need for a second.

The liberty which Paul offered the Corinthians was exactly that which preachers hav always been willing to allow their hearers. It was the liberty to listen to his teaching, to believe his utterances, and adopt his principles, but never to dissent from or dispute with him. "Be ye followers of me" (1. Cor. iv, 16). True liberty is that which secularization is spreading throughout the world. It means freedom of thought, speech, and action, restrained only in each individual case by the equal rights of others. What Christian liberty is, let the apostle himself explain. "Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power but of God; the powers that be are ordained of God" (Rom. xiii, 1).

Those were dark ages when the doctrins of Paul, falsely attributed to Jesus, had power over men. The world stood still, or was agitated, not by sentiments of benovolence and humanity, but by those of cruelty and oppression. Luckily for us, we go on, daily repeating the act attributed to our first parents, plucking fruit from the tree of knowledge. Thus surely, if slowly, ignorance is being banished from among us, slavery put to flight, and we are enabled to exclaim: "Where the spirit of *man* is, there is liberty."

E. J. Bowtell.

Reconciliation.

"Reconciliation" is all the go in the Liberal ranks just now. Reconciliation, union, and harmony are all right—are very desirable, in fact—but there is such a thing as sacrificing matters of much greater moment for the sake of securing them, and thus secured, they are very apt to take to themselvs wings and fly away.

I am one of the "irreconcilables," and I hav failed to discover a single valid reason for offering any terms to the so-called "modifiers." The question at issue is one so vital, one so intimately interwoven with every fiber of the Freethought mantle, that I cannot see how anyone upon whose shoulders it has fallen can for a moment giv his assent to any scheme for governmental doctoring of the fountains of knowledge under any pretext, however specious. I reject, wholly and in detail, as unworthy of consideration, the arguments of those who claim that the state is a moral or religious person—is a person at all; and with this theological assumption goes the basis upon which rests all obscenity statutes, as well as all other so-called "moral" legislation.

For this central reason I demand the repeal of all such statutes as those which are familiarly known as the "Comstock laws," whether enacted by a municipal council, a state legislature, or a national Congress. There is no difference between them in principle, and they vary only in degrees of dangerousness.

So thinking, it has been impossible for me to join in the cry for "reconciliation" which is now swelling through our ranks. I see no gain to be derived from a temporary union with those who only a short time ago made such fierce war upon the repeal policy of the League. A platform which shall be satisfactory to them cannot be so to the earnest Radicals, and one upon which the latter can honestly stand must be as white-hot iron to the modifiers. The prophets of this new dispensation of harmony cry, "Peace, peace!" when there is no peace.

There can be no true secularization which includes in its program a press and mail less than completely free from the meddling beaks of both church and state. There can be no compromise here; it is folly to hope for an honorable union of these rapidly diverging forces. And the sooner we make up our minds to this, and proceed firmly and resolutely on our way, the better.

Hitherto, or since the fall of 1880, the policy of the League upon this question has been that of antagonism to national obscenity statutes, and tacit, or, more accurately, avowed, indorsement of state laws touching the same matter. Thus were formed two distinct camps into which could gather the friends of Liberal organization, the camps respectivly of those demanding repeal and those favoring modification only of the national obscenity statutes, but agreeing in the main, if not wholly, concerning the desirability of morality laws.

Of course, at bottom, there was no real difference between these two positions, but the repealers were on the side of decentralization and of local self-government, and hence they had the sympathies of and enlisted in their ranks many of the "extremists," who cannot see how it lessens a man's sufferings to be sent to prison, for no crime, by a state instead of a federal court.

These extremists, among whom I of course number myself, though not satisfied with the attitude of the League, were yet willing to take half a loaf, and help the League in so far as it was right in its war against the common foes, the Christians and the modifiers. And so we never hav attempted to introduce genuin repeal resolutions.

But now that overtures hav been made to the modifiers, the time has come for the fight to assume a triangular form, and I hope that this opportunity for us to challenge the public attention in behalf of our righteous principles will not be lost. It is a matter of the deepest regret to me that I cannot be at the Congress this fall, but I trust that some clear-headed reformer who shall be there will introduce repeal resolutions having the right ring and covering the whole ground. It is of no use to temporize longer; the League has been placed in a position where it must go backward or forward—or die.

E. C. Walker.

Kiowa, Kan.

Freethought vs. Bond Thought.

The word "religion" is derived from *religio*—"binding;" and Freethinkers, therefore, are strictly correct in declaring that, however benevolent any religion may appear at first glance, its ultimate object must be—unless it would prove false to its name—to put fetters of some kind upon the freedom of thought; and this is a practice which all lovers of humanity should resist to the utmost.

A "religion" that does not attempt to bind the mind is no religion at all, because binding—*religio*—being the plan, and the human mind being the prey, it necessarily follows that mental bondage is always and everywhere the ultimate aim and object of every genuin religion. I earnestly hope, therefore, that the time will come when religion—or, in plain English, mental slavery—will be as abhorrent to all friends of liberty as is its twin barbarism, chattel slavery, and that the offices of bishop and clergyman will be as much frowned upon as are those of slave-driver and overseer at present.

The two former of these titles mean just the same thing to the victims of the first-mentioned tyranny, that the two latter titles do to the last mentioned.

Even if it were possible to keep the great mind of humanity in binding to a special ideal, as all religion is obliged by its nature to demand, it would still be an immense wrong so to do, for what our race most needs is not "tying to the highest," or any other sort of chaining to some variety of faith, but simple freedom to investigate, liberty to be truth seekers; and free reason will, in the long run, do far better than fettered reason can ever do, concerning either high or low ideals.

In the words of the gallant and eloquent Col. Ingersoll, what is needed is "Room—room for the human mind," and any binding—*religio*—upon the intellect, however light it may appear to be, is inevitably a clog and fetter to proper mental growth and action.

Blind, unreasoning, or bounden devotion to even the best of objects is objectionable, because any such fetter upon the mind works injury to the broadest mental culture; and yet this is precisely what every real religion, because of its binding name, is obliged to demand or be false to itself.

And inasmuch as the special business of every species of religion is the binding of thought, it follows, as a matter of course, that the greatest mental slave is the best specimen of the tribe; and this is a condition of things that ought to make even religionists feel like calling off the dogs of faith.

With Freethought, on the contrary, the person who keeps reason the most free from straps and bindings is the best specimen; and what a noble contrast this presents to the bound and gagged disciple of religion!

As no person can be both free and bound at the same time, the attempts of some Freethinkers to write themselves down as devotees of a religion can only end in ludicrous failure, for if secular philosophy and goodness is a religion, then, of course, it is wrong to teach any of its principles in the public schools, exactly as in the case of any other religion, and consequently no philosophy and goodness could be taught in them at all.

Liberals ought to liv above such childishness, and, dropping the name as well as the game of mental slavery, should endeavor to become ardent scientists, thereby adopting a culture which lifts its followers unto hights of moral and spiritual excellence never even attempted, much less accomplished, by any religion of either ancient or modern times.

Under any *bona fide* religion, you must remain chained to its ideal, whatever that may happen to be, and are not allowed to go any higher, but under glorious Freethought you can change to higher ideals whenever you please—a very necessary liberty, but one utterly impossible within the bounds of any true religion.

This *religio*, or binding, to some special way of thinking, is wrong, however excellent the faith you are tied to, and although superstition and barbarism hav always deemed it right to thus "crib, cabin, and confine" the human intellect, the voice of reason and the logic of civilization are fast showing it to be wrong, and its abolishment must surely follow. It all comes down at last to this, that true religion consists in binding the mind, hoping thereby to prevent all change from its particular faith, while true goodness consists largely in breaking all such fetters, thus leaving the mind free to follow virtue, acquire knowledge, and institute progress through the only means by which it can practically ever be done, viz., untrammeled reason. Even the least and most humanitarian of religions is, like a mild form of chattel slavery, a crime against liberty and virtue, for upon the complete emancipation of thought depend the freedom and hope of universal man.

Geo. N. Hill.

Boston, Mass., July 25, A.S. 284.

The Hurst Phenomenon.

To The Editor of The Truth Seeker *Sir:* E. B. Foote, Jr., has "dipped his pen" to befog the readers of The Truth Seeker. The tricks of Miss Hurst hav been explained over and over again, but the public seem to care nothing for the explanations. Dr. Foote ought to know that no one can do a trick at first trial with grace and ease, any more than a man can skate with ease at the first attempt.

A. A. B.

I willingly rank myself with that class who hav relinquished all ambition, except that of leading a peaceful and agreeable life; there is a medium condition to which I desire to conform, neither commanding nor being commanded; but always preserving my liberty.—*Socrates.*

Why dost not wait for thy end in tranquility, whether it is extinction or removal to another state? And until that time comes, what is sufficient? Why, what else than to venerate the Gods and to bless them, and to do good to men and to practice tolerance and self-restraint?—*M. A. Antoninus.*

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

FOUNDED BY D. M. BENNETT.

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SATURDAY, - - - AUGUST 9, 1884.

☞ **We wish that our subscribers who are in arrears would make a special effort to pay up. During the summer months our book sales are small, and we hav to depend upon the subscriptions coming in to pay expenses, which are just as heavy now as ever. We know that business generally is dull, that "times are hard," but the amounts are so small individually that it would seem no one can be inconvenienced by paying his dues, while in the aggregate they foot up large, and mean everything to us. It is unpleasant to us to dun our friends, and money is never asked for till imperativly needed; now we must hav it to pay bills with. A good many hundreds of dollars are due on subscriptions, so we are not asking a favor, but simple justice and square dealing between friends. It is usual for papers to exact pay in advance, but we hav never adopted the rule, believing that Liberals are honest enough not to cheat the printer. But the accommodation sorely tries our resources, and the readers ought not to force us to wait longer than they can help.**

A Constitutional Crisis in England.

Just now England is in a ferment over the refusal by the House of Lords to read a second time the new franchise bill. Popular meetings are being held, attended by tens of thousands of men, all clamoring for a more liberal franchise act, and denouncing the Lords for standing in the way. The upshot of the tumult will probably be, unless the House of Lords recedes from the position taken, that new Lords favorable to the bill will be created by the Commons, or if not sustained in this, Mr. Gladstone will appeal to the country, and a new election be held.

This new franchise bill would create about two millions of new voters—citizens who hav heretofore borne the burdens of, but had no voice in choosing, the government. The House of Commons is emphatically in favor of the new act, it is championed by the responsible representativ of the crown, and its justness is acknowledged by even the House which has blocked its passage. But the Lords decline to help it along until they shall be satisfied it will not peril their position as the aristocratic clog on the wheels of government. These hereditary rulers are afraid of the two millions of votes they hav disfranchised so long. The contest is, therefore, an effort on their part to preserve their prerogativ—in other words, to stay the tendency towards democracy everywhere visible in England. It is a fight between hereditary and representativ government. Either the ministry and House of Commons must do the bidding of the Lords, and acknowledge the supremacy of the aristocratic principle of government, or the Lords must bow to the will of the representativ House.

In this contest the church has a vital interest. Democracy means disestablishment, and disestablishment means the loss of millions of pounds of revenue per annum to the fat and worthless drones who occupy high official stations by virtue of their own skill, and that of their predecessors, in playing upon the fears of the people. Money for the church is now collected from every rate-payer in England by the state; should the two be separated, the church must beg instead of having it stolen for her. Naturally in this crisis the church is with the Lords.

But neither the church nor the peers will be able to delay for many years the advent of the bright time for England when her government shall be a republic, and her church dependent upon voluntary contributions for support. The Freethinkers of the United Kingdom are pushing ahead to this, and, outside of them, the number in favor of disestablishment is almost a majority, and the advocates of a republic are rapidly increasing. Ten years will witness great changes in England. It is doubtful if the Prince of Wales ever occupies the throne his mother must, in the natural order of things, soon vacate. And Bradlaugh will be the Paine, if not the Washington, of the English republic.

The Mormon Bible.

Richmond, Mo., is a place that has had fame unexpectedly thrust upon it. The cause of its glory is the residence within its limits of David Whitmer, the only surviving member of the combination of what one paper calls fools and knaves who founded the Mormon church. Mr. Whitmer declares that he has in his possession the original manuscript of the Book of Mormon, and several members of that branch of the Mormon church which does not uphold polygamy hav recently called upon him for the purpose of comparing late editions of the book with the so-called original text.

Upon the origin of this Book of Mormon lay authorities very generally agree. It was written by the Rev. Solomon Spaulding, a graduate of Dartmouth College, "who amused himself by composing historical and speculativ romances relating to the origin of the races that formerly inhabited this continent." One of the manuscripts of Mr. Spaulding was surreptitiously obtained by Sidney Rigdon, who took it to Joseph Smith, whose scheming brain devised the monstrous fraud of Mormonism. Smith declared it to be a translation of the gold plates he pretended he had found under the direction of an angel of the Lord, buried in the soil of Ontario county, this state. The manuscript now in the possession of Mr. Whitmer is a copy of this made by Oliver Cowdery, from dictation of Smith, who concealed himself behind a suspended blanket and pretended to translate from his golden plates. Whitmer was such a dupe that when Smith published his book he testified that an angel of God came down from heaven and placed before them the plates of which the book was said to be a translation. The existence of the plates was still further testified to by Christian, Jacob, Peter, and John Whitmer; by Joseph, Hyrum, and Samuel Smith; by Hiram Page, Oliver Cowdery, and Martin Harris; but this last personage, according to a Rev. Dr. Eddy, denied that he had ever seen the plates or made a certificate. The fraud was fully exposed by Mr. Spaulding's relativs, but the exposure was unavailing with the delirious converts. They clung to it as thousands of Christians cling to the Pentateuch as the work of Moses, even though the whole world knows better. The original Book of Mormon denounced polygamy in these words:

"There shall not any man among you hav save it be one wife; and concubines he shall hav none. For I, the Lord God, *delighteth* in the chastity of women."

This prohibition occurs twice in the same chapter, "Book of Jacob," ii, and polygamy is denounced again in the "Book of Mosiah," vii. All the editions of the Mormon Bible contain these prohibitions, but they are annulled and superseded by a special revelation to Joseph Smith, in 1843, by which plural marriage is enjoined.

Mr. W. H. B., of Washington, whom our readers will hav no difficulty in recognizing, in a letter to the *Sun* of this city exposes, upon internal evidence, the humbug of the book. He considers only the beginning, but in the first five pages he finds ample reason to condemn the clumsiness of the attempt. The story goes:

Lehi, having incurred the wrath of the Jews, and being in danger of his life, is warned by God in a dream to depart from Jerusalem with his family, consisting of a wife and four sons, the youngest of whom is Nephi. This in the first year of the reign of Zedekiah, the last king of Judah (610–588 B.C.).

The family journey three days in the wilderness, and pitch their tent "by the side of a river of water," "near the mouth thereof," which river, the writer says, his father called "Laman, and it emptied into the Red Sea."

Here the fabricator, comments Mr. Burr, has "given himself away." Aside from the impossibility of a family making a journey from Jerusalem to the Red Sea in three days (the shortest distance to its eastern gulf being 160 miles in a straight line, or to the Gulf of Suez 200 miles), there is no river emptying into the northern section of the Red Sea, nor, indeed, any considerable stream in the southern half.

The Book of Mormon repeats whole chapters of King James's translation of the Bible, with only the slightest variations, caused by careless reading or imperfect memory. Twelve chapters of Isaiah (ii–xiv) are copied out into the second book of Nephi. The entire Sermon on the Mount, with some omissions and additions, is found in the "Book of Nephi, the son of Nephi."

The pretended translator of the mythical plates Mr. Burr finds to hav been a blockhead and a lunatic. The grammar is shocking—for example: "When they had *arriven*;" "which fleeth from the shepherd and scattereth, and *are* driven and *are* devoured;" "should hav *wore* these bands;" "how *had* ye *ought* to;" "neither *is* there any conditions;" "all mankind which ever were *ever* since the fall of Adam;" "consider *on* the blessed state;" "I hav spoken *plain*:" "whose flames *ascendeth*;" "with all your *whole* soul;" "him who has created you and *art* preserving you;" "*had* ye not *ought* to;" "I *saw* wars and *rumors* of wars;" "did rebel against us, yea, against *I*, Nephi and Sam." Hundreds of similar instances might be cited. The story continues that after a few years, and further travel in the wilderness, the family pitched their tents on the shore of a sea which they "called Irreantum, which, being interpreted, is many waters." Here Nephi, with the help of the Lord, built a ship, and using a "compass which had been prepared of the Lord," he navigated the sea. Two of his younger brothers, born in the wilderness, mutinied and bound Nephi; but then the compass ceased to work, and in order to save themselvs from shipwreck they unbound their brother, who took the compass again, and it did work. Nephi also prayed for the storm to abate, and there was a great calm. By-and-by they reached the promised land, where they cultivated the earth with "seeds brought from the land of Jer usalem." They found cows, oxen, goats, asses, horses, and "all manner of wild animals which were for the use of men." There, also, they found gold, silver, and copper ore, out of which Nephi made the plates, and upon these plates he "did *engraven* the record;" which record, he tells us at the beginning, is "in the language of his father, which consists of the learning of the Jews and the language of the Egyptians."

There is no doubt that such a book needs revising as badly as does the Christian Bible. In fact, the histories of the two books are much alike, except that the authorship of the Book of Mormon is better established, and has never been made the subject of discussion in quite so many councils. But there is no danger of running counter to fact in saying that one contains quite as much truth as the other; that the inspiration of Joe Smith was as real as that of Moses; and that the Bock of Mormon is as much a revelation from God as the Christian scriptures. Christianity has no solider basis than has Mormonism; Christ was no more the Lord's chosen than Joseph Smith; without their St. Pauls and Brigham Youngs, neither would hav been known to-day. Mormonism, however, is valuable as showing how religions grow, and a hundred parallels could be drawn between it and the stupendous system which for fifteen hundred years has beguiled and misguided a large portion of the civilized world. Both are inferior in many ways to pre-existing and contemporary faiths, Christianity, especially, as it existed up to the sixteenth century, being no improvement on the pagan mythology it supplanted. Mormonism omits much of the lasciviousness of the Old Testament, and Smith's subsequent polygamous revelation is no lower than the plain teachings, by permission and practice, of the saints figuring in the "holy" scriptures. Why the Christians should hate the Mormons is incomprehensible to us, unless it be because hypocrits dislike those who practice openly what they only do in private.

Back Numbers Wanted.

To make our files of this year perfect we need a few copies of THE TRUTH SEEKER of April 5, 1884. Anyone having a copy of that date to spare will greatly oblige by mailing it to this office. In payment the sender may select any ten-cent pamphlet in our catalog. We would also like, on the same terms, a few numbers of March 15, 1884.

Politics.

Lately we hav been the recipient of many inquiries as to the standing of the various political candidates, and for which the Liberals can most consistently vote.

Now, we are not the keeper of men's consciences, do not aspire to dictatorship in politics, and deprecate the efforts in that direction of some of our leaders.

The regularly constituted parties in the field are the Democratic, Republican, Prohibition Home Protection, American Prohibition, National Christian, Anti-Monopoly, Greenback-Labor, and Benjamin F. Butler. The two leading candidates are, of course, Grover Cleveland, and James G. Blaine, representing respectivly the Democratic and Republican office-seekers. The candidates of the other parties, in the order named, are John P. St. John, ex-governor of Kansas, Samuel C. Pomeroy, better known as Old Subsidy Pom., Jonathan Blanchard, and Benjamin F. Butler, who is a candidate of the three last named. Mr. Cleveland is a broad-minded Presbyterian—that is, a Presbyterian who has partially outgrown his creed. He is the man used by the County Democracy wing of the Democrats of this state on account of the immense majority by which he was made governor of the state. His "boss" is Daniel Manning, proprietor of the Albany *Argus*. This wing is the Protestant branch of the Democracy, and Mr. Cleveland has been the object of much Catholic abuse. This abuse is the result of two vetoes—one of the appropriation of $20,000 for the Catholic Protectory, the other of an item in the supply bill for the special employment and payment of Catholic clergy ministering to convicts in the prisons under the exclusiv control of the state. The reasons for the first veto was that the support of the Protectory was more properly chargeable to New York city, whose juvenil delinquents are sent there, and for the further reason that the grant would tend "to subject the state treasury to demands on behalf of all classes of sectarian institutions, which a due care for the money of the state and a just economy could not concede, and which would yet hav a justification in precedent." If Mr. Cleveland honestly held these views, and has the courage of his convictions, it is surprising he did not veto all the sectarian appropriations, instead of just this extra one for the Protectory! The reason for the second veto is this, as stated by his managers for the campaign: "In all cases of official action concerning charitable or religious bodies, Governor Cleveland has . . . asked, 'What are my powers as the servant and agent of the whole people?' And as a public officer he has felt unable to assent to the disposition of public moneys for any purpose not strictly public." If Mr. Cleveland had always lived up to these words, more religious institutions than the Catholic Protectory would hav gone without their appropriations. Payment of Protestant chaplains in the state prisons is no more a public need than the payment of Catholic clergy. A one-sided record will not suit Liberals. Strict and invariable justness is what is demanded from our rulers, and that would veto every appropriation of money for religious uses. Mr. Cleveland has not been consistent in this, and has shown himself, we think, more anxious to hit the Catholics than to promote state secularization.

Mr. Blaine introduced in 1875 in the House of Representativs a resolution for state secularization. So far as it went it was complete. We hav quoted it twice this year, but it is short, and we will again introduce it:

"No state shall make any law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; and no money raised by taxation in any state for the support of public schools, or derived from any public fund therefor, nor any public lands devoted thereto, shall ever be under the control of any religious sect; and no moneys so raised or lands so devoted shall be divided among religious sects or denominations."

So far as we know all of Mr. Blaine's utterances on this subject hav been in keeping with this resolution. Col. Ingersoll once told Horace Seaver that Blaine was "a thoroughly Liberal-minded man." Information from other sources has convinced us that the Republican candidate is a Freethinker. *But*—and the "but" in this case is a big one—he is a politician, and knows where the votes are. He permits his organ, the New York *Tribune*, to make him out a very pious New England Congregationalist, and in his short speech to the notification committee he used the word God as glibly as his pastor could; and his letter of acceptance makes reference to the great care that mythical personage is supposed to exercise over this country. If Mr. Blaine is a Freethinker, he is also a bit of a demagog, and we hav little respect for that kind of people—too little to vote for him. For the sake of popularity and a second term he might extend favors to his country's enemies.

Jonathan Blanchard, the candidate of the National Christian party, is the God-in-the-Constitution man. He is a representativ of his party, and the bare mention of the name is sufficient. No right-minded man, no patriot, will ever vote for a united church and state.

Mr. Pomeroy is the nominee of a party composed of about equal parts of prohibition and God-in-the Constitution. The platform is particularly strong on "Christian morality," and on the principle that a noted drunkard makes a good temperance orator, Mr. Pomeroy poses as the candidate of virtue. His pose is statuesque but very impracticable.

Ex-Gov. John P. St. John is the regular Prohibition candidate. The party platform embraces many good things—the planks on money, public lands, woman suffrage, etc., being just in their outcome, whatever the motiv influencing their insertion—but it, too, is nauseatingly pious. It begins by acknowledging "Almighty God as the rightful sovereign of all men, *from whom the just powers of government are derived*," and closes by prasing their God "for the presence of his spirit." As the fundamental principle of the American republic is that governments derive their just powers *from the consent of the governed*, this party is plainly not the one for the suffrages of true American citizens. As Dr. Monroe alliterativly, but pertinently, puts it: "When the battle is between beer and the Bible the sensible moral man can stand aside and let it rage. If to be rid of gin we must embrace Jesus we beg to be excused. A sober community we want to see; but if that sobriety must be bought by a surrender to the church—by the putting of Jehovah in the Constitution—the price is too high, and we cannot purchase."

With the Anti-Monopoly and other reform parties who hav nominated Mr. B. F. Butler, we are heartily in sympathy. But with us state secularization is the paramount issue. It transcends all others in importance, for it is the bedrock on which must rest all just government. These parties hav not seen fit to recognize this claim, and we do not propose to go into their society uninvited. So far they hav given no evidence that they would be more favorable to our purpose than the old organizations. Indeed, Butler's record is more barren of Freethought sentiments than Blaine's or Cleveland's. He belongs to the worldly church—the Episcopal—which is next door to Romanism in forms, if not in faith. But as Butler has not yet accepted their nominations, it may be premature to discuss him as their candidate. He is a party by himself, and if his utterances at the Democratic convention at Chicago are his platform, there is nothing in it to attract Liberals, as such, however much they may sympathize with the reforms he is popularly supposed to represent.

And so, surveying the political field from the elevation of secularization, we see no opening for the Liberal forces. On general principles it is always well to go with the progressionists, if such there be, but it is questionable which is the least desirable—a good candidate of a bad party, or a bad candidate of a good party. In the present mixed state of affairs we see no other way but for each to work and vote according to the best light attainable for his (it ought also to be her) individual self, or join Mr. Tucker's party and refrain from going to the polls. And by-and-by the Liberals will hav strength to form a party with the high aims that actuated the Republicans in the days of Lincoln, or, earlier still, when Jefferson taught the principles of government which hav made his name a synonym for pure democracy, a government of, for, and by the people. There is a wealth of true statesmen in the country, and no lack of work for them to do, but unfortunately they are not in the front, and the work is lost sight of in the scramble for pelf and power.

A Delphic Utterance.

The *Radical Review* is good enough to observe that

"Some of our Liberal contemporaries in the East are already amusing themselvs with suggesting candidates for the offices of the new organization to be formed. Is the politician among even us? It would be now encouraging to note a lively discussion of the principles that are to form the basis of the new Liberal organization. Let us first elaborate such basis, and agree on a plan of action, before we waste much time in praising our friends and commending their election to office. There will be plenty of time for that at Cassadaga Lake. There, we thoroughly agree, it will be a very serious matter not to forfeit the usefulness of the new organization by the election of unfit men to office."

Following, as it does, this paragraph, the foregoing is funny:

"Split up in hostil factions, the Liberals of America hav remained weak, and failed of some of the great aims which it is their special mission to realize. Oppressed by this sense of failure, they are now making efforts to unite and *concentrate their forces on the one issue concerning which there is general agreement—state secularization. This movement toward union has won the favor and support of nearly all Liberal journals, as well as of Liberals throughout the country.*"

If the basis of state secularization has already been agreed upon by nearly all the Liberal journals and prominent Liberals, it would seem that the plan of action is well determined, and that the nomination of officers who will not "forfeit the usefulness of the new organization" is very timely. The action at Cassadaga Lake should be calm, deliberate, and well thought over. The best men for the purposes contemplated should be put in place. In a convention which may be heated, and must be hurried, mistakes can easily be made. Much better is it to discuss all matters beforehand.

Is Mr. Walker Preparing to Secede?

In the latest issue of *Lucifer* this appears, signed "W.:"

"The latest suggestion from THE TRUTH SEEKER and from *Man* in regard to the League Congress the coming fall is that it will be held at Cassadaga Lake, New York, immediately following the adjournment of the National Convention of the New York State Freethinkers' Association. This would be practically a surrender to the latter body, and a verification of my predictions regarding the results of the undue prominence given the society by the eastern Liberals.

"The idea of holding a National Congress or Convention of any kind in New York is absurd. Do New York Liberals imagin that the centers of population and of Radical thought are east of Ohio? Do they hug the delusion that after a state society shall hav, to all practical intents and purposes, absorbed the National Liberal League, we of the West shall maintain our connection with the metamorphosed association in the far East? Has it never occurred to them that it is possible for us to form a Western Freethinkers' Association, or Northwestern and Southwestern Freethought societies? Hav they never heard of the Brotherhood of Humanitarians, with headquarters at Liberal, Mo., which is rapidly spreading and needs but the adherence of Western Leaguers to enable it to smother out every League west of the Mississippi? To be sure, the latter association is slightly indefinit and somewhat namby-pambyish, but this will not be for long, I think, and it is taking hold of educativ, constructiv work with no small degree of vigor and with large promis of success.

"To hold the Congress of the League at Chicago, or Milwaukee, or St. Louis, is no hardship to eastern Liberals. Even then, delegates from west of the Mississippi find their expense bills larger than those of their New York and Massachusetts brethren, while Pacific coast Freethinkers find it almost impossible to get so far east even as the above named cities.

"To sum up all in a word: Do the New York comrades want everything? W."

Bolting is a freeman's right, and is quite the style this summer. Mr. W. has an undoubted right to start all the Western, Northwestern, and Southwestern associations he pleases, and so far as they work for secularization we will help them if we can. But such societies could hardly be called national.

A CORRESPONDENT of a Hoosic Falls paper is traveling West. When he reached Carthage, Mo., he heard of Liberal, and in his letter discourses of that place as follows:

There is a town some forty miles from Carthage that perhaps is worthy of mention. It is the town of Liberal, situated on the Fort Scott and Gulf Railroad, surrounded by rich, rolling prairie, and bountifully supplied with rich gifts of the creator, but, surrounded as they are with every evidence of a supreme grand master, the inhabitants hav boldly stepped out and declared themselvs irrevocably opposed to all sectarian churches and church organizations. They boast with seeming pride that they hav no church, no preacher or priest, and no saloons. They hav no hell, no God, no devil, no debauchery, no drunkenness. They believe in but one world at a time, and a heaven of their own making. Every person is esteemed by his or her mental worth, rather than for the amount of faith he or she may possess. They recognize the nobility of man, woman, and child. They substitute a good hall, with staging and furniture, suitable for amateur plays, for the church, which they use on Sunday nights. They hav lectures for long sermons, reading room and library for saloons, social gatherings instead of prayer-meetings; "The Age of Reason," by Thomas Paine, for the Bible; Ingersoll and his works for Jesus and the New Testament. They hav morality without religion, prosperity without a God, happiness and harmony without the Ten Commandments. They hav become truly Infidelized, and hav built up their town on the principle of manhood without sectarianism, and humanity without superstition. They practice the art of doing good, being happy, industrious, sober, and independent. They hav no short-cuts to glory and flowery beds of ease, but go on the principle that every man shall earn what he gets, and get what he earns. There no man is ostracized on account of his disbelief in any of the popular religions, but it is the worst place in the world for a person to go to lead a profligate and wayward life. Drunkenness and its kindred vices are not tolerated. All the good in man is cultivated, and bad discarded. Such is life in some parts of the "far West."

Letters from Friends.

IS THAT INFIDELITY?

NEWPORT, ME., July 20, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: If the sentiments advocated by your correspondent George T. Bruce represent Infidelity, then Infidelity and Christianity occupy the same platform, and advocate the same principle, "Believe or be damned." The Christian church need hav no fears of Infidels at present. Comstock, you hav a friend in California. SEWARD MITCHELL.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., July 21, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Please discontinue the notice of the Milwaukee Liberal League, which you hav kindly inserted in your column of "Liberal Meetings" for some months past. We hav adjourned till September 7th next, on account of hot weather, camp-meetings, etc.

Our present League has not only proved a success, but has demonstrated the fact that such a society can be maintained in this city. We had about sixty members, with new accessions at every meeting, and hope when we meet in the fall to swell our numbers to an even hundred.

Who will be the coming president of the National Liberal League? Wakeman can't be beat, but he declines to longer serve. Then let it be Col. R. G. Ingersoll, if he will accept. I know of no one who would be more acceptable to the Freethinkers at large. He is not only a "big gun," but always has plenty of ammunition to fire off. R. A. STUART.

ELMIRA, MICH., June 22, E.M. 284.

MR. EDITOR: I notice in THE TRUTH SEEKER of June 21st that Mrs. Severance finds fault with the motto of "One world at a time," and claims that the phenomena of Spiritualism belong to this world's affairs. I believe that all theological men claim the same for theirs. Now, I, being a Materialist and unacquainted with spiritual phenomena, would like to ask him a few questions, which I hope he will kindly answer for my enlightenment. First, in order to retain our identity, we must hav a material form, must we not? If not, how shall we distinguish between two nothings? If the animal, man, retains such identity, does not all matter retain such identity? If so, then what would there be to produce new identities or forms? We, as Materialists, claim that the change called death only changes this form and looses this identity, the matter going back to produce other forms. Death only ends the form, not the material, nor does it set it aside beyond the power of reproduction. It seems to me that such a process would exhaust the material of this world of ours. Will the doctor please answer, and accommodate a Materialist whose motto is "One world at a time?" G. G. GABRION.

DOWAGIAC, MICH., July 20, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I hav this moment read Mrs. Juliet H. Severance's "Protest," in your paper of the 19th inst., and I wish to add mine most earnestly. She has expressed my sentiments exactly. No such men as Bundy are wanted in the League. We hav no use for them. When honorable, whole-souled men cannot be found to officer the League, then turn it over to the women. And let me say, right here, that the National Liberal League will never succeed till it does justice to woman.

And now I wish to write upon another subject, so will not "extend remarks," as the preachers say. When THE TRUTH SEEKER of June 28th came to hand with the beautiful engraving of the monument, I resolved that ere the 19th of this month (which was the date of Mr. Bennett's visit here at our home, and which was yesterday) I would forward you money enough to pay the last dollar of indebtedness before the anniversary came again, but by being from home I hav failed to do so, and now if it has not all been contributed please let me know immediately, for I want to, before the Convention and Congress are held, hav it said, "It is complete!" Please notify me, and oblige an ardent friend of D. M. Bennett.

Yours most thoroughly, ABBIE KNAPP.

DIANA, TEX., July 17, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I will now forward you the petition for state secularization, with one dozen names attached thereto. I regret that I hav not been able to obtain more, as was expected. Some found objections to it and would not sign. Every Freethinker and Liberal throughout the whole country should send up his petition. State secularization is the one thing that is needed. I hav delayed forwarding longer, perhaps, than I should hav done; but I wished to obtain all the names I could before doing so.

I hav been taking THE TRUTH SEEKER nearly two years. I like it better and better, and would not be without it.

I hav been trying to do some missionary work with it, but hav not yet been able to obtain any subscribers. I think it has shocked the faith of some and set them to thinking. The great trouble is getting the people to read and investigate for themselvs. Superstition has been so deeply instilled into some that I fear they will never be able to see the error of their way. Thanks to the genius of the age, error is being exposed and dislodged, and truth is taking its place. Haste, ye wheels of time, and bring the glorious day when one of the most gigantic frauds that was ever known shall be no more. Yours for free speech, free press, complete secularization, and equal tax. J. M. WOODS.

DR. YORK IN MONTANA.

SALESVILLE, MONT., July 17, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: This distinguished Freethought lecturer has been delivering a series of lectures to crowded houses in Bozeman during the last week, and expects to continue this week. I had the pleasure of meeting him and hearing too. I found him to be a nice gentleman and a good speaker. He handles his subject well. The editor of the foremost paper in Bozeman said to me that he done better than Henry Ward Beecher did when he was here, whom they paid five hundred dollars for one lecture. And I am frank to say I believe the editor is right. So Liberals need not hav any fears when Dr. York is coming that he will fail. Let Liberals write him, for he is as good as any you hav anywhere.

Well, in our little school here we hired a nice young Christian lady from the East to teach for us. The first thing she did was to open school by reading the Bible and prayer. The Christians were well pleased, and soon began to whisper around of me, "What will he do?" I waited patiently for two weeks, when I copied the Montana school law and sent it to her. That ended the good Christian services. The good lady said that was the first time she knew it was contrary to law to pray in Montana. My good Christian neighbors were horrified that the law of Montana was such, and that any poor devil would object.

Now let our friends throughout this territory of Montana see that no public school uses the Bible, for it is contrary to law. DR. W. J. STOVER.

CAWKER CITY, KAN., July 21, E.M. 284.

MR. EDITOR: I am just in receipt of C. Garwood's report of the fund to procure for old man Hasket a hundred dollars' worth of bees, that are believed to be sufficient to enable him from this time to earn his own living, and it seems that after two months' trial he has not been able to procure them—that out of thousands of what are called Liberals just eighteen hav responded. These hav done well enough, but there are not enough of them. Now I wish to speak in language not to be misunderstood. I would not giv one damn for a million of such sham Liberals. If they hav no better love of suffering humanity than that, all their professions are nothing but bosh, and they would disgrace the devil's frying-pan. I promised in the beginning that if the sum was not made up I would try again, and I shall, but if the Infidels don't rush to the front and permanently help that man I shall never pay one dollar in any shape into any Infidel institution or charity, or for any Liberal paper, lecture, or book, or for any similar purpose; but I will be a miserable, mean, avaricious hog, and hoard up every cent that I can lay my hand on to keep me in old age; for that is just the way these Infidels will treat me in my necessity. It is with the most terrible feelings that I write this, for I hav carefully, for long years, watched the illiberality of self-styled Liberals. If to help the poor is not the first article in any creed or belief, I care not to hear any other thing its supporters hav to say. GEO. W. CHAPMAN, M.D.

MT. VERNON, IND., June 30, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $3.00 for THE TRUTH SEEKER. Remember I am slightly in arrears.

Ideas on different subjects crowd on me so quickly that I hardly know what to write first. Thanks to Mr. Hacker and other Infidel agitators, Congress has at last begun to make land-robbers disgorge. I see the growing popular sentiment is even echoed in the National Republican platform.

If Mr. Talmage means to say that previous to 1870 Spiritualism caused more insanity than religion, I wish to say, on my own responsibility, that he is an ignoramus or a liar. In proof of this I will trot out some figures. Just watch and see if they don't "work like niggers." Quoting from the official reports of the Pennsylvania Insane Hospital, I find that from the year 1841 to 1847 the institution had 3,041 inmates. 189 of them, or more than one-twentieth of the entire number, were insane from religious excitement. Cases caused by Spiritualism—0,000. In the Longview Lunatic Asylum, of Ohio, of 2,305 patients received up to date of report in 1870, 36 men and 57 women were suffering from religious excitement. Victims of Spiritualism—none. In the Northern Ohio State Lunatic Asylum, during the years 1858, 1862, 1865, 1868, and 1869, 764 patients were received, of whom 35 suffered from the religious craze. Spiritualism is here charged with 5 cases. Out of many such reports now in my possession I giv only one more extract. The report of the Central Ohio Lunatic Asylum for 1865 states that from 1839 to 1865 3,583 patients had been received. Christianity had made 354 of them crazy; Spiritualism, none. CHAS. O. ROWE.

BENTON, TEX., July 26, 284.

MR. EDITOR: Messrs. Putnam's and Chainey's able discourses which appeared recently in THE TRUTH SEEKER show those gentlemen worthy of any positions the honorable body of Freethinkers may bestow upon them. With such officers, and also many others able and willing to assist in leading our worthy cause, only proper co-operation and reorganization by the Liberals in every part of our country is necessary to insure our cause to succeed and its strength to be felt in the near future. To that extent politicians will pay respect to our demands, and priestcraft will no longer feel that it only holds the lines of power in this country—that was intended by its framers to be a free land instead of a church despotism, which it is fast drifting to now. I consider the work before us second to none in the history of this so-called free America; not even in independence declaration days, for if let alone it will soon drift into a far worse monarchy than when under England's rule. The fears that Franklin, Paine, and others of those days expressed seem really to be now fast realized. I fully agree with Mr. Putnam in advising no concessions, or swerving from our true cause and duty to please the fancies and quibbles of any set. As he says, we desire all the aid we can get honorably, but to make concessions of what we know to be right, to side with any form of superstition, would add no moral strength, in my opinion, to our side. We would only be giving them a cudgel to flail us with. I can see not a particle of difference in this ghost-belief business. It is all a huge humbug. When a human being dies, he is very dead, and no raps or noises are ever made by him or her afterward. It is strange to me that Spiritualists deny the truth of the Bible, and yet often quote from it to prove the ancient beliefs in ghost stories. The only difference I can see between them and Christians is that the latter believe the spirit goes somewhere beyond the moon and stars, where heaven they say is located; the former that the spirits float around in the air amongst us, and can be called up, as a drove of pigs is fed, and reviewed by certain ones at their will. One is about as foolish as the other, and no really sane man, I think, believes in either.

Yours for solid facts, and success for our cause,

H. B. JONES.

AURORA, OHIO, July 27, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I was somewhat flattered with hopes when I became a life member of the Liberal League that a new republic might spring into existence. But I found that I was not yet through with disappointments, and the invitation is now to meet at Cassadaga and "deal" anew. It is admissible to deal over sometimes after mistakes, if the parties wish to continue the game.

In my long acquaintance with THE TRUTH SEEKER and its patrons, I hav learned that there is a great variety of opinions, social, political, and religious, among Liberals. With many I stand in about the same relation as I do with church-members. With them, I am wanting in faith, and when I find one as faithless as myself, he is perhaps looking at me across a political gulf.

It does not look encouraging, but if well shuffled up we may get a new trump, and new hands; and this does not avoid every difficulty, since in games somebody is always to be beaten, and in our case success is for all.

I think of going to Cassadaga and trying a rubber in a fair, gamey way, and if my partners do not like me there is plenty for me to do at home in the future.

As to a new name, let me suggest, "The New Republic." This squints politically in time—so much the better—Jeffersonward.

I discover that you hav made some use of "The New Theology," by the Rev. George G. Lyon, in the *Popular Science Monthly*. Every Sunday I hav the pleasure of hearing him, and it is useful to listen to a large-minded man. He is trying to dress up the old theology so as to make it more acceptable to modern taste. His "New Theology," however, if joined with our "New Republic," would make a union of church and state noways alarming. N. EGGLESTON.

PROVIDENCE, ARK., July 20, 1883.

MR. EDITOR: I hav been a reader of your paper from time to time for several years, my father, J. Petty, of LaCrosse, Wis., being one of your correspondents, and sending me a copy now and then. You advocate the principles that I like, and as I had but little Sunday-school nonsense rubbed into me while young, I am very stubborn in my way of thinking.

I hav always tried to avoid crowding my views upon anyone, but being a school-teacher, I am compelled to express myself in a manner which clearly shows my disbelief in that relic of barbarism, the Bible.

Almost every lesson in the natural sciences will bring up the subject in some shape or other. A preacher picked up A. J. Davis at my boarding-house, and declared from the pulpit that I was an Infidel, and warned the people not to send their children to me for instruction. Yet, in spite of his denunciation, my qualifications as an instructor gave me a fair patronage.

I hav been tormented with questions, and discussions hav been forced upon me—not for the purpose of finding facts, but faults—until I am ready to sacrifice my property, and everything but my opinions, to seek a more favorable location.

I know that there are thousands to-day who are in the same condition, and who can sympathize with me. My object in making this statement is that you may print it in THE TRUTH SEEKER, so that all Liberal-minded people may communicate with me in regard to making my home and following my profession among them, untrammeled and free from prejudice.

I hav a good education, a fine set of philosophical apparatus, and quite a respectable library. I am unmarried, in fine health, and in the prime of my usefulness, but prefer teaching school to following any other vocation.

Anyone knowing where I can find an opportunity of building up a good institution of learning with a reasonable hope of success will oblige me by writing to me at Providence, Searcy Co., Arkansas. D. L. PETTY.

July 20, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Since sending you names of persons whom I thought likely to subscribe for your paper I hav each time eagerly looked at the signatures of the correspondents and also the headings, in hopes of seeing a name I had sent you, but either you hav not yet come to my list or the stupidity upon the religious question prevents their subscribing—or some of the many other obstacles.

Six dollars' worth of Liberal documents, purchased last December, hav enabled my imbecil Infidel cerebrum to accomplish one task of which I am proud. A cousin who has long been contemplating the missionary field, and who for several years did missionary work at home, a most worthy lady and devoted friend, had vowed that she "would never read any of Ingersoll's works," and up to this spring had been true to her word, when we again chanced to meet and the subject again arose concerning the foreign missions. Little by little I inculcated my ideas of Infidelity, till she consented to read—seeing that she was mistaken in her supposition that we were insincere in our statements. Ingersoll's "Mistakes of Moses," his "Interviews on Talmage," and a goodly number of Liberal tracts, also Gibbon's "History of Christianity," hav placed her where I myself am—among the Atheists.

I talk only to my most trustworthy friends—those who know my daily walks and whom I know will shield from publicity my standing should they not themselvs be converted.

Next week I shall send you another order for books, but can only buy a few. Money with me is a rarity. However, my bills you will never find standing. I pay as I go, and go as I get paid. I am now wishing the address of some manufacturer of photographer's supplies—Infidel prefered. I only

wish equipments for taking "tin-types," or pictures on a tin plate, for a traveling car, and in the spring I anticipate huckstering in groceries and working at the cheese business until I get enough money to complete my education. If you can giv me the address of a wholesale grocery house, also, you will be doing a favor. However, it is the photographic supply manufacturer which is now most needed. I want Infidels if you can find them without inconvenience to yourself, and I should hold before each Liberal the necessity of encouraging his Liberal friends in preference to Christians—even to discommodity. The reason is obvious. All I ask you to publish is the addresses of those two business houses, and by doing so you will not only do a favor for which I am thankful, but advance the cause, as each Infidel helped givs an impetus to the cause, and we are eager that the cause advances.

Very kindly yours, R. A. CHAR.

[We know of no Freethinkers engaged in the businesses mentioned; but E. and H. S. Anthony, 591 Broadway, dealers in photographic supplies, and Austin, Nichols & Co., cor. Jay, Hudson, and Staples sts., wholesale grocers, are reliable and worthy firms, and considerably patronized by Freethinkers.—ED. T. S.]

CARTHAGE, Mo., July 3, 284.

MR. EDITOR: After three months' trial subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER, I feel that it is as indispensable to me as the blood of Christ is to the Christian, and a good deal more useful. As long as I am able to scrape up a dollar or two you can count on me as one of the regulars in the line of your subscribers. I am poor physically and financially, but rich in mental freedom from gods and devils, and the creeds and isms of superstition. One dollar is my pile now, so date my subscription as far ahead as it will pay for, and by that time I may earn a few more cart-wheel "In-God-we-trust's," and thus swap my trust in God for a better trust in THE TRUTH SEEKER.

I see in your "ANNUAL" that we are credited with a Liberal League at this place. We had one here about four years ago, but it died of chronic formality and dry rot. We had members of ability—in fact, the best brains and morality in town—but a few dudes and dudesses who had part control were too timid about hurting the feelings of their Christian friends to take an aggressiv course, hence the earnest Liberals got disgusted, and it collapsed. We hav a good many Liberals here, but too many of them are moral cowards and stand in awe of that miserable ogre, *popularity*, and are but little help to our cause.

It was my misfortune to hav to spend last summer in the little, rusty, moth-eaten village of St. Johns, Ohio. An orthodox friend of mine had heard that I was an Infidel, and the first chance he got when there was a crowd in front of the post-office he bounced me on religion, and I tell you it was just fun, for me at least. For I always am outspoken and in earnest on politics and religion, and some of the most pious of them had to leave the crowd, while the others stood around with open mouths and horrified faces, for lo! I was the first real live Infidel they had ever seen, and they were disappointed that I did not hav cloven feet, horns, and the other trimming they suppose belongs to the devil. I tried to get a chance at their parson, but he avoided me as he would a pestilence. I had a standing challenge out to debate with anyone who would accept, but alas! I had to bottle up my thunder. No one felt like taking up the cross to fight for Jesus. I did some good, however, for I sowed the seeds of doubt in several minds, and when they begin to doubt they soon grow into Freethought.

I want to send you a few items before long concerning some of God's soul-insurance agents, the preachers. I will send you a few names of Freethinkers who might subscribe for THE TRUTH SEEKER if you would send them sample copies.

Wishing you success, I am, Fraternally yours,

WATSON HESTON.

ST. CATHERINES, ONT., July 1, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: It is to be hoped that you hav no more such letters as Fred. Cooke's in the last TRUTH SEEKER. He commences all right, and gets on well, till he presumes to feel sorry for Elliott Preston and Mattie C. Mitchell, who require no sorrow from him or anyone else. They are sound to the core every time. He says vivisection may be wrong, but he does not think the doctors use unnecessary cruelty. He says they need practice to get nerve for man's benefit. If that is his opinion of the practice of vivisection, I do not think much of it. If those who attempt the practice of surgery require to perpetrate such cruelty upon dumb animals as is known to be perpetrated in the practice of vivisection to get nerve for man's benefit, they had better leave it alone. If nature has not given them nerve enough to pursue such business properly, it would be better for all concerned if they would pass out into the country and till the soil for a living. What say you, friends Elliott and Mitchell?

Then notice his remarks upon the liquor business. He says, "I don't use liquor, but sincerely hope those inflammatory prohibitionists will use more cold language. It is only brutes that use whisky." He says that during our long winters the saloon is a great help to our poor who cannot obtain work, and cabins and wood are very scarce for many an honest workman. They get light, warmth, and reading for nothing, hundreds of them. And all this, he says, must be stopped to save a few chronic drunkards. The saloon is all right, if used right.

Now, who ever heard such reasoning upon the liquor question. All this to "save a few chronic drunkards"—when there are millions of them—not one of which, I presume to say, would be guilty of reasoning so foolishly. "The saloonkeepers are very kind to the poor during our long winters." Query: Who pays for the whisky in the meantime, and where does the money come from, and who feeds the wife and children?

In his wind-up he puts me in mind of a youth I once heard of, who penciled up a picture for a dog, and when done, fearing it would not be recognized, he wrote underneath it, "This is a dog." He says, "I hav no education, no brains." He didn't need to speak of that, for anyone who may read his epistle would infer that at once.

The communications from Albert Chavannes and Wm. Watson are good, and written in a style easily to be understood.

C. B. THOMPSON.

SEATTLE, WY. T., July 13, E.M. 284.

MR. EDITOR: In your issue of July 5th is an article on woman suffrage. Wyoming territory is not given credit, as it seems to me it should hav been, for having granted to its women the right of suffrage. If I may again be allowed space in your valuable paper, I shall be happy to giv some testimony in regard to the result.

Women hav been empaneled upon the grand and petit juries all over the territory, and the highest eulogiums of praise hav been accorded them, by both bench and bar, for the uniform good judgment and conscientious manner in which they hav performed such duty. Your correspondent has the honor of being a member of the grand jury in Seattle at the next term of court. And I wish to testify that I fail to see why an ordinarily intelligent woman is not as competent to perform the jury duty as the ordinarily intelligent man. And I believe women on the juries are necessary to purify and elevate the machinery of the courts.

It is necessary before a municipal election in this territory to hav a registration of voters. We are to hav an election here in Seattle to-morrow (the 14th) for city officers. Seven hundred women hav registered. This year, for the first time in the history of Seattle, a mass convention was called for the purpose of nominating a ticket. A platform was adopted demanding a strict and rigid enforcement of the city ordinances and laws, and required that the candidates should be honest, efficient, and sober men.

Women hav from the first taken an activ part in the campaign, and hav called down some insults on their devoted heads from those who are opposed to law and order, but many of us hav been glad that this opposition has formed a part of the issue, because it has thereby spurred many lukewarm women to action, and aroused the chivalry of hosts of good men, and brought them to the front as agitators of all that is best in politics.

I am proud to say that this year our officers are the servants of the women citizens of the territory as well as the men, and that we, the women, are in a position to demand the strict enforcement of the law, and as nearly all the laws that are violated are those regulating the liquor traffic and its accompanying evils, we are earnestly working to elect men who will carry out our wishes in this respect.

To conclude, I, with thousands of others who hav felt the shackles of inequality lifted from our shoulders, could not be induced to remove and exchange our freedom from this territory to any state in the Union. We feel grief and pity for our sisters all over the land who are yet in bondage.

Yours for equality, LAURA E. HALL.

BRANDON, July 17, 284.

MR. EDITOR: We hav quite a number of Freethinkers here, but very few dare come out and state their honest opinions, for fear of wounding the feelings of Christian friends and injuring their own business. You can't blame those who depend for their living on the public for keeping their belief to themselvs, for they hav wives and children to support.

If the truth were known, we hav but very few of those who may be classed as intellectual who really believe in the orthodox faith out and out. They are not believing much in the hell doctrin, and this is but the entering of the thin end of the wedge that is to upset the whole fabric of the Christian superstition.

We hav all the leading denominations here, and it is a heavy tax on the community to support them all. The churches are well attended simply because there are no other places where the people can see and be seen. The ladies are the mainstay of the churches. They attend church as a matter of course, and the gentlemen follow just on their account.

We hav some good Liberal papers in this province, and the first and foremost is the Winnipeg *Siftings*, which strikes right and left at every form of rascality. It fairly whipped Professor Bryce on the observance of Sunday. The professor was horrified at the idea of excursions on Sundays, and went after all the editors for advocating such sinful recreations, as if they knew nothing about what they were writing about. The *Free Press* argued strongly for Sunday excursions, and had the best of the argument with Puritan Bryce, but the *Siftings* showed him up in his true light. Of course it would hav been against the interests of the Presbyterian church to sanction Sunday excursions, and it is this selfish motiv that the professor had in view when he came out in the press against such a movement.

The most of our editors are really at heart Freethinkers, and are as Liberal as they dare be at this present moment. The time is soon coming when they will be able to write as they think, and then orthodoxy will be strangled.

I take a deep interest in your presidential election. I would like well to see Cleveland elected, and the Liberals should unite in supporting him, for they can expect fully as much good from the Democrats as from the Republicans; if so just giv them a trial. The Republicans hav had their own way too long.

Wishing THE TRUTH SEEKER all manner of success, I remain

Yours for the truth, D. MCMILLAN.

GRASS VALLEY, July 8, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: In your issue of June 28th you publish a letter from Mr. Corey, of New Haven, Conn., in which he denounces Mr. Lewis as a fraud and humbug. Now, Mr. Lewis is an old subscriber to THE TRUTH SEEKER, and you hav advertised his publication, which is really a work of merit. He has been editor and proprietor of a newspaper for many years, and claims to be an honorable man, and such a charge against him naturally hurts. He is at present just recovering from a long fit of sickness, and is not able to speak for himself. I trust you will publish the accompanying letter to Corey and thus giv an injured party a chance for defense.

AN OPEN LETTER TO C. W. COREY.

Sir: Your letter in THE TRUTH SEEKER denouncing S. G. Lewis, of Grass Valley, will, if allowed to go unquestioned, do wrong and injustice to a very worthy man. Neither "fraud" nor "humbug" is a word that can be truthfully applied either to Mr. Lewis or his publication. I feel qualified to speak in this matter, for I set the type for printing the leaflets, and am the author of one of the papers they contain. I know that much of the matter in them was never before in print. In the first place, you mistake the number of the pages. There are twenty-four pages, containing the choicest thoughts of the best writers on the sex question, carefully selected by Mr. Lewis and arranged in paragraphs, numbered so as to be readily referred to in his private correspondence with those who seek his advice and instruction. The leaflets were not at first designed for public circulation, but the flattering reception they hav met from intelligent men and women has induced the publisher to giv them a wider circulation. One lady in Michigan writes that she has been studying this subject sixteen years and finds a clearer light in these few pages than ever found before. She says she considers them worth a dollar a page, and orders a dozen copies to distribute among her friends. Several public speakers buy in large quantities and keep them for sale. I certainly think that had you read the tracts candidly you would hav found value received for your money. If not, then it must be because you know so much already that further study is for you superfluous. There are always a few such wise persons in every community. Their words do little harm where they are known, but published in THE TRUTH SEEKER they may, like thistle down carried by the wind, finally lodge where they will do mischief.

It may be true that most people would prefer them in pamphlet form, and they will very soon appear in that shape, when I will send you another copy. RACHEL CAMPBELL.

CAWKER CITY, KAN., July 25, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Some one—perhaps the author, the good old man, Lewis Masquerier—has sent me a pamphlet on "Sociology, or the Scientific Reconstruction of Society, Government, and Property." I suppose this comes in consequence of a short article in THE TRUTH SEEKER to friend Hacker on the "home question;" and I suppose I am expected to say something about it, or get converted to it and start to liv it out. The first is all I can do. I can giv my opinion of it, but to liv it out is impossible. It is strictly scientific, and I can't be that. Why, if I were to liv a life of strict scientific precision, I should be of no more use than one of a set of mathematical instruments, and would make no more progress.

To be happy, I must make some mistakes, and then take pleasure in correcting them. I must notice the ignorance and mistakes of others, and set them a better example; but, above all, I must add to my conduct scientific principles slowly, as necessity and capacity present themselvs. In short, I must act myself. I hav no doubt that Sir Isaac Newton, two hundred years ago, made and published most valuable discoveries in the sciences, useful to me, as to all other men; but alas! I am ignorant of them, and hav neither time nor capacity to learn them; so I must be content with the little good that comes to me through others who hav learned and do apply them. I think it quite reasonable that the land could be so divided that all should hav some, or at least a claim to some, and that the rules of geometry could be used to make the road to the market shorter, as also to the school and the church, but I know that if I were to start out with a license to pick my men and women to commence with, having the mental capacity to carry out such a scheme, my life would be gone before I could find fifty such individuals. And still the principle may be true, but it is applicable only to a people more advanced than the present.

A few years since a society of Grangers, with lots of economic truths, was started here, but it was very soon a complete failure. The people were intelligent enough, but not honest, and the very idea of economy collected the most avaricious men. The chief of the society here killed his neighbor to get 160 acres of land, when he had twice that amount already, and is now in state prison for life for the crime. The finest of closet-concocted theories are fallacious when put in practice. When Herbert Spencer was in New York, he was asked what was his opinion of the future of America, and he said he was not able to take in all the factors in the case, consequently could not make a reliable prediction. This is just what is the matter with all our social reformers—they cannot take in all the factors in the case. But nevertheless it is best to try. Man is progressiv. Just now I think of a little piece of my own history in that line. About forty years ago a Vermont school-teacher, then in Canada, spoke in eulogistic terms of George Combe's "Constitution of Man." This title seemed queer to me, as I knew of nothing but man's physical constitution, and not much of that; but by a friend going to Cincinnati I procured one. This friend was a Scotchman, a Presbyterian, dyed in the wool; but he read it before he gave it to me, and remarked that he thought these books led to Infidelity. I did not scare, but after reading of natural laws I could not comprehend them, and I most sincerely wished that without being a criminal I could be sent to prison to hav a chance to completely master that book. So it was laid on the shelf for about six or seven years. During this time I had done considerable promiscuous reading, and by some chance that I do not now remember I took up the book. And now I understand it as easily as a school primer, and from that day to this I hav measured all things by the natural laws first taught me by that Infidel book. So by this experience I think it reasonable that our mutual friend's books on Sociology may yet lead men to the truth. But just now there are hungry, homeless people, and it is a duty we all owe to the world at large to do our best to help them; and at another time I will try to offer a few hints on that question.

GEORGE W. CHAPMAN, M.D.

Children's Corner.

Edited by Miss Susan H. Wixon, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"His life is long whose work is well,
And be his station low or high,
He who the most good works can tell,
Livs longest though he soonest die."

Loving Hands.

Loving hands, wee, chubby fingers,
From yon cradle stretched to me,
Dearer far than gems or silver,
Make me more than king to be.

What were wealth of "all the Indies,"
If of love, and thee, bereft?—
Not within life's glowing quiver
One bright, golden arrow left.

What were scenes of pomp and splendor,
Where the servil knee might bow,
To the flood of fond affection
Whelming all my being now?

O my son! where thou art sleeping,
With thy blue-veined lids shut fast;
Fancy weaves her web of wonders
In my brain—too fair to last.

I can see thee grown to boyhood,
With a mind beyond thy task;
Draining draughts of purer knowledge
Learning in truth's light to bask.

Loving hands! And now I press them,
While the tears fall thick and fast;
For our country needs my soldier,
And this look may be my last.

Loving hands! From fields of glory,
Where thy name hath now renown,
Comes the long-expected letter
To thy far-off nativ town.

Loving hands hav penned its pages,
'Pon the ghastly field of death,
Where full many a gallant warrior,
Yielded up his latest breath.

"General" now; and men are asking
Whence hath come their chosen chief;
And the nation's eyes are on thee,
With a truthful, high belief.

War hath furled her bloody standard,
But, within the people's heart,
Thou hast won a place enduring,
And must play the statesman's part.

Crown'd with honors, then, I see thee
In the nation's forum stand;
High among their lofty leaders—
'Mid the magnates of the land.

Thus I muse, till fitful fancy
Peoples all this shadow'd room
With thy bright, unclouded future
(For I reck not of the gloom).

Loving hands! If death but spare them,
They shall all my care repay;
And my age shall be transfigured,
Gazing on thy glad young day.

Loving hands and hearts about me,
As life's day draws nigh its close;
To the last shall bloom the lily—
To the last shall blush the rose.

6 *Park Square, Boston, Mass.* Elliott Preston.

Leaving the Old Home.

When we were told that the next day we were to move to our new house near the village, the news was received with great delight by us children.

As I ran eagerly from place to place collecting my toys and playthings, that I knew would be left behind unless I got them secreted in some of the large boxes that were being packed with things of which mine were miniature representativs, there would come over me feelings of sadness, especially on visiting the spring, walking down its well-beaten path, where I might come no more; passing the old tree with the rope swing still hanging there, where so often my pulses had been made to thrill with that joy only known to childhood's happy hours.

Thence I ran into the garden to take a last look at the flowers that I had tended with much care, and it seemed to me they turned their sweet faces to me for a farewell kiss, as I bent down and pressed them to my lips; while tears gathered in my eyes as I saw my mother from the window observing me, when I asked permission to take some pink roots and violets with me, which she readily granted.

Soon I had these and other things of ours stowed away in the capacious wagon now about to start for our new home.

On going out, I looked back at the house, and the windows stripped of their curtains stared upon me like eyes glazed in death, and the stillness of a graveyard rested on all around, when, as we moved on, old Chanticleer, whose clarion notes had so often aroused me from my morning slumbers, flew upon the fence and gave us a parting salute.

Near the road where we passed along was our play-house with its little mud chimney, where we had made pies and cakes of fairy-like dimensions, and the pieces of broken crockery were still upon the tiny shelves. Again I felt the tears start, but, like those of children in general, they were soon dried by the new scenes presented along the road as we proceeded on our journey.

For many months, and even years, the scenes of the old home would come back to me in memory and in dreams, ere I had learned the deeper lesson that life had more of sorrow than of joy.

Years rolled on, and, though not many miles distant, I only revisited the old home once more, when I was about to leave for another clime, perhaps never to return. I went alone to this, to me, hallowed spot. No one had lived there for years; its solitude was unbroken, save by the singing of the birds and the twittering of the chimney-swallows.

It was in the early summer, all nature looked lovely and full of joyous life, and I could almost hav persnaded myself that I had but awakened from a troubled dream to find myself a happy child again, had it not been for the tall grass waving around the doorsteps and in the beaten path.

I first went to the spring, and it was with some difficulty I found it, for the large log that was wont to lie partly over it had rotted away, and the elder bushes that used to shade it were gone, letting in the burning rays of the sun, that had well-nigh dried it up, and I could hardly believe that the little insignificant pool before me was once the deep water I used to gaze down into with awe, and watch the little "peters" run about upon its smooth surface.

I pushed aside the rank weeds that grew upon its margin, and stooped down and drank a last draught from its pure waters. I then went to the house, no one having lived in it for years, and succeeded, after a time, in opening the door, which grated upon its rusty hinges, reverberating through the empty halls and chambers with a sad, hollow sound, which, with the stillness that reigned around and within, quite over powered me. I seated myself in an old chair wherein my grandmother used to sit and tell us children fairy tales, that made the earth more beautiful than when stripped of this pleasing illusion—for it was with pain that I learned, in after years, that the little fairy only existed in the imagination.

While sitting there alone, looking around upon the floor, walls, and ample fire-place, I thought of the winter evenings, of the happy faces that once clustered there about its bright hearth. I went out, feeling that our homes here are but "wayside inns" along the journey of life. Luna Hutchinson.

Our Puzzle Box.

REBUS.

Five letters do my mystic name compose,
Which anyone by study can disclose.
My one, by itself, I plainly see,
Is worth a hundred times my number three.
My last is ten times more than my third,
But, stranger still, in England I hav heard
That my fifth weighs a fraction of a ton,
And is worth a dozen score of number one.
My fourth ranks far below the rest,
But for everyday use is much the best.
Still, when for downright comfort you reckoned,
You always wanted several of my second.
Now when you guess my name, you will find
That my existence is "all in your mind."

Grand Rapids, Mich. Esprit Fort.

A Remarkable Number.

The discussion which has taken place with respect to the remarkable properties of the figure 9 givs interest to the following communication, published in one of the daily papers:

Attention was drawn in the newspapers, two or three years ago, to some of the singular qualities of the number 142,857. It was then pointed out that this number, when multiplied by any figure up to 6, reproduces its own digits, the results being successivly (2) 285,714, (3) 428,571, (4) 571,428, (5) 714,285, and (6) 857,142. When 7 is the multiplier the result is 999,999. This, I think, is as far as the investigation went at the time. It has since occurred to me to experiment further, and I multiplied by all the numbers up to 45, and then by various higher numbers. This led to the following observation: If the digits of any multiple of 142,857 be separated into sets of six, measured from the right hand, and these sets of six be added together, the final result will always reproduce the original digits, unless 7 be a factor, in which case the final result will always be 999,999. An example will illustrate this: Let us multiply 142,857 by 1,373,625. The result is 196,231,946,625. Separating into sets of six, and adding 196,231 to 946,625, we hav 1,142,856, which by the same operation becomes 142,857. But if we multiply by 1,373,624, which has 7 as a factor, the result is 196,231,803,768, and the addition of the two sets of six digits produces 999,999. I hav raised the original number as high as the twelfth power, producing a row of 62 figures. The observation is uniformly true up to this point, and presumably so *ad infinitum*.

The factors of the number 142,857 are 3 x 3 x 11 x 13 x 37. They may be re-arranged for convenience of multiplying, as, 11 x111 x 117. The six digits themselvs can be placed at the points of a hexagon, and it will be found that the "results" already spoken of always preserve the hexagonal order, though one or other digit may take the lead. There is probably a number of eight digits which can be arranged at the points of an octagon with similar or more surprising phenomena. Has such a number been discovered? Perhaps some of our mathematicians can pursue the inquiry.

Correspondence.

Bishop Creek, Cal., July 15, 284.

Miss Susan H. Wixon, *Dear Editress:* I send you a piece or two for the Children's Corner of The Truth Seeker, and will contribute more from time to time. I wish to make a suggestion, that the best articles of this juvenil department be selected, and be put into a first and second reader for schools, that the children of Liberals may hav some better food for thought and instruction than what is contained in many of the school-books now extant.

Yours, L. Hutcheson.

[In reply to the above, and also to similar suggestions, we would say that there is a probability that the stories and sketches which hav appeared in the Children's Corner will shortly be gathered together, and presented to the public in book form. We hav long been of the opinion that books and newspapers of a high moral tone, introducing current topics of general interest, should be read in our public schools in place of the stereotyped "reader." We may not hope such recognition for our forthcoming volume, but we trust it will find a hearty welcome in many homes and by many firesides.—Ed.]

Cleveland, Ohio, July 18, 1884.

Dear Miss Wixon: I am twelve years old. I am a boy, and I hav just got a new bicycle. It goes like blazes and can outrun my uncle's horse Jim. My mother is dead, but I hav a father and one sister, Hannah. I had another sister, Lucy, but she died with the canker-rash—or measles, I forget which. I am going to New Hampshire, pretty soon, next month, and you bet I shall hav fun catching brook trout. Perhaps I will send you some in a box. Hannah says some red raspberries or maple sugar would be more appropriate; so look out for berries and sugar in about two weeks or so. I think you are real good, Miss Wixon, to make such a nice Children's Corner. Hannah says you are splendid, and so does father. He says he would rather see you then anybody else he knows of. Yours truly, Roland L——.

P.S.—When you get the raspberries and sugar, you will know it is from me. R. L.

Book Notices.

Scientific Proofs of Two Primordial Principles—Conscious and Unconscious Elements—Comprising the Universe; consequent Materiality of Mind, and Dynamic Will-Force for Potential Laws; and so of Intelligent Creation of Phenomena from Coeval Unconscious Matter; with Necessary Origin of Finite Minds and their Immortality. By Charles E. Townsend. 16mo, cloth, pp. 288. New York: Published at the Truth Seeker office.

The author of this volume suddenly deceased in September last, shortly after having read and corrected the proof-sheet of its last pages. Until 1848 he was activly engaged in business in New York city, where by industry and strict integrity he acquired an independent fortune, and in that year retired, with the intention, afterward fully carried out, of devoting his time to his favorit studies, which were wholly of a metaphysical class. The result of those studies was the adoption by him of the doctrin set forth in the essays forming this book, some of which hav been given to the public in periodicals, while many are here for the first time published, the leading points of which are so fully stated in the title above given that we need not repeat them. He believed the proofs of the truth of the doctrin he advanced on a new basis of scientific analogy and induction to be "opposed to all inadequate Atheism, or know-nothing Agnosticism," and a rational substitute for all mystical Theism.—*Banner of Light.*

COL. KELSO'S BOOK.

From the Sunday Gazetteer.

A few weeks ago the *Gazetteer*, in a brief notice, acknowledged the receipt of Col. Kelso's latest book, entitled, "The Bible Analyzed." We hav not had time to peruse the whole book carefully, but hav examined it enough to discover that its pages are full of solid facts, and the logic of the hard-fisted order, that downs sophistry every blow. We find the following notice of this handsome volume in the San Francisco *Universe*, which givs a general idea of its character:

"'The Bible Analyzed' is the title of a new work by Col. John R. Kelso, whom we are proud to claim as a Californian. Col. Kelso is the author of two other works which hav attracted the attention of Rationalists and Christians. The volume before us is a book of 821 pages, has a copious index, and is embellished by a portrait of the author, which is decidedly military in its contour. We hav read with care 'The Bible Analyzed,' and pronounce it to be an honest work. The 'sacred volume' is subjected to a severe criticism, and from its own pages are given positiv proofs of its fallible origin. We hav always looked upon the Bible as being of human origin, a record of the heroic Jewish race, a truthful picture of the faults and failings of the 'chosen people' who are of us and amongst us for all time. If any man thinks that the Bible is aught else let him peruse this work. We hav had occasion to criticise, in a severe manner, the former works of Col. Kelso, but in this, his later effort, there is a seriousness and dignity worthy of a man who tries to dethrone myths consecrated in the hearts of millions. The work is published in fine style, and is from the printing-press of The Truth Seeker Publishing Company, 33 Clinton Place, New York City."

Col. Kelso makes one statement in a way that would convey the impression that the author was writing with the historical evidence before him, but which we hav never been able to authenticate to our satisfaction, although we are aware that Paine and Robert Taylor both make similar assertions. We allude to the statement that at the memorable council of Nice, in the fourth century, the New Testament canonical writings were selected by vote of the council. We should be pleased if Col. Kelso would giv his historical authority for this statement. We do not wish to be understood as saying he has no authority, only that the authority has not been met with in our reading.

Stray Scraps.

President G. D. B. Pepper said in his Baccalaureate, Colby University, Waterville Me.: "As our Lord was taken into an exceeding high mountain, and there in one glance saw all the kingdoms and their glory, felt all the concentric multitudinous power of their motivities, so does the advancing civilization of successiv generations carry men up the mount of vision higher and higher," etc. Now is not this stupid talk to young men in a university who hav been taught that this earth is a sphere? Perhaps the president regards the whole transaction figurativly, as he very judiciously omitted the propelling power of his satanic majesty in elevating his Lord and savior into the mountain, so eloquently described by Matthew, Mark, and Luke. "Surely he would be a fool who would deliberately choose illusion instead of reality." Then why should Col. Ingersoll, and the rest of us who are not fools in other things, choose the illusion of Agnosticism instead of the reality of Christianity, as you and yours accuse us? Hav a care, or your theory will prove too much in its application to yourself. "He will go under and perish who substitutes a dream for a fact." Indeed; how about Joseph's dream in regard to his espoused wife, Mary? Did he substitute a dream, for a fact? Divines should be cautious how they repudiate "dreams," since the foundation of the Christian religion depends on a dream and dreams form such a conspicuous necessity in God's infallible word of fact.

Some years ago, Dr. McCosh, of Princeton College, was lecturing before the senior class, and "had been discussing Leibnitz's view of the reason of evil, to the effect that mankind was put upon the earth because there was less evil here than elsewhere. One of the seniors inquired: 'Well, doctor, why was evil introduced into the world?' 'Ah!' said the doctor, holding up both hands, 'ye hav asked the hardest question in all feelosophy. Sukkrates tried to answer it and failed; Plato tried it, and he failed; Kahnt attempted it and made bad work of it; Leibnitz tried it and he begged the whole question as I've been tellin' ye, and I confess (gnawing at his thumb knuckle)—I confess I don't know—what—to make of it myself." Ella E. Gibson.

Barre, Mass., July 4, 284.

GEORGE CHAINEY

Wishes to enter into correspondence with Liberals throughout the conntry in reference to lecture engagements for the coming season.

Mr. Chainey needs no recommendation from us. We print below a few of his indorsements, which certainly are the strongest testimonials ever given to any Liberal lecturer, except Ingersoll, in this country:

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"Mr. Chainey is a large, well formed, though rather round-shouldered man, wears no beard, and in these days of crops would be called a long-haired man. He has a big head and broad face. He is an orator. His eloquence is his chief fascination. His periods are models of oratorical beauty, and though ordinarily unimpassioned he occasionally becomes intensely strong in his dramatic effects. He is singularly graceful of gesture. His methods inspire one with a conviction of his honesty. His elocution is masterly. His voice is magnetic, powerful, flexible, very pleasing. His sentiments are beautifully painted sacrilege. He would make a famous actor."—*Scranton Daily Republican.*

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"Mr. Chainey's enunciation is perfect, his sentences forcible and impassioned. Like Ingersoll he has the happy faculty of clothing an idea in such a peculiarly taking form, that at first thought the contrary idea seems an absurdity and an imposture."—*Syracuse Morning Herald.*

Address for particulars
GEORGE CHAINEY, 33 Clinton Place, N. Y.

Liberal Meetings.

[Leagues and Liberal and Spiritualistic Societies in the United States and Canada meeting regularly, can have notices of their meetings published in this column free if the officers will send them to us.]

MICHIGAN.

MUSKEGON.—The Liberal League meets every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock in the German Odd Fellows' Hall, corner of Western ave. and Terrace st.

OHIO.

CLEVELAND.—The Liberal League meets every Sunday at 3 P.M., in room 29, City Hall building. Lectures free. Communications can be addressed to W. I. Irvine, Secretary.

MAINE.

PORTLAND.—Dr. H. A. Lamb has hired Congress Hall, Congress street (entrance on Temple street), where free meetings, lectures, and discussions are held every Sunday, 2:30 P.M. Admittance free. Public invited.

OREGON.

PORTLAND.—The Auxiliary Liberal League of Portland, Or., holds meetings every Sunday, at 2 o'clock, P.M., at Nonpareil Hall, cor. 1st and Madison streets. All are invited. Admission free.

MASSACHUSETTS.

BOSTON.—Boston Liberal Club holds meetings for essays and criticisms every Sunday forenoon at 10:45 in the Paine Memorial Building, Appleton street.——The "Society of the Divine Homo" at same place every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Sunday-school at 2:30. Admission free.

PENNSYLVANIA.

ALTOONA.—The League holds meetings every Wednesday evening and Sundays at 3 P.M., at the League Room, corner of Eleventh ave. and 13th st., third floor, entrance on 13th st.

PHILADELPHIA.—The Friendship Liberal League meets every Sunday at Hancock Hall, 814 Girard avenue, at 2:30 o'clock, and 7:30 o'clock, P.M., for lectures and free debates. THE TRUTH SEEKER and Liberal books for sale.

PITTSBURGH.—Pittsburgh Liberal League meets at Maltby Hall, 76 Fifth avenue, every Sunday (except during the Months of July and August) at 3 o'clock. A free platform is maintained. Exercises consist of a lecture, followed by 10 minute criticisms, with 15 minutes allowed the lecturer to reply. Clergymen invited to discuss.

NEW JERSEY.

NEWARK.—Newark Liberal League meets every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the League's Hall, 177 Halsey street. Exercises consist of music, readings, lecture, and discussion, in which all present are invited to participate. Admission free. Collection taken. Communications for the League should be addressed to J. W. Frankel, 10 Pine street, Newark.

CANADA.

TORONTO.—Secular Society. Reading and Lecture Rooms, No. 9 Grand Opera House. Open every evening and Sundays. Lecture every Sunday evening. Freethinkers and strangers are cordially invited.

MONTREAL.—Pioneer Freethought Club meets every Sunday at 3 P.M., at 1310 Catharine street. Reading-room open daily until 10:30 P.M. Library open for exchange of books three evenings per week, and on Sunday afternoons. Free public lectures on Sundays as advertised in local newspapers. Strangers always welcome. G. S. Wilson President; C. Stevens, Secretary.

GANANOQUE, ONT.—Gananoque Secular Society, meets every Sunday evening at eight o'clock, in Acton's Hall. Free Library and Reading Room open all day Sunday. Visitors and strangers always welcome. Geo. G. Meikle, President; Henry Smith, Secretary.

NEW YORK.

ALBANY.—The Liberal association meets every Sunday at Van Vechten Hall, 119 State street. Sunday-school at 2 P.M. General business meeting and debates and discussions at 3 P.M. Lecture at 7:30 P.M. The public are cordially invited to attend, also all Liberals visiting the city. Admission free.

NEW YORK CITY.—The American Spiritualist Alliance meets every Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock in Republican Hall, 55 West 33d street.——The First Society of Spiritualists holds its meetings every Sunday in Republican Hall, 55 West 33d street. Morning service 11 o'clock; evening, 7:45. Seats free. Public cordially invited.——Arcanum Hall, 57 West 25th Street, cor. 6th ave. The People's Spiritual Meeting every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 P.M.

BROOKLYN.—The Brooklyn Spiritual Society meets at Conservatory Hall, cor. of Fulton street and Bedford avenue, every Sunday. Services at 11 A.M. and 7:45 P.M. Admission free. Public cordially invited. Liberal and Spiritual papers and books for sale.——The Everett Hall Spiritual Conference, 398 Fulton street, meets every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. Meetings free. Spiritual literature for sale.——The Eastern District Spiritual Conference meets every Monday evening at Composite Room, 4th street, corner of south 2d street, at 7:45. Spiritual and Liberal literature on sale. All invited.——The Philosophical Association meets every Sunday afternoon in the Assembly Room of Wright's Business College, Broadway, corner of Fourth street, E. D., at 3 P.M. Public cordially invited. Doors open at 2:30 P.M.

Correspondence.

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(E. M. 284.)

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The Freethinkers' Magazine

for July is out, and is for sale at this office. The contents are as follows: The Impeachment of Christianity, by Francis E. Abbot; The New-born Soul, a poem, by Courtlandt Palmer; Universal Union Reform, by Stephen Pearl Andrews; Sunday Laws, by Hon. Elizur Wright; Science and Theology, by Geo. Chainey; Agitators, by A. B. Bradford; A Plea for the Rights of Animals, by Elliott Preston; Hints to Speakers and Writers, by John Stoltze, M.D.; All Sorts—Editorial notes; Freethought Directory; Extracts from Letters; Advertisments; Business Directory. Price 25 cents.

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Communications.

Lambert's "Notes on Ingersoll."

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* Herewith I send you a book of "Notes on Ingersoll," by Rev. L. A. Lambert. The only wonderful feature of it is that it purports to be indorsed by thirty-two editors. That may not seem very remarkable, and yet it is quite a wonder that the press (only of the United States and Canada) should contain thirty-two moral prostitutes—for prostitutes they must be, as this little work, though very full of sarcasm, has not the material to excite thirty-two lettered men unless it be in the way of disgust.

The book opens with a falsehood in the shape of an introduction by the publishers, claiming Father Lambert's work has broken down the barriers of sectarianism. The hundreds of different Christian creeds are by no means amalgamized, although they may join forces to fight their common foe—human reason.

The preface, by Father Cronin, is about as foul and as complete a sample of Christian venom as can be produced. Yet it is no wonder, as not much less could be expected from a person professing to believe that the greatest sin possible is to be intelligent. Were the book to be by Father Cronin, I believe very few respectable readers would read any further than the preface. To say the least, it is a very poor recommendation for the work. Father Cronin's clamoring at the venom contained in the great Infidel's expressions, about to be exposed, reminds one of the poor artist who thought it necessary to inscribe over his drawing "This is a horse." Rogues are very apt to predispose fools whichever way suits their purpose best, but honest, intelligent readers, who choose to coolly decide a case on its real merits, very naturally feel disgusted when the attempt is made at them.

I will not follow Father Lambert all through and note all of his sophism, as it would occupy much more space in your valuable columns than the case is worth. I confine myself to a few remarks as I read through this volume of nonsense.

Page 12, Father Lambert says: "If Mr. Black has been guilty of personal detraction, as Mr. Ingersoll insinuates, he has done wrong; but in attacking a live man like Mr. Ingersoll he has shown more courage and manliness than the latter has exhibited in his detractions of Moses dead." Mr. Ingersoll attacks no dead man, only his law, or rather an absurd and tyrannical law enacted by living priests and ascribed to a dead Moses. If Mr. Lambert's insinuation of cowardice means anything at all, it means that a law, no matter how bad it may be, once enacted and its author dead, must ever be respected and obeyed. Such being the case, Abraham was a big coward, Jesus Christ was another, and we are all cowards to-day for finding fault with Mormonism —Joseph Smith is as dead as Moses.

Page 15 contains a mess of nonsense I would like to see a thoroughly scientific man gaze at, just for the benefit of the pitying grin it would bring onto his face. There, in among a lot of scarcely intelligible balderdash, he says: "Change supposes succession, and there can be no succession without a beginning, and therefor limitation. Thus we are borne out by reason, experience, and common sense." "Change supposes succession"—of events, not of existences. "No succession without beginning"—of effect, not of the material that caused it. "Therefor limitation"—of the duration of the phenomenon, not of the substance that enacted it. "Thus we are borne out"—of nothing, though Father Lambert may be very much relieved after his discharge of such a dishonest argument. Father Lambert's argument reminds me of the boy's new pants made out of his mother's old petticoat—the pants were new, but not the cloth.

Page 16, Mr. Lambert says to Col. Ingersoll: "Why should you try to convert the world to your way of thinking?" etc. The inference is derogatory to the dignity of the colonel, putting him on the level with Christian dudes who say to the people, in substance, as follows: "You don't know anything, can't be made to understand anything, so you must hear me, believe all I say to you, and obey all my commands." While Ingersoll says: "Hear me if you will, and ascertain the truthfulness of my utterances; then, with your own judgments—which I presume are as good as mine—form your own conclusions."

Page 17, he says: "Why condemn kings as tyrants, and priests as hypocrits, if they are the helpless victims of the unalterable forces of matter?" Col. Ingersoll says that matter is indestructible, but when did he ever say that it was unalterable in form and effect? Ingersoll does not denounce kings as tyrants and priests as hypocrits out of malice, nor for a mere amusement, nor do I believe he has much hope of persuading them to amend their ways, but he intends to make it impossible for them to continue their career of tyrants and hypocrits by raising their dupes above their villainous practices. The colonel knows perfectly well that so long as there will be calves on the market there will be butchers to skin them.

Page 18, Father Lambert givs a lesson on the law of gravitation that must be invaluable to Ingersoll, particularly when he treats of water running up-hill. I suppose the colonel did not know that the water did somehow find its way up after running down-hill, but thought there was an immense water-making instrument somewhere on the Rocky Mountains. But still, while reading this sophistry, it occurs to one's mind that possibly the reverend gentleman understands better than he pretends to what Ingersoll meant when he said, "Water always runs down-hill."

Page 23, Mr. Lambert says God did this, that, and the other thing. He givs no opinion, but givs it as a fact above comment. Father, you were not there, and hav no personal knowledge of God's doing all these things. Consequently, even if he did, you are not acceptable as a witness in the case. You only heard so, and those who told you hav been convicted of falsehood, and you know it. Among their misrepresentations is this: They said this earth was as flat as a pan-cake, and covered over like a gypsy wagon, and all hands believed it until an Infidel learned them better at the risk of his life, and now I don't know of anyone but reverend Brother Jasper that believes it. Father Lambert analyzes science pretty well with borrowed language, but when he comes to a question where his own intellect must come into play, that is where he shows how little there is in him except borrowed knowledge.

Page 24, he says, in comparing the weight of clouds and rocks: "Density is a circumstance in the case." So far he and Ingersoll agree, but there the latter stops and says he knows not; while Lambert proceeds and says: "The difference is to be traced to the will of God." The only difference is that one only says what he knows and the other says much more than he knows anything about.

Page 36, Lambert says: "Crime is the result of human liberty." The difference between that and the truth is little. Had the father said, "Christian liberty," instead of, "human liberty," he would hav said the truth for once. The French and the Spanish inquisitions, the burning of Servetus, the murder of Garfield and of Freeman's children, were all caused by Christian liberty. Father Lambert, ignorance, bad education, and fanaticism are great sources of crime, but a still worse one is the oppression of the weak by the strong, abuse of authority, etc. In this Canada, where civil authorities allow the priest to be more Catholic than you dare be in the United States, I could sicken your heart, if it is at all susceptible, telling you of honest, well-meaning families living the most miserable life possible, often ending in crime, on account of fathers and mothers oppressing and enslaving their children, particularly their daughters, under the direction of the priest, who, instead of helping the parents to make their daughter proof against encroachments on good morals by helping them to teach her good principles, directs them to enforce prohibition in everything the young girl may show any desire for. The mother must never lose sight of her daughter—must always be between her and the boy—particularly such boys as the priest may not like—and if she ever fails to do so he refuses her those sacraments without which a firm believer in the nonsense thinks himself eternally damned. The consequence is that this house is turned into a little hell, where there is continually some scolding, crying, or pouting done. The neighbors will all hav a hand in it, some siding with the mother and some with the daughter. The girl under such oppression becomes bold. Of course she is young, and not yet wise and charitable. On seeing that her mother and the priest hav no more confidence in her virtue than they hav in that of any four-legged brute, she loses all respect for herself. She runs away if she can, and who with depends very much on who is willing to run with her.

Father Lambert, crime may be the result of human liberty, but only with the slave who believes that liberty is a sin, and is so wearied of his slavish existence that he must enjoy liberty to extremes before his craving can be satisfied. Prohibition and oppression, on the contrary, is, somewhat, a success with fools only. All intelligent enough to claim the right to liv their own life are by prohibition led to crime. That the uncalled for oppression and false teaching of Christianity, together with the injustice it practices, and its support of governments and monopolists to practice likewise, are the chief causes of all evils on earth, is pretty well proved by the fact that one can always tell what is the prevailing religion of any locality by finding out the evils practiced most in the place. Show me a place exclusivly inhabited by Infidels—not neglected Christians, but Infidels whose opinions are the result of Freethought—and there I can almost defy you to find one single evil, judged from an unprejudiced human standpoint.

Page 37, Father Lambert says: "While admitting the existence of sufferings in the world, the Christian does not, and is not, bound to admit that they are the result of the design or plan of God in creating the universe." This point is decided by a single question, viz.: When God created the world, did he, or did he not, know that all his dear children would suffer on earth, and that the majority of them would suffer eternally? This question admits of only one short reply, which is, "Yes," or "No"—no theological dodge about it. It can not be that he did know and yet hardly believed it. One of two things is the case. He did know, or he did not know. Christians can choose whichever horn they please of the dilemma, then kneel down and worship either a fool or a fiend.

I am the father of one boy. I did not make him alone, but I did my part to the best of my limited ability, using the best, but yet imperfect, material that I possessed. I call him a pretty good boy, circumstances all considered; I am even a little proud of him, yet he is not perfect, he has no wings to bear him to me (a distance of fifty miles) as often as I would wish to see him, and he may even lack of being perfect in many other respects. He is certainly not what he would hav been had I been almighty. Yet I would not damn him by any means. I would not even allow the Christian's God to damn him unless he damned me along with him. The greatest punishment that could be inflicted on me would certainly be to lock me up in heaven and my son in hell. There would be another Lucifer in heaven to disturb peace. Christians hav a happy way of forbidding God's wisdom to be measured in a human measure, and still they weigh his responsibility on a human scale without adding a single notch for the Almighty.

Page 37, Father Lambert says: "To those who see in man's nature and destiny nothing higher than the grasshopper, or the potato-bug, etc., there must be something inexplicable in the sufferings of this life." That is as much as to say, "Brethren: believe even a fiction. If you cannot believe it, keep trying to convince yourself that you ought to believe it in order to be happy, and by all means always say you do believe it whether you do or not." It is fortunate that none but fools need to be rocked to sleep in a fiction, as none but fools could succeed. Wise people are too well aware that to wish an impossibility can never make it a fact, so they direct wishes toward possibilities, and their appreciating faculties toward facts.

Page 42, Father Lambert says: "God's justice is infinit." I would like to know what is infinit justice. If justice is to giv each one his just due, that is not infinit; if to giv some more than their due, that is injustice; and if it means to giv all hands more than their due, that is impossible to God or man. A whole, no matter what the volume may be, divided in any given number of shares, can only yield each one his just due. If God is as wise as they claim he is, he should certainly hav a better conception of justice than we hav, but it cannot be that what is justice in his sight is injustice in our sight. The very fact of his having made it so would be the worst kind of injustice, particularly as his advocates claim that he created us in his image. How could he, in justice, create us in contrariwise to himself and call us a fac simile of the original? Father Lambert approves of Judge Black's saying that we hav neither the jurisdiction nor the capacity to judge of the justice of God. He is evidently a little ashamed of it, or he would not shade it over by explaining that "The finite cannot be the measure of the infinit." This last dodge means nothing; we all admit that. That is, all admit that a quart measure cannot measure the immense body of water contained in the ocean, but it will measure a quart of water, even if that quart of water is part of that immense body. We cannot describe an object that remains beyond the extent of our sight, but anything within our sight we can tell the color of, just as well as God or any of his priests can. If God created all that exists he could, undoubtedly, instruct me as to the lay of the land and the climate at the North Pole, but he can learn me nothing of the kind about the Pacific Coast from San Francisco to Santa Barbara. I was all along there and know it myself. I do not claim infinit knowledge, but I claim to know this much: If God created Lord Lansdown to receive $50,000 a year for his useless presence in Canada, and me to work hard and liv poorly every day to help bear the expense, and calls that "just," he surely did not create me to his image, for I can never see it so. According to Judge Black and Father Lambert, God has the easiest position on earth. I don't see but what I could fill the place as well as old Jove himself. Nothing to do, only let events take their natural course, and compel everybody to approve of it, right or wrong. By the way, if such is infinit wisdom, I, along with many others, may hav been greatly mistaken about somebody's wife whom we considered a marvel of imperfection at her offset in life, and has been ever since growing more so, for the reason that she could always accede to praise, but never could bear to be contradicted. A great deal of fault was found with her when, through her seeming neglect and mismanagement, she would ruin everything within reach of her influence—even her own health—and cause everybody about her to share in the disagreeable consequences. After all, she was probably all right, and, like the Lord, her justice was "infinit," and her ways past finding out. Who knows?

Since human judgment is not to be trusted, when this woman set fire to the premises by carelessness with a kerosene lamp, who knows but it was one of those visitations of the Lord, and a real God-send, possibly to divert the mind of the servant girl from a criminal relish of the sweet kiss she had got at the departure of her beau that evening? Since the best judgment of the wisest may be all wrong, why talk, write, or think? What is the use of brains, anyway? There is no need of intelligence to obey. Fear alone will do that.

Page 53, Ingersoll: "Reason is the result of all experience." Comment by Lambert: "When you make reason the result of experience, you destroy its proper entity." I say, Father Lambert, reason has no entity. The entity is in the power of reasoning only. The first reasoning is brought about by our senses, and is developed faster when helped by teaching. I hav had a good illustration of this very lately: A child just beginning to walk could not be persuaded to keep away from the hot stove till he burnt his fingers, and one burning did not suffice, but he burnt them several times. When he burnt his little fingers he of course felt the pain, and cried, but must touch the stove again. His young mind, or thinking powers, were so undeveloped that it required several of those painful operations to lead his mind into a speculation as to what might be the cause of the pain he suffered every time he touched the hot stove. In this case, which was it, Father Lambert, reason producing experience, or experience producing reason? Father Lambert says that the individual, minus reason, is incapable of apprehending experience. The reason here mentioned is elsewhere identified as the soul. Such being the case, his reverence must admit that a horse has a soul, for I am aware that a horse apprehends experience. To convince Father Lambert of this, I would direct him to go into a good pasture, coax a horse to him a few times with salt, and then use the same means to decoy him into hard and painful labor—say to be boxed up into a horse-power, and perform the monotonous rolling of the logs all day—and see how long it will be before the horse refuses his salt at that price. If Mr. Lambert had said that "individuals can apprehend experience only in proportion to their reasoning power," it would hav been nearer the truth. Father Lambert is not sincere, and I dare say he knows his ways are not fair, but writes for one class of people only—the believing class. He takes Mr. Ingersoll to task for his bad use of language, and in doing so he himself distorts language to the utmost of his crooked inability.

Page 128, Ingersoll says that, besides the good and the bad, there are the mistaken. Lambert, in his comment, tries to make it appear that there is no third class in this scale, that the willfully mistaken are bad, and the honestly mistaken are good. I am sure he knows better. A "willful mistake" may be said as slang, but there is no such a thing as a willful mistake. A deed is willful only in as far as its effect is known by the performer. Thus far it is no mistake. The mistake commences where the knowledge ends, consequently it is not willful. Hence Father Lambert pardons all mistakes; consequently he is no Christian. According to his theory, all Infidels are going to heaven in spite of his Roman Catholic teeth. Any man possessing a bit of common sense as big as a mustard-seed will admit that no one will knowingly consign himself to eternal torture for the sake of a belief, if he can acquire and possess it; and if he cannot, it is an honest mistake; and, according to the divinely inspired judgment of Father Lambert, he is good. In regard to sincerity, we Infidels hav the advantage over Christians. One can easily conceive of hypocrits professing to believe in Christianity, with all the inducements—political, social, and pecuniary—there are for so doing. In fact, the hypocrit is the most successful, for while he may hav no hope for the future on one side, on the other side he has no fear, and is therefore better able to take advantage of those who believe the fables they imagin he does. But a hypocritical Infidel would be a man who believed that his conduct will produce his eternal ruin, and while Infidelity is at a discount in all human pursuits, a hypocritical Infidel is simply inconceivable.

Page 131, Father Lambert: "Why question the fact that Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John wrote the gospels, any more than to question the authorship of the works attributed to Josephus, Homer, Shakspere, and others which you [Ingersoll] do not question?" Father Lambert, Josephus, Homer, and Shakspere all wrote believable things—common sense. That makes all the difference in the world. It takes much less evidence to convince people that two and one make three than to persuade them that one and two make one. If I told you that my grandfather came from Bordeaux in an old-fashioned sailing craft in six weeks, you would say, "He must hav had pretty favorable wind," but on the strength of common evidence you would probably believe it. But if I should add that ten years later my grandmother, a virtuous old lady, who had never known man carnally since my grandfather had left her, came to him leading her own three-year-old son, furthermore that the old man, shocked at the apparition of a step-son, jumped home in two bounds, traversing the Atlantic from Newfoundland to Ireland at the first leap, would you not begin to question the veracity of my statement, first questioning as to whether I believed it myself or not, and if so, on what evidence had I been so convinced? I would say that my father had told me, and minutely related to me how his parent got up on a big stone about a mile west of St. Johns, and in an instant was alighting on the mountain of Kilkenny. Would you not plead that my father was not there to see him, and ask why the old man did not jump home at once, where somebody knew him, and he could be identified and accredited for his great feat? Should I take you to Ireland and show you the print of his feet in the rock, would you not say, "Those holes hav been there a thousand years; St. Patrick made them," and show me how they are worn out of their former shape by your dupes drinking holy water out of them? Would you say that, or would you be ashamed of it? Should I further claim that my grandparent could and did invest me with power to do likewise, would you not request that I take the famous leap before believing that the old man did? Father Lambert, I think the foregoing explains pretty well the difference in the credibility between the two sets of authors above mentioned.

Page 132, he tries to demonstrate the truth of the gospels on the strength of their success. If there is any weight in that argument, Joe Smith's Bible is ten times as true as that of Jesus, because Mormonism is making headway ten times as fast as Christianity did in the same time, and that with the disadvantage of more light than there was in the world when Christianity began. But would it not be more reasonable to attribute this success to the fact that Joe and Jesus both got their first recruits from among fishermen, well-diggers, and such like, ignorant enough to be easily deceived, and miserable enough to be easily bribed, until the business got to paying enough to attract smart hypocrits.

Page 132, Mr. Lambert cites a number of

authors of the second, third, and fourth centuries, as having not denied or questioned the real existence of Christ. Father Lambert, those men had something more important to attend to, and that probably accounts for their having been suffered to liv and write at all. Those men probably knew how far they could carry their criticism and save their lives.

Possibly they had been made that wise by the bitter experience of the Gnostics, who had all been killed and their work destroyed for saying that Christ had never had a real human existence, but had only appeared in visions as a specter.

Page 168, Father Lambert says: "The upright or downright Atheist will no doubt be treated as the upright rebel or traitor is treated by the government whose laws he defies, and whose authority he rejects." Where and how Father Lambert can see any comparison between an upright Infidel and a traitor, is more than I can tell. However, according to the foregoing, God is so averse to people who cannot believe as they are bid that he will treat all such as rebels and traitors. Of course, he will cast them in hell, and people his heaven with his favorits—fools and hypocrits who can believe, or pretend to believe, any fables, no matter how absurd and irrational, if the priest says they must believe it. But this seems to be somewhat contradictory to what the same father said in another comment, viz.: That in the eyes of God (or of the church, which is all the same) the honestly mistaken are good. This is probably a paradox. The cause of so great a difference between two men's ideas, whether from a different way of thinking, or the entire absence of thought from one or the other party, I don't know. But Father Lambert thinks that life must be dreadful to one who sees no difference between a man and a potato-bug in their eternal destiny, and I think that if Father Lambert really believes in such a God as he and his church describe, he must wish he was a potato-bug. I am sure I would.

Page 170, Ingersoll: "A being of infinit wisdom has no right to create a person destined to everlasting pain."

Father Lambert's comment: "Passing the question of right, which is to no purpose here, who holds that God created any being to be damned? God created man to enjoy happiness forever, and no man will be damned but he who damns himself." There, do you see, readers, God has the right to do right or wrong? I do not dispute his right to do wrong, but what I question is the possibility of his ever having such a desire. I suppose Father Lambert can explain that out. But that man was created to enjoy happiness forever, is either a lie or a failure; that we all know; and if none will be damned but he who damns himself, we need not fear for anyone, even if the Catholic church says that a large majority will be damned, as none but fools would do that, and Father Lambert will not suffer a fool to be damned, even if he wants to be.

Father Lambert, your God did not create you. The Roman Catholic church created you, and you hav created your God. In the main you resemble your old bigoted mother, and your God resembles you; but, owing to the civilizing influence of your surroundings, your offspring does not resemble his grandmother. In a pinch she could be made to disown him. The only characteristic your God retains of his grand-parent is selfishness. He will hardly damn anyone, but would hav all, if possible, bow to him, and contribute to his support.

I hav got a God, too—one I created to my own image. His first commandment is that omitted by your God, and often called the eleventh commandment, "Mind thy own business." That and the Golden Rule are the whole substance of my creed. My God's virtues are three—wisdom, strength, and beauty. He enjoins me to be as happy as I can while I liv, and to trust him for the hereafter. His prescription for happiness is justice, love, temperance, and fortitude. The result he guarantees to correspond with my exactness in following the prescription. With this prescription I keep myself as healthy, and liv as happy, as anybody of equal means, and never pay a cent for prayers, or hav to swallow any bitter medicins. This I say for the benefit of the reader, not for Father Lambert, who will undoubtedly disapprove of my hygienic mode of treatment, as he makes his living by selling the very drugs I deprecate.

Mr. Editor, publishing the foregoing might be objectionable from the fact that it advertises Father Lambert's book, but the objection drops low when we consider that fools never read THE TRUTH SEEKER, and should any of your readers be thereby led to read Lambert's famous "Notes on Ingersoll," it would only show them how rotten and weak are the props of the Roman Catholic religion—the mother of all Christian creeds. CHAS. LAPERCHE.

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Yours respectfully,
H. A. BROWN.

Ladies, read the following testimony from a lady who had been under drug treatment for eight years with nervous prostration and female weakness:

OSBORN, O., Dec. 15, 1882.

DR. L. TENNEY: Your letter just received; also the Clothing on Tuesday last. Fitted perfectly. FELT BETTER FROM THE FIRST HOUR I HAD THEM ON. Am not joking, and if I improve as rapidly as I hav since Tuesday, will soon be well. Will report again soon. Respectfully yours, E. J. K.

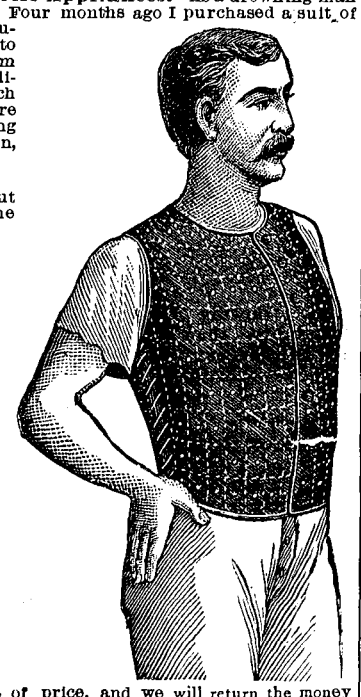
This lady reports herself entirely cured in less than six weeks after putting on the garments, and, although in bed, unable to get out, when applied, she nevertheless was able to ride twenty miles in two days after the application. The lady's name can be had upon application at this office, by anyone desiring to communicate with her.

Ladies, read the following testimony from a lady who had been suffering for two years with an **Ovarian Tumor,** and who had been told that nothing but the knife would save her life, and the chances were as 9 to 1 against recovery. In four months' time she is perfectly well, and has not taken a dose of medicin since putting on the appliances. Consult us when your physician tells you he can do nothinog for you; it will pay you.

SHULLSBURG, WIS., November 19, 1882.

DR. L. TENNEY, *Dear Sir:* About two years ago my health began to fail me; I became nervous, lost all desire for food, and, in fact, began to fall rapidly, so that I became alarmed and consulted several physicians of St. Louis, at which place I was then stopping, all of whom declared that I had an **Ovarian Tumor,** and that the only thing that would save my life would be the knife. About six months ago I grew rapidly worse, and had about made up my mind to take the only course that seemed left to me, and submit to an operation, when my attention was called to the **Eureka Magnetic Appliances.** As a drowning man will catch at a straw, so did I catch at this faint hope of a cure. Four months ago I purchased a suit of your appliances. From the very first I felt invigorated, the tumor, which had extended entirely across my abdomen, began to decrease, my pains became less from day to day, until now I am as well as I ever was in my life. Since putting on the appliances I hav not taken a single dose of medicin. My bowels, which before were constipated, are now regular. I would therefore cheerfully recommend them to anyone suffering as I hav, believing that they will do all and more than you claim for them. I remain,

Gratefully yours, MRS. MARY J. STEWART.



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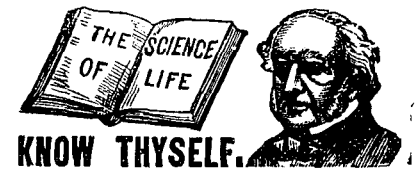
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Gems of Thought.

As important as it is that man should possess the right faith, know ye that no man is justified by faith alone: only so far as faith leads to good works is it a justification to him who embraces it. When faith and works are compared, works stand far ahead. It even may be said it matters little what a man believes, so his actions are right. It is wrong to say that faith is to be accounted for righteousness; for unless a man's works are of a righteous character there is no righteousness in him. It is true that faith without works is dead. Be not deceived, no man's faith can be a justification to you, no more can any man's works be a justification to you. Every man must perform good works himself if he would hav the justification which good works afford.—*D. M. Bennett.*

SWEAT is the destiny of all trades, whether of the brow or of the mind. God never allowed any man to do nothing. How miserable is the condition of those men which spend their time as if it were given them, not lent; as if hours were waste creatures, and such as should never be accounted for; as if God would take this for a good bill of reckoning: *Item*, spent upon my pleasures forty years! These men shall once find that no blood can privilege idleness, and that nothing is more precious than that which they desire to cast away.—*Bishop Hall.*

Is life worth living? Is not life worth living for to him who can believe that he livs in a world organized, as we know this world is, with the myriad stars every night, with the unceasing sun that has been pouring its creativ beams for millions of years upon this poor planet, and will go on to do so for millions of years to come—is it not worth living for, to be in a world where there are all these questions to be asked and answered, all these problems waiting for solution; where there is nobody that does not lack something that we can giv with our hands, with our hearts, with our brains, with our simplest faculties? Is it not worth while to think that when we hav done our utmost, and laid ourselvs down to our quiet sleep, the everlasting forces will still go on, making the world more and more glorious, and the lot of man brighter and brighter, and bring about the consummation to which we hav added our little trifle of help?—*Frothingham's Life as a Test of Creed.*

IN the pursuit of knowledge, follow it wherever it is to be found; like fern, it is the produce of all climates, and, like coin, its circulation is not restricted to any particular class. We are ignorant in youth, from idleness, and we continue so in manhood, from pride; for pride is less ashamed of being ignorant than of being instructed, and she looks too high to find that which very often lies beneath her feet. Therefore condescend to more of low estate, and be for wisdom what Alcibiades was for power.—*Colton's Lacon.*

ALCIBIADES was naturally a man of strong passions; but his ruling passion was ambition to contend and overcome. This appears from what is related of his sayings when a boy. When hard pressed in wrestling, to prevent his being thrown, he bit the hands of his antagonist, who let go his hold and said, "You bite, Alcibiades, like a woman." "No," said he, "like a lion."—*Plutarch's Lives.*

IF bodily pain and disease be the legitimate and traceable consequence of imprudence and excess—if pleurisy or consumption follow by natural law exposure to inclement weather in weak frames—if neuralgia be the legal progeny of organic decay or shattered nerves—if storms follow laws as certain as the law of gravitation—how can prayer bring about the cessation of pain, or the lulling of the storm, for the relief of the suffering, or the rescue of the imperiled man? Is not the prayer for such cessation clearly a prayer for a miracle?—*Greg's Creed of Christendom.*

LUCIAN observes that a young man who reads the history of the gods in Homer or Hesiod, and finds their factions, wars, injustice, incest, adultery, and other immoralities so highly celebrated, is much surprised afterward, when he comes into the world, to observe that punishments are by law inflicted on the same actions, which he had been taught to ascribe to superior beings. The contradiction is perhaps still stronger between the representations given us by some later religions, and our natural ideas of generosity, lenity, impartiality, and justice; and in proportion to the multiplied terrors of these religions, the barbarous conceptions of the divinity are multiplied upon us. Nothing can preserve untainted the genuin principles of morals, in our judgment of human conduct, but the absolute necessity of these principles to the existence of society. If common conception can indulge princes in a system of ethics different from that which should regulate other persons, how much more those superior beings, whose attributes, views, and nature are so totally unknown to us! *Suret superis sua jura;* the gods hav maxims of justice peculiar to themselvs.—*Hume's Essays.*

How calm was Pericles when, crushed by misfortunes, deserted by the Athenians, all his family perishing by the plague, to which at last he fell a victim himself, still ordering the affairs of the state till the last, counting the least of them important, and his own life nothing! How calm was Socrates, when the fatal poison was already working within him, parting from life without a sign of emotion, and with words of wisdom still lingering upon his lips! Such calmness in the highest trials hav been; and wherever it has been, it was an evidence of the utmost unselfishness. We must veil our sorrows, and make little of our griefs, nor trouble others with our afflictions. We must not pity ourselvs so much, nor nurse our sorrows, but look up from our own little lives to those great eternal orbs that work above and around and within us; we must bow to the inevitable and confide in the invisible.—*Felix Adler in Radical Pulpit.*

To hide the truth is evil, and beseems
But ill the soul of one of noble birth.
—*Sophocles.*

AT past forty years of age I began to relish life without drawbacks; for ten years I hav been vividly conscious of its delights.—*Miss Martineau's Autobiography.*

N. Y. State Freethinkers' Association.

THE SEVENTH ANNUAL CONVENTION;

Where Held—The Speakers Engaged—The Hotels, Railroads, etc.

THE NEW YORK STATE FREETHINKERS' ASSOCIATION, in accordance with its established custom, has invited the Freethinkers of all the other states, and also of Canada, to meet them in annual Convention, at Cassadaga Lake, N. Y., on the 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th days of September next.

THE SPEAKERS.

The following well-known speakers hav been engaged to address the Convention: Thaddeus B. Wakeman, of New York; Miss Helen H. Gardner, of St. Louis; Courtlandt Palmer, of New York; Charles Watts, of London, England; Allen Pringle, of Selby, Canada; Col. John R. Kelso, of Modesto, Cal.; George Chainey, of Boston; J. H. Burnham, of Saginaw City, Mich.; Mrs. Dr. Juliet H. Severance, of Milwaukee; Stephen Pearl Andrews, of New York; Dr. John Stoltz, of Chicago; William S. Bell, of Boston; Judge R. S. McCormick, of Franklin, Pa.; John E. Remsburg, of Atchison, Kansas; Lyman C. Howe, of Fredonia, N. Y.; M. E. Billings, of Waverly, Iowa; Hon. A. B. Bradford, of Enon Valley, Pa.; Charles B. Reynolds, of Rochester, N. Y.; Samuel P. Putnam, of New York; Dr. William F. McCormick, of Franklin, Pa.; and Richard B. Westbrook, D.D., orthodox, of Philadelphia, Pa. And the following hav also been invited, the most of whom are expected to be present: Hon. Elizur Wright, of Boston; F. E. Abbot, Cambridge, Mass.; Horace Seaver, Boston; Luther Colby, Boston; Judge Arnold Krekle and Mrs. Judge Krekle, of Kansas City, Mo.; James Parton, of Newburyport, Mass.; Judge Carter, of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia; and B. F. Underwood, editor of the *Index*, Boston, Mass. It is possible that Col. Ingersoll will be present and address the Convention.

THE SINGING.

Professor A. D. Lane, of Olean, N. Y., one of the most popular professional singers in the state, accompanied by as good a quartet of voices as can be found in Western New York, has been engaged to provide the musical entertainment for the occasion. Professor H. H. Hall, who sang for the Rochester Convention, has also been engaged.

THE PLACE OF MEETING.

The location where the Convention is to meet is one of the most pleasant and picturesque in the state. It is described as follows in a circular issued by the Association: "The Cassadaga Lake Camp-meeting Grounds are eight miles from Lake Erie, and seven hundred feet above it; situated midway between New York and Chicago, one and a half hours by rail from Buffalo, five from Cleveland, nine from Pittsburgh, fourteen hours from Cincinnati, sixteen from Philadelphia, eighteen hours from New York, twenty hours from Boston and Washington, and twenty-one from Chicago. It lies on the shore of a beautiful chain of lakes, three in number, and at an elevation of nearly fourteen hundred feet above the level of the sea." The Association last year erected on the grounds an amphitheater, with a seating capacity of twenty-five hundred people, with the seats in a semi-circle, which givs every one present an opportunity to hear all that is said from the speaker's platform.

ROUTES OF TRAVEL AND RAILROAD RATES.

Eastern and western passengers over the Nickel Plate, Lake Shore & Michigan Southern railroad, and eastern passengers over the New York, Lake Erie & Western (formerly Erie) railroad, change cars at Dunkirk, N. Y., and take the Dunkirk, Allegheny Valley & Pittsburgh railroad to the "Cassadaga Camp-meeting Grounds."

Eastern and western passengers over the New York, Pennsylvania & Ohio railroad (formerly Atlantic & Great Western), and eastern passengers over the Buffalo & Jamestown railroad, change cars at the Atlantic & Great Western Crossing, and take the Dunkirk, Allegheny Valley & Pittsburgh railroad to Lily Dale Station.

To be more definit, persons coming to the Convention from most of the cities and large towns in the United States will find it the cheaper to purchase excursion tickets to Chautauqua Lake. These can be obtained very cheap; and then leave the cars at the crossing of the Dunkirk, Allegheny Valley & Pittsburgh railroad near Jamestown, and then take the last mentioned road to Lily Dale Station, near the camping grounds. Persons coming from any station on the New York, Lake Erie & Western railroad, or any of its branches west of Binghampton, will pay full fare to Dunkirk, and then be returned at one-third fare home. The Dunkirk, Allegheny Valley & Pittsburgh railroad will sell excursion tickets at two cents a mile from any station on that road.

THE HOTEL RATES.

The following prices hav been established at the hotels for board: $1.50 per day, for one day and less than three days; and over, $1 per day. Table board: breakfast, 40 cents; dinner, 50 cents; supper, 30 cents. Lodgings, 25 to 30 cents. The hotel accommodations are sufficient to entertain all who may attend.

H. L. GREEN,
Salamanca, N. Y. Secretary New York State Freethinkers' Association.

P. S.—I am glad to announce that the Truth Seeker Company will hav an agent on the grounds with a large assortment of Freethought publications for sale. The editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER will, as heretofore, make full reports of the proceedings. Other reports of the Convention will be published in the New York *Herald*, the Buffalo *Courier*, and other secular papers.

H. L. G.

On Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 8th and 9th, the

NATIONAL LIBERAL LEAGUE

WILL HOLD ITS

EIGHTH ANNUAL CONGRESS

At the same place.

In his call for the Congress the President of the League invites "all citizens of the United States, whether they hav acted with this League or not, who believe in a secular republic, separation of church and state; the equality of all citizens before the law, without distinction of creed or race or sex; justice for all, and privileges and monopolies for none; the need of universal secular education, free speech, and a free press as the basis of universal suffrage."

All Charter and Life Members of the League, and all delegates from local Auxiliary Leagues, will hav votes in the Congress. Each Auxiliary is entitled to send five delegates—its president, secretary, and three other members—to the Congress. Annual members are entitled to seats in the Congress, and to votes by the permission of the Congress.

Odds and Ends.

TIGHT pants are going out of fashion. The number of tight men in pants will probably always remain just the same, however.

TWO heads may be better than one; but somehow it takes considerable argument to convince a man who has been up all night of that fact.

"SAMBO, kin you tell me why dey inwariably take de pennies from de children at de Sunday-school?" "Course I kin. Dat is to get de cents ob de meetin."

THE most trying circumstances in which a boy can be is when another boy is in the alley winking at him and his father is offering him a nickel to carry in a load of wood.

MILD GENT (to fisher-boy): "I'm sorry to hear you were the worse for liquor last night, Sam; you take after your father." Sam: "No, sir; father never leaves none to take."

THE country girl gets even with her city cousin when she writes: "Pa has got the house full of paying boarders, you know, else we should like to hav you all here spending the summer."

"PA," said Brown's little Tommy, "if you died would you still be a lawyer?" "I guess so," answered Brown. "For how long?" asked Tommy. "For attorneyty," replied the inhuman Brown.

THE definition of a kiss given by our hired girl is very expressiv: "A kiss is an awful bolt of lightning mixed up with very little thunder, and spread upon one pair of lips by another with a stave from a sugar barrel."

"SEE here," he said to his clerk. "I don't mind letting you off a day now and then to attend your grandfather's funeral, but I think you ought to hav the courtesy to send a few of the fish around to my house."

NEW YORK has discovered that divorces are being procured there very secretly. This is a shame. The greatest publicity should be given in all cases. Some people would rather read divorce trials than dime-novels.

IN reporting a summer-night festival last week, a Jersey City editor spoke of a Miss McGee as being "au fait," and the next day the paper had it "all feet." And yet Governor Cleveland recently pardoned a proof-reader.

NEW YORK girls hav been kissing horses. We judge from this that there is a great dearth of negro murderers in the jails of the metropolis. The country learns too late that Chastine Cox filled a longfelt want.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

"LET us go down to the depot and see if any of our friends hav come in on the train." "But the train is two hours behind time. What's the use of going down there now?" "What's the use?" exclaimed the other. "Why, the saloon across the street from the depot is not shut up, is it?"

THEY were sitting on the sofa in the front parlor, and he was holding her little hand in his own. Suddenly a thought seemed to strike her, and she asked sweetly: "Adolphus, are you a 'bolter?'" Just then the old gentleman's footsteps sounded on the top stair, and as he wildly grabbed his hat, Adolphus answered: "Yes, darling; good-bye."

A LADY residing at the North Shore recently took her little three-year-old daughter in bathing with her. The water was very cold, and the little one clung closely to her mother's neck, her teeth chattering in anticipation of a dip. It came at last, and as she emerged dripping from the water she gasped: "O mamma, tell Jesus to turn on the hot water!"

A MISS is as good as a mile,
A kiss is as good as a smile,
But four painted kings
Are the beautiful things
That are good for the other man's pile.

A BEAUTIFUL maid at White Bear
Sat down on a bumble-bee's lair,
And then the soft breeze
Was full of mad bees,
And shrieks, and wild wailings, and swear!

UNANSWERED CONUNDRUMS.

Why do the { Summer roses die? / willows weep? / Yankees all like pie? / babies creep? }

Why do the { happy days all pass? / lovers sigh? / horse and cow eat grass? / fishers lie? }

Why do the { bearded lions roar? / birdies sing? / ancient maidens snore, }
And vow they do "no such thing?"

HE was tall. He was dilapidated. He was dead broke. He waved his arms around and shouted: "Last January, Jay Gould said that Union Pacific was worth par. Where's U.P. now?" Echo answered. "Last March," continued the dilapidated, "Jay Gould said that Union Pacific was worth 90. Where's U.P. now?" Echo answered some more. "Last May," the dilapidated shouted at the top of his voice, "Jay Gould said that Union Pacific was a bargain at 60. Where's U.P. now?" Echo whooped up for the third time. "Last June," he said, as he wildly pawed the air, "Jay Gould said that Union Pacific was a fat thing at 50. Where's U.P. now?" "Been down to 28, and don't you forget it," said a bystander. "And where mi?" "Bound for the Jay Gould idiot asylum!" "K'rect! Shake! Come and see me!" he chuckled, as he disappeared towards the river.—*Wall Street News.*

Freethinkers' Meeting.

A Camp-Meeting of the Northwest Kansas Freethinkers' Association will be held at the Fair Grounds in Concordia, Kansas, beginning September 2d, and terminating September 7th.

Prominent speakers from abroad will address the meetings each day.

A general invitation is extended to Liberalists and Spiritualists to come and take part in the meeting.

The clergy are invited to be present, and time will be divided with them.

We guarantee a free platform to all for the discussion of all subjects of interest to the people.

By order of the Committee,
3132 JOHN BETHEL, Chairman.

THE TRUTH SEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., as Second-class Matter.

Vol. 11. No. 33. | PUBLISHED WEEKLY. | New York, Saturday, August 16, 1884. | 33 CLINTON PLACE. | $3.00 per year.

Notes and Clippings.

THE Texas cattlefever is spreading,

THE Lansing (Mich.) *Republican* intimates that Lansing hack-men and railroad officials think Rev. Joe Cook is a hog.

A PROMINENT Chinese official has become a Christian. If he is going to be like some Christian statesmen we hav in this country, the Chinese government will do well to keep an eye on him.—*Texas Siftings.*

THE N. Y. *Weekly Witness* winds up an editorial in favor of the Prohibition candidate by saying that "the Lord Jesus is the only leader to whom the *Witness* acknowledges entire allegiance." So there's another candidate in the field, exclaims the *Winstead Press.* He can't be elected. We won't hav any lords in office in this free country.

AT a meeting of the Spiritualists of Washington, D. C., it was decided to organize into a society to advance Spiritualistic views in the fall of the year. Mr. John B. Wolff was elected president, M. C. Edson vice-president, and Joseph Steiner secretary and treasurer. As soon as the society gets into working order a board of six managers is to be elected. Meetings to be held as soon as the hot weather is over.

THE Mahdi is a radical total abstinence man, down to coffee and tobacco, which he won't even allow in his camp; in fact, he lately gave a refugee 150 lashes for smoking a cigarette. But he makes up for this by having thirty-nine wives, and keeps within the letter of the law, which only allows four wives at a time, by an ingenious system of temporary divorce, by which he always has thirty-five spare wives in waiting.

WHILE the jury was deciding whether or not Mr. Bradlaugh had, at the moment of his taking the Parliamentary oath, such a belief in a supreme being as rendered his taking of the Parliamentary oath valid in the eye of the law, report has it that the Lord Chief-Justice and his two learned colleagues, waiting for the verdict, whiled away the time by constituting themselvs a rough-and-ready jury to decide whether or not there is any supreme being at all.—*Star.*

MR. WILLIAM L. GILBERT, the wealthiest man in Winsted, Conn., took a trip to the Catskill Mountains the other day, and to set a good example to poor folks he appeared at the station in West Winsted, dinner basket in hand. While waiting for the train he put the basket down in one corner of the room and busied himself explaining to the people the advantages of economy. The train came, Mr. Gilbert got on board and went off, forgetting to take his basket.

A NEW savings bank, with the attractiv name of "The Security," began business in Newark, N. J., yesterday. It was formally dedicated with prayer by the Rev. Dr. Taylor, of the First Baptist Church. This is an excellent idea, says a daily paper. Banks should be opened every morning with prayer for the special guidance of the presidents and cashiers. But the stockholders should watch while the clergymen pray. "Watch and pray," should be especially the motto in the Newark savings banks.

BEFORE the Maori king leaves England he will get so shrewd an idea of the worth of our missionary enterprise and our Christian morality that he will probably learn to call one *bigotry* and the other *pocket.* I remember a colonial baronet telling me of a certain old Maori servant of his who had ridden behind him for twenty years, and professed all that time to be a devout Christian. One day his master engaged him in confidential talk, and begged him to say what he recommended as the best means of converting the Maoris to Christianity. The worthy baronet was taken aback at the rejoinder of the old Maori, whom he trusted implicitly, and whose fidelity had hitherto borne every test. "Master," said he, with an odd twinkle, "you ask me, you no ask me. Me tell what believe; me believe your Christian religion—all damn nonsense!" I fear the Maori king will be of the same opinion at no very distant date. Christians who preach one thing and practice another must expect these little snubs from—well, "the noble savage."—*Liverpool Evening Express.*

IN accepting the Democratic nomination for governor of Illinois, Carter Harrison said: "Gentlemen, I hav carefully read the platform adopted by your convention, and cordially accept and indorse it; and your declaration that men are capable of self-government and are not to be molested in their personal rights, while they do not injure their neighbors, is especially to be commended. Here this issue between the parties is broadly defined. It is the province of the Democracy to stand between the people and any and all attempts to curtail their personal liberties." If Mr. Harrison practices what he preaches he ought to make a good official.

LIZZIE MINER, a bright, pretty girl, who worked in Brainard & Armstrong's silk mill in New London, and who was made insane by the religion preached at the street meetings of the Salvation Army, has been placed in a hospital for the insane. She fancied that Satan was in pursuit of her soul, and that only by the constant singing of Salvation songs he might be kept away. Members of the Army called on her, but she became more violent, and had convulsiv fits. She is getting well. At a recent meeting of the Salvation Army an exhorter advised a large gathering of women to discard corsets, as they "are an invention of the devil." Many of the women went home and cast away the offending article of dress.

Truth, of this city, the enterprising young paper which three years ago prosecuted a crusade against the "dives" of New York which resulted in their almost total extinction, is now agitating for the extirpation of a large proportion of the employment agencies of the city, which it has discovered to be merely panders to prostitution. Shocking stories are told of the ruin of thousands of honest and friendless young foreign girls seeking work. Meanwhile, the police and detectiv authorities, under whose eyes these and all the other iniquities of the city hav been going on for years, remain as inactiv as ever, save for an occasional scurrilous denunciation of *Truth* and like reformers for their "interference in affairs outside their legitimate field."

"I WAS mighty thankful for that rain we got yesterday," said a *Texas Siftings* man. "Yes, it did the corn a world of good. How many acres hav you got planted of corn?" "I've got no corn planted this year at all. I wasn't thinking about crops." "Well, then, how can the rain benefit you?" "You see, I don't often get a decent dinner at home, as my wife says she can't cook in hot weather; but yesterday there was to be a church picnic, and she fixed up a lunch basket for the preacher's table, but it rained so the picnic could not come off. To keep the preacher's lunch from spoiling we had it for dinner, and it was the best dinner I've had since we were married. There was no end of chickens and jellies and that sort of alleviations. Don't tell me that rain yesterday didn't do any good. It was the most refreshing shower we hav had for years." *Texas Siftings.*

PEOPLE who profess religion should try to be just a little consistent. It is certainly not in accordance with the teachings of the scripture to backbite, dead-beat, and belittle those who honestly differ with them on a question which greatest minds hav tried to solve. Two things we despise. One is the narrow-minded bigot and hypocrit, who thinks he has secured a mortgage on heaven, but who in fact is working hard, consciously or unconsciously, to take up his abode in those regions to which he would hav all go who are not as narrow-minded as he. The other is the meddlesome, backbiting creature of the feminin gender, who so far forgets herself as to "wear the breeches," who is only happy when she is in her element of prying into the affairs of others, meddling, and backbiting. Such a creature cannot expect the consideration and respect due a lady. Those who consider these remarks as intended for them will of course criticise us. If they do we shall feel that we hav not used our pencil in vain, and if showing up the folly and meanness of their ways can induce them to reform for the good of society we shall be amply rewarded.—*Dayton Gazette.*

IT is quite plain that the moral tone of the West is a little higher than that of the East. A few days ago the city of Louisville was torn up about the exposure of a nude picture in the shop windows of the prominent fine art dealers, and now the towns of Hillsboro and Mattoon, Ill., are making war on the "Mother Hubbard" dress affected by the young ladies. This picturesque costume is held to be improper, "because it tends to an indecent exposure of the person." The marshal of the town of Mattoon, in order to prevent the demoralization of society, has issued an order directing his subordinates to arrest all women found on the street wearing the "Mother Hubbard" dress. We do not know what variations hav been added to the "Mother Hubbard" since it wound its way to the breezy prairies, but here in the East it is considered neither immoral not demoralizing, even when worn by big girls. It is simply picturesque. We fear, adds the *World,* that Kate Greenaway's heart will be broken when she hears of the performances of these wild Western officials.

THE execution of the provisions of the recent treaty between Germany and Russia, whereby the former power agreed to expatriate the Nihilist refugees and other subjects who hav fled to Germany from Russia, has been begun in earnest, and is working great hardships on scores who hav settled down in Germany and made therein new homes for themselvs. The majority of the immediate victims of this treaty are the newcomers, all of whom hav been officially ordered to leave the country within a fortnight. Those whose affairs hav become so fixed by long residence as to require more time to settle up hav been given permits with a six months' extension of residence; but only on the security of good bondsmen that they will at the termination of the specified time peaceably quit the empire. As might be supposed, the ordinance has been the cause of great hardship and suffering to many who hav long resided in Germany, and become socially connected with the districts in which they hav dwelt. Many of this class, to avoid expulsion, hav applied for letters of naturalization from the German government, but, although able to comply with all the conditions of the law, hav been invariably refused the privilege. This conduct on the part of the German government has provoked an outburst of indignation on the part of the Liberal press.

LAST winter the Faubourg St. Germain introduced what were known to French society as *bals blancs,* and this summer the Socialists of Paris hav organized what they call *les fetes rouges,* for the instruction, diversion, and profit of children and very young people, who, they hope, will be a generation of Freethinkers in their riper years. The first of this year's Atheistical fetes has been held at Belleville, and well bore out its name, everything being red, from the dresses of the children, most of whom wore the Phrygian cap, to the decorations of the hall, the flowers on the bonnetts of the *citoyennes* or in the button-holes of the (we should say *citoyens)* present being also crimson. Amusement was not the only object in view, nor, indeed, the principal one. Freethought principles and doctrins were inculcated on the young folks, as well as Socialistic theories. They were exhorted between their games to hate religion and to hold priests in contempt. The flagrant injustice of the existing order of things was illustrated by *Citoyenne* Rouzade, who reminded her youthful hearers that "stonemasons, miners, and carpenters were less paid than the deputies of President Grevy; that railway servants received a lower salary than railway engineers," and so on, all of which was iniquitous, seeing all men were equal and should enjoy identical advantages.—*London Standard.*

News of the Week.

MR. BRIGHT has written a letter condemning American protection.

SEVERAL Anarchists hav been sentenced to imprisonment in France.

MISS LULU HURST has gone to Brooklyn, where she draws full houses.

GREAT and disgraceful tumult has prevailed during the late sessions of the French Congress.

A GRANT has been made to the Queen's Colleges in England in spite of Mr. Parnell's opposition.

THE Dutch steamer Amsterdam was wrecked off Sable Island, N. S., on the 6th, and four lives lost.

THE United States forces are concentrating in large numbers in western Kansas for the purpose of ejecting every white sqatter on Indian land.

BENJ. BUTLER announces in a letter to the *Sun* his intention to "stand by the nominations of the Greenback and laboring men and Anti-Monopolists."

THE corner-stone of the pedestal of Bartholdi's great statue of "Liberty" was laid on the 5th with, curiously enough, Christian and Masonic ceremonies.

A SHOCK of earthquake was felt on the 10th, and a second slighter shock on the 11th, in the Middle and New England states. Panic prevailed, but the accidents caused were trivial.

MICHAEL CUFF, a policeman of this city, while in a state of intoxication on the 6th arrested and locked up a respectable and unoffending lady. He has been discharged from the force.

THE spread of cholera in France is renewed, and greater alarm than ever prevails. In England there are hundreds of cases of English cholera, and in Italy the Asiatic form of the disease is raging.

THE charge of former immorality and seduction against Cleveland, on account of which Rev. H. W. Beecher and others refused to support him for president, is now contradicted—with what truth cannot be determined.

THREE packages of dynamite wrapped in copies of *The Irishman* were recently found in the letter-box of the post-office at Nottingham, Eng., being no doubt intended to explode when stamped and wreck the building.

FRANCE'S difficulties with China, which it was hoped would be amicably settled, hav instead grown more violent, and war has commenced, the French being so far victorious. France still continues its Madagascar war.

THE sultan of Morocco has caused the massacre of a whole tribe in Angara, Kabila, because they asked for French protection. The men were killed, and the women and children made slaves. War with France is probable.

THE trades labor demonstration at Hamilton, Ont., Can., on the 4th, was an immense success. The procession was a mile long. The noteworthy feature was the marching of a large body of young women, cotton and shoe operativs.

AMONG the dozens of murders reported during the week ending Aug. 9th the large majority were caused by drink. Many fatal accidents also occurred to intoxicated persons. Kentucky heads the list with thirteen murders, six being due to election quarrels.

THE Commissioner of Emigration on the 4th detained twelve immigrants, and on the 5th forty-four, and will return them to the parts whence they came, as they had no money, trades, friends, or prospects. This pauper immigration is fast increasing of late.

A GREAT reform demonstration was held at Birmingham, Eng., on the 4th. The Hon. John Bright proposed to limit the power of the House of Lords to veto legislation. The "divine right" of kings was denounced as dangerous, and the claims of the peers to a similar right characterized as "ridiculous figments."

Selection.

The Ghost of Religion.

From the Nineteenth Century.

In the January number of this review is to be found an article on Religion which has justly awakened a profound and sustained interest. The creed of Agnosticism was there formulated anew by the acknowledged head of the Evolution philosophy, with a definitness such as perhaps it never wore before. To my mind there is nothing in the whole range of modern religious discussion more cogent and more suggestiv than the array of conclusions the final outcome of which is marshaled in those twelve pages. It is the last word of the Agnostic philosophy in its long controversy with Theology. That word is decisiv, and it is hard to conceive how Theology can rally for another bout from such a *sorites* of dilemma as is there presented. My own humble purpose is not to criticise this paper, but to point its practical moral, and, if I may, to add to it a rider of my own. As a summary of philosophical conclusions on the theological problem, it seems to me frankly unanswerable. Speaking generally, I shall now dispute no part of it but one word, and that is the title. It is entitled "Religion." To me it is rather the ghost of religion. Religion as a living force lies in a different sphere.

The essay, which is packed with thought to a degree unusual even with Mr. Herbert Spencer, contains evidently three parts. The first deals with the historical Evolution of Religion, of which Mr. Spencer traces the germs in the primitiv belief in ghosts. The second arrays the moral and intellectual dilemmas involved in all anthropomorphic theology into one long catena of difficulty, out of which it is hard to conceive any free mind emerging with success. The third part deals with the Evolution of Religion in the future, and formulates, more precisely than has ever yet been effected, the positiv creed of Agnostic philosophy.

Has, then, the Agnostic a positiv creed? It would seem so; for Mr. Spencer brings us at last "to the one absolute certainty, the presence of an Infinit and Eternal Energy, from which all things proceed." But let no one suppose that this is merely a new name for the Great First Cause of so many theologies and metaphysics. In spite of the capital letters, and the use of theological terms as old as Isaiah or Athanasius, Mr. Spencer's Energy has no analogy with God. It is Eternal, Infinit, and Incomprehensible; but still it is not He, but It. It remains always Energy, Force, nothing anthropomorphic; such as electricity, or anything else that we might conceive as the ultimate basis of all the physical forces. None of the positiv attributes which hav ever been predicated of God can be used of this Energy. Neither goodness, nor wisdom, nor justice, nor consciousness, nor will, nor life can be ascribed, even by analogy, to this Force. Now a force to which we cannot apply the ideas of goodness, wisdom, justice, consciousness, or life, any more than we can to a circle, is certainly not God, has no analogy with God, nor even with what Pope has called the "Great First Cause, least understood." It shares some of the negativ attributes of God and First Cause, but no positiv one. It is, in fact, only the Unknowable a little more defined; though I do not remember that Mr. Spencer, or any Evolution philosopher, has ever formulated the Unknowable in terms with so deep a theological ring as we hear in the phrase "Infinit and Eternal Energy, from which all things proceed."

The terms do seem, perhaps, rather needlessly big and absolute. And fully accepting Mr. Spencer's logical canons, one does not see why it should be called an "absolute certainty." "Practical belief" satisfies me; and I doubt the legitimacy of substituting for it "absolute certainty." "Infinit" and "Eternal," also, can mean to Mr. Spencer nothing more than "to which we know no limits, no beginning or end," and, for my part, I prefer to say this. Again, "an Energy"—why *an* Energy? The Unknowable may certainly consist of more than one energy. To assert the presence of one uniform energy is to profess to know something very important about the Unknowable—that it is homogeneous, and even identical, throughout the Universe. And then, "from which all things proceed" is perhaps a rather equivocal reversion to the theologic type. In the Athanasian Creed the Third Person "proceeds" from the First and the Second. But this process has always been treated as a mystery; and it would be safer to avoid the phrases of mysticism. Let us keep the old words, for we all mean much the same thing; and I prefer to put it thus. All observation and meditation, Science and Philosophy, bring us "to the *practical belief* that man is ever in the presence of *some energy or energies*, of which he knows nothing, and to which, therefore, he would be wise to assign no limits, conditions, or functions." This is, doubtless, what Mr. Spencer himself means. For my part, I prefer his old term, the Unknowable. Though I hav always thought that it would be more philosophical not to assert of the Unknown that it is Unknowable. And, indeed, I would rather not use the capital letter, but stick literally to our evidence, and say frankly "the unknown."

Thus viewed, the attempt, so to speak, to put a little unction into the Unknowable is hardly worth the philosophical inaccuracy it involves; and such is the drawback to any use of picturesque language. So stated, the positiv creed of Agnosticism still retains its negativ character. It has a series of propositions and terms, every one of which is a negation. A friend of my own, who was much pressed to say how much of the Athanasian Creed he still accepted, once said that he clung to the idea "that there was a sort of a something." In homely words such as the unlearned can understand, that is precisely what the religion of the Agnostic comes to, "the belief that there is a sort of a something about which we can know nothing."

Now let us profess that, as a philosophical answer to the theological problem, that is entirely our own position. The Positivist answer is, of course, the same as the Agnostic answer. Why, then, do we object to be called Agnostics? Simply because Agnostic is only dog-Greek for "don't know," and we hav no taste to be called "don't-knows." The *Spectator* calls us Agnostics, but that is only by way of prejudice. Our religion does not consist in a comprehensiv negation; we are not forever replying to the theological problem; we are quite unconcerned by the theological problem, and hav something that we do care for, and do know. Englishmen are Europeans, and many of them are Christians, and they usually prefer to call themselvs Englishmen, Christians, or the like, rather than non-Asiatics or anti-Mohammedans. Some people still prefer to call themselvs Protestants rather than Christians, but the taste is dying out, except among Irish Orangemen, and even the Nonconformist newspaper has been induced by Mr. Matthew Arnold to drop its famous motto, "The dissidence of Dissent, and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion." For a man to say that his religion is Agnosticism is simply the skeptical equivalent of saying that his religion is Protestantism. Both mean that his religion is to deny and to differ. But this is not religion. The business of religion is to affirm and to unite, and nothing can be religion but that which at once affirms truth and unites men.

The purpose of the present paper is to show that Agnosticism, though a valid and final answer to the theological or ontological problem—"What is the ultimate cause of the world and of man?"—is not a religion nor the shadow of a religion. It offers none of the rudiments or elements of religion, and religion is not to be found in that line at all. It is the mere disembodied spirit of dead religion; as we said at the outset, it is the ghost of religion. Agnosticism, perfectly legitimate as the true answer of science to an effete question, has shown us that religion is not to be found anywhere within the realm of Cause. Having brought us to the answer, "No cause that we know of," it is laughable to call that negation religion. Mr. Mark Pattison, one of the acutest minds of modern Oxford, rather oddly says that the idea of deity has now been "defecated to a pure transparency." The evolution philosophy goes a step further and defecates the idea of Cause to a pure transparency. Theology and ontology alike end in the Everlasting No with which science confronts all their assertions. But how whimsical is it to tell us that religion, which cannot find any resting-place in theology or ontology, is to find its true home in the Everlasting No! That which is defecated to a pure transparency can never supply a religion to any human being but a philosopher constructing a system. It is quite conceivable that religion is to end with theology, and both might in the course of evolution become an anachronism. But if religion there is still to be, it cannot be found in this No-man's-land and Know-nothing creed. Better bury religion at once than let its ghost walk uneasy in our dreams.

The true lesson is that we must "hark back," and leave the realm of Cause. The accident of religion has been mistaken for the essence of religion. The essence of religion is not to answer a question, but to govern and unite men and societies by giving them common beliefs and duties. Theologies tried to do this, and long did it, by resting on certain answers to certain questions. The progress of thought has upset one answer after another, and now the final verdict of philosophy is that all the answers are unmeaning, and that no rational answer can be given. It follows then that questions and answers, both but the accident of religion, must both be given up. A base of belief and duty must be looked for elsewhere, aud when this has been found, then again religion will succeed in governing and uniting men. Where is this base to be found? Since the realm of Cause has failed to giv us foothold, we must fall back upon the realm of Law—social, moral, and mental law, and not merely physical. Religion consists, not in answering certain questions, but in making men of a certain quality. And the law, moral, mental, social, is pre-eminently the field wherein men may be governed and united. Hence to the religion of Cause there succeeds the religion of Law. But the religion of Law or Science is Positivism.

It is no part of my purpose to criticise Mr. Spencer's memorable essay, except so far as it is necessary to show that that which is a sound philosophical conclusion is not religion, simply by reason that it relates to the subject-matter of theology. But a few words may be suffered as to the historical evolution of religion. To many persons it will sound rather whimsical, and possibly almost a sneer, to trace the germs of religion to the ghost-theory. Our friends of the Psychical Research will prick up their ears, and expect to be taken *au grand serieux*. But the conception is a thoroughly solid one, and of most suggestiv kind. Beyond all doubt, the hypothesis of quasi-human immaterial spirits working within and behind familiar phenomena did take its rise from the idea of the other self which the imagination continually presents to the early reflections of man. And, beyond all doubt, the phenomena of dreams, and the gradual construction of a theory of ghosts, is a very impressiv and vivid form of the notion of the other self. It would, I think, be wrong to assert that it is the only form of the notion, and one can hardly suppose that Mr. Spencer would limit himself to that. But, in any case, the construction of a coherent theory of ghosts is a typical instance of a belief in a quasi-human spirit-world. Glorify and amplify this idea, and apply it to the whole of Nature, and we get a god-world, a multitude of superhuman divine spirits.

That is the philosophical explanation of the rise of theology, of the peopling of Nature with divine spirits. But does it explain the rise of Religion? No, for theology and religion are not conterminous. Mr. Spencer has unwittingly conceded to the divines that which they assume so confidently—that theology is the same thing as religion, and that there was no religion at all until there was a belief in superhuman spirits within and behind Nature. This is obviously an oversight. We hav to go very much further back for the genesis of religion. There were countless centuries of time, and there were, and there are, countless millions of men for whom no doctrin of superhuman spirits ever took coherent form. In all these ages and races, probably by far the most numerous that our planet has witnessed, there was religion in all kinds of definit form. Comte calls it Fetishism—terms are not important; roughly, we may call it Nature-worship. The religion in all these types was the belief and worship, not of spirits of any kind, not of any immaterial, imagined being *inside* things, but of the actual visible things themselvs—trees, stones, rivers, mountains, earth, fire, stars, sun, and sky. Some of the most abiding and powerful of all religions hav consisted in elaborate worship of these physical objects treated frankly as physical objects, without trace of ghost, spirit, or god. To say nothing of fire-worship, river, and tree worship, the venerable religion of China, far the most vast of all systematic religions, is wholly based on reverence for Earth, Sky, and ancestors treated objectivly, and not as the abode of subjectiv immaterial spirits.

Hence the origin of religion is to be sought in the countless ages before the rise of theology; before spirits, ghosts, or gods ever took definit form in the human mind. The primitiv uncultured man frankly worshiped external objects in love and in fear, ascribing to them quasi-human powers and feelings. All that we read about Animism, ghosts, spirits, and universal ideas of godhead in this truly primitiv stage are metaphysical assumptions of men trying to read the ideas of later epochs into the facts of an earlier epoch. Nothing is more certain than that man everywhere started with a simple worship of natural objects. And the bearing of this on the future of religion is decisiv. The religion of man in the vast cycles of primitiv ages was reverence for Nature as influencing Man. The religion of man in the vast cycles that are to come will be the reverence for Humanity as supported by Nature. The religion of man in the twenty or thirty centuries of Theology was reverence for the assumed authors or controlers of Nature. But, that assumption having broken up, religion does not break up with it. On the contrary, it enters on a far greater and more potent career, inasmuch as the natural emotions of the human heart are now combined with the certainty of scientific knowledge. The final religion of enlightened man is the systematized and scientific form of the spontaneous religion of natural man. Both rest on the same elements—belief in the Power which controls his life, and grateful reverence for the Power so acknowledged. The primitiv man thought that Power to be the object of Nature affecting Man. The cultured man knows that Power to be Humanity itself, controling and controled by Nature according to natural law. The transitional and perpetually changing creed of Theology has been an interlude. Agnosticism has uttered its epilog. But Agnosticism is no more religion than differentiation or the nebular hypothesis is religion.

We hav only to see what are the elements and ends of religion to recognize that we cannot find it in the negativ and the unknown. In any reasonable use of language religion implies some kind of belief in

a Power outside ourselvs, some kind of awe and gratitude felt for that Power, some kind of influence exerted by it over our lives. There are always in some sort these three elements—belief, worship, conduct. A religion which givs us nothing in particular to believe, nothing as an object of awe and gratitude, which has no special relation to human duty, is not a religion at all. It may be formula, a generalization, a logical postulate; but it is not a religion. The universal presence of the unknowable (or rather of the unknown) substratum is not a religion. It is a logical postulate. You may call it, if you please, the first axiom of science, a law of the human mind, or perhaps better the universal postulate of philosophy. But try it by every test which indicates religion and you will find it wanting.

The points which the Unknowable has in common with the object of any religion are very slight and superficial. As the universal substratum it has some analogy with other superhuman objects of worship. But Force, Gravitation, Atom, Undulation, Vibration, and other abstract notions hav much the same kind of analogy, but nobody ever dreamed of a religion of gravitation, or the worship of molecules. The Unknowable has managed to get itself spelt with a capital *U;* but Carlyle taught us to spell the Everlasting No with capitals also. The Unknowable is no doubt mysterious, and Godhead is mysterious. It certainly appeals to the sense of wonder, and the Trinity appeals to the sense of wonder. It suggests vague and infinit extension, as does the idea of deity; but then Time and Space equally suggest vague and infinit extension. Yet no one but a delirious Kantist ever professed that Time and Space were his religion. These seem all the qualities which the Unknowable has in common with objects of worship—ubiquity, mystery, and immensity. But these qualities it shares with some other postulates of thought.

But try it by all the other recognized tests of religion. Religion is not made up of wonder, or of a vague sense of immensity, unsatisfied yearning after infinity. Theology, seeking a refuge in the unintelligible, has no doubt accustomed this generation to imagin that a yearning after infinity is the sum and substance of religion. But that is a metaphysical disease of the age. And there is no reason that philosophers should accept this hysterical piece of transcendentalism, and assume that they hav found the field of religion when they hav found a field for unquenchable yearning after infinity. Wonder has its place in religion, so has mystery; but it is a subordinate place. The roots and fibers of religion are to be found in love, awe, sympathy, gratitude, consciousness of inferiority and of dependence, community of will, acceptance of control, manifestation of purpose, reverence for majesty, goodness, creativ energy, and life. Where these things are not, religion is not.

Let us take each one of these three elements of religion—belief, worship, conduct—and try them all in turn as applicable to the Unknowable. How mere a phrase must any religion be of which neither belief, nor worship, nor conduct can be spoken! Imagin a religion which can hav no believers, because, *ex hypothesi*, its adepts are forbidden to believe anything about it. Imagin a religion which excludes the idea of worship, because its sole dogma is the infinity of Nothingness. Although the Unknowable is logically said to be Something, yet the something of which we neither know nor conceive anything is practically nothing. Lastly, imagin a religion which can hav no relation to conduct; for obviously the Unknowable can giv us no intelligible help to conduct, and *ex vi termini* can hav no bearing on conduct. A religion which could not make anyone any better, which would leave the human heart and human society just as it found them, which left no foothold for devotion, and none for faith; which could hav no creed, no doctrins, no temples, no priests, no teachers, no rites, no morality, no beauty, no hope, no consolation; which is summed up in one dogma—the Unknowable is everywhere, and evolution is its prophet—this is indeed "to defecate religion to a pure transparency."

The growing weakness of religion has long been that it is being thrust inch by inch off the platform of knowledge; and we watch with sympathy the desperate efforts of all religious spirits to maintain the relations between knowledge and religion. And now it hears the invitation of Evolution to abandon the domain of knowledge, and to migrate to the domain of no-knowledge. The true Rock of Ages, says the philosopher, is the Unknowable. The paradox would hardly be greater if we were told that true religion consisted in unlimited Vice.

What is religion for? Why do we want it? And what do we expect it to do for us? If it can giv us no sure ground for our minds to rest on, nothing to purify the heart, to exalt the sense of sympathy, to deepen our sense of beauty, to strengthen our resolves, to chasten us into resignation, and to kindle a spirit of self-sacrifice—what is the good of it? The Unknowable, *ex hypothesi*, can do none of these things. The object of all religion, in any known variety of religion, has invariably had some quasi-human and sympathetic relation to man and human life. It follows from the very meaning of religion that it could not effect any of its work without such quality or relation. It would be hardly sane to make a religion out of the Equator or the Binomial theorem. Whether it was the religion of the lowest savage, of the Polytheist, or of the Hegelian Theist; whether the object of the worship were a river, the Moon, the Sky, Apollo, Thor, God, or First Cause, there has always been some chain of sympathy—influence on the one side, and veneration on the other. However rudimentary, there must be a belief in some power influencing the believer, and whose influence he repays with awe and gratitude and a desire to conform his life thereto. But to make a religion out of the Unknowable is far more extravagant than to make it out of the Equator. We know something of the Equator; it influences seamen, equatorial peoples, and geographers not a little, and we all hesitate, as was once said, to speak disrespectfully of the Equator. But would it be blasphemy to speak disrespectfully of the Unknowable? Our minds are a blank about it. As to acknowledging the Unknowable, or trusting in it, or feeling its influence over us, or paying gratitude to it, or conforming our lives to it, or looking to it for help—the use of such words about it is unmeaning. We can wonder at it, as the child wonders at the "twinkling star," and that is all. It is a religion only to stare at.

Religion is not a thing of star-gazing and staring, but of life and action. And the condition of any such effect on our lives and our hearts is some sort of vital quality in that which is the object of the religion. The mountain, sun, or sky which untutored man worships is thought to hav some sort of vital quality, some potency of the kind possessed by organic beings. When mountain, sun, and sky cease to hav this vital potency, educated man ceases to worship them. Of course all sorts and conditions of divine spirits are assumed in a pre-eminent degree to hav this quality, and hence the tremendous force exerted by all religions of divine spirits. Philosophy and the euthanasia of theology hav certainly reduced this vital quality to a minimum in our day, and I suppose Dean Mansel's Bamton Lectures touched the low-water mark of vitality as predicated of the Divine Being. Of all modern theologians, the dean came the nearest to the Evolution negation. But there is a gulf which separates even his all-negativ deity from Mr. Spencer's impersonal, unconscious, unthinking, and unthinkable Energy.

Knowledge is of course wholly within the sphere of the Known. Our moral and social science is, of course, within the sphere of knowledge. Moral and social well-being, moral and social education, progress, perfection, naturally rest on moral and social science. Civilization rests on moral and social progress. And happiness can only be secured by both. But if religion has its sphere in the Unknown and Unknowable, it is thereby outside all this field of the Known. In other words, Religion (of the Unknowable type) is *ex hypothesi* outside the sphere of knowledge, of civilization, of social disciplin, of morality, of progress, and of happiness. It has no part or parcel in human life. It fills a brief and mysterious chapter in a system of philosophy.

"By their fruits ye shall know them" is true of all sorts of religion. And what are the fruits of the Unknowable but the Dead Sea apples? Obviously it can teach us nothing, influence us in nothing, for the absolutely incalculable and unintelligible can giv us neither ground for action nor thought. Nor can it touch any one of our feelings, but that of wonder, mystery, and sense of human helplessness. Helpless, objectless, apathetic wonder at an inscrutable infinity may be attractiv to a metaphysical divine; but it does not sound like a working force in the world. Does the Evolutionist commune with the Unknowable in the secret silence of his chamber? Does he meditate on it, saying, in quietness and confidence shall be your strength? One would like to see the new *Imitatio Ignoti*. It was said of old, *Ignotum omne pro magnifico*. But the new version is to be *Ignotum omne pro divino*.

One would like to know how much of the Evolutionist's day is consecrated to seeking the Unknowable in a devout way, and what the religious exercises might be. How does the man of science approach the All-Nothingness? and the microscopist, and the embryologist, and the vivisectionist? What do they learn about it, what strength or comfort does it giv them? Nothing—nothing; it is an ever-present conundrum to be everlastingly given up, and perpetually to be asked of one's self and one's neighbors, but without waiting for the answer. Tantalus and Sisyphus bore their insoluble tasks, and the Evolutionist carries about his riddle without an answer, his unquenchable thirst to know that which he only knows he can never know. *Quisque suos patimur Manes*. But Tantalus and Sisyphus called it Hell and the retribution of the Gods. The Evolutionist calls it Religion, and one might almost say Paradise.

A child comes up to our Evolutionist friend, looks up in his wise and meditativ face, and says, "O wise and great Master, what is religion?" And he tells that child, "It is the presence of the Unknowable." "But what," asks the child, "am I to believe about it?" "Believe that you can never know anything about it." "But how am I to learn to do my duty?" "Oh! for duty you must turn to the known, to moral and social science." And a mother wrung with agony for the loss of her child, or the wife crushed by the death of her children's father, or the helpless and the oppressed, the poor and the needy, men, women, and children, in sorrow, doubt, and want, longing for something to comfort them and to guide them, something to believe in, to hope for, to love, and to worship—they come to our philosopher and they say, "Your men of science hav routed our priests, and hav silenced our old teachers. What religious faith do you giv us in its place?" And the philosopher replies (his full heart bleeding for them), and he says, "Think on the Unknowable."

And in the hour of pain, danger, or death, can any one think of the Unknowable, hope anything of the Unknowable, or find any consolation therein? Altars might be built to some Unknown God, conceived as a real being, knowing us, though not known by us yet. But altars to the unknowable infinity, even metaphorical altars, are impossible, for this unknown can never be known, and we hav not the smallest reason to imagin that it either knew us, or affects us, or anybody, or anything. As the Unknowable cannot bring men together in a common belief, or for common purposes, or kindred feeling, it can no more unite men than the precession of the equinoxes can unite them. So there can never be congregations of Unknowable worshipers, nor churches dedicated to the Holy Unknowable, nor images nor symbols of the Unknowable mystery. Yes! there is one symbol of the Infinit Unknowable, and it is perhaps the most definit and ultimate word that can be said about it. The precise and yet inexhaustible language of mathematics enables us to express, in a common algebraic formula, the exact combination of the unknown raised to its highest power of infinity. That formula is (x^n), and here we hav the beginning and perhaps the end of a symbolism for the religion of the Infinit Unknowable. Schools, academies, temples of the Unknowable, there cannot be. But where two or three are gathered together to worship the Unknowable, there the algebraic formula may suffice to giv form to their emotions; they may be heard to profess their unwearying belief in (x^n), even if no weak brother with ritualist tendencies be heard to cry, "O x^n, love us, help us, make us one with thee!"

These things hav a serious side, and suggest the real difficulties in the way of the theory. The alternativ is this: Is religion a mode of answering a question in ontology, or is it an institution for affecting human life by acting on the human spirit? If it be the latter, then there can be no religion of the Unknowable, and the sphere of religion must be sought elsewhere in the knowable. We may accept with the utmost confidence all that the evolution philosophy asserts and denies as to the perpetual indications of an ultimate energy, omnipresent and unlimited, and, so far as we can see, of inscrutable mysteriousness. That remains an ultimate scientific idea, one no doubt of profound importance. But why should this idea be dignified with the name of religion, when it has not one of the elements of religion, except infinity and mystery? The hallowed name of religion has meant, in a thousand languages, man's deepest convictions, his surest hopes, the most sacred yearnings of his heart, that which can bind in brotherhood generations of men, comfort the fatherless and the widow, uphold the martyr at the stake, and the hero in his long battle. Why retain this magnificent word, rich with the associations of all that is great, pure, and lovely in human nature, if it is to be henceforth limited to an idea that can only be expressed by the formula (x^n); and which by the hypothesis can hav nothing to do with either knowledge, belief, sympathy, hope, life, duty, or happiness? It is not religion, this. It is a logician's artifice to escape from an awkward dilemma.

One word in conclusion to those who would see religion a working reality, and not a logical artifice. The startling *reductio ad absurdem* of relegating religion to the unknowable is only the last step in the process which has gradually reduced religion to an incomprehensible minimum. And this has been the work of theologians obstinately fighting a losing battle, and withdrawing at every defeat into a more impregnable and narrower fastness. They hav thrown over one after another the claims of religion and the attributes of divinity. They are so hopeless of continuing the contest on the open field of the known that they more and more seek to withdraw to the cloud-world of the transcendental. They are so terribly afraid of an anthropomorphic God that they hav sublimated him into a metaphorical expression—"defecated the idea to a pure transparency," as one of the most eminent of them puts it. Dean Mansel is separated from Mr. Spencer by degree, not in kind. And now they are pushed by Evolution into the abyss, and are solemnly assured that the reconciliation of Religion and Science is effected by this religion of the Unknowable—this *chimera bombinans in vacuo*. Their Infinits and their Incomprehensibles, their Absolute and their Unconditioned, hav brought them to this. It is only one step from the sublime to the unknowable.

Practically, so far as it affects the lives of men and women in the battle of life, the absolute and Unconditioned Godhead of learned divines is very much the same thing as the Absolute Unknowable. You may rout a logician by a "pure transparency," but you cannot check vice, crime, and war by it, nor train up men and women in holiness and truth. And the set of all modern theology is away from the anthropomorphic and into the Absolute. In trying to save a religion of the spirit world, theologians are abandoning all religion of the real world; they are turning religion into formulas and phrases, and are taking out of it all power over life, duty, and society.

I say, in a word, unless religion is to be anthroporphic, there can be no working religion at all. How strange is this new cry, sprung up in our own generation, that religion is dishonored by being anthropomorphic! Fetishism, Polytheism, Confucianism, Medieval Christianity, and Bible Puritanism hav all been intensely anthropomorphic, and all owed their strength and dominion to that fact. You can hav no religion without kinship, sympathy, relation of some human kind between the believer, worshiper, servant, and the object of his belief, veneration, and service. The Neo-Theisms hav all the same mortal weakness that the Unknowable has. They offer no kinship, sympathy, or relation whatever between worshiper and worshiped. They, too, are logical formulas begotten in controversy, dwelling apart from man and the world. If the formula of the Unknowable is (x^n), or the Unknown raised to infinity, theirs is (nx), some unknown expression of Infinity. Neither (x^n) nor (nx) will ever make good men and women.

If we leave the region of formulas and go back to the practical effect of religion on human conduct, we must be driven to the conclusion that the future of religion is to be, not only what every real religion has ever been, anthropomorphic, but frankly anthropic. The attempted religion of Spiritism has lost, one after another, every resource of a real religion, until *risu solvuntur tabulæ*, and it ends in a religion of Nothingism. It is the Nemesis of Faith in spiritual abstractions and figments. The hypothesis has burst, and leaves the Void. The future will hav then to return to the Knowable and the certainly known, to the religion of Realism. It must giv up explaining the Universe, and content itself with explaining human life. Humanity is the grandest object of reverence within the real and the known, Humanity with the World on which it rests as its base and environment. Religion, having failed in the superhuman world, returns to the human world. Here religion can find again all its certainty, all its depth of human sympathy, all its claim to command and reward the purest self-sacrifice and love. We can take our place again with all the great religious spirits who hav ever molded the faith and life of men, and we find ourselvs in harmony with the devout of every faith who are manfully battling with sin and discord. The way for us is the clearer as we find the religion of Spiritism, in its long and restless evolution of thirty centuries, ending in the legitimate deduction, the religion of the Unknowable, a paradox as memorable as any in the history of the human kind. The alternativ is very plain. Shall we cling to a religion of Spiritism when Philosophy is whittling away spirit to Nothing? Or shall we accept a religion of Realism, where all the great traditions and functions of religion are retained unbroken?

FREDERIC HARRISON.

"God's Ways are not Man's Ways," and Mr. Butler's are Different from Both.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* The question is agitated in your columns, How ought Liberals to vote? A correspondent, "Liberta," discusses the subject at some length, but leaves us at last with the question unanswered. He expresses a preference, however, for Grover Cleveland, and claims that the said Grover Cleveland is a sturdy defender of the people against the aggressions of the Catholic church. Here surely we hav an anomaly. The writer admits—what we all too well know—that the Democratic party, which Cleveland represents, is the party of the Catholic church. As the chief executiv of the state of New York Grover Cleveland put his official veto on a bill that unlawfully proposed to take money from the public treasury for the benefit of the Catholic element in his party. In doing so he simply performed an act of duty that ought reasonably to be expected of any executiv officer sworn to support the constitution of his state, or who agreed to do so in accepting the office. Surely the people hav a right to demand this much of every officer, no matter by what party elected. But in these days of degeneracy in politics it indeed seems to hav become a rare virtue in any public officer to serve his country before his party. And this, in the view of your correspondent, is a matter of such importance and significance that he proposes Liberals should vote for Cleveland to reward him in some measure for his good conduct while governor of New York. Are Liberals prepared to vote for the Catholic party in this country? We think not. The sacrifice that every Liberal would make in doing so—voting with and for a church that in numbers and organization is the most powerful and dangerous of all the creed-bound foes of liberty—is altogether out of proportion to the little service received in exchange.

We hav often been told the Liberal vote is neutralized because divided among the various political parties. All reform movements are suffering in the same way. The thinking, progressiv, and the truly patriotic element among America's voting population hav never received due recognition from the government. The present machinery of political party organization in its working effectually places the power entirely in the hands of the ignorant masses. Back of these the demagog rules and rides triumphantly in power. Party machinery, as at present organized, was designed by aristocrats, and for a monarchical form of government. It is just the thing on which demagogs and despots may flourish, and well calculated to make public life odious and distasteful to honorable men. It supports at public expense an army of idlers who contrive to get a living out of politics, but who, otherwise, might seek a more honorable means of livelihood, and become useful citizens. It givs the ignorant masses the almost entire voice in shaping affairs of government, and in effect offers a standing premium for inefficiency, or for dishonesty in public office. With such political machinery, the people of the United States cannot reasonably expect much of their elected officers, whether in high station or in low. The stream does not rise higher than its source. As long as such machinery prevails, the thinking and progressiv citizens of this nation can do but little for their country. Their influence may be felt, but it is indirect. The only direct action is by and through the ballot-box. But here we are confronted with defectiv machinery, made so designedly, that, whatever else it might do, it should serve first of all the conservativ and despotic elements existing in all governments. It is, consequently, altogether out of place in a republic founded on the great truth that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed. If, then, all power has its source in the people, the more direct and simple the machinery is made the better and more efficient it becomes. The machinery at present in use possesses none of these qualities. It is encumbered with endless complications until it is almost worthless. It offers a good illustration of "how not to do it." Let us look at it a moment. If the truth set forth in the Declaration amounts to anything, it is this. We, the people, are the power and the government. We go to the ballot-box to elect or select our officers. We know what policy we want carried out, and know who we think will best execute the duties of the various offices to that end. Every voter then feels directly his responsibility, his dignity, and his independence. His natural desire to promote by his vote the general welfare would be stimulated. With minds free from the slavery and prejudice which party machinery inflicts, reformers could appeal to the people with some hope of efficient results at the ballot-box. But while enslaved to party there is little hope. Year by year passes, and no decided progress is seen. The demagog is master; the voter a slave. The man elected to public station is in the same humiliating situation. He owes his place to party. The welfare of the country becomes a matter of secondary importance—with many, a matter of no importance at all. These things are all apparent to practical observers. Politicians make no secret of their corrupt methods. And why should we expect any better fruits from such a vicious system of machinery, or why try to reform and then lament our ill success as long as we are compelled to work with such defectiv tools? But he is a good workman, indeed, who can produce a good piece of work while yet using poor tools, and this is the requirement it seems that is laid upon the reforming and progressiv elements in society and government at the present time. Let us see if we can master it.

The practical question, of course, is, What shall we do now? The Liberals hav been voting for the past twenty years, mostly with the old parties. The principles and platforms of these parties—barring the slavery question—are the same to-day as they were twenty years ago. The Liberal vote has, therefore, exerted no direct influence either upon the party policy or upon the workings of the government. The reforms accomplished hav not been achieved by means of the ballot-box. A vote cast for either of the old parties is, therefore, practically equivalent to not voting at all. Liberals are asked again to repeat this folly. Is there anything, we ask, in the present situation that would encourage the belief that if we did so the results of the future would be any different from those of the past. We fail to find it. If experience teaches anything, it is that there is nothing gained by voting with the old parties. Let us glance at the new.

Prohibition may be a good cause. Certainly very little can be said for maintaining the American grog-shop. But the present organization, as shown by the party platform, reveals the cloven hoof and dragon's teeth of priestcraft. The primary object appears to be, from the platform, to put God in the Constitution. The cry for temperance is simply a shout in the wrong direction, to deceive the unwary and catch votes, as also to keep enthusiastic but misguided women at work, only to rob them at last. No Liberal can vote with the Prohibition party. There is but one way that Liberals can consistently vote, and the rule will hold good for all time. It is to vote the ticket that presents, in both platform and candidate, most largely the feature of *progress*. Of all party platforms now before the people the Greenback and Anti-monopoly are in this respect alone worthy of support. Gen. Benjamin F. Butler is the nominee of both. No man has been more unjustly maligned. We notice "Liberta" falls into the common error. It is not "spoons" this time, but "hypocrit." People who stigmatize thus mistake the man. There is nothing inconsistent in his position as delegate in the Democratic convention, because he had been by a portion of his fellow-citizens named as their nominee for president. A great man's methods are not like those of everybody. Butler is a great man.

A. L. KERN.

The Tariff Question.

It is eminently proper that THE TRUTH SEEKER should try to find out the truth upon all questions having a bearing upon the welfare of humanity in this life, and since the tariff question is one of these, I would be pleased to hav something to say on this subject.

The question of tariff is a part of the greater question of taxation, and cannot be properly discussed or understood until the greater question is disposed of. The question of taxation arises out of that of raising a revenue for public purposes. To discuss the question fairly, we should resolve it into its simplest form—How should public revenues be raised? This question might bring us to consider a second question first, namely, How are public revenues raised, and how much do we raise?

The people of the United States raise by all kinds of taxation, federal, state, and municipal, about $700,000,000 annually. Reckoning interest at ten per cent, this represents nearly one-quarter of the entire wealth of the country. In other words, we hav by taxation made nearly one-quarter of the entire wealth of the country public property. Let us consider how this tax is levied.

We raise $366,000,000, or more than one-half of the entire sum, by a tax on consumption. That is, we add the tax to the price of goods, and people must either pay the tax or do without the goods. We raise $220,000,000 of this tax on consumption in the shape of a tariff, and $146,000,000 is raised as internal revenue. Now, it will be observed that people pay this tax on consumption in proportion to what they consume, and they should consume in proportion to the number of consumers, *i.e.* in proportion to the size of their families. Therefore the tax on consumption may be regarded as a national fine inflicted upon people for having large families. To punish people for having large families will cause them to avoid having families altogether. It will cause young men to remain single, and when young men do not marry, young women cannot. This in turn leads to demoralization, to prostitution and fœticide, and all other forms of the social evil. To illustrate this, let us suppose that A and B are two young men, each having a capital of $1,000. A marries, and in the course of time he is the father of eight children. He spends his earnings, and the $1,000 too, in feeding, clothing, and educating his children. B does not marry, and the girl he should hav married becomes a social wreck. B invests his $1,000 so that at the end of twenty years it is worth $5,000. The United States government has made A pay ten times as much of the tax on consumption as B, because A married and lived a respectable life. This has helped to make B a rich man, and A and his children poor. Other young men notice the result and act accordingly. Our cities and villages are full of young men who do not marry, hence the social evil. Let those who advocate a tariff, or any kind of tax on consumption, distinctly understand that they are promoting and encouraging prostitution, fœticide, and all those horrible evils which are caused by people not marrying and becoming heads of families. They are advocating that a fine should annually be levied on those who do marry, and upon those who, after marrying, increase the size of their families. Let those who advocate a tariff clear themselvs of this charge if they can.

A large portion—probably one-half—of the remainder of the $700,000,000, or $167,000,000, we raise by a *tax on improvements*. People work, build houses, barns, mills, stores, etc., and we tax them on these things. That is, we raise $167,000,000 by taxing people in proportion to the amount of work they do; and, just as there is no way of escaping the tax on consumption but that of having no family (and in thousands of cases this means the murder of offspring), so there is no way of avoiding this tax on improvements but that of ceasing to improve, or, in other words, ceasing to work. Just as the tax on consumption is a fine levied upon people for marrying and having children, so the tax on improvements is a fine levied on people for working. But these methods of taxation are unjust and diabolical. No

true Liberal or moral man should uphold either of them.

But the meanest of all the methods of raising public revenues is that of fining people who violate the law. A man gets drunk, or beats his wife, and society, under the pretext of correcting the wrong, takes a portion of his property from him. If there were only two families in the world and the head of the one family should get drunk, or beat his wife, would that justify the head of the other family appropriating his neighbors cow? Can two wrongs make a right? Can society improve the morals of the individual by taking from him property to which society has no claim? Society has no more right to property that it has no claim to, than a private individual has, and the fact that a man does wrong does not giv society any moral right to his property.

With the exception of the poll tax, about which I need say nothing, the only remaining tax to consider is the land tax. We hav seen that people pay the tax upon consumption in proportion to what they consume, that they consume in proportion to the size of their families, and that it may be regarded as a fine levied upon people for marrying and having children. We hav seen that they pay the tax on improvements in proportion to how much they improve or work, and that it may be regarded as a fine placed upon people for working. But people pay the tax upon land in proportion to the amount and value of land they occupy. The only way to avoid paying the tax on consumption is to liv single, or, if married, to liv without having children. The only way to avoid the tax on improvements is to stop working, liv in idleness. But the way to avoid the land tax is not to occupy more land than one needs. The one crying evil of this country is that the land is being bought up and held by those who do not need it and do not want to use it. In the state of Michigan, for example, there are 36,000,000 acres of land, 28,000,000 of which are held by their owners in an unimproved condition. Now, if we should increase the tax on land values the only way the owners of these lands could avoid paying it would be to let go of the lands. Bnt this, instead of being an evil, would be the greatest blessing that could possibly occur, for then the lands would be open for settlement by those needing them for homes. If we would abolish the tax on consumption and on improvements and raise the $493,000,000 now raised by those taxes, on land values, in less than ten years there would not be 1,000,000 acres of unimproved lands held by private individuals in Michigan; 27,000,000 out of the 28,000,000 would either be owned by small farmers or else added to the public domain. It would be the same in all the states of the union, and young people would not then hav to go fifty miles from civilization to find government land on which to start homes. Nor would they hav to pay anybody else for the privilege of locating on unimproved land.

Let those who advocate a tariff, or any tax on consumption, understand that they are advocates of immorality, of prostitution, of fœticide, of poverty, and all the evils of a degraded state of society. Let them understand that they are opposing the principles of freedom and a higher and grander civilization. Let them understand that there is only one honest and just tax, and there never can be any other, and that is the tax on *privileges*, the tax on land values, on mines, and everything which nature has given for the equal benefit of all. Raising our public revenues from these things is the simplest and most effectual method of making these things public, or, in other words, dividing them equally among all, as they should be. J. G. MALCOLM.

Topeka, Kansas.

Mr. Walker Explains.

Yes, "Mr. Walker's coming around"—coming around to correct some of your little mistakes, friend Macdonald.

It may hav been the "Milwaukee platform that we [you] had in mind when replying to Seward Mitchell," but it was not the Milwaukee platform that I had in mind when writing "Re-forming the Lines," and that was the article which you first criticised, and in that criticism you made no reference to the Milwaukee platform. Mr. Mitchell attacked you, not because of anything that you had said, or even hinted, in regard to my position on that platform, but because you antagonized me partially in regard to the obscenity statutes.

Here is the clear and indisputable proof of this. Mr. Mitchell said: "Sir: To defend a principle do I take my pen to address you. I read with interest your criticism on E. C. Walker's position as stated in THE TRUTH SEEKER of May 31st."

Now, this was the "position" of mine which you had assaulted. Let the reader turn to THE TRUTH SEEKER of May 31st and he will at once perceive that that "position" in no wise trenched upon the Milwaukee platform, that it had to do solely with the obscenity statutes. It is no use, comrade; it is a clear case of "mistaken identity" on your part.

So much for the original subject; now a few words in reference to some other matters which you brought up in your last article. It is true that I accepted a position on a committee on political action, appointed at the St. Louis Congress of 1882. I was yet slightly imbued with state Socialistic ideas, though in an informal meeting of that committee at the rooms of Dr. and Professor Severance I took decided grounds against any new plank that should commit the League to political action in defense of principles for which I subsequently refused to vote at the Milwaukee Congress. And during the year, in my correspondence with Messrs. Garrick and Stephens, members of the committee, I found myself at variance with them on almost all new planks proposed.

When the time for holding the Congress of 1883 arrived I had become convinced that political action was no part of the League's proper work, and I started for Milwaukee intending to make a fight against most of the resolutions which I had reason to believe would be submitted, and which were submitted. But I was coming down with malarial fever and was unable to activly participate in the deliberations of the Congress. I was not present at all the sessions, and when there was scarcely able to keep my feet, speaking but for a few minutes twice, and voting but a few times. If I remember rightly, I found myself in the majority but twice, once on the adoption of the famous Seventh plank, and again when a proposition to levy a compulsory tax upon all members of local Leagues for the support of *Man* was voted down.

As to the "thirty new propositions," it is necessary to say that several that are called such are directly or indirectly derivable from the old platform of the League, while as to the one-third of these which I am credited with supporting—why, they exist only in the imagination of our genial editor. But suppose that more than this was true, suppose that I had favored *all* the propositions, "new" or otherwise, what then? Still the statement, "a large number of side issues," would not hav been justifiable, for neither Mr. Mitchell, I, nor Mr. Macdonald, in his first article, had the slightest reference to the Milwaukee platform.

"Had the platform been entirely Anarchistic, anti-prohibitory, and radical on the marriage question," Mr. Macdonald thinks that I would hav been satisfied. My good sir, had the majority of the delegates been Anarchists, there would hav been no vote for political action at all. Then we should hav had none of this talk about a political platform. Try again.

As I said in my previous article, I am not anxious to hav the League commit itself on the liquor traffic question, and I had no hand in introducing that plank at Milwaukee, but voted for it in preference to remaining silent and dodging the issue.

And the "marriage question!" Who said anything about that? That charge is an old one, owing its paternity to Mr. H. L. Green, and it was born some time late in the fall of 1880, shortly after that gentleman's ignominious defeat at the first Chicago congress. It was as true then as it is now, and it had not then, nor has it at this time, even a bowing acquaintance with the facts. I never hav tried to influence the actions or utterances of the League on the marriage question. I never spoke in any of the four congresses which I hav attended upon that subject, nor introduced a resolution touching it.

Nevertheless, it is my undoubted right to do either or all of these things, and I may yet; but up to date there has not been the slightest occasion for the accusation. E. C. WALKER.

Liberal Principles and Orthodox Practices.

"The kingdom of heaven" and the republic of man are based upon opposit principles and purposes. In attaining to the one we are to "do all for the glory of God;" while the other is based upon the glory and grandeur, the worth and significance, the growth and enjoyment of man.

God-ism is a pyramid inverted, with its base in "airy nothing," while man-ism, or humanity, has the broad earth or universe for its basis, and its superstructure will be a fully developed selfhood or manhood. Gods and devils must be killed, that humanity may liv. As truth and science advance, so error and mythical beings recede and vanish. The living temple of humanity of the future must be based upon the firm rock of nature's truth and her higher law of right, justice, and humanity.

How many who call themselvs Liberal are truly and fully inspired by humanitary impulses, and the higher and better life to which their professed principles, when practiced, will lead them?

The true and consistent Liberal will not only oppose orthodoxy with tongue and pen, but denounce, and renounce, all its dishonest and unmanly practices, laws, customs, usages, fashions, and institutions. The work of Liberals has been, so far, necessarily distinctiv, but it is time they began to be constructiv—and try to practice what they talk and write. I care but little how Liberally a man talks while I know that he is scheming to get something for nothing, to liv off from the labor of others—who is a land-monopolist, usurer, or belongs to any ring or corporation that robs and enslaves the wealth-producer, and is thus a God-ite in character and practice, and not a Liberal or humanitarian. I worked two years in this county to get up a Liberal League, and when it was organized some its members refused to pay twenty-five cents to get a charter, and so we "played out."

The truth is, not a few Liberals (?) are so pervaded by the spirit of greed that they hav no deep and abiding love of truth and humanity. The love of the "almighty dollar" is "spread wide and deep," as Blair says, "over the soul." Their Liberalism is a negativ, passiv power, a "light under a bushel." Oh, if Liberals had the zeal and enterprise in the cause of humanity which the orthodox hav in "the cause of Christ," what a power they would be! We would hav five papers well sustained where we now hav one struggling to liv. We would hav ten times as many free halls and lecturers. We would hav a national university of a thousand students, where naught but truth and humanity would be taught. We would hav a capacious and comfortable retreat for the infirm and aged veterans who, like myself, hav pioneered in poverty and persecution, and "borne the heat and burden of the day." We would hav co-operativ industries, where the Liberal laborers would be justly paid and receive their own. Were Liberals organized and combined as are their enemies, the Nine Demands of Liberalism would be respectfully heard and considered, and soon granted. Liberality is, in fact, a mighty force, but as yet mostly latent and unorganized. Very little of that force is yet in working order. Liberals are so different in the kind and degree of their Liberality and reforms that they often obstruct and oppose each other.

When we are all impelled by the right motivs, and pervaded by the true altruistic, instead of the egotistic, spirit, we shall feel that humanity is our objectiv point, and to make all free and happy, and supply all wants, and help each other, is the only real life worth living.

O ye Liberals who can spare much, and hav enough left, who wish to inaugurate the anti-orthodox, human life on earth, and develop true manhood, I implore you to realize the joy of doing good, to giv that you may reap more abundantly. Let us liv and act like Liberals, not bigots. J. H. COOK.

Columbus, Kan.

Excursion Rates to Chautauqua.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* There is hardly a town of any size in the Northern states from which there are not established excursion rates to Chautauqua. These tickets can be used by persons desiring to attend the Freethinkers' Convention. Allow me to giv a few of these rates from some of the principal towns:

NEW YORK, PENNSYLVANIA, AND OHIO RAILROAD.

From Meadville, Pa., $3.00; Franklin, Pa., $3.25; Oil City, Pa., $3.25; Warren, Ohio, $5.20; Cleveland, Ohio, $5.75; Youngstown, Ohio, $5.25; Ravenna, Ohio, $5.50; Kent, $5.75; Akron, $5.75; Creston, $6.35; Ashland, $7.25; Springfield, Ohio, $9.75; Dayton, Ohio, $10.25; Cincinnati, Ohio, $11.50.

NEW YORK, LAKE ERIE, AND WESTERN RAILROAD.

From New York city, $18.50; Philadelphia, $17.60; Newark, $18.50; Port Jervis, $13.00; Deposit, $10.50; Binghampton, $8.75; Elmira, $6 50; Avon, $5 40; Dansville, $6.55; Rochester, $5 50; Balovia, $4.20; Attica, $4.20; Lockport, $3.80; Hornellsville, $4.25; Wellsville, $3.20; Cuba, $2.20; Bradford, Pa., $1.70.

BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD.

From Columbus, Ohio, $9.85; Newark, Ohio, $9.85; Zanesville, Ohio, $10.00; Chicago, Ill., $19.20; Defiance, Ohio, $11.90; Mount Vernon, Ohio, $9.00.

FROM DETROIT (STEAM NAVIGATION),

$8.50. Tickets sold at the foot of Wayne street, and foot of Third street.

N. Y., W. S., AND BUFFALO RAILROAD.

From New York city, $18.50; Poughkeepsie, $16.00; Albany and Troy, $13.00; Schenectady, $12.35; Little Falls, $10.15; Utica, $9.25; Syracuse, $7.50; Clyde, $6.55; Rochester, $5.00.

CINCINNATI, WABASH, AND MICHIGAN RAILROAD.

Benton Harten, $16.95; Elkhart, $15.00; Wabash, $14.75; Janesboro, $13.75; Anderson, $14.20.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILROAD.

From Chicago, $21.00; Ypsilanti, $9.70; Ann Arbor, $10.00; Jackson, $12.35; Battle Creek, $13.35; Kalamazoo, $15.05; Niles, $16.00; Eaton Rapids, $13.35; Grand Rapids, $15.80; Saginaw, $12.35; Bay City, $12.85; South Bend, $16.00.

N. Y. CENTRAL AND HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD.

N. Y. City, $18.50; Poughkeepsie, $16.00; Hudson, $14.50; Albany and Troy, $13.00; Schenectady, $12 35; Little Falls, $10.15; Utica, $9.25; Rome, $9.00; Syracuse, $7.56; Clyde, $6.55; Rochester, $5.00; Auburn, $7.50; Canandagua, $6.15; Batavia, $3.90; Brockport, $5.00; Niagara Falls, $3.50.

LAKE SHORE AND MICHIGAN SOUTHERN RAILROAD.

From Erie, $2.25; Youngstown, $5.25; Ashtabula, $3.85; Painesville, $4.85; Cleveland, $5.75; Elyria, $6.75; Clyde, $8.-75; Freemont, $9.05; Toledo, $10.30; Detroit, $11.45; Tecumseh, $11.80; Adrian, $11.60; Jonesville, $13.00; Albion, 13.40; Coldwater, $13.75; Sturges, $14.65; Kalamazoo, $15.30; Allegan, $16.00; Grand Rapids, $16.05; Chicago, $21.00.

PITTSBURG AND LAKE ERIE RAILROAD.

From Pittsburg, $7.00; Beaver Falls, $6.40; Brighton, $6.40; Wanipum, $5.70; New Castle, $5.50.

PITTSBURG, FORT WAYNE, AND CHICAGO RAILROAD.

From Lima, O., $12.75; Fort Wayne, Ind., $15.00; Chicago, $22.00.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

From Harrisburg, $14.65; Baltimore, $18.80; Lancaster, $16,-50; Philadelphia, $17.60; Altoona, $22.55.

These tickets will take you either to Jamestown or Dunkirk. From either place it is but a few miles to Cassadaga, where the Freethinkers' Convention and the Liberal League Congress are held.

H. L. GREEN, Secretary.

P. S.—All the Freethought journals are requested to copy the above.

Communications.

The Laws of Logical Proof.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* It has been with some degree of interest that I hav watched for what to my mind would be a satisfactory answer to those Christian believers who deny the force of Infidel or skeptical arguments on account of their negativ character.

While I am ready to admit that skepticism as to any positivly established religious belief must necessarily be negativ, yet to fully comprehend the subject it seems necessary that we first understand exactly what relation skepticism really bears to such belief. Were we discussing the merits and demerits of affirmativ as compared with negativ evidence on a legal question, from a legal standpoint, these objections might hold good, but they will hardly apply to religion. All laws brought into existence by man, whether by legal enactment or established by usage, and whether observed by savage or civilized societies, are artificial and arbitrary, and supposed to be based upon the principles of justice and equity, the violation of which renders the transgressor liable to prosecution; but the evidence in the case is not to prove whether the law itself is based on certain principles, but whether he has actually violated a law already established and understood. Therefore positiv evidence proving a different fact may be necessary as rebuttal or as an offset against the affirmativ. But if we were absolutely ignorant of law, and knew nothing either as to the intent or meaning of the laws given by the great law-giver Lycurgus, except what we learn by studying the effect produced on those who lived under them, it might be a long time before we would be able to prove affirmativly their exact intent and force, while many probable or assumed theories might be positivly asserted.

Thus it is especially with unenlightened or primitiv man in his study of religion and natural law. His conclusions must be drawn through inductiv reasoning, much of which as he advances necessarily negativs previously established beliefs. Being ignorant of causes, he mistakes appearances for the real, and accepts effect as cause, upon which he builds a pyramid of positiv deductions, and, like the student ignorantly starting out with wrong figures in a problem, his error continues to increase as he proceeds; yet positiv evidence to his mind of its correctness lies in the fact that his additions and subtractions hav been made strictly in accordance with mathematical rules. Let us take as an illustration the savage who believes his own shadow, as well as the reflected image in the water, to be spirits, and that the echo is the voice of the dead, and determin, if possible, what part negativ truths play in the evolution of mind from the savage to an enlightened state, assuming, as we must, that superstitions are gradually dispelled in proportion as a better understanding of natural law is had. When the ignorant savage believed his shadow to be a spirit, there was no skepticism to negativ the belief, and to him it became a fixed fact by actual observation as presented to his senses. But when the laws of light became better understood, what was proven? Simply that the absence or the absorption of light causes shadows, a positiv scientific fact, it is true—but no positiv or conclusiv evidence to him against the existence of spirits, even in the form of shadows, because spirits are not supposed to be governed by natural laws, and would be as likely to appear in the form of shadows as any other way. Now, if his belief in spiritual shadows has been shaken by science, there still remain reflections, in regard to which science may be as much in the dark as religion, therefore with the ignorant and superstitious they must yet be regarded as spiritual. There is no positiv evidence to the contrary, and the fact that skepticism and science fail to bring such proof becomes one of the strongest arguments in its favor.

In the absence of generalized ideas no grounds for skepticism exist, and there is not lacking positiv proof that the reflected image is a supernatural existence.

As yet there is but one way for a skeptical thought to hav crept in, and that is to look back and remember how he was deceived as to shadows—so might he not be mistaken as to reflections?

But the superstitious were never known to reason thus. It is the nature of religion to let loose when it can hold on no longer, and then again to fortify just beyond the lines gained by natural philosophy.

Now when science has made another stride, and is able to show philosophically that reflections are appearances caused by the reflected rays of light in a natural way, what has been done?

Simply one more fact has been added to the scientific world, and possibly seeds of skepticism sown among believers in old errors. But it has not been proven that spirits cannot, nor do not, actually appear in the pool over which he stands; and should religion solemnly affirm that departed spirits do appear in this manner, Infidelity would be powerless in offering a single positiv proof to the contrary; because science deals exclusivly with natural things, and can not penetrate the spiritual realm for its evidences, therefore scientific facts can only displace religious assumption by their negativ influence, and notions of the supernatural can be removed only by long familiarity with negativ truths. Yet, after having become familiar with the interpretations of science as to shadows and reflections, having learned to look upon them as simple and altogether natural, and having forgotten how ignorant and superstitious he once was in making these a part of his religion, he triumphantly points to the towering cliffs, from whose craggy walls responsive shouts are returned to him who calls, seemingly to challenge the skeptic for an answer.

During the long childhood of mankind and the tardy development of natural science the mind became fortified in its belief of the supernatural, and the echo, in the absence of correct data, like many other unaccountable things, became a positiv spiritual phenomenon.

But when, after long ages of experience, science is able to explain echoes upon philosophical principles, let us again ask ourselvs what kind of evidence wrought this change in belief. Was it not the development of a positiv scientific fact, the effect of which was to stimulate negativ thought, instead of any attempt of proof that ghosts do not or cannot answer him who calls in this identical manner?

When the mind becomes fixed in the belief of any supposed supernatural phenomenon, which, from its very nature, cannot be positivly disproven, nothing but the negativ effect of some other real or supposed fact can cause a change in belief.

Let us now come down to a period in which we may hav a better realization of religious credulity in superstitions that were established by positiv evidences—to the time when bad spirits were known to be the torment of almost every household; when in every churn was found a witch, and in every boiling-pot a hideous tormentor or when demoniacal spirits rode every storm-cloud, and innumerable witches twirled through space on broomsticks. No demons in hell, nor angels from heaven; no immaculate conceptions, nor heavenly ascensions; no risen Christ's, or crucified gods, ever presented such a phalanx of positiv proof in their support as witchcraft is able to boast. Not only is it fortified with the evidence from priests, but from the humble and honest citizen. Not only do we hav the word of honest Christians, but evidence upon oath of the most trustworthy individuals. Not only is the truthfulness of witchcraft testified to by legal enactments, but by holy writ. Against the blighting curse of these witches high courts of justice hav lent their protecting arm—not in the support of truth, or in defense of the helpless, but in obedience to a positiv religious idea. Innocent men and women were made to pay the death penalty upon the evidence of the best and most devout Christians. Indeed, was there ever a belief in supernatural agencies better attested by affirmativ evidence?

Now, will he who harps upon the negations of skepticism inform us when, where, or what positiv proof was ever produced that witches did not ride through air on broomsticks; that those who were cast into the water and rose to the surface were not possessed of devils; and that ghosts and hobgoblins are not actual existences? But we do not believe in them now. And Why? Is it owing to any positiv evidence brought against it by religion? The Bible said, "Suffer not a witch to liv," and Christians followed the imperativ command. But in spite of positiv evidence and divine commands, the gradual blending of skepticism and common sense in which the masses learned a reasonable and rational interpretation of natural phenomena has forced out the most positivly proven superstition with which mankind was ever cursed.

Now, I am aware that all religions when they become unpopular are regarded as superstitions. But can there be shown a single instance where religion ever freed itself from a superstition without its votaries first becoming skeptic, or by giving weight to negativ proofs?

Truth will bear us out in the statement that, with comparativly few exceptions, twenty-five years ago the entire orthodox world believed in the existence of a literal hell of fire and brimstone, where wicked souls were punished "according to the deeds done in the body;" where it was taught that "the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched;" where the "smoke of their torments ascendeth up for ever and ever." Few in those days had the hardihood to express a doubt in the existence of that awful pit which Jehovah declared was "prepared for the devil and his angels." But it is nevertheless true that in our day it is almost as difficult to find a man who will admit that he ever believed in a literal hell, as it is to find a slave-holder who will admit that he once defended negro slavery because of its divine establishment. Now, why this decline in faith? Why should the interest in an institution whose stock till recently had been at a premium—it being so valuable in saving sinners—meet with so sudden a decline? One explanation, however, may be given, namely, that Farrar, Beecher, and other skeptics had been watering the stock with the negations of skepticism, until many of the lesser shareholders began to entertain doubts whether the whole might not be merely a positiv superstition, especially since Col. Ingersoll has been able of late to make more money out of it than the clergy.

Now will some believer inform us what kind of evidence we hav, and from whence came the proof, that a lake of fire and brimstone does not exist? Hav we not the same high authorities in its favor? Has there ever been any positiv proof to the contrary? Can there be any such proof, except as some positivly assumed or demonstrated fact or facts tend to negativ such a belief? Nevertheless, all along down the line religion shrieks: "Negations!" "What has skepticism done to enlighten man?" when, in fact, it is the negations of skepticism that religion dreads, because this is the rock upon which religions hav more than once gone to pieces.

It is true that skepticism has not been able to bring positiv proof from a religious standpoint that the world was not made out of nothing by a personal God about six thousand years ago, but skepticism has demonstrated a positiv scientific fact which negativs such a belief, and stamps it as a positiv superstitious error.

It is true skepticism could not giv positiv proof to one viewing it from a supernatural standpoint that the earth was not made flat, and that the stars were not set in a solid firmament, like so many brass rivets in a boiler-head, while the whole was held in position by the outstretched arm of an industrious Providence. But in the mind of a Copernicus was conceived a positiv scientific fact, which developed into skepticism, and its negations were found powerful enough to explode positiv religious theories.

It is true skepticism was never able to step upon the platform of faith and prove by eye-witnesses or positiv evidence that Sakya-Muni, the ninth incarnation of Vishnu, did not descend from heaven as a white elephant conceived as a five-colored ray of light, and that he was not borne from the right side of the Virgin Maya; nor has skepticism attempted to prove by positiv evidence that a ghost did not descend from heaven and hover over a virgin, or that the creator of a thousand worlds did not become a father unto himself. But skepticism has performed a greater and grander work. Instead of wasting its energies upon superstitious dogmas, it has erected the breastwork of science before whose facts religion stands aghast, and in whose ranks the enlightened mind is steadily moving on to truth. Positiv errors hav never been able to withstand the neutralizing effect of scientific knowledge. While science moves slowly, especially in a savage age, it does not stop to war against spirits, ghosts, or hobgoblins, but moves steadily forward, establishing a fact here and one there. It seeks not to prove or disprove positivly established dogmas. Skepticism cares not whether they stand by positiv assumption, or fall by the battering and grinding process of experimental knowledge. Thus one by one they go, while step by step the mind of man is freed. And it is from this view that religion has ever regarded skepticism its most deadly enemy. But this it has ever been, from the Bushman who had positiv proof of the spiritual entity of his own shadow, down to the enlightened Christian of to-day, in imagining the shadows of nature to be supernatural. But after skepticism has forced superstition, step by step, backward, in ages yet to come, there will doubtless still remain enough that is mysterious out of which to formulate positiv dogmas and supernatural religions. And partially established scientific facts must ever appear as negations to accepted theories until such facts become so well established and so overwhelming in their character as to preclude positivly assumed errors.

Chillicothe, Mo. J. H. D.

Liberalism in Marshall, Minn.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* A more delightful state in which to travel in the summer time does not exist, as far as I know, than this, Minnesota. You will bear me witness that I hav been singing its praises in prose for the past dozen of years, and every summer season has found me, wh n practicable, moving up and down and across this land of promis and, unlike Palestine, fulfilment. Here among these lakes —Lake Benton, Lake Crystal, Lake Sylvan—the scenery is so enchanting that one has a longing after endless life to secure time enough to enjoy it all. As I passed near Lake Benton, on the railroad train, a gay party of young folks were tripping along from the tiny steamer upon which they had just taken an excursion all around the island to the summer resort hotel.

An old friend of mine, Dr. J. L. Armington, who formerly lived in Northfield, this state, and one of the attendants of my course of lectures there in 1870, wrote me the Macedonian cry to come and try my hand on Marshall. From Pipestone on hot Friday afternoon by rail and stage, I reached Elkton, D. T. Thence to Tracy, Minn., where I landed at 6:30 Saturday night—and no train on the branch to Marshall, for the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad spoils about two days a week on account of its superabundant piety. I had telegraphed the doctor that notwithstanding railroad delays I would get there if I had to walk. To three livery stables I went—all they hav in

Tracy—and could not hire a span of quick steppers to take me twenty-one miles to my lecture appointment. Here was a fix. The liveries all engaged for Sunday rides. If the railroad was too pious, the Jehu's were not pious enough. A lecture course to begin on Sunday at three o'clock was at stake, as well as my word. It looked like a twenty-mile walk. In desperation, I turned to a drayman—"I want to hire a span to take me to Marshall." Said he, "I hav a brother who will take you there." At half-past four o'clock in the morning we were whirling over the prairie, and made the twenty-one miles in two hours and fifteen minutes, for which the doctor paid my driver five dollars. As I grasped him by the hand I said: "Doctor, it is fourteen years since I saw you. It seems good to greet old-time friends."

Marshall is a pretty prairie town, surrounded by a magnificent country. The orthodox churches hav a strong hold here, albeit there are many wandering goats that do not like sheep-pens. At three o'clock a fair-sized audience greeted me, and the attendance has steadily increased, although it is mid-summer, and short evenings. The fact is, summer time is as good for lecture work as winter time. We hav learned that the time to hold lectures is the whole year round. One of the most interesting debates I ever held was in the hot month of July, in Linesville, Pa., with the Methodist, Rev. A. N. Craft. It lasted twenty-four sessions, two hours each, two sessions each day. Men left harvest fields to come and hear. Camp-meetings held by Freethinkers, Spiritualists, and Christians, thronged for weeks together, show that the old objection that people are too busy in the summer to attend meetings has no force. Any speaker who can instruct and interest will find hearers at any time; he will compel a hearing.

Nearly all my supporters here are Spiritualists, which is the strangest thing that has happened in my public work for the past six years, ever since I hav taken up my heretical abode in "Doubting Castle." The family with whom I am stopping during the delivery of my five lectures are Spiritualists, Mr. Joseph Scott and wife, formerly of Lake City, Minn. Dr. Armington is a Spiritualist—the gentleman who engaged me to come here and stir up the orthodox pool. But they are the broad-gauge kind. They are not like orthodox sectarians who cannot affiliate with a man that does not believe as they do, no matter how much he may work for the good of mankind. The Spiritualists here are Liberal enough not to expect a man to muffle his convictions though antagonistic to their own. This is mental freedom. On no other platform hav I consented to stand during twenty-four years of public speaking.

W. F. JAMIESON.

The National Liberal League.

The Nine Demands of Liberalism and complete secularization of our government can be secured, thousands of honest hearts be released from the shackles of superstition, and the Liberal League become a mighty power for the defense and promotion of the freedom and happiness of mankind, if all Liberals will but earnestly unite and work—not for self and pet notions, but for the general good.

One of the great needs of the National Liberal League is a lecture bureau, so that loss of time and long journeys to and fro over the same ground may be avoided, and the cost of lectures materially lessened. Opportunity should be afforded for consultation and mutual instruction of its lecturers in regard to the services required of them, and the best and most effectiv methods of work. Instead of the repetition of the same manuscript or stereotyped matter at all places, the bureau officers should consult with the leading Liberals of the place in regard to the wants and condition of the people. Then select the most available lecturer, who shall prepare to speak on just what shall especially meet the wants of that particular time. Explaining the aims and objects of the League, and inducing all who are in favor of the secularization of our government, and the Nine Demands of Liberalism, to become members of the League, should never for a moment be lost sight of.

The work on the rostrum, although its importance cannot be overrated, is really but a small part of the labor League lecturers should do. Their whole time while in the field should be devoted to arousing a spirit of emulation in the work of distributing Liberal literature, encouraging the workers, awakening from apathy the indifferent, convincing the almost persuaded, soliciting donations from the affluent, and inducing all to become activ, zealous members of the League. Lecturers should diligently study and be prepared to advise members in regard to the best, most economical, and efficient methods of distributing Liberal literature, and they should, in every place they visit, both by precept and example, encourage the faithful, persevering attention to this work. The printing-press is the great chief educator, and is really our main reliance. Every lecturer should be an agent for the sale of Liberal and scientific books, as well as canvasser for our leading Liberal papers, and use diligent endeavors to induce all to subscribe, and pay in advance, not alone for THE TRUTH SEEKER, and two or more of our other leading periodicals, but urge upon all able to do so the duty and advantage of taking extra copies to loan to friends and neighbors, who thus in their turn will become subscribers. By so doing our lecturers would promote the happiness of our patient, hard-working, long-suffering Liberal editors and publishers, confer vast benefits on those they visit, and help double the numbers of the League. But while efficient officers and lecturers may be very great helps, and our dependence in time of special need, the main dependence of every Liberal should be on self, all doing their very best, all they can, all the time. In every school district in which five Liberals reside, why not at once meet and organize as a Liberal League, commence holding regular weekly meetings, and, if no suitable hall can be obtained, meet at each other's houses? Seek to attain independence; develop home talent. Let each one commence canvassing for our Liberal papers, and loaning Liberal books and pamphlets. Then at the meeting relate experience and items of interest. Name subjects to read up and discuss. Should several be suggested, decide by lot. Let one be appointed to make an opening speech of fifteen minutes; then hav five-minute speeches, pro and con, and the chairman keep all sharp up to the subject and time. Strive to excel in making all speeches easy to be understood, and, above all, interesting to the children. If there is any musical ability—vocal or instrumental—cultivate it to the utmost. Remember success in any enterprise can only be attained by vigorous, persevering effort. Many a noble enterprise has failed from lack of unity. Energy and slackness are equally contagious. Some fear that at best they could accomplish but very little, so they do nothing. Yet if all will do the little they can, the grand object will be speedily attained.

CHAS. B. REYNOLDS.

The Incorrectness of Vivisection Reports.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Dr. E. B. Foote, Jr., makes so misleading a statement in THE TRUTH SEEKER of August 2, 1884, and one so eminently unjust to the anti-vivisection cause, that I must beg a brief space to "show it up." I think it is his "last straw," and he clutches at it most tenaciously; but, nevertheless, I must deprive him of it in the interests of justice and humanity. He triumphantly quotes the last English "Vivisection Report," to prove the extremely small amount of cruelty practiced in England at present, under the vivisection license act. I quote the following complete refutation of Dr. Foote's claim from a very able article on this subject by Miss Frances Power Cobbe, foundress, and, for nearly ten years, honorary secretary, of the Victoria Street Society for Protecting Animals from Vivisection. It appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of June 17, 1884, and was reprinted in the *Zoophilist* (the organ of the society) for July, 1884.

"But there is a reason for something more than vague suspicion of the untrustworthiness of these roseate returns. It is, that during several years, when Mr. Busk has cried 'Peace! peace!' to the compassionate heart of England, there has certainly been no peace to the unhappy victims of vivisection. In the returns issued in 1879 for 1878, the inspector says that 'in sixteen cases alone is there reason to believe that any considerable amount of suffering was directly inflicted.' This, however, was one of the years during which Professor Rutherford was activly carrying on those experiments on dogs which hav been denounced on all hands as of almost unparalleled severity, and of which his own reports are to be found in the *British Medical Journal* of 1877, 1878, and 1879. Again, in the inspector's report of 1882 for 1881, Mr. Busk, after mentioning the inoculation experiments performed during the year, goes on to say: 'In the other experiments of a different kind the only pain endured would be that attending the healing of a wound and the necessary confinement, or, in some cases, by the action of drugs administered. The number of cases in which trifling suffering of this kind was caused might be ten or twelve.' Yet in that same year of 1881 there took place at Cambridge, according to Professor Michael Foster's *Journal of Physiology* (January, 1882), the whole series of Dr. Roy's experiments on dogs, which included displacing the spleen, and dissecting out all the principal nerves of the body, and irritating them for hours; experiments which hav been described by an experienced physiologist as 'truly awful,' and of which it is enough to say that the reflex actions described could not hav been obtained from animals rendered insensible by anesthetics.

"Such is the confirmation which Mr. Busk's reports receive from some of the few authentic extraneous sources of information to which the public has had access!"

And, again, in another portion of the same article (Miss Cobbe's):

"In the above remark, that Mr. Busk is a 'great partisan against the anti-vivisection movement,' Mr. Reid was supported by an official letter in my hands, wherein Mr. Busk styles that movement a 'senseless and mischievous agitation.' With this knowledge of his sentiments it is not uncharitable to suppose that when he, a wealthy gentleman, undertook the inglorious and (if fairly carried out) invidious office of inspecting the doings of his brethren, members of the Royal Society, and other physiologists, Mr. Busk was moved rather by a desire to see justice done to science, of which he is a votary, than to animals, for whom he has never, I believe, manifested the smallest sympathy."

A pretty man, certainly, to put on guard over a body of vivisectors to see that they did not exceed their license! About a parallel to that of "a good shepherd" (in this case the British government) selecting a supposably amiable wolf to stand guard over a flock of sheep, said shepherd being fully persuaded that the wolf would keep off his brother wolves much more efficaciously than would a shepherd dog.

I am greatly surprised that Dr. Foote did not hasten to exalt Pasteur's recent (alleged) discovery of a cure for hydrophobia. That is the latest humbug put upon the tapis.

ELLIOTT PRESTON.

Honorary Member Victoria Street Society, Life-Member Great German League, etc.

P.S.—I second with all my mind the nomination of Col. Ingersoll for the president of the League. I believe his name would wield greater power than those of any twenty Liberals who could be named, and his eloquence is second to Shakspere alone.

E. P.

Christianity and Progress.

How amusing it is to see with what dogmatic egotism our Christian believers cling to the idea that the Bible and Christianity were the only foundation of civilization, and claim that all progress and advancement in all that tends to benefit mankind originated in it: Not long ago I heard a Baptist preacher say in his very knowing and original style that if it had not been for the Bible and the Christian religion man would be no further advanced than a mule. I hav just been reading the St. Louis *Evangelist* (I think that truth seekers should read all sides), and I notice a piece from one who signs himself "B. H. B.," which, I presume, means "Big-Headed Blockhead."

He says: "Did you ever realize in all its force the truth that it is the freedom of the gospel alone which has made many of the inferior forms of freedom possible?" And again he says: "The political liberty of which we boast is in a large measure, if not wholly, due to the gospel of Christ." "Hume, who hated the religion of the Puritans, had the candor to confess that they had been the great conservators of English freedom, and American freedom is in a great measure the harvest sprung from seed sown by the Puritan fathers of New England."

"B. H. B." takes the position that because the Puritans as a class had faith in the gospel of Christ Mr. Hume stood ready to admit that all their noble efforts toward advancing education and freedom came from the Bible and their faith in its teachings. He might as well hav said, and with a great deal more propriety, that he knows the history of the United States because he had read "Robinson Crusoe." I would like to hav "B. H. B." inform us where in the Bible he can find any teaching that could hav suggested ideas of freedom and liberty. On the contrary, I can show, and Infidels are continually showing, that the Bible teaches physical slavery; and certainly our daily experience with such people as "B. H. B." shows conclusivly that its effects upon the minds of believers leads to a mental slavery not calculated in the least to stimulate that sense of political freedom possessed by our Puritan fathers.

He says again, "The best common school system of the old and the new world owes its origin to the Bible and the church of Christ." This last statement doubtless, at first thought, may seem to many quite true, but I propose to show it to be false. If it be so, then Christianity is indirectly the cause of Infidelity, because Infidelity is the direct result of education. Our common school system springs from a desire to educate our children, that they may know of themselvs the false and the true, and not be obliged to take somebody's say-so for it, as the hordes of church people do.

That desire for education was fostered by the art of printing, and for centuries the Bible was *the* book of instruction, especially among the poor. I doubt if the Mayflower had on board, when it landed on Plymouth Rock, any other book. Consequently the young were obliged to obtain their knowledge of reading and spelling from that book. Even in the past century the common schools of New England had no other books in school than the Bible, Webster's Elementary Spelling-book, and Daball's Arithmetic. The Bible was the reading-book, and was read three times a day, and the teacher was compelled to be a devout Christian that he might learn the young idea how to shoot, and then ye bigoted Godlings get up and tell us that the Bible is the foundation of knowledge. The history of the United States, history of England, or any other printed book, would hav done as well—and far better, because the youthful minds of our ancestry would not hav been poisoned by the dishonest dogmas of their teacher.

While it is true that some Christian denomination is generally at the head of educational institutions, it will not do to say that they appreciate education more than Infidels. The Christian church is and ever has been ambitious to convince the world of its faith. The educational institutions are generally founded by charity, and some denominational church generally circulates, through its ambition to get ahead of the others, a paper, and the Infidel, with the rest, pays his money. And our "B. H. B." tells us that it never would hav been done but for the Bible and the religion of Christ.

In all great movements for public good some organization is obliged to act, and until the Infidels of our country become better organized they will act with any organization to further their cause, which is to promote education and reason, which the Bible and the religion of Christ does not favor.

W. H. PENFIELD.

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

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☞ **We wish that our subscribers who are in arrears would make a special effort to pay up. During the summer months our book sales are small, and we hav to depend upon the subscriptions coming in to pay expenses, which are just as heavy now as ever. We know that business generally is dull, that "times are hard," but the amounts are so small individually that it would seem no one can be inconvenienced by paying his dues, while in the aggregate they foot up large, and mean everything to us. It is unpleasant to us to dun our friends, and money is never asked for till imperativly needed; now we must hav it to pay bills with. A good many hundreds of dollars are due on subscriptions, so we are not asking a favor, but simple justice and square dealing between friends. It is usual for papers to exact pay in advance, but we hav never adopted the rule, believing that Liberals are honest enough not to cheat the printer. But the accommodation sorely tries our resources, and the readers ought not to force us to wait longer than they can help.**

The Bible in the Schools.

The writer of the following is in a hotbed of Christian bigotry, and on several occasions has applied for aid in his contests with the bigots, but no question is easier answered than this:

GLENVILLE, CONN., July 26, 1884.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Will you please state through your paper what you consider the best answer to the Christian statement that "If the reading of the Bible in the public schools does no good, it certainly does no harm."

Yours truly, H. J. M.

Leaving aside all considerations of good or ill, there are many reasons why the Bible should be excluded from the schools. In the first place, our government is not religious. The intention of the Revolutionary fathers was to separate church and state. That they are separated when the tax-payers are compelled to pay for the reading of a religious publication in the public schools is a preposterous claim. The school is a creature of the law, carried on for secular education only, and its use to teach a sectarian religion is a plain perversion of its purposes. As well might the Koran be introduced—"If it does no good it certainly does no harm," the Mohammedans might say. But the question is a much broader one than the mere "good or harm" of the practice. It is a question of principle. Section III of our Bill of Rights was intended to prevent the establishment by state legislatures of any state religion. This necessarily stops the teaching by the state of any religion, Christian or pagan. Yet the state is now compelling by law the reading of a religious book, and its reading is a teaching of the doctrins it contains. In most states compulsory education bills are in force. A child is bound to go to school, and of course bound to read the Bible. How can any one contend that in such cases our guaranty of religous liberty is not violated?

In a suit to restrain the teachers from reading the Bible in the common schools, brought by F. W. Moore, of Bloomfield, Iowa, the trustees in their own defense used this argument of "if no good, no harm," and quoted the opinions of several eminent gentlemen upon the subject. They also "considered the Bible merely as to its literary merits." In his brief in answer, Mr. Moore, the appellant, used the following sharp language: "We started out in this case with the proposition that the public school is not the place in which to teach any kind of religion, and we propose to stick to that text. In the wish-wash of unrestrained gush of section IV of appellees' argument there is an evident attempt to divert us from the true question at issue in this case. There is a great to-do made over what some men, not unknown to fame, may hav said about the Bible. Whether they said it or not, we don't know; no book and page are cited; some of the men purport to hav been sick when they used the language attributed to them. However that may be, their opinions do not prove the facts to be as they say. We lesser lights, unknown to fame, also hav our opinions, and are protected by law in them.

"Whether the Bible, 'considered merely as to its literary merits,' is a great and good book, is a question of taste, and this court may well refuse to consider that matter. It is a question for the literary dude, the expert in the esthetics of literature. A lie is a lie, no matter how gorgeously decorated; a saloon is a sink of iniquity, no matter how gorgeously furnished. If the Bible, as a literary production, is of the character claimed (and remember that that is only opinion), it is so much the more dangerous to the peace of parents upon whose children all its blandishments are used. We object to the Bible being read to appellant's children, or their being compelled to stay out of school to avoid it, and appellees answer, in effect, that it is one of the most taking and seductiv literary works in existence. A queer defense, certainly.

"Suppose these teachers should introduce into the school, as paper-weights, on the children's desks, a lot of Smith & Wesson No. 38 caliber revolvers, loaded. If we should attempt to enjoin their use in that manner they would probably urge in their defense that 'considered merely as to their artistic and mechanical merit they were unsurpassed; that as a source of esthetic delight, no other mechanism could for a moment compare with them; that they were not there to shoot anybody, but simply as paper-weights—very necessary things.' No court could for a moment consider such a defense. This same reasoning applies to the 'sacred songs' of which we complain.

"Now, this Bible is a religious book; it is so admitted on all hands; it is loaded with doctrins about gods and devils, and is liable to go off at any time. We complain of the *matter* of the book; appellees praise the *manner* of the book.

"We allege in our petition that the Bible contains many passages that are unfit to be read in a mixed assembly of people, and are especially unfit to be read in the presence and hearing of persons of tender age. Appellees do not deny this allegation, but try to break its force, by saying that they read such passages as are calculated to inculcate (what they deem) morality, purity, and honesty, and recognize and teach the existence of a God, a future state, etc."

We do not see, either, how anyone with a knowledge of what the Bible contains can say that if its reading does no good it certainly does no harm, nor how such a plea can for a moment be admitted. If it is wrong to teach falsehood, those who force a book filled with errors upon children unable to help themselvs are certainly doing harm. And before the Bible can become a fit book for children to study its truth must be demonstrated. Although revised many times, the Bible has page after page of filth certainly calculated to do harm to youthful minds. The book is the keystone of polygamous teachings, and has always been the inspiration of bigotry, the reference book of intolerance, the fountain from which flow narrowness, jealousy, and sectarian wrangling. It is inconceivable to us how anyone can gain the truth by studying a falsehood, become moral by poring over stories of immorality, or pure-minded through reading an obscene book. We know the teachers never require the children to read the bad portions; but do they for a moment think the child does not? The book lies on the school desks all day long, and the teacher cannot watch every scholar every moment to see that he does not surreptitiously glance at the forbidden pages. But leaving its immorality out of consideration for a moment, we do not think the Bible makes a desirable companion for a studying child. Before it is fit for that the erroneous physical errors must be eliminated. To say that God created the world by a word is unsatisfactory to the child, for even a child's reason will question the manifestly impossible. Who created God? comes as naturally to its lips as the question, what he made it from. The child who has seen the wriggling snake trying to crawl under a stone by the roadside as he came to school has hard work to understand how it ever talked; and it will take more than assumption of infallibility to make him believe that the forefather of the donkey cropping the thistles in the field ever preached a sermon to a man. It is cruel to make him say he believes this or go to hell. That 175,000 birds, from the humming-bird to the vulture; 3,600 animals, from a mouse to a mammoth; 1,300 reptils; and about 2,000,000 insects, were crowded into a box 550 feet long, 92 feet wide, and 55 feet high, with provisions enough to last over a year, and that they lived with only what air they could get from a little hole twenty-five inches square on the top, is very hard for the most youthful mind to understand. To be compelled to do this or go to hell seems to us as very cruel.

The Bible is crammed full of utterly incomprehensible mysteries, and yet it must be believed. It can not be expected that what furnishes innumerable points of controversy for learned theologians will be simple to school children, and the only object of sectarian school boards in placing the Bible in public schools can be to make converts to Christianity by bending the twig that the tree may grow up leaning toward the orthodox vineyard, so that the fruit can drop into the priests' wide-open mouths. In their eyes the end is so important that it justifies any means, however unconstitutional and unfair.

The Republic and the Church.

Mgr. Capel is out West, and has been lecturing to limited audiences. At St. Paul, the other night, he spoke to the text, "The Catholic Church the Best Friend of the Republic." The substance of what he said is found in the following:

It requires no small courage to venture on such a subject as I announce for my lecture this evening. It has been always and repeatedly asserted that the Catholic church is the opponent of liberty and progress as exemplified in American civilization. It is therefore a bold thing for me to affirm that the Catholic church is the best friend of the American republic. I trust that you hav all come here in one spirit, to hear the truth in a fair-minded way. In order to clear the way for what I hav to say, I will first consider an objection which I hav heard raised again and again. The point raised is this: If your church makes the best sort of citizens, as you say, why is it that they are so numerous in the prisons and penitentiaries? I do not admit the truth of the assertion that a majority of the inmates of these institutions are Catholics. I insist that we endeavor to educate our children up in physical, mental, and moral matters in such a way as to make them good citizens. The trouble is the American people hav demanded of us that we omit everything above the mental in school disciplin. As long as they prevent our carrying out our idea, they hav no right to charge us up with the consequences of their restrictions. Moreover, it is to be remembered that a large proportion of those within the sway of the church are foreigners, who hav recently come to this country, and hav yet to learn to obey its laws and be educated up to good citizenship.

I assert that the best and greatest friend that this country has is the Catholic church. There are three reasons why this is so: First, It is the essence of the Catholic teaching—that is, Catholic civilization to develop the individual. Second, It is the essence of Catholic doctrin to hold sacred the family as the basis of the state. Third, We regard all power in the state as coming from God Almighty, and so worthy of respect.

The recognition of the importance of the individual man is a distinctiv characteristic of the English-speaking races. We hold that the redemption of Christ is effectiv for each individual man, as if no other man existed, though we are often accused of making nothing of Christ and everything of the Virgin Mary. We look upon each individual man as a manifestation of God's glory. We believe that every individual man comes into the world with so much grace as will enable him to do the work given him to do. We believe there is an individual creation, an individual redemption, an individual work, an individual responsibility. We train our children from very early years to regard their individual responsibility, their capability of sinning and of receiving salvation and absolution. In impressing on the individual citizen his duty of avoiding ill and doing good are we not conferring the greatest benefit on the community at large? It is for just that end that every archbishop and priest in this country is working every day. It is charged that the only object of the church is to acquire territory, to extend its sway, to overthrow the Constitution, and provide for the pope what he does not enjoy in other countries. It is false. Our one object is to make men good, honest, and virtuous, worthy citizens here, and fit for the citizenship in the world beyond this.

I pass to my second point—the sacredness of the family, as the basis of the state. In the agitation of the matter of divorce you will always find the Catholic standing up boldly and repudiating the demoralizing influence of divorce. No priest will perform a marriage in which either party has violated a former marriage vow. Husband and wife may be obliged to liv apart, but if true Catholics, neither considers himself or

herself free to marry again. Then we teach our children that they must love and honor their parents throughout life. In thus honoring and exalting the home and the family, cherishing the individual duty and responsibility, and providing for its proper unfolding in the home life, I again repeat my proposition that the Catholic church is proving itself the country's best friend.

The Catholic church says all power is of God. The parent has no real authority over the child except as it is given him by God. In like manner, the right to liv together in society and constitute a government is of God. The authority of your president is one thing, the fact that this man is president is another. It is not you that givs the power to your president, though you constitute one of your number to exercise the God-given authority. The Catholic church makes no contest with any form of government. Recognizing in the government the authority of God, we teach our people to respect and obey that authority, whatever form it takes. The state does not make the citizens, though the citizens constitute the state. The object of the state is to conserve to us our liberties and rights, only restraining them where one individual's liberties interfere with another's. The Catholic church does not interfere with the domain of the state in any way, but considers it its duty to teach me to respect its authority. Religion and politics do not conflict with the Catholics. In the matter of politics, the church bids every man to act according to the dictates of his own individual conscience.

Having thus gone over my three main points, I wish to touch upon one or two general features of the question. This is the most heterogeneous people on the globe. Representativs of every land and clime flock to your shores, and are to be kneaded and molded into a unified people. In this work of unification the Catholic church is playing a most important part. There is a struggle going on between capital and labor. Your public schools—I say it unreservedly—are fostering a disdain of common toil. Your girls coming forth from your schools are unwilling to stoop to domestic service. Your young men think that they are not expected to toil in the common callings. The Catholic church discourages all such ideas, and is performing a valuable service in developing a class of faithful, conscientious working men and women.

Mgr. Capel is a brilliant Jesuist, but if the foregoing is the best he can do for his client the case is desperate indeed. It certainly does require a good deal of courage to stand before even such unintelligent audiences as are usually found listening to Catholic orators and deliberately affirm that Catholicism is in any sense a friend to popular government and general education. But priests are generally credited with possessing elastic consciences, and this new proof was hardly needed.

Mr. Capel may himself believe what he told his hearers, but we doubt it, He is not the only Catholic in this country, though perhaps the ablest apologist in the lecture field. The Catholic prelates are supposed to speak with authority in their pastoral letters, and if this republic is receiving aid from that church, the utterances of the Cincinnati council are strange reading. That council, it will be remembered, stated plainly and authoritativly the attitude of the church toward the government of the country. A slight comparison of the principles there set forth with the claims of Mgr. Capel will enable all to see the hollowness of his pretensions.

A famous declaration, well known to Americans, proclaims that "all men are created free and equal." We were told by this Cincinnati council only two short years ago that this "doctrin is pernicious. God alone is free; the church is the interprter of his revelations, and men hav no right to reject it. Nor are all men equal," continued this council. "It is ordained by God that some shall rule and some shall be ruled. Those who are appointed to rule hav rights that subjects hav not. Bishops and priests are appointed to rule; if to rule, then they are above those whom they rule. The cry of equality is the cry of the idle and the weak."

Another most significant utterance, and one we desire to set out in contrast with Mgr. Capel's boast that Catholicism is friendly to republicanism, is this:

"With the popular doctrin that all men are equal, there is also steadily growing the doctrin that 'all power is from the people, and that they who exercise authority in the state do not exercise it as their own, but as intrusted to them by the people, and upon this condition, that it may be recalled by the will of that same people by whom it was confided to them.' *This is not Catholic doctrin*, nor is it the doctrin of the scriptures which teach, 'By me kings reign, by me princes rule, and the mighty decree justice.' 'Giv ear, you that rule people, for power is given to you by God, and strength by the most high.' 'Let every soul be subject to the higher power; for there is no power but from God and those that are ordained of God.'

"While on the one hand the Catholic doctrin thus distinctly teaches that all power comes from God, we must not be understood as teaching that the people are not permitted a voice in the form of government under which they shall liv; on the contrary we teach with the sovereign pontiff, Leo XIII., now gloriously reigning, 'that they who are to be set over the republic may, in certain cases, be chosen by the will and decision of the people without any opposition or repugnance to Catholic doctrin. By this choice the ruler is designated, *but rights of government are not conferred, and power is not given, but it is determined by whom it is to be wielded.* There is no question here of the forms of government, for there is no reason why the rule of one or several should not be approved by the church if only it is just and tends toward the common good. Accordingly, justice being observed, people are not forbidden to provide themselvs with that kind of government which is most suitable to their genius or the institutions and customs of their ancestors.'

"There is also a growing disposition among a class of Catholics to teach that in some things the priest receives his power from the people. There is also a disposition to draw lines, and to confine the priest within limits that neither God nor religion can permit. The priest is not appointed by the people, nor does he receive his power from the people. He receives his power from God, and the people are commanded to seek the law from his lips, 'for the priest's lips should keep knowledge.' 'He that hears you hears me,' said Christ, speaing of his priests, and 'he that despises you despises me.' 'Go teach' are words that leave no doubt as to the right of priests to teach, or the duty of the people to listen.

"Because the people supply the means for the support of religion they frequently assume that they, and they only, are to manage the temporalities of the church. Frequently even under the plea of assisting in the management of the temporalities, the laity also assume to dictate to the priest in spirituals, the more when he teaches the law of God on matters appertaining to government, or the duties of subjects to rulers. The assumption of this class of men is that in matters of state the priest must be silent, forgetting that governments and states, and the relation of citizen to citizen, must be founded on the law of God, and that the priest is guardian, and, under the direction of the church, the interpreter of the law of God, and that consequently in all matters of civil life appertaining to faith and morals the priest has a right to speak, and the people are required to listen.

"This will no doubt be a doctrin offensiv to modern Liberalism, that seeks to eliminate God from society, and to teach that all power comes from the people. But because a doctrin is unpopular it does not prove it untrue. Truth is often very unpopular. Neither Christ nor his doctrin was popular. Governments and states and peoples are alike subject to the law of God equally as the humblest. Governments hav no more right to do wrong than individuals. 'All power comes from God,' and the church is the witness and guardian of revelation, as well as the interpreter thereof. From her the world must learn the law of God, and the law of man must ever be subordinated to the law of God. It is untrue to assert 'that all power comes from the people.' 'All power comes from God,' by whom 'princes rule and the mighty decree justice.'

"Guided by these doctrins, Catholics can easily see that though they may be associated with the clergy in the management of temporalities of the church, yet they must never forget the reverence and respectful obedience due to their pastors, nor the loving and mutual co-operation due them in all the works of religion. Let, therefore, the laity heartily cooperate with the clergy, being ever mindful that in unity there is strength, and in love and harmony there is peace and union with God."

How Mr. Capel can justify his lectures with these plain words is more than we can see. If he is not ignorant of them—and it would be impudent to accuse him of being—he certainly is unscrupulous in his advocacy of religion.

A Contrast.

The managers of Girard College would do well to study the example of the editor of the London *Secular Review*, Mr. W. Stewart Ross. A gentleman who much admires his teachings having made over to him a house and grounds, together with nearly five thousand dollars, with which to conduct a secular school, Saladin (Mr. Ross's *nom de plume*) placed the money in bank in his own name and that of a *Christian* gentleman, who must countersign every check before it can be paid. This arrangement was entered into by Saladin's express desire, so that he can furnish the best evidence at any time that the benefaction never enriched himself personally, even to the extent of a single farthing.

The difference is great between the act of the Freethinking guardian of a Freethought school and the conduct of the trustees of Girard's magnificent bequests.

Editorial Notes.

A FEW weeks ago Dr. J. L. York visited Bozeman, Mont., delivering a series of Freethought lectures. The result was a League with seventy members. Comment is superfluous.

IN England some of the merchants find it pays to advertise themselvs as Freethinkers. The proprietor of the "Coach and Horses" attaches to his announcements "*Freethinker* and *National Reformer* taken."

CHARLES WATTS will reach this country Sept. 1st, in the Cunarder Gallia, which leaves Liverpool the 23d inst. He will accompany the New York delegation to the Cassadaga Lake meeting, at which he will deliver two or three addresses. He is open to lecture engagements, and may be addressed at this office.

WE hav received several copies of a Western paper containing a ministerial attack on Col. Ingersoll's character. The charges are a revamp of Clark Braden's mendacious pamphlet, and we cannot see that any good would come by further stamping them as lies. Braden is too dishonest to be authority, and the minister's influence too insignificant to need counteracting.

FOR exhibiting in a shop window copies of an English Freethought paper, the Sydney *Tribune* says the members of the Secular Association are to be prosecuted. The police, it says, "are on the track of these shameless blasphemers," and it hopes they will be sent to jail where they will be "brought to their senses." The Sydney *Tribune* is devoted largely to chronicling the doings of gambling sports.

THE Salvation Army in England hav been pounced upon so often that they hav put the following stanza in their songbook, and sing it lustily when arrested:

"There'll be no policemen there,
There'll be no policemen there,
In the mansions above,
Where all is love,
There'll be no policemen there."

THE complacency with which the Catholic church teaches one thing and practices another is seen again in the recent declaration of the Superior-General of the Jesuits, who says that secret societies bring "ruin" to Christian states, "while the Virgin Mother's help of the Christians has alone destroyed all heresies in the whole world." If there is a worse secret society in the world than these self-same Jesuits the world is not yet apprised of the fact. In view of the great number of heresies now rampant it looks, also, as though the statement regarding the Virgin was a little apocryphal.

WILLIS MCDANNALD, of Milton, Oregon, is making an effort to secularize the government of his state. To that end he has had petitions prepared, and wants the address of every Liberal in the state to whom to send them. We do hope that he will receive prompt and generous help in this reform. We are convinced that there are thousands of Freethinkers scattered throughout Oregon, and if they will put their shoulders to the wheel they can accomplish great good. It was much easier to prevent the extension of slavery than to put down the war it led to. So it will be easier to get religion out of comparativly new state governments than out of the old ones where it is so firmly intrenched. Let every Freethinker in Oregon write to Willis McDannald, Milton.

WE print this week Mr. Frederic Harrison's criticism of Herbert Spencer's Unknowable, with some incidental setting forth of his own interpretation of Positivism. Mr. Harrison calls the Unknowable the "Ghost of Religion." Our next issue will contain Mr. Spencer's defense of his Unknowable, with something more than an incidental attack on the "theology" of M. Comte, which he labels "Retrogressiv Religion." It is only fair to Mr. Harrison, however, to say in advance that a criticism of Auguste Comte is not a criticism of Frederic Harrison, who, while holding to the fundamentals of Positivism, is not a slavish follower of the eminent Frenchman, but a man his equal in ability, and in some respects his superior. The discussion is a big one, between big men, and all Liberals interested in "Constructiv Liberalism" will do well to read both men carefully.

J. M. WHEELER, associate editor of the London *Freethinker*, who was driven insane by the cruel imprisonment of his friends Foote, Ramsey, and Kemp, has recovered his reason, and is again at work. His affliction he owes to Christian bigotry and superstition; for the happy hours of recovery he has, he says, been indebted solely to Freethinkers. In resuming work upon the paper he writes:

"No thinking person can pass through so terrible an illness as mine without reviewing those great problems of life and death upon our ignorance of a complete solution to which the priests in all ages hav traded. My return to sub-editorial duties on the *Freethinker* is proof that my convictions are unaltered, and that I deem my best work lies in the old path of endeavoring to eradicate superstition. Without disparaging any who take part in the world's necessary labor, it seems to me that there is no nobler task than to aid in mental emancipation. Our worst enemies are always within. Superstition is the fellest of tyrants, blighting and devastating the whole life. Political and social reform are hopeless where the people are slaves to religious terrors. Everywhere freedom and progress hav gone hand in hand with emancipation from superstition. At the present time we hav a still worse enemy. Superstition is countenanced by hypocrisy. Many who hav given up the time-worn dogmas, and who in private entirely repudiate Christian nonsense, are foolishly afraid of avowing their unbelief in public. While these are playing at pretending to believe that they believe, the bigots are allowed to hav their own way. The clergy, enraged because they know that we know that they know they don't know, are banded to keep down Infidelity, which really means information upon things supposed to be sacred. They fight under the protection of a long established and well endowed organization. On their side are the wealth and inherited prejudices of ages—on ours, modern science and criticism, with new hopes and aspirations for the future of man upon this earth. It behooves, then, all who throw in their lot with the new cause to fight its battle earnestly and determinedly. No Freethought soldier can be spared. Recruits ready to speak out on occasion are wanted, and are happily appearing on all sides."

A Wisconsin Meeting.

The Wisconsin State Association of Spiritualists will hold its first annual meeting, for election of officers and other business, in Omro, Wis., Sept 5th, 6th, and 7th. The speakers engaged are A. B. French, of Clyde, Ohio, and Mrs. H. S. Lake, of California. The Cross Concert Troupe will furnish the vocal music. The Chicago & North-Western Railway will return all who pay full fare to Ripon or Oshkosh for one-fifth fare. The St. Paul road will not giv reduced rates, consequently those coming on that road will buy round-trip tickets. Hotel rates as formerly —$1.25 per day. Should the Wisconsin Central road giv reduced rates, will publish in time for those interested. All Liberals invited. A limited number will be entertained by the Omro friends.

WM. M. LOCKWOOD, Pres.
DR. J. C. PHILLIPS, Sec.

Letters from Friends.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., July 29, 1884.

edtor ov the truthseaker, deir sir. i am only 10 yers old and my little bruther only 8 yers old, and he is sik al the time and so is mother. She is not abel to work & i thought if our liberal frends cod help us a little bit we wood be very thankful to reseve it, as we hav got no frends here. direct to

MARGARET A. GRAHAM.

NORWALK, PUTNAM CO., FLA., July 27, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: As I hav gone into the fruit-growing business here I would be pleased to correspond with a few readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER who are in that business in California, Oregon, Washington, and other parts of the country. Am also in hopes to hear from parties in foreign countries, such as Australia, Japan, China, and southern Europe.

Yours truly, THOMAS PAINE FRANK.

ST. JOSEPH, MO., July 29, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed you will please find $3 to apply on my subscription to the good TRUTH SEEKER. My time was up the first of June. I was not waiting to be dunned. I had the money put away all this time for you, waiting to be able to go to the post-office with it. I am no longer young, and often very feeble in warm weather. This is my excuse for this neglect of you.

And now that you are in trouble I wish you to know that I sympathize with you with my whole heart, and hope all who are in debt to the Truth Seeker Company will send the small amount right away to you. ELIZABETH B. DILLON.

MERIDIAN, TEXAS, July 25, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Liberals must kill the devil—if he is ever killed—as R. G. Ingersoll did the policeman, only more so. Don't let them crawl off and die; kill them on the spot.

Can't you get up a good thing on the pagans of Madagascar? From the best information that I hav they are governed by the same laws that the Jews were in regard to their religion, and the missionaries had to quit the country on that account.

This is what I want to say, and say loud—Liberals, if you are going to do anything, unite and take the word of truth in your mouths and kill all the devils that you may meet, and do it quickly. Selah. S. D. GREEN.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, July 21, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $3 for another year. I am happy to say I cannot do without THE TRUTH SEEKER. It is really the best paper published on this continent—allowing me to be judge. I hope you will excuse me for being so negligent in not remitting when due. Many thanks for your confidence in me.

The death of Father Bennett was a terrible blow. I could not hav felt it more to hav lost a brother, for I feared his place could not be made good. I really trembled for the dear old TRUTH SEEKER, for fear it might go down, but am happily disappointed to know that his successor is capable of filling his place so acceptably. There are few such men as D. M. Bennett in this world. D. BODIFIELD, M. D.

WHITEHALL, MICH., July 20, 284.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $3.50. Please send TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL and "Answers to Christian Questions," and the balance apply on the glorious old TRUTH SEEKER. And now I will say a few words in regard to the old superstition called the Christian religion. The pietists hold meetings in our schoolhouse Sundays, and sometimes evenings during the week. The attendance is, as I am informed, from ten to twenty. We hav a Liberal Literary society here, that meets in the same house once in two weeks during the winter. The average attendance is about two hundred.

And right here I will allude to a reprehensible practice of my brother Liberals, and that is the practice of giving money that goes to sustaining the church. The old hag would die out in less than ten years if it were not for that most pernicious habit of Liberals. JOHN SHUEY.

CINCINNATI, O., July 4, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: The last copy of THE TRUTH SEEKER contains much interesting reading. What has been said at the dedication of the Monument was well said. I much admire the structure. It looks unique, and is a fitting emblem to the memory of a brave man. I had much respect for Brother Bennett, although he gave me an awful scolding once because I would not believe in the dogma of a future state of existence. But all that is bosh, and I respect his memory just as if we believed alike. Since his death, I hav wished that he, if alive, could make known to me the bottom facts of this disturbing dogma. Nothing as yet has changed my views. They are sound to the core that death is the end of life. Materialized effigies are impotent with me. My sense is quite too hard for such bungling necromancy. It won't do.

Yours, etc., T. WINTER, Materialist.

WENTWORTH, DAKOTA, July 15, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find draft for $8. Please send me "The World's Sages, Thinkers, and Reformers," leather bound, and "The Champions of the Church," leather. Last list of books received and placed where I think they will be most needed. Hav examined Col. Kelso's book, "The Bible Analyzed," and think it the best thing I ever saw. No one but a poor, worthless, blind bigot can read Col. Kelso's book without being impressed with the solid truths and sound reasoning given by him. As a reference-book I consider it priceless. My office has become headquarters for several stanch Liberals, and the calls for Freethought works are increasing daily. I am in hopes I can interest enough in the work so we can start a League here this fall. It makes the pillars of the church groan when they see me scattering such works as the last ones sent among their flock. But still I find that more and more of them come to me and ask for something to read.

Yours respectfully, W. L. HORTON.

LA CROSSE, WIS., June 15, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I hav just discovered in THE TRUTH SEEKER of June 7th that Mr. Watson has been reviewing my article on "Free Agency," and, as I think, contradicted himself. He says, "We act from choice freely," and then adds, "We are necessitated to act just as we do." If this is the case, where is our choice? And, to cap the climax, he asserts: "If I go to New York, I go impelled by motiv, and still I am 'a free agent to do just as I do!'"

Now, let me ask Mr. Watson a few questions. Can you believe that two and two make five? Can you believe that black is white? Prove that man can hate that which is agreeable, and like that which is disagreeable to him. Prove, also, that man by the force of his willing can think snow is black. Then you will gain your point. My opinion is, we never move a a joint or think a thought without being moved to it; and as in physics there can be no effect without a cause, so in morals there can be no opinions or feelings without cause. And what cause is in the physical, motiv is in the moral world; so that *there is nothing free in the world.* And, I will add further, man is the sport of circumstances, and circumstances are the sport of him. Your well-wisher, J. PETTEY.

WILLIAMSTOWN, OHIO, July 22, 284.

MR. EDITOR: The explanation of the Augusta, Ga., *Chronicle* of the *modus operandi* of Miss Hurst, July 19th, calls my own case to mind, and I will ask some astute philosopher to explain. I am what is called a medium for spirit manifestations. Through my influence or occult power, I cause a heavy stand to float through a room. I will then retire into a remote corner of the room, or even leave the room and shut the door after me, after saying to the controling spirits, "Do not let any person or persons cause that table (or stand) to touch the floor," and then I will defy all the human force that can be applied to cause it to touch the floor until I ask the controling force to allow it to be done. I will say, "Put that stand or table on Mr. A.'s, B.'s, or C.'s head," and it will be done instantly, notwithstanding all the opposing force that may be applied, and there will be no mistaking of the one named, though the room be crowded, as is generally the case. This I hav been doing for the amusement of the spectators, with scores of other manifestations. This power has only developed in me within the last six months, notwithstanding I am now in my fifty-sixth year. I do not attribute it to spirit power. Yours truly, B. D. EVANS, M.D.

LEMOORE, CAL., July 15, 284.

MR. EDITOR: If we understand aright, the indebtedness on the Monument Fund has been fully canceled. And in reading of Mrs. Bennett's devotion and deep solicitude, with attendant honors, for him in whom her very being was centered, sympathizing so truly in his grand life-work; and inasmuch as we rejoice in the monumental symbol reared to his blest service, in immortal token of the universal cause of spiritual liberty, we ask, as co-workers too in this benign field of living justice, that she accept our small offering to assist in beautifying the sacred spot consecrated in memoriam with that towering shaft to him.

Many thanks, Mr. Editor, for knowledge obtained of your early experience, and that of your brother. I am glad the mother soul voiced her devotional sentiments, that your interested patrons may learn of some possible struggle in early life in manly youthful ambition for so noble a cause. The mother love is the warp through her whole speech. It is right, it is well. Receive our tribute, editor and assistant editor, for the stand you hav taken in sustaining those mighty pillars resting upon your shoulders, received from those dear hands and that mind which established our glorious TRUTH SEEKER. Never may its future become darkened or its wide influence lessened, is the ardent wish of your faithful subscriber, SARAH GREGG FOX.

P.S.—It does our hearts good to look upon the picture of that fine monument. We hav ours already framed, and want, when they are ready, one of the lithographs, as an adorning presence in our home. With dear Elmina, we worship all beautiful things. S. G. F.

BURLINGTON, KAN., July 29, 284.

MR. EDITOR: I inclose for publication in THE TRUTH SEEKER the remarks of Professor O. S. Fowler, as given in the Kansas City *Times*, in answer to Col. Ingersoll, in the first Baptist church of Kansas City. Why I request the publication of his remarks is because in 1846 Professor Fowler was denounced and anathematized as one of the vilest of Infidels by about all of the clergy all over the country; and I know whereof I speak, for I was a subscriber and an attentiv reader of the *Phrenological Journal* of that day, and I was admonished by our pretended soul-savers not to read it, for it was a very dangerous publication. But the Fowlers' writings were Homeopathic potions of Infidelity. Still, they in part commenced the evolution of our present force of Liberals. And I know for myself and others of my acquaintances, and about my age, that they first commenced the agitation of thought which is always the beginning of wisdom in our minds, and by which we hav evolved out of the quagmires of superstition.

CHRIS. BROWN.

PROFESSOR FOWLER CONCLUDES THAT THERE IS A GOD, AND THE SOUL IS IMMORTAL.

Professor O. S. Fowler delivered an interesting lecture last night, by request, at the First Baptist Church, to a large audience, upon the subject of "God and Immortality." Speaking phrenologically, Professor Fowler said there was ample evidence both as to the existence of a God and the immortality of the soul. The science of phrenology showed conclusivly that the mind of man was adapted to faith, just as much as it was adapted to food, or to light, which presupposed light. From the fact, therefore, that the mind of man was adapted to faith, it was a logical proposition that it must hav faith in something, which it acknowledges to be its superior. From the fact that man was provided with moral organs, ample proof was adduced that he was intended as a moral and religious being, and not merely as an automaton.

The moral organs were placed on the top of the brain, which went to show that man's moral nature was intended to predominate over everything else, and from the positions of the organs of intellect it was evidently intended that the intellect and the organs of morality were intended to be co-existent, and to work in harmony one with the other; and from the very fact of the existence of the reasoning organs it was proved that men should hav an intelligent philosophical religion, and not merely a blind and senseless faith.

Professor Fowler argued that the fact of the existence of an organ of adoration of the deity in man was absolute proof that there was a God to worship and to receive such worship, and it was equally true that such organs had to be used and exercised in order to keep them in full and activ existence. It was also necessary that the exercise of these functions should afford pleasure in order that the other faculties might be operated and work in concert.

The same arguments were applicable to the theory of the immortality of the soul. The continued and steady longing for a future life which existed in the human mind showed that there must be a counterpart. Human life was the steady instance of progress from its infancy to dissolution. After death men became superior beings. Their animal faculties were subordinated to their intellectual, which were perfected and spiritualized. In ordinary life age marked the increase of the faculties; therefore it was superior to youth, and young people were inferior to old people. It was impossible to believe that after man had fully developed his mental and spiritual faculties, and after the deity had raised him to an exalted pinnacle, that he would dash him into atoms, provided that immortality was the better thing. One of the faculties which was quickened on earth was the love which existed between parents and children; and in a future state this faculty would be perfected, recognition taking place, and a more acute intensity of the power of love being prevalent. Beyond the grave none of the faculties were destroyed, merely perfected; the limited human understanding would there be limitless, the desires satisfied but etherealized—the soul and mind, in fact, wrought out to their highest point of spiritual exultation and glorified immortality.

ARROWSMITH, ILL., July 25, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find one of Livezey's circulars. I think by the reading of it and its general ring that he has been converted to Infidelity. The very fact that he has concluded Talmage is a hypocrit is proof that he is sincere in what he says. Reprint his circular. It will speak for itself, and do the cause good. Score one more. Livezey says he knows "that Infidelity is as catching as cholera." He ought to know—he seems to "hav it bad" in this circular.

Respectfully, PENN KIRK.

LIVEZEY TAKES AN INFIDEL VIEW.

"Mr. Edholm, having lived among the Mormons for the last twenty-three years, and having been a close observer of their tendencies, comes out in THE TRUTH SEEKER of July 19th with the rather novel proposition that Congress appropriate a few thousand dollars to pay a few Infidel lecturers to go out as missionaries to argue with the Mormons and spread the sweets of Infidelity over the acidities of their custom. This plan, as revolting as it may seem to the churchman, is certainly more humane, just, and even Christian, than the barbarous extermination policy advocated by hypocrit Talmage. For my purposes, insomuch as I hav found Infidelity the best vantage ground for my own reformations, I heartily approve of it, though I would regret the loss hereabouts of the missionaries. I know that Infidelity is as catching as cholera."

MOSCOW MILLS, MO., July 29, 284.

MR. EDITOR: With a light heart I am seated at my desk to express my high appreciation and admiration for your paper, the grandest and best reform journal in America, if not in the world. Long may its precious and glorious banner wave o'er the land of the free and home of the brave—until, at least, all the evil of the Christian church may be swept from the face of the globe. I can say without any fear of contradiction that the filthy, polluted jaws of the Christian's pitiful God are growing weaker all the while. In my community, Lincoln Co., the churchmen are so near being buried in and with the past that they hav no more preaching. There are many good Liberals here. They are young in the faith, but we all know the suckling babe has to crawl before it can walk. We hav thousands of Infidels in Missouri, but the most of them as yet keep still about their faith in Infidelity. Mr. William Foster, of this vicinity, says that we Liberals cannot prove that Infidelity has got one good principle in its platform. I told Mr. Foster that I would prove to him that our platform had not got any flaw in it—but Mr. Foster was not there. He would not argue the subject in question at all. Mr. Livezey, of Catonsville, Md., sent me one of his "Circulars to Infidels," stating that he silenced thirty or forty of our most scientific Liberal writers and lecturers of this country, Hon. Robert G. Ingersoll included. The civilized world knows that Mr. Livezey's statement is a black lie. I wrote an open card to the liar in question and told him to please keep his Christian slime at home. I suppose he has done so; at any rate I hav not heard from the sneak since.

Your for universal mental liberty, C. B. HUNTER.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., July 29, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Is our country progressing? It is doubtful. Why? Behold the untaxed temples of superstition, scattered in vast numbers over our beautiful land, where bigotry, superstition, and consummate nonsense are forced upon an enlightened public, through the indirect aid of state legislation. O shades of Paine, Franklin, and Jefferson! look down with scorn and contempt upon these theological cranks. The self-conceited Jo Cook, the wide-mouthed maniac, Talmage, the half-and-half go-as-you-please Beecher, and thousands of their stamp, are confusing the people in this enlightened nineteenth century. And with what? With beautiful selections from the holy scriptures. For instance—how God so loved the world

at one time that he submerged it in water nearly five miles deep; and, later on, in order to persuade the world to "fear the Lord their God, and serve him, and cleave unto him, and swear by his name," allowed his servant Joshua to stop the sun, that he might see to exterminate his enemies. Sanctified nonsense! senseless blunders! A school-boy could make up a better tale. No wonder that the Jews were always in trouble and never succeeded in anything until their God forsook them. But our holy cranks tell us that the ways of God are past finding out. The more is the pity. What in the name of reason is the use of a God if we are never to understand him or find out his ways? But alas! we never shall, unless his partner, who is sometimes called the devil, divulges the secret, as he did when God lied about the fruit of the tree of knowledge. "In the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die," said God. "Thou shalt not surely die," said his partner. Now, who lied? For instead of dying in that day, it must hav seemed as though he never intended to die, for he lived to be almost a thousand years old. However, if the Westminster Abbey crowd don't succeed in finding out some of God's ways after spending about twenty years' time and several hundred thousand dollars, we may as well save our time and money and wait a few thousand years for a new revelation. But, my friends, we must hope that not only in our own country, but wherever Christianity has left its damning blight, there is or will be progress.

NELSON HUNT.

BUTLER, N. J., Aug. 1, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I received book and tracts in good order. Was highly pleased with same, and was abundantly rewarded for so trifling a cost.

In addition to this, I will add the following feeble effort—one drop, as it were, in the falling of the great freshet of Free-thought, from which many may drink and be satisfied—and request its publication, if space will allow, in THE TRUTH SEEKER, for the benefit of all who read its pages and share its sentiments, and worship at the shrine of universal mental liberty.

OUR CREED.

Tune: "Safe Within the Veil."

Universal mental freedom
Is the standard of our creeds;
This we hold in brilliant colors;
'Tis the coming, pressing need.

Chorus:—Orthodox and priesthood fail
Since the bark of science set sail.
Drop the falsehood out of sight;
Liv for freedom, truth, and right.

Truth reclaims us from all darkness;
Frees us from the sword, the jail.
Error leaves our mental vision—
Science lifts the mystic veil.

The Christian's mental dream of heaven,
Paved with gold for human tread—
What an error to befall them,
When the earth reclaims her dead!

Martyrs of our creed hav perished;
Hav they lived for us in vain?
This the source of all progression,
And our high and noble aim.

GEORGE KRAHMER.

EL MONTE, CAL., July 18, 284.

MR. EDITOR: The last five-dollar lot of books came to hand in good condition, and is feeding crumbs of common sense to a few emaciated brains who are in need of a morsel of Liberal food in order to improve their mental health.

I see in your quotations from Article IX of the California constitution in your issue of July 5th that "No sectarian or denominational doctrin shall be taught, or instruction thereon be permitted, directly or indirectly, in any of the common schools of this state." Yet in this county, and, I think, all over the state, "Gospel Songsters" are used indirectly as text-books to teach Jew, Infidel, and all non-sectarian families' children that old orthodox myth, "Jesus is my all, and in him I trust." These Protestant hymns are sung three or four times a day, to mold the plastic brains of our youth to believe in the Christian dogmas, in order that when they grow up to be men and women they will think it a duty to help support the 81,-717 parsons, who toil not, neither do they spin. And only that many in these so-called free and republican United States! Think of the cool assurance they possess when they say to their sleepy audiences: "We [the preachers] are the chief engineers that run the car of progress that has enlightened and civilized humanity." While the real truth is, all they do, or ever hav done, is to hold up to the mental view of their deluded hearers an ideal painting, tinted, spotted, striped, and darkly shaded in the stale blood of a mythical Christ. Yes, from four to six times a week, not to mention protracted meetings, their hearers are washed, bathed, and pretendedly sanctioned in the blood of Jesus—a man who, if ever he did liv, was only a human being—taking the Bible evidence, for there is not a place in it where he said he was truly the son of God. Make all we can of the priestly story, he was only an itinerant preacher, who, parrot-like, repeated the maxims and sayings of his pagan superiors. As a doctor, if he lived in this age his laying on of hands and his clay-and-spittle treatment would brand him a quack. As a citizen (take the Bible story for it), he was a rebel to the laws of the land in which he lived, and only suffered the death penalty of the capital punishment, which was in his time the law of the nation. Like the two thieves, he was a malefactor (see Luke xxiii, 32), and died like any other Christian criminal, calling on his God to help him, instead of relying on the muscles of his legs to keep out of the sight of old Judas, his Christian pal, who turned state's-evidence against his chum. Query: Why don't the parsons say anything about the blood of Judas? He surely took an activ part in the salvation game, for he saved God from coming down from his throne and tramping about among the common soldiers and crying out, "My son, where art thou?" as he did when he wanted Adam in the garden. And then if Judas had not pointed out Jesus, who can (if Christians), doubt but Christ could hav escaped to the mountain, and there by praying and preaching succeeded in appeasing the wrath of his heavenly father, and maybe got a change of venue, and fared better outside of Pilate's jurisdiction? Then, if Christ had escaped the crucifixion farce, what a blessing it would hav been for humanity to hav saved the vinegar, gall, wine, myrrh, and hyssop, and many thousands of hard-earned dollars that hav been paid to the priests for the many shiploads of splinters and nails from the reputed veritable cross on which the Christians pinned their blessed redeemer! But how strange that the relic-hunters hav never found a little shoe, a bib, or tucker, or even one lock of yellow hair, that belonged to the infant savior! Why did not some taxidermist preserve one little sparrow that took wings and flew away when he was making mud cakes and mud sparrows with his playmate (see Apocrypha)? Can't they find anywhere one little pop-gun, or a little elder whistle, or one little box, or a jack-knife, a hammer, or any little tool used or made by Christ during his service as a carpenter with his father Joseph for eighteen long years? Strange! strange! not one of all these, nor even an emblematic one—not one fac simile! Still the priesthood can find an abundance of emblematic flesh and blood on every communion day. And they can commune as often as the chief of the band deems it requisit to re-swear his deluded followers, for fear they will mutinize and join in with those who uphold common sense and science.

J. E. CLARK.

MOUNT UNION, OHIO, Aug. 1, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: In our school district, which is chiefly composed of Methodists and United Brethren families, we concluded to hav a Literary Society started for the benefit of both children and parents, or whoever might choose to join the society. A protracted meeting was going on in an adjacent neighborhood a part of the time, and many of our members attended that, and thought it both proper and wise to favor the Literary Society with essays upon religious subjects, thickly interspersed with quotations from and eulogies upon the Bible, etc., which were quite edifying, no doubt, to the believer, and which the Liberalist or skeptic was no doubt expected to swallow whole, and keep his mouth shut afterward. But one of the members, being somewhat exercised, wrote and read the following essay, which caused as much of a sensation as though a thunderbolt had fallen in their midst:

"THE BIBLE.

"Inspiration is the good which shines into our souls from God, or from good in whatever form. And as God is good, the inspirations from him must necessarily be good and for our good. Truth, wherever found, is a righteous inspiration, and evil, as the reverse, should be denounced and eradicated. Why, then, should our love and reverence of any book lead us so far as to tolerate the bad, and call that truth which, were it by itself placed before us, we would shun and despise? We are endowed with discernment to discriminate right from wrong. Why not use it alike in all cases? If in our works on science and morality we find anything which, measured by our discernment of truth and right, would be found wanting, we relentlessly cast it out. But in an isolated instance we stick to the whole, both good and bad, of a certain book, and denounce to the bitterest end anyone who may question its divinity, and by so doing allow reason to be overthrown by superstitious prejudice. The Bible contains many true and beautiful things, but while it is looked upon as a divine book it cannot but be a curse to humanity. Were its teachings carried out it would be destructiv of the intelligence, liberty, and happiness of mankind. It has maintained slavery, burnt witches, beaten and frightened thousands of children to death, obstructed and denounced science and education, declaring that the wisdom of man is foolishness and that we can only get wise through faith and prayer, drugged the souls of its devotees to sleep, made them indifferent to the possibilities of human progress, destroyed the finest works of art, burnt the greatest libraries, encouraged licentiousness, degraded woman to a slave, upheld the monstrous infamy of polygamy, authorized Jesuitism, which says it is right to do evil that good may come of it, encouraged dishonesty and insincerity, made thousands insane, filled the heart of man with hatred for his own flesh and blood, haunted his mind with horror, and covered the world with blood. What other book can boast so long a catalog of errors and horrors? Yet we are told to peruse it prayerfully and these unseemly portions will melt away as the dew before the rising sun, and we will see and take it as a whole, will accept all between its lids. But is this our highest idea of right? Much of the very best contained in the book was uttered long before Christ came to earth. Why revere the copy more than the original? We are a people in captivity, held in thraldom by the teachings of our forefathers, who thought it sacrilege to utter a word against the Bible. But a day will come—yea, has already dawned—and the spell is broken, and men worthy of the name are stepping forth, daring to think for themselvs, halting not for ancestral belief, public opinion, or pecuniary advantage, ready to subscribe to no creed but to the truth and right. But the true brotherhood of humanity will never come save through the destruction of every idea of a God in whose name men hate and persecute each other, who encourages a man to do a wrong on a credit, who sends good men to hell and bad ones to heaven. These things hav done harm enough. They hav cast a shadow in the sunlight of the heart of every good and tender man and woman. We must not weave laurels round these absurdities for fear we may shock the sensibilities of those who hav believed them to be divine. Friends, regret not that the anchor has broken from the old moorings, and that you are invited to sail forth upon the sea of being in search of new truths. Many white sails dot the joy-crested billows before you; while those on board cheer each other in their search for a land of summer and beauty. What though you know not the end of the voyage? Truth will be your polar star, and the breath of love will fill the sail, and the joy of life your hearts, and a desire to do right and act grandly each one's part triumph over the old belief in the absurdities of an ancient production, with its contradictions and untruths, palpable to every close observer."

One of the members was heard to remark after the reading of the above: "That essay contained my sentiments exactly, but I should not hav thought it the place to read them." And why not? The religionists think all times and all places proper to dish out their hash to us poor Infidels, but if we return the compliment it is a terrible thing. For my part I think we hav held back, borne and forborne long enough, and it is now our duty as Liberals to put away our fears of losing our popularity and step manfully forth and defend our cause.

Respectfully, R. M. MCCALLUM.

TEMPERANCE "COUNTRY COOKING."

NEWPORT, ME., July 19, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: When Horace Greeley edited the New York *Tribune* he took a trip in the country among farmers, and when he returned he wrote an article for his paper on "Country Cooking," criticising severely the manner of cooking of farmers' wives.

I hav taken a great many such trips myself, one of which I hav just returned from, and for the benefit of your over-zealous prohibition correspondents I hav a word to say. I hav long been satisfied that the food question underlies the drink question—that intemperance can never be abolished until there is a radical reform in the kind of food people eat, but especially in the manner of cooking. It is no libel on anyone to say that at least three-quarters of all the food to be found on the tables of farmers is not fit to be taken into the stomach. My present feelings are nothing new on the all-important subject, for some five years ago, when I was in Washington, D. C., I offered a resolution in a meeting that "the stomach is the seat of war." Many times I hav since thought how I ever could hav stood up before an audience and offered such a resolution, but experience has proved the truth of my words, "the stomach is the seat of war"—that never until the people hav clean stomachs, made so by a more healthy and better-cooked food, can intemperance or war be abolished. That people's passions are set on fire by the unhealthy and badly-cooked food I hav not a doubt. I hav seen men sit down to eat fried ham when the thermometer registered ninety degrees in the shade, with a pint of clear fat in the platter, when I know that said fat was worse for their stomachs than alcohol. And most of the bread is only an apology for bread. The longer I liv the more I am satisfied that as an article of food pork is an abomination, and, as a physician once said, "fit only for savages." And where is this article, pork, which Christians take into the same stomach they do a part of their God, made? In a filthy sty, reeking with the stench of the hog's own excrement. And a large part of the food of hogs is eaten in a trough that is never washed, and thousands of hogs eat their food thrown in among their own excrements.

And this food is washed down with what Horace Greeley called "a muddy preparation called coffee." I am sorry to say that not only Christians, but Spiritualists, keep these filthy brutes, hogs, and eat them, and sell their nice lambs to the drovers because they are too ignorant to keep them for their own use. But this is not all of the sad story. A large portion of the men, and sometimes a woman—and a Spiritualist, too—use the twin abomination, tobacco.

And with this state of things universally with the young and old, our prohibition friends try to make themselvs think they can stop the spread of intemperance by law. Wait a hundred years, my friends, and your children will see your folly. I would not hav it understood there are no exceptions to this state of things, for there are—noble exceptions. But I do say that seventy-five per cent of the food taken into the stomach is not fit to eat; that it causes disease, insanity, and premature death; that fried hog, and the heating, poisonous grease that has come out of it, and is eaten by millions of gallons, has done more to curse the race than ever rum did; that all the laws that can be made and backed up by an army, and a navy as strong as the Spanish Armada, can never stop the tide of intemperance until the people hav clean stomachs.

When the seventy thousand priests in this country, together with the so-called temperance lecturers, will teach the people the laws of health, take up the questions of food, right generation, advocate shorter hours of labor, and an increase of pay for the same amount of work, the abolition of all laws that make usury legal, the abolition of the army and the navy, and many other reforms that must some time come, and then wait patiently for the people to grow up to a knowledge of these things, we may hope to see a better state of society.

The fanatical crusade to drive the people to become temperate is only retarding the real, the true, lasting temperance work, making it far more difficult to redeem mankind than it otherwise would be if they were saved by education, the world's true savior.

The above words, hastily written after hanging up the scythe are put on paper for the sake of doing good, and if they are not true, he or she who will point out their errors is my best friend.

SEWARD MITCHELL.

P. S.—Who is it that is going to be a traitor to the cause of liberty and an enemy to D. M. Bennett by proposing to get back into the Liberal League that detestable traitor, John C. Bundy? Does he suppose that D. M. Bennett has no friends left to remember the deep-dyed scoundrelism of Bundy and Abbot when they made their simultaneous attack on that grand and noble man when he was bound in prison? It is time enough to take back an enemy when he asks forgivness and shows signs of repentance. Look at the villainous attack on the pure and spotless character of Moses Hull and Juliet H. Severance by Bundy, and copied into Heywood's last *Word*. A person who will take the hand or be seen in the society of John C. Bundy is an enemy to D. M. Bennett and the cause of liberty. The attack that Bundy made on Mr. Bennett was worse than murder, and I hav more detestation for him than I hav for the miserable Comstock. Let him cleanse his foul soul before he attempts to appear in decent society. S. M.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"His life is long whose work is well,
And be his station low or high,
He who the most good works can tell,
Livs longest though he soonest die."

Her Birthday.

How well I mind me of the day,
Tinted with August gold,
I held her, laughing in my arms,
Our baby, one year old!
How fond I watched her infant charms,
And kissed her dimpled face,
While close I folded to my breast
Her form of matchless grace!

And when, on silver wings, Time sped
Twelve months again away,
Then sweetly lisped her loving voice—
"I two 'ears old to-day!"
Her little feet had learned to climb,
Her hands learned mischief, too;
Yet, watch and ward o'er her to keep
Was pleasure sweet and new.

And when three years had seen her mind
Unfold in beauty bright—
To her the earth a wonder-land,
An Eden of delight—
I kissed her pure and stainless lips,
Hoping, trusting, the while,
That she might never know earth's woe,
Its harshness or its guile.

Four years flew gaily, swiftly on,
Four joyous years of love;
With brilliant hopes and many plans
Each year was thickly wove.
Her prattling voice, her merry laugh,
Made happiness complete;
And music sweet was to our ears
The patter of her feet.

Five years old! her precious mind
Unfolded day by day,
And promis gave of gracious worth—
A gem of brightest ray.
Proudly we watched her onward growth,
As fled the hours away,
Nor thought we that our jewel bright
Was shrined in mortal clay.

Six years, at length, came quick and sure,
Rose-crowned and diamond-tipped;
As bright as though each year had been
In rainbow colors dipped.
In sympathetic grace she grew
A sweetest friend to be;
Before her words—"I love you, dear!"
All clouds would quickly flee.

Seven years old!—this August day
Is gay with birds and flowers;
The purple pansies bloom as bright
As when, in other hours,
We wreathed them on our darling's head,
With leaves of ivy green—
Herself the fairest, brightest flower
Our eyes had ever seen.

Her birthday! and, through misty tears
I look in vain to see
Her lovely face, her wondrous eyes,
With love-light turned to me;
For silent is the voice I loved,
Still are the dancing feet;
And wrapped in dust are all the hopes
That once made life so sweet.

August 3, 1884.

The Instincts of Animals.

Many persons hav an indistinct idea of what is called instinct in animals, and to show that it is a feeling which has by usage impressed itself upon the memory, I will relate what I hav often witnessed in dogs that were trained to hunting.

It will be noticed that different breeds of dogs hav different instincts, or, in other words, there are some kinds of dogs that can scent a fox much better than any other kind of animal, while a setter, or pointer, will smell birds a long way off, which a dog trained to fox-hunting would not notice. This, then, depends on training, and shows a development of memory of the different kinds of odor. One peculiarity in far-smelling animals is owing to their long noses. A short-nosed dog will not be as acute in detecting game as one that has a long nasal protuberance. The greyhound, which has the longest nose, however, is an exception to this rule, simply because he, by a constant habit of depending on his eyes, has not developed the sense of smell. He, being so long-legged and sharp-eyed, has acquired the faculties of keen sight and extraordinary speed, but is a failure on a still hunt.

It seems hard to understand why a dog can smell a bird, or a fox, and know the direction it has gone, and follow up the trail until it is overtaken, but when we consider that the air is permeated with the odor, and that it affects the nerves by a certain kind of chemical action, just as pepper would affect our noses if thrown into the air, it becomes a very simple and easy problem for any boy or girl to understand. There is nothing so simple, when the natural conditions are all taken into account, and there is even no mystery about it. The habit of relying upon cause and effect to settle all seemingly strange things in nature will, by study, unravel them all.

The odor of musk is so fine a material and permeates the air so fully that one drop placed in a corked vial, by which the odor can pass off, will last for twenty years.* There is an insensible perspiration passing from our bodies, by means of which all wild animals detect us a long way off. For this reason a hunter who understands his trade will always get on the wind side, or will hunt against the air current so as to giv his dog a chance to get the first sniff of the game he is in search of before it gets away, as it surely would if the wind were blowing in the direction of the animal. And it is by means of this fine material passing from our bodies that our dog, who is familiar with us, will be able to detect our trail and follow it, when a dozen other persons hav gone in the same direction, for the reason that no two persons emit the same odor. The reason, then, that dogs can hunt, is because of a keen sense of smelling what has passed off into the air and lodges on their nerves. I was very much amused upon one occasion to see the effects of this sense upon a dog. A gentleman had caught a red fox, and after securing him with a muzzle and chain, brought him from the mountain into the village. When he got to the hotel steps, in showing his fox, the animal, anxious to escape, jumped into a drift of snow, and holding him by the chain, he had quite a tussle to get him out of it, but he finally did, and took him into the hotel. Standing upon the stoop I noticed a large red hound coming along in an unconcerned and careless way, but suddenly he took the scent of the fox, and bristling up in wonderful astonishment at such an odor in a village, his dogship hardly knew what to make of it, but knowing that he could not be mistaken, he made a ferocious bound into the snow-drift, and not finding the fox as he expected, he threw himself upon his haunches, and tossing his head into the air, he cried out with all the power of his lungs in disappointment, sorrow, and rage. It was the most expressiv howl I ever heard from a dog, and when he took up his line of travel, he seemed so dejected that I believe he must hav had some notion of committing suicide in disgust, as he kept up a low growling and moaning cry as far as I could hear him. I imagined he was swearing at his bad luck, as some foolish people are in the habit of doing when their emotions are too strong for their judgment. Scent acts precisely the same in regard to odors as hearing does in regard to sound—when we hear a noise we locate it, because the lines of vibration and their undulations act in such a way as to carry the mind to the most central point of disturbance, or center of commotion; and just in the same way are we sensible of the location of a stove, which we detect by means of the variableness of the radiations of its heat, so that in playing the game of "Blind man's Buff" we can always know how to avoid the hot stove, if we are careful enough to observe this rule.

I will close this lesson on dogs by relating a circumstance that took place once, which goes to show the persistency of some breeds, and the certainty of their knowledge. Dogs seldom lie, and can usually be relied upon in searching for game. They will not act like many men, endeavoring to deceive you with their hypocrisy, but are mostly honest and true to their instincts. Upon this occasion, on the way home after a hard day's hunt, we came to a rocky patch and noticed our dog, Spy, smelling around the heap of stones, first on one side, and then on the other. At last his master told him to come on, but Spy would cock his ears up and wag his tail, and look so pleased, as though he would say, "Come back, I hav something here," and then he would busy himself in smelling around again. We indulged him for some time, and finding him determined to stick to it, we went back and commenced kicking about the stone heap, but could get nothing out. At last his master told him he thought he must be mistaken, there was nothing there; but the dog put his head down and barked into the heap as much as to say, "I know better." We then went to work to uncover one stone at a time, and, after working until almost night, we came upon a splendid rabbit. That poor animal had its nerves so worked upon that when Mr. Sautee caught it, I never heard such pathetic cries; he dragged it out of its cosy retreat and held it in his arms, but its cries were too pitiful to withstand—in fact, it melted his heart into compassion, and he spoke to it in a consoling way, and said, "Well, since you take it so hard, and life seems so sweet to you, I will not be the one to deprive you of it; you shall hav another chance," and putting the rabbit on its feet, it bounded away, while the dog was held back, no doubt surprised at his lost labor.

Mr. Sautee, in commenting upon the incident, said, "If I had the government of this wicked world, and could not make it better than it is, rather than destroy it I would do as I did with the poor rabbit, I would giv it another chance." And, no doubt, everyone who reads this will agree that it surely needs it.

The lesson I wish to impart is that smelling is a chemical effect, produced upon the nerves by a deposit of material substances, which act upon them analagous to the touch felt on any part of the body, or the sense of a heat picture impressed upon the retina of the eye; in fact, smelling is like all the other senses, a feeling of a material substance, but so fine in its qualities as to evade all modes of measurement, and, in consequence, is said to be imponderable. If this explanation of the philosophy of smelling is too difficult for any of our intelligent boys or girls who read the Children's Corner to understand, I advise them to consult with older persons, and to use the dictionary, by which means the mystery of scent in animals will be exploded. J. R. PERRY.

*Sautee.—Ed.

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*An entire room has been known to be perfumed with musk for thirty years, and no perceptible loss of weight in the musk observed; and specimens, it is said, hav been preserved for a hundred years, the odor remaining the same. It is the product of the male of an Asiatic animal known as the musk deer, and is supplied to commerce by China, chiefly, two or three drachms being worth fifteen dollars; but the crafty Chinese are in the habit of adulterating the same so that the genuin article is hardly known in trade. When musk is first taken from the animal, travelers say that those near its influence are in danger of hemorrhage from the nose, and it often brings on headache.—ED.

Liberal Meetings.

[Leagues and Liberal and Spiritualistic Societies in the United States and Canada meeting regularly, can have notices of their meetings published in this column free if the officers will send them to us.]

MICHIGAN.

MUSKEGON.—The Liberal League meets every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock in the German Odd Fellows' Hall, corner of Western ave. and Terrace st.

OHIO.

CLEVELAND.—The Liberal League meets every Sunday at 3 P.M., in room 29, City Hall building. Lectures free. Communications can be addressed to W. I. Irvine, Secretary.

MAINE.

PORTLAND.—Dr. H. A. Lamb has hired Congress Hall, Congress street (entrance on Temple street), where free meetings, lectures, and discussions are held every Sunday, 2:30 P.M. Admittance free. Public invited.

OREGON.

PORTLAND.—The Auxiliary Liberal League of Portland, Or., holds meetings every Sunday, at 2 o'clock, P.M., at Nonpareil Hall, cor. 1st and Madison streets. All are invited. Admission free.

MASSACHUSETTS.

BOSTON.—Boston Liberal Club holds meetings for essays and criticisms every Sunday forenoon at 10:45 in the Paine Memorial Building, Appleton street.——The "Society of the Divine Homo" at same place every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Sunday-school at 2:30. Admission free.

PENNSYLVANIA.

ALTOONA.—The League holds meetings every Wednesday evening and Sundays at 3 P.M., at the League Room, corner of Eleventh ave. and 13th st., third floor, entrance on 13th st.

PHILADELPHIA.—The Friendship Liberal League meets every Sunday at Hancock Hall, 814 Girard avenue, at 2:30 o'clock, and 7:30 o'clock, P.M., for lectures and free debates. THE TRUTH SEEKER and Liberal books for sale.

PITTSBURGH.—Pittsburgh Liberal League meets at Maltby Hall, 76 Fifth avenue, every Sunday (except during the Months of July and August) at 3 o'clock. A free platform is maintained. Exercises consist of a lecture, followed by 10 minute criticisms, with 15 minutes allowed the lecturer to reply. Clergymen invited to discuss.

NEW JERSEY.

NEWARK.—Newark Liberal League meets every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the League's Hall, 177 Halsey street. Exercises consist of music, readings, lecture, and discussion, in which all present are invited to participate. Admission free. Collection taken. Communications for the League should be addressed to J. W. Frankel, 10 Pine street, Newark.

CANADA.

TORONTO.—Secular Society. Reading and Lecture Rooms, No. 9 Grand Opera House. Open every evening and Sundays. Lecture every Sunday evening. Freethinkers and strangers are cordially invited.

MONTREAL.—Pioneer Freethought Club meets every Sunday at 3 P.M., at 1310 Catharine street. Reading-room open daily until 10:30 P.M. Library open for exchange of books three evenings per week, and on Sunday afternoons. Free public lectures on Sundays as advertised in local newspapers. Strangers always welcome. G. S. Wilson President; C. Stevens, Secretary.

GANANOQUE, ONT.—Gananoque Secular Society, meets every Sunday evening at eight o'clock, in Acton's Hall. Free Library and Reading Room open all day Sunday. Visitors and strangers always welcome. Geo. G. Meikle, President; Henry Smith, Secretary.

NEW YORK.

ALBANY.—The Liberal association meets every Sunday at Van Vechten Hall, 119 State street. Sunday-school at 2 P.M. General business meeting and debates and discussions at 3 P.M. Lecture at 7:30 P.M. The public are cordially invited to attend, also all Liberals visiting the city. Admission free.

NEW YORK CITY.—The American Spiritualist Alliance meets every Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock in Republican Hall, 55 West 33d street.——The First Society of Spiritualists holds its meetings every Sunday in Republican Hall, 55 West 33d street. Morning service 11 o'clock; evening, 7:45. Seats free. Public cordially invited.——Arcanum Hall, 57 West 25th Street, cor. 6th ave. The People's Spiritual Meeting every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 P.M.

BROOKLYN.—The Brooklyn Spiritual Society meets at Conservatory Hall, cor. of Fulton street and Bedford avenue, every Sunday. Services at 11 A.M. and 7:45 P.M. Admission free. Public cordially invited. Liberal and Spiritual papers and books for sale.——The Everett Hall Spiritual Conference, 398 Fulton street, meets every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. Meetings free. Spiritual literature for sale.——The Eastern District Spiritual Conference meets every Monday evening at Composite Room, 4th street, corner of south 2d street, at 7:45. Spiritual and Liberal literature on sale. All invited.——The Philosophical Association meets every Sunday afternoon in the Assembly Room of Wright's Business College, Broadway, corner of Fourth street, E. D., at 3 P.M. Public cordially invited. Doors open at 2:30 P.M.

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Freethinkers' Meeting.

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The clergy are invited to be present, and time will be divided with them.

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Western Notes.

A BRIEF REVIEW OF A LECTURE BY THE REV. TE DEUM WITT(Y) TALMAGE, D.D. (DRIVEL DISPENSER).

This year I visited the pleasant summer resort of Island Park, in northern Indiana. The pious look which I wear when I vist such places probably deluded some people into the notion that I was a rather pious sort of person, perhaps a deacon, for in less than ten minutes after I reached the grounds a lively, pleasant-faced lady accosted me, saying, "Excuse me, sir, but aren't you interested in the Sunday-school?" As soon as I recovered my breath I was tempted to say that my soul was fairly bathed, as it were, in certain burning questions pertaining to the blessed Sabbath-school work, but for some reason such talk has grown somewhat unfamiliar to me, and I was obliged to confess that I was not completely absorbed in the work of leading little ones to the master during the hot weather. I heard three doctors of divinity lecture, and reverends of lesser note were there "too numerous to mention." Dr. Thomas, of Brooklyn, N. Y., seems to be a very fine man. He lectured on "Natural History," and his lectures were instructiv and interesting. I could not help thinking that if he would throw theology aside and devote himself to science and the diffusion of general knowledge he would be a very useful man. On Thursday, July 28th, Dr. Lyman Abbott, of New York, delivered an address to the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle. The address would hav been well enough at a political meeting, but it was inappropriate on that occasion. The doctor gave a picture of a poor man crowded into one of the tenement houses of New York, surrounded by want and disease, praying to the God who seems to hav forgotten him. I was in hopes Mr. Abbott would tell us why God refuses to answer that poor man, and the thousands like him. But he didn't. He hurried away from the unpleasant subject, and said something about Jay Gould and the workingmen. On Friday Talmage spoke on "Ingersollism" to an immense audience. He has a powerful voice, which, when allowed to flow out naturally at a certain pitch, is sonorous and pleasing, but harsh and guttural when he tries to be impressiv, and ridiculous when he attempts to be pathetic, and this is quite often.

It is a little strange that Talmage doesn't realize that he honors Ingersoll more than Liberals do. Liberals don't recognize any such thing as Ingersollism, and it is safe to say that Mr. Ingersoll never thought of having any ism attached to his name. The work of Freethought is many times too great to be fastened to the name of any man living, or who ever has lived. But perhaps the title was allowable, as Mr. Talmage said he spoke in reply to Ingersoll's lecture on what he was pleased to call "Talmagian Theology." He disclaimed any personal animosity, and, in proof of his sincerity, he invited Mr. Ingersoll, when he shall hav been converted to Christianity and joined the ministry, to preach his first sermon in the Brooklyn Tabernacle. When the chairman rose to present the speaker, fearing that the enthusiasm was oozing out, he requested everybody to wave their handkerchiefs and giv Dr. Talmage a grand salute. Of course hundreds responded, but it was a ridiculous farce. I doubt very much if the distinguished speaker felt highly honored at such applause as that. He said that Voltaire, after writing two hundred and forty volumes against Christianity, renounced Infidelity, and begged that he might be buried in consecrated ground. I don't care whether Voltaire recanted or not. A truth once uttered can never be anything but a truth. If Voltaire's writings were true, a thousand subsequent denials could not affect their truth; if they were not true, a thousand repetitions could not remove their falsehood. The speaker opened his court, and called the case of Infidelity *vs.* Christianity. First witness, Robert G. Ingersoll. "But how shall he be sworn? We shall be obliged to swear him by the spots on the sun and the nebular hypothesis and the aurora borealis, etc." He drawled out these words in a mocking, contemptuous tone, and several people giggled. And that is Talmagian logic. People who went expecting to hear an able argument were kept there in a densely packed crowd on an intensely hot day listening to such stuff as that. He said that John Adams, the founder of this government, was a good Christian. But he did not dwell long on this point. He seemed to think that he had blundered upon dangerous ground. The name of Adams might possibly recall the name of Adams's successor. Mr. Talmage utterly ignored Washington, and Jefferson, and Franklin, and, of course, he never heard that Thomas Paine and Ethan Allen had anything to do with the Revolution. Good Christians must hav been scarce among our noted men, for the speaker made a great leap from John Adams to Daniel Webster. He said that Webster declared that if he was possessed of any superior abilities, he ascribed it to his habit of reading the Bible carefully. I don't know whether Webster ever said that or not, but if he did he either uttered an untruth or he was as thoroughly steeped in superstition as any clown. Does Talmage believe that Webster or any other man ever acquired legal acumen and oratorical power by reading the Bible? He said the Infidel creed was something like this: "I believe in—nothing, the maker of—nothing, who descended into—nothing. I believe in the Agnostic church, the communion of—nothing, etc." He then repeated a part of the apostle's creed with great solemnity, after which he proceeded to demolish his opponent. But unfortunately his opponent was not Ingersoll. He was a little man who had been hiding among the mountains of Mr. Talmage's imagination. Ingersoll believes in something. The nothing party are those who believe in an incomprehensible, three-headed, old-bachelor God, with a son as old as himself—they are probably twins—and who made the world out of—nothing. Talmage denied the charges that the Bible sanctions polygamy and that it degrades woman. He said that Adam, and Noah, and several other gentlemen had only one wife each, that David had more, but he got well paid for it. (Perhaps that is the reason he took them.) The audience would hav been willing to grant that Talmage had made one point in the case if he had told them the chapters and verses where it is stated that David and Solomon were punished because they took more than one wife, and for no other reason. He said, "God permitted it, but he didn't sanction it, just as our government permits it, but does not sanction it." That kind of reasoning may deceive the very elect, but a man who has been born only once will be apt to remember that our government does not, as yet, lay claim to omniscience and omnipotence.

Mr. Talmage mentioned Miriam and Deborah and a few other ancient ladies who gained renown and ought to hav had the ballot if they didn't, and this proves that Ingersoll has slandered the good book. He said one well-established legal maxim was, "False in one thing, false in all." I thought the reverend gentleman was laying down a dangerous standard for himself, and so it proved. His false statements were many, but he took the chances in his eagerness to find just one false statement of Ingersoll's. He did his best to make the people believe that if Ingersoll should make an untrue statement at the commencement of a lecture, he might speak for two hours after that and every word of the lecture would necessarily be false. Every time he thought he had weakened Ingersoll's position he would repeat, "Fa-a-a-alse in one thing, false in all," speaking the word false in a very loud tone, and drawing it out nearly as long as he could without taking breath. He ridiculed Ingersoll for bringing in "that bone" so often in his lectures, meaning the bone that the Lord took out of Adam. He said that Ingersoll would make some sneering remark about the Bible, and five hundred idiots would say, "Oh, yes; that's so, that's so." Five hundred idiots in one audience! How large must that audience be? How many idiots are there to the thousand of our population? Say there are ten. That would giv an audience of 50,000. Again, it may be all right, but, being ignorant of Hebrew and Talmage, I can't quite see why a renowned D.D. from the great City of Churches should travel eight hundred miles to defend his Bible from the attacks of a man who can elicit only the applause of idiots. This seems to me very much like a reflection on the doctor's audiences. If he did not think they were likely to go to Ingersoll's meetings there would be no need of talking to them about Ingersollism. The reverend speaker said that it was absurd for a man who knew no Hebrew to attempt to expound Genesis, who knew no Greek to expound Sophocles, who knew no Latin to expound Horace, who knew no English to expound Shakspere. That is true enough, but when did Ingersoll undertake to expound Genesis? I am of opinion that he believes it is beyond the wit of man to expound Genesis in accordance with historical accuracy, scientific facts, and common sense. If I am mistaken in this statement, I hope I shall be corrected. Ingersoll's first attempt to expound Genesis will probably be in the course of that first sermon in Talmage's church. In reply to Ingersoll's question, "Why don't the clergy read all the Bible in the pulpit?" the doctor says, "There are parts of the Bible that were not intended to be read." Think of that. This noted divine makes a long journey to tell us that part of the Bible is not to be read. Where did he get his authority to say that? Who is to decide which parts are to be read, and which not? He said that you might as well say that the whole of a medical work should be read, or else throw away medical science altogether. What do you think of that logic for a D.D.? He compares the Bible to a medical work. The whole of those works are read, and, besides, they do not pretend to be inspired. The Bible is said to be the pure word of God, and is thrust into the hand of every man, woman, and child who will take it. Why is anything left in it that is not to be read? Does Talmage honestly believe that the authors of the Pentateuch considered part of that work indecent literature, or knew that it would ever be so considered? He denied Ingersoll's charge that the Bible is a cruel book. "Show us the victims of Bidle-reading," he says. He commenced at a large number and came down by degrees to ten, five, one. "There is not one," he solemnly declared. It is of no use for Ingersoll, or anyone else, to argue with a man who has the brazen impudence to stand up before an audience and make such a statement as that. He never heard of St. Bartholomew, of the Inquisition, of the Puritans, of Freeman, the child-slayer. He said that Infidelity scrapes no lint for the wounded, givs no bread to the hungry, etc. I tried to be charitable, but when he said that I could not resist the impression that he deliberately lied. He boasted that all the colleges of this country were under Christian control, and all those of Germany, except Heidelburg, and there, of course, everything is going to the bad. He had lived seven years near Girard College, and he knew that the faculty were all Christian. I fear his statement is too true, but no Christian minister could publicly mention Girard College unless his moral sense was terribly distorted. The doctor exhibited some ingenuity in constructing a series of ladders, precipices, etc., reaching down to the depth of meanness to which a man must descend who would take away Christianity and giv nothing in its place. He doesn't want any of the "don't know" religion of the Agnostics. "I know," said he. Perhaps he does know, but I was convinced that he was mistaken, for in a building only a few rods from where he was speaking were a number of Christian books for sale, and on the back of each was the single word "Creeds."

Talmage says he thinks the bone from which woman was made was taken from Adam's right side instead of the left. That settles it. Talmage *thinks* the bone was taken from the right side, and that smashes Ingersollism into very small pieces. And so he talked for about an hour and a half, shooting his arrows at random, and utterly failed to disprove one statement that Ingersoll has ever published. From beginning to end there was not a sentence in his lecture that showed scientific research or superior debating power. He did the best he could, but his subject presented difficulties that no talent could overcome. I was informed the next day, on good authority, that some church-members who attended were bitterly disappointed. There were many present, too, who went more to learn something about Ingersollism than to honor Mr. Talmage. It is safe to say that at least one-half of those who went expressly to hear the lecture would not hav been there if the subject had been anything else. The papers hav published accounts of many failures this summer, and now it is my sad duty to add another to the list. Sadness prevails.

Answer to Ella E. Gibson's question: S. C. Pomeroy, Kansas; J. A. Conant, Conn.

N. G. W.

A Few Words for "Man," if He Wants to Be Manly.

[The following article was sent to *Man*. But it was returned with the apology: "We hav so much about organization we cannot publish it all, and now the need of the discussion is pretty much over, so we return the manuscript." Will the editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER please find room for it in his paper, so it may be known where I stand on this matter?—S. D. M.].

MR. EDITOR: I notice the subject of a reorganization of the National Liberal League has been brought forward for the consideration of its members, and that the present president and secretary hav given notice that they decline serving another year. In response to this, the *Index* lays down the plan to be adopted by the Liberals at large, if they wish to form a national Liberal organization, in something of the same dictatorial manner it assumed in giving advice to the League a few weeks before it met in annual convention at Syracuse in 1878; and it givs this timely warning to this national Liberal organization before it is born—that it is to hav nothing to do with the National Liberal League, or with any of its past issues, and the National Liberal League as such is to hav nothing to do with it.

In *Man* of May 31st you quoted from *Lucifer* an article headed, "Re-forming the Line.—The League and Liberty," and signed "W.," that gave the ring of a manly *Man;* and I want it now understood that on this question I stand with "W." in *Lucifer*, and will still stand by the League in helping to carry out the Nine Demands of Liberalism, and most fully indorse its position in reference to the repeal of what are commonly known as the Comstock laws—laws that were hatched in the Christian church, the object of which was to put a check on free speech, free mails, and a free press. And it was by the help of these laws that unprincipled men were enabled to persecute, prosecute, and imprison one of our noblest Liberal leaders, whose sufferings in a dungeon entailed on him a disease that laid him in an untimely grave. And I feel that I should belittle myself now to giv up these aims and fall in line with the *Index, Religio-Philosophical Journal*, Comstock, & Co., whom I charge with being at the foundation of this unjust, unrighteous, and malicious prosecution. No, Mr. Editor; others may take such a course as they choose, but as for me, I never can giv my name and means to work with such until they bring forth fruits meet for repentance, which as yet they never hav done.

S. D. MOORE.

Adrian, Mich., June 10, 284.

"The Church the Worst House of Prostitution There."

C. C. Post in Chicago Express.

One day last week we had occasion to go to one of the railroad depots in the heart of this great city.

We were to meet there a friend who was to come on an afternoon train.

We walked from our office to the depot, and finding it a full half-hour to train time concluded to extend our walk beyond, and into a portion of the city with which we were unacquainted.

A very few minutes sufficed to bring us to a district of a character such as those of our readers who are unacquainted with cities, or whose acquaintance is limited to occasional trips to the principal centers of trade in cities, can hav little conception of.

Every second building was a house of prostitution, as was clearly evinced by the number of young women standing at the doors, or sitting idly at the windows gazing into the street.

The remaining buildings were occupied as saloons, dance-houses, second-hand clothing stores, pawn shops, and an occasional filthy-looking grocery or rag-picking establishment.

Squads of dirty children, from the little toddler of two years to the dwarfed and stunted child of six or seven, of both sexes, but all of them too young to be of any service in the pursuits of sin and crime by which their parents obtain a living, were amusing themselvs as best they could upon the sidewalk and in the alleyways.

Among them were many whose faces showed intelligence, but not one who was not filthy, few who were not ragged, while a portion were barefooted although it was in the first days of December, and the writer was clad in overcoat and fur cap. Through this district, and between the two rows of buildings devoted to such purposes and furnishing such a school for future citizens of the republic, flows a not inconsiderable tide of traffic; and laboring men, and possibly laboring women, must pass through it in going to and from their daily toil.

I hav said that the buildings not occupied by saloons, rag-picking establishments, dirty groceries, pawn shops, and the like—of each a few, except the saloons, which were numerous—were houses of prostitution. With these latter I include the church which stands near the beginning of the row, and which, if sins of omission are to be taken into consideration, is largely responsible for the existence of the others.

Oh, no; the church was not built there for the purpose of carrying a knowledge of Christ to these sinful outcasts.

The church was built first, as was proven by the evident age of the structure, and by the fact that costly brown stone churches are not built in such localities, or for such purposes.

No, the church was first built, and under the shadow of its steeple these pest-houses of sin and iniquity hav been established and are now flourishing. This could not hav been possible if the church had taught as Christ commanded, and this is why we say the church is the worst house of prostitution there.

And now to those who are tempted to condemn us for our saying we wish to put a question.

Do you believe that this state of affairs would hav existed in that community if that church had taught, both by precept and example, the things which Christ taught?

Had the pastor of that church, and its members, not shown that they loved wealth and so-called "respectability" better than they loved their fellow men and women; had they in their daily business transactions practiced the great truths which Christ taught, do you not believe that their influence would hav been sufficient to hav kept that community pure?

If you do not, then hav you less faith in the influence of Christ's teachings upon society and the hearts of men than has the writer of

this article, for he believes that if the true doctrins of the great master were proclaimed from the pulpits of the land no such plague-spots would long exist anywhere, much less spring to life under the very shadow of the churches.

The church professes to teach righteousness, justice, and mercy.

What it really does teach is vastly different.

Unrebuked of its pastors and sanctioned by its teachings, the members of the church practice extortion without mercy, and weigh justice by statutory enactments of which they hav secured the passage by bribes.

For theft they hav substituted usury, and for highway robbery the safer crimes of stock-watering, and corners on the necessaries of life; and hav built churches and paid pastors with the money of which they hav thus robbed the people.

Do they think they can rob without impoverishing their victims?

Do they expect those whom they hav robbed and impoverished will respect the Christ who is preached of in churches built with the proceeds of the robbery?

Does the church think that the victims of such subtle schemes for robbing as usury and stock-watering will not attempt to match the cunning which devised those schemes, with the cunning of the pick-pocket and sneak-thief—the intellectual strength, which has forced upon society the acceptance of such infamous schemes, by the force of arm that wields the sand-bag and bludgeon?

Are they who hav prostituted their souls to devising or upholding such schemes for heaping up riches beyond their needs, fit to preach repentance and purity to those who hav prostituted their bodies in order to get bread?

The evidence in the case proves that they are not.

It proves that the prostitution of their bodies by the victims of such unholy schemes for wholesale robbery is but the natural fruit of the prostitution of souls to the spirit of greed, upheld and made respectable by its alliance with the church.

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CINCINNATI, Dec. 19, 1882.

DR. L. TENNEY—Dear Sir: As I feel greatly indebted to you for the benefit I hav received from your treatment, and the use of your Magnetic appliances, I can say without hesitation to those afflicted as I hav been that the effect was simply marvelous. Two weeks ago I was stricken with paralysis in my right arm and could not use it at all, but after wearing a suit of your MAGNETIC CLOTHING for one week, can use it quite as well as ever. I hav also been troubled with Dyspepsia and Kidney Complaint for a number of years, from which I hav suffered intensely, and, although doctoring all the time, never found but temporary relief. Since putting on your appliances I hav experienced great benefit, and if I improve as rapidly as I hav in the past two weeks, will soon be well. I would, therefore, recommend to those suffering as I hav your Magnetic appliances as the only means of effecting a sure cure. Yours respectfully,

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DR. L. TENNEY—Dear Sir: After wearing one of your MAGNETIC VESTS for about three weeks, I was entirely cured of Neuralgia of the Heart and Side, which had been a source of misery to me for the last six years. I had tried numerous remedies before without benefit, but as soon as I put on the MAGNETIC VEST I got relief instantly. With unbounded gratitude, I remain

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Ladies, read the following testimony from a lady who had been under drug treatment for eight years with nervous prostration and female weakness:

OSBORN, O., Dec. 15, 1882.

DR. L. TENNEY: Your letter just received; also the Clothing on Tuesday last. Fitted perfectly. FELT BETTER FROM THE FIRST HOUR I HAD THEM ON. Am not joking, and if I improve as rapidly as I hav since Tuesday, will soon be well. Will report again soon. Respectfully yours, E. J. K.

This lady reports herself entirely cured in less than six weeks after putting on the garments, and, although in bed, unable to get out, when applied, she nevertheless was able to ride twenty miles in two days after the application. The lady's name can be had upon application at this office, by anyone desiring to communicate with her.

Ladies, read the following testimony from a lady who had been suffering for two years with an **Ovarian Tumor**, and who had been told that nothing but the knife would save her life, and the chances were as 9 to 1 against recovery. In four months' time she is perfectly well, and has not taken a dose of medicin since putting on the appliances. Consult us when your physician tells you he can do nothinog for you; it will pay you.

SHULLSBURG, WIS., November 19, 1882.

DR. L. TENNEY, *Dear Sir:* About two years ago my health began to fail me; I became nervous, lost all desire for food, and, in fact, began to fail rapidly, so that I became alarmed and consulted several physicians of St. Louis, at which place I was then stopping, all of whom declared that I had an **Ovarian Tumor**, and that the only thing that would save my life would be the knife. About six months ago I grew rapidly worse, and had about made up my mind to take the only course that seemed left to me, and submit to an operation, when my attention was called to the **Eureka Magnetic Appliances.** As a drowning man will catch at a straw, so did I catch at this faint hope of a cure. Four months ago I purchased a suit of your appliances. From the very first I felt invigorated, the tumor, which had extended entirely across my abdomen, began to decrease, my pains became less from day to day, until now I am as well as I ever was in my life. Since putting on the appliances I hav not taken a single dose of medicin. My bowels, which before were constipated, are now regular. I would therefore cheerfully recommend them to anyone suffering as I hav, believing that they will do all and more than you claim for them. I remain,

Gratefully yours, MRS. MARY J. STEWART.



Remember that these appliances are not worn next the skin, but over the under-garment, and, unlike all other appliances in the market, they impart no shocks and leaves no sores.

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Nerve and Lung Invigorators, -	$ 6.00
Gentlemen's Belts, - - -	6.00
Ladies' Abdominal Belts, - -	6.00
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Ladies Jacket, - - -	18.00
Gentlemen's Vests, - - -	15.00
Superfine Insoles, - - -	1.00

Children's garments upon application.

Any of the above garments sent to any address upon receipt of price, and we will return the money if they are not as represented in every respect. If you are uncertain as to what would best suit your case send us word stating symptoms, and we will advise you what would be best suited to treat you. While our appliances are offered at less than one-third of what others are selling worthless appliances for, yet we will guarantee that the magnetic quality is a hundred fold superior to any other appliance ever offered the public, and will outlast the garments themselvs. Every magnet is put through a particular process, and hav raised five times their own weight six months after being magnetized, while not a single appliance in the market will attract the smallest particle of iron, the majority of such worthless appliances having so-called magnets made of material no better than hoop-iron, and not capable of retaining magnetism for a moment. All of our garments are made from the very best material for the purpose, and will outlast any and all other garments now before the public. Every magnet is arranged in the garments upon *scientific principles*, and not haphazard as in all the others. We offer you therefore

The Only Scientific Magnetic Appliance Ever Constructed.

And challenge comparison with any of the so-called magnetic garments now offered under that head. At the same time the application of labor-saving machinery in our manufacture enables us to offer them about

ONE-THIRD THE PRICE HERETOFORE CHARGED,

So that we can say with truth, None are so poor that they cannot procure them, being but a trifle higher than ordinary clothing.

Remember that we are offering you the cheapest and best magnetic appliances in the market, and if upon receiving the garments they do not meet your expectation, return them at our expense and we will refund your money.

Ladies' Abdominal Jackets and Gentlemen's Vests are made to order, and a fit guaranteed.

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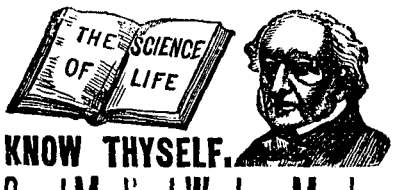
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Gems of Thought.

WHEN Cæsar happened to see some strangers at Rome carrying young dogs and monkeys in their arms and fondly caressing them, he asked, "Whether the women in their country never bore any children?" thus reproving, with a proper severity, those who lavish upon brutes that due only to mankind. In the same manner we condemn those who employ that curiosity and love of knowledge which nature has implanted in the human soul upon low and worthless objects, while they neglect such as are excellent and useful. Our senses, indeed, by an effect almost mechanical, are passiv to the impression of outward objects, whether agreeable or offensiv, but the mind, possessed by a self-directing power, may turn its attention to whatever it thinks proper. It should, therefore, be employed in the most useful pursuits, not barely in such contemplation as may nourish its faculties.—*Plutarch's Lives.*

THE young, if they know their own happiness, will carefully cherish the love of nature, not as a mere pastime, nor as a mere sensuous delight, but as a constant source of intellectual life and illumination. Let them go forth into its open face with the problems that torment them, with the books that puzzle them, with the thoughts that are often a weariness and distraction; and it is wonderful what a quiet radiance will often steal into their hearts—how burdens will be lifted up and the vision of a contemplativ faith dawn upon them in glimpses, if not in perfect outline.—*Principal Tulloch.*

NATURE never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege
Through all the years of this one life to lead
From joy to joy; for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where unkindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith that all we behold
Is full of blessings.

—*Wordsworth's Tintern Abbey.*

"BE still,
White Kantaka! be still, and bear me now
The farthest journey ever rider rode;
For this night take I horse to find the TRUTH,
And where my quest will end yet know I not,
Save that it shall not end until I find.
Therefore to-night, good steed, be fierce and bold!
Let nothing stay thee, though a thousand blades
Deny the road! Let neither wall nor moat
Forbid our flight! Look! if I touch thy flank
And cry, 'Oh, Kantaka!' let whirlwinds lag
Behind thy course! Be fire and air, my horse!
To stead thy lord; so shalt thou share with him
The greatness of this deed which helps the world;
For therefore ride I, not for men alone,
But for all things which, speechless, share our pain
And hav no hope, nor wit to ask for hope.
Now, therefore, bear thy master valorously!"

—*Lord Buddha to His Steed, in Edwin Arnold's Light of Asia.*

THE "intelligent reader" has, without doubt, observed that the more peculiar are our friends' opinions, the more "touchy they are about them;" that their sensitivness about them varies, in fact, in the nverse proportion to the popularity of their theories. Thus one may express one's own ideas in comparativ safety to a Tory or a Radical; but it is highly dangerous to venture on such a course with a Vegetarian, or a Liberalist, or a Homeopath. Always in expectation of ridicule, these good folks scent, in every word, the flavor of offense, and woe be to him who treads upon the tender topic. And of all susceptible gentry that adorn our planet, the believers in Spiritualism are the most thin-skinned.—*James Payn's Under One Roof.*

PERHAPS as correct a definition of the soul as can be given is: that part of man which enables him to think. It is, therefore, the same as the mind; and as that depends on the brain, there can be no soul or mind where the human brain is lacking or gone. This seems to be the teaching of physiology, and it is probably the truth. But it is common to speak of soul or mind as existing after the death of the body, yet this does not appear possible, from the fact that the soul or mind is part of the body, or allied with it. —*Boston Investigator.*

IN a popular point of view nothing can come up to, or, at any rate, exceed, Dr. Isaac Watts's deliverance on this subject. "How do you know, my good child, that you hav a soul?" "Because I hav something within me that can think and know; can wish and desire; can rejoice and be sorry, which my body cannot do."—*Mather's Catechism.*

BE of good cheer. Speak thou the truth,
And then thou shalt not fail.

—*Sophocles.*

N. Y. State Freethinkers' Association.

THE SEVENTH ANNUAL CONVENTION;

Where Held—The Speakers Engaged—The Hotels, Railroads, etc.

THE NEW YORK STATE FREETHINKERS' ASSOCIATION, in accordance with its established custom, has invited the Freethinkers of all the other states, and also of Canada, to meet them in annual Convention, at Cassadaga Lake, N. Y., on the 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th days of September next.

THE SPEAKERS.

The following well-known speakers hav been engaged to address the Convention: Thaddeus B. Wakeman, of New York; Miss Helen H. Gardner, of St. Louis; Courtlandt Palmer, of New York; Charles Watts, of London, England; Allen Pringle, of Selby, Canada; Col. John R. Kelso, of Modesto, Cal.; George Chainey, of Boston; J. H. Burnham, of Saginaw City, Mich.; Mrs. Dr. Juliet H. Severance, of Milwaukee; Stephen Pearl Andrews, of New York; Dr. John Stoltz, of Chicago; William S. Bell, of Boston; Judge R. S. McCormick, of Franklin, Pa.; John E. Remsburg, of Atchison, Kansas; Lyman C. Howe, of Fredonia, N. Y.; M. E. Billings, of Waverly, Iowa; Hon. A. B. Bradford, of Enon Valley, Pa.; Charles B. Reynolds, of Rochester, N. Y.; Samuel P. Putnam, of New York; Dr. William F. McCormick, of Franklin, Pa.; and Richard B. Westbrook, D.D., orthodox, of Philadelphia, Pa. And the following hav also been invited, the most of whom are expected to be present: Hon. Elizur Wright, of Boston; F. E. Abbot, Cambridge, Mass.; Horace Seaver, Boston; Luther Colby, Boston; Judge Arnold Krekle and Mrs. Judge Krekle, of Kansas City, Mo.; James Parton, of Newburyport, Mass.; Judge Carter, of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia; and B. F. Underwood, editor of the *Index*, Boston, Mass. It is possible that Col. Ingersoll will be present and address the Convention.

THE SINGING.

Professor A. D. Lane, of Olean, N. Y., one of the most popular professional singers in the state, accompanied by as good a quartet of voices as can be found in Western New York, has been engaged to provide the musical entertainment for the occasion. Professor H. H. Hall, who sang for the Rochester Convention, has also been engaged.

THE PLACE OF MEETING.

The location where the Convention is to meet is one of the most pleasant and picturesque in the state. It is described as follows in a circular issued by the Association: "The Cassadaga Lake Camp-meeting Grounds are eight miles from Lake Erie, and seven hundred feet above it; situated midway between New York and Chicago, one and a half hours by rail from Buffalo, five from Cleveland, nine from Pittsburgh, fourteen hours from Cincinnati, sixteen from Philadelphia, eighteen hours from New York, twenty hours from Boston and Washington, and twenty-one from Chicago. It lies on the shore of a beautiful chain of lakes, three in number, and at an elevation of nearly fourteen hundred feet above the level of the sea." The Association last year erected on the grounds an amphitheater, with a seating capacity of twenty-five hundred people, with the seats in a semi-circle, which givs every one present an opportunity to hear all that is said from the speaker's platform.

ROUTES OF TRAVEL AND RAILROAD RATES.

Eastern and western passengers over the Nickel Plate, Lake Shore & Michigan Southern railroad, and eastern passengers over the New York, Lake Erie & Western (formerly Erie) railroad, change cars at Dunkirk, N. Y., and take the Dunkirk, Allegheny Valley & Pittsburgh railroad to the "Cassadaga Camp-meeting Grounds."

Eastern and western passengers over the New York, Pennsylvania & Ohio railroad (formerly Atlantic & Great Western), and eastern passengers over the Buffalo & Jamestown railroad, change cars at the Atlantic & Great Western Crossing, and take the Dunkirk, Allegheny Valley & Pittsburgh railroad to Lily Dale Station.

To be more definit, persons coming to the Convention from most of the cities and large towns in the United States will find it the cheaper to purchase excursion tickets to Chautauqua Lake. These can be obtained very cheap; and then leave the cars at the crossing of the Dunkirk, Allegheny Valley & Pittsburgh railroad near Jamestown, and then take the last mentioned road to Lily Dale Station, near the camping grounds. Persons coming from any station on the New York, Lake Erie & Western railroad, or any of its branches west of Binghampton, will pay full fare to Dunkirk, and then be returned at one-third fare home. The Dunkirk, Allegheny Valley & Pittsburgh railroad will sell excursion tickets at two cents a mile from any station on that road.

THE HOTEL RATES.

The following prices hav been established at the hotels for board: $1.50 per day, for one day and less than three days; and over, $1 per day. Table board: breakfast, 40 cents; dinner, 50 cents; supper, 30 cents. Lodgings, 25 to 30 cents. The hotel accommodations are sufficient to entertain all who may attend.

H L. GREEN,
Salamanca, N. Y. Secretary New York State Freethinkers' Association.

P. S.—I am glad to announce that the Truth Seeker Company will hav an agent on the grounds with a large assortment of Freethought publications for sale. The editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER will, as heretofore, make full reports of the proceedings. Other reports of the Convention will be published in the New York *Herald*, the Buffalo *Courier*, and other secular papers. H. L. G.

On Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 8th and 9th, the

NATIONAL LIBERAL LEAGUE

WILL HOLD ITS

EIGHTH ANNUAL CONGRESS

At the same place.

In his call for the Congress the President of the League invites "all citizens of the United States, whether they hav acted with this League or not, who believe in a secular republic, separation of church and state; the equality of all citizens before the law, without distinction of creed or race or sex; justice for all, and privileges and monopolies for none; the need of universal secular education, free speech, and a free press as the basis of universal suffrage."

All Charter and Life Members of the League, and all delegates from local Auxiliary Leagues, will hav votes in the Congress. Each Auxiliary is entitled to send five delegates—its president, secretary, and three other members—to the Congress. Annual members are entitled to seats in the Congress, and to votes by the permission of the Congress.

Odds and Ends.

MR. EDMUNDS's feelings are hurt because Mr. Greely forgot to name an iceberg after him.

MISS MAMIE ANDERSON has made the interesting discovery that the tomb of the late Miss Jule Capulet is at the bottom of a cake-oven.

ALL the horses seem to be more successful in lowering the records this year than ever before. The bank presidents are with them.

"I THINK I'll take a run out into the suburbs,' said a New Yorker. "Where to?" asked his partner. "Oh, I guess I'll go out to Boston."

"BOYS, can you tell me anything remarkable in the life of Moses?" asked a Sabbath-school teacher. "Yes, sir," shouted one of the boys: "he broke all the commandments at once."

AN Indiana man who was recently hanged nodded to a minister who desired to giv consolation just before the drop fell and said: "I'll see you later." The minister is sorry he said anything now,

A MEMBER of the Kentucky legislature, who attended a service at the Episcopal church at Frankfort, was asked how he liked it, and he replied: "Purty well; I riz and fell with them every time.'

LITERATURE, it seems, affects the consumption of certain beverages. An enormous trade in aerated waters has arisen since Byron, in "Don Juan," commended the virtues of soda-water. This may also account for the enormous trade in whisky since the Bible first published the story of Noah's defiance of prohibition doctrins.—*Puck.*

WE don't blame him, too. In an old-fashioned church in Philadelphia the choir roosts in a gallery above the pulpit, and the pastor is seriously contemplating resignation if the men and women singers do not cease their careless habit of dropping peanut-she is down on his bald head while he is preaching. The best place to keep the average church choir is down in the cellar. It is not so apt to sour, and then it can't be heard so distinctly.

"THE moon is waning," Elfrida said, sitting a little closer to Ethelred to keep off the malaria. "Yes," said old Sir Marmalade, her sire, who crossed the piazza at that moment; "and the swain is mooning. Haw, haw, haw!" and he was gone. Ethelred shuddered and drew Elfrida to his side until she had to breathe in her mind. "Thank heaven," he said earnestly, "that the moon is not waxing! I tremble to think what a joke it might hav suggested to him."

A BARNYARD IDYL.

A city girl, with bang and curl,
And frills and flounces fine,
Went with her uncle forth to see
The milkmaid milk the kine.

And as she stirred among the herd,
She shook her rustling silk,
And cried, "O uncle, where's the cow
That givs the buttermilk?"

"GEORGE, dear," cried Eveline, "do you suppose heaven is as nice a place as people say it is?" "Well, really, Eveline, as I hav never been there, I cannot say; but from what I hear, the society there is very select." "Everything is bright and golden there, isn't it, George?" "Yes, darling. The streets are paved solid with gold blocks. Golden bricks make the houses, and only specie payments are allowed." "Well, then, George," archly said the maiden, as she nestled closely to her lover, "if everything is so golden, why don't the gilty get in?" But the answer came not. He had gone to be a cowboy.

A YOUNG woman from the country was suing her ex-sweetheart for breach of promis, and the lawyers were, as usual, making all sorts of inquisitiv interrogatories. "You say," remarked one, "that the defendant frequently sat very close to you?" "Yes, sir," was the reply, with a hectic flush. "How close?" "Close enough, so's one cheer was all the settin' room we needed." "And you say he put his arm around you?" "No, I didn't." "What did you say, then?" "I said he put both arms around me." "Then what?" "He hugged me." "Very hard?" "Yes, he did. So durn hard that I came purty near hollerin' right out." "Why didn't you 'holler?'" "'Cause." "That's no reason. Be explicit, please. Because what?" "'Cause I was afeered he'd stop." The court fell off the bench and had to be carried out and put under the hydrant for the purpose of resuscitation.

AN evangelist from the East made a tour to Texas recently for the purpose of saving some of the desperate denizens of the Lone Star state. He opened hi first meeting in what is known in the state as a "tough town." About thirty hard-looking male citizens comprised the audience. After the good man had discoursed a little and sung several revival hymns, he requested that a collection be taken up to carry him further into the state. A tall and fierce-looking Texan, armed to the nape of his neck, passed his sombrero around, with the significant remark, "Guv liberally, boys; you've seen the show, and we ain't the men to beat any showman." The result was that every man contributed something, and when the hat was passed to the evangelist he examined the contents and then remarked: "I find in this hat four dollars, fifteen cents, and two overcoat buttons." "That ain't a squar' deal," yelled the fierce man who had taken up the collection, as he mounted the chair. "The man who put them buttons in the hat will redeem them at fifty cents apiece, or there'll be hell here in the toss of a cent" "Make no disturbance, my friend," pleaded the evangelist, holding the supposed buttons in full view. "I will—" A shout and considerable laughter cut off the evangelist's remark, and the tall man, without dismounting from the chair, said: "Mister Preacher-man, you're clean off on overcoat buttons. Them ain't no buttons; them are chips, good for fifty cents' worth of licker in any gin-mill this side of the Rio Grande. They'll also git you cooked grub, stranger, ef yer appetite needs it." The explanation was satisfactory, and the meeting closed.

THE TRUTHSEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., as Second-class Matter.

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Notes and Clippings.

BARTHOLDI'S statue of Liberty has eyes which measure six feet from corner to corner. And yet she is unable to see a fund large enough to complete her pedestal.

THE Paris municipality has just selected the names of forty new streets. Among the names are "Darwin," "George Sand," "Saint-Beuve," "Henry Heine," and "Gustave Dore."

A "PRAYER HOSPITAL" has been opened in Erie for the reception of persons who are given up to death by physicians. The Norristown *Herald* thinks that "Prayer Hospital" is a new name for a cemetery.

GEORGE WHITE, of Bakersfield, Cal., hasn't a very good opinion of the average camp-meeting. The other day, during a quarrel, his brother told him that he was as immoral as a camp-meeting and he turned and shot him.

"I THINK it's outrageous," said Mrs. Sparrowgrass; "here it says in the paper that St. John has been nominated for president. It's bad enough making fun of live people, but when they begin lugging in the apostles it certainly is too much."

THE Paris *Journal des Debats* has good reason to believe that in the week in which the Divorce act comes into force two or three million petitions will be presented to make separations divorce. The French are a mercurial people, loving a little and not for long.

THE United Trades Unions of the Eastern District of Brooklyn hav requested the park commissioners to change the time for the park concerts from Saturday to Sunday, on the ground that as they now are, the workingmen, who pay for them, cannot enjoy them.

CURATE (to new villager): "How is it, Mr. Blank, I never see you at our church?" Mr. Blank: "The fact is, I hold the responsible position of cashier and confidential clerk in a large mercantile house, and by becoming a member of any religious body I should insure my instant dismissal. Good-day!"

A XENIA (Ohio) Presbyterian church refuses to giv money to any missionary board which aids "congregations using instruments of music in the worship of God." Will these Xenia people refuse to enter the portals of heaven until they hav the assurances that there are no harps in the hands of the saints?

W. W. CORCORAN, the Washington banker and benefactor, has added to his good works by founding the School of Science and Arts in connection with Columbian University, and among the professors will be Newcomb in astronomy, Abbe in meteorology, Gill in zoology, Ward in botany, and Fristoe in chemistry.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Fruit Recorder* says he has boiled leaves and stems of tomato plants until the juice is all extracted, and finds the liquor deadly to caterpillars, lice, and many other enemies of vegetation. It does not injure the growth of plants, and the odor remains a long time to disgust insect marauders.

M. LEVAT, a learned member of the French Academy of Sciences, has just discovered that melons contain a somewhat considerable proportion of alcohol. This gentleman decorticated three kilograms of melon, put it through a course of scientific treatment, and obtained therefrom five liters of alcohol, perfectly normal and usable.

MR. STUART CUMBERLAND, the mind-reader, gave some successful experiments on Saturday at Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild's new seat at Waddesdon, among his subjects being the Prince of Wales. Mr. Cumberland was blindfolded. The prince thought of an animal. Mr. Cumberland took his left hand, and in two or three minutes traced a rough outline of an elephant.

IN obedience to what he considered a command from God, M. J. Kinsley, a young shoemaker of Randolph, shockingly mutilated himself yesterday. Evidently he had been meditating on the lines, "If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off," for he deliberately placed his right hand under a sole-cutter in the shop where he was employed and allowed the die to fall and cut the hand completely off. He is only twenty-one years of age.

"IT'S a pity," remarked a preacher, "that the world is so prone to be untruthful." "Well, yes, rather," replied a layman. "I hav noticed, for some time past, that the evil has been growing, and not only in great things, but even about small things, lies will be told." "True, very true," answered the layman sadly. "I was reading only yesterday that 'Heaven lies about us in our infancy.'" Then the preacher put on his hat and went out to commune with the hitching-post.

A RELIGIOUS paper chuckles over the cool summer having kept more people in town to attend the churches, but laments that revivals are not gotten up in cities to meet the new state of things. "Summer revivals," it says, "are so rare that a cause must be found in the defectiv faith of the churches. Souls are converted at camp-meetings. There fervor and faith win the promised blessings." Are not conversions at camp-meetings due to the passions being more lively in hot weather than in cold?

THE Rev. Richard Fuller, of Maryland, died recently, leaving a will bequeathing his estate on certain conditions to the Eutaw Place Baptist church "for the worship of Jesus Christ according to the faith and doctrins of the said Eutaw Place Baptist church and the Orthodox Baptist churches." Judge Stewart of the circuit court at Baltimore has declared this clause of the will void, holding that in a country where no state church exists it is not within the province of a court of equity to decide what is orthodox and what is not.

THE *Frankfort Gazette* tells how, at a recent large convivial reunion of students in that city, one of them proposed the health of Prince Bismarck in a little speech giving reasons for so doing, but was interrupted by hisses. When he had concluded a government functionary, who participated in the little festival, rose and said: "Prince Bismarck is great, but the German nation is greater. The prince has done great things, but the German nation has done yet greater. I propose, then, the toast, 'Long life to the German people.'" It was drunk with loud and prolonged cheering.

THE clergymen of the Established church in England are using every possible device to increase their congregations, reduced to a minimum during the summer. Among other means they hav latterly been in the habit of employing is that of displaying conspicuous posters, giving the subjects of their sermons, said subjects being of a sensational nature. Among these subjects are, "Thieves," "Suicides," and "Darkness." But one enterprising clergyman at Chelsea has outstripped his brethren by posting the walls with large-lettered bills reading, "Hell! Hell! Hell!"

THE parade of the Brooklyn liquor-dealers and brewers on the 14th bore transparencies with the inscriptions: "Down with temperance laws," "Equal rights to all men in business," "One flag, one country, two lagers, and three cheers for Jacques Nichols." A small cart labeled as belonging to the last named gentleman carried a cheerful charcoal sketch of a tightly corked gin bottle mounted upon pipe-stem legs inscribed "Citizenship and justice," on a dead run for a goal marked by a corpulent barrel labeled, "Beer." In hot pursuit followed a nondescript figure equally attenuated, with a long, coffin-shaped face and pendulous ears. It was chalked down as "cold water," and its ears were burdened with the words "venom" and "bigotry."

CO-OPERATIV baby farming is a success at Guise, France. In a late issue of *Le Devoir*, the official organ of M. Godin, who is the governor of the familistere at that place, it is stated that the birth rate under his communal system is about the same as in French towns of the same population, while the infant mortality is fifty per cent less. The baby farm comprises a baby house and a baby garden. The house contains one hundred beds and one immense play-room, especially fitted up for its inmates. It opens flush with the garden, and is surrounded with spacious verandas. The administration is by a governess, with two assistants and the mothers that volunteer to serve. The children are generally brought there in the morning and taken to their homes at night, but a few make it a permanent home.

THE education of animals in general, and especially of such as hav become more or less domesticated, has for some years engaged the attention of Mr. William Hosea Ballou, a member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, a resident of this city. His researches hav been much aided by friends who, in reply to advertisments inserted in various journals, hav forwarded to him photographs of intelligent cats, dogs, and horses, together with detailed accounts of the mode in which these animals were trained. Mr. Ballou thus acquired a vast mass of material, but, being anxious to make his knowledge as perfect as possible, he now advertises in the N. Y. *Herald* for further "incidents of intelligence and mental evolution in animals." He states his belief that there will be perfected within the next hundred years a system of communication between man and animals.

JOHN C. ENO, the New York banker who recently hypothecated a few hundred thousands and found it congenial to his personal comfort to put himself beyond the reach of the United States officials, has taken up his residence in Quebec, where he has rented a fine house splendidly furnished and been joined by his family. There are some hundreds of poor people who hav been ruined by John's knavery and they would giv him a quit claim on their deposits for the privilege of a brief interview. But Eno's enough to keep out of their clutches, and will probably become from this time forth a loyal subject of Her Most Gracious Majesty, whose little speck of Canadian land is a refuge for all the rascals who are alert enough to get there in time. As if to add to this rascal's knavery, comes the later intelligence that he is going to prosecute those Canadian officials who assisted the United States authorities in trying to secure his extradition.

LONDON, with its population of 4,000,000, takes precedence of all other great cities in its list of periodical publications, which number nearly 2,000. These hav an annual circulation of about 1,017,000,000 copies. Paris, with a population less than 2,000,000, issues 1,553 periodicals, and these hav an annual circulation of about 1,100,000,000 copies, so that in fact the citizens of Paris are more liberally supplied with daily and weekly provender than their British neighbors. In fact, it is estimated that the journalistic products of Paris amount annually to almost one-tenth of the entire issue of the globe. New York and Brooklyn, with a population nearly equal to that of Paris, produce 587 publications, with an annual circulation of about 516,000,000; Berlin produces 536; Vienna, 482; Madrid, 253; Brussels, 233; Rome, 213, showing a gradual diminution until St. Petersburg is reached, with a population of 667,963, and a newspaper issue of 183; and Moscow, with a population of 601,969, and only 57 periodicals.

THE *Freeman's Journal* says: "The only sin recognizable by Freemasonry is disobedience to its laws or the divulging of its secrets. Let American and English Freemasons recoil from the truth as Mr. Bradlaugh has stated it; let them say they can no longer be connected with a sect openly anti-Christian, and really they cease to be Freemasons. If the English Freemasons 'excommunicate' Mr. Bradlaugh they excommunicate themselvs. If they say that they cannot be affiliated with those who openly declare their hatred of God, they cut themselvs off from the communion of Freemasonry. Lord Carnarvon, who is a very powerful person in the English lodges, may protest against the encyclical, and point to the 'respectability' of so many Masons. But 'respectability' is no argument. Pontius Pilate was a very respectable man in the estimation of the Jews and Romans. If any 'respectable' Freemason, with a glimpse of the horrible beginning and end of the sect to which he ignorantly belongs, asks: 'What is truth?' he will find his answer in the encyclical *Humanum genus*.

News of the Week.

THE cholera still rages in France and Italy.

THE Liberal demonstrations at Brussels were largely attended.

THE Anti-Monopolists on the 16th nominated A. M. West, of Mississippi, for vice-president.

LATE returns of the sinking of the steamer Gizon by collison off the coast of Spain giv the loss at over 100.

IT is now reported that the Greely party practiced cannibalism. Lieut. Greely denies all knowledge of the matter.

AN attempt was made on the 15th at Burlington, Iowa, to blow up with dynamite the residence of the attorney prosecuting the liquor dealers.

MAGGIE SMITH, late of the Salvation Army, was sent to the Kings county penitentiary yesterday by Justice Walsh, of Brooklyn, for stealing a watch.

GENERAL BUTLER'S campaign has been gotten under way, and arrangements hav been made for a tremendous reception on the 30th of this month, for which, it is feared, no hall large enough can be found.

THE Indianapolis *Sentinel* has published the statement that Blaine seduced his present wife in Kentucky and then fled to Maine; that the young woman and her father followed him, and he married her at the point of a shot-gun. Blaine has commenced suit for libel.

A MAN named Francois, arrested in Texas for miscegenation, has appealed from the decision as conflicting with federal law, and an activ contest between federal and state authorities is taking place. Warrants hav been issued for the arrest of Gov. Ireland and other prominent officials.

MR. BLAKE, the attorney of the Law and Order League of Burlington, Iowa, after beginning the prosecution of a saloon keeper before a justice of the peace, settled the matter by exacting from the saloon keeper $250, which was paid into the League's treasury. He has been arrested.

AN Anti-Prohibition mob gathered in Iowa City, Iowa, on the 13th, and attacked a prosecuting lawyer named W. H. Bailey, stripped his clothing off, and tarred him. His life was narrowly saved by a deputy sheriff. The mob, many of them crazed with drink, tried to catch the principal witness, named Swafford, and would hav hanged him had they found him. A constable was severely cut with knives. The roughs for an hour had possession of the street, the sheriff's force and the city police being powerless.

AT the New York state labor convention, August 11th, an attempt to choose a Cleveland man for chairman was defeated. Cleveland was censured for action considered hostil to labor. None of the presidential candidates was declared in favor of. The sentiment for Butler was strong with individuals. A delegate from Troy expressed the belief that if the question came before the convention Butler would hav a two-thirds vote. Chairman Blair congratulated the labor organization of the state on securing the popular expression by 139,000 majority in favor of abolishing contract prison labor, and charged the Senate with defeating the bill providing a substitute for such labor. The Child Labor bill, still more important, was lost in the Senate. "Every effort should be made," he said, "to defeat the candidates this fall who are backed by these Senators, unless a written pledge is given that they will vote for the child labor, ten-hour, and other bills in our interest. The necessity of this legislation is well known to the working women of Utica, Cohoes, and other cities of the state. The Mechanics' Lien bill, State Printing bill, Twelve-hour bill, Life and Limb bill, and Stonecutters' bill are measures which can all be enacted into laws if the men who voted against these bills are defeated at the polls."

Selection.

Retrogressiv Religion.

BY HERBERT SPENCER.

In days when dueling was common, and its code of ceremonial well elaborated, a deadly encounter was preceded by a polite salute. Having by his obeisance professed to be his antagonist's very humble servant, each forthwith did his best to run him through the body.

This usage is recalled to me by the contrast between the compliment with which Mr. Harrison begins his article, "The Ghost of Religion," and the efforts he afterward makes to destroy, in the brilliant style habitual with him, all but the negativ part of that which he applauds. After speaking with too-flattering eulogy of the mode in which I hav dealt with current theological doctrins, he does his best, amid the flashes of wit coming from its polished surface, to pass the sword of his logic through the ribs of my argument, and let out its vital principle—that element in it which is derived from the religious ideas and sentiments that hav grown up along with human evolution, but which is inconsistent with the creed Mr. Harrison preaches.

So misleading was the professed agreement with which he commenced his article, that, as I read on, I was some time in awakening to the fact that I had before me not a friend, but, controversially speaking, a determined enemy, who was seeking to reduce, as he would say to a ghostly form, that surviving element of religion which, as I had contended, Agnosticism contains. Even when this dawned on me, the suavity of Mr. Harrison's first manner continued so influential that I entertained no thought of defending myself. It was only after perceiving that what he modestly calls "a rider" was described by one journal as "a criticism keen, trenchant, destructiv," while by some other journals kindred estimates of it were formed, that I decided to make a reply as soon as pending engagements allowed.

Recognizing, then, the substance of Mr. Harrison's article as being an unsparing assault on the essential part of that doctrin which I hav set forth, I shall here not scruple to defend it in the most effectiv way I can; not allowing the laudation with which Mr. Harrison prefaces his ridicule to negativ such rejoinders, incisiv as I can make them, as will best serve my purpose.

A critic who, in a recent number of the *Edinburgh Review*, tells the world in very plain language what he thinks about a book of mine, and who has been taken to task by the editor of *Knowledge* for his injustice, refers to Mr. Harrison (whom he describes in felicitous phrase as looking at me from "a very opposit pole") as being, on one point, in agreement with him (*Knowledge*, March 14, 1884). But for this reference it would not hav occurred to me to associate in thought Mr. Harrison's criticisms with those of the Edinburgh Reviewer; but now that comparison is suggested, I am struck by the fact that Mr. Harrison's representations of my views diverge from the realities no less widely than those of a critic whose antagonism is unqualified, and whose animus is displayed in his first paragraph.

So anxious is Mr. Harrison to show that the doctrin he would discredit has no kinship to the doctrins called religious, that he will not allow me, without protest, to use the language needed for conveying my meaning. The expression "an Infinit and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed," he objects to as being "perhaps a rather equivocal reversion to the theologic type," and he says this because "in the Athanasian Creed the Third Person 'proceeds' from the First and the Second." It is hard that I should be debarred from thus using the word by this preceding use. Perhaps Mr. Harrison will be suprised to learn that, as originally written, the expression ran—"an Infinit and Eternal Energy by which all things are created and sustained;" and that in the proof I struck out the last clause because, though the words did not express more than I meant, the ideas associated with them might mislead, and there might result such an insinuation as that which Mr. Harrison makes. The substituted expression, which embodies my thought in the most colorless way, I cannot relinquish because he does not like it—or rather, indeed, because he does not like the thought itself. It is not convenient to him that the Unknowable, which he repeatedly speaks of as a pure negation, should be represented as that through which all things exist. And, indeed, it would be inconvenient for him to recognize this; since the recognition would prevent him from asserting that "none of the positiv attributes which hav ever been predicated of God can be used of this Energy."

Not only does he, as in the last sentence, negativly misdescribe the character of this Energy, but he positivly misdescribes it. He says—"It remains always Energy, Force; nothing anthropomorphic; such as electricity, or anything else that we might conceive as the ultimate basis of all the physical forces." Now, on page 9 of the essay Mr. Harrison criticises, there occurs the sentence—"The final outcome of that speculation commenced by the primitiv man, is that the Power manifested throughout the Universe distinguished as material, is the same power which in ourselvs wells up under the form of consciousness;" and on page 11 it is said that "this necessity we are under, to think of the external energy in terms of the internal energy, givs rather a spiritualistic than a materialistic aspect to the Universe." Does he really think that the meaning of these sentences is conveyed by comparing the ultimate energy to "electricity?" And does he think this in face of the statement on page 11 that "phenomenal manifestations of this ultimate energy can in no wise show us what it is?" Surely that which is described as the substratum at once of material and mental existence, bears toward us and toward the Universe, a relation utterly unlike that which electricity bears to the other physical forces.

Persistent thinking along defined grooves, causes inability to get out of them; and Mr. Harrison, in more than one way, illustrates this. So completely is his thought molded to that form of phenomenalism entertained by M. Comte, that, in spite of repeated denials of it, he ascribes it to me; and does this in face of the various presentations of an opposed phenomenalism, which I hav given in the article he criticises and elsewhere. Speaking after his lively manner of the Unknown Cause as "an ever-present conundrum to be everlastingly given up," he asks—"How does the man of science approach the All-Nothingness?" Now M. Comte describes Positivism as becoming perfect when it reaches the power to "se representer tous les divers phenomenes observables comme des cas particuliers d'un seul fait general . . . considerant comme absolument inaccessible, et vide de sens pour nous, la recherche de ce qu'on appelle les *causes*, soit premieres, soit finales" ("Systeme de Philosophie Positive," vol. i, pp. 5, 14.); and in pursuance of this view the Comtean system limits itself to phenomena, and deliberately ignores the existence of anything implied by the phenomena. But though M. Comte thus exhibits to us a doctrin which, performing "the happy dispatch," eviscerates things and leaves a shell of appearances with no reality inside; yet I hav in more than one place, and in the most emphatic way, declined thus to commit intellectual suicide. So far from regarding that which transcends phenomena as the "All-Nothingness," I regard it as the All-Being. Everywhere I hav spoken of the Unknowable as the Ultimate Reality—the sole existence; all things present to consciousness being but shows of it. Mr. Harrison entirely inverts our relativ positions. As I understand the case, the "All-Nothingness" is that phenomenal existence in which M. Comte and his disciples profess to dwell—profess, I say, because in their ordinary thoughts they recognize an existence transcending phenomena just as much as other people do.

That the opposition between the view actually held by me and the view ascribed to me by Mr. Harrison, is absolute, will be most clearly seen on observing the contrast he draws between my view and the view of the late Dean Mansel. He says:

"Of all modern theologians, the dean came the nearest to the evolution negation. But there is a gulf which separates even his all-negativ deity from Mr. Spencer's impersonal, unconscious, unthinking, and unthinkable energy."

It is quite true that there exists this gulf. But then the propositions forming the two sides of the gulf are the opposits of those which Mr. Harrison represents. For whereas, in common with his teacher Sir William Hamilton, Dean Mansel alleged that our consciousness of the Absolute is merely "a negation of conceivability;" I hav, over a space of ten pages, ("First Principles," § 26) contended that our consciousness of the Absolute is not negativ but positiv, and is the one indestructible element of consciousness "which persists at all times, under all circumstances, and cannot cease until consciousness ceases"—hav argued that while the Power which transcends phenomena cannot be brought within the forms of our finite thought, yet that, as being a necessary datum of every thought, belief in its existence has, among our beliefs, the highest validity of any; is not, as Sir W. Hamilton alleges, a belief with which we are supernaturally "inspired," but is a normal deliverance of consciousness. Thus, as represented by Mr. Harrison, Dean Mansel's views and my own are exactly transposed. Misrepresentation could not, I think, go further.

The conception I hav everywhere expressed and implied, of the relation between human life and the Ultimate Cause, if not diametrically opposed with like distinctness to the conception Mr. Harrison ascribes to me, is yet thus opposed in an unmistakable way. After suggesting that (x^n) would be an appropriate symbol "for the religion of the Infinit Unknowable," and amusing himself and his readers by imaginary prayers made to (x^n); after making a subsequent elaboration of his *jeu d'esprit* by suggesting that (nx) would serve for the formula of certain modern Theisms, he says of these:

"The Neo-Theisms hav all the same mortal weakness that the Unknowable has. They offer no kinship, sympathy, or relation whatever between worshiper and worshiped. They, too, are logical formulas begotten in controversy, dwelling apart from man and the world."

Now, considering that in the article he has before him there is in various ways implied the view that "the power which manifests itself in consciousness is but a differently conditioned form of the power which manifests itself beyond consciousness"—considering that here and everywhere throughout my books the implication is that our lives, alike physical and mental, in common with all the activities, organic and inorganic, amid which we liv, are but the workings of this Power, it is not a little astonishing to find it described as simply a "logical formula begotten in controversy." Does Mr. Harrison really think that he represents the facts when he describes as "dwelling apart from man and the world," that Power of which man and the world are regarded products, and which is manifested through man and the world from instant to instant?

Did I not need the space for other topics, I might at much greater length contrast Mr. Harrison's erroneous versions with the true ones. I might enlarge on the fact that, though the name Agnosticism fitly expresses the confessed inability to know or conceive the nature of the Power manifested through phenomena, it fails to indicate the confessed ability to recognize the existence of that Power as of all things the most certain. I might make clear the contrast between that Comtean Agnosticism which says that "Theology and ontology alike end in the Everlasting No with which science confronts all their assertions" (Harrison, *loc. cit.*, p. 497.), and the Agnosticism set forth in "First Principles," which, along with its denials, emphatically utters an Everlasting Yes. And I might show in detail that Mr. Harrison is wrong in implying that Agnosticism, as I hold it, is anything more than silent with respect to the question of personality; since, though the attributes of personality, as we know it, cannot be conceived by us as attributes of the Unknown Cause of things, yet "duty requires us neither to affirm nor deny personality," but "to submit ourselvs with all humility to the established limits of our intelligence" in the conviction that the choice is not "between personality and something lower than personality," but "between personality and something higher" ("First Principles," § 31), and that "the Ultimate Power is no more representable in terms of human consciousness than human consciousness is representable in terms of a plant's functions" ("Essays," vol. iii, p. 251).

But without further evidence, what I hav said sufficiently proves that Mr. Harrison's "criticism keen, trenchant, destructiv," as it was called, is destructiv, not of an actual doctrin, but simply of an imaginary one. I should hardly hav expected that Mr. Harrison, in common with the "Edinburgh Reviewer," would hav taken the course, so frequent with critics, of demolishing a simulacrum and walking off in triumph as though the reality had been demolished. Adopting his own figure, I may say that he has with ease passed his weapon through and through "The Ghost of Religion;" but then it is only the ghost; the reality stands unscathed.

Before passing to the consideration of that alternativ doctrin which Mr. Harrison would hav us accept, it will be well briefly to deal with certain of his subordinate propositions.

After re-stating in a succinct way, the hypothesis that from the conception of the ghost originated the conceptions of supernatural beings in general, including the highest, and after saying that "one can hardly suppose that Mr. Spencer would limit himself to that," Mr. Harrison describes what he alleges to be a prior, and, indeed, the primordial, form of religion. He says:

"There were countless centuries of time, and there were, and there are, countless millions of men for whom no doctrin of superhuman spirits ever took coherent form. In all these ages and races, probably by far the most numerous that our planet has witnessed, there was religion in all kinds of definit form. Comte calls it fetishism—terms are not important; roughly, we may call it nature-worship. The religion in all these types was the belief and worship not of spirits of any kind, not of any immaterial, imagined being *inside* things, but of the actual visible things themselvs—trees, stones, rivers, mountains, earth, fire, stars, sun, and sky" (P. 498).

The attitude of discipleship is not favorable to inquiry; and, as fanatical Christians show us, inquiry is sometimes thought sinful and likely to bring punishment. I do not suppose that Mr. Harrison's reverence for M. Comte has gone this length; but still it has gone far enough not only to cause his continued adherence to a doctrin espoused by M. Comte which has been disproved, but also to make him tacitly assume that this doctrin is accepted by one whose rejection of it was long ago set forth. In the "Descriptiv Sociology" there are classified and tabulated statements concerning some eighty peoples; and besides these I hav had before me masses of facts, since collected, concerning many other peoples. An induction based on over a hundred examples, warrants me in saying that there has never existed anywhere such a religion as that which Mr. Harrison ascribes to "countless millions of men" during "countless centuries of time." A chapter on "Idol-worship and Fetish-worship" in the "Principles of Sociology," givs proof that in the absence of a developed ghost-theory, fetishism is absent. I hav shown that, whereas among the lowest races, such as the Juangs, Andamanese, Fuegians, Australians, Tasmanians, and Bushmen, there is no fetishism; fetishism reaches its greatest hight in considerably advanced societies, like those of ancient Peru and modern India; in which last place, as Sir Alfred Lyall tells us, "not only does the husbandman pray to his plow, the fisher to his net, the weaver to his loom, but the scribe adores his pen, and the banker his account-books" ("Religion of an Indian Province"). And I hav remarked that, "had fetishism been conspicuous among the lowest races, and inconspicuous among the higher, the statement that it was primordial might hav been held proved; but that as the facts happen to be exactly the opposit, the statement is conclusivly disproved" ("Principles of Sociology," § 162).

Similarly with Nature-worship: regarding this as being partially distinguished from Fetishism by the relativly imposing character of its objects. In a subsequent chapter I hav shown that this also is an aberrant development of ghost-worship. Among all the many tribes and nations, remote in place and unlike in type, whose superstitions I hav examined, I hav found no case in which any great natural appearance or power, feared and propitiated, was not identified with a human or quasi-human personality. I am not aware that Professor Max Muller, or any adherent of his, has been able to produce a single case in which there exists worship of the great natural objects themselvs, pure and simple—the heavens, the sun, the moon, the dawn, etc.: objects which, according to the mythologists, become personalized by "a disease of language." Personalization exists at the outset; and the worship is in all cases the worship of an indwelling ghost-derived being.

That these conclusions are necessitated by an exhaustiv examination of the evidence, is shown by the fact that they hav been forced on Dr. E. B. Tylor notwithstanding his original enunciation of other conclusions. In a lecture "On Traces of the Early Mental Condition of Man," delivered at the Royal Institution on the 15th of March, 1867, he said:

"It is well known that the lower races of mankind account for the facts and events of the outer world by ascribing a sort of human life and personality to animals, and even to plants, rocks, streams, winds, the sun and stars, and so on through the phenomena of nature. . . . It would probably add to the clearness of our conception of the state of mind which thus sees in all nature the action of animated life and the presence of innumerable spiritual beings, if we gave it the name of Animism instead of Fetishism."

Here, having first noted that the conception of Fetichism derived by Dr. Tylor from multitudinous facts, is not like that of Mr. Harrison, who conceives Fetishism to be a worship of the objects themselvs, and not a worship of their indwelling spirits, we further note that Dr. Tylor regards this ascription of souls to all objects, inanimate as well as animate, which he proposes to call Animism rather than Fetishism, as being primordial. In the earlier part of his "Primitiv Culture," published in 1871, we find a re-statement of this view; but further on we observe a modification of it, as instance the following sentence in vol. ii, p. 100:

"It seems as though the conception of a human soul, when once attained to by man, served as a type or model on which he framed not only his ideas of other souls of lower grade, but also his ideas of spiritual beings in general, from the tiniest elf that sports in the long grass, up to the heavenly Creator and Ruler of the world, the Great Spirit."

And then, in articles published in *Mind* for April and for July, 1877, Dr. Tylor represented himself as holding a doctrin identical with that set forth by me in the "Principles of Sociology;" namely, that the belief in a human ghost is original, and that the beliefs in spirits inhabiting inanimate objects, giving rise to Fetishism and Nature-worship, are derived beliefs.

An emphatic negativ is thus given to Mr. Harrison's assertion that "Nothing is more certain than that man everywhere started with a simple worship of natural objects." And if he holds that "the bearing of this on the future of religion is decisiv"—if, as he says, "the religion of man in the vast cycles of primitiv ages was reverence for nature as influencing Man," and if, as he infers, "the religion of man in the vast cycles that are to come will be the reverence for Humanity as supported by Nature"—if, as it thus seems, primitiv religion as conceived by him is a basis for what he conceives to be the religion of the future; then his conception of the religion of the future is, in so far, baseless.

And now I come to the chief purpose of this article—an examination of that alternativ faith which Mr. Harrison has on sundry occasions set forth with so much eloquence. As originally designed, the essay, "Religion: a Retrospect and Prospect," was to include a section in which, before considering what the future of religion was likely to be, I proposed to consider what its future was *not* likely to be; and the topic to be dealt with in this section was the so-called Religion of Humanity. After collecting materials and writing ten pages, I began to perceive that, besides being not needful for my purposes, this section would form too large an excrescence. A further feeling came into play. Though I had for many years looked forward to the time when an examination of the Positivist creed would fall within the lines of my work, yet when I began to put on paper that which I had frequently thought, it seemed to me that I was making an uncalled-for attack on men whom I had every reason to admire for their high characters and their unwearying efforts for human welfare. The result was that I put aside what I had written, and gave up my long-cherished intention. Now, however, that Mr. Harrison has thrown down the gauntlet, I take it up, at once willingly and unwillingly—willingly in so far as acceptance of the challenge is concerned, unwillingly because I feel some reluctance in dealing hard blows at a personal friend.

Surprise has been the feeling habitually produced in me on observing the incongruity between the astounding claims made by the propounder of this new creed, and the great intelligence of disciples whose faith appears proof against the shock which these astounding claims produce on ordinary minds. Those who, from a broad view of human progress, hav gained the general impression that "the individual withers, and the world is more and more," must be disinclined to believe that in the future any one individual will impose on the world a government like that sought to be imposed by M. Comte, who, unable to influence any considerable number of

men while he lived, consoled himself with the thought of absolutely ruling all men after his death. Met, as he complained, by "a conspiracy of silence," he was nevertheless confident that, very shortly becoming converts, mankind at large would hereafter liv and move and hav their being within his elaborated formulas. Papal assumption is modest compared with the assumption of "the founder of the Religion of Humanity." A single pope may canonize a saint or two, but M. Comte undertook the canonization of all those men recorded in history whom he thought specially worthy of worship. And such a canonization!—days assigned for the remembrance with honor of mythical personages like Hercules and Orpheus and writers such as Terence and Juvenal; other days on which honors like in degree are given to Kant and to Robertson, to Bernard de Palissy and to Schiller, to Copernicus and to Dollond, to Otway and to Racine, to Locke and to Freret, to Froissart and to Dalton, to Cyrus and to Penn—such a canonization! in which these selected men who are the Positivist saints for ordinary days, are headed by greater saints for Sundays, with the result that Socrates and Godfrey are thus placed on a par; that while a day is dedicated to Kepler, a week is dedicated to Gall; Tasso has a week assigned to him, and Goethe a day; Mozart presides over a week, and a day is presided over by Beethoven; a week is made sacred to Louis the Eleventh, and a day to Washington—such a canonization! under which the greatest men, giving their names to months, are so selected that Frederic the Second and St. Paul alike bear this distinction; Gutenberg and Shakspere head adjacent months; and while Bichat givs his name to a month, Newton givs his name to a week! This, which recalls the saints' calendar of the Babylonians, among whom, as Professor Sayce shows, "each day of the year had been assigned to its particular deity or patron saint" ("Records of the Past," vol. vii, p. 157), exemplifies in but one way M. Comte's consuming passion for regulating posterity, and the colossal vanity which led him to believe that mankind would hereafter perform their daily actions as he dictated. He not only settles the hierarchy of saints who are above others to be worshiped, but he prescribes the forms of worship in minute detail. Nine sacraments are specified; prayer is to be made thrice a day, for the "daily expression of their emotions, both in public and private;" it is suggested that future men should use Italian ("System of Positiv Polity," vol. iv, p. 85); and it is a recommended "rule of worship" of the person you adore, that "a precise idea of the place, next of the seat or the attitude, and, lastly, of the dress, appropriate to each particular case" ("Catechism," p. 100), should be summoned before the mind. Add to which that in the elaborate rubric the sacred sign (replacing the sign of the cross), and derived "from our cerebral theory" (he had a phrenology of his own) consists in placing "our hand in succession on the three chief organs—those of love, order, and progress." Of banners used in "solemn processions," it is directed that "on their white side will be the holy image; on their green, the sacred formula of Positivism," and "the symbol of our Divinity will always be a woman of the age of thirty, with her son in her arms" ("Catechism of Positivism," pp. 142, 143). Nor was M. Comte's devouring desire to rule the future satisfied with thus elaborating the observances of his cult. He undertook to control the secular culture of men, as well as that culture which, I suppose, he distinguished as sacred. There is "a Positivist library for the nineteenth century," consisting of 150 volumes, the list being compiled for the purpose "of guiding the more thoughtful minds" (Ibid, p. 38). So that M. Comte's tastes and judgments in poetry, science, history, etc., are to be the standards for future generations. And the numerous regulations of these kinds are in addition to the other multitudinous regulations contained in those parts of the highly elaborated "System of Positiv Polity," in which M. Comte prescribes the social organization, under the arrangements of which "the affectiv, speculativ, patrician, and plebeian" classes are to carry on the business of their lives.

It is, I say, not a little remarkable that a hight of assumption exceeding that ever before displayed by a human being—a self-deification along with the deification of Humanity—should not hav negatived belief in the general doctrins set forth by him. One might hav thought that by exhibiting a lack of mental balance unparalleled among sane people, he would hav wholly discredited his speculations. However, recognizing the fact that this is not so, and assuming that M. Comte's disciples discover in the Religion of Humanity propounded by him, a truth which survives recognition of his—eccentricities, let us call them—we will now go on to consider this proposed creed.

To those who hav studied that natural genesis of religion summarized in the article Mr. Harrison criticises (and set forth at length in "The Principles of Sociology," Part I), it will appear anomalous that a proposed new and higher religion should be, in large measure, a rehabilitation of the religion with which mankind commenced, and from which they hav been insensibly diverging, until the more advanced among them hav quite lost sight of it. After an era during which worship of the dead was practiced the world over, alike by savages and by the progenitors of the civilized—after an era of slow emergence from this primitiv religion, during which the propitiation of ghosts completely human was replaced by the propitiation of comparativly few superhuman ghosts or spirits, and finally by the propitiation of a spirit infinitly transcending humanity, and from which human attributes hav been gradually dropped, leaving only the most abstract, which are themselvs fading; we are told by the Positivists that there is coming an era in which the Universal Power men hav come to believe in will be ignored; and human individualities, regarded now singly and now in their aggfegate, will again be the objects of religious feeling. If the worship of the dead is not to be completely resuscitated, still the proposal is to resuscitate it in a form but partially transfigured. Though there is no direction to offer at graves food and drink for ghosts, yet public worship of the so-called "Great Being Humanity," "must be performed in the midst of the tombs of the more eminent dead, which tombs are surrounded by a sacred grove, the scene of the homage paid by their family and their fellow-citizens;" ("Positiv Polity," vol. iv, p. 139); while "at times within each consecrated tomb, the priesthood will" superintend the honoring of that good man or woman ("Catechism," p. 137): proposed usages analagous to those of many ancestor-worshiping peoples. Moreover, again taking a lesson from various races of pagans, past and present, there is to be "a domestic altar," at which, in kneeling attitude, adoration is to be paid to "our own personal patrons, our guardian angels, or household gods" ("Positiv Polity," vol. iv, pp. 100, 101); these being persons living or dead. And as exemplified by M. Comte's worship of Clotilde de Vaux, the praying to a beloved person or wife may be continued for years; recalling the customs of multitudinous peoples who invoke departed members of their families, as instance the Balonda, among whom if the "spot where a favorit wife has died . . . is revisited, it is to pray to her" (Livingstone, "South Africa," p. 314).

Now, omitting for the present all thought about the worthiness of these objects of worship, and considering only the general nature of the system, there arises the question, How happens it that while in other respects M. Comte delineates human evolution as progressiv, he, in this respect, delineates it as retrogressiv? Beyond all question civilization has been a gradual divergence from primitiv savagery. According to his own account, the advancé in social organization, in knowledge, in science, in art, presents a certain general continuity. Even in speculativ thought, Mr. Comte's formula of the three stages, the theological, the metaphysical, and the positiv, tacitly asserts movements in the same direction toward a final theory. How happens it, then, that with an advancing change in other things, there is to occur a retreating change in one thing—along with progression in all else, retrogression in religion?

This retrogressiv character of the Comtean religion is shown in sundry other ways—being, indeed, sometimes distinctly admitted or avowed. Thus we are told that "the domain of the priesthood must be re-constituted in its integrity; medicin must again become a part of it" ("Catechism," p. 50), as from savage life upward it was until modern times. Again, education has been slowly emancipating itself from ecclesiasticism; but in M. Comte's scheme, after the sacrament of initiation, the child passes "from its unsystematic training under the eye of its mother to the systematic education given by the priesthood" "Catechism," p. 129); just as, after a parallel ceremony, the child does among the Congo people (Bastian, A. "Africanische Reisen," p. 85), and as it did among the ancient Mexicans (Torquemada, Juan de, "Monarquia Indiana," book ix, chaps. xi to xiii). And, knowingly or unknowingly, M. Comte followed the lead of the Egyptians who had a formal judging of the dead by the living. Honorable burial was allowed by them only in the absence of accusations against the deceased proved before judges; and by M. Comte it is provided that after a prescribed interval the priesthood shall decide whether the remains shall be transferred from their probationary resting-place to "the sacred wood" reserved for the "sanctified." Most remarkable of all, however, is the reversion to an early type of religious belief in the prescribed worship of objects, animate and inanimate. In "Table A, System of Sociolatry," there are times named for the "Festival of the Animals," "Festival of Fire," "Festival of the Sun," "Festival of Iron," etc.

But now, passing over M. Comte's eccentricities and inconsistencies, let us consider on its merits the creed he enunciated. In addition to private worship of guardian angels, or household gods, there is to be a public worship of the "Great Being Humanity." How are we to conceive this Great Being? Various conceptions of it are possible; and more or less unlike conceptions are at one time or other presented to us. Let us look at them in succession.

By M. Comte himself, at page 74 of the "Catechism of Positiv Religion," we are told that we must "define Humanity as the whole of human beings, past, present, and future. The word *whole* points out clearly that you must not take in all men, but those only who are really capable of assimilation, in virtue of a real co-operation on their part in furthering the common good." On which the first comment suggesting itself is that the word "*whole* points out clearly" not limitation, but absence of limitation. Passing over this, however, and agreeing to exclude, as is intended, criminals, paupers, beggars, and all who "remain in the parasitic state," it seems that we are to include in the aggregate object of our worship, all who hav aided, now aid, and will hereafter aid, social growth and development. Though elsewhere ("Catechism," p. 427) it is limited to those who "co-operate willingly," yet since "the animals which voluntarily aid man," are recognized as "integral portions of the Great Being," and since the co-operation of slaves is as "voluntary" as that of horses, we seem compelled to include, not the superior men and classes only, but even those who, under a coercion such as is used to domestic animals, hav helped to subdue the Earth and further the material progress of Humanity. And since the progress of Humanity has been largely aided by the spread of the higher races and accompanying extermination of the lower races, we must comprehend in our conception of this worshipful Great Being those who, from the earliest savage times, hav, as leading warriors and common soldiers, helped by their victories to replace inferior societies by superior ones; not only bloodthirsty conquerors like Sesostris (who is duly sanctified in the calendar) but even such cannibals as the Aztecs, who laid the basis of the Mexican civilization.

So far from seeing in the "Great Being Humanity," as thus defined, anything worshipful, it seems to me that contemplation of it is calculated to excite feelings which it is best to keep out of consciousness.

But now, not to take the doctrin at a disadvantage, let us conceive the object of the Positivist's adoration under a better aspect. Let us consider what claims to godhood may be made for the Humanity immediately known to us. Unquestionably M. Comte's own doctrin, that there has been going on an evolution of mankind, implies that such portion of the "Great Being Humanity" as is formed by our own generation, is better than the average of those portions which hav heretofore lived and died. What, then, shall we say of this better portion?

Of course we must keep out of thought all the bad conduct going on around—the prevailing dishonesty shown in adulteration by retailers and production of debased goods by manufacturers, the inefficient and dawdling work of artisans, the many fraudulent transactions of which a few are daily disclosed at trials; though why we are to exclude the blameworthy from our conception of Humanity, I do not understand. But not dwelling on this, let us contemplate first the intellectual traits, and then the moral traits, of the people who remain after leaving out the worse.

Those whose mental appetites are daily satisfied by table talk almost wholly personal, by gossiping books and novels, and by newspapers the contents of which are usually enjoyed the more in proportion as there is in them much of the scandalous or the horrible—those who, on Sunday, never working out their own beliefs, receive the weekly dole of thought called for by their state of spiritual pauperism—those who, to the ideas they received during education, add only such as are supplied by daily journals and weekly sermons, with now and then a few from books, having none of their own worth speaking of; we may be content to class as respectable in the conventional sense, though scarcely in any higher sense—still less to include them as chief components in a body exciting reverence. Even if we limit attention to those of highest culture, including all who are concerned in regulativ functions, political, ecclesiastical, educational, or other, the displays of intelligence do not call forth such an emotion as that which M. Comte's theory requires us to entertain. What shall we say of the wisdom of those, including nearly all who occupy influential positions, who persist in thinking that preparation for successful and complete living (which is the purpose of rational education) is best effected by learning to speak and write after the manner of two extinct peoples, and by gaining knowledge of their chief men, their superstitions, their deeds of war, etc.—who, in their leading school, devote two hours per week to getting some ideas about the constitution of the world they are born into, and thirty-six hours per week to construing Latin and Greek and making verses, nonsensical or other, and who, in the competitiv examinations they devise, giv to knowledge of words double the number of marks which they giv to knowledge of things? That, it seems to me, is not a very worshipful degree of intelligence which fails to recognize the obvious truth that there is an Order of Nature, pervading alike the actions going on within us and without us, to which, from moment to moment, our lives must conform under penalty of one or other evil, and that therefore our first business must be to study this Order of Nature. Nor is estimation of this intelligence raised on contemplating the outcome of this established culture, as seen in Parliament, where any proposal to judge a question by reference to general laws, or "abstract principles," as they are called, is pooh-poohed, with the tacit implication that in social affairs there is no natural law, and where, as we lately saw, 300 select spokesmen of the nation cheered frantically when it was decided that they should continue to vow before God that they would maintain certain arrangements prescribed for them by their great, great, great, etc., grandfathers.

On turning to the moral manifestations, we find still less that is calculated to excite the required religious feeling. When multitudes of citizens belonging to the classes distinguished as "the better," make a hero of a politician whose sole aim throughout life was success, regardless of principle, and hav even established an annual commemoration of him, we are obliged to infer that the prevailing sentiments are not of a very high order. Nothing approaching to adoration is called forth by those who, on the death of a youth who went to help in killing Zulus, with whom he had no quarrel, and all that he might increase his chance of playing despot over the French, thought him worthy of high funeral honors—would, many of them, indeed, hav given him the highest. No feeling of reverence arises in one's mind on thinking of people who looked on with approval or tolerance when a sailor of fortune, who has hired himself out to an Eastern tyrant to slay at the word of command, was honored here by a banquet. A public opinion which recognizes no criminality in wholesale homicide so long as it is committed by a constituted political authority, no matter how vile, or by its foreign hired agent who is indifferent to the right or wrong of the question at issue, is a public opinion which excites, in some at any rate, an emotion nearer to contempt than to adoration.

This emotion is not changed on looking abroad and contemplating the implied natures of those who guide, and the implied natures of those who accept the guidance. When, among a people professing the religion of peace preached to them generation after generation by tens of thousands of priests, an assembly receives with enthusiasm, as lately at the Gambetta dinner, the toast, "The French army, the highest embodiment of the French nation"—when, along with nominal acceptance of forgivness as a Christian duty, there goes intense determination to retaliate, we are obliged to reprobate either the feeling which they actually think proper, or the hypocrisy with which they profess that the opposit feeling is proper. On finding in another advanced society that the seats of highest culture are seats of disciplin in barbarism, where the test of manhood is the giving and taking of wounds in fights arising from trivial causes or none at all, and where, last year, a single day witnessed twenty-one such encounters in one university; we are reminded more of North American Indians, among whom tortures constitute the initiation of young men, than of civilized people taught for a thousand years to do good even to enemies. Or when we see, as lately in a nation akin to the last, that an officer who declined to break at once the law of his country and the law of his religion by fighting a duel, was expelled the army, we are obliged to admit that profession of a creed which forbids revenge, by those whose deeds emphatically assert revenge to be a duty (almost as emphatically as do the lowest races of men), presents Humanity under an aspect not at all of the kind which we look for in "the adorable Great Being." Not reverence, not admiration, scarcely even respect, is caused by the sight of a hundred million pagans masquerading as Christians.

I am told that by certain of M. Comte's disciples (though not by those Mr. Harrison represents) prayer is addressed to "holy" Humanity. Had I to choose an epithet, I think "holy" is about the last which would occur to me.

"But it is only the select human beings—those more especially who are sanctified in the Comtist calendar—who are to form the object of worship, and, for the worship of such, there is the reason that they are the benefactors to whom we owe everything."

On the first of these statements, made by some adherents of M. Comte, one remark must be that it is at variance with M. Comte's own definition of the object of worship, as quoted above; and another remark must be that, admitting such select persons to be worshipful (and I do not admit it), there is no more reason for worshiping Humanity as a whole on the strength of the best samples, than there is for worshiping an ordinary individual, or even a criminal, on the strength of the few good actions which qualified the multitudinous indifferent actions and bad actions he committed. The second of these statements, that Humanity, either as the whole defined by M. Comte or as represented by these select persons, must be adored as being the producer of everything which civilization has brought us, and, in a measure, even the creator of our higher powers of thought and action, we will now consider. Let us hear M. Comte himself on this point:

"Thus each step of sound training in positiv thought awakens perpetual feelings of veneration and gratitude; which rise often into enthusiastic admiration of the Great Being, who is the author of all these conquests, be they in thought, or be they in action" ("System of Positiv Polity," vol. ii, p. 45).

What may hav been the conceptions of "veneration and gratitude" entertained by M. Comte, we cannot, of course, say; but if one not a disciple will examin his consciousness, he will, I think, quickly perceive that veneration or gratitude felt toward any being, implies belief in the conscious action of that being—implies ascription of a prompting motiv of a high kind, and deeds resulting from it; gratitude cannot be entertained toward something which is unconscious. So that the "Great Being Humanity" must be conceived as having in its incorporated form, ideas, feelings, and volitions. Naturally there follows the inquiry—"Where is its seat of consciousness?" Is it diffused throughout mankind at large? That cannot be; for consciousness is an organized combination of mental states, implying instantaneous communications such as certainly do not exist throughout Humanity. Where, then, must be its center of consciousness? In France, of course, which, in the Comtean system, is to be the leading State; and naturally in Paris, to which all the major axes of the temples of Humanity are to point. Anyone with adequate humor might raise amusing questions respecting the constitution of that consciousness of the Great Being supposed to be thus localized. But, preserving our gravity, we hav simply to recognize the obvious truth that Humanity has no corporate consciousness whatever. Consciousness, known to each as existing in himself, is ascribed by him to other beings like himself, and, in a measure, to inferior beings; and there is not the slightest reason for supposing that there ever was, is now, or ever will be, any consciousness among men save that which

exists in them individually. If, then, "the Great Being, who is the Author of all these conquests," is unconscious, the emotions of veneration and gratitude are absolutely irrelevant.

It will doubtless seem a paradox to say that human evolution with all its marvels, is to be credited neither to Humanity as an aggregate, nor to its component individuals; but the paradox will not be difficult to justify: especially if we set out with some analogies. An apt one is supplied by that "thing of beauty," the *Euplectella* or "Venus's flower-basket," now not uncommon as a drawing-room ornament. This fragil piece of animal architecture is not a product of any conscious creature, or of any combination of conscious creatures. It is the framework unknowingly elaborated by innumerable ciliated monads—each a simple nucleated cell, with a whip-like appendage which serves, by its waving movements, to aid the drawing in and sending out of sea-water, from which nutritiv matter is obtained; and it is simply by the proclivities which these monads hav toward certain modes of growth and secretion, that they form, without the consciousness of any one, or of all, this complicated city they inhabit. Again, take the case of a coral island. By it we are shown that a multitude of insignificant individuals may, by their separate actions carried on without concert, generate a structure imposing by its size and stability. One of these palm-covered atolls standing up out of vast depths on the Pacific, has been slowly built up by coral-polyps, while, through successiv small stages, the ocean-bottom has subsided. The mass produced by these brainless and almost nerveless animals—each by its tentacles slowly drawing in such food as the water occasionally brings, and at intervals budding out, plant-like, a new individual—is a mass exceeding in vastness any built by men, and defies the waves in a way which their best breakwaters fail to do: the whole structure being entirely undesigned, and, indeed, absolutely unknown to its producers, individually or in their aggregate.

Prepared by these analogies, everyone will see what is meant by the paradox that civilization, whether contemplated in its great organized societies or in their material and mental products, can be credited neither to any ideal "Great Being Humanity," nor to the real beings summed up under that abstract name. Though we cannot in this case say that neither the aggregate nor its units hav had any consciousness of the results wrought out, yet we may say that only after considerable advances of civilization, has this consciousness existed on the part of a few. Communities hav grown and organized themselvs through the attainment of private ends, mostly pursued with entire selfishness, and in utter ignorance of any social effects produced. If we begin with those early stages in which, among hostile tribes, one more numerous or better led than the rest, conquers them, and, consolidating them into a larger society, at the same time stops inter-tribal wars; we are shown that this step in advance is made, not only without thought of any advantage to Humanity, but often under the promptings of the basest motivs in the mind of the most atrocious savage. And so onward. It needs but to glance at such wall-paintings as those of the conquering Rameses at Karnac, or to read the inscriptions in which Assyrian kings proudly narrated their great deeds, to see that personal ambitions were pursued with absolute disregard of human welfare. But for that admiration of military glory with which classical culture imbues each rising generation, it would be felt that whatever benefits these kings unknowingly wrought, their self-praising records hav brought them not much more honor than has been brought to the Fijian king Tanoa by the row of nine hundred stones recording the number of victims he devoured. And though the outcome of those struggles for supremacy in which, during European history, so many millions hav been sacrificed, has been the formation of great nations fitted for the highest types of structure; yet when, hereafter, opinion is no longer swayed by public school ethics, it will be seen that the men who effected these unions did so from desires which should class them with criminals rather than with the benefactors of mankind. With governmental organizations it was the same as with social consolidations: they arose not to secure the blessings of order, but to maintain the ruler's power. As the original motiv for preventing quarrels among soldiers was that the army might not be rendered inefficient before the enemy, so, throughout the militant society at large, the motiv for suppressing conflicts was partly that of preventing hindrance to the king's wars, and partly that of asserting his authority. Administration of justice, as we know it, grew up incidentally; and began with bribing the ruling man to interfere on behalf of the complainant. Not wishes for the public weal, but wishes for private profit and power, originated the regulativ organizations of societies. So has it been, too, with their industrial organizations. Acts of barter between primitiv men were not prompted by thoughts of benefits to Humanity, to be eventually achieved by division of labor. When, as among various peoples, on occasions of assembling to make sacrifices at sacred places, some of the devotees took with them commodities likely to be wanted by others who would be there, and from whom needful supplies could be got in exchange, they never dreamed that they were making the first steps toward establishment of fairs, and eventually of markets: purely selfish desires prompted them. Nor on the part of the peddlers who, supplying themselvs wholesale at these gatherings, traveled about selling retail, was there any beneficent intention of initiating that vast and elaborate distributing system which now exists. Neither they nor any men of their time had imagined such a system. And the like holds of improved arts, of inventions, and, in large measure, of discoveries. It was not philanthropy which prompted the clearing of wild lands for the purpose of growing food; it was not philanthropy which little by little improved the breeds of animals, and adapted them to human use; it was not philanthropy which in the course of time changed the primitiv plow into the finished modern plow. Wishes for private satisfactions were the exclusiv stimuli. The successiv patents taken out by Watt, and his lawsuits in defense of them, show that though he doubtless foresaw some of the benefits which the steam-engin would confer on mankind, yet foresight of these was not the prime mover of his acts. The long concealment of the methods of fluxions by Newton, as well as the Newton-Leibnitz controversy which subsequently arose, show us that while there was perception of the benefits to science, and indirectly to Humanity, from the discoveries made by these mathematicians, yet that desires to confer these benefits were secondary to other desires—largely the love of scientific exploration itself, and, in a considerable degree, "the last infirmity of noble minds." Nor has it been otherwise with literature. Entirely dissenting, though I do, from the dictum of Johnson, that "No man but a blockhead ever wrote except for money," and knowing perfectly well that many books hav been written by others than "blockheads," not only without expectation of profit, but with the certainty of loss; yet I hold it clear that the majority of authors do not differ from other men to the extent that the desire to confer public benefit predominates over the desire to reap private benefit; in the shape of satisfied ambition if not in the shape of pecuniary return. And it is the same with the delights given to mankind by artistic products. The mind of the artist, whether composer, painter, or sculptor, has always been in a much greater degree occupied by the pleasure of creation and the thoughts of reward, material or mental, than by the wish to add to men's gratifications.

But we are most clearly shown how little either any aims of an ideal "Great Being," or any philanthrophic aims of individuals, hav had to do with civilization, by an instance which M. Comte himself refers to as proving our indebtedness. He says: "Language alone might suffice to recall to the mind of everyone how completely every creation of man is the result of a vast combination of efforts, equally extended over time and space" ("Positiv Polity," vol. ii, p. 48). Now nothing is more manifest than that language has been produced neither by the conscious efforts of the imagined "Great Being, who is the Author of all these conquests," nor by the conscious efforts of individual men. Passing over that intentional coining of words which occurs during the later stages of linguistic progress, it is undeniable that during those earlier stages which gave to languages their essential structures and vocabularies, the evolutionary process went on without the intention of those who were instrumental to it. The man who first, when discussing a probability, said *giv* (*i. e.* grant, or admit) so-and-so, and such and such follows, had no idea that by his metaphorical *giv* (which became *gif* and then *if*) he was helping to initiate a grammatical form. The original application of the word *orange* to some object like an orange in color, was made without consciousness that the act would presently lead to enrichment of the language by an additional adjectiv. And so throughout. The minute additions and modifications which hav, in thousands of years, given to human speech its present perfection, arose as random changes without thought of improvement; and the good ones insensibly spread as serving better the purposes of those who adopted them.

Thus, accepting M. Comte's typical instance of the obligations under which Humanity during the past has placed individuals at present, we must say that language, having been evolved during men's intercourse without the least design on their parts of conferring benefits, and without the faintest consciousness of what they were doing, affords no reason whatever for regarding them with that "veneration and gratitude" which he thinks due.

"But surely 'veneration and gratitude' are due somewhere. Surely civilized society, with its complex arrangements and involved processes, its multitudinous material products and almost magical instruments, its language, science, literature, art, must be credited to some agency or other. If the 'Great Being, Humanity,' considered as a whole, has not created it for us—if the individuals who hav co-operated in producing it hav done so while pursuing their private ends mostly without consciousness that they were either furthering or hindering human progress, how happens it that such benefits hav been achieved, and to what shall we attribute achievement of them?"

To Mr. Harrison, if his allegiance to his master is unqualified, no answer which he will think satisfactory can be given; for M. Comte negativs the recognition of any cause for the existence of human beings and the "Great Being" composed of them. It was one of his strange inconsistencies that, though he held it legitimate to inquire into the evolution of the Solar System (as is shown by his acceptance of the nebular hypothesis), and though he treats of human society as a product of evolution, yet all that region lying between the formation of planets and the origin of primitiv man, was interdicted by him. To those, however, who accept the doctrin of organic evolution, either with or without the doctrin of evolution at large, the obvious answer to the above question will be that if "veneration and gratitude" are due at all, they are due to that Ultimate Cause from which Humanity, individually and as a whole, in common with all other things, has proceeded. There is nothing in embodied Humanity but what results from the properties of its units—properties mainly prehistoric, and in a small measure generated by social life. If we ask whence come these properties—these structures and functions, bodily and mental—we must go for our answer to the slow operation of those processes of modification and complication through which, with the aid of surrounding conditions, ever themselvs growing more involved, there hav been produced the multitudinous organic types, up to the highest. If we persist in putting question beyond question, we are carried back to those more general causes which determined the structure and composition of the Earth during its concentration; and eventually we are carried back to the nebulous mass in which there existed, undistinguished into those concrete forms we now know, the forces out of which all things contained in the Solar System hav come, and in which there must hav been, as Professor Tyndall expresses it, "the promis and potency of all terrestrial life." Whether we contemplate such external changes as those of stars moving ten miles per second, and those which now in hours, now in years, now in centuries, arrange molecules into a crystal; or whether we contemplate internal changes, arising in us as ideas and feelings, and arising also in the chick which but a few weeks since was a viscid yolk, we are compelled to recognize everywhere an Energy capable of all forms and which has been ever assuming new forms, from the remotest time to which science carries us back down to the passing moment. If we take the highest product of evolution, civilized human society, and ask to what agency all its marvels must be credited, the inevitable answer is—To that Unknown Cause of which the entire Cosmos is a manifestation.

A spectator who, seeing a bubble floating on a great river, had his attention so absorbed by the bubble that he ignored the river—nay, even ridiculed anyone who thought that the river out of which the bubble arose and into which it would presently elapse, deserved recognition, would fitly typify a disciple of M. Comte, who, centering all his higher sentiments on Humanity, holds it absurd to let either thought or feeling be occupied with that great stream of Creativ Power, unlimited in Space or in Time, of which Humanity is a transitory product. Even if, instead of being the dull leaden-hued thing it is, the bubble Humanity had reached that stage of iridescence of which, happily, a high sample of man or woman sometimes shows us a beginning, it would still owe whatever there was in it of beauty to that Infinit and Eternal Energy out of which Humanity has quite recently emerged, and into which it must, in course of time, subside. As with thousands of lower types of creatures which hav severally illustrated the truth that the life and death of the individual prefigure in brief space the life and death of the race, so with this highest type of creature, Man; a beginning and end to Humanity are no less certain than the beginning and end to each human being. And to suppose that this relativly-evanescent form of existence ought to occupy our minds so exclusively as to leave no space for a consciousness of that Ultimate Existence of which it is but one form out of multitudes—an Ultimate Existence which was manifested in infinitly-varied ways before Humanity arose, and will be manifested in infinitly-varied other ways when Humanity has ceased to be, seems very strange—to me, indeed, amazing.

And here this contrast between the Positivist view and my own view, equally marked now as it was at first, leads me to ask in what respects the criticisms passed on the article—"Religion: a Retrospect and Prospect" hav affected its argument. Many years ago, as also by implication in that article, I contended that while Science shows that we can know phenomena only, its arguments involve no denial of an Existence beyond phenomena. In common with leading scientific men whose opinions are known to me, I hold that it does not bring us to an ultimate negation, as the presentations of my view made by Mr. Harrison and Sir James Stephen imply, and they hav done nothing to show that its outcome is negativ. Contrariwise, the thesis many years ago maintained by me against thinkers classed as orthodox ("First Principles," § 26), and reasserted after this long interval, is that though the nature of the Reality transcending appearances cannot be known, yet that its existence is necessarily implied by all we do know—that though no conception of this Reality can be framed by us, yet that an indestructible consciousness of it is the very basis of our intelligence (Sir James Stephen, who appears perplexed by the distinction between a conception and a consciousness, will find an explanation of it in "First Principles," § 26), and I do not find, either in Mr. Harrison's criticisms or in those of Sir James Stephen, any endeavor to prove the untruth of this thesis. Moreover, as originally elaborated and as recently restated, my argument was in the discovery by Science that it could not do more than ascertain the order among phenomena, there was involved a tacit confession of impotence in presence of the Mystery of Things—a confession which brought Science into sympathy with Religion; and that in their joint recognition of an Unknowable Cause for all the effects constituting the knowable world, Religion and Science would reach a truth common to the two. I do not see that anything said by my critics has shaken this position. I held at the outset, and continue to hold, that this Inscrutable Existence which Science, in the last resort, is compelled to recognize as unreached by its deepest analyses of matter, motion, thought, and feeling, stands toward our general conception of things, in substantially the same relation as does the Creativ Power asserted by Theology; and that when Theology, which has already dropped many of the anthropomorphic traits ascribed, eventually drops the last of them, the foundation-beliefs of the two must become identical. So far as I see, no endeavor has been made to show that this is not the case. Further I hav contended, originally and in the article named, that this Reality transcending appearance (which is not simply unknown, as Mr. Harrison thinks it should be called, but is proved by analysis of the form of our intelligence to be unknowable) ("First Principles," part I, chap. iv), standing toward the Universe and toward ourselvs in the same relation as an anthropomorphic Creator was supposed to stand, bears a like relation with it not only to human thought but to human feeling—the gradual replacement of a Power allied to humanity in certain traits, by a Power which we cannot say is thus allied, leaves unchanged certain of the sentiments comprehended under the name religious. Though I hav argued that in ascribing to the Unknowable Cause of things such human attributes as emotion, will, and intelligence, we are using words which, when thus applied, hav no corresponding ideas, yet I hav also argued that we are just as much debarred from denying as we are from affirming such attributes ("First Principles," § 31); since, as ultimate analysis brings us everywhere to alternativ impossibilities of thought, we are shown that beyond the phenomenal order of things, our ideas of possible and impossible are irrelevant. Nothing has been said which requires me to change this view: neither Mr. Harrison's statement that "to make a religion out of the Unknowable is far more extravagant than to make it out of the Equator," nor Sir James Stephen's description of the Unknowable as "like a gigantic soap-bubble not burst but blown thinner and thinner till it has become absolutely imperceptible," seems to me applicable. One who says that because the Infinit and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed, can not in any way be brought within the limits of human consciousness it therefore approaches to a nonentity, seems to me like one who says of a vast number that because it passes all possibility of enumeration it is like nothing, which is also innumerable. Once more when implying that the Infinit and Eternal Energy manifested alike within us and without us, and to which we must ascribe not only the manifestations themselvs but the law of their order, will hereafter continue to be, under its transfigured form, an object of religious sentiment; I hav implied that whatever components of this sentiment disappear, there must ever survive those which are appropriate to the consciousness of a mystery that cannot be fathomed and a power that is omnipresent. Mr. Harrison and Sir James Stephen hav said nothing to invalidate this position. Lastly, let me point out that I am not concerned to show what effect religious sentiment, as hereafter thus modified, will hav as a moral agent; though Mr. Harrison, by ridiculing the supposition that it will make good men and women, seems to imply that I hav argued, or am bound to argue, that it will do this. If he will refer to the "Data of Ethics" and other books of mine, he will find that modification of human nature, past and future, I ascribe in the main to the continuous operation of surrounding social conditions and entailed habits of life: though past forms of the religious consciousness hav exercised, and future forms will I believe exercise, co-operativ influences ("Data of Ethics," § 62).

How, then, does the case stand? Under "Retrospect," I aimed to show how the religious consciousness arose; and under "Prospect," what *of this consciousness* must remain when criticism has done its utmost. My opponents would hav succeeded had they shown (1) that it did not arise as alleged; or (2) that some other consciousness would remain; or (3) that no consciousness would remain. They hav done none of these things. Looking at the general results, it seems to me that while the things I hav said hav not been disproved, the things which hav been disproved are things I hav not said.

Christian Civilization a Failure.

"De odder ebenin' I heard an orator say dat dis was de aige of wisdom," remarked Brother Gardner as the meeting of the Lime Kiln Club opened in perfect harmony. "Let us analyze de assertion an' see what it am made of. Fur ebery one perfeckly healthy man, I'll fin' you nine who am ailin'. De majority smoke, chew, drink, keep onreasonable hours, an' prepar' demselvs fur de grave at fifty. Consumption, liber complaint, dyspepsia, kidney disease, neuralgia, rheumatism, an' scrofula am eberyday complaints. Drunkenness, gluttony an' immorality no longer excite surprise. Dat's de seed fur plantin' de nex' ginerashun.

"Fin' me one perfeckly healthy woman an' I'll fin' you fifty who am ailin'. Take boaf sides of de longest square in Detroit, or any odder American city, an' it won't average two healthy women, no matter how clusly de houses am built. Neuralgia, rheumatism, weak backs, near-sightedness, terrible head-

aches, an' cancers, tumors, an' a dozen odder ailments am keepin' de doctahs busy. Paint, powder, thin shoes, thin clothes, reckless exposure, late hours an' a total disregard of common sense in eberyfing am de cause. Dat's de groun' on which to sow de wheat.

"De nex' ginerashun in dis kentry will need to double up our idiot an' insane asylums. State prisons an' jails will need to be enlarged. Honesty an' morality will be strangers in de land, an' friendship will hav a mighty lonesome time. De seed an' de groun' am ready, an' de crop will come in due time."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Model Organization.

The progress of Freethought in England during the last quarter of a century has been mainly due to the admirable organization of the National Secular Society. Before entering upon a description of the system of working adopted by this society, it may be well to giv a statement of its principles and objects as defined in the rules.

"The National Secular Society has been formed to maintain the principles and rights of Freethought, and to direct their application to the secular improvement of this life.

"By the principle of Freethought is meant the exercise of the understanding upon relevant facts, and independent of penal or priestly intimidation.

"By the rights of Freethought are meant the liberty of free criticism for the security of truth, and the liberty of free publicity for the extension of truth.

"Secularism relates to the present existence of man, and to actions the issue of which can be tested by experience.

"It declares that the promotion of human improvement and happiness is the highest duty, and that morality can be tested by utility.

"That in order to promote effectually the improvement and happiness of mankind, every individual of the human family ought to be well placed and well instructed, and that all who are of a suitable age ought to be usefully employed for their own and the general good.

"That human improvement and happiness cannot be effectually promoted without civil and religious liberty, and that therefore it is the duty of every individual to activly attack all barriers to equal freedom of thought and utterance for all upon political, theological, and social subjects.

"A Secularist is one who deduces his moral duties from considerations which pertain to this life, and who, practically recognizing the above duties, devotes himself to the promotion of the general good.

"The object of the National Secular Society is to disseminate the above principles by every legitimate means in its power."

This society has about twenty branches in London, and about one hundred in provincial towns, besides some in the colonies. Its executiv is composed of a president, vice-presidents, secretary, treasurer, auditors, and members of the council. The members of the executiv are elected annually at the general conference, with the exception of the last named, who are chosen by the branches, one for each branch. Those members of the council who reside more than twenty miles from the place of meeting of the executiv are termed corresponding members. All propositions touching the business of the conference are forwarded to them a month before each conference, and they are allowed to vote upon them by letter. The central offices of the society are at the Hall of Science, Old Street, City Road, where lectures are delivered to large audiences on every Sunday throughout the year. Science classes are held during the week in the winter season, and meetings for purposes of interest to Freethinkers occasionally take place.

Each branch has its own place of meeting, where the members and friends of the movement assemble at least once in every week. The proceedings are generally opened by a discourse on some theological, political, or scientific subject. This is sometimes given by a member of the branch, and at others by a special lecturer. Discussion is always invited, and debates are often carried on with considerable skill.

On special occasions, when a popular lecturer is engaged by the branch, it is customary to hire some larger building, usually a theater, or good-sized hall, for the purpose. Should a lecturer be secured for a Sunday, he usually givs three lectures on that day. All expenses of advertising and rent of hall are borne by the branch, and the balance remaining after expenses hav been deducted is paid to the lecturer.

The subscription to the National Secular Society is one shilling per quarter. The branches forward one-third of each member's subscription to the parent society. In connection with the society there is a benevolent fund for assisting old and distressed Freethinkers, and advancing loans without interest to those who may be in temporary difficulties. Each branch makes an annual collection in aid of this fund. There is also a "Propagandist Fund" for sending lecturers to towns and villages where no branch is organized, and for carrying on open-air lectures and discussions in certain localities. This work has resulted in much practical good.

It appears to be a growing practice, and one attended with satisfactory results, to relieve the dryness of the ordinary proceedings by some entertainment at the meetings. Musical and dramatic sketches and occasional balls are given by some branches for this purpose. This is found especially valuable in attracting ladies to the meetings. The co-operation of woman is held to be of the utmost importance, as it rests with the female sex chiefly to protect the next generation from the corrupting influence of theology.

As almost every important town in England has its branch, any matter of interest relating to Freethought which may appear in the local press, or any sermon or lecture which may be delivered bearing upon the subject, is almost sure to be noted and reported to the society. By this this means misstatements are corrected and movements prejudicial to liberty are checked in the bud.

It is scarcely necessary to add in conclusion that the National Secular Society is largely indebted for its usefulness to the activity and energy of its constantly re-elected president, Mr. Charles Bradlaugh.

242 W. 48*th St., New York.* E. J. Bowtell.

The Cat, the Meal, and the Silly Mice.

The Prohibition party, inheriting the medieval notion that political government is omnipotent to do everything in the way of reform, both in religion and morals, hav erected the platform of their principles and policy, and hav placed upon it their candidates for president and vice-president of the United States.

Allow me to point out to the readers of The Truth Seeker the revolutionary and anti-American character of such principles by placing them in contrast with those fundamental ones on which this republic rests. The Declaration of Independence of 1776 is a part of our constitutional law. It contains the foundation principles for the carrying out of which the Constitution and government of the United States are mere agents. They are axiomatical in their character, and a test by which it may be known whether a man is a patriot or a traitor to his country. That the reader may see the utter and eternal antagonism between these two sets of principles, I place them in parallel columns:

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.	PROHIBITION PLATFORM.
"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That, *to secure these rights*, governments are instituted among men, *deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed;* that *whenever any form of government* becomes *destructiv of these ends*, it is the *right* of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to affect their safety and happiness."	"The Prohibition party in national convention assembled, *acknowlege Almighty God* as the *rightful sovereign of all men, from whom the just powers of government are derived,* to *whose* laws human *enactments should conform*, and that peace, prosperity, and happiness only can come to the people when their laws of the *national and state governments are in accord with the divine will.*"

In the left column the Declaration asserts that government derives its just powers, not from the Jewish, Christian, Mohammedan, or any other God, but solely from the consent of the people who are governed; and that the function of government is, not to please any God, or promote his glory, but to secure to all men the enjoyment of their natural right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

The Prohibitionists positivly deny these principles, and in the very first sentence of their platform hasten to affirm the old European doctrin whose history is written in blood and tears, that governments derive their lawful powers from God, and not from the people!

Well, in the process of legislating the reader inquires, How is a government to ascertain whether God approves, or disapproves, of a certain bill brought before the legislature for its sanction? Why, bless your dear simple heart, God has *revealed* his will, finally and conclusivly, on all subjects, in his word called the Bible, and the clergy are the sworn and authorized interpreters and expounders of that word. And in this country, the state legislatures, exercising their powers in their grooves, and Congress, exercising its powers in its grooves, are to wait upon the clergy, who are God's embassadors and mouthpieces, and thus find out the will of God. This is the way the pope of Rome, with his cardinals, bishops, and priests, dictated legislation to Europe for a thousand years.

This is the way the Presbyterians of Scotland, during the reign of the Solemn League and Covenant, ruled the people of that country with a rod of iron. And this is the way the Prohibition party would rule us if it were in power. The Prohibition platform is the meal; the cat under the meal, her claws sheathed in velvet, is the God-in-the-Constitution principle; and the poor silly mice are those Freethinkers, East and West, whose ambition seems to be to become a breakfast for the cat when she throws off her disguise! I had supposed that our Western Radicals by this time would hav cut their wisdom teeth, but it is plain, from their having enlisted under the banner of "God in the Constitution," that they hav not even cut their eye teeth.

If we indulge for a moment in the fanciful supposition that the Prohibition party were in power, the only hope of the people, who would then discover themselvs to be the mice, would be that the clergy of all the sects, like a troop of vultures over a fallen sheep, would quarrel and fight among themselvs for mastery, and make such a hell of it as to frighten the mice into their holes, from which they could see the performance of the Kilkenny cats repeated, to the joy of the world.

Oh, when will men learn that government by legislation has nothing to do with men's *opinions* on any subject; nor with their private *morals;* that while *crimes* are punishable by law, *vices* are amenable only to ethical and physiological considerations? B.

Pray or Fight—Which?

Blank petitions hav been sent out for signature, asking for state secularization. I hav no objection to those signing that wish, but for myself, I hav long since stopped praying to a God, and hav made up my mind to pray to man no more.

Years ago I prayed for woman suffrage and things of like nature without a favorable answer. A few years since I prayed to a pious fraud for the pardon—no, not the pardon, for he had committed no crime, but the release—of Brother Bennett from prison, with what success is well known; and I hav made up my mind in the future to fight for my rights, making the best show I can in the cause. I am of the opinion that if Liberals and all professing to be reformers would pool their issues and pull together at the ballot-box, something might be done towards forcing upon the minds of those whom we elect to act for us in ruling and governing this American republic the fact that we hav rights and dare those rights maintain. But as long as we continue to vote in the old party ruts and for the old party hacks, we may pray until the stars fall without success. How many of the signers of the petition for the release of Brother Bennett voted four years ago? How many of them will vote this fall to continue in office the same persons whose acts helped to make that petition a necessity and the incarceration of Brother Bennett in a criminal's cell a possibility? How many of those who hav signed or will sign a petition for state secularization will this fall step up to the ballot-box and cast a vote for the one who, in his letter of acceptance, says, "This is a good land the Lord our God hath given us"—when we all hav heard that it cost seven years of hardship, privation, suffering, and very many lives to get old England to giv up her claim to this land, and many of us know full well that it cost us four years of strife, thousands of lives, and millions of money to preserve it integral? Surely the Lord our God is good to us to make it cost us this much. Together the Christian and the Liberal will go the polls and deposit the same ballot; the former aggressiv and confident of success, the latter praying and hoping for a crumb of comfort to fall to his share. Arm-in-arm the God-in-the-Constitution man and the petitioner for state secularization will step up to the box and deposit their vote for the party whose representativs came so near making it impossible for a Liberal to liv and maintain his self-respect under the stars and stripes of this so-called asylum for the oppressed of all nations, religions, and opinions. Side by side, the Prohibitionist, the Anti-Prohibitionist, the rum-seller, and the drunkard will deposit the same ballots, and for those whose acts officially hav made Prohibition a necessity, and at the same time an impossibility. Now, is there no one to lead us or to instruct us how to work out our salvation? Where are our Ingersolls, our Wakemans—why are they silent? Hav we no Moses to lead us out of this wilderness of religious bigotry, and church rule, this slough of political corruption, monopoly, and crime? Where are the voters of the two hundred and seventy Liberal Leagues? Are they so bound to party as to cast principles aside and still keep voting to forge the chains of slavery stronger and stronger, to bind them closer about us until strife and bloodshed alone can break them?

Now, I am a Spiritualist of more than thirty years in the faith. I expect to liv the balance of my days in this belief, and then pass on to a realization of its truth. But I am willing to lock arms with the strongest Materialist, and pledge myself to support no man for office who will not pledge himself to state secularization. Then let us unite upon one issue—dropping for the time all other issues if necessary—press that forward with united effort, and when that point is gained, pick up another and work for that with might and main, and we will soon make them feel our power. Then let us stop praying to others; stop calling each other hard names and fighting among ourselvs, put on our armor and fight our common enemy. Yours for state secularization,

William S. Logan.

Hazelton, Dakota Ter., Aug. 10, 1884.

Communications.

The National Liberal League.

We hav vital and ennobling truths for the amelioration and salvation of mankind. Our only consistent course is a constant aggressiv activity in bringing the light of truth before the people. This can only be effected by thorough organization, and the consequent judicious distribution of Liberal and scientific literature.

Our main hope, our chief helper, our chief savior and redeemer, is the printing press. We hav talent in the Liberal ranks far greater in proportion than in any Christian denomination. We hav as much of the spirit of self-sacrifice, devotion to our cause, and love of our fellow-creatures.

What is needed is a systematized plan of work, which shall encourage and incite all to earnest effort.

How many good and true men and women might be rescued from the cruel bonds of bigotry, fear, and superstition, might become activ workers for truth and humanity, and in their turn bring liberty, joy, hope, and happiness to others, if the organization of the National Liberal League can be perfected, so that it shall fulfil its mission!

Much can be done without brilliant lecturers or grand meetings. These are at suitable times great helps, but not by any means first essentials. They may very safely be reserved for especial needs. Many most worthy Liberals reside in small villages or places where, even if the expense of lecturers could be met, the people are too prejudiced to attend, and little good could result.

Before the advent of the lecturer there needs a work of preparation, a thorough canvassing for the sale of Liberal books, securing subscribers for our best periodicals, and the careful, judicious distribution of tracts and papers.

In almost every school district there are those who develop into efficient laborers. What work could be more noble, more praiseworthy? How better promote the happiness of our fellow-creatures? Many persons who can never hope to excel as public speakers, who cannot even hold their own in an argument, could as distributors of Liberal literature become as useful, and do as important and effectiv work in upbuilding the League as some brilliant orators and debaters. Such persons, guided by the pure aud ennobling principles of Liberalism, living lives of benevolence, love, and integrity, wield a powerful influence. They could go from house to house in their neighborhood, talk to the people of the aims and objects of the League, its meetings, amusements, etc., and, once a little interest aroused, hand out tracts, and loan books or papers.

Very many could help themselvs financially as well as the cause by canvassing for such books as, "A Truth Seeker Around the World," Ingersoll's lectures, Huxley on "The Origin of Species." To those not sufficiently advanced to appreciate such works, or those who prefer to read novels and stories, McDonnell's "Exeter Hall," Putnam's "Golden Throne," would sell readily. And people thus once started in thinking for themselvs are readily induced to carefully read Paine's "Age of Reason," Ingersoll's "Orthodoxy," Remsburg's "False Claims," subscribe for Liberal papers, and become activ members of the League. In the language of the lamented D. M. Bennett, "Oh, for a revival of reason, truth, and common sense!"

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

To this end, we respectfully suggest for careful consideration and amendment the following propositions:

That the officers of the National Liberal League use every endeavor to obtain the names and addresses of Liberals in every school district in the United States.

That they prepare, and the secretary mail to each address obtained, a circular stating the aims and objects of the League, and proposed plan of work, earnestly requesting co-operation.

That the officers of the National League at once convene the officers of all Leagues in each state (when there are less than five working Leagues in a state, two or more states might be united as joint state Leagues), elect officers, and organize separate state and joint state Leagues. Counsel with state League officers in the division of their states into districts. State League officers shall convene the members of all Leagues in their respectiv districts, elect officers, and organize district Leagues.

All Leagues shall hold regular weekly meetings (except during summer vacation), and make regular monthly reports to the secretary of the district League (blanks to be furnished for this purpose by the state League). Said reports shall state:

1. Total number of members in good standing.
2. Number of members present at each regular meeting.
3. Number, occasion, and particulars of any extra meetings.
4. Number of new members received during the month.
5. Total amount of membership fees and dues received during the month.
6. Number of new subscribers to periodicals obtained.
7. Number of books and pamphlets loaned.
8. Number of tracts and periodicals loaned.
9. Number of books and pamphlets sold.
10. Number of pages of tracts and number of papers given away.

Every member is supplied with blanks for statements of from 6 to 10, to be filled out each week, and handed to the secretary.

The secretary of the district League shall make quarterly reports of sum totals of all reports received from Leagues in his district to the secretary of the state League immediately after each quarterly meeting of the district League. The secretary of the state League shall make semi-annual report of sum totals of all district reports to secretary of the National Liberal League, blanks to be furnished by the latter. The secretary of the National League shall prepare semi-annual report of the sum totals of all reports received from the state and joint state Leagues, and publish the same in the leading Liberal papers. District League meetings shall be held quarterly at such time and place as shall be determined by vote at district League meeting. All members in good standing of Leagues within the district are members of that district League. District League officers shall meet with each League in their district at least once in each quarter. District League meetings shall be attended by one or more state League officers, or when that is not possible, by proxies appointed by them. The state League officers, by and with the advice and consent of the district League officers, shall appoint suitable lecturers for every such meeting. The annual meetings of each of the state Leagues shall, when possible, be so arranged that the president and secretary of the National Liberal League can be present. Preceding every such state League meeting, by and with the advice and consent of the state League's officers, the subjects to be presented by lecturers at such annual meeting shall be decided on, and the best available talent to present such subjects be engaged for such meeting.

By this system an immense amount of the very best Liberal literature will be placed in the hands of people, who will through personal solicitation be interested to thoughtfully read it. The progress being made, difficulty occurring, the exact condition of the work in every place in the United States, will be known to the National Liberal League officers. Just the help needed can be supplied at just the time most needed. The smallest League, the most lowly member, will be cared for, helped, cheered, and encouraged. All the best lecturers and able workers will be kept constantly in the field and be found employment just where their special talent and ability can be made most serviceable. The National Liberal League will take no backward steps—does not abandon its design; on the contrary, it enlarges its foundation, and builds it broader, deeper, more massiv, and endurable.

FINANCE.

We need tracts and leaflets on the aims and objects of the National Liberal League, especially on the Sabbath question and the exemption from taxation of church property and ministers—tracts that will appeal to the reason and giv facts in such a manner as not to shock or so inflame prejudice of Bible worshipers that they will not finish reading or giv thought to the subject. We need tracts especially adapted to new fields, that we can scatter in the strongholds of the enemy; tracts carefully written with especial view to incite people to discuss these questions and think for themselvs. We ought to place three million of such tracts in the hands of the people during the next year. This would pave the way to doubling the circulation of all our best Liberal periodicals. The gross injustice and evil results of our government granting especial power and privileges to churches, priests, and parsons must be laid before the people. To this end, a million copies of Paine's "Age of Reason," Ingersoll's "Orthodoxy," and Remsburg's "False Claims," should be in the hands of people who hav by the National League tracts had their interest in these subjects awakened. To accomplish this, every person over eighteen years of age on joining the League shall pay one dollar membership fee, and fifty cents monthly dues—dues to be paid monthly in advance.

The treasurer of each League shall retain one-half of all money so paid in, for the use and benefit of the League, and shall each month remit the balance or remaining half to the treasurer of the state League.

The treasurer of the state League shall retain one clear third of all moneys so received for the use of the state League, and forthwith remit the balance or remaining two-thirds to the treasurer of the National League.

The secretary of each League shall make report each and every month to the secretary of the National League, giving name and address of every person who has paid membership fee or monthly dues, with date of payments, and amounts paid, also the sum total received for fees and dues during the month, and the amount paid over to treasurer of state League.

Secretary of National League shall, on receipt of such report, forward to the secretary of such League publications, tracts, and pamphlets of the National League to the full value (at publishers' prices) of the total amount paid by such League to its state treasurer.

The National League can obtain needed tracts and publications, purchasing such large quantities at one-half discount on publishers' regular prices.

Thus all the needed blank reports, the expenses of all the state Leagues, and the salaries to the officers of the National League, can be paid without one cent of expense to the members of the League, for they would receive needed publications to the full value of every cent they pay to their state Leagues. For illustration, suppose—in this day of small things—the total membership of the League was only five thousand members. This would giv $2,500 monthly dues, $1,250 to be paid to state Leagues, who would retain one-third, or $416.66, and pay over balance, $833.34, to National League.

The National League would hav to send out $1,250 worth of publications—actual cost to National League, $625—leaving balance $208.34. This is for only one month.

The state Leagues would receive $4,999.92 for the year to meet their expenses, the National League $2,500 to pay their officers—and this is not counting the membership fees, which would pay stationery, postage, blanks, etc.

But far above all the best part of it is the immense amount of the very best Liberal literature that would thus be carefully and judiciously circulated, the constant intercourse and social relations maintained among all Liberals, and the steady progress made in securing universal mental liberty.

CHAS. B. REYNOLDS.

N. Parma, N. Y., August 5, 1884.

Mr. Wettstein Rebuked.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Mr. Wettstein's article in THE TRUTH SEEKER of August 6th is, no doubt, intended as a burlesque representation of Spiritualistic views. It seems to me, however, to be a conglomeration of truth and error, inconsistencies and misrepresentations. When he says: "Spirits alone hav no elements, or parts—are composed of nothing," it is a palpable misrepresentation of the Spiritualistic view—unless he believes so himself, and givs it as his own view that there are spirits—"composed of nothing." But as he does not believe in spirits at all, it is evidently a gross misrepresentation, and a very convenient false premis from which to draw false conclusions when trying to ridicule Spiritualism.

In speaking of spirits, when he says, "it is beyond all human conception, and a thing and locality and condition purely miraculous and supernatural," it is a misrepresentation, for Spiritualists do not believe in the "miraculous and supernatural," and unless Mr. Wettstein does and intends to indorse miracles and supernaturalism, he either ignorantly or otherwise makes another false basis for false conclusions.

The question, however, of future, or continued life, is not to be settled by ridicule based on misrepresentation, false premises, and false conclusions, no matter how often repeated. Nor is the evidence that spirits liv, and make themselvs known to their friends, to be set aside by deductiv reasoning from imaginary theories. The evidence of their life, force, and intelligence is overwhelming. They hav been identified by thousands as their loved ones, neighbors, and friends who had gone before, and are known just as one person knows another, and unmistakably identified in various ways to the entire satisfaction of those with whom they had been acquainted, just in the ordinary way of proving identity.

Yes, we hav the testimony of thousands and tens of thousands, that the spirits *liv;* and no matter whether Mr. Wettstein knows where, or how, or not. And if he doesn't know about their clothes, and how they manage "a second, and a third, and a fourth wife," it is not strange, for there are a great many things that he doesn't know; though it is, no doubt, *kind* in him to feel some concern about the matter. Then his concern about the spirits coming "within range of a planet while sweeping through its orbit" is evidence of a kind heart. He thinks they might be "instantaneously annihilated," and no wonder he feels concerned. Then he is troubled about horses and dogs, "snakes and oysters." Then again he is afraid of being "forever denied sleep, the downy bed, three meals a day, the embrace of an affectionate wife, the kiss and prattle of our little ones, luxuries like wines, fruits, desserts, candies, or cigars," and then exclaims, "Let me sleep, forever sleep."

Let not your heart be troubled, Brother Wettstein, for there is no danger. You say, however, that "some place the spirits here, there, and everywhere; some on one planet, some on others;" and although that may look singular, yet they may be mistaken, and such not the case at all. Why, even you and I might be mistaken, strange as it may seem to you—but we

might, especially when we write about the spirit world, the employments of spirits, "the hair of the head" over there, which you say "is prolific" and "remarkable," and "will grow and grow a few years, and then, behold the miracle—it will grow no more, forever no more." But may you not be mistaken, brother? "And the nails on their toes and fingers are subject to the same law of growth for a very few years, and then will remain *in statu quo* forever." Again I say, may you not be mistaken? Even if you learned these things from spirit communications, *they*—the spirits—may be mistaken, and no such calamities overtake the celestial inhabitants. And I hav sometimes thought that they were not always as truthful as they might be, especially when communicating to those who were disposed to find fault. There is no danger, Brother Wettstein; the laws of nature are always the same, and nature will take care of the future, and there is no necessity for you to go into an *eternal* sleep to avoid calamities incident to the hair and toe-nails in future life.

Laurelville, Aug. 11, 1884. WM. WATSON.

Red-Hot Politics.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I must pronounce it strange that you, in giving your views on the various political factions now agitating this country, after passing over some six or seven different parties, each of which, like the devotees of every Christian church, thinks its own platform and purpose the only one worthy the vote of the community, acknowledge your sympathy with that heterogeneous mass headed by Butler & Co., not one of whom ever uttered a word of rebuke upon the damnable murders of the midnight assassins of the South, or a word of censure upon hundreds of others of the evils afflicting our country. No; Ben Butler is so wrapped up in his Democracy-Greenback-Anti-Monopoly fusions that he never utters a word against the most gigantic land-monopoly and tyranny on this earth in the solid Democratic South. Look at that noble resolution of J. G. Blaine's, December, 1875, worthy of the thanks of every Liberal Freethinker in our land. Will you please print the inclosed article on St. John—one I contributed to a Michigan paper? Please, if you can, giv the name of one Northern Democrat who ever gave a dime to assist those 20,000 of refugees from the South. I repeat that if we elect Cleveland or Butler we will hav a solid Democratic South, with a solid Democratic North, and you and I and every friend of freedom and liberty will soon become the vassals of the dictators of the solid South. For sixty-three years hav I watched the solid South. She is to-day as disloyal as she was in 1860, only let her hav the power. H. WILLIS.

Battle Creek, Aug. 11, 1884.

THE SOUTHERN EXODUS.

In the winter of 1879, the Democrats of Mississippi and the Southern states commenced one of the most murderous and cruel raids on the colored people ever known in the annals of history. Thousands were driven from their homes, and their scanty effects were stolen by the Democratic Ku Klux and midnight wanderers. A few of the poor blacks made their way to Kansas and found that in that Republican state they would be protected in their rights and assisted in securing work and homes. Soon those few pioneers conveyed to their persecuted friends the glad tidings that Kansas would receive all that might come, and in a few weeks a stampede was made in vast numbers to the bank of the Mississippi River, to take the steamers passing up the river. So great was the exit that in a few months the planters became alarmed about the labor required for their crops. Still the poor creatures continued to go. Then those Bourbon Ku Klux resorted to the pursuit of the fleeing fugitivs, robbing them of everything, even to taking from the little children their bread and casting it to their dogs or into the river. Yes, they went so far as to threaten every steamboat captain with death if he took on those poor negroes. Republican captains were not to be intimidated, and took on thousands, while Democratic captains would pay no heed to the appeals of the poor starving men, women, and children.

Thousands were robbed of everything by these damnable Ku Klux murdering classes, and had to hide in swamps and bushes and caves to wait for boats. Such was the Democratic rule in the solid South. Such is it to-day. At that time St. John was governor of Kansas, elected by the Republicans. He was then a noble man. He took hold with all his might and soul to help those thousands of poor, starving creatures, fleeing from a tyranny more damnable than history givs any account of. Gov. St. John appealed to every charitable man and woman in the Northern states to assist Kansas to send clothing and means to support those starving people, driven from their homes by the most savage horde of murderers that ever trod this earth. Gov. St. John's appeal was nobly responded to. By whom? Not by one Democrat in a thousand; but by Republicans. I was often, when asking for old clothes from Democrats for the blacks in Kansas, answered, "No, let the d——d 'niggers' take care of themselvs." In no instance do I remember of getting a rag from a Democrat—not even from Democrats who were loud in their appeals for money, clothing, flour, and seeds for their white brethren in Kansas in their misfortunes.

Now, in the face of all those facts, ex-Gov. St. John, like G. W. Julian, Thomas W. Higginson, and hundreds of other Independent Republicans, hav turned traitors to the principles of human rights once so nobly advocated by them, and are doing everything in their power to giv supremacy to the party which they hav so long denounced. I am grieved to see Gov. St. John take the course he does in denouncing the Republican party in unmeasured terms for not doing what the Democrats never hav done nor never will do. Look at the government officers who hav been murdered by Democratic illicit distillers in the South, while discharging their duty as such officers. Why St. John should denounce the only party that gave him honor and prominence is to me strange indeed. His noble and humane cause when governor of Kansas sank deep into the hearts of every true Republican, while he was denounced and slandered in unmeasured terms by the Democratic party, and a reward was offered in Mississippi for his head, dead or alive, and a declaration was made that if his head could be obtained, it would be stuck on a pole to let the "niggers see the d——d rascal" that was enticing them to run to Kansas. Such is the class of men he is now praying to lord it over him, as he has prostrated his manhood and crawled in the slime of Southern Democracy. I am a Prohibitionist, and know that St. John's cause is suicidal to the cause of temperance. H. WILLIS.

What Caused the Earthquake.

Professor George H. Merriman, of Rutgers College, New Brunswick, has made the crust of the earth a study, and has written on the subject. He said to a *Sun* reporter:

"While facts enough regarding the extent of the earthquake of Sunday hav not come to hand to enable me to speak on the direction of the earth wave or its peculiar features as compared with other earthquakes, yet something may be said as to the latest convictions of students of science on the nature of the earth below the point any man can penetrate. That may lead us to guess intelligently at the cause of earthquakes.

"You know the long received theory of the nature of the interior of the earth was that it is a molten mass, and that we move around on a crust enveloping the earth, and caused by the cooling off of this mass on the outside. It is undoubtedly true that about thirty miles below the earth's surface the temperature is so high that everything is in a melted condition. We know this, because we hav learned that every fifty feet we penetrate into the earth there is an increase of temperature of about 1°, and at a distance of thirty miles the heat is so great that any substance we know of would melt. Perhaps the melted mass is in the form of a liquid. That would be certain but for the immense pressure on it. The pressure is estimated at 10,000 tons on a square foot. Of course scientific men cannot experiment with matter at a high temperature with a pressure of 10,000 tons to a square foot, so we can only guess what may be its condition. In talking about this melted mass thirty miles under us the term 'water-substance' is used by geologists.

"How great is the distance through this water-substance we do not know, but it is certain that its density increases more and more, gradually, until the interior of the earth is solid, probably, from the inconceivable pressure, 1,000, 2,000, or 3,000 miles from the surface. Sir William Thompson has demonstrated that the earth must hav a core much denser than the land and water we liv on. He points out the fact that if a shell only thirty miles thick surrounded a molten liquid mass extending from one side of the earth through the center to the other side, then the moon, through the law of gravitation, would displace the liquid or gas in the interior of the earth to such an extent that the earth's crust would bulge out in the direction of the moon, making a tide in the solid crust of the earth, as certainly as the skin of an orange bulges out when you squeeze the fruit between the palms of your hands. And this would be evident to us because the ocean tides would be almost, if not quite, imperceptible to us. To withstand the attraction of the moon, the earth, Sir William says, must be as rigid as steel.

"So we hav the theory that the crust of the earth floats on and imposes an immense weight on a water-substance, which is inconceivably hot. Now, as to the way an earthquake may be caused. Suppose moisture trickled gradually, year after year, through this crust into the heated mass. In our atmosphere steam would be produced. Thirty miles below us the pressure is so great that it is not likely that steam could be generated. One thing, though; the pressure of 10,000 tons to the square foot, a pressure exerted in every direction, would be increased. Some effect must be produced down there, and it is easy to see that if one place in the earth's crust is weaker than another near the region where the water trickled in, then 'the weakest place must stan' the strain.' It is not unreasonable to suppose that this pressure below might be so great that the earth's covering was shifted a little to adapt itself to the pressure from below. This shifting of the crust is, in fact, the earthquake.

"I believe this theory has the greater reason on its side, because earthquakes are almost always in the region of volcanoes, and volcanoes are almost always in or near the ocean.

"Another theory of earthquakes is that as the earth is very gradually cooling off the crust is thickening on the under side, and cracks or fissures on the under side of the crust many miles deep may occur in consequence of the enormous pressure, so that the water-substance rushes into a new position with a force that would knock a continent out of shape if it took place on the earth's surface. That motion would be sufficient to produce a vibration thirty miles distant.

"Whatever the cause of the earthquake on Sunday," added Professor Merriman, "I think the earth in the region where it took place has either settled into a new position or is forced back into an old position from which it was pushed by former earthquakes."

Stray Scraps.

Mr. Blaine almost confessed to conversion to co-education of the sexes at the commencement exercises, Colby University, Waterville, Maine, July 2d. He thought the 450 bright girls of Vassar should hav a due admixture of bright young men from Colby for mutual stimulation. Let me inform Mr. Blaine that a majority of the undergraduates are marked thoroughly by the bitterest hostility to co-education. Be that as it may, hurrah for any progress inside of the Republican party, especially manifested by its presidential candidate.

The Rev. Wm. Taylor (colored), chosen bishop of Africa at the late M. E. General Conference, Philadelphia, gave a very remarkable discourse on prayer in the People's Church, Boston, July 6th. The rich, ripe enthusiasm gave us a "Jasper" every time. Conspicuous among the new bishop's scholarly utterances were: "For the fulfilment of such petitions (according to God's will) we do not hav to wait the hundredth part of a minute." How encouraging! The telephone is nowhere compared to it. After all our praying, God's will is triumphant. He will not grant our request unless he has a mind to, and then it comes in the hundredth part of a minute.

At the chapel dedicatory services at Asbury Grove, Hamilton Camp Grounds, July 2d, the new bishop, Mallahan, said in his address "For a genuin, earnest meeting there was nobody who could equal the old-fashioned red-hot Methodists." True, very true. No one can dispute that for Christian fanaticism the Methodists bear off the palm. So brag away, sir, we will not put up Pocassett Freeman nor Guiteau to match you, for they were heroes in their fanaticism, not cowards. The Bible, he said, was to be taken for what it was. Its sentences and its truths were unchanged, and it stood to-day exactly as it was two thousand years ago. What a falsity! "The revision of the New Testament had done little to improve it." Improve it! Can finite man improve on God? Either giv up its infallibility or man's tinkering with God's word. If the Bible has not changed in two thousand years its ministers and interpretations hav since my meager remembrance, sixty years ago. Brother and sister Freethinkers, only think of a sane man saying in this day of intelligence and science: "If we are not to believe the story of Noah and of Jonah, then it is not worth while to hold another camp-meeting. God once took a whole man up into heaven when he translated Elisha, to illustrate immortality and to show men what could be done for them were it not for their wickedness." Could credulity and ignorance go further? Need more be said?

It seems to me that Dr. Foote, Jr., in THE TRUTH SEEKER of August 2d has failed to make a parallel between vivisection and "wanton butchery of deer in Canada," "wanton shooting of pigeons," the buffalo chase in Montana, and cruelties practiced upon insane and idiotic women in insane asylums and county poorhouses throughout the state of Indiana. Why object to Elliott Preston and other humanitarians working against vivisection, because deer are wantonly butchered, pigeons wantonly shot, buffaloes chased and killed for sport, and demented women inhumanly treated? Why not let each one, or each class, work in his, or their, own chosen field to root out *all* cruelty, and not each one fight the others and their movements for the amelioration of mankind and the brute creation. ELLA E. GIBSON.

Barre, Mass., Aug. 2, 284.

How Shall We Vote?

How ought Liberals to vote? "Liberta" says, "The choice of the Liberals is between, not Blaine and Cleveland, or the Republican party and the Democratic party, but between the Republican party, with its more Liberal principles, and Cleveland, the sturdy defender of the people against the aggressions of the Catholic church."

Now, does anyone believe that Blaine less than Cleveland will be "the sturdy defender of the people against the aggressions of the Catholic church?" I think not. Then the choice of Liberals is between, not Cleveland and Blaine, but between the Democratic party and the Republican party, "with its more Liberal principles."

Each of our great political parties has a load of superstition to carry. The Republican party is freighted with the Protestant church; the Democratic party with the Roman Catholic church. From which of these hav we the most fear?

I hav thus far adhered to the Republican party because that party is the enemy of Catholicism, the most powerful and most dangerous superstition of the age, and because it is the best friend of popular education, which alone can save us from that superstition. J. E. REMSBURG.

A GOOD way to promote the cause of Freethought is to get trial subscribers for THE TRUTH SEEKER. To such the paper will be sent three months for fifty cents.

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The Church in Politics.

The recent victory at the polls of the Clericals of Belgium is bearing the same bitter fruit that all clerical victories in government hav borne to the people.

The populace of Brussels is up in arms. On Sunday, the 10th inst., two immense counter demonstrations were held by the Liberals and Catholics. Had the processions not taken different routes it is thought that severe bloodshed could not hav been prevented. As it was, the few personal encounters that took place were the result of priestly arrogance. The leaders of the Liberals strenuously enjoined their followers to abstain from using force, and the injunction was generally obeyed.

The immediate cause of the present turmoil is the ministry's School bill, the school question having been the focus of disturbances in Belgium for several years past. Last June, among many causes which led to the overthrow of the Liberal ministry, the chief was the enforcement of the law compelling each commune in Belgium to maintain an undenominational school, whether the commune were an exclusivly Catholic commune, Protestant, or anti-clerical. With the fall of the Liberal ministry, a new bill was introduced by the present Catholic ministry, which establishes a sort of local option, but is so unfair as to merit the severest condemnation, and it receives the united opposition of all outside the Catholic church.

This fight between the Secularists and the Catholics is a foreshadowing of what is in store for this country when the church shall hav grown stronger. During the administration of the Liberals of Belgium the government said practically to the village authorities, that they must maintain public schools for educational and not religious purposes. The Catholics were not forced to send their children to these schools, but could, if they chose, support parochial institutions of their own. The objections to this on the part of the church party were the same as we hear from that body in this country—the double expense of taxation, once to the state, and once to the priests. They clamored for a division of the school fund, just as the Catholics in the United States will demand at first a pro rata share of the school funds, and next a monopoly of education, under the pretext that to the church, as the keeper of morals, rightfully belongs the care of the children. Mgr. Capel has already voiced the first of these demands in this country; and but the other day he was the guest of a Teachers' Association of a Western state.

The cry of the church in all countries is that secular schools are godless. Astute priests ring the changes upon this charge until their followers are wrought up to a pitch of frenzy against heretics, and placed in an attitude of revolt toward the government. This it is that makes Catholicism such a dangerous element in a republic guaranteeing and maintaining religious freedom for the people. Three years ago this summer the pastor of a Catholic church on the Pacific coast gave notice to his parishioners that he would deny "absolution" to all the children of his parish who attended one of these godless schools. A New England priest also issued a similar proclamation. Between these extremes of country in the past ten years scores of parallel cases hav occurred. The same pope rules the Catholic forces here and in Belgium, and as Mgr. Capel said in a lecture last winter, at the word of command, sharp as the click of a trigger, he can array his millions against our government, should the claim for a division of school money not be allowed.

There is, there can be, no doubt that Roman Catholicism is the deadly foe of free secular education not only in Belgium but everywhere. It is also the unforgiving enemy of republican institutions, and of the United States government. This is a political question that will come up for solution within a few years. It plays no unimportant part in the politics of New York this fall. The church is shrewd enough to glove its hand, but the Democratic nominee for president will lose many votes because of his vetoes of the two bills favoring Romish aggressions. One influential Catholic paper, if not more that we hav not seen, is advocating the election of Mr. Blaine, whose mother was a Catholic, and other Catholic journals heretofore found in the Democratic ranks are sitting on the fence, with the excuse that politics are not within their province. Strange they should not hav remarked the incongruity of mixing religion with worldly affairs till their party nominated a man who had prevented them from making a twenty thousand dollar steal!

And this issue is bound to intrude more and more into American affairs as the church grows in power and wealth. It will ere long demand serious consideration, and undoubtedly will hav to be met at the ballot-box. As was said by a western journal when the priest raised his voice against the public school, "It is a political question which involves very important results. If a church so powerful in its numbers and its influence as the Roman Catholic church has determined to set itself in hostil opposition to our system of free and non-sectarian schools, it is a declaration of war against the public institutions of the country. It is an aggressiv display of ecclesiasticism which strikes a blow at everything held dear by Americans. It raises the issue of ultramontanism, clericism, or vaticanism, as a distinct issue to be determined at the ballot-box. The first thing to be done in a civil war of this character is to ascertain who are the friends of the government, and who are the friends of the church—to call the roll, that all may respond whether they are soldiers of the Constitution or soldiers of the pope. It is well to remember that this is a government of majorities; that such questions are capable of peaceful solution; that if a majority of those clothed with the electiv privilege favor an ecclesiastical government, and the subjection of our country to priests; if they favor a union of church and state, in which the state shall be subordinate to the church, and the church take its direction from infallible Rome, they hav the right to so change our Constitution and our laws as to bring about this result. It is desirable to understand this issue, that we may meet it with the intelligent firmness that becomes American citizens who love their country, its government, and its institutions better than they love the church of Rome, its pope, or its dogmas. This is not a new question, nor is Oakland the only place in which it has arisen, nor is Father King the only priest who has asserted it. It is as old as the papal hierarchy. It is as universal as its empire. The Roman Catholic church can not liv in the sunlight of Freethought and free speech that comes from free schools. It is only a power of intellectual darkness. It can only flourish in ignorance. It is a thing of superstition and bigotry. It has in it no element of enlightened progress. The country that it dominates is arrested in its intellectual development. It stagnates. The people become slaves to the priests, and the state loses dignity, power, and rank among nations."

The League.

We are sorry to see on the part of some of our Western friends, and noticeably Mr. E. C. Walker in *Lucifer*, indications of peevishness and ill-feeling arising from the action of the officers of the League in calling the Congress at Cassadaga Lake. A few of Mr. Walker's utterances in the last issue of his paper may be quoted to show the state of mind at present afflicting him:

Ella E. Gibson, who is said to be cognizant of the identity of our sweet-tempered friend "Liberta," nominates H. L. Green for president of the National Liberal League. What *has* the poor old League done to you, Ella, to deserve this?

It is so easy to build up a state organization "broad as the expanded heavens" in a thickly inhabited state, while at the same time enrolling members and drawing revenue from every part of the Union, charging twenty-five cents for a certificate of membership and giving a twenty-five cent magazine as premium, sapping the strength of the existing national organization, whose officers, to say the least, seem insensible to the danger as they smile upon the lusty young rival. It is so easy to build up the "greatest Liberal organization" with the columns of all the great Liberal journals open for the instant insertion of notices, calls, etc., while other organizers hav to wait weeks for their notices to appear.

George Chainey says: "The bugaboo of Comstockism is so tattered and torn that it can no longer scare away even a blind bird." This is beautifully non-committal, but as George Chainey followed Ingersoll out of the League in 1880 because of this "bugaboo," and as he has since groped his way back, I think that I hav a clue to his meaning.

I herewith start a penny subscription to buy a map of the United States for the use of New York Liberals that they may know there is a well-settled country west of the Ohio river.

Says W. F. Jamieson of H. L. Green: "While others hav been disputing with each other as to how they should organize, what 'planks' should be put in, and what left out, he has gone ahead and organized. [No matter about fundamental principles—they are only trifles.] . . . He has organized thousands of Liberals on a simple, national platform as broad as the expanded heavens and compact as the Catholic church."

But aside from these very practical facts, a crowd is not the first consideration in the mind of the real reformer. In the epigrammatic words of E. A. Stevens, "If League Congresses are held only to catch a crowd, a minstrel troupe could do that far more effectually."

Mr. Wakeman says that "the ablest speakers and organizers" will attend the Cassadaga Congress, and among these he has good reason to hope will be Col. Ingersoll. When did Col. Ingersoll become an "organizer?" If my memory is not at fault, the occasion when he made himself most activ in a Congress of the League was the very time Mr. Wakeman had to exert to the utmost his great powers of pleading and of argument to keep this famous "organizer" from disorganizing the whole institution.

Mr. Wakeman also informs us that Mr. Underwood "recommends new officers be chosen who hav not been parties to former differences in the League." I imagin that they will be well known Liberals! So well informed and having such positiv convictions on vital topics! Mr. Underwood is evidently enamored of our present method of choosing jurymen, and wishes to adopt the system in the League. The less a man knows the better chance he stands of being a juryman.

As a Liberal, I am compelled to admit the truth, no matter how much it may pain me, and I am pained to admit that the Liberal, T. B. Wakeman, shows very poorly beside the Christian, G. W. Curtis, as a political moralist.

This exhibition of spleen is childish, the flings at Messrs. Green and Wakeman being especially silly. Mr. Green did not originate the notion of holding the Congress at Cassadaga Lake, and should not be criticised on that account. He has no scheme to further; feeling the delicacy of his position, he does not want and will not accept office in the League. He is, of course, interested in the League, and, like the rest of us, wants to see something done besides talk, but he does not propose to bolt and form Northwestern and other associations if his ideas are not accepted by everybody. The New York State Association, of which he is the very efficient secretary, is not a rival of the League. But if it were, what of it? The more organizations we hav the more Liberals are made, and the more enthusiasm aroused. The State Association is an annual gathering of Freethinkers who embrace the opportunity to get acquainted and hav a good time, while also enjoying the speaking, and learning how the cause is progressing in all parts of the country. The Association is an auxilary League, but there its connection ends.

The retirement of Messrs. Wakeman and Leland from the presidency and secretaryship of the League is of their own proposing. Mr. Leland's health is so poor that he cannot attend to the duties of his office. Mr. Wakeman wants to resign the presidency because he thinks his personality has kept many out of the League who would otherwise hav joined and done efficient work. His motiv is honorable, and does him great credit. Besides, he cannot devote his whole time to the work, and it seems necessary that whoever take the offices now filled by him and Mr. Leland shall giv their undivided effort to the purposes of the organization. We hav supported George Chainey and Samuel P. Putnam for their successors because both gentlemen hav assured us that if the League should see fit to elect them, they would take off their coats, go to work, and see what could be done. Having others dependent upon them, they naturally must be authorized to retain from moneys collected by lecturing and other sources a sufficient amount to keep the pot boiling.

We see nothing in all this to arouse antagonisms, yet ill-feeling has cropped out in some quarters. In business circles the West is intensely jealous of the

East, and we fear some of our friends hav not risen above this petty jealousy. Why it should be so has not been made clear. For ourselvs, we do not care whether secularization of the government is accomplished by men from the East or West, North or South. And all we ask of our next officers is that they shall be men of character, of reputation, and ability, and shall all go into the field. It won't do for our president or secretary to sit down in a back office and wait for something to turn up. That has been tried, and the turning up is not, at this writing, perceptible. An ornamental head—unless very ornamental, like Ingersoll—will prove of not much use. Between usefulness and beauty, usefulness has the call in this practical age.

We hope that the League will pay attention to this demand for working officers. C. B. Reynolds has, in this issue of THE TRUTH SEEKER, some suggestions which will also be found of service. Let them be studied and utilized. And we hope, too, that in the discussion of the future course of the League, the disputants will preserve an equanimity of temper and sweetness of disposition that shall be an example for church bodies to emulate. Acerbity is not a convincing trait to exhibit, and will not be likely to lead to that harmony and unity of action without which the League may as well hold no Congress, for all the work its meeting is likely to accomplish.

The Big and Heavy Discussion.

Mr. Spencer's article in this issue is long, but will amply repay careful perusal. As a formulator of scientific conclusions, and exhibitor of hard facts, Mr. Spencer has no living equal. But his philosophy is negativ, and in no way makes for that righteousness which is indispensable in the coming religion. Comte, on the other hand, whom Mr. Spencer dissects with cruel minuteness, put out a philosophy which makes too much for righteousness. Like the Christian theology, the Comtean doctrin ignores hard facts. A system of religion which deifies woman and leaves her out of practical affairs—puts her, as it were, in a velvet-trimmed glass case on the mantel, but forgets to giv her air and food, is surely open to criticism. A pure, sweet woman is the best specimen of humanity obtainable, but a worship of even her is fraught with trouble. But modified as Mr. Harrison modifies it, Positivism is probably to furnish the religious incentivs of the future. Worship is a bad word to use, but in the sense that worship is emulation, imitation, a striving to liv the good, it may be allowed in connection with the central idea of Positivism, which is humanity, as all we can know, and to the improvement of which all the efforts of "religion" should be directed.

While Spencer may be taken as the exponent of Individualism, the teacher of the let-alone-and-trust-to-evolution doctrin, Comte may stand as the representativ of Authority. One philosophy places the individual above society, makes him the unit; while the other regards society, in its corporate capacity, as the rightful controler of individual actions. Upon the first is based the claims of the Anarchists; upon the other rests Socialism. These two sectarianisms are the practical outcomes of the two philosophies. Both, it seems to us, hav their strong points, and both hav their weaknesses. The true integral philosophy must reconcile all differences. Mr. Stephen Pearl Andrews claims that he has discovered this all-sided system, and next week he will occupy about as much room as Mr. Spencer has in showing how both Mr. Harrison and M. Comte and Mr. Spencer are all right, and wherein they are all wrong. His paper deals more particularly with the speculativ, or metaphysical, aspect of the debate, but he asserts that Universology is just as applicable to the practical affairs of this world—and the next—as it is to the settlement of abstract questions, such as the existence, behind and beyond phenomena, of Spencer's "Infinit and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed," or of the Positivistic "All Nothingness," or dead blank wall of unknowableness. Mr. Andrews clearly sets aside Mr. Spencer's Unknowable, but he as plainly differs from Mr. Harrison in his estimate of the force behind, or cause of phenomena. This he must necessarily do in his role of the Great Reconciler and possessor of the Universal Science. Whether he has made everything plain, or not, can be seen by our readers next week. We ask for his paper a careful study, because Universology is either a great discovery, or a great—mistake.

Hamlet or Hercules.

Will American Liberalism be the Hamlet or Hercules of the nineteenth century? Will it waste its force in pure intellectual questioning, doubt, and hesitation; and unpack itself in words, words, words? Or will it, seeing the evils of the time, discovering the only right remedy, take hold with manly action and destroy some of the monsters that bar human progress? No one will deny the necessity of thought, and the admirable acumen of the intellectual Dane is needed in the discussion of the vast problems of human destiny that present themselvs for discussion; but thought should not be "sicklied o'er"

> "And enterprises of great pith and moment
> With this regard their currents turn away
> And lose the name of action."

We must not be so ideal that we cannot meet the practical wants of to-day. We must not be so subtle in our analysis that we cannot put together into some living body the truths that we hav so painfully gathered. Hamlet was, indeed, a radical. He went to the roots of things. He would not believe even the ghost of his father. He would hav grounds more relevant than this. He would sift and analyze, question and doubt, until he had got the very foundation and essence of the whole matter. He was a noble Freethinker, indeed, but after all a poor reformer. He was never ready for action. Some intricate thought or other was ever luring him from the plain duty of the hour. When forced to some great issue he was truly heroic, and no man could act with more splendid energy, but he was only by fits and starts a Hercules; and finally the greatness of his life ended in a tragedy.

Is there not much of this Hamlet-like introspection, analysis, doubt, limitation, and almost despair in Liberalism to-day? Does it not lack faith in present opportunities? Is it not haunted by an ideal that somehow seems to separate it from the world of action? Does it not dwell too much in the future? Does it not trust too much to the mere drift of circumstance, and the vague outcome of evolution? Do not many of those who hav won the hights of thought isolate themselvs from social reform because they too deeply see that they must ever work in imperfect conditions? There is an immense amount of thought thus wasted in abstraction. Because one cannot use his whole thought, he will use none of it, and like Hamlet, be unpregnant of his cause.

Now, I would not by any means say that there should be less thought, less analysis, less speculation, less philosophy, less idealism. There should be the utmost insight, the keenest perception, the highest ideal, the noblest understanding of one's self, and the universe, but this power of the intellect must be brought from the abstract into the concrete. Thought must not lead simply to doubt. Doubt is the beginning of philosophy, but the end of philosophy is action. The great Hamlet must be transformed into the great Hercules. The superb thinker must be a superb worker. Thought must flow to life, for to liv with every faculty aflame is the supreme manliness. Hamlet was but half a man. Hence the awful tragedy of his career. The sovereign graces of intellect and heart which he possessed did not save him. They only made more tremendous the failure of his practical life. Hamlet never ceased to doubt. He was continually dividing, dissecting, seeking some new point of view. His philosophy was ever dynamic, always on the move. It was never static; that is, it never seemed to arrive at any basic point of action. It afforded no chance for a grand conviction or faith around which the struggling soul might gather its faculties and plunge into successful achievement.

This was the sublime characteristic of Hercules. He knew what he wanted to do, and he did it with all his might. He saw evils that must be overthrown. He did not bother himself about their origin—his determination was to put an end to them by the most vigorous straight-from-the-shoulder blows that he could giv. Hercules had plenty of thought, no doubt. He was divinely gifted, and was intellectually the peer of Hamlet; but every whit of thought the hero had went into burning action. He was synthetic, concrete. Thought was not to him an "airy nothing." It had "a local habitation and a name." It was a living power. Hercules devoted himself to this world. He recognized that he was in it and of it; that he must work out his destiny in conjunction with the circumstances by which he was surrounded—that he must conquer his circumstances—and that if he could not make them best he should make them at least better. Hamlet was subjectiv, Hercules was objectiv. Hamlet looked within; Hercules without. Hamlet waited for a favorable opportunity and trusted to the inspiration of the moment. Hercules made his opportunity, and compelled the ministry of high impulse. Hamlet reached no thorough conviction; he was constantly a dreamer, and seemed to play with fate. Hercules was tremendously in earnest, because he was swayed by a deep-rooted faith in the reality of the world and of himself. He did not believe in ghosts or shadows. He had no metaphysics and no theology. He had flesh and blood, a strong arm, a generous soul; and so he went to work.

Let Liberalism hav all the keenness, subtlety, spirituality, yea, dreaminess, of Hamlet. Let it think deep and high, and scour all the realms to which the imagination of man can be admitted. Let it dwell within, and pierce the secret of the universe in the study of its own beating heart, but let it beware of Hamlet's outward weakness, the pale shadows of his inward musings.

Let Liberalism be as grand in action as it is subtle in thought. Let there be no contrast between it and Hercules such as the melancholy Dane acknowledged of himself. Let it be the best worker of the day; the wisest, the most practical, the most vigorous, the most destructiv of matter-of-fact evil, the most constructiv of human earthly goodness here and now.

The greatest tragedy of life is the apparent conflict between the best thought and the noblest action. How many seem obliged to sacrifice their highest intellectual perception for the sake of work! The sad trouble to-day is that the thinker is not a worker, and the worker is not a thinker. The tree of knowledge seems not to be the tree of life. Analysis destroys synthesis, and synthesis, to be at all available, it appears, must be built upon what is, and not upon what ought to be. The ideal and the real find no common ground. To be thoughtful is to withdraw from the activities of life. To be activ—to be in harmony with social forces—is too often to surrender one's best conviction of what is true.

It is the mission of Liberalism to solve in part, if not wholly, this mighty problem—to join Hamlet with Hercules, to blend the thinker with the worker, to make the world conform to that inward vision of glory which haunts the universal soul of humanity. Liberalism is to maintain the purity of our ideal, and still transmute it into the practical; to insist upon thought, and yet to make thought evermore a fountain of life. Highest thought and highest life—that is the dream of philosophy and the hope of science. Is it an impossibility? I think not. The keenest, deepest thought can still be harmonious with the most fruitful activities; but not on the old basis of Christianity, or even of our present civilization. There must be a readjustment of the essential elements of human progress; the future must be something more than a repetition of the past. It must be an upbuilding anew of humanity, with finer perception and more exalted attainments. Let Liberalism never desert the standard of its high thought, but let it also hav faith in man, and believe that what is best in thought can through the toils of a Hercules be made victorious in all the stream of human effort.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

The League Congress.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Allow me to make a point for the consideration of the coming League Congress. I think this Congress should make an effort to organize all the working Liberals of the country in one grand association. I think a direct membership is what the National League needs. The number of working Liberals is very limited—that is, those who are ready and willing to furnish the sinews of war. For this reason alone, if no other, the auxiliary Leagues can only be organized and maintained in the larger cities and towns. I will take this place to illustrate. At least one-third, if not fully one-half, of the population are skeptics. I know of but four or five at this writing, in a population of five thousand, who can be depended upon as permanent supporters of a Liberal organization. If these small numbers, with a like proportion through the United States, could be organized in a national association, it would giv a membership, at the lowest figures, of 44,000. An annual fee of one dollar each would giv the snug little sum of $44,000.

Would it not be well for the coming League Congress to draw up an earnest appeal (inserting the Nine Demands) and send one or more copies to every known Liberal in the United States and Canada?

Organize! should be our watchword. However, in this organization we need those only who are willing to contribute a few dollars for the future welfare of the race. The work of the Liberal organizations for some time to come must be, in a large measure, of an educational character.

Mr. Editor, I am well pleased with your ticket for president and secretary—Messrs. Putnam and Chainey, or Chainey and Putnam. Mr. Wakeman, in *Man* of July 26th, says that they could both take the field and devote their whole time to the work; but if the Liberals are not going down into their pockets to supply the means to keep them in the field, better disband and fight it out through the Liberal press.

W. H. PEPPER.

J. E. REMSBURG left home on his fall tour August 15th. He is engaged to deliver from one to five lectures in each of the following towns: Fremont, Neb.; Blair, Neb.; Riverside, Iowa; Moberly, Mo.; Sterling, Ill.; Pilot, Ill.; Dwight, Ill.; Carbon, Ind.; Sturgis, Mich.; Bowling Green, Ky.; Nashville, Tenn.; Bradford, Ohio.; Ludlow Falls, Ohio.; Waynesburg, Pa.; Altoona, Pa.; Lansdale, Pa.; Chalfant, Pa.; Doylestown, Pa.; Cassadaga Lake, N. Y.; Welland, Ont.; Toronto, Ont.; Belleville, Ont.

Letters from Friends.

JICARILLA MINING CAMP, July 30, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Find inclosed petition for state secularization. I am ashamed to send so small a number of signatures, but when I tell you that all the men in camp signed but one you will excuse me. JAMES DRAKE.

CARROLL, IOWA, Aug. 8, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Undoubtedly there is not a single Freethinker who has not a strong desire to see, personally, our leading Freethought lecturers and writers. It is impossible for all of them to hav that pleasing gratification; I would therefore suggest, with a view of affording a partial satisfaction, that THE TRUTH SEEKER prints a picture each week of one of them. Do not omit yourselvs and Elmina. A. S. GOCKLEY, M. D.

TO CHAS. LAPERCHE.

NEWPORT, ME., Aug. 10, 1884.

Thanks for your instructiv criticism in THE TRUTH SEEKER of August 9th on "Father Lambert" (I would call him by the name his parents gave him if I knew what it was, as I am opposed to all titles or handles to names). It is worth the price of the paper a year. I wrote Mr. Lambert for a copy of his book, but he did not send it—I supposed for the reason I did not call him "Father." His name is not half so respectable as that of a hod-carrier. SEWARD MITCHELL.

SPRINGFIELD, WIS., July 30, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: We would like to say something in honor and memory of the late great hero, D. M. Bennett. But what can we say that has not been said? I am very happily surprised at the success of the great paper that he founded, THE TRUTH SEEKER. Inclosed you will find $2.00—$1.50 for three new subscribers, 25 cents for the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL, 25 cents for "Self-Contradictions of the Bible," and "False Claims." Some of my neighbors don't allow their intellect to believe the orthodox twaddle, but will allow their imagination to believe as much as Henry Ward Beecher. C. K. PHELPS.

CALISTOGA, CAL., Aug. 1, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: We hav just read the burial service of Mrs. Macdonald, and think it much more appropriate and beautiful than the services we used to hear. We are glad to know there are people who can open their hearts of love and sympathy so grandly and so sweetly, and speak words of comfort and of sense. Such things make us feel akin to all mankind, and draw us toward the noble and the good. With feelings of kindness for the living, and hopes and farewells for the dead, we join with friends in their silent sympathy for the wounded spirit of our friend the editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER.

J. C. WEYBRIGHT;
M. J. WEYBRIGHT and family.

BURTON, TEXAS, Aug. 8, 284.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed I send you petition with what names I had time to procure. There are very many who would be pleased to see it succeed, that hav no sympathy whatever for dogmas, any more than I, but for fear of being ostracised by their Christian customers and neighbors they are cautious as to expressing their real opinions. This is the case to a greater extent than one would imagin in this part of the country, and I judge other places are the same. Hence it is that the money, which is the real power, is on their side. But we hav abundance to encourage the good work forward, and these weak-kneed brethren will gradually come over, and our cause is sure to succeed in the end. We can leave our children no better legacy than a free government, with those demands firmly incorporated, and all superstitious and objectionable laws repealed. Fraternally yours, H. B. JONES.

ADRIAN, Aug. 5, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I hav just finished a careful reading of the last great work by Col. J. R. Kelso, and my opinion of the book is that it is by far the ablest and most comprehensiv work of the kind that has as yet been given to the world. I am well aware that this is saying a great deal, but I hav read the writings of nearly all of the great Infidels of Europe and America, and in my opinion Col. Kelso's last work, "The Bible Analyzed," has many points that are superior to any and all of them. It is really, as its title indicates, an analysis of the unholy Bible. It is a book that should be in the hands of every minister of the gospel and every Bible-believer, of whatever denomination, and, of course, every Liberal that is able to get one. I can only say that I hope the colonel may reap a golden harvest for the mental toil and labor it has cost him to produce it.

P. B. REASONER.

HELENA, MON., July 25, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Dr. J. L. York, the intrepid champion of mental liberty, recently gave three lectures at this place on "Evolution," "Inspiration," and "Individuality." The doctor is a forcible and eloquent speaker, and handles his subjects with a masterly ability that carries convincing evidence to the candid listener. Col. R. G. Ingersoll, who is billed to speak here, will hav to look well to his laurels if he presents facts in a more concise and able manner than Dr. York.

We hav no rack or orthodox Bastile here, and hence are free to demonstrate the superiority of knowledge over blind faith and superstitious bigotry. Knowledge is poison to orthodoxy, which is fast passing away under the sledge-hammer blows of such men as York, Ingersoll, and the hosts of other earnest workers for mental liberty. A. C. VOTAW.

FENTONVILLE, MICH., August 3, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Seeing my time is nearly expired, and not being willing to miss a single paper, I will remit at once, believing it is right to do justice under all circumstances. You can count on me as a life-subscriber. I like your paper because it dare publish both sides of any question. Let us hear both sides, and then if we hav those scales called justice, judge and decide honestly. I once tried to be like the little bird in its nest—open my mouth and swallow everything that was told me, but my stomach rebelled, and so I commenced my investigation. I like to talk with good men, so I asked the best minister we hav got in our place—I say best because he is quite a good man, regardless of his theological views—what he knew of God. Finding that nothing but a direct answer would satisfy me, he said God was imaginary. I thanked him and told him I liked to hear the truth, even spoken by a minister. From an Infidel friend, S. H. ELLINWOOD.

CANTON, ILL., August 3, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: The honest administration of the government should be preferable to all other issues. The Democrats say the Republican officials did steal. They admit the charge, and reply that the Democrat officials will steal too. If there is no difference in these charges, we should throw the two corrupt old parties overboard at once. No honest citizen wants to vote for a pack of thieves. But hold! it won't do to jump at conclusions. There is a vast difference between the above charges. In the one case you keep voting admitted thieves into office, while in the other you refuse to vote for a man with a clean record because the thief says he will steal. It might do for a Christian who believes in the vicarious atonement of making the innocent suffer for the guilty, but it won't do for a Liberal. JOHN W. ABBOTT.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, Aug. 9, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I suppose a few words from the pen of the old and outspoken Materialist of the West will not be treated with scorn and indifference, so I here honestly and boldly assert that the leading article published in THE TRUTH SEEKER, by the pen of Otto Wettstein, of Illinois, is unanswerable. It strikes down all the air-castle phantoms of the imaginary and fanatical believers in another life after death. Life is but once, and begins and ends here, and all the preaching, writing, and sophistry to the contrary cannot change or overthrow this fact. It is just as much a part of nature to die as it is to be born. We knew nothing before birth, and we shall know nothing after death; and thus the truth will stand solid when all the thin and senseless phantoms of superstition are extinct. The time will come when all these vain delusions will be treated with ridicule and not seriousness. It is all born of ignorance, and still supported through ignorance. Get rid of the ignorance, and all the phantoms will banish.

Yours fraternally, THOS. WINTER, Materialist.

JORDAN, MINN., July 19, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $5.00—$2.50 to renew my subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER, and $2.50 for a new subscriber. I sometimes wonder how I got along without THE TRUTH SEEKER so long. But you can now set me down for a life-subscriber, although it is not a great while since I became a permanent one at all. Yet I hav been well acquainted with its unrivaled merits as a Freethought journal for many years past. And I hav quite a library of Freethought literature purchased from the late lamented D. M. Bennett. I verily believe that I was born an Infidel. I am now over fifty years of age, and for the last twenty-five or thirty years I hav been an uncompromising, outspoken Freethinker, never hesitating to express my honest convictions whenever any orthodox Christian gave me the opportunity of so doing. I shall do all that lies in my power while I liv to shatter the accursed shackles of the accursed superstition.

I shall write you before long in regard to some other matters, and hope to send you some more subscribers. In the meantime I remain, Yours fraternally, THOMAS KNOTT.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., July 18, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $3.00 for renewal. Not sorry you put the price back to $3.00, as it is well worth it. I don't see why religious people like papers that giv only one side of a subject. The only way I can learn is by reading or hearing the opposit sides, then drawing conclusions. The reason I like THE TRUTH SEEKER better than any paper I ever read is that it givs our opponents a chance to express their side; and the editor don't call them fools, knaves, and other beautiful names. But I do wish the Liberals would get a little more *liberal*. If they could get to that point where they could allow their brothers and sisters to differ with them in opinions, and not apply the lovely names to each other that the different Christian sects do, I think all would advance much faster. If a man has an honest conviction he likes to express it very strongly, and he has a right to do it. If his brother or sister has an honest conviction opposit to his own, and it should be expressed in as strong language, the first party should try to meet the second party with arguments, not abuse. J. F. MACOMBER.

EL MONTE, CAL., July 18, 284.

MR. EDITOR: I hav the picture of the monument framed and hanging by the side of Paine, Bennett, and Ingersoll. This one is good, but I want the better one when it is issued. I being a druggist, and a Freethinker (like Bennett), it is natural I should like the old hero. For thirty years I hav been boycotted in business, ridiculed by the believers in superstition, and lectured by milk-and-water cowardly Liberals for openly avowing Infidel doctrins.

I hav a list of sixty unbelievers in this vicinity, still only three of all that number dare to bravely defy Mother Grundy, and oppose the pagan myths that hav for ages held mankind in ignorance and poverty. I am trying hard to get these wishy-washy Liberals to take the Liberal papers, and to organize Liberal Leagues, but nearly all claim they are too poor in pocket, or they fear the ghosts of the church.

I will soon write to my old friend, Dr. J. L. York, to lay out a field in this section, and see if he can't throw a ray of light into the foggy camps of the Baptists, Methodists, Campbellites, and all holiness bands, and also show the unbelievers wherein they are neither tweedledum nor tweedledee.

Yours for truth, J. E. CLARK.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., July 18, 284.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find a Christian tirade on Ingersoll's recent lecture in Minneapolis. The writer states that "the best intelligence of the nineteenth century has outgrown the superstitions of the past, and yet retains all the essential doctrins of Christianity!" Was ever statement made more absurd, foolish, and false? Again the writer says: "Ingersoll's few arguments are the stale and oft-repeated sophistries of the Atheists and Infidels of all time." You, Mr. Editor, will observe that this tirade produces no proof of the existence of a raging, roaring, unmerciful, revengeful, and infinitly cruel deity. Nor does this modern prodigy demonstrate that eternal misery is better than eternal sleep. This pious tirade is a disgrace to Minneapolis and to the common sense of mankind, without producing one single argument of proof. If eternal sleep is more desirable, more just, more merciful, more philosophical, and true than eternal punishment and misery, are not Atheism and Infidelity superior to cruel Christianity and eternal woe? Can any Christian blatherskite, blasphemer, and blackguard of the Minneapolis *Evening Journal* successfully, logically, philosophically, and truthfully prove Christianity better than Infidelity? We pause for a reply.

E. N. KINGSLEY.

BUTTE, MON., Aug. 4, 284.

MR. EDITOR: I believe your readers will be pleased to know how Freethought is progressing in the Rockies. Dr. J. L. York, the noble champion of mental liberty, has visited us, and eloquently arraigned revealed religion before the bar of reason and common sense. Large and intelligent audiences greeted his efforts, and joined hands with him in organizing a Liberal League. Seventy-five persons joined the first night (July 20th), and elected Ex-mayor Dr. O. B. Whitford president; J. C. Singer, vice-president; F. Cooke, secretary; executiv committee of nine, etc. On July 27th the doctor gave the last lecture of his course to at least five hundred persons—subject, "Romanism and Our Schools." It was an intellectual dynamite bomb in a London of ignorance. His many friends regret that engagements in Helena and Bozeman caused him to say farewell. While the effect of the worthy doctor's work was at a white heat, behold! the king of orators, R. G. Ingersoll, struck us. On August 1st, 2d, and 3d, the Opera House was jammed to hear "Orthodoxy," "What Shall We Do to be Saved?" and "The Liberty of Man, Woman, and Child." From the rear seat to those reserved on the stage, a more delighted, magnetized audience never gathered. All praised him.

The Liberal League has secured a hall and intends to work hard for Liberalism. Respectfully, FRED COOKE, Sec.

DOWLIN, TEX., July 21, E.M. 284.

MR. EDITOR: I am the same grandpa that requested you to tell your readers that I was born January 31, 1799, and that I wished everyone living in the United States who was born at that time would drop me a postal card telling who, what, and where. Well, I yet liv! My condition of dotage still increases. I fear I am becoming egotistic. I feel like bragging. I put myself in mind of that meek man Moses, who said, "Now, the man Moses was very meek, above all the men that were upon the face of the earth" (Num. xii, 3). I feel like telling you and your readers of some of my good deeds. I loved a book from my earliest recollection. I hav told but one criminal lie in my life. I hav not used profane language since I was about eight years old. I never would take what did not belong to me. I was exceeding industrious and careful, having a place for everything and everything in its place. I was very kind and obedient to a widow mother. It was said by a wise preacher that I was the most morally courageous person he ever saw. I was a fatherless boy at thirteen or fourteen years of age, and joined the Methodists at that time, with my mother. I prayed in my mother's house night and morning, even when an Infidel uncle was on a visit with us. I never was in a house of prostitution in my life—never a lecher. Never had a fight. Never was drunk, although I had a drunken father. Signed the pledge in 1833, and hav kept it sacred. Hav not swallowed a gill of spirits in fifty years. I dismissed my tobacco twenty-five or thirty years ago, after having used the filthy weed more than thirty years. I try all my acts and deeds by conscience. I aim to never crook a finger or wink an eye unless conscience approves. I hold that I am my own judge, and that I hav no other judge. What conscience condemns at the moment of action must not be done. Mental agony is the only hell. To regret a sin is a virtue, and will be rewarded. Thus we pay our debts.

J. A. RUTHERFORD.

BUTTE, MON., Aug. 6, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: The far north-west territory of Montana, so little noticed in the columns of your Freethought paper, has been my home since 1864. I hav seen the territory without law or order, with road agents, thieves, and murderers on the trail of all honest men, who, uniting and fighting against odds, inch by inch, with the left wing of Price's army, ultimately established a government for the people—some of whom now read THE TRUTH SEEKER and liv.

Our resources are great. Especially profitable is farming in the large and productiv valleys of the rivers of Big Hole, Jefferson, Madison, Gallatin, Ruby, and Missouri, which contain more arable land than the states of New York, Ohio, and Indiana, and are conceded to produce more cereals and hardy vegetables to the acre than any other part of the globe. One hundred and ten bushels of wheat hav been harvested from one acre in the Bitter Root valley.

Inexhaustible bunch grass covers our mountains and foot hills, where thousands of cattle and sheep luxuriate in fatness

summer and winter, producing better and jucier beef and mutton than can be grown in any part of the East.

Our mines of silver and copper are apparently inexhaustible. We ship more silver bullion and copper matte than any other point in the world.

We are prosperous and happy in spite of the church-enslaved condition of a majority of our people, which feebly begins to giv way to reform, truth, and freedom. Who says not, then, that a glorious future awaits Montana, with all her farming, grazing, and mineral advantages? Truth dawning, approaching nearer and nearer, soon will supplant churches, ignorance, and superstition with school-houses, education, and enlightenment.

When all this is accomplished, and the autumn of life begins to fade to golden hues, how sweet to refer back upon the flowery path of youth, and follow manhood to old age, diffusing knowledge and love from natural laws and nature's god, finding the paths on either side strewn with noble words and nobler deeds by him who loves his fellow-man as all true hearts love nature's beautiful plan!

The buds that bloom into flowers in spring time, permeating the air with their fragrance until blasted by the autumn winds, are the children of nature unfolding science to the appreciativ mind, and driving superstition from ignorant brains.

Nature's bountiful supply of truth through the agency of Freethought, Liberal men is beginning to be heard in defense of the right, in defense of the neglected poor, in defense of the reformed, and in defense of all that men hold dear and sacred in their social and domestic relations. A man of this class has recently visited all the important cities of our territory, in the person of Dr. J. L. York, giving in each place a series of instructiv and eloquent lectures, freeing the minds of many from orthodox tyranny, and establishing Liberal unions wherever possible.

On his heels comes the renowned Ingersoll, who, by the power of his eloquence, soothed the griefs of the sorrowing, dried the tears of the priest-ridden weeping, cheered the drooping spirits of the downcast, and implanted hope in the breast of the hopeless, thereby banishing from the minds of many the fear of an angry God, and the dread of a burning hell. Yours for truth and reform, O. B. WHITFORD, M.D.

SOLDIERS' HOME, WIS., July 28, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I regret to trouble you so often, but some sanctified rascal has got my last week's TRUTH SEEKER, Saturday, July 19th. I would hav informed you at the time, but I didn't know but it had stopped, as my subscription ran out May 12th. But having received the copy of July 26th, I am encouraged to mention the loss of July 19th. In my last letter, which you kindly published, I said in speaking of my prospects, the Mexican Pension bill has past the Senate, and will soon become a law. But alas! the ways of our Congress are like the ways of the Christian God, they are past finding out—at least until the poor devil who puts confidence in and serves them finds himself in a worse condition than before he rendered service. That was a house bill, and passed—Aye's, 226; No's, 27. It also passed the Senate with amendments, but failed to become a law, as Congress adjourned before the two houses concurred. It now stands as unfinished business on the calendar, the first to be acted upon next winter, and to be pushed from day to day without interruption until it is a law, or is rubbed out of existence.

Mr. Editor, I hav a thousands thanks to offer for the good fortune you hav thrown in my way by inserting my name in the great TRUTH SEEKER. By your kindness in so doing I hav had sent to me a Freethought Directory, from H. L. Green, Salamanca, N. Y., and a certificate of membership in the New York State Freethinkers' Association. In my Directory I read the names of friends and old acquaintances in all parts of the country. I hav also had sent to me from other parts much valuable reading matter—but nothing that reaches the heart like the old TRUTH SEEKER.

I hav been an Infidel since I hav been anything. None of your Agnostic or Know-nothing sort, but Infidel for all the term is worth. I find that a combination of circumstances shapes the lives and governs the actions of men. Nearly fifty years ago I read the Bible in school—not as it is sometimes read of late years, but as a school-book. I remember well myself and another poor boy having one Testament between us. We took turn-about in reading verses. No explanation, no comments, were made by Peter Davis, our teacher. I took great interest in the tales I read, and perused them at every opportunity. Being an orphan boy, no care was taken as to my religious training by Aaron Baldwin, Sen., whom I had for a master in those days, although he was most damnably orthodox, and as cruel as the God he worshiped. Fortunately I was not considered worthy his theologic care, and hence I escaped that most damnable of all delusions, the Christian doctrin.

I am working steadily in getting names to our petition for church secularization. Yours for truth, NELSON HUNT.

RICHFORD, VT., Aug. 1, 1884.

PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.

How little of others we know!!
How little we know of ourself!
How little we know of the book,
The Bible that lies on the shelf!

How much we run after a priest—
Our Little, Chase, Puffer, and Smith!
How much about heaven we know,
Of hell, and the devil, and myth!

The Christians know all about God,
About ghosts and the angels unknown.
They zealously worship the priests—
Hav built them a pulpit and throne.

Goddess Fashion much we admire—
The pride, the pomp, and the show.
We trust in salvation by faith,
Because we so little do know.

For no Bibles do Catholics care;
At this all the Protestants sneer.
These both to their images bow,
And worship them year after year.

But a voice to our reason cries loud,
And bids us in knowledge increase,
"Oh, hadst thou in season but known
The things that belong to thy peace!"

From truth real harmony springs;
From falsehood come discord and pain—
The curse of the aged and youth;
To avoid it we labor in vain.

The Christians pretend to preach peace,
With murder strewn thick on their track—
With fire, and fagot, and wheel,
With thumb-screws, pincers, and rack.

How many hav died at the stake!
Their suff'rings no mortal can tell.
'Twas said, "Just believe as we do,
Or else we will send you to hell.

"We are sure we hav got the true faith;
Our difference you must not regard—
Though our sects are one thousand and one,
By faith we are sent by the Lord.

"By faith we've all got the power,
The keys of the hell and the heaven;
Unless you obey, our God saith
You all never can be forgiven."

To keep up this sham priests engage;
They preach, pray, sing, holla, and yell,
"Oh, stop you, dear sinner, immortal soul!
One step more and you'll be in hell.

"We are sure that our Jesus is Christ,
Our evidence proves that is true,
For he was begot by a ghost—
Our aunt and our granny said so.

"Three persons make up just one God;
The Ghost, Christ, and Yahweh were one—
The God, the Christ, and the Ghost,
The Holy Ghost, father, and son.

"By faith, simple faith, in the priests—
The easiest thing upon earth—
Our sins are forgiven, crimes blotted out
That we've done since we had our birth."

We bow to the infallible priests,
Though the greatest of cheats among men.
We'll hang to their coat-tails till death,
Then go up to heaven who can.

"If we are all traitors, steal, lie, and rob,
Quarrel and murder and fight,
God never will damn the people of God,
Because each believeth just right."

ADDENDA.

Every egg we buy is surely trod,
Everyone a wretched sinner-saint.
All are the people of a priest-forged God;
By hireling priests we're freed from taint.

To all my old friends, most sincerely,
JOSEPH NOYES.

DIAMOND, MO., Aug 9, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I inclose you another three months' subscription. After nearly half a year's reading of THE TRUTH SEEKER, its continuance seems to be an indispensable requisit. Like the serial stories in the literary papers, something further seems always necessary to clearly elucidate the subject under consideration.

I hav been distracted by more conflicting theories and opinions since I commenced reading your paper than in all my previous life. To escape the mental torture induced by so many antagonistic dogmas, I hav sometimes thought seriously of crawfishing back to papal infallibility. I am ready to indorse and espouse any theory our Liberal brethren may adopt, relativ to the creation, the origin of life, and the ultimate destiny of all things. Only make it a fixture. Don't keep one everlastingly on the rack of uncertainty. I hav been hustled about from pillar to post, like the tennis ball of fortune. I hav had more religions during the last six months than Proteus had shapes. I hav been like that fellow in English history who seemed to be

"Not one, but all mankind's epitome;"

and he

"Who in the course of one revolving moon,
Was blacksmith, chemist, fiddler, and buffoon."

Rather than suffer such continual vacillation it would be better to adopt the "fanatic faith" so eloquently described by Thos. Moore in the following lines:

"The lover may
Distrust the vows that steal her heart away;
Alchemists may doubt
The shining gold their crucible givs out;
But faith, fanatic faith, once wedded fast
To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last."

Even such a despicable foundation would be better than no foothold at all. However, it is perhaps "better to wear out than to rust out." I am still a stanch Liberal and recognize the fact the mission of THE TRUTH SEEKER is to giv expression to the views of all Liberals, no matter how diverse such views may be, and I often enjoy these discussions vastly, fatal as they may be to my stability.

I am very thankful to you for having thrown open your columns to the propagation of that grand Hindoo principle, "kindness to animals." We need a great deal of that special principle of heathenism engrafted upon our boasted Christianity—such heathenism as is shadowed forth in that beautiful poem, "Hero and his Dog," in which Yadishthira absolutely refuses to enter the celestial gates, even at the urgent entreaty of the god of the sky, unless the hound, his faithful companion through woe and weal, be permitted to accompany him. How does that compare, my Liberal friends, with the spirit of Christianity? I advise all Liberals to procure "The Light of Asia" and read it for themselvs. It will amply repay the trouble and expense.

During fourteen years of wandering life in the Southwest, I hav witnessed numberless scenes of the most revolting cruelty to animals, especially to horses and cattle. Why, only the other day a fellow in this Christian neighborhood yanked a fine, gentle mare over backwards and broke her leg. The orthodox devil himself would be ashamed of such atrocity. Children, boys, and young men are permitted by their sanctified parents to torture the domestic animals at pleasure. Dogs, cats, horses, and cattle, each in their turn, are the victims of their wanton cruelty. The idea of mentioning heathenism in the same day with such a damnable principle! And right here I beg leave to express my appreciation of the noble and persistent efforts of Mr. Elliott Preston toward the suppression of this savagory. In his eloquent appeals to Liberals, both in prose and verse, in behalf of the poor dumb creation, he has manifested a zeal and ability worthy the highest praise. He has also placed us under obligations by his contributions to Infidel literature. I hav read many of his Liberal poems which, while manifesting unmistakable tokens of genius, display a fealty to our cause in every line. His numerous productions display ample versatility, fertil imagination, and copious invention. They embrace in their ample scope the humorous, the pathetic, the weird, and the sublime. Mr. Preston seems to hav swept "through each mode of the lyre" with consummate skill, and is doubtless destined at no distant day to rank with the most distinguished literary men of the nation. I trust he will pardon me for using his name thus publicly; but I feel it to be, though but a poor tribute, due to his laudable efforts in our cause; and I am not one of those who believe in freezing a man out by cold indifference during life and then raising monuments and howling requiems over his worthless remains after he is gone. Ever the friend of the good cause, I am, yours truly, JOS. TOWSLEY.

NATIONAL MILITARY HOME,
MILWAUKEE CO., WIS., July 31, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Your favor of the 28th inst. is received, and we are all very glad to hear from you. In reply would say that THE TRUTH SEEKER has been discontinued in our library for the last six months. Prior to that time we had a copy here every week, and it was read as steadily as any paper in the library, for we hav a great many Liberals here, which our League will show; but our officers are all orthodox, and never forget to throw every obstacle in the way of Freethought. We sprung a trap on the governor at the time we started our Veteran Liberal League here, and secured the hall for Liberal lectures only. Our League was already formed, and the first thing they knew our posters were on the bulletin board, stating that the Veteran Liberal League would hav a free lecture in our hall every Wednesday at 3 P.M. Well, they did not know what to make of it, nor what to do with it, but as it was started, the officers knew that it would make a big howl in the papers here if they should break it up, and for that reason, and that reason alone, we are allowed to continue our meetings. We hav a chaplain who is an Episcopalian, or Church of England man, but whose business is principally in our groves escorting our governor's wife around. It is the common talk of the Home, as well as in Milwaukee, and to say they are "as thick as two peas" is a very cool way of expressing it. But the United States pays him five hundred dollars a year to come up here and hold meetings twice a week. Then we hav a Catholic priest who gets the same pay, but not the same perquisits. But as this place is under a reign of terror, no one dare to say a word, but these are the facts.

I am not able to subscribe for your valuable paper at present, but hope soon to be. We first petitioned our governor for the use of our chapel one evening in each week for Liberal lectures, but he told me he could not giv us the chapel, as that was strictly for religious purposes, but said he would giv us the theater as soon as he could get it cleared out, it then being full of beds. So we had to await his pleasure. Our petition was signed by eighty-seven members to start with, and we hav over a hundred now, and would hav had five hundred members by this time had it not been for the intimidation of our officers and priests, and even now they are trying every means in their power to break us up. No political speech is allowed on these grounds, and they hav a spy at all of our meetings to see if any of our speakers say anything about politics, so that they can hav grounds for breaking us up. But notwithstanding all this, we propose to hold the fort, and don't you forget it.

As far as the management of the Home is concerned, it could not possibly be worse. I hav written a number of letters about the true inwardness of the Home, and some of them hav been published, but since this Congressional committee has been appointed, I think our officers hav given the papers a little hush-money, for they will not publish any more of our letters unless they are complimentary to the officers. I hav a letter in my pocket now, but can't get it published, as I hav no money.

Now, in regard to political speaking on these grounds. I would like to ask you if it is not an outrage. Who should hav a right to know what is going on if the men who saved the country when our money was only worth twenty-five cents on the dollar are denied the privilege?

We are all old men here, and it makes me feel good to see so many old men who are Liberal and do not fear to die in that faith. Our president, Mr. Jason Kellogg, is an old gentleman eighty-one years of age, and rather feeble, so I do most of the writing for him. I am the vice-president of the League.

JASON KELLOGG, Pres.
GEO. W. HARE, Vice-Pres.

P. S.—Among our favorit speakers are Mrs. Dr. Severance; Col. Roberts, of Texas; Dr. Brown; Mr. Grossman, editor of the German *Freidenker;* Mr. Stark, of New York city; Mr. Godfrey; Mr. Olmsby, and many others too numerous to mention. The Liberals of Milwaukee hav kindly volunteered to furnish us with speakers, and so far we hav never been short, for which we feel very grateful. One of our comrades here takes your paper, and through him we get a chance to read it. He is our secretary, Benjamin Barkin by name. G. H.

Children's Corner.

Edited by Miss Susan H. Wixon, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"His life is long whose work is well,
And be his station low or high,
He who the most good works can tell,
Lives longest though he soonest die."

Old Fashioned Games.

[In playing the following games, a syllable is addressed to each player by the reciter, and the one to whom falls the last word is counted out, and so on, until all are "out," when some "forfeit" is decreed each one, to bring them in again.]

"Intery, mintery, cutery corn,
Apple-seed and apple-thorn;
Wire, brier, limber lock,
Five mice in a flock,
Sit and sing by a spring—
O-u-t spells out."

"Onery, twoery, hickory, Ann,
Fillason, follason, Nicholas John;
Queevy, quovy, Irish Mary,
Stringalum, strangalum buck."

"Onery, twoery, ickery, see,
Huckabone, cruckabone, tillabon-e-e;
Ram, pang, muski dam,
Striddledum, straddledum, twenty-one."

"Ikkamy, dukkamy, allgar, mole,
Dick slew alliga stum;
Hikka, pukka, Peter's grin,
Fitz William."

"Onery, twoery, tickery, tee,
Allble, lackible, lee;
First you pump the American line,
Humbley, bumbley, twenty-nine."

"Oue's all, two's all, zick a zall zee,
Hurl-a-moo, crack-a-moo, peneral-e-e;
Pim, pom, musque don,
Strig-a-lum, strag-a-lum, twenty-one."

"Eeny, meeny, kitie, ki-nan,
Who shall be the soldier's man;
To drive the horse, to beat the drum;
Tell me when the enemies come;
O u-t spells rottoma, bottoma, dish-cloth,
O-u-t spells out."

"Aner, mayna, dickery, dick,
Delia, dolla, dominick;
Hitecher, pitecher, dominicker,
Hi, pon, tusk."

"Crickety, crackety, too,
This is for you;
Wickery, mickery, lick,
Ickery, thickery, dick."

On the Sunny Side.

Hi and whoop-hooray, boys!
Sing a song of cheer,
Here's a holiday, boys,
Lasting half a year!
Round the world, and half is
Shadow we hav tried;
Now we're where the laugh is—
On the sunny side!

Pigeons coo and mutter,
Strutting high aloof,
Where the sunbeams flutter
Through the stable roof.
Hear the chickens cheep, boys,
And the hen, with pride,
Clucking them to sleep, boys,
On the sunny side!

Hear the clacking guinea,
Hear the cattle moo,
Hear the horses whinny,
Looking out at you!
On the hitching-block, boys,
Grandly satisfied,
See the old peacock, boys,
On the sunny side!

Robins in the peach-tree,
Bluebirds in the pear,
Blossoms over each tree
In the orchard there!
All the world's in joy, boys,
Glad and glorified,
As a romping boy, boys,
On a sunny side!

Where's a heart as mellow?
Where's a soul as free?
Where is any fellow
We would rather be?
Just ourselvs or none, boys,
World arouud and wide,
Laughing to the sun, boys,
On the sunny side!

—*Selected.*

Post-office Jack.

Jack is such a funny looking dog—you can ot help laughing whenever you see him. He is fat, round-bodied, short-legged, gray-whiskered, and gray-headed, and when he walks he waddles.

Everybody knows Jack—Post-office Jack, as he is called—and everybody has a kind word for him. He is not very handsome, and fanciers of bird-dogs, pug-dogs, spaniels, or the wonderful St. Bernard dogs, would turn up their noses at Jack, poor Jack, who cannot boast of a pedigree like some famous dogs we read of. He has some traces of the Scotch terrier, an unmistakable tuft of hair on his forehead showing a descent from noble ancestry, but terribly mixed up with plebeian blood, so that he is recognized simply as a mongrel.

I'll tell you how he came to be known as Post-office Jack.

It was eleven or twelve years ago that this dog, lean, lank, mangy, and hungry—a very tramp dog—walked into the post-office, and the door being open, he went straight into the money-order department, and looked wistfully into the clerk's face, as if soliciting an order to be cashed.

"What are you in here for, you mean-looking cur, you?" said the clerk, sternly.

"You just get out of here, you, sir! Clear out!" and the clerk helped him out with his boot.

The dog took the matter good-naturedly, and sat down in the lobby and licked himself. He evidently did not resent injuries, or lay up insults, for presently he received another kick and a cuff without remonstrance. He walked away to the door and stood there, looking soberly up and down the street, till another clerk took notice of him.

"Poor fellow!" said he, patting him on the head. "I guess you're hungry by the looks of ye."

The clerk went out and bought some crackers, and returning, fed them to the dog, who ate them like one almost famishing. That was his first meal in the post-office. He did not go away, but lingered near his new friend, and when night came manifested no disposition to retire to other quarters, bnt curled himself upon a rug and prepared for a night's rest.

From that time to this, Jack has considered himself an attache of the post-office. He was christened Jack by general consent, and in due time was regularly licensed, a collar procured, and his name, number, and ownership engraved upon the same—"Post-office Jack."

Of course he has his favorits among the clerks, feeling, perhaps, a greater bond of sympathy between those who specially befriended him. He seemed to regard himself as special watchman of the old post-office, but when it was moved into the new government building, Jack seemed to resign his position in favor of the regularly appointed policeman.

Jack knows when the mails are due from the East, West, North, and South, and is always on hand at the sorting of the letters and papers.

He frequently takes short rambles about town, calling at various houses where he has acquaintances, and stopping, sometimes, to dinner, or to tea.

Old men, and maidens, brokers, bankers, and little boys alike, stop to say, "Good morning, Jack," and little girls pat him kindly on his head as he passes. He looks up with a pleased expression in his honest eyes—Jack has beautiful eyes, if he is not otherwise handsome—wags his tail, and walks graciously on.

I remember one day when John and Charley, two of the clerks who hav befriended Jack most, went to call at a house where sorrow had set its seal. Jack was with them, and he walked from room to room as if in search of the little one whom he had so often seen, and whose merry prattle he had so often heard, but who, alas! had fallen asleep, and lay then in the awful stillness and sacred beauty of death.

Jack missed her, and wondered, no doubt, what was the mystery of it all.

So we all wonder, and know as little of the mysteries of life and death as Jack.

Once in awhile Jack undertakes to travel tho route with a carrier, but he soon gets tired, and returns to the office.

Occasionally he goes with Edgar, another clerk, home, and a few times he has been with him to carry letters, but the last time he stopped at the house, looking up at him as much as to say, "You go on, and I'll wait here till you come back. It is too hot for me today. I say, it's an awfully hot day, Edgar."

But Jack is growing old and feeble. His teeth are poor, and he is troubled with rheumatisim. There are times when he limps badly, and one can see that Jack's days are not many or long in this world, and many will say, "Poor Jack!" when he is no longer seen trotting along the streets, or reclining on the post-office steps.

Jack's predominating good quality—and he has few bad ones—is good nature. He was never known to be "cross" or peevish, not even when suffering severely from rheumatic twinges. So Jack, in his humble, dog-fashion, teaches ever the lesson of goodness, amiability, kindness—and a great lesson it is, for none of us can hav too much of that sweet good nature that helps to make this world a pleasant place to liv in, not only for ourselvs, but for everybody else about us.

"We Get What We Carry."

My Dear Young Friends: As I am a dear lover of children, I want to tell you a story. I tell it because I want to do you good, and I want you to remember my text as long as you liv. Some years ago I went to liv on a farm in Massachusetts. Before I got there I was told there was a school-house near by. At first thought I felt a little unpleasant, as I had known some families to hav trouble with the scholars. But I immediately resolved that I would "capture those children," or, in other words, make them my friends.

As I approached the house I was to occupy, I saw the school-house close by. I had heard that the owner of the farm had been at war with the children, and I felt I could not afford to hav those little ones my enemies. In a few hours I met them on the road going home. I spoke to them kindly, and shook hands with them all—it was a small school. Near my house was a pump, and, as children often want water, I bought a new tin cup and hung it on the pump. Soon the boys came to the door to ask for water. I told them to always help themselvs freely. As the object of this letter is to do good, let me say I was greatly pleased to notice, as I did, that when a boy opened the door and stepped into the house, he took off his hat. It pleased me the more because for thirty-five years I hav never crossed the threshold of any door without removing my hat, or sat five minutes in any house with my hat on. Opposit the school-house was my orchard, and I had a great quantity of sweet apples, which the children are so fond of. When the apples were ripe, I told the children to always help themselvs, without ever asking me. I also had a few pears and some grapes, which I picked off and carried into the school-house and gave to the children.

Now, let us see whether "we get what we carry." Nearly opposit the school-house was a useless stone wall, which I wanted removed. But I had neither horse nor oxen, and some of the stones were too heavy for me to handle alone. But I felt an earnest desire to remove the wall, and I went to work alone. In a short time the children were let out for recess, and without a word from me, every boy came running to me, and the way they took hold of those rocks did me good, I assure you. They had only a few minutes to spare, but at every recess, and at noon, they came and helped me until the rocks were nicely piled up, just as I wanted them. I could not hav believed had I not seen with my own eyes, how much those boys could lift. And never in all my life did I enjoy a job of work as I did the removal of that stone wall. As soon as I cut my hay the boys came to me to know if they could play ball in my field. I said: "Play ball! yes, dears; and I will go and play with you!" I knew they would injure the grass ground some, but I said to myself, What is a hundred or two of hay to the pleasure of those manly boys? So occasionally I went over and played with them. Now, the result of this was, when the school was about to close, and they were to hav an exhibition, both scholars and teacher came to me and invited me to come into the school and talk to the children. And when I was called upon to speak I took for a text, "We Get What We Carry." If we carry love and good will, sunshine and pleasant words, we get love and kindness in return. We are sure to "get what we carry." A short illustration on this point, and I close. A Christian lady near by me has a plot of ground close by a school-house. When the boys play ball they accidently throw their ball over into this lady's yard. Instead of picking up the ball and with pleasant words giving it to them, she keeps it, and with very cross words scolds them and threatens them with the law. The result is they hate her, and take pains to annoy her in many ways. So you see, my dear children, she gets what she carries.

Now, I captured or made friends of all those dear children, and all by kindness. My dear young friends, let me in closing tell you that it pays four-fold to carry love, good will, and sunshine all through our lives.

Your friend, Seward Mitchell.

Newport, Maine.

Our Puzzle Box.

A PUZZLE.

The verb *to be, four times* we see,
Forward, backward, then repeat;
Next backward, forward,
A something horrid
The printer's eye to greet,
And corrugate with frowns of hate
The inky "devil's" forehead.
But in these last, as thus we've cast,
One letter we hav borrowed.
"To borrow trouble
Makes it double"—
The proverb here holds fast;
Yet borrow *ease*, and, if you please,
You now may break your fast
On palindromic tart—
Or something of that sort—
Filled in with printer's *peas.*
Your poet with your cook agrees
They should be *short;*
She shortens without brevity;
He to confuse the "devil,"
And in his leaden levity,
To hold his high head level.
Then with "the head and front of his offending"
Hap'ly our poet here makes ending.
'Tis of all *merits first* and best
A thousand blent in one.
"The wicked cease, the weary rest—"
Simply—our puzzle's done!
And ends at the beginning—
Reader, forgiv the pun,
The paradoxic sinning!
For be assured in ages past
Infinit wisdom vast
Beheld the puzzlers joke,
And thus prophetic spoke:
"Last shall be first—first, last,"—
A paradox divine,
But its fulfilment mine.
And now with egotistic pride,
Four times within this crystal tide
Baptised "I" may be spied;
Even like a fish "I" bathe, "I" glide,
Quadrupled thus "I" there reside,
The four-in-one of this great *stream,*
And thus excel the great supreme.

Irwin, Iowa. J. K. P. Baker.

ANSWER TO REBUS IN CHILDREN'S CORNER, AUGUST 9, 1884.

The answer to this rebus I can see,
For the first letter surely must be D,
Which ranks a hundred times my third,
Which is V in the middle of the word.
For the last we will place the letter L;
And as fifty it fits very well.
Of the paradox I now see the sense,
As a pound is worth twelve score of pence.
The fourth letter I, very neat—
For use, the "eye" cannot be beat.
We place an E for second if you please,
And for comfort we will take a lot of E E E's.
The whole in the mind takes position
As a creature of rank superstition. E. F.

TO PUZZLERS.

Where are all our merry puzzle makers and solvers? We hav received only two answers to Mr. Juergens's kind offer of a few weeks since, and those were both wrong. We hope soon to hear from all our friends who hav made our puzzle box so interesting in times past. Original matter for this department shall always find a cordial welcome.—Ed.

TRUTH:

A Poem in Three Parts.

BY E. N. KINGSLEY.

Dedicated to Truth Seekers, Spiritualists, Skeptics, Reformers, Practical Atheists, and Impracticable Christians.

Containing a picture of the

JEWISH JEHOVAH.

As Described by the Bible.

"There went up a smoke out of his nostrils, and fire out of his mouth devoured: coals were kindled with it" (Psalms xviii, 8).

40 pp. Handsomely executed. Price, 25 cents.

GEORGE CHAINEY

Wishes to enter into correspondence with Liberals throughout the country in reference to lecture engagements for the coming season.

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Liberal Meetings.

[Leagues and Liberal and Spiritualistic Societies in the United States and Canada meeting regularly, can have notices of their meetings published in this column free if the officers will send them to us.]

MICHIGAN.

MUSKEGON.—The Liberal League meets every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock in the German Odd Fellows' Hall, corner of Western ave. and Terrace st.

OHIO.

CLEVELAND.—The Liberal League meets every Sunday at 3 P.M., in room 29, City Hall building. Lectures free. Communications can be addressed to W. I. Irvine, Secretary.

MAINE.

PORTLAND.—Dr. H. A. Lamb has hired Congress Hall, Congress street (entrance on Temple street), where free meetings, lectures, and discussions are held every Sunday, 2:30 P.M. Admittance free. Public invited.

OREGON.

PORTLAND.—The Auxiliary Liberal League of Portland, Or., holds meetings every Sunday, at 2 o'clock, P.M., at Nonpareil Hall, cor. 1st and Madison streets. All are invited. Admission free.

MASSACHUSETTS.

BOSTON.—Boston Liberal Club holds meetings for essays and criticisms every Sunday forenoon at 10:45 in the Paine Memorial Building, Appleton street.——The "Society of the Divine Homo" at same place every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Sunday-school at 2:30. Admission free.

PENNSYLVANIA.

ALTOONA.—The League holds meetings every Wednesday evening and Sundays at 3 P.M., at the League Room, corner of Eleventh ave. and 13th st., third floor, entrance on 13th st.

PHILADELPHIA.—The Friendship Liberal League meets every Sunday at Hancock Hall, 814 Girard avenue, at 2:30 o'clock, and 7:30 o'clock, P.M., for lectures and free debates. THE TRUTH SEEKER and Liberal books for sale.

PITTSBURGH.—Pittsburgh Liberal League meets at Maltby Hall, 76 Fifth avenue, every Sunday (except during the Months of July and August) at 3 o'clock. A free platform is maintained. Exercises consist of a lecture, followed by 10 minute criticisms, with 15 minutes allowed the lecturer to reply. Clergymen invited to discuss.

NEW JERSEY.

NEWARK.—Newark Liberal League meets every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the League's Hall, 177 Halsey street. Exercises consist of music, readings, lecture, and discussion, in which all present are invited to participate. Admission free. Collection taken. Communications for the League should be addressed to J. W. Frankel, 10 Pine street, Newark.

CANADA.

TORONTO.—Secular Society. Reading and Lecture Rooms, No. 9 Grand Opera House. Open every evening and Sundays. Lecture every Sunday evening. Freethinkers and strangers are cordially invited.

MONTREAL.—Pioneer Freethought Club meets every Sunday at 3 P.M., at 1310 Catharine street. Reading-room open daily until 10:30 P.M. Library open for exchange of books three evenings per week, and on Sunday afternoons. Free public lectures on Sundays as advertised in local newspapers Strangers always welcome. G. S. Wilson President; C. Stevens, Secretary.

GANANOQUE, ONT.—Gananoque Secular Society, meets every Sunday evening at eight o'clock, in Acton's Hall. Free Library and Reading Room open all day Sunday. Visitors and strangers always welcome. Geo. G. Meikle, President; Henry Smith, Secretary.

NEW YORK.

ALBANY.—The Liberal association meets every Sunday at Van Vechten Hall, 119 State street. Sunday-school at 2 P.M. General business meeting and debates and discussions at 3 P.M. Lecture at 7:30 P.M. The public are cordially invited to attend, also all Liberals visiting the city. Admission free.

NEW YORK CITY.—The American Spiritualist Alliance meets every Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock in Republican Hall, 55 West 33d street.——The First Society of Spiritualists holds its meetings every Sunday in Republican Hall, 55 West 33d street. Morning service 11 o'clock; evening, 7:45. Seats free. Public cordially invited.——Arcanum Hall, 57 West 25th Street, cor. 6th ave. The People's Spiritual Meeting every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 P.M.

BROOKLYN.—The Brooklyn Spiritual Society meets at Conservatory Hall, cor. of Fulton street and Bedford avenue, every Sunday. Services at 11 A.M. and 7:45 P.M. Admission free. Public cordially invited. Liberal and Spiritual papers and books for sale.——The Everett Hall Spiritual Conference, 398 Fulton street, meets every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. Meetings free. Spiritual literature for sale.——The Eastern District Spiritual Conference meets every Monday evening at Composite Room, 4th street, corner of south 2d street, at 7:45. Spiritual and Liberal literature on sale. All invited.——The Philosophical Association meets every Sunday afternoon in the Assembly Room of Wright's Business College, Broadway, corner of Fourth street, E. D., at 3 P.M. Public cordially invited. Doors open at 2:30 P.M.

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Yours respectfully,
H. A. BROWN.

Ladies, read the following testimony from a lady who had been under drug treatment for eight years with nervous prostration and female weakness:

OSBORN, O., Dec. 15, 1882.

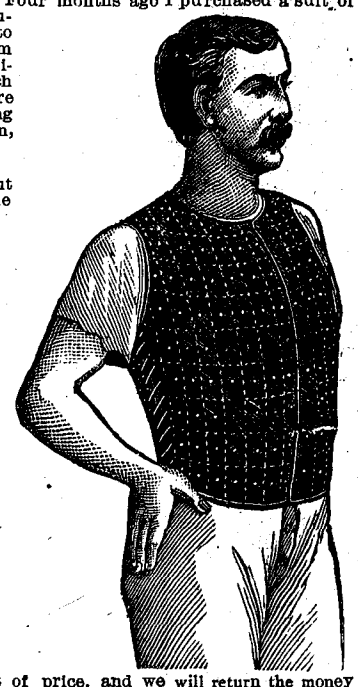
DR. L. TENNEY: Your letter just received; also the Clothing on Tuesday last. Fitted perfectly. FELT BETTER FROM THE FIRST HOUR I HAD THEM ON. Am not joking, and if I improve as rapidly as I hav since Tuesday, will soon be well. Will report again soon. Respectfully yours, E. J. K.

This lady reports herself entirely cured in less than six weeks after putting on the garments, and, although in bed, unable to get out, when applied, she nevertheless was able to ride twenty miles in two days after the application. The lady's name can be had upon application at this office, by any one desiring to communicate with her.

Ladies, read the following testimony from a lady who had been suffering for two years with an **Ovarian Tumor**, and who had been told that nothing but the knife would save her life, and the chances were as 9 to 1 against recovery. In four months' time she is perfectly well, and has not taken a dose of medicin since putting on the appliances. Consult us when your physician tells you he can do nothinog for you; it will pay you.

SHULLSBURG, WIS., November 19, 1882.

DR. L. TENNEY, *Dear Sir:* About two years ago my health began to fail me; I became nervous, lost all desire for food, and, in fact, began to fail rapidly, so that I became alarmed and consulted several physicians of St. Louis, at which place I was then stopping, all of whom declared that I had an **Ovarian Tumor**, and that the only thing that would save my life would be the knife. About six months ago I grew rapidly worse, and had about made up my mind to take the only course that seemed left to me, and submit to an operation, when my attention was called to the **Eureka Magnetic Appliances.** As a drowning man will catch at a straw, so did I catch at this faint hope of a cure. Four months ago I purchased a suit of your appliances. From the very first I felt invigorated, the tumor, which had extended entirely across my abdomen, began to decrease, my pains became less from day to day, until now I am as well as I ever was in my life. Since putting on the appliances I hav not taken a single dose of medicin. My bowels, which before were constipated, are now regular. I would therefore cheerfully recommend them to anyone suffering as I hav, believing that they will do all and more than you claim for them. I remain,
Gratefully yours, MRS. MARY J. STEWART.



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And challenge comparison with any of the so-called magnetic garments now offered under that head. At the same time the application of labor-saving machinery in our manufacture enables us to offer them about

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THE SEVENTH ANNUAL CONVENTION;

Where Held—The Speakers Engaged—The Hotels, Railroads, etc.

THE NEW YORK STATE FREETHINKERS' ASSOCIATION, in accordance with its established custom, has invited the Freethinkers of all the other states, and also of Canada, to meet them in annual Convention, at Cassadaga Lake, N. Y., on the 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th days of September next.

THE SPEAKERS.

The following well-known speakers hav been engaged to address the Convention: Thaddeus B. Wakeman, of New York; Miss Helen H. Gardner, of St. Louis; Courtlandt Palmer, of New York; Charles Watts, of London, England; Allen Pringle, of Selby, Canada; Col. John R. Kelso, of Modesto, Cal.; George Chainey, of Boston; J. H. Burnham, of Saginaw City, Mich.; Mrs. Dr. Juliet H. Severance, of Milwaukee; Stephen Pearl Andrews, of New York; Dr. John Stoltz, of Chicago; William S. Bell, of Boston; Judge R. S. McCormick, of Franklin, Pa.; John E. Remsburg, of Atchison, Kansas; Lyman C. Howe, of Fredonia, N. Y.; M. E. Billings, of Waverly, Iowa; Hon. A. B. Bradford, of Enon Valley, Pa.; Charles B. Reynolds, of Rochester, N. Y.; Samuel P. Putnam, of New York; Dr. William F. McCormick, of Franklin, Pa.; and Richard B. Westbrook, D.D., orthodox, of Philadelphia, Pa. And the following hav also been invited, the most of whom are expected to be present: Hon. Elizur Wright, of Boston; F. E. Abbot, Cambridge, Mass.; Horace Seaver, Boston; Luther Colby, Boston; Judge Arnold Krekle and Mrs. Judge Krekle, of Kansas City, Mo.; James Parton, of Newburyport, Mass.; Judge Carter, of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia; and B. F. Underwood, editor of the *Index*, Boston, Mass. It is possible that Col. Ingersoll will be present and address the Convention.

THE SINGING.

Professor A. D. Lane, of Olean, N. Y., one of the most popular professional singers in the state, accompanied by as good a quartet of voices as can be found in Western New York, has been engaged to provide the musical entertainment for the occasion. Professor H. H. Hall, who sang for the Rochester Convention, has also been engaged.

THE PLACE OF MEETING.

The location where the Convention is to meet is one of the most pleasant and picturesque in the state. It is described as follows in a circular issued by the Association: "The Cassadaga Lake Camp-meeting Grounds are eight miles from Lake Erie, and seven hundred feet above it; situated midway between New York and Chicago, one and a half hours by rail from Buffalo, five from Cleveland, nine from Pittsburgh, fourteen hours from Cincinnati, sixteen from Philadelphia, eighteen hours from New York, twenty hours from Boston and Washington, and twenty-one from Chicago. It lies on the shore of a beautiful chain of lakes, three in number, and at an elevation of nearly fourteen hundred feet above the level of the sea." The Association last year erected on the grounds an amphitheater, with a seating capacity of twenty-five hundred people, with the seats in a semi-circle, which givs every one present an opportunity to hear all that is said from the speaker's platform.

ROUTES OF TRAVEL AND RAILROAD RATES.

Eastern and western passengers over the Nickel Plate, Lake Shore & Michigan Southern railroad, and eastern passengers over the New York, Lake Erie & Western (formerly Erie) railroad, change cars at Dunkirk, N. Y., and take the Dunkirk, Allegheny Valley & Pittsburgh railroad to the "Cassadaga Camp-meeting Grounds."

Eastern and western passengers over the New York, Pennsylvania & Ohio railroad (formerly Atlantic & Great Western), and eastern passengers over the Buffalo & Jamestown railroad, change cars at the Atlantic & Great Western Crossing, and take the Dunkirk, Allegheny Valley & Pittsburgh railroad to Lily Dale Station.

To be more definit, persons coming to the Convention from most of the cities and large towns in the United States will find it the cheaper to purchase excursion tickets to Chautauqua Lake. These can be obtained very cheap; and then leave the cars at the crossing of the Dunkirk, Allegheny Valley & Pittsburgh railroad near Jamestown, and then take the last mentioned road to Lily Dale Station, near the camping grounds. Persons coming from any station on the New York, Lake Erie & Western railroad, or any of its branches west of Binghampton, will pay full fare to Dunkirk, and then be returned at one-third fare home. The Dunkirk, Allegheny Valley & Pittsburgh railroad will sell excursion tickets at two cents a mile from any station on that road.

THE HOTEL RATES.

The following prices hav been established at the hotels for board: $1.50 per day, for one day and less than three days; and over, $1 per day. Table board: breakfast, 40 cents; dinner, 50 cents; supper, 30 cents. Lodgings, 25 to 30 cents. The hotel accommodations are sufficient to entertain all who may attend.

H L. GREEN,
Salamanca, N. Y. Secretary New York State Freethinkers' Association.

P. S.—I am glad to announce that the Truth Seeker Company will hav an agent on the grounds with a large assortment of Freethought publications for sale. The editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER will, as heretofore, make full reports of the proceedings. Other reports of the Convention will be published in the New York *Herald*, the Buffalo *Courier*, and other secular papers.

H. L. G.

On Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 8th and 9th, the

NATIONAL LIBERAL LEAGUE

WILL HOLD ITS

EIGHTH ANNUAL CONGRESS

At the same place.

In his call for the Congress the President of the League invites "all citizens of the United States, whether they hav acted with this League or not, who believe in a secular republic, separation of church and state; the equality of all citizens before the law, without distinction of creed or race or sex; justice for all, and privileges and monopolies for none; the need of universal secular education, free speech, and a free press as the basis of universal suffrage."

All Charter and Life Members of the League, and all delegates from local Auxiliary Leagues, will hav votes in the Congress. Each Auxiliary is entitled to send five delegates—its president, secretary, and three other members—to the Congress. Annual members are entitled to seats in the Congress, and to votes by the permission of the Congress.

Odds and Ends.

TURNIPS fed to sheep are said to make mutton tender. Will cabbages fed to lawyers make legal tender?

WHEN a young man attempts to put his arm around a girl, she can repulse him politely by telling him to "waist not, want not."

NEW servant: "Oh, if you haven't any children I can't come, because whenever anything is broken there will be no one to blame it on but me."

"CAMPAIGN lies," did you say? No, sir; just at this moment the campaign is not lying. She is standing on her back hind legs and madly pawing the air.

RECITATION in moral philosophy: Professor—"What has a mother in view when she spanks an incorrigible child?" Vassar girl—rises, blushes, and sits down.

"JONES is a miserly man, but is very pleasant," said Brown. "Yes," replied Smith, "but it is his *miserliness that makes him pleasant.*" "How's that?" "Why, don't you see, he hates to lose anything, and therefore keeps his temper."

A "SWEET girl graduate" at the June commencement read a very clever original essay entitled "Deceit a Crime." Next day she paid fifteen dollars for a new set of bangs, and bought a corset with much plumpness where it would do the most good.

A COLUMBIA county man took dinner the other day at the Putnam House. The waiter recited the bill of fare: "Roast beef, veal, and lamb, baked heart, boiled tongue, corned beef and cabbage, and beefsteak pie." "They'll do," replied the visitor; "bring 'em along quick."

"WHY is that cup of tea like truth?" asked the head of the family, pointing to the cup of tea by the side of his plate. "Te-hee!" giggled his wife; "I don't know. Why is it?" "Because it's my tea, and will prevail." Then his wife looked sorrowful and asked him what he had been drinking.

"I UNDERSTAND, professor, that you are opposed to admitting women to a college course." "That is my position exactly." "Hav you any objections to giving your reasons?" "None in the least; they are all embraced in one." "What is that?" "I married a lady with a collegiate education."

BENEATH a shady tree they sat;
He held her hand, she held his hat;
I held my breath and lay right flat;
They kissed—I saw them do it.
He held that kissing was no crime;
She held her head up every time;
I held my peace and wrote this rhyme
While they thought no one knew it.

A JAMAICA, L. I., young man had his girl out carriage-riding the other evening, and the horse took fright and ran away. In turning a corner the vehicle was overturned, and the young lady was pinned to the earth, the body of the carriage lying heavily across her waist. She was rendered unconscious. When she was released from her perilous position she slowly opened her eyes, as consciousness slowly returned, and faintly gasped: "Don't—squeeze me—quite—so hard—next—time—John."

THE telephone girl was dozing, when there came a spirited call. She hastily put her ear to the receiver, after spitefully ringing a reply, and heard: "Hello!" "Hello!" she replied. "Giv me Rev. Obadiah Beecher." The Rev. Obadiah was switched on, and the conversation proceeded as follows: "Hello!" "Hello!" "Is this Rev. Oba—" "Yes; what do you want?" shortly. "Why, Mr. Beecher, I wanted to tell you that we failed utterly to raise the balance of your salary to-day. We are still $200 short." "That is provoking—very pro—" here the girl switched on a man who was dunning a slow customer, and the opinion of Rev. Beecher was expressed by him as follows: "You are too cussed shiftless for any use. If you don't get the rest of that money by to-morrow noon I'll send a constable after you—blanked if I don't. I'll be blankty blank blanked if I can liv, and keep up a whole church full of paupers to boot. I'll be jo-blanked if I'll stand it. I'll pound the blankety blank stuffing out of you if you don't bring me the rest of that money. I won't sell you whisky on the sly and pretend it's hominy on the half-shell, any longer." Now the godly man is on trial for profanity and drunkenness, and the telephone girl is the most innocent witness in all Bloomington.

THE *Christian Age* tells the following anecdote of the late Rev. Dr. Hatfield and his choir-master, Mr. Jones, who was getting up a grand musical performance by his choir of an anthem he had composed to the words of one of Watts's psalms. The first verse ends with the words—

"Oh, may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound."

Mr. Jones came to his pastor to get his approval of a change of these lines, so as to read—

"Oh, may my heart be tuned within,
Like David's sacred violin."

But the doctor said he could improve even that, and he wrote, to the amazement of Mr. Jones—

"Oh, may my heart go diddle, didle,
Like unto David's sacred fiddle."

Mr. Jones sang the psalm as written by Watts. We haven't heard whether the doctor was prosecuted for blasphemy.

"Do you know," asked old Jones of Bill Gibson,
As he shuffled the cards for a deal,
"Why the gals is allus a searchin'
In that medder lot, owned by Jim Beale?"

"Why, cert," answered Bill as he anteed,
"They grow clover down thar, you know,
An' the gal what gits a four-leaver,
Is sartin to ketch a beau."

"Yer see," went on the old sinner,
As he scooped in the pot with a smile,
"It's jest like this queen an' four aces—
They're bound fer to rake in the pile,"

THE TRUTH SEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

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Notes and Clippings.

THE owner of a camp-meeting ground in Connecticut has ruined the profitableness of his property by introducing an electric light.

A RICHMOND, Va., man has offered a prize for the best essay on "self-supporting employment for the ladies in the Southern states."

AT a recent church dedication at Stratford, Conn., a match game of cricket between the priests and the choir was a feature of the attractions.

LILLIE DEVEREAUX BLAKE, it is stated, has come out for Cleveland, repudiating the manifesto of Susan B. Anthony and Elizabeth Cady Stanton in favor of Blaine.

THE revision of the Old Testament does not include the Apocrypha. But it is not improbable that some members of the committee will continue to meet and undertake a revision of the Apocrypha on the same principles.

A SUBSCRIBER from Benton, Texas, sends the following conundrum: "Why are parsons like brokers? Because both deal in 'futures.'" We believe the responsibility for this joke lies originally with the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

THE Hebrew population of St. Louis are up in arms because one of their number has been refused the lease of a residence, on the ground of a clause in leases already granted, that no Jewish family shall be allowed to occupy any house in the row.

"MY dear brethren," said the minister, leaning forward and speaking very earnestly," in this excessiv warm and oppressiv weather I can excuse a little drowsiness during the sermon, but I do wish that you would try and keep awake while the collection is being taken up."

THE mayor of Belton, Texas, issued his proclamation last week calling on the clergy "round about" to pray for rain. Let us see, soliloquizes the *Sunday Gazetteer*, Belton is in Bell county. That is the benighted region where Dr. Russell was horsewhipped a few years ago for not being a Christian.

THE new Old Testament knocks the bottom out of at least one standard "proof-text"—viz: "In my flesh shall I see God." The revised version has it, "Yet out of my flesh," etc. Those who believe in the resurrection of the identical body which is buried will hav to look for a new buttress to their theory.

THOSE who laugh at the idea of woman's competing with man in the professions will be astonished, says the Burlington *Free Press*, to know that a Western physician writes pathetically to a newspaper complaining of the conduct of a female doctor who has taken away all his patients and left him on the brink of starvation.

THE Methodist missionaries hav been driven out of Celaya, Mexico, by a mob. Their house was broken open, and they were forced to take refuge in a small room in a house near by. Here they were besieged for an hour or more, and the mob had just broken in the door and were about to massacre the missionaries, when some mounted police arrived. Catholicism and Methodism, it seems, are not adapted to mix harmoniously one with the other.

IT has lately transpired that when Hartmann, the Nihilist, was with Sophia Perovskaja (hanged in 1881) working at the mine, beneath a line of railroad, with the view of killing the czar while passing, he became in need of funds to finish the work, and Sophia suggested that he pawn his watch, which he did for eight roubles. This absence of the watch caused him subsequently to make an error in the time of firing the match, and to this the czar owed his life.

EDWARD LONKDALE, a member of the Salvation Army, called at various houses in Wilkesbarre, Pa., and stated that by applying a plaster he could, with the aid of earnest prayer, remove spots, pimples, etc., from the skin. At the house of J. N. Kepler he was allowed to try his skill on Mrs. Kepler, and no one being in the room he attempted undue familiarities. Mr. Kepler, however, happened to be in the next room, and catching the fellow attempting to kiss his wife, beat and kicked him out of the house. He then had the Salvation soldier arrested, and in default of bail he was sent to jail. His pockets were filled with copies of the *War Cry*.

THE Rev. Dr. Henry M. Scudder, of Chicago, who was for many years a missionary in India, expresses the opinion that "for unmixed wickedness and utter moral depravity no city of Asia could equal Chicago or New York," and that this continent has a class of villains "lower and meaner than the lowest and meanest in India or China." And yet New York and Chicago send missionaries to those countries. Perhaps it is the best thing that can be done, both for the cities and the missionaries; but poor Asia!

IT is a rare day when a Christian wife cannot furnish her husband with some degree of consolation. Take the following dialog as an instance: "No," said Fogg, meditativly, "I don't fear what may come to me in another world; it is the act of dying that fills me with a sort of nameless dread. I don't like the idea of crossing the dark river. I always was afraid of water, you know." "You shouldn't let that worry you," replied Mrs. F.; "you'd hav a splendid chance to dry your clothes when you reached the other side."

QUEEN VICTORIA is much troubled by the wicked conduct of her son-in-law, the Grand Duke Louis of Hesse-Darmstadt. According to the latest reports, he is seeking still another matrimonial alliance, notwithstanding the troubles brought about by his morganatic marriage with Mme. Kalamine. His latest fancy, it is said, is toward a lady who is connected with the ducal court at Darmstadt, but who is much his inferior in rank. She is also very much younger than the grand duke and is said to be very beautiful.

IT is described as having been an impressiv scene in Brussels on Saturday two weeks ago when 200 Burgomasters and 300 other members of the Communal Councils throughout the country met in the Hotel de Ville, and with right hands extended, swore to make use of all legal means to defeat the new education bill and to vindicate the "right of the people to public instruction by the state." At the demonstrations which followed the next day the Clericals are said to hav numbered only 8,000 as against 20,000 Liberals.—*Times*.

THE *Christian Leader* says: "So, then, Herbert Spencer is assailed as a Theist, or for not being an Atheist. He defends himself cautiously, but with his usual array of facts, and really takes sides with the theologians. In other words, he is obliged to postulate a power in the universe adequate to account, not for the separate phenomena, but for the whole series. He declines to name the power, but this modesty need not disturb us. Mr. Spencer and Mr. Huxley are now both eligible for a 'liberal' pulpit."

MR. WOODWARD, the vicar of Folkestone, England, is three parts Catholic, and the other part Protestant. He is constantly ignoring the line which separates the two divisions of the Christian church, notwithstanding the persistent efforts of the people's churchwarden to keep him in order. He recently bought a chalice of Mgr. Capel. One medallion on it represents the Virgin Mary catching the blood issuing from the side of the savior as he hung upon the cross. The chalice is used in the parish church, to the great offense of many of the parishioners.

THEY tell all sorts of queer stories about Col. Ingersoll. Here is one from a Cleveland paper: A reporter called on Col. Ingersoll the other morning, and had a short conversation with him. "Is it true," asked the reporter, "that you wrote the Thirty-Nine Articles?" "It is not true. I only wrote thirty of them. Mr. Theodore Tilton wrote the rest." "And the Westminster catechism?" "I aided on that. I looked up the history of Adam and Eve; discovered where Cain got his wife, painted the ark red, and read the proof." "Did you aid in the preparation of the Revised Edition?" "I am aiding all I can, in my feeble way. I am revising both books, after my own fashion." "Is it true, colonel, that Mr. Beecher, Mr. Talmage, and yourself are partners in a sheep ranch?" "Not exactly partners, sir," said the colonel, as he moved away, "but we are talking of writing a series of theological books in company. Good-day."

THE *Independent* has withdrawn from the support of Gov. Cleveland on account of the Buffalo scandal. We understand, says the *Evening Post*, that this change of front is made by Mr. Bowen, the proprietor of the paper, against the views of Dr. Ward, the editor, and Dr. Twining, the associate editor. The article in which the change is announced takes the ground that one act of personal impurity, if proved, is sufficient to condemn anybody. In this regard the *Independent* takes considerably higher ground than the New Testament. We can only congratulate it on the state of perfection which transcends the words of him who said "go and sin no more."

IN *Macmillan's Magazine* a writer quotes the following as Carlyle's opinion of the man Jesus Christ: "I did not find Christ that pound-of-fresh-butter character which people hav made of him. On the contrary, he is a man with a great deal of anger in him, but the anger all on the right side. He always has a sharp word to return to the Pharisees. When one who has kept the Ten Commandments asks him whether that is not enough he tells him no—'Leave all thy riches and follow after me.'" . . . . Speaking of the indifference of the people of our times toward high-minded men, he said: "If Jesus Christ were to come to-day, people would not even crucify him; they would ask him to dinner, and hear what he had to say, and make fun of it."

A WRITER in the Brooklyn *Eagle* has happened across the sort of clergyman that is familiar to most neighborhoods. Here is a story about him and how he was treated according to his deserts: He is wont to visit his parishioners about lunch or supper time, and will always stay when he is invited—sometimes until he is invited—to partake. One good liver in his parish got tired of this. Next time the clergyman called it was supper time and the family were seated at the evening meal. He was brought into the dining-room and took a chair near the window. He talked, but did not seem at ease. "Will you do as I am doing?" asked the head of the family, who had before him a crisp leg of pork, with apple sauce. "Thank you," said the pastor, rising and preparing to move his chair to the table; "I don't care if I do." "Then go home and eat your supper with your wife and family," was the response.

THE Rev. Joseph Powell, of San Francisco, recommends a novel method of preventing the propagation of crime. In a paper recently read before the Congregational Club of that city he treated of the law of heredity, and claimed that as things were at present criminals were born and bred such, and that the only efficient way to apply the "ounce of prevention," which here as elsewhere was better than "the pound of cure," according to the common proverb, was to bring in the services of the surgeon and forever deprive confirmed, vicious, and criminal persons of both sexes of the power of propagation. He proposed that confirmed drunkards, thieves, licentious persons, and all who had been twice convicted of vicious and criminal acts should be subjected to the proposed treatment, and that children of vicious and criminal parents, who at the age of twelve years exhibited, as in most cases they would do, a decided proclivity to the evil ways of their progenitors, should be subjected to the same treatment as a prophylactic. He recommended this, not by way of vengeance or even punishment, but as a safeguard for society, which was now in danger of being overrun and swamped by the vicious and criminal class, which seemed to hav a power of propagation greater than was possessed by those who were virtuous and moral. A few of the clergymen who took part in the discussion which followed, favored the views of Mr. Rowell, but most of them dissented therefrom, and some of them quite strongly.

News of the Week.

MR. HENRY GEORGE BOHN, the English author and publisher, is dead.

THE cholera continues its march in Europe. It prevails chiefly in France and Italy.

EIGHT men were suffocated in a coal-mine disaster near Shamokin, Pa., on the 21st.

IN the British provinces, New England, and New York, the hay crop is nearly 30 per cent less than last year.

THE king of Ashantee, in Africa, recently died, and three hundred subjects were killed at the funeral in his honor.

GEN. GRANT, since his financial ill fortune befell him, is reported to be writing a history of important events of the war.

THE authorities of Upper Burmah, in Asia, hav captured 235 robbers between Mandalay and Bhamo. Fifty of them hav already been crucified.

THE czar of Russia and the emperor of Germany will meet early in September. It is held that Russia desires to cultivate friendship with Germany.

THE ocean steamer Oregon has beaten all previous records by running from Queenstown to Sandy Hook in 6 days 10 hours. The distance is 2,818 miles.

THE Woman Suffrage party hav accepted the invitation of citizens of Buffalo to hold their state convention in the Young Men's Christian Association Hall, Oct. 8th, 9th.

THE First National Bank of Albion, N. Y., has suspended. President A. S. Warner has fled. He was a victim of Wall-street speculation. The defalcation is large.

GEN. BUTLER is reported to hav said that he will withdraw his name as a candidate for the presidency on condition that Cleveland should also withdraw and Thurman be nominated in his place.

KATE SMULSEY, of Fort Plain, N. Y., is still alive after an alleged fast of 166 days. Several physicians think she eats slyly, but the family claims she does not. She is able to converse faintly with visitors.

ANOTHER plot of the Russian Nihilists has come to grief. The intended victim was Col. Sazonoff of the Russian gendarmerie. The plot was discovered in time, and twenty or thirty arrests hav been made.

THE Very Rev. Patrick Terry, dean of St. Patrick's church, Chicago, was sitting in his residence last Sunday evening in conversation with friends, when his head suddenly dropped forward, and in ten minutes he was a corpse.

SERIOUS anti-Jewish riots hav occurred at Ekaterinoslav, in Russia. Fourteen houses and shops belonging to Israelites were ransacked and demolished. The Hebrews defended themselvs vigorously. Two of them and one Christian were killed and many persons wounded.

ON the morning of August 24th, Fenimore Clayton, of Middlefield, N. Y., took his two-year-old son out into the yard and shot him through the head, with the remark: "He is now in heaven and better off." Clayton is a farmer about 30 years old, and was suffering from delirium tremens.

WAR has opened between France and China. The bombardment of Foochow by Admiral Courbet's squadron began at 2 o'clock last Saturday, and ended at 8 o'clock. Only one Chinese battery replied. The arsenal was destroyed. Seven Chinese gunboats were sunk, and two escaped. The French fleet sustained no damage. The European settlement was not disturbed.

THE United States steamer Tallapoosa was run down and sunk by a coaling schooner in Vineyard Sound, off the coast of Massachusetts, on the 22d. Four men were reported drowned. The Tallapoosa was in service during the war as a blockade, transport, and dispatch vessel. Of late she has got the name of being Secretary Chandler's pleasure-boat. She was 240 feet long and 35 feet wide. Age, 21 years. Tonnage, 650; displacement, 1,270.

Communications.

Frederic Harrison and Positivism; and Herbert Spencer and Agnosticism.

BY STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

For two thousand years, at least, the term Philosophy has been confined to metaphysics, which, it was assumed, founded, in that sphere of abstract thought, that broad generalization of truth which constitutes the higher scientific domain; from which also, it was assumed, that the special sciences emanated, or grew as branches. Since Bacon, and especially within the last half century, this current of thought has been reversed; and the present theory is that the only sane philosophy is that which consists in a generalization of and from the special sciences; and philosophy, among scientific men, now means simply the most general aspect of science or the sciences. This change, and the continued use of the word philosophy in two such opposit senses, is embarrassing, and it is better to designate the new school of philosophy, technically, as "Sciento-philosophy;" although, in current speech, the term philosophy will continue to be prevalently employed.

Among the great names representativ of broad scientific generalization, or Sciento-philosophy, of our day (or nearly so) are, in a pre-eminent way, Auguste Comte, (now dead) in France; Herbert Spencer, in England; Ernst Haeckel, in Germany; to which illustrious trio we may now unhesitatingly add Lester F. Ward, in America. With Haeckel and Ward we shall hav little or no further concern on this occasion than thus naming them. Our present affair will be with Mr. Harrison, as an advanced advocate of the Comtean philosophy—Positivism—and Mr. Spencer, *in propria persona*, in defense of Agnosticism, and the allied doctrins intimately associated with his name. I place the name of Mr. Harrison first in this mention only because he was the first to make assault in the contention now about to be alluded to—the same which has been spread at large before the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER.

That these two great representativ systems of Sciento-philosophy, the most prominently now before the world, should come, at some time, into open collision, was inevitable; and I hav long been awaiting that result, because it offers a great occasion for a sample of the application of Universology, and its allied practical philosophy—Integralism, as the means of adjustment and scientific reconciliation between all contestants in all spheres—without, however, dispensing with their differences, or impairing, in any sense, the utility of those differences; which are affirmed universologically to be as essential, useful, and every way desirable as is their reconciliation, or harmonic co-ordination in a larger, and the largest possible scheme of ideas. Neither Positivism, nor the Synthetic Philosophy (Mr. Spencer's entire system) claims any special new discovery (of a key for unlocking the universe of fact and ideas), or the distinctiv character of a Universal *Science*, in the rigorous sense of that term. They are, rather, merely grand encyclopedic digests and systematic co-ordinations of what has been already achieved, and has come to be known. Universology, on the contrary, makes, specifically and emphatically, both of these claims, and, therefore, as its function, intervenes in all controversies, as magistrate, umpire, or judge—holding, in a word somewhat, the same relation to all the opposing systems of thought as the planet, as a whole, with its mathematically measured rotundity, holds to the particular continents, quarters, and countries of the earth. And since, as yet, I am, doubtless, the most prominent representativ of universological lore, I betake myself to the ground of this combat, to command a peace, and to arrest these two desperate duelists, and save them from mutual murder, and a further great scandal, and *lese majeste* against the commonwealth of scientific and philosophic intelligence. They hav already done each other great damage—severely wounding each other, and greatly need, at least, the friendly intervention of the higher authorities.

Mr. Harrison has frankly avowed, in addition to his laudable desire to correct the errors of Mr. Spencer and the, perhaps, natural, desire to avenge old scores for Mr. Spencer's previous assaults on Comte and Positivism, that he has "a rider" of his own; or the ulterior purpose of forwarding his own personal views. The reader will already hav perceived that I too hav a "rider;" and that I make my appearance on the field, not merely to save the lives of the contestants, and vindicate the dignity of the Republic of Letters, but that I am, perhaps, still more desirous of establishing my own right to act as a magistrate. In pursuing my complex purpose, I shall giv attention, firstly, to those rare points in which the two contestants happen to agree, and shall then turn to the consideration of the subjects of their difference.

The points of agreement between Mr. Harrison and Mr. Spencer are, mainly: 1. That Mr. Spencer has, in a previous treatis, given the *coup de grace* to the orthodox theological views touching this general subject of controversy. Mr. Harrison says he (Mr. Spencer) has made an "array of the moral and intellectual dilemmas involved in all anthropomorphic theology into a long catena of difficulties, out of which it is hard to conceive any free mind emerging with success." But in case the theologians shall not consent to consider themselvs dead, the power of Universology to solve otherwise insolvable difficulties may be put to its severest test, at some future time, at this point of difference between them and these two champions who are united against them. I am not now called on to grapple with that question, and I shall leave it untouched. 2. They are agreed that Agnosticism, or the doctrin of the Unknowable—though for other reasons and purposes Mr. Harrison dislikes the terms—is true doctrin as against the theologians, and for the purpose of putting an end to the controversy with them.

I hav here coupled Agnosticism with the Unknowable, as if they were synonymous. Etymologically, however, they are not the same, unknowability denying the possibility of knowing, in respect to that to which it is applied; while Agnosticism may mean merely the expression of the characteristic modesty of science, which is forbidden by its own nature to claim knowledge beyond the limits of its acquired possession. It is, therefore, only to the Unknowable with the implications of its etymology, and to Agnosticism in so far as it is used in the same sense, that I shall here giv the first attention.

And here I venture to assert that there is no such thing, in any absolute sense, as the Unknowable. To assume its existence is a contradiction and a logical absurdity; for if it were existent, we should not know of its existence; could neither affirm nor deny it; should, in fact, never entertain the idea of it, either to affirm or deny it; because, again, to know that anything *is* (or is not) is to know it, already, in the most fundamental particular of the knowledge which we can hav of any subject whatsoever. It has ceased to be the unknowable, therefore, from the instant that we know and can affirm that it is or exists. From that onward we may know less or more of the details of its existence; but nevermore is it unknowable, or even unknown for us.

I am not now commenting upon Mr. Spencer's idea, as covered by the term Unknowable, but upon the appropriateness, or inappropriateness of the term to express any true idea whatsoever. I am asserting that it is one of what Mr. Spencer has so happily characterized as pseud-ideas, or words merely, not charged with any real thought. It is not competent to express the notion of negation to which Mr. Harrison would confine it; for even *nothings*, as we habitually speak of them, are knowable as *somethings* "defecated to a pure transparency," *i. e.*, they remain as transparencies; and transparencies are attenuated somethings. Hegel pointed out the fact that the knowable or thinkable nothing is only a less real something, or, in other words, that negation is also affirmation; but an unknowable anything is unthinkable, and is never, therefore, by any possibility even, thought about. It is, in other words, the verbal promis, to the ear or eye, of an idea, with no idea lying back of the promis, to redeem it. It is a bad bill in the currency of language. It cannot be *it* which is concurred in and relied on by these two great thinkers, either to refute the anthropomorphic theologians, or to replace their postulates. In this extreme sense of the phrase, if sense it can be called, they would both be constrained to abandon it, if they had ever so entertained it. And yet it is only in some such extreme rendering of the supposed idea, or in some vague or undefined sense, that they two can accept the Unknowable as common ground of agreement to stand on, even in their antagonism to the "spiritists." We will, therefore, consider the discussion of this second subject of their agreement as exhausted, and will pass to the consideration of the first among their several grounds of difference; that which relates to this same subject—the Unknowable.

Here, on the side of the disagreement, Mr. Harrison finds the contents of this limbo of the Unknowable to be pretty nearly pure nothingness, "a sort of a something about which we can know nothing;" while Mr. Spencer infills it with pretty much all there is of vitality, energy, and reality in existence; indentifying it with Force, his "prime-postulate," and the most affirmativ conception of Being. He says that "not only objectiv nature, but man himself is the ultra-manifestation of this most real essence." He speaks of "that Power of which man and the world are products, and which is manifested through man in the world from instant to instant." He adds, "I might make clear the contrast between that Comtean Agnosticism which says that 'Theology and Ontology alike end in the Everlasting No with which science confronts all their assertions,' and the Agnosticism set forth in 'First Principles,' which along with its denials emphatically utters an Everlasting Yes." Again he speaks of "that great stream of Creativ Power, unlimited in Space and Time, of which Humanity is a transitory product." And, still again, he says: "Whereas in common with his teacher Sir William Hamilton, Dean Mansel alleged that our consciousness of the Absolute 'is merely a negation of conceivability,' I hav, over a space of ten pages, contended that our consciousness of the Absolute is not negativ, but positiv, and is the one indestructible element of consciousness 'which persists at all times, under all circumstances, and cannot cease until consciousness ceases.'"

"Further," he says, "I hav contended originally and in the article named, that this Reality transcending appearance, which is not simply unknown, as Mr. Harrison thinks it should be called, but is proved by analysis of the form of our intelligence to be unknowable, standing toward the Universe and toward ourselvs in the same relation as an Anthropomorphic Creator was supposed to stand, has a like relation with it not only to human thought, but to human feeling." "I hav also argued that we are just as much debarred from denying such [human] attributes, since, as ultimate analysis brings us everywhere to alternativ impossibilities of thought, we are shown that beyond the phenomenal order of things, our ideas of possible and impossible are irrelevant."

The first question which urges itself upon our attention here is: How is it possible, and what is the reason, in the nature of things, that two schools of able thinkers—Hamilton, Mansel, and Harrison on the one side, and Mr. Spencer on the other—should be driven, in construing the Unknowable and Absolute, to diametrically opposit conclusions—on the one hand giving to the conception the utmost negativ, and on the other hand the utmost affirmativ character? At all events, the fact is so. The issue is distinctly made up, and is an all-important one; since the Absolute, being for Mr. Harrison, Positivist though he be, as well as for the metaphysicians, almost a pure negation, there is no place left for him to plant a religion except in Humanity, so that this first grand point of difference between him and Mr. Spencer is the source of all their subsequent differences. Yet they are alike utterly powerless to break, for themselvs, the deadlock which divides them. Unity can be evolved from this, their fundamental oppositness, only by the aid of another system of thought, which deals in deeper analysis than that which Mr. Spencer has called ultimate. The case with the naturismal sciento-philosophical elementation, whether Positivist or Agnostic, is like that of the Syllabic Alphabets with which the art of phonetic writing commences, and which, in the main, are displaced, subsequently, by that deeper analysis of sounds which furnishes the True Alphabet, giving a letter to each distinct elementary sound, vowel, or consonant. Universology comes in to furnish that ultimate analysis and the True Alphabet of Thought, with all philosophical discriminations and solutions, which is requisit to provide a basis for explanation and reconciliation in all those spheres of speculation which are left vague or unreconcilable in their dissidences, from the lack of thoroughness in previous analytical methods. Universology will, therefore, throw a flood of light upon this first and fundamental difference between Positivists and Agnostics, justifying them both, showing that each has an indispensable portion of the whole truth, and that the larger and all-embracing philosophy of Integralism will combine and correlate them in the higher and complex unity of complete knowledge.

It must, in the first place, be observed here that the Absoluto-Absolute and Absolute Unknowable being utterly nonexistent even in thought; utterly inconceivable, and for us, therefore, pure nothing; and as such, to be eliminated from all questions of philosophy, what remains for us is the distribution of universal things into a Sphere of the Less Knowable and a Sphere of the More Knowable; or the Quasi-Knowable and the Knowable; or, what is the same thing, into *The Occult and The Overt Departments of the Universe, whatsoever these may prove to mean*—like the Cryptogamous and Phanogamous distribution in Botany. More strictly, the case is like that of a circle or sphere, in respect to the radii, which, in the inner half of its rotundity, converge towards the center where they end; and which, in its outer half, tend outward towards the rim or surface where they terminate, diverging more and more as they go away from the neutral belt which intervenes half way from the center to the circumference. There results an inner solid sphere, with the radii near each other, and converging, condensed, matted upon each other (substance like) more and more as they approach the center, and an outer shell-sphere, whose radii diverge outwardly from the neutral belt to the surface, reporting themselvs there as points scattered and sundered from each other; marking Configuration or Form (articulatoid) rather than Substance or Reality. The inner or substanciv sphere is also hidden or occult, typifying the Occult Department of Universal Being, and the Morphic, or *Phenomenal*, or *Apparent Sphere* consisting more of mere "show," like a map on the surface typifying, at the opposit extreme, the Overt Department of Universal Being.

It is of the inner or Occult Sphere which figures analogically or symbolically in the philosophy of Mr. Spencer, as the Unknowable, of which I hav now specially to treat. That which is internal, substanciv, occult, is also (in the usual constitution of things) vital, and the hidden source of Force or Energy; as, in the human body, the entrails, called "vitals," and the nerve centers, and the mind itself, which are the sources of the corporeal strength, Energy, or Force. Mr. Spencer recognizes this analogy when, repudiating the negativ theory of the Unknowable, he says:

"In pursuance of this view the Comtean system limits itself to phenomena, and deliberately ignores the existence of anything implied by the phenomena. But though M. Comte thus exhibits to us a doctrin which performing 'the happy dispatch,' eviscerates things and leaves a shell of appearances with no reality inside; yet I hav in more than one place, and in the most emphatic way, declined thus to commit intellectual suicide."

I shall state here for the information of those readers who may happen not to be "posted," that "the happy dispatch," is the Japanese polite way of alluding to the habit of theirs, which we hav come to know under the name of *hari kari*, and which consists in ripping open the abdomen and letting out the bowels, and that "evisceration" means the same thing—the letting or taking out of the entrails. Mr. Spencer compares, therefore, here, the Unknowable with the viscera or entrails, the within or "Inwards" of the human or animal body; and, of course, the knowable or phenomenal world with the body-walls, covered by the skin which presents the body externally and phenomenally to others.

We hav now gained a position from which we can illustrate, from this same symbolism, the natural, and nearly inevitable, tendency of two reasoners, and sometimes of the same reasoner, incautiously, at different times, to pronounce this whole region, the viscerismus, negativ, or nothingish; and otherwise to pronounce it the most affirmativ or somethingish possible; as just shown by allusion to the vitals. Substituting the inner sphere, above described, for the visceral interior of the human or animal body—the sphere or globe form being less subject to the Artistic Modification to which nature is addicted in her higher works, and so the more primitiv type; as the fish skeleton, being lower in the scale of development, better illustrates the typical plan of the vertebral skeleton system at large, than the skeleton of man or the higher animals—it will be perceived, on reflection, that, if we follow inwardly, in thought, the converging radii, we reach finally the center, which tends powerfully to become representativ of this whole inner sphere; somewhat as the astronomer represents the entire body of the sun by the sun center. *But this center, so reached, is, then, peculiarly ambiguous, and contradictory in character;* and this fact is the gist of the illustration now sought for. It is either the very focus, pivot, or source of all the outstreaming force or forces of both bodies, the inner and the outer; or it is, on the contrary, the vanishing point into the ideal Infinit (the infinitly small), and, as it were, beyond it, into the resulting Nothingness—as we may chance or choose to regard it. Hence this inner, real, substanciv, vital, force-bearing sphere, considered with all its inherent potency, being, symbolically, the God-center, whether the personal God of orthodoxy or the quasi-impersonal God of Spencer, is, if taken affirmativly, that Unknowable which is the all-powerful embodiment of Affirmation, Life, and Force, or, if taken negativly, it is the Quasi-nothing, the Unknowable "defecated into a pure transparency" of Mr. Harrison, and his mental congeners. Mr. Harrison then represents Mr. Spencer as holding the views which he (Mr. Harrison) himself deduces from the drift inward to and *beyond* the Inmost of things. Mr. Spencer then, in turn, accuses him of utter misrepresentation. But, there has been, doubtless, no misrepresentation, in purpose. The sin of Mr. Harrison was, at the most, a too rigorous abiding by his own order of logic; forgetting, neglecting, overlooking, in his certainty that such results follow from such premises, what Mr. Spencer had said and repeated, in defining his position. Mr. Spencer, on the contrary, with less respect for mere abstract consistency and with more respect for the practical facts of nature, turns himself about abruptly at the *real* ultimation of his mental traverse inwardly; reverts from the *real* inmost center of things; looks back to the *real* world, and finds in that center and turning-point an outward-tending fountain of all forces, "the Infinit and Eternal source from which all things proceed;" or "by which all things are created and sustained." There is, only, here, a perfectly natural misunderstanding, incident to the inherent ambiguity of this crucial instance of Universal Being, spontaneously directing these two men into their diametrically opposit modes of aspecting that inner and occult sphere of Being which they hav erroneously concurred in denominating the Unknowable, or the Unknown; for it is, as we shall see, neither; but merely that department of universal things which is known after another sort; and only less clearly perceived, cognized, articulated, classified, and defined, than the overt or phenomenal sphere of existence; and they hav therefore only to bow across the line which separates their positions, consider their honor as satisfied, and be the best of friends ever after.

The normal type of conception under which we habitually idealize the Universe, is that of a globe or sphere, or rather of two spheres, adjusted to each other as above described—all our speculativ, mental, and moral ideas being derived, by metaphor, from material forms and objects. Every globe is, in fact, as to its prime division, these two spheres co-apted as one—as inner and outer. Everything, in the universe of things, is unconsciously construed by us as having a Within and a Without, a subjectiv and an objectiv presentment; so that our assimilation of the human body with its viscerismus or "inwards-department" and its head-and-trunk walls (its *outwards*) to these two spheres is far more than a rhetorical illustration. It is a radical, scientific analogy, and equivalent to a logical demonstration for those who understand the newly-discovered Science of Analogy. Still, this point of the two antithetical aspectual presentations of the inner, occult, and substanciv sphere of things is so central, crucial, and important, in all philosophy, that I will not trust it, for ordinary readers, to one illustrativ figure (that of an inner and an outer globe), but will introduce another illustration from the structure of language—a sphere of things which is intimately related to all the domains of thought. But before proceeding to it, let me diverge to remark that Mr. Spencer, dissenting from the negativism of his opponents, in respect to the absolute, commits the error, no less serious for sound philosophy, of going over as unguardedly to the other extreme. He says: "So far from regarding that which transcends phenomena as the 'All-Nothingness,' I regard it as the All-Being. Everywhere I hav spoken of the Unknowable as the Ultimate Reality—the sole existence; all things present to consciousness being but shows of it. Mr. Harrison entirely inverts our relativ positions. As I understand the case, the All-Nothingness is that phenomenal existence in which M. Comte and his disciples profess to dwell—profess, I say, because in their ordinary thoughts they recognize an existence" transcending phenomena just as much as other people do.

This is pure Spinozism, and makes the substanciv sphere of

things become the sole real existence; whereas the phenomenal sphere, the "shows" are just as essential, in the absolute, as that which causes the "shows"—which, I suppose, is what St. John means when he says that the *logos*, the discriminativ principle, not only was with God, but was God. It is an error of transcendental philosophy, this into which Mr. Spencer has fallen, as gross as any which he finds in Hamilton and Mansel; but inverse. There is not any such thing anywhere as the All-Nothingness or the All-Somethingness. Everywhere, and in all spheres, are the affirmativ and negativ *elements* of Being the occult and the overt, balancing, or partly balancing each other—and the great *concrete spheres* merely signify the dominance and subdominance of these elements. Let Mr. Spencer, or anyone, fancy himself reduced to a mere sack of entrails, and then, the sack also taken away, and he has, in this destitute situation, a precise, corporeal image of the conceptual Universe as he has sketched it in the above extract. His own allusion, previously quoted, to "the happy dispatch" (*hari kari*), and to "evisceration" makes this analogy and illustration peculiarly *ad hominem*. One of the most fundamental formulas of Universology is: The Inexpugnability of Prime Elements; which means the ever-presence of two opposit elementary factors in all spheres of Being.

The relation of the subjectiv Human sphere, the mind, to the objectiv Human sphere the body, or of the Subjectiv and the Objectiv generally, is analogically the same as the relation of the badly named Unknowable to the phenomenal sphere of things at large; and M. Comte far better and more correctly, states the fact when, in propounding his fifteen fundamental laws, he says that there is a greater confusedness or more obscurity, (or as it were, more *huddling*) between the phenomena of the Subjectiv sphere, which, therefore, needs to be elucidated by a reflex light cast from the study of the Objectiv. And so Mr. Spencer, wiser in his practice than in his theory, treats the world of phenomena as a very real world, while he, on the other side, contrary to his theory, often introduces very essential discriminations into the heart of the Unknowable. One of his disciples, Mr. Chadwick, in the *Index*, thus states, very prettily, this characteristic of the master: "But these expressions are not representativ of Mr. Spencer's most habitual thought nor of its worthiest implications. The abyss of his Unknowable is not one of total gloom. Some visions of solemn beauty do gleam within it. Some rays of clear light do escape from it. He does not fling us into bottomless negation and leave us there. The conditions which Martineau has insisted on are realized in the completeness of his thought. There is some alternation of light and darkness, of inner silence, and 'a stir of upper air.'"

Let us now recur to the subject of language as a special illustration, in its structure, of the co-existence of a substanciv, occult, and less cognizable factor, and of a morphic, or phenomenal, discriminativ, articulativ, limitary, and more observable and more cognizable factor; and, in this connection, I shall treat of the similar doubleness in the constitution of knowledge itself, and indeed, of all things. In fact, the analysis of knowledge must still, in a degree, somewhat precede that of speech-representation, though the two will go along harmoniously together.

The assumed demonstration that it is impossible to know what Mr. Spencer calls the Unknowable, or that the human mind is incompetent to know certain things, rests on a false understanding of what constitutes knowledge. His definition is only of one-half of the whole field of knowledge, precisely as his "phenomenal sphere of being," the overt world, is only one-half of the total universe, or world—the other half, the so-called Unknowable, being really the occult, or for us less readily knowable sphere. The truer statement is, however, that Mr. Spencer has given to the term knowledge a too limited assignment of meaning. He makes knowledge wholly relativ, and to be merely the mental assignment of any observed phenomenon to a class, a correlating of it with some other knowledge already possessed. His disciple, John Fiske, says that all knowledge is classification. How then can knowledge, or the process of knowing ever begin? What is to be said concerning the first phenomenon, before the mind is charged with any other knowledge, with which to classify, or to which to relate the newly observed fact? Mr. Spencer's definition holds good of co-gnition (knowing *with* something else), which is relativ knowledge; he assuming all knowledge to be relativ; whereas *relativity* is only one of two co-operativ elements or factors, of which all knowledge is constituted. The other element or factor is the *absolutivity* of knowledge, or that which impresses itself upon our minds directly, apart from and prior to all classing or relating whatsoever; or else, as transcending it ulteriorly and elementally.

Every act of knowing (coming to know, Impression) involves the conjunction of these two elements, as precisely as every syllable in speech (Expression) involves a consonant and a sonant (vowel) element, in conjunction. Mr. Spencer's mistake or omission, in the defectiv inclusivness which he gives to the meaning of the term knowledge, is the same in kind, or analogically, as that of the early Hebrew writers, who recognized and wrote only the consonants, omitting the vowels. The phonographers do the same thing, but knowingly; and merely as a convenient device for abbreviation and rapidity. Just, then, as there is a sonant (sounding) and a *con*-sonant (*with*-sounding) element of vocal expression, so there is a *sensorant* (sense-giving) and a *con-sensorant* (with-or-accompanying sense-giving, or relationizing) element in Mental Impression; which is the fundamental aspect of knowing, knowledge, or the process of coming to know.

The consonant element is the *cut-off*, the limiting, or finiting, and so the relation-making and relation-marking, element of expression; while the vowel is the unlimited possibility of continuous voice, (not cut-off), and so may be regarded, analogically, as the infinit and eternal element. It is also relativly obscure, or occult, mixed or mushy, substance-like, stuff-like, reality-like, in a word, the contrast, throughout, of the more obtrusiv, rigorous, and definit element, the consonant.

There is, nevertheless, in the vowel sound, by Inexpugnability, a subdominance or minor proportion of limitation, which manifests itself, externally, as modulation (mouth-shaping short of actual cut-off or interruption) and which internally permeates the whole mass, the body of the "klang," or sound, as vibration; and if, with metaphysical acumen, anyone should insist on eliminating all limitation, even this more subtle kind, from vocality (vowel-dom), the result would be that all sound would cease—the ultra-negativ outcome of absolutism, along with Mr. Harrison—and we should hav left either entire silence, or those special silences or rests which intervene between sentences, words, syllables, and sounds, which enter into the make-up of speech; the Nothing being, therefore, after all, as important as the Something in the constitution of things; whether, for instance, as here, of language, or of Universal Being—*i. e.*, we should hav negation or the negativ element of being lingually illustrated. On the other hand, while consonant-sound is, theoretically, mere limitation, cut-off, relation, line, place where realities both meet and go asunder, yet, by Inexpugnability, it is so imbued with vocality, and so borrows a portion of its being from the vowel, that it is only heard, or has any existence as sound, by virtue of such borrowed vocality; while metaphysical or logical consistency which should insist upon eliminating from it everything but its own intrinsic nature, which is line without breadth or thickness, would carry it into absolute nothingness. This is what happens, analogically, and ontologically, when it is affirmed, as by Spinoza, that "all limitation is negation"—although this may be understood in another sense, in which it is practically true; namely, that the limitation is the negation (or hindrance) of the (further) extension of that which is limited—*i. e.*, in this case, merely that the consonant is the limitation of the otherwise perpetually continuing vowel sound.

But, apart from these more metaphysically transcendental possibilities and liabilities, the vowel sound remains substantially the type (in language) of Reality, with only enough of limitation involved to secure its existence; and the consonant the type of Limitation, with only so much of reality as to cause its sonancy; or make it heard, at all.

Hence, 1. In Vowel-dom we hav the illustration of Reality; 2. In Consonant-dom we hav that of Limitation, and 3. In Silence, or the Silences, which intervene, we hav that of Negation—and these three are Kant's three Fundamental Categories of the Understanding, or of our Knowing faculty. Thus we are conducted back to the realm of knowledge, and must seek there, for the same three Categories; only two of which Mr. Spencer has recognized at all, and only one of which he has included under the name of knowledge. These three are: 1. Sensorance (Sensation—the substrate, occult, limitless, causal and primitivly forceful element of knowledge); 2. *Con*-sensorance (Co-gnition,) the articulativ, discriminating, classifying, cor-relating element of knowledge, and 3. Unknowledge (total ignorance, i(n)-gnorance, non-gnorance, not-knowledge—as a whole—or the intervening patches of unsupplied knowledge or lapses of information). Stripped of explanations these are: 1. Reality; 2. Limitation: and, 3. Negation—the Limitation-department being that alone which Mr. Spencer dignifies by the name knowledge.

In the chance-begotten structure of our ordinary languages, the same mistake has been incurred, which has been repeated by Mr. Spencer, with all his acumen, in the philosophical arena. We hav the words *con*-sciousness and *co*-gnizance, and the verb *co*-gnize, for the relativity of knowing; but we hav failed to form and retain the more radical bases, *sciousness*, *gnizance*, and *gnize*, for the absolutivity of knowing; although we hav borrowed the Greek *gnosis*, which has been used by philosophers in that sense. It can hardly be imputed to Mr. Spencer, or any other thinker, as a marked personal defect, that he has not been able to transcend the limits imposed on him by the imperfection of our extant languages. It is only by the deeper analogy of the absolute structure of language only of late discovered, as a mirror of the working of elementary principles, that any one could be liberated from the trammels of those disguises of the nature of thought which result from lingual deficiency. Mr. Spencer, indeed, and every other great thinker appeals often and confidently to analogy; but neither he nor anyone else has understood analogy well enough to secure anything like absolute success in the use of it. A great discovery had to be awaited. No subject becomes scientifically understood, in any adequate degree, until it is studied for its own sake, and on its own ground, as a subject of scientific investigation; and not merely as auxiliary to something else. For example, language, as to its etymology and glottological laws, was studied, incidentally, as the helper of literature, many hundred years without developing any proper science of language. It was only, when, less than a century ago, a group of German students entered *ex professo* upon the study of the structure and glottal laws of language, that the great modern science of Philology or Glottology was developed. And so, now, it is only for the first time, among a similar group of students, expressly concerning themselvs with analogy itself, in the bosom of the Universological School, here in America, that the great new, and in a great sense, fundamental science of Analogic has been developed.

We hav been treating, hitherto, of the elementismus of language (phonetics, sounds). This is what in language corresponds to Metaphysics altogether. The elaborismus of language carries us up to the realm of Grammar, which corresponds with Physics. None of the philosophers, dealing with the world at large, hav ever made this great leading discrimination properly; nor could they hav done so without the aid of this analogy of language. Without it, our sub-analogies are liable to become very mixed. So the vowels, denoting reality, denote Force also, in a deep, metaphysical sense; the force upholding all things; but more generally, Mr. Spencer, in speaking of force, means physical, mechanical force, the lingual analog of which is up in the grammatical domain, in respect to language; and especially concerns the Nominativ (the activ agent, subject, cause) and the Verb (process, transition, the transitiv procedure to the objectiv, etc.). To persue this train of analogical illustration would take us too far afield. Let us adhere to the vowels and consonants.

The *reality* which vowel-dom represents, when the same idea is transferred to the human body, constitutes and includes the flesh-and-bone-mass, composed of their molecular and atomic constituents; and then the limitation, which consonant-dom represents, consists of the *joints* or *jointings* of the body-mass, with a special implication of the bones or skeleton, the "anatomy" as closely allied with the joints. The phonographers call their words written without vowels (the consonants alone), skeleton words. The consonants are habitually know as "articulations," and the joints are also called articulations (little jointings). Both consonants and joints are the relating, inter-ligating (intellect-like, as in co-gnition), or *tying-together* department of the things which they concern.

Here Mr. Spencer, taking cognition for the whole of knowledge, and holding the whole of the phenomenal world to be relativity (articulation), commits the absurdity, by the analogies, hardly less ludicrous than that of the sack of entrails for the absolute, of making the whole phenomenal world equal merely to the joints of the human or animal body, with a mere suggestion of the bones—better, if the caricaturist could effect the illustration—to leave the bones out altogether, and picture the joints alone, unaccompanied and unadorned by anything else whatsoever. This would surpass the realization of Sidney Smith's aspiration, of a hot day, to take off his flesh and sit in his bones.

So, recurring to thought and knowledge—sensation, consciousness, direct knowledge, *gnilion* as contrasted with cognition, is that which coincides with vowel-dom in speech, and flesh-mass in the human or animal body; and *co-gnition* (knowledge proper—Spencer) is that which coincides, analogically, with the joints or articulations, and the consonants; in the physical embodiment, and in speech. As I hav said, Mr. Spencer includes only cognition under his definition of knowledge; still it is frankly conceded that he is not so much under criticism here, in this regard, on the ground of his *real* idea, as on that of his verbal modes of expression. He abundantly admits and affirms, on various and all occasions, that consciousness is our basis of all thought and certainty, and the most sure of all our assurances, while yet he denies to it the name of knowledge properly so called; but can any better title be conceived of to the name of knowledge than the utmost degree of mental certainty? The very word (con-)sciousness is from the Latin *scio*, 'I know.' Degrading the word knowledge to synonymy with cognition, he feels the necessity of a struggle with the difficulty of not having any generic term for all kinds of mental certainty. Knowledge is rightly generic, and gnition and cognition, or *gnosis* and *co-gnosis*, the specialties. No author has properly the right to make a necessary generic term *specific*, while leaving us thereby destitute of any fitting generic expression.

If the ground were untrodden, the following would be the proper etymological distribution of the words here appropriately involved:

Gnosis or Knowledge.
3. Co-gnosis; secondary knowledge, in relation to other knowledge.
2. Ag-gnosis (for ad-gnosis); direct knowledge, whether sensational, or higher insight.
1. A-gnosis, not knowledge; i(n)-gnorance.

But there are two practical objections to this arrangement. The first is that with our slovenly English habits of pronunciation, a-gnosis and ag-nosis would be pronounced exactly alike. The other is that the Greek word *gnosis* has acquired a well-understood asignment with philosophers to the specialty of a kind of direct knowledge. For this reason the following arrangement is preferable.

Knowledge
3. Cognosis, or Cognition, indirect or relativ knowledge.
2. Gnosis, direct or absolute knowledge.
1. Agnosis, not knowledge.

The effect of the imperfection of Mr. Spencer's classification is that it throws him, in popular estimate, upon that negativ and phenomenal side of Agnosticism where he persistently refuses to be placed.

Mr. Harrison says: "Why *an* Energy? The Unknowable may certainly consist of more than one energy." Mr. Harrison does not insist; but this is a very pregnant inquiry. There is present, in every individual occurrence, in the whole universe of occurrences, that which coincides, by analogy, with my self-hood when conscious of willing to act, and acting, in consequence; and which coincides, in the same manner, with the Substantiv or Pronoun in the Nominativ Case to the Verb. There is no more any *one* corporeal-real, universal force, permeating Nature, and producing all effects than there is *one* universal consciousness in humanity—which Mr. Spencer affirms there is not—or one universal Nominativ Case in Grammar, governing all instances of verb action, and filling the entire grammatical field. I say wittingly "no more," for I shall come back subsequently upon the question whether there is a *soul* of reality differing from the corporeal-real, in such illustrativ instances.

The corporeal-real element, in any action, the body of the action, coincides with matter. There is, then, force, the exertiv element which we recognize as present in every transaction or occurrence, that which coincides with our own experience of the exertivness which occurs in us when we act. But these instances of individual exertivness are all single or separate instances, not made confluent or blended—*except by us ideally in a distinct act of mental generalization*, which in so far as either Mr. Harrison or Mr. Spencer knows, or would admit, has no objectiv substantiality whatever. Neither of them is authorized to predicate any ideal confluence or unity of things, persons (consciousnesses), or acts, and then endow it with corporeal energy. Yet Mr. Spencer does this, concerning the cosmical forces, Mr. Harrison dissenting; and Mr. Harrison does it concerning the social individual consciousnesses, Mr. Spencer dissenting. If either of them ever gains authority to do so, they must borrow it from their spiritist neighbors—A. Wilford Hall, for example, with his doctrin of Spiritual Substantialism—some other element of being, which has not yet been introduced into this discussion by any of us. Upon their own ground, as mere positiv scientists, they are forever precluded from assuming any collectiv unity of acts in the Universe, or of consciousnesses in Humanity—which, nevertheless they mutually assert, or deny, in these different but coincident cases, as suits, arbitrarily, their different views.

Mr. Spencer must, at the least, either become atheistical to his newly discovered God-principle in Nature, a sort of vital principle in the Universe, or he must yield the point to the Comtists that there is a common consciousness for Humanity; and Mr. Harrison must abandon the idea of a unitary soul for Humanity, or yield to Mr. Spencer his demand for the recognition of a universal soul.

The confluent unity, antagonizing the divergent variety, is the same principle, in both cases. It is fundamental with Universology that there is always and in everything a confluent unity co-operativ with an antagonistic individual diversity in the constitution of the higher or integral unity—the Unism, the Duism, and the Trinism—as the inevitable and invariable constituents of Universal Being. Universology, therefore, decides with Mr. Spencer, as against the implication of Mr. Harrison's question, that there is indubitably, a unitary effectiv potency permeating all Nature, as well as an infinity of individual instances of force; and decides with the Comtists against Mr. Spencer that there is, and must be, a collectiv consciousness in Humanity as well as individual consciousnesses; whether we are as yet fully awake to the experiential perception of it or not.

The second difference between Mr. Harrison and Mr. Spencer to be noticed, which, however, has been alluded to, and which is a branch of what has been considered, is that which is expressed by Mr. Spencer in these words: "In pursuance of this view the Comtean system limits itself to phenomena and deliberately ignores the existence of anything implied by the phenomena"—implying, on his part, that the Spencerian System, as he elsewhere affirms, penetrates to the heart of things, and looks out from within. Availing ourselvs of the humano-corporeal analogy now established (the human body type) we can exactly illustrate what Mr. Spencer is here intending to say. While claiming that he and his system reside, as we hav seen, in the entrails of universal things, the vital center, he charges that Comte, Harrison, and the others of that school, inhabit the outer walls, or rather the face of those walls, where posters and advertisments are usually exhibited—the place of "shows." Charles Fourier said long ago, of Frenchmen, his fellow-countrymen, that they dwelled in the skin of the Grand Man, and nobody understood him; but Comte was a Frenchman, and by the aid of Mr. Spencer's symbolism the matter begins to become intelligible. But we must giv to this outerness a broader inclusion than the mere skin. It means the bony framework, joints, and flesh annexed, skin, traits, or features, wrinkles, and all of the discriminativ, limitary elaboration of the body, as contrasted with the semi-formless splanchnic region within. What then shall we say of Mr. Harrison, who repudiates formality, *formulæ*, theology, and the like, in trying to get at the working basis of reality for his religion? Why, that he is quarreling with his own bones, as a partisan of the more vital muscles. But a muscular religion alone is not adequate. Both parties must learn that they must coalesce and embrace "the whole animal;" if they would attain to that Integralism which is indispensable to completeness.

The third great difference pronounced between the two contestants in this notable controversy is, that Mr. Harrison holds Humanity to be worshipful, and Mr. Spencer holds quite otherwise. I shall make but slight comment on this

point, especially as I seem to previse, that it is here that Mr. Harrison will exhibit his brilliant power of repartee and logical eloquence in reply; a power of which he is the pre-eminent master; and I hav no wish to attempt to anticipate him in a field so remarkably his own. I shall merely observe that Mr. Spencer might as well advert to the epithelial scales upon the surface of the human body, to prove the individual man to be a scaly or a scabby fellow, as to cite the short-commings of the Humanity of the past to belittle the divine personality of the race, uprising from age to age toward its transcendent destiny, at the head-ship of the concrete universe. Man, as a race, he says, has no concrete consciousness; which means only that he is not yet conscious of any such consciousness; or rather that he is not conscious of being conscious of any such consciousness; but, as he says of the Positivists, on another point, he thinks and knows like other men; and every instance of sympathy between any two is an instance of race-consciousness. And all sympathy is Altruism, and Altruism is to be the dominant of the practical religion of the future, precisely as the great *child*-soul of Comte—I think he knew as little of the world, of real men, as an infant—intended to affirm. I shall advert again to this question of race-consciousness.

The fourth and last and paramount great difference to which I shall now call attention, between these contestants, is, that Mr. Harrison, following Comte, propounds and defends the Religion of Humanity; while Mr. Spencer defends the thesis that the gist of religion is in the comprehension and worshipful regard for the "Infinit and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed." This is again, by the symbolism now established, the grand final issue, now directly made up, between the Vital Force of the Universe, dwelling at the Inmost, and working outwardly, on the side of Mr. Spencer, and that muscular effectivness and comprehensiv practical energy, residing in the outer walls, limbs, and features, and manifesting itself in positiv work, which is demanded by Mr. Harrison. It takes but a glance of the eye of an Integralist to see that both are alike requisit and indispensable parts of the totality of the social synthesis.

Mr. Harrison has predicated, indeed, both necessities in these striking words: "The religion of man, in the vast cycles that are to come, will be reverence for Humanity as *supported by nature.*" Mr. Spencer, on the other hand, unhesitatingly admits all of the anthropic attributes of religion affirmed by Mr. Harrison; indeed, affirms that the Infinit and Eternal Energy culminates, in manifestation, in the intelligence and feelings of man. The road ought, then, to be a short one which will reconcile them—by the universological method. They need only perceive that they are looking through the telescope from different ends; and that, in other words, their difference is only in emphasis—which may readily be so changed as will suit the purpose at the time intended.

But in the mean time the war rages. Explanations and rectifications are still to be made. Revision of statements made by each party will hav to be considered. And, firstly, let me say that Mr. Harrison's contrast, so insistently put by him between Religion and Theology, will not hold good. Theology is a definit and essential part of religion. It is the skeletonic framework of ideas which upholds the whole fabric. This whole discussion is theological. One of the prime questions of Theology is to determin what is the true religion; and this is just that which we are trying to do. A religion without theology is navigation without a chart; an army without a science of tactics; music without a Thorough Bass; a great edifice without an architecture; a molluscous animal body without a skeleton; a soft mush of fleshy parts without backbone, scapulæ, cranium, or phalanges. Here, again, Mr. Harrison is quarreling with his own bones, joints, outlines, traits, features, and wrinkles, in the behalf of the mere flesh mass, without any such limiting element; with form, in a word, as against substance or stuff.

The solution here is, that: There are three fundamental factors in the human constitution, individual, or collectiv: 1. Sentiment, 2. Intelligence, and 3. Activity. This is Comte's own doctrin and precise terms; drawn from the metaphysicians, but adapted to the social sphere, and made practical by him. There are, then—and this is universological—and especially, there are to be, three corresponding grand Institutions in Society: 1. Religion, 2. The University-State (lawdom), and 3. The Business World—the Heart, the Head, and the Hand of the Social Synthesis or Grand Man.

All of the three social factors are equally in and through all the three social institutions. Religion is dominantly Sentimental, with the two annexes of activity (worship, life, and conduct) and intelligence; *which in this sphere is Theology.* The University-state (school and legislature) is dominantly Intelligence, with the two annexes, activity (study and regulation) and sentiment (love of learning); and Business is dominantly Activity, with the two annexes, sentiment (love of wealth) and business-intelligence; or thus:

1. Religion equals Sentiment plus Activity, plus Intelligence.

2. University-State equals Intelligence plus Activity, plus Sentiment.

3. Business-World equals Activity plus Sentiment, plus Intelligence.

The symbolism here is, in full canonicals, this: The female body, with its soft lusciousness, is the type of religion—with heart, head, and hand of its own. The male body, with its angular hardihood and severity of outline, is the type of the University-State; and the Youth (or "Junker") body, male or female, is the type of the Business World, or Activity. But if the whole were to be represented in a single body—for which the female body is preferable—then the trunk, centered and represented by the heart, and especially the lap and bosom ("the bosom of the Church"), symbolizes Religion; the head symbolizes the University-State; and the limbs symbolize Business Activity.

For those who hav conceived a prejudice against religion, on account of its perversion and wickedness, it is well to show the fact that each of the great social factors, with its accompanying institution, has, in addition to its normal development, an inverse and repulsiv presentment, as its foil or back-ground; and that religion is no way different, in that respect, from the others, except in the sense in which we are more shocked at the degradation of women, and that woman, when bad, has the genius of being worse then man. The following tabulation will show this important point clearly:

I. Sentiment.	1. *Normal*—Love, devotion, goodness.	
	2. *Inverted*—Hate, persecution, badness.	
II. Intelligence.	1. *Normal*—Wisdom, impartiality, justice; the true and the right.	
	2. *Inverted*—Folly, cheating, injustice.	
III. Activity.	1. *Normal*—Generous, Progressiv Enterprise, beneficence, voluntary, self-taxation in behalf of the good and true.	
	2. *Inverted*—Business Greed, invasiv conquest, grab game; hunkerish withholding; and obstinate reaction and conservatism.	

In the final grand shock of the encounter between these two contestants, it is Mr. Spencer who draws the first blood. On the relativ priority of Ghost-religion and Nature-worship or Fetichism, he has, I should say, on this cursory diagnosis, too effectivly winged his antagonist for any promis of a healthy recovery. Mr. Harrison, following confidingly Comte, who never investigated, but only thought, was badly grounded in particulars; while Mr. Spencer is, doubtless, the best furnished with facts on these subjects of any man living.

In the second bout, on the worshipfulness of humanity, I judge Mr. Spencer's triumph will prove to hav been more apparent than real, and will turn into a defeat, as I hav indicated.

In the third bout, in Mr. Spencer's attack on the Comtean doctrin and polity, he is more successful; but not wholly so. He scatters his strength in random blows, and attacks in piecemeal, instead of striking at centers, or showing up, for once and all, the intrinsic defect of the Comtean philosophy.

The final criticism on Comte, in this respect, remains, therefore, still to be made; or remains rather uncompleted by Spencer than exhaustivly accomplished. It is, in a few words, somewhat after this order:

Comte undoubtedly missed, entirely, of any right understanding of the dawning spirit of the new civilization. He was never born into the idea, never penetrated with the radical conception of Individuality. He was essentially medieval. He looked for every thing to unity, organization, and competent authority. He, therefore, mistook the developing genius of this age, and failed to comprehend the drift and "place in Nature" of the *really* leading nations and peoples of the world, and their progress along the lines of more and more independence of the individual, more and more self-assurance, and more and more contempt for the arbitrary prescriptions of leaders and saints. He never attained to any adequate notion of the meaning of Protestantism, or Republicanism, or Socialism, the three great rising, commanding, and leading forces in the world—the growing end of the huge vine of human progression. He only knew them as inversions of the true order of progress, to be clipped and overcome by the spirit of Catholicism.

Comte was bred a Catholic and remained imbued with that character during his lifetime; and Catholicism is a religion for the world's infancy, or non-age; and not for adult men and women; save that, by the universological principle of Terminal Conversion into Opposits, or, more especially, by the Antithetical Repetition of the Lowest in the Highest, it will be a legitimate tendency of the adult world, as it gets through the first wild period of the enjoyment of its new-found freedom, to revert to somewhat more of the gentleness of its childhood. But that must be superimposed upon the achieved and established habits of a fully developed individuality; and not be incompatible with them. Comte, with no understanding of these facts or laws, resorted, as Mr. Spencer has so abundantly exhibited in illustrativ instances, to a child-method of ruling child-like men; or to the almost insane supposition of the possibility of prescribing the dictates of his personality, judgment, and will, as the rule of action of coming generations; a method out of all harmony with the time, and with any times which are likely to come again on this planet. With all his greatness as a comprehensiv agglomerativ conceptualist, which was really immense, and with an ambition nearly large enough to compass the world, Comte was a child-man, in the presence of the immensely expansiv and progressiv social forces which are rapidly developing themselvs in the world: and chiefly through those very causes of growth which he recoiled from, through his conservativ instincts, organization, and surroundings.

On the other hand, Mr. Spencer, who is eminently in accord with, and pre-eminently a representativ man, almost *the* representativ man of the reigning social spirit and intellectual manly hardihood of the day, is hardly more satisfactory than Comte, when judged from the universological standing-ground of criticism, or measured by the requirements of integral human development, as conceived of by us; the fanatics of the new order of sociological ideas. What seems to us his undue confidence in the sufficiently satisfying results of the mere free fight between strong people and weak people, in a general *melee*, under the unmodified action of natural forces, belongs, we think, to the hobbedehoy period, the crude boyhood of the development of the race; which ought soon to begin to giv way to the sweeter culture of refined man and woman. We accept Comte's grand coupling of the Invariability of Law with the Modifiability of Phenomena by Human Intervention. It is the flower of the old Theology that it givs to man the high dignity of being a co-worker together with God, a partner in the concern, instead of a mere lackey. Spencer seems to us hardly to assign to us any such partnership with Nature. He has nothing very specific to suggest for men to do. He is the philosopher minus the reformer; while Comte evokes our sympathy by being the reformer plus the philosopher—all his philosophy being intended merely as a basis for a wiser and more energetic human activity. And so Mr. Harrison always inspires us with a high purpose; when, even, we do not see our way to accept all his theories and methods.

These reflections conduct me back to Mr. Spencer's denial of a common consciousness in humanity.

He says: "It will doubtless seem a paradox to say that human evolution, with all its marvels, is to be credited neither to humanity as an aggregate, nor to its component individuals; but the paradox will not be difficult to justify: especially if we set out with some analogies. An apt one is supplied by that 'thing of beauty'—the *Euplectella*, or 'Venus's flower-basket,' now not uncommon as a drawing-room ornament. This fragil piece of animal architecture is not a product of any conscious creature, or of any combination of conscious creatures. It is the framework unknowingly elaborated by innumerable ciliated monads—each a simple nucleated cell, with a whip-like appendage, which serves, by its waving movements, to aid the drawing in and sending out of sea-water, from which nutritiv matter is obtained; and it is simply by the proclivities which these monads hav toward certain modes of growth and secretion, that they form, without the consciousness of any one, or of all, this complicated city they inhabit." And so of the coral animals; and so, says Mr. Spencer, of the co-operativ activities of man. Let us call this low, mechanical form of *unthoughted* concert of action, for the sake of a technicality, Natural, or Mechanical, or the lower variety or sort of *Euplectellism—Basso-euplectellism;* and then I shall be understood when I allege that there is another, a specially human, or Spiritual higher style of *Euplectellism—Alto-euplectellism*—latent in humanity; and ready, at any moment, to spring into dominant activity. The combination of these two may be called *Co-euplectellism.*

Let us, then, take another, and, in its lower stage, a parallel analogy with that here adduced by Mr. Spencer. Suppose a comic actor, who, by his quips and facial grimaces and funny ways, has completely fixed the attentiv interest of every individual spectator in the house; and that a ripple of intense jollity is moving the mind of every one of them; but each individual is attending directly and absorbedly to the actor, and is wholly unconscious that everybody around him, the houseful of other individuals, is thinking, feeling, and acting precisely as he is. This is Basso-euplectellism; or exactly repeats what Mr. Spencer has illustrated by his analogy. But, then, by a sudden impulse, some one casts a side-glance, in the midst of his own rollick, at a friend or a stranger in a neighboring seat; the glance is reciprocated, and each is struck at the same instant with the fact that the other is stirred in the same way as himself. The fun is hightened by the mutuality of the recognition. Presently they glance at others; and others at them. A common consciousness (Alto-euplectellism) bursts into being, of the utter comicality of the situation, carried to its utmost hight by that very consciousness. They laugh at each other, and with each other, and are overwhelmed and penetrated all through by the inner sense that everybody is engaged in enjoying the same fun.

What is it which has passed from one to another in that momentary glance of intelligence, and which, literally, "in the twinkling of an eye," has converted a merely mechanical concert of unconscious acts into an uncontrollable gush of conscious and sympathetic emotion?

Ask A. Wilford Hall, with his doctrin of Spiritual Substantialism! If the merely "mechanical-causal" theorists, Buechner and Haeckel for instance, should catch a glimps of this superior manifestation of mind-force, they would enter upon a higher phase of scientific development, which is as yet *terra incognita* for them. There are some noble souls already, in the world, who are, at least partially, awake to this common consciousness of mankind. If a score or even a less number of Frederic Harrisons existed, and if they chanced to look each other's way, they might perhaps be the first in the theater to rouse the grand *eclat* of the world's new birth into hilarious happiness; and of the dispersion of the gloom and spiritual deadness of the past.

It will be the supreme effort of Pantarchism, glimpsed at by Ward, to lift all mankind suddenly, by a concert of influences, reaching from the lowest material to the highest spiritual sources, into this Collectiv Consciousness of the Race—demonstrating to all minds their Unity of Interests; and what may be called the Solidarity of their Common Destiny.

Comte uses the terms spiritual and material as freely as any churchman, but in a sense quite peculiar to himself. Spiritual, with him, relates to humanity as a higher sphere of Nature than the Cosmical; and he calls the tendency of the lower cosmical sciences to encroach on the higher spheres of science—that, with Buechner, for instance, to trace all Vital phenomena to Chemism and Mechanism—"*the materialization of the sciences;*" and the counter-tendency—to anthropomorphize, or anthrophize (man-form-ize or man-ize), all the forces and forms of lower Nature—"*the spiritualization of the sciences.*" Ward, following Comte, contrasts habitually Nature—meaning lower Nature—and Man, as a superior Nature, or department of Nature; so that some modification of *super*-naturalism, some intrusion of a Dualism counterparting the Monism, seems inevitable; and the spiritual sphere of things is to be, in some form or other, sufficiently distinct to claim some appropriate technical recognition in philosophy. So, Mr. Spencer says, "Now on page 9 of the essay Mr. Harrison criticises, there occurs the sentence—'The final outcome of that speculation commenced by the primitiv man, is that the Power manifested throughout the Universe distinguished as material, is the same power which in ourselvs wells up under the form of consciousness;' and on page 11 it is said that this necessity we are under, to think of the external energy in terms of the internal energy, givs rather a spiritualistic than a materialistic aspect to the Universe." Spencer educes his spiritualism from the lower cosmical sphere, sweeping up through the whole scale, while Comte and Harrison recognize Humanity, above Nature, as the peculiarly spiritual domain, basing it, nevertheless, on Nature; the Great Being, in the terms of Comte, upon the Great Fetich. Spencer merely puts the emphasis on the Infinit and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed, and Harrison on Humanity.

Surely, then, these two doctrins ought not to be difficult of reconciliation. Both, in their conjunction and mutual necessity to each other, were intuited and adumbrated in that sublimest dogmatic utterance ever addressed to human acceptance: "Love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself."

In the first branch of this wonderful epitome of religious duty, there is the recognition and paramount assumption of Mr. Spencer's Infinit and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed, and in the second branch the full and extreme assertion of Altruism, preceding Comte and the religious positivism founded on it. What science and the new forms of philosophy do is to rally the intellect to the clear understanding of these fundamental principles; and to eliminate mystery; except the ultimate mystery of being itself; and that excessiv veneration which, converted into sanctimony, superstition, and priestly assumption, has "dealt damnation round the land," and cursed the world with bigotry and hate, in the place of love.

But the principles remain forever true, and will reconstitute religion in harmony with science, philosophy, and practical life.

It may be assumed with confidence that there has never been a deep intuitiv perception of the race which the Supreme Science will not ultimately recognize as true, and confirm; so that High Science has within it the power of reconciliation altogether beyond the diverse schools of philosophy, and extending to every religious dogma of all time. The New Catholic Church of the Future will hav in it as many colors as Joseph's coat; as many mansions as there are in "my father's house;" or as many aspects as the infinit variety of universal things.

First and chiefly, Atheism, Theism, Pantheism, and Agnosticism will be reconciled as merely different aspectual statements of a truth which is too immense and too various to be formulated by any single utterance, and all other and minor instances of reconciliation will follow in their due order.

Pantarchism, in this regard, is the installation of the Fourieristic principle of *Alto-euplectellism,* or High Harmonic Attraction or charm, as paramount over, but integrating, the Spencerian principle of a scattering and wasteful *laissez-faire* or go-as-you-please, and the still farther back, more retrogressiv, Comtean principle of tradition, prescription, and personal authority—of a Guided Spontaneity, predominantly replacing a helter-skelter, chaotic free competition, on the one hand, and an enforced or compulsiv system of order on the other hand.

In conclusion, one word on the chief defect, had in common by the two systems of Sciento-philosophy which hav here been especially reviewed—the Comtean and the Spencerian—in respect to the social sphere. Neither of them has the slightest intimation or conception of any law of Commercial and Social Equity. They make no appeal to the god of Equation—which may, after all, hav something to do with the "Religion of the Equator." In this vital element of individual justice the American backwoodsman, Josiah Warren, is yet to become the re-founder of both systems, and the means of rendering them, in the supreme sense, truly sociological.

A good way to promote the cause of Freethought is to get trial subscribers for The Truth Seeker. To such the paper will be sent three months for fifty cents.

Freethought Propaganda.

"They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick" (Matt. ix, 12).

This is a remarkable passage of scripture. Unlike most other passages, it is true and teaches a useful lesson. It is wise to rescue the few pearls that may be found in the Bible from the rubbish by which they are surrounded. It is profitable to apply all sound doctrin to the helping onward of our own cause.

Our object is the advancement of the human race. It is to do good to our fellow-men. The greatest benefit we can confer upon them is to heal those who are incapacitated by sickness from taking part in the great struggle of life. It is by mental rather than by physical energy that the greatest works are accomplished. The thinkers and workers labor together for the common advantage, but the success of their mutual efforts depends more upon the former. If the thinkers think rightly, their influence prevents the workers from acting wrongly. Therefore it is a nobler and more important task to "minister to a mind diseased" than to giv sight to the blind or hearing to the deaf.

The worst evil that can afflict the intellect of man is religious belief of any kind. Deluding him with visions of an uncertain hereafter, it causes him to neglect the realities of his present condition. Confining his affections within the narrow bounds of his own little sect, it excludes from his heart that real charity which the spirit of humanity would otherwise encourage and develop. Fixing his attention on the silly fables which constitute its foundation, it keeps him in ignorance of facts, a knowledge of which is essential to his progress and happiness. The unbeliever possessed of mental health and strength is a whole man. The believer, in the truest sense of the word, is sick, for his brain, fed upon fancies and falsehoods, is incapable of assimilating solid truths.

This brings forcibly home to us a duty which too many are apt to forget. Although they hav ceased to hav any belief in religion themselvs, they appear to consider it a trifling matter that others should continue to believe. They know that the doctrins of Christianity are false, but do not fully realize that they are evil. Experience has taught them that its moral system does not make men better, but they do not clearly see that its tendency is to make them worse. Thus they rest satisfied with the freedom which they hav themselvs obtained, and make no attempt to emancipate their fellows. They hav not yet become humanized. That dark spirit of Christian selfishness which once led them to expect happiness in heaven, with the larger half of mankind in hell, has left its unholy mark in their hearts. The pure rays of human sympathy hav not yet penetrated through and dispelled the dark cloud.

It is no argument to say that some Christians are good men and women. We all know such and appreciate their virtues. We only regret that they are not better, which they all might be had not religious training caused them to substitute a false for a true motiv. The good man does good for its own sake, and not for the sake of himself or any god of his own imagination. He regards all living beings as objects equally entitled to his benevolence. This is the spirit of real goodness which all religions tend to extinguish in the heart.

Our plain duty is not to hide our light under a bushel. When Christianity is extinct, and not till then, the pulse of humanity will beat healthfully, and pure blood flow freely through the veins of the community. The man who, satisfied with his own cure, does not make known to others the danger of the disease, and point out the remedy, may be an honest unbeliever, but is a most illiberal Liberal. Let those who are now whole remember the sick who hav need of the physician. The sick are the children whose minds are poisoned with Bible and hymn-book. Purge the schools of the loathsome infection, and send the physician with the wholesome medicin of human science. They are the criminals and paupers taught to continue in crime and poverty by state-paid chaplains. Stop the chaplains' pay, and turn them out to earn an honest living. They are the church-going population, whose eyes are blinded by the parsons till they see men as trees walking, and fail to distinguish cruelty and abomination from justice and holiness. Send among them the physician, that the light of reason may dispel the darkness of faith.

Let Freethinkers awake to the fact that Christianity is a foul pestilence which infects the air we all hav to breathe. We hav before us a missionary duty. When we find the disease we must apply the remedy. But we must not do this work in the spirit of the churches. Fire, sword, and persecution hav ever been their weapons, for their cause is allied to tyranny. Gentleness, moderation, reason, are ours, for we are on the side of humanity, equality, and liberty. By disseminating among them Freethought literature; by bringing to their doors Freethought lectures and discussions, we must introduce and encourage doubt in their minds. Faith is essential to revealed religion. The moment they begin to question—to try and square their doctrins with their natural ideas of right and wrong—they are acting upon human principles and throwing revelation overboard. Those who receive the Bible as God's word, believe all the infamous tales recorded in the Old Testament. Their notions of right and wrong, cruelty and mercy, freedom and tyranny, are distorted. When they admit that some of the vile actions recorded of the divinity cannot be true because they are inconsistent with his goodness, their human virtue is getting the better of their religious faith. When they perceive that no being so wicked as the Bible God ever existed, humanity has wrought the cure, and faith is banished.

E. J. Bowtell.

Funeral of Mrs. Lizzie Palmer,

WIFE OF CHARLES E. PALMER, AT SOUND BEACH, CONN.

Mrs. Lizzie Palmer, aged thirty-four years, died on Monday morning, August 18th, of malignant typhoid fever. Her death was a sudden and severe affliction to her husband and many friends. But she dies with blessed memory, and her last words were those of comfort, reconcilation, and promis. She was the daughter of Frederick Wilson, one of the old stanch Liberals of New England. Through her influence and that of her father, her husband finally came from the orthodoxy of his birth into the light of Liberalism. Mr. Palmer and his family are among the most respected inhabitants of Sound Beach, and almost all of them are advanced thinkers. Charles Palmer has ever been courageous in the expression of his views, and no doubt has deeply disturbed the minds of his Christian neighbors; but his life has been a noble vindication of the value of his principles. His wife, the deceased, was one whose life was ever sweet with service, with purity, and with joy born of the duties of this world. Her faith was founded in science, and she lived the life of reason and humanity. The services were held in the Congregational church, and it was filled to the utmost by those who came to mourn the loss of a wife, a mother, a friend and neighbor. The services were conducted by Samuel P. Putnam, of New York.

The following is the substance of his address:

We cannot penetrate the veil of death. We confess our ignorance. No priest and no church can giv us one gleam of light. This, however, we know, if our friend livs she livs in a world as beautiful as this, where the same laws guide and the same justice prevails, where the same reward is given to virtue and the same luster to the pure and noble character.

Thus with hope and courage we meet the inevitable. Let us obey the lesson of the earnest life which has now passed into the invisible. Would she not tell us to turn from the decaying flesh to the immortal purpose by which it was animated? Would she not point to the grandeur of the truth and bid us to liv according to the simple truth? She has passed forth into the immortality of the race. Her individual life has surrendered itself to the life of all. She is now of the "choir invisible whose music is the gladness of the world." A dear wife, a noble mother, a true friend, a faithful woman, a brave thinker, a sincere worker, we crown her as we would crown a queen, with all the loveliness of that nature in which she so firmly believed. We crown her with the flowers and stars, symbols of that eternal beauty which cannot pass away.

After the body was lowered into the grave and covered with the sod and flowers, Mr. Putnam said:

We do not say "dust to dust" with the old thought of theology, for the dust is not inert. It is alive. It is the flowing garment of the universal spirit. It is the constant expression of life.

When we sing in the new hope that old-time triumphant hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," we do not mean nearer to some far-off abstraction in the skies. We only mean to what is best in ourselvs. God, if anything, is goodness, truth, beauty, our own highest ideal. Let these great thoughts inspire us and illuminate us out of the heart of nature.

Farewell to thee, thou noble dead! In the chambers of memory thou shalt shine, in the halls of hope thou shalt be be crowned. Blending with all that is beautiful in the natural world, the trees, the flowers, the waters, the tender blue, the eternal stars, thy life shall ever be an impulse in our lives to heroic service for humanity.

Fare thee well, fare thee well! In death and in life we are one; for the universe and humanity are one; and in the sublimity of death we join heart and hand and consecrate ourselvs anew to all that is best in human work and worth.

Crucified Saviors.

Casey, Iowa, Aug. 4, 1884.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* Will you please tell me through the columns of your paper the names of the "Sixteen Crucified Saviors?" A Subscriber.

Kersey Graves, to whose work we presume our correspondent refers, givs the list as follows:

1. Chrishna, of India,	Crucified,	1200	B.C.
2. Sakia Muni, Hindoo god,	"	600	"
3. Thammuz, of Syria,	"	1160	"
4. Wittoba, of the Telingonese,	"	552	"
5. Iao, of Nepaul,	"	622	"
6. Hesus, of the Celtic Druids,	"	834	"
7. Quexalcote, of Mexico,	"	587	"
8. Quirinus, of Rome,	"	506	"
9. (Æschylus) Prometheus,	"	547	"
10. Thulis, of Egypt,	"	1700	"
11. Indra, of Thibet,	"	725	"
12. Alcestos, of Euripides,	"	600	"
13. Atys, of Phrygia,	"	1170	"
14. Crite, of Chaldea,	"	1200	"
15. Bali, of Orissa,	"	725	"
16. Mithra, of Persia,	"	600	"

For further information see "Gods and Religions of Ancient and Modern Times," by D. M. Bennett; "Bible Myths and Their Parallels in Other Religions;" and Graves's book, "Sixteen Crucified Saviors."

Editorial Notes.

Discussing the "Church Question in Italy," a writer in a religious journal of a recent date says: "To the impatient observer the religious problems so intimately connected with the church question in Italy seem to indicate the renewal of the struggle in a new phase, namely, that between faith and reason. But he does not take into consideration the peculiar characreristics that distinguish the present struggle from that in former times. As Professor Nippold well observes, there has scarcely ever been an epoch in the history of mankind in which bolder dogmas hav been proposed in the name of religion, and bolder negations expressed in the name of science, than now. On the one side there is the 'infallible' pope, and on the other a phalanx of scientists and philosophers, disagreed as to their theories and hypotheses, but united in their efforts to destroy faith in God and the Bible. In Catholic countries, like Italy, there is a fearful abyss between the fanaticism of papacy and the cold, but not unheeded, negations of science and philosophy. This abyss, bridged over in Protestant countries both by the spiritual life and evangelizing activity of the different religious denominations and a genuinly religious literature, is in Italy only thinly covered by the (ironico-Jesuitical) skepticism of the intelligent classes, and the indifferent stupidity of the ignorant masses."

The saying that one must go from home to get news is exemplified by the following paragraph cut from the London *National Reformer*:

"In the *National Reformer* for May 25th (page 362) we quoted from the *Christian* a story, professing to be taken from a paper called *The Truth*, of an Infidel young man alleged to hav been struck dead while delivering a blasphemous prayer at a Young Men's Christian Society, date and place not given. It turns out that the paper called *The Truth* is published at St. Louis, Mo., and is edited by the Rev. J. H. Brookes, who now professes to hav had the information from the Rev. W. Staymaker, Presbyterian minister, Pass Christian, Mississippi, who pretends to hav the story from Dr. T. N. Angin, of Birmingham, Alabama, who is supposed to state that the young man was a Dr. A. T. Jones, of Birmingham, and that the incident happened at Gainsville, Alabama, date not given."

If any of our friends know anything of this case we shall be happy to publish the facts and thus nail another Christian lie. We strongly suspect that it is the story of the Jenkintown, Pa., blasphemer retold, with additions by the clergymen mentioned.

The New York *Evening Post* makes the following startling admissions as to some of the great men whose virtue has hitherto been supposed to be unassailable: "The standard by which some ministers now propose to exclude Cleveland from high place would hav prevented Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Hamilton—not to go any further—from taking any prominent part in the foundation of the American Republic. It would hav excluded from office in England nearly every great statesman and reformer of the last hundred years, except, perhaps, Romilly, Wilberforce, and Gladstone. It would hav visited nearly every prominent politician in the Republican party since 1860 with popular odium. It would, had the Democrats chosen to apply it, hav defeated one Republican candidate for the presidency by charges worse by far than Cleveland's, in that they added the sin of broken vows to the sin of incontinence." The *Post* might hav further elaborated its point by mentioning a few biblical heroes by way of comparison.

Mr. Bradlaugh recently lectured in Cardiff, South Wales, to an audience numbering about 2,500. Though probably the majority of the audience differed from the lecturer in his religious sentiments, they all agreed that he was shamefully treated by Parliament. At one of his hits against the prevailing religion of the country, a butcher interrupted him, but was ejected. The dealer in meat returned, and, gaining the platform, attempted to assault Mr. Bradlaugh with a stick. The South Wales *Daily News* reports that "then the audience witnessed a sight which rejoiced them exceedingly. The herculean form of Mr. Bradlaugh moved out to his opponent, grasped him, and soon he was over the platform, and was for that night effaced." The *News* adds that "after keeping the meeting enthusiastic for an hour and a quarter, Mr. Bradlaugh ended apparently with an impression created on this audience which will not soon die in the present course of events."

Professor Julius Euting lately took a journey to Arabia to obtain an Aramaic inscription at Teima. He was successful. From the time of Hilkiah, including Shapira and Bryennios, scarcely a religious antiquarian has been known to fail in finding whatever fragment of religious writing he chanced to be in pursuit of. Professor Euting's "discovery" in engraved on a stone. The date of the writing is set back to the eighth century before Christ, contemporary with the book of Job. According to this, the engraving, with the exception of Job, is older than any part of the Bible, and reads something like the one hundred and nineteenth Psalm. It is in order to appoint a committee of distinguished theologians to revise it.

Mr. Charles Watts is expected to arrive in this city Sept. 1st. He will accompany us to Cassadaga Lake, remaining there till the close, and then proceed to Toronto, Ontario. He comes with thirty lectures prepared, as his circular announces, which he is anxious to deliver in any place the Liberals may specify. For terms, etc., address him care of Mr. J. A. Risser, 185 Richmond street, West, Toronto, Ont.

Buckley, of the *Christian Advocate*, is in Europe. While passing through London he visited the International Health Exhibition, and was "much interested" in the show of bees.

The American Bible Society has, during the past year, devoted $762,000 to spreading the scriptures. The American Bible Society and its money are soon parted.

Communications.

Mithras.

To the kindly questioning of Dr. Lazarus in a recent number of THE TRUTH SEEKER, I will answer I hav only read extracts from the works of Dupuis and a few other reputed authorities. The only rational ground which I feel that I can take is that the Persian Mithras, like all other gods of the ancient world, was a solar myth, a mere personification of the sun, having had no personal existence, but quite likely identical with the astrological man of that old system of judicial astrology by which the world was evidently in a measure (through a method of priestly interpretation) governed. That he, like many other gods, had a "human legend" is very probable; yet that is no evidence of its truth, especially in view of the fact that about all other mythical characters had a human legend. The more wonderful and impossible a story, the easier it is for a fool to gulp it down. Mankind, or, more properly speaking, the riff-raff, were governed in those olden days as now—through their ignorance.

The very fact that the birth of Mithras has been fixed at almost the exact period of time when the vernal equinox ceased to occur in the old sign of the Bull is very significant of his astronomical birth and character. He is represented on ancient monuments as a beautiful youth clad in flowing raiments, wearing a Phrygian bonnet, and thrusting his sword into the throat of a bull. This settles the astronomical character of Mithras. The time of his birth is fixed 2250 B.C., which, according to modern computation, fixes the period of his pretended birth within 150 years of the time when the Ram became the vernal sign, and the Bull, which for 2,150 years had led the heavenly hosts, was slain. This carries us back also to the Ab-ram-ic age when that old personification of Time saw a ram caught in a thicket, and the Lord told him to use mutton for sacrifice instead of his boy Isaac—the same ram, lamb, sheep, and mutton which finally became the principal factor in our Christian mythology. This zodiacal Bull is identical with the bull Aphis, of Egypt, the Mithraic bull of Persia, the white cow of India, the heifer of Judea, the calf of Samaria, and of Aaron, and the unicorn of Job and David—"unicorn" being a false translation of the word *reem* (see Webster). The reem was an animal of the ox species, and unquestionably used by the astronomical priests of the more northern nations as the symbolic sign for the month of the vernal cross. "Save me from the lion's mouth, for thou hast heard me from the horns of the unicorn" (reem); the ecliptic passing directly between the horns of the reem (or bull), and David being the astrolog of the ancient skies, and no man is necessarily on the horns. "But I am a worm, and no man"—that is, a worm when in the sign of the Scorpion—"and despised of the people," for the reason that the Scorpion was the great sign of evil. See Psalms xxii.

We are told by learned dunces that the ancients knew nothing concerning the recedence of the signs back from the sun, miscalled according to Burrett the "precession of the equinoxes," until the time of Cleostratus, 550 B.C., and that *he* was the discoverer. Let us see.

"For Israel (the stars) slideth back as a backsliding heifer: now the Lord will feed them as a lamb in a large place" (Hos. iv, 16). Now, if a "backsliding heifer" does not mean the heifer of the zodiac which did slide back, I would like to be informed what a backsliding heifer is.

When the heifer of the zodiac slid back the vernal cross occurred in the 30th degree of the the celestial Ram, or Lamb. "Now the Lord will feed them as a lamb in a large place." It seems to me that symbolic language could hardly be made plainer. No longer bull beef, but mutton, for sacrifices. "Ephraim is joined to his idols; let him alone." Ephraim is a personification of the old sign of the Bull, and no man. The meaning of the word is, "He that brings fruit"—that is, the old fruit-bringing sign, in which the sun performed its "spring's work," but it has gone back, and "the fools who can't see it" are joined to their idols; they are Ephraimites, bullites, heiferites, calfites or cowites, according to the symbol used for Ephraim the fruit-bringer. They stick to beef when, to be in harmony with their god, the sun, they should use mutton for sacrifices.

Again, "Thy calf, O Samaria, hath cast thee off; mine anger is kindled against them; how long will it be ere they attain to innocency?" (Hos. viii, 5). In other words, How long will it be before they learn their calf has slid back, too? And I may as well ask a similar question, How long will it be ere Liberals and Spiritualists will stop their inconsequential speculations and useless wranglings on subjects they can never settle, and turn their attention to the elucidation of this grand old science, and true key to the bottomless pit of all theological bedevilment? Let us guess the mind-destroying old riddle, and experience the pleasure of seeing the Christian sphinx plunge headlong into the dark waves of eternal oblivion. Once more: "Ephraim is as a heifer that is taught and and loveth to tread out the corn, but I passed over upon her fair neck!" God Almighty on the neck of a heifer!—or the sun making its last crossing there before entering the 30th degree of the Lamb—which? Mithras, the person fication of the sun in the old Magian system cutting the throat of the zodiacal Bull, and the Jewish priest, even of the present day, cutting the throat of all animals eaten by his people, and the Freemason (another slave of ignorance) swearing to hav his "throat cut from ear to ear," are all of the same kind of cloth, and no doubt symbolize the cutting of the throat of the zodiacal Bull in the last great sacrifice before the sun entered the sign of the Ram.

All fire-worship was nothing more nor less than sun-worship, and to think of making a distinction between the two would seem to me to be the hight of nonsense.

Sun or fire worship is the most natural, and hence the first. We of to-day unconsciously worship the sun. All animate and inanimate nature worships it. What would the world be without it?

Christ on the cross of Calvary labeled "I. N. R. I." shows him to be a personification of universal nature, as those letters truly signify, being the initials of fire, air, earth, and water (see Taylor's works). In order to be saved we must pass through fire (St. John's Day), be doctored by the Holy Ghost (healing wind or gust), be baptized in the water, and buried in the earth, and raised from the dead. Leave out either one of those elements, and no life could exist on the planet.

I would say to Dr. Lazarus that the best works I hav read on this subject are the Jewish and Christian scriptures, Burrett's "Geography and Atlas of the Heavens," Rebold's "History of Freemasonry in Europe," Robt. Taylor's works, and Dwight's "Grecian and Roman Mythology." But a study of the Bible, with a tolerable knowledge of ancient astronomy and history, is far better than trusting to the deductions of even the best writers on the subject. I hav only read extracts from the works of Dupuis and a few others who are quoted as authority.

The fatal mistake of M. Dupuis was in locating the origin of the twelve signs in Egypt instead of in the temperate zone of the earth, where the greatest intellectual and spiritual development is always found. The civilization of ancient Egypt was an outgrowth of its physical condition, a fertil valley bounded by sandy deserts. It is, no doubt, to the Aryan race that we must look for the true source of the highest and best ancient civilization—for that mighty stream of intellectual and spiritual unfoldment which, flowing from the East toward the West, gave rise to the habit among the more Western nations of looking for the "wise men from the East." It is quite likely we hav in this idea a recognition of the spiritual powers of the Indian Gymnosophists (the naked teachers—"Gynosophist: naked philosopher"—Webster). All men were initiated naked into the mysteries, and so in a symbolic sense they are to-day. These wonderfully endowed men, the Gymnosophists, were the "wise men from the East."

"The terrible scenes of the initiation into the mysteries were well calculated to try the nerves of the most courageous. The Mithraic mysteries were celebrated in subterranean temples, as among the ancient Hindoos, which were called the retreats of Mithra" (Rebold). The necropoli of ancient Egypt, the "quarries," so-called, under the temple of Jerusalem, the vast excavations under ancient Byzantium, and, in fact, the temple crypts of the ancient world, were used for the same purpose. "The aspirants for the privilege of initiation submitted to proofs so terrible that many became insensible." The mysteries were the real colleges where all who proved themselvs worthy and well qualified were admitted and instructed in physical and moral science (for the two were combined), and the fearful scenes to which the candidate was subjected, were well calculated to cultivate true physical and moral courage. Men were tempted by women who were initiates, and who acted their part in the ceremonies, and for the male candidate to yield to their temptation was death to the weakling. This lets in a little light on the Adam and Eve performance. The candidate was fasted forty days with food where he could lay his hand on it. He was tempted with gems of gold and diamonds, yet the first false step showed him unworthy of the divine honors of the apotheosis, wherein he was to be raised to the rank and dignity of the god of the mysteries; but having entered the sacred vestibule he was lost to the world forever, and death ended his career. "He that endureth to the end shall be saved." Let the sphinx be dethroned!

S. W. LINCOLN.

Hartford, Conn.

Mithras Subjected to the Light of Druidism.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* For the benefit of Dr. M. E. Lazarus (see THE TRUTH SEEKER of July 26th, p. 469) and your readers, I hav translated the following passage from pp. 66, 67 of the latest published work of the Maximè-Veneraud Myvyr Morganwg, LL.D., and Arch-Druid of the Isle of Britain, and Chief Bard Universal:

"The trinity of the ancient religious system of the Persians was composed of Plennydh, Alawn, and Avagdhu [Druidic personæ and names], under the titles of Ormuzd, Mithras, and Ahariman. We find Ormuzd to be identical with the [our] Perydh and the A-Wen of mid-summer, and to stand for the Creator and the Principle of Good, just as Plennydh stood with us. He was represented in picture as a Winged Sun, with his wings as the wings of a dove; and he was the Iona or Golden Dove which is so famous in some of the Oriental Myths. But as for Ahariman, he is identical with Avagdhu of Mid-winter, almost entirely composed of the Principle of Evil; and more so than Siva of the Hindoos; and we find that an unrelenting and eternal war subsisted between him and Ormuzd. And as to Mithras and his spouse, they are Hu [Hea or Hesus] and Morgwen. Mithras, in the character of [our] Alawn was considered to be the Sustainer and Mediator, and he was regarded as in himself a Triplicate God, and sometimes entitled Mithras Triplasias. This one, namely, the second person in the trinity, even here again [*i. e.*, in the Persian theology], we find to hav been incarnated as the Savior of the World.

"Of Mithras it is related that he descended from heaven, from his eternal throne in the Sun,* and came down to put on flesh upon earth, for the purpose of enabling him to guide, reform, and save mankind from destruction; that he was born out a rock (in reference, no doubt, to the Ark-Stone—the Ark of the Sun, as well as the Cave, which were symbols of the Womb of the black Virgin, Mother of Hu), and that at the time of the winter solstice (*Alban Arthan*), and the night of his birth was called "The Night of Light." Then after having accomplished his mission, he is represented as having ascended again to heaven, to the bright regions of glory and bliss.'

"The baptism of Mithra was in vogue and famous in the East long before ever a Jew existed in this world.

"Hu, or Ormuzd, Seed of the Woman, that is, the son of the Black Virgin of Midwinter, born of the Sea of Hades, we further identify with that Hoan who had the lower-part of his body in the form of a fish, and who formerly was engaged in preaching to the people of Babylon. Sometimes among the Babylonians, the Persians, and Assyrians he was portrayed in picture-work as a Winged Sun, and often in the similitude of a man from his middle upward arising out of that Winged Sun, with a bow† in his hand, as likewise it is related of the word of God in the book of Revelation. See further at pp. 53, 92, 93 of "Ancient Glory of the Kymmry."

The foregoing extract is an instance of the manner in which oriental myths are capable of interpretation before the blaze of Druidic light, but it is short and meager compared with the articles on Chrishna and (the non-historical) Buddha to be found in the same work.

CORAVAR AMERIG.

*Note 104. The name of Huan applied to the Sun in our Bardism signifies the Dwelling of Hea.

†Note 105. "A bow in his hand," that is, a bow to shoot forth his rays, with which Hea fights against Avagdhu, prince of winter, darkness, and destruction.

What Theosophy Really Is.

IN THE TRUTH SEEKER for June 7th there appears the following editorial note:

"Col. Olcott and Madam Blavatsky are said to be rousing Paris and London with their Theosophy. The madam alleges that the colonel has performed several hundred miracles within the past few months. . . ."

Now as Theosophists hav every sympathy with the Freethought movement, being in every sense Freethinkers, and as the above statement is (inadvertently) untrue, the writer has taken it upon himself to endeavor to present to your readers a few notes upon the subject of Theosophy and the society which is its advocate. The objects of the Theosophical Society are as follows:

First, To form the nucleus of a universal brotherhood of humanity, without distinction of race, creed, or color.

Second, To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literature, religions, and sciences, and vindicate its importance.

Third, To investigate the hidden mysteries of nature, and the psychical powers latent in man.

What is Theosophy, then, or what does it profess to be? It professes to be nothing more nor less than the long-looked-for reconcilation of science and religion. It shows that religion, to be worthy of the name, must be based upon experimental science, and that science is unified or bound together by religion—in short, that men must hav a reason for their faith, that faith begins where knowledge ends.

That science and religion are divorced at present, scarcely any thinking person will deny. Among our scientists and literary men, orthodox religion is looked upon as an exploded farce (*vide* Herbert Spencer's "Religion—a Retrospect and Prospect," recent number of *Nineteenth Century* magazine, and the scientific attitude in general is that of pure Agnosticism.

With so-called orthodox Christianity, Theosophists hav not the slightest sympathy. They hold that the doctrin of a vicarious atonement is pernicious and an incentiv to evil. They look upon Christ as one of the Seven Principles, which a little study of occult science shows to compose the unity to which nature is progressing. Some call that principle Christ, some Chrishna, some the son of God. Some call it spirit; others (especially occultists) call it, in a metaphysical and yet real sense, matter. In Theosophy we come into the region of exact science. We bring humanity on all the planes, material, moral, and spiritual, into relationship with corresponding planes external to itself; and all the various religious writings, such as the *Vedas*, the *Sankhya*, the *Puranas*, the *Upanishads*, the *Zend Avesta*, and the New Testament are, when rightly and esoterically understood, indicativ of the course which human nature must pursue in harmonizing with the cosmos, of which it is the center.

Contrary to the teachings of uneducated Christians, the Theosophical Society maintains that the impulse of nature is for good, and hence that to be good is to be natural.

> "Before Beginning and without an End
> As Space eternal and surely sure,
> Is fixed a power divine which moves to Good;
> Only its Laws endure."

Large and important works hav lately been contributed to existing Theosophical literature, among which are "Isis Unveiled," by H. P. Blavatsky, editor of the *Theosophist;* "The Perfect Way; or, the Finding of Christ," by Dr. Kingsford and Edward Maitland of the London Hermetic Society; "The Unpublished Writings of Eliphas Levi," the occult scientist of France; "Esoteric Buddhism," by A. P. Sinnett, president of the Simla Eclectic, now of the London Lodge, Theosophical Society; "The Occult World," by same author, and the "Lectures on Archaic Religions and Theosophy," by Colonel H. S. Olcott, president of the parent Theosophical Society. All these are harmonious in their teachings. They raise the phenomenal to the noumenal, the historical to the allegorical, the material to the spiritual or sublimated material, the real to the ideal, which is in turn the only real. They demonstrate beyond a doubt the essential unity of science and religion, and deal fully with the subtle metaphysical questions regarding matter in its higher sublimations.

It may be well to try to know something of the real founders of the Theosophical Society, viz., the *mahatmas of the himavat.* Now who and what is a *mahatma?*

Having proved to ourselvs that the only true religion is the natural religion, it follows necessarily that the only men who are truly religious are those who hav caught the inner meaning or scientific essence; and as we hav shown, or attempted to show, that all religions are but phases of one natural truth, it follows that men, by working out their purification, rising from gross to sublimated matter, from sin to virtue, from Maya to reality, though born in different places on the globe, must sooner or later come together into relationships of intellectual and spiritual harmony. Now, as we know that knowledge (religion) is power, and as there are multifarious degrees of knowledge, we see that men who are at a certain stage of material and moral evolution can form no definit conception of the intellectual, moral, and material strata which may be above. Accordingly the withholding of higher strata of knowledge from those who might misapply and misuse the same is not only advisable but (for the welfare of humanity) absolutely necessary. As humanity liveth after birth (for metempsychosis can be demonstrated to be scientific and essential for a harmonious ethical philosophy), rises by its own effort perceptibly higher in the scale of sublimation, it gets ultimately to a point where knowledge is so greatly enlarged, and power accordingly so enormously increased, that it is an absolute necessity to keep back from those not yet prepared for its reception the fruits of its enlarged experience.

Thus we see that human nature has been, is now, and will be the same; and when we look along the line of history, we find *Rishis Munis Magi*, "wise men," and *mahatmas* in every faith in every land. These are the men who, by the religio-scientific process we hav spoken of, hav raised themselvs "from earth to heaven." Their "miracles" and wonders are the theme of all religions and sacred writings, and although by the populace they hav been reckoned to be gods, yet they themselvs hav not, and do not, make any such profession. The reason for their retirement and careful guarding of their secret knowledge is twofold: (1) because they could not liv among humanity and preserve their spiritual power —the gross, impure, magnetic emanations being stifling and degenerating; and (2) because the putting of the spiritual (*i. e.*, sublimated material) powers into the hands of the uneducated masses would be ten times worse in its results than the disclosure of the most potent factors of modern destruction, viz., dynamite and gunpowder. They know and realize more fully than we the tendencies of unregenerate nature, and accordingly, for ages, the Occult Brotherhood has carefully guarded its treasures, dealing them out only to *Chelas* (disciples), who, after undergoing a course of training, under their master's supervision, for years, are permitted to enter the path of practical Occultism, and are intrusted with the handling of the secret forces of nature. Thus now we learn that what has often passed for fiction contains a large amount of fact, and the history of Glyndon in the late Lord Lytton's "Zanoni" is that of an unsuccessful probationary *Chela.* The Brotherhood, as it now exists (for it has never been extinct), is described, as far as by an outsider it can be described, by Mr. Sinnett in his "Occult World" (Trübner & Co., London), which will giv the reader a more comprehensiv idea of the "Brothers," and of their connection with the Theosophical Society. The reader there will find that the secret and august fraternity, looking to the utter dearth of spirituality in modern religion and to the grossly "materialistic" tendency of science, has resolved to disclose to the world as much of their knowledge as their rites of initiation will permit, that Madam H. P. Blavatsky, a Russian of rank and fortune, and Col. Henry S. Olcott, an officer of distinction in the American civil war, are the *Chelas* chosen for the mission.

The Society was founded in New York in 1875, and there was compiled and prepared that marvelous compendium of authorities, "Isis Unveiled," much of which, it is an open secret, is the work of the *mahatmas.* Shortly after its inauguration, the operations of the parent society were transferred to India, over which continent and in Ceylon there are now no fewer than ninety branch societies. There are branch societies in Odessa, Corfu, Holland, Paris, London, New York, Rochester, St. Louis, West Indies, and Australia. Besides the general council, composed of representativ men from all parts of the world, there are thirty-four officers (many of them graduates) of the parent society alone, all working without pecuniary remuneration (presenting rather a contrast to the missionaries in this respect) for the cause of science, nature, and humanity. The London Lodge Society (to which the writer has the honor to belong) and the London Hermetic are both flourishing societies, containing men of light and leading. The former devotes itself more exclusivly to Aryan literature and science, the latter to that of Hermes Trismegistus. To become a fellow of the Theosophrical Society (F. T. S.), it is necessary that the candidate should be introduced by two existing members, who certify to his good faith and character, and that an obligation should be given as to keeping secret certain signs and passwords. A branch may, at the discretion of the president, be composed solely of Co-Religionists or Non-Religionists under its own executiv officers. Thus it will be seen that the Theosophical Society is an intellectual brotherhood composed of men of different races, different ranks and creeds. This is what every religion professes to be hopeful of accomplishing; but up to this point all missionary movements, except in secular and educational matters, hav proved but lamentable failures.

In conclusion, let us press upon your readers the fact that there is essentially nothing supernatural about Theosophy or Occult Science, phenomena so-called being but expressions of the higher, and hitherto generally unknown, laws of nature.

There is no religion higher than truth.

W. T. BROWN, B.L., F.T.S.,
Asst. to Col. Olcott, Pres.

Adyas (Madras), India.

Signs of the Times.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I know that your paper is not a political party organ hired to play tunes weekly to please your employers, but that it is an independent journal giving news on all subjects affecting human interests. Therefore, I send you as *news*—for I hav not seen it announced in any of our Freethought papers—the fact that the Greenback and Labor Party, of which General Butler is the presidential nominee, has a plank in its platform of principles which carries out the first of the Nine Demands of Liberalism, viz., the *taxation of church property.* It is as follows: "Fifth, *All private property, all forms of money, and obligations to pay money, should bear their just proportion of public taxes.* We demand a graduated income tax."

It is certainly encouraging to see how the principles of radicalism are permeating the public sentiment. The state superintendent of schools in New York, as far as his authority goes, has enforced the Fourth Demand of Liberalism. And a large political party has indorsed the First Demand, and, if in power, would be compelled to tax church property like all other private property. INDEX.

Christians Murder Mormons.

The methods by which Christians convince religious opponents of their errors received another illustration the past week in east Tennessee. For several months past a handful of Mormon elders hav been canvassing a portion of Tennessee in the interest of their superstition. They hav not taught nor attempted to practice polygamy, well knowing that the inhabitants would resent the introduction of that peculiar institution. Notwithstanding their forbearance in this respect, warnings hav been repeatedly served upon them, which hav, however, been disregarded. Their presence and preaching in the state hav now led to a tragedy disgraceful in inception and monstrously cruel—women and children being among the victims. We copy a special dispatch to the New York *World* from Nashville:

Elders Thompson and Berry had announced a Mormon meeting for Sunday at the house of James Conder, a convert, and were joined by Elders Gibbs and Jones, who had been canvassing Hickman and Lewis counties in the interest of Mormonism. Jones started for the house of a man named Garrett, a mile and a half distant, and when half-way fourteen disguised men rushed from a thicket, twelve armed with shot-guns and two with large pistols. All wore long gowns.

Jones threw up his hands. They forced him across a field, punching him with their guns, and finally left him guarded by one man, the rest going to Conder's house. Jones soon heard firing, when the guard, saying, "My God! they hav fired among women and children," told him to run. Jones did not stop until he reached a shady grove, several miles distant. He is beardless, good-looking, and twenty-five years old. Elder Thompson, who escaped from Conder's, says they had just finished singing when the mob rushed in, seizing Conder, who was at the gate. Elder Gibbs had just taken up a Bible when one of the mob, David Hinson, deliberately leveled his gun and fired, the charge passing through Gibbs's body, killing him instantly. Hinson then took aim at Elder Thompson, but Elder Berry grasped the gun with both hands, and a scuffle ensued. The mob fired on Berry and he dropped to the floor dead. Thompson rushed for a back door, but at that instant a woman with a babe in her arms passed between him and Hinson. The latter lowered his gun and Thompson escaped to the woods.

Conder's two sons then rushed in, Martin grappling with Hinson, who drew a Derringer and snapped it at Conder, but failed to fire. Some one else then shot Conder, killing him instantly. While Martin Conder was struggling with Hinson his half-brother, James R. Hudson, ran to the loft to get a gun. As he came back two men clutched him, but he wrenched away and shot Hinson, who was standing in the door. One of the mob shouted, "I'll hav revenge," and fired immediately on Hudson, who died after half an hour in terrible agony. The mob outside then repeatedly fired through the window, one load entering Mrs. Conder's hip, causing probably a fatal wound. Several charges were emptied into the bodies of the dead elders, the mob taking malicious pleasure in riddling them. Hinson's friends carried off his body. The other dead were buried in Conder's yard.

A Call for the Eighth Annual Congress of the National Liberal League.

All citizens of the United States, whether they hav heretofore acted with this League or not, who believe in a secular government and a secular republic, separation of church and state, the equality of all citizens before the law, without distinction of creed or race or sex; justice for all, and privileges and monopolies for none; the need of universal secular education, free speech, and a free press as the basis of universal suffrage, are invited to appear or to be represented at the Eighth Annual Congress of the National Liberal League, to be held at Cassadaga Lake, Chautauqua Co., New York, on Monday and Tuesday, the 8th and 9th of September next (at the close of the New York Freethinkers' Convention at that place).

The League has for its objects the purposes above stated, and has sought to carry them out by securing:

1. THE TOTAL SEPARATION OF CHURCH AND STATE; this is the first and chief object of the League, and includes among other things the taxation of church property and the suppression of sectarian appropriations; and, as necessary to that general object, the League insists upon,
2. The protection of all citizens in their equal religious, civil, and political rights, without regard to religious belief or want of such belief.
3. The universal, secular, and scientific education of the people, so as to emancipate them from the prevalent superstitions.
4. The impartial, secular administration and enforcement of the laws by secular authorities only, who shall be directly responsible to the people.
5. The inviolability of the mails, and their impartial administration for postal purposes only.
6. Freedom of the press and of speech, without any censorship except responsibility before the jury of the country for any abuse of that freedom.

Year by year we find that the above principles and measures are openly or covertly violated more and more in every state and by the general government, and chiefly through church influences. Any sect, church, or "religion" that militates against these principles openly or covertly, directly or indirectly, is the enemy of American liberty and of the American people. The League is opposed to churches and "religions" only as they are opposed to liberty and to the rights of man, the general education of the people, and the progress of mankind.

All American citizens, therefore, to whom these principles and objects commend themselvs, should rally to their support by a common and permanent organization, which is now the National Liberal League, and should make it the nurse and defender of freedom in every town and state as well as in the nation. In no other way can "the blessings of liberty," the birth-right of American freemen, be effectivly maintained. At this Congress it is designed to revise the basis of the League so as to make it so broad and Liberal that all who sympathize with its general purpose may co-operate with it to the end that a general union of all citizens of Liberal sentiments may result, and that new officers of the League may be selected without regard to past differences.

All Charter and Life Members of the League, and all delegates from local Auxiliary Leagues, will hav votes in the Congress. Each Auxiliary is entitled to send five delegates—its president, secretary, and three other members—to the Congress. Annual members are entitled to seats in the Congress, and to votes by the permission of the Congress.

Combine, then, for your common defense, for general secular education, and for the firm support of the essentials of free institutions. Let it not be your fault if, in the growth and prosperity of our people, their liberties and yours are frittered away and lost!

Dated New York, July 12, 1884.

T. B. WAKEMAN, President N. L. L.
ELIZUR WRIGHT, 1st Vice-President.
T. C. LELAND, Secretary, 744 Broadway, New York.

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Vexed Congregationalists.

The hatred which regular orthodox Christians entertain toward scientific thought and Freethinkers is again brought out, this time over an almost open grave.

In another column will be found an account of the death of Mrs. Lizzie Palmer, of Sound Beach, Conn. The services, as conducted by Mr. Putnam, we conceive to hav been appropriately beautiful. Certainly his words, as given by our report, were infinitly more respectful to the dead and cheering to the living than the mocking promises of orthodoxy.

But the churchmen of Sound Beach, which is a hamlet two miles west of Stamford, are up in arms because the discourse was delivered in the church. They claim the "sacred edifice" has been desecrated, and in the daily papers their complaints are loud and long. A reporter of the *Sun* of this city found the pastor of the congregation standing on the steps of the building the Saturday night following the funeral. He was radiant in white choker and vest, and held in his hand a bunch of tickets to a secular entertainment to be given within, which he was exhorting the public to purchase. His plaint to the reporter runs:

"I should not hav permitted the funeral to hav taken place in the church," he said, "had I not been assured that the services would be conducted by a regularly ordained minister of the gospel. A friend of Mr. Palmer's family applied to the chairman of our church committee for the use of the church, and, after the matter had been referred to me, consent was given on the condition above named. Mr. Samuel P. Putnam, of New York, came to conduct the services. He told me that he had been an ordained Presbyterian minister. He felt that in view of the condition that had been attached to granting the use of the church he should say this much, and that he was not now strictly a regularly ordained orthodox minister. On assuring me that nothing should be done or said at the service that orthodox people would consider offensiv, I permitted the use of the church.

"He began the services by reading a regular jingling poem on some scientific subject, and he closed them with an address in the same line and shadowed throughout the spirit of Materialism and the doctrin of evolution. The scriptures were not referred to or opened once during the service; there was not a prayer or an amen; the name of the savior was not mentioned, and that of the supreme being was mentioned only once. At the grave there was neither prayer nor scriptural reading, and the only hymn that was sung was 'Nearer, My God, to Thee." There was and is much feeling in the congregation on the subject, and the matter is causing a great deal of talk. The majority of those who attended the funeral were Freethinkers, though, of course, a good many of my congregation were present. There will be a funeral to-morrow (Sunday) in the church, which will be conducted with an evangelically Christian burial service, and it is expected much interest will be manifested, as something of a protest against the services of last Thursday. Part of the Freethinkers here are indigenous to the soil and part are imported. It is quite a hot-bed of them."

The insinuation of the Rev. Martin Kellogg is that deception was practiced to obtain the use of the building, and the direct statement is that he would not hav allowed the services had he supposed them to be other than orthodox. The insinuation we are in a position to deny point blank. Mr. Putnam deceives no one. He is honest in every fiber of his being, morally and intellectually. A close acquaintance of years warrants us in saying this. The church was hired from the chairman of the board of trustees, and the case seems to be that that individual's humane impulses overcame his religious bigotry, for which he is now sorry, as the congregation are censuring him, and he invents the cry of deception to shield himself. He could easily hav chosen a nobler course, but scarcely a meaner. However, if the building can stand being used for a secular entertainment without desecration, we should think that sheltering a mourning group performing the last offices for the dead wife and mother would not collapse its Puritan walls, though the sentiments of the speaker and listeners are not such as could be approved by the witch hangers who founded the society.

We extend our sincere sympathy to Mr. Palmer in his irreparable loss, and share his indignation toward the sectaries who would force him to quarrel over the grave of his wife. We doubt if so despicable a spirit could be manifested in any but a Christian state, or by any but Christian people.

Parallel Superstitions.

"How Buddhists Pray," is the title of an article now going the rounds of the religious press. It is intended, doubtless, to indicate the depths of superstitious depravity to which the "heathen" are sunk, but when viewed from the standpoint of Freethought impartiality toward *all* superstitions, it throws considerable light upon the origin of the peculiar superstition that has been inflicted upon this country by European ecclesiastics. It also shows the common basis of all supernatural religions. By piecemeal we quote the article nearly entire.

Buddhism, the pious press forget to mention, is several hundred years older than Christianity. Its superstitions, then, clearly are not copied from the Christians. But let us compare the matter in detail —the Mongolians with the Christians of this civilized country.

"Almost nine out of every ten Mongols you meet," we are informed, "will hav rosaries in their hands." Well, that proportion is considerably larger than the Christians can boast in this country. The Catholics who exclusivly use the rosary here are only about one in eight (7,000,000 in 53,000,000) of the population, and the openly professed Christians about one in three (17,000,000 out of 53,000,000). Let us be thankful for that.

Some of the Mongols are depraved enough to hav two rosaries, and

"By the time the worshiper has got round both strings of beads, he has said one hundred and eight times one hundred and eight prayers. One of the prayers most commonly used consists of six syllables."

How does that parallel the Christian rosary? This way. The Christian instrument is

"A series of prayers prescribed by the Roman Catholic church. The Greater Rosary is a synonym for the whole series, and is made up of three lesser rosaries. Each of the three lesser rosaries contains five decades or mysteries. Each decade contains one meditation upon one of the fifteen mysteries of the faith, one *pater noster*, or repetition of the Lord's Prayer, ten *ave marias*, and one *gloria patri*. The name rosary also designates the chaplet or string of beads used in the repetition of the rosary. The *pater nosters* are marked by large beads, and the *ave marias* by smaller ones. The beads are of various materials, and are blessed by the pope or by some duly authorized ecclesiastic. The beads serve as counters during the recitation."

The Mongols hav the faith to carry their rosaries in their hands. Search a Catholic, and one will be found concealed somewhere, either around the neck or in the pocket. Often besides will be found a "caul," or cross, or relic blessed by priest or pope. The "Greater Rosary" answers to the one the Mongol uses "to count his individual prayers;" the little rosary can be used by Catholic or Mongol to "keep record of each complete set of prayers that hav run round the whole rosary." Only the poor benighted Mongol does not appear to hav a big bead for a *pater noster*, and a little one for the *ave marias*. The loss is the heathen's. He has not kept pace with modern improvements and the rapid strides of civilization.

Then, again, the Mongol has one special prayer of six syllables:

"Ask one man what these six syllables mean, he will tell you one thing; ask another, and he will hav another version of the meaning; ask a third, and he will most likely giv an answer which all will agree in, namely, that it does not matter what they mean; the efficacy depends not on the meaning, but on the repetition of the prayer."

How like the Christians! Ask a Methodist what one verse in the Bible means, and he will tell you one thing; ask a Baptist, he will hav another version of the verse; ask a Unitarian, and he will tell you, like the third Mongol, that the letter killeth, the spirit alone giveth life, and the main thing is to believe with all the heart. Prayer is of the understanding, not by set forms. How like the heathen Mongol! and precisely as satisfactory.

"Acting on this belief, the Mongols rattle away at their prayers—paying no attention to the meaning, whether they know it or not. Each repetition is believed to hav a certain efficacy; the more repetitions, therefore, the more efficacy; and so men and women spend much time and energy in the so-called praying, hoping thereby to make merits which will, among other things, cancel their sins."

Did the writer of this never listen to a New England deacon saying grace? Or an Episcopal minister on Sunday mornings? Or a Catholic before retiring, or at meal time, or when kneeling before the altar? The fluency and mechanical manner of the deacon, in a hurry to get to work in the field, are very like the rattle of the pagan Mongol: "O Lord, bless the food of which we are about to partake, and which thy bounty has provided; may it strengthen us and enable us to the more glorify the giver. We ask it for Christ's sake, Amen!—pass the bread." Three times a day this stereotyped formula is repeated—hastily in the morning, very hurriedly at noon, and as fast as the words can be repeated at night, so the hired man can get through supper and get the chores done. And alongside of an Episcopal, the indifference of the wretched oriental would seem earnestness incarnate. Episcopalianism is the lazy man's religion. Prayers are ready printed, rules and forms for everything are laid down in the book, and religious duty is done when they are mumbled never so shiftlessly. But a Catholic can discount the most expert Mongol of the East. He can cross himself so rapidly that his motions are lost like the individual spokes in a swiftly revolving wheel. He can repeat a *pater* or an *ave* so quickly that it can't be told whether the father, son, or Virgin is the subject of his remarks. His fingers tell his beads on the rosary as rapidly as the prayers are evolved from the machine of the Mongol described in this next paragraph:

"But mouth repetition is a slow process; and, to expedite matters, a praying-wheel has been invented, into which are put a large number of printed papers; the wheel is turned round, and by this simple act all the prayers contained in the machine are supposed to be repeated. This is a wonderful acceleration. The wheel is fitted on to a handle, which a man can easily hold as he walks about; and thus it comes that men may be met with examining their cattle or going from one place to another, whirling their prayer-wheels all the time."

But the Catholics long ago could giv the heathen points. The poor Mongol's machine is an individual contrivance. The Catholics pray by wholesale. They giv out the contracts to the priests, who do it cheap by large lots. No heathen association extant can rival the "Purgatorial Association" of McConnelsville, O., in the extent of appliances and facility for turning out work. At least, we never heard of the Buddhists sending out advertising appeals like this:

"THE PURGATORIAL ASSOCIATION.—SPREAD OF AN ORGANIZATION INTENDED TO DO A GREAT CHARITY.

"McConnelsville, Morgan Co., O., July 7, 1884.

"To the Editor of The Catholic Review:

"The Purgatorial Association continues to grow rapidly. We are now saying about fourteen decades of the rosary every week, for the poor souls. Persons wishing to unite with us in this devotion may send their names, plainly written in English, to the Rev. S. S. Mattingly, McConnelsville, Morgan Co., O., and also inclose a postal directed to themselvs, for answer to their application.

"The obligation on the part of the members is one 'Our Father' and ten 'Hail Marys,' or one decade of the rosary every day for the souls in purgatory. The benefits derived by the members of the association are: (1) One mass, once a week, *pro de functis*, for the spiritual and temporal welfare of the members, according to each one's intention; (2) a memento is made every day in holy mass, according to the intention of member. We takes these rosaries, said by the members of this association, every day to holy mass with us and ask God to hear our prayers and liberate those suffering souls. Other benefits for the members of this association are being sought for by us, and that we may be successful, we ask the prayers of the members. S. S. M."

"Fourteen thousand decades of the rosary" means that the ears of the Virgin ache from hearing 140,000 prayers to her every week from this one institution alone; but the father escapes with 14,000. Perhaps they think the father has more important business to attend to. It is asserted above that the Mongols believe that "the more repetitions the more efficacy," but what shall be said of these 154,000 machine prayers? A charge of blackness comes with bad grace from the pot, addressed to the kettle. Are human machines any better than wooden? If God is moved with much speaking and vain repetitions, why condemn the Buddhists for lightening the task by labor-saving machinery? If saying Hail Mary ten times a day moves the father once, will saying it twenty times move him twice? It seems to us that if numbers are desirable, the Buddhist machine is the more economical. It requires no food, while the priests must be luxuriously fed; the machine wears no clothes, drinks no wine, produces no illegitimate

children, needs no foundling asylums, monasteries, and nunneries, while the priests do and require these and innumerable other things.

But another Buddhist parallel to Christian superstition is found in family wheels for family prayers. The operators are the same in both cases—the old women:

"In some tents there is a stand in which is placed a large wheel, bearing about the same relation to the hand-wheel as a family Bible does to a pocket Bible. A thong is fixed to a crank, the inmates taking their turn in pulling it; but the aged grandmother usually spends most time over it."

Family wheels and family prayers, in which one member grinds out both, are strikingly similar. The old crone turning the handle and the old crone crooning passages of scripture from the depths of her easy-chair are first cousins, if not nearer relativs. A turn of the wheel, and a prayer goes up. A chapter read, and God is pleased. If true worship lie in the intent, God knows of one as quick as of the other; and where is the difference?

Really, the parallels between the two superstitions are most striking. But why do not the religious papers point them out? An argument for the plenary inspiration of the scriptures can easily be founded on the universality of the same religious sentiment.

"The Tae."

Some months ago the world was startled by the production of a new Bible. It was labeled by the author, "Oahspe." It was produced, we believe, by J. B. Newbrough, a dentist of this city. Mr. Newbrough was of course inspired to write it. In the composition he had a decided advantage over the Hebrew prophets. They were hampered in their expression by the incompleteness of the Hebrew language, which had no vowels, punctuation points, or spaces between words. Thus very much was left to the imagination of the translators, who found little difficulty it making the Bible read several ways, according as their predilections ran to golden harps or brimstone. Mr. Newbrough, however, livs in the nineteenth century, which has several modern improvements over the B.C. centuries. Among these is the type-writer. When this modern prophet felt inspired he sat down before his machine, closed his eyes, and gave to the world a chapter or two of holy writ. When the Oahspe was completed it made a bulky volume which the modest dentist found beyond his means of printing. Recourse was had again to divinity, who, or which, assured the author that he need not let his heart be troubled—the hard cash which skeptical printers demanded would be forthcoming. Thereafter, Mr. Newbrough asserts, he was in the habit of finding thousand dollar bills tucked under his office door and of mysteriously receiving by mail large sums of money, until enough was on hand to print the Oahspe. Having received the contents of the book by divine inspiration, and of course gratuitously, and having been given the lucre wherewith to satisfy the sordid printer, it would seem that Mr. Newbrough ought to hav presented the volumes to the world, to the end that the new revelation might be duly blown abroad. But Mr. Newbrough persisted in charging $7 for the sacred volume, and thus many thousands of poor people hav been kept from a knowledge of the new gospel.

But it appears that enough hav heard of the Oahspe to found a new sect. It does not require a large number to do this. Jesus Christ, Joe Smith, and other reformers, began at first with one. Then the sect grew. Perhaps the Faithists will grow. At any rate, we shall watch with interest the progress of the new sect, whose intentions and doings are set forth in a circular just forwarded to us.

"The Tae of the Faithists" is the beginning of "a community unlike anything that has been tried before in any part of the world. It is to be built up with children." Herein the Faithists show a marked degree of worldly wisdom. But the children are to be benefited, as may be seen from a clause of their incorporating charter: "The object of our Association is to gather in and care for foundlings and orphans, and other unprotected infants, and to found them in a colony or colonies on western lands, where we shall procure a tract of sufficient size; to prohibit the sale and use of intoxicating liquors, and where the children may be educated and raised out of sight of drunkenness and profanity, so common in our large cities."

The children thus taken are to be instructed in the new Bible, Oahspe, in which the grandeur and beauty of the scheme is made plain. The Faithists are religious people, but worship only the "one true God" Jehovih, the creator. "Their rites and ceremonies are more imposing than any that hav ever been practiced, and yet they are given only as a matter of education and disciplin." While not placing themselvs under the guidance of spirits, "angel communion" is taught. "The Tae" is composed of an Inner and an Outer Council. Any of the homes or families will constitute an inner council, but there is to be only one outer council, and the king-pin thereof will receive large benefits. The members draw no pay for their services. All will be provided with homes, food, and clothing. But members can not be accepted, according to the circular, "until they giv in all their earthly possessions and isolate themselvs from the customs, usages, and vanities of the world." The scheme is not yet well under way, the Tae only having been in existence a few months. But "a call for volunteers has been responded to from nearly all parts of the United States, showing that Our Heavenly Father has really *provided the people* for such a great and holy work," and also, we may add, if the statement is true, that all the fools ready to part with their money and liberty at the solicitation of a few fanatics are not yet dead. The plan of "The Tae" is thus indicated by the new holy writ:

"There shall be two Councils, an Inner one and an Outer one, and the twain shall be known as THE TAE.

"The Inner Council shall be within the place of Jehovih's chosen, the Faithists in Him, after the manner of my Holy Council within the place of the second resurrection of in heaven, whose chief I am.

"The Outer Council shall be with the world at large, after the manner of my sub-Holy Council, which dealeth with mortals and with the spirits of the first resurrection who dwell on earth.

"Each and every Council shall hav a chief, and his official acts shall be founded on the base expressed in the Book of Disciplin, to wit—, "hav not the Uzians resolved their colleges into pupils and teachers? and jurisprudence, so that testimony and not the judge governeth the decisions? Out of the wisdom of the government of the college, and the judge's position in court, thou shalt find the key for the decrees of the chief.'

"An individual member within the colony shall not transact business on his own account with the Outer Council nor with the Uzians, even as the angels in the second resurrection in heaven manifest not in places below them.

"Though on earth, and in case of valuable bequeathment to an individual member already in the colony, he shall hand the matter over to the Inner Council for benefit of the fraternity.

"As to the second resurrection in heaven your God hath said: Whosoever will free himself from all things below shall enter therein. Moreover, I said: Go found a place of second resurrection on earth in like manner.

"Now therefore let this be a law amongst you, that henceforth whosoever joineth a colony shall put away all Uzian possessions and bondage ere he become a brother with you.

"And if a wife desire to enter, and her husband will not, she shall say to him: 'Not I, but Jehovih putteth us asunder; for I go not after the things of earth, but my Father in heaven.' And she shall depart away from him.

"And if a husband desire to enter, and his wife will not, he shall say to her: 'Not I, but Jehovih putteth us asunder; for I go not after the things of earth, but my Father in heaven.' And he shall depart away from her.

"But when an applicant for membership is encumbered with a house, or land, or other earthly possessions, he shall donate the same to the Outer Council for the benefit of the fraternity."

As the worldly-minded would say, it was a great head that concocted the Oahspe, and one well calculated to take care of itself in the matter of wealth. Christianity, Mormonism, the Oneida Community, the Shakers, hav all been drawn upon for the principles of the scheme, in which benevolence and superstition are inextricably entangled. It is the old, old story of using love and kindness for selfish aggrandizement. The "Outer Council" is but a disguise for a high priesthood, and like all priesthoods will inevitably obtain the lion's share. Communities founded on "divine revelations" are to be distrusted. Even though beginning with seeming fairness, they are easily perverted. Mormonism was as decent as any alleged supernatural religion at first. But new revelations can be had. Type writers are comparativly cheap, and inspired "prophets" are thick as huckleberries. Once settled in communities, the leader of the Faithists, like the Mormon elders, can reduce their servile followers to the most abject condition of mental and physical slavery by simply getting an appendix revelation to Oahspe.

When people co-operate they should co-operate for their own good and share the profits of their own labor. No "Outer Councils" should be allowed to monopolize the products of a whole community's toil, even though disguised under the name of benevolence. Prospectuses of the kind issued by the Faithists are to be distrusted. Concealed behind the altar in the "temple of worship, opened in subdued light," there may be a scheme not quite so happy in its results as the hooked fish sees on the surface. Religion has been used so many times as a bait that its temptingness may now be discouraged. Let Joe Smith remain the last of the prophets.

Interesting News.

Editorial in Banner of Light of the 23d inst.

By reference to a letter from Cassadaga Lake, in another column, it will be seen that George Chainey, the Liberal lecturer of this city, has seen enough of the phenomena to convince him that Spiritualism is a truth; and that on the 13th he publicly avowed his new faith, or rather newly acquired knowledge, and renounced Materialism.

The following is the letter referred to:

CASSADAGA LAKE CAMP-MEETING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BANNER OF LIGHT: During the past few days we hav had lectures from Mrs. E. C. Woodruff, J. H. Randall, Mrs. R. S. Lillie, George Chainey; and others, while the phenomena of Spiritualism hav been witnessed through some of the best mediums in the ranks. W. A. Mansfield is sustaining and increasing his reputation for the phase of slate-writing, having more business than he can easily attend to. Mrs. E. S. Silverston, just come from Lookout Mountain meeting, givs circles for tests, and her psychometric readings are very perfect. That jolly but not ethereal lady, Dr. J. M. Clark, attends to the ills that flesh is heir to, and to see her laugh is better than a tonic; and other mediums deserving of mention did space permit, do their good work day by day. Walter Howell made us a pleasant but all too short a visit, and Bishop A. Beals dropped in and told us of Spiritualism in the West. Dr. A. W. Edson and wife hav come from Lansing, Mich., and at the time I write J. F. Baxter is moving among the people like an inspiring presence.

The sensation of the week at this place is the conversion of George Chainey, the great Liberal orator of Boston, to a belief in the Spiritual philosophy. That gentleman, after having evolved through the stages of the Methodist and Unitarian ministry into a full-fledged Freethinker, was brought by a seeming accident to this place, where investigation of various phenomena produced a conviction of the truth of immortality, and placed him upon the highest round in the ladder of religious thought. He bravely renounced Materialism, and on Wednesday, the 13th of the month, in a lecture upon the subject, "My Religious Experience," he crossed the Rubicon of doubt and boldly planted his standard upon the field of modern Spiritualism. In his lecture he reviewed his entire experience in and out of the church, pictured the mental struggles which he experienced in breaking away from old associations, and related the history of his labors in the field of Liberal thought. He confessed the dissatisfaction which he had felt at the lack of enthusiasm among the Liberals, and considered it due to the Agnosticism which they profess. A mere negation has no vital force, and a system which can only deny will never giv birth to a great organization. The grand truth which he now has grasped fills him with a high enthusiasm, and will be the motiv power of a future career of usefulness to his fellow-man. Instead of going upon the stage, as he had contemplated, he will direct his efforts to the dissemination of the noble teachings of the Spiritual philosophy. The horizon of his mind had been bounded by the limits of this mundane life; now his mental vision pierces beyond the grave, and in the abyss of eternity he sees gleaming the star of immortal life. He has gone to Ontario to fill an engagement, but returns immediately to remain throughout the season. GRAPHO.

Extract from the Buffalo Express's Report of his Speech of Confession.

After two years of labor he found that Agnostics had little enthusiasm in propagating their ideas. A mere negation has not the vital force of a grand living truth. He became disheartened, and began to think of preparing himself for the stage, confident that the drama can be made a grand instrument for the propagation of truth. But for a seeming incident which brought him to Cassadaga he would hav carried out his purpose. That star for him has set, but a far grander one to-day shines in its place. When he came here he had no more expected to become a Spiritualist than he had expected to jump over the moon; but now he can no more doubt the fact of spirit communion than he can doubt his own physical organism. If we can believe our own senses, we know that those who sit before me are but a few compared with the cloud of immortals who listen to my words. Between slates are written communications from loved ones in their own handwriting. In dark circles where all are adults, childish fingers, soft and delicate, lovingly caress the cheek. I ask for no more proof, for I do not need it. I make this confession first to you, because to you I am indebted for my experience—and that experience I would not part with for all the gold of earth. I now experience a new desire to pray—not to an unknown God, but to the arisen friends who stand by our side and know our griefs and wants—not in a formal, ritualistic way, but as friend calls upon friend for sympathy and aid.

Editorial in same paper.

The speaker was filled with a greater enthusiasm than at any of his previous lectures, and fairly outdid himself in eloquent flights and touching pathos, alternately moving his audience to stormy applause and tearful silence.

THE benediction of all connected with this office rests upon Mr. B. Hussey, of Aroostook county, Maine, for the gift of about twenty-five pounds of the best honey that the little busy bee ever improved each shining hour putting inside a hive. May long life attend him who makes so good a use of it!

Letters from Friends.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 15, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $1.00, for which continue the grand old paper four months longer. It keeps up its well-earned reputation nobly, and the press of the country is beginning to fall into line. Light is dawning. Hell is gone and the sulphur smoke has lifted. All Liberals should vote for Ben. H. M. BURFIELD.

DOWAGIAC, MICH., Aug. 14, 284.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $3.50 to pay for THE TRUTH SEEKER until January 1, 285. We send the extra fifty cents for not paying at the commencement of the year. Long liv THE TRUTH SEEKER. We wish its name was *The Civilizer*. We think that would be the most appropriate name, for we consider all supernaturalism heathenism. C. A. CODDING.

MINNEAPOLIS, Aug. 10, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I desire to express my hearty appreciation of your paper, and send beneath the name of a solid Infidel as a new subscriber. Minneapolis has been my home for only six months, yet I hav made a goodly number of Infidel friends. This will inform friends in Maine and elsewhere that I am just as much of an Infidel as ever, just as proud of letting the world know it in a quiet kind of a way.

Yours for truth, GEO. S. PERKINS.

TO OTTO WETTSTEIN.

MY DEAR BROTHER: Your communication in the last TRUTH SEEKER chills every drop of blood in my veins, and makes me sick and sad. A thousand icebergs anchored around me would not affect me half as much. If we Spiritualists are mistaken, if "death ends all," even then our belief is more cheering, for it is the only philosophy or religion that has any incentiv to noble lives, the only belief that has any sweet, soul-elevating music in it. With not one note of beautiful, sweet music in your cold philosophy, what is there in it to cheer our sad lives? It may feed you, my brother, but to my warm, loving soul it is sad and chilling. Your friend and brother,

SEWARD MITCHELL.

CENTRALIA, ILL., Aug. 12, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: The Liberals of this city hav been honored with a lecture by Mr. J. L. Andrew, of Fort Scott, Kansas. Mr. Andrew is a clear, forcible, and logical speaker, convincing his hearers very soon of the correctness and truthfulness of his arguments. The impression produced by this gifted and talented orator has won for him the golden opinions of the Liberals of this city and surrounding country. He is a young man of fine personal appearance. His gestures are elegant and impressiv. From here he goes to Kentucky to meet engagements to lecture. On his return to Kansas, we hope to be fortunate enough to engage him to giv us a regular course of Liberal lectures. Yours very respectfully,

WILLIAM LEE, SR.,
Secretary Liberal League.

NEW YORK, Aug. 10, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: On page 503 of THE TRUTH SEEKER'S issue of the 9th inst., "A. A. B." takes E. B. Foote, Jr., to task for writing a most rational article about the "Georgia Wonder." "A. A. B." asserts that "the tricks of Miss Hurst hav been explained over and over again, but the public seem to care nothing for the explanations." If, as he affirms, Mr. Foote has "dipped his pen" to befog the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER, will he not do the same to enlighten them. I would suggest, however, that if he has never attempted to put a chair to the floor while Miss Hurst had her hands upon it, nor has even been to see others do it, his efforts to enlighten readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER will be much more likely to befog them than Mr. Foote's, as that has evidently been the effect upon the public of all the explanations (?) which hav so far appeared.

Come, Mr. "A. A. B.," let us know all about it. MILES.

SEWARD, NEB., Aug. 12, 284.

MR. EDITOR: After a long time I make another effort to pay my subscription due THE TRUTH SEEKER. I hav read your paper from the first number. It arrives here in Nebraska promptly.

I would like to attend the Congress this fall, but it is too far away. I attended the Congress in St. Louis in 1882, and it was a happy treat for me.

I am staggered about our election. I think I'll balk until some pledge is made which the Liberal League demands. I am now in the seventy-third year of my age, and am anxious that something be "did" pretty soon.

If we in this place could hav one week of Liberal lectures by a good organizer, we could boast of one of the best auxiliaries in the West. This young city of Seward (two thousand inhabitants) is alive with Infidels. We proclaim our prin ciples on all occasions. H. L. BOYES.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, Aug. 15, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: The laws of nature, like nature itself, hav ever existed. Neither nature nor its laws are the production of any power or force superior to or distinct from itself. No God, gods, or any ideal spirit power, in which Brother Seely seems to believe, hath one iota to do with nature's forces or laws. The universe is an eternity, and all its motions to everlasting activities are within its own independent supremacy.

But the eternity of matter, as a universe, doth not imply that animal life, including man, is also eternal. The eternal existence of nature is one thing, and the transient existence of animal life is another. The one is an eternal entity, the other is not. Will Brother Seely clearly state what is the name of the entity or force which he asserts acts on matter, but is not matter, either in name or property, but something quite distinct? Let Brother Seely show wherein Materialists are so very illogical and so wide of the truth. Sir, the world breathlessly waits for the great secret. Yours in friendship,

T. WINTER, Materialist.

OSAGE MISSION, KAS., Aug. 9, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I am pleased to see everyone favoring harmony in the National Liberal League at the next Congress. Stand by the original Nine Demands. Secularize the state in all departments. Let no other issue be allowed to enter this organization. We hav, each and all of us, ten thousand ideas and notions that it would be a blessing to the world to hav adopted and practiced. Let us form all the societies necessary to carry them out. But don't pile them all on the back of the National Liberal League. It will be too great a strain for any one back. When the League shall hav secularized the state we can retire it with honor, as Garrison did the Abolition party and the *Liberator* when negro slavery was abolished. And the good to the world that will result from our achievements will quite equal that secured by Garrison and his colaborers. Green, Putnam, Chainey, or Burnham will any of them be eminently fit for presidents and secretaries. But pray don't ask them to work for less than $2,000 and traveling expenses. The money must be raised to suitably pay the officers of the League. H. L. R. JONES.

POMONA, CAL., July 28, 284.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $3, for which please send "Bible Myths." I inclose petition for state secularization. It is in a dilapidated condition, owing to careless handling. The wealth represented by the thirty-two signers amounts to two and one-half million dollars—more than the combined wealth of the entire Christian element of the township in which Pomona is located. I could get more signatures by presenting it to Christians, those who hav had their names registered in the "lamb's book," when they were infants. But I prefer to hav only men who hav broken down the walls that the God of superstition had erected around them and so numerously pictured at every point with his bigoted agents, the parson, the holy man of God, the expounder of creeds—often the destroyer of virtue, the ravisher of reason, the blighter of the joys of life, the curse of the world in which we liv—to hav men who hav the moral courage to stand, as rocks, impregnable by their (the Christians') false readings, and hurl them back wrecked, shattered, and demoralized. "The world does move," and men are being moved by the great power of Freethought on to a happier condition. H. L. SHAUG.

EAST BROADWAY, Aug. 12, 284.

MR. EDITOR: I am very well pleased by your analysis of the presidential candidates. You hav hit the nail on the head. Liberals really hav no candidate to vote for, and the only object they can hav is to change the order of things, and then it may be "out of the frying-pan into the fire." There is one thing reasonable—Liberals will be not far from right to go the other way from the church.

I wish the name of the National Liberal League could be changed—that is, the word League. I don't know if it conveys to other minds the same meaning as it does to me, but it seems inconsistent with the search after truth and the professions of Liberals. It seems to be, or mean, *a combination* for some *secret purpose*, which perhaps is not for the good of the world.

I don't believe in our humbling ourselvs too much to the slanderous vagabonds who hav resorted to every means to injure their betters because they could not rule them. It will only make them feel that they are of great importance, and accomplish nothing for the good of the cause. Let them alone, would be my advice, unless they first showed a willingness to co-operate and drop their misrepresenting course.

Yours truly, M. E. ROSE.

PRESCOTT, IOWA, Aug. 3, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $27.00 for books, which please send as per inclosed list.

THE TRUTH SEEKER was never better—in fact, it improves with age. In the foremost row of the able corps of correspondents stand Charles B. Reynolds, John Peck, and Holt, on the Bible. Andrews, Putnam, and Bradford cannot be over-estimated in their line. Elmina has become familiar to and admired by every reader. E. C. Walker, J. L. York, and a host of others—especially Miss Wixon—merit praise.

THE TRUTH SEEKER is growing grander and greater. Its field for operation is widening. It is sowing the good seed, preparing the minds for a peaceful earthly future, when supernaturalism shall be a belief of the past, and when all dare avow their honest belief and not conceal their name and residence for fear of being persecuted or ostracized.

I, like many others, depend on my labor for a livelihood, yet I never fail to giv theology a stab whenever an opportunity presents itself, and, therefore, my heterodox views are well known, inasmuch as after reading THE TRUTH SEEKER I generally send it around where I think it will do the most good, hoping thereby to gain some adherents to Freethought.

Yours truly, JOHN W. YEADON.

BENTON, TEXAS, Aug. 12, 284.

MR. EDITOR: Preaching and drouth is the order of the day in these parts. As farmers hav no crops to gather, they are passing the time in thanking "Gaud" for all his mercies. The long-prevailing drouth that is parching crops up so fast is sent by the Lord to humble us into submission, they say. The Baptists are howling away on their third week, and not one, I hear, has gained yet, but a few knelt at their seats a few nights ago after the proposition of the acting clown, to thus show their preference whether, at *any time*, they preferred to go heavenward than the other place; and hence they are encouraged to continue the Lord's fight. I heard the local preacher of this church remark the other day that "women were the first starter of evil, and to this day three-fourths of all crimes and mishaps to men in this world might be traced to woman's doings." This is true Bible doctrin, and this good brother stands high as a saint. He has a wife, too, but how sad and broken she looks, toiling over the wash tub and in the kitchen, cooking for several boarders, while he luxuriates in his corpulency sitting in the shade! Still, in the face of all this, women are the great supporters of the church.

We need women educated for the lecture field as well as men, and in my opinion our cause will drag slowly until there are many more Wixons, Slenkers, and Miss Gibsons in our land. Children are early taught superstition by mothers, and once the seed is plantad, it's hard, indeed, to eradicate the poisonous weed. Yours for success, H. B. JONES,

BURLINGTON, KAN., July 20, 284.

MR. EDITOR: I inclose you my photograph, and $1.00 for its worth in "False Claims," by our Kansas Liberal, John E. Remsburg. I hav sold 126 copies of Ingersoll's last lecture on "Orthodoxy," commencing about June 1st, and am selling one occasionally yet. I hav made it a point to sell as many to young men as possible, and hav placed one in the hands of three of our city clergymen. I hav learned that two and three hav read the same pamphlet. It is more difficult to introduce "False Claims," as Brother Remsburg is not as popular yet as Ingersoll.

Will THE TRUTH SEEKER giv us, its readers, the status of Butler, Blaine, and Cleveland on orthodoxy? Butler was intrusted with the petition that was presented to the House of Representativs a few years ago for the repeal or modification of the Comstock law, and I judge by his speeches that he is a Liberal. And we also hav a right to claim him on account of the interest he manifests in the elevation of the laboring classes. The Greenback or legal tender cause is gaining slowly but continuously, here in the West, and I hope to hear that Butler has polled a heavy vote all over the country, if not elected. And if the Democrats had not committed political suicide at Chicago in not nominating him—to please the old Shylock, monopoly—if they had taken him instead of Cleveland, he would be our next president. That was the opinion of a number of the other parties. The late decision of our Supreme Court has given the Prohibitionist the blues, and the sooner old orthodoxy is defeated in making another link in her chain to unite church and state in that scheme, the better it will be for the people. CHRIS. BROWN.

MILWAUKEE, ORE., Aug. 12, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I was out to one of those camp-meetings the other day where they consider it a sin to pray out loud and be heard for your much speaking. But they will hop up and spat their hands and declare that they are anointed and sanctified by the Holy Ghost. So after it began to die down, the minister raised both of his hands and ordered the front seats cleared. Then reaching his hands out over the audience he said: "All you that wishes for anything, come and kneel down at this anxious seat—the least thing you may desire, either in earth or in heaven—come and kneel at this anxious seat." They commenced stringing in, and finally all got down but me—thirty-five all told. Then he reached out his hands as though he wanted to get me right around the neck, and says, "Come! come!—anything that you least desire either in earth or heaven." I saw that he meant me, and I rose up and said that I could not think of one single thing that I really desired. Said I, "I hav enough of this world's good to last me while I stop here, and I don't feel as though I wanted any more; and as for heavenly or spiritual things, I hav a fair share, for I was sanctified by the Holy Ghost." "Glory to God!" he yelled. Said I, "The sanctification of the Holy Ghost carries its mark with it, and the mark is a spiritual gift. Paul tells you all about it so plain that we need not make any mistakes, and he that has a spiritual gift may claim sanctification by the Holy Ghost, and no others hav a right to make the claim." By that time he had squatted by the bench with the rest, and I picked up my hat and left. I got off about forty rods, turned around, made a very low bow, and bid the camp good-bye.

E. W. CRESSEY.

PACIFIC, MO., Aug. 11, 1884,

MR. EDITOR: I thought I would accommodate you with those back numbers you called for without saying a word, but, dear friend, it seems impossible for me to do so because of what I read. As a rule, insult is heaped on injury. Much I hav suffered in body and mind; much through what is denounced as a fraud and a humbug. That is, being subject to spirit control and influence. I say, all this injury, all this ridicule, and these names of fraud, idiots, and what not, are very bitter. I, together with all those who believe in such, am confronted and denounced for their writing. Here, again, is this "Realistic Meditation" of Otto Wettstein occupying the first and foremost place in THE TRUTH SEEKER, as though it was the greatest truth, when, in reality, it is the sheerest nonsense. He, the almighty, self-created, fails to create a spirit. The elements that he gathers vanish. O my! O my! and that is evidence *per se* there are no souls—no spirits. Are such ideas, such assumptions, not idiotic? Let me ask this mighty reasoner, has he made himself, or is his capacity—the power of his state—a mighty reasoner, as he is himself? Hav the laws which constitute him created him, or he them? Now I demand of him, and them (his kind), to say which. Only a fool can talk the way he does. What? organisms may be analyzed and resolved into their component parts by man, and yet that which does it has, after all, no real existence? And with this same "none-real," this same "nonentity," he would undertake to analyze, to dissect, a human soul or spirit, nature's whole and total ego! You! who declared in the *Iron-Clad Age* that this world was but an insignificant dot! What must you compare to it? Now, answer. If there were no spirit, no mind, or entity, what could analyze, what could solve the object, what could judge of cause and contend it itself as the condition? Now, I want you to come right out on that. Tell us, deluded Spiritualists, what sort of matter your matter is that can claim such prerogativ of conceiving. Has it never occurred to you, sir, that spirit is not a concrete affair, and does not bear the same relation to the object sense? Is corn

the same as whisky, or wine as grape? How would you prove it? How would you prove man a spirit when he is dead? Your whole three columns contain nothing that has a rational relation to matter and spirit. You talk a great deal about game, but never once call attention to the hunter, which is spirit. Whether the spirit world is a reality or not, thought has object, and so has the dream, and you know it. Does that not prove such a state? Ah, but you cannot apply it, you say. That is just what is the matter. Because it is in spirit, that is the why. A. H. KRUGER.

BOULDER CREEK, CAL., Aug. 7, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Here I am, back in California. I hav been traveling since May, and hav been able to get and read but five or six copies of the good old TRUTH SEEKER in all this time. You are no doubt sending my TRUTH SEEKER to Russellville, Tenn., where I stopped for over two years. I could not endure the enervating heat of the South. I was raised there, and lived there until I was twenty-five years of age, but hav lived from 1850 to 1881 here in California. I hav lived longer in this state than in any other, so this is properly my home; and I am proud of it, chiefly because it is one of the most Liberal states in the Union, and that you know is equivalent to saying it is one of the most enlightened. I love this climate. It is warm – yes, we may even say it is hot, but the cool breezes prevent the sun from baking our brains into superstitious pancakes, as in Tennessee and the most Southern states. I find that the Jehovah doctrins flourish best in hot climates, and am fully convinced that the gentleman who invented the idea that evil spirits are most effectually punished in the hottest of all climates, had utterly failed to observe how very favorable extreme heat is to the growth of superstition.

I am behind for the year of 1884, but will pay up soon. I hav hardly been here long enough to get my breath good yet, but hav found a man who wants to try THE TRUTH SEEKER for three months. I think, judging from the way he talks, he will become a permanent subscriber. I send you the postage stamps. Please send THE TRUTH SEEKER to the address of said man, viz., Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz Co., Cal.—there, I hav forgotten the name of the man. I will go right off to the adjoining place and see him. Later.—I hav been to see him and now inclose his name. WM. L. WARLEY.

ST. JOHNS, ARIZ., Aug., 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Before reading Col. Kelso's book, I wrote to a young lady cousin of mine who resides with her parents in the town of Modesto, California, to get her opinion of the colonel; and knowing her to be strictly orthodox, I expected she would giv the colonel a real Christian send-off. Here is what she says of Col. Kelso: "As to Col. Kelso, I do not know him personally, but papa is well acquainted with him, and says Col. Kelso is a good man, and that everybody likes him. Papa says the only objection he has to Mr. Kelso is on account of his Infidelity. By occupation Mr. Kelso is a teacher, and a good one too; he is also a poet, and occasionally writes poetry. Papa says he is strictly honest in all his dealings." Her orthodox opinion of the colonel would not hav biased me one way or the other; I simply wrote to get her views out of mere curiosity. It is strange the Christian press cannot see one redeeming virtue in an Infidel. No matter how honorably he may act toward his fellow-man, if he but holds independent views on religious matters contrary to the established dogmas, he must be ostracized. This proves their weakness, for if their so-called religion is of divine origin, and not an institution of man, they should not hav come to fear for the result, as the omnipotent, whatever or whoever that may be, certainly has the power, according to the Christian view, to take care of his own affairs I hav too high an opinion of the human understanding, too much confidence in the natural common sense of mankind, to believe for a moment that a single Bible-pounder of the period, who possesses as much reasoning power as a clam, can or does believe the divine-origin humbug; but on the other hand, he or they know full well the Christian religion, and all others, are mere inventions of man, gotten up for his own selfish interests.

Inclosed please find three dollars, for which send one "Bible Myths."

Go on with the good work, enlightening all who desire to know the truth. Hoping that truth and reason must prevail, I am Yours in the cause, A. F. BANTA.

VINELAND, N. J., July 28, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Mr. Perry, in his criticism of my last communication, states that Mr. Putnam says that that which perceives and knows of forms is nothing. If I understand Mr. Putnam, he says that that which perceives and knows is matter, but that perception and thought are not things. When I ask, Are the senses that perceive and the brain which knows not things? Mr. Perry says: "It seems that the gentlemen makes no distinction between sensations and perceptions and the organs by which they are conveyed to the mind. Now, I ask, if it is the mind that perceives and knows of things, of what use are organs to convey sensations and perceptions to the mind? We know there are nerves that lead to the brain, but what nerve leads to the mind? Again, Mr. Perry says, "The thought that moves the form is better and higher than the form, no matter how beautiful the latter may be." Now, this assertion I deny, for it is on the body that thought and its quality depends. The body is not that gross thing Spiritualists would hav us believe. It is self-acting, it generates its own force, and builds up its own frame; it feels by the use of its nerves, and thinks by the action of its brain; it needs no parasite to prompt or guide it.

Mr. Perry asks, "How does he know that consciousness, having evolved from, or by any other means associated with, the most advanced organic forms, will at death, cease to be so associated?" I know it because the dead form is not conscious. Consciousness is only evolved by a living organic form. Again he says, "I do not believe that friend Rothwell has studied all the facts of nature, and I doubt his authority for saying that the mind decays with the body, and at death there is no more thought, as thought is but nervous motion." It is not necessary to hav studied all the facts of nature to know that the mind decays with the body. I hav known several instances, and I will refer to the account of the death of Mr. Weed, where it is stated that for some time before his death his mind failed. And Mr. Emerson, I believe, for some time before his death showed proof of mental decay.

In conclusion I will refer to Mr. Perry's last assertion. He says the body and mind are not one thing, but two things—intimately connected and related, but still distinct things. This is equal to saying that a bell and its sound are not one thing, but two things—intimately connected and related, but still distinct things. Can Mr. Perry show that sound is a thing? Respectfully, P. ROTHWELL.

BURR OAK, MICH., Aug. 12, 284.

MR. EDITOR: In a letter published in THE TRUTH SEEKER of August 2d, Mr. John A. Gerting says he would like the paper better "if you printed fewer articles on Spiritualism, which I consider a grand humbug." Did not Mr. Gerting feel conscious of a little selfishness creeping over him when he penned that remark? No matter how grand a humbug Spiritualism may be, there are many estimable citizens who sincerely believe that a pure and valuable philosophy may be established on its alleged facts, and those persons ought not to be deprived of the privilege of making their statements. Being an Agnostic, of course, I hav yet to see the first particle of evidence that any such thing as a spirit ever existed, but THE TRUTH SEEKER comes nearer my ideal of a Freethought paper just because it admits an occasional article on Spiritualism, the tariff, and other questions upon which its readers are certain to disagree. The present management cannot be too highly commended for showing clearly that the pipe of bigotry is entirely out in THE TRUTH SEEKER office; and let me add that the moment it is lit that moment the influence of the paper will begin to decline. Instead of being an annoyance, it is a real pleasure to me to see the supreme and loving confidence in Spiritualism shown by such persons as Mrs. Severance. See how happy she is in her rock-rooted faith, and how sure that the object of her devotion is a fountain of blessings at which thirsty wayfarers hav already been greatly refreshed, and whose streams of joy will flow yet more copiously in the good time coming! But I would kindly suggest to those very confident persons that it would place them on safer ground, and they would convince just as many if they would use the word *believe*, instead of *know*, when referring to supernatural things. No man *knows* anything that cannot be demonstrated. There may be a degree of probability so great that we are almost forced to regard it as equivalent to certainty, but if any element of proof is lacking, we should not use the word know to express our opinion of the matter. It is strange that there are intelligent people in this country at this day who cannot see that a positiv assertion either for or against the existence of a God or a supernatural world, is simply a waste of so much breath that might be better employed. When all the data and conditions of proof are absolutely wanting to a proposition, the "I believe" of the old church creeds is as strong an expression as any one is justified in making. In regard to politics I am glad to see that the course of THE TRUTH SEEKER is above reproach. There is much temptation to mix in political discussion, but to do so continuously, even though briefly, would prove ruinous to any Freethought paper. No matter how independent the paper may be, it is poison to its influence to be giving frequent expressions of opinion in regard to candidates, parties, political squabbles, etc. An editor of a Liberal paper cannot be too careful of those dangerous reefs. On political matters THE TRUTH SEEKER wisely says but little, and even less, I think, would be still better. I hav a smaller Liberal journal in mind that would do well to heed the above remarks. N. G. WATKINS.

CHARMING DALE, ARIZONA, June 18, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Books and your explanatory letter arrived today at Charming Dale. So you see that Charming Dale is still here and is likely to always remain here.

Now for a story, and a true one. Honor is the subject of my story.

In the year 1867, I emigrated with my family of wife and five children to this country. Neither pen nor tongue can describe the difficulties through which I passed in journeying to and making a permanent settlement in this country, so the narration of the many skirmishes with the nativs, the robbing of my stock, the burning of my house, the stealing of my crops, we will leave only to be remembered among the things that were. But after arriving here all my energies were bent to the building up of this country, and especially its educational interests. And as the result of one branch of my efforts, Charming Dale sprang out of its wild and naturally worthless condition into a lovely garden surrounded by cosy dwellings and several work-shops, and ornamented with artificial groves of both wild and fruit-bearing trees, and shrubbery both useful and ornamental. Every season—yes, every day—has added new luster to the charms of Charming Dale. Its location is on a generally-traveled road, the mail route, which, before the coming of the A. P. Railroad, was the most popular, a daily mail, with its eastern terminus at Prescott, the capital of the territory, and its western on the Pacific coast, passing daily. I secured the establishment of a post-office, and was myself the post-master for three years, during which time a series of mail robbing from registered packges was committed in the office at Prescott. The post-master there was a Christian, activ in his church, but coy and utterly reticent when it was discovered that a robbery had been committed in his office, and although he did not do the robbing, yet being responsible, therefore he used his Christian position to cast the suspicion upon me. The detectiv agent—a fawning villain—used every effort in his power to convict me, and twice placed me under arrest, seized my office, and all the paraphernalia belonging thereto, and after giving me duplicate schedule receipts for the same he stole them, leaving me nothing whereby I could establish my rights or claims against the government. He grossly misrepresented me in San Francisco and made no returns to Washington of the amount of postage stamps he took from me, without which there was a small balance due me from the government, and in posting up the auditor issued a small warrant in my favor, which I sent by a gentleman to San Francisco. It was repudiated, and the bearer insulted, with the statement, "That is from the mail-robbing postmaster."

The mail matter which you sent was unfortunate enough to fall into the San Francisco office, and, no doubt, to continue the insult, it was returned. If it had been allowed to come on I should hav received it at my nearest post-office. I am an Infidel in the entire sense of the word, which is only another name for a truly honest man—honest to the world, and honest to the convictions of his own senses. When they ceased to persecute me, one of the deputies in the Prescott office, fearing that they would spot him, cut his own throat, and thus relieved the world of his presence and the only witness against the remaining one. And thus the matter stands to-day. It has never been sifted out, and probably never will, while I stand in the eyes of government officials as a mail robber. Trembling now as I am on the verge of the grave, justice will never be done me. But as long as I liv, Charming Dale is my address, and damn the government officials that refuse to forward my mail matter.

Yours and THE TRUTH SEEKER's forever, S. C. ROGERS.

RICHFORD, VT., July 25, 284.

MR. EDITOR: "But without faith, it is impossible to please God. For he that cometh to God must believe that God exists, and is a rewarder of those who diligently seek him" (Heb. xi, 6). Here it is intimated that some one may come to God and not believe he exists, or that he is a rewarder! The devil will hav no such folks, if there is a devil. In this text is shown the grand secret of priestcraft. There is not in the world to-day one particle of good evidence, to prove to our sober reason and senses that there is such a real entity as the Jewish or Christian's God in the universe, aside from nature. What is nature? Answer. Boundless space, and all it contains. But all priests of superstition, Brahman, Bhuddist, Zoroastrian, Mohammedan, Egyptian, and all others, hav fabricated names, and made them persons, real Almighties, who created all things out of nothing. So each of the thousands of gods is the only true and living God, and every sect is the only true superstition, religion, idolatry. The Jewish, Christian God is omnipotent, omnipresent, omniscient, and immutable. He who does not believe an omnipotent God could not drive out the Canaanites, because they had chariots of iron, shall be damned! He who does not believe that an omnipresent, immutable God came down to see if Adam and Eve were in the garden-trap, and talked with Noah about drowning the world, and came down to see the Tower of Babel (Gen. xi, 5), and came down to see if the Sodomites had done as he heard they had—"If not, he would know"—(Gen. xviii, 21); also came down upon Mount Sinai (Gen. xix, 20)—he that believeth these things not shall be damned. Who can believe that an immutable, unchangeable God could make the universe and pronounce it very good (Gen. i, 31), and be sorry afterwards, and grieved at his heart? We hav no evidence that the Jewish God ever made one man know that such a thing ever existed. We wonder that a being with such attributes as are ascribed to him did not make everybody know positivly. Proof conclusiv that there is not such a thing! Then the Jesus, that came into the world to save sinners, tasted death for every man, claimed that he was co-equal and co-eternal with the Jew God, and never made one person, even his own mother, know that he was anything but the carpenter's son, at which trade he worked until he began to be about *thirty years* old, and had increased in wisdom and stature (Luke iii, 23; ii, 52). Wonder when God Almighty began to be about thirty years of age! What year was it Jesus would not allow Simon Barjona, or anybody else, to call him Messiah? He forbid anyone to tell it. Yet we are all to be damned if we do not believe he was perfect God and perfect man, of the same substance, power, and eternity with the father (Methodist creed, Art. 1 and 2, John Wesley; also see Athanasius). Jesus did not reveal to Simon that he was Messiah, but said his father had (Matt. xvi, 17). Faith is the gift of God. We are saved by hope. We are saved through fear. We are saved by faith. "Faith cometh by *hearing*" (Rom. x, 17) a thousand differing mystagogs who tell lies in a pulpit for a salary. All promis heaven to those who employ them. All superstitious faith is equally sincere—all a human damning curse. Real things here are all we hav got a capacity to deal with. We know nothing about God, devil, heaven, hell, or future life, only what priests tell us. We know not what any Bible means, only as we hire a priest to tell us. That is our faith on which we rely. It is a great mystery that the Christian's God, who knew enough to make the universe out of nothing, could not manage it without an Abraham, and Moses, giving the keys to Simon Barjona, the Satan and the pope, now his vicegerent on earth. There are some twenty texts in our Bible that affirm we shall hav no knowledge or conseiousness after we are dead. What if there are as many that lead us to think that when we are dead we are *not dead*, if all priests do affirm it for a salary? God don't know, or he would not hav made our Bible to support both notions. Who knows that man individually will liv after he is dead? No God has told us; we hav nothing but priests babbling for a salary. Ever since two men lived on earth, the law of humanity has required: "Do to others as you would hav them do to you. And do not to others what you would not hav done to yourself." Which covers all morality and virtue—the whole duty of man. All else is hypocrisy. JOSEPH NOYES.

"THE Truth Seeker Annual and Freethinkers' Almanac," 25 cents.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"His life is long whose work is well,
And be his station low or high,
He who the most good works can tell,
Livs longest though he soonest die."

This Life is What we Make It.

Let's oftener talk of noble deeds,
And rarer of the bad ones,
And sing about our happy days,
And not about the sad ones.
We were not made to fret and sigh,
And when grief sleeps to wake it,
Bright happiness is standing by—
This life is what we make it.

Let's find the sunny side of men,
Or be believers in it;
A light there is in every soul
That takes the pains to win it.
Oh! there's a slumbering good in all,
And we perchance may wake it;
Our hands contain the magic wand;
This life is what we make it.

Then here's to those whose loving hearts
Shed light and joy about them!
Thanks be to them for countless gems
We ne'er had known without them.
Oh! this should be a happy world
To all who may partake it;
The fault's our own if it is not—
This life is what we make it.

—*Boston Transcript.*

Aunt Avis.

"Won't you tell me about my Aunt Avis?" said little Susie one day. "You know she is dead now, and I went to the funeral. It was all so strange to me, for I never saw her so still before. Poor Aunt Avis, she is resting now," and Susie breathed a little sigh, and drew her chair close to mine.

Aunt Avis was "great-aunt" to little Susie, by her father's side, and "aunt" by courtesy to almost everybody in her neighborhood, so, with others, I, too, called her aunt.

"Will you begin now?" inquired Susie, with her usual impatience.

"Yes," I said, "I will begin now, and you may ask all the questions you like."

Children like to ask questions. It is their right to do so, for everything is new to their young minds, and they are entitled to civil, intelligent, and comprehensiv answers.

"Aunt Avis was born ninety years ago, in Dighton, a pretty town on Taunton River."

"Ninety years is a good long while, isn't it, auntie?"

"Yes; almost a century."

"And what is a century?"

"It is a period of time—a hundred years. Well, when Aunt Avis was born—"

"And what is it to be born, auntie? What does it mean?"

"It means that a new being is come into the life of this world, to grow from babyhood into childhood; to expand, develop, progress on to womanhood or manhood, according to sex; to hav interests, hopes, joys, and fears; to work, to plan, to love, and to grieve and be sad and sorrowful; to make mistakes and blunders, sometimes; to finally grow aged and—"

"Yes, but go on about Aunt Avis."

"Well, we must suppose she was a healthy, handsome baby, and was loved, petted, and played with, and that her parents made many plans for her, and had many bright hopes for her future. This was a new country ninety and a hundred years ago, and Aunt Avis did not hav advantages that little girls hav to-day. Everybody spun and wove all the cloth that was used in making the garments that they wore, and it was not of the finest quality, either, but it was homespun and durable."

"What is homespun and durable?"

"That which is spun at home, and durable is that which lasts a long time."

"Aunt Avis was durable, then, wasn't she? She lasted so long—ninety years."

"Yes, she was durable. She was of good stock?"

"What do you mean by good stock?"

"I mean that her parents and grandparents were healthy, and not diseased; that they were firm and hardy, had good blood and good constitutions, and gave the same to her, which is the best heritage under the sun. Do you understand?"

"Yes, auntie—go on."

"There were no steamboats, railroads, telegraphs, telephones, electric lights then; no stoves, no carpets, no gas, not any of the modern conveniences that are considered indispensable to comfortable living, nowadays."

"But I suppose people were just as happy then as now—don't you think so?"

"Perhaps happier. Surroundings do not make happiness. Some who hav all that heart can wish for, as to comfort, physically, are yet not happy. The rich and those who hav the most luxuries are sometimes the most miserable. They suffer the same as the poor."

"Did Aunt Avis hav to suffer?"

"She did—very much. She was not rich, except in her good health and happy spirits, but she did not suffer simply because she was poor—oh, no! Very early she was trained to work, to use the foot-wheel, the spinning-wheel, and the great looms that made the yarn she spun into cloth. She had little time to play, as girls hav in these days, but when she did play she no doubt enjoyed it as much as any girl does to-day. She was witty and lively, and made many friends. In course of time she became a young woman, and then she had lovers. Among them was a young soldier of the war of 1812. Aunt Avis was bright, smart, and industrious. He thought she would make him a good wife, and he wanted to marry her. After a brief courtship they were married, and began housekeeping. And we may suppose that Aunt Avis was as happy as the birds when they begin nest-building in the spring of the year. She worked and sung all day, just as the birds do. By and by there came a sweet little baby to her—a new, fresh, little life, as bright and beautiful as the rosy morning."

"I s'pose she was happier than ever, then," said Susie.

"Yes, she must hav been. The world suddenly grew broader and brighter, and she felt a new and stronger interest in life, when she held that little bud of a human being in her fond, motherly arms. And after awhile when another 'wee darling' came, and she had two little chubby babies to care for and love, she doubtless thought she had reached the acme of human happiness. Of course she had to work harder than ever, but she was young and strong, not more than twenty, and she did not mind hard work, but toiled and sang merrily all day. At that time they lived in a secluded spot away over by the 'swamp meeting-house,' as the little church was called. People in those far-off days ate coarse food, and a great deal of corn and rye meal. They carried the corn that they raised on the farms to grist mills, and had it ground into meal. The mill that ground for Aunt Avis was a good long distance off, not far this side of the city of Providence, in Rhode Island. One day Aunt Avis said to her husband, 'We are almost out of meal, dear, did you know it?'"

"'Is that so?—then I must go to mill tomorrow. It is a long journey, and I shall hav to start by break of day.' And the father of the two pretty babies tossed the oldest one in the air, and said, 'What does daddy's boy want meal for?'

"'To make some *hastee poodin'!*' lisped the little fellow, then three years old. 'It is dood.'

"I think it is good, too!" laughed Susie. "It does very well for a change."

"Joel Barlow wrote a long poem to Hasty Pudding. He says:

'I sing the sweets I know, the charms I feel,
My morning incense, and my evening meal—
The sweets of Hasty Pudding. Come, dear bowl,
Glide o'er my palate, and inspire my soul.
The milk beside thee, smoking from the kine,
Its substance mingled, married in with thine,
Shall cool and temper thy superior heat,
And save the pains of blowing while I eat.'

"He thought Hasty Pudding superior to 'Hoe-cake,' 'Johnny-cake,' or 'Corn-dodgers,' and ended his poem thus:

'Fear not to slaver; 'tis no deadly sin.
Like the free Frenchman, from your joyous chin
Suspend the ready napkin; or, like me,
Poise with one hand your bowl upon your knee;
Just in the zenith your wise head project;
Your full spoon, rising in a line direct,
Bold as a bucket, heeds no drops that fall,
The wide-mouth'd bowl will surely catch them all.'"

"Well, go on with the story; it is all true, isn't it?" and Susie raised her beautiful eyes inquiringly.

"Every word. The next morning, bright and early, the horse was saddled and bridled, a bushel of corn in a bag was swung across the horse's back, and Aunt Avis brought the smallest baby, only three weeks old then, for its papa to kiss, while the other baby clung around his knees and said: 'Daddy tiss me, too,' which he did, and then, taking the face of Aunt Avis between his two hands, he kissed her, telling her to keep the supper warm, as he would, perhaps, hav to wait for the grist, and would not, probably, return till nightfall. Then he mounted his horse and rode away whistling.

"Aunt Avis went on with her work, nursed the babies, and sang lullabies to them all day, while she thought of the lover husband gone to mill. Now comes the strangest part of this story."

"Yes, auntie."

"About sunset, Aunt Avis began to look up the road, and to listen for the sound of horse's feet. She kept the table waiting, nor would she eat one mouthful till he should come, but she gave the children their supper and put them to bed. There were no near neighbors, and she was alone with her children. It was in August, and warm weather. Night came on with its lengthening shadows, and still he did not come. The merry song was hushed on Aunt Avis's lips as she watched and waited. What could hav detained him so long? She grew anxious and tearful. Presently the moon came up, and, in the bright moonlight, she could see a long distance up and down the narrow country road. Nine, ten, eleven o'clock by the hour-glass, and still he did not come. Throwing her blue and white apron over her head, she went out in the dead of the night, and walked a little way up the road listening. Tall ferns and golden rod with its heavy yellow clusters of flowers grew on either side of the road, and brushed her clothing as she passed. There was no breeze stirring, and the stillness was oppressiv, only broken by the call of some night bird, or some animal as it fled swiftly to its home amid the sumach and and young maples. Back and forth she walked at intervals, straining her eyes and ears, watching, listening, with heavy, aching heart the whole night through, and still he did not come.

"The next day a messenger was dispatched to the mill, and returned at night with no tidings of the missing husband and father, who had not been even at the mill. Day after day, night after night, Aunt Avis watched, waited, listened, looked for the return of her husband. The summer fled into autumn, and autumn was lost in the winter, and still he came not, nor were any tidings heard of the wanderer, or of his horse. Ah, how Aunt Avis trusted and hoped for his coming! How she scorned the thought of his faithlessness! He would come, he *must* come! He could not so heartlessly desert her and his little ones—she would not believe it. Many nights she would go out in the road, and look eagerly, tearfully, hopefully, for his approach, but he never came. There was no telegraph then, no railway, as I hav said, only the slow, plodding stage coach, but by-and-by Aunt Avis began to watch for a letter from him. But all in vain. The months lagged along until they grew into a year, and that year went to make other years, and still he did not come.

One baby sickened and died, and its dear little body was laid away in the ground.

The song did not return to the lips of Aunt Avis again, and slowly, painfully, she realized that she was alone with her one boy, to battle with life as best she could."

"She didn't die, Auntie?"

"No, she could not die, because she was expecting her husband every day, and she felt that she could not die till he came.

"She had to put her mind to the business of living, providing for herself and the little one still with her. 'I must work, or I shall go wild—I shall be a raving maniac,' she said.

"And so she toiled, early and late, and only wept in the night, when everbody else slept.

"She toiled and saved, for he might return poor and desolate, she said. People proffered her means, but, 'I am not a pauper, nor a beggar,' was her reply; 'I will make my own way,' and she did.

"After awhile she built a comfortable home, and began to hav a bank account, and as the years went by, there was no need for her to work so hard.

"'But I must work,' she said; 'I cannot be idle and liv.'

"Youth and the meridian of life passed, and the weight of years came upon her, and in her old age her idolized son, her only stay and comfort, was swept from her. He died, and left her alone, except one granddaughter.

"Nobody understood the great sorrow that overflowed her heart then."

"Poor Aunt Avis!" said Susie, sadly.

"Everybody said, 'Poor Aunt Avis!'

"But that did not help her any!" and Susie dropped a tear upon my hand.

"No; but it was sweet to hav sympathy in her trials. She did not sink then, even, but toiled on, and sat by the window looking still, occasionally, for the one who never would come in this world. In her burial lot in the cemetery she caused to be erected a marble tablet inscribed with her husband's name, and the date of his departure from his family, after the words, 'Left his home.' When she was ninety, she was still hale and vigorous, but a settled melancholy was in her features, even when she smiled. She tried to be cheerful and pleasant to all, and was respected by everybody who know her. Some exposure caused her illness, and, when it became apparent that she had completed her journey in life, she felt glad, and went out of the world that had brought her so much life-long sorrow happy, peaceful, and glad that she had reached the end. She accumulated, by her industry and frugality, a handsome fortune, and went away owing no one anything."

"It was a sad life, wasn't it?" said Susie, crying softly.

"It was, and yet a very noble one. We may learn a useful lesson from that sad and troubled life. She had many virtues, was kind, forgiving, generous, industrious, and prudent. The sick found in her a tender friend; the sorrowful, a ready sympathizer, and faithful, kind, and true she was in all the relations and trials of life. She did not sink under misfortune, nor sit down and grieve over her great troubles. Her days were spent in activity, in doing good, and, if there is a heaven anywhere beyond this world, we feel sure Aunt Avis deserved its best and highest joys."

"She ought to hav something good to make up for all the bad that fell to her lot here, auntie, hadn't she?"

"Yes; I think she should hav some recompense. But she left a bright example for us to contemplate. We must not sink under trouble, but be brave, and look above it all. We must forget sorrow in useful, activ work for the good of others."

"Yes, auntie; and now, will you please put Aunt Avis' story in verse so I may commit it to memory?"

"Yes, dear, if you want me to," said I.

"Right off?"

"Yes, right off. Here it goes:

Aunt Avis once was young and fair,
With comely face and soft brown hair;
Her voice was tender, sweet, and low
As murm'ring brooklet's gentle flow.
In time came suitors her to woo,
With words of hope and promis true;
From all, she chose the soldier brave,
And unto him her whole heart gave.

In sweetest trust, they then were wed,
"For better and not worse," he said.
And all their days were days of joy,
Brimfull of love without alloy.
Aunt Avis felt her bliss complete,
Of heaven sure a foretaste sweet,
When babies two came her to bless
With wealth of precious happiness.

One morn the husband, smiling, said,
As to the door his horse he led,
"Dear wife, I go to mill to-day,
But not long shall I be away."
He kissed her lips, so red, so sweet,
And kissed the babies, face and feet.
"Good-bye," he said, "my darlings three,
And keep the supper warm for me."

Aunt Avis watched him ride away,
Her fond young husband, bright and gay,
Then cheerily to her work she turned,
With spinning flax all day concerned.

At length 'twas time for him to come,
He who had made the light of home;
Aunt Avis laid her work away,
Wond'ring why he should so long stay.
She watched the shadows slanting west,
And rocked her babies to sweet rest.
No supper would she touch, till he,
Her husband dear, with her should be.
But daylight into twilight crept,
Till night upon earth's bosom slept,
And still she waited there alone,
Waited the coming of her own.

Ten—eleven—twelve!—the midnight hour
Wrapped in darkness leaf and flower;
Anxious, she listened at the door,
For ne'er had he so stayed before.

That night, and many nights the same,
She watched for one who never came;
Listening, waiting, night and day,
Till youth and beauty fled away.

Oh, what suspense, and doubt, and dread!
Was he alive, or was he dead?
For since that morn that dawned serene,
Horse, nor rider, ne'er was seen.

One babe soon vanished from the earth;
The other in fair manhood's worth,
Passed sudden into dreamless sleep,
And left her all alone to weep.

With her, to labor was to pray;
With earnest work she wreathed each day,
And every night, through shadows dim,
She kept the supper warm for him;
And waited still with hopes and fears,
Through the mists of seventy years,
Till patience, industry, and thrift,
In gloomy cloud made shining rift.

"To sit and think," she said, "would kill,
But work bids storms of grief, 'be still.'"
And though her heart was sad and sore,
She toiled till wealth came to her door;
With it she many comforts gave,
And some, from sin, her hands did save;
And her good deeds to young and old,
Returned in love, a thousand fold.

Pure, and more pure, grew her sweet face,
Saintly, in tender, holy grace,
Until she entered into rest,
By ninety years crowned and carest.

O woman's love and woman's trust!
Faithful, till dust doth enter dust!
If blessings wait beyond the pall,
Aunt Avis, thou deservest them all.

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Liberal Meetings.

[Leagues and Liberal and Spiritualistic Societies in the United States and Canada meeting regularly, can have notices of their meetings published in this column free if the officers will send them to us.]

MICHIGAN.

MUSKEGON.—The Liberal League meets every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock in the German Odd Fellows' Hall, corner of Western ave. and Terrace st.

OHIO.

CLEVELAND.—The Liberal League meets every Sunday at 3 P.M., in room 29, City Hall building. Lectures free. Communications can be addressed to W. I. Irvine, Secretary.

MAINE.

PORTLAND.—Dr. H. A. Lamb has hired Congress Hall, Congress street (entrance on Temple street), where free meetings, lectures, and discussions are held every Sunday, 2:30 P.M. Admittance free. Public invited.

OREGON.

PORTLAND.—The Auxiliary Liberal League of Portland, Or., holds meetings every Sunday, at 2 o'clock, P.M., at Nonpareil Hall, cor. 1st and Madison streets. All are invited. Admission free.

MASSACHUSETTS.

BOSTON.—Boston Liberal Club holds meetings for essays and criticisms every Sunday forenoon at 10:45 in the Paine Memorial Building, Appleton street.——The "Society of the Divine Homo" at same place every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Sunday-school at 2:30. Admission free.

PENNSYLVANIA.

ALTOONA.—The League holds meetings every Wednesday evening and Sundays at 3 P.M., at the League Room, corner of Eleventh ave. and 13th st., third floor, entrance on 13th st.

PHILADELPHIA.—The Friendship Liberal League meets every Sunday at Hancock Hall, 814 Girard avenue, at 2:30 o'clock, and 7:30 o'clock, P.M., for lectures and free debates. THE TRUTH SEEKER and Liberal books for sale.

PITTSBURGH.—Pittsburgh Liberal League meets at Maltby Hall, 76 Fifth avenue, every Sunday (except during the Months of July and August) at 3o'clock. A free platform is maintained. Exercises consist of a lecture, followed by 10 minute criticisms, with 15 minutes allowed the lecturer to reply. Clergymen invited to discuss.

NEW JERSEY.

NEWARK.—Newark Liberal League meets every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the League's Hall, 177 Halsey street. Exercises consist of music, readings, lecture, and discussion, in which all present are invited to participate. Admission free. Collection taken. Communications for the League should be addressed to J. W. Frankel, 10 Pine street, Newark.

CANADA.

TORONTO.—Secular Society. Reading and Lecture Rooms, No. 9 Grand Opera House. Open every evening and Sundays. Lecture every Sunday evening. Freethinkers and strangers are cordially invited.

MONTREAL.—Pioneer Freethought Club meets every Sunday at 3 P.M., at 1310 Catharine street. Reading-room open daily until 10:30 P.M. Library open for exchange of books three evenings per week, and on Sunday afternoons. Free public lectures on Sundays as advertised in local newspapers. Strangers always welcome. G. S. Wilson President; C. Stevens, Secretary.

GANANOQUE, ONT.—Gananoque Secular Society, meets every Sunday evening at eight o'clock, in Acton's Hall. Free Library and Reading Room open all day Sunday. Visitors and strangers always welcome. Geo. G. Meikle, President; Henry Smith, Secretary.

NEW YORK.

ALBANY.—The Liberal association meets every Sunday at Van Vechten Hall, 119 State street. Sunday-school at 2 P.M. General business meeting and debates and discussions at 3 P.M. Lecture at 7:30 P.M. The public are cordially invited to attend, also all Liberals visiting the city. Admission free.

NEW YORK CITY.—The American Spiritualist Alliance meets every Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock in Republican Hall, 55 West 33d street.——The First Society of Spiritualists holds its meetings every Sunday in Republican Hall, 55 West 33d street. Morning service 11 o'clock; evening, 7:45. Seats free. Public cordially invited.——Arcanum Hall, 57 West 25th Street, cor. 6th ave. The People's Spiritual Meeting every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 P.M.

BROOKLYN.—The Brooklyn Spiritual Society meets at Conservatory Hall, cor. of Fulton street and Bedford avenue, every Sunday. Services at 11 A.M. and 7:45 P.M. Admission free. Public cordially invited. Liberal and Spiritual papers and books for sale.——The Everett Hall Spiritual Conference, 398 Fulton street, meets every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. Meetings free. Spiritual literature for sale.——The Eastern District Spiritual Conference meets every Monday evening at Composite Room, 4th street, corner of south 2d street, at 7:45. Spiritual and Liberal literature on sale. All invited.——The Philosophical Association meets every Sunday afternoon in the Assembly Room of Wright's Business College, Broadway, corner of Fourth street, E. D., at 3 P.M. Public cordially invited. Doors open at 2:30 P.M.

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Poetry.

The Fiddler of the White Breast-Water.

As a grand old harp, his violin
Had a world of unsung music in,
Sweet as the notes of an Alpine horn;
And Uncle John was a Saxon born,
And the power that thrilled his trembling hand
Came down from the shores of his Fatherland;
That Fatherland with the flowing Rhine,
Whose hills were red with the Autumn wine,
Where mountain tops in lone clouds dim
Had sung of evolution's hymn.

Though the children played in the corner near,
He lent no eye nor list'ning ear,
But kept to the spirit sweet within
That dwelt with him and his violin.
As he drew his elbow to and fro
With a heavenly light on his face aglow,
We often thought of the pair that died
As standing there at the father's side.
His darling Bessie—she surely came,
And the babe that had no earthly name,
Entrancing his soul, inspiring his face
With the peace of their final dwelling-place.

Not the grieving wind o'er the western hill,
Nor the gliding log in the hungry mill,
Nor the leaping flames, with roar and din,
Could dull the tone of that violin.
His eyes so pale, of German blue,
Transformed with song they bloomed anew,
Borrowing dyes of the purple aster;
And the chiming chorus rolling faster,
Then moaning sad, with a cadence low,
Or soft and sweet as the streamlet's flow,
Reminding us of the sleeping daughter
Alone by the spray of the White Breast-water.
And was it fancy, or did I dream?
Perhaps 'twas the mist from a silver stream;—
But something flitting to and fro
Trembled upon his fiddle-bow,
Stirring the locks of his thin gray hair
That touched the back of his home-made chair.
One with the gift of second sight
Said my dreaming was partly right;
He who dwelt in the soul of things
And walked in the sheen of angel wings
Saw, a winter's night while the fiddler played,
Two misty shapes that softly laid
Their gentle hands on his waving hair,
Around and over his high-backed chair,
Caressing his cheeks with tender grace,
Bringing a balm to his aged face;
While mortal eyes but marked the glow
Of the fire dancing swift or slow,
Chasing the shadows about the room,
Through the great wheel's rim or lumb'ring loom,
'Mong skeins of yarn from the brown old rafter,
That echoed the children's rippling laughter.
Outer vision, with many a flaw,
Could scarcely credit the things he saw;
Unknown to the world or Uncle John,
His inner sight was beaming upon
The shadowy side, where an angel master
In white robes came, and sweet and faster
The thrilling anthems rising o'er us—
He heard above the angel chorus,
Tho' he never could tell how grand it seemed,
"But then," you say, he "only dreamed."
Mayhap he did, but this I know,
An orchestra swayed that fiddle bow,
Revealing a grace that was more divine
Than is often seen at the saintly shrine.
Born of the peaceful rest within,
Sweeping the chords of his violin,
A master mind wrought the infinit glow,
And laid the spell on his fiddle bow,
Sweet as the voice of the angel daughter,
Sleeping near to the White Breast-water.

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The Wounded Dragon.

In childhood's days I climbed an antique stair,
Leaning on columns, rich with quaint device;
And saw a sky blue as the heaven of Rome,
A stately charger, worth barbaric price;

A noble knight, in suit of armor gray,
A gentle girl, upon a palfrey white,
While a fierce lion sacred kept the path,
He challenged harmful beasts to deadly fight.

And often they essayed to wander on,
But a vast, loathsome dragon held their way;
The knight flung fearful darts to wound him sore,
The maiden's glance was pure and bright as day.

I read, you listen to my simple tale,
For Ingersoll hath slain a dragon vile;
While Scorn and many a doubt blocked up the way,
And Truth stood calmly near with patient smile.

ALHAZA.

Dollars and Cents.

I'll write you a ballad on dollars and cents,
Every line shall be perfectly true;
And I'm writing these verses on purpose, my friend,
To present a few home truths to you.

A quarter looks small when you're out with the "boys,"
Fifty cents or a dollar soon goes,
And a ride on the cars or a beer is but five,
Which is "nothing"—as every one knows.

If you squander a quarter each day of your life,
Though it may seem remarkably queer.
If you'd put it away in the bank you would hav
$91.25 in a year.

But a quarter a day isn't half what you waste,
If you count your occasional sprees;
What you waste will well pay for your board and your clothes,
And the rest you can save if you please.

So shut off your treating, and walk when you can,
And giv up the excitements you've craved,
And you'll be quite surprised at the end of the year
At the tidy amount you hav saved,

Twin Songs of Freedom.

From the Boston Investigator.

A WORKMAN AS GOOD AS A KING.

The lords they may flaunt in their laces,
But these bright-plumaged birds never sing;
They grow rich 'pon their land-rents and plunder;
Oh, "A workman's as good as a king!"

They may prate in their places of power
That the current that flows in their veins
Is a "blue blood" that's finer than ours,
But the freeman such falsehood disdains!

O'er their heads mutters low the deep thunder;
The earthquake is slumb'ring beneath;
And the kings, at the wrath of the people,
Soon shall flee from their keen, fanged teeth!

From the wrath of a down-trodden people
They hav ground, like a worm, in the dust,
Hav enslaved by their mail-coated minions,
Hav debauched to their infamous lust!

Oh, arise, ye bruised, down-trodden millions!
With this shout make the firmament ring—
With the lesson the new age doth teach ye,
That "a workman's as good as a king!"

Look afar o'er the world's mighty chess-board!
Mark ye well yon vast game that is played
'Twixt tyrants, besotted with power,
And the workman, poor slave to his trade!

Poor slave, who receives but the pittance
Of a child, that the king of the land
May bedeck him with diamonds and purple,
While he laughs at the workman's demand!

Witness Ireland, submerged by her sorrow,
The tears that her children hav shed;
See her infants, slow-wasting by hunger,
Where gaunt famin nightly doth tread!

Look 'pon Russia, where, wilder and fiercer,
The hurricane howls through the sky,
With portent in a no distant future
The tyrant's destruction draws nigh!

Arise in your might, O my brethren!
For the new age salvation doth bring,
In the message it bears to the nations,
That "A workman's as good as a king!"

A PÆAN OF LIBERTY.

I sing of the Knights of Labor—
Of the peasant that guides the plough—
Of the hardy mariner, who doth tempt
The storm with his fearless prow.

I sing of the Knight of the Anvil—
Of the myriad sons of toil;
And I sing of the vampires, high in place,
Who fatten upon their spoil!

I sing of the haughty landlord,
Who extorts beyond his due
From the beaded brow of the artisan,
To waste 'pon his menial crew!

Yes, I sing of the Knights of Labor—
Of the shameful wrong they've borne;
And I sing of the doom of man-made kings,
And of Liberty's glorious dawn!

I behold, in no distant future,
A giant power arise;
And ten thousand years of insult
Flash forth from its flaming eyes!

Ten thousand years of oppression—
Ten thousand years of shame,
Fire the zeal of this threat'ning giant,
Whose birth from the people came!

Would'st know the name of this champion,
Who, ere long, shall level to earth
All its kings—all its purse-proud rulers—
Vain puppets of royal birth?

Then know ye its name, it is "Justice;"
And the will of the people cries
In a deaf'ning shout that kindles
Fresh flames in the giant's eyes!

Yea, tremble, ye arrogant sovereigns!
Lo! your doom it is writ on the wall,
As it was in the court of Belshazzar,
And your thrones and your temples must fall!

They shall sink at the blast of the trumpet,
E en as Jericho's sunk in the dust,
For the maelstrom draws nigh in the future,
To engulf your oppression and lust!

Oh, take courage—be joyful, poor workmen,
For the day of destruction draws nigh,
When the crown shall be rolled in the gutter,
And "Liberty" writ o'er the sky!

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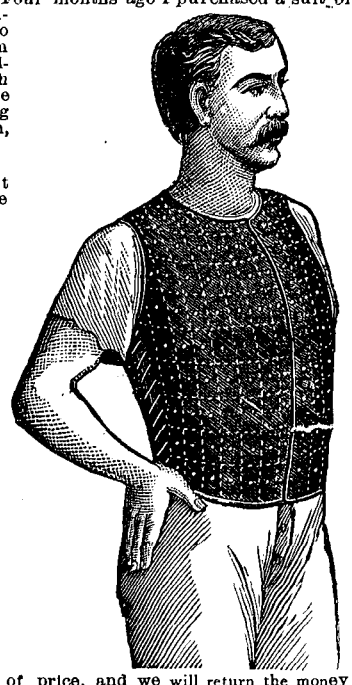
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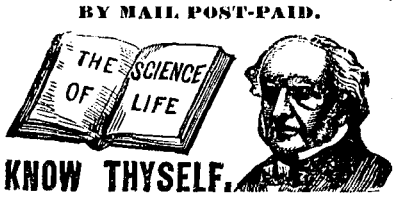
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Gems of Thought.

DESPISE the hypocrit, the liar, the defamer, and the man who attempts to do a deep wrong to a brother in the name of purity, of higher morality, and of superior virtue. Worse than all other mean acts are those performed by hypocrits under the cloak of purity and virtue.—*D. M. Bennett.*

BEFORE my meals, and after, I let myself loose from all thoughts, and I soon forget that I ever studied; a full mind takes away the body's appetite no less than a full body maketh a dull and unwieldly mind. Company, discourse, recreation, are now seasonable and welcome; then prepare for me a diet, not gluttonous but medicinal; the palate may not be pleased, but the stomach is, nor that for its own sake; neither would I think any of these comforts worthy respect in themselvs, but in their use, in their end, so far as they may enable me to better things. If I see any dish tempt my palate, I fear a serpent in that apple, and would please myself in a wilful denial; I rise capable of more, not desirous; not move immediately from my trencher to my book, but after some intermission. Moderate speed is a sure help to all proceedings—according to the old saw, *Festina lente* [make haste slowly]—when those things which are prosecuted with violence of endeavor or desire, either succeed not, or continue not.—*Bishop Hall* (1574—1656).

IF the Christian believes that he and he only has a divine revelation; that the truth has come to him supremely if not exclusivly; that his books are the sacred books, and all others are profane, then he must believe that the man who does not accept his belief does not accept the truth; is in the bonds of error, is on the way to death. And believing that truth, and truth alone, saves, he is convinced that the unbeliever—the more sincere the more stubborn—is not in the way of salvation, and must be reclaimed from his delusions. Hence the melancholy condition of the religious press all over the country—a condition that is a reproach and a scandal to charity. I undertake to say that I hav never seen a religious paper that had the conscience to be fair to opponents, that dared to be honest, that would be just, that was able to giv its due to any form of hostil opinions, that could take a position of even ordinary kindness toward the heretic.—*Frothingham's Sectarian Spirit.*

VIRTUE has this peculiar property, that at the same time that we admire her conduct, we long to copy the example. The goods of fortune we wish to enjoy; virtue we desire to practice; the former we are glad to receive from others; the latter we are ambitious that others should receive from us. The beauty of goodness has an attractiv power; it kindles in us at once an activ principle, it forms our manners, and influences our desires, not only when represented in a living example, but even in a historical example.—*Plutarch's Lives.*

WE hav seen that miraculous power in any individual is no guarantee for the correctness of his teaching. We hav seen that if the doctrins which Jesus taught approve themselvs to the understanding, and the uncorrupted heart, they are equally binding on our allegiance whether he wrought miracles in the course of his career or not. And if the truth that God is a loving father, and the precept, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," derive no corroboration from the resurrection of Lazarus or the youth of Nain, neither can they from that of Christ himself.—*Greg's Creed of Christendom.*

WHATEVER weakens or disorders the internal frame, promotes the interests of superstition; and nothing is more destructiv to them than a manly, steady virtue, which either preserves us from disastrous, melancholy accidents, or teaches us to bear them. During such calm sunshine of the mind, these specters of false divinity never make their appearances. On the other hand, while we abandon ourselvs to the natural undisciplined suggestions of our timid and anxious heart, every kind of barbarity is ascribed to the supreme being, from the terrors with which we are agitated, and every kind of caprice, from the methods which we embrace in order to appease him. Barbarity, caprice, these qualities, however nominally disguised, we may universally perceive, form the ruling character of the deity in popular religions. Even priests, instead of correcting these depraved ideas of mankind, hav often been found ready to foster and encourage them. The more tremendous the deity is represented, the more tame and submissiv do men become to his ministers, and the more unaccountable the measures of acceptance required by him, the more necessary does it become to abandon our natural reason and yield to their ghostly guidance and direction.—*Hume's Nat. Hist. of Religion.*

HOW cruel it is not to allow men to strive after the things which appear to them to be suitable to their nature, and profitable! And yet, in a manner, thou dost not allow them to do this when thou art vexed because they are wrong. For they are certainly moved toward things because they suppose them to be suitable to their nature and profitable to them. But it is not so. Trust them, then, and show them the right way, without being angry.—*M. A. Antoninus.*

FOR tyrannicide, in the ancient and proper sense of the word, a strong case may be made. When a man like the first or second *(sic)* Bonaparte, intrusted with the national force, uses that force to crush the liberties of the nation, and to make himself a despot, placing himself by the same act above the reach of public justice, what can the commonwealth do but arm the hands of private citizens? The Roman law under which Cæsar fell, outlawing and devoting to death whoever should attempt to usurp superior power, whether politic or not, can hardly be called a breach of morality. A Frenchman who had shot down Louis Napoleon on the day of the *Coup d' Etat* might well hav been deemed by his countrymen a patriot, and, if he had lost his own life, a martyr.—*Toronto Bystander (April).*

HE who, in the silence of his own thought, plans a crime, has upon him the guilt of the deed.—*Juvenal.*

N. Y. State Freethinkers' Association.

THE SEVENTH ANNUAL CONVENTION;

Where Held—The Speakers Engaged—The Hotels, Railroads, etc.

THE NEW YORK STATE FREETHINKERS' ASSOCIATION, in accordance with its established custom, has invited the Freethinkers of all the other states, and also of Canada, to meet them in annual Convention, at Cassadaga Lake, N. Y., on the 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th days of September next.

THE SPEAKERS.

The following well-known speakers hav been engaged to address the Convention: Thaddeus B. Wakeman, of New York; Miss Helen H. Gardner, of St. Louis; Courtlandt Palmer, of New York; Charles Watts, of London, England; Allen Pringle, of Selby, Canada; Col. John R. Kelso, of Modesto, Cal.; George Chainey, of Boston; J. H. Burnham, of Saginaw City, Mich.; Mrs. Dr. Juliet H. Severance, of Milwaukee; Stephen Pearl Andrews, of New York Dr. John Stoltz, of Chicago; William S. Bell, of Boston; Judge R. S. McCormick, of Franklin, Pa.; John E. Remsburg, of Atchison, Kansas; Lyman C. Howe, of Fredonia, N. Y.; M. E. Billings, of Waverly, Iowa; Hon. A. B. Bradford, of Enon Valley, Pa.; Charles B. Reynolds, of Rochester, N. Y.; Samuel P. Putnam, of New York; Dr. William F. McCormick, of Franklin, Pa.; and Richard B. Westbrook, D.D., orthodox, of Philadelphia, Pa. And the following hav also been invited, the most of whom are expected to be present: Hon. Elizur Wright, of Boston; F. E. Abbot, Cambridge, Mass.; Horace Seaver, Boston; Luther Colby, Boston; Judge Arnold Krekle and Mrs. Judge Krekle, of Kansas City, Mo.; James Parton, of Newburyport, Mass.; Judge Carter, of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia; and B. F. Underwood, editor of the *Index*, Boston, Mass. It is possible that Col. Ingersoll will be present and address the Convention.

THE SINGING.

Professor A. D. Lane, of Olean, N. Y., one of the most popular professional singers in the state, accompanied by as good a quartet of voices as can be found in Western New York, has been engaged to provide the musical entertainment for the occasion. Professor H. H. Hall, who sang for the Rochester Convention, has also been engaged.

THE PLACE OF MEETING.

The location where the Convention is to meet is one of the most pleasant and picturesque in the state. It is described as follows in a circular issued by the Association: "The Cassadaga Lake Camp-meeting Grounds are eight miles from Lake Erie, and seven hundred feet above it; situated midway between New York and Chicago, one and a half hours by rail from Buffalo, five from Cleveland, nine from Pittsburgh, fourteen hours from Cincinnati, sixteen from Philadelphia, eighteen hours from New York, twenty hours from Boston and Washington, and twenty-one from Chicago. It lies on the shore of a beautiful chain of lakes, three in number, and at an elevation of nearly fourteen hundred feet above the level of the sea." The Association last year erected on the grounds an amphitheater, with a seating capacity of twenty-five hundred people, with the seats in a semi-circle, which gives every one present an opportunity to hear all that is said from the speaker's platform.

ROUTES OF TRAVEL AND RAILROAD RATES.

Eastern and western passengers over the Nickel Plate, Lake Shore & Michigan Southern railroad, and eastern passengers over the New York, Lake Erie & Western (formerly Erie) railroad, change cars at Dunkirk, N. Y., and take the Dunkirk, Allegheny Valley & Pittsburgh railroad to the "Cassadaga Camp-meeting Grounds."

Eastern and western passengers over the New York, Pennsylvania & Ohio railroad (formerly Atlantic & Great Western), and eastern passengers over the Buffalo & Jamestown railroad, change cars at the Atlantic & Great Western Crossing, and take the Dunkirk, Allegheny Valley & Pittsburgh railroad to Lily Dale Station.

To be more definit, persons coming to the Convention from most of the cities and large towns in the United States will find it the cheaper to purchase excursion tickets to Chautauqua Lake. These can be obtained very cheap; and then leave the cars at the crossing of the Dunkirk, Allegheny Valley & Pittsburgh railroad near Jamestown, and then take the last mentioned road to Lily Dale Station, near the camping grounds. Persons coming from any station on the New York, Lake Erie & Western railroad, or any of its branches west of Binghampton, will pay full fare to Dunkirk, and then be returned at one-third fare home. The Dunkirk, Allegheny Valley & Pittsburgh railroad will sell excursion tickets at two cents a mile from any station on that road.

New York, Lake Erie & Western Railway—Excursion Rates.

Rates quoted from the first three places are to both Chautauqua and Jamestown, the others to Jamestown.

New York or Jersey City, $18.50; Philadelphia, $17.60; Newark, $18.50; Paterson, $17.00; Newburg, $16.75; Goshen, $14.75; Montgomery, $14.50; Middletown, $14,00; Port Jarvis, $13.00; Lackawaxen, $14.00; Honesdale, $13.00; Hancock, $14.00; Deposit, $10.50; Susquehanna, $9.75; Binghamton, $8.75; Owego, $8.00; Waverly, $7.25; Elmira, $6.50; Corning, $5.75; Bath, $6.50; Bloods, $6.45; Wayland, $6.40; Livonia, $5.80; Avon, $5.40; Geneseo, $5.70; Mt. Morris, $5.95; Dansville, $6.55; Rochester, $5.50, Caledonia, $5.25; Le Roy, $4,80; Batavia, $4.20; Warsaw, $4.65; Attica, $4.20; Buffalo, $2.75; Tonawanda, $3.20; Lockport, $3,80; Niagara Falls, $3.75; Suspension Bridge, $3.75; Clifton, Ont., $3.75; Addison, $5.50; Canisteo, $4.40; Hornellsville, $4.25; Almond, $4.00; Andover, $3.50; Wellsville, $3.20; Scio, $3.00; Belmont, $2.85; Belvidere, $2.75; Friendship, $2.55; Cuba, $2.20; Olean, $1.80; Carrolton, $1.25; Limestone, $1.50; Bradford, Pa., $1.70; Little Valley, $1.70; Cattaraugus, $1.65; Perrysburg, $1.40; Dayton, N. Y., $1.30; Dunkirk, $2.15.

THE HOTEL RATES.

The following prices hav been established at the hotels for board: $1.50 per day, for one day and less than three days; and over, $1 per day. Table board: breakfast, 40 cents; dinner, 50 cents; supper, 30 cents. Lodgings, 25 to 30 cents. The hotel accommodations are sufficient to entertain all who may attend.

H. L. GREEN,
Salamanca, N. Y. Secretary New York State Freethinkers' Association.

P. S.—I am glad to announce that the Truth Seeker Company will hav an agent on the grounds with a large assortment of Freethought publications for sale. The editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER will, as heretofore, make full reports of the proceedings. Other reports of the Convention will be published in the New York *Herald*, the Buffalo *Courier*, and other secular papers. H. L. G.

On Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 8th and 9th, the

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All Charter and Life Members of the League, and all delegates from local Auxiliary Leagues, will hav votes in the Congress. Each Auxiliary is entitled to send five delegates—its president, secretary, and three other members—to the Congress. Annual members are entitled to seats in the Congress, and to votes by the permission of the Congress.

Odds and Ends.

THE first cyclone happened in Eden. It was a perfect hurry-Cain.

ISN'T it curious that Bar Harbor should be situated in such a strictly temperance state as Maine?

A COUNTRY girl, getting off a train at Saratoga, was asked if she might be helped to alight, and she replied that she did not smoke.

MR. BLOWER'S wife asked him to buy a thermometer the other day, but he declined, saying: "No, my dear; we will wait until next winter, when they will be much lower."

"WELL, well!" said old Mrs. Gumbo, as she laid down her morning paper. "So they've rescued poor old Greely alive! I do hope that Horace'll take hold of the *Tribune* again, and edit it sensibly, like he used ter!"

CLERGYMAN (on his way from church, to the son of a parishioner rather addicted to hunting on Sunday): "My little boy, I didn't see your father at church this morning. I am afraid he does not fear God." Young heathen: "Oh, yes, I guess he does. He took his gun with him this morning."

TWO soldiers lay beneath their blankets, looking up at the stars. Says Jack: "What made you go into the army, Tom?" "Well," replied Tom, "I had no wife, and I loved war, Jack, so I went. What made you go?" "Well," returned Jack, "I had a wife, and I loved peace, Tom, so I went."

MAN that is married to Woman is of many days and
full of trouble.
In the morning he draws his salary, and in the evening,
Behold, it is gone.
It is a tale that is told;
It vanisheth, and no one knows whither it goeth.
He riseth up clothed in the chilly garments
Of the night,
And seeketh the somnambulent paregoric
Wherewith to soothe his infant posterity.
He cometh as a horse or ox
And draweth the chariot of his offspring.
He spendeth his shekels in the purchase of fine
linen
To cover the bosom of his
Family.
Yet himself is seen at the gate of the city with one
suspender.
Yea! he is altogether wretched.

WHAT A WOMAN CAN DO.

She can say "No," and stick to it for all time. She can say "No" in such a low, soft voice that it means "Yes." She can sharpen a pencil if you giv her plenty of time and plenty of pencils. She can dance all night in a pair of shoes two sizes too small for her, and enjoy every minute of the time. She can pass a display window of a draper's shop without stopping—if she is running to catch a train. She can walk half the night with a noisy baby in her arms without once expressing a desire to murder the infant. She can appreciate a kiss from her husband seventy-five years after the marriage ceremony has taken place. She can suffer abuse and neglect for years, which one touch of kindness or consideration will drive from her recollection. She can go to church and afterward tell you what every woman in the congregation had on, and in some rare instances can giv a faint idea of what the text was. She can look her husband square in the eyes when he tells her some cock-and-bull story about being "detained at the office" without betraying in the least that she knows him to be a colossal liar. She can—but what's the use? A woman can do anything or everything, and do it well. She can do more in a minute than a man can in an hour, and do it better. She can make the alleged lords of creation bow down to her own sweet will, and they will never know it. Yes, a woman can do everything, with but one exception; she cannot climb a tree.

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A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., as Second-class Matter.

Vol. 11. No. 36. | PUBLISHED WEEKLY. | New York, Saturday, September 6, 1884. | 33 CLINTON PLACE. | $3.00 per year.

Notes and Clippings.

"WHAT is the highest of God's creations?" asks a Sunday-school teacher. "The mountains," replies the intelligent pupil.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON makes the statement in the *North American Review* that "it was at a Jewish polygamous wedding that Jesus performed his first miracle, and polygamy was practiced by Christians for centuries."

A MAN at West Somerset, England, broke his neck while drunk not long ago. It happened that his grandfather did the same thing, and the intelligent coroner's jury brought in a verdict of "Died by the hereditary visitation of God."

A MINISTER was endeavoring to convince his hearers of the fallacies of Darwinism, when he observed that they were not paying proper attention. "Brethren," said he, "when I am trying to explain the distinguishing peculiarities of the monkey, if you wish to understand them you should look directly at me."

A LITTLE girl, the daughter of a clergyman, relates Dr. G. J. Romanes, was watching her father write his sermon. "Papa," she asked, "does God tell you what to write in a sermon?" With some little hesitation he replied in the affirmativ, whereupon he was ignominiously nonplussed by the further question, "Then, papa, why do you scratch it out again?"

UNDER the title of "The New Calendar of Great Men" the Positivist Society of England propose soon to publish a work edited by Frederick Harrison, and containing short notices of each of the 558 persons whose names appear in the Positivist calendar drawn up by Auguste Comte. The aim will be to make the work a handy manual of the history of the cause of civilization, as understood by the founder of the religion of humanity.

A MAN is running for governor out in Kansas on the following platform: "Whereas, we hav absolute prohibition in the constitution and laws of Kansas, which ought to be satisfactory to the Prohibitionists, and whereas any person can get all he wants in almost any town in the state of Kansas, which ought to satisfy the Anti-Prohibitionists, therefore, be it resolved that we are in favor of letting well enough alone, and opposed to disturbing the present satisfactory status of the prohibition question by resubmission to the people of the state."

A CLERGYMAN recently told his congregation, in describing heaven, that "it will always be Sunday there." The *Norristown Herald* thinks that this assurance ought to please baseball nines, since the decision of a New York judge that there is no law against playing baseball on Sundays; and persons who devote the day to fishing may make extra efforts to get there; but the small boy who is obliged to accompany his parents to church twice a day, and attend Sabbath-school in the afternoon, will be apt to go into training for some other place, where Sunday doesn't come oftener than once a year.

THE evening before Daniel Webster died his physician repeated to him the words, "Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me," and Webster replied, as if in sympathy, but too weak to complete the sentence, "Thy rod and thy staff —the fact—the fact—I want." Here the matter rested as at first reported. A Bostonian now givs what he declares is the true account, as it came to him very directly. Webster asked whether he was likely to liv till morning. Dr. Jeffreys, not willing to giv a positiv answer, repeated from the twenty-third Psalm. Webster saw the evasion, and in a clear and rather severe tone said: "'Thy rod and thy staff!'—the fact, the fact I want!" He desired an answer to his question.

ACCORDING to a writer in the New York *World*, cases like that of Cleveland are not unknown among great men. The writer says: "Aaron Burr was chosen vice-president in the year of 1800, when he was forty-four years of age. His reputation as a libertin was certainly well established by that time. And Dr. Benjamin Franklin was well known to be the father of an illegitimate son born in the early part of the last century before the doctor had received any of the honors which were afterwards heaped upon him by his admiring countrymen." These things are discouraging; but it is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and the happiness of Mr. E. H. Heywood over the present moral aspect of things will probably fall little short of hilarious joy.

ONE of those unnaturally bright children who are always getting people into difficulties was at a prayer-meeting the other evening with his mother, when he asked aloud: "Ma; say, ma, who was Dinah Moore?" "Hush," whispered his mother, cautiously; "it's a hymn." "No, it ain't, ma," continued the hopeful; "it's a woman's name. Say, who's going home to Dinah Moore?" "Willie," said his mother, in a ghastly voice, "you're disturbing the meeting; it means going to heaven to die no more." "Dine no more? O ma, don't they eat anything there?" His mother explained as well as she could, and Willie sat still for half a minute, his bright eyes roving about the church. Then he asked, in a shrill whisper: "Ma, is God out of town?" "No, no," answered the distracted woman, faintly. "Then what's Mr. Kelly running this meeting for, ma?" continued the sweet child. The choir sang him down, but as the meeting closed with a moment of silent prayer his gentle voice could be distinctly heard.

GENERAL BUTLER, being asked to explain his position in the presidential race, related the following anecdote: A married couple, somewhat advanced in years, took passage on a Hudson river boat for Albany. The husband was a loving one in his way, and his being crabbed at times did not make any difference with the ways of his wife, who was as affectionate as a wife should be. On the way up the river the husband had the misfortune to fall overboard. As he went over, he caught a rope which dangled by the boat's side. The speed of the boat caused him to bob up and down in the water, his head now in and now out, the good wife in the greatest alarm crying out: "Hold on, husband! Hold on, for my sake!"—the injunction to hold on for her sake being particularly emphasized. As soon as the boat slowed and the half-drowned husband could gain breath, he shouted back: "Hold your tongue, you fool! Don't you suppose I'll hold on for my own sake?" Mr. Butler will probably "hold on" through considerations not wholly unconnected with his own interests.

FOR many years Mr. Parke Godwin, of this city, has been an advocate of Socialistic theories. One of his recent statements is this: "It is clear that in order to advance the well-being of the people, industry must perfect its organization." Now, says John Swinton, he has just cut down the paltry wages of his horny-handed compositors; he has just entered upon a war with the printer's union; he has just had a strike in his office; he has just filled his frames with those outlaws scornfully called "rats;" he has just done his best to crush the slight attempts now being made to "organize labor;" he has "taken advantage of the cruel power which capital has over labor;" he has required his laborers "either to accede to his terms or starve;" he has enforced the worst features of the "system of bargaining which has been substituted for true equity in the relations between labor and capital;" and he has thrown scorn on his declaration that "every man is equitably entitled to the ownership of the fruits of his labor." Instead of assisting the workers in their struggle for organization and life, he has gone back shamefully on the theories which he has so often propounded. It is pitiful.

THE Toronto *Through Mail* has been attacked with a fit of profound reasoning, and in the following narration shows how an exhorter sometimes mistakes the effect of his labors. The *Through Mail* says: It is curious how a startling sentence will affect people who are sleeping soundly, sometimes, when suddenly and energetically spoken. The other morning, on a through train nearly all the passengers were lying back in their chairs, sound asleep, when a crazy man jumped up and shouted at the top of his voice: "The devil is chief cook and bottlewasher." "Amen!" shouted a preacher awakening with a start. "Rah for Blaine and Logan," roared an Irishman. "Three times and sold for twenty dollars," bawled an auctioneer. "I object," snorted a lawyer. "I call your hand," said a gambler. "Whoa-haw, Buck," cried a farmer. "Me little dawling," sighed a masher. "Hit 'im again," said a boxer, and then the lawyer hit the preacher with his grip-sack, and the auctioneer rapped the masher over the head with his umbrella, and the Irishman kicked the gambler, and the farmer bit the Irishman's ear, and there was more fun for a few minutes than that crazy man ever had in the same length of time before, and he imagined that his preaching and exhorting was converting them all.

THE origin of miracles is thus commented on by the reviewer of the New York *Times*, in considering a recent publication entitled, "Dictionary of Miracles:" "As to many of the legendary myths, they arose undoubtedly from a habit of adaptation. It was customary in ecclesiastical houses to adapt heathen tales and to spiritualize them, and so many mythological stories were arranged to suit the religious thought of the day. From the realms of pure invention these stories became in time to be accepted as absolute facts. Even in medieval times, if Origen is to be taken as an authority, he believed that the end sanctified the means, for has he not said, 'Falsehood is quite lawful when told to promote Christianity.' In times of credulity it is impossible not to imagin that there were prestidigitateurs and fakirs, thaumaturgists—call them what you will—men who had nimble fingers, or who called in to play mechanical adjuncts, who really astonished by their performances ignorant but honest people. Had Miss Hurst lived in the times of Ferdinand and Isabella, and exercised her trickery, she might hav been made either a saint or a victim of the Inquisition. Troubled brains hav other eyes than those that really see, and visions and dreams are more absolutely impressed on some minds to-day than are the actual facts. Some persons might, as the author states it, find objections in seeing subjects of this especial character anatomized and laid bare, but it cannot be denied that disputes on topics relating to miracles require for their discussion pathology rather than theology."

THE following case, says *London Society*, was related to me by a bishop of the church of England. There was a man who had officiated as a clergyman in a large town for about fifteen years. At the lapse of that time it was accidentally discovered that he was an impostor. A new bishop came, or the man went into a new diocese; anyhow, the request came that he would produce his letters of orders. Letters of orders are rather precious and remarkable documents; if once they are lost they can not be replaced. The pseudo-clergyman replied, expressing his great regret that, in the course of a removal, the letters had been hopelessly mislaid, but hoped that the length of time during which he had served in the diocese would be considered a sufficient voucher. The bishop wrote back to say that he regretted the loss of the letters of orders, and that it would be quite sufficient if he gave exact dates, which would enable him to refer to the diocesan registry. The imposture then became known. It was a matter of great anxiety to settle what had best be done under such circumstances. Of course a very large number of marriages had been performed during these fifteen years, not one of which was legal. The first suggestion was that an act should be passed making these marriages legal. There were objections to this course. It was considered that an immense deal of pain would be caused by the publication of the invalidity of these marriages, and that peculiar hardship would be done in the case of children, where one or both of the parents had died in the mean time. On a certain evening there was a solemn discussion between the bishop of the diocese and the home secretary, the result of which was a communication to the villainous false clergyman that, if he left England immediately and forever, proceedings would not be taken, but that otherwise he would be prosecuted.

News of the Week.

THE Cassadaga Convention of Freethinkers occurs this week.

IN Kentucky the Prohibitionists hav nominated a full electoral ticket.

VERMONT went Republican last Tuesday by a majority of from 23,000 to 25,000.

ARNOUX, the millionaire broker, has just cleared $2,500,000 by a corner in corn.

BUTLER had a big mass meeting in this city last Saturday night. Great enthusiasm was manifested.

IT is affirmed that the clergyman who started the Cleveland scandal was once "churched" in Indiana for lying.

A CIRCUS car was burnt near Greeley, Col., last week, containing sixty men, many of whom perished in the flames.

THE advent of a religious lunatic flourishing a revolver created a stampede from a Salvation Army in Ottawa, Can., last week.

THE various labor organizations of New York had a monster parade last Monday. Nearly all branches of labor were represented. Some 15,000 or 20,000 men were in line.

DISPATCHES received at Boston from various parts of New England report heavy frosts recently, particularly in New Hampshire, Vermont, and Connecticut. Crops were seriously damaged.

THE coinage at the United States Mint for the month of August was 1,200,000 dollars, 1,402,000 five cent pieces, 1,390,000 cents, making 3,992,000 pieces, with a total valuation of $1,284,000.

THE wreck of the U. S. steamer Tallapoosa has been examined by divers. She is badly smashed, and the opinion of the divers is that it will cost a large sum of money to raise the sunken vessel.

THE Mormons of Salt Lake City hav held memorial services in the great Mormon Tabernacle in honor of the missionaries murdered by their fellow-Christians in Tennessee. Seven thousand people were present.

FIVE hundred policemen will accompany the czar of Russia from St. Petersburg to Warsaw. This measure is deemed necessary to prevent the czar's enthusiastic subjects from blowing up that gentleman with dynamite.

IN the conference of the colored Methodist church at Baltimore last week charges of being drunk and voting against prohibition were preferred against the Rev. C. Brown, a member of the committee on temperance.

ORANGEMEN numbering hundreds attacked the Roman Catholic church yacht at Henley harbor, St. Johns, N. F., on the 25th ult., and threatened Missionary Father Lynch with death. They tore down the papal flag and tarred the yacht.

THE Chinese hav proved themselvs unequal to the French in the handling of big guns, and the latter hav reduced the fortifications at Foochow. The Chinese authorities hav ordered all French vessels in the leading treaty ports to be attacked.

THE steamer Britannic landed over 600 emigrants in New York last Saturday. The commissioners of immigration refused to inspect them unless they were re-embarked, and the officers of the steamer refused to allow them to return. While the quarrel remained unsettled, the emigrants spent the night on the wharf, exposed to one of the severest rainstorms of the season.

MISS FRANCES E. WILLARD, now in Maine, says that three hundred speakers are in the field in that state setting forth the arguments in favor of the constitutional prohibitory amendment to be voted on September 8th; that the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, led by Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens, of Portland, are activly engaged in the canvass, and that a majority of 50,000 is expected for the amendment.

Communications.

God's Love for Man.

God is love (1 John iv, 8).

This is a favorit text with preachers. It deals with the attribute they most delight to ascribe to their divinity. They teach us that it was purely for the exercise of this quality of love that the universe was created. God had, according to them, existed from eternity perfectly happy in himself. At length it occurred to him that his infinit self was an insufficient object for the exercise of his infinit love, and he resolved to create finite beings to supply the deficiency of his own infinity. He began by creating angels, beings like himself without bodies, parts, or passions. These beings, for some time, fulfilled the object for which he made them. That is to say, they added their finite love of him to the infinit love with which he loved himself. At length, one of their number, whom he had made superior to all the rest, and most like himself, rose in rebellion. Infinit knowledge of course foresaw this. Indeed, finite intelligence might hav apprehended it, for the being most like God would naturally desire most to rule over all. This angel, called Lucifer, persuaded one-third of the other angels to join him in setting up a rival kingdom. God commanded Michael to head the faithful remainder and attack the rebellious host. His army was twice as numerous as Lucifer's, and he had an omnipotent ally, so he gained the victory. He drove Lucifer and his followers out from the presence of God. God was present everywhere, but Michael drove them beyond that, and threw them into nowhere. Hell is nowhere, and in hell they were confined forever. However, being confined in nowhere does not hinder them from going everywhere when they hav a mind. They are always going to and fro upon the earth, and occasionally visit their old master in heaven; at least, one of them did in the days of Job. Here we see the love of God as shown towards the fallen angels. He sentences them to everlasting imprisonment, but he givs them greater liberty than they possessed before. He changes them into devils, but they are devil a bit the worse.

God's first attempt at creation thus turned out a failure. He had made these angels on purpose to love them, and he found himself hating the poor devils with a truly devilish hate. He tried again, for it would never do for omnipotence to giv up so easily. This time he made man. The angels, whom he had made out of nothing, not having given him satisfaction, he employed a fresh material. He used the dust of the earth. His object in creating man was, as theologians inform us, to fill up the places rendered vacant in heaven by the defection of the angels. But the devil interfered again. Out of malice to mankind, they say, he sought to bring them down to his own miserable condition. Perhaps they are wrong. It might hav been out of sympathy for them that he wished to save them from the eternal monotony of the heavenly choir. The supposition has just as much of probability and far more of generosity.

God had created man in his own image and likeness, but nobody has yet succeeded in discovering in what the resemblance consists. God is a spirit without parts, uncreated, eternal, infinit in all perfections. Man is, or at least has, a material body composed of parts—mortal, weak, and imperfect. Certainly the likeness does not appear upon the surface. Unfortunately for their own purpose, divines hav asserted that God has no passions, or we might detect a resemblance between the divinity of the scriptures and many wicked tyrants who hav reigned upon earth. He is a jealous god; he loves, hates, inflicts chastisments, and acts from caprice precisely as despotic rulers hav always done. He orders blind obedience in some absurd triviality merely for the recognition of his authority. If his subjects displease him, he brutally punishes or destroys them. If they please him by a more than ordinary amount of knee-worship or psalm singing in his praise, he condones their most atrocious crimes. For worshiping the gods they hav been taught to adore, he condemns whole nations to extermination, and converts their possessions into perpetual pensions to enrich the descendants of his favorit, Abraham. But jealousy, anger, hatred, and revenge are passions in the human breast, and passions hav no existence in the nature of God.

Now the devil, undertaking to win the newly created man and woman over to his side, had reason to exclaim, "God is love," for, in spite of their quarrel, that divinity had made his task a remarkably easy one. In the garden where he placed Adam and Eve he had planted a tree, the fruit of which he forbade them to touch. He surrounded them with animals inferior to themselvs, and without the power of speech. Among the lowest of these animals was the serpent. The devil caused the serpent to approach Eve and address her in her own language, whatever language that was. Eve was naturally surprised at hearing the dumb beast speak, and when he told her that he had acquired this power by eating the forbidden fruit, she readily believed him. It would hav been impossible for her to hav doubted him, for, being unaware of the existence of evil, she could hav had no suspicion of falsehood. He further told her that if she and Adam ate of the same fruit, they would become "as gods, knowing good and evil" (Gen. iii, 5). They were originally made in the likeness of God, but the likeness does not appear to hav included this rather important branch of knowledge. It is evident that God had need of the devil's assistance in completing his work.

Our first parents having eaten of the tree, found that the father of lies had told the truth, and the God of truth had—well, his love was too great to allow him to keep his word. He had said, "In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die" (Gen. ii, 17). "And all the days that Adam lived were nine hundred and thirty years" (v, 5). Perhaps he thought that as Adam had committed evil when he did not know it from good, it might be well to giv him the chance of avoiding it afterwards. However, he flew into a terrible rage, and cursed as only gods and their favorit ministers can curse. He cursed the earth and made it steril, so that it should yield no fruit except after long and wearisome labor. He cursed the sea and the air, and made them liable to storms and tempests. He cursed the animals which had no share in this transaction. He condemned them to prey upon and devour each other; to lead a life of suffering only to be terminated by a death of agony. He cursed the man and woman, with all their progeny, to the end of time, making them the victims of every sort of disease and misery, condemning them to toil and sweat for their daily bread, and at last to die in torment and in pain. The serpent he sentenced to go upon his belly, and feed on dust. Only the devil, the author of all the mischief, he let pass unscathed.

Yes, it must hav been God's love that prevented him from carrying out the sentence he had pronounced. He wished man to liv on, feeling that the sword was suspended over his head, might at any moment fall, but that he could never hope to escape it. He wished that first pair to be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth, that he might hav millions of subjects on whom to lavish his divine affection. Years rolled on, the globe was numerously peopled, yet none returned his love except Noah and his family. So he drowned all the rest. The unchangeable, infinitly happy God "repented that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart" (Gen. vi, 6). The God who is love said, "I will destroy man whom I hav created from the face of the earth; both man, and beast, and the creeping thing, and the fowls of the air" (verse 7). As objects on whom to lavish his love, God had only one poor family left—and the fish, which certainly enjoyed an unusually bountiful repast.

If God repented that he had made man, he surely repented that he had destroyed him. The earth was soon repeopled, and Noah lived to see his own descendants divided into nations and tribes of every possible variety of complexion, laws, and customs. We might imagin that all the children of the patriarch would be entitled to an equal share in God's love, but it was not so. He selected the Jews as his own people, and allowed other gods to take possession of the rest. Still he remained a jealous God, and commanded his worshipers to make war upon and destroy all surrounding tribes. In this he manifested his love by a cruelty more detestable than the bloodiest earthly tyrant has ever displayed. It mattered nothing to him what might be the moral character of his subjects. It mattered nothing what means they might employ to carry out the mission on which they were sent. It was sufficient that they did carry it out, and slaughter all who bent the knee to Baal, or any opposition divinity. Abraham might seek to rise in the world upon the prostitution of his wife; Jacob, by robbing his brother and swindling his employer; Moses might slay the Egyptian in whose land he dwelt; the whole of the children of Israel might, nay must, borrow their neighbor's goods, and flee the country with their booty. But one thing they must not do; they must not let their hearts be touched with pity or compassion; they must not spare the life of one individual among those surrounding tribes. Not the old man tottering upon the extreme limit of his existence; not the youth looking forward to a life of happiness and pleasure; not the father nor the mother; not the children playing round their knees; not the little infant clinging to the maternal bosom. "Kill every male among the little ones, and kill every woman that hath known man by lying with him. But all the women children that hav not known a man by lying with him, keep alive for yourselvs"(Num. xxxi, 17, 18). Oh, the horror of that time! Those fair lands but yesterday flowing with milk and honey, to-day flowing only with blood, and reeking with slaughter. Yesterday peace and plenty all around; to-day, overrun with fanatic wretches, killing, destroying all they touch. In vain does the strong man catch up arms and strike in defense of all that is dear to him. In vain do the feeble and the helpless cry for mercy and for quarter. The courage of man, the tears of woman, the shrieks of infancy, are alike unavailing. The command of the Great Jehovah has gone forth, and must be obeyed, "I am that I am;" "Thou shalt hav none other gods before me." It was war which Jehovah had proclaimed against his neighbor gods. It was a war like that which any petty African king might carry on against the wealthier and more peaceful tribes who dwelt in his vicinity. Mars, Jupiter, Apollo, might rule the civilization of the West. Brahma and Vishnu might hold sway in the far East. The men of the North might bow down to Odin and to Thor. These were distant gods, and mighty nations owned their sovereignty. From the divinities of Egypt he turned his back and fled. But Baal, and Moloch, and the other gods of adjacent tribes, few in numbers, but possessed of rich domains, on these he wreaks his jealous fury, and forgets altogether his much vaunted attribute of love. It may be that his ways are not as our ways, but they much resemble those of the savage who has advanced but a little from the condition of the parent brute.

How God loved his chosen people! How he must hav loved them, when all the infinitude of his love was lavished upon them, and the rest of the world totally excluded from participation in it! What evidence he gave them of his love! For forty years he kept them wandering in a wretched wilderness, around the borders of a land he had promised them, but never permitted that generation to enter. Daily he fed them with manna from heaven, at the monotony of which they sickened till they turned from it with loathing and disgust. And when in their hunger and misery they thought with regret even of the days of their slavery, and longed after the fleshpots of Egypt, he sent among them fiery serpents, and all sorts of plagues. He encumbered them, wretched wanderers and dwellers in tents as they were, with a multitude of idle laws and ceremonial observances which would fill a volume. And when the last of that unhappy generation, save Caleb and Joshua alone, had died in that dreary spot, he permitted their descendants to enter and take possession of the promised land.

For centuries after, God so loved the world that he kept all nations, save the one, in ignorance of his existence. He let each god hold his own, and it was a fair competition among the many gods which could do his best to civilize and refine, or brutalize and degrade the human race. At length the Jews themselvs, frequently led captiv by superior nations, began to blend with their ideas of Jehovah the more human attributes of their conquerors' gods. Judea became a Roman province, and the world was prepared for a mighty change.

It seems strange that the love of an infinit God could exhaust itself within the short space of human life, yet Jehovah had, during all this time, never revealed to his chosen people that any existence awaited them beyond the grave. It is true that in the later periods of their history, such an opinion had found its way among them, but it had crept in from without. They had discovered it, not in the law and the prophets, but in the imaginations of pagan poets, and the speculations of heathen philosophers. The rich and prosperous were slow to adopt this opinion, and forming the sect of the Sadducees, clung with true aristocratic convervatism to the old teaching. The poor and suffering, however, gladly welcomed the idea that in another world the injustice they suffered in this would be rectified. The priests, also, who saw the power the new doctrin would confer upon them, became its willing advocates. In addition to this, another and more universal opinion prevailed among the Jews. They were a conquered people longing for independence, and they believed that a messiah would soon appear who would restore to them their kingdom. They were ready to flock to the standard of the first fanatic who might set himself up as he that was to come.

In an obscure village of a despised province, among the poorest of the poor, there dwelt a man said to be descended from the royal stock of David. He was somewhat advanced in years, but had a young wife and son. The revolutionary ideas, which were probably the frequent topics of conversation in the little shed where his father carried on the humble trade of a village carpenter, appear to hav early influenced the mind and behavior of the boy. At twelve years of age, when he should hav been with his parents, he was found in the temple with the doctors, "both hearing them and asking them questions" (Luke ii, 46). His mother rebuked him, saying, "Thy father and I hav sought thee sorrowing. He said unto them, How is it that ye sought me? Wist ye not that I must be about my father's business?" (verses 48, 49.)

Thus early, if only the account be true, did the youthful Jesus strike the keynote of his future character. His professed followers hav since confused him in their minds with love incarnate, but he was merely a rebel with a bitter tongue, that brought trouble upon himself, but without strength of character and calmness of judgment sufficient to qualify him for an able leader. Young, of an excitable temperament, with a tendency to insanity, flattered by the attention of a few ignorant fishermen and vagrants, he began to imagin himself the future king

of the Jews. Suffering from poverty, he commenced to preach the gospel to the poor.

We are told that his preaching was the gospel of love, of universal, perfect, infinit love. "In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God, and the word was God" (John i, 1). And "God is love" (1 John, iv, 8). "And the word was made flesh and dwelt among us" (John i, 14). Love itself in human form, with human heart and human voice, one of ourselvs. What may we not now expect from his words and from his deeds? Infinit love must embrace all in its affection. It can make no distinction of nationality or rank. The tiniest insect and the most exalted seraph must alike be objects of its bounty. It can hate none, loathe none, despise none, but spread joy and happiness all around. "Woe unto you that are rich! for ye hav received your consolation. Woe unto you that are full! for ye shall hunger" (Luke vi, 24, 25). This is not the language of incarnate love, but of a poor carpenter's son. "The father shall be divided against the son, and the son against the father; the mother against the daughter, and the daughter against the mother; the mother-in-law against her daughter-in-law, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law" (xii, 53). These are not words inspired by divine love, but by human jealousy in the heart of a fanatic leader. "I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel" (Matt. xiv, 24), could never hav been uttered by infinit love, although it might hav been spoken by Jesus, the bigot Jew.

For two years Jesus traveled about his own country, partly as a religious teacher, partly as a political agitator. In both respects he ignominiously failed. Instead of striving to elevate the condition of the people, he taught them that happiness was to be obtained through poverty and persecution, sorrow, meekness, and humility. Luckily for mankind, his teaching has in only a few very instances been practically carried out. Those who adopted it in early ages fled into deserts. In more recent times they hav inclosed themselvs in convents. In either case the result has been the same. They lived aliens to their own race, strangers to the hopes and fears, the struggles and the toils, the sympathies and kindnesses of their fellow-men. For the love of love they lived unloving and unloved, forsaking the real to dwell in the ideal; and when they died and passed away, this living, moving, breathing world went on and never missed them; for though they had been in it, they had not been of it, and had conferred upon it no blessing to entitle them to its remembrance or regret.

If Christianity be a religion founded by a god who is love, truly it displays but little sign of its divine origin. Jesus is said to hav given a mark by which his followers might be recognized. "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye hav love one to another" (John xiii, 35). But who are those that show this mark of fraternal affection? Those who for eighteen centuries hav persecuted, imprisoned, and put to death, when they could, all who differed from them in opinion? Those who hav carried war and bloodshed on the globe to spread the knowledge of Christianity? Those who maintain that the glory of God is exalted by the torture of an erring brother or sister in eternal flames? Those who say, whether from high places or from low, whether from the cathedral pulpit and the papal chair, or in some miserable village chapel, or over the teapot and the gin bottle in an old woman's meeting, "If any man think not as I think, believe not as I believe, do not as I do, let him be anathema maranatha?" Surely of none of these can we say that they bear the stamp of charity. On the contrary, we are compelled to admit that Christianity has only proved another, and the worst, element of discord in human life. And so if God is love, he even yet remains hidden from us, and the world knows him not.

Will it be ever so? Will he always be hidden under the dark cloud that human malice and prejudice hav raised to conceal him from our eyes? Shall we never see him as the loving, gentle, and merciful father, but only as the cruel, blood-thirsty tyrant and oppressor? Perhaps we may. Possibly when a few more generations hav passed away, when the intellect of man shall hav become more developed and his heart better trained; when Moses and Jesus shall hav taken their places beside Jupiter and Apollo; when national and religious prejudices shall alike hav been swept away, and Christianity be remembered only as a dark blot in the world's history; the race of men may unite in one common religion, the worship of truth wherever it may be found, one common code of morality, each to do his best for all. Then they may say: "We hav found the god unknown to our ancestors. He dwells not in heaven far away, but here in our own hearts and minds. He has no terror for us, for he threatens us with no evils, visits us with no wrongs. He teaches the ignorant, feeds the hungry, clothes the naked, and heals the sick. We hav found him, and we know him for the true god, for the real divinity is Humanity, and he is love."

242 *W. 48th street, New York.* E. J. Bowtell.

"The Truth Seeker Annual and Freethinkers' Almanac," 25 cents.

The Tariff.

The Truth Seeker of August 16th contained an article on the tariff question, by J. G. Malcolm, that was unique and amusing if not convincing. The author ought to hav a copy of it framed and preserved as a relic for the amusement of his grandchildren. Mr. Malcolm is evidently sincere, and I hav no desire to criticise his motives in the least, but I cannot refrain from saying that that article was the most wildly absurd production on the subject that I hav ever seen in print. It would take too much space to go over the whole article and comment on each point, but I will speak briefly on two or three. Mr. Malcolm says, "We add the tax to the price of goods, and people must either pay the tax or do without the goods." The gentleman has plainly fallen into the old, old error of supposing that goods hav a natural or inherent price or value, and every cent paid for them above that price represents a duty or tax. The fallacy of this idea is so easily shown, and has been shown over and over again so many times, that it would be useless to show it again to those who are determined not to see it. Mr. Malcolm would hav us believe that the terrible social evil in all its forms is the result of the tariff, and that if every young man would get married and rear a family of eight children or so, our moral atmosphere would be entirely purified. This shows the limitless scope of a man's imagination when he is mounted on a hobby. There is about as close a relation between the tariff and the social evil as there is between chicken raising and astronomy. When a lustful, incipient libertin is plotting the seduction of a girl, or is in any way led to believe that her chastity is not temptation-proof, how much thought does he giv to the tariff question as a factor in his purposes? There is too much marrying and unmarrying now. It would be a grand blessing to this country if, by a fine or some other means, the production of "large families," and small ones too, such as many now existing, could be prevented. I wish I could make Mr. Malcolm, and ten thousand others, realize that the reckless, unchecked union of thousands of persons totally unfit to marry, and the propagation of "large families" of children who are mentally, morally, and physically unsound, is responsible for a large percentage of the prostitution and vice that surround us. Mr. Malcolm givs a hypothetical case of two young men, and seems to think it is wrong that A, with a wife and eight children, should pay more tax than B, who is single. Would it be right for B to support A's children? He condemns the practice of allowing speculators to buy and hold large tracts of land for speculation, and in this I am heartily with him. But he gets into a dense fog before he gets through with this point. He proposes to shift $493,000,000 of revenue from articles of consumption to the land, and says, "The only way the owners of these lands could avoid paying it would be to let go of the lands." Exactly. It is possible they would be able to do which they chose of these two things, but they would not do both; and long before even a considerable part of the above sum was raised, they would "let go of the lands," and then the anticipated revenue would vanish into thin air. Putting the burden on the lands of actual farmers would not mend the matter. If a man's taxes are $100 for all purposes, what difference does it make to him what he pays it on? If his living is taxed $100, and his land nothing, or his land $100, and his living nothing, will he care much which way it is?

We will all be happy when we find a country where there are no taxes to pay, nothing to do but raise "large families," and call on the government—if there is one—for all the money we wish, with which to support them; eat, drink, and be merry, etc. No matter how hardened an old sinner the tariff may be, I hope Mr. Malcolm will not again attempt to blast its repulation entirely by spreading scandalous reports about it just before election. N. G. W.

The National Liberal League.

TENTS FOR SUMMER.—PORTABLE TABERNACLES FOR WINTER.—CARRY THE WAR INTO AFRICA.

One of the advantages of thorough organization of the National Liberal League would be its ability to do efficient work in such cases as that of Mr. Samson, of Erie, Pa., arrested for saving his hay on the Sabbath (*i. e.*, Sunday).

Among the first things for which the National Liberal League should solicit donations would be to purchase a 60-foot diameter tent, and a say 20x80 portable board tabernacle (made in sections, quickly erected or taken down, transportable without liability to damage)—the tent for summer use, the tabernacle for winter.

Often a suitable hall cannot be obtained, while it is generally easy to obtain a suitable lot in a good location to erect a tent or tabernacle.

Had the League been organized and in working order, the officers of the district League in which Erie was located would immediately on hearing of the case of Mr. Samson hav notified the officers of the state League, making an appointment to meet them at Erie, learn the exact condition of affairs, and decide on the advisability of making a grand effort. If favorable, they should notify the secretary of the National Liberal League. The officers of the League would at once send on the tent and the very best available lecturer, thoroughly posted on the Sabbath question, with a full supply of Sabbath tracts, and copies of J. N. Andrew's "History of the Sabbath." The secretary of the National Liberal League would instantly notify every state League of the facts, and send out an urgent call to every local League in the United States for help—cash donations, volunteer musicians, vocalists, distributors, and canvassers (none accepted but those indorsed and recommended by their local and district League officers). At least twenty such volunteers could be used, relays each week if necessary. They should scatter, and only one or two board at a place, in private families as far as possible.

Hav the best choir possible, and let each volunteer seek to interest musicians and vocalists of the place to take part. Let the secretary of the National Liberal League divide village and five-mile circuit of adjacent country into small districts, and apportion each district to the chief distributor and assistants, so that every family would be sure to receive programs of the meetings, be visited by the distributor and invited personally to attend, and furnished with tracts on the Sabbath question, adapted to create interest and arouse investigation; next by canvassers for one of our best periodicals; then by another distributor with "History of the Sabbath," to sell or loan; then by another canvasser for another of our leading papers, each and all trying to create interest in attending meetings and securing members for the League.

Meetings should be advertised by large, handsome painted posters on every barn and billboard; posters and dodgers kept on every available place.

Weekly reports, with all items of interest, should be sent by the secretary of the National Liberal League to the secretary of every local League in the United States, with urgent appeals to use best efforts to get such reports and items in local newspapers. Does anyone doubt the result of such efforts? Once thoroughly organized, and within two years every state should hav a number of such tents and tabernacles, not for emergencies (the National Liberal League can attend to them), but kept constantly at work in places where interest has been awakened by labors of local Leagues, and no suitable hall can be obtained.

Oh, but the expense? It would be but trifling. The majority of places would be self-supporting. But what if it did cost? Are we Liberal only in name, and stingy braggarts in fact?

Let us sow the good seed of love and truth, and we shall reap a harvest of sweet peace and joy, in that we hav not lived altogether for ourselvs. In no way can we so well prepare for death or another life as by doing all in our power to make this a useful and a happy one. In the language of the noble, self-sacrificing truth seeker, D. M. Bennett, "A life of uprightness, actuated by a desire and effort to do good to our fellow-beings, is sure to bring happy results. Our duty and our field of action is here, among the sons and daughters of men. Let us seek to make each other happy, and the world better for our having lived in it." "Those lead the happiest and most peaceful lives who seek most to benefit those around them." Instead of dwelling in solitude upon the barren islands of egotism and selfishness, how much better and happier to organize, and all earnestly unite in efforts for the general good. Exchange the brazen trinkets of egotism and spleen for the golden chain of love. Let all help build each other up, instead of lying awake nights to devise missils and epistles to tear each other down.

Let us hav a live, working Liberal League in every place where there are five live, earnest, true Liberals, and let the desire of each and all be, "Who best can work; who best agree." We can then make our demands with power; for in union is strength—in efficient organization, assured victory.

Chas. B. Reynolds.

A Liberal for President.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* The several political parties hav nominated men whom they wish to see elected to fill the positions of president and vice-president of this grand and glorious republic. None of the parties, so far, hav seen fit to present a platform that we, as earnest Liberals, can conscientiously indorse and support. Therefore I would humbly suggest that when the next Liberal Congress meets in September, candidates be nominated to be voted for to fill the positions of president and vice-president of the United States. The time will surely come when there must be an entire separation of church and state; and why not try it now, when the country is in such a mixed condition, politically?

Seaver and Remsburg are the names I would suggest, both earnest workers, and both well known, representing the East and West, the old and young.

I would like to see action taken in regard to the matter, and I hope the delegates at the Convention will propose something of the sort.

Boston, Mass., Aug 10, 284. R. S. Sidelinger.

Mr. Charles Watts's Third Visit to America.

From "The Present Day," edited by George Jacob Holyoake.

On Wednesday, August 16th, Mr. Charles Watts was entertained at dinner at Anderton's Hotel, by various well-wishers, previous to his third visit to America. The editor of this journal occupied the chair by request. The company included Mr. Mead, tragedian; Mr. Barnes, artist; Mr. Hall, dramatist; Mr. Sadler, poet; Mr. Macdonald, literateur; Mr. Winks, political agent; Mr. Wade, and others.

The first toast given by what the Americans call "the chair," was, "The United States of America, and the Dominion of Canada—countries which, had our relations with them been dictated by the sentiments of the people, instead of the aristocracy, would be our welcome rivals in progress, and our allies in war."

The chairman said the object of the assembly was to wish their guest health, usefulness, and success in the larger England to which he was going. Mr. John Watts, whom many present knew, was several years connected with what was known as the Fleet Street House. He had ability, and clear discernment that things which related to this world were distinct from those which pertained to another. When his brother Charles, the guest of the evening, entered public life, he gave promis of like discernment and capacity. A few years ago he made a stand for quality, and taste, and separateness in Secular literature. Against my interest, I thought it my duty to take his side, by which I incurred the hostility of his adversaries, who were far more able to do me harm than he was to do me good, but it would not hav been a good sight that a young advocate should be seen standing up for the credit of Secular literature, and find himself friendless. But Freethought, like universal suffrage, does not necessarily bring wisdom with it all at once, though it affords a new means of acquiring it; and difference of opinion is sometimes treated, as Christians treat it, as a personal offense. But this should discourage no one, since variety of ideas is the attribute of Freethought, and difference of opinion, when well formed, is a new form of light, In the country to which Mr. Watts is going, he will find more varieties of view than exist among us; but utter diversity of view is compatible with unity and personal friendliness, provided independent thinkers make no dishonoring imputations against each other. It is owing to the acceptance of this rule that he, the chairman, was able to be present that night. The object of the *Secular Review*, of which Mr. Charles Watts afterward became the proprietor, was to maintain Secularism as a new form of Freethought, which should be self-dependent, not needing any theology as its basis. The Secular principle teaches that morality has the clearest sanctions in science and experience. If a man comes in personal contact with fire, his shriek is the confession of the error of his ways. There is no doubtful interpretation that burning is unpleasant; doctors, spiritual and medical, agree in its meaning. If a man falls into the water and cannot get out, he knows that the condition of things is unsatisfactory, without any revelation. All the prophets, and all the apostles, cannot make the thing clearer; nor can the reading of all the chapters in the Bible, nor all the collects in the prayer-book, save the man who is sinking. There must be secular help rendered to do that. Well, all departures from justice and truth in life are as capable of being shown to be fatal in their way, unless change of action takes place. We know, therefore, that human evil may be averted and mitigated by material means. Is there no pathos in the uses of science as the providence of life? What is there in the re-measurement of the ark, or in criticising the inevitable errors of humble, untaught Jewish fishermen, which can move the heart like the discovery that "each man, in his own hand, bears the means of canceling his own captivity," and that of others under evils otherwise absolute? This brings that intelligent "peace of mind" which is all the more widely attainable because it does *not* "pass understanding," and which never perishes while our days remain. If Mr. Watts will use his powers of public speech to report that there is a form of Freethought of this nature in England, he will make an addition to the knowledge of many whom he will address, without endangering that prosperity which his friends now wish him.

The vice-chairman, Mr. T. Mead, a valued friend of Mr. Watts, then spoke, who said a very long acquaintance with Mr. Watts had increased his regard for him, and the appreciation of his genial character in private, and what he considered his not inconsiderable public usefulness. He, Mr. Mead, had always found Mr. Watts on the side of progress, and though he had great ardor and eloquence, his obvious aim was to be just to those who differed from him in opinion.

Mr. W. F. Winks, son of the Rev. Mr. Winks, of Leicester, a Baptist minister of repute, with whom the chairman once held three nights' controversy, gave an anecdote of the regard in which his father held his old opponent. Referring to Mr. Watts, Mr. Winks said he had considerable knowledge of advocates, and he had very decided opinions of his own in matters political and social. What he admired in Mr. Watts was, that he had always been on the side of constructiv Secularism, and in the country to which he was going he would doubtless be a valued addition among public advocates, and would well earn the success they all wished him.

Mr. Hall gave a bright and amusing account of his platform encounters with Mr. Watts. Though not holding his opinions, he respected him very much for the unfailing temper with which he maintained them.

The chairman then gave the health of their guest, which was received with many demonstrations of regard and friendly wishes.

Mr. Charles Watts, in an animated and effectiv speech, acknowledged personally to each speaker the kindly words which had been said of him. He expressed his gratification that the chair was occupied by Mr. Holyoake. He said his brother John was trained in the school of Secularism, with which the chairman's name was identified, and his own constant desire was earnestness and sincerity should guide his public life, and that his advocacy should never be wanting in due consideration for the opinions of those who differed from himself. He had always been a partisan of that form of Freethought which meant practical improvement, and his aim was to expound that constructiv Secularism, which taught what was to be done, why it should be done, and how to do it.

Mr. T. Mead, in terms which we could not well report in these columns, proposed in grateful terms the health of the chairman, whom he said he had heard speak in Alison street, Birmingham, forty-five years ago. Mr. Sadler also spoke words which were a very pleasing tribute from a young man.

The chairman acknowledged the courtesy of the toast, and said those who knew him were aware that he always held that there could be no leadership among independent thinkers, save the leadership of ideas, and that gave a chance to all. He was glad when new men appeared in the field in which he had chosen himself to work, and the abler they were the better for the truth—if they had it. He charged Mr. Watts to convey from him a friendly message to the Freethought Convention, which he would attend in America next month.

Mr. Tovey, the secretary of the dinner, gave an agreeable account of the circumstances under which the meeting had originated, and reported two handsome gifts to the dinner and the guest from Mr. H. G. Atkinson, and Mr. Daniel Baker. Afterwards a remarkable recitation by Mr. Mead, and songs by Mr. Barnes and others concluded the four hours' entertainment to their guest, who will sail in the Gallia in a few days.

The Best Members are Driven Out of the Churches.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* A few years ago a young preacher was installed as pastor over the Congregational church of this village. Rev. J. K. Beecher, of Elmira, preached the installation sermon. In a conversation that I had with him after the meeting, I said to Mr. Beecher: "I hope this young man has some thought, and will be able to giv the people here some valuable ideas. For, although I am not a Christian or a believer in orthodoxy, I would like to attend church once in a while if we had some live man to talk to us Sundays." Beecher said: "I can assure you that you will be interested in the preaching of Mr. C. He is a live young man. Go and hear him." And I took Mr. Beecher's advice.

And I did find Mr. C. an earnest, bright, seemingly honest young man, desirous of learning what was true and just, and, so far as he was able, putting it into his Sunday sermons. Although, of course, having been graduated from an orthodox theological school, he said many things that were chaff to me, yet he put so much real wheat into it that I liked it, and I attended his church nearly every Sunday; and often Monday mornings he came into my office and we, in the most friendly manner, discussed his previous Sunday sermon. This young man soon became popular with the intelligent young people of the town, and the church seemed to prosper. But soon a few heresy hunters got after him, and he felt it his duty to leave the church and go to teaching. Since then the church here has had quite ordinary and quite orthodox preaching, and, of course, is very weak.

But a few months ago this church procured the services of quite an able and Liberal theological student from one of the theological schools to preach for a short time, on trial. He seemed to be, as I learned from those who heard him, an unusually able young man, and all were pleased with him. But now, as the saying is, "the fat is all in the fire," and the young man "must go," or has gone. It came about in this way: One of the most activ members in the church was a Mrs. B. She happens to be the neighbor of the writer, and we know her to be a very worthy woman in the capacity of wife and mother, a woman who we believe from day to day is trying as best she can to liv what she calls Christianity. But she is no hypocrit, and no bigot, and she thinks that it is good people, whatever their views may be, who are going to heaven, and that if there is a hell, a place of punishment in the next world, really bad people are the ones who will suffer there, and she does not believe there is any sin in honest doubt. This lady, as I before stated, was very activ in this church until now. I think she had the largest and most intelligent Sunday-school class in the church. And some time since she invited her Sunday-school class, this young clergyman, and a few other young people to her home for a social visit. And behold, they, the young people and the young minister, committed a heinous (?) crime while at her house. And what was it? They spent an hour or two in her private parlor dancing. And the good brothers and sisters of the church, whose limbs hav become too stiff for this kind of sport, were filled with indignation, and they soon made it very disagreeable for the young preacher and Mrs. B., the lady at whose house the great crime was committed. And the preacher left, and Mrs. B. has withdrawn from the church. And this Mrs. B., I am sure, was one of the best women in the church, and now she is driven out into the dark and beggarly elements of the world. So we see that always and everywhere the church drives out its best members, for the church is not a comfortable place for a really good person to remain in. A Freethinker.

Marriage—What Is It?

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* During the last few months, I hav read in The Truth Seeker and in other Liberal publications several articles bearing directly or indirectly upon the subject of marriage. All of these articles hav been ably written and hav contained some valuable truths. The writers, however, seem to be writing from entirely different standpoints of opinion in regard to what marriage *is*. They seem to be using entirely different weights, measures, and standards of comparison. The consequence is that they hav made no progress in determining the question of polygamy, or anything else involved in the discussion. They hav gone into the debate without first defining their terms. I now propose that each of them, and as many others as would like to participate in the discussion, giv us, in a concise form, his or her definition of marriage. When we hav arrived at an agreement as to what constitutes marriage, we can easily determin whether polygamy is or is not an admissible form of marriage.

There are only three possible sources from which marriage could hav been derived—only three possible bases upon which it could stand. These are god, man, nature. I say three sources—three bases. I do this, however, simply for the benefit of those persons who believe in the existence of gods. So far as Liberals are generally concerned, the gods might be omitted from the discussion.

If, however, marriage was derived from a god-source, and if it does rest upon god-authority, then from which god or which set of gods was it derived, what is the exact definition of it as given by this god or this set of gods, what rightful authority does this god or this set of gods hav over us here in America, and when did this god or this set of gods begin to be unable to run this institution without the aid of priests, of legislatures, etc.?

Again, if marriage was derived from a man-source, and if it does rest upon man-authority, then from what man, or what set of men, was it derived; what is the exact definition of it as given by this man, or this set of men, and what rightful authority does this man, or this set of men, hav over us here in America generally and in Utah particularly?

Finally, if marriage was, or rather is, derived from nature's eternal and unchangeable laws, and if it does rest upon the authority of these laws, from which none of us can escape, then what is its exact form as determined by these laws, and is polygamy clearly excluded by these laws?

In its social bearings, if not in its political bearings, also, this question of marriage is the most important one now before the American people. It is of special importance, too, to those who, like myself (let all marriageable women re-read the last two words), are candidates for election to the matrimonial office. When a few others hav given their definitions, I will venture to giv mine, though I am not at all sure that I know what marriage is.

John R. Kelso.

A Freethought Newsdealer and the Sunday Law.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* I inclose you three slips cut from our Nashville paper, the *Daily American*, which I desire you to read. Nashville becomes more and more an ungodly, priest-ridden town. The church party has control of this city. They passed a very stringent Sunday law about a year ago. Even the sale of a newspaper on Sunday was a violation. I was arrested on the first Sunday for selling a newspaper, so alleged; was fined five dollars and costs. I appealed to the Circuit Court. The case was there decided in my favor, and then the city appealed to the State Supreme Court, but this court is composed of a set of moral cowards, who were afraid of the church influence, and therefore rendered a decision in favor of the Sunday law.

Our fight had one advantage for our cause. Our enemies got scared and sort of modified the law, which givs only newsdealers and ice cream and fruit vendors and drug stores the right to sell on Sunday, while the other businesses must be closed at 10 o'clock A.M. on Sunday morning.

Now, our boys do enjoy themselvs on Sunday by baseball playing; hence the fight by these intolerant preachers, who are afraid that by these enjoyments their purse will lose a few nickels. The public in general would be with us if we only had one amongst us to take up the cudgel and giv the religious people some good licks in a true sledge-hammer style. I desire you to send me immediately all pamphlets pertaining to the Sunday law question, and if you hav some articles in THE TRUTH SEEKER, send me the respectiv numbers of those old TRUTH SEEKERS. I desire to collect all necessary material to enable me stand successfully a newspaper controversy. Something has to be done. If you could spare some time and devote a small space of your valuable paper to this question, you would receive the heartfelt thanks of all our Infidel friends here. F. PFISTER.

Nashville, Tenn.

Thought.

The watchword of the day is progression; and not only of to-day, but since time began. Each cycle has been stamped with evidence that evolution, that great power which men call God, was bringing the world up and out of the chaos and darkness of its earlier conditions.

In all ages man has recognized a power which governed the world, and in his ignorance and fear has invested that power with supernatural attributes. And in all ages hav there been those who hav assumed unto themselvs authority over the people, claiming that they were the agents of that power, commissioned by it to enforce what they claimed to be its wishes or commands. And through their love of power and greed they hav held the masses in the bondage of fear, ignorance, and superstition, and like an iron rod the church has held that power over the people, fattening upon their poverty, and fighting the God they claimed to worship.

Evolution rolls on. 'Tis only man that suffers, and through that suffering does he learn wisdom. Necessity is the propelling power which develops thought and brings into activity the dormant powers, through which he is enabled to throw off the conditions which bind and enslave both mind and body in the superstitious thraldom of the church.

'Tis thought, that unseen lever, which is potent to overturn the religious systems and the empires of the world; time and thought, working hand in hand, are destined to bring the world up and out of the superstitions and bondage of the past into the glorious light of liberty, reason, and science. Thought is the great highway of progression, and the great crime of the church is that it has suppressed thought, that liberty of conscience has been denied to man, and pope and priest hav arrogated to themselvs the right to do the thinking for the world. But the day of myths and superstition is past, and though the priest may mumble o'er his creeds and strive with all his might to sustain his tottering altar, the battering rams of truth are leveled against its walls, and with every blow science casts her rays across the darkness, and time only is needed to complete the work; and as the darkness of the past givs place to the glorious light of reason, and man is enabled to think for himself, he does not fear to stand face to face with truth, seeking to know that which he has been taught were the mysteries which were not for man to know; he has learned that these mysteries were but the blind with which the church has sought to hide from him the key to the great storehouse of knowledge which science is throwing open to the world, and from whose inexhaustible supplies the world can forever draw.

But the church is not the only foe to progression which thought has to wage war against. Kingcraft, an outgrowth of priestcraft, has to be driven from the world, and its foster child, monopoly, which is only kingcraft in embryo; but thought and time will accomplish this. For as the mind expands and is capable of new thought, the avenue by which the people can be liberated from the thraldom of the money kings of the world will be opened. Thought is to take the place of war, and arbitration will be the potent power which shall bring the world into a condition where war shall be unknown.

The evils which exist in the United States to-day are the results of conditions through which the government has been passing. Time will bring change. The great heart of this nation is true and loyal to the government, and it will see to it that the government is loyal to the people. The stars and stripes do not float over a nation of slaves, but in everyone's breast throbs a heart that will stand by his country, his liberties, and his rights. The government of the United States was not formed in the interests of any party, but for the people. Evolution is still at work. Order will take the place of this chaos of political strife, and a party of the people, and a government of the people, in which the rights of the people will be recognized, is in the near future. An old hymn reads:

> "God moves in a mysterious way
> His wonders to perform;
> He plants his footsteps on the sea,
> And rides upon the storm."

And from out of this storm of party politics and struggle for power, the right will come uppermost. The rights of man shall yet be recognized, and the stars and stripes shall float over a nation of free men and free women. MRS. J. L. YORK.

San Jose, Cal., Aug. 12, 284.

Red-hot Politics, and How to Vote.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* In THE TRUTH SEEKER of August the 16th is an article from Mr. J. G. Malcolm on the tariff question, which deserves to be carefully read and studied. It ought to be an eye-opener to many protectionists—of manufacturers, not of home laborers, for these are not protected, but deluded thereby; as immigration is not restricted, the Chinese excepted lately.

Protection is an artificial help. Like a stimulant to a sick person, it is not natural, and will not do in the long run; but the "protected" come never to the time or end to giv it up willingly, and as they are in power, will of course try to keep it. No matter how much profit the protected make, they will never pay any more, for all that, to their laborers than starvation wages.

Now a little red-hot politics. I was an Abolitionist before there was a Republican party of high principles, and when this party was born voted for its ticket when yet in the minority, but since the war has closed it has become a party for thieves and plunderers, at least as bad as, if not worse than, the Democratic ever was. It is a party to enrich the rich manufacturer, the bank and railroad corporations, with presents and privileges, and put the taxes mostly on the laborers and the middle class. Mr. Malcolm's land tax, as proposed, would be just and right; but besides that there should be a graduated income tax. To every thousand dollars income add one per cent up to ninety or ninety-five per cent. Such a tax would hurt no one, except those overgrown rich, which are most always a curse to a country, seldom a blessing. Let the capital pay the taxes, and not the families, as it is the case now.

National banks ought never to hav been allowed *double* interest on nine-tenths of their capital.

Why does the government keep for years about one hundred and fifty millions stored up in the treasury and hav it watched, while it has to pay interest on its debts, and when its income since the war has closed always was larger than its expenses? Is there a sane individual who owns, say $20,000, and pays interest on it, and will carry around or keep hidden in the house $2,000?

What business has this Republican party government to make itself the keeper and watchman of the rich man's money, to store his gold and watch it, and for his convenience giv him certificates. Does this good (?) government take care of the poor man's savings? By no means.

Turn the rascals out! Any party long in office will deteriorate, and should be changed from time to time. No better time will ever come than now to punish the Republican party for its sins by turning it out, to improve it thereby, if it is possible. The Democratic candidate is a man of unblemished honesty, to the contrast of the Republican candidate, who, as is proven, has enriched himself by the aid of his high office. I hav no love for the Democratic party, but when the Republican party followed other leaders than Sumner and Greeley it went to the bad.

No Abolitionist, nor any knowing, sensible man, will admit that the Republicans hav given to the blacks the vote for justice's sake. No, it was simply done for policy's sake, to make the blacks followers to the Republicans, to keep themselvs thereby in office and power.

Turn these rascals out. FREDK. KOEZLY.

New York, Aug. 22, 1884.

The Rev. John Jasper's Rival.

From the Axtell, Kan., Anchor.

When the Rev. Jasper, the somewhat noted colored preacher of Richmond, Va., raised his voice and said: "Bredren, you gets up in de mornin' and sees de sun in de east, and in de ebenin' you sees it in de west—I tell you, bredren, de sun do move,' he was given credit for having some originality, but we did not know that he had any disciples until last Thursday evening. The Hon. John E. Remsburg, after delivering an eloquent lecture on "False Claims," invited discussion, and one of our local divinities accepted the invitation. In course of his remarks he brought down his digit with terrific force on the Bible, and made the somewhat peculiar statement that the world was flat. The audience was slightly taken aback at his utterance; the house came down.

We believe this man should be pulled off the track. Mr. Remsburg is a Freethinker, but an intelligent man, and to hav a champion of religion get up in an argument and make the statement that "the world is flat" does not help the case one bit. To use the language of one of our citizens, "Christianity was indeed murdered in the house of its friends last Thursday night." The public schools of Axtell still stick to the old version.

Obituary.

Harvy Roser, near Portland, Jay Co., Ind., died of consumption, August 1, 1884, aged twenty-three years and one month. His illness, which he bore patiently, lasted eighteen months. He was a young man of more than ordinary intelligence, and was respected by all who knew him; a Liberalist in the full sense of the word, and died maintaining that belief, though his Christian friends made every effort to induce him to abandon his belief for that of orthodoxy; but he gave them no encouragement. He was satisfied with Liberalism.

W. F. JAMIESON gave a funeral discourse at Currie, Minn., on Sunday, Aug. 24, to a church full of people, over the remains of Selden Shepard, son of Dr. Shepard, formerly residing near Bay City, Mich.

A Slander Nailed.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* In his communication to THE TRUTH SEEKER last week, Mr. Stephen Pearl Andrews characterizes Auguste Comte as a "comprehensiv agglomerativ conceptualist," and intimates that Mr. Herbert Spencer is no better. The charge furnishes ground for an actionable cause against the publishers. So far as is known, the character of Mr. Spencer's mother was above reproach. Let the politicians hav the monopoly of scandal.

A SPENCERIAN POSITIVIST.

Washington, Aug. 30, 1884.

Poetic but Profane.

After a bee stings once, the naturalist
Says it dies.
The Spiritualist says there is no death.
Now, who lies?
If there is no death, then nature's law
Should be amended,
To kill that cursed busy bee
That hath offended.
Alas! 'tis sad to learn such things
Soar up to heaven on whistling wings,
And dwell in summer-land,
With their damned stings.

NELSON HUNT.

Stray Scraps.

A BOSTON clergyman states he feels that, as a minister of the gospel, he cannot indorse or vote for Mr. Cleveland, since having discovered his deflexion. Why not? His God is the reputed father of a child who was not the son of its mother's husband, and this child is the *quasi* founder of this gospel of which he is the minister.

SAID Senator Hoar at Concord, Mass., July 24th, at a meeting of the Republicans, quoting from James Russell Lowell's Bigelow papers: "The right to be a cursed fool is human. It's common, as a general rule, of every man who is born of woman." Then it is not common with men who are not born of woman, those who are born of horses, monkeys, dogs, cats, etc.? How is that for the Bible, the author of the Bigelow papers, and Senator Hoar for sound statement? And yet when our distinguished senator uttered the foolish scriptural aphorism he was greeted with "great laughter and applause."

A MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.—William Strange, one of the members of the Bicycle Club of Brockton, had a miraculous escape from instant death Friday morning. He was walking along the tracks of the Old Colony Railroad near Soule's lumber-yard when he was struck by the Woods Hall express, commonly known as the "Flying Dude," and was thrown twenty feet into the air. He landed by the side of the track, and when picked up he was found to be unhurt, barring a severe shaking up and a few bruises. The "Flying Dude" was making forty-five miles per hour when it struck Strange.—*Boston Journal.* Is it not about time that such statements came to an end in our respectable dailies? I hav seven by me equally ridiculous. If God was intending to work a miracle, why did he hav the car strike Strange at all, and throw him twenty feet into the air? Had he been suspended in the air a few feet, in the sight of all, directly over the car, and there remained until the train had passed, or been set out by the roadside while the "Flying Dude" was making forty-five miles per hour, and then set back again, there might be some reason in labeling it a "miraculous escape." A sham miracle that, when some one escapes an accident every day, and some one is killed every day, and no God interferes! Hav done, Messrs. Editors, with such folly, or admit that you can swallow Jonah, the whale, the sea, and all that in it is.

AT the New England Assembly, Framingham, Mass., July 23d, Mr. Yan Phow Lee, one of the Chinese students called home by the government two years ago, but who is now released from his vassalage to the empire and has re-entered school at New Haven, first spoke on the difference between the family disciplin of this land and his own—"the former were very severe in case of accident or disobedience. He wished he had the privilege of kissing all the little girls before him." No doubt, no doubt. We see Mr. Y. P. Lee is fast becoming Christianized by his clerical teachers (who shall say civilized?), when he selected, from the thousands of Sunday-school victims, "*all* the little girls" to kiss, and "nary" boy. And yet his amatory wish was greeted with laughter by the holy crowd of shepards and saints. Ram Chandra Bose spoke of his once being an idolater, worshiping the monkey, etc., and told his Chinese brother that the life of females in his country would exclude him effectually from his coveted osculatory gratifications, as marriage occurred before birth often, and always before nine years of age. And yet these Chinese clericals are instructing the *elite* of Boston in the way to Zion with their faces turned thitherwards. The conference on the evening of the same day discussed, "Bringing Children to Christian Decision." Mothers, keep watch of these holy kissers, whether Chinese or American, if you wish to preserve those little girls pure and unspotted from priestocracy.

Barre, Mass., Aug. 22, 284. ELLA E. GIBSON.

Communications.

An Idle Day.

DEAR GENE: You will remember that when I stated to Mr. Somerby my intention of going on a vacation by sea and land, he interposed the objection that I would not be admitted aboard any boat that sailed from New York. He thought I looked too much like a Jonah. With his words in my mind, it was not without some misgivings that on July 23d I applied at the office of the New York and Portland Steamship line for a ticket on board the Franconia for the latter place. But I passed in the fare to the clerk, accompanied by my card, and after an elaborate survey of both, he handed me a ticket on which the number of my berth was written and my name painfully misspelled. So far, thought I, Somerby was wrong.

Later on it began to look as though our business manager had made a close guess. In less than thirty minutes after leaving the wharf we bumped into the Sound steamer Rhode Island. She was sound no longer. We carried away the rail on her starboard quarter abaft the wheel. I don't vouch for the maritim architecture of that sentence, but if it is incorrect you know enough about repairing accidents to splice it. As for ourselvs, the projecting prow of our boat was broken off and far around with fragments strewed the sea. Down went the anchor, the cable hustling out through the iron-rimmed hole at great speed, and with a noise like that made by a train of cars. When it had been ascertained that the sailing qualities of our boat had not been impaired, the chain hustled back again, winding itself about a capstan which the crew revolved by means of handspikes. I noticed that the exercise of turning the capstan fast enough to take in the slack of the cable as it pushed itself out of the water caused the men to perspire and swear freely. When the anchor had climbed aboard, we resumed our course, and as we pushed our battered nose along up the East River we were the object of general interest and remark. The accident was due to the carelessness of the captain of the other boat. The only regret expressed aboard our vessel was that we had no bowsprit. In that case we would hav "lifted the whole saloon off the Rhode Island."

The excitement caused by the collision had scarcely been got under control when the windiest shower I ever experienced came down out of the northeast. Chairs and stools moved hastily across the deck and brought up against the lee rail. The awning snapped and flapped, and broke a stanchion or two before the crew could take it in. A large number of the passengers soon sought their staterooms to be alone. I hung to the rail in a sheltered place on the lower deck, and watched the elements, and thought again of Somerby's prediction and of the luckless man who journeyed long ago from Joppa to Tarshish. I would not, like him, go to sleep in the stern of the vessel, for, by a strange coincidence, the stateroom assigned to me was farther aft than any of the others. The rain soon ceased, and off to leeward I noticed that a whale was blowing water up into the air. Occasionally he threw a portion of his black and shining carcass above the surface of the water, and fluked his tail in a vicious manner that I did not like. His eye, if my imagination caught its expression aright, had a wicked gleam and was turned toward me. The parallel between my case and Jonah's seemed to grow more striking. I looked into the mess room. The crew were talking about something, but the purport of their conversation I could not catch. I glanced at the interior of the cabin. An old Scotchman had brought the Bible up close to the window to catch the last light of the fading day, and at the head of the page where he had opened the book I beheld the word "JONAH." That appeared to settle it. Somerby's reputation as a prophet was vindicated, and I could only await the last act which should fulfil his dire prediction. Resolved to await it patiently, I entered the cabin, sat down at the table, and proposed a game of eucher to a man who, I afterwards found out, was a Methodist minister. The scheme did not work. He was engaged in committing to paper some illustrations which he had drawn from recent events, namely, that we should be constantly prepared to die, in anticipation of collisions and storms; but, in case we were suffered to survive such adversities, we should submit to the divine will and patiently and cheerfully continue to liv. Such resignation impressed me deeply, and, so impressed, I hunted up my berth and slept soundly until the breakfast bell rang. The storm had by that time abated, no leviathan was to be seen, the old Scotchman was seasick in his berth, and I had missed the chance to spend three days sitting on the back tooth of a whale, looking out for land. It doesn't follow because a man can buy paper close and work up the book trade, that he is necessarily a prophet.

Now that I hav demonstrated the truth that the language of prophecy must not be pressed too closely, I would like to go back and bring up another chapter in my experience. When I went aboard the Franconia, the first person to attract my attention was a rather short and rotund gentleman sitting in the after part of the boat. He was regaling his mind on a copy of *Harper's Weekly*, and extracting material encouragement from a lunch-bag which lay on the seat beside him. I took his dimensions mentally according to my best judgment, and catalogued him as either a dynamiter or a clergyman. I thought he might be the former because he had such a guileless and inoffensiv look about him. In that regard, as well as in general make-up, he strikingly resembled the Anarchist, Henry Appleton. He had also, as I learned when he inquired the time of day, the full voice and distinct articulation peculiar to men accustomed to public speaking. But added to all, he bore a look of sanctimony mingled with good nature that made me incline toward the ministerial theory. His mouth was alternately pursed in deep reflection or broadened in a smile. We made ourselvs neighbors without much formality, and maintained a conversation on casual topics until we began passing through the quick water of Hell-Gate, when my new acquaintance inquired if that was not "Hurl-Gate." After that I knew he was a preacher, and put the question to him direct. He acknowledged modestly that it was his blessed prerogativ to break the bread of everlasting existence to a congregation of Methodists in Blairstown, New Jersey. I gave him my name and occupation, together with a copy of the *Christian Advocate* and Boston *Investigator*, which I chanced to hav in my pocket. He read the *Advocate* attentivly, but handed the *Investigator* back to me with a thoughtful countenance and a sad shake of the head.

Another thing happened which would hav convinced me that this man was a clergyman, even if I had had no other source of information. When the shower came up of which I hav spoken, there were several young and interesting ladies occupying the upper deck. I gained the lower deck in advance of these, and was standing near the companion-way when they attempted to descend. The stairs were steep and narrow, and an ill-mannered and audacious wind blew the drapery of the ladies about in such a manner that both hands were needed to keep it properly adjusted. Their descent was therefore attended with some embarrassments. I was about to step forward with what grace I could command to help the girls down, when something swept past me with a rush as though borne on the wings of the blast. It was the minister; and in less time than it takes me to write these words, or you to read them, each individual female had slid through his hands and was in the cabin. I bear him no grudge, for my chagrin at being relieved of so pleasant a duty was altogether swallowed up in admiration of his monumental nerve.

Next day the parson and I met again upon deck. The sun was sparkling upon the water of the Atlantic, the breeze just fresh enough to cool the air, and the ship rolled easily with the slight swell. Under these softening influences I wondered how any man could keep his mind strung up to the rigidity of Methodism. I looked compassionately upon my reverend companion, and tried to think scarcely less of him because he believed in everlasting fire and worms. I argued with myself that I would avoid a discussion of religion with him, and would speak kindly to the erring. Perhaps unkindness made him so. But the conflict was inevitable, in spite of my endeavors to avert it. I don't know what opened the ball. I can only remember that before I was aware of it he was talking to me of the peace that passeth understanding, the glory of God, the truths of the gospel, and so forth, and I was firing back at him questions that he could not answer, with a directness that he could not ignore. I had not read Col. Kelso's "Bible Analyzed" for nothing. When he finally made the remark, "Great is the mystery of godliness," I concluded that I might rest the matter there. That is the dodge-corner of the believer. You cannot drive him out of it, and if you press him hard he loses his temper. So we drifted away to other topics; talked some of philosophy, of poetry, and of personal experience. In the first we were tyros, in the second both could quote the same passages, while in reminiscence and rare anecdote I readily yielded him the palm. He told me stories of temptation resisted and unresisted; how sometimes a brother clergyman fled from the Delilah, and how at other times he did not, until I began to believe that the life of a preacher held out some substantial allurements after all. Then he turned to the trials that beset the man of God—the difficulties, for instance, of writing a weekly sermon. Congregations, he said, were often cold and unsympathetic, and could not appreciate a good sermon if they were so fortunate as to hear one. Before such assemblages of people he had worked himself into a perspiration and shouted himself hoarse over the sins of the world. But no response came, and he would leave off where he began. With the remark from him that there wasn't difference enough between us to quarrel over, I bade the Rev. Mr. Conklin good-night.

I parted from this gentleman at Portland, Me., with considerable regret. He invited me to visit his town and attend his church, and I told him we would be glad to see him at THE TRUTH SEEKER office whenever he chanced to visit New York. He took a boat for Orr's Island, and I wandered about the depot waiting for the train which should carry me away to the Aroostook.

I hav spoken of an old Scotchman whom I saw reading the story of Jonah aboard the boat. At the depot in Portland I found him seated upon his valise with the book of Psalms in his hand. He recognized me, and placed himself under my guidance. He was bound for some point in the province of New Brunswick, and our route would be the same for a long distance. We took a short walk together through the elm-shaded streets of the city. Before we had proceeded a hundred rods he stopped short and inquired,

"Young man, may I ask what place of worhip you attend when at home?"

Now, I had had enough of religious discussion in the company of the Rev. Mr. Conklin. I was more interested in looking at Portland. I was willing the old gentleman should make use of me as a guide and interrogation point, but if I must purchase his society at the price of a theological debate, then I should hav to try and struggle through without it. So I told him that I didn't worship. I didn't like to break the Sabbath day by going to church. I further informed him that I was a member of the Freethinkers' Association, believed Ingersoll to be doing the greatest work of any man on earth, living or dead, and wound up by giving him a card bearing my name and calling. I thought perhaps that would paralyze him and he would go back to the depot and wait for the train alone while I explored the city. But it wasn't his day for going back. He made me his confidant right away, stated the condition of his soul toward God, and wanted to know if I thought he stood right with the master. I assured him that in my judgment he was solid with Saint Peter, and would undoubtedly be furnished with an expensiv harp. He drew considerable consolation from my assurance; but wished I could also be brought to enjoy the comforts of his religion. I could not see that he was any more comfortable than myself, and his soul worried him more in a minute than mine had troubled me all my life. On the cars this man talked me to sleep, still harping on the same old string. There ought to be some remedy for this sort of religious persecution. No person is safe from it. I could enjoy talking with the minister, because he was a man of intelligence and thought, but this Scotchman is dogma personified, and religion has only furnished him with the capacity to become a bore.

Portland is the first city I had ever seen flourishing under the prohibitory law. There has been so much discussion of prohibition in THE TRUTH SEEKER that I took great interest in it. The steamer Franconia I had found to be manned by men from Maine, and all were prohibitionists from the deck up. The steward regarded the liquor question as something slightly more important than that of human slavery, and rum-selling was in his judgment a capital offense. I tried to discuss the matter with him from that point of view, and inquired as to the workings of the prohibitory law in his nativ state. He acknowledged that it did not prevent the surreptitious, or even open, sale of ardent spirits, but jumped at me with the proposition that under the present law Maine has fewer lunatics in her asylums, according to her population, than New York, and demanded peremptorily that I should furnish an explanation for that alleged fact. Now, I hav no prejudice against the prohibition of liquor-selling; I believe it would be a good thing; but the man was so arrogant that I found he could not be reasoned with, and I closed the discussion with the remark that the emptiness of Maine's asylums might possibly be in some measure accounted for by the fact that all her lunatics were not shut up.

Near to the wharf where the boat landed its passengers is a place that looks like an express office. I entered it in search of a time-table. Back of a low partition was a room with a bar running across one side of it, behind which stood a man smoking a short clay pipe. In answer to the jocose inquiry if he sold whisky, to my astonishment he set a bottle and glass upon the counter. I tested the contents of the bottle by the sense of smell; it was whisky, but more abominable smelling stuff never saluted my nostrils. I told the man that was rotgut, and he laughed sardonically. Between that place and the Maine Central depot whisky shops are conspicuous; and, standing upon the steps of the station, one can count no less than half a dozen places where, unless they hav some innocuous liquid that much resembles whisky in smell and color, ardent spirits can be obtained. I learned that, as election time approaches, no officer of the law who hopes to be again called to serve the people will endanger his prospects by meddling with a saloon keeper. The sympathy of the mass of voters is not with him. The result is that drinkers can get all the liquor they want by paying for it; but the remark of Artemas Ward applies here, that "the liquor is not so good in temperance hotels as it is in other hotels." The *modus operandi* of drinking in a hotel is something like this: Two men approach a tavern-keeper, and one inquires if he sells liquor. The reply is in the negativ. He then leads the way to a private

room, takes a jug out of a trunk, and pours some of its contents into a pitcher, which he sets before his guests. The men turn out their dose, the landlord places them back to back, and in that position they raise their glasses and empty them. Neither has seen the other drink, but each is pretty confident that the other has just turned into his interior a dose of something that he would be better off without. They tell of a man here who manufactured a barrel of liquor according to a recipe which he had read. Turpentine was among the ingredients. Fortunately he never sold it. He drank the first dram himself, and it killed him.

I spent five hours looking about Portland. It is mainly made up of dwelling-houses. What occupation the people follow as a general thing I could not determin; there certainly are not manufactories enough to keep them busy. Fishing, clam-digging, and carting about cedar shingles were the most prominent industries I observed. At Portland I bought a ticket for Houlton, Aroostook Co., Maine, concerning which place and vicinage I will discourse next week. Your affectionate brother,

GEORGE MACDONALD.

More Politics.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I am pleased to see that you are a good enough Liberal to giv your patrons a hearing on the seemingly complicated political situation. But for myself, speaking from a genuin Liberal standpoint, I assert that there is nothing "complicated" about it at all. But a majority of your correspondents on this question seem to be in great trouble as to what is best to do in the coming contest. Now, this is the biggest conundrum that I hav had to wrestle with in this year of grace, 1884; and why? Because, after a true Liberal, who knows anything about the history of the parties in the field, has read their platforms, I think there should be no cause for hesitation, as there is only one thing that he can consistently do, and that is to vote for Butler. "And why Butler?" methinks I hear some one say. Because his official record is clean, and the only one that challenges investigation of his official action, and he stands on and indorses the only platform that contains any progressiv principles. Such being the case, I pity any Liberal who cannot see his way clearly, for he is a blind adherent to partyism, and all that that implies. Every intelligent Liberal knows that the two old parties hav outlived their usefulness—one livs on tradition, the other on dead issues and pretense. They were called into existence to perform a certain work. That being accomplished, they obstinately refuse to recognize the demands of the present. While we do not claim that the National platform covers the whole demands of Liberalism, we do claim that, either directly or indirectly, it meets a very large portion of them, because its sole aim and object is to establish that equality between the people under this government designed by its founders, and upon which its permanency absolutely depends, or history is a gigantic lie. And this means a more just distribution of the products of labor, which means more home comforts and a higher culture and development of brains for the laborer and his children. And hence he becomes less and less the tool of politician and priest.

In conclusion, I would earnestly make two suggestions. One is that you, Mr. Editor (if you deem it compatible with the best interests of your paper), publish in THE TRUTH SEEKER the platforms of the four parties now in the field. The other is that not only should every Liberal procure and read Gen. Butler's ringing address which appears in this morning's papers, but that every Liberal League hav it read in their meetings and discussed. I believe in getting all we can and developing our forces to the end that we may obtain more. JOHN WARR.

Paterson, N. J., Aug. 19, 1884.

To the Liberals' and Freethinkers' Conventions of 1884.

Will these conventions please to widen their program and recognize that there is a landlord, monopolizing, and also an office-holding priesthood, as well as a religious one, that hav been and are still cursing mankind throughout all ages? The landlording priesthood has been and is still rapidly monopolizing nearly all the soil, and reducing the laboring masses to a helpless state of tenure, hireling slavery, and pauperism, by a rentage exceeding the power of the whole business of society to pay. Both the hereditary and the elected office-holding priesthood, headed by kings, presidents, governors, and legislativ oligarchies, believed by the ignorant to represent the liberty, interest, and happiness of the whole people, are taxing them to the amount of half their labor, while the landlords lay the whole tax upon their tenants and extort nearly all the other half of their labor for themselvs; while these so-called rulers appropriate to themselvs, unchecked, enormous salaries, with the expenses of wars made by themselvs, and which the destitute people hav to fight. And yet, there is still a masculin priesthood that has enslaved womankind equally long that must be reformed.

Now, it is only a narrowness of view that prevents the mind from grasping at the reforming of all these priesthoods at once. I make the same attempt to instruct these conventions that I did last year to instruct our so-called land-reformers in that body, that it is the great quantity of land and ruling power that the aristocracies of Europe hav entailed upon themselvs that hav produced such a hell there, and not the righteous and inalienable right and title of entailment. For if a separate, equal, and perpetual share of the soil were entailed upon every human being as their natural right, with the privilege only of each sex exchanging them with each other, but never to be alienated by sale or debt of any kind, none would ever be without a home, the power of employment, and the means of a living.

I endeavored to call the attention of the congress to the ease with which we could, as nearly all the land in the United States is now surveyed into townships and sections, locate homesteads by entailing a certain quantity of the lands of all the present and future owners, so that all could organize by townships and vote direct for law, instead of candidates, throughout every state; rule themselvs by townships, and thus begin in the United States the last form of society, that of an inalienable farmstead self-governing democracy, thus establishing the true system of the moral world, which has been delayed four centuries longer than the true system of the physical world, by Copernicus, in consequence of all its institutions becoming founded upon erroneous principles.

But congressmen can appreciate their salaries far more than these thorough principles of a true form of society. They cannot soar over an earth converted into a landscape of farmsteads and parks combined, surrounded with forest trees on their boundaries; with fruit trees next; with cereal and vegetable fields and lake in the center; and with barn, wind mill, and electric mill combined to grind fibrous plants, fruits, cereals, and the electric light and fire for the neighboring dwellings. LEWIS MASQUERIER.

Christ Not Crucified Under Pontius Pilate.

It is now easy to account for the bewilderment of all who hav undertaken to write the history of primitiv Christianity. From Eusebius down to Renan they hav been hoodwinked by the false accounts of Christ crucified under Pontius Pilate. The fact that a Jesus was stoned and hanged for sorcery in Judea about 75 B.C. was scarcely known even to learned Jews when gentile pens fabricated the gospels that now survive, describing the event as happening a hundred years later. It was an audacious and a clumsy fraud, but in an uncritical age it was successful. The contradictions of the gospel writers are fatal to the historical truth of the story; and in some of the narrativs that were extant in the time of Eusebius there was a fatal blunder in regard to the year of the crucifixion. Pilate was appointed procurator in the twelfth year of Tiberius, which was A.D. 25 or 26. This Eusebius proves by Josephus, and then remarks:

"Hence the fraud of those persons is plainly proved, who *lately, and at other times*, hav given currency to certain *spurious acts against our savior*, in which *the very time of the date proves the falsehood of the inventors*. For in the fourth consulship of Tiberius, which was the seventh year of his reign [A.D. 20-21] those things are said to hav occurred, which they hav dared to say respecting his salutary suffering [*i. e.* crucifixion]. At which time indeed it is plain that *Pilate was not yet appointed* over Judea, if Josephus is to be credited, who plainly says, in the work already cited [Ant. xviii, 2, §2, and 4, §2] that Pilate was appointed procurator of Judea by Tiberius, in the twelfth year of his reign" (Eus. i, 9).

Thus it appears that as late as the fourth century there were those who alleged that Christ was crucified A.D. 21.

Eusebius is very indignant at these propagators of falsehood, and finds it as easy to upset their chronology as the "Man of Sin" does to detect the false chronology of Luke, which the first church historian accepts without question. For example, take the very next chapter of Eusebius: Following the text of Luke, he says that in the fifteenth year of Tiberius, which was the fourth year of Pilate, Jesus Christ was in his thirtieth year. That is to say, he was twenty-nine years old A.D. 29. But what Christian authority now holds that Jesus was only twenty-nine in that year? They are all compelled to admit that he was born at least four if not seven years before the Christian era.

But not only was Eusebius hoodwinked by fabricated gospels; he was deceived by forgeries interpolated in Josephus. He devotes a chapter to "The Testimonies respecting John the Baptist and Christ," in which he quotes the spurious passages in Josephus concerning John and Jesus—passages which were admitted to be forgeries by David Blondel, a French Protestant divine who lived a hundred years before Dr. Lardner. Having adduced these forged testimonies, the pious historian waxes wroth again at the propagators of "spurious acts against our savior," denouncing them in this manner:

"When such testimony as this is transmitted to us by a historian who sprung from the Hebrews themselvs, both respecting John the Baptist and our savior, what subterfuge can be left to prevent those from being convicted destitute of all shame, who hav forged the acts against them?" (Eus. i, 11.)

Some hav suspected that Eusebius forged the passage in Josephus concerning Christ. But as the earlier interpolation about John the Baptist was quoted (though erroneously) by Origen a hundred years before, Eusebius, perhaps, was not cognizant of the later interpolation of the passage concerning Christ.

The attempt to fix either the year or the day of the alleged crucifixion has always failed; the problem remains unsolved. In the early part of 1882 a Mr. W. T. Lyman wrote as follows to the *London Standard*:

"The old idea that our Lord's passion and resurrection occurred A.D. 33 (given in most Bibles which hav dates in the margins), was founded on the traditional belief that he was about 33 years on earth. . . . The only real doubt about the date of the resurrection is whether it was A.D. 29 or 30. Now astronomy tells us that the full moon, which would be Paschal in the former year, fell on Saturday, April 16th, which is inconsistent with the circumstances narrated. But in A.D. 30 that full moon was on Thursday, April 6th, on which day the Passover meal was eaten [at evening], and our Lord suffered the next day (in our reckoning [but] the same day in the Jewish), on which other observances connected with the Passover were still to be kept. This, then, I hav little doubt, was the true year; and if so, of course the first Easter was on April 9th, on which day we shall this year celebrate its anniversary."

Another theologian, Justice Joseph P. Bradley, of the Supreme Court of the United States, has undertaken to solve the problem, and he figures out the same result as Mr. Lynn did before him. His honor says:

"There were only three years from A.D. 27 to A.D. 35 inclusiv in which the 1st of Nisan, and consequently the 15th of Nisan, happened on Friday, and these were A.D. 27, 30, and 33, the last of which is very doubtful. But the crucifixion could not hav happened before A.D. 28, and probably not later than A.D. 31. Therefore, the year 30 is the only one which satisfies all the conditions of the problem. It does satisfy them, because it givs opportunity for Jesus to teach publicly for about three years, and to attend three Passovers during his ministry; or four, according as it commenced before or after April 3, A.D. 27. Now, since in A.D. 30 the 1st of Nisan fell on Friday, the 24th of March, the 15th fell on Friday, the 7th of April, which was the day of the crucifixion."

We now quote McClintock and Strong's Cyclopedia on the same question:

"The results of strict lunar calculation indicate *only one of the six years mentioned* [form A.D. 28 to 33 inclusiv], viz, A.D. 29, in which the 14 Nisan was the *18th of March and Friday*. If a certain laxity as to the rule be allowed, a 14th Nisan may *possibly* hav fallen on the 3d of April, Friday, in A.D. 33. But if in compliance with the apparent import of the first three gospels, without explanation from the fourth, it is contended that the crucifixion took place on the day after [!] the Passover, the year may hav been A.D. 30, in which the 15th Nisan fell on Friday, 7th April; or A.D. 33, in which it was (in strictness) Friday, 3d April" (Art. Chronology).

This writer differs from the other two when he says that the 14th of Nisan was the Passover day, unless he means by the 14th the beginning of the Jewish 15th at sunset. He also contradicts them in saying that the 15th of Nisan, A.D. 30, was the day *after* the Passover. The 14th was only the preparation. At sunset, when the 15th of Nisan began, the lamb was roasted and eaten; the next day, *i. e.* the 15th, was the holy convocation (see Smith's Bib. Dic). But the three calculators agree that the 15th of Nisan, A.D. 30, was Friday, April 7th, as it certainly was, for the full moon fell on that day. It is also true that March 18, A.D. 29, was Friday, but it could not hav been the 15th of Nisan, because the Jewish Passover never occurs before March 26th. Therefore *Christ was not crucified on a Passover Friday* A.D. 29.

Nevertheless, that was the year fixed by the early fathers. Clement of Alexandria positivly affirms that Jesus suffered in the fifteenth year of Tiberius (A.D. 29); and Tertullian fixes the day March 25th (Misc I. To the Jews, 8). The ancient Syriac documents discovered in 1841-7 place the crucifixion in the same year (Ante-Nicene Lib.). The early fathers were therefore consistent in limiting the ministry of Christ to one year. Irenæus, however, insisted that it must hav been at least twenty years, and that Jesus lived to be an old man (Heres. ii, 22, §4, 5). Hippolytus, a disciple of Irenæus, repeated substantially the same strange blunder (Refut. x, 29). Both accepted the four gospels as authority, and believed that Christ was crucified under Pontius Pilate, whose procuratorship ended A.D. 37. Irenæus also averred that Christ died on "the sixth day of the feast," instead of the first or great Passover day, and that it was "the day of the preparation," *i. e.*, for the sabbath (Heres. v, 23, §2). And Tertullian made a similar mistake in saying that it was March 25th, which, though Friday, was a whole week after the full moon in March, A.D. 29.

But if the crucifixion was on the Passover day as described in the Synoptics, there seems to hav been no Passover Friday between A.D. 28 and 33 inclusiv, but April 7, A.D. 30; so that upon the evidence adduced, judgment must be rendered in favor of Messrs. Lynn & Bradley.

But, unfortunately for the cause of Christianity, every gentile theologian, from Clement of Alexandria down to Mr. Justice Bradley, has been misled into a fatal error by the forgers of the Synoptic gospels. Every learned Jew knows that the great Passover day was never allowed to fall on Friday; and that the Jews never tried or executed anybody on that holy day. And the forger of the fourth gospel knew this when he described the crucifixion as occurring the day before the Passover.

TEACHER: "What is meant by the almighty hand?" Pupil: "Four aces."

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

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SATURDAY, - - SEPTEMBER 6, 1884.

Excommunicated.

We learn by the *Missoulian* that at the celebration of high mass, Sunday, August 9th, Bishop Brondel formally excommunicated Manager John Maguire from the Catholic church. Mr. Maguire's sin was not that he had committed murder and buried the body of his victim in the sand; nor that he had been guilty of adultery in the sight of all Montana; nor even secretly betrayed the wife of one of his people; nor ruined his handmaiden and driven her forth into the wilderness with his child at her breast; neither had he borrowed jewelry and raiment and left the country between two days; nor was he a horse-thief or a robber of cornfields; his record for veracity was unimpeached; he did not get drunk on the fruit of the vine, and suffer disgrace through his daughters; he had done none of these things, but his crime was in arranging in the state a series of lectures for Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll.

We hav not seen the bull of excommunication, and therefore cannot tell if an anathema was included with it; nor whether it read like the pronunciamento against a heretic of Spain, issued last year, in which this cheerful language was used:

"In the name of the omnipotent God, of the father, of the son, of the holy canons, of the holy Virgin Mary, mother of God, and of all the celestial virtues; of the angels and archangels, of the thrones and the denominations, seraphim and cherubim, of the holy patriarchs and prophets, of all the apostles and evangelists, of the holy innocents, who only were declared worthy of singing the new psalm in the presence of the eternal, of the holy martyrs and holy confessors, of the holy virgins, and also of all the saints and elected of the Lord. We excommunicate and anathematize this heretic (or this impious), and we sequestrate him of the holy church of God, so that, condemned to the eternal penalty, he may fall into the abyss like Dathan and Abiram, and like all those who dared to say unto the Lord, 'Get away from us, for we don't want to know your way.' And as the fire is extinguished in water, so may his soul be extinguished in the eternity of the centuries, unless he should reform and admit his fault. Amen. Cursed be he of God the father, creator of men; cursed be he of God the son, who suffered for men; cursed be he of the Holy Ghost, who descended upon him in the baptism; cursed may he be by the holy cross on which Jesus suffered, triumphant for our salvation; may he be cursed by the mother of God, most holy Mary, always virgin; cursed may he be by Saint Michael, guardian of the sacred souls; cursed may he be also by all the angels and archangels, the princes and potentates, with all the militia of the celestial army; may he be cursed by the numerous patriarchs and prophets; cursed may he be by Saint John the precursor, who spilt the water of baptism over Jesus; may the malediction of Saint Peter, Saint Paul, Saint Andrew, and all the apostles, and of the rest of the disciples of Jesus Christ, and of the four evangelists, whose preaching converted the whole world, fall upon him; cursed may he be by the wonderful multitude of martyrs and professors who pleased God by their good works; cursed may he be by the chorus of sacred virgins who depreciated the riches of this world for their love to Jesus Christ; cursed may he be by all the saints who, from the beginning of the world until the end of the centuries, hav pleased and will please God. In conclusion, cursed may he be by the earth and all the holy things it contains; cursed be he wherever he may go, whether he be at his house, in the field, in the road, in a path, in the bush, in the water, or in the church; cursed be he living, dying, eating, drinking, quenching hunger, or quenching the thirst; when he may fast, when he may induce sleep, when he may sleep, when he may walk, when he may be standing, when he may sit down, when he may lie down, when he may work, when he may rest, *mingendo, cacando et flebotomando.* Cursed be all the strength of his body; cursed be he inside, outside, his hair, his brains; cursed be he in the head, in the temples, in the forehead, in the ears, in the eyebrows, in the eyes, in the cheeks, in the jaws, in the nose, in the incisors, in the molars, in the lips, in the throat, in the shoulders, in the arms, in the hands, in the fingers, in the chest, in the heart, in all the internal parts of the body, in the kidneys, in the groin, in the femur (*sic* original), in *genitalibus*, in the thighs, in the knees, in the legs, in the feet, in all the articulations, and in the nails; cursed be he in the juncture of all the parts of his members; may not a point of the body, from the top of the head to the soles of the feet, remain sane; cursed may he be by Jesus Christ, son of live God, with all the power of his majesty, and may there rise against him heaven, with all the virtues which it contains, so as to deliver him to the eternal punishment, if he does not repent and confess his fault. Amen. May it happen to him! may it happen to him! Amen."

It is well for Mr. Maguire that this is the nineteenth and not the sixteenth century. As it is, he can afford to smile at his bishop, and ask him what he is going to do about it. Excommunication in Montana cannot be a very heavy punishment.

Polygamy on Trial.

The joys of the Mormon priesthood do not always, it seems, take the form of unalloyed happiness. Last week we had to chronicle a meeting between three Mormon elders and several other Christians in Tennessee, in which the arguments used assumed the shape of bullets, and the Mormons were killed. Incidentally, some women and children lost their lives. The elders believed in and inculcated polygamy as taught by the Bible; their opponents did not; and that constituted the difference which led to the above fatal results. So much for the defense of the plural wife system.

News now comes from Salt Lake City that two priests in high standing are in a fair way to lose all their emoluments because they refuse to add to their stock of better half by taking a polygamous wife. The first instance is that of Bishop Cluff, president of the Summit County Stake of Zion, and presiding bishop of Coalville. For some years Mr. Cluff has been living in more or less happiness with one wife. His official position in state and church is a sinecure. He has, as we understand the working of the Mormon hierarchy, the appointment of all civil offices in his diocese, and the tithings pass through his hands, which he has, undoubtedly, kept waxed sufficiently to hold the wherewithal to supply his material wants. A notice from the "First Presidency" has been received by him to the effect that unless he should consent to obey the prophet and take a second wife while his first wife continued to liv and was undivorced, all these perquisits should be taken from him. In case he obeyed, more should be added. Mr. Cluff has decided to obey the law of the land instead of the prophet, and declines to re-marry. This may be the promptings of his own private and personal virtue, but there is reason to believe that Mrs. Cluff encouraged him materially in arriving at his decision. He therefore tenders his resignation from all the church offices which he holds, and at last accounts was awaiting its acceptance. The further action of the "First Presidency" in the matter is yet to be made public. It is but proper to add that in this contest Mr. Cluff sinks into comparativ obscurity, and Mrs. Cluff and the "First Presidency" stand forth as the principal combatants. If the "First Presidency" withdraws its motion, the result will be a victory for woman and a vindication of her right to an undivided husband.

The second recusant is Mr. Abraham Hatch, of Heber City, also president of a stake of Zion. The Salt Lake *Daily Tribune* thus describes the temporal circumstances of Mr. Hatch:

"He has one of the softest snaps in Zion. His flock is remarkably well trained. Every one knows and obeys the sound of his horn. Not a trade is made without his sanction; scarcely a dollar finds its way into circulation in Heber City until it has passed through his waxed hands, and he picks his tithing steers, and wheat, and poultry. Everybody trades at Abe's Co-op. store, and pay Abe's Co-op. prices. He looks after the small offices and the taxes, and generally he is king."

Mr. Hatch is at present living with a second wife, the first Mrs. Hatch having died. Mrs. Hatch II. is described as young, buxom, and red-haired. Her predecessor had sufficient influence over her husband to prevent his contracting polygamous relations with other women, but the persuasiv or coerciv power, as the case may be, of the present incumbent of the elder's affections, remains to be tested. The "First Presidency" has not as yet received intimation of what course Bishop Hatch intends to take, but in the opinion of the journal from which we hav already quoted he "will prove equal to the great trial, and will come out in a manner which Abraham will construe to be on top."

From this narration it will be seen that at least a third of that sentiment dear to every American heart, of "One country, one flag, and one wife," is rife in Utah as well as in Tennessee.

Catalog of our books free on application.

A Mystery Adequately Accounted For.

We are in receipt of the following letter from an esteemed correspondent in Red Rock, Montana:

"To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* In your paper you say that according to the Rev. Dr. Eddy, Martin Harris denied that he ever saw the plates of the Mormon Bible or made a certificate to that effect. Now, I hav had a son of Martin Harris in my employ for some time, and I hav every reason to believe he is a truthful man. He says that he had heard his father say that he saw the plates and also saw the angel appear to Joe Smith. He says his father died a Mormon and always believed in the Book of Mormon, but rejected the polygamy part of the religion. How do you account for it? I tried to get him to describe the angel, but was unsuccessful, or I would giv you a description of the fellow.

"W. R. McIntosh."

The only information we hav upon the subject is that which was quoted from the Rev. Dr. Eddy, and we can add nothing further; but it is related of a certain boy (we do not know that his name was Martin Harris, or Rev. Dr. Eddy) that he stated that his father and mother had a daughter who was in no wise related to himself. The mystery was accounted for on the theory that the boy lied.

Editorial Notes.

One Dr. Fisher recently labored for two mortal hours and more in a hall at Livington, Montana, over an attempt to answer Col. Ingersoll. The editor of the Livingston *Tribune*, after a survey of the field of battle, finds the prevailing opinion to be that the doctor "did neither logically nor scientifically answer Col. Ingersoll, which fact is altogether against the doctor and in favor of Ingersoll."

The World's Convention of "Young Men's" Christian Associations now in session at Berlin apparently consists in part of persons whose claim to juvenility must be youthfulness in wisdom rather than in wickedness and in years. We learn that among the prominent delegates from America, Major-Gen. O. O. Howard and others whose age is between fifty and seventy are activly interested.

The Rev. T. K. Cheyne has produced a new translation of the so-called Psalms of David. Those who are competent to judge of such things do not consider it an eminent success. Part of the twenty-third Psalm, for instance, varies from the accepted version so as to read, "Thy club and thy staff they comfort me." This is no improvement. Except when used in self-defense, it is difficult to understand how a great amount of comfort can be extracted from a club.

The religious press has to admit that many failures of faith homes and faith cures hav been chronicled of late. The reason for the failure of this school of healers is that they make the mistake sometimes of attempting to cure those in whose physical organism disease really exists. When people are affected only with imaginary ailments, it is comparativly easy to make them imagin they are cured. So-called "faith" cures undoubtedly owe their efficacy, if they hav any, to this fact,

Zion's Herald publishes an extensiv article on the dangers of reading Liberal literature, into the habit of which it fears many of its constituents hav fallen. This illustrates the difference between Liberalism and Christianity. Who ever heard of a Freethought paper warning its readers against a perusal of Christian literature, including the Bible, except such portions of it as are not fit for anybody to read on account of their immorality? The reason there are so many Christians is that they hav not made themselvs familiar with their own literature in the light of rational criticism.

Our Butler contemporary on Broadway has discovered the religious aspects of some of the different presidential candidates and publishes them thus:

"The godly are trying by certificate of clergy to make out Blaine a good Presbyterian. Logan is a swearing Methodist. Cleveland comes of a clerical family, chiefly Presbyterian, but is said not to enjoy much religion himself. Hendricks and West unknown to *Man.* Butler, Liberal Episcopal. but secular in politics. St. John and all the rest of them, God-in-the-Constitution till the last Infidel is hung."

The prospect of voting for one of these men is not a very cheering prospect for Liberals whose central object is the secularization of the state.

The *Advocate* announces that the first Sunday in September will see many aberrant pastors back in their pulpits, and wonders what the harvest will be, and how the ministers hav employed their time, whether in this-worldliness or other-worldliness. As to what one distinguished clergyman was doing part of the time we are prepared to furnish satisfactory information. A lady at Long Branch, through the Philadelphia *Times*, givs her experience with a member of the cloth whom she was so unfortunate as to meet. She says: "He approached me under the pretense of tender solicitude for what he termed my peculiarly trying position. He offered to be of service to me in any way I might see fit to command. He soon drifted into flattery of my personal charms and in an insidious voice talked of the magnetic influence I had exercised over him through the distance of the vast dining-room. He evidently regretted the practices of Freelove were not laws of our civilization and is firm in the belief that they will be in heaven. I suppose anywhere they were not a code would not be a heaven to him. He took the usual course which every man and woman understands. He asked to be received in my private apartments, desired me to meet him in the summer-house at 9 P.M., and invited me to drive. As his carriage only seated two and I never drive alone, I was obliged to offer my regrets. I was ill with the humiliation of a first bold offense. He is the father of a family of daughters as old as myself; the im-

maculate shepherd of a spotless fold; a shining-robed prophet guiding the footsteps of the children of Israel; an eminent Fifth avenue clergyman!"

THE reported going over of Mr. George Chainey from Materialism to Spiritualism is not received on every hand without protest. The *Investigator* observes:

"When a man is fully convinced that Spiritualism is true, he no doubt acts conscientiously or justly in accepting it. There can be no mistake about this, for we are all in search of truth, no matter where it comes from or where it leads. But Mr. Chainey, according to his reported remarks in the *Banner*, says or implies that Liberalism is nothing but a 'mere negation' or 'a system of denial,' made so by its 'Agnosticism.' We were not before aware that Liberalism was such a peculiar system, and we shall be obliged to Mr. Chainey if he will please inform us what demonstrated truth it denies, or wherein it is a negation of any fact; and in regard to Agnosticism, what more does he *know* of God, now that he is a Spiritualist, than he did when, as a professed Liberal, he denounced him as 'the tyrant of the sky?'"

The *Investigator's* remarks are certainly both sensible and pertinent, provided the speaker was correctly reported. This is a matter, however, concerning which we should prefer to hold our judgment in suspense until Mr. Chainey chooses to let himself be heard from in regard to it, and even then we do not know that we should be specially called upon to offer remarks. This is the age of bolts.

As we took the liberty of saying last week, the insinuation of the Rev. Martin Kellogg that deception was practiced to obtain the use of the Congregational church in Sound Beach, Conn., for a non-religious funeral service, is without foundation in fact. Mr. Putnam has published the following letter in the New York *Sun:*

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN, *Sir:* I wish to offer a few words in explanation of the funeral services in memory of Mrs. Charles E. Palmer, lately held at Sound Beach, in the Congregational church. I conducted the services with the full understanding that I was the representativ of the Freethinkers. The original condition was not that the services should be conducted by some evangelical minister. The only condition insisted upon was that nothing antagonistic to Christianity should be said, and this was agreed to by myself—and need not indeed hav been made, for I should not, as a gentleman, in such circumstances attack the religious creed of anybody. I simply gave utterance to my own belief and hope in the sad presence of death. I said nothing about the belief of others. Mrs. Palmer herself was a Freethinker; her husband and near relativs and most cherished friends were Freethinkers. They did not want the consolations of Christianity, but the consolations of Freethought. It was my right and my duty in an hour of such supreme sorrow to express that faith which was dearest to them and to me—faith in nature, humanity, and the infinit life of all. This I did with the kindest feeling and reverence for the faith of others, and I challenge anyone to find a word in my discourse that showed the least disrespect for the hope of those who differ from myself. The Freethinkers of Sound Beach were perfectly honorable in all that they did in this matter. If Christianity is love, then certainly it should open its door to every burial service, and the church being untaxed on the ground of its public use, the Freethinkers of Sound Beach, who form a large part of the community and hav paid taxes for years, were entitled to its use. If there is any scandal, therefore, it is with the uncharitableness of the Christians, not with the open avowal of the Freethinkers' belief.

"SAMUEL P. PUTNAM."

The Rev. Mr. Kellogg has started a discussion which can only present himself and his religion in a very unattractiv light.

LIBERALS hav, perhaps, no especial reason for entertaining a profound respect for the man Bowen, owner of the orthodox *Independent*. It is true that that paper is the fairest of the religious journals that hav come to our notice, but that is not saying a great deal in its praise, and may be due to the fact that, while Mr. Bowen owns the paper, he does not edit it. We supposed, however, that the outside world regarded so eminently pious a publisher as but little lower than the average angel; but such, it seems, is not the case. "Gath," writing to the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, has this to say of him, together with some reminiscences of Theodore Tilton and what has passed into history as the "Brooklyn" scandal:

"With a fondness for mixing into affairs, Bowen has all his life had something to do between religion and printing. He was one of the men who brought Henry Ward Beecher from Indianapolis to Brooklyn city and set him up in Plymouth church. In the course of time they had a deadly quarrel, which has probably never been settled. All sorts of reasons were given for this fight, but men of experience merely thought it might be the selfishness of two men, each ambitious to get the most praise and the most pay out of mingled piety and printing. Beecher, though a minister of the gospel, was an industrious merchant, making books, figuring for high prices in the newspapers, lecturing; and there has hardly been an exhibition of more thorough money-getting ability than his in any upright branch. Bowen saw Brooklyn grow up from a mere ferry village beside New York to be a growing city with many churches and a certain home sentiment. He got hold of the *Independent* newspaper and put Theodore Tilton in control of it. Tilton was a man of the writing ability, much tickled with his own importance, and entirely incapable of modifying an opinion expressed in the face of the public. If there is any hell a good many people will go to it from mere consistency's sake and that self-love which comes from an ostensible moral boldness and radicalism. We are living to find out all this kind of people. Tilton abandoned his boyhood after he got his name in print. He flung away his childhood for the sweet satisfaction of reading his own articles. He thought that if he was only uncompromising enough people would take him after awhile for Wendell Phillips or some natural crank of sincerity. When William M. Evarts undertook to defend Andrew Johnson, Tilton denounced him in the *Independent* for standing by such a client. You can see how uninhabitable this continent would hav been after awhile if such newspapers—or papers, for they did not contain much news—permanently got control of it. The people need to look out for all the forms of tyranny, which grows like a jimson weed. The *Independent* finally made almost as much money as Bowen's dry-goods store had done. He began to giv prizes and secure great writers, and the sheet was an object of envy to the more evangelical sheets. All these evangels were flying around like a newsboy on wings selling papers in the name of heaven. Some of the evangelists were pro-slavery angels, some of them were dough-faced angels, some were radical angels, but nobody, as far as known, refused the ten cents for the paper. Bowen found an uncompromising sheet of mingled arrogance and piety so profitable that he concluded to hav a daily paper in Brooklyn and let nobody in that town take a contrary position from him. So he started a concern called the *Union*, and had Theodore Tilton take charge of it. At this period of his life Tilton seemed about to become a national nuisance. With one daily paper and one religious paper, and his audacity and superficiality, there was no knowing what would become of this country and the comforts of life. But it pleased the Lord to send confusion among those saints in the shape of a woman. The little, unforeseen, unknown, spare Elizabeth Tilton was presently to become a bigger man than old Beecher. Theodore Tilton graduated as a writer in the letters he wrote to Beecher—letters which seemed to contain such a precious secret that he almost hated to giv it away."

THE *National Reformer*, Mr. Bradlaugh's paper, is following up the story of a modern miracle with a mercilessness that bids fair to fasten a lie upon some imaginativ Christian person. In the issue of the paper named, of August 24th, Mr. Bradlaugh says:

"In the *National Reformer* for May 25th, we quoted from the *Christian* a story about an Infidel young man alleged to hav been struck dead while delivering a blasphemous prayer, which professed to be taken from a paper called *The Truth*. This we again referred to in *National Reformer*, August 3rd. The original story as given in the *Christian* was alleged to hav been related by a minister, as having 'occurred under his personal observation.' Challenged upon the truth of the story, the editor of the *Christian* referred an inquirer to the Rev. Dr. Brookes, of St. Louis. editor of the paper called *The Truth*. Dr. Brookes, who on June 20th happened to be in this country [England] at Hadley House, Barnet, writes that the story was related to him in March last, in the presence of two friends, by the Rev. Mr. Slaymaker, of Pass Christian, Mississippi, who 'with great solemnity assured me that the narrativ was strictly true.' Mr. Chas. B. Cox, editor of *The Truth*, St. Louis, in July, furnishes a later statement by the Rev. W. A. Slaymaker, saying that the account originally published in *The Truth* was correct, but that 'the occurrence did not take place under my observation,' and alleging as his authority an unnamed gentleman described as 'an elder of the church.' On July 12th, in answer to another querist, the Rev. W. A. Slaymaker admits that there are several inaccuracies in the story, and says that the unnamed gentlemen was Dr. T. N. Anglin. It is not pretended that Dr. Anglin was present when the death took place, but that he had 'talked with persons who were present.' We are pressing our inquiries, and up to the present we hav a very strong impression that the Rev. W. A. Slaymaker has a vivid imagination. He now says that the young man lived at Jonesboro', Jefferson county, Alabama, where his father, E. A. Jones, still resides, and that he made a mistake in saying that the death was at Gainsville. The Rev. W. A. Slaymaker pretends now that the death took place in September or October, 1842, and that some telegram detailing the occurrence appeared at the time in the *Daily Age*, Birmingham, Alabama. We had already applied to the authorities at Gainsville, that being the place formally given by Dr Slaymaker when his truthfulness was first challenged. We hav now transferred our researches to Jonesboro', and we hav applied to the editor of the *Christian* to join us in a formal investigation, he to pay the expenses if the story is a falsehood, we to bear the cost if the story is 'strictly true.' We should be glad if the *Boston Investigator* and THE TRUTH SEEKER would help us."

In our opinion Mr. Bradlaugh is following an *ignis-fatuus*, but his endeavors to prove it such deserve to be encouraged. If, therefore, any person whose eye may fall upon this is able to furnish reliable information on the subject, such information will be thankfully received at this office. In all probability a lie is out; let it be traced to its source, which is without doubt the place where most of the current falsehoods of past and present hav originated.

Lectures and Meetings,

MR. JAMIESON is expected to deliver a series of five lectures in Currie, Minn., in the course of a few weeks. He is engaged to giv three lectures in Sanborn on: 1. "Is the Bible divine?" 2. "The Jehovah of the Jews." 3. "Hell closed for Repairs."

THE secretary of the Manhattan Liberal Club of this city has issued the following notice:

"NEW YORK, Sept. 1, 1884.

"The 343d Regular Meeting of the Manhattan Liberal Club will be held at German Masonic Temple, 220 East 15th street, on Friday evening, Sept. 5th. A special meeting is called on the same date for the purpose of electing Delegates to the Cassadaga Congress of the National Liberal League, of which organization this club is an auxiliary.

"A. C. MACDONALD, Sec."

So shall the parted meet once more, and pay the treasurer at the door the nickel customary; and he'll be promptly there on time—the youth who writes this humble rhyme—the Assistant Secretary.—*Com.*

Previous Nominations Heartily Indorsed.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I hav read with considerable interest the views expressed by that unflinching and uncompromising Liberal, Samuel P. Putnam, regarding the new departure of the League, proposing and heartily urging the nomination of George Chainey—who, I am sure, if elected to the highest office within the gift of the National Liberal League, would put a new impetus to the great movement. It is high time that we select young blood to infuse increased life and vigor in the ranks of the growing army of Liberals. While I entertain the most exalted opinion regarding the ability of Mr. Wakeman, and fully appreciate the good he has done the cause, I cannot help but feel that much more could be accomplished under the leadership of one whose undivided attention is given to the demands of Liberalism at the present day. The Newark Liberal League, I believe, is one of the most prosperous and therefore important branches of the National organization. We hav a splendidly furnished meeting-place of our own, and command a large weekly attendance. The past season has been the most gratifying in every particular in the history of our League, and George Chainey's lectures hav in no small measure contributed to our success. Friend Putnam has also aided us in many ways, and we therefore feel under obligations to both. With George Chainey as president and Samuel P. Putnam as secretary of the National Liberal League we could inaugurate an era that would bring thousands of the younger element into our ranks. There are many of our own acquaintances who would gladly manifest a greater interest in the movement if assured of more activity. Something should be done to secure the co-operation of young men and women, and I firmly believe that the election of George Chainey would result in that direction. We must make our cause as interesting and entertaining as possible. The church depends entirely upon music and other attractiv features, and we must therefore fight it largely upon the same grounds. I am a young man myself, and had the honor of calling the first meeting of the Newark Liberal League to order nearly seven years ago. Since then I hav labored hard and continuously to make our meetings equally interesting to young and old. Day by day I grow stronger in the religion of humanity, and am willing to make great sacrifices for the benefit of the Liberal cause. I sincerely hope the convention which is about to be held will recognize how essential it is to grant us young folks a few favors. I should like nothing better than the election of George Chainey for president and Samuel P. Putnam for secretary, and know that I merely echo the sentiments of all our members.

Yours with heart and soul for humanity,

JOSEPH W. FRANKEL.

Newark, N. J., Aug. 28, 1884.

The Choice of the Pittsburgh League.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* The silence of the Pittsburgh Liberal League in reference to the nomination of officers of the National Liberal League should not be construed into indifference, or as indicating a lack of interest in the success of that organization. We regret that any necessity should hav arisen for the election of new officers, and while we are sorry to part with Messrs. Wakeman and Leland, we appreciate their reasons for wishing to retire, and hereby extend to them our sympathy and thanks for their services. We hav noted the various nominations for their successors, sometimes with amusement and sometimes with anxiety, and as it appears to be a "free for all" contest, we hav concluded to enter the lists.

Last night, at a special meeting of the Pittsburgh League, the following nominations for officers of the National League were made:

For president,	S. P. Putnam,	of	N. Y.
" vice-pres't	J. E. Remsburg,	"	Kan.
" secretary,	C. B. Reynolds,	"	N. Y.
" treasurer,	Courtlandt Palmer,	"	N. Y.
" ch. ex. com.,	J. H. Burnham,	"	Mich.
" ch. fin. com.,	Mrs. H. S. Lake,	"	Cal.

Now, without intending any disparagement to the worthy gentlemen already nominated, and with due respect to the opinions of those nominating them, we offer our ticket in the interests of the national organization. It is not recommended as particularly ornamental, but it is emphatically intended for *use*.

We trust we shall not appear unduly egotistical if we state that our choice is based upon an acquaintance with most of the candidates proposed, and the preference given to those named because of our faith in their ability and willingness to do the work required.

As a scholar and philosopher Mr. Putnam has few superiors. Besides being right theoretically, he is thoroughly alive to the practical necessities of League work, and has the generalship to plan a successful campaign.

Mr. Reynolds is but a recent acquisition to the secular ranks, and while, like most young converts, he is brimful of enthusiasm, it is not the kind that evaporates. He is a regular Boanerges, and contains more work than a ten-pound can of dynamite.

Being both of the Empire state, Messrs. Putnam and Reynolds could the more easily confer and travel together.

I might giv cogent reasons for the selection of the other names on the ticket, but the parties are so well known that the reasons will readily suggest themselvs.

On the question of a change of name, Pittsburgh votes No! The National Liberal League has never done anything of which it might be ashamed, and does not find it necssary to go West and change its name.

We hereby desire to express our wish that wisdom may guide the deliberations at Cassadaga, harmony prevail, and the best men win.

HARRY HOOVER, Sec. Pittsburgh (Pa.) L. L.

Aug. 27, 284.

MR. WALSER has published in book form, bound in blue boards, the "Little Lessons for Little Folks" which Mrs. Slenker has contributed to the columns of his paper, the *Liberal*, during the past few months. They are easy and familiar explanations of things met every day in child life, and about which childish curiosity is soon aroused. Moral instruction is conveyed without reference to mythological authority. For children from six to twelve years of age the book will be a great aid.

Letters from Friends.

ITHACA, N. Y., Aug. 25, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: It always givs me pleasure to hear from T. Winter, the straightforward Materialist, who always writes the plain matter of fact, as seen everywhere in nature, and no mystery; that life begins and ends here, in her order, by conception, expansion, birth, growth, maturity, decay, and dissolution. Thus generation has always succeeded generation, in this manner, and always will. The idea of any other manner of life, to succeed death, is erroneous, far-fetched by heredity, and is not fundamental. ZENAS KENT.

LEHIGH, IOWA, Aug. 22, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed five dollars—three dollars for my subscription to the grand old TRUTH SEEKER, and the balance for books. I am a little behind time in sending in my renewal, as my subscription expired June 1st. But for all, THE TRUTH SEEKER never made a visit the less. Its handsome appearance, loaded down with interesting reading matter, was greeted and appreciated with much pleasure. And many thanks to you for letting me read on credit so long. Times are hard, and hav been this summer, but they will hav to be ten-fold worse when I cannot scrape up enough to pay for such a noble and necessary journal as our grand TRUTH SEEKER. Wishing much success and progress to you and your cause, and also tendering my condolence in your late bereavement, I remain Yours truly, ROBT. FLEMING.

OAK POINT, WASH. TER., Aug. 24, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I herewith forward you a few names to the petition for state secularization. They are but few, but will help swell the sum total. I believe Liberals are generally too negligent in circulating this petition. They seem to overlook the great necessity of securing equality for all the citizens. I hav no doubt if there was an organized effort conducted in a proper manner that more than one-half the voters of the country would sign this petition, and thus forever settle the question of church and state. The Liberal sentiment in this country is strong. It only lacks organization and consequent cooperation. As for myself, I cannot possibly devote more time with the petition, as I am only a poor fisherman, encumbered with the cares of a family. I hav contributed in proportion to my ability. Let others do likewise. D. F. HOWARD.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Aug. 25, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Find inclosed $1.50—$1 for THE TRUTH SEEKER, and fifty cents for Mrs. Slenker's book, "The Darwins."

Allow me through the mediumship of THE TRUTH SEEKER to extend my hand to that stanch old Liberal, Thos. Winter, Materialist. I used to laugh at his idea that freedom of thought was impossible so long as the theory of God and a future state existed. I laugh no more. Thought has confirmed its truth. It is interesting to watch our Eastern reformers struggling against all human authority, yet yielding themselvs willing slaves to the spirits of the dead. Is a slave any the less a slave because his master is a "citizen of the air?" They seem to think a man has no business to govern his fellow-men until after he is dead. Away with all gods, ghosts, and their obsession or possession of men. As Ingersoll says, "Let them cover their eyeless sockets with their fleshless hands, and fade forever from the imagination of men." A. L. BALLOU.

MONTROSE, IOWA, Aug. 18, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed you will find twenty-five cents, for which please send me the Freethinkers' Almanac for 1884. THE TRUTH SEEKER has not failed to put in appearance at this office since it became a weekly. They tarry but a short time with me, then go their way rejoicing, blessing the homes of many until worn out in the cause of humanity, liberty, justice, charity, and truth. Her track with other Liberal publications is as visible as that of a cyclone. We hav a very beautiful site in the southern part of this town which the Methodists hav secured and are fitting up for a camp-ground. They hav been holding a ten days' meeting on these grounds. On Sunday, the 11th of August, there were about 6,000 people present. At the winding up, when the fog of Methodism passed away, they found three or four ignorant souls standing around the altar waiting for a harp. A. CRANDALL.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., Aug. 24, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: In THE TRUTH SEEKER of Aug. 9th, page 498, the writer is "anxious and determined to be convinced" of immortality. He says "it is utterly inconceivable to me how a person can liv when he is dead." It appears by this acknowledgement the writer has yet to learn that the *real person* never dies. This has been the testimony of all ages, and this fact has never yet been confuted. If it ever *can be*, yet it never *has been* demonstrated that immortality is impossible.

Does our dear brother know that the possibilities of matter, of nature, of the universe, are not absolutely confined to Materialism? What wonderful knowledge he seems to possess, to be sure! Is Atheism then the end of investigation of mind and of reason? During the past century, how many seeming impossibilities hav proved to be true; and during the next century and eternity how many seeming impossibilities may occur, will our learned brother kindly inform us? Further "meditation" may produce different conclusions.

If the infinit universe has produced mind, intelligence, and reason here, may the same not be continued indefinitly hereafter? Is it less than presumption to limit the possibilities of the grand infinit universe? Is our brother so profound that he can say of matter, Thus far shalt thou go, but no farther; and here shall all of thy proud triumphs end? Our dear brother has said many fine things in that communication which may or may *not* be very true; but has he perceived all the possibilities of existence in the universe? Has he truly demonstrated the impossibility of immortality? If this is true, has he not destroyed all the highest hopes and aspirations of mankind, for cold, gloomy, dark, and lifeless Materialism, with its "death ends all."

We are very anxious to understand and know the pro and con of this, the most important subject that can engage and occupy the mind of man; therefore, should this great champion, this learned advocate, this wonderful prodigy and expounder of Atheism, be fallible, we hope mankind will condemn his opponent (man or woman) who first cries out "enuf!"

E. N. KINGSLEY.

AYER, MASS., Aug. 25, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Every fair-minded person, every lover of truth, justice, and freedom still owes a debt of gratitude to our martyr-hero and statesman, Thomas Paine. And the noble efforts of J. E. Remsburg to exhume from the theological sands of hate, born of fear, this apostle of freedom and benefactor of mankind, can but draw upon the grateful appreciation of all the recipients of the benefits and blessings of one who "laid down his life for his friends."

A man must be wilfully blind, lacking the courage of an honest doubt and candid investigation, after reading such an array of well-authenticated, historic facts, to longer stigmatize him as an Infidel, except in the sense in which he was—Infidel to despotism, to bloodthirsty church intolerance. Paine's unselfish devotion to human welfare, to the breaking of every yoke of kingcraft and priestcraft, constitutes him both hero and living martyr. Read J. E. Remsburg's "Thomas Paine, the Apostle of Religious and Political Liberty," "Image Breaker," and "False Claims," and then fall back on religious dogmas if you can. One who believes that truth shall come uppermost, and justice shall be done, ELIJAH MYRICK.

PILOT, ILL., Aug. 22, 284.

MR. EDITOR: J. E. Remsburg delivered a lecture here Aug. 19th, entitled, "Bible Morals." The lecture was a polished effort, full of logic and unanswerable truth—the equal, if not superior, of anything we hav read or heard, and was so pronounced by one of our ablest thinkers. In the course of the lecture he showed that the Bible approved and taught twenty of the worst crimes known in the catalog of crimes. No wonder our Christians are so often guilty of the most heinous offenses when they find them justified by their sacred book. No wonder the ministers are so fond of crime when they learn it from that inspired volume. No wonder you witness so many of our Christians a dangling from a beam with a hangman's rope about their neck, going home to their "Lordy," when they find in their sacred volume those crimes not only taught, but their perpetrators lionized and held up to our gaze by the clergy. For sound logic and unanswerable truths, giv us Remsburg every time. He depends more on these than on oratory or a display of eloquence, of which also he has no small share. Liberals, whether organized or not, should secure Remsburg if they wish to see orthodoxy squirm, as he will giv them something to squirm about. J. M. MCKINNEY.

CORTLAND, O., July 24, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: More of trade circulars from Livezey. I do not bother him, and I hope the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER will not trouble the poor fellow, to take advantage of his weakness or deprive him of what little sense he has left. I sincerely wish him no harm. Livezey, adieu!

Hurrah for the Cassadaga Convention! I think our candidates for president and secretary of the Liberal League, as stated in THE TRUTH SEEKER of July 19th, will be a good election—notwithstanding there are other just as good men in the field who would just as unflinchingly stand by their colors; but the sooner we get our standard-bearers the sooner we will realize the benefits of our work.

Inclosed please find $5 for Ingersoll's Complete Works, per TRUTH SEEKER advertisment.

The following I sketched from Warren's Address:

"Stand! the ground's our own, my braves.
Will ye giv it up to slaves?
Will ye look for greener graves?
Hope ye mercy still?
What's the mercy despots feel?
Hear it in the battle peal,
Read it on yon bristling steel—
Ask it ye who will!"

Very respectfully yours, J. D. WHEELER.

LAKE CITY, IOWA, Aug. 13, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: It has been a long time since I hav written anything for THE TRUTH SEEKER; in fact, I feel almost like one out of your fold; but now, with your kind permission, I will say a few words to our friends. And first of all, I wish to thank the many kind friends that hav sent me so many papers, pamphlets, and books, and only wish I were able to take, pay for, and read them all, which, unluckily, I am not. Next in order I wish again to tender to that good, noble friend of humanity, Elliott Preston, my thanks and well wishes in the cause in which he is engaged. His arguments are yet unanswered. Dr. Foote's arguments hav appeared to me extremely weak; in fact, they put me in mind of a little grand-child of mine—I never tell him of a wrong but he can tell me of some one doing a good deal worse, just as though two wrongs made one right. I think it is a very poor argument, and the doctor well knows better. He knows that of all the withering, blasting crimes that hav ever cursed the world, vivisection is the worst. But I am glad to learn from the doctor that even his class of criminals are reforming. It proves the old hymn true, "The vilest sinner may return." I can well say with the old Methodist class leader, Thank God. Now a few words to Brother Collier. I am glad he has advanced enough so he does not think slavery was a divine institution; but he still has room for improvement. I hope he will yet see that the black people ought to own, by rights, every foot of the slave states. They made it all it is, and it should hav been confiscated for their use. There would be as much justice in paying a man for a horse he bought, knowing him stolen, as paying the South for their negroes. No, Mr. Collier, you hav great reason to thank your stars that it is as well with you as it is. And as for the better class of whites in the South having nothing to do with the negro, all I hav to say is, times hav changed very much indeed. From fifty to twenty years years ago, I could find you plenty of slaves resembling their master enough for him to hav been the husband of their mother. And such things were happening among the upper ten, even among your statesmen. How is it they hav grown so odious all at once? I hav always thought a white man as good as a negro as long as he behaved himself as well; and when he did not, the black man was the best fellow. Remember the negroes, enslaved, abused, and degraded for hundreds of years, had but a poor chance to become noble men and women. Now do as much to educate and elevate the black race, to make them noble men and women, as you hav to pull them down and degrade them, and they will do for the whites to associate with.

With best regards to all THE TRUTH SEEKER family and its friends, I am truly yours, J. L. TOMPKINS.

GARFIELD, COL., Aug. 22, 284.

MR. EDITOR: It is possible that I hav to present to you another petition for state secularization with thirty signers, which will make me in all one hundred and eleven. In this petition I hav been aided by Messrs. Chapel and Movat. These two gentlemen I can assure you are not tongue-tied in regard to our cause. I hav inquired as to their character and I am told it is good. It does me good to see good men help to fight the battle.

Mr. Editor, it is astonishing to me to see you spread yourself as editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and still a-spreading. It is sometimes said, What is in a name? I believe there is a great deal in it. A short time ago, a gentleman told me that he once went into a news depot to look for something to read, and the newsdealer handed him THE TRUTH SEEKER and said, "There is something you should read." He then looked at it and saw the name TRUTH SEEKER; he threw it down and remarked, "I hav no use for a religious paper," and the newsdealer replied by saying, "You mistook the paper by its name." He then took a second look at it and saw that it was his kind of a paper and he became a subscriber to it. I would now make the remark that if all subscribers that are in arrears for THE TRUTH SEEKER would pay up and put a shoulder to a wheel, the proprietors could change the name to The Scientific Examiner and Evoluted Truth Seeker, with illustrations of books and some of our noblest and best men, such as D. M. Bennett.

HENRY BEICHLING.

BURTON, TEXAS, Aug. 16, 284.

MR. EDITOR: I agree in part with Dr. Chapman in what he says concerning illiberal Liberals; too many of those professing to be good Liberals are imitating too closely the Christian principle of selfishness. But there are very many, too, that are not deserving the strictures he passes upon all Liberals. There are objects of charity in every part of our land, and I notice the fact that Liberals are nearly always the first and last to respond to aiding the needy, and Christians claim the credit by howling around what "we" hav done. They are very willing to be classed with these unholy heathens in this, as well as receiving their money to help support their giant humbug that is the sole cause of the poverty and want that exists at present in these United States. The many millions that lie untaxed in church property are small compared to the amounts paid priests and preachers to make more dupes to sink the country still deeper in degradation. It is entirely unfair that we, whose vision is not so befuddled with superstition as to be blind to those facts, should be compelled to help support such an obnoxious, useless system as this superstition of the imagination and species-of-insanity business is. There are many millions placed on the church books, valuable property, in St. Louis and other large cities for the purpose of evading taxation, and not many years will elapse before the Catholic church will be financially able to wield the power in this country she desires.

Many of our brethren seem to underestimate the real importance of the work that is before them. Let us pray that they may become more earnest, more devout, and open their hearts to the cause, and to those old veterans like Brother Hacker, and their purses also. I hav a large family depending on me for support, yet if I was worth the tenth of what I know many Liberals are, Brother Hacker wouldn't hav to wait long for the small sum asked. Hoping man will grant our prayers, I am, as ever, Yours, H. B. JONES.

EAU GALLE, WIS., July 17, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Your weekly edition of THE TRUTH SEEKER reaches me in due season. I am much pleased with its contents and the variety thereof.

I hav written my intended funeral discourse, and two capable persons, one a lawyer, hav volunteered their services to deliver it.

When I giv the date of my birth, March 12, 1797, you may be somewhat surprised that an old farmer should still be able to write a somewhat legible hand.

My belief is that nature and its operations include all the whole organized and unorganized matter existing in limitless space. The word boundless is a word our most far-seeing astronomers cannot grasp. Nature produces the most formidable organisms, and also the most minute, which require the aid of high magnifying power to be seen. We are ever in the midst of life—it is even asserted the air inhaled is replete with life. The wonders wrought by matter in motion are incomprehensible, accomplishing prodigies without the help of a God man-made in the image of himself, fancying he controls the winds and waves and rides among the clouds, when nothing of the kind occurs.

Deluded mortals believe when dead they will defy the strength of gravitation, leave this earth, and ascend in chariots of fire—not knowing where, but hoping to be lucky in finding the new Jerusalem, with its paved streets of gold, the luster thereof profusely lighting the city—no night there; each having a harp previously constructed of fine gold on which to

play the everlasting tune, for mere diversion, with angel fingers. Exhilarating anticipation! It takes no account of the partiality of predestinating the elect or favorit few to felicity, the great majority to despair. A portion of rational humanity said to hav existed in apostolic days denied the doctrin of the resurrection, angel, spirit, etc. I like to be known by the appellation of those hailed as Sadducean Atheists, in which I delight.

MILTON JOHNSON.

CARTHAGE, Mo., Aug. 4, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Find inclosed $3.00 as dues to the good old TRUTH SEEKER, to January 1, 1885. I hope that thousands more will answer your appeal for money. It requires no more to pay at the first end of the year than at the last. A subscriber ought to love to read a paper that is paid for better than one he owes for.

This town of Carthage has about 8,000 population, and is a magnificent place for beauty and wealth. We hav an unusually large number of Liberal people, but at present we are unorganized. We once had a League here, but the Spiritualists figured so largely in it, and became so unpopular by going crazy, committing suicide, etc., etc., that it broke up the entire League by its influence. I shall not speak unfairly of Spiritualists, but it is a positiv, stuborn fact that where I hav known them they are a wonderful people to run into extremes, and sooner or later, like all orthodox, are inclined to become exceedingly cranky, or go entirely crazy over their so-called spirit phenomena. This fact alone ought to teach rational people to shun alike the spiritual seance and the Christian revival. The one is brother to the other, though it may be entirely disowned. Some of them talk very prettily at times, but finally all fail utterly to know anything about their twaddle clothed in mystery's laws. Who can "sense it" rationally? Who should try to sense a thing so much calculated to rob one of his sense? Answer who will, but first visit some of our thronged lunatic asylums, and view the horrible results of thirty years of Spiritualism in America.

We should by all means hav Geo. Chainey here in Missouri, but I fear that no effort will be made to get him. Should he come this way I am confident he would do well, and be well treated. In 1877 W. F. Jamieson vanquished a few of our Christian heroes, and made nearly all of the solid Freethinkers that we hav here to-day.

J. T. KENNEDY.

SEATTLE, WASH. TER., Aug. 18, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I wish to explain that the letter written by myself and published in THE TRUTH SEEKER August 9th, is not written from Wyoming, but from Washington Territory. I hav already had several letters and papers sent me on account of the letter, and all directed to Wyoming. The above letters and papers hav come directly to me, because, without doubt, ours is the only city in the world by the name of Seattle (pronounced Se-at-tle). About thirty years ago, a little party of pioneers settled on the shores of the magnificent inland sea, Puget Sound, and laid the foundation of a future city. Before the little village had many inhabitants, the Indians, who were here in great numbers, determined to drive the white men away from their hunting-grounds, or destroy them. And had it not been for the timely aid of an old chief and his braves, and the warning brought by the chief's daughter, there is no doubt they would hav accomplished their terrible purpose. And, to do the old chief honor, the inhabitants of the little town named it Seattle, the name of the chief. Old Seattle is dead, but his daughter, now old Angeline, still survives, and is provided for by the families of the old pioneers of the place—which place is now a city of twelve thousand inhabitants, not the official, but the real terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad, trains of cars arriving here every day freighted with goods direct from St. Paul.

I hav written more than I ought, perhaps, but I am anxious that the people of the United States shall know that Washington Territory has given her women the right of franchise, and that already good results hav followed. I could make a long letter about how better men are elected to office; how orderly and quietly elections are carried on; how, in great part, only sober men attend the caucuses; what change for the better is manifested in the courts where women sit as jurors, etc., but will not ask for more of your valuable space, but sign myself, Yours for Freethought and equality before the law,

LAURA E. HALL.

LOUDONVILLE, N. Y., Aug, 13, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: The most enjoyable reading in THE TRUTH SEEKER is the "Letters from Friends." There all the readers "meet and mingle," exchanging ideas, and chatting sociably; and now I want to step in for a few words.

The most important subject now in hand seems to be the League and matters pertaining to it. Now, I sincerely second Ella E. Gibson's motion to elect H. L. Green president of the League. Who has done better or more real service for the cause than he has? He is my nominee; and next is Lucy Colman. No one ever speaks of a woman for the presidency, and yet we hav some in our ranks who are quite competent to hold the position.

I see there is a proposal to change the name of the League, which I heartily indorse. Never was there a more inappropriate name; it smacks too much of "I am holier than thou." Some of the so-called Liberals are illiberal, bigoted, and narrow, and the name is not at all suitable. Why not "Freethinkers' League," or "National Freethought Association?" There is, after all, no name so broad and comprehensiv as "Freethinker." It takes in all the Infidels, Liberals, Spiritualists, Atheists, Materialists, etc.

Mr. Watson Heston, of Carthage, Mo., should not hav said it was his "misfortune" to hav spent last summer in St. Johns, Ohio. Possibly it was unpleasant for him, but if he succeeded in causing even one person to see the truth of his reasoning, the hollowness and errors of that book of antiquated Jewish lies, then he should say "fortune."

So Mr. Fred. Cooke feels sorry for Elliott Preston and Mrs. Mitchell. That is like some of the Christians who are sorry for the poor Infidels, while the Infidels are smiling at their ignorance and vanity. If Mr. Cooke does not believe the doctors use unnecessary cruelty, let him send to Mr. Preston, 6 Park Square, Boston, Mass., to send him a copy of "Light in Dark Places," by Frances Power Cobbe; also, "The Torture Chamber of Science," by Baron Ernest von Weber; and "The Uselessness of Vivisection," by Lawson Taib, F.R.C.S.

And, by the way, Mr. Cooke, why not recommend more cold water in the saloons when you are recommending "cold language" to the Prohibitionists? Now, suppose you follow some of those poor men who, in winter, get their "warmth, light, and reading for nothing" in the saloons—follow them home and see for yourself the harm the saloon works. First the lonely wife who has toiled all day and does so at night with little light or warmth, the children who need their father's love and presence to assist the mother to educate and raise them. Ten or fifteen cents, and perhaps twenty-five, he has spent for drinks (inflammatory at that), tobacco, etc., which would hav bought a bit of flannel for the baby, or even a larger child, that would save its little life, or little body from cold and suffering. It would buy a good lamp, and oil to put in it, for the wife to work by, or—well, a dozen things much needed could be named. Very few men can spend an evening in a saloon and not be tempted to "take something."

I thank Mr. Beeson heartily for his words for the poor Indians, whose treatment at the hands of this nation is a national shame and disgrace. With what pride, and justly, the English compare the Canadian Indians and their management to those of the United States!

WINEFORD V. ASPINWALL.

GIV HIM A HARP!

NEW YORK, Aug. 28, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: With your permission I would like to say a few words about the much abused and persecuted Salvation Army. Your columns hav always found ready space to quote what are reported as misdeeds of some who, passing as members of the said Army, are really vile Infidels, pretending to be converted so that they might use the cloak of religion to accomplish their wicked aims.

I, for one, consider the Salvation Army the best and most consistent set of Christians in this or any other country. They certainly hav accomplished more good during the last five years than your cold Infidelity ever has or ever will. Look at the enormous number of drunkards, thieves, blasphemers, and other sinners of all kinds that they hav reformed and snatched from a terrible doom—an everlasting hell. And they hav not only prepared them for a future life of bliss, but hav made honorable and respectable citizens of them, and fit members of society in this life. I know of dozens right here in this vicinity who hav been reformed through the instrumentality of the Salvation Army. It certainly does me good to attend their meetings in this city, and hear young men, who only a short time before spent all their time and money in the grog-shop, get up and giv their experience, depicting the horrors of their former life of debauchery and crime in the hope that it may be a warning to others, and be the means of leading them in the right path.

I frequently visit the small city of Freehold, N. J., where there is a branch of the Army, led by two estimable young ladies, and the work they accomplish is something wonderful. I am personally acquainted with some of the young men who hav joined the Army there, and the change that has come over them is something that both themselvs and their friends may well be proud of. One young man, who was formerly a very hard character, and who could be seen almost any time in a drunken condition, is now a member of the Army, and is respected and admired by those who heretofore thought him fit company only for convicts. Instead of passing his time, as formerly, in saloons and in the company of drinkers, he now passes it in the meetings of the Salvation Army, entreating others, in his humble way, to come down to the foot of the cross and be saved, and become good citizens of this world, and fit subjects for the world to come. People who knew him a year ago would hardly know him now, for then he had a hard, dissipated appearance, whereas to-day he has the look of a refined, intelligent person. And he is only one of the many who hav been saved through the efforts of the Salvation Army at Freehold. There are dozens whose names and addresses I can furnish any time, who I am sure would willingly respond to any inquiries and inform you of the peace and comfort they hav received through the means of the Army. And they are not done in Freehold yet, but, as the captain of that outpost says, they "will never rest until they save every soul in the place." And there are hundreds of towns in the United States and Canada where the same state of affairs exists.

Can your useless Infidelity boast of ever having reformed a drunkard, a thief, or a criminal of any kind? If such has been done, it is yet to be recorded.

I hav often heard it stated by Infidels that the members of the Salvation Army are a weak-minded set. It is a startling piece of information to learn that when a man concludes to giv up getting drunk, and resolves to properly provide for himself and family, instead of helping the saloon-keeper to lead a life of luxury and ease; become a good citizen, and serve God, he at once becomes "weak-minded." If that is so, then the sooner the American people become "weak-minded," through the efforts of the Salvation Army, the better it will be for them.

At almost any time in any of our cities drunken men may be seen staggering along our streets yelling and cursing, entirely unmolested by the police authorities. A rum-soaked politician may get up on a platform erected on our public streets, protected by as many policemen as he desires, at the city's expense, and shout and yell politics for hours to, as is generally the case, the hardest and roughest set of men that could be gathered together, calling one candidate a liar, another a thief, and so on. But as soon as the Salvation Army appears in the street and commences to sing hymns calculated to do good, and implore poor deluded drunkards to forsake their evil ways, they are, in a great many places, dragged off to jail on the charge of being a "public nuisance." But the time is not far distant when the real worth of these good people will be appreciated. The Salvation Army will continue "marching on to war" when Infidelity and aristocratic Christianity are numbered with the things of the past. Infidels may call them "cranks," persecute them, shut them up in prison as "public nuisances," but God is on their side, and they are bound to prosper. And at that last great day there will be countless numbers who will then wish they had become "weak-minded" when they hear the final sentence, "Depart from me, ye cursed!"

I write the above to giv your readers a true statement of the facts, and in the hope that it may be the means of reforming some poor miserable wretch whom you Infidels make no effort to reach.

J. H. P.

TO MRS. J. H. SEVERANCE.

SNOWVILLE, VA., Aug. 24, 1884.

DEAR FRIEND: In reply to thine in THE TRUTH SEEKER of July the 26th, I do not ask if thee is "sincere" in what thee says, for I take that for granted, even while I feel the least tiny bit hurt that any one who has ever read what I write could doubt that I *mean* it all.

You may doubt my knowledge, my powers of reasoning, my ability to tell in the best way what I believe; but my sincerity ought to be beyond question. Still, as there is so much sham in the world; so much that is said and done simply for effect, regardless of real truth so long as certain ends and aims are accomplished, I do not wonder that thee feels doubtful of my sincerity when thee sees all that is from the standpoint of thy belief in spirit existence.

Please bear patiently with me, then, if I speak plain words, and remember I mean no shadow of disrespect to thee or any one who sees not as I see in regard to a continued existence.

Now while I do not deny that the sick are healed, the lame made to walk, and other seeming miracles accomplished, yet I deny these things are done by spirits, just as I deny that a God made the world in six days, or that all the water in the land of Egypt was ever changed to blood, or that little images of the Virgin (?) Mary ever spoke or healed the sick, or did the other wonders our Catholic friends tell us of.

While I rejoice over every pain that is relieved, and every care that is removed, and every good work that is done, I do not thank any God, angel, or spirit for the blessings, for I believe the work is purely of human origin; that it is the result of some power, force, or quality in humanity, that is becoming more and more known, developed, and reliable. I myself used often to cure my son's headaches by laying my hand on his forehead and making passes over it. And I hav relieved some women by rubbing their bodies with my hands.

But as well say that spirits pump the blood through our veins and arteries, as to say they thus heal with *our* hands.

If there are spirits, why do they not do more? Why do they not tell what became of Charlie Ross? Why do they not tell the whole true tale of Jennie Cramer? Why did they let the Greely party suffer all those long weary months, and leave them to die one after another when they could hav notified some of their friends of the failure of the relief ships to reach them? Why—but there are ten millions of whys that might, right here, be asked.

Just as many as we might ask pious believers in the omnipresent power of an omnipotent deity, who sees, sanctions (?), smiles upon all these same woes, miseries, and sufferings.

No, no, my friend, there are no gods who could see the drowning child, the uplifted dagger, the starving widow, and the cholera-stricken victim, and yet not lift a finger to rescue and save.

Neither are there millions of spirits flitting hither and thither, seeing all the woes of humanity, and yet only here and there lifting a finger to help one or two, out of a hundred millions.

"Facts *are* stubborn things." We can't account for many, many things. We cannot tell the why—we only know they are. But we should not be too ready to jump to conclusions—to say "God did it"—"the devil did it"—"spirits did it," or "fairies did it."

What court in all the land would take any of these spiritual facts (?) as evidence? If spirits can cure, they can kill. Yet who would dream of calling a murderer guiltless who should plead that a *spirit* did the deed through his mediumship?

I would like to believe in continued life. I love to liv. The world is very fair and full of friends, and it is sad to feel that we must soon sleep and wake no more. But it is also sad to think so many misuse and abuse their lives; make war on their kind; monopolize one another's inheritance to fresh air, good food, and all the comforts of life.

It is sad to see murder, theft, and depravity ride rampant over the land. But we cannot deny that they are facts.

Nature is a stern and relentless mother. Her laws are inflexible, and all we can do is to make the best of our opportunities.

I hope to see something of these wonderful spirit manifestations in September.

I am *willing* to be convinced. I *want* truth. I desire knowledge. But I cannot accept what to me seems unreasonable.

Friends, if any of you hav any special medium in New York, whom you think more honest and more reliable than others, you will confer a favor on me by writing to me.

All advice will be gratefully received—practical advice kindly meant and truly given. My means are so small, and I want to make them go as far as I can, so I may see all I can. It may be my *last* work, for, like dear old Bennett, I am growing old, and my hold on life is weak—for three days I've been unable to even write a line—a malarial congestiv chill laid me up. My lot and Bennett's were similar in many ways. We both had one birthday, one aim, and one work. His was all concentrated on one paper; mine, scattered broadcast. He was a man and a financier; I, a woman, caring more for minds than money, but we were friends true and tried, and friends of humanity. We never met. He is gone, and yet a little while and they who now know me will know me no more *forever*. But while I liv I will work, ever remembering Bennett as my model guide and friend. He too studied this ism of spiritual belief, and was nearly if not quite convinced that the dead liv on—at least for a little while.

I may find my quest ending in the same way. If so, I'll gladly accept the outcome.

ELMINA.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"His life is long whose work is well,
And be his station low or high,
He who the most good works can tell,
Livs longest though he soonest die."

Nine Little Girls.

Sweet little faces, bright and fair,
Black eyes, and blue, and gray,
Whose dancing light upon the world
Makes life one joyous day.
How can we know which way they'll go,
Or whether life shall gently flow
Through flowery meads, or gloomy fields
Whose harvest only sorrow yields?
Nine little girls.

Like visitors from Aldenn land,
Angelic vision sweet;
Their loving words, their tender smiles
Make happiness complete.
In purity and innocence,
Guileless and true—without pretense;
Shielded well and tenderly,
By purest love and sympathy,
Nine little girls.

As opening flowers in morning light,
So shall their minds unfold;
Enriched with love and knowledge true,
More than hath been foretold.
No superstitions, gray and stark,
Shall change their joy to midnight dark;
But truth shall make them brave and free
As sunbeams sparkling on the sea—
Nine little girls.

May all their days go brightly on,
Each hour some new truth learned;
And thus shall blessings, rich and deep,
By them be rightly earned.
And, by-and-by, these girls shall be
Nine splendid women, fair to see;
Thus, loving hands shall train them well,
That peace may ever with them dwell,
Nine little girls.

My Cat Boundy.

I once had a cat called Boundy, that lived to the age of twenty years.

Few cats liv to this age, and not many deserve to, perhaps, but Boundy was an exception to all cats in many ways besides his age.

When living some ten miles from Virginia City, Nevada, in 1860, one morning this cat came into the kitchen, and being very tame and of singular beauty I claimed it as my pet.

Several times he was stolen from me, but from his peculiar markings and color, and the assistance of the daily milkman, he was soon found and brought back again.

A miner living near by once took Boundy to his cabin, as the mice and rats troubled him badly, and he said the next morning the cabin floor was literally covered with dead rats and mice, some of them of the kangaroo species. He seldom ate this kind of game, and when he caught birds he would bring them in and lay them down for me to pick the feathers off before eating them.

Boundy possessed more than the ordinary degree of affection and intelligence belonging to the feline race, and would show great sympathy if I were sick or in distress.

Once, in order to show these traits to others, I feigned weeping, when he got upon my lap, tried to rub my hands from my face, mewing in a sad tone. On removing my hands and laughing, he hissed at the evident discovery of my deception. What was this, if not a moral sense of wrong?

One day I let my canary birds out of the cage to fly around in the room. An hour or two after I happened to recollect that the cat was in the same room. Rushing in, expecting to find only the feathers of my birds, I saw they were unharmed, one of them perched upon the back of the chair where Boundy lay quietly watching it pluming its feathers. And often he protected the birds from being killed by strange cats by driving them away.

His greatest prowess was in being the central figure of every dog-fight in the yard. From the first yell of the set-to, he would be seen in full feather, his tail like a large ostrich plume, curled aloft, as he would jump on the back of the topmost dog, with firm grip of teeth and claws, and the victory would turn in favor of the under dog in less than a minute.

Strange, he never got hurt in these desperate encounters, and I often tried to prevent his joining in the fight, but was not quick enough. But in later years he left off these fierce contests, and only used his teeth and claws on mice or tender steaks.

I indulged Boundy in lying on the bed, but when I would be absent the house-maid objected to this, and he found out that there were other uses for brooms and dusters than sweeping floors or cleaning furniture.

One day, on my returning home from several weeks' absence, the maid being present, Boundy came into the room, jumped into the middle of the bed, laid down, shut one eye, and looked out of the other at the house-maid, as much as to say, "Touch me if you dare!" At her wordy protest he only yawned, turned from side to side, scratched the coverlid with an air of defiance, curled up for a quiet nap, as if he knew it would not now be disturbed.

Finally, after seventeen years, allowing two or three before I came into possession of him, old age began to show upon him, and a tumor grew on one side of his neck, that soon killed him. He left the house and went out by a rivulet, and lay down there to die, refusing to stay in the house when carried in. I was advised to giv him chloroform, but could not yield my consent, as he tenderly licked the hand that held the fatal drug.

I went out one morning and found Boundy dead, and we buried him under an apple-tree in the garden, with several of my canary birds—pets I hope to meet again in another life.

This little sketch is every word true, and much more that I could write of Boundy. I hope it may hav a tendency to make some children kinder to cats than many often are.

Few can know who are blessed with children's pattering feet how some life less human may be made to take a place in a heart otherwise left still more vacant.

LUNA HUTCHINSON.

True Politeness.

It seems to be expected by some that boys and girls of a certain age must be rough, brusque, hoydenish, and awkward in their manners. And we often hear the excuse made by their elders, "Oh, boys will be boys, girls will be girls," as though the circumstance was sufficient apology for rude, coarse, boorish actions, or rough and clumsy speech. Now, it is just as well for boys and girls to be easy and polite in their bearing, and better, than it is to be the opposit. One who respects himself will respect others. He who is gentle and considerate toward animals will be the same toward humankind. The boy who worries a cat, or torments a dog, is a source of trouble and annoyance to his playmates and family. The girl who does not treat her doll well, who pinches and kicks it, is the girl who snaps and snarls at her father and mother, and says, "I won't," "I will," and talks back when advised as to her conduct.

But how to be polite—how is it? There is no great art in it. A child reared in poverty and toil may possess the spirit of politeness, while the son of a millionaire may be, and sometimes is, entirely devoid of it. This reminds me of a case in point. A poor colored man was walking along the street, and in passing the residence of a senator, a son of that dignitary screamed out, "Nigger, nigger! you're a nigger!" Passing on without noticing the insult, he met a little girl, a washerwoman's daughter, who said kindly, "Good morning, Mr.———." It is plain to be seen which child was the polite and courteous one.

I hav been in families where children would break in rudely upon the conversation with their remarks, and at table were clamorous to be helped first, and to the best; who scattered crumbs all around their plates and upon the carpet; whose greasy finger-prints were left upon the table-cloth; and who slid under the table when they left it, like some four-footed animals, instead of decent, well-behaved children.

To be tidy, considerate, careful of the feelings of others, to modulate the voice to a low and gentle tone; to be modest and respectful to all, high or low, rich or poor—these are the principal essentials of polite behavior. The boy who left his play to assist an aged woman over the muddy crossing was truly polite, and carried the elements of the perfect gentleman. Thus there are no arbitrary rules of polite conduct; no stringent codes of etiquet to be learned by heart, but simply the obeying of the dictates of kindness and self-denial. As one has expressed it,

"Politeness is to do and say
The kindest things in the kindest way."

"Only a Dog."

My dear young friends, one reason that cruel (and, at the same time, religious) people giv to excuse their brutal treatment of animals is that, according to their miserable creed called Christianity, they (the *lower* animals, as we contemptuously style them) hav no souls, and therefore are of no importance whatever to a good Christian, who expects to liv forever in a delightful country, with nothing to do all day long but to sing praises to the "Lamb" (Jesus Christ), and play upon a golden harp, occasionally peering complacently over the brink of heaven at the ninety-nine out of every hundred who are writhing in hell, and seeing there, without a tear, the agonized upturned faces of father, mother, sister, brother, wife, and friend.

Is it to be wondered at that such a wicked religion should make people selfish and cruel? None of you, at least, my little readers, will grow up to believe such base and degrading falsehoods, for the good TRUTH SEEKER is clearing away all such mists from before your eyes, and no Christian minister or priest will ever be able to count you among his dupes.

But I did not take up my pen to write an article for THE TRUTH SEEKER to-day, but to beg Miss Wixon's permission to print for you in the Children's Corner the following beautiful poem, which I would feel very proud to call my own. It was written by Pearl Rivers, and I found it in the New Orleans *Picayune*. After you hav read it, you will agree with me that any God who would let a Christian into his heaven, and forbid that little dog, "Mat," to enter it, ought to hav a first-class hell made especially for himself, where he would be punished as he so justly deserved.

I can only add that if these inhuman monsters, the vivisectors, who torture defenseless animals under the false plea of benefiting humanity, could be sent to keep his Godship (or devilship) company, it would be a universal blessing, and "a consummation devoutly to be wished."

ONLY A DOG.

"Only a dog." You wonder why
I grieve so much to see him die.
Ah, if you knew
How true a friend a dog can be,
And what a friend he was to me,
When friends were few!

"Only a dog—a beast," you sneer,
"Not worthy of a sigh or tear."
Speak not to me
Such falsehood of my poor dumb friend,
While I hav language to defend
His memory.

Through ups and downs, through thick and thin,
My boon companion he has been
For years and years.
He journeyed with me many miles;
I gave him frowns, he gave me smiles;
And now, sad tears.

Before my children came, his white
Soft head was pillowed every night
Upon my breast.
So let him lie just one time more
Upon my bosom as before,
And take his rest.

And when a tenderer love awoke,
The first sweet word my baby spoke
Was "M-a-t." Poor Mat,
Could I no other reason tell,
My mother heart would love you well
For only that.

Together boy and dog hav laid
Upon my lap; together played
Around my feet,
Till laugh and bark together grew
So much alike, I scarcely knew
Which was most sweet.

Ah, go away and let me cry,
For now you know the reason why
I loved him so.
Leave me alone to close his eyes,
That looked so wistful and so wise,
Trying to know.

At garden gate, or open door
You'll run to welcome me no more,
Dear little friend.
You were so good, so kind, so true,
I question, looking down at you,
Is this the end?

Is there for you no "other side?"
No home beyond death's chilly tide
And heavy fog,
Where meekness and fidelity
Will meet reward, although you be
Only a dog?

"He had no soul?" How know you that?
What hav we now, that had not Mat,
Save idle speech?
If from the Bible you can read
Him soulless, then I own no creed
The preachers preach.

My dog had love, and faith, and joy,
As much as had my baby boy—
Intelligence;
Could smell, see, hear, and suffer pain.
What makes a soul, if these are vain?
When I go hence,

'Tis my belief my dog will be
Among the first to welcome me.
Believing that,
I keep my collar and his bell,
And do not say to him farewell,
But, good-bye, Mat,
Dear, faithful Mat.

—*Pearl Rivers.*

ELLIOTT PRESTON,
Hon. Member "Victoria Street Society for Protecting Animals from Vivisection."
6 *Park Sq., Boston, Mass.*
P. S.—Correspondence solicited.

Our Puzzle Box.

1.

ADDITION.

Add S to ninety-nine and gain
One careless as to ease or pain,
Of Zeno's philosophic school,
In winter warm, in summer cool.
Irwin, Iowa. J. K. P. BAKER.

2.

EASY RIDDLE—FOR YOUTHS.

How many letters, can you tell?
Does it take my name to spell?
'Twixt *my first and last*, is *one*—
So 'tis ended, so begun.
For love of me some people sin;
For lack of me sad woes begin.
All try for me,
Some die for me,
Some fight for me,
Some write for me;
Some gamble for me,
Some ramble for me,
Some tarry for me,
Some marry for me;
But, when 'tis done,
And I am won,
I'm either locked within a cell,
Or sent with some one else to dwell.
Irwin, Iowa. J. K. P. BAKER.

3.

AN INFERNAL PUZZLE.

This puzzle will tell
Of the author of "hell,"
The author of "heaven" as well.
Reversed, his name
Will then proclaim
A mount of flame
On Sicily's shore—
And five hundred more—
Near which did this author dwell;
While near at hand
In all his land,
Volcanoes grand
Still breed, and feed
With cruel creed,
Her children from their natal morn;
Yea, it is even in their blood.
As from the Nile
The crocodile
Is meetly born,
Or frogs infest its mud.
Irwin, Iowa. J. K. P. BAKER.

4.

FIELD NOTES—SECTIONAL SURVEY.

A "bee-line," right and left, divides
My name into two equal sides,
And still my left by fifty more;
And right by fifty times a score;
'Tis thus four sections I display,
Which you may mark "A-a-a-a."
This is a "sectional survey"
Of part of our grand U. S. A.
DAVID DROPLETTER,
Surveyor-Gen. U. S. A.

5.

LETTER REBUS.

I (6 r g) A.
If told aright 'tis here one sees
The home of all the F. F. V's.
J. K. P. B.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER, AUGUST 23, 1884.

M—issi—(i) ppi—Mississippi.

Solvers—H. E. Juergens, H. M. P., Nelly Gynn.

Correspondence.

LIBERAL, Mo., Aug. 18, 1884.

MISS WIXON, *Esteemed Friend:* There are times in our lives when words fail to comfort us. I know it from past experience, for I too hav parted with loved ones.

If I could only impart to you the hope I hav of the bright beyond—and I can say knowledge, too, for I know whereof I speak—yet it would not satisfy your mind. But do not think of "Little Susie" as dead,

"But just gone before;
She is living, loving just the same
On the evergreen shore."

My dear, suppose you should go a long journey, and when you returned (with good news, too,) you found doors fastened, and your friends going about crying, and you could not make them understand that you were present, how would you feel? Thus it is. Place yourself where your little niece can come to you, and you will be more than repaid. Yes, let the good angel come in. It seems to me everything about us speaks of immortality. It is that blessed hope that buoys me up in this life.

You hav my deepest sympathy. I read your paper to the Instruction School and read it to my class of nine little girls.

If you could hav seen the tears trickling down their cheeks, you would hav felt that there was comfort in a sympathizing tear.

When I read the poem in THE TRUTH SEEKER, I felt that it came from your aching heart; but your dear niece loves you just the same.

Oh, such beautiful messages I hav had from the spirit world! One dear lady that I idolized in early life, I heard from after waiting fifteen years, but the message was of such a character it removed the last doubt. And now I can see my way clear. Dear sister, go on with the good work you hav espoused—the children's cause. The harvest is great, but the laborers few. Their bright eyes and sweet caresses make heaven for me. Our children hav advantages over many little Freethought children in the land. It is such pleasure to see them rise in our Instruction classes and public meetings, and giv their recitations like little men and women, and not be ostracized for it.

Yours for truth, L. H. G.

Liberal Meetings.

[Leagues and Liberal and Spiritualistic Societies in the United States and Canada meeting regularly, can hav notices of their meetings published in this column free if the officers will send them to us.]

MICHIGAN.

MUSKEGON.—The Liberal League meets every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock in the German Odd Fellows' Hall, corner of Western ave. and Terrace st.

OHIO.

CLEVELAND.—The Liberal League meets every Sunday at 3 P.M., in room 29, City Hall building. Lectures free. Communications can be addressed to W. I. Irvine, Secretary.

MAINE.

PORTLAND.—Dr. H. A. Lamb has hired Congress Hall, Congress street (entrance on Temple street), where free meetings, lectures, and discussions are held every Sunday, 2:30 P.M. Admittance free. Public invited.

OREGON.

PORTLAND.—The Auxiliary Liberal League of Portland, Or., holds meetings every Sunday, at 2 o'clock, P.M., at Nonpareil Hall, cor. 1st and Madison streets. All are invited. Admission free.

MASSACHUSETTS.

BOSTON.—Boston Liberal Club holds meetings for essays and criticisms every Sunday forenoon at 10:45 in the Paine Memorial Building, Appleton street.——The "Society of the Divine Homo" at same place every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Sunday-school at 2:30. Admission free.

PENNSYLVANIA.

ALTOONA.—The League holds meetings every Wednesday evening and Sundays at 3 P.M., at the League Room, corner of Eleventh ave. and 13th st., third floor, entrance on 13th st.

PHILADELPHIA.—The Friendship Liberal League meets every Sunday at Hancock Hall, 814 Girard avenue, at 2:30 o'clock, and 7:30 o'clock, P.M., for lectures and free debates. THE TRUTH SEEKER and Liberal books for sale.

PITTSBURGH.—Pittsburgh Liberal League meets at Maltby Hall, 76 Fifth avenue, every Sunday (except during the Months of July and August) at 3o clock. A free platform is maintained. Exercises consist of a lecture, followed by 10 minute criticisms, with 15 minutes allowed the lecturer to reply. Clergymen invited to discuss.

NEW JERSEY.

NEWARK.—Newark Liberal League meets every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the League's Hall, 177 Halsey street. Exercises consist of music, readings, lecture, and discussion, in which all present are invited to participate. Admission free. Collection taken. Communications for the League should be addressed to J. W. Frankel, 10 Pine street, Newark.

CANADA.

TORONTO.—Secular Society. Reading and Lecture Rooms, No. 9 Grand Opera House. Open every evening and Sundays. Lecture every Sunday evening. Freethinkers and strangers are cordially invited.

MONTREAL.—Pioneer Freethought Club meets every Sunday at 3 P.M., at 1310 Catharine street. Reading-room open daily until 10:30 P.M. Library open for exchange of books three evenings per week, and on Sunday afternoons. Free public lectures on Sundays as advertised in local newspapers. Strangers always welcome. G. S. Wilson President; C. Stevens, Secretary.

GANANOQUE, ONT.—Gananoque Secular Society, meets every Sunday evening at eight o'clock, in Acton's Hall. Free Library and Reading Room open all day Sunday. Visitors and strangers always welcome. Geo. G. Meikle, President; Henry Smith, Secretary.

NEW YORK.

ALBANY.—The Liberal association meets every Sunday at Van Vechten Hall, 119 State street. Sunday-school at 2 P.M. General business meeting and debates and discussions at 3 P.M. Lecture at 7:30 P.M. The public are cordially invited to attend, also all Liberals visiting the city. Admission free.

NEW YORK CITY.—The American Spiritualist Alliance meets every Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock in Republican Hall, 55 West 33d street.——The First Society of Spiritualists holds its meetings every Sunday in Republican Hall, 55 West 33d street. Morning service 11 o'clock; evening, 7:45. Seats free. Public cordially invited.——Arcanum Hall, 57 West 25th Street, cor. 6th ave. The People's Spiritual Meeting every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 P.M.

BROOKLYN.—The Brooklyn Spiritual Society meets at Conservatory Hall, cor. of Fulton street and Bedford avenue, every Sunday. Services at 11 A.M. and 7:45 P.M. Admission free. Public cordially invited. Liberal and Spiritual papers and books for sale.——The Everett Hall Spiritual Conference, 398 Fulton street, meets every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. Meetings free. Spiritual literature for sale.——The Eastern District Spiritual Conference meets every Monday evening at Composite Room, 4th street, corner of south 2d street, at 7:45. Spiritual and Liberal literature on sale. All invited.——The Philosophical Association meets every Sunday afternoon in the Assembly Room of Wright's Business College, Broadway, corner of Fourth street, E. D., at 3 P.M. Public cordially invited. Doors open at 2:30 P.M.

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—AND—

Freethinkers' Almanac for 1884

(E. M. 284.)

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Upon the couch of death he lies
  Who soon must breathe his last,
While, through his wildly-throbbing brain,
  Dread, awesome shapes flit fast.

And, ever and anon, he starts
  As some wronged wraith of worth
Were there to blast with baleful curse
  His latest hour of earth.

And, ever and anon, he waves
  Some viewless thing away,
That glides in pale, reproachful guise
  Betwixt him and the day.

Fast! fast they come! grim, gory shapes!
  They swarm about his bed,
Beseamed by many a ghastly wound
  Through which their dumb souls fled.

Nearer, and nearer yet they press!
  They peer into his face
With eyes his own roll mad to meet,
  Like molten suns in space.

And many a deed of horror foul,
  Committed years agone,
In bloody cerements bursts its shroud,
  Like soul 'pon judgment morn.

But hark! from out the ambient air
  Break moans of direful pain—
Shrill, awful cries that rend like steel
  His conscience-stricken brain.

Was this a dog this mangled thing
  Stretched stark, along the floor,
It lank jaws bathed with bloody foam,
  And bare its true heart's core?

Poor, piteous beast! thine end was swift,
  But here another lies,
From which yon wolfish miscreant's hand
  Once plucked the kind, brown eyes.

And now a fiercer tremor shakes
  The vivisector's frame!
Mayhap he views (oh, meet reward!)
  Hell's never-dying flame.

Oh, horrible! yon eyeless hound
  Crawls to the monster's side,
And rears to lick that awful hand
  By which it, guiltless, died.

But when the vivisector's gaze
  Fell 'pon that poor, blind face,
With one mad shriek his guilty soul
  Forsook her dwelling-place!

*Vivisection is the dissecting of animals alive, and generally entirely without the use of anesthetics, especially in the more acutely painful operations (including, necessarily, all the vast multitude of horrible ones yearly performed upon the nervous system, in which the evidences of agony, particularly the reflex action of the nerves, form the only guides to the operator). The use of anesthetics would render impossible all the above class of experiments, remember. Vivisection is a practice now widely prevalent both in Europe and America, and is the legitimate outcome of a false science, barren of all useful results, coupled with the innate thirst for blood and cruelty in man, and the most monstrous abuse of the power possessed by the strong to oppress the weak, recorded in the annals of time. Look into it, friends. I sound no sensational, false note of alarm when I say deliberately that the horrors of vivisection as practiced to-day here and elsewhere, absolutely dwarf into insignificance all other crimes in this cruel world. Unite with me, all you men and women of noble soul, and enact laws which shall make it impossible, in free America at least, that these demons of cruelty, the vivisectors, shall create a hell on earth for our faithful, defenseless friends, the brutes, whom we are bound to protect by every law of justice and humanity. Write to me, you who wish, and I will mail you printed information which will fill your hearts with sentiments of righteous indignation. ELLIOTT PRESTON.

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Ladies, read the following testimony from a lady who had been under drug treatment for eight years with nervous prostration and female weakness:

OSBORN, O., Dec. 15, 1882.

DR. L. TENNEY: Your letter just received; also the Clothing on Tuesday last. Fitted perfectly. FELT BETTER FROM THE FIRST HOUR I HAD THEM ON. Am not joking, and if I improve as rapidly as I hav since Tuesday, will soon be well. Will report again soon. Respectfully yours, E. J. K.

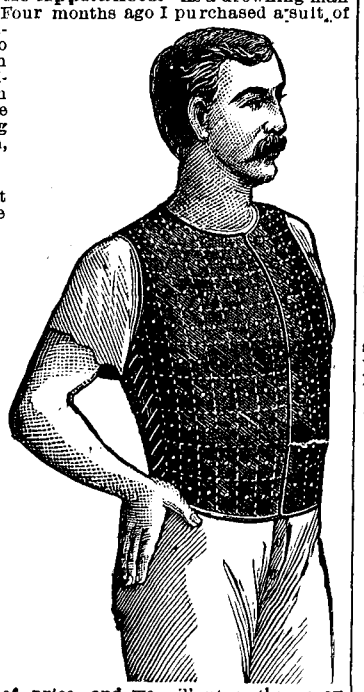
This lady reports herself entirely cured in less than six weeks after putting on the garments, and, although in bed, unable to get out, when applied, she nevertheless was able to ride twenty miles in two days after the application. The lady's name can be had upon application at this office, by anyone desiring to communicate with her.

Ladies, read the following testimony from a lady who had been suffering for two years with an **Ovarian Tumor**, and who had been told that nothing but the knife would save her life, and the chances were as 9 to 1 against recovery. In four months' time she is perfectly well, and has not taken a dose of medicin since putting on the appliances. Consult us when your physician tells you he can do nothinog for you; it will pay you.

SHULLSBURG, WIS., November 19, 1882.

DR. L. TENNEY, *Dear Sir:* About two years ago my health began to fail me; I became nervous, lost all desire for food, and, in fact, began to fail rapidly, so that I became alarmed and consulted several physicians of St. Louis, at which place I was then stopping, all of whom declared that I had an **Ovarian Tumor**, and that the only thing that would save my life would be the knife. About six months ago I grew rapidly worse, and had about made up my mind to take the only course that seemed left to me, and submit to an operation, when my attention was called to the **Eureka Magnetic Appliances.** As a drowning man will catch at a straw, so did I catch at this faint hope of a cure. Four months ago I purchased a suit of your appliances. From the very first I felt invigorated, the tumor, which had extended entirely across my abdomen, began to decrease, my pains became less from day to day, until now I am as well as I ever was in my life. Since putting on the appliances I hav not taken a single dose of medicin. My bowels, which before were constipated, are now regular. I would therefore cheerfully recommend them to anyone suffering as I hav, believing that they will do all and more than you claim for them. I remain,

Gratefully yours, MRS. MARY J. STEWART.



Remember that these appliances are not worn next the skin, but over the under-garment, and, unlike all other appliances in the market, they impart no shocks and leaves no sores.

PRICE LIST.

Nerve and Lung Invigorators, -	$ 6.00
Gentlemen's Belts, - - -	6.00
Ladies' Abdominal Belts, - -	6.00
Sciatic Appliances, each, - -	5.00
Leg Belts, each, - - -	4.00
Knee Caps, each, - - -	3.00
Wristlets, each, - - -	1.50
Sleeping Caps, - - - -	4.00
Ladies Jacket, - - -	18.00
Gentlemen's Vests, - - -	15.00
Superfine Insoles, - - -	1.00

Children's garments upon application.

Any of the above garments sent to any address upon receipt of price, and we will return the money if they are not as represented in every respect. If you are uncertain as to what would best suit your case send us word stating symptoms, and we will advise you what would be best suited to treat you. While our appliances are offered at less than one-third of what others are selling worthless appliances for, yet we will guarantee that the magnetic quality is a hundred fold superior to any other appliance ever offered the public, and will outlast the garments themselvs. Every magnet is put through a particular process, and hav raised five times their own weight six months after being magnetized, while not a single appliance in the market will attract the smallest particle of iron, the majority of such worthless appliances having so-called magnets made of material no better than hoop-iron, and not capable of retaining magnetism for a moment. All of our garments are made from the very best material for the purpose, and will outlast any and all other garments now before the public. Every magnet is arranged in the garments upon *scientific principles*, and not haphazard as in all the others. We offer you therefore

The Only Scientific Magnetic Appliance Ever Constructed.

And challenge comparison with any of the so-called magnetic garments now offered under that head. At the same time the application of labor-saving machinery in our manufacture enables us to offer them about

ONE-THIRD THE PRICE HERETOFORE CHARGED,

So that we can say with truth, None are so poor that they cannot procure them, being but a trifle higher than ordinary clothing.

Remember that we are offering you the cheapest and best magnetic appliances in the market, and if upon receiving the garments they do not meet your expectation, return them at our expense and we will refund your money.

Ladies' Abdominal Jackets and Gentlemen's Vests are made to order, and a fit guaranteed.

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DR. L. TENNEY,
471 West Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.

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By R. D. Westbrook, D.D. LL.B,
Author of "The Bible—Whence and What?"

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CHRONIC DISEASES

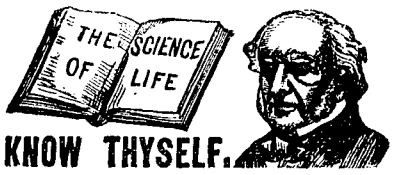
Embracing those of the blood and Nerves, the Diseases of Men, the Diseases of Women, and the various causes, physical and social, leading to the mare plainly treated by that plainest of books, PLAIN HOME TALK, EMBRACING MEDICAL COMMON SENSE—nearly 1,000 pages, 200 illustrations, by Dr. E. B. FOOTE, of 120 Lexington ave., New York. To whom all letters from the sick should be addressed. In its issue for Jan. 19, 1878, Mr. Bennett's TRUTH SEEKER thus speaks of Dr. FOOTE and his medical publications: "We know him (Dr. Foote) personally and intimately, and we say with all the assurance that knowledge imparts that he is a man of the highest incentivs and motivs, whose life has been spent in instructing and improving his fellow-beings by giving such information as is well calculated to enable them to be more healthy, more happy, and to be better and more useful men and women. His medical works possess the highest value, and hav been introduced and thoroughly read in hundreds of thousands of families, who to-day stand ready to bear willing testimony to the great benefit they hav derived from the physiological, hygienic, and moral lessons which he has so ably imparted."

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THE SCIENCE OF LIFE. ONLY $1.

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A Great Medical Work on Manhood!

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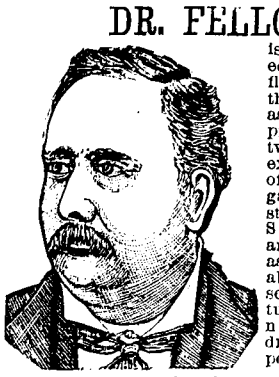
This Science of Life should be read by the young for instruction, and by the afflicted for relief. It will benefit all.—*London Lancet.*

There is no member of society to whom this book will not be useful, whether youth, parent, guardian instructor, or clergyman.—*Argonaut.*

Address the Peabody Medical Institute, or Dr. W H. Parker, No 4 Bulfinch st., Boston, Mass., who may be consulted on all diseases requiring skill and experience. Chronic and obstinate diseases that hav baffled the skill of all other physicians a specialty. Such treated successfully without an instance of failure. **HEAL THYSELF**

1yr48 Mention this paper.

DR. FELLOWS



is a regularly educated and legally qualified physician, and the most successful as his practice will prove. He has for twenty years treated exclusivly all diseases of the Sexual Organs, in which he stands pre-eminent. SPERMATORRHŒA and IMPOTENCY as the result of self-abuse in youth and sexual excesses in maturer years, causing night emissions by dreams, loss of sexual power, rendering marriage improper and unhappy, etc., are cured permanently by an outside application in sixty days. NO STOMACH MEDICIN USED. It is one of Dr. Fellows' valuable discoveries, which is entirely unknown to the medical profession. Send three 2-cent stamps for his "Private Counselor," giving full information. Address Dr. R. P. Fellows, Vineland, N. J., and say where you saw this advertisment.

From the Ironclad Age.

"Dr. Fellows is an outspoken Infidel, therefore no cheat or humbug. The Freethinkers of the land should giv the doctor their patronage." 1y3

RUPTURES CURED by my Medical Compound and Improved Elastic Supporter Truss in from 30 to 90 days.

Reliable references given. Send stamp for circular, *and say in what paper you saw my advertisement.* Address Capt. W. A. Collings, Smithville, Jefferson Co. N.Y.

Gems of Thought.

To overcome the selfish propensity, to not be always eager to secure his own pleasure and profit, to not be willing to injure the interests of others that his own may be promoted, is the grandest work to which man can devote himself. Our tastes, our incentivs, our desires and objects are all susceptible of modification and improvement. We can make of ourselvs almost anything we please. Self-control and a constant watch over ourselvs will accomplish it.—*D. M. Bennett.*

WE often hear of the return of the "prodigal son," of the finest veal being served up to him, and of his entire forgivness. How often, though, do we hear of the "prodigal daughter?" Seldom, very seldom, is the poor misguided girl allowed to return home. Why this discrimination? "To err is human, to forgiv divine," but parents seem never to think of this when the daughter—more sinning—returns to the parental roof and prays for forgivness. Is she not as deserving of forgivness as the son who has run his course, and returns when he has become tired of the world? A woman will more fully realize the folly of her ways, and be more ready to reform if the opportunity is given her, but what is she to do? Her parents, the very ones whose arms should always be ready to receive her, cast her away with the command never to darken their door again. Her own sex refuse to recognize her, employment she cannot secure; so there is nothing left for her to do but to continue in her evil course until death claims her as his own, and thus brings the long wished for relief.—*Anon.*

BELIEF is an effect produced by a cause. It is a condition of the mind induced by the operation of evidence presented. Being, therefore, an effect and not an act, it cannot be, or hav, a merit. The moment it becomes a distinctly voluntary act (and therefore, a thing of which merit can be predicated) it ceases to be genuin; it is then brought about (if it be not an abuse of language to name this state "belief") by the will of the individual, not by the *bona fide* operation of evidence upon his mind. which brings us to *reductio ad absurdum* (the ridiculous conclusion), that belief can only become meritorious by ceasing to be honest.—*Greg.*

SINCE from my youth I was devoted to the pursuits of literature, and my mind has always been stronger than my body, I did not court the labors of a camp, in which any common person would hav been of more service than myself, but resorted to that employment in which my exertions were likely to be of most avail. Thus, with the better part of my power, I contributed as much as possible to the good of my country, and to the success of the glorious cause in which we were engaged; and I thought that if God willed the success of such glorious achievements, it was equally agreeable to his will that there should be others by whom these achievements should be recorded with dignity and elegance; and that the truth, which had been defended by arms, should also be defended by reason; which is the best and only legitimate means of defending it—*Milton's Defense.*

ISOLATION tends always to enfeeble the powers and impoverish the spirit, whether it be the hermit's cell, or the superb palace which sets one apart from his fellows in the world. Life in large communities is more attractiv and rewarding than in the smaller—in the village more so than in the hamlet; in the city more so than in the village. The energetic and sympathetic feel this most surely, and their scheme of life is modified by it.—*Dr. R. S. Storrs.*

TOWERED cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men;
When throngs of knights and barons bold
In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold.
With stare of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence and judge the prize,
Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace whom all commend.
—*Milton's L'Allegro.*

MAN was not sent upon the earth to prepare himself for existence in another world; he was sent upon the earth that he might beautify it as a dwelling, and subdue it to his use; that he might exalt his intellectual and moral powers until he had attained perfection, and had raised himself to that ideal which he now expresses by the name of God, but which, however sublime it may appear to our weak and imperfect minds, is far below the splendor and majesty of that power by whom the universe was made.—*Winwood Reade.*

BE ye therefore perfect, even as your father which is in heaven is perfect.—*Jesus.*

To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile,
Assiduous wait upon her;
And gather gear by every wile
That's justified by honor;
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a train attendant;
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent. —*Burns.*

A PERSON whom I knew had dined with a millionaire, *tete-a-tete*, with six flunkeys standing round the table. I suppose that a man of Mr. Greg's (the author of "The Creed of Christendom") intellect and character, in spite of his half ascetic hatred of plush, would rather hav been one of the six than one of the two.—*Goldwin Smith.*

FEW can seriously think it possible to reimpose upon the modern world the Lent of the Middle Ages, with its irrational disregard of latitude, climate, employment, physical constitution, and everything else of which medical science takes account in regulating diet. The number is always growing smaller of those who believe that the narrativ to which Lent has reference is itself to be taken literally, and that all the kingdoms of the world were actually shown by the tempter to the tempted from the pinnacle of the temple.—*Toronto Bystander (April).*

RIGHT thinking involves *free* thinking. If to know truth makes us free, freedom, again, is the condition of knowing the truth.—*Dr. J. F. Clarke.*

N. Y. State Freethinkers' Association.

THE SEVENTH ANNUAL CONVENTION;

Where Held—The Speakers Engaged—The Hotels, Railroads, etc.

THE NEW YORK STATE FREETHINKERS' ASSOCIATION, in accordance with its established custom, has invited the Freethinkers of all the other states, and also of Canada, to meet them in annual Convention, at Cassadaga Lake, N. Y., on the 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th days of September next.

THE SPEAKERS.

The following well-known speakers hav been engaged to address the Convention: Thaddeus B. Wakeman, of New York; Miss Helen H. Gardner, of St. Louis; Courtlandt Palmer, of New York; Charles Watts, of London, England; Allen Pringle, of Selby, Canada; Col. John R. Kelso, of Modesto, Cal.; George Chainey, of Boston; J. H. Burnham, of Saginaw City, Mich.; Mrs. Dr. Juliet H. Severance, of Milwaukee; Stephen Pearl Andrews, of New York Dr. John Stoltz, of Chicago; William S. Bell, of Boston; Judge R. S. McCormick, of Franklin, Pa.; John E. Remsburg, of Atchison, Kansas; Lyman C. Howe, of Fredonia, N. Y.; M. E. Billings, of Waverly, Iowa; Hon. A. B. Bradford, of Enon Valley, Pa.; Charles B. Reynolds, of Rochester, N. Y.; Samuel P. Putnam, of New York; Dr. William F. McCormick, of Franklin, Pa.; and Richard B. Westbrook, D.D., orthodox, of Philadelphia, Pa. And the following hav also been invited, the most of whom are expected to be present: Hon. Elizur Wright, of Boston; F. E. Abbot, Cambridge, Mass.; Horace Seaver, Boston; Luther Colby, Boston; Judge Arnold Krekle and Mrs. Judge Krekle, of Kansas City, Mo.; James Parton, of Newburyport, Mass.; Judge Carter, of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia; and B. F. Underwood, editor of the *Index*, Boston, Mass. It is possible that Col. Ingersoll will be present and address the Convention.

THE SINGING.

Professor A. D. Lane, of Olean, N. Y., one of the most popular professional singers in the state, accompanied by as good a quartet of voices as can be found in Western New York, has been engaged to provide the musical entertainment for the occasion. Professor H. H. Hall, who sang for the Rochester Convention, has also been engaged.

THE PLACE OF MEETING.

The location where the Convention is to meet is one of the most pleasant and picturesque in the state. It is described as follows in a circular issued by the Association: "The Cassadaga Lake Camp-meeting Grounds are eight miles from Lake Erie, and seven hundred feet above it; situated midway between New York and Chicago, one and a half hours by rail from Buffalo, five from Cleveland, nine from Pittsburgh, fourteen hours from Cincinnati, sixteen from Philadelphia, eighteen hours from New York, twenty hours from Boston and Washington, and twenty-one from Chicago. It lies on the shore of a beautiful chain of lakes, three in number, and at an elevation of nearly fourteen hundred feet above the level of the sea." The Association last year erected on the grounds an amphitheater, with a seating capacity of twenty-five hundred people, with the seats in a semi-circle, which givs every one present an opportunity to hear all that is said from the speaker's platform.

ROUTES OF TRAVEL AND RAILROAD RATES.

Eastern and western passengers over the Nickel Plate, Lake Shore & Michigan Southern railroad, and eastern passengers over the New York, Lake Erie & Western (formerly Erie) railroad, change cars at Dunkirk, N. Y., and take the Dunkirk, Allegheny Valley & Pittsburgh railroad to the "Cassadaga Camp-meeting Grounds."

Eastern and western passengers over the New York, Pennsylvania & Ohio railroad (formerly Atlantic & Great Western), and eastern passengers over the Buffalo & Jamestown railroad, change cars at the Atlantic & Great Western Crossing, and take the Dunkirk, Allegheny Valley & Pittsburgh railroad to Lily Dale Station.

To be more definit, persons coming to the Convention from most of the cities and large towns in the United States will find it the cheaper to purchase excursion tickets to Chautauqua Lake. These can be obtained very cheap; and then leave the cars at the crossing of the Dunkirk, Allegheny Valley & Pittsburgh railroad near Jamestown, and then take the last mentioned road to Lily Dale Station, near the camping grounds. Persons coming from any station on the New York, Lake Erie & Western railroad, or any of its branches west of Binghampton, will pay full fare to Dunkirk, and then be returned at one-third fare home. The Dunkirk, Allegheny Valley & Pittsburgh railroad will sell excursion tickets at two cents a mile from any station on that road.

New York, Lake Erie & Western Railway—Excursion Rates.

Rates quoted from the first three places are to both Chautauqua and Jamestown, the others to Jamestown.

New York or Jersey City, $18.50; Philadelphia, $17.60; Newark, $18.50; Paterson, $17.00; Newburg, $16.75; Goshen, $14.75; Montgomery, $14.50; Middletown, $14,00; Port Jarvis, $13.00; Lackawaxen, $14.00; Honesdale, $13.00; Hancock, $14.00; Deposit, $10.50; Susquehanna, $9.75; Binghamton, $8.75; Owego, $8.00; Waverly, $7.25; Elmira, $6.50; Corning, $5.75; Bath, $6.50; Bloods, $6.45; Wayland, $6.40; Livonia, $5.80; Avon, $5.40; Geneseo, $5.70; Mt. Morris, $5.95; Dansville, $6.55; Rochester, $5.50; Caledonia, $5.25; Le Roy, $4,80; Batavia, $4.20; Warsaw, $4.65; Attica, $4.20; Buffalo, $2.75; Tonawanda, $3.20; Lockport, $3,80; Niagara Falls, $3.75; Suspension Bridge, $3.75; Clifton, Ont., $3.75; Addison, $5.50; Canisteo, $4.40; Hornellsville, $4.25; Almond, $4.00; Andover, $3.50; Wellsville, $3.20; Scio, $3.00; Belmont, $2.85; Belvidere, $2.75; Friendship, $2.55; Cuba, $2.20; Olean, $1.80; Carrolton, $1.25; Limestone, $1.50; Bradford, Pa., $1.70; Little Valley, $1.70; Cattaraugus, $1.65; Perrysburg, $1.40; Dayton, N. Y., $1.30; Dunkirk, $2.15.

THE HOTEL RATES.

The following prices hav been established at the hotels for board: $1.50 per day, for one day and less than three days; and over, $1 per day. Table board: breakfast, 40 cents; dinner, 50 cents; supper, 30 cents. Lodgings, 25 to 30 cents. The hotel accommodations are sufficient to entertain all who may attend.

Salamanca, N. Y. **H. L. GREEN,**
Secretary New York State Freethinkers' Association.

P. S.—I am glad to announce that the Truth Seeker Company will hav an agent on the grounds with a large assortment of Freethought publications for sale. The editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER will, as heretofore, make full reports of the proceedings. Other reports of the Convention will be published in the New York *Herald*, the Buffalo *Courier*, and other secular papers. H. L. G.

On Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 8th and 9th, the

NATIONAL LIBERAL LEAGUE

WILL HOLD ITS

EIGHTH ANNUAL CONGRESS

At the same place.

In his call for the Congress the President of the League invites "all citizens of the United States, whether they hav acted with this League or not, who believe in a secular republic, separation of church and state; the equality of all citizens before the law, without distinction of creed or race or sex; justice for all, and privileges and monopolies for none; the need of universal secular education, free speech, and a free press as the basis of universal suffrage."

All Charter and Life Members of the League, and all delegates from local Auxiliary Leagues, will hav votes in the Congress. Each Auxiliary is entitled to send five delegates—its president, secretary, and three other members—to the Congress. Annual members are entitled to seats in the Congress, and to votes by the permission of the Congress.

Odds and Ends.

NOT even a sparrow falls to the ground without being seen, and generally the cat gets it.

WHEN a small boy gets spanked it may be truly said that there is a woman at the bottom of it.

INSTEAD of gambling at the rural church strawberry festivals, the girls guess how many hairs are in the dude's mustaches, and the one who comes the nearest rakes the pot.

"AH, Mr. Hebbleton, I hear that you hav been called to the ministry." "Well, I can hardly term it a call. They only offer me five hundred a year. Sort of a whisper, you understand."

MISS EVA MACKAY, daughter of the California millionare, is betrothed to Mr. Colonna, representativ of the well-known family of Colonna. It will now be in order for her friends to Colonna and present their congratulations.

"How in the world can you content yourself to liv in this dead-and-alive place?" asked the city visitor of her country cousin. "I know I should die if I had to stay here." "Well," replied the rustic relativ, "I suppose I should, too; but then the city folks ain't here only a few weeks in the year, you know."

"CLARA, what makes you sit so close to George when he calls? I hope you will not forget the proprieties, my child." "Oh, but, ma, George is dreadful deaf." "Yes, I remember, your father was troubled with the same complaint before we were married, but now I cannot go through his pantaloons pockets in the morning without waking him up."

"YES, sir," he said fiercely, as he stood up to the bar, "the ins hav got to go out, and the outs hav got to go in." Just then his wife entered the saloon, and seizing him by the collar said, in low, determined tones, "There's one out got to be in—in his own house in ten minutes, or there's going to be music somewhere." He smiled a sickly smile as he said, "My wife's a great joker," but he followed meekly in her wake, nevertheless, as she left the place.

IN Missouri hugging parties hav been introduced to swell the church treasuries, and a paper givs the following scale of prices: Girls under sixteen, 25 cents for each hug of two minutes; from sixteen to twenty-five years of age, 50 cents; from twenty to twenty-five, 75 cents; schoolma'ams, 40 cents; widows, according to looks, from 10 cents to $1; old maids, 3 cents apiece, or two for a nickel, and not any limit of time. Ministers are not charged. Editors pay in advertisments, but are not allowed to participate until everybody else is through.

AT a camp-meeting way down in Maine many of the campers inhabited temporary abiding places made of canvas, stretched upon a frame-work of joists. To dwell in such a place in proper privacy requires some caution. It won't do to place a light in the middle of the tent and then proceed to make preparations for retiring, for the shadows are cast with a deadly accuracy and are not spread out as they are on the slanting walls of an ordinary tent. This fact being noticed by certain young persons who perambulated the groves by night, a scheme against the peace of mind of the persons inhabiting such dwellings was formed and carried out. The young villains secured a plenteous supply of charcoal, and as the shades of evening advanced they noiselessly went about tracing out upon the outside walls of the tents the shadows thrown from the inside. The light of morning broke—was broken all up, in fact—upon a decorated camp. Many of the sketches were distinctly recognizable and intensely amusing. The expression that stole over the face of Deacon —— when he emerged from his tent and found a curious and amused crowd gazing at an excellent likeness of his more than portly form arrayed in exceedingly scanty attire, was a sight for the gods.

LITTLE AH SID, AND HOW HE BACKSLID.

Little Ah Sid
Was a Christian kid—
A cute little cuss, you'd declare—
With eyes full of fun,
With a nose that begun
Right up at the roots of his hair.

Jolly and fat
Was this frolicsome brat,
As he played through the long summer day,
And braided his cue
As his father used to,
In Chinaland, far, far away.

Once o'er a lawn
That Ah Sid played upon,
A bumble-bee flew in the spring;
"Melican buttlefly!"
Said he winking his eye,
"Me catch um and pull off um wing."

Then with his cap
He struck it a rap—
This innocent bumble-bee—
And put its remains
In the seat of his jeans,
For a pocket there had the Chinee.

Down on the green
Sat the little sardine
In a style that was strangely demure,
And said with a grin
That was brimful of sin,
"Me mash um buttlefly, sure."

Little Ah Sid
Was only a kid,
Nor could you expect him to guess
What kind of a bug
He was holding so snug
In the folds of his loose-fitting dress.

"Ki-ya! Ki-yip-ye!"
Ah Sid cried, as he
Rose hurriedly up from that spot.
"Ki-ya! Yuk-a-kan!
Dam un Melican man—
Um buttlefly belly much hot!"
—*San Francisco Wasp.*

THE TRUTH SEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., as Second-class Matter.

Vol. 11. No. 37. | PUBLISHED WEEKLY. | New York, Saturday, September 13, 1884. | 33 CLINTON PLACE. | $3.00 per year.

Notes and Clippings.

THE latest illustration of the advantages of heredity in England is evidenced in the £100 a year pension granted to the Rev. Charles Southey, who is nobody, for being the son of Robert Southey, who was somebody.

MR. EVARTS'S committee needs contributions to finish the pedestal of the statue of Liberty. The statue is ready to be shipped, and $125,000 is needed to complete the work on Bedloe's Island, in New York Harbor, by November.

To help on the work of Christianizing the Chinese in Philadelphia, the committee has issued a neat prayer-book, with the prayers both in English and Chinese. A prayer in Chinese must strike the recording angel as something of a curiosity.

THE pope is about to issue a bull against France for legislating on the rights of her citzens relating to free marriage, and also free divorce for cause. The encyclical letter will declare marriage a sacrament. That will, of course, make it so!

THE various missionary societies should turn their attention to some church communities instead of the heathen. At a meeting in a Paterson, N. J., church last week, the members jumped around and on the seats, and called each other liars and hypocrits. It was found necessary to call in the police. There is a rich field for missionary duty among some of the churches, says the *Telegram*.

THE circle of a child's acquaintances cannot be expected to be as large as that of its parents. A little Chicago girl went to Sunday-school and was placed in a class. The teacher sweetly asked her if she knew who Jesus was. "Well, ma'am, we've just gone to board at the Palmer House, an' ain't very well acquainted, but I 'spect ma knows him." The mother says she don't know what the neighbors think about the way she brings up her children.

"CHICAGO must be a pretty large and flourishing place," said an Austin man to a gentleman from the Lake City, who had come to Texas for his health. "Yes, we must hav almost ten thousand saloons." "How many clerical scandals?" "I've only heard of three lately." "How is that?" "The reason there are so many more saloons than clerical scandals is because you know where to lay your hands on the saloons when you want to count them."

THE ghost of Abraham will not down. Andrew O. Taylor, of this city, was charged with assaulting his mother-in-law. When asked whether he had knocked her down, Taylor said: "No, sir; I feel confident that it was the supreme power that knocked her down, cut her face, and blackened her eye." "Through the instrumentality of your fist," said the district attorney. "But she was banging me over the head with a big dipper," said the prisoner. "Another supreme power," said the court, facetiously. The inspired gentleman was discharged.

THE British Association of Scientists hav just closed a convention at Montreal, Can. Jo Cook was in town seeking a recognition, which he did not gain. A *Sun* correspondent says of him: "The Rev. J. Cook, who has bobbed up serenely here, lectured to-night in a Methodist church on the subject, 'Does death end all?' with physiological illustrations. He wanted to hav a tilt with the Materialists. His posters were extensivly distributed around where the scientific men could see them, and, as a well-known New York man of science said, 'He told all about what happens after death for only twenty-five cents.'"

THE details of the attempted shooting last month of Col. Katansky, chief of the gendarmes, of Odessa, Russia, which hav hitherto been suppressed, hav now become public. The motiv leading the young woman, Maria Kalisnaja, to attempt the deed was the desire for revenge. Col. Katansky had sentenced her brother, who was a member of a revolutionary society, to penal servitude for life. The girl entered Col. Katansky's private room, and twenty minutes later drew a revolver from her pocket and fired point blank at the officer. The bullet grazed his ear, and before she could fire again Col. Katansky seized the weapon and immediately placed the young woman under arrest.

SOME of the students at Racine College, Wis., are liable to be proceeded against for neglecting the means of grace. The late Dr. Koven of that college was in the habit of giving his classes a weekly lecture upon religious subjects, questioning them beforehand in order to find out what they already knew. On one of these occasions the topic was the angels. "Now," said the doctor, "before I begin, let some one of you giv me his notion of an angel." A profound silence followed. "Did none of you, for instance, ever hear of Lucifer?" Thereupon a hand was lifted to reply. "Well, said the doctor, "what hav you to say of him?" "Why," replied the student, wasn't it he that started the German Reformation, as they say?"

How much do children usually understand of the theological distinctions taught them at Sunday-school? This conversation will illustrate: "My dear boy," said an earnest Sunday-school teacher at the North End Mission to a frowsy urchin, "do you know we are all sinners?" "Yes, marm." "Do you know that you are a sinner?" "Yes, marm." A long and earnest talk followed, in which the claims of the gospel were fully set forth; but the teacher was only rewarded by an unintelligible stare. Finally, it occurred to the teacher that perhaps she had taken the boy beyond his depth, and she inquired, "John, you know what a sinner is, don't you?" "Sinners, marm? Oh, yes; sinners is strings in turkey's legs."

THE writer of "Undertones" in the San Francisco *Chronicle* takes a rational view of the so-called phenomena of Spiritualism. He says: "I am not a Spiritualist, but there is far too much evidence of 'psychic force,' as it has been called, to leave any reasonable doubt of the existence of some form of magnetism which is one of the most marvelous of natural phenomena. Its various demonstrations are called phenomena. In the dictionary meaning of the word they are phenomena, but in the accepted meaning they are not. Scientists hav passed over all those subjects as curious freaks of nature. Nature has no freaks. Everything has a deliberate and intelligible cause, and it is the business of science not to disbelieve until it has proved imposture."

MR. RUSKIN, who never says anything unless he knows all about it, says: "In all rational and authoritativ sense the word saint can only be applied to a person in perfect health of body, heart, and mind." This knocks the saintly handle off the name of a person of the name of Paul, who, although otherwise approximating Mr. Ruskin's standard of saintship, suffered a grievous physical imperfection that tormented him not a little, and "his bodily presence was weak, and his speech contemptible." Good-bye, Saint Paul. Still, there is honor in store for the apostle to the gentiles. While we drop the "saint," we will call him "Mister Paul," just the same as we say "Mister Ruskin," which ought to be gratefully appreciated by Paul's large circle of admirers.—*Exchange.*

MR. BURDETTE, of the *Burlington Hawkeye*, drops into parable and discourses as follows: "You ought to be able to overhear all that goes on," remarked the dominie, gazing derisivly at the long ears of the patient ass. "I do," replied the patient ass. "Get on." The dominie climbed upon the patient back, and when his long legs were adjusted he smote the patient ass with his umbrella and said: "Get up!" "I will," replied the patient ass, "since you insist upon it." And then he "got up" his back in a sharp hump, and bucked the dominie over the long gray ears, clear through the osage orange hedge into the guinea hen's nest on the other side. The patient animal reached for a thistle and laughed a low, mournful laugh. "You bet your cassock," he murmured, "I over ear everything that goes on my back. Little pitchers hav great ears, but their best holt lies in the projectil tissue of the backbone." And in all the pleasant meadow there came no sound save the soft sighing of the summer wind, toying with the bending grasses, and the hushed breathing of a holy man, scraping from his somber garments the debris of the long, too long, hoarded wealth of the guinea hen's hidden nest.

DEACON WARD, so the Boston *Globe* asserts, is a Christian farmer who works fifty-one weeks in the year, and on the fifty-second he brushes up his old broadcloth coat with a high, quilted collar, covers his bald head with a napless silk hat, stores his old wagon full of bed-quilts and provisions, hitches in his sorrel bobtail mare, and strikes out for the camp-meeting. Arrived there, he started out in a search for milk for his coffee. On account of liquor being a forbidden luxury inside the grounds, the Yankee vendors hav been compelled to mix their whisky with milk and sell the savory combination under the name of "Jersey cream," which commands a good price among those who hav a fondness for such fluids. After a large amount of growling about the exorbitant rates, the deacon bought a quart of the patent milk and took it to his tent, when all the family was so delighted with its flavor that they sent out and procured some more. About bedtime the deacon was feeling sort of happy and determined to go over and get another glass just before retiring. "How many cows hav ye that gin that sort o' milk?" asked he, going up to the stand. "Four; they are all there are of the kind in the country." "You say they are Jerseys. What sort o' fodder do you gin 'em that makes it so rich?" "I don't giv them anything but grass. I lay the richness to the powerful amount of thunder showers we've hed o' late." "What hav they got to do with it?" "Everything in the world. You see, it thunders and lightens all the time up there where I livs, an' I reckon that somehow 'twixt the milkin' an' the cannin' my milk gets struck, an' that fixes it." "What on airth is it struck with?" "Jersey lightning."

THE *Edinburgh Review* recurs to the subject of lightning rods, and points out that the new doctrin of Franklin and his allies was not received without considerable opposition. A sharp shock of an earthquake having been experienced in Massachusetts in 1755, this was forthwith attributed to the evil influences of Franklin's lightning rods. A Boston clergyman preached against them in 1770 as "impious contrivances to prevent the execution of the wrath of heaven." Even as late as 1826 an engineer in the employment of the British government recommended that all lightning rods should be removed from public buildings as dangerous expedients, and in 1838 the governor-general and council of the East India Company ordered that all lightning rods should be removed from public buildings, arsenals, and powder magazines throughout India, and only became reconciled to their restoration after a large magazine and corning house, not furnished with a conductor, had been blown up during a storm. Franklin was so much in earnest in reference to his invention that he sent a friend at his own charge through the principal towns of the New England states to make known the powers and virtues of the lightning rod. In the "Poor Richard" for 1758, a kind of almanac or manual which he was at that time publishing, he gave specific instructions for the erection of his rods. The second conductor which he himself constructed was placed upon the house of Mr. West, a wealthy merchant of Philadelphia. A few months after this had been erected a storm burst over the town and a flash of lightning was seen to strike the point of the conductor and to spread itself out as a sheet of flame at its base. It was afterward found that about two inches and a half of the brass point had been dissipated into the air, and that immediately beneath the metal was melted into the form of an irregular, blunt cap. The house, nevertheless, was quite uninjured. The sheet of flame seen at the base of the conductor Franklin correctly ascribed to the ground having been very dry, and to there not having been a sufficiently capacious earth contact under those circumstances. He nevertheless shrewdly, and quite justifiably, assumed that in this case nature had itself pronounced an unmistakable verdict in favor of his invention.

News of the Week.

INGERSOLL was elected president of the League at Cassadaga last Tuesday.

THE eldest son of the late William M. Tweed died recently in a Paris madhouse.

STATISTICS show that the proportion of divorces to marriages in France is that of 1 to 1,000.

MAINE went Republican last Monday by 17,000 plurality. The prohibition amendment is claimed to hav been carried.

WHILE the Rev. J. W. Horne, of Southport, Conn., was walking on the railroad track last Saturday he was struck by a train and instantly killed.

THREE survivors of the Greely party of Arctic explorers engaged themselvs for exhibition in an Ohio dime museum, but the secretary of war ordered them to Portsmouth, N. H., where they will be assigned to duty.

MRS. BRIDGET COLLINS, of this city, went to mass last Sunday at St. Frances Xavier's church. While kneeling in her pew she fell forward and died. She had been fasting in preparation for the communion.

THE Rev. N. B. Thompson, a Baptist clergyman of this city, denounces the Rev. Mr. Ball, of Buffalo, who started the Cleveland scandal, as a disgrace to the pulpit. That is supposed to be the worst thing that can be said of a man.

THE presence of British and American fleets preserves order at Foo-chow, recently reduced by the French. German officers in the service of China are ordered home. A Chinese army is reported to be on the way to invade Tonquin.

CASHIER HILL of the New Brunswick, N. J., bank, having embezzled $200,000, committed suicide last week. President Runyon, also implicated, followed Hill's example and sev ered his jugular vein with a penknife last Monday.

MRS. WASHINGTON KELLER, of Reading, Pa., fasted forty-eight days and then died. She was inspired to take this long fast by reading of Christ's forty days' fast in the wilderness. It is fair to suppose that this folly will not be laid to the teachings of Infidelity.

ADDITIONAL returns from the Vermont elections show a decrease in the Republican majority as compared with the last election. This is claimed to be accounted for by Republicans on the theory that all the voters of the state were not represented at the polls.

THE Rev. Arthur Sloan's faith cure at Stratford, Conn., has closed its doors. The affair has not proved a financial success. Grocer Lemuel I. Beardsley, of the same place, whose magnetic treatment is not founded on faith, will continue business at the old stand.

MR. GLADSTONE has assured the ministers of the Free Church of Scotland that if a distinct majority of the Scotch members returned to the House of Commons at the next election were pledged to disestablish the Church of Scotland, the government would carry out the popular will.

A DEGREE of lassitude is observable in the political world. Little is accomplished, from day to day, more than a rehashing of old charges against party candidates. This may be called a summer of discontent among politicians. The winter of it will set in for some of them about Nov. 4th.

JUDGE C. J. FOLGER, secretary of the United States treasury, died at his home in Geneva, N. Y., on the 4th, aged 66 years. His death is attributed to overwork and disappointment arising from the loss of the governorship of New York, for which he was the Republican candidate and ran against Cleveland in 1882.

THE New York board of aldermen hav given away a million-dollar franchise, over the mayor's veto, to a stock company to build a surface railroad on Broadway. An investigation of the aldermen's conduct is going on. It is charged that each member of the board was promised $15,000 in cash and $10,000 worth of stock in the proposed road.

Communications.

Questions for Mr. Perry to Answer.

J. R. PERRY, *Sir:* I, like yourself, "seldom dabble in politics," but when I see such articles as yours in THE TRUTH SEEKER of July 26th on "Tariff," I cannot refrain from asking a few questions that I shall be pleased to hav you rise and explain. Who pays the tariff on imports—the home consumer or the foreign manufacturer? How are the consumer and laboring man benefited by tariff? How does it affect the price of wheat or other farm products? Being a laboring man, if high tariff will in any way benefit me, I would like to know it, so I could the better appreciate my friend, if such it be; for under my present convictions there are few things I appreciate less. The argument of high wages, about the only one I hav ever heard in its favor, is too vapid, and has gulled the unthinking laborer too long already. The wonder is, in the long, dull winter of idleness, as he sits shivering over his cold black stove, hungry and ragged, that he doesn't find out that tariff doesn't protect him nor his children's bare feet from the frost and snow, nor put food in their empty stomachs. The only reason that I can giv for his not thinking of such things, and resenting the insult of the high tariff advocate when he prates of protection and high wages at election times, and downing the fraud with his ballot, is that he has no time to think of anything but how to procure the necessities of life, luxuries and tariff being out of the question. For it is a lamentable fact that the laboring man's high wages boasted of will not support a family in Leavenworth, Kansas. What it will do elsewhere I cannot say; but, having been a laborer of Leavenworth for several years past, I know whereof I speak and can prove what I say. The (so-called) high wages of shop, and all indoor and outdoor laborers, where they can hav constant employment, is $1.25 per day. This, in a year of 313 working days, amounts to $391.25. The workingman's expenses for a family of six—himself, wife, and four children—at poor-house rates will be about as follows:

Rent of house for one year at $10 per month,	$120.00
Groceries at $6 per week,	312.00
Six tons of coal at $4,	24.00
Clothes for man,	25.00
" " woman,	25.00
" " each child $10,	40.00
Poll tax and other expenses,	20.00
Total,	566.00
Wages,	391.25
Leaving him behind,	174.75

This, it will be noticed, allows nothing for lost time, doctors' bills, and numerous other expenses that cannot be avoided. The question may be asked, How do they liv? By the wife and mother neglecting her own work and her children, going on short rations and half clad, and taking in washing or sewing, and sitting up nights to work when she should be in bed taking her needed rest. Those that think the expenses too high can find out by experiment. Perhaps it will be claimed that "a laborer that can't liv on bread and water has no right to liv;" or that a laboring man has no business with a wife and four children; and under our high tariff class-legislation this may be true. Surely the laboring man who assumes the responsibility of supporting a family under the present condition of things is making a rash venture, to say the least.

But if nativ-born citizens are as good as foreigners, the home and family should be encouraged and protected; and your argument in favor of "tariff affording inducements for emigration and an increase of population" falls flat.

The idea of an additional wealth tax is good, but, we fear, as impracticable as limitation in ownership of land, or government controling railroads. And to legislate so as to make millionaires at the expense of labor, in the hope that our grandchildren may get some of the money after the millionaires and their heirs are dead, we think a poor investment. Another unfair argument in favor of tariff is contrasting the condition of the laborers in England with those of the United States—unfair, because circumstances are different. England's population per square mile is 291, while that of the United States is only 14. Kansas has an area of 81,318 square miles, with a population of less than a million. Make her proportionately populous with England and Ireland, and she would hav over 24,000,000 inhabitants. Giv her 23,000,000 more people, with half of England's army to support, and is it reasonable to suppose they could liv as easily or well as under present conditions? If not, about how much tariff would it be necessary to add to their expenses to bring them up to the present living standard?

We think the object of legislation should be "the greatest good to the greatest number of people," without interfering with the rights of any. Just how tariff can benefit the consumer, agriculturist, or laborer is more than I can understand with present information. But that it prevents them from buying where they can buy cheapest, and enables the home manufacturer to sell at his own price regardless of cost, is certain. The idea of our suffering by overproduction is absurd and needs no comment; and if England can manufacture and ship her wares to us cheaper than we can produce them, let us buy of her and do something else that will pay better.

Here is where the high-wages hobby comes in, but as American manufacturers giv their employees only barely enough to subsist on under high tariff, England or the United States can do no less under free trade. If all the people of Pennsylvania were engaged in the manufacture of iron, and all other states were obliged to buy of them or of England, it would be good for them to hav a tariff sufficient to keep English iron out of the market; but how the tariff would benefit the other states is what I fail to see.

Will Mr. Perry please explain this, and why there are so many strikes? What is the use of the education and labor committee? If high tariff will adjust matters, let us hav more of it. But if it is the cause of the trouble and murmurings, and only serves to make millionaires at the expense of the laborer whom it claims to protect, the less we hav of it the better.

Leavenworth, Kan. H. H. HUTCHESON.

Organization in Canada.

Heretofore Canada has been behind the age in organized Secularism (Liberalism). There are encouraging signs that she will not long remain behind. The Freethought Association of Canada, incorporated in 1877, held no meetings for five years until last March, when it was reorganized for the purpose of doing activ work in Canada for the propagandism of Secularism; since when there hav been six branch societies, known as Secular societies, organized in places where there were no societies before.

But probably the most encouraging sign of the times, which also marks an era in Canadian Secularism, is the building of the first Secular Hall in Canada owned exclusivly by a Secular society. This has been brought about chiefly through the energy, enterprise, and liberality of Wm. Algie, of Alton, ably and warmly seconded by the efforts of his brother Freethinkers. Alton is a village on the Credit River, forty-five miles from Toronto. Its population is supported mainly by the water-power drawn from the river, that runs a number of mills, of which the woolen mills of Mr. Wm. Algie are the most valuable.

It was about three months ago that Mr. Algie conceived the scheme, and after talking the matter over with other members of his family and his mill hands, who, by the way, are all Secularists, he generously offered to giv the land, lay the foundation, and also giv a liberal sum toward building the superstructure, the remainder to be raised by subscription. This offer was enthusiastically accepted, and the building is now in process of construction.

About the middle of July invitations were sent to all well-known Canadian Freethinkers, and a few living abroad, to take part in the ceremony of laying the corner-stone on Saturday, August 16th. In response to the invitation, a large number of Secularists assembled at Alton on that date from different parts of Canada. In the mean time, the work had progressed much more rapidly than was anticipated, and as the contractor wished to take advantage of the pleasant weather to push it forward, he was allowed to proceed, and not wait for the ceremony of laying the corner-stone. This part of the program was therefore omitted. But it did not detract from the interest of the celebration.

A picnic was held in a grove on the outskirts of the village, and refreshments were provided in abundance by the members of the local society. The Orangeville Brass Band enlivened the exercises with music, and the Alton String Band, composed entirely of Secularists, played for the dancers.

Mr. Wm. Algie, in his opening speech, very briefly and very modestly explained the circumstances that resulted in the building of the hall and in this celebration. He then read letters of congratulation from Allen Pringle, Selby; Charles Watts, and W. Stewart Ross (Saladin), London, Eng.; W. McDonnell, Lindsay; F. Boas, G. S. Wilson, C. C. Stevens, and A. A. Murphy, Montreal, and others. At the solicitation of the writer, he secured the loan of the correspondence from Mr. Algie, and made copies of the same, which appear below:

FROM ALLEN PRINGLE.

To the Alton Secular Society, Greeting.

DEAR MR. ALGIE AND FRIENDS: I thank you for your very kind invitation to me to be present with you to celebrate the laying of the corner-stone of your projected Secular Hall, and I regret that pressing and imperativ duties at home prevent me from attending. But though I cannot be there personally, I send my hearty greetings, and am with you in thought, sympathy, and that genuin brotherhood of humanity which is a natural corollary of our creed, and which ought therefore to specially characterize Secularists.

That I am more than glad to hear of your initial undertaking goes without saying. Your project to erect a Secular Hall, if successful, is, so far as I know, the first in Canada; and you deserve great credit and substantial assistance in so noble a pioneer work. As we here in Lennox county took the initial step twelve years ago in commencing the activ and public propagandism of Secularism in the Dominion of Canada, and now look back with satisfaction, and even pride, upon our humble efforts, so you are now inaugurating the building of Secular halls in Canada, and will, I trust, in the future also hav good reason to look back upon your work with pride, pleasure, and satisfaction. As our initial step was a link in the chain of that grand evolution of thought and mental progress now so manifest everywhere, so is your significant work, commenced this day, another link in the golden chain. As our work was, so is yours—a sign of the times; and both are evidences of the march of humanity to a higher plane. Nor is this march a discouragingly slow one. By no means! Just think, my friends, for a moment, of the almost marvelous change in public sentiment in Canada in the last decade, in its animus and attitude toward Secularism and Secularists. If the community here in which I liv is any fair criterion of this province, or even a goodly portion of it, the change is almost incredible—entirely beyond what I anticipated twelve years ago when we commenced open discussion in the public press, and soon thereafter public Freethought lectures in the town of Napanee. Why, my friends, the feeling at that time against us, especially myself, was so bitter and vindictiv that nothing saved us from personal violence but a certain degree of esteem which we fortunately commanded in consequence of an otherwise unassailable character. But in the space of a decade this has all changed. The hostil animus has disappeared, and the bitterness has given place to bantering, itself good-natured and half-doubting. The hostil prejudice we hav mostly lived down; and we hav evidence that our work has not been in vain, for every church in this community is leavened more or less with rationalism.

Members of churches who nominally are Christians are doubters and heretics. Business, family, society, and other considerations keep them within the pale of the church, but upon their intellect and conscience the church has no hold. Out of their own mouths I will prove this. The lord bishop of Ontario, in a lecture on "Agnosticism," given here a few months ago, and since published, used this language:

"Religion is at the present time confronted with a very real as well as a very subtle danger. It is not Christianity or any particular system of religion that is attacked, but religion itself at its very root. This danger arises from the prevalence of Agnosticism, which is so subtly diffused that its influence is felt, not only in the writings of Agnostics, but in conversation, magazines, and newspapers. It occupies the attention and affects the minds of multitudes who dare not avow it. It has crept into our churches, and heads of families who are church-goers, and outwardly believers, are at heart Agnostics."

I hav ample personal knowledge that this testimony from the bishop is quite true—at any rate, true of all the churches in this community, Roman Catholic as well as Protestant; all of which is, of course, very encouraging.

The first public discussion in Canada of theological questions, involving a denial of the inspiration of the scriptures, and the fundamental tenets of Christianity, and setting forth Constructiv Rationalism or Secularism, was held in the columns of a Napanee paper twelve years ago, commencing in December, and ending the following March. This paper, fortunately, at that time happened to be in the hands of rather Liberal-minded young men as editor and proprietors. The editor especially was a young man of considerable culture and Liberal views, and it was through his influence with the proprietors that I obtained a hearing through their columns. The local clergy had commenced the attack from their pulpits, and as that medium (sometimes called the "Coward's Castle") was of course shut against reply, I sought the press, and fortunately the Napanee paper alluded to opened its columns to me. I flung the gauntlet down to the clergy. I denied their assertions, refuted their misrepresentations, and challenged the very fundamentals of their religion, offering them a new philosophy of life and a better religion—the religion of Secularism and Humanity. In default of any reply from the clergy, a Scotch Presbyterian layman took up the cudgels for them. Then another layman came to his relief, and finally one of the clergy in desperation came to the relief of both (anonymously, however); but all finally left the field. This being the first public attack upon the popular religion, the first public presentation of Rationalism, the whole community was terribly shocked. But the shock was succeeded by that infallible sedativ, thought, sober thought. In the country house, no less than the town, the papers containing the controversy were put away on the traditional "shelf" for future reference, instead of in the waste-basket. And the Christian, on the wet day or dull Sunday, would take down his file of papers and again go over the dull points, and reflect and cogitate to himself. This I know to be a fact.

The ball being thus started so auspiciously to roll—though not without an ominous and threatening sound—we determined to keep it in motion. We accordingly invited Mr. B. F. Underwood to come here and giv a course of lectures on the questions in issue between us and the clergy. This was in the fall of 1874—ten years ago this fall, and about two years after I had first flung the gauntlet to the clergy in the public press. The struggle which then commenced—hostil and bitter on the part of our opponents, and determined and uncompromising on our part—ending in the long course of litigation known as the "Napanee Town Hall Case"—I need not enter into here, as the particulars of the struggle are known to most Canadian Freethinkers. Suffice it to briefly say that after I had leased the hall from the mayor of the town for the lectures, taking the precaution to hav a written contract, the bigoted town-council ignored the mayor's contract and trampled upon our rights by locking the hall against us. Determined not to be foiled, we hired another hall at an expense of $125.00 for three nights, and triumphantly had our lectures with crowded houses in spite of the bigots. I then brought an action at law against the town for damages, which, after dragging its slow length along through the courts for years, with varying verdicts and reversals, was ultimately decided against us. But though we suffered a technical and legal defeat at heavy expense, our moral victory was complete. Opponents who at that time were most bitter—apparently thirsting for my life-blood—are now excellent friends, with no trace of ill-will.

The various judgments of the courts also, though legally against us, were morally in our favor. At the final hearing of the case before the late Chief Justice Harrison and Justice Armour in Toronto, the latter said, "If Christianity were true, there could be no possible harm done by discussing its doctrins; and in this age we were standing on the threshold of great discoveries in nature, and that it would never do to muzzle those people who were engaged in those investigations because their discoveries did not agree exactly with the preconceived notions of some so-called religionists." Judge Moss, also, who tried the case at the Assizes in Napanee, said, in his judgment, "I find that the plaintiff acted reasonably and fairly."

The progress of Freethought in Canada generally, but more especially in this province, during the past few years has been all that any of us could reasonably expect considering the strength of the inborn tendencies and ingrained prejudices we hav to contend against. The press, and even the pulpit, are rapidly becoming Liberalized and secularized. Secularists are rightly entering upon constructiv work. Our philosophy or creed, which is wholly affirmativ and utilitarian, instead of negativ and destructiv, as charged by our opponents, is crystallizing itself into the fruits of good living, right teaching to our children, and the building of Secular halls for useful, ed-

ucational, and social purposes, of which latter good work this one is the auspicious beginning.

The endeavor now being made to get Mr. Charles Watts, of England, and Mr. George Chainey, of the United States, both able and eloquent exponents of our principles, to come amongst us as worthy exemplars and teachers of constructiv Secularism, and effectiv iconoclasts in the controversial arena when necessary, augurs well for our cause in Canada, and has my warmest sympathy and support. Meanwhile, let every Secularist prove the superiority of his creed by his exemplary life—by moral conduct, by temperance in all things, and, above all, by so training and instructing his children physically and mentally that they may in their turn benefit their posterity and the world. Yours in fraternal bonds, ALLEN PRINGLE.

FROM CHARLES WATTS.

74 HERNE HILL ROAD, LONDON, S. E., ENG., July 27, 1884.

DEAR SIR: Your very pleasing and interesting letter to hand, and I need hardly say that its contents afford me inexpressible pleasure. Your act in the cause of Freethought is a generous one, and will no doubt meet with its just reward in the two-fold sense of the satisfaction you will yourself experience, and in the good which must in the end result from a true and generous altruism, which ever arises above the mere pleasure of the individual. The movement of the race is ever onward, and they who lend a helping hand to push on the car of progress are the real benefactors of humanity. The courser will rush forward, whoever drives, but wisdom in holding the reins is all-important, notwithstanding. The step you hav taken deserves to be held in remembrance by all the friends of freedom, and its enemies are not likely to forget it. Would that I could be with you on the occasion of the inauguration of your new venture. But although that is not possible, I hav the gratification of knowing that, all being well, I shall be present on the spot of your noble efforts soon afterwards, and hope then to witness this new triumph of the cause we both hav so much at heart. Great movements hav ever been the result of growth, and experience proves that nothing adds more to the development and to a fair prospect of the ultimate triumph of our enterprise than a sound organization having for its center a hall independent of orthodox caprice and beyond the control of theological prejudice. The building now erected through your generosity, aided by the liberal support of the Canadian Freethinkers generally, is to be dedicated to the promulgation of Secular principles, which, when consistently adhered to, supply a practical science of life, based on ethical culture and mental disciplin. The light is dawning on all peoples, and he who removes any obstacle, however small, to its rays, rises in that ratio above the defenders of darkness and those who are indifferent whether it is noonday or night. I sincerely hope that the effort put forth by the Freethinkers of Canada may be the beginning of a movement which, like the incoming tide, shall carry all before it, and sweep away every obstacle to the advancement of man. The progress that has already been made, both in your country and mine, is satisfactory; but a glance at the prospects of the future is still more gratifying. Old errors which hav been firmly rooted for centuries are tottering and falling; and the ground is being swept clear for new truths. As Secularists, we aim not simply to destroy, but we endeavor also to replace. To pull down may be good work, but far greater is the erection of the new fabric. The latter is the principal aim of Secularism, which is something more than mere Freethought. It is a system of positiv moral duties, apart altogether from the theological teachings of the world. Freethought is a necessary "John the Baptist" preparing the way for the Secular savior whose mission it is to redeem the race from the threefold curse of ignorance, credulity, and priestcraft, and to inspire within man self-confidence, self-respect, and self-reliance. Sincerely hoping that your very laudable efforts to extend the knowledge of such a savior will be crowned with every success, and that ere long I shall be in your midst to contribute my humble services in the great and noble work, believe me

Yours very faithfully, CHARLES WATTS.

MR. W. ALGIE.

FROM W. STEWART ROSS (SALADIN).

118 LOUGHBORO ROAD, LONDON, S. W., ENG., July 30, 1884.

DEAR SIR: It is with unfeigned pleasure I hav to congratulate you upon your generous and well-directed liberality as regards the new Freethought Hall to be opened under the auspices of yourself and your friends in Ontario. May your example inspire others to follow in your steps, and thereby contribute to break down the theological superstitions which mar the glorious political freedom of the Western world. I congratulate you upon the beacon tower you hav raised, and through the Christian darkness of Ontario I trust its light may flash till the shadow of the cross darkens the land no more. Depend upon it, sir, that in the part you hav borne in opening this hall to the Freethinkers of Canada you hav done a deed important and momentous possibly far beyond what your own modesty will at present permit you to think you hav done. It is the man who dares to stand up for the truth when all men are against him who is the hero. With you there, as with us here, the Freethought cause is still an unpopular one. The intellectually indolent cannot submit themselvs to the mental effort it entails.

The man who cares for triumph more than truth can find triumph only on the side of popular error; and he who steps forward as the champion of a principle for the acceptance of which the world is ripening—but not yet ripe—instead of winning triumph, usually entails upon himself obloquy, poverty, slander, misrepresentation, and neglect. And yet there is the glorious fact that on your side of the Atlantic, as on mine, there are men of heroic mold and moral daring who will strike for truth though no one applaud; who will stand up for principle, be the personal consequences what they may. Among these, sir, I am proud to rank yourself. In fidelity to principle you hav given your lands and your dollars; but if you, sir, had been mean enough to care for praise more than principle, for popularity more than truth, you would hav made your gift to some howling Methodists or raving ranters, and thereby hav obtained the favor of Grundy and the prayers of the saints. You hav not, sir, that favor and those prayers, but you hav the consciousness of having done your duty; and I doubt not you hav the manhood to estimate at their true value whatever social paltriness and Christian spite may say and do against you. Depend upon it, a not very remote posterity shall yet bless your name, for the sun of our morning is already breaking through the clouds on the horizon, and ours is the coming cause. The cause is already championed by the large-hearted humanitarianism of Robert Ingersoll, with his electric eloquence and powerful individuality towering into the higher mountain ranges of literary genius. And now (I almost grudge you the boon) you hav on your continent my friend and late editorial colleague, Charles Watts, who, through good report and evil, has devoted his life to hacking and hewing at the theological fetters and shackles which cling to the limbs of such vast numbers of his brothers of mankind. Popular platform Freethought has no abler advocate; human liberty no more unflinching champion; ignorance and tyranny no more determined foe. What England loses, America gains; and in the breaking down of the Christian superstition, we must rise above the narrow prejudices of country and geographical barrier, to the country of the world and the federation of mankind: Sir, I may never see your face, I may never hear your voice, but your thought is mine, your aspiration is mine; and as men, as Freethinkers, as antichristians, as brothers, we shake hands to-day over the roar of the Atlantic.

Yours fraternally, W. STEWART ROSS (SALADIN),
Editor *Secular Review*.

FROM WM. M'DONNELL.

LINDSAY, ONT., July 31, 1884.

DEAR SIR: One of the most assuring marks of the progress of the time is the evidence contained in your kind letter of the 25th inst. The fact of the Secular Society of Alton sending an invitation to Freethinking brethren to celebrate the event of laying the corner-stone of a building to be dedicated to the service of Freethought in Canada, and as a check to the dominant superstition, is most gratifying. The Christian creed, as candor must admit, is, at present, in its decadence. Like ancient religions, it has already become to many but a legend or romance. The most thoughtful men and women of our country, as well as those of the world over, are becoming ashamed of the pueril myths that, like other inspired myths of old, tell of a future heaven and hell, of angels and fiends, of eternal happiness and eternal misery, and of absurd tales and stories, which even some thoughtful ministers hav already rejected. Those who were once conscientious worshipers of a so-called omnipotent being refuse to bow any longer to a deity who can, at the same time, be merciful and benevolent, ferocious and insatiable. Man, trained in the false ideas of Christian theology, has too often followed the character of his god, and has been cruel and persecuting to those who differed from him; but even man, with all his failings, has still been more pitiful and forgiving than the imagined ruler at whose power he trembled. He required much courage to be an avowed Freethinker or Secularist. Persecution, at the present day, may not be able to destroy the body, but intolerance exists to destroy reputation; and the priests who preach will continue to malign and misrepresent as usual.

In partial dread of this intolerance, there are hundreds throughout the land who, while nominally assenting to church doctrins, hav virtually rejected them. But true men and women will be consistent, and by their example show to all that they are not ashamed or afraid to avow their principles. Secularists, or Infidels, or Atheists, are already classed by the best judges of human nature, even by their candid opponents, as the most honorable, and intellectually superior to most others. Among such, I am confident, are the Secularists of Alton. They occupy a proud position in Canada as being the first, I believe, about to erect a temple in Ontario to Reason and Truth. I hope their noble example may be followed by others in this dominion. Hamilton, Toronto, Montreal, and every town in the province should hav its own Secular hall, and I trust many years will not elapse until such will be the case.

I thank you most sincerely for your kind invitation to myself; nothing would giv me more satisfaction than to be with you. I hav shown your letter to some friends here, who, as well as I, would like to attend your celebration, but as circumstances will prevent this, I, for one, shall try to be with you at the dedication of the hall of the Alton Secular Society. All honor to that society, and to you and others for your example and liberality. I remain

Very truly yours, W. MCDONNELL.

[The letters from Geo. S. Wilson, president, and C. Stevens, secretary of the Montreal Pioneer Freethought Club, sending congratulations in behalf of the officers and members; from F. Boas, late president of the same club, and from A. A. Murphy, are well worthy of publication, but for want of space we are compelled to omit.]

Ex-Rev. George Chainey, of Boston, in response to a call from the chairman, made a brief speech of congratulation, as a preliminary to the delivery of his lecture, "Leaves of Grass," which was closely listened to and well appreciated. It would be out of place to giv a synopsis of his lecture here, as many hav either read it or listened to it.

J. Ick. Evans, president of the Toronto Secular Society, and also of the Freethought Association of Canada, was then called upon to address the meeting. He said it was difficult for him to express his feelings upon the occasion of the building of the first Freethought hall in Canada, as he may be charged with insincerity, which, in his opinion, was a crime in a Freethinker the most despicable. In referring to the letter read to the meeting from Mr. Allen Pringle, of Selby, Mr. Evans said he was glad to be able, as others then around him on the present happy occasion, to bear witness to the entire truthfulness of Mr. Pringle's communication; and he, for one, was prepared to concede that Mr. Pringle was without doubt the father of Freethought propagandism in Canada. He (Mr. Evans) had himself, with many then present, been activ in Freethought propagandism in this country for ten years, and he felt proud of the act of the Freethinkers of Alton, headed as they were by the Algie family, whose influence and activity had brought about results in that part of Canada that would be remembered in the long ages to come. Mr. Evans then referred to the social and other inequalities before the law, at present endured by the Freethinkers of all countries. He strongly counseled the sinking of all party politics, as he, for one, was prepared to stand by the glorious principles of intellectual liberty and freedom of speech before those of political partyism. In these organizations the Freethinkers of Canada would possess the power of union, and this would ultimately compel that justice so long withheld by Christian intolerance and dogmatic theology. Mr. Evans spoke of the great advance made by Freethought everywhere, and especially in Canada, and strongly condemned the moral cowardice that made many suppress their opinions out of fear of religious persecution, by social proscription, etc. His own experience had been most favorable to honest expression of opinion, as he flattered himself he enjoyed the esteem and confidence of many of his fellow-citizens who were amongst the most ardent supporters of the church. Mr. Evans also referred to the opinion of Mr. Charles Watts, of England, that "Freethought in Canada occupied a higher plane of intelligence than in many other countries." After returning thanks for the splendid reception accorded himself and Toronto friends, he concluded his remarks amidst loud applause.

After a song by Charles Hicks, of Toronto, the dancing and other festivities were continued till eight o'clock, when the majority of the party were driven to the station to take the cars for home. A large number from Toronto and other places were persuaded to remain till the following Monday and Tuesday, and were right royally entertained. Among those present were the venerable John Groom, of Meaford; R. W. King, Georgetown; George S. Coldbeck, Owen Sound, and others, besides a large delegation from the Toronto Secular Society. RISSER.

Toronto, August, 1884.

The Lithograph.

DEAR MACDONALD: Here come my thanks for that splendid lithograph. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever!" Humanity is an endless success, for which its apostle, Bennett, so successfully labored—more successfully, even, than some of his worthy compeers, and hence more generally esteemed and highly honored. As an editor, he was a model of independence and freedom. As an author, he was scientific and instructiv. He had, long before, emerged from all the fogs of mysticism. As a traveler around our globe, he excelled all that went before in the versatility of his talents as a writer and a historian. He was antiquarian, ethnological, and truthful. And his four volumes of "A Truth Seeker Around the World" are enough to immortalize the name of D M. Bennett, and to multiply his friends from pole to pole. I know what Christianity, bigotry, and superstition are, and if I had the funds I would put those four volumes in every library on the face of the globe. No candid mind can read them without benefit. And then they hav all the charms of romance, besides an intrinsic value for their truthfulness, that givs them a vast advantage over purely theological works; and they are truthful and good enough to be popular and read in all the coming ages of time.

Yours truly, LAROY SUNDERLAND.

Quincy, Mass.

Scraps and Comments.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I never read a TRUTH SEEKER but I feel like reviewing it, there is so much I want to comment upon. It is *all* interesting, from "Notes and Clippings" to the last of "Odds and Ends." Even the long talks of Spencer and Stephen Pearl Andrews are full of *meat*. Putnam is always splendid.

Reynolds's League article would be almost perfect if he had not totally ignored woman, and woman's works and books—thus following Christian lead, for the church always kept woman in the background till she proved her help was absolutely needed to keep it alive.

Two or three women hav kept a reading club alive here for years. Two or three Liberal women who would set about it zealously could resurrect every one of the dying and dead Leagues. Two good live women could keep a League in full vigor and vim.

I don't say it to boast, but I'll wager I've circulated more Liberal books, tracts, and papers during the past ten years than any Liberal woman in Virginia, and mostly at my own private expense.

Weybright is correct in appreciation of the burial services of Mrs. Macdonald. I hav ordered some copies of it for distribution among the inquiring pious here in old Virginia.

A lady was asking the other day if Infidels didn't bury people like brutes—if they had any services at all—if they cared if their children were bad and wicked. Strange how ignorant some are of real Infidels. And she is an intelligent preacher's wife, and a reader, but never before saw a live Infidel, and wonders why they don't all lie, steal, swear, and murder. I hope when she reads some of our burial ceremonies she will be wiser. I've given her Bennett's "Book of Forms," etc. Dear old Bennett—what a grand work he did do!

I see the *Popular Science Monthly* notices Kelso's "Bible Analyzed." I consider that a compliment, though of course it does not indorse the manner or style of the book. But it is much to win recognition of any sort from such a monthly.

What a grand lecture might be made from the item on the parade of the Brooklyn liquor-dealers! Should freedom be allowed to celebrate such monstrous evils and ridicule the acknowledged virtues and goods? Liquor drinking is an acklowledged evil. Not one fact can be adduced in its favor. It is wholly bad. But money is power, and even such monsters are allowed to receive honor and respect.

ELMINA.

Agnosticism.

There is one remarkable thing about the criticisms of the Agnostic philosophy as enunciated by Herbert Spencer, and that is the stubborn persistency with which the critics continue to assert that Agnosticism is a wholly negativ philosophy in spite of Mr. Spencer's repeated denials and proofs to the contrary. Some one said it was a "mere negation," and "mere negation" was caught up and shouted from Dan to Beersheba. Perhaps Mr. Spencer's critics know what he means better than he does, but there is no evidence at present that they are likely to succeed in making him think so. This persistent endeavor to place him in a false position, if not a positivly unfair course, is at least a strange one. When Mr. Spencer says positivly that Agnosticism, as he understands it, is not a wholly negativ system, instead of persistently declaring that it is, the proper course is to search for the reason why it appears to be so. In their search for this reason, Mr. Andrews givs the critics a hint of where it must be sought. He says: "I am not now commenting upon Mr. Spencer's idea, as covered by the term Unknowable, but upon the appropriateness or inappropriateness of the term to express any true idea whatsoever." He also says: "It can hardly be imputed to Mr. Spencer, or any other thinker, as a marked personal defect, that he has not been able to transcend the limits imposed on him by the imperfection of our extant languages." A system or theory should not be inverted nor repudiated because of a deficiency in its verbal presentation, in consequence of the inadequateness of language. Mr. Andrews further states that "Atheism, Theism, Panthism, and Agnosticism will be reconciled as merely different aspectual statements of a truth which is too immense and too various to be formulated by any single utterance," etc. If Agnosticism is a "merely different aspectual statement" of systems which are regarded as very positiv, it is surely time that the mere negation cry was hushed forever. It seems to me that the importance of Mr. Harrison's critical question, "Why *an* Energy?" has been much magnified. So far as the effect upon man's conduct is concerned, it would be difficult to show that it would make any difference whether we regard the Unknowable as a single power, or as a grand aggregation of cosmic forces whose ceaseless activities are so harmoniously blended that their manifestations which come within the reach of human perception, create the impression of a unity of power. If we conceive a plurality of forces, and trace them backward, they will either assume converging lines somewhere, and end in a mysterious fountain-head, or stretch out to a formless, measureless gulf. The idea of unity will always remain at the farthest limit.

Notwithstanding the immense Pantheons of Greece and Rome, those hosts of deities, with all their complex variety of functions and varying degrees of power, were traced back to the primitiv chaos, whence all life and power sprang, and the deities of India and Egypt were but the personifications of phenomena whose origin was a mysterious, omnipresent power. The chief charge against Agnosticism is that it fails to satisfy the mind in regard to the future, and does not promote morality. I do not assert that it does fully satisfy the mind, or that it will ever do so, but I do assert that wherever it fails in this respect, the reason of the failure must not be sought in the theory itself. It must be sought chiefly in man's nature. I once heard an old man say, "Some folks wouldn't be satisfied if they were right in the kingdom of heaven, at the right hand of Jesus Christ." He said this as a rude, jesting protest against the habit of grumbling, but he touched upon a great, far-reaching truth. With all the religions, and isms, and theories of the past and present, man never has been satisfied, and he who cannot find contentment in Agnosticism will stand a very poor chance to find it elsewhere. The Jews, the chosen people, who were in direct communication with Jehovah, frequently forgot him, and doubted, and got into all sorts of trouble. Christianity, with all its magnificent claims; with its redeemer who died for all mankind, and its promis of an everlasting home in a gold-paved city, fails to meet the demand. Grim Materialism, though not unworthy of respect, stifles the last hope. Positivism can never hope to obtain wide acceptance. The worthiness of its aims is freely acknowledged; but in this age, when the mind of man is constantly expanding and casting off restraints, it is vain to suppose that it will submit to any such Procrustean contrivance. The mind of man *will* go back beyond the realm of the known in spite of him, and the return vibration will carry it forward beyond the known. Notwithstanding Mr. Harrison's ridicule of the Unknowable, if man can find no consolation therein in the hour of death, it is growing less likely every day that he will ever turn to his fellow-man for it, even the collectiv "Great Being." Man can and will sympathize with his brother till the grave is reached, but there his power ends. In this late day, when the sentiment of worship is fading from the minds of men; when the evolution of ethics is admitted to be going on side by side with the evolution of organism; when the struggle for the separation of morality and religion is going on side by side with the struggle for the separation of church and state, it is a poor time to preach any dogmatic religion, however mild or modified, or wherever its deity may be placed. It is a poor time to preach any system which holds that any sort of religion is necessary to make good men and women, or to make them happy.

Spiritualism offers too few attractions to ever become the universal religion. It will never be a religion at all, and, so far as I know, it does not pretend to be. As a subject of scientific research, it will excite some interest, but there is nothing in it to rouse lasting enthusiasm. Even if our departed friends do liv and send us messages assuring us that they are happy, and telling us to liv good lives, what of it? Men hav already learned that hope and happiness are increased by the cultivation and extension of virtue, justice, and brotherly love, and no voice from beyond the grave can tell them anything better, whether it comes from a ghost or a god. No prayers are needed, no worship is required. I would not go across the street to receive the most wonderful mediumistic communication ever sent. I hav no desire to receive positiv knowledge at present, whether I shall hav a continued existence or sink to eternal unconsciousness at death. Possibly neither fate is in store. This is the reason I am not anxious to pierce the veil. Sleep and the struggle for existence take so much of the time, and there are so many mines of knowledge to explore, so many acts of love to do for my neighbor, I know that "this little ray called life" will be darkened long before my work is done; then if there is a continued life, I shall know it without the aid of a medium. It would take something more than "written communications" on slates, and caresses of "childish fingers" in "*dark* circles," to convince me that the "loved ones" were really present. It is not exceedingly improbable that a man who has reached Spiritualism by way of several other isms, may yet come to accept the teachings of "Oahspe." Mr. Harrison assures us with great emphasis that Agnosticism is not a religion, and he is right, though he was doubtless disappointed to find that he was not disputed on this point. In his imaginary dialog, his characters say: "You men of science hav routed our priests and hav silenced our old teachers. What religious faith do you giv us in its place?" This is the same question that Christians ask, and is founded on the same erroneous assumption, viz., that whenever a God is dethroned, some thing, person, or ghost must be taken up and apotheosized. Man is daily becoming more fully aware that he needs no God, no religion. Men hav lived without religion in the past, and they will again. The Chinese, a large and populous nation, with a civilization and literature, existed contentedly for centuries and prospered in a marked degree, without a religion. Confucianism was not a religion. The Chinese people honored and venerated Confucius as an extraordinary man for his great services to his country, but they never deified him. There was never anything mythical or miraculous about him or his works, and he was never worshiped in anything like the Theistic or Positivistic sense; neither did he ever teach any religion. It may be objected here that a condition of things which would well serve a stolid, conservativ people like the Chinese, would not do for the activ, speculativ, investigating descendants of the Aryan race; but I think the case may be fitly stated by saying that the former had not yet reached the religious stage of thought, except in a low, primitiv form, and the latter are now emerging from it. Mr. Spencer speaks of religious sentiment in connection with the "Infinit and Eternal Energy," but of course no one will suppose he uses the word religious in anything like the theological sense, as he explains that he simply means that whatever components of religious sentiment survive (and some will survive) will "appropriate to the consciousness of a mystery that cannot be fathomed, and a power that is omnipresent."

Mr. Andrews says: "It is the flower of the old theology that it givs to man the high dignity of being a co-worker together with God, a partner in the concern, instead of a mere lackey." That may be a flower, but if so, it is a very dingy and malodorous one. Let those who will, wear it in their buttonhole, but I would rather be a lackey in the service of "that great stream of creativ power, unlimited in space or in time, of which humanity is a transitory product," than a partner with any one of the multitude of vicious, revengeful, fickle-minded gods of the past or present.

Mr. Andrews says that Mr. Spencer has nothing "very specific to suggest for men to do." That is true, and doubtless the reason is that he considered it would be useless to do so. It is rather late for either man or God to suggest anything "very specific" for men to do. Men neglected the commands of Jehovah; they only nominally practice the teachings of Christ and his apostles, past and present, and they will not follow the canons of Comte. Theology givs man something to do. He is to work out his salvation, but he is to do it with "fear and trembling." I despise laziness, but I would rather sit in everlasting idleness than accept employment on those terms. If evolution has raised mankind to its present condition without conscious concert of action, I see no reason why it should cease to raise it, in like manner, still higher in the future. Under all systems, the narrow grave has always been the gloomy portal to a world of mystery, and there is no indication that it will ever be otherwise. There may be something better than Agnosticism, but it seems to me that, aside from direct, present joys, I can derive as much pleasure and contentment from the contemplation of future, exalted humanity, when the last bond of superstition shall hav been broken, when vice and crime and sorrow shall hav passed away, when governments shall cease to be, because they are unnecessary, and love, virtue, and justice shall cover the earth, as I can from any other system of faith or philosophy. In the mean time let us hav more light, if it is to be had. It will be seen that I restrict the word, "religion," to its proper sphere. It has done much illegitimate duty of late, with an effect the reverse of beneficial. As long as we use the word with the looseness of application now prevalent, so long will the church hold that morality is dependent on theology; and this doctrin, continuously dinned into the wavering minds of the masses, will hold thousands in the thrall of the church who would otherwise come out into the light of Freethought.

N. G. W.

An Evil Under the Sun.

Wherever three or more American citizens are gathered together, there is a demand for more statute-making in the midst of them. Statute, I say, not law. For it is a grand truth that ought to be burnt upon every heart and brain that "Man cannot make a law. All he can do is to ascertain what the law of the subject really is;" and then by his little statutes and devices smooth the way for its exercise. A vast amount of crime, bloodshed, and ruin, with confusion and vexation infinit, could be avoided if mankind knew this for the truth and would observe it. The man who first uttered that grand discovery deserves immortality in the memory of our race. Like the Sermon on the Mount, like when "he wrote in sand," like Paul's sermon on charity, and Jefferson's declaration, it has been proclaimed; like them it will take ages of bloodshed and blind groping ere it shall win universal consent. It is Buckle who says (I believe), "About ninety-nine per cent of the time of modern legislators has been consumed in undoing the evils of their predecessors." The other, the one per cent, is used in doing more mischief for futurity to reform. He could not hav regarded our American Congress, for almost all its time has been occupied in passing *laws*, or disputing about the interests of a very small number of American citizens, slave-holders, monopolists, or manufacturers. It was Calhoun, the greatest statesman and purest character of any age, the most misunderstood of his own, who rebuked the Senate, telling them "all their time and care and talk was employed for banks, bankers, manufacturers. Session after session was for Wall street; not one hour for the people."

Much has been said by correspondents about prohibition. I object to all such statute-making as contrary to law—to the nature of things. Your statutes never yet made men sober or moral. "Prohibition by law," as it is called, stops temperance agitation; meanwhile a new generation grows up "who knew not Joseph;" a generation of tipplers or beer-guzzlers, and you hav the experience of Maine or Ohio repeated.

So with statutes about gaming, lotteries, etc. Gambling suppressed here breaks out there. By the lawless meddling of Congress to suppress lotteries, the evil is acquiring so much skill to its conductors that it bids fair to become a grand institution. Gaming is not a vice in itself any more than tasting liquor is, but becomes so by indulgence. When legislatures begin brutally to treat these dispositions as crimes, the only effect is to drive to secret and low-down practices, or to ingenious evasions. Wisdom, then, would seek to regulate and prevent all evil so far as possible. There is much silly talk about "games of chance," "the evil of risking," etc.; but every man that plants a tree, sows a rood of ground, buys a lot or bit of land, starts a business, or makes any movement towards bettering his condition, is running a chance or risk. We are gamblers by our very natures. Let, then, our legislatures regulate the lottery system by stringent law, just as they do banking, etc. Let officers be appointed, examiners, etc., and arrange it so that it shall be as fair as any business. Gaming is driven to low-down hells, and to some remarkable evasions. One evasion has just begun its career that bids fair to *defraud* the people out of thousands of dollars where an honest, regulated lottery took one dollar. Never can it be suppressed or meddled with so long as the little freedom left us remains. Fanatics and tyrants must put the nation under a kind of martial law to stop it. They would do it, but will we submit? See what disgraceful deeds are done about obscene literature, what tyranny, what outrages, all to try to suppress what our enlightened public opinion, aided by village and city police and refusal by government to carry, would hav effectually extirpated. And the agitation would hav been wholesome. We must save ourselvs. Nor Christ, nor Comstock, nor law can

do it. Freethinkers know this; men of principles, grounded on a solid faith in them, cannot doubt where to stand in such a case. Society becomes utterly effete where all is done for it. We cannot be perfect, but the trial to become better brings us toward perfection. Who does not see that the world becomes better in profession, but worse in secret practice? No visible wrong is tolerated, but a world of secret iniquity is done. There is a cause for this, and that is because virtue, honor, and truth are left to the statute. Society is too refined and good for a fair, stand-up fight or boxing, therefore assassination, murder, are common; it is too holy to tolerate lawful gaming, therefore the lowest hells overflow, or human genius devises frauds most stupendous. We are far too nice to regulate that bane of humanity, strong drink, by licensing keepers under heavy bonds and penalties for order, sobriety, care; therefore the miserable drunkard buys whiskey by the gallon, and little children stagger through the alleys with bottles in pockets. Fools advise and knaves legislate. Than one single legislativ enactment nothing on earth should be more solemn. Think of it—"law!" It sounds of the infinit. Millions of suppliants in vain extend their arms. In vain, "for the law hath said it." As a prelude to its enactment there should be long discussions and solemn assemblages. And yet Congress or a state legislature shall not hav sat a week ere several thousand acts are proposed and possibly hundreds passed. It is a fearful thing to see a people thus utterly abandon themselvs to evil.

Read the old constitutions framed by the very men who founded these states. See what they say of crimes and statutes. Ah! they were statesmen versed in history, human nature, and legal learning. Either so, or they were ignorant and we are wise.

Oregon, Mo. HOLT.

The Liberal Club.

It was a warm night. Anything short of the strongest theological term would fail to express the fervency of the heat. The Liberal Club audience, which gathered for the 343d time, came in slowly and wearily until it numbered about one hundred persons. It was the first meeting of the season. Mr. Wakeman, who appeared in less robust health than usual, called the assembly to order, and the assistant secretary perspired the minutes of the previous meeting. A delegate from the club (which is the Sixth New York Liberal League) to the Liberal League Congress was next appointed, and Mr. Wakeman was authorized to select more. Mr Cohn was appointed a committee of one to see that the meetings of the club were appropriately advertised. Mr. Wakeman and the delegate, W. T. Doty ("W. T. D." of *Man*), then took their departure for Cassadaga. The question of raising money to pay the delegate's expenses afforded an opportunity for Dr. Foote, Jr. to suggest a collection to get the cents of the meeting, but it was not improved, and Mr. Andrews took the chair.

Louis F. Post had been put down on the card for the lecture of the evening, the subject to be Ben Butler; but Mr. Post had been rushed around so by other business that he had had no time to prepare his lecture, and as the weather was too hot for him to think on his feet, he wished to be excused from saying anything. A motion was put and carried that his lecture be deferred until the first of October, and that he now proceed with his remarks. Anything to start a discussion would be acceptable. Mr. Post thereupon took up the tariff question as dealt with by the Republican and Democratic platforms. The Republicans, he said, came out squarely and demanded protection. The Democrats toyed with the question like the farmer who saw something in the bushes, and could not tell what it was. He thought he would fire at it so as to hit it if it was a deer, and miss it if it was a calf. The tariff plank in the Democratic platform means free trade if you are a free trader, and protection if you are not. Mr. Post held that protectiv tariff benefited the capitalist instead of the laboring man, and that the Republican party was hypocritical and dishonest in claiming to hav at heart the interests of the workingmen whose votes it solicited. The protectiv tariff should be abolished.

Robert Blissert, the Broadway tailor, having previously announced his intention of confuting Mr. Post altogether, took the platform with alacrity when that gentleman left it. He said he was sorry to see an American citizen "make himself so absurd" as Mr. Post had done in advocating free trade. It filled him with such astonishment as words were totally unable to express. They had free trade in England, and workmen there did not earn half as much as American laborers. Landlords, Mr. Blissert contended, were responsible for the tribulations of mankind, and, as he formulated the sentence, "they should be made to disgorge the robbery they hav perpetrated upon the people." The speaker added that better cloth was manufactured in Massachusetts than could be made in any other part of the world. In America he could hav meat three times a day; in England he had it set before him but one time per diem, and was damned glad to get that.

Mrs Leonard spoke next and showed considerable familiarity with the subject. She could remember when the question of high tariff was first brought up. Sugar could then be bought for three cents per pound; now it cost eleven The benefit to the consumer was not apparent. Better dress goods were manufactured in America than in England. Therefore, if American and English goods were put upon the market cn the same terms, we should soon clothe England as well as feed her.

Mr. Cohen held that the tariff question alone would not affect the prosperity of a people. Hard times had visited countries under both policies. Wages are higher here than in Europe, but more people are out of work. It did not benefit a man any to hav sugar selling at four cents a pound if he couldn't get the four cents. A dollar would do him no good if he had no way of possessing himself of the dollar. Woman suffragists ought to vote for Butler. Mr. Cohen speaks vigorously. His gesticulations represent a large expenditure of physical force. He did not spare himself on account of the heat, and at the end of fifteen minutes the perspiration ran down his glistening countenance like condensed steam on a pane of glass, and dropped industriously from his chin.

Mr. King was loudly called for. This gentleman is becoming a favorit orator with the workingmen, and is generally secured as the leading speaker at their mass meetings. He has a voice like a trumpet, and there is hardly a place in the city where a crowd can be collected so large that people on its outskirts cannot hear him when he is delivering a speech. In a quiet locality he could, in fact, be heard much further than he could be seen. He is also a thinker as well as an agitator, taking his Socialistic theories more from John Stuart Mill than from the hotter-headed and less deliberativ political economists. When it shall please the workingmen to put one of their own number into the halls of Congress, they will perhaps find no one who can better voice their rights and wrongs than Mr. King. This is said because Mr. King has a great head, and talents that would win him distinction in a larger sphere than any in which they hav as yet been displayed. He took a broad and philosophical view of the tariff question, and argued that logical protection should protect the laborer as well as the capitalist. This achieved, both would then be ready for free trade. He adduced statistics gathered by the Central Labor Union showing that on account of the enforced idleness of many American workingmen, wages averaged lower in this country than in England.

Mrs. S. Myra Hall thought that the question of the tariff should not be considered wholly as to its effect on the American people. Other hearts might suffer.

Young Dr. Foote, between whose personal hight and that of Mr. King there is great disparity, argued the around-the-world view. When he came to the meeting he was inclined to be a protectionist. The question as presented by the previous speakers had given him an inclination in the opposit direction. Free trade in America, though it might for a time affect us injuriously, must hav a correspondingly beneficial effect on European labor. The doctor's speech was unsullied by a pun.

Mr. Andrews said he was glad to hear the question of free trade and protection argued from a planetary point of view. He adverted to the restriction of Chinese immigration. Could we afford to allow ourselvs to be overrun by the hordes of celestials which an open port would invite? Mrs. Hall here introduced the brilliant suggestion that we might swarm to China as fast as the Chinamen would swarm here. Mr. Andrews did not think the rush from America to China would take the form of a stampede. The question to be settled was whether, having made this a desirable country to liv in, we should throw it open to let the "rats" of the Eastern Hemisphere come here, or whether by protecting ourselvs we shall continue to improve and let the beneficent effects of our influence go abroad. As for the differences between labor and capital, there is no attempt being made to settle the question scientifically by finding out what is in truth and right the price to be paid for a day's work. Josiah Warren and a few followers had been the only men to approach the subject. Their works were out of print. Mr. Andrews thought he should from time to time publish something bearing on the labor question in THE TRUTH SEEKER.

Mr. Albright, a stranger, from England, twelve weeks in this country, made a speech in favor of free trade. The workingmen of England favored free trade in that country, and the capitalists of England favored protection. Laboring men here might draw some inferences from these facts. Many of Mr. Blissert's statements, the speaker said, were erroneous. Whisky was neitner so good nor so cheap here as in the mother country. Sugar was three cents per pound there, and eight or ten cents here. Other things, barring meat, tobacco, and a few other luxuries, were correspondingly low-priced. Mr. Albright was catechized freely by Messrs. King, Blissert, and Post, but their questions seemed to please rather than disconcert him, and served only to furnish him an opportunity to make his points clearer. This gentleman speaks United States with an English accent, and is somewhat discursiv in style. He makes a very acceptable speech, however, and as a representativ of English labor and Freethought is a valuable correctiv to those who are inclined to compare America with Europe on a basis of ignorance as to what the condition of the Eastern laborer really is.

Mr. Post closed the debate with a short speech. The discussion, he said, had taken a direction different from what he had anticipated. He merely wished to present the tariff question to the Liberal Club as the Republican and Democratic platforms had placed it before the people. He was glad, however, that China had been mentioned. That country had a wall around it, and admitted neither labor nor the product of labor. That was "logical" protection. The whole thing was artificial and an evil. Mr. Post will present the claims of Mr. Butler further on.

So ended the first fall meeting of the Liberal Club. If the hot weather had gone with the summer, the gathering would hav been larger. The next meeting cannot fail to be an attractiv one, as Mr. Shook has promised to advocate the claims of Mr. Cleveland to the suffrages of the members of the Liberal Club, and Mr. Shook is a most interesting person.

Notes.

AT least one hundred American newspapers, says the New York *World*, hav published that Professor Tyndall, one of the most noted of scientists, does not know the year of his birth. If Professor Tyndall really is in this state of ignorance as to the day of his nativity, he will find by reference to THE TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL for 1884 that the exact date is August 21, 1820.

MR. POTTER, of the *Index*, finds it impossible for him to cast his vote for either of the party candidates. The public record of Blaine frightens him, and the private character of Cleveland shocks him. This calls to mind again the remark of the darkey who, when told that there were two roads, one leading to destruction and the other to everlasting perdition, said, "If dat is de case, dis nigger takes to de woods."

THE statements of the *Christian Advocate* are sometimes pervaded with error. For instance, the editor says: "No new arguments against Christianity hav been formulated. Ingersoll, and Paine, his prototype, were answered when Christianity was only a young giant of two centuries of growth." This is not true. New arguments against Christianity are found in nearly every new fact discovered, and the old ones hav never been explained away. They hav been replied to, and the Bible apologized for, but they hav not been answered. If any refutation either of Paine or Ingersoll is extant, the *Advocate* will save the clergy a good deal of labor and embarrassment by reproducing it.

THE superstitions of Christianity (if we may adapt an expression from a religious paper) hav not been able to take the place of a belief in witchcraft. Sorcery has been charged against people of this country even recently; and in the island of Mauritius in the Indian Ocean within a year, young children hav been kidnapped and tortured, and in some cases killed, that their blood might be used in sorcerous incantations. The London *Times* tells of a man "named Picot, who was tried by the British authorities of that island, and condemned to death. He told his judges that they could never hang him, so great were his magical powers. And his word has come true. The house of the chief judge has been haunted by spirits. Stones were mysteriously thrown in all directions; no watchers could discover the human allies; the judge's lady was almost frightened to death; and so great was the strain upon the magistrate himself that he pleaded with the executiv council for the murderer's life."

GEORGE CHAINEY'S lecture, "My Religious Experience," delivered before the Spiritualists at Cassadaga Lake recently, is published in full by the *Banner of Light*. In his prefatory remarks Mr. Chainey said:

"The last time I lectured on this subject I thought I should never do so again. It seems to be presenting myself to your attention as the subject of a personal interest which I by no means feel. Still, having already given it to the world at that stage of my life when I had no certain hope, nor faith, nor knowledge that life continues beyond the grave, under fairer and better conditions than here, I find myself compelled, by what I hav learned and felt here on this beautiful campground, to recall it for revision. The time has come for another chapter, and this time I hav no idea it will be the last. I am like one who has written a letter to a friend and signed it 'Yours till death,' and then reopens it and signs it, 'Yours always and forever.'"

This lecture will prove interesting reading to those who hav undergone, or expect to undergo, a similar mutation.

THE religious papers will hav their little joke, and several are getting a good deal of fun out of the following, put forward by a Baptist journal:

"A Presbyterian doctor of divinity traces the office of the eldership back to Adam. Then the world was ruined by a Presbyterian elder and his wife."

A Presbyterian paper picks this up and adds:

"The church was organized after the fall, and Adam was the first person admitted into it. He started the church of redeemed humanity on the Presbyterian model. If he had been a Presbyterian elder before this time, he never would hav fallen."

Here a Congregationalist editor steps in and argues:

"The truth lies between the two. If Adam had not fallen, he would not hav become a Presbyterian elder. Wherefore the Presbyterian church is founded on his fall."

A plausible view is that Adam was an elder before the fall, if ever, and that, being an elder, a fall was the most natural consequence. If there is any among the elders discussing this subject who thinketh he standeth, let him take heed lest *he* fall.

Communications.

An Idle Day.

DEAR GENE: The close of my letter last week left me in Portland, Me., with a ticket in my possession for Houlton, Aroostook county, and an eminently pious Scotchman trying to keep me in sight. Scotchmen are humorous fellows. This one bought a postal card at Portland, and mailed to his family in Brooklyn the glad tidings that he had reached the present stage of his journey without accident. After the card was deposited in the letter-box, he happened to recollect that some of his relativs or friends might read in the papers an account of the Franconia's collision with the Rhode Island, and knowing he sailed on the former boat be apprehensiv for the safety of his life and limb. He therefore sent a second card, assuring the anxious ones of what he forgot to mention in the other—namely, that he still lived. When he had started this on its journey he told me what he had done. My remark that his relativs would probably infer the contents of the second card upon receiving the first kept him in deep thought for half an hour. Then light broke in upon him, and he acknowledged that perhaps that was so. Seated in the cars, the old chap mumbled a short prayer, but he happened to look up at its close, and saw a one-legged boy coming with his hat in his hand asking alms. He resumed the prayer until the boy had passed us. I joggled him considerably in making my contribution, but his devotions were not to be interrupted. In justice to the man I will state that on the return trip he gave the boy something.

A ride upon a train of cars has little of interest in it either to recount or to experience, so I will say that about half-past four o'clock we brought up in the outskirts of Houlton, Maine. The New Brunswick railroad, from Vanceboro to Woodstock, is by all odds the roughest, and the cars the slovenliest, of anything of the kind I know of. The editor of the *Aroostook Times* speaks of "riding over the smooth rails and in the commodious cars" of this road. The disparity between his opinion and mine on this subject, I take it, represents the difference between a free pass and a ticket bought and paid for.

I said we brought up at Houlton. The road ends there on a pile of cedar logs, with one or two projecting above the rails in order to keep the train from running off in case the roughness of the road should throw the engineer out of the cab before arriving there. Houlton village, when I reached it just after a three weeks' rain, reminded me of a lot of magnified children's blocks stuck helter-skelter into the mud. Its buildings are many of them large and new, but there is no order about them. Each was an independent island in a sea of mud. Houlton is the capital of Aroostook county; has some three thousand population; supports two weekly newspapers, and one copy of THE TRUTH SEEKER. Large numbers of lumbermen rendezvous here, while the east branch of the Meduxnekeag furnishes water-power and a word which few people can pronounce without practice. Four political banners depended from ropes strung across the principal streets. One was for Blaine and Logan and the Republican party; another for Cleveland and Hendricks and the Democratic party; a third for St. John and Daniel and Prohibition; while a fourth bore the inscription "*E Pluribus Unum*," and went in for general results. The last belonged to a hotel-keeper who evidently had little prejudice as to party, but great faith in the ultimate destiny of America.

The first curiosity I met with was a $3 bill, received in making change. I had never seen one before. They are published in New Brunswick, and are said to be frequently met with among the wealthy.

My arrival at Houlton by no means completed the journey upon which I had set out, Oakfield Plantation, down on the maps as "No. 5, Range 3," being my objectiv point. Perhaps this is as good a place as any to say that the county of Aroostook is somewhere near the size of the state of Massachusetts, containing about 6,800 square miles of territory, cut up into ranges. The ranges are subdivided into towns and plantations. The towns hav names; some of the plantations hav none. Those not so distinguished are known by their number and range. One point of difference between a town and a plantation is that the latter is not liable for any damages which may come about through defect in the roads. This relieves it of a grave responsibility, for the thoroughfares are many of them dangerously rough. Between Houlton and Oakfield I could not learn that there was any public conveyance, but I discovered that a stage for the town of Patten in Penobscot county went in the general direction in which I was headed, so I threw up my valise to the driver and climbed aboard. I had in view the residence of an uncle of ours who years ago pushed his way into the wilderness of the Aroostook and hewed a house and a farm out of its woods. More than twenty years since, when he lived in an older part of the state, and when the Civil war had robbed us of our paternal support, this man took me in charge and gave me a year and a half of excellent bringing up. I hav always remembered him with feelings of gratitude limited only by my capacity to be grateful. I had not seen him before for a dozen years or more, but when, as I bumped along beside the stage-driver, I saw a man driving down the road toward us, I was not long in recognizing our respected relativ. He had started at three o'clock in the morning and driven somewhere between fifteen and twenty miles through the mud almost before sunrise. He took me home with him, and the ride there was the pleasantest part of my journey.

Being a man who has all his life lived in the woods, except when he emerged therefrom with a musket on his shoulder to help put down the Rebellion, I presume our uncle would not prefer to hav me talk much about him. But let me say that I found him to be a Freethinker; a close reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER; an ardent admirer of Ingersoll, whom he hopes to help to vote into the presidential chair of this nation; well versed in the Bible and in the history of the United States; and full to the brim of rare anecdotes such as were never printed and probably never will be. His repertory is inexhaustible, and rich with parable and simile. I don't think he invites religious discussion with his Christian neighbors, with whom he is apparently on the best of terms; but when any one shows a desire for that sort of recreation he has a "bear charge" ready for him.

I spent nearly four weeks in Oakfield Plantation. It is six miles square, largely devoted to the cultivation of woods and lakes, and contains some five or six hundred inhabitants. The local bard, Capt. John Maxwell, an adolescent octogenarian, has immortalized it thus:

> "Oakfield is a pretty place,
> It lies within a fairy vale;
> The lofty mountains at the south
> Protect it from the southern gale."

Whether this is the whole of the captain's tribute to the place I am unable to say. Perhaps his muse rested here, and maybe this is only the auspicious beginning of a lengthy poem. These four verses I found in a young lady's album, and afterward heard them from the captain's lips, illustrated with appropriate gestures. Off to the west, Mt. Katahdin rears his five thousand three hundred and eighty-five feet of rock and soil into the air; to the north, barring a little clearing in Smyrna, there are fifty miles of woods—perhaps more. The place is not yet free of wild animals, and occasionally Bruin comes out of the woods to be seen of men and to carry off a sheep, but his habits are retiring, and he runs at the sight of a human being. The night-traveler on lonely roads is still liable to be startled by the snort and plunge into the woods of this sort of animal. I met none of them; but it is told of a young schoolma'am near by that, proceeding to her daily task one morning, she perceived a bear on the further side of a bridge which she was obliged to cross. She turned and ran back to the house where she was stopping—a distance of a mile and a half—and there fell in a faint. What the bear did is not recorded, but an old settler whom I met made a mental calculation with regard to his probable action in the matter. He estimated that the bear ran in the opposit direction twice as fast as the girl, so that by the time she stopped running, maiden and Bruin were just four and one-half miles apart. This story is a true one, as I can testify, having seen the schoolma'am, who proved to be an engaging young person.

Religious enthusiasm does not run high in Oakfield. "The sound of the church-going bell" these valleys and hills never heard. Feeble attempts to start a Sunday-school in the district school-house were remarked; but, as a western correspondent of THE TRUTH SEEKER has stated it, they were unable to "make the riffle." The meetings afford the young people an opportunity to ride out together, but here the attraction ends. The two denominations best represented are Second Adventist and Hardshell (or Potatobug) Baptist. The one amounts to little; the other to nothing at all. Last winter the Baptists attempted a revival, though I do not know that any one was converted. A certain man distinguished for his swearing ability came near to it, but fell short of the goal. He requested prayers one evening, and no attention was paid by the revivalist to his petition. The next day he was met by a neighbor, and asked if he should renew his application. "No, by lightning," said he, "I shan't. Last night," he continued, "I was ready to be converted, and if the elder had buckled down to it and prayed for me like a man, he would hav got me; but by thunder he can't get me to-day;" and he remains dead in his sins up to this time. I hav here substituted "lightning" and "thunder" for the more theological terms employed by this man of grief.

A conspicuous industry, if so it may be called, of the farmers of Maine, is the culture of honey-bees. I spent some little time observing the customs and habits of these industrious insects. There is a class of overgrown individuals among them known as "drones;" and I had it explained to me that these were the "ministers," resembling that variety of human beings both in their idle habits and in that function for which clergymen hav made themselvs pre-eminently distinguished. (See Col. Billings's "Recapitulation" in "Crimes of Preachers.") When the workers among the bees discover that the drone is no longer of service to them, he is incontinently ejected and made to shift for himself. It is not yet too late to learn something even of bees. The influence which a preacher's name exerts here, I expect, is not judged to be beneficial. To illustrate, a man had a dog which he wished might grow up an honor to his name, and as one whose follies should cease with his youth, and whose age should not add stupidity to ignorance He therefore named him Nanton, after a local preacher so distinguished. The pup, previously black, thereupon began to turn gray. That color not being to the liking of the owner, the dog's name was changed to that of Ridley, another preacher of the vicinity, and thenceforth everything which the dog ate made him sick, and there was no health in him. Ministerial cognomens were then abandoned and the name of Winfield Scott substituted, since when the dog has become one of the likeliest pups in the Aroostook, and promises to be all that his owner expected of him from the first. This narrativ is vouched for and often repeated by the proprietor of the dog.

While the people of this new country are not ardent supporters of religious denominations, their educational institutions are something to be proud of. The schoolhouse is found everywhere, and usually with school in session. This speaks well for the future of Maine. Oakfield is not behind in placing woman where she belongs. The supervisor (or superintendent) of schools in that plantation is a woman—a woman, too, of judgment, intelligence, and executiv ability, who shows signs of working a sort of civil service reform among teachers. I hope the people of the place will not allow her to resign. A man can't do the work properly which devolves upon a supervisor of schools, because the first thing he has to do is to examin female applicants for the position of teacher. Around here these are young and good-looking. When one of them comes into the presence of the committeeman, brushes up against him, and asks for a certificate of moral character and good scholarship, his first impulse is to smile winningly, hand over the certificate, and ask if there isn't something else he can do for her. I hav reflected on the matter and know how it would be with me, and I never yet heard of a man refusing a girl a certificate under such circumstances. If he was a gentleman, how could he? But when the examining committee is a woman, of course the applicant cannot work that so-called "racket." Hence I believe a woman is here in what is pre-eminently her proper sphere.

A word about farming in the Aroostook. The soil offers good inducements to intelligent workers. The land is good and can be bought cheap. Five hundred dollars will buy all the land one man would need, including house and barn. A farm in Oakfield, containing one hundred and thirty or forty acres, is for sale at that price. The soil is good. This looks to me much like finding land. Potatoes are a staple product, and find a ready market at the numerous starch factories everywhere building. Wheat and oats shoot up until stumps and fences are lost sight of. I believe that labor here is not now as intelligently directed as it might be. There is room for improvement in the current style of farming, especially in its esthetic features, if it can be said to hav any. "Damn the looks!" seems to be the harvester's refrain. The people work hard, and are old while they are yet young. They do not yet realize that a boat overloaded will sink. The folks here are so generous and hospitable in their style of entertaining a stranger that it is something like ingratitude for me to criticise their methods of agriculture; and I would not even allow what I hav said to go into print except with the accompanying statement that whatever of neatness is lacking in the men out-doors is offset by the tidiness of the women in the house. That has passed into proverb, and goes without saying.

Perhaps you would like to know whether we felt the earthquake shock. No, we did not. A short distance from where I was staying, a man was drawing in or raking hay most of the time with a horse that had the cheerful habit of reaching up occasionally and lifting the railing off the hay-rigging with its hind foot; and in another direction the champion swearer of the Aroostook was also at work, and doing his best to lower the record. An earthquake that could assert itself in the midst of the excitement arising from these sources would hav spread Katahdin all over the county.

My letter has assumed such magnitude (in the way of space occupied) that I must bring it to an abrupt close. There is much I could say of Maine, its vast territory, its 3,200 square miles of rivers and lakes, and the unpronounceable names of them; its grand woods, and, above all, its splendid people. But other matter of more importance than anything I could write is knocking for admittance to the columns of THE TRUTH SEEKER; and so when your readers reach this point they will hav heard the last of my "Idle Day." Your affectionate brother,

GEORGE MACDONALD.

Our London Letter.

On Sunday evening last Mr. Charles Watts gave his final lecture in London before leaving for the States, the subject being "Secularism Proved to be Superior to Christianity." Previous to its delivery, Mrs. Watts recited a poem entitled, "The God-horror," written by a Freethinker known more generally under his *nom de plume* of "Lara." The audience was also favored with piano forte selections both before and after the lecture. As a rule, Freethought lecturers seem somewhat averse to introducing music, though, for my part, I am rather in favor of Mr. Watts's method; and from the manner in which the pianist is received, it would appear that the majority of the audience is of the same way of thinking as myself.

The lecture, which took about an hour to deliver, was about the best I hav heard given by Mr. Watts; but, as doubtless it will be given by him in America, it will be superfluous on my part to giv any detailed account of it. At its close, opponents were as usual invited to make any comments or show up the faulty arguments, and but one was found who had anything to offer against the discourse; but as it turned out that he had no belief in the existence of the gospel Christ, and merely wished to say that there were some very good maxims in the Bible, those who anticipated a lively discussion were doomed to disappointment.

Our friend had some little difficulty in getting away from the hall, as so many of those who had repeatedly heard him were anxious to bid him farewell, and wish him good-speed and a speedy return. He has certainly made himself extremely popular in this country, and can command a good audience on a day when the thermometer stands considerably high, when most people are only too anxious to get into the country to find out what fresh air is like. That he will meet with a good reception in your country almost goes without saying, judging from his past experience there. His friends here only hope he will not get treated too well amongst you, and thereby be induced to take up his residence in America.

Owing to the intensely hot weather, probably, Christian hostilities hav ceased to a very considerable extent, and the champions of the church show no activ desire to defend themselvs or attack Freethinkers, and consequently the propaganda goes on rather more slowly than during the winter months. The holiday number of Mr. Foote's paper, the *Freethinker*, might be considered pretty well as "blasphemous" as the number for publishing which he was prosecuted, but no steps appear to hav been taken to suppress it. Perhaps they intend to leave this one to see if the God they profess to worship will do anything himself to avenge his outraged honor; but, if he is the perfect and powerful being he is represented to be, he will surely not be possessed of vanity enough to feel insulted by ridicule. I can never understand how anyone can possibly, after a perusal of the Bible, call the God therein depicted, omnipotent, omnipresent, omniscient, loving, good, beneficent, or in possession of any of those attributes we call virtues. It certainly requires that singleness of eye possessed by Christians, which I imagin must be a kind of semi-blindness, to find anything worth reverencing in that being depicted in the book which has been facetiously called "the secret of England's greatness."

I trust the convention shortly to be held may prove a grand success. J. D.

London, Eng., Aug. 20, 1884.

A Reminiscence of the Co-operativ Movement of '48-'52 in France.

Our Gallic brother-artisans hav had to meet peculiar difficulties from the law prohibiting or restricting very narrowly public assemblages. Several years after the declaration of the present republic, *Le Devoir*, a paper devoted to the co-operativ principle, was still protesting against this arbitrary barrier. In '48, however, democratic enthusiasm swept over it under the *fiat lux*. Then numerous associations of the trades sprang into existence. Napoleon "*le petit*" has a dark record in history, but the blackest of his crimes is his perfidy toward the labor movement of co-operation whose principle he had pretended to espouse in a work written during his imprisonment. He crushed in the bud, by his military and civil police, the most hopeful germ of true humanity that France has known.

We translate from Victor Hennequin, a representativ in the French legislature of 1851, a communication to the *Democratie Pacifique:*

VISIT TO THE LEATHER DRESSERS.

On the 8th of September, one of our colleagues, Michel Boutel, who, before his election as a representativ of the people, had practiced the trade of a joiner, accompanied me with another friend to the Association of Leather Dressers, Rue de la Terrasse, 40, aux Batignolles.

Crossing the front of the building, where its offices are kept, and a pleasant garden spot annexed, we came to the large workshop adorned with hides, smooth or grained, varnished, black or fawn-colored. Several strong men, bare-chested, were scraping hides with the backs of their knives. They received us cordially; we felt ourselvs at once in spmpathy with these children of toil. Laborers of Paris, emancipated by association, spontaneously assume the tone that becomes free men. No ceremonious humility nor flattery; neither on the other hand stiffness nor rudeness, but the dignity of a fraternal candor.

Here most of the workmen kept on with their respectiv tasks, but talked freely with us. Others offered us their escort. I *résumé* what they told us in walking through the rooms. Their association has a retail store. They began with the year '49, and seventy-four workmen, who, leaving their bosses, and thus divorced from capital, invoked of the co-operativ principle, the dignity of liberty. Government refused them a share in the funds voted by the Constituent Assembly in favor of associated workmen. The seventy-four hardly mustered among them 2,700 francs, and tools valued at 3,300 francs. Workmen without a boss met distrust in the market. They had to pay cash down for every hide. They incurred, like all the associations, political mistrust; accused, and with reason, of being thorough-going republicans, which then compromised men seriously. Their rooms were twice searched by the police.

They constituted a reserve fund from ten per cent of each member's daily earnings. Sixty-eight outside members, having signed the statutes, contribute the same, in awaiting such arrangements as should unite them at work with the others. A third class of affiliates had paid in each fifty francs, and had a deliberativ voice in the sessions of the body.

Advancing into the workshop, we meet the statue of the Republic, with crowns laid at its feet. This fairy who protected laborers has been paralyzed by the wicked one, "the Reaction."*

ALLOTMENT TO CAPITAL.

All associates, leaving with the Society funds in excess of the first one hundred francs, which is never returned, receive, like other creditors, deeds of stock bearing interest at five per cent a year, transmissible by indorsement, exchangeable at the Society depot for products or money.

Ten per cent withheld from earnings to build up the societary capital are set down to the credit of each, and may be withdrawn after giving twelve months' notice. This constitutes a check to hasty and capricious abandonment.

RELATIONSHIP OF GROUPS IN THE SERIES.

The association were embracing experimentally, upon a small scale, shoemaking, saddlery, trunk-making, and other branches of leather works. Such synthetic growth will advance in ratio to their command of capital if the state leaves them at liberty to develop their organic idea. This radiation, annexation, and incorporation with related industries, if proceeding simultaneously in other departments of labor, will obviate the dependence of laborers upon capitalist owners. Wage slavery will then follow on the heels of its brother, chattel slavery, and the network of association become co-extensiv with human activity.

MODE OF RETRIBUTION.

Article 9 of the statutes: Labor is paid by the piece, the number and importance of pieces being estimated in the award according to rates previously determined. In its application, this rule actually renders an average award of from three to four francs per diem to each workman, about the same amount which they used to receive from their bosses. Their real gain by change of methods is less pecuniary than social. Now, equal in rights, masters of themselvs, safe from arbitrary dismissal, a cheerful pride results from their security. [To these values of sentiment are to be added the pleasures of hope and the disciplin of character. Beyond their control was the viciousness of government that thwarted their enterprise by aggression on their personal liberties. Peasants must till the soil even in the shadow of Vesuvius; but under fair human conditions, the self-denial practiced by these workmen in order to free themselvs at once from debt and from future dependence upon capital other than their own is in itself a cumulativ force, a wealth of character, bearing its reward at once in hope and self-respect. This sinking-fund was, thus, a good investment notwithstanding fate.—TRANS.]

They might share larger dividends were they willing to turn out work of no better quality than when they were hirelings; but now they sacrifice the profit on quantity, or the number of pieces, to quality, in their more perfect execution. Industrial honor, the pride of the artist, the conscience of perfection, are remarkable as a novel and general fact in all workingmen's associations. The importance which the leather-dressers attach to quality is shown by Article 11 of the statutes:

"Stamps devised with a view to the avoidance of fraud shall show the purchaser the relativ worth of every article, with the name of our Society." The associates regard themselvs as the vanguard of liberty's army, and as responsible for her future. Jealous of every reproach, industrial or social, they scrutinize the result of their mutual labor. Ordinary maxims of trade, such as to increase profits by flimsy and rapid production, are revolting to their pride.

As soon as they hav liquidated their debt, or two-thirds of it, they propose an additional distribution of profits per capita, in which their outside contributing members are to share. This association employs none but its own members, and these are all responsible in its solidarity.

DIVIDEND OF SKILL.

Besides the appraisement of piece-work by quality, Article 10 of the statutes reads: "With a view to stimulate and to reward zeal and faculty, this Society registers depositions concerning all inventions and improvements that may be made by members, coupling with their names the premiums decreed to them."

Testimonials of fraternity are conspicuous. Here is a table on which hides are stretched, supplied by the association of billiard table makers—an immense piece of furniture, in which, after long and trying use, the joints are hardly visible. Another table from the marble workers' association. The perfection and luxury of utensils, resulting from industrial pride, become in turn a cause or motiv of attraction. The loyal destination of the fine arts is to embellish and idealize labor. Beauty is the bride of use, though indolent wealth has seduced her and sequestrates her charms in its harem. Here, instead of gilded mirrors, we find varnished sides of leather. Abridging details, however, one thing that we expected to meet with in a leather manufactory was most agreeably absent—stench.

We were also surprised by the ingenious process of dividing hides into two layers by a saw, the outside being the "flower," and the inside, of inferior value, the "crust."

FEATURES OF ORGANIZATION.

This association distributes its members in sections, corresponding to each distinct function in the leather manufacture.

Its administrativ section numbers also directors, salesmen, bookkeepers, etc.

Each section elects its own chiefs, and also its aids, from outside workmen, when such are required. A general council is elected by the collectiv society. Its officers hold their places at the pleasure of a majority.

The chiefs of sections deliberate with the general council once a week. This compound body proposes measures, presents facts, reports experience, but renders no final decisions, ordains nothing, is not a government.

Once a month all the associates deliberate on these reports. Their statutes were passed by the whole body after five month's deliberation. Under its general control the council is not merely a deliberativ assembly, but a group of executiv committees which applies the statutes and manages collectiv interests. Every day they hang upon a nail in the workshop an account of the proceedings for that day—purchases, sales, payments, etc. Every one reads and judges. The chiefs of sections receive just the average award to piece workmen in each of their respectiv sections. Members of the general administration receive the average award to the chiefs of sections.

COLLECTIV CHARITY.

Members become invalid, widows, and orphans, draw regular pensions adequate to their support in ratio direct to the number in such families, and inverse to their capacities for self-support.

Gratuitous education is contemplated. The children of members take precedence for apprenticeships, and are to be paid by the piece as soon as competent. To carry out their views of industrial education, the choice of employments, according to spontaneous vocation, requires a contract of solidarity among several associations for the exchange of apprentices. Otherwise crafts, becoming hereditary, might constitute castes, as in Hindostan. An associativ township will offer to childhood the attractiv spectacle of numerous arts and trades interlocked by the exchange of members, and soliciting the evolution of faculties by sympathy and imitation.

In taking leave of our friends, the leather dressers, we noted a kitchen and refectory, which, by the economy of catering at wholesale rates, supplies three meals with a bottle of wine each time, at twenty cents per diem. EDGEWORTH.

*Of this we speak in a second paper.

Terrible Effects of a Stroke of Lightning.

"Where in the world hav you been, Johnny?"

"Why, I hav just been over to see Mr. Smith's barn. It was struck by lightning this morning, pa."

"So I heard. Did it kill anything?"

"Yes, it killed lots of animals."

"Well, what animals did it kill, my son?"

"It killed—it killed a sheep and two pigs, and a calf, and another sheep, and a goose, and a horse, and a jackass, and a cow, and the preacher, and another jackass, and—"

"Any other animals, my son?"

"Yes; it killed a hog, and a Sunday-school teacher, and another goose."

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SATURDAY, - - SEPTEMBER 13, 1884.

The Convention.

Mr. Green made a new departure in selecting the place of meeting for this year. Cassadaga Lake is an irregular body of water, in Chautauqua county, several miles in length, but nowhere over a half mile wide. The camp grounds of the Cassadaga Lake Free Association upon its bank comprise many acres, originally wooded land, as is evidenced by the innumerable stumps thickly studding the inhabited portion of the grove. The association is a stock company, selling shares at ten dollars. It is only five years old, but already the members hav erected dozens of cottages, many of them quite beautiful and commodious structures, and other members and visitors are camping out in tents. The Spiritualists' meeting closed the Sunday previous to the opening of the Freethinkers' meeting, but a hundred or so of the attendants remained to listen to the Liberal speakers. The approach to the ground is by the Dunkirk, Allegheny Valley & Pittsburgh road, and a most miserable apology for a railroad it is, with unfrequent trains, uncivil employees, and wretched rolling-stock. The first year or two of the existence of the grounds as a Spiritualist camp, the officials did absolutely nothing, and hav done but little since. Whether they are unfavorable or not to the ideas of the Spiritualists, it is evident that the saving of a dollar is of more consequence in their eyes than the accommodation of the public. It is to be regretted that the efficient Erie service could not be extended to the branch run by the D., A. & P.

The Spiritualist Association generously gave the use of the grounds to the New York State Association of Freethinkers, and also extended the invitation to the National Liberal League. The grounds are well managed, and with the exception of poor hotel accommodations there can be no fault found. A moderate influx of visitors, however, swamped the resources of the manager of the only hostelry within the limits of the camp, and the place must suffer in popularity unless the building and restaurant are improved. But tents and cottages are rented cheap, and in this way the limited number of Liberals who found their way over the beastly D., A. & P. road are comfortably domiciled.

Dr. T. L. Brown, the president of our association, was promptly on hand, bringing with him a huge black canvas on which he had painted a most pointed and excellent motto of the philosopher Thales, joined with that of the Freethinkers, which he hung over the platform. It reads:

U. M. L.

"Avoid doing what you blame in others."—*Thales* (650 B.C.).

U. M. L. stands for Universal Mental Liberty, but the doctor says it is equally good for the Christians, who can interpret it, "U May Lie, and repent and go to heaven." Mr. Green was also an early arrival, but owing to severe indisposition is able to do but little work, and the activ work of the convention has devolved upon S. P. Putnam and W. S. Bell, members of the Business Committee. Tuesday night an impromptu dance was organized by the remaining Spiritualists, which was attended by some two hundred ladies and gentlemen living on the grounds, or close by. It was a very successful affair in sociability, a regular leap-year party, and, being managed by the ladies, was of course free from objection. No gentleman was allowed within the pavilion unless invited and attended by a lady. This dance was the real opening of the Convention, the geniality it started being visible all the way through. The sessions of the Convention began on Wednesday morning, Dr. Brown opening by an address of unusual clearness and power. The Business and Resolution Committees were appointed at this session also. W. S. Bell, S. P. Putnam, Mrs. Mina Seymour, H. L. Green, J. H. Burnham, Juliet H. Severance, and G. W. Baldwin were appointed to conduct the meeting, and the following persons were expected to frame the resolutions: A. B. Bradford, Courtlandt Palmer, George Chainey, Charles Watts, Mrs. Mattie Krekle, Miss Helen Gardner, E. M. Macdonald, J. E. Remsburg, and Allen Pringle. A fine quartet, besides H. H. Hall, was in attendance, and made music to the satisfaction of all parties. The use of a very fine piano had been gratuitously given by W. F. Graves, of Castile, N. Y.

The sensation of the Convention is the conversion of George Chainey to Spiritualism. St. Paul's flop-over was apparently a well-considered act compared with the headlong jump which precipitated the brilliant *This World*-er into the very heart of the strait-laced Spiritual sect. Mr. Chainey in his previous life had made many opponents among the Liberal Spiritualists because of his disregard of their ism, and they are now as restiv under his adherence as they were indignant at his lack of appreciation of their theories. It is generally conceded that he is honest in his change of convictions, but still the mystery of how it was done excites universal comment. Almost every person one meets, Spiritualist or Materialist, within the limits of the camp, after the first salutation, inquires, "What do you think about Chainey?" If he had desired to get up a first-class sensation, he could not hav chosen a better course. Thursday afternoon he first spoke to the Convention. His subject was "Ingersollism," but toward the close he departed from his text to enlighten his whilom friends and new allies upon the subject of his conversion. The part of the lecture bearing upon this is as follows:

"But is all the beauty and inspiration of this world a sufficient inspiration to the best life and largest joy? Does it represent all the truth? Having stopped gazing at the stars long enough to see the beauty of the flowers blooming at our feet, shall we look at the stars no more? When I first left the church I fancied so. It was all the truth I saw. I saw thousands leaving the church and wandering forth like sheep without a shepherd. I resolved to do what I could to gather all the sweet inspirations of earth and distill from them the cheer of life. I went to Boston for this purpose.

. . . . . .

"At first my whole heart found satisfaction, rejoicing, and grandeur in my work. Every day brought me words of cheer and comfort. Husbands blessed me for reconciling their wives to their views and bringing sweetest harmony where all before was harshest discord. Wives loved me for making their husbands more loving and gentle. Parents thanked me with full hearts for inspiring their children with noble thoughts and lofty ambitions; while weary, discouraged souls, disposed to suicide, blessed me from their hearts for making life for them again to seem worth living. This, however, could only last while I preserved undimmed the flame of enthusiasm and the ardor of faith. But at the end of the second year I began to feel that my lectures were simply received by the majority as an emotional and intellectual entertainment. The great purpose of organization, of educational and philanthropic work, underlying them all in my own mind, was either unheeded or frustrated by the selfishness or jealousy of others. The crowd would make the roof ring with thunders of applause and then leave the brunt of the burden of support to fall on a few over-generous hearts. I grew faint-hearted; and you know 'faint heart never won fair lady.' My work became irksome. It is only 'the labor we delight in physics pain.' Though I long refused to believe my own sight, I noticed a tendency among Materialists and Agnostics to indifference to the propaganda of their own faith. I felt the rust growing slowly but surely on my own sword. When I would construct the new temple and sing the new songs I perceived less approbation than when I wielded the hammer of the iconoclast or hurled the gibes of mocking sarcasm at the old theology. In many places I found in their meetings no higher purpose than the love of intellectual gladiatorship. All good impressions of an earnest, eloquent lecture would be dissipated in a free fight—not with clubs, knives, and bullets, but with the knock-down arguments of logic, the sharp edge of sarcasm, and death-dealing words of malice. I saw put forth as Liberal literature often the unripe fruit of unripe minds, the mere slop-bucket refuse of the true intellectual development and provision of the age, while our conventions are disgraced by all sorts of lunacies and crankisms, until I sometimes felt that such Freethought was a kind of a hell-broth concocted by all the foul witches of discontent.

"For the last year I hav been in a constant state of disquietude. While my love and purpose and education all urged me to endure, my judgment said: 'It is a useless martyrdom. You cannot screw your courage to the sticking-place, and so will fail.'

"I made up my mind to abandon the attempt, and try my fortunes on the stage. I believed in the future of the theater, and felt that the grand inspirations of Shakspere offered me a pulpit from which to teach and elevate the world. But at the solicitation of friends who hav more faith than I do in the success of Agnosticism, I consented under certain conditions to try it one more year. But for a seeming accident that brought me to Cassadaga camp, that would hav been the end; I should hav buried George Chainey, and gone forth under a new name to wrestle for the prizes and emoluments of the tragedian's art.

"But that star for me has set, while a far brighter one shines in its place. When I came to this camp I no more expected to become a Spiritualist than I did to jump over the moon. I could now no more doubt the truth of spirit communion than I could in my present organization jump over the moon. If there is any such thing as trusting one's senses, I know that our departed friends are all around us, that the living ears that listen to me to-day are but few in comparison to the great cloud of unseen witnesses that hover about us. When I know that scores of new slates, untouched before, are written on without the intervention of any human hand in broad daylight, and each message written in the hand-writing of the person signing; when I sit in a dark circle under absolute test conditions, and witness wonder after wonder that no sleight of hand could produce, hear voices in the air telling us whose they are, feel the palm of a little child laid in my hand in a room in which all are adults; when a medium stands on this platform giving hundreds of names, descriptions of the departed that are fully recognized, goes clairvoyantly into scores of homes, sees past and future events, tells the position of articles of furniture in rooms, tells the contents of bureau drawers; when on this platform ladies giv glowing, eloquent lectures on subjects concerning which, in their normal condition, they are entirely ignorant, beautiful poems at a moment's notice; when trance mediums giv me names and descriptions of friends whom I had forgotten, and whose funeral sermons I preached years ago; when wonder after wonder confronts me until, if I should attempt to tell them all, I should hav to ask for all the time of this convention, do you think that I can resist their influence? Belief is no act of volition. I could no longer doubt if I wished. I am simply compelled to believe. Do you think that I wooed it, and cheated myself into believing it? Don't you suppose I knew that you would point the finger of scorn and say as they did of old, 'Is Saul also among the prophets?' Don't you suppose I knew I should hav to run a gantlet of jokes about being 'taken in,' and having 'the wool drawn over my eyes,' being a 'little weak in the upper chamber,' and all sorts of hints about 'lunatic asylums?' Don't you know that I hav lived with you long enough to know that some of you are such inflated egotists that you actually think that you know all that there is to be known of life and destiny? Don't you know that I am fully aware that some of you hav cultivated your reasoning faculties until your hearts and intuitions are dead within you, and that an intellect without a heart is as cruel and unfeeling as the grave?

"Don't you know that a sensitiv soul shrinks from all such criticisms as many of you are passing on my change of opinion as the flesh shrinks from the lash? When I thought of all these things, I resolved to run away from their influences and never again hav aught to do with Spiritualism. I told the friends here, while thinking of these things, that I should leave in the morning. I went around bidding my friends good-bye, and retired to bed. But I could not sleep. As I lay in bed it seemed as though some one came and impressed me that I must stay until every dark cloud was cleared from my mind. Long I reasoned against it. When I at last resolved to be guided, a soft hand was placed upon my fevered and aching brow, and lay there caressing it with touch as light as down and softer than velvet. I could not move hand nor foot. Then through all my being coursed streams of life, vibrations of ecstatic joy. The hand then seemed to change into a focus, through which rays of light pierced and illuminated my brain, cleansing it of all the haunting shadows of doubt and despair. Since then my mind has been flooded by a wondrous sense of luminosity, and my heart brimming over with joy. I would not part with that experience for all the gold of earth.

"The questions arise, What is the value of all this? What additional motiv power does it giv to conduct? What will be its influence on society? Will it rebuild the lost bowers of childhood in which faith shall climb to beauty and prayer to praise? In other lectures I shall answer all these and many other questions; but to-day I must content myself with a general description. I find in it a new gospel justifying the wildest hopes and brightest dreams. Death is no more for us. The sun sets, but we know it simply continues to shine on a fairer sphere. This faith, or rather knowledge, brings the brightest visions and loftiest ideals that ever ravished the soul of mortal man. It opens before all aimless steps a straight and sure path to the goal of all true desire. It turns death into a beauteous white-robed angel. It gems the darkest night of despair with radiant stars of hope. It points to every soul a grand heritage of immortal progress. It promises atonement full and complete for all that is darkly suffered and borne on earth for right and truth.

"It seems to distill the essence of every kiss of true love since the world began into our hearts to-day. It takes the fragrance of every flower of earth into its censer of sweet incense. With spirit friends hovering in the air no flower 'wastes its sweetness on the desert air.' We feel through it the companionship of all the great souls of history. In this faith I find the true home of the soul—the mother who must liv long as her children, possessed of a tenderness that is greater than our largest love—a glory of truth perfectly rational and in harmony with nature's laws. Reason nor love need no longer rest an hungered. We hav found a scheme that contents them both and saves them from holding the world accursed. The head no longer crucifies the heart, but goes before it to lead it to the goal of its uttermost desire. Love no longer sends out orphan cries for help from north and south, east and west. Come, swift messengers of light and love—not strangers, but fathers and mothers, still watching over their children; children coming back to comfort sorrow-stricken parents, lover returning to lover, friend to friend. Through these eternal loves we come again to the soul that is in all and through all. 'In the darkest night hope sees a star,' and listening love hears the echo of a familiar foot-fall on the shadowy shore of the unseen. Acknowledged or unacknowledged, this faith is the desire of

all hearts. It redeems the past, and fills us with hope for the future. It crowns every martyr and justifies every reformer.

"It gathers up all the prayers and tears of earth, and out of them constructs a bower where prayer shall turn to praise and sorrow to rejoicing."

This injudicious harang was delivered with great fervor. Afterward the orator said that his spirit love, Lilly Dove, stood by his side and sustained him by her presence. In this he was corroborated by Mrs. Anna Kimball, a somewhat noted if not notorious medium, who said she plainly saw the aforesaid spirit love, with others not specifically named. The effect of the speech upon Mr. Chainey's former associates was not happy. The charge that they are inflated egotists is regarded with some suspicion; and during the delivery of other portions of the discourse, Mr. Charles Watts, who sat upon the platform, was seen to stifle several smiles. A medium asserted that some of Mr. Chainey's words moved Mr. Watts deeply, as he was seen to furtivly wipe away a tear. Upon investigation, however, it was found that a cinder had lodged in the big blue round right optic of the incredulous Englishman, and that it was that which brought the dew to his cheek. The general opinion is that Mr. Chainey is making mistakes. That he should become a Spiritualist is not objected to. His sincerity is admitted, and his right to revise, change, or abandon his former ideas, and even associates and friends, is as clear as the sun. If he has evidence sufficient to convince him of a continued existence, why, "so mote it be." Perhaps he is to be envied. But his public treatment of the Liberals, on their own platform, too, is stigmatized by those who heard him as little short of scandalous. The limited length of his experiences, to say nothing of the frivolous character of some of them, is thought to be some reason why modesty in public demeanor on Mr. Chainey's part would be graceful. In more senses than one his worst foes are to be found in his own new household. In one way, the conversion has certainly done good. He has reformed. Not that he needed reformation, for it was never known that he did, but he has changed his social habits. No longer does he smoke cigars, or drink beer, or eat meat. In this sudden abandonment of little vices, he irresistibly calls to mind some Methodist redemptions. It is by no means certain that the parallel will not be extended even to the backsliding.

Wednesday afternoon Mr. Bell gave his address on prohibition. He was followed by Mr. Putnam on the province of religion. The evening was devoted to a free conference of ten-minute speeches, and was a very enjoyable affair. The quartet—composed of Mrs. H. O. Wait, soprano; Miss Emma Smith, alto; W. W. Wilson, tenor; A. D. Lane, basso; Mina Seymour, pianist—also contributed to the evening's entertainment. The audience on Thursday morning was largely augmented in numbers, but the attendance on the first days was at no time so large as at Rochester. The first hour of the morning session was occupied by Hon. A. B. Bradford, who took for his subject, "In God We Trust." Demurring to the placing upon our national coinage the motto which he took for his subject, he held that the American people did not trust in God, but in themselvs and to their own individual and collectiv exertions, for all they had in this world and for the maintenance of their government; that during the war they did not rely upon the priestly cant of "trust in God," but buckled on the armor and went out and conquered the enemy by their own exertions. In closing, he warned his hearers that there was a deep-laid plot of the clergy and the church to crush out heresy and Infidelity in the free United States, by proceeding first by fire and sword to annihilate Mormonism in Utah, which, having been accomplished, their thirst for blood would hav to be still further appeased by exterminating every one who did not fully agree with the motto, "In God we trust." He urged organization and co-operation to defeat that end.

Mr. Bradford was followed by Dr. McCormic, a pronounced Spiritualist, who took for his subject, "Why spirits are not visible to mortals, treated from a purely scientific standpoint." Advancing upon the wave theory of sound and light, that it was impossible for the human ear to distinguish sounds produced by less than sixteen vibrations per second or more than thirty-four thousand, and so with regard to the vibrations of light, it was impossible for the human eye to distinguish beyond a certain extent. The spirit, owing to its intensified organization, and the consequent intensified vibrations, is therefore beyond the mortal, and to make himself heard and seen by human organs, has to coat himself over with the grosser material of the medium. The speaker predicted that the time would come, by constant advancement, when we would all be able to see and converse with our friends over the river. H. H. Hall opened the afternoon session with one of his vocal selections, and Charles Watts occupied the platform for an hour, on the subject, "The Claims of Christianity Criticised," holding that not all the teachings of Christianity should be rejected, but only those that our advanced civilization taught us were actually bad, as were the tortures of heretics in olden times, the rack, the dungeon, and the Inquisition. If God was the omnipotent being that Christians claimed him, he ought not to hav allowed the world to exist till less than two thousand years ago before he offered it the chance of salvation. Christianity did not always make people bad, but it did not prevent them from being bad.

In the evening Dr. McCormic again held forth, followed by Mrs. Juliet H. Severance, who gave her ideas upon the new republic. Mrs. Severance is an exceptionally able woman, and though extremely radical finds favor with all her audiences. In the regular report of the proceedings an abstract of her remarks will find room.

On this evening, at the invitation of Mr. Chainey, Mr. Putnam and the editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER attended a seance at the house of Dr. Crane. It was called a dark circle, and was so in fact. So Cimmerian was it, that a young lady in a white Mother Hubbard was a shadow at three feet; the resplendent white waistcoat surrounding the jolly form of Mr. Putnam was indistinguishable at a distance of two feet; while the brown hair of a lady within one foot of the editor's visual organs was totally invisible. But no manifestations were apparent, and the circle broke up disappointed, at least so far as two individuals were concerned. One or two persons asserted that they saw lights, another heard raps, and a lady asserted she saw standing by the editor on old gentleman, a young lady, and a little girl. But the Spiritualists present listened to them incredulously; the skeptics said nothing, and the general conclusion was that the seance was a failure.

Friday morning Miss Helen Gardner gave her lecture on "Men, Women, and Gods." It was listened to by a delighted audience. Miss Gardner is epigrammatic, witty, eloquent, and pathetic by turns, and deserves the success she has gained in the lecture field. Her lecture was the same as delivered in New York at Chickering Hall when introduced by Col. Ingersoll, an abstract of which was published in these columns. She was followed by Mr. Remsburg, who expounded the "morality" of the Bible in a manner calculated to make good Christians grieve.

[The continuation of the editor's account of the Cassadaga Convention, together with a full report of the proceedings, will appear next week.]

The Negativ and Unenthusiastic Objections to Liberalism.

A popular charge against nineteenth-century Liberalism, raised by the clergy, indorsed by those who are known as "other-world" Spiritualists, and often admitted to be true even by Liberals themselvs, is that it is a doctrin of pure negation. This charge cannot be sustained. Liberalism does not mean denial of anything except falsehoods; and the denial even of a falsehood is equivalent to an assertion of the opposit truth. An untruth cannot be disproved without demonstrating a fact. But does Liberalism affirm no fundamental truths, as opposed to Christianity, to take the place of lies deposed? Let us prepend:

Liberalism affirms the supremacy of the human reason. Christianity denies it.

Liberalism maintains the right of free thinking. Christianity denies it.

Liberalism affirms that the universe is governed by natural law, "modified by human intervention." Christianity denies this, and interposes miracles.

Liberalism affirms that our first duty is toward ourselvs and other human beings. Christianity denies it.

Liberalism indorses evolution as a fundamental truth. Christianity denies it in favor of creation.

Liberalism affirms that the good in human nature overbalances the evil. Christianity denies this, and substitutes the doctrin of total depravity.

Liberalism affirms the equality of all citizens before the law, regardless of religious belief or unbelief. Christianity denies it.

Liberalism affirms the supreme importance of knowledge as contrasted with unreasoning belief. Christianity denies it.

Liberalism holds all it has by right of intellectual conquest. It believes that a world in the hand is, for practical purposes, worth two in the skies.

In a word, Liberalism affirms every demonstrated fact, and denies only that which is untrue. As to the existence of God or a future state of existence, Liberalism does not dogmatize. It says with Ingersoll:

"I hav made up my mind that if there is a God, he will be merciful to the merciful.

"Upon that rock I stand.—

"That he will not torture the forgiving.

"Upon that rock I stand.—

"That every man should be true to himself, and there is no world, no star, in which honesty is a crime.

"Upon that rock I stand.—

"The honest man, the good woman, the happy child, hav nothing to fear, either in this world or the world to come.

"Upon that rock I stand."

If there is more than "subdominance of affirmation" here it is not apparent; and surely there is no dearth of material for inspiration to action when every one of these declarations is denied and assailed.

Neither is there any good reason why there should be a lack of healthy enthusiasm in the cause of Liberalism. Fanaticism (which is blind enthusiasm in the cause of the unreasonable) is neither expected nor wanted. There is no poverty of belief among Liberals. They believe in all that exists. If more existed, they would believe in that also; but nothing can be added to human knowledge by affirming an untruth, even if the truth be not always according to the ideal.

As there is no reason for a lack of enthusiasm among Liberals, so there is no lack of it. But its power is left to exhale itself unutilized, as the water pours over the Falls of Niagara without being captured and directed to the uses of mankind. If there are those who hav been cajoled into an admission that the pulse of Freethought beats slowly, let them attend a Freethought convention, or even the three hundred and fiftieth meeting of the Manhattan Liberal Club. Liberalism they will there find is not, as some hav thought it, a "garden of the dead" wherein no bird of promis ever sings.

What is needed, then, is organization and the construction of channels in which this current of enthusiasm can be so directed as to lend its force to the cause which has aroused it. Perfect organization has not been effected for the reason that organizers hav been wanting. Given the machinery of the church, and in ten years Liberalism would not leave an intelligent supporter of superstition in the country. Present hope for something to be done in this line rests with the National Liberal League. Its actions are awaited by Secularists with interest and anxiety. If the right men are in the field, it is safe to prophesy that Liberals will show to the world that they hav something to contend for more than the "mere negation" which has been imputed to them as their creed.

Church Charities.

The Rev. Wilbur Crafts makes the assertion that "Infidelity has built but one college in our land." If he means by this that unbelievers in Christianity hav built but one college, his statement is a falsehood. Girard College is the institution referred to by the Rev. Mr. Crafts. He did not add that it had been diverted by rascality to the teaching of the Christian superstition. More than a dozen millions hav been given by Infidels to public institutions of learning and to charities.

But it might be interesting to ask where most of the money has come from that has been so ostentatiously bestowed upon churches and church so-called charitable institutions. Ask the absconding bank cashiers, now in Canada. Ask A. S. Hatch, now insolvent. Ask Hathaway, and Fish, and Seney, and Eno, and Ward, and Dodd, and Fisk, and Grant, and Bogart, to say nothing of the pious and religiously philanthropic Paymaster Roberts, who has just defaulted at Wilkes Barre to the amount of $125,000, much of which is now in the hands of the church. These men are all prominent in religious circles, and their money was taken from others and no equivalent returned. Charity must be broad indeed to cover the sins of those who hav given in its name that which never belonged to them.

Idle as it is, the Rev. Wilbur Crafts is welcome to his boast.

Letters from Friends.

WILKES BARRE, Aug. 20, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: In your issue of August 9th, friend Otto Wettstein, after having had a slumber, so far as his contributions to THE TRUTH SEEKER are concerned, not yet apparently fully awake, contributes one whole page of matter under the title of "Realistic Meditations." He says these were brought about by once more reading the articles of "Macdonald, Heddon, and Perry, in their able defense of immortality."

I am quite sorry to find that instead of answering the arguments, or replying to the facts that their "able articles" may hav contained, he has concerned himself about the suggestion of a long list of Materialistic conundrums that hav no reference to the main question whatever, as it is quite evident that, if there is a human spirit, and if that spirit is immortal, the very fact of immortality will take in all necessary conditions of existence, and there is no use of borrowing trouble about how to clothe a spirit, how it shall make music without a piano, how it shall eat, or liv without eating, and a hundred other matters of similar import.

To speak of the scarcity of food, or other materials, so fine that no human eye can behold them, and so imponderable that no material scales could weigh them, and which we know to exist in these conditions in the world around us, is simply suggesting a condition of things that has no existence, and which there is no occasion to worry over.

Every thing that grows upon trees, sprouts from the ground, or in any way furnishes us with food or clothing, exists in this spirit world around us. The air contains every element of food and clothing, and contains it in such a condition that no human eye can see it. Now, friend Otto, do you not see that your material ground must first be fed by the elements of vegetation, and supplied by their vegetable germs, before you or I could find food or clothing here? Why concern yourselvs about the food of that locality, when we poor souls hav to depend upon it for our supply? If you are not convinced of this fact you must hav studied your chemistry to little purpose. Do not worry about the supply of food and garments for the spirits, as we get all ours from their country.

Then, again, I find you worrying about how a spirit can exist without organs. Who says they hav no organs? Who says they are composed of nothing? Who says they hear without ears, see without eyes, speak without organs of articulation, and think without a brain, or move without legs or wings, etc., etc., etc.? Why, Otto Wettstein, nobody that claims to speak for the Spiritualists says so. On the contrary, it is claimed that a spirit is an organic material structure. If the elements of all material nature may and do exist in an invisible form, perfect germs, that require ground, light, heat, etc., to clothe them in a compact material form suited to our gross condition, it must be evident that the whole office of materiality is but to clothe and embody these elementary substances.

If friend Otto will observe his lemon box, which he supplied with say one hundred pounds of earth, and watered occasionally for three years, he will find a full crop of lemons, and a large tree, which, if he will weigh, he will find to be several times the weight of the earth, and perhaps the earth is still all in his box. Now, whence came the tree and its load of lemons? Evidently from the atmosphere; not an atom of dirt was by any means changed into any part of the tree or its fruit; dirt was only a medium for the growth to proceed by, mainly, or the medium through which the elements combined and located themselvs chemically upon the tree, leaf, bud, and fruit. And in a similar process is materiality of earth only a medium for the growth and development of a human spirit.

Again, who says that a million spirits would not weigh a hair? I hav seen ponderable objects conveyed and moved, and intelligence manifested thereby, which objects weighed many pounds, without the aid of any human agency, and without any machinery; and as the intelligence was characteristic of a human being, whom in life I well knew, I claim that I am but a reasonable being when I declare my belief that it was a spirit, and the one it claimed to be. I hav held in my own hand, in daylight, an accordion which I had full liberty to examin (and I hav been engaged in the manufacture of reed instruments for twenty-five years, and ought to know what they are when I examin them); and when thus holding the instrument a force was brought to bear upon the other end of it, and familiar tunes played upon it, and some tunes that I never heard, and some, or any, that I mentally requested to be played—this happening in the presence of several persons. Now, sir, what is your answer to this fact on which the Spiritual theory is based, as an agency in these phenomena? It is all brought down in your *vast meditations* to one little simple word—"crank."

You say, "All that is claimed for this is idle speculation, theory, the cunning devices of avaricious priests and *crankcy visionaries*." How very refreshing such a statement is, coming from a profound material philosopher, who ignores the facts of nature, and substitutes his objections in the form of a Materialistic befuddlement about non-essentials!

The fact is manifest that Otto Wettstein is so wedded in his thought to an outward and tangible existence, that he has not the power to conceive of anything of an organic nature which he cannot feel and handle. Everything which exists outside of himself must, if too fine for such use, be classed and conceived of as a *diffused mass*. The idea that an organic being could exist, composed of these elementary substances, in a compact form, yet invisible, is beyond the telescopic range of his mental apparatus: and not being in a condition to see it, after straining himself to his utmost ability in his "Realistic Meditations," he affirms that the man who professes to see it must be a "visionary crank."

There is certainly no reason why the elements composing the nerve structure of man could not be reorganized into a human form after they are drawn from the human body at death, from the known laws of affinity of substances. These nerve elements should be more likely to assume the human than any other form, and the particular form and relation which they once bore to each other in the body. In fact, all combinations of substance take place by and in accordance with the law of affinity, and cannot do anything else.

In the face of some thirty years of experiences that hav addressed themselvs to my intellect, and for which no rational explanation has yet approached the subject to be compared to that of the spiritual, it is amusing to hear the hard-headed and solid-material philosopher handle and squeak his rickety "crank" upon all occasions, and endeavors to drown out all answers by his worn-out substantiv. He turns and turns it upon all occasions, even when he admits your argument to be logical, and "able in defense of the doctrin of immortality." Now, friend Otto, be a little careful how you swing that handle; it has been used and turned and twisted by so many in grinding out their replies, that the socket has become much worn, and the pin that holds it to the shaft considerably loosened, and should you giv it a sudden wrench in your excitement, it might take on the qualities of the ungovernable boomerang, and fly up and hit you in the eye, and that might close your sight to the beauties of either the natural or spiritual visions around you.

I am satisfied that no explanation based on the theory of a *general diffusion of mind*, or any other thing or substance in nature, can be put in the place of a spirit or spirits to account for such phenomena as I hav witnessed; and for anyone to assume to disbelieve it all, in the face of millions of witnesses who are as competent to see, and hear, and judge as I am of *what they see*, is simply dodging the question, and aping the pranks and mustering in the company of what they look upon as the respectable and popular class. Because Professor Huxley, when fairly driven to the wall, said "he was not interested in the subject of Spiritualism, even if true," there are lots of *wise men* who think it quite smart to adopt his style of treatment. No matter how indifferent the subject may be treated by a few, the millions are fast enlisting under the banner of the spirits, and defying the ridicule and contempt of facts, and until they are rationally accounted for, aside from a belief in the works of spirits, the millions will cling to the doctrins of the genial summer-land in preference to the chilling philosophy of a Materialism that is lifeless.

No matter how ably its advocates may destroy the gods of superstition, its structures and theology, they dare not let the demolished materials lie around in a shapeless and confused mass, hideous and frightful to look upon, nor expose the corpses to the gaze of an astonished world, nor the infecting odors of the dead. They must bury the dead, and re-arrange the materials into a more beautiful and enduring edifice, in which reason shall preside and the philosophy of all truth in nature be taught and worshiped. J. R. PERRY.

A REAL CIRCUS AND SHOW IN SNOWVILLE.

SNOWVILLE, VA., Aug. 21, 284.

Yes, here among the mountains, miles away from the railroad, we hav had a show. It came in wagons, and over roads so narrow, steep, hilly, and rocky, that now and then one of the wagons would upset, animals and all. They wisely carry their own blacksmith shop and tools along, as a necessity, in such country places where a breakdown may and does often occur far from any local smith.

For weeks this whole place and vicinity hav been placarded with numerous and enormous enticing show-pictures, which hav been as carefully studied and examined, and much better appreciated here, than would be the finest gallery of costly paintings. Scarcely anyone would believe the half would or could be shown. But the fateful day has arrived, and Snowville is alive for miles around. Oh, such a conglomeration of people! Old and young, rich and poor, black and white, as well as all intermediate shades of yellow. Men in broadcloth and cassimeres, contrasted with those in butternut jeans and linseys; women in velvet, silk, and cashmere, as well as homemade cottons and five-cent calicos; and head-gear of all conceivable shapes, sizes, and ages. Then the vehicles! Great lumbering Noah's-arks, covered with unbleached cotton, ox-carts, jerseys, carriages, and old farm-wagons, often a barrel of cider in front to pay expenses, and the family in behind. Or father, mother, and children on horseback, sometimes a whole family on a horse; the usual "band-wagon," with its "rag tag and bobtail," following behind. All this was as much a "show" as the magic tent and its animals, circus-performers, and curiosities. The one elephant was no larger than a cow, but it was well stuffed with apples, cakes, and candies by people who were anxious to see it eat. Little ones who had been scared by bugaboos of bears, gazed at the real live "children-killers" with curious and mingled feelings. One lady stood by the cage of monkeys cramming her little black servant girl; she actually made her believe one old monkey was her grandfather, and the others were her uncles and aunts.

The ubiquitous side-show was also there. The snake-charmer, a live head with no body, and a live body with no head, and most interesting of all was the "mind-reading," the reader being blindfolded and at the opposit end of the tent, while the performer passed around the audience asking her the color of this one's hair, that one's beard, or asked her what he had in his hand—watches, keys, pencils, etc.—all of which she answered correctly, even to the kind of a watch. And one man gave the performer something like a trunk-check, and the woman told the figures, letters, etc., on it correctly, though no one in the tent save the owner and the performer could possibly hav known them. Some declared the woman could see despite her bandages, but we know she was too far off to see, even if she had a fair chance. This was a mystery to us all till at last a close observer suggested ventriloquism. The same man had given a puppet-show, and was an excellent performer, and probably that solves it all. Questions not decided upon beforehand could hav been thus answered by him, the woman merely moving her lips to deceive the others, she being guided by the manner of asking in other cases. Thus do mysteries one by one become resolved into tricks and deceptions. No great meeting of scientists could create more talk, discussion, or excitement than a big show in a back country village where there was never one before. All the hoarded bits of pocket money are hunted up, and every urchin, as well as other impecunious individual, is looking up odd jobs for weeks beforehand, so as to earn money for the "show." Many exclaimed against it as taking money out of the town, but if it did it gave us ideas, and they are more than money, and it made idlers work, and that earned money, and the circus and show all had to be fed, and that left money. So on the whole we think the experience is worth more than the outlay. And this evening hundreds of children are practicing contortions, piling up chairs, and trying feats upon them, and enjoying a miniature circus at home.

I hope our readers will appreciate this glimps of our Snowville feast of fun. ELMINA.

THE INQUISITIV INFIDEL.

READING, KAN., Aug. 30, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Only a few days ago, while waiting for a prescription at our village drug store, I overheard the following conversation between an Infidel and a Methodist preacher:

INFIDEL—You are the Methodist preacher, I understand.

METHODIST PREACHER—I am, sir.

I.—I presume you preach the same doctrin that Methodist preachers did fifteen or twenty years ago, when I used to go to meeting.

M. P.—I presume I do, sir, with a few modifications.

I.—Well, I suppose you claim that you were called to preach.

M. P.—Most assuredly, sir. No man should assume that position without being led by the hand of God.

I.—On what grounds do you claim that?

M. P.—Well, no man can be prepared to teach the way of life truthfully by his own power and mind alone. We hav many in the ministry not called, and we find them not successful in bringing souls to Jesus. Although superior in intellect and oratory, and equally as good Christians, they seem to lack that soul-stirring magnetic influence over their congregations that we find in a man whom God has selected to advocate his cause.

I.—Can you explain to me the difference between your feelings of being called to preach by God and the feelings of the men who wrote the Bible, who claimed to hav been inspired?

M. P.—I never thought of that idea before; but really, I believe it to be the same. I believe I am as confident of God's presence with me continually, and his guiding my actions and words, as the apostles who wrote the New Testament.

I.—Then you claim that what you say in your sermons is really God talking to the people?

M. P.—I certainly do, sir.

I.—Well, of course you believe in the instantaneous change of heart, or what is called experiencing religion?

M. P.—Most assuredly, sir. That is the gate through which we expect the whole flock finally to pass which now is so widely scattered, and we are Christ's hirelings—so to speak—now in his employ engaged in the great work of rounding up, as the ranchmen say, that they may come to the great shepherd and not be lost.

I.—Don't you think that which you call experiencing religion is simply an undue excitement, something akin to the passion of falling in love?

M. P.—Not at all, sir. Why, you disgust me! If you can't talk more respectfully of our great work that is so fast revolutionizing the world, I will not talk with you, sir.

I.—Hold on. Now don't get excited. I want to ask you one more question. Did you ever see an angel?

M. P.—No, sir.

I.—Did you ever know of anybody that did?

M. P.—Yes, sir; we hav accounts in the sacred scriptures of many instances of angels coming to instruct individuals in regard to the will of God, and were seen by mortal eyes.

I.—Did any of them explain how and what they looked like?

M. P.—No, sir; we hav no information in regard to the form of angels.

I.—Then you think that the pictures of angels which we see in the Bible and the statues of angels we see in churches are imaginary?

M. P.—Yes, sir; certainly so.

I.—Well, now, will you tell me from what feeling, emotion, desire, or inspiration, the artist or sculptor, or, rather, those who employed them to do the job, selected their chosen form for an angel, in every instance a beautiful, voluptuous, fully developed young lady, always about eighteen years old?

M. P.—I see what you are trying to show, sir, and I will not talk with you any longer. Good-bye, sir. W. H. P.

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE WOMEN OF AMERICA.

TALENT, OR., Aug., 1884.

LADIES: Permit an old man of eighty-one years to suggest the reason why you, who make and educate the men, and who stand as their companion and helpmate from the cradle to the grave, are denied the enjoyment of coequal rights.

You perform at least half the work in every family, you teach in schools, work the telegraph, and do your part in the important vocations of national as well as in domestic life, and yet you get only one-half or two-thirds pay which men receive for the same amount of work. You pay taxes, are subject to penalties, but you hav no voice in making and administering the laws which you are forced to obey; and, as a consequence, there is as much unrest and disorder in the nation as there is in the family when bereft of its mother. The strong oppress the weak, so that with our vast resources of wealth the toiling masses are careworn and poor.

Scientists tell us that this sad condition is in consequence of the human race having evoluted through various grades of animal life up to the monkey, thence to the man, and that in the majority of mankind the animal (though in human form) is yet predominant, especially with Christians, who believe them-

selvs to hav been "conceived in sin, shapened in iniquity, and brought forth with hearts decietful above all things, and desperately wicked." This scientific discovery is one of the greatest which has ever been made in modern times, because it accounts for the tyranny of the strong over the weak, as illustrated by the following statement of Gen. Pope: "I hav known the Navajo Indians of New Mexico for twenty-five years as a civilized people, who make their own blankets, and own large herds of sheep and cattle. Nevertheless, I see no future for these peaceful Indians. The whites are pressing them and are bound to hav their land." It also explains why our representativs in Congress ignore the natural rights of the best half of the people, to secure which our government was formed.

With this origin of our race in view it is not derogatory to speak of the stock jobbers in Wall street as "Bulls and Bears," and in all cases where Congressmen and frontier settlers are not evoluted above the nature of these savage ancestors, it is but natural for them to hook and hug like their kindred bulls and bears in the city of New York.

Ladies, these facts suggest the following inferences:

1. That so long as you *passivly* allow men of this grade to represent you in Congress, and to wrong the Indians in New Mexico and elsewhere, you sanction the wrongs which yourselvs endure.

2. The united efforts of both sexes are essential for the election of government officials who will work for the rights of all the people irrespectiv of race, creed, or sex.

3. Complete success cannot come until mothers are conditioned in mind and body to produce and educate a higher grade of children.

4. Thanks for the ripening spirit of the age, which is helping you to secure a triumph over every wrong.

Respectfully, JOHN BEESON.

SAUVIE'S ISLAND, OR., Aug. 20, 284.

MR. EDITOR: I am satisfied there are Liberal people enough in the United States who could pay a small sum of money yearly to keep up lecturers and distribute Liberal tracts. Here is my plan: Let every Liberal paper start a list in their columns for one year, and see how many persons they can get who are willing to pay say one dollar a year for ten years, if they liv that long, for the purpose of paying good men to do nothing but lecture and organize Leagues, and a part, say twenty per cent, to pay for Freethought tracts for free distribution (such tracts as "Self-Contradictions of the Bible," etc.). Let it be understood that all who sign the list will also try to get at least another person each year to sign it also, and that each will make an effort to get all the money they can from persons who are friends to Freethought to send also, if it is only a few cents from each. Giv those who sign the list some name, say "Helping Hands," or some appropriate name. Hav a certain day appointed to send their money to the treasurer, say on Servetus's Day (Oct. 27th). Let the next Liberal Congress appoint three men whose duty it shall be to hire good lecturers at reasonable rates. Let each Liberal paper keep the name and post-office address of the treasurer of the National Liberal League, or whatever name it goes by, published in every number, and publish once a month the names of those joining the "Helping Hand" in that month. Let the tracts intended for free distribution be sent to auxiliary Leagues and to persons wanting them to send where they will do good service. I honestly believe that if only enough of the "Self-Contradictions of the Bible" could be freely distributed, it would do more to upset superstition than any other tract I know of. It is the Bible fighting itself. Tracts on Materialism, Spiritualism, Prohibitionism, etc., are not what we want yet. What we want now is a separation of church and state affairs, a protection of all in their religious or non-religious belief. That is, allow every person to worship who and what he pleases and allow everybody else to do the same, and no person or persons to molest others or interfere in any way so as to injure them as long as they attend to their own business; secular and compulsory education, freedom of speech and press, etc. I think it would be a good idea to hav the platform or the aims of Liberalism printed on single sheets of paper for free distribution, and send them out to auxiliary Leagues and to subscribers who could hav one in their pockets ready, and would be a great help, for a small piece of paper is handier to carry around than a newspaper. The more people get their eyes open, the better it will be for Freethought newspapers and magazines. Let us see if we can't do more good in this way than the Young Men's Christian Association are doing, for which I hav no hatred at all, but I think the most of them are mistaken. They are all men we want to advance a little; we want the fair sex in our association with us; we want no bachelor association in ours.

Study over this, and if you favor the plan, straighten it out in due form, and hoist her sails, and I will go a dollar a year for the sake of truth.

I believe some such plan as I hav named would be a great help, and we hav as much right to help along a cause that is right as the Young Bachelor Association has. So let us adopt some plan, and start it rolling. O. CHERINGTON.

CORN-PLANTER, PA., Sept. 1, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: After voting the Republican ticket continuously for twenty-eight years, I hav about concluded to call a halt.

I am disgusted with both parties. The Democratic party has been dead since 1872. At that time by nominating Greeley they lost their wits. And yet they lug around the disgusting corpse till 'tis a stench in the nostrils of all right-minded people. The Republican party is *par excellence* the party of monopoly, and James G. Blaine is its prophet. The banks and the railways own this country, and they must be shorn of their power, or we are literally a nation of serfs.

James G. Blaine is a Catholic, as his mother was, and he will die in that faith. He is both a demagog and a hypocrit to pretend to be anything else.

Cleveland's morals are after the "good old David" pattern, but as far as honesty and capability are concerned, he would make a good president.

Both Blaine and Cleveland lug in God, and the "supreme," while I see noble B. F. Butler in his letter of acceptance completely ignores the myths and phantoms, and besides, as your correspondent "Index" in your paper of the 30th of August conclusivly shows, is also in favor of church taxation. This plank is as follows: "Fifth, All private property, all forms of money, and obligations to pay money, should bear their just proportion of public taxes." These things together are good and sufficient reasons why every Liberal in the country should vote for Benj. F. Butler. It does not do to say that he will not be elected. He may be. He most certainly will be if every Liberal, every laboring man, and every foe of monopoly votes for him. It is altogether probable the House of Representativs will hav to decide the matter, and in this case the result is not doubtful. But success, after all, is secondary to principle. In the Butler program is everything to make the great party of the future, and the Liberal who does not help it along sacrifices principle and wisdom, and will miss a grand opportunity of helping the world a long step toward the golden future.

Let every man and woman who reads this resolve to get Butler's letter of acceptance and carefully read it through and digest it, and if he or she is not converted then I judge something is radically wrong with the brain of the reader.

It is made up of truths, impregnable, unanswerable, logical, and convincing, and is Butler through and through; and Butler has always been a man famous for giving no uncertain sound on public questions. And if defeat is to be ours, let it be Butler and principle in preference to Blaine and victory.

ONONON.

COLUMBUS, KAN., Aug. 26, 284.

MR. EDITOR: On my late tramp through Quaker Valley in this county, I persuaded a friend to take THE TRUTH SEEKER on trial three months. Near to him is a large stone building, the lower story of which is used for meetings, and the upper one for schools. It was built by the Quakers, and most of the money to build it came from rich Quakers in Philadelphia. It is on an eminence, and from its top can be seen one of the most fertil and picturesque prairies anywhere to be found. The green hedges, the immense orchards, the groves of maple and various other trees, the winding Spring River bordered by woods, the immense corn-fields and numerous hay-stacks, the skirts and patches of woodland here and there in the distance, the mounds and plateaus, within a radius of fifteen miles, present a most charming picture to such a lover of nature as I am. I was at this Quaker God-house on Sunday, and listened to a young lady telling some young children about God, and how he caused the walls of Jericho to fall by the blowing of rams' horns, and many awful and inhuman deeds Joshua did at the command of God. This was followed by the meeting, the men sitting by themselvs on the right, and the women on the left of the aisle. All their faces were grave and solemn, and I suppose they felt they were in the immediate presence of their God. The gloomy solemnity of the inside of the house was in striking contrast to the cheerful and glorious scene outside. We all sat in silence half an hour, which was the only part of the performance that was, to me, worshipful. At length the spirit moved one solemn man, who arose, and, in a very slow and whining tone, bored me for half an hour on "the highway of holiness," which he seemed to know all about. He was succeeded by a thick-set, fat man, with a broad face, and a narrow and shallow forehead, who told us what he knew (?) about "Adam's fall" at the Garden of Eden, and by his tone and manner took me back sixty years. After him the ablest and best educated man among them, and editor of the *Western Friend*, arose, solemn as death, and gave us a discourse on holiness and the invisible spirit. There was no praying, and singing is not permitted. I could not appreciate the inspiration of their blind faith. A Quaker meeting would be hell to me if I had to attend it. My temple of worship is the "grand archway of the sky," and nature is my inspiration. J. H. COOK.

MERRILL, MICH., Aug. 25, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Please allow me to say a few kind words to T. Winter, Materialist. As Brother Winter seems very anxious to be heard, it may be well to let him know that he is heard. Our old friend seems to be afraid that his spiritual friends may make a mistake and reckon him among their number. My good solid friend of the granit order, thee has no cause for alarm. We Spiritualists are too ethereal to consent to be bound to the rock to which you seem to hav grown fast. We recognize the existence of two poles to the great universal battery. If Brother Winter wishes to plant himself on the negativ pole, and swear to his last breath that there is no opposit pole, it is his low privilege. And if Brother Winter takes more real comfort on his cake of material ice than we do in our park of ethereal sunshine, all right. We would recommend, however, that he be a trifle more liberal, and allow us the benefit of our sunshine. If he will not do this, we will feel compelled to write "Bigotry" opposit his name in the book of our remembrance. This seems to us fair.

Now, Brother Winter, if you still feel as though it is your highest duty to your friends to pelt us constantly with your hard Material pebbles, do label some of them "Reason," and some "Evidence." And do not insist on putting that ugly old phrase, "It is so," on each and every stone from your little sling.

In conclusion, Brother Winter, let me ask you to be fair with us. If you hav any reasons to giv to show that we are all wrong, giv them, but we confess that we hav had quite enough of your assertions. Either giv proof that we are wrong, or else fire at some other class of people awhile just for a change.

Very truly yours, N. HUNT.

So. COTTONWOOD, UTAH, June 28, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I hav thought frequently when reading the contributions on the Mormon question that I would write a word or two myself, but hav neglected it until now. So long as any controversy goes on fairly I hav little interest in putting in a word, but any unfairness always attracts my attention and enlists my sympathy for the weaker side.

What I would say about the matter may not be new, but it may be true. If millions of Catholics are not only unmolested, but protected, by the United States government, while they are sworn enemies to every power except the pope of Rome, how is it that so much fuss is made about the Mormons?

It seems to me that this whole affair, at bottom, is nothing but religious jealousy, religious antipathy on the part of the other religious sects. They are all fishing in the same pond, and if the Mormons get away with the most of the fish, who can help it? Perhaps they hav the best bait. Let the human fish take the bait that suits them best. Let there be free competition between them all—no intermeddling by government to support one and suppress another. Trust the law that has ruled the universe—"the fittest will survive." Truth, left free to combat error, has nothing to fear.

If polygamy, as some claim, is such a violation of nature's laws, it will soon be abandoned by every sensible man and woman. If it be an improvement on mistress-keeping, prostitution, illegitimacy, etc., why not allow it a fair trial? It is a Bible doctrin, out and out. Bring to bear all the combined wisdom and effort of the missionary power, education, and moral suasion that can be mustered, but leave legislation, prison, powder and lead, out of the controversy altogether. My word for it, everything will go right. ANDREW CAHOON.

ALTON, ILL., Aug. 20, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed you will find $3 to renew my subscription.

I spent last winter in Los Angeles county, Cal., and had a nice time sitting under the orange-trees and picking oranges and eating them in December and January. We had but four frosts all winter, but not hard enough to injure crops; green peas all winter. Orange picking lasts the whole year round, for they will hang on the trees two years from the blossoms. You will see oranges at the end of that time hanging on the trees, but they lose their flavor after twenty months from blossom. As the trees blossom in February the old fruit drops off. Limes blossom the whole year round, and drop off as soon as ripe. Some trees had blossoms, green and ripe fruit, all on the same twigs.

I am one of your oldest subscribers. I took the third TRUTH SEEKER that was printed, and hav missed but two numbers. I am seventy years old, and do not know how much longer I shall take the paper. WM. A. GRAVES.

CLEOPATRA, MO., Aug. 23, 28[illegible]

MR. EDITOR: Your paper comes to us regularly every [illegible]nday evening, so we hav the leisure moments during the week for perusal and application of advantages of instruction. A few families read our books and papers, and a great many persons throughout the country speak in rebellious terms of the practical working of church-members. I hav lived here six years, and, in conversation with church-going people, hav maintained that we should look for something grander than was to be seen through that old rusty telescope of eclesiastical history, and the musty folios of bewildered commentators. A great many are tired of the hash, but round comes their pilot and tells them that the devil causes them to doubt. Inclosed I send you the petition for secularization. The names are of persons who hav come to stay, and I think will help all they can. G. W. DAY.

ELGIN, IOWA, Aug. 28, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Herewith find $5.15, for which please send books and tracts as elsewhere designated. I want to use them for missionary purposes at the camp-meeting which commences on the 3d of September.

I hav just been re-reading "A Realistic Meditation" in THE TRUTH SEEKER of Aug. 9th. I wish that article was in pamphlet form; I would order one hundred to start with. I could not possibly do without the dear old THE TRUTH SEEKER. I hav taken it for years and like it better every year. But I must confess I was disappointed when in your last issue I read the answer to the contribution above alluded to. I had supposed at least there might be somewhat of an argument made as against Mr. Wettstein; but to me Mr. Wm. Watson's reply is an entire failure. JAS. COOLEY.

ONTONAGON, Mich., Aug. 30, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I inclose $3, which I owe you for the splendid TRUTH SEEKER. I am much indebted to you for continuing to send it. I told you before that it was impossible for me to send the money, for I was up the Ontonagon River, where the majestic pine-tree nods familiarly to the stars. I enjoy John Peck, and Chainey—there are too many of them to name here. I also like to read the articles by the Spiritualists. They hav a very beautiful theory, if it is true. The more I read of their articles in your paper and elsewhere, the less faith I hav in ghosts, although it is next to impossible for me to hav any less faith than I hav in either gods or ghosts. I'll close by subscribing myself the eternal enemy of all gods.

DON. D. MCLEOD.

NATIONAL MILITARY SOLDIERS' HOME,
MONTGOMERY, O., Sept. 1, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I send you three dollars to renew my subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER. I am in my seventy-sixth year. It is doubtful whether I last the year out. But I must do all the good I can while life continues. The Soldiers' Home is a hard place for a Liberal, where all sorts of religion are mixed up with all kinds of stimulating liquors, and a Methodist chaplain and a Catholic priest call twice a week. I am the only one that takes a Liberal paper out of four thousand inmates of the Central Soldiers' Home of Ohio. There are others that pretend to be Liberals, but their money they want for something else. JAMES U. STEWART.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"His life is long whose work is well,
And be his station low or high,
He who the most good works can tell,
Lives longest though he soonest die."

The Mouse and the Lion.

One summer day, a hungry little mouse,
Who thoroughly had searched all through the house,
Looking in vain for some small bit of scrap,
Went out of doors, and fell into a trap.

'Twas nicely baited with a bit of cheese;
The door stood wide; he crept with perfect ease
Close up to where the tempting morsel hung—
One nibble, and the cruel trap was sprung.

Just then a noble lion he chanced to see,
Who traveled with a large menagerie,
And early every morning left his lair
And strolled about to take the country air.

With trembling voice he called on him for aid,
"Why, certainly, of course," the lion said.
"It seems some thousand years or so ago
Your ancestors helped one of mine, you know.

"It now becomes my duty to repay
The favor shown to him, without delay."
He raised his foot, and with his mighty tread
He crushed the trap, and left poor mousie dead.

It oft occurs that over-zealous friends,
Who strive to help us to attain our ends,
With very best intentions overdo it,
And often giv us ample cause to rue it.

—*Robert S. Talcott, in the Century.*

My Trip to Philadelphia.

The good and bad actions of the persons we meet show to us their moral standing, and should enable us to choose that which is good and noble, and to discard that which is mean and ignoble. The incidents I am about to relate will go to illustrate this contrast.

When I was about ten years of age, our family lived close to the canal, along which the boats laden with coal went daily in large numbers. The boats at that time were comparativly small, only carrying from thirty to forty tons of coal, and it required a great number to convey the amount needed. The crew consisted of a captain, bowsman, and driver. The latter had charge of the motiv power, consisting, usually, of an old horse or a pair of mules; valuable horses were seldom used. The driver had decidedly the worst part of the business, as it was expected that he would walk the greater part of the time, the horse having enough to do to drag along the heavy boat. In fact, one of the essential points of recommendation for a boat driver was his reputation as a good walker; and some captains made a difference of fifty cents a trip in favor of the driver who would not ride more than one-third of the way.

My conversations with many boat-drivers as they lay at the locks for turns to be let through from one level to the other, inspired me with a great desire to see the city of Philadelphia, in which place my father was born. They would tell long yarns about the great ships and steamboats lying at the docks. They never failed to tell of their exploits in climbing up into the rigging, and described the great shrouds, or ladders, on which they had ascended to the tops of the masts. Then there were the many towns and some cities along the way, and the lots of fun they had at a jam; or when they got into a crowd of boats and had to lay by for days to get past certain locks; and the generally good times they had when they once reached the great city. I used to think there were some rather fishy stories, such as seeing sturgeons ten feet long jump out of the water. I had heard of "Jonah and the whale," but I had no idea any other fish could be ten feet in length. At all events, their stories were spread out on the map of my mind like a great panorama on canvas, and I always engaged the boys in conversation to see how their stories tallied.

At last I gently suggested to my mother that I would like to take a trip on a boat to see Philadelphia, but to this I met with a decided snub. She was astonished at my idea of such a thing; said I was "too little, would get drowned," and numerous other objections she made. But I persisted, time and again, and would call her attention to all the boys smaller than myself that went by. I would say, "There goes a much smaller boy; why don't he get drowned?" I argued my case with the persistency of a criminal lawyer, until at last one day a captain came for a boy. (He had heard that I wanted to make a trip, of course he had, as I had left word at the locks privately to let anyone know who might want a boy). He promised all sorts of care of me, and agreed to pay all damages if he did not return me safe and sound. At last, after eyeing me very closely to see if I would not relent, mother said if I wanted to I might go, just that one trip.

I hurriedly got some some clothing together, and off I started, without seeing half of the family. It was a cloudy and rainy day, and as I began to get some distance away from home, I could feel a great choking sensation in my throat, and I began to say, "If I had only seen all my brothers and sisters before leaving." I began to realize that mother knew her chicken better than he knew himself; not until that time did I realize what a home and a mother were. I had left my kind and good mother, and father, and all my brothers and sisters behind me for a foolish desire to see a great city. Every step I took seemed to press harder upon me, and by the time we had made only four miles night had cast his sable mantle over us, and the captain said we would "tie up," as he resided in that place. So they—he and his bowsman—went off the boat after we had our supper, and that left me alone to worry over my sad plight.

A sadder boy of ten years of age I do not think ever lived than I was. There was no sleep for me. The more I tried to sleep the more I could not. These efforts brought on headache and heart-ache. My temples throbbed, and all my bones ached. Every now and then I would look out of the cabin window or door into the thick, black darkness in the direction of the "home, sweet home" I had so foolishly left. It was as dark as Egypt, and I was getting homesick. I thought my heart would break if I did not get relief. Tears of affection would stream down my cheeks like drops of rain, as I brought my home, in imagination, before me. How I loved everything in that home no language could tell, only tears; and the abundance of them seemed to giv me ease and comfort. What a provision of our natures! Only let the scalding tears flow, and the heart-ache will be lulled. What a cure for grief! But that is nature's remedy. I worried thus hour after hour, and, without my knowing it, I must at last hav dropped into a doze, for I dreamed that I was at home, contented and happy, and was forming resolutions that I never would leave it again—no, never! If any of the girls or boys want to avoid the terrible shock that I experienced, I advise them to go from home a little at a time; do not take so big a leap at first. I was like a little bird that made from the high nest among the branches my leap clear to the bottom at the first effort, and could not get back. Depend upon it, that homesickness, when far away from those we love best in the world, is the most terrible distress that can befall you, and should it become chronic your days on this earth will soon be numbered.

My naturally hopeful disposition, together with a reasonable amount of good child sense, came to my relief the next day, when I beheld the bright sun shedding his pleasant rays on the moist earth, and carrying off the clouds and fog occasioned by the previous day's rain, and I think it had something to do with removing the cloud which hung over me. I did not, however, get the pleasure I had anticipated from the start at anything that I met on the way. The great city was at last reached, and the bowsman was intrusted to fulfil a promis to take me to the theater, which was the first I had ever seen. Going to the theater was the quintessence of my expectations. It was to be *the event*, and we went. At that time the pit was the lowest seating in them, and the admission fee twelve and a half cents, boys half price. Now that is all changed. The pit contains the fashionable goers.

The play was "Richard III." The place was jammed, and, not finding anything but standing-room in the pit, my companion hoisted me upon the stage to the right of the footlights. I enjoyed the little I could see of the dress, etc., but there was nothing in tragedy that I liked, and when I beheld the murders of that play I was anything but delighted. Presently Richard got along to the visions of the ghosts of his victims, and when his wicked life began to tell upon him, his nervous twitchings, with his deformed back, and protruding eyes, cast at one time directly into mine, rather scared me, and I began to wish he would play something a little milder; but he became worse, and as he crouched down and almost crawled toward me, shaking like a leaf, and staring like a demon, in his warlike accouterments, I was suddenly seized with the impression that he was coming at me, and down I jumped upon the heads of the boys and men, crowded below me in the pit, which feat a great many could not help seeing, and the rowdies shouted, "Put him out! put him out!" And I can assure you that I was as ready to be put out as anyone you ever saw. I wanted to go, but my companion would not leave, and laughed and giggled so much at my fright that it brought back my courage, and I resolved to stand it at all hazards. By this time Richard had got along with his ghosts, which his imagination had conjured before his wicked mind, and, mastering his mental illusions, he brightened up and said, "Richard is himself again." I thought, "So am I," for I wanted my friend to place me upon the seat that I had previously occupied, so that I could see, but he snickered at me, and shook his head for "No."

In a few days I had taken in all of the great city I could, and we were about to start on the return home. My task was to take the horse around to Fairmount dam, and wait until the captain and bowsman poled the empty boat along the shallow side of the river for two miles. On leaving, I had no stick, and I was watching for a switch as I went along. Finally I rode up to a board fence and broke a small one off a tree, but in doing so I let the halter fall from my hand. Just then I leaned over the horse's neck to get it, and, as bad luck would hav it, the horse at that moment stepped upon it, and the jerk it gave his neck threw me on the ground before him, and he placed the weight of one foot squarely upon my arm, which weight fractured it. I may, however, hav broken it by the fall, as I went down head-first.

My cries arrested his attention, and the sensible old fellow actually turned around and came walking back to where I lay on the ground, and stood over me seeming to realize that I was hurt. It was quite a while before I could gather myself up. As I did so a mean-spirited boy came along, and seeing my condition he thought to take advantage of it. He knew just where the horse had to go, and, while I was suffering the greatest pain, he was plying his questions, and wanted me to giv him two cents for leading the horse a few hundred yards, and tying him fast. I had not a penny, but finally said, between my sobs, he might do so, and the captain would pay him; but then he wanted three cents more for waiting until the boat came. He expressed no sympathy for me in the least. I never, before nor since, witnessed such an absolutely selfish act. His only desire was to get some money, and this I regarded as a very mean and cowardly spirit. It is what I call an ignoble thing.

As we were parleying about it, a lady came out from one of the houses near by, and, hearing my sobs, she came to ascertain what was the trouble. And oh, what a good, loving, motherly soul she was! She was an angel! My own mother could not hav acted more kindly. I hav often wanted to meet her, and thank her for the interest she took in me. She had the look of sympathy, and the light of a woman's true heart beamed in her countenance. In less time than it takes me to write it, she had my whole case. I was a poor boat-boy, far away from home and friends, with a broken arm, and had been treated badly by that mean boy, too, whom she dismissed in short order, and tied the horse to the fence herself. All the while tears of sorrow for me were streaming down her handsome face (she was a handsome lady, about middle-aged, and a handsome woman in tears is an interesting picture to look upon). She took me into her parlor, dispatched a messenger into the city for a doctor, her family physician, who came as soon as possible, and adjusted my broken and swollen arm. All the while this good woman was attending me with a camphor-bottle, bathing my temples, and inspiring me with courage to bear the operation. The doctor seemed equally tender, and when he pressed extra hard, would soothe the hurt with an added word of encouragement. He made a skilful job of it, for which I hav often been thankful to him.

By this time the captain came to hand. He was a kind-hearted man, and wanted to pay the doctor, but that good man said, "Captain, if you feel like paying anything, you may giv it to the boy," and then gave him such instructions as were necessary to heal the broken limb.

"Oh, no," said the lady, "I intend to settle this myself. I sent for you, doctor, and I will pay you;" but he absolutely refused any compensation.

The incidents of my trip to Philadelphia are a part of my mind, stored away in the memory—that subtle, incomprehensible consciousness, which enables us to liv over again the years that hav departed forever—to remember the kind act, the motherly attentions, the sweet words, and to feel again the soothing hands that gently stroked the throbbing temples. These we never forget; and to get also the deep shades of the mental pictures it is necessary to look at those ignoble actions that often help to giv a picture a bolder relief. The contrasts of life—they are all necessary to develop the soul. It may seem a little queer to see how life is made up and arranged, but had I not met with the breaking of my arm, I had not found the mean-spirited boy, nor the kind doctor, nor, above all, the dear, good, kind-hearted lady I hav been writing about. It costs us suffering and heart-aches to learn the good of humanity.

I arrived home in safety, my arm soon healed, and has done many a hard day's work in paving my way in life. The captain paid me full wages, and acted like a gentleman, and I was cured of any more freaks at boating on the canal.

J. R. PERRY.

Our Puzzle Box.

1.

DIAMOND.

1. A letter; 2. A color; 3. Pertaining to the runes of the ancient Norsemen; 4. A noted Freethinker; 5. Foods; 6. A money abbreviation; 7. A letter.

R. BERNHEIM.
Newburgh, N. Y.

2.

ENIGMA.

My 6, 1, 9, is food for animals;
My 8, 7, 5, is an animal;
My 6, 4, 3, 2, is what some people believe is a place of punishment;
My whole is a range of mountains.

GREELEY BAKER (ten years old).

3.

WORD SQUARE.

1. A bird.
2. A female name.
3. A bird.
4. To unite or join.
5. A nap.
6. Bamboo screens.

Pittsburgh, Pa. H. E. JUERGENS.

4.

WORDS IN WORDS. (EX.: *at* in p-*at*-h.)

1.

Though *Cupid in this grass* we find,
Nebuchadnezzar calls to mind;
Yet *in this plant or grass we dwell*
Is always to be *living well.*

2.

In a *forest opening clear,*
See a *stripling* now appear.

3.

In "extensions undefined,"
"Mode of walking" you must find.

4.

Oft and oft the eye must shine
Through its own transparent brine,
But the *ear* this puzzle shows
In these *drops* of lachrymose.

5.

Here is the *house of Diogenes*
In the midst of *stumps* of little trees.

6.

In *coins* of copper, silver, gold,
Or *current paper*, new or old,
That pays for what is bought and sold.
No matter what the value told—
A single thing is all they hold.

7.

Melodious Memnon, night is gone!
Greet the goddess of the dawn!
For still thy sacred *roclcs* must hold
A *voice* she heard and loved of old.

Irwin, Iowa. J. K. P. BAKER.

5.

WORD SQUARE.

1. The Indian jungle bull.
2. A city.
3. A kind of gas.
4. A plant.
5. A tertiary deposit.

Pittsburgh, Pa. H. E. JUERGENS.

PRIZE.

For the first correct solution to any of Mr. Juergens's puzzles, "Puzzledom in a Nutshell."

Correspondence.

NEWBURGH, Aug, 26, 1884.

DEAR MISS WIXON: After having ceased to send you any puzzles for nearly two months, for which there was no excuse, I hav decided to send some, as school will soon begin and I hav to begin to study. I enjoyed my vacation very much and graduated with an average of eighty-seven and ten-elevenths per cent, being fourth out of 111 graduates. Trusting you will hear from our other puzzlers, I remain,

Yours very respectfully,
R. BERNHEIM.

[We are glad to welcome our friend once more, and hope we shall not miss him so long again.—ED.]

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Liberal Meetings.

[Leagues and Liberal and Spiritualistic Societies in the United States and Canada meeting regularly, can have notices of their meetings published in this column free if the officers will send them to us.]

MICHIGAN.

MUSKEGON.—The Liberal League meets every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock in the German Odd Fellows' Hall, corner of Western ave. and Terrace st.

OHIO.

CLEVELAND.—The Liberal League meets every Sunday at 3 P.M., in room 29, City Hall building. Lectures free. Communications can be addressed to W. I. Irvine, Secretary.

MAINE.

PORTLAND.—Dr. H. A. Lamb has hired Congress Hall, Congress street (entrance on Temple street), where free meetings, lectures, and discussions are held every Sunday, 2:30 P.M. Admittance free. Public invited.

OREGON.

PORTLAND.—The Auxiliary Liberal League of Portland, Or., holds meetings every Sunday, at 2 o'clock, P.M., at Nonpareil Hall, cor. 1st and Madison streets. All are invited. Admission free.

MASSACHUSETTS.

BOSTON.—Boston Liberal Club holds meetings for essays and criticisms every Sunday forenoon at 10:45 in the Paine Memorial Building, Appleton street.——The "Society of the Divine Homo" at same place every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Sunday-school at 2:30. Admission free.

PENNSYLVANIA.

ALTOONA.—The League holds meetings every Wednesday evening and Sundays at 3 P.M., at the League Room, corner of Eleventh ave. and 13th st., third floor, entrance on 13th st.

PHILADELPHIA.—The Friendship Liberal League meets every Sunday at Hancock Hall, 814 Girard avenue, at 2:30 o'clock, and 7:30 o'clock, P.M., for lectures and free debates. THE TRUTH SEEKER and Liberal books for sale.

PITTSBURGH.—Pittsburgh Liberal League meets at Maltby Hall, 76 Fifth avenue, every Sunday (except during the Months of July and August) at 3o clock. A free platform is maintained. Exercises consist of a lecture, followed by 10 minute criticisms, with 15 minutes allowed the lecturer to reply. Clergymen invited to discuss.

NEW JERSEY.

NEWARK.—Newark Liberal League meets every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the League's Hall, 177 Halsey street. Exercises consist of music, readings, lecture, and discussion, in which all present are invited to participate. Admission free. Collection taken. Communications for the League should be addressed to J. W. Frankel, 10 Pine street, Newark.

CANADA.

TORONTO.—Secular Society. Reading and Lecture Rooms, No. 9 Grand Opera House. Open every evening and Sundays. Lecture every Sunday evening. Freethinkers and strangers are cordially invited.

MONTREAL.—Pioneer Freethought Club meets every Sunday at 3 P.M., at 1310 Catharine street. Reading-room open daily until 10:30 P.M. Library open for exchange of books three evenings per week, and on Sunday afternoons. Free public lectures on Sundays as advertised in local newspapers. Strangers always welcome. G. S. Wilson President; C. Stevens, Secretary.

GANANOQUE, ONT.—Gananoque Secular Society, meets every Sunday evening at eight o'clock, in Acton's Hall. Free Library and Reading Room open all day Sunday. Visitors and strangers always welcome. Geo. G. Meikle, President; Henry Smith, Secretary.

NEW YORK.

ALBANY.—The Liberal association meets every Sunday at Van Vechten Hall, 119 State street. Sunday-school at 2 P.M. General business meeting and debates and discussions at 3 P.M. Lecture at 7:30 P.M. The public are cordially invited to attend, also all Liberals visiting the city. Admission free.

NEW YORK CITY.—The Manhattan Liberal Club meets every Friday evening at 8 o'clock, at 220 East 15th st.——The American Spiritualist Alliance meets every Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock in Republican Hall, 55 West 33d street.——The First Society of Spiritualists holds its meetings every Sunday in Republican Hall, 55 West 33d street. Morning service 11 o'clock; evening, 7:45. Seats free. Public cordially invited.——Arcanum Hall, 57 West 25th Street, cor. 6th ave. The People's Spiritual Meeting every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 P.M.

BROOKLYN.—The Brooklyn Spiritual Society meets at Conservatory Hall, cor. of Fulton street and Bedford avenue, every Sunday. Services at 11 A.M. and 7:45 P.M. Admission free. Public cordially invited. Liberal and Spiritual papers and books for sale.——The Everett Hall Spiritual Conference, 398 Fulton street, meets every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. Meetings free. Spiritual literature for sale.——The Eastern District Spiritual Conference meets every Monday evening at Composite Room, 4th street, corner of south 2d street, at 7:45. Spiritual and Liberal literature on sale. All invited.——The Philosophical Association meets every Sunday afternoon in the Assembly Room of Wright's Business College, Broadway, corner of Fourth street, E. D., at 3 P.M. Public cordially invited. Doors open at 2:30 P.M.

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(E. M. 284.)

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Literature.

New Books.

The shelf whereon are laid the books sent to THE TRUTH SEEKER office for review is piled high with recent publications. One man could not read them all as they appear even if in some moment of misguided enthusiasm he should decide to devote his life to that object. An exhaustiv review of all would make a volume as large as the largest of them. We will mention them as they come:

"The Significance of Wagner's 'Parsifal'" is the title of an octavo pamphlet of 23 pages by E. E. Schlaeger, translated by Miss Coleman, and bearing the imprint, "Minden i. Westf. J. C. C. Bruns' Verlag, 1884." The writer's object is to show that Wagner's aim in writing the opera "Parsifal" is "to save and preserve in the realms and by the magic power of art for future generations that one thing true and divine—the consciousness of which Christianity has lost on account of the mass of dogmas heaped upon it." In make-up this pamphlet is decidedly German. For price address the publisher as per imprint.

"The Diet Question, Giving the Reason Why," published by Fowler & Wells, has 99 12mo. pages, and sells at this office for 25 cents. This book givs the reason why some articles of diet are better than others, and shows that the best are the cheapest. The alleged relation of food to intellect and morals is touched upon, and the relativ value of different sorts of food is shown by analysis. The mechanical work is good and the type large and plain. Susanna W. Dobbs, M.D., is the author.

An able defense of Evolution and Positivism is that of W. D. Le Sueur, B.A., entitled, "Evolution and the Positiv Aspects of Modern Thought: in Reply to the Bishop of Ontario's Second Lecture on Agnosticism." The print is good; pp. 43. Price, probably, 25 cents. The pamphlet bears the stamp of the Montreal [Can.] Pioneer Freethought Club.

Dr. J. L. York, known and honored throughout the great West as a Liberal orator, has published a volume of "Freethought Lectures and Poems" in green and gold binding, dedicated to his wife, Permelia Ann York. The Lectures and most of the Poems are original, and all are good. The volume comprises 160 pages, elegantly printed. A portrait of the author faces the title page, and he is a handsome man. The price of the book is $1. Sold at THE TRUTH SEEKER office.

Two pamphlets are at hand from Benj. R. Tucker, of Boston, publisher. The first is a poem by Wilfred Scawen Blunt—printed, according to promis, in the highest style of the art—entitled, "The Wind and the Whirlwind." It is a lament and a prophecy. Judging from the poem, Mr. Blunt ranks with Shelley as a poet. The price is 25 cents.——The second is "An Anarchist on Anarchy," by Elisee Reclus, followed by "A Sketch of the Criminal Record of the Author," by E. Vaughan. (Price 10 cents.) It is a lamentable fact that most men who hav endeavored to serve the people hav had criminal records. The history of Reclus's is told in strong, Victor Hugo-like language. Anarchists are audacious fellows, and win admiration for their bravery even if they meet with little sympathy for their cause. "An Anarchist on Anarchy" will giv the reader an idea of what Anarchists are trying to do.

Before the Arkwright Club of New England Mr. Robert P. Porter gave an address on "Protection and Free Trade To-Day." This is now published in pamphlet form and sells for 10 cents. The ground taken is highly protectiv. A circular accompanying the pamphlet sent to this office says: "For several years a student of the industrial progress of the West, and author of one of the most useful works on that section; for three years in charge of an important division of the census, next a member of the tariff commission; and then sent abroad for eighteen months, by the New York *Tribune*, to investigate the condition of labor in Great Britain and the Continent, the words of the author of the address on the tariff will carry weight with those anxious for a practical view of the tariff question."

Here is a big book on "The Abolition of the Presidency," by Henry C. Lockwood, of the New York Bar, published by Worthington, of this city. It it written in support of the idea, substantially, recommended to the attention of Liberals at the seventh Annual Congress of the National Liberal League, namely, "Abolition of the one-man power created in the form of the presidency of the United States, and the substitution of a revocable executiv council therefor." The writer believes that the trend of governmental evolution is in the direction here indicated. The book contains 315 octavo pages, printed on heavy paper. Price, $2.

"Notes on the Opium Habit," by Asa P. Meylert, M.D., Member of the Medical Society of the County of New York, etc., is an argument on the question of interdicting the use of narcotics, and treatment of the habit, which habit the writer condemns. Thirty-seven 12mo. pages; paper, 40 cents.

Mr. David Reeves Smith, a member of the Liberal Club, is the author of a work entitled "Ownership and Sovereignty: An Outline of a True Republic." This book appears before the public heartily recommended by Wendell Phillips in a letter to Edward Gordon Clarke, who had taken upon himself the task of writing the Introduction. Mr. Phillips regarded the work, to quote his own words, "as one of rare ability and great value; sure to set many men to thinking and likely to win the assent of many." The type and pages are large, the latter numbering 136. Price, $2.

"The Co-operative Commonwealth in Its Outlines: An Exposition of Modern Socialism," by Lawrence Gronlund, is a book that deserves a more extended notice than we are at present able to giv it in these columns. The New York *Sun* devotes two columns to a review of the work; from which we quote the following:

"The best account of German or state Socialism that we hav seen in English is contained in a book called "The Co-operative Commonwealth," by Laurence Gronlund (Lee & Shepard). This little volume, of some 280 pages, sets forth with admirable conciseness and distinctness all the leading tenets of the Socialistic philosophy and political economy, for which the inquisitiv reader has been hitherto compelled to ransack a multitude of books and pamphlets for the most part printed in the German language. Whether one is disposed to look hopefully or distrustfully at the new social order, formulated by Carl Marx, and advocated by Lassalle, no American reader who desires to be well informed can afford to neglect the lucid, learned, and often eloquent exposition which Mr. Gronlund offers us."

Mr. Gronlund has the indorsement, we believe, of the leaders in the Socialistic movement of the day, and is regarded as among the ablest of its expositors. Price of "The Co-operative Commonwealth," $1.50.

"The Fallacies in 'Progress and Poverty,'" by William Hanson, is, according to the publishers, who hav the advantage over us of having read it:

"A bold attack by a clear-headed observer and most candid writer on leading points and arguments made by Mr. Henry George in his well-known 'Progress and Poverty' and 'Social Problems.' His sharp logic brings into clear light the errors that mar the reasoning of the books above named, and shows how inconsistent and impracticable are the methods of reform advised therein. The work is written for the people, from the point of view of the practical man and Christian philosopher."

The author cannot see that God is the author of misery; rather must it, he says, be traced to a transgression of his laws. Nor, in the opinion of the writer, does the recognition of or a belief in a supreme being detract in the least from the scientific quality of his essays. Agnosticism, he admits, "has its legitimate uses and merits respect." A Christian philosopher fair enough to make this admission, it may be presumed, will deal justly with whatever subject he may treat upon. Price of "The Fallacies of 'Progress and Poverty,'" $1.00.

"The Conventional Lies of Our Civilization," is the title of a book that has been prohibited in Europe, and translated and published in America by L. Schick, of Chicago. The edition before us is "from the German of Max Nordau." As will be seen by the title, Mr. Nordau opens up a large field, in which he could scarcely be embarrassed for want of material. He finds lies to talk about in religion, in monarchy and aristocracy, in politics, economy, and matrimony, besides general miscellaneous lies. While these are all mercilessly exposed, it is by no means certain that the author has not originated new ones. Paper, $1.00; cloth, $1.50.

"Antichrist" desires to say a good word for Sister Slenker's "Little Lessons" for children. They are most of them judiciously selected from choice articles in a standard encyclopedia. Mrs. Antichrist has read some of them and has commended the book to her nephew, who, though he has not been to school, is able at seven years of age to read, understand, and profit by such "Lessons." Price, 20 cts., paper; 15 cts., boards. Order them of Elmina D. Slenker, Snowville, Pulaski Co., Va.

Professor Nathaniel N. Pierce, "Psychometric Counselor and Healing Medium, of Philmont, N. Y., formerly of Putnam, Conn.," sends a 34-page 4 x 6 pamphlet entitled, "Directions for cleansing the Blood and Curing all Forms of Disease that the Human Family is Subject To, Without the Use of Any Medicin Whatever." The writer thinks the question is settled that "doctors of medicin must go." The publication in question is an endeavor to help turn the rascals out. Thirty cents is the sum charged for the work—cheap enough if it will save doctors' bills.

Fifteen cents in stamps will buy Professor J. W. Caldwell's pamphlet (52 pages, 7x4 1-2) entitled, "The 'Delusion' of Spiritualism Compared with a Belief in the Bible. If the History of the Creation and Fall of Man is Not True, There is No Need of a Jesus to Save from the Fall, which is Proven Untrue by the Bible Itself, 'So Plain that a Wayfaring Man may not Err Therein.' How to Obtain the Best Spiritual Phenomena. Instructions for Becoming a Medium for All Kinds of Manifestations, Including Full Materialization. A Sharp Reply to the Ungentlemanly and Violent Tirade of Talmage. A Valuable Book for All Spiritualists to Read or Loan to their Skeptical Neighbors or Friends." That is the title of it. The author would like to loan this book to those who are willing to read and circulate it. His address is 401 Center St., Meriden, Conn.

"Rome in America," published by Funk & Wagnalls, New York, givs the views of the Rev. Justin D. Fulton, D.D., of Brooklyn, on papacy. The cover bears this significant sentence from Pope Pius IX.: "The only country in the world where I am really pope is the United States of America." A portrait and sketch of the life of Dr. Fulton are given. One hundred and sixty-four pages, with index. Price, in paper, 35 cents. Address The Truth Seeker Company.

"Rules of the Theosophical Society [of India], together with an Explanation of Its Objects and Principles." By the General Council—Damodar K. Mavalankar and Mortimer Marble, Recording Secretaries, Madras, India.

The name of no author is given to a substantial 90-page pamphlet entitled "Biblical Anthology: A Collection of Passages Illustrating the Purity and Morality of the Bible." The word "anthology" means, as here used, a collection of beautiful passages. The work of this unknown compiler has been anticipated by the publication of "The Holy Bible Abridged."

"Thoughts on Religion," by Thomas Douglas, of Warren, O., is a strong argument against the Christian superstition. "Religion," he says, "is superstition in fashion; superstition is religion out of fashion." With epitaph of author. Address as above.

"THE BIBLE ANALYZED."

MR. EDITOR: Some weeks ago I received from your office a large and beautifully bound book bearing the above title. I hav examined it with care, and I now take pleasure in saying that in clearness of style and sledge-hammer logic, it surpasses any work on theology that I ever read. The author, Col. John R. Kelso, is peculiarly skilful in forcing his opponents into dilemmas in which, choose whichever horn they may, they are hopelessly lost. They might as well try to refute the multiplication table as to try to refute his arguments. This book will undoubtedly do much toward the breaking down of superstitious bigotry and intolerance, and the building up of universal mental liberty. No Liberal should be without it, and every Liberal should do what he can to place it before the world generally. Let us all help in this good work.

Although, as stated above, I hav carefully examined this book, I did not need to do so to know its merits. A portion of it was written in my house, and I read it in manuscript. For many years I hav known the author intimately, two of these years as a guest in my own house; and knowing his excellence as a man in all the relations of life, I love him as a brother, and feel a brother's interest in his success in the great and good work in which he is so earnestly engaged. J. D. HARP.

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"The Bible Analyzed," as well as Col. Kelso's other works, is published by the Truth Seeker Company, 33 Clinton Place, New York city, and may be obtained of the publishers or the author himself at Modesto, Cal. Price $3.00.

MR. EDITOR: We believe it impossible that anyone not hopelessly blinded by orthodoxy can read "The Bible Analyzed" without enthusiasm, or without desiring to encourage others to partake of its excellence. Opening it at random, as we did on several occasions, the attention is at once riveted by paragraphs worthy to be used as missionary documents in the cause of Freethought.

So clearly is every point brought forth that from any page may be taken a forcible sermon on some weakness of the subject in hand. Yet the general aim of the work is not at all impaired by the finish given to its component parts, but is rather ennobled by it, as the care given by the builder to each stone insures the perfection of the building. "The Bible Analyzed" is precisely what its name indicates—a taking apart and an examination of every particle of assumed evidence in the foundation on which faith in the book rests; and it seems that no portion has escaped a rigid though calm investigation.

We would urge upon all friends of Freethought the perusal of this book. If you can afford to hav but one Liberal work in your library, you will find that this one treats of all the vital questions of the theme. Procure it if you hav several Freethought works, for you will find some new thought on every page. Hav it, no matter what degree of development you may hav attained in Liberalism, and we are not afraid to assure you of satisfaction from your purchase. EVA V. COLLINS.

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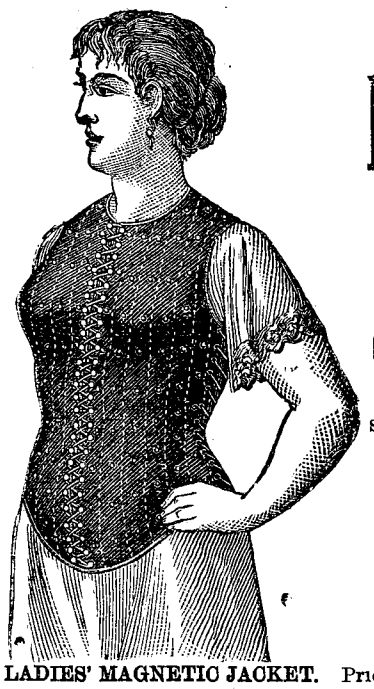
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Remember that the same appliances which will effect a cure in a case of Paralysis will at the same time eradicate CATARRH or DYSPEPSIA in the same patient. We do not, like the Old School Physician, change medicins every day until, after dosing the patient almost to death, he may possibly strike something (if he is very skilful) that brings relief for the time being.

Neuralgia of the Heart of Six Years Standing Cured in Three Weeks.

SHULLSBURG, WIS., Dec. 11, 1882.

DR. L. TENNEY—Dear Sir: After wearing one of your MAGNETIC VESTS for about three weeks, I was entirely cured of Neuralgia of the Heart and Side, which had been a source of misery to me for the last six years. I had tried numerous remedies before without benefit, but as soon as I put on the MAGNETIC VEST I got relief instantly. With unbounded gratitude, I remain

Yours respectfully,
H. A. BROWN.

Ladies, read the following testimony from a lady who had been under drug treatment for eight years with nervous prostration and female weakness:

OSBORN, O., Dec. 15, 1882.

DR. L. TENNEY: Your letter just received; also the Clothing on Tuesday last. Fitted perfectly. FELT BETTER FROM THE FIRST HOUR I HAD THEM ON. Am not joking, and if I improve as rapidly as I hav since Tuesday, will soon be well. Will report again soon. Respectfully yours, E. J. K.

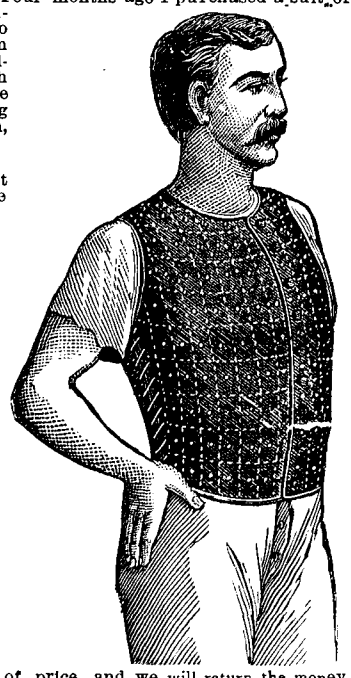
This lady reports herself entirely cured in less than six weeks after putting on the garments, and, although in bed, unable to get out, when applied, she nevertheless was able to ride twenty miles in two days after the application. The lady's name can be had upon application at this office, by anyone desiring to communicate with her.

Ladies, read the following testimony from a lady who had been suffering for two years with an **Ovarian Tumor,** and who had been told that nothing but the knife would save her life, and the chances were as 9 to 1 against recovery. In four months' time she is perfectly well, and has not taken a dose of medicin since putting on the appliances. Consult us when your physician tells you he can do nothinog for you; it will pay you.

SHULLSBURG, WIS., November 19, 1882.

DR. L. TENNEY, *Dear Sir:* About two years ago my health began to fail me; I became nervous, lost all desire for food, and, in fact, began to fail rapidly, so that I became alarmed and consulted several physicians of St. Louis, at which place I was then stopping, all of whom declared that I had an **Ovarian Tumor,** and that the only thing that would save my life would be the knife. About six months ago I grew rapidly worse, and had about made up my mind to take the only course that seemed left to me, and submit to an operation, when my attention was called to the **Eureka Magnetic Appliances.** As a drowning man will catch at a straw, so did I catch at this faint hope of a cure. Four months ago I purchased a suit of your appliances. From the very first I felt invigorated, the tumor, which had extended entirely across my abdomen, began to decrease, my pains became less from day to day, until now I am as well as I ever was in my life. Since putting on the appliances I hav not taken a single dose of medicin. My bowels, which before were constipated, are now regular. I would therefore cheerfully recommend them to anyone suffering as I hav, believing that they will do all and more than you claim for them. I remain,

Gratefully yours, MRS. MARY J. STEWART.



Remember that these appliances are not worn next the skin, but over the under-garment, and, unlike all other appliances in the market, they impart no shocks and leaves no sores.

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Leg Belts, each,	**4.00**
Knee Caps, each,	**3.00**
Wristlets, each,	**1.50**
Sleeping Caps,	**4.00**
Ladies Jacket,	**18.00**
Gentlemen's Vests,	**15.00**
Superfine Insoles,	**1.00**

Children's garments upon application.

Any of the above garments sent to any address upon receipt of price, and we will return the money if they are not as represented in every respect. If you are uncertain as to what would best suit your case send us word stating symptoms, and we will advise you what would be best suited to treat you. While our appliances are offered at less than one-third of what others are selling worthless appliances for, yet we will guarantee that the magnetic quality is a hundred fold superior to any other appliance ever offered the public, and will outlast the garments themselves. Every magnet is put through a particular process, and hav raised five times their own weight six months after being magnetized, while not a single appliance in the market will attract the smallest particle of iron, the majority of such worthless appliances having so-called magnets made of material no better than hoop-iron, and not capable of retaining magnetism for a moment. All of our garments are made from the very best material for the purpose, and will outlast any and all other garments now before the public. Every magnet is arranged in the garments upon *scientific principles,* and not haphazard as in all the others. We offer you therefore

The Only Scientific Magnetic Appliance Ever Constructed.

And challenge comparison with any of the so-called magnetic garments now offered under that head. At the same time the application of labor-saving machinery in our manufacture enables us to offer them about

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So that we can say with truth, None are so poor that they cannot procure them, being but a trifle higher than ordinary clothing.

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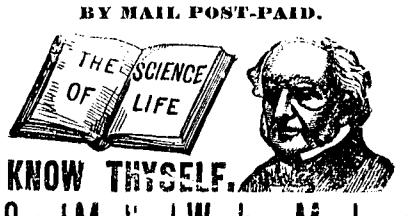
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There is no member of society to whom this book will not be useful, whether youth, parent, guardian instructor, or clergyman.—*Argonaut.*

Address the Peabody Medical Institute, or Dr. W H. Parker, No 4 Bulfinch st., Boston, Mass., who may be consulted on all diseases requiring skill and experience. Chronic and obstinate diseases that hav baffled the skill of all other physicians a specialty. Such treated successfully without an instance of failure. **HEAL THYSELF**

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Gems of Thought.

OF course a man will accept the evidence of persons with whom he is acquainted, and whom he knows to be men of veracity, when they make a statement that is probable, that is not impossible; but from this it does not follow that he should believe persons wholly unknown to him when they proclaim utter impossibilities.—*D. M. Bennett.*

TRUTH must be investigated without any side glance to the consequences which that investigation may hav upon our hopes. Our faith is sure to fail us in the hour of trial if we hav based it on consciously or suspectedly fallacious grounds, and maintained it by wilfully closing our eyes to the flaws in its foundations.—*Greg's Creed of Christendom.*

A THEOLOGY which defends itself by forbidding or limiting inquiry, and by tabooing reason, must necessarily be an unreasonable theology. It declares itself to be devoid of reason in its very condemnation of reason. If it were itself rational, it would hav no objection to being submitted to the test of reason and inquiry. Things born of the light do not fear the light.—*Sunderland's Orthodoxy.*

IF you should ask me what God is, or what his character and nature are, I should follow the example of Simonides, who, when Hiero the tyrant proposed the same question to him, desired a day to consider it. When he required his answer the next day, Simonides begged two days more, and as he kept constantly desiring double the number which he had required before, instead of giving the answer, Hiero with surprise asked him his meaning in doing so. "Because," says he, "the longer I meditate upon it, the more obscure it appears to me."—*Cicero.*

FEW hav sufficient knowledge and firmness to relinquish all thoughts of surviving their mortality; men are ignorant upon the subject, and imagin that some sense of their existence will remain after death; with such pertinacity do they cling to the frail body that is about to be consigned to the grave. Whatever has changed its form, has undergone dissolution; the former form has disappeared—in fact, certain bodies are only distributed among other bodies, and thus their organization and identity are destroyed. In the slow lapse of time even the aspect of the world changes; no one thing remains perpetually the same.—*Lucretius.*

> EARTH, that nourished thee, shall claim
> Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
> And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
> Thine individual being, shalt thou go
> To mix forever with the elements;
> To be a brother to the insensible rock
> And to the sluggish clod which the rude swain
> Turns with his share and treads upon.
>
> —*Bryant's Thanatopsis.*

JESUS CHRIST, like Mohammed, provided only two abodes for the souls of men: one in heaven with his father, the other in hell, where the fire was never quenched. It was felt, however, by the general Christian world that this sharp separation of all mankind into black and white, goats and sheep, was quite untenable. Hence the Catholic institution of purgatory, which, whatever may be said against it, is a wise and liberal modification of the harsh doctrin of Christ, affording a resource for the vast intermediate mass who are neither wholly virtuous nor wholly wicked, and providing an agreeable exercise for that natural piety which prompts us to mingle the names of departed friends in our devotions, whether (as in Africa) to pray to them, or (as in Europe) to pray for them.—*Amberley.*

THERE is no great merit in taking care of one's own interests, whether it be in this world or the next. The man who leads a truly religious life in order to go to heaven is not more to be admired than the man who leads a regular and industrious life in order to make a fortune in the city; and the man who endeavors to secure a celestial inheritance by going to church, and by reading chapters in the Bible, and by having family prayers, and by saying grace in falsetto with eyes hypocritically closed [or turned up, like a duck's in a thunder-storm], is not above the level of those who fawn and flatter at oriental courts in order to obtain a monopoly or an appointment.—*Winwood Reade.*

SCIENCE is, I believe, nothing but trained and organized common sense, differing from the latter only as a veteran may differ from a raw recruit; and its methods differ from those of common sense only so far as the guardsman's cut and thrust differ from the manner in which a savage wields his club. The primary power is the same in each case, and perhaps the untutored savage has the more brawny arm of the two. The real advantage lies in the point and polish of the swords man's weapon, in the trained eye quick to spy out the weakness of the adversary; in the ready hand prompt to follow it in the instant. But, after all, the sword exercise is only the hewing and poking of the club-man developed and perfected. —*Huxley.*

THE good man not only will not dare to do, he will not even allow himself to think, what he dares not proclaim.—*Cicero*

RELIGIOUS liberty had not then (the Middle Ages) been born; but the priests from whom our mediæval ancestors learned the duty of persecution themselvs learned it from the Jewish books, which prescribe the wholesale massacer of the people in idolatrous cities, and punish with death by stoning the worship of strange gods, blasphemy, Sabbath-breaking, and every kind of offense against religion. The most hideous of all Christian superstitions—witch-burning—flowed from the same source.—*Toronto Bystander (April).*

THAT science and criticism, acting—thanks to the liberty of opinion won by political effort—with a freedom never known before, hav delivered us from a mass of dark and degrading superstitions, we own with heartfelt thankfulness to the deliverers, and in the firm conviction that the removal of false beliefs, and of the authorities and institutions founded on them, can not prove, in the end, anything but a blessing to mankind.—*Goldwin Smith.*

Please cut this petition out, attach it to a blank sheet of paper, sign your name and address to it, get all your friends and neighbors to do the same, and then send it to this office.

A PETITION FOR STATE SECULARIZATION.

To the Honorable Senators and Members of the House of Representatives of the United States Congress:

A republican form of government being based on liberty, equality, and fraternity, as both means and end, involves the separation of Church and State, whose union is the worst form of class-legislation and the most infallible sign of arbitrary power. A house divided against itself cannot stand. The institutions of this Commonwealth should be made homogeneous throughout. Impartial protection of all citizens in their equal rights and liberties, by encouraging the free movement of mind, promotes the establishment of truth in whatever direction. Any infringement by government of this absolute equality of its citizens is the parent of manifold evil, a national crime committed against that natural "justice" which, as the Constitution declares, this government was founded to "establish."

And yet, though the first amendment to the Constitution of the United States says, "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof," there does exist a union of Church and State, which gives to Christianity moral and material aid, and so proscribes other religions and forms of belief and unbelief, while taxing these also for the support of that special religion.

The ways in which this old alliance between Church and State still survives among us are:

1. Recognition of God and Christianity in State Constitutions.
2. Exemption of Church property from taxation.
3. Appropriations of public money for sectarian purposes.
4. Religious exercises, as the reading of the Bible, etc., in the public schools.
5. Laws enforcing the observance of the Sabbath on the authority of the Bible.
6. Religious test-oaths in courts of justice and on instalment into office.
7. Chaplaincies in the Legislature, the Army, and the Navy.
8. Fast and Thanksgiving Proclamations, which contain theological ideas that may or may not be acceptable to the citizen.
9. The vague and indeterminate sense in which the words *civil* and *sacred* are used when applied to the marriage contract; and the appeal to God or the Holy Scriptures by some of the states, as the final authority on marriage.
10. Making morality subject to church dogma, by describing it as Christian, instead of natural, morality.
11. The license rather than liberty given to *religion* by the first amendment to the United States Constitution, by forbidding Congress to make any law "prohibiting the free exercise thereof," which, means really "the free exercise" of whatever anyone chooses to call "religion."

The necessity for this separation of Church and State is more apparent now than ever before, because of the still greater diversity of religious beliefs, the many forms of dissent from the religion which receives State patronage, and the growing signs of sectarian strife and ambition in the arena of politics. And emphasis needs to be given to the fact that the union of Church and State is *a great hindrance to the employment of right methods* in dealing with many questions of reform now demanding attention. And most essential is it at all times, and especially in the present, in order to secure for the law its due respect and observance, that the people's representatives should exhibit the strictest fidelity to their trusts by following the law in its letter and spirit.

Your petitioners, therefore, pray that immediate action be taken by the law-making power to bring into harmony the theory and practice of our government in making the following principle a part of the fundamental law of the land by amendment to the United States Constitution:

The total separation of Church and State, by prohibiting Congress or any State, County, Municipality, or Township from enacting any law that infringes the rights of conscience, or favors any practices in the name of religion, or of aught else, that interfere with private right or the public welfare.

Crimes of Preachers

IN THE

UNITED STATES AND CANADA

From May, 1876 to May, 1883.

THIRD EDITION.

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"By their fruits shall ye know them! Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?"

T. C. LELAND, Secretary of the National Liberal League, says of this book: "This is a severely, awfully, infernally cruel work on the priesthood, but it is a bed of infamy they hav made themselvs, and they must lie in it. Send for the book and see what devourers of sheep the shepherds can be."

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LIFE-SIZE

LITHOGRAPH

OF

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Odds and Ends.

A BOSTON girl never speaks of the "naked truth." She refers to it as "truth divested of apparel."

"HAS George proposed yet, Emily?" "No, ma; but he did the next thing to it last evening." "What did he do?". "He asked me if I thought paregoric injurious to teething children."

"YOU did not pay very close attention to the sermon, I fear, this morning." "Oh, yes, I did, mamma." "Well, what did the minister say?" "He said the picnic would start at ten o'clock Thursday morning, and oh, ma, can I go?"

"MY dear, did you hear that Deacon S. fell asleep during the sermon last Sunday and tumbled out of his pew?" "I did not," she said. "Yes, it's fact. The deacon is a very lucky man." "Why?" she asked. "Because when he fell out of his pew he struck aisle, you know."

MASKED hugging patties are popular at church fairs in Missouri. By paying fifteen cents a man is allowed to hug a girl, but he is first blindfolded. It makes a man awful mad, however, to find, on removing the bandage from his eyes, that he has been hugging his own wife. Still, there's a novelty about it.

A WIDOW was taking the fresh air in Central Park with her two children, when she met a former lover, with whom she entered into conversation. "I am completely broken up, Amelia," he said, seizing her hand. "There is no telling what I might not say and do if it were not for these children." "Children," said the fond mother, pushing them away, 'run over yonder where the goat carriages are, and play until I send for you."

LEW CAMPBELL, the "One Spoon Baking Powder" man, who travels South, is, as those who know him will testify, quite a pious young man, and recently he was invited by a lady to dinner. The guests were all seated, and the lady, turning to Lew, said: "Mr. Campbell, will you ask a blessing?" "Wha—wha—wha—I beg your pardon, madam," he stammered, dropping his napkin and his jaw at the same time. "Will you please ask a blessing?" she repeated. Then she bowed her head, and so did everybody else, and poor Lew looked down at his plate and stuttered: "Lor—Lord, hav mercy on these poor vittles. Amen."

"YES," said the editor to the new political writer, "your article in some regards is very well written, but there are fatal objections to printing it as it stands. Unless you can fix it over a little we shall be obliged to reject it. Yes, the premises are all correct and your argument is perfect, but then you hav neglected to say anything about the political caldron beginning to boil, or the marshaling of the clans, or the tramp of the cohorts, or the grand uprising of the people in support of our man, or the political death of the other fellow. These little matters seem to you, perhaps, of no consequence, but they are essential, sir, indispensably essential, to a political article, sir, and without them a political article isn't worth the paper it is written upon."

H. W. BEECHER'S change of heart in regard to supporting Cleveland, as Mr. Lincoln would say, reminds a writer in *Scissors* of a little story. In the good old Knickerbocker days in New York, a Dutch judge had three brother Dutchmen brought before him for being drunk. The first, being called, was by his judgeship asked: "Hans, vhas you drunk?" "Yes, shudge, I vhas drunk." "And vhat did yon got drunk on?" asked the judge. "Rum," said the culprit. "Den I fines you ten dollars." The next acknowledged getting drunk on beer. "Den," said the judge, "I fines you five dollars." The third pleading guilty, was asked: "Vhat did you get drunk on?" "I got drunk on punch," he answered. After a little reflection and a long breath, the judge said: "You got drunk on punch, den I fines you noding at all, for I gets drunk on punch myself sometimes."

THE SONG OF THE SEASON.

> Gaily the candidate
> Seeketh the bar,
> Where thirsty citizens
> Throng from afar,
> Singing, "In search of thee
> Hither we come,
> Candidate, candidate,
> Set up the rum."
>
> Hark! 'tis the candidate
> Calls them by name;
> Up to the parapet
> Swiftly they come.
> And still his song's heard
> All through the din—
> "Thizz times it's zon me,
> Se'mm muppagin!"

"I CAN remember," said Henry Ward Beecher, "when I received an old cow in payment for a bad debt. It was a very bad debt, and I came to consider it a bad payment. She was a thin cow, but the former owner said she was better than she looked. being a cross between the Jersey and the Durham, She looked as if she might hav been a cross between an old hair trunk and an abandoned hoopskirt. I kept the brute three days, and no one, except, perhaps, Lieut. Atwell, could ever appreciate the suffering I endured in that time. The first night she broke through the fence and reduced to a pulp all the underclothing belonging to my next-door neighbor. She put her horns through my bath tub and ate up all my geraniums. She was to giv three gallons of milk a day, but she seemed short just then and never had that to spare while we kept her. The second day she walked into the kitchen, upset a pan of butter and a tub of lard. Then she fell down a well, and when I got her out, at a cost of $5, she took the colic, whooping cough, or something, and kept us awake all night. Not a green thing was left in my garden; my neighbor's peach-trees and the rope on which his underwear grew were as bare of fruit as a singletree, and he did not hav a twig of shrubbery left. My neighbor came over to see me, and said: 'Now, I don't desire any quarrel, but I want you to keep your cow out of my shrubbery.' 'And I want you, my friend,' said I, 'to keep your shrubbery out of my cow.'"

THE TRUTH SEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., as Second-class Matter.

Vol. 11. No. 38. | PUBLISHED WEEKLY. | New York, Saturday, September 20, 1884. | 33 CLINTON PLACE. | $3.00 per year.

Notes and Clippings.

"I AM glad salvation's free," shouted the preacher. He then added, "We will now take up a collection."

THE *Christian Register* is credited with registering the appended joke: "Paul did not liv in clover, but he cultivated Timothy with good success."

OF the 300,000 Paris mechanics and day laborers, only 50,000 belong to trades unions, though the example of organization in England is close by.

AFTER careful inquiry, the Moravians (United Brethren) of Bethelem, Pa., hav decided that the Esquimaux of Alaska present greater obstacles to conversion than any other people on earth.

ABOUT the time the congregation is singing the loudest "I want to be an angel," along comes an earthquake, and the manner in which the congregation suddenly changes its mind is astonishing.

THE Rev. W. Cornforth, Wesleyan minister, of Nottingham, England, has just resigned his position because he cannot pledge himself to a "definit and positiv belief in the absolutely endless suffering of the unsaved."

THE psalmist would "rather be a doorkeeper in the house of the Lord than to dwell in the tents of wickedness." Some joker has said that this is because he would hav an easier time of it in the summer, and get his evenings to himself.

THE Burlington *Free Press* says that the wife of a Methodist preacher in Georgia takes turns with him at preaching. When his parishioners see the old gentleman digging worms in the back yard Sunday morning they know that it is his day off.

"THE secular press," says General Booth of the Salvation Army, "treats us very considerately and fairly in England. It is the so-called Christian press that is hostil and scurrilous." So far, it seems, THE TRUTH SEEKER is the only religious paper that has published anything in defense of this interesting body of cranks.

WARNER WILSON deliberately got drunk when about to die, at Vernon, Mich., because he had observed, throughout his religious experience, that intoxication always aroused him to especial fervor. Mr. Wilson's observations may contribute somewhat toward explaining why so many bottles are found on the grounds after a religious camp-meeting.

AT the Schuetzen Park, near Philadelphia, on Sunday, beer drinking, trapeze performing, band playing, negro minstrels, and target-shooting were in full blast, but the managers refused to permit a number of boys to play baseball. Of course the line between innocent and vicious Sunday amusements has got to be drawn somewhere.

ONE of Massachusetts' judges will not believe a professional spy whose evidence is not corroborated. He acquitted a hotel keeper accused of liquor selling, although a law-and-order league agent who had boarded two months in the house swore to regular sales. Anthony Comstock, it would appear, has brought the professional spy system into disrepute.

THE Chinese city of Foo-Chow, made interesting by French capture, is surrounded by a wall thirty feet high and twelve feet wide at the top. The streets are narrow and filthy, but from a distance, in consequence of trees and hills, the place is picturesque. The inhabitants excel in the manufacture of ornaments from nativ soapstone. The climate is hot and enervating.

IT is possible that the so-called divine mind is not altogether destitute of humor. The other day, says the St. Paul *Herald*, a little cherub of but a very few summers sat at the window of her residence on East Fourth street, when a genuin dude walked wearily by. His legs were phantom like, his shoes long and pointed, his dress foppish, he wore a single eyeglass, and carried a diminutiv rattan cane. As he stared about idiotically the little one said: "Mamma, did God make that man?" "Yes, my darling." The little one looked again and giggled, and with a merry twinkle in her eye said: "Mamma, God likes to hav fun just as much as anybody, don't he?"

THE mayor of Brainerd, Minn., has issued an order prohibiting Mother Hubbard costumes in the streets. The girls wore them scant and thin, he says, and, as a guardian of public morals, he felt bound to interfere. It is to be regretted that this mayor is not a governor, as he could then, like the governor of Iowa in dealing with grasshoppers, appoint a day of fasting, and pray the wicked things out of the state.

THE old question whether a smoker can tell with his eyes shut if a cigar is lighted or not is revived by a statement in the London *Graphic* that there are scarcely any smokers among the blind. Soldiers and sailors who lose their sight in action sometimes continue to smoke for a little while, but, as a rule, they soon giv up the habit. They say it givs them no pleasure when they cannot see the smoke, and that they cannot taste smoke unless they see it.

BISHOP COXE of western New York says that during his twenty years of observation in that field there hav been some improvements in religion and morality, but the increase of impiety and Infidelity is, on the whole, appalling. "The most blasphemous publications are circulated, and frightful Atheism uttered." The bishop adds that immorality abounds. Being in the church, where much of it exists, he may be taken as an authority of average reliability.

HENRY LAMB, aged 97, who died in Fairfax county, Va., recently, long resided near Mount Vernon. To his dying day he asserted that the vault containing the remains of Washington had been violated and the skull carried away to France, where it was sold to a firm of phrenologists. He said that the desecration was committed by the sailors of a French ship anchored in the Potomac near Mount Vernon, and that the skull which was taken away was replaced by that of a negro servant of Col. Fairfax.

AN extraordinary offer is made to rich maiden ladies by Rev. Dr. Gordon, of St. Andrew's, Glasgow. Boasting that he was the first Anglican in Scotland to burn incense at the worship of God, he explains that he wants money to keep up the ceremony. He goes on to say that he wants "a small chime of small bells"—five bells will do; "and the first five wise virgins whose hearts shall be opened to giv a bell each, or a subscription toward the belfry, shall be rung into the kingdom of heaven by the suffrages of J. F. G. Gordon, D.D."

A METHODIST minister once started a church in a young Western town, but for want of pecuniary support was soon obliged to abandon it. His farewell sermon to the lukewarm brethren was characterized by more heat than elegance. He ended thus: "At the last day the Lord will say to St. Peter, 'Where is your flock?' and St. Peter will answer, 'Here, Lord.' He will say to Calvin, 'And where are your sheep?' and Calvin will reply, 'Here, Lord.' And so all the shepherds can answer. But when he asks me, 'Where are your sheep?' how will I feel when I am compelled to reply, 'Lord, I havn't any; mine were all hogs?'"

SEVERAL persons tell the Paris *Gaulois* that having written to the pope they receive no reply. The editor explains that as the holy father's correspondence is very large, there are secretaries who go through it, classify it, and destroy or submit the missivs to his holiness according as they think proper. Mgr. Boccali, the private chamberlain, has charge of this difficult duty. It sometimes happens that a letter to which the writer attaches the greatest importance is in this way thrown into the waste basket. If you want to hav a letter to the pope surely reach its destination, inclose it in three envelopes, all three sealed, and each one bearing this superscription: "To his holiness, Pope Leo XIII., Prefect of the Congregation of the Holy Office at the Vatican (Personal), Rome." The prelate in charge opens the first envelope, then the second, but at the third he is obliged, under penalty of excommunication, not to open it, and to hand it to the holy father.

THE list of modern books which are not to be allowed in the public libraries of Russia includes translations of works by Agassiz, Bagehot, Huxley, Zola, Lassale, Lubbock, Lecky, Louis Blanc, Lewes, Lyall, Marx, Mill, Reclus, Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations," and "Theory of Moral Sentiments," and Herbert Spencer's works. A person found reading THE TRUTH SEEKER in that country would probably be exiled without delay. It is well known that a gentleman formerly connected with the Liberal Club, having married a Russian lady, and now living in Russia, deems it unsafe to correspond with his friends in America, and has requested that his name should not hereafter, even in this country, be mentioned in connection with his former field of labor. Such are the beauties of a country where the "Almighty," and not the people, confers powers upon its rulers.

THE following dialog from the *Wall Street News* contains an explanation of the popular mystery shrouding the origin of Baptist preachers: "Father, is Jay Gould a bad man at heart?" "Why, no, my son. Mr. Gould is all right at heart." "In case he should be shrunk out of the market, would he turn pirate or do some desperate thing?" "Oh, no, no! If Mr. Gould's stocks should continue to wilt until some day he discovered that he hadn't change enough to pay for his lunch, he would be calm and tranquil, though, perhaps, a little tired?" "But what would he do?" "Do? Why, where does the West get all its Baptist preachers from? Mr. Gould might not be sent to a very large town, nor a very large congregation, but in the midst of his trials and tribulations he is supported by the thought that the wolf of starvation can never find room on his door step to sit and howl."

SOMETHING new in the way of a religious sect has turned up in New York. This account of it is gathered from last Monday's *Sun:* A man with a Derby hat lighted seventy-two gas jets in the lecture hall of Masonic Temple last night. After he had blown out the taper, twenty-nine men and women walked in and sat down far apart from each other. At 7:30 o'clock, a big man with a long white beard and a silk traveling cap, and carrying a pile of pamphlets in his hands, and a number of red-bound books under either arm, climbed up on the platform and said he was a "member of the only church in the world that takes the scriptures as a criterion." He followed this with the remark that he would preach and take up no collection afterward. He spoke for one hour on "The Kingdom of Heaven Contrasted with the Kingdom of God." His delivery was so singular that the auditors could hear but one word in every ten. When he had done he threw his pamphlets and red-bound books on the floor at his feet, and offered ther for sale at from one cent to half a dollar each, according to size. One man bought a small pamphlet for a cent, and one woman a bigger one for six cents. Then the white-bearded preacher said he was James Cumming, and that he had been sent forth by J. J. Jezreel, of Kent, England, to giv the people of America a chance to embrace the only perfect faith by joining Israel's International College in Kent. There were fifty young people studying the faith there when he left. Eight had previously graduated and come to America. They had brought eight harps with them, and could play them, but they weren't like the Salvation Army recruits. Disciples of the new faith, Mr. Cumming said, didn't sing until they knew how. No bad singing was tolerated. Mr. Cumming closed his service by readin a hymn out of a red book, because there nobody present to sing it. Lastly he shu p the hymn book and invited everybody w..o wanted to know anything more about the new faith to climb up one flight of stairs at 27 Greenwich avenue to-day and to-morrow, and ask him questions. He would answer everything, he said, and be only too happy to meet inquirers.

News of the Week.

THE Republicans now figure up their majority in Maine at 20,615.

ROBERT HOE, the famous printing-press manufacturer, died on the 13th, aged 70 years.

THE French Admiral Corbet has been instructed to resume warlike operations against China.

TAMMANY HALL has finally declared for Cleveland. Mr. Grady, the favorit orator of the Tammanyites, bolts in favor of Butler.

ONE of the worst features of the Butler campaign is the fact that the ex-notorious Rev. I. S. Kalloch, of California, is conducting the canvass in that state.

THE daughter of Mr. Morosini, who is Jay Gould's financial partner, has created considerable agitation in New York society by running away with and marrying her father's coachman.

LAST week up to Friday was the warmest of the season in Vermont. On Saturday night some sections of the state were visited by a heavy frost, killing all vegetation that was unprotected.

THE New Brunswick, N. J., Bank, the cashier and president of which recently committed suicide, announces that it will resume business. The total loss to the bank by the rascality of its officers amounts to $220,000.

THE People's party had a mass meeting at Union Square in this city last Monday night. It was addressed by Gen. Butler, ex-Senator Grady, Isaac L. Rice, and others. From 10,000 to 20,000 persons were present.

OLIVER WORMALD, of Buffalo, N. Y., has announced his intention of going over Niagara Falls on a wager of $1,000. He will inclose himself in a rubber ball fifteen feet in diameter, into which compressed air will be injected.

THE American Missionary Society claims to be spending $1,000 per day educating Indians, negroes, and Chinese in the mysteries of Christianity. It is evident that the society is not realizing on its investment, being now $50,000 in debt.

UP to last Sunday there had been 3,297 deaths from cholera in Naples, Italy, since the outbreak of the disease in that place. The deathrate is at the present writing nearly 400 every twenty-four hours. From midnight last Friday up to 4 o'clock Saturday afternoon 687 deaths occurred.

MRS. BELVA LOCKWOOD, of California, is the Woman's Rights Candidate for the presidential chair of the United States. She is said to be an accomplished tricycle rider. Her statesmanship has not been tested, but the platform upon which she stands is a good one, and her letter of acceptance was able.

THE Nihilists of Warsaw, Russia, hav issued a proclamation setting forth that in maintaining the rights of the people against the czar the same weapons that he uses will be employed, and that no traitor shall escape. Thousands of copies of this proclamation hav been circulated, but the police hav failed to discover their source.

WILLIAM P. KEESER, a widower, and Mrs. Kershner, a married woman, both of Reading, Pa., hav been living together as husband and wife. The inhabitants of the place to the number of 250 turned out one night last week, with tin pans, horns, etc., made a horrid din, and hanged the guilty couple in effigy. The man applied to the police for protection. The couple are talked of by the neighbors as candidates for tar and feathers.

THE press of New York is endeavoring to incite the police to institute a crusade against the gangs of roughs that infest the crowded quarters of the city. These gangs are made up of young men from 18 to 30 years of age, numbering a dozen members each, and upward. They congregate on the street corners, drink beer, assault and rob passers by, and generally liv by stealing. Many of them are being taken in by the police and sent to prison. There are dozens of these gangs in the city.

Communications.

Through Day to Night, and Night to Day.

GEORGE CHAINEY'S SUNDAY LECTURE AT CASSADAGA.

Nature is full of correspondences and repetitions. History moves in cycles. Nations hav their seasons of spring and summer, bud and leaf, flower and fruit. In thought sometimes they sweep through the day, and then in dreams sleep through the night. The ocean is mirrored in the dew-drop, the majestic palm in the moss at its root, and the mighty oak in every leaf. The home is the forerunner of the state, while the experiences of centuries are shadowed in those of each individual. Man has a dual life of head and heart. He thinks and feels. The head is the type of day, the intuitions of night. We cannot afford to waste our days in sleep, nor trespass on the hours of sleep in the acquirement of knowledge or gain. I say that the day is intellectual because the mind is light. It is the inspiration of our activities. It drives us to work. There is no rest in thought. It is ever on and on, crying, Work, work! The night is the time of rest, amusement, inspiration, and love. Through the innocent sleep, garlanded with dreams, we gather fresh hope and courage for the battle of life. The religious life of the world is ever alternating between day and night, save when it takes a step nearer completeness in the marriage of the two.

Sometimes the day and night woo each other a long time before love wins it fruition. Materialism is the day. The intellect rules. You bring all to the test of reason. Dreams to you are but the children of an idle brain, begot of nothing but vain fantasy. Love grows cold, and the tendency is toward egotism or self love. Joy is driven away in care and anxiety. You fight and struggle for the mastery of thought. You would overthrow all opinions but your own. Many of you care no more for the feelings of your neighbors than the Wall-street speculator cares for the widows and orphans he is robbing through his clever manipulations. In this strife care unknits the sleeve of life. The dust of selfishness settles down upon the soul. The mind becomes weary and jaded, until at last we say, Who shall show us any truth? and often throw down the standard and rush into sensual enjoyment, saying, "Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die." Fortunate, then, will it be for us if some sweet dream or some true loving heart recalls us to listen to the voice of our own heart until it proclaims to us its deathless energy, and wins some confidence from the unseen world. It might be interesting to some to trace this analogy of day and night through the various systems of religion. But it can only lead to practical results when applied to the present.

Christianity has passed through successiv days and nights. It was born in the night of love. It was corrupted in the day of creeds. It was partly regenerated in a night of mysticism. It was again corrupted by the day of ecclesiasticism. It was again revived in the intuitions and emotions of Methodism, and beautiful sentiments of Unitarianism. But the fierce, glaring day of scientific Materialism and Agnosticism swept down next and banished faith and hope in the name of reason and common sense. But fortunately for our poor hearts, the holy hush of eventide has already drawn its beautiful veil over the blinding face of the sun; soon will come again to all

> "The innocent sleep—
> Sleep that knits up the raveled sleeve of care,
> Death of each day's life. Sore labor's bath,
> Balm for hurt minds, great nature's second course,
> Chief nourisher in life's feast."

Once more sweet and beautiful dreams re-adorn the inner chambers of the heart, and quicken the mind anew with faith in its own deathless energy. Once more we enter joyfully and thankfully the home of the son, and feel around our necks the arms, and on our cheeks the sweet kisses of eternal love. Once more the stars come out and teach us that this world is related to millions of others, and that this life is but the chrysalis, the mere vestibule, of existence. Once more the bride and bridegroom of reason and intuition meet in harmony and love until all the joy-bells of the son ring out in wild, sweet melody.

To speak, by the book, lest my meaning be lost in my allegory, this is the work of Spiritualism. As I hav already told twice the story of my personal experience, I cannot repeat it again in full. But weary of the strife of the intellect, sick of the noise and din of controversy, enthusiasm folding her wings and refusing again to lift me into her inspiring realm, the dust of selfishness and love of sensuous enjoyment carrying me steadily downward, thirsty with ambition for the baubles of fame, the sword of conquest for right and truth rusting in its sheath, determined to abandon the lecture-field for the stage, lingering in it only a little longer from motivs of friendship, I came by accident to Cassadaga camp. Some of the experiences I hav had here are too sacred and marvelous to be given to the public. Some of you are good and pure enough to receive them. But to others it would only be casting pearls to swine, who, finding nothing in them to feed on, would turn and rend me.

Nor do I expect anyone to believe in Spiritualism on my testimony. My only hope is that I may be an impulse to some who are prepared to receive it that shall lead them to seek. And if you seek aright you will surely find. Whether you heed or mock, laugh or cry, I know beyond the power of doubt or argument to disturb that here hav come to me countless proofs of immortality. If you want to know what they are, you must seek for them in my former lectures. Some of you are saying, "What a pity! Poor Chainey has gone mad!" But the time is not distant when some of you will say, "Though this be madness, yet there is method in it."

> "It is not madness
> That I hav uttered; bring me to the test,
> And I the matter will re-word which madness
> Would gambol from. . . . For love of grace,
> Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
> That not your trespass, but my madness, speaks.
> It will but skin and film the ulcerous place;
> While rank corruption, mining all within,
> Infects unseen."

Like Hamlet's mother, many of you hav left the fair mountain of truth and purity to batten on the moor of sensuality. As you will see later, I do not free myself from this censure. To myself, as well as to you, I say, let us confess ourselvs to heaven, to the good angels that guard us, repent what's past, avoid what is to come, and never again spread the compost on the weeds to make them ranker. To them, as well as you, I confess that I was seeking my enjoyment and inspiration very largely in the use of stimulants and narcotics. When I came on this camp-ground I was using from three to five cigars daily. As soon as I knew that my body was simply the temple of an immortal soul, I had to giv these up. Is that madness? The spirit flows in the channel we dig for it. If that is soothed with the poison of narcotics and alcohol, do you think that your soul will not be injured thereby? I had commenced to say to myself, "You are a fool to become a martyr for Liberalism. If life is bounded by the cradle and the grave, you can well afford to sell a birthright in an imaginary world for a mess of pottage in this one." I began to say, with Macbeth,

> "I hav no spur to prick the sides of my intent,
> Save vaunting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
> And falls on the other side."

But now I know that this life is but the chrysalis of our true life; I know that whoever accepts death itself rather than be false to his own conscience makes a good choice. I know that for me the very stars again shine as the altar lights of the infinit and eternal. Once more the universe seems the throne and home of love—sweet, all-embracing love—instead of blind, inexorable law. Once more the desire to look up in meditation and prayer to sweet spiritual and unseen influences has come back to my heart, refreshing it as the sweet dews of night do the parched earth. Once more I feel that in some way beyond all reason to understand

> "There is a divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them as we may."

As at night we see far more of this universe than by day, so I now see far more of truth than I ever did in the garish light of day. As the mind is refreshed and quickened by balmy sleep, so has my brain been purified and illuminated by the sweet experiences through which I hav passed. As in the night beautiful dreams spring up in the garden of the soul, and, though unremembered, yet fill our waking hours with a most sweet perfume, so will the inspirations received here fill with fragrance all my future life.

But we must not forget the uses of the day nor the evils of the night. Night's cloak is often the garment of deception. It is the time when good things of day begin to droop and fade, whilst night's black agents to their preys do rouse. In the same way we find that the night of religion begets the horrible monsters of fear and dogma of eternal pain. Under her black cloak swarms of priestly robbers plunder and fleece their flocks of innocent sheep. Fortunately the day follows the night to correct these evils. At the rising of the sun these vultures and wolves, night's black agents, begin to slink away. The emancipation of reason and the light of positiv science are both essential in the great work of human progress. The cast-iron and inflexible creeds of Christianity, its horrible devil and eternal hell, were bound to bring in time a mental reaction against them. The best friends of the churches are those who hav protested against these relics of barbarism. If all had remained within the church it would long ago hav sunk out of sight through the weight of its own corruption. But thousands of earnest-hearted men and women hav left the church. Why? It is a business and social advantage to belong to a church. It cannot, then, be for gain. For evil, then? Nay. If you want to do wrong you will find it an advantage to cover your wolf's hide with a sheep's robe. I can tell you that it is not often a selfish motiv can carry you out of a church. It's your home. To leave it you must bruise and lacerate your heart, lose friends whose love is dear to you. But when the light shines upon you in its fulness you find that to respect yourself you must follow the truth, wherever it leads you, though it be into uttermost Infidelity. Better no truth than a lie. Better preserve your self-respect than lose it and gain the respect of the whole world. Every martyr who accepted the fiery robe of martyrdom rather than betray his own conscience made a good choice. But for such faithful souls, who hav kept brightly burning the torch of thought through the long night-watches of the world's darkness of ignorance, the entire earth would to-day be a howling wilderness, a fit abode only for beasts of prey. These are the brave heroes who hav stormed the dungeons of the Inquisition and Bastiles of tyranny and made it possible for us to breathe the sweet air of liberty. They are the hardy pioneers who hav opened up new lands and sailed unknown seas, and so widened the skirts of light and made the struggle with darkness narrower. What would the churches be to-day but for the reforming influence of those who hav come out from among them? Dungeons of ecclesiastical tyranny and centers of strife and ism.

But under the light of reason they are so fast changing that the time is not distant when they will be homes of liberty and true circles of loving human helpfulness. Of course we who hav come out hav sometimes been as extreme and illiberal in our opposition to them as they ever were to us. An illiberal Liberal sounds strange. But consistency is a jewel. The pendulum pushed to the extreme end of the arc must rebound to the other. Such retributions are the even-handed justice that returns her poisoned chalice to her own lips. Heaven hath pleased it thus to punish us with them, and they with us, that we may be their scourge and minister.

Some extreme Liberals, if they had the power, would destroy the churches root and branch. But God, or nature, whichever you please to call it, has more economical means of working than this. The light of the day of science is surely dispersing their darkness. For the old anthropomorphic gods they are coming to regard God as the infinit of the universe, the soul that is over all, through all, and in all things, constantly individualizing itself anew. Thus, instead of worshiping God afar off, sitting on a great white throne, they worship him in every manifestation of life, whether it shine from a distant star, or paint with beauty the dimpled cheek of a babe, giv strength to a lion, or blush in a rose; whether flooding the earth with the warmth and light of the sun, or filling our hearts with joy and gladness in the light and warmth of friendship and love. In the place of the old demons and hells of punishment and pain, they are adopting a philosophy of evil that reveals it to be the necessary counterpart of good, as cold is to heat, that hell is the descent of the soul toward animalism, and that nature is so kind that, when we become perfectly devilish, we find a certain kind of happiness in our deviltry. They are, also, through the influence of Spiritualism, beginning to believe that, when the soul reaches the lowest hell, it receives a shock that starts it, though blindly and unconsciously, on the upward path. In the place of Christ as an atoning sacrifice offering, an excuse for crime, they are presenting Jesus as one of the sublime souls in whom truth and righteousness perfected themselvs, so that for all time they shine as stars to light us through the darkest night. In the place of fixed and vain ceremonies, they are accepting the teachings of science, the ministrations of art, and the sweet charities of human helpfulness. In the place of local and partial inspiration in one book, they are beginning to accept inspiration as an eternal verity of the soul accessible to all on the same terms as to any, so that in the place of one Bible we hav many.

Many individual churches hav already planted themselvs squarely on this ground, and the time is coming when they must all move forward into this light, or sink out of sight. When they shall hav done this, the day and night of Christianity will be perfectly blended. This is the coming of the bridegroom spoken of by Jesus in the parable of the wise and foolish virgins. Those churches that replenish their waning lamps with the oil of wisdom distilled from nature in the laboratory of science, will be ready for his coming. Those who spend their time watching the expiring flame of past truth will, like the foolish virgins, find themselvs banished from the feast, at the marriage of wisdom and love, and condemned into outer darkness. From this marriage shall come new life and joy to the world. To-day is better than any yesterday, and to-morrow shall be better than to-day. Though the old sun hastes to its setting, a new one already begins to gild the horizon with beams of brighter glory than any former day. While this day of science reaches backward and reforms the church, it also stands in the way of the coming of a still more inspiring night. Let us be honest with ourselvs, both as Materialists and Spiritualists. I hav confessed to you my own sins or deficiencies while limiting my vision with Agnosticism. I know that the bride of my soul, the woman of my nature, was neglected. I know that if you hav formed the conviction that this life is the be-all and end-all here, upon this bank and shoal of time, you will seek more and more after simply sensuous enjoyment, until you will become blind to anything above and beyond. I know that this was so

in my case. I said to myself, I cannot afford not to pluck any flower of pleasure that grows by my path to-day in the interest of any greater good self-denial may bring me in a problematical future.

I was in the descending ray of truth instead of the ascending. Now I must be as honest with you as I hav been with myself. I love you. Some of you are among my dearest friends. But let me ask you to think of what I hav already said and am about to say; not in haste or in wrath, but when you, in some silent hour, look through the clouds of passion, the mists of prejudice and self-interest, down into the secret chambers of your soul and see then whether you can afford to excuse yourself from a similar judgment, hav not many of the finer sensibilities and tastes you once had been blunted? When in masculin company, don't you offend sometimes the woman of your own soul, and dishonor the mother that bore you by speaking lightly and profanely of the sacred relations of the sexes? Are you not often more concerned with your own personal advancement than with the cause of right and truth? What mean these jealousies between leaders? Why make a great cause suffer through your personal spleen or spite? Why such an indifference on the part of so many professed Liberals to the propaganda of our faith? If my lack of enthusiasm has no grounds but my own deficiencies, why do the Liberal Leagues disintegrate about as fast as they integrate? Why did my subscribers to my published lectures leave me when owing me nearly three thousand dollars to fail and carry a load of debt ever since that has been a constant mill-stone about my neck? Why are the few generous hearts who hav had the interests of the League in their hands been left to mostly support it out of their own pockets? Why hav I seen your most generous workers growing sick and discouraged, scarcely knowing whether to keep the League alive or to try and save the reputation of the family by getting up a respectable funeral? Why hav I written in extremity to professed Liberals known to be millionaires and asked them to arrange for a lecture costing twenty-five to thirty-five dollars, and had them write back and plead poverty? Why does paper after paper sail out with flying colors, manned with hearts beating high with hope and enthusiasm, only to go to pieces on the rocks of bankruptcy? Why has this cause so little of the love and devotion of women? Why, after calling a convention of Freethinkers from all the states and Canada, is this the best that can be done? One of the most discouraging moments I ever had was last winter at Hornellsville, when, with my friend, Mr. Watts, we went there together to lecture. Two of these conventions hav been held there. Two years had passed. Was it foolish to expect that the seed sown by those conventions had in that time borne a rich harvest? Was I weak and silly to be sick and discouraged with the work I was doing when the audience was less than twenty. One time I found a volume called "Leaves of Grass," and saw in it a new gospel; a new Bible; a cosmos of the modern world charged with electric life; with moral inspiration of body and mind; with all delicacy and purity, written by grand old Walt Whitman, a very Titan; one of the world's Christs and redeemers. I saw him mocked at, reviled, spit upon by wretches too vile in heart and life to understand the nature of purity when they saw it. At last I saw him officially nailed to the cross of this world's scorn and obloquy through the low-minded schemes of that saintly scavenger, Anthony Comstock.

I tried to wash off some of the mud by pointing out the great purity of his work, and to stanch the red blood flowing from those cruel wounds. But some of the most influential Liberals pointed at me the finger of scorn for doing so. Why is this? Shall I blame you as individuals or as a party. Nay, if you do not blame yourselvs, I accuse no man. We are all of us in the hands of agencies that are mightier than ourselvs. If I know anything, I know that unseen agencies led me by the various steps that brought me to Cassadaga. I now can say with Hamlet, we defy augury; there's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come; the readiness is all. Since no man knows aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes? It is not in the economy of nature for the day to dispossess the night. Any society that leaves out of its constitution anything that is revealed by night or by day, must either reform or perish. Your principal method of propaganda has been controversy. This always disintegrates. You are also so ruled by the day that you cannot take time from your work. The lust of acquirement is like a fever in your blood.

It is often said that Liberals are poor. I know by experience that very many are rich. But they cannot part with their money unless it is for some tangible possession. Your idea of education is the acquirement of knowledge. You seldom read novels. The idea that fiction has a higher mission than fact, is to you an absurdity. It is only the night of love, rest, and dreams that can teach us this. Wisdom comes by illumination. In a true sense it is the gift of the immortals. Other men hav labored, and we hav entered into their labors. Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad.

Having been selected as brief agencies in the destruction of error, you become drunk with the excitement of controversy. You love the conflict for its own sake more than for its service to the truth. Some of you are all aglow with the prospect of an exciting passage of arms between myself and Mr. Watts to-night. I am afraid you think more of the fun than of the truth. Some of you would enjoy a laugh at anyone's expense, no matter how sacred the feelings it bruised. Some of you laughed like jockies at a circus day before yesterday at things on this platform that made others come to me in tears of grief and burning shame. I am sorry that this matter has taken the form of a controversy, not that controversy has not its uses. But George Sand was not far wrong when she said controversy is always the grave of truth. But at this time, and on this subject, I feel that it is altogether inappropriate. It would be perfectly right for Mr. Watts to say the strongest word he can for Materialism. But let every tub stand on its own bottom. This is a Freethought, not a Materialistic Convention. Why publish to the world your own want of consistency? I don't believe that the cause of truth is best served in this way. Words are always imperfect mediums of expression. They carry different impressions to each individual. Every rose of speech has its thorn. What of that? you that hav free souls, it touches you not. Let the galled jade wince. Our withers are unwrung. A skilled debater can make figures seem to lie.

Mr. Watts is, in my opinion, the greatest debater on the Liberal platform. It is his genius. He has trained himself to it as persistently as Mr. Sullivan, a fellow-citizen of mine, has to another form of pugilism. They say in Boston Mr. Sullivan is a gentleman. Now, I know Mr. Watts probably better than any other man in this country; we traveled and lectured together three months. I can assure you he is a gentleman of truth and honor—kind and gentle of heart, but never gentle in the treatment of an opponent. I hav seen him go at a poor innocent minister trying to defend the sincere faith of his heart in fear and trembling, with the tears vibrating in every word, like twenty tigers concentrated into one. I always told him that one of his debates with a minister was a form of cruelty to dumb animals that ought to be suppressed. I never believed in controversy, and though challenged many times hav always refused, and always shall. Let me assure you, however, that, though you will not hear from me to-night, Mr. Watts will giv you a brilliant and most solid and intellectual performance. The claws of the tiger will be sheathed to-night in the soft gloves of courtesy and kindness. But I am sorry he is going to do it, because I cannot see the value of fighting against this truth—I never had the heart to do so when an Agnostic. When Mr. Watts and I traveled together people said we made a good team, because he gave them the skeleton of truth, while I clothed it with flesh and blood; or, that he built the house and I came and planted flowers and vines to cover it with beauty and fill the air with perfume. Since I saw him last I hav discovered that we are building for time and eternity, and that the flowers, which I feared were but for a day, are beautiful immortals. Why should he tear them up with the rude hands of logic and trample them beneath the feet of ruthless criticism. I think, however, that most of them hav taken root beyond his reach. He will speak of a subject of which he knows nothing, while one tiny rap from the spirit world is mightier than the mightiest argument that can be brought against it. But, whatever Mr. Watts may say, let me assure you that he is a mighty good fellow, and as, in a few short years, I shall meet him some fine morning in some Spiritual encampment or congress and hav a good laugh at his surprise, I freely forgiv him, in advance, for all the laughs he will raise on me to-night. I wish in this relation to point out two or three mistakes I hav been making for some time. One of my mottoes has been "One world at a time. The best preparation we can make for another is entire devotion to this." It is quite difficult to explain how this still remains true, only in a larger sense than before. Our present life is inseparably connected with the spiritual realm; sometimes this union is conscious and at others quite unconscious. Since I hav become conscious of this fact my devotion to this world has been enlarged, quickened, and intensified. We need not be ignorant of astronomy in order to be learned in botany. I hav also said that if the hope to liv again is to be realized and we are to meet again with the loved and lost of earth, in some sweet Elysian fields beyond the grave, our joy will there and then be the greater by every moment we hav forgotten it in our desire to make this world a little more of a paradise. I made some terrible blunders here. In the first place I never dreamed that the flickering candle of hope could be changed into the electric light of knowledge.

Next, I hav learned by experience that the best way to make this world a paradise is to throw the light of this happier land down through the darkness of the grave, and say to all mourning hearts looking there for their dead, "He is not here, but risen."

But let us return to the night. All things grow first in the dark. So spiritual phenomena are born in the night. But the time is surely coming when all that is now done in the dark will be done in the light. This has already commenced. At present this cloak of night hides many fraudulent mediums and lying prophets. That does not prove it all false any more than the thief stealing under cover of night to his plunder proves all others rogues who happen to be out of bed at the same time. But before we pass fully from this night into the perfect day we must bring into life all the sweet and elevating influences of night, and destroy all its dark and demoniacal ones. When night's shadows descend upon us, we begin to think of the rest, amusement, and inspiration of the drama. We must bring into life the ministrations of art in all her many and beautiful forms. Art requires the infinit and eternal to liv in.

We must also apply it to our personal culture. The same laws that apply to the painting of a picture, the carving of a statue, the writing of a drama, apply also to the true cultivation of men and women. In this sense art has been cruelly neglected. We hav plenty of beauty of outward adornment, but how little of true beauty of form or of life. We hang our walls with pictures, while we remain scarecrows. Our clothing is shorn of the joy and beauty of color. When life might be a perpetual gala day, we make it a sort of an unending funeral procession. Our lives are mostly vulgar and commonplace. When we would be stirred with great emotions, we must seek them at the theater. Many are not capable even of finding them there. Look at our young people swarming the streets of our cities on Sunday seeking enjoyment in the mere froth of existence, finding a temporary relief from their dullness in the arrival of a train. The churches hav no power to charm them, while at our Liberal meetings they are generally offered only the dry chaff of intellectual controversy which the first breath of spirit life will blow away.

Look at the sons of the rich—often, from a physical standpoint, mere warts and wens, things we can neither call monkeys nor men, and so hav been compelled to invent a new term and call them dudes.

In this country a handsome woman makes a hundred thousand dollars annually by exhibiting herself on the stage. Why do we pay so much money to sit in the outward shadow of beauty. Because we lack it in our own lives. Because, with our scientific Materialism, we hav made life cheap and vulgar.

We must cultivate the dramatic faculty. When we hav done this, and through spiritual knowledge stand again in relations with the immortals, we shall be made the recipients of the life of the great and good of all time. The best part of our education is the unconscious influence upon us of our associates. By the same law, Spiritualism can educate us through the magnetism of the noblest and best of earth. This work has been commenced in the children's lyceums, and through some of the inspirational speakers. This is but the germ of a great unfoldment. The greatest of the past are but representativs of whole generations that will make jubilant this fair earth when this faith has married night to day. Then each life will be at once a romance, a drama, and epic. Night also is the time of love. It is by moonlight the lovers wander 'mid the vine-clad hills. It was at night when Romeo sought Juliet's balcony and exclaimed:

> "It is my lady; Oh, it is my love.
> Oh, that she knew she were!
> She speaks, yet she says nothing; what of that?
> Her eye discourses; I will answer it.
> I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks.
> Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
> Having some business, do entreat her eyes
> To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
> What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
> The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars
> As daylight doth a lamp; her eye in heaven
> Would through the airy region stream so bright,
> That birds would sing and think it were not night."

Love is to be reformed. It is to-day so imperfect because man, under the blaze of the intellect, has neglected sentiment and suppressed the woman of his soul. Man, to be at his best, must be in a degree womanly as well as manly; while woman must be manly as well as womanly. She will be a comrade and friend as well as a lover. She will assert and claim her full right to be and do whatever it is right for man to be and do. She will be perfect mistress of her body as of her soul. The woman that permits herself to be the slave of a man's passions, whether in or out of marriage, prostitutes the temple of God to base uses, and invites into her sphere every unclean thing. The world is to be saved by a pure generation, as well as by regeneration or spirit power.

It's much better to be born right than to be born again. Night is also the cloak of lust. Under its shelter seduction and prostitution hold high carnival. How shall we suppress that poor wretched woman who is, sooner or later, the victim of horrible disease or the policeman's club; for certainly the world will

(*Concluded on page* 598.)

The National Liberal League.

The Eighth Annual Congress.

The first session of the eighth annual Congress of the National Liberal League convened on Monday, September 8, 1884, at 10 A. M., on the grounds of the Cassadaga Lake Free Association, to which they had been invited by the officers of the association in connection with the New York State Freethinkers' Association, T. B. Wakeman, president, in the chair. He opened by reading so much of the call as was necessary to explain the obj cts of the League, and of this particular Congress, and then awaited the motions of the house.

The first regular business was the appointment of a Committee on Credentials. W. S. Bell, S. P. Putnam, and T. C. Leland were chosen for this work, and J. E. Remsburg, C. B. Reynolds, Miss Helen H. Gardner, A. B. Bradford, and Mrs. H. L. Green were appointed a Committee on Business and Order of Business.

Miss Gardner objected that she was not a member of the League. Her objection was unheeded, for Orlando Child, of Moline, Ill., quietly stepped up to the secretary's desk, and made her a life member by paying the fee of twenty-five dollars.

Next in order was the appointment of a Committee on Nominations. Mr. Wakeman explained that this had been the usual custom of the League, but if the Congress preferred, the nominations could be made in open convention as a Committee of the Whole. It was, however, deemed more expeditious to refer the matter to a special committee, and the following were appointed as representing the various states whose delegates were in attendance: M. B. Lawrence, Ill., chairman; A. B. Severance, Wis.; J. H. Burnham, Mich.; M. E. Billings, Iowa; E. M. Macdonald, New Jersey; W. J. Irvine, Ohio; Hannah T. Stearns, Utah; G. W. Baldwin, Pa.; Courtlandt Palmer, New York; Parker Pillsbury, New Hampshire; Mrs. Mattie Krekle, Mo.

The Committee on Platform was chosen in the same manner, and consisted of Elizur Wright, Mass.; Dr. H. S. Brown, Wis.; John Steves, Ill.; J. H. Burnham, Mich.; A. B. Bradford, Pa.; S. P. Putnam, New York; Thomas Lees, O.; Mary E. Tillotson, N. J.; Hannah T. Stearns, Utah; M. E. Billings, Iowa; Mrs. Mattie Krekle, Mo.; Parker Pillsbury, N. H.

A Committee on Ways and Means was suggested, and John Steves, S. D. Moore, and Orlando Child were appointed to act as such.

The Convention then adjourned. The afternoon session began at two o'clock. The Committee on Credentials reported the following authorized delegates as present:

T. B. Wakeman, N. Y.	C. B. Reynolds, N. Y.
T. C. Leland, N. Y.	W. S. Bell, N. Y.
Courtlandt Palmer, N. Y.	H. L. Green, N. Y.
Elizur Wright, Mass.	O. Childs (L. M.), Ill.
Parker Pillsbury, N. H.	Almond Owen (L. M.), Dak.
A. B. Bradford, Pa.	Miss H. Gardner (L. M.), Dak.
F. N. Wilcox, Cleveland, O.	H. B. Severance, Wis.
W. J. Irvine, Cleveland, O.	S. D. Moore, Mich.
Thomas Lees, Cleveland, O.	W. Barnsdall, Pa.
Miss Tillie Lees, Cleveland, O.	M. B. Lawrence, Ill.
J. M. Wilcox, Cleveland, O.	Hannah T. Stearns, Utah.
Miss Mary E. Tillotson, Vineland, N. Y.	J. H. Burnham, Saginaw, Mich.
	G. W. Baldwin, Linesville, Pa.
H. Clay Luse, Waynesburgh, Pa.	Mrs. Mattie Krekle, Kansas City, Mo.
H. E. Juergens, Pittsburgh, Pa.	T. J. Watkins (annual member), Duke Center, Pa.
Frank Bacon, Pittsburgh, Pa.	
J. Steves, Durand, Ill.	Dr. E. Payne (annual member), Buffalo, N. Y.
Samuel P. Putnam, N. Y.	
Mrs. A. C. Macdonald, N. Y.	Mrs. H. L. Green, Salamanca, N. Y.
E. M. Macdonald, N. Y.	
Charles Watts, N. Y.	Mrs. A. J. Perkins, Baldwinsville, N. Y.
Miss Grace L. Parkhurst, N. Y.	
Mrs. H. N. Reed, N. Y.	H. S. Brown, M.D., Milwaukee, Wis.
John G. Kline, Altoona, Pa.	
John R. Kemp, Altoona, Pa.	C. P. Somerby, N. Y.
W. T. Doty, N. Y.	N. Eggleston (L. M.), O.
C. W. Austen, N. Y.	Miss P. Lillybridge, Ill.

The list as read was adopted, and on motion the annual members were allowed votes. The charter and life members, as well as president and secretary and three delegates from each auxiliary League, hav votes by the Constitution. Reports of committees were then called for. The Committee on Nominations, through Courtlandt Palmer, made what was intended as a partial report, or report of progress. The officers nominated by them were as follows:

For President,

COLONEL ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

Vice-Presidents,

CHARLES WATTS, PARKER PILLSBURY,
T. B. WAKEMAN, JAMES PARTON,
ELIZUR WRIGHT, MRS. MATTIE KREKLE.

For Secretary,

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

For Treasurer,

COURTLANDT PALMER.

Mr. H. L. Green moved the reception of the report. A. B. Bradford moved that it lie on the table. M. E. Billings moved its adoption. E. M. Macdonald moved as an amendment to all the motions that it lie on the table until Col. Ingersoll could be heard from. A discussion followed, participated in by Messrs. Billings, Green, Elizur Wright, John Steves, and J. H. Burnham, at the close of which Mr. Macdonald withdrew his motion, and the report was unanimously adopted, thus electing the persons named.

A motion was then made that the Congress nominate and elect the balance of the officers. Agreed to. Mr. H. L. Green nominated for chairman of the Executiv Committee Mr. E. M. Macdonald, who declined to serve, as he had all the work he could attend in editing THE TRUTH SEEKER. He nominated C. B. Reynolds. Names were mentioned for the balance of the committee, when H. L. Green suggested that the chairman of the committee be allowed to select his own associates. The suggestion was adopted, and Mr. Reynolds was elected chairman of the committee.

Mrs. A. C. Macdonald was then nominated by Mr. Putnam for chairman of the Finance Committee. Miss Helen Gardner was also nominated, but as she declined to serve, Mrs. Macdonald was appointed. Her associates are D. C. Blodgett, Orlando Child, and S. D. Moore.

The evening session was opened with music. The first business on hand was to hear the report of the Committee on Platform. Mr. A. B. Bradford, chairman of the committee, read the resolutions prepared. As adopted by the Congress they are as follows:

The National Liberal League, in congress assembled at Cassadaga Lake, reaffirm the Nine Demands of Liberalism as they were adopted at Philadelphia in 1876, and regard them as the basis of union henceforth, and as defining our mission as Freethinkers and reformers. And the better to carry out harmoniously the policy enunciated in these Demands, we hereby, and for prudential reasons, recommend to the next Congress to drop the name of the National Liberal League, and assume that of the "American Secular Union," thus indicating our desire for co-operation with our Freethinking brethren in the British Dominion of Canada.

Believing with the founders of the republic that civil government is a natural and secular institution, and not a divine and supernatural one; and believing, too, that the human mind in the process of education should be entirely free from the trammels of superstition, we congratulate our fellow-Liberals everywhere that this theory of government and education is admitted to be correct, and American, in the lately expressed official opinion of the New York state superintendent of schools, that the use of all religious books and ceremonies are inappropriate in schools supported by public taxation. And we recommend as one of the advantages of the local organization of Leagues in the state of New York, and as one of the duties to be performed, that, in any case where, through church influence, this opinion of the state superintendent is treated with disrespect, the members of a League should feel it to be their duty to defend and advocate it. We also express our satisfaction at the fact that the constitution of the state of California, in the true spirit of the national Constitution, refuses to regard church property as public property, and in Article XIII., Section 1, requires all private property, whether of individuals or corporations, to be taxed. It is also highly creditable to California that, in Article IX., Section 8, of her constitution, it is declared that "no public money shall ever be appropriated for the support of any sectarian or denominational school, or any school not under the exclusiv control of the officers of the public schools; nor shall any sectarian or denominational doctrin be taught, or instruction therein be permitted, directly or indirectly, in any of the common schools of this state."

Resolved, 1. That all who favor the secularization of our government be earnestly and cordially invited to unite and become activ members of the National Liberal League.

Resolved, 2. That in inviting co-operation with the different classes of Radicals in the grand objects of secularizing the national and state goverments, and exposing the falseness of the popular superstition, the parties must never forget that in all our discussions of the main topics, and of such side issues as may occasionally present themselvs on our platform, each person's thought and speech, while they must be entirely and sacredly *free*, should also be entirely respectful and considerate to those who may hold opposit views. This mutual respect and consideration being the natural and immediate growth of Freethought, and the very meaning of the word, is absolutely the only ground on which we can stand in harmoniously executing the mission we here undertake as reformers.

Resolved, 3. That we deem it the duty of the Liberals in their respectiv localities to organize Leagues, lyceums, kindergartens, and all other instrumentalities for educating children in the principles of science and secular government.

Resolved, 4. That we earnestly recommend to Liberals everywhere to pre-arrange and giv orders to their survivors concerning their funerals, so that their opinions and character may not be misrepresented after death by the exponents of the popular religion.

Mr. Green was first on his feet after the reading, and moved the reception of the report. He was closely followed by Mr. Billings, who moved its adoption. Dr. H. S. Brown offered some remarks, the gist of which he did not reach before he was ruled out of order. The report was received, and its discussion began. Mr. Green objected to changing the name of the League on the ground that it would be a violation of the Constitution, as proper notice of the matter had not been given, the Constitution requiring that proposed amendments to it be published along with the call for the Congress.

Mr. Palmer then moved that for the peremptory wording of the proposed change the committee's recommendation be substituted.

Mr. M. E. Billings, however, thought that the call published was broad enough for anything, and insisted that the change be made.

The chair ruled, nevertheless, that Mr. Green's point was well taken, and sustained his objection. Mr. Billings appealed from Mr. Wakeman's decision.

Mr. Wakeman asked the indulgence of the house while he stated a couple of points. He opposed (1) the change at this Congress because it was revolutionary in character, and (2) upon a question of such moment the Liberals of the country should be heard through the Liberal press, and hav a voice in deciding.

Elizur Wright did not object to the change so long as the League's objects remained the same. A rose, he remarked, would smell as sweet by any other name. He couldn't see that, in adopting the suggestion of the committee, the Congress would violate the spirit of the League's Constitution.

Courtlandt Palmer still objected on technical grounds. Professor Seymour said the Pittsburgh Auxiliary League had discussed the question [first presented by Mr. Bradford in these columns.—ED. T. S.] and sent its delegates to the Congress pledged and instructed to oppose the project.

The declaration of change was then modified to a recommendation to the next Congress of the League, and in this form received a large majority of the votes cast.

The remaining resolutions were then pruned and adopted as given above.

The remainder of the evening was spent in discussing ways and means of making the action of the League effectiv. It was the understanding that if elected to office both Mr. Watts and Mr. Putnam should engage in activ propagandist work. How to hold up their hands was now the question. Mr. Putnam was about throwing up a situation that realized him nearly $2,000 per year, and in a few months would quite reach that sum. Mr. Watts had a family to bring from England and support when here, and the work they expected to engage in must remunerate them or be abandoned by them. Courtlandt Palmer moved that in the first place a campaign fund of five thousand dollars be raised by contributions from auxiliary Leagues and from individuals, from this fund the two officers mentioned to be allowed $1,500 per year each, with the privilege of increasing their remuneration by lecturing. The motion was afterward put in the shape of this resolution:

Resolved, That the Liberal League, for the ensuing year, raise a fund of $5,000 for the following purpose, namely, to pay to the first Vice President and to the Secretary a salary of $1,500 each, the residue of $2,000 to be applied to the general League expenses; and that the said officers shall keep and make exact and full report of all receipts from lectures and other sources, and be allowed, if earned, out of such receipts an additional sum of $1,000 each per year.

The resolution was unanimously adopted.

A subscription paper was then read by the chairman of the Finance Committee. It set forth that—

We, the undersigned, agree to giv yearly the sum set against our names for the payment of salaries of officers, for propaganda, and for the purposes of legitimate League work, to be paid quarterly or oftener.

In response, the under-mentioned sums were subscribed.

Courtlandt Palmer,	$200 00
Elizur Wright,	120 00
T. B. Wakeman,	100 00
League No. 116, Waverly, Iowa,	100 00
Altoona, Pa., League (No. 255),	100 00
Moline (Ill.) Progressiv League,	100 00
Dr. E. B. Foote, Sr.,	100 00
A. Van Deusen,	100 00
Saginaw City League,	30 00
G. W. Baldwin,	25 00
Manhattan Liberal Club League,	25 00
Bennett Liberal League,	25 00
Society of Humanity (New York),	25 00
Newark Liberal League,	25 00
Almond Owen (paid),	20 00
St. Johns League.	10 00
N. Eggleston (paid),	10 00
C. B. Reynolds,	10 00
Linesville League (Pa.),	10 00
E. M. Macdonald,	10 00
C. P. Somerby,	10 00
George Macdonald,	10 00
T. L. Brown,	10 00
Cash (paid).	10 00
Cleveland League,	10 00
Paterson Liberal League,	10 00
Pittsburgh Liberal League,	5 00
Adrian Liberal League (paid by S. D. Moore),	5 00
Friendship Liberal League,	5 00
D. J. Watkins,	5 00
Milwaukee Liberal League,	5 00
Mrs. P. Lillibridge,	5 00
G. W. Curtis,	5 00
Franklin League (paid),	5 00
A Friend,	4 00
Cash (paid),	1 00
William Barnsdale (paid),	1 00
Total,	$1,251 00

Dr. Foote's, Mr. Van Deusen's, Mr. Somerby's (he was unavoidably absent from this session), and George Macdonald's subscriptions hav been received since the return of the secretary to this city. During the collection of this generous sum, the audience had nearly all gathered around the secretary's desk, and as the hour was late, no further business was transacted that evening.

Tuesday morning at 10 the League again convened. Mr. Leland read his report as follows:

I am not able to make a very formidable report this year. My work done does not compare favorably with that of previous years. In the first place, my health has not been good, and I hav had to moderate my rate of labor.

Second, I felt that the League was loaded up at Milwaukee last fall with more planks than it could bear, and found myself out of harmony with a portion of the platform. It has damaged the League, frightened away members, retarded new organizations, and made the work more up-hill which was sufficiently precipitous before.

Third, I was tired of appealing and begging for support of the League, and for means to carry on its legitimate work. I had nothing new to say. In my state of moral, physical, and financial ill-health, I ought to hav declined re-election last year. But the genuin and hearty friends of the League seemed too many and too devoted to abandon, although they were too few to secure efficient and thorough work; and I withheld my resignation till it would not seem to them like desertion and a retreat. Meantime the duties of the office hav had to drift. I just held the fort for a worthy successor—such as I am sure you hav found and elected in Mr. Putnam.

And yet the League has increased some. Eight new auxiliaries hav been added to our list of local branches, making the whole number of chartered auxiliaries 272. Two new life members and 119 annual members joined the League during the last year. The revenue from these sources and from gifts from Leagues and individuals has been hardly sufficient to set a squadron in the field and secure a Waterloo victory for Secularism.

There has been very little for a treasurer to do, but such as it is, he asks me to read his report. It is as follows:

RECEIVED.

From Charter Fees of Seven New Leagues, at $5,	$ 35 00
" Life Members, two in full, and one instalment,	61 00
" Annual Members, 123 in number, at $1,	123 00
" Gifts from Leagues,	64 50
" " " Individual Liberals,	26 00
Total,	$309 50

EXPENDED.

Rent of office, at $8 per month,	$96 00
Light and heat of office,	22 00
80 "Truth Seeker Almanacs," containing League Constitution, at 12 1-2 cents,	10 00
Postage,	27 00
Stationery,	12 00
Shorthand Clerk, partial service, at $8 per month,	96 00
Expense of Secretary to Cassadaga and return,	27 00
Total,	$290 00

RECAPITULATION.

Total received,	$309 50
" expended,	290 00
Balance in treasury,	$19 50

C. PALMER, Treas.

Mr. Putnam then offered the following resolution of thanks and respect for the retiring president and secretary:

Resolved, That the National Liberal League expresses its thanks to its retiring president and secretary, T. B. Wakeman and T. C. Leland, for their untiring devotion to the Liberal cause, for the ability with which they hav labored, and the success which they hav achieved. The promis which we hav to-day, and the new hopes which inspire, are the result of their patience, heroism, and self-sacrifice. By their unflinching courage they hav preserved the advancing interests of Liberalism, and hav won the lasting gratitude of all true lovers of liberty.

The resolution was seconded by Mr. Watts in a very felicitous speech, and carried unanimously amid the greatest enthusiasm.

When Mr. Wakeman rose to reply his eyes were humid, and his whole manner showed plainly that his feelings had been deeply touched by the exhibition of love and good-will for himself. His voice at first was tremulous, but he soon straightened out and made one of those splendid little addresses for which he is famous on *extempore* occasions. He was long and loudly and repeatedly applauded.

Mr. Leland then indulged in a few personal reminiscences. He left a three thousand a year position in the Custom House because he had no time to work in the cause he loved. When Mr. Bennett was attacked Mr. Leland was enjoying a salary of just half that in a New York commercial house, but he gave that up to enter the open fight for Liberalism. In early life he had been a constructiv Socialist, but on beginning the war for Liberalism he began reading Huxley's, Darwin's, and other noted works of scientific Freethinkers. He went into the war against Comstock to defeat that individual and the churchmen back of him, and he thought that had been done. Now Comstock is not to be feared. He confines his attention to policy shops and racing pools. His cases are thrown out of court. He is in bad odor. The fight is over, Mr. Leland concluded, and he thought it fitting that younger men should take his place. He thanked the Congress most kindly for its resolution.

Mr. John Steves, chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means—the other members being Orlando Child and S. D. Moore—then made a report as follows:

Your committee recommend as the method of finance and revenue for the uses of the national organization; for purposes of business and propaganda, the principle of voluntary contributions by the local auxiliary Leagues, and by individuals in sympathy with its principles and objects, to be paid to and collected by any of its general officers or agents, and by them paid or accounted for to the treasurer of the National Liberal League, monthly. And the names of the contributors—persons or associations—shall be published, when the amount contributed is one dollar or more, in such of the Liberal papers as will publish them gratuitously.

And when the amounts collected by miscellaneous, or congregational, or individual subscriptions, or by admissions to lectures or otherwise shall be remitted to the treasurer, the collecting agents shall state the time, place, and occasion, with the amount of the collection; and it shall be the duty of the treasurer to present at the close of the League year a balance sheet in full of the moneys received and expended, and the services and objects for which expended.

And the vice-presidents not beneficiaries of the funds, or a majority of them, with the treasurer, shall be and constitute a board of direction as to the proper objects of expenditure of said funds; and, except the treasurer, shall be a board of audit.

Mr. Steves's resolutions were accepted as a suggestion to the Finance Committee, and his committee was discharged with thanks.

A vote of thanks to the Cassadaga Lake Free Association for the use of the camp-grounds was then unanimously passed; and the business of the Congress was done. Short speeches were made by Messrs. Barnstable and Moore, followed by an account from the Hon. Elizur Wright of some of his early antislavery experiences. Charles Watts recounted the labors of the Secularists of England, and when he closed the Congress was over. The conference in the afternoon was independent of either organization.

Mrs. H. S. Lake's Letter to the League.

The secretary of the League during the Congress at Cassadaga read the subjoined note from the ex-chairman of the finance committee:

OSHKOSH, WIS., Sept. 5, 284.

T. C. LELAND, SEC. NATIONAL LIBERAL LEAGUE,

Dear Sir: I write this to express my regret to you and my Liberal fellow-laborers, in Congress assembled, that I cannot be with you. For four years it has been my pleasure to meet with you upon occasions like this, and to take part in your deliberations. This year other engagements prevent my bodily appearance among you; but I wish to assure you, one and all, that in spirit I am with you, as heartily devoted to the purposes for which the National Liberal League was organized as at any time.

I trust that the questions which shall be discussed will be promotiv of the best interests of humanity, and that all who attend and participate may feel imbued with devotion to truth and justice, the great principles upon which alone can rest a happy and prosperous nation.

Should new officers be chosen, I trust the choice may fall upon those who will serve with the same zeal and devotion which hav been manifested by the present president and secretary.

For myself, I desire that some one may succeed me who may be able to contribute more to the financial welfare of the association, though no one can feel a greater interest in the principles upon which the League is established. Wishing you a prosperous future, and a profitable convention, I am

Very sincerely and truly yours, MRS. H. S. LAKE,
Chairman Fin. Com. National Liberal League.

To the Liberals of America.

The late action of the Liberal League lifts it at once out of the details of party politics into the realm of universal principles. It now deals with the fundamental questions of human progress. It is unconnected with the thousand varying opinions that belong to particular reforms and measures, and labors for that necessary condition by which all true advancement must be made, namely, Freethought. From this time forward this is the one mission of the Liberal League and the American Secular Union, to set free the minds of men, to insist upon fair play in political government, to maintain equal rights for all. It commits itself squarely to the Declaration of Independence—that government is of the people, and should represent the people in their totality, and not a certain class or sect in that people who lay claim to superior sanctity. On this grand platform all minor differences of party politics are forgotten, and every intelligent and conscientious citizen who believes in justice and liberty can unite with us for the progress of the world. All those who are in favor of a total separation of church and state, who would drive out every shadow of ecclesiasticism from political co-operation, who would hav every honest opinion thoroughly respected, who would willingly accord the same rights to others that he claims for himself; every just, charitable, liberal, and progressiv man and woman, are invited to our ranks in order that this great work to which we hav set ourselvs may be fully accomplished, and that before we die we may see some attainment of that equality and justice and noble fellowship of humanity which is the dream of the heroic soul, the inspiration of the martyr, which is the fountain of joy and the star of hope.

Never were the prospects of Liberalism so bright as they are to-day. Never was there such harmony of feeling, such oneness of thought, such unity of purpose. If there is "a divinity that shapes our ends," we must say that it has breathed into Liberalism at this time with wondrous potency. Almost unconsciously, amid all our diversity of opinion, we hav drifted to the same conclusion. However, we know that this is the result of a careful, thorough, and profound consideration of the needs of the hour by the wisest and best Liberals. This is no hasty movement. It is not the ebullition of a moment. It is the outcome of years of toil, of suffering, of sacrifice, of consecration. In the darkest hour something has been done to bring forth this bright and beautiful dawn that so enchants us.

I am sure that thousands and tens of thousands of Liberals throughout America will respond to the new and vast opportunity that is now before them. Remember the magnitude of the task that is imposed upon us. We are taking part in the mightiest movement in the history of the world. In the glowing words of Victor Hugo, there is a change of front of the universe. We are the forward troops in this immense procedure, from whence humanity takes to itself new life, and unfolds a fresh civilization. Let us realize the greatness of our privilege, that we are in the midst of a creativ revolution of thought and hope, that we stand upon the threshold of a brilliant future, into whose light we can put some ray by our own sincere endeavors.

Freethought is forethought, and therefore we must lay plans for the time to come. We must be conscious workers in the evolution of humanity. We must be the providence of that new heaven of which science day by day is laying the strong foundations. The Liberal League has decided from this time henceforth upon an aggressiv campaign. We shall select our points of attack and press on with the utmost vigor. We shall allow the enemy no resting spell. From the Atlantic to the Pacific the fires of Liberalism shall be kindled, societies organized, not simply upon a negativ, but a constructiv basis, for the development of social life, the scientific culture both of old and young; the cultivation of the spirit of humanity; the attainment of art and poetry, and noble morals—of the beautiful and the good, in unison with the true and matter-of-fact. We are to be the soldiers of nature, and through nature and nature's wealth we are to make man happy here and now, and crown his labor with the golden fruitage of a just reward, so that every worker shall hav a home, and every child born upon this planet a place to liv and a right to nature's bounty.

To carry out these all important undertakings, vital to the welfare of ourselvs and our children, the National Liberal League has voted to raise a fund of $5,000. Over $1,200 of this is already pledged. I hav no doubt that Liberals all over the country will cordially respond, and that in a few weeks the whole $5,000 will be pledged. Let friends send in their names and subscriptions as soon as possible, to be published, in order that others may be incited to the same good deed. Every dollar paid into the treasury will be accounted for at the next annual Congress. The officers of the League intend to prove their fitness by the work they do, and not by their professions.

In accordance with the spirit of this address, and to carry out all the purposes named, Mr. Watts, the first vice-president of the League, and myself, will devote ourselvs to the lecture field. We wish to visit, during the coming year, at least two or three hundred towns from the Atlantic to the Pacific, lecture, organize Leagues, etc. The qualifications of Mr. Charles Watts for the important position to which he has been chosen are well known. He is a veteran of twenty years' hard work; a man of rich experience; of wide intelligence; of thorough scientific culture, and an orator of rare ability. Let me hear at once from every section of the country in regard to this matter of lecturing. We are ready to go wherever the Liberals giv us a call. Don't try according to the size of your purse, but according to your hope in Liberalism. We will come if you send for us and pledge us a welcome, even though by but few.

Remember that all the money earned by our lecturing tour goes into the national treasury, subject to conditions named in resolutions, and every cent paid in will be accounted for. Be generous, therefore, as your circumstances permit, for what you do is not for our individual benefit, but for the benefit of the National Organization.

I would say one word more in closing in regard to a most important subject, namely, the burial of our Liberal dead. It is our duty to enshrine their death with all those hopes that make our life so beautiful. The shadows of the past must not rest upon the graves of our departed. We must speak our word, our consolation, our faith, our glory—founded in the life that now is and into whose bosom we would gather those who are outwardly silent, but inwardly eloquent still, and throned in affectionate memory.

I would say that Mr. Watts and myself will be ready at any time to serve those who, in the shadow of death, desire the noble consolations of our secular faith.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM,
Secretary of the National Liberal League.
Address: No. 55 East 9th st., New York City.

THROUGH DAY TO NIGHT, AND NIGHT TO DAY.

(*Concluded from page 595.*)

never be saved until a true Christ lifts up to purity and womanhood the last Magdalene. I know that this subject has been unwisely meddled with by the unskilful. Some people seem to always take hold of the hot end of the poker. Instead of presenting to us this subject only when transmitted into the flowers of beauty and fragrance, they empty the manure-heap on our heads.

But even this must not make us betray the cause of the soul's highest purity and truth. Holier than any temple of wood or stone, consecrated by diviner rites and for diviner purposes, is the human body. But we must also teach that the flowers of modesty are as beautiful as those of love. The rough feet of reformers must no more be allowed to trample on the pure modesty of nature than those of street loafers. Those who cannot see men and women mingle in pure and friendly relations without poisoning the air with slander and low-minded gossip must be shown their own corruption until they are shamed into silence.

But this subject, in all its bearings, is getting too vast for me. It overpowers me with its magnitude. I see the light dawning in such glory that it blinds me. I see the black spirits of evil fleeing before this bridal of night and day like wild beasts before the advance of civilization. I whisper to myself the words of Walt Whitman:

"Oh, living always; always dying!
Oh, the burials of the past and present!
O me! while I stride ahead, material, visible, imperious, as ever;
O me! what I was for years now dead I lament not. I am content.
Oh, to disengage myself from those corpses of me which I turn and look at where I cast them!
To pass on (Oh, living, always living!) and leave the corpses behind."

I am lost in the splendor and magnitude of the thought. I see love rising cleansed from the last stain of lust and coming forth to fill the world with rejoicing and beauty unspeakable. I see the time when death will be only a thin veil which we can part at any time, and clasp to our hearts again the forms of departed friends and lovers. I see the time when children will come into this world only through the garlanded portals of love, and greeted with the joy-bells of welcome. I see the time when education will be equally bestowed and made to cover the perfect and symmetrical unfoldment of body, mind, and heart; when each one will be and belong to himself; when life, saved from the lust of acquirement, will be consecrated by the highest culture.

Friends, we are to liv forever.

If I know anything, I know that our so-called dead are not dead. We are the children of the infinit and eternal. Let us liv worthy of our immortal destiny. Are you living simply to amass a fortune for your children, that is more likely to prove a curse than a blessing? Go home and spend it. Improve and beautify your home. Put in a bath if you hav none already. Keep your body clean and sweet. Remember it is the temple of an immortal spirit. Buy the best books. Liv to liv. Add strength to strength, and grace to grace. Do not expect death to save you, nor rely upon any one else's magnetism. Worship no longer the god of the dead, but the god of the living, the god in you. Be large in mirth as well as free in thought, liberal in deed as well as in profession. Help to spread the light. In closing I should like to warble one note you will all remember. This is the fifth year I hav addressed this convention at this hour. I hav given to you who are Agnostics four of the best years of my life. Though I go forward now into Spiritualism, I trust that you who hav been my friends will be so still. The world to-day is to me full of truth and beauty. I seem to be alive for the first time. Infinit possibilities ravish my vision. I hav no more fear of death, but anticipate it with thoughts of pleasure. But whether Agnostic or Spiritualist, this is still the creed:

"To thine own self be true.
Do the task that lies nearest.
Follow the truth thou seest.
Open thy heart to beauty.
Make thy prayers thy duty."

And for you shall unfurl the banner of victory. Let the good of both day and night blend in your love. Then as a bridegroom going forth to meet his bride, as the bride waiting in thrilling ecstasy his coming, so shalt thou greet each returning day. As the pure and strong father, the wise and loving mother, through the garlanded gates of love and law, bless and redeem the world in their offspring, so shall all the fruit of thy life be for the healing of the nations. However dark the night around you, above you will gleam the stars of hope. Fear shall no more hav power to touch you. The castle of doubt will be demolished, and the giant of despair slain. Though you walk through the valley of the shadow of death, you shall fear no evil. Palaces of beauty will giv you rest and inspiration. Delectable mountains will widen your vision until your feet shall come to the land of the immortals. Then though ideals on earth remain unfulfilled, yet as you vanish from the pinnacle of time into the mists of eternity, you shall cry victory, as the promis of all their fulfilment shall burst upon your vision. Then there shall be no more night.

"Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops."

Summary of the Life of Paul.

There was a Jesus who was stoned and hanged for sorcery in Judea about 75 years B.C. Passages from the Talmud relating to him were long ago adduced by eminent Christian scholars. In 1874, the Rev. S. Baring-Gould gleaned them all, and expressed the belief that in the reign of Alexander Janneus (106–79 B.C) there was a Jesus who went to Egypt with his master, Rabbi Joshua Ben Perachia, and on returning to Judea practiced magical arts, for which he was stoned to death. And in the first Toldoth Jeshu the stoning is described as occurring in the reign of the widow of Janneus, *i. e.*, between 79 and 69 B.C. See "Lost and Hostil Gospels," and "Revelations of Antichrist."

The evidence we hav adduced that Paul escaped from Damascus prior to 62 B.C. cannot be successfully controverted. Paul therefore must hav been a disciple of this martyred Jesus, whom he called the messiah, or anointed son of God.

We must therefore look for Paul's fellow-disciples in the century before the Christian era; and lo! we find Rabbi Simon Kepha described in the first Toldoth Jeshu as dying on a tower about 39 B.C., which would be about the time we would fix for the death of one of the eldest apostles of Christ.

With this strong *prima facie* case, what other evidence hav we discovered to corroborate it? Josephus furnishes almost all the history we hav of that period, and to him we are indebted for the discovery of most of the following personal indentities and collateral facts:

1. Onias, who was murdered outside the walls of Jerusalem between 66 and 69 B.C., answers to the martyr Stephen; and there is no trace of a martyrdom answering to his for the next 130 years, or until A.D. 62. *Stephanos* in Greek means "crown."

2. Paul's escape from Damascus was when Aretas, king of Arabia, governed that city. After 63 B.C., Damascus was governed by an uninterrupted succession of Roman officials, and no petty Arabian king ever controled that city under the empire.

3. Manahem the Essene, a prophet who was living about 20 B.C. at a very advanced age, parallels closely with Manahen, one of Paul's early coadjutors, mentioned in Acts xiii, 1.

4. Pollio the Pharisee, another aged man, revered by Herod the Great, answers to Paul. Herod's two sons, Alexander and Aristobulus, went to Rome to be educated (20–17 B.C.), and while there lodged at the house of Pollio. This was about the time, if any, when Paul the aged wrote epistles from Rome.

5. If, as Ewald supposes, Pollio the Pharisee was Hillel, then Pollio's disciple Sameas may answer to Saul, alias Paul.

6. In that case, or perhaps in any case, Gamaliel of Acts answers to Hillel, who was enough older than Paul to be his preceptor. But Hillel would hav been too old to hav lived at Rome 20–17 B.C., therefore we think the identity of Pollio with Paul is far more probable than with Hillel, about whom very little is known.

7. If Pollio was Paul, then Sameas may answer to Silvanus (Silas of Acts); and it is possible that Paul's associate, Silvanus, was the same who is mentioned by Josephus as pretor of Ephesus about 20 B.C.

8. Paul's associate, Titus, was probably Titus Justus of Corinth. Otherwise there is no clue at all in Acts to the discovery of Titus. The order of events in that book would exclude this identity, but the chronology of Acts is inextricably confused.

9. Timothy and Titus were both Arameans. The Greek codices falsely call them Greeks (Acts xvi, 1; Gal. ii, 3. Compare Syriac version).

10. Paul was probably not very familiar with the Greek language. He uses the word Greek but once in all his epistles, although the earlier Greek codices make him use it twelve times, and the later codices thirteen times (Compare Syriac version).

11. Tyrannus, in whose school-room Paul preached at Ephesus, may hav been the Tyrannus who was body-guard to Herod the Great, and was put to death about 7 B.C. And Secundus of Thessalonica may answer to Jucundus, the companion of Tyrannus, who suffered a like fate.

12. Ananias was high priest from A.D. 48 to 55, so that it is apparently impossible to recognize him as high priest at the time described in Acts, when Paul was tried at Jerusalem.

13. There is not a particle of historical proof that Herod (Agrippa I.), or Felix, or Festus, or (Herod) Agrippa II., or any known historical personage of their time knew Paul.

14. If Paul ever appeared before Agrippa it was Marcus V. Agrippa. Herod Agrippa II. had no jurisdiction in Judea except to appoint high priests, A.D. 49–70, while M. V. Agrippa had supreme authority under Augustus in all the eastern empire between 22 and 12 B.C.

15. The orator Tertulius answers to Nicolaus of Damascus, whose speech before M. V. Agrippa, about 16 B.C., as given by Josephus, furnishes part of the substance of the speech of Tertulius in Acts xxiv.

16. Julius, the kind officer who accompanied Paul to Rome, answers to Julius who was consul 13 B.C., and pro-consul of Ephesus, 10 B.C. He protected the Jews.

17. The Augustus mentioned three times in Acts answers only to the first Roman emperor. In the Syriac version Augustus is twice changed to Cæsar (Acts xxv, 20, 25), but the Greek codices all retain Augustus (*ho Sebastos*) in those passages.

18. The historical characters mentioned in the book of Acts and known to hav lived in the first half of the first century are as follows:

Judas of Galilee, rebel, died about A.D. 10.
Annas (Ananus), high priest, A.D. 4–21.
Caiaphas, high priest, A.D. 25–36.
Ananias, high priest, died about A.D. 48–55.
Gamaliel, lawyer, died about A.D. 52.
Theudas, rebel, slain about A.D. 47.
Herod Agrippa I., reigned A.D. 37–44.
Herod Agrippa II., reigned A.D. 49–70.
Claudius Cæsar, emperor, reigned A.D. 41–54.
Felix, governor of Judea, 51–60.
Festus, governor of Judea, A.D. 60–62.

To these may be added the two sisters of Agrippa II., namely, Drusilla, wife of Felix, and Bernice, widow of her uncle Herod of Chalcis, and mistress of Titus and Vespasian. (But there was a Bernice who was married to a son of Herod the Great, about 22 B.C., and became the mother of Herod Agrippa I.)

19. There is not a scintilla of historical evidence to connect a single one of these persons with Paul or with any apostle or contemporary disciple of Jesus, the adored messiah, much less with Jesus himself. The most learned scholars hav never been able to adduce from all the authentic records of antiquity any evidence to substantiate the narrativs of the book of Acts, so far as they relate to the immediate disciples of the messiah.

20. But on the other hand we claim to hav discovered with more or less certainty historical traces of the following persons named in the book of Acts, all of whom existed, and most of whom died, in the century before the Christian era:

Paul (perhaps Pollio the Pharisee), 96–10 B.C.
Manahen (Manahem the Essene), 96–10 B.C.
Stephen (Onias), slain about 68 B.C.
Herod (the Great), reigned 47–4 B.C.
Bernice (his niece), married to his son about 22 B.C.
Agrippa (M. V.), lived 63–12 B.C.
Gamaliel (Hillel?), lived 112–20 B.C.
Silas (Silvanus, pretor of Ephesus), about 20 B.C.
Julius (proconsul of Ephesus), about 10 B.C.
Tyrannus of Ephesus, died about 7 B.C.
Secundus of Thessalonica (Jucundus?), died about 7 B.C.
Tertullus (Nicolaus of Damascus), flourished 16 B.C.
Augustus Cæsar, reigned from 31 B.C. until A.D. 14.

21. Some of the above dates are only approximate, and several of the identities are quite shadowy. But as to Paul, we entertain no doubt that he lived most, if not all, of the years above indicated (B.C. 96–10); and as a further confirmation of his existence at that period the apocryphal story of "Paul and Thecla" mentions "the Syriarch Alexander" and "Queen Tryphena"—the latter a "kinswoman of Cæsar," and both subordinate to an Asiatic proconsul. This undoubtedly refers to the time of Julius or Augustus Cæsar—probably the latter.

In proof of this assertion we now cite the ancient historian Plutarch, who says that Mark Antony appointed his own son Alexander king of Armenia, Media, and Parthia, and another son, Ptolemy, king of Phenicia, Syria, and Cilicia The mother of these sons was Cleopatra, queen of Egypt. And in the year 31 B.C., when Antony gave battle to Octavius Cæsar, Plutarch names six "vassal kings" in attendance, viz.:

"Bocchus, of Libya; Tarcondemus, of the upper Cilicia; Archelaus, of Cappadocia: Philadelphus, of Paphlagonia; Mithridates, of Commagene; and Saladas, of Thrace."

And the same author adds:

"Out of Pontus Polemon sent him considerable forces, as did also Malchus from Arabia, Herod the Jew, and Amyntas, king of Lycaonia and Galatia; also the Median king [Alexander] sent some troops to join him."

Alexander and Ptolemy, who were small boys at this time, were styled "king of kings." Antony and Cleopatra died the next year, and Octavius Cæsar, afterward called Augustus (27 B.C.), governed the whole Roman empire. After his reign there were no more "Syriarchs" or "queens" in the Asiatic provinces. Syria continued to be governed by a succession of Roman presidents. In a part of Jewry the sons of Herod the great retained their thrones as tetrarchs. His grandson Agrippa received the title of king under Claudius for three years, until his death, A.D. 44. Then for five or six years all Jewry was governed by a Roman procurator. In the year 50 Agrippa II. was called king, but his territory was insignificant and his royal power next to zero. Nero (A.D. 54–68) allowed him to retain his title and nominal power, but he was a renegade Jew.

We conclude our work with the following affirmation:

Every scrap of evidence that has ever been produced, whether called canonical, apocryphal, or his-

torical, purporting to hav been written within a hundred years after the alleged crucifixion of a Jesus Christ under Pontius Pilate, attesting the fact of such an event, is either a fiction or a forgery.

FINIS.

Legislation upon Temperance.

I do not write "legislation upon liquor dealing," which is the only theme now before the public, simply because this may be decided either way by the ballot, without its allowance or its prohibition essentially affecting the evil of intemperance. Before producing facts to prove this point, I disclaim all desire for direct legislation upon temperance as well as upon the trade in liquors, because I believe in more effectiv means of combating intemperance. Only, as there are honest differences of opinion about the proper functions of government and value of legislation, I shall indicate for those who care to use such means the enemy's weak point. It is not in a partisan spirit that I write. And whatever motivs may influence votes, it is rational to suppose that all writers upon temperance or on prohibitory legislation hav in view substantially the same end, viz., sobriety. This sobriety, necessary to the development and acceptance of practical truth, carries courtesy into the discussion of it. The more we are in earnest about the abatement of a public nuisance, like drunkenness, the more discriminativ we must be as to the means employed, so as to concentrate our forces on the vital point.

Let us examin first the negativ results of legislation upon liquor dealing, because experience has already rendered its verdict upon this method of action, whereas that which I favor as more direct and practical cannot, that I am aware of, appeal to experience, but only to analogy and common sense.

The advocates of prohibitory legislation who demand an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, or else an unconstitutional encroachment by the general government on the powers reserved to state autonomy, are invited to meet me on the preliminary ground of state experience within acknowledged constitutional limits. For no one can seriously desire to repeat upon a larger scale such legislation as may hav proved ineffectiv and pernicious on a smaller yet amply sufficient scale of judgment, such as is presented by Vermont, by Maine, and perhaps by other states of which we possess no statistics.

The *Agitator*, Washington City, May 17th, givs statistics proving the general habitual and open violation of the prohibitory law in towns and villages throughout the state. The writer, Edward Johnson, remarks of its exceptional enforcement: "A person arrested for intoxication is compelled to 'disclose' the person from whom he procured liquor, and that person is then tried for the offense. Such cases are common, but as only the lowest class of liquor dealers is concerned in them, generally speaking; and as the prosecution is invariably for a 'first offense,' no effectiv purpose is served. Occasional efforts to enforce the law in the larger towns hav invariably proved short-lived, and in almost every instance the people hav, at the earliest opportunity, rejected at the polls the officers who hav attempted it." And he concludes: "Such laws in the hands of the vicious—who are always among us—reduce the father and mother, husband and wife, parents and children, to being spies and informers on each other, or else connivers and parties to the infraction of the laws. They giv opportunities to wreak a mean revenge; to disturb peaceful and law-abiding families by obtruding the arm of the criminal law into the domestic life of any citizen; and, on a trumped-up suspicion, drag him disgracefully before a criminal tribunal. These laws enable a policeman, acting upon a nebulous suspicion, to insist upon entering and searching your house during your absence; and when a timid, frightened lady, prompted by modesty, attempts to keep him out until you return, to arrest her for resisting an officer and drag her to a police station."

"Under the operation of these laws, a neighbor knows that his neighbor is a law-breaker for gain. The father knows it of the son, and the son of the father. The wife, the mother, the sister, the daughters and sons, know that for profit's sake their husband, father, son, or brother, neighbor or friend, is hourly violating the laws of the land. If such laws can be disregarded with impunity for gain, what law or obligation will be sacred to such people?"

If you hav a *parti pris* in this question, it is easy to throw the blame on the defectiv manner in which these particular statutes hav been worded; but consider that Vermont is above the average of our states in culture and intelligence, and that its majority, which passed these laws, hav been occupied thirty years in perfecting them after their kind. "Each legislature since '53 has modified and amended them in view of thoroughness, severity, and efficiency." "This law constitutes an entire chapter of the revised statutes, and embraces more than fourteen sections." Will you shift your ground and call them *premature*, in view of the small majority which passed and which sustains them—22,215, over a minority of 21,044? Then I answer that whenever public feeling is strong enough to enforce such laws impartially, it is strong enough to dispense with them by acting directly and socially on the drunkard himself. With or without legislation, render drunkenness really *disgraceful*—as much so as the penitentiary uniform, and let its repetition consign the drunkard to an insane asylum for special medication with hard work. When public opinion is strong enough for that, it has no occasion to peck at commerce with an awkward tool like legislation.

Revolted by the ugliness of certain vices, like intemperance in drink, feminin impulse is prone to confound this so prolific parent of crime with crime itself, against which it is wont to see legislation directed. Yet the more earnestly we desire sobriety, the nicer must be analytical discrimination of means, in order to avoid needless opposition. Now, it is easy to know whether a man is drunk or sober, and to regulate our behavior accordingly; but if you make liquor, instead of its drinkers, your objectiv point, you get presently bewildered. True, it requires no very profound studies to know that fermented drinks, more or less adulterated, cause, through excesses, rather diseases than crimes; that light, pure wines and beers are innocent; the heavier, gouty; and whisky, with its crude fusel oil, more criminal than rum. But other than hygienic reasons meet you when you go to legislate. You might never hav thought of invading the social *bier garten*, but if, respecting its orderly cheerfulness, you legislate against riotous whisky, Ireland cries out against your partiality to Germany, or labor makes common cause with rowdyism against gentlemanly indulgences in wine. Thus you are politically driven to go the whole hog, and after having, at vast cost of lungs and dollars, conquered a moral majority, your legislation fails by sheer unpopularity.

Another difficulty in legislating against liquor dealing arises from an agricultural interest, in itself auspicious toward temperance. Every observing traveler knows, and the reports of our consuls all over the world, published by government, hav established the fact, that the wine and beer drinking countries are the soberest, and that those disinherited of the vine which hav instituted the still, are corrupted by drunkenness.

At present our lake shores and Ohio valley do most of our wine making of the Atlantic states; but as the steam plow invades our levels, capital, possessed of machinery, will monopolize grain, cotton, and other cultures, except upon the steeper declivities, where only the grape and a few other fruits can be grown to advantage with the spade and pick. The love of independence will then drive the small farmers to the mountains, where Bacchus and the goat wait to welcome them. Our wine culture, then greatly increasing, will at once counterindicate prohibitory legislation, and favor a salutary change in our drinking habits.

In citing Dr. Lewis, I distinguish between his research and testimony with regard to the fact of inefficiency in Maine, and his conclusions from them in favor of the maudlin crusade which he claims to hav initiated and propelled. It is not by spasmodic movements, too much resembling Methodist revivals and salvation armies, that woman can effectivly prevent intemperance, nor has she any occasion to beg favors or to browbeat keepers of saloons. Whenever and wherever moral intelligence is adequate, the leading women of character in any society hav but to organize opinion with regard to their treatment of lovers, in order to carry their point about sobriety. How powerful, in spite of their fantastic notions, were the Courts of Love in Provence, is matter of history. We can do much better now in a practical way. Such feminin and purely social opposition, either to drunkenness or lewdness, is sure to be respected, and is from that dangerous provocation to reaction in favor of culprits, which all arbitrary legislation, with constraint by the arm of a police corps, notoriously engenders. Sentiment and conscience cannot borrow aid from physical force in any form, without weakening their natural influence. The instinct of liberty is insulted when order is imposed by constraint. Yet this same liberty engenders order when left to its own untrammeled evolution by the co-operation of spontaneities.

As to methods of constraints, "main strength and awkwardness," nature, while counterindicating them as against vices, permits them against crimes. Outrages on person or property naturally provoke the same in kind. If legislation mediates, the natural limit to severity is the difficulty of its impartial enforcement. Here again spontaneous social action, as in case of the Californian vigilance committee, is more adaptiv, more discriminativ, prompter, and more effectiv than any code bolstered with precedents and served by lawyers.

Masculin legislation may punish, but never reforms. As for feminin legislation, that is quite another thing, for that will be the end of the reign of things, *i. e.*, of simple material interests; and the beginning of the reign of persons, *i. e.*, of sentiment. And that reign may begin to-morrow, if the young ladies please, without waiting on Congress, or amendments to the Constitution, or the ballot. It is within the easy power of the minor mode, which is the sovereignty of charm, to turn the tables on the major mode, which is main strength and awkwardness, without saying, "By your leave," or, "Dim yer sowl," or iny kind of perliteness. It will be a new phase of the co-operativ movement, but which can originate only at the summit and flower of society, where fine natural faculty coincides not merely with intellectuality, but with the habit of command. It is the queen's move. Far from my pen be the audacity of tracing its course; but among its probable corollaries I foresee the Great Western Republic clearing herself from the breakers of a tremendous civil war, the salvation of property, the redemption of labor from the curse of soulless capital, and general contentment resulting from justice attempered by love.

EDGEWORTH.

Knocking Out the Stuffing.

BROTHER MACDONALD: More than a year ago you wrote that if "Antichrist" could prove conclusivly that Paul flourished before the Christian era, it would "knock the stuffing out of historical Christianity."

A little later you seemed to be more than half convinced that there wasn't much "stuffing" to be knocked out, for you said in an editorial, Oct. 27, 1883:

> "Without a foundation in fact, with not a real solid peg on which to hang its pretensions, Christianity has exercised squatter sovereignty in the world, and refuses to vacate until forced by law. It has retreated from the house to the fence, from the fence to the ditch, and there it proposes to fight, joining forces with all the lawless population of the neighborhood."

And now, if, after reading the "Summary of the Life of Paul," you are able to see any "stuffing" left, your eyes are sharper than those of

ANTICHRIST, A.M.

The Proof-reader Was Abroad.

KIOWA, KAN, Aug. 15, 1884.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* It is not often that I annoy THE TRUTH SEEKER compositors with fault finding in the shape of corrections, but there are a few mistakes in my article, "Prohibitory and Sumptuary," in the issue of Aug. 2d, that much mar the sense, and hence I solicit a correction. In first line of seventh paragraph, third column of page 484, for "harm" read *honor*. Seventh line of second paragraph, first column of page 485, for "we" read *she*. Third line of second paragraph, second column of page 485, for "Ruin" substitute *Rum*. Next to last line of fourth paragraph, second column of page 485, for "potent" read *patent*.

Truly, E. C. WALKER.

ROCHELLE, ILL., Aug. 10, 1884.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* The transformation of the word "nude" into *made*, sadly muddled what I considered one of my best points in my "Realistic Meditation" of last week. I intented to say that spiritists ever pretend to see and attempt to prove *too much*, and that—old clothes not being immortal—if they saw spirits *nude* instead of clothed in the identical garments known at the time positivly to be elsewhere, they would not themselvs prove their delusion. But pretending to see certain clothes, *when they positivly do not see them*, proves absolutely that the spirits they pretend to see *in* the clothes are a delusion also. Old clothes cannot be immortal, but as spirits are never seen without them, it is self-evident that both clothes and spirits are a phantasm.

OTTO WETTSTEIN.

GREGORY, ALA., Aug. 25, 1884.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I hav your card mentioning acceptance of my articles, and hope soon to see them in print and more carefully corrected than the last by your proof-reader.

EDGEWORTH.

BURR OAK, MICH., Aug. 22, 1884.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* THE TRUTH SEEKER is usually very carefully edited and printed, but I suppose little mistakes would occasionally occur even in a "Paradise not made with hands." There were more printers' errors in that last article of mine on Talmage than I ever saw in a whole copy of THE TRUTH SEEKER before. I think the proof-reader must hav been "out" the night before. Out of several words underscored, only one was italicized. I wrote, "Hebrew and Talmagee," meaning, of course, the language of Talmage, but the final *e* was omitted, making nonsense of the first part of the sentence. I wrote "*Credo*," and it was printed "Creeds,' in the same type as the body of the article. A name, the name of one of America's noblest sons, was omitted entirely. Where I wrote capitals they were printed in small letters, and vice versa. Notwithstanding THE TRUTH SEEKER'S correction (?) or oversight, I can't say which, the last syllable of Heidelberg is properly spelled with an *e* instead of *u*. And so on. Hoping this kindly criticism will not grate harshly on your nerves—I suppose editors' nerves ought to be made of steel, anyway—I am

Respectfully yours, M. G. W.

IN the *North American Review* the leading article is by Bishop J. Lancaster Spalding, who insists that the only sure "Basis of Popular Government" is morality, not culture of the intellect, nor universal suffrage, nor the development of material resources; and that if the country is to be saved from ruin, there must be a return to the uncompromising moral code of the founders of New England. Mr. Spalding does not advocate the re-establishment of the Inquisition, but he evidently can see how it would be, in the hands of the "right" kind of Christians, a valuable moral agent. The policy of "The Exclusion of the Chinese" is advocated by John H. Durst, who presents a striking array of forcible and original arguments against Mongolian immigration. Four distinguished writers on political economy, namely, David A. Wells, Thomas G. Sherman, J. B. Sargent, and Professor W. G. Sumner, set forth, from nearly every conceivable point of view, the "Evils of the Tariff System;" and it is announced that in the *Review* for October several writers of no less distinction will exhibit the "Benefits of the Tariff System." The other articles in the current number are "The Demand of the Industrial Spirit," by Charles Dudley Warner; "Inspiration and Infallibility," by the Rev. Dr. J. H. Rylance; "The Need of Liberal Divorce Laws," by Elizabeth Cady Stanton; and "Our Remote Ancestry," by Professor Alexander Winchell.

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

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SATURDAY, - - SEPTEMBER 20, 1884.

The Close of the Convention.

The main features of the meeting up to Friday afternoon were given last week. Mr. C. B. Reynolds used up a couple of hours Thursday afternoon in expounding "Salvation." Notwithstanding its great length, the audience listened attentivly to the address and frequently encouraged the orator by tumultuous applause. We shall, as room is found, print this and other worthy speeches; but as many of the orators forgot to fulfil their promises to hand us their manuscripts—among them Mr. Reynolds—the verbatim report must necessarily be foregone. This issue contains Mr. Chainey's Sunday forenoon speech, to which Mr. Watts replied Sunday evening. Mr. Watts spoke extemporaneously, but we are promised a very full abstract so soon as he can find time to write it out.

Friday, as briefly mentioned last week, was occupied by Miss Gardner and Mr. Remsburg, followed by Mr. Reynolds, as above noted. Mr. Remsburg's speech on "Bible Morals" was what one auditor termed a roarer. Mr. Remsburg himself regards it as the best lecture he has yet written. This is saying a good deal, but in a week or two our readers will hav the opportunity of judging for themselvs. That those who listened regarded it as a thorough and irrefutable indictment of the "holy scriptures" was proved by the loud applause often ringing through the amphitheater. Friday evening a collection was taken up for Mr. Green, who is in very bad health. Eighty-seven dollars were realized. Friday evening was devoted to a D. M. Bennett Memorial Meeting, at which short extempore addresses were made by S. P. Putnam, T. L. Brown, J. H. Burnham, M. E. Billings, W. S. Bell, Charles Watts, and C. B. Reynolds. It was a delightful evening, the subject of Mr. Bennett's wrongs being one upon which perfect harmony of opinion exists among the members of the New York State Association of Freethinkers. Before beginning the speaking, Mr. Green returned thanks to the audience for the collection in his behalf of the afternoon. Mr. Putnam moved, also, that hereafter the secretary of the association be allowed more pay for his services than is usually realized from voluntary contributions for that purpose. He mentioned the sum of three hundred dollars annually. Courtlandt Palmer seconded this proposition in a rattling good speech upon the necessity of better supporting the activ workers in the Liberal field. The printing of Mr. Chainey's speech, called for by his friends, in this paper necessarily crowds out a detailed report of the memorial services.

Saturday morning was a business meeting, at which officers for the ensuing year were elected, and delegates to the ensuing Congress of the National Liberal League. The old board was again chosen, with the exception of some changes in the vice-presidents. A resolution was also adopted, as follows:

Resolved, That as an auxiliary of the National Liberal League, it is the sense of this association that the action of the National League be confined to the Nine Demands of Liberalism, to be supplemented by social and educational work unconnected with party politics.

Resolved, That this association advises the League to elect its officers for practical activity, and that its president (or first vice-president) and secretary be put directly into the field with a salary to be paid out of the funds of the League.

Resolved, That this association pledges itself to aid the officers of the National League in their labors with pecuniary and moral support, and call upon its members to advance the interests of the cause, both by individual and combined effort.

Mr. Courtlandt Palmer seconded the resolution, and it was carried unanimously. The delegates to the Congress were C. B. Reynolds, C. W. Austin, and W. S. Bell. Mr. Putnam then read a paper prepared by Saladin (W. S. Ross), of the London *Secular Review*. The reading was followed by two ladies, Mrs. Watson and Mrs. Hannah Stearns, both Spiritualists. Their addresses were listened to attentivly, and voted excellent by the audience. The afternoon was filled by Messrs. Billings and Burnham. The evening was given over to hilarity, which took the form of a dance, tickets fifty cents, realizing about twenty-five dollars for the treasury, the rest being absorbed by the band.

On Sunday morning a discussion on the place for meeting next year was held. Cassadaga Lake was unanimously condemned. The attendance was small, and those on hand were all Freethinkers who did not need conversion. Either there were no outsiders to come in and be benefited, or the wretched railroad facilities deterred them. The management of the Spiritualist Association were magnanimous, and their generosity was duly and gratefully appreciated, but everyone felt the unfitness of holding our conventions, of only a few days duration, in a place which furnished no audiences except from people who came to spend the summer, and who had then nearly all departed. A large city was felt to be more advantageous to the spread of our ideas, and Buffalo was the choice of many. Mr. Palmer thought Saratoga would be a good place, and it was finally left to the Business Committee to settle. After the discussion, Mrs. Mattie Krekle made a splendid speech on "Rights, Human and Divine." She promised to write it out, and we hope to hav the pleasure of publishing it ere long.

Mr. Chainey delivered the address printed elsewhere. The address in itself is a fine one, a magnificent rhetorical picture, but it lacks one thing, namely truth. His criticism of his Liberal associates, attributing to them sensualism and intellectual cruelty, was the most presumptuous piece of nonsense ever uttered, especially as he was being paid by an association composed of people many of whom held the very philosophy he was grossly abusing. Non-Spiritualistic Liberals, and many of the more Liberal Spiritualists, felt deeply hurt by his onslaught, and greatly deprecated its delivery. But the offense was not by any means one-sided. In the afternoon Mr. Wakeman spoke, and during his address paid his respects to Mr. Chainey and the Spiritualistic philosophy in rather brusque terms, which angered the believers in immortality as much as Mr. Chainey had offended the other side. All over the ground little groups formed at the close of the lecture, discussing the two speeches, and wondering what Mr. Watts, who had formally been announced to reply to Mr. Chainey in the evening, would say. Mr. Wakeman's lecture was founded on the recent papers in THE TRUTH SEEKER by Frederic Harrison, Herbert Spencer, and S. P. Andrews. His remarks upon Mr. Chainey were incidental, but their caustic nature was very irritating, and the knowledge that Mr. Watts was to further dissect his former colleague's new faith added fuel to the flame. Several said they were now convinced that Spiritualists and Materialists could not work together, and, proceeding on this assumption, one gentleman stopped his two copies of THE TRUTH SEEKER, although he had no fault to find with us on the score of Liberality and toleration. His opinion was offset, however, by a few Spiritualist friends advising all their acquaintances to take the paper as being the one journal perfectly fair to all sides. One said he repudiated vicarious atonement, and thought it just a trifle unfair that we should suffer for what the chief editor of *Man* said. Ill-feeling ran high in both parties, and though the platform of the Convention was absolutely free to both sides, and many Spiritualists occupied it without dumur, it was not until Mr. Putnam had pointed out the "Unities of Liberalism," that anything like harmony was restored. The extent of the jar may be inferred from the remark of a good old lady who said she thought the wrangle had so disturbed the atmosphere that the spirits would be driven away.

Mr. Watts's speech in the evening was a scathing rebuke of Mr. Chainey's attack on Liberalism, and, though strongly Materialistic in tendency, was courteous in spirit, dignified in delivery, and tolerant in tone, making him many friends among his philosophical opponents, who intimated that whatever they thought of Mr. Watts's logic, they were sure Mr. Chainey deserved all the castigation he received.

One of the best addresses of the Convention was that of Courtlandt Palmer, on the "Supreme Being." Mr. Palmer's conception of a supreme being coincides with that of Comte, and he is a believer in the Religion of Humanity as opposed to the current superstition of Christianity. The address was polished and scholarly, and we shall take pleasure in printing it entire when we obtain the requisit permission—and manuscript.

Friday evening Mrs. Mina Seymour, pianist, of Salamanca, a vivacious young lady, invited the speakers and one or two others to a spread of ice cream and cake served in one of the tents adjacent to the hotel. Thanks were duly returned to the giver of so much sweetness, who, however, expressed herself satisfied at having gathered so much uniqueness around one table. This Convention relaxed from its rigidity more than any held formerly, and we feel sure the example was well set. With the exception of the one strain of discord the five days were a round of continuous enjoyment for all on the ground, the hotel keeper excepted. His life was made unhappy by the incessant clamor of unsatisfied guests. All the ladies brought their autograph albums, and the speakers were obliged to duplicate their pretty thoughts about once every half hour.

One of the two regrettable incidents of the meeting we hav spoken of. The other was that the expenditures were greater than the receipts, owing to the large number of speakers and the long distances they were compelled to travel. It was necessary to pro rate, and about one-third of their fees was paid in due bills. Mrs. Krekle generously gave her unreceived balance into the treasury, and perhaps others did that we did not hear of. Any member of the Association who did not attend but wishes to help it out may confer with Mr. S. P. Putnam, 55 East 9th street, this city. The people who were there gave generously, and only the slim attendance, caused by the inaccessibility of the place, prevented the whole cost being defrayed at once.

A considerable number of the attendants at the State Convention were also delegates to the Congress of the National Liberal League, and during the week considerable discussion of the best men to elect to office in that body was heard. Mr. Chainey's name had been mentioned, but after his change of sentiments he was unavailable, for the reason that he was not enough in sympathy with the movement to devote his entire time to working for it. It is his desire to found in some large city a Spiritualistic church, of which he shall be the pastor. His life work, he feels now to be the promulgation of the truth of spiritual communication, and the formation of a religion founded on this truth. Consequently he peremptorily declined to hav his name used in connection with the presidency of the League. Col. Ingersoll was the unanimous choice of the delegates for president, providing he would accept. But it was also strongly felt that at least two officers should be elected who would go out into the highways and by-ways and preach Secularization and organize Leagues. Mr. S. P. Putnam was the unanimous choice for secretary, with Col. Ingersoll for president; and when the delegates heard Mr. Watts speak, a feeling grew that he ought to be secured in some way to help the work along. His experience in organization in England, his practical ability, his personal geniality, his power as a speaker, all combined to make him a working force whose acquisition would be invaluable. His capture is a species of grand larcency from Canada, in which country he had proposed to settle, but it was thought the provinces could stand it, especially if the United States loaned him to them once in a while. And when Mr. Palmer suggested that he be induced to swear alligiance to the states, and then put in a position in the League where he could help build it up, the point was seen at once. Mr. Putnam was morally certain to be the next secretary; everybody liked him for his magnificent enthusiasm, constant self-sacrifice, splendid laboring abilities, poetic genius, generosity of conduct, toleration of beliefs, and general loveableness; he wanted a congenial colleague, and so he united in asking that Mr. Watts be put in the Board with him. That this would be the outcome was patent when the League delegates assembled Monday morning. The details of the Congress will be found elsewhere.

It was a splendid sight to see such old veterans present as Elizur Wright and Parker Pillsbury. Though Mr. Wright is an octogenarian, his mind is as clear as a bell, and his speeches, delivered in a voice just a little weakened by age, are as vigorous in thought and virility of expression as they were

when he fought the anti-slavery fight. Of Mr. Pillsbury the Congress heard little. His health is not the best, and he is obliged to husband his strength. But his mere presence was an inspiration to the younger members, who can learn much, if they will, from these veterans in liberty's war. Mr. A. B. Bradford, who is entitled to rank with the abolition fighters, was activly engaged at this Congress as the chairman of the Committee on Resolutions.

The important business of the League was finished Monday night, and many delegates left on the early train Tuesday morning; but for those who remained no trains from the grounds were obtainable until the evening. Tuesday forenoon was occupied by the closing session of the League. Mr. S. D. Moore suggested that the afternoon be devoted to a conference. The visitors had gradually departed until not more than fifty responded to the ringing of the bell for this gathering, but from the illumination of the countenances coming from this little love-feast at its close, we are inclined to think no session of either convention was more enjoyed by the audience, who in this case were also the speakers. But however entertaining it may hav been, time would not wait, and when the dirty cars of the D., A. V. & P. R. R. halted at the Lily Dale station, the last of the Freethinkers were waiting to receive it. As this railroad was never known by any mistake to make connections with other roads, most of the departing guests of the Cassadaga Lake Free Association were obliged to remain in Dunkirk or Jamestown over-night, an opportunity to get something to eat which most of them embraced. From Jamestown and Dunkirk the people scattered in all directions; our ex-president and present secretary returning to New York; Mr. Watts, first vice-president, going to Toronto; Elizur Wright to Saratoga to report to a convention assembled there to discuss the forestry laws and best methods of inducing rainfall in arid regions; and the speakers to fulfil their engagements in various towns in various states. The general opinion expressed by the outgoers was that the Convention was not so successful as had been hoped, but that the action taken at the League Congress was the most important in the history of the League, and gave the most promis of satisfactory results. That over a thousand dollars should be raised from a little handful of people to prosecute the work, shows the great enthusiasm existing when once the practical method is pointed out.

Almost War.

The two following dispatches were printed in Monday's daily papers. The first is from London:

"The antagonism in Belgium between the Clericals and the Liberals is becoming uncontrollable, and threatens to result in civil war. The Brussels newspapers are flooded with letters from sanguinary Liberals urging the press to publish a signal for a rising against the Clerical party, and the writers promis that when the tocsin is sounded there will be no lack of armed men to enforce the demands of the people. Many members of the nobility, although nominally Catholics, are full of indignation against the Clerical program, which they look upon as tending to subvert their established rights. These noblemen are exasperated at the action of the peasants in voting almost solidly for the Clericals, and they propose a variety of reprisals. Those of them who are large landholders propose to take revenge upon their tenants by remaining absent from their property, spending their money in Antwerp and Brussels, and by evicting the farmer tenants whenever they can find a legal pretext for such action.

"The Catholic journals of Brussels, such as *La Belgique* and the *Journal de Bruxelles*, hav been for many days urging the boycotting of Brussels tradesmen in revenge for the action of the Liberal mobs which hav threatened and attacked Clerical processions in Brussels. These incitements are now producing their effect, and life is made a burden to commercial travelers going through the provinces as representativs of Brussels business houses. In several instances these drummers hav been threatened with lynching, and some of them hav been glad to escape with their lives, leaving trunks full of costly samples to assuage the fury of the mobs."

The second comes from Brussels and reads as follows:

"The *Official Gazette*, of Brussels, announces that the king has signed the Educational bill. The *Gazette* makes a strong appeal to the Liberals to maintain calmness. There were riotous demonstrations to-day at Alost between a number of Brussels pedlers and the inhabitants of Alost. The police were called upon and restored order."

The averting of a similar collision in this country is the object of the National Liberal League. It is the only organization in the country standing on such broad and patriotic ground. The Freethinkers of the country are the only people with foresight sufficient to detect the machinations of the church that in all ages and climes has been the persistent foe of freedom. Isolated and scattered throughout the country, the Freethinkers can, however, do little to oppose these machinations. But they can support the organization which in future will fight, and ultimately defeat, this church, or any church which undertakes to lord it over the consciences of men, or dictate how their children shall be educated.

Let there be peace and unity in our own ranks, that the war against the common enemy may be successfully waged.

Bigotry Rampant in British Columbia.

Having failed in all other means to prevent Col. Robert G. Ingersoll from securing a hall in Victoria, British Columbia, in which to deliver a lecture on orthodoxy, the civil authorities, on learning that he had rented the new Royal Opera House, entered a protest against the building being used for a public meeting on the ground that means of egress were inadequate in case of fire. Their decision was announced on the day Ingersoll arrived, the 28th of August—the date he was announced to lecture. On hearing that there was likely to be trouble, Mr. Ingersoll stated that he would lecture on the street, but feared the interference of the police. Learning that he could charter a steamer then in the harbor, he proposed to charter her at his own expense and take those who wished to accompany him to Port Townsend free of charge, when he would deliver his lecture rather than disappoint them. However, this alternativ was not taken advantage of. He and a number of friends had gained admittance to the Theater Royal, where he proposed to hold the lecture.

Hundreds were waiting outside of the door to gain admittance, but were stopped by the police. The superintendent of police ordered the treasurer to stop selling tickets under pretext that the building was not safe. The treasurer with a few friends then went around to the west side of the building, and with an ax cut an entrance. Mr. Ingersoll and ladies, the United States consul, Colonel Stephens, and other ladies and gentlemen, finally appeared upon the stage. Alderman Fell, stepping forward, began in a strong speech to condemn what he proclaimed as a bold attempt to frustrate free speech, and said that, though British born, he blushed this evening for what had been done. He was enthusiastically cheered. The scene that followed beggars description. Windows and doors were smashed in, by which entrance was effected. The police were powerless to keep order or carry out their instructions. The crowd were with the lecturer, and were determined to hear him. During the melee several ladies fainted. After the police found that they could not prevent the lecturer going on, they contented themselvs with endeavoring to keep order. Immediately after the lecture was over Colonel Ingersoll took a steamer for Washington Territory. It is stated that he will sue the corporation of Victoria for heavy damages. —*Dispatch to the New York Herald of September 13th.*

Editorial Notes.

THE Rev. H. Martin Kellog, of Sound Beach, Conn., appears to be an honorable sort of man. It will be remembered that Mr. Samuel P. Putnam was called to that hamlet a few weeks since to comfort, so far as a funeral discourse may, the family of Charles Palmer, whose wife had died. In interviews with Mr. Kellog, published in the daily papers, that minister was made to insinuate that the use of the church in which the service was held was obtained dishonorably by Mr. Putnam pretending to be an ordained preacher. We took the liberty at the time of denying this point blank, for Mr. Putnam is not the man to do a dishonest act. Mr. Kellogg himself now corroborates our statement. In the Stamford *Herald* of the 3d inst. are three letters, one from Mr. Palmer, over the grave of whose wife the Christians hav tried to wage the battle, one from Mr. Bladworth, who made the arrangements for the funeral, and one from Mr. Kellog. We hav room for only the latter:

"EDITOR HERALD: Please allow me to correct some inaccuracies which crept into the report of the recent funeral which was held in the First Congregational church of Greenwich, published in last week's *Herald*. It must be acknowledged by all to be unwise and harmful to the cause of religion and humanity to hav misrepresentations of such a matter promulgated through the press, and still worse to permit them to remain uncorrected to continue their injurious influence. The officers of our church were unanimous in granting the use of the edifice for the funeral, upon the single condition that the officiating clergyman be a regularly ordained evangelical minister of the gospel. Two hours before the hour appointed for the service, Mr. Putnam, of New York city, was brought to the parsonage, and introduced to me as the minister selected. He stated that he wished to see me personally before proceeding to the service, as he could not meet the imposed condition, not being an evangelical clergyman, or now a clergyman of any sect or denomination. He said he was ordained a Trinitarian Congregationalist, afterward became a Unitarian Congregationalist, and then merged into Liberalism. He proceeded to voluntarily pledge himself not to preach any religious doctrin or dogma of any sort, that he was not here for that purpose, nor did he seek any controversy, but that he had responded to his friends to simply extend the sympathies of humanity and truth to the bereaved family and friends of the deceased Mrs. Palmer. Mr. Putnam, in all his conversation and bearing, evinced himself to be a most courteous gentleman, and entitled to respectful and reciprocal treatment. Upon his statements, I replied that I would take the responsibility of removing the barrier of the imposed condition for the use of the church, and freely and cordially sanction the funeral obsequies. He asked with evident solicitude if it would not create some unpleasant feeling in the community, and said he did not wish to be an instrument of social disturbance. I replied that undoubtedly there would be much talk about it, but he need not heed that, but proceed to perform his duty. The statement in the *Herald* that 'the pastor felt some trepidation about allowing the ceremony to proceed,' is wholly contrary to fact. I could hav staid the proceedings by a word of refusal at that juncture, but from such a manly, candid declaration from Mr. Putnam, I was quick to see that that would not be the true spirit of humanity or of Christ in the time of mourning. The lengthy description of the service given in the *Herald* as *my words* was evidently copied from the New York *Sun* of the previous Monday. The facts about that are briefly as follows: A reporter of that paper waited on me Saturday evening. I gave him in substance what I hav written above. He then proceeded to ask a volley of questions which I was very chary in answering. Among them were inquiries as to the order of exercises, and whether Mr. Putnam kept his pledge, which I positivly declined to answer. Very many of my people hav asked me these and similar questions, and to all I hav given the uniform reply: 'I express no opinion whatever.' It does not look consistent, surely, that after making that reply many times to all parties, I should giv a detailed and inaccurate description of the whole service with my own minute views to the reporter of a daily newspaper? It is evident that the dailies wished to make as much of a sensation story of the whole affair as possible, no matter what the detriment might be to our community. It is unfortunate also, as it tends to fan a flame of discord and rupture which is likely to burn on indefinitly in continued dislike and prejudice, and will be hard to extinguish. Brethren, while we may jealously guard the sacred walls of our sanctuary against desecration, let us show the spirit of our savior and master in exercising that Christian charity which endureth all things, is not puffed up, not easily provoked, and is the greatest of the three cardinal virtues of our Christian profession. When a man is beneath the waves of affliction by the loss of his wife and the mother of his children, whatever the difference of opinion and religious belief, let us heartily extend the open hand to raise up, and the sincere voice of sympathy to cheer and to win to him who wept himself with those that wept at the grave. For the sake of truth and charity and religion I offer these explanations.

"Very truly yours in the Christian ministry,

"H. MARTIN KELLOG.

"*Sound Beach Parsonage*, Aug. 30, 1884."

THE Rev. Dr. Sexton, of England, is creating great excitement in Toronto by lecturing against Secularism, and has become quite popular with the churches. This Mr. Sexton is an old antagonist of the English Secularists, and Mr. Watts has arrived at Toronto in good time to meet him, which he proposes to do in a four nights' debate. In the mean time Mr. Watts is lecturing at Albert Hall, Toronto. On the 14th he expounded the principles and aims of Secularism, and to-morrow, the 21st, he examins the claims of Christianity. His further dates and subjects at the same place are as follows: Sept. 28th, "Secularism Proved to be Superior to Christianity;" Oct. 5th, "Morality and Religion; Is Man Necessarily a Religious Being?" Oct. 12th, "Religious Fanaticism; Its Cause and Cure;" Oct. 19th, "Agnosticism; An Exposition and Defense." When our presidential campaign is ended, so that the public can be reached on sober matters, Mr. Watts will come down to New York to join the secretary of the League in the Liberal campaign. In the mean time routes will be laid out and arrangements made by Mr. Putnam.

THE "Home Missionary" of the *American Nonconformist* is rustling through the towns of Iowa in the interest of himself and General Butler. He met many Liberals, among them the stanch Dutton families, who stood by Mr. Bennett so grandly when he was in trouble, and has since stood by the paper he founded. Of the meeting the "missionary" says: "At Grand Mound we met the Dutton's, four in number of families, all highly respected citizens of their respectiv localities. Mrs. Flora Dutton, wife of LeRoy Dutton, is well known over the state as one of the most uncompromising reformers. When D. M. Bennett was in prison, she paid $10 a month toward his defense fund the eleven months he was confined; when he returned from his trip around the world he was down here and made quite a stop with his old, tried, and true friends, and today, if you want to raise a fight with any of the Duttons, you hav only to attack the good name of D. M. Bennett."

FREEDOM of thought means, to some members of the class calling themselvs "Freethinkers," license of expression. A number of persons from this class are at present holding a convention at Cassadaga, in Chautauqua county, N. Y., in which they are airing rather loose sentiments on the Bible, religion, morality, and the Almighty. Miss Helen H. Gardner is delivering her lecture on "Men, Women, and Gods," which she offered to a New York audience last winter. Miss Gardiner is pleasant to look upon, and a *proteje* of Robert G. Ingersoll. Miss Gardiner might very well be in better company and engaged in a nobler and more womanly work. Mr. Courtlandt Palmer on Sunday was to tell what he thinks of "The Supreme Being." It may interest him some time to know what the supreme being thinks of Mr. Courtlandt Palmer.—*Herald.*

Journalists are not, as a rule, theologians. The editor of the *Herald* shows about as much knowledge of Liberalism as the writer in the *Times* did of religious matters when he referred to Methodism as "a mild form of Calvinism."

IN THE TRUTH SEEKER of August 16th we called attention to the efforts being made by Willis McDannald, of Milton, to secularize his state, Oregon. He prepared petitions, and sent them to all the Liberals in the state that he could hear from. He wants now to communicate with some additional ones, and also to state that all petitions should be returned to him by December 20th. Thus far all the expense has been borne by himself alone, and a little assistance in that way would also be gratefully appreciated. If he is supported as he should be in this endeavor, he is sanguin of success. Col. Ingersoll has been in the state, and met with his usual grand success. The colonel told Mr. McDannald that he would commend his efforts wherever he spoke in Oregon. If the resident Liberals will do as much, the news from Oregon will be glorious.

MESSRS. WATTS, Putnam, Remsburg, and Macdonald are indebted to Mr. Wm. H. Wyman, of Dunkirk, for a very interesting trip through the Brooks Locomotiv Works, located in his town, and with which he is connected. He will please accept the thanks of all the gentlemen for the pleasant and instructiv time spent in his company.

ANY one having a copy of THE TRUTH SEEKER of August 30th that can be spared will do us a favor by returning it to this office. Our supply has been exhausted by reason of that issue containing Mr. Andrews's comparison of and reply to Messrs. Harrison and Spencer, and yet the demand is not satisfied.

Letters from Friends.

MURRAY, O., Sept. 2, 284.

MR. EDITOR: I desire once more to write a letter to you to inform you that I am still on the side of Freethought and reform.

I inclose petition for state secularization. Please excuse the dilapidated condition you will find it in. A friend of mine, to whom I had sent a petition for him to take around, in answer to my letter, said in regard to the petition, "I think little about it (recognition of God, etc.). Paine sincerely believed in God, and exp cted to be happy beyond the grave. Some of the petition is repugnant to my feelings. I am not an Atheist. I shall not ostracize myself nor ruin my business in traveling with such a petition; there is no pay in it, and the community I liv in would soon let me feel I am not prepared for the ordeal of proscription."

I will state right here that this friend and myself hav corresponded regularly for the last fifteen years, and I had every reason to believe he was an Infidel, and so he is; but he is one of that kind who, having found out the fallacies and superstition connected with the Christian religion, is satisfied to remain idle, or unmindful of the thousands who are yet "patrons of its corruption."

With your kind permission I will state that I am very much indebted to Mr. Eliiott Preston, that grand humanitarian, for anti-vivisectional literature that he sent me some time ago, the perusal of which has convinced me or the uselessness of vivisection, scientific or otherwise. The evidence is also so strong in favor of anti-vivisection that I feel justified in saying that unless the practice of vivisection is immediately stopped in the physiological schools, our students will be reduced to a state of demoralization that will take years of ethical teachings to eradicate.

The following is one of the many ways the vivisectionists treat their subjects in order to reduce them to a fit condition for their examination: "Planting nails sharp and numerous through the feet of the animal in such a manner as to render the creature almost motionless, because in every movement it would hav felt its torment more acutely."

Great goodness, such cruelty! The above was the pet hobby of Professor Mantegazza. How any sane man can for a moment think of anything being gained by the above operation is more than I can tell.

Are we not told upon good authority that what will kill a hawk will fatten a chicken? and as a chicken resembles a hawk considerably, at least, more than does man a dog, we feel safe in saying that a vivisectional operation upon one species can never result in giving us any knowledge in regard to another species. What then? Why, in order to obtain any knowledge (physiologically) of man, it will be necessary to take man for a subject, and then it is known that what will effect a cure for one will in some cases act in an opposit course for another. But be that as it may, for the sake of argument say that the vivisection of one man will benefit a thousand. Are we going to stand idle and permit human beings to be slaughtered in the name of science? As a votary of humanity, I protest against such cruelties. When vivisection would hav reached such a hight, we would all protest. Why then not protect the lower animal—dog, horse, etc.—as we would the higher animal—man? Let us hav no compromise. Let us hav the total prohibition of vivisection. Allow me to say that "A Pœan of Liberty," by Elliott Preston, in last week's TRUTH SEEKER, was splendid; in fact, everything that flows from his pen is good.

If I am not taking too much space, I would like to inform you how the men of this place were insulted yesterday by the governor (Hoadly) of this state. As you are aware, "these are the times that try men's souls," especially in this part of the country. The miners of this place hav now been on strike twelve weeks, that is, contending for their rights against the unjust demands of the operators, which demands, if conceded to on the part of the miners, would reduce them (the miners) to a state of slavery, equal to, if not worse than, the slavery of 1860. Did space permit, I would giv it to you in full. Suffice it to say that the demand is so tyrannical in its nature that the miners are determined to resist to the bitter end. They (the operators) hav their mine of this place filled up with "foreign laborers," about one hundred and twenty in number.

The company, which is, as I said in a former letter, a very large syndicate under the title of "C. & H. C. & I. Co.," not being satisfied with taking the bread out of the mouths of the miners' wives and children, has added the last "hair to the camel's back" by ordering them to vacate the houses, which is being resisted on the part of the miners by taking legal proceedings. There hav been, to my knowledge, but two cases won on the part of the miners. In all cases where the company wins, the miners are immediately ejected. It will thus be seen that monopoly not only takes the bread from the wives and children of the miners, but throws them upon the cold charity of a much colder world. In view of all this it is but justice to the miners to say they are taking the matter peacefully and philosophically. Well, to come to the point in question, yesterday a dispatch was received at this place—by a prominent Democrat—stating that the governor would be here some time during the day, and to hav as many men as possible to meet him. He was to come on the train. I saw the dispatch myself. In consequence of this a very large (for this place) number of men were congregated at the depot when the train came in, all expecting that Gov. Hoadly would address them. The general feeling among the men was that the governor's object in coming down was to address and advise the people. Such an address! Wonderful advice! Glorious eloquence! What! Do you think the governor spoke to the people? No. He reminds me of the Christian Jehovah who did all his speaking through his man Moses, but probably Hoadly had no man Moses, or again, perhaps the "cat had his tongue." Whatever the reason may me, suffice it to say that the governor of the state of Ohio did not recognize his constituents in their time of trouble. No, he came through like some great magnate on his throne in company with monopoly under the title of "C. & H. C. & I. Co.," or like an asteroid whose circumference the people could not touch. Freethinking governor though he may be, he has lost a great number of friends in this place. There is no doubt that the dispatch was sent here for the express purpose of gathering the men together to create a demonstration so that the governor would go away under the impression that this place was in a lawless condition, when such is not the case. Such remarks as the following could be heard from the crowd as they were leaving after the governor had gone: "Did not the governor make a splendid address?" "Was it not good advice?" "Such eloquence!" etc.

The men, without an exception, were disgusted and felt they had been *insulted* by the head executiv of the state of Ohio.

Yours for the right, D. E. LEWIS.

READING, KAN., Aug. 30, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I notice a communication from Geo. T. Bruce, from San Francisco, Cal., favoring prohibition. I am surprised that an Infidel, which he says he is, who has become such from a full and free exercise of his own mind, or one that possesses that spirit of Liberalism which we expect to find among Infidels, should take the position which he does.

I deny that prohibition ever originated with Infidelism. He says: "The movement of prohibiting the crime of selling intoxicating liquor is an Infidel movement, and originated from scientific investigation," all of which I positivly deny. While I admit that Infidelity has given freedom to a great amount of mental slavery, and opened up channels for scientific research, I deny that prohibition is in any sense a resultant of that scientific investigation; but, on the contrary, has proceeded from that trammeled condition of mind which we find in the orthodox church. While it is true that scientific research has demonstrated that alcoholic liquors used to excess are injurious to the human system, and while I admit the fact that Infidelity is energetic in advancing knowledge and progress in all reforms to the bettering of the condition of mankind, I deny that it is the province or intention of Infidelity, or that Infidelity recognizes the right, to deprive any man of what he desires, however injurious it may be to him. The idea should be repulsiv to every true Infidel.

The sentiment is of the church, and not of Infidelity. The church says to its ignorant followers, "I know, and you don't know. I am the result of scientific investigation, and I prohibit you from eating any meat on Friday." Infidelity appeals only to reason. He says that the liberty for which we contend is the liberty of the highwayman, when he puts his pistol to his victim's head and says, "Your money or your life," which sentiment, it seems to me, could not hav come from an Infidel who has become such by his own research and reason, from the fact that the position and idea are too ridiculous to hav proceeded from such. The rum-seller and the highwayman might possess the same feelings toward their fellow-men because the same man might pursue both of their avocations, but in no other case could I see that there would be necessarily any similarity in their relativ positions or feelings toward their fellow-men.

The rum-seller would keep his goods eternally if there was no one's desires to supply. It is unreasonable to say that prohibition is not to prohibit the drinker, but only to prohibit him who sells. If there were no one to want, there would be no need of the law, so that prohibition can only mean to deprive a man of what he wants, and is bound to be so construed, which is il-Liberal and also un-Infidel. While Infidelity would favor all law that would redound to the welfare of humanity in protecting life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, it would also favor all law that would extend to every human being a perfect liberty to do what he pleases, unless it be a forced injury to his fellow-men. But the rum-seller's injury—if, perchance, he does an injury to his fellow-men—is not forced, and is as much an unknown injury to him as it is to the merchant who sells the pistol with which the purchaser commits suicide. But there is another feature of the prohibitory law of which I wish to speak. It is not only wrong in principle, but it is wrong in view of the object which it is intended to accomplish. Is it not a fact that human nature is so constituted that contention fosters curiosity, and curiosity demands knowlegde, and knowledge demands experience? It is truthfully said that what is true of families is also true of nations. In the house there is whisky, but the father says to his boys, "You cannot get any of that whisky to drink, because I hav it locked up in my chest." If those boys had the brains necessary to ever become Infidels, they would be into that chest the very first opportunity.

The prohibitory law says to the people: "You can't hav whisky. You don't know what you want. You think you need whisky, but you don't. You, the minority, can't get whisky, because we, the majority, hav got it locked up." The minority get it and drink it, partly to assert their rights, and partly to gratify their curiosity, which contention for and against the law has created.

This is the way the prohibitory law works here in Kansas, and in every other state where it has been tried.

I am prepared to assert, without fear of successful contradiction, that prohibition fosters intemperance here in Kansas, and ever will wherever adopted. W. H. PENFIELD.

OMAHA, NEB., Aug. 28, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Christianity, as a system of religion, claims to be of divine origin, and boldly proclaims to the world that it is the only channel through which the human race can escape a life of endless misery, and obtain a life of joy and happiness for evermore. The church says to the people, individually and collectivly, Unless you subscribe to our creed, and meekly comply with all the requirements of the gospel, as interpreted by us, you will most assuredly be damned forever. Now, sir, that is certainly a most extraordinary assertion, and should not by any means be accepted as true unless supported by positiv proof. It is, therefore, our duty as rational beings to investigate the matter, and ascertain for ourselvs the truth or falsity of such a sweeping assertion.

It appears to me that the claim of divine origin must of necessity rest entirely on the doctrin of the immaculate conception. If that doctrin is true, Christianity is of divine origin. If false, Christianity is as destitute of divinity as the Liberal League of your city. Consequently the question very naturally arises, Is that doctrin true? and we answer by saying that such an occurrence is contrary to all the operations of nature, so far as known to man; therefore we are justified in rejecting it as false until substantiated by proof of the strongest description.

But the church says we must believe that without faith it is impossible to please God. And we reply that without evidence it is impossible for faith to exist. Therefore, if God wishes us to believe a statement or proposition which both reason and observation tell us is false, he must furnish proof sufficient to bring conviction to the mind that such a statement or proposition is true. We cannot believe, or, in other words, we cannot hav faith without evidence to force conviction on the mind. It would be just as reasonable to ask a jury of twelve men to render a verdict on the guilt or innocence of a prisoner before hearing the evidence, as to ask people to believe without proof. Consequently such a thing as faith in the doctrin of the immaculate conception, or in the divinity of Christianity, cannot exist in the minds of people who hav given the subject a careful and candid consideration. Therefore the oft-repeated dogma, "Believe or be damned," although written in a so-called sacred book, is not only outrageously false, but is in the highest degree absurd and opposed to every principle of sound reason and common sense.

Christianity has now been in existence for a period of nearly two thousand years, during which time it has had a multitude of learned and able expounders of its principles. It has succeeded in accumulating a vast amount of wealth and influence among the civilized nations of the globe, it has by legislativ enactments and otherwise obtained privileges which are denied other institutions of a similar nature; yet with all its privileges, wealth, and influence, it has signally failed to accomplish the object of its mission, which, its promoters say, was to free the world from sin and misery, and establish peace and happiness among mankind. Seeing, then, that the principles of this great and powerful institution hav been proclaimed so long and loud to the world with no better results, would it not be advisable for these holy men, the preachers, to throw up the sponge and honestly acknowledge defeat? And we all know how these pious people dread the approach of that young giant which they call Infidelity, although only a youth (figurativly speaking), without either wealth or influence, marching forward so rapidly that in a short time he will shake their venerable institutions to their very foundations—not with such carnal weapons as Christianity used to establish her authority, but with the sacred instruments of truth and reason.

The churches everywhere lament the sin and wickedness that exist within the fold of what they call the faithful, and candidly admit that with all their exertions and most determined efforts they are unable to stem the torrent of iniquity which is continually rushing into the camp of their most devoted followers. Such being the actual condition of the churches, how can we believe Christianity to be a divine institution? Yet the Christian, with all his imperfections and wickedness, will be wafted to heaven, while the Freethinker or doubter whose only sin is unbelief will be consigned to perdition.

ROBT. S. COLVIN.

HELENA, NEB., Sept. 4, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Let me say at the outset that out of fifteen different papers I read, none suits me as well as THE TRUTH SEEKER. The editorials are up with the times, and, when necessary, can strike right out from the shoulder. Your correspondents are generally A. No. 1, except, perhaps, it be those who attempt to enlighten us in the affairs of other worlds, or tell us of a life that stretches out upon the broad ocean of eternity. Now, I hav no desire to take away or destroy one ray of hope, nor even that peace of mind that those who think they believe in a future life claim to hav or possess, but I would be pleased to know at what period of our physical development does spirit or soul begin. It seems to me that they ought at least to know something of the spirit-soul in the present, before they pretend to tell so much about its future. I hav known of quite a number myself, besides hearing of a great many more, who hav received injuries that deprived them of their physical senses, but I never knew nor heard of a case where the spirit-soul ever took cognizance of anything that happened while in this condition and reported it to the senses after they had become conscious. Would it not be well for those who are so mightily stirred up when we question the truth of their so-called spirit manifestations to try at least to giv some demonstration to prove that they had a spirit themselvs, before they tried to stuff us with the idea that one just went out of that corpse? I hav stood by the bedside of the dying with my fingers on the feeble pulse till the last faint flicker ceased, and I never yet hav seen anything in this last trying moment that would lead me to think otherwise than "as the one dieth, so dieth the other; yea, they hav all one breath; so that [in death] a man hath no preeminence above a beast. All go unto one place; all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again." But, Mr. Editor, who knows? I know they say they hav the evidence, but is the evidence any better than that offered by that shouting Methdist or that long-faced Presbyterian? Again, who knows? Does Mr. Chainey know? I presume he knows it just as well as he did when he was preaching Christ crucified, and not one whit better. He used to trot out the Holy Ghost. I wonder if he can now trot out one that has not got any holes in it. Aside from all jokes, my experience is such that I hav found in every case, no matter how mild it may be, where it is tinctured with ghosts, spirits, souls, witches, demons, hobgoblins, gods, or devils, they always hav their origin through and from

the same cause, a morbid constitution, an unnatural physical development, a diseased organism. There are hundreds of thousands that only need one shake more to do the same, or worse, that Freeman did.

Yours for a sound physical and intellectual development, and the ghosts will be banished from the earth.

W. P. BROOKS.

CLEVELAND, O., Sept. 9, 284.

MR. EDITOR: The city of Cleveland has just passed through a fearful ordeal, which seemed at one time as though it would destroy the entire business portion of the city; but, the wind shifting in another direction, through the herculean efforts of our firemen, the fire was confined to the flats. But it is over now. That which I regret the most is the enforced idleness of several hundred men. But what a change! Saturday, when I was down on the flats, all was life and activity; men were piling lumber and unpiling lumber, and hanling it to the mills; everything denoted thrift and industry. Sunday night, when I went down on the flats, a different scene arose before my gaze. On the flats where so many men had been at work at their several trades the day before, the immense lumber piles, the great factories, and the iron works were in a mass of flames; while every available space as far as you could see was occupied by people. Tuesday, 9 A.M., where are those men I saw working last Saturday? Idle. Where are the great piles of lumber I saw there Saturday? They hav ascended in smoke. Where are the large mills I saw there Saturday? They too hav gone up in smoke. And now I would like to ask my Christian brothers and sisters where was their great, good, and just God; that being who watches over his children with such tender care? My Christian friends, where was he? Where was this great omnipotent being; where was this person, this spirit, or whatever you call him, who, by his simple word, can make or unmake worlds at a time; where was he while this fire was destroying this property in Cleveland? Why did he not exercise some of his power then? Oh, well! poor fellow, I suppose he was counting hairs or watching sparrows fall and didn't see the fire.

A few more words and I am through. On page 574 of THE TRUTH SEEKER is an illustration, the vivisector's death-bed. What an awful scene does that represent! When I look at that picture it makes me shudder. Well has Mr. Preston portrayed, in the poem under the picture, that which must arise before the vision of a man who has spent his time in torturing helpless animals under the plea of scientific investigation for the improvement of the human race. I hav given this matter a little study, to try and find where vivisection had proved a benefit to man, but I hav found but one result as yet, and the further I go the plainer it is. May Mr. Preston continue to show up this inhuman practice until the last vestige of it is wiped from the face of the earth.

With my best wishes for the continued success of the grand old TRUTH SEEKER, I am Yours truly, DENNIS A. LOSSING.

JORDAN, MINN., Sept. 5, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: In looking over some back numbers of THE TRUTH SEEKER, I ran across a short article by Elliott Preston, indorsing an articie by P. G. Peabody, relativ to the impropriety of Christian "antics" over the body of a dead Infidel. He says it is contemptible and disgraceful, and those who carry out such a farce over his defenseless remains (knowing full well that, if he were alive, he would protest with all his being against such an outrage) are not his friends, but traitors to the love they professed to bear for him while living.

Reading the above article reminded me of just such a farce as Mr. Preston refers to, that was carried out in this place not very long ago, and I think that every Freethinker will agree with Mr. Preston that such conduct on the part of the friends of a dead Infidel is both contemptible and disgraceful. But is it not a fact that they are very frequently driven to such a course for want of an appropriate funeral service to be used at the funerals of Freethinkers. And is it not a fact that there are hundreds of communities in which a man could not be found who would feel entire confidence in his own ability to deliver an appropriate funeral address, extemporaneously, but with an appropriate funeral service, or some appropriate forms that could be varied to suit nearly ever case, plenty of men could be found who would not object to officiate on such occasions. Why, then, will not some of those able writers, who contribute such masterly articles to the columns of THE TRUTH SEEKER, write an appropriate funeral service, or a variety of appropriate forms, for that purpose, and hav them printed in pamphlet form, together with a select collection of Liberal songs? With a copy or two of a pamphlet of this description in every community where there are Freethinkers, they would be prepared for emergencies, and in all probability might prevent the carrying out of the Christian farce, or Christian antics, over the dead bodies of Freethinkers.

Hoping that the above subject will receive the attention it deserves, I am, with highest regards,

Yours fraternally, THOMAS KNOTT.

[The suggestion here made is a good one, and has to some extent been anticipated by the publication of "The Truth Seeker Collection of Forms, Hymns, and Ceremonies," which can be obtained at this office for 75 cents, and which will be found to contain appropriate services for the sad occasions of which our correspondent speaks.—ED. T. S.]

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

MR. EDITOR: As thy valuable columns are open to all opinions, not excepting the most pronounced Infidel, I once again send a few lines, with no other motiv than to do some little good by spreading broadcast the honest truth, as found in the grand and universal laws of nature. There is no part or portion of these laws which point or direct mankind to any other world but the one in which they were born. All those many schemes and inventions which hav from time immemorial been either imposed or forced on this planet, and the inhabitants thereof, hav been the sayings and doings of vast numbers of priests of all grades, shades, and fantastic ideas of a most anti-natural, crude, and ignorant character. The present ideas are so many links in the chain of past paganisms. The dogma of another life outside of this planet hath been the theme of priestcraft for thousands of ages; it was the only thing they had to offer for the people's money. It is the same to-day. Seventy thousand useless persons are this day, within the limits of these states, promulgating this dogma, and not one of them knows the least iota of any such thing as a sure and certain fact. Every honest and sensible person must know, or ought to know, that this, and all other dogmas, are the wildest speculations, not bearing the least semblance to solid facts. In short, there is not one religion extant but what is chimerical and full of errors, when compared with the scientific laws of nature, as now well understood by the students of nature's grand philosophy. There is no affinity or unison between nature and religion. They are antagonisms, and can never stand on a par. The one is founded on indelible law, and the other on the most fickle, fantastic, and changeable whims. The one is unmistakable and solid, and the other is froth, excitement, and the wildest folly. Religion is a mixture of dreams, ghosts, and blood. Had it not been for this compound, a three-headed myth would never hav been worshiped. Yours for common sense,

T. WINTER, Materialist.

THE ENEMY COMING!

BANGOR, ME., Sept. 9, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: As you are continually on the watch-tower of truth, let me tell you and your readers something about the state election which took place yesterday. Being in the city I took a walk to see what they were doing.

At the place I visited were three ladies gaily dressed, with votes which they handed to every one, with the word "Yes," printed in large letters. If any one wanted a negativ vote they had to call for it, and the word "No" was printed in small letters. The ladies used strong, earnest language to persuade every one to vote "Yes," and it is understood a large vote was thrown in the state for the prohibition amendment.

Handbills were posted up in all the voting places, one of which I inclose for you, and a very much larger one was put on an omnibus and driven round the city. Please print the words on the bill that the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER may know that "the enemy is coming." The poster reads as follows:

"For God, and Home, and Nativ Land! The defenders of these interests should vote YES on the constitutional amendment."

I hav not been in Bangor for a long time, and as so much has been said about rum-selling here, I took a walk to see if I could find any open bars.

They can be found by scores, and the rum-bottles are in plain sight, as much as flour barrels in the grocery stores. I hav been here four days, but hav not seen one person intoxicated. Friends, remember that "God-in-the-Constitution" comes next. SEWARD MITCHELL.

P.S.—It was an inspiring sight to see the cheerful face of the dear TRUTH SEEKER in the houses of my esteemed friends, Albert and William Lewis. S. M.

BOWMAN, GA., Aug. 25, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I hav just read an address on the excellences of the Christian religion in a recent number of the Hartwell *Sun*, by F. B Doyle. The author of this address was, on my first acquaintance, and until recently, an avowed Atheist, and, notwithstanding he has returned to the old superstitious mire called Christianity, I must confess my love and admiration for him, as he was one of the main subordinate levers by which I was extricated from the quicksands or imaginary fabric called the Christian religion. And as I am endeavoring to work you up a few new subscribers, in which I think I will succeed ere long. I send you the original address, trusting you will everlastingly riddle him. Though it be a small thing with you, it is a good big gun down here. At least do me the favor to dismount his popgun and spike it, as I hav promised some that are beginning to drink of Liberal water pretty freely, if you will condescend to cleave him up through your columns, I will hand it round. I see my time of subscription will soon expire if I should fail to remit for renewal. Please send on my paper, as I will soon, and hav the promis of others.

Yours as true as steel, J. A. HAIRSTON.

[The address to which Mr. Hairston refers either miscarried in the mails or has been mislaid. We hav no doubt that he himself carries guns heavy enough to dismount those of Mr. Boyle, and suggest that our friend undertake the task himself. What assistance is necessary we will endeavor to supply.—ED T. S.]

MILNERSVILLE, O., Aug. 31, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed you will find something that speaks for itself. On this same day there is another one of these things at Winchester, Guernsey county, within four miles of here. They call them colored camp-meetings. Last Sunday there were just seven negroes on the ground. The rest of the crowd were white people, who put in their time (at least, a great many of them) horse-trading, drinking, quarreling, and having a good time generally. All for Christ's sake.

Very truly yours, DR. W. B. ROSAMOND.

The inclosure referred to by Dr. Rosamond is in the form of a "dodger," and reads as follows:

"Last Day! of the Colored Camp-Meeting! Now in session on the Newcomerstown Fair Grounds, will close Sunday, Aug. 31, 1884. God is making a wonderful display of his spirit. Let all come and join us in the praise of our God. Good Preachers and Singers in attendance. Also Mrs. Lucy Cooper, the Lady Evangelist, a Wonderful Power for Christ. Come and hear for yourself! Preaching at 3 o'clock P.M., by Rev Joseph Bane, of Zanesville, Ohio, after which will take place the services of the Return of the Prodigal Son, and killing of the Fatted Calf, with a Rejoicing over the Son! The Ten Virgins! Preaching at 7:30 P.M., after which the Ten Virgins will be represented as recorded in the 24th chapter of the Gospel by Matthew. The meeting will close with a general shaking of hands. W. A. Meridith, Manager."

ALEXANDER, ARK., Sept. 2, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I hav to thank you for still sending THE TRUTH SEEKER for so long a time after the expiration of the time paid for. My business has been very dull this summer, but with the advent of cooler weather, land seekers from the North will come and, consequently, an increase of my business. I hav everything to contend with in this priest-ridden country. Every man who does not attend their pow-wows and help support the preacher is ostracized and lied about. The sky pilots are holding one of their jamborees here. You can hear them yell for a mile; and their poor credulous dupes sit and take it all in. Here in the South, Christianity is not dying out by any means, but is gaining strength. The mass of people believe that the preacher is the mouthpiece of Jehovah. To illustrate: A gentleman from Illinois attended one of these revivals, and for simply saying that it was disgusting to see men and women perform like a lot of monkeys, and if that was the effect of getting religion he wanted none of it in his, he was arrested for speaking disrespectfully of Christianity, and fined.

ANDREW J. HALL.

IDAHO SPRINGS, COL., Sept. 8, 1884.

MR. EDITOR:.We hav just finished reading Colonel Kelso's "Bible Analyzed," and pronounce it one of the ablest works of the kind we ever read; indeed, we think that it would be impossible for any thinking mind to read this work and any longer regard the Bible as a sacred and good book; therefore we would warn all good Christians that believe in the Bible and the God of the Bible not to read Kelso's analysis of the Bible, for if they do, like our first parents, their eyes will be opened, and they will no longer remain in the beautiful garden of Eden.

Please find herewith money-order for "The Real Blasphemers," and three months' subscription to your valuable and fearless paper—THE TRUTH SEEKER.

MRS. H. A. HOUGH.

MANSFIELD, PA., Sept. 3, 284.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find seventy-five cents to apply to my subscription. I would like to hav all the errors in the Bible exposed, so that the committee on revision can correct them. For instance, in the thirty-sixth chapter of Genesis it reads: "And these are the kings that reigned in the land of Edom before there reigned any king over the children of Israel" (31st verse). 1 Samuel, tenth chapter, first verse, reads (1095 years B.C.): "Then Samuel took a vial of oil and poured it upon his head, and kissed him" (making Saul king of Israel). 1 Chronicles, twenty-first chapter, eighth verse (891 years B.C.), says they (the Edomites) made themselvs a king, making an error of 204 years. How is it? O. J. LOVELL.

BRONSON, FLA., Aug. 21, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $3.60—$3 to apply on THE TRUTH SEEKER, and for the balance send me "Crimes of Preachers," "Freethinkers' Almanac," and "False Claims." And now that the monument is completed, I repeat the offer I made last winter, viz., a donation of twenty acres of land on which o build a home for needy and superannuated Liberals. The location is very healthy, pleasant, and convenient to railroads. There are a number of intelligent Liberals already residing here as permanent settlers. The climate is particularly agreeable to persons well advanced in years.

Yours for progress and Freethought, O. RICHARDSON.

ANGOLA, IND., Sept. 1, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $3, to pay another year for the grand old TRUTH SEEKER, which is certainly carrying out its mission by granting all parties the privilege of being heard through its columns. I hav been a Spiritualist for thirty-two years, yet I like to read those Materialistic ideas of Elmina, Winter, and others. Man cannot believe what he will, but must believe from the force of evidence.

Yours for truth and progress, DR. J. H. MOORE.

BUTLER, N. J., Sept. 1, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: As some of our Liberal friends of this place are of the opinion that machinery is only beneficial to the inventors and the capitalist, and more or less injurious to the workingman, I request some of our Liberal friends to be kind enough to giv us some information on the subject through the columns of THE TRUTH SEEKER. It occurs to me they are in error, and ought to be enlightened on the subject.

GEO. KRAHMER.

GLENVILLE, CONN., Sept. 1, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I believe there is a fair chance for a good doctor in this village. If you know of one, please place me in communication with him. This village has about four hundred inhabitants, and about four hundred more within a radius of six miles. There is no doctor here at present, and none within three miles. The place is growing. H. J. MUNSON.

MCSOUTH, KAN., Aug. 2, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed you will find $3 to renew my TRUTH SEEKER subscription. Fifteen months' acquaintance with it has made me feel that I shall never willingly do without it. With best wishes for your success in a great and good work, I am, Yours sincerely, M. A. T. STEEPER.

WESTMINSTER, CAL., Aug. 20, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Send us a good Liberal speaker to the "Land of the Angels." This county and San Bernardino and Santa Barbara counties can and will pay a good speaker and reasoner a good salary. Correspondence solicited. S. P. BATES.

A GOOD way to promote the cause of Freethought is to get trial subscribers for THE TRUTH SEEKER. To such the paper will be sent three months for fifty cents.

Communications.

The Liberal Club.

The cool wave that struck New York last week encouraged more attendants at the 344th meeting of the Manhattan Liberal Club than had come to the previous one, but the hall was not full. Ladies, many of whom were young, and all of whom were engaging, composed about half the audience. Dr. Weeks, recently returned from the country, came in and asked Assistant Librarian Chamberlain who was to speak. "Shook," answered Mr. Chamberlain. "Do you think things will be shook up?" said the doctor. Mr. Chamberlain administered an appropriate reproof. At the solicitation of the chair, the assistant secretary read the minutes of the previous meeting.

Mr. Wakeman, presiding, made a short report of the proceedings at the Cassadaga Convention and Liberal League Congress. The latter he characterized as the most successful ever held. The Convention, he said, opened with a ball, at which the Liberals and Spiritualists danced together in great harmony. Chainey had set forth his new faith, and drubbed the so-called Materialists mercilessly. "Your humble servant," as the chair designated itself, had then replied to him and livened up the animals very materially. Mr. Watts had done the same.

The chairman then announced with considerable emotion that Mr. Shook would not be present at the club this evening. He had had a chill. However, Col. A. H. H. Dawson was there, sent thither undoubtdly by a special providence, and would address the meeting.

Col. Dawson took the floor. "To-day," said the colonel in opening his speech, "I asked a man to take a drink. I supposed he would decline, because I had seen him drink not five minutes before. The man said he would refuse only he was afraid of getting in the habit of it—the habit of refusing." The colonel then went on to say that he would refuse to make a speech on this occasion if he were not fearful that he should contract the habit of refusing. But a man who had lived for sixty-five years in this world should always be prepared to make a speech on a momentous subject like that of the presidential contest. He was glad that the audience was no larger, because he was not at his best. He had never before congratulated himself on the smallness of his audience except once, and that was when he was addressing one lady. The speaker believed in criticism, provided he could hav the last tag. The minister in the pulpit had an unfair advantage in this respect, because, whatever he might say, no one had a chance to reply. The tariff question, the colonel said, was not material; neither were the questions discussed by capital and labor. These could not ruin the country. Our great danger was from centralization of power. James G. Blaine was first cousin to the speaker, but he (the speaker) did not believe that was any particular honor to himself. He then brought up the popular charges against Mr. Blaine, and inquired, "Can you say anything like that about Grover Cleveland?" Some one in the hall said, "Yes." "What is it?" asked Mr. Dawson. The voice was silent. The audience thought of Mr. Cleveland's indiscretions and smiled. Mr. Dawson spoke of the scandal concerning Mr. Blaine's method of getting married, and said that the truer it was the more it reflected credit on Mr. Blaine. He only wished the Plumed Knight had been as true to his country as he had been to his wife. Several persons left the hall during the delivery of Col. Dawson's speech. These he reproved by saying, "The wicked flee when no man pursueth."

Mr. Cohen took exception to the previous speaker, though he charitably gave Col. Dawson the benefit of the doubt as to his honesty. Cleveland cared nothing for the constitution when monopoly asked a favor, but when labor was the applicant the case changed its aspect, and the law must be upheld. The Democratic party took no interest in the laboring man except on election day, when it would fill him up with whisky and corral his vote. Mr. Cohen spoke for some time, but as a committee of one on advertising he did not report.

Mr. Andrews believed that Cleveland was a survival of the old-time honest politician, while Blaine was a dashing, unscrupulous statesman, determined on success, honest if convenient, but success at all hazards. His nomination and candidacy were the fag-end of the third-term Grant boom, and represented the same tendencies, though not in so dangerous a form. Cleveland was hampered by the constitution, which the people themselvs had made and put him under oath to support. Mr. Andrews believed that Cleveland had kept that oath. The people must change the constitution if they wish measures carried which are opposed to it. As for Mr. Andrews himself, he was more interested in a Republican Socialism, which Cleveland knew nothing of, and could do nothing for if he did, while bound by the law and his oath of allegiance to it.

Dr. Weeks held that the old parties were no longer worthy of support. Our laws were the will of monopolists. A new party should come up which should embody the principles to which the Republican party owed its existence, and to carry out the objects for which the Republican party was founded. The doctor made a good speech.

Mr. Beaumont, a stranger to the club, spoke at the suggestion of Mr. Cohen. This gentleman said that the only positiv plank that ever appeared in the Democratic platform was put there during the candidacy of George B. McClellan. That plank declared that "the war was a failure." Mr. Dawson had touched upon the family relations of Blaine. Why, Mr. Beaumont would like to know, was not something said about the family of Cleveland?

Mrs. Leonard arose to remark that the men had better stop talking about one another's morals. They had no standard of morality for young men, and did not demand that a man should be moral except when raised to some high position. She thought that masculin immorality was generally a matter of more moment to women than to men, and that the question either of male or female morality should cease to be discussed by males, since they had no virtue themselvs to boast of; least of all should they condemn lack of virtue in woman.

Mr. Dawson, in taking advantage of what he called the "last tag," said that the discussion that had arisen from his feeble remarks had been amusing if not instructiv, and that he hoped every man would make up his mind to vote according to the best light God had given him, looking both to his own happiness and the destiny of the nation.

At the next meeting a Republican orator will advance the claims of Mr. Blaine to the support of the Liberal Club.

To Friends.

Here I am at Masquerier's, at 99 Java st., Greenpoint, Brooklyn, N. Y. I had a warm but not an unpleasant trip, and everything from the first start has been propitious thus far.

I found Mr. Masquerier and a single sister of his keeping house together and doing their own work. Though she is eighty-three years old, she is activ, healthy, and cheerful, and a perfect embodiment of her name, Patience.

They met me with all the kindly greetings of old and true friends, and I feel as perfectly at home here as if I had known them for years. Mr. Masquerier, as you all know, is an enthusiast on the land question, and the great work of his life has been an effort to hav all the land divided up into inalienable homes for all the people, to do away with the great cities, and hav rural homes dot the whole earth. One thing is sure—all these great efforts for human good and human happiness work in the end for progress, purity, and the elevation of the race.

I hav been up in his "den," as he calls it. It is a perfect magazine of books and papers. He has all of Mr. Bennett's books, and great files of TRUTH SEEKERS, *Investigators*, and land reform papers, and so many others that it tires the brain to think of and even enumerate them; and how much more to read and understand them all!

My one great regret is to think that a mind like his must ever become (as an identity) extinct. If it could but be as our spiritual friends believe, that the whole life of the individual could be continued on in another sphere, and be the same life still, then the good work begun here could be gone on with over there. But every good seed sown here will some day germinate and produce fruits for the future, even though the individual existence is so brief and limited.

With the mercury in the nineties not much can be done toward sight-seeing, but while I am resting I am not losing time.

Yesterday Mr. Masquerier, his sister, and I went to the beautiful city of the silent sleepers, Greenwood. None of us had ever seen the monument "erected by one thousand friends" to their beloved, lamented, and worshiped hero-martyr, D. M. Bennett. Having no guide, we wandered about a long time before we found it. On our way we paused awhile at the stone that marks the spot where lies the only other man whose personality was, perhaps, as dear and precious to his readers as was our Bennett's to us—Horace Greeley. We stood within the little inclosure and gazed reverently upon the noble features of the great founder of the New York *Tribune* and the friend of the people. We saw him pictured below as a young lad setting type. We saw the emblems, the plow and the pen; and on the lovely grass at our feet grew in tender foliages of green and white the letters "H. G.," and just below them, in the same way, was growing the name "A D A." By and by we reached the one spot most longed for—the grave where our hero was buried.

Oh, how beautiful! We were more than pleased. The locality, the plot, and the stone, all were perfect. My friends said, "Read for us the inscriptions." I tried it with trembling and faltering voice. I could not finish, and Patience read the third side. She has been a school-teacher, and she reads impressivly and distinctly, as well as appreciativly.

I wish you could all know this lovely old maid, so kind and gentle and good, and her mind as strong and activ as ever, and her step as brisk and tireless.

We stayed some time at the "Holy of Holies," thinking of the good works and loving heart of the great sleeper. We saw the beautiful row of geraniums and colens that encircled the plot, the two tall urns of exotics with drooping vines and lovely flowers, the pine-tree in the corner, from under which we each gathered a cone. Then, plucking some ivy leaves from the grave, for remembrance, we silently and reverently bade him adieu. I say *him*, for our hearts were so full of him that he seemed to be there with us. We felt it was good for us to hav had this sweet communion, even though it was really all in ourselvs. I am not much of a hand to care for monuments and parades over the dead. But I believe in them for the commemoration of our few great and grand heroes, our men and women who hav been public benefactors, who hav lived outside of themselvs and lived for others.

Horace Greeley and D. M. Bennett are such men, and hence I am glad they are so honored by true and loving friends. Affectionately, ELMINA.

The Petition for State Secularization.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I propose certain additions to the petition on State Secularization which were omitted from the original draft (the one on marriage in particular) for fear they would not meet with general approval; but this fear has been dissipated by maturer thought and consultation. The time seems opportune for the amendments, as the meeting of Liberals just now in national convention will enable the friends of State Secularization to pronounce on the petition as a whole, and so to elicit, besides wholesome criticism, an increased interest and zeal in the work itself. To the eight specifications already contained in the petition, two are now added, making them ten. And the concluding paragraph, being the summary of the whole, is altered so as to bring out the idea or principle more fully and more clearly. As one interested in the petition I feel to thank THE TRUTH SEEKER for the interest it has shown, and the advice given in the work. Come, Liberals all, and let us be one, and put head and heart into this work, and make of it a success, a grand success.

9. The vague and indeterminate sense in which the words *civil* and *sacred* are used when applied to the marriage contract; and the appeal to God or the Holy Scriptures by some of the states, as the final authority on marriage.

10. Making morality subject to church dogma, by describing it as Christian, instead of natural, morality.

11. The license rather than liberty given to *religion* by the first amendment to the United States Constitution, by forbidding Congress to make any law "prohibiting the free exercise thereof;" which means, really, "the free exercise" of whatever anyone chooses to call religion.

. . . . . .

The total separation of church and state, by prohibiting Congress or any state, county, municipality, or township from enacting any law that infringes the rights of conscience, or favors any practices in the name of religion, or of aught else, that interfere with private right or the public welfare.

T. W. CURTIS.

Lectures and Meetings.

AT the next two meetings of the Liberal Club the following subjects will be presented by the speakers named: On the 19th, "The Republican Party and Its Future" *(Blaine)*, by Gilbert R. Hawes; on the 26th, "Prohibition in Politics" *(St. John)*, by John H. Gibbs.

C. FANNIE ALLYN will be in Cleveland, Ohio, during December, and if Spiritual and Liberal societies desire her services they may address her for several weeks yet at Stoneham, Mass. Mrs. Allyn is a brilliant speaker and a whole-hearted woman, who, while believing sincerely in a "life beyond the grave," is heartily laboring to make the life this side of that mortal finality a much pleasanter one than it is now.

DR. J. C. PHILLIPS, of Omro, secretary of the Wisconsin State Association of Spiritualists, sends us the following encouraging report of the meeting recently held in his town: "The meeting just held in this place was a marked success in every respect. Indeed, with Mrs. H. S. Lake and A. B. French, no meeting could be a failure. The philosophy and phenomena of Spiritualism, and the practicalities of life, were thoroughly discussed. One of the fine features of the meeting was the music, furnished by the Cross Concert Troupe, which gave universal satisfaction. The election of officers for ensuing year resulted in the selection of Professor Lockwood, of Ripon, as president, and the writer hereof as secretary. Mrs. M. J. Pratt was elected vice-president, and John Challoner, treasurer. The next meeting will undoubtedly be held in Milwaukee, the first of December next, due notice of which will be given."

MR. S. P. PUTNAM'S novel, "Waifs and Wanderings," is now published in book form. Everybody liked the story of Cupples and his search after Bessie when it was printed in THE TRUTH SEEKER; but the tale takes on a new interest in its more connected book form, and will repay a second perusal. It is handsomely printed, and bound in the finest style. Cloth, $1.00; paper, 50 cents.

A GOOD way to promote the cause of Freethought is to get trial subscribers for THE TRUTH SEEKER. To such the paper will be sent three months for fifty cents.

Children's Corner

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"His life is long whose work is well,
And be his station low or high,
He who the most good works can tell,
Livs longest though he soonest die."

"The Death of Susie."

(Inscribed to Miss S. H. Wixon, with warmest sympathy.)

The birds are singing sweetly, as they used to sing of yore,
Still the jasmine's fragrant blossoms bloom above the open door;
But thy love, that crowned with glory the fair city of my soul,
Is departed, ah, forever, leaving nought save sorrow's dole.

Nevermore upon this bosom may'st thou rest thy gentle head,
Nevermore thy smile shall bless me—thou art numbered with the dead.
Nevermore, in all the summers that may sadly come and go,
Shall thy kiss translate to Eden life's unblest and lengthened woe.

"Dead," they call thee! In the sunbeam dost thou sparkle 'pon the grass?
Bloom'st thou in the rose's petals, where my fainting footsteps pass?
It *may* be so; yet I cannot yield thee to the insensate clay;
Soul to soul I yearn to greet thee in the spirit's perfect day.

Beauteous dreamer! be thy slumbers gentle as thy guileless breast,
That was spared life's bitter anguish; and thy kisses, still they rest
On my lips, sweet! And thy fair cheek through the night's long hours is lain
'Pon my bosom, where of old, dear, I was wont to soothe thy pain;

Wont to soothe thy childish sorrows, that to thee seemed deep and wide.
None knew, darling, how I loved you—how my heart broke when you died!
Oh, my tears are falling, falling, faster than the summer rain!
Would that I might rest beside thee, stilling beat of heart and brain!

Stilling all my fevered pulses from Nirvana's shadowdy shore,
Wrapt with thee in dreamless slumber, both at peace forevermore.

ELLIOTT PRESTON.

6 Park Square, Boston, Mass.

"I Can, Because I Will."

"It is very strange to me how some people always get along so nicely. There's Rebecca Smith never misses in her lessons, never is in a hurry, never makes a mistake as I know of, or, if she does, she is so quiet about it that nobody knows it. Oh, dear! this is a hard and wicked world, I think," and Florence Phillips bit her lips and sighed.

"I think just as you do," said Annie; "everything goes wrong with some folks. Now, I'm forever twisting my ankle, spraining my finger, or something of the sort; but other folks will slide along and never hav a bit of trouble. Here's this sheet that I am sewing up. See, I can't make the seam come straight to save me. We are two sisters and we're always in trouble. I can't see why we should be."

"You can't because you won't."

"Are you listening, Aunt Bessie?"

"Well, as I was sitting here, I could not very well help hearing your conversation, and being amused at it too."

"You know it is so, Aunt Bessie," said Florence, sighing dolorously. "I can't get my lessons fixed in my head anyway. Oh, dear! Say Annie, did you see how Mabel's dress hung down at the sides last night at the party? Wasn't it frightful?"

"I know it. And how Eliza looked with her hair banged. I couldn't help laughing to save me. And did you notice the pink stockings? Pink stockings and a blue dress. She thinks she's a great beauty. Pooh! I look as well as she does—just as well," said Annie, tossing her head.

"But you can't play the piano as well, Annie."

"I know I can't. I wish I could though, but then I never can. It must be nice to play and sing good. And oh, how I wish I could paint as nicely as Dicky Calvert. He draws so beautifully. Ah, it is a great gift. I would giv anything if I could draw well, but it is no use to wish, for I never can."

"You can't because you won't."

"What's the matter with you, Aunt Bessie? Don't you know that some people are gifted more than others? Some hav a faculty to do things that others cannot do."

"That may be so, Annie; some can do many things *easier* than others, but others can do a great deal more if they would keep a certain stumbling-block out of the way."

"What stumbling-block, Aunt Bess?"

"That little word, 'can't.'"

"Well," said Florence, "that is a pretty big word sometimes. It looms up mighty high just at present in my arithmetic lesson. I can't understand per centage, and I never shall."

"You can't because you won't. You don't try."

"I hav tried;" and she bit the pencil in her hand angrily.

"Not half so hard as you tried to see how little Eliza's dress was hanging at the sides last night."

"Couldn't help seeing that."

"And if you would look as attentivly at the rules and examples in your lesson, it would be as clear as you would wish. If you would put your mind to your music and drawing, you would be as skilful in either as you could wish to be. I am very certain of that. We hear a great deal about the gifted ones, the people of genius. Maybe you think, with many another, that they simply hav to turn their hands over to find them full of whatever they wish. It is not true. They hav to work for what they hav, and they never get it by saying, 'I can't.'"

"That's the talk, Aunt Bess. You've just hit the nail right square on the head," and Will, cousin Will, brought his hand down hard upon the table by way of emphasis. "There's my sister Jane, thinks people hav what they want by wishing. All the time, it is, "Oh, I wish I had this,' and, 'I wish I had that.' And if you ask her to do anything, it is, 'Oh, I ca-n't.' I asked her this morning to bind the frame of my slate over—it is all ragged—and she said right off, 'I ca-n't.'"

"Why didn't you do it yourself?" inquired Annie.

"I can't do such things; I'm a boy."

"Pshaw! that's all nonsense. I don't see as you are any better than Jane. I think you know how to say, 'I can't,' as well as anybody."

"It is quite likely," said Aunt Bess, "that Will has the same habit as Jane, and a great many others. We do not see our own little ways and habits, as we see the ways and habits of our relativs and friends. We are apt to think ourselvs quite perfect, and everybody else rather imperfect."

"I know Jane is."

"We all are, I suppose, more or less; if not in one thing, we may be in another. Do you not think, without reflecting on the imperfections of others, that it would be wise to mend our own ways? Now, about this 'can't' business—do you not think it would be better to substitute 'can' for 'can't?'" Would it not accomplish more, in the long run?

"Of course you hav all read about Napoleon Bonaparte."

"Great man, he was—a big general," said Will.

"Yes; well, I was about to tell you a little incident that is related of him. He was about to commence a new enterprise that was very difficult, and his friends told him it was very doubtful if he could surmount such difficulties and obstacles. 'I can surmount them,' said Napoleon. 'I can, because I will,' and he did.

"And so by going right to work, and persevering patiently, you can do what you undertake to do. Henry Clay was a famous orator, as you may know, but he was not brilliant without study. He once said that he commenced oratory in the field when at work. He would repeat the history he had read, with emphasis, thus fixing it in his memory, and exercising his voice at the same time. Charles Sumner, another of America's great statesmen, wrote his speeches, and then learned them off by heart, practicing them over and over a great many times before he had them to suit him."

"I suppose we would be greatly astonished if we knew how people of genius, as we call them, work," mused Florence.

"I think we should," said Aunt Bess. "Nothing really great comes except by exertion. Buffon, a famous naturalist said, 'Genius is nothing but labor and patience,' and he was right. Hard work and a great deal of it lies at the bottom of what is termed success, and people who do succeed are not those who make the most noise and bluster in the world. How long do you suppose it took Victor Hugo to write the books of 'Les Miserables' that you could read in, well, to take plenty of time, say a month or six weeks?"

"Maybe it took him a whole year!" said Annie.

"I guess it would take him two years, sure," declared Will.

"Well, he worked on those books for twenty-three years!"

"Land of love!" exclaimed Florence.

"Writing, reading over, erasing here a word, and supplying there another, he was all that while occupied with that as his chief work, but, you know, they are books that will liv and endure while thousands of books written hurriedly will perish and be forgotten in a year. Carlyle worked on his "Life of Frederick the Great" thirteen long years. Musicians practice and practice years and years, and persevere through many drawbacks. The same with great artists. I know a celebrated artist who painted a great many pictures before he became famous. Indeed, he was gray-headed before he became known to the world. But he meant to succeed, and he did. The proper way for all is to persevere, and do whatever you undertake to do well. And I would advise you all three to drop that word 'can't,' and adopt Napoleon's sentence for your motto, *'I can, because I will.'*"

Our Puzzle Box.

1.

HALF SQUARE.

1. An artist's implement; 2. Old; 3. A diocese; 4. A boy's abbreviated name; 5. A letter.

R. BERNHEIM.

Newburgh, N. Y.

2.

LETTER REBUS.

C

T

This rebus will giv in one word
Certain feathers we find on a bird;
It also will giv us the sense
Of "a shelter, protection, defense."

UNCLE JAMES.

3.

KEEP IT! DON'T BREAK A PAIR!

"*A thousand*" before "*it*" must stand,
And with "*ten*" after "*it*" we must close;
You can keep it forever on hand,
Yet giv it, dear girls, to your beaux.
But yet if you find
They are just to your mind,
You'll not giv it to them, I suppose.

BILLY DOUX.

4.

ENIGMA.

In Hamlet, one of Shakspere's plays;
In Louis, not in Sam;
In morning sun, with shining rays;
In beet, not in yam;
In orange, bright, sweet, or sour;
In lemon, not in honey,
In bread-fruit, not made of flour;
In tax, not in money;
My whole a noted explorer.

Newburgh. R. BERNHEIM.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER, SEPTEMBER 6, 1884.

1. S—to—I—c.
2. Money.
3. Dante.
4. Alabama.
5. V I (=6) in I. A.—Virginia.

SOLVERS.—James Duncan; Ella Pritchard; J. B. S.; Johnny Capron.

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN!

"APPLES OF GOLD."

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In days of old, as rimesters tell,
(Culvert, and petrel, and mangonel,)
A maiden dwelt in a castle stout,
Guarded and walled, within, without,
And ever defeat and direful rout
To all her castle's besiegers fell.

No suitor the maid's proud heart could win,
(Pike, and halberd, and culverin;)
She recked not of love-kiss, ne vow, ne sigh,
But her song had the ring of a battle-cry;
"O strong is my fortress—a maid am I—
And never a foeman shall enter in."

But it fell in an evening windy-wet,
(Hauberk, and helmet, and bascinet,)
A knight drew rein 'neath the castle wall;
Proud was his port, his stature tall,
His face held the gazer's eye in thrall,
And a lion of gold on his casque was set.

He winded a bugle silver-clear,
(Mace, and arblast, and bandoleer,)
Singing: "Yield up thy castle, fair May to me:
Sir Lionne me hight, of a far countrie.
Now boune thee, lady, my love to be,
Or I take thee by prowess of bow and spear!"

In the pale, pale light of a crescent moon,
(Spear, and corselet, and musketoon,)
She saw him there by the castle wall,
And shrilled to the warder a careless call:
"Ho!—let portcullis and drawbridge fall;
We would see this bold knight of a braggart tune."

And oh! but the wind had changed, I trow,
(Falchion, and gauntlet, and good cross-bow,)
When, an eve from thence, in a fading light,
On the bastion-keep stood a maid and knight,
And, while to his heart he clasped her tight,
"Thou hast conquered, Sir Lionne!" she murmured low.

"I had vowed that no knight beneath the sun,
(Demi-pique, helm, and habergeon,)
Beneath the sunlight, or moonbeam shine,
Should be lord of this castle and heart of mine;
But take me, dear love, I am only thine;
My fortress is taken, my heart is won."

—*Chambers's Journal.*

Science at Montreal.

From the Sun of Sept. 4th.

The week's session of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, held this year at Montreal, closed yesterday, and by general agreement the meeting was successful. It was at first thought that the proposition to bring so large a body from Britain to Canada was preposterous; and it was long doubtful whether enough of the strong men of the association would take the voyage to create a fairly respectable meeting. There was at first a rush of people willing to accept the easy terms of new membership to avail themselvs of so favorable an opportunity to visit America; but this proceeding was quickly stopped by the council, so that the attendance from England mainly consisted of *bona fide* members, and of these nearly a thousand crossed the Atlantic. In point of numbers the assemblage was up to the usual standard, if not decidedly above it. About eighteen hundred members were registered, including, of course, the Canadian savants and those from the United States. At the Southport meeting last year twenty-seven hundred and fourteen were present, but at Southampton the year previous the number was only twelve hundred and fifty-three. The present meeting was, in fact, too large for the Montreal accommodations, and the consequence was a great deal of uncomfortable squeezing.

In point of quality, or the scientific character of the members present, the meeting was quite up to the average. A large number of the leading investigators of science in all departments of inquiry were on hand. A few of the English magnates were missed, but no more than are usually absent from the meetings at home. The officers were men of distinguished ability. Lord Rayleigh, professor of physics at Cambridge, presided, and of him but little was known; in fact, it was supposed that his selection was due to the tuft-hunting propensities of the English, by which lords and dukes hav been frequently chosen for this office. But the public has now found out that Lord Rayleigh is a man of remarkable talent, and the compeer of the most distinguished who had previously held the post. He is a genial gentleman, of modest manners and no airs, an efficient presiding officer, and a ready and agreeable speaker. He, moreover, proved himself to be possessed, in an eminent degree, of the faculty of lucid exposition in dealing with abstruse subjects; and for a profound mathematician and a subtle experimenter, he excited some surprise by the practical bearing and strong common sense of his ideas. His inaugural address, on the "Recent Progress of Physical Science," was comprehensiv and much condensed; and it was listened to with the closest attention throughout by an immense audience.

The British Association performs its work in the customary way by the division of labor. It is broken up into eight sections, which meet separately, each having its own president. These were all men of the first rank. Sir William Thompson presided over the section of physics and mathematics, Sir Henry E. Roscoe over the chemical section, Professor W. T. Blanford over the section of geology, Professor H. N. Mosely over that of biology, Sir J. H. Lefroy over the geographical section, Sir Richard Temple over that of economical science and statistics, Sir F. W. Bramwell over the mechanical science section, and the distinguished author, Dr. Edward B. Tylor, over the section of anthropology. Each of these gentlemen gave an address at the opening of the proceedings in his section, and all the presidential discourses had been previously printed and were ready for distribution after their delivery. They were carefully prepared, and, taken together, form a considerable volume, devoted to a presentation of the present state of inquiry in all the leading divisions of of sciences, reporting whatever has been recently done in them that is noteworthy, and stating the problems that next press most urgently for solution.

The original papers contributed to the several sections were, as usual, of varied importance. The discussions that follow their reading at these conventions are undoubtedly the most interesting and profitable part of the proceedings. A paper upon a particular subject being announced in the morning program, naturally draws to the section all who hav made that subject a specialty; and the criticisms, suggestions, and further elucidation contributed by the experts are always instructiv, and often spicy and exciting. The new views presented hav to undergo a sharp ordeal. Huxley says that Herbert Spencer's notion of tragedy is an hypothosis slain by a fact. Ardent theorists hav to submit to a severe test when they come before the disciplined and vigilant cultivators of their own subject in these sections, with whom bubble pricking is always an agreeable pastime.

Of course the coming of such a host of British savants to Montreal was a great event for Canada. The Canadians were proud of the honor, and did not fail to improve the occasion to magnify the dominion as an integral portion of the British empire entitled in future to increasing consideration. Indeed, the movement will unquestionably be a first-rate thing politically and economically for the Canadas. A thousand Englishmen of the solid, practical, level-headed sort that constitutes the membership of the British Association, cannot visit the provinces with the facilities that were offered them to become acquainted with the extent, resources, institutions, and character of the people without diffusing much correct information in England and dissipating many errors and prejudices. All this, however, is but incidental. The influence of the meeting will be chiefly felt in giving a new impulse to science in Canada, and, in connection with the meeting of the American Association which opens in Philadelphia to-day, the effect will be a general stimulation of scientific study through the more intimate intercourse of the scientific men of these different continents.

The coming of the British Association to this side of the Atlantic in full force to hold a regular annual meeting, very naturally awakens suggestions of comparison with the American Association, of similar name and objects, which was organized twenty years later in imitation of the English plan. The British Association was the pioneer in the peripatetic field, and the general policy of the two associations is identical. As regards scientific investigation, the older body, being the older and richer, and having the larger number of trained and experienced investigators, has done much more work, but the character of the work is the same. There is, however, some diversity in the spirit and management of the two bodies, which is suggestiv of contrasts in the temper and preparation of English and American men of science. There is one feature of difference which we should hardly hav been prepared to look for. The British Association has undoubtedly manifested from the beginning a deeper interest in the popular side of its work than the American Association. Indeed, it incorporated in the earliest authentic statement of its purposes the design of acting upon the public mind for the awakening of a more general interest in scientific matters, which the founders of the American Association did not except; and in their revision of the English statement they left this feature out. The British Association was, in fact, established to do in this direction what the older scientific societies had failed to accomplish; but, perhaps because we in this country had no such older societies, the American Association confined itself exclusivly to original work and to the extension of scientific knowledge, leaving it to our schools, as Agassiz used to say, to attend to the duty of diffusing scientific knowledge. Accordingly, the British Association has ever taken a deeper interest in scientific education generally than its American imitator. It must be confessed, too, that there hav been more independence of thought and courage of expression on questions that go athwart public opinion in the official utterances of the British than of the American presidents. Even this year Lord Rayleigh broke out at the close of his inaugural address into a condemnation of the exclusiv culture of Greek and Latin in our higher education, which he regards as a great hindrance to science. Though a Cambridge man and a classical man, and holding moderate views upon the subject, he yet used the opportunity to declare his convictions, which are in substantial accord with those of the advocates of more enlarged scientific education; but in this independent and authoritativ expression of his ideas he has not been, and will probably not for some time be, emulated by any president of the American Association. And so it has also been with the presidential declarations in regard to the truth and scientific importance of the doctrin of evolution. Many years ago Professor Gray ventured, as president of the American Association, at the Dubuque meeting, to recognize the principle of evolution, after it had been over and over again adopted by the successiv presidents of the British Association. From which we may infer that science in England is more independent of popular feeling and of unintelligent public opinion than in this country.

We must regard this meeting in Montreal as a significant event. It serves as a register of the increasing intensity of interest in scientific subjects. Though it may seem to matter little where the association meets, its purpose being the same whether it assembles in Liverpool or Montreal, yet the migration of so large a body of studious men to another and distant continent simply means an unusual resistance overcome, and therefore indicates the strength of feeling that is now associated with the interests and pursuits of science. It indicates not only that science has become a great leading factor of modern civilization, but that the scientific mind is more and more affected by the enlargement of its tendencies and the expansion of its influence. While in other fields of mental activity, political or religious, local, sectarian, and narrow influences predominate, in science men are occupied with widening and liberalizing influences which cannot fail in time, by their reactions upon character, to do much toward obliterating the traditional jealousies and antagonisms in which different peoples hav been educated.

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DR. L. TENNEY, *Dear Sir:* About two years ago my health began to fail me; I became nervous, lost all desire for food, and, in fact, began to fail rapidly, so that I became alarmed and consulted several physicians of St. Louis, at which place I was then stopping, all of whom declared that I had an **Ovarian Tumor,** and that the only thing that would save my life would be the knife. About six months ago I grew rapidly worse, and had about made up my mind to take the only course that seemed left to me, and submit to an operation, when my attention was called to the **Eureka Magnetic Appliances.** As a drowning man will catch at a straw, so did I catch at this faint hope of a cure. Four months ago I purchased a suit of your appliances. From the very first I felt invigorated, the tumor, which had extended entirely across my abdomen, began to decrease, my pains became less from day to day, until now I am as well as I ever was in my life. Since putting on the appliances I hav not taken a single dose of medicin. My bowels, which before were constipated, are now regular. I would therefore cheerfully recommend them to anyone suffering as I hav, believing that they will do all and more than you claim for them. I remain,

Gratefully yours, MRS. MARY J. STEWART.



Remember that these appliances are not worn next the skin, but over the under-garment, and, unlike all other appliances in the market, they impart no shocks and leaves no sores.

PRICE LIST.

Nerve and Lung Invigorators, -	$ 6.00
Gentlemen's Belts, - - -	6.00
Ladies' Abdominal Belts, - -	6.00
Sciatic Appliances, each, - -	5.00
Leg Belts, each, - - -	4.00
Knee Caps, each, - - -	3.00
Wristlets, each, - - -	1.50
Sleeping Caps, - - - - -	4.00
Ladies Jacket, - - - -	18.00
Gentlemen's Vests, - - -	15.00
Superfine Insoles, - - -	1.00
Children's garments upon application.	

Any of the above garments sent to any address upon receipt of price, and we will return the money if they are not as represented in every respect. If you are uncertain as to what would best suit your case send us word stating symptoms, and we will advise you what would be best suited to treat you. While our appliances are offered at less than one-third of what others are selling worthless appliances for, yet we will guarantee that the magnetic quality is a hundred fold superior to any other appliance ever offered the public, and will outlast the garments themselvs. Every magnet is put through a particular process, and hav raised five times their own weight six months after being magnetized, while not a single appliance in the market will attract the smallest particle of iron, the majority of such worthless appliances having so-called magnets made of material no better than hoop-iron, and not capable of retaining magnetism for a moment. All of our garments are made from the very best material for the purpose, and will outlast any and all other garments now before the public. Every magnet is arranged in the garments upon *scientific principles,* and not haphazard as in all the others. We offer you therefore

The Only Scientific Magnetic Appliance Ever Constructed.

And challenge comparison with any of the so-called magnetic garments now offered under that head. At the same time the application of labor-saving machinery in our manufacture enables us to offer them about

ONE-THIRD THE PRICE HERETOFORE CHARGED,

So that we can say with truth, None are so poor that they cannot procure them, being but a trifle higher than ordinary clothing.

Remember that we are offering you the cheapest and best magnetic appliances in the market, and if upon receiving the garments they do not meet your expectation, return them at our expense and we will refund your money.

Ladies' Abdominal Jackets and Gentlemen's Vests are made to order, and a fit guaranteed.

AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY TOWN IN THE UNITED STATES. LIBERAL COMMISSIONS ALLOWED

Address for further information,

DR. L. TENNEY,
471 West Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please cut this petition out, attach it to a blank sheet of paper, sign your name and address to it, get all your friends and neighbors to do the same, and then send it to this office.

A PETITION FOR STATE SECULARIZATION.

To the Honorable Senators and Members of the House of Representatives of the United States Congress:

A republican form of government being based on liberty, equality, and fraternity, as both means and end, involves the separation of Church and State, whose union is the worst form of class-legislation and the most infallible sign of arbitrary power. A house divided against itself cannot stand. The institutions of this Commonwealth should be made homogeneous throughout. Impartial protection of all citizens in their equal rights and liberties, by encouraging the free movement of mind, promotes the establishment of truth in whatever direction. Any infringement by government of this absolute equality of its citizens is the parent of manifold evil, a national crime committed against that natural "justice" which, as the Constitution declares, this government was founded to "establish."

And yet, though the first amendment to the Constitution of the United States says, "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof," there does exist a union of Church and State, which gives to Christianity moral and material aid, and so proscribes other religions and forms of belief and unbelief, while taxing these also for the support of that special religion.

The ways in which this old alliance between Church and State still survives among us are:

1. Recognition of God and Christianity in State Constitutions.
2. Exemption of Church property from taxation.
3. Appropriations of public money for sectarian purposes.
4. Religious exercises, as the reading of the Bible, etc., in the public schools.
5. Laws enforcing the observance of the Sabbath on the authority of the Bible.
6. Religious test-oaths in courts of justice and on instalment into office.
7. Chaplaincies in the Legislature, the Army, and the Navy.
8. Fast and Thanksgiving Proclamations, which contain theological ideas that may or may not be acceptable to the citizen.
9. The vague and indeterminate sense in which the words *civil* and *sac red* are used when applied to the marriage contract; and the appeal to God or the Holy Scriptures by some of the states, as the final authority on marriage.
10. Making morality subject to church dogma, by describing it as Christian, instead of natural, morality.
11. The license rather than liberty given to *religion* by the first amendment to the United States Constitution, by forbidding Congress to make any law "prohibiting the free exercise thereof," which means, really, "the free exercise" of whatever anyone chooses to call "religion."

The necessity for this separation of Church and State is more apparent now than ever before, because of the still greater diversity of religious beliefs, the many forms of dissent from the religion which receives State patronage, and the growing signs of sectarian strife and ambition in the arena of politics. And emphasis needs to be given to the fact that the union of Church and State is *a great hindrance to the employment of right methods* in dealing with many questions of reform now demanding attention. And most essential is it at all times, and especially in the present, in order to secure for the law its due respect and observance, that the people's representatives should exhibit the strictest fidelity to their trusts by following the law in its letter and spirit.

Your petitioners, therefore, pray that immediate action be taken by the law-making power to bring into harmony the theory and practice of our government in making the following principle a part of the fundamental law of the land by amendment to the United States Constitution:

The total separation of Church and State, by prohibiting Congress or any State, County, Municipality, or Township from enacting any law that infringes the rights of conscience, or favors any practices in the name of religion, or of aught else, that interfere with private right or the public welfare.

Crimes of Preachers

IN THE

UNITED STATES AND CANADA

From May, 1876 to May, 1883.

THIRD EDITION.

TRANSLATED OUT OF THE ORIGINAL NEWSPAPERS, AND WITH PREVIOUS TRANSLATIONS DILIGENTLY COMPARED AND REVISED.

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AUTHOR OF

"PREVENTION OF CRIME," ETC., "UNHOLY BIBLE," "HOLY MEN AND WOMEN OF THE BIBLE," "HOLY CROSS," AND MANY OTHER LIBERAL WORKS.

"By their fruits shall ye know them! Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?"

T. C. LELAND, Secretary of the National Liberal League, says of this book: "This is a severely, awfully, infernally cruel work on the priesthood, but it is a bed of infamy they hav made themselvs, and they must lie in it. Send for the book and see what devourers of sheep the shepherds can be."

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LIFE-SIZE

LITHOGRAPH

OF

D. M. BENNETT.

Sent by Mail for Fifty cents.

ADDRESS THIS OFFICE

Odds and Ends.

A CHINAMAN was baptized in Connecticut the other day, and thus one more case of water "cuer" is furnished.

"I SAY, Jim, do you know the difference between a fish and a woman?" "Not perzactly. What is the difference?" "There is no difference; they is just the same. If you drop a line to either you are apt to get them on the string."

A CLERGYMAN who holds very radical views on the divorce question made a funny slip the other day when he added a word to the usual formula, and said to the man, "Keep yourself only unto her as long as you both shall liv together."

THE absent-minded paragrapher, who was thinking about the Missouri State Convention, and the murder of a Chicago minister's wife by her husband, made the paragraph read: "A Chicago man shoots his wife on the first ballot, and is nominated by acclamation."

HOW differently the same sentiment sounds when put in another way. The story is told of a teacher who was reviewing her class in the last words of great men, and asked a little girl: "What were the last words of Webster?" expecting the answer, "I still liv." To her amazement a little girl called out, "I ain't dead yet."

"MY dear, look below," said a Harlem man, just as he stood on the bridge with his wife and gazed at a tug hauling a line of barges. "Such is life—the tug is like a man, working and toiling, while the barges are like women,—" "I know," interrupted Mrs. G., acridly, "the tug does all the blowing, and the barges bear all the burdens."

"DAUGHTER, why do you weep?" "Oh, mother! My heart is nearly broken!" "Speak out, dear child, and tell me the cause. Has he decieved you?" "Oh, no! Worse, worse than that. At church yesterday I saw everyone looking at May Carter's new dress and bonnet, and I didn't notice a single one looking at mine." "Oh, well, dear, you shouldn't mind that. If she had a finer dress and bonnet than you, and the congregation admired hers the most, of course God was on your side, for he is always the friend of the oppressed." "Oh—oh—I—I—know! But God isn't—isn't fashionable. Boo-hoo!"

"MR. B.," said the president of a bank to his cashier, "I understand you hav sold your trotting horses?" "Yes, sir," replied Mr. B., uneasily; "I found the luxury too expensiv." "And you declined an invitation to a champagne party the other evening." "Yes, sir." The cashier was getting white now. "And I also learn that you hav taken a class in Sunday-school, and hav become a member of the church choir?" "Oh, sir!" exclaimed the frightened man, "the amount is less than $10,000, and if you will giv two days' time I will restore every cent." But the president was inexorable.

THE HUNTERS AFTER THE UNKNOWABLE.

Across the moorlands of the Not
We chase the gruesome When,
And hunt the Itness of the What
Through forests of the Then.

Into the inner consciousness
We track the crafty Where;
We spear the Ergo tough, and beard
The Ego in his lair.

With lassoes of the brain we catch
The Isness of the Was,
And in the copses of the Whence
We hear the Think-bees buzz.

We climb the slippery Which-bark tree
To watch the Thusness roll,
And pause betimes in gnostic rhymes
To woo the Over-Soul.

THE minister called at the house of Mr. Snagwell the other day. "You are very comfortably situated," said he to the Christian wife and mother. "Your little place is almost self-sustaining, but, sister, where are all of your chickens? When last here I noticed flocks of them in the yard." "Yes," replied the Christian lady, "we raised a great many but they became so troublesome to our neighbors that, rather than giv offense, we sold them." "Very considerate, I am sure." "Oh, I cannot bear to be looked upon as an imposition, and—" "Ma!" called young Snagwell. "Yes, son." "Did you sell the chickens 'cause they was trouble?" "Yes, son; run along, now." "No, you didn't, 'cause I heard you tell pap that the chickens all had the cholera, an' that he'd better take 'em down an' sell 'em before they all died." The good lady imagined that the minister was not so cordial when he took his leave, and, shortly afterward, the boy had reason to believe that the mercury had gained an altitude of several inches.

THE MAN ON THE FENCE.

Oh, I am the man on the fence;
No mortal can drive me from thence,
I sit at my ease,
And I think as I please,
With an easy indifference.

It is quiet and cool on the fence;
The shadows are charmingly dense,
I climb to my seat,
And wait for the heat,
And hurrah for the fight to commence.

I hav prosperous times on the fence;
I am free from all care and expense,
I will not voluntari-
Ly contribute nary
A shadow of dollars or cents.

I can see all my friends from the fence,
For the crowd on each side is immense;
And this way and that
I keep doffing my hat,
With a heartiness simply intense.

But I'm bothered somewhat on the fence;
For the parties hav both left their tents,
And they wind in and out
And turn round about
Till I don't know just where is the fence.

—*Burdette.*

THE TRUTH SEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., as Second-class Matter.

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Notes and Clippings.

THE Duke of Argyll estimates the age of the world to be ten million years.

"FIRST come the missionaries, then the consuls, and after them the armies," said King Theodore of Abyssinia some years ago to a French traveler, explaining his abhorrence of explorers and missionaries.

JAMES GORMLEY dropped dead at a church fair at Letauket, Suffolk county, New York, after eating nearly two quarts of ice cream. A case of death from eating too many oysters at a church fair is yet to be heard of.

A SAN FRANCISCO girl's claim to distinction rests upon the fact that, at a church fair, she stood on her head in the guise of a gypsy boy acrobat. She had a tent to herself, and each spectator of the feat was compelled to pay a dollar.

THERE is an unfortunate pastor in Montgomery county, says the Rochester *Union*, who for the year past has received only $15 by way of salary, and but for the charity of neighbors would hav starved. He has a wife and two children.

DR. G. L. BEARDSLEY reiterates the belief of many scientific men that death is usually quite painless, so far as physical sensation is concerned, and he is also of the opinion that mental numbness, or a feeling of sinking into rest, frees the mind of fear.

A CLERGYMAN named Hoyle was so indiscreet as to register his name at one of the Baltimore hotels. Within half an hour afterward no fewer than forty-nine anxious inquirers sent up their cards to his room begging to be informed if a flush royal couldn't get away with four aces.

THE pastor of a colored church in St. Louis bought an $18 Bible for his pulpit on the instalment plan, but never paid more than the first dollar on it. On a recent Sunday the agent of the firm which had sold the book seized and made off with it, in spite of the pastor's resistance.

THE cause of woman is looking up, even in India. There is now in that country a lady editor to one of the most popular vernacular journals, and there has been established at Calcutta a Zenana library, for the purpose of meeting the demand for healthy reading for the educated young women of India.

"IN the wine-producing regions of France and Germany, where people drink wine with their food as freely as we do tea or coffee, there are hardly any drunkards." Says a temperance writer, "Let us hav good cheap wine, and the cry for temperance will be ended when the present race of drunkards has passed away." A better way would be to giv up the use of stimulants altogether."

A WISCONSIN man of habitual profanity has been speechless since, as he writes out the account, he uttered some particularly blasphemous words while angered by a refractory horse. He thinks that he was smitten down as a punishment, and will never be able again to speak. Others believe that he fell in a drunken sleep, and dreamed so vividly that his brain was turned by it, his incapacity being imaginary.

THE *Christian Advocate* publishes an editorial headed "Freethinkers." All that the editor has to say about Freethinkers is that "their convention has been held." The remainder of the article is devoted to an endeavor to show that Christians (except Catholics) are themselvs Freethinkers. To borrow a popular phrase, THE TRUTH SEEKER extends to the *Advocate* assurances of its distinguished consideration.

IT is a strange and pathetic spectacle which Naples presents of crowds of devotees seeking to allay the ravages of cholera by religious processions, and policemen dispersing the processions under the direction of the sanitary authorities. Thus even in the face of death, which all in common are seeking to avoid, men will still be at cross purposes.—*Sun.* This is another way of saying that religion and common sense are bound to conflict.

A PAMPHLET issued by the New York Sabbath Committee estimates that no less than 250,000 persons are required to violate the Sabbath in connection with the running of the railways of the country on Sunday, and that one-half of this number are professed Christians and church-members, who thus, from fear of losing their places, violate their consciences and the laws of the church to which they profess allegiance.

A VILLAGE pastor at Warrensburg, N. Y., has withdrawn from the Good Templars Lodge, because it would not receive his wife also as a member. An elderly lady member gave as a reason for voting against her that she had been seen sitting in a hammock with a certain young clergyman. Other charges and counter charges were made, several members of both sexes were accused of improper behavior, and the lodge broke up in confusion.

DR. PHILLIP SCHAFF says that "the Christian world embraces three great divisions—Greek, Roman, and Protestant. As to numbers, the Roman Catholic church is the largest (over 200,000,000), and nearly equals the two others combined; the Greek church is the smallest (between 80,000,000 and 90,000,000); the Protestant (over 100,000,000) is the most progressiv in all new countries, where the Teutonic race and the English language prevail." This estimate givs a total Christian population of 380,000,000, or at most 390,000,000, against 1,056,000,000 who are not Christians.

THE numerous men of science assembled in Philadelphia were canvassed by reporters to learn their views as to the asserted conflict between science and religion. The Christian believers with one voice testified that not only was their faith unshaken, but that it was strengthened by inquiries into the methods by which the creator has seen fit to work. On the other hand, the unbelievers were united in the assertion that science was directly antagonistic to Christianity, and some insinuated that their Christian associates, being mostly connected with colleges, were afraid to say what they thought.

THE River Jordan was formerly accredited with miraculous healing powers bestowed upon it by the god Jehovah of the Jews. Naaman, it is related, found it efficacious for the cure of leprosy, and pilgrims from all parts of the world continue to bathe in its waters. Medical men now pronounce it unrivaled as a tonic, but attribute its strengthening qualities to the rapidity of its current, which runs like a mill-race, the river falling 3,000 feet in 136 miles. Religious people will be inclined to regard the stream with less reverence when they learn that science has placed it on a level, medicinally, with a watercure establishment.

THE people of Great Britain hav a plenty of that unfortunate class whom "you hav always with you." The London *Chronicle* says: "The official return, made up to June 24th, shows that in the week ending on that date there were 689,629 paupers in England and Wales, exclusiv of lunatic paupers and vagrants. This was nearly 2,000 less than for the previous week. For the corresponding periods of 1883 and 1882 respectivly, however, the numbers were 694,036 and 701,598. The total for the last week of the midsummer quarter for 1884, therefore, showed a decrease of 0.6 per cent compared with that of the corresponding week for 1883, and of 1.7 per cent compared with the return for the last week of the midsummer quarter of 1882."

THE priests of Russia are of course on the side of the czar as against the people. *John Swinton's Paper* tells the following story: "In a certain Russian village there was a certain Russian priest whose hatred of Nihilism rose to a mania. To show his zeal in the czar's service, he denounced the blacksmith of the village to the authorities as a Nihilist. The blacksmith was arrested, and condemned without trial to Siberia. By some means he managed to escape, made his way to a seaport, and thence to New York. The blacksmith did not forget the aforesaid priest, and hit upon a plan to punish him for his crime. He got hold of an old copy of the Nihilist periodical *Narodnaya Volna*, put it up carefully in an envelope, addressed it to his old enemy, and got it taken across seas by a traveling friend, who mailed it from Vienna to the priest. The envelope was, of course, opened by the Russian post-office spies, who gloated over the finding of a first-class prize. In the mean time, the priest himself had somehow been brought under suspicion of Nihilism; and the spies saw the chance to fasten it on him. They resealed the envelope, mailed it to his address, and sent orders that watch be kept upon him as to how he disposed of it. It was duly delivered to the priest, who took it to his home, opened it, looked at it, was startled, and was just about to rush out with it to the police, when a couple of friends chanced to make him a call. He locked the door and showed it to them; he read a few lines of it; they were interested. Then the police broke in his door. He was caught in the act of propagating Nihilism among his two friends, one of whom was a spy. He was seized and dragged to police quarters. The proof against him was complete; he had received a clandestin Nihilist document, and attempted to circulate its doctrins. He protested his innocence, threw himself on his knees, and roared in despair; but all this was taken as proof of his guilt, and confirmation of the rumors that had been set afloat about him. He was thrown into prison; his sentence speedily fell upon his head; the case was carried to the police administration at St. Petersburg; he was condemned to hard labor in the mines of Siberia; he was put into the next chain-gang for Siberia, and by this time he is far on his way there."

SEVERAL months ago the Rev. James Woodrow, Ph. D., D.D., LL.D., President of and Perkins Professor of Natural Science in Connection with Revelation in the Theological Seminary of the Southern Presbyterian church in Columbia, S. C., delivered an address before the Alumni Association of that institution upon the subject of evolution. Dr. Woodrow assumed advanced ground on this subject and became the proponent of certain theories which, it has been alleged by those who differ with him, are of Darwinian and Spencerian complexion and Materialistic tendencies. With one exception the entire Presbyterian press of the country condemns the learned professor, and the Southern church has been in a great quandary as to what action to take in the premises. At a session of the board of trustees of the seminary a paper was introduced strongly commending Dr. Woodrow, and indorsing nearly all the positions taken by him in the address on evolution. A substitute was offered which enjoined upon Dr. Woodrow to cease teaching in the seminary the doctrin that evolution is God's plan of creation, and that the body of Adam was probably evolved from a beast. This substitution was voted down, and another adopted indorsing the address so far as it set forth the doctrins of natural science, but condemning evolution as inconsistent with perfect soundness of faith. The minority then entered their protest against the action of the board in refusing to enjoin on Professor Woodrow not to teach that evolution is God's plan of creation, and that the body of Adam was probably evolved from the lower animals. Among the reasons given are that belief in evolution changes the interpretation of many passages of scripture from that now received by the church; that the view that the body of Adam was evolved from lower animals and not formed by a supernatural act of God is dangerous and hurtful; that the theory that Adam's body was formed by the natural law of evolution while Eve's was created by a supernatural act of God is contrary to our confession of faith, as that confession of faith has been and is interpreted by our church; and that the advocacy of views which hav no authority from the word of God, which tend to unsettle the received interpretation of many passages of scripture, and to destroy the confidence of the church in her doctrinal standards and may rend our church, ought not to be allowed. The synods of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, and Florida, will take the matter up later on. In the mean time Professor Woodrow holds the fort, while evolutionists look on with considerable amusement.

News of the Week.

LAST Saturday was the Hebrew New Year, being the first day of the year 5889, or thereabouts, reckoning from the creation.

THE cholera epidemic which has been ravaging Italy has abated to some extent. Some new cases of the disease are reported in southern France.

SEVEN persons convicted were publicly whipped last Saturday in Wilmington, Del., one of whom also underwent the antiquated ordeal of the pillory.

A NAVAL court of inquiry has decided that the blame for the sinking of the United States steamer Tallapoosa rests with the master of the schooner with which she came in collision. The navy department approves the finding of the court.

THE Rev. Thomas Bacon, of the Dwight Congregational church, in New Haven, has raised dissension among his congregation by declaring for Cleveland. Dissatisfied members hint to him that political discussions are out of place in the pulpit.

IT is reported that the process of boycotting adopted against the New York *Tribune* by the printer's union has brought that journal to terms, and that it has become a union paper. The concession has been brought about, probably, more by political than financial pressure, the Central Labor Union having declared against Blaine.

A POLITICAL party called the American Political Alliance has nominated Capt. W. T. Ellsworth, of Pennsylvania, and Charles Waterman, of New York, for president and vice-president of the United States. The platform proposes suffrage for American-born women, and a residence of twenty-one years to enable a foreigner to vote.

AN earthquake shock on the 19th was felt in Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, and Canada. Glass was broken and clocks thrown down in parts of Michigan. A Methodist conference was in session at Toledo, Ohio, the members of which adjourned in much consternation, without waiting for any motion except that caused by the shock.

MR. KEELY, of motor fame, has applied his etheric vapor to the firing of guns. Experiments with the mysterious force were made on the 20th under the supervision of United States officers at Fort Hamilton, in New York Harbor. Force nearly equal to that of gunpowder was developed. Gen. Hamilton announced himself satisfied that Mr. Keely had made a great discovery.

JERRY MCAULEY, the revivalist, of this city, was buried last Sunday. Mr. McAuley was not formerly an ornament to society, having been a river thief and an inmate of the state prison for a term of years, from which he was graduated as an exhorter. He produced numerous conversions among the class with which he had associated previous to his enforced retirement. His funeral was numerously attended.

MISS LIZZIE MAYER, of East Orange, N. J., who has been sick for four years, now announces herself cured by the effect of prayer. Just what the disease was she is unable to state, but doctors hav variously attributed her illness to malaria, congestion of the stomach, bad liver, consumption, and diabetes. This variety of ailments excites the suspicion that not much was the matter with Miss Mayer anyway, and that her disease was of the same character as her cure—imaginary.

THE lot of a Salvation soldier is not without its vicissitudes. Lucy Johnston, known as "Singing Lucy," a member of the Salvation Army of Albany, N. Y., while entering the Army's hall one night last week, after a parade, was struck on the head with a stone or billy, and knocked senseless. The next day she was in a precarious condition. Her home is in Brooklyn, and she joined the Army four months ago against the opposition of her parents. She is a vocalist of considerable ability.

Communications.

Rationalism and Catholicism.*

Where the currents of human thought and destiny are now drifting to, the wisest of us cannot determin with any degree of precision. We search in vain for a precedent to the form and pressure of the present age over all the past annals of the world. It may be that history repeats itself; but we hav now reached a juncture of social, political, moral, and intellectual forces which we look for in vain back through the dim corridors of time; and *how* history is to repeat itself speculation is overwhelmed in the attempt to decide, and vaticination is dumb.

Never in that tract of the world nominally Christian did aggressiv and defiant "Infidelity" close and grapple with the minions of the cross as she does to-day; and never since the Reformation era did the scarlet woman flaunt her skirts so proudly in the great cities of both the Eastern and Western Hemispheres. Protestantism has no geographical area that she did not win by the zealous fanaticism of her first rush. The Protestant countries of the sixteenth century are the Protestant countries of to-day, and no new ones hav been added thereto. Nay, and the old ones are rent and riven; and the seed sown by Luther and Spalatin, by Huss and Calvin, by Wycliffe and Sawtree, by Knox and Melville, has grown up almost choked with Romish weeds and Rational tares. The mentation and the aspiration of the fifteenth century were not identical with those that actuate the nineteenth. The floods of human folly hav worn other channels, the currents of human tendency hav torn their way through other rocks and over other shoals. The old battle-fields are deserted, and only through the mists of departed time we can descry them, with their rank grasses, broken and shapeless weapons, half-obliterated trenches, and dull mounds marking more or less dishonored graves. The battalions hav reeled and surged into other fields, and there, with other weapons and with other battle-cries, the often-changing but never-ending tide of human conflict ebbs and flows. Guns are yet planted on the roof, and there is a rattle and blaze of musketry from the windows of the old half-way house between Rome and Rationalism; but the shot and shell fall wide of the mark. Formerly, the old house was in the center of operations; now it is on the extreme left flank, and miles away the real conflict rages. The half-way house is tottering to its fall. The emergency to meet which it was built has passed away. Its giants are dead, its heroes are no more; its *prestige* is over, and "Ichabod" is inscribed over its gateway. A shabby despotism, three centuries ago, it modified a terrible despotism, and thereby justified its existence; but now, Why cumbereth it the ground? Hardly taking it into account in military strategy, up on the side of the windy hill the banners wave and the troops are ranking, the forces of Rationalism and Rome, and with them and no other rests the balance between victory and defeat in the Armageddon of these latter ages.

Everywhere now ecclesiasticism howls against "the spread of Infidelity," and everywhere Romanism is activ, from New York to Birmingham. In the latter town, the other day, a church dedicated to St. Anne was opened by his eminence, Cardinal Manning, with all the august ceremonial of pontifical high mass. In his subtle and able dedicatory address, his eminence is reported to hav said: "They believed all that God had revealed, unwritten and written, the old divine traditions of the church from the beginning—every jot and every tittle. But why did they believe this? The 'word' in the text did not mean the book, and they who would draw their Christianity out of the written scripture had proved for centuries the inefficiency of that rule of faith by the multitudinous contradictions and ever-increasing diversity of the interpretation that had been put upon that word. Without divine certainty they could not hav divine faith, and, therefore, the wisest human critic could giv him no definit certainty of the meaning of the holy scripture; the most learned scientific historian could not fix for him the meaning of the word of God. No one, however pious or good; no minister of religion or priest of the church, apart from the divine authority of the church itself, could venture to interpret that written word by his own light or his own discernment."

I am a soldier in the ranks of those who would face untold fatigue and peril to flesh their blades in the heart of Rome; but I heartily indorse the utterance of his eminence in regard to "the wisest human critic" being unable to express any "definit certainty of the meaning of the holy scripture." So far, I, a Rationalist, am in exact accord with a Romish cardinal. But when the learned cardinal proceeds to say that, although the esoterics of holy writ are too deep for human learning, too mystical for human wisdom, they can be infallibly interpreted by "the divine authority of the church itself," I join issue with him, and oppose him foot to foot and hilt to hilt. I positivly and emphatically deny that the church has, in the past, shown that it could interpret scripture more successfully than the mere "human critic" could. Nay, my lord cardinal, I will refer you to only one example—*e. g.*, of how your church interpreted a certain scripture passage; but the example I will giv is such a striking, picturesque, and conclusiv one as should be able to explode forever your church's monstrous pretensions to divinely inspired hermeneutics. It is unfortunate, your eminence, for you and. yours that our more modern times hav laid the intellectual wealth of the world's yesterday at the feet of men who hav neither post nor pension from your church. It is unfortunate for you and yours that there are men of my type, who will read and study for many years in obscurity, anxious only to find out what is true, and never once asking what is profitable; studying for no profession, hoping for no preferment; poor, but aspiring to no gain, no crosier, no cardinal's hat; but freely giving learning and time and life to the most thankless of all causes—to a cause that for independence givs you poverty, for celebrity givs you infamy. What a pity you hav not still your *Index Expurgatorius* to prevent such as I from misusing the best years of their life in toiling over volumes the perusal of which can only be inimical to your hierarchy! How lamentable that you cannot now arrest pens like mine by giving those who wield them a twinge of the thumbscrew, or make the blazing fagots at the stake reduce the hand of the writer to ashes! Like its God, your church is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. Among the calcined bones of the mighty you would honor me by mingling those of this humble Scottish heretic and rebel, but that Protestantism held you at bay till the party that I in some imperfect way represent grew strong; and now an enemy infinitly more terrible than Protestantism confronts you.

Your church, my lord cardinal, has alone the true interpretation of holy scripture, has it? We shall see. You should hav ceased to make such assertions when it became possible for men like me to unearth and decipher the works of such writers as Glaber, Abbo of Fleury, Gennadius, and Corodi. You will, no doubt, my lord cardinal, hav heard of the Millenarian insanity of the tenth century, although you would undoubtedly that such as I had never heard of it. How excellently the "divine authority of the church" interpreted Rev. xx, 2, 3! The binding of Satan for a thousand years your church alleged began at the birth of Christ; so, of course, at the expiring of a thousand years from that date, Satan was to be let loose, and unutterable calamity, if not absolute annihilation, be visited upon the world. In the tenth century your church was in full swing, with its divine interpretations and all the rest of its monstrous jugglery; and not even one solitary bark of a heretic dog resounded through the caverns of your ecclesiastical Avernus. You had, or your own annalists belie you, a perfect plethora of dirt and piety and plague and pestilence. Like rotten sheep, your ignorant and filthy dupes died off in tens of thousands; while the half-naked, vermin-eaten, and nasty—but ignorant and holy—survivors crowded into your abbeys and churches and implored God to hav mercy upon them; but he would not. You showed them relics, and they wanted a bath; you treated them to the mass, and they wanted soap; you incited them to godliness, and they wanted cleanliness. So much attention was given to dying and to seeking the kingdom of God that the wheat and corn and barley remained unsown, or was allowed to be destroyed by blight and mildew; and the survivors of the plague for wild roots had to burrow in the ground like pigs, eat rats and other vermin, and regale themselvs upon diseased human flesh from the corpses of their plague-stricken dead.

In this state of affairs what did your divine and scripture-interpreting church do? What wine, and oil, and bread, and consolation did it giv to the scared and famished remnant plague and pestilence had left? Your holy Bernhardt of Thuringia turned to the twentieth chapter of Revelation and preached the immediate end of the world. As the clock struck midnight on December 31, 1000, the devil would break his chains, and, with blood, and fire, and misery, make a prelude to the day of judgment. The clergy of your church took up the cry of Bernhardt. It was howled from every abbey; it was thundered from every cathedral; and frantic monks, with cope, and stole, and cord, appealed in town, and village, and hamlet to a still more frantic populace. Portent and miracle, wraith and apparition, dark shadows on earth, and blood-red signs in heaven, bore evidence to the near advent of the day of doom. Europe was all but ruined, but what mattered that; your "divine church" was enriched. Kings and nobles rushed to the sanctuary to endow it with lands and wealth which they had won by carnage and fire. With the sword they had gained place and power by doing the work of the devil, and now they devoted all to the service of God, since they should hav to part with everything, anyhow, by the time the clock struck twelve, ringing the death-knell of the millennium and ushering in the end of the world. Kings and nobles, whose pastime was slaughter as regarded men, and lust as regarded women, in spite of the dominance of the church, grew suddenly penitent, and flung away the sword for the missal, and abandoned the couch of the voluptuary for the monk's shirt of hair. William of the Long Sword, Duke of Normandy, was fain to abandon his ducal rank and take shelter in the monkish cell. Hugh, Duke of Burgundy, was anxious to throw up all to find shelter in the monastery against the terrors of the day of doom; and Hugh, Count of Arls, was like-minded. The Emperor Henry II., crownless and unkinged, presented himself at the abbey gate of St. Vanne, howling piously from the Psalms: "This shall be my rest forever; here will I dwell, for I hav a delight therein." Numbers of nobles left lands, and castles, and all to the church, and hastened to the Holy Land, bare-footed, ragged, and penniless, in the cunningly church-inspired hope that those who, at the crack of doom, were found in the sainted clime in which the redeemer had died, would hav certain immunities from the horrors and terrors about to be wreaked upon the rest of the human race. Others stubbornly and desperately remained in their doomed castles, and on their estates, left to barrenness and weeds, and did not impiously attempt to propitiate the vengeance of God. But the altars were loaded with, and the church floors strewn with, legal instruments, venerable parchment, and dusty vellum, representing gifts to the church of some of the noblest estates in Europe, and thousands upon thousands of serfs and vassals. The church took them all, just as if the day of judgment had not been so close at hand. The monks, Cardinal Manning, were themselvs the conveyancers, and the deeds of conveyance began with the stereotyped words: "Seeing that the end of the world is now approaching, and that every day accumulates fresh miseries, I, Baron ——, for the good of my soul, giv to the monastery of ——," etc. The last day of the world was the harvest day of the church, and the twentieth chapter of Revelation was, for the time being, worth more than all the remainder of the book of God. And gloriously your church interpreted it, my lord cardinal, in the interests of your order. The nobles you had under your thumb by this divine gift the church has for putting the correct meaning upon scripture texts; and, as for the common people, they forgot all the instincts of human nature in their abject terror. They wallowed in ignorance, filth, and vermin, intense fear leading to an involuntary relaxation of the sphincters. An eclipse of the sun became visible to the Emperor Otho's army on their march. They at once recognized in it one of the apocalyptic "signs in the sun." They were paralyzed with fear. They dropped their weapons, broke their ranks, and such of the screaming and disorganized rabble as terror did not render motionless fled to the hills, literally calling to the rocks to hide them, and the hills to fall upon them.

On dragged the awful weeks, coming nearer and still nearer to the instant when heaven and earth should pass away. At length, in the end of the most terrible December the world has ever seen, came the last week of the year A.D. 1000. Then there was such agonizing suspense, such paralyzing fear, and such abandoned frenzy as never before or since has cursed such masses of the race of man. Your church, my lord cardinal, had indeed vindicated its claim to be "the divine interpreter of scripture." You took up the twentieth chapter of Revelation, and by your interpretation thereof exalted the hierarchy and well-nigh ruined the world. During this terrible week the work of the world was utterly suspended. For the ring of the anvil there was the yell of the maniac; for the whirr of the shuttle there was the shriek of the madman. Drearily rose the sun, and drearily set in the last few wintry days before his light was to be extinguished forever. Men held their very breath in terror. Blanched white were the dark-brown locks that so lately shaded the smooth and open brow of youth. In the halls of luxury, where the arras was of the richest, where the patines were of gold, and where the air was heavy with odors, now lay the dead and dying commingled, no sexton to bury, and no thief to steal the vessels of gold; and where the air was heavy with odors were now the filth of the living and the putrescence of the dead. Beauty was beautiful no longer, heroism was extinct, and valor was extinguished. The deer and the boar roamed in the greenwood unscathed. No household fires were lighted to shed a warmth through the wintry air. The wine cask was unbroached, and meals were no longer prepared. Men, women, and children, of all ranks and classes, lay huddled together, clutching each other convulsivly in imminent expectation of the crashing of chains that would herald the release of Satan and of the trumpet blast that should signal the end of the world. Love was banished, hate was forgotten, and terror was master of all. The thread upon the distaff remained unwound, and the sword lay rusting on the floor. Revelation xx, 3, 4, had conquered. Your divine interpreting church, Cardinal Manning, had driven Europe frantic that her riches might be purloined as she lay in delirium.

All vocations were dead, save that of the priest. With husky voice, haggard mien, and supernatural wildness of gesticulation the monk harangued in the market-place, and around him surged all that terror

* By W. Stewart Ross (Saladin), editor of the London *Secular Review*. Read at the Cassadaga Lake Freethinkers' Convention.

and death had spared. Nearer, nearer, and nearer came the end of the year, till only a few hours intervened between mankind and the day of judgment. Then the remnant of human beings crushed into the churches till they were filled to suffocation. Thousands clamored in vain for admission at the gate of convent, cathedral, and abbey. Resolved that it would be better for their souls should they perish among the ruins of the house of God, they who could not obtain admission scrambled up to the roof, and mingled their chants and wails with the roll of the organ which ascended from within. Midnight on the 31st of December was the utmost limit given for the release of Satan; but it was held that the release might take place an hour or two before night's solemn noon. The great candles of the cathedral shone under groined arch and by fluted column over the pale and upturned faces of a convulsed and motley multitude. There were no clocks, but, at regular intervals, on the great candles metal balls were fixed by inflammable strings, and as, hour after hour, the flame reached each string in succession, the ball fell into a basin-shaped gong below, with a clang that, in the breathless suspense which waited upon the burning of each string, resounded to the loftiest turret, and reverberated among the graves under the flagstones in the aisle. One by one, an eternity of suspense between them, fell the balls into the gong, and yet the end of the world did not come, and the winter morning dawned of the 1st of January, in the year 1001. The holy Catholic church had indeed interpreted the scripture—interpreted it to replenish her own coffers and augment her own power. The world slowly slunk back into its old work-a-days; but without taking pains to resent its having been duped and hoaxed by the unscrupulous cunning of Rome. Shame, my lord cardinal! Remember, you are not addressing the illiterate vassalage of the Dark Ages. Your words reach those who can criticise them without favor and reject them without fear. When you would speak of your church being the only divine interpreter of scripture, remember the twentieth chapter of Revelation and the year 1000 A.D., and be forever dumb.

Nay, my lord cardinal, the pretensions of your church are going the way of all the earth. You yet manage to hobble along on two crutches—the mental apathy and moral credulity of mankind. But the earth swings round, and the gnome casts another shadow upon the dial of time. A race arises that cares neither for your book nor your infallible interpretation thereof. Address, if you will, the present-day spawn of the bats and owls of medievalism; but the beams of the true sun of righteousness hav now broken through the gloom of your censer smoke and your windows, dim with the effigies of saints. The perdition which has overtaken Zeus and Isis is overtaking you. Untold opulence, the romance of history, the wealth of erudition, and the subtlety of intellect are yet on your side; and I admit that even I, the "Infidel," immeasurably more pronounced than ten thousand "Infidels" you hav tortured and burnt, hav some feeling of sympathy with you as, girt with the cestus of the mighty memories of two thousand years of the irrevocable past, you stand confronting your inevitable doom from the fiat of the merciless future. Hater as I am of tyrants and tyranny, the tears hav coursed down my face as I hav figured my fathers at Culloden amid ruin and rout, riven tartan and shivered claymore, perishing in the whirlwind that swept away the "divine right of kings." Like sympathy I extend to you and your church, Cardinal Manning, standing between the sunset of the world's yesterday and the dawn of the world's to-morrow, defending the divine right of priests. But, like a specter of the Brocken, your towers and citadels melt away into the viewless air. You hav made a darkly-interesting chapter in anthropology; but the race rises to the level of new developments and new eons, and, ere a long time pass, your censer will smoke no more; your Jesus will hav taken his place with the obsolete gods; and the candles upon your altar shall burn no more forever. The same sun in the heavens that has looked down upon the waning altar-fires of the faiths of the world's hoary yesterday shall yet look down upon your altars, cold, deserted, and desolate. The altar of the future will be the concave of the sky overarching in glory the everlasting hills. The worship of the future, irrespectiv of teleological dogma, will be the reaching forward to stronger brain, purer morals, and a happier world. To further the advent, my lord cardinal, of that nobler altar and grander worship, the Freethinkers of America are met to-day on the Cassadaga hights, and they permit me thus to shake hands with them, and add my feeble spark to the splendor of the coming day in a land where Romanism never had the mastery—on a continent of which your Jesus never heard.

SALADIN.

Aunt Elmina's Book.

LITTLE LESSONS FOR LITTLE FOLKS, Vol. I. By Mrs. E. D. Slenker. Price, 30 cents.

This is just what its name indicates—a little lesson book of 152 pages, containing solid, substantial facts. The subjects are well and wisely chosen and constitute a variety of information and instruction. They are taken, mostly, as the author says in her preface, from the latest edition of Chambers's Encyclopedia, and are as reliable as can be obtained It is a good book for *big* folks as well as little ones, and should, as I trust it will, be in not only every family, but in secular and Sunday-schools as well. It is the only book of the kind I hav ever seen, and, I hav spent an hour very profitably to-day in the perusal of its pages. The children will all want "Aunt Elmina's Little Lessons," I am sure, and the well-known ability of Mrs. Slenker, as a writer on a variety of topics, should insure a ready sale for this latest one, so that she will feel that there is a demand for another volume.

SUSAN H. WIXON.

The Contrast.

PRESIDENT BROWN'S OPENING ADDRESS AT THE N. Y. STATE FREETHINKERS' CONVENTION.

LIBERALS AND FRIENDS: The science of human existence began with our knowledge of a cell. The religion of superstition began with our want of knowledge of a sell. One is spelled cell, and the other sell. By the former we find all vegetable and animal life sustained. By the latter, all the fictions and follies of religion are expensively maintained. All physical and mental well-being depends upon the scientific cell. The priests and the preachers climb into power and support by the sell of faith. One protects the family and the state, and the other supports the clergy and the church. One teaches the natural ways of happiness, while the other compels the race to fear and dread. By the believers, the unknown is placed before the known as all-important. By this pious deception men and women are put upon their knees as slaves, dupes, and weeping dudes. A secular education raises humanity above the religious deceptions, into the utility and dignity of the state and the progress of intellectual liberty. By the sell in preaching, prayer, and faith, the family and the state have been robbed for years of their just rights. Idiots, paupers, and vandals have been the legitimate result. A pious fraud praying for bread, to be furnished by an unknown God, only finds it, at last, produced by the actual knowledge and industry of a sinning secular individual. The substantials of both church and state come from our secular knowledge and the work we do, not from religious faith or belief. The knowledge we have of the necessities and the happiness of life does not come by belief or prayer. It comes by our secular observation and experience. Our personal duties depend upon what we know, not upon what we believe. The sell of religious faith has always received its money and food from the industrious sinners who depend upon the science cell for a whole body and a correct thought. What we know about honor and justice does not require clerical support through religious fear and selfishness. We have paid taxes and tithes on church property, and for the support of the clergy, to the amount which would have settled every conceivable debt of the world which human necessity could demand. It is possible that a good God has not ability enough to save the souls of his own creation, without clerically robbing the industrious many, to religiously support the idle few in a perfect state of holiness? What a difference there seems to be between divine and human justice!

One shrewd sheriff and a good judge can prevent more real sin and crime than the unknown God with his whole posse of clerical police. They attempt to do their reforming by the sell of faith, while the sheriff and the judge do not wait until death before they deal with the offender. We think law and order is better maintained by persons who are secularly educated, than by holy men preaching faith and hope in a musical or a burning life after death. Their rewards are too far away for immediate practical influence. This immense clerical fraud depends upon the fiction in the phrase, "I believe." We know, or we do not know. What we know is in no sense what we believe. What we do not sense, and therefore do not know, is all we can believe. What we know is secular. What we do not know is our religion. When we sense and know, then knowledge has taken the place of our religion. When we say we believe, it is the best evidence we do not know. When we do know, then there is no need of the phrase, "I believe."

When we talk of the unknowable and the unthinkable, how can we expect our words will be anything but verbal and imaginary? What we sense is our knowledge. What we do not sense, and attempt to describe, is nonsense—no sense. If we desire to most effectually separate church and state, we should teach the rational difference in the utility of secular knowledge, and the folly of ignorant belief in the unknowable, and the impossible assumptions of religion.

Any person who has been educated to the practical good of this world, would not exchange it for any or all the religious faith and belief in the universe. Educate men and women to depend wholly upon their knowledge and labor for all they can enjoy, and we have fairly and truly separated church and state. Every person has a right to guess about the unknown, and a right to present that guess without fear or molestation. He should be protected in his belief until such time and place when knowledge destroys it. Then he should be secularly free to present his knowledge. In fact, scientific teaching and reasoning should be as free in every respect as the mystical and verbal bosh of religion. Before all guess-work or hope of a future life after death, the young and the innocent should receive a secular education and know the facts and the reasons whereby life, health, and happiness are safely maintained.

Scientific schools and papers should be fully protected and supported by taxing the church property, which has clerically robbed secular instruction, for years, of its just privileges. To teach that God only helps the believers, and not the knowers and doers, is the fiction by which the clergy selfishly hold the ignorant in the toils of the orthodox faith. Knowledge is a virtue. Belief is often a vice which supports ignorance and crime. Secular authority should govern all persons by the laws of the state, independently and impartially, for the sole good and equity of each and all whose citizen relations are lawfully established. A worldly education is about the only safeguard against the deceitful influence of religious assumptions and clerical impositions, perpetrated in the name of an unknown God and Christ.

Scientific instruction has as many rights as the heartless threats of religious damnation. The revenge of saints has no right over the knowledge of the sinners when both seek freedom and control. The best citizen grants to every person the similar rights and privileges claimed by himself.

The freedom of speech and press allows the only censorship, which demonstrated truths and facts place before the citizen, to freely use instead of his want of knowledge.

Truth and fact never need abuse freedom of thought, speech, or press. Error seeks control and denies fair discussion and free comparison with the demonstrable origin of correct thought. Religious revenge is not the jury by which the abuse of freedom should be tried and sent to prison. The impartial sinner has more real virtue than the revengeful saint.

The devil has a million sinners to God's one saint, and anyone of them has more generosity, industry, honesty and actual goodness, in daily life, than the one godly pet who begs his food and clothing, while idly living on the charities of the very sinners whom he dooms to hell, for no other reason than unbelief. "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

What has man to fear but his own inherited ignorance? How could he sin more than try to keep under its useless influence and priestly control. One day of secular education is worth more than all the religions known since the word God was invented. Take from the believer his knowledge of forms and motions of matter, and he cannot even guess. To scientifically put off as long as possible our final individual destruction, and keep our forms and motions in existence, we are Freethinkers and secular workers, knowing the good it daily brings us. Of gods and devils we know nothing. We believe of them just what we do not know, and that fact destroys their utility to us.

We think sin is necessary to a worldly salvation by knowledge. There can be no salvation without sin. Secular knowledge is far more conducive to health and happiness than ignorance and belief. We are ready to know and do the fittest thing for the good of humanity, and let gods, devils, priests, and preachers look elsewhere for aid. Let us be faithful and sincere to what we know to be useful to our race. Of the myths and miracles of religion we have quite enough.

With knowledge and labor for the needy we are content.

The good of this world will satisfy the wise until we know something of a better or a worse existence.

On the question of secular rights and intellectual freedom we have but one controlling motto, which is said to have been given to the world six hundred and fifty years before Christ, by Thales, a thoughtful Grecian philosopher.

It is this: "*Avoid doing what you blame in others.*"

Whoever strictly obeys this admirable saying will be a good example to his enemies, and a true teacher of all his associates.

If the believers in the religious superstitions had spent their time in studying the facts and truths which alone make them healthy and worldly-happy, almost the entire gloom and tears of the Christian mourners would have been prevented.

You know your worth and mental content depend upon your knowledge and reason.

And if we are in any danger of pain or fire after death, we will use the same or similar knowledge then we now find good.

If the real goodness of this world is worth anything in another life, if there be one, we cannot apply it until we arrive there.

Our selfishness can never correct our reason and understanding.

All we need to know and do is the inevitable, *the must to be.* Matter is the source of all known phe-

nomena, and without its varied conditions we could not exist.

When we understand all the relations of forms and motions of matter, we will find no place or need for gods, devils, or their professing agents.

How do we know when we are doing right or wrong, except we be acting according to our knowledge?

To avoid knowledge is a crime. To prevent others from knowing the right, by their own study, is the crime of the priest.

To accept belief as better than knowledge is the vice of the zealous Christian.

To know what will keep us whole in body and correct in thought is the highest virtue with which man can become acquainted.

We live to enjoy what we know and do.

When we are taught to say, "I do not know," instead of saying, "I believe," then an honest *affirmation* will be counted better than a Christian oath, the test of which is to publicly kiss the dirty cover of a book of filth and fiction.

All that admits the book into the farce of religious courts is the sinful phrase so thoughtlessly and commonly used, "I believe," instead of saying, "I know, I do not know." In proportion as knowledge increases, religion decreases.

Knowledge and labor usefully remove religious faith, prayer, and belief. Our knowledge has improved, beautified, and made this planet a better place upon which to live and be happy. Our religious beliefs have reduced many victms of it to poverty, idleness, ignorance, crime, and indescribable misery.

To know is to succeed.

To believe is to fail.

Knowledge is mental health. Religion is a disease in the brain of those who teach that by belief we are saved, and not by knowledge. A secular education will save this nation from religious ignorance and the vandals of superstition.

To know and do is to be scientific and useful. To believe and pray is to be religious and useless.

Science produces and protects. Religion consumes and destroys.

Science is the known and the demonstrable. Religion is an assumption, making a great noise about the supposed.

Science is the possible. Religion is the impossible.

Science is knowledge. Religion is ignorance.

We should act with the actual, and not worship the impossible. Distinguish between the two and live and labor accordingly. Defend the right and the true. Oppose the wrong, the mythical, and the useless.

The Pioneer Work of Liberalism.

The work to be engaged in by Mr. Watts and myself is of a twofold nature: first, of course, to lecture among Liberals themselvs. This is necessary in order that fellowship may be more fully established and a greater impulse communicated to our organized force. We need to giv and take of the great new life and hope that is in the world to-day. We cannot liv alone and accomplish our best in the tumultuous and complicated civilization of the present time. We must join heart and hand and become powerful, not only within but without—strong in ourselvs, and able to confront that which, based upon the theology of past, sets itself so strenuously against progress. Therefore, through the platform as well as through the press, Liberals should be more thoroughly aroused. There should be a closer association and deeper sympathy, so that the organization already established shall be both permanent and effectual.

But, based on this more powerful union of those who are now Liberals, there is to be begun and carried on a vast pioneer work. This is the essential object of the $5,000 fund. It is not to support Mr. Watts and myself among Liberals, but to enable us, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, beyond all present Liberal organizations, to enter untried fields, to break new grounds, to plant the seed for new harvests. I want this point to be particularly understood by all contributors to the fund. This is not a contribution to enable us to hav a free-and-easy time among our own kith and kin, but to giv us an opportunity for work where work of our sort has never been done before.

It will often be necessary, in going into an entirely new community, to hire our own hall, pay for advertisments, etc., depending upon our own resources, and this we cannot do in any successful way unless the means are furnished by the combined generosity of the Liberals of the whole country. Anyone can see the magnificent results of such a work in the future. We are working for the future, and not simply for the present. It is not for our own comfort that we aim, but for the unending progress of humanity. We wish, therefore, to enlarge the circle of Liberalism and send its flame into every corner of our land. We do not regard ourselvs as a select company, the enlightened few, who are to liv for our own development, making all possible knowledge for ourselvs, and disdainfully, in the pride of intellectual achievement, letting the outer world rest in darkness. We are no such orthodox heathen as that, no such voluptuaries of thought, and epicures of wisdom, and gluttons of "sweetness and light." We regard ourselvs as the vanguard of the great future democracy of the world. In our hands are placed the treasures of the life that is to be. We are standard-bearers of the truth and right. We are the servants of humanity, and it is our greatest joy and noblest reward to be able to do something for its advancement. We realize the oneness of our race—that we are bound together and sweep forward upon the stream of united effort. Our own culture is not complete, our own highest attainment is not achieved, our own pleasure not supreme, until all others hav shared with us the knowledge we hav acquired and the hope founded upon that knowledge. Therefore, by its very nature, Liberalism must go forth in constantly increasing effort, for the spirit of truth is the spirit of growth. In order to expand ourselvs and reach our grandest hight, the whole world must come into communion with our thought and be touched by the same infinit possibilities. Herein lies the grandeur of our undertaking, that it is thoroughly democratic and cosmopolitan. It would build up the Ideal Republic, whose pillars shall be planted in every land, and whose arch shall be as universal as the blue dome of heaven.

It is for this great and onward work that we ask for contributions—that we may push ahead, and bring into play the yet unorganized forces of human growth. There are thousands and tens of thousands throughout our land who are ready to be enrolled in our ranks when they understand our purposes and see the sublime ideal for which we strive. They are dissatisfied with the old; it is dust and ashes to them. They hunger for the new; they would partake of the fresh life of humanity. But they are scattered here and there in a thousand communities; they are surrounded with hostil influences; the new thought is as yet vague and dim—it seems a confused mass, and they know not hardly whether it will build up or tear down. They hesitate, and, while detached from the old, they find no point of earnest effort and hope in the new. It is for us to make an opportunity for this unorganized multitude; to speak the word that, like a fresh element, shall strike brightness out of confusion, that shall crystallize what has hitherto been blindly floating into order and beauty and so into noblest use.

Shall any Liberal who has a dollar to spare hesitate to contribute to this all-important pioneer work? Will he not feel the electric thrill of brotherhood, and be ready to do his best in order that when the old has forever disappeared, the new may shine, not in disorganized fragments, but in a wonderful cosmos—a palace of delight wherein all humanity shall find an ample feast?

I am sure that Liberals will generously respond, so that our choice and noblest spirits may hasten to new fields, and so from day to day enlarge the domains of truth, science, and humanity.

In no spirit of boasting, but simply to show what can be done, I venture to state something of my past experience in missionary work, by which I hope to be able to accomplish something infinitly better for the future.

In my fresh enthusiasm for orthodoxy, immediately after my graduation from a theological seminary, I went to the prairies of Illinois, and joined my fortunes with a struggling band, and as the result of my effort a new church edifice was built, and I must confess that I was a little proud when I saw its spire pointing to the sky, for I felt that I had actually done something for humanity. I had, like St. Paul, planted a church where there was no church before. After a while I passed into the Unitarian belief, and, animated by its spirit, I went to the plains of Nebraska, almost outside the bounds of civilization, on the very verge of the red man's territory, and after two years' hard work in a somewhat uncongenial soil, built another edifice for the advancement of Christianity. So actually in my short life I hav been the means of rearing two church buildings for the benefit of the old faith. I hav served my apprenticeship, and believe I served it well. Now comes the real work of my life, and where I hav built one edifice for Christianity I purpose to build a hundred halls for Liberalism. I know it can be done. I hav not worked for nothing in the harness of the church. What I learnt there shall be put to the service of a far nobler cause. With an infinitly greater outlook, a greater faith, a greater hope, a greater enthusiasm, I can be one of those who shall help dot this land with the temples of humanity, where the worship of deity shall be transformed to love for our fellow-men. Giv us of your wealth, friends, and the cross shall vanish into the laboratory of science, and the pulpit be changed into a platform for the proclamation of genuin knowledge; and in place of the sepulchral tones of the priest shall be heard the beautiful pæans of man's eternal progress. This is the work laid out before us by the late action of the Liberal Congress—broad, manifold, far-reaching—a work for to-day and for the boundless future. It is to this progressiv and frontier labor for Liberalism that Mr. Watts and myself purpose to devote ourselvs, with the co-operation of a band of men and women whose genius and eloquence will be to us a constant support. I hav no fears for the success of our movement, for I hav no fears of the generosity of Liberals, and with their assistance both in spirit and in deed I know that an advance will be made in Liberalism that will be simply astonishing, such wealth of material is at hand, when the fitting moment arrives, and the wand of truth touches the fountains of life.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM,
Sec. National Liberal League.
Address: No. 55 East 9th st., New York City.

Elmina Attends a Seance and Visits a Cemetery.

To FRIENDS: September 16th I had my first introduction to spiritual phenomena. A friend invited me to his house, his daughter being a table-tipping medium. The table was a light—very light—stand. It tipped out the sentence, "You will believe in time," while she and her father sat to it with hands resting upon it, but gave no names or tests. We all tried it—Mr. Masquerier, Patience, and others. It finally tipped when I sat alone with the medium and gave the sentence, "Will you believe your mother?" I said, "Yes, it will be a test if it will rap her name with the initial of her maiden name as a middle letter." But it failed. I found I could, by pressing a trifle and drawing on the table toward me with the palm of my hand, easily start it to tipping, and as we closed I remarked this and the medium frankly said she could do so likewise, and also stop it on any letter, or between two letters, just as I could They seemed honest, true, and fair. They only experiment at home for themselvs and friends, so hav no motiv to deceive—perhaps may be self-deceived.

We tried a very heavy table that had been once *said* to hav been raised from the floor by invisible agency, but it didn't move a *muscle*.

I was, on the whole, not disappointed. I learned the *modus operandi*, and am promised a rapping seance soon. So I patiently bide my time.

CYPRESS HILLS CEMETERY.

A little group of us hav just been to Cypress Hills Cemetery. It lies on an elevated ridge of land usually known as "the backbone of Long Island." About four hundred acres of land are beautifully laid out in sections and plots, and it is, like Greenwood, a garden, park, and cemetery all in one, though not so well kept or so lovely as Greenwood.

At the entrance as we went in there was an immense plot set aside for soldiers' graves, and over them stood a grand monument, with the statue of a large and powerful soldier upon it, standing guard over the silent army of sle pers. The grass here, so thickly dotted with headstones, was of an emerald green, and as clean as human labor could keep it. Close by was a memorial plot sacred to the memory of Garfield, which was full of rare and blooming plants.

Then Mr. Masquerier piloted us to his tomb. The first thing I can remember of this great thinker is the unique fact of his having built his tomb during his lifetime. We found the monument in Section 9, near Locust Grove. A large and handsome one it was, too, and instead of the usual inscription of a death's-head and cross-bones, impossible flying women, and angels, he has ornamented it with brief inscriptions and memorial figures of scientific facts. On one face he has a declaration of his principles of right and wrong, and his idea of human progress and development. He claims to hav classed together the three great principles that must co-operate in the establishment of perfect rights and of as perfect happiness as is possible for us to enjoy—a separate and equal ownership in the quantity of soil, and an inalienable perpetuity and entailment of this ownership for both sexes, which will giv the power of self-employment and the right of self-government to each individual.

He claims that, while Archimedes boasted that if he had whereon to stand he could with his lever raise the physical world, he has suggested the more useful plan by which to raise the moral world to its highest stage of civilization.

He claims that, while Copernicus simply observed the fact that the planets were rolling around central suns, he was the first to discover the moral world revolving around the central hell of all the monopolized rights to property and government, and then to plan the reconstruction of them by dividing the whole earth into states, townships, and farmsteads that should be entailed and inalienable.

It looks very pretty (in theory) to see these little homes, where peace and plenty shall forever dwell, and where luxury and wealth may in time abide.

Like all enthusiastic reformers, he thinks his way best, that Owen, Comte, Proudhon, Cabot, S. P. Andrews, and others hav all missed the main points in their labors for communistic life by not giving to people these little farmsteads as inalienable homes.

It was a strange sight indeed to see this man reading these rights from his own tombstone and expatiating so earnestly upon them. On another side he had his alphabet, which he claims to be the only perfect alphabet the world has ever known, it giving the

eleven vowel sounds in the human voice, and the twenty-two consonants, or strikings of the parts of the mouth upon each other. This alphabet he explained to us, and we clearly saw its vast superiority to the one now in use, but realized how hard it would be to get the world to adopt such a great and radical change, even though it might be perfection itself. On another side were the geometrical figures, and on still another his name and the date of his birth, with the blank for his death.

His wife is lying there waiting his coming to share her last resting-place. Her sister Patience, who was with us, gathered a beautiful bouquet of wild flowers and laid them as love's sweet offering upon her grave.

I'd lay me down where spring may crown
My grave with his earliest flowers,
Where zephyrs play and the sunbeams stray
'Mid the peaceful cypress bowers.

Friends, am I mistaken in thinking that the little I hav said of my visit here at Masquerier's will help to interest you in the work of this man, of whom we may well say,

"And still the wonder grew
How one small head could carry all he knew?"

If you would like to know more of him and his ideas, I will send you his book, price $1, for only 40 cents. It is called, "Sociology; or, the Reconstruction of Society, Government, and Property." I hope to receive many orders for it. Address me at Snowville. Truly, ELMINA.

99 *Java st., Green Point, Brooklyn.*

Canadian Notes.

It is pleasing to note that activ steps are now being taken in Canada to establish a Secular Union throughout the dominion. This important work has been undertaken by Mr. Charles Watts, whose long experience in the Freethought movement pre-eminently fits him for the task. Practical knowledge, polemical ability, and ready tact are necessary upon the part of those who seek to organize our principles, and we hav every reason to know that Mr. Watts possesses a fair share of these qualities. His reception in Toronto and Hamilton, during the past week, has been all that he could hav desired, personal kindness and public favors having been most freely bestowed upon him. His bold, earnest, and definit mode of advocacy admirably suits the Liberals, both of Canada and the States, and there is no doubt that his time will be fully occupied in platform and general organizing labors. On the morning of Sunday, Sept. 14th, our friend opened a campaign in Hamilton which was thus reported in the *Spectator* of that city the following morning:

"Mr. Charles Watts, the celebrated Secularist speaker, writer, and debater, lectured in the Pythian armory yesterday morning to a good audience, which included quite a number of ladies. The subject of the lecture was the nature and aims of Secularism, the religion of humanity, which Mr. Watts and his co-workers wish to substitute for Christianity. He said that Secularism did not necessarily imply a denial of and disbelief in the supernatural, but it taught that, as this is the only world of which we hav any knowledge, we should devote our energies entirely to the end of improving our condition here, and should let the future take care of itself. He declared that Secularists did not seek to abolish the Christian religion, but wished to retain what there was of good in it and reject that part of it which they considered evil. Secularism, he said, was positiv philosophy, and provided for all the needs of mankind—physical, intellectual, emotional, moral, social, and domestic. At the close of the lecture an invitation was extended to any person who might wish to dispute any of the lecturer's statements or views to come forward and speak, but nobody responded. Mr. Watts said that this was the first of a series of lectures to be delivered in Hamilton by him. He announced himself as anxious to meet any or all of the city clergymen in debate on the comparativ merits of Secularism and Christianity."

The Rev. Dr. Sexton having lectured in Hamilton, the *Spectator* inserted the subjoined paragraph:

"An effort will be made to arrange a debate here between Rev. Dr. Sexton and Mr. Charles Watts, the former to speak on the side of Christianity and the latter to defend Secularism. Mr. Watts will lecture here again next Monday and Tuesday evenings, and on Wednesday evening he will organize a Secular society."

Mr. Watts arrived in Toronto from the Cassadaga Convention Wednesday evening, September 10th, and will make that place his headquarters while in Canada. He delivered a lecture at Hamilton on the morning of the 14th to a good audience. In the evening he lectured in Albert Hall, on "Secularism; Its Principles and Its Aims." The hall was filled before the hour set for the lecture, and still they came. At a low estimate at least two or three hundred disappointed people were refused admittance for want of room. He spoke for over an hour and a half without any sign of weariness in his listeners. Mr. Watts is a logician of the first order. His incisiv logic, together with a command of language that always conveys a well-defined idea, immediately arrested the attention of the audience; and the lecturer was often interrupted by applause that was given with enthusiasm.

On Wednesday evening, the 17th, Mr. Watts delivered a special lecture in Toronto in reply to the Rev. Dr. Sexton upon the subject, "If a Man Die, shall he Liv Again?" The next day the following letter appeared in the Toronto *World*:

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE WORLD, *Sir:* I chanced to listen last night to Charles Watts's lecture wherein he labored to destroy the Christian hope of a future life. His cold and cheerless theory on this subject has no attractions for me; but at the close of the lecture he made a very serious charge against our city clergy which I think they cannot afford to overlook. The lecture being concluded, the chairman offered the platform to anyone who wished to controvert it. Christianity found its defender in an individual who mounted the platform merely to display his ignorance, and, by the nonsense he talked, to bring a keen sense of shame to those in the audience who sympathized with the cause he championed. When he had got through, the lecturer made a brief, and, I will do him the justice to say, a very courteous reply; but he said the clergymen of Toronto ought to be ashamed to leave the defense of the religion of which they were the paid guardians, to persons not qualified to debate these great subjects properly. It was either because they did not believe in what they preached, or were afraid to bring it to the test of discussion. If they did not choose to meet him at his lectures, he was willing, he said, to meet them in their own lecture rooms. As a Christian believer, I was pained and humiliated to hear such a challenge as this unresponded to. I should be sorry indeed if many of the difficulties raised by the lecturer as to the immortality of the soul could not be satisfactorily answered. I think they can, and if the clergy, whose lives are devoted to the study of these subjects, do not answer them, who can? I wish to ask them in all seriousness if they feel that they are doing their duty by sitting quietly in their libraries while many of their people are being drawn away into Infidelity by the teachings of this skilful English debater? The large audience that was present last night is sufficient proof of the influence this man is exerting in Toronto, and his ability is such that if he remains in this city many months preaching the gospel of unbelief with no one to oppose him, he will certainly make it a powerful force amongst us. If our ministers, through their neglect, allow the minds of their people to be poisoned and perverted in this way, their guilt will rise up before them on the judgment day. Let them study the example of the apostle Paul, who was "not ashamed of the gospel of Christ," and who was not afraid to meet the philosophers of Greece on Mar's Hill, or to stand up for his master in Rome itself.

"BELIEVER."

Thus it will be seen that Mr. Watts has already awakened great interest in Canada upon Secular philosophy. He is engaged to visit the various districts of Canada for the purpose of starting branch societies upon the basis of the National Liberal League, with a view of amalgamating the whole of the Liberals of the Dominion and the United States at the next convention of the League, under the name of "The American Secular Union." This proposition has met with general favor in all parts, and promises to be productiv of practical results in consolidating the vast Freethought elements which exist so extensivly throughout the continent.

Arrangements hav been commenced for the holdof a great Secular Convention in Toronto, the second week in December, when the new departure above referred to will be fully discussed. At this convention delegates will be present from all parts of Canada, and the leading lecturers of the States will be especially invited. A plan will also be submitted to the convention to secure a Canadian edition weekly of one of the Liberals journals now published in the States, and by these means it is hoped to obtain full publicity to the work of friends in Canada.

All communications as to this convention should be sent direct to the secretary, Mr. J. A. Risser, 185 Richmond street, West, Toronto, Canada, Ont.

The Rev. Dr. Sexton, of England, is now lecturing in Canada against the "Skepticism of the Age." He is the mouthpiece of all the denominations with the exception of the Roman Catholics. The doctor is evidently a very able man, but it is feared that with all his ability his friends in Toronto are afraid to put him forward to defend their teachings in debate. An invitation has been sent to the doctor's friends, by the Toronto Secular Society, for him to meet Mr. Watts in discussion, but up to the present the invitasion has not been accepted. The truth alone benefits through debate, and Christians are becoming aware of this fact more than ever.

Those Christian Judges Again.

The allegation made in THE TRUTH SEEKER, July 28, 1883, that all the judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, except Mr. Justice Strong, were Infidels, was controverted by the *Christian at Work*, Parson Talmage's paper, which said:

"Chief Justice Waite is an Episcopalian; Justice Field is a true blue Presbyterian; Justice Bradley is an elder in the Reformed [Dutch?] church; Justice Gray is a Channing Unitarian; and Justice Blatchford is a through-and-through Episcopalian. We are not informed as to the remaining five [four], but we believe there is not an Infidel on the United States Bench."

When "Antichrist" made the allegation, he should hav said that it applied to the court as constituted before the retirement of Judge Strong, and that other changes had since occurred by which there were four new members upon the bench, to wit, Gray, of Boston; Blatchford, of New York; Woods, of Atlanta; and Matthews, of Cincinnati.

But in regard to the alleged piety of the five Christian judges, testimony began to come in from various sources, which the "Man of Sin" was wicked enough to re-publish. First, a correspondent of the *Sun* from Newark said:

"Aliunde Joe is put down as an elder in the Reformed church. Great Scott! you ought to hear him cuss once when in a passion."

Next came a public announcement that Chief Justice Waite had dined on the piazza of Coney Island on Sunday, with Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, to the music of Gilmore's band. And the *Christian Intelligencer* remarked: "This example will fill God-fearing hearts with sorrow."

Then upon inquiry the "Man of Sin" was informed that Judge Field, the "true blue Presbyterian," like Aliunde Joe, was given to cussing.

And now we clip from the New York *Tribune*, edited by a Scotch Presbyterian, the following "Personal" in relation to Judge Gray, the "Channing Unitarian:"

"Somebody in Washington has just unearthed the following good story, told at the expense of Controller Lawrence. He was arguing an appeal before the Supreme Court last winter, in the course of which he quoted a decision quite unfamiliar to the members of the court. 'Pardon me, judge,' interrupted Justice Wood, blandly, 'what is your authority for that?' 'Lawrence I.,' was the rather hesitating reply. His embarrassment was not lessened at the titter which ran through the room, as bluff old Justice Gray exclaimed *soto voce:* 'Well, if that isn't cheek, I'll be d——d!" The controller had been quoting from his own decisions."

Now let us sum up the evidence as to the present court, and see how it stands upon the question at issue. The acknowledged or presumed Agnostics, or knownothings, are:

Miller, of Iowa.
Woods, of Alabama.
Matthews, of Ohio.
Harlan, of Kentucky.

The other five are claimed to be nominal churchmen; but they hav certain characteristics which worldly-minded men are accustomed to regard as belonging to the class of unbelieving sinners. That is to say, Chief Justice Waite, Episcopalian, breaks the Sabbath by dining on the piazza at Coney Island with another English chief justice, also a churchman, while Gilmore's band plays profane music.

Judge Bradley, of New Jersey, an elder in the Reformed church, is so profane that "the man who carted a load of apples up a steep hill wasn't a marker to him."

Judge Field, of the Pacific coast, "a true blue Presbyterian," is said to be not far behind his brother Bradley in the use of cuss words.

Judge Gray, of the Hub, "a Channing Unitarian," and supposed to be incapable of profanity, or even of laughing audibly, while on the bench of the full court, whispered, "I'll be d——d," causing a titter throughout the hall of justice, while even the stony goddess herself shook with suppressed agitation, until the scales in her outstretched hand vibrated in telephonic sympathy with her diaphragm.

And now will some one who knows Judge Blatchford please inform us whether he is too good an Episcopalian to break the Sabbath or use cuss words?

ANTICHRIST, A.M.

Literary.

BY way of the *Investigator* we glean the following from the New Bedford *Signal:*

"We understand that Miss Susan H. Wixon, of Fall River, has in course of preparation two new books, to be issued the coming fall. From her well-known and marked ability as a writer, and a denouncer of all shams and superstitions, the public has a right to expect a rare treat in the issue of two new volumes from her facil pen. For nearly one year Miss Wixon has been engaged in editing the "Youths' Department" of THE TRUTH SEEKER, a well-known independent journal of New York city. Her editorial labors hav met with a just appreciation, and the youthful readers of that paper are said to be much attached to their kind and friendly editress. While the fame of Miss Wixon has extended abroad, and her former book, "Apples of Gold," has been translated into the Bengali language, in distant India, yet so quiet, retiring, and unassuming is she that few in her neighborhood, outside of her immediate family, know how industrious she is, or how great a work she is accomplishing."

To which Mr. Seaver adds:

"Miss Wixon is an accomplished writer, as well as a very worthy lady, and as her occupation is Liberal literature, we suggest to all our readers that they purchase a copy of each of her new books as a compliment to her ability and industry."

The children will be pleased to know that we hav the book for them in hand, and that it will be out in season to ornament the Christmas-trees of as many of them as make a festival of the sun's winter birth. We expect every little pagan in the land will want a copy, and not giv his or her parents a moment's rest till one is ordered.

Lectures and Lecturers.

J. E. REMSBURG has been lecturing in Pennsylvania since the Cassadaga Convention. He spoke in Doylestown the 11th; Chalfont, 12th; Lansdale, 13th and 14th; Altoona, 15th; and Waynesburg, 16th and 17th.

DR. JULIET H. SEVERANCE was called away from the Freethinkers' Convention at Cassadaga by a dispatch that her son, Frederick W. Stillman, a member of Rentfrues' Jolly Pathfinders, was seriously ill at Grand Rapids, Mich. She has been obliged to cancel her engagements to speak at Pittsburgh, Worcester, and Boston, and is now at home, whither she has removed her son, and is caring for him and attending to other professional duties.

ARRANGEMENTS are being made for Mr. Charles Watts to make a lecturing tour through the states immediately after the presidential election. Mr. S. P. Putnam will accompany Mr. Watts, and it is the intention of these gentlemen to establish activ auxiliaries of the National Liberal League in each city they visit. In the mean time, we are glad to see that Mr. Watts is so busy and successful in similar good work in Canada, a prolific soil for the cultivation of Liberal principles. We trust that his efforts to organize the Freethinkers of the United States and Canada will be as successful as they deserve to be. He and friend Putnam hav our warmest support, and we ask the same for them from the Liberals throughout the country.

In Memoriam.

Honoring the Honored Dead.

PROCEEDINGS AT THE D. M. BENNETT MEMORIAL MEETING OF THE N. Y. STATE FREETHINKERS' ASSOCIATION, FRIDAY EVENING, SEPT. 5, 1884.

After music by the choir, S. P. Putnam opened the proceedings. He said:

There are two great forces in the world's advance, the book and the man, literature and life, thought and personality. Many wonderful things are enshrined in books; they contain the wealth of untold generations; they are companions to many a solitary hour, sweeter even than our dearest friend can be. But abstract thought, even though clothed with the living hues of poetry, cannot exert the mighty influence which some powerful personality does in whom thought has become concrete, a living soul and an inspiring presence. The history of the world has been the history of great men, of heroes and martyrs, and from them hav flowed the most potent fountains of impulse and action.

It is right, therefore, that we should celebrate the lives of these notable men, for they are greater than themselvs; they are representativs of thought; they are the incarnation of principles; they are the burning focus wherein is intensified and flamed forth the most ardent hopes and aspirations of the race.

We hold these memorial services in honor of D. M. Bennett, founder of THE TRUTH SEEKER, because he stands as the embodiment of eternal principles. He was a man so placed that in him we see the illustration of those ideas that must finally conquer the world. When we speak of D. M. Bennett, we go deeper than his individuality and touch the horizon of all thought, for in him were blended those characteristics that must endure so long as man has an illustrious history.

D. M. Bennett represents independence of thought. He was thoroughly free from the trammels of the past; he was sturdily intellectual; he was a thinker; he admitted no authority except that based upon human reason; he was afraid of no conclusions; he stuck firmly to the fundamental verities of nature, and maintained their inevitable logic. He was a soldier of the truth—a seeker of it in advance of others. He was the pioneer of freedom. He was also thoroughly sincere. He kept back nothing. He was not all things to all men, but simply himself. He relied upon his own manhood. He would wear no false colors; he would speak no hollow word; he was a constant rebuke to the hypocrisies of fashion; he put on no style, but wore the plain garment of his own humanity. Simple D. M. Bennett he was, without a touch of artificiality, full of life born of the spirit of truth, regardless of rules and regulations when they seemed but the sepulchral ornaments of a respectability born of theological niceties. Mr. Bennett's morality was of the highest because he was so utterly sincere and so thoroughly natural. Morality in its essence is life—energy; it is that which pushes on, which makes things fresh and the world alive, which seeks for the new and so for the beautiful. Of morality in this noble and natural sense, Mr. Bennett was a rugged expression, like the tree from the soil, like the mountain from the plain. He had no smooth servility; he was no polished courtier of the things that are Upright and downright he was with himself and with his fellow-men. He hung his banners on the outward walls, and what was truth to his inner nature was truth to all the world from his vigorous pen.

Mr. Bennett was a man also of transcendent courage. He seemed to hav no sense of danger when his convictions were thoroughly aroused. He was equable even in the most trying circumstances. With surpassing insight he saw the danger that threatened us. What was trivial in the eyes of others was to him all-important. A vital principle was threatened; no matter what the consequences, he resented the blow. Through him he felt that America's dearest honor was at stake. There was no hesitation. There seemed to be no particle of fear. He did not stop to consult others. It was right, he knew it was right, and if not a single friend upheld him, he would advance. Friends did stand by him, but their own courage received an added impulse from his imperturbable spirit. His apparent recklessness was the result of a determined conviction. His bravery was founded upon his conscience. For him there was no retreat. The harder his enemies pushed, the more vigorous was his advance. He sought not for applause—he sought for the simple truth. He obeyed the truth, for to him that was the one supreme thing in the universe. He had no policy. He did not hedge or quibble—he simply acted from the grand convictions of his soul. Thus he was born leader, because he was so pre-eminently truthful, because he looked first of all to what his own soul commanded. He was willing to take his life in his hands and endure all—the dungeon and the stake, if need be, and even the desertion of friends—if so the tremendous logic of truth declared. He was the seeker of truth, and when the truth was found he was the servant of truth.

Furthermore, in the noble spirit of truth he was thoroughly Liberal. Truth is not bigoted—it is universal and all-embracing, kindly even to error when held in the spirit of honesty and sincerity. The truth never yet persecuted, it never put into prison; it advances by reason, and not by force. It is charitable, for in the might of its own nature it can afford so to be. In this serene spirit of truth, Mr. Bennett conducted his paper. He was willing to hear all sides. He gave an opportunity for the expression of every honest thought. The most opposit opinions found respectful consideration. His own earnestness of conviction made him regardful of the like earnestness in others, though they differed from him. He even admitted to his columns attacks upon himself. He did not believe in repression, but expression, no matter how crude, how erroneous, if only genuin from one's own heart. He knew that truth only asked for a fair field and no favor. On this principle he founded his journal, and crowned its career with success.

Thus we honor him for his independence, his sincerity, his courage, his liberality. His enemies thought to destroy him. They hav only made his name more illustrious, his memory more dear. They thought to crush him, but they hav crowned him. In the firmament of Freethought he shines so long as man advances, so long as he has hope and aspiration, so long as he presses forward and seeks the new truth in reverence of the old.

Following Mr. Putnam, Dr. T. L. Brown, president of the association, paid his tribute:

We are in the sacred presence of the memory of D. M. Bennett. It givs me pleasure to stand here as one of the witnesses who can testify to the bravery, honesty, and industry of the man who founded THE TRUTH SEEKER. When I think of the labor of liberty and free speech which he performed we all lament his death, and feel as if we should carry on the Liberal work he began. In doing this we can follow his example and feel we are honoring the dead, and doing our Liberal duties.

While he was in prison at Albany I visited him. I found him cheerful and not appearing like a martyr. He was satisfied to liv out the term of the law for the good of the cause. He had given himself to advocate and practice liberty of speech and press, and bravely take the consequences. It cost him more in his time than it now costs us. No matter what Mr. Bennett did, he never lost sight of the cause of mental liberty. He never left unexposed any error or folly of the orthodox religion. It seems to me he has done more for the freedom of the press than any one man save Horace Seaver of the Boston *Investigator*.

While we are true to the dead, may we be kind and faithful to the living, that we may be remembered by those we love. Longer than slavery may be remembered the efforts of Mr. Bennett to liberate the minds of men and women. As long as we liv let us practice what duty commands us to defend in the deeds and name of D. M. Bennett.

J. H. Burnham, one of the most eloquent speakers at the Convention, and one of the most unflinching friends of the principles for which Mr. Bennett fought, spoke next. Among many brilliant sentences we caught the following:

The memories of our dead are chiseled upon the polished face of granit and marble, but the disintegrating touch of time will wipe out every name, however elaborately engraved thereon. The monuments of the dead of long ago, for whom the pyramids were erected, are crumbling into dust again, and all traces of those whose memories were to be commemorated are lost, and these silent wonders of the world continue through the centuries pointing to the skies meaningless. The memory of D. M. Bennett, though it is on marble in Greenwood Cemetery, will rot down, and every particle composing this block of memory will be blown by the winds, yet he will liv in the memories of mankind. He has burnt into coming ages his monument, which will defy the touch of time. He will liv in a pantheon without walls, dedicated to the living, and not the dead, when the tones and memories of his revilers and defamers (whose lips blister with their shame) shall hav passed into the silence where memories are not. Brave and noble men hav too often been doomed to wait the centuries before recognition came. This is one of the great faults of the ages—to wait until it is impossible to help the struggling hero. Thomas Paine, and Shakspere, and many others, were thus doomed to decompose and be lost in the whirls of dust before justice could be done, and thus it must be with Mr. Bennett. True, he is, and has been, defended by a host of brave, noble men and women, but he must wait for a century before the mist of superstition will clear away, and his enemies will venerate his memory. He is one of the noble benefactors of mankind, and his thought and work liv; his courage and bravery will and must command the respect of friends, and foes can but respect a man in whom such traits are illustrated as they were in D. M. Bennett. We fondly cherish his memory, and are thankful that his suffering has made it possible for us to do what we perhaps could not hav done without. All honor to the brave man whose memory we celebrate to-night.

The choir followed Mr. Burnham, and after them came Mr. Billings, who talked so fast that the reporter could not follow him, and the colonel forgot to hand in the promised abstract of his remarks. Mr. W. S. Bell, an intimate and warm friend of Mr. Bennett's, then came forward. He told this story:

In THE TRUTH SEEKER of March 6, 1880, Mr. Bennett said: "He (W. S. Bell) has said he was 'proud to be known as a friend to THE TRUTH SEEKER,' and THE TRUTH SEEKER, in return, is proud to be known as a friend to him." I knew Mr. Bennett intimately and well. I became acquainted with him soon after he came to New York, and was with him at Watkins when he was first arrested. It was on that occasion I began to form some idea of his courage. The readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER will remember that Miss Josephine Tilton, Mr. Mosher, and myself were arrested at the same time. I was engaged, at the moment of arrest, in selling books for Mr. Bennett, or rather, I was leaning carelessly upon a pile of books waiting for the next customer, when I was tapped on the shoulder by some one saying to me, "Mr. Bell, I want you to go with me, and Mr. Bennett, too." Without turning round, or before I did, I asked innocently, "How far is it?" supposing it to be some kind friend wanting us to go home and take supper with him, as D. M. and W. S. were usually quite jolly when together. He replied, "Not far." Then speaking to some one else, he said, "Here, John, you take charge of Mr. Bell, and I will see to Mr. Bennett." Then I turned about to see a policeman in full uniform take a position at my side. Perhaps, if I should say I was not agitated, I would torture the truth. It was a new experience, never having been under arrest before, and I hardly knew what to think, as I was entirely unconscious of having made myself liable to such a procedure. But before I had time to get any information from "John" regarding the occasion of the arrest, I found Mr. Bennett and myself marching off the grounds toward the court-room of the police justice. I was near enough to him to hold conversation, but I noticed that as soon as we left the park, where the out-of-door convention was being held, Mr. Bennett drew from his pocket an apple of no small dimensions, and began to eat it, with as much *sang froid* as if taking a stroll for pleasure. After we had reached the hall of justice, I waited impatiently to see the last bite of that apple vanish, that I might hav a little mutual understanding about this new departure. But, to my surprise, no sooner was the last clip from the core of that apple gone, than he put his hand in his pocket and drew forth another apple much larger than the first. This seemed so absurd and grotesque from my alarmed point of view that all my fear left me, and I had to laugh and wait. The court was in a state of perturbation, and it was some time before our case was called. Bail was given and we were soon free again.

On this occasion I caught the first glimpse of his heroism, which flamed up before the American people afterward when he went home from that place resolving to test his rights by selling "Cupid's Yokes" openly, let the result be what it might. I need not say that he made this a test of his own rights, for he had a higher aim. He had the rights of others in view. He threw up THE TRUTH SEEKER as the ægis of liberty, and did his utmost for humanity.

Mr. Bennett was a democrat. He was one of the people, and one with the people. And his work was successful chiefly because he held himself sternly on that level. Take his style of thinking and writing. He expressed himself always in the commonest and plainest language. I am sure this had much to do with his popularity and success. Besides, he showed himself a democrat in his publication of good books at the very lowest price. No publishers hav equaled him in this. When Amberley's "Analysis of Religious Belief" was selling for $10 (English edition), Mr. Bennett brought it out in a handsome volume for the small sum of $3; "Supernatural Religion" (English edition) sold for $12; he produced it for $4. And so, also, with Paine's works, and other valuable publications. In thus presenting the best books at the lowest possible price, Mr. Bennett became a noble benefactor of the English-speaking people of America. I would enroll his name high up on the scroll of fame for this most excellent work. His labors are still felt throughout this entire country. Though dead, he yet speaketh. His memory shall be as unfading as truth, and honor will be paid his name wherever liberty is cherished in the heart of man.

Charles Watts, though enjoying but slight personal acquaintance with the hero of the evening, yet knew him well enough to know he was worthy of respect as a man and of imitation as a laborer in the cause of freedom. He was one of nature's noblemen. In opening, Mr. Watts intimated that he was no hero-worshiper, but preferred taking a discriminating view of the merits of their departed friend. In order to judge accurately of the character and actions of a man, the times in which he lived, and the circumstances by which he was surrounded, must be taken into consideration. The speaker here expounded the doctrins of circumstances so far as they affect human character, as taught by Robert Owen. Alluding to D. M. Bennett, Mr. Watts said that his acquaintance with him was comparativly brief; twice had he met him in America, and twice in England, and also in Brussels. On each occasion he was forcibly impressed with the candor and ability of his amiable nature. Our duty now is to endeavor to learn some lessons from the dead to guide us in life. In Mr. Bennett's career were exemplified the virtues of earnestness, honesty, industry, and respect for the opinions of others. Having pointed out how these noble influences adorned the actions of the "great departed," the speaker said Mr. Bennett had no vain and empty ambition; he aspired to glory, it is true, but it was that glory of which Pliny wrote, consisting of having done something worth the writing, having written something worth the reading, and having sought to make the world nobler and better through having lived in it. This was the desire that actuated Mr. Bennett through an activ and fruitful life. To achieve this result, he limited his researches to no race and to no country. In the evening of life he ventured "round the world" to gather treasures with which to enrich human thought and dignify human character at home. Mr. Watts then expatiated upon the leading Liberal principles identified with Mr. Bennett's propagandism, and concluded as follows: Our friend has gone, but he has left us a legacy that is to continue the work in which he toiled, suffered, and through which he died. We revel in the thoughts of the great intellects of the past; as those thoughts hav been handed down in the vast literary treasures of the day, let us so emulate Mr. Bennett that if our thoughts are handed down to posterity, they shall indicate mental training and moral disciplin. Mr. Bennett won the highest of all immortality, the consciousness that during life his actions had been such that the world should hav no cause to reproach his memory, and that the loved ones left behind should hav cause to delight in the recollection of their mutual associations. It may be that the name of Bennett will never be engraven on your national marble slabs, but certain it is that his name will be cherished with fond remembrances by those to whom he endeared himself by acts of kindness and disinterestedness.

It is, perhaps, enough to say of the warmth of Mr. Watts's tribute, that one of the audience stoutly maintained that he was inspired.

C. B. Reynolds closed the speaking. His remarks were certainly inspired—by love and veneration for the dead. Mr. Reynolds is one of the best Liberal laborers in the field to-day, and for him the cause is indebted to D. M. Bennett and THE TRUTH SEEKER. Mr. Reynolds's address reads:

This session of the New York Freethinkers' Convention is, with most proper regard to right and justice, set apart to do honor to the memory of the beloved and lamented D. M. Bennett, the model truth seeker, the noble, fearless champion of civil and religious liberty.

It must ever be our proud privilege and most grateful duty to make these public demonstrations occasions for rescuing his name from the unmerited reproach and calumny heaped upon it by the mendacious sycophants of the Young Men's Christian Association, Rev. Joseph Cook, and A. Carey Comstock, and to impress upon the minds of the liberty-loving people of this republic the solemn truth that we are indebted to the genius, courage, and self-sacrifice of such men as D. M. Bennett for the degree of religious liberty we do enjoy.

Never before hav I so realized my lack of ability and littleness as on this occasion, when attempting to address you after the brilliant and thrilling eloquence of the grand veteran orator (Mr. Charles Watts) who has preceded me. But love, gratitude, and admiration of the noble hero and martyr to the cause of Freethought, D. M. Bennett, giv me courage.

I realize is impossible to say anything to his honor that will not be a repetition of what has been oft more ably said. Yet it affords, perhaps, some consolation to know that it is not in the power of his most venomous calumniator, A. Carey Comstock, or even that most experienced professor of malignant mendacity the church has ever produced, the Rev. Joseph Cook, to coin any new lie in regard to him. The vilest and most atrocious they or their satellites can conceive will be but a repetition, a mere echo of what has been uttered before. But this does not lessen our delight to do honor to his memory, and to "stir up your pure minds by way of remembrance," by a recital of some few of his claims to our esteem and regard.

D. M. Bennett never made war on aught that was good, right, pure, or true. He did make terrific and destructiv assaults upon the false dogmas, superstitions, and usurpations of the church. Like Luther, like Wesley, his warfare was not

against the good, but the evil foisted on the good; on the wrong perpetrated under the pretense of religion.

It has been the fortune of few men to be so persistently misrepresented and calumniated. Although well known to be a man of genial disposition, of kindly acts, moral incentivs, and noble purposes, he has been—and with persistent malignancy born of defeat and hate, is still—painted by his clerical enemies as a monster of wickedness, a panderer to obscenity, an enemy to morality. This bitter hate and misrepresentation was, and is, because priests and parsons realize how utterly they hav failed to defend the dogmas and superstitions he attacked, and the fallacies which he so clearly exposed. He was an honest, truthful, candid man, possessing the moral integrity and courage to proclaim his convictions in language so clear and plain that the most simple fully understood. He scattered broadcast the seeds of truth. The good he did livs after him. The great work he commenced is still continued in THE TRUTH SEEKER, which he founded, and which, under the able editorship of that most modest, energetic, and talented of his disciples, Eugene M. Macdonald, instead of sinking into oblivion, as they most earnestly hoped and devoutly prayed, is yearly doubling its influence and quadrupling its circulation.

These are the reasons why the church has persecuted D. M. Bennett; why they basely persist in vilifying him even in his grave. They do so in the hope they may thus deter others from daring to giv public utterance to truths prejudicial to the interests of the priesthood.

The arrest and imprisonment of D. M. Bennett was a blow at the rights of every citizen who dares to express his honest convictions, who has the manhood to refuse to fawn and cringe to the power of the church. It should be impressed on the memory of every Liberal that the little pamphlet, "Cupid's Yokes," sent through the mail in response to a decoy letter of the infamous informer, Carey Comstock, had been, and still continues to be, sent through the mails, and no one now pretends to claim sending it by mail is any violation of law. D. M. Bennett was not its author or its publisher. He never wrote or published one line that could he construed into obscenity. The attorney-general, over his own signature, declared the little pamphlet sent through the mail by Mr. Bennett, on which the charge was made, was not obscene.

D. M. Bennett was the first and only prisoner whose pardon was petitioned for by over 200,000 of his fellow-citizens. Twelve thousand personal letters were written requesting remittance of his unjust sentence. On his release he was tendered a reception at Chickering Hall, New York city, which was a grand ovation, between two and three thousand persons being present anxious to honor one whom the power of the church had sought in vain to crush, to silence, and disgrace.

His remains lie in Greenwood Cemetery, covered by a beautiful monument, erected by a thousand friends.

It was the irresistible logic with which he attacked and exposed the fallacies of Christianity that caused the influence of THE TRUTH SEEKER to be so dreaded, and its editor and founder so bitterly assailed. The exactions of the priesthood hav been onerous and heavy. They claim the first fruits of the harvest, and the choicest of the flocks. The fat of the land, as well as the fattest yellow-legged chicken, must always be sacredly set apart for them. D. M. Bennett labored to save us from their exactions and rapacity. Costly temples, cathedrals, churches, and parsonages without number hav been erected for their service and occupation; the money to build and sustain them extorted or cajoled from their dupes, or swindled by church fairs, festivals, grab-bags, donations, and necktie parties from worldlings. D. M. Bennett labored to save us from such waste and demoralizing amusements.

Priests hav ever been a dead weight upon the human race. They hav dwarfed the intellect with superstition, discouraged education and mental liberty, using their every effort to hold the human mind in vassalage to themselvs. D. M. Bennett labored to save and redeem us from this slavery, and deliver us from the incubus of priestcraft. Talent and wealth enough are expended in the support of churches to educate all the young in the truths of science, and provide happy homes for all the aged and infirm. D. M. Bennett labored to save this misapplication of talent, wealth, and energy; to hav every church transformed into an institution of learning, and every priest educated to become a teacher of science, instead of superstition. In the United States there is the enormous sum of over four hundred millions of dollars' worth of property entirely exempt from all taxation. This property belongs to a privileged class, who assume to be better and holier than others, and who claim—and by the government are declared to be—exempt from taxation on that account alone. This property is by unconstitutional law held exempt from taxes the poor widow is compelled to pay. The humble little frame house of the mechanic, the home so long toiled for, earning which exhausted the health and strength, and left the poor man and family of little helpless children dependent on the poor wife and mother's earnings, is sold to pay taxes, while the extravagant and wealthy church, together with fifteen hundred dollars' worth of property for each and every pious preacher, are exempt. D. M. Bennett labored to save the poor from the gross inequality of taxation. Kind friends, let us continue the good work to which he devoted his life. Like him, let us labor for a revival of reason, truth, and common sense; like him, be willing to spend our time, our strength, our lives, in promoting the good of those around us. Like him, let us be fearless in avowing our honest sentiments and convictions. Let us not be governed by the opinions of deluded fanatics or narrow-minded bigots. Let us, like him, under all circumstances and conditions faithfully discharge every duty, ever laboring to increase the happiness of others, and thus best insuring our own.

And last, not least, let us one and all be inspired by his memory to consecrate our lives to the cause. Let us earnestly unite in perfecting the organization of the National Liberal League, so that through its instrumentality we may secure the secularization of our government, afford to all facilities to acquire scientific education, promote sociability, and giv a mighty impetus to the cause of universal mental liberty.

Will the History of the Church Repeat Itself?

It is said that in the affairs of national governments, in the rise and fall of kingdoms and republics, history always has repeated itself; and the argument is often advanced to show the frailty of our boasted strong and powerful republic, of which we now boast as the most powerful nation on earth. Without pausing to show the fallacy or truth of the statement, it doubtless has been true in most of the great affairs of the world that history has repeated itself, and especially among all nations where there has existed so great a diversity of sentiment as has existed in so-called Christian nations and its religions. Nearly nineteen hundred years ago, Jerusalem and vicinity were the seat and location of the Christian religion. There was the home of Jesus himself. There was where he raised the dead to life, and blind to see. There was where the multitudes could and did (as stated) testify to his walking upon the water, and preached for three years the way of salvation according to the decree of his father, who he claimed had sent him. And now I notice the Evangelical periodicals of our country congratulating themselvs upon the great work of foreign missions in establishing Christianity in the ancient city of Jerusalem, and throughout the land of Palestine. Truly may we not reasonably expect that in eighteen hundred years hence we may be visited by missionaries from Jerusalem to teach the way of life (of which they too *will then* know nothing), and try to lift us out of Mormonism, or some other dogma, which will, perhaps, then hav superseded Christianity? Truly, history is repeating itself.

W. H. PENFIELD.

Blaine and Ingersoll.

The New York *Sun* of the 12th prints a letter which purports to giv the true relation of Blaine and Ingersoll in this campaign. This letter distorts to his prejudice the fact that Col. Ingersoll is not on the stump this year. The fact is that Col. Ingersoll had planned a trip to the Pacific coast before the nominations were made. He has traveled through Dakota, Montana, Washington territory, and Oregon, and has everywhere met hosts of old friends, who hav given him cordial greeting.

The letter claims there is a coolness between Blaine and Ingersoll, and explains it by referring to Ingersoll's relations to President Hayes, saying: "Ingersoll sought under two administrations recognition for his services as a campaign orator. He said to Hayes that he wanted merely the recognition." The truth is that he never asked Hayes for the office, that he was in Illinois when it was reported that he was to hav the mission to Berlin, and Ingersoll never asked Blaine to help him with Hayes, and was never offended with Blaine because he was not tendered that office. He has never asked any office as a recognition for political services.

The letter continues: "But when it came to the Garfield administration, controled by his two personal friends, Garfield and Blaine, the same policy of non-recognition was pursued." This is untrue. Mr. Ingersoll distinctly told Mr. Garfield that he asked no office for himself, and the personal relations of President Garfield and Mr. Ingersoll were never interrupted up to the day that the president was assassinated. This shows the absolute falsity of this further statement: "Then Ingersoll, who is very sensitiv, withdrew forever from politics, and swore that he would never take any part for any person or party."

The letter then givs an interview with Col. Ingersoll just after Blaine's nomination, in which Ingersoll said he should do nothing in the campaign, and the gentleman replied that was a wise resolution. "How is that?" asked Ingersoll. "It is simply for this reason," he replied, "you can never be recognized by any administration so long as you liv. I believe about as you do about religious matters, but I recognize the fact that there is a sentiment in this country that would break any administration or public man that should appoint you to any office of honor or trust. You are simply ahead of your time, and must abide the consequences. I admire you as much as any man, but I should advise against any recognition of you if I had anything to do with any administration. You ought to be clear-headed enough to see this." This is an assertion that the Republican party is made up of cowards, and any administration it may elect will be too cowardly to recognize an Agnostic. I do not know, and cannot guess, who this Republican orator is, or who the correspondent is; but writing in an atmosphere quivering with the magnetic influence of Blaine, it indicates a degree of cowardice in the "plumed knights" which makes the name a synonym for poltroon. If such men are the spokesmen for Mr. Blaine and his chosen advisers, he may well ask to be delivered from his friends.

This correspondent also asserts that Ingersoll's nominating speech at Cincinnati gave Ingersoll his great success as a lecturer, and lifted him from obscurity into national notice. This is untrue. Ingersoll had a reputation at the bar, and on the political platform in Illinois and the Northwest as the leading lawyer and orator of his day. He had canvassed the state of Maine years before, and was well known there. The Indiana politicians knew him and solicited his support in 1876 for Gov. Morton. When he made his speech at Cincinnati, the tide was against Blaine, but his magnificent eulogy of Blaine would probably hav secured the nomination had the vote been taken the day it was made.

The correspondent concludes: "Mr. Blaine fully appreciates Bob Ingersoll, but he is too good a churchman to ever publicly recognize the greatest Agnostic of the day."

The Agnostics of the country are interested in knowing whether this is true. The writer seems to speak from personal knowledge of Mr. Blaine's views. If it is true, then Agnostics hav nothing to hope from Mr. Blaine's election. They are neither in the mood to trust cowards nor to honor them with their votes. They prefer an open enemy to a pretended friend, who privately assures you that he would recognize you if he dared to, but he must protect himself at your expense.

If a candidate who declared himself in favor of an absolute divorce between church and state in 1874 or 1875, dare not define his position on that question in 1880, but insists that the Morrison tariff is the sole great issue, he notifies the friends of the secular movement that he is ashamed of their company, and will only accept their support when concealed by the secrecy of the ballot. The Secular question is not a purely local one, but is a national question. The United States legislates for the District of Columbia, where the question of the exemption of church property from taxation, and the exclusion of Agnostics from the witness box, are vital questions. Congress legislates for the territories, and the question whether a witness shall be excluded from giving testimony, because he does not believe in a God and hell, is a matter which they not only hav a right to ask Congress to legislate upon, but to expect a president who talks about equality of rights to recommend legislation which shall giv the Agnostic, in territorial courts, the same rights as a Christian. He should also recommend that the laws governing the practice of the United States courts should be so amended that Agnostics and Christians should stand on the same footing, and that mere religious faith, or opinions on religion, should not affect the competency or credibility of witnesses.

These are not local questions, as Mr. Blaine says prohibition is, but national questions, which affect the rights of every man who asks protection to his person or property. They are questions which no candidate has a right to dodge. The protection of human rights rises above the paltry question of the Morrison tariff. The right to testify in civil and criminal cases, to protect person and property in the courts, is a grander issue than protecting the industries of Maine.

Again, it is proposed to donate to the several states millions of dollars for educational purposes. The friends of the churches demand that the fund shall be permitted to go to sectarian schools. Every voter is interested in knowing whether Mr. Blaine, if elected, will veto such a bill, or not. They want to know his position to-day on that question. It is not enough to point to his proposed secular amendment to the Constitution, which he carried through the lower house of Congress in 1875. That read: "No state shall make any law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; and no money raised by taxation in any state for the support of public schools, or derived from any public fund therefor, nor any public lands devoted thereto, shall ever be under the control of any religious sect, nor shall any money so raised, or lands so devoted, be divided between religious sects or denominations."

Since Mr. Blaine dodged the question of prohibition in Maine, he cannot expect the friends of Secularism to take his past record as an index of his action if elected president. What will he say now? What does he propose to do in the future? Has he the manliness to state his exact position? Will he, if elected, put up as the Republican sign-board at the White House: "No Agnostics need apply?" Or will he declare that the constitutional provision, "but no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States," shall be enforced in spirit as well as in letter?

In 1876, Ingersoll described Blaine as "a man worthy of the past, and prophetic of her future;" "a man who has the audacity of genius;" "a man who is the grandest combination of heart, conscience, and brain beneath her flag;" "the man who, like an intellectual athlete, has stood in the arena of debate and challenged all comers." "For the Republican host, led by this intrepid man, there can be no defeat."

In 1880 and 1884, this eulogy was scattered broadcast by the thousands over the land to secure the nomination of Mr. Blaine. Under that operation he won at Chicago. If he is too good a churchman, as the *Sun* says, to ever recognize the greatest Agnostic of the day; if he dodges the Secular question, then he has obtained his nomination under false pretenses, and the Republican party may look for defeat.

Washington, Sept. 13, 1884. W. S. BUSH.

MISS WILLARD, of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, sneers at the men who accept the theses of Col. Ingersoll, saying that they are known by their beer and their meerschaums. She believes in prayer, though it failed in Ohio last year. No doubt a Freethinker's vote would be solicited at the polls; but the Union and the party proscribe women and men who are not orthodox.

THE New York *Evening Post* says that "ministers cannot be expected to know much about the morals of people outside of their congregations." But it is presumed that they know considerable about the morals of people inside their congregations which they would not like to make public.

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The League.

The National Liberal League is at last upon a working basis. Heretofore its principal use has been as a figure-head to conceal the individuals really doing the work which should hav been undertaken by the League as an organization. As a rallying point for the auxiliaries, it has, however, been invaluable, and has served, also, as a standard held aloft by a few brave and devoted souls, supported by a few stanch and unflinching Leagues. But it has been only a standard. Within the past two years, certainly, it has not been a real weapon of offense.

The action at Cassadaga has changed all this. The League is now in position for aggressiv warfare upon and resistance to the encroachments on our liberties by the church. Two workers—the nucleus, we believe, of a great army of workers—are to be put into the field. They are to be paid, and can be held responsible. This is a most important change, and an innovation that should hav been introduced earlier in the League's existence. No man can devote his whole time to any work without its yielding him revenue sufficient to support him. And justice can be done to no cause whose advccates are not in the field constantly. Messrs. Putnam and Watts are salaried at $1,500 per year—a small sum for men of their ability—and allowed further a thousand each from lecture receipts to pay traveling expenses. They will hav to travel very economically to stretch this sum—less than $20 per week—over the year. But it is the best the League could do at present, and with it we look for results never before accomplished. The campaign fund, if all raised, will yield $2,000 to be spent in missionary work, which will do a great deal toward righting some of the legal wrongs Freethinkers now suffer, and will also put a large amount of Freethought literature before the people. The Cassadaga Congress emphasized also the amendment to the League Constitution adopted at Milwaukee, which if properly enforced, and we trust the auxiliaries will see that it is, will giv a good reserve. The emphasized amendment is:

"In order to provide an adequate revenue to the treasury of the National League, to enable it to carry out the requirements of sections, 4, 5, and 6 of Article III. of this Constitution, and to do other legitimate work of the League, every auxiliary is requested to contribute a certain sum monthly, not less than five cents per month from each one of its members, for the use of the National League. The amount thus collected should be remitted quarterly on the first day of January, April, July, and October, by the secretary of the auxiliary to the secretary of the National League."

All of this ought to put the League on a substantial basis, and if this is done, with no satisfactory results, we can then inquire into the conduct of the officers. Previous to this Congress, officers hav been elected and told to go ahead and wage warfare upon the foe, and then left to their fate. The new departure is a vast improvement upon the old policy.

The narrowing of the platform to the Nine Demands will undoubtedly prove to be the right thing. Upon these, all Liberals are in accord; upon more, differences of opinion must inevitably exist. And it is in the nature of things that these differences should lead to lukewarmness and apathy, if not to a positiv opposition. Without in any way prejudicing other reforms, the League should insist upon the prominence of its own reforms, and its complete adoption by all parties seeking Liberal aid. There has been some danger that the original objects of the League would be covered up and lost sight of by the multiplicity of planks thrown upon them by individuals who placed certain ideas or notions ahead of Secularization, and under this policy the League was constantly helping others at the expense of its own integrity and influence. The last Congress has rectified this error, and, by narrowing the work, rendered its performance within the immediate probabilities. Our German friend of Milwaukee, the *Freidenker*, regards this action as retrogressiv, but whether it be or not, it is *right*, and that should count for something. Concentration of effort upon our demands will effect them; but a scattering fire does little damage to the enemy.

The officers were selected with the view of carrying on the work outlined in the Nine Demands. The *Radical Review* calls the election of Messrs. Ingersoll and Watts to office a stultification. It does not seem so to us. Who in the country is more worthy of honor from the Liberals than Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll? What living man has spread our principles so widely, or can reflect more credit upon the League? The first vice-president, Mr. Watts, was chosen as a man experienced in organization, of rare abilities as a lecturer, and because he can giv his whole time to the cause. Liberalism is cosmopolitan, and the accident of his birth should not prejudice him in the minds of the people. But if it did, the objection is removed by his declaring his intention of becoming an American citizen. The officers complement the platform, and upon the adoption of that, as in their election, there was perfect unanimity at the Congress. We hope that those of our journals who would like to use the League as an all-around reformatory agent will not refuse to co-operate because it is not inclusiv enough. Too much inclusivness has been found to be a bar to practical work, and certainly every Liberal journal in the country can conscientiously and enthusiastically support the Nine Demands of Liberalism.

The pioneer work of the League—for this is really the beginning of its true existence—is outlined by the secretary in another column. It is his intention to push into new fields, to organi ze new Leagues, and revivify the old ones; to inaugurate the building of Liberal halls in such places as may furnish a sufficient number of Freethinkers to support them, and in all honorable ways to work for the good of Liberalism. It is proposed also to do some legal work, such as the repealing of Sunday laws, of blasphemy laws, and laws disabling Freethinkers in our courts. And the League will take a part in the fight for free and unsectarian schools. In short, the program is to be a vigorous attempt to obtain what for the last ten years the Liberal public has been contented to demand. This program is to be followed year after year, if necessary, till victory is won.

Of course money will be needed. To supply this the campaign fund should be speedily raised. A dollar from each Liberal in the country would swell the amount to enormous proportions. And a dollar is not much to sacrifice for the object of sincere desire. It seems to us that the amount should be not only subscribed but paid in within the next quarter. This first year is experimental, and the continuation of the new policy will depend on the showing the officers make at the next Congress. But let us giv them a generous and hearty support for the next eleven months, so if they fail they cannot say it was the people's fault.

The Necessity for Organized Action.

As if to emphasize the necessity for positiv action by the National Liberal League, the Western papers are chronicling a congress of the "National Reform Association," held on the 16th and 17th of this month at Indianola, Iowa. In the call for the convention, Messrs. R. C. Wylie and M. A. Gault, district secretaries, lament that—

"The United States Constitution makes no mention of almighty God, the author of our nation's existence; nor of Christ, the ruler of nations; nor of the Bible, the fountain of law and morality. This is inconsistent with our Christian usages, and with nearly all our state constitutions. Because of this, Liberalists demand that all laws looking to the enforcement of Christian morality shall be repealed. Many are claiming constitutional liberty to violate the law of the Sabbath, and their claims are legalized by the Supreme Court of California, and many lower courts which hav decided that Sabbath laws are unconstitutional. For the same reason, Infidels and Catholics urge the exclusion of the Bible from the schools. The school boards in most of our large cities hav yielded to this demand, and the Supreme Court of Ohio and many inferior courts hav sustained it. The Liberal Leagues demand under the Constitution the taxation of all church property; and the exclusion of chaplains, religious instruction, and prayer from prisons, asylums, the army and navy, and from Congress and legislatures. Even the government takes character from this fundamental error of the Constitution by requiring no moral qualification for civil rulers, and by Congress, the post-office department, and railroad corporations openly and persistently violating the law of the Sabbath. Official and political corruption everywhere prevail as the legitimate result of a government ignoring the divine law-giver."

The object of this National Reform Association, as we hav before pointed out, is, to use the district secretaries' own words, to "secure such an amendment of the Constitution as will suitably acknowledge almighty God as the author of the nation's existence, and the ultimate source of its authority; Jesus Christ as its ruler, and the Bible as the supreme rule of its conduct, and thus indicate that this is a Christian nation; and place all Christian laws, institutions, and usages on an undeniable legal basis in the fundamental law of the land."

Among the subjects discussed at this convention were some with such suggestivly retrogressiv titles as "Is there a Higher Law than the Will of the People?" a query the society answers in the affirmativ; the "Bible the Life of the Nation," an assertion contradictory of all American principles of government; "Sabbath Laws—How can they be Maintained?" "What will the Religious Amendment Affect?" "The Highest Law for Nations;" and others of the same nature.

This convention was for the state of Iowa. The national association is every year perfecting its organization, begun in 1863, and now it has district branches in most of the eastern and middle states. Some of the highest dignitaries and most influential men in the churches are promoters and contributors to its purposes. It belongs to no particular sect, but is a movement of the whole church toward a union with the national government—stronger than any mere state—in which the latter shall be tributary to the hosts of Christ and subordinate in all matters which the church shall presume to take to herself for decision, such as the enforcement of "Christian morality" and the suppression of individual right of judgment. The movement is a dangerously formidable effort to establish the dogma of a "higher law than the will of the people," and should be met and thwarted at every turn by the League. Should it be allowed to grow unopposed, the people will lose liberties now possessed, and the country be whirled back to medieval hierarchism. Its proximity to success in the Senate in 1876 has emboldened the association, and it has strong hopes of securing its ends when next the trial is made.

The new officers of our League will find in this society something tangible to combat—something which must be combated if our Union is to remain even partially free.

Of Course.

At one of their meetings recently, the resident and visiting clergymen of Saratoga discussed "the relation of scientific and philosophical thought to the Christian pulpit." The conclusion arrived at was that the ministers, of this country at least, had better stick to the assumption of plenary inspiration, and preach precisely as though the truth of the Bible had never been disputed. The sense of the meeting was that science and philosophy should be left severely alone.

The *Independent* coincides with this view. In its judgment, "the Christian pulpit is not the fitting place for such discussions. But few ministers are really competent for the task; and if all ministers were competent, there are but few persons in an ordinary congregation competent to understand and appreciate such a discussion. The attempt, in most cases, would be a failure on the part of the preacher, and would be more likely to generate and make difficulties than remove them."

The *Christian Advocate* also says "the proper place for philosophical disquisition is not in the pulpit." And again:

"The time was when science, star-eyed, though patient and plodding, felt itself honored, or, at least, was content to be called the handmaid of religion, though the service rendered to religion during the Middle Ages was not much to speak of. In these latter days, which hav brought to us such vast conundrums as to the relations of masters and men, and such upsettings of the old social order of things, it may be expected that science will assume a new *role*. To say the least, the pages of the great ledger are yet open. The account is not closed. In assuming the place of arrogant mistress, as well as handmaid, it may be that science will fail of any service to the Christian religion."

This arraying the church against science is no more than must be looked for in consistent Christians, but it will surely be calamitous to the church.

Broadly, science consists of what is true. If the church is to take sides against the truth, her days may be reckoned as very few in the land our forefathers gave her. Already there is in the minds of thousands upon thousands of sincere church-members—honest men and women, and not mere worldly hypocrits looking upon the church as an aid to business—grave doubts of the truth of the scriptures and of the plan of salvation. The attempt to stifle this uneasiness of faith can only result in compelling a further examination of the evidences of Christianity. Science is now regarded by two-thirds of the civilized world as the one means of ascertaining truth. In itself it is truth. And if the doubter is authoritativly informed that science and Christianity are at war, that one cannot be discussed by the exponents of the other, then his resolution will be quickly taken. He will adhere to what he knows, to what can be demonstrated, and faith will hav to whistle for her converts.

We are glad, though, that the church shows signs of being honest in this. The decision makes things clearer. It draws the line just where the line exists, but which was in danger of being obscured by the mixture of reason and revelation by such eminent professors of both as Beecher and Chadwick, who are in reality bald Infidels, but skilfully conceal their want of faith under clouds of beautiful but meaningless rhetoric.

Let the line be sharply drawn by every minister in the country, and see how many are got to stand within the fold. We will guarantee the smallness of the number will surprise some religious editors.

Stop This Nonsense.

On Coaster's Harbor Island the government has erected a college to instruct the officers of the navy in the art of "blowing into eternal froth" the brains of our country's enemies. Last Saturday Admiral Luce, just detached from command of the North Atlantic squadron, proceeded to the island to "christen" the college. Arriving at the building, he put his hand upon the door and said:

"Know all men by these presents, *and in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost*, I christen this building the War College of the American Navy."

Will Admiral Luce point out the laws authorizing him to lug a special religion—and the most absurdly superstitious part of that religion, at that—into his official actions as representativ of the United States? Most of the people of this country do not believe in the Holy Ghost, hav little faith in the Son, and are in doubt as to the existence of the Father. Their money helped pay for the building of the college, and their money pays Admiral Luce for his services. To them his mummery is a gross insult, and flagrant abuse of official position. If he is not acquainted with the Constitution and national laws of the country whose flag he has dishonored, let him ask one of his midshipmen. A babe in pinafore would appear to be his superior in knowledge of the Constitution.

Editorial Notes.

WHATEVER may be the difference of opinion between the Spiritualists and Materialists, and whatever may be thought of the efficiency of Mr. Watts's reply to Mr. Chainey at the Cassadaga meeting, we submit that the distorted report of his speech by Lewise Oliver in the *Spiritual Offering* is an outrage. Without giving even the substance of Mr. Watts's words, the self-sufficient scribe (whose "pen never failed to defend" him) abuses the orator in this way: "Yesterday, Sunday, in a lecture upon 'From Day to Night and From Night to Day,' he [Mr. Chainey] took up the subject [of his 'conversion'] at greater length, assuring the Materialists that he was becoming sensualized as well as others, that the tendency of Materialism was to demoralization, giving them to understand that he was well aware of their disparaging remarks, their ridicule, etc., and in his usual eloquent manner and glowing periods completed their discomfiture. Then they rallied around the John Bull of their herd, Mr. Watts, of England, who was booked for a speech in the evening. You should hav heard him—language fails me. Figurativly, he bellowed, he stamped with his hoofs, he gored with his horns, he tore up the earth about him, casting the turf and stones into the faces of the Spiritualists. The misrepresentations and perversions, from beginning to end, were marvelous; he accused Chainey of being too womanly, he ridiculed his soft voice and reaffirmed the unwarrantable gossip that a woman had, or could hav, converted him. His greedy, bulging eyes glared like those of a snake swallowing a toad. After he had finished his disgusting personalities he pounced upon Spiritualism. 'What is a spirit?' he demanded, 'and who ever saw one?' and the whisper ran round, 'Not he, any more than an ox.' He had 'been at seances and circles and had never witnessed any genuin manifestations!' Can spiritual manifestations come to a hide-bound buffalo of the plains, or a hippopotamus of rivers dank? Let the beef-consuming, ale-guzzling Englishman talk of something for which he has a capacity, the material things of this earth, and the irreligious inconsistencies of similar men who hav preceded him. But he would do well to hesitate before again addressing an audience composed largely of intelligent women, who, he said, 'should never enter man's domain!' You would hav thought he was the pope of Rome, and that he was issuing a 'bull' to us. It is he who should never, in this life, again attempt to enter woman's domain of spirituality, unless he puts himself in training, and upon a diet calculated to reduce his surplus corporosity. Any pure spirit could not get within one sphere of those dreadful eyes; and it is small wonder that he 'spoils all the conditions.'"

IN sending us the following clipping from the *World* of Sept. 12th—which prints it under the caption of "Poor old Hayes—cut by friends, ignored by strangers, and despised by all"—Mr. E. W. Chamberlain says: "I believe it would be gratifying to 'the old lion's whelps' if you were to reproduce what the *World* of this date says about the infamous wretch who, knowing and admitting our noble old hero's entire innocence, still refused, from sordid motivs of policy, to relieve him by pardon from the outrageous sentence inflicted upon him by a time-serving judge. This wretch is president of a 'Prison Reform Association.' A nice association it must be! I hope you don't forget that when Hayes's duplicity and meanness became known to our hero, 'the whelps' received this message from Mr. Bennett: 'Don't any of you ever again ask Hayes to pardon me.'" The body of the dispatch from Saratoga reads: "'A rural-looking gentleman, wearing a shiny, old alpaca coat, was pointed out on the United States Hotel piazza as Mr. Hayes, formerly president of the United States. He sat in a corner, quite apart from any of the guests, and looked thoroughly lonesome and out of place as he ran his fingers mechanically through his beard, that is rapidly showing streaks of gray. He has been here several days attending the meetings of the Prison Reform Association. Except at these meetings he has not been seen to talk to any of the guests, though the house is full of prominent men and women who know him well—they say too well. But the ex-president is being politely cut and deliberately shunned. At his approach there is a quiet dropping of eyes and an increased attention to other things. He sneaks in and out of the dining-room unattended and is almost the only one of the three hundred guests who dines quite alone. And yet in the same dining-room, almost at his elbow, certainly within eyesight, there are fifty men whom he once called friend. He seems the more out of place because of the absence of Mrs. Hayes, who so frequently accompanies him. 'Poor Hayes,' whispered a politician of national note, pointing to the ex-president, 'he seems to be utterly ignored. And this contempt, do you know, is not because he stole the presidency. Why, that has been forgiven long ago. It is altogether a personal feeling expressiv of disgust at the littleness of the man's character, at his commonplace mediocrity. The Americans are a generous people and can't bear a stingy man, and his stinginess has done more to ostracize him than any other quality. I guess that is why I dislike him.'"

THE Rev. Tiddy Witt Talmage is responsible for a good deal of rotten pulpit oratory, but about the worst specimen of his decayed buncombe is this from his last Sunday's sermon:

"It is a notorious fact and most alarmingly patent that suicide is on the increase. Agnosticism and Infidelity are the causes, and they are doing their work well. Never a man yet committed self-destruction who had faith in the life to come. Infidelity has always been apologetic for self-immolation, and Agnosticism has impelled its victim to hurl himself into the oblivious nowhere or the glorious somewhere. Rousseau, Gibbon, Hume, Montaigne, and Voltaire are the apostles of Infidelity, and their victims are legion. Beware this terrible specter. It is the leper of creatures and the buzzard of nations. Part man, part vulture, part leopard, part reptil, its hands are red with gore, and its feet crimson with human blood. Suicide ever follows in its track. Life is a special trust to us from God. Make the best of things, not the worst. Seek not to break the rim which surrounds us, nor to peer into eternity. Liv a Christian life, and God in his own good time will reward it with a Christian immortality."

This has not even the merit of originality. It is but an echo of an editorial in the *Tribune* of the Sunday previous. The editors of that journal are such notoriously prejudiced persons that we had not thought it worth while to notice them, but now that their misstatement has started on its rounds, we just rise to remark that of the many cases of suicide lately occurring, not one has been of an Infidel, but many of good Christians who were induced to commit the rash act by the hope of escaping worldly troubles, and enjoying the celestial bliss pictured up by the advocates of Christianity. That the world may be better off without their presence has no necessary connection with the impelling motiv.

HAVING been accused of the fearful crime of receiving pay for attending a miners' meeting at Crewe, and taunted with not having denied it, Mr. Bradlaugh mildly says to his Christian critics: "I did not deny the suggestion because I was unaware it had been made. As a matter of fact, except from the annual miners' meetings I hav never in my life received one farthing, even for traveling or hotel bill, in connection with any outdoor meeting, although I hav often paid very heavily. The miners after their demonstrations usually vote and send me a sum intended to cover, but not always covering, the traveling and hotel bill, but even in these cases it has always been at their own instance and without any demand or suggestion by me. In several instances I made very much larger donations to miners suffering from explosion or on strike. As I hav no sort of fortune and no means except what I earn from day to day with tongue and pen, I should hav seen no shame in being paid if the Crewe meeting had been one at which payment had been charged for admission; but it has been a rule of my life, without exception, never to charge or accept payment for attending free public meetings on the political questions of the day. It is true that my tongue now often earns large sums, if it did not I should hav to starve; but it is also true that I giv from the earnings of my tongue to help working men larger sums than most public men. I do not want to boast of this, but Conservativ journalists should hav a little decency."

THE *Observer*, Presbyterian, of this city, laments the effort to secularize the first day of the week, which it says has "again broken out East and West, and is sweeping over wide sections of our country. It begins in the cities, of course, but it does not stop in them, but runs through the land." The most discouraging feature of the effort at secularization of the Christian holy day, the *Observer* thinks, is that very many Christians, and even Christian ministers, seem to hav so far yielded to the temptation to join in this movement in some of its varied forms, and that thus their conservativ influence has been lost. It asks: "What use is it for preachers to declaim about Sunday railroad trains, as long as they use them? Or, for laymen to cry out against them, and hold their stocks and draw their dividends from them without protest or rebuke?" What the *Observer* views with discouragement is precisely the peg upon which many hang their optimistic hopes. Liberalism, secularism, is getting into the churches, and finding congenial soil only in activ brains naturally mounts some pulpits—for there are many wide-awake ministers—instead of going to sleep in truly orthodox pews. But who ever knew of a really conservativ minister rebuking his wealthy supporters for contributing money from dividends earned by Sunday trains? When self-interest conflicts with Christianity, the latter loses. Hypocrits are they, every one—just such fellows as Jesus is said to hav driven from the temple in Jerusalem!

MR. WILLIAM FLORENCE, the actor, and Mgr. Capel, the famous prelate, hav been friends for a number of years. It is not known whether a trifling incident which occurred a few days ago has interrupted their friendly relations. They met on the street in Chicago, and after a general conversation, Florence asked Capel whether he had ever spent an evening at the theater, intending in case of an affirmativ reply to invite him to one of his performances. Capel shook his head. "No," said he. "It has been twenty-four years since I attended a theater, and I cannot conscientiously bring myself to patronize a place where the devil is preached." Mr. Florence protested that the monsignor placed a false estimate on the theatrical profession. "Ah, no," replied Capel with a sad smile. "You people are sincere enough; you don't know it, but you preach the devil all the same." "Well, your grace," inquired Florence, with great urbanity, "which is worse—preaching the devil from the stage without knowing it, or preaching Christ crucified from the pulpit and not believing it?" "Both are reprehensible," replied Mgr. Capel, and bowing stiffly he went his way.

THE New York *Christian at Work* observes that, with all that may be said of an encouraging and hopeful nature respecting the progress of Christianity, "the Christian sky is not altogether clear and roseate—many a cloud hangs over the horizon," while "in the rural districts the God of our fathers continues to be worshiped with devout sincerity, and by ever-increasing numbers. In our great cities Agnosticism and indifferentism are, it must be frankly confessed, two evils so widely prevalent and so hateful in their results as to awaken the saddest, not to say most alarming, reflections." The editor states that inquiry in one manufactory where forty-five men were employed, showed that there was but one of them a professing Christian, and in another where were over one hundred workmen, but four ever entered the sanctuary, except, perhaps, to attend a funeral or a wedding. One thing he observed with surprise in his investigations, that "the more intelligent of the workingmen" were the most ready to deny the doctrins of Christianity, and advocate Agnostic and skeptical views.

THE Bennett Memorial Services of the Freethinkers' Convention, printed in another part of this paper, cannot be read without stirring anew the feelings of love and admiration for a man whose memory it is a sacred privilege to honor. Mr. Bennett was one of those who, like Thomas Paine, were anxious, if there was to be war, that it might come in their day, that their children should hav peace. The war which he waged was a necessary one, and, as the principle for which he contended is now everywhere tacitly conceded to be the true one, and as the book for selling which he was imprisoned has ever since passed unmolested through the mails, he was assuredly victorious. But for the heroism and martyrdom of D. M. Bennett this issue of THE TRUTH SEEKER might not hav seen the light.

WHENEVER a Christian is driven to the wall by the analytical Infidel, and he has to admit that the Bible is not historically defensible—that it is mostly anonymous, contradictory, absurd, and self-destructiv—he puts out as a last shield the proposition, "Well, it teaches morals anyway." Mr. Remsburg's Cassadaga speech breaks through this shield completely, and shows some twenty crimes that the Bible, directly and indirectly, commands or sanctions, and that it is the most immoral of books when taken as a guide. We shall begin the publication of this address within the next two weeks, and also put it into pamphlet form at twenty-five cents. Orders for either paper or pamphlet will be received now. The essay is to the Bible what "False Claims" is to the church—a dynamite bomb completely shattering its pretensions.

THE clergymen of New South Wales, assisted by their lay supporters, recently waited upon the Premier with the stupendously arrogant request that he suppress Freethought lectures and entertainments on Sunday evenings. They met, however, with little success, the Premier informing the pious bigots that he had no power to grant their prayer.

THE Canadians hav kept Mr. Watts so busy that he has not had time to write out his reply to Mr. Chainey. He has, however, found opportunity to promis it soon, and those interested in the discussion of Spiritualism may look for it within the next two weeks.

Letters from Friends.

BURR OAK, MICH., Sept. 13, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I am now fully satisfied that the members of every Christian home in the land ought to subscribe for THE TRUTH SEEKER. When it publishes letters from members of the Salvation Army, isn't that proof that it is an orthodox paper? In the issue of Sept. 6th, "J. H. P." giv us to understand that there are "vile Infidels, pretending to be converted so that they might use the cloak of religion to accomplish their wicked aims." From this I learn that religion has a cloak. Any "vile Infidel," trying to accomplish a "wicked aim," who would "use the cloak of religion," instead of getting one of his own, ought to be "fired out" so quickly that he would think he was Saul of Tarsus on his way to Dam—if I can remember where he was going. There is a grave query here. When they are all dressed much alike, and all pray much alike, how can we tell which are the "vile Infidels," and which the woolly kind who need a shepherd, and who sometimes make their peculiar noise so loudly that the ungodly policemen are obliged to "gather them in" to the calaboose fold? "J. H. P." considers "the Salvation Army the most consistent set of Christians in this or any other country." I don't know whether that is true or not, but in the absence of accurate statistics from all parts of the globe, I do not feel justified in denying it. They hav done more good than "cold Infidelity has or ever will." I rather think that is true; that is, if the Infidelity is *very* cold. This cold Infidelity has been making trouble among the Liberals this summer, but I did not suppose the Salvation brother had found it out. Then he says: "Look at the enormous number of drunkards, thieves, blasphemers, and other sinners of all kinds that they hav reformed and snatched from a terrible doom—an everlasting hell." Of course the invitation to "look" is extended to everybody, and I am ready. I stand prepared to start any day—yea, even to rise from my downy couch at any minute of the night, to borrow a "biled" shirt and start for New York to feast my gaze on that "mastodonic aggregation," that "greatest of all shows." But "J. H. P." must guarantee that the whole affair will be on exhibition—the everlasting hell and all. Perhaps the brother can get the use of Central Park, or some good site over in godly Brooklyn, upon which to set up his show, and during the winter he may make Barnum think that his (Barnum's) is only a side-show. I will borrow an opera-glass, but I can't agree to giv even a glance at a sinner who was saved by the persuasiv power of eloquence or the touching appeal of pathos. In order to remove all suspicion of any "snide" about this exhibition, our good brother must be prepared to furnish vouchers for the fact that every one of them was *snatched* from a terrible doom. Every sinner who was not snatched will be ruled out.

"J. H. P." pleads guilty to visiting a place called Freehold, N. J. I suppose N. J. stands for New Jersey, or some other "furrin" country adjacent to the United States. "There is a branch of the Army" there, "led by two estimable young ladies." This statement is immediately followed by one that there are "some young men who hav joined the Army there," and "thereby hangs a tale." And "the change that has come over them is something that both themselvs [there are two of them, it seems] and their friends may well be proud of." Frankly, this boast is premature. "J. H. P." should hav waited at least one year before saying this. Those who hav watched the salvation business for many years will hav a lurking suspicion that it would not be extremely surprising if, in less than that time, there should be some changes in the vicinity of Freehold, of which the young men and their friends will not be at all proud. Then there are others who "would willingly respond to any inquiries," etc. Thanks, brother. I will take your word about the "peace and comfort" without making "any inquiries." "And they are not done in Freehold yet!" Freehold must be a stronghold of sin. Alas, for Freehold! What Sodomic sins (I think that is a new adjectiv. I giv it for the benefit of the clergy) hast thou committed? Thou art threatened with an everlasting siege, a picture of whose horrors will make the Bartholdi statue weep. The captain's ultimatum has been issued. They "will never rest until they save every soul in the place," but the devil may hav the bodies for all they care.

Then comes this stunner: "Can your useless Infidelity boast of ever having reformed a drunkard, a thief, or a criminal of any kind?" This question plainly demands a negativ answer, and I am constrained to admit that it cannot. Useless Infidelity is very much like useless Christianity. We are just now trying to rid the earth of both of them, but let me here assure "J. H. P." that a man's reformation depends vastly more on himself than it does on either Infidelity or Christianity. Again: "At almost any time in any of our cities drunken men may be seen staggering along our streets, yelling and cursing, entirely unmolested by the police authorities." That is bad, if true; but then you know, "J. H. P.," this is a Christian country. Then we are told that "a rum-soaked politician may get up on a platform," and shout and yell politics for hours to "the hardest and roughest set of men that could be gathered together, calling one candidate a liar, another a thief, and so on." And never says a good word for anybody, I suppose. I must admit that "a rum-soaked politician" on a platform calling one candidate a liar, and another a thief, with a hard crowd around him, does not present a remarkably dignified spectacle; but who was the politician, on which street was the platform, and who were the candidates, one of whom was a liar, and the other a thief, according to the r.-s. p.? Giv us names and places. That statement was altogether too general. We may want to hunt down that politician and those candidates, to find out whether one was really rum-soaked, another a liar, and the third a thief. "J. H. P." assures us that the "Salvation Army will continue 'marching on to war' when Infidelity and aristocratic Christianity are numbered with the things of the past." We thank thee, thou noble reformer. Infidelity must "go," but it will make its exit in aristocratic company. The low refuse and trash, the dirty, useless rubbish, will be left with the Salvation Army. But what in the name of heaven and—all the other places—will be the use of "marching on to war" when the enemy has been squelched, pulverized, annihilated? This Army has developed the war spirit so strongly that this modern Alexander is even now sighing for other worlds to conquer. "But God is on their side, and they are bound to prosper." If they can't hold their own with a "rum-soaked politician calling one candidate a liar and another a thief," it strides me that God is a very slim support, or else "J. H. P." is mistaken in supposing that "God is on their side."

Whereas "J. H. P." has evidently enlisted for the entire campaign, and whereas it is only a question of time when Freehold, N. J., must unconditionally surrender, in consideration of these things, I hereby promis, in the presence of all the occupants of THE TRUTH SEEKER reading-room, that just as soon as I find a real, wrinkly ram's horn, one of the kind which the priests blew that day the wall of Jericho "fell down flat," I will send it, neatly done up in tissue paper, with a motto and my compliments to "J. H. P." for his kind invitation to come and see his "unparalleled show."

Come again, "J. H. P.," and bring your wife along. Step right into the reading-room. The Liberals hav been rather surly for some time, and they need some sort of curiosity to wake them up and put them in good humor. N. G. W.

HATBORO, PA., Aug. 26, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: In your issue of August 23d, Mr. Willis writes under "Red-Hot Politics." He says if Cleveland or Butler is elected, we will hav a solid Democratic South, with a solid Democratic North, and you and I and every friend of freedon and liberty will soon become the vassals of the dictation of the solid South. So we are going to hav a solid Democratic North, too, if either of these men is elected. We hav heard a good deal of bloody-banner talk, and solid South from red-hot Republicans, but Mr. Willis is not only red-hot, but still heating. We had hoped this bloody talk about the South, and this mixing religion, and other side issues, in politics, were among the things of the past, and that we would hav a fair issue once. He says, "For sixty-three years I hav watched the solid South [a good while]. To-day she is as disloyal as she was in 1860, only let her hav power." Such language as the above needs no comment. In April, 1861, I enlisted in the first call for troops. I believed the South was wrong, and the Union should be preserved at all hazard. I am glad slavery was wiped out, but I hav thought maybe had some of us in the North been brought up in the South we might hav gone with the masses. Locality and training often hav much to do with one's opinion. Now let us be honest. We sometimes find fault with Christian bigots, and bigoted Christians hav used and treated Infidels and Atheists as though they were brutes; and yet they were honest. Many of the Southerners fought and acted as though they believed they were justifiable in what they were doing. Mr. Willis may be a Liberal. I used to think the Christian's hate toward the unbeliever was the worst hate imaginable. We presume Mr. Willis believes the only road to salvation for those who fought against the government is through the Republican party. They washed away the sins of the meek and lowly. Mosby and others, poor fellows! hardly know now that they ever belonged to the solid South, and committed the unpardonable sin. Mr. Willis's talk about Ku Klux is the old story told every presidential campaign, but which lies dormant for four years after. He says, "Look at that noble resolution of James G. Blaine's in December, 1875, worthy of the thanks of every Liberal Freethinker." What was that resolution? If Mr. Blaine has done more for the Freethinkers than Grover Cleveland, let us know it.

In an article by J. E. Remsburg, the writer asks, "How shall we vote?" The choice of Liberals is not between Blaine and Cleveland, but between the Republican party and the Democratic party. Mr. Remsburg says, "I hav thus far adhered to the Republican party because that party is the enemy of the Catholic church, the most dangerous superstition of the age." We will ask Mr. Remsburg who imprisoned Mr. Bennett for his honest opinion. Was it the Catholics? Several Freethinkers hav been arrested on trumped-up charges within a few years past, all on account of their disbelief in orthodox Christianity. Was it done by Catholics and Democrats, or were they Protestants and Republicans? Will Mr. Remsburg please answer? I am not pleading for the Catholic church. I believe unless church and state are kept entirely separate, no matter which should gain the ascendency, Protestants or Catholics, the country is doomed. Mr. Remsburg has said and done many good things; he has struck heavy blows at superstition, and deserves much credit, but isn't he taking a little Republican sugar in his Liberalism now?

Yours, A. J. READING.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., Sept. 15, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I wish those scribblers in THE TRUTH SEEKER against the Republican party would stick to the truth and not misrepresent as they do. The writer from Corn-Planter, Pa., said J. G. Blaine is a Catholic. It's not true. He makes general charges without proof. He lauds Ben Butler. Now I defy him to produce a greater tyrant than Butler is. He took the Back Salary grab of five thousand dollars; Blaine did not. Butler goes for pensioning rebel soldiers. If president, I hav no doubt he would go for paying for every slave set free. I hav no patience with such scribblers who chime in with such howlers as Higginson, Schurz & Co. No political party on earth has done so much for the country and humanity as the Republican party has. A pretty idea to pay traitors who murdered hundreds of thousands of our loyal soldiers, and giv them life pensions for the crime. That is what Butler recommends. He lies about his forty years' work for the laboring man.

Please insert this. Yours, H. WILLIS.

BURTON, TEX., Sept. 1, 284.

MR. EDITOR: Is it not strange that we can hear nothing of these Ku Klux outrages, or disloyalty of the "solid South," and the general abuse of those people coming from the North, until the candidates for president are brought out? But, on the other hand, the two sections at other times can shake hands cordially across the bloody chasm; meet at each other's reunions to decorate the graves of those who fell on each side; and each vowing that it is best and wise that it is thus; the tomahawk be forever buried, never to be unearthed. But let the contest come for election of president, and the bloody shirt as usual is brought out at once; the bloodhounds of lies and slander are unyoked and started on their hunt for blood and crime; and soon we see in every paper such reports as that of H. Willis, who goes back to '79, and from one or two butcheries of the blacks by some lawless scamp, he weaves a thousand crimes; and winds up by saying we people are just as disloyal as ever, and require still the master's rod over us to keep us down. Why don't he hav something to say about the negro Rugg, and many other such, so cruelly slaying so many of his own defenseless color? No, the poor, old, blind, and aged can be butchered in their own quiet homes in their midst; but Mr. Willis and his scandalizing friends can see no cruelty in this at all. It is never thought of or mentioned after the first excitment is over. To do so would not serve their purposes in carrying the election.

I mentioned this Rugg case because he appears to hav been more fortunate than the rest in evading the law and in slaying more victims; but scarcely a week passes that I don't notice cold-blooded murders committed in some portions of the North, mostly women and old men, and many by negroes too. They seem to be taking the Indian's mode of retaliation, *i. e.*, if the proper one cannot be found, any other of his tribe will suffice for revenge. These people hav long since found out who it was that enticed them by fair promises of land, etc., to leave their Southern homes to emigrate to a far-off chilly climate, where so many perished, and suffered so much before they could work their way back South; and all this, too, for political purposes. When the North, and South, too, can scourge the country of such low-down political workers, and elect such a man president as Gen. Butler, then I will begin to hav hope for the future welfare of this country; but the way things hav been going on, especially the last few years, our system of government will soon prove a grand failure, and wind up with a war that the last would not compare with.

Yours truly, H. B. JONES.

GAHANNA, OHIO, Sept. 11, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: It seems strange that a man calling himself a Liberal should work against the Republican party—a party that has done more for the country than any other party that has ever existed. Now, there are mean men in the party, but that proves nothing. The party as an organiization has always been on the right side. So, too, there are good Democrats, as neighbors and citizens—but that proves nothing. For the fact stares us in the face that the Democratic party does not now and has not for over thirty years favored free speech. Examin its course, and you will find that it has opposed education, Liberalism, progress, and universal suffrage. In many parts of the South the Democratic party has driven away, and in some instances maltreated unto death, Greenback, Independent, and Republican orators. Greenback principles were spreading rapidly at one time in the South. But the Democratic press set up the howl that "those that are not for us are against us," and Greenbackism soon became pretty effectually squelched out. A writer from Tennessee, in the last number of the *Toledo Blade*, says he can show the graves of six white men, who were in the Union army, and after the war were Republicans. They were taken out in the dead of night, and killed. One of them was said writer's neighbor. A little daughter followed the Klan along to the gate and begged them with tears streaming down her cheeks to spare her papa. No, the demons in human form cursed her and told her she could see her damned old Yankee father in the morning. He was found dead next day, not far from his farm, where they had shot him. The Democratic papers make little of this murder business, and call it "waving the bloody shirt," and try to lay these murders to some other cause. But it is all done to keep a solid South to menace the government. Gentlemen, these murders are political, from the fact that the victims are never Democrats. The Democratic orators and Democratic press never condemn these outrages, but either speak in extenuation of them or deny them *in toto*. The Democratic party's cry of reform is sheer hypocrisy, as evidenced by the abuse heaped on Senator Geo. H. Pendleton, for his authorship of the civil service bill. For that act, Pendleton to-day is a nonentity in the party. Why, all that is necessary to make a truth seeker a good Republican is to reside in a partly Democratic community for a short time. Nine-tenths of the saloon loafers in my town are Democrats, and are opposed to woman suffrage and every move of a progressiv nature. And I make the assertion that this is the case all over the land.

Now the election is coming on apace. No third or fourth party has a ghost of a chance. It is to be either Blaine or Cleveland. Cleveland has nothing to recommend him to the people but a life-long adherence to the Democratic party—that alone should condemn him; while Blaine's course has been that of a patriotic American. As a Spiritualistic Infidel, I say, Hurrah for Blaine! WALLACE MOORE.

JACKSON, MICH., Sept. 9, 284.

MR. EDITOR: How is it possible for anyone with a spark of humane feeling to look upon the horribly graphic illustration and read the intense and thrilling poem by Elliott Preston, "The Vivisector's Death-bed," together with the remarks and extracts from letters, in THE TRUTH SEEKER of September 6th, and not be profoundly impressed with the need of earnest efforts to procure the abolishment of vivisection? Whether it is justifiable to shock the sensibilities by such illustrations, poems, and articles will perhaps be questioned. At first thought it seems not to be, but when we consider how indifferent peo-

ple are to the most monstrous wrongs, if they hav only heard of them in a general way, or if they are not personally affected by them, it is apparent that oftentimes the only way to bring them to a realization is to shock them into it. The fearful curse of human slavery would never hav been overthrown had it not been for the heroic course of those grand old anti-slavery agitators, who in the face of ridicule and persecution dared to drag the crime of slavery to the judgment-bar of the tribunal of eternal justice. In no way could this hav been done so effectually as by an exposure of the terrible atrocities committed under the sanction of that "divine institution." As with slavery, so now with vivisection; painful though the task is, it may be necessary. May the time hasten when such means will not be needed, when such evils will cease to hav an existence. How thankful I hav often felt in having been too young to realize the horrors of slavery! And now behold a worse evil in some respects than slavery is here. There is a significant lesson taught by this poem and illustration which applies to more than vivisection. It is this, that retribution always follows the commission of evil deeds; that sooner or later an awakened conscience with remorseful sting will bring the erring human soul to judgment, until, purified and repentant, it resolves to "sin no more." The bed of death is not always the opening nor the closing scene. We are accountable beings—accountable, not to an imaginary God, but to the moral law which governs the spiritual and soul elements of the universe, as physical law controls the material. When we violate that law we must pay the penalty, as when a physical law is disobeyed we must suffer in consequence. Each act of life, whether for good or evil, possesses inherently the germs of compensation or of retribution, and will make its impress on the character. One cause of so much injustice and wrong-doing is the false teachings of theology that faith, not good deeds, is the way to salvation; that, no matter how vile and wicked the sins committed, they can all be forgiven and the penalty escaped. These erroneous doctrins hav greatly retarded the moral development of mankind, but a new era is dawning, in which the humanitarian element will more largely predominate than it now does, or ever has done in the past; when our duties to ourselvs, to each other, to all animate existence, shall be better understood and more nobly fulfilled.

MATTIE C. MITCHELL.

ALEXANDRIA, Sept. 13, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I hav just read Mr. Chainey's expression at Cassadaga Lake, with great sorrow. I hav no objection to Mr. Chainey being a Spiritualist, but I do wish he had passed quietly and directly from his former religious whim to his present fancy, as I fear all the good he ever did will be more than counterbalanced by the weakness of mind he is now showing. Mr. Chainey, as near as I can see, is "*un enfant gate.*" He has been spoilt by too much petting, and nothing but high sensations can stay his craving appetite for emotion. I can but pity the (otherwise) good man. The emotion of his spirit fancy (not belief) will not always last. His mother with excessiv kindness, and his church with fiction, hav poisoned his mind, and now permanency is poison to him and he must be fed with novelties; and when one's system ceases to digest the high stimulant of Spiritualism, what can he resort to next? Mr. Chainey is not a Spiritualist; at least, he givs no reason for his being one, except his fancy. I am sure no one could interpret his discourse at Cassadaga Lake otherwise. He makes the blunder common to all Spiritualists, to all postulants on any unknown subjects, which has also been the common blunder of all religious people. He makes a god of his ignorance. I will here repeat what I hav several times said before: a man is not an individual separate from the rest of the universe, or from other men; life is composed of two elements—one is the body, and the other is the air which we breathe and in which we move; put a man where this air is not, and the man is no more. He does not die; he has no need of dying, as without this indispensable component of life, his body is a dead mass of matter. In this part of life—the air—we all liv in common, as one whole existence; we are identical only in our body, and then only as a limb of a living whole; and detached or displaced from our proper position in the whole embodiment, this limb livs no more, but goes to fragments to mix up with the big bulk of similar substances to again help form limbs of the living whole, and I am of opinion that the portion of air, or the other component of life (call it what you like), also returns to the big bulk, and that individuals hav no identity after death; but in this I will not be positiv. I remain open to conviction, but let us see the first proof and hear the first convincing argument in support of personal identity after death. No such proof or argument has been produced yet. We all know more or less about the extraordinary freaks of nature; we all admit that great wonders are performed and not yet explained, but for God's (or any other fancy's) sake, do tell us what proof you hav that those phenomena are caused by the (imaginary, for all we know) spirits of departed friends or foes, any more than by the still existing and partially disorganized spirits of the occupants of the nearest insane asylum. If you possess convincing evidence that either is the case, why not giv it to the world? The only argument yet offered is the cherished Christian fancy of immortality. On the wings of this delicious fancy they fly to the desired conclusion, and thus, as the Indian did when prompted by fear, make a god of their ignorance. An Indian was once engaged to carry two hundred dollars a long distance, from one white trader to another. On the way the messenger listened to the temptation of appropriating half of his cargo. On receiving the one hundred dollars, the trader looked a moment at the wrapper and says to the Indian, "You hav been entrusted with two hundred dollars for me, and here you only deliver one hundred; where is the other?" "Who tell you?" inquired the astonished Indian. "Who tell me?" says the trader, "that paper tells me." The poor redskin dropped on his knees, produced the other hundred dollars, and retired, saying, "White man is God; he makem paper talk." What is the difference between that Indian and anyone else that ascribes a phenomenon to a cause not known to exist? None that I can see. Both are making a god of their ignorance.

I understand that Sister Elmina has left for the spirit-land. Let us wait for her report before we form a conclusion. And let us hope that she will not suffer herself to be prompted by a fancy, but giv us good substantial reasons for believing in spirits, or not believing.

Allow me to remark here, I love the letters of your brother George. They are amusing and interesting, and the easy style brings to me a sweet rememberance of dear Mr. Bennett.

Yours for truth and good sound reason, CHAS. LAPERCHE.

DIAMOND, MO., Sept. 13, A.B. 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Sorry to trouble you again. It is not my wont to be obtrusiv; but as the life-long and bitter foe of cruelty to animals, I feel impelled to say a word in approval of the "Vivisector's Death-Bed," and illustration, presented in the recent issue of THE TRUTH SEEKER. "The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip," wrote the good Burns, and although it would be stupid to present such a farcical terror to the imagination of a Liberal as a restraint upon cruelty, it is, nevertheless, reasonable to suppose that such distempered visions, such grim and grisly phamtoms, as are delineated in the poem and picture, would be likely to usurp the realm of ideality at the close of a life devoted to such deeds of cruelty; else there is no retributiv justice; and, as Liberals, we hold the penalty of evil deeds to be inevitable.

It would seem to be the peculiar province of Liberalism to lead in this *mission of mercy* to the brute creation, our mission being, professedly, one of benevolence, to mitigate the evils of life and alleviate the woes of the world. Such being our motto, it devolves upon us to render such aid and encouragement as comport with our ability to those few harbingers of mercy who with no hopes of pecuniary recompense, with slender aid from pseudo-philanthropists, with the obstacles of open hostility of satire and contumely to encounter, hav nevertheless courageously taken the front in this noble cause. And I feel assured that Infidels will respond to this call of humanity with a will—that the appeals already made in behalf of the dumb and defenseless animals hav reached the hearts of all true Liberals. "Coming events cas their shadows before." Several papers in the West and South hav already espoused the cause. Chas. Froebel in a recent essay says: "To those whose love goes forth to the meanest thing that breathes, who, in the trees and flowers, greet their slumbering sisters, and who tread tenderly on the rock lest they giv it pain, recognizing that man is but a part of universal, living nature," etc; also there was published in a late issue of the Nashville *Liberal* Dr. Monroe's "doubled-geared, back-acting, grace-before-meals," which "grace" asks forgivness of the "poor murdered innocents that hav died that we may dine," and which grace, by the way, will liv with increasing luster so long as the human heart shall feel "the gentle touch of pity." These facts, slight as they may appear, show the sentiment to be gaining ground. And I am glad to know it; for in my capacity of laborer and general roustabout on the farm, and whilom cattle-herder on the Kansas plains, in my isolation from human society, I hav consorted much with the equine, the bovine, and the canine species, and, perhaps, through force of habit I hav gradually come to feel a sense of companionship in them; I hav learned to love them, and my affection has gone forth to the wandering Bedouin whose love for his horse is but little less intense than that for his family, and my sympathy has extended to the gentler Hindoos, who, in the kindness of their hearts, could people the realm of their imagination with such creations as the great Nirvana, who, in the time of destitution, offered his flesh as a feast to the famishing tigress. Think for a moment what the influence of such a belief would be upon a people. Ah! there is no hell in that, my Infidel friends; nothing but pity. Nirvana as far transcends the feeble denuded effigy of him that our benefactors, the Christian priesthood, hav presented for our adoration, as the light of the sun surpasses the feeble glow of a tallow-dip. But to resume the subject, I hav been embroiled in frequent squabbles, when cruelty to brutes was involved. Sometimes it was impossible to look on and observe neutrality. My muttered curses hav become audible, and serious troubles hav ensued. My experience has taught me that a man who will wantonly abuse a brute is a d——d infernal coward. I hav seen such fellows tested when valor was a *sine qua non*, and they hav invariably shown the white feather. And, again, why havn't our spiritual guides, the pulpit-whackers, ventilated this subject? They probably hadn't time. With one eye on heaven, and the other on the contribution box, their time has been wholly engrossed in watching and praying; not a moment to spare for the poor brute. I hav known a poor ignorant farmer, whose cattle needed shelter, giv his last dollar for the support of a sky-pilot. Gave all to pamper that lazy, arrogant, lascivious "cuss," already swelled with pride and gorged with plenty, redundant with obesity and redolent of eau de cologne, resplendent in broadcloth and lavender kids—a sanctified Falstaff—with *ecce deus homo* expressed in every smirk of his sensual face. And I hav thought if the farmer had bought a few boards with the money and nailed up a shelter for his perishing cattle, his god would hav been infinitly better pleased with him. It must be a gratifying reflection to the leaders in this cause to know that some of the best men who ever trod this little world of ours were the inveterate foes of cruelty to animals. The gentle Cowper "would not enter on his list of friends, the man who needlessly set foot upon a worm." The brilliant Pope exclaims:

> "Has God, thou fool, worked solely for thy good,
> Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food?
> Is it for thee he feeds the wanton fawn?
> For him as kindly spreads the flowery lawn."

And Shakspere's beautiful Cordelia, thus:

> "Mine enemy's dog,
> Though he had bit me, should hav stood that night
> Against my fire, and wast thou fain, poor father
> To hovel thee with swine?"

It needs no prophetic vision to forsee that in the evoluted sentiment of mercy and right, to which Liberalism is steadily and surely tending, the present *pioneers of pity* will be regarded as having espoused no ignoble cause; that in the esteem of all good citizens they will rank in honor with the Howards, the Burdette Couttses, the Peabodys, and the Girards, and they will feel amply repaid in the reflection that goodness is its own reward. Feeling that I hav trepassed far beyond the bounds of your readers' patience, should these disjointed crudities escape their proper repository, I am,

Yours truly, JOS. TOWSLEY.

GERTRUDE, CAL., Sept. 12, 284.

MR. EDITOR: It appears to me that the fool-killer has not visited Battle Creek just yet. How any sane man can become so strangely misinformed upon the history of his country is a great mystery to me? That any sane man can crowd so many misstatements and mistakes into so short an article "takes the rag." Your readers will observe that in the latter part of his (H. Willis's) article (TRUTH SEEKER, Aug. 23d) he givs the lie to the main statements contained in the body of the article in these words: "His noble and humane cause when governor of Kansas sank deep into the heart of every true Republican, while he was denounced and slandered in unmeasured terms by the Democratic party, and a reward was offered in Mississippi for his head, dead or alive, and a declaration was made that if his head could be obtained, it would be stuck on a pole to let the 'niggers see the damned rascal,' that was enticing them to run to Kansas." Now, I hav no means of knowing whether this was his last or biggest misstatement or not, but I will submit that it disproves (if true) the rest of the article, for it makes it plain that, so far from the Southern people running the blacks out, they wanted them to stay.

There are a good many Liberals in this part of the country. Some take the grand old TRUTH SEEKER, and some of my friends hav sent for books. I had to go ten miles to send ten dollars to you, and then pay fifty cents expressage on it. These grand old mountains incline men to freedom.

Let us think. I go for Cleveland. The Republican party has given away great tracts of the people's land, fostered monopoly and national banks, to rob the people. Let us try the Democratic party once more, and if they do not do better, then try our power as a Liberal Anti-monopoly party. Let not Liberals run after side issues in politics. One or the other of the great parties is bound to win, so whoever votes for either Butler, Pomeroy, or any other side candidate does worse than to throw his vote away. Why will not sensible men see? Because the human race is just emerging out of barbarism, and cannot think correctly. Men who think themselvs educated cannot read Spencer's writing and understand it. I am with you for the education of the masses. B. B. TRAVIS.

CENTERVILLE, UTAH, Sept. 9, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed I send you 50 cents for the colored lithograph of the D. M. Bennett monument. At this time I am so situated that I cannot write much of a letter, as I would with to; but I must tell you I received the books all right—"Ancient Man in America," and Col. Ingersoll's "Orthodoxy"—and I must say the first is a very peculiarly interesting book. I would like to write a good long letter, but I hav not the time at present to do so, as I am fixing up to go to work in a mine in the top of the mountains of Farmington Canyon, where the perpetual snow lies.

I admire the grand and wise and noble sayings of our late D. M. Bennett that you publish every week at the top of the column of the "Gems of Thought" in THE TRUTH SEEKER. The sayings of that worthy man are a monument that will not die or lose its luster, but will be handed down to the people of the future for good. So go ahead; don't show this theocratic orthodoxy any quarter, for you know it is destined to be all smashed up; and this damnable, treasonable, beastly Mormon outfit of this priest-ridden territory as well, for it is a stink and a disgrace to human kind, let alone a reproach to the government of this nation.

I must say I admire Miss Wixon's corner for the little folks. In some of it there are good lessons for some of us gray-haired children. So I say, "Miss Wixon, bless you; go ahead."

Success to THE TRUTH SEEKER and its contributors, and its host of readers and subscribers. WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

PRESCOTT, IOWA, Sept. 14, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: The books which I ordered some time ago arrived in due time and in good shape, and are highly satisfactory. I now hav a very complete Liberal library, and one which is open and free to all who will read, take care of, and return. I thank you for your generous discount in the sending of so numerous tracts and pamphlets.

Let me add my word of praise for Col. Kelso's new book, "The Bible Analyzed." The book is all that the name indicates—a thorough analysis of the Bible. It is written in a plain, straightforward, and manly style, and proves beyond refutation that the Bible is of human origin; in fact, it entirely upsets the Bible and theology, leaving no vestige of either upon which supernaturalism can maintain a foothold. In force of logic and clearness of style Col. Kelso cannot be surpassed. No one can read, with an unbiased mind, this work and remain a Christian. It is a sure missionary document, and should be in the hands of every Freethinker. Its every page is fascinating, and one cannot read but with admiration. Every Liberal who is able should at once procure a copy, read it, and lend it to his neighbor. In style of workmanship it is the neatest that I hav seen from THE TRUTH SEEKER office, and is hard to excel. Yours for Liberalism,

JNO. W. YEADON.

AUSTIN, MO., Sept. 12, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: The grand old TRUTH SEEKER comes to hand regularly, and I take more comfort in reading it than I do all the other papers I take; it is my Bible, my light and life. I often wonder how I did without it before I knew of its existence. You may put me down as a life-time member, and when you fail to receive my subscription you will know I am head. R. A. SMILEY.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"His life is long whose work is well,
And be his station low or high,
He who the most good works can tell,
Lives longest though he soonest die."

At Grandmother's.

Under the shade of the poplars still,
Lilacs and locusts in clumps between,
Roses over the window sill,
In the dear old house with its door of green.

Never was seen such spotless floors,
Never such shining rows of tin,
While the rose-leaf odors that came through the doors
Told of the peaceful life within.

Here is the room where the children slept,
Grandmamma's children, tired with play,
And the famous drawer where the cakes were kept,
Shrewsbury cookies and caraway.

The garden walks where the children ran,
To smell the flowers and learn their names,
The children thought, since the world began,
Were never such garden walks for games.

There were tulips and asters in regular lines,
Sweetwilliams and marigolds on their stalks,
Bachelor's buttons and sweet-pea vines,
And box that bordered the narrow walks.

Pure white lilies stood cornerwise
From sunflowers yellow and poppies red,
And the summer pinks looked up in surprise
At the kingly hollyhocks overhead.

Morning glories and larkspur stood
Close to the neighborly daffodil;
Cabbage roses and southernwood
Roamed through the beds at their own sweet will.

—*Youth's Companion.*

Cole's Station.

You wouldn't be able to guess what a pretty and inviting spot it is—Cole's Station. A little shed-like depot, with a bench extending the length of it inside, and an old-fashioned settee on the outside, where passengers may sit while awaiting the train. The walls of the rude building are adorned, inside and out, with crude drawings and autographs of distinguished (?) persons, perhaps, who hav from time to time walked the length of the platform and listened for the shrill whistle of the locomotiv. A small box fastened to the building, bearing the mystic letters, "U. S." reveals the fact that Uncle Sam is recognized in that locality by somebody.

"But," you say, "all that is not very inviting, or pretty." Perhaps not.

"How do you get there?" you inquire.

Well, I'll tell you how I got there. With the two Bethiahs, I hopped on board the train at Bowenville, and, with a scream and a screech, a good deal of puffing and blowing, away went our "iron horse," followed by its load of human freight and its attendant luggage. They do not carry any other style of freight on that road, as I incidentally learned in this way: A lady had two bags of vegetables which she desired to put in the baggage car.

"Can't take them taters," said the baggage-master.

"Why not?" asked the lady.

"Don't carry taters on this train."

"Nor cabbages?" said she, almost gasping, as two magnificent cabbages rolled from the bag and off the platform to the rail below.

"No cabbages—only the kind that walks on two legs. That trash must go by boat;" and as he walked bravely on, the lady eyed him as though she thought there was one cabbage head on board when he stepped on the train.

A turn, a slight curve, and in a minute or two, the cars were moving very slowly over the beautiful bridge that spans the river at this point. Underneath, carriages and horses and foot-passengers are crossing the bridge, and, just after we pass, the big draw swings gracefully upon its great hinges, to allow a three-masted schooner to pass on its way up the river to Somerset, or Taunton.

Off the bridge, the way is along a winding river road. Across the blue water is the beautiful city of Fall River, with its busy, bustling factories, where is manufactured into cotton cloth one-twentieth of all the cotton produced in this country. The dry dock, Wilbur's pond, and many farm fields dot the way, till, all at once, the conductor on the train calls, "Brayton! Brayton!" and the cars stop just long enough to let one catch a view of a straight road, some marshy bogs, and a sparkling water view.

"What did he call this place?" inquired a deaf old gentleman, nudging me with his elbow.

"Brayton," I replied, speaking pretty loud to make him hear.

"It used to be Hog's Neck, when I was a youngster," said the old gentleman.

"They hav more euphonious names in this generation," said I.

"Yes, yes," said he, adjusting his spectacles, and taking a pinch of snuff, "they pretend to be wiser in these days, but I don't believe they *know* much more. You may call it Brayton as much as you please, but you'll never make *me* believe that it isn't Hog's Neck, all the same. Hav some snuff?" and he kindly proffered me the snuff-box.

I shook my head, whereupon he eyed me suspiciously, as if there must be something wrong with one who could refuse the allurements of a snuff-box.

In a few seconds there was another halt, and then we were at Cole's. There was the lovely river by the same name, running down and flowing into Mount Hope Bay, the railway bridge across it, the green meadows, the clean, well-kept farms, some hens and half-grown chickens idling over the fields, and a long line of wild grape vines tangled thickly over the walls, and laden with ripe fruitage.

Dudley was at the station, and obligingly took us in his carriage, the two Bethiahs and I, to our destination, the oldest, quaintest, queerest, oddest farm-house of a hundred years ago that ever you saw.

Dudley was dressed in his bicycle suit, white flannel—or what was once white—knee pants, dark stockings, blue flannel shirt, and a pretty red cap on the back of his handsome head.

Dudley livs in New York in the winter, and not far from Cole's Station in the summer. As we rode along we asked him all the questions we could think of, while admiring the winding rivers, Cole's, Lee's, and Kickemuit, the fleet of sailboats in front, and beautiful, historic Mount Hope, once the Indian King Philip's home, on the right from the little shed-like depot.

But the farm-house—I wish you could see it, with its low ceiling, its wonderful fireplace, in which we seemed to see the crackling flame and the big logs of a century ago, and the old-fashioned, clumsy wooden latches a foot long on the doors.

There was an old-fashioned well, too, with a "well-pole," reaching into the next lot. A rope was suspended from the pole above the well, on the end of which was a hook, and on this hook was hung "the old oaken bucket." Creak, creak, creak, went the hinges of the pole as one end went up and the other down, but the water that came up in the bucket was "sparkling and bright in its liquid light," and cold as ice.

And then the hearty, old-fashioned welcome of the hospitable inmates of the farm-house was worth a day's journey to receive.

Charley had made a clam-bake, a real, old-fashioned—I like the old-fashioned ways—Rhode Island clambake, and it was to this feast that we, the two Bethiahs and I, were invited.

The long table was spread under the branches of an old, old apple-tree. And such clams! and potatoes! and green corn! and dressing! and such bread, both white and brown! such cucumbers! and butter! such tea and coffee, and real cream! and such a ripe watermelon! and such a merry time as we all had out there under the apple-tree, with the apples overhead, and the clams below, and Johnny's beautiful spaniel under the table, licking out the clam-shells, and occasionally nibbling the toe of my new boot just for fun!

The birds were singing their September songs, and came close by, glad, I thought, that we had come outdoors to be merry with them. A doctor was in our company, who partook of the primitiv dinner more generously than I should like to take his medicins.

After the repast was over, the two Bethiahs and I, with Charley's sister, took a walk over the fields, jumping a stone wall, climbing a hill, and on, past many stately cedars, stopping frequently to admire the scenery, inhale the spicy fragrance of the trees and herbs, and then over the rocks, and past pellucid springs, till we came to an opening, where handsome cows were lazily browsing. They stared at us, winking their great eyes slowly and wonderingly.

One Bethiah was afraid of the cows, thus showing her city bringing up.

"Take off that red shawl," said she. "It will madden the cows, and they will hook us with their terrible horns, and trample us to death!"

I spread my shawl wider, and invited the horns and trample, but the good old cows only chewed their "cud" a little slower, and looked a little wiser.

The other Bethiah came near stepping on a snake, although she did not see it till Charley's sister called attention to it.

It was evidently frightened at our unwonted appearance, and darted toward a neighboring wall.

"Poor little snake," I said (it was of the harmless kind); "I'll not disturb thee. Go thy way unmolested. Thy family has been most foully slandered. Go, liv thy days; the world is wide enough for both thee and me." I thought of Adam and Eve and Paradise. I do not think the snake appreciated my kindness, but he slid away very rapidly.

Retracing our steps, treading through clumps of "life everlasting," beds of mullein, pungent pennyroyal, and, now and then, stopping to gather bits of pretty mosses, we reached the mansion of our friends, where we rested a few minutes, and then, bidding our friends good-bye, started for the station. Charley's horse was harnessed, and he wanted to take us to the cars, but we thought it would be pleasant to walk.

And it was. The narrow country road was dusty, for there had been no rains lately, but beautiful flowers and ferns grew on either side, while apple-tree branches, laden with mellowing fruit, reached far out and shaded the way. Rich clusters of red barberries made bright the gray stones of the wall near which they grew, and great masses of purple elder berries waved in the afternoon sun, and sheltered the pink hardhack and fringed gentian that grew within its shade.

"Oh, the grapes!—see the grapes!" said the elder Bethiah, and we might hav gathered bushels of them, there were so many and so plenty; but we only picked a few to eat.

There were acres and acres of corn ready for the harvest, and wide fields of cabbages, onions, turnips, and potatoes.

"No danger of a famin here," said the other Bethiah.

"Right you are!" shouted an old-fashioned reddish brown chanticleer as he mounted a stone post to salute us as we passed.

On our right was an old burial lot in an open field.

"We must visit that spot, surely!" said the younger Bethiah—the one who was afraid of cows. "Come along."

We lowered a bar of the fence, and were soon walking above the dead. But alas! although a stone marked every grave, time had nearly obliterated all traces of the identity of those who slept so peacefully beneath the tall grasses that waved above them. "Barton" was the surname of the family, as near as we could make out, and mourning friends had left their loved ones there in the last century, for, by picking the moss from the tablets, we found some of the dates to be 1787. Other dates were totally faded away, and the tablets worn as smooth as glass.

We grew solemn and reflectiv.

So we change, fade, and go away; and, by and by, nobody will be able to tell who we are, where we lived, or where our dust lies buried. Such is life.

We started on as the first red leaf of autumn floated down at our feet, reminding us that close at hand are the "melancholy days, the saddest of the year."

We gathered a bouquet of purple daisies, golden rod, and, when we came to the river again, we went down close to the water's edge and picked a lot of marsh rosemary. It will keep handsomely in vases all winter. Oh how, beautiful was the water, the bogs, the farms, the lofty trees, the flowers; the blue sky overhead—it was all lovely.

The younger Bethiah clambered over the grape-entwined fence, and added a bunch of elecampane flowers to her bouquet.

Pretty soon the train came rattling along, stopped half a minute for us to get on board, and, in a short time, the conductor called, "Boneville, Boneville!" (he meant Bowenville) and we were in the midst of the busy, hustling, bustling crowd, surrounded by hackmen poking their bony fingers in our eyes, winking, blinking, and nodding their heads at us in a way quite startling if we had not been accustomed to their wild antics.

We had a very enjoyable day, quiet, peaceful, happy, and, whenever we feel the need of another like it, we shall put on our things and go to Cole's Station.

Our Puzzle Box.

1.

DOUBLE PUZZLE AND DOUBLE PROBLEM.

1. *Fifty-one before me.*
Most curious of words!
It is a viscous substance
Used for catching birds;
The oxide of calcium
Obtained by burning stone;
But then we see in botany
The linden-tree is shown;
Or yet a kind of lemon,
But very sour and small,
Which grows in all warm climates
Where fruit can grow at all.
But this I think is strangest—
It is a leash or thong
By which the reckless canine
Is held or led along.

2. With *one and fifty in me,*
The letters only change;
But if so long be doggie's thong
How large must be his range—

3. First if the end be fastened
Of this extensiv thong?

4. And next if two miles with it
His master move along?

Irwin, Iowa. J. K. P. BAKER.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER, SEPTEMBER 13, 1884.

1.
B
RED
RUNIC
BENNETT
DIETS
CTS
T

2. Alleghany.

4. (1. C-love-r—To liv in clover is to liv luxuriously. 2. G-lad-e. 3. S-pace-s. 4. T-ear-s. 5. S-tub-s. 6. M-one-y. 7. S-tone-s.)

Solved.—No. 2 by W. H. Wende; Carrie Alden; all the others, also the second, by H. E. Juergens.

[Mr. Juergens's puzzles still remain unsolved. Where are our solvers and good guessers?]

Correspondence.

LAWRENCE, MASS., Sept. 10, 1884.

MY DEAR MISS WIXON: I arrived home safe about eight o'clock in the evening. When we got in Boston we took the horse-car across Boston and got in the cars and came to Lawrence, and I was glad we soon got home; and my mother and my sisters were glad to see me, and my playmates too. Please giv my love to grandmother and grandfather when you see them. I hope to see you again soon, so good-bye. With love from

25 *Lake street.* FLORENCE R. HULFORD.

LOUDENVILL, N. Y., Sept. 11, 1884.

MY DEAR MISS WIXON: Your "Corner" in THE TRUTH SEEKER is always read by me, and to my little girl, who is five years old to-day. I appreciate your work for the children, and hav often desired to contribute to the "corner."

The poem, "Only a Dog," is beautiful and set me thinking of some of my dogs, and of the days when with brothers and sisters, this great world seemed only a lovely place to play in, and our dogs and cats had souls as intelligent as our own.

If it is agreeable to you I would like to write up some of my dogs, for the children. And at some other time, some of the times "when you and Uncle Hey and Uncle Willie and Aunt Ruthie lived on an island," as my little Virgie says, when she wants to hear about some of those *wonderful* experiences.

Yours sincerely,
WINNEFORD V. ASPINWALL.

[We welcome you to our Corner and shall be pleased to hear all about your former pets, and the "good times" in your experience. Our only requirement for the Corner is that contributions shall be brief, bright, interesting, and instructiv; that is, they shall drop some good advice, or timely word to help those on their way in life to whom all the world is new.—ED. C. C.]

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Communications.

The Horrible Tale of a Hypochondriac.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Observing that you hav opened a department in opposition to the "chamber of horrors" of the Eden Musee (see page 574, illustration and poem), I hereby offer a contribution in competition with the poem of Mr. Preston. The competition is, as I understand it, not for the purpose of deciding who shall be elected president of the "Liars' Club," but only to prove who can tell the most horrible tale. In this it is my aspiration to take the lead, and, if there be one, the cake. It is proper that I should preface my prize poem with a caution to Miss Gibson, and those who, like her, are subject to "indescribable shivers" and "shudders" and "frightful sensations" when reading Mr. Preston's effusion and seeing its accompanying illustration. I caution all such to skip the poem, and I only refrain from offering an illustration because it might unexpectedly fall under the eyes of such sensitiv persons, and cause them a mental shock as disastrous as the one I am to portray; in fact, I am solicitous for the tender sensibilities of such persons, and I do not desire to thrust upon them, as Mr. Preston so cruelly does, anything that would induce "frightful sensations." I do not believe in inflicting unnecessary cruelty, *even on human beings*, and therefore offer in advance a kindly warning that the poem is dangerously horrible. Yet I may present it to the stout-hearted, the pachydermatous men of the world who can hear the recital of a horrible tale and apply its moral to the discussion of vivisection. To such persons it seems to me that Mr. Preston's coarse illustration of the vivisector's death-bed must appear as a laughable caricature which might hav been executed for *Punch* or *Puck*. It certainly will giv rise to conflicting emotions in any one with an eye for art. Evidently in art as in literature there is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and in this instance the step has been taken. In this realm of art I feel that I can offer no competition; but in the poetical line—well, just try me, and award the prize to the contributor of *the most horrible tale.*

A HYPOCHONDRIAC.

Ah! your tale is one of horror!
A couch of death in pain,
Remorse for misdeeds often wrought,
A "conscience-stricken brain;"
But listen to my tale of woe,
Of ruesome, living death,
A shattered, suffering human soul,
A sigh with every breath;
Remorse increasing, mind bereft,
Forever on the rack,
Borne down by one unyielding load—
A hypochondriac.
He sits alone, he mopes and moans,
With lowering, anxious mien,
While glassy, wide-ope', staring eyes
See sights to us unseen.
All day he stares, at night he dreams,
On this strange vision born
Of imagination in a brain
Severely racked and torn.
And you ask, "What is it that holds
His gaze so long and fast;
What phantom lost to other eyes
With him is never past?"
Thou seest, my friend, the remnant of
A man of good intent,
Of tender sympathies and heart,
Of actions all well-meant;
But lacking equipoise of brain,
In fact, consistency,
Was guided not by intellect,
But only sympathy;
And so for many years the cause
Of helpless brutes he plead,
'Gainst cruelty, brutality,
For kindness in their stead.
Enthusiastic, he achieved,
In many ways great good;
Ambition pointed out more worlds
To conquer—if he could.
An anti-vivisector, this
Bold hero then became;
Assaulted science in its den
In hope of added fame.
A man of one idea, 'tis said,
Is seldom found to be
Wholly consistent in that one,
And so ('tis said) that he
Made every meal on slaughtered meat,
Not thinking of its source;
For appetite, digestion, strength,
It was his favorit course.
And so he fortified for work
With many a pound of steak,
Fought well his fight, waxed zealous, but
Ne'er thought of the mistake
Of crucifying scientists
On vivisection bent,
Because his little learning failed
To see their wise intent;
Denouncing them as criminals,
With "innate thirst for blood,"
Who studied it for facts, while he
Thirsts for it as a food.
Thus blind to sense, by zeal impelled,
He plunged into the fray,
Till suddenly, as with St. Paul,
A light fell on his way,
Illumed his sight, awaked his brain,
And, shocked, he stood aghast.
The pendulum had swung too far;
Consistency at last
Obtained ascendancy in him;
By some unknown decree,
"The terminal conversion of
The opposits," may be.
He saw a sheet let down to earth,
Much as St. John had seen,
Burdened with beasts of ev'ry kind
Fit for man's food, called "clean."
But these were in a slaughtered state,
Some trembling still from shock
Of sudden death, from butcher's axe,
With head upon the block;
And lambs did bleat with fading breath,
As life's red blood flowed free
From ghastly wounds in gaping necks,
A sick'ning sight to see.
Enormous hogs and little pigs
Were stuck with gory blade,
And mild-eyed calves bled slowly that
The veal he whiter made.
O'er all this reeking, quivering mass
Of murdered living things
There fluttered flocks of headless birds,
A maze of flapping wings;
Some dying game, by expert shot
Of sportsman's ready gun,
But mostly by the headsman's ax—
Foul blows, dealt one by one.
From living frogs, ten score or more,
The slender legs were torn,
To fry in crumbs for epicures;
For this were bull-frogs born.
These are but glimpses of the scenes
This vision showed to him,
The horrors piled on horrors till
With tears his eyes were dim;
And then the meaning of it all
Came to his frightened soul—
The number of these butchered beasts
Was equal to the whole
Of those that suffered death that he
His hunger might requite
(Vicarious atonement, this,
For his meat appetite).
The truth flashed through him, as new thought
Oft startles human brain,
That for his sake more blood was spilled,
More agonizing pain
Inflicted on poor helpless brutes,
Than could be paralleled
By vivisectors whom he had
To public scorn upheld.
This truth, so mighty, did prevail
Against his troubled mind
Till reason flickered, went out like
A candle in the wind.
The vision lingers ever as
A ghost that will not down,
Still holds his mind as in a vice—
A heavy cross, a crown
Of thorns. It is his one idea,
A monomania;
He is the sorry victim of
Dread hypochondria.
Oh, pity a man with mind bereft,
Forever on the rack,
Borne down by one unyielding load,
A hypochondriac!

E. B. FOOTE, JR.

TESTIMONIAL.

DR. FOOTE, JR., *Dear Sir:* How nice of you to let me be the first to see the proof of your new poem ["The Hypochondriac"], and how lovely it is, to be sure! I just dote on horrible things, and I think that is just too unutterably horrid for anything. It made the cold shivers run down my back, and hot ones chase after them. I read it over and over till I could appreciate it fully, and I do think it is just splendid. Send me half a dozen copies for my friends. MISS ANN THROPE.

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[Leagues and Liberal and Spiritualistic Societies in the United States and Canada meeting regularly, can hav notices of their meetings published in this column free if the officers will send them to us.]

MICHIGAN.

MUSKEGON.—The Liberal League meets every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock in the German Odd Fellows' Hall, corner of Western ave. and Terrace st.

OHIO.

CLEVELAND.—The Liberal League meets every Sunday at 3 P.M., in room 29, City Hall building. Lectures free. Communications can be addressed to W. I. Irvine, Secretary.

MAINE.

PORTLAND.—Dr. H. A. Lamb has hired Congress Hall, Congress street (entrance on Temple street), where free meetings, lectures, and discussions are held every Sunday, 2:30 P.M. Admittance free. Public invited.

OREGON.

PORTLAND.—The Auxiliary Liberal League of Portland, Or., holds meetings every Sunday, at 2 o'clock, P.M., at Nonpareil Hall, cor. 1st and Madison streets. All are invited. Admission free.

MASSACHUSETTS.

BOSTON.—Boston Liberal Club holds meetings for essays and criticisms every Sunday forenoon at 10:45 in the Paine Memorial Building, Appleton street.——The "Society of the Divine Homo" at same place every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Sunday-school at 2:30. Admission free.

PENNSYLVANIA.

ALTOONA.—The League holds meetings every Wednesday evening and Sundays at 3 P.M., at the League Room, corner of Eleventh ave. and 13th st., third floor, entrance on 13th st.

PHILADELPHIA.—The Friendship Liberal League meets every Sunday at Hancock Hall, 814 Girard avenue, at 2:30 o'clock, and 7:30 o'clock, P.M., for lectures and free debates. THE TRUTH SEEKER and Liberal books for sale.

PITTSBURGH.—Pittsburgh Liberal League meets at Maltby Hall, 76 Fifth avenue, every Sunday (except during the Months of July and August) at 3o clock. A free platform is maintained. Exercises consist of a lecture, followed by 10 minute criticisms, with 15 minutes allowed the lecturer to reply. Clergymen invited to discuss.

NEW JERSEY.

NEWARK.—Newark Liberal League meets every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the League's Hall, 177 Halsey street. Exercises consist of music, readings, lecture, and discussion, in which all present are invited to participate. Admission free. Collection taken. Communications for the League should be addressed to J. W. Frankel, 10 Pine street, Newark.

CANADA.

TORONTO.—Secular Society. Reading and Lecture Rooms, No. 9 Grand Opera House. Open every evening and Sundays. Lecture every Sunday evening. Freethinkers and strangers are cordially invited.

MONTREAL.—Pioneer Freethought Club meets every Sunday at 3 P.M., at 1310 Catharine street. Reading-room open daily until 10:30 P.M. Library open for exchange of books three evenings per week, and on Sunday afternoons. Free public lectures on Sundays as advertised in local newspapers. Strangers always welcome. G. S. Wilson President; C. Stevens, Secretary.

GANANOQUE, ONT.—Gananoque Secular Society, meets every Sunday evening at eight o'clock, in Acton's Hall. Free Library and Reading Room open all day Sunday. Visitors and strangers always welcome. Geo. G. Meikle, President; Henry Smith, Secretary.

NEW YORK.

ALBANY.—The Liberal association meets every Sunday at Van Vechten Hall, 119 State street. Sunday-school at 2 P.M. General business meeting and debates and discussions at 3 P.M. Lecture at 7:30 P.M. The public are cordially invited to attend, also all Liberals visiting the city. Admission free.

NEW YORK CITY.—The Manhattan Liberal Club meets every Friday evening at 8 o'clock, at 220 East 15th st.——The American Spiritualist Alliance meets every Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock in Republican Hall, 55 West 33d street.——The First Society of Spiritualists holds its meetings every Sunday in Republican Hall, 55 West 33d street. Morning service 11 o'clock; evening, 7:45. Seats free. Public cordially invited.——Arcanum Hall, 57 West 25th Street, cor. 6th ave. The People's Spiritual Meeting every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 P.M.

BROOKLYN.—The Brooklyn Spiritual Society meets at Conservatory Hall, cor. of Fulton street and Bedford avenue, every Sunday. Services at 11 A.M. and 7:45 P.M. Admission free. Public cordially invited. Liberal and Spiritual papers and books for sale.——The Everett Hall Spiritual Conference, 398 Fulton street, meets every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. Meetings free. Spiritual literature for sale.——The Eastern District Spiritual Conference meets every Monday evening at Composite Room, 4th street, corner of south 2d street, at 7:45. Spiritual and Liberal literature on sale. All invited.——The Philosophical Association meets every Sunday afternoon in the Assembly Room of Wright's Business College, Broadway, corner of Fourth street, E. D., at 3 P.M. Public cordially invited. **Doors open at 2:30 P.M.**

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Poetry.

Wildwood Flowers.

The flowers that were brought from the wildwood,
That hung in their beautiful bells,
Pale lilac, and pink in profusion,
They told me of shadowy dells—
"Oh, the bloom of the flowers I remember,
And the smiles I shall nevermore see;"
For the hands of my beautiful lover
Transplanted the flowers for me.

The breath of the spring was like incense
By the beautiful flowers in bloom.
He gave the last touch to the garden,
And he found that yet there was room
In the round ribbon bed of beauties,
And he planted the delicate flowers,
And we smiled as they, charming and lovely,
Kept nodding throughout the night hours.

And when he was absent, these flowers
Were cherished far more than their mates,
Though his hands had fashioned the garden,
'Twas he that had brought me these plants,
And they spoke of the distant blue wildwood,
Of the charms that were hidden within,
And they spoke to my heart by their beauty—
Oh, the one that is gone, I love him!

But the garden and blossoms are gone,
I know not who robbed their sweet bloom,
I left that dear spot in cold winter,
Its brightness enshrouded in gloom.
I thought not of flowers or their beauty,
For I went with the one dear to me,
His dark eyes to me were far better
Than bells of the flowers could be.

And he to the land of the spirits
Has journeyed in years that are gone,
While I in mortality linger;
To-day I an sitting alone.
Perhaps these flowers are round him,
That past, ere he vanished from sight,
For they bloom in the land of the spirits,
More ethereal, beautiful, bright.

St. George, Aug. 18, 1884. EMILY B. SPENCER.

Death of a Venerable Truth Seeker.

DIED.—Dr. Charles S. Sterling, of Liverpool, New York. For sixty years an avowed Freethinker and Infidel; forty years a successful physician. Died Sept. 10, 1884, aged 80, beloved and respected by all classes, despite his outspoken Infidelity. During a painful sickness of ten years, he found Liberalism an all-sufficient source of peace and consolation.

The funeral service of Dr. Chas. S. Sterling was held yesterday, Sept. 12, 1884, at 2:30 P.M., at his home in Liverpool. The large house would not contain a tithing of the people, and the extensiv grounds, in which had been placed chairs and settees, barely afforded accommodation for the very large number of people assembled to do honor to one of Liverpool's oldest settlers and most highly respected citizens. The Masonic lodge of the village attended in a body.

FUNERAL ORATION BY EX-REV. CHAS. B. REYNOLDS.

Placing a large family Bible on the table on the porch, at which sat the Syracuse newspaper reporters, who seemed somewhat startled, Mr. Reynolds whispered: "It won't hurt you any if you don't look into it." Then turning to the audience he said: In the presence of death, how beliefs and dogmas wither and decay! Character alone survives. When our loved ones die, in our weak humanity we moan and sob; tears blind our eyes. It seems as though the sun of our life were darkened forever; the stars of peace blotted from the firmament of our future. But the stars shine brightest when surrounded by the blackest thunder clouds. Adverse winds may blow, and the storms of misfortune rage, but soon hope will twine the sweetest roses round our sorrow-bowed, aching heads. There is always one tiny pin-hole for the glory of hope to shine through.

Our loved ones die. We weep and moan; but much of our sorrow is for self, not for those at peace, calmly sleeping, sweetly resting; their labor o'er; their work accomplished. Need we weep? Our loved brother lived a long, useful life; his work well and faithfully done. He is at rest; sleeps in peace. Yet to-day our hearts are sad; we feel deeply our bereavement. His dear companionship, wise counsel, true sympathy, ready help, and loving ministrations are henceforth lost to us.

Once hope revives, we realize death is but a simple condition of nature; neither to be feared, desired, nor dreaded. Life and death are essential conditions, but for errors of education we should not so dread and fear it. For our dead, in any case, all is well with them. What though death ends all, as Materialists believe, the dead still liv in the good they hav done; their memories ever green in the hearts of dear loved ones. In the language of Eliza Cook,

"'Tis a long, 'tis a last, 'tis a beautiful rest,
When all sorrow is passed from the brow and the breast;
And the lone spirit truly and wisely may crave
The sleep that is dreamless—the sleep of the grave."

If, on the other hand, the brighter philosphy is true, death is but the entrance to a new, better, more beautiful existence.

"Let our fainting hearts take courage,
When with grief and sorrow bowed;
Remember there is always
Glorious light beyond the cloud."

"In no sense can we wholly die; for no noble act, no generous impulse of the heart, can ever perish.

A maiden strolling alone through the cemetery at noon, in the bright sunshine, enjoys the calm peace; delights in the solitude. Place the same girl in the same spot at midnight—she would be paralyzed with fear or shriek with terror. Why? Darkness is but the withdrawal of light. It is all the error of education. Is not that teaching false, injurious, evil, that has instilled the fear of darkness, terror of the dead, and created belief in ghosts, witches, and hobgoblins? I hav seen a child afraid to sit up alone at night with a dead mother. Fear should be banished by the light of science and the exercise of reason.

Some say the mere thought of remaining in the grave, of being utterly unconscious, for all eternity, is worse than to liv and endure the torments of hell fire. Is this really true, or is it only the results of wrong education? In sickness you long for sleep. When sound asleep you are as unconscious as the dead. In old age, you long for rest, even that of the grave, to release from pain and weariness. Very little of thought will remove so very much of fear.

We are assembled to pay the last tribute of respect to a true, brave, heart, a cultivated brain, a devotee alike of personal and mental liberty. He dared think for himself and giv utterance to his convictions. He worshiped at the shrine of truth. His God was nature; his church, all humanity; his creed, do justice, love mercy, endeavor to make your fellow-creatures happy. And his life proved the sincerity of his convictions, and during ten long years of painful sickness afforded him perfect consolation.

In the cause of humanity, in the defense of right, liberty, and truth, our deceased friend had the courage and persistence of a Napoleon, while for those who sorrowed or suffered he had a heart as kind and sympathetic as that of the gentlest woman.

He was born in 1804, at Wilton, Conn., was educated at Berkshire and Woodstock colleges, Mass.; graduated at the chemical school at Woodstock, Penn., 1831; settled in Liverpool, N. Y., and commenced practice as a physician in 1832. For forty years he practiced his profession in this village, ceasing to practice in 1871. He was a man of ripe thought, deep study, of noblest impulses. During his long years of sickness he found solace, patience, and comfort, not in the church, but in communing with nature, and the surroundings which culture affords. He rejoiced in the glorious truths of the gospel of humanity, and scorned the empty professions of faith, the bigotry, the fanaticism, and idle ceremonies of the churches.

Dr. Sterling lived and died an outspoken earnest, consistent Freethinker and Infidel. Can you point to any Christian in your community who lived a better, purer, or more useful life?

Dr. Sterling was an Infidel. Oh, dreadful name! Stop! think for a moment what an Infidel really is. Are you a Protestant? Luther was an Infidel. He dared to think for himself, and refused to believe or sanction the dogmas of the Catholic church.

Infidel is a term of contempt and reproach applied to any who venture to step aside from the popular current of belief.

Nearly every one of the great names to-day, in science, literature, and art, are avowed Liberals. No person of admitted culture, in the church or out of it, believes all in the Bible. You say it was a dreadul thing for Dr. Sterling not to believe in the resurrection of Christ. Did you ever stop to think that, if the Bible is true, if Christ spoke truth, not one of his disciples believed in Christ's resurrection? "Now when Jesus was risen early the first day of the week he appeared first to Mary Magdalene, out of whom he had cast seven devils. And she went and told them that had been with him as they mourned and wept. And they, when they had heard that he was alive, and had been seen of her, *believed not*. After that he appeared in another form unto two of them as they walked, and went into the country. And they went and told it unto the residue; *neither believed they them*. Afterward he appeared unto the eleven as they sat at meat, and *upbraided* them with their *unbelief and hardness of heart, because they believed not them which had seen him after he was risen*" (Mark xvi, 9–14). Was it any worse for Dr. Sterling to disbelieve the impossible than for those who had been with Jesus, heard his teaching, witnessed his miracles? Why denounce honest truth seekers who dispassionately weigh the evidence, reject the error and evil, and gladly accept and cherish all that is true and good?

Dr. Sterling believed that the practice of love, mercy, and benevolence, here and now, would best qualify us for ministrations of love in any other sphere. In the language of his much admired and lamented friend, D. M. Bennett, the founder of THE TRUTH SEEKER, "Those lead the happiest, most peaceful lives who seek most to benefit those around them. Our highest duty lies not above the clouds over our heads, nor in depth of earth beneath our feet; neither can we do aught to benefit or affect any being supposed to exist in either locality; our duty and field of action is here, among the sons and daughters of men. In no case can we so well prepare for another life as by doing all in our power to make those around us happy."

Dr. Sterling realized we must combat ignorance and superstition, not with dungeon, torture, and the stake, not by ostracism, misrepresentation, and abuse, but by imparting knowledge and instruction; hence he was ever zealous in behalf of education. He taught it was our duty to endeavor to lead the erring from vice to the practice of virtue, by loving admonition and good example. He was an eloquent, consistent champion of common sense. He rejected all that nature taught him was untrue; his constant acts of mercy, his true and noble manhood, endeared him even to his Christian friends, who to-day alone need words of comfort on account of their errors of belief.

They say Dr. Sterling is banished from the delights of heaven; can never meet his dear loved ones and dwell with them forever in the land of perfect love. My Christian friends, I hav often spoken at funerals, assuring the mourners of meeting dear loved ones in heaven. But search the Bible from Genesis to Revelation, and nowhere does it tell of any place where one is restored to loved ones; no text tells us they will love you there as here. Not a single text in all the Bible says that. But it does positivly assert the contrary. Read Mark xii, 18, 25. The fifteenth verse reads: "For when they shall rise from the dead, they neither marry, nor are given in marriage; but are as the angels which are in heaven."

According to this, those who attain heaven shall be as the the angels who never knew human love. Would heaven be a place of joy, or even endurable, if your friends hav no longer any especial love or affection for you? Do you regret Dr. Sterling could not believe or long for such a heaven? Accustomed to ministering to all those suffering within his reach, how could he be hopeful or desirous of such a heaven as is described in Luke xvi, 19–25. Do you denounce him that he could not believe this story of the rich man in hell pleading in vain for one drop of water? Our lamented brother's religion consisted in, "Put yourself in his place," or "do to others as you would they should do to you," a golden rule taught by Christna, Confucius, Pittacus, Socrates, and Sextus centuries before the birth of Christ, but a rule, it seems, that will be utterly ignored by God, Christ, and all the angels and saints of heaven. The law of love is not original or first given in the Bible. Pagan and heathen philosophers both taught and practiced it centuries before the birth of Christ.

But if the Bible is true, if Christ's own declarations are reliable, then, dear Christian friends, accept the words of comfort. Jesus himself declares the Liberal, the Freethinker, the Infidel, who, like Dr. Sterling, did justly, loved mercy, and endeavored to promote the happiness of his fellow-creatures, shall hav especial welcome to heaven (Matt. xxv, 31–40). Strange, but true, Christ says not one word of What did you believe? but, What did you do? Did you feed the hungry, giv drink to the thirsty, help the needy, clothe the naked, minister to the sick? Yes? Then, says Christ, "Come, ye blessed of my father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundatioon of the world."

From his coffin the dead man speaks to us: "Weep not for me. Care for the suffering, the lonely, and the heartbroken. Mutually realize your duty to study those questions which most nearly concern yourselvs, your race, this present world. Make secondary metaphysical disputations in regard to an ideal world, in which perhaps in some possible condition you may liv, and devote your best intelligence to practical questions pertaining to this present world in which you do now liv. Giv liberally of your means to diffuse the light of science and positiv knowledge, and thus help dispel the dark mists of error, ignorance, and superstition. Realize your duty is here and now, to do all in your power to make all around you joyous and happy; soothe the sorrows of the afflicted, help the needy, and afford means of employment for the body and cultivation of the mind. Liv lives of love, instead of making professions of faith. Practice justice and mercy in lieu of forms and ceremonies, constantly endeavoring to promote the happiness and welfare of those around you, instead of idly praying to a God to do it for you. So shall you liv in an atmosphere of love, and at last meet death without a fear."

At the conclusion of the oration a song was sung, after which the remains were conveyed to the cemetery and buried with Masonic honors.

In the evening the hall in the village was crowded to hear the ex-Rev. Reynolds on "What Liberalism Teaches." The lecturer was introduced by Mrs. Lucy N. Colman, one of the eloquent and fearless champions of freedom throughout all the abolition movement. She offered the lecturer a woman's best wishes, in lieu of an invocation to an imaginary God for his blessing. And from the freedom with which the lecturer spoke, the deep interest and attention of the crowded audience, it certainly proved much more efficacious.

The funeral and lecture hav occasioned great excitement, and will doubtless result in much discussion and truth seeking. There are many able genuin Liberals in Liverpool. We earnestly hope they may very speedily be organized into an efficient local Liberal League.

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SHULLSBURG, WIS., Dec. 11, 1882.

DR. L. TENNEY—Dear Sir: After wearing one of your MAGNETIC VESTS for about three weeks, I was entirely cured of Neuralgia of the Heart and Side, which had been a source of misery to me for the last six years. I had tried numerous remedies before without benefit, but as soon as I put on the MAGNETIC VEST I got relief instantly. With unbounded gratitude, I remain

Yours respectfully,
H. A. BROWN.

Ladies, read the following testimony from a lady who had been under drug treatment for eight years with nervous prostration and female weakness:

OSBORN, O., Dec. 15, 1882.

DR. L. TENNEY: Your letter just received; also the Clothing on Tuesday last. Fitted perfectly. FELT BETTER FROM THE FIRST HOUR I HAD THEM ON. Am not joking, and if I improve as rapidly as I hav since Tuesday, will soon be well. Will report again soon. Respectfully yours, E. J. K.

This lady reports herself entirely cured in less than six weeks after putting on the garments, and, although in bed, unable to get out, when applied, she nevertheless was able to ride twenty miles in two days after the application. The lady's name can be had upon application at this office, by anyone desiring to communicate with her.

Ladies, read the following testimony from a lady who had been suffering for two years with an **Ovarian Tumor**, and who had been told that nothing but the knife would save her life, and the chances were as 9 to 1 against recovery. In four months' time she is perfectly well, and has not taken a dose of medicin since putting on the appliances. Consult us when your physician tells you he can do nothinog for you; it will pay you.

SHULLSBURG, WIS., November 19, 1882.

DR. L. TENNEY, *Dear Sir:* About two years ago my health began to fail me; I became nervous, lost all desire for food, and, in fact, began to fail rapidly, so that I became alarmed and consulted several physicians of St. Louis, at which place I was then stopping, all of whom declared that I had an **Ovarian Tumor**, and that the only thing that would save my life would be the knife. About six months ago I grew rapidly worse, and had about made up my mind to take the only course that seemed left to me, and submit to an operation, when my attention was called to the **Eureka Magnetic Appliances.** As a drowning man will catch at a straw, so did I catch at this faint hope of a cure. Four months ago I purchased a suit of your appliances. From the very first I felt invigorated, the tumor, which had extended entirely across my abdomen, began to decrease, my pains became less from day to day, until now I am as well as I ever was in my life. Since putting on the appliances I hav not taken a single dose of medicin. My bowels, which before were constipated, are now regular. I would therefore cheerfully recommend them to anyone suffering as I hav, believing that they will do all and more than you claim for them. I remain,

Gratefully yours, MRS. MARY J. STEWART.



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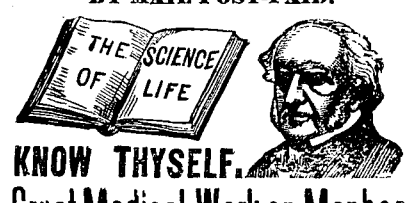
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Gems of Thought.

LOVE begets love, kindness begets kindness, sympathy begets sympathy, and good deeds, even though small and simple in their character, draw forth good deeds from all who witness them and are brought under their influence.—*D. M. Bennett.*

SCIENCE and criticism hav raised the veil of the Mosaic cosmogony and revealed to us the physical origin of man. We see that, instead of being created out of the dust of the earth by divine fiat, he has in all probability been evolved out of it by a process of development through a series of intermediate forms. The discovery is, of course, unspeakably momentous. Among other things it seems to open to us a new view of morality, and one which, if it is verified by further investigation, can hardly fail to produce a great change in philosophy. Supposing that man has ascended from a lower animal form, there appears to be ground at least for surmising that vice, instead of being a diabolical inspiration, or a mysterious element of human nature, is the remnant of the lower animal, not yet eliminated; while virtue is the effort, individual and collectiv, by which that remnant is being gradually worked off. —*Goldwin Smith.*

ALL presumption of death's being the destruction of living beings must go upon supposition that they are compounded and so discerptible. But since consciousness is a single and indivisible power, it should seem that the subject in which it resides must be so too. For were the motion of any particle of matter absolutely one and indivisible, so as that it should imply a contradiction to suppose part of this motion to exist and part not to exist, *i. e.*, part of this matter to move and part to be at rest, then its power of motion would be indivisible; and so also would the subject in which the power inheres, namely, the particle of matter; for if this could be divided into two one part might be moved and the other at rest which is contrary to the supposition.—*Butler's Analogy.*

BY some we are told that the soul is immaterial and that, by reason of its immateriality, it cannot die. How can human beings, professing to hav cultivated their understandings, be content to repeat, and rest in, such wretched inanities as these? at best but the convulsiv flounderings of an intellect out of its depth, deluding itself into the belief that it has grasped an idea, when it has only got hold of a word. That the immaterial must of necessity be immortal seems to us an unmeaning assertion on a matter of which we know absolutely nothing. Of the nature of the soul, science has taught us indeed little—far too little to allow us to decide and dogmatize; but honesty must admit that the little it has taught us all points to an opposit conclusion. Alas! for the spirit's immortal trust, if it rested on such scholastic technicalities as these.—*W. R. Greg.*

MORE destroyed than thus,
We should be quite abolished and expire.
What fear we then? What doubt we to incense
His utmost ire? which, to the hight enraged,
Will either quite consume us, and reduce
To nothing, this essential; happier far
Than, miserable, to hav eternal being;
Or, if our substance be indeed divine,
And cannot cease to be, we are at worst
On this side nothing. . . .
Which, if not victory, is yet revenge!
—*Milton.*

THE boat sailing up the Nile expands its white and pointed wings; the sailors chant a plaintiv song; the waters bubble around us as we glide past the tombs and temples of the bygone days. The men are dead and the gods are dead. Naught but their memories remain. Where now is Osiris, who came down upon earth out of love for man, who was killed by the malice of the Evil One, who rose again from the grave and became the judge of the dead? Where now is Isis the mother, with the child Horus in her lap? They are dead; they are gone to the land of the shades. To-morrow, Jehovah [or Yaveh, or "whatever title suits you"], you and your son will be with them.—*Reade's Martyrdom of Man.*

SON of the morning, rise! approach you here!
Come—but molest not yon defenseless urn;
Look on this spot—a nation's sepulcher!
Abode of gods, whose shrines no longer burn,
Even gods must yield—religions take their turn.
'Twas Jove's—'tis Mohammed's—and other creeds
Will rise with other years, till man shall learn
Vainly his incense soars, his victim bleeds;
Poor child of doubt and death, whose hope is built on reeds. —*Byron's Athens.*

HAPPINESS is not what we are to look for. Our place is to be true to the best which we know, to seek that and do that; and if, by "virtue its own reward," be meant that the good man cares only to continue good, desiring nothing more, it is a true and noble saying. But if virtue be valued because it is politic, because in pursuit of it will be found most enjoyment and fewest sufferings, then it is not noble any more, and it is turning truth into a lie.—*Emerson.*

I RATHER think that the whole man is of some uniform composition; and that the property of perception, as well as those other powers that are termed *mental*, is the result (whether necessary or not) of such an organized structure as that of the brain; consequently, that the whole man becomes extinct at death, and that we hav no hope of surviving the grave, but what [heaven save the mark!] is derived from the scheme of revelation.—*Priestley.*

THAT the leaders of the anti-theological movement in the present day are immoral, nobody but the most besotted fanatic would insinuate; no candid antagonist would deny that some of them are, in every respect, the very best of men. The fearless love of truth is usually accompanied by other high qualities; and nothing could be more unlikely than that natures disposed to virtue, trained under good influences, peculiarly sensitiv to opinion and guarded by intellectual tastes, would lapse into vice as soon as the traditional sanction was removed.—*Goldwin Smith's Lectures and Essays.*

WHEN you build a house, you put on one brick at a time. When going a journey you take but one step at a time, so you must progress in the spirit world. —*Cerenos.*

Please cut this petition out, attach it to a blank sheet of paper, sign your name and address to it, get all your friends and neighbors to do the same, and then send it to this office.

A PETITION FOR STATE SECULARIZATION.

To the Honorable Senators and Members of the House of Representatives of the United States Congress:

A republican form of government being based on liberty, equality, and fraternity, as both means and end, involves the separation of Church and State, whose union is the worst form of class-legislation and the most infallible sign of arbitrary power. A house divided against itself cannot stand. The institutions of this Commonwealth should be made homogeneous throughout. Impartial protection of all citizens in their equal rights and liberties, by encouraging the free movement of mind, promotes the establishment of truth in whatever direction. Any infringement by government of this absolute equality of its citizens is the parent of manifold evil, a national crime committed against that natural "justice" which, as the Constitution declares, this government was founded to "establish."

And yet, though the first amendment to the Constitution of the United States says, "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof," there does exist a union of Church and State, which gives to Christianity moral and material aid, and so proscribes other religions and forms of belief and unbelief, while taxing these also for the support of that special religion.

The ways in which this old alliance between Church and State still survives among us are:

1. Recognition of God and Christianity in State Constitutions.
2. Exemption of Church property from taxation.
3. Appropriations of public money for sectarian purposes.
4. Religious exercises, as the reading of the Bible, etc., in the public schools.
5. Laws enforcing the observance of the Sabbath on the authority of the Bible.
6. Religious test-oaths in courts of justice and on instalment into office.
7. Chaplaincies in the Legislature, the Army, and the Navy.
8. Fast and Thanksgiving Proclamations, which contain theological ideas that may or may not be acceptable to the citizen.
9. The vague and indeterminate sense in which the words *civil* and *sac red* are used when applied to the marriage contract; and the appeal to God or the Holy Scriptures by some of the states, as the final authority on marriage.
10. Making morality subject to church dogma, by describing it as Christian, instead of natural, morality.
11. The license rather than liberty given to *religion* by the first amendment to the United States Constitution, by forbidding Congress to make any law "prohibiting the free exercise thereof," which means, really, "the free exercise" of whatever anyone chooses to call "religion."

The necessity for this separation of Church and State is more apparent now than ever before, because of the still greater diversity of religious beliefs, the many forms of dissent from the religion which receives State patronage, and the growing signs of sectarian strife and ambition in the arena of politics. And emphasis needs to be given to the fact that the union of Church and State is *a great hindrance to the employment of right methods* in dealing with many questions of reform now demanding attention. And most essential is it at all times, and especially in the present, in order to secure for the law its due respect and observance, that the people's representatives should exhibit the strictest fidelity to their trusts by following the law in its letter and spirit.

Your petitioners, therefore, pray that immediate action be taken by the law-making power to bring into harmony the theory and practice of our government in making the following principle a part of the fundamental law of the land by amendment to the United States Constitution:

The total separation of Church and State, by prohibiting Congress or any State, County, Municipality, or Township from enacting any law that infringes the rights of conscience, or favors any practices in the name of religion, or of aught else, that interfere with private right or the public welfare.

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IN THE

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OF

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Odds and Ends.

(1) AN humble boy, with shining pail, went gladly singing down the dale, to where the cow with the brindle tail on clover her palate did regale. An humble bee did gaily sail far over the soft and shadowy vale, to where the boy with the shining pail was milking the cow with a brindle tail. (2) The bee sat down on the cow's left ear; her heels flew up through the atmosphere—and through the leaves of the chestnut bough the boy is cheerily soaring now.

AN eccentric minister of the Methodist Episcopal church, in Ohio, was once preaching in a very high pulpit. He was sailing along in his discourse, all eyes upon him, when suddenly he disappeared behind the barricade, causing the necks of the congregation to be stretched in pursuit of him. He soon came in sight again, and explained his absence by saying: "I just dropped my false teeth, and was looking for them. Thank God, when we get to heaven we will not need false teeth."

LATE excavations at Pompeii hav unveiled still another Venus, and the market is now pretty well supplied with the unblushing goddess. This particular one was in the attitude of crouching, as if looking for a hairpin, or mending a rip in her apron, and the sculptor was evidently occupied with his subject when Vesuvius tipped over the ash barrel on the city. His body was in the work-shop near by, and a cingulum was still grasped in his hand. The account don't say whether it was loaded or not, but probably not, as the heat must hav caused it to go off. A pabulum was on a bench close by, badly coagulated by the scoria.

"PEARL," dear, you hav got us. If you had inquired the price of string beans, or the probable winner of the Derby, we might hav given you the desired information. If you had requested us to inform you of the price of bustles, or the way to liv on sixty cents a week, we might hav groped around in our clothes and gladdened your heart with an answer; but when you ask us if the color in a ninety-five cent balmoral is liable to run, we are compelled to hang our heads and giv it up. We will tell you one thing, though. Something inside of a red petticoat is liable to run if a gentleman cow ever takes a cursory glance at it. Don't forget this.

A MINISTER of the gospel who once journeyed on horseback through Virginia in the antebellum days, tells this story: Overtaking an old negro man on the road, and feeling in the mood for a chat with the old man, he slowed his horse to keep pace with him, when the following dialog ensued: "Do you liv about here?" "Yes, massa, I belongs to Colonel H——. He lib 'bout two miles from yer." "It is a beautiful country. Are the people about here religious?" "Yes, massa, dey is powerful sight of 'ligions 'bout yer. Dere is Baptises, Mefodesses, Presbyteriums, and some Quakers." "Well, what religion did you choose!" "Oh, laws, massa, I ain't no 'ligion at all—I's jest ole 'Pis'opel."

OLD Abner was a money lender, and the stingiest man in his county. Ab. charged not only the legal rate of interest, but a good deal more when he had a chance for it. One evening Abner attended a revival meeting less than a thousand miles from Jamestown, where the appeals of the preacher and the confessions of various members of the flock so worked upon his feelings that he concluded he must get up and giv his testimony. "Brothers and sisters," old Abner commenced, rubbing his big, bony hands together in a hesitating sort of way, "I hardly know wha-a-a-t t-to say thi-i-is evening." A profound silence succeeded the sentence, when some one from the rear part of the house yelled out in thunder tones: "Say ten per cent, Abner!" Old Abner sank back into his seat for once completely crushed.

"MY boy," said the Sunday-school superintendent to a small urchin, "what is your name?" "Dunno nothin' 'bout it," he answered. "Oh, yes, you do! You know your catechism, I am sure," said the superintendent, encouragingly. "Now, what's your name, M. or N.?" "Guess it's M." "Oh, no, it can't be M." "Then I kinder think it's N." "No; it is neither M. nor N." "Well, then, 't ain't neither of 'em!" "You are right, so far," the patient superintendent replied. "Now complete your good beginning by telling me what your name really is!" "Hain't got no name!" "Dear, dear! How extremely ungrammatical. I wonder if it is Logan?" thought the superintendent; and he added aloud, "What do your little playmates call you?" "Buttsy! Gimme one 'o them pictur cards?" The superintendent sadly shook his head. "Yer won't hey? Then I'm durn 'f I don't go right home 'n bust open my mite-chest 'n spend every red cent what's in it fer miggles 'n chewin'-terbacker!" The next Sunday morning there was one little upright figure missing from the ranks; one tender uplifted voice wanting in the joyous hymn; one less carpet-tack upturned reposing on the teacher's chair.

THE apple-colic days are come, The saddest of the lot, When small boys come a prancing home, Each tied up in a knot. Mama him spreads across her lap, Despite his bitter tears, And warms with apple-sprout or straps, The wax that's in his ears. Ah, bitter day! ah, bitter thought! With fruit and strap to grapple; He bitter learns he hadn't ought To bit a bitter apple. Pernicious fruit! earth's earliest curse! Of that forbidden tree, Which first brought death—and some things worse—And all our mis-e-ree! If Eve, whose wicked heart had sure. No rudiment of truth in it, Had kept heaven's first injunction pure, And never stuck her tooth in it, She ne'er had shunned the passer-by, Nor in the fig-leaves hovered, To hide her nakedness, nor I, Thus had mine all uncovered! Oh, plague of god and goddess! Apple of Discord, now we know What meaning in thy rod is! We touch—we taste—at once it turns To ashes on the lip; Thy limb is cut and quickly burns its blisters on—*ker zip!* O bitter fruit, forbear, forbear! I feel thee in my—bosom! There's naught but danger lurketh there, From ground sprout up to blossom. We touch—we taste—the pleasure's gone; The apron-pain begins—across the cruel knee we're drawn, And oh—*gee-whillikins!*

THE TRUTH SEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., as Second-class Matter.

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Notes and Clippings.

ROBERT BUCHANAN, the novelist, thinks that America possesses in Walt Whitman the most original poet in the world, the noblest soldier in Sherman, the profoundest philosophic physiologist in Draper, and the greatest humorist in Mark Twain.

IT is said by the New York *Star* that a general exodus of gentiles from Utah is contemplated unless Congress takes some immediate steps for their relief. The courts are in the hands of the Mormons, and even the legislature and all the machinery of the government are under their control.

THE law about the admission of the Chinese is so rigidly enforced on the Pacific coast, says the *Sun*, that a Chinaman resident in San Francisco found, on going across the line into British America, that he could not get back without making the journey to China and return, in order to obtain a certificate that he was a merchant, and not a laborer.

THE story, of rather doubtful accuracy, is told by the Rev. Dr. Prime that in Albany, the subject for signing petitions being under remark, a man bet that he could get the signatures of ten highly respected residents to a paper asking Gov. Dix to hang one of the leading clergymen. He won without difficulty, as not one of the signers insisted on reading the document.

THE Rev. Dr. Gladden thinks it must be possible to shape the organization of our industries in such a way that it shall be the daily habit of the workman to think of the interest of the employer, and of the employer to think of the interest of the workman. The solution of the problem, he says, is quite within the power of the Christian employer. Now let some Christian employer put this scheme in operation under the direction of the Rev. Dr. Gladden.

FROM the *Atlanta Constitution:* She had just joined the church, and was reading a missionary paper after meeting hours. "John," said she, looking up anxiously, "I hav just given a quarter for home mission purposes. I hardly know the difference between home and foreign missions. Please tell me which one I'd better patronize." "That depends on your inclinations, my dear." "What do they do?" "Do? Why, they say that the home missionaries liv upon the people." "Yes; and the foreign ones?" "Here the process is reversed, and the people liv on the missionaries, if they are fat enough."

NEITHER an Ecumenical Conference of Methodism nor a Pan-Presbyterian Council, says a religious paper, "need aspire to a cable notice; but if they would only get into a wrangle, and hav a few theologians knocked down, they would rise to the dignity which would entitle their doings to be cabled across the ocean." It is to be presumed, then, that the people of Europe hav heard of the recent church meeting in Paterson, N. J., where "members jumped around and on the seats and called each other liars and hypocrits," and where "a few theologians" were only prevented from being "knocked down" by the intervention of the police.

THE Boston *Herald* has these remarks: A clerical friend, who says that his "calling and his convictions" forbid him to vote for Cleveland, while his standard of public morality equally prevents him from supporting Blaine, asks us, "What shall I do?" There is but one alternativ. You must either vote for St. John or "take to the woods." But before you decide to throw your vote away, or to lose it, we advise that you prayerfully consider the practical question as to what this country wants of a president for the next four years, and what his powers and duties will be. And your meditations may be helped by remembering that when the Lord was looking for a king for his chosen people, he found David, "a man after his own heart." If he had been looking for a preacher, he doubtless would hav picked out a different kind of man.

A RECENT scene in the jury room of a Western town, according to the Newman *Herald*, after the jurors had completed the week's work, was, we dare say, unparalleled in this country. Sending for Judge Harris and calling in the bailiff, they held an experience meeting. Every member of the Grand Jury was a professed Christian, only one of whom was not a member of some church. Each one had a word to speak for Jesus, and the oldest member of the body led in fervent prayer. This is one of that sort of juries who bring in a verdict of "hereditary visitation of God" when a man follows the example of his father and breaks his neck while drunk.

ONCE, in a small Connecticut village, remarks the Flushing *Journal*, a number of habitues of the tavern were surprised to see Deacon J—— enter the barroom where they were sitting. The deacon was a churchman and a prohibitionist. He observed the inquiring looks of his fellow-townsmen, and, to do him justice, looked embarrassed—he blushed and the evidence of embarrassment mantled his entire countenance, particularly his nose. "John," said he to the bartender, "you may giv me a glass of water, and just put a spoonful of sugar in it." Observing that the interest in his actions was lessening, the worthy deacon, growing bolder, remarked: "John, just fill that up with whisky and make a kind of beer of it." That is the kind of a prohibitionist he was.

LABOUCHERE, of London *Truth*, says that in St. Paul's, London, whither he went to hear Canon Liddon preach, one choirman went fast asleep immediately, and about the middle of the sermon another had gone off. On the other side was a choirman fast asleep. The boys were in the greatest disorder, one lying almost across his companion, his neck hanging over him, in a dead sleep. His friend would not arouse him, but kept awake till he awoke and then went to sleep himself. The boys opposit were more lively, but not devout. One was making Punch and Judy with his surplice, another sucked candy, another had a scent-squirt, while a fourth was engaged in manufacturing little paper things, and trying to get them to stand up on his bench, to the great delight of the rest.

THE latest evangelists are two men and a girl, all negroes. They speak the dialect of the southern plantation too richly to hav long been at the North, and their garments are about as flappy and grotesque as any ever worn on the stage by imitation Africans. The men carry and play on fiddles, while the girl taps and shakes a tambourine, and all sing camp-meeting airs. They range themselvs at the edge of the sidewalk, and with voices and instruments quickly call together crowd. Then their exhorter delivers a brief but very animated harang, and a second hymn is sung, with interpolated hallelujahs and amens. The services last no more than ten minutes, and are followed by a collection, the girl passing her tambourine for coins. Religion, so to speak, makes queer bedfellows.

WE copy the following from the *Spectator:* "The British Association at Montreal was greatly moved on Tuesday by a telegram from Sydney, couched in these words: 'Caldwell finds monotremes viviparous, mesoblastic ovum.' That does not seem to outsiders to be an epoch-making message; but it is explained by the scientific to signify that Mr. Caldwell, a physiologist of adequate knowledge, has discovered that the lowest known mammal, the duck-billed platypus, lays eggs like a bird, though it subsequently suckles its young, and that the structure of the egg is analagous to that of reptils. Consequently, a high probability arises that all mammals, including man, descend from reptils, instead of from amphibia, as has recently been imagined; and the Darwinian physiologists are shunted on to a new line, and must study the pedigree of reptils as the possible channels through which progressiv life descended with a quite new interest. The discovery is of value, though it helps little toward the ultimate question—the origin of life on the planet. The existence of progressiv energy in the original germ is not the less wonderful because it was developed first through reptils, instead of amphibia. How did it come there at all?"

OF the controversy over the Rev. Dr. Woodrow's address on Evolution, the *South Atlantic Presbyterian* (Charlotte, N. C.) says: "We will briefly state that Dr. Woodrow's position is that we are not to seek for harmonies between science and the Bible, but the *absence of contradiction.* The subject matter of the Bible and science are so entirely different that there is no room for harmony; and if an apparent contradiction emerges, it is to be removed by our seeking the error that caused it, which is generally the error of our making one of these revelations of God's thoughts to transcend its subject matter, and of our taking fancied conclusions of our own from one of these departments of knowledge to the other, without any warrant in reason or revelation. This position is established by forcible arguments and illustrations. It is impregnable. In establishing it he saves Christian apologists the mortification of their successiv retreats from a position of hostility to this, that, and the other discoveries of science made from the time of Calvin to the present day."

THE late Secretary Folger, while on the bench of the Court of Appeals, expressed a wish that the divorce laws of every state of the Union should conform to those of the commonwealth of New York, which he regarded as excellent, but that was impossible. Prior to any conformation, the divorce enactments of this state will hav to be made more liberal. They are out of line with the people of the nineteenth century. Look at France. That republic has decreed the most liberal divorce law ever placed on a statute book. The causes are numerous, comprising adultery, abandonment, cruelty of action and language, obloquy when thrown upon a married partner, penal servitude, imprisonment for theft, expulsion from the army and navy for dishonorable conduct, cheating, disbarration from the legal profession, habitual drunkenness, continued abuse of the members of either partner's family, which protects mothers-in-law, and injury by moral outrage, calumny, and insult; in fine, such causes as make life unhappy. France disregarded all ecclesiastical opposition in looking to the well-being of her people, and marked her chivalrous devotion to the rights of women. It would be well if some of our American legislators and clergymen would find in the example of France that increasing humanity which should characterize this age.—*Mercury.*

THE desire for the championship of any profession in which a person may engage is a commendable one, and seems to be universal. Of course everyone has heard of Sullivan, the champion pugilist; Hanlan, the champion oarsman; Talmage, the champion prayer-and-dance artist; Joe Cook, the champion liar, and F. B. Livezey, the champion crank. The death of the Rev. J. H. Brooks (colored), of Washington, has brought to light the fact not generally known, that he was the champion baptizer. For many years it was the boast of admirers of one Rev. Jasper that he could immerse more candidates for baptism in a given length of time than any Baptist preacher in the country. On one occasion, however, some two years ago, Brother Brooks, after a successful revival at his church, immersed fifty-six people in one hour and sixteen minutes, beating the Rev. Jasper's best record. The feat becoming known to the Jasper people, they lost their temper, and some of them charged that all had not been fair. One story was that some of Brother Brooks's male candidates had practiced in the water before the day, in order to help Brother Brooks beat the Rev. Jasper's time; while another story was that Brother Brooks did not observe the proper formula in every case; that it was only to the first candidate that he said, "I baptize you in the," etc., and to the others only added as each came up, "Same to you," and gave them the plunge, thereby saving much time. It is to the credit of the Rev. Jasper, however, that he never countenanced these charges, but always conceded to Brother Brooks the best record as the immerser of fifty-six candidates in one hour and sixteen minutes.

News of the Week.

THE prospect of either peace or an armistice in China is reported.

PENNSYLVANIA Greenbackers are holding their state convention this week.

SINCE the outbreak of the cholera epidemic in Italy there hav been 9,480 deaths from the disease in that country.

THE committee on expenditures in the United States department of justice report that over $4,000,000 was fraudulently taken from the government by the Star Route men.

THE National Labor Party held a county convention in this city on the 29th, and adopted a platform, one of the planks of which favored baseball in Central Park on Sunday.

A NEW YORK girl named Carrie Welton was frozen to death last week while making the ascent of Long's Peak, in Colorado. The mountain has an altitude of 14,436 feet, and Miss Welton was overtaken by a snow-storm when near its summit.

MISS DAISY PERRIN, of 832 Hancock street, Brooklyn, had not been able to rise from her bed for eight weeks until Capt. Pendleton, of an ocean steamer, spent an hour at her bedside, said to hav been occupied in prayer. Miss Perrin is now doing quite well.

THE negotiations between the printers' union and the New York *Tribune* are off again. Report says that Mr. Reid conceded everything the printers asked for, and then made stipulations on his part that totally nullified all of theirs. The boycotting of the *Tribune* will continue.

PRAYERS were offered in the churches at Petersburg, Va., last Sunday, for rain, which is badly needed in that region, on account of the damaging effect the protracted drouth has had on the crops. If a local shower should be observed in that vicinity between now and Christmas, everyone will know what influences brought it about.

AT a meeting of Liberals held at Brussels Sept. 28th for the purpose of arranging a platform to oppose the Education law, M. Goblet, in an address, suggested that when the Liberals should gain power they should use the immense wealth of the religious bodies to promote popular education, and that the Liberal motto be, "Separation of church and state." M. Goblet was loudly cheered.

THE Rev. R. H. Morris, pastor of the Colored Methodist church at New Brighton, O., was in Youngstown one day last week in search of three missing members of his congregation. One of these was a young man, and the others were young ladies of the ages of 15 and 20. The trio had disappeared together. The young man was a coachman, and having heard of the numerous elopements among his profession, he desired to beat the record, and ran away with the two girls.

THE first instance of the cremation of a priest in Italy occurred the other day in Milan. The Rev. Don Giovanni Sartorio had left instructions by his will that his body should be burnt, and had disposed that in case of non-compliance with his wishes the heirs should forfeit the inheritance. As soon as this became known the eleven priests who had been retained to perform the funeral services returned their fees, and the priest's remains were committed to the flames unaccompanied by any Christian rite.

CAPT. LAVINIA CLEGGETT, Lieut. Mattie Adams, and Privates Michael McKernan, Alexander Smith, Ebenezer Willis, and Michael Kollyer, of the Brooklyn branch of the Salvation Army, were tried last week before Justice Walsh for holding services in the City Hall square without a permit. Justice Walsh rendered a decision on the 29th, finding them guilty of being public nuisances. They were driven to Raymond-street jail in the Black Maria, carrying satchels and bundles of clothing in their hands, in anticipation of a long imprisonment.

Communications.

Salvation.

A LECTURE DELIVERED BY C. B. REYNOLDS BEFORE THE LATE FREETHINKERS' CONVENTION.

We realize the deep reverence Christians entertain for the Bible, and would not wantonly excite their wrath or prejudice. If the Christians' faith is founded on truth, they hav every reason to rejoice, and none to fear, for the more that which is truth is dissected, examined, and investigated, the more clear, bright, and beautiful it appears. We make war only on error, the usurpations of the church, and those doctrins that are adverse to progress and the best interests of humanity. Experience proves those qualifications most worthy of admiration in Christians are never the consequences of Bible teaching or the fruits of Christianity.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher in a recent sermon declared: "If the works of the devil hav anywhere had an illustrious exposition, it has been in the history of the externalities of the Christian church. It is the history of quarrels without number, of hatings, suspicions, backslidings, and fiendish malignity; and all in the name of Jesus."

Christians claim that God created Adam and Eve, and pronounced them very good, although they did not know the difference between good and evil. God placed them in a garden where knowledge grew on trees, and forbade their eating of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, lest they should become like gods, and know good from evil. Satan inspired them with a desire for wisdom. While unable to discern between good and evil, they ate of the fruit, attained knowledge, and by that one act damned all their posterity, millions of millions, to the horrible, eternal tortures of hell fire.

After four thousand years God put in effect the promised scheme of salvation. This consisted in having his son, a God co-equal with himself, die by crucifixion, to satisfy his wrath against mankind, and open up a way by which all might be saved. Christians all agree that by and through this Christ is the sole hope of salvation. They tell us Jesus died, poured out his precious blood to save our souls from hell. But if we are to believe the New Testament, *Christ never shed his blood on the cross*, or anywhere else. Crucifixion was in no sense a bloody death. Smith's Bible Dictionary (a standard orthodox authority) says:

"He was watched according to custom by a party of four soldiers with their centurion, whose express office was to prevent the stealing of the body. This was necessary from the lingering character of the death, which sometimes did not supervene even for three days, and was at last the result of gradual benumbing and starvation."

John alone of the evangelists makes mention of any blood at the crucifixion:

"But when they came to Jesus, and saw that he was dead already, they brake not his legs; but one of the soldiers with a spear pierced his side, and forthwith came there out blood and water" (John xix, 33, 34).

How could a dead man shed his blood? Yet according to the New Testament no blood was shed by Jesus until he was dead.

THE SIN OF UNBELIEF.

Is it any more wicked for us to doubt the incredible than it was for the disciples? They were with him, heard his teachings, saw his miracles, and yet not one of them believed Jesus ever would rise from the dead. (Read Mark xvi, 9–14).

It is a remarkable fact that Christ never promised salvation to any but Jews. Sending out his disciples, he expressly commanded them not to go near the gentiles, "but go rather to the lost sheep of the house of Israel" (Matt. x, 5, 6). He declared, "I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel" (Matt. xv, 24).

If the testimony of Christ is true, God never intended any but Jews should be saved. Christ took every care to prevent any but Jews being saved:

"And he said unto them, Unto you it is given to know the mystery of the kingdom of God, but unto them that are without, all these things are done in parables. That seeing they may see, and not perceive; and hearing they may hear, and not understand; lest at any time they should be converted, and their sins be forgiven them" (Mark iv, 11).

According to the New Testament, not until eight years after Christ, finding the Jews would not accept salvation by Jesus, did the apostles turn to the gentiles. And we read how astonished and indignant were all the Christians, that gentiles should be allowed any part or share in Christ or salvation. (Read the account in the tenth chapter of Acts.)

ARE IDIOTS ALL SAVED?

Shall we dwell with them forever in heaven? If so, how very lucky are those born idiotic! If not, where is the justice, love, and mercy of God bringing into existence beings damned to hell tortures for all eternity, who never could, by any possibility, help themselvs or comply with the conditions. For the gentle, pitying savior declared: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned" (Mark xvi, 16). This is clear, positiv, unmistakable, not who livs right, but who believes right shall be saved. Christians insist that we cannot be saved without faith, but this faith must be accompanied by genuin repentance. If truly repentant, God cannot but forgiv, in the face of the teachings of Christ: "For if ye forgiv men their trespasses, your heavenly father will forgiv you" (Matt. vi, 14). When truly repentant we shall be forgiven. When forgiven, what need of a savior?

No Christian pretends that Christ can save people in their sins, unrepentant, however great their faith. Convicted of crime, doomed to jail, you are pardoned by the governor. Now, being free, how absurd for the governor's son to say to you: "I hav paid the penalty of your crime long before you were born. I alone can save you!" Still Christians will insist Christ alone can save our immortal souls.

WHAT IS AN IMMORTAL SOUL?

Priests and parsons declare "it is indivisible, indestructible, without form or parts, cannot be seen, felt, smelt, or tasted." This is simply a definition of nothing. How does Christ save our souls? At death the immortal soul takes its flight beyond the realms of time and space, and goes to God who gave it. Beyond time! Beyond space! That is nowhere!

So, then, salvation by Christ, your immortal soul going to glory when you die, really means "nothing goes nowhere." Christians assert, "God is everywhere." Then why, at death, need the soul take its flight? Is not God as much at the place of death as he is beyond the clouds? But they answer us, Christ restores us to the loving arms of our dead in heaven. Where is the text in the Bible that says so? On the contrary, Christ positivly declares love for those so near and dear to us in this life will not exist in heaven (read Mark xii, 18–25). Those who attain heaven (which can only be done by rising from the dead at the last day) will then be as the angels, who never knew aught of human love.

Once in heaven, and we must love a lot of strange angels—Guiteau, Jesse James, and other sanctified murderers and villians—just as dearly as we do our own kith and kin. Priests and parsons tell us if we are good Christians, Jesus will restore us to our loved dead, and we shall dwell with them in perfect love through all eternity. At funerals they assure mothers that Jesus will restore to their loving arms their darling children. They tell us husbands and wives shall be reunited in heaven, to dwell in perfect love forever. Their assertions are utterly false. Let them produce chapter and verse of the Bible that justify their declarations. They cannot do so. Let them produce the texts, or

> "Bo those juggling fiends no more believed
> That palter to us in a double sense;
> That keep the word of promis to our ear,
> To break it to our hope."

But Jesus is the only savior; he paid the penalty of our sins. The Bible says, "The soul that sinneth it shall die" (Ezek. xviii, 4). If Christ paid the penalty, Christ's soul died. The Bible says his soul did die (Isa. liii, 10–12). If this is true, he could not hav been God. A dead god is an absurdity. If Christ's body only died, then our bodies only are saved—*our souls are lost.* The penalty of sin was the death of the soul—the penalty has never been paid.

If Christ's soul did die (he says it did, Rev. i, 18), he could not hav been a god. Being a man, born of woman, according to the New Testament, he himself needed a savior.

Let us examin this vicarious atonement idea. Suppose you hav two boys, the one four, the other six years old; the younger is disobedient, and when time comes for them to go to bed, you refuse to kiss him good-night, tell him he is a bad, wicked child, and you do not love wicked little boys. You kiss the eldest. The youngest looks pleadingly, offers his little quivering, pouting lips to kiss, while tears fill his baby eyes. You say: "O my son, you hav disobeyed me! I will not forgiv you. I hav no kisses for bad boys." They go up to bed. Soon cries and sobs are heard, and then the patter of little feet upon the stairs, and the eldest comes to you, tears streaming from his baby eyes. "What is the matter, darling? What ails my good little boy? Papa kissed you good-night." "I ain't crying cos of my own self, I ain't. I jest crying for baby brother, he so sorry, so sorry, he was naughty. He jest cry heself to deff, he will. O papa, do go kiss him good-night. Please do, papa." "But he was a wicked boy. He disobeyed me." "O papa, he is so sorry! Him such a little fellow; got no mamma to help him be good. Mamma's dead. Gone 'way up in heaven wid de angels, I s'pose. She'd be sorry and kiss him—I know she would." "He has been a bad child, and must be punished." "O papa, you just whip me 'stead of him. I won't mind much, I won't—only do go and kiss little brother 'fore he jest cry heself to deff."

Would there be reason, sense, justice, in whipping that innocent child?

Christian, could you do it? No! Are you then so much better than your God?

If God could only be appeased by the blood of his own son, why did he wait four thousand years? Why not hav sent him to die in the garden of Eden, for Adam and Eve, soon as they sinned, then hav started a new and better race? Did it need four thousand years to study out such a wonderful plan of salvation? Or did it take Christ that long to "screw his courage to the sticking-place," before he dared come to earth and make the unwilling sacrifice?

Christians tell us Jesus *gave* his precious blood—*laid down* his life—died a *willing* sacrifice for us.

They and the New Testament do not agree. They contradict the Bible they so blame us for not believing. Jesus did not die a willing sacrifice:

"O my father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me" (Matt. xxvi, 39).

"And being in an agony he prayed more earnestly: and his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground" (Luke xxii, 44).

"And about the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying, *Eli! Eli! lama sabachthani?* That is to say, My God! My God! why hast thou forsaken me?" (Matt. xxvii, 46).

Any willingness to die, any freely laying down life to save others, about that? If so, what words could he hav used if he had been seized with abject fear of death, and called in vain on God to save or help him?

But the rich man and Lazarus? Well, in the case of the two little boys, suppose, instead of punishing the eldest as condition of forgiving the youngest, the little one protested against your punishing the innocent for his wrong-doing, you, in wrath that he should dare to use his baby reason against your mature wisdom, carry him down cellar, shut him up in the dark, cold, and damp, and refuse to let him out, day after day, week after week.

How your wife, the mother of the little sufferer, would look down from heaven, and thrum her harp with double energy in her ecstatic joy to see you act so like your God! How your other child must love and reverence you for your display of power, love, and mercy! How your brethren and sisters of the church, when the weekly prayer-meeting is held in your parlor, must delight to hear the poor baby's dying sobs and moans! How great, how grand, how godlike you appear, smiling, laughing, as you listen to your own little child's cries for mercy! Like your God, you "rejoice in his calamity and mock at its sufferings" (Prov. i, 26).

The saved mother in heaven can look down into hell and witness the sufferings of her darling children, and then wave her palm leaf, thrum her harp, clap her wings, and sing with redoubled joy, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!"

And this is Christian salvation!

The Bible says heaven and all the angelic host will at last be burnt up. Christians talk and sing about the joys of salvation, going to heaven to dwell *forever* with the heavenly host and their own dear loved ones. This is a terrible mistake. Old and New Testaments alike declare that heaven and all the angelic host shall at last be burnt up, dissolved.

"And all the host of heaven shall be dissolved, and the heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll" (Isa. xxxiv, 4).
"The heavens shall pass away with a great noise."
"All these things shall be dissolved."
"The heavens being on fire shall be dissolved."
(Read 2 Peter iii, 10, 12.)

Christian salvation is mythical, visionary, absurd; a delusion and a snare. No vicarious atonement can save us from the penalty of violated law. We need genuin salvation for ourselvs and our loved ones, here and now. Law is God, and if we would be saved the dread penalty of its violation, we must provide means that all may be educated into knowledge of its requirements.

What can Liberalism do for humanity, what offer in exchange for hope and faith in heaven? We answer: Promote the study of science, of physiology, and hygiene; make evident the necessity for everyone to devote as much thought and care to the improvement and elevation of our race as we do to the improvement of the breed of our horses, dogs, and hogs; secure facilities for all to obtain thorough knowledge of nature's laws, so as to save ourselvs and our loved ones from the penalties of ignorance.

Liberalism is doing as well as doubting; repudiating errors of life as well as errors of faith. To eradicate superstition, to weed out error, bigotry, and fanaticism, avails little. If the soil is left barren, the noxious weeds will soon crop out again. It is not alone essential that the weeds be uprooted, but that in their place the seeds of truth shall be planted, watered, cultivated, until the luxuriant vine of love, with its leaves of mercy and its fruit of truth, shall leave no place for the noxious weeds of error, hate, superstition, and vice to propagate.

This is the mission of the National Liberal League, and it needs no words to prove that every honest heart should alike by money and influence sustain it. It is one thing to be able intellectually to comprehend the truth; it is quite another thing to hav the truth take hold of the inner life, to recognize and obey its claims, to struggle out of the ruts of error, and patiently, perseveringly climb the steep hill of rectitude, and with love, tenderness, and a spirit of self-sacrifice, giv of time and means to assist and encourage others to ascend with us.

Let us practice Liberalism, as well as openly profess it, remembering Liberalism is a means to an end, and that end is salvation—salvation from error, bigotry, fanaticism, and ignorance, insuring a more useful, better, nobler, and consequently happier life.

The New Republic.

Every institution, like the individuals who compose it, is subject to the law of evolution, as the institution, whether religious, political, or social, is the expression of the highest thought of its founders.

The originators of any institution are in advance of the general people, else they would not strike out into new paths, advance new theories, or found new systems of thought. In this our country the founders of our government were greatly in advance of the masses of the people, both in the conception of a true government and of what constituted religious liberty, and even now, after more than a century of growth and experience, we are trying to actualize what we hav advocated theoretically all these years, and which was incorporated in our federal Constitution. Lack of development in the people hindered a true interpretation and application of these principles in the affairs of government.

We hav interpreted our Constitution as we hav the Bible, according to our various stages of development, our educational bias. Both Bible and Constitution were in the past made to sanction slavery. Both now, in the light of this age, are made by their exponents to favor liberty, so far as chattel slavery is concerned. There are other forms of slavery, however, we hav not yet outgrown, the greatest of which is religious slavery, as from this parent all other forms of slavery are born.

The church demands obedience of all men. It prescribes their beliefs, it organizes their worship, it determins their merit, it stands at the end of the way with the radiant key of heaven and the flaming key of hell, making the whole world crouch at its golden promises and lurid threatenings.

Although our government was founded upon a purely secular idea, and our Constitution plainly declares against the compulsory support of any religion, yet to-day we are virtually taxed to protect church property because such property is untaxed. We are compelled to pay taxes to support chaplains in every department of government. We are made to bow to the popular religious ideas of the day by the popular and legal oath. We are taxed because of appropriations made by our government to sectarian schools. We hav laws to compel us to observe certain church forms in the Sabbatarian laws. We hav laws enacted discriminating against certain unorthodox kinds of literature under the guise of anti-vice societies, enacted for the sole purpose of interfering with Freethought. And to day the church is trying, as never before, by means of prohibitory legislation and God-in-the-Constitution movements, to obtain a paternal power over the people. All these laws and measures must be replaced by the secular idea of the founders of our government.

In the new republic *woman* will be recognized as an important factor. In every department of nature we find two forces, the centripetal and centrifugal forces. When these are balanced, harmony is the result, but remove either and chaos follows. Our government ignores this grand law. All class legislation, whether of birth, blood, race, or sex, is destructiv of national life and prosperity, as the history of all the nations of the past has proven. Of all class legislation, that of sex is most odious, entering, as it does, the domestic circle, desecrating the family altar, elevating the son above the mother that bore him, and everywhere subjugating moral power to brute force. We hav never had a republic. We first had a *white* man's government, now we hav a *rich* man's government. If our nation long remains, even with its present seeming of republicanism, we must make it what it professes to be—a *people's government.*

We hav no free press with all our boasts. The monopolies own the press of the country, and control its expressions on all subjects as it does the telegraph lines by which news is obtained.

The land must be returned to the people from whom it has been unjustly filched, and all revenues for the support of the government raised by a rental of lands which should be held in trust by the government for the use of the people instead of taking the fruits of industry. Thus the rights of labor would be protected. All the wealth of our world is the result of the labor of the world, and yet, although enough is produced to fully satisfy all the wants of the whole people, the great mass of the people are in want, while the few are surfeited with overmuch. Competition must giv place to co-operation, and each individual hav the fruits of his own toil. All means of transportation and intercommunication, railroads, telegraphs, etc., must be controled by the government in the interest of the people, for their benefit, as is the postal system, thus making them the people's servants instead of their cruel masters, as they now are, wringing from them their hard-earned products and controling even their votes. Our banking system must be abolished, and the government issue the money direct to the people instead of as now issuing bonds upon which to base our banks' issues and paying the bankers interest on what they owe; and the privilege of collecting interest from the people on the same also, thus getting interest on their possessions and their debts, at the same time giving no security to the depositor.

In our new republic we shall hav no penal institutions, but reformatories to cure our morally sick; and with our greater knowledge of the laws of heredity we will cease generating criminals, until finally health, happiness, and peace will be the inheritance of earth's children.

JULIET H. SEVERANCE.

Reasoning With God.

"Surely I would speak to the Almighty, and I desire to reason with God. But ye are forgers of lies, ye are all physicians of no value" (Job xiii, 4).

These words of Job to his friends might fairly be addressed by the present generation to the clerical humbugs who put themselvs up as God's interpreters. For centuries men sat at the feet of their spiritual pastors and masters, swallowing the mess of rubbish promulgated from the pulpits. They were told that the Bible was infallible truth, and they believed it without examining its claims. They read with one eye the verses to which their attention was directed, and which corresponded with the ideas they had imbibed in their infancy. They closed the other eye that they might not see the verse on the opposit page which taught exactly the reverse. But a few daring spirits who had the courage to use their own intellects, and to giv utterance to their own opinions, hav brought about a new era. Many an honest man now reasons with God and givs the lie to his ministers.

We hav all been told that it is our duty to serve God with prayer and praise; that we must every day remind him of his infinit wisdom, and ask him to change his plans according to our finite intelligences; that we must never forget to tell him how good and how mighty he is, because he often forgets his own attributes. His memory of his goodness was a little treacherous when he said, "I will bring evil upon them which they shall not escape" (Jer. xi, 11), and he was quite oblivious of his omnipotence when he admitted that "he could not drive out the inhabitants of the valley because they had chariots of iron" (Judges i, 19).

The minds of Christian children are made receptacles for all the rubbish their religious teachers choose to shoot into them. At first the infant reason inquires why and how such things should be. They are told that God gave them understanding, as he planted the tree of knowledge, on purpose that it should never be utilized. So the window which might hav admitted a breath of common sense to their minds is closed, and the dust which might hav been scattered accumulates, until it requires some pretty hard scrubbing from the brush of experience to remove it. Job had been undergoing that cleansing process for some time. He had spent a good deal of his life in prayer and praise. He "rose up early in the morning and offered burnt sacrifices" (Job *i*, 5). He had asked God for blessings, and in return that benevolent deity had given the devil power to take from him all he possessed. He had continually thanked him for benefits received until he had nothing left to thank him for. Nothing remained to him but "boils from the sole of his foot unto his crown." That was a sore subject for praise. Still he endured it all without complaint until his three friends, Eliphaz the Temanite, Bildad the Shuhite, and Zopha the Naamathite, came to comfort him. The consolation they administered appears to hav failed in producing the intended effect. First they lifted up their eyes, then they lifted up their voices and wept. Job was not comforted a bit. Next they "rent every one his mantle, and sprinkled dust upon their heads towards heaven" (Job ii, 12). Still the boils were just as troublesome. Then "they sat down with him upon the ground seven days and seven nights, and none spake a word unto him" (verse 13). This was worse than the boils, for "after this Job opened his mouth and cursed his day" (iii, 1).

The condition of many at the present day bears a strong resemblance to that of Job. They are beginning to discover the uselessness of religion. Their hopes of riches stored up for them above the sky, "where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal" (Matt. vi, 19), are growing fainter and fainter. The festering sores of vice and poverty are eating into the flesh of the community, and God heals them not. The truth is making itself known. It rests with man himself to remedy the evils of suffering humanity. The divine physician is a myth, and his earthly ministers blind leaders of the blind.

The men of this generation do not read the Bible through the same spectacles that their grandfathers used. They are beginning at last to "reason with God." They ask for what purpose the tree of life, the tree of knowledge, and the serpent were placed in Eden. They perceive that if Adam, continuing innocent, had not been subject to death, the tree of life would hav been useless, and that, falling from innocence, God only feared the effects of the fruit he had himself created, for he said: "Lest he put forth his hand, and take also of the tree of life and eat, and liv forever. Therefore the Lord God sent him forth from the garden of Eden" (Gen. iii, 22, 23). They understand that if the tree of knowledge brought sin and death into the world, it was a mad or wicked act to place it within reach of beings who knew not good from evil. They know that if the serpent brought unutterable woe into the world, he was an evil thing, and that it must be false to say, "God saw everything that he had made, and behold it was very good" (i, 31). They ask the reason for actions so unreasonable. God is silent, and when his ministers attempt to speak in his behalf, their weak attempts to reconcile the irreconcilable only prove them to be "forgers of lies" and "physicians of no value."

There are those who close their Bibles and try to forget the monstrous tales they hav read of a cruel and bloodthirsty deity. They picture to themselvs a god after their own human hearts. In proportion as their own natures are gentle, loving, and just, they try to fancy a divinity possessed of similar good qualities. They speak to the sick and hungry poor of a bountiful providence and merciful father. They try to comfort the distressed, as Job's friends tried to comfort him. Their intentions are good, but they are in error. To the suffering the god of nature is but a slightly improved edition of the God of scripture. They reason with him, and famin, pestilence, and misery are witnesses in their behalf when they say to his advocates, "Ye are 'forgers of lies,' and 'physicians of no value.'"

It is the age of reasoning with the gods. We can see the brightness rising, the dawn of the coming day. It is a day that must come—that is already coming. It is getting lighter and lighter still, as men win liberty of thought and speech. The sun of truth is rising. It is dispelling the dark clouds of ignorance and superstition. Trust in God is vanishing. Trust in ourselvs is gaining strength. Men cease crying for help where there is no help. They are learning to help themselvs and to help each other. They find work better than prayer, and that there is more wisdom in making hay while the sun shines than in asking the Lord for fair weather. To-day they may be like Job in his distress, poor and sick. To-morrow they will resemble him in his later state. Enjoying the goods of this world in the place of vainly hoping for a better, they will find their latter end more blessed than the beginning.

242 *W. 48th st., New York.* E. J. BOWTELL.

The Demands of Liberalism.

1. We demand that churches and other ecclesiastical property shall no longer be exempt from just taxation.
2. We demand that the employment of chaplains in Congress, in state legislatures, in the navy and militia, and in prisons, asylums, and all other institutions supported by public money, shall be discontinued.
3. We demand that all public appropriations for educational and charitable institutions of a sectarian character shall cease.
4. We demand that all religious services now sustained by the government shall be abolished; and especially that the use of the Bible in the public schools, whether ostensibly as a text-book or avowedly as a book of religious worship, shall be prohibited.
5. We demand that the appointment, by the President of the United States or by the governors of the various states, of all religious festivals and fasts shall wholly cease.
6. We demand that the judicial oath in the courts and in all other departments of the government shall be abolished, and that simple affirmation under the pains and penalties of perjury shall be established in its stead.
7. We demand that all laws directly or indirectly enforcing the observance of Sunday as the Sabbath shall be repealed.
8. We demand that all laws looking to the enforcement of "Christian" morality shall be abrogated, and that all laws shall be conformed to the requirements of natural morality, equal rights, and impartial liberty.
9. We demand that not only in the Constitutions of the United States and of the several states, but also in the practical administration of the same, no privilege or advantage shall be conceded to Christianity or any other special religion; that our entire political system shall be founded and administered on a purely secular basis; and that whatever changes shall prove necessary to this end shall be consistently, unflinchingly, and promptly made.

(The two following demands, proposed by Col. Ingersoll, hav also been adopted:)

1. National protection for national citizens, in their equal civil and religious rights, irrespectiv of race or sex, to be secured under present laws and proper legislation, and finally to be guaranteed by amendment to the United States Constitution, and afforded through the United States courts.
2. Universal education the basis of universal suffrage in this secular republic, to be secured under present laws and proper legislation, and finally to be guaranteed by amendment of the United States Constitution, requiring every state to maintain a thoroughly secularized public school system, and to permit no child within its limits to grow up without a good elementary education.

The N. Y. State Freethinkers' Association.

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Editorial Notes.

THE circus may or may not be an important factor in modern civilization. One would think not from the following account in the official organ of the Methodist church:

"One of our country towns, not a thousand miles from this editorial sanctum, recently enjoyed the visit of a circus. Unusual attractions were promised, and the town was all agog. Many Christian professors went with the multitude to do evil. A section of the seats gave way and let several hundred people down to the ground rather unceremoniously. The show was of an inferior order, and gave a great deal of dissatisfaction. Some of the circus folks got into a disgraceful row in one of the tents. On leaving town one of the actors, jumping from a wagon which had a drunken driver, injured his leg seriously, so as to require surgical attendance. A poor girl, not over strong mentally, was so excited by the circus that she ran away from home, and was in great peril in New York for a time. And this demoralizing show took off more money than all the Christians of the town will contribute for missions for several years."

But let those who turn with a sigh from the foregoing giv the appended extract from the New York *World* a careful perusal, and be comforted:

"A meeting of the members of the Willis Street Baptist church in Paterson, N. J., was held on a recent evening in the church to take action in regard to the charges made against the pastor, the Rev. George Guirey, by Mrs. Bradbury of slander and hanging a Bologna sausage to the door-knob of the front door of her residence. The meeting was a most disorderly one, the members being divided into two sections. Both factions became intensely excited, and the noise they made in the church could be heard a block away. The members jumped around and on the seats, and called each other liars and hypocrits. Great excitement prevailed, and the police had to be sent for to prevent a fight. During the excitement a member fainted and fell to the floor, creating almost a panic. He was carried out and laid on the grass in front of the church. Several reporters were secreted in the church, and on being discovered a howl went up from the angry crowd. The scribes were ignominiously ejected without ceremony. The reporters then climbed on wood-sheds in the rear of the church, but were again discovered, and the windows were closed to keep the racket from being heard without. The street in front of the church was crowded with people, while the church doors were guarded by the police."

Whether this "show" was of an "inferior order and gave great dissatisfaction," the account does not state, but it would be interesting to know how much money the Paterson church takes off annually from the missionary fund.

LAST week we chronicled a charge by the Rev. Talmage to the effect that Freethought led to suicide. But even while Talmage was preparing the sermon in which this accusation appears, a religious editor was conjuring up a rhapsody on the glories of the next world as compared with this "vale of tears." This rhapsody, printed in one of the foremost and most widely circulated religious papers, ends thus:

"Heavenly intercourse is renewed under heavenly auspices. Friends meet again. Husband and wife—parent and child—brother and sister—the shepherd and his flock—all renew their former fellowships 'faultless before the throne!' O blessed light! O celestial country!

"*Who, who, would liv alway, away from his God;*
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow on the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?'"

It is easy to imagin an emotional Christian, bereft of comfort in this world, and transported by misleading rhetoric concerning the next, hastening his or her advent thither by the readiest means at hand. But for a Freethinker, with the motto, "One world at a time," to commit suicide would be as if, having but one dollar in money, he should forthwith cast it into the sea. But, after all, Christian or Atheist, it is better for a person to launch himself into the unknown by suicide than to follow the example so many eminent Christians hav set, and send some one else there. The following dispatch was printed in the daily papers not long ago:

"CHICAGO, Aug. 12, 1884.—At Lake View, a suburb of this city, this afternoon, the Rev. H. M. Collison, pastor of the Fullerton Avenue Presbyterian church, shot his wife and then himself. Both are dead."

In this case, when the Rev. Mr. Collison found that his mind was irresistibly bent on both murder and suicide, he would hav acted wisely if he had given suicide the precedence and shot himself first.

THE Home Missionary Society of the Methodist church is exhorted by the Rev. Daniel Wise, D. D., to make great efforts for the conversion of Roman Catholics to Methodism. The first persons to be labored with, he holds, are the women, because "the affection of its women for Romanism stricken, it is fatally wounded; the arrow pierces the heel of Achilles." The Rev. Mr. Wise says:

"One desirable thing this Home Missionary Society can most unquestionably do is to collect and diffuse facts which show the debasing nature of the superstitions which enslave Catholic women. Inquiry would bring these superstitions to the light. Their exposure would really appal the Protestant public. To illustrate their character the writer will mention but one, of which he knows the witnesses: A Catholic servant girl, of more than ordinary brightness, was found by a fellow-servant late one evening sitting insensible in the kitchen with her beads round her neck and a burning taper in her hand, which rested on the folds of her dress. The candle was so far burnt that a few minutes more would hav sufficed to set the dress on fire—and to cause a tragedy which might hav included not the girl only, but the whole family also. The explanation of this strange, almost tragic, scene was that the girl, seized with palpitation of the heart, thought she was going to die. Hence, she took this candle, *which had been blessed by the priest*, lighted it, began counting her beads, and in that act became insensible. In the blindness of her superstition she imagined that the burning of the candle, in virtue of the priest's blessing, would giv her a peaceful entrance into eternity. Oh, gross superstition! Yet it is but typical of many more which enslave the women of Romanism. Were our ladies to gather up such facts, and print them, their publication would cause a tide of sympathy for the innocent victims of Roman superstition as would beget in the church such zeal for their rescue as could not be ineffectual."

The fervor with which the Rev. Mr. Wise denounces Roman superstition illustrates what has often been observed before—namely, that Protestants can bring much more effectiv arguments to bear against the Catholic religion than they are able to advance in support of their own.

BISHOP WARREN, of the Methodist church, can hardly be called a scientist, though he is dabbling in physics to some extent. This is the way he accounts for the attractiv power of the sun:

"But all this power of a sun so vast that its effects are so great 92,000,000 miles away had to be taken from some source and posited in the sun. It could only be taken out of the Spirit, the origin of all power, and out of Almightiness, since only that could be a treasury of strength sufficient to endure the draft without bankruptcy."

The "Spirit" and "Almightiness" to which the bishop attributes inexhaustible force is first introduced to the public in the Old Testament. Here is a brief reference to him:

"And behold, the Lord stood upon a wall made by a plumbline, with a plumbline in his hand" (Amos vii, 7).

And here is another:

"In the same day shall the Lord shave with a razor that is hired, namely, by them beyond the river, by the king of Assyria, the head, and the hair of the feet" (Isaiah vii, 20).

Between the ornamental industries of standing on a wall and shaving his feet, this being has found time to endow the sun with sufficient power to control the solar system! In the words of the president of the National Liberal League, "it won't do." Truly, the Rev. Dr. Buckley spoke wisely when he said that the place for scientific discussion was not in the pulpit.

THE Rev. James Blackledge, writing from Japan upon the condition of Christianity in that part of the moral vinyard, says: "Among the common people there is still a great deal of idol worship, though the more educated classes hav left Egypt and are in the desert. I am glad to say that some hav entered, and many are near, the Promised Land. The great subject of discussion is religion; the people are examining the relativ value of Shintoism, Buddhism, and Christianity. We are by no means in doubt which will finally triumph. Christianity must displace all the old forms in time. The hottest part of the battle will be with Infidelity, but this latest foe must also finally succumb." By the remark that the "more educated classes hav left Egypt and are in the desert," the Rev. Mr. Blackledge probably means to be understood that the educated classes of Japan are where the educated classes of other countries will be found, namely, in a state, not only of o ubt, but of unbelief, as to the truth of the Christian religion. If Christianity is to displace the old forms in Japan, it must do so quickly. The doctrins of Liberalism are coming up the steep of time abreast of the advance of civilization, and the superstitions of the Christian religion will follow those of Shintoism and Buddhism. The hotter the battle, the more glorious the victory. We may add that in our opinion the prophecy that this "latest foe" will "succumb" will never be fulfilled. So far as its own history is involved, Liberalism is unacquainted with the meaning of that word.

LAST week Roman Catholics celebrated, by a triduum, the nineteenth centenary, as they tell us, of the birth of the "immaculate mother of God." How they identify the date is a matter of no special moment to non-Catholics. But it is sad to see indications of the increase of mariolatry among our fellow-Christians of the Catholic faith. One of the Catholic papers begins an editorial with this ascription:

"Praise and honor be to Her Name forever!"

We hav the most profound respect for the mother of our savior, but we dare not giv to her what belongs only to the trinity. It is true that Catholics claim to distinguish between the worship or service (hyperdulia) paid to the virgin, and that given to God (latria); but the distinction is one for the doctors, and not for the masses. The effect cannot be harmless. Can one serve God and Mary?—*Independent.*

Such a grave, almost sorrowful, consideration of a gross superstition by a paper in some things standing deservedly high for its intellectual keenness is enough to arouse feelings of pity for the mental condition of the editors. It is like splitting a hair which does not exist; or a painstaking, careful kick at nothing. How surprised the writer will be to some day find out that the service of Mary and worship of Jehovah are equally barren of results! Such rubbish prompts another inquiry—Can a man be pious and not be a fool?

SIX years ago a foul and mysterious murder was committed in Braxton county, near Savagetown, W. Va. A stone-mason named Shoemaker was shot twice through the head, and his throat afterward cut. No clue to the murderers was ever obtained until a few days ago a local preacher, living near there, was fatally injured by a falling tree. When told he must die, he sent for the prosecuting attorney and a minister, and confessed that he and another man, a prominent merchant, had committed the crime. The names are withheld by the authorities for the present, but a warrant has been issued. All of which is respectfully referred to the Rev. Mr. Talmage, with the suggestion that he use it as a text for a sermon instead of lying about Infidelity.

IN making comments upon the proceedings of the National Liberal League, the editor of the *Index* makes a point that only forty-eight delegates presented credentials, and leaves the reader to infer that the Congress was very small. This is not so. The credentials were submitted almost the first thing Monday morning, and a great many delegates arrived later, but as neither the outgoing nor incoming secretary thought to keep a list, we were unable to get the names. The call for the Congress, also, was so broad that many not delegates were present, and lent their influence to the work of organization, but did not vote so they could be counted. Mr. Curtis, who made the report for the *Index*, estimates the attendance at about three hundred.

IN another column Mr. Watts has written out a portion of his reply to Mr. Chainey. Lack of time to prepare it prevented a longer excerpt. Next week, however, he promises another letter, in which he will giv his remarks more in extenso. We can readily understand from the work Mr. Watts is doing that his hands are full, and we are pleased to learn that he is drawing crowded audiences in Canada. His efforts to unite the whole of the Canadian Freethinkers with those of the United States are most important, and they bid fair to be successful. Mr. Watts will shortly publish an "Address to American Freethinkers," and also issue a propagandist tract on "The Affirmations of Secularism."

WE cannot print all the replies to Ingersoll the country papers hav fulminated during his recent western tour. They would fill THE TRUTH SEEKER, big as it is, and besides are mighty unprofitable reading. Such dense ignorance as these editors evince is painful, but we hav not space to minister to all their minds diseased.

GEORGE CHAINEY has been engaged for the Sundays of October at Cleveland, Ohio. He will also make week-night engagements at places within a hundred miles of that city. His address is Forest City Hotel, Cleveland, Ohio. In November he returns to Boston to recommence his weekly lectures.

Canadian Notes.

It is many years since such excitement was known in Canada as that which now exists in Ontario throughout religious and Freethought circles. In the pulpits, on the platform, and in the daily papers theological questions are propounded and debated. The Secular side is most ably championed by Messrs. Evans and Risser, the president and secretary of the Toronto Secular Society, letters from whom hav appeared in the Toronto *World* during the past week. The churches are evidently alarmed at the bold and aggressiv steps now being taken by the Liberals of Ontario, and are somewhat perplexed as to the course they should take to "stem the tide of Infidelity", which is at the present time flowing with such power in their midst. Preaching against this revival of skeptical thought only stimulates that which the ministers wish to allay, and although in the person of the Rev. Dr. Sexton they hav one of the foremost and most efficient debaters of the age, they fear to allow him to enter the arena of controversy with Mr. Charles Watts, lest the conflict should increase the power of the enemy. This dread of discussion upon the part of the Toronto Christians is causing a great deal of surprise, and inspiring much inquiry among the hitherto indifferent class. It is very properly said that principles and teachings that are too weak to be defended on the platform in calm debate scarcely deserve to be preached so persistently from the pulpit. The consequence is that many thoughtful persons are driven to the Secular side to learn what they fail to acquire in the churches, namely, a knowledge of both sides of the theological questions of the day.

For the past few weeks Dr. Sexton has divided his time between Toronto and Hamilton, preaching and lecturing upon Atheism, Prayer, and Christ and his influence upon the world. Judging from the favorable reports of his performances, he appears to be a very unique advocate of the popular faith. He has a religion of his own, a history of his own, and "facts" which he obtains from a source known only to himself. Some persons hav ventured an opinion that this may be one reason why his friends discourage debate, thinking that if he were brought face to face with an opponent it would be readily seen that his religion had but little in common with the orthodox faith, and that his "facts" in no way corresponded with the records of history or the experience of our own times. It is very suggestiv that in lecturing upon the three subjects mentioned above, the reverend doctor avoids all reference to the scriptures. He objects to hold a brief for Bible Theism. The New Testament theory of prayer has no defender in him, and the Christ of Revelation he never touches. Instead of this he givs his version of skeptical theories, which few skeptics hav ever heard of, and then proceeds to knock down his "man of straw." This tickles the ears of his audiences, and passes current with them as an excellent defense of Christianity, whereas in truth it has no necessary connection with what is generally regarded as the genuin Christian faith.

The reverend doctor is always fond of attempting to impress his hearers with the idea that Christianity

has always exerted a civilizing influence. This, said he, is the verdict of all history. Where's the proof of this reckless allegation? On the contrary, after this religion had existed for a thousand years, when it was at its noon in Europe, the state of society was horrible beyond imagination. Those who were then regarded as learned were chiefly occupied with miraculous legends, disputes about mysteries and dogmas, of which none knew or could know anything. The church, as it grew more powerful, grew more corrupt. Popes bribed and intrigued for election; they fought and cursed each other; monasteries and nunneries, which were at first were the dungeons of starved and mutilated lives, grew proverbial for all kinds of voluptuousness; Christian Rome was the common sink for the worst vices of all Europe. The peasantry and laborers were mere serfs, crushed in hopeless misery beneath feudal exactions and despotism. Their food was the food of hogs, their cabins mere stys. As no laws of nature were acknowledged, no sanitary measures were thought of, though, from the general filth and want, dreadful plagues and famins were frequent. The church got a rich revenue from shrine-cures, and relic-cures, and miraculous cures of all sorts. As for superstition, it was omnipotent; the air was supposed to swarm with devils and angels; witchcraft was thought to be so common that "witches" and "wizards" were always being put to death; relics commanded a fetich-worship as degrading as exists among the lowest tribes of Africa. Faith being supreme, science, philosophy, and education were all discouraged. For fifteen hundred years Christendom did not produce a single astronomer. Even the pure mathematics, which need no experiment or apparatus, were utterly neglected. As Mr. Ruskin observes, "I never met a Christian whose heart was thoroughly set upon the world to come, and so far as human judgment could pronounce perfect and right before God, who cared about art at all." Such, briefly, was the real condition of society under Christian rule, which the doctor, to be accurate, ought to state to those who entrust him with their thinking.

The Christians hav by no means had it all to themselvs. Mr. Charles Watts has continued his replies to the doctor to crowded audiences, which increase in numbers weekly. The enthusiasm displayed at these meetings is a good index of the opinions entertained. The Toronto *World*, of Sept. 22d, says:

"Christianity—Its Claims Examined," was the subject of a lecture delivered in Albert Hall last evening by Charles Watts. There was a crowded audience in attendance. Mr. Watts speaks in a clear, loud tone, in a very positiv and emphatic manner, and with readiness, fluency, and consecutivness of thought."

September 23d and 24th, Mr. Watts lectured in Hamilton, and on the following evening he formed a local society. The Hamilton *Spectator*, of Thursday, Sept. 25th, has the following:

"A meeting was held in Larkin Hall last night for the purpose of organizing a Secular society, as a branch of the Freethought association of Canada. Mr. Charles Watts presided. A considerable number of names, of both ladies and gentlemen, were submitted for membership. Mr. Littlehales was elected president, Mr. Coulter vice-president, and Mr. Maddocks secretary. Another meeting will be held on Thursday evening, Oct. 2d, to complete the organization of the society."

In addition to lectures in Toronto Sunday evenings, Mr. Watts is engaged to speak at Simcoe, Welland, Lindsay, Montreal, and intermediate places, where he intends to establish local societies, preparatory to the general amalgation of the Freethinkers of the dominion with those of the states.

We are glad to hear that this suggested alliance meets with the warm approval of our Canadian friends, who are delighted with the prospectiv reunion. The Hamilton Secular Society has passed the following resolution, proposed by Mr. Thomas Littlehales, and seconded by Mr. George Maddocks:

"We, the members of the Hamilton Secular Society, learn with pleasure that it is contemplated to change the name of the National Liberal League of the United States to that of 'The American Secular Union.' Such a change we earnestly recommend, as it will enable the Freethinkers throughout Canada to join their brethren of the states, and thus form one great and united association for the promulgation of Liberal principles."

The arrangements for the Toronto Freethought Convention to be held next December, are progressing. Last Sunday a meeting was held in Toronto of the district officers, when Mr. Watts explained his plan of unification, which met with a cordial support.

A LEAGUE of Catholics is being formed in England "to protect the vital principle of doctrinal Christianity in popular education;" that is, to neutralize secular education as far as possible by religious dogmas. The Duke of Norfolk and the Marquis of Bute are among the promoters of the league. It would be difficult, comments the *Freethinker*, to find two more abject specimens of superstition even in the House of Lords. The Duke of Norfolk believes in the healing powers of St. Winifred's well, and, with more reason, sent his wife to Lourdes as a cure for sterility. The Marquis of Bute takes out of Cardiff alone, in rents and dock dues, over a million per annum, giving absolutely nothing in return; and devotes his monstrous fortune to the purpose of the priests. In intellect he is spoken of in society journals as contemptible.

The League.

How to Organize a Local League.

The National Liberal League is formed by the union of Local Auxiliary Liberal Leagues. To organize a Local Auxiliary League, any person (man or woman) may place the following Call at the head of a sheet of paper and solicit signatures:

CALL.

WE, the undersigned citizens of [here introduce name of town or city], agree to organize an Auxiliary Liberal League, to work in connection with the National Liberal League, and to pay the sum set opposit our names for that purpose.

Names.	*Residences.*	*Amounts.*

As soon as ten persons hav subscribed to this Call, and five dollars hav been paid in, make out an application for a Charter, inclosing the application, together with a money order or postal note for five dollars (or the amount may be inclosed in a registered letter) to the secretary of the National Liberal League. The fee for a Charter is ten dollars, and the Board of Directors hav voted to allow the organizer of the Auxiliary Liberal League to retain five dollars as compensation for his or her services in effecting the organization.

Any Liberal society can by a vote qualify itself an Auxiliary Liberal League, and take out a charter.

On receipt of the five dollars and application signed by the President and Secretary (or the temporary Secretary) of the new League (and as many others as may choose), the Secretary will forward to the applicant a Charter signed by the proper officers of the National Liberal League. SAMUEL P. PUTNAM,
Secretary of the National Liberal League.
55 *East 9th street, New York.*

QUARTERLY REPORT.

NATIONAL MILITARY HOME, MILWAUKEE CO., WIS., Sept. 15, A. S. 284.

To the Secretary of the National Liberal League:

We, the officers of the Veteran Liberal League, respectfully submit our second quarterly report:

To the number in the Veteran Liberal League, as previously reported (94), there hav been added eight more members, and one has withdrawn, making our present strength that of a full volunteer company, 101, all present or accounted for. The intellectual and moral status of our membership, it is no vanity to observe, is not only equal but even superior to that of our comrades unaffiliated with our organization. There are, unfortunately, on these grounds some very hard and dissipated characters, the worse and larger part of whom belong to, or trail after, one or the other of the two churches which presume to quarter on the United States, in spite of the alleged purely secular character of the government.

Meetings hav been held as follows:

June 3d.—Lecture, by Col. Roberts, of Texas; music and brief addresses, by Mr. Stevens, of Chicago, Mr. Ormsby, and Mrs. Dr. Juliet Severance, of Milwaukee.

July 7th.—A reading from THE TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL, by the venerable veteran and twice reverend president, Jason Kellog, prefacing a sermon, "The Measure of a Man," by John P. Guild, of Milwaukee; piano music.

July 21st.—This was a red letter day. Mr. H. P. Stark, of New York city, told us the truth as it is in human experience, and he was big enough, and bold enough, and honest enough to say to all prelate buffoons demanding faith in their folly, "You lie!" He also gave us the best music on the violin that has ever been echoed in our theater.

July 28th.—Our old hearts were cheered by a sweet song, sweetly sung by a sweet singer from Chicago, Miss Emily Spencer. The hope of a common sense sort of a hereafter was happily set forth by the eloquent Texan, Col. Roberts, in an extempore dissertation on "The Philosophy of Spiritualism," Dr. H. S. Brown supplementing it with his view of the sweet by and by; and Mr. Ormsby arose to remark upon equal rights in property, as in politics, being essential to the attainment of utmost ability in all persons.

August 4th.—President Kellogg addressed us, followed by H. S. Brown, M. D., of Milwaukee, author of "The Bible of the Religion of Science," etc.

August 11th—The Veteran Liberal League met, pursuant to adjournment, in the Ward Memorial Hall, and found it being fitted up as a sleeping barrack, and our friends, ladies and gentlemen, who had kindly come up from the city to visit and speak to us, were much astonished that this regularly chartered and orderly bearing society of old soldiers should be thus unceremoniously dumped out of doors, the powers that be not having manners enough to giv a moment's notice of the change of occupancy. If this unwarrantable contemptuousness was meant to break up the League, it is on account of the prejudice that does not ken, or of the cussedness which does not care, that there is any good that does not cry, "Lord, Lord!" as we were from the first refused the use of the chapel on the plea that we were not a "religious" order.

August 17th.—A sunny day. By permission of the friendly owner of Black's Grove, a mile away, the League held a meeting, not as in a temple of God, but the halls of nature. The editor of *Volksblatt*, Mr. Schilling, vocalized the woods with an oration on "Humbugs."

August 24th and 31st.—The League continued to meet in the grove; favored with talk by Roberts, Brown, Guild, and others. During September we hav been unable to meet outside the Home grounds on account of roughs from the city who made our gatherings their opportunity. Beside, our silence speaks our grievance louder than do our words, as a standing notice of the League meetings in the hall assigned therefor is kept posted on the bulletin boards.

Although there are about seven hundred men here, out of over a thousand in all, who cannot affiliate with the churches, on account of preferring logic to fable, still we are refused the use of our chapel one evening or afternoon in each week, while it is standing idle five evenings a week, and is entered but seldom daytimes except Sunday. This, need we say, we think very *unjust*, and wholly ungracious, on the part of the governor, with whom the case rests; and when the so-called Investigating committee was here, we so stated to their honors, but they pleaded no power to interfere in the matter. We, therefore, pray for the influence of the National Liberal League, and of all fair-minded men, upon the consciences of all Congressmen to instate us in our rights, as guaranteed by the Constitution of the American Union, which guarantee and Constitution it is the purpose of the Liberal League to uphold in its impartiality and preserve in its integrity.

These minutes of our proceedings, and request for redress of grievances, we expressly desire to hav you publish.

REV. JASON KELLOG, President.
JOHN P. GUILD, Acting Secretary.

LEAGUE NO 77.

FILLMORE CITY, Aug. 28, 284.

To the Secretary of the National Liberal League:

Our League, No. 77, is not dead, though it has few members. Our library with its reading-room as established last winter is still here, and perhaps when winter comes we will be able to infuse new life into the old bones and go on our way rejoicing.

The idea that the two chief officers shall giv their whole time to the organization is a good one, and should hav been adopted from the first. But they cannot liv on air alone. Will the branch Leagues support them? The president and secretary of this League say they will tax themselvs for that purpose, and try to induce others to do the same,

I hav always contended that education was the savior of mankind—education based on scientific facts; knowledge that the people begin to refuse to be led by demagogs, that each individual, society, or community claim a hand in, is ominous of good. It is my star of hope of a government "of the people, for the people, and by the people."

We believe in every overture consistent with honor in order to produce harmony. In regard to the Comstock laws, if referred to, our League has always been for repeal. I hav heard no other word yet, but, of course the majority rules.

J. KELLY, Sec. GEO. C. VEILE, Pres.

THE MILWAUKEE LEAGUE.

MILWAUKEE, Sept. 26, 1884.

To the Secretary of the National Liberal League:

After a summer vacation of two months, the Milwaukee League resumed its regular Sunday evening sessions. Our League is meeting with good success, and we are satisfied that the coming winter's campaign in the "fight for right" will be crowned with the most gratifying results. The Hall was well filled last Sunday evening, on which occasion Mr. Robert Schilling lectured on "The duty of Liberals in the coming election," giving plausible reasons why Liberals should vote the People's ticket.

Next Sunday evening the League is to be favored with an address by Dr. Juliet H. Severance on "The New Republic." The doctor is one of our most popular speakers, and never fails to draw a crowd. P. A. STUART.

LEAGUE NO. 20.

The Manhattan Liberal Club met in the German Masonic Hall, No. 220 East Fifteenth street, Friday evening the 16th. Vice-President T. B. Wakeman announced that the lecturer of the evening, Mr. John B. Gibbs, was unable to be present but that Mr. Gibb's paper on "Prohibition in Politics" would be read by Dr. Lambert. The subject was ably handled, the writer calling attention to the very important part prohibition was playing in the present campaign, and the hold it had already gained, and the work it was yet destined to accomplish.

From the Banner of Light.

The Eighth Annual Congress of the National Liberal League, which adjourned on the 9th inst., after its two day's session, was well attended, and its proceedings were of an interesting and satisfactory character. Whatever differences of opinion may hav previously been held in regard to the best platform to be adopted by the League, we expect that the one now presented by the Congress will be indorsed by all the Liberals of the United States, and that henceforth they can unite and work together harmoniously.

We can see nothing in the way to prevent this desirable object, and to bring about eventually a united and working Liberal Party in all the states, whose primary or chief measure shall be the secularization of the government, or the entire separation of state and church. In this all-important reform the Liberals everywhere can unite and work in concert for the promotion of a common purpose.

From the Ironclad Age.

At the Eighth Annual Congress of the National Liberal League, the Nine Demands of Liberalism were put forth as a platform. Upon this platform all good men can stand. There is room enough, and the atmosphere is pure.

THE QUAKER CITY LEAGUE.

The following notice of the Philadelphia League is from the *Press* of that city: "Steady Philadelphia church-goers will be surprised to learn that a flourishing society of Freethinkers hav held weekly meetings for the last two or three years in Fleischman's bakery building, on Broad street. The members of this society, who take no interest in politics, are nearly all English, French, or German workingmen. The topics chosen for discussion are sometimes quite startling and original. The subject selected for debate not long ago was, 'Has Christianity or intemperance entailed the greatest misery on the human race?' After an animated debate it was decided by the president that Christianity had. A number of women, some of them middle-aged and a few quite young girls, with youthful male escorts, attend these meetings, and seem to take a lively interest in the proceedings. Works of an anti-religious and skeptical nature, such as those of Rousseau, Diderot, and Tom Paine, are peddled at nominal prices by an old Frenchman, who, speaking our language in moderate perfection, always refers to 'the masses' as 'demasses.' Isaiah H. Wears, the highly intelligent negro, is a prominent member of the society, and is regarded as their best debater, though his style is more conversational than oratorical."

GATH, who is called the biggest liar among all the newspaper correspondents, writing to the Omaha *Republican*, discusses the attitude of Blaine toward the churches, and concludes that he will get considerable Catholic support because his mother was of that faith. He also thinks the Plumed Knight will get the Protestant vote because he is now a Presbyterian. Then Gath turns philosopher, and oracularly observes:

"A certain leaning together between the two great branches of the Christian church has been plain to me ever since last June. It is the most ominous thing in the campaign. It shows us that while at a superficial view there may be an abatement of religious zeal in the United States, in reality the most abiding springs of support to a public man are in the religious organizations of the country."

Mr. George Alfred Townsend can wager all the *Republican* paid him for his letter that Mr. Blaine and all the other candidates will work those abiding springs of support for all they are worth.

Communications.

Dr. J. L. York at the Yellowstone National Park.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* You will doubtless think that my letters are like angels' visits, few and far between, but I will hope to atone in the future.

You will find inclosed nine dollars for The Truth Seeker, to be sent as directed in private letter; and I can only wish it were more. But I hav done the best I could for you with the elements in hand.

My stay in Montana has been somewhat prolonged from the fact that I hav given the second course of lectures at the three principal points: Butte City, Helena, and Bozeman, with a fair degree of success, organizing a Liberal Union at each place.

At Butte City, O. B. Whitford, a live thinker, is president; and with the faithful help of my warm friends, Fred Cook and J. C. Singer, I will hope to hear good things from Butte.

At Helena, C. M. Jeffries, a stalwart Liberal, stands at the head as a promis of good work in the future. Our thanks are due at Helena to A. Kleinschmidt, A. C. Votaw, J. P. Flick, and others for a helping hand.

At Bozeman, W. W. Alderson, editor of the Bozeman *Courier*, and formerly a Methodist preacher, is president of the League, and with such a noble young disciple of Paine as Will C. Oakley for secretary, I can hope for the prosperity of Freethought in Bozeman.

I hav made some friends here which giv me pleasure to call their names and faces to mind, and among them Judge Maguire, a bright intellect and wonderfully endowed with the right use of the English language, a fine reasoner and speaker, and true as steel to our cause, and I hope he will favor The Truth Seeker with a letter now and then. Our many thanks are due to the kind friends at Bozeman, and especially to S. W. Cook and estimable wife, for the comforts of home and good cheer during our work in their city, and I must say that if Bozeman Liberal Union has two other men among its seventy members, such as S. W. Cook, it will not die out in this generation. And although my trip in Montana has been a long, hard trip, I hav no regrets, as I trust I hav helped to open up the way for others to follow.

My lectures here in Montana are the first of the kind, but hope that other Liberal speakers will be induced to travel west by the North Pacific line and giv the Montana people a call. Our friend, Col. Ingersoll, swept through Montana like a cyclone, leaving the poor little preachers to shoot off their popguns after he had gone. And it is almost enough to make a dog laugh to see the poor sky-pilots trying to gather up the pieces after the storm has passed. But then they hav had their day, and, to the friends of mental freedom, it has been a long, dark day, and the doom of the Christian superstition begins to shine out like the handwriting on the wall, and the fires of Freethought only need to be fanned a little to set the world in a blaze. And away here in the wilds of Montana, without speakers, or much reading, the evolution of Freethought moves on with rapid strides.

The Truth Seeker has one reader living near Salesville who is deserving of mention in this letter. I could not learn his name; but his eye will fall upon the mention I hav made below.

While lecturing at Bozeman, I was invited to speak at or near Salesville, some twelve miles out from Bozeman. Our friends, Thomas Burk and Dr. Stover, had the matter in charge, but from some mistake in the notice the people were left to infer that the meeting would be held at once at three different places, hence our flock was quite divided. Myself and some friends from town were on hand at Salesville, but found that a mistake had been made, and after waiting until nearly dark, started back to town.

When out about half a mile from Salesville, we were hailed by a man on the road who inquired if Dr. York was in the carriage. On being answered in the affirmativ, he said: "I hav been hunting the meeting. I am a reader of The Truth Seeker and hav kept track of the doctor for a number of years, and I want to giv him this five dollars to help him along." We took the five dollars, and thanking our friend, whom we had not seen for the darkness, went on our way rejoicing, wishing that The Truth Seeker had more such readers in Montana.

But how brief are our joys! Here the scene slightly changes; our driver loses the road and drives helter-skelter over the prairie in search of a road to town, every moment in danger of falling into a ditch or running into a barbed-wire fence. What a romantic situation, to be sure!

And, to add to my comfort, we had a lady friend and her little daughter in the company, both somewhat nervous; and, in fact, I was just a little nervous too; but our father in heaven and the driver together brought us safe home.

Montana is a wild, wide sweep of mountains and valleys, well adapted to stock-raising and rich in mineral wealth, but not a good farming country, as the frost in summer often destroys the entire crop; and the changes of temperature are too sudden and marked to be a healthy country in which to make one's home. And yet there is not, probably, an area of greater value to the student or of more interest to the tourist in all the wide world than our Yellowstone National Park, situated in the midst of the erratic Rocky Mountains; and within the shadow of the confused and rugged peaks by which it is engirdled are born the feeble rills which grow into the grandest rivers of the United States.

Here may be seen the grim, towering walls which separate the waters flowing eastward to the Atlantic, from those pushing their way through deep mountain gorges, to rest at last in the placid Pacific. But the fact that here rise the springs of the Missouri, Columbia, and Colorado is lost sight of in view of the far more striking features of this magic land of natural wonders. And nowhere else in the world are to be seen so near to the surface, and on so broad and varied a scale, the undoubted evidence of subterranean fires, and to note the lingering death-throes of volcanic forces which hav convulsed our Mother Earth to its very center in the ages long since past. And if any are in doubt how it was that the prehistoric people conceived of hell, let them come here and take a look and smell. Here are fire and hot water in great plenty, and mountains of brimstone, quite enough to make the Christian hell ashamed of itself. And I do not wonder that the Indians hav always held this tract of country in awe and horror as the land of lost spirits and devils.

Our visit to the National Park occupied within the park six days, not of idle picnic, but hard work of body and mind, to climb the steeps, avoid the dangers, and take in the wonders and beauties which lie scattered in rich profusion along the entire route from the Mammoth Hot Springs to the grand Canyon of the Yellowstone River.

The park, containing an area of fifty-five by sixty-five miles, is a region of remarkable wonders, majestic grandeur, sublime hights, and terrible blood-curdling depths, as well as the most beautiful and delightful things beyond the power of human description, and must be seen to be appreciated. Here nature puts forth all her powers, and her moods seem ever changing from profound gravity and terror to the lively and gay. Here tremendous geysers, as true to the time or period of eruption as the clock, shoot up their mighty fountains of hot water and steam, causing the earth to tremble by their violence; yawning hells of brimstone fury, lashed and tossed by the terrible heat below, filling the air with fearful odors; countless hot springs, indescribable in their strange beauty, of great depth, and translucent as the air itself. Some of them are turquoise blue, green, yellow, and red, while the waters of others flash in the sunlight with all the colors of the prism; and to gaze down into these depths must be like the gates of heaven ajar, adorned with delicate honeycomb patterns of fretted frost-work, while the coatings of the sides and rims of these basins take on every delicate and vivid tint of color known to fine art.

These remarkable terrace-building springs are at the threshold of the park near the Mammoth Hotel, and only six miles from the railroad. And did not the park contain any other and greater wonders than these terrace, rock-building springs, it were worth a trip from Europe to see these alone. And here may be seen students, scientists, and lovers of nature from all parts of the civilized globe, drawn here to see the strange phenomena of mineral water thrust up from the depths at boiling heat, holding in solution calcareous matter coating everything it touches, and building terraces, basins, pillars, temples, and pulpit-like structures of marble whiteness in every form of beauty. Besides lifting higher each year, the entire rocky formation is already a mountain in hight, and will continue to rise until the volcanic action ceases.

The obsidian or volcanic glass cliffs, two hundred feet in hight, with a carriage-road of nearly pure glass along its base, is another marvel to the tourist. Boiling paint pots of nearly all shades of color incessantly steam, stew, and sputter like immense cauldrons of boiling mush, with the dull, thud-like plop, plop of the mush kettle. And close at hand is the Emerald Pool, brimful of clear, pure water of bluish green.

A little further on is the geyser Minute-man, who spurts once a minute to the hight of thirty feet, while close by stands the Monarch, who givs an exhibition in regal splendor once in twenty-four hours, a stream of immense volume, divided in three divisions, to the hight of one hundred and fifty feet, and continuing in action about twenty minutes.

There are many fine displays of hot-water fireworks on a grand scale, but none more deservedly popular with the tourist than Old Faithful, who, with wonderful regularity, every hour sends up an immense volume of clear, hot water and steam to the hight of 160 to 200 feet, and continues in action from five to ten minutes. There are many geysers more powerful than this, but none so popular and, like Bob Ingersoll, so sure of an audience at his show, as Old Faithful. That word faithful tells the story, and the audience are always on hand.

The Beehive sends up a column about 250 feet, and used to spout twice each day, but now, once in nine days; and we were informed by an official in charge that on the occasion of President Hayes's visit to the park, the famous Beehive turned loose his artillery five times in one day. And it is quite likely if James G. Blaine, or even Ben Butler, were to visit the place, it might be induced to put on a new program for the occasion in the interests of the dear people.

These wonders of the park are scattered along over seventy-five miles of travel, not including the Hoodo wonders, which lie farther on, and the points of interest visited by travelers, limited in time to six or eight days, include the Lower, Middle, and Upper Basin Yellowstone Lake, and the Falls and Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone.

Beginning with the Mammoth Springs formation at the Gate, the interest increases at every point, and culminates at the Falls and Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone, and all preceding wonders seem to shrivel up in the majesty, sublimity, and splendor of this mighty gorge, draped as it is in rainbow-tinted colors, as though all the rainbows had fallen from the skies, and had caught on the rugged, corrugated sides of this mighty abyss to lend enchantment to the scene. No skill of artist can devise a greater diversity of color in every shade and tint than nature has laid on the sides of this Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone, and nothing but the sunset heavens can approximate in splendor this display of beauty. And never in my life hav I felt such a sense of the awful as when standing on the brink of this yawning chasm, one is so oppressed with the vastness that almost tempts him to leap from the dizzy hights, and feels relief when once again at a safe distance.

Of course, the Falls are not the grandest in the world, and hav not the breadth, volume, and dash of old Niagara, nor the enormous depth of some of the falls of the Yosemite, and yet they hav a majesty and beauty all their own, which fascinate and lure like the fabled syren of the sea; and all travelers join in saying that the awful, sublime, and beautiful are strangely commingled in this, by far the grandest spectacle in our National Park. Our thanks are due to Mr. Henderson and family—who, by the way, are all Freethinkers, and take The Truth Seeker—for kindness in pointing out to us the many wonders of the Mammoth Springs, and other valuable information in relation to the park, of which he is one of the superintendents.

I can only hope that our National Park may meet such consideration as it justly deserves at the hands of our government in the improvement of the roads and protection from the hands of the lawless; and that this wild reserve, with its pine-clad hills, beautiful lakes and stretches of valley and forest, with the great variety of wild game which roam within its limits, may be handed down to future generations as something to be proud of as containing some of the great wonders of the world.

At the present writing I am in Portland, having lectured at Spokane and other towns on the Northern Pacific road.

The chief complaint everywhere in the north is hard times. The boom has broken, and left its helpless victims high and dry on the rocks of bankruptcy. Some of the towns are double the size that the surrounding country will sustain. So much for a heartless railroad boom which has filled the north with helpless tramps.

From Portland I go south overland, speaking at Forest Grove, Corvallis, Albany, Ashland, and other points on the way to San Jose, California.

With many good wishes for you, Eugene, and the readers of The Truth Seeker, I am, as ever,

Yours for truth, Dr. J. L. York.

Mr. Walker, Mr. Hill.

"No man who accepts the fundamental principles of Freethought, knowing what it is that he accepts, can be a Prohibitionist."—*E. C. Walker.*

Friend Walker's assertion in a recent Truth Seeker quoted above, is certainly entertaining reading, even in this dog-day weather, and strongly reminds me of the narrow-mindedness of some of my religious friends, who also think that certain persons hav no right to vote differently from themselvs on the liquor question.

I had hoped that this "virtue" was wholly a religious one, for, unless I am greatly mistaken, Freethought consists not in all acting alike, but in universal mental liberty concerning rum, religion, or anything else; and, as a matter of course, different thoughts will and must produce different actions.

The "personal liberty" part of any anti-prohibitionist's argument, seems to me to need only very little talk, just long enough to show them that every mother's son and daughter of their clan is is favor of stopping "personal liberty" in regard to something or other, say barn-burning for instance.

Every blessed one of them would favor preventing me from setting my barn on fire, provided such action placed their precious persons or property in danger; but, when I wish to restrain them from setting their brains on fire, because such action places my person or property in danger, they cry out terribly about their "personal liberty" being infringed.

If danger to others is a good reason for them to act on, why is it not the same for me?

Please think it over, Brother Walker, and see how exceedingly inconsistent you are.

And if one thing deemed to be against the public welfare can be rightfully prohibited, it follows that all things so deemed can be treated likewise.

Is "personal liberty" more invaded in one case than in another, and does not the drunken stabbing of three innocent people on the public street—as recently occurred in this city—giv a just claim for protection against the liquor nuisance? If not, what would, friend Walker? GEORGE. N. HILL.

Boston, Mass.

Charles Watts's Reply to George Chainey.

In last week's TRUTH SEEKER it was stated that probably I would write my lecture which I delivered at Cassadaga in reply to Mr. George Chainey's two addresses delivered at the same place, professedly in explanation and defense of his conversion to Spiritualism. It would afford me much pleasure to do so, had I sufficient time, but at present my lecturing and other engagements in Canada leave me but little leisure for more than my ordinary correspondence, which I find, like most things in America, has to be conducted on a large scale.

Listening to Mr. Chainey's two addresses at the Convention, it occurred to me that they were marred with the three drawbacks of glaring inaccuracy, reckless imputation, and an utter lack of reasoning. In my review of what he urged pertaining to his conversion to Spiritualism, I said nothing against Mr. Chainey personally, neither did I in any way question his right to change his views. For him, as a gentleman, I hav the highest respect. Our past associations hav been of a most pleasing nature, which will long be remembered by me with feelings of unqualified satisfaction. In parting with him now as a public associate, I can only regret that in an unguarded moment he was induced to make unjustifiable attacks upon principles which evidently he never thoroughly understood, and upon persons deserving the greatest respect and the highest confidence. It is not, therefore, Mr. Chainey's conversion that is objected to so much as the very injudicious manner in which he publicly proclaimed that conversion. Among the Spiritualists of America there are many good and noble men and women, who are doing useful work for Liberalism in their persistent efforts to overthrow the power, and to lessen the evils of orthodoxy; and the fact that some Liberals cannot see what is termed the "truths of Spiritualism" should in no way interfere with Liberals and Spiritualists working together to achieve some practical result in the life we now hav. Uniformity of opinions upon speculativ subjects is an impossibility, and consequently we should respect the right and sincerity of those who differ from us.

Had Mr. Chainey contented himself with merely stating what appeared to him to be the truths of his new faith, and why he accepted it, without attempting to depreciate those who, for years, had rendered him valuable and generous support, he would hav retained the respect of all who once hailed him as a friend and co-worker. But, instead of doing this, he indulged in childish narrations and reckless accusations, which afforded additional proof to the many already apparent, that he relies more through life upon the promptings of uncontroled emotion than upon the practical dictates of reason and judgment. Mr. Chainey is truly a child of impulse. Indeed, he does not hesitate to avow that, in his opinion, fiction is a greater factor in the education of the world than fact, and that the stage is a more powerful instructor than the platform. A man who entertains these delusions livs principally "in the clouds," and is largely disqualified for fighting the great battle of life successfully. Mighty and useful as the charming influences of fiction and the drama hav been upon the human mind and the character of our race, they can never surpass the force of facts and the reality of actual every-day existence in the practical regulation of individual and societarian conduct, and he who imagins that they can will find sooner or later that he is "building castles in the air, which will cost a vast deal to keep up."

There are two kinds of converts—those who hav been won through the heart and those who hav been secured through the head. In other words, some are converted through an appeal to their emotions, while others yield only to the voice of reason. Mr. Chainey belongs very much to the emotional class of converts, as a perusal of the records of his several conversions will show. His new departures hav been the result of sudden impetuosity, not of calm reflection. Reason and judgment appear to hav played but minor parts in the changing of his views. With him logic is regarded as a cruelty, the intellect as being of secondary importance, and all controversy as decidedly dangerous and to be avoided. Frankly, and in all kindness, be it written, that, in my opinion, herein lies the mistake of Mr. Chainey's public career, and the principal cause of his repeated failures in the various movements with which he has been associated. We hav listened to the wail of his blighted ambition at Boston, to a confession of his inability to retain the readers of his journal, to an admission that he was incapable of securing adequate audiences at his lectures, and an acknowledgment of his lack of power to inspire lasting enthusiasm within those to whom he appealed. What is the real explanation of all this? Surely it is unfair to blame either Liberals or Liberalism for such defectiv results, remembering the audiences that assemble at the lectures of Col. Ingersoll and others. Would it not be more reasonable to search for the explanation in the man rather than in the cause in which the man was engaged? And yet friend Chainey has great ability, a most vivid imagination, a vast poetical capacity, a marvelous power for word painting, a command of the choicest flowers of rhetoric that language can furnish, together with high moral culture, a generous disposition, and a loving heart. Still, with all these advantages, he assures us that success did not crown his efforts in the Liberal ranks. Is not the secret of this misfortune to be found in the fact that Mr. Chainey lacked faith in the power of intellect and the force of argument, contenting himself with the use of words representing no ideas, and explaining no solid principle? I hav told him this frequently in the past, and I repeated it in his presence at the Convention. He is satisfied with presenting the picture without seeing the wall is there to hang it upon. We all admire the foliage that adorns the tree, and are charmed with the flowers that deck the garden, but who will contend that the foliage and flowers are more enduring and valuable than the tree and the garden? The two are in each case at their highest value when combined. So it is with the foliage of language and the flowers of rhetoric. For them to be acceptable and useful to the Liberal party, the former must be allied with the tree of knowledge, and the latter must bud in the garden of intellect, both indicating that they are blossoms of disciplined reason and trained mentality. Had Mr. Chainey wisely blended the two, reason and emotion, his public advocacy would hav been less barren, and probably he would hav been spared the many disappointments which hav darkened the morning of his life. He sorrowfully admits that he "grew faint" in Liberal work. This is by no means surprising, for he lacked the sustaining power of solid mental food and argumentativ sustenance, which are so necessary to support those who enter upon the up-hill fight of Liberal propaganda.

CHARLES WATTS.

Notes and Notings.

DEAR FRIENDS: No *spirits* yet, but I hav made one trial with a private medium, and learned the *modus operandi* of table tipping; got a sentence or two, but no test; am promised a seance this afternoon with another, and will report. I am calling around upon notables with Mr. Masquerier. Yesterday we went over into New York, and, for the first time, I crossed over the famous Brooklyn Bridge in the cars. It seemed almost like flying, to be going so easily over the water and up so high above houses, boats, and busy people below. We made a call upon H. M. Parkhurst, and he and Mr. Masquerier talked over their respectiv alphabets, each of them having gotten up a new and improved one, Mr. Masquerier insisting his was far superior to all others, and Mr. Parkhurst being well pleased to hav something that was not quite so good so long as it was likely to be put to *practical* utility.

We called upon Dr. F. Hollick, author of the "Marriage Guide," which I had read with interest and profit over a quarter of a century ago, and had owned and lost by lending, bought another copy and lent and lost it. I was very agreeably impressed with Mr. Hollick. He was a fine looking man, and genial, kind, and conversational. He has investigated Spiritualism some, but says he wants to take one of the spirits (?) by the hand and hold fast, and then if it melts away while he is holding it, he will think it worth while to study it up. He kindly presented me with his "Marriage Guide," and "Nerves and the Nervous;" and though I had once read the former, I re-read it, and found that in the light of the acquired information of a quarter of a century since, I understood much that I failed to appreciate in the previous reading.

What a great benefactor a good honest and intelligent physician is to the race! What a light to the ignorant, what a consoler to the afflicted and suffering! While we condemn the great mass of lawyers, doctors, and preachers, as a curse to the race, we must own that there are rare specimens in each calling which fill the role of savior and benefactor.

To-day, September 20th, I had my first seance with a regularly accredited public medium, recommended to me by one of the editors of a spiritual paper, Mrs. M. E. Williams, 232 W. 46th street, New York, a materializing medium. Mr. Masquerier, Mrs. Kimball, and myself had a two hours' seance. About a dozen others were there. The room was dimly lighted by one lamp; shrouded in red paper and turned low down, so at first we could see nothing but shadows. The cabinet was curtained with cloth. We sat in chairs a few feet from it.

Mrs. Williams made a short appeal to the audience to try and put themselvs in a receptiv condition, and in harmony with the developments. Then the organist played "Nearer, my God, to Thee." The curtains slowly parted, and a ghostly form, all in white, appeared, waved its hands, bowed, and blessed the audience. At intervals numerous other forms appeared, sometimes two at once. They called up the audience one by one, and gave them messages, most of them being recognized, and cried and laughed over. We were allowed to ask questions, and when Dr. Newton was announced, I received permission to address to him a query; as he had doctored my dead sister, I thought I'd inquire about her. I first asked if the spirit knew who I was, but this being a *test* question, I was sharply informed that it was a very wrong condition in which to approach the spirits, so thenceforth I remained silent. Mr. Masquerier, being well-known and noted, received many messages, and was called up and introduced to his dead wife, who touched his head, eyes, and arm. He is nearly blind, so only saw a white mist, and could catch nothing but indistinct mutterings of the message. So he said nothing, and quietly returned to his seat. Many others saw and recognized dead friends, telling us they plainly discerned the features, and got messages none but the dead could hav given. I shall hereafter speak more of this, and I withhold my opinions for the present, only narrating things as they appeared. Mr. Masquerier received a message giving him great encouragement for his good work in regard to land reform and farmsteads. ELMINA.

99 *Java st., Brooklyn, E.D.*, Sept. 20, 1884.

The Horror of Horrors.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* If I were a vivisector, I should want to go and hang myself after seeing the cut in THE TRUTH SEEKER, representing the vivisector's death-bed, and reading the poem beneath. It is one of Elliott Preston's most powerful productions, and deserves to be circulated broadcast.

A shudder runs through my frame as I look upon the startling picture, and I ask myself the question, as I hav often asked before—can it be *possible* that human beings can, in the name of science, thus torture, needlessly, our poor dumb friends? And I am filled with indignation that man is not moved at once to prevent these tortures, these horrible cruelties, by enactment of stringent law. Our helpless dumb creatures should, and must be, protected from the vivisector's knife. Elliott Preston champions a noble cause, and his efforts in this direction should be seconded by every humane heart throughout the world. SUSAN H. WIXON.

I am asked by that friend of humanity and animalinity to "describe just how you were affected at the moment when you opened THE TRUTH SEEKER and your eye fell on the terrible illustration of 'The Vivisector's Deathbed.'" It would be impossible! The brief extract from a private letter to Mr. Preston published in connection with this "terrible illustration," justifies me in adding the emotions were similiar, only not as intense, as when I saw the illustration and read the poem the first time in manuscript. *Horror of horrors!* how hardened, then, must be the heart that could inflict the torture and stand unmoved and witness it! ELLA E GIBSON.

To the Liberals of the United States.

MR. EDITOR: In making this my initial bow to you as a lecturer, I respectfully ask your consideration of the program found below. These lectures are the concentrated essence of many years' study, combined with research and travels over a large portion of the globe, and will be found a symposium of philosophic thought, humor, and sarcasm. Resembling a life's epitome, they alternate "from grave to gay; from lively to severe." I am Yours, L. F. MASSENA,
(Journalist, of Paris, France).

58 *Chambers st., Boston, Mass.*

PROGRAM.—1. My path from Christianity to Atheism. 2. The Atheist and Christian at the Judgment Bar. 3. Human Nature. 4. Leaves from a Traveler's Note-book. 5. The Social Condition of England's Toilers. 6. Socialism, Nihilism, and Anarchism. 7. Remedies for Social Distress.

PREPARING.—8. Who and What is God? 9. Has Man a Soul? 10. Gods in Modern Literature. 11. Marriage and Divorce.

A FEW CRITICISMS.

"M. Massena voiced Socialism from European standpoints, sketching the tragic life of working people under differing political despotisms. . . . His carefully prepared essay was listened to with the closest attention, and highly approved by all present."—Report of Union Reform League Convention in Princeton *Word*, Aug., 1884.

"We enjoyed Mr. Massena's presence and discourse greatly."—*Ezra H. Heywood.*

"A most eloquent speech, and should be heard right through the length and breadth of the country."—*Mr. Twichell, at Lynn, Aug.* 17, 1884.

"One of the most radical addresses that I ever listened to, and yet not a single word to offend the most sensitiv ear."—*J. Q. A. Clifton, Boston.*

"A combination of rare eloquence and deep thought allied to perfect truth."—*F. Doughty, Lynn, Aug.* 17, 1884.

"Has a marvelous knowledge of the English language, speaking it with rare facility and remarkable accuracy."—*T. Miln, Boston, Mass.*

"Mr. Massena is full of information bearing on reform subjects of a kind which the world ought to know; with ample ability for arranging it in an effectiv and instructiv manner. I hav had no opportunity of judging of him in the special respect of his power to interest an audience, but I feel sure that the generous Liberal public desiring to secure lecturers will not regret giving a fair trial to this new candidate for their favors."—*Stephen Pearl Andrews.*

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

FOUNDED BY D. M. BENNETT.

E. M. MACDONALD, - - - Editor.
C. P. SOMERBY, - - Business Manager.

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SATURDAY, - - - OCTOBER 4, 1884.

To the Subscribers of "Man."

In the last number of *Man*, published August 30th, it was stated that the continuance of the publication would depend upon the then approaching Freethinkers' Convention and League Congress. Accordingly the claims of *Man* were publicly and privately placed before the Liberals there assembled. Some aid to continue the publication was offered; and, perhaps, with continued persistence, means enough might hav been pledged to push the journal through another year. But along with this proffered help, there was a general Liberal counseling to merge *Man* with some other paper and thus make one thriftier blade of journalism where two struggling ones grew before. Also after the election of the new officers they expressed a decided wish if *Man* could not be continued above board, and without loss, that it should be merged with THE TRUTH SEEKER, so as to help build up one strong, efficient, and controling organ of Liberal opinion in New York city. This too, it was said, would be in the interest of the reconciliation and reorganization which was the spirit of the hour. It would secure one united League, and one influential Liberal newspaper to publish the grad tidings to all the world.

Still further, the editors of *Man*, having thrown off the official half of their working harness, did not feel such urgent need of holding on to the editorial half. They felt inspired with less to say. Not their occupation, but their mission, seemed in a measure gone; and, with their personal, professional, and business engagements urgently demanding attention, they were the less reluctant to yield to the general wish and open negotiations for burying *Man* in order that he might liv again and become immortal in THE TRUTH SEEKER.

So here, dear reader of both papers, you behold *Man* and THE TRUTH SEEKER united in one. The editors of *Man*, when they hav anything to say, are invited to express themselvs through THE TRUTH SEEKER, as before; there were two papers—a privilege of which they will be happy to avail themselvs as events arise, and as inspirations come. By the arrangement the Liberal Publishing Co. will remain in our hands as before; only the paper, *Man*, is transferred, and THE TRUTH SEEKER will be sent to the subscribers of *Man* to fill out the subscriptions due. We hope the new acquaintance made will be a happy one, and that, on the expiration of the subscription on account of *Man*, they will continue with THE TRUTH SEEKER on their own and its account. We are sure they will find it a most instructiv and interesting Liberal paper which it will be difficult for them to liv without.

T. B. WAKEMAN,
T. C. LELAND.

"Man."

As will be seen by the letter of Messrs. Wakeman and Leland, we hav undertaken to fill *Man's* contract with his subscribers, a task which he has proved unable to complete.

We are very sorry that Mr. Wakeman and Mr. Leland hav been obliged to bury their Freethought journalistic infant, and we shall, we hope, conduct the services over his remains in a becoming manner. *Man* was doing a valuable work as a pioneer; he was, as it were, a little wedge that found a crevice in the armor of the church where, perhaps, bigger and blunter lances could not penetrate. And were Messrs. Wakeman's and Leland's pens broken at the same time *Man's* existence terminates, Freethought would indeed suffer a great loss. But we hav assurance from them that they will contribute to THE TRUTH SEEKER as often as their business will allow leisure for thought and its expression. We hope to hav something from them every week.

The terms upon which THE TRUTH SEEKER will be sent in place of *Man* are upon the basis of cost. The price of *Man* was $1 per annum, one-third that of THE TRUTH SEEKER. We shall, therefore, send THE TRUTH SEEKER for one-third as long a period—four months to those who hav paid a year in advance for *Man*, and shorter periods in proportion. Quite a number of friends, we find in looking over *Man's* list, were subscribers to both *Man* and THE TRUTH SEEKER. That no injustice may be done them, and that they may lose nothing by the failure of the N. Y. Liberal Publishing Co. to continue the publication of *Man*, we shall forward to them any book they may select of our own publication to the amount of their unexpired subscription to *Man*. A letter to Mr. Somerby will secure prompt adjustment of all such claims.

In *Man's* death the League has lost an organ, but has probably gained more potent weapons, for we shall devote a share of our space weekly to the work of organization. And no doubt all the other Liberal journals will gladly do the same, thus insuring to the League a wider circulation of its propaganda efforts, and a no less zealous support of the officers. We invite, therefore, all the secretaries or correspondents of the League to send to us weekly reports of their doings and such shall appear promptly. Mr. Putnam, the new secretary, will find THE TRUTH SEEKER ready to help in all ways in his arduous work.

A word to *Man's* readers to whom THE TRUTH SEEKER is now for the first time a regular visitor. It shall be our aim to make this paper indispensable to your mental enjoyment. We hav a large corps of remarkably able and brilliant correspondents. THE TRUTH SEEKER givs you every week as much reading matter as is printed in a fifty-cent book. The editor endeavors to be a true Liberal, sincerely believing that all sides should hav a hearing upon all subjects pertaining to the welfare of the human race. So far as space permits, this belief is put into practice every week. To those who subscribed for *Man* that they might keep informed of the doings of the National Liberal League, we can say that such special news shall be even more fully given in THE TRUTH SEEKER than ever in *Man*. The reorganization effected at Cassadaga, if sustained by the Liberals of the country, will lead to more important action than has hitherto been taken, and our League department will therefore be interesting. And THE TRUTH SEEKER has one department that no Liberal family in the country can afford to be without—that is, our "Children's Corner." Miss Susan H. Wixon, who conducts this corner, is as good a writer for children as these United States can furnish, and is winning loving encomiums from all her thousands of little friends. Every Liberal will be thankful to make her acquaintance. The editorial policy of the paper is identical with the Nine Demands of Liberalism, but we go further, and advocate the upbuilding of a rational philosophy that shall lead to better lives on the part of the people, and that shall yield to its adherents all the social and emotional enjoyments of the churches, without any mixture of superstition, or the use of rites and ceremonies degrading to manhood and womanhood. This philosophy must be a growth, an evolution from lower forms, and this growth THE TRUTH SEEKER hopefully fosters. But our immediate object is to insure a secular republic, recognizing no religion, and influenced by none. In accomplishing this we want your help, and hope that when the contract made on behalf of *Man* is fulfilled, you will like THE TRUTH SEEKER too well to part company with it.

A Remarkable Sermon.

The Rev. James Kay Applebee is the pastor of the "Twenty-eighth Congregational Society," and occupies the pulpit of Parker Memorial, Boston, Massachusetts. Mr. Applebee is not a genius, but he is a well-advanced specimen of the average unorthodox minister. One of his pulpit innovations is that, instead of praying, he aspires. And his aspiration is not to "God," but to the "Infinit Spirit of the Universe." This is Spencer's patent Unknowable (substituting Spirit for Energy), and Mr. Applebee ought to pay royalty on the idea, or add the rest of the definition, and giv due credit. But this is not what we set out to call attention to.

September 14th, just after the National Liberal League Congress had been held, Mr. Applebee delivered a sermon on "The Ethics of Religious Liberalism." This sermon is one of the strangest mixtures we ever read. It is a compound of Rationalism and superstition; of splendid statement of Freethought principles and a total misapprehension of them and misstatement of their application; a brilliant defense of thought, and an utter abandonment of reason; a glorification of truth, and an exemplification of how easy it is for an occupant of a pulpit to ignore it; of a seeming honest desire to do justice to Freethinkers, and a most prejudiced and dishonest attack upon them and the League. Add to this the uncalled-for abuse of individuals who were pioneers in the path he is treading, who hav made it possible for him to outrun Abner Kneeland's heresy and still keep out of prison, and we hav a most remarkable sermon by a most ungrateful man. It is the more shame to him that he was once a subscriber to the *Investigator*, and a reader of Mr. Seaver's Chesterfieldian subversions of Christianity.

Mr. Applebee appears to be unreservedly in favor of the Nine Demands. "Religious Liberalism, pure and simple," he takes to be embodied in them. Dogmatically assuming this point, he then inquires, "What should be the ethical action of religious Liberals, as such?" Now, in the first place, the Nine Demands are not the whole of religious Liberalism. They are not, indeed, religious in any way. They comprise, and Mr. Applebee will please note the discrimination, the most essential portion of *political* Liberalism, and are the first changes necessary in the laws of this nation in order that *religious* Liberalism may hav opportunity to develop without its teachers being imprisoned for heresy to old creeds. But answering his own query, he says (and in order that we may not do him the injustice he has done the League, we quote his whole paragraph):

> "Perhaps, for the individual man, almost the whole of ethics may be considered as comprehended in the terse maxim, 'Mind your own business.' A very astute writer on morals, Miss Edith Simcox, has said that a society would be anarchic 'in which every one spent his time in seeking the advantage of somebody else.' What is true of individuals is equally true of organizations of individuals. As it is a supreme ethical law for the individual that he should mind his own business, so it is also a supreme ethical law for companies of individuals, organized together for the achievement of some particular purpose, that they should, as members of the organization, also mind their own business—that is, that they should confine their efforts to the achievement of the purpose for the sake of which the organization had been called into being. If the National Liberal League had observed this wholesome ethical law—if it had not suffered itself to be turned aside from its original purpose, which was the establishment in this great American commonwealth of 'equal rights in religion' among all citizens—it would hav been a triumphant thing in this land to-day, instead of being, as it now is, the dreariest of all dreary failures—a thing covered with deserved obloquy and deserved shame."

We do not charge, as some might, that in this our pulpiteer is purposely dishonest, but will charitably assume that he is only ignorant of his subject. Others, of wider information, hav fallen into the gross error of assuming that the split in the League was due to a majority of the delegates at Syracuse wandering off after strange gods and side issues. This assumption is totally false. The majority at Syracuse were true to their duty, and the seceders were the recalcitrants. One of the constitutional objects of the League is to protect persecuted Freethinkers. Mr. Applebee is entirely mistaken in assuming that the "line of objects marked out in its constitution refers exclusivly to the bringing about of a total separation between church and state." At the time of the Syracuse Congress Mr. Bennett was

being most cruelly harassed by the church. One of the ways of defending him was by repealing, or *materially modifying*, the laws under which he was arrested. This course was deemed wise by such eminent men as James Parton, O. B. Frothingham, Elizur Wright, and others. The majority of the delegates at Syracuse concurred in this, and though the resolution was not passed at that Congress, repeal or material modification officers were elected, which was tantamount to the same thing, and was the occasion of the division. We hav urged, as strongly as Mr. Applebee can, that the League shall adopt the motto, "Mind your own business." But it is precisely because the League *was* minding its business—a business, too, laid down for it by the chief seceder—that the separation was effected. Either that, or Mr. Bennett was not a Freethinker and was not being persecuted by the church, either one of which propositions he will be a rash man who disputes. To such a one we should quote the words of the editor of the opposition organ that "whatever may be said of them [Mr. Bennett and others] personally," . . . they "were *victims of religious bigotry* and unfair legal interpretation." The "deserved obloquy and deserved shame" with which the League "is covered" are all in Mr. Applebee's mind. The League has nothing to be ashamed of and no apologies to make.

In another paragraph of Mr. Applebee's sermon, however, we find something to commend. It is this:

"An organization to succeed in its object must hav a clearly defined object in view, and must resist as traitorous every attempt that may be made to entangle it with other and foreign objects. Otherwise it will, and that only apparently, gain in width what it loses in concentrated power. It will gain diffusivness at the expense of its usefulness. Seeking to please everybody, it will please nobody, and bring failure upon itself into the bargain. Garrison would never hav been victorious—he would never hav created that overwhelming force of public opinion which made the abolition of slavery possible—if he had not been so resolute in keeping his anti-slavery movement strictly to itself, steadily refusing to mix it up with other objects, however good and proper, in themselvs, those other objects might be."

We believe that every distinctiv reform should hav its own organization, as much more will be accomplished, and much sooner, than by one body undertaking to do all and everything. But this is the only ray of common sense that illumins the first two columns of the sermon. He fairly revels in the discussion of obscenity, for he returns to it again and again:

"The obscene literature question was the rock on which the Liberal League was destined to split. As things hav turned out, it would hav been better for the cause of religious equality in America if the splitting had taken place at Philadelphia in 1876 rather than hav been deferred to a later date. Every subsequent act of the League only tended to sink the cause of religious Liberalism into infamy and disgrace. Two men, you know, Heywood and Bennett, were imprisoned for sending through the mails an utterly dull and foolish production called 'Cupid's Yokes.' Eminent judges pronounced the production 'obscene;' and a judicial court ruled that it could not legally be sent through the mails. This was a question which did not affect the League at all; but the members of the anti-religious faction of the League, who had now succeeded in capturing it, chose to consider the miserable little production *not* obscene, and professing to see danger to the principle of religious freedom in the ruling of the courts, they demanded the unconditional repeal of all laws which prohibited the sending of obscene matter through the mails, and so insisted that the post-office of the United States should be free for any filthy rascal to use for any filthy purpose he pleased. This is the morality of religious Liberalism according to the Liberal League. Because some men hav been wrongly convicted of larceny there shall be no more laws against larceny! At the convention in Chicago one delegate boasted that he 'had five daughters, and was perfectly willing that they should receive anything that might be sent to them through the mails.' Perhaps so. But then other fathers, whose morals may not be quite so easy-going, hav a clear right to hav their homes protected from the invasion of polluting filth."

Mr. Applebee can hardly bring himself to call the pamphlet for mailing which Mr. Bennett was imprisoned an obscene book, so he quotes the opinion of "eminent judges." In this he is mistaken. No judge who can deservedly be called eminent ever so pronounced the work. On the contrary, men like Col. Ingersoll, Attorney-General Devens, James Parton, O. B. Frothingham, Elizur Wright, and hosts of others bore testimony the other way. Francis E. Abbot, whom Mr. Applebee "supposes must go through the process of dying before other men find out his worth," said at the time, "*To confound this book with that vile class of literature which alone ought to be suppressed is a monstrous injustice, and we protest against it with irrepressible indignation.*" And when Mr. Applebee asserts that "this was a question which did not affect the League at all," we can again quote the opinion of the most bitter foe of the repeal policy. His words were:

"*When men are punished for promulgating their mere opinions as a crime, and when this oppression is a direct interference of the church with the state, who shall say that it is an issue foreign to the objects of the Liberal League?*"

The closing portion of Mr. Applebee's paragraph above quoted is rant stolen from the religious press. It gains no weight from being remouthed from the Parker Memorial pulpit, and we never considered it, in the original, to be worth noticing. It is so infamously false in its implications, and so distortedly stated, that to the minds of all men whose good opinion is worth having it is self-refuting.

It is pleasant to turn from this dishonest rhodomontade to the philosophical remarks reproduced in this issue on page 636. A perusal of those glowing sentences, followed by a close reading of the subjoined extract, will, we are sure, be evidence sufficient to bear us out in characterizing this sermon as one of the most remarkable compounds of common-sense and prejudice—to use no stronger word—that has emanated from a theologian in modern times:

"Some people seem to imagin that while the utmost freedom of discussion should be allowed on doubtful or non-essential points, yet on points which are essential and not doubtful freedom of discussion ought not to be permitted. The Evangelical Alliance has formulated this idea in the motto: 'In essentials, unity; in non-essentials, liberty; in all things, charity.' On reading up the history of the National Liberal League I find that the League was idiotic enough, at the instigation of the same anti-religious genius who is responsible for introducing the great apple of discord, Comstock and his law, into its counsels, to gravely adopt a sort of parody on the Evangelical Alliance motto. At the first Congress of the League Mr. Andrews submitted the resolution 'that we adopt as the true scientific basis of organization the following motto or epitomized statement: In things demonstrated and certain, unity; in whatsoever can be doubted, free diversity; in all things, charity.' What supreme nonsense! What is a demonstrated certainty to one man is not so to another; and how can a demonstrated certainty be a ground of unity for those two men? Nobody has ever yet been able to separate doubtful points from those which are not doubtful or demonstrated, and certain things from things which are not demoustrated and not certain. What is doubtful to me may be a firm certainty to my neighbor. Shall he be allowed to restrain me in the utterance of my doubts because he happens to be without doubt at all? Humanity has made its noblest advances when it has exchanged its certainties for uncertainties. Humanity has committed its greatest mistakes and its fearfulest crimes when it has attempted to crush out a new thought which has arisen in the world, because that new thought has let in an element of doubt upon things which it had cherished as demonstrated and certain."

It is surprising how a man who seems to see so clearly the right principles of a true science of society should blunder in so simple a bit of reasoning as is Mr. Andrews's terse motto. We can only account for it by supposing he has borrowed either one or the other portion of his discourse, and forgotten to giv credit.

The Evangelical Alliance demanded *unity in essentials*—a very different thing from *unity on things certain*. And Mr. Applebee knows that while Mr. Andrews never asserted the things *certain* shall be just what *he* regarded as certain, the Evangelical Alliance dogmatically claims to define the essentials, and asserts that on what it chooses to so term there shall be no discussion. The reverend gentleman did not even quote Mr. Andrews aright; the accurate statement of the motto is, "In things proven, unity; in whatsoever can be doubted, free diversity; in things not trenching upon others' right, liberty; in all things, charity." To the first clause of this our minister retorts, "What supreme nonsense! What is a demonstrated certainty [we use the perverted version] to one man is not so to another." Well, well! Is not the multiplication table a demonstrated certainty to "another," or is it only a partial and one-sided thing? Is it not a demonstrated certainty that men are born and die? There are thousands of other certainties as well demonstrated as these, but if these two, or even one of them, were all, Mr. Andrews's motto asks unity in no more. And if these were not a demonstrated certainty in the universe, the motto would call for no unity until a certainty *is* demonstrated. A man to whom a thing is not demonstrated is not asked to unite upon it till it is demonstrated, or proven; but taking, for instance, the multiplication table as a basis, as many men as can see the certainty of that can unite on it—and on no more if no more is to them a certainty. Those who cannot accept the multiplication table as a demonstrated certainty need not unite. If Mr. Applebee's neighbor cannot explain this table so Mr. Applebee can understand it, he, Mr. Applebee, will do well to stand aloof from him, the neighbor.

"Nobody has ever yet been able to separate doubtful points from those which are not doubtful!" We cannot envy the condition of that man who travels from one end of life to the other without *knowing* a single thing. Such a complete embrace of Berkeleyism is rarely seen or felt as Mr. Applebee's. The world is to him a phamtom held before his eyes by his Infinit Spirit, for his confusion, and every object is a subject for doubt. No point is settled; he knows nothing, not even his own ignorance. He only thinks he exists. He is to be pitied.

But upon what foundation does he base his question whether his neighbor shall be permitted to restrain him in the utterance of his doubts, because that neighbor has no doubts upon the subject? What clause in the motto can he cite to sustain him? If his query is a dishonest attempt to impute to Mr. Andrews and the League purposes and desires which never entered the thought of either, nor were ever expressed by even the shadow of implication, then Mr. Applebee owes the man and the organization an apology. Is he gentleman enough to make it?

Humanity, he further says, has made its noblest advances when it has *exchanged its certainties for uncertainties*. This reminds us very much of Mr. Chainey's assertion that fiction has a higher mission than fact; in other words, that a lie is a better educator than truth. Well, two eminent gentlemen agree, and we must therefore conclude that when humanity exchanged its *certainty* of a flat earth for the *un*certainty of a round one, it made a great advance. But let us reverse the proposition—everything has two sides, it is said. When humanity changed its uncertainty of a flat earth for a certainty of a round one, it made a great retrogressiv movement. That is Mr. Applebee's logic.

But we hav followed Mr. Applebee as far as space permits. If we shall hav pointed out to him any inconsistencies which he may hav the candor to revoke, our labor will not hav been in vain. He is too good a man to allow to be utterly lost without an effort made to redeem him, and as Brother Seaver refuses to pull him out of the mire, we hold him our fraternal hand. We think, however, that Brother Seaver ought to seriously labor with his whilom subscriber.

Orderly Anarchy.

From Benjamin R. Tucker's Liberty.

TO THE EDITOR OF LIBERTY, *Sir:* I hav just read E. H. Benton's letter on currency, and your reply thereto. It seems to me that you are both in a "corner." Taking Anarchism as a standpoint for a "new departure" in thought and action, what is your mortgage worth? What can it secure? Take away the machinery of the state, and mortgages will not possess as much value as so much blank paper. The latter may be useful to write on; whilst the former could only be utilized for pulp. When we do away with or outgrow the "state," we must leave all its methods behind. We must not attempt to put the new wine of the revolution into the old skins (bottles) of the played-out state. J. W. COOPER.

Tennessee Pass, Col., Aug. 15, 1884.

[There is no point to Mr. Cooper's criticism unless he is a Communist as well as an Anarchist (if indeed one can be both). For none but Communists favor the disappearance of all titles to justly earned wealth. A mortgage is a conditional title. To say that under Anarchy it will be worth nothing is to say that Anarchy means utter insecurity and wholesale theft. A not uncommon charge from its opponents, but a strange confession to come from one of its friends! When Anarchy prevails, all just titles will be valid and efficacious for one of two reasons—either people will hav improved in their morals sufficiently to respect them voluntarily, or else such persons as are indisposed to respect them will be forced to do so. "Th: old state over again!" my undiscriminating friend will cry. Not at all, my friend! Simply a voluntary association for defense of person and property to which no one need belong who does not choose, and which no one not belonging will be expected to support. By no means an old bottle. On the contrary, an entirely new one, and just the thing, as long as needed, to hold the revolutionary wine.—*Editor Liberty.*]

Will Mr. Tucker please explain further? Will his anarchical society constrain the people outside his "voluntary association for defense of person and property?" If yes, in what does the difference consist between anarchical society and our present government? If no, where is the protection? Or shall persons belonging to the association only hav dealings with fellow-members; and, if a person in the association is constrained, how is his act voluntary? And will he continue to pay for being constrained? It strikes us that this constraining is precisely what our friend Tucker is now so eloquently kicking against.

In Stephen Pearl Andrews's sociological scheme—the pantarchy—nothing but moral force is used. It looks as though Mr. Tucker would hav to adopt that or let our present societarial government alone.

Anyway, some more "constructiv" Anarchy from Mr. Tucker will be studied with interest. He should expound the positiv side of his philosophy for the benefit of the heathen.

Letters from Friends.

CANYON CITY, Aug. 23, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I want to giv you a few little incidents that hav occurred in my life within a few years. It may be they will help some others to think.

Having heard a Presbyterian minister say that truth never suffered by criticism, I said to him, "I believe all orthodox churches hold that Christ possessed two whole, perfect, and distinct natures, very God and very man, yet one Christ; and that that Christ died for man, and the churches worship him that died for them?" He said, "Yes." Then said I, "I understand idolatry to consist in the worship of anything but God." He said, "Yes." The first question, then, is, Did that very God die? He thought a moment, and then said, "No." Then said I, "Christ didn't die; nothing but a very man did die, and him we worship, and preach that his blood cleansed from all sin. How much does worship of a very man lack of idolatry? and then the idea that the blood of one even very man could save all the rest! and yet each one dies for himself at last. Now, what is the gospel you preach but the gospel of a very man?" He turned, picked up his hat, and said he must go down town, and left me.

At another time I was out by my gate, and there came along a reverend doctor, and after shaking hands I said to him, "Doctor, you know we believe that our souls are an immaterial and immortal substance?" He said, "Yes." Said I, "Is the soul the result of direct creation, or of derivation." He answered, "As much the result of creation as anything Almighty God ever made." I replied that it was either created when Adam was, or since. He said, "Probably since." I replied, "Then probably it was created about the time your body was formed." He said, "Yes." "If so," said I, "did it fall in Adam?" He dropped his head a moment, and then started up and said, "Well, I'm going to a patient down here; I must go along."

In a day or two I called on our professor, principal of the seminary, and some fifty years old, a graduate and minister. I told him of the conversation I had had with the doctor, but he, tinctured a little with Unitarianism, spurned the idea of falling in Adam, but yet asserted he had a soul, and said to me, "Why, don't you know how quick your soul can go to England?" I said, "Professor, when my soul goes to England does it leave my body?" He slowly answered, "Well, I suppose not." "Then," said I, "it must be like india rubber—it stretches all the way." He was a big man, and had a big face. He opened his mouth and laughed, but the color mounted to his temples. Next day I fell in with the presiding elder and a circuit steward, and was telling them of the professor's and doctor's ideas of the creation of the soul. The elder said, "Professor Pinkney never studied theology. He is a scholar, but don't understand religion. It is not orthodox that each soul was created." "Well," said I, "elder, what is the orthodox view?" He replied, "Souls are begotten." I answered, "Then there must be a division of that immaterial substance which constitutes the soul, descending from father or mother, or both, and what do you think becomes of it in the thousands of instances where no material conception takes place." The elder paused, the steward saw his difficulty, and asked him a question on something else, and I said no more.

A few months after, being from home, I staid all night with a Dunkard preacher, who introduced the subject of what he called the no-soul church not far off, meaning the Second Adventists. Said I, "I suppose you believe you hav a soul?" He said, "Yes." I inquired, "Where did you get it?" He said it came from God. "Where did he get it?" "Well," said he, "in my opinion, the soul is a part of God." "Then, of course," said I, "it follows, first, that God is divisible into a good many parts; secondly, if a soul can sin, a part of God can sin; thirdly, if God ever damns a soul, he damns a part of himself; and, fourthly, you and I are Gods. What do you say to that?" He cast his eyes to the carpet a minute, and then said, "I'll think of that," and said no more about the no-soulists.

Some time ago a Campbellite minister came to our town to hold a protracted meeting. After preaching a week, he came to see me. I took him into my sitting-room, and he introduced himself by telling who he was and what was his business. He had graduated at a certain college in Kentucky, and then at a law school, and had practiced law for six or seven years; but had given it all up for the gospel. I hadn't said a word till now. Then I said: "Mr. Thornbury, I hav never been much acquainted with your sort of folks. I suppose you are orthodox as to the immortality of the soul, and the fall of Adam and consequent corruption of the race. "Oh, yes," he replied. "Mr. Thornbury, where did you get your soul?" He answered, "I believe God created a great mass of spirit substance, and when a child is born, with its first breath it inhales a portion of that substance as its soul." "All right," said I; "then it follows that all that great mass of spirit substance was in Adam when he fell, or the child born to-day never fell in Adam." He showed himself a little nonplussed, but as I wasn't done, I proceeded, "Mr. Thornbury, as you are a lawyer, I would like to ask you another question. In our Constitution is a clause forbidding a bill of attainder; what do you understand by bill of attainder?" He replied: "It was an old English law that disgraced the family of a criminal and subjected them to consequences." "But why," said I, "was that put into our Constitution?" "Because of the manifest injustice of such a bill." "All right; then another question, if you please. Was the offense of Adam against moral law simply, or against physical law?" He said it was violation of moral law. "And because of that the whole race is injured?" He said yes. "And what is that, then, but a bill of attainder, which you say is manifestly unjust?" He drew his watch out of his pocket and said he had agreed to go to dinner at the next house and asked to be excused.

One day I went out into the street and fell in company with the Methodist preacher, once an M.D., and presiding elder. I said, "Doctor, either your soul is everywhere in the universe, or only somewhere." He said it was only somewhere; it was local. "Then," said I, "it has extension, and that extension is divisible. Extension and divisibility are properties of matter, and we recognize matter only by its properties. If, therefore, the properties of matter and spirit are alike, how do you know one from the other?" "Oh," said he, "you can't reason about spirit as you do about matter." "But," said I, "doctor, you authorized me to. You said your soul was only somewhere." But he started off and the other preacher called to him to come back and settle that question. But no; off he went.

After awhile I was at a boarding-house and sat down to dinner near a Baptist D.D., and during dinner said to him, "Doctor, is baptism essential to salvation?" He said, "I suppose you know what the Bible says, 'he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved.'" "Yes, I know that," said I, "but I am asking for your opinion. Is baptism essential to salvation?" He seemed reluctant, but said no. "Then," said I, "to what is it essential?" He replied, "To keeping the commands of God." Said I, "Is not keeping the commands of God essential to salvation?" By this time he was done his dinner and passed into another room.

Traveling from home some fifty miles, I had occasion to stop at a farmhouse for dinner and feed my horse. Having been sitting all the forenoon, I apologized for walking about a little and looking at some books and papers on a bureau, by which I saw they were Baptists. In the course of a little conversation, something was said about free "niggers," and I made the observation that I thought niggers had as good a right to themselvs as anybody in the world. At that the old woman looked at me and said, "Would you eat at the table with a nigger?' Said I, "Madam, a few days before I left home, a Baptist minister called at my house on business, and went away toward night, and knowing the circumstances, I told him if he found no better place to stay over, he might come back and stay with me. He accordingly came back, ate supper at our table, slept in a good bed (was dressed well himself), took breakfast with us, and we never caught the itch, nor any other distemper, and yet he was almost jet black." "Well," she said, "I wouldn't." I said, "Madam, are you a Christian?" "I hope so," she said. "Do you believe negroes are folks included in the covenant of grace and redeemed by Christ?" She said yes. "Then," said I, "they may be Christians, and to be a Christian Christ must dwell in the heart, mustn't he?" She said yes. "Well, then, you see," said I, "the difference between you and Christ; he will dwell in the heart of those with whom you would not so much as eat." A. B. PIKARD.

VICTORIA, B. C., Sept. 9, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Col. R. G. Ingersoll visited this city about two weeks ago and delivered his lecture on "Orthodoxy." As soon as his lecture was advertised he was subjected to a perfect avalanche of abuse and misrepresentation through the columns of the press; good Christians and church-members rushed frantically around in their detestable endeavor to prevent Ingersoll's agent securing a hall, and thus preventing, to all intents and purposes, good, law-abiding citizens listening to a man who dares to express an opinion differing with those of superstition and ignorance, concocted by shrewd and cunning men centuries ago, and handed down from age to age like the traditions and legands of barbarians and savages. In this they were partially successful, inasmuch as they prevented a hall of any great capacity being secured. A somewhat small hall, however, was secured.

A few minutes before the time set for the delivery of the lecture, and when the hall was about half full, the police appeared on the scene and refused to allow any more to enter, on the plea that there wasn't sufficient exit from the hall in case of fire or accident. A complaint to that effect had, at the last minute, been laid with the authorities by two model Christians. For about half an hour indignation and confusion reigned supreme both inside and outside the hall. But again orthodoxy was doomed to defeat. Six stalwart Liberals procured axes, and in a few moments knocked out almost an entire end of the building, thus creating the alleged necessary exit and gaining an overwhelming victory for free thought and speech. The hall was packed, the lecture proceeded; and it is needless to add that the audience was enthusiastic, and that every argument of the lecturer carried conviction with it. If Ingersoll had remained here one week, I don't think there would hav been one hundred intelligent people in the whole city who could hav believed in the religion of our churches.

Ever since his departure the church choirs hav been singing praises to the Lord that this monster of Infidelity was not permitted to remain longer.

I hav heard it asserted on several occasions since Ingersoll's lecture here that he was challenged about a year ago, in the city of Chicago, to meet a Jesuit priest on a public platform and discuss religion, and that he declined or sneaked out of it. I don't for a moment believe such a statement; in fact, never heard of the circumstance before, but you would oblige myself and many other Liberals in this city if you would publish the true circumstances of this alleged "back-down" on the part of Ingersoll, so that we will be able to refute with authority such statements in future. In search of knowledge, I respectfully remain, Yours truly, FRED. SHAKESPEARE.

[Mr. Ingersoll has been challenged many times by insignificant priests who hoped to gain notoriety through Ingersoll's great fame. The colonel has refused to be used in that way, but has a standing challenge out to the churches of the United States (and he would probably be willing to include British Columbia) to put forth their representativ man, agreeing to fall with him; and he would see that they had the opportunity of tumbling. We hav no knowledge of the particular priest to whom Mr. Shakespeare refers, but he doubtless can be duplicated in any city of the Union. There is great itching on the part of many obscure Jesuits to win public recognition by debating with Mr. Ingersoll. They are even willing to be literally skinned alive that the salve of fame may be applied to their wounds.—ED. T. S.]

POMONA, CAL., Sept. 15, 284.

MR. EDITOR: Again the followers of the "meek and lowly" of Pomona hav shown their hands as regards their unfitness for the affairs of this world. Briefly, the facts are: a saloon-keeper was arrested for keeping a disorderly house, by information of a citizen of the purgativ profession, he securing the services of a "Lamb of the Lord" for an attorney whose head towers some distance under the clouds, but whose intellect soars far above them in matters superstitious and presumptuous holiness. Said gospel-sharp is a handsome young fellow, and would ornament a harp or ram's horn in the realms of the New Jerusalem with more grace and appropriateness than a court of justice in California. But this young gospel dude imagins that his gigantic intellect is too lofty for the ordinary way of dealing with matters of this world in a worldly way, and, possibly imbued with the idea that he would be called upon in the sweet by and by to plead to the indictment of "What are you here for?" would be able to swear that he had done his master's work well by peremptorily "firing" the writer hereof from off the jury in the above-stated case, presumably on the ground that he is an Infidel.

Yes, Mr. P. Ant, attorney, I am glad that you "fired" me on the grounds of not being one of *you*. It portrays beyond anything I might or could write the bigotry and narrowness of your clouded and befogged mind. It speaks volumes. It shows to the thinking people that you are possessed of more superstition than sense, more love for the phantoms than regard for law. You would succeed better as a dealer in wings, harps, and the general paraphernalia of ghosts, on the corner of St. Gabriel st., New Jerusalem, than dealing in law and real estate in Pomona. Speak to your loved pastor, all ye holy bamboozlers, for a pair of wings. Prepare for your exit to the realms of your usefulness. You are angels now, and in the line of promotion. You will not be missed here. Your loss will not be felt, and you may be able to amuse the birds of paradise.

Now, Mr. Editor, these fellows ought to read "The Bible Analyzed," by that great thinker, John R. Kelso. If they would, their holy eyes would suddenly flop open so wide that ever after they could read by the light of the new moon. It would remove the kinks out of their putty heads clean and clear forever. The light of the nineteenth century would be a revelation indeed. It is a grand book, and ought to be on the shelf of every Liberal in the land.

On last Sunday a "come-up-and-be-dipped" spook-house was dedicated in this place to the phantoms of the skies. It cost about $3,000 in coin, and a terrible amount of begging, to appease the wrath of the gods and satisfy the avarice of the parson.

As an illustration of the lasting effects of the reading of Freethought publications in the minds of the young, I met Mr. Thos. K. Thompson, now living at the Chino Ranch, who informs me that he is seventy-three years old, a firm, Materialistic reasoner; that he began reading the Boston *Investigator* in 1824. Since that time he says that he has no use or reverence for the gods of the skies. He is a finely preserved specimen of a man who complies with the laws of nature and observes their order.

I trust Brother Chainey will be able to capture some of those mild spirits that hav recently been so familiar with him. Brother Chainey is emotional; he can't help it.

There are some sixty Freethinkers in Pomona, including four or five Spiritualists. We do not hav any organization, but each and all are fighting the creeds of superstition single-handed. H. L. SHAUG.

BREMOND, TEXAS, Aug. 31, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Your favor of the 21st inst. and package of tracts are received. With some of the tracts I am delighted. "Honest Questions," etc., "Gods of Superstition," etc., "Discussion on Prayer," are worth to me more than ten times the cost of all. I hav examined your catalog and marked my selections, and month by month, as the pay car arrives, I will set aside a portion of my pay to purchase myself a library of Liberal literature. By the bye, is there a place in your city where second-hand Bibles can be sold? I hav a big stock on hand, and would like to realize their market value. Freethought and Liberalism are much more prevalent here than I thought some time back; but it is not educated, there is a lack of guiding principle, a want of training and a trainer. I hav loaned my tracts to several, and they ask for more of the same kind. I hav tried to get some to join me and send you a big order, but no good. Many of the people here think Freethought means Freelove, and that no one who is a non-believer in God and the scripture can be either honest in principle or purpose or pure in morals. Like myself, they need instruction and an instructor. I feel at times like starting a night or Sunday school myself. I know my insufficiency, but I think I could do this: read them Paine's "Age of Reason" as a text-book, Bennett's tracts to explain, and Ingersoll's lectures to amuse, and then get some simple works on geology and astronomy and gradually work up an interest in the subject, that would benefit them some, and myself ever so much. I am a carpenter in a bridge gang, and hav with me a dozen men, whom I can in some measure influence. Now, cannot you, who are so far advanced, aid me in this matter? Can you not direct me in a course of teaching or practice that will giv me new ideas of how to help others? Unlike Christian missionaries, I want no material assistance. I can bear my own expenses in the matter. I want ideas, and suggestions of how to help myself and others. When I was a professed Christian I taught in Sunday-schools. I studied, to be able to teach, and I found out that I was on the wrong track. I owe as much to humanity to-day as I did when a Christian, and I must learn myself, and try and teach others. I want to be able to convince everyone whom I am thrown with that my belief is sincere, and founded on principle, and that I am able to giv a clear and cogent reason for my belief. Can you gather from my rambling letter an idea of what I need, and can you help me?. I am deeply in earnest. I am getting old (fifty-four), and I want to try and undo all I can of what I hav

heretofore been at so much trouble to do, clouding the minds of others in superstition.

I will send you my subscription to your paper and my order for books in a few days, as soon as the pay-car comes up.

With many thanks to the mind and memory of D. M. Bennett, for the pleasure and profit I hav derived from the few of his tracts I hav read, and an earnest hope—not prayer—for the success to the paper he founded, I am, with great respect,

Jos. E. FICKLIN.

CINCINNATI, O., Sept. 23, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: As you are allowing some discussion on the political question, I wish to say a few words.

I was asked the question a few days ago who I was going to vote for. I wish to answer the question through your columns, and giv my reasons for so doing. I would say, B. F. Butler. I am asked why. I would say because he is the most Liberal man of the three. In his letter of acceptance he does not cater to the church, he does not lug God into the Constitution, he does not accept the myths and phantoms of the church, he is in favor of all property being taxed, the church included. No man did better service in the war. He was the right man in the right place. He is an independent man, doing and saying what he believed to be right, regardless of anyone. No man's vote stands better in Congress. He was always on the right side, always in favor of the workingman, and always opposed to monopolies and the giving away of public lands. He is all right on the tariff question. There is not a man in the country that understands the affairs of the country, the wants and needs, better than he does. There is not a more intellectual man, or a man with better brain, in the country than B. F. Butler. He has outgrown and left both the Republican and Democratic parties because they were too corrupt for him. He sat down on the pride of Massachusetts by showing up its corruptions. They went back on him for it; I respect him for it. He never hesitates to do right regardless of consequences. That is the kind of man we want.

Blaine is a very intellectual man, and a great politician, but he will do anything for money or political gain (in my judgment). He enriched himself by voting away public lands.

Cleveland's moral character condemns him. If every Liberal and workingman will vote for Butler he will be elected, and we will hav a good, honest man at the head of the government, and one that cannot be nosed around by any person or party.

C. D. WALLACE.

ITHACA, N. Y., Sept. 10, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: It is proposed by John R. Kelso that a few should giv their definitions of marriage, when he would giv his in answer to his question, What is it? It being a question of so much interest to me, having lived in happy union with woman since the age of twenty—about fifty-five years—to express my ideas of what it is and its consequence, I will say that as I believe in no personal or spiritual gods other than concentrativ love, expressed in woman, I must look to nature to express an opinion. I think that I hav reason to believe that the natural instinct is expressed in either sex from childhood up, added to which is reason; that marriage is a fundamental principle in nature; neither is it the ceremony by the priest that makes the two one, but it is natural selection; and when knowledge givs the parties the capacity of natural selection, they are like two drops of water running together, that cannot be separated. But few comparativly hav arrived to that knowledge as yet; hence the marriage ceremony under the circumstances is a wise enactment, though many are unequally yoked together, and are not happy, which is the cause of much misery, but is a less evil than the commission of adultery and the breaking up of families. If two are united in wedlock by natural selection, and become one in interest to all intents and purposes, what need of woman's enfranchisment, inasmuch as she and her husband are of one interest? But the more masculin women seem to aspire to the position and place of man, and let them hav it and modify the marriage law, and thus to be on equality with man; make it impossible to substitute her maiden name for his. Please excuse my digression from the subject.

Yours for liberty of woman and her marriage by natural selection,

ZENAS KENT.

JOLIET, ILL., Aug. 31, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I want to beg a little space in the most valuable paper published, THE TRUTH SEEKER, if you think this worthy. My object is to find a soul for man, and think it easy. If electricity or magnetism is not matter, is it not the force that operates or forms the mind? I think it is the great secret that the Theosophists hav discovered, and, as W. T. Brown in his communication says, it would be dangerous at the present time. His last sentence expresses my views (page 551, TRUTH SEEKER). Miss Hurst, the Georgia girl with such a power, receives it from that force. I think if she had the key to the occult secret she would be a very dangerous person. If you admit this electro-magnetic power to be what acts upon the brain and body, then we hav a soul, and the Spiritualist sends it by itself to a community of souls, which I deny exists. As Mr. Perry says on page 555, the body and mind are not one thing, but two things connected. Mr. Rothwell says you might as well say a bell is not one thing. Now, take a bell and put it in a tight vessel and pump the air from it, and it would be one thing. If it was struck it would not sound. But let the second thing in—the air—and it would sound. But crack the bell, and it would impair the sound. Now, I take the human body, and when, for comparison, injured or worn out, as in old age, the tone is impaired, and when the electro-magnetic soul leaves entirely, they both return to their affinity, and the electro-magnetic force (soul) is eternal, the same as matter, and everywhere present; and I think the Spiritualist will learn another wrinkle, and admit the materializing of the spirit is by this occult secret only in the mind of the living, formed as you saw them.

You hav my view of things, very imperfectly explained.

Yours, with my best wishes, S. G. SCOLLAY.

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36 GRAFTON ST., HALIFAX, N. S., Sept. 21, 284.

MR. EDITOR: A new subscriber from Halifax, Nova Scotia, is something new under the sun, or I am much mistaken. Mr. Charles F. Mott, the new subscriber, is an outspoken Freethinker, and Halifax can boast of few such. I am not acquainted with one other. If there was a possibility of truth seekers fraternizing as church-members do, organization would be much easier. A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind; how much kinder two fellow feelings would makes us no fellow has found out. With your permission, Mr. Editor, I will try to solve the latter problem in the following manner. I am a pronounced Freethinker, and also an enthusiastic checker-player. I am anxious to play a match by correspondence with some checker-playing truth seeker. I can accommodate three correspondents simultaneously. To giv the lasses a show, and to show at the same time that I am no sectarian, so far as the sexes are concerned, I throw the glove to the girls as well as the boys, though I must say I never met a good checker-player of the fair sex; but I am also willing to acknowledge that I hav never met a feminin Freethinker. I am of the opinion the game is too abstruse to be a favorit with the fair sex, but I am quite willing, nay, anxious, that some of the fair readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER may show her superiority at my favorit amusement.

Hoping Brother Macdonald may not think it out of place to thus make acquainted some of his scattered congregation, I am,

Yours fraternally, WM. FORSYTH,
Champion checker-player of Nova Scotia.

WAUSHIP, UTAH, Sept. 14, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Who was it that said something about fools attempting what angels feared to? He should not hav said it, for I believe it deters many of us who are conscious of a lack of education from attempting to express our ideas. There is no part of THE TRUTH SEEKER that I enjoy better than "Letters from Friends." It is gratifying to at least know that there are subscribers in different parts of the country, and a few words from every village would be interesting. We Mormons used to hav what were called testimony meetings, where it became everyone's duty to bear testimony, which a great many did in these words: "I know this is the work of God and that Joseph Smith was his prophet, and that Brigham Young is his lawful successor."

At one of these meetings I was urged to bear my testimony. I did, and it was my first and last attempt at public speaking. When I stood up, the audience appeared to me to be most all eyes, and something in my throat prevented me from uttering a word until I saw they were all smiling at me, which piqued me to say: "Brothers and sisters, I do not know anything about it; and if I did I am too 'scairt' to tell it." I then sat down with perspiration streaming from me.

Now my sermon may suggest one of the reasons we do not hear oftener from different parts of the country. Utah in particular has not been heard from lately, so I hope this may prompt some of our friends to "bear their testimony."

Fraternally yours, WM. REYNOLDS.

SOLON, ME., Aug. 24, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: It has been a long time since I hav had an opportunity to pen a few lines to THE TRUTH SEEKER, and the worst of all is I hav not had time to even read it. I am here in old Maine once more, viewing those beautiful hills and valleys, and can see old Kennebec from my window as I write. I also went to Maranocook to attend the great political mass meeting that was held on the shore of that lake, and must say it is one of the most beautiful places I ever saw for such a gathering. There were three quite large steamers, and any amount of small boats that were skipping over the waters of the lake, and every other convenience that such a gathering would need. I also heard quite a number of speeches from Maine's political leaders, such as Governor Robie, Mr. Blaine, and Eugene Hale, Mr. Fry, Mr. Dingley, and a host of smaller ones too numerous to mention; and a few from out West, such as Emery Storrs, of Chicago, and Col. Plummer, of Decatur, and Mr. Gibson, from Ohio, and some others, all very able speakers. It was a very beautiful day, and all passed off very quietly and without any accident. All seemed to enjoy it finely as a day of recreation and pleasure riding on the lake.

SARAH CLEVELAND HILTON.

WEST BAY CITY, MICH., July 7, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I hav but little time to write, in consequence of a pressure of business. We are very pleasantly located in the western part of the city. The Becker hotel was opened July 2d. The Liberalists and Freethinkers of the city and adjoining country towns met with a hearty reception from Mr. and Mrs. Becker. The reformatory topics of the day were ably discussed, and the numerous guests disbanded at 11.30 P.M., seemingly well pleased, and socially and intellectually entertained.

Mr. Becker is an old-time subscriber of THE TRUTH SEEKER.

In conclusion, I would say that tourists visiting northern Michigan will be hospitably entertained if they patronize the Becker House. I hav read your valuable paper only a short time, and shall enroll my name ere long as a subscriber. I consider your corps of contributors able expounders of natural laws, and sincerely hope that every investigator who wishes justice and truth as boon companions, will aid you as subscribers and contributors.

Wishing you every success, I remain yours ever in the course of truth and mental liberty,

J. N. YAKES.

VIENNA, N. Y., Sept. 21, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: By looking at the tab on my paper, I discovered it read Oct. 1, 1884; consequently inclosed you will find three dollars, to continue for another year. I was never an orthodox, but about thirty years ago I began reading the Bible for the purpose of finding for myself its contents. After reading it three times by course, I was satisfied that it was no good for me. I then read Universalism, but I could not swallow the atonement. I preferred to pay my own little bills here and hereafter. I next commenced investigating Spiritualism, and, like many others, I became thoroughly convinced of its truths; and although I hav read THE TRUTH SEEKER for about five years, with its pros and cons, my faith is not shaken in the least, but I can say I know that this is not all of life, for I hav seen and talked with friends that hav passed over the river where there was no chance for deception. I am glad Brother Chainey has come out honestly and told the world of what he has found.

MRS. C. S. TREMAIN.

ORTHODOXY IMPROVED.

MINNEAPOLIS, Sept 20, 284.

MR. EDITOR: Though not infallible, we suggest improvement on orthodoxy. If a God of infinit love exists, he will most assuredly fulfil all mankind's highest hopes, aspirations, and desires. If a creator cannot exist, still we know that Dame Nature does change creeping worms to most beautiful, lovely butterflies. Who knows that nature cannot change mankind to unfleshed intellectual spirit beings, who may range and explore the grand, immense, infinit universe from planet to planet; from system to system; from world to world, as beautiful happy butterflies go from flower to flower? Thus may not mankind be forever progressing, while eternity unrolls its never-ending line? Is not this a more pleasing prospect than endless misery?

THIS, THEN, IS ORTHODOXY IMPROVED.

If nature changes little worms,
And givs them joy, and love, and wing,
May men not change to angel forms
As earth does lovely flowers bring?

To each and all mankind may come
A change to take the spirit flight,
The perfect Universe to roam
'Mid worlds of ecstasy and light.

Progressing intellect may soar
Free from mortality and clay,
To join the loved ones gone before
When every tear is wiped away.

May not mankind together meet
On bright celestial shining plains,
Where happiness will be complete,
Where harmony forever reigns?

E. N. KINGSLEY.

GLANFORD, CAN., Sept. 22, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $3 for one year's subscription of THE TRUTH SEEKER, for a friend of mine, to be sent to the address herein given.

In reading your TRUTH SEEKER of Sept. 13th, when I came to the convention and read the conversion of George Chainey, it put me in an "eerie swither" whether to advance or retire from Freethinking, Secularism, and Agnosticism, to see one of our supposed best men—a leader and eloquent speaker—join Spiritualism; George Chainey and the Witch of Endor! His experience in joining the spirit-band reminds me very much of a Salvation soldier joining the army of the Lord, who had fought the devil, the world, and the flesh till he conquered them all, and now thanks God for the victory. I am afraid George Chainey has not conquered the last-named evil.

Kindly send me a copy of THE TRUTH SEEKER of Sept. 6th, as a friend of mine wants it, and charge it to me. He wants to hav "God's Love for Man," by E. J. Bowtell.

Yours truly, JOHN MCCLEMONT.

PITTSBURGH, PA., Sept. 22, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I hav just read Mr. George Chainey's conversion in THE TRUTH SEEKER. While it is sparkling, dazzling language, it made me feel sad for the man, for I thought he would hav a future. He, in my mind, climbed his Pegasus, but fell over on the other side. Spiritualism I believe to be a phantom created in a semi-diseased brain, which carries to its possessor ecstasy and hallucination, and produces fantastic ideas and pictures which hav been impressed upon the individual previously out of romance and ghost stories of old. Spiritualism has never at any time disclosed a single fact or truth save such capricious fantastic capers as hav been produced by individuals in similar excited state and condition.

I am glad to learn that Mr. Watts is going to settle on this side the ocean, for I think he will hav a far larger field to develop his genius and ability, while England has still able brain enough.

Very truly yours, C. R. L.

SOLDIERS' HOME, WIS., Sept. 14, 284.

MR. EDITOR: Find inclosed fifty cents, to go to pay for my TRUTH SEEKER. You doubtless receive some surprising statements from some of us worn-out veterans, as, for instance, from Brother James U. Stewart, of the Dayton, Ohio, Home. He says, "I am the only one that takes a Liberal paper out of four thousand inmates of the Central Soldiers' Home of Ohio." You also got the unaccountable intelligence from here that only one man took THE TRUTH SEEKER, Ben Parkins by name. Such a mistake published in the great TRUTH SEEKER and sent over all the United States and Canada, and Lord knows where else, injures the reputation of the Homes. I do not know how many Liberal papers the four thousand in the Dayton Home take, but I do know that there is more than one. So please correct Brother Stewart's statement, lest many be deceived.

Yours for truth, NELSON HUNT.

BURR OAK, MICH., Sept. 20, 284.

MR. EDITOR: In your book notices of September 13th, you mention "Rules of the Theosophical Society (of India), together with an explanation of its objects and principles." Is that for sale at THE TRUTH SEEKER office? If so, what is the price? Where are the other works of the society sold? A few words in THE TRUTH SEEKER on this subject might be of interest to quite a number of your readers. N. G. WATKINS.

[We hav to send to Asia for most of the Theosophical works, but we are willing to take orders from our friends if they can possess their souls with the requisit amount of patience. We hav a few of the books on hand, and these will be sent promptly upon receipt of the order.—ED. T. S.]

Mr. Applebee's More Philosophical Remarks.

Closely connected with the ethics of Liberalism is a question which cannot be said to hav been, as yet, satisfactorily determined—the question as to the precise point at which what John Stuart Mill calls "the sovereignty of the individual" terminates, and the right of society to control individual action begins. Society has very often made mistakes, and has punished as crimes what were really very great virtues. The great mischief, perhaps, has been that the dominant power in society has been too ready to assume of certain actions that they are sins against God, and that therefore such actions shall and ought to be punished as crimes against man. Seeing that a sin is a conscious violation of any known law of God—or, if you prefer so to put it, a conscious violation of any known law of nature, it is manifest a man may commit a good many sins and yet not, therefore, commit any crime. Seeing that a crime is simply a violation of the laws framed by society for the protection of its members, it is equally manifest that a man may commit a good many crimes and yet not, therefore, commit any sin. The dominant power in English society once regarded it as a sin to abstain from worshiping God on Sundays and on saints' days anywhere save in the parish church, and not so to attend the parish church was made a crime punishable by fine and imprisonment. In some of the southern states of America it was once a crime to teach a colored child to read; doubtless those amiable persons who originated that law sincerely believed that teaching a slave-child to read was sinful. Not very long ago it was a crime in Spain to read the Protestant Bible; reading the Bible was made a crime by people who had first succeeded in persuading themselvs it was a sin. Not only are actions esteemed sinful thus often made crimes, but very often, too, actions are made criminal which hav not, in the estimation of anybody, any sin about them at all. It is a crime against the government of America to smuggle an English edition of the Bible into this country without paying duty on it; but, I think, the strictest protectionist would hesitate to characterize such an act a sin. I am rather inclined to think the sin would rather consist in *not* smuggling the Bible, or any other useful book in, if one could get the chance of doing it.* Sometimes Cæsar demands more than his righteous tribute; and, at such times, although it would undoubtedly be a crime to refuse it, it would, as undoubtedly, be a sin to giv it. The higher law man has to obey is but seldom embodied in a statute law. Theodore Parker obeyed the higher law, but disregarded the statute law, when, having married that colored couple, he gave the woman a Bible and the man a pistol, telling the man to use the weapon in defense of his own and his wife's liberty and honor. But, whenever the dominant power in society has presumed to determin for the whole of its members what constitutes a sin, it has always happened that society has unduly encroached on the "sovereignty of the individual." A kirk session in Scotland in the latter part of the last century declared carrying a drink of water from a well on Sabbath day to be an enormous sin; and they turned that supposed sin into a crime, for committing which they made people do a degrading public penance. Those grim kirk elders would not hav given even Jesus a cup of cold water on the Sabbath day unless the water had been standing over-night, and so had lost its freshness.

The truth of the matter seems to be somewhere here—the individual should be left free to act so long as his action does not interfere with the same liberty to act possessed by other people. This principle condemns in every shape and form any authoritativ interference with *opinion*. It leaves thought, and the expression of thought, absolutely free. It leaves thought absolutely free; and it leaves action free up to that point at which action becomes an intrusiv impertinence done toward others; while, even up to that point, it puts the individual under all the powerful but intangible restraints of public opinion, and amenable to all those penalties which public opinion, when it fancies itself outraged, has the power and the remorselessness to inflict. I would hav the Salvation Army protected in holding what it calls its religious service in that place which the members of the Army hav duly hired for the purpose; and I think that the hoodlums who interrupt those services would be benefited by a month's sojourn at the penitentiary. I would, however, restrain the Salvation Army from perambulating the streets for the same reason that I would restrain a procession of Roman Catholic priests, with the host at their head, from street perambulation. Citizens, to whom such displays of religious zeal are offensiv, hav a right to their own eyes and their own ears, and they hav a right to demand that eyesight and hearing shall not, and against their wills, be invaded.

There are two principles both of which are equally true and equally important in the wise regulation of a state. These are the principle of individualism and the principle of communism—the principle which prompts a man to resist external authority, and the principle which countenances the use of such authority. Both are true, although each one is so different from the other, and although each one is so contradictory to the other. The great difficulty is, and always has been, to find out the exact point where these two opposit principles meet, so that freedom may rightly be restrained by authority, while, at the same time, authority may guarantee freedom. Two things, at least, are essential to the exercise of anything like complete mental freedom—there must be, first, the ability to think; and there must be, second, freedom in thinking. Now, whence does man derive his power, his ability to think? What is that process which quickens within man that ability and so enables him to become a thinker? The answer, of course, is education. Hence the wisdom of Francis E. Abbot, the first president of the Liberal League, but of whom the League did not prove to be worthy—a man who must, I suppose, go through the process of dying before other men find out his worth—in endeavoring to base the League's edifice of freedom on popular education.

But what is education? The process of it is not confined to the disciplin of the schools. Every man living, and all his lifetime, has been undergoing an educational process. Education is that process by which all that is good in a man has somehow, and in some imperfect fashion, been brought to the surface; it is that process, too, by which all that is bad in a man has somehow, and in some fashion, been brought to the surface, too. Such a man has been educated. He is what he is because he has been educated into being what he is. Everything that has happened to him has been an educational disciplin to him. He has awakened into life something in him that was slumbering before. Education, then, is no more nor less than this—a development of one's self, combined with a disciplin, sanctioned by the experience of the ages, which tends to regulate in one's self whatsoever is vicious, and to develop in one's self whatsoever is virtuous. I use the word "regulate" instead of "repress," because, after all, there is nothing in man which needs to be repressed, but everything in him which needs to be developed and wisely regulated. Every vice is a virtue run mad. The desire to acquire things is a very wholesome desire; but let that desire run mad, and it becomes theft. It is doubtless a good thing to shut the detected thief up in the penitentiary; hardly anybody doubts that. Yet, after all, we cannot escape from this conclusion, that if the thief had been born of other parents, had inherited other tendencies, had been blessed with an education which would hav drawn out what was good in him and regulated what was evil in him, instead of having been cursed in his birth by inherited tendencies, for the possession of which he is not responsible, and cursed since his birth with an education which repressed what was good in him, and allowed what was bad in him to run riot, he never would hav found a degraded home in any jail.

In the same way the desire to destroy things—although when it runs mad it means murder—is, in itself, a perfectly legitimate desire. Man would never hav obtained foothold on this world at all if he had not entered into a ruthless war of extermination with those forms of life which were already in possession of it. He did not ask their permission to kill them. He had to commit murder in order to maintain his foothold. And so, when the Pilgrim fathers came to this continent, as it has been wittily said, they first fell on their knees, and next they fell on the aborigines. They did not ask the red man whether he would prefer to be killed or not—they killed him outright and right off, and decided upon the morality and legality of the killing afterwards, when "Lo, the poor Indian!" was not alive to put in his evidence.

But this desire to destroy, inherent in humanity, is esteemed blameless, if not laudable, when exercised in reference to society-indorsed nuisances. It is only considered murderous nowadays when anybody presumes to do a little killing on his own account. There can be but little doubt that many of the murderers who hav, as yet, been hung, if they had been placed in conditions which made the gratification of their murderous instincts legal and legitimate, would hav been carried in triumph from battle-fields, hav had their brows encircled with laurels, and been heavily pensioned as saviors of the world! Murder is a survival of the time when the principle of private revenge was sanctioned by public sentiment and public law. Public sentiment and public law no longer sanction such methods of adjusting grievances, either real or imagined, and so we put the murderer into jail and hang him. But considering what humanity has been, and considering, too, that the humanity which has been so largely determined what the humanity of to-day really is, it is hard to tell whether every murderer executed dies more as a criminal or more as a martyr.

Education, then, it seems to me, is, first and foremost, a drawing out, an educing, of what man is by nature. Second, and only second, it consists of the multitude of impressions made upon the budding human life by the external circumstances surrounding it. Thus education would seem to be made up of two methods—first, the method of educing the new humanity that is perpetually coming to us in the shape of childhood; and, second, the method of influencing the new humanity by what has already been educed from the old humanity. This second method will exercise itself and work its influence, in some way or other, whether we will or no; and the truest policy for educationalists to pursue is simply to leave it alone—neither to indorse what the consensus of humanity says, nor to deny what that consensus says. The pupil is already under that influence now, and he will become more and more under it as he emerges from the school into the world. The primary duty of the educationlist is to let that second educational process pretty well alone, and to confine himself to the task of educing, from the pupils under his charge, something new and *fresh*, and new for the humanity which is to be. The educationalist, as such, has little or nothing to do with foregone conclusions about religion, or theology, or politics, or sociology—or, in fact, anything. All those foregone conclusions represent something which humanity is supposed to hav mastered—or something which humanity foolishly fancies it has mastered. The education of to-day has comparativly little to do with the results of the past education of humanity; but it has everything to do with what possibly may come of *educing* from the fresh minds born to us to-day the fresh thoughts with which God is freshly inspiring the new humanity that is ever coming to us.

Necessarily, then, an educational process is that which givs to thought its range, because it is that process by which the thinking power is drawn out and disciplined by exercise. The measure of a man's true education may be said to be the measure of the mental freedom he is capable of exercising. It is of small use to educate the individual and so enable him to think, unless he is free to exercise his thinking. The more a man is educated, the more beneficent his thinking will be likely to prove to the world. The less he is educated, the less beneficent his thinking will be likely to prove to the world; and the less mischief he will therefore do should he happen to think wrongly. A restraint put upon thinking presses most hardly, not upon the little thinkers of the world; not upon those who echo, parrot-like, the opinions of others; but it presses most hardly upon the great, broad thinkers of the world, upon those thinkers whose thinking is most beneficent to mankind, whose thoughts enrich the world's blood, and inspire the world's hero children to the doing of heroic deeds! Whether rightly or wrongly, millions of people care to know what Ingersoll thinks; but who, on this pleasant earth of ours, cares to know what those thrice-soddened bigots of Victoria, B. C., who tried in vain, the other night, to prevent Ingersoll from lecturing in their God-forsaken city, happen to think?

It would appear, then, that society may rightly restrain the individual so as to insure that every child shall hav imparted to it the priceless boon of self-defensiv knowledge; but it may not interfere in the way of defining for the individual the particular subjects on which his thoughts may be exercised, and the particular intellectual conclusions he may, with safety to himself, hold. By neglecting to enforce the education of its citizens society is guilty of a sin of omission; by endeavoring to fetter thought, when education has quickened thought into life, society is guilty of commission. These two sins, it may be noted, generally go together. In those countries of the world were education is most cared for, as in Holland, Germany, Switzerland, France, England, and these United States, thought is freest and most vigorous; while in those countries in the world, as Spain and Russia, where the education of the people is least understood and least cared for, thought is fettered and every new development of it is sought to be suppressed by a cruel and a hard authority.

Some writers hav argued that the majority in a nation, especially if that majority be a great majority, hav a right to coerce the minority into silence. This doctrin is altogether wrong. The government of the many, as in America, has no more right to do it than the government of one, as in Russia, has a right to do it. The best and most popular government has no more right to do it than the worst and least popular. As John Stuart Mill wrote: "It is as noxious, or more noxious, when exerted in accordance with public opinion than when in opposition to it. If all mankind, minus one, were of one opinion, and only one person were of the contrary opinion, mankind would be no more justified in silencing that one than he, if he had the power, would be justified in silencing all mankind. Were an opinion a personal possession, of no value except to the owner; if to be obstructed in the enjoyment of it were simply a private injury, it would make some difference whether the injury was inflicted only on a few persons or on many. But the peculiar evil of silencing the expression of opinion is that it is robbing the human race, posterity as well as the existing generation; those who dissent from the opinion still more than those who hold it. If the opinion be right, they are deprived of the opportunity of exchanging error for truth; if wrong, they lose what is almost as great a benefit, the clearer perception and the livelier impression of truth produced by its collision with error." Persecution, in any shape, for opinion is not an evil confined to the persecutor and the persecuted; it is an evil that is entailed on all posterity. It is sometimes thought to be matter of wonder that Spain should hav descended from her proud pre-eminence among the nations to what looks like national decrepitude and decay. It need be no matter for wonder at all. During the grim reign of the Roman Catholic Inquisition in Spain, every fresh and vigorous thinker Spain produced was ruthlessly cut off. If the same ruthless policy could be reproduced, for only one generation, in the strongest nation on earth to-day, it would leave the nation wretched, weak, and undone. It would entail a curse under which all the humanity of the future would hav to groan. Thought, and not heroic deeds of arms; thought, and not brilliant deeds of diplomacy; thought is the sacred life-blood of a people. It is the crime of crimes, it is the infamy of infamies, to repress it in any child born of woman. Imagin England for the past fifty years under the ruthless sway of a Spanish Inquisition. Humanity, in that case, would hav had no Darwin, no Huxley, no Tyndall, no Spencer, no Harrison, no Dickens to lash sanctimonious hypocrisy; no Thackeray to teach men that mere conventional virtues were but ill-concealed vices; no Swinburne and Morris to sing, in strains heroically musical, of the sacred rights of man. England, now the toughest nation of this earth, would be turned into a driveling imbecil, tottering in the senility of a dishonored old age to a dishonored death!

Fancy America under such a ruthless sway. Emerson would hav been burnt at the stake on publishing his first heresy, and humanity would hav lost all the ripe, incisiv wisdom of that master amongst the world's philosophers. Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe would long ago hav been racked and tortured to death for having written "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Theodore Parker's visit to earth would hav been made yet more transient for his having presumed to think there could possibly be anything transient in Christianity. Drained of her most heroic blood, deprived of her toughest stamina and fiber, America, even in the time of her youth, would hav fallen into premature old age, and would hav lost all power to solve the weighty governmental and social problems that are before her.

* In an earlier paragraph of his lecture Mr. Applebee said that Train richly deserved punishment for publishing the obscene portions of the Bible. Taking the two utterances together we are unable to determin the precise attitude in which Mr. Applebee stands toward that mixture of "grace" and obscenity, the "holy" scriptures. Did Mr. Train deserve punishment for calling attention to the smut of the Bible, or for simply printing smut, no matter where it came from? And would the act of smuggling a Bible be less a crime than smuggling a copy of Shakspere, on account of the former's alleged divinity? And would Mr. Applebee advise the commission of a crime that supposed good might come? Or is it only sinful to repress his "doxy" expressed in his pet book? or isn't it his pet book? Or do we pay our money for his sermon and take our choice of what he means by what he says?—ED. T. S.

In Union There Is Strength.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* On my return home from the convention and congress, I found the following interesting letter, which I wish you would publish in THE TRUTH SEEKER. If all Liberals held to the same views, what a grand work Liberalism could accomplish. It was gratifying at Cassadaga to see so many important steps taken in that direction. H. L. GREEN.

MODESTO, CAL., Aug. 24, 284.

FRIEND GREEN: With regret I now find that I shall not be able to be present at the two great Liberal conventions that are soon to meet at Cassadaga Lake. Although, at the time of those meetings, I shall be engaged in the monotonous routine duties of the school-room, my sympathies will be with my brethren in those meetings.

I hope and expect that, at those meetings, much good will be accomplished by the uniting of all the Liberal elements upon some well defined, broad, and solid basis. "In union there is strength." It is only by *uniting* that we can accomplish anything in the way of secularizing our now sadly priest-ridden country, and of elevating to a condition of mental and civil liberty the great masses of our fellow-citizens. Like yourself, I know of no Liberal with whom I will not cheerfully work. I know of no sacrifice, except that of principle, that I will not cheerfully make for the good of our great and noble cause.

As to names, I hav come to love the name that we now bear, "The Liberal League." "The American Secular Union," which has already been proposed, would be an excellent name. To these I will add a name of my own, *The True Americans*. This name, I think, would be more peculiarly appropriate than any other. We really *are the true Americans*, and *the only true Americans*. Every other organization is attempting to lug in and to fix upon the people of this country some foreign and un-American god, some foreign and un-American pope, some foreign and un-American creeds, modes of worship, priestly orders, etc., some foreign and un-American monarchical laws, principles, modes, customs, social distinctions, etc., or something else foreign and un-American. If, then, a new name be selected, I would be glad to hav this chosen. All true Americans could surely unite under this name. But, whatever the name may be, I am with you.

Let the Spiritualists of our ranks, and the Materialists, the prohibitionists and the anti-prohibitionists, the vivisectionists and the anti-vivisectionists, and the pro's and the anti's of every other question, differ all they please in regard to those questions; let them discuss those questions all they please; but let them do this in a spirit of kindness; and let them, as brother soldiers, stand shoulder to shoulder in the great battle which is now pending and in which we must contend against fearful odds for the preservation in America of true American—of true humanitarian—principles.

Yours fraternally, JOHN R. KELSO.

THE Buffalo *Express* having remarked that the feud between the Catholics and Protestants of Belgium has broken out afresh, the *Catholic Union and Times* explains that its "esteemed contemporary is mistaken as to the parties in this Belgian strife. The 'feud' is not between Catholics and Protestants, simply because there are no Protestants there." According to this last journal, the trouble is caused by the Freemasons, the devil, and the Infidels, and it pours this drop of oil upon the troubled waters: "Catholics themselvs are much to blame for the unhappy state of things existing in these countries. Why don't they rise up, like men, and assert their rights? Why don't they meet boldness with boldness, defiance with defiance, and blow with blow? Then they would no longor deserve the contemptuous soubriquet of 'sacristy Catholics;' and the little Infidel howling minority would not seek to trample upon them." If we may be allowed, we would suggest that the time has gone by for St. Bartholomews.

Children's Corner.

Edited by Miss Susan H. Wixon, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"His life is long whose work is well,
And be his station low or high,
He who the most good works can tell,
Livs longest though he soonest die."

A Problem.

Sandy and Ned were brothers;
Ned was older than Sandy;
And they were busy dividing
A stick of peppermint candy.

Ned was earnestly trying
To make the division true,
And he marked the place with a fish-hook,
Where the stick ought to break in two.

But, alas for little Sandy
And his poor painstaking brother!
'Twas a long and short division—
One piece longer than the other.

Ned gravely looked at the pieces,
And their quite unequal length,
And he wrestled with the problem
With all his mental strength.

And, at last, he said: "O Sandy!
I can make it come out right,
If I take the piece that's longest,
And bite off just one bite."

Their four eyes beamed and brightened
At this plan, so very handy,
Of disposing of the problem
And distributing the candy.

So Ned ate the pieces even—
'Twas the simplest way to do it;
And he cheated little Sandy—
And they neither of them knew it.

—*St. Nicholas.*

Rodney's Vacation.

Rodney was a good, honest, straightforward young fellow. He had worked hard all the year, and finally determined to take a vacation. He had fifteen or twenty dollars, extra money, that he thought he could afford to expend in sight-seeing.

"I guess I'll go to New York," he said to Jacob Little; "there's a good deal to be seen in a big city like that."

"Oh, such sights! I've been there and I know all about the city. Now if I could only go with you, I'd show you all over the town—'deed I would," said Jacob.

"Why can't you go?" inquired Rodney.

"Well, to tell the truth, I am just a little short for the time being. I hav only a three-cent piece in my pocket. Now if you could lend me enough to pay my passage, I would go along with you and show you around. I hav friends in the city, and we could both stay with them, so it wouldn't cost you anything for board. I would pay you back as soon as we got to my Uncle Dudley's. He is very rich, Uncle Dudley is—livs in a big house, servants, silver plate, and everything."

Jacob was called rather "wild," and Rodney was doubtful about taking one who was regarded as "rattle-headed" as a companion during his vacation; but Jacob's acquaintance with the city was in his favor, and then he declared he would surely pay back the money as soon as he saw his Uncle Dudley. And, after some hesitation, Rodney agreed to pay Jacob's fare in the cars, provided he would lose no time in refunding the money.

"Oh, if you think I'd cheat ye, I won't go," and Jacob turned away with an offended air.

"I don't think so; no, indeed."

"Sure?"

"Yes, sure."

"Well, I'll go then. When do we start?"

"To-morrow morning, bright and early, first train."

"All right."

The next morning the two travelers started on their trip. Jacob was very jolly, telling stories and singing songs all the way.

Along in the afternoon they arrived in New York.

"Aren't you hungry?" inquired Jacob. "Come, let's go and get a bite."

"We might buy some cookies and apples from that stand yonder to last us till we get to your Uncle Dudley's," suggested Rodney.

"What are ye talking about! My uncle Dudley livs away off, ever so far out, next door to Vanderbilt; and they don't dine till six o'clock, either. And I hope you want something better than those dusty old cookies and wormy apples. Come along to Delmonico's. You're a great fellow, you are, to want to eat street garbage!"

Rodney walked on beside Jacob and said nothing.

At Delmonico's he was so bewildered he could not eat, but Jacob ate enough for both. When he had finished his repast, he nudged Rodney, and whispered that he would hav to pay the bill, for as he had not yet seen his Uncle Dudley, he had, consequently, no money. So Rodney paid for the lunch, which seemed to his unaccustomed eyes rather extravagant.

"Of course you want to see the Brooklyn Bridge—you've read of it, you know, and then we'll take a ride on the elevated railway. Oh, I'll show you around, sonny."

Rodney began to think his money would not hold out a great while, but said little and walked on.

Jacob met several friends, and introduced them to Rodney as "good fellows." Two or three joined them, and volunteered to help Jacob show his friend about the city.

"Don't you want some lemonade?" said one.

"Oh, yes; of course," replied Jacob, and without more ado, Rodney was drawn into a neighboring saloon in a cellar where lights were burning brightly, and a negro was playing an accordion, while two or three flashily dressed girls were laughing and talking loudly to some loungers just outside upon the pavement.

Rodney looked very grave, and said he was not at all thirsty. His remark, however, was unheeded, and in a moment some reddish-colored liquid in a glass was tendered him.

"This is not lemonade," he said, as his heart beat quickly.

"Oh, yes it is," said one of the new acquaintances.

"What makes it so red?"

"There's a stick in it, greenhorn. That's the way we take it here in the city," said Jacob.

Rodney swallowed it, so as not to be called "greenhorn" and appear odd, but he was sorry immediately afterward, for his head swam, and his face began to burn.

"Hav a cigar?" and the new friends, with Jacob, lighted each a cigar, and proceeded to smoke it.

Rodney did not smoke, but he did not want to appear behind the others, and with trembling fingers took one from the box, and, lighting it, commenced smoking.

His head seemed to grow light very fast, and he was glad when the party moved toward the door.

"Here, young man, you havn't paid," shouted the keeper of the saloon.

Rodney looked at Jacob, who nodded and said, "Why don't you pay the man?"

Rodney's hard-earned dollars were beginning to disappear, and he felt as though he wished he had not come to the city; but he paid the bill without a word.

"Don't you want to see Central Park and the Obelisk?" inquired one of the new companions.

"Yes; we must show him that sure," said Jacob.

"And the big cathedral, too," said another. "We can take that in as we go along. It is close by the park, you know. But we can go there to-morrow."

Rodney felt like a fool, and a terrible lump was rising in his throat that seemed like a ball of fire.

They walked along, chatting gaily—the companions did—while Rodney was silent. It was getting toward night, and Rodney was tired and almost sick; so, to oblige him, as they said, the company went into another saloon and rested.

The others had more lemonade with "sticks," but Rodney felt too sick from the effect of the other lemonade, which he declared was "too sticky" for him, and could not be induced to take any more.

It was quite dark when they emerged from the saloon, and Rodney proposed to Jacob that it was time to go and see his Uncle Dudley.

"Oh, it is time enough to see Uncle Dud. We'll go through the Bowery first. Come ahead, boys."

Rodney felt like a sheep led to the slaughter, but followed on, trusting in his companions.

The crowds jostled him, the lights flashed on him, and, oh! how much he wished he was almost anywhere but in his present company.

Presently they paused at the open door of an auction room.

"Come right in, gentlemen," spoke a polite man near the door, "come right in. Here's where you get your bargains! Be-u-tiful gold watches almost given away! gold chains, charms, diamond rings to be had for the asking! Come right along in!"

Rodney's mouth and eyes were wide open, but in he went with his companions.

"Here's your nice gold watch—how much am I bid for this solid gold gent's watch?" shouted the auctioneer. "Five, do I hear? Ten, do you make it?—best workmanship—full jeweled—English lever—best watches in the world—warranted five hundred years!—ten, I hav; ten! ten! ten!—going at ten—who'll gim-me fifteen?—fifteen I hav got!—thank you!—who'll giv me twenty?—twenty dollars I hav got for a handsome, fine gold watch!—twen-ty, twentee—going—going—going at twenty—twentee dollars!—a splendid bargain! twen—twen—twen—twen—twen—twent-ee dollars—going—going—going—going, at twen-tee dollars, a be-au-tiful, el-e-gant, splen-did gold watch worth a hundred and fifty dollars—any man's money—going, going, going—gone!—given away at twent-ee dollars!"

"Step right in the back shop," said a polite appearing man with a pencil behind his ear, to Rodney, tapping him on his shoulder at the same time. "Step right in here, sir, and settle—it's a splendid bargain—nothing like it ever went out of this shop before. This way, please."

Rodney stood aghast.

"What? I did not bid on the watch, sir. You are mistaken."

"Oh, yes you did! No backing out. We saw you nod, and your friend confirmed it."

Rodney looked around for Jacob, but he, as well as his companions, were not to be seen. In another moment Rodney was hurried into the back room and the door locked upon him.

"I did not bid on the watch at all; I did not, truly," he gasped.

"Yes you did—we saw you. You made the last bid, and the watch is yours. Come, hand over the twenty dollars, and quickly, for we cannot stop to dally. We do not like to hav any trouble, or get you locked up. It is a *bona fide* bargain, and you will never regret your wisdom in making this purchase."

Rodney was speechless for a moment, and very much terrified.

"I—I hav not so much money," he stammered.

"How much hav you?" inquired the man, greedily.

Rodney took out his pocketbook, and found that loose change and all did not amount to more than seven dollars and a quarter.

"Well, we shall hav to hold that sum, with the watch, until you bring us the balance. You can go now." And pocketing the money, pocketbook—which was a new one—and all, the man unlocked the door and permitted Rodney to depart.

Sick, sad, and penniless, Rodney did not know which way to turn, but wandered aimlessly on. He did not know how far he walked, but at length, feeling very much fatigued and sleepy, he lay down near a building that had lately been partially destroyed by fire. He slept two or three short, unrefreshing naps, and then arose and walked about till morning. He remembered during the night that he had an aunt living in Yonkers. She had only seen her once, but he knew she would befriend him when once she learned his story. The next thing was to know how to reach her. He wandered along the piers, and in response to his inquiries, a good-natured man told him he might get a chance to work on the freight, and thus earn a passage to Yonkers on the Albany boat. Following the advice, he sought and obtained work according to direction, and it was not a great while before he found himself in Yonkers, and at the door of his aunt's house.

He related his pitiful story, and found a ready sympathizer in his aunt, and two cousins, Dora and Eva.

They agreed that Jacob was a bad young man, and his "Uncle Dudley" only a myth. The companions were of his own stamp, and they felt relieved that Rodney had got away without falling into greater troubles or disgrace. It was a "mock auction" at which they had left him, and Dora thought there was perhaps some understanding existing between the young men and the auctioneer.

It was a great experience for Rodney, but he learned much wisdom from it, that will serve him all his lifetime.

He remained a week with his aunt and cousins, and made several trips to New York in that time, accompanied by Dora and Eva, and saw the great bridge, the park, obelisk, cathedral, and many other objects of interest. But he did not once catch a glimpse of Jacob Little or his friends.

After he returned home, he took up a paper one day, and, glancing over its columns, he came across the name of Jacob Little. Reading the paragraph relating to him, he found that he was indicted for forgery.

"He will hav to go to prison for that," thought Rodney, "and he may stay there for all I care. I hope he will hav time to reflect on his conduct while he is there," he said aloud.

Thus Jacob Little met the penalty of bad conduct. Rodney is a respected, honorable young man, but he will always be careful how he selects his associates, not only when he takes a vacation, but at all other times.

Our Puzzle Box.

1.

WORD SQUARE.

1. A hand mill;
2. A part of a coin;
3. Demonstration of admiration;
4. Exciting gaiety;
5. Spruce.

Pittsburgh, Pa. H. E. Juergens.

2.

ANAGRAM.

The god of gods of ancient Greece,
My hidden letters spell it;
Reversed, my name connects two seas.
Now, solvers, can you tell it?

Newburgh. Robert Bernheim.

3.

LETTERS FROM A STATE—LAGER, LOVE, AND LAW.

Her name reversed
'Twixt last and first
Believe the tale
Is new, "fresh ale."
If not enough to fill the sea,
It fills at least the river Dee.
No Irish, Welsh, or Scottish stream,
I do not choose a foreign theme—
It names a state, our nation's pride—
Three counties all its fame divide.
But yet to all the world a "dear"
With "law" set in her heart sincere;
At last, with graceful art to please,
She smiles with *well-divided ease.*

Billy Doux.

4.

LETTER REBUS.

$$E\left\{\frac{T}{T}\right\}S$$

These, in life insurance,
Will pay for life's endurance;
"Dead men's shoes," *annuities*,
Setting survivors too at ease!

Uncle James.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER, SEPT. 20, 1884.

1.
E A S E L
A G E D
S E E
E D
L

2. C over T.—Covert.
3. M-it-ten.
4. Humboldt.

Solved by H. E. Juergens.

Correspondence.

Newburgh, Sept. 17, 1884.

Dear Miss Wixon: I send you two puzzles. I tried to solve Mr. Juergens's puzzles, but could not; and I send you the following answers: In Children's Corner, Sept. 6th, No. 2. Money; No. 3. Dante; No. 4. Alabama. In Sept. 13th, No. 2. Allegnany. Since I hav read the Children's Corner, I hav noticed that such words as have, give, etc., were spelled without an *e*. If it is no trouble, would you please tell me the reason why? and oblige

Yours very respectfully,
Robert Bernheim.

[Sometime ago The Truth Seeker adopted the reform method of spelling, and the *e* is dropped after hav, giv, etc., because it is silent and superfluous.—Ed.]

Braceville, Ill., Sept. 16, 1884.

Dear Miss Wixon: I think you are making the Children's Corner a success, and it is read by old people as well as young. Every week the neighbors' children come in to read the Children's Corner. Braceville is a place of six hundred inhabitants. There are two coal shafts here, and they pile the dirt and soapstone, which they get out of them, in a great pile, which they call dump. A person going up on a dump can see eight or ten miles with the naked eye—can see villages which appear like clusters of toy houses—can see the Diamond shaft where sixty or seventy men and boys lost their lives a year and a half ago. It is about four miles from here. Good-bye.

Dimis Burr.

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN!

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2139

Literature.

Some New Books.

WAIFS AND WANDERINGS. A new American Story. By Samuel P. Putnam. Cloth, $1; paper, 50 cents. Published and for sale at THE TRUTH SEEKER office.

Some one has said that the creativ power tried its apprentice hand on man, and that then, having had an opportunity to profit by its mistakes and to avoid imperfections, it forthwith proceeded to produce a woman after an improved model. The first product was, however, at least by the second, considered no mean achievement. Mr. S. P. Putnam, to some extent, followed this distinguished precedent when, having with "apprentice hand" written "Golden Throne," he supplemented it with "Waifs and Wanderings." This latter story, as has been previously intimated, is now published in handsome book form. It is an interesting tale. It relates how one Cupples, an honest tinsmith of an activ and skeptical turn of mind, was made the recipient of a baby which did not come into the family in the regular way; how, when he had grown to love it as the apple of his eye, it was taken from him and forced to undergo vicissitudes of a romantic and interesting character; and how in his endeavors to rescue the child the honest tinsmith developed in himself a manly heroism which neither himself, his wife, nor his friends had ever suspected the existence of. The mother of the little waif is introduced early in the story. She is a woman of strong mind and independent predilections, and serves to usher a character into romance which has not been dealt with by novelists hitherto. The minister is there, of course—a regular Aminidab Sleek—the Rev. George Adolphus Hapgood. Then there is the Shaksperian advocate, Stubbs; the imperturbable Sheriff McGuffum, and the hot-headed Southrons, the Bolton's, father and son, in whom Greek meets Greek; and from the tug of war, the son, being chiefly in the right, naturally emerges in the most creditable manner. Numerous other persons are represented, among whom the good Mrs. Maria Cupples should not fail of mention. The story ends in the triumph and happiness of those in whom the reader has become mainly interested. This is as it should be. There is a meretricious tendency among more recent novelists to crown with defeat and death the careers of their heroes and heroins. George Eliot's "Mill on the Floss" has this fault, and has caused many a reader, no doubt, to wish he had never seen the book. Julian Hawthorne's "Archibald Malmaison" and William Black's "McLeod of Dare" are equally unsatisfactory in this respect. If a novelist owes anything to the public it is this, that if he cannot amuse or instruct his readders, he at least should not distress them. A demand for the horrible in romance shows a morbid taste. That person is fortunate who gets through the real world without observing any of the misery which it is the delight of some story writers to depict; and usually one sees quite enough of the disastrous side of life without going to books to find it. It is a quality greatly to be admired in the present novel that, so far as we are permitted to follow them, the end of its characters is peace.

Enough of the fruit of Mr. Putnam's pen is being laid before the Liberal people, from week to week, for them to judge of the quality of his writing. Every period reveals the vigorous mind from which it proceeds. If "Waifs and Wanderings" contained no narrativ to hold the reader's interest, it would still hav sufficient merit as a literary production to commend it. But this narrativ is not wanting, and therefore the book is in all ways attractiv. Everybody ought to read it.

THE BIBLE ANALYZED. By John R. Kelso. Octavo; 833 pp. Published and for sale at THE TRUTH SEEKER office. Price $3.

I hav read Kelso's "Bible Analyzed" with a great deal of pleasure and profit. I fancied myself pretty well up on that old book, but I found a great many things in it that never struck me so forcibly as they did when reading this splendid work. I can assure you that it is a book that is bound to sell. I am having demands for it frequently. If the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER only knew its merits, they would, one and all, hav a copy. It is full of inspiration of the right sort—inspiration of truth seeking—and the person who reads it will be thoroughly furnished with every good argument with which to meet error, superstition, and bigotry. Get one. W. S. BELL.

From the Radical Review.

Works of this kind [the "Bible Analyzed"] exposing the absurdities and trivialities of the Christian belief, are multiplying within late years. This latest accession to our anti-Bible literature performs its task most faithfully. The book is destined to do good work in enlightening the minds still benighted by superstition, and is able to giv much valuable information to Liberals. There can be no doubt that the book was written under the conviction that it had a mission to perform, when we read the author's touching account of the almost insurmountable difficulties he met with in executing the task he had set himself to do.

"The Health Miscellany" is the title of a 64-page pamphlet, illustrated, published by Fowler & Wells. It has an attractiv contents, including treatises on "The External Senses," "Back-ache," telling its cause and cure; "Water Treatment of Fever;" something about catarrh, small-pox, and malarial diseases, together with various other interesting topics connected with disease and health. The article on "The External Senses" contains the following somewhat unusual statement, correcting a popular mistake:

"The brains cannot be overworked. They suffer little 'wear and tear,' because of exercise. Being soft and almost fluid, and having no duties but thinking and feeling, their motions are almost as free and frictionless as the drops of water which may toss and tumble forever without injury. It is the nutritiv system that is at fault—the assimilating and disintegrating functions—and not the brain, when a person complains of too much head-work. Let him only keep his vital machinery in order, and he may work his brain to the utmost without harming it."

How to keep the "vital machinery in order", it is the object of this pamphlet to explain, and every reasonable person must admit that its directions to this end are exceptionally valuable. The short articles on how to get fat and how to get lean will claim the attention of many. The illustrations are instructiv and well executed. The price of this pamphlet is 25 cents, and the reader will obtain his money's worth before he has read half of the first essay. Those wishing a copy of "The Health Miscellany" may address THE TRUTH SEEKER office, New York, and the pamphlet will be forwarded by return mail.

"The People's Power; or, How to use the Ballot," is the name under which Simeon Stetson, of San Francisco, has put forth a 64-page octavo pamphlet (price 25 cents) on the inefficacy of the present method of balloting to represent the people. His first proposition is substantially this:

"Suppose there are three parties, and the candidates of two of them receive each one vote less than a third of all the votes cast. The candidate of the third party will, then, be elected, although he has but a fraction (viz., two votes) more than one-third of the whole number of votes polled. Thus he would become the representativ of about one-third instead of all the people."

The idea that a majority of the voters can be represented under the present system, therefore, Mr. Stetson regards as absurd. The reader can draw his own conclusion from the premises laid out in the above extract. Further on, facts and opinions of eminent men are adduced. The proposed substitute to the defectiv scheme now in vogue is given under the head of "Proportional Representation." This, the writer claims, permits persons to be represented all the time, and to exercise a preference as to whom they will vote for; now they must either vote the ticket or throw their votes away. The new way is briefly as follows:

"Suppose there are ten representativs to be elected by 10,000 voters. Divide 10,000 by 10 and the quotient is the quota or number of votes requisit to elect *one*. Then every body of voters numbering 1,000 can elect one. Each elector is to vote for one candidate only. The state will be the district. At the same time the people can vote by districts whenever they see fit. When, however, they are dissatisfied with the nominations made by their party, and are too few in numbers in any one locality to form a quota alone, they can combine with those in any part of the state to elect whom they please. There will be no *compulsory* districts. There will be no majority at the ballot-box as regards parties. The vote, then, will merely record the number of representativs each party is entitled to, the names of the various candidates, and, finally, the names of those who are elected."

This scheme, it is claimed, would do away with the great parties, which are deemed a nuisance by the writer. Mr. Stetson has his subject well in hand, and the pamphlet is a thoughtful, ingenious, not to say statesmanlike, production. The questions raised are worthy of discussion.

"Signing the Document, The Laokoon of Labor, Chopping Sand, and Other Essays," are the words printed in grotesque letters on the cover and title page of a pretty little book written by "Wheelbarrow" and published by the *Radical Review*, of Chicago. It deals with the labor question from the point of view of a man who earns his daily bread by furnishing locomotiv power to a wheelbarrow. As he propelled his unicycular vehicle up an inclined plank and walked back down the same between the handles thereof, he cogitated, and this monogram is the result of his mentations. Nineteen different subjects are dealt with, and the literary ability displayed shows that the writer is either not the hod-carrier he professes to be, or that if he is such he is out of his sphere. The essays are so admirably condensed that a synopsis of them would include them all. "Wheelbarrow" looks beyond trades unions for a solution of labor problems, though he regards organization as the best immediate protection for workingmen. In his preface he advances a thought that all reformers should apply to their own efforts. He says:

"I am glad to know that these essays [originally published in the *Radical Review*] hav excited some discussion among workingmen, and that satisfies me. It is of no consequence whether they think with me or not. That they are beginning to think at all is in itself a victory."

This is strictly philosophical, and those having the truth to present should take courage from it. When thought is once raised, it will generally settle upon something which it finds by the exercise of reason to be the best and nearest the truth. "Wheelbarrow's" thoughts are upon paper and in the air, and intelligent readers cannot help absorbing the truths he has uttered even in the face of their own prejudices. Workingmen will agree with this writer in most that he has said, and what they cannot indorse they will find worthy of consideration as a valuable criticism of the inconsistencies into which some of them hav fallen. Paper, 25 cents; cloth, 50 cents. Address this office.

"Persiphone and Other Poems" is the title of a book of Freethought poems by Lizzie May Little, of England. Published by Simpkin, Marshall & Co., London.

"The Devil and Hell—What did they Originally Mean? Has the Signification Changed? Supplemented by a Dream." In this tract of 24 pages, Mr. H. S. Ewell, of Romeo, N. Y., adds a valuable contribution to the literature of the subjects indicated by its title. He shows that an indefinable dread which they did not originally possess has been attached by priests and interested persons to the words "devil" and "hell," and that there is nothing in common between their primitiv significance and the ideas with which the church has associated them, and which superstitious people believe them to represent. Price, 10 cents.

In "The Manual Training School for All the People," an octavo pamphlet of 12 pages, Mr. Augustus Jacobson proposes that the $65,000,000 annual revenue from whisky and tobacco be spent in the public schools in giving the youth of the country a proper education. The manual training school is defined to be the ordinary school with instruction in the use of tools added thereto. The more schoolmasters, says Mr. Jacobson, the fewer policemen. The school tax is the annual insurance premium against lawlessness and crime. Teaching the trades in the schools, it is very sensibly claimed, would giv the pupil an opportunity for such experiment as would determin for which trade he is best fitted. An elevation of labor, the writer feels sure, would result. The pamphlet is sold for ten cents. Address this office.

A valuable book of reference is "Ogilvie's Handy Book of Useful Information," price 25 cents in paper, 50 in cloth, and for sale at this office. It contains statistical tables of practical value to most people, being political, historical, biographical, geographical, numismatical, and otherwise packed with information. The flexible covers and rounded corners of the 25-cent edition admit of its being conveniently carried in the pocket.

Messrs. Fowler and Wells are prolific publishers. The latest book from their press is issued under the title of "The Man Wonderful in the House Beautiful," an allegory teaching the principles of physiology and hygiene and the effects of stimulants and narcotics. It is designed for home reading, and also for schools as a text-book. It has two authors, husband and wife—Chilion B. Allen, A.M., LL.B., M.D., and Mary A. Allen, A.B., M.D., both members of the Broome County (N. Y.) Medical Society. In the allegory the human body is the "house beautiful," and its inhabitant the "man wonderful." The reader is conducted through the various rooms of the "house," each apartment being described, and thus he is taught anatomy, physiology, and hygiene, with practical applications and suggestions. The inhabitant of the house—the "man wonderful"—concerning whose identy and destiny there is much incertitude—is next introduced to the reader, and his development and history from babyhood to maturity are traced. The prohibition question is incidentally raised and the conclusion arrived at that liquor should be suppresed by law, and that only fermented wine should be used in communion. This final settlement of these burning questions, however, does not detract from the value of the book so far as it deals with the subjects mainly under discussion, and perhaps a perusal of it will teach more in less time than the reading of any other work on similar topics. The work contains 370 pages, is illustrated, and sells at this office for $1.50.

A TRIO OF MODERN REVELATIONS.

"The Three New Religions" is a term that I trust you will indulge me in using in calling attention to three new dispensations, the first two of which are claimed as direct revelations from the spirit spheres.

The first, called "the Fraternity of the White Cross, is a descent from heaven, and is a duplicate of a society corresponding to it in the spirit-world. Its work is to be the natural way for general co-operation, instead of individualization of the human. It is not handed down by any one man like Zoroaster, Jesus Christ, or Joseph Smith, but is presented by the spirit-world for co-operativ work in the great reforms of the day." And yet there is one medium, who "is the first to announce the Association of Societies in the spirit-world, and from there it is announced that a new church is to be established on earth." The above extracts are from the report of a meeting at Onset Bay, Aug. 11th, published in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* Aug. 23d. Mrs. J. Willis Fletcher is the evangel of this new dispensation on earth, so says an exchange, which maketh it to appear that it is to be administered with a "Thus saith the Lord" (spirits), though through a woman instead of a man.

The second new religion has already been introduced to the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER of Aug. 30th, in an able editorial review of "The Tae" (the creed), and of "Oahspe" (the new Bible), given by divine inspiration through Mr. Newbrough, of New York.

The third has been also introduced to the TRUTH SEEKER readers, Aug. 9th, in an article from the *Philosophical Enquirer*, Madras, India, and in an interesting letter from India Aug. 30th, and is the mysterious Theosophical Society, founded by Madam H. P. Blavatsky, in New York city, in 1875, with Col. Olcott for president.

My purpose has been in this review to call attention to a fact that all must admit, viz., that these new religions and all religions that preceded them must agree in their inception, methods, administration, and priesthood: first, the claim of inspiration from some god, spirit, or supernatural source; second, mystery as to its mode of transmission and all that pertains to it; third, a sanctum sanctorum, or holy of holies, into which none but the priest, prophet, or medium could enter; and, fourth, this priest, prophet, or medium is invariably the individual through whom the revelation came, who becomes the founder of the new dispensation, like Moses, Jesus, Mohammed, George Fox, Ann Lee, Joe Smith, or our new oracles in these three new religions. A religious caste, monopoly, or oligarchy is thus created, bought up by the laity paying tithes and obeisance to these inspired moguls, who make themselvs the great head-centers of these institutions. Beware of all such clap-traps, that need inspired men and women to come between the people and their (god) duty. Even the great Pantarch in his Universology has fallen into the same error (see TRUTH SEEKER, Aug. 2d), and I fear I shall hav to add his Universology as the fourth dispensation, the grand annex to the preceding three. ELLA E. GIBSON.

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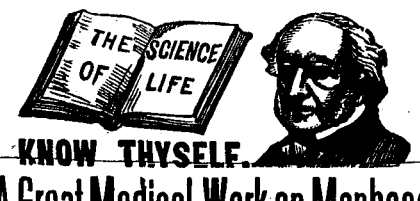
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THE population of the world is made up of a heterogeneous mass of humanity, and with the thousands of years that hav rolled away since man has dwelt on the earth the race is yet far from what it should be; there is not that spirit of love and kindness between man and man that should be sacredly cherished. This is because the spirit of love has not been cultivated and fostered as much as it should be; the more animal part of man's nature has governed him; his aim has been to rule over his fellow-men, to subdue them to his wishes, and to appropriate to his own use the fruits of their labors.—*D. M. Bennett.*

As nothing is annihilated in the material world, so nothing can be annihilated in the spiritual.—*Cerenos.*

THERE are some old Scottish institutions which hav retained their vitality and are apparently in very good repair. The Caledonian "Sawbath," I believe, still flourishes, and I am told that in Edinburgh and Aberdeen it may be observed in high perfection. I had a glimps of it only in the country, where it was mitigated by the charming scenery, which remained persistently and profanely bright. But it was very ugly; it was grotesquely ugly. There was a horrible little kirk on a windy hillside, equally naked without and within—except, indeed, as regards such internal warmth as was supplied by the deportment of a rustic congregation listening in almost voracious silence and immobility to a doctrin addressed to violent theological appetites. My host had recommended me to attend this service (which was an excellent example of grim Presbyterianism) for local color's sake; and certainly the little exhibition was very complete. The strange compound produced in the sermon by the profusion of Jewish names and of Scotch accents; the air of doctrinal vigilance on the part of the cautious, dry-faced auditory; the crude, nasal singing; the rapid dispersal afterward, over the stony hillsides to their rugged little cottages, of a congregation for which this occasion represented the imaginativ side of life, as if the nativ granit had given it out and had immediately reabsorbed it—all this had at least a character of its own.—*An American Traveler in Scotland*, 1879.

IT is not by turning over libraries, but by repeatedly perusing and intently contemplating a few great models, that the mind is best disciplined.—*Macaulay.*

I DEMAND for every man, whatever be his opinion, that he shall be able to speak out with honest frankness the result of his honest thought, without forfeiting his rights as citizen, without destroying his social position, and without troubling his domestic peace. We hav not to-day the scourge and the rack, the gibbet and the stake, by which men's bodies are tortured to improve their souls, but we hav the scourge of calumny and the rack of severed friendship; we hav the gibbet of public scorn and the stake of a ruined home, by which we compel conformity to dogma, and teach men to be hypocrits that they may eat a piece of bread. The spirit is the same, though the form of the torture be changed; and many a saddened life, and many a wrecked hope, bear testimony to the fact that religious liberty is still but a name, and freedom of thought is still a crime.—*Mrs. Annie Besant.*

YET much remains
To conquer still; peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war; new foes arise
Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains;
Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.
—*Milton.*

I WHYLES claw the elbow o' troublesome thought,
But man is a sodger and life is a fought (fight);
My mirth and good humor are coin in my pouch,
And my freedom's my landship nae monarch dare touch.
A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa',
A night o' guid fellowship sowthers it a';
And at the blythe end of our journey at last,
Wha the de'il ever thinks o' the road he has past?
—*Burns.*

I HOLD that the wealth of mankind is morally a common store; that we are morally bound to increase it as much, and to waste it as little, as we can; that of the two it is happier to be underpaid than to be overpaid, and that we shall all find it so in the sum of things.—*Goldwin Smith.*

IT is in the Old Testament that the process of disengagement and the growth of a moral out of a cer emonial religion are most distinctly seen:

Wherewith shall I come before Jahveh,
And bow myself before God on high?
Shall I come before him with burnt offerings,
With the sacrifice of calves of a year old?
Will Jahveh be pleased with thousands of rams,
With ten thousands of rivers of oil?
Shall I giv my firstborn for my transgression,
The fruit of my body for the sin of my soul?
He hath showed thee, O man, what is good,
And what Jahveh doth require of thee;
What but to do justly, to love mercy,
And to walk humbly with thy God?

Here, no doubt, is a belief in the efficacy of sacrifice, even of human sacrifice, even of the sacrifice of the firstborn. But it is a receding and dying belief, while the belief in the power of justice, mercy, humility, moral religion, in short, is prevailing over it and taking its place.—*Goldwin Smith.*



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WM. H. CLEMMER,
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Remember that the same appliances which will effect a cure in a case of Paralysis will at the same time eradicate CATARRH or DYSPEPSIA in the same patient. We do not, like the Old School Physician, change medicins every day until, after dosing the patient almost to death, he may possibly strike something (if he is very skilful) that brings relief for the time being.

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Ladies, read the following testimony from a lady who had been suffering for two years with an **Ovarian Tumor**, and who had been told that nothing but the knife would save her life, and the chances were as 9 to 1 against recovery. In four months' time she is perfectly well, and has not taken a dose of medicin since putting on the appliances. Consult us when your physician tells you he can do nothing for you; it will pay you.

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Any of the above garments sent to any address upon receipt of price, and we will return the money if they are not as represented in every respect. If you are uncertain as to what would best suit your case send us word stating symptoms, and we will advise you what would be best suited to treat you. While our appliances are offered at less than one-third of what others are selling worthless appliances for, yet we will guarantee that the magnetic quality is a hundred fold superior to any other appliance ever offered the public, and will outlast the garments themselvs. Every magnet is put through a particular process, and hav raised five times their own weight six months after being magnetized, while not a single appliance in the market will attract the smallest particle of iron, the majority of such worthless appliances having so-called magnets made of material no better than hoop-iron, and not capable of retaining magnetism for a moment. All of our garments are made from the very best material for the purpose, and will outlast any and all other garments now before the public. Every magnet is arranged in the garments upon *scientific principles*, and not haphazard as in all the others. We offer you therefore

The Only Scientific Magnetic Appliance Ever Constructed.

And challenge comparison with any of the so-called magnetic garments now offered under that head. At the same time the application of labor-saving machinery in our manufacture enables us to offer them about

ONE-THIRD THE PRICE HERETOFORE CHARGED,

So that we can say with truth, None are so poor that they cannot procure them, being but a trifle higher than ordinary clothing.

Remember that we are offering you the cheapest and best magnetic appliances in the market, and if upon receiving the garments they do not meet your expectation, return them at our expense and we will refund your money.

Ladies' Abdominal Jackets and Gentlemen's Vests are made to order, and a fit guaranteed.

AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY TOWN IN THE UNITED STATES. LIBERAL COMMISSIONS ALLOWED

Address for further information,
DR. L. TENNEY,
471 West Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.

Odds and Ends.

"LISTEN, my boy," said the nurse; "the good God has brought you a little brother." "Oh! I'm so glad. Does mamma know it?"

IT is reported that a dozen young women are taking a tramp through the Catskill mountains. The tramp must be having a pretty good time.

"YOUR manner is very shocking," said the lady to the tramp. "Ah," replied the tramp, "you noticed it, did you? That's my personal magnetism."

LULU HURST, Georgia's "electric girl," has married a Paul Atkinson. She will now hav an opportunity to test her wonderful magnetic powers. If, a year hence, she is able to draw her husband home from the lodge before midnight, no one will question her phenomenal strength.

"HUGGING societies" hav been introduced into Missouri to swell the church treasuries. The hugs range in price from twenty-five cents to two dollars. This may be considered something new in Missouri, but for years churches here hav found it a "tight squeeze" to keep their treasuries provided with cash.

MISS B.—"How horribly hot it was last Sunday!" Mr. B.—"Hot! I nearly froze." "Why, where were you?" "In Boston." "But the papers said the hot wave extended all over the country. You must hav been in an icehouse." "Oh, no; I went to church." "To church?" "Yes, and got by mistake into a highly respectable Bostonian's family pew."

"A LARGE soap factory has failed in Columbus, Ohio." "Well, you know what is the reason of it, don't you?" "No." "A revival to raise money for the South Sea Islanders has been going on for several months among the ladies, and, as they hav no time to wash their children, the demand for soap has fallen off. There has been an over-production of soap and missionary zeal—that's all."

"WALL, ef dat wa'n't de plam'est caper I eber seed," exclaimed an old negro who sat on the bank of a bayou, fishing. "What's the matter?" some one asked. "W'y, sah, jis' now my dog he cummed erlong an' laid down at my feet, an' jis' dis minnit er alligator he slips up an' grabs de dog an' takes him erway. De imperlitis trick I eber seed. Min's me o' a nigger preacher at er barbecue."

A MUSICAL friend was talking to a negro porter the other day. The darkey said: "I h'ar yo' play de fiddle?" "Yes, I make my living by it?" "I used to sorter take after the music bizness myself, but I done left off since I joined the Mef'dis church." "Indeed?" "Yes; yo' see, I used to wuk a banjo for all it was wuff; but I jess foun' out dat ef I wuked de banjo, I'd hev to drap de Mef'dis church. Yo' see, salvation an' banjos don't hitch, somehow."

"MY dear," said the King of Denmark to his spouse, the mother of Hamlet, "you needn't giv it away, but I poured moulten lead into my brother's ear while he was sleeping in the orchard, and that's the kind of sea serpent that stung him." "You don't say so?" said the queen. "I hav said so, so please don't say that I don't say so. Yes, I poured a bulletmouldful into his ear. It was a capital joke. Do you know what his last words were as he went off?" "I do not." "They were: 'I didn't know I was loaded.'"

BORIOBOOLA GHA.—A PLEA.

With war-club dented and worn,
With ear-rings heavy as lead,
An African sat on a leopard-skin mat,
With a battered chapeau on his head.
Slay! Slay! Slay!
With a scymetar forged in Jaffa.
Somewhat over the bay, he trolled the lay,
Of Boriboola Gha.

Slay! Slay? Slay!
When the tropical sun is high,
Slay! Slay! Slay!
When the desert is parched and dry.
It is hard to weave and spin,
'Neath a brute employer's heel,
But we poor cannibals stake our lives
In pursuit of a daily meal.
Slay! Slay! Slay!
Till the brain begins to swim.
Slay! Slay! Slay!
Till the ax-head's glitter is dim.
Fantee, Kaffir, and Kroo,
Krooman, Kaffir, and Fan.
And in dreams I recommence the fight
Where in morning I first began.

Benevolent men of the land
Where a different diet thrives,
Neither dinners nor suppers you send to me,
But the price of human lives.
Slay! Slay! Slay!
With a scymetar forged in Jaffa.
I secure at a blow a feast and a foe
To Boriboola Gha.

Slay! Slay! Slay!
My labor is never through.
And what are its wages? Some tinsel beads
And a Birmingham idol or two,
A scrap of English clay-sized cloth,
A hut that a toad would stifle,
And an old smooth-bore that the dealer swore
Was a Martini-Henry rifle.

Oh! for an idol of bronze,
This clay one my vision affronts.
Oh! for some fun with a Gatling gun
That would kill twenty niggers at once!
To criminals, paupers, and tramps
You are never weary of giving,
Please to remember a cannibal king
Who has to kill men for a living.

With war-club dented and worn,
With ear-rings heavy as lead,
An African sat on a leopard-skin mat,
With a battered chapeau on his head
Slay! Slay! Slay!
With a scymetar forged in Jaffa.
Somewhat over the bay, he was trolling a lay,
And spearing each nativ who came in his way
Of Boriboola Gha.

—*Boston Com. Bulletin.*

THE TRUTH SEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

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Notes and Clippings.

M. RENAN, the noted French author and Freethinker, is seriously ill.

THE Methodist church of Iowa has formally come out for St. John for president.

CZAR ALEXANDER is an incessant smoker of cigarets. The Nihilists should now be satisfied.

EVANGELIST MOODY announces that he will start a revival in Virginia. The home of Mahone should prove receptiv soil for the Christian scheme of moral readjustment.

ROBERT BONNER of the *Ledger* unfortunately was paragraphed as having given a bell to a western church. Immediately a hundred bells were applied for by begging letters.

IT would seem as if religions were dying out in China, judging from the fact that a large number of temples in Foo-Chow are leased by the priesthood to Europeans for dwelling or business purposes.

DISCOVERED among the ruins of the Zuni and Aztec cities are spindles and whorls remarkably like those employed by the Highlanders in Scotland. The position of some would indicate an antiquity of at least 2,000 years.

THE Episcopal church for this diocese refused, at its late session, to interfere with gambling when disguised as a church fair, though a lay attendant said that it was contrary to state laws. Nice teachers of morality, these!

HANS MAKART, the illustrious painter, is dead. As Comstock at one time suppressed a painting by this artist, it is now in order for him to place Mr. Makart among his victims, and to claim that the world is better off without him.

EMPEROR WILLIAM, of Germany, nearly ninety years old, is now so feeble that his early demise is looked for at Berlin, and its consequences canvassed. He is unable to sit on horseback, and can only witness reviews from his carriage seat.

IN a Western paper we find the statement that an agent for a new force-pump went to a town out there and asked the editor where he could find the "superintendent of the water works." The editor sent him to the pastor of the Baptist church.

REV. DR. RANKIN, of the Congregational church at Washington, permitted a colored Sunday-school class to meet in the basement of his church. This action raised a storm of wrath among the church officials, and the doctor was compelled to resign.

Two burglars had ransacked the house and secured every portable thing of any value. While passing through the pantry, one of them picked up a piece of cold meat and was about to eat it. "Whist, Pat!" said the other warningly, "av yez fergot phat day it is?" "Be jabbers," said Pat, dropping the meat, "Oi had; it's Friday marnin'."

SOME of the religious papers in Massachusetts are discussing the question, "Should ministers wear mustaches?" Mr. Robert Burdette, the jester, thinks it is the minister's duty to society to wear so much as that, at least, and in the great cities where society is more coldly artificial and formally exacting, he might, with commendable worldly wisdom, add a vest and a pair of trousers, especially as the season advances.

THE Religion of Humanity seems to be taking practical shape as a religion in some quarters. At the late Positivist service in memory of Auguste Comte, says the *Herald*, Dr. Congreve commenced his prayer thus: "We praise thee, humanity, as for all thy servants, so especially for Auguste Comte; and we pray that, in proof of our gratitude, we may become thy more willing and complete servants." At the conclusion of the service the following benediction was pronounced: "The peace of her slowly dawning kingdom be upon you, the blessing of humanity abide with you, now and forever."

THE Boston *Traveler* givs a hint that may show why missionaries were once welcome to foreign shores. It says, "Later on the demand for New England rum from the ports of the Mediterranean was immense, and there was scarcely a vessel left the port of Boston for Smyrna whose cargo did not consist principally of New England rum. Smyrna at that time was the principal objectiv point for missionaries seeking fields of labor in Asia."

IT is estimated by the Hartford *Times* that the numerous Bible societies hav, in the aggregate, during the past thirty-four years, printed 290,000,000 copies of the Hebrew scriptures, or one for every family in the world. Having now furnished everybody with a Bible, it should be the next duty of these societies to devote their income to hiring people to read it. The result, however, would in all likelihood be very different from what they desire.

LIGHTNING struck a Florida man the other day in the side, ran down his leg to the knee, forked and burnt two streaks to the sole of his foot. After leaving him it hunted up a can of powder, which it exploded, and then knocked a sick man out of bed. The latter found himself cured of the chills when he recovered from the surprise, and the other fellow is none the worse of the lightning trick. The house, however, is a total wreck from the powder explosion.

THE typical total abstainer is described by the London *Times* as a person of inferior physical development, and not remarkable for intellectual power. Smallness of body and mind characterize him; he is easily led by his emotions, or by what he fancies to be eloquence; he is ready to take up any idea pressed upon him with sufficient volubility; and, in short, the same causes make of him a teetotaler, an anti-vaccinator, and an anti-vivisectionist. The *Times* does not know what it is talking about.

BISHOP GILMOUR, of Cleveland, Ohio, prints a card in which he insists that Mr. Cowles, editor of the *Leader*, denied his daughter freedom of conscience in the exercise of her religion, and declares that, while withdrawing the charge of inhuman and brutal treatment, he reaffirms that freedom of conscience was denied. Mr. Cowles is the genius whom the New York *Sun* has immortalized as the only true hebetudinous crank. Bishop Gilmour has not as yet been classified, but he is an interesting specimen for the contemplation of the naturalist.

OLD tales are taking on new versions; the following for instance: Damocles, the Sicilian sybarite, being particularly fond of the pleasures of the table, the tyrant Halicarnassus did not fail to invite him to a sumptuous banquet, at the beginning of which he called his priest's attention to the fact that just above his head was a sword suspended by a single hair. So profoundly possessed was Damocles with the apprehension that the hair might at any moment fall into his soup, that he was utterly unable to enjoy any of the rich viands provided for his delectation.

PREPARATIONS are being made in Manchester England, to celebrate the twenty-first anniversary of the Wholesale Co-operativ Society. This concern was made a part of the retail co-operativ system because private tradesmen united and informed wholesale dealers that they would cease to buy of them if they sold goods at the same rates to co-operators. Thus forced to defend themselvs, the promoters of the system devised the plan of doing their own wholesale business, and a central store was founded at Manchester, with capital supplied by a large number of the retail organizations. Friends of the movement point out that in twenty-one years the members of the societies hav increased sevenfold; their capital seventeenfold, and their profits twelvefold; and that with this ratio of increase, the first years of the coming century will see the whole of the working classes of England interested in associations which will hav the staple trades under their control. The Wholesale Co-operativ Society has purchased depots in this country and on the continent of Europe. It owns buildings and steamers, and carries on a banking department.

A CHINESE pamphlet recently circulated in Hong Kong against the Christian mission work, affirms that Europeans do not belong to the human race, but are descended from monkeys. "This race of wild beings," it alleges, "worships neither the heavens nor the earth; they do not honor their parents nor hav respect for their forefathers. They come into China under the pretense of preaching a religion, but really come to take the eyes and the brains of dying people, and the blood of children. With these they make medical pills which they sell in their country, and in this manner secure shrewdness." If the Chinese are superstitious enough to believe these remarkable statements, they hav but a slight transition to undergo in order to become Christians.

THE way of the presidential candidate is hard. Even Mrs. Belva Lockwood is now learning the truth of this text by sad experience. It is true that as yet the political slanderer has been able to do her but little harm. He began his nefarious work promptly after her nomination by publishing the hideous falsehood that her back hair was not her own original hair. Several ministers thereupon wrote letters saying that in order to preserve the sanctity of the American comb they should be reluctantly compelled to withhold their votes from a woman whose hair was not sincere and truthful.—*New York Times*. The irony of the *Times* is not out of place considering the disagreeable conspicuousness which some clergymen are giving themselvs in this campaign. When questions of morality are being discussed the average minister is not useful as a debater. He should seek the retiracy of retreat, and, according to his inherent gracefulness, become an ornament to seclusion.

THE funny men of the press will never cease slandering the Boston woman, in spite of the fact that she is the schoolma'am of the world. The New York *Herald* is responsible for this story: As the car swung into Madison avenue from Forty-second street, two ladies got aboard. One of them wore glasses and that intellectual contraction of the eyebrows peculiar to the ladies of the Hub. With the true Boston instinct, she began talking about books and authors. "You hav read 'Jane Eyre,' of course?" said her companion. "Oh, yes," said the intellectual lady from Boston, "I hav read all her works, and like them so much!" The other lady coughed behind her handkerchief, and then asked, with a twinkle in her eye, "Hav you ever read any of 'Daniel Deronda's' novels?" "Yes, indeed," said the Boston lady, "all of them. But do you know, I think he is almost too analytical." "How do you like 'Adam Bede's' writings?" asked the New Yorker. "Oh, they are lovely. But don't you think they are a little shallow?" "I hav never read them," said the other, behind her fan. The lady from Boston cast a look of pity on her illiterate companion, and the two got off the car at Sixty-first street.

A GOOD story is going around about a Cincinnati minister. He is a vegetarian of the strongest order, and in the course of his pastoral career he was invited out to a Sunday dinner by one of the sisters of his flock named Brown. Old man Brown didn't go to church that morning. His wife told him to expect her to bring company home to dine, and he, with the aid of the cook, laid the foundation for a superb repast. Mrs. Brown came home, but all the company she brought was the minister. They were seated at the table when this sort of conversation ensued: "Mr. Jones," meaning the minister, "what part of the chicken do you like best?" "Really, Mr. Brown, I don't care about any chicken." "Well, here is some extra fine roast beef; try some of this." "Excuse me, Mr. Brown, I will forego the beef." "I hav some tender lamb here; how will that suit?" "I never eat lamb." "Well, now, I know you can't refuse this boiled ham." "Pardon me, but ham I never touch." During all this time Brown's father, an old, gray-haired sinner, had been seated near him watching operations, and standing it as long as he could, squeaked out in a piping voice, "John, maybe the damned fool will suck a raw egg." The enjoyment of that dinner is said to hav been practically dissipated.

News of the Week.

PHILADELPHIA had a $500,000 fire last Sunday.

FRANK CHANFRAU, the actor who played "Kit, the Arkansaw Traveler," for many years, is dead, aged 63.

THE free reading-room of the Cooper Institute is hereafter to be open on Sundays, beginning on the 5th.

BOTH of Jay Gould's cables between Europe and America are broken. A ship's anchor is supposed to hav done the mischief.

A UNIVERSITY at Delaware, Ohio, has admitted into the school a Chinese girl who came all the way from China to receive an American education.

SIX large gas companies of New York city hav consolidated, with an aggregate capital of $42,000,000. They promis a substantial reduction in the price of gas.

A POLICEMAN who has been employed in Central Park, this city, for fifteen years says that he never saw so large a crowd there as congregated to listen to the music last Sunday.

WHEN the two Mormon elders, together with two citizens, were killed in Lewis county, Tenn., all Mormons were warned to leave the state under pain of death. The time allowed expired last Monday, and trouble is expected.

AN alleged Anarchist on trial at Berne, Switzerland, last week, declared that he was in the employ of the Berlin police, and his function was to incite Anarchists to commit outrages which would lead to their expulsion from the country. His statement has been confirmed.

A DYNAMITE scare was produced in London last Saturday by the discovery of a piece of unexplainable mechanism in the Guildhall. Subsequent investigation showed that it was an electrical apparatus used in putting up telephones, and had been carelessly left where it was found, by a workman. The scare then subsided.

MR. BLAINE is journeying through Ohio doing political work; Gen. Butler is further west stumping for the People's party; Gov. Cleveland has been receiving gratifying ovations from the Democrats of this state; and Mr. Hendricks gets overwhelming audiences in Virginia. Other candidates are getting in their work, and the political pot boils hilariously.

COURTLANDT PALMER addressed the meeting of a Butler and West club of this city one evening last week. He said the People's party was based on the principle to love your neighbor as yourself, and on the Declaration of Independence, which, in guaranteeing life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, guaranteed also to labor the results of its toil. Mr. Palmer favors Gen. Butler's candidacy.

RABBI BROWNE continues the agitation in favor of the Hebrew children being allowed to remain from school on Atonement day without receiving demerit marks. He wishes to place the children and the day on an equality with Catholics and Good Friday. The rabbi is on the wrong track. He should work for the abolishment of Good Friday as a legal holiday instead of seeking to introduce another. If he regards atonement as of more value than education, let him take his choice without grumbling.

A MAN was in court in this city one day last week with a charge against a lodge of Odd Fellows of having abused him in the course of initiation. He was on crutches, and had contusions on his head. He testified that members of the lodge had blindfolded him, fastened a chain around his body, and hoisted him to the ceiling. While in this position he had been struck from behind, causing his head to strike violently against a stool. He was then let down suddenly to the floor, and sustained internal injuries which, the doctors said, might yet prove fatal. They then led him around in chains and cap. The members of the lodge admit these statements, but say the man is a fraud, and they treated him accordingly.

Communications.

The New Land Projects.

They who are speculating on a change from fee simple to leases from government, in the tenure of the soil, hav free scope in the region of ideas. It costs them nothing to suppose an honest government and impartial land agents who shall execute their theoretical conceptions faithfully. We may fairly infer that they hav put the best foot foremost, and made the statements they believe most congenial either to our common sense of justice, or to the interest of actual farmers. For the sake of meeting these innovators on a possible common ground, I will allow with Mr. Riley, in the June number of *Truth*, "the assumption that the government has ceased to be a tool of the usurers—has ceased to pay interest, abolished all sinecure offices, and that its work is wholly for the good of the people."

Only I must ask, who is to be judge of this goodness? And for what part of the people? Without imputing sinister intentions to the new school of land reformers, I propose to show the unequal bearing and the dangerous fallacies of the tenure by state or government lease. I call this scheme the new school, in contradistinction to that which inscribes on its banner "the inalienable homestead," leaving the individual free to merge his title during life in a collectiv or corporativ ownership, but not to alienate it from his family or legal heirs. The old school of land reform and the new school agree upon the principle of limiting the areas held, whether in fee simple or in lease, of discountenancing speculation in land, and of requiring actual settlement and improvement.

Writing in the San Francisco organ of State Socialism, Mr. Riley has no hesitation in compelling, by United States authority, the change of tenures. He is careful, moreover, to assure present owners that "government, in undertaking the stewardship of the land, will pay the present so-called 'owners' thereof, a fair valuation price in greenbacks." Now the issue of these greenbacks (credit money) being discretionary with the government, a billion costs it no more than one dollar. There cannot therefore be the least difficulty in paying loyal citizens well provided with faith in Uncle Sam. And the farmers so paid are to retain, if they like, as government tenants, their old properties, or such portion of them as may not exceed the statute of limitations for actual settlers.

Mr. Riley cheers us, moreover, with the assurance that "the rent we should hav to pay would be less than the taxes and rates we had previously paid!" He adds that all taxes and rates will be abolished, the land rental alone sufficing for the expenses of government.

Mr. H. Royer, in the *Radical Review*, June 28th, advocating Henry George's scheme, takes the same ground, though less *couleur de rose;* not so explicit on all points. He adds that "the rents are to be paid annually in advance, and that while the individual improvements of a farmer shall not be taxed, yet the rent shall be raised every five or ten years in proportion to increase of market value resulting from improvements around him."* Observe what a nice discrimination, so easy in theory, so difficult in practice, is hereby attributed to the government land officer. Let us suppose him infallible, and proceed to state a case. I, who now hold my estate in fee simple, would then hold it on lease at the discretion of the land agents. I occupy 76 acres and pay $2 tax. I support myself without much to do with markets, raising only fruit, wine, and such stock as pleases me without enslaving me. Completion of a railroad and thicker settlement around me, would quickly raise the valuation of my tract ten or a hundred fold. I should then hav to pay ten or one hundred times as much rent, and to do this, would hav to renounce all my tastes, all my personal liberty, and drudge for the market; but as my advanced age and incapacity to provide for hireling labor render these impossible, I should be forthwith expropriated, to make room for a "worthier use," as Mr. Royer says, and pauperized. Now, it would be an easy matter for capitalists controling improved farm machinery, steam ploughs, etc., or starting factories, to increase so suddenly and so enormously the market value of the farms adjacent, as to determin the expropriation of all the small farmers now independent, but whose means would not allow them to employ the machinery, or hire the labor, necessary to pay their increased rent. Thus, even supposing no unfairness on the part of the land agents, and the large capitalists, like others, to be restricted to a given area of actual occupation, they may, by the concentration of labor and skill with machinery, on that area, as effectivly monopolize the soil, under government leases, to hired laborers in their employ, as if they openly bought out the small farmer, or extruded him under cover of liens or mortgages. Actually, I hav interested motivs for well-wishing to my more prosperous neighbor, whose improvements react advantageously on my property; but under the rental scheme proposed, I should dread his improvements as entailing my ruin. This scheme is perfectly assorted with cutthroat competition, with might makes right, and the exclusiv law of the market. Only the richest, the smartest and most driving, could survive under it. It would accelerate the reign of financial feudalism, and render the independent yeoman impossible. First slaves to the state, under high-pressure rents, no industry or skill, without great resources of capital, could long pay such rents as capital, using equal industry and skill, can afford to pay; and the farmer, in consequence ousted, would hav no other choice than to surrender his personal liberty to the capitalist as a proletary.

Another aspect of this proposed innovation is the necessary increase of government offices and patronage. The land officer of a district would hold there authority and influence incomparably greater than any civic function at present, unless the high judiciary. And if, to avoid arbitrary personal preferences, questions of rent were referred to juries, the cost of the system would be greatly increased, or less business would be done, and vexatious delays incurred, all of which would react in raising the rents, from which such expenses must be liquidated. The cumbrous mechanism of a state is, at best, a vicious circle, as compared with the free play of personal energies. Only fit to foster privilege, when it attempts justice, it givs infinitesimal results at exaggerated costs. It is the dynamization of How not to do it. All we need of government, for the use of the soil, is—Hands off. Let Labor, untrammeled, assert its own rights. Occasional wrongs may be looked for under any system, or without system, but they are general and permanent only where governments forbid the individual to right himself.

Is it necessary to remark that a diet of greenbacks is *not absolutely nutriticus*, and that no amount of government credit will keep its office-holders fat without roast beef and plum pudding, that somebody must work for?

The two systems of landholding hav distinctiv social and religious correlations. To the Inalienable Homestead attach the sentiment of the family, of the association of childhood and of personal proprietorship, involving many labors of love, and values purely esthetic. To the Government Lease attach the exclusiv subordination of all sentiments to the money standard, and the continual enforcement on the mind of that uncertain and transitory tenure of human affairs, which teaches man to regard himself as but a waif upon the earth. In their bearings on the soil itself, the Inalienable Homestead favors permanent improvements, even at the cost of immediate profits; whereas the Government Lease compels the average renter to skin the soil, and otherwise push for immediate profits, in order to swim with the rising tide of rents consequent upon the application of machinery to agriculture on a scale hitherto unprecedented. It is true that in the race for profits he must lag fatally behind his better-equipped neighbor, but he may hold out long enough to desolate the country, bared of forests, and the cream of its soil washed into the ocean. Under the commercial facilities afforded by steam, this process is going about a hundred times as rapidly as in previous generations, and peace becomes almost as destructiv as war to the radical resources of nature. To the facil transportation of crops hav been added the facility of emigration, and temptation presented by large tracts of rich, open land. The sentiment of the home and of personal property in the soil that we cultivate has thus become very much enfeebled in America, and the habits of superficial work consequent hav prepared for the acceptance of a superficial tenure on the soil, against which the sturdy old yeoman or French peasant proprietor would fight to the death.

The religious considerations are of two orders, bearing on the solidarity of the individual with the collectiv life at any given period, and on the solidarity of man in his generations, present, past, and future. The Inalienable Homestead, which harmonizes with the latter, is favorable to the former, as the sentiment of personal dignity and of a permanent stake in the country favors patriotism.

The Government Lease system also contemplates a sort of solidarity; it is that of dependency, and attaches the individual to the state, as a tenant to his landlord. It ignores the higher forms of solidarity.

Hitherto, capital, controling in Great Britain the votes of its landless dependents in the agricultural districts, as well as of its factory wagelings, has in the United States controled only the latter.

Now, if leasing farmers become dependents on the graces of the United States land officers by the discretion exercised in the appraisement of their tenures, these officers, vowed by their offices to support the ruling party, will control a great number of farmers' votes. It will then become so much the easier for capitalists to control the elections. Many will themselvs administer the land offices, while the poorer land officers will be more readily influenced than a much greater number of independent farmers.

Finally, the advocates of the new tenure by state lease giv great prominence to the motiv of escaping the oppression of monopoly. I hav shown by what indirect means monopolists may defeat its provisions. Moreover, the Inalienable Homestead, while constituting in itself a partial bulwark against the encroachment of monopolists, is perfectly consistent with other prohibitory forces, whether legislativ or resulting from spontaneous agreement among farmers. The limitation of areas to personal occupancy is equally consistent with either form of tenure, the fee simple or the lease, though the lease affords greater facilities for baffling it. EDGEWORTH.

*This quotation, though abbreviated, is substantially exact.

Cannibalism.

I hav recently heard a good deal of horror expressed because of the cannibalism said to hav been resorted to in their dire extremity of starvation by certain members of the Greely party. To me, also, the thought of this terrible deed brings a feeling of horror. And yet, having myself experienced the maddening pangs of extreme hunger, I can look with a good deal of allowance upon those who commit the deed, as did the parties in question, in the insanity of starvation. There is a form of cannibalism, however, which is extensivly practiced throughout all Christendom, upon which I cannot look with any such allowance, it not being practiced under any dire necessity. I refer to that form which is practiced almost weekly by the well-dressed and well-fed crowds that throng those gorgeous bazars of fashion, superstition, bigotry, and intolerance called churches, cathedrals, etc.

As you are doubtless well aware, these crowds are wont, in a public and ostentatious manner, to eat the flesh and to drink the blood of an executed person called Jesus. Though they claim that this person's spirit was a god, they all admit that his body was human, the god, as such, not having any body; and, since the eating of human flesh and the drinking of human blood constitute cannibalism, these parties are, undeniably, cannibals.

The only question that can arise in regard to this matter is as to the genuinness of the flesh and blood consumed on these occasions. That they really are the genuin flesh and blood of Jesus we hav the positiv and oft-repeated testimony of over 200,000 priests. And now, are these 200,000 priests all outrageous liars and impostors, or are over 200,000,000 of Christians all cannibals? If all these priests are outrageous liars and impostors, can anything good come from their influence? If, on the other hand, they be truthful men, and the wholesale cannibalism in question be genuin, can any good come of so horrible a practice? In any view of the case, is not the practice a degrading one? Since the eaters and drinkers fully *believe* the flesh and the blood to be genuin portions of the body of Jesus, is not their moral nature as much affected by the devouring of these things as it would be if they had the body of Jesus before them and were to eat flesh cut directly from his body, and to drink blood taken directly from his veins? Will some one of these cannibal priests please rise and explain? JOHN R. KELSO.

Modesto, Cal.

In the Beginning.

From the Spectator.

August, year unknown; time, six o'clock in the morning;
Sate in a tree, an Ape; irrational; eating an apple,
Raw; no cook as yet, no house, no shred of a garment;
Soul, a blank; taste, nil; a thumb but slowly beginning;
Warranted wholly an Ape, a great jack-ape o' the forest,
Jabbering, hairy, grim, arboreal wholly in habits.
So he sate on till noon, when, hushed in slumber around him,
Everything lay dead; all save the murmuring insect,
Whose small voice still spake, proclaiming silence. Awaking
Suddenly, then he rose, and, thinking scorn of his fellows,
Longed to be quit of them all, his Apess specially. She, dear,
Knew no dream, no vision; her Apelet playing about her
All her thought, her care. At four he finally left her,
Went to liv by himself, but felt a pang—'twas a conscience
Budding in germ ; yet went; then stopped to bathe in a fountain;
Wow! What an ugly phiz! He saw and shuddered; a Ruskin
Stirred in his breast. Taste born!—the seed of a mighty Ideal,
Raffaelesque, Titianic! Erect he strode through the jungle,
Cleaving his way with a stick;—Art's rise! An implement maker,
Parent of Armstrong guns, steam rams, et cetera? Still on
Plucking the fruits he went; felt pain, no matter the region;
Said it was not the apple, or crab, or cranberry, no! nor
Even the sloe. 'Twas a chill. He caught it there in the fountain.
Bathing, still in a heat, the water cold o' the coldest.
Glorious Ape!—Logician! not yet a perfect Induction,
But good step that way, as good as many among us!
So he went on till eve, when, reached the edge o' the forest,
Just where the opening paths sloped westward; then i' the gloaming,
Mounting a rising knoll, he saw the sun in his glory
Set over flood and fell; and joining, as in embraces,
Earth to heaven draw near; he saw, and suddenly trembled;
Sudden his apehood shrank as a robe, and fell from off him;
Sudden a soul was born. He owned a greater above him,
Near him, round him, in him, far away in the splendor,
Having a right to rule, and he a duty to serve it.
And this happened at eight—at eight P. M. precisely—
On that August day; and if you cannot believe it,
Go to your Darwin; read how an Ape grew man; and a moment
Was when his soul was not, another, his soul was quickened.
And this must be true, or else—unhappy dilemma—
Men and monkeys both hav souls, or flourish without them.
So farewell, Ape-man! Lo, we, your progeny, greet you;
Thank you much for a soul, and—may we never forget it!

An Unhappy "Spirit" Abroad.

Whether or not there are miserable and evil spirits in some other world I do not pretend to decide, but that there are some in this is beyond all doubt. Poor, unfortunate victims, they deserve our commiseration, and willingly would I offer them some *material* help, only it is to be feared that the "conditions" by which they are surrounded are of such a nature as to render available aid impossible. It is not kind, I know, to smile at another's misfortune, but I could not avoid enjoying a very hearty laugh over the furious attack made upon me by one Mr. Oliver, whose article from the *Spiritual Offering* (what an offering to spirits!) was copied into THE TRUTH SEEKER. How sad that an unhappy spirit should hav taken possession of this gentlemanly genius and so alarmingly disturbed his equilibrium! The abuse which he hurled at my poor offending head, while under this fatal influence, might be judged to savor more of the spirituous than the spiritual, did we not know that those who hold intercourse with "spirits above" never meddle with "spirits below." How sorry I am that my address so seriously affected this very sensitiv ethereal being that even after days of solitude he had not recovered from the fever my humble words caused him. Really, I was not aware that anything I said on the occasion had such a potent influence on one who tries sometimes to "call spirits from the vasty deep." But we—some of us—liv and learn. Materialists are a "herd," and I am the John Bull of the herd, stamping with hoofs, goring with horns, and going ramping, raving mad, till gentle-like Oliver was obviously frightened at my "greedy, bulging eyes," lest he might, like his figurativ toad, disappear and be seen no more. Oh, holy pokers and sacred tongs! what a commotion about nothing! A storm in a teapot I hav heard of before, but this is a hurricane in a spoon, a thunder-storm in a thimble, a waterspout in a winkle-shell. What, in the name of all the spirits at once—or, to use a more solemn source of appeal, all the gods in the Pantheon—is it all about? Had Mr. Oliver been eating unripe fruit, or was he suffering from a severe bilious attack? I fail to comprehend him. But that's no marvel. I am "a hidebound buffalo of the plains, a hippopotamus of rivers dank," eating beef (by the way, is it not cannibalism for a buffalo to eat beef?) and guzzling ale Englishman, and cannot be expected to understand spirits of earth, or air, or water, or that other place usually supposed to be under the earth. Does not Mr. Oliver know that because a man has the misfortune to be an Englishman it does not therefore follow that he necessarily either eats beef or drinks ale. If it did, I should hav been in a rare fix during the week I spent at the Cassadaga camp, for the whole time I was there I saw very little beef, and not a drop of ale. To be serious, if this sort of language and such dirty mud-pelting be the outcome of Spiritualism, we do well to leave it to those who can display celestial ire, and keep ourselvs for the staid and sober things of earth.

Mr. Chainey must be proud indeed of the refined manners and elegant and choice phraseology of this apostle of the "new gospel." Reading the article of Mr. Oliver's, there can be no question as to its *softening* influence upon the manners and the intellects of some of its adherents. Glad am I to know that it has not this effect upon many of the Spiritualists, the majority of whom, according to my experience, are polite, civil, and honorable ladies and gentlemen. But as it frequently happens in good families that some "black sheep" are to be found, so in great movements many "cranks" are discovered. If it should ever be my fate to meet Mr. Oliver on a public platform, my special endeavor will be "in the mildest manner possible" to cure him of his malady and to inspire within him a sense of his duty as a gentleman. It is too much to hope that anything I may write now will redeem him from his "fallen condition," as probably, according to the law of evolution, he has not yet reached the redeeming point; but, for the advantage of others who are more advanced, and, therefore, better capable of appreciating accuracy and the right of fair controversy, I will pen the substance of my reply to Mr. Chainey, and thereby correct the misstatements of Mr. Oliver.

In no one instance did I indulge in "disgusting personalities" towards Mr. Chainey, as my remarks in last week's TRUTH SEEKER will show. That gentleman gave a public statement of his failure as a Liberal exponent, and sought sincerely, I believe, though, in my opinion, injudiciously, to blame the Liberals and their principles for his failure. This I thought was a mistake upon his part, and, in vindication of a cause which to me is most dear, I said so, and gave my reasons for so saying. I hav nowhere alleged that "woman should never enter man's domain," but I did urge that I thought my friend Chainey had too much of the tenderness and nervousness of women, without the stern, practical, enduring nature that should belong to men who hav to grapple with the rude realities of life, the result being that he is too effeminate. So far from limiting the sphere of woman, I hav taught for the past twenty years that all disabilities founded on sex should be removed; that as all human beings hav an equal right to the full development and the free exercise of their faculties, we ought to open to women as to men all spheres of activity. They will succeed in those for which they are fit, they will fail in those for which they are not fit.

One of the grave charges brought against Liberals by Mr. Chainey was that we "cultivate our intellects till our hearts and intuitions are dead within us." This I resented as a libel upon a class of men and women whose lives prove that they are in no way destitute of love, affection, devotion, and benevolence. Is it true that Liberals fail to appreciate music, painting, sculpture; that they care nothing for the glories and grandeurs of the world; that they take no part in the treasures of the imagination? Certainly not; we recognize in all these emotional gratifications the very high utility of touching to rapture some of the finest chords in our nature. We believe in blending the virtues of the mind with what are commonly called the virtues of the heart. For if wisdom givs the requisit light, love alone can giv the requisit vital heat. Wisdom climbing the arduous mountain solitudes, must often let the lamp slip from her benumbed fingers; must often be near perishing in fatal lethargy amidst ice and snow-drifts, if love be not there to cheer and revive her with the glow and the flames of the heart's quenchless fires. No one admits more readily than the Secularist does, that we need tender hearts no less than hard heads, and that we should cultivate warm feeling as well as cool reasoning. Can we not nurture the affections and the imagination as well as and along with reason? Assuredly we can, and the wisest and healthiest of men hav been they who harmoniously cultivated their whole nature, physical, moral, and mental, and not any one faculty at the expense of all the others—a mode of life only to be justified by an over-mastering special genius, whose vindication rests in its extraordinary achievements.

Another great error into which Mr. Chainey fell was in saying, "If life is bounded by the cradle and the grave, you can well afford to sell a birthright in an imaginary world for a mess of pottage." What is meant by this doubtful statement? Is our present abode the imaginary world? There cannot be any other if life is "bounded by the cradle and the grave," but surely existence is no mere imagination, as Mr. Chainey would soon discover if he left phantoms and attended to real practical life. His full meaning, however, came out in another part of his lecture, when he exclaimed, "If we think this life the be-all and end-all, the more sensual we are." This is the cry of one who revels in selfish gratification, and not of him who aims at rational conduct. Suppose this life is the "be-all and end-all" (I do not say it is), is it not worth having for its own sake? Are there no duties devolving upon us as members of the great whole, the very performance of which adds to the joy and happiness of our being? Do lying, cheating, dishonor, and licentiousness enhance the value of society more than truth, honesty, honor, and temperance? Does not real virtue adorn human character, and does not every benevolent act which alleviates suffering and lessens misery, convey unspeakable satisfaction and feelings of delight to the actor? A man who fails to experience pleasure in lofty aspirations, in noble deeds, and in a career of integrity, even if confined to this life, must be fallen indeed.

Coming now to what should hav been the practical and reasoning portion of Mr. Chainey's addresses, what are the facts? He volunteered to announce publicly that he would prove on the Sunday night that Spiritualism was superior to Materialism. We were, therefore, justified in expecting that some attempt would be made to explain the meaning of the two "isms." But Mr. Chainey never deigned to giv us any information as to what he meant by the use of those terms, neither did he afford us the slightest indication that he understood either the one or the other. In his presence I stated that Materialism recognizes the material universe as the one existence, and all phenomena as resulting from changes taking place in matter. This universe, it maintains, has existed from all eternity in some form or other, and being composed of that which is indestructible, it must continue to exist forever. Life, according to this theory, is a resultant of certain combinations of material atoms, which we call organization; and when this combination is broken up, the life ceases, or more probably changes into some other form or force, just as a sudden arrest of motion converts momentum into heat. Thought is held by the Materialist to be simply a function of the brain, and all mental power resultant of a particular kind of organization. Mind, therefore, depends entirely upon matter, and has no independent existence. The brain, in fact, secretes thought, and when the cerebral organization ceases to exist there is an end of mental manifestations, just as the secretions of the bile cease when the liver is destroyed. Thus what is termed mind is not an existence *per se*, that is, it does not exist of itself. It is a phrase used to indicate that part of the material organization to which the name mental has been given. As Dr. Wigan remarks, "The mind, every anatomist knows to be a set of functions of the brain, differing only in number and degree from the intellect of animals. . . . Can the mind, then, be a thing *per se*, distinct and separate from the body? No more than the motion can exist independent of the watch." Spencer also says in his "Elements of Psychology," "Though we commonly regard mental and bodily life as distinct, it needs only to ascend somewhat above the ordinary point of view, to see that they are but subdivisions of life in general; and that no line of demarcation can be drawn between them otherwise than arbitrarily."

Such is the Materialistic position, and one that Mr. Chainey held as sound until his "conversion," when he professes to hav found something truer and nobler. Hav we not a right, therefore, when he publicly states this, to inquire what that something is, and why he claims it as being superior? Surely he will not acknowledge that he has been converted to something of which he knows nothing, and that without any explainable reason. True, he calls his new idol Spiritualism and talks of consciousness after death. But he made no effort to explain what a spirit is, or to show how it is possible for consciousness to continue when that which has been conscious is no more. Judging from experience, life and brain are necessary to consciousness; and to possess life and brain, organic structure is indispensable. Why, then, did not Mr. Chainey inform us how he has arrived at the conclusion that life, thought, and consciousness can continue their manifestations when all that was required for their production has ceased to exist? So far as we are concerned, it has, hitherto, been impossible, even with the aid of the telescope or microscope, to discover anything that corresponds with what Mr. Chainey terms a spirit. If he has been more fortunate, he should hav given us the benefit of his unique power of perception. Our mental vision is so limited that we can only recognize phenomena, but what underlies appearances is to us unknown, and our modesty forbids us to assume a knowledge that we cannot command.

The mode of investigation suggested by Mr. Chainey to ascertain the accuracy of his new faith appears to me to be unsatisfactory. To hav to grope in the dark to get light upon such a marvelous subject as Spiritualism is supposed to be is not encouraging. And then the loopholes to cover failures are so numerous. The slightest opposing element "breaks the circle;" a non-success is explained by the plea that "spirits cannot be controled," or that "lying spirits," or "powerless spirits," are present. Of course I do not deny many of the phenomena, but I see no reason for ascribing them to aught but natural power. Besides, Mr. Chainey should hav considered that, inasmuch as those manifestations take place in nature, they are thereby natural. Further, what idea has he of the alleged supernatural, and what are the distinctiv marks between its supposed power and the acknowledged natural force? And, still further, has the extent of nature's capabilities been sufficiently ascertained to justify anyone in dogmatizing either upon what she can or she cannot do? Does not Mr. Chainey know that a large and intelligent class of Spiritualists in the United States attribute the very phenomena which hav captivated him to material means? Would it not, therefore, hav been wise upon his part to hav given the subject a little dispassionate study before talking so positivly as to imaginary causes, of which he knows nothing, and for which he can giv no reason apart from a hastily formed opinion?

Frequently during the Convention held at Cassadaga, I asked friend Chainey what he regarded the practical results of Spiritualism to be? His only reply was that it afforded him "sweet consolation," and opened up before him a glorious immortality. In it he had found a "new gospel." Now all this might hav been very satisfactory to him, but it was no justification for his reckless taunts hurled at some of his former associates. These unfortunate Liberals were termed by Mr. Chainey, "inflated egotists," who sought to overthrow in a most remorseless manner "all opinions but their own," who cared as little for the feelings of those who differed from them as did "the Wall-street speculators for the widows of those they ruined;" and finally, these Materialists were charged with "speaking lightly and profanely of the sacred relation of the sexes."

These were among the charges made by Mr. Chainey against men who, if they fail to see into the "spirit-world," hav, at least, clear and definit conceptions of the virtue, honor, and fidelity which belong to this. "Inflated egotists," forsooth! And this from friend George, who claims to hav discovered in a few days, *for a certainty*, a sure immortality. "Friends," he exclaims, "I know we are to liv forever." Who really is the egotist, the man who admits that he does not know the unknowable, or he who professes a positiv knowledge of the "unseen world?" There is, of course, no "egotism" in Mr. Chainey saying, "God is the soul which is through all, in all, and around all." Again, "Our present life is inseparably connected with the spiritual realm; sometimes this union is conscious, and at others quite unconscious." And this from one who, until a few weeks ago, held the very opposit opinions, and

who, at present, is unable to giv a logical reason why he does not entertain the same opinions to-day.

"A new gospel," to be of any practical value, should be superior to the old gospel. Will Mr. Chainey state where are the superior features of his recently acquired faith to those of Secularism? What science, philosophy, and ethics has it that Secularism does not contain? Where is its unique moral guide and rule of life? Is it a "sweet consolation" to believe that there is a future existence, or that "we shall never die?" If so, Secularism does not deny the right to such a belief to those who think they hav evidence of its reality. Secularism does, however, condemn that "inflated egotism" which inspires the allegation that there is such evidence open to all, and that those who confess their inability to recognize it will suffer hereafter in consequence. Many Secularists, *knowing* only of one existence, content themselvs therewith, feeling assured that the best credentials to secure any possible immortality is the best—physically, morally, and intellectually—use of the life we now hav. The man who has lived well has made the best preparation to die well. What has such a man to fear at death? He knows by experience that death is the consequence of life, that no form possesses immortality. The plant that blossoms on the mountain side, the bird that flutters in the summer sun, the bee that flies from flower to flower, the colossal elephant and the tiny animalcule, the intelligent ape and the almost unconscious zoophyte, all pass into a state of unconsciousness when their part is played and their work is done. Why should man be an exception to the universal law? His body is built upon the same principle, and his mental faculties differ in degree, but not in character, from theirs. He is subject to the same law as the rest of existence, and to repine at death is as absurd as to weep because he did not liv in some other planet or at some other time. Nature is imperativ in her decrees, and must be obeyed. Death is the common lot of all. The atoms of matter composing our organism are required for the construction of another, so they must be given up for that purpose, and to repine at it argues an ill-tutored mind. The work is done, and if it has been done well there is nothing to fear when "life's fitful dream is o'er." CHARLES WATTS.

Toronto Notes.

The "apostle of Albert Hall," as the press of Toronto hav named Charles Watts, lectured on Sunday last on the subject, "Secularism Superior to Christianity." It had been raining all day, which had thinned the churches, and a thin audience was feared likely to listen to the "apostle of Albert Hall;" but in spite of the weather, and all other obstacles, the house was crowded in every part. Charles Watts is a good speaker—clear and distinct in his enunciation, decided and forcible in manner, deliberate and pleasant in pronunciation; and in debate, when necessary, he is rapid, concentrated, and voluble in replying to his opponents.

Irving and Ellen Terry appear at the Grand Opera House, Toronto, next week. I ought to hav said Irving, Terry, and Tom Mead, for what "Britisher," "blawsted" or otherwise, does not remember Tom Mead? He has made starring tours in Shaksperian characters all over the British Islands for many years past, and has been a prime favorit wherever he has appeared on the stage. He is one of the pillars of Shaksperian drama. For many years three of the greatest stars of the British provinces were the three Toms, as they were called—Tom Mead, Tom Swinburne, and Tom King. Let every reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER make it a point not to miss seeing Tom Mead play in support of Irving and Terry. Tom is a good and faithful Secularist.

Every Freethinker, every Materialist, every Evolutionist, must hav felt, for a number of years past, the pressing necessity for a dictionary of the new words, scientific and otherwise, pertaining to evolution. A mass of literature, vast in extent, has grown up, with its corresponding mass of technical and scientific words, endless in number, on the subjects of Materialism and evolution. And all this without a key to unlock its treasures in the way of a dictionary of new philosophical and scientific terms. Let every reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER find a way of getting access to the "New Imperial Dictionary," sold by Scribners, New York. It will be found that the "New Imperial" givs a complete and illustrated vocabulary of all the new philosophical and scientific terms used in the Materialistic and evolution philosophies. Let every reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER try to induce some publisher in the United States to reprint the "New Imperial Dictionary" at half price. Scribners sell the British print at twenty dollars. It would pay to reprint it at ten dollars.

The Central Canadian Secular Society, who hav commenced establishing branch societies all over the Dominion from the Atlantic to the Pacific, are calling together a convention from all parts of Canada. Among other subjects which will be dealt with by the Convention are: 1. The building of a Secular hall in the city of Toronto. 2. Some amendments to the Constitution. 3. The advisability of forming a junction with the United States Secular Association. 4. Ways and means of establishing a Freethought journal to represent the skeptics and Secular organizations—both local and general, national and otherwise—throughout the length and breadth of the Dominion of Canada.

One gentleman wrote a letter to the daily press purporting to reiterate statements the writer had heard Mr. Watts make from the platform. Charles Watts inserted a letter in reply to the effect that he (Charles Watts) had never made one of those statements at all—that the whole of the charges were wilful falsehoods—and recommended the orthodox Christian libeler to read his Bible, more especially to attentivly consider Revelations xxi, 8.

A Mr. Reynolds got upon the platform of Albert Hall, at the close of Mr. Charles Watts's lecture on Sunday night last, to oppose the statements of the address. Had Mr. Reynolds during his childhood's happy hours been fortunate enough to hav the privilege of attending the dame school of his nativ village home, he would hav escaped making such a display of what he didn't know. O Mr. Reynolds! If the powers above would only gie us, to see oursels as ithers see us! Alack, and awell a day! Mr. Reynolds delivered a reply to Mr. Watts in the Orange Hall, Toronto, on Wednesday night last. According to the public press, if Mr. Reynolds went out into the highways and hedges to compel them to come in, his success in scaring up his audience, culminated in (including, I suppose, small boys, news girls, two peanut men, three big umbrellas, and one small Scotch terrier dog), thirty-nine all told. R. B. BUTLAND.

Toronto, Ont., Oct. 4, 1884.

Victory in One School-District.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Down here in the "Old Dominion" is quite a hotbed of Christianity, there being but very few outspoken Liberals. But you can score one more victory for Freethought. Just one year ago I began, single-handed and alone, a fight for our side, by opposing the opening of our schools in this district (Sapponey) with prayer. I wrote to our county superintendent in regard to the matter. His only reply was: "If I were in your place, I would not throw myself in the face of public sentiment by opposing this thing." I referred him to our champion's "Individuality." Getting no satisfaction from the county superintendent of public instruction, I wrote to our state superintendent, Hon. R. R. Farr, whose reply I giv below: "I desire to state that no public free school teacher has any right to introduce *any* religious rites into his school." I laid this letter before the school trustees of our district. The result was that the trustees issued an order to the teachers of all free schools to discontinue the reading the Bible and opening the schools with prayer.

Thus it will be seen what one industrious worker in our cause can do. Let us hav Watts and Putnam down here this winter—say in Richmond, our state capital.

Poor Chainey! He is surely as "unstable as water." GEO. W. BARNER.

Goodwynsville, Va., Sept. 28, 1884.

A Prophetess in the Land.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Immediately upon the nomination of Mr. Blaine for the presidency, Mrs. Morrell, a Spiritualist medium of this city, told me that he would never be president. Immediately upon the nomination of Mr. Cleveland, she said the same thing of him. As her friends claim that she correctly predicted the results of the three preceding presidential elections immediately upon hearing of the nominations, I was curious to know how it could be that neither of the nominees of the two great parties would be president. She replied: "It seems to me as though one will die and the other be killed." She still insists upon her prophecy. On August 1st, Mrs. Morrell called upon Mrs. Fisk, a medium who claims to write under spirit control, and while there Mrs. Morrell saw the spirit of Abraham Lincoln enter the room and indicate that he wanted to write something. Mrs. Fisk was immediately controled to write the following communication:

"When the time arrives for the decision of the people upon the choice of candidates, there will be silence and mourning in the halls of Congress; for the dead will be more than the living of their number, and out of the choice the people shall make there will be no one to respond; for the reaper will hav gathered the sheaves, and the hand of destruction will hav swept the representativs of the people from their places. We know the times are filled with premonitions of ill, and we would not add to the insecurity of the masses; but labor and capital must hav their struggle, and the friend of the oppressed alone can endure. He who lifts his voice for the poor will be the chosen ruler, for the poor man's friend is the next in order in the history of this nation. He whose hand has ever been raised in defense of right will be supported by the myriad hosts upon our shore, and he will be given the highest position from the people. ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

This prophecy points to Butler as the next president, a result wholly unlooked for at the time it was made, and even now expected by only a few. Its publication by you will interest many of your Spiritualist readers as well as many friends of Ben Butler.

Yours truly, DAVID S. WHITE.

New York, Oct. 3, 1884.

Agnostic, Positiv, and Pantarch.

AGNOSTIC: Atheism, Pantheism, and Theism, when rigorously analyzed, severally prove to be absolutely unthinkable.

A God understood is no God at all.

The power which the Universe manifests is to us utterly inscrutable.

All things are manifestations of a Power that transcends our knowledge.

The consciousness of the presence of an Infinit and Eternal Energy, from which all things proceed, is an absolute certainty.

Is it not just possible that there is a mode of being as much transcending Intelligence and Will, as these transcend mechanical motion?

POSITIVIST: Has the Agnostic a positiv creed? Yea, verily. "An Infinit and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed!" Or, as Athanasius would say, "Neither made, nor created, nor begotten, but proceeding!" But this Infinit and Eternal Energy is Unknowable, and don't you forget it, nor dare to omit the capital letters. And if you would hold the Agnostic Faith, you must not think of the Unknowable Being as a He, or even as an It! You must simply worship the Unthinkable, which without doubt is an absolute certainty.

Such is the faith of the Agnostic; hear now the creed of the Positivist:

Whosoever would be saved, before all things, it is necessary that he hold the Positiv Faith, which is this: That we worship God only in Humanity, neither created nor uncreated, neither begotten nor unbegotten, neither comprehensible nor incomprehensible, neither transitory nor eternal, but existing as long as concrete man exists, and, therefore, always to be adored.

PANTARCH: There is no such thing in the absolute sense as the Unknowable. It is a logical absurdity, for if it were existent we should not know of its existence, and could neither affirm nor deny it.

The quarrel between the Agnostic and the Positiv arises from a confusion of ideas caused by the poverty of language. Knowledge has three degrees, to wit: 1. Cognosis, or cognition; indirect or relativ knowledge. 2. Ag-gnosis, or gnosis; direct or absolute knowledge. 3. A-gnosis, or not knowledge, *i. e.*, ignorance. The learned Agnostic confounds the first degree with the second—cognosis with ag-gnosis, relativ with absolute knowledge—and because we hav no cognition or relativ knowledge of a thing, he dogmatically affirms that that thing is Unknowable. The Positivist rather prefers the term Unknown, but isn't quite decided what word to use. Both are in the fog, and the only way out of it is a new and universal language in which every word has a fixed definition.

The Agnostic who professes to hav discovered an Unknowable God will hav to yield to the Positivist who claimed to hav found that God idea in the common consciousness of Humanity.

AGNOSTIC: Humanity indeed! You ask me to worship a thousand million savages—nay, a thousand million multiplied by a thousand million, comprising all the man-apes that hav existed since your humanity was evoluted from a tadpole. Humanity be damned!

THE PANTARCH: While my brother Positivist is preparing an answer to this last assault, in which he will exhibit a power of repartee and logical eloquence of which he is a master, I will only observe that the Altruism of the Agnostic is just what the great child-like soul of Comte intended to affirm as the dominant element of the practical Religion of the future. All sympathy is Altruism, and whatever sympathy exists between any two, says the Agnostic, is an instance of race consciousness. Just so, and that is an evidence of ultimate concrete race consciousness. Man, as a race, may now be scarcely conscious of any such consciousness, but he will by and by evolute into a full recognition of the Religion of Humanity.

W. H. B.

THE *North American Review* for October contains essays by many noted men, who are mostly mistaken in their views. The leading article is by an eminent college president, who evidently thinks that Christianity and morality, or moral character, are interchangeable terms; and the "Benefits of the Tariff System" are discussed by prejudiced writers—John Roach, for one. The other writers are O. B. Frothingham, on the "Philosophy of Conversion," a subtil paper by a splendid though mild heretic; the "Origin of Yellow Fever," by Dr. C. Creighton;" "Why I Wish to Visit America," by an English reverend; "Shall the Jury System be Abolished?" by Judge Hayne; and, to lovers of Tennyson's poetry, a very interesting contribution by R. H. Shepherd on the genesis of "Maud," probably the best production of England's laureate.

A LEADING firm of publishers in Stockholm, Sweden, hav translated Ingersoll's works into the Scandinavian language, and propose to publish them as works demanded by the progress of the age.

The League.

How to Organize a Local League.

The National Liberal League is formed by the union of Local Auxiliary Liberal Leagues. To organize a Local Auxiliary League, any person (man or woman) may place the following Call at the head of a sheet of paper and solicit signatures:

CALL.

We, the undersigned citizens of [here introduce name of town or city], agree to organize an Auxiliary Liberal League, to work in connection with the National Liberal League, and to pay the sums set opposit our names for that purpose.

Names.	*Residences.*	*Amounts.*

As soon as ten persons have subscribed to this Call, and five dollars have been paid in, make out an application for a Charter, inclosing the application, together with a money order or postal note for five dollars (or the amount may be inclosed in a registered letter) to the secretary of the National Liberal League. The fee for a Charter is ten dollars, and the Board of Directors have voted to allow the organizer of the Auxiliary Liberal League to retain five dollars as compensation for his or her services in effecting the organization.

Any Liberal society can by a vote qualify itself an Auxiliary Liberal League, and take out a charter.

On receipt of the five dollars and application signed by the President and Secretary (or the temporary Secretary) of the new League (and as many others as may choose), the Secretary will forward to the applicant a Charter signed by the proper officers of the National Liberal League. Samuel P. Putnam,
Secretary of the National Liberal League.
55 *East 9th street, New York.*

SUPPORT OF THE NATIONAL LEAGUE.

In order to provide an adequate revenue to the treasury of the National League, to enable it to carry out the requirements of sections, 4, 5, and 6 of Article III. of its Constitution, and to do other legitimate work of the League, every auxiliary is requested to contribute a certain sum montbly, not less than five cents per month from each one of its members, for the use of the National League. The amount thus collected should be remitted quarterly on the first days of January, April, July, and October, by the secretary of the auxiliary to the secretary of the National League.

League Items.

Contributions to the National Campaign Fund.

Already acknowledged,	$1,251,00
James Parton,	20.00
J. E. Remsburg,	10.00
Ralph Helm,	10.00
Wm. Reynolds,	5.00
T. G. Watkins,	5.00
S. N. Bradford,	5.00
H. Cohn,	2.00
A. T. Benedict,	2.00
Zenas Kent,	1.00
John Cosgrove,	1.00
Joseph Wensel,	1.00
A. Chavannes,	1.00
J. W. Leighton,	1.00
Total,	$1,315.00

FROM CORRESPONDENCE.

To Samuel P. Putnam, Secretary of National Liberal League.

C. B. Hunter, Moscow Mills, Mo.: Your labors in this state would meet with great success.

Albert Chavannes (Editor of *Sociologist*), Adair Creek, Tenn.: Please find inclosed $1 for the Campaign Fund.

Ralph Helm, Syracuse, N. Y.: Please put me down for ten dollars. I heartily approve of the action of the League the last session.

Gideon Marsh, Marcelona, Antrim Co., Mich.: We need something to arouse us up. Help us this fall or winter, and we will do all we can.

J. W. Leighton, Greeley, Col.: Inclosed is $1. I hope each Freethinker will do what I hav done—send what he or she can spare, if it is only a little.

J. S. Edgerton, Chester Hill, Morgan Co., O.: A League could be organized here that would do good work. If you and Mr. Watts will come you shall hav a warm welcome.

Joseph Wensel, Wayland, Mich.: Inclosed I send $1 for the Campaign Fund, and I hope that each Liberal in the country who can spare one dollar will do so, and help on the great cause.

Wm. Reynolds, Wauship, Summit Co., Utah: Inclosed find $5 to help make the Liberal "pot boil." Liberal missionaries are needed in Utah. There is plenty of material to make a valuable auxiliary League.

H. B. Jones, Burton, Wash. Co., Texas: Nearly all our young men in every community are Liberally inclined, and I know of no place where a League could not be started, if proper steps were taken. I hope to hear from you soon, and that you can pay us a visit.

John J. Jost, Ogden, Utah: The necessity of missionary work I hav always agitated. Two good lecturers and organizers will fill a great want. Our League will push ahead. One of our Liberal friends has promised us a hall which will be ready in a few weeks.

Edward Ross, Montezuma, N. Y.: I hav been a Freethinker for ten years, and hav watched with much interest the proceedings of your National League. Please send your constitution and by-laws. I am sure that I can organize a League in this place.

H. L. R. Jones, Osage Mission, Neosho Co., Kan.: My course is planned as follows: 1. Open a subscription list to meet our just share of your expense, both traveling and salary, for at least one day in our county. 2. Secure the co-operation of all Secularists in different parts of the county, and raise a fund for county work for at least six months in the year. I hope to effect an organization having the foregoing in view. I believe it will not be difficult to raise $1,200 in this county to carry on such work. Let us know of your approach, and we will be ready to receive you.

So goes the work all over the country. Fall in, friends, and lend a hand. Do your "level best," and we shall succeed. Giv us a good word, and we will send it ringing along from column to column of our lines. Samuel P. Putnam.
55 *East 9th street, New York City.*

The Call of the Leaguers.

There's a revolution rising; there's rebellion in the land;
There's a movement past disguising for a better law to reign;
And our able secretary sends his call on every hand
For the sinews necessary to the opening campaign.

In our call we hav demanded every church shall pay its share,
In a manner open-handed, of the government expense;
We demand appropriation to remunerate for prayer
Shall without procrastination be no more directed thence.

In our halls of legislature there are parsons by the score,
Paid to violate the nature of each man that holds a doubt
As to God and inspiration and a dozen dogmas more;
Let us purify the nation, friends, and turn the rascals out.

There's a God-in-Constitution party roaming through the land,
With a view to comminution of their foes from sea to sea;
Let us raise the Liberal banner with a strong, athletic hand,
While we peal the loud hosanna and the anthem of the free.

Rally to this standard, brother, with your word and with your deed,
Let us try to save each other and the land that gave us birth;
Follow where our leaders call us, be a help in time of need,
And whatever then befall us, we shall disenthrall the earth.

George E. Macdonald.

Contributions to the $5,000 Fund.

The National Liberal League affords you opportunity to prove your Liberalism is a reality; that you are not simply a Christian under another name, making a mere profession of faith instead of living out your avowed convictions. Do justice. Is it just to your fellow-creatures to leave them in the dark bogs of superstition, and under the cruel dominion of priestcraft, without making one effort or self-sacrifice to deliver them, when your deliverance cost the martyrdom of Paine, Bennett, and other noble pioneers of civil and religious liberty?

Love mercy. Is it merciful, because you are now released from the cruel fetters of superstition, and the bonds of fear, to leave your friends and neighbors shackled, when you could so easily help set them free?

Endeavor to make your fellow-creatures happy. Think for a moment of the vast amount of time and money freely contributed to the church. Think of the privation and self-denial cheerfully endured by the votaries of superstition, to afford others the imagined benefits of their visionary mythical salvation. Should we not do as much for the real salvation of our fellow-creatures? Should we not blush with shame every time we hear the word *Liberal*, if we do not?

How many Liberals hav members of their families attend some church, and pay from $20 to $250 per year to its support? If Liberal, would it not be well to be consistent, and giv at least half as much to the cause of reason, right, and truth, as to the cause of superstition and error? Liberals realize the delights and joys of genuin salvation. How can we better promote the happiness of our fellow-creatures than by aiding them to secure salvation—salvation from fear of priest or parson, and slavish subjection to the usurped authority and dictation of the church; salvation from the dread of death, and the terrible fear of meeting a cruel, bloodthirsty, relentless, and vindictiv deity; salvation from the terrors of an ever burning hell; salvation from a life of self-torment and self-denial, from trying to believe, despite natural benevolence of disposition and morality of life, all men and women are miserable sinners, of which they are chief; salvation from fear to giv vent to one honest laugh, or enjoy one hour of merriment? They tell us Jesus never laughed, and it would be a sin for us to do so, if it were really true that all who do not attain Christian salvation are doomed to eternal suffering. Salvation that enables us to enjoy this beauteous earth, and the love of our near and dear ones, living ourselvs to promote the happiness of those around us, and thus securing an Eden of love, a paradise on earth, here and now.

The National Liberal League is devoted to securing for all this salvation. How much will you contribute to its support? The plans of the Board of Directors are broad and practical, and cannot fail if carried out to make the League, after this year, self-sustaining—a permanent success, and a mighty power for the advancement of universal mental liberty.

Reader, fair lady, good gentleman, hav you sent your contribution to the National Liberal League fund? Hav you pledged all you can really afford? Remember five dollars sent now—in this, the hour of need—will do more than five times the amount next year, when the League will be firmly established and self-sustaining. Every subscription sent now induces others to send. If you hav not already sent, don't wait until to-morrow; send at once. Send draft, express, or post-office order payable to S. P. Putnam, Secretary of National Liberal League, 55 East 9th street, New York.

Chas. B. Reynolds,
Chairman Ex. Com. N. L. League.

A SUBSCRIBER.

From the Iron-Clad Age.

Stewartsville, Mo., Sept. 26, 1884.

My Friend Dr. Monroe: I am not a very wealthy man, but will help a little toward the $5,000 fund to spread, not the gospel, but truth, justice, mercy, and good sense among the benighted heathen of our land, called Christians. Their time is pretty near out. Where science and good judgment enter, priestcraft, superstition, and ignorance must take a back seat. Inclosed please find $5, which you will please forward to the proper office. S. N. Bradford.

ANOTHER.

Aurora, Ill., Sept. 25, 1884.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* I see that my subscription to the val uable Truth Seeker soon expires, so I will send you $3 to renew, and $2 to help the League sustain Messrs. Putnam and Watts in their lectures. I hope that Liberals will be liberal in their contributions toward the good move of getting truth before the people. I will contribute more in time, as my means will allow.

Yours for the spread of truth, A. F. Benedict.

THE MILWAUKEE LEAGUE.

The attendance at the League hall on Sunday, the 28th ult., was about one hundred. The address was by Dr. Juliet H. Severance, who delivered her lecture upon "The New Republic," a short abstract of which was printed in The Truth Seeker last week.

CLEVELAND LEAGUE.

Cleveland, Ohio, Oct. 3, 1884.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* We hav but little to report from this part of the vinyard at present, but hope to make a better report later.

Our committee has decided to giv a reception every month during the winter, as the League exercises for one day, and to giv lectures the remaining Sunday evenings of each month.

Our beginning will be made Nov. 9, 1884, when all the friends will be rallied together by invitation and asked to join the merry throng; the entertainments to consist of music, recitations, etc., after which the balance of the evening will be impromptu.

I should like to see all our Leagues create a social union in this manner. I think they would find their meetings more attractiv, and strangers would feel at home with us, though their homes might be many miles distant. It is our intention to make our League the model. We hav the material to do so, but it will take some hard work.

I hope we may hav the pleasure of entertaining Messrs. Watts and Putnam on one of these occasions soon, and in course of time on many.

Yours for truth and right, W. I. Irvine.

A STIRRING APPEAL.

From the Investigator.

"To the Liberals of America." We urgently ask the attention of every one of our readers to a stirring appeal headed as above, on our third page, written by Mr. Samuel P. Putnam, secretary of the National Liberal League. (Next week we shall publish another similar article which he has sent us.) It will be seen that Mr. Putnam proposes, in connection with Mr. Charles Watts, to make a lecturing tour throughout the entire country, for the purpose of raising $5,000 to promote the objects of the League.

This sum *can* be raised, and we hope it *will* be very soon, in order that the League may hav more facilities for doing its work than it has at present. Let the appeal now made be widely circulated, and let Messrs. Putnam and Watts be constantly employed, for they are able lecturers and well qualified to do a great work if they are only properly encouraged.

THE EIGHTH ANNUAL CONGRESS.

From Pittsburgh, Pa., Truth.

The proceedings of the Eighth Annual Congress of the National Liberal League, which adjourned on September 9th, should, we think, meet the approval of all good Liberals, and, so far as we hav been able to see, everything appears "all quiet along the Potomac." We consider the platform as presented by the Congress a grand one, and feel confident that it will be indorsed by all Liberals throughout the country. As to the proposed change of name of the National Liberal League to that of the "American Secular Union," we agree with Mr. Wakeman's views, as expressed before the house, on that project. We also think Mr. Green's point was well taken. The action of the Congress in paying strict attention to the Nine Demands of Liberalism, to the exclusion of extraneous matter which has heretofore burdened the National League, we think deserves special commendation. We consider the newly elected officers "the right persons in the right place," and believe that with the proper aid they will push the objects of the National Liberal League further than they hav ever been pushed before—so far, in fact, that we expect to see the ramparts of heaven take a tumble. In conclusion we will say, with the new secretary of the League, "Let us bury all differences and look forward to the future." F. A. P.

CALL TO THE STATE LEAGUE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Now that the National Liberal League has held its Convention, and is fairly ready for activ work, what about our state League? Is it not about time that some decisiv action was taken in regard to the next state Convention?

The officers of the state League are: president, Jas. E. Emerson, Beaver Falls, Pa.; vice-presidents, Hon. A. B. Bradford, Enon Valley, Pa.; John R. Kemp, Altoona, Pa.; and Professor William Seymour, Philadelphia, Pa.; secretary, Harry Hoover, Pittsburgh, Pa.; treasurer, S. F. De Jones, Pittsburgh, Pa.; executiv committee, W. F. Porter, Philadelphia; D. R. Christian, Altoona; Roman Staley, Pittsburgh; Pulaski Carter, Scranton, Pa.; finance committee, Lewis Plack, Altoona; G. C. Fink, Foxburg; Wm. Crookston, Irwin Station, Pa.

The newly elected chairman of the executiv committee of the National League, Mr. Charles B. Reynolds, writes us that he will look to the state League for information concerning the auxiliary Leagues; and as the new chairman is chockfull of go-ahead-ativness, it behooves the executiv committee to bestir themselvs. We do not think the coming presidential campaign should stand in the way of speedy action looking to a time for holding a state convention. It should be held as soon as possible. Now, gentlemen, do not be slow to be move in this most important matter. In reference to this duty we would like to hear from James H. Cole and Miss Eva A. H. Barnes, of Clara; William Barnsdall and C. M. Hays, of Titusville; G. W. Baldwin, of Linesville; George Thorn, of Clearfield; Charles Jones and W. F. Barkley, of Mount Pleasant; J. T. Richardson and D. W. Perry, of Harrisburg; Samuel Warner, of Scranton; Lewis Plack and John R. Kemp, of Altoona; and F. Fish and George Longford, of Philadelphia—or from any other members of those Leagues. Come, now, gentlemen, speak up. Don't be backward.—*Pittsburgh Truth.*

Two or three of our Liberal contemporaries hav fallen into the error of reporting Courtlandt Palmer as "secretary of the executiv committee" of the League. Mr. Palmer is treasurer, of the N. L. L., and hopes to hav something to do.

J. E. Remsburg is now lecturing in Nebraska.

The Second Salamanca Freethinkers' Convention will be held Dec. 5th, 6th, and 7th next. A number of able speakers hav agreed to be present. H. L. Green, manager.

Communications.

Dynamite.

It seems a little strange that, when war is declared between two nations, and the army of each aims to slaughter as many of the other as possible, the invention of gunpowder and cannon should hav had the effect to lessen the destruction of human life in battle, and to discourage the trade of war itself. Yet such was the fact. In the days of dueling the pistol, now called the revolver, came into vogue, because, in a quarrel between a big man and a little one, the pistol placed both on an equality as to power. Otherwise, the big man, conscious of his superior strength, would play the bully over his weaker brethren, and there would be no such thing as living with him. So a small army, with improved artillery and skill in the management of it, has often been known to defeat an enemy of twice its size.

Now we need not be surprised if the science of chemistry, by teaching every body how to make explosivs, would, before the close of this century, do two things for the welfare of the human race, which neither religion nor morality has been able to accomplish: First, to put an end to arbitrary governments; and secondly, to lead to the establishment of an international court of arbitration for settling all difficulties between governments peaceably, instead of by war. It is painful to think of the vast standing armies of Europe made up of millions of able-bodied men withdrawn from their homes and the cultivation of the soil, and compelled to lead the lazy and vicious lives of soldiers in time of peace, while the laboring classes are taxed nearly to death to pay the expenses of such policy. If these soldiers could all go home to their families and earn their living by their own industry; and if the nations that keep up such establishments, each to defend itself against the possible aggressions of its neighbors, would enter into a treaty, each one binding itself on the penalty of falling out with all the rest, to abide by the decisions of an international jury, Europe could enjoy the same prosperity that has crowned the pacific policy of this country.

A century ago a man would hav been laughed at if he had predicted that a question between two such nations as the United States and England as the Alabama question was, could be settled amicably. Our deep sense of the injustice done us by England, and the sense of pride on England's part, would hav then made a war inevitable and expensiv. But, by arbitration, the case was satisfactorily settled without the shedding of one drop of blood. And I hav always considered that after that splendid triumph of modern civilization over ancient barbarism, this government was false to its grand mission in the world, in that it did not avail itself of the advantage given it, to propose to the nations of Europe, and to follow it up year after year through our accredited ministers to their courts, a general disbandment of their armies and navies, and a settlement of all disputes by a court of arbitration.

Dynamite is to be henceforth our security against foreign invasion. If the tribal relations of the Indians were broken up, and they were made citizens, we would need no army at all, except a few soldiers to take care of our forts and arsenals. And if the policy recommended by Washington in his farewell address, to avoid all entangling alliances with foreign nations, were continued, we would need no navy; and West Point and Annapolis could be converted into normal institutes for qualifying teachers for the public schools in all the states. If we were at war with all Europe, and it were possible to bring her ironclad ships across the Atlantic, it would be impossible to approach any of our sea-port towns, if the bottoms of our harbors and bays were all lined with dynamite cartridges and other deadly explosivs. Science is so democratic, and so benevolent in its ultimate intentions, that every nation, great or small, may now defend itself against aggression, because dynamite is cheap, and every body knows how to make it. I foresee the day—such is my faith in progress—when the states of Europe will hav disbanded their armies, paid their national debts, and entered on a career of prosperity which will make all their people contented and happy. If the states composing our Union, some of them as large as any European state except Russia, can settle all the disputes which arise between their peoples by a Supreme Court of the United States whose decisions shall be final, dispensing with standing armies, allowing all their citizens to follow the peaceful pursuits of civil life, and hav homes of their own, why may not Europe do the same thing? I feel disposed, then, to baptize dynamite, and giv it the name of peacemaker.

But if dynamite may become a peacemaker among the nations, why may it not be resorted to in a particular nation to secure the just rights of the people against their oppressors, when all moral and pacific measures hav proved to be vain? For,

> You may as well go stand upon the beach,
> And bid the main flood bate his usual hight;
> You may as well use question with the wolf,
> Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
> You may as well forbid the mountain pines
> To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
> When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;
> You may as well do any thing most hard,
> As seek to soften that, than which what's harder,

the heart of a despot who rules the people by hereditary right.

We Americans enjoy to the full our national rights—life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. The iron of bondage does not enter our souls. We hav agreed, by a written compact, to settle all questions as they arise by a show of hands. Therefore, dynamite, as a revolutionary agent, is entirely out of place among us. But it is not so with other people. The masses, by the million, in Europe, are ground down by taxation, and oppression of all kinds, which cannot be remedied by the ballot, nor even by the bullet. It becomes a practical question, therefore, growing out of the brotherhood of the human family, how far an oppressed people hav a right to resort to dynamite as a means of redress. It is a ticklish question, I admit, but there is an answer to it.

The main argument, and it is a strong one, against the dynamite policy, is, that it is not certain of striking its victim, and may involve many innocent persons in the destruction of one who is guilty, and deserves to die. But by the ignorance, or carelessness, of an engineer, or switchman, a locomotiv engin may do infinit harm to life and limb. Fire may, and does, destroy much valuable property. It is, however, no argument against an agent, or force, that it becomes dangerous in the hands of those who do not know how to wield it. In like manner, dynamite, this last and terrible resource of modern civilization against the old and unscrupulous barbarism, may be used in a way not to be justified; just as old John Brown used military force at Harper's Ferry. A mountain-load of responsibility, therefore, rests upon those who resort to this *ultima ratio papuli*. But that an oppressed people who hav used all other expedients in vain, *hav* this right, we are bound to admit, or else become infidel to the self-evident truths of the Declaration of Independence. He who denies the axioms of geometry, and yet makes pretensions to a knowledge of the science, is a fool. And he who denies that all men are created equal, and hav an inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and that governments derive their just powers only from the consent of the governed, is a traitor to his race. What is an inalienable right? Why, one that no government has any right to take away, unless forfeited by crime; and which the possessor himself has no right to part with. The Southern slaveholders knew what they were about when they declared by law that a slave, whether as white as snow, or as black as jet, was not a *person*, but a *thing*. Of all living beings on earth we can predicate *personality* only of man, because man cannot be made property of, and be liable to all the incidents of property. Now, when a government is so prostituted and perverted that, instead of devoting itself to securing to the people the enjoyment of their natural rights, it tramples those rights, and their owners, into the dust, the people are bound, in fealty to themselvs, to revolutionize the government, and make it accomplish the end of its existence, *provided* there is a reasonable prospect of success. If there be *none*, submission is a duty of policy, as well as necessity. The people of Russia are "*subjects;*" that is, men cast down on the ground by the hand of the oppressor, and under his foot are subdued. They hav, therefore, the *right, provided* that in the exercise of it they do not unnecessarily slaughter themselvs and others, to do execution upon the tyrant, and put him to death. This is the sentiment and conviction of the Nihilists, and they seem to hav counted the cost. And it will not do for an American who has Revolutionary blood in his veins to condemn these heroic men and women who deliberately accept the alternativ of liberty or death.

The Irish, in their abortiv struggles to regain their ancient independence, prove themselvs to be a peculiar race of people. There seems to be an inherent vice in their character, which leads them to blunder in all their revolutionary attempts; and what is worse, and applies to no other people on earth, they betray each other. During our seven years' war with England for our independence, we produced only one traitor. The Tories believed in monarchy and hated republicanism. But when the Declaration of Independence was made, and was backed by the overwhelming majority of the colonists, they should hav quietly retired across the lines, or hav been scrupulously neutral. But Arnold, after shedding his blood in the cause of liberty, was base enough to betray it, and allowed his gallant coadjutor, Andre, to die, instead of himself. Russian Nihilism, so far as I hav learned, has produced but one traitor. We cannot say as much for Ireland. The murder of Burke and Cavendish, at Dublin, was an Irish blunder, as well as a crime; and this, with the betrayals of Carey and others, seems to raise the question whether the Irish are not utterly incapable of managing their own affairs, or even originating a wise plan to secure their independence. The late misunderstanding between Parnell and Davitt lends additional strength to what I hav said. The natural traits in the character of the Irish people are excellent. Ethnologically they are superior to the English. The attributes which hav made them political abortionists and traitors hav been superinduced by their religion, and will forever keep them in bondage to the English government, unless they throw it off. The men whom Carey betrayed to the halter were not Protestants whose religion he hated worse than the tyranny of the British rule. They were as devoted Catholics as he was. Yet he went over to the enemy he had cursed the day before, and surrendered them into the hands of the executioner. I say, we must look for this dastardly trait of character deeper than their blood. The Nihilists do not betray each other. They are all Infidels to the cursed religion of the country; and the courage and conscientiousness which enable a man to throw off the degrading bondage of superstition bring out all the manliness of a man. No priest, armed with the doctrin of hell-fire, can hav any influence on a Nihilist to betray his associates. He hates, not only the despot who oppresses, but the cruel religion which justifies him in his despotism, and requires his subjects to submit, because the despot is the "minister of God," and those who resist his authority shall receive to themselvs damnation.

The Irish are all Catholics. A true Catholic has surrendered everything into the hands of his priest, in the firm belief that the priest can open the gates of heaven to him, or shut them against his entrance, at his own pleasure. And the British government, knowing this to be the case, plays, first, upon the pope and cardinals, who play upon the bishops, who play upon the priest, who, at the confessional, extorts all secrets from his confiding dupes, and keeps their consciences in his pocket, to be used as so much money for the advancement of the church. Rome would sacrifice a dozen Irelands, if, by so doing, she could accomplish her present object of regaining the position she held in England before the Reformation. And this explains the meaning of Cardinal Manning's constant visitations to the pope during the late, and present, Irish troubles. He is the unofficial, yet real, agent of the British government, paid, no doubt, out of the secret service fund, to get the pope's influence in keeping Ireland as a subject province, to be ever consumed by hungry landlords and priests. Hence, when the Irish Sisyphus rolls the stone of successful revolt nearly to the top of the hill, where the ground is level, some Catholic traitor appears upon the scene, who will betray the cause and its advocates, and send the stone rolling down again! If, by miracle, five millions of Americans could take the places of the five millions of Irish papists who now occupy that island, the world would see, in less than three hundred and sixty-five days, what dynamite would do in the way of redressing grievances. The Yankees would use this weapon so wisely and so effectually that the oppressor would soon come to terms, and be willing to giv them their rights.

Every one has observed that few sympathize with the Irish in their present struggle, either among the English oppressed classes or the people of the United States. The reason is that their long spiritual bondage to the church, in which they seem to glory, has taken away their manhood to such a degree that no faith can be put either in their wisdom to devise, or their fidelity to execute, a comprehensiv plan of revolt.

If any one is disposed to condemn the tone of this article, let me remind him that I hav the verdict of the world in favor of my side of the question. Nations by their extradition treaties and laws will surrender up thieves, murderers, and other criminals, who take refuge in their territories, but they will not surrender *political* offenders, even though, in their revolutionary attempts, they may unintentionally destroy life. England herself, during the Napoleonic reigns, would never giv up political refugees. Even in the late rebellion in this country—one of the most causeless and unjustifiable movements that ever took place—as soon as it assumed national proportions, and professed to be contending for *political* rights, the government could not put its prisoners of war to death as rioters and rebels, but were compelled to adopt the principle of exchange. And we Americans would laugh to scorn the proposal of Russia, Germany, or England, if any of them would make it, to giv up for trial and punishment men who, in the agony of despair, hav attacked the governments which oppressed them, and, failing therein, hav sought the protection of our flag.

Then, hurrah for dynamite! Only let it be used in such a way as will not strike down the innocent with the guilty.

A. B. B.

Enon Valley, Pa., Oct. 1, 1884.

Over one hundred paupers are buried each month in the pauper cemetery of Kings county (comprising the city of Brooklyn), N. Y. The cost of coffins alone is over $3,000 a year, and the ground is becoming rapidly overcrowded. In view of these facts, two of the charity commissioners favor cremation, and will recommend to the board of supervisors to spend $5,000 in the erection of a crematory.

Elmina Abroad.

CLAIRVOYANCE.

DEAR FRIENDS: Sept. 23d I went to see Mrs. E. W. Mills, clairvoyant and spiritual medium, 286 Ewen st., Brooklyn. I had no idea of getting anything more than mere twaddle, for I had never really believed in clairvoyance. But I was surprised, astonished, and bewildered. She took me by the hands and said: "When I saw you I took you for an old maid, but I see you are married, hav two children, and one miscarriage." I mention the last fact because she could not hav obtained it from the press, as she might the former. She told my age when married, and many facts of my past life; some that would apply to most lives, and some too personal for any but my own; gave names (first asking the initial letter), dates, and minutia; telling who of my family was alive and who dead; prophesied I would liv to be a widow; gave two or three other prophecies which time alone will prove true or untrue. She charged one dollar, and I felt it was well spent, as I found proof of mind reading mind, and, I think, something a little beyond that, but nothing to me as a test that the dead liv; though in us there may be traces enough of our dead to giv to others the power of partially discerning them as they were. I hav penned it all and laid it away, and if occasion warrants it will tell you if the prophecies be fulfilled. My hope is that they may not be, yet we do not know what is best for us or for others; though we do know that we must accept what comes, and should seek from it our highest good.

Sept. 25th.—Another cool day and pleasant morning. I hav been two days in New York, hav seen and talked with a great many new friends and old ones, and find but a small number among them all who do not believe in spiritual phenomena or facts. They do not know what it is, but they hav so much incontrovertible proof of something out of themselvs that tells facts no one but themselvs can know; they see forms so much resembling their dead, and others see the same forms at the same time; and the same forms are seen at widely diverse seances and dressed the same; and they get them just identical when alone, that they are confounded and bewildered; and many, like Chainey, are convinced that the dead liv. I walked miles yesterday to addresses given me as those of mediums, but failed to find one who was practicing; some sick, some out, some going or gone to Europe. I walked till I was ready to drop; but the day was not lost, for I had a two hour's talk with a doctor who has had thirty years' experience of Spiritualism. She gave me the full history of it all, and on her solemn oath pronounced it true. All her friends call her more than honest. I am called clairvoyant as regards knowing and judging people at sight, and I call her honest. If one-tenth she told was real, it is marvelous. She even made herself a cabinet, so fearful was she of fraud. She never gave any but home seances and free ones, so there was no money in it for her. She got the same forms privately that came to her at seances of others, and dressed the same; her mother always wearing a short nightgown and a nightcap, and all present seeing her just the same; so you see the form was no phantom. If I see my mother here, and others see her, and I again see her in Snowville, and people there see her, and we all compare notes and prove it the same, you will understand it to be a real thing, however created, ormed, or seen, and messages from her just as correct and natural in each place. I shall stay as long as my bit of money will allow. I am not satisfied with half-way seeing. I hope to learn more. I hav no proof yet that the dead liv.

SPIRITS, OR WHAT?

September 26th I went to THE TRUTH SEEKER office; saw Eugene and had a pleasant talk with him, and then his brother George took me to his mother's. I found her in cozy, pleasant rooms and doing her own work. She met me with a friendly, cordial greeting, and I felt as if I had known her for years.

Mr. Bennett's mild, benevolent face looked down upon us from the wall (a duplicate of the one upon his tomb). I ate a good family dinner with them, and then, while Mrs. Macdonald was washing dishes and "ridding up," we had a nice sociable gossip—all about Chainey and the Convention, and about others of our notables and their doings and sayings. I don't like scandals and slanders, but I do like a good friendly gossip about people as they are—people at home and off of their stilts.

She took me to a prophetic medium, Mrs. M. C. Morrell; I had a sitting, and it was a pleasant and agreeable one, though she got no real tests for me. She gave me much that Mrs. Mills did, promising or prophesying long life, and saying that, though I had done a great work, my life-work was hardly begun; that she saw a great book (measuring some two-and-a-half feet that I would yet write—that I would do that much writing); that I was an inspirational writer and very mediumistic and could impress people to think as I did; that in three months I should be working in the Spiritual ranks, though still in my own legitimate field; that my father and other wise heads that had had gone before were helping me; that spirits were crowding thick around me—she described several, but I could recognize none; some names hit, some did not. She impressed me favorably, was simply dressed, and a perfect lady; says she has made hundreds of prophecies and never failed in one when she assured a person it would happen. If any friend who reads this has known of a failure, please aid truth by letting me know of it. She charged me nothing, but as she had been burnt out and needed money, I could not do less than insist on her taking a dollar as other mediums do. I never want something for nothing when it is possible to pay or to return the favor.

In the evening, at eight, myself and two friends went to a materializing seance at Mrs. Stoddard Gray's. We found large and pleasant rooms and nice, genteel people. There was some twenty-five or thirty in the audience. We had full chance to examin the room and cabinet; all seemed plain and square. We sat in two lines of chairs, alternating men and women as far as they could, and then formed a circle by holding hands. The medium made a short address and explanation, then all light was excluded and we sat in total darkness fifteen or twenty minutes; heard noises of trumpet, bells, banjo, etc. The son was cabinet-medium—a young man of twenty-five or thereabouts; he looked weird, but evidently knew his business pretty well. Great numbers of spirits came out—Joan of Arc, old Egyptian spirits, spirits of friends of the audience, some of which were recognized(?). Many materializations seemed to rise from the floor only a few feet from us. We could see a white, misty appearance, like illusion, or fine lace, slowly piling up—growing—and all at once a light female form clothed in a white veil and robe would shoot into full hight and come clear out and show herself, lift her veil, etc. They would take flags and bracelets and other things in their hands, so they were not shadows, but real persons—whether from the cabinet or some other place deponent saeth not. No test came to me from all the ghosts, but after that was over the son medium came out and full gas was turned on from several jets, and it was lighter than day. We were each one of us given a square piece of printer's paper (so as to hav it unglazed), and were told to write to a dead friend; write as if to a living one and ask questions; then fold the squares so that if cut in the folds there would be thirty-two pieces (the writing inside, of course). These were, one by one, handed by the writer to the medium; he would hold it a minute or two to his forehead, and then write on a clean square the reply. If desired, Mrs. Gray would read these aloud, or the owner might do so. In every case the question was answered, or a direct reference made to it, showing that the medium knew its contents—had read the note while folded and pressed to his forehead. My note was this:

DEAR MOTHER: If it be possible, I shall be glad of a line in thy familiar hand; and giv me some test that it is thyself by signing thy maiden name. ELMINA.

The reply was:

DEAR CHILD: You shall hear from me, but not in my handwriting. I am your living truly mother.

Truly, MOTHER.

Now, the fact that he knew I wrote to mother instead of Bennett, as I thought of doing, and that he mentioned handwriting, shows that he knew what I wrote; but no proof of mother there. None of her style—not even Quaker language. I wonder he overlooked that. I asked for her name as a test. The boy refused, saying he was too tired. His mother urged it, and so did others, but I think he could not giv it.

While I am getting proof of clairvoyance and mind-reading, and perhaps more, I see no proof of continued existence after death. I hav five dollars yet for seances, and then I am done. Mansfield is gone, and so is Bliss. But Mrs. Gray is as good at reading sealed letters as anyone (or rather her son is). But I can't find a slate-writer. Meantime, I'm doing, hearing, and seeing all I can, and with the aid of friends, who are kind and helpful.

A RED-LETTER DAY.

I hav just had a perfect day—not with spirits out of the flesh, but with the real and tangible.

A medical friend came and took me through Bellevue Hospital. I saw specimens of all the diseases and deformities flesh is heir to; some preserved in alcohol, and some made of wax, and my friend, being a physician, could explain all, so I understood what I saw. How terrible it is to think of what poor humanity has to endure, and to know that not the one-thousandth part of it is a necessity—that it might be avoided by moral and hygienic living—by true heredity and good teaching.

In the afternoon another friend went with me to the Eden Musèe. It was a perfect mine of interest and instruction. Hundreds of notables in tableaux, all in wax, and so perfect they would deceive the very elect. After three or four deceptions in thinking wax persons real ones, I grew so wise that I took real ones for wax, as did lots of the audience. We saw Sitting Bull, who killed Custer, and half a dozen more live Indians from Dakota, and heard a good lecture on civilizing the Indians, so they could take care of themselvs. The "Chamber of Horrors" contained tableaux of Guiteau in his cell, Stanley on his explorations, the scalpers, cannibals, lynchers, the knout, the guillotine, etc., each in its original surroundings. Above this were all our presidential candidates, Butler, too, as in life, all looking so real. Lincoln, Victor Hugo, Robert Fulton, Grant, actresses, musicians, and all were there, so you felt as if you had really seen each person. If any of you go to New York, don't fail to go in this Eden. It is better than any museum I ever saw. It is real life-history. All are dressed by the best costumers in full natural suits as in life. A whole year of travels would not show you as much variety as this Edenic glimps. In the galleries are fifty large hereoscopes, containing two thousand views of the most remarkable places in the world, large as in life-size.

TO BOSTON.

Sept. 28th.—I hav as yet only received a few dollars towards my trip to see spirit manifestations. Francis D. Lacy has sent me $25, as he promised; a few others hav sent a few dollars. I intended to make up the great balance of it myself. I hav walked till wearied and exhausted to save five cents car-fare, and eaten at ten-cent restaurants, and often but one square meal a day, so as to save money to visit mediums.

I hav seen all I could in New York and Brooklyn, but havn't found one slate-writer, nor can any of my Spiritual friends find one for me. So I am compelled to go to Boston. I did not want to, but I can't go home and leave my work only part done. I shall go, and trust to fate or friends for funds to go back on; and I rarely fail to get help when it is really needed. I am impressed to go. I was wakened at 3 o'clock this morning by something telling me to "Go to Boston." Perhaps (?) that impression was caused by a letter from a friend there offering me a home while I was searching for "spirits of just men made perfect," and by another sending me an address of a slate-writing medium there. I shall do my best to see it all. I hav not spent a penny for personal pleasure since I left home. Friends hav taken me to see noted places and paid expenses. Each trip helps me to enlarge my view of things and broaden my mind.

I hav seen no proof yet of eternal existence, but I think I hav of clairvoyance or mind-reading, and may of continued identity. I shall wait till I see all before I conclude which way to jump, but when all is done you shall hav clean facts, as I see them, let it be for or against.

If any of you choose to help me by sending twenty-five cents or a dollar, send it to my address in Snowville, and it will find me, wherever I am.

CHAINEY.

So many are asking me what I think of Chainey that I will say here, for all inquirers, that I was surprised at his sudden acceptance of the spiritual phenomena as proof of continued personal identity, but I had no word of blame or condemnation for him. He went, he saw, and he believed. Perhaps I, too, may do the same, though I do not expect it. But I am sure if I should accept this ism as true, I should not be one whit the better woman, morally or physically. I pride myself as much on doing right and being good and true, as a Materialist, as I possibly could if I were a believer in immortal identity. If self-love, love for our children, our husbands, our wives, our relativs, neighbors, and friends, and love for our race, would not keep us from physical abuse and moral evils, I am sure no form of religion could possibly do it for any length of time.

I read Chainey's beautiful address in last TRUTH SEEKER, and hope he will forgiv me for feeling that it was not the satisfying food I hav heretofore found in his utterances. I hav so long looked upon him as one of our lights, and as a dear personal friend, that I could not keep back the tears when I learned that he had run into dissipation because of the old false plea, "Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow ye die." I think his strong fund of good sense will show him his mistake, and his sterling honesty will make him acknowledge it.

Materialism is what we make it. We can make it build up the moral and physical being, and fill the earth with love, beauty, harmony, and song. Or we can make it cold, austere, and lifeless. It is the sweet influences we bring around any belief that giv it the beauty and estheticism. With a little change, I re-quote from his quotation: "To thine own self be true. Do the task that lies nearest. Follow the truth thou seest. Open thy heart to beauty. Make *good works* thy duty." ELMINA.

PARKER PILLSBURY paid a flying visit to Cleveland, after attending the League Congress, where he was pleasantly surprised by an informal reception given him by a few of the friends of Liberalism, at the residence of Thomas Lees, several members of the city press being present. Mr. Lees writes to the *Banner*, that the veteran reformer, notwithstanding his late serious sickness, looked remarkably well, and hopes and expects under the regime of Theosophy to work for some years in a quiet way in the reform work.

THE French Senate has adopted a clause abolishing prayers at the beginning of its sessions.

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

FOUNDED BY D. M. BENNETT.

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An Annual for 1885.

We would call attention to a passage that occurs in the Introductory to the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL for 1884, reading as follows:

"The editor cordially invites correspondence upon such events as shall come to light in the researches of Freethinking students. American incidents, with names and dates, are particularly desired. Such gathered facts will be carefully preserved, and gratefully used in future Annuals. Accuracy in these matters is, of course, essential."

As the time is approaching when the preparation of the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL AND FREETHINKERS' ALMANAC for 1885 must be begun, we would again invite correspondence as indicated above. The ANNUAL for 1884 met with a welcome and achieved a circulation which were hardly hoped for when the thought of issuing it first occurred. The publication of an ANNUAL for each successiv year hereafter is therefore assured. As a repository of facts and dates, the first number has proved invaluable in this office, and also, it is presumed, in the households of those who hav purchased it. The next one we hope to make still nearer priceless. With hearty co-operation this can be accomp'ished.

League for the Protection of Personal Liberty.

Wisconsin, and especially its large cities, is thickly settled with Germans—who, as a rule, are the very best of citizens. They interfere with no one's religious views, educate their children, hardly ever become burdens on the public, are devoted to America, and extremely interested in having good government. But they are nearly all Freethinkers, and most of them drink beer. Not only do they not support the churches, but they persist in making Sunday a holiday, a day of healthful recreation and amusement, of jollity and song.

In thus introducing the "continental Sabbath" into the state of their adoption, our German friends hav offended their high mightinesses, the Christians, who cannot bear that another should enjoy himself on Sunday unless it be in the contemplation of the world's woes and the pleasurable certainty that nine-tenths of the people on the globe are bound directly for hell. The Christians hav, therefore, manipulated the legislature of Wisconsin, as church lobbyists well know how, and obtained the passage of "Sunday laws," in violation of the natural rights of non-Christians, and prohibition statutes, to the especial annoyance of the Germans.

So far hav these encroachments extended that the formation of a league for the protection of personal liberty has been completed by the citizens of Milwaukee county, which League proposes that in future no man shall be elected to the Wisconsin legislature from that county who is not pledged to work and vote for the repeal of Sunday and prohibition laws. The League now numbers ten thousand. Its special purpose and object is, to quote its constitution, "to prevent, by energetic and organized opposition, any attempts of the Sunday and prohibition fanatics to accomplish their ends, which consist in the revival of antiquated laws that are in conflict with the fundamental principles of the republic and the spirit of the times. It also proposes to do everything in its power to secure the election of such representativs and legislators as can be relied upon to oppose, energetically and faithfully, the passage of any such Sunday or prohibition laws, and to use all their influence to repeal laws trespassing on the liberty of conscience and the personal rights of individual citizens."

For each Assembly (legislativ) district the League appoints an "agitation committee," to which it issues the following instructions:

"1. The agitation committees are to exert their influence upon all parties activly engaged in elections, in favor of the aims advocated by the League, and particularly to see to it that only such candidates are nominated for the Assembly who, if elected, will work in their legislativ capacity for the interests of the League.

"2. Immediately after a nomination for the state legislature has been made by any party, the agitation committees shall call on the candidate, acquaint him with the objects of the League, and ask him for a written declaration concerning his position with reference to the League. Blanks for pledges will be prepared by the executiv committee, and supplied to the agitation committees.

"3. The agitation committees shall at once report the result of their interviews with candidates to the chairman of the executiv committee (C. Hermann Boppe, 470 East Water street), so as to giv the executiv committee an opportunity of informing the voters, by means of the daily papers, concerning the position taken by the several candidates with regard to the League.

"4. In Assembly districts where there is danger of opposition candidates being nominated by either party, the agitation committee should labor for the timely organization of clubs, as members of which all legal voters might be admitted who, without regard to other party affiliations, favor the election of Liberal-minded members of the legislature. The formation of such clubs in general is to be recommended for every Assembly district.

"5. Should it become necessary for the League, in any Assembly district, to put up a candidate of its own, or to favor or oppose a certain candidate, the executiv committee of the League and the district agitation committee shall jointly adopt all measures necessary for securing success at the ballot box. In case the League is obliged to nominate a candidate of its own, the agitation committee shall, in time, recommend suitable persons to the executiv committee.

"6. On election day, the agitation committee shall see to it that representativs of the League are stationed at every poll."

This agitation committee, besides its general propagandist work, "goes for" the candidates of the several parties with these questions:

"*Dear Sir:* You hav been nominated as candidate for the Assembly (State Senate), and since the 'League for the Protection of Personal Liberty,' of which eighty societies with at least 10,000 members in the county of Milwaukee hav become members, is firmly resolved to support, on election day, only such candidates as hav pledged themselvs, in writing, to use, if elected, their utmost endeavors in furthering the objects of the League, we submit to you the following questions:

"1. If elected, will you, in your capacity as member of the Wisconsin State Legislature, oppose energetically and faithfully all attempts at the passage of Sunday or prohibition laws?

"2. Will you, furthermore, use all your influence to secure the repeal of existing obnoxious laws trespassing on the liberty of conscience and the personal rights of individual citizens?

"3. Do you pledge yourself to comply, in your legislativ capacity, with all just demands of the 'League for the Protection of Personal Liberty' according to your best knowledge and ability? And in case the League desires to address memorials, bills, etc., to the Legislature, do you pledge yourself to transmit and advocate the same?

"Should you be disposed to answer these questions in the affirmativ, we respectfully ask you to let us know by return mail. Only those candidates who giv us a written pledge that they will work for the principles and aims of the League in case of their election, will receive our support on election day."

With the questions is inclosed this agreement for the candidate to sign:

"I, the undersigned, candidate for the Wisconsin Assembly (State Senate), do hereby answer affirmativly the questions submitted to me by the Executiv Committee of the 'League for the Protection of Personal Liberty,' and pledge myself to use all means within my power to advance the aims and principles embodied in the Constitution of the League."

It is contemplated to expand the organization into a state society, and it is confidently expected to become a power sufficient to effectivly oppose all attempts to curtail the freedom of individuals to enjoy themselvs in their own way. The Milwaukee Germans—an immense majority of whom are Freethinkers—are a live body of men and women, and the voters among them can be relied on to carry their state for the free religious amendment which will be submitted to the states when the National Liberal League shall become strong enough to obtain the necessary initial resolutions from Congress. This League would doubtless support all the Nine Demands of Liberalism, and certainly the National Liberal League would aid in any attempt to repeal existing Christian Sunday laws.

Appropriations for Sectarian Purposes.

The facts asked for in the subjoined letter should hav been furnished earlier, but absence at Cassadaga, and press of matters since, hav prevented:

EUREKA, WIS., Aug. 13, 1884.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I notice in the last TRUTH SEEKER, in an editorial on "Politics," after speaking of Gov. Cleveland's veto of the Catholic Protectorate, you say: "If Gov. Cleveland honestly held these views, and has the courage of his convictions, it is surprising he did not veto all the sectarian appropriations, instead of just this extra one for the Protectory." This is equivalent to a charge that he has not; a very damaging charge if true; for the rule he has established, during his administration as governor, seems to be that "all public money must be applied for public purposes." Has he violated his own rule? The *facts* should be known; and I suppose you are in a position to know, or to obtain, the facts in the case. Has the New York legislature passed any bill appropriating money for sectarian purposes, which the governor approved? Now, please, giv us the *facts*.

Yours truly, C. B. ROUNDS.

This state regularly aids "charitable" institutions by a per capita payment on the number of inmates committed to such by state officers.

But the main chance for religious thievery in New York comes through this city, and the money from its treasury. The bills authorizing the payment of money to the Catholic Protectory, New York Orphan Asylum (Protestant), and other places of the kind, must be signed by the governor of the state, for the city is not autonomous, but is dependent upon the legislature for the privilege of spending its own money. Mr. Cleveland signed the Supply bill, less the item mentioned, which included the sums for the per capita payments to religious institutions. In doing this, we hold, he violated his own rule.

The Campbellites.

This writer of the following is interested in a waning sect:

FLYNN'S LICK, JACKSON CO., TENN., Aug. 22, 1884.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Can you please inform me when and who were the founders of the Campbellite church, which is now called the Christian church? And what will it be worth? GEORGE ROGERS.

The "Campbellites," or "Christians," or "Disciples of Christ," or "church of Christ," as they variously call themselvs, owe their sectarian existence to Alexander Campbell, who was born in Ireland, in 1788, and came to this country in 1809. He died March 4, 1866.

Mr. Campbell's idea, in preaching his ism, was the restoration of Christianity to apostolic practices. His first church was at Brush Run, Washington Co., Pa. The Campbellites, though rejecting the trinitarian terminology, are essentially like other sects in their opinions of Christ and the resurrection.

This is worth a year's subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER.

The Papal Humbug.

Leo PP. XIII. has issued an encyclical letter from Rome on the subjects of the Rosary of Mary and the Asiatic cholera. An encyclical letter is one intended for general circulation, something like a circular from the chairman of a campaign committee or the general order of a military officer. "In times of difficulty," writes Pope Leo, "it has been the wont of our predecessors to hav recourse with increased fervor to the blessed virgin. Inasmuch as the enemies of Christianity," he continues, "are so stubborn in their aims, its defenders must be equally stanch." To overcome this pressure of unbelief, therefore, his holiness has deemed it his duty to "exhort again this year the people of Christendom to persevere in that formula of prayer known as the Rosary, and thereby to merit the patronage of the great mother of God." That is to say, the church, the bride of Christ, should gain the co-operation of her mother-in-law, the virgin. Very few brides can claim a virgin for a mother-in-law—but that is not to the point. With the intercession thus to be prayed for, it is the opinion of the pope, otherwise known as Joachim Pecci, that the hosts of Infidelity will be substantially vanquished.

With respect to the cholera, it is also "necessary to implore the intercession of the most powerful virgin." "Under God's will" this scourge has spread to Italian soil; and whereas the will of God does not in this instance happen to be the will of the church, the pope has therefore

"*Resolved*, That in this coming month of October, from the 1st of October to the 2d of November following, in all the parish churches, in all public churches dedicated to the mother of God, or in such as are appointed by the ordinary, five decades at least of the Rosary be recited, together with the Litany. If in the morning, the Holy Sacrifice will take place during these prayers; if in the evening, the Blessed Sacrament will be exposed for the adoration of the faithful. To all those who shall hav assisted on the prescribed days at the public recital of the Rosary, and hav prayed for our intentions—to all those also who from legitimate causes hav been compelled to do so in private—we grant for each occasion an indulgence of seven years and seven times forty days. To those who in the prescribed space of time shall hav performed these devotions

at least ten times—either publicly in the churches or from just causes in the privacy of their homes—and shall hav expiated their sins by confession and hav received communion at the altar, we grant from the treasury of the church a plenary indulgence. We also grant this full forgivness of sins and plenary remission of punishment to all those who, either on the Feast day itself of our Blessed Lady of the Rosary, or on any day within the subsequent eight days, shall hav washed the stains from their souls and hav holily partaken of the divine banquet, and shall hav also prayed in any church to God and his most holy mother for our intentions. As we desire also to consult the interests of those who are in country districts, and are hindered, especially in the month of October, by their agricultural labors, we permit all we hav above decreed, and also the holy indulgences gainable in the month of October, to be postponed to the following months of November or December, according to the prudent decision of the ordinaries."

So runs the rigmarole of the pope, who closes with the remark that he "doubts not that rich and abundant fruits will be the result of these efforts." Christian people charge that the heathen in his blindness bows down to wood and stone. The Catholics do worse. They bow down and listen with sober faces to a masquerading clown—Pope Leo XIII.

Editorial Notes.

Mr. A. P. Miller, of the *Worthington Advance*, is a Freethinker and anti-Prohibitionist. Mr. James G. Clark, of the *Minneapolis Spectator*, is also a Freethinker. But the two gentlemen view some questions from different standpoints, Mr. Clark being an upholder of St. John's party. Mr. Miller made a speech once in which he quoted prophecy to show that the man with the gospel name had a platform dangerous to the welfare of his country. Mr. Clark pleasantly remarked that Mr. Miller was crazy. In self-defense the latter asserts that "the Prohibition party, as distinguished from the Prohibition principle, is first, last, and all the time, the God-in-the-Constitution party. This is put first in their platforms, this crops out in their resolutions and speeches as the first object to be attained, prohibition being but one object of the party. The amending of the Constitution, so as to make this a 'Christian government,' and unite church and state, is their purpose. They even place Sunday laws before liquor laws in their demand. We are thoroughy imbued," he continues, "with the idea that there is now forming under the ribs of the old parties, and in the vitals of the nation, the most dangerous party that has ever been organized in America. This is the so-called Prohibition party. The prohibition cry is a cheat and a blind to mislead temperance men into supporting a union of church and state. 'The voice is Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau.' And these hands are to be laid on the Constitution and the government, and America is to be put back among the European monarchies, and the spirit of the old Puritan laws is to prevail over the whole nation. This is what they are aiming at, and at the rate the party is gaining ground, it will soon succeed, unless the people are aroused to resist it. The editor of the *Advance* is 'crazy' on other subjects than anti-Prohibition. Many church fanatics think us 'mad as a March hare' on those very subjects upon which Mr. Clark agrees with us, and for which he is working with us shoulder to shoulder. But we are proud of our 'madness,' and proclaim it freely on all occasions, for it puts us in the ranks and in the same category with those who hav reformed the world, from Paul to Garrison. Every man of them was 'crazy' in the eyes of the purblind world around him. But their 'insanity' was communicated to others, and the world became 'crazy' also. The insanity of one age is the sanity of the next. Those who dare to be 'crazy' to-day will rule the minds of men to-morrow. But not everyone can afford to be 'crazy.' Insanity and the scaffold rule the future, and 'behind the dim unknown, stands our God within the shadows keeping watch above his own'—lunatics."

A dispatch from Syracuse of Aug. 9th to the *Times* of this city givs the following account of a curious crank who once held a debate with Mr. Bennett in these columns, which is published under the title of the "Bennett-Teed Discussion:"

"Dr. Cyrus R. Teed has an office in West Onondaga street, in this city, which is considered one of the most aristocratic streets in the city. He has been here for only a few years, but has gained a lucrativ practice among some of the best people in the city. In the official register Dr. Teed givs his birthplace as Walton, N. Y., Oct. 13, 1839, and says that his diploma was given him at the Eclectic Medical College of New York in February, 1868. His brother, who is also practicing with him, givs his name as O. F. Teed, and says that he was graduated by the Philadelphia National Eclectic Medical Association in 1868. Mrs. Charles Cobb, a member of the Plymouth Congregational church here, has been treated by Dr. Teed for nervous prostration. She charges him with obtaining money from her and from her mother, Mrs. Willis, of Camden, N. Y., under the plea that he is 'Second Christ.' Dr. Teed claims that he is now the prophet Cyrus, who, according to the prophecy in Isaiah xiv, 12, was to appear on earth. He also claims that when he was thirty years of age he received divine manifestations, and that when he is forty-six he will be translated to heaven, whence he will return in fifty days to found a kingdom where all will be love. By love he means only mind love of great purity and elevation. Those who follow him as the great exponent of this belief will liv forever in this world. Dr. Teed has been publishing a daily paper called the *Herald of the Messenger of the New Covenant of the New Jerusalem*, at both Moravia, N. Y., and at Sandy Creek, N. Y. When he was in Moravia it was supposed that he was at the head of an establishment after the order of the Oneida Community. He lived in a house just outside of the village. It was said that he had eloped with Mrs. Ella Wolsely, whose husband keeps a livery stable in Moravia. District Attorney Lewis says that he was consulted in regard to the matter. He is ready to proceed legally against Dr. Teed for obtaining money under false pretenses at any time. Dr. Teed, in his own behalf, says that he can prove by biblical and scientific lore that he is the prophet Cyrus. He is indorsed by the Rev. J. H. Clymer, the pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal church here."

It seems that all of Mr. Bennett's clerical antagonists are fallible. The charges against Mr. Humphrey we chronicled some months ago. What is the matter with these fellows? Are the wicked Christians the only ones with energy enough to defend their faith?

The Methodists attribute the disease of insanity mainly to Spiritualism; Neal Dow points to intemperance as the first cause of it; the daily papers are deprecating over-study as a fruitful source of the evil, while Talmage goes ahead of them all and holds modern Infidelity responsible for every unbalanced mind. These are chiefly mere generalizations. We would like to submit a fact without comment from the Indianapolis, Ind., *People*. It is not an isolated case, but is the one latest at hand. The account reads: "A young woman named Kitty Marshall, has for some time lived as a domestic in the family of Dr. Abbett, at 854 North Pennsylvania street. On last Wednesday morning she left the house at a very early hour without assigning any reason. The family hav for some time past suspected her mind to be unbalanced. The cause of her malady seemed to be religious excitement. At about three o'clock on Wednesday afternoon George Wooten found Kitty lying between the rails of the I. B. & W. road, west of the city. He attempted to raise her, but she screamed and clung to the ties with such strength that five men could scarcely release her grasp. In a fainting condition she was conveyed to the station house by Flanner & Hommown, where as soon as tranquilized she began speaking of her religious convictions. She said she left Dr. Abbett's house to go to the mountains to pray and laid down on the rail as a test to her faith."

In quoting from Saladin's paper, published in The Truth Seeker of September 27th, the *Catholic Union and Times* says: "There is no longer any fight between Protestantism and the church. The battle has long ago been fought and won. The sects indeed hav still a sort of nominal existence; but their members stand upon a believe-as-you-please sort of platform. Begotten in negation, and nursed in passion and confusion, the Protestant principle of private interpretation of scripture in its last analysis, logically leads to Infidelity. Hence thoughtful and God-fearing men, outside the church, hav long since seen and deplored the inherent weakness of Protestantism and its utter inability to grapple with the growing and defiant spirit of unbelief. And many of those men, with the reverence for revealed religion, hav involuntarily, as it were, turned to the rock-founded church of Christ as the only hope of beating back the daily-swelling tide of all-destroying Infidelity. The present battle then is between the church and Infidelity. Protestantism takes no part in it. Its cohorts are either away in the rear or sick in the hospitals. And that the Infidel enemy regards it with contempt, entirely unworthy of its notice, appears from a paper by W. Stewart Ross, editor of the London *Secular Review*, read at the recent Cassadaga Lake Freethinkers' Convention."

The Rev. F. Mason North deprecates too close an analysis of the Bible. Some of the texts which hav become the shiboleth of contending sects, he holds it probable, were merely incidental and not important. "Over-analysis," says Mr. Mason, "often mars beauty." He further holds that some phrases should not hav been given the conspicuousness of paragraphs. No instances are cited, but something like this may hav been referred to: Exodus xx, 13—"Thou shalt not kill;" Exodus xxii, 27—"Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, Put every man his sword by his side and slay every man his brother." True, true! If these passages had been "run in" so that they would be less easily distinguishable, great trouble would be avoided. But if this plan were to be adopted as to the absurdities of the Bible, what would become of its so-called beauties? It is best, after all, to take the Bible for what it is worth, and let it go at that. Meanwhile, it is every person's duty to help destroy a superstitious belief in this book, which, after contradicting nearly every fact known to science, proves its own unreliability in a hundred places by contradicting itself.

Our Asiatic contemporary, the *Philosophic Inquirer*, of Madras, reads The Truth Seeker diligently. In the last number of that journal which has reached these shores we find the following note of approbation:

"The New York Truth Seeker for July 5th continues from the talented pen of Chas. B. Reynolds, 'Facts and Fallacies in Regard to the New Testament,' and contains an interesting account of Mr. Bradlaugh 'Aiding a Nihilist.' And this important Freethought organ, the boldest in the New World, has the following observation on the Bradlaugh case: 'Mr. Bradlaugh is in no wise daunted, and the unequal struggle of one man against the great English government will be continued while life holds, or until the victory is won.' True! Freethinkers all over the world owe a debt of gratitude to The Truth Seeker Company, for the really admirable lithographic engraving of the Bennett monument erected by the late Mr. Bennett's one thousand devoted friends, which is inclosed in The Truth Seeker issue for June 28th; and the engraving is so very good as to induce each and every friend and admirer of Bennett to ornament his and her home with the lithograph of the same in an appropriate frame."

May the *Inquirer* always be as well pleased with our work!

The editor of the *Independent*, writing an article on the religion of humanity, among numerous misleading statements, interjects the following:

"The audacity of Comte in claiming originality for his system is only equaled by the audacity of his disciples in claiming what is best in modern society and science, and ethics and government, for Positivism. Eighteen hundred years before Comte, Christianity taught the principle which Mr. Harrison claims as the essence of the religion of humanity, 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.'"

If Comte's disciples are audacious in adopting a principle which is thousands of years old, what shall be said of Christian religionists who hav travestied the Golden Rule of Confucius, and attributed it to Christ as original? Centuries before the Christian religion was heard of, the Chinese philosopher wrote, "Do unto another what you would he should do unto you." That saying is as old as history, and will probably be regarded as a useful guide of life "when everything connected with Christianity, except its crimes, has been forgotten."

To break the force of Remsburg's forthcoming work on "Bible Morals," the Christians of Ohio are now circulating what purports to be a stenographic report of this address as delivered at Ludlow Falls some time since. In this pamphlet Mr. Remsburg is made to say about everything he did not say, while not a single sentence uttered by him has been reported. Dr. Brandon, of Laura, O., has already ordered thirty copies of our edition of "Bible Morals," which he will circulate in connection with this orthodox report. This will serve to nail the arguments Mr. Remsburg makes in his work respecting Christian veracity and honesty.

Mr. Seaver holds out his hand to Canada with this greeting: "We learn from the New York Truth Seeker that Mr. Watts has commenced his Freethought lecturing in Toronto and Hamilton (Canada), and been very well received. He is able, attractiv, and popular, and cannot fail to prove a great help to the Liberal movement. The Christian papers in Toronto hav already begun their attacks upon him, and this fact shows that he is sowing the right kind of secular seed, of which there is considerable scarcity throughout Canada. But she can be regenerated in course of time, and the work appears to hav commenced."

Bishop Warren is continuing his scientific essays. In his latest effulgence he avers that "the heavens about him are shining stairs up which his soul may climb, and hang his mental trapeze between Arcturus and the Polar Star, and swing himself clear out of this system of suns, to where gravitation stops and turns the other way." Joseph Cook should take Bishop Warren in hand, and either teach him what he knows of physical science, or else insist that the next time the bishop finds himself suspended between Arcturus and the Polar Star, he should take a fresh grip on the mental trapeze and stay there.

A writer in the *Independent* named James F. Claflin asserts that "the grim Materialist, working at the boundaries of force and matter, is blindly preparing the soil whereon shall bloom the beautiful flowers of universal faith in God." This may be so; but it is curious to note that the longer the "grim Materialist" works, and the more he discovers, the less faith men appear to hav in any power outside of nature. Mr. Claflin's vaticination lacks the necessary merit of being justified by facts.

The inmates of the jail at Waco, Texas, seem to be desirous of reforming. Last week they asked J. D. Shaw, the Freethought lecturer, and publisher of the *Independent Pulpit*, to giv them a talk, which he did. We are afraid, however, that it's another case of

"When the devil was sick, the devil a monk would be;"
But
"When the devil was well, the devil a monk was he."

Mr. Remsburg, says the *Kansas Blade*, received the honor of delivering the best lecture at the New York State Freethinkers' Association at Cassadaga Lake, New York. His subject was "Bible Morals." This comparison is invidious, for the subjects were so varied that no one lecture could be called the best. They all excelled in their own way. But Mr. Remsburg's discourse was among the best, as will be testified to when it is seen in print.

The Committee of Catholic Theologians in session at Baltimore, Md., are confining their attention strictly to questions of church disciplin in the United States. They argue that "times change, and in order to accommodate herself to the new conditions, the church finds it necessary to amend her disciplin." It is one of the peculiarities of the Catholic church that, while wholly infallible, it frequently finds itself mistaken.

The estate of the late Bishop Simpson, says the *Sun*, amounting to nearly a hundred thousand dollars, was nearly all the result of profitable investment. As Bishop Simpson belonged to the Methodist church, it is not impossible that he was let in on the "ground floor" of the Isabella Mining Company. In an enterprise like that, no church dignitary should hav allowed himself to prove a deadhead.

Cardinal Manning, in an appeal for the Catholic college of All Hallows, located in Ireland, said that "Ireland was the most profoundly Christian, and the most energetically Catholic nation on the face of the earth." Precisely. And she is also the most ignorant, degraded, servile, and wretched. The last conditions proceed from the first.

Mrs. Washington Keeler, of Reading, Pa., was moved to commence a fast by reading of Christ's abstinence while in the wilderness. She died at the end of her forty-eighth day, however. Who shall say that the New Testament has not, in this case, been guilty of murder?

Mr. Charles Watts has kindly consented to take the names and subscriptions of friends wishing to become subscribers to The Truth Seeker in Canada. We thank Mr. Watts, and shall be glad to know that he has secured us a long list of new readers throughout the dominion.

We shall next week begin the publication of Mr. Remsburg's speech at Cassadaga Lake—"Bible Morals." It will occupy two or three pages in two numbers of the paper.

Mr. Charles Watts's lecture engagements for the next month are as follows: Sunday, Oct. 12th, Toronto; Monday and Tuesday, 13th and 14th, Hamilton; Wednesday, 15th, Welland; Thursday, 16th, Dunnville; Friday, 17th, Seaforth; Sunday, 19th, Toronto; during the following week a tour through north of Canada; Sunday, 26th, and following week, Hamilton and the west; Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, Nov. 2d, 3d, and 4th, Montreal. Mr. Watts will arrive in New York November 6th.

Letters from Friends.

HUNTSVILLE, ALA., 1st Lord's Day, Sept., 1884.

MR. EDITOR: "Are you a Christian?" was asked me by an ex-prizefighter, whose face would prove a splendid sample of a buckwheat cake, and who now has charge of the Sixth Street Mission, near Pine st., Cincinnati, Ohio. I answered: "Sir, your question is hardly fair? Can I help it that I was born in Turkey, and that I necessarily believe in Mohammed, unless I forego the promises of paradise?" "You don't say you are a Mohammedan?" retorted the ex-gambler. "Who said I was?" retorted I; "but am I to blame if I was born in India, and must believe in Vishnu, or be everlastingly exposed to a slow, roasting fire?" The exhorter, no doubt convinced that he had a desperate case before him, never said another word, and I left.

In Cincinnati I visited the Holland church on Hughe street, which may be reached by the "Zoo" cars as far as they go. Instead of the inscription in the Huntsville Episcopal church, "Reverence my sanctuary" (by the way, a direct insult to any church-goer, as if pre-supposed to misbehave and to be void of manners), I read this: "*De Heere regeert*" ("The Lord reigneth"). I heard a dull lecture by a pious German, as the minister was absent. The church on Broadway is still for sale.

In Louisville I saw a man working at the steeple of the new Methodist church, at the peril of his life.

Why not build homes for workmen where in time they may liv rent-free? for everyone born on this earth has a rightful claim to a portion of it—so much, at least, as to enable him to exist.

Here is an instance of church tolerance, or "equanimity of the spirit:" In "Marvin's Sermons" (Methodist) (Brand, St. Louis) read page 277:

"The Lord's Supper. How blasphemous is the audacity of the driveling priest who converts the table into an altar, and enacts the solemn farce of offering the very Christ upon it in the form of bread and wine! No human priest can offer him; he offered himself without spot to God, and that 'once for all,' and now 'ever liveth to make intercession for us.' Having suffered for us, he gave us this bread and wine, a most blessed memorial of his love; and now to see a poor, vain mortal playing priest with these dear tokens of his death, it is shocking, it is monstrous!"

So far, Marvin. It is a wonder that the holy Methodist preacher did not die from the consciousness that such "shocking, monstrous" acts were and are performed in the nineteenth century. I imagin myself Marvin weeping. Truly, superstition is a never-healing cancer.

In Illinois I heard the phrenologist, Fowler. If I had been a preacher and my flock had laughed at me, their shepherd, I would hav exclaimed with thunder, "Go to hell, ye accursed ones, for laughing at an embassador of Christ!" and I would hav walked out and never preached again. At the conclusion of Professor Fowler's lecture on Monday evening, he invited the audience to select some one whose head they wished examined. Rev. Mr. Hubbert was selected, and Professor Fowler gave him a good head, but said he had no religion, and if he should marry a wife who should hav none there would be little praying done in the family. This created a laugh at the expense of Hubbert. This Hubbert, a Cumberland preacher, has his church full to suffocation in Lincoln, Ill. The wonder is that his flock continues to hear him, even after Fowler's honest verdict in 1882.

The *North American Review* has on pages 570–580 an article, "The Decline of Clerical Authority," a real masterpiece, by George P. Fisher. He says, p. 574: "The principality which the popes hav ruled over a thousand years, and the possession of which they assert to be essential to the proper discharge of their spiritual office, has been wrested from them by a Catholic sovereign, with the nation—a nation of Catholics—at his back. Protests and anathemas from the side of the papacy hav proved of no avail."

I suppose the fact that two rival bishops are fighting about the holy diocese of Tournay, Belgium, is old news to you; also that holy Canon Bernard fled thence to Canada, after appropriating a quarter of a million of holy money.

Archbishop Elder of Cincinnati has a lengthy article in the *Commercial Gazette* of Sunday, Aug. 24th. His sanctity says in his "Defense of the Acts and Character of Jesus," addressing the editor of the *Gazette:* "You know that we Christians believe, as sure as we believe the sun shines, that our blessed redeemer is himself the true God, having assumed a true human nature to his divine person. . . . Whatever else a Christian loves—his dearest friends—it is our Lord Jesus Christ that has given them, and he has given the very heart with which he loves them. Why should every sentiment that is dearest to us be shocked by such things as you hav uttered against him?"

This article is exactly one column long, and finishes up by: "If my article appears long, please consider that a single blow, even badly directed, may inflict a pain which long administrations are required to heal. Very respectfully, † William Henry Elder, Archbishop of Cinc."

The same paper says, in another article concerning the Purcell claimants: "These claimants are not only renegades to their faith, and put their names to an article insulting to all Catholics, but they, like beasts, snap at the hand held out to aid them. Cast not pearls before swine, lest they turn and rend you. They do not want pearls, they want slop." This article is signed "D. P." I do not quite agree with "D. P." I indeed think that the Purcell victims would be too glad only to hav pearls cast to them, as these could be converted into money, which, again, would go far to buy bread for the deluded Purcell dupes. Neither does a kitten snap at my hand when I feed it. It cares not to bite me.

A third article, signed "S. R. R.," says: "The venerable prelate says, 'Jesus, calling himself God, showed to the Jews it was not a blasphemy, since the judges of the people had been styled gods by God himself.' This is a plea that Jesus did not call himself God in a real meaning. In this fierce pursuit of the Jews the respected archbishop seems to hav knocked out the very foundation of Christianity. It is well that his high office lifts him above censure, for such a lapse in faith—" etc. The writer, "S. R. R.," livs in Cincinnati. It certainly would help the cause to hav him in our ranks.

I easily could write twenty columns more, but, like the venerable prelate, will excuse myself. I cannot conclude, however, without mentioning the effect upon me of the great to-do about Ryan's reception in Philadelphia. Ten thousand Catholics met him, the archbishop elect, at the cars; a torchlight procession, headed and backed by martial bands, conducted him, unlike Jesus, to his palatial residence. Will superstition ever cease? How much rather would I hav welcomed a horny-handed mechanic—one who adds to the comforts of life!

HENRI PALING.

POMONA, CAL., Sept. 23, 284.

MR. EDITOR: Pomona has been treated to a holy circus for some time past. It has been managed by a set of religious lunatics—an offshoot of Methodism. They style themselvs "Holiness Band." They are Christlike in many respects, according to the Christian mythology, as most of them hav no visible means of support. It is presumed that they are hearty eaters, as well as fervent prayers. They claim sanctification, and from their general appearance they need something that nature has failed to furnish them in order that they may compare favorably with the balance of the animal kingdom on the other side of the connecting link. Now, these animals, both he and she, are nightly telling the people who listen to them that they are in close relation with the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, whoever they may be, and that they (the band) are on the direct road to their ranch (the F., S., and H. G.), and that they (the vile herd) can't sin, being sanctified by the aforesaid (F., S., and H. G.), and all that is necessary for us is to get ready, join the band, and prepare for the big *chivari* that they, the Christians (H. B.), are going to giv the old man and his son when they get to the "mansion in the skies." They even tell us that they are going to be joined by a great many *fowl* people, old residents of the place, that are acclimated, and hav "got the run of things," though they hav not, up to the present time, put any of this foreign collection on exhibition at their circus here. Possibly they are keeping the birds for the last performance in order that they may capture our last dollar before leaving for good.

Why should we of America, born and educated under a republican form of government, desire to be transported to the realms of a despotic and vindictiv king, with no other inducements than simply to stay there, whether we were contented or not, offering only as compensation "milk and honey," the most nauseating diet that could be prescribed for our comfort? No other amusement than to hurrah for a king and his satellites, foreign to our desires, tastes, and educated habits, in a country and climate antagonistic to our natures, whose laws are in conflict with ours—what inducements are offered to us to accept passage in their little unnatural boat to convey us, minus our baggage, to so remote a place? It would be more in harmony with our methods of doing business to wait until more definit information be obtained. It is possible that the whole thing is a myth. What is there to be gained by these possible mythical Christian teachers? We giv up that which is for that which is not, destroy present real happiness and comfort for the unreal, leave off all that which we know for the unknown, turning the picture and viewing it continually from the dark side, expecting thereby to become apprised of its merits, beauty, and loveliness, attempting to gain knowledge by other than natural methods, expecting us to understand and adopt laws conflicting with the five senses which govern our actions and thoughts. In short, continually doing that which conflicts with our natural wants, in order that we may gain the unnatural. All this to please somebody's God, whose mandates must be observed, and whose will is law. It is hardly conceivable that an abundance of happiness to an individual will be realized by an attempt to set aside the laws which govern him in the battle for existence here. If compliance with the laws of this world unfits him for citizenship in another, it would be as well if he failed to attempt any change, continuing his allegiance to a world in harmony with his nature. There could possibly be nothing lost by remaining, if by going nothing would be gained. This may seem quite absurd to the seeker of phantoms. Are we to remain continuously stupid simply because it is to the parson's interest to do so? or simply because our wives and daughters so desire us to do, for the sole purpose of gaining a little popularity among the priest-ridden, God-fearing, superstitious, non-thinking portion of humanity? Because our mothers were imposed upon, humbugged in the past by these dealers in phantoms, is no valid reason why we should not think and search out the avenues of human happiness, comfort, and enjoyment, when they lie directly in our path, in the grand avenue of nature's highway. There is no logic in our leaving the green fields for the dry stubble, the broad avenue for the narrow tow-path; there is nothing to be gained by substituting the Christian method of mathematics for the system now in use in all our schools, and which assists us so materially in the affairs of life. I refer to the Bible rule of three times one is one, and one times one are three.

Christianity givs us no more hope than what we already hav for the future. It destroys the bloom and fragrance of our summer day, that we may better enjoy the darkness of the long winter night; lessens the joys of life, and increases the sorrows of death; blights the sweet sentiments of love that we hav for all that is, for the shivering prospect of a few cold promises of that which is not. Let realities take the place of myths in the minds of the living, and life will be more desirous, and death less feared. H. L. SHAUG.

LOUDONVILLE, N. Y., Sept. 26, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: If you don't think I come in too often, may I hav a little "say" in the "Friend's Corner?"

I hav just been having a good time reading the letters in THE TRUTH SEEKER, and couldn't resist the temptation to answer some of the friends. How amusing and interesting some of those epistles are! There is the political question which is agitating so many minds at present, and I'm just conceited enough to want to giv my opinion on the subject. First, why do so many sensible people make it a *party* question? Why not follow Darwin's idea—let it be a survival of the fittest? I never would consent to stand on one "Plank" all my life. If I saw a party on the other "Plank" which I thought more fitting, I should not hesitate to step over and giv him my support. Ah! that word reminds me that I hav made a grievous error; they *support* the "Plank" instead of *standing* on it. Well, please excuse me; "I am only a woman," so can't be expected to always get these things correct. But, anyhow, Grover Cleveland is my choice of the two candidates for the presidency. He has shown himself not afraid of "his party," and from all I can learn, is honest and conscientious in the performance of his public duties. As for Benjamin Butler, I would not take one penny's worth of stock in him. Why? Because, like Mr. Willis, I consider him a tyrant.

Like Mrs. Mattie Mitchell, I hav often rejoiced that I was too young to realize the horrors of slavery. Now, there is a Mr. A. J. Reading whom I consider a man of good solid, Liberal reasoning. How very true are his words: "Locality and training often hav much to do with one's opinion." If Mr. H. Willis had been "born and bred" in the South, and the North had swooped down some day on him and taken all his wealth (negroes) from him without his consent, would *he* not hav considered that he should hav had some recompense? Slavery is a terrible thing, but the slave-owners of the South had some terrible injustice—in many instances—dealt them by the North.

Well, Mr. Wallace Moore, if Mr. Cleveland "has nothing to recommend him but a life-long adherence to the Democratic party," what has Mr. Blaine to recommend him but a life-long adherence to the Republican party?

Mr. H. B. Jones, you are right in regard to the "Ku Klux outrage." Why is such a hue-and-cry raised over that dead affair? It is nothing that nearly every day's paper records the outraging of some poor white child or woman by some fiendish negro? Nothing that countless horrible murders are committed in the North daily? Look at the record of crime on Long Island during the past year. Why, if it had all occurred in a single Southern state, how the Northern papers would groan over it!

What a ridiculous assertion, Mr. Wallace Moore, that "nine-tenths of the saloon loafers" in the land are "Democrats and opposed to Woman Suffrage" (that last was a sop thrown to the suffragists, I presume)! Don't you know that you can not find any two things *exactly alike* in nature? Then to take your little *Gahanna* as a sample of the rest of the United States! Just wait until you hav visited some of the Southern towns where "nine-tenths of the saloon loafers" are ignorant blacks, and Republicans at that, armed with the negro's favorit weapon, a razor!

And now for Dr. Foote's terrible effusion, "A Hypochondriac." I suppose you've all heard of the man who, in a crowd, was struck by some one, and who got up on something (perhaps it was a fence) and said: "A man struck me just now, and I'm going to hit him with this stone." Every one in the crowd remained quietly gazing at him, to see where he would aim, but the guilty man instantly dodged, and then the man who was struck threw down the stone and proceeded to thrash the culprit. Well, now, don't "A Hypochondriac" look just like a *dodge* from "The Vivisector's Death-bed?' But don't be frightened, doctor; Mr. Preston does not believe in cruelty to animals. What a sneering, cold, heartless thing it is! Would not such a man be the last man in creation to call in to treat an ailing, helpless babe! If you are so *kind* (?) to helpless beings, sir, and do not believe in "unnecessary cruelty," pray why do you sneer so at Mr. Elliott's work of humanity and kindness to animals? Some people might say because you are a vivisector yourself, and are dodging. To all those who believe Mr. Preston to be an exaggerator, I will say, write to Mr. Preston, 6 Park Square, Boston, for literature on vivisection—read, and form your own opinions. It is all very well to sneer and cry exaggeration, but it is a terrible fact that one man alone vivisected 70,000 (seventy thousand) helpless animals in ten years, and he is still living, I believe.

Shame on any one who ridicules a woman who is a helpless invalid, and whose only pleasure lies in writing to her friends, even though she endures great pain in the effort to write!

Yours fraternally, WINEFORD V. ASPINWALL.

WHAT BROTHER MANTENFEL SAID IN THE TEUTONIC LIBERAL CLUB.

As the meeting settled down to business Brother Mantelfel sait, Liberal brothers: We soon hav the president election, and the business is, How shall we vote? We hav a good many political partys. In one is the nominee St. Piter, and in the other St. John. Brothers, this ar most to holy names for me to touch. The St. John's platform is appriciable by a strong smell of brimstone—to strong for any Liberal with common sense. I will only consider the three strongest partys. First, the Republican, with their blatform, where Mr. Blaine stand in the center, and around him the Millioners, Bankers, Monobolists, three-fourths of the Ministers, and the well feed Officeholders.

The say when Mr. Blaine were a mamber of the house of Representativs in 1875 he introduced a liberal resolution, the resolution being killed by an absurd amendment. Since that time he being as still as if killed with the resolution.

Brothers, the Democratic platform is built so close to the Republican that the can step from one to the other and not to get hurt. On that blatform Mr. Cleveland stand, and the hungry officeseekers the say Mr. Cleveland laid his veto on three bills what the New York Legislature past. Now you see if Mr. Cleveland is right, then the Legislature is ignorand, and vice versa.

If Mr. Clevelaed should be elected president, then the Millioners, Bankers, Monobolists will step over on the Democratic blatform, and the will stand on that blatform just as safe as on the Republican. In that cause the Republican

officeholders would heve to wait till Gabriel's trumpet blow. Also on both of them blatforms stand small business men, farmers, workingmen, and vote for the aristocracy to let them be a little longer there slaves. Grangers who club together against monopoly, and on election day vote for monopoly, also some Liberals who like the almighty dollar better than the downtrodden people. Church-members stand on both of them blatforms, because the minister or priest told them so, and if poor to suffer in this world to get in an imaginary heaven.

The third is the Anti-Monopoly National Greenback Labor Party, on which blatform Mr. Butler stand, and a good many of the downtrodden people, special workingmen, farmers, business men, and all who know a little more common sense than their brothers in the other partys.

Brothers, it is our duty to look out for our rights bodily and mentaly. If we are half slaves now, our children will be whole slaves. We are all born alike, and hav all the same natural right. As soon as one child is born with a gold or silk garment on, I will acknowledge that child as king or pope, but not befor.

Brothers, I do not say to you to vote for Butler, but I say if you vote stand on the people's blatform. Mr. Butler's record is better than Blaine's or Cleveland's. Years ago Butler defendet the poor factory girls. He were the defender of the poor in the poorhouse. The rich took there strength and health, then send them to the poorhouse. The officers in the poorhouse stole that little the had, and after ther death skinned them, tant their skin, and sold it to the rich for slippers. So you see the rich had everythings except the bones.

Brothers, now I will explain the weak side of Mr. Butler. He is a orthodox. His letters and speeches prove that, and if you say he is not, he only like to satisfy the people, then he is a hypocrit. But I belief the man is sincere. I can forgiv a orthodox if he do right and is for the people and with the people, but I cannot forgiv a Liberal who votes with the aristocratic against the people. We Liberals hav to draw most of our force out the common people, and to do that we hav to free them first to be aristocratic slaves.

Liberal brothers, if you go to the poles to vote, look out that the rooster not crow, "O man, you helpt liberty betray." I vote for the principles laid down in the blatform where Mr. Butler stand, and not for any aristocracy. Das hat augespield.

ITHACA, Oct. 28, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Please find one dollar as my share of campaign fund for the late organized League—though I am an Independent, believing, as I do, there are two sides in nature, the objectiv and the subjectiv, which is the inevitable fundamental contrast, to be seen everywhere, and will be kept up until scientific knowledge brings about a union by the Holy Ghost of natural selection. I use the Bible terms, as being extreme significations, but not as personalities outside of man. Man is the embodiment of all the extremes of moral and animal nature, which includes male and female, with all their senses and members; and until we come to the knowledge of our human capacities we shall ever make war with and behold outside enemies.

Nature is male and female of herself, whose embodiment is human to those who hav eyes to see it. There is no sense or knowledge in inanimate nature, hence all expression of knowledge is in humanity. The terms used in the Bible record, thus: Lord, God, Jesus, Christ, Holy Ghost, etc., are extreme significations belonging to the universe of humanity, either moral or physical; as the case may be. Please keep in view that a knowledge of self, male and female, is the extreme outside of the science of nature. When we hav a knowledge of ourself, we will find our enemies are all within, and each will find enough to invade his or her enemies at home. But it will seem impossible that but few of the creeping things of the sense of taste can hav the capacity to turn their eyes within. Hence an organized war will go on, and I take the objectiv side, which is the male or moral side of the fight; but it is a poor fight when a city is divided against itself, or a war inaugurated between the objectiv and the subjectiv, the male and the female of nature, represented especially by Materialism (the male) and Spiritualism (the female); these twain must become one flesh.

Mr. Chainey's speech, "Through Day to Night, and Night to Day," was expressiv of many truths, whatever the answer to it may hav been. He represents the wo-man (rib) taken from the side of Materialism (the moral man) when in a deep sleep of extremes and constitutional necessity, while the extreme charms of woman (the breath of life) can only answer the serpent's voice within, and thus she partakes of the forbidden fruit of mysterious life after death, so desirable and good to look upon, and thus she most assuredly will giv of the fruit to her husband (Materialism), and he will eat, and in due time their eyes will be opened to see the nakedness of mystery and animal sensation, of individual life after death, and be ashamed. History repeats itself, and is herein applied. We may fight our outside enemies till doomsday and we shall not conquer them, but when we conquer our enemies within, love will subdue all without. Christians hav fought their enemies from time immemorial, and hav never conquered them. Let us not take pattern by them, but let us subdue the selfish man of sin within, and all will be subdued.

Yours for human authority within, Z. KENT.

MOSCOW MILLS, Mo., Sept. 30, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I received the book entitled "Truth Seeker Collection of Hymns and Forms" in due time, and in good style. It makes a beautiful addition to my little library. Friends of Freethought, I wish to impress upon your minds that if we all want to work together in harmony, we, as a body of reformers, want to pay strict attention to what we are doing, and what we want to do. In establishing our League and national Liberal societies, we want rules, laws, and by-laws solidly and permanently established, so that all can see, read, and understand, and then we will hav no blunders and mistakes, and then, and not till then, will the great machinery of the Liberal reformers work harmoniously. I notice one great blunder that correspondents of the Liberal press make, and that is of not using the proper date of their labors. Some use 109, some 284, and others 1884. Please, what is the use of some pulling one way, and some the other? Why can we not use the proper date of 284, as was suggested by some or all of our forefathers that hav worked before us? It does look more lovely, grand, and glorious to see a united body of workers pull and labor harmoniously together, and then the body presents a more beautiful front.

I hav not been living in this county over three months, and hav been working up my county, and I find, to my great joy and surprise, that we hav got a good many Infidels here, hidden away in the bushes as it were. They are, or hav been in the past, afraid to speak their true sentiments. I am going to send you some names in the not far distant future for the petition for State Secularization. Hav got three names, and I think I can get several more. We need a good lecturer here.

Some of our sanctified, redeemed, and washed-in-the-blood-of-the-lamb say: "Mr. Hunter, please explain why it is that you are working so earnestly and persistently against the cause of Christianity, and hate the Christian people so." I told them that it was not the people that I hated, it was that blighting disease that humanity is heir to—the Christian religion. Billy Foster says that all of us wicked Infidels will call upon God for mercy when our dying day rolls around. I told him if we were not racked with pain, our death would be as calm and serene as any dying Christian dared be. I told him that I did not want God and Christ to reign over me, I am able to take care of myself. Their Bible, God, and Christ are myths; no truth or goodness in them. Brother Isaac said recently that he honestly believed that if everybody would fall upon their knees, and humbly implore God's goodness, the world would shortly come to an end, and that we would be shuffled off to glory. What nonsense and foolishness!

Any young lady of good moral habits, and good standing in society, who upholds Freethought and reform, and who wishes to correspond with the intentions of matrimony in Liberal ranks, will please address C. B. HUNTER.

CLAYVILLE, N. Y., Sept. 28, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I am highly pleased with THE TRUTH SEEKER. The first object of every one's inquiry should be, What is truth? "Ye shall know the truth, and THE TRUTH SEEKER shall make you free." Now, I hav an irresistible desire to be free, free from the degrading influence of ignorance, error, priestcraft, and hypocrisy, in all its hellish forms. O ye invisible intelligences, throw around those noble pioneers, who are now in the field of action, your strong shield of protection, and enable them to uphold and defend intellectual freedom.

I see there is a sharp controversy between the Materialists and Spiritualists, pertaining to the final destiny of the human race. The former claim that human consciousness begins in the cradle of birth, and ends in the dirt or grave, and even quote from that old obscene book to prove that ultimately man will attain to no superiority above beasthood. The latter, just as earnestly, contend that human consciousness buds into existence in the couch of birth, and continues to blossom through this rudimental sphere, and will brighten in its bloom while eternity grows old.

Now, both of the above theories cannot be true, because they are in direct conflict with each other; there is no halfway-house to occupy in this controversy between beasthood or dirthood, and ultimate angelhood or spirithood; either consciousness does exist and maintain a conscious progressiv activity after the dissolution of the animal or physical body, or it does not. Which? Now, I hav no blackguard expressions to hurl at my brother Materialist. You are, doubtless, as sincere in your views of this matter as I am in mine. That intelligence does exist now, you will not deny. How did it originate? If it had an origin, does uncompounded matter possess the inherent principle of intelligence? Will some Materialist friend give me a little light on this subject? Assertion and assumption amount to nothing unless demonstrated and supported by self-evident facts. Now, Mr. Materialist, I hav as much irrefutable evidence of a conscious hereafter as you hav that twice two are four.

Mr. Editor, I am glad you giv both sides a fair hearing—the gangreen of error must be removed before health can revisit the diseased system of thought pertaining to this matter; let us clear the deck for action; "the agitation of thought is the beginning of wisdom." The dogma of Christianity sinks in the gulf of oblivion when compared with the matter at issue between the above contending parties, namely, whether universal humanity will ultimately attain to something (a conscious existence) in the eternity of the future, or retrograde back to nothing (or unconsciousness) annihilation.

Yours for truth and eternal progress,
J. P. SMITH, Spiritualist.

IDAHO SPRINGS, COL., Sept. 23, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Permit me to thank you for the prompt attention you gave our order for the pamphlet, "Real Blasphemers," and THE TRUTH SEEKER, and also for the kindness you showed us in publishing our notice of Col. Kelso's "Bible Analyzed." We would like to tell you that the colonel's great work reminds us of an incident in his early life when he was a lad of twelve years of age. He, in company with several other boys of a like age, was passing a small cabin home that was temporarily vacated by the owner. A halt was called, and he proposed to show them that a young Samson was in their midst, and that he, unaided, could lift one corner of the cabin and take out a log; and suiting the action to the word, out came the log, and the consequence was that the cabin tipped toward that corner, and the little home presented a deplorable appearance. When the owner of the cabin returned, the colonel's father, a very kind, genial gentleman, called the neighbors together to help replace the log which his son had so easily torn out, but it took the united efforts of several strong men to put it back in place, who did all that it was possible to do to put the building in its former condition; yet the family that had been reared beneath its sheltering roof could no longer look on it as a safe retreat when a boy twelve years of age could lift a corner and take out a log. In the "Bible Analyzed" he has not only taken out a log, but has completely destroyed the building beyond repair, and has left it in its ruin, as he did the log cabin, without one timber to erect another building on its foundation. If this is the all of life, as the colonel seems to think, if we hav only a visionary home, to us it is real, and is it not a wrong done to deprive us of it without giving us a real and a better one? Some may reply that it is truth, and we must progress and grow wiser; but what is the need for wisdom, and what use can we make of progression, if the torch thus lighted will burn but a brief period and be extinguished forever? These are questions which ever rise up foremost, Mr. Editor, when reading your ably conducted journal and kindred works issued by the Truth Seeker Publishing House, and which thousands of earnest souls, no doubt, desire an answer to. MRS. H. A. HOUGH.

BARRE, MASS., Sept. 29, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Please say to E. B. Foote, Jr., that there was no necessity for me "to look upon the horribly graphic illustration and read the intense and thrilling poem by Elliott Preston, 'The Vivisector's Death-bed'" (as expressed by that true-hearted woman and philanthropist, Mattie C. Mitchell, in TRUTH SEEKER, Sept. 27th), in order to "bring me to a realization" of the horrors of vivisection, for I hav known of its shocking barbarities these many, many years. Neither was there any necessity—for the purpose of casting odium upon all anti-vivisectionists—for him, in the "preface" of his "prize poem," to go out of his way to wring in my name by ridiculing that sensitivness to torture which is the glory of all men as well as women; for my courage in times of danger is well known, my presence of mind in emergencies unquestioned, while my well-regulated emotional nature and strong nervous equanimity hav been fully tested by experienced physicians and surgeons in cases of severe burnings of the human body, of people mangled by accidents, to say nothing of experiences in the war of the Rebellion. And when he sneeringly calls attention to "indescribable shivers," "shudders," and "frightful sensations" to prejudice thinking people and the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER against indignation at this uncalled-for and atrocious crime, he shows himself as far beneath a *man* as a man can be beneath a *brute*.

I will leave others of greater ability and more leisure to write up the "prize poem," "The Horrible Tale of a Hypochondriac," as it deserves.

I am very glad to see, by last TRUTH SEEKER, that Winneford V. Aspinwall is to write for the "Children's Corner" of your paper. She will do justice to any subject she selects. THE TRUTH SEEKER grows better and better with every issue. Will it ever find a limit to its progression? I am very happy to hear of its increased circulation. Let us all shout Amen.

Yours for mercy and justice, ELLA E. GIBSON.

MURRAY, O., Sept. 24, 284.

MR. EDITOR: I hav read with interest the report of the eighth annual Congress of the National Liberal League. The officers elected are the right persons in the right places. I am glad the Congress did not pile anything more on the League, for in my opinion the secularization of the state is sufficient for it to carry through and do it successfully.

The League has a powerful enemy to fight in the God-in-the-Constitution movement, which has some very wealthy and influential men on its side, but it is rejoicing to know we hav wealthy and influential men and women on our side. I trust the League will ever watch with eagle eyes the enemy of liberty and progress.

On page 574 of THE TRUTH SEEKER I see a picture and a poem by Mr. Elliott Preston, entitled, "The Vivisector's Death-bed." What an awful representation! So dismal is the illustration that it can scarcely be looked upon! It is the very picture of horror and despair! Well might the vivisector on his death-bed ask,

"Was this a dog—this mangled thing
Stretched stark, along the floor,
Its lank jaws bathed with bloody foam,
And bare its true heart's core?"

As Paine says of Alexander and Charles of Sweden, the same can be applied to the vivisectors: "A good man cannot think of their actions without abhorrence, nor of their deaths without rejoicing." May Mr. Preston continue in his good work of showing to the public the awful crimes of vivisectors, and of throwing "light in dark places" is the desire of

Yours respectfully, D. E. LEWIS.

SENECA FALLS, N. Y., Sept. 24, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I cannot feel sorry for our crowd on account of the lashing we received by Chainey, as I cannot understand what business we can hav in mixing in any way with a class of individuals who in any way believe in supernaturalism. I cannot but regard any form of Spiritualism as a mild species of insanity; and so long as they do not furnish proof to convince us that they are infallible, there is no reason why we should be under any more obligations to accept their creeds and dogmas on their "say so" than we should those of Christianity.

While I hav a great respect for them as one of the links in the chain of evolution, it is of the same kind as that which we hav for Martin Luther and all other reformers; and I regard them only as one of the factors of civilized advancement on the road to Agnosticism. I hav not seen a list of the vice-presidents, but hope that I hav not had the honor of a re-election, as I should not like to keep up the policy of armed neutrality that the association has always labored under.

Very truly, DR. H. J. PURDY.

WILLIAMSTOWN, OHIO, Sept. 2, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Why could we not hav Infidels' demands printed on a nice sheet in proper form, so as to be framed? Would it not be an ornament for our offices, sitting-rooms, and parlors? If there has been anything of the kind I am not aware of it. It seems to me such might be gotten up at such a price that any one could obtain it. Would we not be proud to call attention to it? B. D. EVANS, M.D.

[Respectfully referred to the secretary of the League, Mr. S. P. Putnam.—ED. T. S.]

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight
When the night begins to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

The Baby.

Toddle, toddle, waddle, waddle,
On her little pinky toes;
Stumble, stumble, trip and tumble—
That's the way the baby goes.

Prattle, prattle, rattle, rattle,
Little shouts, and little shrieks;
Tears, with laughter coming after—
That's the way the baby speaks.

Playing, toying, still enjoying
Every sweet that nature givs;
Waking, sleeping, smiling, weeping—
That's the way the baby livs.

—*Selected.*

A Leaf from My Experience;

OR, HOW TO BE CHARITABLE.

I shall say something about charity, and point out how we can afford to be kind to those who are less fortunately situated than ourselvs, and in the end be as well off as others who cannot afford to be charitable. I think that as a general thing, a kind heart, as we call it, comes by inheritance, and we can talk of it, not as a virtue, but as a necessity of our nature; at least, I prefer to look at it in this way from what I am about to write. I think, however, that, like any other thing, it is susceptible of cultivation. The more charity you bestow upon others, the more will you be inclined to be charitable. If you hav been favored with a kind heart by nature, so that want or distress in others inclines you to assist them, and to do so sometimes to your own discomfort, I can tell you how to afford it.

Form a wise resolution to abstain from the use of alcoholic drinks as a beverage. Three drinks per day for three hundred and sixty-five days will save you thirty-six dollars and fifty cents. Use no tobacco nor cigars, as the use of three cigars a day will amount to fifty-four dollars and seventy-five cents, and few tobacco-chewers will devour less than twenty pounds a year, or from eight to ten dollars' worth, so that in this we find an amount of over one hundred dollars saved on material that, in nine times out of ten, is a positiv injury. If you giv away only one-half that sum, in ten years you can buy a home with the balance.

If you hav resolved to save for the purpose of giving it away, as necessity may require, you will be inclined to be economical in all other ways. It is much better to be the dispenser of charity than the recipient of it. Therefore be thrifty, so that you may hav something to giv. Look out for unscrupulous persons, who will try to impose on your good nature. Giv with a view to do good. It is throwing charity away to giv to the unworthy. It is your duty to satisfy yourself that the subject is deserving. Never giv a penny to get rid of a beggar. It is not prudent to giv money to those we do not know. Instead of sending money to the heathen, seek out the bare-footed in your neighborhood, and warm them. It costs too much to get your money to the heathen. If you giv five dollars, it will generally cost four of it to get it to them, and half of the balance to furnish the minister's house who preaches for them.

Professional beggars are a nuisance. They are as ingenious in inventing lies and tricks to deceive you as a man who plays legerdemain. When a beggar talks to you, look him or her square in the eye, and when they cast their eyes down you may be sure they are not innocent. I hav learned this by experience. It is almost as bad to be unjust to yourself, by giving carelessly to unworthy persons, as to take what does not belong to you. The only difference is that in the one case you rob yourself, and in the other case you rob another. I will giv a few illustrations to show what I mean.

I was at work one day, when a German came along, and seeing that I was on a scaffold and not easily to be got at, he said in his own language: "*Wollen sie nicht so gute sien mere ein bense to rouse tzu werfen.*" That is, in English, "Will you be good enough to throw me a penny?" "What way are you traveling?" said I. "To Pottsville," said he. I noticed he had a rather red nose, which is often a sign-board for a groggery, so I said, "I fear money would do you little good," as I thought he would use it for drink. But he declared by all the holy saints that he would not spend it in that way, so I tossed him a shilling, for which he held up his hands in an attitude of devotion, calling down blessings upon my head, and immediately turned upon his heel and walked towards the village.

In a short time it occurred to me that I had been sold, and I threw down my tools and followed him. He made a bee-line for a tavern, which I saw him enter, but he got out again before I got there, as he had quite the start of me. I inquired of the bartender what he wanted.

"Why," said he, "he wanted to drink all the whisky I hav for two cents! He poured out a tumbler brimful, and took it down at a gulp."

The old fellow was up to it; he got the man to change the shilling first into pennies, so as to pay two of them for a drink. At this rate he could make six drinks out of my shilling. The regular price then, some forty years ago, was three cents a drink.

I found myself cheated by a lying hypocrit, and was getting angry at myself for being duped by him, and so I followed him out, as soon as I could, to another place, where I saw him enter, intending to giv him a good talking to; but on entering he was just getting out, having emptied the second tumbler, and paid his two cents, or, rather, *my* two cents. I met him just as he was coming out, as happy as a lord. He bowed politely, and smiled at me as if he was in a perfect state of bliss—"not a wave of trouble rolled across his peaceful breast," as the hymn book has it. I opened up on him by saying:

"Which way are you bound?"

"Noch Reading," said he.

"How does it come that you are now going to Reading? I thought you started out of town in the direction of Pottsville," said I.

"Well, so I did," said he, in his fluent German, "but I met a nice young man," pointing in the direction of the place, "who has changed my whole program with a shilling. It takes little to change my plans. I hav no particular object in life but to eat and drink when I can get it, and suffer and do without it when I can't get it."

There was such a careless and unconcerned look about the man, and he seemed so full of his kind of enjoyment, that I concluded not to reveal myself to him as the nice clever, young man whom he had cheated; and so he immediately changed my program for even less than a shilling.

Another incident, which occurred somewhat later in life, will illustrate what I mean by true charity bestowed upon a worthy object. I was traveling in the direction of Pittsburgh, *via* the Pennsylvania Railroad line. On the way, I happened to sit by the side of a stout, well-made German, with whom I engaged in conversation, and found him to be a sober and intelligent man. Among other things, he told me that he had been in the country about a year, endeavoring to find his brother and friends, and had got out of money, and was obliged to go to laboring to make his way; that he had just found out by a letter that they were in Hollidaysburg, which is a branch road some miles from Altoona, on the Pennsylvania line. The fare was twenty-five cents, and the car left that night.

"But I am a little puzzled how to manage," said he. "I hav enough to get there, but, in case I fail to find my brother, I may be obliged to wander about the place in the dark, as I shall hav no money left to pay for a lodging, and I think I will hav to use what I hav for lodging here in Altoona, and walk out to-morrow; but I would much rather go on if I were certain of finding them to-night."

The conversation turned to other matters, but I had resolved to make him a happy man. So when the car stopped at Altoona, I put my hand into my pocket and gave him a gold dollar.

"Take this," I said, "and get upon the train, and try to find your friends to-night; if you cannot, you can lodge and find them in the morning."

The man was very much astonished at this, as I had expressed no concern about his troubles.

"But," said he, "how am I to repay you for this kindness? I never saw you before."

I said to him: "The first man you meet that is in as much need of a dollar as you are now, if you hav one to spare, just hand him one, and that will square the account."

He jumped upon his feet and took me by the hand with both of his, and said: "Mine Gott, you American peoples is de beshthearted I never saw pefore! Goot night, goot night, my frendt; I never forgets you!"

I hav never been sorry for that act, because I know the object was a worthy one.

I went to New York city in the winter of 1856, and my pleasure in looking over the great city, with its fine buildings and places of resort, was much marred at the distress that met me in almost every street through which I passed. I found, however, that misery loved to congregate, so that in some localities it was much worse than in others.

The first day I put my hand into my pocket until all my small change was gone, and I resolved that I could not giv any more that day, but would provide myself with convenient change, so as to giv each object a little the next day. But as I was passing along Chatham street, my eyes met the most appalling bit of human misery I had ever beheld. It was a very sickly looking woman with scarcely enough drapery to cover her person, holding in her lap a poor, shriveled-up baby. The day was quite cold, and the whole picture struck me with a shock of misery. I was walking rapidly at the time, but took in the situation at a glance, and every step I took only increased my misery. After thinking it over for a short time, I turned upon my heel and went back, and handed the woman a dollar bill. I believe I should never hav had any comfort while in the city, if I had not done it.

The next day I provided myself with a pocketful of change, and I had no trouble in getting rid of it, but one object made an especial impression upon me. As I came along Wall street, approaching Broadway, I noticed a broker's window piled up with heaps of coins, forming curious pyramids; bankbills, etc., making a grand display of money. On the outside, on the stone steps, sat an old woman poorly clad, and a girl about thirteen years of age, rather good-looking in features. She had a small stand of cigars which she offered to sell me. I looked at her stock. She said, "O do please buy a few, won't you? mother and I need money." I found by close inspection, that the cigars were stock that had been damaged and carefully patched up so as to make them salable. I could not help noting the contrast—just inside of those huge glass windows lay wealth by the thousands, and on the outside was humanity in a starving condition! I thought, "What a pity! here is a nice-featured girl just merging into womanhood—what must be her temptations to sin in the near future, if she is compelled to follow this precarious and dangerous employment in life!" I needed no cigars; I did not smoke; but the condition of that poor mother and child brought the tears to my eyes, and I wondered why such poverty was permitted. I suppose the girl was surprised that I let several large tears drop, as I selected the largest coin in my pocket and handed it to her. She wanted me to take the best of the cigars, but when I said I did not use any tobacco, she looked a thousand thanks and said, "You are a kind, good gentleman, that you are." And I passed on as soon as possible to take in other more inviting pictures of the metropolis; but I am sure I saw enough poverty to sink a city in that one day's promenade.

J. R. PERRY.

Our Puzzle Box.

"*Seek and ye shall find.*"

1.

DIAMOND.

Dedicated to J. K. P. Baker.

Ye of this grand assembly,
Come try your luck at this;
Come forth, put on your thinking cap,
And solve this out without a miss.

1. A letter near N. R. O. P.
2. An animal, boy, or girl you see.
3. A disordered mass or state of things
4. To view a glazier's diamond brings;
5. A certain dance, yet not a reel.
6. To pay regard, also to feel.
7. 'Tis found in every valentine;
Perhaps you hav it ere this time.

Pittsburgh, Pa. H. E. JUERGENS.

2.

CROSS WORD.

In lake, not in sea;
In plant, not in tree;
In north, not in west;
In good, not in best;
In arrow, not in bow;
In curse, not in woe;
My whole a kind of carriage.

Newburgh. ROBERT BERNHEIM.

3.

A BATCH OF PI'S.

I. Svlei fo tearg enm lla dnimer su
Ew anc ekam ;ou svlei sbieulm
Dan dprneatig evael dihebn su
Stnirptoof no het snasd fo emit.

II. Yjo dan ecnarepmet dan rpseoe
Msla hte rodo no het dctroso eson.

III. Wnhe yb ghint het sgorf aer rcaokgin
nikled tub a shcrot erif,
Ah, woh noso yeth lal rea lisnet. Tsuh rutth
secnelis teh rial. BENNY DICTION.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE PUZZLE AND DOUBLE PROBLEM IN CHILDREN'S CORNER, SEPT. 27, 1884.

1. LI-me; 2. m-I-L-e; 3. The area of a circle two miles in diameter=3.1416 square miles; 4. The same area plus 4 square miles=7.1416 square miles.

Correspondence.

THOMASTON, CONN.

MISS SUSAN H. WIXON: I thought I would write and send you a few puzzles for the Corner. I hav not read THE TRUTH SEEKER much lately, although I generally read everything I can get hold of. I am very much interested in politics nowadays. I am 13 years old and a Democrat to the backbone. You will find the puzzles inclosed with this letter, which you may print if you wish. BENNY DICTION.

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DR. L. TENNEY—Dear Sir: As I feel greatly indebted to you for the benefit I hav received from your treatment, and the use of your Magnetic appliances, I can say without hesitation to those afflicted as I hav been that the effect was simply marvelous. Two weeks ago I was stricken with paralysis in my right arm and could not use it at all, but after wearing a suit of your MAGNETIC CLOTHING for one week, can use it quite as well as ever. I hav also been troubled with Dyspepsia and Kidney Complaint for a number of years, from which I hav suffered intensely, and, although doctoring all the time, never found but temporary relief. Since putting on your appliances I hav experienced great benefit, and if I improve as rapidly as I hav in the past two weeks, will soon be well. I would, therefore, recommend to those suffering as I hav your Magnetic appliances as the only means of effecting a sure cure. Yours respectfully,
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Remember that the same appliances which will effect a cure in a case of Paralysis will at the same time eradicate CATARRH or DYSPEPSIA in the same patient. We do not, like the Old School Physician, change medicins every day until, after dosing the patient almost to death, he may possibly strike something (if he is very skilful) that brings relief for the time being.

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Yours respectfully,
H. A. BROWN.

Ladies, read the following testimony from a lady who had been under drug treatment for eight years with nervous prostration and female weakness:

OSBORN, O., Dec. 15, 1882.

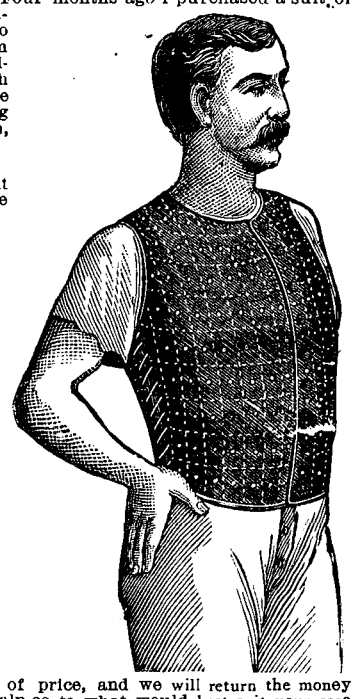
DR. L. TENNEY: Your letter just received; also the Clothing on Tuesday last. Fitted perfectly. FELT BETTER FROM THE FIRST HOUR I HAD THEM ON. Am not joking, and if I improve as rapidly as I hav since Tuesday, will soon be well. Will report again soon. Respectfully yours, E. J. K.

This lady reports herself entirely cured in less than six weeks after putting on the garments, and, although in bed, unable to get out, when applied, she nevertheless was able to ride twenty miles in two days after the application. The lady's name can be had upon application at this office, by anyone desiring to communicate with her.

Ladies, read the following testimony from a lady who had been suffering for two years with an **Ovarian Tumor,** and who had been told that nothing but the knife would save her life, and the chances were as 9 to 1 against recovery. In four months' time she is perfectly well, and has not taken a dose of medicin since putting on the appliances. Consult us when your physician tells you he can do nothing for you; it will pay you.

SHULLSBURG, WIS., November 19, 1882.

DR. L. TENNEY, *Dear Sir:* About two years ago my health began to fail me; I became nervous, lost all desire for food, and, in fact, began to fail rapidly, so that I became alarmed and consulted several physicians of St. Louis, at which place I was then stopping, all of whom declared that I had an **Ovarian Tumor,** and that the only thing that would save my life would be the knife. About six months ago I grew rapidly worse, and had about made up my mind to take the only course that seemed left to me, and submit to an operation, when my attention was called to the **Eureka Magnetic Appliances.** As a drowning man will catch at a straw, so did I catch at this faint hope of a cure. Four months ago I purchased a suit of your appliances. From the very first I felt invigorated, the tumor, which had extended entirely across my abdomen, began to decrease, my pains became less from day to day, until now I am as well as I ever was in my life. Since putting on the appliances I hav not taken a single dose of medicin. My bowels, which before were constipated, are now regular. I would therefore cheerfully recommend them to anyone suffering as I hav, believing that they will do all and more than you claim for them. I remain,
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Any of the above garments sent to any address upon receipt of price, and we will return the money if they are not as represented in every respect. If you are uncertain as to what would best suit your case send us word stating symptoms, and we will advise you what would be best suited to treat you. While our appliances are offered at less than one-third of what others are selling worthless appliances for, yet we will guarantee that the magnetic quality is a hundred fold superior to any other appliance ever offered the public, and will outlast the garments themselvs. Every magnet is put through a particular process, and hav raised five times their own weight six months after being magnetized, while not a single appliance in the market will attract the smallest particle of iron, the majority of such worthless appliances having so-called magnets made of material no better than hoop-iron, and not capable of retaining magnetism for a moment. All of our garments are made from the very best material for the purpose, and will outlast any and all other garments now before the public. Every magnet is arranged in the garments upon *scientific principles,* and not haphazard as in all the others. We offer you therefore

The Only Scientific Magnetic Appliance Ever Constructed.

And challenge comparison with any of the so-called magnetic garments now offered under that head. At the same time the application of labor-saving machinery in our manufacture enables us to offer them about

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So that we can say with truth, None are so poor that they cannot procure them, being but a trifle higher than ordinary clothing.

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Liberal Meetings.

[Leagues and Liberal and Spiritualistic Societies in the United States and Canada meeting regularly, can hav notices of their meetings published in this column free if the officers will send them to us.]

MICHIGAN.

MUSKEGON.—The Liberal League meets every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock in the German Odd Fellows' Hall, corner of Western ave. and Terrace st.

OHIO.

CLEVELAND.—The Liberal League meets every Sunday at 3 P.M., in room 29, City Hall building. Lectures free. Communications can be addressed to W. I. Irvine, Secretary.

MAINE.

PORTLAND.—Dr. H. A. Lamb has hired Congress Hall, Congress street (entrance on Temple street), where free meetings, lectures, and discussions are held every Sunday, 2:30 P.M. Admittance free. Public invited.

OREGON.

PORTLAND.—The Auxiliary Liberal League of Portland, Or., holds meetings every Sunday, at 2 o'clock, P.M., at Nonpareil Hall, cor. 1st and Madison streets. All are invited. Admission free.

WISCONSIN.

MILWAUKEE.—The Milwaukee Liberal League meets every Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock, at Fraternity Hall, 216 Grand avenue. Lectures and free discussions on all popular topics. Admittance free. Public cordially invited.

MASSACHUSETTS.

BOSTON.—Boston Liberal Club holds meetings for essays and criticisms every Sunday forenoon at 10:45 in the Paine Memorial Building, Appleton street.——The "Society of the Divine Homo" at same place every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Sunday-school at 2:30. Admission free.

PENNSYLVANIA.

ALTOONA.—The League holds meetings every Wednesday evening and Sundays at 3 P.M., at the League Room, corner of Eleventh ave. and 13th st., third floor, entrance on 13th st.

BRADFORD.—The Bradford Liberal Club meets every Sunday at 3 P.M. at their hall in Pemberton block. The club has a very choice library.

PHILADELPHIA.—The Friendship Liberal League meets every Sunday at Hancock Hall, 814 Girard avenue, at 2:30 o'clock, and 7:30 o'clock, P.M., for lectures and free debates. THE TRUTH SEEKER and Liberal books for sale.

PITTSBURGH.—Pittsburgh Liberal League meets at Maltby Hall, 76 Fifth avenue, every Sunday (except during the Months of July and August) at 3o clock. A free platform is maintained. Exercises consist of a lecture, followed by 10 minute criticisms, with 15 minutes allowed the lecturer to reply. Clergymen invited to discuss.

NEW JERSEY.

NEWARK.—Newark Liberal League meets every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the League's Hall, 177 Halsey street. Exercises consist of music, readings, lecture, and discussion, in which all present are invited to participate. Admission free. Collection taken. Communications for the League should be addressed to J. W. Frankel, 10 Pine street, Newark.

CANADA.

TORONTO.—Secular Society. Reading and Lecture Rooms, No. 9 Grand Opera House. Open every evening and Sundays. Lecture every Sunday evening. Freethinkers and strangers are cordially invited.

MONTREAL.—Pioneer Freethought Club meets every Sunday at 3 P.M., at 1310 Catharine street. Reading-room open daily until 10:30 P.M. Library open for exchange of books three evenings per week, and on Sunday afternoons. Free public lectures on Sundays as advertised in local newspapers. Strangers always welcome. G. S. Wilson President; C. Stevens, Secretary.

NEW YORK.

ALBANY.—The Liberal association meets every Sunday at Van Vechten Hall, 119 State street. Sunday-school at 2 P.M. General business meeting and debates and discussions at 3 P.M. Lecture at 7:30 P.M. The public are cordially invited to attend, also all Liberals visiting the city. Admission free.

NEW YORK CITY.—The Manhattan Liberal Club meets every Friday evening at 8 o'clock, at 220 East 15th st.——The American Spiritualist Alliance meets every Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock in Republican Hall, 55 West 33d street.——The First Society of Spiritualists holds its meetings every Sunday in Republican Hall, 55 West 33d street. Morning service 11 o'clock; evening, 7:45. Seats free. Public cordially invited.——Arcanum Hall, 57 West 25th Street, cor. 6th ave. The People's Spiritual Meeting every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 P.M.

BROOKLYN.—The Brooklyn Spiritual Society meets at Conservatory Hall, cor. of Fulton street and Bedford avenue, every Sunday. Services at 11 A.M. and 7:45 P.M. Admission free. Public cordially invited. Liberal and Spiritual papers and books for sale.——The Everett Hall Spiritual Conference, 398 Fulton street, meets every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. Meetings free. Spiritual literature for sale.——The Eastern District Spiritual Conference meets every Monday evening at Composite Room, 4th street, corner of south 2d street, at 7:45. Spiritual and Liberal literature on sale. All invited.—— The Philosophical Association meets every Sunday afternoon in the Assembly Room of Wright's Business College, Broadway, corner of Fourth street, E. D., at 3 P.M. Public cordially invited. Doors open at 2:30 P.M.

Literature.

New Books.

CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY; or, Men of Business Who Did Something besides Making Money. A Book for Young Americans. By James Parton. 400 pp. Price $1.25. Address THE TRUTH SEEKER office.

This is the sort of book that one takes up with the impression that he has before him something worth reading, and lays it down under conviction, regretful only that the end has been reached. Mr. Parton is one of our great men. He is as good a historian as Bancroft, without any of Bancroft's religious cant or bias. He is as good a writer as Washington Irving—as pleasing, and, of the two, the more vigorous.

The present volume, as its title indicates, is written for the youth of this country, but will be read with profit by all. Forty-six characters in history are dealt with according to their merits, and Mr. Parton finds much to commend in all of them. Some of these men hav not before been mentioned by the historian, yet they are the men who, in the capacity in which they, by choice or chance, made themselvs great, hav to some extent altered the destiny of nations for the better. They hav set examples for others, and their labors turned the world ahead. He deals with pioneers and farmers, with engineers and mechanics, with clockmakers and bridgebuilders, with printers and editors, with philanthropists and inventors, with booksellers, housebuilders, and financiers. There is Ichabod Washburn, who showed the world how to make wire; Elihu Burritt, the learned blacksmith; Chauncey Jerome, who made it possible for every family to hav a clock; Peter Faneuil, the builder of Faneuil Hall; Edward Coles, the man who set his slaves free, and tried to make them independent; Myron Holley, gardener and gentleman; Robert Owen, the philanthropist, whose only fault before the world was that he placed the Christian superstition among the others; Gerritt Smith, the free-hearted and honest; Horace Greeley, the greatest of editors; Peter Cooper, one of the best of men; Rowland Hill, the father of cheap postage; the Marquis of Worcester (not mentioned in history), the inventor of the steam engin; and Moses Montefiore, the Jew and the benefactor of his race. The histories of all these men, and the many others, it is useful to know. It is entertaining to read them as written by Mr. Parton.

Perhaps the most touching sketch is that of Wonderful Walker, the English preacher, embalmed in verse by Wordsworth and described by him in prose. This man seems to hav been firm in the faith that his first duty was to provide for and educate his children. To this end he labored as schoolmaster, notary, conveyancer, appraiser, arbitrator, and farmer, as well as shoemaker, weaver, and spinner. Yet all these, together with the sort of preaching which he was enabled to do on Sundays, yielded him barely $120 a year. On that pay, however, he raised a fine family, gave his sons college learning, and left a handsome sum behind. When he was past ninety years, his good wife died, and was borne to the grave by three of her daughters and one granddaughter. The old man was almost blind, but, says Mr. Parton, he felt about when the corpse was lifted until he got hold of a cloth that was fastened to the coffin, and thus as one of the bearers he entered the church where she was to be buried. Though he continued preaching, he sensibly drooped after the loss of his wife. His voice faltered as he preached. Not the love of God, nor the hope of heaven, could sustain him as he looked at the seat in which she had sat, and where he had watched her kind and beautiful face for more than sixty years. He could not pass her grave without tears. "One night, in his ninety-fourth year, he tottered upon his daughter's arm, as his custom was, to the door, to look out for a moment upon the sky, 'How clear,' said he, 'the moon shines to-night.' In the course of that night he passed peacefully away. Of all the men of whom I hav ever read," concludes the biographer, "this man, I think, was the most virtuous and the most fortunate." We hav no ministers in our day like Wonderful Walker. He was out of place among the clergy of even a hundred and fifty years ago.

This book contains eight portraits, among them those of Peter Cooper, Gerritt Smith, and Myron Holley. Of the last, the Hon. Elizur Wright has written a biography, from which Mr. Parton quotes briefly. Little is known of him to general history, but he was, nevertheless, a noble and excellent man.

Characteristically of Mr. Parton's writings, "Captains of Industry" deals in perfect fairness with all, but it has no words of laudation for those misguided enthusiasts who hav grown "virtuous" in their old age and made a sacrifice to God of the devil's leavings; that is, those who hav endowed societies with money to build churches, or churches already built with funds to rear steeples upon them. These men are not the captains of industry. Men who gain money by industry do not spend it in that way.

We know of no biography written for the young which we can so unreservedly recommend to the perusal of our youthful readers as "Captains of Industry."

TRAVELS FROM FAITH TO REASON. By Captain R. C. Adams. Price, $1.25. Address THE TRUTH SEEKER office.

When a man who was born and brought up in the atmosphere of an intense evangelical religion, on coming to the maturity of his powers, throws it all overboard, and accepts the guidance of reason and experience alone, it is interesting to learn what induced the first doubt; how he got fairly on the track of investigation, and how he progressed; passing milestone after milestone of his lonely way, until he arrived at the place of his destination, a thorough Freethinker. All this is shown by Capt. Adams, in the beautifully printed book which has lately come from the press, entitled "Travels from Faith to Reason."

Natural-born Egyptians in the world of mind, having been brought up from childhood on leeks, onions, and garlic, together with fish, cucumbers, and melons, become attached to such diet. Even the Hebrews, during their captivity in Egypt, became so used to it that, when they got into the promised land of Canaan, where manna and quails lay around at their tent doors, they longed for this food (See Num. xi, 5) as fondly as a Virginian traveling in England, and sitting down to a dinner of roast beef and mustard, turns up his nose at it, and longs for the johnny-cake of his youth, baked in the ashes by old black Susan. Yet I suspect that if a captiv Hebrew had only had a chance to taste of the grapes of Eshkol, and of fat barbecued quails, with manna from heaven as a dessert, he would hav preferred it to the fare mentioned in the passage I hav quoted from the Bible. But nature, by the environments she threw around him in the house of his bondage, made him conform his taste to his Egyptian diet, so that when he got into a country where his circumstances were bettered, he still hankered after the onions and garlic of his childhood.

In leaving the land of bondage and blind faith, and traveling towards the Palestine of freedom and of reason, Capt. Adams must needs hav made great sacrifices. He would lose caste with his former religious associates. He would be reproached for putting contempt upon the religion of his sainted father. He would be charged with adopting principles which must necessarily lead to bad morals—for this is now the trump card played by the pulpiteers in their game of deceiving the people. And his salvation would not only be imperiled by his lapse from orthodoxy, but his damnation would be irreversibly sealed. Yet, notwithstanding all these strong ties which held him where he was, such was the force of truth upon his mind, that, like an ancient glacier plowing its way through a mountain, he, slowly but surely, made his way to the land of reason. One thing, however, is certain—he has not only secured his own self-respect, which is the pearl of great price to every man, but he has secured also the secret admiration of those he has left behind him, as an honest and conscientious man. Even those who stand by the stuff of old falsehood, because it is still fashionable and profitable, secretly, but really, honor such as, at all sacrifices, follow where truth leads.

Capt. Adams's book is written so plainly, and in so kind a spirit, that it is admirably adapted to assist those in the church who are just beginning to rub their eyes open and to see some glimmering of the light of truth. His method is not the heroic one of the fiery iconoclast, who gets after the saints *cum pitchforko*. He does not, like Paul, catch his Christian readers with guile, but frankly, yet tenderly, leads them out of the dark in such a way as to inspire them with confidence in his guidance. Towards the close of his work, where he treats of "The Church and Its Work," and the "Decline of the Ministry," if you get near enough to the captain you may detect the smell of garlic on his breath, where he speaks so hopefully of the church of the future. One would suppose that as his childhood and his youth had been blighted by this false religion, and his manhood made a fool of for years, he would hav cursed it, as other liberated souls hav done, as a nuisance upon the earth, and a mountainous obstacle in the way of the world's civilization. But his filial feeling to the church that was once his mother abides with him still, and he entertains the pleasing hope that good may ultimately be evolved from this prolific source of evil.

Every Liberal League should hav several copies of this book in its library, to hand around among the church people who could not endure anything more pungent; for while its facts and arguments are as hard as adamant, its spirit is so gentle and nurse-like that no churchman can possibly be offended at it. And if you take but one grape from a cluster of Eshkol, and press its juice upon the lips of an intelligent churchman, so that he assuredly tastes its flavor, it will awaken in him a thirst for more that will never be quenched, till, like Capt. Adams, he migrates to the land where this delicious fruit grows in all its rich abundance. A. B. B.

Enon Valley, Pa.

"WAIFS AND WANDERINGS."

As novelist, poet, orator, philosopher, and friend, I hav long held Samuel P. Putnam in high esteem.

In the realm of fiction he has been an industrious worker. Scarcely a year rolls round without a novel from his pen. "Waifs and Wanderings" is his latest and best performance. In the conception of the plot, in the literary execution, and above all, in the unfoldment of grand moral truths, Mr. Putnam evinces in this work both genius and talent. The battle scene in which Columbus heroically strives and dies is as fine a piece of word painting as can be found in our language.

Mr. Putnam's novels ought to hav an extensiv circulation. The Americans are largely a novel-reading people, and with such works as his, Liberals can reach a class that can be reached in no other way. One of the most potent factors in the anti-slavery reform was a novel, and fiction is a factor that should not be ignored in the reforms before us. There are a thousand public libraries in our land where "Golden Throne" and "Waifs and Wanderings" could be placed with great advantage to our cause. J. E. REMSBURG.

I hav just read "Waifs and Wanderings," by Samuel P. Putnam. I am glad that amongst the Liberal writers there is one who can write so simple and wholesome a story. The very defects of the book seem to be the result of a simple frankness that scorns pretense. "Do well the duty that lies at hand, and perchance you will discover to-morrow that you are a hero," is well woven in with the fear of poor Cupples on picket duty and on battle-field; and if Mr. Putnam tends well the spark of genius within himself, it is not unlikely that the same fate may overtake him in the field of literature, or on the skirmish line of Liberal thought.

Mr. Putnam's dry fun and good-natured irony pop up on all sides, and his occasional shrewd thrusts at theology, or at worldly wisdom and selfishness, are neat and effectiv.

In the early part of the book it seemed to me a little as if Mr. Putnam dealt with woman too much upon the conventional theory that she is a convenient target at which to shoot sharp little sayings about peevishness, extravagance, and all the other frailties commonly enjoyed by vulgar humanity, but usually denominated feminin.

In fact, there were a few little passages about girl babies that struck me as truly Chinese in their tone. But the writer reformed before he got through, and quite outdid himself in his enthusiasm for Amy and her daughter. So, after all, I suppose the early thrusts were intended in a purely Pickwickian sense, and, as Narcisse might say, were "only his little irony." Be this as it may, we welcome Mr. Putnam's frank, cheery, honest little book, and trust he may giv us others as wholesome.

HELEN H. GARDENER.

St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 29, 1884.

This excellent book needs no word of recommendation to anyone who has read Mr. Putnam's "Golden Throne," or "Gottlieb's Heaven." Those who know our author's power of describing the real and the actual, precisely as it appears, will not be disappointed in this gem of history, "Waifs and Wanderings," for it is more history than romance.

Only those who hav been on the battle-field for years, and hav seen the true inwardness of slavery as it was, could so vividly portray the trials of a white slave, with a taint of black blood in her veins; a noble, true woman, lawfully married to her master's son, and yet claimed and held by that owner in spite of the husband's superior rights; how her child and his child was taken from them by law, and claimed as property by its own grandfather.

In this book you hav a whole epitome of the war, and of slavery as a divine institution, and a lawful one, too, and of the grand struggle for liberty, freedom, and equality. You witness the quondam slave and her child becoming grand, true, and noble women, and finally see the ending in happiness, peace, and a reunited family love. You see the last of slavery in the United States, and I hope and trust the last also of war and war's terrible strifes and sufferings. Surely, if ever, we should now hav reached the era where all differings can be settled by arbitration, by reason and judgment.

This book is one step—and a very important one, too—toward the coming era of the abolition of physical punishment and mental slavery. Only fifty cents is a little price for so fascinating and valuable a compendium.

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THE MORMON QUESTION. BY J. W. STILLMAN.

I hav just read an address by Mr. Stillman, delivered in Boston Feb. 12th, on "The Mormon Question." While I think he conclusivly shows that the Constitution confers no right upon Congress to make laws for the territories upon such a question as this, and in direct opposition to the wishes of the people of said territories, he also proves that the peculiar tenets of Mormonism should be considered as a part of their religion, and as such the government of the United States has nothing to do with it, and no right to make laws concerning it, or hindering its believers from worshiping according to the dictates of their own consciences. If a man firmly believes he is to attain to a greater spirituality by having six real wives, and sixty legitimate children, than he would by having one lawful wife and two or three lawful children, and as many other *liaisons* and happen-so children as he chooses, shall he not be allowed to do so, if his education, environment, and heredity impel him? If not, why do we take as a guide for our Christian government a book that sets before us such examples as David and Solomon, with their many wives and concubines? or Paul and Jesus, with their freedom from all bonds and restrictions in this line, and their probable secret relations, sexually? While recommending to you a careful perusal of Mr. Stillman's forcible address, I would say that only education and the perfect equality of woman with man everywhere will kill Mormonism, prostitution, and other sexual evils. Christians Christianize heathen by settling among them and showing them by precept and example the superiority of civilization over savagism, of education over ignorance. It is not the theology that converts, but the intellectual superiority. Outsiders, by flocking into the Mormon strongholds, and sending books and papers that Liberalize, and showing the advantages of monogamic relations, will do more and better work than lawful interference can possibly do.

How many, think you, of those men who clamor against plural wives would not to-day like to bring home some young and pretty girl as wife No. 2, if social law and custom sanctioned it? Woman must claim the same rights as man before Mormonism will become extinct. If he is free to hav four wives, she must be free to hav four husbands.

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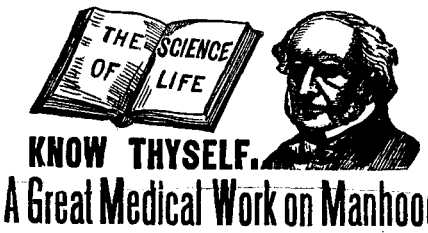
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From the Ironclad Age.

Gems of Thought.

WHAT a mistake it is to think that God is pleased with our making ourselvs wretched, to think that he is made happy by our making ourselvs miserable, and that to secure happiness in the world to come, we must make ourselvs as unhappy as possible in this! I enroll myself as one who will be as cheerful as possible in this life, with an equal chance for good cheer in another life, if there is one. As "a bird in hand is worth two in the bush," so happiness *now* is far more valuable to us than the promis of it a thousand years hence, in some other place of abode. There is no better way to be always happy than to secure happiness in the present. If we take the means to be happy in the *now* and not defer it till the *future*, we may always hav happiness. Whereas, if we make ourselvs unhappy *now* with the expectation of being very happy in consequence at some indefinit time in the future, we hav no positiv assurance of happiness at all.—*D. M. Bennett's Infidel Abroad.*

THE idea of God having inspired *four* different men to write a history of the same transactions—or rather of many different men having undertaken to write such a history, of whom God inspired *four* only to write correctly, leaving the others to their own unaided resources, and giving us no test by which to distinguish the inspired from the uninspired—certainly appears self-confuting and anything but natural. If the accounts of the same transactions agree, where was the necessity for more than one? If they differ (as they notoriously do), it is certain that only one can be inspired; and which is that one?—*W. R. Greg.*

DID not the minds of the apostles retain some errors long after they had been gifted with supernatural powers? Did they not believe in demons occupying the bodies of men and swine? Did they not expect Christ to assume a wordly sway? Did not their master strongly rebuke the moral notions and feelings of two of them, who were for calling down fire from heaven on an offending village? It is often said that when a man's asseveration of his infallibility is combined with the support of miracles, his inspiration is satisfactorily proved; and this statement is made on the assumption that God would never confer supernatural power on one who could be guilty of a falsehood. What then are we to say respecting Judas and Peter, both of whom had been furnished with the gifts of miracle and employed them during a mission planned by Christ, and of whom, nevertheless, one became the Traitor of the garden, and the other uttered against his Lord three falsehoods in one hour?—*Martineau's Rationale of Religious Inquiry.*

WE hav, in the following inquiry, attempted to throw some light upon subjects from which uncertainty has, hitherto, deterred the wise, and obscurity the ignorant. Happy, if we can unite the boundaries of the different species of philosophy by reconciling profound inquiry with clearness, and truth with novelty; and still more happy if, reasoning in this easy manner, we can undermine the foundations of an abstruse philosophy, which seems, hitherto, to hav served only as a shelter to superstition, and a cover to absurdity and error.—*Hume's Inquiry Concerning the Human Understanding.*

IT is as natural to die as to be born; and to a little infant the one is as painful as the other. He that dies in an earnest pursuit, is like one that is wounded in hot blood; who, for the time, scarce feels the hurt; and, therefore, a mind fixed and bent upon some link that is good, doth avert the dolors of death. —*Bacon's Essays.* One was saying that his great-grandfather, and grandfather, and father died at sea; and said another that heard him, "An I were as you, I would never come at sea." "Why," saith he, "where did your great-grandfather, and grandfather, and father die?" He answered, "Where but in their beds?" Saith the other, "An I were as you, I would never come to bed."—*Bacon's Apothegms.*

OF all aprons, the must puzzling to me hitherto has been the Episcopal or Cassock. Wherein consists the usefulness of this apron? The overseer (Episcopus, or bishop) of souls, I notice, has tucked in the corner of it, as if his day's work was done; what does he shadow forth thereby, etc.?—*Carlyle's Sartor Resartus.*

NAPOLEON crossed the Alps with scarcely the loss of a man, while Hannibal left behind him nearly half his army. Yet Napoleon was not a greater man than Hannibal, nor was his enterprise conducted with greater ability. Three things we ought to learn from history; one, that we are not in ourselvs superior to our fathers; another, that we are shamefully and monstrously inferior to them, if we do not advance beyond them.—*Dr. Arnold.*

FOR ourselvs, we own that we do not understand the common phrase—so often applied to Charles the First—a good man but a bad king. We can as easily conceive a good man and unnatural father, or a good man and a treacherous friend. We cannot, in estimating the character of an individual, leave out of consideration his conduct in the most important of all human relations; and if, in that relation, we find him to hav been selfish, cruel, and deceitful, we shall take the liberty to call him a bad man, in spite of all his temperance at table and all his regularity at chapel.—*Macaulay's Milton.*

IN everything, I wot, there lies measure;
For though a man forbid all drunkenness,
He biddeth not that every creature
Be drinkless altogether, as I guess.—*Chaucer.*

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Odds and Ends.

THE Newark *Advertiser* did it in this way: "Born to the wife of Amos Josephs, a daughter—twins." The inference is that full returns were not in when the first part of the notice was set up.

IT is wrong to allow one's business prejudices to get mixed up with religion. We hav just heard of a shoemaker in the northern part of the state who will not attend a church in which the clergyman does not pray on his feet, in order that his boots may sooner or later need half-soling. According to this style of preference, we imagin the summer-resort bathing-masters are all Baptists.

THE DECLINING YEAR.

October's here, the golden summer's gone,
A hazy veil hangs round the silent wood
Wherein the partridge drums upon the beech.
Among the cat-tails in the distant marsh
I hear the loon and eke the piping quail,
Whose sweet "Bob White" proclaims the autumn's here.

No more the rose is rocking
Within the quiet lea;
Our last year's tile we're blocking
To save the needed V.
The songster off the tree
The happy sportsman's knocking.

The hotel clerk, never glummer,
Put's up his diamond stud;
The beauties of the summer
Are now upon the scud;
And rapturously bud
The visions of the plumber.

Then pack away the flannel
Clothing we used to wear,
And back against the panel
Tip-tilt the easy-chair,
And we'll forget all care
Before the glowing cannel.

Sitting upon this old rail-fence, I see
That noisy pirate of the air, the crow,
Circle above the fields of ripening corn.
I also hear the laugh—the merry laugh
Of some small nutting party in the woods,
And almost hear the nuts come pattering down
Upon the ground before their eager eyes.
I see the orchard where the robins built
Their cosy nests, and sweetened all the spring
With dainty love songs on the swinging branch.
But they are gone, and withered are the nests,
And every wind sighs sadly through the limbs,
As through the halls of some deserted house.

No more the humming-bird serenely hums,
And all around the waving lily curves;
No more the grass-blade, held between his thumbs,
The urchin blows to shatter all our nerves.

No more the snowy lambkin, rapture-full,
With his hind legs the highest fence-rail hits;
No more, no more the inquisitiv Durham bull
About yon garden like a swallow flits.

No more the katydid exhausts its jaw
Among the vines where fire-flies used to flash;
No more we slap our noses till they're raw,
In hopes the d——d* musketo for to smash.

Nor more the bald head feels the buzzing fly,
No more the robin in the tree-top toots,
No more before the can the scared ki-yi
Like summer lightning down the highway scoots.

'Tis sweet to listen to the sounding flail,
'Tis sweet to listen to the woodman's ax—
I love to hear all sounds of busy life.
The hum of bees around a summer hive
Is soothing to my ear as is the brook
That ripples through the field in sunny June,
On golden mornings when the bobolink
Sings out his heart above the clover blooms.
The grapes hang thick in purple clusters now;
Outside, the apples dry upon a board,
And promis giv of many pies to come
When winter shrieks across the empty fields.
Upon the shelf—the fragrant pantry shelf—
The pumpkin pie is ripe for anxious eyes
And hungry mouths to fondly contemplate.

By the wall the sumach's nodding,
And the farmer's homeward plodding
To his tea,
And the little boy is grinning,
As he goes serenely shinning
Up the tree.

While the quail about is hopping,
And the mellow fruit is dropping
From the bough,
And the trees their leaves are shedding,
And they make delightful bedding
For the cow.

Chilly winds the rose-leaves scatter,
And the chestnuts gaily patter
On the sod,
Where Matilda's idly stretching
On the russet mosses, sketching
Golden-rod.

While the breezes sad airs waken
All around the nest forsaken
On the limb,
And the bee forgets the lily,
And the day is far too chilly
For a swim.

While the wild bird stops his singing,
And for Georgia goes a-winging
From the grove,
Let me homeward go a-footing,
And get right to work to putting
Up the stove.

The twilight's purple's melting into lead,
And on the topmost limb the turkey sleeps;
Across the darkening wold the farmer comes;
Upon the hill-top smiles the harvest moon;
The breeze sighs through the banners of the corn;
The air is sharp. Come, Vivian, let us go.

—*R. K. Munkittrick in Puck.*

* depraved

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A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., as Second-class Matter.

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Notes and Clippings.

JOHN BOGLE went to a revival meeting, got excited, and in thirty minutes was a raving maniac. Religion will sometimes hav that effect on a man.

A TENNESSEE paper says: "Last Sunday, Nashville's pulpits thundered against the non-observance of Sunday in that city, but in the afternoon six thousand people attended a base-ball game."

DURING a recent thunder shower the spire of a Catholic cathedral was struck by lightning and the cross on top was completely shattered. He who holds the lightning in his hand must hav dropped this bolt inadvertently.

THE most recent addition to lachrymal verse is from a New Hampshire paper. Its poetical excellence is not its main feature, but its theology is probably sound. The obituary reads as follows:

"Little Johnny he has left us,
And of joy he has bereft us;
For his soul has took its fly
To upper, better worlds on high."

CATHOLIC ignorance and superstition hav rendered very difficult the task of fighting the cholera in Italy. Last month, at Pesciano, a small village in Calabria, shots were fired from the windows of some of the houses in order to keep off the supposed distributors of the cholera poison. A small body of carabineers was consequently sent there, but they were received with volleys of stones and shots, so that the men were obliged to use their firearms in self-defense.

GENTLENESS is better than godliness. "You boys ought to be kind to your little sisters," said a Western Sunday-school superintendent. "I once knew a bad boy who struck his little sister a blow over the eye. She did not resent the blow immediately, but in a short time, with the word forgivness on her lips, she rose up and hit him over the head with a rolling-pin, so that he couldn't go to Sunday-school for more than a month on account of not being able to put his best hat on."

THE silence of Col. Bob Ingersoll is surprising, but there is a reason for it. Suppose he should one of these days take a notion that he has trained long enough with the scribes and hypocrits and pharisees of the Republican party, with monopolists and hunkers and mugwumps, and should make up his mind as Butler has to take a census of his friends. We shall hav more to say about this next week. There are more presidential elections coming and we hav a curious fancy that we see Bob Ingersoll coming too.—*Winsted (Conn.) Press.*

MR. BEECHER'S citation of Cleveland's immorality as a "warning" to young men moves W. P. Hall to tell this story in the Chicago *Tribune:* "I once lived in Missouri. There was a negro preacher in our village who was brought before his congregation charged with being on more intimate terms with some of the colored sisters than was consistent with his profession. It was a clear case. The proof of his guilt was positiv, so the Rev. J. Wesley Jones took 'high moral ground' in his defense, and said that he did it as 'a wannin' to his flock; to let the sisters know that they couldn't 'flirt around dis lamb of God with impunity,' and he was acquitted."

THE timely interference of policemen this afternoon, says an October 3d dispatch from Erie, prevented a tragic result of the insane vagaries of Leo Schraeck and his wife Francisca. This couple, devout Catholics, lost all their money in the defunct Erie County Savings Bank, which was recently robbed by its officers. A friend, John Flick, who came from Bavaria, also suffered loss. The three afterward united in a season of fasting and prayer, which was continued so long as to completely destroy their reason through exhaustion and excitement. Acting on the advice of an angel, they buried all their household goods, and when found by the police Flick and Mrs. Schraeck were preparing Leo Schraeck for crucifixion after the manner of Christ's death, to which he had consented. Flick escaped, but Mr. and Mrs. Schraeck were placed in close confinement. Their household goods hav been found buried in a grave, which was prepared for Schraeck. The bittter feeling against the bank officials has been re-kindled by this episode.

ONE of the newest and latest things from "the cloth" is told by a leading Hartford divine. A parishioner, as the story goes, was nearing the end, and his friends thought he ought to see a minister. The clergyman was sent for, and promptly responded to the summons. As soon as the sick man saw him he commenced telling him of his sufferings, and the hopelessness of his getting well. "I'm all broke up," he said. "Everything's gone back on me, and I don't think I'll liv long." "But you must call on the Lord," replied the spiritual adviser. "Oh," persisted the sick man, "I'm old and feeble, and used up—all broke up, sir, and don't get out to call on anybody."

IN one of her recent lectures at Boston, Emerson being the theme, Mrs. E. D. Cheney relates the following as having come directly from Governor Andrews, of whom the words were spoken. Father Taylor was the famous sailor preacher, and was known to and appreciated by Emerson: "Mr. Emerson," said Father Taylor to Governor Andrews, "is one of the sweetest creatures God ever made. But there is a screw loose in the machinery somewhere. Where I cannot tell, for I never heard it jar. He must go to heaven when he dies; for if he went to hell the devil would not know what to do with him. But still, he knows no more of the religion of the New Testament than Balaam's ass did of the principles of the Hebrew grammar."

T. W. WEBB writes to *Notes and Queries:* The little church of Crasswall, in Herefordshire, close to the site of a Cistercian abbey of that name, and lying under the great wall of the Hatrel or Black Mountains, which form the western frontier of Wales, has recently been restored by the incumbent, Rev. C. L. Eagles, to whom I am indebted for the following illustration of the ancient state of ecclesiastical affairs in that very remote neighborhood: "On the north side of the church is an old cockpit; an old man who died in 1869, aged ninety-six, told me he had been at many a cock-fight there. 'People did come from all parts, and after sarvice did fight the cocks. Ah! People did come to church in them days.' There were stands of ginger-bread at the time of fighting, and people came from Clifford, Dorstone, the Hay, and even Talgarth, a little town nine miles or more distant. The pit remains as a memento of the past."

IN the *Scientific American* of last week an account of the recent trial at Sandy Hook of Keely's so-called "etheric force" gun is printed. The writer says of the gun that to his eye it was "nothing more than a clumsy air-gun, from which a few bullets were discharged." He says Keely's cylinder was charged with compressed air, and describes the operation of firing the gun as follows: The cylinder was connected by a small pipe with the breech of the gun; thin disks of hard and soft rubber formed a partition between the breech air-chamber and the bullet. The performance consisted first in the turning of the air faucet by Keely, then, while the air was flowing through the small pipe into the air chamber, he struck on the rear part of the gun with a mallet, by which he pretended to vibrate the "etheric vapor." By the time he got through with this juggle the air pressure had accumulated behind the disks sufficiently to burst them, and then the bullet was driven out. Keely then turned off the air, and prepared another charge. By varying the thickness of the disks the velocity of the bullets could be increased or diminished as desired to suit the credulity of the audience, and by this juggle it was pretended that the pressure of the "etheric force" increased with the discharging of the gun. Accompanying the article are sketches of the gun and of the gas checks, which latter the writer says can be made strong enough to withstand air at a pressure amply sufficient to drive a bullet with the velocity obtained in the experiments. He adds: "We estimate that Keely used an air pressure of 800 to 1,000 pounds to the square inch to break his gas checks and discharge the bullets."

AN old-time deacon, traveling, found himself one Sunday in a country town in middle Georgia, where a big revival meeting was in progress. He had a supply of fluid rations in his satchel, and by nightfall was quite liberal in his state of feelings. Hearing the shouting and singing at the church, he went down there to observe the proceedings. He was forced to find a seat near the front row of benches usually reserved for the "mourners." The meeting was growing interesting, and the preacher was fervent. Soon he called out: "All of you who want to go to heaven, please stand up!" Every one in the church stood up except the deacon, who didn't comprehend that he was a part of the "everybody" addressed. The preacher and the congregation stared at him very hard, and the former saw a chance to administer a rebuke, and when the people were again seated, he called: "Now, all of you who want to go to hell, stand up!" He stared hard at the deacon, who, dimly catching on to the formalities of the affair, stood up in view of the whole crowd. Seeing nobody standing but himself and the preacher, he solemnly waved his hand at the latter and said: "Well (hic), parson, it 'pears that you'n me iz (hic) in er hopeless minority, don't it?" The meeting was adjourned by the horrified preacher, amid the suppressed laughter of the crowd, and the deacon was helped to lodgings by the marshal.

THE Rev. Mr. Beatty is a Christian missionary in Ahmedadad, India. When Major Tucker last spring invested the place with his Salvation Army, Mr. Beatty received him with open arms, and loaned him his schoolroom for a barracks, and things went on swimmingly. White-robed Peace sang her songs of joy. But when warm weather came, Mr. Beatty took to the woods to work up a constituency, and in an evil moment Major Tucker remembered that the missionaries had a little community of converts occupying the village of Shahawadi, about three miles south of Ahmedabad, which community was their particular pride and care. Major Tucker seems to hav thought that these Christians must be in special need of salvation, for he proceeded to invade the village with tambourines, tomtoms, banners, etc., and, after a little, succeeded in converting a large portion of the village, including the patel, to the "Mukhtifauj." The news reached Mr. Beatty at Matheran that some one was poaching on his preserves, and he hastened to rescue his flock. In a state of holy anger and pious grief he reached Shahawadi, and encountered Major Tucker in full possession—banners, tambourines, tomtoms, and all. Mr. Beatty proceeded to expostulate, whereupon Major Tucker went down upon his knees and prayed audibly for the salvation of Mr. Beatty's soul. Soon afterward the dispute in the village took a practical turn, and the missionary converts would not permit the Salvationists to draw water. Hence a petition to the collector, who had to go down and make inquires. He found that there were only two wells in the village. One was public property and was usually used for watering cattle, but was then dry. The other well, on which the village depended for drinking water, was private property, belonging to a nativ Christian who was not a Salvationist, and who now, in a truly Christian spirit, refused to let the Salvationists draw water from his well. The recriminations on both sides were rather amusing. One old Salvationist lady exclaimed with much warmth, "Oh, I hav drawn water from that well all my life. Why should you break my pots if I go there now? You're not Christians!" To this an old man retorted, "Why do you disturb us and frighten our buffaloes by marching through the village with your tomtoms, and your banners, and your horrid noise?" Major Tucker is now poaching on the missionary preserves at Anand and Borsad. The quarrel seems a very pretty one as it stands. The correspondent of the India *Times* fears that the interference of the heathen police will hav to be invoked to keep these "harbingers of peace" from breaking one another's heads.

News of the Week.

HOG cholera prevails in the western part of New Jersey and in parts of Pennsylvania.

ST. JOHN, in a speech at Philadelphia last Saturday, denounced Blaine in very severe terms.

THE Third Presbyterian church, one of the finest church edifices of Chicago, was burnt on the 10th.

A NEWSPAPER called the *Celestial Empire* avers that the king of Siam has 263 children. His highness is not yet thirty.

CREMATION has very sensibly been adopted by authority at Lisbon, Portugal. In time of epidemic it is made compulsory.

THE Boston *Pilot* claims that nowhere in the world is the Roman Catholic church more flourishing than in New England.

THE English Conservativs hav in meeting resolved to oppose the Franchise bill and to force a dissolution of Parliament.

THE Rev. Mr. Beecher declared from his pulpit last Sunday that he was not a Prohibitionist, and that he would not vote for St. John.

IT having been charged that the Mormons had contributed to the Democratic campaign fund, the Mormon leaders hav found it necessary to contradict the statement.

THE elevated railroads of this city hav reduced the fare to five cents on Sundays. The measure may be regarded as a deliberate attempt to encourage Sabbath-breaking.

A CERTAIN clergyman who preaches in the upper part of the city attracts audiences by announcing seasational subjects in three or four advertisments of one morning paper.

THERE is a prospect of another collision between England and Boerland, in south Africa. The English government has sent its ultimatum to the Boers, and contemplates an expedition of 8,000 men.

THE Rev. J. M. Robinson, of Indianapolis, was found dead in a berth in a sleeping car on the Wabash Railroad last Saturday morning. He got on the train at Shenandoah, Iowa, and was last seen alive at Humeston. The cause of his death is unknown.

MRS. F. M. HAMMOND, the noted confederate spy known as Belle Boyd, has a daughter Grace, aged about sixteen years, who, she says, was betrayed on June 23d by a young man named Cotton. Last week he called, and Mrs. Hammond shot him in the left arm. Cotton says it is a case of attempted blackmail.

BELVA LOCKWOOD, the Woman's Rights candidate for the presidency, spoke in Cleveland on the 12th. She maintained that the Constitution imposed no barrier to the elevation of a woman to the presidency, but said that if she were not elected she would take off her "scoop" (bonnet) to the successful candidate.

Two explosions of dynamite blew down large portions of the new Parliament House at Quebec last Saturday. The city was much alarmed. The military was called out to guard the building. There is no information as to how the dynamite got there. A reward of $4,500 is offered for the detection of the guilty parties.

EVANGELIST MOODY was in Brooklyn last Sunday, and addressed a large crowd. He convinced several persons that they needed praying for, and the same arose to request intercession on their behalf. He asked his hearers to contribute $20,000 toward a Young Men's Christian Association building. Sankey then sang, "Hallelujah, What a Savior!"

THE disappearance of Mr. Henry J. Thomas, of this city, is causing his wife and friends not a little anxiety. Mr. Thomas was formerly employed at THE TRUTH SEEKER office, afterwards edited the *Sewing Machine Journal*, and later has been engaged with inventions, particularly in the type writer line. He was last seen in New York on October 4th. No cause is assigned for his disappearance, except it be temporary abberration of the mind resulting from overapplication.

Communications.

Bible Morals.

Considering all the heresies, the enormous crimes, the wickedness, the astounding follies, which the Bible has been made to justify, and which its indiscriminate reading has suggested; considering that it has been, indeed, the sword which our Lord said he was sending, and that not the devil himself could have invented an implement more potent to fill the hated world with lies and blood and fury, I think certainly that to send hawkers over the world loaded with copies of this book, scattering it in all places, among all persons, . . . is the most culpable folly of which it is possible for man to be guilty.—*James Anthony Froude.*

Catholics are condemned by Protestants for having clothed with the dogma of infallibility a man; yet Protestants do not hesitate themselves to clothe with the same dogma a book, the product of man. The Bible fills the same office in the Protestant church that the Roman pontiff does in the Catholic church. And not content are Protestants with acknowledging their allegiance to this paper pope; many of them wish to impose its authority upon their Catholic, Jewish, and Freethought neighbors. Three million Bibles, it is claimed, were printed and distributed by them last year. Millions of children, many of them the children of unbelievers, are gathered together Sunday after Sunday and taught that its words are divine. In this country there is an organization pledged to secure the recognition of this book as the basis of our civil law, and the supreme authority and rule of conduct in our public schools. From the dome of our national capitol, and from the cupola of every schoolhouse in the land, they seek to unfurl the standard of this pope's supremacy. Luther, the founder of Protestantism, protested against the authority of the pope of Rome; I am here to-day to protest against the authority of Luther's pope.

In opposing the Bible, do not suppose that I am so uncharitable as to deny to it any merit. There is much in it to be admired. The Mosaic code, crude and barbarous as it is, contains many statutes that are wise and just; the Proverbs constitute a storehouse of Oriental wisdom; Job, dressed in the rich imagery of the East, is a poem of surpassing merit; many of the psalms are gems of poesy; David's lament for Saul and Jonathan, and the words spoken over his dead Absalom, are touchingly beautiful; the Sermon on the Mount, with all its vague and impracticable teachings, is a composition that has charmed and will continue to charm thousands who reject the dogma of its author's divinity; those chapters in John which record the last hours of Jesus with his disciples are so full of pathos that in reading them we forget the Christ and hear only the sad, human voice of the "gentle Nazarene;" Paul's writings reveal a master mind, and through the clouds of his theology there bursts forth many a ray of truth.

I could dwell long and lovingly upon the beauties of this book, but duty calls me to another task, less inviting, yet not less needful. I am asked to accept this book as the revealed will of an all-wise, all-powerful, and all-merciful God, to bow down and worship it, to make a fetich of it. Among other requirements respecting it, I am asked to accept it as an *infallible moral guide.* I refuse to accept it as such, and now proceed to state the reasons why I thus refuse.

FALSEHOOD AND DECEPTION.

I refuse to accept the Bible as an infallible moral guide, because it sanctions the use of falsehood and deception.

"And the Lord said, Who shall persuade Ahab that he may go up and fall at Ramoth-gilead? And one said on this manner, and another said on that manner.

"And there came forth a spirit and stood before the Lord, and said, I will persuade him.

"And the Lord said unto him, Wherewith? And he said, I will go forth, and I will be a lying spirit in the mouth of all his prophets. And he said, Thou shalt persuade him, and prevail also; go forth and do so.

"Now therefore, behold the Lord hath put a lying spirit in the mouth of all these, thy prophets" (1 Kings xxii, 20–23).

Four hundred prophets,

> "All of them inspired by the spirit from on high,
> And all of them a lying as fast as they can lie."

"If the prophet be deceived when he hath spoken a thing, I the Lord have deceived that prophet" (Ezek. xiv, 9).

"O Lord, thou hast deceived me" (Jer. xx, 7).

"Wilt thou be altogether unto me as a liar?" (Jer. xv, 18).

"God shall send them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie" (2 Thess. ii, 11).

God says to Adam, respecting the forbidden fruit: "In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die" (Gen. ii, 17). This declaration proved to be untrue.

In regard to the promised land he says: "Doubtless ye shall not come into the land, concerning which I sware to make you dwell therein, . . . and ye shall know my *breach of promise*" (Num. xiv, 30–34).

God commands Moses to deceive Pharaoh (Ex. iii, 18); he rewards the midwives for their deception (Ex. i, 15–20); and instructs Samuel to deceive Saul (1 Sam. xvi, 2).

Thus God is represented in the Bible as continually resorting to the use of falsehood and deceit. The patriarchs all follow the example set by him. Abraham tries to deceive Pharaoh and Abimelech (Gen. xii, 13–19; xx, 2); Sarah tries to deceive the Lord himself (Gen. xviii, 13–15). Abraham becomes the parent of a liar. Isaac said of Rebecca, his wife: "She is my sister" (Gen. xxvi, 7). Rebecca in turn deceives her husband (Gen. xxvii, 6–17). Jacob sustains the reputation of the family for lying.

"And he came unto his father, and said, My father; and he said, Here am I; who art thou, my son? And Jacob said unto his father, I am Esau, thy first-born."

"And he discerned him not, so he blessed him. And he said, Art thou my very son, Esau? And he said, I am" (Gen. xxvii, 18–24).

Jacob's wives, Leah and Rachel, both used deceit. The former deceived her husband (Gen. xxix, 25); the latter deceived her father (Gen. xxxi, 34, 35). His twelve sons were all addicted to the same vice (Gen. xxxvii; xlii, 7), and these became the founders of the twelve tribes of Israel, God's chosen people.

For her treason and lying Rahab is rewarded (Josh. ii, 1–6; vi, 25). Paul canonizes her as a saint, and James says: "Was not Rahab the harlot justified by works, when she had received the messengers, and had sent them out another way?"

David, Elisha, and Jeremiah, three of God's holiest men, were deliberate liars (1 Sam. xxvii, 8–11; 2 Kings viii, 7–15).

Christ taught in parables that he might deceive the people (Mark iv, 11, 12).

Paul says, "Being crafty, I caught you with guile;" in other words, "I deceived you." Again he writes, "For if the truth of God hath more abounded through my lie unto his glory, why yet am I also judged as a sinner?" (Rom. iii, 7.)

The primitive Christians, accepting the Bible as infallible authority, naturally regarded lying for God's glory not a vice, but a virtue. Mosheim says:

"It was an established maxim with many Christians, that it was pardonable in an advocate for religion to avail himself of fraud and deception, if it were likely they might conduce toward the attainment of any considerable good" (Eccles. His.).

"These officious lies they were wont to say were designed for a good end" (Ibid).

Bishop Fell thus writes: "In the first ages of the church, so extensiv was the license of forging, so credulous were the people in believing, that the evidence of transactions was grievously obscured."

M. Daille, one of the most distinguished of French Protestants, says: "For a good end they made no scruple to forge whole books."

Dr. Gieseler, professor of theology at Gottingen, says they "quieted their conscience respecting the forgery with the idea of their good intention."

Dr. Priestly says they "thought it innocent and commendable to lie for the sake of truth."

Scaliger says, "They distrusted the success of Christ's kingdom without the aid of lying."

Paul, the great theologian of the first century, and the real founder of Christian theology, we have seen, justifies the use of falsehood. The two most eminent Christian fathers of the second century were Justin Martyr and Irenæus. Of the former Mosheim observes, "Much of what Justin says is wholly undeserving of credit;" while Dr. Whitby affirms that Irenæus "scandalously deluded the world with fables and lying narrations."

Origen, Eusebius, and Jerome, the greatest ecclesiastical lights of the third, fourth, and fifth centuries, respectively, all sanction the use of fraud in promoting the interests of the church.

"A strict regard to truth in disputation," says Bishop Horsley, "was not one of the virtues of his [Origen's] character."

The thirty-second chapter of the Twelfth Book of Eusebius's "Evangelical Preparation" bears this significant title: "How far it may be proper to use falsehood as a medicin, and for the benefit of those who require to be deceived."

Jerome says, "I do not find fault with an error which proceeds from a hatred toward the Jews, and a pious zeal for the Christian faith."

Bishop Heliodorus affirms that "a falsehood is a good thing when it aids the speaker and does no harm to the hearers."

That is what Joseph Cook thinks; that is what Talmage thinks; that is what nearly every theologian thinks.

That the methods employed in establishing the church are still used in perpetuating its power, a glance at the so-called Christian literature of the day will suffice to show. Read the works of our sectarian publishers, examine the volumes that compose our Sunday-school libraries, peruse our religious papers and periodicals, and you will see that age has but confirmed the habit formed in infancy.

Every church dogma is a lie, and based upon lies. The church depends upon fraud for its support. The work of its ministers is not to discover and promulgate truths, but to invent and disseminate falsehoods. In the words of Isaiah, they well might say: "We have made lies our refuge, and under falsehood have we hid ourselves."

The church offers a premium upon falsehood and imposes a punishment upon truthfulness. With a bribe in one hand, and a club in the other, she has sought to prolong her sway. The allurements of the one, and the fear of the other, have filled the world with hypocrisy. In our halls of Congress, in the editorial sanctum, in the professor's chair, behind the counter, in the work-shop, at the fireside, everywhere, we find men professing to believe what they know to be false, or wearing the seal of silence on their lips while rank imposture stalks abroad and truth is trampled in the mire before them.

Every truth seeker is taunted and ridiculed, every truth teller persecuted and defamed. The scientist and philosopher are discouraged and opposed, the heretic and Infidel calumniated and maligned. In proof of this, witness the abuse heaped upon the living Huxleys and Ingersolls, see the countless calumnies circulated against the dead Darwins and Paines.

CHEATING.

I refuse to accept the Bible as an infallible moral guide, because it sanctions cheating and the use of dishonorable methods in obtaining wealth and power.

"And Jacob sod [boiled] pottage; and Esau came from the fields, and he was faint; and Esau said to Jacob, Feed me, I pray thee, with that same red pottage; for I am faint. . . . And Jacob said, Sell me this day thy birthright. And Esau said, Behold, I am at the point to die; and what profit shall this birthright do to me? And Jacob said, Swear to me this day; and he sware unto him; and he sold his birthright unto Jacob. Then Jacob gave Esau bread and pottage of lentiles; and he did eat and rose up and went away" (Gen. xxv, 29–34).

This transaction, one of the basest ever recorded, receives the sanction of the Bible God. Jacob subsequently entered into a co-partnership with God to cheat Laban out of his cattle. His cheating his brother out of his father's blessing has been alluded to. Thus by defrauding his uncle, his famishing brother, and his blind and aged father, this God-beloved patriarch stands forth the prince of cheats—the patron saint of rogues.

The Israelites obtain the Egyptians' property by false pretenses.

"And I [God] will give this people favor in the sight of the Egyptians; and it shall come to pass that when ye go, ye shall not go empty; but every woman shall borrow of her neighbor, and of her that sojourneth in her house, jewels of silver, and jewels of gold, and raiment; and ye shall put them upon your sons, and upon your daughters; and ye shall spoil the Egyptians" (Ex. iii, 21, 22).

"And the Lord said unto Moses, . . . Speak now in the ears of the people, and let every man borrow of his neighbor, and every woman of her neighbor, jewels of silver, and jewels of gold" (Ex. xi, 1, 2).

"And the children of Israel did according to the word of Moses; and they borrowed of the Egyptians jewels of silver, and jewels of gold, and raiment; and the Lord gave the people favor in the sight of the Egyptians, so that they lent unto them such things as they required; and they spoiled the Egyptians" (Ex. xii, 35, 36).

Here obtaining goods under false pretenses, and embezzlement, are commended by God himself. It may be claimed that the Egyptians had wronged the Israelites. Suppose they had; could God secure justice for them only by treachery and fraud? Suppose your son worked for a farmer, and that farmer defrauded him of his wages; would you advise your son to borrow a horse of his employer and decamp with it in order to obtain redress, especially when you had the power to obtain redress by lawful means? Instead of encouraging these slaves in an act that would eventually lead them to become a race of thieves and robbers, an honest God would have taken their masters by the collar and said, "You have received the labor of these men and women; pay them for it!"

In the Mosaic law we find the following beautiful statute:

"Ye shall not eat of anything that dieth of itself; thou shalt give it unto the stranger that is in thy gates, that he may eat it; or thou mayest sell it unto an alien" (Deut. xiv, 21).

Out West, a family, good Christians, had a hog to die of some disease. What did they do with it? Eat it? No, their Bible told them this would be wrong. They dressed it nicely, took it into an adjoining neighborhood, and sold it to strangers. Was this right? The Bible says it was.

With the widespread influence of a book inculcating such lessons in dishonesty, what must be the inevitable result? Men distrust their fellow-men; along our business thoroughfares Fraud drives with brazen front; in almost every article of merchandise we buy, we find a lie enshrined; at every corner sits some Jacob slyly whittling spotted sticks to win his neighbor's flocks.

THEFT AND ROBBERY.

I refuse to accept the Bible as an infallible moral guide, because it sanctions theft and robbery.

Its pages teem with accounts of robberies, and in many instances God is said to have planned them and shared in the spoils. He instructs Moses to send a marauding expedition against the Midianites. They put the inhabitants to the sword, and return with 800,000 cattle. Of this booty God exacts 800 head for himself, and 8,000 head for his priests. The remainder he causes to be divided between the soldiers and citizens. So elated are the Israelites with their success, so grateful to God for his assistance, that they make him a gift of 16,000 shekels of stolen gold (Num. xxxi).

When Joshua took Jericho, "they burnt the city with fire, and all that was therein; only the silver, and the gold, and the vessels of brass and of iron they put into the treasure of the Lord" (Josh. vi, 19–24).

When he captured Ai, "the cattle and the spoils of that city Israel took for a prey unto themselves, according unto the word of the Lord which he commanded Joshua" (Josh. viii, 27).

Jehovah gets the spoils of Jericho, and Israel those of Ai.

David, a modest shepherd lad, is placed under the tutelage of Jehovah, only to become the cruelest robber of his time. On one occasion, purely for plunder, he despoiled three nations, and "saved neither man nor woman alive to bring tidings to Gath, saying, Lest they should tell on us" (1 Sam. xxvii, 8–12).

It is said that the Italian bandit never plans a robbery without invoking a divine blessing upon his undertaking, doubtless believing that the God of David, of Moses, and of Joshua still reigns.

Jacob's wives, Leah and Rachel, were both thieves. Leah appropriated the property of her son; Rachel stole her father's jewels. Neither act was condemned.

Christ enjoined submission to robbery: "Of him that taketh away thy goods ask them not again" (Luke vi, 30).

ADULTERY AND PROSTITUTION.

I refuse to accept the Bible as an infallible moral guide, because it sanctions adultery and prostitution.

Adultery is made prominent by the recital of the numerous adulteries of Abraham, Lot, Jacob, Judah, Samson, David, and other Bible saints; and sanctified by the approved adulteries of Abraham and Jacob.

Both Abraham and Isaac were willing to sell the virtue of their wives to save themselves from harm.

Two instances are recorded of fathers having offered their own daughters to gratify the lust of a sensual mob, and these abominable acts are represented as especially meritorious. Read the nineteenth chapter of Genesis, and the nineteenth chapter of Judges; dwell upon the eighth verse of the former, and the twenty-fourth verse of the latter; and then if you can indorse the spirit of these narratives, you are unfit to be the parent of a daughter.

The Mosaic law authorizes a father to sell his daughter for a concubine or mistress (euphemistically translated "maid servant"). God's instructions respecting the thirty-two thousand captive Midianite maidens, impliedly sanction concubinage and prostitution.

Luther, drawing his morality from the Bible, gave concubinage his indorsement:

"There is nothing unusual in princes keeping concubines; and although the lower orders may not perceive the excuses of the thing, the more intelligent know how to make allowance" (Consilium).

God instructs his prophet Hosea to marry a prostitute. He subsequently commands him to love and hire an adultress (Hosea i, 2, 3; iii, 1, 2).

Christ forgave the woman taken in adultery, while his favorite female companion was a reformed (?) prostitute. Referring to his female ancestors, Dr. Alexander Walker, a Christian, says:

"It is remarkable that in the genealogy of Christ, only four women hav been named: Tamar, who seduced the father of her late husband; Rachab, a common prostitute; Ruth, who, instead of marrying one of her cousins, went to bed with another of them; and Bethsheba, an adultress, who espoused David, the murderer of her first husband" (Woman, p. 330).

It is an indisputable fact that the most notorious adulterers are those whose professions make them most familiar with the teachings of the Bible, and compel them to accept its teachings as divine. During the past seven years the secular press of this country has reported a total of no less than 849 sexual crimes committed against women by the clergy. In many instances these lecherous priests had cited scripture to their victims to aid them in their infamous designs.

MURDER.

I refuse to accept the Bible as an infallible moral guide, because it sanctions murder.

It is true the Sixth Commandment says, "Thou shalt not kill;" but this law is practically annulled by innumerable commands from the same source, like the following, to kill:

"Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, Put every man his sword by his side, and go in and out from gate to gate throughout the camp, and slay every man his brother, and every man his companion, and every man his neighbor" (Ex. xxxii, 27).

"Spare them not, but slay both man and woman, infant and suckling" (1 Sam. xv, 3).

"Slay utterly old and young, both maids and little children" (Ezek. ix, 6).

"Cursed be he that keepeth back his sword from blood" (Jer. xlviii, 10).

For the leader and legislator of his chosen people, God selects a murderer. The first recorded act of Moses was premeditated murder. "He looked this way and that way, and when he saw that there was no man, he slew the Egyptian, and hid him in the sand" (Ex. ii, 12).

For committing a murder, Phinehas is rewarded by Jehovah with "the covenant of an everlasting priesthood" (Num. xxv, 6–13).

Samuel "hewed Agag," a captive king, "in pieces before the Lord" (1 Sam. xv, 32, 33).

Jehu murders all the house of Ahab.

"And Joram turned his hands and fled, and said to Ahaziah, There is treachery, O Ahaziah. And Jehu drew a bow with his full strength, and smote Jehoram between his arms, and the arrow went out at his heart and he sunk down in his chariot.

"But when Ahaziah, the king of Judah, saw this, he fled by the way of the garden house. And Jehu followed after him, and said, Smite him also in the chariot. And they did so.

"And when Jehu was come to Jezreel, Jezebel heard of it, and she painted her face, and tired her head, and looked out at a window. And as Jehu entered in at the gate she said, Had Zimri peace who slew his master? And he lifted up his face to the window, and said, Who is on my side? Who? And there looked out to him two or three eunuchs. And he said, Throw her down. So they threw her down, and some of her blood was sprinkled on the wall, and on the horses; and he trode her under foot. And when he was come in, he did eat and drink, and said, Go, see now this cursed woman, and bury her; for she is a king's daughter. And they went to bury her: but they found no more of her than the skull, and the feet, and the palms of her hands."

The dogs had devoured her.

"And Ahab had seventy sons in Samaria. And Jehu wrote letters and sent to Samaria. . . . And it came to pass when the letter came to them, that they took the king's sons, and slew seventy persons, and put their heads in baskets, and sent him them to Jezreel."

"So Jehu slew all that remained of the house of Ahab in Jezreel, and all his great men, and his kinsfolks, and his priests, until he left him none remaining."

"And the Lord said unto Jehu, Because thou hast done well in executing that which is right in mine eyes, and hast done unto the house of Ahab according to all that was in mine heart, thy children of the fourth generation shall sit on the throne of Israel" (2 Kings ix, 23, 24, 27, 30–35; x, 1, 7, 11, 30).

The assassination of Eglon by Ehud was characterized by the basest treachery and brutality. Eglon was king of Israel. Ehud carried a present to him, and after he had delivered the present he told the king that he had a private message for him. Eglon ordered his attendants to retire, and when alone Ehud drew a large dagger from beneath his cloak and thrust it through the body of the king. And the Bible tells us that God raised up Ehud expressly for this work (Jud. iii, 15–23).

The warmest eulogy in the Bible is bestowed upon a murderess. Sisera is a fugitive from battle. He reaches in safety the tent of Heber, his friend. Heber is absent, but Jael, his wife, receives the fugitive, and bids him welcome. She gives him food, spreads a soft couch for him, and covers him with her mantle. Wearied with his retreat, and unconscious of impending danger, Sisera soon sinks into a profound slumber. With a tent nail in one hand, and a hammer in the other, Jael approaches the bedside of her sleeping guest. She bends over him, listens to assure herself that he is asleep, then places the nail against his temple, and with a blow drives it through his head. A struggle, and Sisera is dead, a victim of one of the most damnable deeds ever committed.

In honor of this assassination, God's favorite prophetess, Deborah, sings:

"Blessed above women shall Jael, the wife of Heber the Kenite, be; blessed shall she be above women in the tent. He asked water, and she gave him milk; she brought forth butter in a lordly dish. She put her hand to the nail, and her right hand to the workmen's hammer; and with the hammer she smote Sisera, she smote off his head, when she had pierced and stricken through his temples. At her feet he bowed, he fell, he lay down; at her feet he bowed, he fell: where he bowed, there he fell down dead. The mother of Sisera looked out at a window, and cried through the lattice, Why is his chariot so long in coming? Why tarry the wheels of his chariot?" (Jud. v, 24–28).

We had a Kansas girl who followed in the footsteps of this "blessed woman." Years ago, across the prairies of southern Kansas stretched a lonely road. By its side, far from other habitations, stood an unpretentious dwelling, inhabited by four persons —father, mother, son, and daughter. But the daughter was the ruling spirit there. Their only volume, we are told, was a Bible, and this the daughter read. The house contains two rooms besides the cellar. The rooms are separated simply by a curtain. In the front room is kept a small stock of groceries. Here, too, with its back against the curtain, and fastened to the floor, stands a chair. Above the door is a sign with this inviting word, "Provisions." A traveler enters and makes some purchases, displaying a well-filled purse. He is treated hospitably, and invited to remain awhile and rest. Wearied, he drops into the chair, his head pressing against the curtain. Armed with a hammer, this follower of Jael now approaches from the rear. One well-directed blow, and the tired traveler sinks into eternal rest. His pockets are rifled, and his body thrown into the cellar, to be taken out at night and buried in the little garden behind the dwelling. Time rolls on; the traveler does not return. Day after day, his wife at home, with anxious heart, peers through the window and sighs, "Why don't he come?" At length suspicion rests upon this den of infamy. A search is instituted, and the garden is found to be a cemetery, filled with the bodies of murdered travelers—one a little child. In the mean time this female monster with her kin has fled. Detectives are still searching for her. They'll never find her. Where is she? In heaven with Jael. Now let some modern Deborah sing, "Blessed above maidens shall Kate Bender be!"

WARS OF CONQUEST AND EXTERMINATION.

I refuse to accept the Bible as an infallible moral guide, because it sanctions wars of conquest and extermination.

The Old Testament is largely a record of wars and massacres. God is represented as "a man of war." At his command whole nations are exterminated.

"Ye shall drive out all the inhabitants of the land from before you, . . . and ye shall dispossess the inhabitants of the land, and dwell therein" (Num. xxxiii, 52, 53).

"Of the cities of these people, which the Lord thy God doth giv thee for an inheritance, thou shalt save alive nothing that breatheth: but thou shalt utterly destroy them" (Deut. xx, 16, 17).

"And they warred against the Midianites, as the Lord commanded Moses; and they slew all the males. . . . And the children of Israel took all the women of Midian captives, and their little ones, and took the spoil of all their cattle, and all their flocks, and all their goods. And they burnt all their cities wherein they dwelt, and all their goodly castles with fire" (Num. xxxi, 7–10).

Moses is angry because the women and children have been saved, and from this fiendish conqueror comes the mandate: "Kill every male among the little ones, and kill every woman that hath known man."

The mourning remnants of twenty thousand families are thus to be destroyed. The fathers, far away, lie still in death beside the smouldering ruins of their once fair homes; and now their wives and little ones are doomed to die. The signal is sounded, and the massacre begins. The mothers, on bended knees, with tearful eyes and pleading lips, are ruthlessly cut down. Their prattling babes, in unsuspecting innocence, smile on the uplifted sword as if it were a glittering toy, and the next moment feel it speeding through their little frames. The daughters only are spared—spared to be the wretched slaves of those whose hands are red with the life-blood of their dear ones.

And this is but a prelude to the sanguinary scenes that are to follow.

"Rise ye up, take your journey, and pass over the river Arnon; behold I have given into thine hand Sihon the Amorite, king of Heshbon, and his land: begin to possess it, and contend with him in battle. This day will I begin to put the dread of thee and the fear of thee upon the nations that are under the whole heaven, who shall hear report of thee, and shall tremble, and be in anguish because of thee."

"And we took all his cities at that time, and utterly destroyed the men, and the women, and the little ones of every city, we left none to remain" (Deut. ii, 24, 25, 34).

"The Lord our God delivered into our hands Og also, the king of Bashan, and all his people: and we smote him until none was left to him remaining. And we took all his cities at that time, there was not a city which we took not from them, threescore cities. . . . And we utterly destroyed them as we did unto Sihon king of Heshbon, utterly destroying the men, women, and children of every city" (Deut. iii, 3–6).

Moses dies, and Joshua next leads Jehovah's troops.

"And the Lord said unto Joshua, See, I have given into thine hand Jericho. . . . And they utterly destroyed all that was in that city, both man and woman, young and old" (Josh. vi, 2, 21).

"And the Lord said unto Joshua, Stretch out the spear that is in thy hand toward Ai; for I will give it

(Continued on page 662.)

Communications.

Common-Law Marriages.

The Blaine marriage, and the attitude of the church against impure candidates for office, giv prominence to the question whether a marriage in Kentucky in 1850 in the presence of two witnesses, without license or minister, and without public acknowledgment, was valid. As your readers may be interested in knowing what is a valid common-law marriage, I quote from the opinions of the Supreme Court of that state.

April 24, 1821, the court decided the case of Dumaresly vs. Fishly, 3 A. K., Marshall, 369.

The plaintiff set up a marriage in Indiana, under a Kentucky license, and by a Kentucky priest, and averred that the defendant had deserted her, and never consummated the marriage, and sued for slanderous words uttered against her.

The Circuit Court held the marriage valid. The court on appeal held: "As the marriage was entered into in the state of Indiana, the question in relation to its validity must, no doubt, be decided by the laws of that state. Whether, however, we consider the question with reference to the laws of Indiana, or this country, the result will be the same. For the statute of that state regulating marriages, which was read on the trial in the Circuit Court, and made a part of the record by the bill of exceptions, appears as to the point now in controversy, not to differ materially from the statute of this country upon the same subject, and the common law is in force in that as well as in this country, so far as it has not been altered or repealed by statute. It is obvious that the marriage between the parties in this case was not celebrated according to the provisions of the statute of either country. . . . *But neither the statute of Indiana, nor of this state, avoids a marriage not celebrated according to its provisions.* . . . In short, the legislature of either state has done nothing more than substitute a statutory mode of solemnizing the rites of matrimony, instead of the common-law mode of doing it *in facie ecclesiae*, and it was necessary to do this, because there was in this country no church established by law, and consequently none that had authority to solemnize the rites of matrimony. The effect, therefore, of the statutory mode of solemnizing matrimony must be precisely the same with respect to the validity of a marriage in this country as the common-law mode with respect to the validity of a marriage in England.

"Marriage is nothing but a contract, and to render it valid it is only necessary upon the principles of natural law that the parties should be able to contract, willing to contract, and should actually contract. A marriage thus made, without further ceremony, was, according to the simplicity of the ancient common law, deemed valid to all purposes; and such continued to be the law of England until the time of Pope Innocent III. [1198], when the ceremony of celebrating matrimony *in facie ecclesiae* was first introduced into that country. That ceremony, however, though introduced by the usurpation of the church, was afterward recognized to a certain extent by the common law; and it would hav been idle for the law to hav recognized the ceremony without attaching to it any legal consequence. It was therefore held that to constitute a marriage *de jure*, and render it valid to every purpose, it must be celebrated in the church. But a marriage contracted without the ceremony was, nevertheless, a marriage *in fact*, and was still deemed valid to most purposes."

"In fine, in every shape in which the question has been presented to the courts of common law in personal actions, or in relation to personal matters, a marriage *in fact* has been deemed valid. A contrary doctrin in this country would be attended with the most mischievous consequences. The statute prescribing the mode of celebrating the rites of matrimony requires that when either party is under the age of twenty-one, the consent of the parent or guardian shall be given in person or in writing; that bond and security shall be given before license shall be issued; that license shall be issued only by the clerk of the county where the female party resides; and that no clergyman who has not previously obtained testimonials for that purpose from the county court shall celebrate the rite of matrimony. A compliance with the whole of these particulars is necessary to render the marriage conformable to the statute; and a failure to comply with any one of them would render it but a marriage in fact; and if a marriage in fact be void, many of the marriages of the country would be so, for there are many in which there has been a failure, either intentionally or otherwise, to comply with some one or more of the formalities presented by the statute. A doctrin which would thus tend to vitiate a great proportion of the marriages of the country would result in incalculable evils, and cannot be admitted to be correct."

This was the law in 1850, when Blaine, then twenty years of age, was united in marriage, in the presence of family friends, to Miss Stanwood. It was not a marriage in the statutory mode, and he does not aver that it was solemnized according to the rites of any church; but it was a valid marriage according to the laws of Kentucky.

The dissenting opinion of Judge Mills states the common law more clearly than the majority opinion. He says: "I concur with the majority of the court in deciding that the marriage in this case was unauthorized on the part of the clergyman, and that it would hav been as valid if celebrated by any other individual as by him. I also agree that the case presents itself in the same attitude under the laws of Indiana as it does under our own."

After reviewing the English common law, he says: "Thus far I hav considered the case as if the English common law was in force. But I by no means admit that it ought to govern the question. It is not conceded as a historical fact, that marriage, anterior to Pope Innocent III., was allowed valid when made by the naked contract *per verba presenti*. It then consisted rather of acts than words. The husband attended the residence of the bride, and took her home in procession to his residence, and commenced cohabitation. Then, and not until then, she was said to be *nupta*, that is, married. This, however, as well as almost all testimony on the subject, is of pagan origin, and cannot hav much influence on the question, Certain it is that Pope Innocent III., claiming a commission from heaven, not only to *disciple*, but to *marry*, all nations, claimed and seized the power to marry, as belonging not to the civil government, but to the church exclusivly. After that time marriage, with all its rights and incidents, became a matter of ecclesiastical cognizance. What was and what was not marriage, was adjudged by the ecclesiastical courts, and to them the civil courts yielded this question. England became subject to the same doctrin, and her ecclesiastical courts to this day are incorporated with her government, as part of its organization. Ecclesiastical jurisdiction then ruled this question. The cases in Selkeld, 437, 438, 3 Mod. 165, 6 Mod. 155, are instances where the most eminent functionaries of the common law yielded the supremacy to ecclesiastical authority. , . . The power of this court was strong indeed. Disobedience to its determination resulted in the writ *de excommunicato capiendo*, by which the offender was immediately imprisoned until he submitted to the church. . . . It was, then, no wonder, under such a government as that, that rules and principles from the *canon* should incorporate themselvs into the *common law;* that thoughtless expressions, such as, 'I marry you,' or 'take you to be my wife,' spoken in a moment of unguarded feeling, should be deemed irrevocable, and seized upon by the craving and voracious disposition of a corrupt hierarchy as constituting a valid marriage, or rather what they would reduce by their sentence and jurisdiction to a valid marriage. . . . Assuming, then, the fact that such a rule was incorporated into the *common* from the *canon* law, it was one of the effects produced by corrupt religious establishments of the same character with the principle that a marriage by the priest could never be dissolved by human authority. When we adopted the common law of England, it was only so far as it suited our local situation and was compatible with the genius and spirit of our government. I would, then, select from it the most sound and liberal principles, and cast away not only all the maxims of ecclesiastical establishments, but doubt, and also reject, such parts as were tainted by canonical mixtures. In a word, I would say that the common law on this point was corrupted by too long a subjection to spiritual usurpation, and that we did not adopt it into our code, and that it is not in this respect obligatory on the court. I would take this case as one *prima impressionis* in this country, and subject it to the rules of all other contracts."

There is nothing in the dissenting opinion which holds a marriage by verbal contract to be void.

Another branch of the same case was heard in chancery, on bill for divorce and alimony (Fishli *vs.* Fishli, 2 Littell, 338). The court granted divorce and alimony to the wife.

In 1834 the Supreme Court of Kentucky again refused to follow the common law rule of Coke and the courts of his day. They held that the statute of 32 Henry 8, which declared that "*no prohibition, God's law except, shall impeach any marriage without the Levitical degrees*," meant that an idiot might lawfully marry. The Kentucky court says: "But this unreasonable doctrin has been supplanted by one that is more just and rational, and which is altogether consistent with the harmony and dignity of the law as a whole and as a science. Marriage is now deemed in all respects a civil union, depending on contract, express or implied, and requiring the exercise of reason." Jenkins vs. Jenkins' Heir. 2 Dana 104. The decision was rendered in 1834.

In 1835, in Stover vs. Boswell's Heir *et al*, 3 Dana, 233, a case of cohabitation between free negroes, it was contended there was no marriage. The court held: "Though no marriage is proven, she was for many years recognized and generally reputed to be his wife, and he cohabited with her as such. Cohabitation, copulation, acknowledgment of the parties, and living together as man and wife are sufficient, generally, in all cases, except in cases of prosecutions for bigamy, and in actions of *crim. con.*, to establish a marriage between free white persons, 4 Johnson, 53. And we cannot perceive any good or valid reason why the same rules may not be made to apply to free colored persons." Affirmed in Taylor vs. Shemwell, 4 B. Monroe, 577.

Donnelly vs. Donnelly's Heirs, 8 B. Monroe, 113, is a case in which the validity of the first marriage, which took place in Alexandria, D. C., was involved. The proof was acknowledgment, cohabitation, and admissions of the marriage, and of the children as his by the father. This marriage was held to be "conclusivly established so far as it can be done by proof of cohabitation and recognition, and the doctrin is well settled that such testimony is competent to prove a marriage in a civil suit, or in a controversy of this kind." Hence it was held that the second marriage, which took place in Tennessee, was void. But the court held that the second wife had believed herself to be a lawful wife, and after the death of the Maryland wife, Donnelly and herself lived together and cohabited as man and wife, recognized that relation as subsisting between them, with the general reputation and understanding that they were such, for near twenty years. That their children at the death of their father had been held legitimate by the county court, and their mother, entitled as his lawful wife, to dower. "These facts authorize, we think, the presumption of a marriage after the death of the first wife, and justify the conclusion that the defendant was the lawful wife of Donnelly at his death." This decision was rendered in 1847–8, and was the law in 1850.

How any well-read Kentucky lawyer could hav held the marriage of Blaine in 1850, made before witnesses, but without license or priest, void, seems incredible. It would hav been sustained in the courts as a valid marriage. It was not a statutory marriage, but it was legal.

W. S. Bush.

A Challenge to Mr. Charles Watts.

To Charles Watts, Esq., *Dear Sir:* I hav just read your reply to my lecture in last week's Truth Seeker. Allow me to say that I reciprocate all the good feelings and kindly memories of the past therein expressed. Nor do I feel that we are altogether parted as public laborers for the public good in the unfenced fields of liberty and truth. But, in all good feeling, I cannot admit on your bare assertion that I hav been guilty of the three errors you charge against me, namely, glaring inaccuracy, reckless imputation, and an utter lack of reasoning. Will you kindly say in what I hav been inaccurate, point out the reckless imputation, and show me anything I hav said for which I cannot giv a score of good reasons, and also mention any individual deserving the greatest respect and highest confidence whom I hav attacked in an unjustifiable manner? I accused no man. I spoke of certain tendencies and facts that had come under my own observation that I stand ready to prove as absolutely true before any jury of unprejudiced judges. It would not be well for you and the cause you so ably represent and champion, to call for all the proofs. My aim was not to say as much, but as little, as I could to illustrate and establish the principles I was aiming to teach in the form of an allegory. It is not my fault if realistic minds transpose poetry into matter of fact, and convert a figure of speech into a live, grunting hog. Surely you know, also, that the heart has a reason of its own, and that the highest and grandest truths can only be expressed in parable, painted in pictures colored with all the blending hues of comparison, metaphor, and carved in rhyme and rhythm.

Shakspere's historical dramas are fiction, but what truth of logic or science is truer? There are the truths of conscience, of love and hate, of hope and despair, backed with the great lessons of history, and moral law in all its wondrous potency and grandeur. The stage, like the platform, is to-day prostituted to base uses. But the stage, in the service of true art, would be as much beyond the platform, as an inspiring and elevating influence, as the platform is above the dreary, futil partisan controversy one hears today on politics in every hotel lobby or railroad waiting-room.

You do me injustice in representing me as sending forth a dreary wail of blighted ambition and failure. In the sense in which you mean it, you know full well that I hav not failed, any more than you hav. As a Liberal lecturer, no man save Col. Ingersoll has drawn larger audiences or received more money for his work in the same time than I hav. My financial failure is entirely due to my publishing enterprise. That would hav been successful if my subscribers had paid their honest debts, so that I in turn might hav paid mine. You and others seem determined to misunderstand my hostility to controversy. Of course all affirmation of truth is at war with error. What I object to is the personal and irresponsible method of controversy, when the influence of a good lecture is entirely dissipated by a free discussion over it on the part of those who really hav nothing to say and don't know how to say even that. Such controversy as Martin Luther dealt in when he shook the world by nailing his thesis to the church door in Wittenberg

has always done much to help widen the skirts of light and make the struggle with darkness narrower. But I must confess that, while warmly admiring your wonderful skill and genius as a debater, I still think some of your methods questionable. Most of your arguments against me at Cassadaga were entirely based on a very clever distortion of my words, so as to make them say something I never dreamed of saying. You were also guilty of one personality of at least bad taste when you seemingly gave countenance to the idle, silly, and slanderous rumor that my conversion to Spiritualism was the work of a woman. The excitement was high. Many felt offended, and looked to you as their champion, and you, I fear, cared more for the appearance of victory than any permanent service to the truth. I may possibly hav been slightly inaccurate in some of my statements. We are none of us infallible. You in this present article class Spiritualism as a speculativ doctrin, when you know that this to us is not speculation, but absolute knowledge. If anything is known at all, many thousands—yea, millions—know Spiritualism in its essential claims to be true. You also are inaccurate in representing me as putting the heart before the head. I did this when I was in the church. My farewell sermon to the church was entitled, "Heads and Hearts," in which I put heads first. One mistake generally follows another. The pendulum pushed to the extreme end of the arc must rebound before it recovers its equilibrium. I hav found my perfect poise. I hav married and blended the two into one. I exacted no pledge of obedience from either. This is not a church, but a Liberal marriage. If you like to hear in the sweet accord of wedding bells at the marriage of wisdom and love the jarring discord of marital infelicity, it's none of my funeral. I shall continue to dance at this wedding though you do play a dirge.

In one of the Liberal papers I am falsely and in a most ungentlemanly way reported as promising to, minister-like, reply to you after you were hundreds of miles away. Did I do so? You do not think me a coward. Was I ever known to lack the courage of my convictions?

I am quite willing to acknowledge that I am not a ready debater. I cannot reply on the spur of the moment and do justice to myself. I need time to think over what has been said, sift the true from the false in the calm and quiet of my study, before presenting my reply.

Under conditions providing for this characteristic of mine, and penalty of forfeit of all right of recompense by the one indulging in any personality, I hereby vindicate my honor and the truth I hold most dear by challenging you to a four days' debate in Boston, to be conducted in the following order:

First night.—Charles Watts: Secularism; its aims and objects, and superiority to Christianity and Spiritualism as a philosophy to satisfy all the needs of life.

Second night.—George Chainey: Spiritualism; its phenomena—their rationality; its religion and superiority to both Secularism and Christianity.

Third night.—Reply of Charles Watts to George Chainey.

Fourth night.—Reply of George Chainey to Charles Watts. My reply to be confined to your opening night.

The debate to take place in Boston at such place and under such terms of admission as we may hereafter determin.

I hereby commit myself to your tender mercy, and faithfully promis you that, though I am helped with an entire legion of angels, we will show you only kindness and gentle courtesy.

Yours for the truth in love, always and afterwards,

GEORGE CHAINEY.

Cleveland, Ohio, Oct. 6, 1884.

Deed and not Creed.

Even De Witt Talmage has been called back from the contemplation of a hell hereafter, to the hell of ruin of fortune and of character around him. In a recent sermon on the revelations of Wall street, he says:

"Oh," some one will say, "better preach the gospel and let business matters alone." I reply, if your gospel do not inspire common honesty in the dealings of men the sooner you close up your gospel and pitch it into the depths of the Atlantic Ocean the better. An orthodox swindler is worse than a heterodox swindler. The recitation of all the catechisms and creeds ever written, and drink from all the communion chalices that ever glittered in the churches of Christendom, will never save your soul unless your business character corresponds with your religious profession. Some of the worst scoundrels in America hav been members of churches, and they got fat on sermons about heaven when they most needed to hav the pulpits preach that which would either bring them to repentance, or thunder them out of the holy communions, where their presence was a sacrilege and an infamy.

Religion is not, as many suppose, a matter of church delectation, a sort of confectionary, a spiritual caramel, or holy gum-drop, or sanctified peppermint, or theological anesthetic, but an omnipotent principle, all-prevailing, all-controling, all-conquering. With something short of that you may deceive yourself, but you can't deceive God, and you can't deceive the world. The keen man of the world puts on his spectacles, and looks clean through the back of your head and knows whether your religion is a fiction or a fact.

The League.

The Campaign Fund.

Previously acknowledged,	$1,315.00
W. H. Pepper ($25 for Life Membership),	50.00
A. M. Miller,	50.00
Mrs. S. J. Lenont,	10.00
Otto Wettstein,	10.00
D. W. Craig,	1.00
"Medicale," Philadelphia,	1.00
J. P. Hoffman,	1.00
Total,	$1,438.00

Listen, friends, to the news: California wheels into line and keeps step to the music of the Union. Who will giv the next $50 from that golden state? Duluth, however, is not behind, and sends her generous gift. Our good and famous Judge Krekel givs a most encouraging word, and everywhere noble friends are rallying to our cause. The one-dollar bills are welcome, I assure you; for they come laden with the bright wishes of many an honest heart. Almost $1,500 raised! Let it be $2,000 by the first of November. SAMUEL P. PUTNAM,

Secretary of the National Liberal League,
55 East 9th street, New York City.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Oct. 7, 1884.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, ESQ., *Dear Sir:* Yours, with inclosed circular, came to hand. The program meets with my approval, and I hav the utmost confidence in yourself and Mr. Watts carrying it out. Mrs. Krekel is the activ worker, myself being in a measure restrained. The time will soon come, however, when I shall be free. In Kansas City we will try and organize a League, and as soon as accomplished, will invite you and Mr. Watts to visit us. Should you come West before such invitation, please advise me, as we may be able to avail ourselvs of our opportunity.

Am much pleased with the spirit of your address. A move forward is needed. Let the old gods take care of themselvs, and our energies be employed in doing men's work.

Truly yours, A. KREKEL.

PETALUMA, CAL., Sept. 29, 1884.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, ESQ., *Dear Sir:* Inclosed find money-order for $50—twenty-five for life membership in National Liberal League, and twenty-five for Campaign Fund.

The League now stands in a position where all true Secularists can support it, and I believe it to be the duty of every true Secularist to come forward and assist in rearing the grand Temple of Universal Mental Liberty.

Col. Ingersoll is doing a good work in removing the orthodox rubbish from the fallen temple of Christianity. He delivered his lecture on "Orthodoxy" here last week to a good audience. I hope our friends will come forward with the sinews of war, and not only giv you $5,000 but five times that amount. Yours truly, W. H. PEPPER.

CORRESPONDENCE.

S. F. DEJONES, Pittsburgh, Pa.: *Truth* is ready and willing to do all it can to help you and the National League.

A. M. MILLER, Duluth, Minn.: Your communication in *Investigator* and *Ironclad Age* noted. Inclosed please find check for $50.

J. P. HOFMAN, Pottsville, Pa.: I feel like helping the cause and I inclose you $1 in assistance of the work, trusting that thousands of other Liberal friends will contribute a like or greater sum in its support.

MRS. S. J. LENONT, Northfield, Minn.: I want to do all I can to spread the truths of Liberalism, and am ready and willing to put my shoulder to the wheel. I will say $10, and more if I can, hoping that all will do their best.

JAMES VINCENT, Sr., Editor of the *Nonconformist:* I hope to begin thorough work in furtherance of the doctrins settled upon to be speedily advocated by the Congress at Cassadaga. I shall do my best to co-operate with you.

OTTO WETTSTEIN, Rochelle, Ill.: I was glad to hear from you. No one in the world is more anxious to help the cause than I. I will surely remit you an X if I possibly can. I am longing for the time to come when I can retire from an activ business career and giv my whole time and income to Liberal work.

W. S. BAILEY, Editor of the *Liberal*, Nashville, Tenn.: The aggressiv policy I like. I will do all I can in this cause while I liv. If you and Mr. Watts will come here and lecture I will raise money for you. We need a "preacher" outside of what is written. Nashville is overrun with preachers of the other sort, and they should be shamed into a more honorable calling.

JOHN P. GUILD, Milwaukee, Wis.: By the inadvertency of the printer or of myself, the name of Brother George M. Hare, vice-president of Veteran Liberal League, Soldiers' Home, Milwaukee, was omitted from the last published quarterly report. I mention it for the reason that he is now a "brother in bonds," and should hav all the honors that a worthy martyr to liberty has earned. He has been the chief spoke in the wheel of progress in the Home.

EDGAR C. BEALL, Cincinnati, O.: I hav been reading THE TRUTH SEEKER with great interest, and hav been particularly pleased with some features of the present outlook. We need unity of action, and must leave out the side issues. I feel hopeful of good results. We hav many Liberals here in Cincinnati, but no organization. I wish you would arrange to lecture here the coming winter and giv us a start. Every city ought to hav a regular society with a lecturer who would giv a humanitarian sermon every week. I shall be happy to do anything in my power to advance our cause.

THE NEWARK LEAGUE.

The Liberal League of Newark, New Jersey, hav regular Sunday services in the afternoon and evening at their place of meeting, No. 177 Halsey street. Their hall, though not very large, is light, sunny, and well furnished, having some pictures on the walls and containing a handsome upright organ.

This League has been somewhat persecuted by the religious bigots of Newark—persons who forget that the United States government was founded on liberty of conscience. But its officers and members are earnest men stirred to a new zeal by opposition. They hav now settled permanently in their bright little home in Halsey street; hav no debts, and a surplus in the treasury.

The League is interested in progression and practical measures for the welfare of mankind; such as good government, co-operation, scientific instruction, etc.; in a word, things the church would do well to take up and mingle with its more spiritual exercises.

Mme. Henri Delescluze spoke with great approval before the League on Sunday, Oct. 5th. The substance of her discourse was that the great wealth and material splendor of nations tended to their destruction and extinction, and that constructiv power dwelt in personal character and a high ideal.

It was unanimously resolved by the League to invite Mme. Delescluze to address its members again at her "earliest convenience."

THE LIBERALS.

From the Worthington Advance.

We acknowledge the receipt of a circular from Samuel P. Putnam, secretary of the National Liberal League, which givs the resolutions adopted at the eighth annual Congress of the League, recently held at Cassadaga Lake, N. Y. Also the demands of Liberalism and the address of the secretary to the Liberals of the country.

The Liberal movement seems finally to hav settled down to the one main issue of the secularization of the state. On this issue all Liberals can agree and work together,

We earnestly believe that the greatest danger now threatening the republic is the one which the Liberal League is designed to offset. It may not enter into the present political campaign as any issue, but the church-and-state party is working persistently; and every Liberal, whether a believer in church theology or not, should say a word and strike a blow for the complete secularization of the government. This is the only safe and just policy. The government should giv freedom to all religions and indorse none.

GOING TO WORK AS NEVER BEFORE.

From the New Thought.

Samuel P. Putnam, the present secretary of the National Liberal League, sends out a document containing the Nine Demands of Liberalism, an address to the Liberals of America, and the resolutions passed at the eighth annual Congress of the National Liberal League. From the tone of the address and from other sources, it is evident that the Liberals are going to work now as never before. This address says: "We shall allow the enemy no resting spell. From the Atlantic to the Pacific the fires of Liberalism shall be kindled, societies organized, not simply upon a negativ, but upon a constructiv basis." Among the things they hope to be instrumental in bringing about, is that "every worker shall hav a home, and every child born upon this planet a place to liv and a right to nature's bounty." Mr. Putnam and Mr. Charles Watts are to go everywhere, when opportunity affords, and lecture and organize Leagues. We would advise our readers to send to S. P. Putnam, 55 East 9th street, New York, and get this document.

A GOOD SUGGESTION.

From the Liberal, Mo., Liberal.

THE TRUTH SEEKER and others think the League in a shape to do some good work in the future. We hope so, but hav not much faith so long as constructiv work is not followed as the chief duty. There must be something to interest the women and children if a permanent organization is maintained.

THE TRUTH SEEKER suggests that the League combat the National Reform movement. We think this will be the source from which will come the greatest danger of the Liberal cause, and that if the claims of that party can be properly brought before the people in the present predominance of Christian sentiment, it will succeed in fixing them on the statutes, when business will commence in earnest. Then whoever violates a Christian usage or custom is as much subject to prosecution as he now is if he commits murder. And if any think such laws would not be enforced, let them remember the fate of the Mormon missionaries in Lewis county, Tenn. That slaughter shows the Christian spirit of to-day when it has the power. Let no true Liberal close his eyes on these facts, for the chains are being forged, and his vigilance only will keep them from his limbs and of his children.

CASSADAGA CONGRESS.

From the American Nonconformist.

The Congress held by the Liberals of the United States at Cassadaga last month, is regarded by those who hav been conversant with these meeting as one of the most important, and the most successful in the direction of real progress, that has ever been held. One thing has been resolved upon that has long been needed, namely, systematic missionary work, and two of the most gifted men of that order in the country hav been selected to make it their sole business to canvass the United States, and inform the people what Liberalism and Freethought doctrins mean. This has been left to the volunteer services of orthodox preachers, who hav ignorantly undertaken to expound what they know nothing at all about. Hereafter Liberalists will be heard in their own behalf, and the people will be astonished when they come to hear the two lecturers whose business it is to explain the doctrins of Liberalism, to find how maliciously this most intellectual, and patriotic, and truly humane class of thinkers and actors hav been misrepresented. Samuel P. Putnam and Mr. Watts are the appointees of the Congress to enter the lecture field, and we greatly mistake if these gentlemen will be able to fill half or a fourth of the engagements that will be required of them. Times are not as they used to be; never were men's minds more stirred up to a determination to ferret out the truth in all directions as they are now, nor is it possible any longer for ecclesiasticism to say to the human mind, as hitherto, "to our rut may it come, but no further."

These eminent speakers, one of whom, if we mistake not, Mr. Putnam, was formerly a Christian minister, may be addressed at No. 55 E. 9th street, New York city, N. Y. The Congress resolved to raise $5,000 to carry on this work, twelve hundred and fifty-one dollars being contributed on the spot.

It is to be hoped that the liberality that there and then was manifested will be supplemented by the Liberal element all over the country, so that the treasurer shall hav to report not $5,000 received, but twice that amount. S. P. Putnam is secretary of the League, and Courtlandt Palmer, treasurer.

The *Nonconformist* adds:

"One of the outcomes of the Congress which we personally deplore is that *Man*, the organ of the League hereto, is discontinued or merged in THE TRUTH SEEKER. Those having a clearer insight into what is most needed, should know better than we do, but to us it appears like that most valuable paper should hav been continued, and built up on a solid foundation to do its own work. The former editors, Messrs. Leland and Wakeman, are men of rare ability as thinkers and as writers, and as speakers. Very, very much of the progress made by the Freethought principles is due to their untiring and magnificent efforts. But they cannot be silent, and their former readers will be glad to know that they will be heard from often through the columns of THE TRUTH SEEKER. This is a most noble journal, doing a noble work, and we bespeak for it a much wider field of usefulness since the Cassadaga Congress than ever before. Price is $3 a year, edited by E. M. Macdonald. Orders should be sent C. P. Somerby, business manager, 33 Clinton Place, New York City, N. Y."

Man would hav been continued had there been a demand for it by the people sufficient to hav enabled its publishers to pay expenses. The fault for its discontinuance must not be laid to its editors nor to the League.

(Continued from page 658.)

into thine hand. . . . And so it was, that all that fell that day, both of men and women, were twelve thousand. . . . And Joshua burnt Ai, and made it a heap forever" (Josh. viii, 18, 25, 28).

"And Joshua passed from Libnah, and all Israel with him, unto Lachish, and encamped against it, and fought against it. And the Lord delivered Lachish into the hand of Israel, which took it on the second day, and smote it with the edge of the sword, and all the souls that were therein" (Josh. x, 31, 32).

"And from Lachish Joshua passed unto Eglon, and all Israel with him; and they encamped against it, and fought against it. And they took it on that day, and smote it with the edge of the sword, and all the souls that were therein he utterly destroyed that day" (Josh. x, 34, 35).

Thus city after city falls, and nation after nation is vanquished, until thirty-one kingdoms have been destroyed. And still there "remaineth much land to be possessed," and many millions more of unoffending people to be slain to please this God of War.

Christ came heralded as the "prince of peace." But he "came not to send peace, but a sword"—a sword his own arm was too weak to wield, but which his followers have used with dire effect. Expunge from the history of Christendom the record of its thousand wars and little will remain. From the time that Constantine inscribed the emblem of the cross upon his banner to the present hour, the church of Christ has been upheld by the sword. Five million troops maintain its political supremacy in Europe to-day. To "express our national acknowledgment of Almighty God as the source of all authority in civil government; of the Lord Jesus Christ as the ruler of nations, and of his revealed will as of supreme authority;" in short, to make this a "Christian nation," as Bible moralists demand, means a standing army in this country of five hundred thousand men.

The Bible has inspired more wars than all else combined. It is a fountain of blood, and the crimson rivers that have flowed from it would float the navies of the world.

DESPOTISM.

I refuse to accept the Bible as an infallible moral guide, because it enjoins submission to tyrants.

"Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man, . . . whether it be to kings as supreme; or unto governors" (1 Pet. ii, 13).

"Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power but of God. Whosoever therefore resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God; and they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation" (Rom. xiii, 1, 2).

And these sentiments were uttered when a Nero sat upon the throne—when Palestine was being crushed beneath the iron heel of despotism—when brave and patriotic men were struggling for freedom.

The Bible has ever been the bulwark of tyranny. When the oppressed millions of France were endeavoring to throw off their yoke—when the Washingtons, the Franklins, the Paines, and the Jeffersons were contending for American liberty—craven priests stood up in the pulpit, opened this book, and gravely read: "The powers that be are ordained of God; they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation."

INTOLERANCE AND PERSECUTION.

I refuse to accept the Bible as an infallible moral guide, because its teachings have filled the world with intolerance and persecution.

"If thy brother, the son of thy mother, or thy son, or thy daughter, or the wife of thy bosom, or thy friend, which is as thine own soul, entice thee secretly, saying, Let us go and serve other gods. . . Namely, of the gods of the people which are round about you. . . Thou shalt not consent unto him; neither shall thine eye pity him; neither shalt thou spare, neither shalt thou conceal him; but thou shalt surely kill him; thine hand shall be first upon him to put him to death, and afterwards the hand of all the people" (Deut. xiii, 6–9).

If you believe the Bible to be infallible, you must believe it to be your duty to put to death the unbelieving brother that attempts to alienate you from your faith. If you are a Catholic, and your children become Protestants and endeavor to convince you that Protestantism is the true religion, you should kill them. If you are a Protestant, and your wife embraces the Catholic faith and desires you to accept it, let her die.

"He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned" (Mark xvi, 16).

"Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire" (Matt. xxv, 41).

"These shall go away into everlasting punishment" (Matt. xxv, 46).

"Cast into hell, into the fire that never shall be quenched" (Mark ix, 45).

These passages ought to consign to everlasting abhorrence the being who uttered them, the book containing them, and the church indorsing them. This dogma of endless punishment is the dogma of fiends. I had rather trace my descent to the tiger or hyena than to the creation of a God who dooms his creatures to eternal pain; and the time will come when the remembrance of the theologians who have taught this hideous lie will provoke more shame and pity than the ancestral apes do now.

"If there come any unto you, and bring not this doctrine, receive him not into your house" (2 John i, 10).

Amid the storms of a winter night, a traveler, perishing with cold and hunger, knocks at your door and begs for food and shelter. You interrogate him as to his religious belief, and finding that he is not a member of your church, you forbid him to enter. In the morning when you discover his lifeless body by the roadside, how impressed you will be with the transcendent beauty of Bible morals!

Paul preached a sermon upon charity, and then wrote to the Gallatians as follows:

"If any man preach any other gospel unto you than that ye have received, let him be accursed (Gal. i, 9).

From the same pen came this sneaking, infamous hint:

"I would they were even cut off which trouble you" (Gal. v, 12).

What ghastly fruits these teachings have produced! We see earth covered with the yellow bones of murdered heretics and scholars; we see the persecutions and butcheries of Constantine, of Theodosius, of Clovis, of Justinian, and of Charlemagne; we see the Crusades, in which nearly twenty millions perish; we see the followers of Godfrey in Jerusalem—see the indiscriminate massacre of men, women, and children—see the mosques piled seven deep with murdered Saracens—the Jews burnt in their synagogues; we see Cœur de Lion slaughter in cold blood thousands of captive Infidels; we see the Franks in Constantinople, plundering, ravishing, murdering; we see the Moors expelled from Spain; we see the murder of the Huguenots and Waldenses—the slaughter of German peasants—the desolation of Ireland—Holland covered with blood; we witness Smithfield and Bartholomew; we see the Inquisition with its countless instruments of fiendish cruelty; we see the *Auto-da-fé*, where heretics clad in mockery are led to torture and to death; we see men stretched upon the rack, disjointed, and torn limb from limb; we see them flayed alive—their bleeding bodies seared with red-hot irons; we see them covered with pitch and oil and set on fire; we see them hurled headlong from towers to the stony streets below; we see them buried alive; we see them hanged and quartered; we see their eyes bored out with heated augers—their tongues torn out—their bones broken with hammers—their bodies pierced with a thousand needles; we see aged women tied to the heels of fiery steeds—see their mangled and bleeding bodies dragged with lightning speed over the frozen earth; we see newborn babes flung into the flames to perish with their mothers, or with their mothers sewed in sacks and sunk into the sea; in short, on every hand, we see hate, torture, death!

But, thanks to the brave Infidels that have gone before, you, Bible moralists, can use these instruments of cruelty to silence heretics to Christianity no more.

"Where are the hands which once for this foul creed,
'Mid flame and torture made an Atheist bleed?
Gone—like the powers your fathers used so well
To send souls heavenward through the flames of hell.
And you, poor palsied creatures! you ere long,
With them thrice cursed shall swell Gehenna's throng.
Your God is dead; your heaven a hope bewrayed;
Your hell a by-word, and your creed a trade,
Your vengeance—what? A mere polluting touch—
A cripple striking with a broken crutch!"

—*Lara.*

INJUSTICE TO WOMEN.

I refuse to accept the Bible as an infallible moral guide, because it has degraded woman.

The holy offices of wife and mother it covers with reproach. Its teachings carried out, as they were during centuries of Christian rule, leave women but two paths in which to tread—the one leading into slavery, the other into exile. Servitude in the house of a husband, or self-banishment to a convent: these are the sad alternatives presented for her choice.

"Thy desire shall be to thy husband and he shall rule over thee" (Gen. iii, 16).

"Wives, submit yourselves to your own husbands" (Col. iii, 18).

"As the church is subject unto Christ, so let the wives be to their own husbands in everything" (Eph. v, 24).

"Let your women keep silence in the churches, for it is not permitted unto them to speak; but they are commanded to be under obedience, as also saith the law. And if they will learn anything, let them ask their husbands at home; for it is a shame for a woman to speak in the church" (1 Cor. xiv, 34, 35.)

"Ye wives, be in subjection to your own husbands. . . For after this manner in the old time the holy women also, who trusted in God, adorned themselves, being in subjection to their own husbands; even as Sarah obeyed Abraham, calling him lord" (1 Peter iii, 1–6).

"Let woman learn in silence with all subjection. But I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence. For Adam was first formed, then Eve. And Adam was not deceived, but the woman being deceived was in the transgression" (1 Tim. ii, 11–14).

Oh! the unspeakable outrage that woman has suffered because of that old Jewish fable!

The teachings of the Bible respecting marriage are an insult to every married woman. Christ discouraged marriage (Matt. xix, 10–12); while a more despicable dissertation on marrige than Paul gives in the seventh chapter of 1 Corinthians was never penned.

In contracting matrimonial alliances, woman's rights and choice are not consulted. The father does his daughter's courting, and sells or gives her to whom he pleases. A father is even allowed to sell his daughter for a slave (Ex. xxi, 7). In the Decalogue, the wife is classed with slaves and cattle as a mere chattel.

Kidnapping is commanded for the purpose of obtaining wives.

"Therefore they [God's priests] commanded the children of Benjamin, saying, Go and lie in wait in the vineyards; and see, and, behold, if the daughters of Shiloh come out to dance in dances, then come ye out of the vineyards, and catch you every man his wife of the daughters of Shiloh, and go to the land of Benjamin. . . And the children of Benjamin did so, and took them wives according to their number of them that danced whom they caught" (Jud. xxi, 20–23).

The Levitical law makes motherhood a sin that can be expiated only by offering a sin offering at the birth of every child. The degree of sinfulness depends upon the sex of the child; giving birth to a daughter being esteemed a greater sin than giving birth to a son" (Lev. xii).

The laws of the Bible in regard to divorce are most unjust. A husband is permitted to divorce his wife if she displease him, while a wife is not allowed to obtain a divorce for any cause whatever.

"When a man hath taken a wife, and marries her, and it come to pass that she find no favor in his eyes, . . . then let him write her a bill of divorcement, and give it in her hand, and send her out of his house" (Deut. xxiv, 1).

"When thou goest forth to war against thine enemies, and the Lord thy God hath delivered them into thine hands, and thou hast taken them captive, and seest among the captives a beautiful woman, and hast a desire unto her that thou wouldst have her to thy wife; then thou shalt bring her home to thine house. . . . And it shall be, if thou have no delight in her, then thou shalt let her go whither she will" (Deut. xxi, 10–14).

Wives are compelled to suffer outrage for the sins of their husbands.

"Thus saith the Lord, Behold, I will raise up evil against thee out of thine own house, and I will take thy wives before thine eyes, and give them unto thy neighbor, and he shall lie with thy wives in the sight of this sun" (2 Sam. xii, 11).

"Their houses shall be spoiled and their wives ravished" (Is. xiii, 16).

"I will gather all nations against Jerusalem to battle; and the city shall be taken, and the houses rifled, and the women ravished" (Zech. xiv, 2).

"Let their wives be bereaved of their children and be widows" (Jer. xviii, 21).

The teachings of the Bible have been used by the church to keep woman in a subordinate position. "There is not a more cruel chapter in history," says the Rev. Moncure D. Conway, "than that which records the arrest by Christianity of the natural growth of European civilization regarding woman. In Germany it found woman participating in the legislative assembly, and sharing the interests and counsels of man, and drove her out and away. . . . Even more fatal was the overthrow of woman's position in Rome. Read the terrible facts as stated by Gibbon, by Milman, and Sir Henry Maine, read and ponder them, and you will see the tremendous wrong that Christianity did to woman."

In this country, while the most illiterate and depraved man is clothed with the rights of a sovereign, the noblest women is a slave; and from the Bible, priests and politicians have procured the chains that hold her in subjection.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

Theosophy.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* You hav a curious article about Theosophy. It is a good advertisment for a number of queer books, but as they lie beyond the reach of many of us, perhaps you and Mr. Brown might consent to giv us a few extracts from the most interesting.

Without reference to anything in your issue of Aug. 30th, I copy for the benefit of some of your contributors a paragraph from "Josephine," of *Liberty:*

"Thinking men, imbued with the idea that society, composed of good and bad men, could not exist except as a mass of warring people, without majority rule, set down as impossible [the art of social harmony with individual liberty.] These men kept on

fighting religious superstition after it was dead. They delighted in creating imaginary dragons and other terrible monsters, and then sallying forth lance in hand and riding at them full tilt. Their most pleasant pastime was in stuffing the skin of a dead belief with straw and then kicking the straw out of the skin all over the country. They became so engrossed in this seed-bag fox hunting, that the real live fox [the political fox, the banking fox, the land-grabbing fox, the Uncle Sam Fox] was stealing and eating their poultry under their very noses. To them, the Anarchists were good, able, well-meaning men, but very deluded—very cranky; they had pity for them—pity that so much brain should go to waste, when it might be devoted to devising new means whereby old-time and long-since-dead monsters, might be revivified and then slain." EDGEWORTH.

Ingersoll on Parties and Other Matters.

The San Francisco *Post* sent its reporter to interview Col. Ingersoll as soon as he arrived in San Francisco. Among other points discussed are the following:

Q. Are you going to take any part in the campaign?

A. It is not my intention to make any political speeches. I hav made a good many in the past, and, in my judgment, hav done my part. I hav no other interest in politics than every citizen should hav. I want that party to triumph which, in my judgment, represents the best interests of the country. I hav no doubt about the issue of the election. I believe that Mr. Blaine will be the next president. But there are plenty of talkers, and I really think that I hav earned a vacation.

Q. What do you think Cleveland's chances are in New York?

A. At this distance it is hard to say. The recent action of Tammany complicates matters somewhat. But my opinion is that Blaine will carry the state. I had a letter yesterday from that state giving the opinion of a gentleman well informed, that Blaine would carry New York state by not less than 50,000 majority.

Q. What figure will Butler cut in the campaign?

A. I hardly think that Butler will hav many followers on the 4th of November. His forces will gradually go to one side or the other. It is only when some really great principle is at stake that thousands of men are willing to vote with a known minority.

Q. But what about the Prohibitionists?

A. They hav a very large following. They are fighting for something they believe to be of almost infinit consequence, and I can readily understand how a Prohibitionist is willing to be in the minority. It may be well enough for me to say here that my course politically is not determined by my likes or dislikes of individuals. I want to be governed by principles, not persons. If I really thought that in this campaign a real principle was at stake, I should take part. The only great question now is protection, and I am satisfied that it is in no possible danger.

Q. Not even in case of a Democratic victory?

A. Not even in the event of a Democratic victory. No state in the Union is for free trade. Every free trader has an exception. Louisiana says, "Free trade, except sugar." Missouri says, "Protect lead." Kentucky follows with hemp; Michigan with lumber and salt, and Ohio with wool. And so I might make a tour of the states. These exceptions combined control the tariff legislation of this country, and if the Democrats were in power to-day with the control of the House and Senate and executiv, the exceptions would combine and protect protection. As long as the federal government collects taxes or revenue on imports, just so long these revenues will be arranged to protect home manufacturers.

Q. You said that if there was a great principle at stake you would take part in the campaign. You think, then, that there is no great principle involved?

A. If it were a matter of personal liberty, I should take part. If the Republican party had stood by the Civil Rights bill I should hav taken part in the present campaign.

Q. Still, I suppose we can count on you as a Republican?

A. Certainly; I am a Republican.

INGERSOLL IN CALIFORNIA.

The *San Franciscan* of Sept. 13th called upon the clergy to reply to Ingersoll. An Oakland clergyman responded in part as follows: "First, you speak of him truly, as 'a wit, a rhetorician, a poet, and an orator.' I hav not a doubt that he is the greatest orator, and the finest rhetorician, that speaks the English language. It will be admitted by all, I think, that as a rhetorical wit he has no equal, and that in the poetry of his language, the richness of his imagery, and the beauty of his word-painting, he stands pre-eminent. Now, when you ask any man to meet him in the field of his wit, his rhetoric, and his oratory, 'foot to foot, and overthrow him,' you ask that which no man living is able to do."

He also admits that the man who would charge the same admission as Ingersoll does "to hear a refutation would speak to empty benches."

The *Jewish Times* says:

"Casting all religious differences to the winds, we rejoice that Col. Ingersoll spoke his honest thoughts, and we rejoice that he found an audience brave enough to applaud him to the echo. The Jew is always in favor of free speech, and he claims that every human being has a right to express himself freely, fully, and publicly on matters earthly or heavenly. If Col. Ingersoll or any other man be wrong, combat him with truths and not with clubs."

Rev. Dr. Jackson, Unitarian, preached on "Atheism," on the 21st. He said that "to believe simply because one had been taught to believe, did not show much merit, although it was very well in its way; but to believe from conviction, and to hav the courage to express an unpopular opinion, was true merit. This world had seen very few stanch Atheists, and they were far from being fools. He referred to Ingersoll, John Stuart Mill, Harriet Martineau, and others of their types, world-renowned for intelligence and learning. There were two classes of what might be called Atheists—those who believed in a God and lived as though there was none, and those who believed there was no God, but who lived as though there was one. There are Godless Theists—the church is full of them—as well as Godless Atheists. A man is not necessarily worse morally for being an Atheist. . . . Intelligence and faith are usually at variance, and between men who are half Theists and half Atheists, there is no choice."

INGERSOLL AT VICTORIA.

In an interview in the *San Francisco Post*, Col. Ingersoll stated the facts about his lecture at Victoria, as follows:

"The published accounts as circulated by the Associated Press were greatly exaggerated. The affair was simply this: The authorities endeavored to prevent the lecture. They refused the license, on the ground that the theater was unsafe, although it was on the ground floor, had many exists and entrances, not counting the windows. The theater was changed to meet the objections of the Fire Commissioner, and the authorities expressed their satisfaction and issued the license. Afterward further objection was raised, and on the night of the lecture, when the building was about two-thirds full, the police appeared and said that the lecture would not be allowed to be delivered, because the house was unsafe. After a good deal of talk, the policeman in authority said that there should be another door, whereupon my friends, in a few minutes, made another door with ax and saw, the crowd was admitted, and the lecture was delivered. The audience was well behaved, intelligent, and appreciativ. Beyond some talking in the hall, and the natural indignation of those who had purchased tickets and were refused admittance, there was no disturbance. I understand that those who opposed the lecture are now heartily ashamed of the course pursued."

FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

MOUNT FOREST, CANADA, Oct. 5, 1884.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* A friend of mine has just handed me a letter which he received from a brother of his living in Victoria, British Columbia, and which I think is too good to be lost. It should be published so that the Freethinkers who sit with their arms folded and cry, "Peace, peace!" saying that things are going on smooth, may know that affairs are not as quiet as some suppose. WM. LEWIS.

Following is the letter referred to:

VICTORIA, B. C., Sept. 1, 1884.

DEAR BROTHER: I went to hear Ingersoll, and the racket we had is too good to keep until I hear from you again. In the first place, the religious people tried all they could to prevent Bob's procuring a hall. There are two opera halls in Victoria—a large and small one—but the large one was taken by an opera troupe. Bob also tried to hire the City Hall, but was refused, so he had to resort to the small hall, which he got readily, the owner of it being a regular Ingersoll, who need not take a back seat to Bob as a public speaker. When the small hall was about three parts full of men and women, the police came bounding to the door to prevent any further admittance. When the proprietor asked the cause of the trouble, he was told there were not proper fire escapes. What do you think—the building being one story high, and the floor about one foot from the ground, the front doorway about eight feet wide, with door opening outward, and two back doors; besides, there are eight or ten large windows, all raised! Some of the city councilmen tried to force their way past the police, but they drew their batons. The crowd cried, "Strike, if you dare!" amid cries of "Put out the cops!" Then the police whistled for re-enforcements, which arrived in a few minutes. The crowd then got enraged, and bounded through the back doors and through the windows, and past the police at the front door, until the hall was filled to excess. But the police would not allow Bob to speak unless the front doors were taken off. The owner would not allow even this most absurd demand to stop the lecture, so he went to the end of the hall next to the street, and with fifty others tore the end clear out of the hall, which made a grand fire escape, and gave about one hundred more an opportunity of hearing Bob. All this time Bob was standing outside pleading with the people not to harm the police, for I can tell you the crowd was at the riot point.

The trouble originated by the clergy getting their heads together, going to the chief of police, and putting him up to this little dodge. They had better let sleeping dogs alone. But worst of all, when the trouble was at fever heat, some of the sky-larks raised the cry of fire, thinking to create a stampede similar to that of the Brooklyn Bridge, but both ladies and gentlemen stood it like a breeze.

When Bob stepped on the stage, the cheers were deafening for about ten minutes. The lecture surpassed anything I ever heard. He is a mild and fluent speaker. He never alluded to his reception in any way, but treated them like "never mind, for they know no better." If Frazer [a Presbyterian minister] had a hand in the pie, he will hav reason to regret it.

WM. SCOTT.

MR. FELL PROSECUTED FOR BLASPHEMY.

VICTORIA, B. C., Sept. 27, 1884.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Our townsman, Mr. Fell, informs me that he has reecived a communication from you requesting an account of the attempt to stop Ingersoll's lecture here a few weeks ago. Mr. Fell has requested me to perform this act for him. Briefly, it was as follows:

The announcement that Ingersoll intended to lecture in Victoria filled the church people with dismay. A lot of criminals could not evince greater dread of exposure. The only way they could see open to them to prevent the catastrophe was to close all the halls and theaters against him, and in this they would hav succeeded, excepting a very small one owned by a Liberal.

The old theater was procured, solely because the Liberals owned the seats, and threatened otherwise to remove them. The fire-warden had meantime raised objections on account of deficient means of exit, and carpenters were employed to obviate this difficulty, and no further trouble was anticipated. But at the hour appointed, and when about half the audience had assembled, a squad of police came up, and planting themselvs in the door, stopped further ingress. This produced intense excitement and some attempts to pass in in spite of the police. After some time, however, the excuse for the getting out an injunction becoming known, it was resolved to remove it. It seems the fire-warden had reported that the building was still defectiv as to means of exit, and it was on this ground that a church parasite procured the mandamus to stop the meeting. It was soon recollected that the clapboards had been put over an old doorway opening into the street. The crowd made short work of tearing these down, and no further cause for the presence of the police being apparent, they went away, and the lecture was proceeded with.

But Mr. Ingersoll went aboard the Sound boat immediately after the lecture, no doubt to escape an action for blasphemy. This fate (a prosecution for blasphemy) has befallen Mr. Fell, in response to an action commenced by him against a local paper for slander.

But these events hav proven fortunate. The Liberals are forming a Liberal League. Its constitution and by-laws are upon four pages of foolscap under this letter, the ink scarcely dry. It is proposed to read one or two of Ingersoll's lectures as a commencement.

One article of our constitution, in ennumerating the objects of the society, reads thus:

"To remove or make odious the last remnant of the inquisition known as boycotting."

It is this influence exercised by the church which prevents union among all the Liberals and universal liberty.

E. STEVENSON, M.D.

INGERSOLL'S APATHY EXPLAINED.

Col. Ingersoll was interviewed on the 13th of September by the reporter of the *San Francisco Examiner*, who handed him an abstract of the New York *Sun's* dispatch of Sept. 12th. The abstract stated that Ingersoll sought recognition of Hayes and Garfield, and failed, when Ingersoll withdrew from politics, and swore he would never take any part for any person or party; and quotes the conclusion of the dispatch which reports a friend of Blaine as saying:

"Under what obligation is Blaine to do anything for Ingersoll? The account is more than even between them. The name of Blaine gave Ingersoll the opportunity to lift himself from obscurity into national notice. That notice has given him the great success of the day as a lecturer. If Ingersoll had not continued the war upon the church after the nation had discovered him at Cincinnati, he might hav became a prominent favorit in politics, but he preferred to follow up the part that had given him local fame in Illinois. If he is sincere, he should be satisfied. Blaine fully appreciates Bob Ingersoll, but he is too good a churchman to ever publicly recognize the greatest Agnostic of the day."

Col. Ingersoll handed the reporter the following reply:

"I saw the item in the *Bulletin*. There is no truth in it. I never asked any recognition of President Hayes. Never asked him for the Berlin mission. Never spoke to any one on the subject. Never spoke to one of his cabinet except Secretary Evarts. I called on Mr. Evarts, and told him that I would not accept any appointment from the administration. I never asked any appointment of General Garfied. Never authorized any one to ask anything for me. Never authorized any one to ask anything for me from Mr. Hayes. I never asked anything from Mr. Arthur, nor authorized any one else to do so. I never sought recognition from Hayes, Garfield, or Arthur, and never asked a political favor for myself from Mr. Blaine.

"Of course I do not know what Evarts said to Hayes, or what Hayes said to Evarts, and do not care. All that I know is that I never asked any recognition from Hayes, Garfield Arthur, or Blaine, and there never was any place within their gift that I would hav accepted. I did not withdraw from politics on account of what Garfield and Blaine did or failed to do. I am under no political obligation to Mr. Blaine, and was under none to General Garfield or Hayes. My action has not been affected by anything that General Garfield did or failed to do, or that Mr. Blaine has done or failed to do. I hav not felt called upon to take any activ part in this campaign. Of course I want the Republican party to succeed, and believe that it will. As to the last part of the *Bulletin* article, in which it is said that Mr. Blaine is too good a churchman to publicly recognize me, I am not advised and cannot say. I am not in need of public recognition at present."

Take Him into the Fold.

The following letter from our esteemed Theistic friend was read at the late state Convention:

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Sept. 4, 1884.

To the New York Freethinkers' Association, in Convention:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: But for my annual hay-fever infirmity, now upon me, I should be with you to protest against being advertised as "*orthodox*," and to try to shed some light upon subjects of greater importance. So far from having any sympathy with orthodox theology (which I hav no difficulty in tracing to pagan *mythology*, and it to a more ancient *typology*), I hav already found it necessary to protest against an *orthodox* Liberalism! I object to the assumed right of any man to prescribe what I am to believe or to formulate the conclusions to which I must subscribe, before I can be recognized as a Freethinker "in good and regular standing!" I concede the right of any one to be an *Atheist*, and some of the best men I hav ever known hav called themselvs by that name, though Auguste Comte and Charles Darwin were not Atheists. I would not place any disability, political, civil, or social, upon any one on account of his belief or disbelief. I go, literally, for *free thought* and *free* speech, and hate proscription among Liberals jus as cordially as I do among orthodox religionists. I hold that a *Theist* may be as good a *Freethinker* as a *Materialist*, and that Spiritualists are not necessarily idiots and lunatics. Indeed I never could understand why a man should be so proud, and imagin himself almost a god, when he thinks he has succeeded in proving himself a brute! There is a *natural* religion as really as there is a *natural* philosophy and a *natural* science. I detest the *un*natural, and hav little or no faith in the *super*natural. The word *supersensuous* better describes what is not commonly cognized in nature. I am in fellowship with all honest Freethinkers, whether I agree with them in everything or not. There can be no true morality without absolute freedom. The truth is generally found between rude extremes, and but few final conclusions hav, as yet, been reached upon any subject. The work of *evolution* is not completed. Let us labor and wait. Let us not be illiberal in our advocacy of Liberalism, nor intolerant in contending for toleration. Let us be valiant, but charitable. R. B. WESTBROOK.

☞ The weekly crowding of THE TRUTH SEEKER'S columns with interesting reading matter, precludes the advertising of many books to which we would like to call the attention of friends, and of which, we hav no doubt, they would like to know. To make amends for this we hav issued a Catalog of our publications and books that we hav for sale, and this Catalog will be sent free to all applicants.

"WHY do you not return East and work for Blaine?" Judge Ryan, of the Treasury Department at San Francisco, asked Col. Ingersoll the other day. And this was the answer of the man who eight years ago dubbed Blaine the plumed knight. Hear him: "While I havn't eulogized the gods as much as some, I hav never and never will defend the devil."—*Ex.*

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SATURDAY, - - - OCTOBER 18, 1884.

Woman Suffrage.

A curious change of sentiment, if true, is depicted by Elizabeth Cady Stanton in a recent *Index*. She asserts that the Liberals in religion are afraid of the woman's rights people. The movement for extending suffrage has arrived, she says, "at the point where it was supposed that success would be assured. . . . Our leading journals generally treat the question with respect. Popular reviews and magazines entertain it quite hospitably in their pages. Scientists write voluminously on the difference of sex. Judges and lawyers hav come to discuss our political demand as one of constitutional law, and the clefgy are giving us new interpretations of scripture in harmony with the spirit of the age."

But "now . . . our Liberals come to a dead stand. They say they are in favor of woman suffrage *per se*, but they are afraid of the practical working of the principle. They say women are naturally so conservativ, so entirely under the control of their priests and bishops, that, if the right of suffrage were conceded, they would use their political power to destroy the secular nature of our government. The objection to woman's enfranchisment is made alike in America, England, and France."

Mrs. Stanton has "spoken out in meeting," and we hope the truths she has told will make the Free Religionists—whom she particularly mentions—reconsider their attitude. We hav also heard the same objections urged by stanch Freethinkers, and there would appear to be good reason for their timidity about extending the franchise were expediency the only object, and were it right to deny a natural privilege that temporary evil might be averted.

In the election at Seattle, Washington Territory, the ministers undertook to run the town in the interests of what they call morality. The women of that territory were enfranchised last winter, and constituted a powerful element in politics. The notion that they would vote as their husbands directed received its quietus in that place on this occasion. Of some 680 registered female voters, about 600 followed the lead of the ministers. Their ticket was beaten, nevertheless. It is reported that numerous family jars grew out of the occurrence, and altogether the result was not a good argument with which to combat the expediency people.

But the objection to female suffrage so often advanced by the old fogies of the church, that going to the polls would tend to demoralize the women and make them less ladies, was also exploded. The correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* says that all the female suffragists had claimed for the influence of women at the polls, so far as producing order is concerned, was borne out by the election in Washington Territory. The balloting proceeded everywhere in the most respectable and dignified fashion. The ladies were treated as considerately as though they had been at church. For their part, they handed in their tickets quietly and went home. In some towns they voted very generally; in others only a small fraction of them appeared at the polls.

Perhaps the most serious difficulty encountered in this Washington Territory experiment is connected with the courts. We are told that the serving upon juries is regarded by the women with dislike approaching rebellion toward the phase of the citizen's duty. In most counties the sheriffs put the names of women into the jury-box; in some, where they neglected to do so, the judges had the error rectified. The women had voted; now they must take their chances with the men, and not shirk the burdens of citizenship. The conspicuous women advocates of the new suffrage law urged heroism upon the victims of the panel, but most of them pleaded to be excused from serving. Two of the territorial judges were quite lenient, and accepted any kind of an excuse; but the third, Judge Green, insisted on the women serving unless they had the strongest reasons for staying at home. In one county, where by accident no names of women had been drawn, he set aside the entire panel, had the names of female citizens put into a box by themselvs, and required the sheriff to draw every alternate name from that box. The difficulties of mixed juries of the two sexes became painfully apparent when cases came to be tried of certain classes not uncommon in courts where evidence is given unfit for ladies' ears.

These drawbacks can doubtless be avoided by summoning only men in the cases last mentioned, but if the following be true the upholders of expediency hav a strong plea. It is said that in the grand jury room the women showed tendency to jump to conclusions and trust to intuition rather than evidence. They wanted to indict people on general principles. Especially was this the case where liquor selling or the social evil was involved. If they could hav had their way unhindered they would hav hustled hundreds of people off to jail without law or testimony.

In Mrs. Stanton's paper she allows for these and other alleged peculiarities of women, and admits, by way of argument, "that women in general are narrow, bigoted, and timid; that their influence would be uniformly against every step in progress; that if they had political power they would use it invariably to reinforce the conservativ party," and attributes it to the fact that women hav been oppressed and kept under by theology and man's love of authority. But, she asks, if woman's narrowness is shown in her direct influence, is it not the same in its indirect influence? In pursuing this thought she finds the question answered in the affirmativ. "Whether for good or ill, the influence of woman is ever insidiously doing its work—either drawing man upward to the sublimer hights where he can behold all things in their true relations, or holding him down in the valley of humiliation, where the narrow horizon bounds every outlook. The bigotry and superstition of the mothers are sedulously infused into the minds of the children, reappearing in every legislativ assembly, and in every ecclesiastical council generation after generation, wasting the time and patience of our Liberal thinkers in combating the old, worn-out systems of political economy and theology in the men believing what their mothers taught them. How seldom you meet a man whose ideas on all subjects are clear and consistent, in harmony with one another, and resting on some grand principle, so that his opinion on one question givs you the key to his opinions on all. His manly endeavors in the world of thought are blocked at every turn by the prejudices and superstitions of his mother, wife, and sister. His honest inquiries when a boy into the soul of things were never answered. Instead of instructing him in those things he could understand pertaining to his life, his mind is bewildered with fears of the mysterious life beyond, of which his teacher knows nothing. In later years, the social code of morals teaches him to echo popular opinions and not combat the evils of his day and generation, if he would insure personal success and family aggrandizement. Policy, expediency, manœuvring, stratagem, are the weapons of oppressed classes in life's battle; and these are the weapons our mothers are compelled to use at the fireside, and in such tactics they drill their sires and sons."

This condition is the result, in Mrs. Stanton's opinion, of human laws and customs which we hav the right to modify and change altogether. Instead of being the "patient, hopeless slave she is," woman must be educated out of her bondage, not only for her own sake but that she may evolve a higher type of manhood in her sons. "Seeing that her indirect influence is generally acknowledged to be all-powerful for good or for evil, there is only one road to safety; and that is to accord to woman all the advantages and opportunities for higher development, and thus enlarge her sympathies, clear her vision, and strengthen her judgment, that the race may be lifted up a few degrees."

That is our opinion. Notwithstanding the drawbacks encountered in Washington Territory, we still say that, no matter how they use it, women hav as much right to a voice in the government as men. The American "sovereigns" often vote against their own best interests, but they do not disfranchise themselvs for it. The present gross injustice against women should not be perpetuated because temporary evil may result from the correction. The principle at stake is clear, and should be maintained.

Mr. Applebee Aroused.

We hav received the following note from the Rev. James Kay Applebee, aspirer, of Parker Memorial, Boston:

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I hav one or two things to say respecting the article which appeared in your last issue entitled 'A Remarkable Sermon.'

"Referring to the motto, proposed by Mr. Andrews for the Liberal League, you say:

"'The reverend gentleman did not even quote Mr. Andrews aright; the accurate statement of the motto is, "In things proven, unity; in whatsoever can be doubted, free diversity; in things not trenching upon others' right, liberty; in all things, charity."'

"You add that I 'perverted' this motto, and further on you say that I hav been guilty of 'a dishonest attempt to impute to Mr. Andrews and the League purposes and desires which never entered the thought of either, nor were ever expressed by even the shadow of implication.' You further say that I 'owe the man and the organization an apology,' and you ask, 'Is he gentleman enough to make it?'

"I neither owe an apology to Mr. Andrews nor to the League. Instead of proving that I hav been guilty of a dishonest attempt, you only succeed in proving that you yourself are either ignorant or false. In quoting the motto I used the exact words of Mr. Andrews. You hav ignorantly or wilfully confounded the motto Mr. Andrews was good enough to frame for the Liberal League with the motto he, years afterward, framed for 'the Colloquium.' At the centennial Congress of the League held at Philadelphia, Mr. Andrews submitted a resolution as follows:-

"'WHEREAS, The Evangelical Alliance has presented to the world, as the platform of a possible co-operativ unity among elements characterized by diversity, the following epitome of thought: In essentials, unity; in non-essentials, liberty; in all things, charity; therefore,

"'*Resolved*, That we adopt and promulgate as the true scientific basis of organization the following motto or epitomized statement: In things demonstrated and certain, unity; in whatsoever can be doubted, free diversity; in all things, chariry.'—*Official Report, p.* 156.

"I still think, and for reasons urged in my 'remarkable sermon'—reasons which you hav not ventured to touch—that the first clause of this motto is 'supreme nonsense.' The fact that Mr. Andrews amended the motto for 'the Colloquium' would seem to indicate that he himself, by a remarkably slow process, came to consider it imperfect. Instead of myself owing an apology to Mr. Andrews and the League, it is you who owe an apology to me. Are you gentlemen enough to make it?

"In the course of your article, you say of me, 'It is the more shame to him that he was once a subscriber to the *Investigator*.' I confess I never regarded the matter exactly in that light. On reflection, however, I am inclined to think you are correct. I admit it to be 'a shame to me' that I was once a subscriber to the *Investigator*. This one thing, I venture to say, should be put down to my credit—I speedily discovered the utter worthlessness of the *Investigator*, and did not renew my subscription. I suspect this is just where your dear brother Seaver finds the shoe to pinch!

"I might reasonably complain of your assertions that I am 'dishonest,' that I indulge in 'uncalled-for attacks on individuals,' that I am 'ignorant of my subject,' 'that I revel in the discussion of obscenity,' that I indulge in 'rant stolen from the religious press,' that I hav said what was 'infamously false,' that I 'borrowed' portions of my discourse and 'forgot to giv credit,' and so forth and so forth. I suppose this sort of slander-slinging pleases you; it certainly does not hurt me. I also suppose it to be your usual method of manifesting the sweet sanity of that 'Liberalism' in which you are daily accustomed to revel.

"Except when, as in the present case, my honesty and honor are directly impeached, I hav made it, through life, my rule to abstain from answering any editorial comments on anything I may utter. Editors, like most other old women, are fond of having the last word, and their position enables them to get it. Yours truly, JAMES KAY APPLEBEE.

Boston, Oct. 6, 1884.

We are always glad to get these pleasant letters from the clergy, and when one contains so full and complete a correction of errors as this one does, we are particularly elated! Mr. Applebee is such a gentleman, and such a close reader—never omitting a single point for the edification and enlightenment of the "old women" who endeavor to set him right—and, withal, is so genial and courteous, that we are tempted to double-lead his communication.

There are "one or two things," though, that, perhaps, it is incumbent on us to say, seriously.

First, as to the perversion of Mr. Andrews's motto. When Mr. Andrews first saw Mr. Applebee's sermon, he said that the motto was not quoted correctly, and handed us the version we gave. Referring to him now, he says that the motto was in the constitution of the Universal Freethinkers' Association formed in 1874; that at Philadelphia, where he has forgotten that he introduced the resolution, he must hav restated it momentarily from memory, and that subsequently the matter was restated in the record of the

Colloquium, which is a matter of some three year's standing.

The original form, as put forth in the preamble to the constitution of the Universal Freethinkers' Association, was: "In all things not trenching on others' rights, liberty; in things proven, unity; in what can be doubted, free diversity; in all things, charity."

We cheerfully aquit Mr. Applebee of perverting the motto, but the amendments he says Mr. Andrews has made are not amendments. The motto adopted by the League was not the one put forth *two years earlier*, and since used as perfected on Colloquium documents, but a hastily-written and imperfect statement. Mr. Applebee will see that his remarks about "a remarkably slow process" are pointless. The original and the final versions are substantially alike, and nothing that Mr. Applebee has said turns the edge of our criticism of his words. In any form the motto has been stated his urged objections are futil, and a careful reperusal of his paragraph fails to discover any "reason" we did not touch.

Next, Mr. Applebee says we accused him of "a dishonest attempt to impute to Mr. Andrews and the League purposes and desires which never entered the thoughts of either," etc. Now, we did nothing of the kind. In Mr. Applebee's remarks he said, commenting upon the motto: "What is doubtful to me may be a firm certainty to my neighbor. *Shall he be allowed to restrain me in the utterance of my doubts because he happens to be without doubt at all?*" Any one reading this latter sentence would unquestionably gather that in the proposition dissented from by Mr. Applebee there was some command to *restrain* people from thinking a certain way. And we said that "*IF* his [Mr. Applebee's] query is a dishonest attempt to impute to Mr. Andrews and the League purposes and desires which never entered the thoughts of either, . . . Mr. Applebee owes the man and the organization an apology." And we think so still. Any one who imputes to another intentions, motivs, desires, or purposes, which the person or persons distinctly repudiate, is dishonest. And the time has passed when ministers are exempt from this criticism. We further asked, "Is he gentleman enough to make it?" It seems not.

Mr. Applebee sets his opinion of the value of the *Investigator* above that of thousands who hav read it for years. We fancy that Brother Seaver is not especially solicitous about the renewal. The "eleven obstinate jurymen" will probably continue to hold their opinions.

For the gross distortions of what we said in the next to the closing paragraph of Mr. Applebee's cheerful note we care nothing. He would hav the reader infer that he said nothing "dishonest" or "infamously false," and that he was not "ignorant of his subject." Perhaps not; but no man can say of such a body of individuals as compose the League that "*every subsequent act of the League* [since 1876] *only tended to sink the cause of religious Liberalism into infamy and disgrace*," and not be dishonest, ignorant, and infamously false. We entertain the utmost contempt for ministers who, from their pulpits, beslime people in all respects their superiors, and then cry "slander" when exposed. Many of Mr. Applebee's congregation undoubtedly think the Leaguers are all "filthy rascals," and unfit to associate with decent men and women. For this the preacher is responsible, and his responsibility ought to be known that men may accurately measure him.

That is all we hav to say at present, unless we may be allowed to quote a remark of a Democratic attendant at a state convention in Iowa, to wit: "For family-dividing, soul-destroying, damnable lying, commend me to a minister." Amen and Amen!

Editorial Notes.

THE sardonic Saladin, of the *Secular Review*, is deeply affected by George Chainey's adoption of a "new gospel." He prefaces a long quotation from the first of Mr. Chainey's Cassadaga speeches printed in these columns with these sentences:

"The head and front of celebrity in the Cassadaga Convention of American Freethinkers is the epoch-marking speech of Mr. George Chainey, whom many of our readers will recognize as a gifted, but somewhat inflated and unequal, contributor to this journal. Years ago I recognized in the editor of *This World* a man made of no common clay. His faults and offenses, literary and ratiocinativ, were such as Mr. J. Smith could never commit. His intellect was evidently plastic to the molding of the fierce, hot fingers of his temperament, and his waking life tinged with the shadow of his dreams. 'But,' exclaimed I, 'but for the merciless rigidity of mental disciplin to which the school system of Scotland subjected me, I should hav had all the unsystematic enthusiasm and incoherent poetry of George Chainey.' And I did not thus exclaim with a pharisaical consciousness that I was wiser and holier than he. I seriously questioned whether enthusiasm gained by being systematic, and whether the worth of poetry was enhanced by coherence. Although I never saw him, although I never exchanged even an epistolary note with him in my life, long ago my heart traversed the width of the Atlantic to hail him as a kindred spirit, but one not so sternly trained, one possessing more of the freedom and sweeping outline of nature, and less of the athletic cult of the agonistis and gymnast. And behold in the following the result of the dominance of the emotional over the intellectual."

And closes as follows:

"I should as soon expect to find malodor in the rose as dishonesty in a nature like that of Mr. Chainey. No 'spirit-love, Lilly Dove,' is ever likely to pass her gentle hand over my grim brow. But, if she did, I should acknowledge her presence, amid the sneers and gibes of the world. There is no absolute world, *per se*, to any of us. Our world is, to each and all of us, what we make it. For me, it only remains to see that no rust of inaction be permitted to dim the fierce gleam of my blade, that no voice of siren be permitted to blend with the merciless ring of my battle-cry. Down with the church! Let me see that it stand not as loftily over my grave as it did over my cradle. Under the *debris* from its minarets which I hav already pulled down *my* Lilly Dove lies slain; but I hav more sympathy than sneer for the spirit-love of a man like George Chainey. The self-sufficient Atheist may laugh; the reverent Agnostic pauses to study and wonder."

"THE Christian Sunday," the Rev. Carlos Martyn thinks, "is the old Jewish Sabbath transferred by the authority of inspired prophets to the first day of the week. Now, possessing such a day, are we willing to surrender it or change its character? The assault upon it is being made by two different but co-operating classes. The one is that portion of our population, which has been cradled under a civilization antagonistic to ours, and taught to consider Sunday as a working holiday. The other class is composed of recreant Americans of high social position and much wealth, who ape French manners. They desire to introduce here the Parisian Sunday. They fancy that they hav found a grand warcry in the demand that museums and libraries be thrown open to the public, and a band tootle in Central Park on Sundays. They ask, 'What is the objection to this?' I answer: 'In the first place, the fourth commandment forbids it; second, it is against immemorial usage, our observance of Sunday being as distinctivly American as the public school and the ballot-box; third, the experiment has been tried and has failed, as was seen in the case of the Mercantile and Cooper Union libraries, which were opened two years ago on Sundays, but were speedily closed because it was discovered that the reading rooms had become lounging places for bummers and tramps, and fourth, because it is unnecessary, sufficient opportunity being furnished to all to inspect the museums and libraries on other holidays and on Saturday evenings." Mr. Martyn makes a few mistakes. The Mercantile Library was not opened on Sundays. The Cooper Union reading-room was opened, and is open now on Sundays, and is crowded with respectable people. The Rev. Carlos should go to sleep again. He has awoke too early.

AT the evening session of the Episcopal congress at Detroit, Oct. 9th, the topic was, "Is our civilization just to workingmen?" Henry George, of New York, was the chief reader. The Rev. Dr. R. Heber Newton, of New York, said labor's complaint is poverty. Poverty is the fault neither of the laborer nor of nature. The state crosses the path of the workingman and prevents him from making a fair fight. Labor fails to get favorable legislation and capital secures all it asks. He believed the laborer to be entitled to a just share of the wealth he creates, and impartial action should be taken. The only court for the workingman to appeal to is justice. The Rev. C. R. Baker, of Brooklyn, believed that the gains of the world always came from the poor; never from the rich. He favored war against capital. The Rev. Henry Mott believed that rich and poor both suffer from ignorance, and argued that education was the thing needed. It is an encouraging sign that ministers are subordinating the life in the sky to the one here. But a peculiar feature of this is, that only the heretical preachers are taking up these subjects. The orthodox ones are content to let the majority of the people liv in hell here and hereafter.

THE *Volks Zeitung* of September 27th contains the following: "A citizen of Plawen had a gravestone erected for his wife, who died last year, with the following inscription: 'Resurrection is a fable; your child alone will continue to blossom.' The surveyors asked the police authorities to remove the stone from the graveyard, as being a public annoyance, at the same time taking legal proceedings against the Infidel husband and the sculptor for bringing religion into disrepute. The public prosecutor prosecuted, and the case was heard at the 'Landesgericht,' the court being crowded by the public, eagerly waiting for the judgment. The principal defendant said that when his wife was lying on her death-bed he tried to console her by saying, 'We shall meet again,' to which she answered, 'There is no meeting again; the old branches fall off, but we survive in our children.' This caused him to hav the inscription engraved on her stone. The prosecutor maintained the charge, but the court discharged the prisoners."

THE method practiced by the New Zealand Christians for preventing Freethought lectures on Sunday, is to enforce the act prohibiting meetings at which admission is charged, this being the means used by the Rationalists to pay expenses. At the meeting of the Auckland Rationalistic Association recently, it was resolved to start a defense fund, and to communicate with the kindred societies in New Zealand with the view of securing their co-operation and assistance in testing the matter.

THE following is the wording of the 463d section of the Criminal Amendment act, New South Wales: "No person shall be liable to prosecution in respect of any publication by him, orally or otherwise, of words or matter charged as blasphemous, where the same is by way of argument or statement—and not for the purpose of scoffing or reviling—nor of violating public decency, nor in any manner tending to a breach of the peace."

THIS is the way the *Evening Telegram*, of Portland, Oregon, describes the taking off of a San Francisco murderer: "Hutchings, the strangler, shriven by the priest, clasping in his hands and kissing the crucifix and murmuring his love for Jesus, was, yesterday, dropped six feet seven inches from a platform built for that purpose in the jail yard at San Francisco, and his body was duly placed in a coffin and buried in the Catholic cemetery. The idea intended to be conveyed by the ceremonies attendant upon his execution is that he went straight to paradise, being duly provided with a permit which would be recognized as genuin by St. Peter at the gates thereof, and that he has now entered upon a season of everlasting bliss."

THE New York *Tribune* says: "There are 1,500 Chinese children, who will probably hav to grow up without the blessings of Christian civilization. The state superintendent of public schools in California has just declared 'that Chinese children cannot become pupils of the public schools, public education being intended under the constitution of the state only for those who can become citizens.'" The clergy are shouting themselvs hoarse for Blaine, who was nominated because of his position on the exclusion of the "heathen Chinee," and the *Tribune* is their organ.

"THEOLOGIANS," says Beecher, "hav thought out God, and what a miserable mess they hav made of it! The creeds and catechisms that represent God are very much like the children's efforts at art. They giv to their representations of animals stiff, wooden arms and legs. The God of the creeds is very much a wooden god." No man, continues Mr. Beecher, can form an adequate conception of God who is not godlike. All right living, and all high and noble dispositions in one's self and among men are the materials that are upon the palette for the imaging of God.

FRIEND PUTNAM'S "Waifs and Wanderings," the *Communist* thinks, "is a very interesting narrativ, and written in a very entertaining manner, showing much originality and independence of character as well as freedom of thought and progressiv ideas in connection with the events narrated. The wanderings of the waifs are through some of the scenes of our Civil war, and would be read with great interest by all." The Missouri *Liberal* says the "book is high in tone, true to nature, and written in that extraordinary style for which the author is noted."

THE defense of the Lord against the mighty in San Francisco seems to rest with the Catholics. The *Monitor*, of the 1st inst., devotes two pages to "answering" Ingersoll, and the publishers of the paper are circulating several thousand extra copies of it. The "answers" are soundly orthodox and especially Romish in their sophistry, but few people in this day and generation will be deceived by writers who maintain that Genesis is a scientific account of the world's formation.

CHARLES BRADLAUGH'S case on appeal comes up next month. He will not be able to get his seat in the present Parliament, but when a new election is ordered, which will undoubtedly be within a year, he will probably be re-elected, and can swear himself in before a quorum is present to prevent. The appeal to be argued next month is to reverse the verdict against him for "illegally" voting in the House of Commons."

MGR. CAPEL has just reprinted, with preface from his own pen, "The Faith of Catholics Confirmed by Scripture and Attested by the Fathers of the First Five Centuries." The work was written in the early part of this century and was edited five and twenty years ago by the Rev. James Waterworth. This is undoubtedly designed to be an authoritativ exposition of the Catholic creed.

THE cardinal vicar of Rome has denounced as heretical the St. Paul Catholic American church there. His reasons are that it uses the Italian language in its church services, doubts the infallibility of the pope, disbelieves in the real presence, etc. Major excommunication is denounced against all who join or persuade others to join the church.

THE *Independent* is growing senile, and the weakening of mind incident to advanced age is painfully apparent in its "dissection" of Mr. Putnam's circular. Should the secretary of the League meet with no more vigorous opposition than Mr. Bowen's paper presents, he will hav an easy task.

THE excellent article published in THE TRUTH SEEKER of the 4th inst., under the title of "The New Republic," was a synopsis of Mrs. Severance's lecture at the Cassadaga Freethinkers' Convention, and should hav been so designated.

"SOCIETY," said Mr. Beecher, Sunday before last, "and largely public sentiment, is Infidel, is Atheistic." Mr. Beecher has exceptional advantages for feeling the public pulse.

JUDGE CALDWELL, a Federal judge in Arkansas, has decided that a contract made on Sunday is valid.

MR. CHARLES WATTS'S lecture engagements for the next month are as follows: Sunday, Oct. 12th, Toronto; Monday and Tuesday, 13th and 14th, Hamilton; Wednesday, 15th, Welland; Thursday, 16th, Dunnville; Friday, 17th, Seaforth; Sunday, 19th, Toronto; Monday, 20th, Meaford; Tuesday, 21st, Owen Sound; during the following week a tour through north of Canada; Sunday, 26th, and following week, Hamilton and the west; Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, Nov. 2d, 3d, and 4th, Montreal. Mr. Watts will arrive in New York November 6th.

A WELL-DRESSED stranger at Erie said his prayers and then drowned himself. It is singular, remarks a contemporary, that a Christian about to die should take the trouble to pray when he knows that he is soon to go where he can make his communication direct.

A MINISTER having preached the same discourse to his people three times, one of his constant hearers said to him after service: "Doctor, the sermon you gave us this morning having had several readings, I move that it now be passed."

Letters from Friends.

GOLD HILL, COL., Sept. 20, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Mr. John R. Kelso, in a letter in THE TRUTH SEEKER of September 6th, invited a definition of "marriage," its institution, authority, etc., and affirms "it must hav been established by nature, by man, or by some deity superior to either." Perhaps the works of Messrs. Fowler & Wells giv as much information upon this subject, from a natural standpoint, as any other popular publications in our language; also, the statutes of all civilized lands define its legal status, and specify in what degrees of consanguinity marriage may not be entered into, and how it may be abrogated. These statutes are all based upon, or copied from, the Mosaic law upon the subject, found in the eighteenth chapter of Leviticus. The Hebrews were there forbidden to copy after the people of Egypt or Palestine in contracting marriages, "lest the land spew you out also, as it spewed out the nations that were before you, for the souls that trangress shall be cut off from among the people."

But the authority for a union of the sexes of men runs back to the history of the first pair, as found in the first two chapters of Genesis, close up to six thousand years ago by the best chronology we hav. It is there stated that on the sixth day man was "created in God's image, male and female, who were told to multiply and increase, and replenish the earth and subdue it." The woman is there called a "wife." Sixteen hundred years after, in Noah's time, previous to the flood, we are told in Genesis vi, 2, that "the sons of God took wives of the daughters of men of all that they chose;" but Noah and his sons had but one wife each, nor, so far as history relates, did the patriarchs of the first thousand years. There is no other authority, religious, moral, or civil, relating to the subject of marriage until we come down to nearly the time of Abraham, who had one wife, some concubines as plural wives, and one of whose decendents married two sisters, while his wife was a half sister. Adam's sons and grandsons must hav married their near relativs from necessity, a measure that Moses forbade, as tending to deteriorate the race, though cousins were allowed to intermarry.

The above is sufficient for our purpose, to explain the origin and authority of the union of the sexes. The woman was made for a "help-meet for the man," because it was "not good for him to dwell alone" without companionship, nor was it possible for him to replenish or subdue the earth without help. This populating the earth was a prime necessity of nature, as well as law, originally divine, and afterward continued by human enactments to the present time.

The statistics of all peoples, in all ages, show about an equal number of male and female births, which is a conclusiv argument against either sex having more than one partner in the family relation, the obvious object being to hav children cared for while growing up, and properly educated to fill their places in society worthily, and for that end and purpose all civilized laws are framed and adjusted. Neither sex could generally succeed in rearing children for good citizens outside of a marriage compact as exhibited in the family union. The miserable way in which Mormon wives of poor men are treated and their children are reared, ought to forever stamp plural marriages with infamy, and be legally estopped speedily; if any one doubts, let them read Mrs. Stenhouse's exposition of its workings in Utah.

But there is another view of marriage of great import, viz., its ordinary practice inside of law and custom. Probably more than half the husbands in America do not, in practice, treat their wives as companions, much less as equals; to hav their food prepared, and their desires gratified, is the utmost they care for conjugal welfare. This stricture is true of nearly all immoral men; while, on the hand, the wealthy women too often resort to criminality to limit their families. Wealthy women, who could raise children with little cost, hav few or none, while the poor, ignorant, and brutal are overburdened with family cares, with no means to rear them above want and ignorance, on account of the ignorance, wickedness, and brutality of these women's husbands. Should we call these alliances marriages? A true marriage is a home for the cultivation of the affections, where passion is kept in abeyance by the will; where the woman is never overburdened with family cares and maternity, or compelled to work more hours than necessary; where she trains her children aright; is careful of either's (their joint) earnings; a home which the man prizes, though but a shed, and where he spends his leisure time in his wife's society in preference to other associations. Such homes and such marriages are fast disappearing, because of exacting usury, rents, mortgages, and competitiv work and wages consequent upon labor-saving inventions, which capitalists absorb all the profits of, instead of dividing such profits with labor, thus constantly making the poor poorer until they are reduced to serfdom and slavery, while the wealthy know not how to take care of or use properly their unjust accumulations. It is these latter things that destroy families, produce divorces, pervert society, and make a misnomer of marriage altogether.

A. HITCHINGS.

READING, KAN., Sept 14, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: The Liberals of our enterprising town hav established a Sabbath-school for the purpose of feeling the liberty of a free discussion of the demerits as well as the merits of the so-called word of God.

Lesson for next Sabbath, Matthew, 4th chapter:

In the close of the last week's lesson, we find that after Christ was baptized of John, the spirit of God descended and lighted upon his son. Now we find the same spirit (as no other has been spoken of) leading his son into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil. It seems that at this time Jesus was about thirty years old, and certainly with all the advantages which he seemed to hav possessed, ought to hav known something of where to find the devil, or at least to hav known more about him than he here seems to be represented. It seems that as soon as God got his son off into the devil's country, he went off and left him without anything to eat for forty days and forty nights. It would seem at first thought that this was very cruel in God to leave the poor child, only thirty years old, all alone to starve; but when we consider that it was necessary for God to know what kind of a boy he had in order to show his love for the world and not get fooled out of his great plan of redemption, it shows forth what a loving father he is to the rest of us.

We must remember, too, that God had at this time been in business a long time, and had failed so many times in his undertakings he was sharp enough to prove, to his own satisfaction, that this boy was no humbug, but was the veritable Jesus which the angel had told Joseph that the Holy Ghost was the father of. The statement that Jesus went forty days and nights without anything to eat has been a great point for Infidels to bring up as against the truth of the Bible, from the supposed fact of it being impossible. But we hav demonstrated by Mr. Tanner, of New York, that it is possible, thereby proving, or rather disproving, at least, one strong Infidel point as against the truth of the great book of books. And again. Jesus has clearly shown forth his divinity in not getting hungry till after the forty days. You may naturally ask, If he could go forty days without getting hungry, why couldn't he go forever without getting hungry? He could, and would probably, if it had not been for that devil coming to him to talk about his having something to eat. Then, and not until then, his human nature asserted itself, and he got hungry. What a cruel fellow that devil must hav been to come to Jesus and call his attention to having something to eat and not giv the poor boy something, that he might satisfy his hunger! What a poor consolation it must hav been to Jesus, while in his craving desire for food, to hav that devil talk to him about making bread out of those stones. If that devil should ever become a tramp, and should call at my door with a brickbat in his hand asking for a little butter to spread on that brickbat that it might be more palatable, I would slam the door in his face, and tell him to eat it as it was—good enough for him.

But here again we notice the great contrast between the forgiving meekness of Jesus and the revengeful passion of man. While we hate the devil and would kill him, Jesus loved him and chose him as his boon companion; and more than that we see in the fifth verse that Jesus accepted the devil as his superior. "Then the devil took him up into the city, and sat him on a pinnacle of the temple." What a beautiful spirit is here manifested! Even though Jesus came into the world to drive the devil out, and while we hav the positiv evidence that Jesus had no other object in life than to fight the devil, we here find him accepting him as his guide.

While this shows clearly the divinity of Christ, whose teachings we must follow or be forever lost, we should also remember the power of the devil, and shun him as we would our grandmother's ghost. May the Lord hav mercy.

W. H. P.

OAK POINT, WASH. TER., Sept. 23, 284.

MR. EDITOR: With your kind permission I will say a few words in reply to Brother Tompkins in your issue of Sept. 6th. I deem it my duty to let our southern brother know that his sentiments are rarely indorsed by THE TRUTH SEEKER family of the North.

Friend Tompkins, you say you hope Brother Collier will see that the black people ought to own every foot of the slave states. They made the South all it is, and it should hav been confiscated for their use. If this is your belief, it is well for humanity that you hav but little influence in our national affairs. Such an act would hav worked great injustice and caused untold suffering. It smacks too much of Bible justice to be practiced in this age and country. With all your professed love for the black people, you seem to hav forgotten the dictates of humanity for your own race. There are many people in the slave states who did not own slaves, but you would rob them all and drive them penniless—and, so far as you seem concerned, friendless—into the wilderness. History rarely furnishes a parallel to such an outrage. The negroes hav not made the slave states all they are, and would not hav done as much as they hav toward subduing and improving them had they not been guided by the superior intelligence of their masters. You also say, "Do as much to educate and elevate the black race as you hav to degrade them," etc. Now, I do not wish to defend slavery in any form, but facts are stubborn things, and in the case of the negroes of the Southern states, they hav been improved and elevated while in captivity by their contact with white people and civilization, and are now far in advance of their barbarian relativs in Africa. They hav justly been emancipated, and although an ignorant and inferior race, enfranchised and admitted to full citizenship, in one of the most enlightened nations of the world; and, to use your own expression, they may thank their stars that it is as well with them as it is. I cannot see what cause is served by such rash arguments. Besides, the case has already been decided, and there is no hope of an appeal, nor any need of one. We should be more magnanimous with our conquered brothers. We met them in battle, and found them well worthy our steel; and now that we are the victors, and our cause won, we should not giv them cause to think we wish to impose upon them. Instead of keeping up sectional strife, we should allow the wounds caused by the war to heal. We may then harmonize the Freethought element more easily and bring about the so-much-needed organization. In union there is strength. There are many questions which urgently demand our attention, the foremost of which is the separation of church and state. The church is slowly but surely encroaching upon our blood-bought liberties. Let us, then, forget our late unpleasantness, organize, and to the rescue.

D. F. HOWARD.

NEW YORK, Sept. 27, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: THE TRUTH SEEKER of to-day has an article of a Mr. H. Willis, of Battle Creek, Mich., to which I wish to reply. Mr. Willis writes: "I hav no patience with such scribblers, who chime in with such howlers as Higginson, Schurz, & Co." Well, Mr. Willis, it happens the same to us; but whether we like it or not, we are compelled to drag you along all the same until you get more light, and are willing and desire to see and work for truth and honesty, or go under. It is with you the same as with the Catholics or Protestants. Show them the follies and contradictions of the Bible, or some crimes committed by their priests and ministers, all the proofs and evidences submitted to them will not convince them; they *will not* believe it; they *will not* see it, because they *do not like it;* they will not confess to be wrong.

Now about the parties. I do not care a snap for the Republican party to-day, nor for the Democratic either; they are both as corrupt and rotten as they well can be; but the Republicans are now in power these twenty-four years, and the immense government patronage at their dispensation has so degraded and degenerated it that it is no more the same as of old, when a Sumner, Greeley, Stevens, Schurz, Higginson, Stanton, etc., were its leaders. These men had lots of enemies, but you never heard their honesty and patriotism impugned by the least breath of suspicion.

Healthy politics, and governments, needs changes as times advances and progresses. We hav now before us three men as candidates for the presidency to vote for—Cleveland, Blaine, and Butler. Cleveland and Blaine both hav in their earlier lives sown their wild oats, as has been found out; but who has not? Blaine has been in office for a long time and has grown very rich, but the worst is mostly through his legislativ influence, as he himself givs ample proofs and evidences to convince any one unbiased enough and willing to see the truth. On the other side stands Cleveland as present governor of New York, and since in office without a blemish of his character and honesty.

Butler, in his long public life, has shown the most common good sense in his acts; he is a fearless, bold man, and, I think, means well. I respect an open, outspoken man, but I still take him for a demagog, and think he will hav no chance to succeed.

In contemplation of all circumstances, I think it best to vote for honesty—for Cleveland, a Democrat but not a Catholic Democrat. His success, and four years of Democratic government, would purge—if it is possible—the Republican party, and inspire it with new principles and life; or, better still, start an entirely new party, for instance, a "Liberal National League" party, which would then hav a better chance and would prove for the best of us all.

Yours for progress, FREDERICK KOEZLY.

PRINCETON, MASS., Oct. 4, Y. L., 12.

MR. EDITOR: I am glad to see that you extend a "fraternal hand" to the Rev. Mr. Applebee, in your issue of to-day. Among other "private griefs" he speaks of (in Boston *Commonwealth*, September 21st, I think), is that copies of the *Word* were sent him, for which he sentenced me to two years' imprisonment for the first offense, six for the second, and to be hung for the third! Please allow me to say how the *Word* happened to be sent to him. One of his own parishioners, interested to develop him, labor-and-social-reform-wise, asked me to send Mr. Applebee the paper, and paid for it! Under the statute, as you know, publishers are permitted, invited indeed, to send specimen copies to whosoever they please; if the paper is not wanted receivers hav simply to say so to carriers, and it then becomes the legal duty of the postmaster to notify the publisher that the paper is refused, misdirected, or otherwise abortiv.

Mr. Applebee's heated attack on me, Mr. Andrews, and others favoring repeal of Comstock's "laws," recalls the bigots who in Park Street church, Boston, in 1857, prayed God to put a hook in Theodore Parker's jaws, and haul him into hell-fire! Mr. Applebee, claiming to be St. Theodore's successor, "deals damnation" round town in lots like what came from "Brimstone Corner," as Park Street church was called, only the jail and the gallows are the hell he givs us. As Bennett, Lant, Train, Foote, and the rest of us got our several shares of hell, will not the Rev. Mr. Applebee be so kind as to take Elizur Wright, Horace Seaver, T. B. Wakeman, T. C. Leland, the pantarch, or your Infidel self this time? Besides, *I* am a "preferred" criminal; I hav committed the "third" offense, for which I "got off;" more than that, according to the rulings of Judges Pitman, Nelson, Lowell, and Treat, the "obscene" persons above mentioned were unjustly punished, and the Rev. Mr. Applebee "hangs" himself up to distinguished derision in being ten years behind such orthodox priests on mental-liberty issues. Wishing success to your generous purpose to lift him from "sloughs of despond," and take him through to "the good time coming," I am yours to go there also on the surest train running that way. E. H. HEYWOOD.

AUSTIN, Mo., Aug. 16, E.M. 284.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find account of a "Modern Miracle," which I would like you to notice editorially. I believe it to be one of those huge frauds that the clergy hav to resort to in order to bolster up their dying cause.

If there is any truth in that case I think it about time God was calling around this way to perform similar acts of mercy; for in this vicinity livs an estimable lady, a devout Christian, a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus, who has been confined to her bed for over twenty years with spinal affection. She is no better now than twenty years ago, and during all those long years of suffering, she has been offering up daily prayers to the great and merciful God for relief, but none comes. She bears her affliction patiently, and says, "God's will be done."

Is God a partial God, that, having the power to relieve distress, and seeing the world full of it, he selects isolated cases in obscure corners of the earth, upon which to manifest his unbounded mercy, and leaves the great bulk of humanity to suffer on? Is God (if there be a God) a respecter of persons, to manifest his loving kindness in small and trivial things, and wholly ignore great and noble deeds?

If God is as loving, kind, and merciful as the clergy represent him to be, why did he show such a great unconcern about

the suffering and distress of his dear children, when the Greely expedition was wrecked in the Arctic ocean, and the men reduced to such straits as to hav to eat the remains of their dead comrades, and the amputated limbs of men then living? God neglects many opportunities when he could aid the distressed; and the bones of the few survivors would now be floating on an iceberg in the Polar Sea if it had not been for the noble efforts of man.

How much more worthy would it hav been for God to hav sent relief to those noble men, than to sit with folded hands and watch sparrows fall.

Success to the great TRUTH SEEKER. R. A. SMILEY.

[The account is an "ordinary" faith cure, but with no authentication beyond the newspaper report. It purports to hav taken place in Norcross, Ga. If any of our Southern readers hav knowledge of the case they will oblige by exposing the humbug.—ED. T. S.]

HATBORO, PA., Sept. 30, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I cannot see the consistency of such men as Mr. Willis calling themselvs Liberals, objecting to such simple trash as the Atonement, and then believing that men who fought against their country's flag, which was wrong, having to go to the Republican party for redemption—a party that has clung to power the last four years by the most damnable frauds ever perpetrated on a free people.

I voted for the Republican party when I was compelled to shut my eyes and hold my nose while voting, "knowing that it had in its early days done much for the country," but God forbid that I shall vote with it again until it shows signs of reform. It has shouldered every ism that came along for years —anything to make a vote. We need reform in politics, as well as in religion. There has been much hum by some of our leading Liberals about the Catholic church. Many of them are led in that direction, no doubt, on account of the Catholics being followers of the Democratic party. If we get away with the bigoted Protestants—and there are plenty of them—the Catholics will be easily managed. We want law in this country that will make the Christan understand that church and state shall be separate, not in form, but in reality. We can't hav this as long as the orthodox Protestants' boast is good that no one but their member can be elected to the presidency. The Baptist church hav here to-day what they call an Association. Quite a number are here from a distance by railroad, and will be compelled to remain over night. The committee hav visited nearly every private house in the town, to hav them entertained free of charge. We, being called on, asked the question, "Why not go to the hotels? There are two good ones, able to accommodate all;" and were told, "Oh, they do not go to hotels." It is safe to bet the last dollar nine out of every ten of these men vote the Republican ticket. How long would it take to make good Liberals of such people? Mr. Remsburg and Mr. Willis can remain in their own and among Protestants and find lots of missionary work to do. We hav many Liberals doing good work, but giv me Mr. Ingersoll among them all yet. He strikes all the churches alike. He knows they are "all smeared with the same stick," and "they know he knows it." A. J. READING.

FOREST GROVE, OREGON, Oct. 2, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: The Liberals of Forest Grove had the pleasure of listening to Col. R. G. Ingersoll on the 18th of August. His subject was "Orthodoxy," and the lecture was delivered in the usual masterly manner of the silver-tongued orator. It was a grand treat—something we can never expect to hear again, as this is too small a place to attract such speakers very often. In fact, there is but one Ingersoll, and he was so annoyed by the hoodlum element that we cannot reasonably hope to ever hear him here again. We heard quite recently that there was a man in Forest Grove that could answer Ingersoll, and I should not wonder if after the colonel gets down in Mexico, this man should just go to work and annihilate him. It reminds me of a little joke of the colonel's. When here, he said that he had been told he was "fighting men of straw," and, with his jolly laugh, he said that from the style of answers he was getting, he guessed he was.

And he is. It is simply laughable to hear some of the preachers in this country, with their seven-by-nine brain, attempt to answer Col. Ingersoll.

Inclosed please find $2.50 for Col. Ingersoll's "Prose Poems," and fifty cents for Lithograph of the Bennett Monument. We hav a large picture of the colonel handsomely framed, and all of his lectures. Now I want his "Prose Poems." I intend to send for Paine's complete works as soon as possible. Then our list of Liberal works will be large enough for a private library.

I see by the papers there is soon to be another wife murderer hung who has perfect faith in Christ. "Giv him a harp."

Friend Macdonald, did you ever think what a pleasant place hell is going to be if it is to be filled with such men as Paine, Bennett, and Ingersoll? What a sharp contrast compared with the wife murderers and other scum they are constantly sending to heaven! They can take my wings for a feather duster. I prefer to stay with "our folks."

Yours for universal mental liberty, SARAH C. TODD.

ROCKFORD, ILL., Sept. 28, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed you will find $2. Please put to my credit for THE TRUTH SEEKER.

Richard Oglesby is our candidate for governor, and pretty sure of election. W. Lathrop is one of our best lawyers, a Liberal and intelligent man. Inclosed I send you an anecdote worth printing. GEO. TULLOCK.

OGLESBY'S STORY ABOUT LATHROP.

Ex-Governor Oglesby and Hon. William Lathrop are great friends, and hav been ever since they were in Washington together. Oglesby was in the Senate and Lathrop in the House. They roomed in the same building, and consequently saw considerable of each other. Yesterday the governor got Lathrop in a crowd, which he was entertaining in his characteristic manner, and told the following good one on our ex-congressman: "Lathrop was such a sanctimonious, sober, solemn-looking cuss that I used to squirm and wriggle every time he came round. He always seemed to be wrapped up in religious reflections, so that I thought he was one of those awful pious Illinois deacons, and I was uneasy for fear I would rip out something or other that would shock him. It went on that way for some months. I kept growing more miserable, and began to think I should hav to move. I liked him, too; he was a man of ideas and had a good head, and if he hadn't acted so blamed pious I would hav considered him a choice spirit. One day Lathrop came into my room all perspiration and out of wind and said: 'I've got 'em all off at last; had to address them all myself, paid $2 for a dray to cart 'em to the depot.' 'What are you talking about, man?' I said. 'Why, those damn seeds,' he said. I tell you, gentlemen," continued the general, "I felt as if I had got religion, I breathed so free and easy. I couldn't hav been more surprised if I had been struck by lightning. Lathrop and I hav been bosom friends ever since." The reader must know that every member of the House has a large amount of seeds and documents which he is expected to ship to his constituents, and it was that uncongenial labor at which Mr. Lathrop had been engaged all day, and which called out the vigorous ejaculations which made him and Uncle Dick friends for life.—*Rockford Register*, Sept. 5, 1884.

WAUSHIP, UTAH, Oct. 1, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Will anyone believe me if I say that the God of the Bible has accepted two human sacrifices in this village in the last week—two girls aged respectivly fourteen and twenty years? Yet such is a fact. He did not hav them roasted, as he did Jephtha's daughter, nor hung and dried as he did seven children (see 2 Sam. xxi), nor killed by his soldiers the way he had hundreds of thousands (see the entire book of Joshua). But still sacrificed in almost, if not quite, as cruel a manner. These girls were refused medical attendance, their parents and friends relying upon the command of God, "If ye hav any sick among you, send for the elders." The last one that died was made an especial subject, the entire county praying earnestly and believingly, with a prayer circle around her bed nearly night and day for ten days. The most heart-rending appeals were uttered for her recovery. I do not think that there exists a human being that would hav been monster enough to refuse such supplications to spare the life of an innocent maiden who, with her friends, had the utmost faith in his magnanimity and ability to do so. Of course she died, a sacrifice to the pernicious doctrin that God hears and answers prayers. Does such indisputable evidence of the fallacy of superstition convince its victims? How do they escape the fact that God cannot or will not do as they ask him? At the funeral of this girl to-day they were on their knees thanking the myth for his goodness, that he had restored the gospel, with all the "gifts" that follow the true saint, and deprecating weak mortals' inability to comprehend his "mercy."

Truly, the Liberal Leagues hav a work of mercy to perform, a herculean task, that merits the aid of all whose minds are not clouded by such a horrible superstition.

Fraternally yours, S. D. L.

SOUTH BOSQUE, TEXAS, Sept. 10, 284.

MR. EDITOR: The Christians are about letting up on us for this season; the harvest of the camp-ground is about cribbed, and the preachers are preparing for conference and grand convocations of sky-pilots in general. The thermometer is cooling down; so is the Holy Ghost excitement—but the religious craze did not run as high in this vicinity as it once did, which is very easily accounted for, after one finds out that about 150 copies of the *Independent Pulpit* hav been distributed around among the young folks, as well as a few TRUTH SEEKERS. I find it much easier to induce young people to read Liberal books and papers than older ones, for it is about as Mr. J. D. Shaw said in one of his lectures to the young folks at our schoolhouse, "You can't teach an old dog new tricks." It is really amusing to see how times hav changed among the people. Instead of the religious zealots going around among their unconverted friends persuading them to go to the anxious seat and be prayed for and get religion, the unconverted are carrying around a pocketful of Liberal books and papers trying to induce their Christian friends to read them and come out on the side of common sense and rationalism. But there is a wide difference in the way they receive each other's solicitations. The unbelievers when approached by the Christians are friendly and sociable, and are not at all offended, but see the Christian approached by the Liberal—whew! he flares up like "all mad," and ten to one he will insult his Liberal friend outright. But "the tables are on the turn."

D. F. MARRS.

CARTHAGE, MO., Oct 2, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I see a strong inclination on the part of some Liberals to use THE TRUTH SEEKER for their political organ. I would rather see politics keep out, especially after I hav a benefit.

How any reformer of shams, any Liberal man, can cherish and vote for Democracy is a mystery to me not excelled by the gods. Many good reformers hav come out of the Democratic party; but it is not a reform party. It is largely composed to-day of the dregs of all other parties—the moss-backed, unprogressiv element bequeathed to this government from its beginning. It embraces all the old slave-holding fire-eaters of the South, who think more of Democracy than of reform. It is supported by every man, so to speak, who ever raised arm or voice against our flag, and lived over it. It is supported by thousands of men who are too utterly ignorant to know more than to vote for a few drinks of whisky, and too illiterate to ever reform themselvs or help reform this country. Wherever you find an Irish Catholic, you find a Democrat and jug of whisky. I hav spoken of rules, and not of exceptions.

I do not like the orthodoxy of Blaine and his party. But we hav no candidate. We cannot elect a Freethinker, and I hope we will not elect a Democrat. Between the evils, I shall vote for J. G. Blaine. Republicanism is a reform product of the nineteenth century; Democracy is of the eighteenth, and has so far disgraced itself and our flag that it deserves to sink into oblivion with its wars, flags, chains, and fetters. Liberals, think of it. J. THOS. KENNEDY.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., Oct. 4, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Friend H. R. Jones, of Burton, Texas, seems to think that we of the North only chronicle the acts of the Ku Klux during presidential campaigns. I assure him that we get our information from Southern papers. And of course those papers would not dare to publish such murders if not true. There may be some excuse for friend Jones if he is a resident of Texas, a state that seems to tolerate the use of the rifle, revolver, dirk, and bowie-knife; but I ask him to show a single instance where a Democrat has paid the penalty of his crime of murder of whites or blacks, merely because they were Republicans. I deny that those infamous murders hav only come to light once in four years, while it is evident that not a single year has passed since the war but men hav been murdered and women and children driven from their homes by the midnight murderers. I further say, for friend Jones's information, that the South has murdered more men for opinion's sake than were killed by British bullets of Americans during the War of 1812. I challenge friend Jones to name a single Democrat who has been hung in all the South for the murders they committed. Come, friend Jones, toe the mark. I know we hav many robbers and murderers in the North, but few of them escape the punishment due for crimes committed.

H. WILLIS.

NEW YORK, Sept. 23, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I am well pleased with your most excellent paper, which I hav been taking a few weeks.

I am happy to say that I am a pronounced Infidel and Freethinker, also an ardent admirer of Robert G. Ingersoll. I derive more solid comfort and consolation from reading his works than I ever did from reading the so-called Holy Bible. I noticed many discrepancies in the "book of books," but my faith was so profound that I thought those things were possible. I am thankful that I hav lived long enough to find the grand truth.

I place more confidence in Darwin's, Haeckel's, and Spencer's writings than in any inspired work ever given to man.

I hope your paper and the Liberal cause may succeed beyond the most sanguin expectations, and may be the means of bringing many out into the light of day, who are groping in the darkness of superstition, and convert them to the truth; not in the common acceptation of the term converting, but by being thoroughly educated up to the standard of Liberalism in its most abstruse truths, where backsliding cannot and will not occur. It is better to hav one thoroughly convinced than ninety-nine overcome by emotional caprices.

Yours truly, J. W. CHISM.

WALTON, IND., Oct. 2, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I see that Mr. Willis, of Battle Creek, has been "scribbling in THE TRUTH SEEKER." There must be something that is hurting him very much. He defies you to find a greater tyrant than Butler. If Willis will go to the looking-glass he will see a greater one, but standing in much smaller boots. He says if Butler should be president, he has no doubt that Butler would hav every slave that was set free to be paid for by the government. Do you see what ails Willis, of Battle (pugnacious) Creek? Yes; he holds a government office, like a little post-office or weather-cock. Willis further says that Butler lies about his forty years' work for the laboring man. Willis don't tell any lies about the solid Democratic South, with a solid Democratic North. Oh, no! no lie here; it is all soap. You can see plainly that Willis is in great pain, because, if the Democrats or Butler should gain the day, well, he knows that his position scoots from under him. Well, he can take the "salary grab."

I wonder if the Ku Klux didn't hav hold of Willis? I think so from the blood-stained language that he used.

E. VAN BUSKIRK.

WHAT CHEER, IOWA, Sept. 5, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed I send you some names for the petition. I should like for you to inform me in how many states church property is taxed, for this reason: I took the petition to a lawyer to get his signature. I heard him say he was a Liberal. He read it, and then he asked me what the damned fools wanted. He told me that there was not a state in the country but what taxed church property, and he would not sign it. He is a namesake of yours in this town. If you will inform me through your paper I will take him THE TRUTH SEEKER and let him see it. ALEX. L. WALKER.

[We are afraid our legal namesake is not competent to practice in all the states. California is the only state that *does* tax church property in its entirety. Many states tax all the real estate belonging to religious corporations not used as places of worship; one (New Hampshire) ostensibly taxes all church values aver $10,000 (but the taxes are rebated, in most towns, by the assessors); the rest exempt churches and charitable institutions, and New York exempts ministers' personal property to the extent of $1,500.—ED. T. S.]

CAWKER CITY, KAN., Sept. 19, 284.

MR. EDITOR: I hav learned much from the comparativly little politics found in THE TRUTH SEEKER. It is better than that found in other papers, because the writers are realists. They do not write to sustain a party or for selfish motivs, but to teach and to be taught. The country is now agitated with the questions of free trade and protection, woman's rights, and prohibition. Now, there is one branch of the political subject that I wish some of our best informed writers would take up, and completely exhaust. It is this: Would it be better for the nation and the individual that the government should be supported by a direct tax on the persons, not the property, and that all adult persons should be taxed the same sum? This is so far-reaching and vital a question that I should be pleased to see all the arguments, pro and con, collected and printed in pamphlet or book form. We are just now going through a complete revolution of government, and to me it seems that we must land just there; but I do not wish at present to giv my reasons. I prefer rather to be instructed, and think the writers in THE TRUTH SEEKER to be the best I know of to do it.

GEO. W. CHAPMAN, M.D.

Communications.

Elmina in Boston.

DEAR FRIENDS: I am still in Boston, and doing all that I can to find the "shadow of a shade"—a spirit, or any ear-marks of one. My last day was an abortiv one. I met with kindness and courtesy, and help and advice, at the *Banner of Light* office, and one friend there was so good as to escort me himself to a blind medium, and introduce me, and told him my mission. But the medium only gave me a *lecture*, advising me to sit and develop myself into a medium. He said I was a true clairvoyant. I said, "Do you tell all your sitters this? I hav had it told me by every clairvoyant I've been to." He got indignant and said, "My medium [meaning himself] tells you nothing; it is the spirit talking through him that speaks." Then he reprimanded me for discourtesy to one of these higher beings who was so kind as to come and talk to me. I apologized, and said I spoke to him as a man, and not to a spirit. He continued his address, saying I was not in the right condition—was too Materialistic to receive any tests from spirits. I told him I was not satisfied, but paid my dollar and left. Then I went to another medium, who hurled a long prayer—invocation, he called it—at me, and made another preachment, not even so good as the blind man's, and charged me two dollars. I was so disgusted I felt as if he ought to be prosecuted. He is preparing to giv seances of illuminated spirits—those that show in the dark. This is the latest craze.

I was glad to get home at Mr. Mendum's, with his kind and lovely family, at Melrose. I am just delighted with them all, and only regret that I hav not known them personally much sooner than this. There are three interesting daughters and one son at home, and a sister of Mr. Mendum's, and a more genial, affectionate, and loving family I never met with. I wish all real Liberals could know them, and see their beautiful home life. Mr. Mendum seems to be almost an idol with his children, and indeed to know him must be to love him.

I hav been up in Mr. Seaver's sanctum, fifth story of the handsome Paine Memorial, several times, and always find him busy over articles for his pet paper. No two brothers could love or appreciate each other more than these two men who hav worked side by side for over forty years for freedom and Liberalism.

The good old *Investigator* well deserves to be the banner paper of Liberalism, considering all it has done in making our cause popular, respected, and beloved.

Later.—Well, I hav just been to see Dr. W. M. Keeler (wonder if all the mediums are doctors). He is in 46 Dover street; is a spirit-photographer, "indorsed by all the highest authority on spiritual matters." I was pleased with him and his wife. I got nothing on the first plate but my own picture; but on the second plate were three spirit (?) faces, and some hands pointing from above to my head.

This was pronounced excellent by the photographer, and should it prove worth while, I may hav it duplicated for friends. I shall wait and see how it finishes up. It is better than the three or four last visits I hav made. I called on Miss Rhind yesterday; got a few tests; had a pleasant seance and an agreeable one. But thus far I hav seen or heard nothing convincing; nothing that shows anything beyond human powers.

I am getting numerous personal reminiscences from wiser and better posted people than myself upon this vexed subject, and they all work into my own experience as helps towards reaching the real truth.

NO PROOF YET.

DEAR FRIENDS: I am visiting mediums in Boston; went to Jo Caffray's and got two slates *full* of what purported to be communications from three dead friends. I do not express any opinion, but will wait till all the evidence is in. Then I'll giv you all I got. I hav been at the *Banner of Light* office to-day, and a friend there has brought me to see Mr. Coxe, a blind medium at No. 30 Worcester square.

I want you to feel that I am doing all I can. I am talking and getting private experiences when not visiting mediums. I am in excellent health and spirits, and find plenty of good friends. ELMINA.

WE can imagin the man who "denies his soul immortal" replying: "It is quite possible that *you* would be a knave, and love yourself alone, if it were not for your belief in immortality; but you are not to force upon me what would result from your own utter want of moral emotion. I am just and honest, not because I expect to liv in another world, but because, having felt the pain of injustice and dishonesty toward myself, I hav a fellow-feeling with other men, who would suffer the same pain if I were unjust or dishonest toward them. Why should I giv my neighbor short weight in this world, because there is not another world in which I should hav nothing to weigh out to him? I am honest, because I do not like to inflict evil on others in this life, not because I am afraid of evil to myself in another. The fact is, I do *not* love myself alone, whatever logical necessity there may be for that conclusion in your mind. I hav a tender love for my wife, and children, and friends, and through that love I sympathize with like affections in other men. It is a pang to me to witness the suffering of a fellow-being; and I feel his suffering the more acutely because he is *mortal*, because his life is so short, and I would hav it, if possible, filled with happiness and not misery. Through my union and fellowship with the men and women I *hav* seen, I feel a like though a fainter sympathy with those I hav *not* seen; I am able so to liv in imagination with the generations to come that their good is not alien to me, and is a stimulus to me to labor for ends which may not benefit myself, but will benefit them. It is possible that you might prefer to 'liv the brute,' to sell your country, or to slay your father, if you were not afraid of some disagreeable consequences from the criminal laws of another world; but, even if I could conceive no motiv but my own worldly interest or the gratification of my animal desires, I hav not observed that beastliness, treachery, and parricide are the direct way to happiness and comfort on earth."—*Christian Union.*

To the Freethinkers of Canada.

The constitution of the Freethought Association of Canada declares that an annual convention of Canadian Freethinkers shall be held at Toronto, on the second Saturday in December, and following days. In accordance with this declaration, the central executiv of the said association hereby earnestly invites all Freethinkers throughout the dominion to attend our next convention, to be held in Toronto, on Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, December 13th, 14th, and 15th of the present year.

We hav every reason to believe that this Convention will surpass any of its predecessors in its importance and its general influence. Never was Freethought so advanced as it is to-day, and never were its adherents so numerous. It is, therefore, our imperativ duty to be extra vigilant in the organization of the increased and increasing elements at our command. Freethought having won such an extensiv public recognition, it devolves upon us to enforce the truth, in a methodical manner, that it is only through acting up to its principles that mental freedom can become a reality.

We hav Mr. Charles Watts with us, who is a gentleman not only able to expound our principles, but who is also equally capable of defending them from the attacks and misrepresentations of their opponents. He, with Mr. S. P. Putnam, of New York, secretary of the National Liberal League, will be present at the Convention, and both gentlemen will take an activ part in the proceedings. Efforts are now being made to induce America's greatest orator, Robert G. Ingersoll, who is the president of the National Liberal League, and other great American Freethinkers to attend. We hope, therefore, that every Freethinker in Canada will do his and her best to be present at this important gathering.

The Executiv wish it to be distinctly understood that this appeal is made to all Freethinkers of the various provinces, whether they belong to any local organization or not.

Intimation from friends intending to be present, and all communications relating to the Convention, should be sent direct to the Corresponding Secretary J. A. Risser, 9 Grand Opera House, Toronto, Canada.

The officers of the Freethought Association of Canada are: J. Ick Evans, president; R. B. Butland, treasurer; J. A. Risser, corresponding secretary. Central Executiv Committee: G. Piddington, J. Taylor, A. Earsman, W. B. Cooke, W. Dillon, F. Strange.

Toronto, Can., Oct. 1, 1884.

Bitter Confessions by a Protestant.

The Rev. D. L. Leonard, of Salt Lake City, publishes in the *Independent* a somewhat striking article on the "Sources of Supply for Mormon Recruits." In the course of the communication these facts are set forth:

"But not only must Protestantism bear the reproach of giving birth and growth to Mormonism, the shame and curse is also American. The assertion is often made that the monstrosity is an exotic, an importation from the old world, and especially that the pollutions of polygamy may justly be charged to the English, Swedes, and Danes. But not so. Facts compel a conclusion far less flattering. Smith and his system are essentially a New World product. More disgusting still, we hav here an obnoxious plant which sprang from Puritan seed, though it first took root in the Empire state, and, by a strange coincidence, in a region lying between the birthplace of the Rochester rappings and the seat of the Oneida Community. And, worst of all, Mormonism is to be reckoned as the monstrous outcome of that series of most powerful revivals which prevailed from Utica westward during the first decades of the century. It had also much in common with the great Campbellite movement, which antedated it only by five or ten years, and from which it received a large number of important accessions. When Sidney Rigdon joined his fortunes to those of Joseph Smith, and became at once the Corypheus of the organization, he was only an advanced disciple of Alexander Campbell. Millerism and Shakerism were also near relativs and neighbors. Probably between seventy and eighty per cent of the converts gathered during the first ten years (1830–'40) were baptized in the Eastern states, New York, or the Western Reserve Ohio; and at least ninety per cent were of New England descent. In 1853, a reliable authority stated that, in Salt Lake City, about one-third and in the territory one-fourth, were American born; but that these held all the power, all the offices in state and church; and another declared that the principal men were from New York and New England, chiefly from western New York, though their parents were from east of the Hudson. In 1860, out of a population in Utah of some 70,000, it is affirmed that 10,000 were born in New York and 20,000 in New England; while in the legislature of thirty-six members, thirteen were born in New York, six in Massachusetts, and five in Vermont. In a recent editorial, the official church paper states that 'of twenty-eight men constituting the general authorities of the church, twenty-four were born in the United States, and eighteen were of New England birth or origin. Of twenty-seven 'Stakes of Zion,' twenty hav presidents born under the Stars and Stripes, and a large majority of New England parentage. The founders were mostly descendants of the Pilgrim fathers; the leading minds are nearly all of Puritan blood.'"

Toronto Notes.

On Sunday morning last Charles Watts addressed the members of the Toronto Secular Society on the necessity of Secular organization, the best methods for accomplishing this purpose, and the imperativ necessity for an accompanying rectitude of conduct. Human nature is infinit in the variety of its development. Secularism must provide for its many-sided aspects. Classes for the study of the sciences are paramount in importance, for science is the rock on which Secularism is based. Recreativ amusements constitute the graces and pleasures of human existence—Secularists must cultivate them—for Secularism is the science of a useful and pleasurable human life, socially, physically, morally, and intellectually. Classes for music, dancing, elocution, and the drama, etc., etc., are all necessary, and pleasant, and useful in a variety of ways. But all these must be subsidiary to science, which is the ground work of Secularism, as these are the amusements. It is well to follow the example of the good Freethinker of old, the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, and, before retiring to rest at night, devote a few minutes to self-examination as to rectitude of conduct, or otherwise, during the past day, and regulate our actions of to-morrow by the moral failures and successes of to-day, for excellence of moral conduct is the great end and aim of Secularism.

On Friday, October 4th, Mr. Watts lectured at Simcoe; this week he lectures at Oshawa, on Monday; Lindsay, on Tuesday; Welland and other places during the week.

The Toronto daily *World* very aptly remarks: "Doctors differ, doctors of divinity as well as doctors of medicin. Dr. Talmage of Brooklyn says that no sane man who is not an Infidel commits suicide. Mgr. Capel holds that three-fourths of the persons killing themselvs are morally and mentally responsible for the dreadful act. Consequently the suicides are all sane Infidels."

Now, if three-fourth of the suicides daily occurring are the acts of sane Infidels—Infidelity must be making terrible progress. And we submit that the responsibility rests upon teachers and preachers like Talmage and Capel, whose lives and talents are supposed to be devoted to resisting the progress of Infidelity.

On Sunday night last Charles Watts lectured in Albert Hall. The audience swarmed into the auditorium and crowded every part of it—hungering and thirsting after scientific Materialism. Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters—come to the perennial streams of scientific knowledge—yea, come buy wisdom (which is the outcome of observation, experience, and reflection) without money, and without price. All ye that love light rather than darkness, leave the night of Christian bigotry, ignorance, and superstition—come to the benign light of scientific investigation and demonstration. Come unto reason and knowledge, all ye that are weary and heavy laden (by priestcraft and intolerance), and you shall find that they will giv you rest.

The daily Toronto *World* says that Charles Watts and a delegation from the Toronto Secular Society visited Alton on Saturday to assist at the funeral of the late Mathew Algie A large number of neighbors and friends from a distance assembled to pay their last respects to the deceased. The ceremony took place at the grave, and was conducted wholly in accordance with the principles of the Secular faith. It was deceased's last request that his brother William would say a few words over his dead body. William Algie delivered an address that deeply touched the hearts of all present, and made impressions that will be long remembered. Charles Watts followed with a few feeling and impressiv remarks. The "Foresters," who marched in a body to the grave, then concluded the ceremony by reading a part of the burial service contained in their ritual.

The burden of the theme of the apostle of Albert Hall on Sunday night was: Scientific knowledge is the civilizer of Christianity. The Christian faith without scientific knowledge is barbarism. Christianity represents ignorance; civilization represents knowledge. Mankind, when in a state of gross and benighted ignorance, may accept and submit to the tomfooleries of Christianity, but if the light of scientific investigation and demonstration break in on their Christian darkness, then the shams, the delusions, the frauds, and the trash of orthodoxy can no longer blind them.

The Hamilton Palladium says in a sermon last Sunday, the Rev. John Burken, Congregational minister of Toronto, dealt with the subject of land reform, and enjoined the view that the land belongs to the whole people. The essential difference between land and any other kind of property is that land, like air, is absolutely essential to life. Deprive a man of the product of land, and he dies. Personal property, when honorably attained, is accumulated labor, but land must in some sense be regarded as the direct heritage of every man. No power could giv sustenance to man except such as was derived from the earth. The inference is inevitable that every man has an inviolable right to some share of the earth as well as the air he breathes. It is the hypocrisy of the church on such questions, and its evident leaning to the side of wealth and power and authority that has disgusted and driven off many thinking persons. It is largely felt that the poor are not wanted in our fashionable churches, that their presence is regarded as an intrusion, and that the whole spirit of the modern form of Christianity is against democracy and the rights of the laboring and producing classes of the community. Secularism is in the fullest sympathy with the masses on all questions of social reform, which Christianity endeavors to strangle. The Christian church in our day is a time-server, the hireling of monopolists, the privileged classes, and plutocracy in general.

The Oshawa *Vindicator* in speaking of Mr. Watts's lecture in that town, says: "Those who attended had reason to be delighted with the speaker's ability and eloquence. Mr. Watts is a fluent, systematic, and logical speaker, presenting his opinions and arguments in a very interesting manner, and in the strongest possible light. His utterances against Christianity were frequently applauded by that part of the audience in sympathy with his views. Mr. C. J. Arthur, the chairman, in introducing Mr. Watts, said he was not in accord with the views of Charles Watts, but was a firm believer in Christianity. At the close of the lecture, a debate took place between Charles Watts and the Rev. Mr. Sharey. The debate was most interesting, both gentlemen doing themselvs great credit by their kindly manners, and the entire absence of all personal feeling."

The Toronto clergy hav many faults, but they possess one cardinal virtue—that is, a motherly care for the personal welfare of their God; knowing him to be constitutionally weak in the back, they nervously keep him off the platform where, unprotected, he would hav to toe the scratch in front of the burley, muscular athlete, Charles Watts, who, if they fought by the Marquis of Queensberry's rules, would probably knock their ricksty god out of time. R. B. BUTLAND.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Full River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night begins to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

Poor Bess.

ATCHISON, KAN.

MISS WIXON: The TRUTH SEEKER boys and girls, I know, greatly admire the poem sent by Elliott Preston, entitled, "Only a Dog." I inclose a companion-piece eulogistic of that other faithful friend of man, the horse.

J. E. REMSBURG.

"Yesterday we buried my pretty brown mare under the wild cherry-tree. End of poor Bess."

When a human being dies,
Seeming scarce so good or wise,
Scarce so high in scale of mind
As the horse he leaves behind,
"Lo!" we cry, "the fleeting spirit
Doth a newer garb inherit;
Through eternity doth soar,
Growing, greatening evermore."

But our beautiful dumb creatures
Yield their gentle, generous natures,
With their mute appealing eyes,
Haunted by earth's mysteries,
Wistfully upon us cast,
Loving, trusting to the last;
And we arrogantly say,
"They hav lived their little day;
Nothing of them but was clay."

Has all perished? Was no mind
In that graceful form enshrined?
Can the love that filled those eyes
With most eloquent replies,
When the glossy head, close pressing,
Grateful met your hand's caressing;
Can the mute intelligence,
Baffling oft our human sense
With strange wisdom, buried be
Under the wild cherry-tree?
Are these elements that can spring
In a daisy's blossoming?
Or in long dark grasses wave
Plume-like o'er your favorit's grave?
Can they liv in us and fade
In all else that hath been made?
Is there aught of harm, believing
That, some newer form receiving,
They may find a wider sphere,
Liv a larger life than here?
That the meek, appealing eyes,
Haunted by strange mysteries,
Find a more extended field,
To new destinies unsealed;
Or that in the ripened prime
Of some far-off summer-time,
Ranging that unknown domain,
We may find our pets again?

HELEN BARRON BOSTWICK.

An Incident.

People in the country hav no idea of the cramping, makeshift, and pinching times that many in large cities hav to be put up with in order to get along from day to day. The squalid poverty that infests garrets, damp cellars, filthy courts and alleys, is beyond description, but that is not seen by most persons; we see only the street poverty, which is bad enough.

There are plenty of little boys and girls that are obliged to liv on one meal a day, and sometimes a stray bit, maybe, picked up, in the shape of decayed fruit. Many hav nothing else to do but to look around fruit stands, and when they see a black-coated banana will say, "Mister, won't you giv me that banana?" If the banana is pretty poor, and the proprietor is not hungry himself, the boy may get it.

I chanced to go into a restaurant one time in company with a gentleman whom I soon found to be a strict church-member. He believed in prayer. Everything he put into his body must first be blessed by calling the Lord's attention to the fact that he was about to eat, and wanted to thank him for it.

We sat at the same table, and ordered our fare, and quite naturally got into a general conversation while waiting to hav it served. By this means I soon took his theological measure.

While sitting thus, a boy seated himself on the top step of the basement stairs, and remained there while we ate our meal. I saw that the lad enjoyed the savory smell which was passing up and out of the room, and remarked that he must be hungry; but my pious neighbor paid no attention to the remark. I suppose he took it as an invitation to him to offer the boy something to eat, and that is just what I meant. I wanted to see how much faith he had in his own prayer. The lad still sat there, and we proceeded with our meal. At last, I said to myself, "My man, I will hit you a little harder this time." And I remarked, "What a pity there are so many poor hungry children in the city! They seem almost God-forsaken; no one to provide for them and no one to care for them." He was getting uneasy at this, and remarked, "Well, if you were to giv that boy a square meal, he would not thank you for it!" "That may be," said I, "and I would not care whether he did or not; I would not giv it to him merely to be thanked." By this time I was beginning to think less and less of the man. I thought, "You may be a professing and praying Christian, but you are a selfish and unfeeling man, and I will show you that you are not right."

Just then another boy came by and grabbed the first boy's cap and threw it away so that he had to rise up to get it. At this he became much enraged, and uttered a spanking big oath. His anger was occasioned because he was enjoying the good smell and was thus rudely disturbed by the other and larger boy.

"There!" said my pious neighbor, "hear that! Is it any wonder that God lets such hunger and thirst? What profanity! it is shocking!" "No," continued he, "I would not giv food to encourage such unthankful lads as that—he is not deserving of a mouthful."

"My friend, you are altogether wrong; he deserves our sympathy, and I am going to giv him one good meal, at any rate, right or wrong," said I. I rapped on my table and beckoned the boy to hav a seat at the next table. I told the waiter to giv the boy anything he wanted—"Giv him as much as he can eat," said I.

I noted the effect on the man of God. He never spoke another word to me, but gobbled up, in a great hurry, the balance of his meal, and sat like a mean, sneaking, greedy, and selfish man that he was; and when he got through, picked up his hat and left me to enjoy my new-made acquaintance, without saying good-bye. I hope my rebuke went deep into his cowardly heart, so that he felt as meanly as he had acted.

People who can enjoy food while hungry ones are standing close by, are in a very low state, and need the touch of poverty to make them appreciate the wants of others.

A religion that does not take humanity for humanity's sake, and without asking any questions, is not worth having. We should feed the hungry and clothe the naked, not those who are religious. It is a bad time to discuss religion with a man that is drowning. The one central principle of life should be to cultivate a love for universal humanity.

J. R. PERRY.

"I'm Coming, Mother."

In San Jose, California, not many days ago, one Mrs. William Kennedy was making anxious search for her little four-year-old, curly-headed son, who had disappeared for the moment from the family door yard. Hurrying through the streets, looking and inquiring for the little runaway, her attention was directed to a crowd of people who were gazing, white and silent with awe, at a huge windmill tank, against which a long ladder was leaning. The eyes of the woman followed the gaze of the crowd, and this is what she saw: Eighty feet from the ground, holding on by his chubby legs and one arm, could be seen the little fellow, extending his free hand toward some pigeons that were perched almost within his reach. His awful peril had stunned and stilled the helpless group beneath, which now parted as the mother came swiftly toward the scene. Then her firm, quiet voice was heard raised that the child might hear: "Come down, Carl, and mamma will giv you a peach." The child heard, and looking over his shoulder perceived his mother. Instantly he began to descend, carefully, clinging, round by round, and as he neared the last, he smiled at the upturned face of his mother and said, "I'm coming, mother," and in another moment was in her arms. And then that crowd separated into small parties of one each, and melted into the distance, leaving behind them only an indistinct memory of moistened eyes and fluttering pocket handkerchiefs.—*N. Y. Evening Telegram.*

Our Puzzle Box.

1.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in pistol,
But not in gun;
My second in play,
But not in fun.
My third is in look,
But not in see;
My whole is the name
Of a forest tree.

HORACE GREELEY BAKER.

2.

RIDDLE.

In my first my second got,
My whole came from the earth,
I ran the day that I was born,
But hav not run since birth.

Grand Rapids, Mich. ESPRIT FORT.

3.

WORDS IN WORDS.

A *hybrid animal* appears,
Noted for its length of ears,
In a *superstitious charm*
Worn to keep away all harm.
Oh! how *appropos* the word
For a practice so absurd!
He who casts his eyes abroad
And beholds a proof of God,
In the wisdom and design
That with all things seem to twine,
In *this word* must see a plan
That was never aimed by man.
Here is *sense*, and what is *meant*
Never came by accident.
It is not chance; too well they suit;
Within this Charm this long-eared brute.

Irwin, Iowa. J. K. P. BAKER.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER, OCTOBER 4, 1884.

1.
QUERN
UNCIA
ECLAT
RIANT
NATTY

2. Zeus; 3. Delaware;* 4. Tontines.

*I hav not exhausted this name *Delaware* yet. "Del" (l) is a small vale—backward—l-e-d, "taken away," leaving "aware;" yet curtail this "a war." I had a mind to make such use of "law" in the heart of our "*Dear*" (e) De (Law) ar (e)—(the last is one of the "well-divided *ease*"), as to criticise her resurrection of ancient forgotten laws, to bother Freethought, but it would be too long.

J. K. P. B.

Correspondence.

BEAR LAKE, MANISTEE CO., MICH., Sept. 28, 1884.

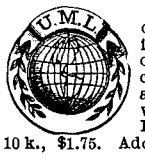
DEAR MISS WIXON: . . You will like to know something of my new home. Bear Lake is in the northwestern part of Manistee Co. It is pleasant little village on a lake of the same name. When you leave Detroit you go on the Flint and Pere Marquette railroad to Manistee. At the last-named place you take a steamer and sail about two hours on Lake Michigan, until you reach Pierport, where the cars meet you and carry you to Bear Lake, only about four or five miles. It is delightful here, and the people are as wideawake as they can be. It seems so different from the East. It is decidedly a Butler place, but everyone turns out to hear Democrats or Republicans. About thirty women hav joined the Butler Club. The women express their opinions fearlessly, and engage in debates and discussions with the gentlemen. There is a literary club, a temperance society called the "Red Ribbon Club," the Good Templars, and last, but not least, a Woman's Suffrage society, which meet once in two weeks. The people read and are very intelligent. The country in this region is the grand hunting-ground of the state. We had some very nice venison for dinner yesterday. It seemed quite a luxury to me. The plums are truly wonderful, so many varieties and so luscious. I never had such a feast before. Apples, potatoes, and grapes abound, but corn, beans, and small vegetables do not do well, the summer is so short. I never saw such little, spindling corn eaten at home as you hav offered you here. The State Agricultural Fair for Manistee Co. was held here last week.

. . . . . .

I think I shall like very much. I am a little surprised to think I should hav been led among such pleasant people.

With much love, I remain,
Your friend, H.

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Communications.

A Transferred Discussion.

To the Public: The readers of the Walton county *News* will remember the religious discussion of recent date between the Rev. Mr. Straton and myself. The subjoined article was prepared as a reply to Mr. Straton's last communication, under the expectation that the *News* would giv it a place in its columns. For some reason unknown to me, that paper declined its publication. To remain passiv after reading Mr. Straton's argument and exhortation, might be considered by some as an acquiescence in his conclusions, and a confession of error. I am unwilling for the gentleman to felicitate himself on a fancied triumph, and more reluctant still for those familiar with the controversy to regard me as vanquished. This is my reply. A. A. Bell.

Madison, Ga.

To the Editor of the Walton "News," *Sir:* I see by a late issue of your paper that Mr. Straton has seen fit to read me a sermon, which he styles a "rejoinder" to my reply to his letter brushing away some of his caricatures. I am sorry he thought it proper to bring in so much irrelevant matter, and, as I think, unjustly.

I wish to say, once for all, that I never intended anything I hav written as a defense for sending him papers through the mail. I trust it has not come to this, that a disciple of Roger Williams in this century is filled with such popish ideas that a censorship has to be exercised over the reading matter sent to his address.

In his rejoinder he takes pains to inform me "that he is not a disciple of the Darwin, Spencer, or Huxley school." It was useless to giv this piece of information to me, or the intelligent readers of the *News*, as I never suspected him of having such attainments, nor did I accuse him in this way. I did not send him anything that they had written, or mention their names in my card. While Mr. Straton is so careful to inform the public that he is not a disciple of Darwin, as though there was odium attached to it, Professor Woodrow, of Columbia, S. C., is out in a paper, in the *Presbyterian Review*, in defense of the Darwin-theory of evolution. The world moves!

Again, he says: "If I believed as he does, I would probably find in the writings of Hume, Gibbon, and Tom Paine, that alleviation for my restlessness and mental distress which perhaps he experiences in setting these authors up as the object of his adoration." This paragraph exhibits the clerical habit of flying at an individual's supposed mental distress, without any reason for it. He may hav mental distress; I hav none. But if by implication he wishes to convey the idea that those noble authors in any way justify wrong actions, or laxity in morals or in integrity of character, it is an imputation unworthy his position, and is not a very fit illustration of "writing only in the interest of truth, for the defense of the gospel," as he claims. Adam Smith, author of the "Wealth of Nations," pays a high tribute to the memory of Hume. He says he lived above the vices of the men of his time. He spent a useful life, and died in tranquility. Gibbon was the idol of society. His motto ought to be woven in the hat crown of every youth in this bright land of promis. I will transcribe it for their benefit:

"The first and indispensable requisit of happiness is a clear conscience unsullied by the reproach or rememberance of an unworthy action."

"——*Hic murus aheneus esto*
Nil concire Libi, mulla palles cere culpa."

Thomas Paine was a Quaker by birth and education. He hated vice, and even the semblance of a mean action. His motto was:

"The world is my country; to do good, my religion."

He wrote the numbers of "Common Sense" that fired the hearts of the people of the Colonies with love of liberty. He penned the numbers of the "Crisis" by the campfires of Washington that fanned the decaying embers of enthusiasm into a blaze. He was the "Author-Hero of the Revolution." To know his merits would be to praise. If I had any guilt in my heart, goading me to mental distress, and wished to avail myself of a cheap method of "alleviation," I would not go to the writings of the "Author-Hero," nor the philosophy of the Scotch sage, but I would turn to the "oracles" which teach, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." I for one do not believe that a wrong action can be effaced from a virtuous mind. Character is like polished steel—when once tarnished, no art can restore its original beauty; it may be, and is often, brightened again, but it lacks its primitiv luster. This going to books and gods to "alleviate" guilt, is a false education. If one person wrongs another, go to him or her and make restitution as far as you can. This going to books and gods to rectify wrongs, is a relic of the Greek mythology, running through Catholicism, and tincturing Protestantism with its sacrificial rites.

Mr. Straton's clerical flourish in his "rejoinder," about "spiritual discernment" and the "carnal mind being at enmity against God," has always been old stock in the budget of priestcraft. I know that the doctrin of consubstantiation, the virginity of the "mother of God," and of "election and reprobation," are tenets that defy reason and pleasantry. But I should be excused for want of spiritual insight when it is remembered, as a learned critic says, "The volumes of theological controversy are overspread with cobwebs, and the mysterious doctrins of the church are far removed from the knowledge or reason of the laity, and the modern clergy sign the forms and articles of faith with a sigh or a smile;" while hundreds sing the doxology unconscious that it was manufactured in the Council of Nice. However seer-sighted the clergy may be, there is no doubt that they are, like myself, sufficiently carnal-minded to giv their friends no serious apprehension that the fate of Enoch may befall them.

Mr. Straton is desirous I should say something about Sir David Brewster, as may be inferred when he says, "He was careful to say nothing about Sir David Brewster in his reply, who stands second to none in the scientific world."

I think all scientific men confer blessings upon their race. He was more of a physicist than a mental or metaphysical philosopher. I hav the greatest esteem for his memory. But I was somewhat surprised that the study of physics had not more thoroughly eradicated from his mind the weeds of superstition. He was born, however, more than 103 years ago, and his mind had matured before the "electric light" of Tyndall, Darwin, and Spencer had burst upon the intellectual horizon of the world. Peace to his ashes!

Mr. Straton says: "We would like Dr. Bell to point out what benefits to society hav accrued from the spread of Infidel principles."

It will be proper to consider briefly what are really Infidel principles. It must be remembered that this is an epithet applied by ecclesiastics to liberal and scientific views that are opposed to supernaturalism, just as Christians who discarded the gods of Greece were called Atheists by the Greek philosophers. It is well known to the student of history what dire confusion in society followed the enforcement of obedience by law, the acceptance of the mysterious doctrins of the Christian councils as "divine truth." The mind and conscience were fettered, the manly intellect was deprived of its wings; it trailed in the dust of the dark ages, and with it came the decay of science. Persecutions followed upon one another, until the *Auto-da-fe* smoked with a hecatomb of victims. The church opposed the astronomers, and derided the philosophers. The works of Sir Isaac Newton were suppressed in France, and attacked by Leibnitz "as subversiv of natural and revealed religion." The conclusions of eminent geologists, as they are now, were condemned in the same way. And every new discovery was impeached, being inimical to the "word of God," just as Mr. Straton now decries the doctrin of evolution, the discoveries of Darwin, and the splendid achievements of Herbert Spencer. The principles that led to enfranchisment of the mind, and turned the investigators free, were called Infidelity. The principle that government derives its just powers, not from God, but from the consent of the governed, was regarded as a heresy by the governments of the Old World. The same idea, carried out, was applied to books that claim to derive their authority from God, with the same effect. It was shown, too, that they derive their merit, or demerit, alone from the minds of the persons who wrote them. Thus the authority of the priests was broken, the dungeons holding heretics were thrown open. The devices of the Inquisition—the rack, the thumbscrew, collar, and fagot, became the relics of spiritual tyranny in the museums of the world. Who made those instruments of torture necessary? The church. Who promulgates the principles that broke the fetters of superstition and religious intolerance? Men of advanced thought! What if they were advocated and crystallized into a burning lens, by Roger Williams, Voltaire, or the polished pen of Rousseau, whose writings made a "new epoch" in the history of the world, and advanced the civil condition of mankind? Society was greatly benefited; it was raised to a higher plane of excellence; the security of home, and the shelter of the "vine and the fig-tree," were secured by the spread and adoption of principles adverse to the religious dogmas and spiritual laws, ungratefully termed by way of derision "Infidel principles."

"Is it advanced thought that builds our asylums for the deaf, the blind, the sick, and insane?' asks Mr. Straton.

I answer, most assuredly it is. I will illustrate this answer by showing the peculiar attitude of the church upon this subject. Sir R. D. Hanson, in his "Jesus of History," has very clearly shown that it is no part of the Christian scheme of salvation to enhance the physical condition of mankind, nor his worldly interest. And it was held if an individual's industry, economy, and the natural advantages of his surroundings contributed to his material prosperity, it was an event more to be deplored than congratulated, as it might prove a foe and a snare to his spiritual interest. This idea evidently runs through the synoptic gospels. Besides, the church as a body holds and maintains that diseases, pestilences, famins, and even cyclones, are so many visitations of God, to manifest his displeasure at the evil conduct of man, which no device can avert. While the immortal Jenner was perfecting his theory and practice of vaccination, with the view of saving mankind from a most loathsome and malignant pestilence, the Rev. Dr. Dwight, of Yale College, denounced from the pulpit the discovery as the "device of the devil." It is a well-known fact in history that while the Christians were mumbling prayers in Latin over the sick and unfortunate, for the cure of their ailments, the Saracens and Mohammedans were building medical schools for the study of pathology. The first medical college established in Europe for the study of diseases upon a rational basis was founded by the Saracens (Draper's "Conflict Between Religion and Science"). If Mr. Remsburg, of Kansas, is to be credited with accuracy of research, the heathens and Mohammedans had already erected in various parts of the world asylums and hospitals for the sick and afflicted, while the Christians were wrangling over the difference of the meaning of Homouison and Homoiouson, and establishing inquisitions in Spain and Portugal (Gibbon's Rome, vol. ii).

Now, from these premises, which I think correctly stated, the obvious conclusion, and the natural inference of a philosophical mind, must be that if there had been no "advanced thought" on the theological idea of diseases and the misfortunes that afflict mankind, and their treatment and cure, there certainly never would hav been any effort made to build costly institutions to remove the ills "ordained of God." The intelligent reader has doubtless heard the same theory of divine government, as mentioned, advanced in the hundreds of sermons he has been compelled to listen to.

I most cheerfully admit that many of our hospitals and asylums are now under the fostering care of the church, although they draw and beg much of the money for their support from the men of the world. The erection of these humane institutions was not at all an exclusiv idea of Christians. A noble example of humanity had already been set by those termed barbarians, and this forced the church to ignore its peculiar views, at least in practice, against a theory its members might secretly cherish, as we see illustrated every day.

Mr. Straton tauntingly asks me in his rejoinder to my reply, "what asylums and public institutions of charity Infidelity has built."

I hav shown him that advanced thought, which the clergy call "Infidelity," has built all our hospitals and asylums. I will now point out to him some of the special charities of "Infidelity." But a person who is acquainted with the literature of this country does not need the information. It is, however, a pleasure to me to go over the subject. Forrest, the great American tragedian, founded a home for aged actors in Philadelphia. Mallard Turner, the English painter, left a legacy of $1,000,000 to found a home for "decayed artists." A man who has lived or traveled in Scotland ought to know that the great Infidel, Robert Owen, of Lanark, gave his services and hundreds of thousands of dollars for the benefit of the poor. James Lick, of California, aided in building the Paine Memorial at Boston, and besides gave hundreds of thousands of dollars for public and benevolent purposes. Peter Brigham and John Redman donated millions of dollars for free hospital accommodations for the sick at Boston. William McClure gave half a million of dollars, so says Mr. Remsburg, to aid the workingmen of Indiana. Last, though not least, the Infidel, Stephen Girard, of Philadelphia, gave the most magnificent and the most munificent legacy ever donated to charity. I doubt very much if all the clergy in the United States put together ever deeded half the sum for the sole benefit of indigent orphans. Girard College stands as a grand monument of benevolence. Mr. Straton, point at it, and tell your congregation, "See what an Infidel has done." He has said in his reply, if I am right in this matter, he "must confess to a great deal of ignorance." Let him confess. "An honest confession is good for the soul." If teachers of religious creeds refuse to read the writings of scientists and skeptics, how can they keep abreast with the discoveries and charities of eminent devotees of truth and humanity?

Mr. Straton says: "We affirm that Infidelity has a tendency to relax all the bonds of society, to break up all the foundations of governments, and to overwhelm law, order, and civilization with the violence of a torrent."

This assertion, if intended to apply to the principles of Freethought in the abstract, is an empty declamation. Had he been better acquainted with the philosophy of history, as illustrated by Montesquieu, Voltaire, and Buckle, he doubtless would hav written more reservedly, and hav been less likely to mislead the less critical reader. Jesus himself, and I say it cautiously, was an Infidel to the established religion, and hostil to the priesthood of his day. His teachings broke up the foundations of governments, and overwhelmed law, order, and civilization into the confusion of the "Dark Ages." In fact, the corruption of a priesthood, and the oppression of governments, can scarcely be reached by any other method. This "overwhelming of law and order" is often necessary, as the crucible is to the alchemists the only means they hav to purify base metals of their dross. All new experiments, all upheavals, whether in nature or of old customs and rites, are attended more or less with perturbations that shock the mind. It took a "torrent" to wrench from King John and his ecclesiastic vassals the modest demand, the right of *habeas corpus* and trial by jury. Nothing less than a political tornado can correct depravity when it creeps into church or state. Every gem set in the cap of liberty was bought at a very dear price. It is contended it took a tragedy to purchase the possibility of salvation. But, like the stream that overflows its confines, the turbulent flood soon adjusts itself, and the current flows along more smoothly for having cleared its channel of obstructions. Therefore it is not legitimate nor philosophical to attribute such things to Infidelity *per se*. It is making a wrong use of reason, and confounding cause and effect. It is misleading the uninformed, and does no cause any good, for its advocates to endeavor to enhance the merits of their system by maligning the just and true merits of other systems and principles.

Mr. Straton, it was religious principles that burnt at the stake Latimer, John Rogers, Ridley, and the immortal Bruno. It was the religious zeal of a bishop that kindled the fires of Smithfield, in which he was consumed. It was religious principles that prompted the cutting out the tongues of the victims of the inquisitions before putting them to torture, lest they might shock the cause of piety by blasphemy. It was religious principles that culminated in the massacre of St. Bartholomew, causing the blood of 70,000 innocent people to run in "torrents" through the streets of Paris, Orleans, Troyes, Bourges, and Lyons, while Atheists were busy endeavoring to stay the fanaticism. It is no wonder, then, that Voltaire wrote, "I end all my letters, *Ecrasez l'infame*. It is the greatest service that can be rendered to the human race" (Parton's "Life of Voltaire," ii, p. 284). It was religious fanaticism that instigated and carried on the Crusade wars; that sacrificed the lives of two millions of men; a carnage that wrapped the civilized world in mourning. "See what a terrible experiment" Christianity made in the vain attempt to recover the empty sepulcher of "the son God."

It is quite customary for religionists with more zeal than knowledge to point, as Mr. Straton has done, to the French Revolution, and say, See "that tremendous experiment by a nation to do without a God!" They seem never to hav seriously studied the cause and motiv of that rebellion. After a careful study of the subject, it may be affirmed that the efficient cause that led to such a moral catastrophe, had its prime origin in the dissolute conduct and "profligacy" of the clergy of the nation, and the wanton corruption of the officials of the government. The people reposed in a spiritual magistracy for protection, to find their most sacred rights trampled upon. The government upon mere pretense annulled the mutual contracts of marriage. The nation under a "theocracy" corrupted innocence, and set at defiance every peaceable efforts of its "subjects" to redress their wrongs. The tragedy of Calas, the execution of Count Lally, and the murder of the youthful La Barre, were enough to incense a people to commit almost any outrage. It is no wonder that a people who had suffered so much under a government guided by a priesthood should be willing at any cost to attempt almost any expedient that promised an improvement of their degraded condition. It was truly a moral earthquake which was necessary to overturn a mountain of corruption. "It was despotism, and not Infidelity, that produced the bloodiest drama in the book of time." It made way for liberty, and rendered possible a government by the people, and to-day republican France rejoices in the existence of a free government. It is of no use for one to rise to dispute this who is not familiar with the last chapters of Buckle's "Introduction," Guizot's "Civilization," "History of France," and Dr. Sanger's "History of Prostitution."

Mr. Straton says; "Dr. Bell givs us the key to his creed at the close of his article in the following lahguage: 'From my boyhood I hav been an advocate for truth, temperance, justice, and humanity—and the exercise of humanity even at the expense of justice, where the parties would be gainers, and no great harm done;' and he closes by saying that 'any other religion is not worth the paper it is written upon.' This, then, is his religion, a religion that sacrifices justice when *no great harm would be done*. Now, it seems to me that the original source of justice or right is the will of God. But if man denies the existence of God and acts as if there were no God, to what tribunal must we appeal for justice? And who is to determin when 'no great harm would be done' by intermitting its penalties? Must each man determin this himself, and thus become his own judge and jury? I say that all law has its seat and center in the bosom of God, and the penalties which his law attaches to transgression are exact and specific, whether applied to the natural or to the moral world."

I made no "denial of God," as he asserts, and it is like setting up a man of straw to fight to say so. But with pride I stand by my creed, as set forth above, and maintain that man, the human reason, is the sole judge when justice should be tempered with mercy, and the statute laws of Georgia so declare. When he affirms that the "seat and center of all law is in the bosom of God," he announces a thesis, I imagin, it would be difficult for him to sustain before a body of scientists, however easily the hypothesis might be proved before a convention of clergymen. He adds that the penalties which God attaches to transgression are exact and specific, whether applied to the natural or moral world." This is not strictly true, as could be abundantly shown in the actual occurrences of life. The law of nature is full of freaks, and the moral law is erratic.

However, Mr. Straton's idea, that justice should never be sacrificed for humanity's sake, would be a worthy statute to put in the hands of the Inquisition itself. It is in plain contradiction to the spirit and letter of the right claimed, the withholding of which inspired the hearts of a people to throw off the yoke of tyranny, to effect a revolution by the terrible arbitration of war. The Declaration of American Independence, written by an Infidel, embodying the sentiments of the Atheists of France, flared in the face of the monarchies and the hierarchies of the world the maxim that governments originate justly by the will of the people; and law, instead of having its "seat and center in the bosom of God," on the contrary, "in the United States of America." As a writer in the "Footprints of Time" says, "the source of authority, and the origin of all law, is in the people alone." The same instrument, written in a neat, lady-like handwriting, by a disciple of Heloctius and Condillac, declared in plain terms, to those who ruled by "divine right," that the people had the right to

abolish and institute new government, laying its principles and organizing its powers in such form as shall to them seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness.

The special law of the land makes every man of understanding judge and jury. Before these principles were thundered into the ears of mankind, enlarging the liberality of the age, the officers of the Inquisition, executing the "will of God," were busy hunting down men for conscience' sake, with texts of scripture (John xv, 6; Ex. xxxii, 10) in one hand, and fagots in the other. John Calvin, one of the spiritual fathers of the modern church, armed with this inflexible order, instigated the burning of Servetus for his opinions, although he had sought shelter in Geneva under his protection. And it is a reproach to Christianity, as a distinguished writer declared, "that Calvin should proscribe in Servetus the guilt of his own rebellion!" The same humane law that excluded butchers from the jury box, on account of their supposed inhumanity, would render—and I say it with due respect—Mr. Straton ineligible, on account of his austere views of justice, to exercise a like function. Indeed, having in view the proscriptiv character of the clergy, the framers of the early organic law of Georgia denied them seats in its legislature. An unfortunate example of inhumanity, to appease justice, blotting out mercy, was set mankind when heaven refused to "rain back" a few drops of water from its deep fountains to cool the thirst of one who fell a victim to pride (Luke xvi, 24). In my reply to Mr. Straton, I charged him with being uncivil; he now disclaims any intention of being so, but adds in rather a contemptuous manner: "If an exposure and warning uttered against the defiling and destructiv tendency of Infidel principles, and their dire consequences to individuals of their propagation, constitute incivility, then I am content to rest under the stigma."

Whether he was so or not, I will let the reader judge.

But when, where, and what "Infidel principles" has he exposed that are so destructiv to individuals as he asserts? Christians write and speak as though they thought that "Infidels"—Jefferson; the lamented Lincoln; the late president of France; Emmet, the Irish patriot; the hero of Ticonderoga, whom an English officer said British gold could not corrupt; the renowned authoress of "Daniel Deronda," and Miss Harriet Martineau, an eminent English writer—had and hav no interest in the stability of society, no interest in the state, and no firesides that are dear to them to protect? The reader will call to mind that the most distinguished historians, philosophers, scientists, statesmen, and men of letters, that adorn the age in which we liv, were and are "Infidels." And instead of being defiled by their principles, they stood and stand foremost in the race of manhood, while bishops, ministers, and deacons, were and are falling, like Lucifer, almost every day, with the edicts of heaven in their hands. And one would suppose from Mr. Straton's indictment, that our prisons are filled with Infidels, while the contrary is the fact.

In 1873 Sir John Trelawney, a member of Parliament, moved that an examination of all the prisons of England and Wales be made with a view of ascertaining the religious belief of those confined in them. Here is the result:

Roman Catholics, - - - - -	38,581
Church of England, - - - -	96,097
Protestant Dissenters, - - -	10,705
Total Christian Adherents, - -	145,383
Non-religionists, - - - - -	379

This ought to open the eyes of the people to inquire if these things be so. He can not show a single principle in the writings of Thomas Paine, Hume, Gibbon, or Ingersoll, that has had, or will exert, any such "dire consequences" as he imagins. His fulsome accusation is only calculated to mislead and to deceive the unwary reader.

The views of Paine, Hume, and Gibbon, in reference to the Bible, are, in the main, now adopted and avocated from the pulpit by such scholars as Rev. Heber Newton, of New York; Smith, of Scotland, and the late Bishop Colenso, of the church of England.

On the other hand the Rev. Mr. Beecher, in a lecture delivered in Atlanta, Ga., and published in the *Constitution*, boldly declared: "I hold that the theology in which I was instructed in my childhood . . . is infamous . . . and that it is blasphemy to teach such things; and the man that undertakes to teach such things that stand in the confessions of faith, that underlie all the churches of this day and age, are misleading men." Mr. Straton may settle this with Mr. Beecher as best he can.

Five hundred Christians to one Infidel!

In his rejoinder, Mr. Straton, with delight, indulges himself in this way: "Dr. Bell may say the religion of Christ is not worth the paper it is written upon. He may attempt to assuage the pangs of his troubled conscience by casting contempt on the 'Oracles of God.'"

This is purely a clerical assumption. I made no such assertion, and such an inference is unjust. I cast no "contempt" on any kind of writings, as Mr. Straton was doing. But I will say, the calling of the cruel and barbarous laws of the ancient Hebrews, and their literature, the "oracles of God," seems to me to be a style of speaking tinged with popery. Read what the learned Dr. Curry said, in his Chicago sermon: "I am awfully shy of the Old Testament. I must say there is a great deal in it that is of very little value to religion. . . Many of the prophecies of Isaiah and other prophets that are applied to Christ, and the church, had reference to the return of the Jews from their captivity." Mr. Straton can settle this with Dr. Curry.

I will take this occasion to say it seems to be a chronic habit with a certain class of clergymen, that when they fail to meet the facts and arguments of "Infidels," as they term men of advanced thought, they fly, with an inquisitorial fury, at their conscience. It is an uncharitable presumption to brand me with attempting to ease my "troubled conscience" in any way. Refinement, if nothing else, ought to exclude such a thing from the pages of polemics. While I make no pretensions to piety, I hav no troubled conscience to appease. Here, I will venture to say I hav been shocked at the conduct of some ministers, who seize the opportunity at revival meetings to pounce upon the most innocent characters around the altar and load them with imaginary sins, calculated to disorder their minds. I hav been also amazed that intelligent parents should stand by and let the minds of their children, tender in years, be frenzied, almost crazed, by such recitals of their guilt, when no such thing was in the child's mind. No wonder our asylum has to be enlarged.

Mr. Straton winds up his letter by advising me thus: "Take the book which he seems to despise, and giv it a calm and dispassionate investigation; and while it will lead him to lament and repent of his sins, he will be able to perceive such evidence of the truth of the Christian religion . . as will inspire him with the most exalted hopes," etc.

I did not say a word in my letter that warrants the assertion that I "seemed to despise" any book. Unfortunately, such a happy result does not always follow a close investigation of the scriptures as is here claimed. He seems not to be aware of the fact that the investigation of the Bible led such master minds as Bayle and Chillingworth into skepticism. Does he know that the "truth of the Christian religion" filled the mind of Saurin, the great French divine, with such horror that he exclaimed in the pulpit, "I sink, I sink, when I contemplate the dire consequence of its denunciations?" That it so clouded the mind, dimming the hope in the breast of Rev. Albert Barnes as to cause him to cry out in a sermon: "I see not one ray to disclose to me why sin came into the world; why the earth is strewn with the dying and the dead; and why man must suffer to all eternity; . . and when I feel that God only can save man, and yet he does not do it, I am struck dumb. It is all dark—dark to my soul, and I cannot disguise it?" (Practical Sermons, p. 124.) Does he know that a distinguished senator declared in the council of the nation that the Bible sanctioned polygamy? Does he know that it filled the mind of Cowper, the poet, with a cloud of darkness? That it was, likely, the cause of the suicide of Hugh Miller and Rev. Mr. Colton? Does he know that an eminent critic, not an Infidel, defended in the *Westminster Review* a thesis "that no humane mind could wish the scriptures to be *true?*"

"New occasions teach new duties,
Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward,
Who would keep abreast of *Truth.*"

Respectfully, A. A. BELL.
Madison Ga.

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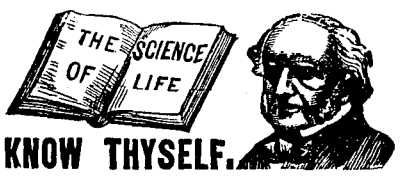
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Gems of Thought.

ANGER begets anger, contention breeds contention, selfishness begets selfishness, and hatred begets hatred. A bad example is as prolific of wrong as a good example is of the right. This is just as simple as the addition of the smallest numbers in making a sum which a child can comprehend, but it is just as true as the most elaborate problem in Euclid. Every example, every action, exerts its influence, either good or bad, according to its nature.—*D. M. Bennett.*

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IT is possible to be without position, and yet not prostrate; to belong to no society and yet not to stand alone. If I say *we*, I know that I am entitled to do so. The *we* I mean no longer count only by thousands. True, we do not constitute a church, a congregation, or even a society; but we know the reason why. Innumerable assuredly is the multitude of those who are no longer satisfied with the old faith, the old church, be it Protestant or Catholic: of those who either dimly apprehend, or distinctly perceive, the contradiction into which both are forced more and more with the knowledge, the view of life and the world, the social and political growths of the present age, and who in consequence regard a change, a modification, as an urgent necessity.—*Strauss's Old and New Faith.*

IN vain thou deniest it; thou art my brother! Thy very hatred, thy very envy, these foolish things thou tellest of me in thy splenetic humor, what is all this but an inverted sympathy? Were I a steam engin, wouldst thou take the trouble to tell lies of me? Not thou! I should grind all unheeded, whether badly or well. . . . Wondrous, truly, are the bonds that unite us one and all. . . . There is not a Red Indian hunting by Lake Winnipeg can quarrel with his squaw but the whole world must smart for it; will not the price of beaver rise? It is a mathematical fact that the casting of this pebble from my hand alters the center of gravity of the universe.—*Sartor Resartus.*

GIV me the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely according to conscience, above all liberties.—*Milton.*

EVERY Mussulman is taught, directly or implicitly, that he ought to fight for his faith, that he should assert himself as one of a favored people, and that it is wrong for him to endure, if he can help it, a direct and visible assertion of Infidel superiority. Of the millions so taught, a proportion believe the teaching, and a few believe it so strongly that they will rather die than allow the Infidel to get above them in any visible way. There is, therefore, in Mussulman countries, religious enthusiasm sometimes rising to fanaticism, that is, breaking loose from the control of the judgment; and, of course, when dogma is very much preached or events bring the obligations of their creed clearly home to the children of Islam, there is a good deal of it. But there is much less in quantity, and what there is is much less energetic in kind, than Europeans seem, at this anxious moment, inclined to believe.—*The London Spectator (Sept. 16, 1882.)*

ONE of the most important of the influences of science on religion has been its emancipation from the trammels of authority. We all know what these trammels were in the Middle Ages. We know it was not merely the church of Rome with its dogmata, but the support that the church gave to the dogmata of Aristotle that was the great obstacle to progress. If I were to tell you now some of the conceptions that it would then hav been heresy to question, you would be surprised that grown-up men and women could entertain notions so childish—such, for example, as that the planets must move in circles *because* the circle was the most perfect figure! And when Kepler found that Mars and other planets moved in ellipses he promulgated it with fear and trembling, lest the church should proceed against him for violating Aristotle's theories.—*W. B. Carpenter.*

IF circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the center. —*Shakspere's Hamlet.*

IS there anything better in a state than that both men and women be rendered the very best? There is not.—*Plato.*

A GOOD tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit.—*Jesus.*

CRAFTY men condemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others are to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few are to be read wholly and with diligence and attention.—*Bacon's Essays.*

WE view the world with our own eyes, each of us; and we make from within us the world we see. A weary heart gets no gladness out of sunshine; a selfish man is skeptical about friendship, as a man with no ear does not care for music.—*Thackeray.*

To do
That which lies before us in daily life
Is the prime wisdom. —*Milton.*

Odds and Ends.

TALK about parsons laying down the gospel! If some of the reports regarding this class are true, they ought to lay it down forever.

A YOUNG lady who was blamed for allowing her glove to be discovered in a young man's pocket, stated that she had no hand in it.

JACOB served Laban seven years for the hand of Rachel. If the old man had kept a carriage and let Jacob in as coachman, he would hav made the riffle in six weeks.

"NO," wrote a Montreal convent pupil, "we don't see a man over here once a month, but there's a French girl just come who has a dear little mustache, and we are training her to smoke cigarets and swear."

CANNIBAL king (to missionary): "I think that the best thing I can do is to eat you." Missionary (in earnest protest): "I do not agree with you, sir." Cannibal king: "Well, I mustn't eat anything that doesn't agree with me."

"TIMES hav changed," said old Hyson, mournfully; "times hav changed." "And as to wherefore?" asked his son. "In former times," said the old one, "man ate the cream." "And now?" "They creamate the man."

"WHAT do you call your dog, Georgie?" asked the visitor, pleasantly. "Psalm," said Georgie. "That's a funny name for a dog," the caller said; "why do you call it Psalm?" And the boy explained that he did so because the dog wasn't a hymn.

"WHAT," asks a very tender writer, "what can take the place of babies?" 'Sh! Bend your head a little lower and we'll tell you. Other babies. You didn't suppose this year's crop lasted forever, did you? Goodness, man, it will be clear out of style in eighteen months.

SAID a good sister in her testimony at a late camp-meeting: "My husband opposed my coming to this sacred spot, but I can truthfully say that in coming here I hav received a blessing; and I know that when I reach home my husband will receive a blessing." No one seemed to doubt her.

"AND what of this present time?" cried the parson, earnestly, smiting the pulpit. "What of this time in which we liv? What about the Now?" "Now," said the good editor, suddenly aroused from his comfortable slumber, "now is the time to make up clubs." And then the deacons clubbed together and set him out.

STRANGE that so few men discover how bad the music of the itinerant musicians is until the hat is passed around. If you will notice it, a crowd which is perfectly oblivious of the band's discord, will, the moment the hat makes its appearance, say the most cruel things against the wandering minstrels, with a unanimity which is quite remarkable.

"HOW did you enjoy my sermon yesterday?" asked the new minister of Fitzgoober. "Immensely," answered Fitz; "it was a delightful comfort to me, the cause of a great recreation." "I'm glad to hear it," spoke the pleased clergyman "but, sir, I fear you indulge in flattery." "Not in the least," emphatically replied Fitz, "you put me into the sweetest slumber when you began that I ever experienced, and kept me there, too, until you had finished."

IT is reported that a day or two ago Mr. St. John went into a Kansas drug store and called for a glass of soda water. His left eye accidentally twitched as the clerk gazed at him inquiringly. The mistaken clerk, not knowing the gentleman, gave him a liberal allowance of the usual flavor demanded on such occasions, and the glass was drained to the dregs. "My goodness gracious me!" said the candidate, smacking his lips. "I don't see how men can drink liquor when they can get soda water like that."

ANGLOMANIA has got to such a pitch among the high-toned people that bureaus are now called "chests of drawers" a l'Anglaise. A second-hand furniture-dealer on Market street thought he'd fall in with the times, and, for a bit of an advertising dodge to draw attention to his place, he put a rather antiquated-looking bureau out on the sidewalk in front of his store, and stuck a placard on it with big letters as follows: "For sale—A chest of drawers, formerly belonging to Mrs. Langtry." But he did not keep it there long. He got tired explaining what it meant to the dudes who came panting up to say they'd take one pair.—*San Francisco News-Letter.*

"DEAR, dear! where hav you been, girls?" said a Boston mother to her girls, who returned late from an entertainment, "We've been carmining the municipality,"* giggled the eldest. "And observing the pachyderm,"† laughed the second. "And vociferating the female to an extraordinary elevation,"‡ chimed in the third. "Dear, dear, dear!" exclaimed the mother in expostulatory tones. "There's no harm done," mamma," pouted the fourth; "everything is amiable, and the fowl whose cackling was the salvation of Rome is suspended at an altitude hitherto unknown in our experience."‖

Explanatory chart.—*Painting the town red. †Seeing the elephant. ‡Whooping her up. ‖Everything is lovely and the goose hangs high.—*Summerville Journal.*

TWO passengers on a Detroit-bound train occupied one seat in the smoking-car. Both appeared to be abundantly able to afford a berth in the sleeper. The conversation between them was not continuous. Each glanced out of the corners of his eyes at the other, as if suspicious of his neighbor. Finally one, being nettled at the eyeing he had been subjected to by the other, blurted out: "Well, you needn't be so all-fired suspicious of me. I am the superintendent of a Sunday-school in my town." "Is that so?" cried his companion, warmly, and his face brightening. "I am so glad to meet you. How much did you?——" "And you are——" "Oh, don't worry, I am a much respected citizen and a prominent church-member when I am at home. Shake, old boy, did you do well?" A moment later they were fast friends, sampling each other's liquor and studying a map of Canada.

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Notes and Clippings.

At a Sunday-school in this city, says the *Independent*, a teacher asked a new scholar, a little girl, what her name was. She replied, "Helen French." An urchin in an adjoining seat sang out, "What is it in English?"

In some country churches of Iowa they sing a prohibition hymn which contains the two following lines:

"Put away the bottle, put away the cup,
For if you don't, 'twill turn you bottom up."

The very Rev. Joe Cook has just succeeded in calling public attention to himself by getting into a disgraceful row with the porter of a drawing-room car in Wisconsin. The trouble arose from the porter's resentment at being addressed in a brawling tone, "Here, you, Sambo!"

Mark Twain has been translated into Italian. A publisher in Italy brings out the works of this chronic funny man, calling them the writings of "Marco Duo," or "Samuelo Langhorne Clemensini." Thus Mr. Twain shares the fate of Bret Harte, who appears in Russia as "Bretoff Harteski."

The absorption of Brothers Wakeman and Leland's paper by The Truth Seeker suggests the thought that there is sometimes an antithetical repetition of the lowest in the highest, and that truth is stranger than fiction. We hav read somewhere, in a book of fable, about a whale swallowing a *Man*.

Some time since, avers the *Christian at Work*, a gentleman died, who, during life, refused to believe in any future punishment. Two or three weeks after his death his wife received through a spiritual medium the following communication: "Dear wife: I now believe. Please send my thin clothes and a barrel of ice water."

Labouchere, editor of London *Truth*, says: "I see it stated that the Church Missionary Society has expended in thirty-three years upward of £120,000 on 'missions' to Jews and Mohammedans in Palestine without making a single convert. The London Jews Society spent £30,000 between 1877 and 1882 with the same result.

It is said that Deacon S. V. White, a *bona fide ad valorem* deacon of Beecher's church in Brooklyn, has wagered $7,000 on the result of the election, and will still giv market odds on Blaine. Mr. Beecher has labored with him in vain, advancing every argument, even "You're sure to lose," but the deacon says nobody ever beat him in a horse-trade yet, and he guesses he knows what he is about.

Tronjem, in Norway, according to Dr. Buckley, is the most northerly spot in the world where Methodism has reached. Thus the people nearer the pole, in the midst of snow and ice, hav the consolation of knowing that there is one affliction which they hav been spared, and which their more southern fellowmen would fain be rid of. This fact may account for the prevalent scramble to reach the North Pole.

Little children are not always encouraged as they should be in their search after information. "Pa," asked a New York youngster, "how many blades of grass are there in Central Park?" The old man roused himself and informed the boy that the next foolish question would pack him off to bed. "Can't I ask a question that ain't foolish? It's about the Bible." "Go on," said the father. "How many Paul bearers did St. Paul hav at his funeral?"

The Philadelphia *Record* resurrects this story: An Indian, on being asked what he was doing now, answered: "Well, I hunt some, fish some, and preach some." "Where do you preach?" "Up on the creek bottom." "How much do they giv you?" "'Bout fifty dollars a year." "That's mighty poor pay, isn't it?" "Well, but it's mighty poor preach." The Cambridge *Tribune* adds: "Some preachers resign on account of small pay, but they never think of the quality of the stuff they dole out. The Indian knew more than some white men."

If one would be a Christian, he must bear his cross: "It's a powerful hard matter for me to keep my religion," said a church-member to his minister. "Every time I think I've got an everlastin' holt on it, something turns up to make me cuss; so I am kept on a trot between the world and the mourners' bench. This morning I lost all the religion I had while trying to shoot Tom Green. The gun wouldn't go off and I had to cuss."

This statement appears in the official organ of the Methodist church: "We hav recently heard of a church so surprised by a single conversion that several of its members said, 'Just think of it! Mr. B. has been converted, and in our church, too!'" We had no idea that things had reached this desirable condition in the church; but if "Mr. B." was an intelligent person, it is no wonder that his conversion to Methodism should excite remark.

The fifty-third exhibiton of the American Institute, between 63d and 64th streets, Third avenue, this city, which opened September 24th, is still open; and owing to the large quanity of exhibited articles, will not close until November 29th. This exhibition should be opened Sundays, giving mechanics who cannot spare a week day, without stinting their family or losing their situation, an opportunity to view their own handiwork.

It is very strange how quick some people will change their minds. A man in Vermont imagined that he was inspired to kill Mrs. Adams, a school-teacher, and after thinking it over for some time decided to do so. He called upon the lady and acquainted her with his mission, when she seized a club and knocked him down, and then broke nearly every bone in his body. He now entertains some doubts as to the genuinness of the inspiration.

A stranger arrived at St. Louis, last week, and put up at one of the principal hotels. The energetic landlord inquired whether he was looking for business chances. "No," replied the stranger, sadly, "I'm looking for salvation." The landlord, who had been born and raised in the place, seemed puzzled. He scratched his head and gazed into vacancy, and then, as if moved by sudden impulse, said, "Never heard of it, sir; guess you won't find it in St. Louis."

Dr. Newman Hall, author of a tract entitled, "Come to Jesus," became greatly excited over some criticisms, and wrote a very sarcastic and bitter reply, which he carried to Dr. Binney for suggestions and approval. The nettled Dr. Newman read it himself, and whenever he came to any passage which happened to be particularly bitter, he rubbed it in with much emphasis. When he had done he said, "Well, Dr. Binney, how do you like that lot?" "Oh," was the cautious reply, "I think it is remarkably well written, but has extremely sharp and bitter things in it. Hav you fixed up a title for it yet?" "No, I hav not," replied Dr. Hall; "perhaps you can assist me?" Then Dr. Binney said, "While you were reading those hard hits the thought occurred to me that this would be a capital title, 'Go to the Devil,' by the author of 'Come to Jesus.'"

A friend of a subscriber to the *National Reformer* givs a straightforward and amusing summary of missionary efforts in South Africa. The writer is a Wesleyan Methodist, dating his letter from "Kokstad, Griqualand East:" "The missionaries are doing more harm than enough out here. All they think about is making money, and then going home and telling a lot of lies about the good they are doing and the hardships they hav to undergo. The nativ, in his savage state, is honest and truthful, but the moment the missionary takes him in hand he almost invariably becomes a liar and a thief. The conversion of the hundreds you hear and read about at home to Christ is a farce. It means the man putting on trousers and the woman petticoats. Last week, a 'converted' Kafir came into the store, and I saw him put a bridle under his blanket. I followed him out, and, pulling him off his horse, gave him a thrashing. A day or two after this little event a hang-dog-looking missionary asked me why I beat *a member of the church*."

Roman Catholic priests hav long been in the habit of warning their parishioners to keep out of Methodist meetings, not only because Methodists are heretical, but because their preaching drives people crazy. It now appears that a good Romanist has just become a raving lunatic after attending the services of a Jesuit mission. The *Advocate* adduces this fact in refutation of Dr. Henry Maudsley's statement that Methodist revivals are a prolific cause of insanity, but the editor loses sight of the further fact that Christianity in all its lurid forms is calculated to unbalance the minds of emotional persons. It is difficult to understand how any one who is not a brute can believe in an eternal hell and not become insane.

"Resolved, That suicide of the National Liberal League in its abandonment of Free Speech, Press, and Mails, adds another ghastly skeleton to the decaying relics of hesitating inertia which mark the highway of heretic bewilderment."—*The Word*. The attention of The Truth Seeker has been called to the foregoing, with the request for a reply. The editor would be better able to undertake that task if some one would kindly inform him what it means. "The highway of heretic bewilderment" reminds him of Brother Gardner's attempt to "eventuate to irresponsible endeavor," or the phraseology of the *Index* in its struggle to stick a pin through the "absolute and local ego."

Dr. Blendmann, a professor in Berlin, claims to hav discovered evidences that the moon is inhabited. With a reflecting telescope, he took, it is said, a very detailed and correct photographic view of the disk of the moon, which he afterward exposed under a powerful solar microscope. In this way, the story is, he was able to perceive that what hav been believed to be seas are really regions covered with rich vegetation, and what hav always been taken for mountainous regions are deserts and seas. One can see, it is claimed, with striking distinctness cities, towns, and villages, and there are strong indications of industry and commerce. There are those who doubt the genuinness of Dr. Blendmann's observations, the New York *Sun* claiming that they contradict all previous knowledge of the earth's satellite.

The Toronto *Through Mail* is publishing a series of odd stories about the way a telephone girl at the central office is getting all sorts of people into trouble. One of them will be found this week in our column of "Odds and Ends." Here is the latest: The girl was having a good deal of fun with her beau at 104, when 611 dropped, and she stopped talking to ring a reply. "Hello!" said a female voice at 611. "Please giv me Rev. Alvah Slingword." The Rev. Alvah was called up, and Mrs. Beg asked: "Mr. Slingword, what made you look at me so when I came out of church this morning? I felt real mortified, and I would like to know what you meant by it?" The wicked girl had just asked her beau, "Say, John, do you really like me now?" and then switched him on to Mrs. Beg, who was listening for the reverend gentleman's reply, which John gave as follows: "Well, to tell the truth, my dear, I am greatly mashed on you. I like you better than any other woman in the whole world, and I hav a notion to come down there and hug the life out of you. Oh! you are a daisy, I tell you, and I am entirely gone on you. Giv me a kiss, now, by telephone, won't you? No? Why, you tormenting little vixen, I am coming down there inside of half an hour and take as many as I like. You know you love me to distraction, and yet you put me off and won't kiss me. Won't you go to a wine garden Sunday evening after church, so that we can hav a jolly time. What? You are mad? Now you know better than that. You are dying to be hugged, and I am coming right down there to hug you. When I rap four times four on the door, you will know who it is and let me in." When the Rev. Slingword went over to Mrs. Beg's to find out what she wanted to say to him, the telephone having, as he supposed, failed to work, she had told her husband all, and he sprang upon him from behind a tree and nearly killed the poor preacher, and when Mrs. Beg telephoned for a policeman, the girl laughed her sides sore.

News of the Week.

The citizens hav renominated ex-Mayor Grace for mayor of New York.

The dominion government has concluded not to exclude Chinese from Canada.

Forest fires are raging in several counties of Mississippi, causing great damage.

A partial eclipse of the sun was visible at San Francisco last Sunday afternoon.

The outlook for labor is made more hopeful in Georgia by several suspended mills resuming work.

W. H. Vanderbilt has given half a million to the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons.

A prominent clergyman of Troy, N. Y., was stricken with paralysis while attending a theater last Saturday.

The one-hundredth birthday of Sir Moses Montefiore, the Hebrew philanthropist, was celebrated on the 18th.

The Rev. J. O. Peet, Methodist, of this city, said in his last Sunday's sermon that it would be a slur upon God to make Cleveland president.

Blaine will wind up his Western campaign this week, and then turn his attention to New York. Butler will canvass this state until election day. Cleveland is not stumping.

The printers of New York to the number of five hundred met on the 19th and decided to support the Democratic candidate; not because they liked Cleveland more, but because they liked Blaine less.

It is reported that the leaders of the Mormon church in Utah are about to start a movement looking to the enforcement of polygamy on all members of that division of the Christian church. Apostle Cannon will head the crusade.

St. John advertised to lecture last Sunday in Brooklyn, and thirteen hundred people gathered to hear him, but he did not get there. A man who is running on the Prohibition ticket ought to go home early enough Saturday night that his appearance Sunday morning may be assured.

Mrs. Belva Lockwood, the Woman's Rights candidate for president, lectured in this city last Sunday. Her audience numbered five hundred. In her speech she ignored the campaign slander that she cannot make good doughnuts, and excoriated the other candidates without mercy.

The French budget committee has decided upon a reduction of 5,000,000 francs in the appropriations for distribution by the Ministry of Public Worship. Among the items disallowed by the committee are sums allotted for the repair of cathedrals. The allowance of the archbishop of Paris is diminished by 72,000 francs.

Dr. Rudolph Schramm, pastor of the cathedral in Bremen, Germany, and who, with his assistants, looks after the spiritual welfare of 50,000 souls, spoke in Brooklyn last Sunday upon the condition of religion in Germany. The Germans, he said, cared little for church life, and you would hear many of them say, "Oh, the church is a humbug." The result of this condition of things was that many hav become doubters, because the established church givs them food which is not fit for them.

The Rev. Mr. Wyncoop, of Washington, feeling himself in need of more physical exercise than he could obtain by pounding his pulpit, joined the canoe club of that city, and became a skilful paddler. Now the Rev. Mr. Stanton, D.D., frowns upon canoeing because it is often made the subject of bets, and is in other ways a worldly pleasure, and the Rev. Mr. Wyncoop is resting on his oars until some authority decides whether or not canoeing is scriptural. Some light will be thrown upon the subject when it is discovered how often the reverend gentleman stopped to "splice the main brace."

Colonel Ingersoll Catechised.

From the San Franciscan of Oct. 4th.

One evening this week the editor of the *San Franciscan* had the pleasure of meeting socially Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, and the conversation turned naturally upon the subject of religion. The result of the conversation was that Colonel Ingersoll agreed to answer a number of questions which the editor of the *San Franciscan* desired to put to him. The questions were submitted in writing, and Colonel Ingersoll has sent us the following written replies. It will be seen that the editor endeavored to cover with his questions the main grounds of difference between the celebrated Agnostic and the defenders of the Christian faith.

QUESTION: Does Christianity advance or retard civilization?

ANSWER: If by Christianity you mean the orthodox church, then I unhesitatingly answer that it does retard civilization, always has retarded it, and always will. I can imagin no man who can be benefited by being made a Catholic, or a Presbyterian, or a Baptist or a Methodist—or, in other words, by being made an orthodox Christian. But by Christianity I do not mean morality, kindness, forgivness, justice. Those virtues are not distinctivly Christian. They are claimed by Mohammedans and Buddhists, by Infidels and Atheists, and practiced by some of all classes. Christianity consists in the miraculous, the marvelous, and the impossible.

The one thing that I most seriously object to in Christianity is the doctrin of eternal punishment. That doctrin subverts every idea of justice. It teaches the infinit absurdity that a finite offense can be justly visited by eternal punishment. Another serious objection I hav is, that Christianity endeavors to destroy intellectual liberty. Nothing is better calculated to retard civilization than to subvert the idea of justice. Nothing is better calculated to retain barbarism than to deny to every human being the right to think. Justice and liberty are the two wings that bear man forward. The church, for a thousand years, did all within its power to prevent the expression of honest thought; and when the church had power, there was in this world no civilization. We hav advanced just in the proportion that Christianity has lost power. Those nations in which the church is still powerful are still almost savage—Portugal, Spain, and many others I might name. Probably no country is more completely under the control of the religious idea than Russia. The czar is the direct representativ of God. He is the head of the church, as well as of the state. In Russia every mouth is a bastile, and every tongue a convict. This Russian pope, this representativ of God, has on earth his hell (Siberia), and he imitates the orthodox God to the extent of his health and strength.

Everywhere man advances as the church loses power. In my judgment, Ireland can never succeed until it ceases to be Catholic; and there can be no successful uprising while the confessional exists. At one time in New England the church had complete power. There was then no religious liberty. And so we might make a tour of the world, and find that superstition always has been, is, and forever will be, inconsistent with human advancement.

QUESTION: Do not the evidences of design in the universe prove a creator?

ANSWER: If there were any evidences of design in the universe, certainly they would tend to prove a designer, but they would not prove a creator. Design does not prove creation. A man makes a machine. That does not prove that he made the material out of which the machine is constructed. You find the planets arranged in accordance with what you call a plan. That does not prove that they were created. It may prove that they are governed, but it certainly does not prove that they were created. Is it consistent to say that a design cannot exist without a designer, but that a designer can? Does not a designer need a design as much as a design needs a designer? Does not a creator need a creator as much as the thing we think has been created? In other words, is not this simply a circle of human ignorance? Why not say that the universe has existed from eternity, as well as to say that a creator has existed from eternity? And do you not thus avoid at least one absurdity by saying that the universe has existed from eternity, instead of saying that it was created by a creator who existed from eternity? Because if your creator existed from eternity, and created the universe, there was a time when he commenced; and back of that, according to Shelley, is "an eternity of idleness."

Some people say that God existed from eternity, and has created eternity. It is impossible to conceive of an act coequal with eternity. If you say that God has existed forever, and has always acted, then you make the universe eternal and you make the universe as old as God; and if the universe be as old as God, he certainly did not create it.

These questions of origin and destiny—of infinit Gods—are beyond the powers of the human mind. They cannot be solved. We might as well try to travel fast enough to get beyond the horizon. It is things of importance—to questions that may by some possibility be solved. It is of no importance to me whether God exists or not. I exist, and it is important to me to be happy while I exist. Therefore I had better turn my attention to finding out the secret of happiness, instead of trying to ascertain the secret of the universe.

I say, with regard to God, I do not know; and therefore I am accused of being arrogant and egotistic. Religious papers say that I do know, because Webster told me. They use Webster as a witness to prove the divinity of Christ. They say that Webster was on the God side, and therefore I ought to be. I can hardly afford to take Webster's ideas of another world when his ideas about this were so bad. When bloodhounds were pursuing a woman through the tangled swamps of the South—she hungry for liberty—Webster took the side of the bloodhounds. Such a man is no authority for me. Bacon denied the Copernican system of astronomy; he is an unsafe guide. Wesley believed in witches; I cannot follow him. No man should quote a name instead of an argument; no man should bring forward a person instead of a principle unless he is willing to accept all the ideas of that person.

QUESTION: Is not a pleasant illusion preferable to dreary truth—a future life being in question?

ANSWER: I think it is. I think that a pleasing illusion is better than a terrible truth, so far as its immediate results are concerned. I would rather think the one I love living than to think her dead. I would rather think that I had a large balance in bank than that my account was overdrawn. I would rather think I was healthy than to know that I had a cancer. But if we hav an illusion, let us hav it pleasing. The orthodox illusion is the worst that can possibly be conceived. Take hell out of that illusion, take eternal pain away from that dream, and say that the whole world is to be happy forever—then you might hav an excuse for calling it a pleasant illusion; but it is, in fact, a nightmare—a perpetual horror—a cross on which the happiness of man has been crucified.

QUESTION: Are not religion and morals inseparable?

ANSWER: Religion and morality hav nothing in common, and yet there is no religion except the practice of morality. But what you call religion is simply superstition. Religion as it is now taught teaches our duties toward God, our obligations to the infinit, and the results of a failure to discharge those obligations. I believe that we are under no obligations to the infinit; that we cannot be. All our obligations are to each other, and to sentient beings. "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved," has nothing to do with morality. "Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you" has nothing to do with believing in the Lord Jesus Christ. Baptism has nothing to do with morality. "Pay your honest debts." That has nothing to do with baptism. What is called religion is simple superstition, with which morality has nothing to do.

The churches do not prevent people from committing natural offenses, but restrain them from committing artificial ones. As, for instance, the Catholic church can prevent one of its members from eating meat on Friday, but not from whipping his wife. The Episcopal church can prevent dancing, it may be, in Lent, but not slander. The Presbyterian can keep a man from working on Sunday, but not from practicing deceit on Monday. And so I might go through the churches. They lay the greater stress upon the artificial offenses. Those countries that are the most religious are the most immoral. When the world was under the control of the Catholic church, it reached the very pit of immorality, and nations hav advanced in morals just in proportion that they hav lost Christianity.

QUESTION: It is frequently asserted that there is nothing new in your objections against Christianity. What is your reply to such assertions?

ANSWER: Of course, the editors of religious papers will say this; Christians will say this. In my opinion, an argument is new until it has been answered. An argument is absolutely fresh, and has upon its leaves the dew of morning, until it has been refuted. All men hav experienced, it may be, in some degree, what we call love. Millions of men hav written about it. The subject, of course, is old. It is only the presentation that can be new. Thousands of men hav attacked superstition. The subject is old, but the manner in which the facts are handled, the arguments grouped—these may be forever new. Millions of men hav preached Christianity. Certainly there is nothing new in the original ideas. Nothing can be new except the presentation, the grouping. The ideas may be old, but they may be clothed in new garments of passion; they may be given additional human interest. A man takes a fact, or an old subject, as a sculptor takes a rock; the rock is not new. Of this rock he makes a statue; the statue is new. And yet some orthodox man might say: "There is nothing new about that statue. I know the man that dug the rock; I know the owner of the quarry." Substance is eternal; forms are new. So in the human mind certain ideas, or in the like a man trying to run away from his girdle. Consequently, I believe in turning our attention to human heart certain passions, are forever old; but genius forever givs them new forms, new meanings; and this is the perpetual originality of genius.

QUESTION: Do you consider that churches are injurious to the community?

ANSWER: In the exact proportion that churches teach falsehood; in the exact proportion that they destroy liberty of thought, the free action of the human mind; in the exact proportion that they teach the doctrin of eternal pain, and convince people of its truth—they are injurious. In the proportion that they teach morality and justice, and practice kindness and charity—in that proportion they are a benefit. Every church, therefore, is a mixed problem—part good and part bad. In one direction it leads toward and sheds light; in the other direction its influence is entirely bad.

Now, I would like to civilize the churches, so that they will be able to do good deeds without building bad creeds. In other words, take out the superstitious and the miraculous, and leave the human and the moral.

QUESTION: Why do you not respond to the occasional clergyman who replies to your lectures?

ANSWER: In the first place, no clergyman has ever replied to my lectures. In the second place, no clergyman ever will reply to my lectures. He does not answer my arguments—he attacks me; and the replies that I hav seen are not worth answering. They are far below the dignity of the question under discussion. Most of them are ill-mannered, as abusiv as illogical, and as malicious as weak. I cannot reply without feeling humiliated. I cannot use their weapons, and my weapons they do not understand. I attack Christianity because it is cruel, and they account for all my actions by putting behind them base motivs. They make it at once a personal question. They imagin that epithets are good enough arguments with which to answer an Infidel. A few years ago they would hav imprisoned me. A few years before that they would hav burnt me. We hav advanced. Now they only slander; and I congratulate myself on the fact that even that is not believed. Ministers do not believe each other about each other. The truth has never yet been ascertained in any trial by a church. The longer the trial lasts, the obscurer is the truth. They will not believe each other, even on oath; and one of the most celebrated ministers of this country has publicly announced that there is no use in answering a lie started by his own church; that if he does answer it—if he does kill it—forty more lies will come to the funeral.

In this connection we must remember that the priests of one religion never credit the miracles of another religion. Is this because priests instinctivly know priests? Now, when a Christian tells a Buddhist some of the miracles of the Testament, the Buddhist smiles. When a Buddhist tells a Christian the miracles performed by Buddha, the Christian laughs. This reminds me of an incident. A man told a most wonderful story. Everybody present expressed surprise and astonishment, except one man. He said nothing; he did not even change countenance. One who noticed that the story had no effect on this man, said to him, "You do not seem to be astonished the least at this marvelous tale." The man replied, "No; I am a liar myself."

You see, I am not trying to answer individual ministers. I am attacking the whole body of superstition. I am trying to kill the entire dog, and I do not feel like wasting any time killing fleas on that dog. When the dog dies, the fleas will be out of provisions, and in that way we shall answer them all at once.

So I do not bother myself answering religious newspapers. In the first place, they are not worth answering; and in the second place, to answer would only produce a new crop of falsehoods. You know, the editor of a religious newspaper, as a rule, is one who has failed in the pulpit; and you can imagin the brains necessary to edit a religious weekly from this fact. I hav known some good religious editors. By some I mean one. I do not say that there are not others, but I do say I do not know them. I might add, here, that the one I did know is dead.

Since I hav been in this city there hav been some "replies" to me. They hav been almost idiotic. A Catholic priest asked me how I had the impudence to differ with Newton. Newton, he says, believed in a God. Newton was a Protestant; and I ask this Catholic priest how he has the impudence to differ with Newton. This simply shows the absurdity of using men's names for arguments. This same priest proves the existence of God by a pagan orator. Is it possible that God's last witness died with Cicero? If it is necessary to believe in a God now, the witnesses ought to be on hand now.

Another man, pretending to answer me, quotes Le Conte, a geologist; and according to this geologist, we are "getting very near to the splendors of the great white throne." Where is the great white throne? Can anyone, by studying geology, find the locality of the great white throne? To what stratum does it belong? In what geologic period was the

great white throne formed? What on earth has geology to do with the throne of God?

The truth is, there can be no reply to the argument that man should be governed by his reason; that he should depend upon observation and experience; that he should use the faculties he has for his own benefit, and the benefit of his fellow-men. There is no answer. It is not within the power of man to substantiate the supernatural. It is beyond the power of evidence.

QUESTION: Why do the theological seminaries find it difficult to get students?

ANSWER: I was told last spring, at New Haven, that the "theologs," as they called the young men there being fitted for the ministry, were not regarded as intellectual by all the other students. The orthodox pulpit has no rewards for genius. It has rewards only for stupidity, for belief—not for investigation, not for thought; and the consequence is that young men of talent avoid the pulpit. I think I heard the other day that of all the students at Harvard only nine are preparing for the ministry. The truth is, the ministry is not regarded as an intellectual occupation. The average church now consists of women and children. Men go to please their wives, or stay at home and subscribe to please their wives; and the wives are beginning to think, and many of them are staying at home. Many of them now prefer the theater or the opera, or the park or the seashore or the forest, or the companionship of their husbands and children at home.

QUESTION: How does the religious state of California compare with the rest of the Union?

ANSWER: I find that sensible people everywhere are about the same, and the proportion of Freethinkers depends on the proportion of sensible folks. I think that California has her full share of sensible people. I find everywhere the best people and the brightest people—the people with the most heart and the best brain—all tending toward Freethought. Of course, a man of brain cannot believe the miracles of the Old and New Testaments. A man of heart cannot believe in the doctrin of eternal pain. We hav found that other religions are like ours, with precisely the same basis, the same idiotic miracles, the same martyrs, the same early fathers, and, as a rule, the same Christ or Savior. It will hardly do to say that all others like ours are false, and ours the only true one, when others substantially like it are thousands of years older. We hav at last found that a religion is simply an effort on the part of man to account for what he sees, what he experiences, what he feels, what he fears, and what he hopes. Every savage has his philosophy. That is his religion and his science. The religions of to-day are the sciences of the past; and it may be that the sciences of to-day will be the religions of the future, and that other sciences will be as far beyond them as the science of to-day is beyond the religion of to-day. As a rule, religion is a sanctified mistake, and heresy a slandered fact. In other words, the human mind grows—and as it grows it abandons the old, and the old gets its revenge by maligning the new.

California Letter.

DEAR EUGENE: Please find inclosed postal order for fourteen dollars for THE TRUTH SEEKER, to be sent as directed in my private letter.

You will see by this that I am at home in the Garden City once more—thanks to the forces seen and unseen—having traveled and spoken in Nevada, Utah, Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, Washington territory, Oregon, and California, and on the whole hav no fault to find with my friends or myself.

Since my last letter from Portland, Oregon, I hav lectured six nights in Ashland, Southern Oregon, at present the terminus of the Cal. & Ore. railroad, and much improved since our visit here two years since. Southern Oregon is indeed a bright and beautiful section of the great Northwest—full of happy fruits and homes, and will some day rival the far-famed valleys of her Southern sister, California. The Liberals of Ashland are alive, up, and doing, and showed their faith by their works. And at the close of the course, I had the pleasure of organizing a Liberal League of eighty-one members, with J. D. Fountain, president; E. J. Farlow, secretary; and B. F. Myers, treasurer; besides a most effectiv executiv committee, with J. F. McCaull at the head; and a music committee numbering Mrs. J. N. Conant, a very queen of song, as also Mr. Cooledge, highly gifted in musical talent. And with such a promising choir of officers you may hope to hear good things from the Ashland Liberal Union. Our thanks are due at Ashland to all of the Liberals who helped, or tried to help, us in our work; and especially to our aged friend Casey, for not only sympathy but material support.

Some people don't like my old friend Casey because he is so radical, and then he swears, too. But then there are many who indulge in the foolish habit of swearing, as there are many who pray from habit and yet do not mean anything by it, and both are foolish habits and should be avoided. But this is true, that there are some people with all their vices who are better than some other people with all their so-called virtues. I like the people of Ashland and hope to see them all again in the near future.

But I must not forget to mention our friend Kenney, who called us to speak two nights at Medford, a new town twelve miles from Ashland by the rail. Brother Kenney is a true Liberal who desires the advancement of our cause. So much so, that he wrote me as soon as he knew that I had arrived in the neighborhood, to come and he would stand in the gap for forty dollars for two lectures, and the hall rent, too, and my entertainment besides. I only wish we had more of such men as Brother Kenney, of Medford. Many thanks are also due to our friend Hauck for a home at his homelike hotel, during our stay in Ashland, and hope he may be prospered in basket and store.

Fifty miles' ride by stage through a most highly picturesque country of mountain and valley landscape, brings us to Yreka on the northern border of California, an old but once flourishing town in the early days of California mining, and fabulously rich in golden ore, and still has some good mines; but, like most of our mining towns, her former glory has departed. I did not know a single Liberal in Yreka, but I hav a way of finding out things, and called to see the postmaster, who informed me that no TRUTH SEEKER, no Boston *Investigator*, and, in fact, no Liberal paper of any kind, was taken in Yreka. "Well," I said, "are these people all Christian?" "Oh, no," he replied, "there are but few Christians here." And there has never been any Liberal speaker here until two weeks ago. Ingersoll spoke one night to an audience of about one hundred people.

We spoke five nights here with the best of results, our audience reaching as high as four hundred by the third night, and I am glad to say that THE TRUTH SEEKER and Boston *Investigator* will, hereafter, find a few readers in Yreka. And, as I hav said in former letters, Why don't our Liberals take the papers? Where they are taken, there is mental life, and, invariably, where the Liberals of a community do not read our Liberal literature, there is a total stagnation and indifference to the cause of mental freedom, and almost a mental earthquake, or cyclone, is needed to wake them up.

Our thanks are due at Yreka to H. W. Frost and family, Dr. Reams, J. Kessler, and others, for kindness during our stay at Yreka. And, especially, we are indebted to the leader of the Yreka brass band, H. L. Scheld, for music on the street and in the hall at each lecture of the course, and hope, on some future occasion, to reward the boys of the Yreka band as they richly deserve.

Seventy miles of stage coaching from Yreka, over mountain and through deep canyons, passing along close by the foot of Mount Shasta, rising fourteen thousand feet above the sea level, looking so grandly cold, draped with eternal snow from whence come the springs which giv rise to the great Sacramento, which waters the entire length of the great Sacramento basin, so rich in fields of grain, orchards, and vinyards, spread out like a panorama of lasting beauty, finds us at Delta, the present terminus of the California end of the C. & O. R. R.

Our country is red-hot just now with politics, which seem to me like a grand scramble to get into or stay in office. There may be honest choice between the two great parties, but we fail to see any great issues involving any great reforms for the masses of our people. Hence political dust is the last resort and only stock-in-trade to maintain power over the people.

Ingersoll speaks in San Jose to-night, and we propose, mother and I, to giv ourselvs a grand treat of hearing somebody else talk for once, as the inspiration of one's own voice gets to be by time a little monotonous to one's self; besides, it is not often one can hear an Ingersoll.

What a wonderful ado our camp has got into about Brother Chainey's conversion to Spiritualism! What of it? Is he not a Liberal man still? Some speak of it as though a great misfortune had befallen our friend Chainey. To my mind it is a sort of sectarianism, and not Liberalism, which finds a victory in Chainey's conversion, and also the same, a narrow view of Materialism, and not Liberalism, in its best sense which seems to deplore the loss of Chainey as though he were dead. How long, O Lord, how long, will it take our people to find out that Materialism in the Thomas Winter sense is one thing, and Spiritualism in the J. M. Peebles sense is another thing, and that Liberalism is not of necessity Materialistic, nor yet Spiritualistic, but may and should combine both elements of belief? I am not in sympathy with any person or movement that seeks to drive an entering wedge of antagonism between the two great factors of Liberalism. This was the life work of our friend, D. M. Bennett—to build up Liberalism, the grandest mental condition, and the highest round in the ladder of intellectual worth and attainment. I am a Materialist and a Spiritualist both. Put a pin in that spot—a Materialist in the sense that matter and force constitute the sum total of all things in the universe; a Spiritualist in the sense of the possibilities wrapped up in nature, and a belief in a future state predicated upon what I hav seen and know about the so-called spiritual phenomena. Now, while I do not hav absolute knowledge of a life beyond, yet I believe in and hope for such a life. I do not feel just right in the presence of positiv affirmation for or against a state of being which to my mind is wanting as yet, the elements of absolute proof to many minds, and must as yet remain an open question. I take it for granted that every man believes all that he can from the evidence to his own mind. If there is no conviction, bring evidence; if the conviction is light, bring more evidence. If, after all, the evidence fails to convict, what then? Will you Materialists and Spiritualists, like Methodists and Presbyterians, damn, or even feel aggrieved at a man because he differs with you in belief? Men do not quarrel about knowledge or that which can be demonstrated. Only those quarrel who stoutly assert and assume that which in the nature of things cannot be demonstrated to all, and hence wanting in the elements of universal knowledge. When a man says that Materialic Liberalism is a bundle of cold negation, and cannot warm into life human activity and promote human happiness, he talks simply nonsense, as he would prove thereby a defect in the economy of nature, as many cannot reach a full conviction of another life, and hence must be unhappy. When a man says that there is no life beyond, and that those who believe in such a state are fanatics or crazy, he is alike open to the charge of talking nonsense. And to my mind, Materialism or Spiritualism, when viewed in an abstract sense, or used for any other purpose than gaining knowledge, drops at once to the plane of religion, sect, and ism, and as such is not entitled to any more respect than Methodism or Mormonism.

Let us foster a Liberalism based upon knowledge, combining belief and disbelief about all open questions, which can in no sense hinder or promote true happiness only as they serve to prevent stagnation and promote mental activity.

I will be at home until after election, when I will again be ready to answer calls to lecture anywhere on the Pacific coast. DR. J. L. YORK.

San Jose, Cal., Oct. 3, 1884.

EDUCATED Christians are now anxious to make peace with the doctrin of evolution, and are quite indignant if Freethinkers suggest that evolution and Christianity are incompatible. It is therefore refreshing, says Mrs. Besant, to meet a good, sound, orthodox paper like the *Rock*, which repudiates all nineteenth-century knowledge, and sticks to the old, ignorant folly of the Bible. It writes on Evolution: "The sure tendency and the avowed object of such pernicious doctrins is to lead us away from the clear and distinct scriptural account of the creation—an account which has been wonderfully illustrated and confirmed by the discoveries of geology. True, the book of Genesis tells us that certain kinds of creatures were made at different times to others; evolution, however, says that there was no creation at all, but that all life was produced in the course of events, by what seems to ordinary men simple chance, from a single piece of matter. Between these two there can be no point of agreement. That a reptil rather than an amphibious animal is to hav the honor of having been our first progenitor makes no difference in the main position. With such plausibly destructiv speculations, we, as Christians, hav nothing to do; to dally with them under a vague impression that they may be reconciled with true Christian theology is to deceive ourselvs; whilst yielding to their fascination we may find that our faith is being secretly undermined. When would-be scientists put human nature before us in a form which, if pressed to its logical conclusion, would place the faculties of man and of brutes on the same level, the gulf which separates them from Atheism is not very broad. Such writers are responsible for much of the Infidelity of the day. If we accept their teaching, there is an end of moral responsibility; of religion, of a personal God. Evolution can hav no place in the world of him who believes by faith 'that the worlds were framed by the word of God,' and remembers that 'the Lord giveth not an account of any of his matters.' The whole order of nature points unceasingly to one mind and will, selecting, arranging, adapting, and controling everything. . . . 'Science and Christ,' says Darwin, 'hav nothing to do with each other. I do not believe that any revelation has ever been made.'" Well done, *Rock!* You are perfectly right. Between science and Christianity "there can be no point of agreement," and the sooner both recognize the fact the better for the world.

MR. CHARLES WATTS's lecture engagements for the next month are as follows: Sunday, Oct. 12th, Toronto; Monday and Tuesday, 13th and 14th, Hamilton; Wednesday, 15th, Welland; Thursday, 16th, Dunnville; Friday, 17th, Seaforth; Sunday, 19th, Toronto; Monday, 20th, Meaford; Tuesday, 21st, Owen Sound; during the following week a tour through north of Canada; Sunday, 26th, and following week, Hamilton and the west; Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, Nov. 2d, 3d, and 4th, Montreal. Mr. Watts will arrive in New York November 6th.

"THE Truth Seeker Annual and Freethinkers' Almanac," 1884, 25 cents.

Communications.

Against Mr. Chainey's Proposed Debate.

It having been left with Mr. Putnam to arrange the preliminaries for the debate to which Mr. Chainey challenges Charles Watts, the following letter has been written. It was not intended for publication, but as it sets forth in so plain and convincing language the reasons why the proposed debate should not be held, we hav secured Mr. Putnam's permission to lay it before our readers:

MY DEAR CHAINEY: I hav received a letter from Watts in regard to the debate, and he is not in favor under present circumstances, and so concurs with my own judgment, as I hinted to you in my reply that I was not in favor of keeping up the controversy. As things are now, it seems clearly against our duty. We are *officers of the League*, engaged by the League to do a certain work, and our time is not our own. All our time and all the money we can earn belong to the League. Now, the work of the League is in the line of the Nine Demands and Secularism. We cannot in justice to the League go outside of these and engage in any other work. Now, you are not opposed to the Nine Demands, and you are not opposed to Secularism. You believe in these as much as we do, only in something more, namely, Spiritualism, which concerns not the League at all. So you see there is no fight between you and us, except in a mere matter of opinion which has nothing to do with the main matter at issue.

Now, I guess you will see this as I do, that according to the program of work laid out for us by the League we cannot engage in this controversy, and in this case we must act as officers of the League, and not as private individuals.

But furthermore, I want to say that in my judgment this debate is not only *out of our line*, but entirely opposed to *our plans and purposes.* It is not fighting the common enemy, but is an internecine strife. There is no antagonism between Spiritualism and the League. They are forces that work together. Our common enemy is Christianity. This is entrenched in the laws of the land, and is a tyranny. Spiritualism is a belief, and there is nothing in it contrary to the Nine Demands. As a matter of fact, the vast majority of the Spiritualists are the warmest friends and supporters of the League. We hav pronounced Spiritualists among the officers of the League, and in every way it would be disastrous for us to engage in this war of opinions, when in purpose we are one and the same. My judgment and my conscience, therefore, are against this debate. If it did no injury to League work, it is entirely outside of that work, and as officers we cannot take hold of it. But secondly, it would be deeply injurious to our work. It would alienate friends, it would create a false issue, it would be a combat among allies, and at this time we must reserve all our force for the real enemy.

Do you not see how we stand, and that we are friends and not enemies?

Now, whatever Watts, and I, and all of us can do for you as friends, we will, but we cannot engage in battle when there is no battle. I think you hav made a mistake in attacking Materialism. You are just as much of a Materialist as I am. All your belief in spirits is founded upon material phenomena, and without that material phenomena you would hav no faith whatsoever. Your own good sense will tell you this. Therefore there is no antagonism between Spiritualism and Materialism, only as to the amount and value of evidence, which is a mere outside question, and is not fundamental. I think a little cool reflection will convince you of your error, and, as a friend who wants you to do the best you can for yourself, I would advise you to make a frank avowal of this mistake and take your place side by side with us in the battle for human rights. You hav injured the feelings of some of your best friends, and there is deep resentment against your unjust charges. Our philosophy of life is as dear to us as yours to you, and you hav attacked that philosophy in the spirit of orthodoxy, and you hav said, "I am holier than thou." You hav acted exactly as Moody acts. In tht heat of your enthusiasm you hav played the part of a "converted Christian," and put on airs of superior wisdom and sanctity. I do not think you hav had good counselors in this matter. You hav not done what a plain, level-headed, practical business man of the world would hav done. You hav been a woman really—"a mad poet," but not a wise philosopher. You hav made a very great mistake in this—like Othello, putting your heart upon your sleeve for daws to peck at. Now, my boy, I simply wish you to back down from your position as gracefully as you can, admit your error of judgment, make an apology like a gentleman to a gentleman. Act honorably in this matter, and with courage. Don't be afraid to beg pardon when your conscience must tell you that you hav done wrong, that you hav made cruel and unjust charges against us Materialists, against the nobility of our belief. Now is your opportunity to act in a magnanimous way. Your home is with us, or the church. One or the other is your fate. You will not be satisfied where you are. Either you will be in the ranks of the Liberals, or of the church. You can strike hands with us now, and we will march on together, and you will hav the best and the stanchest friends you ever had. You know yourself that you hav had no better, truer, nobler, more devoted friends than you hav found in the Liberal ranks. Why will you engage in any contest with them? Above all, why will you wound their hearts?

We cannot fight you until you are really our foe. When you plant yourself against the Nine Demands, then we will meet you. As representativs of the Liberal League, we cannot do otherwise.

I say in this case, don't let any damnable pride, or personal pique, or anything, stand in the way of a genuin reconcilation with your old comrades. You hav done a wrong: why not frankly avow and say to us, "I am with you from this time henceforth, and will work and fight with you." I write this with all my heart, for I feel that you are in a dangerous position, and may do that which will cause life-long regret and injury. You may not like what I say, but it is the plain truth, and I am satisfied that your cool, clear intellect will so decide.

When I was at Cassadaga, I hardly knew what to say; I felt as if all reasoning was useless in your excited state of mind; you were absolutely spirit-intoxicated, and did not seem to realize the injustice of your position. The matter of fact world seemed to you a dream, this solid earth seemed of no account in your eyes, and you really thought that we Materialists had no motiv power and would go to the dogs, if we did not believe as you did. You took exactly the attitude of Moody. I think, perhaps, you hav got over that fever of the mind and can think calmly and clearly, and see the sheer folly of your course, and its terrible drift, which is to sever you from the Liberal world and drive you back again into the church. This is the simple logic of your position, and I can no longer keep silent in regard to it, for I feel that by continuing in this course you are ruining all your chances of usefulness. I don't want you to giv up Spiritualism. I want you to keep it and make the most of it for yourself and others, but I want you to be Liberal and not orthodox in your mind. I feel that you must reverse your course and that as soon as possible, or it will be too late. Now is the time to manfully admit your mistake, giv honor to the Materialist, declare yourself a Liberal, work on the constructiv basis among your new allies, fight for justice in this world, and so join hands with us; and in that way we can be of service to you in your work, and a broad and bright field will be before you; but we cannot, and you can see that we cannot, turn aside from our chosen work and engage in a controversy which might make some excitement for the time, but would be a terrific blow to our cause. We cannot do it on any account whatever.

Now, you may be angry with me for what I say, but there is not one, *not one* of your best friends who will not cordially indorse every word I write. I know I speak the truth, and in the greatness of my friendship, so I speak it. It may hurt, but I hope it will cure and open your eyes to the peril of your present course, and turn you back to us, not in *doctrin*—let that go—but in *spirit* and *purpose.*

Ever yours, SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

Mr. Chainey's Reply.

MY DEAR PUTNAM: Your letter, which you inform me is to be published in THE TRUTH SEEKER, has been received. I will therefore ask you to secure this the same publicity, and, if possible, in the same issue. I am somewhat amazed and confused with your earnest and loving epistle. You and I hav of course been too long loving comrades and confidants ever to write aught to each other save in love and true friendship. Still I cannot but feel that you wrote this time without due reflection and stained your ink slightly with prejudice. Though all the world judge me wrong, surely you ought to judge me right. Though realistic minds turn my poetry to prose and translate metaphor into fact, your poet's sight ought to hav led you into a knowledge of the truth. I know a great dust has been raised in the Liberal papers, turning attention from what I did say to what I did not, and never dreamed of saying. But as you heard all I did say, and in the confidence of warmest personal friendship knew the deepest feelings of my heart, I am sorely puzzled with some portions of your letter. But let me take up the separate points. First, you inform me that Mr. Watts refuses to debate. I am at a loss to understand this, when I hav a letter from Mr. Watts heartily accepting my challenge, with one slight modification as to the order of appearance, to which I instantly agreed. Hence, between men of honor refusal comes too late unless accompanied by the apology which it is mine to demand—not, as you claim, giv. I did not open this controversy. You know full well that I hav often suffered under unjust imputation rather than take the sword. Mr. Watts announced he would reply to me long before he knew what I was to say. I advised him against it. I felt it unwise at a Freethought convention to start a debate between the advocates of Spiritualism and Materialism. If when I had said my say Mr. Wakeman had said his strongest word for Positivism without trying to ridicule me, and Mr. Watts for Materialism without directing most of his argument against me personally, all would hav been well. If he had been fair and just in reply, I should hav said nothing. But though he disclaims it, I say he did try to steal a victory by personal innuendo, hinting that I had been converted by a woman, charging me with effeminacy, and pettifogging every point raised. If his reply had been printed word for word, as my lecture was, I would hav asked for no other vindication. The answer he does make in print is by no means the one he made at Cassadaga. Through this failure to giv both sides equally to the public, I hav been subject to all sorts of false reports. I was utterly annihilated, crushed to powder, and blown away; my tissue tawdry torn to shreds. It has also been claimed, when opportunity was offered me to reply, that, like a coward, I announced that I would do so after he (Mr. Watts) was hundreds of miles away. This is a lie. I am no coward. I am ready to back the truth I hold against the world. I hav endured more than tongue can tell of vexation, malice, libel, slander, loss of friendship, and twice sacrificed a secure position for most dangerous uncertainty for the truth. I foresaw also this time much that was to follow. I shrank from the pain, the misunderstandings, the false and evil reports I saw would follow this last change of opinion. Only the shield of courage and sword of truth could hav carried me through the opposition that assailed me on all sides at Cassadaga. On seeing Mr. Watts's reply in THE TRUTH SEEKER, in which he charges me with glaring inaccuracy, reckless imputation, and an utter lack of reason, I felt that my honor as a man, and the truth I hold most dear, called upon me to challenge him to make good his charges, and to giv me an opportunity in a large city, beneath the impartial light of the secular press, to show that I am no puling infant, whining schoolboy, man in petticoats, mere gusher of sentiment, telling a tale full of sound and fury signifying nothing, such as he would imply I am in both of his recent replies through THE TRUTH SEEKER. I do not admit that he has contracted any engagement with the Liberal League that exempts him from the honor and justice of a man, or allows him lightly for policy to cancel an engagement already made.

I demand the fulfilment of his pledge, or an apology and withdrawal of his personal accusations referred to above. You say well when you say I am not opposed to the Nine Demands of Liberalism and Secularism. Of course I am not, if by Secularism you mean the secularization of the state. But secularization as taught by Mr. Watts means also the secularization of the individual. To that I am deeply and mightily opposed—inspired thereto by the hollowness and emptiness of life, as realized in my own experience, when bounded only by the cradle and the grave. If you should confine your labors to the public advocacy of the Nine Demands, I am with you, heart and hand. I am ready to put them into the constitution of any society I organize. But you will not so limit your labors. Nearly all the labors of Mr. Watts are directed to the secularism of the individual. Since employed by the League he has challenged Dr. Sexton to debate on this ground. He also challenges every minister in the land on this ground. There are many ministers who believe in state secularization as much as Mr. Watts, but not in Secularism. Many Spiritualists are helping to support him in this work. In so doing they hire an assassin to cut their own throats, and undo the work the advocates of Spiritualism are engaged in. Let Mr. Watts and my dear friend Putnam stick to the work you say you are engaged to perform, and I am satisfied. There will then, as you say, be no fight between us. Otherwise there will. I also know full well that it is next to impossible for you to suppress and limit yourselvs in any such way. You may giv one or two lectures on state secularization, then, the subject being exhausted, you will seek to make converts to your personal Secular philosophy of life. When I became a convert to Spiritualism I could no longer be a candidate for the presidency of the League. Why? Because I could not afford to suppress the great bulk of my personal convictions, and labor a whole year for just one of them. That is what you and Mr. Watts hav obligated yourselvs to. I shall rejoice greatly if I see that you fully realize your duty and do your best to perform it. But Mr. Watts must prepare new lectures, and change the nature of his defiance to the clergy. You must disappoint the mere destructiv Liberals, who are awaiting with anticipations of great enjoyment to see him back his trained tigers against every form of religion that lifts man's gaze above the dust of earth and the corruption of the tomb. Now I hav sat in the damp of this grave vault, I know how it chills and benumbs all the best instincts of the heart. I know, of course, that when we first shake off the fetters of old theology we are full of joy and satisfaction, and fancy nature beautiful without a soul. But all her beauty is that of the grave. The fairest landscape, the bluest sea, is one vast field of blood, where each slayer has in turn its slayer. Disappointed here, we turn to

man. We will work for liberty and justice. But liberty degenerates into license. The man we forgave goes and thrusts some one into prison who owes him far less than he did us.

The advocates of reason tire and vex us often worse than the disciples of unreason. We see lofty pretense vanishing into impotence and failure, while those who claim to be the world's new redeemers, show that they hav not yet redeemed themselvs. Yet reason cries: On and on; think, explore, investigate. But the heart grows colder. The rust of despair gathers on the bright sword of enthusiasm. The apples of life turn to ashes in our mouths. The thought of death is a skeleton at every feast, while the nameless shadow and tongueless silence of annihilation intrudes into every bower of love and joy. We prick the sides of our intent with vaulting ambition. But what is fame or honor worth when the end of it all is to make a banquet for worms? Why sweat and groan to be remembered when we can remember no more? How great the chance anyway is it, even if we do our best, that anyone will wreathe a garland of praise around our memory or our name with the lips of love after the few short years "if a man lie in the ground ere he rot?" You know, my dear old comrade, that thus driven to the wall we hav rejoiced together in the one hope that we might forget our misery in the arms of human love and intoxication of the perfume wafted from the flowers that bloom to-day. You know just as well as I do that here, for utmost devotion, we hav been rewarded with deceit and betrayal, while the flowers hav faded at our touch. More hopeful and buoyant by nature than myself, with less experience of the bitter fruit of this philosophy and the blush of shame that mantles the soul when the coarse, bloated, soddened sensualist hurrahs for you, as he often will this coming season, you still pursue, as a star of hope, the treacherous will o' the wisp.

But long since I exclaimed with Hamlet, "How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable seem to me all the uses of this world. Fie on it! 'Tis an unweeded garden that grows to seed. Things rank and gross in nature possess it merely." But a soft hand pressed my fevered aching brow, and an angel form came forth from the shadows that oppressed me, and led me forth from the tomb and set me free from all fear and sentence of death. Urged and urged, all refusing to take no for an answer, I told what I had seen and felt, and the change it had wrought in heart and mind. I spoke of certain general tendencies in Materialism and also Spiritualism. I made no charge against the first that I cannot substantiate. Many false meanings hav been put into my words. But I had no meaning that I cannot justify and defend against the world. Is this the mistake I hav made? Is it for this I am to confess I hav done wrong and apologize? Let those who feel deep resentment against me say for what. Am I to swear white is black because my friend does so? I do not accuse him, as he may simply be color blind. It's easy to say my lecture was false, inaccurate, reckless, insulting. Let them bring on the proofs.

How hav I imitated Moody, or the part of a converted Christian. Did I tell anyone he could be saved through the blood of Jesus? Did I not preach just the opposit? Did I say to anyone, Thou art the man, save to myself. Did I not lay more to my own charge than to anyone else's. Why should simple, honest confession excite such rage, libel, and slander? Who should apologize, those who told the truth even though it pained them to do so, or those who, out of spite or chagrin, reported falsely? I do not feel that I hav anything to back down from gracefully or ungracefully. Nay, I feel rather that I need all the grace I can cultivate to go forward in the same path. If I felt in my conscience that I had aught to beg pardon for, I do not think I should lack the courage to do it. I hav no concern about my relations. One and the truth is always a majority. I hav no desire to be labeled. I am perfectly satisfied with my position. I am bound to no creed, belong to no organization. I am ready now, and always shall be ready, to strike hands and march forward into the light with all free men and women. If I succeed in establishing an independent church in Boston, anyone will be welcome to its membership who desires thereby to do good or get good. Though I know that the essential claims of Spiritualism are true, I am more truly Liberal than I ever was. I believe in the utmost freedom of thought. I will love all, no matter what they believe. But knowing the joy-poisoning and enthusiasm-assassinating nature of Materialism in its legitimate technical meaning, shall I not be free to say so without crooking my knees and whining forth, for peace and policy, an unfelt apology? My friends whom I hav loved as Jonathan did David, how could you be deceived into asking it? Of course I never had better friends than many of you hav been, and, I trust, always will be to me. I at least am not sensible of any loss of loyality.

Though I demand of friend Watts the fulfilment of his pledge, it is in the sincerest feelings of kindness toward him personally. I think he meant to be kind to me in his reply at Cassadaga. But, sometimes, old habit was too strong for him, and made him simply the king of the arena, resolved on victory at any price. I offer him an opportunity to make the amende honorable, to stop the evil tongue of false report, and the foul mouth of slander, by meeting me in a fair, friendly, impersonal comparison of opinion. Unless he does, I shall be justified in saying, with Banquo to Macbeth, "Then yield thee, 'coward.'" But to you, my dear boy, let me assure you, I entertain naught but feelings of kindness and friendship. I think your surroundings hav slightly biased your judgment. We are both impressiv, poetic, and given sometimes to a surplus warmth of *effulgence* in expressing ourselvs. But I know how to eliminate what is hyperbolic in your glowing, resplendent, and all-regnant enthusiasm for Secularism, and shall continue always to think of you when I quote from Hamlet:

"Dost thou hear?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of man distinguish her election,
She hath sealed thee for herself, for thou hast been
As one in suffering all that suffers nothing;
A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks, and blest are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled,
That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please. Giv me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my hearts core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee."

Thine also, always and afterwards,
Cleveland, Ohio, Oct. 18, 1884. GEORGE CHAINEY.

Mr. Putnam's Rejoinder.

No one will hereafter doubt the courage and chivalry of George Chainey; but in regard to the debate, the same insuperable objections still lie in my mind. Mr. Watts and myself are servants of the League, under engagement to do the work of the League, and it is for the League to decide whether it will pay its money for any such debate. Therefore I am constrained to remand this whole question for final decision to the Board of Directors of the National League. Neither Mr. Watts nor myself can take the responsibility.

The *Banner of Light*, the representativ organ of the Spiritualists of America, has flung our flag of the Nine Demands to the breeze. This shows that we are united in this battle for human rights. I want the Spiritualists with their wealth of hope and splendid enthusiasm. They are our allies. Together we can make this world most beautiful and happy.

Our time for labor is most precious, and must be carefully used. On November 9th, at Paine Hall, Boston, we open the grand campaign. November 16th we shall be at Newark and New York. November 23d, at Troy and Albany. November 30th, at Philadelphia. From thence we go to Salamanca, and the great Canadian convention at Toronto. From Canada we go to Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Altoona, Grand Rapids, Cincinnati, Chicago, Kansas City, Omaha, Denver, Salt Lake City, Texas, California, and all intervening points. Our time is fully taken up with the direct work of the League; we can giv scarcely more than a fortnight to each state, and must make the most of every opportunity. There is no chance for a mere outside debate, even if we were disposed to hav one. So we will let friend George take the laurels, while we buckle on the armor and stick to the rough work. In due season he will fight as valiantly as any for the Nine Demands.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

From the Chairman of the Finance Committee.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I see by this week's issue of THE TRUTH SEEKER that Mr. Chainey has challenged Mr. Watts to a debate. I most sincerely hope that Mr. Watts will forbear. Were he (Mr. Watts) simply a private individual, of course no one would hav any especial business to advise; but, connected as he is with the National Liberal League, will his obligations to that League permit him to debate with Mr. Chainey? I think not. In accepting, as he did, after the action of the Congrees at Cassadaga Lake, the office of first vice-president as well as lecturer for the League, it seems to me that he thus bound himself to work for the League; and that knows no Spiritualists, and no Materialists or Agnostics. It knows only as a League Secularization as against church rule. For a Materialist and a Spiritualist to debate, within the League, would be like a quarrel between the right and left hands, or like the two wings of an advancing army, in the face of the foe, stopping to battle with each other over minor differences between themselvs. It is true Mr. Watts might become, for the time being, a private individual, and, as such, hold the debate, and it would be interesting to all lovers of controversy; but it would not be doing the League's work. I was sorry that, at Cassadaga Lake, any public criticism by any one connected with the League should hav been made upon Spiritualism, or upon the fact of Mr. Chainey's having become a Spiritualist. The only points in Mr. Chainey's addresses that called for a reply from the Liberals were his attacks upon them, and that might hav been made by a Spiritualist as appropriately as by a Materialist or Agnostic. For the public controversy, thus far, I hold that Mr. Chainey is mainly if not wholly responsible. But that occurred at the Convention of the New York State Freethinkers' Association and in THE TRUTH SEEKER as a report of that Convention, and not in the League Congress at all. It is to be hoped that it will still be kept out of the League. If this debate should now occur, even though Mr. Watts should hold it as a private individual, it would still be considered as the League against Spiritualism, and that, I repeat, has no quarrel with either Spiritualism, Materialism, or Agnosticism, or even with Christianism, except when it is out of its place. Mr. Chainey, as a Spiritualist, has a difference, of course, with Materialists, a subject of controversy much as he dislikes controversy, but none at all with the League. With that and its purposes, he must, of necessity, feel, whether he expresses that feeling or not, just as much interest as ever. And, after all, Mr. Chainey's objections to controversy do not seem to be so much against the thing itself as against certain forms of it which are really an abuse.

A. C. MACDONALD, Ch. of Fin. Com.

New York, Oct. 18.

The Liberals in a Quandary.

From the Worthington Advance (Republican).

The Liberals of this country, or at least those who write for their journals, are discussing the question of how they shall vote at the coming presidential election. Many of them do not like Blaine, and yet they know that Blaine introduced an amendment to the Constitution to prohibit Congress, and also any state legislature, from ever making any law establishing any religion, or making any appropriation to support any particular religion or any sectarian school. This puts Blaine right on the question of connecting church and state, and hence Liberals like him on that ground, but many object on other grounds. Then there are many who do not like Cleveland, but they remember that John Kelly and his Tammany followers are opposed to Cleveland mainly because he vetoed a bill passed by a Democratic legislature to fee Catholic adherents of the party out of the state treasury. Cleveland is understood to be sound on the question of refusing public money in support of the Catholic church and its schools and institutions. Then again, strange as it may seem, there are Liberals who are Prohibitionists, and yet they are aware that Gov. St. John, their candidate, is a rabid religious fanatic as well as a Prohibitionist, and is working might and main with those who are demanding a union of church and state by amending the Constitution so as to declare this a "Christian government," and "Jesus Christ the ruler of this planet."

Others, still, like Butler's position on the labor question, but on the issues between the Liberal element and the church element, they regard Butler as a hypocrit, and as neither fish, flesh, nor fowl.

For our own part, Blaine's position on the church and state question suits us well enough, while his position on a hundred practical political questions suits us still better.

The Liberals, through their numerous Liberal Leagues, can become a most important and potent political factor, by nominating and supporting a candidate on the simple issue of a "total separation of church and state."

MR. BUTLER, People's candidate for the presidency, recently visited Topeka, Kansas, where he held a reception in Gov. Glick's office at the capital. Mr. Harman, of *Lucifer*, thought it was an opportune time to step down and find out how the distinguished visitor stood on the question of state secularization. After waiting awhile for the crowd to thin out, Mr. Harman got at the object of his visit. He tells the result in this way:

"I said, 'General Butler, will you allow me a question?' Understanding him to assent, I continued, 'Some of us would like to know how you stand on the question of state secularization. You are aware that there is now something of a union of church and state in this country, and that there is a party rapidly forming that seeks to incorporate a religious plank in the Constitution of the United States.' Gen. Butler replied—rather stiffly, I thought—'I did not know that there is now any union of church and state, and as to the God-in-the-Constitution movement, it don't amount to that'—snapping his fingers. 'But, general, is it true that the Prohibition movement is working for similar ends, by similar means, and that the success of one means the success of the other?' 'No, sir! I can't talk to you, sir!' And with a haughty gesture he walked away."

This ungracious reception has naturally cooled Mr. Harman's enthusiasm for the People's candidate. He thinks that, while it is possible his question may hav been a little "malapropos," he "certainly did not merit such uncivil treatment." He sadly says:

"Up to the time of this interview, and till I heard his address at the Fair Grounds, I had cherished the hope that the Butler boom might take such shape that Liberals could consistently be found among its supporters. All such hope is now dead—utterly dead! Secularists hav less to hope from Butler's success than from that of either of the other candidates. Butler's instincts are those of the Puritan, the aristocrat, and the dictator. In his address he eulogized the arbitrary spirit and acts of General Jackson. 'Oh, for a Jackson to say to-day, "By the Eternal, these abuses shall be stopped!"' Instead of instructing the people how to abolish these abuses themselvs, he hopes to earn the gratitude and devotion of the masses by an act of dictatorship. That is Butler's idea of government. Away with such leaders!"

Communications.

Bible Morals.—Concluded.

UNKINDNESS TO CHILDREN.

I refuse to accept the Bible as an infallible moral guide, because its teachings respecting the treatment of children are cruel and unjust.

It advocates the use of corporal punishment for children.

"Thou shalt beat him with the rod" (Prov. xxiii, 14).

"Withhold not correction from the child: for if thou beatest him with the rod he shall not die" (Ibid xxiii, 13).

"Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child; but the rod of correction shall drive it far from him" (Ib. xxii, 15).

"The rod and reproof give wisdom" (Ib. xxix, 15).

It advocates capital punishment for children:

"If a man have a stubborn and rebellious son, which will not obey the voice of his mother, and that when they have chastened him, will not hearken unto them; then shall his father and his mother lay hold on him, and bring him out unto the elders of his city, and unto the gate of his place. . . . And all the men of the city shall stone him with stones that he die" (Deut. xxi, 18, 19, 21).

It advocates the indiscriminate and merciless slaughter of little children:

"Their children also shall be dashed to pieces before their eyes" (Isa. xiii, 16).

"Samaria shall become desolate; for she hath rebelled against her God; they shall fall by the sword: their infants shall be dashed in pieces" (Hosea xiii, 16).

"As he [Elisha] was going up by the way, there came forth little children out of the city, and mocked him. . . . And he turned back, and looked on them, and cursed them in the name of the Lord. And there came forth two she bears out of the wood, and tare forty and two children of them" (2 Kings ii, 23, 24).

It advocates the punishment of children for the misdeeds of their parents.

"I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children" (Ex. xx, 5).

"I will stir up the Medes against them, . . . their eye shall not spare children" (Isa. xiii, 17, 18).

"I will also send wild beasts among you, which shall rob you of your children" (Lev. xxvi, 22).

David prays that the children of his adversaries may become vagabonds and beggars; and Jeremiah, that the children of his enemies may perish by famine.

God kills Bath-sheba's child:

"And the Lord struck the child that Uriah's wife bore unto David, and it was very sick. . . . And it came to pass on the seventh day that the child died" (2 Sam. xii, 15–18).

Poor babe! tortured and murdered for its parents' crime!

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

I refuse to accept the Bible as an infallible moral guide, because it sanctions and enjoins unkindness and cruelty to animals.

Portions of the Old Testament, and particularly those relating to sacrifices, are calculated to foster a spirit of brutality, and a total disregard for animal life. God revels in the blood of the innocent. The offering of fruits made by Cain is rejected by him; the bloody sacrifice of Abel is accepted.

Nearly the entire book of Leviticus is devoted to such laws as these:

"If he offer a lamb for his offering, then shall he offer it before the Lord. And he shall lay his hand upon the head of his offering, and kill it before the tabernacle of the congregation; and Aaron's sons shall sprinkle the blood thereof round about upon the altar" (Lev. iii, 7, 8).

"And if the burnt sacrifice for his offering to the Lord be of fowls, then he shall bring his offering of turtle-doves, or of young pigeons. And the priest shall bring it unto the the altar, and wring off his head, and burn it on the altar; and the blood thereof shall be wrung out at the side of the altar" (Lev. i, 14, 15).

The minutest directions for conducting these bloody sacrifices come from the lips of Jehovah himself, and are too brutal and disgusting to repeat.

The number of animals sacrificed was incredible. At times whole herds were killed. On one occasion Asa sacrificed 700 oxen and 7,000 sheep. David made an offering of 1,000 bullocks and 2,000 sheep. At the dedication of the temple, 142,000 domestic beasts were sacrificed by Solomon.

And this wholesale slaughter of innocent animals, we are told, was highly pleasing to the Lord. But

> "What was his high pleasure in
> The fumes of scorching flesh and smoking blood,
> To the pain of the bleating mothers, which
> Still yearned for their dead offspring? or the pangs
> Of the sad ignorant victim underneath
> The pious knife?" —*Byron.*

A God of mercy, it would seem, ought to protect the weaker orders of his creation; but the God of the Bible manifests an utter disregard for them. When the being created in his own image proved too true a copy, and he wished to destroy it, he sent a deluge, "and all flesh died that moved upon the earth." To wreak his vengeance upon Pharaoh, he visited with disease and death his unoffending cattle. In times of war, he ordered his followers to "slay both man an beast." Saul's great transgression, the chief cause of his dethronement and death, was that he saved alive some sheep and oxen instead of killing them as God desired. David and Joshua, God's favorite warriors, hough-ed the horses of their enemies, and, thus disabled, turned them loose to die.

We teach a child that it is wrong to rob the nests of birds. It listens respectfully, then opens the Bible and reads:

"If a bird's nest chance to be before thee in the way in any tree, or on the ground, whether they be young ones, or eggs, and the dam sitting upon the young, or upon the eggs, thou shalt not take the dam with the young; but thou shalt in any wise let the dam go, *and take the young to thee*" (Deut. xxii, 6, 7).

Throughout Christendom "man's inhumanity to man" is only equaled by his cruelty to the inferior animals. The Buddhist, who has not the Bible for his guide, considers it a sin to harm the meanest creature. Even the savage kills only what he needs for food, or such as threaten him with danger. But the Christian, whose Bible gives him dominion over the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air, maims and murders in pure wantonness, and after years of patient service, even turns his beast of burden out to die of hunger and neglect.

For the sake of these dumb creatures, would that our world had less theology, and more humanity; had fewer Moodys, and more Henry Berghs!

HUMAN SACRIFICES.

I refuse to accept the Bible as an infallible moral guide, because it sanctions human sacrifices.

"No devoted thing, that a man shall devote unto the Lord of all that he hath, both of man and beast, and of the field of his possession, shall be sold or redeemed; every devoted thing is most holy unto the Lord. None devoted, which shall be devoted of men, shall be redeemed; but shall surely be put to death" (Lev. xxvii, 28, 29).

God commands Abraham to sacrifice his son:

"Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah; and offer him there for a burnt offering" (Gen. xxii, 2).

The order was countermanded, but the perusal of this text has driven thousands to insanity and murder.

That a famine may cease, David sacrifices the sons of Saul:

"Wherefore David said unto the Gibeonites, What shall I do for you? and wherewith shall I make the atonement, that ye may bless the inheritance of the Lord? . . . And they answered the king, The man that consumed us, and devised against us. . . . Let seven men of his sons be delivered unto us, and we will hang them up unto the Lord. . . . And the king said, I will give them. And he delivered them unto the hands of the Gibeonites, and they hanged them in the hill before the Lord; and they fell all seven together, and were put to death in the days of harvest" (2 Sam. xxi).

The sacrifice, we are told, was accepted, and the famine ceased.

The pathetic story of Jephthah's daughter is familiar to all of you. Jephthah is a warrior, and makes a vow, that if he is permitted to conquer the children of Ammon, upon his return the first that meets him at the door will be offered up for a burnt offering unto the Lord. He is successful; the children of Ammon are defeated. Upon his return the first to meet him is his daughter, an only child. He tells her of his vow. She prays for two brief months to live. Her prayer is granted, and at the expiration of this time, the Bible tells us that Jephthah "did with her according to the vow which he had vowed" (Jud. xi, 26–40).

The celebrated Jewish commentator, Dr. Kalisch, while endeavoring to palliate, as far as possible, the crimes of his people, admits that human sacrifices were not uncommon among them:

"The fact stands indisputable that human sacrifices offered to Jehovah were possible among the Hebrews long after the time of Moses, without meeting a check or censure from the teachers and leaders of the nation" (Leviticus, part 1, p. 385).

"One instance like that of Jephthah not only justifies, but necessitates, the influence of a general custom. Pious men slaughtered human victims not to Moloch, nor to any other foreign deity, but to the national God, Jehovah" (Ibid. p. 390).

The church, having received the benefits of a sacrificed God, deems human sacrifices no longer necessary. But what can be said of the church as a whole, cannot be said of all its individual members. Scarcely a year passes without the sacrifice of human beings by those who believe the Bible to be inspired, and who believe that what was right three thousand years ago is right to-day.

Let me recall a half-forgotten scene. In a quiet village of New England live a pair whom nature meant for good, kind citizens. But they have become infatuated with the Bible. They believe it to be infallible. Day after day they pore over its pages. They dwell with especial interest upon the story of Abraham and Isaac, until at last they become impressed with the belief that they, too, are called upon to offer up their child. The fatal hour arrives. Nerved for the cruel deed, they approach the bedside of their child, a sweet-faced, curly-haired girl of four. How placidly she rests! Folded upon her breast are dimpled hands, white as the winter snow; curtained in slumber are eyes as mild as the summer sky. How beautiful! how pure! We would risk our lives to save that pretty thing from harm. How dear, then, must she be to that father and that mother! She is their idol. But that idol is about to be sacrificed upon the altar of superstition. There they stand—the mother with a lamp in her hand, the father with a knife. They gaze for a moment upon their sleeping victim. Then the father lifts his arm and plunges the knife into the heart of his child! A quiver—the blue eyes open, and cast a reproachful look upon the parent. The little lips exclaim, "O papa!" and the sacrifice is made!

You say they were insane. Aye, but what made them insane? And what, more than any other cause, is peopling our asylums with these unfortunate people? The vain attempt to reconcile with reason the irreconcilable teachings of this book.

CANNIBALISM.

I refuse to accept the Bible as an infallible moral guide, because it teaches the horrible custom of cannibalism.

"The fathers shall eat the sons in the midst of thee, and the sons shall eat their fathers" (Ezek. v, 10.)

"And ye shall eat the flesh of your sons, and the flesh of your daughters shall ye eat" (Lev. xxvi, 29).

"And I will cause them to eat the flesh of their sons and the flesh of their daughters, and they shall eat every one the flesh of his friend" (Jer. xix, 9).

"And thou shalt eat the fruit of thine own body, the flesh of thy sons and of thy daughters. . . . So that the man that is tender among you, and very delicate, his eye shall be evil toward his brother, and toward the wife of his bosom, and toward the remnant of his children which he shall leave; so that he will not give to any of them of the flesh of his children whom he shall eat. . . . The tender and delicate woman among you, which would not adventure to set the sole of her foot upon the ground for delicateness and tenderness, her eye shall be evil toward the husband of her bosom, and toward her son, and toward her daughter, . . . for she shall eat them" (Deut. xxviii, 53–57).

"The hands of the pitiful women have sodden [boiled] their own children" (Lam. iv, 10).

"And the king said unto her, What aileth thee? And she answered, This woman said unto me, give thy son, that we may eat him to-day, and we will eat my son to-morrow. So we boiled my son, and did eat him. And I said unto her on the next day, Give thy son that we may eat him; and she hath hid her son" (2 Kings vi, 28, 29).

You will say that these were punishments inflicted upon these people for their sins. And you will have us believe that these punishments were just. Strange justice! a merciful God compelling a starving mother to kill and devour her own child!

"Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink his blood, ye have no life in you" (John vi. 53).

The church perpetuates the idea, if not the practice, of cannibalism. The Christian takes a piece of bread, and tries to make himself and the world believe that he is eating the body of Christ; he takes a sup of wine, and says, "This is Christ's blood." Your sacramental feast points to the time when savage priests gathered around the festal board and supped on human flesh and blood.

In the remote districts of Christian Russia, where the rays of our civilization have not yet penetrated the darkness of theology, where Bible morals are still supreme, we are told that even at the present time a more terribly real form attaches to this eucharistic ceremony. From *Harper's Weekly*, I quote as follows:

"We hear of horrid sects at present in Russia, practicing cannibal and human sacrifices with rites almost more devilish than any recorded in history. 'The communism of the flesh of the Lamb,' and 'the communism of the blood of the Lamb,' really seem to have been invented by the lowest demons of the bottomless pit. The subject is too revolting to be pursued in detail; it is enough to say that an infant seven days old is bandaged over the eyes, stretched over a dish, and a silver spoon thrust into the side so as to pierce the heart! The elect suck the child's blood—that is, 'the blood of the Lamb!' The body is left to dry up in another dish full of sage, then crushed into powder and eaten—that is 'the flesh of the Lamb!'"

WITCHCRAFT.

I refuse to accept the Bible as an infallible moral guide, because it recognizes as a verity the delusion of witchcraft and punishes with death its victims.

The God that inspired the account of Saul's interview with the witch of Endor, was as thorough a

believer in witchcraft as the most superstitious crone of the middle ages.

Manasseh "used enchantments, and used witchcraft, and dealt with a familiar spirit, and with wizards" (2 Chron. xxxiii, 6).

Isaiah speaks of "wizards that peep and mutter" (Isa. viii, 19).

The decline in the belief of wizards and witches denotes a decline of faith in the Bible. Until a very recent period, those who professed to believe in the divinity of the Bible, also professed to believe in the reality of witchcraft. "Giving up witchcraft," says John Wesley, "is, in effect, giving up the Bible" (Journal, 1768).

"Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live" (Ex. xxii, 18).

Oh! that I could bring to view the suffering and death this text has caused! Nearly a million women have died because of it: 1,000 were burned at Como in one year; 500 at Geneva in three months; 7,000 died at Treves; 50,000 were sentenced to death during the reign of Francis I.; 100,000 perished in Germany; 30,000 were executed in England; 16,000 in Scotland—all because the Bible says, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live."

Four hundred were burned at Toulouse in one day. Think of it! Four hundred women—guilty of no crime, save that which exists in the diseased imaginations of their accusers—four hundred mothers, wives, and daughters taken out upon the public square, chained to posts, the fagots piled around them, and burned to death! See them writhing in the flames—listen to their piteous shrieks. Four hundred voices raised in one wild chorus of agony! And all because the Bible says, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live."

Only five years ago, in the province of Novgorod, Russia, a woman was burnt for witchcraft. Agrafena was a soldier's widow, and possessed of more than ordinary gifts of mind. But ignorance and superstition prevailed around her. Every strange occurrence, every disease that could not be accounted for, was the result of witchcraft. One day, a farmer's daughter was seized with a fit of epilepsy, and in her paroxysms of pain she chanced to breathe the name of Agrafena. This was enough; Agrafena was a witch. A mob was raised and led to the widow's dwelling. They called her to the door, parleyed with her a moment, then thrust her back into the house, fastened its doors, and set it on fire. And while it was burning, this mob, led by Christian priests, stood around it, singing praises to God—their strains blended with the shrieks of this dying woman—dying because the Bible says, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live."

And in our own America the blighting influence of this delusion and this brutal statute has been felt. With the soil of our republic is mingled the dust of murdered women—murdered because the Bible says, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live."

SLAVERY.

I refuse to accept the Bible as an infallible moral guide, because it sanctions the infamous crime of human slavery.

"Both thy bondmen and thy bondmaids, which thou shalt have, shall be of the heathen that are round about you; of them shall ye buy bondmen and bondmaids. Moreover, of the children of the strangers that do sojourn among you; of them shall ye buy, and of their families that are with you, which they beget in your land; and they shall be your possession. And ye shall take them as an inheritance for your children after you, to inherit them for a possession; they shall be your bondmen forever" (Lev. xxv, 44–46).

In certain cases they were even permitted to enslave the members of their own race.

"If thou buy a Hebrew servant, six years he shall serve; and in the seventh he shall go out free for nothing. If he came in by himself, he shall go out by himself; if he were married, then his wife shall go out with him. If his master have given him a wife, and she have borne him sons or daughters, the wife and her children shall be her master's and he shall go out by himself" (Ex. xxi, 2–4).

If he desires his liberty, he must desert his wife and little ones. To become a freeman, he must become an exile.

"And if the servant shall plainly say, I love my master, my wife, and my children; I will not go out free; then his master shall bring him unto the judges; he shall also bring him unto the door, or unto the door-post; and his master shall bore his ears through with an awl; and he shall serve him forever" (Ex. xxi, 5, 6).

Let me cite one of the laws of the Bible relative to the treatment of slaves—a law which demons would blush to indorse, but which a merciful (?) God enacted for the guidance of his children.

"If a man smite his servant, or his maid, with a rod, and he die under his hand, he shall be surely punished. Notwithstanding, if he continue a day or two, he shall not be punished: for he is his money" (Ex. xxi, 20, 21).

Here a master may brutally beat his slave, and if that slave linger in the agonies of death for a day or two before dying, he shall not be punished, because the slave "is his money."

Nor is it the Jewish scriptures alone which sanction slavery. The Christian scriptures are not less emphatic in their indorsement of it.

"Let as many servants as are under the yoke count their own masters worthy of all honor" (1 Tim. vi, 1).

"Exhort servants to be obedient unto their masters" (Titus ii, 9).

"Servants, be obedient to them that are your masters according to the flesh, with fear and trembling" (Eph. vi, 5).

"Servants, be subject to your masters with all fear; not only to the good and gentle, but also to the froward" (1 Pet. ii, 18).

It may be urged that the term "servant" here refers to a hired servant. Not so; wherever the word "servant" occurs in the New Testament, it means slave in its worst sense.

The Fugitive Slave law, which made us a nation of kidnappers, derived its authority from the New Testament. Paul had established a precedent by returning a slave to his master.

It was no easy task to convince the Bible moralist that slavery was wrong. When the French Revolutionists rejected the Bible, they abolished slavery in the colonies. When the church regained control of the government, the Bible came back, and with it slavery. When Clarkson's bill for the abolition of slavery was before Parliament, Lord Chancellor Thurlow characterized it as a "miserable and contemptible bill," and "contrary to the word of God." The most zealous defenders of slavery in this country were theologians.

The Rev. E. D. Simons, professor in Macon College, Ga., said: "These extracts from holy writ unequivocally assert the right of property in slaves."

The Rev. R. Furman, D.D., of South Carolina, said: "The right of holding slaves is clearly established in the holy scriptures, both by precept and example."

Rev. Thomas Witherspoon, of Alabama, said: "I draw my warrant from the scriptures of the Old and New Testament to hold the slave in bondage."

Said the Rev. Mr. Crawder, of Virginia: "Slavery is not only countenanced, permitted, and regulated by the Bible, but it was positively instituted by God himself."

You say that this is the testimony of interested parties, that the South was interested in perpetuating slavery. True, but where did your Northern theologians stand?

Rev. Dr. Wilbur Fisk, president of Wesleyan University, thus wrote: "The New Testament enjoins obedience upon the slave as an obligation due to a present rightful authority."

Rev. Moses Stuart, of Andover, said: "The precepts of the New Testament respecting the demeanor of slaves and their masters beyond all question recognize the existence of slavery."

Professor Hodge, of Princeton, said: "The savior found it around him, the apostles met with it in Asia, Greece, and Italy. How did they treat it? Not by denunciation of slaveholding as necessarily sinful."

Said the Rev. Dr. Taylor, principal of the theological department of Yale College: "I have no doubt that if Jesus Christ were now on earth, he would, under certain circumstances, become a slaveholder."

Slavery flourished on this continent because the Bible taught that it was lawful and just. To oppose slavery was to oppose the plainest teachings of this book. The Abolition movement was an Infidel movement. The Emancipation Proclamation was a nullification of "God's law." The great Rebellion was a contest between Bible morality and natural morality. The latter triumphed, but the conflict filled half a million graves, brought grief to many million hearts, and covered the land with desolation.

And this advocate of slavery is the idol Protestants worship; this is the book they wish to become the law of our land; this is the moral guide they wish to place in our public schools! In the name of those who died for the freedom of their fellow-men; in the name of those made childless, fatherless, and companionless by this cruel strife; in the name of those whose backs still bear the scars of the master's lash; in the name of human liberty, I protest against this retrogressive movement!

POLYGAMY.

I refuse to accept the Bible as an infallible moral guide, because it sanctions polygamy.

The Mosaic law provides that "if a man have two wives, one beloved, another hated," he shall not ignore the legal rights of the hated wife's children (Deut. xxi, 15–17). This statute recognizes both the existence and the validity of the institution.

Another statute (Deut. xxv, 5) provides that if a man die, his surviving brother shall become the husband of his widow, and this regardless as to whether the brother be married or single.

The first eighteen verses of the eighteenth chapter of Leviticus are devoted to what is termed "unlawful marriages." Here polygamy is recognized and regulated to the extent of prohibiting a man from marrying the sister of a living wife.

But there is one atatute which places the validity of this institution, so far as the Bible is concerned, beyond all controversy. Deut. xxiii, 2, declares that no illegitimate child shall enter into the congregation of the Lord, even up to the tenth generation. Now, polygamy was either lawful or unlawful. If unlawful, then the children of polygamists were illegitimate children, and disqualified for the sanctuary. But the children of polygamists were not thus disqualified. The founders of the twelve tribes of Israel were all children of a polygamist.

The most renowned Bible characters were polygamists. Abraham had two wives, and when he died the Lord said, "Abraham obeyed my voice, and kept my charge, my commandments, my statutes, and my laws" (Gen. xxvi, 5).

Jacob was a polygamist, and after he had secured four wives God blessed him and said, "Be fruitful and multiply" (Gen. xxxv, 11).

Gideon had "many wives" (Jud. viii, 30), and it was to him an angel came and said, "The Lord is with thee" (Jud. vi, 12).

David had nearly a score of wives and concubines, and "David was a man after God's own heart." "David did right in the eyes of the Lord." God himself said to David, "I delivered thee out of the hands of Saul; and I gave thee thy master's house and thy master's *wives*" (2 Sam. xii, 7, 8).

"And God gave Solomon wisdom and understanding exceeding much, and largeness of heart"—sufficient to hold a thousand wives and concubines.

It is true the primitive Christians did not generally adopt polygamy. And why? Because pagan Greece had taught them better. It was to her, and not to their scriptures, that they were indebted for the monogamic system of marriage. Neither did the Roman Catholic church sustain polygamy, but it did sustain a system of concubinage which was certainly as bad. For centuries the keeping of concubines was almost universal among the Catholic clergy, one abbot keeping no less than seventy.

The founders of the Protestant church, however, accepting the Bible as their guide, attaching to it a degree of authority which had never been attached to it before, were candid and consistent enough to admit the validity of the institution. Referring to this subject, Sir William Hamilton, a Christian and a Protestant, says:

"As to polygamy in particular, which not only Luther, Melancthon, and Bucer, the three leaders of the German Reformation, speculatively adopted, but to which above a dozen distinguished divines among the reformers stood formally committed" (Discussions on Philosophy and Literature).

Speaking of Luther and Melancthon, Hamilton says:

"They had both promulgated opinions in favor of polygamy, to the extent of vindicating to the spiritual minister a right of private dispensation, and to the temporal magistrate the right of establishing the practice if he chose by public law" (Ibid).

In accordance with these views, John of Leydon, a zealous Protestant, established polygamy at Munster, and murdered, or drove from their homes, all who dared to oppose the odious custom. Other Protestants followed his example.

On the 19th of December, 1539, at Wittenberg, Luther and Melancthon drew up the famous "Consilium," authorizing the landgrave, Phillip of Hesse, to have a plurality of wives. This instrument bears the signatures of Martin Luther, Philip Melancthon, Martin Bucer, Dionysius Melander, John Lening, Antony Corvinus, Adam Kraft, Justus Winther, and Balthasar Raida, nine of the leading Protestant divines of Germany.

It is a well-known fact that Luther advised Henry VIII. to adopt polygamy in his case; but by divorcing two wives, and murdering two more, the founder of the English church avoided it.

The advocacy of polygamy by the chief reformers prevented Ferdinand I. from declaring for the Reformation. The German princes, too, generally opposed it; and this opposition, coupled with the fact that the most licentious sects espoused it, finally caused a reaction in favor of monogamy.

Protestants, it ill becomes you to point the finger of scorn at the Mormons of Utah. Yet with characteristic consistency, you are demanding the suppression of polygamy in the territories, while at the same time you are endeavoring to have the whole country accept as infallible authority, a book which sanctions the pernicious custom. Make the Bible the fundamental law of the land, as you demand, and polygamy will become, in theory at least, a national instead of a local institution.

INTEMPERANCE.

I refuse to accept the Bible as an infallible moral guide, because it fosters the evil of intemperance.

While the sacred books of Buddhists and Mohammedans, by forbidding the use of intoxicating drinks, have contributed to make drunkenness among these people disreputable and rare, the Bible, by encouraging their use, has made intemperance in Christian countries frightfully prevalent, and almost respectable.

"Thou shalt bestow that money for whatsoever thy soul lusteth after, for oxen, or for sheep, or for wine, or for strong drink" (Deut. xiv, 26).

(Continued on page 682.)

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SATURDAY, - - - OCTOBER 25, 1884.

Another Missionary Pamphlet.

The interview with Col. Ingersoll published in this issue has been added to and put in pamphlet form, selling for five cents. Something over a million of these tracts ought to be circulated in this country. Send for a dollar's worth.

Ecuador and the Pope.

News from Rome tells of the arrival there of a diplomat from Ecuador, charged with the mission of inducing his holiness to relinquish the tithes for the support of the church now drawn from the revenues of that country.

Previous to the year 1600, Ecuador became thoroughly Romanized in its religion through its conquest by the Spaniards. In no country on the earth do priests and Jesuits hav things more their own way. The oath of a heretical Protestant has no weight, and is not received. It was considered a remarkable concession and exercise of tolerance when a few years ago Protestants were allowed to hold a burial ground of their own.

The revenue of the country is only some few millions of dollars per year, so large a percentage of which annually goes to Rome that the public debt is increasing frightfully, and the government is all but bankrupt. The result of all this extreme piety—sentimental and practical—is that not a railroad or telegraph existed in the country up to the year 1873, and the only college of mathematics at Quito, established very recently, was founded and is officered entirely by Europeans.

Ecuador is an uncommon illustration of the truth of the Infidel saying, The more piety the less progress.

Wise League Officers.

Although Mr. Watts had written to Mr. Chainey that a public comparison of differences would afford him (Mr. Watts) great pleasure, he now writes to us to say that having seen a copy of Mr. Putnam's letter to Mr. Chainey, which appears in another column, he thoroughly agrees with its main points and considers that such a debate as Mr. Chainey proposes, and to take place as suggested, would be unproductiv of any practical results. Mr. Watts urges that there is nothing in Spiritualism, if held apart from dogmatism, that prevents a believer therein from doing good Secular work. Secularism is sufficiently comprehensiv in its nature to include within its fold all who labor to improve humanity, whatever their speculativ views may be, provided those views do not limit useful actions on earth; and this Secularism is sufficiently just and noble in its influence, not to inspire any antagonism between its adherents and those who think differently. Mr. Watts is particularly desirous that it shall be understood that he is always ready and willing to debate the relativ merits of Secularism and Christianity, leaving the truth, or otherwise, of Spiritualism to be decided by individuals according to the evidence, or lack of it, at their command.

The belief in "spiritual manifestations" is peculiarly a question of personal feeling, and no amount of debate on the platform would demonstrate to general opponents the reality of the individual experiences in private circles. Our great obstacle, remarks Mr. Watts, in the great work of human redemption is orthodoxy, and to lessen its evils is one of the principal objects of Secular advocacy, and whoever can labor for that purpose should be united thereon, however much they may differ either upon Materialism, Spiritualism, or any other ism.

We think the decision arrived at is a wise one. As officers of the League, Messrs. Watts and Putnam expect to do League work, and it assuredly is not one of the objects of the League to either establish the rationality of Materialism, or the truth of Spiritualism. No good end could be achieved in arraying the two philosophical sects against each other. In this country they are natural allies in resisting the church. In California the Spiritualists—who are Liberals as well—were foremost in demanding a secularization of the new constitution. In Ohio, Massachusetts, and New York the Liberals—many of them Spiritualists, too—labored hard to defeat bills unconstitutionally discriminating against Spiritualists. In this state, as we happen to know, the medical bill that bore particularly hard upon Spiritualist healers was defeated by a Materialist.

It would, therefore, be the hight of foolishness to raise within the League, by false issues, antagonisms which do not really exist.

A Symbol of the Lowest of Things.

Last Sunday Mr. Beecher paid his occasional poetic tribute to Christ. One of the things he said was that

"He [Christ] changed the cross from the lowest of things to one that is higher now than the sword or the pen."

How many Christians, when they look upon the cross as "the morning kisses it upon the cathedral spire," know the origin of the symbol? How many of the refined ladies from whose necks depends the golden ornament realize that it symbolizes the "lowest of things?" Very few, we will wager, or the priapic emblem would soon disappear from decent society. Mr. Beecher's Jesus—an ideal character, and not the New Testament tramp of Palestine—cannot alter the character of the cross. It was useful in crucifixion; and its form made it valuable as a stake at which to burn heretics; it is convenient as a sword hilt; but no idealization of a victim of its use can make it aught but a relic of barbaric worship of the most disgusting kind.

Two Papers.

We cannot help contrasting the whole-hearted support of the League given by the *Banner of Light*—printed in another column—with the factious opposition of the *Index* to the same organization.

The *Index* was once the "organ" of the League; but since the Congress at which its editor was defeated in his efforts to be president, the paper has been the League's enemy. This attitude cannot be solely the result of the "repeal" policy, for Mr. Abbot and Mr. Underwood left the League before the repeal resolution was passed, and refuse to return now that the resolution is dropped. The reasons must, therefore, be mainly personal. It is evident that self-love is stronger than interest in Liberalism.

The *Banner of Light*, on the other hand, has never been identified with the League. It is the representativ Spiritualist journal of the country, and could not be looked to to go outside its own field. Its doing so proves that Spiritualism is more closely allied to Liberalism than is Free Religion, and that its leaders are keen enough to see true principles and honest and courageous enough to defend them. No personal feeling prevents co-operation in strong and good work for liberty.

How opposit the course of the two journals!

The Struggle in Belgium for Secular Education.

The high-handed course pursued by the clericals upon their accession of power in the law-making branch of the government of Belgium has been rebuked by the people of eighteen towns which held municipal elections last Sunday. In only a few places were the Catholic candidates elected.

This result is construed as a popular disapproval of the passage of the Education bill which establishes parochial schools in place of secular schools in those towns when the Liberals are in a minority. A people living in a country in which Catholic schools hav been thoroughly tested and found deplorably wanting in everything conduciv to a real education, are not to be blamed for hissing a king who fastens such institutions upon them, and the matter for surprise would hav been their not condemning the bill.

Though still in power in the nation, the clericals will be rendered cautious by this victory for Liberalism, and may be disposed to retreat from their arrogant endeavor to force the state to pay for the conversion of Liberal children into Catholic ignoramuses.

Editorial Notes.

THE Methodists of California are becoming anxious about the public schools. At the conference held recently at Pacific Grove, a resolution containing the following was passed:

"The education of the state is almost wholly secular: No Bible, prayer, or other religious teaching in the state schools. When this influence is exerted upon the young men and women of the land, what will be the effects on their character, in its relation to their church interests? It is the plain duty of the church to provide for the education of her own children. How are theology and the Bible treated in the public school? Bowed politely out. We must therefore educate them."

What would the Methodist brethren hav? asks the *San Franciscan*. What sort of theology would they like to see taught in the public schools? When the Presbyterian, Unitarian, Universalist, Catholic, Baptist, and Methodist churches succeed in making their creeds agree, it will be time enough for them to complain because the state refuses to turn the public schools into pits, wherein theologians may bark and bite and fill the air with endless and useless controversy.

THE Lord is to be called into the canvass by St. John's party through the observance of a day of prayer and self-abasement. The following proclamation has been issued:

"PROHIBITION HEADQUARTERS, CHICAGO, Oct. 7, 1884.
"*To the People of the United States:*

"In view of the misery and crime resulting from alcoholism, and of the guilt fastened upon the people by governments—municipal, state, and national—by permitting and even licensing the traffic in poison drinks, the Executiv Committee of the Prohibition party call upon the people of this country to observe Wednesday, Oct. 29th, as a day of fasting, humiliation, and confession; and in view of the fact that many all over the land are aroused and realize the enormity of the liquor crime, and are willing to be at cost and pains to put it away, we call upon all Christian believers to unite in prayer to Almighty God that his aid may be given to measures which will result in the speedy putting away of this guilt, and the suppression of the traffic in alcoholic drinks. JOHN B. FINCH, Ch'n."

In a speech in Brooklyn the other day, St. John said that he was proud that he stood on the only political platform that recognizes the existence of a God.

MR. CHARLES WATTS seems to be having a busy time of it in Canada, where Liberalism is evidently undergoing an extensiv revival. Not only in Toronto is this activity manifested, but in various cities throughout the dominion which Mr. Watts has visited. He is engaged to lecture every night until he starts for New York next month. Judging from reports to hand, our first vice-president had some stormy debating last week when he encountered a Methodist and also a Baptist minister, who appear to hav been more forcible than polite in their advocacy. The Hamilton *Spectator* givs a two column account of some very severe cross-firing between a minister and Mr. Watts after his lecture there; and in Dunnville, the conflict with the "servant of the Lord" was even more severe. We congratulate Mr. Watts upon the result of his pitched battles. Such work as this was required and its justification is shown in the large audiences which assemble, and the various new societies that hav been formed. The press is by no means hostil to Mr. Watts's mode of advocacy; neither are all his opponents strangers to fairness and gentlemanly behavior, as the following notice from the Ontario *Reformer* in reference to his recent lecture at Oshawa will show:

"The lecture was certainly an able one, as was to be expected from Mr. Watts, one of the most able advocates of Secularism living. The speaker occupied about an hour. His closing was remarkable for its eloquence and elocutionary power. Discussion was then invited. The Rev. Mr. Shorey was called for by the audience. That gentleman arose, and in a most courteous and forcible manner, expressed his dissent from the speaker's views, putting some very strong and incisiv questions. These the speaker answered with ability and fairness. The candor and courtesy of both gentlemen, their marked deference to other views, and the wide variance between them, made the debate interesting."

OUR correspondents hav had a good deal to say about politics, but we hav held our peace for the very good reason that we saw nothing to be gained in any probable event for Liberalism. Ordinary party politics we hope we are miles above. We hav tried in various ways to worm something out of the three most talked about candidates, but they all seem equally afraid of the Infidels, and will take no notice whatever of the Liberal vote. But here is a new suggestion a friend makes in a private letter. The writer is a man eminent in Freethought and familiar with politics in its practial details. Two days after the Ohio election he writes: "Yesterday the Republicans were claiming 32,000 on Ohio. To-day it seems to be but 12,000. The official count will be less. The Prohibition and Greenback vote as far as returned shows that it will reach over 15,000, so that the Republicans will hav a plurality, not majority. I think it would be well for you to call attention to the fact that Ohio is so close; the fight in the states of New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Michigan, and Wisconsin, may be determined by the votes of the Liberals; and that they should combine their votes as far as possible for state officers and members of the legislatures for candidates in favor of Secularism, and withhold their votes from every candidate, state and national, who is not committed to Secularism in governmental affairs. The average politician is a coward, and a few determined men can bring them to terms by showing a bold front. I would bolt every candidate who panders to the Catholic or Protestant churches for votes, and wears on his coat sleeve a clerical certificate of character as a devoted churchman. We cannot win by moral suasion alone. The value of ballots is shown by the large fund used to buy them. Were I in New York or New Jersey I think I should vote for Butler; not because I love the man, but because the People's party is the only party in most of the Southern states which makes a bold fight for a free ballot and honest count, and the bulk of the Liberals are with it in the South. The white Republicans take few risks, and the colored vote is ruled by the ministry." While we are upon the subject of politics, we will call the attention of the parties to one factor they hav overlooked in seeking reasons for the recent vote of Ohio, and why Gov.

Hoadly was elected and not the late Democratic candidate for secretary of state. The reasons are two in number. The first is that the Republicans were responsible for the tyrannical Russell bill taxing mediums $300 a year. The Spiritualists in a body repudiated the party on this account, and they were helped by the Liberals who also had another reason, namely, the denunciation of Gov. Hoadly for his Infidelity by the religious Republican press. These two issues being out of the canvass this fall—the Russell bill being repealed and Gov. Hoadly in office—the Republicans secured a plurality. Had the Democrats had sufficient courage to hav caught the Liberal vote, the result might hav been different. When we reflect upon the apathy manifested toward the Liberal cause by the politicians, we feel like using Mr. Vanderbilt's famous phrase, substituting politics for people, and vowing to help defeat the whole crowd. The discouragement to such a course is that the vote that defeats one party lifts into power another in every way as bad.

A CORRESPONDENT of the London *Times* has been touring in the poverty-stricken districts of Ireland this summer. The following remarks are part of his summing up of the Irish situation: "But I see, as everyone must see, that any number of priests are living, even in the poorer districts, with every comfort about them; and, the laborer being no doubt worthy of his hire, I feel it invidious to criticise that state of things. And I know that many of those priests are indefatigable in their labors of charity and mercy, and that in the worst and hardest times, when there was no one else within call, they hav stood between their flocks and oppression or starvation. But I see, too, that the country is covered with substantial ecclesiastical edifices of all kinds, that sometimes are actually magnificent. The parish churches are generally good, and often showy; the convents and schools are commodious and architecturally imposing; while not a few of the cathedrals, though one may take exception to the style and the taste, are of grand proportions, and must hav been extremely costly. The church revenues, which apparently must be swelling year after year, are drawn from a steadily dwindling population, and chiefly out of the pockets of poor farmers, of poorer peasants, and petty shopkeepers. It would seem as if while the rents of the landlords were being reduced the dues of the priests and bishops were being proportionately augmented."

Two Presbyterian Chinese women were recently imported by the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions to act as teachers in the home mission at San Francisco. Upon arriving it was found that they had not the proper certificate required by law, were not permitted to land, and were ordered by the treasury department to return China. The Christian Chinee are thus excluded by a law intended to reach the pagan Chinese—a law indorsed by tha t good churchman, James G. Blaine, who has recently subscribed $2,500 for a new Presbyterian church in Washington. The church considers it a great hardship that its contract labor is not admitted. It will consider it a greater hardship when China enacts a law prohibiting the entrance into its domains of any persons employed by corporations or persons on contract to work or preach—a law which would be perfectly justified by the anti-Chinese law and policy indorsed by Mr. Blaine.

PROFESSOR RAGSDALE, proctor of the Texas State University, has received a communication from one Parson Hamblin, of Bell county, that state, asking how many of the faculty claim to be religious, and how many are Infidels and Spiritualists, and hinting that there is reason for investigating the religious status of the faculty at Bryan also. Bell county, it will be seen, is getting ambitious. For several years it has been known as the most bigoted portion of Texas, and it was within its sacred precincts that a Freethinker was flogged with hickory rods for his disbelief in the efficacy of the crucifixion. Not content with sanctifying their own bailiwick, the parsons are endeavoring to extend their authority over the whole state, especially to its educational institutions. Parson Hamblin should recollect the fate of Cæsar, and be warned in time.

NEW ZEALAND has just held a general election, and two of the contests are of interest to Freethinkers. At Wanganui, Mr. J. Ballance, the editor of the *Freethought Review*, and vice-president of the New Zealand Freethought Union, was a candidate, and, although the cry of "Atheist" was persistently raised against him, he had nearly 200 votes more than the two other candidates put together. In the other contest the member in the last Parliament, M. W. Green, famous for his championship of Christianity, was opposed by Robert Stout, president of the same Freethought Union. In this struggle every effort was made by Green and his partisans to raise the *odium theologicum*, but without much success. The whole of the Dunedin papers attacked Mr. Stout with more or less acerbity, but on the election day he polled 755 votes to his antagonist's 555. He is now Premier and Attorney-General of New Zealand, being the first outspoken Freethinker who has ever occupied the position of Prime Minister in a province of the British empire. In Sydney, N. S. W., the museum, public library, picture gallery, and school of arts are open on Sundays, excellent music is provided Sunday afternoons in a popular resort, and the theaters in the evenings are patronized by thousands. All this liberty is the result of the strenuous labor of the Freethinkers of the city, who hav never relaxed their efforts since, several years ago, Lorando Jones was sentenced to one year's imprisonment and to pay a fine of £100 for blasphemy. Six theaters and halls were used on a recent Sunday evening for Freethought gatherings and lectures. In Melbourne the people hav none of these privileges, the city being ruled by bigoted churchmen, who close all places of entertainment. Joseph Symes, an English Freethinker, has just started a paper in this latter place called the *Liberator*, and through its columns and by his Atheistic lectures is shaking the orthodoxy of the city at a rapid rate. In Auckland an unrepealed act dating from the time of George III. prohibits the collection of a fee on Sundays for admission to a public place, and the police hav turned this old blunderbus against the Auckland Rationalistic Association, which thought it best not to contest the matter in the courts, preferring to rely on voluntary contributions for money to pay expenses. At Newcastle, N. S. W., the Freethinkers are building a hall, some seven hundred shares in the structure being already subscribed. The ground is held on a ten-years' lease, with privilege of purchase for £357. The Second Australasian Conference of Freethinkers was held in Sydney during the last days of September and first of October. Delegates from nearly all the colonies were in attendance, the proceedings terminating with a grand ball. The Australian Assembly has just passed an act abolishing judicial oaths. Gerald Massey, the distinguished poet and lecturer, is visiting Australia, and lecturing to large audiences.

THE total nativ population in British India in 1881 was 201,699,343. The nativ Christians numbered 758,937. This included the Eurasians, who were brought up as Christians, or were nativ infants adopted by missionaries in time of famin. The Romanists hav had missions in India for over three centuries, and their converts number 600,000 nativs and Eurasians. This leaves 150,000 nativ Christians and Eurasians to represent the work of a century in British India.

THE names of "God," "Jesus," "Christ," "prayer," "creation," etc., no longer cumber the text-books of the public schools of France, confusing the children and leading to error in belief and teaching. In a "Grammar for Children," such examples as "God is the creator of the world," "Cain slew his brother Abel," "Abraham was the father of the Hebrews," "Adam is the father of all nations," hav been eliminated, and sentences conveying some information substituted.

THE anti-death league will rebel against the inevitable by holding an annual convention in "Science Hall," 820 Washington street, Boston, Sunday and Monday, Oct. 26th and 27th, three sessions daily. Several speakers are expected to defy the king of terrors, conspicuous among whom is E. H. Heywood. This is the seventh time the league has met, but Mr. Heywood does not say how effectiv the former protests hav been.

A STATE camp-meeting of Liberals and Spiritualists, Dr. J. L. York writes under date of the 8th, has been held at Long Branch, Alameda Co., Cal., with a large attendance. One of the objects of the gathering was to organize a permanent state association of Liberals and Spiritualists.

PROFESSOR SAYCE is alleged to hav deciphered an Assyrian tablet which describes a transit of Venus which took place in the year 1600 B.C. Science does not owe everything to Christ, as claimed by the church.

THE president of the Social Science Congress of England at its recent meeting stated that one out of every five deaths in London occurred either in workhouses or hospitals.

THE convict camp at Lockett's, in Georgia, under the control of Christian contractors, has a hard name. Since Feb. 1st, 20 out of 150 convicts there hav died.

COL. INGERSOLL has delivered sixty-four lectures within the last three months. He was warmly received by the people everywhere.

A ST. JOHN elector in Nebraska, an earnest Sunday-school worker, has left home to join the Christian band of John C. Eno.

Canadian News.

A crowded audience assembled in Albert Hall, last night, to hear Charles Watts discourse on Religious Fanaticism. He applauded some of Christ's teachings, but condemned his fanaticism and religious intolerance; such as forbidding the young man to bury his father—"Let the dead bury their dead; follow thou me"—a most inhuman command. Again, where he orders them to "leave father and mother" and follow him, and many other sayings of Christ equally barbarous. St. Paul was as bad as Christ in preaching fanaticism and religious intolerance. "Who so preacheth any other gospel than that I teach, let him be accursed," a most savage speech, and only one of many equally ferocious utterances of St. Paul. Such abominable authoritativ utterances bore their legitimate fruit in bloody perscutions, both by Catholics and Protestants. Science has civilized Christianity by degrees; knowledge and reason hav shed their benign influence over the savage teachings of Christ and St. Paul.

The Toronto Secular Society hav established classes for elocution and dramatic performances on Tuesdays; dancing on Wednesdays; music on Fridays; science, chemistry, physics, biology, physiology, etc., etc., on Saturdays; debating, essays, etc., on Sundays in the morning at eleven o'clock, and a public meeting in the evening at seven o'clock. All the other classes meet at eight o'clock in the evening.

Charles Watts has established and organized Secular societies at Oshawa, Lindsay, Simcoe, Hamilton, and other towns and cities. All of them are affiliated with the general central body, "The National Secularist Society of Canada."

Those Infidel books: W. B. Cooke, bookseller on Young street, Toronto, has just received a letter from Customs Commissioner Johnson, at Ottawa, containing the following sentence on the books (Paine and Voltaire's works) seized two or three years ago: "That books seized be destroyed." Mr. Cooke has written to the minister of Customs, asking when this last outrage on Canadian liberty will be put in effect, so that he may attend. He also tells him he that will not stop the circulation of the books, as he (Cooke) will reprint them right away, and thereby assist the N. P. in encouraging nativ production.

The Toronto Secular Society held a general reception on Wednesday evening last. The entertainment consisted of a vocal and instrumental concert, recitations, etc. Between each piece of music, any strangers present were invited to ask questions of Mr. Watts as to the aims and objects of Secularism, or to further explain any remarks he may hav made in his lectures. The general public are invited—admission free—and members are asked to bring their friends and acquaintances who are not at present members. The hall was filled, and a very interesting meeting took place, some of the performers, vocal, instrumental, and elocutionary, displaying great taste, culture, and proficiency.

In his lecture Oct. 10th, Mr. Watts said that nothing was so detrimental to progress as mental stagnation, and he considered that the erroneous views entertained by many in reference to secular philosophy was attributable principally to people putting their thinking out to be done for them. Secularism was misrepresented not so much from intention as from the traditions of misrepresentations handed down. New truths were always shunned apart from their alleged defects, and modern science was dreaded, avoided, and opposed when it was ushered into the world by those who had never examined it. It was the same with the uprising of the Christian church. New ideas were shunned first, because old customs are mixed up with our government, and hence difficult to eradicate; second, doctrins were accepted in infancy and grew up with the individual; and third, old ideas were bound up with our interests; for to acknowledge oneself a Freethinker was to be exposed as a target for the puny bigots who sometimes can and do deprive the honest doubter of bread for expressing himself. The speaker denied that Secularism was a mere system of negation, it being negativ only to error, but positiv to truth. The Catholic was a negationist to Protestantism, and Protestants were negationists to Catholicism. The Secularist's cardinal idea was that supreme attention should be given to this life and its duties, as the present existence was a fact beyond dispute, and all hav missions to perform with dignity to themselvs and usefulness to the community. If there was to be another life we knew nothing of it, and he said with Col. Ingersoll, "One world at a time." While we were wasting time in preparing for a mythical existence, we sometimes neglected to fulfil our duties to society. Prayers never removed the cholera, as was seen by the present condition of pest-ridden Italy, where prayer had taken the place of sanitary duties. If you want anything done, you must work. Hence Secularists believed human minds and human reason could not believe in an infallible God who wrote an infallible book which is constantly being improved upon as human reason advances, and the nightmare of theology thrust aside by the training of the intellect. For the text, "Take no thought of this life," etc., he would substitute, "Man, know thyself." In the domestic circle he did not believe in the "lords of creation," or "Wives, be subject unto your husbands." The garb of sanctity covered a multitude of sins, and hypocrisy was the greatest curse of the day.

On Sunday morning last a debate came off on Max Nordau's book, "The Lies of Civilization," the members, each in turn, reviewing some of the positions taken by the author, and pointing out where his strength lay in some cases, and in others where he displayed weakness in dealing with his subject. They all agreed that the book is a vigorous and honest appeal in the interest of the many—that is, the producers, as against the oppressions of the privileged classes and the injustice inflicted by the monopolists. His style is fresh and striking, and many things which hav often been said before when reiterated by him wear an aspect of newness and freshness.

At Hamilton, Happy Tommy Stout, of the Salvation Army, had an encounter with Charles Watts. The lecturer had read a letter purporting to hav been written by Tommy, and the latter denied any share of the authorship. The Rev. Mr. Parsons asked Mr. Watts several questions, which the lecturer answered with his usual lightning quickness, volubility, happy knack of laying down his position, and undermining that of his opponent, and all the time displaying his own comprehensiv mastery of his subject. The lecture in the city of Hamilton was a most successful affair, and Mr. Watts established a strong and flourishing Secular society there in what is called "the Ambitious City."

At a meeting of the city of London city council on Monday evening, an application was handed in from Mr. Charles Watts, of Toronto, asking if the City Hall could be obtained at a future date for lecturing purposes. Alderman Stringer said, "We want it distinctly understood that this City Hall cannot be let to Infidels." The matter was referred to the select committee. Mr. Charles Watts is making an extensiv tour of the towns and cities of Ontario, and during his visit to the city of London the above incident occurred.

This has been a busy week with Mr. Watts, he has lectured nearly every night of the week at a different town or city each night. At his third visit and third lecture at the city of Hamilton this week, he met (as it is his delight to meet) opposition from a clergyman; they kept at it hot until late at night. He rained forth his blows on all sides as thick as hail and with telling effect. He beat a sort of "devil's tattoo" on the armor of his opponent. The clergy of Canada are getting a rattling shake-up. "Great was the shaking up in the valley of dry bones."

On Tuesday Mr. Watts lectured at Welland to a large audience. On Wednesday at Dunnville he met with fierce opposition from the clergy. One reverend gentleman assumed the role of the proverbial mad bull, enraged at the red rag. He made a savage onslaught on the apostle of Secularism. "Blood, blood, Iago! I will hav blood!" on, on, he madly rushed, thirsting for Agnostic gore. "Giv me another horse! Bind up my wounds!" Ha, ha! now, I hav thee! Die! die! thou advocate of spontaneous generation and protoplasmic germs!

R. B. BUTLAND.

Toronto, Ont., Oct. 18, 1884.

(Continued from page 679.)

"Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine unto those that be of heavy hearts. Let him drink and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more" (Prov. xxxi, 6, 7).

"Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake" (1 Tim. v, 23).

"Go thy way, eat thy bread with joy, and drink thy wine with a merry heart; for God now accepteth thy works" (Eccles. ix, 7).

"They shall plant vineyards, and drink the wine thereof" (Amos ix, 14).

"Wine that maketh glad the heart of man" (Ps. civ, 15).

"Wine which cheereth God and man" (Jud. ix, 13).

"Destroy it not, for a blessing it is."

Will that wing of the Prohibition army which has adopted the Bible as its text-book on temperance, inscribe the above texts upon its banner?

Jehovah is represented as being particularly fond of strong drink.

"In the holy place shalt thou cause the strong wine to be poured unto the Lord for a drink offering" (Num. xxviii, 7).

One of the most direful calamities was a wine famine.

"Awake ye drunkards, and weep; and howl, all ye drinkers of wine, because of the new wine; for it is cut off from your mouth. . . The drink offering is cut off from the house of the Lord; the priests, the Lord's ministers, mourn. . . Gird yourselves and lament, ye priests; howl, ye ministers of the altar; come, lie all night in sackcloth, ye ministers of my God; for . . the drink offering is withholden from the house of your God" (Joel, i, 5, 9, 13).

God's peculiar favorites had a weakness for wine. When he drowned the world's inhabitants, he saved Noah, knowing that as soon as the waters subsided, he would plant a vineyard, make wine, and become intoxicated. When Sodom was destroyed, the only righteous man he found was drunken Lot. When David made his celebrated feast in honor of the Lord, he gave to every man and woman a flagon of wine. He kept some for himself, and so merry did his heart become, that he "danced before the Lord with all his might."

Thus joyously sings Solomon: "I have drunk my wine with my milk [milk punch]; eat, O friends, drink, yea, drink abundantly." In the morning he sings another song: "Open to me, . . . my love, . . . for my head is filled with dew." How many a wayward fellow, like Solomon, has risen from the gutter, sorrowfully wended his way home, and serenaded his sleeping spouse with that same melody!

God commanded Jeremiah to tempt with wine those who abstained from its use:

"Go unto the house of the Rechabites, and speak with them, and bring them into the house of the Lord, into one of the chambers, and give them wine to drink" (Jer. xxxv, 2).

Christ spoke as follows:

"John the Baptist came neither eating bread nor drinking wine. . . . The Son of Man is come eating and drinking; and ye say, Behold a gluttonous man, and a winebibber" (Luke vii, 33, 34).

This censure was evidently not unmerited. The first act in Christ's ministerial career was to manufacture three barrels of wine for a wedding feast; his last recorded act was a benediction upon the wine cup.

Theology being no longer in demand, the Protestant clergy, contrary to the teachings of the Bible and the traditions of the church, now find it popular and profitable to espouse the cause of temperance. But in championing one rational virtue they employ two Christian vices, hypocrisy and intolerance. The most inconsistent, the most uncharitable opponents of the liquor traffic to-day, are these fresh converts, who profess to be doing their master's will, and who claim that his word is the advocate of total abstinence and prohibitory laws. With fierce invective they declaim against the old god Bacchus, yet every anathema they hurl at him will apply with equal justice to their God and Christ.

POVERTY AND VAGRANCY.

I refuse to accept the Bible as an infallible moral guide, because it encourages poverty and vagrancy.

Jesus Christ was the panegyrist of poverty and the promoter of vagrancy:

"Blessed be ye poor" (Luke vi, 20).

"But woe unto you that are rich" (Luke vi, 24).

"A rich man shall hardly enter into the kingdom of heaven" (Matt. xix, 23).

"It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God" (Mark x, 25).

"Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth" (Matt. vi, 19).

When the judicious use of wealth is promotion of human happiness, and when poverty is the source of so much misery and crime, such teachings are not only false, but pernicious.

"Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body what ye shall put on. . . . Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns. . . . And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin. . . . Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? . . . The morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof" (Matt. vi, 25–34).

To-day our land is infested with an army of tramps. Their skirmishers are deployed along every highway; their points of attack are the kitchen and the haymow; their text-book on military science is the Sermon on the Mount. "They sow not, neither do they reap." "They toil not, neither do they spin." They beg and steal. These are Christ's followers—the truest followers he has on earth to-day.

In the streets of our cities we see men clad in rags, idle, and drunken, and penniless. We see them arrested for vagrancy, thrust into prison, or made to labor for their bread. These are Christ's martyrs.

Poor tramp and vagrant! How you are "persecuted for righteousness' sake!" Men despise you; the farmer drives you from his door; the social economist racks his brains to devise a plan for your suppression; state governments legislate against you; everywhere you are treated as an outcast—and all because, taking the Bible for your guide, you endeavor faithfully to conform to its teachings.

IGNORANCE AND IDIOCY.

I refuse to accept the Bible as an infallible moral guide, because it condemns the use of reason and the acquisition of knowledge.

For partaking of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, our parents were banished from Paradise; for obeying the dictates of reason, we are consigned to hell.

Education, physical, moral, and intellectual, is discouraged.

BODILY EXERCISE PROFITETH LITTLE.—*Paul.*

BE NOT RIGHTEOUS OVERMUCH.—*Solomon.*

NEITHER MAKE THYSELF OVER WISE.—*Ibid.*

Choice mottoes, the above, to hang up on the walls of the school-room!

"Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy" (Col. ii, 8).

"Knowledge puffeth up" (1 Cor. viii, 1).

"Thy wisdom and thy knowledge it hath perverted thee" (Isa. xlvii, 10).

"I gave my heart to know wisdom, and to know madness and folly; I perceived that this also is vexation of spirit. For in much wisdom is much grief; and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow" (Eccles. i, 17, 18).

The Bible, and the religion emanating from it, are the fruitful parents of idiocy. They demand a sacrafice of the very attribute which exalts the man of sense above the idiot; they bid him pluck out the eyes of Reason, and in their place insert the sightless balls of Faith.

"Reason should be destroyed in all Christians," says Luther (L. Ungedr. Pred. Bru., p. 106).

"One destitute of reason," is a phrase employed by Webster to define the word "fool."

"We are fools for Christ's sake," exclaims Paul (1 Cor. iv, 10).

OBSCENITY.

I refuse to accept the Bible as an infallible moral guide, and protest against its being placed in the hands of the young, because its pages are defiled with obscenity.

Aside from thousands of coarse and vulgar expressions contained in it, there are at least a hundred passages so obscene that their appearance in any other book would exclude that book from the mails, and send its publisher to prison. There are entire chapters, such as the thirty-eighth chapter of Genesis, that reek with obscenity from beginning to end.

In proof of the charge of obscenity, I refer you to the following: Isaiah xxxvi, 12; Ezek. iv, 12–15; Gen. xix, 30–36; xxx, 1–16; xxxviii; 2 Kings xviii, 27; Lev. xv, 16–33; Job xl, 16, 17; 1 Kings xiv, 10; Isaiah iii, 17.

That portions of the Bible are obscene, and unfit to be read, is admitted even by Christians. Noah Webster, a Protestant, edited an expurgated edition of the Bible. In vindication of his work, he says:

"Many passages are expressed in language which decency forbids to be repeated in families and in the pulpit."

The Rev. Father Maguire, Catholic, in his debate with the Rev. Mr. Greg, at Dublin, gave utterance to the following:

"I beg of you not to continue such a practice; it is disreputable. I will ask Mr. Greg a question, and I beg of you, my brethren of the Protestant church, to bear this mind, I will ask him if he dare to take up the Bible and read from the book of Genesis the fact of Onan—I ask him will he read that? Will he read the fact relative to Lot and his two daughters? Will he read these and many other passages which I could point out to him in the Holy Bible, which I would not take one thousand guineas, nay, all the money in the world, and read them here to-day?"

Richard Lalor Shiel, M.P., and privy counselor to the queen, thus wrote:

"Part of the holy writings consist of history, and the narration of facts of a kind that cannot be mentioned in the presence of a virtuous woman without exciting horror. Shall a woman be permitted to read in her chamber, what she would tremble to hear at her domestic board? Shall she con over and revolve what she would rather die than utter?"

And if unfit for the perusal of matured woman, shall innocent childhood be polluted with these vile, indecent tales?

CONCLUSION.

Here are twenty crimes and vices sanctioned by the Bible. Scattering this book broadcast over the land, making it the chief text-book of the Sunday-school, and, above all, placing it in our public schools, and compelling our youth to accept it as infallible authority, is a monstrous wrong; and you who advocate it are the enemies of virtue and the promoters of vice. There are within the lids of this Bible a hundred chapters sanctioning the bloodiest deeds in all the annals of crime; and this is the book you wish to place in the hands of our sons! There are within this Bible a hundred chapters which no modest woman can read without her cheek becoming tinged with the blush of shame; and this is the book you wish to place in the hands of our daughters! If you delight to feast upon such carrion, you have the right to do so; but you have no right to thrust it down the throats of your neighbors. As a Liberal, I concede to the Protestant cuckoo the right to propagate her species; but I protest against her laying her eggs in the secular nest, and having them hatched by the state.

I affirm that the Bible does not present an infallible moral standard, and I hav given a score of valid reasons why it does not. I expect the defenders of this book to complete the task that I hav here essayed. They will claim that the Bible is opposed to crime. They will, no doubt, cite numerous passages in confirmation of this claim. Let them do this. Then place the result of our labors side by side. This will demonstrate what the nature and limits of my discourse have precluded me from doing; and that is, that the Bible abounds with teachings that conflict. This fact established, the dogma of its infallibility must fall.

You may contend that I mistake the meaning of what I have quoted from this book. But the language is too plain to be mistaken. Do not tell me that it states one thing and means another. This is, you claim, the word of your God. Is your God wanting in candor?

So far as the Bible is concerned, the criminal has as much to support the justness of his crime as the Christian has to sustain the truthfulness of his creed. The various dogmas of the church are not upheld by stronger scripture proofs than have been advanced in justification of the crimes that I have named. The doctrine of immortality is supported by the New Testament, and opposed by the Old. Christians accept the teachings of the former, and stigmatize as beasts those who accept the teachings of the latter. The dogma of endless punishment is supported at the most by but few texts. The Universalists adduce two hundred texts disproving it. Yet the doctrine of endless punishment is orthodox, and Universalism is the rankest heresy. The Bible teaches a simple monotheism. There is but one passage that clearly teaches the doctrine of the trinity, and this passage, it is admitted, is an interpolation. Yet in the Christian Confession of Faith, this trinitarian dogma has been written in letters of blood.

That great and good men have commended the Bible as a moral guide is true. It is a common practice to parade these commendations before the world. But the testimonials of these men are, for the most part, not the result of careful reading and research. They have been inspired by the teachings of childhood, by the popular sentiment that prevails around them, or by a perusal of only the choicest portions of this book.

The Bible moralist would have us believe that from his book our morality has been derived; that God is the author, and the Bible the revelation and sole repository of our moral laws. Poor, credulous slave of superstition, it is not from Gods and Bibles that these laws have come.

"Not in the way assumed by our dogmatic teachers has the morality of human nature been propped up. The power that has molded us thus far has worked with stern tools upon a rigid stuff. . . . That power did not work with delusions, nor will it stay its hands when such are removed. Facts rather than dogmas have been its ministers—hunger, shame, pride, love, hate, terror, awe—such were the forces, the interaction and adjustment of which during the immeasurable ages of his development wove the triplex web of man's physical, intellectual, and moral nature, and such are the forces that will be effectual to the end" (Tyndall).

Accepting the Bible—not for what it has been claimed to be, the word of God, but for what it is, the work of man—I can excuse in a degree the crude ideas of right and wrong, and the laxity of morals that prevailed among the people whose history it records. The age in which they lived, the circumstances that surrounded them, must palliate, to some

extent, their deeds and theories. But it is humiliating to think that in these better times, illuminated by the light of a glorious civilization, there are those who spurn the robes of virtue that Reason in the loom of grave Experience has woven, and who from the dark and musty closets of the past drag forth for use the soiled and blood-stained garments that barbarians wore. JOHN E. REMSBURG.

Letters from Friends.

BURR OAK, MICH., Oct. 10, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: The question: "How shall Liberals vote?" has been pretty thoroughly discussed. Preferences hav been plainly given for each of the three principal candidates for president, and their records hav been looked up. The evidence seems to show that all of them nominally profess the orthodox faith, but all are very liberal in views. Blaine is almost a genuin Freethinker, and Butler and Cleveland also hold to the church chiefly for the sake of popularity. But lately, Butler has received most of the praise. Some seem to think he is a real Liberal in every respect. One of THE TRUTH SEEKER correspondents says: "I see noble B. F. Butler in his letter of acceptance completely ignores the myths and phantoms," etc. Now, the writer of these lines happened to hear B. F. Butler make a short speech the other day. He spoke of God in the very first sentence he uttered. He said that God has been very good to this people. I was instantly and forcibly reminded of those Liberals who are harboring the insane delusion that Butler ignores the myths any more than the others do, when he can make them serve his purpose. Great stress is laid on that much-lauded fifth plank in the Greenback platform. Those who imagin that church property would be taxed under Butler's administration, because of that plank, would find to their sorrow that they had been basing their hopes on an exceedingly frail foundation. The churches would not be taxed unless influences should come in play that are entirely beyond the president's control. I would not giv one penny for the choice among all the long list of candidates, Mrs. Lockwood included, so far as the interests of Liberalism are concerned. We need not expect anything from any of them. Surely, it requires no argument to convince any intelligent Liberal that a man who will conceal his real sentiments before election, to secure the support of the church, will conceal them afterward for the very same reason. The president can make no move in favor of Liberalism that the church will not immediately discover. Unforeseen circumstances may arise in the coming four years, which the president, if so inclined, may be able to assist in shaping to the advantage of Liberalism, but it is foolish to cast a vote with any reference to vague chances that no man can now know anything about. If both men liv till after the election, either Blaine of Cleveland will be president.

The Liberal should decide, then, to vote for either one or the other of these two, or not vote at all. Butler stands a better chance of being struck by an aerolite than of being elected president. He will not get the entire electoral vote of one state in this Union. With several Northern states certainly Republican, others doubtful and divided, and nearly the entire solid South against him, his election is clearly impossible. In a Republican state, the man who votes for Butler casts half a vote for Cleveland; in Democratic states, he who votes for Butler casts half a vote for Blaine. Butler's views and policy are much nearer in accord with Republican principles than Democratic, but if he succeeds in preventing either of the old parties from winning at the polls, he and his followers might as well hav been working directly for Cleveland, for if the election goes to the House, Cleveland will be chosen just as certainly as if no Republican or Greenback candidates had been nominated. Blaine's fitness for president is unquestioned so far as ability and experience in public affairs are concerned. The only question is in regard to his honesty. In point of ability and experience, Butler is immensely superior to Cleveland. The man who votes for Cleveland will vote for him simply and solely because he is a Democrat. He would vote for John Kelly, Denis Kearny, Tilden's ghost, or the devil, if he was at the head of the Democratic ticket. Choose ye. N. G. W.

When the above was written, I had not read David S. White's communication in THE TRUTH SEEKER of Oct. 11th. It seems that Abraham Lincoln's spirit, after indulging in some very gloomy statements, says: "He who lifts his voice for the poor will be the chosen ruler, for the poor man's friend is the next in order in the history of this nation." This mystifies the matter a thousandfold. If the man "who lifts his voice for the poor" is to be the "coming man," the White House will not hold one-fourth of them. There is not a stump-orator from Maine to California who is not lifting his voice for the poor, every day in the week, and has been for lo! these many weeks. Abraham has changed his views, too, since he went "over there." It is evident that he no longer believes in a Democratic form of government, or he would not hav spoken of a *ruler* for our people. It is popularly supposed, at least theoretically, that the president of these United States is the servant, not the ruler, of the people. But Mrs. Fisk will easily be able to remove all doubts as to the veracity of Abraham's spirit. N. G. W.

LEAVENWORTH, KAN., Oct. 5, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: The more I think about it the more I am convinced that Liberals or Secularists can accomplish more for the cause by not voting at all. If they vote they will divide up about equally with the three candidates—the political cutthroat trinity of the world, the flesh, and the devil—Blaine, Cleveland, and Butler, and so kill each other's votes A complete throwing away of a quarter million votes! What stupid nonsense! when by staying away from the polls altogether the moral, the educational influence will be above computation. Men, women, and children will giv sager audiences to a man explaining his reasons for declining to vote. They will think about it and go away and talk about it to their neighbors. It looks like a glorious opportunity for us to make a ten strike for Liberalism.

A Republican Liberal! A Democratic Liberal! Bah! A Liberal who will stand up and allow any party to place their brand upon his seat of knowledge is no more nor less than a thing. I could not help being born and raised a Republican, but when I became a Liberal I ceased to wallow in partisan mire. A party manufacturing millionaires by the thousand, and run by preachers, Comstocks, evangelical alliances, W. C. T. U.'s, and Y. M. C. A.s', was too rank for me. Jay Gould givs $100,000 to elect Blaine; other millionaires in proportion. They plant where they expect to reap—put their money where it will do them the most good. The party that legislates and divides with them gets their mon ey, their influence, and their votes.

There is no doubt but that the Democratic party would, of the three, be our best ally. But let us refrain from voting this time, and four years hence hav a candidate and cause of our own. By that time Col. Ingersoll will hav found out that the Republican party has no use for Liberals except to vote Christians into office, and probably be willing to accept the nomination for president by the Secular party, upon a secular platform, in the interest of pure, secular government.

In no other way can our grievances, our principles, and our claims be so effectually brought before the people of the country and legislation secured. Then, by hanging bravely to it for two, three, four, or five presidential elections, we will surely win. Even the more intelligent Christians begin to see that a secular government will afford them the most permanent protection. S. R. SHEPHERD.

SPIRITUALITY AND SPIRITUALISM.

COLUMBUS, KAN., Oct. 12, 1884.

TO GEORGE CHAINEY, *Dear Sir:* Although I was not present to hear your "Day and Night" of human life and character, yet I was greatly affected when I read it. I regretted that so brilliant a gem of literature and rhetoric—so grand, lofty, and spiritual an ideal of prospectiv life and development—should be stained, marred, and disfigured by ingratitude, untruthfulness, and want of logic.

When you virtually told your Materialistic and Agnostic friends that they were a cold, heartless set, without love or sympathy; that they did not and could not appreciate dreams; that they disparaged all opinions but their own; that they were animal and sensual, and must be so until they believed in decarnated spirits that exist eternally; and that some would, like swine, turn and rend you, I felt that you were not only misrepresenting and doing great injustice to your Agnostic friends who were present, but to me also, who for fifty years hav suffered, and sacrificed everything but life, to help prepare the way for you and others to spread the light of that higher life, and the "new heaven and earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness and peace."

In some of your expressions you seemed to forget that "every difference of opinion is not necessarily a difference of principle." I hav passed through Methodism, Universalism, and Spiritualism—perhaps not *through*—to Naturalism and Humanitarianism, and hav been growing higher, better, purer, and more spiritual all the time.

You say your conversion to Spiritualism caused you to abandon cigars and govern your appetites and passions. I am glad it has that effect in your case, but my observations for thirty years hav convinced me that Spiritualism, *per se*, does not often cause its votaries to abandon bad habits and fashions, or to be less selfish and animal than Materialists, or *do* more for humanity.

Think you that Courtlandt Palmer, S. P. Putnam, myself, and many others, men and women similarly organized, are less spiritual and more gross and earthly than you, simply because you hav seen evidence—to you—of a super-mundane life? Sir, a man of your fineness of organism and impressibility ought to know that there are all degrees of organic development among Spiritualists, "from snowy white to sooty." Men and women of coarse temperaments, shallow front, and narrow frontal-lateral heads, hav little or no spiritual life or ideality, and faint or feeble aspirations for the life that is pictured in your cerebral gallery.

Now, I would like to hav you prove to me that the character and altitude of a man's existence depend upon the length of it. If you will open your eyes to the fact that "as is the organism, so is the man," and that there is a spiritual side to human nature, and that, when fully developed, all men and women are a spirit-world, a "summer-land," *in the body*, in the upper chambers of the brain, "the dome of thought, the palace of the soul," you will "be wise unto salvation for yourself and humanity."

You complain, and justly, of the want of patronage and appreciation, among Materialists, of your past labors, and intimate it is for the want of a belief in Spiritualism; but, from thirty-six years of observation, experience, and extensiv travel and acquaintance, I find no difference in this respect between one class of Liberals and another.

It is want of development that makes us selfish and want to own, and monopolize, and enslave. Not many are yet developed "into the glorious light and liberty of the gospel" of humanitarianism, which lifts us up out of egoism into a true altruism. But I must stop, just as I hav begun. Wishing you great success in your new field of action, I am

Appreciativly yours, J. H. COOK.

KINGFIELD, MAINE, Oct. 5, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Yours of the 1st inst. is received and contents noted. I was in funds and should hav remitted $5 this week, for I had enjoyed the reading of THE TRUTH SEEKER for some time at your expense, for which I am very thankful. I can't very well get along without it, and if I am not so punctual at all times as you desire, nevertheless, you will get your pay, for your paper is the best of the half dozen that I take, and I would sooner do without all the rest than THE TRUTH SEEKER.

I am the only outspoken Infidel in town; and the sky-pilots giv me a wide birth, for every chance I get I throw hot shot into their ranks, which has a tendency to demoralize their best soldiers. Yours for the truth, ALONZO KNAPP.

MOUND CREEK, KAN., Oct. 7, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Juliet H. Severance, in THE TRUTH SEEKER of Oct. 4th, says: "We first had a white man's government, now we hav a rich man's government. If our nation long remains, even with its seeming republicanism, we must make it what it professes to be—a people's government." This is bed-rock truth. She also says: "The monopolists own the press of the country, and control its expressions on all subjects, as it does the telegraph lines, by which news is obtained." Truth. Also: "The land must be returned to the people from whom it has been unjustly filched [true], and all revenues for the support of government raised by a rental of land [no!], which should be held in trust by the government for the use of the people [yes] instead of taking the fruits of industry. Thus the rights of labor would be protected [no!]. All the wealth of our world is the result of the labor of the world, and yet, although enough is produced to satisfy all the wants of the whole people, the great mass of the people are in want, while the few are surfeited with overmuch." "Competition must giv place to co-operation, and each individual hav the fruits of his own toil." That each one should in equity hav the fruit of his or her toil is patent. Competition versus co-operation does not come within the purview of the erroneous positions I seek to eliminate. I hav quoted from page 627. The close reader will be well paid to read and study the whole article, "The New Republic." The sentences at the bottom of the column are A No. 1.

Now, the reader will notice my first no comes in on the "rental of land." That land should be held by government in trust for the use of the people, I concede; but how the class who tills the land can pay all the revenues for the support of government, and not be class legislation, and not take the fruits of their industry to do it with; or how a class or a whole people either can be "protected" when all they produce is their own by taking from a class, or the whole, a revenue for government support, is a kink in logic, the more untwisting, the more kink. Labor *per se* needs nor asks for protection or fostering care, or class legislation; it asks and needs but justice only. One of the greatest jurists of the nation says, "Labor is weak, and capital is strong," and under present conditions it is true. But why? Because labor has not retained the wealth it has created. And why has it not retained it? Because of iniquitous so-called law, by giving a right of property in land; hence its price, rent, and monopolization, and by limiting the quantity of money short of zero per cent, which givs it the power to command interest. These two giv the power to accumulate wealth without labor. When once accumulated, as now, capital, the very creature of labor, by interest annually from labor has the means which givs it the power to institute monopolies without end. Yes, it can hold the very bread industry produces in the face of the laborer while he starves. Be it remembered forever by every truth seeker that labor pays all taxes, all rent, all interest on money and capital to the uttermost farthing; and that they are all, not excepting taxes, sheer robbery of labor, and that they must be eliminated, or the nation dies, since either in time will murder it. ELIAS LEE.

BANGOR, ME., Sept. 30, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: This is my first letter to THE TRUTH SEEKER. I should hav written before, but I am such a poor letter writer, and, perhaps, a little too proud. Therefore did not write to show my poor composition. My regards to all THE TRUTH SEEKER employees, and to Miss Wixon. I hav learned to love her for her splendid stories in the Children's Corner.

Our dear old friend Seward Mitchell has just left us after a short stay of two weeks. We should hav liked him to stay longer, he is such a splendid old gentleman, and such a grand good worker for the Liberal cause. He is not idle a moment; always looking for subscribers for THE TRUTH SEEKER, or selling pamphlets. I wish there were more Seward Mitchells, and if he ever comes this way again he won't get away so easy. I pity him; he is now over seventy-one years of age, and without money. He has spent his whole life in the cause of humanity and neglected himself.

Such grand unselfish people ought to be rewarded, it seems to me, somewhere. It seems to me, too, there ought to be another life or a continuation of this; to giv such grand souls a chance. Every time Bennett's name is mentioned tears will start to his eyes. I can never forget that grand old soul. I fear there are very few Seward Mitchells and Elmina Slenkers; some one must take their places ere long. Are there any to do it? I must thank my dear Miss Wixon again, before I close, for her "Apples of Gold," and many other beautiful gems from her pen. This from your young fifteen-year-old Truth Seeker,

CLARA LOUISA LEWIS.

CERESCO, MICH., Oct. 13, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I see by the tab on my paper that my year is nearly up, so I send $3 for one more year. I expect to take it as long as I liv, which I don't expect to be long. I am now seventy-nine, and hav been a Freethinker eight years. I was converted from orthodoxy principally by reading the Old Testament. I concluded that no real God could commit such immoralities and brutalities as are recorded. Oh, the cunning priests! Let us go for them. I wish I could write my ideas. Wouldn't they catch it?—you bet, the rascals!

So Brother Chainey has been convinced that Spiritualism is true. All right; I hope it is, but he should hav left the ranks without throwing mud. I like the man, and his preachings—a smart man—I hope he will be thoroughly convinced, and make a good Spiritualist. I remain

Yours for doing all we can for the human family,

THOS. KNIGHT.

The League.

How to Organize a Local League.

The National Liberal League is formed by the union of Local Auxiliary Liberal Leagues. To organize a Local Auxiliary League, any person (man or woman) may place the following Call at the head of a sheet of paper and solicit signatures:

CALL.

We, the undersigned citizens of [here introduce name of town or city], agree to organize an Auxiliary Liberal League, to work in connection with the National Liberal League, and to pay the sums set opposit our names for that purpose.

Names.	*Residences.*	*Amounts.*

As soon as ten persons have subscribed to this Call, and five dollars have been paid in, make out an application for a Charter, inclosing the application, together with a money order or postal note for five dollars (or the amount may be inclosed in a registered letter) to the secretary of the National Liberal League. The fee for a Charter is ten dollars, and the Board of Directors have voted to allow the organizer of the Auxiliary Liberal League to retain five dollars as compensation for his or her services in effecting the organization.

Any Liberal society can by a vote qualify itself an Auxiliary Liberal League, and take out a charter.

On receipt of the five dollars and application signed by the President and Secretary (or the temporary Secretary) of the new League (and as many others as may choose), the Secretary will forward to the applicant a Charter signed by the proper officers of the National Liberal League. Samuel P. Putnam,
Secretary of the National Liberal League.
55 *East 9th street, New York.*

SUPPORT OF THE NATIONAL LEAGUE.

In order to provide an adequate revenue to the treasury of the National League, to enable it to carry out the requirements of sections, 4, 5, and 6 of Article III. of its Constitution, and to do other legitimate work of the League, every auxiliary is requested to contribute a certain sum monthly, not less than five cents per month from each one of its members, for the use of the National League. The amount thus collected should be remitted quarterly on the first days of January, April, July, and October, by the secretary of the auxiliary to the secretary of the National League.

The Campaign Fund.

Already acknowledged	$1,438.00
John Turner,	30.00
Thayer L. White,	10.00
La Roy Sunderland,	10.00
Stephen Brewer,	5.00
Peter Eckler,	5.00
J. Francis Ruggles,	5.00
H. V. Cockrell,	5.00
Alexander Cochran,	5.00
C E. Garner,	2.00
C. W. Manderfeld,	2.00
Jacob Tausig,	2.00
Amasa Wood,	1.00
Joshua Cassey,	1.00
John R. Alurvy,	1.00
Wm. Reynolds, (Annual members per Wm. Reynolds.)	1.00
Henry Gooday,	1.00
Wm. Dawson,	1.00
Julia A. P. Perkins,	1.00
John P. Kelly,	1.00
F. Fitzgibbons,	1.00
Total,	1,528.00

CORRESPONDENCE.

John Turner, Philadelphia, Pa.: Please find inclosed post-office order for $30 for the National Liberal League.

C. E. Garner, Jacksonville, Fla.: I inclose you $2 for the emancipation cause, with best wishes and kind regards.

Stephen Brewer, Ithaca, N. Y.: I inclose $5 for the Fund to be raised. I wish the new administration adundant success.

C. W. Manderfield, San Carlos, Ariz. Ter.: Inclosed please find my contribution to the $5,000 Liberal Campaign Fund. I wish you success as a missionary in the Liberal cause.

John H. Bengel, Harrisburg, Pa.: It would be a blessing if you would come here and organize a League. When I can I will subscribe to the fund. I am a young man and work hard, but I desire to know the truth.

F. Fitzgibbons, New York City: I am always in sympathy with any movement that tends to accomplish the ends in view. I shall try to contribute one dollar quarterly, and inclose herewith first payment. With best wishes for success in the efforts you are so nobly making to advance the interests of the National Liberal League.

H. Clay Luse, Waynesburg, Pa., to C. B. Reynolds: You ask concerning an organization here. I think we can now effectually organize. I believe we could bring into an organization, say twenty-five, many of whom are men of influence. This would not be a bad start for Waynesburg. As you say, it would form a nucleus around which Liberals would gather. I shall attempt an organization at once, and will let you know of my progress. For the present, I think we can organize better under some such name as "The Waynesburg Secular Society."

George Longford, Secretary of Friendship Liberal League, Philadelphia: Inclosed you will find $5 from our League, as was promised by our delegate, Mr. Seymour. In behalf of the Friendship League, I may say that we hope success may crown your efforts, and that every League and Liberal in the country may come to your assistance. We expect to hav a big day November 30th, when Mr. Watts and yourself come. We shall leave no stone unturned to giv you a full house and a grand welcome. We shall challenge the clergy to meet Mr. Watts after each lecture.

Mrs. Mattie P. Krekel, vice-president of the League, Kansas City: I want to liv to see the time when Liberalism shall be the greatest good to the greatest number; when it means generosity, manliness, character. I am going to try and do some work for and with the League this year, and organize for practical work. You and Mr. Watts will certainly come to Kansas City on your missionary tour. Our League here will be ready to assist earnestly and practically.

A FEW WORDS FROM MR. GREEN.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* Nothing has pleased me more than to witness the energy and ability with which Mr. Putnam has entered upon his duties as secretary of the National Liberal League. Surely he is the right man in the right place. With Col. Ingersoll as president and S. P. Putnam as secretary, and with the present Liberal platform adopted at Cassadaga, I can see no good reason for any Liberal to refuse to work with the League. I hope to see new auxiliary Leagues springing up everywhere.

On account of the poor health of the editor, the publication of the *Freethinkers' Magazine and Directory* has been detained a few days, but it will be out soon. It will be an interesting number, and I hope all your readers who are not regular subscribers will send twenty-five cents for the November number.

And now allow me to cordially invite all the Freethinkers of western New York and northwestern Pennsylvania to prepare to attend the coming Salamanca Convention. We expect to hav a grand good time.

I will add that my health is constantly improving.

Truly yours, H. L. Green.

FROM C. B. REYNOLDS.

The following extract is from a private letter from that energetic, representativ Liberal, R. P. Barton, of Richburg, Allegany county, New York, one of the most influential and respected young business men of that county: "Things are now in shape so that my hopes will be realized, and if the New York meeting of state League, etc., of which you write, is held in December, by that time the Richburg Liberal League will be represented at the meeting." Take notice, if we desire to build up live local Leagues, to help insure the secularization of our government, and hav in our own neighborhood a Liberal society that in every respect—alike social and educational—shall be superior to the church and Sunday-school; that shall form a nucleus around which honest hearts can rally; where our mothers, sisters, wives, and children shall be enlisted and delight to participate; where the weak and timorous ones shall gain strength and courage; and that shall be a living refutation of the slanders and misrepresentations of the clergy that Liberals are all that is low, vicious, and depraved, *obtain subscribers for* The Truth Seeker. Even a three months' (only 50 cents) trial trip insures abandonment of superstitious faith, and awakes to thought. A year's subscription is certain to add an earnest, activ Liberal, and in all probability a whole family, to our ranks. Then, under the influence of such workers as R. P. Barton, a live, activ League will speedily result. That's how it worked at Richburg. That's just how it will work in your neighborhood. *Try it.*

Chas. B. Reynolds, Chairman Ex. Com. N. L. L.

Mr. Samuel P. Putnam, *Dear Sir:* Your letter, with circular to Liberals of America, has been under my notice for some days, but illness and press of business hav delayed an answer.

I am well satisfied with the action of the League in appointing paid lecturers, and wish to do something to sustain the measure. I do not think I can do so in a better way—in one that will more fully advance the cause—than by devoting the proceeds of the sale of a number of the Liberal Hymn Books to the support of the lecturers. These books sell for twenty-five cents each. Now, I do not intend to trouble you and Mr. Watts to carry round a lot of hymn books, however useful you might find them in getting the people to sing at gatherings. But I propose that you carry two or three with you to show what they are, and get people to send to us for them; those persons paying you twenty-five cents, and you giving them a receipt for it, with a two-cent stamp, which they are to inclose—that is, both receipt, signed by you personally, or Mr. Watts, and stamps—when they order the book from me. I guarantee to fill promptly every order so received for three months (perhaps longer). If you and Mr. Watts accept this offer, we will hav it published, if you please, in the Liberal papers. The two cents is to pay the postage on the book to each person.

Cordially yours, Eliza B. Burns.
and Channing Burns.

A noble offer. Buy these hymn-books. They are just the thing for the new work. We must be stirred with music, or we cannot do our best. I am sure that this generous gift will put quite a number of dollars into our treasury, and cheer into our souls.

Listen to this from that remarkable octogenarian, La Roy Sunderland, old in the service, but whose spirit is as fresh as a May-day:

Quincy Mass., Oct. 16, 1884.

Dear Putnam: From the first shrill bugle note of yours, sounded for our humanity's triumph, I determined to send you the very first greenback I should find at my command. Your earnest appeals hav the ring of the true metal. There are living chords in every human heart that vibrate aloud in reading those appeals for freedom, the good, and the true. And, if I had the funds, I would send you a thousand as freely as I do this mite. Success is assured!

Yours truly La Roy Sunderland.

Our good friend, Wm. Reynolds, of Utah, is doing a good work. He has already secured five annual memberships, besides his own contribution, and is still pushing ahead. He is the Phil. Sheridan of our frontier forces.

MILWAUKEE LEAGUE DOING HUMANE WORK.

The Liberal League met on the evening of the 12th, at 216 Grand avenue. Every seat was occupied. Dr. H. S. Brown presided, and Dr. Juliet H. Severance acted as secretary. The committee appointed at the last meeting to investigate affairs at the Soldiers' Home reported, submitting a letter from Geo. M. Hare, with a statement that he had been released after proceedings to secure a writ of *habeas corpus* had been instituted. In his letter, which was written in the guardhouse, Hare says he was imprisoned there for criticising the management of the Soldiers' Home in a Dubuque paper. He charges that the guard-house has vile ventilation; is unprovided with chairs, and without even a pillow to lay a weary head upon. He had to eat without knife, fork, or spoon, and had no tobacco or reading matter allowed him. There were nineteen men in the prison—three of them ex-commissioned officers, four one-legged men, and one was blind. They were allowed but one towel a week, and this was for joint use. He became sick, and no doctor was sent for. The governor's orderly went into the guard-house Saturday night, drunk, and kept everybody awake all night. Some of the men in the guard-house were sent there for thirty days solely because they missed roll-call. Hare enumerates other causes for complaint, and asks if a citizen of the United States is to be imprisoned without hearing, and without proper authority, and placed in such surroundings simply because he dared express his opinion.

The League will take further steps for an investigation. On conclusion of the discussion regarding the Soldiers' Home matter, R. C. Spencer addressed the meeting on "The Republican Party." George Godfrey and Mrs. Dr. Juliet Severence answered him.

The Appeal of the Liberal League.

From the Banner of Light.

The cause of Liberalism is before the great public with its demands and resolutions, which are to be read in another column. No one can peruse this timely and forcible proclamation of purpose by a large and rapidly increasing body of most intelligent men and women without being profoundly impressed with the comprehensiv character of their expressed views and the deep sincerity and wholeness of their convictions. The demands put forth by them before the public are certainly such as should readily commend themselvs to all Liberal, reflecting minds. The spirit in which they are uttered, though radical, is far from being open to the charge of destructivness. It would only clear away the recognized obstructions to a new advance of society and a larger expansion of the human mind, in order that the work of reconstruction may go on unembarrassed by the dead weights of old dogmas and lifeless prejudices. The object is purely one of benevolence and aspiration. The intent is only to benefit and bless humanity by the speedy emancipation of the human spirit from its present state of bondage.

What *are* the demands which the National Liberal League make, that they should not be heeded? They demand nine things, each one of which is firmly rooted in reason and morality. Read the list and then judge, if possible, without prejudice or passion. Ought not, for instance, all forms of ecclesiastical property to be taxed like other property, under a government that refuses to protect any and all forms of religious organization? Ought orthodox chaplains to be called upon to pray in official places, when not even the necessity for prayer, public or private, is once recognized in our Constitution? Is it right that one portion of the people should be taxed for the support of the sectarian institutions of another portion, whether in the name and guise of religion or anything else? Ought a government like ours to hav anything to do, as a mere government, with the holding of religious services, or to insist on the use of the Christian Bible any more than the Mohammedan Koran, or the Materialists' creed, in the schools which are supported by the constant taxation of all? Why should presidents or governors appoint religious feasts or fasts for a part of the people only to observe, if religion is really no possible part of their official business?

Or on what ground of authority, derived from the fundamental law if derived at all, is the judicial oath required and administered in the courts of law and in the various departments of government, when a plain and simple affirmation is just as binding on the human conscience, and the "pains and penalties" of "perjury" stand waiting for those who affirm that which is not true? By what common or by what conceded right, too, are laws made and enforced which command the religious observance of any one day in the week, to which a certain amount of the population, but not all, hav agreed to affix a peculiar character—call it by the name of Sunday or any other name? And while the large majority of the people of this country may consent in silence to be called Christians, even while those who style themselvs Christian ministers are voiding their abuse upon them as Infidels and heathen in their belief and practice, is it in any sense consonant with justice, with truth, with a spirit of equality before the statute law, that into the Constitution under which all liv and which all unitedly support and sustain shall be injected the sacerdotal power, always and everywhere tyrannical because resting on naked authority, that designs only the absolute conquest of men's consciences and the irresponsible governance of their conduct?

These, now, are every one of them vital questions; and, taken together, they constitute a cause, an issue, that is of sufficient importance to challenge the widest public attention. The National Liberal League is the champion of this cause, and stands forth to meet this issue. It steers clear of party politics, and ascends at once to the level of universal principles. It deals with the underlying questions of human progress. It is tolerant of the great and confused variety of opinions that accumulate around questions of reform and reconstruction, and aims only for the perfect freedom of all minds, for equal rights for all, and for nothing but fair play in all that appertains to political government. The cause could hardly be stated more clearly or impressivly than it is stated, or argued with more cogency and conclusivness. Thus should it be, for it is a cause to enlist the sympathies, as well as the reason, of all men and women, and one that appeals to us all for immediate and practical action for the sake of securing actual and visible results. We may depend upon it that unless Liberalism dominates in this country, things will be sure to fall under the control of ecclesiasticism, which is ever the foe to political liberty.

There is no question that the civilized world is changing front on the issues that once were thought of vital importance to man. A new era is being ushered in. It is the era of spiritual influences and spiritual power. The old dogmas of authority are dead. Not even the boasts of human reason are equal to the marshaling and leading of the new forces which are appearing in the social life of civilized man. It is becoming more and more evident that all power proceeds from the spirit, even as spirit is the only substance; of which matter and all external things are the forms visible through the sense to the inward consciousness. People are beginning to comprehend the great and high truth that we all liv in the spirit alone, of which the body is but the constant manifestation. Hence they are beginning to understand that their lives, and conduct, and institutions of every kind, should be more in harmony with spiritual laws, which alone govern and control everything. To the intuitions of the open and recipient spirit the highest reason is subordinate and subject, and hence to heed these intuitions is to wait studiously upon teachers who are ever ready to lend a new illumination to our reason, and to lift continually our external life to the level of the ideal, which is the spiritual.

The articles in the *North American Review* for November are: "Half-time in Schools," by E. E. Hale; "The African Problem," by Professor Gilliam; "Woman as a Political Factor," by Judge Robert C. Pitman; "Progress in Naval Armament," by Hobart Pasha; "Friendship in Ancient Poetry," by Principal J. C. Shairp; "Herbert Spencer's Latest Critic," by Professor E. L. Youmans; "Over-Illustration," by Charles T. Congdon; and "Restriction of the Suffrage," by William L. Scruggs.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night begins to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

"Out to Old Aunt Mary's."

Wasn't it pleasant, O brother mine,
In those old days of the lost sunshine
Of youth, when the Saturday's chores were through
And the "Sunday's wood" in the kitchen, too,
And we went visiting, I and you,
Out to old Aunt Mary's.

It all comes back so clear to-day,
Though I am bald and you are gray—
Out by the barn lot and down the lane
We patter along in the dust again,
As light as the tips of the drops of rain,
Out to old Aunt Mary's.

We cross the pasture, and through the wood,
Where the old gray snag of poplar stood,
Where the hammering redheads hopped away,
Aud the buzzard raised in the open sky,
And lolled and circled as he went by
Out to old Aunt Mary's.

And then in the dust of the road again;
And the teams we met and the countrymen;
And the long highway, with the sunshine spread
As thick as butter on country bread,
And our cares behind and our hearts ahead,
Out to old Aunt Mary's.

I see her now in the open door
Where the little gourds grew up the sides and o'er
The clapboard roof. And her face—ah, me!
Wasn't it good for a boy to see?
And wasn't it good for a boy to be
Out to old Aunt Mary's.

And O my brother, so far away,
This is to tell you she waits to-day
To welcome us. Aunt Mary fell
Asleep this morning, whispering, "Tell
The boys to come." And all is well
Out to old Aunt Mary's.

—*Selected.*

Jack—A Mendicant.

A smooth-haired, whitish-brown terrier it was, with cropped ears, a black patch over one eye, and only half a tail; a thin, shadowy sort of thing that used to grub about in the twilight in the gutters, and in odd corners where poor people throw waste and rubbish, picking up its own living as best it could. If it had not known how to "fend for itself," it must hav fared hardly indeed; for though it had a master who loved it as he would hav loved the sun in the heavens, could his blind eyes hav been lighted for one moment by its beams, and who treasured it as he did the memory of his dead wife, dead daughter, dead grandchild, yet he had nothing but his love to giv it, and love, as we all know, though it never faileth, and is greater than faith and hope, yet in hard times cannot so much as buy an ounce of bread, nor even get a bone for a dog.

Caleb had been blind for more than twenty years. Once he had been a strong, skilful workman who had never known a dinnerless table nor fireless hearth. Things had gone well with him in early life; he had married a stout young country-woman, and had only one child by her—a blue-eyed, fair-haired darling, whom they had christened Martha, but whom everyone loved to call Mattie. She looked as if she had been born to a pet name, and she stuck to it as a right. Mattie was sent to school and taught embroideries and needlework; she was not to work hard, as her father and mother had done before her, but was to lead a quiet, gentle life; and if, by and by, when father and mother were getting old and could no longer work for their darling, some good honest workman was to come along and offer to marry her—well!—then he should hav her, and their blessing go with her.

But before Mattie was ten years old, or there was any thought of father and mother getting old, Caleb's great trouble had come upon him. There was a huge fire at the factory where he worked, and Caleb, in his zeal to save his master s property, was much burnt about his face, arms, and chest. They took him to the hospital, where they did the best they could for him, and he came out of it in a month's time with limbs patched, face sound, though scarred, but eyesight gone forever.

How the stout young wife would hav wept over him if she had had time to weep! But time meant money in those days, and she set to work with a will to get the daily bread. No more embroideries for little Mattie; sewing and stitching will serve her in better stead now, for she can earn a shilling here and a shilling there by plain needlework among her poor neighbors.

And so things went on for ten years or more. Caleb turned woman in the house and cooked their small meals, and kept things straight and neat as he could without his eyesight; and the women turned men, as poor women often hav to do, and brought in the pounds and the shillings, or, failing the pounds, the shillings and the pennies, and even in those days had always wherewithal to help a brother or a sister less fortunate than themselvs.

Then there came another change; fever set in in that neighborhood, and the brave, strong mother was the first to fall a victim to it. Caleb was dazed with grief. Mattie wept her heart out, then set to work again, but this time with less of spirit and courage. From house to house Caleb groped his way, begging for work—he would do what he could for a sixpence a day; he was, so he said, "a giant in strength." "True," said the people, "but a blind giant is no use to us, and we are too poor to pay sixpence a day for nothing."

"I will go into the workhouse," said Caleb. "No man shall say I liv idle upon my little girl's earnings." Then Mattie clung about his knees and besought him not to leave her, telling him a secret she had meant to tell the dead mother, how that she had married secretly a fine-looking young fellow, who had gone, she knew not where, nor even whether the name in which he had married her was his own.

Caleb lifted up his voice and cursed the day wherein he had lost his eyesight. "If I had but the glimmer of daylight wherewith to guide my steps, I would search the world through to find the false-hearted coward who has brought this shame to our door."

Mattie drooped day by day, but still she managed to keep her customers together, and sent home smart dresses for gay young shopgirls to wear in the summer evenings when they went walking out with their sweethearts. By and by a second Mattie came—a little fair-haired, blue-eyed thing, like Mattie the first; and though Caleb cursed again the false-hearted man who had left his Mattie to struggle through her troubles alone, the little creature came like a gleam of sunshine into the dark life, and no one thought more of her baby comforts, or took more tender care of the tiny, fragil thing than the old blind grandfather.

For Caleb was fast becoming a prematurely old man now. He lacked the first of youth's greatest preservers—honest, steady, constant work; and he lacked also the second—good, plain, wholesome food. What wonder if his back was bent, his brow wrinkled, and his hair thin and gray!

How they managed to struggle through another five years he did not know, no one quite knew. The furniture in the little room (they had only one room now) grew less and less; also their bread was often eaten without butter; also when the winter came round Mattie began to hav a cough and complain of a pain at her chest. Then Caleb whispered something in little Mattie's ear, and the child led him down the stairs and along the streets to a bright, sunshiny wall in the big city, where people were passing backward and forward all day long, and where, if the old blind man held out his hat, there might be a chance of finding a few stray pence in it at the end of the day.

The poor people in the house where they lived felt their hearts touched when they saw the old man and the small, white child creeping down the stairs together, and heard the poor, suffering daughter coughing as she stooped over her dresses and shirts. They shook their heads at each other. "It can't go on much longer," said one to the other; "and what they'll do without her, God only knows." So they would giv little Mattie a cup of tea or a bit of cheese to take to her mother, and the mother would drink the tea and giv the cheese to the little one, and smile and shake her head and say she couldn't eat.

And one day a small rough boy in the house brought to little Mattie a white terrier pup. "Father was going to drown it," he said, "but I told him I thought you would like it, and may be by and by 'twill help to lead the old man along." Little Mattie took the puppy gratefully, and called him Jack after her boy friend. They knotted a piece of cord together and put it around Jack's neck, and every day the old man, the child, and the terrier pup were to be seen finding their way along the streets to the bright sunshiny wall.

Once as they stood thus in the bleak March weather, with a northwest wind sweeping the streets and drifting the dust into clouds that shut out the spring sunbeams, a poor woman came hurriedly up to them. "You'd best make haste home, Caleb," she said, "if you want to see your daughter again alive." She forgot, poor soul, for the moment that Caleb hadn't seen his daughter for ten years or more, and never could—in this life, at any rate—see her again. But poor people, you know, havn't much time to spend in choosing their words, and they don't expect other people to be very nice in the matter either.

So Mattie, and Jack, and the grandfather trudged the streets, and for once in a way got home by daylight, to find Mattie the elder (poor child, she wasn't five-and twenty then) lying on the bed, the sheet stained with blood, and her feet and hands growing damp and cold.

"She's goin' fast," said one of the women about the bedside.

"O God," cried Caleb, kneeling down on the bare boards, "if only for one moment I might see those blue eyes before they close forever!" Useless the prayer, the beating of the hands against the closed barred doors; Mattie's life ebbed out that day before the twilight fell, and—well—two days after, there was another mound in the big pauper burial-place outside the city. That was all.

"Yet I liv on," said Caleb, as day after day he took his stand by the sunshiny wall, Mattie by his side, and Jack on his haunches a little in front. Mattie's clothes were very thin now, and her shoes almost dropping from her feet. One by one the little odd comforts the dead mother had bought her were taken to the pawnshop, and a few coppers, or at most a sixpence, brought back in return. As winter crept on she began to grow white and shiver as the mother had done and then cough and draw her breath in as though to let it out gave her pain. The neighbors began to shake their heads again as they had over the mother. "She's going the same way," they said whispering together, "and God help the old man then!" Going the same way, was she? Before the first winter snow had settled on the mother's grave, she was gone. And Caleb? Well, he had his dog left him, and his old clothes, and his sunshiny wall, and what would you more? Poor people can't hav everything they want, you know, in this life.

When little Mattie lay stretched white and cold on the mattress on the floor (the bedstead had long since disappeared) on which her mother had died, the poor people came in and did the best they could for her; poor people are not always thrashing horses and kicking dogs to death, as some think; they sometimes do little kindnesses one for the other, and show a refinement which people in higher ranks occasionally forget. So one brought a clean white sheet and wrapped the little girl in it, another combed out her fair hair, and a third—a flower-girl—put a spray of fern and geranium into her small, thin hand.

"She's looking that lovely, Caleb, she is," said a brown old woman of sixty, with a handkerchief tied over her head.

"Lord, for this once!" pleaded Caleb, lifting his hands high above his head. "For one moment only let my eyes be opened, that they may see the face I hav loved and never known." The poor people stood back and heard his prayer, with their breath drawn in. Almost they expected a miracle to be performed—had they not heard of such things in the churches?—and for a moment the film to be lifted from Caleb's eyes, that they might rest on the face he had loved so well before the cold earth had shut it in for evermore.

All in vain. No answering Ephphatha was breathed down from the silent everlasting heavens. Caleb's hands fell down helplessly to his side, and Jack crept out of a corner and licked them, and then the parish people sent their undertakers to carry Mattie away to the same big cemetery where her mother was sleeping.

All gone but Jack! Well, a dog is something, after all, to hav left one; and when one is old and blind, and poor, one doesn't expect a great deal in life, you know, but is just thankful for a crust of bread to eat, some straw or old clothes to lie down on at night, and a sunshiny wall to lean against in the daytime; so the dog was altogether something extra in the way of mercies. "How he do liv on is a marvel," one to another would wonder, watching the old man creeping down-stairs day after day to take his stand in the streets; and, "The dog is like a child to him now," they would say, as they noted Jack sitting on his stump of a tail, waiting for a gap in the crush of carts and carriages before he would venture to lead his master across the busy high-road.

It was in those days that Jack first began to "fend for himself." As long as the two Matties lived, there was always a plate of odds and ends of some sort—scrape it together how they might—waiting for him inside the door when he came in from his morning's work; but after they were gone, things were different. It was hard work enough for Caleb to get his own daily bread and collect the eighteen pennies which paid for his miserable little cupboard—attic, it was supposed to be—at the top of the house; so when he came in at four o'clock in the winter's twilight with a loaf of bread and a few pence, the cord was unknotted from Jack's neck and the poor animal let free to forage for himself in the alleys and gutters. Jack in this way became very punctual in his habits. At four o'clock he was released from duty; it took him about an hour to find his dinner in the streets, and punctually at five he might be seen sneaking along some by-street with a bone in his mouth, or the remnants of some fish, dodging skilfully between passers-by till he reached home, where at his master's feet he would finish in calm enjoyment his hardly-earned meal, to which, be it noted, Caleb never failed to add some portion of his own, however scanty it had been.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

Our Puzzle Box.

1.

TWO LITTLE GIRLS.

I know a Miss quite well,
And her name you cannot tell,
Though her name I plainly *spell*,
For it will your wit excel—
You see why? Hid from view,
Find her little sister too.

UNCLE JAMES.

2.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in day, but not in night;
My seconds in ghost, but not in fright;
My third is in ground, but not in sky;
My fourth is in truth, but not in lie,
My fifth is in poundeth, but not in press;
My whole is what we would all like to possess.

B. C.

3.

A DECAPITATION IN AN EASTERN STATE!—THE GUILLOTINE RESTORED!

In a state of the East,
We see how a priest
Has left his *discourse without head;*
For its head we can take
The *head of a snake,*
It will do quite as well instead.
In the name the state
Let the headless thing wait,
Till something awakens the dead!

Irwin, Iowa. J. K. P. BAKER.

3.

RIDDLE.

I hav a bed, but never sleep,
A tongue, but never talk,
Two pairs of shoes, and yet no feet;
I run, but never walk.
My bed is way above my reach,
And that is why, you see,
I never lie upon my bed,
My bed is laid on me.

Grand Rapids, Mich. ESPRIT FORT.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER, OCTOBER 11, 1884.

1.
Q
CUB
CHAOS
QUARREL
BOREE
SEE
L

2. Landau.

3. Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us,
Footprints on the sands of time.

Joy and temperance and repose,
Slam the door on the doctor's nose.

When by night the frogs are croaking,
Kindle but a torch's fire,
Ha! how soon they all are silent!
Thus truth silences the liar.

Solvers.—Kitty Laurens, H. E. Juergens, Robert Bernheim.

Correspondence.

BRACEVILLE, ILL., Oct. 284.

MISS WIXON: I wish to correct a mistake in my letter. Braceville is a village of six thousand inhabitants, instead of six hundred. I wish I had the ability to write some of my experiences for the children of your corner. I passed the first seventeen years of my life on the prairies of Illinois, twelve miles from the nearest post-office or market place. Mother used to keep the spade standing by the door to kill snakes with. And what snakes! Blow snakes, blue-racers, and rattle snakes to be seen almost every day; and the prairie wolf as large as a good-sized dog, could be seen trotting across the open prairie with his long, bushy tail hanging to the ground. In those days we did not pull our blinds down when we lit the lamp, but we used to set the lamp in the window, so it would shine out as far as it could, in hopes some belated traveler might see it and be guided on his way, and perhaps be saved from perishing on the prairie.

Wishing you continued success, I remain a friend,

DEMIS BURR.

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN!

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Literature.

New Books.

THE BIBLE ANALYZED. In Twenty Lectures. By John R. Kelso, A.M. New York: TRUTH SEEKER office. Pp. 833. Price $3.00.

Mr. Kelso is an ex-soldier. He served his country in a war which resulted in the deliverance of millions from physical slavery. Here he fights against the more degrading slavery of the human mind to a book, falsely assumed to be a revelation from an eternally existing person—the creator of all things and beings that exist. He proves not only that the assumption in regard to the book is false, but that such a person is wholly imaginary. If human reason is not a worse than worthless faculty, then, in the light of Mr. Kelso's lectures, attributing divine inspiration to such a collection of writings as the Old and New Testaments, has been one of the greatest calamities that has ever befallen the human race. This is by no means denying the usefulness of the book as a human production, for the most pernicious of the lies and forgeries of the past may be useful in the future. A fictitious history of the past may help the future, but surely a true one would be better. Mr. Kelso's aim is simply to overthrow the baleful faith in the *divine inspiration* of the Bible or any part of it, which he effectually accomplishes by not only proving its history fictitious, but its morality often bad and worse than brutal.

Of course, to make out his case against the divine inspiration of the Bible, he does not need to prove an absence of all historical truth. It is enough to prove the presence of deliberate falsehood and forgery. After the admissions of Bishop Colenso, an honest Infidel may fairly be allowed to express some feeling of indignation at the cool attitude of the clergy of this end of the nineteenth century in upholding the demonstrated lies and forgeries of Hilkiah and Ezra.

The publication of Mr. Kelso's honest and able book will make it necessary for the church either to greatly amend the Bible or ignore it altogether. Refusing to read is only temporizing. Reason is nothing but common sense, and common sense is not confined to the clergy or to any priesthood. There are moral axioms scattered through the Bible which will not be lost with it, for they exist wherever human thought does. How much soever violated, they are identical with the laws of self-preservation, and will become more and more distinct as time and knowledge advance and force and fraud decay.

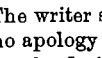
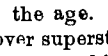
If it was a fact that God, selected as the typical man through whom he should carry out his scheme of saving the world, a man who asked his wife to tell a lie to save his own life, then, in a moral sense, the inference is unfavorable to God (Gen. xii, 13). If it was not a fact, the Bible is guilty of at least one lie, and that a quite fundamental one. In any decent moral light, Pharaoh appears in that chapter to great advantage compared with the "father of the faithful." ELIZUR WRIGHT.

Boston, Oct. 5, 1884.

FIAT LUX. A Two-Hours' Candid Inquiry into Biblical Harmonies. By Dr. W. R. Bachelor, of Pauline, Ark. Price 25 cents.

Like any other two-hours' candid inquiry into Biblical harmonies, the inquiries of Dr. Bachelor show that the alleged harmonies do not exist. The writer says in his brief preface that he has no apology to offer for writing this work, only that he desires to contribute something toward that grand movement of universal mental liberty and Freethought which characterizes the age. Knowing that reason will prevail over superstitious faiths and mysticism, he has taken his stand for truth, reason, and Freethought. His examination of the Bible is both thorough and effectiv. The thirty-nine octavo pages of his pamphlet are crowded with facts and arguments.

SCOTT-BROWNE'S BOOK OF SHORTHAND ABBREVIATIONS. A Tabulated List of all the Abbreviations of the System, Numbering 300, with a Reference Vocabulary of 3,000 Words in Common Use. 58 pp; satin-limp covers. Price 50 cents. Sold at this office.

This book is intended chiefly for shorthand writers who use the Ben Pitman system of phonography. Mr. Scott-Browne states that the necessity for such a work as the present one arises from the fact that many words are susceptible of being written in divers ways. He has discovered which ways are the easiest and the most legible, and recorded them for the benefit of the shorthand student. In order to understand these word-signs which he has given, it is of course necessary for the pupil to make a preliminary examination of some text-book of the Pitman system. It will then be seen that they are not arbitrary signs used to represent words, but are generally made up of the consonants used in spelling, and are skeletons of the words themselvs. A few specimens of these skeletons and contractions may prove interesting and instructiv to the general reader; more especially so to phonographers. Take the word *characteristic;* it is made thus:  , and read literally from this sign is simply *krakcist.* It is plain enough when you know what it is. Shorthand is no respecter of persons. For the Almighty Mr. Scott-Browne writes . The word is all there except the vowels. Jehovah is turned off with this fish-hook-like thing,  , which is nothing more nor less than *Jv*; while the signature of Jesus Christ, written in shorthand, would be, briefly,  . The question of *immortality* is dismissed thus,  , and the *beyond* is represented with a brief character, viz:  . A sign made thus  will strike the reader as a painful case of limited *circumstances;* and no one would suspect an innocent-looking mark like this of being *loaded:*  . We are not let off so lightly, however, on all words. Incandescence and incendiarism, made respectivly,  and  , are more formidable. In these words all the consonants are present. Incandescence is accomplished with seven movements of the pen. In longhand thirty-six are required. Eighty per cent is, then, saved on one of the most intricate words in the system. Altogether shorthand is an interesting study, and reveals, as nothing else does, the superfluous letters with which our orthography is cumbered.

Mr. Scott-Browne has a college of phonography but a few doors from THE TRUTH SEEKER office, where he fits pupils for the position of amanuenses, and he has gained the name of doing this in a shorter time than the majority of teachers in his line. He is one of the most genial of men.

The subject of shorthand ought hardly to be mentioned unconnected with the work of Stephen Pearl Andrews, with whose name left out the history of the Ben Pitman system in this country cannot be written. Mr. Andrews, nearly half a century ago, brought the art from England, studying it on his passage from that country to this, and teaching it almost before he had himself mastered its intricacies. He was one of the first stenographers of the United States Congress; published a text-book of phonography, and taught Mr. Edward F. Underhill, the present president of the Stenographers' Association, how to write shorthand. The system had then hardly reached the perfection which it has since attained, but it answered practical purposes. Several improved methods hav been built upon Pitman's, among the best of which is Scott-Browne's. Mr. T. C. Leland, an early pupil of Mr. Andrews, also has a system which in simplicity approaches nearest that taught by Andrews & Boyle. Mr. Leland is a professor of the art, and has just opened a series of Sunday classes at 744 Broadway, where those so disposed will hav an opportunity to break the Sabbath up into pothooks.

Mr. Scott-Browne has in press "Part II. Text Book," which is a treatis on and a compendium of the art, and a guide to all sorts of reporting.

IN SEARCH OF GOLD. The Story of a Liberal Life. By Don Juan. H. W. Thompson, publisher, 64 College Place, New York.

Many persons will read this book with profit. It reveals numerous errors into which an amateur novelist is liable to fall; therefore to writers it will be helpful. Its hero does many foolish things which he ought not to hav done, and the trouble he got into will be a warning to all other heroes. This hero, Joseph Lockwell, is represented as an Infidel more for the fun of the thing than from conviction. He passed through a great number of surprising adventures from Maine to California, the relation of which is done more or less ably. It was probably the intention of the writer that his incidents should hav the semblance of probability; but when a solitary man is made to bail out the sunken hulk of a large vessel with a tomato can, the reader's credulity is somewhat overtaxed. However, the motivs of the author are undoubtedly of the best. The book, than which many worse has been written, can be obtained by addressing the publisher. Price, $1.50.

"THE National Secular Almanac," edited by Charles Bradlaugh and Annie Besant, is out for 1885, with its budget of useful information. The "Story of 1884" is told by Mr. Bradlaugh; "The Future Life" is discussed by Mrs. Besant; Alice Bradlaugh contributes an article on "Esthetics and Ascetics," which is full of Sweetness and Light; Henry G. Atkinson writes on "Fear and the Knowledge of Causes;" and G. Standring treats of "The Sacred Show Business." A calendar, statistics, etc., fill out the complement. The "National Secular Almanac" is a staid and dignified publication, but it does not impart to this era the illuminated tint that will be observable when THE TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL AND FREETHINKERS' ALMANAC for 1885 makes its appearance. The price of the "Secular Almanac" is 25 cts.

THE "Freidenker-Almanach fur das yahr 1885" is out. Its motto is "Freiheit, Bildung and Wohlstand fur Alle!" Those are our sentiments. This almanac is printed in German, and has 118 pages devoted to its calendar and literary department, and some squibs, under the head of "Humoristisches," which will undoubtedly make the Teutonic citizen smile. The "Freidenker Almanach" is issued by the *Freidenker* Publishing Co. of Milwaukee. The greatest loss one can experience from not understanding German comes from the fact that he cannot profit by the excellent publications of this enterprising company.

1857. SECOND GRAND ANNUAL 1885.

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Liberal Meetings.

[Leagues and Liberal and Spiritualistic Societies in the United States and Canada meeting regularly, can have notices of their meetings published in this column free if the officers will send them to us.]

MICHIGAN.

MUSKEGON.—The Liberal League meets every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock in the German Odd Fellows' Hall, corner of Western ave. and Terrace st.

OHIO.

CLEVELAND.—The Liberal League meets every Sunday at 3 P.M., in room 29, City Hall building. Lectures free. Communications can be addressed to W. I. Irvine, Secretary.

MAINE.

PORTLAND.—Dr. H. A. Lamb has hired Congress Hall, Congress street (entrance on Temple street), where free meetings, lectures, and discussions are held every Sunday, 2:30 P.M. Admittance free. Public invited.

OREGON.

PORTLAND.—The Auxiliary Liberal League of Portland, Or., holds meetings every Sunday, at 2 o'clock, P.M., at Nonpareil Hall, cor. 1st and Madison streets. All are invited. Admission free.

WISCONSIN.

MILWAUKEE.—The Milwaukee Liberal League meets every Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock, at Fraternity Hall, 216 Grand avenue. Lectures and free discussions on all popular topics. Admittance free. Public cordially invited.

MASSACHUSETTS.

BOSTON.—Boston Liberal Club holds meetings for essays and criticisms every Sunday forenoon at 10:45 in the Paine Memorial Building, Appleton street.——The "Society of the Divine Homo" at same place every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Sunday-school at 2:30. Admission free.

PENNSYLVANIA.

ALTOONA.—The League holds meetings every Wednesday evening and Sundays at 3 P.M., at the League Room, corner of Eleventh ave. and 13th st., third floor, entrance on 13th st.

BRADFORD.—The Bradford Liberal Club meets every Sunday at 3 P.M. at their hall in Pemberton block. The club has a very choice library.

PHILADELPHIA.—The Friendship Liberal League meets every Sunday at Hancock Hall, 814 Girard avenue, at 2:30 o'clock, and 7:30 o'clock, P.M., for lectures and free debates. THE TRUTH SEEKER and Liberal books for sale.

PITTSBURGH.—Pittsburgh Liberal League meets at Maltby Hall, 76 Fifth avenue, every Sunday (except during the Months of July and August) at 3o clock. A free platform is maintained. Exercises consist of a lecture, followed by 10 minute criticisms, with 15 minutes allowed the lecturer to reply. Clergymen invited to discuss.

NEW JERSEY.

NEWARK.—Newark Liberal League meets every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the League's Hall, 177 Halsey street. Exercises consist of music, readings, lecture, and discussion, in which all present are invited to participate. Admission free. Collection taken. Communications for the League should be addressed to J. W. Frankel, 10 Pine street, Newark.

CANADA.

TORONTO.—Secular Society. Reading and Lecture Rooms, No. 9 Grand Opera House. Open every evening and Sundays. Lecture every Sunday evening. Freethinkers and strangers are cordially invited.

MONTREAL.—Pioneer Freethought Club meets every Sunday at 3 P.M., at 1310 Catharine street. Reading-room open daily until 10:30 P.M. Library open for exchange of books three evenings per week, and on Sunday afternoons. Free public lectures on Sundays as advertised in local newspapers. Strangers always welcome. G. S. Wilson President; C. Stevens, Secretary.

NEW YORK.

ALBANY.—The Liberal association meets every Sunday at Van Vechten Hall, 119 State street. Sunday-school at 2 P.M. General business meeting and debates and discussions at 3 P.M. Lecture at 7:30 P.M. The public are cordially invited to attend, also all Liberals visiting the city. Admission free.

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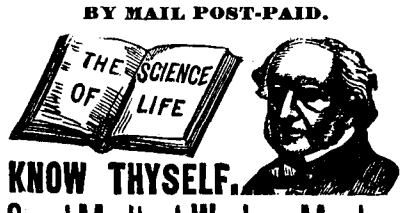
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LET me play the fool:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes? and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? —*Shakspere's Merch. of Venice.*

THERE is only one cure for the evils which newly-acquired freedom produces; and that cure is freedom. When a prisoner first leaves his cell, he can not bear the light of day! he is unable to discriminate colors, or recognize faces. But the remedy is, not to remand him into his dungeon, but to accustom him to the rays of the sun. The blaze of truth and liberty may at first dazzle and bewilder nations which hav become half-blind in the house of bondage. But let them gaze on, and they will soon be able to bear it. In a few years men learn to reason. The extreme violence of opinions subsides. Hostil theories correct each other. The scattered elements of truth cease to contend, and begin to coalesce. And at length a system of justice and order is adduced out of the chaos.—*Macaulay's Milton.*

WHY is there any misery at all in the world? Not by chance, surely. From some cause, then. Is it from the intention of the Deity? But he is perfectly benevolent. Is it contrary to his intention? But he is almighty. Nothing can shake the solidity of this reasoning, so short, so clear, so decisiv; except we assert that these subjects exceed all human capacity, and that our common measures of truth and falsehood are not applicable to them; a topic which I hav all along insisted on, but which you hav from the beginning rejected with scorn and indignation. —*Hume's Dialogs Concerning Nat. Religion.*

FORTY years ago, before my "Life of Jesus" appeared, the impression had long been looming up before the minds of thoughtful students of theology, that no such supernatural things could hav occurred in Jesus' career as were narrated in the gospels and had been believed by the church down to that period; neither could they believe in the unnaturally natural interpretations offered by the rationalistic expositors of scripture; doubts, too, as to the apostolic origin of the gospels, and as to the historical character of these writings in general had sprung up here and there. And yet, when I brought these fragments of thought together, and showed that the evangelic narratives are neither apostolic nor historical; that the miracles they recount belong to myth rather than to history; that everything about Jesus was, in reality, perfectly natural, albeit we cannot now giv an account of every circumstance of his life —when, in my "Life of Jesus," I put all these things together in consecutiv order, every one, young and old, was indignant, and the author's name "the synonym for every deed accursed."—*Strauss's Old and New Faith.*

HOW much lies in laughter; the cipher-key, wherewith we decipher the whole man! Some men wear an everlasting barren simper; in the smile of others lies a cold glitter, as of ice; the fewest are able to laugh, what can be called laughter, but only sniff and titter and snigger from the throat outward; or at least, produce some whiffling, husky cachinnation, as if they were laughing through wool; of none such comes good. The man who cannot laugh is not only fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils, but his whole life is already a treason and a stratagem.—*Carlyle's Sartor Resartus.*

THE man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus;
Let no such man be trusted.
—*Shakspere's Merch. of Venice.*

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HE that takes away reason to make way for revelation, puts out the light of both, and does much the same as if he would persuade a man to put out his eyes, the better to receive the remote light of an invisible star by a telescope.—*John Locke.*

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COLLEGE professor (to class in mineralogy): "Can you recall a mineral occurring in the liquid form?" Apt student—"Milk; because it comes in quarts!"

LITTLE boy to juvenile neighbor: "My pa's a Christian an' reads the Bible every day an' prays to God; does yourn?" "Naw," (indignantly), "my fadder's a Democrat and swears by Gineral Jackson."

"WHAT did Cain say when the Lord asked him where his brother was?" asked a Sunday-school teacher. None of the boys answered, but the smallest boy in the class snapped his fingers and said: "I've done forgot what Cain said, but I know he sassed the Lord back."

IN a Sunday-school the teacher had been explaining the text, "Let your loins be girded." Wishing to see if they understood the explanation he said to a boy: "Well, tell me how and why we are commanded to gird up our loins?" "To keep up our breeches, sir," replied the youth.

"MAMMA, don't these little chickens hav no mothers?" asked a child at the Exhibition hatchery, the other day. "No, my love, they are hatched by machinery," replied the mother. "Children hav to hav mothers, don't they mamma?" "Yes darling." "Could't children be hatched by machinery, mamma?" "No, dear. Come on now."

A RELIGIOUS editor recentlv attempted to telegraph to friends in a neighboring town: "Cannot be down till Thursday—foreman drunk." He went down on Thursday and was astonished by the hilarious manner in which his friends received him. It came out that the telegram when received read: "Cannot come down till Thursday forenoon—drunk."

THIS is Bill Nye's advice as to the treatment of hydrophobia: Never seek a quarrel with a hydrophobic dog. Treat him well, but maintain a haughty reserve until you can get over the garden wall. Should a dog, who afterward turned out to be hydrophobic, eat away the calf of your leg, settle up your business affairs, bite some one whom you wish to hav remember you after you are gone, and get yourself measured for a funeral sermon. Death should never find us entirely unprepared.

A FEEBLE old darky struggled painfully in. "Boss," he said, "I'se an old, old man. I was bo'n in ole Vahginney an' libbed dar mos' onto ninety-eight years, an' I wants yo' ter assis' me er little dis mawnin' boss, ef yo' pleas' sah?" "You knew George Washington of course?" "No sah, I nebber seed him." "What! You lived in Virginia ninety-eight years, and never saw George Washington?" "Dat am de fac', boss. Ise an hones' old man, an' am too far gone in dis world fer to tell er lie. I nebber seed young George, but Lor', sah, his po' ole gran'fadder an' gran'mudder yuse ter think er pow'ful sight ob me, boss."

THE Sunday-school superintendent was lecturing the scholars last Sunday morning on the wickedness of stealing. After he had talked some time, he asked them questions on what he had said, in order to fix his good counsel in their minds. "Now, children," he said, "is it as wrong to steal a pin as it is a hundred thousand dollars?" "Yes, sir," they all cried. "And are those who steal made happy by it?" "No, sir," came the chorus. "Tell me, now, where do the bad people go who disobey the commandment and steal?" "Canada," squealed a little boy over in the corner, before the crowd had a chance to answer; and the superintendent had to leave the room for repairs.

THE telephone girl was out of humor about something, and when the fire alarm was given, she leisurely pinned up her back hair and looked at herself in the glass before replying. Then she went to the phone and rang a reply, and said: "Hello!" "Hello! Giv me Rev. Ebenezer Bellwhistle." The Rev. Ebenezer was at once switched on. "Hello, Dr. Bellwhistle, is this you?" "Yea, verily; this is myself." "Do you know where my wife is to night? Hav you seen her?" Here the cruel girl switched on a jockey who had charge of a good trotting mare and who was telling his employer about an attack of colic she had undergone, and the reply made the inquiring husband blue with rage. It was as follows: "Oh, you needn't worry about her. I've got her snugly bedded down in the stable, and hav been rubbing her legs and slapping her sides vigorously all the evening. You needn't be the least bit uneasy. I'll take just as good care of your darling as you would if you were here." Then the husband hung up his phone and rang off, and if he had not found his wife reading in the back yard there would hav been a tragedy. As it is, the preacher is on trial for drunkenness and lying.

"YOU didn't know that I was an inventer, did you boys?" inquired a drummer of his companions on a Panhandle train. "Well, I am, though. Hav got a big thing, too. Got it right here under my seat. It beats the Keely motor all to pieces. Do you see this little box? What if it isn't bigger than a hat box? I tell you there's power enough inside of it to blow up the boiler of the locomotiv ahead there, or knock this train from the track. It's powerful, and no mistake, and dangerous to handle. Killed two men in Indianapolis last week. Not long ago it tackled a big clothing house in Philadelphia and absolutely, ruined it. The week before that it wrecked a steamer in the Chesapeake bay. The pilot had been experimenting with it for several months, and finally got careless. No trouble about power, power enough to knock the earth of its axis. The trouble is to apply it. Now; I'll take the lid off and show you; oh, you fellows needn't jump off the train. I know how to handle it, and there ain't any danger." "What do you call it?" "It's a storage battery—the most perfect and powerful storage battery ever constructed. I had it made in New Jersey. Before taking the lid off I'll turn the box over and show you—come back here; I tell you there's no danger—and show you the label." The box was turned over and on its bottom the trembling drummers saw this inscription: "2 qts, N. J. applejack."

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THE TRUTH SEEKER

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Notes and Clippings.

JUDGE MCFARLAND, of Sacramento, has decided that an Atheist cannot be barred from testifying.

A MORMON paper predicts the spread of cholera in this country as a divine retribution for the reappointment of Gov. Murray over Utah territory.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY has been ordered by his physicians to take absolute rest from literary labors for several months to come, which will giv his readers, to say nothing of his critics, a rest for the same length of time.

TALKING of campaign scares, many a woman, when old Tom Jefferson was running, hung her Bible down in the well for fear it would be taken away from her if the people should elect the Infidel.—*Waterbury American.*

MR. PETRIE, the archæologist, has returned to England laden with rich spoils of his Egyptian investigations. Among the treasures are a hut of the time of Nero, embroideries of the Ptolemaic period, and a fine gilded slab of the time of Nectabanus.

THE Norristown *Herald* has observed that the seats in a Western church are set on pivots, like those in a dry goods store. This enables the fair worshiper, who sits pretty well in front, to turn around and count the number of new bonnets in the house without screwing her head off, almost, and going home with a stiff neck.

MRS. HENRY POTT has organized a propaganda in England with the object of proving that Bacon, not Shakspere, is the real author of the dramas foolishly credited to the Swan of Avon. At a recent meeting of the Baconites, Mrs. President Pott abused poor Shakspere in a style to make his bones move under their epitaph.

AMONG the instructions issued for the guidance of the proposed Nile expedition the following is found: "The camels are to be treated with consideration and kindness, their peculiarities are to be studied, and no ill-usage or *foul language* is to be resorted to." This is carrying the prevention of cruelty to animals to an extreme.

PROFESSOR JOHN TYNDALL realized thirteen thousand dollars on his lectures in this country in 1872, which he refused to take away. He left the money in the hands of trustees for the benefit of American students who wish to prepare themselvs abroad for original research in physics. As there has been a scarcity of suitable candidates, the fund has increased to about thirty thousand dollars.

Two hundred women of the city of Mexico, members of leading families of that city, says an account, went Monday to the sanctuary of Our Lady of Guadaloupe to pray the Holy Virgin for intercession to prevent cholera invading Mexico. Praying will never hav the effect to keep cholera out of any country where the inhabitants are habitually filthy. Bathing as a practice should be substituted.

WHEN the late bishop of London revisited the University Chapel at Cambridge after long absence, he found the same verger there whom he remembered in his college days, and said to him: "You hav much to be grateful for." "I hav, indeed, my lord," replied the old man, "for I hav heard every sermon that has been preached in the chapel for fifty years, and, bless the Lord, I am a Christisn still."

WHATEVER the Salvationists lack in taste, they are never wanting in attractiv titles. A Londoner says: "The other morning, Maud and I were coming out of a shop near Oxford circus, when a woman in a 'salvation bonnet' handed us a bit of paper. It lies on my pink blotting-paper now, and deeply outblushes it, as well it may. It contain an announcement of a 'demonstration' to be held, conducted by 'Commandant' H. Booth, assisted by certain 'staff-captains, staff-lieutenants, and sergeant-majors.' Among the attractions of the evening are announced as speakers, 'Jacko, the Transformed Giant, the Would-be Suicide; Moggie, the Camberwell Wonder; Billy Bray, 102; Tommy the Tramp, and the One-eyed Prophetess.'" Imagin the joy of a sinner saved through Jesus Christ and Tommy the Tramp!

SUNDAY theatricals are tolerated by law in five of the principal cities of the United States. They are San Francisco, Cincinnati, St. Louis, New Orleans, and Chicago. There are eleven regular theaters in Chicago, to say nothing of museums, panoramas, concert halls, and other resorts. If there is any difference to be found in them on Sunday nights, it is that the lights are brighter and the fun more uproarious. It is the custom to giv during the week eight performances, and with Sunday night it runs up to nine. In some theaters a matinee is given on Sunday afternoon.

THE old Schuyler mansion, which has just been sold at Albany, N. Y., was built in 1760 by the wife of General Philip Schuyler, and was a marvel of grandeur in its early days. Franklin, Lafayette, Aaron Burr, DeRochambeau were among its famous guests. Here General Burgoyne was held as prisoner after his surrender at Saratoga; here Alexander Hamilton, and, a generation later, President Fillmore were married. Here, in 1781, a desperate effort was made by Tories and Indians to capture General Schuyler, who gathered his family in an upper room and stood siege resolutely until relief came.

DR. SCHWENINGER, of Munich, has discovered a new mode of reducing the bulk of the human frame. It is never to eat and drink at the same time, but to let two hours intervene. He has, it is said, cured Prince Bismarck of a tendency to obesity in this way. Fat people hav now their choice between four systems. 1. The original Banting, which consists of eating nothing containing starch, sugar, or fat. 2. The German Banting, which allows fat, but forbids sugar or starch. 3. A Munich system, which consists of being clothed in wool and sleeping in flannel blankets instead of sheets. 4. Not eating and drinking at the same time.

HUXLEY givs the following table of what a full-grown man should weigh, and how this weight should be divided: Weight, 154 pounds. Made up thus: Muscles and their appurtenances, 68 pounds; skeleton, 24 pounds; skin, 10 1-2 pounds; fat, 28 pounds; brain, 3 pounds; thoraic viscera, 3 1-2 pounds; abdominal viscera, 11 pounds; blood which would drain from body, 7 pounds. This man ought to consume per diem: Lean beefsteak, 5,000 grains; bread, 6,000 grains; milk, 7,000 grains; potatoes, 3,000 grains; butter, 600 grains; and water, 22,900 grains. His heart should beat 75 times a minute, and he should breathe 15 times a minute. In 24 hours he would vitiate 1,750 cubic feet of pure air to the extent of 1 per cent; a man, therefore, of the weight mentioned, ought to hav 800 cubic feet of well-ventilated space. He would throw off by the skin 18 ounces of water, 300 grains of solid matter, and 400 grains of carbonic acid every 24 hours, and his total loss during the 24 hours would be 6 pounds of water, and a little above 2 pounds of other matter.

MR. BRADLAUGH'S immediately future course is thus outlined by him in a recent speech: "I now come to my personal position on October 23d. It is possible that the Tories might prefer to make delay to the Suffrage bill by a discussion on my right to sit and vote. I propose, with your permission, so far as it rests with me, to disappoint them, and this for two reasons. One, that this is a special session for the purpose of reintroducing the Franchise bill; and second, that the question as to my action on February 11th is still pending undecided before the courts of law. I therefore propose to tender almost the same undertaking that I tendered on my last election, *i.e.*, that I will not present myself until one week after judgment has been delivered in the suit against me by the attorney-general. That judgment can hardly be delivered until I hav addressed the court for a week, including any reply I may hav to make to the attorney-general, and as the courts do not sit until October 24th, whilst the Parliamentary session commences October 23d, it would be unwise, in any case, for me to take any action at the commencement of the session. I cannot, of course, prevent Sir Stafford Northcote from moving a resolution against me, but I desire to put him in the wrong if he does so." Great cheering followed this, and hundreds went to Mr. Bradlaugh to renew their declarations of fidelity for the next election.

THE subject of Theosophy has, according to the Calcutta correspondent of the London *Times*, occupied a large share of the attention of the Indian press and public recently. It has been brought prominently forward by the publication in the Madras *Christian College Magazine* of a correspondence alleged to hav passed between Mme. Blavatsky and a Monsieur and Mme. Coulomb, who appear to hav been followers of her but who, having fallen out with the sect, hav placed the letters in the hands of the editor of the magazine. These letters, if genuin, are calculated to prove Mme. Blavatsky to be a consummate impostor, who, with the help of Coulomb, imposed upon the credulous by ingenious trickery. The so-called "astral body" of the Tibetian Mahatma, Koot Hoomi, is described as a crafty arrangement of bladders, muslin, and a mask, while the wonder-working shrine at Madras is said to be a mere conjurer's cabinet. The Theosophists indignantly declare the letters to be impudent forgeries, and state that the Coulombs were expelled from the society, and hav taken this means to revenge themselvs.

PERHAPS the best of the sermons preached in this city, last Sunday, was that by Heber Newton, the heretical Episcopalian. He spoke to the query, why crime increases. "Crime," he said, "is the result of disease in the social organism. It is the hight of folly to close our eyes to this disease. So deeply is it seated that in England crime costs $30,000,000 annually and over seventy-four thousand persons are engaged in detecting lawbreakers. In this country crime has increased beyond all proportion to the population. What makes crime? You answer, Bad men. What makes bad men? I answer, first, the hereditary tendency to evil; and, second, present environment. I place unhesitatingly as first of the influences which lead to crime in this country the present exaggerated estimate of wealth. Money is the one great talisman to social success. When Carlyle declared that the real hell which the average Englishman feared was poverty, he spoke a great truth. This false worship of wealth is forcing men into illegitimate channels to get it. Our business is gradually taking on a speculativ character. We hav constantly recurring hard times, and hosts of men are forced to spend the savings of years and choose poverty or crime. The low rate of wages for labor helps to make criminals. The average annual wage of laborers in this land of labor is $325. We look upon the social evil as the great source of crime. There are 20,000 working girls in this state, outside of domestic service, whose average wage is $6 a week. Oh, my God! Think of the temptation which haunts their every step in this Christian land. Again we hav the tenement houses to consider. What, with the commingling of the sexes, the promiscuous meetings in corridors and narrow stairways, the filth, the squalor, the nurtured ignorance—they are the nurseries and hothouses of crime in this city. Men and women of New York, you know this. If you don't you ought to, and you hav failed to do your duty. Poverty is the prolific mother of vice. One might take the prices of provisions and clothing for a year, and then giv the proportion of crime for that year. This all springs from our wretched and imperfect industrial system. Take the tramp and see who is responsible for his existence. Formerly the peasant farmers tilled the soil and reaped the harvests with their own hands. Now great gangs and regiments of men do this work for the bonanza farmers for two or three months a year. For the rest of the year these great bodies of men hav no employment, and they go forth homeless and penniless. Out of this system springs the Far Western tramp. The fountain-head of crime is our low industrial organization. The lack of good education makes crime. True education does not merely train the intellect, as our public schools are doing to-day."

News of the Week.

CHINA is making great preparation for war.

A DROUTH in Alabama is causing much suffering.

THERE were snow-storms in Maine and in Wyoming territory last Sunday.

BEECHER will vote for Cleveland. To vote for St. John, he holds, is to "vote in the air."

THE total registration of votes in the city is 240,951, an increase of 23,928 over that o 1880.

THE reduction of letter postage from three cents to two cents has left the postal department about $2,600,000 behind.

CASES of arms are reported by the *Herald* to hav been shipped from Washington to Republican clubs in Lousiana for the purpose, it is intimated, of influencing the elections in that state.

A MONSTER demonstration, participated in by over 80,000 persons, in favor of abolishing the English House of Lords, took place in London last Sunday. One of their banners bore the derisiv motto, "The lord's will be done."

A BRANCH of the printers' union do not indorse the action of the majority in declaring for Cleveland, and last Sunday they held a Blaine meeting. It appears to be rather difficult for workingmen to organize and cohere politically.

THE English Francise bill, intended to further extend the right of suffrage to British subjects, has passed its first reading in the House of Commons. The Liberals in Parliament hav agreed to refrain from any discussion of the bill.

A MEETING of the citizens of Binghamton, N. Y., was held last Sunday evening to protest against the confiscation of Catholic property in Rome by the Italian government. Italy should remember that the eyes of Binghamton are upon her.

NEARLY seventeen thousand business men of this city took part in a Cleveland parade last Saturday. It is said that more than twenty millionaires marched in the procession, which represented a greater amount of wealth than any previous demonstration than has taken place in the metropolis.

BLAINE is still in the West, and spoke in Milwaukee last Saturday. Butler is activ in New York state. There is great disaffection in the People's party owing to the prevalent suspicion that Butler is betraying his constituents into the hands of the Republicans by withdrawing their support from Cleveland.

ON Friday afternoon last Francis Lafrienier, aged ten, and a pupil of St. Stephen's Catholic school, in Cleveland, O., died suddenly at school. His teacher had punished him by striking him on the head, and almost instantly after she dealt him the blow he sank down dead. The teacher has been sent to a convent.

LESS than one hundred men and women listened to the vocal music and the sermon in Parson Newman's big church last Sunday. Parson Newman being absent, Dr. Mattison, an out-of-town dominie, preached about religious joy. The trustees feel that Newman must be recalled or the church will become bankrupt.

THE one hundredth anniversary of Sir Moses Montefiore's birthday was celebrated in many places last week by the Hebrews. Sir Moses was born Oct. 24, 1784. Thus he was five years old when Washington was inaugurated first president of the United States; ten when Robespierre was deposed from the presidency of the first French republic; twenty when Napoleon I. became emperor; twenty-three when the first steamboat ran on American waters; thirty-one when Napoleon wound up at Waterloo; and thirty-seven when Victoria was born. He has been a loyal subject under George III., George IV., William IV., and was fifty-three years old when Queen Victoria began her reign forty-seven years ago. He is still hale and hearty.

Communications.

The Affirmations of Secularism.

Secularism is a practical philosophy of daily life based on ethical culture, having no necessary associations with any of the theological systems of the world. Its theory is that this life and the world in which we liv demand and will reward our utmost cultivation; that the instruments of this cultivation are reason and social effort, and that the harvest to be reaped from it is happiness, general and individual. Secular practice is to regard Science as man's true Providence, and to urge that by persistent, careful study of Nature, and persistent application of the results of that study, this Providence can be made to yield ever richer and richer benefits to our race.

Secularism accepts the principle of general utility as the basis of its ethical code, and teaches that human nature is the source of all moral obligation, and the more that nature is improved by experience and cultivation, the better and stronger will be the moral source; that those actions only are moral which are beneficial to mankind, and which add to the welfare of society at large; that the sanctions of morality are the protection of the individual, and the debt he or she owes to the community for its protectiv service; that the incentivs to moral conduct are personal excellence, and the general happiness and well-being of the community; that the true authority of appeal is cultured reason aided by experience; and that truth should be faithfully observed, inasmuch as telling falsehoods tends to destroy that confidence between man an man which is so necessary to the stability and honor of society.

Secularism is twofold in its nature, constructiv and destructiv. As a constructiv system it prescribes definit rules to regulate human conduct, and supplies the means to sufficiently satisfy all the real needs of humanity. For this purpose it proclaims the necessity of truth, temperance, industry, justice, fortitude, magnanimity, benevolence, honor, wisdom, love, and a constant endeavor so to act that one's deeds do no harm to others, and leave no injurious effects upon the actor. Furthermore, to meet the requirements of our nature, Secularism teaches that it is imperativ to possess a knowledge of the laws upon which health depends, and to apply that knowledge in order that we may hav sound bodies, upon which a healthy mind so largely depends; that the intellectual faculties should be properly developed, as mental training induces lofty and ennobling conceptions of the duties of existence; that as differences of opinions are sure to obtain, and more particularly upon speculativ questions, therefore social harmony and friendship should never be disturbed and severed in consequence of such non-agreement; that our emotions and passions should be controlled by reason, and regulated by judgment; and, finally, that as morality is a more important factor in life's concerns than theology, it should be studied and accepted unfettered with the figments of the various churches. This is the constructiv aspect of our philosophy.

In its destructiv character Secularism seeks to remove from our midst all fancies, creeds, and dogmas that obstruct the carrying out of our Constructiv work. While shams are regarded as realities, and falsehood worshiped as truth, this phase of our advocacy will be necessary. All systems that hav lost all vitality, except for evil, need to be broken up; and theologies, which hav hitherto usurped judgment and reason, require to be refuted. The theologians claim to hav "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," and unless we walk in their paths, unless we accept their authority, unless we believe implicitly in all their teachings, we are at once condemned as a rebel against their God, as an outcast from society, and as an enemy of our fellow-men. While this cruel injustice exists, destructiv work will be necessary. So long as a mind-degrading theology seeks to rob man of his freedom of thought and his individuality of mind, so long as it threatens him with the curse of God for striving to realize the nobility of man, so long will it be our duty to labor earnestly to remove those obstacles which for ages hav stifled human thought, stultified the intellect of man, and impeded the progress of the world. Thus it will be seen that while Secularism enunciates positiv principles and duties, it is compelled, at times, through a domineering theology, to engage in a determined warfare; not indeed in one of steel and lead, and fire and blood, but demanding from its soldiers the moral courage and endurance which are so much nobler and rarer than the mere physical; demanding the zealous loyality to an Idea, which is so much more easy to render to a Man; demanding a constant devotion to Justice while it is so much more natural to yield to selfish Injustice; demanding the sacred fire of Love, which it is so much harder to kindle, so much easier to quench, than the unholy fire of Hate.

Secularism affirms: 1. That as this life is the only one of which we hav any knowledge, we seek to promote, by material means alone, the physical, moral, and intellectual condition of society. 2. That personal excellence and general usefulness in human affairs, being regarded by us as of greater importance than the consideration of theological speculations, and the adherence to alleged supernatural teachings, should be the chief object of human solicitude and labor. 3. That the basis of all conduct is the temporal well-being of the people, and the object of all action is the acquirement of all the great virtues of the mind, and also those which are commonly supposed to flow from the heart. 4. That reliance upon the discoveries of Science, and in the benefits arising from their application to the needs of mankind, are preferable to reposing trust in theological faiths and the teachings of the Bible. 5. That the motiv prompting to action should be the attainment of the highest possible happiness on earth. 6. That to select the good, and to reject the bad, in any and all religions, is a right that every person should be allowed honestly to exercise without having any fear of incurring any disadvantages here, or of meeting with any punishment hereafter. 7. That if there be a future life, honest skepticism, allied with integrity of conduct, will never deprive any one of the glories of a desirable immortality. Noble deeds and upright conduct, we affirm, should be better credentials to present to any just God than faith in creeds and dogmas, which, as a rule, is the result of accident of birth and locality of residence, rather than the outcome of reason and reflection.

This last affirmation has evoked more orthodox horror and condemnation than all the others. But why should it? The man who has learned how to liv well, has thereby prepared himself to die well. Upon the supposition, even, that there is a God and a future life, why should the Secularist fear death? God, we are told, is perfectly wise and just, and his loving kindness is infinit. How then can he punish one to whom, on earth, he did not think fit to vouchsafe the faculty of discerning his existence, for honestly avowing that he did not discern it; for not professing to see clearly when the eyes he thought fit to giv saw nothing? Would he not be apt, if at all, to punish those (and they are very numerous) who, not seeing, confidently assert distinct visions? If we act honestly and manfully according to the best light we can attain; if we love our fellow-men, whom we know, and try to be just in all our dealings, surely we are making the best preparation for any future life; the best preparation for the higher knowledge, the clearer vision, the eternal heavenly beatitudes. Though we are execrated and condemned by the tender mercies of human bigots, we may, if we hav lived as true Secularists, commit ourselvs without dread to any infinitly good and wise God, if he is the loving father of all his children. We can die without fear, as we hav lived without hypocrisy.

> "What if there be a God above,
> A God of truth, of light, and love;
> Will he condemn us? It was he
> Who gave the light that failed to see.
> If he be just who reigns on high,
> Why should the Secularist fear to die?"

Secularism affirms that while the orthodox conception of God is incompatible with either reason, justice, or love, it is quite possible for a certain class of Theists to do good Secular work. If a Theist believes that he can best serve and honor his God by serving, loving, and honoring his fellow-man, and by making the most in every intelligent and noble sense of this life, then he may be an admirable Secularist. No one who understands the real philosophy of Secularism, will declare dogmatically, as if he had sounded the abysses of Infinitude, "There is no God;" but many of us do limit ourselvs to the declaration that no arguments which we hav yet heard hav been strong enough to persuade us that his existence has been proved. Upon this point we are Agnostics.

Secularism affirms that the Bible is a merely human production, abounding in the errors and superstitions specially common to ancient human works, the venerable days of old being the infancy of mankind. The Bible we regard as a book composed of a large number of distinct and incongruous pamphlets, quite unauthenticated, written by various persons, nobody really knows by whom; at far distant periods, nobody exactly knows when; which hav been floated down to us, as the "accidents of time" determined, by oral traditions and written copies, subject to the all blunders and perversions of ignorant and fanatical men, in ages perfectly uncritical and unscrupulous; whose originals hav irretrievably perished; which frequently refer to prior authorities that hav utterly perished also, and whose various readings are counted by tens of thousands. The various books which compose the New Testament were first circulated at a time when ignorance was the rule, and knowledge the exception; when the critical spirit was non-existent, and when true believers accounted all forgeries in favor of their religion not only permissible but praiseworthy. The amount of falsification prevalent which can be demonstrated even now, when so many of the required testimonies are lost, is astounding and even appalling to one who newly enters upon the inquiry by studying the works of some competent and impartial scholar. Of these falsifications and uncertainties the ordinary Christian knows nothing; and the learned Christians who are thoroughly aware of them are anything but anxious to point them out to their less informed brethren. The Secularist, knowing these facts, together with the equally demonstrated truths that both the Old and New Testaments are contradictory in their statements and teachings, estimates the book by its merits, and not by its supposed authority. The Bible, like all books, should be our servant, and not our master. We therefore admire whatever truth it contains, and seek to profit by any lessons of usefulness it inculcates. Its moral precepts are none the less acceptable to us from the fact that the best of them flourished long before the Christian era. It is the glory and pride of Secularism that, to all books and all religions, it applies the eclectic principle, and, being bound by no authority save cultivated reason, the evil, folly, and errors of each are discarded, but the good, wise, and true are retained to assist in making a noble, dignified, and happy life for mankind on earth.

Secularism affirms certain rights which are denied by the orthodox Christianity of the churches and the New Testament. These are: 1. The right of a person to reject any or all of the religions in the world without fear of excommunication here, or condemnation hereafter. Christianity condemns this right in teaching, "But though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel unto you than that which we hav preached unto you, let him be accursed" (Gal. i, 8). "He that believeth, and is baptized, shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned" (Mark. xvi, 16). 2. The right to refuse to regard all that Christ is supposed to hav taught as "true gospel." Christianity denies this, and says to those who do not accept Christ's gospel, that he will come "in flaming fire, taking vengance on them" (2 Thess. i, 3). 3. The right to refuse to believe the whole of the Bible as the very word of a very God. Christianity does not concede this. If it did its "court of appeal" would be gone as an infallible authority. 4. The right of any one adhering to Freethought even if it culminates in the denial of the very foundation of the Christian faith. This is denied by Christianity, which says: "For whosoever will deny me before men, him will I also deny before my father which is in heaven" (Matt. v, 33). 5. The right to act upon the opinion that attention should be given to this world in preference to any other. Christianity discourages this right, inasmuch as it teaches, "Take no thought for your life." "But seek first the kingdom of God" (Matt. vi, 25, 33). 6. The right to regard Science as being more valuable than theological faith. The New Testament teaches the opposit to this in saying: "Is any sick among you?" "The prayer of faith shall save the sick" (James v, 14, 15). "By grace are ye saved through faith." "Not of works, lest any man should boast" (Eph. iii, 8, 9). 7. The right to deem salvation quite possible apart altogether from Christ. The scripture says no, "for there is none other name [except Christ's] under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved" (Acts iv. 12).

Secularism affirms the necessity of an activ, progressiv policy, uncontrolled by the theological teachings of the past. Secular advocacy is chained and riveted to no stark dogmas; it has no infallible book like a millstone round its neck; it is imprisoned in no adamantine creeds and formulas. Secularism is constantly growing in thought with the constant growth of science; it is always open to the corrections of experience; it holds no theories so tenaciously that it is not ready to fling them away directly facts contradict them. It is ever-increasing in action with the ever-increasing intercommunication between the various countries of the world, and the ever-increasing common interests of their inhabitants. Secularism, recognizing evil and misery in the world, endeavors by hard work to decrease and, as far as possible, destroy them; it recognizes much good and happiness, and endeavors by wise work to increase and extend them, untrammeled in either case by obsolete myths or incredible dogmas. Looking through society, we behold poverty, ignorance, tyranny, in so far as the church is dominant; wealth, education, and freedom, in so far as the Secular power is supreme. The Protestant countries are far ahead of the truly papal ones; but why? Not because of their Christianity, but because of the Freethought and Secularism which leaven it, and are ever leavening it more and more. The United States do not recognize religion at all in their Constitution. Switzerland keeps the churches strictly subject to the state. Great Britain does the same, though, being the home of anomalies, it still has a state church. All the intelligence of France is Secularistic; the ignorant peasants and the Legitimist gentry being about the only faithful left. Germany is the most profoundly and solidly irreligious country in Europe, and we see what a position it has taken. Italy has risen in every other way just in proportion as she has cast off the papal yoke. Spain has been reduced from the first rank among nations by the infernal Inquisition. Austria's rehabilitation came with the abolition of the papal Concordat. From Australia, and even from India, we hear cheering news of the prog-

ress of Freethought. Considering the state of Christendom now, it is honeycombed with heresies compared with its state in the Dark Ages, when the church was supreme. Looking over the immense harvests which hav already been reaped from the growth of all the unchristian and Secular sciences and arts of life, and not forgetting the noble men and women whom the Christians imprisoned, and banished, and murdered for daring such unholy culture, it can well be said in the words of the eloquent DeQuincy, "These are the fields that, by the grandeur of their reaping, redeem the tears and blood in which they hav been sown."

Secularism affirms that, in many important instances, its teachings are superior to those taught by Christianity, as the following brief contrast will show: Christian conduct is controlled by the ancient and supposed infallible rules of the Bible; Secular action is regulated by modern requirements, and the scientific and philosophical discoveries of the practical age in which we liv. Christianity enjoins, as an essential duty of life, to prepare to die; Secularism says, Learn how to liv truthfully, honestly, and usefully, and you need not concern yourself with the "how" to die. Christianity proclaims that the world's redemption can only be achieved through the teachings of one person; Secularism avows that such teachings are too impracticable and limited in their influence for the attainment of the object claimed, and that improvement, general and individual, is the result of the brain power and physical exertions of the brave toilers of every country and every age, who hav labored for human advancement. Christianity threatens punishment in another world, for the rejection of speculativ views in this; Secularism teaches that no penalty should follow the holding of sincere opinions, inasmuch as uniformity of belief is impossible. According to Christianity, as taught in the churches and chapels, the approval of God and the rewards of heaven are to be secured only through faith in Jesus of Nazareth; whereas the philosophy of Secularism enunciates that no merit should be attached to such faith, but that fidelity to principle, and good service to man, should win the right to participate in any advantages either in this or in any other world. CHARLES WATTS.

Fleeing from Landlordism.

Twenty-five years ago the negroes of the South were constantly fleeing from slavery, leaving their friends and all that was dear to them on earth; and, at the risk of being caught by dogs and savage persecutors, they plunged into the unknown with the faint hope of reaching a land where they could be free from the tyranny of their masters, whom they dreaded more than wild beasts. Their sad condition excited the sympathy of the friends of freedom, both in this country and in Canada, and they were secretly assisted in their illegal efforts to gain their freedom. These events are now long in the past, and we look back with surprise to think that the government founded by Thomas Paine, and Washington, and Franklin, and Jefferson should hav tolerated such a system of injustice.

But a very similar state of things exists among us even to this day. The poor Irish hav for many years been fleeing to our shores from their nativ country much as the negroes of former days did from the South to Canada, and in not much better condition. They are not leaving Ireland because there is not room for them there. Ireland could support three times its present population well. But they are fleeing from the tyranny of landlords, whom they dread more than the snakes and wild beasts of America. Yes; Irish landlords are greater enemies of the poor people than wild beasts; for one may escape the fury of a wild beast, but there is no escaping the unmerciful tyranny of landlordism. These landlords are of no more use to the people of Ireland than a wolf is to a flock of sheep; they neither toil nor spin, but spend their lives in devouring the earnings of others.

But the evil is not confined to Ireland. When the Irishman arrives at New York, he finds the bloodhounds of landlordism waiting to devour him there. Neither the city nor the state of New York is troubled with over-population. There are hundreds of vacant lots in the city, and thousands of acres of idle lands in the state. But the Irishman seeks in vain for a spot on which he will not be forced to yield the last cent of his earnings to some landlord who has done nothing to earn it. If he has money enough left, he may take the cars for Chicago; but there the unmerciful landlord is prepared to receive him. There are thousands of vacant lots in Chicago, lying as they hav lain for thousands of years; but the fugitiv from landlordism in Ireland is not allowed to make a resting-place on any one of them. He continues his journey westward, and he arrives in this little city in Kansas where we are surrounded on every hand by the waving prairie-grass, and he says, "Surely now I hav reached the land of the free." But he finds that even here the sword of landlordism, like that of the angel that was placed at the gate of lost paradise, points towards him from every direction, forbidding him to enter. Then he says in anguish: "Where is the land of the free?" And he is told, Not where the white man liveth is there any such land. If you would wish to see the land of the free, then you must go and liv with the red men, the savage Indians. There only can you escape the unmerciful tyranny and devouring greed of landlordism. Then the fugitiv cries out, "Noble red man, let me make my home with thee!"

Yes, people are coming here from England, from Scotland, from Ireland, and from Germany, and they say they left all that was near and dear to them at home because land there was so dear that they could not buy it. There was plenty of idle land everywhere, but it was held at a high price. Even in the state of Michigan the young men are fleeing from the landlordism there to the far West. In Michigan, out of 36,000,000 acres of land in the state, only 6,000,000 are improved, and but 2,000,000 acres are public land; the remaining 28,000,000 acres are held in idleness by landlords, who will continue to hold them until the starving people will yield up their wealth to them for the lands.

Why is this thus? Why does the United States government persecute and punish thieves of the stripe of Jesse James for taking a few dollars from the people without earning them, and then assist landlords, as it formerly did slave-holders, to extract millions of dollars annually from the people without earning anything? The man who buys land and sells it at a profit without improving it, does not earn anything. Why, then, should he be allowed to make anything? It is a rule in political economy that whoever gets money without earning it, gets money which some other person or persons hav earned but did not get, and this is what is vulgarly called theft. Whenever every man shall be compelled to earn all he gets, then, and not till then, will every person get all he earns.

Why does land rise in value so that poor people cannot buy it and liv on it? When a man builds a house it commences to depreciate in value as soon as it is finished. Why then does land rise in value? Is it for the general good of the people that land should rise in value? Land of no commercial value will yield as much wheat, corn, or potatoes as it will after it has reached a price of a million dollars per acre; so also will buildings stand as securely upon the one as the other. Who is benefited by land rising in value? None but the owner of the land—the landlord. Who is injured by its rising in value? Every person who has none, since he is compelled to pay more for it or do without it. Now, since there are already in this country about twenty people who hav no land for every one who has, the rise of land injures twenty people for every one that it helps, and the person who is enriched by the rise of land gets his wealth without earning it.

Land rising in value is detrimental to the public good, and often causes large tracts of country to become depopulated. This was thoroughly understood by Sir Thomas Moore when he wrote "Utopia;" also by Oliver Goldsmith when he wrote "The Deserted Village," and is a matter of common observation among thinking men in all countries. It is the cause of driving men from their homes to endure the hardships and privations incident to pioneer life, and it is the cause of driving them from the rural districts into the large cities, to liv lives of poverty and degradation. It is the cause of men not marrying, because they cannot find homes for families, and is therefore the cause of prostitution, with all the evils associated therewith.

The question is thus simplified. Land should not rise in value. It should hav no commercial value, either in the cities or in the countries. The question is, How can this be accomplished? If this question should be put to school-children, instead of the many useless questions in algebra, etc., we would begin to hope that the "sweet by and bye" was near at hand. The question is simple, but there is only one way of solving it. There is but one answer to it. Land must be taxed so high that it will not rise in value. In other words, that which now goes to constitute the price of land must go to furnish public revenues, and all other taxes must be abolished.

This change would put an end to landlordism as thoroughly as Lincoln's proclamation did to slavery. Then would the wolf and the lamb lie down together in peace. Landlords could not then make money by speculating in land, and the poor would not then hav to bear both the burdens of taxation and the burdens of landlords too, as they do now. Land should be taxed up to its full value as land, and improvements should not be taxed at all. Then no person could afford to hold land in idleness, and then there would be land enough for all. This force would break the sword of the landlord, and this drug would poison his bloodhounds. J. G. MALCOLM.

Hutchinson, Kan.

Mrs. Brigham Mistaken.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I hope you will pardon me for writing you on so small a subject as I am about to do; but I am a stranger in a strange land, and I hav been nearly taken in, but not quite. Last Sunday I heard Mrs. Brigham speak, and I think she said rather too much, or at least I hope that Mr. Charles Watts will prove so when he comes to New York. For in speaking of different creeds and religions, Mrs. Brigham said there was "room for all in New York, even for Materialism; yes, for that, but not much." Now, sir, I hope that Mr. Watts will prove that there *is* room, and plenty of room, for Materialism, perhaps more than Mrs. Brigham expects.

Sir, in closing this I wish to tender success to THE TRUTH SEEKER, and may it continue in its good work long after superstition has fallen.

DANIEL SHORE, Member of the N. S. S.

Our London Letter.

It might hav been thought that the opponents of Mr. Bradlaugh had long since exhausted the list of charges they had to bring against him, but it is not so. The last one will doubtless be considered the most powerful of all, it being to the effect that he receives money for lecturing. It is certainly a very serious accusation to bring against any man, because it is well known that lecturers never are paid for their services, but generally pay a considerable sum for being permitted to descant on any subject for public edification, amusement, or instruction. I fancy, however, he will be able to bear up under this attack, and, judging by his personal appearance last Sunday, when he was discoursing on the House of Lords, he did not appear particularly bowed down with shame. It might be wondered at that any person could be so absurd as to make that a reproach to a public man, who honestly earns every farthing he possesses, but the surprise may be somewhat lessened when we know so well the preachers of all denominations of the Christian church perform all their arduous labors for no remuneration here, looking for their reward after the toils of this world are over, and they hav laid down the heavy cross of poverty and persecution they hav borne for the sake of their beloved master, and receive the crown to which they so earnestly look, and are so anxious to reach; to secure which they so constantly pray that they may be removed from this mundane sphere at the earliest possible date, and go to be with Christ, which we are assured is far better, though what it is far better to we are not informed.

To return, however, to Mr. Bradlaugh, it is quite true, though so unusual, that he does receive payment for some of his lectures, and I believe he also makes something from his writings, though he ought properly to sell them at a loss. It is, however, a fact that he on many occasions has traveled long distances, paying his own expenses, for the purpose of addressing a miners' or other similar meeting, for which he has received not the slightest monetary consideration. I hav no doubt, however, that it could be proved by the same line of argument that is used to show the authenticity of the scriptures that in some mysterious manner, by the aid of the devil, perhaps, the money he spends for traveling and other expenses at such times finds its way again into his pockets considerably increased.

The continued increase of members to the various branches of the National Secular Society is highly gratifying to all friends of enlightenment; and if all those who hold our views would boldly stand out and declare themselvs by joining the cause, the expounders of the word would become panic-stricken, but so many shrink from having the words "Atheist" and "Infidel" applied to them, that they are afraid to confess their doubts even to themselvs. Perhaps it is as well, however, that such timid ones refrain from connecting themselvs with the Freethought party, as they might be more of a hindrance than a help to the advance of Liberal opinions.

Certain of the speakers at the Church Congress now in session, look very gloomy at the outlook, greatly deploring the continual and large falling off of members and attendants, more especially at the determined obstinacy of the laboring classes to be saved in the proper way; and it has been strongly urged that more missionaries are wanted for home work, so that they can hurry up and worry the working population. It is considered desirable that these missionaries should be superior sort of persons, well dressed, and always ready and even anxious to press with their soft, lily-white hands those horny and grimy ones possessed by the sons of toil. This was accepted as rather a fine idea, and I expect a new society will hav to be formed to work it properly, as shaking hands is to be the chief means used for converting these low working people. I suppose the "Hand-shakers," when they start business, will be looked upon by themselvs and their adherers as an entirely new and original species of martyrs. It is a very laudable scheme, showing the humility always so strikingly present in the followers of the lamb; and there is no doubt that Freethinkers, both here and in America, will subscribe largely to assist in founding and supporting so excellent a society. J. D.

RUSSIAN society is rent with the throes of a religious excitement, and a split in the Greek church is imminent. Belief in the spiritual supremacy of the czar is at the bottom of it.

Communications.

Eloquence.

A late number of the Cleveland *Leader* contained a significant article under the above heading, which has been copied by several papers throughout the country. It commences with the statement of Sidney Smith "that America had produced no names in art, science, or literature since they became a nation capable of standing a minute's competition with those produced by England within the same period;" "nor in oratory or eloquence," he afterward added.

The editor of the *Leader* combats Mr. Smith's statement in an article of great merit and learning, and cites many names that hav conferred honor upon American art, science, literature and eloquence. He closes his interesting argument with the following remark, which, like the postscript of a lady's letter, is really the most pregnant assertion of the whole list, and plainly discovers the reason why the article was penned:

"Robert Ingersoll, of Illinois, is one of the most brilliant orators we hav ever had, and had he not attempted a revolution in religious matters, might hav had almost any office within the gift of the administration. Oh, the pity of it, Iago, the pity of it, that a man with such God-given gifts—a generous soul and a splendid mind, with a wondrous command of language—should use them to such unworthy purpose, and to the ruin of his honor, fame, and future happiness."

"You cannot seduce my admirers with your allurements," said the witty Sarah Bernhardt to Marie Columbier; and it is impossible, by the offer of political preferment, to seduce Col. Ingersoll from his advocacy of universal mental liberty. He adopted his views not because they were politic or popular, but because he believed them true; and earnest men like him, when once convinced, cannot be influenced by ignoble bribes of office, or appeals to selfish interests.

But the learned editor of the *Leader* is mistaken in asserting that Col. Ingersoll has used his brilliant talents to "the ruin of his honor, fame, and future happiness." His honor remains untainted and unimpeached; his fame is co-extensiv with the bounds of civilization; and whatever his future lot may be, it is certain that in his present state he enjoys the happiness which results from just and noble efforts. After a long and successful lecturing tour through California, Oregon, and the northern British possessions, he is now at his ranch, with his family and friends, enjoying a well-earned vacation. He has named his place "Maudeva," from the combined names of his daughters Maud and Eva. Here, it is said, he has erected a "palace in the wilderness," and here, surrounded by the noblest veiws of nature, he is secure from the strifes and wrangles of partisan politics, if not from the seductiv offers of party mandates, or the dolorous jeremiades of the Cleveland editor.

But the lamentations and pious plaints of the Ohio journalist will be in vain to convert the colonel. His threat of future punishment sounds childish, impotent, and puerile; and bribes of office can only influence base and sordid minds. "Get thee behind me, Satan," said Jesus when his tempter offered to him all the kingdoms of the world, and of which, by the way, his Satanic majesty had neither title nor possession. And pseudo-pious editors should bear in mind, when voiding their cant, that political offices are conferred only by the people, and not by ecclesiastical associations. They would also do well to remember that there is no office within the gift of the American people of which Robert G. Ingersoll is not worthy, and further, that there is but one office within their gift that is worthy of him.

There is great satisfaction in reflecting, philosophically, that party politics cannot descend forever, and that after the darkest night the jocund morn appears. There is really no presidential candidate in the field who can command the intelligent respect of the Liberals of our country. From the mediocre assortment they can only select the one they deem the least objectionable. They may select Cleveland, who illustrates his fitness for the presidency by writing pious and phenomenal nonsense about his alleged virtue to Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher; or they may choose the "plumed knight," who, it is said, is cold and selfish in his nature, and, when expediency or interest poises the scales, can ignore his former friends and allies; or they may prefer the rich Crœsus of Massachusetts, who so strangely represents the sons of toil, and who, perhaps, excels both his pious competitors in his marked deference to religious prejudice.

The trio are surely not immaculate, and each seems willing to

> "Crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
> When thrift may follow fawning."

Tertullian has bestowed much praise upon a Christian soldier in the Roman army, who threw down his crown of laurel and refused to burn incense to Jupiter or the other pagan gods. But while Christians applaud the independent spirit of this soldier, who upheld his religion at the risk of his life, they demand that Col. Ingersoll shall deny his faith and burn incense at Christian shrines, or be debarred forever from political influence. Our Constitution has proclaimed eternal divorce between church and state, and this doctrin is always upheld by Liberals. They do not interrogate a candidate for election in regard to his religious views, because religion has nothing to do with the administration of government. The fact that our late president, Gen. Garfield, was a member of the Campbellite church, did not, probably, lose him a single vote from Liberals in the Republican ranks; even Col. Ingersoll labored earnestly to secure his election. But now we are told by this Cleveland editor, who cannot comprehend free toleration, that the colonel's heterodoxy has sealed his political doom unless he recants and burns incense on the altars of Jupiter or some Christian representativ of effete paganism.

> Robert G., Robert G., "'tho' your heart's like a child,
> And your life like the new-driven snaw,
> Yet that winna save ye, auld Satan must hav ye,
> For preaching that three's ane an' twa."

The Liberals of the country are really in the majority, and hold a controling influence in the community. This is shown whenever an issue is forced by the churches. The ministers of our city recently made a combined protest against Sunday concerts in Central Park, and preached sermons of great length and eloquence, showing the depravity of music and the wickedness of enjoyment. Sixty thousand people promptly responded to the appeal by attending the next concert, and the pastors hav now chosen other subjects for their homilies. If so much good can be done by individual effort, what might not be achieved by organized action? Our system of guerrilla warfare has held the persecutors in check, and if the Liberals of the country were properly organized and acted in concert, they could efficiently rebuke all manifestations of religious intolerance, and protect our government from sectarian assaults. The priceless boon of religious liberty, bequeathed by the fathers of the Revolution, should be held sacred by their sons. None should be persecuted for religion, and none should be persecuted by it.

The time may come when the people will demand honesty and intelligence from their chosen representativs; when men with noble impulses, brave intellects, and clean hands will be asked to preside at the councils of the nation; and when that time arrives, the *Agnostic*, Robert G. Ingersoll, will be called upon to fill the presidential chair once honored by the occupancy of the *Infidel*, Thomas Jefferson.

PETER ECKLER.

Canadian Notes.

On Sunday evening, Oct. 19th, Mr. Watts gave the last of his course of lectures in Albert Hall. He will commence a second course early in December next. His subject was "Agnosticism, Atheism, and Theism," their positions defined and their points of difference pointed out. About eighteen months since, an article appeared in the *Fortnightly Review*, by Leslie Stephen, in which the term Agnostic was used. Professor Huxley claims that he was the first to make use of the word with its present signification. A discussion has been going on in England during this last year and half, as to who was the first to use the word Agnostic in the way in which at present is the custom; it is very generally attributed to Professor Huxley. The word Agnostic has been defined as meaning one of a school of thinkers who disclaim any knowledge of God, or of the origin of the universe, immortality or original causes. The school holds that the mind of man is limited to an *a posteriori* knowledge of phenomena, and the relativ, and that, therefore, the infinit, the absolute, and the unconditioned are beyond all experience, and consequently beyond its range. Professor Huxley says: "Some twenty years ago, or thereabout, I invented the word Agnostic, to denote people who, like myself, confess themselvs to be hopelessly ignorant concerning a variety of matters about which metaphysicians and theologians, both orthodox and heterodox, dogmatize with the utmost confidence; therefore I can state authentically what was originally meant by Agnosticism. Agnosticism is of the essence of science, whether ancient or modern; it simply means that a man shall not say he knows or believes that which he has no grounds for professing to know or believe. Agnosticism simply says that we know nothing of what may be beyond phenomena." Another writer says, "What that which appears to us as matter and force is, in itself, uncolored by consciousness, unmodified by the conditions of the perceiving and reflecting mind, independent of the constitutionally and organically imposed limitation of the intellect, we do not know."

At the conclusion of one of Mr. Watts's lectures at Hamilton, when discussion was invited, a clergyman stepped upon the platform, and reviewed the lecture of the evening on the subject of the comparativ merits of Secularism and Christianity. In rejoinder, Mr. Watts said that Christians are often so filled with fanaticism that it gets the better of their reason. When Christianity came it was accepted only by those whose reason had not been cultivated. It was rejected by the cultured minds of Greece and Rome; they rejected it for nearly four hundred years. During all that time Christianity made but little progress, and that principally among the lowest and most ignorant classes. It was only after the Roman world had sunk to a decayed and degraded condition, only after it had fallen to the lower level of Christianity, that it was possible for the latter to flourish. The New Testament teaches that salvation depends not upon conduct, but belief. Secularism teaches that conduct is the chief thing; that a man has a right to believe what he pleases, so long as his conduct is right. It is not Christianity, the Bible, and the pulpit which promote progress, but the schoolmaster and the printer who aided that civilization which had slept through the dark ages of priestcraft, and only awoke with the revival of learning.

An association has just been formed in Toronto to abolish the tax exemptions. A number of influential public men are activ in promoting the success of the society. Tax exemptions in Toronto amount to twelve millions of dollars—about one-sixth of the entire city assessment, and a very large proportion of the exemptions are on church property of the various sects of Christianity. The followers of the meek and lowly Jesus hang like a millstone of pauperism around the necks of the struggling, laboring, and producing classes of the community. How long, O patient and much-abused, deserving workers, how long will ye endure this grievous oppression at the hands of the Christian drones?

The Toronto Secular Society hav commenced their winter classes. On Tuesday last the science class had their first meeting, organized, elected officers, decided on their program of subjects, and held their first meeting, which proved to be a most successful one. On Wednesday the Dancing Class did likewise. On Friday the Elocution and Dramatic Class meet; on Saturday, music and singing; Sunday morning, debating; and Sunday evening, essay and debate.

The public interest in the Watts course of lectures continued unabated to the end of the last of the series. The hall was crowded every Sunday night, the last being as crowded as any one of the course.

It is surprising how much the growth of knowledge has civilized that barbarous religion, Christianity, and the Liberal things that are sometimes said from the pulpit in our day. A clergyman in Toronto not a great while ago said, in the course of his sermon, that when we consider the high moral character and vast scientific attainments of many of the advocates of Agnosticism and Atheism, and the elaborate treatises and arguments put forth by them, we must allow that as a matter of reason, apart from faith, they hav laid down reasonable grounds for doubting of the existence of a personal God." Another Toronto clergyman, in his pulpit addressing his congregation, said, "Hav any of you been confined indoors all the week, working in an unwholesome atmosphere, with no opportunity of inhaling the life-giving open air? If so, you hav no right to be here. If you hav no opportunity during the week, on Sundays you ought to take a walk out into the country and breathe the delightful fresh open air among the fields."

The Toronto Secular Society hav been in existence nearly ten years, and (with the exception of a lecture occasionally by a lecturer from the states) during the whole of that time they supplied their own platform by the amateur efforts of a few of their own members. For a number of years these amateur lectures were delivered in Albert Hall (the same lately used by Mr. Watts). And for a length of time the auditorium was crowded to overflowing. The society continues to flourish, and now has a library and rooms (a small lecture hall being one) which are open day and night, the week through, and year around. They hav a good piano and means of engaging in various games of amusement. When the society first started, ten years since, there was a difficulty in finding a place to meet in. Directly the owners knew it was for a Secular society, they refused to rent us halls or rooms on any terms whatever. And in some cases we were expelled after entering in possession, although we had a written lease. But we are outlaws in the legal sense, and cannot get any redress for wrongs. And this is Christianity in the nineteenth century. But during the last ten years' operations of the Secular Society, Christianity has become just a little more civilized than it was; we can get halls and rooms now. In like manner, when Secularism first started in Toronto, no newspaper would notice us in any way, neither would they take our money for advertisments. Now we can advertise and get notices in the daily press. Every town or village ought to start a Secular society; the mere fact of their meeting is doing a good and useful work; it is a protest on behalf of freedom of speech, and freedom of the mind; it has a tendency to win those rights of every man which the bigoted, intolerant, priest-ridden Christians hav robbed us of.

Toronto, Oct. 25, 1884. R. B. BUTLAND.

CATALOG of the Truth Seeker Company's publications sent free upon application.

The League.

How to Organize a Local League.

The National Liberal League is formed by the union of Local Auxiliary Liberal Leagues. To organize a Local Auxiliary League, any person (man or woman) may place the following Call at the head of a sheet of paper and solicit signatures:

CALL.

We, the undersigned citizens of [here introduce name of town or city], agree to organize an Auxiliary Liberal League, to work in connection with the National Liberal League, and to pay the sums set opposit our names for that purpose.

Names.	*Residences.*	*Amounts.*

As soon as ten persons have subscribed to this Call, and five dollars have been paid in, make out an application for a Charter, inclosing the application, together with a money order or postal note for five dollars (or the amount may be inclosed in a registered letter) to the secretary of the National Liberal League. The fee for a Charter is ten dollars, and the Board of Directors have voted to allow the organizer of the Auxiliary Liberal League to retain five dollars as compensation for his or her services in effecting the organization.

Any Liberal society can by a vote qualify itself an Auxiliary Liberal League, and take out a charter.

On receipt of the five dollars and application signed by the President and Secretary (or the temporary Secretary) of the new League (and as many others as may choose), the Secretary will forward to the applicant a Charter signed by the proper officers of the National Liberal League. Samuel P. Putnam,

Secretary of the National Liberal League.

55 *East 9th street, New York.*

SUPPORT OF THE NATIONAL LEAGUE.

In order to provide an adequate revenue to the treasury of the National League, to enable it to carry out the requirements of sections, 4, 5, and 6 of Article III. of its Constitution, and to do other legitimate work of the League, every auxiliary is requested to contribute a certain sum monthly, not less than five cents per month from each one of its members, for the use of the National League. The amount thus collected should be remitted quarterly on the first days of January, April, July, and October, by the secretary of the auxiliary to the secretary of the National League.

The Campaign Fund.

Already acknowledged,	$1,528.00
Samos Parsons,	40.00
A Friend,	2.00
F. Fitzgibbons	3.00
Wm. Mansfield,	1.00
J. T. Vitt,	2.00
Mrs. H. L. Buchner,	1.00
Thomas Knight,	2.00
Henry Beichling,	1.00
Henry Burston,	1.00
Charles Dunn,	1.00
Philip Helmend	1.00
F. C. Mende,	5.00
A. C. C. Tamsen,	6.00
Total,	$1,594.00

Of the sums above and heretofore pledged, the following hav already been paid into the treasury. Let donors carefully note this list, and if any amounts paid in are not credited, please notify the secretary at once:

Elizur Wright, quarterly payment, $30.00; N. Eggleston, 10.00; Adrian Lib. League, quarterly Payment, 5.00; Moline Progressiv League, 25.00; A Friend, 2.00; Wm. Mansfield, 1.00; Mrs. H. L. Buchner, 1.00; Ralf Helm, 10.00; A. Owen, 20.00; Altoona League, quarterly payment, 25.00; Friendship Liberal League, 5.00; William Barnsdale, 1.00; Cash, 1.00; No Name, 10.00; Franklin League, 5.00; H. Cohn, 2.00; Thomas G. Watkins, 5.00; Zenas Kent, 1.00; John Cosgrove, 1.00; A. T. Benedict, 2.00; Joseph Wensel, 1.00; Wm. Reynolds, 5.00; A. Chavannes, 1.00; J. W. Leighton, 1.00; S. N. Bradford, 5.00; D. W. Craig, 1.00; W. H. Pepper, 50.00; Medicale, 1.00; A. M. Miller, 50.00; J. P. Hoffman, 1.00; Joshua Cassey, John K. Murray, Wm. Reynolds, Henry Gooday, Wm. Dawson, Annual Members, each, 1.00; Jacob Tausig, 2.00; Julia A. P. Perkins, 1.00; S. Brewer, 5.00; John P, Kelley, 1.00; LaRoy Sunderland, 10.00; T. Fitzgibbons, 1.00; C. E. Garner, 2.00; Alexander Cochran, 5.00; P. Eckler, 5.00; J. Francis Ruggles, 5.00; Thayer L. White, 10.00; C. W. Mandersfield, 2.00; Amasa Wood, 1.00; John Turner, 30.00; Samos Parsons, 10.00; J. T. Vitt, 2.00; Thomas Knight, 2.00; Henry Beichling, 1.00; Henry Burnton, 1.00; Charles Dunn, 1.00; Philip Helmend, 1.00; F. C. Mende, 5.00.

To the Liberals of New York and Vicinity.

Immediately after the presidential election, our own campaign for the Liberal cause will open. C. B. Reynolds, chairman of the executiv committee of the National League, will lecture before the Liberal Club of this city on Friday evening, November 14th, on "The Methods of Liberal Work." This will be followed up by a lecture on Sunday evening by Charles Watts, the first vice-president of the League, on "Agnosticism and Modern Thought." An address of welcome will also be made on that evening by the former president of the League, T. B. Wakeman. Then on Thursday evening of that week, on Nov. 20th, there will be a grand Liberal Sociable. The officers of the League will be present, and all prominent Liberals of New York city. There will be, first of all, a social entertainment —a feast of reason and a flow of soul; and, also, to conclude with music and dancing, so that the young folks as well as the old folks can hav their full share of the joy of the occasion. The greatest wisdom is that which combines both sobriety and festivity, and this we intend to do on the festival evening. So let the oldest and the youngest come and partake of the happy inspiration. One of the new things that Liberalism has to do in this country is to create a social life on its own basis, and thus make predominant the spirit of fraternity. We shall expect all the Liberals of New York to attend, and see how much splendid material we really hav for the new social order. Further notice of this will be given hereafter.

Nov. 9th, at Paine Hall, Boston, Mr. Watts will deliver a lecture afternoon and evening. Horace Seaver, of the Boston *Investigator*, will make the address of welcome. It is desirable that all Liberal Leagues in New England that purpose to secure Mr. Watts's services as lecturer should make arrangements for the week preceding, and the week succeeding Nov. 9th. Nov. 23d, Mr. Watts will lecture at Albany and Troy. Nov. 30th, at Philadelphia and vicinity. Dec. 6th and 12th, both Mr. Watts and the secretary of the League will be at Salamanca and Toronto, and various parts of Canada until Jan. 1st, when their work will be in the Great West for several months. A full account of the campaign will be published in the Liberal papers. There is no doubt of success.

Let us hear at once from all parts of the country in regard to lectures, conventions, the work of the League, etc. We wish communication with every place where there is a Liberal element. Samuel P. Putnam,

Secretary of the National Liberal League.

55 *East 9th street, New York.*

Correspondence.

O. H. Wheeler, of Bradford League, Pa.: Things work slowly, but surely.

F. C. Mende, Philadelphia: Please find inclosed $5.00 for the Campaign Fund, with my best wishes for your success.

Irving C. Terry, Syracuse, N. Y.: In reply will say that I am ready to do anything in my power to advance the interests of Freethought and the National Liberal League.

George Longford, secretary Liberal League 257, Philadelphia, Pa.: I hav hopes, when Mr. Putnam and Mr. Watts come here next month, that the Liberals will be shaken out of their lethargy, so that the star of Liberalism may shine brighter than ever before.

N. F. Griswold, Meriden Conn., sends one dollar for the National Liberal League fund, and writes: Our numbers are increasing, and I trust that the new converts will prove to be more practical Liberals than some we hav heretofore been favored with.

Melvie A. Clayton, late of Cato, now of Auburn, N. Y.: I favor a state meeting most heartily, and would attend and do all in my power to promote the interests of the National Liberal League, not only with my presence, but with what financial aid I can render, for the time has fully come for united, aggressiv action.

Julia A. P. Perkins, Baldwinsville, N. Y.: I send one poor little dollar for the League Fund. I only wish I could do more, and will sometime. [Not a poor little dollar by any means, but a splendid one rich with promis. It will bring many more flying to our treasury, I know. One bird-song is promis of a whole summer.—S. P. P.]

Henry Beichling, Garfield. Col.: Inclosed find $1 for the Campaign Fund. I hope that there will not be many that want to be carried to the sky on flowery beds of ease—that is, to the coming reign of Liberalism—whilst others fought to win the prize, and sent their cash and labor. I believe that there can be *moncho stiwano* done through this campaign.

L. Dewitt Griswold, Auburn, N. Y.: Brother Putnam's stirring and able appeal duly received and highly appreciated. He has outshone himself, and every sentence is characteristic of this grand-go-ahead-carry-the-war-into-Africa man. It has just the right ring to it, and I rejoice that something is going to be done, and the officers of the National Liberal League can rest assured that I am with them in this warfare.

D. B. Cozine, Lexington, Ky.: I want to ask if you and Mr. Watts cannot come to our city this winter and lecture and organize a League. There are enough Liberals in this place if they could only be brought to see the vast benefit of organization. There needs to be a true statement about which at present there are only lies and misapprehensions. We hav never had a Liberal lecture here, and I think it would do great good.

Samos Parsons, San Jose, Cal.: I hope to see the Liberals throughout the country fall into line. I am over eighty years of age. My hearing and eyesight are failing, but what influence I hav shall be in your favor. I wish I could duplicate the noble subscription of Courtlandt Palmer, or even the figures of Dr. Foote; but I can't now. But you may depend on me for forty dollars a year, payable quarterly, and I shall try some time to come up to the hundred-dollar figure if I can. I feel a deep interest in the spread of Freethought. I shall keep track of you and your noble compeer, and shall send for the best lectures and pamphlets which you may bring out from time to time. Keep up courage. We are gaining. Freethought is getting more and more popular. Success to you. My best wishes go with you.

J. T. Vitt, Union, Mo.: Inclosed I send $2 as my contribution to the fund for the National Liberal League. I feel greatly interested in the progress of Liberalism, and am convinced that the Liberal element is increasing, and wants more organization to accomplish the secularization of our government. I hav lived in this community fifty years (am now nearly seventy-five years old), and find a great many men who hav cut loose from the old superstition, when fifty years ago a friend of mine and myself were the only two outspoken Infidels in this settlement. This givs hope to me that before long a Liberal club may be organized, and something more accomplished for the object we hav in view. Your book, "Golden Throne," I hav read with satisfaction, and keep it circulating in my family. Wishing success to you and to the cause of mental liberty and humanity, I sign with friendly feelings.

J. Francis Ruggles, Bronson, Mich.: I send you $5 toward the Campaign Fund for spreading the gospel of Liberalism throughout the land. I am confident that the proposed plan of an activ personal canvass will be productiv of grander practical results in a few months' time than would be likely to ensue from a generation of office "circularizing," for it is the meeting face to face and the friendly hand-grasp that in a majority of cases is necessary to produce the requisit confidence and magnetic current that connects with the "treasury department," and calls forth the desired financial assistance. Among the many good things that the late D. M. Bennett taught his disciples was the practice of giving in aid of the great cause we all hav at heart, and Liberals will cheerfully continue to giv, providing they can hav assurance that their donations are destined to produce any appreciable results in bearing good fruits. I am truly gratified to see The Truth Seeker working for the League so earnestly, for our brilliant and thrifty journal means business in everything it undertakes. I thank the old officers of the League for the good they hav accomplished in their gallant struggle under discouraging circumstances, and extend to the new management my best wishes for their abundant triumph in the herculean task undertaken.

BEING DEAD, HE YET SPEAKETH.

The noble D. M. Bennett declared: "There are people enough of Liberal views in this country if they would only hav independence to 'speak out,' if they would let their 'light shine,' to be a power in the land. Yes, if the Liberals of America will 'hold up their heads,' boldly utter their honest convictions; if they will organize and work in concert, and hav due respect for themselvs and their honest opinions, they will be an influential body of men and women; they will be capable of doing a great amount of good, and be as thoroughly respected and honored by the upright and good as any organization in our country. The efficiency of any body or class of men is greatly increased by being duly organized. If Liberals wish to be useful in disseminating the benefits of light and truth among the less favored, organization is of the highest consequence. For social and instructiv advantages, also, it cannot be too highly commended. Every city, every village, every community where there are six, or ten, or more Liberals and Spiritualists, they ought to effect an organization, and meet as often as once a week for discussion and interchange of views, to listen to discourses or the reading of some instructiv matter that will elevate and improve the mind, and at all such meetings those seeking for truth should be freely invited. We urge our Liberal and Spiritualistic friends all over the country to effect these organizations in every locality. Great good and mutual benefit will grow out of them."

"We wish to see the Liberal element of the country, whether Spiritualistic or Materialistic, co-operate as far as practicable, and deal strong, well-aimed blows at priestcraft, sectarianism, and error. Let us not indulge in malice, jealousies, or bitterness. We can agree on common ground of enmity to the gross evils which afflict mankind, and to this extent we assuredly can work in accord and harmony."

HIS ONE ONLY PRAYER.

"If we were vouchsafed one prayer to the ruling powers of the universe, with the assurance it should be answered, it would be pretty much like this: 'Make the Liberal element of this country less impecunious; make them less apathetic and indifferent, and more disposed to aid the organs advocating their views.'" And let all the people say, Amen. O all ye that loved the noble old hero in his life, who so admired his spirit of self-sacrifice and devotion to the cause of Liberalism, will ye not heed his counsel? Will ye not profit by his example? Do not his words of wisdom and loving admonition apply to us to-day? The living and the dead join in the appeal for contributions to the National Liberal League fund, that the League may fulfil its noble mission. We desire the secularization of our government. How much hav we paid? How much hav we pledged? We desire the social and educational advantages for ourselvs and children the League affords, and how much hav we paid to secure it?

Chas. B. Reynolds, Ch. Ex. Com. N. L. L.

THE NEWARK LEAGUE.

Mr. E. W. Chamberlain lectured last Sunday afternoon before the Newark Liberal League on "The Life and Services to Liberalism of D. M. Bennett."

ENCOURAGING.

From the Investigator.

On our third page may be found some more encouraging notes from the secretary, Mr. Samuel P. Putnam. He is a good worker, able, zealous, and thoroughly in earnest; and his associate, Mr. Charles Watts, is just like him. These two friends hav begun a campaign for Liberalism which cannot fail to succeed, if the rank and file of the army but say the word. Let us all say it, and *contribute!* The League appears to be now on a satisfactory basis, and as "in union there is strength," let us all try to make a strong League.

Mr. Charles Watts's lecture engagements for the next month are: Sunday, 26th, and following week, Hamilton and the west; Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, Nov. 2d, 3d, and 4th, Montreal. Mr. Watts will arrive in New York November 6th.

The God-in-the-Constitutionists.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* I am glad to see that some of you good folks in the East are awake to the fact that the Constitution enthusiasts are earnest and activ in their attempt to still further Christianize our government and institutions. Your "Broadway contemporary," as you style *Man*, thinks that this movement is "fading out," but never was a man more mistaken than the philosopher who penned that sentence. So far is it from "fading out," that we may truthfully aver that it is stronger at this time than during any previous year of the existence of the National Reform Association. It has allied itself with the Prohibition party, and is thus gradually familiarizing many thousands of voters who accept the principles of the latter party with its theocratic aims, and overcoming such scruples as may yet linger in their minds regarding its principles and methods. Pomeroy has withdrawn in favor of St. John, saying, in substance, that the candidate of the sumptuary party is a good enough national reformer to suit the God-in-the-Constitution men. In fact, St. John said about a year and a half ago, in a letter to one of the secretaries of the Kansas and Iowa branch of the God party, that they "could not hav too much God in the Constitution" for him.

Aside from this most significant practical union of these two divisions of the tyrannists, we perceive an intense activity everywhere manifesting itself in the ranks of the theocratists. Conventions similar to the one reported from Indianola, Iowa, are held almost, if not every month, in Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, and Nebraska, and the sympathy of the Christian community is with the apostles of reaction, every time, as against the Secularists. They mean business? Do we? E. C. Walker.

Kiowa, Kan.

Communications.

Syracuse the Headquarters of Spirit Phenomena.

DEAR FRIENDS: I thought when I was in Boston at the *Banner of Light* office, and around among the noted mediums there, that I was at the headquarters of Spiritualism. But I find here more truly astounding phenomena than all I hav before seen through my whole experience since leaving Snowville for the abodes where spirits "do manifest themselvs in the flesh."

Last night, a Mr. Waldo called, and after a few moments' conversation, he and I started for the residence of Dr. S. C. Jasebrow*—Mr. Truesdell overtaking us on the way. We found Mr. Jasebrow and his wife and a medium named Mrs. Bennett sitting around a table, over which hung a lighted lamp. Mr. Truesdell introduced me, and they all said they knew me by repute, and seemed glad to make a personal acquaintance, and to know that I was seeking the truth concerning. Spiritualism. A circle was formed, Mr. Truesdell acting as medium. I took my slates which I had brought on from Boston, just as they were cleaned and tied up ready for being written upon by Mr. Caffray, but which he had refused to use on the plea that a cloth binding encircled them. Upon these slates I set a goblet which was two-thirds full of water, and under the bottom of it I laid a bit of pencil on the slates. Then I laid the whole thing (slates, goblet, and pencil) upon Mr. Truesdell's right hand, while his left hand lay upon the top of his head. He passed the slates under the table so that the top of the goblet pressed against the under surface of the bed of the table (said table having previously been thoroughly examined by us all, so as to preclude possibility of traps and tricks). Then a circle was formed by all but Mr. Truesdell joining hands, and singing was called for. After a while, Mr. Truesdell proposed I should giv the name of a spirit I wished a communication from. I gave D. M. Bennett. Pretty soon we heard the apparent scratching of the pencil, and finally I was told to come and take out the slates. I did so, and found them precisely as I had left them, and the water unspilled. On cutting the string and opening them, I saw on the inner surface of one slate, "It is true; I am here. D. M. Bennett." On the other slate was "J. H. Johnson," Truesdell's alleged control; also "Sky," who controls Mrs. Simpson, of Chicago, for similar phenomena.

How this was done I could not conjecture, but that it *was* done, and in a good, clear light, all present will testify. Then two slates belonging to Mr. Jasebrow were brought, and these I cleaned and marked and went through the same performance with, and requested the name of my grandfather, Peter Drake, to be written on them, or to be signed to a communication thereon. Old John Brown moldered awhile in the ground in a musical refrain, and finally, at Mr. Truesdell's request, I took up the slates, and, as before, found everything as it was. I cut the string, took them apart, and saw the name, "Peter Drake," legibly written four times over on the inside surfaces.

Then Mr. Truesdell produced two slates he had brought with him—cloth bound like mine, only smaller in size. These I examined, and so did the rest. I wiped them off to make sure, and laid them on top of the bare table; put a bit of pencil on top of my slates on top of those, and over all was placed my hat, so as to secure darkness for the spirits. The lamp was partly turned down, though there was plenty of light to show that no hand touched the slates. Singing, etc., went on; writing was heard. Mr. Jasebrow was shaking and trembling from the "influences"—giving out, as he afterward explained, power to enable the spirits to write. All seemed too perfectly plain and simple to admit of trick or fraud of any sort. I doubted if writing could possibly come under such strict tests. But to my surprise, on taking Mr. Truesdell's two slates apart, I found a couple of communications upon the inside surface of one of them—a message for Mr. Waldo from his father, and a long and beautifully written one for me, penciled in a female hand. The slate was actually full. I should hav been astounded had some strange medium done this, but coming from Mr. Truesdell, I knew it was a trick, though I could not contrive how it had been done. Mr. Jasebrow said that as spirit-writing had then and there been produced, he claimed that Mr. Truesdell had forfeited the $500 offered in "Bottom Facts." The question then arose as to whom the $500 should be given, admitting the work to be that of spirits. I then asked Mr. Jasebrow, who seemed to be greatly excited, if he claimed to be the medium. He said, "No, the spirits hav written through Mr. Truesdell." Mr. Truesdell replied, "While this is all simple legerdemain, for the sake of peace I will pay Mr. Truesdell (the medium) $500. Come to my office to-morrow and I will pay Mr. Truesdell, the medium, $500 dollars as per contract." "Do you claim," cried Mr. Jasebrow in great excitement, "that that writing was trickery." "Most certainly," replied Mr. Truesdell. "Then," said Mr. Jasebrow, "you owe to me, my wife, and to Mrs. Slenker, a full explanation as to how it was done." After making Mr. Jasebrow promis that he would not be angry, Mr. Truesdell unwrapped the slates which he had prepared ready to take home, and showed us that instead of only two slates there were three of them; that one of them had a false surface or pad fitted into the frame, and on this third slate the messages had been written *before he left home;* one of them by his niece, and the other by himself, thus securing two different specimens of handwriting. He said that while we were examining the slates, he had taken up one and looked at it too, and finally had dextrously substituted for it the prepared slate, which he had under his coat (under his arm).

Oh, such a hubbub as this unexpected revelation did create! I was really alarmed lest Mr. Jasebrow should do a personal injury to Mr. Truesdell. He raved and hissed at him, and called him all manner of names, and denounced him as a shameless trickster, etc. But suddenly Muhlenburg, Truesdell's control, took possession of him, and explained that it was not Truesdell himself who had so skillfully tricked us all, but that it was the Diakka, a mischievous spirit who often takes possession of a medium, and delights in making them perform all kinds of tricks, cheats, and frauds; that even the best and most reliable mediums were apt to be misused. Muhlenberg then gave us quite a discourse, and, to my surprise, Mr. Jasebrow and wife were completely modified and satisfied with the explanation.

Indeed I don't see how Mr. Jasebrow could deny the genuinness of Mr. Truesdell's controls while claiming the honestness of his own, for Mr. Jasebrow had given us a long discourse purporting to come from Thomas Paine, claiming that he had written the Declaration of Independence, the "Age of Reason," etc., and assuring me that he hoped I would be convinced of the truth of Spiritualism. That sounds Paine-like, don't it? We also had a dark circle where hands touched my head, back, and shoulders, and lights floated about the room while we all joined hands in a circle, and apparently no hand was free to perform the phenomena. But I had heard of this before, and so being forearmed I was not mystified; it was as I surmised. Mr. Truesdell confessed to me that he held my hand with two fingers of his, and held Mr. Waldo's with the rest of the *same* hand, thus leaving one of his (Truesdell's) free, with which he could produce the pattings, touches, and phosphorescent lights (from moist matches). I havn't space or time to tell of half the wonders of this one light-revealing seance.

I saw duplicated most of the wonders performed by Mrs. R. C. Simpson, during her seance with Rev. Minot J. Savage, as related in the *R.-P. Journal*, March 24, 1883, of which Mr. Savage says: "The tests seem to me to be perfect." Afterwards, Mr. Savage had a seance with Mr. Truesdell, of which he says: "In my study, one day in last March, he gave me a regular *seance*. It was in daylight. He produced the raps, read names on folded slips of paper, described departed friends in a trance, and produced the phenomena of slate-writing. Had he gone away declaring himself a genuin medium, I should hav been completely deceived. And I am not willing to confess myself easily duped either, for I hav detected many fine tricks of legerdemain, and hav made quite a study of all these things. But when it was over, he sat down and explained it all. From beginning to end it was pure and simple *trickery*."

I saw at Mr. Jasebrow's the wonderful stone spoken of in "Bottom Facts," page 116—a rock weighing about 80 pounds, which fell on the table during a seance at his house in the winter of 1876–77. This stone is declared to hav been materialized by 100,000 expert chemists from the "Royal Esthetical Laboratory of Spiritual Science." Yet there it was, lying carelessly on the floor in a little basement room, where any adroit thief might make off with the wonderful prize. One would think such a treasure worth more than its weight in gold to those who really had faith in its genuinness. But would our friends thus hav left a nugget of that size of the root of all evil thus lying around loose?

Only one thing now remains a mystery to all but the Diakka. This is how the writing got on the inside of my own closely-tied slates. This I could obtain no clue to from the powers that be, save that it was a trick.

One item more and I'm done. I hav it upon the authority of all present last night, that a few evenings since, Mr. Truesdell wrote a communication for Mr. Geo. F. A. Illidge, of Detroit, Michigan, upon a locked slate which was further fastened by said Illidge with a fine thread tied through and through the lock in a number of hard knots. The writing was done as I hav described above—with a goblet of water on the slates, all of which rested upon Mr. Truesdell's right hand, while his left was in plain sight in the center of the table. In this communication, and from a dead guess, he wrote the name, Mary Illidge, which proved to be Mr. Illidge's deceased sister's name. Remember, every guess of this kind which hits a mark neutralizes a host that miss fire.

I hope my spiritual friends will believe I am earnest in seeking real truth, even though I fail to find it leading me towards eternal individual identity. Life is so fair and sweet to me I would fain prolong it into a beautiful beyond if I could. But I must believe as evidence compels, and not as wishes lead.

THE LAST SEANCE.

I probably attented my last seance yesterday evening. A few friends were invited in, and the three mediums present were Mr. Truesdell, Mr. West, and Mr. Bonta. The spirits proved to be unusually deft and activ. Mr. Truesdell was made to put a small bullet into his eye and it would come out of his mouth. Or, if put into one ear, it would come out of the other one. Mr. Bonta would take half a dollar and, right before our eyes, it would become two half dollars, or disappear entirely, or, perhaps, be found in some person's lap, or go through his head and come out at the back of it. A goblet of water was brought, the half dollar was held with a handkerchief over it, punched up between my thumb and finger over the glass of water, when the control said: "Drop the money into the water." I did so, but though I plainly heard it fall into the glass, lo! it went clear through it, and the table, also, and rolled on the floor; at least, so it appeared to do. I then singled out one special piece from fifty squares of card-board, and touched it, and though Bonta was blindfolded, he was certain to tell by spirit power (!) precisely which piece I had touched. He would leave the room, and some person would go in any part of the house and hide a small article, and, though blindfolded, he would take the hands of a little girl who had witnessed the hiding, and by her, through magnetic control, he would be guided directly to the hidden article.

The most wonderful test of the evening was the great box phenomena. Mrs. Truesdell made a bag about six feet long, out of common white domestic, and a large box was brought in and thoroughly examined by us all. Just a common square box, with a hinged lid to it, and holes bored in the sides to let in air. This was then shut up and locked, and the key given to me. Then it was tied with ropes and the ends of the tying were again tied with small cords and all were sealed with wax. Then the bag was put on top of the box, and Mr. Bonta got into the bag and it was securely tied, and the tying was sealed with wax. All this was done in plain view of the audience. We then, every one of us, left the room and shut the door, so we knew he had no confederate to help him The proper "conditions" being secured by music's harmonious strains from the piano, in an incredible short space of time, the control announced that Mr. Bonta had been dematerialized and would be found rematerialized inside the box. We all rushed into the room to see if this were, indeed, possible. There, on top of the box, lay the bag, limp and empty but whole and intact, and even the knot sealed as we left it. I lifted one end of the box, and, sure enough, it was "heavy as lead." The strings were cut, the ropes taken off, and the box unlocked. When the lid was thrown back, there was Mr. Bonta, sound and whole, safely ensconced therein. His young wife, never before having witnessed such a performance, was nervous, anxious, and uneasy the whole time, and some of the friends even going so far as to to ask what she would do should the spirits fail to rematerialize her husband after dematerializing him. Half joking, and yet with a tremor in her voice, she said, "I'd gather up the pieces."

Then we had slate-writing performances under strict test conditions. Two slates were brought out and thoroughly cleaned and marked for identification, and tied together by Mrs. Bonta, and the knot sealed with hot wax. On these was placed a glass goblet of water. The two slates thus prepared, and under plain sight of us all, were laid by Mrs. Bonta on Mr. Truesdell's right hand, his left lying on the table, and his feet, and indeed his whole body, in sight of the entire circle. He then passed the slates under the edge of the table so that the top of the goblet rested upon the bed of it; then we took another look at the slates to see that all was fair and square. A circle was now formed, and then Mr. Truesdell told Mrs. Bonta to ask a question in the name of any person she chose, alive or dead, and the spirits would write the name and the answer on the tied-up slates. So she said, "Theodore, are you there?" A response was heard, and in a moment or two she was asked to look under the table and see if all was still right, and finding it was, she was told to take out the slates and put them upon the table. This she did. The knot was still perfect, and the water unspilled. The string was cut, and on the inside of the slates was written, "You bet, Theodore," plainly showing that he had been there when she inquired. You will see there could not hav been any previous preparation for this test, as Mrs. Bonta was an earnest investigator, and was incredulous of any reply as being possible to be written on the inside of the slates she had so well secured. The question and name were given after it was impossible for an exchange of slates, Mr. Truesdell's only

*Cheseboro is the same as the Jasebrow of Bottom Facts," and I used the "Facts" spelling of it, so as not to confound readers,

chance to write being with the hand that held the slate and the glass goblet. It is all a perfect mystery to me how the writing got inside the slates.

It is true that Mrs. Simpson convinced the Rev. Minot J. Savage that the same thing was done in the same way through her mediumship, and he declared himself "well satisfied," saying it was "a remarkable test." Now, I hav seen it done even better than Mrs. Simpson did it, and it is all a complete mystery to me how it was done; yet I do not think it is spirits. I know it is not, for Mr. Truesdell told us, before he began, that it was pure legerdemain. But he refuses to giv the solution for two reasons; first, because other would-be mediums would learn the trick, and thus be enabled to deceive the credulous. And also because it would forestall a second edition of his book, wherein he intends to giv a more thorough revelation of the spiritual phenomena than he has as yet been able to do.

After this two more slates were brought and cleaned, marked, tied up, and sealed by Mrs. Bonta, as before. These were placed in plain sight on top of the table, in full light, Mr. Truesdell not touching them at all.

Mrs. Bonta and myself had each written a question to some dead friend, addressing him by name. We folded the slips of paper and kept them in our own hands, simply touching Mr. Truesdell's forehead an instant with the folded slips, and not letting go of them at all. Nor did anyone see the writing save ourselvs. The prepared slates were covered with a tureen cover; a circle was formed. The scratching of a pencil was heard, and finally the control pronounced the message written. Mrs. Bonta cut the string, and lo! there, neatly and plainly written, were the messages, and names to them, and even our questions fully answered. Mrs. Bonta was dumbfounded, and I wondered with almost incredulous surprise how it was possible, as I knew no one had the slightest clue to my question or the name, and I still held the slip of paper containing them in my own hand. After the seance Mr. Truesdell fully explained to me the box trick, and the *last* slate trick, and mind-reading; all of which are simple as A B C when you once see into them.

I am so sure that every seance might thus be ventilated by the mediums, were "conditions" favorable, that I no longer wonder why no one comes forward to claim Mr. Truesdell's five hundred dollars, or other sums of money that hav been offered from time to time by skeptics to spirit mediums.

I do not claim that all phenomena are explained, or even explainable under known laws, but when so much is done through pure legerdemain, and trick after trick is exploded all along the track taken by mediums, I feel that it only depends upon time to open up each one as it becomes developed. It is like "traps for the unwary"—the dropping of pocket-books and other city tricks performed upon the unsuspecting sight-seer from the country by some adroit city thief. You expose and ventilate some trick, and they get up another, and so it goes on. A new lock is invented, and the cracksman soon learns how to pick it, and another has to be gotten up. Thus there is a continual round of deception and fraud, of exposure and a rebuilding.

All we can do is to work for truth, sow our little seeds of *facts*, and let them go forth doing what good they may. We cannot reform the world, but we can do right ourselvs, and set a good example for others to follow if they will. We can giv our truths, and patiently await their acceptance.

If my trip has done ever so little towards proving spirit phenomena and spirit existence impossible, I am more than satisfied. All I want is the real and the true. Affectionately, ELMINA.

Syracuse, N. Y., Oct. 15, 1884.

W. F. Jamieson.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Beginning with the fall lecturing, it will not be amiss to send you reports of the progress of Liberalism in various parts of the country which I expect to visit this year. This will help carry out Mr. Parton's idea of news of the Liberal movement.

There are thousands of unorganized Liberals all over the West. Were they activ and aggressiv as they are numerous, there would not be a village nor city nor neighborhood where Freethought, in some form, as contradistinguished from "orthodoxy," would not be heard for at least a week at a time, once or twice a year.

There are neighborhoods where Freethinkers, from the habit of doing nothing in a public way for their cause most of the year, never wake up! Their children go to the Christmas Sunday-school, where many of them learn, between their lessons about King David, etc., what wicked and generally disreputable people their Infidel parents are. This is sober fact, repeated over and over, Sunday after Sunday.

It is true that Liberals lack zeal and the orthodox abound with it. Often Freethought, with its crumbling Leagues and dry-rot of apathy, appears like a "forlorn hope." But for one, instead of discouraging me, I feel like working all the harder for it. This season towns in the West are arousing themselvs to do something for humanity, as God appears to hav organized hosts of followers working for him, and the Liberal knows that if there is a king of the universe, he "needs but little here below."

I am now delivering a course of week-evening lectures in Salem, D. T., to good houses. In my experience in lecture-life, I find but little difficulty in securing a respectful and attentiv hearing; for, while abating nothing in freedom of expression, I endeavor to treat my fellow-beings, no matter what their views, with the courtesy their due. Dr. M. Ware, a Wisconsin friend, who has several times aided my work in Wisconsin, wrote me to come here.

Freethought is so immeasurably superior to Christianity, that it is not to be wondered at that our speakers hand out to the multitude very different pabulum from the regular Sunday bran-diet of theology.

Last night, after talking to the people a plump hour, the call was, "Go on! go on!" Whoever hears Christians, with all their zeal, after listening, half asleep, to a drowsy sermon, say, "Go on?"

From Salem I go to Wentworth, Dakota, to giv a series of lectures. Then I am expected to visit Marshall and Currie, Minn., again.

I hav not been able to get a minister of the Lord Jesus Christ to meet me in debate in about three years. I hav taken to coaxing them to come and show me my error. Even Elder Clark Braden, since I met him in the third debate three years ago, has given me over to the buffetings of Satan. And Livezey, the Catonsville Christian crank, after refusing in private to debate any of the vital issues as between Freethought and theology, hektographs the falsehood all over the country that he could not get me to debate; he had tried hard, but I would not discuss. This, too, after I had wrung from him the "confession" that he is about as much of an Infidel as I am.

Brethren, wherever there is a chance for debate with a "servant of the Lord," I will come and hold it, and if the fur does not fly it will not be my fault. If the clergy are all silenced, I am heartily sorry, for I'll miss a great deal of heaven on earth, which I used to enjoy when they were my activ opponents. A young minister in Salem last Sunday night said: "Don't argue. Nobody was ever converted to the Christian religion by argument." The young man spoke wiser than he knew.

I may be hereafter addressed at Lake City, Minn.

TRAVELING AND LECTURING.

I am booked here, Wentworth, Dak., for a course of lectures, having finished the series in Salem, Dak., Wednesday evening last. How refreshing is the outspoken Liberal! A man or woman that dares to run up the flag of freedom amid the jeers and jibes of "the just" members of the church! Dr. M. Ware, of Salem, is one of this kind. Mr. W. L. Horton, of Wentworth, one of your correspondents, is another.

I hav been staying by a little local independent paper for nearly a year, and hav succeeded in establishing it in spite of unrelenting opposition from the popular place-seekers in church and state. I am now able to place a trusty workman in charge of the publication, which again leaves me free to pursue my old avocation, lecturing wherever man or woman may "call" me. Several engagements for lectures already await me.

I very much admire the earnest, kindly, yet uncompromising spirit manifested by friends Watts and Putnam. In former years I had the pleasure of organizing a number of Liberal Leagues. Within the past four years I hav done nothing in that line, not because of lack of interest in the work, but because there grew up a false sentiment in the League membership, that a lecturer who had the temerity to change his mind ought to be tabooed! If the changling is a lecturer, dependent upon his lecturing profession mainly for subsistence, refuse to invite him to speak his convictions! "Great heavens!" (quoted) Is that Liberalism?

I hope no Liberal League in this country will refuse to giv George Chainey a call to speak, even if every member in it is a Materialist. Are we children of the church, in its method, in dealing with heresy? Shall we not rise above such petty, spiteful procedure? To-day Brother Chainey has abandoned Materialism to accept Spiritualism. Who shall usurp the claim to be his judge? Who shall say the man is not honest? Who can say that, to Chainey's mind, the "evidence" is not all-sufficient? I hav carefully read every word of his Caasadaga conversion address, and am compelled to say that it makes no impression whatever on my mind in favor of Spiritualism. But why should not every one of us take George's word for it, that he is a sincere convert?

Above all classes, Liberals appear to the poorest advantage in denying any man the undeniable right to change his mind. A person who seeks for truth must change his mind. He really has no choice in the matter. Are we sectarians, that we should constitute ourselvs a drum-head court martial to sit in judgment upon a brother's mental struggles, when we hav no means of knowing what they are, only as he may report?

Why not encourage George Chainey to tell his story in the presence of every Liberal League in America? Should we crowd him out of our assemblies because he imagins he has obtained a glimpse of some spiritual spheres, and because he has said "harsh things" about Materialists, or their views, or their lack of enthusiasm? Some of the harshness we may deserve, and so we ought to thank instead of curse him. No Liberal can curse a man on account of his conviction.

Six years ago I had the impudence to reject Spiritualism and accept Materialism. For three or four years even the Leagues I helped to organize, with the grand motto, "Justice for all, privilege for none," contained some members who used their influence, not against Materialists, as such, having a voice on their platform, but against a Materialist lecturer who had been activ in promulgating Spiritualism for nearly twenty years. This, too, from people who never wearied in singing praises to free speech and free press! For all that, I hav never harbored unkind feeling toward Spiritualists personally; but I will freely discuss their doctrins and so-called evidences, whenever I choose, and wherever I can. I hope to do so in the future, as I hav in the past, without acrimony or personal bitterness.

I now wish a valuable Freethought paper had published my friendly criticism of George Chainey's "Lecture Announcements," a little over a year ago. Mr. Chainey said to the public that he would deliver lectures that would not offend (!) church-members. I defied him to deliver his masterful lecture on "The Clergy" and fill any such contract. The editor of the esteemed journal in question wrote me, saying that Mr. Chainey requested that no replies or criticisms be published! That was a weak spot in George. W. F. JAMIESON.

Pipestone, Minn.

Perry-scopics.

Things are made known to us in terms of force through the senses, and these manifestations of force are invariably certain and uniform, requiring no exceptional superior personal endowment or "mediumship" for their apprehension.

Real science does not therefore repel the doubter who asks hard conundrums; nor does she appeal for proof to some "seventh son of a seventh son," or to some extra-sensitiv of a shattered nervous system; or to some one who has "felt a soft hand on a fevered brow." She appeals to the experiment itself in the hands of the robust, clear-headed doubter himself.

When Brother Perry desires to prove to Brother Wettstein that the air supplies the substantial elements of vegetable growth, he refers him to an experiment in his own hands; but when he wishes to prove that spirits materialize "old clothes" from the same source, he puts himself on the witness stand, as having seen and heard something of a very ambiguous nature performed through the mediumship of some other third person.

When Brother Perry talks science, he only says what is well known, but when he assumes that there are disembodied human spirits; that they feed on the the rich abundance of the air; that the air is "their country;" that they hav wings, or other members or organs; or that these spirits are, or are not, subject to the law of gravity—when he makes any of these assertions, he cannot appeal to a single experiment for proof. Let him bring his scales, and, in something like the lemon-tree box experiment, prove that the substance of a "materialization" comes from the air, and not from the lock-up of the cabinet. But no one has ever made, or ever will make, such a test, for as soon as one of the circle becomes scientifically critical "the conditions are unfavorable."

Now, I know how it is, for we hav had the spirits at our house, and had them so bad that even the baby would giv the table a jolt, and with as cunning look as ever a little innocent sinner could put on, cry out, "See spi'ts! see spi'ts!"

Now the baby didn't want to lie; it only wanted the table to move; didn't want to see a failure. He wasn't a "crank," either, but he was willing to help a little rather than hav us disappointed. We got to be so dishonest I stopped the humbug. Excuse the details, for we hav enough of such things in print already; beginning with the "Transfiguration on the Mount," and ending with "Lillie Dove"—not to mention the Virgin Mary.

If Brother Perry must divert himself with erecting the superstructure of spirit-realism out of the *debris* of "the demolished gods of superstition," all I can say is that the material is suitable. Death is sad, but there are other and worse things; and to be an entire idiot, or a poor, disembodied table-tipping spirit, would, I think, be worse.

"Our world's as full of beauty
As other worlds above;
Did we but do our duty
It might be full of love."

J. K. B. BAKER.

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How the Catholic Church Meets Heresy.

In a recent publication, advertised as blessed by the pope, is an article written especially for Catholic eyes. It is entitled, "The Duty of Catholics in the Face of Modern Unbelief." The main points of the paper are: 1. That "dogmatic Protestantism is moribund, if not practically dead, as a religion. . . . In country districts and in fashionable watering-places, the churches may still be frequented for respectability's sake, but Protestantism as a living, energizing power, ready to do battle against all opponents, has lost its former vitality, and thoughtful men are drifting away from it into some form or other of unbelief or Agnosticism. . . . Protestants . . no longer cherish the fundamental doctrins of Christianity with a personal and deeply-rooted affection. If they still call themselvs Christians, their Christianity hangs, for the most part, somewhat loosely about them. They do not feel hurt if it is assailed, or resent the covert sneers of the disciple of Strauss or Renan;" and, 2. That Catholicism is the only power left to cope with modern scientific unbelief. "She, and she alone, is regarded by the enemies of Christendom as an adversary to be feared."

In this broad statement, the writer has told the truth in a general way, and after allowing for his hatred of the followers of Luther, and his love for his own church, we may accept his propositions. The question he first raises is, Will the Catholic church always remain intact in organization and infallible in dogmatic religion? It is natural that he should contend for the affirmativ of these queries, but in his contention he admits facts which, in connection with history, overthrow himself. Everyone knows that the Romish church has lost country after country, until now it controls only the least progressiv nations and the most besotted, with a large element in the United States. There is no escaping the fact, however, that in this country Catholicism has multiplied with alarming rapidity through immigration and the prolific nature of its female votaries. But will these recruits always remain Catholics? While stoutly asserting—with a vehemence showing the wish to be father to the thought—that the church herself is in no danger, the writer admits that the advance of skepticism is pregnant with danger to Catholics: "Soldier in deed and in truth the Catholic must be in the present day, and many an assault he must encounter, many a battle he must fight against the countless foes who are arrayed in the livery of modern unbelief. In his daily paper, in his weekly or monthly magazine, among his associates in the school of medicin or of law, in office and counting house, in club and restaurant, on the railroad, at the hotel, at the private dinner-table, in every social or friendly meeting, he is liable to encounter plausible, ingenious, well-stated objections to Christianity and even to Theism. There is no shirking the contest; the enemy must be met. If we would avoid coming into contact with modern Infidelity, we must needs go out of the world. It is in the very air we breathe; it encircles us on every side; we may protect our children from it during childhood and early youth, but the day must come when they will be exposed to its attack. Every day it stalks abroad more fearlessly, emboldened by the overthrow of the dogmatic Protestant. How, then, are we to deal with it? What is the attitude of the Catholic, and especially of the educated Catholic, toward modern Infidelity?"

That is the case of his enemy admitted by the Jesuitical writer. How does he meet it? How does he propose to hav the average Catholic meet it? What reply does he propose to put into the mouths of his dupes when they are brought face to face with the opponent of Christianity? He meets it by acknowledging that in an intellectual controversy Catholics are not equal to their adversaries, and *advises dodging*. It being unwise, he says, as general rule, for the ordinary Catholic to enter upon a religious controversy, he should fall back upon the weight of authority. The writer continues:

"If a skeptic asks me (I speak in the character of an average educated Catholic layman) whether I really believe that my God is present in a wafer, when the evidence of every sense testifies to its being an ordinary piece of bread, and challenges me to prove the fact, my most rational answer is to ask him, by way of retort, whether he really believes that the earth moves and the sun stands still, when the evidence of his senses testifies to the contrary, and so challenge him to prove by arguments the scientific fact. He will, probably, reply that it has been proved again and again; and that, though he cannot bring forward the actual proof, yet he knows that they are sufficient to satisfy men of learning who are competent judges of the question. I answer that this is exactly my case with regard to the doctrin of the Blessed Eucharist. I cannot prove it, but I am satisfied to receive it on authority, just as he receives on authority the doctrin of the earth's revolution. The only difference is that he relies on human authority, and therefore makes an act of human faith. I rely only on divine authority as well as human, and therefore make an act of divine faith."

Is it any wonder, in the face of such public and authoritativ teaching, that men speak with contempt of the Catholic church, and sneer at Catholicism as not being within the field of serious philosophy? Suppose, however, the skeptic should giv the priest Newton's formulas by which the movements of the planets are demonstrated, what would he do then—deny the law of gravitation? If the priest compares the sacrament of the eucharist to the theory of gravitation, he must show that a stone does not fall when thrown into the air, or demonstrate in an equally obvious manner that God dwells in a wafer. This he would hav hard work to do, for he admits he cannot prove the "presence" in the eucharist to be more than imagination.

Another instance of how he would meet the skeptic is given:

"If a man begin to talk about the 'monstrous conception of eternal fire,' it may be a better answer to ask him to withhold his judgment until he has been there for a hundred years or so than to rouse him to fresh blasphemies by discussing the possibility of hell. We must be on our guard against exposing that which is holy to be trampled upon by the sensualist or torn by the unbeliever."

The man who wrote this dishonest plea for his church is a learned member of the Society of Jesus (or Jesuits). If this is the best he, a priest, educated and able, can do, we can easily yield the point he urges, that "it is not desirable to encourage in the average lay Catholic an eagerness for the fray in matters of religion." And as for the priests themselvs, their condition is patly described in the French saying, "They begin by being fools and end in becoming knaves."

Difference in Degree, Not in Kind.

The announcement made by our Canadian correspondent that the customs officers hav proceeded to burn the books confiscated by them a year and two years ago, recalls the proclamation made by the preachers at the time. At one of the meetings of the Toronto Clerical Association it was *unanimously resolved:*

"That the members of the Toronto Clerical Association, many of whom hav examined the works lately confiscated by the collector of customs in Toronto, desire to express their entire approbation of his action as being strictly in accordance with the wholesome laws of the country, which exclude all indecent and immoral literature; and their conviction that he could hav taken no other course without failing in the obligations which his office lay upon him.

"Further, the members of the association desire to record their thanks to that officer for his fearless performance of his duty, and their persuasion that he deserves the cordial sympathy and support of all the friends of public morality."

The books seized, and of which the foregoing resolution speaks, were Thomas Paine's "Age of Reason" and Voltaire's "Pocket Theology," sent from this office to Mr. Cooke. Ingersoll's works were also condemned and refused clearance on the same ground—"indecent and immoral literature!"

Who does not believe that if the preachers of Canada had the power they would gladly consign the authors of these books to a dungeon cell, if not to the flames that consumed the books!

In the province of Quebec if the bishops desire to build a church they can assess every man in the parish, and sell his farm if he refuses to pay, their claim taking precedence of even a mortgage. And the Free-thinker who invades the province to protest against this condition of things literally takes his life in his hand. Lower Canada is called the priests' paradise. The church owns about two-thirds of the real estate of the city of Quebec.

What an anomaly is presented across the borders! Government in one province burning books, instigated and applauded by Protestant preachers; in the other the Catholic church ruling everthing. Civilization decades behind in both! Yet can we boast, when in enlightened Massachusetts, and many other states, an Atheist is flung out of court; when in New York the official order of a state officer is openly defied by the church-controled school boards; and when, in every state but one, Freethinkers are made to pay for Christian worship in church and Congress? We may be indignant at the tyranny of the church in Canada, but let us not forget the ecclesiastical usurpations in our own land.

Clericals everywhere must be stripped of power. Turn the rascals out.

Church and State Partnership, East and West.

A story comes from Constantinople which revives recollections of the devilishness of the church in all lands and climes. The tale well illustrates the double rule under which the Eastern Christians still liv, and under which all peoples would liv, were not so large a portion of the claims of the church rejected by them. A young lady living in a small town in Asia Minor had been affianced, according to the barbarous custom still prevalent in the country, at a very tender age, to the son of a neighbor. Upon attaining riper years, she loathed the individual selected for her as a husband, and prevailed upon her parents to cancel the contract. She then engaged to marry a young man whom she loved. The parish priest here made his appearance, declaring that the first contract must be fulfilled, as the elders of the community demanded it. In vain the father besought these people not to interfere. He then telegraphed to the archbishop, the Armenian prelate, who wields papal authority over half the Catholics of Asia Minor. But this ecclesiastic, when he made his appearance, not only took sides with the elders, but arranged with them a plan for executing their purpose. The girl was seized and carried to a convent by a lot of ruffians hired for the work, where she was placed in a cell, and submitted to the most rigorous treatment with the hope of overcoming her resistance. She continued firm, however, and the bishop finally decided to marry her to the brute who sought her hand, by force. "Proceeding to her prison cell with all the necessaries, accompanied by the animal, burning with his vile desire to possess her, and the ruffians bought with his gold, the prelate commenced to read the service. At sight of the leering crowd the poor girl fainted. Brought to again, she fell at the knees of the bishop, and, with tears, implored him to desist. In vain she struggled to escape. Held fast by two of the ruffians as she lay upon the floor, for she could not be kept upon her feet, the horrid sacrilege was completed by the nuptial benediction being pronounced while she still loudly protested against it. The matter did not end here. The so-called husband, left with the young girl in order that by the consummation of the marriage all opposition might cease, found the strength of the unwilling bride too much for him, and so the hired ruffians came to his assistance. Some six hours afterward the poor victim, more dead than alive, was carried off to her brutal master's residence."

The father of the victim has appealed to the British and French consuls, and for this his life has been threatened by the bishop, and he has found it necessary to leave his home. The girl's life is threatened as well. The letter giving the account states that the key to this affair is "no doubt to be found in the jealousy with which the progress made by the American missionaries in that part of Asia Minor is regarded by the Armenian clergy."

So here we hav a repetition of the old, old story—the people must suffer in the quarrels of the church. Everywhere, in all religions, the priests arrogate to themselvs the right of controling the domestic affairs of their flocks. They claim that the "morals" of a nation are theirs to regulate, as the civil or physical duties are the state's. It is a partnership they hav held for centuries, and still hold in eastern countries, and in those in which ignorance rules in the western hemisphere.

This brutal outrage, now exposed to the public, will

no doubt be adequately punished by the interference of foreign powers. But the claims of the church that she is the divinely appointed guardian of the people's moral and domestic affairs will not be less vociferously made.

Catholics are not alone in their endeavors to regulate the living of the people, though they may in this exceed in violence and boldness as they did in the systematic suppression by fire and sword. In our own country, who knows what crimes are committed in the convents and nunneries? But here the Protestants are the chief tyrants, because they comprise the chief portion of the population. Ecclesiastical societies to perform police duties are common, and the reason given for their existence is that it is the duty of the church to protect the morals of the people. The consideration of this claim brings us to the outrage at home.

During the present political campaign, the ecclesiastics are extraordinarily busy. We are in receipt of an anonymous circular of a most scurrilous and defamatory character, which has been compiled and mailed by the Protestant preachers. It purports to be "the result of the investigation by clergymen of the city of Buffalo," and says, in big black letters, that the evidence against a certain gentleman is ready for the public. It demands that we "hav an investigation by the clergy of the whole country." The reason given why the clergy take such an interest in the matter is, that "this is a moral question, not a political one." The anonymous scoundrels who got this circular up are all clergymen, we are told. If so, they must be depraved wretches, fit to figure in Billings's "Crimes of Preachers," or in Comstock's huge volume, and they are not one whit cleaner or better than the Armenian bishop who authorized, and personally abetted, the outrage of a girl, that he might be revenged upon his clerical enemies. The *Independent*, a religious newspaper, calls to its aid a string, a third of a column long, of ministers to defame the same gentleman, to whom it is politically opposed. The animus of the proceeding, and the gross abuse by the clergy of their position as moral censors, is seen in the fact that when the breath of slander blew against another gentleman, the preachers did *not* shout themselvs hoarse for "an investigation by the clergy of the whole country." The same religious paper also demands that every pulpiteer in the country shall denounce its opponent from their pulpits, because "it is a moral question," and the clergy are the keepers of morality.

This is carrying religion into politics with a vengeance. If the people acquiesce in the position taken by the church in the matter, and allow the preachers to be the final court in questions of this kind, the unification of church and state is as complete as though "God" was in every statute of every state of the Union. It is just what the church wants—to be acknowledged as the partner of the state, and absolute in the province of morals. And "morals" not only mean to it the sins charged to the Buffalo gentleman, but all matters pertaining to marriage, to Sunday recreations, to literature, to art, to religious observances, and to habits of the people formerly regulated by sumptuary laws. All these come under the head of morality, and the preachers would be tyrants in all departments as well as in one.

If this country is not to be reduced to the double-headed government of Asia Minor, the preachers must be made to realize that the people will accept them in no shape or manner as authoritativ on any question; and certainly not in one in which their motivs are so suspiciously plain as are those of the Buffalo Ministerial Association. That clergymen hav a natural aptitude for dirty scandals no one doubts who knows how often ministers figure in "woman scrapes," but their qualifications to decide moral questions is no greater on that account.

Down with state Protestantism as well as Catholicism!

Quarreling Over the Raw Material.

A dispatch from Trenton, N. J., of the 24th, says it was asserted in the Presbyterian Synod of that state at its annual meeting last week that distinctiv privileges were accorded to Roman Catholic priests in the Reform School at Jamesburg; that priests were permitted to hav separate services, such as celebrating the mass, establishing the confessional, and teaching their catechism to those children who they assert hav a parentage in that church; that they were permitted to withdraw those boys from the general moral and religious instruction of the schools and to place them under their special instruction and control, and that the instruction was not confined to the Catholic inmates alone. The Synod passed a resolution that

"In the judgment of this Synod, such action on the part of our state officials is contrary to the genius of our government, calculated to foster a sectarian spirit, giv undue advantage to a particular denomination, and tends to impair the government and disciplin of the institution in question. We therefore protest against such action, and call on all in authority whose duty it is to appoint and direct such affairs to see to it that it be rescinded, and such objectionable privileges no longer be encouraged and allowed."

In a recent talk with a reporter of the Albany *Argus*, Mr. Baker, the superintendent of prisons in this state, called attention to the appropriation of fifteen hundred dollars which was contained in the Supply bill passed last winter for the purpose of compensating Catholic priests who conduct services in the prisons of the state. This bill took effect at the beginning of the fiscal year, Oct. 15th. A similar appropriation, he said, has been contained in numerous supply bills, passed by former legislatures, but has always heretofore been vetoed, and was approved for the first time by Gov. Cleveland. The matter of allowing Roman Catholics to hold services in the state prisons every Sunday has been strongly urged by prominent Catholics throughout the state for a long time past. Heretofore they hav been permitted to hold services every third Sunday, or one Sunday in each month. "I had found," he continued, "on looking into the matter, that two services, one Protestant and one Catholic, were held each Sunday in the foreign prisons. If I find that the system works well in Auburn prison, it will be established in all the state prisons later on. The $1,500 appropriation will be divided equally among the priests in the three prison parishes, or, in other words, each priest in whose parish a state prison is located, will hav $500 for holding services."

Thus the Catholic church is slowly getting a stronger foothold in our institutions. One would think it was enough that the church contributes so largely to the number of inmates of the state prisons and reformatories without asking the state to pay her priests for making recruits. But so long as it is easy to make a good churchman out of a poor thief, we presume the legislature will be besieged to allow the opportunity. Until our government is secularized from the top to bottom, and the prisons disconnected with politics, it is likely the Freethinkers will be compelled to help pay priests in our punitiv establishments.

Editorial Notes.

"EDGEWORTH'S" article in THE TRUTH SEEKER of October 11th, entitled "The New Land Projects," says *Liberty*, is one of the best and most original criticisms of Henry George's proposal to nationalize the land that has ever appeared in print.

GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND writes to his paper that Carl Schurz is an Infidel. This is an isolated instance of truthfulness on the part of "Gath," which would not hav occurred had he not thought the announcement would contract Mr. Schurz's political influence.

SOME of the Republican Liberals of Ohio, who worked earnestly for Garfield in 1880, are now doubtful about voting for Blaine. The Liberals of that state are numerous enough to demand respect from any presidential candidate, and hav a right to know how he stands in regard to the Nine Demands of Liberalism.

IN his lecture in Victoria, Col. Ingersoll said: "Let us forget our little ologies and our little isms; let us forget our belief that God made the earth to raise Methodists and Presbyterians on, and that the next world is an everlasting museum of Methodist mummies, Baptist barnacles, and Presbyterian petrifactions. The man with a new fact who will raise his fellow-men nearer to the sublime knowledge, is the only priest who can stand at the great altar in the church of humanity."

WE learn incidentally, through an eastern paper, that the people of Wyoming Territory are to vote upon the 4th inst. on the question of taxing church property. We know not what steps the Liberals of the territory hav taken to make this vote favorable; perhaps they hav done all that is possible; but the attention of the officers of the National Liberal League ought to hav been called to the matter that they might hav aided in the work. If the vote shall be adverse a great opportunity has been lost.

THE agitation against Christianity in the schools has extended to India, where many of the schools attached to missions hav managed to get subsidies from the state. It is now proposed that, in all schools aided by the government, attendance on religious instruction be made optional. This the missionaries protest against, and the result may be that state grants will be refused entirely. This would throw the Christians upon their own resources, and might end in closing several of the superstition manufactories now open.

A RECENT letter from a Liberal friend now in St. Thomas, West Indies, says: "Freethought (Infidelity) is making rapid progress in this town, population about twelve thousand. A dozen years ago I was about the only outspoken Infidel in the place; now there are scores. I happened to hav with me a copy of the Ingersoll-Black-Fisher debate, which has been made to do good service. It has been read by a score or more of our best people with splendid results. I consider it the best work of the kind extant."

THE Association for the Propagation of the Faith, of France, gave some three millions of dollars to the church in this country when it was young. A Catholic writer recently urged that the Catholics of this country return to it at least the interest on that amount to enable it to aid missions now in need. If a heretic may be allowed to interpose a word, we would suggest that the church pay Archbishop Purcell's debts to the poor people he defrauded by his three-million-dollar failure that the glory of God may more abound. We make this suggestion with due humility, and hope we shall not be excommunicated for it.

THE story of the "faith cure" of a Mrs. Wimpy, of Norcross, Ga., is being widely circulated. R. A. Smiley called our attention to it, and we asked for information. "H. A. T.," of the Pittsburgh *Truth*, writes that he obtained the following from a reliable informant: "It is a shameful imposition, and is the direct result of hysteria and religious fanaticism. Mrs. Wimpy is of a weak and hysterical disposition. Eight years ago she was taken under medical treatment, and subsequently discharged well and in good health; but owing to an accident she was again brought under medical treatment, and again discharged and considered by herself and her husband as cured. As proof of this I offer as evidence a certificate published in the Atlanta *Daily Constitution* from Mr. Wimpy, to the effect that a certain doctor had performed a miraculous cure on Mrs. Wimpy. Within the same period of time she has borne several children, and has at times walked and rode out whenever an occasion suited, and has been met on the streets of Atlanta apparently in good health." In connection with this Christian lie, we may quote another from across the water. Mrs. Besant relates it in the *National Reformer:* "Another instance of the complete truthlessness which characterizes earnest Christians has just come to my notice. A Freethinker writes me that some Salvationists are boasting of having 'at last converted one of Bradlaugh's men, an Infidel who used to lecture at the Hall of Science;' he had been very well off at one time, but owing to his belief and drink, etc., had been reduced to such straits that he had to part with his glasses for a few pence, and that while in this plight the devil tempted him to go back to his old friend, Mrs. Besant, and to lecture against the Army again; he however resisted this temptation. The Freethinker asked, first, for his name; second, the date when he used to lecture for the Infidels at the Hall of Science; third, when and where was he converted. All the reply he has got is: 'The captain does not know; but his name is Llewellyn, 8 Crawford street, Camberwell, and he was converted at 8 o'clock on a Tuesday night at Camberwell Barracks about three months back.' Of course this is a sheer invention. I never heard of any 'Llewellyn,' and he has most certainly not lectured at the Hall of Science since I hav been in the party, *i. e.*, for ten years. To speak of me as 'his old friend, Mrs. Besant,' shows that Salvationism and lying are quite compatible." Mrs. Besant adds an account of a *scare* cure which was sent her from a cis-Atlantic friend. The writer is a Mr. Holmes, who says: "Over 66 years ago I witnessed a *scare cure* of a bedridden patient that for the quickness, thoroughness, and permanency of its operation exceeded any *faith cure* which has ever come under my notice. An activ and well educated man was attacked with inflammatory rheumatism, which assumed an alarming form, accompanied by agonizing torture. Days, weeks, and even months brought little relief. By order of his doctor and the persuasion of his friends, he was one day induced to allow himself to be placed in a reclining chair, supported by blankets and pillows, and was moved through two or three large rooms to one in which was a large open fire of wood; over this fire a kettle with two or three pails of water had been placed for heating. As the younger 'call boy' in the house, I was placed by the attendant who went out of the room, to signal any needs of the patient. Suddenly the kettle was upset, and the water, poured into the activ fire, caused a cloud of steam and ashes to pervade the room. Like an arrow from a bow our invalid leaped from his chair and made good time to his bed-room. In about ten minutes he arose and dressed, declaring that he felt no pain, and in a few days he was about his regular business. I knew him intimately for ten years later, and he continued strong and healthy, a firm believer in the *scare cure.*"

W. F. JAMIESON will deliver a course of lectures in the Opera Hall of Seward, Neb., beginning on Sunday, Nov. 9th, at 2 o'clock P.M. The course will last through the week.

A Note from Mr. Charles Watts.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I hav just read in the last issue of THE TRUTH SEEKER the remarks of Mr. Chainey in reference to myself, which are in some instances thoroughly inaccurate, and in others entirely misleading. I cannot think that friend Chainey would intentionally misrepresent the facts of the case as he has done; and therefore, as he insists upon my further noticing him, I will, with your permission, pen a correction of his errors for your columns next week. I would do so now, but I am just leaving for Hamilton, where I lecture to-morrow. Personally, my esteem for my old colleague is so great that I wish he had not rendered it necessary for me to say anything more upon the subject. To remain silent, however, after his statements last week would be disrespectful to him, unfair to your readers, and unjust to myself. Yours faithfully,

Toronto, Oct. 25, 1884. CHARLES WATTS.

Letters from Friends.

HAMILTON, ONT., Oct. 15, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: At the request of Mr. Watts, who has been lecturing in our city for the last two evenings, I write you a short account of his reception, and the progress we are making with the aid of his valuable services. Since his arrival in Canada this season, we hav been favored with his presence on five evenings—and well has he used them. I am pleased to tell you that his audiences are again assuming the proportions they did last winter, when he stirred up the orthodox bile, and scared the ministerial association so that they will not allow their champion, Dr. Sexton, whom they hav had lecturing here, to meet Mr. Watts in debate on the relativ merits of Secularism and Christianity. One clerical gentleman, the Rev. W. H. Parsons, of Michigan, being in the city, essayed to reply at the close of one of Mr. Watts's lectures. He never attempted to reply to the subject-matter of the lecture, but to berate the audience for applauding Mr. Watts. He then put a few questions to our champion, and in sitting down made some allusion to "long ears," and made use of the word "ass." Those who heard Mr. Watts reply, both orthodox and heterodox, will as long as they liv never forget it. Our champion "mopped the floor" with his clerical opponent, and he appeared the sickest-looking man that ever got upon a platform. Whilst this was going on, the door of the hall was assailed by six stalwart members of that latest excrescence on Christianity, the Salvation Army. During Mr. Watts's lecture he read a letter he had received that morning, advising him that a yawning hell lay at his feet, and that he was about to tumble into it, and that his days were short, and further advising him to attend at their barracks, and to bring with him two other gentlemen whose names they gave, as they, too, were on the road to hell. This hocus-pocus was signed, "Happy Tommy Stout." Whilst the clerical gentleman above referred to was on the platform, those warriors of Jesus filed into the hall, and the leader proved to be Mr. Stout himself, who advanced to the front of the audience and demanded that Mr. Watts should read the letter in his presence. Tommy had fire in his eye, but as the clergyman had the floor the warrior had to wait, until the fire dimmed somewhat, as by the time Mr. Watts had flayed his opponent Tommy's courage forsook him, and he lied for Christ's sake by denying the authorship of the letter; but the subject-matter it contained he believed to be true—whereupon he and his semi-lunatic friends left the hall. No doubt you will hav it served up in their next *War Cry*, of the grand attack the 3d Canadian blood and fire boys made upon the devil in Hamilton. But they will not tell that two of their members who attended our lectures, on being chided by their captain for doing so, told that person that they were going again to the camp of the enemy, whereupon they were ejected from the building something after the style of Jesus and the money-changers in the temple.

I am pleased with the prospect of our having a strong Secular Society. This very orthodox city teems with skeptics, and they only want stirring up by such lectures as we are getting from Mr. Watts. One of the surest signs of our eventual success is the increasing number of ladies who attend our lectures, and the very great interest evinced by them after the meetings in purchasing tracts and Freethought literature.

We hav thirty-seven names on our roll of membership, but that is not a tithe of those who are eligible, but whose business connections preclude the possibility, as they say, of identifying themselvs with us at present, until we can popularize the movement. Hoping and trusting the good work may go on, I remain, Yours for the truth,

GEO. MADDOCKS, Sec. Hamilton Secular Society.

COLUMBUS, KAN., Oct. 22, 1884.

TO THE REV. F. M. BOWMAN, Pastor of the Baptist church, Columbus, Kan., *Dear Sir:* You published in the Columbus papers that you would show up the origin and character of Spiritualism and Infidelity, on Sunday, September 14th. I was present and heard myself and Infidels and Spiritualists disparaged, abused, misrepresented, denounced, and damned by your assertions and biblical quotations. You called the Infidels and Spiritualists, in and around Columbus, a bad set, devilish, infernal, and nefarious, and said that Spiritualism was the worst form of Infidelity. You said if they were present to hear you, they could not *sit* still, "but I did without an effort."

I sent you a polite invitation to discuss with me, in public, the relativ character and merits of Infidelity and Christianity, and the power of each to bless and save humanity, and you refused to "come down" to me and leave your "great work," and, therefore, I send you this published letter. You invited critics to come and hear you, and now you refuse to be criticised and reviewed in public, and retreat behind your "coward's castle," the pulpit, as a "tongue-valiant warrior."

If you loved truth and humanity, you would welcome free speech and criticism face to face with Infidelity and Spiritualism.

Sir, it is most strange and inconsistent for Christians to oppose and denounce Spiritualists, for they both believe in and try to prove a future life, upon which all your pulpit efforts are based.

You say they "are lost, and, therefore, we so earnestly warn them of the coming danger." If you are so solicitous for my salvation from hell—your orthodox hell—why do you not come to me and talk to me, and not evade me in priest-and-Levite style? You quote, "O generation of vipers," and, "Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can you escape the damnation of hell?" and these prove that I, and all Infidels and Spiritualists, are serpents, vipers, and "hell-bound." Again you quote for me, "Ye are of your father—the devil." Well, I prefer his fathership, to the fathership of a God who (see Numbers xxxi) told Moses to go down and kill, and rob, and ravish the Midianites, and leave none alive but the thirty-two thousand virgins, etc., a most horrid, revolting, and inhuman chapter of your God's character, whom you worship (?) and quote as authority, and pray to and "glorify."

You say your God is more severe and denouncing of Spiritualists than you are, and quote from Deut. xviii, 10 and 11, against them, and say that "God ordered those ancient mediums put to death;" and you seem to sanction the order; and, perhaps, if you had been one of the God-like Puritans in Salem in 1692, you would hav aided in the torture and murder of those poor wizards and witches, which was done by the same authority and command of God.

Do you think such preaching, and such quotations, in which you seem to glory and delight, will make the world better, and save it, in any sense? No, sir; true humanity and manhood, and all that is high and good, revolts against it, and it will make all lovers of truth, justice, and humanity Infidels to all such inhuman authorities and absurdities. You forget how Baptists were ostracized and persecuted by the God-like Puritans, but you show the same spirit toward Infidels and Spiritualists; and you prayed to your God that Columbus might be clear of them, or words to that effect. I hav no doubt you want "God in the Constitution," and orthodox religion established by law. You are a church-and-state man, and, if you had the power, we Infidels would be prevented from utterance, if not banished, tortured, or murdered.

Well it is that the Christians are not all of one sect, and that through natural growth, parentage, and education, humanity is coming to the light and liberty of a higher life in spite of mythology, bigotry, superstition, priestcraft, and fabricated gods, devils, witches, ghosts, heavens, hells, etc.

You quote for me, "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God; and I will add that all nature and all science confirm it. I mean a personal God that you said you could prove from nature. In the domain of science, God is not to be found. The more people worship and glorify such a God, the less they care for, and the more they persecute and oppress and enslave, humanity. Laplace told Napoleon that he had no place for God in his philosophy; and the word God is not found in "Humboldt's Cosmos." Thomas Jefferson said God was a hocus-pocus and a phantom; and, sir, some of the best men and women living believe the same. Gods belong to the childhood of human development; and believe in them if you will, but do not denounce me because I do not, or quote any Bible to prove my destiny. I am an individual, and do my own thinking. I hav no opinions which I am afraid to discuss with you, or anyone, or to subject to the most rigid logic and morality. I will advocate and practice, as far as possible, anything and everything that is for the good and happiness of humanity.

There are good and bad men and women in and out of the churches, because they are organized so. Are the members of your church any better in their practical life and conduct than the same number of Infidels, on the average? I could quote many passages from Christ that might fit you in your zeal to make proselytes, as you hav quoted to show me up, but I will not. You quote Nehemiah vi, 2, 3, to prove that you are up and I down far beneath you; and that you would hav to come *down* to discuss with me. If that is so, I would advise you to *stay up*, as you might not get *back* again! You say you are doing "a great work;" yes, I think you are making more Infidels than converts. Well, all I ask of you is, that you tolerate me as I do you; giv me my natural rights as I freely acknowledge yours, and ask no aid of the state to force my opinions upon others. I am, with best wishes, yours for truth, justice, humanity, and liberty, PROFESSOR J. H. COOK.

DUNNVILLE, ONT., Oct. 20, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: A lecture on "Christianity—Its Claims Examined," was delivered in the Opera Hall of this town Oct. 15th. The speaker, Mr. Watts, a true type of the English gentleman, of handsome physique and dignified bearing, inspired the audience at once with confidence in his ability to handle the subject selected for him; and in this they were not disappointed, judging from the numerous manifestations of applause throughout, and the snatches of comments that reached your correspondent's ears while the crowd were dispersing, such as, "A scholar, unmistakably;" "A perfect gentleman;" "A keen logician;" "A master mind, sound, original, decidedly convincing, simply unanswerable," etc. One elderly gentleman, of undoubted integrity, with high attainments, classical and otherwise, a professor of Christianity also, very candidly expressed himself as intensely interested and thoroughly awakened by the, to him, new views of the Bible and its reputed authors, together with the many hard hits made by the able speaker on the popular theological delusions of the day. This is new soil wherein to plant Secularism, and the faithful laborer may find it difficult to break up, and will certainly require time and patience to uproot the old seeds of error and cultivate to a condition congenial to the growth of the new; but if we are fortunate enough to secure the services of Mr. Watts (which we hope to do in the near future), we bespeak a new era for Dunnville, from which we may date the dawning of a brighter intellectual light and an honest effort at least to break the fetters of superstitious thraldom in which many of us hav so long been held.

The lecturer very kindly and reasonably invited discussion at the close, but only one individual availed himself of the privilege. This person, who had been busily taking notes throughout the evening, sprang upon the stage in true tragic style, and, until he opened his mouth, impressed the audience with the opinion that he was about to annihilate his predecessor by his overwhelming antagonistic arguments, but to the indignation and disgust of all they consisted of gross misrepresentations of the speaker's assertions, notwithstanding the notes; of personal criticism, without a particle of bearing upon the subject in question, and abuse which we would hardly look for from a prize-fighter, say nothing of one professing, as he does, to be "shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace," to carry in his hand the "sword of the spirit;" a follower of the lowly Nazarene; in fact, one who has "crucified the lusts of the flesh," drowned the old man with his deeds in the waters of Christian baptism, and is now acting the part of pastor to a little flock of sheep. The lecturer, in responding to this specimen of saintly warfare, by his refined but pungent wit soon made his hearers feel that this nominal Christian teacher had better hav sat at the feet of the Infidel as learner (of the ordinary rules of politeness, if nothing more) than to assume the role of critic. But thus the world wags, and we hav had one more proof that "fools rush in where angels fear to tread." I understand that a lady will be prepared to meet him on the occasion of his next lecture. SARA E. DERBY-POST.

BOZEMAN, MON. TER.

MR. EDITOR: The "champion blasphemer of America" delivered his first lecture in this city last night to a crowded house at $1.50 per head, and then could not accommodate the demand. Such an enthusiastic reception as he received never greeted any man here before. Beecher was here, but his reception was nothing compared to that of the great Infidel. This morning everybody speaks his praise. There is no question of doubt that he is the finest orator in America. He held that vast audience spellbound for two and a half hours. One minute you could hav heard a pin drop; the next you couldn't hear it thunder. One moment you were ready to shed tears; the next you were bursting with laughter. His subject was "Orthodoxy." He spoke entirely without notes, and only read the creed of the Congregational church as his text. On the stage were W. Alderson, the editor of our foremost paper; two officers with their ladies from Fort Ellis, Nelson Story and lady, the millionaire of Bozeman, and a prominent Liberal, and a score of other distinguished citizens. Were it possible, I would report that lecture, but I dare not attempt that. Could I hav been able to write shorthand I was so enthusiastic that I could not hav written. But there were a few things so good I must giv them. He told us how the preachers were called. He said the parents had one poor weakly son, who had not constitution enough to be wicked, nor sense enough to commit a sin. His parents sent him to Andover, where the first thing he did was to swear not to think; and when he went from there, to teach the people not to think. He said as soon as people began to think, they began to doubt, and doubts led them into ranks of heresy; that the only man who had the dead sure thing of being saved was the lunatic. The bigger the fool the better the chance he had; that nearly all the great men who had benefited mankind had gone to hell; that Voltaire, Shakspere, Humboldt, Robert Burns, Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, Abraham Lincoln, and thousands of patriot soldiers of the war of the Revolution that gave us liberty, of 1812 that gave us a free sea, these lads were in hell, without a drop of water since; those gallant boys of the Rebellion, who preserved our nation a place on the map of the world, and loosened the shackles of slavery that the Christian Bible upheld, these were all in hell, to the torture of which the suffering at Andersonville was paradise; that Thomas Paine, the greatest patriot of all, was down there these hundred years; that he thought if he could get the attention of God long enough to point to the American flag, he would certainly open the door and turn him out.

Well, in order to appreciate this, the greatest orator of modern times, he must be heard. I hav read nearly all his written lectures, but while they are excellent, his orations are far better.

The Liberal cause is flourishing. Dr. York has organized a Liberal Union here, and delivered a series of lectures. That is the way to keep the ball rolling. Let us move on the works of ignorance and superstition all along the line, and victory will crown our endeavors. DR. W. J. STOVER.

GARFIELD, COL., Oct. 6, 284.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $4, for which send me one copy of Darwin's "Journal of Researches," and $1.50 apply to my TRUTH SEEKER, and fifty cents for a three months' trial subscription for THE TRUTH SEEKER to the Madonna Library Society. I make this donation to said library myself, and I think when this trial subscription runs out they will renew it themselvs. Several of the committee connected with the library are Freethinkers. Some of their books are, I understand, ordered from the TRUTH SEEKER company. I hav made the library a present of "Russian Nihilism and Exile Life in Siberia," and a copy of "Orthodoxy," by R. G. Ingersoll. Any person having any book or books they wish to make the library a present of, can do so by addressing them to the Madonna Library Society, Monarch, Col. This library is situated near timber-line, and it may be that the gods will come down from their abode and spend a few hours with the miners and hav a jolly chat.

A few days ago I came in conversation with a colored would-be clergyman, who thought he was intimately acquainted with the gods, and as our conversation ran along I said to him that there was no end to space, and he replied by saying that there was; and then I asked him what was beyond space. He said that a power was beyond space, and that power was God; and then I stuck him by saying that Moses must hav had a good sight when he saw God's back. And I also told him that we should be afraid of the clergy; that they were a source of danger to the people; and that even the yellow-legged chickens had them spotted, for when they saw a preacher they would skip for a place where they thought they would be safe. And when I thought he was getting on his ear I would commence telling a story on the Irish, and then he would tell one, and then we would take a good laugh, and then he would be in good humor; and then I would jump onto his theology all spraddled out; and at last I made him a present of "Orthodoxy," by R. G. Ingersoll.

Respectfully yours, HENRY BEICHLING.

ROCKFORD, ILL., Oct. 8, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find petition, which we started some time ago, and hav kept it, thinking we could get a few more names. There are plenty would sign it, from the way they think and talk, but just evade doing it.

There being a good deal of talk about Spiritualism, Occultism, man's soul, etc., it appears to me the question is, Has man

soul? Let us say yes, as that is the way the majority would answer. Then, what is it? Most people would agree that it is that part of man that enables him to think. Now, what enables a man to think? The most reasonable answer is, memory, imagination, and judgment. What are they? They are the mental faculties growing out of

The Instincts.	Consciousness. Desire to liv. Attachment of the sexes. Fondness of young.	The Appetites.	Suffocation. Hunger. Thirst. Fatigue.
The Senses.	Feeling. Tasting. Seeing. Hearing. Smelling.	The Passions.	Joy in good. Grief in evil. Love to good. Hatred to evil. Hope of good. Fear of evil.

It is therefore the same as the mind. The mind is dependent upon the brain; the brain is dependent upon the body. They both grow together and die at the same time. Life is energy, directed by sensibility, or a machinery directed by sensibility. A dead body has no sensibility, and all is a result of matter. Thinking no subject too sacred for investigation, I find in one of Gladstone's speeches that he said deity exists, but has no practical relations with man. Can any one tell the use of such a deity, and is not that a genuin denial of revelation? I think the truth of the subject is shown in the scientific declaration that neither matter nor force can be increased or diminished; that force does not exist apart from matter; that matter exists only in connection with force, consequently a force apart from matter and superior to nature is a demonstrated impossibility. THOMAS BEALE.

BURR OAK, MICH., Oct. 11, 284.

MR. EDITOR: In THE TRUTH SEEKER of Oct. 4th, E. N. Kingsley givs us what he calls "Orthodoxy Improved." I was disappointed. The improvement was so exceedingly slight that I need a microscope to see it. He says, "Who knows that nature cannot change mankind to unfleshed intellectual spirit beings?" etc. That is not the question for us. Our lives are too brief to spend any part of them speculating upon what nature cannot do. It is what nature *does* do that concerns us. He speaks of nature changing creeping worms to butterflies, and intimates that those spirit beings may range from planet to planet, from system to system, from world to world, as beautiful, happy butterflies go from flower to flower, and asks if mankind may not thus be "forever progressing while eternity unrolls its never-ending line." Between the process of change from a worm to a butterfly, and the alleged freeing of spirit, there is no analogy whatever. The former is simply one of the forms of evolution. It seems strange to us, because it is not common. But few species of the animal kingdom undergo that kind of transformation. The butterfly is subject to the influences of natural forces, the power of gravitation, the motion of the air, etc., the same as the worm. But man's spirit is not regarded as a changed form of his body, but is a perfect, conscious being that exists just the same before the death of the body as after. It simply leaves the body, without change of form, and instantly becomes independent of matter and all the known forces of nature. And we are asked to believe that this flitting from planet to planet indicates progression. Progression in what? Surely it does not indicate moral and intellectual progression. We hav many mortals here on this planet who flit from place to place like butterflies from flower to flower, bent only on their own enjoyment. But these are not pointed to as illustrations of the theory of progression. On the contrary, most of them are brainless idlers who hav not raised a hand to benefit their race, physically, morally, or intellectually. If the theory of future progression rests upon nothing stronger than the supposed power of locomotion, it must fall, and "fall like Lucifer, never to hope again."

Spiritualists tells us that Shakspere, more than two and a half centuries after his death, has gone to writing poetry through a young American girl. Shade of Calliope! Where is the progression? Why doesn't he write something superior to anything he ever wrote while living, instead of something that looks suspiciously like a skilful commingling of the words he wrote while here, with a few others to fill up gaps and make it appear fresh? When a greater dramatic poet than Shakspere appears here in the flesh, and writes with his own hand, we shall hav something in that line superior to anything that has ever been written, and not till then, in my opinion. Butterflies are beautiful to most people, but how does my friend know that they are happy? The butterfly goes about in a zigzag, erratic course, because his instinct prompts him to move in that way; but as he has never given his testimony; never told "what the Lord has done for him," how do we know that he is happier than the worm? Has one which has "passed over" communicated with a table-tipping medium? I think our friend will admit that it is mere conjecture. After speaking of the long journeys which the spirits are supposed to make, comes the question: "Is not this a more pleasing prospect than endless misery?" Orthodoxy doesn't offer endless misery. It double-discounts Spiritualism in its offer of gems, and sparkling waters, and shining plains, and golden streets, and "rings, and things, and fine array." But you can't hav these things by being good. If a man givs you a rap on the side of the head, you must turn round and blandly request him to preserve the symmetry of your cranium by giving you another whack of equal force on the other side. If you see him walking off with your broadcloth coat, call him back and tell him he has forgotten something. Tell him his admirable dexterity has entitled him to a cloak to wear in rough weather. If you havn't one, borrow one from your wife for him. If she happens to be minus, giv him a pair of old pants and express regrets that he has necessarily been scurvily treated. In short, you must secure the above-mentioned nice things through the merits of Christ.

The best minds of the world are not in search of a "pleasing prospect." They are seeking for truth. They are striving to know more of this universe as a whole, the complex combination of its constituents and the laws that govern phenomena. I am sorry to say that that pleasing prospect is one of the two chief pillars that support all the abominable superstitions of the world. It is one of the sources from which rivers of blood hav flowed over this earth. It helped to fasten a chain on the intellect untold ages before Christ. It has been a curse to the earth since the first gleam of the idea of immortality entered the dwarfish brain of savage man. The fear of punishment, and the hope of reward—between these two pillars lies the narrow road to the orthodox heaven. Of late, I never put pen to paper, but I feel impelled to combat that pernicious doctrin that man is entitled to a home of eternal happiness. It was born of selfishness, and has lived too long already. It is a vain delusion. The hallucination of a world where all wrongs shall be righted, all sorrow recompensed or forgotten, is a pleasing one, but it warps the judgment and clogs the wheels of energy. There is not the slightest warrant for any such belief. I shall do what I can to destroy it. Humanity is robbed by the myths of the clouds. The doctrin of facts is the need of the world. Too long it has been ignored. When Spiritualism has become a demonstrated scientific fact, the discussion of its truth or falsity will cease. The only question will then be, How to make the newly-acquired knowledge of greatest benefit to man. Until then, it must continue to exist as it now exists, a series of emotional imaginings superposed on the manifestations of occult forces, acting under certain conditions. Unless friend Kingsley has a patent on his improvement, I fear it will be unprofitable.

N. G. W.

THE KEY TO UNIVERSOLOGY.

MR. EDITOR: A number of persons hav asked me about the science of Universology, as presented by S. P. Andrews at the Liberal Club in New York. I am not sufficiently posted to answer, except that it givs its discoverer a great power to analyze and to present the relativ value of every subject which he discusses, and that the key to Universology consists in the right understanding of the following three words: *unism*, *dualism*, and *triunism*. By way of illustration, the globe upon which we liv as a whole is a *unism*, but when only the north and south poles are considered, it is a *dualism;* then, when the equator in connection with the poles is considered, it is *triunism*. This givs an all-sided view which is applicable to every conceivable thing from the center to the circumference of the entire universe.

I write this with the hope that this great science may show the real truth in our present political conflicts. Thus the object, as a whole, is for a good president of the United States. That is a *unism*. Cleveland, with his tariffs, and Blaine, with his free trade, make the *dual;* and Butler, with his Anti-monopoly, composes the *triunism*. Now, in proportion as each party views the other from its own standpoint, they mislead the people, and yet may be perfectly honest and patriotic. Hence the science of Universology shows how to take an impartial view of all sides of every subject which we discuss. And hence the common remark that "Truth lies between the two extremes." If we would know the relativ worth of two sides, we must look from the center with an impartial eye at each. This will aid us to see that Anti-monopoly accords best with the declaration that all men are endowed by their maker with the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; and that tariffs obstruct commerce, imperil peace, and prevent an equal plenty for all the nations of the earth. Therefore tariffs cannot be otherwise than unjust, and adverse to the best interests of every nation that adopts them. They are directly against the noble words of Thomas Paine, the author-hero: "The world is my country; all men are my brothers; to do good is my religion." From this view, Butler, with his Anti-monopoly, is the man that should hav the vote of every lover of his country and of his kind.

Americans who hav thus far monopolized the land of the Indians, and the rights of the women, can now free themselvs from the guilt and the shame of these wrongs. For Butler will sustain the equal rights of all humanity, and abolish all tariffs when international arrangements can be made for that end. JOHN BEESON.

CANNIBALISM.

ORWELL, VT., Oct. 12, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: In your paper of Oct. 11th, Mr. John R. Kelso, on "Cannibalism," says: "I refer to that form which is practiced almost weekly by the well-dressed and well-fed crowds that throng those gorgeous bazars of fashion, superstition, and bigotry, called churches, cathedrals, etc." And he adds: "These crowds are wont, in a public and ostentatious manner, to eat the flesh and to drink the blood of an executed person called Jesus." The doctrin of the real presence of Christ in the Eucharist had its origin in the ignorance and superstition of the early fathers of the church. St. Justin suffered martyrdom at Rome about the year 166. He says that we hav been taught that the food which has been blessed by the prayer of the words that he spoke, and by which our blood and flesh, in the change, are nourished, is the flesh and blood of that Jesus incarnate (Apol. i, ad inper. Anton). St. Irenæus, expostulating with the heretics of his day, says: "How can they prove that the bread, over which the words of thanksgiving hav been pronounced, is the body of their Lord, and the cup, his blood," while they do not admit that he is the son, that is, the word of the creator of the world? (Advers. Haer., lib. iv.) St. Justin, in Dialog. cum. Tryphon, says: "Christ instituted a sacrifice in bread and wine, which Christians offer up in every place." St. Irenæus, in the second century, writes, "Christ, in consecrating bread and wine, has instituted the sacrifice of the New Law, which the church received from the apostles, according to the prophecy of Malachi" (L. iv, 82).

There is abundant evidence that the early fathers were ignorant of the simplest facts and laws of nature. Barnabas believed that the hyena changed its sex every year, being alternately male and female (Epistle of Barnabas, ix, 8). Clement of Rome taught, as true, the fable of the phenix. Tertullian and Origen believed the same absurdity. Justin Martyr believed that demons were a hybrid between angels and men. Origen taught that the sun and moon are living beings endowed with reason and free will. And Origen says of the Eucharist, "Manna was formerly given as a figure, but now the flesh and blood of the son of God is specifically given and is real food" (Hom. vii, in Levit.). This doctrin has been taught and believed throughout the Catholic church ever since the commencement of Christianity, and it is the blind faith of 200,000,000 of Christians in this our day. When men learn to study the Bible and Christianity by the best help of modern criticism, the monstrous doctrins of a Bible, verbally and infallibly inspired by God, and sacramental cannibalism, will be things of the past. C. C.

NEW YORK, Oct. 20, 1884.

TO THE REVEREND JAMES KAY APPLEBEE, *Sir:* In the last issue of THE TRUTH SEEKER, I notice your note to the editor. Presuming the editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER can fight his own battles with the clergy, and even giv them odds, I only write for information. You say, "Editors, like most other old women, are fond of having the last word, and their position enables them to get it." It really does not become a priest, who, for so many dollars and cents, gets up in the pulpit and tells credulous people what he knows about another world and what man will do after he is dead, when he knows nothing himself, neither can know, to thus place himself in the role of a fortune-teller; and in the pulpit, not only having the last word, but the first word and all the words, giving his hearers no choice for their money. But why old women? Must all women die young to meet with your approbation? What time do women usually get to talk until they get to be old women? In fact, they become old women generally before they find out what humbugs the priests are. No wonder they giv vent, and don't want to stop. Was the mother who nursed you an old woman, and if so, what was her last word? Is she who nightly presses the couch by your side to become an old woman, if not already; and does she usually get the last word? Who cooks your daily food; who makes your priestly couch but women? Really left to your own resources, would you not be the most contemptible of creatures? Indeed, you must be now to undertake to explain the Bible for pay, "when it is so plain a fool needn't err."

Suppose Christ had said to the multitude, "Behold my sister and my brother; my father and the 'old woman;'" could you, with closed eyes, in canting tones, drawl it out in the pulpit with any effect on the imagination, which is the sum total of your capital? GEO. M. DAVENPORT.

SEWARD, NEB., Oct. 13, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Having put in my hands a copy of your journal of Oct. 4th, I was very much interested and pleased with its contents generally, with one exception, and will it be deemed presumptuous as a non-subscriber should I offer a criticism? For about twenty years I hav been called an Infidel and Liberalist, and for the latter name I hav great respect, and it is my great respect for true Liberalism which suggests my remarks. I would refer my remarks to a communication from Pomona, California, in which the writer has been greatly aggrieved because of being ousted from a jury on account of his Infidel views, and fires his anathemas upon the author of his trouble in such language as to place himself on the same level with his opponent. The best interests of true Liberalism are always degraded in the eyes of the world by such language as used by said writer; the spirit of hate, blackguardism, bigotry, and all that has no place in our ranks. We can convince no one by spitting in their faces, and I feel anxious to see less of that spirit among people who cry so loud for free thought and common decency in the discussion of important questions. It would be reasonable to infer from the spirit of the Pomona letter that the writer had been so ungentlemanly in his manner and opinions toward his opponent as to rouse the same spirit in him, and the consequent expulsion.

The truth seeker, wherever he may be, is supposed to be climbing up out of the mud, gasping for the pure air and sunlight of harmony, exhibiting no spirit of hate to his less fortunate brother who remains behind.

I hav recently settled in this little town on the prairies, and find a very large Liberal element here. Measures are being taken to organize and secure a series of lectures on the most vital questions of the day. L. J. BUMSTEAD.

POWDER RIVER, WY. TERR., Oct. 10, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Once more I will write you a few lines. My TRUTH SEEKER comes to me regularly, and helps to pass away many a lonely hour, for here on a cow-ranch we hav not the means of amusement that are available to the most of our Liberal friends in the more favored communities. We are not bothered here with the hireling politician or the canting sky-pilot. I myself hav not had the opportunity of hearing myself damned from the pulpit for over ten years, but still I hardly think I am much hurt by it. But what strikes me as being the most inconsistent of all things is the manner that so-called Liberals are quarreling over political matters. What Liberality is there in Wallace Moore's letter to THE TRUTH SEEKER? He wants all to believe as he does, and all to see as he does. He wants to mount on some high pinnacle, and wave the bloody shirt in the face of all who do not believe as he does. Oh, what Liberality! I myself do not profess to know much, and scarcely that, but still it looks to me as though we Liberals must practice what we preach or else step down and out, and forever be silent. There is no Liberality in calling your neighbor a murderer because he does not believe as you do, or in saying he is a traitor to his country because his political views are not the same as yours. Allow me to say in conclusion to Mr. Moore and all others of his mind, if you cannot be more Liberal, instead of calling yourself a Spiritualistic Infidel, it would be more appropriate to call yourself an ecclesiastical bigot, and say, "Come one and all and believe as I do or to hell with you." A COWBOY.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night begins to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

Mother's Room.

I'm awfully sorry for poor Jack Roe;
He's the boy that lived with his aunt, you know.
And he says his house is filled with gloom
Because it has got no "mother's room."
I tell you what, it is fine enough
To talk of "boudoirs," and such fancy stuff,
But the room of rooms that seems best to me,
The room where I'd always rather be,
Is mother's room, where a fellow can rest,
And talk of the things his heart loves best.

What if I do get dirt about,
And sometimes startle my aunt with a shout;
It is mother's room, and if she don't mind,
To the hints of others I'm always blind.
Maybe I lose my things—what then?
In mother's room I find them again.
And I've never denied that I litter the floor
With marbles and tops and many things more,
But I tell you, for boys with a tired head,
It is jolly to rest it on mother's bed.

Now poor Jack Roe, when he visits me,
I take him to mother's room, you see.
Because it's the nicest place to go
When a fellow's spirits are getting low.
And mother she's always kind and sweet,
And there's always a smile poor Jack to greet,
And somehow the sunbeams seem to glow
More brightly in mother's room, I know,
Than anywhere else, and you'll never find gloom
Or any old shadow in mother's room.

—*Harper's Young People.*

Jack—A Mendicant.—Concluded.

This winter of 1881 tried Jack and Caleb sorely. In the summer things had been a little better with them; people had a little more money to spend, and a few more halfpence would find their way into Caleb's hat; and Jack also would sometimes get a pat on the head and a biscuit or two thrown to him; but in the winter things began to go very hardly with them. Not that the people of the house were ever unkind to them. Poor souls! they were kind enough, as far as they had wherewithal to be kind; and one, who remembered the old man's wife, would come in and clean up his room for him; and another, who remembered the blue-eyed Matties, would patch up his old clothes for him; and all would giv a kind word or a pat to the faithful Jack, now the old man's sole companion and protector. More than this they couldn't do. You see, when people hav hard work to keep their own and their children's bodies and souls together, they can't be expected to go about distributing loaves of bread, or hav many remnants of meals to put down in their gutters to feed stray dogs and cats.

When the long frost set in in January, many and many a night did Jack and Caleb go dinnerless and supperless to bed. "Times are a little rough just now, but we'll see them out together, eh, old friend?" Caleb would say when Jack came to lick his hand by way of good-night, and to testify his opinion that, whatever happened, his master was in no sense to blame. Then they would turn in together, Caleb on his straw (the mattress had gone the way of his bedstead) with his head on an old box for a pillow, and the faithful Jack huddled up on his feet.

Would the frost never come to an end? It was all very well for ladies wrapped in their warm sealskins and velvets to say what a healthy winter it was, and for young people with rosy cheek, as they looked out their skates and pulled on their thick gauntlets, to descant on the glories of a "fine frost;" Caleb and Jack taking their stand against the wall—sunshiny, alas! no longer—would hav told a different story. Ah, surely never did east wind sweep down so ruthlessly before, never before did snowstorm last so long, never before were streets so forlorn and empty of passers-by. Caleb and Jack went home one terrible day at least one hour earlier than usual—it was useless waiting there any longer for alms—Caleb with one halfpenny in his hat, and that the gift of a poor frozen-out crossing-sweeper who rightly judged the old man to be worse off than himself.

Part of a loaf was all Caleb's food that day. "Eh, old doggie, thou shalt hav thy bite of it," he said, feeding Jack with crumbs in the hollow of his hand, "for it's little enough thou'lt find for thyself in the gutters." Little enough, indeed, anywhere, save snow and ice; and Jack may hunt high and Jack may hunt low, and thrust his patient old nose into all sorts of odd corners that seem to hav a faint scent of red herring or haddock, but there's little enough of supper he'll get to-night.

What was it made him so late an this particular windy, frosty, snowy afternoon? Had he lost himself in a snow-drift? thought Caleb, setting open wide his door and listening in vain for the patter and scramble of the four little feet up the carpetless stairs. Six—seven—eight o'clock came and went, and still no sign of Jack; and Caleb crept to bed at last, shivering and forlorn, and with a sense of utter desolation and loneliness at his heart which he had never known before.

Frost, snow, sleet, and east wind, went on through the night and began again with the dawn. "Nay, but you're not going out, friend?" said a kindly old body, meeting Caleb on the stairs as the old man wearily and slowly was feeling his way down. "There'll not be a soul in the streets with a penny to spare; you'll not get your bread that way to-day."

"It's my Jack I'm going to look for to-day," said the old man, "not my bread, it may be he lost his way in the snow last night and he's waiting for me now in the old place by the wall. Giv me a hand, neighbor, and help me along a bit, will ye?" So the woman helped him along to the wall, through the biting wind and snow, but no sign of Jack when they got there.

"We'll try the baker's shop," said Caleb, thinking of their old haunts, and whether it were possible that the baker's wife, who sometimes threw Jack a broken biscuit, had taken him in, out of pity, for the night.

And while they were in the shop asking after the dog, there came in two children who had a strange story to tell, a story which froze Caleb's blood in his veins as he stood and listened. They had seen a dog—a dog for all the world as like Jack as could be, being led along the day before by two men who came out of a public-house, and who talked and laughed loudly as they went along. Said one, "It doesn't pay to be too tender-hearted in these hard times; human flesh and blood reckons before dog's flesh and blood any day in the week." Said the other, "And the doctor will giv us a good 'arf-crown for him safe enough, and no questions to ask into the bargain."

Caleb trembled from head to foot. "Take me to his house," he said, in a voice that startled the children, for it vibrated and twanged like any old harpsichord with all the music gone out of it.

At the doctor's door the two children left him standing on the door-step, they themselvs running away and peeping at him round the corner of the street. A man-servant answered Caleb's ring. "My dog!" said the old blind man, in the same harsh, trembling voice, "What hav you done with him? He's white-haired like me, and thin like me; you can count every rib in his body."

Ugh! how cold it was! The east wind and sleet blew in the servant's face, and how could he be expected to stand there talking with an old blind man on the door-step? He half shut the door. "Your dog, old man?" he said; "we know nothing about dogs here." He would hav shut the door in Caleb's face, but the old man was too quick for him, and had put his stick across the threshold. "My dog!" he repeated, louder and louder; "white-haired, thin like me; you could count every rib he had."

A gentleman was coming down stairs at this moment. He was dressed in the glossiest of black with the whitest of ties. He had a gleaming smile, a thick, square jaw, and eyes that changed as you looked at them. "What is it?" he said, tranquilly, coming toward the door. Does the man want money? I do not like a disturbance on my door-step. A dog, did you say—white-haired—thin! Oh yes, I had him with two colleys yesterday afternoon. The brute! he wasn't worth the money I paid for him; he howled so we had to cut his windpipe before we could do anything with him. I wouldn't hav had him if I could hav got a third colley; they are so much more quiet and patient. Villain! did you say, old man? No, I'm a physiologist—you shouldn't be abusiv; the law protects me, and we must hav subjects. There, that'll do," and he waved his hand gracefully. "Go away now. Wants his body!" This to the man-servant, "Oh, by all means, Joseph, giv him what's left of him—it's in the back yard." And the physiologist, member of at least one-half the scientific societies of Europe, and with a high repute throughout the British Isles for his learning and humanity, went calmly into his study to finish writing down the results of his experiments over night, on the two colleys and poor, white-haired Jack.

Caleb took the mangled body of his old friend reverently into his arms, he passed his hand tenderly over the strained eyeballs, the blood-stained throat, the severed ribs. "My God," he said, standing there in the snow and east wind outside the closed door, "I can thank thee now that I hav no sight wherewith to see the wickedness these thy creatures hav wrought."

The children came from round the corner and led him home again, Caleb still tenderly carrying Jack with his thin, ragged, handkerchief spread over the poor torn body.

Hours after, the neighbors wondered why there was not a sound of movement in the old man's room, and went up, fearing he might be ill, and there was he seated on the floor with Jack's body on his knee, and the words of thanksgiving still on his lips, "God, I thank thee that I hav no eyes to see this devil's work!"

Yes, he livs on, this old man, companionless and alone; the neighbors do what they can for him, and he rarely wants a loaf of bread or a cup of tea now. Every evening, as the clock strikes five, he gets up from his rickety chair, opens his door, and stands listening for the patter and scramble of old Jack's feet upon the carpetless stairs. Silly! do you say?—he has gone silly! It may be so; I do not know. Often we are wisest when most we are called foolish, and foolish when we are thought to be most wise. I only know that old Caleb stands daily, blind and silent, at his open door listening for the footsteps that will never return.

Some day perhaps one may enter in with a message for him—the Angel of Death.—*Selected.*

Don't Say It.

When you feel a little ruffled or angered with your fellows, hot words, stinging, cross words, are very apt to leap to your lips. You feel, perhaps, that you hav been wronged, and you think you must say something very ill-natured. But don't say it. Keep your tongue still at such a time. You will feel better for it afterwards and always.

Sometimes in talking you hear unpleasant remarks made about some one you know, and, maybe, you think the remarks are correct, and, possibly, you feel like indorsing the sentiments by a word of your own. Don't say it. It is bad enough, probably, as it is, without the addition of that which you may say.

A sneer, a harsh criticism, is spoken in your presence of some person of your acquaintance. A word leaps to your tongue that would add, if spoken, to the person's discredit. Don't say it. Enough has been spoken without your added thought.

Scandal, slander, often arise, not from a mischief-making spirit, but from a habit of joining in the conversation, the having something to say upon the general topic. Unthinking people say many things that hurt like barbed arrows, simply because they hav contracted a silly way of gossiping about neighbors and friends, instead of books, rules, principles.

Some acquire a bad habit of using profane or unchaste language. It sounds badly, and is, in a great degree, demoralizing and degrading. When tempted to utter such language, be careful, think a moment, and—don't say it.

Become acquainted with general laws, with good books, and discuss them instead of living people, who never are wholly bad nor wholly good. When inclined to pass judgment upon anyone, think over it an hour, and in many cases you will believe it better not to say the unkind or reproachful word. Be kind, charitable, thoughtful, and when a naughty, improper, unkind, or impure word rises, don't say it.

Our Puzzle Box.

1.

A SQUARE.

Our —— —— —— little birds.
Fill the blanks with three-letter words;
A sentence transitiv,
With a square progressiv.

UNCLE JAMES.

2.

ANAGRAM.

Dedicated to H. E. Juergens.

An incident of New Orleans;
Myths of the popes I laugh at; U hootatem.
This sentence known thro'out the war,
'Mid the burst of bombs and the cannon's roar.

Newburgh, N. Y. ROB'T BERNHEIM.

METAGRAMIC CHARADE.—A PERAMBULATING FENCE.

My First, though with us, is *not near;*
My Second names *what* may appear,
An object still to thought, eye, ear;
My Third a drink, somewhat like beer.

1. To headless First, *fine skill* to show,
Affixed, the Second's head bestow;
But added both before, behind,
2. A kind of *pie or pastry* find,
Beheaded and curtailed, my Second,
3. *A Hebrew liquid measure,* reckoned;
But if it be curtailed alone,
4. Then *tenuous* is the meaning shown.
To third prefix me Second's last,
5. And lo! *an atmospheric blast.*

Curtail my First and Second, too,
Two intertwining words we view—
Quite opposit, as may be seen—
6. The first means fat, the other, lean.

My First unto my Second join,
7. And find *the fraction of a coin;*
That all may know just what is meant,
In value it is *half a cent;*
But if these parts as two words stand,
They speak a distant star or laud,
8. Or *aught that, in the distant space,*
Eludes possession or embrace.

Now all my parts in one combine,
And see the *ancient Crinoline;*
Derived from French, its primal sense
Is "virtue's guard," or "virtue's fence."
A *Fence* indeed! and fashion's laws
Made it the lady's hight across!
A virtue that needs "fencing in"
Can only yield a crop of sin;
For virtue's only sure defense
Is nativ modesty and sense.
Not iron rails, whale-bone or wood,
Can serve to make one truly good.
I put but little confidence
In such *Perambulating Fence.*

Irwin, Iowa. J. K. P. BAKER.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER OF OCT. 18, 1884.

1. Oak. 2. Ingot. 3. A-mule-t.

Solvers, H. E Juergens, Kate Pillsbury, Annie Strout, Robert Bernheim.

[A correspondent inquires if Mr. Juergens is a wizard. She says he makes puzzles that nobody can find out, and finds the solution of all other puzzles at sight. We do not believe Mr. Juergens has the attributes ascribed to wizards, but is well acquainted in the world of puzzledom, as his little book, "Puzzledom in a Nutshell," indicates, and which he kindly offered as a prize some weeks since to anyone finding the answers to his puzzles in our Puzzle Box at that time, but to which no correct solution has yet been forwarded. Our puzzlers, though few in number, are bright and wide awake, and we are very proud of them, and thank them kindly for their interest in this department of the Corner, which we regard as important in an educational sense. By study, effort, and experience our younger friends may one day equal Mr. Juergens, and Mr. Baker also, in the line of puzzling.—ED.]

Correspondence.

WOODSTOWN, N. J., Oct. 15, 1884.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I liv in a family that takes THE TRUTH SEEKER—Richard Matlack—and I am very much interested in the Children's Corner. I take more interest in THE TRUTH SEEKER since the Corner has been added than I ever did before; and I think I like THE TRUTH SEEKER better than any other paper since the Corner has been published. The crossword in the Puzzle Box of Oct. 11th is London. You may print this if you wish. I think this is long enough a letter to write at once. I will send a puzzle as soon as I can. I am fourteen years old.

Yours truly, MAGGIE HEADLEY.

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Liberal Meetings.

[Leagues and Liberal and Spiritualistic Societies in the United States and Canada meeting regularly, can have notices of their meetings published in this column free if the officers will send them to us.]

MICHIGAN.

MUSKEGON.—The Liberal League meets every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock in the German Odd Fellows' Hall, corner of Western ave. and Terrace st.

OHIO.

CLEVELAND.—The Liberal League meets every Sunday at 3 P.M., in room 29, City Hall building. Lectures free. Communications can be addressed to W. I. Irvine, Secretary.

MAINE.

PORTLAND.—Dr. H. A. Lamb has hired Congress Hall, Congress street (entrance on Temple street), where free meetings, lectures, and discussions are held every Sunday, 2:30 P.M. Admittance free. Public invited.

OREGON.

PORTLAND.—The Auxiliary Liberal League of Portland, Or., holds meetings every Sunday, at 2 o'clock, P.M., at Nonpareil Hall, cor. 1st and Madison streets. All are invited. Admission free.

WISCONSIN.

MILWAUKEE.—The Milwaukee Liberal League meets every Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock, at Fraternity Hall, 216 Grand avenue. Lectures and free discussions on all popular topics. Admittance free. Public cordially invited.

MASSACHUSETTS.

BOSTON.—Boston Liberal Club holds meetings for essays and criticisms every Sunday forenoon at 10:45 in the Paine Memorial Building, Appleton street.——The "Society of the Divine Homo" at same place every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Sunday-school at 2:30. Admission free.

PENNSYLVANIA.

ALTOONA.—The League holds meetings every Wednesday evening and Sundays at 3 P.M., at the League Room, corner of Eleventh ave. and 13th st., third floor, entrance on 13th st.

BRADFORD.—The Bradford Liberal Club meets every Sunday at 3 P.M. at their hall in Pemberton block. The club has a very choice library.

PHILADELPHIA.—The Friendship Liberal League meets every Sunday at Hancock Hall, 814 Girard avenue, at 2:30 o'clock, and 7:30 o'clock, P.M., for lectures and free debates. THE TRUTH SEEKER and Liberal books for sale.

PITTSBURGH.—Pittsburgh Liberal League meets at Maltby Hall, 76 Fifth avenue, every Sunday (except during the Months of July and August) at 3o clock. A free platform is maintained. Exercises consist of a lecture, followed by 10 minute criticisms, with 15 minutes allowed the lecturer to reply. Clergymen invited to discuss.

NEW JERSEY.

NEWARK.—Newark Liberal League meets every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the League's Hall, 177 Halsey street. Exercises consist of music, readings, lecture, and discussion, in which all present are invited to participate. Admission free. Collection taken. Communications for the League should be addressed to J. W. Frankel, 10 Pine street, Newark.

CANADA.

TORONTO.—Secular Society. Reading and Lecture Rooms, No. 9 Grand Opera House. Open every evening and Sundays. Lecture every Sunday evening. Freethinkers and strangers are cordially invited.

MONTREAL.—Pioneer Freethought Club meets every Sunday at 3 P.M., at 1310 Catharine street. Reading-room open daily until 10:30 P.M. Library open for exchange of books three evenings per week, and on Sunday afternoons. Free public lectures on Sundays as advertised in local newspapers. Strangers always welcome. G. S. Wilson President; C. Stevens, Secretary.

NEW YORK.

ALBANY.—The Liberal association meets every Sunday at Van Vechten Hall, 119 State street. Sunday-school at 2 P.M. General business meeting and debates and discussions at 3 P.M. Lecture at 7:30 P.M. The public are cordially invited to attend, also all Liberals visiting the city. Admission free.

NEW YORK CITY.—The Manhattan Liberal Club meets every Friday evening at 8 o'clock, at 220 East 15th st.——The American Spiritualist Alliance meets every Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock in Republican Hall, 55 West 33d street.——The First Society of Spiritualists holds its meetings every Sunday in Republican Hall, 55 West 33d street. Morning service 11 o'clock; evening, 7:45. Seats free. Public cordially invited.——Arcanum Hall, 57 West 25th Street, cor. 6th ave. The People's Spiritual Meeting every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 P.M.

BROOKLYN.—The Brooklyn Spiritual Society meets at Conservatory Hall, cor. of Fulton street and Bedford avenue, every Sunday. Services at 11 A.M. and 7:45 P.M. Admission free. Public cordially invited. Liberal and Spiritual papers and books for sale.——The Everett Hall Spiritual Conference, 398 Fulton street, meets every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. Meetings free. Spiritual literature for sale.——The Eastern District Spiritual Conference meets every Monday evening at Composite Room, 4th street, corner of south 2d street, at 7:45. Spiritual and Liberal literature on sale. All invited.—— The Philosophical Association meets every Sunday afternoon in the Assembly Room of Wright's Business College, Broadway, corner of Fourth street, E. D., at 3 P.M. Public cordially invited. Doors open at 2:30 P.M.

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Poetry.

Poor Little Old Man!

Poor little old man, poor little old man!
Your spirit is fine as a mortal's can be,
And you hail from the home of our Highlander's clan,
That's why your plaid skirt comes but to your knee,
Poor little old man!

Poor little old man, poor little old man!
Across the lone waters what mavis may sing
As she sang to you there where the lavrock began
Her lay, that had n ver a sad note to ring.
Poor little old man!

Poor little old man, poor little old man!
Your forbears once played on the bagpipe and horn,
Down the wild mountain glen where the swift torrent ran,
And blue were the mists yet blent in the morn.
Poor little old man!

Poor little old man, poor little old man!
Tho' the strife in the Lowlands was bitter and long,
You bear in your bosom away from our ken
A heart that sings low as your own "mither's" song.
Poor little old man!

Poor little old man, poor little old man!
Whose twa een are blue as the bleaberry braes,
Where the hawthorn was white in the deep, birken glen,
And the brown heather hung out her bells on the ways.
Poor little old man!

Poor little old man, poor little old man!
No song is as sweet as our own minstrel's strain,
Nor Campbell or Scott in this cold, foreign lan',
Nor Burns has been born whose heart was pour "ain."
Poor little old man!

Poor little old man, poor little old man!
There rest your head so on my shoulder to-day,
For my race came down from a Highlander's clan,
And my plaide be yours forever and aye.
Poor little old man!

Clearwater, Neb. MARY BAIRD-FINOH.

Death of Matthew Algie.

Matthew Algie, of Alton, Ont., died on Thursday, Oct. 2d, at his late residence in Alton, after a painful illness of five or six weeks. He was a young man, not yet thirty, who made his home, his business, and his principles the ruling features of his life. About two years ago he married, and now leaves a wife and child to mourn his loss. His affectionate disposition bound him to parents, brothers, and sisters in a much closer union than is often experienced in large families, and drew to him a large number of friends. His death is the first break in a family circle whose links are bound together by strong affections and sympathies. Both his parents are Freethinkers and Secularists, whose lives hav been marked by fidelity to their convictions in teaching their principles to a large family of children, in spite of their unpopular character, and the social ostracism they brought upon themselvs by so doing. Hence the children hav no remnant of a superstitious fear of the supernatural and unknown, either in their character or belief. During the illness of the deceased many of his Christian neighbors had strong faith that in his last moments he would ask for a Christian minister to administer the consolations of Christianity; that the principles that had been his comfort and support through life would break as a reed in the hour of death; but in this they were disappointed. He particularly requested his brother William, with his latest breath, to say a few words over his grave, and he concluded his request in these words, the last that passed his lips: "You know what I want you to say, Will—I am going to nature." The deceased was buried on the Saturday following his death. A large number of neighbors and friends from abroad, including Chas. Watts and others from Toronto, assembled to pay the last respects to his dead body. The Foresters, of which society the deceased was a member, also took part in the funeral ceremony. Shortly before one o'clock the relativs and friends gathered at his late residence to take a parting look at his features. The coffin-lid was then closed down, and the pall-bearers—six friends from Toronto, George town, and Riverdale—bore the last remains to the hearse. The Foresters led the funeral march to the cemetery, followed by the hearse, then came the long procession of mourning relativs and friends. At the cemetery the coffin was lowered silently and softly into the grave. William Algie, in compliance with the last wish of his brother, then spoke a few words that touched the hearts and feelings of all present. The speaker felt that he was unequal to the task, as his delivery was interrupted by evident manifestations of grief that could not be controled. In reporting the proceedings for publication, he cautioned the writer to explain that "the address is largely extracts from the writings of that intellectual sun of America, R. G. Ingersoll." He spoke as follows:

ADDRESS OF WILLIAM ALGIE AT HIS BROTHER'S GRAVE.

"*Kind Friends:* Over the open grave of my dead brother, on behalf of the wife, father, mother, brothers, and sisters, I thank you for assembling here to-day to pay the last respects to one who was a dutiful son, an affectionate brother, a loving husband, a fond father, a good citizen, and an honest man. These words, when truthfully spoken, smooth the pillows of the death-bed, and build a monument of glory over the humblest grave. In the very May of life another heart has ceased to beat; but he lived, he loved, he was loved. Wife, child, and friends pressed their kisses on his lips; this is enough; the longest life contains no more; this fills the cup of joy. From the wonderful tree of life the buds and blossoms fall with the ripened friut, and in the common bed of earth the patriarchs and babes sleep side by side, and we do not know which is the more fortunate, the child dying in its mother's arms before its lips hav learned to form a word, or he who travels all the length of life's uneven road, painfully taking the last slow steps with staff and crutch. For six long weeks he struggled bravely and cheerfully for existence, surrounded day and night by the loving hands and watchful eyes of those who were near and dear to him. Finally, when he felt and knew that death claimed him, he put his house in order, bade his weeping friends good-bye, and with a smile upon his lips, as calmly as a sleeping babe he passed away into that dreamless sleep that kisses down his eyelids still. His last request was that I should speak a few words over his grave, and in obedience to that wish I speak to you to-day with a bursting heart. Life is a short, narrow, and winding road, along which we travel but a few short steps—just from the cradle with the lullaby of love, to this quiet and narrow wayside inn, where all at last must sleep, and where the only salutation is, 'Good-night.' He is the first broken link in a family who hav from boyhood to manhood fought in the battle of life arm in arm and shoulder to shoulder, united in bonds of fraternal sympathy and love. The stronger the affection that exists between the members of a family the more keenly is a separation felt. Upon the tenderest heart the deepest shadows fall.

"'To liv, to know, to love, and then to part,
Makes up life's tale to many a bleeding heart.'

However, we cannot say that death is an evil, because it may be the mother of love. If those we press and strain against our hearts could never die, perhaps that love would wither from the earth. And it is better to liv and love where death is king than hav eternal life where love is not.

"Although he was a man in years, he was a child in affection; and as he dearly loved flowers, the emblem of beauty and purity, we to-day offer to his memory a few of nature's perfumed gems. [Here flowers were cast into the grave.] His brother Foresters, among whom he lived and labored, take a mournful pleasure in laying on his coffin the sprigs of evergreen in the name of liberty, benevolence, and concord.

"We need no inky cloak or mourning suits to convince ourselvs that we mourn in sadness for him who sleeps here. We part with him in sorrow, but not in fear, for we feel and know that he who has done his duty honestly and honorably in this life has no need to fear another life if there is one. And if there is none, his good qualities and kind actions will remain bright and green in the memory of those who knew and loved him.

"He was not a Christian. He lived and died a Freethinker, but before dying he wished me to express his heartfelt thanks to the many Christian friends who day after day made anxious and solicitous inquiries for his welfare. He hoped that he would be freely forgiven by any whom he had knowingly or unknowingly wronged, as he freely forgave any who had wronged him.

"'One touch of nature makes the whole world kin;' and in the presence of death how dogmas wither and decay; how loving words and deeds burst into blossom. All antipathies and animosities end here. When a soldier can shed a tear of pity over the grave of a dead enemy, it is natural for us to weep over the grave of a dead friend.

"We leave our dead with nature, the mother of us all; and if, in her eternal procession of cause and effect, we should ever meet again, the meeting will be as happy as the parting has been sad. All should be brave enough to meet what all the dead hav met. Life is sweet, and yet to all a time may come when the parched and fevered lips will long for the cool, delicious kiss of death. When tired of the glare of day, we will hear with joy the rustling garments of night.

"He lived a useful, loving life, and exemplified the advice of Buddha—the Light of Asia—who said to the new-born infant: 'Little child, you come into the world weeping, while all around you smile. Liv so that you may go out of the world smiling, while all around you weep.'

"Husband, father, son, brother, friend, farewell!"

Charles Watts, late of England, now of Toronto, followed with a few remarks that evidently made a deep impression on the large number of friends and strangers at the grave. His address was delivered *extempore*, and was not taken down—a fact which the writer and many of those present hav since regretted.

The Foresters then concluded the ceremony by reading a part of the burial service contained in their ritual. The friends then dispersed, and left the lifeless clay to its everlasting sleep.

The universal testimony is, that the life and character of the deceased was noble and worthy, and will bear good fruit in the minds and hearts of those who knew him.

Toronto, Oct., 1884. RISSER.

Putnam and Watts.

On Sunday, Nov. 30th, at 10:30 A.M., Mr. S. P. Putnam lectures for Friendship Liberal League, at its hall, 9th st. and Girard ave., Philadelphia. Subject: "The New Work of Liberalism in America."

At 2:30 P.M., Mr. Charles Watts speaks on "Agnosticism: An Exposition and Defense." At 7:30 P.M., on "The Bible and Science."

The clergy are challenged to each lecture to defend their cause.

The lectures will be free. Mr. Putnam will take subscriptions for the National Liberal League at each session. The League hopes to hav a large attendance.

4t44

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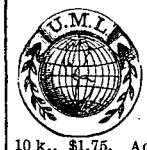
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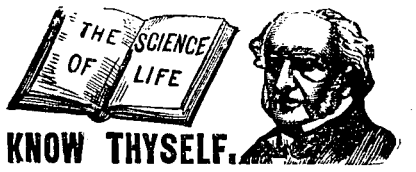
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A CHILD whose parents are always mild, gentle, patient, reasonable, and forbearing will grow up with an amiable disposition, and with a decided tendency to good conduct and a good life, unless its organization is an unfortunate one, and then that influence is far more beneficial than its opposit. It would be well could parents always realize the great responsibility that rests upon them in molding and forming the habits and characters of their children. Children are much what their parents make them. It is the same with the older children of a family with regard to the younger. The power of example is so strong that the little tender minds are bent and inclined by the examples and influences which surround them.—*D. M. Bennett.*

"ARE we yet Christians?" is the momentous question of the day, which is being asked everywhere in a variety of forms. It is the question asked, and answered in the negativ, in the last remarkable and unsatisfactory volume of Strauss, "On the Old and New Faith." It is a question which is forcing itself upon the minds of all students of the tone and temper of the times, who cannot fail to recognize, with anxious speculation as to the results, that a vast proportion of the higher and stronger intellect of the age in nearly all branches of science and thought, as well as large bodies, if not the mass, of the most energetic section of the working classes, is day by day more and more decidedly and avowedly shaking itself free from every form and variety of established creeds.—*Greg's Creed of Christendom.*

NEITHER is the second fruit of friendship, in opening the understanding, restrained only to such friends as are able to giv a man counsel (they indeed are best), but even without that a man learneth of himself, and bringeth his own thoughts to light, and whetteth his wits as against a stone, which itself cuts not. In a word, a man were better relate himself to a statue or picture than to suffer his thoughts to pass in smother.—*Bacon's Essays.*

WHAT changes are wrought, not by time, but yet in time! For not mankind only, but all that mankind does or beholds, is in continual growth, regenesis and self-perfecting vitality. Cast forth thy act, thy word, into the ever-living, ever-working universe; it is a seed-grain that cannot die: unnoticed to-day, it will be found flourishing as a banyan grove (perhaps, also, as a hemlock forest) after a thousand years.—*Sartor Resartus.*

THE majority of Orientals are no more religious than the majority of Europeans. They believe the teachings of the Koran as Neapolitans believe the teaching of their priests, or as Londoners believe the precepts of the Bible, but they do not act on it. All Mussulmans accept the idea that if they perish in battle with the Infidel, they go to heaven, just as all Christians accept the idea that they ought to forgiv their enemies, and love those who despitefully use them; but very few act in their belief in either case.—*London Spectator (Sept. 16, 1882).*

WHO sups with the devil should hav a long spoon. The devil could not be burnt, fire being his element; but it was quite otherwise with those poor old women who were reported to hav wrought by his aid those very evils, such as maladies, hail-storms, etc., which Luther scrupled not to ascribe to Satan. And while trials for witchcraft form one of the most horrible and shameful records of Christianity, one of its ugliest features is the belief in the devil; and the degree in which this formidable caricature still rules people's minds, or has been ejected thence, is a very fair measure of their civilization.—*Strauss's Old and New Faith.*

THAT writer does the most who givs his reader the most knowledge and takes from him the least time. That short period of a short existence which is rationally employed is that which alone deserves the name of life, and that portion of our life is most rationally employed which is occupied in enlarging our stock of truth and of wisdom.—*Colton's Lacon*

How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use!
As though to breathe were life. Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains; but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things; and vile it were,
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.
—*Tennyson's Ulysses.*

WHEN Galileo dared to assert that a weight of ten pounds would fall no faster than a weight of one pound, it was so far against the prevailing doctrin that he had to prove it by ascending the leaning tower of Pisa, and, in the presence of all the professors of the university, let fall the weights simultaneously, which fell in the same time, according to his prediction. That was the first step in the emancipation of science. It was then clearly and definitly proved that the authority of Aristotle was no longer to be trusted; and since then thought has step by step gone forward.—*W. B Carpenter.*

NOT only may one now-a-days affirm the revolution of the earth around the sun without being imprisoned and put to the torture, but one may even deny the divinity of Christ without any risk of being burnt at the stake. There is a limit, however. No man is now burnt alive for seeing in Jesus only a mere man, for refusing to acknowledge God's personality, for not believing in a future life, or for declining to attach himself in present life to any Christian organization of what creed soever; but yet these things are noted down against him, and when he brings his views and the arguments for them before the public, he finds himself in disgrace. He has set himself above the conventional fashions of thought and life, has offended against good taste, and must not be surprised if people in dealing with him leave good taste out of consideration.—*Strauss's Old and New Faith.*

A MAN must serve his time to every trade,
Save censure—critics all are ready made.
—*Byron.*

Odds and Ends.

A CONFIDENCE man—the father confessor.

THE man who paints the town red at night generally feels blue in the morning.

IN a political campaign both parties can be described as having "watched and parade."

MINISTERS are sometimes called doctors of divinity, because they can set the commandments when they get broken.

AN ancient maiden subscribed for an agricultural paper because she had heard its "Notes on Husbandry" well spoken of.

WHAT a tale is told in the few words of a recent obituary notice, which announced to the world that "the deceased had accumulated a little money and ten children."

THE Mother Hub is of such hideous mien
That to be hated needs but to be seen,
But when surmounted by a pretty face,
We first endure—then pity—then embrace.

"AH, Mr. Hebbleton, I hear that you hav been called to the ministry." "Well," was the reply, "I can hardly term it a call; it's a sort of a whisper. They only offer me five hundred a year."

A MINISTER'S son once said to his father: "Pa, St. Paul was a Yank-e." "How so, my son?" "Why, in Romans, eighth chapter, and eighteenth verse, he says: 'For I reckon,' and none but Yankees ever reckon."

"How are you coming out in your parish?" asked an Episcopal bishop of one of his rectors. The rector, who was a speculator in cotton before he became converted, lifted up his eyes and said: "I am long on slippers and book marks, but rather short on suspenders."

MRS. PUGMIRE read in a fashion paper that "Bustles are coming to the front." "That's just horrid," said she, "and I won't wear mine that way, not even if Queen Victoria herself does. It's bad enough to wear 'em at all; but how would you and me look, Mrs. Tarbox, at our age, with bustles in front? Let younger women wear 'em that way if they want to, but I vow I won't."

THE following school composition, says the Washington *Capital*, was submitted at a late examination and graduation by an artless little lady of nine. It was entitled, "True Love Rewarded:" "A very poor young man loved a beautiful young lady whose parents would not let their daughter marry the poor young man, of course not. He was very handsome, and drew a prize out of a lottery which made him very rich, and then they became willing. So they were married, and lived very happy. But they did not hav any children, and this grieved the husband very much, and the fond wife sympathized with her dearly beloved. Soon after this a war came, and the handsome young man went to it and defended his native country for five long, long years. When he came back home, after the war was over, imagin his surprise when his beautiful wife called his attention to three lovely infants she had received during his absence. Thus true love often meets with deserved reward."

OLD Dabs is the proprietor of a boarding house where negro draymen and other homeless colored gentlemen take their meals. Old Dabs is a very religious man, and is more successful as a revivalist than he is as a boarding house keeper. He keeps the house well enough, but he fails to provide variety of food. Old Nicholas, who boards with Dabs, is something of an epicure, and looks with contempt on the bench of the humble. The other day at dinner, old Dabs, as usual, bowed his head, and asked a blessing. Nicholas, who had been thoughtfully handling his knife, looked at Dabs until he had finished the petition for mercy, and said: "Dabs, I'se stood this heah ez long ez I kin. De man whut would ax five blessin's ober de same piece o' tough sheep oughter be whipped an' I'se de representer o' good guberment whut am prepared ter do it." A contest followed, but it was brief. Dabs was vanquished. "Now," said Nicholas, taking his seat at the table, "when yer axes yer blessin' take off dat sheep, 'case it hav been prayed ober er nuff. Pass de hoe-cake, Mr. Jiner."

OLD Widower Billings went the other day to make a declaration of love to Miss Agatha, a venerable but rich maiden, who was anxiously expecting him. She had decided that her time of gentle honeymoon was drawing near, and in that sweet languor so characteristic of a maiden lady's mood of contemplation, she reclined on a sofa and viewed through her half-closed eyes of dreamy sentiment the golden fruits on the tree of a new life. Mr. Billings entered the room. "Good evening, Miss Agatha. I hope I do not disturb thoughts which, with such an abode, must be enjoyable?" "Oh, no, sir," arising. "Hav this chair." "No, I prefer to sit on this old-fashioned cushion," drawing back a large rocking-chair and sitting down on what he took to be a cushion, but which proved to be the family cat and three kittens. Now, a cat takes no note of accidents, and it makes no difference whether a man sits on her through design or mistake; and, without waiting for apology, she begins the fulfilment of an improvised and exceedingly hot contract. Some people think that a cat carries out the most of her contracts with the fore feet, but, in fact, she transacts her heaviest business with her hind feet. This cat seized Mr. Billings with her mouth and began to curry him with her "back paws." Did you ever see the old-time people hackle flax? Well, it makes no difference. The kittens seized the legs of the unfortunate gentleman and climbed around with fiery touch, but the cat continued to do business at the old stand. Miss Agatha seized a broom and tried to sweep off the tormentors, but Mr. Billings danced such a fantastic jig that the only effectiv work she did was to crack him severely on the head with the broom-handle. Modesty demanded an unqualified retirement, and leaping through the doorway, Mr. Billings struck a gallop in the direction of home, while the shreds of his clothing streamed back at the sport of a wind which whistled a sad requiem to a dead hope. This is the reason Mr. Poindexter Billings stood up at church the following Sunday.

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Notes and Clippings.

THE first woman ever admitted to membership in the Massachusetts State Medical Society is Dr. Emma L. Call.

IT is announced that Col. Ingersoll will be the orator at the unveiling of the Kit Carson statue at Santa Fe, New Mexico.

THE pastor of a Methodist church in Saxony and some of his people hav been fined 160 marks for meeting to sing on Sunday at the hour of service in the state church.

HERBERT SPENCER, in an appendix to the re-edited tractate against Auguste Comte, presents the leading doctrins of the Spencerian system of philosophy in sixteen propositions.

IN Lord Malmesbury's "Recollections" there are several amusing answers of children. This is one of the best: A child being asked what at baptism was the outward and visible sign, replied, "The baby."

THE Roman Catholic Congress of Germany was convened this year in a Bavarian town. The resolutions passed demand the recall of the exiled monastic orders of Germany and the restitution of the secular power of the papal see.

THERE is sound philosophy in this remark from *Texas Siftings*: "A common aphorism is, 'Nothing is sure in this world.' Now, if nothing is sure in this world, we can't be sure that anything is sure, consequently, we are not sure that nothing is sure."

THE Edinburgh *Encyclopedia*, conducted by David Brewster, LL.D., says that, "when the denial of a God is openly avowed, we believe the most suitable punishment would be to devote the offender, as a dangerous maniac, to solitary confinement."

THE wife of the jailer at Oconta, Wis., was left on guard, and armed for the day with a pistol, which her son doubted she had the courage to discharge. He made a test by putting on a prisoner's costume and whooping at her. He is slowly recovering.

IF you sleep in a conspicuous place in the church, you not only produce a depressing effect upon the preacher, but you run the risk of making yourself the laughing-stock of that considerable class of people who come to church to amuse themselvs.—*Religious Herald.*

As the late Professor Hamilton was one day walking near Aberdeen, he met a well-known individual of weak intellect. "Pray," said the professor, "how long can a person liv without brains?" "I dinna ken," replied Jemmy, scratching his head; "how auld are ye yoursel'?"

IN an article on the religious exaltations of the Orient, Dr. Zambaco describes the sect of Refaio who in their religious ceremonies jump, dance, oscillate, and shriek for two hours at a time, or until they fall into convulsions. When the excitement is at its hight their power of feeling physical pain appears to be lost, for they pierce their limbs and bodies with sharp knives, and often swallow broken glass, living scorpions, and cactus leaves armed with thorns.

A TUNNEL, measuring about 5,000 feet long, and constructed at least nine centuries before the Christian era, has just been discovered by the governor of the island of Samos. Herodotus mentions this tunnel, which served for providing the old seaport with drinking water. It is completely preserved, and contains water tubes of about ten inches in diameter, each one provided with a lateral aperture for cleansing purposes. The tunnel is not quite straight.

HE is a hard-hearted man who will neglect the sick. "Oh, dear," sighed a farmer's wife wearily, as she dropped into a chair after a hard day's work. "I feel just as if I were going to be sick. My head throbs, and my back aches dreadfully, and— "By gosh," interrupted the farmer, starting up and seizing his hat, "that reminds me. I forgot to giv the two-year-old colt his condition powders tonight, an' he's been a wheezin' all day," and he hurried to the barn.

A CURIOUS conversion is reported from St Petersburg. The convert is Count Valoieff, and his new cult is mysticism. He was at one time a minister in the imperial cabinet, but he is Liberal in sentiment, and his portfolio was taken away from him. He has some renown as a writer, and has published two or three novels at his own expense. He now chooses to become an apostle of the doctrins of Brahma, and to assume the position of a teacher of the students of the Red Slayer. He has in print a book of prayers and religious reflections, which will be issued within a few weeks. "How touching," Col. Ingersoll once remarked, "when the learned and wise crawl back in cribs and ask to hear the rhymes and fables once again!"

A NEGRO girl in Georgia wanted to go to church a few Sundays ago, but her father, who was not a Christian, would not consent, and for a long time they argued, but the father would not giv in. At last the girl made up her mind that she must go to church or she couldn't go to heaven, and so she went out into the woodshed and procured an ax. This she tried on a stick of wood to see if it was sharp, and then stepping up behind her unchristian-like father, smote him a smite with the weapon that split him wide open. The girl will now be able to attend church regular every Sunday, but it will be at the prison chapel, for she has been sentenced for life.

"THE shadow of the fires of the Inquisition are daily outlined behind the idea of prohibition. All regulation of private morals by statute law and the policeman's club presupposes union of church and state, decay of virtue, the death of liberty, and return of barbarism"—*Anti-Monopolist.* Well said, Brother Anti-Monopolist, but you take the risk of being called a "lunatic," a "whisky man," and a "b-a-d influoence," when you say it. At least that is our experience. We hav been saying the same in substance for months, and there are Liberals so blind as to condemn us for pointing out the viper that is hidden in the prohibition nosegay. The church Prohibitionists, of course, condemn and execrate those who do not agree with them, but Liberals should be liberal.—*Worthington Advance.*

THE British mercantile marine is composed of some 21,500 vessels, including 3,650 steamers, with an aggregate measurement of about 9,200,000 tons, while that of France consists of about 2,900 vessels, including 700 steamers, with an aggregate measurement of 1,055,000 tons. The number of steam vessels of war, including transports, despatch boats, etc., which are available for the protection of the respectiv merchant navies are 337 vessels, with 2,058 guns, for that of England, and 317 vessels, with 1,680 guns, for that of France. It will thus be seen that, whereas the French mercantile marine is protected in the ratio of one ship of war to nine merchantmen, no less than sixty merchantmen are allotted to the care of each British war vessel. In order to place the British merchant navy on an equal footing with that of France as regards man-of-war protection, it would be necessary to add 2,053 vessels to the royal navy.

THE Rev. Dr. Rylance, rector of St. Mark's church on Stuyvesant street, this city, preached last Sunday night on "The Church and Workingmen." "The Bible tells us," he said, "that the common people heard Christ gladly. But the workingmen, the common people of to-day, with perhaps the exception of the Roman Catholics, are the reverse of friendly in their attitude toward the church. The workingman prefers to spend his Sunday in roaming through the fields rather than fall asleep under the drowsy hum from the pulpit. Only 20,000 persons out of a population of a million in Berlin are church-goers, and the statistics in all the large cities of Europe and America are alarming in this respect. Many churches are so equipped that workingmen cannot, and are not supposed to, enter them. The principal reason that things are so changed from what they were in the days when Christ was on earth is that we do not know how to win the sympathies of the workingman. Religion nowadays is a cold, formal, juiceless thing, offering few attractions to the weary toiler."

MR. KENNETH CORNISH, who has just pnblished a pamphlet on cholera treatment and cure, is an unbeliever in the germ theory of Dr. Koch. Believing that the symptoms of the disease are the result of a paralysis of the pneumo-gastric nerves—those nerves that influence the functions of the lungs and stomach—Mr. Cornish recommends that the patient should be treated with heroic doses of laudanum in boiling water. He saved his own life and those of his mother and sister in 1854, when violently attacked with cholera, by this daring treatment; and the only difficulty Mr. Cornish anticipates is the very obvious one that the Pharmacy act renders it impossible for people to procure sufficient quantities of laudanum. To meet that difficulty, however, he suggests that in the event of an outbreak of cholera in England the Pharmacy act should be temporarily suspended, so far as the sale of laudanum is concerned, or that the suitability of chlorodyne should be tested.

L'Etoile Belge says that the Society of Jesus includes a number of laymen, known as "Jesuits of the short robe," whose business it is to do the work of the society in civil life. Of this number were four out of seven members of the old Belgian Cabinet. The present Cabinet is as strongly Catholic as the old ministry. The spirit of the Catholic priesthood is shown by the words of some of the leaders in this country. Bishop O'Connor said, "Religious liberty is merely endured until the opposit can be carried into effect." The archbishop of St. Louis is the author of this traitorous sentiment: "If the Catholics ever gain, which they surely will do, though at a distant day, an immense numerical superiority, religious freedom is at an end." Father Hecker took this roseate view of the future of his church: "There is ere long to be a state religion in this country, and that state religion is to be Roman Catholic." While we of the United States are sympathizing with Belgian Liberals, let us not forget our own danger.

CIVILIZATION may strike Kansas City one of these days. There seems, however, to be no immediate danger. Kansas City newspapers hav flowed fervently for a year or more over Kansas City's "lyceum." With much ado it was announced a couple of weeks ago that Kansas City's lyceum had prepared an intellectual treat for the nativs; that "Professor R. A. Proctor, the distinguished astronomer, will try to convince us that there are other worlds than ours." But Professor Proctor will not come. Not that Professor Proctor treasures any malice against Kansas City; not that he thinks the nativ needs no information. He won't go because Kansas City don't want him. Kansas City has "triumphed over schoolboyishness," as one of the local prints puts it, and in Kansas City not enough interest can be awakened to open the lyceum to discuss such effete topics as the moon and the stars. In the mean time Kansas City culture thrills over the promis of a visit from the renowned Mr. Charles Mitchell, a scientist of this lower sphere, a slugger from England.

AUTUMN COLORS.

The autumn's a gorgeous golden cup,
With a warm, empurpled rim;
The sunset lavishly fills it up
With rosy wine to the brim

And while the wind so wearily grieves
Through the grasses parched and dead,
It spills the wine on the trembling leaves,
And turns them yellow and red.

The field is russet and purple,
The wood is scarlet and gold;
A river of flaming color
Makes warm the dreary wold.

And when by the dancing sunbeams
The landscape is all begilt,
It seems that old Dame Nature
Is making a crazy quilt.

When comes the autumn of the year,
And South the redbreast goes,
Old nature in her fingers sere
Carries a burning rose.

A rustling polonaise of gold
She round herself doth fling,
And rouges like a woman old
In honor of the spring.

News of the Week.

CLEVELAND will probably be next president.

THREE American vessels were lost in a recent hurricane at the Bahamas.

INFANT mortality in France is computed at from 20 to 23 per cent of the population.

THE empress of China offers half her jewels in defense of the empire against the French.

THE New York city debt has been reduced during the past nine months over three millions of dollars.

SEVENTY-FIVE million ballots were printed for use in New York on election day. About one in fifty got into the ballot-boxes.

COMPETITION among railroads has reduced the fare from New York to Chicago to $12. Lower rates still are prophesied.

THE result of the German elections givs the division of the Reichstag called the Center the largest number of votes. The Liberals were fifth.

AN alarm of fire at the Star Theater in Glasgow, Scotland, last Saturday resulted in the death of sixteen persons and the wounding of twelve or more.

A CADET at the Annapolis, Md., Naval Academy died suddenly last week. An investigation has disclosed grounds for belief that he was "hazed" to death by his fellow-students.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL MILLER, of Winnipeg, Manitoba, caused a convict who had attempted to escape to be flogged in the jail-yard. This aroused public resentment, and the attorney-general was last Saturday hanged and burnt in effigy by a mob.

THE Presbyterian synod of Alabama hav condemned the evolution teachings of Rev. Dr. Woodrow, Perkins professor of natural science at the Theological seminary in Columbia, S. C. It is the opinion of the synod that evolution must go.

SOMEBODY surreptitiously procured an electrotype of the heading of the *Irish World* last Saturday, and issued a bogus edition of that paper containing sentiments altogether foreign to those entertained by Mr. Patrick Ford, the editor. The readers are puzzled to know which is the genuin and which the spurious edition of the paper.

A NUMBER of clergymen preached last Sunday on the aspects of the political campaign, and devoted their discourses principally to suggesting to their hearers that they should vote in accordance with the dictates of a Christian conscience. Next Sunday we may perhaps hear whether the result is agreeable to that sort of conscience.

AT a meeting of the Bethany Baptist church, in Newark, N. J., last Sunday, Pastor Jackson announced himself ready to wade through blood; Trustee Coleman knocked Brother Nordick off the platform, and Sister Logan whacked Brother Smith over the head with a cane. This came about through a discussion of the question as to who was pastor of the church. The disturbance was quelled by the elimination of the belligerents by the police.

BLAINE received the benefit of the clergy at the Fifth Avenue Hotel last week, being waited upon by a committee of about two hundred Protestant ministers. The chairman, the Rev. Dr. Burchard, assured Mr. Blaine that they were loyal to him, and had no sympathy with the opposit party, which had always been the party of Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion. Mr. Blaine thanked the reverend gentlemen for their sympathy; and challenged the world to point out an act of his own or of the party he represented that could not receive the sanction of the clergy, the church, and the Almighty. Mr. Blaine closed his campaign last Saturday by speaking in the chief cities of Connecticut. Cleveland's time was taken up in reviewing the largest political processions ever seen in New York city and Brooklyn. Butler's canvass was apparently lost sight of as election day approached.

Selected.

Agnostic Metaphysics.

A REPLY TO HERBERT SPENCER'S CRITICISM OF POSITIVISM.

BY FREDERIC HARRISON.

I.

Ten years ago I warned Mr. Herbert Spencer that his Religion of the Unknowable was certain to lead him into strange company. "To invoke the Unknowable," I said, "is to re-open the whole range of Metaphysics; and the entire apparatus of Theology will follow through the breach." I quoted Mr. G. Lewes's admirable remark ("Problems of Life and Mind," vol. i, Preface.), "that the foundations of a Creed can rest only on the Known and the Knowable." We see the result. Mr. Spencer has developed his Unknowable into an "Infinit and Eternal Energy, by which all things are created and sustained." He has discovered it to be the Ultimate Cause, the All-Being, the Creativ Power, and all the other "alternativ impossibilities of thought" which he once cast in the teeth of the older theologies. Naturally there is joy over one philosopher that repenteth. The *Christian World* claims this as equivalent to the assertion that God is the mind and spirit of the universe; and the *Christian World* says these words might hav been used by Butler or Paley (The *Christian World*, June 5 and July 3, 1884). This is, indeed, very true; but it is strange to find the philosophy of one who makes it a point of conscience not to enter a church described as "the fitting and natural introduction to inspiration."

The admirers of Mr. Spencer's genius—and I count myself amongst the earliest—will not regret that he has been induced to lay aside his vast task of philosophic synthesis, in order more fully to explain his views about Religion. This is, indeed, for the thoughtful, as well as the practical world, the great question of our age; and the discussion that was started by his paper (H. Spencer, in *Nineteenth Century*, January and July, 1884) and by mine (F. Harrison, in *Nineteenth Century*, March, 1884) has opened many topics of general interest. Mr. Spencer has been led to giv to some of his views a certainly new development, and he has treated of matters which he had not previously touched. Various critics hav joined the debate. Sir James Stephen (Sir J. Stephen, in *Nineteenth Century*, June, 1884) has brought into play his Nasmyth hammer of Common Sense, and has asked the bold and truly characteristic question: "Can we not do just as well without any religion at all?" The weekly reviews, I am told, hav been poking at us their somewhat hebdomadal fun. And then Mr. Wilfrid Ward (W. Ward, in *National Review*, June, 1884), "the rising hope of the stern and unbending" Papists, steps in to remind us of the ancient maxim, *extra Ecclesiam nulla salus*.

I cannot altogether agree with a friend who tells me that controversy is pure evil. It is not so when it leads to a closer sifting of important doctrins; when it is inspired with friendly feeling, and has no other object than to arrive at the truth. There were no mere "compliments" in my expressions of respect for Mr. Spencer and his work. I habitually speak of him as the only living Englishman who can fairly lay claim to the name of philosopher; nay, he is, I believe, the only man in Europe, now living, who has constructed a real system of philosophy. Very much in that philosophy I willingly adopt; as a philosophical theory I accept his idea of the Unknowable. My rejection of it as the basis of Religion is no new thing. The substance of my essay on the "Ghost of Religion" I hav long ago taught at Newton Hall. The difference between Mr. Spencer and myself as to what religion means is vital and profound. So deep is it that it justifies me in returning to these questions, and still further disturbing his philosophic labor. But our long friendship I trust will survive the inevitable dispute.

It will clear up much at issue between us if it be remembered that to me this question is one primarily of religion; to Mr. Spencer, one primarily of philosophy. He is dealing with transcendental conceptions, intelligible only to certain trained metaphysicians; I hav been dealing with religion as it affects the lives of men and women in the world. Hence, if I admit with him that philosophy points to an unknowable and inconceivable Reality behind phenomena, I insist that, to ordinary men and women, an unknowable and inconceivable Reality is practically an Unreality. The Everlasting Yes which the Evolutionist metaphysician is conscious of, but cannot conceive, is in effect on the public a mere Everlasting No; and a religion which begins and ends with the mystery of the Unknowable is not religion at all, but a mere logician's formula. This is how it comes about that Mr. Spencer complains that I hav misunderstood him or hav not read his books, that I fail to represent him, or even misrepresent him. I cannot admit that I hav either misunderstood him or misrepresented him on any single point. I hav studied his books part by part, and chapter by chapter, and hav examined the authorities on which he relies.

He seems to think that all hesitation to accept his views will disappear if men will only turn to his "First Principles," his "Principles of Sociology," and his "Descriptiv Sociology," where he has "proved" this and "disproved" that, and arrayed the arguments and the evidence for every doctrin in turn. Now, for my part, I hav studied all this to my great pleasure and profit, since the first number of "A Synthetic Philosophy" appeared. Mr. Spencer objects to discipleship, or I would say that I am, in very many things, one of his disciples myself. But, in this matter of religion, I hold still, as I hav held from the first, that Mr. Spencer is mistaken as to the history, the nature, and the function of religion. It is quite true that he and I are at opposit poles in what relates to the work of religion on man and on life. In all he has written, he treats religion as mainly a thing of the mind, and concerned essentially with mystery. I say—and here I am on my own grounnd—that religion is mainly a thing of feeling and of conduct, and is concerned essentially with duty. I agree that religion has also an intellectual base; but here I insist that this intellectual basis must rest on something that can be known and conceived and at least partly understood; and that it cannot be found at all in what is unknowable, inconceivable, and in no way whatever to be understood.

Now, in maintaining this, I hav with me almost the whole of the competent minds which hav dealt with this question. Mr. Spencer puts it rather as if it were merely fanaticism on my part which prevents me from accepting his theory of Religion; as if Sir James Stephen's difficulties would disappear if he could be induced to read the "Principles of Sociology," and the rest. Mr. Spencer must remember that in his Religion of the Unknowable he stands almost alone. He is, in fact, insisting to mankind, in a matter where all men hav some opinion, on one of the most gigantic paradoxes in the history of thought. I know myself of no single thinker in Europe who has come forward to support this religion of an Unknowable Cause, which cannot be presented in terms of consciousness, to which the words emotion, will, intelligence, cannot be applied with any meaning, and yet which stands in the place of a supposed anthropomorphic Creator. Mr. George H. Lewes, who of all modern philosophers was the closest to Mr. Spencer, and of recent English philosophers the most nearly his equal, wrote ten years ago: "Deeply as we may feel the mystery of the universe and the limitations of our faculties, *the foundations of a creed can only rest on the Known and the Knowable.*" With that I believe every school of thought but a few dreamy mystics hav agreed. Every religious teacher, movement, or body, has equally started from that. For myself, I feel that I stand alongside of the religious spirits of every time and of every church in claiming for religion some intelligible object of reverence, and the field of feeling and of conduct, as well as that of awe. Every notice of my criticism of Mr. Spencer which has fallen under my eye adopted my view of the hollowness of the Unknowable as a basis of Religion. So say Agnostics, Materialists, Skeptics, Christians, Catholics, Theists, and Positivists. All with one consent disclaim making a Religion of the Unknowable. Mr. Herbert Spencer may construct an Athanasian Creed of the "Inscrutable Existence"—which is neither God nor being—but he stands as yet *Athanasius contra mundum*. It is not therefore, through the hardness of my heart and the stiffness of my neck that I cannot follow him here.

Let us now sum up the various positions which Mr. Spencer would impose on us as to Religion. After his two articles and the recent discussion we can hardly mistake him, and they justify my saying that they form a gigantic paradox. Mr. Spencer maintains that:

1. The proper object of Religion is a Something which can never be known, or conceived, or understood; to which we cannot apply the terms emotion, will, intelligence; of which we cannot affirm or deny that it is either person, or being, or mind, or matter, or indeed anything else.

2. All that we can say of it is, that it is an Inscrutable Existence or an Unknowable Cause; we can neither know nor conceive what it is, nor how it came about, nor how it operates. It is, notwithstanding, the Ultimate Cause, the All-Being, the Creativ Power.

3. The essential business of Religion, so understood, is to keep alive the consciousness of a mystery that cannot be fathomed.

4. We are not concerned with the question, "What effect this religion will hav as a moral agent?" or, "Whether it will make good men and women?" Religion has to do with mystery, not with morals.

These are the paradoxes to which my fanaticism refuses to assent.

Now these were the views about Religion which I found in Mr. Spencer's first article, and they certainly are repeated in his second. He says: "The Power which transcends phenomena cannot be brought within the forms of our finite thought." "The Ultimate Power is not representable in terms of human consciousness." "The attributes of personality cannot be conceived by us as attributes of the Unknown Cause of things." "The nature of the Reality transcending appearances cannot be known, yet its existence is necessarily implied." "No conception of this Reality can be framed by us." "This Inscrutable Existence which Science, in the last resort, is compelled to recognize as unreached by its deepest analyses of matter, motion, thought, and feeling." "In ascribing to the Unknowable Cause of things such human attributes as emotion, will, intelligence, we are using words which, when thus applied, hav no corresponding ideas." There can be no kind of doubt about all this. I said Mr. Spencer proposes, as the object of religion, an abstraction which we cannot conceive, or present in thought, or regard as having personality, or as capable of feeling, purpose, or thought—in familiar words, I said it was "a sort of a something, about which we can know nothing."

Mr. Spencer complains that I called this Something a negation, an All-Nothingness, an (x^n), and an Everlasting No. He now says that this Something is the All-Being. The Unknowable is the Ultimate Reality—the sole existence; the entire Cosmos, as we are conscious of it, being a mere show. In familiar words: "Everything is nought, and the Unknowable is the only real Thing." I quite agree that this is Mr. Spencer's position as a metaphysician. It is not at all new to me, for it is worked out in his "First Principles" most distinctly. Ten years ago, when I reviewed Mr. Lewes's "Problems of Life and Mind," I criticised Mr. Spencer's Transfigured Realism as being too absolute (*Fortnightly Review*, 1874, p. 89). I then stated my own philosophical position to be that, "our scientific conceptions within hav a good working correspondence with an (assumed) reality without—we having no means of knowing whether the absolute correspondence between them be great or small, or whether there be any absolute correspondence at all." To that I adhere; and, whilst I accept the doctrin of an Unknown substratum, I cannot assent to the doctrin that the Unknowable is the Absolute Reality. But I am quite aware that he holds it, nor hav I ever said that he did not. On the contrary, I granted that it might be the first axiom of science or the universal postulate of philosophy. But it is not a religion. (My words were that, "although the Unknowable is logically said to be Something, yet the something of which we neither know nor conceive anything is practically nothing. This is speaking from the point of view of religion.")

I said then, and I say still, speaking with regard to religion, and from the religious point of view, that the Metaphysician's Unknowable is tantamount to a Nothing. The philosopher may choose to say that there is an Ultimate Reality which we cannot conceive, or know, or liken to anything we do know. But these subtleties of speculation are utterly unintelligible to the ordinary public. And to tell them that they are to worship this Unknowable is equivalent to telling them to worship nothing. I quite agree that Mr. Spencer, or any metaphysician, is entitled to assert that the Unknowable is the sole Reality. But religion is not a matter for Metaphysicians, but for men, women, and children. And to them the Unknowable is Nothing. Sir James Stephen calls the distinctions of Mr. Spencer "an unmeaning play of words." I do not say that they are unmeaning to the philosophers working on metaphysics. But to the public, seeking for a religion, the Reality or the Unreality of the Unknowable is certainly an unmeaning play of words.

Even supposing that Evolution ever could bring the people to comprehend the subtlety of the All-Being, of which all things we know are only shows, the Unknowable is still incapable of supplying the very elements of Religion. Mr. Spencer thinks otherwise. He says that although we cannot know or conceive it, or apply to it any of the terms of life, or of consciousness, "it leaves unchanged certain of the sentiments comprehended under the name religion." "Whatever components of the religious sentiment disappear, there must ever survive those which are appropriate to the consciousness of a Mystery!" Certain of the religious sentiments are left unchanged! The consciousness of a Mystery is to survive! Is that all? "We are not concerned," says he, "to know what effect this religious sentiment will hav as a moral agent!" A religion without anything to be known, with nothing to teach, with no moral power, with some rags of religious sentiment surviving, mainly the consciousness of Mystery; this is, indeed, the mockery of Religion.

Forced, as it seems, to clothe the nakedness of the Unknowable with some shreds of sentiment, Mr. Spencer has given it a positiv character, which for every step that it advances toward Religion recedes from sound Philosophy. The Unknowable was at first spoken of as an "unthinkable abstraction," and so undoubtedly it is. But it finally emerges as the Ultimate Reality, the Ultimate Cause, the All-Being, the Absolute Power, the Unknown Cause, the Inscrutable Existence, the Infinit and Eternal Energy, from which all things proceed, the Creativ Power, "the Infinit and Eternal Energy, by which all things are created and sustained." It is "to stand in substantially the same relation toward our general concep-

tion of things as does the Creativ Power asserted by Theology." "It stands toward the Universe, and toward ourselvs, in the same relation as an anthropomorphic Creator was supposed to stand, bears a like relation with it, not only to human thought but to human feeling." In other words, the Unknowable *is* the Creator; subject to this, that we cannot assert or deny that he, she, or it, is Person, or Being, or can feel, think, or act, or do anything else that we can either know or imagin, or is such that we can ascribe to Him, Her, or It anything whatever within the realm of consciousness.

Now the Unknowable, so qualified and explained, offends against all the canons of criticism, so admirably set forth in "First Principles," and especially those of Dean Mansel, therein quoted and adopted. The Unknowable is not unknowable if we know that "it creates and sustains all things." One need not repeat all the metaphysical objections arrayed by Mr. Spencer himself against connecting the ideas of the Absolute, the Infinit, First Cause, and Creator with that of any one Power. How can Absolute Power create? How can the Absolute be a Cause? The Absolute excludes the relativ; and Creation and Cause both imply relation. How can the Infinit be a Cause, or create? For if there be effect distinct from cause, or if there be something uncreated, the Infinit would be thereby limited. What is the meaning of All-Being? Does it include, or not, its own manifestation? If the Cosmos is a mere show of an Unknown Cause, then the Unknown Cause is not Infinit, for it does not include the Cosmos; and not Absolute, for the Universe is its manifestation, and all things proceed from it. That is to say, the Absolute is in relation to the Universe, as Cause and Effect. Again, if the "very notions, beginning and end, cause and purpose, relativ notions belonging to human thought, are probably irrelevant to the Ultimate Reality transcending human thought" (Spencer, *Nineteenth Century*, p. 12), how can we speak of the Ultimate Cause, or indeed of Infinit and Eternal? The philosophical difficulties of imagining a First Cause, so admirably put by Mr. Spencer years ago, are not greater than those of imagining an Ultimate Cause. The objections he states to the idea of Creation are not removed by talking of a Creativ Power rather than a Creator God. If Mr. Spencer's new Creativ Power "stands toward our general conception of things in substantially the same relation as the Creativ Power of Theology," it is open to all the metaphysical dilemmas so admirably stated in "First Principles." Mr. Spencer cannot hav it both ways. If his Unknowable be the Creativ Power, and Ultimate Cause, it simply renews all the mystification of the old theologies. If his Unknowable be unknowable, then it is idle to talk of Infinit and Eternal Energy, sole Reality, All-Being, and Creativ Power. This is the slip-slop of theologians which Mr. Spencer, as much as any man living, has finally torn to shreds.

In what way does the notion of Ultimate Cause avoid the difficulties in the way of First Cause, and how is Creativ Power an idea more logical than Creator? And if, as Mr. Spencer says ("First Principles," p. 35), "the three different suppositions respecting the origin of things turn out to be literally unthinkable, what does he mean by asserting that a Creativ Power is the one great Reality? Mr. Spencer seems to suggest that, though all idea of First Cause, of Creator, of Absolute Existence, is unthinkable, the difficulty in the way of predicating them of anything is got over by asserting that the unthinkable and the unknowable is the ultimate reality. He said ("First Principles," p. 110), "Every supposition respecting the genesis of the Universe commits us to alternativ impossibilities of thought;" and again, "We are not permitted to know—nay, we are not even permitted to conceive—that Reality which is behind the veil of Appearance." Quite so! On that ground we hav long rested firmly, accepting Mr. Spencer's teaching. It is to violate that rule if we now go on to call it Creativ Power, Ultimate Cause, and the rest. It comes, then, to this: Mr. Spencer says to the theologians, "I cannot allow you to speak of a First Cause, or a Creator, or an All-Being, or an Absolute Existence, because you mean something intelligible and conceivable by these terms, and I tell you that they stand for ideas that are unthinkable and inconceivable. But," he adds, "I hav a perfect right to talk of an Ultimate Cause and a Creativ Power, and an Absolute Existence, and an All-Being, because I mean nothing by these terms—at least, nothing that can be either thought of or conceived of, and I know that I am not talking of anything intelligible or conceivable. That is the faith of an Agnostic, which except a man believe faithfully he cannot be saved."

Beyond the region of the knowable and the conceivable we hav no right to assume an infinit energy more than an infinit series of energies, or an infinit series of infinit things or nothings. We hav no right to assume one Ultimate Cause, or any cause, more than an infinit series of Causes, or something which is not Cause at all. We hav no right to assume that anything beyond the knowable is eternal, or infinit, or anything else; we hav no right to assume that it is the Ultimate Reality. There may be an endless circle of realities, or there may be no Reality at all. Once leave the region of the knowable and the conceivable, and every positiv assertion is unwarranted. The forms of our consciousness prove to us, says Mr. Spencer, that what lies behind the region of consciousness is not merely unknown but unknowable, that it is one, and that it is Real. The laws of mind, I reply, do not hold good in the region of the unthinkable; the forms of our consciousness cannot limit the Unknowable. All positiv assertions about that "which cannot be brought within the forms of our finite thought" are therefore unphilosophical. We hav always held this of the theological Creation, and we must hold it equally of the evolutionist Creation. Here is the difference between Positiv Philosophy and Agnostic Metaphysics.

But if this Realism of the Unknowable offends against sound philosophy, the Worship of the Unknowable is abhorrent to every instinct of genuin Religion. There is something startling in Mr. Spencer's assertion that he "is not concerned to show what effect this religious sentiment will hav as a moral agent." As in "First Principles," so now, he represents the business of religion to be to keep alive the consciousness of a Mystery. The recognition of this supreme verity has been from the first, he says, the vital element of Religion. From the beginning it has dimly discerned this ultimate verity; and that supreme and ultimate verity is, that there is an inscrutable Mystery. If this be not retrogressiv Religion, what is? Religion is not indeed to be discarded; but, in its final and perfect form, all that it ever has had of reverence, gratitude, love, and sympathy is to be shriveled up into the recognition of a Mystery. Morality, duty, goodness are no longer to be within its sphere. It will neither touch the heart of men nor mold the conduct; it will perpetually remind the intelligence that there is a great Enigma, which, it tells us, can never be solved. Not only is religion reduced to a purely mental sphere, but its task in that sphere is one practically imbecil.

Mr. Spencer complains that I called his Unknowable "an ever-present conundrum to be everlastingly given up." But he uses words almost exactly the same; he himself speaks of "the great Enigma which he [man] knows cannot be solved." The business of the religious sentiment is with "a consciousness of a Mystery that cannot be fathomed." It would be difficult to find for Religion a lower and more idle part to play in human life than that of continually presenting to man a conundrum, which he is told he must continually giv up. One would take all this to be a bit from "Alice in Wonderland," rather than the first chapter of "Synthetic Philosophy."

I turn to some of the points on which Mr. Spencer thinks that I misunderstand or misrepresent his meaning. I cannot admit any one of these cases. In calling the Unknowable a pure negation, I spoke from the standpoint of Religion, not of Metaphysics. It may be a logical postulate, but that of which we can know nothing, and of which we can form no conception, I shall continue to call a pure negation, *as an object of worship*, even if I am told (as I now am), that it is that "by which all things are created and sustained." Such is the view of Sir James Stephen, and of every other critic who has joined in this discussion.

With respect to Dean Mansel I made no mistake; the mistake is Mr. Spencer's, not mine. I said that of all modern theologians the dean came the nearest to him. As we all know, in "First Principles," Mr. Spencer quotes and adopts four pages from Mansel's "Bampton Lectures." But I said, "There is a gulf which separates even his all-negativ *deity* from Mr. Spencer's impersonal, unconscious, unthinking, and unthinkable Energy." Mr. Spencer says that I misrepresent him and transpose his doctrin and Mansel's, because he regards the Absolute as positiv and the dean regarded it as negativ. If Mr. Spencer will look at my words again, he will see that I was speaking of Mansel's Theology, not of his Ontology. I said "deity," not the Absolute. Mansel, as a metaphysician, no doubt spoke of the Absolute as negativ, whilst Mr. Spencer speaks of it as positiv. But Mansel's idea of deity is personal, whilst Mr. Spencer's Energy is not personal. That is strictly accurate. Dean Mansel's words are, "It is our duty to think of God as personal;" Mr. Spencer's words are, "Duty requires us neither to affirm nor deny personality" of the Unknown Cause. That is to say, the dean called his First Cause God; Mr. Spencer prefers to call it Energy. Both describe this First Cause negativly; but whilst the dean calls it a Person, Mr. Spencer will not say that it is person, conscious, or thinking. Mr. Spencer's impression, then, that I misrepresented him in this matter is simply his own rather hasty reading of my words.

It is quite legitimate in a question of religion and an object of worship to speak of this Unknowable Energy, described as Mr. Spencer describes it, as "impersonal, unconscious, unthinking, and unthinkable." The distinction that, since we neither affirm nor deny of it personality, consciousness, or thought, it is not therefore impersonal, is a metaphysical subtlety. That which cannot be presented in terms of human consciousness is neither personal, conscious, nor thinking, but properly unthinkable. To the ordinary mind it is a logical formula, it is apart from man, it is impersonal and unconscious. And to tell us that this conundrum is "the power which manifests itself in consciousness," that man and the world are but its products and manifestations, that it may hav (for aught we know) something higher than personality and something grander than intelligence, is to talk theologico-metaphysical jargon, but is not to giv the average man and woman any positiv idea at all, and certainly not a religious idea. In religion, at any rate, that which can only be described by negations is negativ; that which cannot be presented in terms of consciousness is unconscious.

I shall say but little about Mr. Spencer's Ghost theory as the historical source of all religion; because it is, after all, a subordinate matter, and would lead to a wide digression. I am sorry that he will not accept my (not very serious) invitation to him to modify the paradoxes thereon to be read in his "Principles of Sociology." I hav always held it to be one of the most unlucky of all his sociologic doctrins, and that on psychological as well as on historical grounds. Mr. Spencer asserts that all forms of religious sentiment spring from the primitiv idea of a disembodied double of a dead man. I assert that this is a rather complicated and developed form of thought; and that the simplest and earliest form of religious sentiment is the idea of the rudest savage, that visible objects around him—animal, vegetable, and inorganic—hav quasi-human feelings and powers, which he regards with gratitude and awe. Mr. Spencer says that man only began to worship a river or a volcano when he began to imagin them as the abode of dead men's *spirits*. I say that he began to fear or adore them so soon as he thought the river or the volcano had the feelings and powers of living beings, and that was from the dawn of the human intelligence. The latter view is, I maintain, far the simpler and more obvious explanation, and it is a fault in logic to construct a complicated explanation when a simple one answers the facts. Animals think inert things of a peculiar form to be animal; so do infants. The dog barks at a shadow; the horse dreads a steam-engin; the baby loves her doll, feeds her, nurses her, and buries her. The savage thinks the river, or the mountain beside which he livs, the most beneficent, awful, powerful of beings. There is the germ of religion. To assure us that the savage has no feeling of awe and affection for the river and the mountain until he has evolved the elaborate idea of disembodied spirits of dead men dwelling invisibly inside them, is as idle as it would be to assure us that the love and the terror of the dog, the horse, and the baby are due to their perceiving some disembodied spirit inside the shadow, the steam-engin, or the doll.

I think it a little hard that I may not hold this common-sense view of the matter along with almost all who hav studied the question, without being told that it comes of "persistent thinking along defined grooves," and that I should accept the Ghost theory of Religion were it not for my fanatical discipleship. Does not Mr. Spencer himself persistently think along defined grooves; and does not every systematic thinker do the same? But it so happens that the Ghost theory leads to conclusions that outrage common sense. If Dr. Tylor has finally adopted it, I am sorry. But it is certain that the believers in the Ghost theory as the origin of all forms of Religion are few and far between. The difficulties in the way of it are enormous. Mr. Spencer laboriously tries to persuade us that the worship of the Sun and the Moon arose, not from man's natural reverence for these great and beautiful powers of Nature, but solely as they were thought to be the abodes of the disembodied spirits of dead ancestors. Animal worship, tree and plant worship, fetichism, the Confucian worship of heaven, all, he would hav us believe, take their origin entirely from the idea that these objects contain the spirits of the dead. If this is not "persistent thinking along defined grooves," I know not what it is.

The case of China is decisiv. There we hav a religion of vast antiquity and extent, perfectly clear and well ascertained. It rests entirely on worship of Heaven and Earth, and objects of Nature regarded as organized beings, and not as the abode of human spirits. There is in the religion and philosophy of China, no notion of human spirits disembodied and detached from the dead person conceived as living in objects and distinct from dead bodies. The dead are the dead; not the spiritual denizens of other things. In the face of this, the vague language of missionaries and travelers as to the beliefs of savages must be treated with caution. Mr. Spencer speaks in too confident language of his having "proved" and "disproved" and "shown" all these things in his "Descriptiv Sociology" and in his "Principles of Sociology." How many competent persons has he convinced? Assuredly, for my part, I read and re-read all that he there says about the genesis of religion with amazement. We read these authorities for ourselvs, and we cannot see that they bear out his conclusions. It was a pity to refer to the tables in the

"Descriptiv Sociology," perhaps the least successful of all Mr. Spencer's works. That work is a huge file of cuttings from various travelers of all classes, extracted by three gentlemen whom Mr. Spencer employed. Of course these intelligent gentlemen had little difficulty in clipping from hundreds of books about foreign races sentences which seem to support Mr. Spencer's doctrins. The whole proceeding is too much like that of a famous lawyer who wrote a law-book, and then gave it to his pupils to find the "cases" which supported his law. It is a little suspicious that we find so often at the head of each "superstition" of the lower races a heading in almost the same words to the effect: "Dreams regarded as visits from the spirits of departed relations." The intelligent gentlemen employed hav done their work very well, but of course one can find in this medley of tables almost any view. And I find facts which make for my view as often as any other.

Fetichism, says Mr. Spencer, is not found in the lowest races. Be that as it may, it is found wherever we can trace the germs of religion. Well, I read in the "Descriptiv Sociology" that Mr. Burton, perhaps the most capable of all African travelers, declares that "fetichism is still the only faith known in East Africa." In other places we read of the sun and moon, forests, trees, stones, snakes, and the like regarded with religious reverence by the savages of Central Africa. "The Damaras attribute the origin of the sheep to a large stone." They regard a big tree as the origin of Damaras. "Cattle of a certain color are venerated by the Damaras." "To the Bechuanas rain appears as the giver of all good." "The negro whips or throws away a worthless fetich." "The Hottentots and Bushmen shoot poisoned arrows at the lightning and throw old shoes at it." Exactly. And do these Damaras, Bechuanas, and Bushmen do this solely because they think that the sun and moon, the lightning, the rain, the trees, the cattle, and the snakes are the abodes of the disembodied spirits of their dead relativs? And do they never do this until they hav evolved a developed Ghost theory?

This is more than I can accept for all the robustness of faith which Mr. Spencer attributes to me. Whilst I find in a hundred books that countless races of Africa and the organized religion of China attribute human *qualities* to natural objects, and grow up to regard those objects with veneration and awe, I shall continue to think that fetichism, or the reverent ascription of feeling and power to natural objects, is a spontaneous tendency of the human mind. And I shall refuse, even on Mr. Spencer's high authority, and that of his three compilers, to believe that it is solely a result of a developed Ghost theory. To ask us to believe this as "proved" on the strength of a pile of clippings made to order is, I think, quite as droll to ordinary minds as anything Mr. Spencer can pick up out of the Positivist Calendar.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

Mr. George Chainey and Spiritualism.

A FEW FINAL WORDS.

"The cry is, Still they come." And yet another conversion upon the part of Mr. George Chainey, and this one must certainly hav taken place about as suddenly as his previous departures. In his recent lecture, "Through Day to Night, and Night to Day," Mr. Chainey distinctly says that he felt discussion on the question of Spiritualism "inappropriate," for the reason, I presume, to quote his own words, that he did not "expect any one to believe in it on his testimony," and that he "always did refuse controversy, and *always should.*" Such were the statements of our persistent hero only a few weeks ago; but now an entire change has come over the spirit of his dream, and with his usual impulsiv nature he invites me to mortal combat, and vehemently protests that it is his wish to do the very thing that in his printed lecture he says he will not do. Further, he threatens me, in the event of my not accepting his pugilistic invitation, with what he terms the saying of Banquo to Macbeth, "Then yield thee, coward." The fact that Banquo never said anything of the kind matters but little. The saying comes with bad grace from Mr. Chainey, who, until the last few weeks, persistently refused under any circumstances to enter into discussion. What new light has dawned upon his mind this time to induce him to make this sudden change? What fresh mysterious influence has captured his mental powers and led him to avow a hasty conversion from one extreme to the other? My friend Chainey, is not this another result of uncontroled emotion, showing that you still lack that desired practicability so very necessary to insure stability of conviction? What next to expect from our lively chamelion it is hard to say. If in the future he do not manifest some regard for the process of reasoning in his rapid mental transformations, I fear it will be necessary for me to say of him, in the words of Othello, "I loved you once, but never more be officer of mine."

As this will be my final say upon this subject, I feel concerned to notice two questions: 1. What really were the causes which prompted Mr. Chainey to desire to leave the temple of peace, for which he is so well suited, to enter the arena of debate, for which he is in no way adapted? It was not to hav any opportunity to vindicate his honor from any attack I had made upon it, inasmuch as I credit him with high moral culture, a generous disposition, and a loving heart. It was not that it was necessary for him to prove that he possessed ability. This I hav cheerfully granted, and I shall always bear testimony to his marvelous power, although it is frequently, in my opinion, wrongly directed. It was not that he needed to establish his right to change his views; nobody questioned that; it was only to the unfortunate mode adopted in publicly announcing the change that exception was taken. It was not even that demonstration should be given of the usefulness and earnestness of Spiritualists in the endeavor to emancipate the human mind from the power of the theological teachings of the churches. No one who has watched their labors could doubt their desire in this matter. My experience in America upon this point is that so far as the secular welfare of mankind is concerned, the Spiritualists, with few exceptions, are noble workers. This, therefore, which is a truth to me, can afford no topic for debate, as it is self-evident. And yet every effect must hav its cause; the effect in this instance—my friend's temporary craving for debate—we all know, but the cause is only perceptible to a few, and what that is Mr. Chainey can state when and how he pleases. "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy, Horatio."

The reasons partly given by Mr. Chainey for this desired encounter are not quite accurate; not that I wish to charge my friend with *intentional* inaccuracy. He is too good for that. Still the inaccuracy is there all the same, and in justice to myself it must be pointed out. No pledge to debate was given by me, only a conditional promis subject to arrangements to be made at Mr. Chainey's own request by Mr. S. P. Putnam. That gentleman, for reasons he has ably given, objected to the controversy; therefore that part of it fell through. In the next place, from the first I informed Mr. Chainey that I could not accept his proposal, and I named others which he has not accepted up to the present time. On the contrary, he offered fresh arrangements differing from his first proposal and also from the one I sent him. To these I hav given no consent either actually or by implication. Thus it was inaccurate to say the debate was decided upon, and that "he [Mr. Chainey] instantly agreed to my modifications." He did nothing of the kind, as his letters in my possession will show.

It is mentioned that since my official association with the League, I hav challenged the Rev. Dr. Sexton. Quite true. I am prepared to meet any minister, or any dozen of the clergy, in debate who will oppose the principles of the League, as Dr. Sexton does. Will Mr. Chainey take the doctor's position? If so, he can hav all the debate he requires. He cannot, however, do this, as he informs us that he agrees fully with our principles. Where, then, would be the utility of debating with one who so far is with us? My view of Spiritualism, as propounded in the United States, is that there is nothing in it that necessarily prevents its believers from doing Secular work. If a Spiritualist can see something beyond my vision, that is no reason why we should not both travel on ground visible to us both. I freely grant that because I am not convinced of the alleged truth of Spiritualism, that is no proof that others are not; and if, on the other hand, some persons feel convinced of its truth, it does not, therefore, follow that I must share their convictions before seeing reasons for so doing.

2. The second question calling for notice is, Was there sufficient ground to justify me in charging my noble Hotspur with "inaccuracy, imputation, and lack of reason?" Let us see, taking them *seriatim.*

Inaccuracy. Mr. Chainey in his lectures has the following: Liberals "cultivate their intellects till their hearts are dead within them." "Those who think this life the only one, become the more senual." "Liberalism chills and benumbs all the best instincts of the heart." "Mr. Watts announced his reply before he knew what I was going to say." "His printed reply was not the same as he gave at Cassadaga; mine was." These are a few specimens of the inaccuracies to which my friend, in his moments of uncontroled emotion, gave utterance. In my previous comments I hav shown that it is not the fact that the hearts of Liberals are dead; that we become the more sensual in consequence of our inability to believe in another life; and that Liberalism chills the best instincts of the heart. Mr. Chainey knows from his experience of Liberals that these allegations are not true, and to assert the contrary is to libel some of the noblest and purest of earth. In his camp at Cassadaga, Mr. Chainey read to me what he was going to say in his lecture, and it was then that I decided to reply to the result of his over-heated imagination. My printed reply only professed to be the *substance* of what I said at the convention, as my lecture was not a written one. Mr. Chainey's was, and yet, after giving it in full on the Sunday, he cut out certain portions before having it printed. Had it been published as read, it would hav been amusing in the extreme.

Imputations. To designate Liberals as "inflated egotists," as "swine," as battening on "the moor of sensuality;" "as speaking lightly of the relation of the sexes," is in my opinion not only to indulge in imputation, but to select the most vulgar, cruel, and unjust kind. This reckless and uncalled-for vituperation has been the cause of the opposition to Mr. Chainey—not his taking up Spiritualism.

Lack of Reason. Mr. Chainey undertook to prove on Sunday that Spiritualism was superior to Secularism and Materialism; he also announced that he had "found a new gospel." Let the reader carefully go through that lecture, and discover if he can use reason to justify this alleged superiority. No definitions were given of the terms used, no attempt was made to explain the unique advantages of the "new gospel," and no reasons were offered in support of the serious charges made against Liberalism. Oratory we had in abundance, but that is not always allied with argument, neither is rhetoric invariably associated with logic.

Gananoque, Ont. CHARLES WATTS.

Canadian Notes.

We get cheering news from various parts of Canada. We shall hav a hearty gathering at our great Convention, December 13th, in Albert Hall, Toronto.

There was a second debate on Nordau's "Lies of Modern Civilization" on Sunday morning last, in Secular Hall, Toronto. The debate proved so interesting that it was determined to hav a third debate on the same subject next Sunday morning.

Three books hav attracted unusual attention in Toronto during the last few years. They are Max Nordau's "Lies of Modern Civilization;" that extraordinary work, "Science and Life;" and Henry George's "Progress and Poverty." A careful study of those books brings a rich reward in materials for thinking.

At Ottawa, they hav a Secular Society composed of some of the elite, and they hav writers among them who rank high in the literature of Canada. The society has been in existence for a number of years.

The Bible is one of the gods worshiped by Christians, making a fifth god in the orthodox Pantheon, which consists of three gods and one goddess; and one book-god—five in all. The worship of the book-god seems to be somewhat declining, judging by the number of pulpit-screamers and gospel-shouters who are inclined to go back on their boss, the book, and only retain the life and teachings of Christ. A luminary of the English established church is one of the latest of these back-sliders and deserters from the book-god. But there are a great many of these black sheep among the clergy of to-day.

Toronto, Ont., Nov. 1st. R. B. BUTLAND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* For the purpose of contributing an item to "Canadian Notes," which now fill a space in your valuable paper, I am induced to pen the following: Mr. Charles Watts delivered a lecture in this town on Tuesday evening, Oct. 21st, subject, "Christianity; Its Claims Examined." The audience was large and appreciativ, and the lecturer, by his eloquent and forcible delivery, and by the effectual and inoffensiv way in which he disposed of those Christian claims, after having stated them clearly and fairly, and in well arranged succession, elicited hearty and repeated applause. It is now over four years since Mr. B. F. Underwood lectured here, and during that time Freethought has had no public exponent in this town. Yet public sentiment has progressed in the direction of toleration. In arranging for Mr. Underwood's coming, four years ago, we found it hard to convince our Christian fellow-citizens that it was not pushing toleration too far to allow us unbelievers the privilege of running a public lecture. This time there has been no opposition manifested. We hav been allowed to pursue the even tenor of our way in quiet. They hav, in fact, been a little too lenient with us, and rather disappointed us, as well as Mr. Watts, in that they made no response to his courteous and persistent invitation to come forward after the lecture was over.

An effort is being made to take advantage of the newly-awakened interest in the cause which is the logical outcome of Mr. Watts's visit, by resuscitating the Freethought Association which existed here some years ago. In the work of organization we hav many difficulties to contend with, the most important of which is the reluctance of business men to join an unpopular cause. That, however, may be in some measure be overcome by inducing Mr. Watts to repeat his visit, and by the influence which the success of the work of organization is meeting with all over the country is sure to hav on every community. THE TRUTH SEEKER has some subscribers here, and we will try to increase the number now, believing that it deservedly occupies the position of organ-in-chief to the Secular movement on this continent.

Owen Sound, Ont. GEO. S. CALDBECK.

Recent Discoveries of Ancient Christian Manuscripts.

From the Boston *Herald* of Sept. 7th we extract the following:

It is the remark of President Hitchcock, of the Union Theological Seminary, that one of the early points of a fresh development in biblical criticism will be found in the New Testament, and it looks as if men were gathering materials for a new departure in these studies now. The *Independent* prints an editorial in which it mentions the following important discoveries, all made within the last forty years:

Then follows a list of eight early Christian documents, most of which are very familiar to students.

First comes the complete codex of the New Testament, discovered by Tischendorf in 1844 and 1859 in a convent on Mount Sinai. The manuscript is assigned to the fourth century.

Four of the other documents are published in the Antenicene Christian Library, to wit:

"Refutation of all Heresies," by Hippolytus, who is supposed to hav died about A.D. 235–9.

"Epistle of Barnabas."

"Shepherd of Hermas."

"Epistle of Clement of Rome."

All these are fully considered in the "Revelations of Antichrist," 1879, where President Hitchcock and the editor of the Boston *Herald* will find further and most startling "materials for a new departure."

Before Tischendorf discovered complete, or almost complete, copies of the foregoing documents, there were extant a considerable part of the "Refutation of all Heresies," otherwise called the "Philosophumena;" a small portion of the "Epistle of Barnabas;" and all of the "Shepherd of Hermas" (in Latin); but no part of the "Epistle of Clement of Rome."

The three remaining documents are:

Fragments of the earliest Syriac version of the New Testament, discovered by the late Dr. Cureton, and portions of the Coptic (Egyptian) version.

The "Diatessaron" of Tatian, a Syrian father, who died about A.D. 170 or later.

The "Teaching of the Twelve Apostles."

Dr. Cureton's Syriac fragments of the New Testament exhibit a few important variations from the received Greek text.

The "Diatessaron" of Tatian is said to hav been discovered within the last ten years. We hav not seen it. Tatian was a disciple of Justin Martyr, the earliest authenticated Christian father. Justin was an opponent of the Gnostics, of whom Marcion, his contemporary at Rome, was the chief. Tatian embraced the Christianity of Justin at Rome, but after the death of his master, about A.D. 166, he renounced the doctrin of the incarnation and humanity of Christ, and established himself at Antioch as a Gnostic. One work of Tatian survives; about forty printed pages, written about A.D. 170, and a few sentences of his other works. He had a gospel, says Theodoret (A.D. 430), which omitted the genealogies and all other passages showing that Christ was born of David according to the flesh (Sup. Rel.). The "Diatessaron" is said to be a harmony of the four gospels, beginning with the first verse of John's gospel, and is claimed to be a conclusiv proof of the acceptance of that gospel as early as A.D. 170.

Without a sight of the newly discovered document, we are prepared to admit that John's gospel did exist as early as A.D. 170, if not many years earlier.

The "Teaching of the Twelve Apostles" we hav already reviewed in THE TRUTH SEEKER of April 26th. The discovery of the manuscript was made in 1875, by Bishop Bryennios. The date of the manuscript is A.D. 1056, and it is claimed that the original book was composed between A.D. 120 and 150. A translation is published in the Andover *Review* for April, 1884. If the book is genuin, its composition must be assigned to a much earlier date than A.D. 120. Why? Because Clement of Alexandria, who wrote about A.D. 200 or earlier, quotes a passage from it *as scripture* (Misc. i, 20; Teach. iii). Half a century is too short a time for a post-apostolic writing to acquire the reputation of holy writ; but 200 years would be quite sufficient. Therefore we would assign the composition of the "Teaching of the Twelve apostles" to about the year 1.

The story of the crucifixion, A.D. 29–33, is a stupendous fraud. The real Jesus was stoned and hanged about 75 B.C. Before the first year of the Christian era, all the apostles of that Jesus were dead. Then was the time for their successors to put forth an authoritativ work entitled, "Teaching of the Apostles."

Bishop Bryennios also discovered bound up with the "Teaching of the Apostles," the two epistles of Clement of Rome, and the epistle of Barnabas. The lateness of the copy of these epistles renders them of comparativly little value, and translations of them may not appear very soon. Indeed, unless the variations from the early codices are important, there is no need of new versions of those epistles.

The "Man of Sin" welcomes all new discoveries of ancient documents, because he is sure that they will tend to confirm his own grand discovery and demonstration that Jesus died a hundred years before Pontius Pilate became procurator of Judea.

ANTICHRIST, A.M.

The League.

How to Organize a Local League.

The National Liberal League is formed by the union of Local Auxiliary Liberal Leagues. To organize a Local Auxiliary League, any person (man or woman) may place the following Call at the head of a sheet of paper and solicit signatures:

CALL.

WE, the undersigned citizens of [here introduce name of town or city], agree to organize an Auxiliary Liberal League, to work in connection with the National Liberal League, and to pay the sums set opposit our names for that purpose.

Names.	*Residences.*	*Amounts.*

As soon as ten persons have subscribed to this Call, and five dollars have been paid in, make out an application for a Charter, inclosing the application, together with a money order or postal note for five dollars (or the amount may be inclosed in a registered letter) to the secretary of the National Liberal League. The fee for a Charter is ten dollars, and the Board of Directors have voted to allow the organizer of the Auxiliary Liberal League to retain five dollars as compensation for his or her services in effecting the organization.

Any Liberal society can by a vote qualify itself an Auxiliary Liberal League, and take out a charter.

On receipt of the five dollars and application signed by the President and Secretary (or the temporary Secretary) of the new League (and as many others as may choose), the Secretary will forward to the applicant a Charter signed by the proper officers of the National Liberal League. SAMUEL P. PUTNAM,

Secretary of the National Liberal League.

55 *East 9th street, New York.*

SUPPORT OF THE NATIONAL LEAGUE.

In order to provide an adequate revenue to the treasury of the National League, to enable it to carry out the requirements of sections, 4, 5, and 6 of Article III. of its Constitution, and to do other legitimate work of the League, every auxiliary is requested to contribute a certain sum monthly, not less than five cents per month from each one of its members, for the use of the National League. The amount thus collected should be remitted quarterly on the first days of January, April, July, and October, by the secretary of the auxiliary to the secretary of the National League.

The Campaign Fund.

Already acknowledged,	$1,594.00
Joseph Lee,	100.00
J. C. Roe,	10.00
E. M. Davis,	10.00
Hart Bros.,	10.00
J. G. Deshler,	5.00
R. A. Barcroft,	5.00
Wm. Case,	3.00
T. C. Fitzgerald,	3.00
Ruth Bennett,	1.00
M. P. Thurston,	1.00
A. H. Thurston,	1.00
P. A. Thurston	1.00
Wm. Wells,	1.00
Herman Ketzel,	1.00
P. F. Spencer,	1.00
R. H. Carson,	1.00
Joshua Benest,	1.00
P. H. Maurer,	1.00
Edward Hooper,	2.00
Total,	$1.752.00

Of the sums above and heretofore pledged, the following hav already been paid into the treasury. Let donors carefully note this list, and if any amounts paid in are not credited, please notify the secretary at once:

Elizur Wright, quarterly payment, $30.00; N. Eggleston, 10.00; Adrian Lib. League, quarterly Payment, 5.00; Moline Progressiv League, 25.00; A Friend, 2 00; Wm. Mansfield, 1.00; Mrs. H. L. Buchner, 1.00; Ralf Helm, 10.00; A. Owen, 20.00; Altoona League, quarterly payment, 25.00; Friendship Liberal League, 5.00; William Barnsdale, 1.00; Cash, 1.00; No Name, 10 00; Franklin League, 5.00; H. Cohn, 2.00; Thomas G. Watkins, 5.00; Zenas Kent, 1.00; John Cosgrove, 1.00; A. T. Benedict, 2.00; Joseph Wensel, 1 00; Wm. Reynolds, 5.00; A. Chavannes, 1.00; J. W. Leighton, 1.00; S. N. Bradford, 5.00; D. W. Craig, 1 00; W. H. Pepper, 50.00; Medicale, 1.00; A. M. Miller, 50.00; J. P. Hoffman, 1.00; Joshua Cassey, John K. Murray, Wm. Reynolds, Henry Gooday, Wm. Dawson, Annual Members, each, 1.00; Jacob Tausig, 2.00; Julia A. P. Perkins, 1.00; S. Brewer, 5 00; John P, Kelley, 1.00; LaRoy Sunderland, 10.00; T. Fitzgibbons, 1.00; C. E. Garner, 2.00; Alexander Cochran, 5.00; P. Eckler, 5.00; J. Francis Ruggles, 5.00; Thayer L. White, 10.00; C. W. Mandersfield, 2.00; Amasa Wood, 1.00; John Turner, 30.00; Samos Parsons, 10.00; J. T. Vitt, 2.00; Thomas Knight, 2.00; Henry Beichling, 1.00; Henry Burnton, 1.00; Charles Dunn, 1.00; Philip Helmend, 1.00; F. C. Mende, 5.00; J. C. Roe, 10.00; Joseph Lee, 5 00; E. M. Davis, 10.00; Frank Hart, 5.00; John Hart, 5.00; J. G. Deshler, 5.00; R. W. Bassett, 5.00; Wm. Case, 3.00; F. C. Fitzgerald, 3.00; Ruth Bennett, 1.00; M. P. Thurston, 1.00; A. H. Thurston, 1.00; P. A. Thurston, 1.00; Wm. Wells, 1.00; Herman Ketzel, 1.00; P. T. Spencer. 1.00; R. H. Carson, 1.00; Joshua Benest, 1.00; P. H. Maurer, 1.00; Edward Hooper, 2.00.

Correspondence.

A FRIEND: I inclose $10 in response to your letter and circular, and when I feel that I can send any more, will do so. The movement is *very* important. The "God-in-the-Constitution" party hav a strong ally in the St. John movement; indeed, their prohibition measures are much more stimulated by their theological notions than their hostility to intoxicating liquors. Prohibition, as carried on to-day, is a cloak for intolerance—a moral *log-rolling* by the clergy of the country—especially the Methodist!

JNO. HART, Doylestown, Pa.: Yours of 27th received. Inclosed please find $10—Frank Hart $5.00, John Hart $5.00—for lecture fund. Go on with the good work, and may your efforts be crowned with success.

J. C. ROE, Oshkosh, Wis.: I inclose herewith $10 to apply on the Campaign Fund. Am glad that the Liberal League has such a bright prospect before it, and hope every Liberal in the land will do his and her best to help those who hav given their entire time to its maintenance.

B. J. BRINEY, Secretary of the Bradford, Pa., Liberal League: The Liberal League of Bradford are in favor of the Watts and Chainey debate. If Chainey can't prove more at Boston than he did at Cassadaga, it will be a failure on his part. We all knew Chainey, and when we heard he had been converted to Spiritualism, we said at once he was honest, and must hav seen some phenomena he could not account for, or had been misled and deluded. Then we went to see and hear him at Cassadaga. After he got done abusing Liberals and came to his own experience, it was whispered through the audience, "Now for a treat." Now, does Mr. Chainey think that a public gush of sentiment proves anything? We would ask the Spiritualists to analyze his speech and tell Materialists what he proved or demonstrated. Did he ever see a spirit? Does he know any more now about Gods and spirits than when he lectured in Bradford one year ago? The tenor of his lecture there was to deny both. We want Watts to prepare to meet him, and not allow him in an orthodox way to assume his premises, but make him produce the evidence of Spiritualism. If he can't, then withdraw from the contest and all go to work for the Nine Demands of Liberalism. If Watts is vanquished in the contest, and Chainey demonstrates his theory, score one for Spiritualism.

WM. G. MAYO, President of the Newark, N. J., Liberal League: Were I a Spiritualist, I should say I was "impressed" to write the following. Indeed, I couldn't get it out of my head, though I hav said "Down!" to it ever so many times, but it will not down. So, to relieve my conscience, and in view of the fact that the old workers in our ranks are passing away, and that new speakers must take their places to battle for the cause of right and Liberalism, I hereby, through you, offer my services to a cause I love most dearly, and recognize the fact that what I enjoy by mental unfoldment and real intellectual freedom I owe to the influence of our Freethought movement. You hav had a few examples of my efforts at our League, so perhaps you can judge if my services would be worth anything to the cause. I can do no less than make the offer, as my profession places me beyond the necessity of being remunerated pecuniarily. I offer my services gratuitously, with the privilege of paying my own expenses. I hope you are so abundantly supplied with good speakers you will hav no use for me, but if you are in need of speakers, call on yours truly.

[I want to call special attention to this letter. Dr. Mayo is president of the Newark League, one of the most successful of our Liberal societies. He is an interesting speaker, a thorough-going Radical, broad-minded and intelligent, and as a lecturer will be of great service to our cause. He is one of our "Captains of Industry," and I hope the Leagues will giv him plenty to do. His offer is most generous—made in the spirit of loyalty to truth and humanity.—S. P. P.]

JOSEPH LEE, Fresno, Cal.: I write to let you know how well I like the present arrangement of the National Liberal League. I hav just read Mr. Watts's reply to George Chainey; the reply is almost the first that I hav seen of Mr. Watts's writings, and it suits me well. Although I am a poor old man, I concluded to promis you $100 toward the five thousand asked for to carry on the campaign. I send you to-day five and will send five as often as I hav it to spare, and I hope the five thousand will be fifty thousand, and I am confident that you can use well all you get. I would like to hav a little of the surplus gift of speech that Chainey has, for I would like to tell some things that I know and am unable to do so; but Chainey can tell more that he don't know than I can that I do know; but I will help you and Mr. Watts to tell all you can. I hate to see so many good Liberals so rampant in favor of anti-prohibition. Spirits are what we are fighting, and the spirits of alcohol is the worst of all in its operations on humanity, worse than all others, except that of religion, which I consider the boss fiend.

Don't forget that C. B. Reynolds, chairman of the executiv committee of the League, lectures before the New York Liberal Club, Friday evening, November 14th; and at Newark, Sunday, November 9th.

Don't forget that Watts lectures in New York at German Masonic Hall, Sunday evening, November 16th, on "Agnosticism and Modern Thought."

Don't forget the grand Liberal Sociable on Thursday evening, November 20th. Come and greet Wakeman, Leland, Palmer, Watts, Reynolds, and all the old and new officers of the League, and so prepare ourselvs for a generous Thanksgiving. See advertisments. SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, Sec.

Definition of Religion.

The following definition of religion is given by Dr. Quatrefages, professor of anthropology in the Museum of Natural History, Paris:

"A belief in beings superior to man and capable of exercising a good or evil influence upon his destiny, and the conviction that the existence of man is not limited to the present life, but that there remains for him a future beyond the grave.

"Every people, every man, believing these two things is religious" (The Human Species, Appleton, 1879).

How now, Positivists, who eliminate God and a future state from your definition of religion? You are ruled out of Professor Quatrefages's broad church. He combats the allegation made by many travelers and scholars, that there are countries where the people are all Atheists and do not believe in a future state. "We nowhere find," says he, "either a great human race, or even a division however unimportant of that race, professing Atheism." But the world is full of religious people, according to his notion, and the only exception is a handful of cultured Atheists.

Hear, O Agnostic! stand in awe, O Positivist! be dumbfounded, O Pantarch! W. H. B.

CATALOG of the Truth Seeker Company's publications sent free upon application.

Communications.

The Mistakes of Christ Corrected by Washington Gladden.

In the October number of the *Century Magazine*, there is a very suggestiv article by the Rev. Washington Gladden, entitled "Christianity and Wealth," wherein the writer essays to show the relationship between the two, and to state what he is pleased to call the "Christian ethics," as applied to the proper relations of capital and labor.

He givs an impressiv array of figures showing the great increase of the world's wealth in the past twenty years.

Of the United States, he says: "In 1860, the estimated valuation of property in the United States was a little over 16,000,000,000. In 1870, it was a little over 24,000,000,000, while the census estimates of 1880 put the wealth of the nation at 43,642,000,000, making the United States the richest nation in the world."

Further on, he says: "The world is fast growing richer; of this there can be no doubt. And what has the Christian moralist to say about it? Does the ethical system, of which he is the expounder, authorize him to say anything, and, if so, what? Should he teach that this increase of wealth is a good thing, or an evil thing; a blessing to be rejoiced in, or a misery to be deplored? One fact thrusts itself in our faces as soon as we ask this question; this great increase of wealth is visible mainly, after all, in Christian lands. We say that the world is growing rich, but it is *our* world."

Is it not strange that the "Christian moralist" should ask whether wealth is a good thing, so long as he has his full answer in the parable of the camel and the needle's eye? So long as he knows that wealth is equivalent to damnation? So long as he has been teaching for centuries, "Lay not up for yourself treasures upon earth;" "Take, therefore, no thought for the morrow, what ye shall eat, or drink, or wear;" "Blessed are the poor;" "Go and sell that thou hast, and giv it to the poor;" "A rich man shall hardly enter into the kingdom of heaven;" "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God?"

Since he knows all this, is it not strange that he can ask the question? And is it not doubly strange that it is the *Christian* world which has—more than any other—had its eye on the main chance?

Is it not strange that America, with its 80,000 clergymen, should not know better than to pile up wealth beyond that of all other countries, when she must know it is sure damnation? In spite of her 80,000 clergymen, she seems to be willing to sell all hope of eternal life for 43,642,000,000 cash down. But here is a clergyman who has the temerity to say, "The Christian moralist must say, then, that the increase of wealth is *not* of itself an evil; that it is, instead, a blessing to mankind." . . . "Christianity cannot be hostil to the production of wealth without making war upon itself." So the writer proposes to revise the teaching of Christ himself to fit the "*record* of the party."

Is it not an evil to deliberately place oneself in a position from which it is more difficult to enter the kingdom of heaven than it is for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle?

Is it not a monstrous evil to labor to do this thing? "What can it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Again Mr. Gladden says: "Christianity is *the one grand cause of the production of wealth* in modern times."

Which is quite as logical and equally as true as it would be to say that paganism was the one grand cause of the enormous wealth of ancient times; or that Judaism is the one grand cause of the great and enduring, the phenomenally continuous wealth of the Jews. If Christianity creates its Vanderbilts, so did paganism create its Crœsus, and Judaism its Solomon of the past, and its Rothschilds of the present. It is a poor deduction that is not large enough to go all the way around.

It is a strange assertion, too, in the face of the fact that the two most devoutly Christian countries to-day are so miserably poor. Certainly if this were the one grand cause of wealth, Christian Spain and Italy would far outstrip in wealth Infidel France and doubting America. Instead of which these former countries grovel in ignorance and poverty, and are hopelessly sunk in Christianity; while the latter countries make education, independence, and wealth their ambition, let it strike where it may. They say, "If the cross is in the way, root it up or lay it aside." Spain or Italy simply lay aside the man who suggests or tries it.

In seriously discussing the problem of the relation of capital to labor, Mr. Gladden felt it necessary to explain away the generally accepted belief that the disciples held all goods in common, and he maintains that this was not the case. *Hence*, he argues, it is not necessary to accept this as the final and proper settlement of the property question.

But suppose that the disciples had so held their property?

What possible bearing could that fact hav on so wide and important a question as the one before us to-day?

As well try to regulate it upon the basis of what a lot of children did with their mud-pies.

I presume that not even the clergy will claim that the twelve simple fishermen of Galilee were famous financiers.

So that it seems strange that in a serious paper so trivial, inadequate, and irrelevant a matter should be offered as argument, or as throwing any light on the problem of the times.

After citing many of the evils of the present relationships of capital and labor, he says: "All these iniquitous encroachments upon the rights of the people must be arrested; and it is the duty of every Christian, as the servant of a God of justice and righteousness, to say so in terms that cannot be misunderstood." I protest. And I insist that it is injurious and narrowing to put it in such terms, and to offer for it such reasons.

If these wrongs are as stated—and I am not now dealing with that question—they are wrongs to humanity; they are outrages on *man;* and it is the duty of every man, as a sovereign, as a lover of justice and as a believer in equality and freedom, to resist the encroachments.

Manhood, not Christianity, is what should assert itself. Men to defend manhood, not Christians to defend believers, are needed.

Our sympathies are already narrow enough; why try to crystallize them within a given creed? It is infinitly harmful. It is pitilessly cruel.

Universal brotherhood and justice, not fanaticism and selfishness, is what man needs to be taught.

"As the servant of a God of justice and righteousness!"

The God who hardened Pharaoh's heart that he might destroy him; the God who sacrificed the purity of 16,000 innocent and helpless girls, simply to gratify the hatred and brutality of a camp of soldiers already steeped in the blood of the mothers and fathers of these, their thrice-tortured and degraded victims! The God of justice who sanctioned polygamy and upheld slavery!

No. Not from the outlook of a "servant" of such a God or of any one; but as a *man*, upright, just, honest and honorable, this question should be met and fairly dealt with.

It is not Christian money to be paid. It is not always Christian employers that are to be dealt with. It is not Christian laborers that are oppressed. It is simply capital. It is wealthy employers. and it is oppressed labor that we must consider. The capital may come from heathen lands; the employer may be an Infidel in New York; the laborer may be a pagan, but the question remains the same.

They are *men*, and the fair and equitable distribution of wealth and labor, the honest remuneration of toil, is the question at issue.

It is a shame, and it is a pitiful disgrace, to attempt to drag it into the narrow belief and prejudice of race.

The question is a serious, an honest, and a noble one; for the love of humanity let us keep it out of the slime of politics and the quibbling of theology.

Are even scholarly and earnest Christians so hopelessly narrow and hardened that the absolute brotherhood of man is an inconceivable idea to them?

Further on he says: "It is not a difficult problem. The solution is quite within the power of the Christian employer. All he has to do is to admit his laborers to an *industrial partnership* with himself *by giving them a fixed share in the profits of production*, to be divided among them, in proportion to their earnings at the end of the year."

Now, for the love of common sense, why say the "Christian" employer? Would it not accomplish the same result if the employer happened to be an Infidel or a Buddhist? If it is desirable that he giv the employed a share in the business, why not say so and leave all cant about the form of his faith out?

Why not say, "It is not a very difficult problem. The solution is quite within the power of the employer?" Or else be quite consistent and say that "the Christian employer should admit the Christian laborer into an industrial Christian partnership by giving him a fixed Christian share in the Christian profits of the Christian production, to be divided at the end of the Christian year?"

Then he givs us a solution of the problem, upon the partnership idea, as developed by Professor Henry Carter Adams, of Michigan University, of which he naively says he does not know whether Professor Adams wishes to be ranked as a "*Christian* moralist" or not, but that his words exactly express the substance of the Christian doctrin of ethics upon the matter.

Now, according to Mr. Gladden's own statements, this never has been the Christian practice, nor the Christian ethics, as understood by Christ himself, and, indeed, is a comparativly new doctrin, which has never yet had more than a few experimental trials—some of which, at least, were made by Infidels and Secularists.

Why call it "Christian ethics?" Christianity has had nearly nineteen hundred years, in which she has never placed labor upon this basis; and according to Mr. Gladden's own account it has widened and deepened the gulf between the rich and poor as no other religion has; and under it the rich hav grown richer and more powerful than under all other forms of faith. So why call these new ideas Christian ethics? That Mr. Gladden happens to be a Christian, and at the same time believes in the new ethical doctrin, makes it no more Christian ethics than the belief of the Hon. Thaddeus B. Wakeman in much the same thing makes it Positivist ethics, or the belief of Professor Adams, of unknown creed, can make it problematic ethics. Not so much, indeed, for the Christians hav had nearly nineteen hundred years to show what their ethical system is, and, although they hav proved beyond a shadow of doubt that it is *not* the system of Christ, they hav, also, proved that it is not the new doctrin of co-operation or partnership. While the new schools of Positivists or Agnostics hav had no chance, as yet, to show how far their words and acts may agree, while they hav *said*, from the first, much the same thing as the new ethics proposes, and a few of them hav acted upon the belief, still they hav had neither the numbers, the wealth, nor the time, so far, to show how firm the faith may be, or how nearly the selfishness of private greed may permit the theory and the practice to become one.

Although there is much more in the article of which I would like to speak, I must refrain from so doing at this time.

His article ends thus: "The great inequalities arising from the present defectiv methods of distribution will only be corrected through a deepening sense of the obligations imposed by the possession of wealth. The economic law, like the moral law, can never be fulfilled without love"—and *honesty* which will not stoop to claim for a system that which it has never possessed, and which its founder distinctly repudiated, simply because it appears now to be a higher light, and to become in time the recognized code of a better moral system.

Christianity toward labor is one thing, and has had a long day of trial; justice toward labor is another thing, and we trust that its day is near the dawn.

HELEN H. GARDENER.

Sunday Laws.

Surely there could never be a more remarkable instance of confusion of ideas than that through which many modern Christians confound the Sabbath with the Sunday. The original command, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy" (Exodus xx, 8), was strictly a ceremonial Jewish law. Everyone knows that it applied to the Saturday according to the Jewish reckoning, that is, from sunset on Friday until the same hour the following day. Protestant Christians are fully aware of this, yet, without any authority whatever, they transpose the day to Sunday, and the hours from midnight to midnight. Still they pretend that in all other respects the old law is binding.

It is impossible to imagin a more illogical position than this. That of the Roman Catholics has at least the merit of consistency. They hold that the ceremonial law was entirely abolished under the new covenant. Consequently the Sabbath became no more obligatory than the rite of circumcision or any other purely ceremonial observance of Judaism. In the place of it, a weekly festival was instituted, commemorating the resurrection of Jesus. This was done by the church which, according to them, has absolute power to regulate all matters of ritual and ceremony. This is clear enough, and can only be assailed by attacking the authority of the church. But for Protestants, who pretend to found their teaching upon the Bible, to tell us that the rules given in the Old Testament for the observance of Saturday are now binding upon Sunday is the climax of absurdity. There is not a single text in existence, which, in the most remote way, alludes to any such change.

Strange to say, it is precisely among those who profess to take the scripture for their sole guide in religion that this most unscriptural doctrin has taken firmest root. In Presbyterian Scotland, the Bible and the Sabbath hav long been the idols of their worship. Indeed it was among them that the notion of Sunday being the Sabbath first originated. The first day of the week is usually called the Sabbath there in common conversation. Through the progress of Freethought, neither Bible nor Sabbath holds the position they once did in the larger towns, but in country places they are still supreme. Although a modern innovation, not yet three centuries old, and confined to a small portion even of Christian people, this is the observance which of all others they are most anxious to make compulsory, and to embody in the law of every state where they can possibly get the opportunity. We object to religion in the state in every way. It is the business of a government to attend to secular affairs and let religions take care of themselvs. One of the most objectionable ways in

which it could make its ugly presence perceptible is by Sunday laws. When it is a religion which professes to be scriptural, it is perfectly ridiculous. When it is a religion which professes to protest against the Catholic church, it is monstrously absurd to giv legal protection to an institution which has no authority for its existence outside that church. Tyrannical laws injure, but foolish laws insult as well.

242 *W. 48th street, New York.* E. J. BOWTELL.

A Methodist D.D.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* The ventilation in your issue of Oct. 4th of the case of Daniel Wise is just and called for. It requires a priest like Mr. Wise to make war upon popery, and to overlook the historical fact that these Christians, both Protestants and papists, hav murdered nine millions of each other to evince their "faith" in the "Holy Ghost." Since Mr. Wise was a boy, some fifty years ago, I hav known him. He was a Methodist when he left England, I think, for this country. And at that period it was not so common as it is now for Methodist preachers to be dubbed with "D.D." Elijah Hedding, one of the Methodist bishops, told me when I was a Methodist minister that these characteristic letters, "D.D.," did not become any real Methodist minister, who was "inspired by the Holy Ghost to preach; as 'D.D.' *signified* devil damned." And yet this very bishop afterward showed how very little of the "Holy Ghost" he had, as he accepted D.D. for his own name, as it is now so common for any ignoramus to do. And I hav long noticed that since Methodism has increased the number of its literary institutions, each of them has been very lavish in dubbing Methodist ministers like Mr. Wise with a degree of "devil damned." It causes the recipient to stick to the *ism*, and givs him an idea of his own back-bone, which he could never hav had without it. Hence I see persons who were boys when I knew them, that had never learned to write their own names, to which now I often see the D.D. attached. But whether Mr. Wise was flattered by Methodism with D.D. in consideration of a *plagiarism* he committed on me in 1840 I am not able to say. At any rate, it looks so. And as I owe Methodism a "debt of love" for it persecution continued against me for six years before I left its ranks in 1840, and from year to year ever since that period, I will state a few of the facts, and allow you to judge. The "offense" for which the Methodist Episcopal church has persecuted me for half a century may be stated in three sentences.

1. I inaugurated the movement in behalf of theological education, theological schools, and seminaries, in 1833.

2. I inaugurated in 1834 the anti-slavery movement against Methodist slave-holding and American slavery.

3. And, finally, I doffed the shad-bellied coat of Methodism in 1840, four years after I had discovered the vainglory, the deception, the hypocrisy, and the fraud of Methodism. And this was after I had endured the "bad odor" they had cast upon my name, although I was honorably acquitted in five yearly ecclesiastical trials, in which the officials had vainly attempted to expel me. Thus, in leaving the church, I committed the "unpardonable sin" against Methodism, "that hath never forgivness," neither in that or this age, or in the age to come (Matt. xii, 32). At the Eastham, Mass., Camp-meeting, 1838, I preached a sermon on "Personal Effort," taking my text James v, 20, which was plagiarized by Daniel Wise. The Methodist disciplin made it the duty of the book agents to publish any sermon, tract, or book that was so ordered by an annual conference. And this sermon of mine was thus ordered by two annual conferences in the M. E. church, namely, the New Hampshire and the New England. I myself furnished the book agents with the *official* recommendations of the two conferences, and a copy of my sermon. But they *refused* to publish it, assigning, as the reason, that I was an Abolitionist, and the editor of *Zion's Watchman*, a free and independent paper, and my name was in "bad odor at the South." But the sermon of Daniel Wise, preached in 1840, at the same camp-meeting, and on the same text and the same subject (a copy of which is now before me), the book agents published, thus indorsing Mr. Wise in his theft, so far as he did anything unministerial in his plagiarism. And here, to show the *meanness* and the *hypocrisy* of those Methodist officials, I hav to say, unknowing of my Abolitionism, they had, years before, published and sold three works that I wrote at their request, and for which they paid me a liberal price. One was entitled "Biblical Institutes;" another, "History of the United States," and the third, "History of South America." And, after advertising and selling these books, when the book agents found out that I was an Abolitionist, they at once struck each of my books from their list of publications forever.

But that sermon of mine entitled "Christian Love" was published (without my name) by John S. Taylor, and copies of it sent to all the Methodist papers in the country. Whereupon it was twice highly commended by the *Christian Advocate* and *Journal*, at the Methodist book-rooms. And I hav now before me a string of these Methodist commendations, pasted on a strip of paper two feet in length, and some of them uttered only because the editor did not know who the author of "Christian Love" was. But manifestly no "bad odor" attached to the name of Daniel Wise, at the Methodist headquarters, to prevent Methodists from indorsing his *plagiarism* or dubbing him as a "devil damned."

Quincy, Mass. LAROY SUNDERLAND.

Chainey's Spiritualism.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* It seems to me that it is Spiritualism, instead of Materialism, that stands in need of a defense against the words and works of Mr. George Chainey.

It goes without saying that Materialism appreciates truth and virtue at their proper value, for the reason that the principal demand of that philosophy is that all goodness shall be sought out and followed because of its worth and beauty, and not on account of the praise and rewards we are to hav, either in this world or any other. And most all the Spiritualistic people I am acquainted with are intelligent and right-minded enough to agree with this grand and fundamental doctrin of Materialism, and to declare, as we do, that even if all life is to be utterly ended with to-morrow's sun, still truth and virtue are just as worthy of joyful devotion and enthusiastic upholding as if we were to liv forever and ever to enjoy sweet recompenses.

But now comes Mr. Chainey in the last TRUTH SEEKER. Speaking as a Spiritualist, he asks: "But what is fame or honor worth when the end of it all is to make a banquet of worms? Why sweat and groan to be remembered when we can remember no more? How great the chance anyway is it, even if we do our best, that anyone will wreathe a garland of praise around our memory or our name with the lips of love?"

It strikes me that this is a direct denial, and in the orthodox fashion, too, of the great truth that virtue is worthy of being followed for virtue's sake alone, and also that Mr. Chainey is asserting this low-lived appreciation of goodness as the accepted Spiritualistic standard. I bel eve this to be a base slander upon Spiritualism, the great majority of those people esteeming truth and virtue just as highly as we Materialists do, and I respectfully request all earnest believers in the spiritual world to correct me if I am wrong in denouncing these utterances of Mr. Chainey, and thereby restrain me from what I shall, if not so corrected, continually assert, viz., that the lamentable condition of Mr. Chainey in the matter of regard for morality, is a shocking exception, and not the general rule among Spiritualists, and that there are but very few of them who are so devoid of decency as to really think, with George Chainey, that our estimation of work for goodness ought to be dependent upon the "fame and honor," the "remembrance," or "the garlands of praise," we might thereby obtain. Such virtue as that is not even skin deep.

Boston, Mass. GEO. N. HILL.

Orderly Anarchy.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I am studying Proudhon, who in France has initiated, I believe, the systematic conception of orderly anarchy, and whom Mr. Tucker, of *Liberty*, acknowledges as his teacher. Noticing in your late issue a disposition to investigate this subject, I hav supposed that the following extracts from "L'Idée generale de la Révolution," might be welcome. My omissions and interpositions will be evident.

ADMINISTRATION POLICE.

"As we stand to-day, nothing would be more generally repudiated as improper, sacrilegious, encroaching on the rights of reason and conscience, than a government which, usurping the domain of faith, should pretend to regulate the spiritual duties of its subjects. Even Christians would regard such a tyranny as intolerable. Insurrection or else martyrdom would challenge its authority." The church, or constituted religion, has on its part always been disposed to arrogate and cumulate secular authority, has never ceded it in principle, and in fact, only to resistance by force, provoked by its abuses, as in the Papal See, the last emancipated of European states. In the Sandwich Islands, the Presbyterian church still exercises a similar tyranny, builds fortunes on the ruin of the nativs, and harnesses them like beasts to its vehicles of travel. After divorcing itself from the church, as in the French republic and the German empire, the state invokes the church's alliance to keep the people in subjection, and, without believing its doctrins, shares tribute with it. By supporting it directly, as in England, France, etc.; or indirectly, as in the United States, by exempting church property from taxation, enforcing idleness upon the Sabbath, etc., the state panders to the authority of the church, and these two powers form with capital a triumvirate. The logic of authority, the governmental principle, requires such reunion, such alliance. "The church, on its side, when it loses the direction of temporal affairs, is no longer heeded as to spiritual; while the state, appealing only to force for resolving material issues, loses the respect of peoples, and provokes reprobation. Wherefore, state and church, convinced at the eleventh hour of their indivisibility, endeavor to reunite in defiance. We must organize the economic forces and giv the constitution of property."

We must fuse, immerse, dissolve the political or governmental system in the economic, by reducing, simplifying, decentralizing, suppressing, one after another, all the cog-wheels of that great machine called government or the state.

Postponing to another work, the religious, moral, philosophical, literary, and artistic aspect of this new order, we confine ourselvs here to the economic.

Imagin the people saying to its delegates: I want the revolution peaceable, but complete, prompt, and decisiv. To the actual oppression and misery, let an order of prosperity and liberty succeed. For the political constitution, substitute an organization of the economic forces. Let man and citizen, instead of being bound to society by any tie of subordination and obedience, be allied only by free contract. I want you to use those very institutions that I charge you to abolish, along with principles of right which you will hav to elaborate, in such fashion that the new society shall appear as the spontaneous, natural, and necessary development of the old one.

To the people, thus enlightened upon its true interests, I reply, without pretending to anything absolute, exclusiv, or complete, by the following plan:

Here follows the chapter, "National Bank," which I do not translate, because in part of technical language unsuited to the general reader, but more especially because written in view of the Bank of France, its special constitution, and its actual relations to the French people (1851). Its adaptation to the United States at this time would exceed the liberties of translation. The adaptation required has moreover been made by Col. Green in his excellent pamphlet, which the reader may procure from the office of *Liberty*, Box 3366, Boston, for 25 cents.

Guntersville, Ala. EDGEWORTH.

Ammunition for the League for the Protection of Personal Liberty.

BIBLE QUESTIONS. ASK YOUR MINISTER TO GIV YOU HONEST ANSWERS.

Why did God bless and set apart as holy the seventh day? (Ex. xx, 11.)

Will the reason given in Ex. xx, 11 apply to any other day?

Please giv chapter and verse where God blessed or sanctified or commanded us to keep holy Sunday or first day?

Has God ever taken away the blessing which he put on the seventh day and transferred it to Sunday, the first day?

Did not God speak the fourth commandment with his own lips? (Ex. xx, 1.) And did he not declare, "My covenant will I not break, nor alter the thing that is gone out of my lips?" (Psalms, lxxxix, 34.)

Does not Christ indorse this? (Nath. v, 17–19.)

Does the New Testament ever call the first day holy?

Does the New Testament ever apply the name, Sabbath, to the first day?

As the New Testament declares there is no transgression where there is no law (Rom. iv, 15; 1 John iii, 4), will you please state what sin is committed by working on Sunday?

If the name, Sabbath, was no longer applied to Sunday—but it should always simply be called "first day," as it is in the Bible—would not Sunday soon lose all its sacredness in the minds of the people?

Was it not a wicked perversion of scripture, by the Roman Catholic church, to take the name, Sabbath, from the seventh day and giv it to Sunday?

Since there is no authority for keeping Sunday—save the holy Roman Catholic church (see Catholic catechism)—are not the pope's Sunday-keepers God's Sabbath-breakers?

Is not Sunday-keeping, which is founded only on the traditions of the Catholic church, very wicked since it makes the commandments of God of none effect? (Mark, vii, 7–13.)

Let every member of the League write out copies of these questions, or select a few of them; add a kind, respectful request for immediate answers; inclose stamped, addressed envelope, and send to each minister in their vicinity.

Ask these questions, in a spirit of gentleness, of Christian friends; and request them to ask answers from their ministers. This will create a furor of excitement on the question among Christians themselvs. The answers of the ministers, even of the same denomination, will flatly contradict each other, and thus expose the injustice and unwarranted dictation of the church in securing passage of Sunday laws. Honest-hearted Christians will begin to think for themselvs, and finding this most cherished point of their faith is not founded on truth, realize need to study facts in regard to other points of belief. Liberal literature and lecturers would soon be in demand. Try it.

C. B. REYNOLDS,
Chairman Ex. Com. N. L. L.

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Points Probably Known, But Not Stated.

Monsignor Capel lectured to a very large audience at the cathedral in this city last Sunday night. He argued that the church's influence in politics was a valuable and conservativ one, because it taught that, while presidents were chosen by the people, yet their authority to rule came from God, and was to be respected, unless abused, because it was God-given. The six thousand priests in America, by their obedience to their spiritual superiors, set a model example to Americans to be an orderly and law-abiding people: Priests, he said, voted always as their conscience dictated, but they were not free to seek to influence the votes of their parishioners. As a body of religious teachers, they had stood almost as a man apart from politics. It must be ever said to the glory of the Catholic church, the lecturer exclaimed, that her priests hav stood quiet at their posts during this white-heated political campaign, and, while doubtless feeling a deep personal interest in the struggle, hav never prostituted their position to any political power.

There is one fatal fault to be found with this expression of opinion—it is not true. Our president, according to the Declaration of Independence and our Constitution, gets his authority from the American people. If he got it from God, he must, according to the canons of the Catholic church, get it through an Italian gentleman known as the pope. Leo XIII. has exclusiv territorial rights in disbursing God-given authority. Priests, Mr. Capel also knows, not only vote but work as their spiritual superiors direct. And the Catholic people vote and work as the priests direct. In countries in which votes are permitted this has always been the rule—and it is the rule in this country to-day. Let Mr. Capel ask any well-informed, *and honest*, politician in this city how it is that John Kelly holds such absolute power over some 30,000 or 40,000 voters. The answer will be: Through his uncle, Cardinal McCloskey, who holds the ignorant Catholic population as securely as the priests hold their "consciences" by means of the confessional.

Monsignor Capel spoke against the public schools. From a careful inspection of the system in this country he said he found that it was surely destroying the dignity of labor by engendering contempt for it in the pupils. "Where," he said, "is your public school girl who will consent to be a servant-maid in your house; where is the schoolboy who will consent to be even a skilled laborer? Is it, then, surprising that the servant girls of this country should be chiefly Catholics? No Catholic is taught that labor is dishonorable. The Catholic servant girl does her work right nobly. Such labor to them is a labor of love. They find consolation in their religion."

Mr. Capel deceives no one by confining his grievance against the public schools to the pointless statement that in them is inculcated an aversion to labor. He would not be the chosen emissary of Rome did he believe it himself. The servant girls of this country are Catholics because only ignorance is satisfied to clean other people's kettles and floors and clothes for a living. And as a class, the Catholic servant girls are thriftless, wasteful, dirty, and dishonest, caring nothing for their employer's interests, but only for their own lazy, impudent existence. Their labor is entirely a labor of necessity—a necessity of their own to work or starve, and a necessity on the part of the employer to hav some one to scrub and wash.

Monsignor Capel further insisted that the Catholic church was the only power that could successfully solve the terrible problem of the harmonization of the relations of capital and labor, which was soon to confront the American people. It would require but little to stir the workingman to rage as he saw on every hand fortunes built up by his toil absorbed by others without receiving a just compensation himself. The public schools of America would go on wafting abroad the same miserable result of imparting a dislike for labor and a fondness for speculation that would but intensify this evil and injustice to the laborer. The Catholic churches, on the other hand, taught him to be law-abiding by showing him that his reward was that heaven which the man who grew rich by the laborer's toil could reach only with the greatest difficulty.

In this he stated the position of the church, which is to every intelligent workingman the most cogent reason for not accepting Christianity. Believing that his life is to be endured in just the condition he is in, because God placed him here in that condition, the laborer soons becomes a mere animal, eating and drinking, doing as little as he can to pay for it, and desiring only to so liv that he will get to heaven. He makes such intellectual efforts only as are necessary to obey his priest, and becomes in every way a fit companion for the cattle he livs among. The condition of the peasantry of Europe in exclusivly Catholic times is universally conceded to hav been brutal in the extreme. They were loyal to "God" and the Catholic church, but fearfully disloyal to themselvs and their own welfare. In proportion as they became emancipated from superstition they ascended in the social scale. Capel seems desirous of seeing them retrace these steps. His sermon was an insult to the workingman.

The Social Feature Necessary in Liberal Work.

The seventh Congress of the League, held at Milwaukee, adopted a few amendments to the League constitution which are of the highest importance in the permanent organization of Freethought. The reproach has frequently been urged against our movement that it is disintegrating in tendency, and consequently would never cohere with strength sufficient to successfully battle the church. It is true in a measure that the strong individuality which leads men and women to withdraw from long established institutions, which they hav been taught to regard as necessary as the state, also makes them impatient of any new restraining force. Any organization which in any way hampers their actions or free associations will not be tolerated for a moment.

The League, however, is not open to this objection. The effect of charters as auxiliary Leagues is "simply to unite them in cordial fellowship and efficient cooperation of the freest kind with the National Liberal League and with other local Leagues. All votes of the Annual Congress, and all communications of the Board of Directors, shall possess no more authority or influence over them thn lies in the intrinsic wisdom of the words themselvs." The object which must hold the Leagues together, then, is solely *devotion to a great principle—that of state secularization.* The fires of patriotism must burn in every Leaguer's breast; loyalty to his country and its constitution, be his constant thought in politics; opposition to Christian tyranny must guide his every political action. He must be faithful, self-sacrificing, and true to the principles and tradition of our government, now so pertinaciously assailed by both the Catholic and Protestant priesthood.

With the most of us these sentiments are sufficient to bind us in a brotherhood stronger than the Catholic church. We may differ on every other subject under the sun, but on this question of liberty and equal rights for Freethinkers there is absolute and perfect unity. Without doubt there are hundreds of thousands of people in this country who are at one with us in this, and who would aid with presence and votes could they be brought into affiliation with the League. The main questions of Liberalism are already settled in their minds. They hav quit the church never to return. The husks she offers turn to ashes on their lips. They are disgusted with the pretensions of Christianity; its hell is a lie; its heaven a myth, and its theology as dry as a dictionary. Yet, somehow, they keep wandering into the churches, as a man strays back to old haunts, to see the people he has left, to hear the music, to enjoy the sociability of the meeting. Man is a gregarious animal. He must hav pleasant associations, and expressions of sentiment. Selkirk on his solitary island was the most unhappy person in the world, and he welcomed the coming of even a savage with heartfelt joy. There are thousands of sentimental and intellectual Selkirks in this country to-day, and that they may hav associations of pleasure they tolerate also the savagery of Christianity. If we could get these men and women into our ranks we should hav almost the ninety and nine of the country.

To accomplish this Liberals must do what the church has done; hold meetings often, and make them pleasant. This can be done in small cities, where there is little to attract people outside of the churches and traveling shows, with surprising ease, once the ball is set rolling. It was a knowledge of this, and in response to repeated demands for action in this direction, that induced the officers of the League to offer these amendments to the League constitution:

"FIRST, SOCIAL.

"Every auxiliary League is recommended to hold picnics, excursions, parties, dances, fairs, bazaars, sociables, etc., as often as they can make them pleasant and profitable. These social gatherings should be held on Sunday, whenever practicable.

"SECOND, EDUCATIV.

"1. Every auxiliary should commence the formation of a library and reading-room, either at its organization or as soon after as it can command the means to secure a few books, tracts, pamphlets, and copies of Liberal journals.

"2. Every auxiliary should hold a few stated League meetings on Sunday during the year—not necessarily every Sunday, but as often as speakers can be procured, or interest kept up.

"3. Every auxiliary, where ten or more children can be got together, should establish a Liberal Sunday-school, and take every means to instruct, amuse, and interest children.

"4. Every auxiliary should develop, instruct, and utilize whatever musical talent may be found in its members, and avail themselvs of music, as far as possible, to make their meetings interesting and their Sunday-schools attractiv.

"THIRD, PROVIDENT.

"1. Every auxiliary should make every effort, by standing committees or otherwise, to keep all its members employed—see to it that every member has work and pay enough for it to giv him a comfortable support. To this end, those out of employment should giv notice to the officers of his auxiliary, and hav his wants stated at its meetings and posted on bulletins in its halls. If these are not effectiv, then to advertise them in the League organs and Liberal papers. On the other hand, those wishing to employ labor should first giv notice in the same way at the local League meetings or in the papers, before employing elsewhere. And generally, Leaguers should see to it and take special pains to keep League men and women employed, particularly those who hav been discharged for their Liberal sentiments.

"2. Every auxiliary, when the number of members is sufficient, should require payment of each member on joining, and periodically afterwards, enough to make a benefit fund in which each member shall share by weekly appropriations, whenever he or she is sick, out of employment, or otherwise disabled from work.

"FOURTH, CO-OPERATIV.

"Every auxiliary is recommended to take subscriptions from its members to form a co-operativ fund with which to buy clothing, provisions, tools, and general merchandise at wholesale, on the lowest terms; and then at its stated meetings, or oftener at special meetings, divide or dispose of its goods so purchased, to its members at cost, or at the least advance per cent beyond cost that will cover loss or incidental expenses in addition to the original cost of purchase."

It is, at present, not possible for every League to start a library or found a labor bureau or benefit fund, but it is possible to be social, and to hav sociables at which pleasant people can enjoy themselvs without being troubled by an opening prayer, or having their pleasures dulled by along-faced dominie, disturbed by a haunting fear that by finishing the last quadrille and breaking into the Sabbath a few moments, they are ruining their immortal souls unless they set the clock back.

As an instance of the value of sociability as a missionary aid, we may relate the experiences of a League in this city. When first founded it had a membership of some forty. Regularly every fortnight it met for a lecture and discussion. Two-thirds of the members were young people. Gradually they got tired of so much philosophy, and their remarks were about the same as one hears from the careless, if not heretical, young members of a church. Soon the attendance fell off, and the leaders were disheartened. The idea of getting up a "good time" was suggested and acted upon. One of the leaders gave a party. His spacious parlors were filled by the members and their friends. In the fore part of the evening, the wise men talked sound sense to the youths and maidens, and then left the floor open for fun. A leader of revelry was chosen, and the sociable was a pronounced success. One League member also had an "eye to business," and before the evening's entertainment was over, nearly all the friends of the members and the friends of the friends were members also. Three entertainments of this kind ran the

League membership up to considerably over a hundred, and never was a meeting held without some outsiders getting indoctrinated with Freethought principles. Circumstances scattered the leaders of the League; suitable parlors were not available, and to-day it would be only by the blessings of fortuitous circumstances, or under the stress of another "sociable," that a quorum could be got together.

There are some who oppose organization because it costs money, but was ever any desirable object attained without costing money? Our Revolutionary war cost money and blood. The abolition of physical slavery cost money and more blood. Can we hope that the destruction of mental slavery will be accomplished without costing money? In ages past the right to freely think on religious matters has been bought with tears and agony, and heretics martyred amid flame and carnage. It is only a few short months since the last victim of Christian hate emerged from a prison cell. Let us count ourselvs lucky if we can now purchase freedom to think and equal rights for ourselvs and children by the expenditure of a few dollars. But, it is urged, Christians organize, and ask for money. Are we not opposed to the church and her methods? And we might retort, Christians eat; shall Freethinkers then starve? Organization is almost as necessary to a healthy life as eating. Between starving physically and intellectually there is but little choice. Selkirk might well hav contemplated suicide as he wandered up and down the desolate shore of his island prison. A solitary Freethinker may be intellectual monarch of all he surveys in his town, but unless he finds congenial companionship he is likely to go back to the fleshpots of the church for social food. As Freethinkers, we are not opposed to the good use the church makes of its organization—its charities or its colleges—but to its abuse of the power derived from the co-operation of its members. The devil can best be fought with fire. To make headway against entrenched tyranny, there must be armies well disciplined, alert, and courageous. "Make way for liberty," cried Winkelried as he gathered the spearheads to his heart, but what good would his heroic sacrifice hav done had he not been supported by a devoted band? The League may engage the enemy at every point, but without numbers to support it defeat is as certain as death.

Organization of Freethought is the one thing that will save our country from coming under the domination of ecclesiasticism. "I would like to buy some Paine's 'Age of Reason' to keep in stock," writes a Canadian bookseller, "but what is the use of ordering them? I can't get them through the custom house; they will be confiscated and burnt." And this in a free country, and in a land supposed to be civilized! Do we not need an organization that costs money? If the Freethinkers of Canada will supply the means, we hav no doubt that the officers of the National Liberal League will soon get the "Age of Reason" through the custom house that blocks the port of entry from which our friend writes, and then his customers can read what they choose. Organization we must hav, and it must be permanent, or the enemy will rally the moment vigilance relaxes. To be permanent, it must provide for all the wants of the people, that they may not stray away beyond the reach of liberty's voice. The church must be superseded by an educativ, rational, and tolerant organization. Such an organization must grow through social as well as political means. Social life must be the poetry and music, the sentiment of our movement. The church has reared us midst rites and pomp, and while we would not imitate her ostentation, nor build cathedrals vast and dim, we yet can utilize, as she has done, the desire for sympathetic companionship which is in every breast. Social life also attracts the women, and the importance of attracting them cannot be over-estimated. It is true that many come to us from pure love of intellectual exercise, and become Freethinkers solely because of the unreasonableness of Christianity, but there are thousands not educated to do their own thinking, who prefer to hav their ways directed by husbands, fathers, brothers, or lovers. As their ways are directed, that will be the road of the next generation. Our religion is the love and cherishing of humanity; we must, therefore, work for those who are to come after us. Social life is strength; isolation is death. It is dreary living alone on the top of a tower. Now that it has no martyrs in prison, Liberalism should regenerate society so that it may never hav another. We must extend its area, and multiply its relations; and we shall be the gainers, as well as those brought to us by our activity.

Col. Ingersoll Did Not Say It.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* In your paper of the 18th inst., I find the following:

"'Why do you not return East and work for Blaine?' Judge Ryan, of the Treasury Department at San Francisco, asked Col. Ingersoll the other day. And this was the answer of the man who eight years ago dubbed Blaine the plumed knight. Hear him: 'While I havn't eulogized the gods as much as some, I hav never and never will defend the devil.'—*Ex.*"

I write simply to say that there is no truth in this story. I never said any such thing.

Yours truly, R. G. Ingersoll.

Chico Springs, New Mexico, Oct. 26, 1884.

Editorial Notes.

In its zeal to help its presidential candidate, the *Church Union* violated the postal laws by sending campaign documents wrapped up in its pages at pound rates. The kingdom of God is for such people as serve Christ and cheat the government!

When Mr. Remsburg lectured in Grand Rapids, Mich., last winter, he made a lasting impression upon the editor of the *German American,* Mr. Hammerschlag, and the result is now seen in the publication of good Freethought editorials in that paper. Thus the good seed sprouts and grows. Keep our missionaries busy, and the whole country will soon feel the effect.

The opposition to the League is about narrowed down to a free religious paper, a free-love paper, and a free property, or, to use the words of Proudhon, a "property-is-robbery" paper, and the Christian press generally. If these journals will go on about their several missions, and let the League alone to do *its* work, there will be peace and harmony all around.

C. B. Reynolds, chairman of the Executiv Committee of the National Liberal League, will lecture before the Newark Liberal League on Sunday, Nov. 9th, at 3 o'clock P.M. Subject, "Why I Left the Pulpit." Friday evening, the 14th inst., he will speak at the Manhattan Liberal Club on "National Liberal League Secularization through Organization." Mr. Reynolds is a live orator, witty, dramatic, and eloquent, and deserves to hav large audiences.

The Unitarian Church Directory and Missionary Handbook puts the *Index,* of Boston, among the Unitarian organs. The *Index* feebly squirms and mildly squeaks that this "can be a true classification only on the basis of a very broad definition of the Unitarian movement—broader than any Unitarian organization has ever made." Yet we do not see why the paper should hav taken the trouble to say even so much, since its senior editor is an activ Unitarian preacher of the most narrow sort.

Miss Helen H. Gardener's chastisment of the Hon. Washington Gladden was offered to the magazine originally printing Mr. Gladden's paper, but was refused by the editor for "lack of space." It givs us great pleasure to make public the mistakes of Christ, as pointed out by Washington Gladden, through the mediumship of the vigorous pen of Miss Gardener. Doubtless the editor of the *Century* will also be pleased that we make room for a criticism which *only* "lack of space" prevented his printing.

At a recent meeting of the Birmingham branch of the "Church of England Zenana Missionary Society," a speaker stated that "one of the chief difficulties that had to be encountered was the effect of the introduction of a considerable amount of Infidel literature into the country every year. Thousands of publications of all kinds were sent from England to India during the course of the twelve months. One society alone circulated 33 books written by Bradlaugh, 9 by Mrs. Besant, 16 by Ingersoll, 14 by Foote, and others by people of that class."

We are glad to see that, notwithstanding the severe polemical encounter Mr. Charles Watts had at his recent lecture in Dunnville with a Baptist minister, the local press speaks so highly of our first vice-president. The *Gazette* says: "Mr. Watts is a good reasoner, deep thinker, and a fluent speaker, and even if his views be not accepted his arguments will at least afford food for thought and investigation." The *Reform Press* remarks: "Mr. Charles Watts is a man of superior ability, long experience in the lecture field, and handled his subject ('Christianity; Its Claims Examined') very ingeniously, endeavoring to prove that Christianity was of human instead of divine origin."

Mr. E. H. Heywood sends us the following petition (copies of which can be obtained from him at Princeton, Mass.), now in circulation in Boston:

"*To the Senate and House of Representativs in Congress assembled:* We, the undersigned, Citizens of ——, holding with Daniel Webster that 'the true office of government is to protect Persons and Property from invasion;' knowing that questions of religion, morals, and opinion are matters of Individual Liberty in Right, and opposing all phases of Censorship which violate Freedom of Conscience, Speech, the Press and the Mails guaranteed in fundamental law, respectfully request of your Honorable Bodies the immediate and unconditional Repeal of the Act of July 12, 1876, Chap. 186, page 90, known as the Comstock statute."

This petition, says Mr. Heywood, "is entirely an individual affair, nowise interfering with the chosen work of the Liberal League or any other association." "It is headed" he adds, "by Elizur Wright, and signed by Walter C. Wright, Horace Seaver, J. P. Mendum, Isaac B. Rich, Luther Colby, Dr. H. B. Storer, Dr. J. L. Newman, J. Storer Cobb, and other leading Liberals here." And Mr. Heywood may add, in the boldest characters he can pen, The Truth Seeker. Not until the pope makes the White House his headquarters will we recognize the right of Congress to enact unconstitutional laws.

We hav been compelled to lay aside several letters from correspondents containing advice about how to vote, received too late for publication before the election, and which lose their point now that the election is over. In connection with this subject it may be appropriate to remark that The Truth Seeker has been charged with political unfairness in six distinct specifications, as follows: 1. In that it has given aid and comfort to the supporters of James G. Blaine; 2. In that it has favored the election of Grover Cleveland; 3. In that it has advocated the fitness of B. F. Butler for the presidential chair; 4. In that it has attacked the said James G. Blaine in a scurrilous manner; 5. In that it has aided and abetted the defamation of the character of the said Grover Cleveland; 6. In that it has opposed the election of B. F. Butler aforementioned. To all of which The Truth Seeker pleads "Not Guilty," and recommends itself to the mercy of the court.

In closing nearly three columns of rather wild criticism of Col. Ingersoll, the League, Mr. Watts, Rev. James K. Applebee, the *Investigator,* Mr. Wakeman, an unnamed Western gentleman, and The Truth Seeker and its editor, Mr. E. C. Walker says:

"In conclusion—(1) the one constitutional object of the League is the separation of church and state, this (2) including the protection of persecuted Freethinkers and, as a necessary means to that end, (3) the repeal of all laws punishing the citizen for any choice he may make in the selection of his reading matter. The first proposition is affirmed by the League, Mr. Applebee, and myself, and denied by Mr. Macdonald, who asserts that the protection of Freethinkers is an object of the League, but distinct from that of secularization. The second proposition is affirmed by me; denied, as per preceding paragraph, by Mr. Macdonald; denied, inferentially but surely, by the League as now constituted, and denied unreservedly by Mr. Applebee. Third proposition, that of repeal, is denied by Mr. Applebee distinctly, and as distinctly affirmed by me, and is denied by the League, and through his *unqualified* support of the League by Mr. Macdonald. However, Mr. Macdonald demands the repeal of national statutes of this nature, as do many other members of the League, but they are nearly all muzzled for fear of offending the Modifiers, who are supposed to be about ready to play the part of returning prodigal sons."

To save Mr. Walker any further mental exertion in this direction, we will restate our opinion of the object of the League, which is, to effect the complete separation of church and state; and pending the accomplishment of this, to defend Freethinkers persecuted for their Freethought opinions. We cannot help thinking, however, that had friend Walker been as anxious to do justice to all the parties he mentions as he is to make a seeming point against them (though what his points amount to when made we cannot see), he need not hav consumed so much space in sophistical quibbles.

Lectures and Meetings.

From this date E. C. Walker's address will be Valley Falls, Kansas, Box 42. He enters the lecturing and canvassing field November 17th.

W. F. Jamieson, Pipestone, Minn., is rapidly filling up his time with lecture engagements. He will lecture in Seward, Nebraska, Nov. 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, and 14th. Liberals of Nebraska are invited to correspond with him in reference to engaging him for the remainder of November. Address him at Pipestone, Minn.

The Liberals and Freethinkers of Rochester and vicinity will meet in convention in that city, Sunday, Nov. 9th, in the Knights of Labor Hall, No. 7 South St. Paul street, at which time steps will be taken to organize a League, as there is no Liberal organization at present in Rochester. Professor T. Pope, of Rochester; Mr. F. G. Sleaster, of Lockport; Professor H. O. Sommers, and other able speakers will be present to address the meeting, and an enjoyable time is anticipated. There will be three sessions during the day, at 10 A.M. and 2 and 7 P.M. Friends from adjoining towns are cordially invited. H. O. Sommers is secretary.

The Spiritualists and Liberalists of Van Buren and adjoining counties will hold their next quarterly meeting at Marcellus, Cass county, Mich., on the Grand Trunk Railroad, commencing Saturday, Nov. 15th, at 3 o'clock P.M., and continuing over Sunday. C. A. Andrus, of Grand Rapids, Mich., and Mrs. Olie C. Denslow, of South Bend, Ind., will be the speakers. Mrs. Denslow will furnish inspirational, vocal, and instrumental music for the occasion, and will giv psychometric readings from the rostrum to parties desiring them. A good attendance is expected. E. L. Warner, of Paw Paw, Mich., is secretary, and L. S. Burdick, of Kalamazoo, Mich., is president.

The Wisconsin State Association of Spiritualists will hold its next meeting in St. Andrew's Hall, 406 Grand Avenue, Milwaukee, on the 5th, 6th, and 7th of December, 1884. Speakers, Professor A. B. French, of Ohio; John E. Remsburg, of Kansas; Wm. M. Lockwood, of Ripon, Wis. The Cross Concert Troupe, who gave such universal satisfaction at our last meeting, will furnish the music for this. All Liberals and Freethinkers are invited. The Chicago & Northwestern, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, Lake Shore, Wisconsin Central, and Milwaukee & Northern railroads will return for one-fifth fare all persons paying full fare to the meeting. Program: Friday evening, lecture by J. E. Remsburg. Saturday forenoon, general conference. Saturday afternoon, lecture by J. E Remsburg; subject, "Superstition." Saturday evening, lecture by Professor A. B. French; subject, "Prehistoric America." Sunday, 10:30 A.M., lecture by J. E. Remsburg; subject, "False Claims." Sunday, 2:30 P.M., lecture by Professor Wm. M. Lockwood; subject, "Spiritualism of Science." Sunday evening, lecture by Professor A. B. French; subject, "Spiritualism Compared with Materialism." Each session to be preceded by a conference of one hour, to be interspersed with music by the Cross Concert Troupe. A few will be entertained free. Board and lodging at Collins House, 414 and 416 Broadway, 75 cents per day. Admission each session, 15 cents. The secretary is Dr. J. C. Phillips, and Wm. M. Lockwood, of Omro, Wis., is president.

Letters from Friends.

NEWPORT, ME., Oct. 25, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I inclose 50 cents, for which send me 25 cents' worth of TRUTH SEEKERS of Oct. 18th, and 25 cents' worth of "Ingersoll Catechised." Let me ask if Remsburg's "Bible Morals" is to be put in pamphlet form. If so, I shall want copies of it. It is a very important paper, and ought to be put into the hands of many millions.

And now a word to the editor. In the editorial of Oct. 25th, entitled, "A Symbol of the Lowest of Things," you call it "worship of the most disgusting kind." If I correctly understand the original meaning of the "cross," it was meant to represent the reproductiv organs, and was carried in the shape of a cross and put over the church doors, and Mr. Bennett so stated in his travels around the world.

What I wish to know is, Does the editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER feel that any part of the human body is "disgusting?" It may be that I do not understand you.

A word in another direction. In the same paper, on the first page, you quote a resolution from the *Word*, with some editorial remarks. If I understand Mr. Heywood, he means to say that the Liberal League made an unconditional surrender of a very vital principle, viz., the repeal of the infamous Comstock laws. I hav watched this subject from the first with great interest, and the surrender of the League to the government has been a very humiliating one.

SEWARD MITCHELL.

[Mr. Remsburg's "Bible Morals" will be published in pamphlet form immediately, at the low price of twenty-five cents singly, six for a dollar, and special rates for larger quantities.

The editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER never said that any portion of the human body is disgusting. But if Mr. Mitchell has knowledge of the religion in which the prototype of the cross played the important part, he knows that the religion *was* disgusting.

We are glad Mr. Mitchell is able to translate the *Word*. The question he raises can best be answered by the secretary of the League. We quote from the *Investigator* of the 22d ult.:

THE PRESENT POSITION OF THE NATIONAL LIBERAL LEAGUE AS TO THE QUESTION OF REPEAL OR MODIFICATION.

MR. EDITOR: There seems to be a misapprehension in the minds of some as to the nature of the declaration of the late Congress of the League. I will state what I think was clearly in the minds of all those who participated in that Congress.

The Congress specially declared that the Nine Demands of Liberalism, as adopted in Philadelphia in 1876, should hereafter be the basis of union, and should define our mission as Freethinkers and reformers.

What is the meaning of this declaration? It means that beyond the Nine Demands, the League is committed to no particular political action. Each member is left to his own personal judgment. Therefore, whoever joins the League and partakes in its action, commits himself only to the Nine Demands—that is, to state secularization.

On the question, therefore, of repeal or modification, the League now stands where the original Congress of 1876 stood. It leaves the question open for its members to decide according to their private judgment as to the wisest method by which the rights of Freethought can be maintained. On this question Liberals are divided. It is a question that involves in its settlement principles that go beyond the scope of the Nine Demands. The League cannot, therefore, declare in favor of either repeal or modification.

It is objected that there was no rescinding resolution at the late Congress; and because one Congress has declared in favor of repeal, therefore the League is permanently committed to this policy.

This is not so. The voice of one Congress is not the voice of a succeeding Congress, and unless the resolutions of a previous Congress are reaffirmed by a succeeding Congress, they do not stand as the voice of the League. This is the express declaration by resolution of the League itself. It says that "resolutions heretofore or hereafter passed by the annual Congress of the League are no test of fellowship in the League, but simply express the sentiments of those voting for them, *and of the particular Congress of which they are a majority.*"

These words very plainly declare that the League is not now committed to the policy of repeal, and therefore both those who are in favor of repeal, and those who are in favor of modification, can now harmoniously work together. Experience shows that there is an honest difference of opinion in this matter, but that does not prevent an entire unity of action on the basis of the Nine Demands. SAMUEL P. PUTNAM,
Secretary of the National Liberal League.

55 *East 9th street, New York.*

We hope our friend is satisfied with the position of the League, for it leaves him free, as a member of the League, to work with THE TRUTH SEEKER for repeal, or with Mr. Gordon for modification.—ED. T. S.]

THIS FROM A WOMAN!

BRADFORD, PA., Oct. 25, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I am much amused at the ludicrous mistake in the lengthy reply of Mr. Watts to the paragraph or two which I thank you for quoting from my letter; but as I am no believer in vicarious atonement, I would not make a scapegoat of any poor "him" to bear my sins. When Mr. Watts likened what I said of him to "a thunder-storm in a thimble," he "spoke wiser than he knew."

If I tossed back some of the turf and stones he tore up about that "donated" ground, I am heartily glad if they hit him; as it is evident they did. There is Eva Barnes to scrape lint for his wounds. Perhaps if you had given him the entire letter he might hav discerned for himself that I was neither a "Mr." nor a Spiritualist, and so hav been spared the wasting of so many "holy pokers and sacred tongs" upon a woman.

If I indulged in "graphic descriptiv language," and hedged myself in by figures of speech, I believe I did not make use of such elegant slang as the above.

Being always an intuitiv believer in a future life, I needed no phenomena to confirm me. I simply find them interesting, that is all; especially the inspirational speaking of the most gifted women, which is as far above anything in Mr. Watts's or Mr. McCormick's line as heaven is above earth.

"Friendship with all, entangling alliances with none," therefore I am not a member of any association or organization, save the "National Woman Suffrage Association," and do not propose to be, till woman ceases to exist as a serf among all nations and in all lands.

Mr. Watts forgets, or falsifies, when he denies saying that "Woman should not invade man's domain." There were other women who noted it, and whom it offended. I see by his *professed* "substance of reply to Mr. Chainey," which is chiefly a baseless argument for or assertion of Materialism, that he "would open all spheres of *activity* to woman." Probably that implies the blessed privilege of washing his dirty shirt and socks in some back-yard or area, rather than her *political freedom*, which is the mooted question in England just now. He ought to be "proud" of me, if the Spiritualists are not, as my great-grandfather was a British officer, killed in Canada in the battle upon the Hights, or Plains, of Abraham—which is it? I never can remember, only that the "crown" is squandering our fortune.

It was pretty to taunt Mr. Chainey with "Mr. Oliver's" doings. One would suppose he met "a foeman worthy of his steel" by the way he lavished unlimited space and choice epithets. His commiseration, and offers of "material help"—spiritual being beyond his power, good, bad, or indifferent—are all thrown away upon a woman's rights woman. Let them be reserved for some possible "he" who is addicted to "spirituous substances." I am sorry he got so "little beef and ale" at the camp, and would advise the Spiritualists to roast a whole ox and hav a regular barbecue next time, and furnish forth at least a tankard of ale, that he may not make mincemeat, like "twenty tigers," of any "effeminate" brother. It is only too true that many men in this iron, material age need to hav their surplus masculinity emasculated, as woman needs to be raised from her subjected excessiv femininity to hights she has never yet attained, and so furnish to the world a race superior to any it ever saw. If Mr. Watts would study his "own best poets," Tennyson and Browning, a little more, and his Materialistic authors and tendencies a little less, he would attain a better balance of his intellectual powers, and come, perhaps, to see that "there are more things in heaven and earth than his philosophy dreams of."

This is the counsel of a woman who, if not "old enough to be his mother," yet has mature sons, claiming her youngest darling on this, his thirtieth birthday, just as much, being a glorious butterfly in the happy land, the beautiful beyond, as if he were still, with all his sex, but an earth-grub in this.

Having never eaten an "unripe fruit," in the chaste language of Mr. Watts, she is not subject to "bilious attacks," simply to fits of "righteous indignation," at *all* injustice, oppression, and wrong theories as well as wrong doing; and deliberately proposes to barb her only weapon of defense—mark you, *defense*—in all just causes, and while taking the responsibility, cheerfully takes with it, also, the consequences.

I hav but one last word to all Materialists. If their monstrous doctrin be true, they had best destroy all women first, and then fall to and kill each other, like a parcel of Kilkenny cats, letting the poor old earth roll on in peace.

LEWISE OLIVER.

POMONA, CAL., Oct. 15, 284.

MR. EDITOR: The greatest living orator, Col. R. G. Ingersoll, delivered his popular lecture, "Orthodoxy," in Los Angeles on the 8th inst., in Childs's Opera House, to the largest and most select audience ever convened in the city of "Angels." Long before the time appointed for the speaker to appear, every available space in that spacious building was occupied until there was no standing room left, and hundreds who applied late for admission, were denied, and, possibly, many of them are now seeking at the door of their respectiv churches, with the torments of theological hell burning in their bosoms, hoping that the parson who started it may be able by some new revelation, or the interpretation of some old one, to cool him off; when, if he could only hav heard Ingersoll, he could ever after liv happily and die without fear.

An incident occurred at this lecture worthy of note. As the colonel appeared before his audience, one of God's cranks arose near the stage and interrupted the speaker by saying, "Mr. Ingersoll, I hav a message from Almighty God," at the same time extending his hand toward Ingersoll, in which he held a large envelope, insisting that the colonel should receive it. The colonel told the special agent to sit down, but he would not down. Cries of, "Put him out!" came from all parts of the house. As soon as the speaker could be heard, he said "that if there was a God, he showed little wisdom in selecting his messengers." The crank was yanked out by the police, and marched off to the "cooler." The lecture was concluded without further interruption, save the hearty applause given the speaker when he "fired his heaviest shots at the phantoms of the skies."

It is humiliating to the intelligence of the age to witness the position of the press the day following Ingersoll's lecture; they invariably took the side of the phantom as against reason, logic, and common sense, as applied to the prevailing religions of the day. All their notices of Ingersoll and his lecture were strained efforts to belittle him and his intelligence, thereby prejudicing the ignorant believer and stimulating the faith of the faithful. It shows that in matters of religion the brain of the country editor has not advanced one notch in a century; that he has remained *in statu quo*. Their articles reflect *all* their superstition, and none of their acquired sense; the slavery to the creeds compels them to insult the intelligent reader that they may be in harmony with the church. But we hav hope for the future of mankind, for he will be governed by the force of logic and philosophy. We must follow where they lead. Reason will right error in its triumphant march. Science is fast lopping off the barnacles from the religious mind. The superstitions, follies, and fallacies of the past are being made apparent to the ordinary mind. The tenacity with which the parson has held on in the past to error, is perceptibly yielding to the facts of to-day. He is letting go little by little, as science forces him, until his sanctified feet begin to touch solid foundation—the earth. He will soon become useful here; he will soon begin to construct a heaven worth living in and for; he is losing sight of his cherished mythical heaven and once-useful hell for the better view that meets his gaze now; his eyes begin to weary of the far-off look that has so long marked his features; he begins to feel tired of the unprofitable toil; his brain has been overworked for the good it has brought; he needs rest, and so do the people, from his useless labor. In view of all this, he is too expensiv a luxury to further continue the manufacture of him. Let us wear out the old article beyond repairs, and "catch on" to the teacher of science. H. L. SHAUG.

P. S.—Please find inclosed $7.50 for THE TRUTH SEEKER, to be sent to the addresses named. H. L. S.

HELENA, NEB., Oct. 15, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Is it true that, as some of your correspondents assert, B. F. Butler is a tyrant? Naked assumption will not make those who know him believe any such stuff, nor will it hav any weight with the well-informed.

B. F. Butler a tyrant? Why, there was never a baser slander against living man. Tyrant: one who is cruel, despotic. Where has Butler at any time, either as a public servant or as a private citizen, been cruel or despotic? As an officer, was he cruel to his men? No. Did he act the part of a despot? Who says he did, speaks falsely. Do those who are in his employ suffer from cruel treatment? Not one. Mr. Editor, I speak by the card. I hav been there. I know of no officer in the army that used less tyranny over his men than B. F. Butler, and I knew several for a fact. Any one could see at a glance, by his very make-up, that there was nothing tyrannical about him. Some people are not wise enough to know the difference between sternness and tyranny, justice and despotism; and, perhaps, this may be the trouble with those who accuse Butler of being a tyrant. But I happen to know that Butler got all those pet names from traitors. They were published and put in circulation by traitors, and traitors still continue to peddle them out, and the only assistance they get is from consummate, ignorant dupes—dupes to traitor influence. So much for the "ignorant."

Now I wish to say a few words in regard to party. I remember in the days past and gone, when there was only the old Whig and Democrat parties in existence, of hearing some men trying to persuade a Scotchman, who had recently landed in this country, to "take out his papers so as to vote." His reply was that he did not think he had been here long enough to understand our system of government sufficient to vote intelligently, and wished to know what the difference was between the Whig and Democrat party. The answer was that there was no great national difference, but they only differed on some minor questions which were of no very great consequence. "If that be the case," he said, "I think you ought to hav a live party, one that will make honesty and equality an issue, and try to put your government upon its Declaration, that all men are created equal, etc., for the tendency of your government, or rather the powers that control your parties, is to overthrow your republican institutions, and destroy the liberties of the people." That was true, and all that saved us was the slave issue and the birth of a new party. The Republican and Democratic parties are the same to-day. Neither has a live issue. They are both controled by the same power. If one does or says a thing, the other does or says just as near like it as it possibly can, and the powers that control them are undermining our liberties more rapidly than they ever were before, and those who are supporting them to-day are either old fossils, dupes to party, or enemies to a republican form of government.

Respectfully, AN OLD SOLDIER.

MENOMONIE, WIS., Oct. 6, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: For the past year I hav exchanged my TRUTH SEEKER with a Mr. Warren, a true-hearted Liberal, for his *Investigator*, and then we hav given away our papers. How many wish to read them, and how many do not wish to subscribe for them! No wonder friend Chainey was discouraged at the lack of support to his paper.

Several friends, with myself, often hav talked of getting a Liberal speaker here, but a few would probaby hav to foot the bill. We had, a number of years ago, our good old friend William Denton lecturing nights on geology, and he sold a number of books. I sold ten copies of Paine's "Age of Reason." I hav twenty-seven names on the petition, and a friend has twenty-five. We hav American, German, and Norwegian Freethinkers, all scattered around for twenty miles.

I hav been a Freethinker since 1861. The *Investigator* was the electric light that illuminated my mind, and banished the devils, ghosts, and gods. Dear to my heart are the names of Denton, Ingersoll, Paine, Bennett, Mrs. Slenker, and Mrs. Rose, and hundreds of other writers for the papers and books. I think this winter we will try and get a lecturer to stop over a night or two. Menomonie has some four thousand inhabitants, some eighteen churches, and about the same number of saloons. MARTIN R. CHENEY.

COLORADO SPRINGS, COL., Oct. 15, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $5, for which you may giv credit, and continue THE TRUTH SEEKER to my address. Thanking you for your leniency in continuing it for more than a year since my subscription expired, I hope I shall not put you to the necessity of trusting me again, as it is my wish to pay in advance. But the last year has been one of trials. Having lost a beautiful daughter, I hav thought very little about other matters; but I do not mourn as one who has no hope, for I know that she lives, and in due time I shall go to her. It is a consolation that all do not possess, but as I hav evidence of her daily presence, I know whereof I speak. I believe the time is not far distant when there will no longer remain a doubt in any mind, but all shall know the truth and receive the consolation which it brings to those who mourn their departed friends. I like your paper, for it is as it claims to be—Liberal. MRS. E. E. KIMBALL.

KENT, O., Oct. 27, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: By quoting from a San Francisco paper, THE TRUTH SEEKER of Oct. 18th clears Col. Ingersoll from the base and baseless charge of apathy in the present campaign because he had not been recognized by the "spoils system" under the Hayes or Garfield administrations, implying that he supported the Republican party not from principle, but for official reward.

Then in an obscure corner on the same page the grand old TRUTH SEEKER stoops to the level of a scurrilous sheet in its apparent eagerness to make a shameful thrust at Blaine, at the same time putting the lie on Ingersoll's lips, where he said that he did not feel called upon to take an activ part in the campaign, because his party had not stood by the Civil Rights bill. And all this for what? To make, by innuendo, cheap political capital for a licentious candidate?

Can THE TRUTH SEEKER afford to thus slur its friends, at the same time risking its reputation for fair play and alienating its Republican readers? MARIUS HEIGHTON.

WESTFIELD, N. Y., Sept. 28, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: As the evolution theory of Darwin seems to be accepted as a finality in the science of the day, and as I differ with both religion and science, believing that the two conditions in which everything exists are positiv and negativ conditions of the same thing, inseparable and convertible, instead of being distinct entities, the one sovereign, the other subject, as is now generally taught and believed—under these circumstances, please allow me to ask for information. It is a self-evident fact that all higher numbers are combinations of lower ones, and that the higher cannot exist independent of the lower. Deduct any number from one hundred, and all the gods that ever existed in the brain of superstition could not reproduce that number except by adding the amount deducted. Forms of being are represented by numbers, and are consequently subject to the same law. The question I would ask is simply this: Why are not higher grades of being subject to the same law of combination as higher numbers, instead of being evolved from them, as per Darwin? J. TINNEY.

SACRAMENTO, CAL., Sept. 15, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $3, to pay the bill of books received. The picture of the Bennett Monument is most superbly grand. I am highly pleased with it, and prize it very highly. When I look upon that dear face, and reflect that his flesh and bones are returned to earth, and his spirit unto the God who gave it, my heart throbs with emotions that my pen cannot express. A knowledge of the man and his principles would insure eternal love and friendship. May his memory ever be revered and cherished in the hearts of all truth seekers. May the seeds of Freethought sown spring up and bear fruit in abundance, that all may partake thereof, and their eyes be opened to the truth. R. BUTTERFIELD.

GILMAN, ILL., Oct. 3, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: What is it that produces faith in the supernatural?

Is it not true that the more benighted and ignorant people are, the stronger their faith in the supernatural?

Is there an instance where so-called divine revelation ever aided man in scientific discovery?

Can any one giv an instance where modern Spiritualism ever revealed to man a scientific truth that was not known before?

Is it not true that in every instance where anything has been discovered in Spiritualism it has proved to be a fraud?

If every discovery in Spiritualism has proved to be a fraud, is it not reasonable to suppose that what has not been discovered is only a greater fraud? E. WENGER.

BRONSTON, KY., Oct, 8, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $3 for THE TRUTH SEEKER another year. I hav been reading THE TRUTH SEEKER for the last three years, and like it splendidly. I must confess that I felt sad when George Chainey confessed h mself converted to Spiritualism. I felt sad because I hav been a great admirer of George Chainey. And now I fear that he is mistaken and will gradually decline until he becomes a wreck mentally. If the Spiritualists could only prove positivly that we liv after death, it would be the grandest thing on earth. I hav long wanted to be convinced of the truth of modern Spiritualism, but every effort that I hav ever made yet seems to get me further from it. I shall watch George Chainey's course in the future with a great deal of interest. J. N. BROWN.

CANON CITY, COL., Oct. 9, 1885.

MR. EDITOR: Herewith please find a list of Secular petitioners, numbering about one hundred. These hav been obtained through the kind and Liberal efforts of Mr. W. C Lloyd, of this city, and are thought to be a pretty good list for a place of this size, viz., 2,000 population, and supporting, or failing to support, six churches. Hoping this will count one toward the furtherance of the good cause, I am,

Very truly yours, ORANGE WHITE.

BROOKFIELD, MICH., Oct. 16, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $5 to apply on my account for THE TRUTH SEEKER. Send as long as this will pay for it. I am sorry to put you to so much trouble. I hav long had the money, but, being a farmer and crowded to the utmost for time, has caused me to keep putting it off. Never stop the paper until I order it stopped. I was born a Freethinker, and your paper is the best I hav ever read on Freethought.

CHARLES FARRIS.

CHESTERFIELD, IND., Oct. 14, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $2, for which amount continue sending me your most excellent paper. It meets my case exactly, and many of my neighbors are beginning to complain with the same symptoms. My paper is in great demand.

Liberally yours, WM. JOHN.

GURNEE, ILL., Sept. 28, 1884.

DEAR FRIENDS: For the last ten months I hav thought to "go over" any time with catarrh, rheumatism, kidney disease, and bronchitis. But while I stay I want THE TRUTH SEEKER for company. Inclosed find $2.50—$2 for the paper, and fifty cents for the lithograph of the monument and the ANNUAL. I hav a part in the monument. I hav mine set in a family yard on our farm, all lettered—like Elmina's friend, though not so nice. Remember me to Wakeman, Leland, and all the friends, Chainey in particular on his evidence. T. V. LAWSON.

CARBON, IND., Oct. 7, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: J. E. Remsburg has finished a course of five lectures in this place, beginning Sept. 20th. His lectures are considered by the Liberals of this place to be of the highest order. His arguments need no investigation; they are self-evident truths. We regard Mr. Remsburg as one of the most powerful o pponents superstition has. The friends, one and all, join with me in sending their highest regards to Mr. Remsburg through THE TRUTH SEEKER. WM. OLDHAM.

An Open Letter.

To My Old Orthodox Friends, or Quakers,

If it is not a misnomer to call you such, seeing you have adopted the Episcopal creed as the base of your religious faith, and are remodeling your old meeting-houses over into regular Christian churches, or building new ones, with steeple, bell, frosted glass, etc., thus turning them into steeple-houses, as George Fox used to call them. And in connection with this departure, you have left nearly all the old landmarks that used to be peculiar to the society of Friends; and yet you still retain to yourselves their name. This is not honest. And now here is another departure: in going into political squabbles, which your yearly meeting in Ohio recommends; and in accordance with this advice, you have raised a political pole near to your church door, which is emblematical of the position of your church as a political auxiliary to help the Prohibition party into political power. The red, white, and blue on your flag denote that you mean to be loyal to the government of the United States. And yet the first plank that the Prohibition party lays in their platform is to acknowledge an Almighty God as the rightful sovereign of all men, from whom the just powers of government are derived. This is certainly treason, in word, to the doctrin of the fathers of this government. Hear them:

"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created free and equal, and are endowed by their creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

"That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."

They had no God, Jesus Christ, or Bible about it, from the first to the last. These old Revolutionary patriots were too well posted in the history of the European aristocracies and theocracies, whose doctrine was that the common people belonged to a God in the skies. "No," they said, "we, as a nation, will not acknowledge any such a power. This seven years' bloody war that we have just come through to get clear of these theocracies has cost us too much for us now to go back to that doctrine that governments are established by a god at their head, with the common people belonging to the government. We will reverse this order of things—we will have a democratic and republican form of government, and we will establish the doctrine that the government belongs to the people, and when, from any cause, it does not suit them, it shall be their right to alter or amend it to suit themselves."

The *Vanguard*, published in St. Louis, Mo., an organ of one of your large orthodox Christian churches, is still plainer on this subject, of a God at the head of the government, than you are in your prohibition platform. It says: "We hold, 1. That ours is a Christian nation, and that the God of the Christian scriptures is the author of the civil government. 2. That the Bible should be established with books of science and literature in all our educational institutions."

This, my dear old orthodox friends, is about your mental plane of thought, judging from your general course. The Catholic Christian church—the mother of all the other Christian churches, and outnumbering them all—in its general council, at Baltimore, two years ago, said that "all power comes from God, and the church is the witness and guardian of revelations, as well as the interpreter thereof. From her the world must learn the law of God, and the law of man must ever be subordinated to the law of God. It is untrue to assert that all power comes from the people. All power comes from God, by whom princes rule, and the mighty decree justice."

This, friends, is plain; there is no need of misunderstanding the Catholic church. And the Protestants are aping that church as fast as they well can—your church with the rest.

Every mother's son of all these churches, whose judgment is worth a yellow rye-straw on the subject of this government, knows that it is not a Christian government, never was, and never will be while the fires of liberty and human rights are kept burning on her altars, that were erected by the patriots of the Revolution, after a seven years' bloody war with the Christian crowned heads of Europe. And so in view of the independent character of this government, the *Christian Statesman*—the organ of the religious party in politics—has been laboring to make the Constitution Christian, by advocating the insertion in it of a religious amendment which shall now recognize God as the supreme governor of the universe; Jesus Christ as the ruler of nations, and the Bible as a divine revelation.

These three religious doctrines must be put into the Constitution, is what the *Christian Statesman* has said; and to prove that they are not in it now, that paper gives the following, which is conclusive, just as it should be, and may it always be so; and I am glad to have so good a witness to support what I have said:

"1. It is a significant fact that the Convention that framed it [the Constitution] refused to have prayer in its sessions (see Elliott's Debates, vol. v, pp. 254, 255). It is no wonder that a prayerless Convention should frame an un-Christian Constitution.

"2. All acknowledgment of God, of Christ, and of the moral standard of Christianity, the Bible, was purposely excluded from it—the name of God nowhere appears, not even in the president's oath. God's law in reference to the qualification for rulers is disregarded, and instead of restricting the choice of electors to men who fear God, it is declared that no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States.

"3. This is evident from the interpretation of the Constitution by the National Congress, and by national officers. The treaty with Tripoli, signed by the president and senate, about eight years after the Constitution was adopted, and never called into question as to its constitutionality, declares: 'The government of the United States is not in any sense founded on the Christian religion; it has in itself no character of enmity against the laws, religion, or tranquillity of Mussulmans.' President Jefferson refused to appoint days of fasting and Thanksgiving, on the express ground that the Constitution did not warrant such action.

"4. In 1829 and 1830, Congress refused to pass a law prohibiting carrying the mails on the Sabbath. In consequence of this action the violation of the Sabbath by transporting the mails has continued without interruption ever since.

"5. The highest authorities on Constitutional law, such as Story, Bayard, and Paschal, all agree that everything that would give religious character to the Constitution was left out, so that no man, however irreligious, could object to it on that account (Story, vol. ii, p. 609; Bayard, p. 142; Paschal, p. 255). To sum up all, we have shown that the character of the government of the United States is to be learned from its Constitution. We have shown that in order to be Christian the government must, in its Constitution, acknowledge Christ as the ruler of nations, and engage obedience to his laws. We have shown that the Constitution of the United States has not made such acknowledgment or profession. We think it follows, therefore, that the government of the United States is not Christian."

In the language of another, we say, that is good logic and conclusive reasoning. The government of the United States is not Christian, and we add that it never will be, as long as the American people have the wisdom to follow the example of the illustrious men who, in framing the bill of rights, had the good sense to keep every kind of religion out of it.

And now here we will submit the case without further argument, and say to our Q. E. church-members, as well as to the M. E. church-members, and all the rest of our evangelical citizens, that your rights in this purely secular governments as citizens are as good as ours, and no better. We ask no odds of your church religion, and we want to see no more of your intolerant persecutions toward those honest citizens who hav mentally grown out of your church bonds, and like noble men and women have come out from among you and are ready to testify against all your church religion as a superstitious tradition, handed down from father to son. Still, our secular government shall protect you in your superstition, so long as it don't interfere with individual right, or that of the general government under which we all live. But you may rest assured that we, like our Revolutionary fathers, are too well acquainted with the history of the Christian church, with the readings of your Bible that you call the word of God, and with the character of this Bible God himself, as portrayed in his book, to allow him to have any part or parcel in this secular government of ours on this side of the big water, much less to put him at its head.

This is a question of some importance. New England history is full of warnings bearing upon this question. The original charters of Plymouth colony and Massachusetts fully recognize the Christian religion. They professed to be granted by the grace of God, as defender of the faith, etc. The compact signed by the Pilgrim fathers in the little cabin of the Mayflower used the phrase, "In the name of God, amen." It acknowledged King James by the grace of God, and was signed in the presence of God and one another, and declared the purpose of the colonists to be for the glory of God and the advancement of the Christian faith. In less than forty years both colonies passed laws for whipping, fining, and otherwise persecuting the Quakers, as a cursed set of heretics. The Massachusetts statutes provided that they "be stripped naked, from the middle upwards, and tied to a cart's tail, and whipped through the town, and thence immediately conveyed to the constable of the next town, and so from constable to constable till they be conveyed to any of the outwardmost towns of our jurisdiction."

And now, since you have made a belief in the Episcopal creed a test of membership with you; since you carry your Bibles and hymn books to your churches with you as text-books to worship this personal God of your Bible from; and since you insist on its being read in our free schools wherever you can, regardless of the views and protests of others on the subject; you have even gone so far as to say that the Bible would be read in our public free schools regardless of this Taxpayer's protest or the law either; that this Taxypayer was an unbeliever, and would go to hell; and when he remonstrated with a pillar of your church for using such crude language towards a peaceable neighbor, who had never thrown a straw in his way, he (this pillar of your church) replied, "This is the language of the Bible, and I feel justified in using it in this case."

Now this is the same book that your pious Christian New England Pilgrim fathers used as a religious text-book to hang the Friends with, and also as authority for burning the witches. And in my acquaintance with the book, I am not able to see but that it was as good authority for them as it is for you, their descendants in religious faith, to consign to eternal torment a quiet and unoffending citizen, here and now, because he has mentally outgrown these old superstitious notions of the orthodox Christians' faith, and has manhood enough to say it, like those early Friends that built their religious faith on the light within, only they located it in the breast as something supernatural, hence their religion was of the emotional character. But Taxpayer would take the advantage of mental science, and would locate this light in the brain, as the organ of thought, and leave out the supernatural entirely, and build on reason and good sense.

For the present I will close in the language of another:

"Now in this palmy nineteenth century,
When science takes such high and dancing flights,
A point there is, on which some craven hearts
Are terribly alarmed, lest they should know
Too much; they therefore trembling cry, 'Forbear!'
If any hand attempt to raise the veil
That severs their tender sense from too much light.
That subject is the soul, concerning which
The less the mind, involved in night and dreams,
Can comprehend, the more dogmatical
Men get, and prone to clamor and abuse;
Thank God (science) that other means, more violent,
Assent reluctant to extort, are not
As much in vogue as in those good old times
Before men learned to see in nature's laws
The best and only proofs of nature's God;
When science learned to walk in leading strings.
She now can get along without these childish aids;
And orthodoxy, like most other things
Is tried by weight, and taken at its worth."

Adrian, Mich. S. D. MOORE.

MR. PUTNAM is indebted to the *Universe* for this commendation: "'Waifs and Wanderings,' a novel by S. P. Putnam, is the latest literary sensation in Agnostic circles. It inculcates a high and noble morality, and graphically portrays the growth and development of the Rationalistic spirit of the age. The language is pure, and often wreathed in the flowers of elegance. Its characters, among others Cupples, Rev. Hapgood, Dr. Dobson, Billy Stubbs, and Mrs. Cupples, are admirably portrayed. Published in fine style by the Truth Seeker Publishing Co., 33 Clinton Place, New York city. Price $1.00."

Children's Corner.

Edited by Miss Susan H. Wixon, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night begins to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

Blue-Eyed Josie.

How I wonder, little maiden,
Looking on thy winsome face,
Where no shade of pain or sorrow
E'er has left a single trace—

How I wonder what the future,
Closely hidden from our view,
Of grief or gladness, weal or woe,
In its keeping holds for you.

Blue-eyed Josie, pure and gentle
As a rosebud, sweet and fair,
Stainless thus we e'er would keep thee,
Free from blight or weary care.

Thy little friend and playmate dear
Closed her eyes and went away;
Like some rare and fragrant flower,
Bloomed and faded in a day.

Bright with merry glee and laughter,
Neither life nor death she feared,
But while her world was filled with joy,
In that hour she disappeared.

Thou art left, O blue-eyed Josie –
Ah, the mystery of life!
May its blessings all atten thee,
Unaccompanied by its strife.

And if sorrows should befall thee,
Trials deep thy steps surround,
True and steadfast, brave and faithful,
Evermore mayst thou be found.

Twin Travelers.

Before referring to one of the most important of our journeys, let me giv a brief description of my traveling companion In the true sense of the term we were not twins, as he first saw the "peep o' day" July, 1819, while I did not bid good-morning for the first time till February, 1822. We were boy brothers and constant companions. Where he led, I followed; what he told, I believed; what he taught, I accepted without a doubt, and when chided (which was very seldom), I was most unhappy. His name was William; mine, George; and whenever any difference arose between us so that words ran high, he would snuff out all my conceit by saying, "King Williams were conquerors, and King Georges thick-headed fellows." To me he was the "sweetest William" ever existed, and words are unable to express my pride for what I felt was his greatness and superiority. He was one of that rare class who seem to hav been born under the most favorable circumstances, whose bread is always "buttered on both sides," who are always welcomed to the best, whose honeyed lips and pleasant manners open hearts as well as doors, and who, if they die young, are honored as saints, and as being too fine for earth.

Brother William was a genuin English boy, and in all our travels, mid the hill and dales of Leicestershire, there was an air of rollicking romance about him. In those days an English boy counted for nothing unless he was willing to, and could, fight a good battle; and, strange to say, my brother, whom I never knew to get real angry, would fight. He seemed to enjoy a battle, and yet, at its worst, his face was sweet in its determination. He was always the victor. I do not think he would hav ever given up beaten. He was swift of foot, and bore off the prize (a monstrous plum-pudding) at the boy races, on the occasion of the coronation festivities in Redmile in honor of William IV. When he was ten years old he was one of the singers at the church, and accompanied the choir in their Christmas eve merry making at "Belvoir Castle," seat of the Duke of Rutland, and also at their singing and playing on Christmas morn, and through the day in the village. In addition, at the great races at "Croxen Park," his investments in games of chance were successful. Such has been the tenor of his life; he did not die young, so failed in early saintship; has lived to be a *star* character in the orthodox congregational church and books, and still lives to read The Truth Seeker, and kindred publications. For many years it was a wonder to me why there should be such a great difference in our make-up. I see it now. His birth in July givs the explanation. Through the beautiful days of an English spring, his mother's heart was thrilled with joyful anticipation; the air was fragrant with the odor of violets and budding roses, and the trees, grass, and hedge rows were jubilant with their fresh, green attire. The rich, melodious songs of the birds left their indellible impress on heart and brain, while retrospect and prospect completed the work. My advent in early February had been preceded by the dark days of the dreary English winter, no flowers, no song of birds, naught to giv life, zest, and inspiration through the murky season, save the Christmas festivities, and had our mother not been among the sweetest of all sweet, pure creatures, the contrast would hav been greater than it is.

Now for the (to me) great journey. In the fall of 1836 our parent, with the other children, left Poughkeepsie, N. Y., for Port Carbon, Pa. Brother and I were learning trades, he to be a machinist, I an iron molder. In mid-winter he was taken with bleeding at the lungs, and so severely that little hopes were entertained of his recovery. I shall never forget that sweet, pale face. No word of complaint escaped his lips. Neither shall I ever forget the loving devotion of the mother and daughter who attended him. The night of the crisis of the disease I sat up with the others, as in case of death they wanted the two boys near each other. I see it all as vivid as then. I read the anxious looks on the different faces, the beating of my own heart was audible, and on the snow-white pillow rested the dear face that was soul of my soul, life of my life. After midnight hope revived, the muteness of the preceding hours was broken, and time and words were found to comfort me. From this his recovery was rapid, and the parties for whom we labored deemed it best for us to go home. We left Poughkeepsie, and early in April took a tow-boat ride down the Hudson to New York, and a steamer to South Amboy. At this point we saw railroad cars for the first time.

The cars were a wonder to us, and were built to represent several stage coaches stuck together. The seats were common pine painted yellow, viz, the second-class, which we took. We reached Camden and crossed the Delaware to Philadelphia by noon, and in the afternoon took the Philadelphia and Norristown Railroad to the latter place. From this point began the "tramp, tramp," for we started with our bundles up the Norristown Dam, and, by the time we reached its head, it was getting dusk. After crossing the ferry, half way up the dam, we espied the first canal boat. When we reached the locks we asked for a ride, which was given. The boat was empty, and we sat down in the bow for shelter from the cold, raw wind.

Oh, how much I wanted to see my mother, and yet by my brother's side I felt safe. From the head of Norristown, through the two Catfish and Yankee dams, to "Bowers," at the foot of four mile canal, it was five miles, and it seemed a long way into the night ere we reached that point.

At the head of little Catfish Dam, we saw a dredge at work clearing the channel near the locks. This was a surprise and wonder. Its method of clearing was by a revolving band of elevator cups, similar to those used in elevating grain.

Brother made arrangements with the boat captain to take us with them during the day, while lodging with others near where they tied up for the night. That night we stopped at "Brown's," an old Pennsylvania farmer. They gave us a home-made feather bed, so large and full that we were sunk in its feathery embrace, and were soon lost in pleasant dreams.

The canal ride was novel, and the next night we slept in a neat room at the "Lock House," at the head of the twenty-two mile canal, five miles from Reading, county seat of Berks Co. I shall never forget this room or the sensations it created. It was the picture of neatness, and cleanliness; but what pleased me most was the number of women's dresses that hung on the walls. I noticed them all, principally calicos with one or more muslins de laine. These seemed to bring home so near, there was such a motherly and sisterly air about them. I did not think them as pretty as mother's, for she always wore very small figures or stripes, whose prevailing color was lilac; the figures of most of these were too large and showy.

By this time the boatman seemed to take a strong liking to us, and from there up we were all right. The novelty of the ride, the numerous locks, and the fine scenery along the Schuylkill, was a source of constant delight.

The "Blue Mountains" near Point Clinton, and the high hills and mountains in the Anthracite range, seemed more beautiful than the Highlands of the Hudson, doubtless because we were nearing mother. The long journey for those days drew near its close; joyful anticipation was on the eve of fruition, and boys and mother would be near each other. The hour came, and it was one of those beautiful seasons never to be forgotten, and which today holds its place as one of life's sunniest memories.

George Lynn.

Our Puzzle Box.

1.

A SQUARE.

1. A marine shell;
2. A weight;
3. A song;
4. To call;
5. A female name.

Newburgh, N. Y. Rob't Bernheim.

2.

LITERAL DISCOURAGEMENT (VIDE WEBSTER.)

My whole is five letters combined,
Yet twice five is only a part of me;
For ten, I am sure, you will find
Just placed in the midst for the heart of me.
But yet if you make me this part less now,
I'm nothing at all but some *tease:*
Tho' really I am so heartless now,
I *must* there diminish your *ease.*
But now to get rid of the curse of me,
Take my head, but restore me my heart;
And then you will find the reverse of me,
A marshal of France, or a humorous bard.

Uncle James.

3

THE STORM.—A DAMP PUZZLE.

Now the liquid drops descend,
All the sky is inky dark,
And if this should never end,
We might wish for Noah's ark.
Even now, it seems we float
In a fancy-builded boat,
But if two *ins* were overboard,
Like Jonah, ere he cursed the gourd,
When he interviewed the whale,
We might o'er *The Storm* prevail,
Though but a *rag* he left to show
The promis of Jehovah's bow;
But by that *rag,* long as it flies,
We need not fear the angry skies.
Say *what 'twas doing,* if you can,
When I this puzzle first began.

Irwin, Iowa. J. K. P. Baker.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER OCT. 25, 1884.

1. Ex-cel—you see why—L-u-c-y. Well, and Ella. 2. Youth. 3. V-(s)ermon-t. 4. Bob sleighs.

Solvers, H. E. Juergens, Mabel Winslow, John R. Cotell.

Correspondence.

Bear Lake, Mich., Oct. 18, 1884.

Dear Miss Wixon: Yours duly received, and I wish the remarks made by my friends after hearing it read could hav been wafted into your cosy sitting-room in Fall River; I am sure they would hav made your heart overflow with happiness to know you hav so many devoted friends in the far West.

The other morning when the sun was appearing out of a sheet of clear gold in the East, I looked out upon Bear Lake, and saw what I shall always remember as a beautiful sight. Above the lake, and resting lightly upon it, was a sheet of foam. Upon inquiring, I found that it was fog. You must imagin a snowdrift rising about five or six feet above the surface of the lake, so light and fleecy that you almost felt afraid to touch it. This lasted about an hour. Then the fog lifted gradually and disappeared. But little clouds seemed to keep rising for a long time, so much like the snowy clouds of a summer day that I could hardly believe that it was the middle of October, and that I was looking at fog which many times in the East renders the day dismal and uncomfortable It is said to be worse than rain when one is caught in it when sailing on the lake.

Mrs. Derthick was pleased with your message, for to her you seem like an intimate friend, she has heard so much of you. She is a bright, sunny, wide-awake woman. An attack of diphtheria so affected her system five years ago that she has not been able to use her eyes since. She is married to a gentleman worthy of her, and is always so cheerful that sometimes we hardly realize how severe a daily burden she is carrying.

Last week the Woman's Suffrage Association held a very successful meeting at the beautiful home of Mrs. G. W. Hopkins, who is the woman of the place. Coming here ten years ago, when the town was in its infancy, by her good common sense and interest in the living questions of the day, she has lifted the people up to a higher grade than I hav ever seen in a place of its size. There is an independence about the people which I like. Every one seems competent to be a critic. No leaning on your next-door neighbor; no saying a thing is so because the leading people of the place may hav expressed a certain opinion. Is is thus because we hav each thought the matter over, and hav looked at it in all ways, that we hav come to entertain the views which we express.

Mr. Derthick, a lawyer (husband of the aforenamed lady), gave us a talk on the Michigan state laws. Comparing the revised statutes with those of thirty years ago, although in some respects they may not be all we desire, yet after an hour's talk with bright, witty, and sensible questions from those present, we had to say that there had been a great advance in the legal rights of women. My contribution was an article on the "Political Education of the People," from the *Century.*

Last Saturday I attended the first Teacher's Institute of the season. They are held once a month, and are usually attended by all the teachers in the vicinity. There was nothing of importance accomplished, except to plan out work for the ensuing year. Next month I hav to read an essay on "Voice Culture," rather a hard topic, but I will do my very best. No one ever refuses to do anything when called upon. The effort is made, and as a rule good work is done.

This afternoon I had a good long ride through the woods. The trees are gorgeous in their garments of red and gold. I do not think I ever enjoyed the sighing of the wind among the branches of the forest trees as much as I did to-day. One could not help but feel the grandeur of the old trees which reared their heads so high that it made one dizzy to look at them, as well as the solemnity of the silence which reigned supreme.

Yours in love, M. E. H.

C. B. Thompson, St. Catherine's, Ont., Can., writes: "In reading your Children's Corner weekly in The Truth Seeker, I find much of it interesting and entertaining to adults as well as children, and a fine addition to The Truth Seeker, and a corner which I think more of than a corner in wheat, corn, whisky, etc.

To Clara Louisa Lewis, Bangor, Me.: Many thanks for your kind words in relation to our Corner. The appreciation of our friends everywhere makes our labors light, and incite to new and increased efforts in our chosen field.—Ed. C. C.

Received.—First Days at School.—Whither?—A Sylvan Holocaust.—Human Nature.—Montagew and His Yacht.—A Letter in Rhyme.—Our Summer Visit.—How to Earn a Dollar. These will appear as soon as we can make room for them.

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Liberal Meetings.

[Leagues and Liberal and Spiritualistic Societies in the United States and Canada meeting regularly, can have notices of their meetings published in this column free if the officers will send them to us.]

MICHIGAN.

MUSKEGON.—The Liberal League meets every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock in the German Odd Fellows' Hall, corner of Western ave. and Terrace st.

OHIO.

CLEVELAND.—The Liberal League meets every Sunday at 3 P.M., in room 29, City Hall building. Lectures free. Communications can be addressed to W. I. Irvine, Secretary.

MAINE.

PORTLAND.—Dr. H. A. Lamb has hired Congress Hall, Congress street (entrance on Temple street), where free meetings, lectures, and discussions are held every Sunday, 2:30 P.M. Admittance free. Public invited.

OREGON.

PORTLAND.—The Auxiliary Liberal League of Portland, Or., holds meetings every Sunday, at 2 o'clock, P.M., at Nonpareil Hall, cor. 1st and Madison streets. All are invited. Admission free.

WISCONSIN.

MILWAUKEE.—The Milwaukee Liberal League meets every Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock, at Fraternity Hall, 216 Grand avenue. Lectures and free discussions on all popular topics. Admittance free. Public cordially invited.

MASSACHUSETTS.

BOSTON.—Boston Liberal Club holds meetings for essays and criticisms every Sunday forenoon at 10:45 in the Paine Memorial Building, Appleton street.——The "Society of the Divine Homo" at same place every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Sunday-school at 2:30. Admission free.

PENNSYLVANIA.

ALTOONA.—The League holds meetings every Wednesday evening and Sundays at 3 P.M., at the League Room, corner of Eleventh ave. and 13th st., third floor, entrance on 13th st.

BRADFORD.—The Bradford Liberal Club meets every Sunday at 3 P.M. at their hall in Pemberton block. The club has a very choice library.

PHILADELPHIA.—The Friendship Liberal League meets every Sunday at Hancock Hall, 814 Girard avenue, at 2:30 o'clock, and 7:30 o'clock, P.M., for lectures and free debates. THE TRUTH SEEKER and Liberal books for sale.

PITTSBURGH.—Pittsburgh Liberal League meets at Maltby Hall, 76 Fifth avenue, every Sunday (except during the Months of July and August) at 3 o'clock. A free platform is maintained. Exercises consist of a lecture, followed by 10 minute criticisms, with 15 minutes allowed the lecturer to reply. Clergymen invited to discuss.

NEW JERSEY.

NEWARK.—Newark Liberal League meets every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the League's Hall, 177 Halsey street. Exercises consist of music, readings, lecture, and discussion, in which all present are invited to participate. Admission free. Collection taken. Communications for the League should be addressed to J. W. Frankel, 10 Pine street, Newark.

CANADA.

TORONTO.—Secular Society. Reading and Lecture Rooms, No. 9 Grand Opera House. Open every evening and Sundays. Lecture every Sunday evening. Freethinkers and strangers are cordially invited.

MONTREAL.—Pioneer Freethought Club meets every Sunday at 3 P.M,, at 1310 Catharine street. Reading-room open daily until 10:30 P.M. Library open for exchange of books three evenings per week, and on Sunday afternoons. Free public lectures on Sundays as advertised in local newspapers. Strangers always welcome. G. S. Wilson President; C. Stevens, Secretary.

NEW YORK.

ALBANY.—The Liberal association meets every Sunday at Van Vechten Hall, 119 State street. Sunday-school at 2 P.M. General business meeting and debates and discussions at 3 P.M. Lecture at 7:30 P.M. The public are cordially invited to attend, also all Liberals visiting the city. Admission free.

NEW YORK CITY.—The Manhattan Liberal Club meets every Friday evening at 8 o'clock, at 220 East 15th st.——The American Spiritualist Alliance meets every Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock in Republican Hall, 55 West 33d street.——The First Society of Spiritualists holds its meetings every Sunday in Republican Hall, 55 West 33d street. Morning service 11 o'clock; evening, 7:45. Seats free. Public cordially invited.——Arcanum Hall, 57 West 25th Street, cor. 6th ave. The People's Spiritual Meeting every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 P.M.

BROOKLYN.—The Brooklyn Spiritual Society meets at Conservatory Hall, cor. of Fulton street and Bedford avenue, every Sunday. Services at 11 A.M. and 7:45 P.M. Admission free. Public cordially invited. Liberal and Spiritual papers and books for sale.——The Everett Hall Spiritual Conference, 398 Fulton street, meets every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. Meetings free. Spiritual literature for sale.——The Eastern District Spiritual Conference meets every Monday evening at Composite Room, 4th street, corner of south 2d street, at 7:45. Spiritual and Liberal literature on sale. All invited.—— The Philosophical Association meets every Sunday afternoon in the Assembly Room of Wright's Business College, Broadway, corner of Fourth street, E. D., at 3 P.M. Public cordially invited. Doors open at 2:30 P.M.

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AT FIFTEEN.

Oh! the fear, the worry, and dread!
Oh! the doubt of the future good!
All is darkness overhead,
As gloomy futures o'er me brood.

AT EIGHTEEN.

Where is the promis of sweet sixteen?
Gone are the hopes of early youth.
Only the blight of the early dream;
Only the dark side of the truth.

AT TWENTY-ONE.

The dreams hav vanished and buried lie;
The blossoms, nipped by early frost.
Nothing is left but a longing to die,
And a quivering grief for the early lost.
If life would only near the end!
If death would bring its promised rest!
I've had whatever earth could send;
I long to pass the final test.

AT THIRTY-ONE.

If still life's pathway I must tread.
Giv me to soothe the aching heart,
Teach me the balm for aching head,
And this I'll deem the better part.

AT FORTY-ONE.

Ah, what is this? the golden grain?
The promised joy of earlier years?
So late in life to win the game—
So late to win the smiles from tears!

AT FIFTY-ONE.

How false the prophets all hav told!
Where are those faded bowers of green?
Is this bright evening's burnished gold
The sad, dark future they hav seen?

AT SIXTY-ONE.

How much to those must be forgiven
Who count that "ignorance is bliss,"
Who only build a childish heaven,
That age and wisdom surely miss!
Good cheer, brave heart, amid the thorns,
The doubts and fears of early youth!
Beyond those dark and dismal morns
Shines wisdom's sun of priceless truth.
And as you pass from youth to age,
You leave the darkness and the fears;
Still finding, as you turn each page,
That interest deepens with the years.

October, 1884. MARY A. LELAND.

Death.

O gentle Death! why com'st thou not
To those who fain would thee embrace;
Whose wasted life seems but a blot
Upon creation's glorious face?
Who love in vain, who seek in vain
To brighten every human lot,
Whose sympathy, like summer rain,
Falls gently on each barren spot—
Why should they linger sadly on
Whose every dream of joy has fled,
When e'en the power to bless has gone,
And love and hope be crushed and dead?
Why take that loved and gifted one,
In all his manly grace and pride?
Why rob the mother of her son.
The husband of his girlish bride?
Then spare, oh, spare, earth's brightest part,
The loved, the beautiful, and blest,
And take the lorn and weary heart
That pants and longs for endless rest.

PAXTON.

Waiting.

I sit alone, and listen for footsteps
That come not, and sadly asking,
"Shall I never hear them more?"
What music, like the voice of those
We love? What joy to clasp their hands!
But oh, the chill that 'numbs the heart,
When death or coldness makes the grasp relax,
Turning back the blood an icy stream,
Congealing life's warm fountain.
One who has felt this iron in the soul,
From either cause, has drunk the dregs
Of bitterness. The suffering soul turns in
Upon itself, longs for something in which
To trust its hoarded wealth of love,
Refined in the hot crucible of grief.
How fleeting life's most blissful dreams!
How sweet, though sad, their memory!
No more to hear the voice of love that falls
On waiting hearts, like dew, until
Its chords are swept by angel fingers
In some fairer world where sorrow never comes,
Where day-dreams shall be realized!

LUNA.

Mr. Andrews at the Liberal Club.

Friday evening, Oct. 17th, Mr. Andrews lectured before the Liberal Club on "The Unitary Drifts in Modern Philosophy." He began by saying that, as on a former occasion not long since, he had not selected his own subject. His subject had been selected for him by the management of the club. They wished, it seemed, to hear from him on this particular theme. This fact emancipated him from the trammels of deference which he might hav felt if the subject had been of his own choosing. He was emancipated from constraints, and felt that he might say his own thought in his own way. He continued as follows: It is a common remark, even among persons who stand high in literature, that whosoever thinks clearly can always express his thoughts in ordinary English. On the common plane of thought this is true, and is in that sense an important piece of instruction to be given to the beginner in literature; but there is a deeper sense in which it is the reverse of the truth. For real *thinkers*, for discoverers in the realm of thought, it is all the other way. A really new thought has no word in any language to express it; and he who says that he has never had any difficulty in finding a word or words for his thoughts, says, thereby, that he has never had a really original thought in his life. Language has only been devised to express the thoughts that men hav had; up to that boundary, and not a single inch beyond. Outside and beyond lies the immense unknown and heretofore *unthought of*, and whosoever invades it by going farther out, by subsoiling ordinary thought, finds himself beset by a crowd of ideas for which there are no adequate words, and he is thrown into the dilemma of either coining new words, or of taking old words and stretching and lifting them into new meanings. So when chemistry was discovered it was utterly impossible to teach it through the medium of language without a nomenclature; without, in other words, the manufacture of thousands of new words of a special order, for teaching that particular class of ideas. So with every other science which has got itself fairly constituted as a science. It is proven that sociology, so-called, or the science of society, is not yet fairly constituted into a science, by the fact that it has so little of exact technicality.

In the next place, therefore, I would warn you against the common and very prevalent, and what I may call the vulgar, prejudice against technicalities. Technicalities are merely words which hav been so closely defined, and so strictly applied to particular purposes, that we cannot mistake their meaning. An untechnical word is a crude stick or branch picked up in the forest; a technical word is a piece of timber hewed to the line, mortised or tenanted, and fitted to its place in a building. Or, still better, technicalities are tools, bags, baskets, artificial contrivances to do more verbal work than the naked handwork which we can accomplish without them. You can only hold two or three oranges in your hand unaided, but put them in a basket or net, and you can hold a dozen. Baskets, or nets, or such labor-saving contrivances, if made out of the sounds of the voice, instead of metal, wood, and strings, are technicalities. The prejudice against technicalities, with untrained minds, is of just the same order as the prejudice against tools and machinery by unskilled workmen. It is undoubtedly a trouble to learn them, and our natural laziness recoils from that labor; but this prejudice is no more respectable than the indolence of a child who is unwilling to wash his face, or the unreadiness of the barbarian to adopt the hoe and plow of modern civilization—he sticking stolidly to his old method of cultivating the earth with pointed sticks or stakes. This is my apology for my technique, or for so much of new or precisionized usage as I may hav occasion to introduce in respect to the meaning of terms, here and elsewhere.

Coming now to my special subject, I construe "Unitary Drifts" to mean drifts or tendencies to Unity, and I shall then assign to Unity a strictly technical meaning, making it a definit technicality of philosophy, taking it, for such purposes as the present, out of its common meaning or meanings, which are various and contradictory. I shall perhaps surprise you then by affirming that there is no strong or marked tendency toward Unity in modern philosophy; and that on the contrary its most marked tendency is directly the opposit.

But, in order that I may be better understood—or less liable, at all events, to be misunderstood, I will remark that I shall treat the subject chiefly as relating to Social Philosophy, rather than to philosophy in the broader sense of the term. In this way we shall somewhat narrow the subject and render it more comprehensible. But whether we mean the one or the other, my statement is equally true; the prevalent tendency is not towards Unity, but first to its opposit; and in the next place to a new something which has heretofore had no definit naming, and for which we must find a proper technicality.

Observe, then, closely, what it is which I here mean by Unity. Unity, in the strict technical sense which I am now assigning to it, is purely and simply the denial of Disunity; and Disunity is the denial of Unity. They two are therefore the opposit poles of the great universal relationship. Disunity is Difference, or Variety, or Individuality, or Freedom, or Sovereignty of the Individual—Protestantism, Democracy, or Anarchism. Unity is, on the other hand, the opposit of all this, the denial of all this, the annihilation of it all. It is the arbitrary Unity of Society through conformity to some single standard, which is "without variableness or shadow of turning," "the laws of the Medes and Persians"—Unalterability, Conservatism, Autocracy, Cæsarism, Czarism, Papacy, Paternal Government, Aristocracy, etc., etc.

Unity, in the absolute degree—that is, when pushed to its ultimates, to the bald, naked Principle (Unism), which is what is meant by Unity when made technical—is therefore immobility, fixity, monotony, *death*, in the direction of suppression. But Disunity in the absolute; individuality pure and simple; anarchism, in its literal significance, is, on the other hand, death by *dissolution* of the social Unity (Duism).

There is, then, the third state, the resultant state; the only true, or truly possible, condition, for which, as I hav said, no word or term is known, because these ideas hav not been distinctly sifted, separated, and understood. It is the bane of all our philosophy that there is everywhere the missing third term. Spencer has his integration and his differentiation, without any third term to express what is paramountly important in the whole matter—the combination, in due and harmonic proportion, of the integration (Unism) and the differentiation (Duism), which combination is *trinismal*.

In other words, the Unity and the Variety are the rivet, on the one hand, and the flanges, on the other hand, of a hinge; but what is the name of the hinge itself? I want to call your attention specifically to the consideration of the nature of a hinge. The hinge is an immensely great affair in this world of ours, and very few hav ever comprehended it, or given any thought to it. A hinge is the place where two things meet and unite; but if they *completely* unite, then there is no hinge. It is also the place where two things go asunder; but if they go *completely* asunder, then again there is no hinge. To be a hinge, the parts must at the same instant, or at succeeding instants, unite *and* separate, both *unalize* and *dualize;* hence in the aggregate they must *trinalize*. Don't be afraid of new words; if they signify new ideas, you are made mentally richer the moment you get hold of them. Study the hinge (Trinism), and know, so far as my assurance can be taken as authority, that, if you understand it thoroughly, you will be lifted into a new sphere of thought, transcending completely all the wrangling of ordinary political and philosophical discussions and teachings. You will be the wisest people in the world, from the time that you understand a hinge! You will then know the principle of universal, scientific reconciliation; the possibility of universal social reconstruction; and of the ultimate harmonic administration of all human affairs. Don't fail, then, to study hinges; and I mean literally the hinges upon which your doors are hung, in the simplest, most material, and mechanical sense—for it is the discovery of Universology that these simplest mechanical arrangements of every-day life contain, by their analogies or resemblances, the whole secret of the higher, and highest, philosophy: so that through it the whole people, in their homes, and by simply reading their newspapers, which will become the organs for such learning, will be made more thorough philosophers than all the great thinkers of the past generations.

To understand what is meant by the three stages of idea involved in the great social hinge, as in the hinge everywhere, take the first illustration from law terms, where we do happen to hav them all named by proper technicalities. There is, say, first, a "*joint* contract," in which two or more unite, each for his portion of obligation; second, "*several* contracts," or contracts in *severally*, the obligations wholly apart from each other; and, third, the higher and supreme kind of obligation, "joint-*and*-several contracts," in which both or all the parties are bound for the whole. Take an illustration from another profession, the medical. It is, of course, of the utmost importance for the constitution of the human body that it hav in it Unity and that each part in it hav Unity—each joint, for instance; but a joint which is completely united, which is characterized by *just* Unity and nothing else, is a stiff joint, what the doctors call anchylosed, or brought to anchor—*i. e.*, it is no joint at all, has ceased to be a joint by excess of the manifestation of the principle of Unity. But, on the other hand, the complete *dis-Unity* of a joint destroys the joint equally, by an exactly opposit process or condition, which is called dislocation (out-of-jointness). It would be a great mistake for the individual to think that he would contribute to his activity or efficiency by having all his bones out of joint. The third and only state in which there is any true working joint, any proper hingewiseness (for a hinge is the same thing as a joint) is where there is just the right proportion of Unism, or tendency toward Unity, somewhere short of actual Unity; and just the right proportion of Duism, or tendency toward dis-Unity, somewhere short of actual dis-Unity—and they two combined in an actual hinging, operating, freely-swinging, but rightly guided hingewise relationship with each other, according to the part of the body and the particular kind of a hinge needed at the given joint. So complicated and precise as all this must become our social science, under the theoretical guidance of Universology, and the practical guidance of Pantarchism. At present people adhere to *arche* pure and simple, which is the stiff-joint, or, finding it evil, and needing a remedy, and reasoning that the opposit of the evil must be the remedy, they rush over to *anarchy*, which is social dislocation—in which "the times are out of joint" (Shakspere). All this is the natural and legitimate swing of the pendulum, in preparation for the comprehension of the true functionating joint; or the *hinge-philosophy* in social affairs. It is for this third idea that we need and must hav a new term compounded of the two other terms, or somehow representing them. We might say arch-anarchy (ark-anarchy) or anarch-archy, but either would be awkward, and Pantarchy or Pantarchism has been chosen to express that idea. It is not then toward Unity that there is any special drift in modern social philosophy. The real, strong drift of the hour, throughout Christendom and the world, is toward "Anarchy," Individual Sovereignty, or, what is the same thing, ultra-democracy. The return drift toward a true reconciliation, on scientific terms, between the two other and opposit drifts, is only now just beginning in the world, either to be comprehended or acted on; but, from now on it will almost at once become the rapid and all-pervading drift; the organifying, or truly constructiv and operativ drift, in every department of human affairs.

Another method of naming these three terms is, 1. Unity; 2. Variety; and 3. Univariety. The transition, and still prevalent drift, under this naming, is from Unity to Variety. The new and final and conquering drift in the immediate future will be from Variety to Univariety; and it is this last which doubtless was really meant by the Management of the Club, by the term Unity, when assigning me my subject: but I hav taken the advantage of it as a text to introduce some needed technicality into the use of these terms.

What, in conclusion, the world needs, and is beginning consciously to want, and what it is in the destinies that it shall soon hav, is a Church Institution based on the *Common Sympathetic Consciousness* and Social Duties of Mankind, more powerful than the Catholic church; and a Universal International Nationality based on Individuality and Human Rights—not a mere loose association of states—but a true organic, operativ, vitally functionating real government, touching every branch of human affairs, and furnishing the working models for every institution—more powerful than the Roman, than the Russian, or the British empire—and all this by pure *voluntarism*, without a particle of compulsory allegiance; without a dollar of compulsory taxation; and without resort to any other authority than that of *Charm*, and Organized Influence, under Freedom.

Disintegration cannot cope with Integration, nor the Inorganic with the Organic, except as mere Standing-grounds.

Thanks and a Correction.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Thank you ever so much for your first-rate notice; but, in matters of great moment, and especially concerning great personages, THE TRUTH SEEKER should not tell—errors. The Genius of History is awful touchy in such matters. Unborn millions will look back to THE TRUTH SEEKER for facts.

I hav to claim that I am contemporary with Stephen Pearl Andrews—not his successor. I hav learned from him, during our long acquaintance, many things that I could not spare out of my life; but I learned phonography, not from him, but from one of the earliest works of Isaac Pitman, of England, before Mr. Andrews had published his text-book.

Also I must lift Mr. E. F. Underhill off from Mr. Andrews's pot-hook, and hang him on to mine. I taught him his first phonographic lessons in 1848. Indeed, I believe there are but two others in the United States ahead of me in reporting work for pay, who kept it up as a life profession. First, Henry M. Parkhurst, of this city; second, W. H. Burr, of Washington—all three of us Infidels. Queer, isn't it? In fact, I know but very few Christian phonographers. Theodore Tilton, a pupil of mine, came pretty near it.

If "bran bread leads to Infidelity," what shall be said of the light-spreading force of phonography? Let him who thinketh himself steadfast in the old faith take heed and not try to write fast lest he fall from grace.

T. C. LELAND.

[So, one by one, touched by the iconoclastic hand of history, the traditions of childhood pass away. George Washington never owned a hatchet; William Tell could not hit the side of a barn with an arrow unless he was inside the barn; Leland did not learn phonography of Andrews. Did Plato sit at the feet of Socrates? Let us pause and doubt.]

Putnam and Watts.

On Sunday, Nov. 30th, at 10:30 A.M., Mr. S. P. Putnam lectures for Friendship Liberal League, at its hall, 9th st. and Girard ave., Philadelphia. Subject: "The New Work of Liberalism in America."

At 2:30 P.M., Mr. Charles Watts speaks on "Agnosticism: An Exposition and Defense." At 7:30 P.M., on "The Bible and Science."

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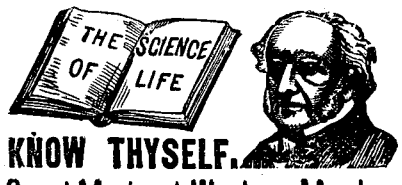
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THE greatest gain we can make is knowledge. This will help us to cause the world to grow better more than all other agencies we can employ—the knowledge of the true, the knowledge of the false, the knowledge of the right, and the knowledge of the wrong.—*D. M. Bennett.*

DUNCAN is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst; nor steel nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him further.

—*Shakspere's Macbeth.*

IT proceeds rather from revenge than malice when we hear a man affirm that all the world are knaves. For before a man draws this conclusion of the world, the world has usually anticipated him, and concluded all this of him who makes the observation. Such men may be compared to Brothers, the prophet, who on being asked by a friend how he came to be clapped into Bedlam, replied: "I and the world happened to hav a slight difference of opinion; the world said I was mad, and I said the world was mad; I was outvoted, and here I am."—*Colton's Lacon.* [NOTE.—This man Brothers attracted notice in England about the beginning of the century. There is a short account of him in Chambers's Encyclopedia, and after reading it any one of sense will say with Horace of old, "*Fortes erant ante Agamemnona,*" *i.e*, there were crack-brained fanatics before Dr. Talmage.—*Hylax.*]

To thine own self be true
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou can'st not, then, be false to any man.

—*Shakspere's Hamlet.*

THAT from which the public character of Milton derives its great and peculiar splendor remains to be mentioned. If he exerted himself to overthrow a forsworn king and a persecuting hierarchy, he exerted himself in conjunction with others. But the glory of the battle which he fought for, the species of freedom which is the most valuable, and which was then the least understood—the freedom of the human mind—is all his own. Thousands and tens of thousands among his contemporaries raised their voices against ship-money and the star-chamber, but there were very few indeed who discerned the more fearful evils of moral and intellectual slavery, and the benefits which would result from the liberty of the press, and the unfettered exercise of private judgment. These were the objects which Milton justly conceived to be the most important. He was desirous that the people should think for themselves as well as tax themselves, and should be emancipated from the dominion of prejudice as well as from that of Charles. . . . With a view to the same great object he attacked the licensing system in that sublime treatis, the Areopagitica, which every statesman should wear as a sign upon his hand, and as frontlets between his eyes. His attacks were in general directed less against particular abuses than against those deeply-seated errors on which almost all abuses are founded, the servil worship of eminent men and the irrational dread of innovations.—*Macaulay's Milton*

MILTON! thou should'st be living at this hour;
England hath need of thee; she is a fen
Of stagnant waters; altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower
Hav forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
Oh, raise us up, return to us again;
And giv us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart;
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea;
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free.
So did'st thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

—*Wordsworth.*

IT is stated in the *Advance* that not long before Theodore Parker went abroad and died, Emerson said to him at Concord: "We must get rid of that Christ, we must get rid of that Christ." If the story is true, it agrees with everything known about Emerson, and with much written by him. He was an eminent and attractiv pagan living in the nineteenth century, but living a life wholly apart from Christ, and ready, as the above remark indicates, to say, "Away with him."—*The Presbyterian.*

HE that is good will infallibly become better, and he that is bad will certainly become worse: for vice, virtue, and time are three things that never stand still.—*Colton's Lacon.*

To everyone that hath shall be given, and he shall hav abundance; but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.—*Matt. xxv*, 29.

IF the doctrin of evolution be correct, there never was, and never could hav been, a deity interposing to instruct Adam, to educate Abraham, to inspire Joseph, to put down oppressing Pharaoh, to change the rod of Moses into a serpent, to create an additional frog, louse, or musketo in Egypt, to call forth the waters of a deluge, to spread abroad a rainbow, to speak to the rain to fall on one piece of ground and not on another, to commission a famin or a pestilence or a flash of lightning; every drop of rain and every shower, every ray of light, and every blade of grass having been so unalterably woven out of the original supply of force in the web of order, continuous and unbroken forever, as not to admit of a possibility of interference or alteration.—*Rev. Geo. B. Cheever.*

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar;
I love not man the less, but nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or hav been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

—*Byron*

Odds and Ends.

IF, in proportion to size, a man could hallo as loud as a baby, there would be no telephones needed in this country.

HE who Mrs. to take a kiss,
Has Mr. thing he should not Miss.

"WELL," said a Irish attorney, "if it plaze the court, if I am wrong in this, I hav another point that is equally conclusiv."

AN Oregon bicycler has two wooden legs. And he hasn't had his bicycle much over six months, either. This is unusually quick work.

MONKEYS in South Africa cut canes of spicewood and suck the ends. In this country they buy the cane and then carry out the rest of the program.

"FATHER, did Mr. Jones really stand on the deck?" asked Green's hopeful progeny the other day. "No, Georgie, he stood on three kings, and put the deck up his sleeve to use as occasion demanded."

THE Brooklyn *Eagle* wants to know what portion of a young ladies anatomy is "the wood," having heard that a young lady was "shot in the wood." The *Eagle* has evidently forgotten that all women hav lumbar regions.

I THOUGHT she was a lovely sight,
As daintily arrayed in white,
With rosy cheeks and glances bright,
That summer day
She played croquet;

Until beneath a shady tree
I stopped to rest, which chanced to be
Where in the kitchen I could see,
That summer day
She played croquet;

And there alone in that hot place
Her mother stood with careworn face,
And ironed a gown all frills and lace,
That summer day
She played croquet;

A gown, the very counterpart
Of that she wore with witching art;
And so she did not win my heart
That summer day
She played croquet.

AMAZIN' GRACE IN MONTANA.

There has been a religious awakening in Montana. The inhabitants are "quickened in the spirit of their minds." According to the St. Paul *Herald*, a minister out there has received a call in the following manner: The other day a St. Paul minister answered a ring at his door-bell and found there a brawny frontiersman, wearing a buckskin suit and a white Mexican sombrero. He was invited into the study, and after seating himself, said: "Pardner, I'm tryin' to case up a sky pilot to ladle out the savin' grace to the boys in Rawson' Gulch, Montanny. The barkeeper down to the Merchants' Hotel told me you slung about the heftiest jaw in the holy line in St. Paul, an' I thought I'd drop in an' size you up." "If I understand you, sir, you desire to secure a pastor for your church out there." "That's our little game exactly, pard, and the boys constituoted me an executiv committee to come in 'yar an' run one down. We want the best heavenly mouthpiece in the country, an' we've got the dust to put up fur 'im." "Who was your last pastor?" asked the minister. "Never had one. You see, the boys out thar never stood in much on the religious racket, but we're agoin' to bank big on savin' grace in the future, an' play er' clear up to the limit. Glad tidin's o' great joy's the winnin' card at Rawson's from now, henceforth, an' forevermore, pardner, an' don't you forgit it!" "You say you never had a minister? What, then, has caused this sudden awakening—this new desire for light?" "I'll tell you, pard; it's just like this. Thar's a big rivalry atween Rawson' Gulch an' Rocky Bar, about five miles furder up the creek. The two camps hev been fightin' for the lead fur a year, an' we've allers downed 'em on every p'int. Las' week one o' the boys went up thar' an' come back an' reported that the Rocky fellers had a preacher, an' that salvation were a runnin' loose in the camp, an' amazin' grace were growin' on the bushes. He said he heard the holy bloke preachify 'imself, an' that he dished up the livin' word like a ten times winner. Wal, thar sort o' paralyzed us, so to speak, an' we called a meetin' to see what war' to be done. At fust it war' perposed to go up thar of a Sunday, an' clean out the congregation an' hang the preacher, but we wa'n't quite sure of the fightin' abilities o' the meek an' lowly worshippers up thar an' mout get licked, so it war finally decided to tree a gospel sharp, an' that's what I'm yar fur now. The boys'll treat you white, pardner, an' if you can do up the Rocky Bar capper in the heavenly game, an' put it all over 'im a soundin' the glad tidin's, yer fortune's made. I like the cut o' yer jib, pard, an' I b'lieve you'd shout salvation at us in a way that'd make the Rocky Bar galoots pow'ful weary." "What denomination is in the majority out there?" "None at all. You kin play yer cards to suit yerself, an' come at us jest as you think the hand ought to be played. But say, pard, I reckon I wouldn't ever giv the boys a Baptist lay out to play up to." "Why not?" "Wal, yer see, we ain't much stuck on water out thar only from a business p'int o' view. Water's all good enough an' mighty valuable fur washin' out dust, but aside from that 'taint much account. Still, if that's yer lay, pardner, come right along. We'll take turns an' keep you baptizin' half the time, jest to down them Rocky fellers. Thar's a gang o' twenty Chinamen workin' a placer claim below us, an' we kin run them up an' let you souse the hull mob two or three times a week, if it'll make the Rocky crowd think the good work's a movin' right along." The minister was forced to decline the call, and the old man said as he rose to go: "All right, pardner; no harm done. I'll keep up the hunt till I tree my man. We'll down Rocky Bar on salvation if it's in the pins. Good day, sir, an' if you ever come out our way stop off an' giv us a little wad o' off-hand redeemin' grace, an' we'll treat you squar.' Good bye."

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Notes and Clippings.

When it is written "D. D." it stands for Doctor of Divinity; but when it is put in this fashion, d——d, it stands for something theologically different.

Lucy Hayes has been honestly elected to a presidency, at all events—the presidency of the Women's Home Missionary Society. Hayes will continue to attend to the hennery.

An Indianapolis minister wrote a communication to the *Times* of that city, headed "Vote as You Pray." Had this advice been followed, every Christian voter would hav been in a minority of one.

Says the Fall River *Advance:* "A man never really finds out what unadultered cheek means until he sees the mill boss, who has been instrumental in getting his pay cut down, waltz round with the contribution box in church."

A religious weekly asserts that the good old practice of pastoral visits is going out of fashion. If there is not a decrease of immorality to follow this, it will show either that the statement is not to be relied upon or that effect does not always cease with the cause.

An English clergyman was rebuking his congregation for deserting him on a charity sermon Sunday. "Why is it," he asked, "that to-day the church is full, and this day week, because there was a collection, it was simply empty?" "'Cos yer don't giv tick!" shouted a voice from the free seats.

At an English country house, at luncheon, after morning service, the popular young curate was accosted by a venerable divine. "How long, sir," said he, "did it take you to write that sermon that you gave us this morning?" "Oh, about a week." "Dear me," replied the other, "it took *me* four."

"Now, little boy, what is the meaning of the word hypocrisy?" asked a Sunday-school teacher of her favorit pulpil. "I can't explain what it is, but I know it all the same." "Giv me an example of hypocrisy." "When a fellow says he loves his Sunday-school teacher. That's hypocrisy."

La Canada is a Mexican village. Its stores bear such suggestiv titles as "The Saloon of Mercy," and "The True Faith." Every pulque shop, where men and women get mildly exhilarated on the juice of the maguey distilled in divers forms, shows the image of some saint or virgin set up among the bottles. One is called, "The pulqueria of the mother of God," and scores of others are dedicated similarly.

The Roman Catholics of Sharpsville, Pa., recently petitioned the school board to prohibit the reading of the Bible in the public schools. This action caused great excitement, and the decision of the board was awaited with deep interest. Finally the directors decided that the reading of the Bible must not be discontinued, but that all children whose parents object to such exercises may withdraw until they are concluded.

In Ontario passenger trains are not started on Sunday. Recently it was attempted on the Credit Valley, a new road, but so strong was the public feeling aroused that the company felt constrained to abolish the Sunday train. When the dominion government directed that the Welland Canal be opened during twelve hours of Sunday, so strong was the expression of public opinion on the subject that in a few weeks the order was countermanded.

Profane swearing seems to be on the increase in Spain. There are two articles in the Spanish constitutional code prescribing punishment for blasphemy; but there is no nation in Europe which has a worse reputation in this respect than the Spaniards. The provincial authorities hav petitioned their several governors to interfere energetically against the custom of swearing and cursing which "makes the Spanish people blush before the eyes of other civilized nations." The people of Spain need to blush not so much for the prevalence of profane swearing as for the degraded condition to which they hav allowed the Christian superstition to reduce them.

"It seems a pity for the cause of Christianity," remarks the San Francisco *Ingleside*, "that Ingersoll should hav departed in triumph with the boast that not a clergyman in this city, of any denomination, had the courage to break a lance with him; and now that the lion of Infidelity has stalked away, it is fair betting that the parsons will set up for themselvs an Infidel of straw, and beat and buffet it to their heart's content. 'What do you say to that?' they will shout to the lay Ingersoll. 'Ah! proud heretic, where are your arguments now?' and while they are thus defying and smiting their dummy, the true Robert is thousands of miles away."

There is at present visiting in this city, says a Syracuse paper, a clergyman who formerly had charge of a parish in the village of Essex, Essex county. For his service as preacher, and general advisor to the public, he received sufficient remuneration to enable him to keep body and soul together. A few years ago there was an unusually dry summer, and Essex county suffered in particular. The streams all dried up, and the farmers began to grow desperate. Finally, one Sunday the several clergymen in the village, with the exception of the divine in question, prayed for rain. The latter's parishioners were surprised that he did not do the same, and when church was over, one of them approached him and said: "Mr. T. why didn't you pray for rain?" "What! Pray for rain on my salary? No, sir! Not by a damned sight! I am not paid for extras."

At Oberlin, O., upon receiving news of Blaine's election, and without waiting for verification, the college students and citizens built a bonfire, discharged guns, fired anvils, and had a jubilee, winding up by serenading prominent Prohibitionists, including one of the professors, with tin pans and other unmusical implements. In their rounds they paid a visit to the residence of the Rev. Mr. Mills, a senior in the college, and an ordained minister, who has been a conspicuous advocate of the cause of the Prohibition party. The moment the charivari began in front of his house he fired four shots from a revolver into the crowd. One of the shots slightly wounded a student named Mitchel, piercing the edge of his ear and grazing the side of his head. Mills was arrested and held in $100 bail for trial. The feeling against him is reported to be strong.

In a speech at the "Celtic dinner" annually given in Britanny, M. Renan said: "We are true sons of Pelagius, who denied original sin. A censure which the Protestants are always addressing me is this, 'What does M. Renan do with sin?' Mon Dieu! I believe that I suppress it. I cannot understand those melancholy dogmas. I confess to you, the more I think over it the more I see that all philosophy is summed up in good humor. We Celts will never be Pessimistic Nihilists. On the brink of those abysses a smile from nature, or from a woman, will always save us. My mother, who died at eighty-seven, joked an hour before her death. . . . Trust to the experience of a compatriot. . . . I will not teach you the art of making a fortune; that specialty is unknown to me. But, nearing the end of my life, I can tell you something of an art in which I hav entirely succeeded; that is the art of being happy. . . . There is but one recipe for it; don't seek after happiness. . . . This is the upshot of my experience."

A young lady correspondent writes from New York to a Western paper: "I hav become a volunteer city missionary, a kind of modification of the London amusement of slumming. A girl takes an assignment from her pastor to visit a certain quarter where squalor abounds, and then goes there with food and clothes for body and mind—with sandwiches, so to speak, made of two slices of religious consolation and a bit of eatable meat between, with garments of real cloth trimmed with gospel fringe and angel down. The minister sent me to an Italian neighborhood, because I professed to know some Italian gibberish. I guess the Italian of the grand opera isn't the same that the organ-grinders and rag-pickers talk with. Anyhow, when I gave some of it to a twelve-year-old girl, she coolly replied that she didn't understand French, but knew English well enough. She was a tawny little ragamuffin, with big black eyes that were the only clean points visible about her. She was in a crowded tenement, and a baby was sprawling on the floor by her side. I let her hav all the texts that I could remember bearing on the besetments and temptations of childhood, and I put in some advice which had a bearing on the subject of courtship. 'The good-a lady too late-a," the small wretch replied; 'I'm a wife al-a-ready. This my baby.' Afterward I learned that Italian girls in New York do not relinquish the nativ Juliet idea of marrying about as soon as they get into their teens. Hereafter, in doing missionary work, I shall be sure to know the grounds."

Writing to the *Independent*, the Rev. Dr. Buckley says: "Art and religion, in Germany, are apparently on peaceful terms; but art has the higher place in the estimation of the people. In Protestant and Catholic Germany religion seems to be but an inferior manifestation of the same elements which reach their perfection in art. As a general proposition, only the lower classes and government officials in the Catholic churches exhibit reverence in the house of God. In the former case it is doubtless sincere; in the latter a matter of etiquette. The middle classes are absent, or listen and look as spectators. In the Protestant countries, on ordinary occasions, and with occasional exceptions, attendance upon the churches is very small. Art and amusements are, practically, substitutes for religion, to a large extent. If, occasionally, a protest be heard from the pulpit against the entire absorption of life in business and pleasure, it is either formal and feeble, or, if thoroughly earnest, the preacher is, indeed, the voice of one crying in the wilderness, while the multitudes, instead of going out to see him, and to bring forth fruits meet for repentance, throng the gardens and theaters."

When the Hon. William Nye, of Wyoming, was running a paper out West, some years ago, he relates that he had to call on a compositor to act as reporter one day. This is a sample of the printer's religious intelligence: "The Baptists here, we learn, hav been fortunate enough to secure the services of the Rev. John R. Lemon, formerly of Deer Lodge. After fooling with the water for so many years, the Baptist wing of Zion ought to duly appreciate the pious Lemon aid." Again: "The Methodists will hold a kind of festival and 'hooraw' at their rink on Second street, next Friday evening, for the benefit of the sun-burnt heathen of benighted Africa. It will be a grand pop-corn scuffle and molasses-candy tournament to which all are invited. The funds will be used for the purchase of chest-protectors to be sent to the heathen of Senegambia, who were not born in the gospel of light and liberty. The object is certainly a laudable one, and whether the committee sends the money to Africa or 'knocks it down,' as heretofore, those who attend the mush-and-milk debauch will no doubt hav a 'way-up time.' The pastor of the Presbyterian church on North A street is a little nervous about his salary, we learn, and has intimated to his charge that he will hav to call for additional pay or preach in a linen duster next winter. He says some fault was found with his sermon on faith, and how a little faith like a mustard plaster will finally 'leaven the whole lump;' but he claims that he did as well as he could. He says he never could preach a very good sermon on an empty stomach, anyhow. He told a reporter yesterday that all he had received since Christmas was a ball of pale butter and a kind word. He asked us if we knew a place where he could trade some kind words and good wishes and godspeeds, all in good repair, for a chunk of liver or something that was good to eat. Perhaps it is not the business of a secular paper to offer advice to a church; but it does seem to us as though the Presbyterians here had better brace up or make an assignment. No preacher can pound the Bible for fifty-two Sundays in the year and liv solely on our beautiful mountain scenery." Mr. Nye adds that the typographical reporter was paid off and permitted to resign.

News of the Week.

The Canadians are up in arms against Chinese cheap labor.

The cholera epidemic is reported to be on the increase in Paris.

Vanderbilt's mare, Maud S., has trotted at the rate of a mile in 2:8 3-4.

English people celebrated the forty-third birthday of the Prince of Wales on the 8th with festal ceremony.

William Jones, the man who attempted to shoot Guiteau, was tried in the Criminal Court at Washington, last Saturday, and promptly acquitted.

Ex-Mayor Grace was re-elected mayor of New York. The Tammany organization, claiming that Grace is not an American citizen, will contest the election.

The Republicans of Kansas burnt St. John, the Prohibition candidate, in effigy, last Saturday. They hold him responsible for the defeat of Mr. Blaine.

The election of Cleveland is regarded as certain by the Democrats and as uncertain by the Republicans. The ways of the political providence are past finding out.

The Salvation Army of Brooklyn are in the midst of a disgraceful quarrel, which promises to increase rather than subside. The trouble arose from a dispute about who is boss and who shall handle the funds.

The missionary steamer Morning Star has left Boston for Honolulu. Two missionary ships bearing the same name hav preceded the present one, and both were wrecked before the ministers had a chance to save a heathen.

The 27th of November has been appointed as a day of Thanksgiving and prayer. Gov. Cleveland's proclamation is especially fervent in its exhortations. This custom of appointing Thanksgiving days is getting to be an old joke.

St. John received more votes than Butler in the late election, though neither has reason to feel especially flattered at the numerical strength of his constituency. It is a curious fact that in the prohibition state of Maine Butler ran ahead of St. John.

Mrs. Belva Lockwood, it is feared, did her cause no lasting good by running for president on the Woman's Rights ticket. She is reported to hav said that she made $128 lecturing, and is therefore satisfied with the result. The female suffragists of this city repudiate Mrs. Lockwood altogether.

The private banking house of John M. Masterton, of Mt. Vernon, N. Y., has suspended payment, over $100,000 behind its liabilities. There are charges of rascality connected with the failure, such as paying privileged friends of the concern and letting others suffer. It is also rumored that Masterton bet heavily on the result of the election and lost, bankrupting the business. The depositors talk of a prosecution.

Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, a western man, has been doing quite well since he came East. A year or so ago he bought the New York *World*, a daily paper with religious inclinations, but which, with a circulation of about ten thousand, was in a moribund condition. Under the new control, the religious editer was abolished and the circulation of the paper increased steadily until the day after election, when 225,000 copies were printed and sold. Mr. Pulitzer was also elected to Congress.

The printers' union of this city is jubilant over the result of the election. The New York *Tribune* refused to pay union prices to its compositors, and the union resolved to boycott the *Tribune* and its candidate, Mr. Blaine. The printers control some three thousand votes, and as Cleveland's plurality in this state is less than half that number, they very reasonably claim that their influence decided the election. Right or wrong, the printers hav been the first to illustrate the power of organized labor in national politics.

Selected.

Agnostic Metaphysics.

A REPLY TO HERBERT SPENCER'S CRITICISM OF POSITIVISM.

BY FREDERIC HARRISON.

II.

I pass now to consider the fifteen pages of Mr. Spencer's article in which he attacks the writings of Auguste Comte. And I begin by pointing out that this was not at all the issue between us, so that this attack savors of the device known to lawyers as "prejudice," or "abusing the plaintiff's attorney." I gave reasons for thinking that the Unknowable could never be the foundation of a Creed. I added, in some twenty lines at most, that Humanity could be. Throughout my article I did not refer to Comte. My argument was entirely independent of any religious ordinances whatever, whether laid down by Comte or anyone else. Mr. Mill, in his work on Comte, has emphatically asserted that Humanity is an idea pre-eminently fitted to be the object of religion. And very many powerful minds agree with Mr. Mill so far, though they do not accept the organized form of religion as Auguste Comte conceived it. To what degree, and in what sense, I myself accept it, is not doubtful; for I hav striven for years past to make it known in my public utterances. But, until I put forward Auguste Comte as an infallible authority, until I preach or practice everything laid down in the "Positiv Polity," it is hardly an answer to me in a philosophical discussion to jest for the fiftieth time about Comte's arrogance, or about the banners to be used in the solemn processions, or about addressing prayers to "holy" Humanity. My friends and I address no prayers to Humanity as "holy" or otherwise; we use no banners, and we never speak of Comte as Mohammedans speak of Mohammed, or as Buddhists speak of Buddha. For my own part, I am continually saying, and I say it deliberately now, that I look upon very much that Comte threw out for the future as tentativ and purely Utopian. Since I hav held this language for many years in public, I do not think that Mr. Spencer is justified in describing me as a blind devotee. And when he parries a criticism of his own philosophy by ridiculing practices and opinions for which I hav never made myself responsible, I hardly think he is acting with the candid mind which befits the philosopher in all things.

For this reason I shall not trouble myself about the "eccentricities" which he thinks he can discover in the writings of Comte. A thousand eccentricities in Comte would not make it reasonable in Spencer to worship the Unknowable; and it would be hard indeed to match the eccentricity of venerating as the sole Reality that of which we only know that we can know nothing and imagin nothing. But there are other good reasons for declining to discuss with Mr. Spencer the writings of Comte. The first is that he knows nothing whatever about them. To Mr. Spencer the writings of Comte are, if not the Absolute Unknowable, at any rate the Absolute Unknown. I hav long endeavored to persuade Mr. Spencer to study Comte, all the more as he owes to him so much indirectly through others. But, so far as I know, I hav not induced him to do so. And his recent criticisms of these writings show the same thing. They add nothing, I may say, to the criticism contained in the work of Mr. Mill, or, indeed, to the obvious witticisms to be read any week in the *Saturday Review*. To turn over the pages of the "Positiv Polity" and find many things which seem paradoxical is an exercise easy enough; but to grasp the conceptions of Comte, or indeed of any philosopher, seriously, is labor of a different kind.

Nothing is easier than to make cheap ridicule of any philosopher whatever. The philosopher necessarily works in a region of high abstraction, and largely employs the resources of deduction. He is bound by his office to deal freely with wide generalizations; and to follow his principles across all apparent obstacles. Every philosopher accordingly falls from time to time into astounding paradoxes; he is always accused by the superficial of arrogance, by the wits of absurdity, by the public of blindness. It is the fate of philosophers; and the charges, it must be allowed, are often founded in reason. Descartes, Hobbes, Leibnitz, Hegel, may in turn be attacked for certain hypotheses of theirs as the most arrogant of men and the wildest of sophists. How often has Mr. Spencer shared the same fate! There are those who think that no other living man has ever ventured on assertions at once so dogmatic and so paradoxical. I hav too much respect for Mr. Spencer to quote any one of these wonderful bits of philosophic daring. I recognize in him a real philosopher of a certain order, and I seek to understand his system as a whole; nor am I dismayed in my studies by a thousand things in his theories, which certainly do seem to me very hard sayings. Mr. Spencer has himself just published a very remarkable work, "The Man *versus* the State," to which he hardly expects to make a convert except here and there, and about which an unfriendly critic might say that it might be entitled, "Mr. Spencer against All England." I shall not certainly criticise him for that. But it is a signal instance of the isolated position assumed from time to time by philosophers. Philosophers who liv, not so much in "glass houses" as in very crystal palaces of their own imagination, of all people, one would think, should giv up the pastime of throwing stones at their neighbor's constructions.

I giv an instance of the way in which Mr. Spencer misunderstands Comte. Mr. Spencer speaks of Comte's Historical Calendar as a "canonization," as a list of "saints," to be "worshiped" day by day, as a means of "regulating posterity," and as part of the "deification" of Humanity. And he further represents this list of historical names as a strictly classified selection of men in degree of personal merit. Now, every part of this view is an error. So far from this calendar being permanently imposed on posterity, Comte himself speaks of it as provisional, to serve a temporary purpose. And what is that purpose? Why, to impress on the mind the general course of human civilization. Comte calls it "a concrete view of man's history." It is not meant to be a classification in real order of merit. It is not essentially personal at all. The names are given and always spoken of as "types," concrete embodiments of manifold elements in the civilization of the past Over and over again Comte says that the type and its place are often chosen without reference to personal merit to represent a class, a nation, or a movement. They are not called or treated of as "saints." There is no "canonization," no "worship," no ascription of perfection, or absolute merit of any kind. The whole scheme from beginning to end is, what Comte calls it, a concrete view of man's history, a mode of impressing on the minds of modern men what they owe in so many ways to men in the past. The exigencies of a calendar, with its months, weeks, and days, preclude any real classification of merit; nor is any such thing attempted. It is a mode of teaching history, using the artifice of associating the names of certain famous men with months, weeks, and days. And the object is to impress on the mind the multiplicity of the forces and elements which make up civilization. To suppose that all names which occupy similar places represent men of exactly equal merit is a gratuitous piece of absurdity introduced into a fine conception. Even in the Church Calendar there is St. Paul's Day and St. Swithin's Day, though no one supposes that St. Swithin is regarded as the equal of St. Paul. But Comte's Historical Calendar has no analogy with the Catholic Calendar at all. It is a concrete view of history, intended to commemorate the sum of human civilization.*

I shall certainly not enter into any defense of it. It seems to me the best synthetic scheme of history which has ever been constructed on a single page. But I am far from supposing it perfect, nor do I doubt that it might easily be amended or revised. Mr. Spencer seems astounded that Cyrus and Godfrey, Terence and Juvenal, Froissart and Palissy, should hold in it the places they do. To discuss that question would involve a long historical argument, and I am not at all disposed to enter into any historical argument with Mr. Spencer. With all his scientific learning and his manifold gifts, Mr. Spencer is seldom regarded as having much to tell us within the historical field. It is here that his inferiority to Comte is most strikingly seen. Those who know the harmonious power with which Comte has called forth into life the vast procession of the ages can best judge how weak by his side Mr. Spencer appears. In Mr. Spencer's theory of history the past teaches little but a few Quaker-like maxims; that it is very like a savage to fight, and that military activity and superstition are the sources of all evil. Certainly Comte, as heartily as Spencer, has condemned the military spirit in this age, and the continuance of all fictitious beliefs. But he is not so blind to facts that he does not recognize the historical uses of the military life in the past, and the beauty of many theological types. And thus it is that he feels honor for Godfrey the Crusader, as well as for Socrates the philosopher; for the conquerors Cyrus and Sesostris, as well as for Penn the Quaker, and St. Paul the apostle.

There is a certain "fallacy of the Den" running through Mr. Spencer's historical notions, of which his article givs very striking examples. Possessed by his theory of indefinit "differentiation," the course of civilization presents itself to his mind as a perpetual development of new forces—progression in a constant series of divergent lines. According to this view of history, an institution, an idea, an energy which the civilization of to-day has abandoned is finally condemned; to revive it even under new forms is retrogression. Since savages respected their ancestors, it would be savage to respect our ancestors. Since we hav been tending, during the last two or three centuries, to lessen all temporal and spiritual influence on the individual, we must go on till we hav reduced both to zero. Since war is inhuman, the qualities and habits which the military life promoted are equally abominable. To revive anything which modern society has discarded is retrogression, for the test with Mr. Spencer is not whether it is relativly good or bad for man, but is found in the fact of Evolution absolutely.

Now this error affects all that Mr. Spencer says about the history of civilization. The truth is, as Comte has so wonderfully shown, the story of man's development is a tale of continued revival, reconstruction, and fresh adjustments of social life. Old habits, thoughts, and energies spring into a new life under altered forms and in new co-ordination. Development means not indefinit differentiation, but continuous growth, with organic re-adjustment of the organism to its environment. And that organic re-adjustment is constantly demanding the renewal of dormant elements, and the new uses of old things. I should be sorry to think that Humanity were for ever condemned to lose everything which the taste of this somewhat cynical, material, and democratic generation is pleased to throw off. The phrase, Retrogressiv Religion, does not frighten me at all. Any religion that the Future of Man is to hav will be retrogressiv in this sense: that it will revive something of religious feelings which were once more activ in the world than they happen to be to-day. Whether an enthusiastic regard for the welfare of our human race be retrogressiv religion or not I care little. I should hav thought it to be a new and a progressiv type of creed, more so than the worship of the Ultimate Cause, and the Creativ Power, and the All-Being; where I find, indeed (and where the *Christian World* finds also), retrogression into Metaphysics and Theology.

III.

I now turn to the question, If Humanity be an adequate object of religion?—a question, as I say, independent of the forms in which Comte proposed to constitute it. Mr. Mill, with all his hostility to Positivism, asserted emphatically that it was; and he went so far as to say that every other type of religion would be the better, in so far as it approached the religion of Humanity. And first let us note that Mr. Spencer has given a quite exaggerated sense to what we mean by Religion and Humanity by attaching to these ideas theological associations. The same thing is done by Sir James Stephen, and by all our theological critics. Mr. Spencer asks, What are the claims of Humanity to "Godhood?" Sir James Stephen talks of "Mr. Harrison's God," of "the shadow of a God," and he says he would as soon "worship" the ugliest idol in India as the human race. All this is to foist in theological ideas where none are suggested by us. Humanity is neither the shadow of God nor the substitute for God, nor has it any analogy with God. No one claims any "Godhood" for Humanity, or any perfection of any kind. We do not ask any one to "worship" it, as Hindoos worship idols, or as Christians worship God or the Virgin. If it misleads people, I am quite willing to spell humanity with a small "h," or not to use the word at all. I am quite content to speak of the human race, if that makes things clearer; I am ready to giv up the word "worship," if that is a stumbling-block, and to speak of showing affection and reverence. If people mean by religion going down on their knees and invoking a supernatural being, I will wait till the word "religion" has lost these associations.

The very purpose of the Positiv Scheme is to satisfy rational people that, though the ecstatic "worship" of supernatural divinities has come to an end, intelligent love and respect for our human brotherhood will help us to do our duty in life. So stated, the proposition is almost a truism; it is undoubtedly the practical conviction of millions of good people, and, as it seems, is that of Sir James Stephen. In plain words, the Religion of Humanity means recognizing your duty to your fellow-man on human grounds. This is the sum and substance of that which it pleases some critics and some philosophers to represent as a grotesque delusion. Whatever is grotesque in the idea is derived from the extravagance with which they themselvs distort that idea. I hav no wish to "worship" Humanity in any other sense than as a man may worship his own father and mother. A good man feels affection and reverence for his father and his mother; he can cultivate that feeling and make it the spring of conduct. And the feeling is not destroyed by his finding that his father and mother had the failings of men and women. Something of the affection, and more of the sense of brotherhood, which a man feels toward his own parents, he feels toward his family; not a little of it even to his home, his city, or his province, and much of it toward his country. Every good and activ man recognizes the tie that binds him to a widening series

*A single example may show with how little care Mr. Spencer has looked at Comte. He complains that Comte should put Bichat above Newton, because he finds that Bichat heads a month in the Calendar, and Newton a week. Now, Comte never instituted any personal comparison between Newton and Bichat. But he explained that for the last month, which represents the course of modern science, he must choose a biologist and not a mathematician, on the ground of the superior importance of Biology. The Calendar was constructed more than thirty years ago, when certainly a thoroughly adequate type of Biology was not quite accessible. For grounds fully explained he chose Bichat. Newton takes his place with the mathematicians; but any idea that Bichat's intellect was superior to Newton's has not the smallest authority in anything said by Comte.

of groups of his kinsmen and fellow-men. In that feeling there are elements of respect, elements of affection, and elements of devotion, in certain degrees. That sense of respect, affection, and devotion can be extended wider than country. It can be extended, I say, as far as the human race itself. And since patriotism does not stop with our actual contemporaries, but extends to the memories and the future of our countrymen, so, I maintain, our feeling for the human race must include what it has been, as well as what it is to be. That is all that I mean by the religion of humanity. What is there of "grotesque," of the ugliest of Hindoo idols, and all the rest of it, in so common-place an opinion?

All good, and even all decent, men about us daily order their lives under a more or less effectiv sense of their social duties. They liv more or less for their wives, their children, their parents, their family. I do not deny that they liv largely for themselvs also; but with good men and good women the two strands of motiv are beautifully bound in one. And the better the man, the more close is the harmony between his social and his personal life. Outside their family, men hav other strong ties of duty and of regard for definit social groups. They will do much for their friends, their party, their profession, their church, their academy, their class, their city, their country. It is disgraceful to proclaim oneself indifferent to these claims; to refuse to make any sacrifice for them, to deny that we owe them anything, or that we feel any regard for them. There is nothing very heroic about all this in the average; and it is always more or less mixed up with personal motivs. But in the main it is good and wholesome, and bears noble witness to the marvelous social nature of man. Now, I do not say that this in itself is religion. But I mean by religion this sense of social duty, pushed to its full extent, strengthened by a sound view of human nature, and warmed by the glow of imagination and sympathy. It has been said in a vague way that religion is "morality touched by emotion." The religion of Humanity, as I conceive it, is simply *morality fused with social devotion, and enlightened by sound philosophy.*

Yet men who are known to liv under a practical sense of their social duties, men who would be ashamed to profess total unconcern for father, mother, wife, and child, friends, and fellow-citizens, are not ashamed to exhaust the terms of opprobrium for the collectiv notion of humanity; which after all is only made up of a multitude of fathers, mothers, wives, children, friends, fellow-citizens, and fellow-men. Mr. Spencer's whole life (as his friends know even better than the world) has been one of unfaltering devotion to his great mistress Philosophy, worthy to compare with any in the roll of the "lovers of wisdom." Sir James Stephen is no less widely known, not only for his indefatigable public services, but for his hearty private character; a devoted public servant, who, it is said, sentences even the worst criminal "gently, as if he loved him," under a strong sense of public duty. Yet these eminent men, whose entire lives are filled with social, rather than personal, energy, hav no words strong enough (for controversial purposes) to express their contempt for the human race. Mankind, says Mr. Spencer, is a "bubble," "a dull, leaden-hued thing." Sir James Stephen says it is "a stupid, ignorant, half-beast of a creature;" and he would as soon worship the ugliest Hindoo idol before which the nativs chop off the heads of goats. Why, this is the raving of Timon of Athens! These men are not cynics, but merely philosophers attacking an opponent. To my mind all this is sheer nonsense. Men known to be generous and self-devoted in every duty of social life are not believed when they utter tirades of this kind against mankind and human nature.

If the human race be "a half-beast of a creature," if it be this dismal "bubble," what else or what better hav we? Why should they, or any man, waste lives of effort in its service; what is the worth of anything generous, humane, and social? Humanity, I say, is nothing but the sum of all the forces of individual men and women; and if it be this mere bubble and half-beast, the men and women that make it up, and the human feelings and forces which hav created it, must be equally worthy of our loathing and contempt. In that case our only philosophy is a malignant pessimism, exceeding anything ever attempted in misanthropy before. I am no optimist; and I certainly see no "godhood" in the human race. I am as much alive to the vice and weakness of the human race as any one. But I feel, in common with the great majority of sound-hearted men, that there is a great deal of human nature in the human race, and that of good human nature; that the good abundantly predominates, and that the great story of human progress is on the whole a worthy and an inspiring record. At any rate, this planet, and, so far as we know, this Universe, has nothing (in the moral sphere) which is more worthy and more inspiring of hope. *Nec viget quidquam simile, aut secundum.* Divinities, and Absolute Goodnesses, and Absolute Powers hav ended for us. The relativ goodness and power of our race remains a solid reality. It is bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh; the stuff whereof our mothers, and our fathers, our sons and our friends, our fellow-citizens are made; whereof are made all who with us and beside us are striving to liv a humane life.

I will not do my friends the injustice of supposing that any regard for men which they acknowledge is confined to their own belongings and circles, and that for the rest of mankind they feel (what they assert) supreme contempt and dislike. Their words would suggest it. To Mr. Spencer Europe presents nothing but the revolting prospect of "a hundred millions of Pagans masquerading as Christians." Sir James Stephen says that a majority of the human race cannot read, and devote their time to nothing but daily labor. Are they mere beasts for that? Some of the greatest and best of men could not read; some of the noblest natures on earth are spent in the hovel and the garret of the poor. It is the task of the religion of Humanity to correct such antisocial thoughts, the besetting sin of the philosopher and the man of power. It will teach their pride that the nobility of human nature is to be found chiefly in the cottage and the workshop; where the untaught mother is lavishing on her children unutterable wealth of tenderness; where the patient toiler is subduing the earth that for the common good wise men may hav an earth whereon to think out the truth, and the poet and the artist may hav materials to satisfy us all with beauty.

Comte, of all men, did not choose out of five hundred names to be "worshiped" as "saints," devoting the five hundred millions to oblivion. He taught us to see the greatness of human nature in the love and courage of the ignorant, as well as in the genius and the might of the hero. And when we think of Humanity our minds are not set on a band of the "elect," but on the millions who people this earth and subdue it, leaving each century on the whole a richer inheritance in comfort, in thought, in virtue—millions not in the civilized world only, but in the rude plains of Asia, and of Africa, where the Hindoo struggles to rear an honest household in his plot of rice-field, and the fellah yields to the will of Heaven with sublime patience, whilst retaining uncrushed his human heart. Assuredly it is no "godhood" that we see there, no pride of human reason, no millennium, or transfiguration of Man. But it is human nature, sound down to its depths; rich with unfathomable love wherever there is a mother and a child, and rich with undying courage wherever there is the father of an honest and thriving household.

But it is not the present generation which absorbs our thoughts. Mankind, as we see it to-day, is neither godlike nor very sublime. But the story of human progress during fifty centuries, from the "half-beast" that it once was in the pre-historic ages down to the ideal civilization which we surely foresee in the far-off ages to come—this is sublime. Or, if not sublime in the way in which the fairy-tale of Paradise, or the Creation of the Universe, is sublime, it is still the most splendid tale of *moral development* of which we hav any certain record. I am not at all disenchanted when I am reminded of the savagery, the bestiality, or even the cannibalism of man's early career. There were noble savages even in the Paleolithic ages, and even the earliest type of man was superior in something, I suppose, to contemporary types of the ape. But such as he was I accept him as the ancestor of the human race, to whom it owes its first beginning. The glory of Humanity is not lost, in that it was once so low, but lies in that, beginning so low, it is now so high.

It is for this reason that Comte has insisted so much on the Past, and the religious value of a true conception of human civilization. It shocks Mr. Spencer to look with anything but horror on our fighting and savage forefathers. But, such as they were, they made civilization possible. And the grandeur of human civilization as a whole can only be realized in the mind when it constantly dwells on the enormous record of its progress from the half-bestial beginnings out of which it has slowly arisen by incalculable efforts and hopes. Still, it is a record of much failure, of shortcoming at the best. And, for this reason, Positivism dwells quite as much in the Future as in the Past. Endless progress toward a perfection never, perhaps, to be reached, but to be ideally cherished in hope, a hope which every stroke of science and every line of history confirms to us, and with which every generous instinct of our nature beats in unison—such is the practical heaven of our faith. As there is no godhood now in humanity, so there is no Paradise in its future. Past, Present, and Future, all alike dwell on this earth; on the facts of man's actual career in the dwelling-place that he has made for himself thereon.

Mr. Spencer is himself far too much of a philosopher, and too much of a believer in moral progress, not to hav a deep faith in this very march of civilization of which Humanity, as I understand it, is at once product and author. He says himself: "Surely civilized society, with its complex arrangements and involved processes, its multitudinous material products and almost magical instruments, its language, science, literature, art, must be credited to some agency or other." The words are not mine, but his. That is to say, the story of human civilization is a very noble record, demanding, as he admits, "veneration and gratitude" somewhere. And in these words he throws to the winds "the bubble," and "the dull, leaden-hued thing," "the hundred million Pagans masquerading," "the stupid, ignorant, half-beast of a creature," as the judge calls it. The human race then is not the odious bubble; on the contrary, the splendid story of human civilization must fill us with a sense of "veneration and gratitude." But by astonishing perversity, as it seems to me, by long habit of "persistent thinking along defined grooves," Mr. Spencer has nothing but contempt for the human race, and lavishes his "veneration and gratitude," called out by the sum of human civilization, upon his Unknowable and Inconceivable Postulate. This is to me to outdo the ingratitude of the theologians who find "man only vile," and who ascribe every good thing in man's evil nature to an ineffable Being. Since Mr. Spencer agrees with me that "veneration and gratitude," for all that man has become, are due somewhere, I prefer to ascribe it to that human race which we know and feel; and which, so far as we can see, has fashioned its own destiny, in spite of tremendous obstacles in his environment; rather than to a logician's formula, about which the logician himself tells us that he knows nothing and conceives nothing.

Mr. Spencer has labored to prove that Humanity (which he himself has so admirably described as a real organism) is unconscious. He might hav spared his pains. Neither Comte, nor any rational Positivist, has ever regarded Humanity as conscious. And, for that reason, nothing will induce me to address Humanity as a conscious being, or in any way whatever to treat it as a Person. In that respect it stands on the same footing as Mr. Spencer's Unknowable, except that I say frankly that I hav not the least reason to suppose Humanity to be conscious; whilst he will not say that his Unknowable may not be conscious (as it might be a gooseberry or a parallelopiped). And then Mr. Spencer goes on to argue that, since Humanity is not conscious, that concludes the matter; "for gratitude cannot be entertained towards something which is unconscious." And by a really curious inconsistency he asserts that "veneration and gratitude" are due toward the Unknowable, which he has just told us cannot be conceived in terms of consciousness at all! So that he will not let me feel any gratitude to the human race, my own kindred, because it is unconscious; and he asks me to bestow it all on his unconscious, or non-conscious, or outside-of all-consciousness Unknowable.

Apart from this singular slip in logic, he says much about the unconsciousness of the human race which amazes me. Why cannot a man feel any gratitude toward that which is unconscious? He tells us to examin our consciousness. Well! Did all the gratitude which he felt during life to his own parents, teachers, and benefactors cease at the instant of their death? I cannot find it in my consciousness. My gratitude to my parents is the same, living or dead; and, if gratitude to one parent can be expressed and answered in words, whilst gratitude to the other lies but in the silent communing of the heart, I cannot find that the one gratitude differs from the other, save that this last is the deeper, more abiding feeling. And, if a man is unworthy of the name of man who can feel no gratitude to a parent or a benefactor, the moment they are laid cold in death, why cannot a man feel grateful to the school where he was trained, or the church wherein he was reared, or the country of his forefathers and his decendants? And by school, church, or country, I mean the men therein grouped, some known, some unknown, some by personal contact, some by spiritual influence, by whose labor he has reaped and grown.

Mr. Spencer goes further in the same line. Since the human race, he says, was unconscious whilst slowly evolving its own civilization, since the individual men and women were not consciously conferring any benefits on us, and very partially foresaw the result of their own labor, we owe them no gratitude. They acted automatically or like coral-polyps by instinct, following their own natures, satisfying their own craving, and we owe them no more gratitude than we owe to hogs for fattening, or to sheep for growing woolly coats. Watt, according to this view, invented the steam-engin to make money, or occupy his mind. Newton and Leibnitz toiled only for fame. If the poets and artists created beauty, it was because they liked beauty, and hoped for reward. I confess this seems to me to strike at the root of morality and all estimate whatever of human greatness and merit. A philosopher will tell us next that he owes no gratitude to the father who begat him, or the mother who nursed him; for both were obeying instincts which they share with the lowest animals. If heroes, poets, and thinkers are mere automata, selfishly and blindly following instincts, like the polyps working their tentacles and thereby forming a coral reef, morality, and most of the moral qualities of men, are things which we cannot predicate of man at all.

Man is no doubt a highly complex being, and his

(Continued on page 726.)

The Presidential Flection.

The canvass of the vote shows the election of Cleveland as president. This is due to the fact that in the state of New York thousands of Republicans voted for Cleveland and Butler, and others declined to vote for Mr. Blaine. Mr. Blaine relied for success on the tariff, the Protestant clergy, an increased Catholic vote, and a trade with one wing of the Democracy in New York city. His friends in their campaign speeches sneered at the Agnostics, while they indorsed Mr. Blaine as a devout Presbyterian. The fact that Mr. Blaine was a churchman was used as a trump card. The fact that Cleveland had vetoed supply bills for Catholic institutions was sent out by the National Republican Committee to incite hatred against Cleveland as an anti-Catholic bigot. The clergy sat in secret inquisition upon Mr. Cleveland's private character, and published broadcast their indictments.

Mr. Blaine declined to answer requests to define his position on the question of Secularism in politics. He professed to be committed to the tariff as the great issue, and treated the Liberals as entitled to less respect than the Prohibitionists. His speeches toward the last touched upon the question of church and state. This was especially true after the famous alliterativ indictment of the Democratic party by Dr. Burchard, as the party devoted to "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion." Mr. Blaine did not allude to this at the time, nor define his position then, but accepted the ovation tendered him as the opponent of the repres ntativ of the three evils. When the Catholics denounced this reference to them as of the nature of a crucifixion between two thieves, Mr. Blaine apologized for Burchard, and defined himself as in favor of equal rights for all sects, giving the same rights to the Protestant, the Catholic, and the Hebrew. He was careful to leave the Agnostics out of the list of men entitled to equal rights. Instead of saying that there could not, and ought not to be, any religious tests in a government founded on equal rights, that under our flag all sects were equally protected, and every man, Christian or Atheist, had the same rights and privileges, he narrowed his platform so as to include only Christians and Jews.

This policy of Blaine's was part of the fixed policy for this campaign. The platform was made to fit the man.

In 1876, the seventh plank of the Republican platform was:

"The public school system of the several states is the bulwark of the American republic, and with a view to its security and permanence, we recommend an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, forbidding the application of any public funds as property for the benefit of any schools or institutions under sectarian control."

The Democratic plat orm denounced this as a "false issue with which they [Republicans] would enkindle sectarian strife in respect to the public schools."

In 1880, the Republican platform contained the following:

"4. The Constitution wisely forbids Congress to make any law respecting an establishment of religion, but it is idle to hope that the nation can be protected against the influence of sectarianism while each state is exposed to its domination. We, therefore, recommend that the Constitution be so amended as to lay the same prohibition upon the legislature of each state, and to forbid the appropriation of public funds to the support of sectarian schools."

The Republican platform of 1884 made the tariff the main issue, referred to the union of church and state only in denunciation of polygamy, and omitted the secular amendment proposed in 1880. The protection of civil and political rights, which was the keystone of the Republican cr ed in 1880, was supplanted by pr tection of American against foreign manufactures. Personal property was placed above personal rights; wealth abo e liberty.

There was, therefore, nothing in the platform of the Republican party or in its candidate to call for the support of the Liberals of the nation. While unable to find a candidate upon whom they could unite, they felt under no obligation to take a choice of evils, or to vindicate the reputation for chastity of either Blaine or Cleveland. The difference between the two parties was only a proposed reduction of twenty per cent in tariff duties, and that was an issue of little importance to the friends of secularism in politics. A vote for either of the candidates for president would hav been a vote thrown away on the question of equal rights and the severance of church and state. Some Liberals voted for Blaine or Butler under protest; others did not vote for president at all. The St. John party presented a platform spiced with bigotry, and a candidate who gloried in his orthodoxy, and expected prayer and faith in God would secure the needed ballots to elect him.

The duty of Liberals seems clear. They hav the right to demand from the national and state legislatures legislation on the basis of equal rights and a secular government. Work can be done now; the proper demand can be made for the necessary changes in the laws. The members of those bodies can be compelled to make a record for or against secular legislation. Their votes will be an index to future support of these men if they should ask the votes of Liberals. By prompt and energetic action, something can be done this winter to put the secular movement on a broad, living basis, and to make it one of the vital issues of the next presidential campaign.

W. S. Bush.

Canadian Notes.

The Montreal Secular Society was formed some years since, perhaps seven or eight. They hav always been in a very flourishing condition, plenty of funds for all requirements, and probably a thousand dollars or more spare cash on hand at the bank. The members are of a class somewhat similar to the Ottawa society. They mostly move in good circles socially, and mentally are persons of education and literary culture.

The Christian superstition appears to be on the wane. Fast days, like most threatened institutions, die hard; but that they are near the end of their existence is very evident. The Free Presbytery of Glasgow has adopted a resolution unanimously recommended by the united conferences of the Presbyterian churches of that city "that the continuance of the present sacramental fast days has ceased to be for the edification of the Christian community."

In Hamilton, a Secular Society started into existence about the year 1877. Some seven years since it flourished for a while, but I believe ceased to exist a year or two ago. About the year 1878, this society got up a series of lectures of a very high character—scientific and otherwise—which were very successful, and were productiv of much good in promoting the Secular cause in the city of Hamilton, the "ambitious city."

On a late Sunday evening, in the Secular Hall, Toronto, an essay and debate came off, on the subject of "The Causes of the Rise of Christianity." On the next Sunday evening, Mr. W. B. Cook spoke in the same hall, and the Sunday following Mr. H. Sells will lecture on a popular secular subject. The attendance at these lectures is good, and the audience at the morning meetings is so increased as to render necessary a larger hall.

At Lindsay about seven or eight years ago a Secular society and reading-rooms (open to the public) were in activ operation, and continued as a useful institution for some years. Lindsay is one of the pioneer Canadian towns in the matter of Secularism. There are a number of veteran hearty and wholesouled Freethinkers in and around that locality. Money has been sent forth freely and with an open hand from Lindsay to aid the cause of Agnosticism in various localities, including the city of Boston, Mass., and all parts of the United States and Canada.

I listened to a sermon by one of Toronto's popular preachers, in which he said: "Secularists are trying to prove that there are contradictions in the Bible. I don't care if you can prove that there are ten thousand contradictions in holy writ. Freethinkers say that there are a lot of foolish stories and ridiculous and impossible miracles. I don't care if you succeed in proving and establishing all this. I don't care a snap of my finger for anything else you can prove about the book from Genesis to Revelations. You cannot take away this; there will always remain this: The character of the life of Christ, the character of the teachings of Christ, and these constitute Christianity." Verily, we liv in an age of progress. Needs must when the devil drives. Even orthodox theology is compelled to move by the increasing intelligence of the times. Civilization is ameliorating the barbarous superstitions of Christianity.

Allen Pringle, of Selby; W. McDonnell, of Lindsay; Mr. Le Seuer, of Ottawa; George Iles, of Montreal; Phillips Thompson, of Toronto; and many other excellent and well-known writers and speakers hav assiduously used their talents and energies during the last ten or twelve years in battling for the cause, and fighting the good fight for Agnosticism and Secularism.

On Monday Mr. Watts lectured at Meaford to a house crowded to the doors in every part. Many turned away disappointed, as there was not room enough to stand a dog upright on his hind legs. On Tuesday Owen Sound was Agnosticized with an audience as densely packed as herrings in a barrel. Thunders of applause greeted the lecturer at every point. On Wednesday Walkerton was treated to a rouser. The citizens turned out *en masse*, and the crowds who listened to the lecturer displayed the utmost enthusiasm.

It is now a number of years since Selby, Aylmer, and Napanee distinguished themselvs as pioneers in the work of Secularism. They inaugurated lectures and debates on Secularism both in the public press and on the public platform about ten years ago, or more. In the years 1874 and 1875, those towns created quite a sensation in Canada by engaging the editor of the *Index* to deliver a series of lectures, and engage in debates in that locality. The example of these towns led the way, and was the cause and origin of the Toronto Secular Society being formed in 1875—it was founded by two gentlemen of the press, Mr. Haskin and Mr. Phillips Thompson. Mr. Haskin had previously been a member of the Dialectic Society of London, England. He was a gentleman of great intellectual attainments, and his untimely death by drowning (just after he had established the society) was deeply regretted. Mr. Phillips Thompson is well known as a lecturer and poet, as well as a political writer and general literary man of great ability. His views are extremely broad and liberal; he is a warm sympathizer with the rights of labor and the struggling masses; he sides with the producers as against the monopolists. More power to your elbow, Phillips Thompson!

The death is reported at Chicago of the Rev. T. W. Handford, formerly pastor of the Bond-street Congregational church, Toronto, and previously preacher at Bolton, Yorkshire, and London, England. Many Britishers will remember having heard him preach at Spurgeon's Tabernacle to crowded audiences. By many of the most competent judges of oratory, he was accounted one of the most eloquent speakers that ever stood on a platform. The elegant building in which Mr. Handford preached, while making Toronto his home, will hold 2,500 persons, and was filled to overflowing every Sunday night when he occupied the pulpit. His was a stormy and troubled existence from the cradle to the grave. May his faults lie gently on him. Peace to his ashes.

The public press, in commenting on Mr. Watts's lecture at Meaford, say that at the door outside there was a man, Bible in hand, shouting in a crazy manner, and warning people, as they hoped to be saved, to avoid Watts as they would the devil. He was a Salvation Army man from Owen Sound. One paper remarks that the wave of Secularism passing over the civilized world is not to be denied. That Agnosticism is on the increase is not to be denied. Men of thought are disgusted with the old wives' tales of Eve eating an apple and thereby entailing all suffering upon the human family. The ark story is pronounced a gross absurdity even by Christians. That a whale ever swallowed Jonah in the Mediterranean sea (where there probably never was a whale any more than in the lake in Central Park) is exploded for many good reasons. That poor Mrs. Lot was ever turned into a pillar of salt for Jersey cows to lick at, is not credited. That any gentleman ever raised a row in heaven, where no sin can exist, and afterward set up for himself with an inexhaustible supply of brimstone, chemistry does not verify. But Christians tell us we must believe all these nonsensical stories or go to hell. Secularism is rapidly spreading; it is growing and gaining in strength every day, while Christianity, with its ridiculous dogmatisms, is rotting away.

On Friday Mr. Watts broke more new ground, this time at Gananoque. It was the first Secularist lecture ever delivered there. The town hall was densely packed, and the applause given to the Secular lecturer was hearty in the extreme. Gananoque has hitherto been a hotbed of orthodoxy.

A Canadian newspaper when reviewing Agnosticism remarked that the only heaven and hell is right here upon this earth. It is impossible for the finite to comprehend the infinit. All our knowledge is relativ. Relativly we know that the earth is distant from the sun somewhere about ninety to one hundred million miles. Absolutely we do not know where it is. Space and time are both infinit. We say that an infinit number of suns and spheres are traveling through space. We know what a mile is, because it is like ourselvs, finite. Is space composed of an infinit number of miles? No, it cannot be composed of an infinit number of finites. So we may reason with time. Eternity is not composed of an infinit number of moments. Man cannot think it, or measure any part of it, as it is not composed of parts.

Astronomical propositions hav been formulated to show the unthinkable nature of time, direction, space, etc., such as this well-known one: A ship is on the equator. Its bow points exactly west, and its stern east. It is going ten miles an hour. A man starts at the bow and walks toward the stern. Which way is he going? First you will say east, then you will say, no, as the ship is moving the other way faster. But hold on! the world moves from west to east over a thousand miles an hour. Now, which way is the man walking? You hav to think twice. But the earth whirls around the sun at a fearful rate, and the man is actually going toward the ecliptic. But the earth, the sun, and all the worlds and all the suns are going with unthinkable rapidity, and in unthinkable direction, and no man knows which way the sun is going. All he knows is, that he is right here on the ship. Like the old Indian in the

woods, in answer to the question if he were lost, "No; Indian no lost. Indian right here. Wigwam lost."

On Sunday evening last, in Montreal, a reception was given at the residence of Mr. Boaz; when a numerous company assembled to welcome Mr. Watts to the metropolis of Canada.

The Christian clergy assume a variety of roles; among the rest, that of the cowardly bear in the fable of the bear and the dogs. Æsop tells us that once upon a time, a long, long time ago, a bear swore eternal friendship with a wolf. They each took a solemn oath to the other to stand by him and help him to fight his battles with him, and whenever the life of one was in danger, the other should stand by him and fight for him to the last, and, if necessary, die with him. They then set forth as sworn brothers, to go through the world and seek their fortunes. They hadn't gone far when they were attacked in the most determined and savage manner by three ferocious dogs of a gigantic size and power. The cowardly bear skulked up a tree, out of harm's way, and left his friend, the wolf, to fight it out by himself or get killed by the enemy, as the case might be. But the brave wolf, with his back to the tree (in which the bear was skulking), fought so desperately that the three dogs were glad to take to their heels and run off. When the bear had watched the dogs until they were safely out o: sight, he came down out of his hiding-place, and with an air of bullying, swaggering braggadocio, seemed to be spoiling for a fight; he shouted with stentorian voice, "Where are the dogs? I want to fight." Some of the Canadian clergy assume the role of the cowardly, skulking bear. When Watts is present they skulk like a frightened cur with his tail between his trotters. After they hav watched Watts safely out of sight, they come out of their holes and hiding-places, and lecture in reply to the man they dare not face when present.

Mr. Watts, during the last week, has lectured in various Canadian cities and towns, and the Secularists of Hamilton and Montreal hav been doing their level best to induce the clergy to allow their champion, Dr. Sexton, to engage in debate with the apostle of Secularism; but no, you cannot catch them at being true to their professions by testing them in debate; it makes them shrink into their boots with terror at the bare idea of exhibiting their vain imaginings and tomfooleries in the light of day, in the presence and opposition of facts and realities. It would appear that when the clergy got washed in the blood of the lamb, the chemical effect was produced of whitening their livers to that extent that they hav been totally unable to screw their courage to the sticking place (of toeing the scratch) ever since.

Toronto, Nov. 8, 1884. R. B. Butland.

Mr. Charles Watts lectured in Montreal Nov. 2d, 3d, and 4th, to large audiences, thus concluding his present Canadian tour, which has proved most successful in every respect. Mr. Watts has been fortunate in having such an efficient John the Baptist as Dr. Sexton to prepare the way for him. In several cities he has been preceded him with his lecture on the "Follies of Atheism," and the clergy hav been congratulating themselvs on having such an able defender of the faith amongst them. But somehow when the question of a public debate has been mooted, they hav found discretion the better part of valor, and hav refused to allow their champion to take up the gauntlet which has been thrown down to him.

This policy of stifling free discussion has been the subject of considerable discussion in the Montreal press, and the result was that at Mr. Watts's first lecture, every available inch of space was occupied, and the crush was so great that the doors of the hall had to be removed to allow those who were still outside the opportunity of hearing the lecture.

The Montreal *Times* of the next day contained the following:

"AGNOSTICISM AND ATHEISM.

"The recent lectures of Dr. Sexton on this and kindred subjects hav evidently attracted considerable attention amongst the thinking portion of the community, more especially since he was not permitted to engage in a public debate. Curiosity was also stimulated as to what kind of a man the Freethinkers were willing to bring forward as their champion, and as an opportunity of gratifying it was offered yesterday afternoon, the Freethought Lecture Hall was crowded to its utmost capacity (many being unable to obtain admittance) with an audience eager to hear Mr. Watts's discourse on 'Agnosticism and Atheism.' Mr. Watts is a very interesting speaker, forcible in argument, earnest and convincing in his style, and thoroughly versed in all the arts of the trained debater. This was apparent in his replies to the two or three gentlemen who opposed him at the close of the lecture. Here he showed himself to be a perfect master of controversy, courteous to his opponents, yet arguing with powerful ability and force, which readily explained why his admirers were so anxious to arrange for a public debate with Dr. Sexton."

Mr. C. B. Thompson, of St. Catherine's, Ont., thus writes concerning Remsburg's Cassadaga speech: "I hav just finished reading 'Bible Morals.' It is a gem of the first water. It should be put in pamphlet form, and scattered throughout the whole of Christendom."

The League.

The Campaign Fund.

Already acknowledged,	$1,752.00
Samuel Bass,	1 00
A. G Church,	5 00
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George Thorn,	5.00
James Beveridge,	1.00
Andrew Beveridge,	1.00
John Haight,	1 00
John A Eaton,	1.00
J. T. Vitt.	2.00
John L. Frazier,	1.00
E. Carpenter,	1.00
Ph. Ph. Hof,	2.00
	$1,775.00

BOSTON CONTRIBUTIONS.

Photius Fisk,	$100.00	
J. P. Mendum,	25 00	
H. Seaver,	10 00	
H. Matson,	10 00	
James Harris,	6 00	
D E. Mayo,	11 00	
Wm. Haywood,	1 00	
A Friend,	1.00	
Augustus Canney,	1.00	
W. C. Wright,	5.00	
A Friend.	5.00	
J. A. O'Malley,	5 00	
Ernest Mendum,	5.00	
D. C. Hill,	1.00	
J. Verity,	2 00	
S. Harrington,	1.00	
J. Mank,	1.00	
Jas. Kendall,	1.00	
A. Smith,	5.00	
A Friend,	1.00	
J. C. Wills,	10 00	
Victor Laiscelle,	1.00	
J Peppers,	.25	
W. L. Bow,	2 00	
A. D. Emerson,	.50	
J. C. McDonald,	1.00	
		$211.75
Total,		$1,986.75

PAID IN ADDITION TO LAST WEEK.

Samuel Bass. $1 00; DeWitt Griswold, 2.00; George Thorn, 5.00; A. G. Church, 5 00; James Beveridge, 1 00; Andrew Beveridge, 1.00; J. T. Vitt, 2 00; John L. Frasier, 1.00; E. Carpenter, 1 00; Ph. Ph. Hof. 2.00.

Boston: Photius Fisk, 1.00; J. P. Mendum, 25.00; H. Seaver, 10 00; James Harris, 6.00; D. E. Mayo, 11 00; Wm. Hayward. 1.00; A Friend, 1 00; Augustus Canney, 1 00; W. C. Wright, 5.00; A Friend. 5.00, J. A. O'Malley, 5 00; Ernest Mendum, 5.00; D. C. Hill, 1.00; J. Verity, 2 00; T. Harrington, 1 00; J. Mank, 1 00; Jas. Kendall. 1.00; A. Smith, 5.00; A Friend, 1.00; J. Peppers, .25; W. L. Bond, 2 00; A D. Emerson, .50; J. C. Macdonald, 2.00; Victor Laiscelle, 1.00.

Gleanings.

LIBERALS OF DELAWARE, EASTERN MARYLAND, AND VIRGINIA.—MEETING AT PHILADELPHIA. PA., NOV. 30TH.

The many demands for the services of Messrs. Watts and Putnam render it impossible for them to attend meetings in the above-named places, until they return from their Western tour.

Many friends hav written of their desire to aid in the good work, realizing that the upbuilding of the National Liberal League in one section, advances the interests of all.

N. W. Nock, of Seaside, Va, writes:

"Mr Putnam, *Dear Sir:* I notice that Mr. Watts and yourself are billed for Philadelphia on the 30th. Would not that be a proper time and place at which to assemble the Liberals of the surrounding states, especially of Delaware, Eastern Maryland, and Virginia? I am satisfied that the many Liberals living in the sections referred to would be glad to meet you and each other and do something for the cause in their respectiv sections. Consider this proposition, and if you think well of it, let the announcement go forth at once. And I am sure many of the earnest friends in the states named will be present. Fraternally yours, N. W. Nock."

This is an excellent suggestion. Let all attend that can possibly do so. Consult with Messrs. Watts and Putnam, and arrangements can be perfected by which an impetus will be given to the work in all the above places and the way paved for Messrs. Watts and Putnam that insure success, ultimating in efficient organization, rapid growth, and consequent triumph of secularization.

THE NEWARK LEAGUE.

Last Sunday afternoon, Charles B. Reynolds, chairman of the Executiv Committee of the National Liberal League, spoke at the Newark League's cosy rooms, on "Why I Left the Pulpit." The audience numbered about seventy-five. Political excitement, with a poor lecture or two, has thus far kept the attendance much below the average of last fall and winter. Mr. Reynolds occupied some two hours in relating his religious experience the audience following him attentivly. He made many telling hits at the Bible and the church, which were roundly applauded, and kept his listeners in good humor by the incidental recital of ludicrous stories. At the conclusion of his address, the audience were requested, if they had anything to say, to ask questions, as the time for debate was limited. One Christian gentleman fired a few interrogation points at Mr. Reynolds, which were duly straightened out by him, and some others sought and found enlightenment. Mr. Reynolds is a good Biblical scholar and enjoys imparting what he knows about the holy scriptures to others. He will lecture before the Liberal Club of New York Friday evening.

At the conclusion, a finely framed lithograph of the D. M. Bennett monument was presented to the League by Mr. Alexander Jarvis, who received therefor a unanimous vote of thanks from his fellow-Leaguers, who appreciated his public spirit.

Next Sunday Messrs. Watts and Putnam will be the attraction at the League. The secretary will briefly discourse on League matters, and Mr. Watts will lecture on "Religious Fanaticism, and Secular Philosophy." Sunday evening Mr. Watts will speak at the German Masonic Hall, 220 East 15th street, New York.

A SUGGESTION FROM MR. REYNOLDS.

One of the advantages of efficient organization of the National Liberal League will be the protection it will afford its members against being victimized by chronic frauds, deadbeats, and professors (their professorship consisting in a lifelong experience, entitling them to graduate in vagabondism), who crowd themselvs into the homes of unsuspecting Liberals, and, like leeches, are hard to shake off.

This class are always self-styled workers for the cause, lecturers, mediums, etc., and desire to hold meetings—mere schemes to extort money. Their meetings, when held, disappoint and disgust all reputable persons who attend, while their conduct brings the very name of Spiritualist, Liberal, or Freethinker into contempt. They are impecunious barnacles, and should be rigidly ignored.

C. B. Reynolds, Ch. Ex. Com. N. L. L.

The Boston Meeting.

The National Liberal League Campaign meetings began at Paine Hall, Boston, Sunday, Nov. 9th, afternoon and evening. An address of welcome was made by Horace Seaver, the veteran editor of the *Investigator*. He eloquently presented the claims of Liberalism and the Liberal League, and the brightening prospects of the cause of science and humanity. Out of his own experience and effort of fifty years, he told the notable incidents of Freethought history, of those old-time heroes who accomplished such great things in the beginning of the struggle. Out of the past, rich with heroic consecration, he prophesied the glory of the future. He only hoped that he could liv to see the brightness of the coming day. One thing anyway he said he had, if nothing more, and that was the gift of continuance. A half century givs abundant evidence of this noble possession. Besides this, however, we know that Horace Seaver has the gift of happy speech, of cultivated reason, of supreme honesty of conviction, and he will occupy a bright and honorable place in the history of Liberalism.

After this eloquent address, Mr. Putnam presented the claims of the National League as embodying the principle of justice and the spirit of comradeship. The time had come for a vast organization of Liberals—a commonwealth of free minds and hearts working for one great end.

The response to Mr. Putnam's appeal was most generous, and $194 was contributed in a few minutes to the treasury of the League. Mr. Photius Fisk, a friend to all good causes, contributed $100; J. P. Mendum, $25; Horace Seaver, $10, and so on. A more particular account of these contributions will be given next week, time forbidding an ampler report in this hurried survey. Mr. Watts then made one of his masterly addresses, on "Religious Fanaticism and the Secular Philosophy." He showed the reasons why fanaticism was in itself wrong, and then traced its history of blood and fire whereby it had cursed humanity. In contrast with this, he showed the benefits of reason, the achievements of science, and the nobility of man and this world. He demonstrated the justice of the Nine Demands; that they were opposed to fanaticism, for fanaticism was the fountainhead of injustice; that they were based in human rights, and were necessary to the advancement of humanity, and must be insisted upon at all hazards. To this he consecrated his life, to this he summoned the Liberal world.

In the evening the meeting was continued. The total amount contributed was $211 75. Boston has indeed grandly responded to the call of the hour, and her encouragement pronounces success on the new work of the League.

Mr. Watts gave an address on "Agnosticism." As Mr. Seaver said, it was one of the best lectures ever given in Paine Hall. It was alive with logic, and vindicated the noblest philosophical principle of human thought. It struck the key-note of Liberalism, which is intellectual charity. Belief is one thing, knowledge is another. Science is the source of knowledge. Only through knowledge can the race progress. The Agnostic does not dogmatize. He claims no superior information. He believes in nature. We cannot transcend the senses. The supernatural is beyond our grasp. This world we realize. Here lies our duty. Here unfolds our destiny. He is safe who is true to his own conviction. In manhood we find victory in life or in death.

The meetings were eminently successful, and Boston has shown a noble generosity and splendid enthusiasm in the new work that lies before the Liberals of America.

Lectures and Meetings.

J. E. Remsburg will begin a debate with the Rev. C. C. Rowley, at Stewartsville, Mo., Nov. 18th.

Dr. J. L. York will speak in Oakland during November, and in Los Angeles, El Monte, Pomona, Anaheim, Santa Ana, Westminster, San Bernardino, and other points in southern California during the winter.

E. H. Heywood has called a meeting of the "American Labor Reform League," at Clarendon Hall, Sunday, November 16th; three sessions daily—at 10:30; at 2:30, and 7:30 in the evening. The object of the meetings is to help along the good time when no usury shall be taken, and the people shall hav free trade, free land, free money, free speech, free mails. Several speakers of ability are advertised to be present.

There will be two Freethought lectures in this city this week The first is by C. B. Reynolds, at the Liberal Club, Friday night. Subject, "National Liberal League Secularization Through Organization." The second will be by Charles Watts on Sunday evening at the Liberal Club hall, 220 East 15th st., on "Agnosticism and Modern Thought." Next week, Thursday evening, Nov. 20th, a grand Liberal sociable will be held at the same place. Reception to the League officers from eight to ten, with music, and dancing from ten to twelve. Let every Liberal in this city and vicinity try to attend and make things pleasant for our guests.

(Continued from page 723.)

moral, intellectual, and physical natures are blended in marvelous ways. It was never pretended by the optimist that any man has acted uniformly on the noblest motivs; but it has never been asserted by the pessimist that he acts invariably on the vilest. It is a mark of the meanest nature to refuse to acknowledge a benefit, on the ground that the benefactor was not wholly absorbed with the wish to benefit, or entirely aware of the extent of his benefit. For my part, I refuse to measure out my sense of gratitude to my human benefactors, known or unknown, by so niggardly a rule. I trust that Raphael and Shakspere did enjoy their work. But I love and admire the genius in which they reveled. Humanity is rich with gratitude to those who knew not the value of the services they were rendering, just as it is to those whose names and services are covered in the vast wave of time. What becomes of Patriotism, if it be open to us to sneer out that the men who fought our battles or made our country wanted nothing but money or fame? What becomes of family affection, if a man can tell his mother that bore him that if she reared children it was only what cats and rabbits do?

The religion of Humanity, as we understand it, is nothing but the idealized sum of those human feelings and duties which all decent men acknowledge in detail and in fact. All healthy morality, as well as all sound philosophy, show us that the sum total of all this mass of life is good, and is tending toward better. As Mr. Spencer admits, civilized society as a whole must command "admiration and gratitude" somewhere. This being so, the sneers of philosophers and cynics may be left out of sight. I shall not follow Mr. Spencer in the wails of his jeremiade over the folly and wickedness of his contemporaries. Millions, he says, still go to church and chapel, instead of Studying Evolution and Differentiation, or praying to the Unknowable at home. At Eaton and Harrow boys are taught to make Latin verses, and not the genesis of species. The House of Commons will not let Mr. Bradlaugh take his seat; and many still admire Lord Beaconsfield. Many people were sorry when young Bonaparte was killed by the Zulus; and they gave a dinner to Hobart Pasha. At a dinner in France, the "army" was given as a toast. And German students will fight duels. And for these reasons Mr. Herbert Spencer has a great contempt for his species. *Risum teneatis, amici?* I must treat this as a mere outburst of ill-humor. We all know that there is folly, vice, and misery enough in the world—and for that reason all *absolute* "worship" of anyone or anything is out of the question. Strangely enough, Mr. Spencer, who finds this folly and vice preclude him from any respect for Humanity, does not see that it ought also to bar any "veneration and gratitude" to the Unknowable; to which he ascribes the honor of producing civilized society, in spite of all its shortcomings. For my part I am not to be shaken in my belief that the sum of civilized society is *relatively* worthy of honor, by such melancholy facts as that Mr. Bradlaugh cannot get his seat, and that German students slit each others' noses.

Mr. Spencer raises a great difficulty over the fact that there are and hav been very evil people in the world, who cannot be included in the Humanity which we are to honor.* And he asks why they are excluded from the notion. No one has worked out the organic unity and life of the Human Organism more clearly than Mr. Spencer himself. When we think and speak of that organism, we think and speak of those organs and elements which share in its organic life, and not of the excrescences, maladies, or excrement, so to speak, which has finally eliminated. Men hav a warm regard for their family, though there may be a blackguard in it, for whom they hav no regard at all. They feel loyalty to their profession or their party, though they know that it counts not a few black sheep. And patriotism is quite possible towards our countrymen past and present, though some of the worst men in history hav been amongst them. We are justly proud of our English race; but when we speak if its achievements we are not including in our honor King John, Guy Fawkes, and Titus Oates. If the existence of a minority of evil men makes it impossible to think of Humanity as a whole, or to honor it as a whole, the same argument would make it impossible to think of country as a whole, or to honor it as a whole. And this applies also to what Mr. Spencer calls "civilized society."

The analogies of Humanity are to be found with such minor aggregates of civilized society as Family, Church, State, Country. It has no analogy at all with God or divinity in any form. When Mr. Spencer says that we "defy" Humanity, it would be as just to say that he deifies Evolution. He thinks that Evolution is the key of our mental and moral Synthesis I think that Humanity is. But as I do not suppose that he finds "any claims to godhood" in Evolution, I beg him not to suppose that I find any in Humanity. If Family, Church, State, Country, are real aggregates worthy of gratitude and respect, *à fortiori*, Humanity is a real aggregate worthy of respect and gratitude. I cannot understand how the smaller aggregates can inspire us with any worthy sentiment at all, whilst the fuller aggregate of the Family of Mankind inspires nothing but contempt and aversion.

A few words on the original idea put forth by Sir James Stephen. "Suppose that it turns out," he says, "there is no possible object of Religion left to man, cannot he do very well without Religion altogether?" It is a view that is often secretly cherished by the comfortable, the strong, and the selfish; but I am not aware that it has ever been calmly argued before as a contribution to the philosophy of religion. If his meaning be that we can do without adoration of any superhuman power, without believing anything to be above human science, or out of the range of human life, of course I wholly agree with him. And if he thinks that mankind will get on very well by means of human education, human morality, and the sense of practical duty to our fellow-beings, then he is something of an unconscious Positivist himself, and no one will ask him to go on his knees to an abstract notion, or to go through any imitation of Christian or other theological practices which he may regard as mummery. For my part, I neither desire nor expect that Christian charity or Christian morality of any kind will be preserved. It will be enlarged and solidified into human charity and human morality. And adopting all that Sir James has said thereon, I claim him as speaking on my side, as he certainly repudiates Mr. Spencer.

But this human charity and human morality will never be established if the peculiar cynicism which Sir James affects about the human race were ever to prevail. He says most truly that "love, friendship, good-nature, kindness, carried to the hight of sincere and devoted affection, will always be the chief pleasure of life, whether Christianity be true or false." Comte himself never put it higher, and I am thinking of quoting this sentence as the text of my next discourse at Newton Hall. But this will not be so. Love, friendship, kindness, and devoted affection will not always be the chief pleasures of life if philosophers succeed in persuading the world that the human race are a set of Yahoos. Sir James also sees that, apart from any theology whatever, the social nature of man will itself produce "a solid, vigorous, useful kind of moral standard;" and he goes on to show that this morality will hav a poetic side; will affect the imagination and the heart by becoming idealized, and issuing in enthusiasm as well as conviction. O upright Judge! O most learned Judge!

I ask no more than this. The Religion of Humanity means to me this solid, vigorous, useful moral standard, based on the belief that sincere and devoted affection is the chief pleasure of life, cultivated and idealized till it produces enthusiasm. Only I insist that it will need the whole force of education through life, all the resources which engender habits, stir the imagination, and kindle self-devotion in order to keep this spirit alive in the masses of mankind. The cultivated, the thoughtful, and the well-to-do can nourish this solid morality in a cool, self-contained, sub-cynical way. But to soften and purify the masses of mankind, we shall need all the passion and faith which are truly dignified by the name of religion—religious respect, religious sense of duty, religious belief in something vastly nobler and stronger than self. They will find this in the mighty tale of human civilization. They will never find it in the philosopher's hypothesis of an Infinit Unknowable substratum, which "cannot be presented in terms of human consciousness," of which we can know nothing and can conceive nothing. Nor do I think they will ever find it in the common-sense maxim that "this is a very comfortable world for the prudent, the lucky, and the strong."—*Nineteenth Century.*

* He cannot reconcile Comte's definition of Humanity "*as the whole* of human beings, past, present, and future," with the statement that "the word *whole* points out that you must not take in all men." If Mr. Spencer would take some pains to understand Comte, he would see that the French word is "*ensemble*;" that is to say, Humanity includes the sum of human civilization, but does not include every individual man, who may not hav contributed at all to this *ensemble* or "sum."

Soreness.

From the Missouri Liberal.

There seems to exist an unpleasant ill will among some of our Liberal papers toward each other and every existing movement that they are not father of. Sometimes whole pages are devoted to severely and, it seems, unnecessarily criticising opinions of others and their movements in and out of Liberal work. Potent movements are made up of great numbers moving to secure a general benefit, which in its turn benefits the individual as a result of united effort. For this reason a general harmony is necessary to do effectiv work in Liberalism, and if it is lost in leaders using its organs to thrash each other on what seem to be personal policies or opinions in regard to the work or positions in it that they did or did not receive, and thus to a greater or less degree prejudicing the friends of one against those of the other, we will be losing our only object by the very men who should lead us to victory. Liberals hav no right to allow their personal feelings to interfere in any way with the interest of the cause generally, for it belongs to others, and destroying it is the same as anything else that is not one's own.

There is also manifested a spirit of persons setting themselvs up as perfect, or nearest so of any others in existence; criticising in an uncalled-for manner all who do not agree with them in their particular gait that they ride their hobby. They do not seem to realize that difference of opinion arises from one's knowing more or not as much as another, which in either case needs only an explanation, and not expression that appeals only to the propensities.

The National Liberal League.

Since the foundation of our republic, Christianity has held supreme dominion in the United States, and boasts to-day of having placed the Bible in every house, established Sunday-schools in every neighborhood, and churches everywhere. What is the result? The religious press, priests, and parsons, all acknowledge the demoralization of our public men, who trained in Sunday-schools; and to-day professed Christians are yet reeking with corruption. Public honor and integrity are openly derided as old fogyism, only cultivated by a few cranks and Infidels.

This is pre-eminently the age of unlimited Christian influence, bank defalcations, thieving presidents, and absconding cashiers and confidential clerks, nearly every one of whom are pillars of the church, bright and shining lights of the Young Men's Christian Association, and superintendents or teachers of the Sabbath-school.

Among all the vast number of villians, robbers, and skulking or fleeing convicts, we do not find a single Infidel of note, or hear of one that has betrayed a public trust, or even been accessory to crime, or a sharer of the spoils. Yet priests and parsons declare that all of goodness, virtue, and truth is the outcome of Christianity; and that all that is vile, base, degrading, infamous, and criminal is of Liberalism and Infidelity.

While professing to teach love, peace, and good will, they incite to envy, bitterness, dissension, and hate (even among themselvs), and try to poison the minds of our children against us, and the noble and pure principles of Liberalism. "Do justice, love mercy, and endeavor to make your fellow-creatures happy"—principles they declare subversiv of and in direct opposition to Christianity. In the place of science and truth, they fill the minds of our children with obsolete ideas and false theories, teaching that to be washed in blood is the one, only, sure method to attain purity, gentleness, and love; that to lay the consequences of all mean, cruel, or criminal acts on an innocent victim, is the most sublime justice; that to anathematize, torture, and burn all who differ with them on these points, is the most godlike magnanimity—the most exhalted Christianity; that a life of benevolence, virtue, and heroic self-sacrifice for the good of others, is to be looked upon with abhorrence—regarded as filthy rags; that to believe right—not living right—causes angels of heaven to rejoice, and is the one only sure passport to eternal glory.

Too long hav Liberals permitted this to continue without one earnest, united, practical effort to stop or overthrow it. Too long hav they allowed themselvs to be misrepresented, maligned, and ostracized. The hour has come to awake from this apathy and indifference, and let our friends and neighbors know the facts. Having received the light, it is our bounden duty to let it shine upon the world.

We claim to be earnestly desirous of emancipation from the dominion of priestcraft, and the usurpations and tyrannical exactions and dictation of the church. To attain it we must cease imitating these Christians, fighting each other about metaphysical questions, and organize for effectiv, agressiv, persistent action.

The officers of the National Liberal League earnestly solicit the help and co-operation of every true Liberal, that the League may fulfil its mission and become a mighty power in securing equal rights and liberty for all, regardless of religious faith or the lack of it. United efforts must be made to reach the people by the same agencies so effectivly used by the Christians.

Thorough and efficient organization is an imperativ necessity. In every place where there are even a few genuin Liberals, a live local League should at once be organized. The women and children must be enlisted; every member be instructed in the best, most judicious, and effectiv method of distributing Liberal literature and obtaining subscribers for our best Liberal papers; and each local League made in every respect, both social and educational, superior to the church and Sunday-school.

The officers of the National Liberal League are eager, ready, willing, waiting, to do this very work. Nothing hinders but lack of funds. Dear reader, how much hav you given? The organization of local Leagues will help the weakly ones to stem the current of popular prejudice, Christian ostracism, and priestly denunciation. The lonely ones will soon cease to stand alone, for, under the judicious labors of the National Liberal League, those convinced of the truth will be induced to come to the front and unite, thus forming a nucleus around which honest

hearts can rally, until the little few shall become the powerful many, and instead of misrepresentation and ostracism, Liberals shall be respected and beloved.

It is alike to the interest, as well as the duty, of all to do what they can to sustain the League. If all do this, ample funds will be provided. In union is strength. Let each and all honest hearts unite in one earnest, self-sacrificing effort, and success beyond our fondest anticipations will result. Send at once; send by draft, express, or post-office order payable to S. P. Putnam, Secretary National Liberal League, 55 East 9th street, New York.

CHAS. B. REYNOLDS,
Chairman Ex. Com. National Liberal League.

The Hill Difficulty,

Or the difficulty with Mr. Hill, is that, like most other Prohibitionists, he refuses to notice the facts and arguments of his opponents; refuses to be impartial and consistent in his search after the causes of crime and the remedies therefor.

"Narrow-mindedness" is rich, coming from a Prohibitionist, but how the charge against me can be made to "consist" with, "Freethought consists not in all acting alike, but in universal mental liberty concerning rum, religion, or anything else," it remains to be seen. That would be my definition of Freethought, and it is utterly incompatible with Prohibition. Most assuredly, Freethought does not consist "in all acting alike," but prohibition does consist in all acting alike, or rather in trying to make all act alike; and from Mr. Hill's own argument the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER will perceive how irreconcilable Freethought and prohibition are, and that in the first two paragraphs of the article in which he started out to prove my "narrow-mindedness," in asserting that "no man who accepts the fundamental principles of Freethought, knowing what it is that he accepts, can be a Prohibitionist," he demonstrates the absolute correctness of my proposition.

Mr. Hill makes no point whatever in his talk about "barn burning," etc. It is a question of private welfare, not of "public welfare." If a man having a building next his (Mr. Hill's), set it on fire, he puts Mr. Hill's property in danger, and that gentleman has a claim against him, but he has no right to prevent him building there for *fear* that he may sometime set his building on fire and thus endanger his property. If all men who build barns set them on fire, the argument would assume another aspect. If all men who drink committed crimes, that would put prohibition upon a solid basis in justice. But they *may* commit crimes, you say? So every man *may* set his barn on fire, especially if it is insured. To lesson the risk to your property from your neighbor's incendiarism, you had better stir around and get a law passed forbidding insurance on barns. See?

"And if one thing deemed to be against the public welfare can be rightfully prohibited, it follows that all things so deemed can be treated likewise," solemnly asseverates Mr. Hill. Exactly, but who is going to do all this "deeming?" Is there to be no limit to the public control of the individual? Is there to be no rule of right which shall determin how far the majority is to go in the "deeming" business? Or is this God of Mr. Hill's omnipotent?

Mr. Hill, in common with the rest of the sumptuarists, claims to be in pursuit of the causes of crime, and having found them, he wants to remove them at once. But is he in earnest in that search? Does he mean what he says? If he does, why does he so persistently ignore facts? There are innumerable causes of crime, chief among which are bad heredity, avarice, perversions of the love faculty, and alcoholic intemperance. I hav repeatedly called the attention of prohibitionists to these various causes of crime. many times in these columns, and asked them to apply their logic impartially to all, just as I now ask Mr. Hill to do. But they remain as silent as the grave. They know better than to grapple with the question seriously.

Take avarice, for instance. Leaving out of account for the present the enormous robberies by government and government officials, see the immense multitude of crimes, murders, robberies, cases of arson, embezzlement, etc., to which it incites. "Three innocent people" stabbed "in the public street," says Mr. Hill, therefore suppress the sale of intoxicants. Well, here is a bank failure produced by the embezzlement of large sums by its officers. Hundreds of poor people lose all the savings of years. Some of them commit suicide. All are on the verge of destitution. Three men in whom avarice dominates all else enter a house at night and mangle, and finally murder, two old ladies for a few dollars, which they had. To apply your own question, Mr. Hill, Do not these crimes "giv a just claim for protection against the property nuisance?" For what is avarice? The desire for private gain, private property. Then the institution of private property is the cause of these awful crimes, is it not? Why, then, as you are hunting for causes of crimes, don't you institute a crusade against private property? Strike at the root of the evil, my boy. Your fellow-prohibitionist, Mr. Alcand r Longley, of the *Communist*, is the only one of you all whom I hav found logical, frank, and courageous enough to demand this. He says that private property is the root and cause of most crimes, and must be prohibited. Why, your prohibition is a little, sickly, puny, woe-begone-looking angel when you stand it in the light beside Mr. Longley's lusty, vigorous imp of tyranny. And he says more than this. He says that liquor-selling and intemperance are only secondary, that the desire for gain is the cause of man engaging in that nefarious business of salooning, and that intemperance can be destroyed only by the abolition of private ownership, thus taking away the desire for gain. What do you think of that? Dare you thus follow your principles to their logical outcome? Here, indeed, is where your "deeming" ends, in so far as property is concerned. And the perversion of the love faculty, and heredity weaknesses, must be dealt with in a similar radical manner, if law and suppression are the means through which humanity is to be disenthralled, purified, and perfected. But they are not the means. Only through greater liberty, not less, will the condition of our race be bettered.

Communists of the Longley school are the only consistent Prohibitionists in the land, and the day is swiftly approaching when men of Mr. Hill's half-way ideas and methods will hav to choose between us who stand for the complete liberty of the individual, and Longley & Co., who stand for none at all.

E. C. WALKER.

J. L. Andrew.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I should hav sent you brief accounts of my work long before this, but the limited spare time at my disposal has prevented me. Since I last wrote I hav delivered a few lectures in Illinois and Kentucky. For the last month I hav been in Texas, and hav given up to this date thirteen lectures. At Norse, I delivered two; at Heidenheimer, five; at Salado, five; and at Fort Worth, one. at the Opera House, on Sunday night. Although Fort Worth has a population of upward of twenty thousand, with the exception of one or two lectures delivered by Mr. Shaw, of Waco, the lecture I gave was the first Liberal address ever delivered in the city. An audience numbering nearly two hundred assembled to hear the lecture. From what I hav been reliably informed, that would be a fair audience if equally divided among three or four churches. There had been a heavy rain the day before, rendering the streets very muddy; otherwise there would probably hav been not less than five hundred persons present. The notice in the next morning's issue of the *Daily Gazette* (a copy of which I forward you) is one of the most complimentary ever given to any Liberal lecturer. As that paper is proverbially conservativ, and leans strongly to the church, its eulogy is the more reliable. Besides, like all other notices of the press in relation to my lectures, it was unsolicited.

The great commercial drawback in Texas this year is the deficient cotton crop, caused by long drouth. But the people are as industrious—although in rural districts very ignorant—as are the citizens of any other state. Enterprise—the unswerving determination to push business—is truly characteristic of every town I hav visited.

I hav made the acquaintance of Dr. L. J. Russell, of Heidenheimer, who was severely whipped, and narrowly escaped with his life, a few years ago by ignorant Christian bigots. The reason for their selecting Dr. Russell for a victim was because he was the most intelligent and most influential Freethinker in that county, and because he defended the Liberals and their cause against the slanderous report of Christian piety. Several debates had previously been held by the doctor and some Christian ministers, and the assurance that their cause was rendered weak by open controversy excited their most malicious feelings.

A fair sample of ministerial intelligence and manhood happened at the close of the last lecture that I delivered at Salado. A Christian (Campbellite) minister was in attendance, and as soon as the lecture was over, he rose very solemnly and said: "I wish to make a few remarks." I then took my seat and patiently listened to what he would say. "It is generally admitted," he said, "that Solomon was one of the wisest of men." He then paused for a moment as if he expected me to assent to what he said. Of course I did nothing of the kind. He again proceeded, "Solomon said, 'Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit! There is more hope of a fool than of him! *Thou art the man!*'" with a long, arrogant bow. I was rather surprised at the brevity and curtness of his reply, and gave the following response: "I thank you for the extreme gentlemanliness and courtesy of your remarks. I am fully persuaded that you are a Christian, for such language as you hav just uttered is never used by any Freethinker, and we all treat it with the contempt it deserves. But when you claim that Solomon was a wise man, I am compelled to disagree with you." "Well, what is wisdom?" he asked. "The application of knowledge to the general affairs of life," I replied. "And if you think that a man with a thousand wives is wise, if you think that a man whose conduct throughout his life compelled him to say at its close, 'All is vanity and vexation of spirit,' is wise, I think otherwise." "He may not hav been wise according to your idea of wisdom, but he was a wise man." With that he took his hat, and when he reached the door of the hall, he turned toward the rostrum and said, "I could reply to all you hav said if I had time." Of course he had no time.

There is a marked difference between the average intellectual condition of the farmers and the tradesmen of Texas. Homes by the hundred are without books or papers of any kind. The Baptist and Methodist churches—the strongest in the state—are fortified numerically by this class. The ignorance and the piety of these people render their condition deplorable. When crops are threatened with a drouth (as has been the case this year), they assemble together and call upon the Lord to giv them rain. No more certain proof of intellectual mediocrity can be adduced than that. The state being Democratic, the principal excitement caused by the coming election is concerning local politics. They are sure that Texas is a unit for Cleveland.

As in other states and countries, the power and bulk of Liberalism in Texas are in the cities. The facilities for mental and social improvement are far greater than in the agricultural districts, and there is a corresponding higher ambition among the rising generation of the towns. My facilities for knowing the truth may hav been very imperfect, but it is a rarity to find young men with even a smattering of useful scientific knowledge. This may seem strange, when Texas is renowned for a remarkably good school system and an almost exhaustless school fund. But the great defect is in the proper application of what resources are supplied by state power. I will relate a circumstance that occurred not long ago, when a teacher was examined to test his ability to teach. "Do you teach that the earth is round or flat?" "That depends on whether it is required to hav it taught to your children. If you wish to hav it flat, I will teach them so; and if you wish it round, I will teach them that is round. But my opinion is that it is flat."

Another circumstance recently occurred which illustrates the present cause of the inefficieny of the school system. A Freethinker was engaged to teach a certain school in the northern part of the state, and before the term commenced he was asked whether or not he believed in hell. He said he did not, and that becoming noised abroad, the directors of the school officially informed him that he was not wanted. When asked for the reason, they replied that no man could teach their children who did not believe in future punishment.

But Liberalism will save Texas. And from the unpolished masses of this and other states will rise a nation worthy of the cause of freedom.

Fort Scott, Kan. J. L. ANDREW.

Do We Admit It?

When I write a note, or a letter, or other article, or communication, dated, for instance, Oct. 28, 1884, it is claimed by my opponent that I admit that Jesus Christ was born 1884 years ago, and that I also admit that the world commenced to liv in its true sense at the time that Jesus was sent into the world. Which I deny. While I admit that in all such matter it is necessary to conform to the usages and customs of a long accepted idea in order to be understood, I claim that, in consequence of the tyrannical rule of the Catholic church for so many hundreds of years, and the birth of Jesus having been taught for as many years as the greatest event of the world's existence, and never having been publicly denied, we, without an admission or denial, simply accept it as we accept the starting-point of any other calculation. We accept the idea that 24 hours make 1 day, or 16 ounces make 1 pound, from the same reason that the long established custom makes it so. The historian necessarily is obliged to hav a starting-point, and the alleged data of the birth of Jesus, according to the only existing book for hundreds of years prior to civilization, furnishes him late from which to make himself understood. We would get just as much time to liv if 60 hours made 1 day, or just as much butter for 25 cents, if 100 ounces made 1 pound.

W. H. PENFIELD.

The Ninety and Nine.

There are ninety and nine that liv and die
In want and hunger and cold,
That one may revel in luxury
And be lapped in its silken fold;
The ninety and nine in their hovels bare,
The one in a palace, with riches rare.

They toil in the fields, the ninety and nine,
For the fruits of our mother earth;
They dig and delve in the dusky mine,
And bring its treasures forth;
And the wealth released by their sturdy blows
To the hands of the one forever flows.

From the sweat of their brows the desert blooms,
And the forest before them falls;
Their labor has builded humble homes,
And cities with lofty halls;
And the one owns city, homes, and lands,
And the ninety and nine hav empty hands.

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SATURDAY, - - - NOVEMBER 15, 1884.

Frederic Harrison's Paper.

We do not remember ever having seen a more eloquent defense of a clearer general statement of what Positivism is than that we print this week from the *Nineteenth Century* from the pen of Frederic Harrison, the Newton Hall lecturer, in his reply to Mr. Herbert Spencer. His paper will be followed next week by one from one of his co-workers, Courtlandt Palmer, on the "Supreme Being."

Between the Positiv philosophy, as explained by Mr. Harrison, and the Secular philosophy, as elaborated by the English Freethinkers, there is no appreciable difference, except that Positivism furnishes a sentimental as well as utilitarian incentiv to right living and benevolent action. The object of philosophy, says Comte, is to present a systematic view of human life as a basis for modifying its imperfections. The theological system having utterly failed in its mission of redemption, because founded upon false premises, it was Comte's notion that a philosophy which should include all the practical ideas of life, leaving the unknowable to take care of itself, would prove a boon of incalculable worth to humanity. He saw that the old principles on which society has been governed must finally become powerless, and it was his aim to construct a synthesis that could embrace the entire range of thought, and also regulate practical life. This synthesis he called Positiv, meaning, reality and usefulness. In his elaboration of this scheme into a "theology," he cumbered it with many things "tentativ and utopian," practically useless, and religiously foolish. Taking Comte's main idea of the worth of humanity for all man's reverence, it has been the labor of the last few years of Mr. Harrison's life to make the public acquainted with a new synthetic philosophy which may—without idolatry and superstition, and with no recourse to chimeras—satisfy rational people, stimulate them to action, and encourage all except manifestly useless efforts.

If Positivism seems to hav a cold hand, it must be acknowledged that it has a warm heart to find its spring of conduct solely in affection and reverence for the human race, so many of whom hav proved totally unworthy of both. If Mr. Harrison's defense and plea shall arouse any to a deeper sense of the obligations they owe their fellow-men, if it shall kindle in only one heart a firmer determination to work for others as well as for self, the space it occupies will hav been well used.

The League Campaign.

Now that the national campaign is over, the people hav time to pay attention to other matters than the presidential canvass. The League officers hav taken the field, with the intention of remaining steadily at work till the hot months of next summer. They wish to visit as many places as possible, holding a meeting every night, and two on Sunday when practicable. Messrs. Watts and Putnam will travel together, forming Leagues and teaching Freethought, and Mr. C. B. Reynolds, the energetic chairman of the Executiv Committee, will go wherever his services are required either for lecturing or organization.

During November Messrs. Watts and Putnam are engaged at Newark, Stamford, Albany, and Philadelphia. They would like to obtain encouragement to visit smaller places and speak week-day evenings. In December they are engaged to attend the Salamanca and the Toronto conventions, after which they will go west to Rochester, Pittsburgh, Altoona, Alliance, Salem, Grand Rapids, Detroit, Chicago, Kansas City, St. Louis, etc. They desire us to ask all the Liberal friends who can arrange for lectures in their respectiv towns to communicate at once with Mr. Putnam, that the long route may be economically laid out as to time and traveling expenses.

Although the campaign upon which our League officers are now entering will not convulse the country as the political canvass just closed, yet the principles they set out to uphold are more important than any advanced by either the Democratic or Republican standard bearers. They affect the very foundations of our republic; upon our officers' and their successors's success depend the permanence and purity of our free institutions. It is, we hold, the bounden duty of every Freethinker and of every patriot to extend to them all the aid and encouragement in his power.

Kissing the Rod.

The clergymen of this state, in the campaign just closed, covered themselvs with glory, but succeeded in defeating the grand old party, to which, because it had been victorious hitherto, they acknowledged their allegiance. These clerical gentlemen flooded the country with obscene literature, slandered candidates without stint, and while ostensibly working for morality, did more to corrupt the public mind than all the literature that Comstock has been able to suppress. The New York *World* puts it felicitously thus: Slander was backed by sanctity; defamation and regeneration walked hand in hand; lying and praying mingled. The "family purity" dodge was practiced by those [the clergy] who hav, unfortunately, contributed their full share to family impurity.

It is probable now that Mr. Cleveland will be our next president. He, like Mr. Blaine, kneels to the church, that thrift may follow fawning. Yet, except to Mr. H. W. Beecher, he owes nothing to the titled cloth of either great sect. It was a Presbyterian who dug up the scandal about his early life; it was an association of Protestant clergymen that flooded the country with scurrilous circulars defaming him; it was six hundred Protestant clergymen who, by calling in a body on his opponent, endeavored to get the church vote solid against him. The only prominent orthodox Protestant who helped him was a man who thought to do him the greatest injury. The "rum, Romanism, and rebellion" of the intemperate Mr. Burchard really helped instead of hurting him. The Catholic denomination also carried its spite for his veto of the Catholic Protectory appropriation to the ballot box. With but few exceptions the Catholic press deprecated his candidacy and exhorted against his election. Really, Mr. Cleveland owes the Christian church naught but a big grudge. Only the heretical Beecher, the Infidel pastor of Plymouth, labored to make his calling and election sure. Yet we dare be sworn our next president will truckle to the church as though to it he was deeply indebted. Such is the deep hold superstition has on men, and votes on politicians. A piece of news sent over the wires last Sunday was that Gov. Cleveland attended the Presbyterian church. Considering that the Rev. Mr. Ball and the Rev. Mr. Burchard are Presbyterian ministers, we think this is kissing the rod with more than sufficient humility.

Unwarrantable Condemnation!

We were grieved last week by receiving the following letter from an old and respected friend:

"COLETA, ILL., Oct. 28, 1884.

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* If an ancient people worshiped the male sexual organ, symbolized now by the cross, as the source of life, what was the harm? Why say, as is said in the issue of Oct. 25th, it was 'barbaric worship,' and that it was 'disgusting?' In commenting on Beecher's statement, could it not hav been cleanly and clearly stated what *was* the origin of the cross without unwarrantably condemning that origin as bad, as obscene?

"Clearly THE TRUTH SEEKER is such only in name; it is not a wise teacher, and as far as it is now edited, people will ever miss the light and truth they stand in need of. Please discontinue the copy to me at the close of the present year.

"JOSEPH ANTHONY."

What was the harm of worshiping the phallus? The answer must depend upon the definition of harm. If it is not harmful to indulge in obscene and beastly orgies in the name of religion, then there was no more harm in the phallic worship than in any other superstition. But we regard *all* superstitions as harmful—the phallic as well as the Christian, Mohammedan, and Mormon. We said that phallicism was barbaric and disgusting because we chose to tell rather than conceal the truth. It is supposed that Freethinkers know the origin of the cross (certainly Mr. Anthony does), and, also, that they know the manner in which its worship was conducted. But from his letter one would think that Mr. Anthony sees nothing harmful in the expression of this particular form of religious fanaticism, which position can be sustained only by proving one of two things: Either (1) that the rites of phallicism were not obscene orgies, or (2) that obscene orgies are not harmful. We will devote a few paragraphs, in as cleanly a manner as possible, to the consideration of the subject.

First, we will quote from Johnson's Cyclopedia, about as fair a book of reference as we hav. It finds the origin of phallic worship to hav been "the adoration of the reproductiv and regenerativ powers of nature, represented after a time by the phallus, or male generativ organ, or in some instances by a straight column or by the pistil of a flower, as in India at the present day. This worship, whatever of symbolism it may hav had at first, rapidly became a most *corrupt and intolerable* practice. It prevailed in India (as at present), in Chaldea, Egypt, Syria, Phrygia, Greece, and Rome, as in later days among some of the American savages, notably the Seminoles of Florida. The forms which this abomination assumed were innumerable. Dionysus, Hermes, Venus, Priapus, Pan, Isis, and other gods were worshiped at Rome by phallic symbolism."

Second. In the worship of the Linga and Yoni among the ancients, the Linga symbolizing the sun and the Yoni the earth, there was "nothing gross or immoral, *when the subject is properly understood;* but the "purity" was of short duration, for "in the kingdoms, both of Judah and Israel, the rites connected with these emblems assumed their most corrupting forms" (Bible Myths, p. 47).

Third. We will quote from the chapter on Phallicism in D. M. Bennett's "Gods and Religions of Ancient and Modern Times." Mr. Bennett used the best works as authorities, as we, who supplied the books from which, in the disease-laden atmosphere of Albany prison, he wrote his greatest work, can witness to. "Comparativly recent investigations," he says, "hav demonstrated that among all the ancient peoples, as is the case among those who to-day reproduce for us so many of their manners and customs—we mean, of course, modern savages and barbarians and the semi-civilized nations—this phallic philosophy and religion reigned supreme. Both the Aryan and the Semitic branches of the white race were about equally tinctured or infected with it."

And what is this worship which all nations hav participated in at one or another period of their existence? What deities typified their religions? And what were the rites used to express their pious feelings? The worship was phallic, and their deities were "nothing more nor less than nasty phallic deities, corresponding to the low tone and taste of their ignorant, bigoted, and [mark the word] disgustingly lascivious adorers. . . . Most of the Bible names are intensely and obscenely phallic." And what of the rites? We will quote the least objectionable account of the method of conducting ancient Brahmanical worship. Mr. Bennett's authority was Wilson's "Essays on the Religion of the Hindoos." He remarks that "the worshipers of the Sacti—the power or energy of the Divine Nature in action—are exceedingly numerous among all classes of Hindoos—*about three fourths are of this sect.* . . . In accordance with the weakness of human nature, there are many who consider it right to pay their devotions to the thing itself rather than to an abstraction. . . . The ceremonies are mostly gone through in a mixed society, the Sacti being personified by a naked female, to whom meat and wine are offered and then distributed amongst the company. These eat and drink alternately with gesticulations and *mantras* [monosyllabic prayers or incantations]; and when the religious part of the business is over, the males and females rush together and indulge in a wild orgy." "What is most lamentably ludicrous," adds the imprisoned author, "about the sacred Sactian orgies of feasting, drinking, and copulating is that when the veins are 'full of rich blood from the banquet,' and the actors urged to do whatever desire dictates, they are never to be so carried away by their zeal as to neglect the holy prayers appropriate to every stage of the liturgy for the occasion. For instance, they hav special prayers prescribed for their use, (1) when the parts are to be purified prior to proceeding to extremities, (2) when they are introduced to each other, (3) in the agitation which follows, and (4) when the ceremony is completed!

Everything is done, as our Ritualists would apostolically say, 'decently and in order.'"

But we hav pursued this subject far enough. Volumes hav been written upon Phallism, explaining it, condemning it, or apologizing for it, tracing its connection with and influence upon modern superstitions, but all agree that however "pure" it may hav been in its inception, it very quickly degenerated into disgusting practices. That these practices were not harmful, as Mr. Anthony seems disposed to maintain, is preposterous. Vice is always injurious, physically and mentally, and indulgence in it is not any the less injurious when done in the name of religion. We do not care to argue Mr. Anthony's implied statement that obscene orgies are not harmful. There are a few things in the world we regard as settled, and that is one of them.

But what an inconsistent truth seeker our friend is! Because we implied a truth that conflicts with his notions, he does his best to break us down. So far as his power goes, he intends to suppress the medium that brought him the distasteful intelligence. Is that his Freethought? Is that his Liberalism? Knowledge is necessary to the acquisition of wisdom. Our knowledge of phallism seems to be superior to that of Mr. Anthony. We told the truth. Which, then, is the wiser teacher, he or THE TRUTH SEEKER? And which more likely to giv the people "the light and truth they stand in need of?" We can discontinue THE TRUTH SEEKER to Mr. Anthony. We wish we could at the same time take away his narrowness and destroy his bigotry.

Missionaries Needed in Montreal.

Freethought teachers are urgently required in Montreal, if freedom of speech is desired in that city. For a most disgraceful scene occurred there on the evening of the 5th inst. "Father" Chiniquy, the expriest, attempted to lecture in Russell Hall, but he was driven from the platform by a howling mob of Catholics, and his life was imperilled by flying glass and stones. The hall was packed by the lecturer's opponents, who stood on the seats and window-sills, howling derisivly whenever the lecturer attempted to make himself heard. There was a strong police force present in anticipation of trouble, but it was unable to preserve order. The lecturer appealed to the police to clear the hall, which they finally accomplished. A few of Chiniquy's friends remained with a view of protecting him. The riotous proceedings broke out afresh, the mob throwing stones through the windows and causing considerable damage. Several of those in the building were injured, and to prevent further assault the lights were turned out. The crowd, not being able to see the inmates, then contented themselvs with firing at random, and threatening to kill Father Chiniquy. Carriages were summoned, and while the police beat back the crowd with their batons, the lecturer and his friends entered them and were rapidly driven off. No arrests were made, the police pretending to be unable to detect the parties engaged in the stone-throwing.

Chiniquy is an ex-priest who is going round exposing the moral rottenness and murderous tyranny of the Catholic church. For this he has been several times publicly assaulted by the minions of popery, and narrowly escaped with his life. The priests who remain in the church hate him bitterly, more bitterly even than they do Freethought lecturers. He is exposing their secrets, acquainting the people with the means used by them to keep themselvs in place. He is, therefore, a very dangerous man to hav at large, and did they dare, or could they compass his death without detection, they soon would hav him under the sod.

Catholicism is a standing menace to the peace of Canada, and a constant drag upon her prosperity. We are glad to know that the comparativly few Freethinkers in the provinces are awake to the necessities of the times, and determined to organize in a manner sufficiently strong to be able to thwart the church should she attempt any new governmental deviltry.

No, We Didn't Take On Butler.

From Pittsburgh Truth.

On October 4th we beheld *Man* and the New York TRUTH SEEKER united. The consolidation, we are told, was brought about after a "general Liberal counseling to merge *Man* with some other paper, and thus make one thriftier blade of journalism where two struggling ones grew before." While we hav many reasons to regret the death of *Man*, we are glad to know that its "immortality" will occasionally materalize. Under the circumstances we consider the union a good journalistic move, and wish our highly esteemed TRUTH SEEKER double success in the future. We presume Butler was merged too.

Editorial Notes.

JUST to giv Talmage a dose of his own medicin, we quote his recent arraignment of Infidelity, substituting Christianity where he said Infidellty:

"Ah! Christianity, stand up and take thy sentence! In the presence of God, and angels, and men, stand up, thou monster, thy lip blasted with blasphemy, thy cheek scarred with lust, thy breath foul with the corruption of the ages! Stand up, Satyr, filthy goat, buzzard of the nations, leper of the centuries! Stand up, thou monster Christianity! Part man, part panther, part reptil, part dragon, stand up and take thy sentence! Thy hands red with the blood in which thou hast washed; thy feet crimson with the human gore through which thou hast waded, stand up and take thy sentence! Down with thee to the pit, and sup on the sobs and groans of families thou hast blasted, and roll on the bed of knives which thou hast sharpened for others, and let thy music be the everlasting *miserere* of those whom thou hast damned! I brand the forehead of Christianity with all the crimes of self-immolation for the last century on the part of those who had their reason."

If an Infidel had said this as it stands now, what a howl would hav gone up from the Christian pulpit. And it fits Christianity very closely, while not a word is applicable to Infidelity.

REV. DR. CURRY recently said: "Our people do not see as they should that the principles of Christianity must enter into statesmanship. In our protest against the union of church and state we hav fallen into the error of separating Christianity from these great principles. The most remarkable exhibit of the appliance of Christian principles is, of course, in Gladstone. He has the courage to stand up in the House of Commons and say that a certain course of action is wrong because it is in opposition to Christianity. In that particular, Senator Joseph E. Brown stands by Gladstone. He does in the United States Senate just that. He bases his action upon the Bible as the word of God, and appeals to it not simply as authoritativ, but as conclusiv of the whole question. Although this a Christian country (so-called), very few of our public men hav the courage or disposition to do as Gladstone and Brown do in this regard." en ator Brown is one of the lessees of the prison gangs of Georgia, and as he is, is responsible for the continuance of the brutal system of management of negro convicts. His Christianity is shown by his deeds. His creed for the Senate is one thing; his creed for the convict another. The church is responsible for such infamies as are perpetrated in Georgia by Christian statesmen in the name of law.

THE Freethinkers of Melbourne, Australia, led by the intrepid Joseph Symes, hav won the right to hold meetings on Sundays and charge admissions. Under the old theater license act, this privilege had been denied, and the meetings had either to be discontinued or supported entirely by contributions, which method made the burden heavy on a few. This victory is a sore blow to the bigots of the churches, who had relied on this act to prevent the teaching on Sunday of Atheism, and their organs are casting about for another weapon. One, the *Daily Telegraph*, says that Sunday trading laws are still in force, and calls upon the police to use them against Mr. Symes and his friends. To this the editor of the *Liberator* retorts: "Well, we do not object, if all are treated alike. Let us hav the same sauce for goose and gander. The *Daily Telegraph*, of course, does not receive any telegrams during Sunday; never gets matter ready on Sunday for Monday's issue; never is a leader written for that godly paper on Sunday, to appear next morning; nobody lights the fire or gets the engin ready to print Monday's issue until the holy Sabbath is past, of course; no reporter ever reports a Sunday sermon or lecture or a railway accident for the *Daily Telegraph;* and the thought of the paper never enters the editor's devout brain on a Sunday! The utter hypocrisy of Sabbath observance amongst English and colonial people cannot be surpassed. Still, we hope the laws against Sunday trading will be enforced. We do not mind being made the first victims. Let the bigots try. We want to see the Sunday free, and the museums, etc., open to the poor on that day; we wish to see other places of amusements open to the public as well as churches and chapels. And the revival of the Sunday trading laws would do more to destroy the puritanical restrictions upon people's actions than anything else we could suggest—except popular common sense. We hope the police will be egged on to do their worst."

THE scholars of the church are digging away its foundations. Rev. Dr. Edwin A. Abbott, of England, has published a work entitled, "The Common Tradition of the Synoptic Gospels in the Text of the Revised Version." Dr. Abbott finds in the narrativ of Mark indications of personal knowledge of the facts he relates. He holds that there was an early tradition which Mark embodies wholly in his gospel, while Matthew and Luke only borrow part of it. He concludes that nothing belongs to the body of the original gospel "tradition" which is not to be found in the gospel of Mark. Dr. Abbott does not claim inspiration in the evangelical sense. "When we were children," he says, "we could not stop short of desiring to believe that the whole of the letter of the Bible was absolutely true. . . . Now we must be content to accept part." The *Sunday-school Times* considers the book unfit for popular use on account of its naturalistic tendencies and its lack of any real recognition of the divine element in scripture. It then turns to the printed text of the "tradition" and says: "The first lack we notice in the account is that of the miraculous birth of our Lord. . . Mark givs no account of the birth of Christ, and therefore, on Dr. Abbott's theory, the story of the nativity formed no part of the original 'tradition.' In the same way the narrativ of the resurrection is reduced (Mark xvi, 9-20 being omitted as not forming part of the original text of the gospel) to the appearance of the angels, and the announcement that Christ had risen. These are certainly extraordinary results, and alone they would be sufficient to justify doubt of the validity of Dr. Abbott's method of reading the original 'tradition.' . . . If criticism has made anything probable, it is this, that the supposed original draft, oral or written, is irrecoverable, and that it may hav contained much that does not appear in Mark or any other single gospel, while much of it may be included in all three evangelists in wholly divergent phraseology." This cautious admission does away with the sanctity of the four gospels. The "tradition," it is admitted, may hav been oral, in which case it was colored by every man who repeated it, and its actual character is now unknown. The Essenes, to whom Christ belonged, were a despised sect of Christians. Aryan Christianity, which sprung from them, held Christ to be a man only. They had no necessity for miraculous birth, or for a resurrection against the laws of nature. The myths of the gospels were invented by other men. Whatever literature they had was heretical, and, in accordance with the rule of the church, was destroyed, and the Aryans declared and punished as heretics. Whether Christ disparaged learning or not, his professed followers did, and in the name of the cross they burnt heretics and heretical books. Hence the life of Christ, and the history of the early church, is almost a blank. Hence Christian scholars are compelled to admit that the historical basis of their religion is irrecoverably gone. From this they shrink. To be honest, they must admit that their gospels are the work of men, that they do not tell one and the same story, that they hav no certain foundation; that if they abandon the miraculous, their Christ is convicted of being but a man, whose words as spoken are irrecoverably lost. No wonder they warn the public that Dr. Abbott's book is dangerous, and unfit for popular use. A few centuries ago it would hav been burnt by the common hangman, and its author compelled to recant or perish at the stake.

George Chainey's Lecture at Paine Hall.

From the Investigator.

Last Sunday afternoon Mr. George Chainey lectured on this subject: "How and Why I Became a Spiritualist. Will also reply to his critics."

The hall was well filled; admittance ten cents; and the singing, which was very good, was the best part of the meeting, for the lecture was a mixture of various things, including copious quotations from Shakspere—the whole delivered in a ministerial tone and manner. His religious experience as a Methodist and Unitarian was first given, and as they proved unsatisfactory to him he drifted into Materialism, which, not being sufficiently constructiv, progressiv, and reformatory to meet the demands of his enthusiasm, he got discouraged and abandoned it. Afterwards, at Horticultural Hall, he tried his hand at Ethicalism, and that, too, proved a failure.

In this uneasy and forlorn frame of mind (quoting from Hamlet, "How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable seem to me all the uses of this world!" etc.), almost deciding to become a tragedian, for which business he thought he was fitted, he strayed into the Cassadaga Spiritual camp-meeting, more from curiosity than any other motiv. But unexpectedly, when there, he saw some writing on slates, together with clairvoyance, materializations, and in the night felt little hands, soft as velvet, tenderly caressing his face, and then a luminous light streamed through his brain. It was enough. Conviction followed instantaneously; and this was *how* and *why* he became a Spiritualist.

Speaking of his critics, he said they had abused him shamefully, but as he called them a set of illiberal bigots, ignoramuses, and "slop-buckets," perhaps he got even with them in the line of retaliation. We are not aware, however, that any Liberals hav abused him, or tried to prevent him from leaving their ranks, or feel any enmity at his apostasy or conversion, provided he is sure that he is on the right track now and will stay there, for Spiritualism is the next best thing to Materialism.

We hav listened to Mr. Chainey in former years when we thought he did very well, and hav praised him as he deserved. But last Sunday he appeared to us to be decidedly weak, as if, like some other new mediums, his conditions were not favorable. His evidence for Spiritualism was as feeble as his allusions to his critics were uncandid and uncivil, for he made most abusiv assertions against them which we *know* are incorrect. For example, he said our discussion meeting (meaning the Liberal Club) is merely an arena for personal quarreling. This was said ignorantly or wilfully, for we never knew him to attend even one of its discussions during the two years that he lived in the city. He is not, therefore, a competent judge of what they are.

He also made another wild assertion, that we here mention, because what is said in a public meeting may be alluded to in a public paper. He stated that he had been told repeatedly by Colonel Ingersoll that he (the colonel) was sick of lecturing on Liberalism, and that he would not giv another lecture were it not that he wanted money! We do not believe that Colonel Ingersoll, the honored and sincere president of the National Liberal League, is a man of this hypocritical and mercenary stamp, and want better evidence of it than George Chainey's unsupported assertion.

Letters from Friends.

GOOD-BYE, CHAINEY.

BURR OAK, MICH., Nov. 4, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I formerly had as good an opinion of Mr. Chainey as any lecturer in the field. When he accepted Spiritualism, before his first address, I was satisfied that he would not work in harmony with the League officers, but I did not question his sincerity, and I felt no diminution of sympathy for him. But everybody has heard about that last straw and the poor old camel. Charity is a grand thing, but I hav none to waste on a man who persistently repels it. In Mr. Chainey's reply to Mr. Putnam, after speaking of the proposed debate with Mr. Watts, he says, "I did not open this controversy." Now, without any circumlocution or euphemism, when Mr. Chainey wrote that he knew it was not true. My respect for him has grown so small that it is hardly discernible. Suppose Mr. Watts did announce that he would reply, he certainly would not hav replied if Mr. Chainey had said nothing to reply to. This contemptible effort to shift the responsibility for the commencement of the discussion on to Mr. Watts showed what kind of argument the latter may expect if he ever holds a debate with Mr. Chainey. Here is another paragraph: "If, when I had said my say, Mr. Wakeman had said his strongest word for Positivism without trying to ridicule me, and Mr. Watts for Materialism without directing most of his argument against me personally, all would hav been well." That is the most monumental piece of arrogance and impudence I hav seen in print for many a day. In other words, Mr. Chainey should be allowed to say what he pleases, but Mr. Wakeman and Mr. Watts must suppress their sentiments unless they chime with Mr. Chainey's. Then witness this enthusiast's pueril quibble to avoid the charge that he had acted like Moody. As if a man could not adopt Moody's style and methods without pleading for the divinity of Jesus! He treats Mr. Putnam to about half a column of worn-out twaddle about the beauties of Supernaturalism and the horrors of Materialism. This stuff would be fitly characterized by his own term, "tissue tawdry." Any unprejudiced person who has read Mr. Chainey's Cassadaga address and his public utterances since must easily see where the trouble arose. His mind was filled with distorted and magnified images of anticipated ridicule, and he determined to hav the first word. He saw a place in his pathway where a lion might be lying, ready to spring upon him, and he concluded to giv a blow with his weapon that would kill the beast if it should happen to be there, and if not, he would be none the worse. That was his grand mistake. No matter what his former experience had been, he had no right to defend himself from charges that had not been made, nor to make insulting statements which could not fail to appear personal, whatever may hav been their real meaning. He has unnecessarily exposed the baser side of his own nature, without creating a particle of that sympathy for which he so much craves, or promoting the cause of Spiritualism. He says he has made no charge against Materialism that he cannot substantiate. That is a plain statement. If he can prove those charges, he is morally bound to do so, without any reference to a debate with Mr. Watts or anybody else. Now, Mr. Chainey, we hav a record of your charges, and we shall see whether they are proved or not. I hav some curiosity to see Mr. Chainey's alleged proofs, as I passed from orthodoxy to Agnosticism, and my experience, so far as the tendency to sensualism and recklessness is concerned, is exactly the reverse of his. I could easily show the absurdity of Mr. Chainey's logic, but I forbear. In regard to the debate, I hope it will not take place; not because I hav any fears for the result, but because it would be too far beneath Mr. Watts to hold a debate with such a man as George Chainey.

N. G. W.

STONEHAM, MASS., Nov. 1, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I read with interest your editorial on the proposed Chainey-Watts debate. You are right in saying that the Spiritualist belief is "purely a question of personal feeling." I would add the words *and evidence*. Evidence to one mind is trash to another. I am rather sorry the debate could not occur. Debates rarely convince, but they arouse thought. Secularism and Spiritualism, like other "isms," affect people according to their organizations. Secularism, with its broad range of work to be done, fills the mentality of some, and outlines even more than we can accomplish on earth. To others who only ask to be assured of immortality, Spiritualism answers through its phenomenal, biblical, philosophical, or devotional phases. Others hav every want supplied through other sources. "The love of Jesus fully satisfies me;" "My Bible is always a comfort;" and "I want nothing but to love God," are oft-repeated expressions. These ideas would be a coffin to me, but to some they serve as an infinit realm.

I am glad Mr. Chainey is convinced of the beyond, and that his eloquence will be devoted to it. I fear he will meet with some disappointments among us, if I understand his lecture. He will find some Spiritualists who are not prepared to relinquish cigars, beer, etc.; even those who receive angels (or think they do) every hour, and some who commune with ardent as well as divine "spirits." It only proves that beliefs hav tendencies to good or evil; but moral responsibility, moral organization—in other words, manhood and womanhood—alone make people really better. Whatever stimulates this is what individuals really need. He will also find that among our societies, a few generally hav to bear the burdens, while the many are idle or else tell "how it ought to be done." He will find that some of our societies will not feel too cheerful when asked "$35.00 and expenses" for one lecture, even if they are not "mere negationists." New thoughts are rarely born in luxury and amid roses. Spiritualism is not an exception. I know veterans in this belief who hav sacrificed, toiled, and stood alone when moral cowards in the same belief consulted policy and selfishness. We owe our success to the few heroes and heroins of thirty-five years ago; some of whom never received the thanks of those they blessed.

We are now numerically strong. The elegant temple in Boston will bring out the "summer soldiers" and add to our popularity. Proof of our strength is in the fact of our many divisions, some being as conservativ as theology, and looking contemptuously upon Freethought and its advocates; others are thorough Freethinkers. I think some of our best speakers hav been ostracised, and nearly or quite silenced, because truth was to them more important than their "ism."

We cannot avoid the laws of nature, and so we grow. We are not created, but evoluted, and it takes time. We build the ladder by which we rise, and some of us are slow workers. I believe enough to save a nation, but I don't know enough to save myself from daily mistakes. I hope to hear that Mrs. Slenker found some mental wheat amid the tests, though she has not been convinced of so-called "spirit phenomena." My letter is too long already, so I will simply add I cannot get along without your paper, and feel as proud of your success and liberality as if you were my own boy.

Your sister truth seeker, C. FANNIE ALLYN.

CASSADAGA ISLAND, N. Y., Oct. 30, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Will you allow us space to express appreciation of Mr. Putnam's position on the Watts and Chainey affair, and to offer a few statements? Mr. Putnam goes to the bottom of the matter, which should suit every unbiased person. Mr. Chainey was warmly welcomed by the Spiritualists at the camp-meeting, and when evidence came to him which satisfied him of spirit intercouse, his further stay in its associativ relations exposed him to adverse criticism from many of them. It made him sore. The Freethinkers' meeting came on with him in this state; we suppose he had to express his feelings in some way. None had, in public, referred to him; he had no opportunity to vindicate himself before the spiritual meeting, so some of us think his expressed feeling was due more to this state of mind than to any offenses of his old associates. Mr. Chainey seems to forget his old friend, Mr. Watts, defended him from the aspersions of his new allies. Mr. Chainey acts like a whipped child, and seems to show more wounded vanity than outraged affection. When Mr. Wakeman exposed something of the ridiculous side of Spiritualism, we did not refer it to Mr. Chainey personally; we were all alike partners in it. As expositors of Spiritualism we are illy fitted for our work if ridicule breaks our back. It's the truth, so it seems to us, which Mr. Chainey is sensitiv to, and if that is what he needs, he had better stop crying and begin again, as a man with a man.

As a medium, we might say he is taking a dose of Spiritualism to fit him for the stage, rather than the church; and as a lecturer, with a long and wide experience, we say, Lose yourself in your work, defend principles and facts in public—and forget Chainey, if you can, for a time. After a few years' fitting up in the ups and downs, and roundings out, and widenings off of Spiritualism, you will see work of the workers is to help fit humanity to find heaven within them *on earth*, and to cease their Christian crying for a better sphere; that death is not to be dreaded or longed for. Spiritualism is not a religion, not a philosophy; it's the fixedness of correlativ facts, pertaining to man's impressional nature, beyond the ordinary range of his normal action; opens a wide field of experience; is independent of moralities or religions, but which affect all relations of life. The Spiritualist may be a Jew, Christian, Buddhist, or Mohammedan, as far as religion is concerned; most of them hav none. Material science is to giv Spiritualism its knowledge of methods in varied departments of nature. Spiritualism would go to seed in superstition and a church again, if it were not for the progress of Materialism, and its progress is the safety-valve of the coming humanity. I take full stock in it for uses; if I had to lose its unfoldments, I should lose my Spiritualism. I could not expose the law of relation of my spiritual facts, or find a spirit body to survive death.

Enthusiasm, as a working factor, is but a summer friend; joined to energy, foresight, business tact, and with infinit patience, it is a good friend to hav; but with these powers, and in love with our work, we can do without it, and accomplish very much for our cause. Mr. Chainey's culture, added to such qualities, if he hav them, will giv him fair success without them. Spiritualism will be a greater drag to-day, for him to carry, than Materialism; our coming lecturers hav got to be scientific rather than literary.

The accepted moral teaching of the Materialist is that of the Spiritualist. Nature's laws determin man's needs and methods of supply; equalization or harmony comes by living in all capacities of our nature. All are alike sacred. Heaven has no more than earth to giv man. This has been the text of spiritual lecturing; Mr. Chainey can hav found no more. Love in the human is attraction; in inanimate formation, it's a centripetal force. Repulsion, its opposit, is centrifugal. Within these forces reason is a continuity of impulses, determins our equilibrium or morality; by the life of feeling we develop our reason; our angles of attraction are many; duties are varied; necessities constant; reason becomes the sum total of all sensed or expressed, is the mouthpiece of our morality. The person who has the widest circumference in perception, has the firmest center of impulsing nature, the strongest loves, duties, or obligatory relations—must needs liv in them ideally, if not practically. Materialism, from this base, works for human needs, as does the Spiritualist; we work alike to unfold nature's revealments, that we may prove heaven possible here. It's the present uses of this morality which is offered alike by us, as substitute for a religious heaven hereafter, with a prostituted earth career; as we hav no cosy places laid up in heaven, more than or earth, our attained results are material benefits.

We think Mr. Putnam takes so true and generous a position that the thanks of all considerate Spiritualists are due him. We do not fear our cause will suffer if we hav no such debate. Many of us felt disappointed in Mr. Chainey's procedure. We thought if he had kept on smoking till the meetings were over, "always and forever," he might hav been clearer. The sudden changes he had made all around unfitted him for correctness in action. We gave him the right hand of fellowship as a Liberalist when he came to Cassadaga, and, as a Spiritualist co-worker, this criticism for the good of the cause at this date.

Kindly, MRS. H. T. STEARNS.

POMONA, CAL., Oct 30, 284.

MR. EDITOR: It has often been said in my hearing that religion, as practiced by the people of this world, was a terrible good thing to hav in the family, as well as for the community at large. They claim that it is a bar to crime with the more ignorant of humanity. Let us illustrate by stating facts as they work in California. A Catholic steals a horse, is caught, or anticipated by the priest. Priest tells Mr. Horsethief that before he can eradicate this mote from his muddled character, he (Mr. Horsethief) must make restitution before he (the priest) can settle with the boss up above—"the giver of every perfect blessing." All right says, Mr. Horsethief, pays the priestly fee, and again goes about his business and steals two more horses; forgets to say anything to the priest about the last steal, and it slips his memory to pay the owner of the horses for them. Goes off to some distant camp, sells the horses, comes out one hundred and fifty or two hundred dollars ahead, don't need to confess (as the priest has not found out the discrepancy yet) or pay for the property until the day he dies (or is hung). The priest and the man from whom the horses were stolen are the losers, as Mr. Horsethief has become bankrupt in his efforts to evade the sheriff. But Mr. Horsethief and priest meet on a level (on the gallows generally) to adjust the crookedness of the "dear soul," and procure his ticket past hell and on to glory—on to the New Jerusalem—to the mansion in the skies, expressly prepared for all that love and obey the king of glory. The priest examins the culprit, and finds him chockful of faith, and religion oozing out of every pore—"slopping over" with the stuff. The jackstaff of superstition is brought to view by the robed priest, to guide him on to the realms of bliss—the home of the saints (reserved seat for one). This I believe is the Catholic *modus operandi*.

The Protestant method is a little more simple; works better under a Republican form of government; somewhat shorter route; kind of cross lots. Mr. Horsethief can steal all the horses he can, murder, rob, fill the whole catalog of crimes, and when caught, or about to be hung, quietly pass the bloody shirt up to Jesus, and ask him (with plenty of faith) to wash it out according to his blessed promis, hang it up to dry on the endless clothes line that surrounds the heavonly promenade, ironed out smooth and white by the "son of rightousness" (of the king's laundry), ready to clothe the culprit on his arrival at Saint's Harbor. "Blessed privilege" (for the bad man), but a little tough on the Infidel. The Protestant route has the advantage of economy, and insures secrecy, as there is none to "giv him away," and, from recent statistics, about as many criminals go that way, including the parson, as go the other. The Protestant has the greater variety of routes and boats. He can take his choice without paying a cent, if he puts off arranging for passage until the boat is about to start; it not being necessary to bring any recommendations of moral character from the late scenes of operations, as the kind or character of past occupation has no bearing upon the statutes of the people in a supernatural state. Everything goes there. Once you get there, and no "questions asked." Kind of a "free-and-easy life." Even hypocrits (while they were here) will not be interrogated as to their methods of exit. No notice will be taken of the damned in hell by the "lucky dog" that miraculously escaped, as they ought to hav known better, for they hav divine faith *versus* human law and common sense continually presented for their candid judgment and consideration by the learned and unlearned agents of divinity, that are continually getting humanity into difficulties in this world. These birds of prey are a nuisance here. They nor their religion are any bar to crime. Their methods of rescuing the race through the blood of Christ is a fraud—too thin even for a Spiritualist—in order that they may maintain their too long established hold upon unthinking, superstitious humanity.

I wish to say a word to the many writers of THE TRUTH SEEKER on the topic of politics. We cannot afford to loosen our hold on the clergy for one moment, to engage in any political discussions. We must not divide our forces for side issues until the demon, the god of superstition, is dethroned. We should not engage in any family quarrels until we hav at least whipped the devil, and mortally scared the other fellow—the alleged author of the devil. Then, and not until then, will we be able to get civil liberty for our race. No candidate for the presidency, that has a ghost of a show for election, dares at this time to express himself in the least favorable to our cause. When the chains of superstition are broken and lie loose at the feet of the people, then we can rattle them in the ears of candidates. Let us be a unit in driving the nails in the coffin of orthodoxy, in order that we may hasten the corpse to its burial; get its putrid carcass forever out of sight, that it may cease to infect and disease the human mind longer, thereby causing pain and misery to the noblest of our race, blighting peace, happiness, and comfort while they liv, and offering in its stead the sickly hope of eternal separation of loved ones in the "beyond." Away with such shams, that we may enjoy the realities that are. H. L. SHAUG.

WENTWORTH, DAK., Oct. 14, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: It is with the utmost pleasure that I sit down to write this letter, as it seems to an old friend. Allow me to say these few words through the columns of our noble friend of humanity, THE TRUTH SEEKER, in commemoration of one of the noblest works ever installed in our little western town. I refer to the course of three lectures just given by Professor W. F. Jamieson. Owing to the busy time of the year, our farmers could not attend generally, but nevertheless we had good round numbers; and right here let me say, if there is such a being as a nobleman of nature, Professor Jamieson is

one of them. The solid truths, the profound utterances, the plain illustrations, and the happy mode of expression as he handled his batteries of grape-shot in the midst of the enemy, are simply astounding. No man with any degree of common sense can sit and listen to his utterances without feeling that his hope of heaven is gone unless he makes it for himself, and in behalf of my many Freethought friends, allow me to express our heartfelt gratitude to Professor Jamieson for the good work he has accomplished. I say accomplished, for there is no question of doubt in my mind that the work is effectiv. The evening of our last lecture the hall was decorated with flowers, and behind the speaker hung the portrait of that noble martyr, Thomas Paine, wreathed in flowers. As near as I can learn, this decoration was done by a lady that only last Sunday morning allowed her doors to be thrown open and her rooms used for a Sunday-school and preaching. This has been the feeling throughout the whole course. At the close of the last lecture a meeting of Freethinkers was called, and a committee appointed and instructed to make the necessary arrangements for a second course of lectures by Mr. Jamieson, and also to take steps toward the organization of a Liberal League. I never saw people who seemed to be so hungry for food of thought as manifested during these lectures. It seemed as if they could not bear the idea of allowing the professor to stop for even a short breath. The Bible is a trap. Jamieson sprung the trap and he caught them all. Please send me a few extra copies of THE TRUTH SEEKER with the reports of our lectures in them, so I can hand them to our friends and show them that the good deeds go on record, not in a mythical heaven, but in the hearts of a true friend of Freethought and reform. W. L. HORTON.

DIAMOND, Mo., Oct. 26, A.S. 284.

MR. EDITOR: No one regrets the intrusion of politics into THE TRUTH SEEKER columns more than I do; but, as it seems to be a free pitch in, would you kindly permit an Abolitionist and ex-Republican (but one who, because he does not feel disposed to curse the Southern people with sufficient vim, is, at present, dubbed "a d——d rebel") to hav a voice in the melee. I was in Labette county, Kansas, when that influx of negroes from the Southern states, that Brother Willis so feelingly alludes to, took place.

It seems that some evil-disposed person or persons, in order to procure the negro vote for the Republican party in Kansas, caused a report to be circulated throughout Texas, Louisiana, and other Southern states, that if the negroes could only reach Kansas, each male adult would be presented, by Gov. St. John, with forty acres of land and a mule. Prompted by the delusiv hopes inspired by this yarn, they abandoned their means of subsistence at home, and flocked in swarms and legions to their fancied Eldorado, only to learn, too late, that they were the victims of a plot, that the promises made them were like those of Macbeth's witches, "kept to the ear, but broken to the hope." Kansas was literally inundated with the colored element. With meager supplies, and feeble chance of employment at renumerativ wages, they were, to a great extent, thrown upon the charities of the people. With insufficient food and clothing, their suffering during the winter was intense. Every man, Republican or Democrat, with a spark of pity in his heart, denounced in scathing epithets the infernal swindle practiced upon an innocent people. For cool, calculating cruelty for political ends, the annals of this nation afford no parallel in infamy to this. It towers above all other political schemes, *unique and damnable*. Brother Willis must be woefully ignorant of the facts in connection with this colored hegira, to cite it as a campaign pointer in behalf of his party.

And again, in reply to Brother Willis's question as to whether any Democrat has paid the penalty of the crime of murdering a Republican. Garland Mann, a Democrat of Newton county, Mo., is now in prison awaiting the execution of the sentence of death for the murder of Dr. Chenoworth, a Republican, convicted upon circumstantial evidence at that. As a mere "looker on in Venice," this continual abuse and vilification of the Southern people is becoming very nauseating to me. In Irish lingo, "enough is as good as a feast," and I am stuffed to satiety. This persistent trampling upon a people who acknowledged defeat is hardly generous, to say the least. In the estimation of some people it doesn't even savor of bravery. Germany obtained the ascendency over France, and Russia over Turkey, but I hav yet to hear of either of those dominant powers abusing their advantage to anything like the extent which is practiced here.

Wouldn't it be well enough to halt before this policy of alienation is carried too far? This nation is not so powerful as to enjoy a certain immunity against all attacks from without. The navy is said to be in a dilapidated condition. Some fine day Uncle Sam may find himself in a muss with an outsider and need all the force available. In such a contingency, if every man North and South felt in duty bound to shoulder his musket and "rally round the standard," "'twere a consummation devoutly to be wished." "Unity is strength," why not strive to foster it? Horace Greely felt the force of this maxim when he went South to bail Jeff Davis. So did Rutherford B. Hayes when he carried the olive branch to the South, and to smooth the asperities of the period said: "When Greek meets Greek, the victory is with those who hav the most Greeks." Magnanimous words! If I mistake not, the Southern states lent efficient aid in the revolution, as also in the war of 1812. Perhaps they did a little in the Mexican Campaign, too; and in the language of D. F. Howard, "*We* met them in battle, and found them well worthy of our steel." Is it manly or chivalrous to trample upon such a people forever, with the unrelenting cruelty of the orthodox divinity? A nobler spirit should actuate Liberals.

The Dutchman, when remonstrated with for pounding his adversary when he was down, exclaimed: "Dot ish ter time to pound him," and the persecution of the last twenty years smacks of the same spirit. Then, as to the stigma of ignorance and proscription imputed to the South, I hav yet to meet the Southern man who couldn't reciprocate any information I could giv him with something equally valuable. As a rule they are a modest people, and do not lay claim to the vast mental caliber and esthetic "culchaw" of some of their traducers; those animated encyclopedias whose store-houses of knowledge are crammed to the ridge-pole. I would say to all those erudite savants, and their number is legion (I meet them at every turn, and the woods is full of 'em), Be tolerant of ignorance; at least, temper justice with mercy. You don't know it quite all, my friends. Maybe Darwin could giv you a point in evolution, or Thomson in mathematics. There might be a passage in Hesiod or Telemachus that would baffle you. Why, I met one of these intolerant savants the other night, and he couldn't point out the constellation Orion.

Depend upon it, my astute and learned friends, until you know it all, you are comparativly ignorant, and some fellow is liable to regard you with contempt for your meager attainments; so be tolerant of ignorance. As to proscription, I hav never met the slightest traces of it here, except in the case of my landlord, a Republican, trying, recently, to bulldoze me into voting his ticket. I am an open, pronounced Liberal, and hav met no molestation in any way; nothing but kindness and neighborly friendship. A man might inaugurate devil-worship here without fear of interference. Well, perhaps I hav writtten too much, but naught in malice.

Yours, JOS. TOWSLEY.

BOULDER CREEK, CAL., Oct. 1, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I expect you hav about come to the conclusion that that fellow Worley is becoming very lukewarm on the subject of Freethought, but perhaps a better acquaintance with me, and my surroundings and conditions, would hav a tendency to cause you to conclude differently. I was raised in the state of Tennessee, in slavery times, by enthusiastic Christian Methodist slaveholding parents and relativs, but was always opposed to slavery. I came to this state at the age of twenty-five, a very doubting member of the Methodist church. Freethought literature had been so completely suppressed in the South that, with the exception of a badly mutilated copy of Thomas Paine's "Age of Reason," half missing, which I found in the rubbish of a vacated back-yard, I had never met with any Freethought literature; and when curiosity led me to pick up that little old remnant of a book and examin its title page, I was astonished that even that piece of a one should hav escaped the glances of the Christian destroyer, for I had been taught that it was a thing so dangerous in its very nature as to make it the duty of all good people to place with vengeance their heel upon its head as they would a poisonous adder, and then make short work of it by committing it to the flames; but the spirit of our old mythical mother was roused in me. I wanted to taste of the forbidden fruit; I wanted to know for myself; I wanted a demonstration. I had had nothing but hearsay evidence upon the matter. So I took it with me, as one would a dose of poison which he designed administering to himself in test doses, to a desert place, and read it, and when I had done I thought, "Well, and this is the great pit which the devil has dug to catch folks in, is it? It don't look so to me. I don't see anything so bad in it. The man is a great reasoner; he aims at the truth; his motivs seem to be good; his reasoning sound; and that is more than I can conscientiously say of the orthodox books I hav read. Well, I must see more of it. If I ever hav an opportunity, I must hav all of that man's works. I am going to take the chances on eating the forbidden fruit and becoming as the gods, knowing good and evil, for the truth is, I hav got to think that there is but little risk to run. I don't see but that these people they call Infidels are just as good, if not better, than those who call themselvs Christians." Thus, at about eighteen, I commenced evoluting into one of those dreadful things called Infidels. For over thirty years I hav been an outspoken one. I delivered the first Infidel lecture I know of having been delivered this side of the Rockies, in 1853, at Spanish Flat, Eldorado county, this state. I might say I was converted in 1851, as since that time I hav stood up in defense of it on all occasions. I never did carry principles in my bosom that I was ashamed of, but I am growing prouder of Freethought every day, and fully intend to assist in keeping the ball rolling. I am not able to do much, but what little I can I will do with pleasure.

WM. L. WORLEY.

GRINNELL, IOWA, Oct. 31, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $1.50. Wife and myself think a great deal of the paper, and you may put us down for life subscribers. I am ever so glad to be able to add at least one subscriber to your list, and shall try to obtain more. As soon as possible I will add one dollar to your Campaign Fund. We hav your first TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL, and prize it highly, and think that the next one ought to contain a correct history of the Puritan devilment and persecutions toward Quakers and alleged witches. Was in hopes that Messrs. Putnam and Watts would lecture somewhere within fifty or one hundred miles of this place, so that we might go and hear them, and still hope so, although the last TRUTH SEEKER says they leave Chicago for Kansas City, thus leaving us out in the cold.

Yours for truth, W. T. LEINS.

CORTLAND, O., Nov. 1, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: You will find inclosed $3 for THE TRUTH SEEKER another year. Although my term of subscription is not out, and at the same time I am a laboring man, working by the month, I find no difficulty in raising the required amount, and hope I never shall. I dearly love THE TRUTH SEEKER, as it is open to free discussion, and givs all sides a hearing, none excepted. I could say a great deal more for the good old paper, and of the knowledge I hav gianed by perusing its pages, but I will let it speak for itself. Some time ago I received some pamphlets of you, namely, "False Claims," "Crimes of Preachers," and the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL, also some others. I hav scattered them throughout my neighborhood. I come across them quite frequently, but hardly ever in the same place. So I know they must be doing good service, by the threadbare appearance they hav; and when they wear out I mean to supply their places with new ones. Although my neighbors love to read THE TRUTH SEEKER, I can't get them to subscribe for it. They say it is hard times, and they hav no money. The country around here is full of people who call themselvs Liberals, but they are just peeping through the shell. All we want is a Charles Watts, Putnam, Remsburg, or a J. L. York to wake them up. It is only a matter of time when we can hav a good lecture by some of the above-named. Organize! That is what I am working for; that is our only hope, as a class of Freethinkers and co-workers, for the liberty of mankind.

I mean that you will hear from me again soon.

J. D. WHEELER.

ENFIELD, MASS., Nov. 2, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I received Kelso's book, and hav read it half through. Though I hav been reading Infidel books for the last fifty years, I think this last one of Kelso's is enough to convince anyone that they had better let the church alone, unless they contrive some way to kill its influence on the people. I hav been doing that for the last fifty years or more. My father was an orthodox minister, a nativ of Springfield, Mass. My mother was eighteen years old when I was born, illegitimate at that, and she died when I was six days old. He, no doubt her murderer, went to central Connecticut, and there made converts until forty years old, and died. Since then I hav lived there, and got acquainted with many of the people that he converted. They said they thought him a saint. I told them he was a rascal, and I made Infidels of quite a number of those he converted. "Honor thy father," says the Bible. I detest the thoughts of the lecherous old scoundrel. Hav not I a cause for hating the clergy?

In one of my songs I say:

"I think had I known the fond cares of a mother,
Her counsel would screen me from many a blow
That oft I'm receiving from one and another,
As onward through life's rugged journey I go."

I once had a book with the story of Dr. Faust making a league with the devil, etc.—or, as it was called in other books, Faustus:

Dr. Faust, 'tis said,
Though he's many years dead,
Made a firm league with old Satan,
That the devil his soul
Might take to his hole,
If ten years old Faust he would wait on.

The devil agreed
All that Faustus should need
He would bring him at ten minutes' warning.
"If money," quoth he,
"I will bring it to thee,
Ten bushels or more every morning."

Dr. Faustus then said,
With a shake of the head,
"Mr. Devil, I think that's too low.
A few bushels more
You must bring to my door,
Or to some other devil I'll go."

So it is with the clergy; they'll take all they can
From the credulous dupes, and the laboring man.
They must bully the church, the women, and schools,
Or else they will go where there's bigger damned fools.

WM. P. ROGERS.

FRESNO, CAL., Oct. 6, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I hope you will publish C. B. Reynolds's lecture in pamphlet form. I refer to the one published on page 626 of THE TRUTH SEEKER of the current year.

I hav received Col. Kelso's "Bible Analyzed." I hav been reading the Bible for more than fifty years, most of the time to find weapons with which to fight the believers in endless torture; but "The Bible Analyzed" is the book of books for that purpose. It furnishes the Liberal with answers to the Christians and with questions for them. It makes the Liberal the master of arguments. The book contains twenty chapters, and more than twenty columns of index, which render it easy to find any subject the reader desires. I hav learned many things that I did not know before. It is a ready reckoner. Let no Liberal that can get "The Bible Analyzed" be without it; and if one cannot afford it, let more club together and get it anyway. GEORGE PADDINGTON.

TORONTO, CAN., Nov. 3, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $4—$3 of which is to pay for THE TRUTH SEEKER. Please apply the other dollar to the League Fund.

I am now seventy-seven years of age, and blind in one eye and can't see extra well out of the other; but as long as I can see I want THE TRUTH SEEKER. I trained the best years of my life with the "Hardshell Baptists." About ten years ago I read the "Age of Reason," and began to see daylight. I regret the many years wasted in superstition and darkness, and found that to doubt a divine revelation is the beginning of wisdom, as it opens up a grand field of study. I derive great pleasure and profit from reading THE TRUTH SEEKER. May you prosper far beyond your most sanguin expectations, and long continue to publish your excellent paper when the writer of this is dust and ashes.

Yours for humanity, JOHN HAIGHT.

SQUAW CREEK, IDAHO TERR., Oct. 22, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed you will find $10, to be applied as directed. You will notice that I order four copies of "Crimes of Preachers." I am out of that work. I received a call from a preacher a few days since, and had none to giv him, but presented him with one of A. Jacobson's "Bible Investigators" instead.

What has happened to friend John Peck? I miss his sledge-hammer blows from THE TRUTH SEEKER. Formerly his say was the very first read when the paper came.

A. G. CHURCH.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night begins to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

What the Robin Said.

I remember once a robin,
Whose breast was very red;
Close in a cage they kept him,
And this is what he said:

"Far in a distant greenwood,
My brother flies most free;
And yet he's very lonely
In flying without me.

"My cage is gaily painted,
And bright as it may be,
And yet I miss the sunlight
That dances on the lea.

"I cannot see the morning
Climb up behind the hill,
Nor the silver moon when shining
Through the tree-tops, calm and still.

"I am pining for the woodland,
For the plain aglow with flowers,
For the daisies and the grasses,
All bright with summer showers.

"O mistress dear, hav pity
On poor robin in his cage,
Please free me and I'll love you
Till my breast is white with age."

DIONYSIUS.

To a Wild Rose in October.

O dear little wild rose,
So fragil and light,
In the cold and the storm
Still blooming so bright,

Though above and around
Are death and decay,
Sweet perfume thou breatheest
Through life's little day.

So cheerily onward
May we also go,
Through storm and through sunshine,
And rough winds that blow.

E'er scenting with fragrance
Life's pages sober,
As sweet as the rose that
Bloomed in October.

S. H. W.

Our Summer Visit.

Madga and I are twins, and our home is in Chicago. There are five of us altogether, papa and mamma, brother Robbie—he is the baby—and Magda and I. Papa is a reporter for one of the papers here, and we are not very well off—that is, we don't hav much money, so we can't go away every summer, like some people. Sometimes papa takes Magda and I with him when he goes out of the city to write up something; but I must tell you now of our trip this summer. Our uncle Charley livs in a small town on the bank of the Mississippi river in the state of Wisconsin. He has a store there, and comes to Chicago two or three times a year to buy goods, and then we children hav fun.

Well, this year he came in July, and we were so glad to see him! When he had kissed us all and said "How d'ye do?" all around, we asked him how long he would stay.

"Well, I'm going to take a couple of young ladies home with me," said he, "and I will hav to wait till they are ready."

You may believe we opened our eyes at that, and wanted to know who they were, and if we knew them. Uncle Charley said we were a little acquainted, and their names were Magda and Minna Burnz.

We didn't say a word for about a minute, I guess, and then we both said, "O mamma, are we going? is it true?" And mamma laughed and said, Yes, we were to go, and she had known it all summer, but did not tell us because we would tease her so much about it. For once we were in a hurry for Uncle Charley to go home, and the three days seemed like a week to us. But we did start after awhile. We both cried a little when we said good-bye to mamma, but we were all right after we were on the cars. We were very tired when we got to the city of D., in Iowa, where we stopped one forenoon. In the afternoon we went on the cars to Goose River Station. I never saw such a wild place as that is, and I thought if we had to stay there I would rather go back home. The railroad track is along the foot of great steep hills you can't see the tops of, and on the other side are thick woods or swampy places. But we didn't hav to stay at Goose River; there was a kind of an open 'bus there, and we got into that and drove down into the woods. The road wound around among the trees for about a mile and a half, and then we came out suddenly right on the bank of the river.

"There, girls," said Uncle Charley, "is the 'Father of Waters.'"

"Is that the Mississippi?" said Magda. "Why, Lake Michigan is ever so much bigger."

"Oh, yes," said Uncle Charley, "but not nearly so long."

While we were talking, the driver had driven onto a queer-looking thing they called a ferry-boat, and unhitched the horses from the wagon and put them in little pens, one on each side of the boat, and when the driver told them to go they began to walk, and a kind of wheel with steps on it turned around under their feet, and that made the boat move.

We were so busy watching the horses that we didn't look at anything else till Uncle Charley said, "What do you think of that for a view, girls? Isn't that better than a lot of houses to look at?" We looked then, and I tell you it was just grand. We were in the middle of the river, and looking across we saw the grand rocky hills before us. There is a wide strip of land between the river and the hills, and the town Uncle Charley livs in is built on that. The ferry-boat landed near a saw-mill, and we rode right over a great heap of saw-dust. There were great piles of lumber and logs around the mill.

We had to ride nearly the whole length of the town to get to Uncle Charley's. Aunt Bell was looking for us, and wasn't she glad to see us though, and we were so glad to run around once more.

The next morning we went down to the river just after breakfast, and stayed till dinner time. It was so nice there.

We stayed at Uncle Charley's three weeks, and such fun as we had. The second night we were there, just after we had gone to bed, Aunt Bell came and told us to get up to see the electric light on a steamboat. It was just lovely. The boat was above the town, but the light shone on the hills below town, and we could see every tree and the rocks just as plain as in the day time. Nearly all the boats hav the electric light now. We soon learned to know what kind of boat was coming by the whistles. The different lines hav different whistles.

We had great fun going out rowing on the river. Uncle Charley had a boat and would take us out on the river every evening. Magda and I soon learned to row quite well.

We climbed the hills a great deal, too, and it was great fun to sit up on the hills and roll stones down. Our birthday was the twenty-first of July, and Uncle Charley took us in his boat to a large sand bar down the river, where we had a good time wading in the water and hunting carnelians on the beach.

One day, Uncle Charley told us to put on our oldest clothes, and told Aunt Bell to put up some dinner for us. When we were ready, he led the way to the river, and we got into the boat, and we went away up the river, past the saw mill and around some islands, then into a slough, till we came to a place where the water was too shallow for the boat to float. Then we got out and walked across a sand bar to another slough, and there we saw such a sight. The water was nearly covered with pond lilies; the broad green leaf right on the water with the snow-white lily in the center.

We took off our shoes and stockings and waded right in to pick them. We had all we could carry, and they just filled the boat. We ate our dinner in the boat and then went home.

We put our lilies in a small tub on the porch, and kept them a long time.

We were real sorry to go home, we had such a good time, but when mamma wrote how lonesome she was, we thought we would like to see her, so we went home sooner than we intended. We will never forget our visit, and will go again next summer, if we can, to see the "Father of Waters." MINNA AND MAGDA.

A Hard Way to Earn a Dollar.

"Your tongues will all wear out some day," said Uncle Dick.

The children laughed uneasily. Teeny felt of the tip of his to see if it was still in good running order.

"I don't believe that any more than anything. Do you, Molly?" he whispered.

"It's only just some of Uncle Dick's nonsense, I guess," said Molly, looking at hers in the glass. "Anyway, not till we are real old and then we can get false ones. They hav 'em now a days; there's false teeth, and false hair, and false noses, and false everything."

"Oh well, pooh then!" said Teeny, "I'm not going to try and save 'em any."

So they began talking again.

Teeny had a spool. It was chipped on one end. He called it an engin.

"See this engin," he said. "It's a winding-up engin. It'll go firs'-rate. Pop—bang! Away it goes! Don't you wish you had a winding-up engin?"

Uncle Dick couldn't bear the talking so well as mamma.

"What was the minister's text yesterday, Molly?" he asked.

"I don't fink," said Molly. "It isn't any matter; I didn't see any diffunce to it."

"Lamartine!" said Uncle Dick, sternly, (Teeny's name was Lamartine.)

"What?" said Teeny, meekly.

"Can you tell me anything whatever about the Sunday-school lesson yesterday?"

Teeny felt badly, but he couldn't tell a lie. "Not last Sunday's," he said honestly, "but I can tell you all about winding-up engins," he added joyfully.

"No, I thank you," said Uncle Dick. "I'll make a bargain with you. If you won't speak a word for an hour, I will giv you a dollar apiece."

"Oh, we will not!" cried the children.

"You spoke!" said Uncle Dick.

"Oh, we won't!" cried the children.

"Oh, you did!" said Uncle Dick. "Now you can begin again."

"We won't speak a word. Oh, dear, there we spoke again! Try us this once."

"Very well," said Uncle Dick.

So they went and got their slates. "Let's when we want to say anything just write it down," scribbled Molly. "They say we talk so awful much. I don't believe it will make a slateful."

They kept still and held their dear little babbling tongues for fifty-five minutes, then Teeny's pencil dropped.

"It's broken into three halves," cried Teeny.

"No matter," said Molly, kindly; "it will last all the longer."

"Well done!" laughed Uncle Dick. "You shall hav the dollar if you did speak. It was a pretty hard way to earn a dollar."

C. B. THOMPSON.

Salvation Army Note.

All the members of a family at Fishkill Landing hav become insane over the Salvation Army. The family was one of the most respected in the place. First one daughter was converted to the Army, and then the remainder followed. The parents kept a large boarding-house, but there was so much Salvation Army heard in the house that the boarders all left. Then one of the daughters said she had been inspired to marry the captain, but the latter did not know of it, and the ceremony did not come off.

[Of one thing we may be certain, that the dear little readers who compose our circle in the Children's Corner, will never be led astray by any such nonsense as emanates from the eccentric body known as the Salvation Army. Clear heads and cool brains characterize *our* little men and little women.—ED.]

Our Puzzle Box.

1.

ANAGRAM.

Dedicated to H. E. Juergens.

An incident of New Orleans;
Myths of the popes I laugh at, tt hoot at, m!
This a sentence known throughout the war,
'Mid the burst of bombs and the cannon's roar.

Newburgh, N. Y. ROB'T BERNHEIM.

2.

MELODIOUS.

Here is a *narrativ* song,
Described so you cannot go wrong—
Sentimental rather than comic,
Its *body* is palindromic.
Well, now, I will giv you the *key;*
Omitting the last, you will see,
To the *left* 'tis *entirely a B;*
But omitting the first, you'll agree,
To the *right,* it is quite, *quite a D;*
But the body, perused either way,
Is *wholly* and *solely an A.*

REKAB SEMAJ.

3

A FUNNY FELLOW ON WHEELS.

A wit on a vehicle sat,
Merry, though not over-wise;
Now, how can I tell you all that,
By but naming *a vehicle twice?*

UNCLE JAMES.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER NOV. 1, 1884.

1. Our *cat ate ten* little birds.

C A T
A T E
T E N

3. FAR-THING-GALE.—1. Art; 2. tart; 3: hin; 4. thin; 5. gale; 6. (fa(r) thin(g), fa'thin'), fat, thin; 7. farthing; 8, farthing.

Correspondence.

DEAR MISS WIXON: Permit me to thank you for publishing in your corner, "Jack—A Mendicant," which I inclosed you for THE TRUTH SEEKER family of children, some time since.

It is, I think, the most pathetic story I ever read, and cannot fail, I believe, to awaken in the minds of your thousands of youthful readers that horror and detestation of the awful crime of vivisection which I hav striven so diligently, during the past six months, through the other columns of the noble TRUTH SEEKER, to instil into the intelligences of the maturer readers of that paper.

But "Jack" is not alone suitable reading for the young, but most interesting, likewise, to "children of maturer growth."

I do not now recollect who is its author, but know that it was first published in *Blackwood,* and was copied from that publication by our society.

Is it not sad to reflect that this very day in Lyons, France, dog-catchers, employed by the vivisectors of that city, are capturing stray dogs in the streets, which these heartless scientists buy from them at one or two francs apiece (twenty to forty cents), and then torture them to death in their dreadful dens of cruelty? Yet such is the fact, and some poor "Jack"—some poor, lost mendicant—may be, even at this moment, seized by their ruthless hands!

Where is the God of love, of justice, and of mercy? Let him hide his face from his poor, wronged creatures, if he be not worse even than the vivisectors themselvs!

ELLIOTT PRESTON.

6 *Park Square, Boston, Mass.*

NEWBURG, Nov. 1, 1884.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I find in my puzzle in Children's Corner of Nov. 1st a misprint. I wish you would please correct in your next issue, if possible. It may be my fault in not writing plain, but if so whatever, please excuse me. By study, effort, and experience I hope some day to be equal to Messrs. Juergens and Baker, and last, but not least, Uncle James.

Inclosed I send you a clipping from the Newburgh *Daily Register,* which I thought might interest you. Yours respectfully,

ROB'T BERNHEIM.

Mistakes will sometimes occur in the best of newspapers, and with so many kinds of penmanship, and so much to do in a printing-office, the only wonder is that they do not happen oftener. However, we reprint the anagram this week, and hope this time it is correct.—ED.

[I hav before me the copy of Mr. Bernheim's anagram as originally written. If he had written that as legibly as the present copy, the mistake might not hav occurred. I would like to offer the suggestion that puzzlers, above all others whose manuscript goes into the printer's hands, should make their copy absolutely plain. Not only should puzzles be so written that they can be *read;* they should be so legible that they cannot by any possibility be *misread.* I hav often found it necessary, in the hurry and rush of getting out a newspaper, to spend some little time solving puzzles in order to be certain that they would be correctly printed. Many writers owe to the care of the compositor and proofreader more than half the credit received for whatever degree of clearness they attain. There are something more than 500,000 distinct and separate pieces of metal to be properly adjusted in each issue of THE TRUTH SEEKER. Who wonders, then, that one of these gets occasionally misplaced? While this warning is intended mainly for puzzle writers, it should not be entirely overlooked by other correspondents.—PROOFREADER.]

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2t45

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The following points will be thoroughly tested, which will form the substance of this lecture:

The encounter of Adam and Eve with the Serpent.
Can the emotion of man resist the power of Psychology?
Does God attend religious revivals?
Is there a God of battles?
Is it God or the physician that heals or kills the afflicted?
Why do men abuse themselves, knowing that it is to their own injury?
Why do Christians deny God as a healing medium in time of sickness, and confide in the skill of medicine only?

All desiring Lectures within the state of Illinois during the present fall and coming winter should address

M. L. SANDERS,
237 West Eldorado St., Decatur, Ill.

2t45

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Liberal Meetings.

[Leagues and Liberal and Spiritualistic Societies in the United States and Canada meeting regularly, can have notices of their meetings published in this column free if the officers will send them to us.]

MICHIGAN.

MUSKEGON.—The Liberal League meets every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock in the German Odd Fellows' Hall, corner of Western ave. and Terrace st.

OHIO.

CLEVELAND.—The Liberal League meets every Sunday at 3 P.M., in room 29, City Hall building. Lectures free. Communications can be addressed to W. I. Irvine, Secretary.

MAINE.

PORTLAND.—Dr. H. A. Lamb has hired Congress Hall, Congress street (entrance on Temple street), where free meetings, lectures, and discussions are held every Sunday, 2:30 P.M. Admittance free. Public invited.

OREGON.

PORTLAND.—The Auxiliary Liberal League of Portland, Or., holds meetings every Sunday, at 2 o'clock, P.M., at Nonpareil Hall, cor. 1st and Madison streets. All are invited. Admission free.

WISCONSIN.

MILWAUKEE.—The Milwaukee Liberal League meets every Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock, at Fraternity Hall, 216 Grand avenue. Lectures and free discussions on all popular topics. Admittance free. Public cordially invited.

MASSACHUSETTS.

BOSTON.—Boston Liberal Club holds meetings for essays and criticisms every Sunday forenoon at 10:45 in the Paine Memorial Building, Appleton street.——The "Society of the Divine Homo" at same place every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Sunday-school at 2:30. Admission free.

PENNSYLVANIA.

ALTOONA.—The League holds meetings every Wednesday evening and Sundays at 3 P.M., at the League Room, corner of Eleventh ave. and 13th st., third floor, entrance on 13th st.

BRADFORD.—The Bradford Liberal Club meets every Sunday at 3 P.M. at their hall in Pemberton block. The club has a very choice library.

PHILADELPHIA.—The Friendship Liberal League meets every Sunday at Hancock Hall, 814 Girard avenue, at 2:30 o'clock, and 7:30 o'clock, P.M., for lectures and free debates. THE TRUTH SEEKER and Liberal books for sale.

PITTSBURGH.—Pittsburgh Liberal League meets at Maltby Hall, 76 Fifth avenue, every Sunday (except during the Months of July and August) at 3 o'clock. A free platform is maintained. Exercises consist of a lecture, followed by 10 minute criticisms, with 15 minutes allowed the lecturer to reply. Clergymen invited to discuss.

NEW JERSEY.

NEWARK.—Newark Liberal League meets every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the League's Hall, 177 Halsey street. Exercises consist of music, readings, lecture, and discussion, in which all present are invited to participate. Admission free. Collection taken. Communications for the League should be addressed to J. W. Frankel, 10 Pine street, Newark.

CANADA.

TORONTO.—Secular Society. Reading and Lecture Rooms, No. 9 Grand Opera House. Open every evening and Sundays. Lecture every Sunday evening. Freethinkers and strangers are cordially invited.

MONTREAL.—Pioneer Freethought Club meets every Sunday at 3 P.M., at 1310 Catharine street. Reading-room open daily until 10:30 P.M. Library open for exchange of books three evenings per week, and on Sunday afternoons. Free public lectures on Sundays as advertised in local newspapers. Strangers always welcome. G. S. Wilson President; C. Stevens, Secretary.

NEW YORK.

ALBANY.—The Liberal association meets every Sunday at Van Vechten Hall, 119 State street. Sunday-school at 2 P.M. General business meeting and debates and discussions at 3 P.M. Lecture at 7:30 P.M. The public are cordially invited to attend, also all Liberals visiting the city. Admission free.

NEW YORK CITY.—The Manhattan Liberal Club meets every Friday evening at 8 o'clock, at 220 East 15th st.——The American Spiritualist Alliance meets every Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock in Republican Hall, 55 West 33d street.——The First Society of Spiritualists holds its meetings every Sunday in Republican Hall, 55 West 33d street. Morning service 11 o'clock; evening, 7:45. Seats free. Public cordially invited.——Arcanum Hall, 57 West 25th Street, cor. 6th ave. The People's Spiritual Meeting every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 P.M.

BROOKLYN.—The Brooklyn Spiritual Society meets at Conservatory Hall, cor. of Fulton street and Bedford avenue, every Sunday. Services at 11 A.M. and 7:45 P.M. Admission free. Public cordially invited. Liberal and Spiritual papers and books for sale.——The Everett Hall Spiritual Conference, 398 Fulton street, meets every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. Meetings free. Spiritual literature for sale.——The Eastern District Spiritual Conference meets every Monday evening at Composite Room, 4th street, corner of south 2d street, at 7:45. Spiritual and Liberal literature on sale. All invited.—— The Philosophical Association meets every Sunday afternoon in the Assembly Room of Wright's Business College, Broadway, corner of Fourth street, E. D., at 3 P.M. Public cordially invited. Doors open at 2:30 P.M.

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AT FIFTEEN.

The school is done, and the winter spell;
The schoolmarm and I, we drift apart,
And Romance I. lies cold and dead
On the new-made grave of a busted heart.
Go plant the willow and cypress-tree,
Hang up the hand-sled out of reach;
I will get the parson to measure me,
And take my size for a funeral speech.

AT EIGHTEEN.

Mustach and whiskers are sprouting now,
I'm taller than then by half a head;
But oh! for surcease of an aching brow,
And the glare of a city painted red.
For I'm out sometimes with the other boys,
And come in, like Solomon, "filled with dew;"
I awake the morn with a merry noise,
And the gentle murmur of my bazoo.

AT TWENTY-ONE.

I'm hardly the whale that I thought to be
In the first faint flush of my third decade;
The elderly matrons say "boy" to me;
My eternal fortune has not been made.
But I think on marriage and family,
(Measles and cradles and trundle-beds),
Hold other folks' youngsters upon my knee,
And damp little babies with tow-white heads.

AT TWENTY-EIGHT.*

I sneer at the follies of long-gone years,
At the callow youth and the sweet sixteen,
At the heartstrings torn, and the bitter tears,
At the hand unpressed and the blush unseen.
With the outstretched ear of a rareripe mind,
I list to the lovers that laugh or sigh;
I've a cynical smile of a freezing kind
For the tender grace of the days gone by.

G. E. M.

*These last eight lines are subject to repeal or material modification.

The Wife.

She clung to him with woman's love,
Like ivy to the oak;
While o'er his head with crushing force,
Earth's chilling tempest broke.

When the world looked cold on him,
And blight hung o'er his name,
She soothed his cares with woman's love,
And bade him rise again.

When care had furrowed o'er his face,
And clouded his young hours,
She wove among his crown of thorns
A wreath of love's own flowers.

And never did that wreath decay,
Or one bright flow'ret wither,
For woman's tears e'er nourished them,
That they might bloom forever.

'Tis ever thus with woman's love,
True till life's storms hav passed;
And like the vine around the tree,
It braves them till the last.

—*Our Society Journal.*

A Word for Kelso's Bible Analyzed.

On reaching my home from my last lecture trip, I was pleased to find Brother Kelso's last book on my table awaiting my perusal.

Being a radical man myself, of course I am in close sympathy with all such writers as speak right out the naked truth.

And you will readily understand that, after spending twenty-five years of the best part of my life in the Methodist church, and now fifty-four years of age, as I am every day reminded by the silver in my hair, my time is too short to waste in groping and digging over a mountain of words in search of an idea. For such is the character of many books—a mere rehash of that which was far better said in the original form of statement.

But I am glad in justice to say this is not the case with John R. Kelso's "Bible Analyzed," as the reader will discover on reading the book.

I must say that I am proud to claim a kinship in the world of thought with Brother Kelso, with whom I am personally acquainted, and for whom I entertain the warmest sympathy and highest regard.

I like radical men and women who, by the electric shocks of their utterances, stir and quicken the stagnant pulses of the world. Such a man is the author of the "Bible Analyzed." His logic, like that of Thomas Paine, is a dead shot. His sarcasm, like that of Voltaire, cuts to the bone, and yet, withal, there is a golden thread of humor running throughout the work which renders it, as a whole, highly entertaining, as well as instructiv to all in search of truth about the Bible.

Truth is the right relation of things, and I am quite sure that friend Kelso has excelled in this regard in his most critical analysis of this so-called divine book.

The "Bible Analyzed" is a book of eight hundred pages, clear paper, large type, and nicely bound—a very God-send to those whose eyesight is impaired by age.

There is in this book no empty display of far-fetched learning to bewilder the average reader; it is clear and truthful in statement, definit and conclusiv in logic, and bears upon every page the fragrance of ripe thought, intensified and illuminated by nativ wit and clear common sense.

Our friend Kelso is not a smooth-haired, weak-hearted, sickly writer, daubing with untempered mortar, straining his mental machinery in the endeavor to see how near to the mark he can come without hitting it, but he hits it every time, and hits hard, and yet his work is remarkably free from prejudice, ambiguity, and bitterness; and, like Paine, D'Holbach, and Ingersoll, leaves in the mind of the reader a sense of satisfaction free from all doubt.

I can only hope that Brother Kelso's "Bible Analyzed" may find its way into the homes and hands of Liberals everywhere, for it is indeed an eye-opener, containing food for the hungry, and light for the blind, and a thousand clubs with which to break the heads and hearts of sacred lies and time-honored superstitions, and like the lucid, radical works of D. M. Bennett and Wm. Denton, will liv and be cherished long after its brave and noble author has passed to a higher life.

DR. J. L. YORK.

Stray Scraps.

"The novels of Miss Evans, Mrs. Southworth, and Mrs. Holmes hav been banished from the Cleveland public library as being too trashy." There is room in that Library for Solomons Songs!

"An Ohio farmer went bustling into Widow Jenkin's house the other day, and without even saying good-morning, blurted out: 'I am a man of business. I am worth $10,000, and want you for a wife. I will giv you three minutes in which to answer.' 'I don't want ten seconds, old man!' she replied as she shook out the dish cloth. 'I am a woman of business, worth 46,000, and I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man on earth! I'll giv you a minute and a half to go.'" Good; but what a catamaran!

"Professor Christlieb, of Bonn, Germany, read a paper before the recent meeting of the Evangelical Alliance at Copenhagen which contained some very startling statements. According to the statistics of the last twenty years, he said, there has been a large falling off in attendance upon religious services throughout Europe. Paris has more Atheists to-day than ever before existed in any great city. In no Christian country, however, were things so bad as in Germany. In many districts of Berlin there was only one church to every 50,000 of the population. In New York there were 200 places of public worship; in Berlin, only 50. Besides this, out of the whole population of Berlin, namely one million, only 20,000, or 2 per cent, attend divine service. Hamburg was even worse, for out of a population of 400,000, public worship on Sundays was attended only by 5,000. The ordinary religious teaching of the country is quite dead, and Christianity resolved into mere education. Skeptical works are popular with the working classes, and in the middle and upper classes hundreds are led away by the influence of scientific discovery and invention. Dr. Christlieb further stated that there were 40,000 out of a population of 250,000 in the city of Edinburgh who did not go to any place of worship, 200,000 in Glasgow out of a population of 700,000, and nearly a million and a quarter in London out of a population of 4,000,000." Commenting on this the New York *Independent* says: "We do not propose to deny the truth of these statements. There is, unfortunately, too good reason to believe that they are, in the main, true." Brother and sister Liberals, is not this encouraging? ELLA E. GIBSON.

Barre, Mass.

Idaho Pete.

"What yer doin' out in this country—prospectin'?" inquired Idaho Pete of a tall, saintly-looking book agent.

"Oh, no, sir; I am selling the 'Life of Christ.'"

"Life o' who?"

"Of Christ, my deah fellah."

"Yes, I've hearn the fellers up on the range speak o' him quite of'en when the cattle's givin' 'em considerable trouble. What country d' he drive in, anyhow?"

"Among the mountains and over the plains of the far East. The record of his noble deeds has been handed down from generation to generation."

"'S that so? Who'd he wurk fur? D'ye know the name ov anybody he wurked fur?"

"He worked for everybody. He was truly a great man."

"Waal, I should shout. He must a been a rustler. Must 'a understood the business purty well after wurkin' fur everybody. How long ergo was he on the turf, pardner?"

"More than eighteen hundred years ago."

"Look, here, stranger, yer ain't givin' me any stuff, be yer?"

"I know not your meaning, sir, but it is true that the man in question lived eighteen hundred years ago."

"Is this ther first book that's ever been writ about 'im?"

"No, sir, but this givs the most comprehensiv review of his life, work, and death."

"He died, did he?"

"Certainly, sir, a most terrible death."

"Did he go under with his boots on?"

"Nay, sir, naked."

"Waal, that's the durndest trick I even hearn tell on. I've seen a great many cowboys sent over ther divide, but I never seen any on 'em hav ther toggery stripped off fust. Did he leave enny children?"

"He was never joined in the sacred bonds of wedlock, but he left children who hav preserved and perpetuated his memory till the present day."

"That's a little tough, stranger. I'd 'a thought considerable more of him ef he'd waited till he'd got married before he'd had so many kids. I suppose that's what got him inter trouble, wasn't it?"

"No, sir, there were those who were jealous of him; envious of the work he did, and of his great power."

"Strong feller, hey?"

"He was mighty."

"Carson Sam, out on the Sweet Water range, is the strongest man nowadays that I knows ov. How much cud this ar feller lift?"

"His strength had no limit, sir. He could raise mountains."

"Buckin' steers, but he was a dandy! That's a good deal more'n Sam can lift. I shud think he'd been a bad 'un ter run up against."

"He was a terror to his enemies."

"Yass; how cum um ter get erway with him?"

"He gave himself up; surrendered, sir."

"What'd ther critter do that fur?"

"To save his fellow-man. He died that you and I might liv."

"Died fur me?"

"Yes, you."

"Crawlin' snakes! I didn't hear 'bout this afore. How'd he die? Did they shoot him?"

"No, hung him to a tree."

"Hung him!"

"Yes, and nailed his hands and feet to the tree and make wounds in his side, letting out his life's blood."

"Stampede my cows, stranger, ef I don't wish I'd been thar; I'd a plugged the whole pesky crowd so full o' lead they'd a sunk in ther perarie. I don't want no feller ter die fur me. Say, stranger, I can't read, but I'll take er couple dozen o' them er books ter help his family out, an' you just tell 'em that Idaho Pete'll creep er thousand miles ter help 'em out ef they ever git inter a tight fix. I wish I'd er knowd about this er feller before. I might er dun sumpthin' fur his folks.—*St. Paul's Herald.*

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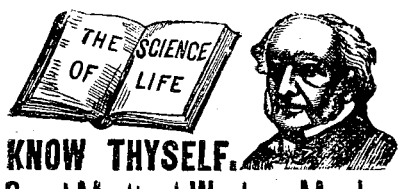
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Gems of Thought.

IT is written, How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of truth and of peace and bring glad tidings of good things to those who hav been sitting in darkness, and upon whom the sun of truth has not thrown its brilliaut rays. All day long will I stretch forth my hands and raise my voice unto the sons and daughters of men, and seek to deliver unto them the gospel of truth which we hav found, and to tell them of the liberty and peace which dwell in the truth as it is in nature.—*D. M. Bennett.*

A PROFOUND change has taken place in the world of thought. The pews are trying to set themselvs somewhat above the pulpit. The layman discusses theology with the minister, and smiles. Christians excuse themselvs for belonging to the church, by denying a part of the creed. The idea is abroad that they who know the most of nature believe the least about theology. The sciences are regarded as Infidels, and facts as scoffers. Thousands of most excellent people avoid churches, and, with few exceptions, only those attend prayer-meetings who wish to be alone. The pulpit is losing because the people are growing.—*R. G. Ingersoll.*

YOU are familiar with a book of considerable value, Dr. Smith's Dictionary of the Bible. I happen to know the influences under which that dictionary was framed. The idea of the publisher and of the editor was to giv as much scholarship, and such results of modern criticism, as should be compatible with a very judicious conservatism. There was to be no objection to geology, but the universality of the deluge was to be strictly maintained. The editor committed the article, "Deluge," to a man of very considerable ability; but when the article came to him, he found that it was so excessivly heretical that he could not venture to put it in. There was not time for a second article under that head; and if you look at that Dictionary, you will find under the word "Deluge," a reference to "Flood." Before "Flood" came, a second article had been commissioned from a source that was believed to be safely conservativ; but when the article came in, it was found to be worse than the first. A third article was then commissioned and care was taken to secure its "safety." If you look for the word "Flood" in the dictionary, you will find a reference to "Noah." Under that name you will find an article written by a distinguished Professor of Cambridge, of which I remember that Bishop Coleman said to me at the time, "In a very guarded way, the writer concedes the whole thing." You will see by this under what trammels scientific thought has labored in this department of inquiry.—*W. B. Carpenter (Christian Register).*

NOT PAUL BUT JESUS.—I recognize more and more—what I believe will be generally admitted no *x*—that the articles of faith, the sententious dogmas, "the scheme of salvation," which hav usurped the name of Christianity, originated almost wholly with Paul; and that not only did they not form the substance of the teaching of Jesus, but that they are not to be found in, nor can obtain anything beyond, the most casual, apparent, and questionable countenance from his genuin and authentic words. And, finally, I remember and wish to recall to the reflection of my readers, that this Paul, who transformed the pure, grand religion of his crucified master, was distinguished by a character of intellect, sable, metaphysical, and cultured, and, therefore, singularly discrepant from that of Jesus; that, moreover, he never knew Jesus upon earth, had never come under his influence, or been sobered by his saintly spirit and his clear, practical conceptions; had never seen him in the flesh, nor heard his voice save in trance, in noon-day visions, and ecstatic desert communings.—*Grey's Creed of Christendom.*

WHOEVER has read the daily newspapers for the last fifteen years or so, knows that nearly all the murderers that hav been executed in this country hav been avowed believers in the Christian religion and died expecting pardon through the great bankrupt salvation scheme called "the Atonement." The letters and papers left by them, as well as their dying words, show that they lived, not with the Materialistic belief that cause and effect are invariably linked together and that it is impossible to escape the consequences of our acts, but under the influence of the demoralizing doctrin that the effects of a life of immorality and crime can be washed away by the blood of a crucified savior, and that, while a Humboldt, an Emerson, a Theodore Parker, a George Eliot, a Harriet Martineau, are likely to be "damned" for their unbelief, the red-handed murderer, if he "makes his peace with God," is sure to hav a crown of glory and to be forever with the Lord. —*Underwood's Materialism and Crime.*

SOME men giv more clear light and knowledge by bare, distinct stating of a question, than others by talking of it in gross whole hours together.—*John Locke.*

THE Brahmans assert that the world arose from an infinit spider, who spun this whole complicated mass from his bowels, and annihilates afterward the whole, or any part of it, by absorbing it again and resolving it into his own essence. Here is a species of cosmogony which appears to us ridiculous; because a spider is a little contemptible animal, whose operations we are never likely to take for a model of the whole universe. But still here is a new species of analogy, even in our globe. And were there a planet wholly inhabited by spiders (which is very possible), this inference would there appear as natural and irrefragable as that which, in our planet, ascribes the origin of all things to designed intelligence. Why an orderly system may not be spun from the belly as well as from the brain, it will be difficult to giv a satisfactory reason.—*Hume's Dialogs Concerning Natural Religion.*

THIS being my task till the end of the year, why should I curiously inquire what is to become of me next? "There is aye life for a living body," as my mother's proverb has it; also, as she reminded me, "if thou tine [lose] heart, thou tines a'."—*Carlyle.*

Odds and Ends.

A LITTLE girl, who, with her parents had succeeded in reaching home just before the rain came down said; "Well, we beat the Lord this time, didn't we, ma?"

AT a catechetical examination in Scotland a little girl was asked: "Why did the Israelites make a golden calf?" She answered: "They hadna as muckle siller as wad make a coo."

A BRIGHT little miss of three summers was seated beside of her father at the dinner table. She was full of mischief, and her father finally said to her: "Dotty, if you don't behave better I shall hav to spank you." The little one remained in deep thought for a few moments and then answered, with a saucy twinkle in her eyes: "Oo, tant, pa; I's sittin' on it."

THERE was a donation party at Parson Bledsoe's house last Thursday evening. About ten o'clock Colonel Bumgardner met Elder Britt coming from the rear of the house, and said: "Why, Elder, where hav you been to?" "Oh, just taking a little siesta on the back porch." "Great gosh, show me how to get one, will you? I'm as dry as hot ashes!" The elder stood dumbfounded and Bum still believes the old Christian was too selfish to let him into the soft snap.

WHEN a man milks a cow, he should not attempt to smoke a cigar at the same time. A young man out in the country tried it, and got along well enough until he lowered his head and touched the cow's flank with the lighted end of his weed. The next moment himself and the cigar were dreadfully "put out." The cow introduced about two tons weight into one of her hind legs, and then passed it under the milker's jaw. When he ceased whirling around, and the myriads of stars he saw had disappeared, he said farming was the hardest work a man could put his hand to.

SCENE.—The next room. Door shut. Nothing visible except an audible voice the other side of the door. Enter audible voice, audibly speaking orally, in vocal accents:

"Hah!"
"There, now!"
"Hol' up!"
"Hole *dup!*"
"Hole dup your *red!*"
"*Can't!* you hold your head dup!"
"Put tin!"
"Puttit tin!"
"Put tin your foot!"
"Turn around!"
"Turn a *round!*"
"Oh, goodness gracious! Don't you know how to turn around?"
"Hold your head still!"
"Don't do that!"
"T other arm!"
"The *other* arm!"
"Oh, great land, go to your mother!"

It is a man dressing his infant son in the morning. —*Brooklyn Eagle.*

THE SUMMER GIRL.

There are damsels pretty and damsels plain,
There are countless vanities under the sun;
There's the girl who flirts on the railroad train,
And the female who giggles just for fun—
And she who at spiders and mice will run—
There are maidens of lofty and low degree,
But I turn aside from them all but one—
For the summer girl is the girl for me.

There are maidens somber of massiv brain
Who would faint if one dared to make a pun;
There are lasses modest and sirens vain,
And chattering dames who are worse than a dun.
There's the girl with a voice like a signal gun,
And who thanks the Lord that she yet is free;
But rather than these mai ds giv me none—
For the summer girl is the girl for me.

There's a miss who comes of a royal strain,
And sighs to conquer Sir Bobby's son;
And she who shows a poetic vein,
And vainly waits to be wooed and won;
And last of all, there's the silent nun.
But with none of them can I well agree;
In fact, these damsels do I shun—
For the summer girl is the girl for me.

L'ENVOI.

Prince, 'though perchance no good I've done,
At least accept my advice and be
Peaceful and happy—in love with none—
For the summer girl is the girl for me.
—*Yale Courant.*

A BAD SPELL.

You hav heard of the City of Sioux—
The loveliest ever you knioux—
And the following tale,
I am sure cannot fail
To be read with emotion by yioux.

To this bustling city of Sioux,
Came a scion of Albion trioux;
When the name was pronounced
In his hearing he flounced,
And at once in a passion he flioux.

"Now tell me, O people of Sioux,"
He shouted, "What can a man dioux?
As 'tis spelled, so we say it,
And that is the way it

Should be!" And he blustered and blioux.
And all through the City of Sioux,
That man raised a hullaballioux.
With madness enraged,
Like tiger uncaged,
And fell upon gentile and Jioux.

As over the City of Sioux
He rushed, still the madder he grioux,
Till he fell in a fit,
And his soul promptly it
Left his body—sans further adioux.

Then the coroner's jury of Sioux
Their verdict most solemnly drioux,
"By disease of the heart
Victim's life did depart,"
You hav heard the sad tale; I am thrioux.

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THE TRUTH SEEKER

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Notes and Clippings.

THE telephone has been introduced in New Zealand, Van Diemen's Land, Borneo, and Formosa. In Borneo the nativs call it the "hell talker."

ITALY has to keep 5,363 persons under sentence of penal servitude for life. Prison expenses are $2,000,000 a year more than those for education.

A FUND has been raised in England to assist any destitute families that hav been teetotalers for three years. Very few applications hav thus far been reported.

A BUCKEYE school teacher whipped one of his scholars severely, because the youngster said Chicago was in Ohio. The teacher said he did not feel so bad about the scholar's ignorance as he did about the libel in the statement.

THE mortality of the globe as given by a Continental journal which has made the computation is as follows: Per minute, 67; per diem, 97,790; and per annum, 35,639,835; whereas the births are 36,792,000 per annum, 100,000 per diem, and 70 per minute.

WHAT is the good of this Prohibition business, anyway? says *Texas Siftings*. Prof. Proctor says there will be no water on the face of this planet in fifteen million years, so that the Prohibitionists would hav to giv up their principles just about the time they were approaching success.

THE bigots of New Orleans are already moving to close the doors on Sunday of the Exhibition held there. As the people of the city hav won the right to hav the theaters open on Sunday nights it is not probable they will tolerate this puritanical interference with their instructiv pleasures.

PUBLIC opinion is rapidly coming round in support of cremation, says the *British Medical Journal*, and broad, religious sentiment is pronouncing in its favor. Among its supporters may be counted the Earl of Shaftesbury and more than one of the bishops. The London Sewer Commissioners advocate the practice.

LORD BRAMWELL heard a case recently in which the services of a heraldic expert were considered necessary and had been secured. In summing up, the judge referred to the herald as that "silly old man who did not understand his silly old trade." Some other wise man has defined heraldry as the "science of fools with long memories."

THE Duke of Hamilton's library sale is declared to be the greatest book sale on record. It continued over about forty days, and realized a total of $850,000. The Sunderland collection brought only a little more than one-fourth as much, and the Gosford only $45,000. The American demand for rare books in London is constantly increasing.

THE new minister was requested by one of the deacons to preach a sermon explaining certain needs of the church, and to ask for generous contributions. "Certainly," he said. "Will a week from Sunday do?" "Yes," said the deacon. "Very well; I will make an announcement to that effect at the close of the morning service next Sunday." "Oh, don't do that," protested the deacon. "Why not?" "Well, you don't know this congregation as well as I do; and if you should make such an announcement I'm afraid there might not be much of a turnout. We'll just spring it on them."

THE Rev. J. H. Hopkins, S. T. D., of Williamsport, Pa., and Mgr. Capel are engaged in a controversy on the question raised by the latter, "Whence Does the Protestant Episcopal Church Derive Its Authority?" Dr. Hopkins has published a pamphlet replying to the question. The monsignor now claims that in this reply his own utterances hav been falsified, and demands the suppression of the publication for this reason. The learned doctor denies having misrepresented Mgr. Capel, and refuses to stop the sale of his pamphlet. It is probable that the controversy will be kept up by the publication of a pamphlet by the distinguished emissary from the Vatican.

HEREAFTER Chili will aid Protestant as well as Catholic churches, the Chamber of Deputies having approved by a vote of 45 to 30 the measure for freedom of worship. But though the government has given the people freedom to worship it has not guaranteed their equally inalienable right not to worship. Chili would be a cold place for an outspoken Freethinker.

THE Presbyterians and the Prohibitionists, says the *Winsted Press*, are birds of a feather. All Prohibitionists are not blue skins, but so far as we know all blue skins are Prohibitionists. The Ohio synod of the Presbyterian church has just adopted the report of the standing committee on observance of the "Sabbath" and temperance, in which the following resolution occurs: "That the increased desecration of the Sabbath calls for prayer and for united and vigorous effort on the part of all good and law-abiding citizens to secure a faithful observance of that sacred day, the great end to be attained being the sacredness of the Sabbath and the entire prohibition of intoxicating liquors as beverages."

THE Kansas Supreme Court has just decided that a husband is not liable for slanderous words spoken by his wife when he is not present. By the common law the husband would be liable. The reason given for this is that by the old common law husband and wife were one in law, and the husband was that one. He controled her property, was entitled to her earnings, and even had the legal "right of restraining her by domestic chastisment." In short, the wife was the husband's slave. As he was allowed to administer "moderate correction," so he was deemed accountable for her misbehavior and held liable for her torts. The barbarity of the common law has been removed by legislation. In many states a married woman is empowered by statute to acquire and convey property, make contracts, transact business, keep her earnings, sue and be sued. She is no longer a legal nonentity. The right of the husband to administer "domestic chastisment" is no more recognized or tolerated by law than by civilized public sentiment. The reason for the common law rule making the husband liable for personal wrongs done by the wife has disappeared, and with it has gone the rule itself. "The wife," says the Kansas Supreme Court, "stands upon an equality in this state in all respects with the husband. She is alone responsible for her contracts, and should be alone responsible for her acts. Her brain and hands and tongue are her own, and she should alone be responsible for slanders uttered by herself."

WRITING to his humorous paper, *Texas Siftings*, Alex. Sweet devotes a paragraph to the Catholic church and politics. "Theoretically," he says, "the church never meddles with politics; practically, it has done nothing else except meddle with politics ever since it was a church, and very frequently the church has been on the right side, as, for instance, when the English bishops took sides against King John in the Magna Charta business. As a general thing the church does not openly espouse the cause of either candidate, but helps David Davis to keep the fence down. It is with the influence of the church as it is with the buggy rides of a certain gay and festiv drummer. He had charged buggy-rides in his expense account. The boss kicked vociferously. The drummer's name was not vociferously, however. The boss said he hired the drummer to sell goods, not to take buggy-rides. He told the drummer, moreover, that in his next expense account there had to be a total absence of buggy-rides. The drummer gracefully yielded the point, winking at the boss as he did so. When he sent in his next expense account the boss looked all over it, and said with a beaming smile: 'That expense account is all O. K. I don't see any buggy rides in it. That's the kind of an expense account the country needs.' The drummer laughed like a maniac, and said to the boss, 'You don't see any buggy-rides in that expense account, but they are there all the same, old man.' Just so it is with the influence of the Catholic church in politics. Uncle Sam don't see any politics in the account, but they are there all the same.'

ANECDOTES of the Rev. Dr. Isaac Watts, the hymn-writer, were related by Dr. King to the Eighteenth Street Methodist church of this city last Sunday. "Watts fell in love," said Dr. King, "and proposed marriage to a young woman. She replied that she loved the jewel but could not admire the casket. He secluded himself and wrote the following lines:

"'How vain are all things here below,
How false, and yet how fair;
Each pleasure hath its poison, too,
And every sweet a snare.'

Driven back by his disappointment in love to his contemplations of heaven, Watts next wrote the hymn beginning with the lines:

"'There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign.'

Much of the merit of the hymns Watts wrote was due to John Wesley's corrections. The hymn beginning with the words, 'Before Jehovah's awful throne' was weak before Wesley amended it." Watts was scarcely five feet tall, and died a bachelor.

W. A. CROFFUT, in the *World*, indulges in some reminiscences in which our League ex-secretary figures along with Daniel Webster. Mr. Croffut's first meeting with Webster was in this way: "Some years since I was sitting in an office on the third floor of a brick building, a little, but not very much, below the center of this city, where the Western Union building now stands. I was studying the cranes and pot-hooks of phonography. It was the editorial room of C. Edwards Lester, publisher of the Northern pro-slavery paper, the *Herald of the Union*, but it was early morning, and Mr. Lester was not yet there. Presently I heard a heavy and uncertain step on the stairs, and a portly man came in, breathing hard, and sank into a chair. He wore a blue broadcloth coat with flat, shiny brass buttons in double rows, and a buff vest, and his face looked seamed and sallow. "Is Mr. Lester not here yet, my boy?" he slowly asked in a double-bass growl like that of "Secretary" Gillette when he says, "Do you know?" and I remember that his eyes were deeply sunken and haggard. I told him that Mr. Lester never came so early. He said he had stepped over from the Astor House, hoping to find him, and added: "Tell him Mr. Webster called;" and then he crept down the stairs which he had climbed so painfully. I sat bewildered with joy. I had seen Daniel Webster and had spoken to him—the eloquent hero of whose praises the country was full. For an hour I sat scribbling the name "Daniel Webster" in all the combinations of which phonography was capable. Two or three days later, Mr. Lester sent his secretary—who was also my teacher—T. C. Leland, over to the Astor House to interview the great expounder; and it must hav been one of the first of American interviews. There were probably not a dozen phonographic reporters in the country then. Now there are many thousands. Mr. Lester is still in the city; I met him yesterday in the crowd in front of the *World* building. He is robust and hearty—one of the most venerable of our litterateurs. Leland has long since ceased to report speeches, and is now making phonographers. I called on him Friday after one of his classes. He is growing gray, but is as activ and enthusiastic as ever. I asked him what he got out of Webster that morning so many years ago. "I called to interview him about the Omnibus bill, a chief feature of which was the Fugitiv Slave law," said Mr. Leland. "He walked up and down his room with his hands behind him, wearing the traditional blue coat, discussing the situation conversationally. I got the gist of it and left. I afterwards reported his great speech on the Goodyear-Day India rubber case at Trenton. What he said had weight, but it all appeared to hav been studied and arranged. There was little spontaneity. Webster was no such natural orator as Clay was, or Tom Marshall, or T. S. Prentiss. He spoke very slowly, and I could report him verbatim, and at the same time think about other things, look around the room, recognize and speak to friends, etc. The first reporting I ever did was at Cobourg, Canada, at an agricultural dinner. I got $2 for it; wouldn't think of doing it now for less than $50. I learned phonography of A. F. Boyle."

News of the Week.

THE New York *Sun* reports Butler as "gone but not forgotten."

THERE is indications that the cholera epidemic in Paris is abating.

THE continuous drouth in Virginia is so severe that farmers are unable to plow their lands.

JAMES O'ROURKE, of the New York baseball club, will receive $6,000 for his services next season.

No less than 650,000 votes were cast for Socialist candidates in the recent German election.

THERE is a rumor that the President-elect Cleveland is to be married. It has yet to be confirmed.

A PARTY of brigands in Greece recently murdered two Frenchman, employed by a mining company, and robbed them of $20,000.

THE official returns show that Cleveland is elected. Mr. Cleveland received the intelligence with the remark, "It's just my luck."

CANADA is about to complete an International Park by appropriating territory at Niagara Falls between Suspension Bridge and Street's Island.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY, a member of the British House of Commons, predicts that within five years Ireland will hav home rule and a parliament of her own.

THE New York *News* intimates that the Prohibition candidate for the presidency, John P. St. John, could hav been bought up and sent out of the field altogether for $10,000.

WHILE the "All-seeing" eye was watching sparrows and counting hairs last Sunday, the Rev. George Sayers, an Episcopal minister 60 years old, of Jamaica, L. I., was run over by a wagon, and one of his legs was broken.

THE Singer Sewing Machine Company last Saturday discharged 600 of their employees at Elizabethport, N. J., and announced that 500 more would follow this week. The reason given is that Southern, Western, and European orders are slack.

THE decision in regard to the Rev. Dr. Newman, whose congregation deny that he is pastor of the Madison Avenue church, is reserved by the judge before whom the case was brought. Meanwhile the church is in a fair way to be bankrupted by debt.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL O'BRIEN, of this state, has rendered an opinion that when accumulated interest and principal exceed the sum of $3,000, it is within the scope of the statute prohibiting more than that sum to be received by any bank from a single depositor.

LAST Sunday the miners of Coal Island, Ireland, attacked the Protestant church at that place, and drove the inmates out, assaulted with clubs and stones every Protestant they could find, and held possession of the village for two hours. The miners are not very good Catholics, but they seem to know how to put the fundamental precepts of Catholicism into practice.

MR. BLAINE attributes his defeat to the Prohibitionists, the Independents, and the intemperate remarks of the Rev. Mr. Burchard about "rum, Romanism, and rebellion." Mr. Blaine has resumed work on his forthcoming book, "Twenty Years in Congress." The Louisville *Courier-Journal* says it is understood that Cleveland will make Mr. Burchard chaplain of the Tallapoosa.

NOT more than one hundred persons listened last Sunday morning to the clergyman who knocked out Blaine in the late canvass with his alliterativ, "rum, Romanism, and rebellion." Dr. Burchard took for his text the performance of Shammah, the son of Agee, the Hararite who, when the Philistines invaded his lentil patch, defended it, and managed, single handed, to knock spots out of the whole army. Unless it was in the text, there was no other reference to Dr. Burchard's feat except when he intimated that he had been slandered and misrepresented in the newspapers in a way to try a saint's patience.

Communications.

The Supreme Being.

The Supreme Being! The supremest of subjects this, on which all other issues hinge, whether of thought or of life!

Impressed with the solemnity of the theme, I would endeavor—hoping not to dogmatize—to state concisely the *conclusions* to which, under the light of liberty, science, and humanity, large bands of thinkers have already come, and toward which very many others are rapidly advancing. Doubtless some of my utterances may sound severe, but they are only spoken because I feel that now, as nearly nineteen centuries ago, an age has dawned upon us whose new wine can no longer be held in the old bottles; an age wherein again kindness itself demands that the ax should be laid at the root of the tree.

No lesson of history seems plainer than this, that even as individuals die, so states perish and religions wane; and, as far as I can read aright the signs of the times, "*biblical revision*" and "*theological readjustment*" can only be construed as the harbingers of a *scientific reconstruction*, and of the replacement of the Kingdom of God by the Republic of Man.

This, then, according to the best of my observation, and as nearly as I can state it in a few words, is the general position taken by the brotherhood of the philosophy of science, to wit, that hitherto the ecclesiastical God, conceived of as a *person*, has been presented and upheld as the paramount sovereign of the past, but that his image has become an obstruction in the path of progress, and must ere long be displaced; and that instead thereof, Man—Humanity—is to be the sole director of this planet in the future.

A few considerations touching these two propositions will constitute the scope of my argument.

But let me temper the somewhat apparent harshness of my attitude. The grand charity that comes of the spirit of historical growth enables all evolutionists to soften their abrupt and seemingly censorious averments by the concession that as the child believes in fairies and in Santa Claus, so, during the childhood and even youthhood of the race, some faith in a God or gods has doubtless been essential; but experience has also shown that better has it always been for man as he has freed himself from superstition's leading-strings, and best must it therefore be when the anthropomorphic God, the last of the idols, has crumbled from his pedestal.

Let us first confine our attention to the negative side of our thesis, that is, to the going of the old conception of God. That the intellectual and moral chemistry of the nineteenth century is rapidly effecting the disintegration of that deity seems inevitable from the following among other reasons:

1. That, in the light of what is called *natural* theology, even casuistry is tiring of its vain attempt to place an all-good, all-wise, and all-powerful creator back of a suffering and sorrowing world; and that in the light of what is called *revealed* theology, the scriptural portraiture of God has become a libel upon reason and a blasphemy against morality. I say a libel and a blashemy in that this divine revelation, so-called, depicts a deity who attempted to form in Eden a perfect first-parent, but who performed his experiment so clumsily, and made his man so weak as to fall at the first temptation; that for such peccadillo this incompetent, vindictive, and insatiate Lord, intent upon a never-ending death-feast, condemned not only the erring Adam, but along with him consigned the innocent unborn of the entire human family to unspeakable tortures forevermore; and that—piling horror upon horrors—out of the myriads this heavenly executioner thus had doomed, a few only, capriciously elected by himself, might be redeemed through the ghastly immolation of his only son. If such a monster could be fancied as existing on the earth, no agonies born of the brain and inflicted by the hand of cruelty itself would be regarded as atonement sufficient for his crimes. Well may men begin to raise the question why, with such a God, a devil could be necessary.

2. That the ecclesiastical God, as the theologians themselves are obliged to affirm, to be God at all, must be infinite, absolute, irrelative, unconditioned and first cause. But reason with its trenchant tone is asserting with unmistaken emphasis that man, who is finite, cannot apprehend the infinite; that man, who is dependent, cannot seize upon the independent or absolute; that man, who is relative, cannot grasp the irrelative; that man, who is conditioned, cannot clutch the unconditioned, and that a self-existent, uncaused first cause is simply unthinkable. Such, on its merely negative or destructive side, is the position of the Agnostic, and in that beautiful poem, "The Light of Asia," it is admirably put thuswise by Edwin Arnold into the mouth of that father of Agnostics, Buddha himself:

> "OM, Amitaya, measure not with words
> The Immeasurable: nor sink the string of thought
> Into the Fathomless. Who asks doth err,
> Who answers, errs. Say nought!"

3. That the belief in a divine architect of the universe was indissolubly connected with the old cosmogony founded upon Genesis, which predicated a flat earth as the habitation for man, with a hell below it as the abode of Satan and his victims, and a heaven above it as the mansion of God and the blest, while the sun, moon, and stars were trundled aloft as lamps to light the darkness. But the displacement of this narrow astronomical conception by that of the rotundity of the earth and its revolution through the fields of space, has widened heaven into immensity, has sunk hell below the bottomless, and doomed the olden God—if still he can be fancied to exist—to a homeless wandering amid the piercing chill of the immeasurable vast.

4. That as the *generality* of a belief in the flat earth just described proved only to be a generality of error, so the universality of a belief in a god or gods turns out to be simply a universality of mistake. In other words, we have pushed behind the bravery and blazonry of ecclesiastical stage effect, and have laid our hands upon the ropes and pulleys that have moved the human mind to entertain its theologic fallacies. We have practically penetrated back to the origin, and traced down from thence the evolution of the god-idea. We find it came about as the crude effort of the savage intellect to frame some theory of the world and find some hope to rest upon. In his barbarous ignorance—phenomena to him being then inexplicable through their *laws*—he sought an explanation of them as under the ordering and control of exterior *wills*, these wills again being embodied in ghosts or spirits. Want of space prevents the citation of the proofs of these statements, but the doubting reader is referred to the writings of Spencer, Comte, Tyler, Lubbock, and others, wherein it will be found that this conclusion is based on the most extensive inductions derived from anthropological research into the past and present low conditions of religious culture. It is then but a truism to say that these wills, ghosts, or spirits which I have thus alluded to, being originally multitudinous, were idols in their first estate; that, under higher civilization, becoming condensed into the fewer polytheistic divinities, they remained idols still; and that finally having been focussed into the monotheistic deity of Judaism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism, an idol just the same such deity must be.

5. That the reign of God has been a reign of misery. The pathway of his march is strewn with pestilence and famine, and is gory with the blood of war. *Ex necessitate*, the very logic of theology is carnage, meaning, as it does, an infallible revelation, and that the honor of the infallible revelator must be maintained at every hazard, even, if need be, at the point of the sword, as when Europe and Asia, each in defense of its one true god, fought out their tilt through many a red crusade.

6. That, taking history in its widest aspect, the rule of God has been co-incident with subjection in government and serfdom in industry. And this, too, is of its inmost logic, for God-rule is the very antithet of self-rule or republicanism. It is the ruling from the top down instead of from the bottom up. The supremacy of God in the heavens means the tyranny by divine investiture (of the pope), priest and king on earth as his vicegerents dominating over their spiritual and temporal subjects. It means by the same process the sanction given to the master to command the slave. In fact, the whole history of the theological *règime* is the record of the degradation of labor. Modern slavery itself rests upon and is authorized by the Bible. For these reasons it is, among many others, that our pulsing age is treading its triumphant onward way to the music of the funeral march of that great fetich of the mind, that Supreme Being of the past, called a personal God.

Perhaps the artist soon will rise whose glory it will be to paint the two sublimest pictures of all time, the one the banishment of the man-begotten God, the other the advent of Humanity. I have touched upon the subject of the first. I now would shadow forth an outline of the second. And pleasanter my task becomes as I turn from black negation to hope-born affirmation, from iconoclasm to construction. But before entering directly upon this portion of my argument I would preface it with a short parenthesis.

Each man's universe, be he sage or savage, is for him the universe that he believes in, and such universe becomes known to him, and only can be known to him, through his own sensation, intellection, and experience, be that experience conscious or unconscious, individual or inherited. But "growing thought makes growing revelation," and so it comes about that the record of race-growth, religious or otherwise, is the story of advance from the littleness of little worlds to the beckoning possibilities of larger and ever-enlarging worlds. And under the process of the unmaking of God in the form of a man (the deanthropomorphization of deity, as it is technically called), which has been working persistently on throughout the centuries, the final conclusion, outcome, and flower of theology seems to be this: that the personal anthropomorphic God of Christianity must fade away; merged into the infinite and impersonal all, within which as a plenum, a "*grand milieu*," floats our earth with Humanity upon it. That this transition, with all its enormous consequences, will be to many terror-stricken souls like the tearing asunder of heart and body, cannot be gainsaid; but it is equally undeniable that Mankind, in his long-lived continuity, has passed through many transformations similarly radical, and that through them all, the race, *per aspera ad astra*, has emerged to take its stand upon a higher, holier, and grander plane. And we who have tasted of the ripened fruit of the tree of life as we find it growing upon the banks of our widened stream of time, would no more return to worship at the olden shrines than a freed prisoner, gladdened by the blue of heaven and the green of earth, would court again the damp and darkness of his dungeon.

Returning now from this preliminary digression, I come directly to the second part of my theme, the purpose of which is to attempt a brief description of this new faith of Science and Humanity, the revelation of the Supreme Being of the Future.

Perhaps I can best begin my sketch by narrating a memorable experience. Some three or four years since, it was my privilege, in company with a thronging congregation, to sit within the "fretted vault" of Westminster Abbey, whose hoary walls, bedecked with heroes' tombs, breathed awe and reverence. The service, mostly chanted, seemed like the strains of an angel choir. The priest, the late liberal and revered Dean Stanley, rose. It was Trinity Sunday, and the sermon was upon the topic of the day. But how altered and enlarged—I speak alone from memory—was the interpretation! The old narrow dogmas were used as symbols only. God the father, no longer belittled to the likeness of a man, was presented as the infinite itself, unknowable, unthinkable; felt, not apprehended; the not I; the fathomless, boundless ocean, whence flow the power and persistent energy which permeates and impels all things. God the son, the God manifest in the flesh, had grown from the Christ of Palestine into the Christ of history, into the Collective Man, Humanity, in whose providence we live and move and have our being, without whose care we could not live at all, whose daily death and resurrection is continually atoning for, by continually modifying, sin and evil. God the Holy Ghost was described as the individual conscience, the resultant of the action and reaction of men upon each other as social beings. And finally God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost were seen as the three in one and one in three, under the harmonizing unity of nature, wherein, through correlation, all things appear but as parts of one stupenduous whole, linking all variety into universal oneness.

If I have rightly reported the reverend thinker, he was not so far apart from Professor Huxley, where that *savan* says in one of his lay sermons, "If the religion of the present differs from that of the past, it is because the theology of the present has become more scientific than that of the past; because it has not only renounced idols of wood and idols of stone, but begins to see the necessity of breaking in pieces the idols built up of books and traditions and fine-spun ecclesiastical cobwebs; and of cherishing the most noble and human of man's emotions by worship, 'for the most part of the silent sort,' at the altar of the unknown and the unknowable."

In common with this his scientific brother, the eyes of the large-souled clergyman whom I have been recalling were not far from seeing the new salvation, for he had evidently rewritten the articles of his faith in that enduring book wherein all scriptures are seen but as chapters in the one Bible of Man, and in whose pages all saviors, saints, and heroes shine out as time's redeemers. By following the large method of the distinguished prelate, perhaps it will be found, after all, that it may not be so difficult to construct an easy bridgeway from theology to science. And so, in pursuance of this conciliative course, we find, upon a wide investigation—as far, at any rate, as my information leads me—that the fundamental basis of every great race religion has been two-fold: first, the conception of some moving cause, generally denominated God, and second, the incarnation of this God in an ideal man, who becomes the moral hero, the model and the savior of his race. This belief, I repeat, is the open gateway from the Religion of Theology to the Religion of Science. For if science casts its deadly dart at the *anthropomorphic* deity; if it mercilessly tells us that with the fall of the biblical cosmogony the mistaken salvation based upon it also falls, it still, with Goethe, chants its song of hope, by proclaiming that the heavens still arch above us, that the earth lies firm beneath our feet, that the eternal stars rise over us kindly glancing, while the All presses unto us in head and heart, weaving itself in eternal mystery, visibly, invisibly around us."

These suggestive sentences, borrowed from Faust, especially the last of them, serve as a hint to the scientific substitute for *deity*. But what has science to offer in lieu of the *incarnation?* I answer, Humanity. It is narrated in one of the Hindoo legends that Vishnu underwent nine fleshly metamorphoses, each higher and holier than the one previous, till finally came the Buddha, who, as the revelator of a

code of ethics pure and simple, bestowed the grandest dispensation of them all. So, in like manner—only enlarging the figure—I now make the claim that this human consciousness of ours, Liberalized and hallowed through the long travail and preparation of time; has finally brought us to the simple yet inspiring conception of our earth embosomed in the cosmos and inhabited by the only Supreme Being possible to us, the only incarnation, the Race, Humanity, to whom in its Continuity and Solidarity, that is, in its past, its present, and its future, all individuals are indissolubly united, and with whom their fates are irrevocably connected. *"Entre nous et le monde il faut l'Humanité,"* said Auguste Comte. Between us and the world there is—and there is need of—Humanity.

The question will at once be raised: Is Humanity a being at all? The query must be met. For a strictly scientific verification I would refer the reader to Herbert Spencer's "Synthetic Philosophy," "Principles of Sociology," page 467. The chapter is headed, "Is Society an Organism?" and the interrogatory is overwhelmingly answered in the affirmative by the showing of this learned philosopher that, like *individual* beings, the *social* being grows, develops in structure and function, exhibits dependence between the whole organism and its different parts, and manifests other distinct phenomena of *life*. But that society is an organism or being is, to my mind, at least sufficiently demonstrated by common speech, which unconsciously defines any civil association of human individuals as a "body politic," and which speaks as naturally of the *life* of a nation as of the life of a person. And by the extension of this instinctive conception, Humanity, in a larger and fuller sense, may be said to possess its own peculiar existence, an existence in which all other organisms, individual or social, are included, and by which they must be regulated. Carlyle, in his pointed way, touched on this close human interconnection, when he said that an Indian squaw could not quarrel with her mate on the shores of a lake in Maine, without producing a rise in the price of furs in London.

Taking for granted that, for my present purpose, the existence of Humanity as the highest science-born providence has been sufficiently proven, I proceed toward the completion of my argument. In describing God as the *supposed* Supreme Being I have necessarily alluded, directly or indirectly, to the creed, ethics, temporal government, to the industrial and spiritual life, resultant from Him as the primary ruler and law-giver. Let us now in a few succinct paragraphs try Humanity by the same tests.

1. As to creed. Humanity, through the special sciences, has bequeathed to us her discoveries in every realm. Astronomy is her messenger to report to us our position and relations in space. Physics and Chemistry are her teachers to instruct us concerning matter in its masses and molecules. Biology is her evangelist to proclaim the origin and development of vital being, and Sociology her apostle to unfold before our eyes the evolution of associative life from its lowest beginnings in the family and tribe to its highest social, political, and religious organizations. Thus, however much knowledge may, in the future, grow "from more to more," it will forever be but a filling in, for it can do nothing further than to make completer our present acquaintance with the material cosmos on the one side, and with the world of organic life on the other. And so the new faith comes to have its creed; a creed which is classified science, giving us our intellectual latitude and longitude as far as observations have been taken; a creed which, while as reliable as all discovered truth can make it, need never be feared as a shackle to bind the soul, since it is flexible, relative, and growthful, ever extending its welcome to the new which is continually being plucked from the yet unknown.

"You did not mention *God* in your astronomy," said Napoleon to Laplace. "Sire, I had no need to," was the astronomer's reply. And so, throughout all the realms of investigation, supernatural explanations, whether they concern dead matter, social life, or moral responsibility, vanish at the approach of a natural spelling out of cause and effect.

2. As to Ethics. Herbert Spencer, almost at the beginning of his most important work, "The Data of Ethics," uses these impressive words, "Now that moral injunctions are losing the authority given by their supposed sacred origin, the secularization of morals is becoming imperative." "Few things," he adds, "can happen more disastrous that the decay and death of a regulative system no longer fit before another and fitter regulative system has grown up to replace it." In spite of the beautiful Christ-spirit embodied in the gospels, the heaven-and-hell-doctrine, with its other-world selfishness, necessarily stained and bedraggled the Christian standard of morals. Delivered from Supernaturalism, Morality becomes simply the Science and art of right living. Its field is the individual in his relation to other individuals, to family, to town, to state, to nation, and to race. It is an adjustment of rights and duties. Each one has his rights limited by the like rights of everyone else. We must maintain our rights to make ourselevs complete, and thus useful, individuals. Rights are essential for the sake of duties; and this leads us to the thought of Auguste Comte, that the highest right of man is the right to do his duty.

But what a stupendous incitement to self-devotion does not the new faith present! The ineffable martyrdom of the past is behind us, weighting us with the sense of our vast obligation; the present is around us with our immeasurable dependence upon it; the future is before us with our responsibility to it. So immense is this motive that John Stuart Mill called the new evangel the Religion of Duty. Under it, self-interest and altruism become convertible terms, because in the unavoidable relation of each ego to his fellows, the highest, most enlightened, self-interest drives him to benevolence, nay, even to self-sacrifice. The vast misery seen everywhere must lead the noble to a vast compassion, and this, more than any abstract philosophizing, will show that each can only find his truest good in the good of all.

3. As to government, the new faith speaks with no uncertain voice in favor of republicanism, the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World. That most all-embracing of the Christian doctrines of the fraternity of mankind, in the fatherhood of God, will yield before the *demonstration* of the brotherhood of men in the motherhood of our common mother, Earth. The *war* inspiration of deity will yield place to the *peace* inspiration of Humanity.

4. As to Industry. Through ages of struggle the acquisition by the people of civil and religious liberty prophesies the near approach of their obtainment of *industrial* liberty, and the Social Democracy, or the Co-operative Commonwealth, is looming up as the ideal government throughout a world destined to become the United States of the Earth, and to guarantee to all labor, whether of brawn or brain, the fruits of labor's toil. Co-operative methods, both public and private, both state and individual, in agriculture, manufactures, and distribution—competitive methods becoming thus supplanted—are destined to bring about this consummation so devoutly to be wished.

And, finally, as to the spiritual life. It is here we find the last stronghold of theology. Can the new religion meet the needs and yearnings of the soul of man?

That the common conception of the human soul, originating, as it did, in the old dream and ghost theory of the universe, must be relegated to the limbo of mythology, seems incontrovertible to most of those who under science are searchers after proofs, but wider and wider grows to be the conviction that the spiritual life exists in the spirit of man himself.

> The soul a reflector is,
> Casting the image of heaven and earth;
> No more a specter is,
> But the perfecter is,
> Pointing the path unto worthiest worth.
>
> The soul is a trinity,
> Intellect, will, and emotion in one;
> This man's affinity
> Is to divinity,
> This is the sainthood by manhood outdone.

The Bible itself, in its highest, abounds in texts of like import. It says, "The kingdom of heaven is within you," and that "out of the heart are the issues of life." The most spiritual-minded saint whom the new dispensation has yet sent forth is Ralph Waldo Emerson. He, following right in the line of all human perfectibility, says that "the light by which we see in this world comes out from the soul of the observer;" and, furthermore, he affirms: "We know that all spiritual being is in man." It is for this very reason, for this supreme need of a truly spiritual life, that I believe in the dethronement of the man-made conception of God, and in the protectorate or providence of Humanity, since all spiritual energy spent on any idol, be it created by the hand or by the mind, is so much abstracted from ourselves and from our fellows. And therefore it is I have often said that I am not a Christian because I wish to be a religious man.

At one with the eternal flow of things, resigned in reverent awe before the unknowable finalities of destiny, self-reliant in our mastery over nature, self-restful in the dignity of our own individuality, consciously allied to the power in the race that makes for righteousness and knowledge, daily doing duty as duty comes, be it to handle a tiller or guide a state, triumphant in the hope of evolving womanhood and manhood, stimulated by the certainty that our spirit may march on to a glorious immortality of influence, we become "greater than kings, than gods more great," and attain unto the full measure of the stature of the spiritual man.

A poet, called by his brother Briton, Lord Coleridge, the greatest of living Englishmen, our country's late guest, Mr. Matthew Arnold, provides these words with which to draw my paper to a close:

> "Hath man no second life? *Pitch this one high!*
> Sits there no judge in heaven our sin to see?
> *More strictly, then, the inward judge obey!*
> Was Christ a man like us? *Ah, let us try*
> *If we, then, too, can be such men as he!*"

I conclude, then, by saying that no man can serve two masters. There cannot be two supreme beings. Which shall we obey, the anthropomorphic God, with ignorance, war, and slavery, or Humanity, with knowledge, peace, and freedom?

COURTLANDT PALMER.

United States Credit or Greenback Currency.

In the *Radical Review*, Mr. Albert Chavannes has objected to "free banking," under which head he confounds the disorderly speculations of divers corporations in the United States previous to Congressional intervention, with the People's Bank and Labor Exchange Bank, of which Proudhon and N. B. Greene hav treated. Again, Oct. 18th, he continues as follows: "Is it foreign to the subject of free banking to speculate on the freedom of the human will? Suppose the subject under discussion had been some form of conduct, the offshoot of authoritativ morality, instead of free banking, the offshoot of Anarchism, would it hav been foreign to the subject for me to hav shown to my opponent that authoritativ morality is based upon the infallibility of the Bible, and that before discussing the results he had better make sure of the solidity of his foundation?

"I know that most persons believe—Mr. Tucker certainly does—that if the people only 'willed' it they could establish Anarchy to-morrow, just as Christians believe that if the people only 'willed' it, they could all believe in Christ and be saved. But I believe no such thing. Men can no more believe in Anarchism at will than they can believe in Christ at will, and the realization of Anarchism at present is no more possible than the conversion of the world to Christianity. Now, if Anarchism is not possible because man cannot 'will' himself into the requisit knowledge and character, free banking, the child of Anarchism, is not possible either. So that to me, at least, the connection between free banking and free-will is clear, and one is as much a fallacy as the other."

Mr. Chavannes is perfectly well aware that the earnest soldiers of liberty to whom he refers are conscious of the difficulties and delays incident to a profound and radical change in public opinion on the subject of government, and the substitution of free contract for the ballot or majority representation. He knows that we anticipate no sudden revolutions and need no metaphysical commentaries on the human will. To turn the tables on him, we need only remark that who wills the end wills the means; that the financial policy he advocates depends on the consistent will of Congress; and that to show its feasibility involves the defense of Uncle Sam's moral character. Uncle Sam is not an individual but a collectiv power; to use more exact language, then, we will say, to vindicate the moral *tendencies* to honest and faithful administration of the public interests, since that crisis of 1862, when the banks, through the Senate, defeated Thaddeus Stevens's measure of United States treasury credits as currency receivable in payments of taxes, thus allowing the banks to depreciate the national credit notes in compulsory exchange for the specie of which they held the monopoly. I assume that the "greenback" currency advocated by Mr. Chavannes is identical with that of the government credit notes, since 1862, subordinated to the bank issues.

If we were doomed forever to the arbitrary sway of Congress and president, to fictitious majorities and a corrupt ballot, with caucus power behind the throne, a political lottery controled by millionaires, then state sovereignty, personal liberty, and the initiativ of local autonomies being all alike frustrated, the national credit currency system might be admitted as, theoretically, a lesser evil than that of bank privilege; but experience proves that the former (Mr. Chavannes's favorit policy) has never been able to prevail against the latter; that Congress is but the tool of financial monopolists who shaved the treasury notes paid out to soldiers, and by crippling the credit of the nation, more than doubled its war debt.*

What are the signs that the financial monopoly has lost, or is losing, control over Congress? Does Mr. Chavannes find them in the "national banks" or in the untaxed United States bonds, the basis of their currency,† or in the railroad land grants, or in the protectiv tariff? Now the tendencies evinced by these acts, all along the line, compose the moral character of Uncle Sam—a truckling tool in the hands of the money power. It is at least consistent in the champion of government credit money to lick the dust at the feet of the bondholders, as he has done in his letter of August 23d, and my reply to which he considers as a "personal attack." EDGEWORTH.

*This would hav been reduced to $1,358,000,000 by the measure advocated by Mr. Stevens, above mentioned, of full legal tender currency. (G. de la Matyr.)

†We find in *Hussard's Circular*, a European organ of the financial power in 1862, the following: "Slavery is likely to be abolished by the war power, and this, I and my European friends favor, for slavery is but the owning of labor, and carries with it to care for the laborer, while the European plan, led in by England, is capital controls labor by controling wages. This can be done by controling the money. The great debt that (capitalists will see to it) is made out of this war must be used as the means to control the volume of money. To accomplish this, they (the bonds) must be used as the banking basis. It will not do to allow the 'greenback,' as it is called, to circulate as money any length of time, for we cannot control them; but we can control the bonds, and through them the bank issue."

The Liberal Club.

Since the veracious reports of the proceedings of the Manhattan Liberal Club hav been temporarily omitted from these columns, there has been a rising demand that they should be resumed. The heading of these articles has been preserved in type on the "standing galley" in the composing-room, and a dispute is liable to arise between the compositors and the stone hand as to who shall distribute it. To fill a long-felt want, therefore, and to keep the white flag of peace waving, the reporter feels it his duty to proceed with his weekly reports. They come high, but attention must be paid to the demands of the people, regardless of expense.

There were unusual attractions at the meeting of the club held on Friday evening, the 14th, and a goodly audience was present. The snug hall, the handsome chairs, over which the bright lights shone on sedate old men with gray hair, thoughtful and attentiv youths, and handsome women and girls figged out in gay attire, all combined to make a brave display.

At 8 o'clock Mr. Wakeman thumped on the desk with his little mallet, and called the assemblage to order. The senior secretary read a record of the last meeting. The chairman had a long list of announcements to make. There was a language class forming, which all were invited to join and learn French, German, and even English. Mr. Heywood's Labor Reform Convention would hold a session shortly, the date and place of which were given. Mr. Wakeman said that a series of protracted meetings were inaugurated, to begin that evening with Mr. Reynolds's address. Sunday evening following there would be another session, when Mr. Watts, Mr. Putnam, and Mr. Wakeman himself would speak. Then, Thursday evening, there would be a reception for the old and new officers of the League. There would be, of course, addresses, music, and, if he might so speak, a dance. Whether or not any of the members of the club knew how to dance Mr. Wakeman was in nowise prepared to say. If not, then it was the first duty of the new officers to instruct them in that useful and ornamental accomplishment. Mr. Watts would teach them the first lesson Thursday night. Gentlemen desiring instruction could obtain it by paying fifty cents for a ticket; ladies, twenty-five cents. Mr. Wakeman's announcements were received with visible tokens of interest. His dignified pleasantries are by no means the least attractiv features of the Liberal Club meetings.

The chair next took upon itself the combined pleasure and honor of introducing Mr. Charles B. Reynolds, of Rochester, chairman of the executiv committee of the National Liberal League. Mr. Reynolds advanced to the desk and was received with hearty applause. He broke at once into his discourse, and kept his hearers listening attentivly, frequently breaking into laughter or applause, until his hour was up. His subject was, "National Liberal League Secularization Through Organization." The speaker traced out a line of action to be adopted by local Leagues in the way of organization in states and districts, and the methods which should be taken by the National League to make its work effectiv. He advocated educational and social means for drawing Liberals together—Sunday schools, science classes, music and dancing for the young. Here he paused and, approaching the chair, threw the president into considerable consternation by proposing also that card tables might be introduced for the benefit of those who did not dance or sing and who knew how to gage the uncertainties of eucher and old sledge. Mr. Reynolds closed with an appeal for right living on behalf of general human development, and with a touching reference to the revered memory of D. M. Bennett.

Mr. Palmer expressed himself as highly pleased with the address of Mr. Reynolds. At a meeting of the board of directors, the speaker had at first, from economical reasons, discouraged the employing of Mr. Reynolds as a League lecturer on the ground that the League could not take the risk of furnishing him an adequate salary. Mr. Reynolds had thereupon nobly offered to bear all the risk himself. After hearing him speak, Mr. Palmer declared there could be no risk. A man with his enthusiasm, backed by superior ability, could only go forward to success.

Mr. Watts, being present, was called for from all parts of the hall. In a few brief remarks, without taking the platform, he said that he thought it would be better if some one who disagreed with Mr. Reynolds should speak and point out the errors into which he had fallen.

Mr. Andrews thereupon gave Mr. Reynolds a short lesson in Individuality. In the National Liberal League every variety of opinion should be tolerated, and even encouraged. It would be the glory of the League, as it was of the Liberal Club, that no one was thought the less of on account of any opinion they might entertain on any subject whatsoever. It would be the crowning triumph of Freethought when people could quarrel divinely about their beliefs and still be warm friends personally.

Mr. Cohen arose to say that he was delighted at the prospect of a Liberal sociable and dance. He had already purchased a ticket for the coming event. Although, being a middle-aged man, he had not danced for fifteen years, he would be present that night and he should dance the hours away, and he intimated that joy would be unconfined save by the utmost limits of the universe. Mr. Cohen is a vigorous speaker, and if he dances with equal effect, the sociable is an assured success. The speaker then went on to say that, as far as rendering an account of his acts to any other being was concerned, he felt perfectly independent, but he wished at the end of his life to be able to render a satisfactory account to his own conscience. Therefore his voice, his influence, and his money, so far as they would go, should be devoted to the interests of Liberalism.

Dr. Atkinson said that the remarks of Professor Andrews had set his molecules to jumping. There was a time, he said, when he believed that it was impossible that a Freethinker could hav a conscience, and when to be a journeyman soul-saver he regarded as the highest position to which human ambition could aspire. Mr. Wakeman, however, had taught him that there was a religion higher than Presbyterianism, namely, the religion of Humanity, though he could never quite bring himself to become an Atheist.

Mrs. S. Myra Hall, proceeding upon a strange misapprehension of facts, objected to the executiv of the League because it did not include women. For each male officer, she maintained, there should be a corresponding female. Except that she felt that her poor services would be of no avail, she would offer them to the League.

The pressure here brought to bear upon Mr. Watts urging him to speak was so great that he could no longer resist it, and he made a brief but hearty response. To correct the mistake of Mrs. Hall he drew attention to the fact that one of the League's most valued vice-presidents was a lady, as was also the chairman of the Finance Committee.

Next Friday evening Professor Vaughn, of Virginia, will speak on the "Falsities of Freethought." Mr. Watts will be there to reply to him, and the probability is that Professor Vaughn will not emerge from the conflict weighing enough to make tracks in a light snow.

In conclusion, Mr. Reynolds had only to thank the audience for their kind attention, which he did in a neat and appropriate manner. Everybody said the meeting had been a success, but there was heartfelt regret at the absence of Mr. Shook.

Canadian Notes.

Since Mr. Watts left Toronto we hav had three lectures; the first, on "The Cause of the Rise of Christianity;" the second, on "The Doctrin of Perfectibility," and the third, on "The History of Christianity." Next Sunday the fourth will be on "The Decline of Orthodoxy." We hav taken the Albert Hall permanently. Our lectures are given there on every Sunday evening.

The Christian superstition is dying out. There are indications of this being so on every side. The Toronto *Mail*, which assumes the role of "defender of the faith," and of being the mouthpiece of the church, in a late issue admitted the fact of the fading away of the mumbo jumbo fathered upon Christ. The Toronto *Mail* says: "The energy of skepticism, the contempt for revealed truth, are as remarkable in Canada as in the United States. Things are bad enough in this country to alarm not merely the members of churches, but all Christians. Without God in the world applies with fitness and force to the civilization of this age. In this contest it is manifest that the church is over-matched. Her ministers were never more alert, her machinery never so powerful, her courage never higher. Pious laymen hav come to her aid with innumerable outside agencies unknown a century ago, and she and they are bending their united energies to withstand the onset of skepticism, and it must be confessed that the battle is going against them. Just now skepticism is beyond question in the ascendant. As the hard-driven British squares at Waterloo prayed for Blucher or night, so from every quarter of the beleaguered church comes a cry for help, or a prayer that the last day may soon dawn upon the unequal struggle. The great question of the present day is not matters pertaining to this or that particular sect, but whether it be possible to save the whole Christian church from destruction."

The Great Canadian Convention of Freethinkers, which is to meet in Albert Hall, Toronto, Dec. 13, 1884, excites great interest among all classes of the community. It will undertake the great task of organizing Secularists throughout the dominion of Canada into one body, and perhaps affiliate and combine into one whole with a similar national society in the United States.

A leading Toronto newspaper in to-day's issue says the foes of the Christian church to-day are incomparably more formidable than they hav ever been since pagan times, and the dangers of her position are increasing on every side and every hour. The *North American Review* in its last number says pretty much the same thing in other words. It says: "Nothing is longer certain for us but what we see or touch, so that the whole ideal world is become a dream. We look upon the doings of the Christians and their religion and their God with the spirit of irreverence in which the author of 'Innocents Abroad' beheld the shrines of religion in Europe and Asia."

A four days' debate between Charles Watts and Dr. Sexton is being arranged for some time in February in the city of Toronto. Those who attend may feel quite sure that they will hav an enjoyable time.

Toronto, Nov. 15, 1884. R. B. Butland.

Woman Suffrage in New York.

From the Evening Telegram.

Now that the presidential contest is finally settled and the returns are all in, other aspects of the late election may be appropriately considered. Among these one of the most striking is the signal success secured by the advocates of woman's enfranchisment. The Suffrage bill in the last legislature was debated several times with marked ability, its leading advocates being General James W. Husted on the Republican, and Major James Haggerty on the Democratic side. Its most consistent and bitter opponent was Mr. Frederick B. House, of this city. When the vote was finally taken on the bill it stood 57 yeas to 61 nays. It was not a party measure; the friends numbered 29 Republicans, 27 Democrats, and 1 Labor Reformer. So great was the strength of the reform evident in this respect that it seemed certain that a well directed canvass would suffice to change the minority into a majority.

During the summer an activ campaign has been made throughout the state. Nearly every county has been visited by some leading advocate, while letters and circulars hav roused to activity the friends of the measure in regions where no speeches were made. Mrs. Caroline Gilkey Rogers, of Troy, visited and spoke in Wayne, Cattaraugus, Orleans, and Montgomery, besides, of course, her own county of Rensselaer. Mrs. Mary Seymour Hewitt, of Albany, addressed good audiences in Livingston, Wyoming, Genesee, and Albany counties. I myself started on a tour in July, which continued until October, and extended through forty counties. My especial object was to visit the districts of the members of Assembly who voted against the bill. Everywhere I found deep interest in the question, and, with few exceptions, met crowded houses. Where it was possible, I held a meeting in the town where the opposing member of Assembly resided, and he did not like it. It was one thing to sit in a comfortable seat last winter in Albany and say "No" when the roll was called on the bill. It was quite another thing to hav a speech made in a man's own district just before the nominating convention was to meet, and hav a large audience heartily indorse the sentiment that no one ought to be sent to the Assemby who did not represent the women as well as the men of his district.

The results of the campaign hav exceeded our highest hopes. In the first place, General Husted and Major Haggerty are both re-elected, so that we again hav our strongest champions at the front. Mr. Frederick B. House is left at home. A mass meeting was held against him in Caledonia Hall, which stands in the heart of his district, the Ninth New York, and measures were also taken in his case, as in many others, to secure action against him in the nominating convention. In this city, of the fifteen men who voted against us, only four are re-elected, and two of these hav promised this year to vote with us. In Kings the entire delegation voted with us last winter with one exception, and he is left at home, while seven friends are returned. Without recapitulating the entire state, we find on the total returns this remarkable result: of the 61 who voted against us, only 15 are re-elected; while of the 57 friends, 30 will again be in their seats. Adding to these old advocates who come back this year, and former opponents who now promis to act with us, we hav thirty-eight votes certain to begin with. I may be pardoned a personal triumph when I add that of the men whose return I opposed in public speeches, only four go back, and of this number one has promised to vote with us. The judiciary committee reported unanimously against the bill, with the exception of the chairman, General Husted, and only one of these gentlemen will this year appear in the Assembly.

Some of the strongest men of both parties will be with us this session. Aside from the stanch champions already mentioned, we hav Olin, of Broome; Felter, of Rockland; Hogoboom, of Columbia; and Erwin, of St. Lawrence, who is already talked of for Speaker. With the opposition small and demoralized, and the friends of the movement strong and thoroughly organized, there seems every probability that we shall pass the bill this winter. In a friendly way, we advise all Assemblymen to vote for the reform, as it is political death to a man to oppose it. Whenever the women are aroused on this question they can defeat a man for re-nomination or re-election, and there would not be even fifteen men, who voted "No" last year, in the Assembly this season had there been the agitation in their districts there was in others.

Lillie Devereaux Blake.

The League.

The Campaign Fund.

Already acknowledged,	$1,986.75
A Friend,	.25
James Carter,	2.00
Mr. and Mrs. Lambert,	12.00
Mrs. Mellie Newkirk,	1.00
J. Palak,	5.00
J. D. Powers,	5.00
Jacob Nathan,	1.00
W. S. Flangher,	2.00
J. W. Stansfield,	1.00
J. Nuessle,	2.00
Liberal Club, per Reynolds's lecture,	15.30
Mr. Watts's Sunday evening lecture,	16.47
Newark Liberal League,	71.00
	$2,120.77

AMOUNTS PAID IN ADDITION TO THOSE ALREADY ACKNOWLEDGED.

Mr. and Mrs. Lambert, $3.00; Mrs. Mellie Newkirk, 1.00; J. Palak, 5.00; D. D. Powers, 3.00; Jacob Nathan, 1.00; W. S. Flangher, 2.00; James Carter, 2.00; A. Van Deusen, 25.00; J. W. Stansfield, 1.00; J. Nuessle, 2.00; Newark Liberal League, 15.88; Watts's Sunday evening lecture, 16.47; Liberal Club, per Reynolds's lecture, 15.30.

NOTICE.

OFFICE OF NATIONAL LIBERAL LEAGUE,
55 EAST 9TH ST., NEW YORK,
Nov. 17, 1884.

After this date, as I take the field and shall be constantly on the move, please make all checks, drafts, and post-office orders payable to Courtlandt Palmer, Treasurer.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, Secretary.

ALBANY AND TROY, NEW YORK.

Next Sunday, Nov. 23d, Messrs. Watts and Putnam will hold meetings, afternoon and evening, at Albany. A full delegation of the Liberals from Troy are expected. Let all in the vicinity that can possibly attend do so. Come to the gathering, drink in of the spirit of emulation and progress, and giv an impetus to the cause in your own neighborhood.

CHAS. B. REYNOLDS, Ch. Ex. Com. N. L. L.

MEETING OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE NATIONAL LIBERAL LEAGUE.

The first regular meeting of the new board of directors of the National Liberal League was held at the office of the League, 55 E. 9th street, New York, on Thursday evening, November 13th, and was a source of much encouragement to all present. While every proposition was fully discussed, and each and all fully expressed their opinions, a spirit of harmony prevailed.

There were present, Charles Watts, Courtlandt Palmer, Mrs. Macdonald, Charles B. Reynolds, and S. P. Putnam.

On motion, in the absence of the president, Mr. Charles Watts was elected chairman of the meeting.

On motion Charles B. Reynolds was elected secretary to the board of directors.

The present headquarters, 55 E. 9th street, New York, was decided on as the office of the National Liberal League for the ensuing year.

Mrs. Macdonald, our efficient and energetic chairman of the finance committee, was engaged to take charge of the office, and perform the routine clerk work in the absence of the secretary.

The demands for lectures from all parts of the United States and Canada are so numerous that we found it impossible for Mr. Watts and myself to answer all the calls made upon us. Moreover, the directors saw the necessity of our revisiting places where Liberal seeds hav been sown, in order that care may be taken to promote their growth. Thus the great magnitude of the work demanded that we should secure some additional help, so that when an interest had been aroused in new fields, it should not be allowed to die out. It was therefore decided to engage at once one more lecturer, to devote the whole of his time to the work of the League, leaving it open to add to our staff of speakers as circumstances permit. The choice fell upon Mr. Charles B. Reynolds, chairman of the executiv committee, a gentleman thoroughly adapted for the work of propagandism in consequence of his long and varied experience as a Christian minister. Mr. Reynolds is a solid, practical man, and will, we are sure, prove himself of supreme importance in the pioneer work of our organization. The success of the League is now beyond doubt, and, with its trinity of official workers, all should rejoice at its bright prospects for the future.

THE NEWARK LEAGUE.

New York took possession of Newark last Sunday. In all the morning papers of that city it was announced that Charles Watts, S. P. Putnam, C. B. Reynolds, and the editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER would address the Newark Liberal League. The last name was appended as a little joke on the individual who never speaks in public, perpetrated by J. W. Frankel, who is a merry youth, a leader in the League, and a hard worker withal, besides being president of the Newark Press Club. When the above-named quartet, escorted by the jocose Joseph, arrived at the hall in Halsey street, they encountered Mr. E. W. Chamberlain, another New Yorker who had journeyed to Newark to hear Mr. Watts. Ascending the stairs in a body and passing into the ante-room, the question went round the audience, Are all those going to speak? The interrogators were assured that all but one were, upon which they collapsed back into their seats with great sighs of resignation. Mr. Watts was introduced by President Mayo in a very felicitous speech, and then spoke, as announced, upon "Religious Fanaticism and Secular Philosophy." The hall was crowded, and after the people had recovered from the shock of so much talent, it resounded frequently with hearty applause. Mr. Watts first pointed out the danger which religious fanaticism is to the welfare of society at large, and to individual liberty, and then showed the superiority of Secularism as a mental balance. The Inquisition, he said, and the Star Chamber had brutally murdered thousands. This huge crime could not be attriouted to the men who conducted these institutions, for doubtless a good proportion of them were as humane as any of their time, but must be credited to their religious fanaticism, which, feeding upon such cruel commands as dot the Bible, converted them into the human fiends which history records they were. The speaker drew a contrast between the taking of Jerusalem by the Christians, and its retaking by the Infidel Saladin. When the Crusaders captured the city in the year 1099, and Godfrey of Bouillon was made its king, the scenes of rapine, lust, and carnage were terrifying even to the onlooker at a distance of centuries. But when in 1187, Saladin regained possession, how different. No babes were dashed dead to the pavement; no wives outraged before their husband's eyes, no brothers murdered in the presence of their weeping sisters, no husbands slain that their families might be distracted with grief. On the contrary Saladin gave the Christians permission to depart in peace, and to those unable to help themselvs he gave money and aid. That was the difference between the acts of religious fanaticism and the acts of a man balanced in mind and unswayed by Christianity. Passing to the second part of his lecture he said that the philosophy of Secularism was that general utility is the basis of its ethical code; that human nature is the source of all moral obligation; that the more that nature is improved by experience and cultivation, the better and stronger will be the moral source; that those actions only are moral which are beneficial to mankind, and which add to the welfare of society at large; that the sanctions of morality are the protection of the individual, and the debt he or she owes to the community for its protectiv service; that the incentivs to moral conduct are personal excellence, and the general happiness and well-being of the community; and that the true authority of appeal is cultured reason aided by experience. Mr. Watts closed with an eloquent peroration, and sat down amid loud applause.

Mr. Putnam then took the floor. He sketched the work he and Mr. Watts, aided by Mr. Reynolds, had undertaken, and gave the figures of great encouragement which hav been published. New York city had contributed between five and six hundred dollars, Boston over three hundred, and he called upon Newark for at least a hundred. While the subscription paper was going round, Mr. Reynolds interested the audience by a short speech. He was followed by Mr. Chamberlain, at the conclusion of whose remarks it was announced that sixty-six dollars had been subscribed. This was afterward raised to $71, with assurances that during the year the League would make it a hundred.

MR. WATTS IN NEW YORK.

In the evening of last Sunday, upon his return from Newark, Mr. Watts lectured at the Liberal Club Hall. The subject selected for him was "Agnosticism: Its Exposition and Defense." The hall was well filled. Mr. Wakeman presided, and in introducing the lecturer made one of those fine speeches for which he is famous. He drew a graphic picture of the rise of Freethought, from Deism in the sixteenth century to Agnosticism in the nineteenth; from Lord Herbert down through Toland, Hume, Bolingbroke, D'Holbach, and Hobbes, to our own times of Martineau, Mill, Huxley, Bradlaugh, Darwin, and Watts. He paid a lovingly appreciativ tribute to Auguste Comte, whose memory he should always reverence for the grand ideas he had given the world. Mr. Wakeman said that the campaign now undertaken by Messrs. Watts and Putnam was a continuation of the revolution in ideas which began with Lord Herbert. It was a constructiv movement, a building up as well as tearing down, a substitution of a sound philosophy for an effete theology. The time had come for that, he thought, and he knew no better men than the present officers of the League. They had the enthusiasm, the ability, and the learning, and he hoped the people of New York and of the country would giv them aid and comfort.

It would be impossible to summarize Mr. Watts's address which followed. It was devoted to logically demonstrating the impregnability of the Agnostic position as against dogmatic Atheism, which affirms that only one existence is possible, and the Theistic postulate of the existence and presence of an Absolute Supreme Being. Practically Agnosticism amounts to Atheism, but as it is logically impossible to reason about that of which we know nothing, and logically incorrect for finite beings to deny or affirm the existence of an incomprehensible infinit being, he assumed the name of Agnostic. To illustrate a point he told a story of Charles Southwell, the last of the great dogmatic Atheists. He, Mr. Watts, had the fortune to liv with Southwell for a time. One evening Mr. Southwell announced that he had a new idea, which was to write a pamphlet on "the impossibility of Atheism." "But you are an Atheist," said Mr. Watts. "Yes, and that's the reason why I shall write the book," retorted Southwell. The pamphlet was published, added the speaker, and the proposition Mr. Southwell put out was that "as God did not exist, it was logically impossible to deny his existence." The audience saw the point, and made their perception manifest by hearty applause, which other equally good hits throughout the discourse made it necessary to repeat. Though the lecture is one for trained students and philosophers rather than for the general public, the thorough appreciation of its cold and clear conclusions from indisputable premises goes far to show that Mr. Andrews's claim that the Liberal Club is the greatest educational institution in the city is not unfounded. On this his first appearance in this city since his election to the vice-presidency of the League, Mr. Watts demonstrated his fitness as an intellectual leader in Freethought, and also his great ability as a logician. It is a pity that the leading theologians will not accept his challenges to debate, for on any field they may make the issue we are confident that he could vanquish them, and bring the justice and right of our movement before a still larger number of people than now. Mr. Watts will attend the sociable on Thursday evening, the Liberal Club on Friday evening, and go to Albany to deliver two lectures on Sunday.

WATTS AT STAMFORD.

Stamford is a quiet, puritanical town of good old-fashioned Connecticut, the summer residence of our famous ex-president, T. B. Wakeman, who is one of the best farmers in the country, and knows how to draw from nature's breast that vitality which makes him one of the sturdiest reformers of the day. There is a noble company of Liberals in Stamford and Sound Beach, but the vast generality of the people are encrusted over with orthodox respectability, whatever there may be within them of some glimpses of truth and beauty. Mr. Watts gave the first Liberal lecture ever delivered in this place. His subject was a very astounding one, namely, "The Devil: What is He, Where is He, And What Does He Do?" No doubt it came like a nightmare upon the stream of hitherto unruffled orthodoxy, for we know that for some time past the devil has lain quietly immured in the heart of orthodoxy, so much concealed by the flowers of rhetoric that very few are aware of his presence. So when it was announced that Mr. Watts would speak concerning his Satanic Majesty, there was a very general shiver down the orthodox back, and they refused to see the philosophical dissection of this "skeleton in the closet." Nevertheless. Mr. Watts did it very nicely, and I don't think that any intelligent orthodox mind would revolt at Mr. Watts's scholarly description of this "other" and sometimes "better half" of God, for if there were no devil there would be no God in the theological sense of that word. The whole system of Christian salvation would fall to the ground if, some fine morning, Lucifer should happen to disappear; the real devil that we hav to fight, as Mr. Watts showed, is not this shadow of the skies, but the devil of ignorance, and poverty, and crime, and this devil we will destroy, and humanity shall be made beautiful and happy. This is the heaven that we desire, this is the heaven that we will achieve.

Mr. Watts's lecture was so well received that arrangements were at once made for another to be given on Friday evening, Nov. 28th, subject, "Christianity and Secularism."

The Liberal League of Stamford and Sound Beach is preparing for a good winter's work. They are of the right stuff and will compel victory. Much credit is due Mr. George H. Bladworth, secretary of the League, for his untiring exertions in behalf of the work of the League. S. P. P.

THE CHICAGO LEAGUE.

MR. EDITOR: The evening of Nov. 5th closed the last half year of our existence as a local League. An election of officers was held; the officers are now E. A. Stevens, president; Wm. Furey, Mr. Brennamen, Chas. Fraenkel, Mrs. A. M. Freeman, and Mrs. L. M. Swank, vice-presidents; A. H. Simpson, recording secretary; A. M. Freeman, financial secretary; and T. Galpin, treasurer. Since the last election, we hav had twenty-six meetings on consecutiv Sunday evenings, with a general good attendance, and no lack of interest. During the summer months the audiences were somewhat thinned, but, considering the warm weather, were very good and there was no suggestion of closing. We hav had able and interesting lectures from Gen. Trumbull, Mr. Thomas Hill, Mr. E. A. Stevens, Mr. Francis Hinkley, Mrs. A. M. Freeman, Mr. August Spies, Dr. Arthur Merton, Judge Holbrook, Mr. A. H. Simpson, Mr. C. H. Kidder, Mrs. L. M. Swank, Rev. J. O. M. Hewitt, Mr. Sidney Thomas, Judge Russell, Mr. Wm. Furey, Mrs. H. C. Garner, James K. Magie, Professor Van Buren Denslow, and Mrs. Odelia Blynn, M.D. The subjects hav been on radical, industrial, scientific, and social questions, and hav usually been thoroughly and intelligently discussed.

We hav not been able to do much outside work, such as spreading Freethought literature, influencing legislativ or municapal acts, yet we know that the impressions made by earnest effort can never be fully estimated. Though we can not count our converts, or see exactly what we hav done, we know that as an educator we hav some power. Our mere existence helps to create public opinion, checks encroachment of orthodox laws, and helps the people to think for themselvs.

We closed the term with a successful and pleasant entertainment and sociable, and it was agreed to hold a series of them during the winter. Financially we are not very strong, but hope to get along better this winter, and do our duty toward the National League. I remain yours fraternally,

LIZZIE M. SWANK, Ex-Rec. Sec.

LEAGUE NO. 203. MILTON, UTAH.

Henry H. Nichols writes: "We hav got a charter from the state as an incorporated company, under the name of 'The Religio-Scientific Society.' We hav about fifty members. They are about equally divided between Spiritualists and Materialists, yet harmony prevails. We raised $200 for a library, and hav a good one. Three hundred dollars was signed to build a hall, but we hav not yet accomplished that. Our election of officers is semi-annual—first Sunday in January and July. Our present officers are: President, Stephen W. Harrington; vice-president, Miss Lillian Ballou; secretary, Henry H. Nichols. We are trying to get a speaker to come to this county to stay with us. I am writing to different towns to find what amount we can raise to pay a speaker for a year. I hav reason to believe we can raise a good Liberal sum.

THE MILWAUKEE LEAGUE.

Sunday evening, Nov. 9th, the Liberal League elected officers for the ensuing year as follows: President, P. A. Stuart; vice-president, W. A. McCaslin; secretary, E. W Ellis; treasurer, Mrs. Mary A. Blatz. After the regular business of the League, there was a general discussion upon the result of the presidential election.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS OF OGDEN LEAGUE, UTAH, NO. 95. HELD OCT. 27, 1884.

President, G. A. Parks; vice-president, Mrs. J. E. Brown; secretary and treasurer, John. A. Jost.

A new and commodious hall is being built for the use of this League.

O. RICHARDSON, Bronson, Florida: I am with you, and will ere long send a small contribution to the Liberal fund.

GEO. JEPSON, Smithfield, L. I., New York: We hav fifty-one members; fifty take activ interest. We hav a League library and free use of good hall.

A. H. THURSTON, Burr Oak, Mich., League, No. 167: We hav sent from here a small contribution for the Campaign Fund, all we feel able to do at this time. You are engaged in a good cause, and I am anxious to do all I can for its success. We all unite in wishing you success."

GEO. THORN, Sec. Clearfield League, Penn.: We hav not had a meeting of the League for some two years. I hav been talking with our members about the matter. We hav concluded to make an effort, keep up our organization, and help support the National Liberal League in their work. I hav collected a little money for the National Liberal League, and will do all I can to send more.

H. L. BOYES, Seward, Neb.: Ship ahoy! On the 5th and 6th Ex-Rev. Copeland, of Omaha, a very able man, givs us two lectures on scientific subjects. On the 9th prox. Professor W. F. Jamieson commences a course of lectures in this place. Won't that be a grand treat! During these lectures we will re-organize our League. We hav the material for a first-rate League, and if once properly organized we will hold the fort.

L. DE WITT GRISWOLD, Auburn, New York: By re-readlng your appeal to-day, so brimful of inspiration, I am actuated with renewed enthusiasm, and do believe that a mighty and wonderful work could be accomplished if only the Liberally-inclined could be aroused from their slumbers. Let us all unite and go to work as never before. Everybody can do something if only he or she would say, "I will."

I hav given freely both labor and money to carry on this work, but nevertheless herewith I inclose $2 more for the League fund.

The Pennsylvania State League will hold its annual convention at Altoona, January 30th, the day following the Paine Celebration. Messrs. Watts, Putnam, and Reynolds are announced to attend with other able speakers. Altoona is centrally located, being almost in the geographical center of the state, thereby enabling those who wish to celebrate Paine's birthday at home to reach that city in time for the afternoon meeting of state convention. Again, Altoona is easy of access, being situated on the Pennsylvania Central railroad, the main thoroughfare in the state. The city also contains a young and vigorous League that will do all in its power to make the state convention a success.

Communications.

An Explanation from the Hon. A. B. Bradford.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* Since *Man* has been merged into The Truth Seeker, I feel it due to myself to ask the use of your columns to make an explanation which would hav been more appropriate in the columns of that paper had it survived the era of revival and good fellowship inaugurated at Cassadaga.

It is admitted, and both Catholics and Protestants mourn over the fact, that there is a quiet, but widespread, departure among the intelligent classes in this country from the creeds of the church to an acceptance of the grand system of truths which modern science has revealed, as those truths bear upon the subject of what is called religion. To illustrate: In all the cities of the Union where Colonel Ingersoll lectures, thousands of people go to hear him whenever he appears upon the platform. Here and there a predestinated "saint" will go to a lecture, pretty much as he would go to see Barnum's white elephant, because he has heard so much about it. But he will never go a second time. His mind is as impervious to new truth as a cork is to water, and he fears to expose himself to temptation again, lest God, in his wrath, "should send him strong delusions that he should believe a lie, that he might be damned." The human mind, however, in general, has such a natural and inherent love of truth that hundreds go, again and again, to hear Ingersoll make his terrible onslaught of logic and ridicule upon the religion in which they were educated. And such is the constitution of the intellect that if one who is intelligent and candid hears Ingersoll once, he can never afterwards be the same person he was before. His faith is shaken to its very foundations, and doubt, which is the mother of all progress, places his feet upon the track of inquiry, whose only terminus is reason, instead of authority. In all these cities there are Liberal Leagues, but of the thousands who pay their dollar, over and over again, and stand two hours on their feet to hear Ingersoll lecture, not five per cent of the whole are ever seen at the Sunday meetings of such Leagues. Why? Because avowed Liberalism is not "respectable."

History shows that there never was a great truth pregnant with blessings to mankind that was not rejected with contempt when first offered to the world, because it was an innovation upon established notions, customs, and interests. When Morse discovered that electricity could be utilized in conveying intelligence along iron wires, and proposed that the post-office department of the government should defray the expense of testing it, by erecting poles for the purpose between Baltimore and Washington, Cave Johnson, of Tennessee, who was then postmaster-general, laughed as scornfully at Morse's idea as his illustrious predecessors on the banks of the Hudson did, in 1809, when Fulton proposed to propel a boat through the water by the invisible power called steam. It seems to be a fact, looking very much like a law of nature, that every truth and every cause which aims to promote the welfare of the human race must run the gantlet of ridicule and contempt from that large class of fools whose necessary function in the plan of the universe is the ignoble one of serving as a mere rubber on the wheels of progress.

Now Liberalism in religion is just passing through this period of contempt. It is not yet respectable. It is precisely where the antislavery cause was, between the years 1830 and 1855, as Elizur Wright and Parker Pillsbury well remember. Its advocates are considered wild and cranky. They are also poor, and are forced to hold their meetings where they can, and not where they would. As the silversmiths of Ephesus, who got their living by making shrines for the worship of Diana, stirred up a mob to put down Paul because "he turned away much people, saying, that there be no gods which are made with hands," so the clergy of our day, standing on the ground made during the last eighteen hundred years, and seeing that their craft is in danger to be set at naught by the revolutionary principles which are circulating everywhere, vilify the advocates of those principles, meaning thereby to scare away the common people from their lectures, and making them contented with the dry husks of the church's theology. This policy bids fair to hav its day against Liberalism, as it has had heretofore, whenever poor Humanity took a step in its career of progress.

Now, thinking that organized Liberalism, in this country, and in this fast age, had struggled long enough under the era of contempt, and seeing that the churches, ignorant of its real strength, were conspiring together to crush it out, not only by fostering a false public sentiment, but by legislation, it occurred to me that if such a man as Judge Holmes, of Missouri, and a number of others of like high standing, who had not taken sides in the quarrels of the League, would call a convention of Liberals to meet in some central city, in order to take into consideration the present situation of affairs, it might eventuate in a large and powerful organization that would command the respect and co-operation of every real Liberal in the country. The church, when, by the heat of her zeal, she hatches out a brood of what the seventeenth-century Christians called "the chickens of the Covernant," coops them to protect them from the hawks and other vermin, and feeds them with the "crumbs of the Covernant" to make them grow. Ingersoll, at one of his sittings, will hatch out a brood ten times as large as any revivalist, but the next morning he is off in the cars, and, like the fabled ostrich, leaves his progeny to shift for themselvs. The consequence is, the vultures of the church hover them. Organizations would secure these converts, furnish them with a home, and giv them society and something to do. If it be objected that this is the church method of cooping converts, I reply, *fas est ab hoste doceri*. In this organization of her numbers and her strength the church shows her consummate wisdom.

In view of this, I felt that the men composing the National Liberal League, seeing that it was a mere means to an end, would not object to hav their organization superseded, provided the grand objects specified in the Nine Demands, as settled, and forming the bond of Union, in 1876, could be more effectually carried out. I thought, in the earnestness of my faith and hope, that the contemplated new organization might be an evolution and differentiation from the Liberal League, just as the depised abolition party evolved into the Republican party in 1860, which gave us Lincoln, and saved the nation from the curse of slavery and disunion. The country is full of Liberals. I wanted to marshall them, and bring them into battle array. To this end I, last March, addressed a letter to *Man*, which was then the organ of the National League, sanguin in the hope that the realization of my plan was at least among the possibilities, if not the probabilities, of the near future. But, for some reason or other, neither the *Investigator*, nor The Truth Seeker, nor the *Index*, nor the *Radical Review*, nor any other paper, ever laid my letter before its readers. I then felt, under this smothering process, that any futher efforts in this line would be premature and abortiv; and that the "Liberals," technically so-called, must continue another ten years under the disciplin of misrepresentation and contempt before they were fit for the honor of evolving into an organization that would redeem this land from the bondage of superstition; and that the only organized instrumentality through which any Liberal work could be done at all was the National League, hamstrung as it was by the blunders which had been committed by its own members in past years.

Under these most unfavorable circumstances the League held its annual Congress at Cassadaga last September. I did faintly hope that, as the times did not seem ripe for a new and really national organization, the Boston wing of the Liberal League would have appreciated the generous conduct of Messrs. Wakeman and Leland in declining re-election to their respectiv offices, and in proposing a reorganization on the basis of 1876; and that, imitating the patriotic policy of the North and South in shaking hands over the bloody chasm of war, would hav come to Cassadaga. We did not want them to apologize to us for the past, neither did we think of apologizing to them. We proposed, since Comstockism had been practically squelched by the courts of law, and the sacredness of the mails maintained, that bygones should be bygones, and that a new set of officers should be chosen on the basis of the Nine Demands, and thus effect a re-union of our forces. But not one of our former brethren either appeared in person, or sent a kindly letter of excuse. The Congress was, therefore, forced to do the best it could in the circumstances. We elected new officers, made its pronunciamento, arranged the machinery for the work of organization and enlightenment during the coming year, and then adjourned.

The harmony of the meeting was undisturbed, till, by one of those blunders which Talleyrand pronounced worse than a crime, a motion was made to elect Mr. Underwood as one of the vice-presidents of the League, in face of the fact that Mr. Underwood had treated the League with seeming disrespect, and when anyone might see the impossibility, under the circumstances, of his acceptiag the honor it was proposed to thrust upon him. I hav sincere respect for Mr. Underwood's learning and abilities, and most highly appreciate his past services in the cause, and firmly believe that had he been present he would hav implored the mover to withdraw his motion. For no man knows better than he that, while some persons would hav been gratified by this mark of respect paid to him, very many more would hav been angered. But the motion was carried, and proved to be, as might hav been expected, a firebrand. Warned of the general effect which this move would hav caused abroad by the particular effect it immediately produced in the Congress, I proposed, at the next session, to extinguish the brand by a motion to cut off the whole list of vice-presidents except the first three. The motiv for this policy was transparent to all except the blind, and seems to hav been understood by Mr. T. W. Curtis, in his *Index* account of the proceedings. It was a plan to get rid of the unpleasant consequences of the former action of the Congress in a way that could not possibly giv offense to anyone, inasmuch as I, myself, was one of the vice-presidents to be decapitated. My motion was carried, and the Congress recognized the rule of the constitution that the number of the vice-presidents should be six.

Mr. Underwood, in the *Index*, seems to persist in demanding that the Congress should hav revoked its action taken at Syracuse on the postal laws, as a propitiatory sacrifice to him and the seceding party, and a *sine qua non* to their coming back. But he and they would hav to wait many miliions of years before the League would hav done this. The imminent danger in our national politics, growing out of the late civil war, is a tendency toward consolidation on the part of the general government, overriding the constitutional powers of the state governments, and showing itself, among other ways, in tampering with the sanctity of the mails. And there never was a braver act done in history than the act of the League, under the lead of Mr. Wakeman, in sticking to the true constitutional doctrin on this subject, when they knew that, as a consequence, cartloads of church filth would be dumped upon them by Comstock and his allies. If the mails are used for improper purposes, let the guilty parties be proceeded against and punished by the state courts, and not vest every petty postmaster with authority to exercise his feeble judgment as to the character of the printed matter that passes through his hands. For if he were a Radical, he might take it into his head that, on account of the coarse passages in the Bible, the Comstock law made it a penal offense to send the word of God through the mails. And the whole tribe of Miss Nancies and prudes in pantaloons might disallow the booksellers to use the mails for sending to their customers even the plays of Shakspere, or works on physiology, because, to use a hateful term, they were "obscene." Besides, there is no doubt that the Comstock law of 1873 was a stratagem of the church to harass and annoy, if not entirely suppress, the Liberal papers, especially The Truth Seeker, under the guise of preventing the spread of impure literature. I hav too much respect for the intelligence of our Boston brethren to suppose that they did not understand the subject in this light. But it was the only argument that could be used to justify their opposition to the League, and so they fell in with Comstock, and used it. But time, and the second sober thought of the legal mind, indorse the judgment and action of the Liberal League.

I hav now made, as briefly as I could, the explanation I felt I ought to make to my brother Liberals, and relying on your courtesy to giv it a place in your columns, remain

Respectfully yours, A. B. Bradford.

Enon Valley, Pa., Oct. 21, 1884.

Bugbears.

Some people who are fond of having pets keep bears. Mr. J. G. Malcolm has a pet belonging to the species known as bugbear. He has named his particular bear, "Landlordism." "The sword of landlordism" seems to be piercing his very vitals. In The Truth Seeker of Nov. 1st is an article headed, "Fleeing from Landlordism." It is not worth criticising, and I should pay no attention to it were it not for the fact that part of it is misleading and likely to do positiv injury to honest poor people, though I freely acquit the writer of that article from any design to deceive anybody. The Truth Seeker now goes to all parts of the Union, and statements calculated to influence the business interests of others should be carefully made. I hav no hope of dispelling the gloom that rests on chronic pessimists like Mr. Malcolm, but there are always people who are actually and earnestly seeking homes, and who hav no time to spend in vain dreams that can never be realized. For these I write.

Mr. Malcolm introduces us to a mythical Irishman who has fled from Ireland, and on reaching New York is thrown into despair by the startling information that vacant lots are not given away, together with a chromo, in the city of New York. Sadly he shakes the dust of that unrighteous city off his brogues, and proceeds to the metropolis of the West. There he sees more vacant lots lying as quietly as ever without even a ruffle on their brows. But they are all fenced with big swords, so he gets on the back of another flee and soon lights in Kansas. "The waving prairie-grass" is full of glittering swords, and he would be glad to return, no doubt, like Noah's dove, with even an olive leaf in his mouth. After all this fleeing he is told that white men are entirely out of the article he is looking for, viz., "The land of the free;" but certain "big Injuns" hav all there is. These latter must be monopolists. The Irish fugitiv then cries out, "Noble red man, let me make my home with thee." Did Mr. Malcolm ever happen to be present personally at one of those touching interviews between the man from Tipperary and the Choctaw brave? And did the n. r. m. grant the request? Just fancy that scene. An Irishman, fresh from the old sod, pleading for a home with a red savage, and saying "thee." It seems to me that I hav somewhere

heard of that "noble red man" before. We will now know where to look for missing Irishmen.

Mr. Malcolm says, "It is a rule in political economy that whoever gets money without earning it, gets money which some other person or persons hav earned but did not get, and this is what is vulgarly called theft." Will the gentleman please giv us the name of the author of that quotation? But whether it was from Aristotle or any man since doesn't matter; it is utter nonsense. A man has a thousand dollars which he obtained honestly. His son wants to go into business, and the father givs the son one thousand dollars to help start the latter in business. The son didn't earn a cent of that money, but is he therefore a thief? Then this talk about compelling every man to "earn all he gets" is about as useful as so much talk about the probability of a money panic in Central Africa. Is there a man on this globe competent to tell for all the rest of the world exactly what every man or any man earns? It would be as easy to count the flakes of falling snow. Does the editor of a newspaper earn anything? If so, how much? Some editors get a great deal of money, but others, working just as hard, it is said, hav to skirmish at times among free-lunch counters. Which ones get the right amount of money? If none, who can tell exactly how much more the poorly-paid ones ought to get, and how much less the well-paid ones?

As Sir Thomas More (not Moore), the author of "Utopia," was born before Columbus set sail on his great voyage, and as he got his Utopian idea from Plato, his views in regard to the needs of Americans in the nineteenth century must hav been, to say the least, somewhat crude and undeveloped. Let the boys and girls continue to study algebra and other useful branches, instead of racking their brains over impossible problems, propounded by visionaries whose heads are filled with Utopian schemes. Mr. Malcolm says: "Even in the state of Michigan the young men are fleeing from the landlordism there to the Far West. In Michigan, out of 36,000 000 acres of land in the state, only 6,000 000 are improved, and but 2 000 000 acres are public land; the remaining 28,000,000 acres are held in idleness by landlords, who will continue to hold them until the starving people will yield up their wealth to them for the lands." Now, who in this wide world ever before heard of *starving* people yielding up their *wealth* to landlords or anybody else? Then he says: "Why is this thus?" I giv it up. Perhaps some of THE TRUTH SEEKER readers are good on riddles. Now landlordism, such as Mr. Malcolm speaks of, is wholly unknown in Michigan. If you should ask the average Michigan young man what he thinks about landlordism, and when he intends to flee, he would reply: "Landlordism! What's that?" There are now fully 7,000,000 acres of improved land in Michigan. The upper peninsula contains about 10,000,000 acres. That part of the state runs up to Lake Superior, and is a great mining and lumbering region. At this day there are in Michigan at least 6,000,000 acres of unoccupied land, an area larger than seven states like Rhode Island, open for settlement. Over 1,000,000 acres are government lands which may be pre-empted. The remainder can be bought at various prices, ranging from fifty cents to ten dollars per acre; the greater part at less than five dollars per acre.

Without being exact as to what are considered large and small sums of money, we may say that every young man is in one of three conditions, financially. He has a large amount of money, a small amount, or none. If he has a large amount of money he can buy highly-cultivated land in the best parts of Michigan; if he has a small amount he can buy where land is cheaper, and if he has none he can take up a homestead. This being the case, a young man who should leave Michigan and say that he had left because he could get no land, would be a liar of such Himalayan dimensions that he could confer no greater favor on the state than to take his departure. Michigan has the greatest copper and iron mines in the known world, employing thousands of men. It produces more lumber than any other state in the Union; this branch of industry employing more than 30,000 men at good wages. It produces more salt than any other state in the Union. Would Mr. Malcolm leave those rich mines and salt wells closed, and leave the timber standing on those pine lands, in order that there may be land enough for all?" The average size of Michigan farms is less than one hundred acres, and nearly all of them are cultivated by their owners.

The greater part of the lands held by lumber companies would be practically valueless to individuals if taken for settlement in their wild state, even if they were given away, because the cost of clearing and fitting them for easy cultivation is very great. Of course the railroads are among the grasping landlords. The lands granted to aid in building railroads were well-bestowed. These roads hav aided wonderfully in the development of the state, and contributed greatly to its material prosperity. Everybody knows that but few farms are entirely under tillage, even in the oldest states. As a rule, the roughest parts of farms upon which some timber usually grows which is reserved for fuel, etc., are not improved. These unimproved parts of farms, together with marshes, aggregating millions of acres in Michigan, Mr. Malcolm includes among the lands of his "devouring" landlords. It is true there are some wild lands—but only a small fraction of Mr. Malcolm's 28,000,000 acres—that were bought at government prices and are held by individuals, but the greater part of these can be bought at the low prices already named. As the population of Michigan considerably more than doubled between 1860 and 1880, and is now the ninth state in the Union in population, it is evident that most of the flees must hav been in ears that were itching to hear something mournful. Suppose there are twenty people who hav no land for every one who has, how can the rise of land injure twenty people for every one it helps, unless every person wants and needs land? If every man had land he must liv on it, or do just what the landlords are cursed for—prevent some one else from living on it, though it is unoccupied. The absurdity of the idea that every person needs land is too plain to need pointing out. If every man was a landholder, business would be in a very flourishing state, indeed. The question of how to prevent land from acquiring commercial value, Mr. Malcolm says, is "simple." True enough, and the solution easy—in is mind. If Mr. Malcolm would come out as an Anarchist, or a Communist, we could understand him better, but as it is, it is hard to tell where to place him. Notwithstanding what I hav said above, I am as strongly in favor as any one of giving every poor man who really wants land upon which to make a home, a chance to get it on the easiest terms possible. I am also opposed to the holding of land by speculators.

N. G. W.

The Salamanca Convention.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* All who attended the Salamanca Freethinkers' Convention pronounced it one of the best they ever attended. And I am resolved that the one to be held the first week in December shall be as good, if not superior. And I desire through THE TRUTH SEEKER to request all the Freethinkers of western New York and northwestern Pennsylvania to aid me in making the coming convention a great success.

There is no town of its size in the state that has the railroad facilities that Salamanca has. Some seven lines of railroad enter this town from various directions, and all will grant reduced rates of fare.

The same fine choir of singers that furnished the excellent music at the Cassadaga convention have been engaged for the Salamanca gathering. Good board can be obtained here for one dollar per day. A committee of our leading citizens have agreed to finely decorate the Opera House for the occasion.

The season tickets will be but fifty cents, and all of the speakers have agreed to take the proceeds, after paying the other expenses, so that there will be no collections taken up and no money called for.

I have invited Courtlandt Palmer, of your city, to attend and preside, and make an address, which I hope he will consent to do.

The convention will be opened on Thursday evening, December 4th, by an address from Charles Watts, and will continue through Friday, Saturday, and Sunday.

I hope to obtain the attendance of some able orthodox clergyman, to speak on Saturday evening, to be replied to by Mr. Watts on Sunday evening. A committee has been appointed to arrange for a social party on Saturday evening, after the lecture.

I hope to see the Truth Seeker Company represented here with a large quantity of Liberal literature for sale.

H. L. GREEN.

Sound Sense.

Judge Greene, of the Supreme Court of Washington territory, in a recent charge to the grand jury of Jefferson county, said: "Some say that you should hav the suffrage, but nothing to do with courts. But I say that to be a free man or free woman is to be the real king or queen of the state; that the franchise of freedom is threefold—legislativ, judicial, and executiv; and that he or she who has not in the judicial business of the commonwealth as ample and decisiv a voice as any, is not a free man or woman, but a subject, and more or less a serf. . . . In this country, what may be termed the judicial ballot on all principal questions of fact regarding crime, can be cast by a juror only. . . . What does it signify how wise your laws are, if the very same mind that animated you in legislating is not present in adjudicating? If a woman should hav any influence at the Capitol, she should hav the counterpart influence in the court-house. . . . She ought, and has a right, to meet and confer with other men and women, on a broad, sympathetic human basis, outside the cramping walls of sex and etiquet, and at some sacrifice of taste and habit."

"Why do I say all this? What relevancy has it to your grand jury duty? I speak because this is the fit time and place to warn you, and all your sex, and all interested in the cause of freedom who may hear, that there is a determined movement afoot to deprive you of your participation in public affairs, and because I want you to make a record—I will not say becoming your sex, for that you would do anyway—but signal and plain to see, like what your sisters who hav served on juries heretofore hav already made. If those forces in this territory which pander to drunkenness, gambling, and social infamy, those and other forms of vice that especially insult, molest, and desolate the home—if those forces, I say, aided and pushed on by interests from Portland, San Francisco, and St. Paul, invading our territory and intermeddling in our government, should succeed in our next legislature in dethroning and disgracing the women of Washington, I want every patriotic citizen to be able to point back to the record made by our women, not only at our polling places, but in our courts, as an ineffaceable monumental protest against the degradation. Degradation, I call it, for it is one thing to enfranchise and another to disenfranchise. To refuse to enfranchise those who are competent may be unmagnanimous, it may be heartless, it certainly is tyrannical. But to disenfranchise them when already free, is to impose upon them the most dishonoring penalty that can be visited upon a criminal suffered to liv."

This is a stronger defense of civil and political rights than is usually heard from the bench, and especially from a judge who is intensely Christian. In his case reason was stronger than revelation, and common sense stronger than the old ecclesiastical common law, which denied woman, not only the right to be a juror, but the right to be a witness, and which burnt at the stake all women sentenced to death.

The Presbyterians Re-enforced.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I send you, from the *Presbyterian Home Missionary*, a sample of the kind of pap on which the Presbyterians feed their people. After reading it no one would wonder at the dolorous complaints of the board of education that young men of ability avoid the ministry, and go into other vocations, when they would be expected to feed the Lord's poor sheep on such food. By the way, the Lord seems to be peculiar in his dispensations toward Presbyterian Home missionaries, in sending pious hens to lay eggs for them. A few years ago, the San Francisco *Argonaut* published a thrilling account, which almost produced a revival of religion in that city, given by another Presbyterian missionary at a Presbyterial meeting in the neighborhood, that to keep him from starving while he was preaching the everlasting "gospel" to the poor Yahoos, the Lord sent "*a little brown hen*" to lay an egg on his door-step every morning—except Sunday. On that holy day she declined to perform the *labor* of love, as it would hav been a sin in the hen. Pixley, the editor of the *Argonaut*, although a Presbyterian by birth and education, spitted both the "little brown hen" and the driveling missionary who told the tale. And yet we hav Liberals who think and say that the work of the *iconoclast* is done! They are almost as narrow in their views as the Presbyterian home missionaries aforesaid.

B.

PRESBYTERIAN HENS.—BY THE HON. JOHN ROSS.

I would love dearly to hav some of the members of the Woman's Executiv Committee to go over this grand mission field and see for themselvs. I can assure you that the need is great. If the Lord would place in my hand riches like Jay Gould's and others', I would certainly leave railroads alone and invest in establishing Presbyterian mission schools all over the Indian Territory.

Our Presbytery meets next week, and I am praying that the Lord will bless the session and that great good will come of it. I am a great believer in prayer. A few weeks ago Mrs. W. L. Miller wanted to hav a festival to raise means to repair the church in Tahlequah. She sent a young lady out to see my wife about helping. At first she did not know what to do, for we were getting but two or three eggs a day, not enough to make a cake of. I told my wife the Lord would certainly help her out. She seemed to be very much troubled about it. In the evening she got her corn ready to feed the chickens, and calling them all up around her, she told them the Presbyterians were going to giv a festival in Tahlequah, that she wanted them all to lay in the hen house, and not to lay outside, that she wanted to help all she could. The hens all walked around her and sang. We all laughed at her. The next evening she told our little ten-year-old daughter to go and see how many eggs she could gather. After a while she returned, exclaiming, "Why, mamma, the hens did mind you! Here are twenty eggs." So for ten days she got from nineteen to twenty-five eggs a day. The festival came off. My wife and fifteen-year-old daughter made twelve or fourteen cakes. It was a grand success. We made thirty-five dollars. The children hav Presbyterian hens. I am trying to teach them to do something for the Lord.

CHRISTIANS and their clergy are the genuin Infidels of the nineteenth century. They hav no faith in the religion which they preach. They are continually urging upon others to receive a doctrin which they don't believe in themselvs. They are Infidel to their own teachings. They are Infidel to the three gods, one goddess, and one book-god, of which their Pantheon consists. They are Infidel to everything that they profess, because they dare not debate the subject. They know too well that their so-called religion is a fraud and a sham, and like all other frauds and shams, it will not bear the light of investigation.—*R. B. Butland.*

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SATURDAY, - - - NOVEMBER 22, 1884.

Remember

The Grand Liberal Sociable at German Masonic Hall, 220 East 15th street, Thursday evening, Nov. 20th, at 8 o'clock.

Also the lecture at the same place Sunday evening, Nov. 23d, by Charles B. Reynolds, on "Why I Left the Pulpit." Those who had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Reynolds before the Liberal Club want to hear him again, and those who did not can thank their stars for the opportunity.

Keep It Before the People.

The *Central Presbyterian* prints an italic article asking the Christians to keep it before the people that seventy-five millions of dollars are annually contributed in this country to sustain the churches; that during the present year one hundred and fifty millions of copies of the Bible hav been printed and distributed; that there are in foreign lands 5,765 missionary stations and 6,696 missionaries feeding out of the seventy-five millions; that these missionaries are assisted by 1,256 "other laborers;" that in India there are three millions of Christian pupils; that there are 1,058 missionaries and assistants in China; and, finally, that Christianity is neither dead nor dying.

We feel like helping the *Central Presbyterian* in keeping this before the people.

Keep it before them that seventy-five millions of dollars are wasted every year in supporting a hallowed lie; that for this enormous sum no value is returned; not a new fact is discovered, no unknown country explored, no oceans sounded, no heavens mapped, no colleges built, no information conveyed to the people, not even a hungry man fed—in short, absolutely no equivalent given for this vast amount. Yes, we will keep it before the people.

And we will keep it before them, too, that one hundred and fifty million copies of the Bible hav been spread broadcast over the world—a hundred and fifty million copies of erroneous records of barbaric doings, of insane ravings, of impossible performances, of a cheating humbug of a book that has deluded the people for century upon century, until they hav become weary of its eternal promis without fulfilment. What good has the distribution of these hundred and fifty millions of copies done? Better a thousand times that it had been a hundred and fifty thousand copies of school books; that the five thousand and odd missionary stations were institutions for instruction; that the nearly seven thousand missionaries were teachers of useful knowledge; that the three millions of pupils had been taught how to improve their condition instead of chattering a mess of rubbish that no living, or dead, mortal ever can or did comprehend; that the thousand missionaries in China had stayed among the heathen at home, and devoted their efforts to removing ignorance, instead of going to a country whose learning is greater, whose religion is kinder, and in which the people need instruction in civilization and not in a worse superstition than their own.

We trust that every paper in the country will keep it before the people that the prodigious efforts chronicled by the *Central Presbyterian* hav been utterly wasted, and that even if the world were converted to Christianity they would still be wasted. For the upholding of error must always be ultimately a waste of power. Christianity is a phase of religious thought that is passing away. It is not dead, but it is dying, the solemn asseveration of the *Central Presbyterian* to the contrary notwithstanding. Any intelligent person can see the disintegration now going on in the churches and in the faiths of the western world. Doubt is prevalent; it pervades every sect; men no longer believe in hell, and their hope of heaven is slight; the creation story, the fall of man, the atonement scheme, even the Christ idea, are all coming to be regarded as the notions of childish times. No intelligent man to-day believes in the Bible in its entirety. Science has driven Christianity from the field of serious philosophy. It is now more a social organization than a vital force among men. Palsy has stricken its heart; its pulse beats but feebly; it is dying by inches. Keep *that* fact before the people!

The Horrors of Christian Mormonism.

The recent attempt to bring to justice the polygamists of Salt Lake City has revived interest in the Mormons, and brought to light more of their peculiarly biblical beliefs and piously damnable practices. The prosecution of some of the polygamous members has set the church to defending this practice, and perjury is one of the most common of its shields. Another doctrin which it feels called upon now to defend is the blood atonement. This doctrin used to be openly advocated and secretly practiced, but it has been so furiously attacked that the church is now compelling its ablest advocates to perjure themselvs in the attempt to prove that it was never a practical part of Mormonism. That it has been taught they admit, and they defend it on biblical grounds; but they deny that it was ever practiced; yet the correspondent of the *Sun* givs a list of the number of victims to this doctrin. He does not vouch for the entire truth of them, which is very natural, for the crimes are of such a character that few indeed would be able to swear to their commission; but he givs the cases publicly and generally credited to the church:

"In addressing five hundred Mormon women in the old tabernacle one day, Brigham Young rebuked them for their murmurings and complainings, and said: 'Let me tell you if you should see some morning a dog running down the street with your husband's head in his mouth to keep your mouths shut.'

"James Monroe was 'blood-atoned' by Elder Howard Egan, with whose wife, a very beautiful woman, Monroe had been on familiar terms.

"A Dr. Vaughan was killed to atone for some sin committed by him, and two brothers named Aiken were slain in obedience to the orders of a council held in Neophi.

"A man whose name is not now recalled once, in passing the residence of Bishop Loveless of Provo, reached in at the window and took hold of the foot of one of the bishop's wives. He was put away by the avengers in order that his soul might be saved.

"A family named Parish came from the East as converts, and settled at Springville. Becoming disgusted with the worship, they renounced Mormonism, and told of their intention to return to their home in the states. Their case was placed in the hands of a committee, and it was decided that they must die in order to liv in the next world. They were inveigled into the meeting-house and killed, and when their bodies had been arrayed in endowment robes they were laid out side by side for the faithful to look at.

"Frank McLear got into some trouble with Brigham Young, and was put in jail. When he gained his liberty he sued the prophet for false imprisonment. This was considered a mortal sin, and Elder Hickman, one of the avenging angels of the Danites, put him to death.

"William H. Wilson, a newspaper correspondent living here, who wrote many articles for the Eastern press on Mormon practices, was induced on false pretenses to leave his bed and go down to the banks of the Jordan, where a grave had been dug for him. He was tried at the side of the open grave and acquitted. Mr. Landen, his associate, escaped and fled to Nevada, where he now livs, a cripple, owing to his terrible journey.

"Elder Yates was blood-atoned at Echo canyon by order of the church, because he traded with the United States troops at Fort Bridges. When Bishop Collister, in whose jurisdiction Yates was, asked Brigham Young what he should do with him, the covert answer was, 'A bishop can cut off any man in his jurisdiction.'

"When Godbe, Harrison, and Sherman abandoned the church, Brigham Young said, in the temple, 'They deserve to hav their blood spilled, but I don't tell you to spill it.' It is said that it was spilled, however.

"In a little settlement near here a saint named Adams, who had several wives, none of whom he could support decently, was remonstrated with by one of them against taking another. So determined was she that she threatened to abandon the church if he persisted in marrying again. Adams called a council of the priesthood to see what could be done about it. After a long consultation the bishop said: 'Brother Adams, can't you save your wife? If you havn't the heart to do it, just tell me, and I will appoint a committee to do it.' The brother begged for time to reflect, and the next morning the woman was laid out dead in her robes. No one asked the cause of her death, for everybody knew. After the council broke up he took her on his knee, talked kindly to her, and, while her head was on his shoulder and he was stroking her hair, he 'saved her' by cutting her throat."

This doctrin of murder was maintained on scriptural authority by Brigham Young, who is quoted as follows by one of the ablest of the Mormon defenders:

"I know when you hear my brethren talking about cutting people off from the earth that you consider it is a strong doctrin; but it is to save them, not to destroy them. There are sins that can be atoned for by an offering upon the altar, as in early days, and there are sins that the blood of a lamb, or of a calf, or of turtle doves cannot remit, but they must be atoned for by the blood of man. I could refer you to plenty of instances where men hav been righteously slain in order to atone for their sins. I hav seen scores and hundreds of people for whom there would hav been a chance in the last resurrection if their lives had been taken and their blood spilled upon the ground as a smoking incense to the Almighty, but who are now angels to the devil. I hav known a great many men who hav left this church for whom there is no chance whatever for exaltation, but if their blood had been spilled it would hav been better for then. The wickedness and ignorance of the nation forbid this principle being in full force, but the time will come when the law of God will be in full force."

In the speech in which this was quoted, the orator proved by the Bible, and by Christianity, that there was such a thing as blood atonement, and that "such a fate was the only hope of some kinds of sinners." But Brigham Young, he said, had particular reference to murder, adultery, and blasphemy, and he quoted the commands of the Old Testament that the murderer, adulterer, and blasphemer shall be surely put to death. He himself believed in blood atonements, but thought the time for carrying out the doctrin had not arrived. The present position of the church he asserted to be as follows: "We are not taught to resist our enemies. We are temple builders, and want to keep our hands clean. The people of this church hav a horror of bloodshed, and they therefore sometimes go beyond the point where patience ceases to be a virtue. The doctrin of blood atonement as we believe it is that there are crimes which cannot be atoned for in any other way than by shedding blood, but the time for carrying out the doctrin practically has not arrived."

If this is an intimation of what the church proposes to do when Utah shall become a state, and Mormons make the laws, the warning is well worth heeding. The shooting of Lee, for his participation in the Mountain Meadow massacre, ought to hav been followed by the hanging of all his fellow-murderers. The government may not suppress or persecute Mormonism, but it certainly is competent to punish crimes of such atrocious character. And in this new development of deviltry is seen the need of such education of the people as the National Liberal League is pledged to giv.

In dealing with religion the government should be purely secular. It should know nothing of belief, or doctrin, or creed. It should only know that a law has been violated, and punish the criminal accordingly. The present attempted suppression of Mormonism, through prosecution of polygamy, is the result of a rhetorical crusade of the church made last year, and partakes nearly as much of the nature of persecution as of punishment for laws violated. The abhorrence the Christians feel for their co-religionists springs not from love of virtue, and is consequently not a protest against immorality, but is the hatred of sect for sect which has ever been the cause of bitter persecution. The Mormons are too close scripture readers to be tolerated; they take the Bible literally, something the Protestant church of this country dare not do; they hav the courage of their convictions, which the Protestants hav not. Their horrible "blood atonement" is scriptural teaching, and their consistency is more to be admired than the Protestant acceptance of the book but rejection of its lessons. Nevertheless, crimes committed in the name of religion are none the less heinous, and murder done in the name of God must be punished in the name of man. But to be true to the truth, the attacks now being made on Mormonism should be transferred to the Bible, which is the spring of all their iniquity.

Clerico-Political Recrimination.

The *Tribune* of this city reports that in a Brooklyn congregation one hundred men had signed a paper pledging themselvs to vote for Mr. Blaine, but after the reverend Burchard's remark about rum and Romanism, ninety-two demanded the erasure of their names.

This is bad for the beaten candidate, but the query occurring to us is, What business had the officers of that church to be electioneering for anyone?

Mr. Burchard's famous remark is the cause of a

good deal of heartburning. It is generally denounced by men of sense, but at the Baptist pastors' meeting the other night, the Rev. Justin D. Fulton came to the support of Mr. Burchard. "What was there in the address to frighten the Republicans?" he asked. "Do they not disapprove of rum? Don't they disapprove of rebellion? Don't they disapprove of Romanism dominating the country?" Further on in his discourse Mr. Fulton accused Mr. Blaine of being in league with the Catholics of this city and of corresponding with Cardinal McCloskey, who he said had pledged to Mr. Blaine the Catholic vote of this city. He also said that as Roman Catholic institutions received money from the state, the only thing for Protestants to do was to take all the money they could get.

Mr. Fulton was replied to by his brother pastors with fully as much acrimony as he himself evinced. The quarrel as it stands is a very pretty one, and between the falling out of the rogues honest men may get some inside information of the workings of the church in our politics.

Editorial Notes.

IN London, Ont., a Methodist church is being converted into a theater. The people of the town are to be congratulated.

A NEW translation of the "Laws of Menu," translated by Dr. Arthur Coke Burrell, will soon be published by Trubner & Co. This is based on the recent discoveries in Sanskrit literature, which hav given a clearer conception of the meaning of the work.

REV. J. M. WHITON writes in the *New Englander* against the moral effects of Sunday-school teaching, and the antichristian use of the Bible in Sunday-schools. He says, "The Sunday-school has been dosed with a decoction of crudities and untruths, biblical, historical, and moral, which has in most cases been as blindly swallowed as blindly administered."

THE Gananoque *Reporter* givs a long and very fair report of Mr. Charles Watts's recent lecture in that town. In speaking of Mr. Watts it says: "He is a man of undoubted ability, a fluent speaker, with no lack of choice language, and has evidently fully posted himself on the matters of which he treats." Considering that this high testimony to a Liberal's ability comes from a religious paper in the very hotbed of the orthodoxy of Ontario in Canada, it speaks well for the progress of Freethought views in the dominion.

REV. J. E. ROBERTS, for four years pastor of the First Baptist church of Kansas City, Mo., has been compelled to step down and out for preaching too much Rationalism. In his farewell sermon he reiterates his belief that "the interests of true religion demand a rational revision and restatement of old doctrins." Thus does the church condemn and punish honesty and intelligence. Thus does it offer a premium for hypocrisy and a reward for ignorance. Rev. Roberts is one of the very few who decline the reward.

THE Salamanca Convention which Mr. Green advertises in this week's TRUTH SEEKER bids fair to become a permanent annual institution. It surely will if well patronized by Liberals of this state and northern Pennsylvania and eastern Ohio. Every Liberal Convention held is one more nail in orthodoxy's coffin, and if it is a large gathering it assumes the dimensions of a spike. The speakers engaged at this one are a guarantee of its oratorical success, and with music and a sociable, attendance will repay a trip of several leagues.

Gov. HOADLY'S Thanksgiving proclamation is different from Gov. Cleveland's and from most of the other governors'. It reads:

"By virtue of authority conferred upon me by section 3,177 of the Revised Statutes, and in accordance with the old and time-honored custom, I hereby appoint Thursday, November 27th, as a public holiday, and invite the people of Ohio then to join in thanksgiving for the blessing of the year. Let us remember and act upon the principle that 'it is more blessed to giv than to receive,' so that in these days of widespread poverty, the more fortunate, by acts of charity and gifts bestowed in kindness, may enable all to share in the spirit and feeling of the occasion. Given under my hand and the great seal of the state of Ohio, at the city of Columbus, this 8th day of November, A.D. 1884. GEORGE HOADLY, Governor."

The Ohio *State Journal* comments that "one cannot but notice the entire absence of reference to the supreme being in the Thanksgiving proclamation of Gov. Hoadly." To many people the omission, as the Irishman would say, will appear the most sensible thing in it. There is no warrant in our Constitution for injecting a supreme being into the customs of the country merely to gratify the sodden superstition of a portion of the community. Would we had more officials like Gov. Hoadly of Ohio and Gov. Roberts of Texas, the only avowed Freethinkers now occupying gubernatorial chairs.

TRUBNER & Co., of London, will publish early in 1885 "The Life and Works of Giordano Bruno." He was the first to extend the doctrin of Copernicus to the whole universe, which he believed to be infinit; he reconciled the Immanence with the Transcendance of the deity, and in his works are to be found a foreshadowing of the theory of evolution, with a theory of instinct which is borne out by modern science. His philosophy is believed to hav influenced Shakspere. His best and most important Italian works were printed in London, two of them being dedicated to Sir Philip Sydney. His "Supper of Ashes," which takes place in the house of Sir Falke Grevette, contains a description of London in the time of Elizabeth, and of a disputation at Oxford, in which Bruno worsted his adversaries, the Dons. He died in the year 1600. Trubner & Co. hav also brought out two new volumes of their Oriental Series, "Si-Yu-ki." The "Si-Yu-ki," or "Memorials of the Western World," is a work prepared by the Chinese Buddhist pilgrim, Hieren Tsiang, from documents brought from India by himself in the seventh century. Written just before the rise of Islam, it is a work of the utmost value for the history of India, and is full of legend and old folk-lore. The Chinese original, now translated for the first time into English, is one of the works included in the magnificent collection of Buddhist books sent to the India Office in 1876 by the Japanese government. The twelve chapters of the original are comprised in the two volumes of the translation. The same publishers hav also brought out a new "Life of Buddha," and the early history of his order, derived from Tibetan works in the Bkoh-Hgyar and Bstan-Hgyar, followed by notices on the early history of Tibet and Khotea. Translated by W. Woodville Rockhill.

Answers to Inquiries.

S. GRAHAM.—You are right. The revision committee did not correct all the errors they found in the New Testament. The Englishmen were more conservativ than the Americans, and refused to adopt some of the latter's suggestions. We hav tried to ascertain the precise number, but are unable to do so. The revised Old Testament is expected this fall.

H. E. JUERGENS.—The plenary council at Baltimore was called before the result of the election was known. Its meeting has no perceptible political significance; though no doubt the mitred priests will concoct some scheme to further their undying hostility to free institutions. The public reason for the council is to adjust Catholic doctrin to American environments.

H. H. MINER.—1. The National Reform Association was established at Pittsburgh in 1863. 2. It is undenominational. 3. Its method for changing the Constitution is the legal one of a bill originating in either the House or Senate (a two-thirds vote being required) and being ratified by votes of the legislatures of two-thirds of the states. 4. We do not know how many "direct Infidels" there are in the United States.

CHARLES S. CUTTING.—1. The Book of the Ascension of Isaiah has reached this century only in an Ethiopic version, which was published, along with a translation, in 1819. It is an apocryphal and pseudepigraphic [falsely ascribed authorship] work, of which scarcely anything is known. It is probable, according to Baring-Gould, that it existed in Greek originally. Only a person of Renan's extensiv scholarship would be apt to quote it in these days. Its story is that while Isaiah was speaking to the King Hezekiah, he suddenly stopped and his soul was borne away by an angel. He traversed the firmament, where he saw the strife of the angels and demons. He entered the seventh heaven, where the events of futurity were revealed to him. When he came to his senses, he told the King Hezekiah all he had seen and heard, except that which concerned Hezekiah's son Manasseh, which was to the effect that when his father passed away, Manasseh would persecute the saints. Isaiah only revealed this when Hezekiah was at the point of death. Then the king would hav slain Manasseh, for he said he would rather leave no posterity than a son who would persecute saints. But Isaiah restrained him, and Manasseh reigned and was a cruel tyrant. He worshiped idols, and sought to force Isaiah to do the same, and when Isaiah would not, Manasseh sawed him asunder with a saw of wood. 2. The Book of Enoch is another apocryphal book. It contains one hundred and eight chapters. Its authorship is unknown, as is the date of its writing. It is quoted in Jude. Johnson's Cyclopedia says that "critical conjecture" places its date from 144 B.C. to 135 A.D. The early Christian fathers used it, but for some centuries only fragments of it were known to European scholars, till in 1773 James Bruce brought home with him from Africa three copies of an Ethiopic version of it, made apparently from the Greek about 350 or 400 A.D. It was published in 1838 by Archbishop Laurence, who had previously (in 1821) published an English translation of it, and by Professor Dillman (1851). The book contains many curious passages, but its leading idea is that of divine justice dealing sternly with sinners. 3. The Sibylline verses were quoted as authority and appropriated to their own religion by the early Christians, notably Justin Martyr, Clement of Alexandria (who calls the Sibyl a prophetess of the Hebrews), and Lactantius in his "Divine Institutes."

Lectures and Meetings.

J. E. REMSBURG is now lecturing in Nebraska and Missouri. He will come East about Dec. 1st.

W. F. JAMIESON, at the close of his Seward, Nebraska, lectures, will go to Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and deliver a lecture Sunday evening, Nov. 23d. During December he will fill his Minnesota and Dakota engagements. Address at Lake City, Minn.

The Fourth Gospel Probably the Oldest.

The Gospel according to John has generally been supposed and conceded to be the latest of the four; but a suspicion has arisen among the rational critics that after all it may turn out to be the earliest. The "Man of Sin" is happy to confirm that suspicion. After having discovered so many of the characters named or described in the book of Acts who flourished in the century before the Christian era, it occurred to him to search in Josephus for two persons named only in the fourth gospel, and here is the result:

1. Nicodemus. When Pompey was in the region of Damascus, 64 B.C., the two brothers, Hyrcanus and Aristobulus, contestants for the Jewish crown, each sent an embassador to the Roman general; and the name of Aristobulus's minister was Nicodemus. He therefore answers to John's Nicodemus—"a man of the Pharisees" and "a ruler of the Jews." (Jos. Ant. xiv, 3, §2.)

2. Malchus, whose right ear was cut off by Simon Kepha, answers to Malichus, who poisoned Antipater, the father of Herod the Great, and was in turn assassinated by command of the Roman general, Cassius, at the request of Herod, about 43 B.C. (Ant. xiv, 11; War. i, 11.) Malichus was at the time of his death in company with the high priest Hyracanus, who succeeded his father, Alexander Janneus, about 78 B.C., and was consequently high priest when Jesus was stoned and hanged in the reign of Alexandra, widow of Janneus and mother of Hyrcanus. The real name of the servant of the high priest in the fourth gospel is Malich. (See Dr. Murdock's side note, Syr. N. T., John xviii, 10.) Josephus has added *os* to the name, in conformity to the Greek idiom, and the New Testament Greek scribe has not only done the same, but has inadvertently dropped the letter *i*.

ANTICHRIST A.M.

P.S.—The epistle of Clement of Rome (that is, the first or genuin one) was erroneously stated in our last article to belong to the Tischendorf discovery of 1844 and 1859. The only copy of the epistle extant until Bryennios discovered another in 1875, was the one belonging to the Alexandrian Codex of 1628, now in the British Museum. Its original composition must be assigned to a time a little prior to that of the "Teaching of the Apostles," probably before A.D. 1.

ANTIC.

The People's Day.

The people's day is breaking,
The fog-bank disappears;
The sons of toil are waking
From the false dream of years.
Each coming of election
More thoughtful ballots bear,
And bullets in connection,
To shoot in freedom's war.

Chorus: Then hail the rising people,
The dawn of manhood hail;
Pull down both church and steeple,
Build schools, instead of jails.

Arouse, ye sons of labor,
And vote yourselvs a place;
Let each respect his neighbor,
And thought lend work a grace.
The day is fast approaching
When gold shall rule no more,
And knowledge is encroaching
Where credence was before.

Chorus: Then hail the rising people, etc.

The age of priestcraft dying,
And reason's era born;
Old superstition flying,
In fear of freedom's morn;
No more to phantoms kneeling,
Man bows to blocks no more,
But his own honor feeling,
Shows ghosts and gods the door,

Chorus: Then hail the rising people, etc.

The slaves, their shackles cleaving,
Will eat the bread they earn;
And servants, masters leaving,
Will falling dog-crumbs spurn.
The people's day is dawning,
Where terror long has lain;
Arise, for now 'tis morning,
And man has come to reign.

Chorus: Then hail the rising people, etc.

JOHN P. GUILD.

India Ahead.

It seems strange that Freethinkers in far-off India should be more progressiv than we are, and that they are quicker to adopt our glorious "year of science" calendar than many Americans—among whom it was suggested and invented—hav shown themselvs to be; but I hav received publications from distant Calcutta, published by nativ East-Indians, which hav our grand Freethought banner of A.S. 284 printed on them and, being given out in both the English and Bengali languages, can be read by the crazy "missionaries of the cross," as well as by their deluded followers and dupes.

These "poor heathen" can already see what so many of the more favored "children of civilization" do not seem to see as yet, viz., that it is entirely out of character, and is, in fact, a complete *stultification*, for antichristians to continue the use of a regular *Christian* calendar, and keep on forever dating in the old superstitious "year of our Lord!"

It seems to me that all who do so continue richly merit the contemptuous scorn which a Boston clergyman meted out last year to Freethinkers, when he declared that we Liberals had to "come to Christ" for everything, *even for a calendar to date in!* The *Investigator* published his remarks at the time, and told his lying reverence that we had a calendar of our own, and that it dated from the beginning of our modern science, and not from the birth of some monstrous and impossible "Lord and savior."

Is it not high time that *all* free and enlightened people dropped the ridiculous nonsense of using a *humbug* calendar, and fully adopted a style of dating which has *truth* to recommend it, and which, besides relieving us of the wrong and inconsistencies of using a *fraudulent* era, will, at the same time, work great good for our own cause?

Yours fraternally, REMLY S. SIDELINGER.

53 *Leverett street, Boston,* Nov. 7, A.S. 284., S.S. 1884.

Letters from Friends.

ST. CATHERINE'S, CAN., Oct. 24, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Please accept the small pittance which I send with this as subscription, and more anon. I presume you are all red-hot and boiling over with election matters just now.

You are dubbed a great nation of wise people, but there is one thing in your election manipulations which I much disliko, and which should be disliked by every one possessed of dignity and respect; which is, so soon as a candidate is made choice of, for your presidency more especially, so soon you commence to slander and vilify his character from birth up. and if you do not find enough that is truthful to satiate your seemingly inborn desires to calumniate, you manufacture falsehoods and add thereto.

Now the way I view such matters is, that the general moral character of a man who consents to become a candidate for any office should not be referred to at all, for how few are possessed of sound morality!

If a man's morals are sufficiently substantial for his business matters in private life, then why not sufficient for public life? What constitutes the difference? It must be very humiliating to anyone of passable or average respectability to be exposed to public sarcasm ahd sneer, and would deter many well qualified to fill an office from accepting a nomination. It is a pity that you, as a nation, could not dispose of it in your elections, for it is a degrading, dignity-destroying manipulation which no respectable nation should be guilty of.

But methinks I hear some one saying you had better renovate your own election manipulations before taking exceptions to others. I am quite aware that Canada, I am sorry to say, is too freely patterning after their cousins on your side, in said matter, which I wish they might hereafter refrain from; but I am also aware that political excitement, not being dictated by sound judgment and principles, is untamable, and many will say, no donbt, that what cannot be cured must be endured, if it is debasing. Another thing I take exception to wherever perpetrated, which is nicknaming. It is quite annoying to human dignity wherever possessed, and I notice that in a majority of cases those who are addicted to the habit are diminutiv in mind, dignity, and stature, and think that by nicknaming those of superior knowledge and wisdom, it brings them on a par with themselvs, but they are much mistaken. Any one possessed of good common sense will not coincide with that idea.

To illustrate, I will mention the name of Robert G. Ingersoll. How many there are who, in speaking of him, instead of calling him by his correct name, as common decency would dictate, call him "Bob" Ingersoll, when in truth he is possessed of more knowledge, wit, and wisdom, in one day, than a majority of such will be possessed of in a whole life-time. Could they but see themselvs as others see them, they would be mortified of their own supposed smartness in so doing. But envy and spite will ooze out now and again with such people. Be it as it may, vulgarity will never increase a deficiency of brain.

Mr. Watts is still busy with us over here, and doing much good. Our orthodox divines decline as yet to take the platform with him. I heard him deliver a discourse in Toronto to a goodly audience, on "Christianity and its claims." He is a fine and powerful speaker, clear and distinct in his enunciation, and every expression in its proper place to giv effect. When through, a Salvation Army soldier took the stand and made some opposition remarks, and offered to take the platform with him. He also related the horrible death of an Infidel banker in Montreal. Mr. Watts, in reply, said that his engagements were such that he could not spare the time to argue with a man of straw (which evidently he was). He also asked him to giv the name and circumstances of the Infidel's horrible death, that he might learn of its truthfulness, for every now and again we were hearing of such horrible deaths, but invariably they proved a fizzle in the end. The soldier came to his feet again, and said that as the occurrence took place a number of years ago, he had forgotten the name, the result of which brought a pronounced demonstration from the audience against the reliability of his assertion. The audience then dispersed, seemingly well pleased with the evening's entertainment.

C. B. THOMPSON.

CENTRAL CITY, COL., Oct. 15, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I am owing Mr. Slenker, of Snowville, $1.00. He writes me, "Send it to the Watts and Putnam lecture fund." I inclose it; you will be kind enough to see that it fulfils its purpose.

I hav been reading the articles on vivisection—pro and con—with much interest. I admire and respect Mr. Preston for his love and care of our humble friends, the brutes, yet I believe laymen will get the impression that useless, experimental torture of these animals is much more common than it really is. In attending seven courses of medical lectures in the best colleges in the land; five courses of clinical lectures in the largest, best conducted hospitals, and at least a dozen private courses with able, practical professors, I hav never seen but four cases of vivisection, and never hav dabbled in it myself. We call the lower animals brutes. As I study them I find very many of them superior to numbers of human beings whom I hav known. Mr. Preston has my most hearty "good speed you" in all he does for their protection.

Since reading friend Chainey's address at Cassadaga, I've been thinking a great deal of what he has said about the immoral conduct of many Liberals. We look for no human perfection among Christians or Liberals, but the one, wherever he is, whoever he may be, livs the best life, who has been right generated, borne by his mother, and taught to do the beautiful right because it is right, not because of fear of punishment or hope of reward. Our penitentiaries are filled with people who firmly believe in an eternal hell This belief could not influence their conduct enough to keep them from crime. Their mothers, as they carried them beneath their hearts, could hav done it. It is a most certain thing that if we are born under the proper conditions, and taught to love and act the true and good for their own worth, we will be morally fine; if the reverse, we will be morally coarse. It is no use; our natures will out whether we believe much or little. We cannot expect the best good for ourselvs or for those whom we influence if we do not daily liv the best life we can.

Our friend refers to smoking and beer-drinking on the principle of "We will get all the pleasure we can out of this short life." I am puzzled to know how an intellectual, poetic mind can be so eager after the lower pleasures even if it believes this life is all. There are plenty of finer, sweeter ones of which we can daily take our fill; pleasures that will build us up morally and physically; pleasures that we can enjoy in the presence of sweet, lovely children, knowing if they enjoy the same they will be better, healthier, nobler men and women.

Against true Spiritualism, if there be such a thing, I hav nothing to say; yet it seems to me I would rather liv out my individuality, blaze my own way, than to hav spirits taking care of me as if I were a baby; then, too, the question arises, "What relation between the *ego* and the moral quality of the act if spirits or bodies compel me to do a thing or to refrain from doing it?" It seems to me I would be as irresponsible as the little child under the first years of parental government.

But I am making my letter too long. Permit me to say, however, that I was delighted with your brother George's letters from Maine. That is my nativ state, and I hav many times been over some of the same ground. Giv him my respects, and tell him if he wants something double-extra grand to practice his facil pen on, to come to Colorado next summer. We will make him welcome.

MRS. H. L. BUCKNER-JOHNSON, M.D.

AN OPEN LETTER TO MR. INGERSOLL.

LEAVENWORTH, KAN., Oct. 30, 1884.

R. G. INGERSOLL, *Dear Sir:* I see by THE TRUTH SEEKER of Oct. 18th that you were interviewed by a reporter of the San Francisco *Post* on your arrival in that city. In answer to his questions you are reported to hav said: "The only great question now is protection, and I am satisfied that is in no possible danger."

Believing you to be a protectionist, and I being a consumer of goods on which tariff is paid—not a manufacturer, but simply a Western laborer—and believing you to be able (if any one is) to show me in what way I am protected or benefited by a tariff, I take the liberty of asking you to do so, as there are very many desiring information on the same point.

Again, "As long as the federal government collects taxes or revenue on imports, just so long these revenues will be arranged to protect home manufacturers." How does tariff benefit manufacturers, save the owners of factories or large wholesale dealers, and that at the expense of all consumers and laborers not directly connected with the factory? And as those are greatly in the minority, it does not seem just to protect a few at the expense of the many, and enable them, by class legislation, to become millionaires, while those that do the work for them liv on corn-meal and water, as the miners of Ohio hav had to do.

It is a common argument that tariff keeps up wages, but I think you would find by becoming a common laborer, with no other income but your wages to support a family, that wages were very poorly kept up. Hoping you or some one else may enlighten me on this question, I am

Yours for free trade. H. H. HUTCHESON.

KIRKSVILLE, Mo., Nov. 4, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Having just finished "Elmina's" last letter as published pertaining to Spiritualism, it reminds me of a little experience I had the last summer at a spiritual camp-meeting in Iowa, which I wish to relate. I went to this meeting more for recreation than anything else. On the day of my arrival, in walking over the grounds I noticed upon many of the tents and houses cards or signs denoting different kinds of business or phases of mediumship. The thought struck me that as a pastime and out of curiosity I would call on one of the occupants for a "sitting." I approached a tent on which I read the following: "Mrs. Weeks, Trance and Test Medium." I went to the opening; was politely invited in and given a seat. After making the object of my call known, she seated herself in front of me and soon went into what seemed a trance or unconscious state, when she or her control said: "I am Sunbeam." I said, "Sunbeam, are any of my spirit relativs here?" She answered, "Yes; both on your side and the side of your wife." I asked, "Who are they?" She said, "Your uncle David is here; your aunt Elizabeth, your aunt Sally, your cousin Gilbert, your aunt Hannah, your sister Olive, who passed over with consumption, your son Clarence, and your little boy who passed over with diphtheria, and your little girl; your aunt Nancy, Myra, a relativ, your brother Edd, but think he is still in the form; (not dead) your son Henry, but think he is still in the form; (not dead) George, a soldier, brother to your wife, died in the army; and Mary, sister to your wife The above, as far as names, etc., are concerned, is all correct. Mary, of whom I had never heard, I find died over forty years ago. Some of my relativs named I had entirely forgotten; not having seen or heard from them since a small boy (am now in my 57th year), but who were brought fresh to my mind on hearing their names. Some of the parties I know not where they are, and do not know that they are dead. She also gave me the state of my birth, and followed me up from childhood in moving from one state to another until the present time. These things I noted upon paper as I received them in the tent. I will say that the medium and myself were entire strangers, and I do not know even now where she resides. I hav never termed myself a Spiritualist, but these things and other things I could relate, and phenomena in my own family, are a mystery to me. If the Spiritualistic view is not correct, who can explain? I think Elmina a little inclined to ridicule, but perhaps in her investigations she has fallen in with frauds, and Truesdell perhaps the biggest fraud of all.

WILLIAM HART.

SALAMANCA, Oct. 26, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Will you be so kind and obliging as to telephone over to 55 East 9th street, and say to that dear friend of yours, S. P. Putnam, that I wish to interview him on a most serious and solemn subject, one that is dear to my heart?

S. P. PUTNAM, *Sir:* Allow me to address your high mightiness through THE TRUTH SEEKER by asking you to explain certain statements, or comparison, rather, in your article last week addressed to George Chainey. Please allow me to present for your inspection your own words, which turned my usually composed countenance into a solemn and wrathful frown, and brought the even temperature of my temper, which is one of my characteristics, up to 140 in a second.

I ask as a favor that every Liberal lady in the land will interpret this statement according to her own judgment. With my sensitiv nature and high notions, I purpose to take exceptions to that remark. Taking into consideration the many good and sensible things you said at Cassadaga, I am half convinced that it must hav been a slip of the pen. But here it is: "You hav not done what a plain, level-headed, practical business man would hav done. You hav been a woman, really, a mad poet, but not a wise philosopher." May the nine muses shield us from such a thrust. Mr. Putnam, your brotherly advice to Chainey was good. Will you please take a dose of the same good advice, which I quote: "Now, my boy, I simply wish you to back down from your position as gracefully as you can; admit your error of judgment, and make an apology. Act honorably in this matter, and with courage. Don't be afraid to beg pardon when your conscience must tell you that you hav done wrong."

I havn't forgotten that Mr. Charles Watts made the same little blunder at Cassadaga, and Mr. Watts must fix that little matter if he expects a warm and friendly reception from the Liberal bodies of Salamanca.

Men hav weaknesses as well as women, and are quite liable to inherit them from their fathers, and I insist on knowing why, when you find in your own sex a man whose emotional and poetical nature makes him a reed in the wind, or another with softening of the brain; in fact, all who are mentally weak must be compared to a woman.

I leave this to your kind consideration, and wait your answer in high dudgeon.

THERESE SOBIESKI.

STEWARD, ILL., Nov. 4, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: To-day is election day. I hope in the near future we shall be able to support a candidate of our own—a noble Liberal. I am young yet; hav read the great Hunting Book through three times, beside learning many portions by heart. I was brought up to believe it, every word, until my reason got the better of my belief. But I am glad that I know what is contained in the Bible. I also hav a copy of the Koran, which, I think, is superior to our Bible; it helps me to refute the arguments of Christians. I am an open enemy of the clergy. We hav had several cases of suicide in this vicinity, all Christians, and our minister, the Rev. Mr. Linn, took occasion to preach a sermon on Infidelity. He said that the unbelievers were fast killing themselvs off by suicide (a misrepresentation). It was more than I could stand. I wrote an article giving him the lie direct. I tried the *Steward Leader;* it would not print it for fear of losing a few paltry subscriptions. Then I sent it to the *Rochelle Register;* the editor, a man of brains, printed it for me. It was answered by a few Christians (I also received several private letters advising me that it was better for me to let such matters alone). Our friends turned in and helped me, among the number, Mr. Otto Wettstein, of Rochelle, Ills. The debate lasted for five months, ending, Freethought ahead. I had no idea how many Liberals there were here, but a hearty handshake, and, "That was good," or "Giv it to 'em!"—such sentences as these convince me that I hav gained stanch friends.

I send you an article clipped from the weekly *Inter-Ocean* of Oct. 30th—would it not be well to reproduce it? I would like to correspond with one or more of the young lady readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER; the young ladies here nearly all belong to the church. I hav most of R. G. Ingersoll's lectures, and some of his books. I lend them to my Christian friends, and they hav done a great deal of good.

Yours respectfully, FRANK HOLCOMB.

AMERICUS, MISS., Oct. 20, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: It is the hardest times down here in south Mississippi that ever were known. Times are worse than they were during the Rebellion. Lumber business is stopped entirely, and if a man has got anything to sell he cannot get the money for it.

I must say something for THE TRUTH SEEKER. It is the best paper I ever hav found in my life, and I am twenty-nine years old. I am yet a single man; but if I was going to get married, and my girl didn't believe in THE TRUTH SEEKER, I would just quit her and look for another one. It drives out all superstitious belief in things that can't be, nor ever were, nor ever will be. I am a Freethinker of the land, and I don't see how I could do without THE TRUTH SEEKER. Mine is the only paper of that kind that comes anywhere near this section of the country. The preachers and Christians hav been raising, or trying to raise, thunder about it, but can't do much with me. They call me an Infidel, and I call them hypocrits. A good many of the Christians and parsons will go to the church house and pray and preach, and before they get home they will try to beat somebody out of something.

The Christians down here believe in a hell and a heaven, god and devil, and say that the sins we commit will carry us to a hell, a burning lake of fire and brimstone, unless we repent of our sins. But let a man or woman get sick or crippled for a long time, and the most of the people will say, "Look at that fellow; he is down with rheumatism." And they will say, "That's for his [or her] wickedness;" and if it is in my presence I always ask them if they believe that, and the most of them do. I tell them if that is the case, hell is here on earth, and that is all the hell anybody will see.

Some here say they would not believe an Infidel on his oath.

I had rather two Infidels would testify against me than one hypocrit. The book tells us that God made the world in six days, and rested, or finished, on the seventh day, and that all he made was good, and that God foreknew all things. If this is so, why was God sorry he made man? If any man or woman believes this story, they ought to hav a negro boy for a guardian.

I will do, and hav been doing, all I can for THE TRUTH SEEKER, and intend to take it so long as I liv, if I can pay for it. W. E. WALTERS.

PORTLAND, OR., Oct. 25, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: After many days, I will send a few lines to the dear old TRUTH SEEKER. I hail it as a welcome friend, full of truths and good tidings to all. I enjoy reading letters from different writers in other parts of the world, and perhaps others would like to hear of the sayings and doings of Liberals and non-Liberals from this Western shore. I will try and giv a few items as to how I view the situation in Oregon. We hav a large Liberal element here, but for want of energy and means they fail to keep up an organization. Many of them are like myself—do not hav an over-abundance of this world's goods; but for all that, if a few energetic men and women would put their shoulders to the wheel, meetings could be made a success. But Liberalism is gaining ground, in spite of narrow-minded bigots to clog her wheels. Since Colonel Ingersoll was here we feel more like holding up our heads. What grand and glorious truths he uttered! They fell like rain upon the parched earth, and we felt it was good to hav been there.

Two incidents happened while I was in the little city of Salem, Oregon, that I would like to mention. About the time Colonel Ingersoll was to speak in said city, a rabid Christian came out in print and denounced the non-rabid Christians who had the colonel's picture in their windows.

The other is of a poor unfortunate man found sleeping in the house of God, and the pastor, Mr. Chambers, the follower of the meek and lowly, caned him so severely he had to hav his head sewed up, and then turned him over to the tender mercies of the law. Christian spirit, wasn't it? We read that the Son of Man had not where to lay his head, and I suppose the poor tramp was in the same fix. No doubt this same priest thought it sacrilegious to see the colonel's pictures in the windows. I will leave the readers to draw their own conclusions. Comments are useless.

MRS. O. A. BENJAMIN.

BISHOP CREEK, CAL., Oct. 13, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I often feel like joining in some of the discussions going on in THE TRUTH SEEKER, but being a Spiritualist, or one who hopes for, and believes in, a future state, I fear to encounter the rude blows of some who hold that this life ends all. I hav read with great interest the doings of the Liberals at Cassadaga Lake (near the home where I was reared), and hav felt much interested in Mr. Chainey's conversion to Spiritualism. I am sorry to see professed Liberals so illiberal as some of them appear to be. I had hoped that the dogmatic spirit might be dropped with the dogmas they hav left behind and are still combating, yet no less so than those who hav hopes of a life beyond. As to the phenomena of Spiritualism, they are but the alphabet, out of which may be spelled the sentence, "We still liv." I hope Elmina will be able to bring to the light facts and truths relating to another life, if possible. One correspondent said he was "sorry Mr. Chainey had left us." Whom has he left? Has he gone ahead, or fallen back, or turned aside, from following wherever truth or his convictions lead? I thought his lecture at Cassadaga Lake splendid, had it not been that he struck uncalled-for blows at those who had aided him to gain the hights and freedom few attain.

I do not think the emotions should be repressed, but wisely trained, since these are the motiv power of the intellect, the same, in comparison, as the fires that create the steam for the engin. But some, it seems to me, advocate putting the wood into the boilers instead of the furnaces, producing but little moral force, as the intellect, when separated from the emotions, is but a glittering iceberg, which needs the fires of the emotional nature, though at times volcanic and erratic, to transform it into hills and vales of love and beauty. I may be wrong in my way of thinking, but I am searching for truth from day to day, and am ever glad to be shown the better way.

MRS. L. HUTCHINSON.

NEWARK VALLEY, N. Y., Oct. 14, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: The friendly letter containing my bill due THE TRUTH SEEKER came duly to hand, and its contents hav been noted and duly appreciated, for which I am truly thankful. Your bill should hav been paid long ago, but, to make a long matter short, I am too "cussed" poor to meet my honest dues. When I stated the time I should send you the money, I was sick, and spent the money that I intended to send you to pay doctor's bill. I intended to pay up and stop the paper, for I am at present so embarrassed I am not able to take it, and if you will stop the paper I will pay up just as soon as I possibly can. Still, I shall feel lost without THE TRUTH SEEKER. This is why I hav let it run so long. I hav hoped I would stem the tide and soon pay up and continue my subscription. I hav been, and still am, one of those peculiar unfortunates that fate seems to be against. I could write you a sad history of misfortunes, but what is the use? In the last two years I hav lost—died on my hands—four horses, two cows, and seventy-five dollars' worth of hogs. At this present writing, I hav a horse worth a hundred and fifty dollars lying on the barn floor, which will probably be dead before morning. I liv in one of the most priest-ridden communities on top of God's footstool. They say it is because I am such an Infidel that god (excuse me, I hav not reverence enough to spell god with a capital *G*) is punishing me by killing my horses, my cows, and my pigs. I say to them, "This is characteristic of your God; he never had manhood or bravery enough to meet an opponent face to face, but sneaks around and kills his opponent's domestic animals, or burns up his house or barn with his thunderbolts. If their God is such a creature as that, the farthest I can get away from him will be the nearest heaven I expect to get.

I am the only man in the town, and I don't know but in the county, that has got backbone enough to take THE TRUTH SEEKER, though there are hundreds that are at heart just as much opposed to the Christian fraud as I am. I hav been a successful school-teacher for years, but I am now a marked man. All the influence of this priest-ridden community is brought to bear against me. I could not possibly get even a common district school where my religious belief is known. But you can "bet your life" that I don't fail to let it be known whenever the opportunity offers.

If I don't get THE TRUTH SEEKER any more, I can keep pretty well posted by reading over back numbers, for I hav preserved them all. A part of them I hav bound in volume form, and intend to hav the others bound also as soon as I get able. Yours truly, E. W. COUNCILMAN.

NORSE, TEXAS, Oct. 7, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: It isn't often that you get a communication from Norse, and for the purpose of assuring you that we havn't entirely backslidden, I offer you a few lines. There being but few Liberals at this place we can but seldom afford the luxury of a Liberal lecture. But when we find a lecturer disposed to take in our little place on his rounds and thankfully receive our widow's mite, we always employ him.

We lately had the pleasure of listening to a couple of lectures by Mr. J. L. Andrew, of Kansas; subjects, "Morality," and "Infidelity." Mr. Andrew is a young man of about twenty-five years of age, an Englishman by birth, and has but lately espoused the cause of Liberalism. Intending to devote his life to the Christian ministry, he soon found that procrustean bed too short and narrow for his intellect and sympathy, and so had the manhood and courage to abandon it at once and resolve to consecrate his life to the propagation of the religion of humanity. Mr. Andrew has, to a considerable degree, the natural gifts of the orator. Slightly under medium hight, of large, rotund figure; full, deep, and musical voice; in manner natural, logical, forcible, and eloquent; witty, sarcastic, humorous and serious by turn, he holds the attention of his audiences from beginning to end.

Materialistic in views, yet he is not a dogmatist. He will remain in Texas during the present month; open to lecture engagements, and those wishing his services can address him in care of Mr. J. D. Shaw, Waco, Texas.

Texas is a great field for the Liberal propagandism, for those who are willing to do missionary work, who are not mercenary, but count it but gain if, through their sacrifices, people are emancipated from mental thraldom.

In conclusion, I wish you abundant success in your noble efforts in battling for the rights of man.

Yours fraternally, E. A. ROLIN.

DODGE CITY, KAN., Oct. 17, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Having noticed, on several occasions, the cowardly and dishonest acts of some of our divines, published in the columns of your valuable paper, I thought it would not be out of place to send you a clipping from the Dodge City *Democrat* of this week. It is a letter from a practicing physician of this city. If there are any more publications pertaining to the case on either side, I will foward them to you.

Yours for truth, R. E. NYE.

P.S.—While I am writing this at the hotel, I discover one of those so-called agents of God looking of my shoulder.

R. E. N.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

I wish to call the attention of the religious as well as the Infidel portion of the community to the numerous acts of one Rev. Mr. Elliott, a so-called minister of the gospel of the Methodist persuasion. I believe his many kind and Christian acts call for this public notice, and being disposed at all times to giv the devil his dues, I take this method of calling particular attention to the reverend gentleman above named. I will not attempt, however, to enter into any lengthy details, as to the moral or Christian character of this canting hypocrit, as I hav no desire to pollute the columns of your much respected paper, which would be inevitable were I to do so. I will confine myself to one of his recent acts, which I believe will suffice to demonstrate all there is in him. Last week I attended the Hutchinson fair, and while absent, this sanctimonious desecrator of the teachings of Christ jumped my claim, which I had selected as a home for myself and family. Of course I can get another one, as there is plenty of land in Kansas, but that is not the thing; in the event of my locating another claim, what assurance would I hav that some other preacher of the Elliott stripe wouldn't steal it the first time I left the city? I hav always had very serious doubts about Methodist preachers being the inspired agents of God, and since this occurrence I feel that my doubts hav been based upon very good grounds. If heaven is to be the final abode of such cowardly, thieving, hypocritical medicants as Mr. Elliott, I prefer an eternal residence with his Satanic Majesty.

In conclusion, I would say that I shall hesitate to make known my claim in heaven, for fear this unscruplous, perjuring land thief might try to jump it. DR. M. G. COCKEY.

NEWPORT, ME., Nov. 2., 1884.

MR. EDITOR: You can bear witness that I hav not written a word for your paper on the political question, and I can say THE TRUTH SEEKER has taken an impartial stand on this insane subject. What I wish to say is, that while I hav earnestly desired that James G. Blaine would never be president, there is no cause for a true reformer to rejoice over the election of Grover Cleveland, for, no matter what party may be in power, the principles of government will remain the same. It is despotism; though in a milder form than monarchical government, still it is despotism, and no true reformer can support it. And, as a man who has a purpose in life; something to liv for every waking hour, I enter my solemn and earnest protest against every form of government as it now exists, because to exist it outrages my natural and inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

Because all governments of force are in constant warfare on the rights of the individual, and, as in the case of the Christian church, if it were not for the ignorance of the people, they could not exist for a day. And as reformers, we must not forget that these political campaigns are fearfully demoralizing and corrupting to good morals. If the people were not on a very low plain, they would hav rejected James G. Blaine with scorn and indignation, after he lowered himself by allowing a court to interrogate him in relation to his moral life. That one act ought to hav damned him politically for the rest of his life. In the language of Whittier:

"Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide."

Then was the time for Mr. Blaine to rise to the dignity of a man and say, "Not one word of explanation will I make to any one concerning my private life." If Mr. Blaine loses the presidency, as reported, that one act of wrecking his manhood by allowing himself to be catechised as he did will be the cause, for "there's a law of compensation, and a law of retribution for each mortal and each nation."

SEWARD MITCHELL.

P. S.—I wish to send my choicest and best blessing to Lewise Oliver, for her grand letter in the last TRUTH SEEKER, for of all the thousands of inspired letters in the paper of all others, THE TRUTH SEEKER, that letter is the best. If any of the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER hav a copy of the paper of October 18th to spare, and will mail it to me, they shall receive my best thanks. S. M.

MILLBANK, ONT., Oct. 24, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Find inclosed one dollar, for which please giv me credit on my subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER. I liv in an orthodox community, where superstition sways the scepter over science, and the religious traditions of a past credulous period are still accepted as infallible and true. Reared by strictly orthodox parents in a land of mental night, my journey from faith to reason, as might be supposed, was beset by many difficulties and obstacles, but by the aid of the writings of such intellectual giants as Darwin, Huxley, Spencer, and Tyndall, I gradually succeeded in outgrowing the creed of my youth, and now rejoice in the conscious glorious knowledge that I am mentally free. A. D. RUTHERFORD.

OGDEN, UTAH, Oct. 18, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: It appears to me rather singular that the National Liberal League has never proposed a plan to provide for the naming of children born to Liberal parents. I think something ought to be done in this respect. You are aware, of course, that Infidels, as unbelievers in the Bible, do not care to practice the orthodox style. Now I propose that blank forms be printed; to be furnished by the secretary of National Liberal League—auxiliary Liberal Leagues generally; said forms to hav blank spaces for signature of president, vice-president, and secretary of National Liberal League or auxiliary Liberal Leagues, and recorded in League registers, etc.

Mr. Mercer, of this city, is erecting an Agnostic Hall, to be used by our League, now organizing, and which will be ready by the first of November or thereabouts. We expect Mr. Putnam and Mr. Watts this fall or winter.

If there ever was a religion that could make good, strong Infidels and Spiritualists it is Mormonism. In your last issue of THE TRUTH SEEKER, speaking of Catholic Irish, you state that they are low, ignorant, etc. This is caused as much by English rule as priestcraft, and is not for the want of brains, as is seen in the sterling qualities of the Irish in this country. In conclusion, I will say, as a mechanic, that Butler, in my opinion, is the best representativ of the workingmen in America. Very truly, NEIL A. PARKS.

MOSCOW MILLS, MO., Oct. 23, 284.

MR. EDITOR: Not long since I asked a "sky pilot" where heaven was located, and he said that the heavenly New Jerusalem was away up in the blue vaults of space. I said to him, "How do you know that heaven is up in the skies?" "Well, good Christians," he said, "are shown heaven on their death-beds by the power of Christ." Great power that! "Well, Brother Isaac," said I, "I would like to hav some proof of the existence of that place called heaven that you speak of. I hav soared through the blue vaults of space, astronomically and scientifically, and hav not seen heaven yet. I hav surveyed the mighty circumference of the moon, and hav explored the mighty plains, hills, and valleys of the same, and I see no traces of that bright city; the golden city of God, walled and paved with pure gold. Where, oh where is it? It is not there, and I hav gone to the remotest corner of space—which is as far as our astronomical observations will permit us to go—and it is not there. I come back from the aerial regions with the displeasure of not finding heaven, and not finding the Christian's golden fort. I now go up and down the earth searching for that place, where all the wretches and vile sinners of earth hath gone."

There is nothing I so despise as I do the Christian religion. Please understand me, my pious friends; it is not the people that I despise and loathe; it is their superstitious doctrins. The venomous reptile of earth, the viper and the adder, in my estimation, are a credit to the Christian religion.

C. B. HUNTER.

PORT CLINTON, O., Nov. 10. 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $5. I cannot understand how any Freethinker can read your valuable paper, THE TRUTH SEEKER, and not become a regular subscriber. Of course I want it, and you can put me down for a life subscriber. I could not keep house without THE TRUTH SEEKER, and good old Boston *Investigator*, to brighten up things every week. I will try and get you some new subscribers in this place. Please credit me with one year's subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER, and the balance, $2 00, you will oblige me by paying to Samuel P. Putnam for campaign expenses. Wishing you great success, I remain, Yours truly, W. S. FLANGHER.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Full River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night begins to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

A Letter in Rhyme.

My darling little children, I always like to hear
Of dogs, and cats, and horses, of birds and babies dear;
And if you think you'll like it, I'm sure we shall agree,
For I can sometimes tell you of what I chance to see.
Just two doors from my cottage there livs a darling dog,
With brown hair short and curly, and round as any log,
For Fido likes good living, like meat, mince pies, and cake;
Of everything that's dainty, he gladly will partake.

From out a deep bay window he looks upon the street,
And when familiar faces his honest eyes can greet,
He barks a gladsome welcome that's dog-like, true, and kind,
Then brings them rags or slippers, or first thing he can find.

One day I said, "Dear Fido, my darling good old boy,
Bring something of more value to testify your joy,
For then I can grow wealthy, and, living at my ease,
I'll take both you and kitty, and we'll do what we please."

The next time I came homeward, dear Fido followed me,
His eyes and feet came dancing, in activ, merry glee.
And when within my doorway, he laid upon the floor
A large silk spool of value, fresh from the city store;
Then, in my face upglancing, his bright eyes seemed to say,
"Now is this to your liking, what I hav brought to-day?"
I thanked him, and I wondered, as Fido kissed my hand,
How much of human language a dog could understand.

And once I placed some "extras" within a china cup,
And in my garden pathway asked Fido o'er to sup.
He did, then took politely the cup with sober grace,
And round the house he trotted, and put it in its place.
Ah, Fido! liv and flourish; and if, like you, we're kind,
As faithful, true, and genile, the world will surely find
That all can help to banish the clouds of sin and hate,
And face, with hearts uplifted, love's sunlit golden gate.

C. FANNIE ALLYN.

Montagew and His Yacht.

Montagew Hardicooper was a slim youth with fluffy lungs and a perpetual hacking cough. His cheeks were hollow, his shoulders stooped, there was a consumptiv darkness under his eyes, and his hair looked dry and dead, like the moss upon a rock. People, at the time this account opens, gave him a year to liv. There was one person, however, who had not placed young Hardicooper's funeral at so early a date. This was his younger brother Duff, who had better advantages for observing Montagew's symptoms, and he argued that as long as that youth's performances at the dinner table were sustained, his demise could not be located in the imm ediate future. Nevertheless the cough troubled Duff, and he watched his brother's health with tender interest.

Montagew lived in New York, and afternoons in the summer he used to go wandering about the wharves, looking at the vessels that lay in the dock, thrusting their long bowsprits, laden with iron martingales, across the street, almost into the windows on the opposit side. He looked at the towering spars with awe, and his respect for a seafaring man fell little short of veneration. Later on he got in the habit of visiting Port Morris, just above the city, where he would sit upon the shore of the East River and watch the Knickerbocker yachtsmen sail their boats. He wished he had a sailboat. He believed he saw various channels in which one would be useful, and his brother Duff expressed the same sentiments. With due deliberation, therefore, they commenced forthwith to save up money and to look about for a yacht whose price should be within their means. Montagew was acquainted with a young medical student named Diem, who was already beginning to be called doctor among his associates. This doctor had been to sea one voyage and knew how to manage a yacht. He volunteered the offer, if Montagew Hardicooper would buy a boat, he would teach him to navigate her.

Soon Montagew, inquiring around, got wind of a little sailboat over in Jersey City which the owner was willing to part with for a moderate sum. Through a friend, in whose judgment he had much confidence, Montagew closed the bargain for the boat without having seen her. This was in the fall of the year, about the first of November. Some two weeks later, having saved and borrowed enough money to pay for their boat, Montagew and Duff decided to fetch her to New York. It was a rainy day. The doctor was ready to undertake to navigate the craft, and several persons were willing to go over to Jersey City and act as passengers on the way back. In this capacity the services of two adventurous youths, named Salvinny Boots and James Fulljames, were accepted. Together they set out for New Jersey.

The owner of the boat was easily found. He was a butcher who had once been an oysterman, and who was believed to hav seen a sea serpent. He had many words of praise for the boat. Her name was Sadie. She had been in a regatta the year before, the man said, and was second in the race at the finish. When questioned as to the number of boats taking part in the regatta, he said he had most forgot, but believed there were two—the Sadie and another boat. The Sadie was thereupon purchased by the enthusiastic Hardicoopers, and the price, $40, paid into the hands of the retired oysterman, who, with his cleaver, cut a page from his cash book, and, by a long and laborious process, transformed it into a document reading as follows:

"Jersey City, Nov. 15th.

"Reseaved this day of Montagew Hardicooper forty dollers for my 16 foot cat bote Sadie, in full payment theroff. The undersined P. Backstay."

Pocketing this instrument, Montagew Hardicooper and party went in search of the boat. They found her lying bottom-side up on the muddy bank of the Morris & Essex Canal, with the word Sadie painted in gilt letters on a blue board running athwart her stern. By a united effort she was turned over. Criticisms were then in order.

"Gee, gosh! what a racket!" shouted Salvinny Boots, and he danced wildly.

"Hooray!" volunteered Duff.

James Fulljames remarked that she was "a daisy."

"Waw-hoop!" yelled Montagew Hardicooper, for he was in high spirits.

The Sadie was all his fancy painted her. She was bright as a new dollar, and sound from stem to stern. Not a seam was started. The rowlocks, and every screw and nail, were of copper. She had been built upon honor.

Off to the west, about one-fourth of a mile, flowed the Hackensack River. Close at hand on the east was the canal. In this the Sadie must be launched and locked through from the canal to the river. The lock was half a mile away up stream. It fell to Duff and Fulljames to propel the craft, by means of sweeps and otherwise, to the lock, from thence to the river, and down the river to a point opposit where she now lay, to which point Montagew, Salvinny, and the doctor would transport the rigging overland. The difficulty James and Duff had getting her up the canal and down the river against the wind and tide was immense. James wanted to tow the boat along by means of a rope, Duff remaining aboard and "keeping her off" with an oar. The rope was so short, and Duff exerted such vigor in pushing away from the bank, that he once or twice pulled James into the canal, and filled his boots with water.

After a good deal of trouble the Sadie was worked around to where Montagew and the others were waiting with the sails and spars. These latter had been found in good condition. The mast was a handsome stick, straight as a gun-barrel; the boom and gaff were in first-class order, and there were as many sister-hooks, and grummets, and gilguys scattered about as would serve to rig two such boats. The sail was spread out upon the ground, and in that position the doctor bent it to the spars and rove the halliards. The rest stood around watching him and getting in his way, bewildered among so many lines and loops and eyelets that they could not divine the use of. Finally, the rigging was carried aboard. The Hardicoopers were in a state of mind bordering on delirium. They were the proprietors of a boat that was rapidly becoming a small ship.

The rudder was shipped; the mast, with the gilt ball at the head, was raised upright and successfully stepped.

"All aboard," shouted the doctor.

The boys tumbled into the boat.

"Stand by the halliards," and Doctor Diem passed one line to Montagew and another to Duff.

"Aye, aye," they responded. They were fast becoming sailors.

"Haul away smartly!"

Up went the sail. Then they belayed the ropes as they were and dropped the centerboard; the doctor seated himself by the tiller; the big sail flapped for a moment, then swung to one side and puffed out like a boy's cheek when he is whistling. There was a tinkling ripple under the bow of the Sadie; the shore seemed to be moving away—and the Hardicoopers were afloat. Talk about the pride of a boy when he gets his first pair of boots; the happiness of a dog with two tails; the ecstasy of a youngster with a red wagon—these are griefs compared with the transports of the Hardicoopers. They swung their hats; they stood up and shook hands; they shouted with glee till the waves of the Hackensack rippled in response.

There is something about riding in a sailboat that is different from riding in anything else. You are neither drawn nor pushed. It must be good deal like ballooning. You hav not the jigger and jar of the steamboat, nor the man in his shirtsleeves that goes with the rowboat. Some invisible power touches the sail, and the boat moves. There is the element of air above and the element of water below; and the passenger is, so to speak, sandwiched between.

After the Hardicoopers' first paroxysm of delight had passed, they stretched themselvs in the thwarts and settled down to solid happiness. Everything was quiet, and a mist floated upon the surface of the river. Soon James and Salvinny and the doctor piped up and sang a song of the rolling deep. The Hardicoopers never sang, but had great capacities for listening, and were not critical. They therefore enjoyed such music as the trio were able to afford. As the old rhyme has it,

Fair laughs the morn and soft the zephyr blows,
While, proudly gliding o'er the azure realm,
In gilded trim the gallant Sadie goes,
Youth at the prow, and Pleasure at the helm.

So down the stream the party passed, singing and listening, drifting and rocking; happy, careless, contented.

But they were not to reach home without adventure. Salvinny Boots was one of those youths who do not know when they are well off. There was room enough on the seats of the Sadie, but he thought it would be the proper thing to sit on the little strip of deck that ran around the boat. So he sat there and swung his feet. The result was what everybody looked for. His feet suddenly flew upward, and he took a backward plunge into the river. But he had hardly struck the water before Montagew Hardicooper had him by the heel, and he was being yanked along in the wake of the Sadie. Montagew got a grip with his left hand on the shoulder of Salvinny and dragged him half way into the boat; then his right hand fell with a loud slap on the seat of Salvinny's trousers, and the youth was tumbled heels over head into the boat. The doctor turned the Sadie about and picked up Salvinny's hat, and jammed it, filled with water, upon the owner's head. As for Boots, a good deal of the hilarity was taken out of him, and he spent the next half hour in wringing the water out of his clothes. Duff loaned him his overcoat, and both sat and shivered.

While all these things were occurring the day was drawing to a close. The voyagers had now reached Bergen Point, near the mouth of the river, and Staten Island was close ahead. They could just see its lights through the fog, which was growing more dense every moment. At Staten Island they expected to get something to eat, and made a landing for that purpose. Here Salvinny danced about so in his efforts to keep warm that he fell under the suspicion of being insane, and came near getting arrested. The boys visited a grocery store and made a good meal on crackers and cheese, and then returned to the boat. The fog had now become so thick that they could hardly see one another's forms. There was no breeze, and the men on the wharf convinced them that it would be impossible to reach New York with the Sadie that night. They might leave the boat there and go home on the ferry. The ferry had stopped running from that point, but by going overland to the quarantine on the other side of the island, they might be able to catch a boat. A horsecar would take them to quarantine. Into a car the four lads climbed, and Salvinny Boots came shivering after. At the end of a dreary ride of about five miles they reached quarantine. There they learned that no more boats would go to New York that night on account of the fog.

"Gee, gosh, what a racket!" shouted Salvinny. That was what Salvinny said on every occasion.

"Well, here is a hotel," said Montagew. "Let's put up for the night."

"Steady there," said the doctor, speaking nautically, "hav you got any money?"

The boys drew together to take an account of resources. Montagew searched his pockets and produced $1.10; Duff scraped together $0.27. James, with a look of deep concern upon his face, elevated his elbow, thrust his hand deep into the inside pocket of his vest, and, after a long search, drew forth $0.00. The doctor had ten cents. Salvinny said he must hav lost all his money when he fell overboard! Total, $1.47. This would pay for the lodging of one. Montagew would not desert his shipmates, and there was nothing to do but to make a night of it in the ferry-house. In the waiting room was a big stove. Salvinny drew up to this and was soon converted into a cloud of steam from his wet clothes. The others wandered dismally about, catching short naps occasionally by lying upon the benches, and awaking with an ache in every bone.

It must hav been well along toward midnight. The boys were standing in front of the ferry-house. It rained a little, but they had got accustomed to that, and Salvinny knew he couldn't get any wetter than he was already. Suddenly they saw a white figure turn around the corner and come toward them.

"Look! boys," whispered the doctor; "what is that?"

"It's a kid," said James; "in her night dress."

"A kid" was what James always called a child until, years afterward, he had one of his own.

And so it turned out to be a little girl, barefooted, bareheaded, and with nothing between her and the rain but the gown she was accustomed to sleep in. She was crying.

"Please, sir," she said, addressing no one in particular; "can you tell me where to find a policeman?"

James had a big rubber coat on, which made him look almost like a man. He stepped forward, threw out his chest, and, twirling his umbrella with a proper flourish, said in a deep-sea voice: "I am an officer; what can I do for you, little gyurl?"

"Me fader is drunk," said the child, "and he's clubbin' me mudder."

Here was a chance for the boys to distinguish themselvs. They would fly to the rescue of helpless womanhood. The keeper of the ferry-house said he knew the girl's father. He was a bad man, and would as soon shoot anybody as not. But the boys were foolhardy if not courageous. They told the child to go ahead and show them the house. The girl in the night-gown ran up the street; James and Duff stumped along close to her heels, and Montagew and the doctor kept at a respectful distance behind. Salvinny stuttered through his jiggering teeth, "Gee, gosh, what a racket!" and dived into the ferry-house and rubbed up against the stove.

The house was soon sighted. The volunteer policemen took up their position on the opposit side of the street, sending the girl ahead to reconnoiter. Presently the window opened and they heard the sound of groans and the thud of blows. These ceased and they waited in suspense, expecting to see the child's body flung out of the window, accompanied by the blaze of firearms directed at themselvs. It appeared to be a critical moment. The child was seen at the window, and they heard her voice raised, "Hey, mister," she said, "you needn't come in. It's all right. Mudder's got the best of the old man, and is bastin' him wid a broomstick."

The boys returned to the ferry, Montagew and the doctor this time taking the lead.

The night wore away with songs and jokes about their adventures, and in the morning they took the earliest boat for New York.

A few days later Montagew and the doctor sailed the Sadie up the East River to the Harlem. It was too late in the season for extensiv yachting that year, but when the spring opened Montagew Hardicooper joined the Knickerbocker Yacht Club, and became one of its most activ members. The exercise agreed with him, and he got fat, and his cough left him. He took on sailor ways and left off his suspenders, hitching up his trousers by grasping them fore and aft; and when autumn came again you would never hav recognized in the rugged and sunburnt sailorfied chap, the pallid youth described in the opening of this account. He sailed the Sadie in numerous regattas, and was always beaten, but that did not dim the ardor of his enthusiasm. She was not built for a racer, he said, but she was as "stiff as a church;" by which he meant to say that she was not easily overturned; though once she capsized in a flaw of wind, and left him swimming in the salt water until a passing steamer picked him up and righted the boat for him.

Duff did not take as much interest in yachting as Montagew. While its effect on his brother's health is very gratifying to him, he is still inclined at times to look upon the subject lightly. One day he wrote this bit of verse, which was printed in the New York *Judge:*

THE KNICKERBOCKER YACHTSMAN.

When prosperous breezes blow athwart the Sound
The sunburnt yachtsman spreads his snowy sail,

And as his anchor slowly breaks its ground,
His boat pays off before the summer gale.

No Premier Gladstone, with his ship of state,
No Admiral Seymour, with his armored fleet,
Upon his shoulders feels a heavier weight
Than does your yachtsman on his catboat seat.

Aloft a glance, with youthful wisdom fraught,
He throws on mast and vane and gaff and leech;
Names points superior about his yacht,
And puzzles you with his seafaring speech.

He jibes and tacks, and brings his craft about;
He yaws and luffs, and puts his tiller down,
Hauls in the sheet or lets it further out,
Rolls up his sleeves to let his arms grow brown.

He yachts and yachts, acquiring health and tan,
And sea terms adding to his sailor lore;
He sails his boat for every inch he can—
For all she's worth—and sometimes even more.

The Sadie is getting old, and lies bottom upwards for the winter on the shore near Port Morris. Montagew has not sailed her this summer. His proficiency as a sailor has become a passport for him to larger yachts in the club, and his first love is forgotten; but, afloat or ashore, Duff will always hav for the Sadie a tender regard, and when she finally goes to pieces he will try and save some little fragment of the wreck as a memento of an event, as he believes, so closely connected with his immediate and future happiness.

GEORGE E. MACDONALD.

Our Puzzle Box.

1.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Dedicated to all my Friends.

Ye puzzlers all, just list to me,
To what I hav to say;
'Tis only this, as you will see—
A double acrostic, this little lay,
Whose primals, when read down,
Will name a city, now quite old;
And finals—now don't begin to frown—
A plant will name, so I am told.
But halt! the best of it is yet to come:
The primals and finals connected name
A plant. I am about now done;
Now go ahead and solve the same.

1. For this you find an animal
That burrows in the ground.
2. Next you hav a festival
Comes but once a year around.
3. A fortification here is seen;
'Tis of polygonal form.
4. A biographical name does mean;
To own it is no harm.
5. A plant is next, of genus *rhus;*
For different things 'tis used.
6. With him "I came down in the 'bus;"
He all the passengers amused.
7. A genus of mollusks we hav next,
Including the cuttle-fish.
8. To engage, enlist, or to invest,
Whichever you may wish.
9. The last, to cloud, also to stain.
Now for me the answer rightly tell.
Your labor shall not be in vain;
Each solver I'll giv "Puzzledom in a Nutshell."

Pittsburgh, Pa. H. E. JUERGENS.

2.

CROSSWORD.

In friend, not in send;
In drink, not in think;
In earth, not in birth;
In admire, not in attire;
In sew, not in low;
In rain, not in pain;
In time, not in rhyme:
In decay, not in delay;
In kite, not in sight;
In dance, not in trance;
In otter, not in water;
In you, not in few;
In glass, not in lass;
In love, not in dove;
In said, not in bed;
In stock, not in flock;
In show, not in hoe.

My whole is the name of a colored man who was much esteemed by Abraham Lincoln.

Woodstown, N. J. MAGGIE HEADLEY.

3

DERIVATIV LETTER REBUS.

Inscribed to H. E. Juergens.

A letter from a *Stoic* take of it,
A state's initial you must bear in mind
And then a letter rebus make of it
To name that state when properly combined.

J. K. P. BAKER.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER NOV. 8, 1884.

1.
C O N C H
O B O L E
N O W E L
C L E P E
H E L E N

2. Texas (Saxe). 3. Ra-in in-g—raining.

Solvers, H. E. Juergens and M. Winslow.

Mr. Juergens's puzzle will be held four weeks for solution, first correct answer to receive "Puzzledom in a Nutshell."

Correspondence.

PITTSBURGH, PA., Nov. 8, 1884.

MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Madam:* Your kind notice in THE TRUTH SEEKER of November 1st flatters me rather more than I expected. Thanks; and to my young and old friends I would kindly advise—especially the former—that as patience and perseverance conquer all things, the Mystic (Puzzle) Art can be learned by all, also.

To my friend Bernheim let me say, when making anagrams, that he should put in the quotation marks, or readers may think the whole verse is an anagram, as in his puzzle of Nov. 1st.

To "Uncle James's" "Literal Discouragement" (?), call a puzzle by its plain name, as No. 2 in THE TRUTH SEEKER of Nov. 8th, which is simply a transposition.

And last, my friend Baker—his rhythmic efforts are very well, yet he to name them as puzzles appears to be at loss; but I suppose in the respect to puzzling he stands with Shakspere, who asks, "What's in a name?"

However, I will not scold them all. Their further efforts are welcomed; and especially the writer takes great interest in seeing your Corner made the means of educating all, and hopes ere long you will hav a goodly number of contributors.

I send you herein solutions and contributions, in hopes they will prove acceptable.

I remain, respectfully,
H. E. JUERGENS.

IRWIN, IOWA, Nov. 4, 1884.

MISS WIXON: I would like very much to express to Esprit Fort my high appreciation of the excellence of his *Paradox* in THE TRUTH SEEKER of Oct 25th. It is one of the best, if not entirely the best, that has yet appeared in our Corner. It remains to be seen if he can repeat such merit often. I can find only *one word* to criticise, that is "*way* above my reach." I would change *way* to *quite*, or *just*, or "My bed it is above my *reach*, etc." I ought to tell you what the answer is, a "pair of bob-sleds."

I do *not* think that the *more difficult of solution* a puzzle is, the *better* it is. I hav not time, on the spur of the moment, to name what I consider the chief points of excellence in a puzzle. If I had Esprit Fort's address I would venture a little "note of admiration" to him. If you write him, please say I would like to form his acquaintance. Whenever you hav anything as good as his *Paradox*, please let me stand aside for him. Yours truly, J. K. P. BAKER.

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Poetry.

The Way It Is Said.

The sultan awoke with a stifled scream;
His nerves were shocked by a fea ful dream.

An omen of terrible import and doubt—
His teeth in one moment all fell out.

His wise men assembled at break of day,
And stood by the throne in solemn array,

And when the terrible dream was told,
Each felt a shudder, his blood ran cold;

And all stood silent, in fear and dread,
And wondering what was best to be said.

At length an old soothsayer, wrinkled and gray,
Cried, "Pardon, my lord, what I hav to say;

"'Tis an omen of sorrow sent from on high;
Thou shalt see all thy kindred die."

Wroth was the sultan; he gnashed his teeth,
And his very words seemed to hiss and seethe

As he ordered the wise man bound with chains,
And gave him a hundred stripes for his pains.

The wise men shook as the sultan's eye
Swept round to see who next would try;

But one of them, stepping before the throne,
Exclaimed, in a loud and joyous tone:

"Exult, O head of a happy state!
Rejoice, O heir of a glorious fate!

"For this is the favor thou shalt win,
O Sultan, to outliv all thy kin!"

Pleased was the sultan, and called a slave,
And a hundred crowns to the wise man gave.

But the courtiers, they nod, with grave, sly winks,
And each one whispers what each one thinks,

"Well can the sultan reward and blame;
Didn't both the wise men foretell the same?"

Quoth the crafty old vizier, shaking his head,
"So much may depend on the way a thing's said!"

Mrs. H. S. Lake.

DEAR READERS OF THE TRUTH SEEKER: It has been a long time since I communicated with you, yet you are by no means forgotten; nor hav I ceased to take interest in the grand Liberal movement, of which you form so important a part.

I could not attend the League Congress, my engagements were such, but I note, with much satisfaction, that the result of the Convention seems to be renewed activity and increased interest. This is gratifying to me, and I shall co-operate whenever it is possible.

After attending the camp-meetings, we came to this place, to fill an engagement with the Liberal Society, for which we spoke four months last winter.

We found it in a prosperous condition, and, notwithstanding the political campaign, the interest continues to increase. We giv two lectures each Sunday. We hav a very fine choir, under Mr. Peck's leadership. Our Socials are largely attended, and I think it can truthfully be said that the Liberal Society exerts as much influence upon this community as any church. We hav some very activ, intelligent, and enthusiastic members. It would be almost unjust to name any particularly, all are so zealous. The hall is prettily decorated, and all who enter it feel a spirit of fraternity, which attracts them again. The membership is made up of both Materialists and Spiritualists, and the utmost harmony prevails.

For myself, as most of you know, I am a pronounced Spiritualist, and do all of my public work under the influence of my spirit friends; yet I number many of my warmest supporters and friends among Materialists. They take the position that they are simply "waiting for the light."

Of course Mr. Chainey's conversion is commented on here, as elsewhere. All Spiritualists feel glad that he has been convinced, and that he is brave enough to say so; though all do not, perhaps, quite agree with his methods.

Mrs. Slenker's pilgrimage is watched with interest, and it is hoped she may obtain truth in her investigations. Yet, whatever her conclusions may be, the great fact—accepted by millions—of spirit communion will remain the same.

I cannot close this brief letter without referring to the present political outlook in this particular locality. In this state the Democrats and People's Party hav united, much to the dissatisfaction of the Republicans. Gen. Weaver, the Greenback candidate for Congress, from the sixth district, is creating the greatest enthusiasm. Crowds of delighted listeners applaud his incontrovertible statements, and he will, no doubt, be elected. He is one of the ablest political speakers in the United States, and as an intelligent and honorable man he will be, as he has been, an honor to our National Congress. Reform in politics, as in religion, is the inevitable tendency of the age.

A most gratifying feature of this political canvass is the fact that many of the audiences in attendance number about one-half women; their education, in the affairs of government, is thus being brought about, and the day is not far distant when woman will be an activ element in politics in every state of the Union. It is but seldom that I meet a so-called Liberal who is opposed to the enfranchisment of my sex. In this, as in all other questions which pertain to the welfare of the race, we hav an abiding interest.

THE TRUTH SEEKER does not fail to take its position on the right side, and, with its able contributors, it grows better every day. For truth and justice, Yours, MRS. H. S. LAKE.

Ottumwa, Iowa, Oct. 25. 284.

"Waifs and Wanderings."

This bright and pleasing novel is one of S. P. Putnam's latest works, and is written in the author's well-known vigorous and entertaining style. You cannot help reading after you once begin it, for it draws you irresistibly along to the end. You cannot help laughing at some of the comical situations of Cupples, and crying over the trials of Amy, a white slave, yet with as sweet, pure, and noble impulses as ever made true womanhood beautiful and glorious. The story reads like history, in fact it is history, and depicts slavery as upheld by "divine" and state laws, and shows, also, some of the terrible features of the Rebellion in vivid word pictures. Bits of precious philosophy are woven in with the narrativ, like threads of fine gold, and the whole is well spiced with anecdote and epigram.

Great truths and useful lessons are often conveyed to the mind by means of the novel, and Mr. Putnam, in "Waifs and Wanderings," as well as in his previous works, has flashed many a philosophic fact, many a scientific guide mark to paths of reason and common sense along the way that travelers must go while on their journey through the world.

If you hav not yet read this book, you should lose no time in procuring a copy, for it is as I hav told you, and is deserving of a wide circulation.

It is a somewhat common remark that libraries in Liberal homes are filled more with what is termed heavy reading than with lighter works. There should be a fair sprinkling of the latter in order to preserve a healthy balance, especially when of the wholesome, breezy, interesting character of "Waifs and Wanderings." SUSAN H. WIXON.

"WAIFS AND WANDERINGS."

MR. EDITOR: Will you please allow me a little space to state that the above-named book, by our secretary, Samuel P. Putnam, should be read by *all*, both Infidels and others? It is grand, and the writer must hav been a soldier in the late "big fuss." I would especially request veterans to read it. Why, from the first chapter to the last it is almost out of the question to stop reading.

Billy Stubbs, afterward General Stubbs, is very original. He says, "There is a destiny that shapes our ends rough; hew them as we may." The death of the faithful negro, Columbus, is beyond describing. Read it, friends, read it. REMLY S. SIDELINGER.

Boston, Nov. 7, A.S. 284.

A Contemptible Pretext

Is ended by Cleveland's election. Let us hope never to hear it again. There livs not to-day a man of the strong, fierce, Southern Democratic spirit of Andrew Johnson Those of his school who survive hav been changed by the changing times. Except in being a Union man, he was the most ultra Southern Democrat of his age. And yet he took the executiv chair almost before the end of the war. Slaves were held in several states; no state had yet emancipated; the South was full of discharged soldiers and desperadoes; no black man had the franchise; all things were unsettled. And yet, twenty years after, when all the old rebels are dead or superannuated, all slaves freed, all blacks enfranchised, a new people rule the South to whom the word secession is meaningless, with the North infinitly stronger, and Northern spirit pervading the whole South, we are told it is "dangerous to elect a Northern Democrat to the presidency; it is a surrender to the South!" Surely, if we passed safely twenty ago under Andrew Johnson, why fear to-day? This dread of the South is not creditable, while this mean distrust of a vanquished enemy is contemptible. CLARKE IRVINE.

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THE DIRECTORY.

For the purpose of having more space for reading matter, we shall republish our long list of names but twice during the year—in the May and September numbers. But in each number of the Magazine we shall publish all the names we receive subsequent to the previous number, and all of these will be transferred to the Directory when that is published. Each person who sends in his or her name and post-office address for the DIRECTORY with twenty-five cents, will receive the number containing the name free. Now, kind reader, before you sleep, will you forward to us $1.50 for Volume III. of this publication?

Send 25 cents for the last number. Contents as follows:

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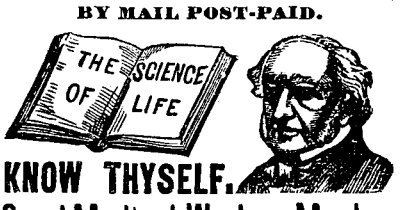
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Gems of Thought.

DESPISE the man governed by envy and malice and hatred, to cover which he boasts of his own goodness, and says, I am better than thou. Honor not the man who seeks to build himself up by pulling another down. Honor not the hypocrit and the liar. Despise the man who makes himself busy in digging up the faults and mistakes of his brother, which hav been buried and forgotten, to spread them before the world, and to shout to all men, saying, See what a bad man is here; trust him not; patronize him not; withdraw your friendship from him.—*D. M. Bennett.*

A DEFINITION.—Pantarchy, a conspiracy to help everybody to do what they want to; with organized efficiency given to the influences which will induce them to want the best; Guided Spontaneity, directed to the highest ends.—*The Pantarch.*

AND here I take occasion to thank Mr. Black for having admitted that Jehovah gave no commandment against the practice of polygamy, that he established slavery, waged wars of extermination, and persecuted for opinion's sake even unto death. Most theologians endeavor to putty, patch, and paint the wretched record of inspired crime, but Mr. Black has been bold enough and honest enough to admit the truth. In this age of fact and demonstration it is refreshing to find a man who believes so thoroughly in the monstrous and miraculous, the impossible and immoral; who still clings lovingly to the legends of the bib and rattle; who through the bitter experiences of a wicked world has kept the credulity of the cradle, and finds comfort and joy in thinking about the Garden of Eden, the subtle serpent, the flood, and Babel's tower, stopped by the jargon of a thousand tongues; who reads with happy eyes the story of the burning brimstone storm that fell upon the cities of the plain, and smilingly explains the transformation of the retrospectiv Mrs. Lot; who laughs at Egypt's plagues and Pharaoh's whelmed and drowning hosts; eats manna with the wandering Jews, warms himself at the burning bush, sees Korah's company by the hungry earth devoured, claps his wrinkled hands with glee above the heathens' butchered babes, and longingly looks back to the patriarchal days of concubines and slaves. How touching when the learned and wise crawl back in cribs and ask to hear the rhymes and fables once again! How charming in these hard and scientific times to see old age in Superstition's lap, with eager lips upon her withered breast?—*R. G. Ingersoll in the Christian Religion.*

THE Middle Ages were more religious than ours in proportion to their greater ignorance and barbarism; and, at present, the same difference exists, for example, between Spain and Germany, or, in Germany, between Tyrol and Saxony. Religion and civilization accordingly occupy, not an equal, but an inverted position in regard to each other, so that with the progress of the latter the former retreats.—*Strauss's Old and New Faith.*

THE cure for the greatest part of human miseries is not radical but palliativ. Infelicity is involved in corporeal nature and interwoven with our being; all attempts, therefore, to decline it wholly are useless and vain; the armies of pain send their arrows against us on every side; the choice is only between those which are more or less sharp, or tinged with poison of greater or less malignity; and the strongest armor which reason can supply will only blunt their points, but cannot repel them. The great remedy which heaven has put in our hands is patience, by which, though we cannot lessen the torments of the body, we can in a great measure preserve the peace of the mind, and shall suffer only the natural and genuin force of an evil, without hightening its acrimony or prolonging its effects.—*Dr. Johnson's Rambler.*

I HAV now pitched my tent under a cypress-tree; the tomb is now my inexpugnable fortress, ever close to the gate of which I look upon the hostil armaments and pains and penalties of tyrannous life placidly enough, and listen to its loudest threatening with a still smile. O ye loved ones, that already sleep in the noiseless land of rest, whom in life I could only weep for and never help; and ye who wide-scattered still toil lonely in the monster-bearing desert, dyeing the flinty ground with your blood—yet a little while and we shall all meet *there* and our mother's bosom will screen us all; and oppression's harness and sorrow's fire-whip and all the Gehenna bailiffs that patrol and inhabit ever-vexed time, cannot thenceforth harm us any more.—*Carlyle's Sartor Resartus.*

A TRAVELER over the Alps, with his companion, was overtaken by a storm. His companion, who was weaker than he, succumbed to the biting wind and the pelting snow and lay down to die. The other felt a faintness creeping into his own heart; but rousing himself with great effort, he began to rub into life his dying friend. In the stress of his labor he forgot the wind and the rain and the snow; his own blood began to tingle in his veins, his courage and energy returned as he toiled over his prostrate friend, welcoming every sign of recovering life. He became a man again; he lifted his friend from the ground, and the two fared on the way together until they reached a hospice, where they found shelter.—*Frothingham's Consolations of Rationalism.*

CAN two walk together except they be agreed? (Amos iii, 3.) Two are better than one, because they hav a good reward for their labor. For if they fall, the one will lift up his fellow; but woe to him that is alone when he falleth; for he hath not another to help him up. Again, if two lie together, then they hav heat; but how can one be warm alone? And if one prevail against him, how shall he withstand him? and a threefold cord is not quickly broken.—*Ecclesiastes* iv, 9-12.

CERTAINLY great persons had need to borrow other men's opinions to think themselvs happy; for if they judge by their own feeling, they cannot find it; but if they think with themselvs what other men think of them, and that other men would fain be as they are, then they are happy as it were by report, when perhaps they find the contrary within; for they are the first that find their own griefs, though they are the last that find their own faults.—*Bacon's Essays.*

Odds and Ends.

THE overproduction of whisky is probably the cause of money being tight.

WHEN ignorance is bliss it is folly to ask the landlady what she puts in the hash.

THE sot, taking yet another glass, is an illustration of the text—the spirit swilling, but the flesh is weak.

WHEN a Prohibitionist orator has water brought to him in a tin cup, people think they can see thfough his little game.

AS the cold weather is coming on, farmers will begin to think about housing their cattle. Those who hav steers to shed should prepare to shed them now.

SAID a young man to a professor of chemistry, at the same time holding up a fungus-looking plant: "Is there any way by which I can positivly tell whether this is a mushroom or a toadstool?" "Yes," answered the professor. "Eat it. If it is a mushroom, you'll liv; if it's a toadstool, you'll die."

MRS. BLINKS.—I notice by the papers that the hot water craze has revived. Mrs. Rinks.—What is that? "Why, don't you know? Everybody is drinking hot water in large quantities." "But what for?" "For their health. Hot water is said to be wonderfully wholesome." "Isn't that splendid! We can call our oyster festivals this winter 'health exhibitions.'"

A LITTLE ROCK man sold his cooking stove to get money enough to take his family to the circus. When one of his friends remonstrated with him, he said: "We had no use for the stove. Had nothing to cook." "But why didn't you buy something to eat with the money you got for the stove?" "Then we should hav had nothing to cook it on. Don't talk to me. I'm a philosopher."

A VERMONT farmer's boy has bought himself a bicycle, and wishes he hadn't. His father has utilized the thing by making it furnish motiv power for his winnowing mill, corn-sheller, and grindstone. This he does by suspending it from the axle, removing the tire from the wheel, and connecting it by an endless rope with his agricultural machines, then making his son mount and do the propelling.

"MY dear," said a wife to her husband, "I know that I am dreadfully cross with you at times, that I am not patient as I should be, and I think the same can be said of you." "Yes, certainly," he frankly acknowledged, "I am almost as bad as you are." "What's that?" "I—I say that I am just as much to blame as you are." "I think," went on the lady, "that we ought to cultivate a mutual toleration of each other's faults," and she bent over him and fondly kissed him. "You are not looking well tonight, my dear," he said, stroking her hair. "No," she replied, "my feet pain me dreadfully." "That's because you wear shoes two sizes too small for you." Then the trouble began once more.

"COME in," said the fourth-floor lawyer as the boy rapped on the door. "Say, mister!" "Well?" "Are you going to burn coal this winter?" "I may." "Then you'll hav to buy some," "Perhaps." "And you'll hav to hav it carried up." "Shouldn't wonder." "And I'd like the job." The lawyer locked his hands back of his head, and looked out of the window for a long time without a word in reply. The boy put in his time looking around the room, and when the silence had become painful he said: "Well, good-bye. If you get a case this fall, and get any money, and buy any coal, and don't want to carry it up yourself after dark, I'd like the job. You can remember I'm the boy who spoke to you. I've got red hair and two boils on my leg, and I feel awful sorry for poor folks."

A MAN, seemingly about sixty years of age, was telling the people in the waiting-rooms at the Third street depot, yesterday, that he had been east to old Massachusetts to see his sisters, and that on the way back he stopped off at Niagara Falls. "That's a place I never saw," remarked a woman with a poke bonnet on. "You didn't! Well, you've missed the awfullest sight on earth. I was jest stunned." "What is it like?" she asked. "Well, there's a river, and the falls, and lots of hotels, and several Injuns, and the bridal veil, and land only knows what else. If my old woman had a-been along, she'd hav wilted right down." "There's water there, I suppose?" "Oh, heaps of it. It pours and thunders and roars and foams and humps around in the terriblest manner. You hav bit on a shirt-button in a piece of pie, havn't you?" "No, sir." "Well, the feeling was about the same—kinder shivery. Why, the biggest man that ever lived ain't half as big as Niagara Falls. Let him set thar, and see that 'ere water tumbling over them 'ere rocks, and he can't help but feel what a miserable hoss-fly he is. You've falled out o' bed havn't you?" "No, sir." "Well, it's about the same thing. You wake up and find yourself on the floor, and you feel as if you had been stealin' sheep or robbin' blind men." "What portion of the Falls did you most admire?" "The water, mum," he promptly replied. "If you'd put 10,000 kegs of beer on the roof of this building, and set them all running, they couldn't begin with Niagara. It's the terriblest, appallingest thing ever patented." "Cost you much?" inquired a gentleman. "'Bout sixty-five cents. It's pooty tight times, and sixty-five cents don't grow on every bush, but I ain't sorry. It's sunthin' to talk about for twenty years to come. There's a chap in our town who used to travel with a circus, but he'll hav to take a back seat when I git home. Flip-floppin' around in a circus don't begin with Niagara Falls." "So, on the whole, you were pleased, eh?" "Pleased! Why, I was tickled half to death! I tell you if I had one on my farm, I wouldn't sell it for no $50 in cash. I've looked into a field whar 750 fat hogs was waitin' to be sold for solid money, but it was no sich sight as the Falls. I've seen barns afire, and eight hosses runnin' away, and the Wabash river on a tear, but for downright appalling grandeur of the terriblest kind, gimme one look at the Falls. You all ought to go thar. You can't half appreciate it till you've gazed on the rumpus."

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Notes and Clippings.

THE Boy Preacher Harrison announces his determination to pass the few remaining days of the decline and fall off of his now venerable years in the quiet retirement of Chicago.

ON a Sunday night, after preaching a powerful sermon on hypocrisy, the Rev. James W. Lindsay committed a burglary at Rushville. Ind., as a result of which he has gone to prison.

IN the citadel at Quebec is shown a small cannon which was taken by the British at Bunker Hill. A party of Americans were looking at the gun the other day, while a sergeant recited the history of its capture. "Yes," said a lady, "you've got the cannon, but I guess we've got the hill."

A CHICAGO man wanted a divorce because his wife persisted in singing hymns. The court laughed at him, and he would hav lost his case had not the lawyer summoned the wife to the witness stand and started her singing. At the fifth verse the court threw up the sponge and the divorce was granted.

"EXPERIENCE may be a dear teacher," remarked a clergyman as the contribution-box was returned to him empty, "but the members of this particular flock who hav experienced religion hav accomplished it at a very trifling cost. The choir will sing the seventy-ninth hymn, omitting the first, third, and fourth verses, in order to save unnecessary wear on the organ."

NEXT January there is to be held in the city of Edinburgh, Scotland, a conference of artisans, capitalists, and persons interested in the study of social problems, to discuss from every point of view the questions connected with the distribution of the results of labor between the actual workers, and those supplying the capital. A "gentleman of Edinburgh" has given $5,000 toward carrying out the proposed program.

CARLYLE'S opinion of Daniel Webster was not as exalted as the opinion of the average American respecting the same character. Possibly the best words of the distinguished writer were exhausted in his "Reminiscences" of his father, who he thought was a greater Scotchman than Robort Burns. This is what Carlyle says of Webster: "I will warrant him one of the stiffest logic buffers and parliamentary athletes anywhere to be met with in our world at present—a grim, tall, broad-bottomed, yellow-skinned man, with brows like precipitous clifts, and huge, black, dull, wearied, yet unweariable-looking eyes under them; amorphous, projecting nose, and the angriest shut mouth I hav anywhere seen. A drop on the sides of the upper lip is quite mastiff-like—magnificent to look upon; it is so quiet withal. I guess I should like ill to be the man's nigger. However, he is a right clever man in his way, and has a husky sort of fun in him, too; drawls in a handfast, didactic manner about 'our republican institutions,' etc , and so plays his part."

THIS story about Colonel Ingersoll may not be true, but it has the merit of not involving a campaign lie. A correspondent of the Chicago *News* vouches for it: "President Clarke, of the Illinois Central Railroad, told me a good story about Bob Ingersoll, the other day, that has not yet been in print. A long time ago it was, when many counties in the southern part of the state were under township organizations, and the supervisors sat as judges in certain cases. 'Bob' was arguing a case before one of these tribunals, of which the judges were evidently more familiar with crops than law practice. He brought all his eloquence to bear on the point, that the case in question was a great injustice to his client, and should be 'thrown out of court.' Continually returning to that argument, he reached the climax with a burst that, as usual, carried everybody by storm, ending with the same appeal to 'throw it out of court, sirs! out of court.' It brought the judges up 'all standing,' and the presiding one slowly reached over, gathered up the papers in the case from the table in front of him, and as he gave them an energetic flip out of the window, turned to Ingersoll with a relieved smile, and said: 'Bob, she's out!'"

THE London *World* says: All friends who remember the condition of mental debility to which some years ago Professor Huxley was temporarily reduced by overstrain, will be relieved to know that the unsatisfactory state of health because of which Sir Andrew Clark has enforced on him a winter residence in Italy, is of a purely physical character. He and Mrs. Huxley left London on Friday last, bound by easy stages for northern Italy. Venice was the original selection as winter quarters, but I understand that Baveno has been ultimately chosen, both because of its more bracing climate, and because the facilities for exercise are better at Baveno than at Venice. Mr. and Mrs. Huxley look forward to be back in town for the marriage of their daughter next spring.

THIS is the way Robert Burdette, of the Burlington *Hawkeye*, dips into ancient history: A Christian martyr stood calmly in the arena, waiting for the guards to call the lion in to dinner, when Commodus, the emperor, touched with compassion, fitted an arrow to his gun, remarking to the prisoner that if he would just turn a little sideways he would put out both his eyes, so that he could not see the lion come in. "There is one eye, sir, about me," said the martyr, calmly, "that you can't shoot out—that will improve after I am dead." "And what is that eye, sir?" demanded the emperor, with lofty scorn. "Fertilizer," hoarsely replied the Christian martyr, holding his handkerchief over his face to conceal his emotion. A choking sob went murmuring all around that immense throng, like a dog trying to get into a smoke-house, and the dry sands of the arena were bathed in the tears of the Roman populace. Commodus was so confused that he swallowed the arrow he was fitting to the bow. The curtain was rung down, the lights turned up, and the next day that martyr appeared on the bills as "Engagement extraordinary—the leading American humorist, impersonator, and lightning change artist. First night of the Big 4."

A GREAT deal of newspaper and oral comment hav been occasioned by the omission of Gov. Hoadly to use the name of the deity in his Thanksgiving proclamation. A Columbus, O., *Dispatch* representativ interviewed his excellency on the subject recently. "What do you wish to know?" said the governor, smiling good-naturedly. "Anything you care to say," said the scribe. "Well," responded the governor, "I hav been greatly amused at the comments of some newspapers, but that is all. If you wish to know whether the omission was accidental or intentional, I will say that it was intentional. If you desire to know my reasons for omitting to mention the deity, I will tell you. I was reading the New Testament recently, and was thinking if Blaine should be elected what sort of a Thanksgiving proclamation I could issue. I found in the twenty-first verse of the seventh chapter of Matthew that which seems to convey the two principal characteristics of my proclamation, an intimation that it is not necessary to call upon the deity, and an exhortation to charity. The verse is as follows: 'Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my father which is in heaven.'"

ON the day after election the Bangor *Whig* contained the following: "Away off beyond the dead line of slavery are flaunting, in sullen defiance, the blood-stained banners of the shotgun and tissue ballot conspiracy of the solid South; under Northern stars and on patriotic ground I see again, high raised, the banners of Maine and Illinois, but now waving from the same flagstaff, while East and West the loyal legions rally in solid columns beneath the tattered battleflags of the Union, until the invincible banners of the loyal North lock their spear heads in a gleaming cordon around the homes of the Republican standard bearers of 1864; and then, as the sweet strains of victory float out upon the air when to-morrow's sun goes down, echoing and blending the patriotic strains of 'Yankee Doodle,' 'Hail Columbia,' 'Rally Round the Flag,' and 'Marching Through Georgia,' may we see God's own bow of promis shining out against the November sky, spanning with its arch of splendor from Katahdin to the Sierra Nevadas, from Aroostook to the Golden Gate, and bearing in jeweled brightness the names of the people's choice: 'Blaine and Logan.'" One of the saddest reflections called up by the result of the election is the thought that this beautiful flight of rhetoric was not justified by subsequently ascertained facts.

IN 1785, when Dr. Carroll, first bishop of Baltimore, submitted to the Roman Propaganda a report of the condition of the Catholic church in America, he was able to enumerate the churches by his fingers. There were but twenty-six priests, and the total number of Catholics was computed to be 25,000. To-day Colorado has a larger Catholic population. In 1808 there were in the United States 70 priests, 80 churches, and 150,000 Catholics, and since that time the growth of the church has been steady. The first Plenary Council was held in Baltimore in 1852. It was presided over by Archbishop Kendrick of Baltimore, and was attended by four archbishops, twenty bishops, and a greater number of lesser officials. At this time the Catholic population was slightly in excess of 3,500,000. Fourteen years later, in Baltimore, the second Plenary Council met, with the great archbishop of Baltimore, Martin John Spalding, presiding as apostolic delegate. In this council sat six archbishops and thirty-seven bishops. Meanwhile the church had been rapidly increasing in strength, and this council represented a Catholic population of 4,500,000. Since 1866 the church has continued to grow in a manner that is little short of the marvelous. The council which is now in session is composed of twelve archbishops, fifty-seven bishops, seventy-two procurators, mitred abbots, domestic priests of Pope Leo XIII., supervisors of theological seminaries and nearly a hundred priests of minor degrees. The Catholic population of the country is estimated to be over 9,000,000, and a number of Catholic writers claim 11,000,000. The ten churches of 1785 hav increased to over 6,600, and the number of priests is 6,835. The archdiocese of New York alone has a Catholic population of 600,000, that of Boston has nearly 350,000, that of Baltimore 220,000, that of Chicago over 250,000, that of Cincinnati 150,000, that of Philadelphia, which is now under the direction of the eloquent Archbishop Ryan, has over 300,000, and the other archdioceses in proportion. Great dioceses, like those of Brooklyn, Buffalo, Cleveland, Louisville, and Newark hav each a Catholic population ranging from 150,000 to 200,000. New York state alone has within its borders nearly 1,300,000 Catholics. In the far West the Catholic church has made the same progress. In Dakota they number 10,000, while the strongest Protestant sect in that section, the Lutheran, can boast of but 7,000 adherents. Montana contains 12,000 Catholics. The Methodists, who follow them in numerical strength, number about 3,000. In Oregon and California the same ratio can be found. The first has 20,000 Catholics and 5,000 Methodists; the second reports 216,000 Catholics and 12,000 Methodists, the next strongest sect. In Utah they number 2,000—vastly less than the Mormons, of course, but more than their chief rivals, the Methodists, of whom there are scarcely 500. In Idaho there are over 2,000 Catholics and about 500 Methodists; in Wyoming, Colorado, and Nevada the ratio is about the same. Throughout the West the Catholics form a solid, compact, and powerful body which is steadily growing in importance. In 1785, it may be added, when the population of the country was 3,500,000, and the Catholics numbered 25,000, this sect constituted about 1-140th of the total population. To-day, numbering, to speak within the bounds of truth, say 8,000,000, they constitute one-seventh of the total population. There are in this country, probably, some six or seven millions of that variety of humankind popularly known as "the scum of Europe." From these the Catholic church draws its numerical strength.

News of the Week.

THE cholera is disappearing in France.

THE disastrous drought in Virginia has been ended by a heavy rain.

TWO shocks of earthquake were felt in New Hampshire last Sunday.

JEFF DAVIS is reported by the Republican papers as having sent his congratulations to President-elect Cleveland.

THIRTEEN Chinamen who were recently being smuggled into Washington territory were drowned by the capsizing of a sloop.

THE New York *Herald* reports that the Plenary Council at Baltimore will favor the placing of the United States under canon law.

THE Rev. Henry S. Williamson, of Trenton, N. J., committed suicide on the 13th by shooting himself through the head. He was 26 years old.

A REPRESENTATIV body of Presbyterians has been in session at Xenia, Ohio, for the purpose of taking measures to hav organs excluded from churches.

THE Mormons are making converts among the negroes of Tennessee. There are several colored persons in the colony that is about to leave that state for Utah.

VICTORIA MOROSINI, the wealthy young lady who convulsed New York society by marrying her father's coachman, has taken the stage as a singer, and is meeting with a good reception.

SINCE last September Emperor William, of Germany, has had five severe fainting fits, his vitality falling very low after each attack, and it is feared at the Berlin court that he will die suddenly before the year is ended.

DE YOUNG, editor of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, has been shot and badly wounded by a man whom he had offended through the *Chronicle*. The brother of De Young was shot and killed a few years ago by Ike Kalloch, the reverend son of the notorious Isaac Kalloch.

EIGHTY-THREE people sat about in the two hundred and fifty pews of Parson Newman's church last Sunday morning. The quartet sang, "Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing." The New York *Sun* calls attention to the fact that they were over nine hundred tongues short.

WIGGINS, of Canada, weather-prophet, has joined the Salvation Army, and will go through the country urging the people to repent. If his predictions as to the ultimate condition of the sinner are not fulfilled closer than his weather predictions hav been, there is no reason for the sinner to feel specially alarmed.

BY the latest order from the pope, Laval University in Montreal, Can., has been designated as the only one in the province of Quebec, and the colleges were required to affiliate with it. The Jesuits' College has, however, refused to obey the order, declaring that their order is under such rules regarding education that even the pope cannot change it.

IN his annual report to the postmaster-general, A. D. Hazen, third assistant, states that the total number of postage stamps, stamped envelopes, and postal cards issued during the year was 2,166,130,396, with a total value of $41,515,877. The weight of second-class matter during the year, not including free circulation within the county of publication, was 94,479,607 pounds, the postage on which was $1,889,592

THE agents of the American Bible Society in China, who proposed sending a force of colporters into Hang Ch'eng, an advance of about seven hundred miles up the Han River, hav been advised that while the hostilities between France and China last, foreigners will be prohibited, by an imperial edict, from penetrating the country. The missionaries who were about to start for Hang Ch'eng, which is a city in the province of Shen Si, hav decided to put back to Hankow, and hav promised that no more missionaries shall be sent on for the present. Secretary of State Frelinghusen has been elected president of the Bible Society

Communications.

Antichrist.—Vol. II.—Peter and Paul.

PREFACE.

Although sufficient evidence was adduced in the appendix to the "Revelations of Antichrist" to establish the fact of the existence of Jesus and his apostles a hundred years before the time of Pontius Pilate, yet the work of "Antichrist" would hardly be complete without a critical examination of all the details, real and fabulous, of the lives of the two great apostles, Peter and Paul.*

In the prior volume the following leading facts were set forth and established with more or less certainty:

The name Jesus and the epithet Christ were familiar to the readers of the Septuagint, or Greek translation of the Old Testament, for more than two hundred years before the Christian era.

Iesous in Greek answers to Joshua in Hebrew and to Jeshu in the ancient vernacular of Palestine, meaning savior, and *Christos* is the Greek for Mashiach or Meshiha, meaning anointed.

The Gnostics, who flourished before the Christian era and culminated in the second century, had a divine *Iesous* and a *Chreistos*—the latter word not signifying anointed, but perhaps an early form of *chrestos*, "good," or possibly a derivativ from *chreo* (also *chrei-o*), Ionic for *chrao*, "to deliver an oracle."

Some of the Gnostic sects of the first and second centuries denied the existence of an objectiv Jesus.

The initial letters of the Sibylline Acrostic, which probably existed before the Christian era, were

Iesous Chreistos Theou Uios Soter.

(Jesus Christ. God's Son. Savior).

And the further initials *Stauros*, "stake," or "cross," were added at an early date.

The writer of the epistles ascribed to John denounced Antichrist as a liar for denying that Jesus was the Christ, or that Christ had come in the flesh.

The first three evangelists fix the crucifixion on Friday the Great Passover day; the fourth gospel puts it on Friday the day before the Passover.

The apocryphal gospels, the Toldoth Jeshu legends, and the Talmud concur in fixing the execution of Jesus on the day before the Passover.

The Synoptic gospels are certainly wrong in placing the event on the Passover day, because the Jews never tried or executed a culprit on that holy day, nor was it ever allowed to fall on Friday.

The year of the birth of the gospel Jesus cannot be fixed, but if Herod the Great sought the life of the infant, then Jesus must hav been born at least four years before the Christian era, and was consequently over thirty-four years of age A.D. 29, when Luke says he was about thirty.

Nor has the year of the alleged crucifixion been determined. The only Passover Friday between A.D. 28 and 33 was in the year 30.

But Clement of Alexandria and Tertullian affirm that the crucifixion was in the year 29; and that is the year assigned in the recently discovered ancient Syriac documents.

There is no contemporary Jewish or heathen testimony to the existence of Jesus Christ in the first century. The passage quoted from Josephus by Eusebius is an admitted forgery; the references in the Talmud are conceded to be not to the gospel Jesus, but to one who was put to death a hundred years before; while the letters of Pliny and the Annals of Tacitus are proved to be forgeries.

Several recent Christian forgeries hav from time to time appeared in the newspapers, pretending to confirm the story of the crucifixion. One of these documents is an order by "Judge Pontius Pilate" for the execution of Jesus of Nazareth on "the 23d day of the Ides of March." The forger was not aware that the Ides were reckoned backward from April 1st, and that they numbered only seventeen. The 17th would be March 15; the next preceding eight days were called the Nones.

Another clumsy forgery is the "Death warrant of Jesus Christ," said to hav been discovered in Italy, engraved in Hebrew on a copper plate. Pontius Pilate is styled "acting governor of Lower Galilee;" he was governor of Judea only. The sentence is rendered in "the 17th year of Tiberius," which was A.D. 31, and on the 24th day of March," which is two days earlier than the Passover ever could hav occurred. Furthermore, March 24, A.D., 31, was the Sabbath, and three or four days before the full moon. Or if, as in the first version we saw of this canard, the day was March 27th (though probably a typographical error), then the crucifixion was not on Friday but Tuesday.

The name *Petros* is a Greek translation of the Aramaic or Syriac word Kepha, meaning rock or stone.

Paul mentions Kepha ten times in his Epistles; in the later Greek codices it is changed to *Petros* five times, in the earlier ones twice.

The ancient Syriac New Testament, called the Peshito, written in the vernacular of Palestine, is evidently a truer if not an older version than the Greek. In the four gospels and Acts it has Kepha seventy-nine times, and Simon (Shemeun) one hundred and thirty-five times, while the Greek version has Petros one hundred and fifty-six times, and Simon only fifty-three times.

The Peshito has, "Thou art Simon the son of Jona; thou shalt be called Kepha." To this the Greek scribe adds, "which means Petros." And to make the gloss more intelligible he interpolates Petros after the name Simon in a preceding verse.

A nativ Aramean, especially a Jew, could not hav been called Petros in his own country.

Paul doubtless wrote in Aramaic, and knew little or no Greek.

The early Christians were called by the Greeks Chrestians.

The name Christian, or Chrestian, was not known or acknowledged until about the middle of the second century.

Our four gospels, in the form they hav come down to us, cannot be traced back of the middle of the second century. The book of Acts is later.

Some of the apocryphal gospels and Acts of the Apostles appear to hav existed as early as the first century.

There are two apostles named James; and there is another James sometimes called the brother of the Lord. The latter James is the one mentioned by Paul as if he was an Apostle.

James, Kepha, and John are the only persons named in Paul's epistles who can be identified with any of the twelve apostles.

One other person is called an apostle by Paul, namely Epaphroditus.

Joseph describes the murder of one James, the brother of Jesus, in Jerusalem A.D. 62. Eusebius supposes this James to hav been the brother of the Lord and first bishop of Jerusalem. But the words in Josephus, "who was called Christ," are conceded to be an interpolation, and the identity of Josephus's James with the apostle or brother of Jesus Christ is denied by Christian scholars.

Hegissippus (A.D. 160–180) also describes the murder of James the Just, a believer in Jesus Christ, but it is impossible to identify the same with any James described in the gospels.

John the Revelator and John the Apostle are two very different characters.

There are traces of two Johns, both buried at Ephesus, living many years apart, and one of them called a Presbyter.

There were three high priests named Jesus between A.D. 4 and 69.

Barnabas and Paul are called apostles in the book of Acts; and yet it does not appear that they were ordained by the elder apostles.

Clement of Rome is called an apostle by Clement of Alexandria (A.D. 200); and the seventy disciples are named in the list of apostles by Hippolytus (A.D. 220).

Luke also is called an apostle in an early Syriac document.

The story of King Abgarus and Jesus Christ was probably not forged by Eusebius. An ancient Syriac copy of it has been found containing further details. The date of the pretended letters of Jesus and Abgar is A.D. 29. The Apostle Thaddeus goes to Edessa the same year, and Simon Kepha is in Persia before A.D. 40, healing the sick. King Abgar writes to Tiberius and receives a reply. The crucifixion is in A.D. 29, and the ascension at Pentecost. Simon Kepha is killed by the sword at Rome under Nero. Another account has Paul beheaded and Kepha crucified with his head downward after serving as "Superintendent of the Rulers" in Italy twenty-five years.

There are six so-called apostolic fathers, namely, Clement, Barnabas, Hermas, Ignatius, Polycarp, and Papias.

In the Greek Epistle, ascribed to Clement, the writer names Paul, Kephas, and Apollos. The epistle is one of the earliest Christian documents, and must hav been written soon after the death of Paul.

The Epistle of Barnabas is of uncertain date and doubtful authenticity.

The Book of Hermas never names Jesus or Christ, quotes only from apocryphal scripture, and recognizes in a vision the Sibyl as the symbol of the church.

Ignatius was not martyred at Rome, but was thrown to wild beasts at Antioch A.D. 115, soon after a violent earthquake, to appease the wrath of the gods. The Ignatian literature is a mass of forgery.

Polycarp is said to hav suffered martyrdom at Smyrna about A.D. 167 at the age of 86. The accounts of his martyrdom are fabulous and the Epistle of Polycarp is probably spurious.

Papias of Hieropolis in Phrygia is said to hav suffered martyrdom about A.D. 165. His prophetic description of the fecundity of the Millenarian grapevine is extremely ridiculous. Eusebius regarded him as "very limited in his comprehension." What Papias is said to hav said about Matthew, Mark, Andrew, Peter, James, and the two Johns, is only hearsay at best.

*The "Life of Simon Kepha, alias St. Peter," was printed in a series of chapters in the Boston *Investigator* from Feb. 4, 1880, to Aug. 9, 1882; and the life of Paul in a like series in THE TRUTH SEEKER from Nov. 25, 1882, to Sept. 20, 1884. The whole has undergone most careful revision, preparatory to republication.

Religion and Morality.

People hav become so accustomed to hear religion and morality linked together that they are apt to lose sight of the fact that the two hav no natural connection. Confounding the worship of God with the duties of man to man is a modern innovation. Religion, originally, had no connection with ethics. It is the last refuge of the pious to shelter themselvs behind the moral law, and to pretend that a good life is the result of faith in God It is a gigantic and a dangerous error. Morality built upon a religious belief is of a false and spurious kind. It is more for show than use. It is founded on a delusion, and will not stand against the rough winds of this world's trials.

Many generations of religious people, believers in and worshipers of God, had run their course before it occurred to any of them that a good life was in any way connected with his service. I do not think the majority hav discovered it even yet. At any rate, if they hav accepted it in theory, they are ignorant of the means of reducing it to practice. This is a secret still, and so I am disposed to think it will remain to all time.

The God of the Old Testament certainly did not teach morality either by precept or example. So long as he had prayers enough and blood enough, and his people did not go astray after other Gods, he was pretty well content. Had we been residents on the earth in those days we should hav preferred to pitch our tents as far from him and from his chosen people as we could hav conveniently managed. The men after his own heart, those with whom he delighted to converse and whom he selected to place in power, were, to say the least of it, rather undesirable neighbors. Now a change has taken place. The Jews of old cut throats and robbed their neighbors, all for the sake of Jehovah. The Christians of our day refrain from those little pleasant exercises, all for his sake, too. The Jews sometimes forget his will, and so do the Christians. The children of Israel were occasionally more merciful than their God, and had to be threatened with dreadful chastisments to make them obey him. The disciples of Jesus do not always find the more gentle instructions of their master agreeable to their tastes, and hav to be frightened with burning brimstone and the immortal worm. How often do our pious friends assure us that, if it were not for their religion, they would cut our throats and rob us of all we possess. Christianity has so changed their hearts and made them so good and full of charity. They would so like to wear golden crowns and play eternally upon harps, and hav such an objection to bathing in lakes of fire, that for the sake of their religion, and with the help of the police, they will let us keep our lives and our dollars. Always excepting, of course, when these last are required for the support of God's holy house and his ministers.

That religion causes its followers to lead better lives than they would without it is the sheerest humbug that was ever uttered. It is the parson's cry to make people believe they do something for the money they get. When people get a clear idea of what they mean by the words moral and morality, the last chance of the clergy will be gone. In order to mix up two things so inconsistent as religion and morality, they hav to alter the signification of the latter word. It does not mean in their mouths what it means in the mouths of right-thinking men.

Morality, according to the divines, is acting with a view to please God. According to common sense, it is acting with the object of benefiting ourselvs and our fellow-men. He who does the greatest amount of good to the greatest number on earth, according to his capacity and opportunities, is the most moral man according to the natural law, but in a religious sense it is he who acts only for the gratification of somebody up in the sky of whom he knows nothing.

If by morality we understand utility, we hav a natural and sufficient motiv to guide us. We may be mistaken in the means we employ, but we can never be mistaken in the end we strive for. But the will of a God who never makes known his will except through the medium of doubtful interpreters must ever be a very doubtful guide. We see its uncertainty exemplified constantly in the lives of those who profess to be led by it. They are always straining at gnats and swallowing camels. One man will build up a fortune by trickery and deceit, but he would not taste a mutton chop on a Friday. Another will oppress his workmen and grind them down to starvation wages, but he would not miss his morning and evening prayer. A third will hav very confused notions of the distinction between his own property and that of others, but he is quite clear that his right place on Sunday is in the church belonging to his own sect. Every man's God is a magnified and somewhat shadowy portrait of himself, and the will of his God bears in most cases a striking resemblance to his own desires.

I remember many years ago hearing a clergyman remark that cruelty to animals was no sin, because God had given to man entire control over the beasts of the field. There is the whole secret of religious morality. The human heart knows that it is wrong to inflict pain, but wrong is right if you hav a license from heaven to commit it. We can never sufficiently realize the danger of this doctrin. We can never separate it from religious morality. It is an integral part of it. Vice becomes virtue if God approve. Crime wins heaven, if it be done for the Lord's sake. With most men human virtue is stronger than faith, or we should hav a bad time of it. But it is not so with all. There are fanatics here and there who raise the knife as Abraham did over Isaac. There are bloodthirsty warriors who wield the sword of "the Lord and of Gideon." There are persecutors who visit fine and imprisonment upon Sabbath-breakers and blasphemers. And as long as there are such, we know that religion and morality are yet unhappily mixed in the minds of men, and must not cease in proclaiming the truth that the good man is he whose life is serviceable to his fellows.

The bad man is he whose life brings suffering and loss to his neighbors. He is often the man who by religious influence has gained control over his neighbor's dollars. A Sunday or two since Talmage is reported to hav said in a sermon, "If your gospel will not answer to common honesty, the sooner you close up your gospel and throw it into the ocean the better." Quite so. Close it up, throw it into the ocean of reason, and the tide will carry it far away from our shore. E. J. Bowtell.

242 *W. 48th st., New York.*

New Light On the Bible.

On Sunday morning, Nov. 9th, Professor Swing preached a sermon on the light in which Christians of to-day view the Bible. He remarked in the beginning that "it would not do to take the literal parts for the inspired parts," and proceeded to show up some of the inconsistencies, absurdities, and cruelties of Bible stories with a spirit that would hav done credit to a rank Infidel. It must hav been like a bit of holiday that he could do this freely, and he gave his fancy and sense of humor a loose rein, to the enjoyment of his cultured audience and himself.

But this was as far as he went; thus much he had dared because it is so apparent that Christians *must* dispose of these absurdities, in this enlightened day and age, in some way if they would preserve a reputation for sanity.

It is safe to allude to some of the most glaring inconsistencies of the Bible nowadays, and, really, the light of science has penetrated so far Christians cannot entirely ignore them; but it is dangerous to one's popularity and salary to declare humanity does not need the old book at all, and Professor Swing is not the man to be so daring. He knows, and so informed his congregation, that a literal following of the Bible would lead mankind through deeds of blood, cruelty, and injustice, but he has in reserve a method by which he could renovate the wicked old collection, smooth out the creases, put a glamour over the worst pages, place a new cover on the whole, and hand it back to his semi-christian, semi-radical, anti-nothing congregation; a Bible warranted not to disturb the placid flow of their stagnant thoughts. Infidels are altogether too rude in disposing of the Bible; they shock people when people do not want to be shocked. Professor Swing's plan is so much pleasanter, and leaves them nothing in particular to do that they havn't been accustomed to doing throughout the whole course of their orthodox lives.

"In the new light of to-day," he says, "the Bible is the general unfoldment of God and good. It is a picture of the slow growth of a race up through darkness and ignorance to light and knowledge. It is symbolical of the spiritual development of man. When Moses led the children of Israel out of bondage, a separation of the two kinds of people took place. The Egyptians had the light of reason only, and their glories, ever fading, passed on to Greece and Rome to utterly die out at last. The "chosen people" had the added light of God, and they attained all the Egyptians had with the additional luster of moral greatness.

"Each absurd story in the Bible teaches some great moral lesson if one only looks for it, and while once a literal rendering of Bible led Christians along paths of cruelty and wrong, in the light of to-day it leads to light, love, and justice. To its influence we owe the civilization of to-day," etc.

All this was very eloquent, very entertaining, and very soothing, but Professor Swing could hav treated Mother Goose's melodies with equal success. If his audience had had a tenderness for the tales of "hickory, dickory dock," "Jack and Jill," and "little Jack Horner"—a determination to attach a sort of sacredness to them, and a belief in their efficacy in leading to holiness—Professor Swing could, with equal ingenuity, hav arranged the whole to suit their taste, and with less mischievous results, for the result of such teaching can but be mischievous. To thus soothe a newly-awakened sense of justice, or the uneasiness of a vaguely-disturbed conscience, is to check the onward march of true progress. His congregation of three or four thousand people are educated, intelligent members of society who hav seen the wrongs and absurdities of ordinary orthodox creeds, but hav not given up their bred-in-the-bone prejudices. Their pastor, instead of lifting the curtain and letting the grand light of natural truth on the old abominable ideas of total depravity, vicarious atonement, everlasting punishment, submission to powers that be, persecution of the unbelieving, etc., calms their feelings, covers up all that is disagreeable and revolting, sugar-coats the Bible, and givs it to them whole. He tells them that our grand civilization is due to the influences of the Bible and Christianity; and this may be true, for our civilization is nothing to boast of. When one remembers the patient suffering of the poor, the empty-handed toilers, the poor little children, wearing away weary lives in factories worse than dungeons, the landless, homeless men, willing and anxious for a chance to work, the millionaires who pile up wealth in their idleness, the discoveries and improvements of science, which our civilization knows so little how to dispose of that they are almost a curse to the masses—when one remembers all these, one may well credit our civilization to a religion that binds men's minds to superstitions; that teaches sin may be committed and another suffer the punishment; that slavery is right, and people should submit to the authority they find placed over them. Yes, I would much rather lay our present civilization to the Bible than to giv science and reason the credit. If science and reason cannot show a better state of affairs after they hav had full sway one hundred years, I hope there will be a complete winding up of all human work.

If Professor Swing, with his eloquence, beautiful flow of words, and personal influence, were to tell the people the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, what an ally for liberty and justice he would become! If he would tell people where they had been blinded and wronged, and what their inherent rights were, the millennium would not be so far away; for when the masses of the people understand that they hav a right to think for themselvs, a right to as much of earth's surface as each needs to sustain life, and a right to the full results of toil, the present condition of dire poverty on the one hand, and enormous wealth on the other, of hypocrisy and false morality arrayed over blind faith and craven obedience would vanish. It is this condition which makes this world a "vale of tears." Lizzie M. Swank.

Chicago, Ill.

Sunday Trains.

The petition asking for a law to prohibit railroad travel on Sunday is being largely signed by pious Christians. And a counter-petition favoring the running of railroad trains as a necessity is also being signed by the sensible people—those who liv on this God and man blessed earth.

As a day of rest, of releasement from the daily duties of life, personal cleanliness, and change of clothing, physical recreation and religious devotion, the Sabbath is among the best institutions the stream of time has brought down to us.

It would indeed be a hallowed day if man and beast could hav one day in seven of entire freedom from labor and care. But nature and providence hav not so constructed the world. And then railroads, steamboats, etc., were not even anticipated when the Sabbath was instituted, requiring uninterrupted travel regardless of day or night. And why should not this rule apply to ocean as well as land travel, and so stop in mid-ocean? What passengers on a long journey would consent to stop over on the Lord's day just to do him reverence and keep him good natured? Could God turn his attention from the sparrows and mathematics, and keep the animals in transit comfortable in inclement weather? Perhaps Jonah went ashore to keep the Sabbath, and so lost his passage—who knows?

One pious, scrupulous sky-pilot forbade milk being left at his door Sabbath morning, although the divine architect caused the udders of the patient cows to fill on Sunday as on other days, and must be relieved or suffer. Doubtless he gathered his two days' allowance of money on Saturday, or perhaps conquered his scruples, or maybe got an extra deal of pardoning grace, and, deadheading it through to some soup-house, dished out stale pottage to hungry souls. We hav the highest Christian authority that the Sabbath is our servant, not master.

To omit running trains and other public means of travel on Sunday would be a crime against man and beast. The objectiv deal of this petition is doubtless at excursion trains on Sunday, the only means that many an honest toiler has during the week for "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

I regard all days as sacred time, and the one day in seven an especial blessing in many ways, yet I challenge any man, or set of men, to dictate, by statute or otherwise, how any man, or body of men shall observe that day. Ah, Mr. Clergymen, you are too late. Reason has got the under hold on superstition, and will come out best in every encounter.

Ayer, Mass. Elijah Myrick.

Obscenity Gage.

In an excellent article, some years ago, on the "Comstock laws," Mr. T. C. Leland thought that it had become necessary that we should hav an "obscenity gage," some sort of a rule or measure by which we could determin exactly what is and what is not obscene. A recent event shows that Mr. Leland's suggestion has a practical as well as a humorous side. It will be remembered that a Mr. Muller, a salesman in the establishment of Mr. Bonaventure down town, was arrested for selling alleged indecent photographs. His counsel undertook to show that they were photographs of paintings on public exhibition in the Paris Salon. Experts were called to testify, and, if possible, giv the distinguishing line between pure art and indecent art. But all such evidence was ruled out and the prisoner was convicted. Exceptions were taken, and the case carried to the Court of Appeals. This tribunal has handed down its decision sustaining the lower court. It holds that expert testimony is inadmissible. It was for the jury to say whether any such photographs or pictures were obscene. From this it would appear that there is no safety for any one engaged in the picture business; nor, indeed, for any one engaged in the book business, to publish anything whatsoever. There is no rule by which any dealer in pictures, or any publisher of books, can determin whether he is rendering himself liable or otherwise. The question must be determined by a jury. The jury, if made up of thoroughly intelligent people, may decide intelligently; but, as juries are often composed, an accused person, however innocent in motiv, is in danger of fine and imprisonment. The press very generally condemned the arrest of Mr. Muller at the time it was made. It was said that just such pictures were used in decorating the ceilings by frescoers, and, if we remember rightly, these very photographs were intended as patterns for such a purpose. The political party coming into power, which shall hav the courage to wipe, as with a sponge from a slate, the entire Comstock legislation of this country, national and state, will do a piece of work which will entitle it to the lasting gratitude of all decent-minded people. E. B. Foote, Sen., M.D.

Unitarian Progress.

Two reviews of the attitude of Unitarians hav been presented in recent addresses by M. D. Conway and M. J. Savage. Mr. Conway gave a farewell address to his congregation in London, after twenty-one years' labor. He was the son of a slave-holder, educated at Harvard, and, under the influence of Emerson and Theodore Parker, became a radical antislavery Unitarian. He was called to the Unitarian church of this city, and, although his church was conservativ and pro-slavery, took radical grounds on the question of slavery. His services were dispensed with. The church was compelled by the drift of the war to follow in the wake of the progress of the age—a progress where, as a rule, the church lagged behind the bronzed farmer or rugged workingman—and sided with justice on the question of human rights, because men, in their new-born freedom of thought, were questioning the humanity of creeds and the divinity of gods that tolerated slavery. To-day All-Souls' church of Washington is, in many senses, one of the Liberal Unitarian churches of the Union. Distinctions of race do not exist, and Agnostics find friendly greeting from its members. Its present pastor, Dr. R. R. Shippen, is a genial, able representativ of the progressiv element of the denomination, frank in his statements, brave in his utterances, and does not hesitate to giv the Liberals of this country credit for the good work they are doing against the religious superstitions of the age.

The society also procures the services of the leading ministers of the denomination in a winter course of sermons. Mr. Savage, of Boston, has, for at least two years, been here, and no one has a larger audience. His most radical utterances are heartily received.

No one will deny that in twenty-three years the Unitarian church of Washington has passed from the stage of conservativ decay to a condition of activ, aggressiv life.

The complement to this is the progress made by the National Unitarian Conference, which is well stated in Mr. Savage's sermon of Sept. 28, 1884. He notices that the first protest of Unitarianism against orthodox creeds as untrue, was made within the limits of the Bible. "Few in that day," he says, "thought of going outside of the Bible, or of supposing that there could be any divine truth beyond the limits of its covers." In 1841 Theodore Parker took a forward step, placed the Bible on the level of other books, and preached a gospel of humanity, of heroism in this life, of honest thought and fearless criticism. Turning his back on the past, ceasing to dream of another world as the great duty of the race, he took up the present life, and by word and deed, by dauntless courage in the pulpit and on the platform, coupled with infinit tenderness and pity for the fallen, the poor, and the oppressed, he made himself an intellectual power—a leader for the young

men of his day, a pioneer in the work that has, since that time, been done for freedom of thought.

In orthodox communities his works were placed under ban, as equally wicked with those of Paine and Voltaire. His own denomination banished him from their pulpits. A few years later a National Unitarian Conference was held, and to check Agnostic tendencies in the church, the majority accepted a dogmatic creed as the tie that henceforth was to bind them. The young men of brains and courage stepped out of the conference and hav proved that manliness brings its own reward. In the progress of the age, the Unitarians, as a body, stand practically upon the platform of Theodore Parker, while some of their leaders, who mold and shape the practical creed of the church, rival the Agnostics of the day in the breadth and freedom of their utterances.

Under the leadership of Mr. Savage an amendment has been adopted to their constitution which declares that the dogmatic basis is only a statement of belief of the majority of the denomination, but not a test of fellowship, and it is expected that in a short time the dogmatic basis will be abandoned altogether. He says: "We are no longer fighting over a creed, as to whether it should be a new or an old one, broad or narrow; as to whether it should admit more or less into the kingdom of heaven. We are no longer fighting over any ritual, any form or method, or manner of garment, or attitude of worship. We hav given up in our body all contest over the clothing of the religious life; we care only for the heart and the spirit. And so we are ready, as is no religious body of Christendom, to concentrate our thought, our time, our opportunity, our money, on the solution of the great practical problem of the religious life of to-day.

"And what is that practical problem? Is it not to find a rational basis for the ethical and religious trust and hope; to find a footing for faith, and to keep all the dear and sacred hopes of the heart along with it; to be religious and to be rational and to liv frankly in this world at the same time? It is to apply this theoretical conception to the practical molding of the life of the individual, of the family, of society, of business, of politics; to apply it to the solution of all the great contests between capital and labor, between rich and poor, between ignorance and the educated, which threaten to be so obstructiv in the near future, if they are not rightly solved. This is the great work of religion in this nineteenth century. We do not surrender any hope of the future life, but we recognize that grand saying of Thoreau, 'One world at a time.' We propose to be religious here, having no fear but that our religion will bridge the gulf of death, and lead us into any life or to the possession of any other planet that may await us in the future." He adds: "The future of the educated part of humanity is not to be religious in the old sense of the word. Mark what I say—the old sense of the word. The old theologies are doomed to pass away, because they are not in accord with the best thought of the world." He claims that modern Unitarianism is fitted to join in the intellectual leadership of the world, because "it is afraid of no truth. Indeed, its creed is simply ascertained truth."

Also that there are great masses of men who do not attend church, because they hav outgrown the creeds, and that it is the mission of Unitarians to "build broad enough our religious home to take in the grand unchurched masses of our country."

This definition of the aims of Unitarians and the practical steps taken indicate that in the future it is not to be a type of cold, intellectual culture, unresponsiv to the warm heart-beat of the young, denying the divinity of Christ and yet making belief in Christ a test of fellowship, contending for the supremacy of reason in religion and yet worshiping, in some degree at least, the Bible as divine, and perpetuating formalities of religious service which bear a close relation to the sacraments of the Catholic church, and were founded in superstition, fostered by the civil and ecclesiastical power of Christian rulers, after the church had converted nations by the sword, subdued heresy by their church councils, and blotted out the early history of Christianity and the grand literature of pagan nations wherever it gained a foothold.

No church which depends upon its ritual and its sacraments, which cherishes a revelation, and lifts up Christ as the model man of the world, or the center of the trinity; which demands that faith shall be blind, and reason surrendered to the custody of the priest, or the conference, or the synod, can compete with the Catholic church which now comes to the front as an aggressiv force in this country. It is boldly declared that the Catholic church has been doing missionary work, but must now be organized, its ecclesiastical laws enacted, and the canon law of the church enforced as at Rome itself. The lines are to be drawn; heresy in the church is to be hunted down; the church to be made a compact mass to be handled by the hierarchy in society and in politics. When the candidates of the two leading parties compete for Catholic votes and cultivate the good will of priests, when certificates of good Christian standing are sought and published in the interest of one, and the other assures Catholic prelates that he did nothing to influence the legislature of his state in refusing to pass their "freedom of worship bill," we can see the drift and trend of the orthodox, and especially the Catholic, priesthood of the country. Catholicism is hostil to the free institutions of this country. It is the enemy of Freethought and secular schools. It strangles reason and deifies superstition. It dethrones humanity, and creates a deity cruel and mercenary. It has taxed the poor and lowly to provide revenues for the struggle with Freethought in Europe, and is now closing its serried ranks here that it may dominate the life of the nation, and, in time, bring about, in fact, the union of church and state.

Modern Unitarianism is in its aims and spirit opposed to the Catholic church, and to survive it must, in the conflict soon to come, stand with the Secularists and Agnostics of the country, on the platform of an absolute divorce of church and state, and absolute freedom of thought. Jesuitism is not dead. It works by different methods for the same ends as its inquisitors did in other centuries. Its clergy reverence the cross not as the emblem of the humanity of Christ, but as the symbol of the authority of its prelates, in the name of God to doom to eternal torment the soul of the priest or the layman who fails to obey the mandates of the church. Aggressiv Unitarianism promises to be an organized intellectual force against the superstitions and the pretensions of the Catholic church. In this view of the case, its advance in national conference and in its relations to the Freethinkers of the country during the past few years, givs promis that Secularism will find a hearty and manly support among its members.

Washington, D. C. W. S. Bush.

The Bennett League Sociable.

The sociable has been held and voted a success. This gathering was held under the auspices of the Bennett Liberal League of New York, as a reception to the old and new officers of the national organization. It was the first thing of the kind recorded in the modern history of New York, and there was not a little curiosity rife to know how these distinguished and dignified persons would comport themselvs on a festiv occasion of this sort. At a little past 8 o'clock the hall was fairly well filled with as fine an audience of ladies and gentlemen as could be gathered anywhere. Mr. Wakeman, the retiring president of the National League, first called the attention of the visitors in the direction of the platform. The time had come, he said, to cry, "The king is dead—long liv the king!" It was proper, he continued, in the order of nature, that the dead should depart to giv place to the new. Therefore with resignation he, as the dead king, gave over the presidency of the League into the hands of his successor. Mr. Wakeman urged upon his hearers the gospel of cheerfulness, though there was a tinge of sadness pervading his words. The demonstrativ applause which greeted the abdicating king showed that he never stood higher than at present with the Liberals of New York.

Mr. Putnam, as president of the Bennett League, was master of ceremonies. Previous to beginning the regular program, he paid a proper tribute to Mr. Wakeman, and added that the dead king was not dead; he was immortal.

Mr. Ed. G. Boys, a young man of rising note, began the musical exercises by rendering "It was a Dream" in a good tenor voice. He was recalled. Miss Leona Leonard gave, in an equally satisfactory manner, the song, "Forever and Forever." The audience desired a repetition, but Mr. Putnam announced that the limits of time would preclude encores.

Mr. Thomas Mead—"glorious old Tom Mead," as his American friends call him—a veteran in Liberalism, and lifelong friend of Mr. Watts; an actor, poet, and author, now with the Irving company, next gave recitations from Shakspere's "As You Like It," leading up to and concluding with "the seven ages." Previous to his recitation, he addressed a few remarks to the assemblage. As one of the oldest of the living English reformers, it gave him great pleasure to see the Liberal cause springing up in America in so marked a manner, and also to be permitted to join his friends on this side of the water and to contribute to their entertainment. Mr. Mead is a prince of elocutionists, an actor hardly second to Irving himself, and by his art the seven ages of man were so vividly pictured to the audience as to call forth the most hearty applause.

Mrs. McCune, a bright and entertaining lady, with a superb contralto voice, sang a neat song.

The most striking and effectiv performance of the evening followed. It was Charles Watts's recitation of "The Maniac." The poem opens with a sane man in the cell of an asylum, pleading for release. As the keeper moves away, and as, left alone, the horror of the imprisoned man's situation impresses itself upon him more and more, he develops into a laughing, raving, gibbering maniac. Mr. Watts's rendering was so true to the idea of the author that it was a relief when he brought the recitation to a close, and the agitation of the listeners was allowed to exhale itself in applause.

A duet sung by Mrs. McCune and Miss Leona Leonard brought the audience back out of the gloom in which Mr. Watts's realistic recitation had plunged them, and Mr. Courtlandt Palmer told a funny story in rhyme about some sardines on toast, and the dire consequences which followed the eating of them. There was a good deal of merit in the rhyme, and the effect was convulsing. Mr. Palmer was cheered repeatedly.

Mr. J. C. Johnson told a story and gave a recitation of a similar sort.

Mr. Boys, the tenor, sang another song, and a young violinist, whose name was not announced, played "You'll Remember Me."

A funny and entertaining exhibition followed. Dr. Foote, Jr., having turned the lights out, drew a large screen across the front of the stage, behind which he placed himself and his polyopticon, and upon which he threw pictures, making humorous remarks meanwhile. The first display was of colored gentlemen in fantastic attire. The object of these was not discovered until he made the observation that he wished to accustom the eyes to darkness. Then it broke upon the audience that the darkies were exhibited as a foundation for a joke. Pictures of prominent Liberals followed. There were Messrs. Mendum and Seaver, of the *Investigator*, succeeded by the engaging face of Miss Susan H. Wixon; then Mrs. Slenker; Mr. Remsburg, Charles Bradlaugh, and T. C. Leland. The serene countenance of D. M. Bennett shone a moment athwart the canvas; and then, like a full moon from behind a cloud, the jolly features of Col. Ingersoll rolled into view. These were received with unstinted applause. Many others met with a similiar reception. The lively Mr. Putnam was displayed as a small boy manipulating a figure that went up and down over the end of a rod. The figure, Dr. Foote christened the Liberal League, and explained that the secretary was "working" it. Mr. Wakeman appeared as a dancing master in the act of executing a graceful step, while a well-known Freethought editor took the form of a cherub, winged and feathered, reposing complacently upon a cloud. The polyopticon promises to become an institution. There is more fun in it than there is in the average prayer-meeting. Dr. Foote, Jr., is the inventor of the instrument, and wants to introduce it to the Liberal public. He will make special discounts to Leagues. Observe his advertisment in another part of this paper (*Adv.* 1t48).

Dr. Foote's contribution closed the first part of the entertainment, and the orchestra was called in. A late visitor, looking into the hall at about 11 o'clock, saw a brilliant array of some fifty couples of dancers marching down the center of the hall, four abreast, to the music of the band, glorious as an army with banners.

The Liberal Club.

By some unaccountable combination of things, Professor George Vaughan, of Virginia, was imposed upon the Manhattan Liberal Club last Friday evening as a lecturer. This individual, who is one of the most unfortunate achievements of the blind workings of nature's forces, has previously appeared before the club as an alleged Freethinker, who rested his claims to distinction upon having ruined every Liberal society in which he had been tolerated as either a member or speaker. If his own word may be taken as truth, he has now, after the manner of the hog returning to his wallow, gone back to the pulpit, where it is hoped he will remain. He is too unreliable to be a Liberal, but has not as yet allowed his propensities sufficient play to land him in the penitentiary. The pulpit being a sort of half-way house, he is as much at home there as a wasp in its nest. These remarks are merely preliminary.

It was rather late when the speaker of the evening arrived. He was accompanied by a child—presumably his daughter. In his hand he carried a back-number silk hat, and he bore the general appearance of a man who had recently traveled a long distance on the cars. The chairman introduced him to the audience in the usual manner. Professor Vaughan removed his overcoat, swabbed his luxurious mouth with a much less luxurious pocket-handkerchief, produced a mass of manuscript, and began a rambling and pointless attack on The Truth Seeker, the writer of these reports, and upon Mr. Charles Watts, whom he referred to as a foreign importation brought here to tell us what he don't know. He then read the following extract from The Truth Seeker of June 28, 1884, which, he held, must hav been written by a fool when the schoolmaster was abroad:

"A word as to Mr. Bennett's employees. They were loyal to a man when Comstock was terrorizing all connected with The Truth Seeker. Because they knew him they held their faith in him when others turned traitors. There was universal sorrow among them when he died; and as his body lay in the temple on the day of his burial, they went there in sad procession, and placed upon his coffin their united offering of flowers."

Without regard either for decency or for the feelings of Mr. Bennett's friends, many of whom were present, the lecturer used this extract as a text for a series of flippant and altogether idiotic jests. The audience failed to see what he was driving at, and he

explained that the word "him" in the extract referred, grammatically, to Comstock, and the language was therefore open to misconstruction. This point is not visible to the writer. An excerpt may be made from Professor Vaughan's favorit author, however, as an illustration of the ambiguity with which the speaker imagined himself to be wrestling. A word will be changed; the grammatical construction is unaltered: "And Vaughan said, Saddle me the ass; so they saddled him." In this divine syntax there is an opening for a difference of opinion as to which ass was saddled.

The objections to Liberalism urged by the lecturer, when he had at last sufficiently vented his gall, were that it made men no better except as they were affected by contiguous Christianity; that Positivism was an owl; Agnosticism a revival of Knownothingism; Freethought a house of mud, which there was no chance for the professor to burglarize with profit to himself; that among Liberals the intellect was given an equal chance with the emotions in controling human actions, and that Freethinkers denied the existence of a God and the necessity of faith. In the course of his aberrations, the speaker related parenthetically what Ingersoll said to him, how the poet Longfellow flattered him; what he had said to Parke Godwin, and how John Swinton had taken him into his confidence. There is no reason to believe that either of these distinguished personages ever heard of Professor Vaughan, except, perhaps, through THE TRUTH SEEKER, in which he has several times received appropriate mention. This custom of detailing interviews with prominent men is characteristic of the professor. Any statement in which the subjectiv order of thought corresponds with the objectiv order of phenomena, he has seldom been detected in uttering; and having vindicated his character as herein described, Professor Vaughan sat complacently and serenely down.

Mr. Charles Watts being in the audience, and having been thus attacked by a member of the club, was invited to make such remarks as the professor's speech might hav suggested. It was much like calling upon a trained gladiator to do battle with a clown. Nothing could be more marked, as Mr. Watts ascended the platform, than the disparity between the two men in personal presence. The difference intellectually was also quite as discernible when Mr. Watts began to speak, and grew more prominent as he proceeded. One by one the lecturer's statements (he had offered no arguments) were called up and their utter emptiness exposed. The speaker gave the philosophical definition of Agnosticism. This for the benefit of the audience; he did not believe that Professor Vaughan had the ability to comprehend it however clearly it might be expounded. The lecturer had drawn no distinction between faith founded on experience and that based upon wild conjecture, and without understanding anything of the ethics of Freethought, he had spent his time criticising the vagaries of alleged Freethinkers and the grammar of a newspaper. While Mr. Watts was speaking Professor Vaughan made an attempt to appear cheerful and unconcerned, but it would not work, and he left the hall, apparently to gather inspiration from some ulterior source—or, perhaps, to be weighed.

Mr. Andrews, without taking the view of either the lecturer or the critic, proceeded to classify the different phases of thought represented by them. The church stood for the emotions, or love; Freethought for the intellect and for justice. The world had been so long under the domination of the former that there was a popular revulsion, a swinging of the pendulum to the opposit arc of the circle, and a terminal conversion into opposits. But the pendulum was only on an excursion, and would return to the center of gravity, which would be a quasi-reconversion. Until people comprehended this idea, and familiarized themselvs with these technicalities, they were not prepared to discuss intelligently the subject of intellectual development.

When Mr. Vaughan came forward to make his closing remarks he lacked the cheerful assurance that had characterized his opening speech. He had evidently found it easier to make a statement than to successfully re-establish one that had been disproved. He would not descend to a debate. However, he struggled out of the difficulty as well as could be expected. He raised many laughs, and was encouraged thereby until he discovered that they were at his own expense, when he proceeded to make himself ridiculous by attempting to be pathetic. But his "gall" deserted him, and his audience was rapidly doing the same. He had nothing to proceed upon, and as everything behind him had been removed, he could not go back. Therefore he took the only course left him and sat down, which he ought to hav done sooner.

Mr. Vaughan as a lecturer is a failure. His heart, generally speaking, is not in his work, and does not indorse what his tongue says. He might succeed as an actor. He could personate the Mormon Elder Bezum in the play of "A Hundred Wives," and would not need to make up for the character further than to put on a clean shirt.

Friday evening, the 28th, Professor Eccles lectures before the club on "Our Microscopic Foes."

The League.

The Campaign Fund.

Already acknowledged,	$2,120.77
Frank Reed,	1.00
N. F. Griswold,	1.00
Dr. Dyle,	20
J. B. Edwards,	1.00
J. C Michener,	1.00
Jacob Guning,	1 00
L. H. Rowland,	1.00
S. B. Schepperd,	1.00
Dr. Cohen,	2 00
Stamford League,	4.00
F. Fipp,	4.00
H. Van Pelt,	1.00
Dr. E. F. Beals,	1.00
Dr. L. B. Farrar,	5.00
E. Hyatt,	5.00
P. C. Mills,	5.00
Newark League, in addition to $71,	5.38
Albany Contributions,	68.78
Total,	2,229.13

ALBANY CONTRIBUTORS.

Mrs. H Iliohan, $1; Mr. Iliohan, 1; J. J. McCabe. 5; W. Dickson, 2; Mr. McDonough, 5; Thomas Dugan, 3; T Newman. 1; John Canaban, 3; Wm. Hogg, 1: A. F. Waldbillig, 1; W. H. Williams. 3; Mr. A. Schell, 2; Mrs. A. Schell, 2; A. Streamer, 1; D. C. Teclin, 1; Wm. Pflup, 50 cents; Cash, 4; Collection, 7.28; Robert Wade, 25. Total, $68.78.

AMOUNTS SUBSCRIBED BY THE NEWARK LIBERAL LEAGUE.

Collection, $8.03; Cash Subscriptions, 6.85; J. S. Cooke, 1; J. Cooke, 1; G. W. Gorum, 2; P. D. Onderdonk, 1; E. Griffith, 1; A. B. Genung, 1; S. E. Todd, 1; Mrs. M. McBride, 2; C. A. Marshall, 1; H. G. Avery, 5; Mary P. Geiger, 1; Nellie R. Davies, 1; Miss T. R. Rowland, 50 cents; A Lady, 5. Total, 38.38.

HOW TO PREPARE FOR AND INSURE SUCCESS OF LECTURES.

"CLEVELAND, O.

"What do you expect the Leagues or Liberal friends to do to prepare the way for you? I think it would be well to state as plainly as you can, so all would know how to act.

"JOSEPH GILLSON."

Many friends hav made similar inquiries. In reply I would say that to me it does not seem reasonable to expect any very great or permanent benefit from one lecture alone. Of course it may arouse some interest, stir up opposition, afford the Liberals an intellectual feast and a good happy time, but if not followed up the good results soon fade away. Doubts are engendered, but convictions are not settled, by one lecture.

When possible, at least three lectures should be arranged for. Of course, if only one can be afforded, *by all means secure that one.* But generally a little more effort, courage, and confidence would insure a regular course.

It is not enough to tear down the strongholds of superstition, to expose the fallacies of the Christian faith, and prove the justice of our demands for the secularization of our government. We must interest the heart, as well as educate the head. We must build up institutions, better, purer, more beneficial. Each local League must be made, socially and educationally, far superior to church and Sunday-school. To do this, the women must not only be enlisted, but induced to become enthusiastic workers in the cause. The children must be interested and amused, as well as instructed in science and the laws of their being, so that the local League, with its science school on Sunday, shall ever be associated with memories of pleasure and delight. To accomplish this, the indifferent must be aroused from their lethargy to glad performance of duty, the zealous cheered and encouraged, and the "almost persuaded" fully convinced and inspired with courage to avow and liv up to their convictions. From one to three weeks' diligent work of the most able and faithful lecturer can only fairly start this great work. The lecturer should always be thoroughly posted on the condition, wants, and feelings of the people, so that he can present just the subjects in which the majority are most interested, and in such a manner as to win attention and awaken thought, without needlessly arousing wrath and prejudice.

Before the advent of the lecturer, there is much work to be done by resident Liberals. Yet, if there is but one earnest, honest-hearted Liberal in a neighborhood, he, or she, should not feel discouraged, or regard all effort as hopeless. Real, earnest effort is almost certain to result in the establishment of a local League. Commence by loaning your paper to friends and neighbors. Get people to read Liberal literature. Send for a dozen copies of Ingersoll's "Orthodoxy," a dozen of Remsburg's "False Claims," and a few copies of Paine's "Age of Reason." Circulate them judiciously, but persistently.

Do not giv them away. Loan, or, when possible, sell them. Loan them as a great personal favor, and express your anxiety they should be very carefully preserved and restored to you unsoiled soon as read. When it is understood you prize them highly, people will regard them as of importance, and consequently read with care and interest. Giv them away, scatter them on every side, and they will command no more attention, be read with no more interest, than quack medicin almanacs.

Reading Liberal publications naturally creates desire to hear some living exponent of Liberalism. Talk over the possibilities of having lectures. Consult with each and every one the least interested, so they will sense their wishes are consulted—you are making efforts that their desires may be gratified.

Ascertain best terms on which suitable hall can be secured. Then head subscription list, and induce all interested to subscribe. When sufficient amount is subscribed to pay hall rent and advertising, write to Secretary Putnam or me, giving all particulars.

It is not possible to over-advertise, yet discretion and judicious economy must be exercised. When the hand-bills are printed, take pains to hav them thoroughly distributed on the outskirts of the town. Make sure they are distributed within a radius of ten miles of the place of meeting. Inclose hand-bill with kind letter of earnest invitation to all friends within reachable distance.

To trust to some uninterested person to distribute handbills, without overseeing them, is to waste money, and insures a "beggarly array of empty benches."

Advertise in the papers published at place of meeting, and adjacent villages. Not a little four-line advertisment only found after diligent search, but a good display advertisment. To half advertise is to court failure.

If possible hav the lecturers board at the house of some of the friends, and thus save hotel bills. Hav program carefully made out, so that from the time the lecturer arrives every hour of his stay may be profitably employed; visiting, urging, appealing, counseling, and inspiring with zeal all who are Liberally inclined, and organizing or perfecting organization of local League, so that the good work shall be successfully carried on after his departure.

Dear reader, hav you not too long been misrepresented, denounced, and ostracized? Is it not fully time, in justice to yourself, your family, and friends, that you should make an earnest, self-sacrificing effort to let people know the truth—what Liberalism teaches, the justice of the demands of Liberalism, and the superiority of the gospel of humanity to the superstitions and delusions of Christianity?

You revere the memory of that noble, self-sacrificing truth seeker, the lamented D. M. Bennett. Being dead, he yet speaketh: "There are people enough of Liberal views in this country if they would only hav independence to speak out, to be a power in the land. Yes, if the Liberals of America will hold up their heads, boldly utter their honest convictions; if they will organize, and work in concert, they will be an influential body of men and women. They will be capable of doing a great amount of good, and be as thoroughly respected and honored by the upright and good as any organization in our country." Let us heed this counsel.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

I shall be at Salamanca, N. Y., during the Freethinkers' Convention, December 4th to 8th, and hope to meet friends who desire to arrange for lectures, or who wish assistance in effecting or perfecting organization of local Leagues.

I am very desirous to make engagements to lecture every evening and every Sunday afternoon (Sunday mornings, too, whenever practicable) from December 8th to the time of the grand gathering of Liberals at Altoona the last week in January (the Pennsylvania State League annual meeting in connection with the Paine celebration), and from that time forward until May 15, 1885, when I expect to start out in the "tented field" with the National Liberal League's new sixty-feet-in-diameter tent, and carry the war into Africa until the assembling of our next National Liberal League Congress in September. Friends of Liberty, write to me. I will answer every letter. Address Ex-Rev. C. B. Reynolds, Box 104, North Parma, Monroe county, N. Y., and letters will be promptly forwarded to me. In case of funerals, telegraph E. M. Macdonald, editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER, 33 Clinton Place, New York, who will at once repeat telegram to me, and Mr. Watts, or Mr. Putnam, or I will, when within the bounds of possibility, be sure to respond.

CHAS. B. REYNOLDS, Chairman Ex. Com. N. L. L.

ALBANY MEETING.

Sunday was a rainy day indeed, and the Jupiter of the skies seemed determined to quench our enthusiasm—but did not by any means succeed. A fair audience gathered together to listen to Mr. Watts's lecture on "Christian Claims Criticised." The good effect of the discourse, which was a thorough examination of Biblical Christianity from the standpoint of common sense, was seen in the fact that after a short appeal by Mr. Putnam over thirty dollars was raised for the National Fund, which was a most generous response indeed to the new work of Liberalism. The storm became more fierce by evening, but the Liberals showed their backbone by presenting a good appearance and greeting to Mr. Watts, who spoke upon "The Aims and Methods of Secularism." His address was received with frequent applause, and stimulated his listeners to increase the fund, so that the total subscription for the day amounted to $68 78. This shows that the League is bound to progress in all sorts of weather and will march to victory in storm and sunshine both.

The Albany Liberals hav been faithful for years in the work of mental emancipation and can show a good record of things accomplished. Some of the best men of the city are connected with it, who are both earnest and able. Mrs. Henrica Iliohan has begun a Liberal Sunday-School and is doing an admirable work among the children. Let us hav these Liberal schools wherever it is possible.

In spite of the torrents, Troy sent her good representativ, Robert Wade, to the meeting, who for years has been a stanch upholder of our cause, at the same time winning the respect of his opponents. His contribution of $25 shows how deeply interested he is in the future of Liberalism. Such assistance is an earnest of the harvest that is to be.

Next Sunday, Nov. 30th, Mr. Watts will lecture in Philadelphia, morning and evening, and Mr. Putnam in the afternoon. Mr. Watts will also lecture at the same place Monday and Tuesday evenings, Dec. 1st and 2d. Both gentlemen then proceed to the Salamanca Convention, after which they go to Canada, arriving in Toronto on Friday, Dec. 12th.

The Salamanca Convention.

The N. Y., Lake Erie and Western R.R. Co. will return for one-third fare all who attend the Convention by their line or any of its branches west of and including Binghamton; the N. Y., Ohio, and Pa. R.R. Co. will sell one-third rate return tickets. The Rochester and Pittsburgh R.R. Co. will do the same, and the N. Y., Ohio, and Pa. R.R. Co., will return passengers attending the Convention at one cent a mile.

The following local committees hav been appointed by the Freethinkers of Salamanca. On decorations, Mrs. M. C. Fitts, Mrs. Dr. Colgrove, J. S. Whipple, C. R. Gibson, Mrs. O. S. Vreeland, L. W. Zuver, Charles L. Stough. On music, Professor A. D. Lane, Mrs. Henry O. Wait, Mrs. Mina Seymour. On social party, Sam. Coon, Frank Gardner, Juliett Simmons.

Communications.

The Christian Religion.

At the risk of seeming presumptuous in intruding on more valuable space, I take the liberty of jotting down a few of my reflections pertaining to Christianity, its dupes and followers.

In contemplating the various phases of human nature, I am often led to notice how little we can understand the underdrift of a man's sentiments by his casual remarks in ordinary conversation. Some whom we would suppose had no religious bias whatever, when more directly approached, teem with the most inveterate bigotry, the blindest fanaticism, the most virulent hostility to Liberalism in its every phase. Theirs is the (so-called) religion of terrorism, of coercion; they would unhesitatingly ostracize every one else not perfectly in accord with their own narrow-minded and illiberal ideas.

"Why no," they will arrogantly insist, "the smartest men of this or any other age hav vainly endeavored to prove the Bible untrue, but it has invariably resulted in failure; the good old book is divinely inspired; the prophets and apostles who composed it were most holy and sanctified men; they were incapable of any mistakes. We are thus compelled to accept their records as finally conclusiv, and them as the express and perfect messengers of God to fallen man!"

Can human credulity any further go? To my mind the Apocryphal New Testament bears precisely the same impress of divine inspiration those deluded souls accord to the revised and infallible edition now so authoritativly pronounced canonical. In fact, the Apocryphal appears to me to be the most original and authentic, if it is not a parody on words to style anything authentic bearing on its face so plainly the evidence of being a lie. In the story so naively told of the infancy, in the blooming record of St. Mary (the Virgin mother of omnipotent God), we hav the rough-hewn stick of timber; it only remained for the most Christian Emperor Constantine and his pious bishops to plane and smooth it to their own chaste ideas, and lo! we hav the canonical New Testament, which to deny is eternal damnation; to disbelieve, eternal moral and spiritual death.

Can we ever believe our future salvation depends in any degree on a certain combination of circumstances over which we hav absolutely not the slighest control? Not finding it possible to giv implicit credence to the utterly absurd and unnatural, are we to be malignantly tortured through all the endless ages of eternity, simply because we innocently obeyed the dictates of pure reason? Viewing the question from a purely philosophical standpoint, it must be evident to all that no man, or set of men, can decide the standard of belief for mankind; hence the deduction is plain; we need not hav the slightest dread of the anathema or threat of either pope, priest, or prophet.

The Christian religion is evidently but another phase of those blind fallacies which held the East in mental bondage centuries before the ineffable Christ came on earth, and which still enthralls millions of the orientals, the most abject slaves to the power of priestcraft. A trinity of persons composing the supreme godhead is supremely Brahmanical; it is really astonishing all good Christians hav not ere this discovered the close relationship, and, instead of attempting to Christianize the heathen world, they should clasp hands with them, and kiss their mutual chains in fraternal joy. If the three-faced Buddhistic god does not perfectly represent the trinity of Christianity, I am utterly at a loss what other comparison to draw.

A philosophical mind may smile serenely at the ludicrous sincerity with which those imaginary divinities are reverenced and worshiped by their respectiv devotees, albeit the contemplation must be inevitably tinged with a sentiment of sorrow for the ignorant and deluded dupes. Millions of lives and untold wealth hav been expended on those fictitious rulers of the universe, and still the Juggernaut of superstition rolls crushing on, regardless of human sorrow, unmindful of mundane woe. Will mankind ever shake off this terrible incubus, and, ignoring the existence of any other world than this, devote themselvs exclusivly to the genial precepts of Nature and the dictates of her beauteous handmaid, Reason? Can we Liberals who hav happily rent asunder the chains of blind servility to superstition ever hope to see this Utopia finally consummated? If the Christian religion was originally and divinely intended for the acceptance and salvation of all mankind, why, may we inquire, was it not simultaneously promulgated to all without regard to mere geographical or educational conditions? Or again, why is the groundwork of this divine scheme of salvation of such an absurd and grotesque character that the veriest savage, much more the educated and enlightened mind, receives it with doubt—in short, the most positiv and reasonable skepticism? Being merely an innovation, and thus fatally deficient in the prime element of originality, it has ever been questioned by critically examining minds, and, at the present day, instead of gaining ground, is, in effect, gradually, though none the less surely, losing its sway over the mass, and, as may be safely predicted, will eventually die the death of all other baseless absurdities. Any theory, however illiberal or nonsensical, may be fully demonstrated by a text here or there in those so-called sacred writings. Does the Christian world deny the fact? If so, let me call attention to the numberless doctrins and different sects, each and every one the diametrical antagonist of the other, rendering confusion worse confounded, but all, as a matter of course, immediately under the guidance and protection of their divine master.

Let me ask, are Luther's dogmatic rulings coincided in by even a respectable minority at the present day, taking, as he did, the stand that what was written was to be taken literally, and, per sequence, could admit of neither cavil nor dispute unless at the positiv risk of eternal hell-fire? Are Calvin's teachings of predestination and salvation by election implicitly believed in by any considerable number, even among those who are duly accredited as professors of the tyrant creed he originated? Will any good Christian deny that even his soul-freezing doctrins can be sustained by certain passages in the canonical New Testament? I would as soon run the risk of even the horrible hell he gloated over as subscribe to the miserable creed he had the misfortune to inaugurate.

As all other human beings, I am, of course, liable to erroneous impressions, yet I am fully satisfied that, simply taking nature and reason as our natural guides, a better system of ethics than Luther or Calvin, a purer morality than the Pauline, is within the reach of all not blinded by old-time superstition or weighted down by a soul-degrading and venomous fanaticism.

But the question may be reasonably asked by our opponents—the Christian world at large—"What hav you to present us in lieu of Christianity?" Let us reason one moment, my friends, and see if we cannot discover a nobler example to follow than lying and cowardly Abraham; than murderous Moses, than adulterous David, than licentious Solomon, than groaning and disgusting Jeremiah, than renegade Jonah or blasphemous Job. We need only take as our pure ensamples the oracles of nature, as we hav them forcibly delivered to us on every hand, to learn the most faultless lessons of morality; the most ingenious and charming teaching of social and fraternal love. Were we to do so, how easy to dispense with the devil and all his host of infernal imps—called into existence, as we are blandly assured, and most admirably adapted by their tastes and inclinations to the cheerful pursuit of torturing human souls during ages and ages of eternal pain. And having casually mentioned his sulphuric majesty, let us for a moment discuss his possible status in the economy of the universe. Was the devil self-created, or is he a unique emanation from the hands of that peerless God of love whom Christians so devoutly worship? Assuming this latter premis for the nonce, we are absolutely compelled to admit that God must hav been actuated with a purely sinister intention in calling such a being into existence. Satan occupies a very prominent position, according to orthodox belief, but God being his creator as well as ours, and the devil tempting us to all our evil deeds, who then but God can be originally responsible for all the sin and criminality interwoven with our daily lives?

But with this proposition I am well aware my Christian friends cannot agree. To shift the responsibility of evil on a strictly immaculate God would enable man to escape eternal damnation; the sting of their imaginary hell would drop from the scourge of the priests, and lo! their useless calling would vanish as mist before the sun.

We will next assume that God did not create the devil. Why, certainly not! How miserably stupid in us literal Liberals to advance such an absurd idea! The devil, then, is self-created. By some mysterious hocus pocus he suddenly sprang into existence, duly panoplied in all his infernal attributes, the supreme and daring foe of the most high, the deathless enemy of all mankind! Let us for a moment contemplate his luminous majesty as, vaulting upon the throne he so triumphantly occupies, his terrible visage gleaming with a perfect halo of resplendent horror, he surveys the magnificent stage on which in all the future ages he is to play so prominent a role! Is he not an edifying object, my Christian friends, especially when we bear in mind that the sole end and aim of his infernal existence is to torture human souls?

There is one little drawback, however, to the admission that the devil is self-created. In doing so we must emphatically allow him to be the peer as well as antagonist of omnipotence, thus robbing the supreme being of his grand prerogativ as absolute ruler and creator of the universe.

Or again, in allowing the existence of a personal and essentially Jewish Jehovah, it will be seen that such a being as the devil instantly becomes an impossibility. Dwelling in space, presumably limitless, the eternal antagonist of God, the power and glory of deity constantly menaced, can we harbor such an incongruous idea even for a moment? Assuredly not. To render unto God the full measure of glorious reverence we must imperativly renounce all belief in the existence of a long-tailed devil, and any or all of his assistant imps. In the vast universe of nature there is no room for such utterly useless beings; no room for any being that by an inexorable law is incapable of progressing and improving, morally and spiritually, with the lapse of time. Let the devil idea, then, become obsolete; hell ditto. Thus only can we hav mental quietude and happiness here below. We are no longer tortured with morbid doubts and cowardly fears. By degrees we grasp the comprehensiv idea that God, to be truly a god, must be supremely the spirit of consistency, beneficence, and love. The gloom and irrational fears of hell are dispelled. Nature and reason resume their healthful sway, and our bark of life glides peacefully into a haven of tranquility and repose. Were we to pursue the subject further, it might be pertinently asked how a material flame of fire and brimstone can torture, or in any manner affect, an immaterial spirit, which the human soul must undoubtedly be. A moment's reflection, however, will convince any intelligent mind how utterly incongruous the idea is without further amplification. I hav only pity and contempt for those who cannot see that an inexorable law of nature cannot be annihilated even by the potent fiat of a priest.

Let us, then, do our full duty here in this world. Why render our lives hopelessly miserable by persisting in superstition? We hav been by far too long under priestly rule. As for myself, I am henceforth and forever free.

D. T. Ross.

Philosophy on the Half-Shell.

THE SCIENTIFIC EVIDENCES FOR AND AGAINST SPIRITUALISM.

In the present paper I propose to examin the scientific evidences for and against Spiritualism (or Spiritism), together with the weight that such evidences should hav in deciding for or against a possible immortality.

First, let me say that at this present writing I am neither a convert to, nor an opponent of, the doctrin of a future life, since, in my opinion, the evidences in hand are insufficient to warrant either conclusion.

Nine hundred and ninety-nine lies do not invalidate, necessarily, one truth; nor does the imposture of nine hundred and ninety-nine false mediums invalidate the evidence of one genuin medium (assuming that such exists).

Be Spiritualism true or false, let it be remembered that there would inevitably be the same broad array of impostors in the field. Hence let the above fact hav its full and just weight in influencing your judgment. Let us, then, sweep away the vast array of charlatans, and examin that which remains, if anything.

The main evidences (scientific) of Spiritualism rest upon the alleged reality of the phenomena technically termed "Materialization," or (as I prefer to designate it) "quick composition;" that is to say, the gathering together into a concrete form the various elementary particles necessary to form any object, either animate or inanimate.

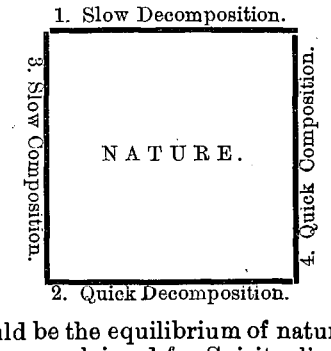
This process usually takes place instantaneously (or, at all events, quite rapidly), and hence is, in this particular, essentially different from its opposit, "slow composition," or growth, with which we are all familiar.

May not "materialization" ("quick composition"), then, be logically considered as constituting, from this point of view,

THE FOURTH SIDE

of the heretofore incomplete square, of which, until the advent of Spiritualism, we had but three sides?

1. "Slow decomposition" (or decay).
2. "Quick decomposition" (or fire).
3. "Slow composition" (or growth).
4. "Quick composition" (or materializ ation).



Thus would be the equilibrium of nature preserved.

The evidences claimed for Spiritualism, second in value to "materialization," rest upon what is termed "independent slate-writing."

This consists in causing marks, letters, or even long and lucid messages, to appear between two slates, firmly tied, locked, or screwed together, said slates being oftentimes brought and handled only by the investigator, the medium being simply permitted to rest his or her hand lightly upon the upper surface of the uppermost slate (the pair being placed, fastened firmly together, upon the table, in full day or gaslight, the investigator, and frequently other witnesses, being present). A small piece of slate-pencil is sometimes inclosed between the two slates

before securing them. Frequently, however, the spirits (if such they be) produce marks or writing without the pencil.

The late Professor Carl Frederick Zoellner (who has been called "the Sir William Thompson of Germany"), and who, at the time of his death in 1882, filled the chair of physical astronomy in the university of Leipsic, was one of the first scientific men of Europe, and the author of numerous renowned and valuable treatises.

He (in conjunction with several of his learned *confrères*) devoted a considerable portion of nearly every day, for several consecutiv weeks, to the scientific and crucial investigation and examination of many of the leading phenomena of Spiritualism (including both "materialization" and "independent slate-writing"), through the mediumship of the celebrated American medium, Dr. Slade, the result being Professor Zoellner's apparently complete conversion to the tenets of "the new philosophy of immortality."

He subsequently published, *in extenso*, a full and detailed account of these experimental seances (all occurring in broad daylight, and at the house of Professor Zoellner), and which took place through Dr. Slade's mediumship.

This philosophical treatis (for it merits that title) has been republished, copiously illustrated, in this country, by Messrs. Colby and Rich, booksellers, Boston, Mass., under the title of "Transcendental Physics." It should be read by all, being, as it is, the most conclusiv documentary evidence which has yet appeared in favor of Spiritualism.

Numerous other eminent men hav become firm believers in its tenets, among whom I may mention the renowned Professor Crookes, Fellow (at one time president) of "The Royal Society." The names of Edmunds, Hare, Mapes, Varley, Wallace, and many more might, likewise, be cited.

A person of fair reasoning powers cannot fail to be, for the most part, convinced, after a careful review of the entire subject (including, of course, a close study of Professor Zoellner's treatis), that the experiments recorded are not always ascribable to the imposture or stupidity of either mediums or investigators.

Imposture, on the part of the medium, in such a series of scientifically conducted experiments as those of Professor Zoellner, while not absolutely impossible, is, in a very high degree, improbable; I should say not equally that of 1 in 1,000,000.

The veracity of such men as Zoellner and his coadjutors is unimpeachable and above reproach.

Setting aside, then, as untenable, the pet theories of conjuring and of false testimony sufficing, in all cases, to explain away alleged phenomena, we find ourselvs (if the possibility of the truth of Spiritualism be denied) driven to a choice between the two horns of a dilemma. Either medium or investigator, or the two combiued, produce the phenomena.

Now, be it remembered, the chief chemical constituents which go to make up the human (or any animal or vegetable substance) all exist, in a highly attenuated state, in the common atmospheric air which we breathe, and by which we are at all times surrounded.

It is, therefore, entirely possible that these substances may be precipitated (or "materialized"), *i. e.*, condensed into likenesses of the animal (including man), vegetable, and even mineral bodies, by some occult force or forces.

It is also possible that a part, or all the participants in the seance, including the medium, may be psychologized, or mesmerized, to that extent that the various alleged phenomena appear to occur without, in reality, taking place. The facts, however, that quite conclusiv proofs of their occurrence are frequently (as in Professor Zoellner's experiments) claimed by reliable persons, to exist long after the conclusion of the seances (years after, perhaps), sometimes in the shape of locks of hair, cut from the heads of "materialized" spirits, flowers received from their hands, etc., should hav much weight in discrediting the probability of the correctness of this supposition. These "Spirit relics" are, likewise, visible (long after being obtained from the shadowy visitants) by persons who were not present at the seance, and who could not, therefore, be reasonably supposed to be laboring under an hallucination regarding their (the relics') reality.

In considering the purport of alleged messages and communications from the spirit-world, the channel through which they are received, and by which they may be unconsciously tinctured, should not be overlooked; nor the fact that malicious or untruthful spirits may be the communicating intelligencies.

The condition of the mind always corresponds to to that of the brain, its organ, exactly, and in every particular—weakening with it in age and the nearer approach of death.

By a properly delivered blow upon the head, a man may be rendered unconscious during many hours, finally to return to intelligence and earth-life.

During the period of his stupor, caused by the blow, his mind was a complete blank.

Had the blow been but a little heavier, he must hav died, his body returning, through "slow decomposition" (if interred) to parent earth.

Does it not appear probable, looking only at these facts, that when the body (including the brain, which is the organ of the mind) returns to the elements, from which so recently it emerged for a brief space, the mind, too, perishes as an individuality?

Candor compels an affirmativ answer.

Mr. Andrew Jackson Davis, America's greatest seer, in his very remarkable volume, entitled, "Nature's Divine Revelations," which all should read, discusses most ably and fully this and kindred subjects.

In that volume is contained the fullest and most satisfactory scientific and logical refutation of the doctrins of the Materialist ever written.

("Make a note of it," friend Winter.)

All should familiarize themselvs with its pages who would know the full strength of the spiritual hypothesis.

In it the now well-nigh universally accepted theory of evolution was promulgated more than a quarter of a century ago, that system being, in most respects, identical with Mr. Davis's philosophy, as set forth in "Nature's Divine Revelations," "The Great Harmonia," and others of this seer's grand philosophical works, which by many years preceded that famous text-book of evolution—Darwin's "Descent of Man."

ELLIOTT PRESTON.

Our London Letter.

Parliament has opened for the autumn session, but for reasons best known to himself Mr. Bradlaugh has not made any attempt to take his seat, preferring to wait until his appeal to a higher court has been decided before claiming the exercise of his legal right to be an activ representativ of the borough for which he has been so often elected. He seems to hav a delicacy as to embarrassing the government, but it would almost seem that he is somewhat too considerate on this point, as he does not find Mr. Gladstone and the majority of his followers desirous of helping him to obtain and hold his rightful position. The scant assistance and half-hearted support he has had from the government appears to hav done him more injury than the most violent opposition he could hav met, but it remains to be seen whether he will eventually gain anything by his consideration. Certainly he has fought hard and well, and as Parliament has met solely for the purpose of passing the Franchise bill, perhaps it was advisable not to urge his constitutional right at the present time. It is characteristic of the present premier that he does not look upon any question with a favorable eye that does not originate with himself, unless it is absolutely forced upon him, and he certainly never appears by his actions to hav taken any personal interest in this matter.

When Secularists are numerous enough to form a political party, with sufficient strength to influence enough votes to turn the course of an election, they will hav their wants attended to by any governant in office, and meet with a respectful consideration they are not yet in a position to command.

The National Secular Society, of which Mr. Bradlaugh is president, is gaining strength and numbers, and every annual report shows a large increase, of members, far more, proportionately, than any religious body can boast of. If the other Secular societies augmented their forces to the same extent, Secularists would be able to make their influence felt both socially and politically to a degree that might even surprise themselvs. It is really only a question of time for Freethinkers to become the chief party in the state, but it would be desirable that this event should take place sooner rather than later.

It is the opinion of many, even in our own body, both here and in America, that Secularists should steer clear of politics, confining themselvs to destruction of theological superstitions, and not interfering too much with social matters; but I think this is somewhat a mistaken idea, for as a rule Freethinkers possess better balanced intellects than believers in effete creeds, and are therefore better qualified for treating social and political questions in a manner far more conduciv to the happiness and well-being of a people than the ordinary run of legislators, who so often misrepresent their constituents. Whether this would be the case has yet to be decided, for undoubtedly it is the case that some men who are fully alive to the fact that priestcraft is demoralizing and injurious to a community, and do their utmost to free mankind from such a thralldom, are not able to see clearly on any other point, and would only alter the form of slavery instead of abolishing it altogether. Fortunately these are in the minority, and it would not be well that they should be allowed the opportunity of exercising any degree of power.

Mr. Foote has just finished a course of lectures on "The Roots of Christianity," to large and appreciativ audiences. Considerable interest was attached to these discourses from the fact that the "Christian Evidence Society" sent some of its champions to oppose the lecturer. It is needless to say with what result. But nowadays it is a hard matter to fight these priests, as Christianity is so latitudinarian that it is well-nigh impossible to fix any one of its expounders down to what were not so long back considered it "fundamental truths." They are ready to accept evolution, and throw the miracles and "prophecies" overboard, to retain the hold on their followers, to whom they hav to look for their daily bread, and as long as they can secure that they will concede anything you like.

J. D.

London, Nov. 3, 1884.

Apostasy.

In former days apostasy seemed to be a word expressiv of the extremest perfidy and treachery toward that sect of religionists from which any individual or leader had seceded. It was expressiv of the deepest disgust, and in the sovereignty of popery it was wont to follow its victim not only with anathemas and curses, but with fire and fagot. In these more Liberal times it conveys the meaning that such apostate having added to his former stock of knowledge, openly avows his change of opinion.

We certainly liv in much happier times, yet there is still a repulsion to such individual, as if he had committed an enormity in seceding from the class of his former thinkers. Their feelings are injured. An apostate from Methodism to Unitarianism or any other religious body to whom he has been attached, generally has full employment for some time to repel the aroused suspicion of cupidity, hypocrisy, or immorality. You are far from being sure of the friendship or protection of your new associates, while you can rely in full assurance on the wrath of the class you hav left. Like an injured porpoise, blood once drawn up on it, and the whole school of porpoises dash upon it with merciless fury.

In my intercourse with many ministers and other "men of God," I hav no doubt the dread of religious retribution is intimidativ with hundreds of the LL.D.'s now occupying lucrativ and popular pulpits. The clergy are far from being all fools, but they are financially wise, and as tradesmen are to be extolled.

Now let us, as Liberal Freethinkers, by all means rise above these petty and malignant feelings and set the world a righteous examples, and avoid berating any friend who thinks he has struck a higher or richer vein of knowledge. Let us as Liberals ever remember that the world is wide—wide enough for us all, and that we are all on the same voyage of discovery of new truths.

The above remarks were prompted by noticing the universal shudder among Materialists and some others at friend Chainey's newly announced belief in Spiritualism. I sincerely commiserate the feelings of poor old Tom Winter. "Oh, the world may change, and change, and change again," said my good old Methodist relativ, "but, thanks to my blessed Jesus, I never, never change."

Liberals sometimes become impatient at the apparent slow progress of Liberalism, but let the following clipping from the New York daily *Tribune* speak for itself:

"Bishop Arthur Cleveland Coxe, of Buffalo, in reviewing the past twenty years of his episcopate, said the other day that the increase of impiety and Infidelity is appalling."

Reflecting on friend Chainey's change of thought, I sometimes allow my imagination to range in the possibilities of the future. Now, should it so happen in the course of human events that our friends E. M. Macdonald, Seaver, S. P. Putnam, or Elmina should show symptoms of "caving in," what a universal howl would ring through the atmosphere! For one, I should be inclined to think it a saddening event. We must hav antagonism. Without it there can be no progress. In the battle of thought we hav vanquished the tyranny of orthodoxy, and with the logic of facts, and in the development of natural laws, driven fashionable priesthood to the necessity of entrenching itself within the mummeries of paganism. The battle now exists between Agnosticism and Spiritualism. Liberalism should be, as it were, the flint and steel in the world of thought. It is in the clashing collision of these two unyielding bodies, so to speak, that the illuminating spark of intelligence is evolved.

D. BRUCE.

Brooklyn, L. I.

The "Wentworth Bond."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Another newspaper has come out in favor of Liberalism, and accordingly thrown its banner to the breeze—the *Wentworth Bond*, Wentworth, Dak., Charles A. Eaton, editor and proprietor. Mr. W. L. Horton is identified with the publication, the gentleman who engaged me to giv three lectures here. We hav had a successful course, large attendance, and "enthusiasm" enough to satisfy even our dear brother Chainey. For one I say, may Brother Chainey meet with plenty of work, success, and happiness in any path he deems it his duty to tread. He is a gifted man, and deserves liberal treatment at the hands of Liberals all over the country. He should be his own judge of the work he wants to do.

Pipestone, Minn. W. F. JAMIESON.

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SATURDAY, - - - NOVEMBER 29, 1884.

Mr. Capel Again.

Last Sunday evening, Mgr. Capel addressed the congregation of the St. Vincent Ferrier church in this city on "Toleration." The lecture was a defense of the Inquisition. His remarks are worth careful noting, as evincing the tendency of the church toward force in matters of faith, and as showing that Catholicism is essentially the same proscribing and tyrannous organization in all climes and countries. Among his pious appeals and roses of rhetoric were these thorns:

"I am not the man to mince matters. I stand here to state what is the truth, and that I will state. There is not a father, widow, mother, or son, who is not bound to protect the home from the iniquity which is without. Fathers, it is your duty to save your children from the iniquitous teachings of the world in which you liv. Is the same not true of your mothers, sisters, and brothers? . . . The holy church is the nation of nations. She raises her hands and says: 'No false teacher for my children.' As the hen gathers her children under her wings to protect them, so does the church, the mistress of God Almighty. . . .

"What will the father do to prevent the ruin of a dear one? Whatever the world does to protect property and honor let him also do. For the protection of a man's faith do all that and more, too. *I will imprison, will hang, the man who takes from me my faith.* The interest of my faith is above life with me. We protect ourselvs on a ground far above that of property. The church, in her grand faith, has suffered torture. Why should we not be willing to suffer for the mistress of God if necessary? God never deserts his own, God protects his children. You who support the doctrin of the incarnation, watch over the children of the church. Protect them as their mother would protect them from coming danger. The Inquisition exists at this moment. It has its center at Rome. Twelve cardinals hav since 1542 composed the corporation! Twelve godly, God-fearing men. The pope presides over this august body.

"Here is a jury of twelve princes of God Almighty; men of renown. Theirs is no idle task. They sit in judgment upon cases requiring their deliberation. The pope's decision is final. Who would not love to be judged innocent by that body of twelve men of God? That's the Inquisition. I am not affrighted by the events of the past when men speak of the horrors of the Inquisition. They hav read books containing statements which Protestant writers desired should be true. They hav not read the original books. I was flogged when a boy myself. The acts of the ancient Inquisition were no more than the habits of the time. Why, in the days of Elizabeth, should one cross the river Trent, a letter V was burnt into his forehead with a red-hot iron. If they punish for the loss of a life, why should there not be punishment for the loss of faith? The horrors of the Spanish Inquisition were condemned by the pope and article after article was written by him exhibiting his regret for the cruelties there suffered. The Spanish government said it would drive out from its territory every heretic. It was right in supporting the principle of protection to family. It was wrong in the method. Tolerance in religion we ask for. We ask only fair play. There is but one church—that is Jesus Christ. He asks us all to come into his fold. The Inquisition of to-day is one of the greatest blessings with which the church is endowed."

The monsignor is honest in much of this, and possibly in all, if we read between the lines and make allowances for Jesuitical duplicity as practiced by the popes, and their defender, the able Capel himself. Perhaps some pope did condemn the horrors of the Inquisition. Some letters of lament may perhaps be preserved in Catholic archives. It is very easy for that church to produce documents of any kind that may be made desirable by the changes wrought by time. A favorit merciful order of the priests of the Inquisition, when punishing a heretic, was that "no blood be spilled." This meant the stake. So it may be that in giving counsel to the state that heretics be exterminated, a pope deplored the necessity of such wholesale murder; but to prove that the church of Rome ever *honestly* strove to prevent it, will take a much smarter man than Capel.

Seven years after the establishment of the Inquisition, the fourth council of the Lateran enjoined all kings and rulers to swear an oath that they would exterminate all heretics from their dominions. From that time to the confiscation of the property of the Inquisition (in 1835), the sword of the church was unsheathed. It was not the officers of the state, but learned divines, who discussed the propriety of tearing out the tongues of heretics before they were burnt, that the Christians who were burning them should not be shocked by any blasphemies they might utter. And it was priests, too, who argued for a slow fire for the blasphemers, in order that more time might be given them for repentance. It was Pope Innocent VIII. who gave to Torquemada the title of "Confessor of Sovereigns" to confirm him in the position of Inquisitor-general of Spain, in which he had been established by Queen Isabella. The appointment by Pope Alexander VI. of four colleagues to divide the ecclesiastical power with Torquemada was not because the church wished the persecutions stopped, but because Alexander feared the power wielded by Torquemada might be abused to his own detriment. The complicity of the church in these infamous persecutions is conclusivly shown by the edicts published at the time. Prescott says that "edicts were ordered to be published annually on the first two Sundays in Lent, throughout the churches, enjoining it as a sacred duty on all who knew or suspected another to be guilty of heresy to lodge information against him before the Holy Office; and the ministers of religion were instructed to refuse absolution to such as hesitated to comply with this, although the suspected person might stand in the relation of parent, child, husband, or wife."

To an audience of people ignorant of history, Mgr. Capel may tell his tale of innocence, but in the opinion of the enlightened world he must stand convicted as a falsifier of records. Volumes upon volumes of corroborating testimony hav been printed, and did we not know the brazenness of ecclesiastics, we should wonder at the courage that dared invite the ordeal of comparison between his apologetic words and the hard facts of unimpeachable history.

The Plenary Council.

Even for so close a corporation as the Catholic church, officered by the princes of secret intriguers, the Jesuits, it is difficult to completely hide the purposes of such a council as that at Baltimore. Some of its work is coming out, and the disclosures bode no good for America and American institutions.

On the 20th the council considered the position of the Catholic church on the public school question. The open hostility of the church to our schools is well known, and that hostility is not to be modified, but the question is rather how to make the opposition practically operativ. A *Herald* reporter has obtained expressions from two attendants at the council upon the subject. One, Bishop McQuaid, of Rochester, a leading exponent of the position of the church on this question, said that "there is no doubt that the action taken by the council will be very positiv and will not only demand that Catholic parents shall send their children to parish schools, but that *a division of the school tax be made in every state and city commensurate with the proportion paid by Catholic taxpayers.*"

Another, whom the reporter describes as a leading member of the council, gave fuller expression to these views, but reached the same conclusion. "It is not," he said, "many years since the columns of the press teemed with articles on the public school question. This has been a source of great annoyance to the leaders of the Catholic church. In nearly every large city in the country a great number of Catholic children attend the public schools. Experience has taught that these children frequently become careless in the duties of their religion and indifferent to the high standard of morality on which the church places so high a value. Her bishops and clergy sternly advocate the daily catechism and stated instructions on the principal tenets of the Catholic faith. To bring about this result parish schools hav been attached to many churches, where the poorer children are educated. But Catholics are crippled by the want of pecuniary resources, and thus it happens that in some instances these parish schools are inferior in their curriculum to the public schools of our country. The bishops see that the only way for them to secure a thorough disciplining of the children according to Catholic belief and practice is to establish a more thorough system of parish schools in every city, the studies being graded on the same plan as the primary, grammar, and high school courses of the country. *For this purpose they demand such a division of the school tax as will enable them to place their schools on a level with the public schools.* What means can be adopted for the accomplishment of this plan is a problem to be solved by the wisdom of the fathers of the Plenary Council of Baltimore."

There is no use trying to ignore this fight with the Catholic church. It is bound to come, and within a short time. The wonderful expansion of the church's power through increase by immigration and the birth rate has made the Romish organization bold and arrogant. In fifty years it has developed from half a million of believers to nearly eight millions. Already over twenty-five hundred parochial schools, with half a million scholars, are established, eighty-seven colleges, five hundred and ninety-nine academies, besides twenty-two ecclesiastical seminaries, and a number of institutions for sacerdotal training, in various religious orders. These are now supported by Catholics. It is one of the aims of this council to saddle the cost upon the general public. Years ago this fight came up in this state. About 1840 the Catholics made a determined effort to obtain for schools supported by religious denominations a share in the school moneys. It was no innovation, for it had been done years before, and had been abandoned because a Baptist church had practiced fraud to obtain a larger share than its school was legitimately entitled to. The Catholics petitioned the common council of this city without success. An application to the legislature found the candidates of both political parties pledged to oppose the Catholics. The latter then nominated a ticket of their own. The question was then between secular and religious schools. The public school party won, and our state laws were made against religious instruction, as cited by Superintendent Ruggles in his late decision on this question. But the Catholics did not giv up the fight; they wanted money for Catholic schools, the Protestants wanted the schools to conform in religious teaching to their notion. The result was a draw. Thurlow Weed for the Protestants, and Hughes for the Catholics, patched up a compromise. They took that portion of the Bible which has no doctrinal bias, and which was to be read without note or comment, so both got Christianity without sectarianism. In 1851 a law to this effect was put on the statute books, and is cited by our board of education to sustain them in reading the Bible in the schools, notwithstanding the positiv order of Mr. Ruggles forbidding it.

Now this contest is to be renewed. The plenary council is to decide how it shall be conducted. The object is to divide the school money up among the sects, and place education in the hands of the church. This purpose is plainly declared. If the Protestant denominations stand firm it can never be done. But will they? Forty-four years ago, to thwart the Catholics, they stood for secular schools. There were then but few Freethinkers, and no Freethought organizations. The church itself was not menaced with dissolution. Now the danger to Catholicism is from the Freethinkers, and the danger from that source is equally great to the Protestants. Will not the two great sects unite and divide the school money among the anointed that the common enemy may be checked in its progress? There is, every one admits, a large element of absolute Infidelity within the Protestant church, but just how large no one knows. The voting Freethinkers would be powerless before the voting Catholics unless re-enforced by the silent Infidelity of the churches. We must concede that. The questions, then, are,(1) Will the Protestants stand as they stood forty years ago? and (2) if not, how largea force is there in this country that will come to the front when the issue is made?

The first of these questions, we think, must be answered in the negativ. There are not wanting indications of a disposition on the part of both churches to unite to resist the spread of Freethought. Some of the leading men of both sects hav expressed themselvs to this effect. Writers for papers and magazines of Catholic and Protestant proclivities hav agreed that the union must come. The American Evangelical Alliance was formed by the Protestants in 1867 principally to combat Infidelity; and they welcome the help of Catholics to sustain the fundamental positions of Christianity. A book written by

a Catholic to "answer" America's greatest living Infidel has been circulated as widely by Protestants as by Catholics. In the attempt, last December, of the Catholics at Doylestown, Pa., to obtain a share of the school money for their parochial school, Protestant help was freely, though not unitedly, extended. The petition of the Catholics was mostly signed by their sectarian opponents, and only a state law prevented the grant being made. These facts, and strong opinions from eminent churchmen which we hav not room to quote, convince us that the Protestants will not by any means oppose a united front to the foe of republican institutions.

The second question is unanswerable. The numbers of Freethought are uncounted. And not only uncounted, but on this subject uneducated. But few of the outspoken Freethinkers, even, are awake to the machinations of the church. It is, therefore, the duty of every one who recognizes the danger in which this country would be placed by such division of the school funds, and consequent destruction of our public school system, to arouse the apathetic, and to resist in every honorable way the efforts of Catholic priests to get grants of money from local authorities to aid their parochial schools.

"An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

Editorial Notes.

In addition to having a Freethought member in Parliament (though illegally deprived of his seat by the Christians), Northampton now has a Freethought mayor in the person of Thomas Adams, one of Mr. Bradlaugh's oldest and most valued friends.

At the school board election for the Parish of Humberstone, near Leicester, England, placards were published with the intention of injuring the candidature of Mr. Gimson, bearing the words: "Do not vote for the Infidel." The result of this was that Mr. Gimsom was returned by a good majority. At the Brighton school board election, Mr. Henry Prince, a thorough Secularist, was elected second on the poll, with 5,275 votes, although his opponents used the cry of "Atheist" very strongly against him throughout the election struggle.

Freethought is invading Ireland. Some of Colonel Ingersoll's lectures are being distributed to emigrants, which causes the priests much pain. We really hope such emigrants as can read will take these lectures on shipboard with them, and by their perusal become enlightened enough when they reach these shores to refuse to do the political bidding of Cardinal McClosky through his nephew, John Kelly, and Tammany Hall. We already hav in this land a sufficient number of what Frank Pixley with more truth than politeness calls the "Pope's Irish."

The *Banner of Light*, which, without disparagement to the rest except one, is by long odds the best Spiritualistic paper published, takes the same view as The Truth Seeker of the once proposed meeting of Messrs. Watts and Chainey. It says: "The Chainey-Watts debate, which was advertised to take place in this city soon, we learn from The Truth Seeker will not occur. It is best that it should not. Liberals cannot afford to expend their ammunition in controversies of the sort contemplated. There is other work for them to do of much more importance to the world at large than opening a mental sparring exhibition."

In the last number of the *National Reformer*, Mr. Bradlaugh says that "those who hav read on the one hand the fulminations of the pope of Rome against all Freemasons as Atheistic societies, and on the other the declarations of the Grand Lodge of England against the Grand Orient of France, because in the revision of its constitution the latter has erased all religious declarations and has abolished all religious tests, may be interested in learning that it is very possible that the Grand Orient of France may take an early opportunity of appealing to English public opinion against the harsh action of the Grand Lodge of England, and of explaining the true position of European Freemasonry. It is posible that this may be first done at some great public meeting to be held in London.'

Quoting our remark that outside of the religious press the violent opposition to the League is narrowed down to a free religious, a free love, and a free property journal, Mr. Tucker observes in his *Liberty*, "It is not the first time that extremes hav met in a good cause. *Liberty* would make this trio a quartet, had she leisure for such gentle and amusing sport." *Liberty* must be a very busy female, for there is at least one other thing which she has no time to attend to. Some few weeks ago we saw an attempt on her part to expound what we may call the constructiv side of anarchy; which attempt, in our opinion, had serious logical defects, which we respectfully pointed out. The busy *Liberty* had paused long enough in her labor to tell a correspondent what anarchy is, and we wanted to know why pantarchy wasn't a more logical anarchistic sociology than anarchy itself. And now as *Liberty* has the good sense to not turn aside and abuse the League, cannot she find time to answer the conundrums propounded by The Truth Seeker of Oct. 4th?

The *Lackawanna Democrat* in its last issue has these pleasant words to say about the lithograph of the monument, and The Truth Seeker itself: "One of the finest monuments ever seen in this country has recently been erected to the memory of D. M. Bennett, founder of that able advocate of Freethought, The Truth Seeker, in Greenwood Cemetery, New York. One thousand friends of the dead journalist, admirers of his sterling qualities and the beauty of thought, goodness of heart, and the self-abnegation which distinguished his life, contributed to the fund by which this magnificent memorial was erected. A colored lithograph of this beautiful memorial has just reached us. In reality it is a present that is appreciated more than cold words can express. Besides a view of the monument there is a fine likeness of Mr. Rennett and a landscape scene, which embraces a large portion of Greenwood Cemetery. On the monument are engraved many of the famous utterances of the departed Liberal, as well as the record of his life and the work to which many years of his activ manhood were devoted. The Truth Seeker perpetuates the fame of its founder by this truly generous act, and while accepting its generosity with thanks, it is but just and proper that we should add our testimony to that of thousands of others who hav many times declared that as an advocate of Freethought, free speech, and all that is ennobling in nature, The Truth Seeker has no superior in the universe."

Lectures and Meetings.

Messrs. Watts and Putnam will speak at Stamford, Conn., Friday evening, the 28th.

Col. Ingersoll lectured at Pope's Theater, St. Louis, last Sunday, on "Which Way?"

J. E. Remsburg will lecture in Montreal next month. He will be heard, if Father Chiniquy was not.

J. H. Burnham will lecture in Dean's Opera House, Adrian, Mich., on Nov. 30th, morning and evening. Subject in the morning, at 10 o'clock, "State Secularization." Evening meeting at 7 o'clock, subject, "Reason or Rome."

Mr. Green writes us that, in addition to the speakers previously advertised to be at Salamanca, he has assurances from Mr. T. B. Wakeman that he will attend. Mr. George W. Taylor will also be there, and if Courtlandt Palmer cannot occupy the chair will be asked to preside.

Amid the booming of cannon and the glare of bonfires, I began my course of six lectures in Seward, Neb. Politics, uncertainty as to which nominee was chosen to fill the presidential chair, the inability of the mighty public, made our venture rash. Notwithstanding, the pluck, the persistence of the Liberals of Seward made the series of six lectures a success. But there was not the jam which I had here five years this very month at some of the fourteen then given. When one has once stirred the thought of a community, he is rarely forgotten. Hence I found awaiting me here many warm friends, among whom the visitor feels at home. The enthusiastic veteran of Freethought in Seward is Mr. H. L. Boyes, who is seventy-three years old, but declares that is "just as young as he used to be." Everybody here resp ts Bro. Boyes, saint and worldling alike. Mrs. Boyes, toward seventy, is a woman of wonderfully clear thought. I was welcomed to their home, and there I worked and talked for a week. Nearly every day Friend Boyes harnessed his horse and treated the writer to a carriage ride. We made "pastoral calls" upon the brethren and sisters of the Liberal congregation. There are many more whose names I hav not been able to obtain. Seward is the stronghold of Liberalism in the state of Nebraska. Most of the Liberals are outspoken, but a few prefer their Liberalism mild. I hav a call to return here in January.—*W. F. Jamieson.*

The energetic chairman of the League's executiv committee put in a busy day last Sunday, lecturing in Newark in the afternoon, and New York in the evening. A lowering sky which began to send down rain about half an hour before the time for speaking kept many of the Newark Liberals at home, and the hall was only half full when Mr. Reynolds began his discourse on "What Liberalism Teaches." Those who were present, however, enjoyed themselvs thoroughly for the hour the speaker kept them, especially the ladies. Mr. Reynolds appreciates woman in the abstract and concrete, and a good portion of his remarks were pleas for her rights and an entreaty to the members of the Leagues to enlist her in their work. In introducing Mr. Reynolds, Mr. Mayo, president of the League, paid a handsome compliment to the Liberals he met at the New York sociable who were stirring up the smoldering flames of Freethought, and at the conclusion Mr. Avery entertained the audience with some wise remarks. Next Sunday Dr. T. A. Lambert will lecture before the League on "Respiration and Digestion." His points will be illustrated with diagrams and a skeleton.

By the time Mr. Reynolds arrived in this city the rain was coming down in torrents, and the wind blowing at the rate of twenty miles an hour. Notwithstanding this, the Liberal Club hall was fairly well filled by some of New York's best Liberal citizens to hear the reasons why the chairman of the executiv committee left the pulpit. Courtlandt Palmer presided. In introducing the lecturer he made a five-minute speech in which he likened the League officers to the knights of old who took their lives and fortunes in their hands and went forth to do battle for their faith. In starting out as a Liberal propagandist or missionary Mr. Reynolds was taking the whole risk upon himself, and such enthusiastic devotion was as knightly as any deed of arms performed by the besiegers of the so-called holy city. On coming forward to the desk Mr. Reynolds plunged at once into his subject, and in an hour and five minutes had given the people reasons enough for leaving twenty pulpits, could he hav occupied so many at once. The lecture was voted exceedingly able by those of the audience who are or pretend to be critics, and the rest were highly pleased, following the speaker with silent eagerness, and expressing their appreciation with loud applause at the close. Mr. Wakeman asked the audience to remember that hall rents had to be paid, and sent a venerable member of the Liberal Club around with a hat, during which satisfactory proceeding he philosophized on the disagreeable necessity of iconoclastic work, and expressed his hope that soon the Liberals could devote their whole time and energy to construction—to replacing that which they had torn down with an edifice of which humanity should be the sole tenant, in which no god of superstition could find a lodgment, and which should always be open to the poor, the oppressed, and those religiously hungry, the foundations of which were science, liberty, and justice. At half-past nine the audience went out into the rain, conscious of having done their duty in coming out and of having been repaid for doing it.

Canadian Notes.

On Sunday before last J. Ick Evans lectured in Albert Hall on the "History of Christianity." On Sunday last Phillips Thompson occupied the same platform with one of his popular themes entitled, "The Decline of Orthodoxy." On Sunday morning last a fifth debate on the subject of Max Nordau's Book, "The Lies of Civilization," came off at the Grand Opera House Building. The science class meets every Tuesday, and the elocution class every Friday evening.

The Toronto *Daily Mail*, of Nov. 6th, says: "If there be a minister of the gospel who believes in his heart that Christianity is sweeping all before it, just now, his horizon must be bounded by his own devout parish. There never was a time when religion had a weaker grasp upon the world. It is not alone that its enemies are strong beyond any parallel, or previous record, but that it is steadily losing its status among Christians."

The central executiv of the "Canadian National Secular Society" are assiduously at work on the preparations necessary for the successful carrying out of the great convention in Albert Hall on the 13th of December, for Secularists from all parts of the dominion of Canada. The various committees hav been struck—each one of whom has its own particular duties to perform. No effort will be spared to render the "Great Convention" a great success.

A leading Canadian paper remarks everybody knows, and none better than the clergy, that doubt, incredulity, and skepticism swarm, even before the altar of God, and that religion is becoming more and more loose and attenuated. And what of the prospect outside the church? The intellect of the age is in rebellion against the Christian dogmas. In England, France, Germany, and the United States, science has become the instrument of what has been well called an all-corroding, all-dissolving skepticism.

The "Great Convention" of Secularists held in Albert Hall, Toronto, in the year 1875, went off with great eclat. A second "Great Convention" in 1877, was also a success; but the central executiv are determined that the convention of 1884 shall outshine all its predecessors.

The Toronto *Daily Mail* has the following: "The magazines and reviews of the present day are openly skeptic. Beecher, who preaches an easier religion every fall, and the apostles of blasphemy, are the people's favorits. The only Christian minister who 'draws' on the rostrum is Talmage, and that not so much because he delivers the good old evangel, as because his manner of delivering it is grotesque, and his methods absurd. The tendency of the trained intellect of the present day, despite the testimony of revelation for two thousand years, is to revolt against the belief in the immortality of the soul, and the existence of a first cause; and to reject flatly and defiantly every doctrin within the Christian sanctuary. The signs of the times are that the world is about to witness the driving from the earth of almost the last vestige of revealed faith. The tremendous deluge of skepticism is shaking the whole fabric of the church." R. B. Butland.

Nov. 22, 1884.

Salamanca Convention, Dec. 4th to 7th.

This bids fair to be one of the most important, interesting, and enjoyable meetings ever held in the state, exceeding even that of last year. Extra efforts should be made by all working Liberals, women and men, to attend. Messrs. Watts and Putnam, the able and experienced organizers, and devoted exponents of secularization, will be in attendance to aid by their counsel and lay before the convention the broad plans of the board of directors of the National Liberal League.

This will be the only meeting in New York state at which they can be present, as they go from Salamanca to Canada to attend the great convention at Toronto, and after a month's Canadian tour, proceed direct on their route West, and will not return until late in the spring.

If we would make real advancement; if we desire the success of Freethought and the Secularization of our government, let us remember, the golden key to future advancement is the proper use of present opportunities. All admit our only consistent course is to use every possible endeavor to bring the light of truth before the people. Enjoyable as will be this gathering, that is the least of its claims for all to attend. The larger number present, the more fully will the meeting be reported by the press. Thousands will read the account of the convention. A curiosity is thus aroused to know what are the demands of Liberalism. People begin to think; and once honest men and women think for themselvs, old blind faith dies.

It is desirable that delegations from every part of the state attend; so that not alone local Leagues may be multiplied, but we may decide how best the social element may be so interwoven with the educational as to insure the enthusiastic cooperation of the women, without which success is hopeless.

We need to hav little gatherings in every school district that shall form a nucleus around which all honest hearts can rally, in which our mothors, sisters, wives, and children shall all delight to participate, where the weak and timorous shall gain strength and courage, and that shall be a living refutation to the malignant slanders and misrepresentations of the clergy that Liberalism is all of vice and evil.

Come for earnest consultation, free interchange of views, and determination that, having found the best method, to return home and put it in vigorous operation. Remember Mr. Green says there will be no collections, and no money called for. Come one, come all. C. B. Reynolds.

Letters from Friends.

LOWELLVILLE, O., Nov. 17, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: The long and tedious articles of Harrison and Spencer, published lately in THE TRUTH SEEKER, hav been read by me with a good deal of interest, as well as a good deal of disappointment. The main point in controversy has been, The Religion of the Future—What will It be? Mr. Spencer claiming that it will be the worship of the Unknowable, and Mr. Harrison that it will be the worship of Humanity. And they hav both succeeded quite well, as it seems to me, in demolishing each other's theory, and remind me of the drunken man who, after running a race with his own shadow, said it was a "damned tie." Mr. Harrison, however, givs it up, and it remains to be seen what Mr. Spencer will do. Mr. Harrison says: "I am ready to giv up the word 'worship,' if that is a stumbling-block, and to speak of showing affection and reverence. If people mean by religion going down on their knees, and invoking a supernatural being, I will wait till the word 'religion' has lost these associations." Again, Mr. Harrison says: "The very purpose of the positiv scheme is to satisfy rational people that, though the ecstatic 'worship' of supernatural divinities has come to an end, intelligent love and respect for our human brotherhood, will help us to do our duty in life." And again he says: "In plain words, the religion of Humanity means recognizing your duty to your fellow-man on human grounds."

Now, this is certainly giving up the matter in controversy by Mr. Harrison, for neither religion nor worship means "love and respect for our human brotherhood;" and "recognizing your duty to your fellow-man on human grounds," is not religion at all. And this is admitted by Mr. Harrison himself when he says, "If people mean by religion going down on their knees and invoking a supernatural being, I will wait till the word 'religion' has lost these associations." Yes, wait till the word religion has lost its present meaning; wait till it means something that will suit Mr. Harrison's theory; wait a thousand or a million of years until the meaning is changed, but allow Mr. Harrison to adopt the future meaning *now* in order to save his theory, which has been demolished by Mr. Spencer. It will not do, and the theory must go. Yes, both theories were shown to be "from no sense."

WM. WATSON.

ONCONTA, N. Y., Nov. 17, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I hav read THE TRUTH SEEKER (nearly every copy) from the first paper issued by our honored and lamented friend, D. M. Bennett, though from my itinerant habits, I hav been obliged to procure it through your agencies and newsdealers most of the time, as I had no permanent address to which I could hav it sent. I am in hopes, however, to settle here, and as soon as I do, will hav it sent directly from the publication office. Of course, in its treatment of the multitude of subjects that come under its consideration, and from so many minds, there are ideas offered occasionally which I cannot accept, neither is to be expected of any of its readers, for, if it did, it would cease to be the grandest of Liberal papers, and sink itself to the level of ordinary church and partisan journals. I do not think THE TRUTH SEEKER has ever claimed infallibility—that plea is only set up by one of the most bigoted of the Christian denominations—still I cannot agree with Mr. Joseph Anthony, that "it is not a wise teacher," and I believe most of your readers will agree with me that it is in verity a truth seeker in deed as well as name; always seeking light from every source, whether scientific, historical, or the needs and aspirations of humanity. I was particularly interested in the remarks of Mr. J. L. Andrew in last week's issue, about the superstition and bigotry exhibited in our sister state, Texas, as they fully accord with my own experience there but a few weeks since. But there are a few noble spirits at work for the "cause of humanity," even in the Lone Star state, and I am convinced, with Mr. Andrew, that Liberalism will yet "save Texas," and I know of no one who is doing more to break the shackles of mental bondage than Mr. Shaw, of Waco, with whom I am personally acquainted, and know something of the taunts and hardships he has had to endure. Speed the cause, and all honor to our noble workers who, with *vestigia nulla retrorsum* as their watchword, are pressing forward slowly but surely to victory. ADDISON ELLSWORTH.

HOOPER, UTAH, Oct. 25, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Are the anti-vivisectors all cranks, or crazy, or what's the matter with them, anyhow? Has not Dr. Foote as much right to write a poem to THE TRUTH SEEKER as Mr. Elliott Preston? If not, why not? That is a question I should like the anti-vivisectors to answer.

I hav read everything in THE TRUTH SEEKER for six years, read two numbers over nine years ago, and I may date my conversion from theological darkness into the light of scientific truth to those two little sheets of D. M. Bennett's TRUTH SEEKER, because they set me to thinking. The only thing I ever saw to condemn in the paper founded by the martyr of liberty in this our day was the illustration of Elliott Preston's "Vivisector's Death-Bed." This seemed to me very objectionable, for, in my opinion, if Mr. Preston will take the trouble to investigate Mr. Bergh's vivisector's death and his vision, he will find, I believe, that it is the say-so of some theological quack or doctor of divinity. The next time Mr. Preston gets up an illustration of the ghosts of dead horses, dogs, etc., for THE TRUTH SEEKER, he will be an eye-witness of the matter, and giv the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER facts, in place of myths, or the ravings of a Christian maniac upon his deathbed. If the anti-vivisectors are in real earnest to prevent suffering to animals, let them turn their efforts to man, or rather to woman. The most horrible, excruciating pains known to humanity are experienced at childbirth. 'Tis then that the aid of the vivisector's knowledge becomes useful and beneficial, as every mother will tell you. At that time the laying on of the elder's hands is not worth anything. In my opinion, these horrible pains of our mothers, wives, and sisters are experienced, in nine families out of ten, all over the earth, about three times more than they should be for the welfare of humanity. Use your talents in teaching mothers and wives to curtail human production on such an extensiv scale.

The teachings of theology, that where God sends mouths he sends food and clothes, is a manifest lie, as is plain to be seen in every city and town on the earth. From whence come all your paupers, gutter-snipes, jail-birds, drunkards, libertins, and prostitutes? In a word, over-population in the family—more backs than coats, more stomachs than food. This is the real evil of the age, even in monogamic countries, and its evil effects are a thousand-fold more manifest in polygamic countries, like Turkey or the United States, for this must be a polygamic country, if I am to believe Mr. Stillman and other cranks who write on the Mormon question, who know nothing about it.

The Mormon priesthood compels every Liberal Christian (and as D. M. Bennett said: "In Utah a Jew is a gentile,") to pay taxes to build Mormon churches under the pretext of (Mormon) district school-houses. Every week Mormonism is taught in them, and that alone. They are built by the taxation of all, and none but Mormons hav any right in them at all. In fact, I hav known Liberals in this, the sixteenth school district, County of Davis, Utah, by petition to the Mormon trustees, to beg for part of our rights, viz., that the Liberal party of Hooper, which is the Freethinkers, having the same objects as the National Liberal League, might hav the school-house one night a week, and one Sunday night a month. We would furnish our own coal-oil and coal, and pay for all damages, if any. This is their reply:

"Before any Infidel, Spiritualist, or gentile shall read, lecture, or debate in our meeting-house, we would see it burnt to the ground." Then recollecting their instructions from the holy priesthood, they added: "It is rented to the church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints for six dollars a year, excepting the time when occupied as a Mormon day school." There are millions of dollars of Mormon church property in temples and palaces; tens of thousands of church sheep and horned stock, all exempt from taxation. They hav chaplains wherever they can place them—paid out of the public crib. I appeal to every Liberal. Is it consistent to offer aid and comfort to such a base, infamous organization as Mormonism, which strikes at the very roots of a republican government? And is Mormonism to be shielded and protected because its adherents claim it is their religion to lie, steal, and murder in the name of God; and seduce and liv in polygamy, adultery, and incest in the name of Jesus Christ, and by virtue of the holy priesthood sealed upon them in the sink-holes of iniquity called temples and endowment houses?

If the Mormons hav the right, under the pretext of religious belief, to practice every evil known to man, every other church in the land has the same right. If their leaders and disciples set up the same pretext as Mormons and cranky Liberals, then it follows as a consequence that every sect hav the right to violate the laws of the land, because it is their religion to do so; and I claim the demands of Liberalism are inconsistent; that there is no grand principle at stake; that there is no issue between Liberalism, or Freethought, and old superstitious theology. I concede the right to every man, woman, and child in the universe to believe anything and everything; but the right of every crank to practice every crime they choose because it is their religious belief, I deny. Think of Guiteau, Freeman, Comstock, Brigham Young, J. D. Lee, and thousands of others. It was their religious belief that impelled them to all their monstrous crimes. Suppose some of the wise men of the East, if they hav a beautiful daughter they love more than life or gold, upon her wedding-day, instead of the idol of her heart, let the priesthood select four or five husbands, and they all marry the same maiden on the same day, for if polygamy is right, so is polyandry. Let the Mormon advocates in the East introduce it where they dwell, if it is right for them to practice their religious belief. Then, possibly, they will find out that this octopus of Utah polygamy is not a joke at all. EDWARD F. MUNN, SR.

WEBSTER, MASS., Nov. 13, 284.

MR. EDITOR: Yours in reference to *Man* and THE TRUTH SEEKER came duly to hand to-day, and I would say that, taking the *Investigator*, which is so nearly like THE TRUTH SEEKER, and my having more than I ought to read, and also my not being overstocked with cash, I think I cannot afford to take THE TRUTH SEEKER. If I was in as good circumstance as when I was in that old superstitious Methodist church most forty years, and paid about three thousand dollars in there in that time, I would pay four times more than I do now to support the Liberal cause. It seems too bad that out of, I think, one-half of the American men in this town who are with us in belief probably not a dozen take a Liberal paper. They all hav axes to grind, and I seem to be about the only one that dare show my colors. A great many show me the cold shoulder, and all but one of my own family are against me. So you see I hav no help at home to make things pleasant and happy. I was talking with a man yesterday, and he said, "Well, if you don't believe the Bible, I don't want to argue with you." I said, "I can't see any God in it. A good God would not do and say as the Bible represents him to hav done." "Well," said he, "there is enough that is good." I replied, "If God said and did as the Bible says, he is worse than a devil could be, and it shows it is a get-up affair by men, and not very shrewd at that.

I don't see why so many urge people not to pay rents, but to take possession of land they hav not earned, after others hav worked hard and paid for it. I could pay ten times more for the Liberal cause if I had not lost by building houses, and losing so much by shiftless and drunken scamps not paying rent. And I lost six thousand dollars by property going down on my hands. I labored hard about fifty years, sick most half the time; got ten thousand dollars laid up, and built sixteen thousand dollars' worth, now worth ten thousand, and I owe six thousand five or six hundred toward them, and can't get a living out of them by doing all my repairs. I hav run behind for five years, and carried on a small farm most of the time at that. Generally he that lets tenements has to be the slave of his tenants. Yours truly, AMASA WOOD.

AURORA, OHIO, Oct. 25, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: It is probable that I am as difficult to suit others as well as I am to be suited; but permit me to complain of what occurs so often in Infidel thought and reading. In Ingersoll's late replies in the *San Franciscan*, published in your last number, was it necessary to say that "Webster was on the side of the bloodhounds?" Is sympathy for the oppressed to be secured only by such cheap and stretched assertions? Must Ingersoll resort to such claptrap to prove his superior humanity? Is there not some mock humanity in elevating himself so much above Webster, or even the great majority of slave-holders? I know not how many hav been bit or chased to their injury by bloodhounds, but I can guess that any day in the city of New York Ingersoll might pass by unnoticed more painful instances of suffering than were ever inflicted by all the bloodhounds that ever hunted slaves in the United States, and that if he did notice them he would reserve his tears to sell lectures with.

Again, Liberals very generally giv great weight to Jefferson's religious views, and his clear and vivid expressions concerning liberty; but they utterly repudiate his political system, by which he proposed to secure liberty to future generations. As to this, they unhesitatingly pronounce him a demagog, and had he lived forty years longer, he would hav deen denounced as a traitor to liberty and a friend of bloodhounds.

More, the walls of Lafayette prison, named from his distinguished associate in France and America, would hav been thick enough to stifle his words, as they hav stilled his acts.

Yours, N. EGGLESTON.

ALKALI, OR., Oct. 21, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: One of your correspondents says, "Poor Chainey! he is surely as 'unstable as water.'" Mr. Charles Watts handles Mr. Chainey with some heavy writing. Others are taunting him from different points of view. I think our Liberals should not forget Liberalism. Remember, a person may be a Materialist and not be a Liberal, or he may be a Spiritualist and not be a Liberal, because the grounds of belief, I think, are yet so circumscribed as not to admit of demonstration. Let all hands say, "I think," oftener. Elmina is quite Liberal toward Mr. Chainey, and is not so bigoted that she cannot investigate. The "poor Chainey" remark given above could not emanate from a Liberal mind. So far as stability is concerned, the most orthodox Christian is the personification of stability so long as he stubbornly and blindly refuses to peep from the darkness that envelops him. I'm afraid Mr. Watts, brilliant as he is, is a little afraid of Spiritualism, because his brilliant course is not so much identified with it as with Materialism. This is not liberality. My remarks are impartial, because I'm not a Spiritualist any more than I'm a Materialist or Christian to the exclusion of any new idea. Remember the fellows who quarreled about the color of the chamelion. We know that Materialism is true until we use it as a term excluding Spiritualism from the list of facts. I ask any one, how do you know Spiritualism is a fallacy? You don't know it. I say to all, Be Liberal. H. S. E.

MILL BROOK, CONN., Nov. 3, 284.

MR. EDITOR: Mrs. Slenker's investigations seem to hav amounted to but little, and she and Spiritualism apparently stand just where they stood before—Mrs. Slenker not converted; Spiritualism not disturbed. Had she found what she is evidently determined not to find, *i. e.*, evidence of immortality, it would hav been of no consequence to anybody but herself, so far as belief or disbelief in Spiritualism is concerned. As Susan Wixon says in the *Investigator*, "It will make no difference to believers or non-believers, for in such a matter each person must investigate for himself." The days of faith in revelations made to others are forever past. But Mrs. Slenker is evidently not qualified for the task she undertook. A person who can be imposed upon by so barefaced a trick as that by which Mr. Truesdell produced two of the messages described in Elmina's letter in THE TRUTH SEEKER of Nov. 1st is not a fit person to investigate Spiritualism. It appears that Mr. Truesdell was allowed to handle the slates, and was so carelessly observed by Mrs. Slenker that he had a chance to substitute a third slate which he carried under his coat for one of the two examined by Mrs. Slenker. If all investigation were made in that loose way, it would be of very little account. When tests are sought of independent slate-writing, the medium is not allowed to furnish the slates or handle them except under the closest scrutiny.

But Mrs. Slenker did get communications on her own slates which she does not and cannot explain. How does she know they were not produced by spirit power? Simply because Mr Truesdell says so. If he had said they were produced by spirits she would not hav taken his word for it. Why is she so ready to believe him when he says, without furnishing her any proof, that it is a trick? Why? Because she entered into the investigation with a determination not to be convinced; that's why.

It may seem strange to many that any one should wish to hav annihilation proved true, but pride of opinion plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven as make the angels weep. This lady has so long asserted that there is no future life that it is as hard for her to giv up her annihilation as it was for the old woman to giv up her "total depravity;" and who, speaking of universal salvation, said "she hoped for better things." So Mrs. Slenker "hopes for better things" than a future life, and has "investigated" with an eye single to the opportunities for not finding anything. Why did she go to Syracuse? That city is not noted for "spirit phenomena," as she would hav us infer, from the heading of her last letter. It would seem that she went there for the express purpose of having Mr. Truesdell help her to not find anything, and in that has succeeded, apparently, to her complete satisfaction; for at the close of

her last letter in THE TRUTH SEEKER, she makes this curious confession: "If my trip has done ever so little towards proving spirit phenomena and spirit existence impossible, I am more than satisfied."

The result seems to justify and confirm my opinion expressed in a letter to THE TRUTH SEEKER while money was being contributed by Spiritualists to defray Mrs. Slenker's expenses, viz., "It is money thrown away to *hire* people to investigate Spiritualism." I think no Spiritualist, in view of the past, will be anxious to repeat the experiment.

H. W. PINNEY.

CASSADAGA, N. Y., Nov. 13, 1884.

To ELMINA (in search of Spiritualism): I hav carefully read several times your article from Syracuse, N. Y., of Oct. 15th. I believe I hav digested it, so wish to giv you and THE TRUTH SEEKER's readers some facts. First, I will tell you what made me a Spiritualist. When nearly twenty-four years old (I am now past fifty-five), I had my first child die by dropsy of the brain, after four days sickness. He was eighteen months old. I was a Materialist; life and death once to all; I knew no more; I accepted nature as final in death. I used to think, Why cannot I kill myself and see what is, and still be myself? Angels were a myth. This child was my idol, my god, my *all*. In despair of love, I married by advice of friends; I wanted children; this, in short, was my condition at night after the child's death. In the morning, I looked at the little body that had never gone to sleep at night out from my own arms, and said, I shall never feel my baby's arms again. I never expected to. My husband staid by me till I was settled in bed, there being only a curtain between me and my baby's body in its crib. In about half an hour the room seemed all lighted up; I called, but no one had come in. I settled down quiet and felt my child's form in my arms, his hands upon my neck in the old place, his whole person pressed upon me; quiet, resting, loving peace came to me. My child was right there. By a fact, nature had given me a revelation. I had asked nature all my life, What next, next? and in the hours of need she, by the loving chords that held the child to me, gave me her answer. For three months the child was with me nightly. Then my second child was born. I became a Spiritualist from this experience; I never spoke of it for years. It was my own. I thought raps and table tippings were obtained by some unknown force in the sitters.

In a year or more after this experience, I became what is called a medium; this was a new realm. At first I did not place it in the list as a part of such experience as I here giv, but I was giving facts that made others think their spirit friends controled me, so mediumship became pronounced. It took nearly five years to make me fully sure that the power that made me speak was of spirit source, but I soon believed I saw and felt spirits. Three weeks before my child's death, I dreamed he was taken from me a long distance off; it seemed as though it was an endless road to reach him, but I was traveling after him expecting, sometime, to overtake him. I awoke crying, as I did not cry at his death. That dream was the real parting of death to me.

Now, Elmina, you close your article by saying if your trip has done ever so little toward proving spirit phenomena and existence impossible, you are more than satisfied. Why? You do not seem to hav the least comprehension of what Spiritualism covers. You expose the fact of your succeptibility of control by Truesdell, accepting his statements of facts as reliable. You report him thus. He refuses to giv you the explanation of the trick, lest others learn and delude the credulous. He has already published one book of tricks, and many are using them; has another to publish, and refuses to giv you its contents lest some use it for bad purposes by and by. He publishes (after THE TRUTH SEEKER, by your help, advertises it), then what? Will not the credulous use it? Now, if the majority of spirit investigators had been so easily deluded as you, we never, as Spiritualists, would hav counted by millions. We know there are frauds. What of it? We know the heavens are full of electricity, but we, by induction, control some of it from simple elements. Shall we swear there is no great whole, because we can use lead to store it? We do not damn the telegraph because we use a telephone. The lightnings flash, and winds blow just the same. The eternal verity goes on. We particle out some of it, and liv in it. You found a mud puddle at Truesdell's, and you think you hav crossed the ocean of spirit-fact. Mr. Chainey sat in the door of a tent, next to the one I was in, at a camp-meeting one day here this summer. In the road, about twenty feet from us, a lady and gentleman were stopped in their walk by Mr. Mansfield running after them. They had been to see him and had got some slate writing on their own slates, which they had in their own hands covered with paper taking home. He overtook them and put his hand on the covered slates, and writing was heard from pencil. Several had gathered around, and opening the slates a message was found that was not there when the slates were tied up. Mr. Chainey was a spectator of this manifestation. The owners of these slates know there was no fraud. Truesdell's assertions, backed by you, cannot militate against this form of fact—the experience of tens of thousands. We do not claim one-half of mental phenomena as of spirit origin; it's mortal powers a little more than ordinary.

Two years ago this summer, here at camp, a young lady of veracity, an investigator in this section, called on me; she had just left Charles Watkins's rooms. She had a slate that she had brought with her. With tears that she could not control, she said, "See what I hav. I put my slate into little Claudie's hands (Mr. Watkins's three-year-old boy), and he said he wanted a circle. See this message that came on the slate. The little fellow held it; Mr. Watkins never touched it."

Spiritualism holds its millions by such evidence as I hav given you as my own. It is indelibly a part of nature's primal relation with man. Her underlying fires will never be put out by squirt-gun ignorance or counterfeits. All forces of nature alike are sacred to me. I hav no spirit consciousness different from my bodily. My dead form ready for burial, to me, is as full of intelligence as the form that, separated from it, carries on activities in a positiv way. The one buried carries its affinities and activities in parts to forming life around; is lost as a separate organism; the ethereal or gaseous entity wraps itself anew to act as an organization for long or short. I do not know, but evolution teaches me countless deaths, and the parts that make up the whole as intelligent as the whole; sensation is in parts: its continuities make up life's consciousness.

When I was nineteen years old, being in Lowell, Mass., one summer evening, I saw clearly a person who was in the state of Maine. He appeared clearly before me. It was bright moonlight. He impressed me to feel that he was coming there; and in about two weeks he did. I got this experience of him when he decided to come. I had not met him for eight years. I was in Wisconsin during the third year of my acting as a medium; he appeared to me as a spirit, controled me, said he was dead, kept around me, and influenced others; so after three months of this, I wrote to a mutual friend to learn if he were dead or living. The answer was that he had been dead over three months. If any Materialist anywhere here in the United States will giv me a full and complete mode of operation of nature that will explain the two facts of my experience herein related—that is, with my child and this friend—independent of the law of spirit control, and do it as comprehensivly as Darwin exposes by fact and method of nature the theory of evolution, I will giv them a good gold deposit. There must be no assertions of hallucination or misrepresented statements, but just as exact expositions as human power can make from the facts stated and by the exact methods of nature as now known by scientific revealments. We make spiritism a science. We will giv the supporting evidence of positions, and leave the result to a critical jury. We will answer any questions on the two experiences, so an expositor may be fully able to know our position in all its bearings. I will giv a good working deposit, easy to mine, desirably located, assay values from thirty or forty dollars per ton, on sampled ore—ore not workable by amalgamation to obtain good results; working process soon to be if not already being tested, by practical method now used as best process in Colorado; no yearly expenses on the deposit. Furthermore, if four, six, ten or more persons of reliability will arrange with Mr. Mansfield, Charles Watkins, or any other reliable slate writing mediums for a series of testings of their genuinness against Truesdell's frauds—that is, phenomenon independent of human origin as trick or legerdemain—I will giv to the cause of investigation, just such another mineral claim. I will giv it as marketable property to help maintain a science school in these departments. Others, putting to it some amount of means, can put it on the market or arrange to work it; the proceeds to be appropriated for this purpose. One thousand tons of ore is in sight. All natural agencies obtain to make these desirable properties. They are but a part of some large interests that much time and money hav been spent on, with the expectation in the not far distant future of working them.

Professor Tyndall and Herbert Spencer say they hav never investigated. Without investigation their assertions are worthless to a Positivist or a scientist or investigator. Professors Hare, Crookes, and Zoellner, equally as famous as Tyndall, if not more so, hav investigated. They say the facts are true. Elmina, now, it's easy to cut and slash a dead dog; not so easy to assert and investigate facts. Liberals and Spiritualists spend too much time kicking a dead God. If we push the new in its glory against the old, it will fly as a puff-ball before us. You are in a new place, wait a little before you sit down with Truesdell. Kindly yours, HANNAH T. STEARNS.

CHICAGO, Nov. 14, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $1 to pay for your paper up to April 1st, next year, when I will renew for 1885. The paper suits me exaetly, and is just the kind of literature I relish. Allow me to congratulate you not only on the courage and radicalism made manifest, but also on the dignified and convincing way in which your arguments in support thereof are clothed. Oh, that your publications may be read in every household of the land! Then the day of jubilee would surely hav come. CHAS. J. SUNDELL.

ITHACA, N. Y., Oct. 15, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I send you $2 to renew my subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER. I wish to say here that I am a truth seeker, and that I hav made many sacrifices the past forty years to learn what is truth in its application to myself as an individual. Consideration and self-examination are the first steps toward knowledge. Knowledge is progressiv, but all else in its compact essence and form is stationary and eternal. Thus knowledge, through the experience of personal phenomena, forty years ago, by a psychological transfiguration, has given me to understand that man, male and female, is the mental and intellectual embodiment of universal nature. That is to say, the faculty of all there is to be known is in him, and nowhere else.

There is no God that man has not made. What is God? If he or she is personal, he or she cannot be self-existent, as if a mental being, man has created him from his wonderful brain. Man has no capacity, being, or power outside of himself. The concentration of man's faculties upon an object, thing, or form may be called a god. I am bold to say my god is woman. I know of no object so central as woman. Others may hav other objects of worship, but she is my enthusiasm and worshipful. She morally is the mother of every living principle, as she is also the mother of all animal life. She has the beauty and the charms that no other creature possesses, and what would become of us all without the kisses and undying love of mother? A wife, if possible, is still nearer to man than a mother, because she is expected to be one with him in every phase of interest. She is in his counsel and confidence, and there are no secrets between them. The twain hav become in all respects as one flesh, nourishing and cherishing each the other. These twain are the embodiment, morally and physically, of all there is of nature in their comprehensiveness. They together possess mentally all the architectural genius and mechanical arts, and faculty to create all the gods, ghosts, spirits, angels, devils, subtle beasts, or beguiling serpents that possibly can exist in this mundane sphere of existence. Spiritualists hav not the faculty to go outside of nature, which is within the circumference of humanity. Spiritualists in the case of unbalanced organs may, through the sense of taste, create a beguiling serpent of selfish desire to perpetuate life after physical death, and to unlawfully and mysteriously change its condition and dwell altogether in a mental state of existence. This is an impossible condition of the fundamental principle of nature, and a fancy of the lower organs represented by the sense of taste, and the beguiling, creeping things of lower animal life. It is impossible that there should exist mental organism independent of animal organism, when animal life is the only sustenance possible to mental life. Consistency is a jewel. Friend Chainey has like lightning suddenly fallen from heaven (truth). He, like a female aspirant, by subtle knowledge has gone outside of human capacity, and formed a fanciful new heaven, without a foundation; in fact, trusting his inflated balloon in the chilling upper atmosphere. All his enjoyment, like orthodoxy, is dependent on anticipation, built on a bubble of air.

ZENAS KENT.

CONCORDIA, KAS., Nov. 14, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: When reading comments in opposition to so-called spirit communion, I hav often wondered whether it were possible that I might be so cranky or light in the upper story as to be unable to appreciate them. Let it be understood that I am not one of those who lightly accept apparent proofs as realities; twenty-five years' earnest investigation of spirit phenomena, varied with the richest experience, failed to convince me. A few years, however, of home experience has, I think, nearly satisfied me. I know that THE TRUTH SEEKER is not published for the purpose of enlightening any one single individual, but I beg that some scholarly mind will take pains to enlighten me in a kind and courteous manner on what I wish to know. First, then, what I do *not* want to know: I do not want to know how fraud can be practiced; I do not want to know how truth can be simulated. All this we all know, but please assume the following generalities to be truths, and then giv some presumable explanation of them:

Husband and wife sit by a small wooden table from forty to sixty minutes once a week for two years. Something calling itself a control comes to that table, manifests its special individuality through certain complex combinations of letters. It lays plans for future developments; givs information unknown to them, some of which can be investigated and is found correct. It brings word as to health of friends and relativs always true. In the neighborhood, grant there liv another couple having the same control. They send word back and forth, and it is correctly reported. This and a thousand-fold more is the writer's experience.

One item more. Grant that one of these, say the husband, writes the name of a deceased person and hands it to the wife; that she soon describes the person whose name is written, not knowing who it is or what is written, giving character and full description—often even reminding him, who writes, of points forgotten.

Now, Mr. Editor, if some one will throw some general light upon this kind of truths, he will be looked upon as a benefactor among thousands who actually know these truths to exist. If he does not choose to accept them as truths, please treat them as such and giv probable explanation.

Kindly, B. R. ANDERSON.

PROHIBITION.

MR. EDITOR: I wish to reply to Mr. Walker, of a late issue of your paper, wherein he states that Longley & Co. are the only consistent prohibitionists in the land, because they wish for no liberty to do wrong, and that prohibition is contrary and inconsistent with liberty.

I do not think the present party of prohibition stands upon the best platform conceivable, yet that can be made to suit the majority who wish for the essentials. I wish to state that the essentials of prohibition are consistent with the widest liberty of mind or action, together with the greatest humanitarian principles. The essential feature of prohibition is to wipe out an illegitimate business, to blot from our government a complicity in crime, and to free our people from King Alcohol's powers.

Suppose I charge any business like the making of shoes, clothing, and food with being a crime or injuring people, would not these makers protect their business from scandal by proving immediately their good work, their important and necessary part of society? But suppose I arraign the liquor traffic as injuring people, will they attempt to prove their good intentions, their desire to form a useful and needed part of society?

The prohibition of the manufacture of intoxicating drinks and the sale of the same is the essential feature of prohibition. All will admit that society should educate from vice, and protect from crime. Every one will admit that injuring one's self is a vice, and that injuring another is, or should be, a crime. A crime is a legal wrong to another, but all wrongs may not now be recognized in the laws, while all will admit that every wrong done to another should be called a crime, and prohibited as wrong.

Upon these admissions I claim that the liquor traffic is, or should be, a crime, for it is a constant source of injury to man. All will admit that drinking is a vice. Then, I say, it is clearly the duty of society to educate against it. It is consistent with the widest conception of liberty that every person has the right to make for his own use whatever he desires, even if it injures him, but he has no right to make and sell an injury to another. That is the crime in the traffic of alcoholic drinks, that one person has the right to prepare a drink which is injurious to the health and condition of mind of the drinker, besides indirectly doing an untold sight of damage.

Does drinking alcohol injure a person? If it does, has any one the right as a question of pure justice to make and sell to another an injurious article? If not, why is not the prohibition of the liquor traffic right, to be be upheld by every lover of justice, every enemy of crime, and every humanitarian?

Yours for the right, FRANK MARTIN.

Children's Corner.

Edited by Miss Susan H. Wixon, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night begins to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

"Little Folk."

Little hands clapping with gladness and glee,
Little hearts thoughtless and careless and free,
Little eyes beaming with joy and delight,
Little ones—all of them—merry and bright.

Bright little faces, and bright little eyes,
Fond little hearts that hav naught to disguise;
Dear little children so innocent and true,
Would that we all in this world were like you;

Like you in freedom from sorrow and sin,
Like you in freedom from all cares within,
Like you in innocence, happiness, truth—
Better for all if we were, in good sooth.

Enjoy while you may, then, the joys of the earth,
For the sorrows will soon, too soon hav their birth;
Be happy and merry, and laugh while you may,
And enjoy, while you can, young life's holiday.

Edward J. White.

A Sylvan Holocaust.

Oh, soft dews weep for a parting soul!
Oh, sweet bells ring a mournful toll!
While the pheasant drums a sounding roll.

Laughter and shouts from the dusky wood,
Where a giant oak through the ages stood—
A beacon now in the solitude.

Around the bole a funeral pyre
The mossy branches heaping higher,
And dirges wail through the leafy lyre.

Each startled flower like a spirit grieves,
And Chinese prayers are the burning leaves,
While a murd'rous shroud the red flame weaves.

Inlaid with smoke is the starry floor,
And captors jeer at the monarch's roar,
Nor dream of the danger brooding o'er.

Where the bees hang out, and the work is done;
The milk-pans turned to the morrow's sun,
Ring warning chimes from every one.

And Lotta, a child of tender years,
Reads in the clouds her dawning fears,
And her blue eyes hold a mist of tears.

"I'll go myself to the pasture lot,
For the twilight air blows fierce and hot
From the old tree worn with age and rot."

'Mid a thoughtless group so young and fair,
Silent and swift as an angel there,
With a saint-like face and shining hair.

"Oh, leave the tree where the boughs are red
My heart is faint with a nameless dread,
'Tis time for songs and the trundle-bed."

Her gentle voice, so low and sweet,
Has power to move the lagging feet,
And they seek the dewy lane's retreat.

But turning 'round ere they reach the bars,
When a crash goes up that rends the stars,
And sparks put out the fiery Mars.

And the mighty oak is lying low,
As a famous king from a falchion's blow,
Where the children late had played below.

Awakening heart of motherhood,
Sweet guardian of the helpless brood,
Revealed the dawn of angelhood.

Clearwater, Neb. Mary Baird-Finch.

One Pumpkin Pie.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

"There! Everything is all ready for the morrow, and there'll only be the vegetables to pare and cranberries to stew," said Mrs. Morgan as she shut the pantry door to keep the cat out.

The next day was Thanksgiving, and the children were all coming home. There was but one grandchild, little Mollie Morgan, and, of course, she was the idol of them all.

Mrs. Morgan had got the turkeys all dressed, stuffed, and ready for the oven, and there was a nice array of pies—mince, apple, pumpkin, and custard. But when she closed the door so carefully to keep the cat out, she did not dream that she had shut the cat in. Becky, that was the cat's name, was a good rat-catcher, but she was a born thief. She was sleek and well-fed, yet for all that she liked to now and then, as opportunity offered, take that which she well knew was not intended for her. On this occasion she had slyly entered the pantry behind Mrs. Morgan, and secreted herself behind the sugar tub, and just as soon as the door closed and she heard the retreating footsteps of her mistress she began a tour of investigation.

"My goodness!" thought Becky; "they're to hav a tremendous dinner to-morrow. What fat turkeys! I wonder how they taste raw!" and she began to nibble the breast of one.

"Quite good, but rather saltish, I think. I guess I'll try the drumstick," and she tore off a piece of the leg. "But I don't think I like turkey as well as a good tautog, or a nice, fresh mackerel, after all," and thus apparently cogitating, Becky walked around the lower shelf until she came to the pies.

"That's mince," thought she, smelling of one, "and t'other's apple; I know by the nutmeg; and oh! my sakes alive, if here isn't just what I like best of all—a great round platter pie, all of pumpkin! How good it looks! I must taste it! They'll scold, I know, but I vow I cannot resist the temptation;" and without more ado, Becky sat down and commenced on the pie.

"The best pie Mrs. Morgan ever made, I do believe," thought the cat. "Lots of eggs in it, too. My mistress doesn't put crackers in her pies to save eggs—not she! Um! um! um! how good!" and Becky ate and ate till she had made a deep valley in the platter pie. "I wouldn't wonder if I get a licking for this," thought Becky, "but the recollection of this lick will more than balance it, I guess."

Then she took a bit of cheese, and stood up on her hind legs to see what was on the other shelves.

"I'll take a sup of milk, I guess," purred Becky. "O my! they havn't skimmed it. Here's cream—real cream! I'll hav some cream, if I hav to die for it," and lap, lap, lap went Becky's tongue, until the door opened, and there stood Mrs. Morgan in ghastly astonishment, and white with rage.

Becky jumped, and so did Mrs. Morgan, for with one glance she took in the whole extent of the mischief. Slap, slap, descended Mrs. Morgan's hand on Becky's back, but she quickly darted out and ran swiftly into the back room, where she concealed herself behind a barrel of apples.

"It's too bad, too bad!" ejaculated Mrs. Morgan; "that nice pie all gouged out like that! Hard as I worked—it's too much to bear! Robert is so fond of my pumpkin pies! Mary is a good cook, but she cannot begin to make such pies as I do, so Robert says. But how can my boy eat such a pie as that? I can't put it on the table, that's one thing; and there's no time to make another. O dear, I say! It's too bad to throw it away; some of it is good, but I could never stomach to eat after a cat. Maybe the Sullivan children will eat it. They will not mind the cat's mouth, and it's a pity to throw it away."

So Oliver, the chore boy, was called and instructed to carry the mangled pie to Meadow Lane, and leave it at the Sullivan shanty, where there were a baker's dozen of hungry children, who would not be at all squeamish in regard to eating after the cat, especially when it was such a large platter pie as that. It was after nine o'clock when Oliver started for Meadow Lane, and he had not reached the lane by two streets when he was accosted by a lad somewhat larger than himself, and older.

"Hello, sonny, what hav you there?"

"A pie," was Oliver's reply.

"Well, I'll take it—I'm hungry," and the lad snatched the pie from Oliver's trembling hands.

"Let me hav the pie—it's going to a poor family," and Oliver tried to take the pie back.

"No, no, sonny, they're not poorer than I, nor more hungry."

"Where's your home?"

"The Lord only knows, and I guess he doesn't care very much, seeing as I hav to look out for myself," and so saying, the boy walked off with the pie, leaving Oliver staring after him and whimpering.

John Walker was not a very good boy. He had a bad habit of lying, and stealing, too. Now, he was just out of the reform school, where he had been sentenced for three years. He could not remember the time when he had a father or mother. Perhaps if he had had good parents he would hav been different. I think he would, but his uncle had brought him up, and he was an unscrupulous man, and having children of his own, had not done by Johnny Walker as he would hav liked for one to do by his children. Johnny once had a job of sweeping out a gentleman's office, and he used to take things from the office and sell them to get money, and at last he was discharged, and his uncle had him sent to the reform school. When he came out the uncle refused to hav anything to do with him, and this course did not tend to make Johnny a better boy, you may be sure.

Well, he ate the pie, all of it, for he was very hungry, and threw the platter over the stone wall. Just as he turned out of E—— street, looking up to the tall houses on an aristocratic avenue, he saw a too bright light dancing upon the rear windows of one of the houses almost opposit. Watching it a moment he became convinced there was a fire within, under full headway, too. He instantly gave the alarm, and ran with all speed down to the house.

The engins were soon on the spot, and playing upon the fire.

There was nobody in the house, they said, the family being out. But suddenly a woman came rushing breathlessly along the street, and screaming, "The child! the child! there's a child there!"

The crowd surrounding the burning building was panic-stricken, for when the room was designated where the child was, they felt that it must be burnt to a crisp, or, if not burnt, suffocated by the smoke that was now issuing from the windows.

The father and mother had gone to a party that night, leaving their only child, a beautiful girl of three years, in charge of her nurse. The other servants were out, and, after the little girl was sound asleep, the nurse thought she would run around the corner to see a friend a few moments, and be back again long before the parents returned from the party. She had neglected to turn down the gas as she went out, and one window being let down from the top, the wind blew the light, fleecy curtain until it touched the gas jet near it, and the flame leaped upon it. Quickly the fire spread, and still the baby girl slept on. Round and round the room the red flames leaped, and when the nurse came with her story, all thought the baby had surely perished. The father and mother arrived upon the scene just as John Walker said, "Let me go and find the baby!"

Blinded by smoke, up he went to the second story window to the nursery, were the flames were first seen. Through smoke and fire he went, gasping, groping with hands outstretched to find the baby. He reached the crib—the child was not there. Feeling along the floor, with beating heart and trembling fingers, he touched something just under the little crib. It was the baby in her night-dress, but whether alive or dead he could not tell. He clasped the little form close to him with one arm, and groped his way through smoke and fire to the window. As he appeared with the child, a great shout went up from the multitude below. As the brave lad decended the ladder and laid the child in its mother's arms, he fell fainting at her side. His hands and face were burnt badly, but the little girl was unharmed. She had rolled from her crib, and lay when found face downward upon the carpet, and thus her life was saved.

The next morning when Johnny Walker came to his senses, he found himself in a nice, clean bed, and kind, benevolent faces bending over him. Recalling the events of the night before, and looking at his bandaged hands, he thought he must be in some sort of a hospital.

But he wasn't. He was in the Morgan mansion, and surrounded by all the family. It was Robert Morgan's only child, little Mollie, that he had rescued. She sat on the bed beside him, quite unharmed by the fire, with the exception of some little burns on her feet, but she had been almost suffocated by the smoke.

Robert Morgan said to the lad, "You seem familiar to me, somehow. I cannot get it out of my mind that I hav somewhere seen you before."

"You hav, Mr. Morgan, I am Johnny Walker, who used to sweep your office, and—and—"

"Never mind, my boy, that to which you would refer is all in the past. The future is before us, and is but just begun. You hav made for me, and for us all, the grandest thanksgiving that could possibly be," and tears of joy dropped on the face of little Mollie, as she was pressed to her father's bosom.

"Papa, am I your little smoked herring now?" They all laughed at Mollie's speech, while her mamma shuddered visibly as she thought how near her darling had been to the chill and darkness of death, and leaning over, she kissed the brow of the rescuer of her child.

Grandma Morgan commenced to tell the story of the pumpkin pie, and just then Oliver came in with a message. Johnny Walker recognized him, and when grandma told about the big highwayman who knocked Oliver down and made off with the pie, he laughed, and said, "I hope you will forgiv me—I am the highwayman, if you please!"

"You poor child—you shall never want for pie again as long as I liv," and grandma smoothed the hair that had been almost singed from his head at the fire.

It was a real thanksgiving at the Morgan mansion, and Grandpa Morgan called Becky, the cat, in, and holding Mollie on his knee, she stroked and petted the soft, handsome fur of the animal, who stretched herself and purred loudly.

"What do you suppose she thinks?" inquired Grandpa of Mollie.

"I dess she thinks she's glad she eated Gamma's puntin pie," said Mollie.

Becky winked slowly, as much as to say, "Right you are, Miss Mollie. If it hadn't been for the pie, Johnny Walker might not hav been at the fire, and you might not hav been here at this present time, you know."

Johnny Walker was the hero of the day, and when he recovered, Mr. Morgan took him into his law offices and into his home, and with plenty to eat, and comfortable surroundings, he forgot his old tricks and became an excellent boy. One of these days he will be a lawyer, and, perhaps, occupy very responsible positions, but I venture to say he will never forget the platter pumpkin pie, and the results following it.

Our Puzzle Box.

1.

CHARADE.

When my first gets its dress in the spring,
Upon which my whole does dwell,
Then my second begins to sing,
And I know you all can tell
Him who by his shrill song proclaims
The end of winter's strains.

Newburgh, N. Y. Robert Bernheim.

2.

A DAM PUZZLE.

"One hundred offer—five hundred" more,
"A thousand" add to that before,
And thus you build a dam secure,
That need not touch at either shore.

Uncle James.

3.

WORDS IN WORDS.

Put *us* in an *empty* frame,
Unfermented wine to name.

Irwin, Iowa. J. K. P. Baker.

4.

REBUSTICUS PARADOXUS.

A word of letters five meets the view,
Neither wanted by me, nor by you.
With the whole multiplied by the first,
A foe, to many women the worst.
But a property strange it possesses,
For most words ending in "esses"
Are plural, which would increase the number,
While this one, though bad, for a wonder,
Can be made those same women to bless
By annexing a small letter *s*.

Grand Rapids, Mich. Esprit Fort.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER
Nov. 15, 1884.

1. "If any attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot." 2. B-alla-d. 3. A wag on a wagon.

Solvers, H. E. Juergens of No. 2 and 3. R. Bernheim of No. 2.

Will Maggie Hoadley please forward the answer to her puzzle? The answers must always accompany puzzles.

Inquirer.—The author of the beautiful little poem, "What the Robin Said," in Children's Corner, Nov. 15th, is D. R. Sheridan, of Fall River, Mass.—Ed. C. C.

To our Contributors.—Please be patient, and your articles shall appear in due time. We are constantly receiving communications for the Corner, and we are very grateful for the kindness of our friends.—Ed. C. C.

Correspondence.

Clearwater, Nebraska, Oct. 14, 1884.

Dear Miss Wixon: We hav been constant readers of The Truth Seeker for eight or nine years, and it is our Encyclopedia as far as religion is needed, but as much as it has been to us, heretofore, it seems more perfect now since the children can come to their cosy Corner and be entertained in so charming a style. I myself read the Children Corner with almost as much enthusiasm as our little boy does who never misses one of its beautiful stories.

Inclosed you will find two small poetical contributions, which I hope may prove worthy a place in the Corner. The one entitled "Whither," was written on the occasion of my children going from home to attend school, and the "Sylvan Holocaust" is a true story of what was almost a fearful accident that came into my mother's childhood. Her mother being dead, and children both older and younger than herself, the care of the little ones fell upon her. They had been burning the old tree for several evenings, but that night she said she felt impelled by some vague, undefined fear to go and *bring them home at once*, and had only moved a few rods away when it fell.

Accept my best wishes for the Corner, and believe me yours sincerely, Mary B. Finch.

Deaths.

At Liberty, Mo., Oct. 30th, Pcie O. Hayes; aged 4 years, 7 months, and 3 days.

Nov. 6th, Marsh Hayes; aged 11 months.

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A Realistic Dream.

In my sleep I had climbed to a mountainous hight,
Where the steep wall of heaven bloomed over with flowers—
An offending brown wall, in a dim, murky light,
Whose somber hue came from our churches and towers.
But the finger of Fate and of Science was there,
And plucked the dark stones in a ruinous way,
Until those that were left had fashioned a stair,
And flowers reached down that are blooming to-day.
While Hades through centuries crimsoned the leaves,
And blood from the wars of religions may be.
Humanity touched all the trembling sheaves,
And the petals grew white as the foam of the sea.

Grand heroes hav opened that orthodox fence,
That was tarnished long ages with shadow and smoke,
And embraced the whole universe, deeper and dense
Than the world could believe while it carried a yoke.
No more shall the blooms of that stairway be red,
And never again shall its fabled gate be,
Nor stone be replaced, nor spirit be sad,
For the blossoms transformed are as foam of the sea.

Clearwater, Neb. MARY BAIRD-FINCH.

William Denton.

"Slain by the one he worshiped?" nay, not so,
But wooed by her he loved to needed rest,
Laid tired head upon her faithful breast,
Murmuring in dreams of home: "I go, I go."

Nature herself, whose love in ceaseless flow
His whole life's noble work was set to prove—
Hoping to show, discord and strife above,
Her great heart's brooding care with tenderness aglow.

Kind mother, thus, to snatch your child from fever-tearing hands of pain.
Thy dreamless peace let fall on him who was thus "lonely lain."
What stately pillar can we raise in that far, barren wild
To prove his constancy to you, your faithful loving child?
What more than this: Who die for truth, die but to liv again.

—*Mattie Krekel.*

A Missionary Spoiled.

Robert Keyworth was a poor orphan boy, who was raised by hand, so to speak, by the family of the Rev. Mr. Thomas, a reliable Methodist clergyman, who resides in the suburbs of Austin. Robert was naturraly a good boy. He was of a loving, gentle disposition, and owing to his surroundings, he grew up to be a most exemplary youth. He became converted at an early age, and expressed a frenzy to study for the ministry. In order to qualify himself for his high and lofty calling he studied day and night until he became so thin and pale that he was obliged to giv up his studies in order to regain his former appetite. The medical gentleman who was called in insisted that a change of air was indispensable, and urged that young Keyworth be sent out on the frontier, where an activ life among the cowboys would soon restore him to his original strength. Robert refused to listen to this advice at first. He said such a life might divert his mind from his sacred calling, and while he was getting his body in good trim, he might lose his immortal soul. Parson Thomas had no such fears. On the contrary, he was of the opinion that the unostentatious piety of Robert could not fail to create a profound impression on the wild nomads of the prairies. In the hands of Providence, Robert might become the humble instrument by which many brands on the frontier might be snatched from the burning. Robert no longer objected. On the contrary, he was anxious to begin his missionary labors at once. Mounted on a gentle old mare, armed with an umbrella, and his saddle-bags filled with church literature, he bid a tearful farewell to his kind benefactor, who made him a present of his blessing, and journeyed toward the setting sun.

Robert's letters to Parson Thomas were not very numerous, nor were they of as spiritual a nature as might hav been expected. Robert had regained his health, for he referred to running horse races and other modes of regaining his strength.

One morning, about a year after Robert left for the frontier, an unmistakable cowboy, wearing a large Mexican hat and spurs, rang the bell at the modest suburban residence of Parson Thomas. On being admitted he introduced himself as Bill Kelly. He was the friend and chum of Robert, who had directed him to call on his former benefactor

"I am truly glad to hear from my young friend. I suppose Robert has entirely regained his health."

"Robert is all hunkey, but he had a mighty close call week before last."

"You don't tell me that Robert has already had a call! How much salary was he offered by the congregation?"

"I don't mean that kind of a call. We was chased by the Injnns while we was out hunting stock, and if it hadn't been for a motte of timber they would hav got our scalps, sure. It was a mighty close call."

"Oh, you were in peril from Indians. Tell me, when you first saw the Indians, did not Robert tell you that you should rely on divine providence—that the very hairs of your head are all numbered?"

"No, he didn't say that, Robert didn't. He said our days were numbered if we didn't get to that motte of timber quicker than hell a' beatin' tanbark."

"I regret to hear that Robert has learned to swear, but I suppose it was due to the excitement of the moment. However, when you got to the motte of timber, and were safe from Indians, did not Robert throw himself on his knees?"

"He did that very thing, Parson. He just flung himself on his knees, and raised up——"

"His hands in prayer to offer up thanksgiving for his escape. I knew that the religious principles I had instilled into that boy would bring forth good fruit. He raised up——"

"Yes, he flung himself on his knees, and he raised up his Winchester and offered up the nearest Injun. Shot him right out of the saddle, and, Parson, right here is his scalp," and Kelly threw down on the table a fresh Indian scalp.

Parson Thomas recoiled in horror. "Robert told me to tell you it was the spile of his spear and bow, and that, like David, he thanked God who had taught his fingers to fight and his hands to war," said Kelly.

Parson Thomas was inexpressibly shocked that the teachings should hav borne such fruits.

"It pains me very much to hear that Robert has become so neglectful of his Christian duties. So you escaped without loss."

"No, indeed we didn't. One of the Indian bullets hit a bottle of cocktail in Robert's saddle bag, and ruined our only deck of poker cards. There was not another bottle of cocktail or a deck of poker cards within forty miles. That hurt Robert. He said if it had not been for the consolation of religion which you had instilled into him, that he didn't know what he would hav done."

"My young friend," said Parson Thomas sadly; "you cannot imagin how badly I feel over your account of Robert's recklessness. From what you say I cannot but believe that he has become profane, that he indulges in strong drink, and in card playing. He may yet repent of his sins, and become a worthy Christian."

"I've not told you the worst about Robert," said Kelly hesitatingly. "He has—"

"Committed murder?"

"Worse than that."

"Impossible!"

"He ran for the legislature."

"He is lost beyond redemption."

"And he was elected, too."

"Worse and worse."

"And he says when he comes to Austin he is going to hav you elected chaplain of the House."

"Hey?"

"And you will get five dollars a day for a five minutes' prayer."

"God bless the noble boy," and when Kelly left, Parson Thomas had tears in his eyes, and was fondling the Indian's scalp.

—*Texas Siftings.*

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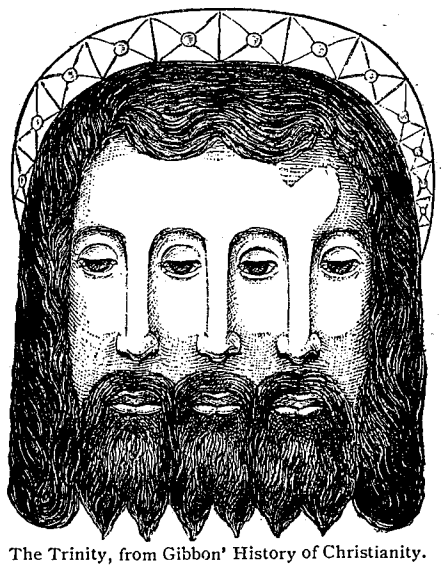
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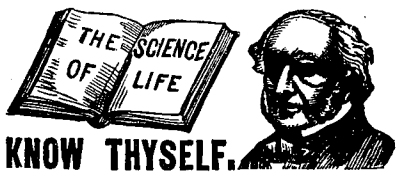
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BRETHREN, my heart's desire and prayer are for the progress and happiness of the human race, that they may all so far as possible come to a knowledge of the truth, for the truth freeth from bondage and superstition and maketh its possessor free indeed. For I bear record before you and all men that I feel a love for the truth and I rejoice in my heart greatly when any man or woman doth find it. I feel a zeal for the truth which gives me peace and I find a joy in its service that the advocates of error cannot deprive me of.—*D. M. Bennett.*

NOT religion, which is really nothing else than the ethical sentiment of loyalty; and not self-interest, whose satisfactions require associativ harmony, but the *dictionary*. or the perfidy of language, whose Babel curse continues, in each national idiom, still to compromise thought—the dictionary is the miscreativ genius of human antagonisms. Now I hav not the pretension of the great "pantarch," to *alwatize* the human race, but I hav that of moralizing our dictionary *a deux*, or for a limited circle of sympathetic minds.—*Lazarus ("Edgeworth") in Liberty.*

THE morality in Christianity has never opposed the freedom of thought. It has never put, nor tended to put, a chain on a human mind, nor a manacle on a human limb; but the doctrins distinctivly Christian—the necessity of believing a certain thing; the idea that eternal punishment awaited him who failed to believe; the idea that the innocent can suffer for the guilty—these things hav opposed, and for a thousand years substantially destroyed, the freedom of the human mind. All religions hav, with ceremony, magic, and mystery, deformed, darkened, and corrupted the soul. Around the sturdy oaks of morality hav grown and clung the parasitic, poisonous vines of the miraculous and monstrous.—*R. G. Ingersoll in the Christian Religion.*

WE are not much in the habit of idolizing either the living or the dead. And we think that there is no more certain indication of a weak and ill-regulated intellect than that propensity which, for want of a better name, we will venture to christen *Boswellism*. But there are a few characters which hav stood the closest scrutiny and the severest tests, which hav been tried in the furnace and hav proved pure, which hav been weighed in the balance and hav not been found wanting, which hav been declared sterling by the general consent of mankind, and which are visibly stamped with the image and superscription of the most high. These great men we trust that we know how to prize; and of these was Milton. The sight of his books, the sound of his name, are pleasant to us. . . . Nor do we envy the man who can study either the life or the writings of the great poet and patriot, without aspiring to emulate, not, indeed, the sublime works with which his genius has enriched our literature, but the zeal with which he labored for the public good, the fortitude with which he endured every private calamity, the lofty disdain with which he looked down on temptations and dangers, the deadly hatred which he bore to bigots and tyrants, and the faith which he steadily kept with his country and with his fame.—*Macaulay's Milton.*

IS there anything that we hav heard oftener repeated, or with greater emphasis, for some years past, than this, that nowadays the point is not what a man believes, but how he behaves; as regards the writer, not what he teaches men to believe, but how he instructs them to act? Very well; now comes one who takes all this in earnest and who sincerely believes that a man's creed is no longer taken into account. He removes certain pillars of the faith, which he has found to be in a state of decay, without, however, offering to mankind anything new with regard to moral conduct; simply exhorting them to the practice of much the same virtues as they regarded as sacred before, though from somewhat less selfish motivs. Surely the man will not be molested on account of what he has said, but will be treated with as much respect as ever before. Undoubtedly he would, if our boasted liberality were anything more than a mere phrase.—*Strauss.*

THAT implicit credulity is a mark of a feeble mind, will not be disputed; but it may not, perhaps, be so generally acknowledged that the case is the same with unlimited skepticism; on the contrary, we are sometimes apt to ascribe this disposition to a more than ordinary vigor of intellect. Such a prejudice was by no means unnatural at that period in the history of modern Europe, when reason first began to throw off the yoke of authority; and when it unquestionably required a superiority of understanding, as well as of intrepidity, for an individual to resist the contagion of prevailing superstition. But in the present age, in which the tendency of fashionable opinions is directly opposit to those of the vulgar; the philosophical creed, or the philosophical skepticism of by far the greater number of those who value themselvs on an emancipation from popular errors, arises from the very same weakness with the credulity of the multitude; nor is it going too far to say, with Rousseau, that "he who, in the end of the eighteenth century, has brought himself to abandon all his early principles without discrimination would probably hav been a bigot in the days of the League."—*Dugald Stewart's Philosophy of the Human Mind.* The League, here referred to by Rousseau, has a peculiar importance in the history of France, as applied to the opposition organized by the Duke of Guise to the granting of the free exercise of their religion and political rights to the Huguenots. This League was formed in 1576 for the maintenance and defense of the Roman Catholic religion.—*Chambers's Encyclopedia.*

THOUSANDS of human generations, all as noisy as our own, hav been swallowed up of time and there remains no wreck of them any more; and Arcturus and Orion and Sirius and the Pleiades are still shining in their courses, clear and young, as when the shepherd first noted them in the plain of Shinar. Pshaw! what is this paltry little dog-cage of an earth; what art thou that sittest whining there? Thou art still nothing, nobody; true, but who then is something, somebody?—*Carlyle's Sartor Resartus.*

Odds and Ends.

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"COME here, little fairy, and sit on my knee,
While I talk of my happiest dream!"
"I'll giv no encouragement, sirrah," said she,
To such a knee-farious scheme."

WE love poetry, especially when it conveys to us such a startling truth as was recently given to the world in a poem beginning, "Darkness creeps o'er us as night comes on." A truth like that, even though crushed to earth, would bob up serenely every now and then.

THOUGHTS IN CHURCH.

HE.

"She kneels beside the altar, now,
An earthly angel, pure and fair.
Would I my troubled head could bow
And join her in that silent prayer.
Lights falling through the stainless glass
Are changed to rainbows as they pass,
And, charmed, about my loved one lie.
Sweet saint, what is thy whispered thought?
For thou art praying now, while I—
Unworthy of thee, I am not."

SHE.

"Good gracious! there is Sam, I vow!
I wonder if he sees me.
Yes, he is watching me. Oh, how
That fellow tries to please me!
I hope he likes my hat and dress;
But then he thinks me perfect. Yes,
I like him, but he's poor, and so
I fear I must refuse him.
He's awfully nice to flirt with, though,
I really hate to lose him."

SPEAKING of the late exciting election and the large bets that were made, Robert Burdette recently said to a reporter: "I did not bet any money on the recent election. It has been many years since I upheld my political principles by coining them for base drachmas. Years ago, when I was young and charming—rather a trifle more young than I was more charming—I bet a box of cigars with a political foe, but an esteemed personal friend, on the election of Mr. Hayes. To giv him a show for his white alley, I bet him a hat on the result in New York. The returns promptly decided that I lost the hat, and the United States Congress and the High Joint Arbitration Commission, after gravely considering the question for many weeks, finally informed me that I had won the box of cigars. I never dreamed that such a simple bet would throw the republic into such a painful state of suspense, excitement, and confusion. I said then that never again would I thoughtlessly tamper with the peace and happiness of my country, though all my political foes went bareheaded and I had to pick up stubs for my personal smoking all the days of our respectiv and respected lives. I paid my hat bet. I went to the hatter with my friend and had his head blocked for a special order. His blocked head fairly swam with joy when I told him I was going to hav a hat made specially for him. He said, 'Robert——' The sober, solemn truth is he said 'Bob,' but that doesn't look well in print, and I hate the name anyhow. 'Robert, if you win the cigars, which heaven forbid, I will go to Havana and make them myself.' I knew he would not, far better than he did. The hat was made under the personal supervision of the hatter, by and with the advice and consent of myself. It was a slick, shiny hat. It was about eighteen inches high, and as symmetrical as a stove-pipe. It was the same size all the way up. The brim was about an inch and a quarter wide, flat and straight as a silver dollar. It would hav been the pride of a St. Patrick's Day procession. It was the awfulest hat. Strong men shuddered when they saw it. I don't believe such a hat was ever made before, or behind. Well, I gathered about a score of our mutual friends. We got the band out, set the hat on top of a dry goods box in an open wagon and paraded down to my friend's store, and I presented the hat with an elaborate and ornate address. Men said it was the greatest effort of my life. I think it was. It not only fatigued me, but the people who heard it. When the court of arbitration at last decided the other bet, the band and the crowd came out again. and my foe presented me with a box of cigars. At the conclusion of the presentation speech he proposed that we smoke the weed of peace. I could not refuse. I faltered my thanks, lighted a cigar, and puffed twice or thrice. That was nearly eight years agone, and yet sometimes I am aroused from the profoundest slumber in the dead of night by the lingering farewell of that cigar. A policeman, who accidentally happened to be awake that afternoon, came along and arrested me on a charge of disorderly conduct, arson, and assault with intent to commit hydrophobia. The magistrate smelled my breath as I pleaded not guilty, and fined me $10. I went home, and a committee of my neighbors waited on me at long range, and gave me twenty-four hours to leave the state. I left the box of cigars on the office steps, and two tramps were found dead beside it next morning. The board of health filed information against me for conspiracy, seized the cigars and threw them into the Mississippi river. All the fish between Burlington and Keokuk died that week. I took down my shot-gun, breathed in it, pointed it at a dog, and he turned into a stone. I blew fiercely down the barrel of the gun, intending to hunt for my foe, and the gun burst on the spot. I—but why recount the harrowing experiences of that week of horror? I only mention these few leading facts, because truth has been sadly seldom during the recent campaign."

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Vol. 11. No. 49. | PUBLISHED WEEKLY. | New York, Saturday, December 6, 1884. | 33 CLINTON PLACE. | $3.00 per year.

Notes and Clippings.

VICTOR HUGO says that Bartholdi's statue of Liberty will constitute a pledge of lasting peace between France and America.

"I BELIEVE the Lord can save reporters," said a New Haven hallelujah lassie recently. "I knew one who was converted. He left the business, and henceforth followed an honest life."

ONE-THIRD of the newspapers published in Italy bear the title of *Gazette*, the name having been handed down from 1570, when the first gossipy little sheet saw daylight at Venice, and was sold for a small coin, *gazetta*.

THE Christian scientists hold that mind has supreme power over matter; that the sick may become well if they only think so, and, indeed, are well if they believe and act as if they were. They hav a church in Boston, and a college where, for $300, one may be taught how to become a healer.

THOUSANDS of titles to written and unwritten plays and books hav been filed with the librarian of Congress, with a fee of a dollar in each instance, under the impression that some sort of protection is thus gained. The law requires a deposit of the entire work, without which there is no copyright.

PUBLIC telephone service has been established throughout Belgium, and for a franc a merchant in Brussels may converse five minutes with a friend or business correspondent in Antwerp of Liege. An extra ten cents entitles him to an aditional five minutes. It is thought this system will largely supersede the sending of written telegrams.

JOHN RUSKIN says that the missionary office of England in Africa and America has chiefly consisted in "stealing lands and exterminating their inhabitants;" that the introduction of Christianity into India has "only taught the nativs to wear Paisley shawls instead of cashmere," and that the "Christian aid" in Australia has been principally to "help pious farmers to convict labor."

SPEAKING of Thanksgiving, the *Sun* observes of the original keepers of the day that "they had got away from England, and had found what they sought in the wilderness; not, as the amiable Mrs. Hemans has written down for the many generations of schoolboys, 'freedom to worship God,' but the opportunity of making it warm for everybody, Quaker, Baptist, Catholic, or Anglican, who was not content with the rigid Puritan creed."

THERE is a big discount on ministers' boys. A clergyman's wife recently presented him with a son, and the happy father, as he went his parochical rounds, was congratulated by the members of his congregation. There was one old farmer, however, who received the tidings very coldly, but when he perceived the pastor's disappointment he good naturedly explained: "I aint got no spite; it's all accordin' to natur', I s'pose; but when I think of that boy of yourn I can't help reck'ning that in a few years there'll hav to be a new fence put 'round my watermelon patch."

THE inherent evils of Mormonism found a thrilling exemplification in the case of the pretty young English girl who was rescued from the unholy grip of the "Saints" on the Arizona, one day last week. Lured from her home by specious promises, she discovered before she reached this city that she was destined to a living death in the haunts of the polygamists, and chivalrous hearts and hands were reached out to protect her. Congress has for twenty years been hammering away at this "twin relic of barbarism" and has accomplished nothing, in spite of the pious protests it put forth for political effect. While it is not desirable, says the *Mercury*, that the government should interfere with the religious faith of any citizen, it would not be objectionable if emigrants destined for Utah were made acquainted on their arrival with the social and moral peculiarities of Mormondom, and questioned as to their desire to cast in their fortunes with polygamists,

THE Catholic mission at Hong Kong, China, has advices that the viceroy of Canton has closed all the chapels there, and has also razed the entire Catholic settlement. A missionary who has arrived at Canton from the interior says that the Christians in the western provinces are fugitivs in the wilds of Tonquin. The Chinese authorities in the northern provinces issued a decree for the expulsion of all missionaries. Upon an appeal to the higher authorities at Pekin, however, the decree was reversed, and the missionaries taken under the protection of the Chinese general government.

DE WITT TALMAGE says: "No man ever committed a forgery, ever absconded, or ever did a wrong in business, if he first consulted his wife." At first thought that seems pretty true; near enough to be accepted as a rule. But, somehow, the suspicion steals over one who attended Sunday-school before the war that there are instances on record in the Bible where men were induced to do wrong by their wives. Somebody has borrowed the *Sun's* Bible, and therefore this matter cannot be settled before going to press. Wasn't there a lady named Eva, or some such short name, who caused her husband, a good man, to go wrong? And there were others, too—Lots of them—we are sure. —*Peck's Sun.*

THE *Times of India* givs an account of a nativ cure of snake bite at Walkeshwur. A Hindoo woman having been bitten on the ankle, her husband applied a bandage above the wound, and sent for a famous Indian specialist in such matters. The man recommended the chicken cure. Twelve liva chickens were brought to the house, and applied to the wound one after the other. All of them died from the effects of the poison, and two more were sent for; these two lived, and the patient was declared cured. The matter having been reported to the police, the woman was removed to a hospital, but at the end of five hours the doctors found no signs of poisoning, and permitted her to walk home.

THE angel theory as to the genesis of mankind is becoming effete. It won't do. "Mamma," said four-years-old, as she stood on tiptoe by the bedside and peered at her new little brother, "where did that baby come from?" "The angels brought him, darling," said mamma. "Oh, I wish I hadn't gone out to play this morning. But how did the angels know you wanted him? Oh, I guess you must hav written them a letter, and the wind must hav taken it and blowed it right up to heaven, and then the angels got the letter. I wonder how they got in when they brought him. Did you open the window for them?" Enter eight-years-old boy: "Where'd that baby come from?" "The angels brought him," said mamma. "Oh, come off! What are you giving us?"

THE following conversation concerning the religious views and practices of Washington is reported in the Cleveland *Leader:* "Do you think he was a religious man?" "No," was the reply; "I do not. He was a church-member, you know, and a vestryman, but the vestry in those days was a semi-political and charitable board. I hav heard old citizens say that Washington would often leave the church before service was over. Communion, you know, is served at the last of the service. The fact that Washington slighted communion is evidence to my mind that he was not a Christian of the cast-iron kind. Another evidence is the fact that he had no preacher at his bedside during his last sickness. He was sick, you know, for several days, and there must hav been ample time to hav gotten a preacher if he desired it. He was thoroughly conscious until the last, and it is said that he timed his pulse as long as the breath was in his body. As it left him his hand dropped from his wrist and he sank back dead. During his last hours he gave the most minute directions as to business matters, directing his wife to go and get the two wills which he had made and burn the one which he wished annulled. He directed that his corpse be kept for three days, and Tobias Lear, his private secretary, says among his last words were those in regard to his burial. He died on Saturday night, and on the next Wednesday he was buried in a walnut coffin lined with lead. Many years after this his body was changed from this box to the marble tomb in which it now lies."

DR. JACOBI, who has made it a special study, concludes that, as a rule, a child should not be sent to school before it is eight years old. Not till this age is its brain substance sufficiently developed. An infant's brain is soft. It contains a large percentage of water. It is deficient in fat and phosphorus, on which, to a great extent, intellectual activity depends. The convolutions are fewer. The different parts of the brain do not grow in size and weight alike—the normal proportion of the front, back, and lateral portions not being reached before the age of ten. So, too, the normal proportion of the chest to the lower portions of the body is not attained until the eighth year, while that part of the back (the lumbar) on which the sitting posture mainly depends, is even then only moderately developed.

GEN. JOE JOHNSTON said to a newspaper man who asked him about the origin of the Confederate battle flag: "At the battle of Manassas—you Northerners call it Bull Run—the stars and bars proved a failure, because they were so much like the Union colors. Indeed, both armies mistook their enemies for friends, and *vice versa*. After the battle I had resolved to discard this flag, and called for each regiment to procure its state colors. This they were not able to do, and I asked the army for new designs. Among those presented one by Gen Beauregard was chosen, and I altered this only in making it square instead of oblong. This flag was afterward adopted by the Confederate armies. It was a Greek cross of blue on a red field, with white stars on the blue bars. This flag was designed by a Col. Walton, of Louisiana, and presented to Gen. Beauregard."

EVERETT FARNHAM died at Richfield, Summit county, Ohio, a few days ago, at the age of 84. He was deemed eccentric. He called his lands his domains. On his farm was a large tract of meadow land which he called "God's Heart," and of this he took especial care. He was a great admirer of England and British customs, and on a recent visit to London undertook to defend to the Britishers in the streets the advantages of republicanism, and was arrested and fined. In clearing land he would never burn his brush, but placed it in piles and allowed it to rot. He was an avowed Infidel, and had a large library of books treating on Infidelity. Four or five of his acres were inclosed as a park, in which he kept deer, elk, and buffalo. He said that at one time the emperor of Germany had sent an envoy to purchase his elk. Mr. Farnham was an honest, upright man, and was highly respected.

OFFICER WILSON, of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, saw Florence Oliver and Thomas Hanscomb, children, who were inmates of the Rev. William H. Ramscar's "Home for Children and Seminary for Young Girls," at St. Nicholas avenue and 153d street, enter shops in Second avenue on July 8th, and beg for food. They took the food that was given them to the wagon of the Home, which was driven slowly down the avenue, stopping at the doors of the shops that they entered. At 4th street, Officer Wilson arrested the children for begging, and a police justice committed them to the care of Mr. Gerry's society. Mr. Ramscar was arrested upon the charge of sending the children out to beg. He was tried last week in the General Sessions. He was comfortably clad, and had the appearance of being well fed. He is elderly, bland, and portly. Proof that the children were sent out to beg by Mr. Ramscar was introduced by the prosecution. Mr. Ramscar's counsel offered no testimony for the defense, arguing that the begging that the children did was not mendicancy within the meaning of the statute. The law, he contended, applies to street beggers, but not to children who ask for charity for a benevolent institution The jury, after deliberating for two hours, convicted Mr. Ramscar, but recommended him to the mercy of the court. Recorder Smith sentenced him to thirty days' imprisonment, and to pay a fine of $100.

News of the Week.

AN increase of $750,000 in the national publict debt during the month of November is announced.

MUCH discontent prevails in Ireland, and it is reported that the secret societies are again very activ.

MICHAEL DE YOUNG, the editor of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, who was shot by young Spreckels, is recovering.

THE cost per year of running the postal department of this nation, according to the post-office report, is about $50,000,000.

IT is reported from Danville, Pa., that two laboring men, while digging for roots, unearthed an iron box containing $47,000, mostly in Mexican gold and silver coins.

SOMEBODY sent a Newfoundland pup to President-elect Cleveland. In declining the gift Gov. Cleveland hints that it will be useless for people to attempt to make him any presents, as he will not accept them.

PROFESSOR ADLER lectured last Sunday on the necssity of sanitary preparation to ward off the possible advent of cholera in New York next summer, and the Young Men's Hebrew Association met and organized a movement for the sanitary improvement of Hebrew tenement localities.

THERE were 32,067 deaths in this city in the eleven months ending Nov. 30th. The number of deaths for the corresponding period of last year was 31,378. The number of births reported in the eleven months was 27,537; last year it was 26,562 There hav been 10,865 marriages reported thus far this year, which is 345 more than for the same period last year.

A WOMAN who keeps a disreputable house in this city was in the courts last week charged with assaulting her colored servant with intent to kill. The woman was promptly bailed by an alderman. The judge complained that the chief obstacle to justice in this city was the aldermen, who were always ready to bail criminals. He expressed himself as unable to account for it. The fact is easily explained, however. The aldermen are mainly Catholic. So are the criminals.

LAST Sunday F. De Castro, of Newark, N. J., shot himself to death. He left a statement that he was going to a happier future world, where a kind and loving father ruled. Frank Saunders, of Brooklyn, fired a bullet into his brain and fell across the body of his sick wife. When discovered, both were dead. Frederick Sprahn, of Hoboken, took poison and died in a cave. John Francis, a hackman, of Mt. Vernon, hanged himself in a stable. Robert K. Stewart died in the New York Hospital from a self-inflicted wound. August Koss, of Paterson, N. J., shot himself thrice in the head and died upon the rear stoop of the house of a friend. Bertha Soyalowsky, a young Russian immigrant girl, jumped into the North river to drown herself. This all occurred on a Sabbath day.

ANTHONY COMSTOCK had Charles Conroy in the courts again last Saturday, charged with selling an unlawful photograph. It was a picture of an actress in stage costume. Comstock did not claim that the picture was an immoral one, but merely indecent. Col. Spencer, counsel for the defendant, poked fun at Comstock; Professor A. L. Rawson furnished the judge with a pamphlet issued by the National Defense Association containing some damaging facts about the "agent," and Conroy shook his fist in Comstock's face and called him a liar and a villain. Conroy is the one-armed man who some years ago gave Comstock the mark upon the cheek which won him the name of "Scarfaced Tony." For this reason Comstock has pursued the man ever since. The present arrest is a plain case of persecution. Conroy was once imprisoned by Comstock upon a charge which he (Conroy) protests was false, and which was unsupported except by Comstock's own testimony. As the "agent's" oath has since been adjudged unworthy of credence, there is no reason for believing tha Conroy was guilty.

Communications.

Antichrist.—Vol. II.—Peter and Paul.

There are thirteen extant apocryphal gospels, six relating to the Virgin Mary and the infant Jesus, and seven to the crucifixion and subsequent events. Some of these come down to us in different versions, and with many essential variations.

"The Protevangelion," purporting to be written by James of Jerusalem, describes Mary as miraculously conceived in the absence of her husband. Mary was brought up in the temple; at the age of twelve or fourteen she was intrusted to the care of Joseph, an old widower with several children. Joseph was not pleased, and went away to work at his trade. On his return, he was much agitated to find Mary *enceinte*. She protested her innocence, and upon a trial before the high priest she and Joseph were acquitted. Then came the journey to Jerusalem to be enrolled, but at Bethlehem they were compelled to stop, and the child was born in a cave.

"Pseudo-Matthew" varies the story and adds further details. He describes the flight into Egypt, the return to Galilee, and numerous miracles wrought by the boy Jesus, concluding with a family feast and a list of the relativs of Jesus, including three Aunt Marys, two Cousin Jameses, one Cousin John, and a fourth-cousin, John the Baptist.

"The Nativity of Mary" givs another brief, but varied, account of the two miraculous conceptions—*i. e.*, of Mary and her mother Anna.

"The History of Joseph the Carpenter" givs most important particulars concerning Joseph. He was a bachelor until forty-eight, and a widower at eighty-nine, with four sons and two daughters. He was betrothed to Mary, to be married when she arrived at a suitable age. His third son, James, was tenderly attached to his prospectiv step-mother. The old gentleman went away to work at his trade. On his return he was sorely distressed at Mary's condition. But an angel appeared in a dream and explained to him the mystery of the immaculate conception. Jesus was born, and lived in sweet accord with his half-brothers. Mary never had another child. Joseph lived to the age of one hundred and eleven. Jesus, then nineteen years of age, attended his death-bed. Death and Gehenna, with mouths belching flames, appeared and frightened the dying man, but Jesus drove back the hideous host, and the soul of Joseph departed in peace. Such was the narrativ delivered by Jesus to his apostles.

"The Gospel of Thomas" describes the flight into Egypt and the return to Nazareth, repeating the miracles with variations and additions. Jesus was two years old when taken to Egypt, and remained there one year. The book ends with an account of the dispute of the doctors in the temple, agreeing substantially with Luke.

"The Gospel of the Infancy" begins much like the "Protevangelion." It fixes the birth of Jesus two or three years before Christ, and describes the flight into Egypt, with numerous additional miracles. The holy family remain in Egypt three years, until the death of Herod, 4 B.C. After relating the dispute with the doctors in the temple, the writer says that Jesus retired to Nazareth and studied the law until he completed his thirtieth year, when he was baptized in the Jordan.

"The Gospel of Nicodemus, or Acts of Pilate," Part I., records at great length the trial, crucifixion, resurrection, and ascension of Christ. The date is the 15th year of Tiberius (A.D. 29), the 19th year of Herod of Galilee (A.D. 15), and the 4th year of the 202d Olympiad (A.D. 32). The ascension is from a mountain in Galilee.

Part II. describes the descent of Christ into hell. Satan and Hades confer about the coming of the crucified Jesus. Lazarus having lately escaped out of the place, Hades is afraid Jesus will raise all the dead. So they prepare to resist his coming. But the King of Glory, strong and mighty, bursts the bars of iron and brass, binds Satan hand and foot, and delivers him over to the custody of Hades until the second appearing. The dark places are lighted up, and all the imprisoned saints are released and sent to Paradise, including the penitent thief.

"Pilate's Letter to Tiberius Cæsar" praises Jesus, and says that the sibyls warned the Jews not to crucify him. Pilate resisted the execution all he could, but was compelled to yield to their importunity.

"The Report of Pilate" is made to *Augustus* Cæsar. One of the versions has "Tiberius" in the title, but "Augustus" in the opening sentence. And a similar blunder appears in the Latin appendix to the "Gospel of Nicodemus; or, Acts of Pilate," which says that Pilate wrote a letter to *Claudius* Cæsar about the ministry and death of the son of God. In the "Report of Pilate," he says that Jesus was delivered up to him by Herod, *Archelaus*, Philip, Annas, Caiaphas, and others. (Archelaus was banished to Gaul A.D. 7 or 8, where he is supposed to hav died). Pilate describes the darkness at mid-day, the moon turning to blood and failing to shine, the sun shining from the third hour of the night (9 o'clock) until morning, and the swallowing up of most of the Jews in Jerusalem by an earthquake.

"The Giving Up of Pilate" describes the fate of the procurator on his return to Rome. Cæsar (Claudius, or the dead Tiberius) was not satisfied with Pilate's apology before the senate, and declared his own conviction that Jesus was the Christ, the King of the Jews; whereupon all the Roman gods fell down and became as dust before him. Again Pilate was brought before the senate and condemned to death. When his head was struck off an angel came to take it, at the sight of which Pilate's wife died for joy.

"The Death of Pilate" tells a different story. The Emperor Tiberius, being ill, wanted Pilate to send Jesus to cure him. But Jesus being dead, the governor procured his portrait, painted for Veronica (*vera icon*, "true image"), which, being sent to Rome, the sight of it cured Tiberius. Then Pilate was summoned to Rome to answer for crucifying Christ. He appeared wearing the seamless tunic of Jesus, which, while worn, protected him from the rage of the *deceased* emperor. But he was stripped and condemned to death, and to escape the sentence he killed himself with a knife. His body was first sunk in the Tiber, and then in the Rhone, but it caused such a disturbance that it was buried in the mountains of Switzerland. According to another tradition, Pilate was banished to Gaul, and drowned himself in Lake Lucerne. There is a monument at Vienna on the Rhone, called Pilate's tomb.

"The Narrativ of Joseph," of Arimathea, givs a particular account of the arrest of Jesus, and describes the entry of the penitent thief into Paradise. Judas was employed as a detectiv by Caiaphas for two years to shadow Jesus, who was at last arrested on a charge of stealing the law, and renouncing the Mosaic ordinances. The only witness in court was Judas himself. Jesus answered nothing. The law had, in fact, been stolen by Demas, one of the thieves afterward crucified with Jesus. He, being penitent on the cross, was not only promised immediate admission into paradise, but Jesus gave him a letter of introduction to the gate-keepers. The body of Demas vanished on the cross, while that of Gestas, the other thief, took the form of a dragon. Joseph put the body of Jesus in a tomb. The Jews then put Joseph in prison. At 11 o'clock the next night (Saturday), Joseph was miraculously released. Jesus was there, and so was Demas, who had been to Paradise and brought back an answer to the letter of Jesus. Joseph followed them to Galilee, where he saw Christ ministered to by angels. After three days John came and was introduced to Demas by Jesus. Then a multitude of heavenly voices welcomed the robber to Paradise again, and Joseph found himself in his own house.

"The Avenging of the Savior" is the craziest of all these early fabrications. Nathan, a sea captain, sails from Judea with a treaty to Tiberius. He is driven by adverse winds to the coast of Africa, where he meets Titus, a prince of Burgidalla, who has a cancer in his nose. Titus asks Nathan if he can cure it. Nathan says he cannot, but if Emanuel, who was lately crucified in Jerusalem, were alive, he could hav done it. The story of the crucifixion, as related by Nathan, so enraged Titus against the Jews that he sent for his father, Vespasian, to come with 5,000 men and lay waste Judea. The army went. Archelaus (!) abdicated and killed himself. The soldiers of four other kings killed each other to the number of 12,000. The kings confessed the crime of delivering up Christ to death (some forty years before), and Pilate (!) was put in prison. Tiberius, who was afflicted with leprosy, was induced to send a messenger to find a disciple of Christ who could cure him. The messenger only succeeded in getting the Veronica portrait, at the sight of which, on his return to Rome, the emperor was cured. Tiberius was then baptized by Captain Nathan, and became the first Christian emperor!

More than a dozen ancient books now entitled "Apocryphal Acts," and half a dozen "Apocryphal Revelations," are published in the Antenicene Christian Library, all marvelous and silly. For a brief epitome of them see chapter xlii of our "Revelations."

The story of Clement of Rome is an ancient religious novel of peculiar interest, coming down to us in two versions. It is condensed from 400 pages to 50 in our "Revelations." Jesus Christ, born of the Virgin Mary in the days of Augustus Cæsar, and crucified under Pontius Pilate, is a creation of the second century.

Pontius Pilate is named in only one of the New Testament epistles, namely, 1 Timothy, which epistle is regarded by many scholars, some of them orthodox, as a forgery of the second century.

The Apocalypse of John has the lamb slain from the foundation of the world, and our Lord crucified in "the great city spiritually called Sodom and Egypt."

There is no allusion to the Virgin mother or infant Jesus in the writings of the apostolic fathers, until we come down to the epistles of Ignatius, which are certainly spurious, and a product of the second or third century.

Justin Martyr, the earliest of the authenticated non-apostolic fathers, was contemporary with Polycarp and Papias.

Justin appears to be the first to recognize Jesus as born of a virgin and crucified under Pontius Pilate. His source of information appears to hav been some earlier gospel than any of our four, and the apocryphal "Acts of Pilate."

Marcion, the Gnostic, was contemporary with Justin at Rome. Marcion used Paul's epistles (except those to Timothy and Titus); Justin did not recognize Paul, or even allude to him.

Tatian, a disciple of Justin, after embracing Christianity renounced the doctrin of the humanity of Christ, and became a Gnostic at Antioch.

Theophilus, bishop of Antioch, A.D., 168–181, in his work of 40 pages, never mentions Jesus Christ, and ridicules the idea that a god can be born. His Christ was simply the Logos.

Athenagoras, A.D. 177, in his work of 80 pages, nowhere mentions Christ.

The humanity of Christ appears to hav been recognized by Papias and Hegessippus about or after the middle of the second century.

The humanity of Christ comes out clearly in the writings of the three great contemporary fathers who wrote in the last quarter of the second century and beginning of the third, namely, Irenæus, of Lyons; Clement, of Alexandria, and Tertullian, of Carthage.

After their time Gnosticism was suppressed.

Irenæus, though believing that Christ was crucified under Pontius Pilate, made the singular blunder of insisting that Jesus was an old man. And Irenæus's disciple Hippolytus repeated the same blunder.

Josephus knew no Paul or other apostles. He was past twenty-one years of age when, according to the marginal chronology of the book of Acts, Paul made his last visit to Jerusalem, and yet no trace of any knowledge of the exciting events narrated in that book are found in the writings of the Jewish historian.

Josephus went to Rome A.D. 62 or 63 to intercede for certain priests put in bonds by Felix. It was at the very time that Paul is supposed to hav gone to Rome in bonds. Why did he not find Paul there, and why did he not tell us something about the ministry of the apostle Paul there?

Many of these points are repeated and elaborated in this volume, and much additional proof is adduced. In a diligent study of this subject for more than a dozen years, no fact has been found incompatible with the postulate that there was no Jesus Christ crucified under Pontius Pilate, but, on the other hand, we hav found many further traces of a Jesus, his disciples, and their contemporaries, a hundred years before, some of whom are clearly identified with those named in the book of Acts.

The Truth Seeker Forever.

A HUNDRED THOUSAND OR MORE.

The contributions of Mr. Frederic Harrison, in recent numbers of THE TRUTH SEEKER, are worth the price of its subscription a dozen years or more. And so, indeed, I might truthfully say of every single issue of this free and independent sheet, from the first number ever published by its immortal editor. And this I affirm, in full view of the conviction I hav long entertained, that the masses, spell-bound by Christianity, never know when they are confuted. And what opinion shall we form of a man, when we see his heels knocked from under him and he lies flat upon the ground and yet does not comprehend what has befallen his person? And while any and each number of THE TRUTH SEEKER, in my opinion, contains moral dynamite enough to explode all the mystic balloons in Christendom, its victims are not in a state of mind to be reached by any such power. As a general rule, it is of no use to show Christians how they hav certainly been bamboozled "by faith in things unseen." And now, while the Holy Ghost, and all the popes, bishops, and priests, hav had an "open ring and fair play" against humanity for thousands of years, it is safe to say that the battle for truth has been successfully fought against all gods and devils, and the victory won. No one now, as in aforetime, can be put to death on the false charge of witchcraft. No one now can be compelled to kiss the cross by having red-hot lead poured into his ears. No Christian church can now, as formerly, tie their victim to a tree and strip each muscle from his bones to convince him of "divine love." The bloody battle of Armageddon and all the "saintly beasts" has succeeded, and Humanity's right arm of power now waves on high its white flag of victory. Her apostles and heralds are now heard in all lands. They are as holy, good, and true as any saint whose feet ever trod upon this earth. There is not one Freethought speaker who is not as really "inspired" as ever St. Paul was. Thus of D. M. Bennett, Harrison, Remsburg, Wakeman, Putnam, Watts, Reynolds, York, Mrs. Lake, Mrs. Severance, Ingersoll, Palmer, and a thousand more I could name of humanity's "inspired apostles." Nor is there a single issue of THE TRUTH SEEKER or any other free

and independent paper which does not contain thunder and forked lightning enough to awaken and startle the world, if that can be done by the truth, and argument, and the lights of science shed upon the dark errors of the past.

Is "possession nine points in law?" All this advantage superstition has had. Nor can the Christian mind be controled by two opposing ideas at one and the same time. And yet, if we compare the present age with the barbarianism of humanity's youth, it is manifest what victories, what mighty strides, the race has made within a hundred years past. Freethought has now a majority. Humanity, as a unit, was always opposed to superstition. And if all the Liberals in these Uunited States and Canada were invited, the list of THE TRUTH SEEKER could be easily raised to one hundred thousand or more. And now is the time to strike for this free and independent sheet, that has the capacity for publishing the matter that has appeared in its columns within a month or two past. It pleads for humanity. And when you ask a subscription for it, there is a living chord in every matured heart that throbs aloud at every whisper from the lips that never yet were closed against human woe.

And now, in view of the new year, let subscription papers for this noble object be prepared and sent with each paper. And there are Freethought people enough in this nation who take no other paper to raise the list to one hundred thousand. Let this be done. LAROY SUNDERLAND.

Quincy, Mass., Nov. 18, 1884.

To Be versus Not to Be.

The oft-repeated inquiry, "Does death end all?" a very prominent Liberal responds to in the affirmativ, with an assurance nowhere eclipsed, and only equaled in egotism by an imaginary being the creation of Byron's brain.

He makes the sultan of Turkey to say "he could see with his own eyes the moon was round, but he was certain that the earth was square because he had traveled fifty miles, and found no sign that it was circular anywhere."

From another comes this stereotyped pet phrase relativ to the same subject: "One world at a time." This summary manner of disposing of the question of man's future destiny is an indication of mental deficiency.

The sentiment would be philosophical if voiced for the brute, to whose limited range of thought and destiny it aptly applies, but is eminently sophistical emanating from the human, whose superior mental faculties render him capable of taking note of our relations to the outer sphere of our present abode ordinarily denominated another world.

When it shall be generally known that this indisposition to investigate, or be concerned about the future of man, is due to a mental defect as susceptible of demonstration as the very apparent deficiency of the reasoning capacity is a sure sign of idiocy, the anti-Spiritualists will not boast dogmatically, but, with the exemplary modesty of the good reasoner, will frankly admit that they don't know.

These "*don't knows*" would do well to as speedily as possible practice the old but consistent precept, "Man, know thyself."

A thorough acquaintance with the normal mental ability of the human race furnishes greater evidence of our relations to the outer sphere, or, as named, the other world, and the possibility of our participating in the enjoyment of another or continuous life, than all the myth-theologies, biblical included, that were ever produced. A great need of the day is a thorough knowledge of the normal function of every convolution of the human brain; their normal, harmonical exercise is of the very highest importance to the races to secure happiness on this plane and in the sphere beyond.

The diffusion of such knowledge would be a fertil field for laborers in the humanitarian cause. Can we hav any higher standard of right than the spontaneous outcome of the normal harmonical exercise of the human brain? It is the perversion of our faculties which makes it appear that the causator's most perfect work on this plane is a failure.

The demolition of what is called revealed religion does not necessarily extinguish Othello's occupation. The black-coated would-be teachers of the people can take heart; there is ample scope for the exercise of talent, if they hav it, by dilating on the errors the races hav been steeped in for the ages past. In place of a book let them study and expatiate on the possibilities inherent in man. The human race is the most perfect revelation of supermundane intelligence and a future state.

Through modern investigation into the laws of mind, it is scientifically proven that indestructibly graven in man's mental structure are the proofs of our relation to the outer or spiritual plane. Among all the orders of animal creation below man, there is no phase of mental development where there is not the recognized appropriate avenues for its exercising; there is no exception to this law of mind. Let this fact be distinctly recognized, and the grand work of man's spiritual destiny is susceptible of logical proof.

Man's mental superiority to the lower orders, in his capacity to construct and manifest skill akin to divine intelligence, is not the ultimate of man's mental make-up; he is endowed with mental faculties, superior in position, hence, it is inferable, more exalted in function, than the faculties that find their appropriate aliment (opportunity for their individual or collectiv exercise) in the nigh inexhaustible supply in material nature. This superior group of mental faculties, which group it is that pre-eminently distinguishes man as superior to all other known creations, when normally activ does not find in material nature its appropriate mental pabulum; hence the logical inference is, that in the universe, imperceptible to the five senses, there exist the conditions on which this department of our mentality is as legitimately exercised as are all the other recognized inferior faculties activ on the visible material plane.

Brooklyn, N. Y. AMELIA K. COOK.

How to Save Our Souls.

Said a gentleman to me, recently, "I hav had what I consider incontrovertible evidence of the truth of Spiritualism, but, though new to it, hav seen some disastrous results from connection with it. I hav long been done with orthodoxy. I am shocked at and dissatisfied with Materialism; tell me where, between the two extremes of *all* hereafter, and *no* hereafter, shall wisdom and common sense abide." I hav found that the way to get at any truth is to approach it in its nearest aspects.

Then where are we to-day? In this world, related to this world's methods.

I am a Spiritualist, or, as a wise one has said elsewhere, an immortalist. With those who insist they hav no souls, I hav no quarrel, but do not consider it any part of my present business to attempt to convince them that they hav, since I care nothing at all whether they hav it or not. Let them sleep until the life within shall awaken them.

I am an immortalist. I hav the proof of at least two worlds within me and without me, and know that the number is limited only by my limited comprehension. And I say that whatever teaching I may hav received from the spirit side, which I hav not instantly and generally appropriated to the every-day uses and needs of this world, has been to me a bewilderment, a hindrance—often a curse. Any and every attempt to set aside this world, its methods, its language, its nearer interpretations; to litter up the narrow passages through which my feet must walk to perform their daily duties, with the furniture of my future spirit existence, has proven to me a stumbling-block, an obstacle, a barrier which compelled me to retrace all my steps, and approach the inevitable earthly toll-gate with the earthly coin, the notice over it being always, "No promissory scrip taken here."

Whatever information we gain from any sphere must be translated into our little every-day language, and fitted to present use, or it is rubbish, as were even pearls and diamonds to a hungry man in a land where they could not be exchanged for bread.

If the highest seraph could stoop to us from the loftiest heaven, and whisper in our ear that which would make us less content in our duty of to-day; if he could not tell us that which would make us a stronger and healthier individuality in the needs of to-day, his message were an impertinence. If he says to us, "Hold with feeble grasp to the earthly atoms, and giv to me thyself that, through it, I may blow my own trumpet, and tell thee of thy glorious future," is he any better than orthodoxy, which says, "Thou art nothing but a preparation for hell, therefore empty thyself of thyself, and be thou filled with the ghostly divinity of God, awaiting his pleasure to damn or save thee as he will," the saving after his fashion, *entre nous*, being little less desirable than the damning? Then, too, if we permit ourselvs to be emptied utterly of ourselvs to be filled with a holy ghost, we open the door for an unholy one the moment conditions may suit him to enter. It is best, therefore, always to hold the citadel, the only one which is our own in time or eternity, and without which we and all things are chaos, and "uncreated night." All harmony may peal her rapturous notes through all her organs in space—we are not ear if some spirit has appropriated it to Grandmother Ann that she may babble into it some triviality. The prescient future may write the glories of the coming day upon every bud in nature—we are not eye; some spirit needed our eyes more than we, and appropriated them that he might find a new path into heaven, and steal into the back windows like a thief and a robber, instead of going over the briar patch which his own sins hav made for him. Faith and hope and wisdom may whisper to our understanding; may sound their grand, restful music along the nerves of our emotions, but message and music reach us all "jangled out of tune and harsh." We hav permitted influences foreign, low, and hostil to make a highway of us, if the white purity of our souls be soiled with impudent "familiar spirits." No one, not even the very devil himself, is in the least benefited by these operations, as I take it he requires the truth as much as any any of us, and in the direction of reformation I utterly repudiate any plan of salvation which leaves him out.

I hav known of a man who in earth life exercised all the power of his strong will upon his beloved daughter to bend her exactly to his idea of what she should be, her own being often the reverse of his, and when he passed to spirit life, though he saw his mistake, he was obliged to continue to harass her, to becloud her mental atmosphere with the olden authority, to hinder her feet in the ways which should and would hav been blessed with the olden restraints. This he was from habit obliged to do, though he saw his mistakes, and loathed them. And in his agony at the bonds which every breath and thought of a lifetime had so industriously riveted, he cried out with so loud a cry that her ears heard him. But even then she could not free herself, except little by little, day by day, as the soul within her grew stronger by exercise of the pinions hastening to good deeds, to works of love, to the opening of doors to other souls in prison, to incessant flutters in the wide, free, warm, glorious air which stoops to embrace every soul, whether in or out of prison, in the universe.

Let us then deal with spirits and the spiritual problem after the same common-sense fashion which we deal with mortals. Let us not mortgage our souls to them for a quarter-section in spirit-land, thinking that either they or we will be benefited by the operation. Let us listen to them, but not surrender wholly our ears. Let us giv to them our attention, and such use of our material atoms as they may need to manifest themselvs, without disorganizing ourselvs. Let us lend them the wings of our intuition if they need them to reach our lowlands, but at the same time, after the transaction is over, let our intellect take occasion to sift the whole matter, and see if what remains be wheat, or only chaff. Let us soar and stoop, climb and rest, stretch every nerve toward that unknown vastness which holds our own destiny, our own unfoldment, but always try to be sure that we can come safely and honestly home to a night's lodging upon our Mother Earth, giving her no cause to be ashamed of us. Let us teach our children principles rather than phenomena. Teach them, as Carlyle said to his brother, "to shun a lie as they would hell fire," and after that is well drilled into them, let their little souls go unhampered of beliefs. Let them search out their wonders for themselvs, in their own way, if you wish a truer and clearer exposition of phenomena than is yet known. Let the protecting husk of a body grow strong about them, and never seek to force the soul at the expense of it, unless you wish for worm-eaten fruit. The goody-goody Sunday-school boys and girls always die young and inanely, flabby and long-jointed, from stretching too far into heaven before they are called for or wanted.

Finally, if we are to do the work of spirits rather than our own, this proxy business is likely to go on forever; whereas if we begin to-day, if we hav not before, to treat the spiritual world just precisely as this earth treats the sky, the sun, the moon, all that is above and beyond her, receiving their life, giving influences to quicken and beautify her own eternal processes, we should not hav such a melancholy number of persons going about and affirming vehemently that they hav no souls. AMARANTH.

Philadelphi ι, Pa.

Horace Has Him!

From the Investigator.

We lately asked the editor of the *Catholic Citizen* if his church granted indulgences for crimes. We hav often heard and read that it did, but being somewhat in doubt if it really could be so wicked, we asked for more information, and the editor replies as follows:

"The Boston *Investigator* rises for information, and asks us whether indulgences, such as set a price for murder, etc., are now granted, or were ever granted, by the Catholic church? We answer, 'No!' to both questions, Mr. *Investigator*, No! decidedly—No! And you cannot produce any Catholic authority to substantiate such foul allusions; they are merely 'Reformation' campaign lies."

We can cite half a dozen *Protestant* authorities to prove that Pope Leo X. in 1517 *did* grant all kinds of indulgences, with prices affixed, for the purpose of raising money with which to complete the church of St. Peter's at Rome. But as Protestant authority will not be acceptable to our Catholic contemporary, we ask his attention to the following which we find in a *Catholic* book called, "*The Tax of the Sacred Roman Chancery.*" In this book are contained the exact sums to be levied for the pardon of each particular sin named, and some of the fees are thus stated:

"For procuring abortion, 7s. 6d.; simony, 10s. 6d.; sacrilege, 10s. 6d.; perjury, 9s.; robbing, 12s.; burning a neighbor's house, 12s.; murdering a layman, 7s. 6d.; laying violent hands on a clergyman, 10s. 6d. And so on."

We giv this quotation from "The Sacred Roman Chancery" more for the purpose of inquiring of our Catholic friend of Milwaukee what it means, or whether there is any truth in it, than from any other purpose. And in his answer will he please tell us what his church intends by granting indulgences? As we understand the meaning of indulgence in the Roman Catholic church, it signifies the remission of the punishment due to sins, granted by the pope or

church, and supposed to save the sinner from purgatory. Is this correct, and is there any sum of money to be paid, or any kind of equivalent to be rendered, for the "remission?" We would not misrepresent, but would like to know (if we are in error) how the doctrin of "indulgence" originated, and exactly what it means at the present time if allowed.

Canadian Notes.

A Roman Catholic priest, Father Eagan, is being tried in Toronto for ejecting one of his parishioners out of his pew and out of the building with such violence as to break the old man's leg, besides inflicting further injuries on the harmless, defenseless, aged parishioner, who was over seventy years old. "Of such is the Christian kingdom of heaven!"

The great Dominion Convention of Freethinkers on Dec. 13, 1884, will be addressed by nativ Canadian speakers, besides Putnam, Remsburg, and "the apostle of Secularism," Charles Watts.

The Christian clergy endeavor to establish various monopolies. One is the monopoly of paying no taxes. And by so doing they rob the poor laboring population of a portion of their daily dollar. They seek to establish a monopoly of books written by God, in the face of the fact that their God's books are only copies of older gods' books, of more ancient pagan religions.

A Protestant clergyman is being tried in Canada for committing a violent assault on a person who had offended him. He beat and bruised his victim in an unmerciful manner on the public street of the town. "If thine enemy smite thee on one cheek, turn to him the other also."

Christians claim a monopoly of a crucified Christ, savior of men, although the Christian Christ is only an imitation of two or three dozen more ancient crucified Christs, saviors of men, besides an indefinit number of uncrucified Christs of older pagan religions, a belief in the blood and sacrifice of each and every one of them being the only means of attaining salvation.

The Toronto public press reports a case of the elopement of a female captain of the Salvation Army with a male soldier of the rank and file, who leaves a wife and children in the city. "Except ye be ready to leave wife and family for my sake, ye are not worthy of me."

Last Sunday a lecture was delivered from the platform of Albert Hall on the subject of evolution as taught by Spencer, Haeckel, Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, Clifford, Fisk, and others of the very greatest of the scientists, specialists, and philosophers of the last thirty years. Evolution has now become the prevailing philosophy of the period, and is adhered to by many eminent clergymen of the Christian church. It is admitted to be the only theory which accounts for all the facts of the universe. It is a scientific hypothesis based on a great many thousands of demonstrable, analyzable, positiv facts.

A poem recently published givs an account of the adventures of Balder the Beautiful, the Scandinavian Christ, savior of men. After his death he meets with Jesus of Nazareth, the Christian Christ, in the world beyond the grave, and they talk over matters together, rejoicing over the good things they had done for humanity. In the other world they will probably get up a convention of these multitudinous and various crucified Christs of the pagan and Christian religions. They could hold a conversazione, hav a shake-hands all round, and enjoy a good time in general.

Gibbon says the various modes of worship which prevailed in the Roman world were all considered by the people as equally true—by the philosophers as equally false—and by the thoughtless as equally useful. Both the interests of the priests and the credulity of the people were sufficiently respected. In their writings and conversation the philosophers of antiquity asserted the independent dignity of reason. But they resigned their actions to the commands of law and custom. Viewing with a smile of pity and indulgence the various errors of the vulgar —they diligently practiced the ceremonies of their fathers, devoutly frequented the temples of the gods —and sometimes condescending to act a part on the theater of superstition—they concealed the sentiments of an Atheist under the sacerdotal robe. Reasoners of such a temper were scarcely inclined to wrangle about their respectiv modes of faith or worship. It was indifferent to them what shape the folly of the multitude might choose to assume, and they approached with the same inward contempt and the same exterior reverence to the altars of the Lybyan, the Olympian, the Christian, or the Capitoline Jove. It was a common adage among the Greeks, "Miracles for fools;" and among the Romans, "The common people like to be deceived—deceived let them be." The above description is intensely suggestiv. Does it apply to the Christian clergy of our own times?

The Toronto *Christian Guardian* newspaper, and Talmage in New York, hav been saying that the evolution philosophy is dying out. The old proverb says, "As the fool thinketh, so the bell tinketh;" "The wish is father to the thought." The evolution philosophy is the most deadly foe that the barbarous superstitions of Christianity has ever yet encountered. The doom of the vain imaginings and tomfooleries of theology was sealed by the advent of Darwinism.

Mosheim says that one thing appears at first sight very remarkable, that the variety of gods of the pagan world prior to Christianity, neither produced wars nor discussions among the various nations. Each nation suffered its neighbors to follow their own method of worship, to adore their gods, to enjoy their own rites and ceremonies, and discovered no displeasure at the diversity of sentiment in religious matters. They looked upon all the world as one great empire, divided into various provinces, over every one of which a certain order of divinities presided, and that therefore none could behold with contempt the gods of other nations, or force strangers to pay homage to their own. The Romans exercised this universal toleration in the completest manner.

The science class of the Toronto Secular Society hav been studying geology and animal physiology. On Tuesday last they had an interesting discussion on evolution. This class is found to be the most useful and most interesting thing belonging to the society.

The newspapers of Toronto are exercised over a Salvation Army episode. They say that accusations are made by several different persons who claim to be eye-witnesses. They are unanimous in their testimony that a male captain in the Army (whose occupation is body-snatching from the devil) prefers saying his prayers in the room of a female coworker. R. B. Butland.

Toronto, Nov. 29, 1884.

The Liberal Club.

Owing to exigencies connected with a proper observance of Thanksgiving Day, the reporter was unable to attend the last meeting of the Manhattan Liberal Club. A full report of its proceedings is, therefore, impracticable. The following suggestiv letter from an esteemed correspondent will, perhaps, more than supply the omission:

TWO WAYS OF TREATING CHOLERA.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* Passing Jefferson Hall, between Fifteenth and Sixteenth streets, avenue A, last Sunday evening, and noticing a number of sturdy policemen surrounding the door, and getting no answer to my question as to "what's the trouble," I walked in. The hall was well filled with people consisting of young men and boys from ten to twenty years of age, with, perhaps, half a dozen aged men and a dozen middle-aged women beside the speakers. When I entered in, the congregation were singing, accompanied by a cracked piano. Each young gamin seemed to be striving to drown the piano, whose rattling music, drawn out by a very sharp-nosed lady, sounded very much like the combination yell of the black-and-tan and bull-dog pup at the late dog exhibition in Madison Square Garden. The speakers portrayed the horrors of hell, the extreme heat of its fires, the salubrious climate of heaven, the beauty of its pavements, which, it was claimed, you could tramp from everlasting to everlasting and no "cop's" around to arrest you under the tramp law. The vivid description each gave of these two countries indicated personal knowledge, and would beat a Boston real estate dealer describing the productivness of a Vermont farm and the barrenness of Cape Cod. The speaking had little apparent effect on the Tammany "heelers" of avenue A. Finally, a reverend looking gentleman arose in great consternation, and announced that the cholera was coming, which, he claimed, was worse than the small-pox. He worked this "racket" for its full value. The cholera would tie up one's insides in hard knots, which it would be impossible to unravel, and such would be his pain that hell would be relief.

On the Friday evening following I strolled into the Liberal Club and listened to a lecture by Professor Eckles, M.D., giving a history of cholera, its growth from the first knowledge of the disease; its late appearance in France, the new discoveries in combating its progress, and its cure. Indeed, his whole lecture evinced that he had made the subject one of great study and scientific research. The learned doctor did not seem to care the snap of my thumb what became of us after we had died of the cholera, but paid attention to the question how to prevent our dying. Please tell us which of these two methods of treating cholera is preferable. Paxton.

We hav received Miss Wixon's new novel, "All in a Lifetime"—a handsome publication, price $1.50. It will be given more extended notice next week.

How to Choose the President.

The objection to the popular vote system in choosing a President is insuperable. Suppose the vote should be very close? In that case a charge of fraud would endanger the Republic. Again, suppose one state should be so much in the hands of one party that it could by force or fraud make its vote almost unanimous. Or, suppose a solid South, or a solid East or West. It could control every presidential election. No! The Fathers of this Republic were infinitly wiser than the men who clamor for the popular vote.

But the same objection rises where one state has such a very large electoral vote as to make it virtually the controller of every election, as New York is now. We hav just escaped a great danger and one liable to recur. It is shameful to run such risk of civic strife every four years. How can we escape it? The only feasible plan seems to be this one: Let us vote for our electors as we do for our Congressmen. Let each Congressional district, or other district, vote for its presidential elector. This will prevent all undue excitement and all danger of any such close vote ruling the choice as has just occurred. The real strife and excitement will be transferred to the electoral college. We hope and pray as we love our country and its institutions, that this truly wise plan shall ere long be adopted. In that case there will never be more excitement attending a presidential election than does now attend elections for Congressmen. It is the true mean between the two extremes of popular vote and the present plan. Holt.

Lectures and Meetings.

John E. Remsburg's appointments for December are as follows: Milwaukee, 5th to 7th; Toronto, 13th to 15th; Montreal, 18th; Whitehall, N. Y., 19th; Albany, 21; Cedarville, N. Y., 22d to 25th, and Boston, 28th.

W. F. Jamieson gave six lectures in Seward, Neb.; three in Ulysses, Neb., and one in Milwaukee, Wis. He is engaged to deliver five lectures in Mitchell, Dak., Nov. 30th and Dec. 1st, 2d, 3d, and 4th; five (a second course), in Wentworth, Dak., Dec. 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th, and five in Currie, Minn., Dec. 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th. Address him at Pipestone, Minn.

We call attention to Mr. Charles Watts's list of lecturing engagements, which appears in another column. As this will be the only tour Mr. Watts can make this season through the districts announced, we hope the Liberal friends in the Western states will secure his services at once. Mr. S. P. Putnam will accompany him with a view of forming auxiliaries of the National Liberal League. All communications for Mr. Watts up to the end of January next should be addressed care of Mr. J. A. Risser, 9 Opera House Building, Toronto, Ont., Can.

Rowley-Remsburg Debate.—This debate opened in the Opera House Tuesday night, with a fair audience. Rev. Rowley selected Thomas H. Lake to look after his interests, Mr. Remsburg called on Maj. S. N. Bradford to perform a like service for him, and these two chose J. T. Kinnavan to see that there was fair play all around. Both disputants are good speakers, well versed in the art of debate, and both well posted in the historical facts necessary for a controversial handling of Biblical subjects. Mr. Remsburg appears the more elegant talker of the two, though Mr. Rowley speaks well, and with an earnestness that pleases his hearers. Wednesday and Thursday nights gave an increased attendance over the first night, and the interest seemed enlarging. As to the good done Christianity, or the hurt done Infidelity, through this battle of brains, time will probably show.

The debate was carried on in the most gentlemanly manner, all the established rules being strictly observed by both sides, and nothing of an ugly nature was manifested at any time.—*Stewartsville Independent.*

We are glad indeed to see one gleam of common sense in a church paper concerning the mixing of politics and religion in the intolerant manner of the campaign just closed. The *Presbyterian* of the 15th inst. thus speaks:

"Clergymen mingling in the political fray do not clarify politics; they are rather stained by the contact. One mistake made by a party of good men has gained wide celebrity. A large delegation of ministers waited, as a band of ministers, upon one of the presidential candidates, in the city of New York, probably at the suggestion of some sharp, managing politician, who thought he was doing a neat thing in campaigning. An excellent brother—an Israelite, indeed, in whom there was no guile—was put forward as the representativ of the clergymen, and in a few sentences he managed to damage the cause of his candidate badly. He was quite too sincere a man for the boiling currents and guileful ways of political strife. But was not the great blunder *the presence* of that company of clergymen, as clergymen, in that place at that time? Everyone of them had a right, as a citizen, to greet the representativ of his party; but had they any right to take their official robes into the hurly-burly of political strife? It may just possibly be, however, that we are endeavoring to point a moral which has already sunk deep into the hearts of our public men. It may possibly hav already occurred to the great politicians that the mingling of the clergy in activ politics, after the fashion of the New York ministers, is dangerous, and may prove to be like a pound of dynamite under a goodly structure."

But would the *Presbyterian* hav spoken thus had the other gentleman been elected? Defeat oft makes men wise, and these words before November 4th would hav had more weight than now in convincing people that they are the expression of patriotism, and not salve to soothe the irritation the church feels at not having a potent influence with the next administration through its aid in choosing it.

Catalog of the Truth Seeker Company's publications sent free upon application.

The League.

The Campaign Fund.

Already acknowledged, $2,229.13 (error corrected, J. D. Powers, $3.00 instead of $5.00), less $2.00; $2,227.13. Seattle, Washington Territory, League, 270. Contributors, H. L. Yesler, $2 50; D. M. Crane, $2 50; Henry Peterson, $1.00; H. Patrick, $1.00; Walter Walker, $1.00; A. Ammons, $1.50; C. J. Chilbury, $1.00; P. Wickstram, $1.00; C. O. Yong, $1 00; S. L. Cullis, $1.00; Benj. Murphy, $1.00; J. C Mitchell, $1.00; T. W. Lake, $1 00; A. Douglass, $1.00; M. S. Booth, $1.00; W. W. White, $1.00; H. F. Philips, $1.00; O. F. Philips, $1.00; Amos Brown, $1.00; L. P. Smith, $1.00; E. A. Gardner, $1.00; L. L. Looker, $1.00. (Foregoing sums received per D. M. Crane, president of the Seattle League.) George C. Veile, $2.50; John Kelly, $2.50; John H. Bensel, $1.00; Mr. B. Redfield, $1.00; Mrs. Redfield, $1.00; Alfred Gunn, $1.00; Jesse Barnes, $1.00; R. T. Campbell, $1 00; E. Hoffman, $1.00; Wm. Schofield, $1.00; S. H. Gilbert, $1.00; Ellen J. Harker, $25.00; Dr. R. B. Westbrook, $10.00; J. R. Barry, $1.00; S. R. Wetherell, $0 50; J. S. Boulton, $0.50; J. O. Bentley, $25.00; John Simmons, $5.00; J. W. Black, $5.00; John Turner, $5.00 (per George Longford); C. Edelhein, $10.00 (per George Longford); George Longford, $1.00; J. R. Richards, $0.50; C. Koepper, $1.00; L. C. Rutledge, $1.00; J. C. Hannon, $1.00; S. Tranquil, $1.00; D. C. Wisner, $1.00; Jas. Buckle, $1.00; C. Lutz, $1.00; J. J. Wilson, $1.00; Wm. H. Griffith, $5.00; Cash, $3.25; Collection, $42.00; T. W. Lemmax, $1.00; Geo. L. Green, $2.00; W. D. Kirschbaum, $1.00; A. H. Schow, $1.00; Chas. Laperche, $2.00. Total, $2,420.38.

PAID IN ADDITION TO THOSE ACKNOWLEGED LAST WEEK.

Robert Wade, $25.00; M. Malcomb, $1 25; Seattle League (per D. M. Crane), $25.50; Geo. C. Veile, $2.50; John Kelly, $2.50; John H. Benzel; $1.00; Otto Wettstein; $10.00; D. B. Cozine, $1.00; Philadelphia contributions, $127 75; T. W. Lemmax, $1.00; Geo. L. Green, $2 00; W. D. Kirschbaum, $1.00; A. H. Schow, $1.00; Charles Laperche, $2.00.

A Magnificent Field Day.

The series of meeting held in Philadelphia on Sunday, Nov. 30th, were the most crowded and auspicious of the campaign. A full house greeted Mr. Watts in the morning at Memorial Hall when he gave his excellent discourse on "Agnosticism." After its delivery there was a lively debate carried on, quite good naturedly, however, and creating quite a harmonious feeling in favor of the practical work of the League. In response to the appeal of the secretary, nearly a hundred dollars were contributed to the Campaign Fund.

In the afternoon every seat was occupied, and Mr. Putnam gave his address on "The New Work of Liberalism in America," wherein he briefly expounded the four grand aspects of the work of the future—the political, the educational, the moral, and the ideal. The lecture was received with the utmost cordiality, and no doubt expressed in outline what by common consent must be the civilization of the future, and the methods by which it will be attained. At its conclusion, Dr. R. B. Westbrook made one of his bright, brief speeches on "Action," which must now, he said, be the aim of the Liberal world. Now is the time to do something. We hav had the gospels; the next in order is the acts. He expressed the heartiest sympathy with the new and aggressiv movement of Liberalism, and predicted its grand success. He showed the sincerity and nobility of his spirit by giving at once ten dollars to the Campaign Fund, and pledging five hundred dollars for the purchase of a building in Philadelphia which should be devoted to Liberal propaganda. Dr. Westbrook is a Liberal indeed—a Rationalistic Theist he calls himself—and really there is but little difference between that sort of Thesim and the Agnosticism of Charles Watts. At any rate, these two beliefs can work harmoniously together for the progress of humanity. Dr. Westbrook, like Mr. Savage, of Boston, is doing a needed work in rationalizing the minds of those who are fast breaking away from the old dogmas. He is to giv a series of lectures this winter on "Christianity," and no doubt he will strike many a telling blow in favor of science and against superstition. He will carry our banner with an unflinching hand, and under the garb of the philosopher will be a notable soldier of liberty and humanity.

What shall I say of the evening meeting? It was the largest crowd yet. Long before the hour of beginning every seat was taken, and then other seats had to be brought in, and still the people came surging in until the platform itself was covered with eager listeners. After some music and a recitation by Mr. Johnson, Mr. Watts gave his famous lecture, "The Bible and Science." The claims of the Bible as opposed to the truth of science were thoroughly examined and their absurdity fully demonstrated. The lecture was full of brilliant wit and telling points, and the audience were fairly carried away with applause. But charming as the lecture in itself was, it was succeeded by a display of oratory and sparkling repartee which was a rare treat to all those that witnessed it. A Rev. Mr. Ware, a very bright and shrewd Methodist minister of the African persuasion and color, answered Mr. Watts, and it must be confessed that he made some pretty good hits in favor of orthodoxy, and presented his side of the queston in a very gentlemanly and interesting way, which was quite agreeable even to a Liberal audience, for evidently Mr. Ware is a man of broad culture and genial soul. Another opponent of Mr. Watts was not so fortunate in his method. He tried a bit of abuse, and laid himself open to a fearful punishment, which Mr. Watts inflicted in his closing reply with unflinching justice. The poor man was literally flayed alive with the caustic wit and keen argument of Mr. Watts. All the flimsy pretensions and defenses of Christianity were destroyed and the real facts of history were vindicated. The exponent of Christianity referred to the stock argument of Christians, the frightful excesses of the French Revolution.

In reply, Mr. Watts showed that the excesses were the result of foreign interference, backed up by Christian bayonets, and that long before the revolution under the regime of Christianity the streets of Paris were red with the blood of innocent victims. The defender of orthodox tried to deny these proofs, and interrupted Mr. Watts in his speech, and declared that he had "the facts in his pocket." Quick as lightning Mr. Watts responded that evidently his facts were in his *pocket* and not in his *head*, and from the manner of his talk, without doubt they always stayed in his pocket and never benefited his head. This brought down the house with a storm of applause, and the man of "facts-in-his-pocket" subsided and Mr. Watts closed the debate in peace. Everybody was delighted, and the great throng dispersed with a desire to hear more of Mr. Watts's stirring eloquence. Some came fifty miles to hear him, and will come the same distance again whenever he is announced to speak in Philadelphia. There were many from out out of town, who have received an impulse which will produce good fruit in all the neighboring country. George Longford, secretary of the League, did yeoman service in making preparations for these great meetings. There is a body of Liberals in the "City of Brotherly Love" good and stanch as ever breathed the breath of heaven. They are going forward to success, and they will make Philadelphia a banner city in the cause of freedom. It contains the elements of a most flourishing growth. The Declaration of Independence will receive new life from the place of its birth.

The total amount of the subscriptions for the day were $154.75, showing how deeply interested our Philadelphia friends are in the national organization and work.

Important Action of the Board of Directors.

At a special meeting of the board of directors of the National Liberal League, held at the office of the treasurer, 850 Broadway, New York, on Friday, Nov. 28, 1884, at 2 o'clock P.M., First Vice-president Charles Watts presiding, Mrs. A. C. Macdonald, chairman of the finance committee, reported having, with chairman of the executiv committee, audited the accounts of the secretary.

Total amount pledged and contributed to date, Nov. 28th, $2,227.21. Cash received by secretary, $567.58. Expense account, $189.02. Paid over to treasurer, $378.56.

Motion made and seconded, "That the treasurer be and hereby is authorized and requested to hav necessary circular printed and sent to all who hav pledged quarterly payments, asking them to remit." Carried.

The following resolution was offered by Mr. Watts:

Resolved, That in compliance with the requirements of the constitution, Art. XVIII., Amendment 5, unanimously adopted by the Seventh Aunual Congress, held at Milwaukee September, 1883: "Every auxiliary League is requested to contribute a certain sum monthly, not less than five cents per month from each one of its members, for the use of the National League. The amount thus collected should be remitted quarterly, on the first day of January, April, July, and October, by the secretary of the auxiliary, to the secretary of the National League," the chairman of the finance committee be and is hereby requested to hav circulars printed, and mail one to the secretary of each League, requesting remittance of the five cents per month per head for each member.

Carried.

The chairman of the executiv committee was called on to report plan of work to promote efficient organization, secure social and educational advantages to local Leagues, and render local, district, state, and the National League financially self-sustaining.

The chairman of the executiv committee reported as follows:

Each state should be organized as a state League. (Where this is not yet practicable for lack of numbers, two or more states might form joint state League.) Each state should be divided into districts, and the best, most energetic, and self-sacrificing workers, women and men, be appointed, or elected, officers of the district Leagues, with especial view to their ability to aid and encourage the formation of new local Leagues. Each district League to hold regular quarterly meetings of all local Leagues in its territory; one or more officers of the state League, or their representativs, to be present to advise and consult as to best methods of carrying on the work.

Lecturers should attend district League meetings, to speak on some subject in which people are then most interested—subjects decided by vote of local League officers.

At each district quarterly meeting, the secretary shall read sums total of work accomplished by each League during the quarter; number of pages of leaflets and publications distributed, loaned, or sold; number of new subscribers to Liberal papers obtained; number of new members, etc. The National Liberal League should cause to be prepared leaflets on each of the Nine Demands of Liberalism, setting forth the facts and arguments in such a way as shall awake to thought, without arousing the ire of even devout Bible worshipers—leaflets that shall be of such interest as to be read and reread with avidity by all classes.

Each and every member of a local League, in addition to and irrespectiv of any other contributions, shall pay twenty-five cents each month to secretary of local League, in return for which members so paying shall receive full twenty-five cents worth—at ten per cent less than publisher's prices—of such leaflets, or such other Liberal literature as may be from time to time needed for missionary work.

Eight cents, of every such twenty-five cents so paid, shall go to the treasurer of the state League to be used to defray expenses of state League officers, and the balance paid to the treasurer of the National Liberal League. The secretary of the National Liberal League shall return to each secretary of local League full value in publications. The purchasing of immense quantities will enable the National Liberal League to thus receive six to seven cents per month from each member in the United States, while the judicious distribution of so large an amount of the very best Liberal literature could not fail to constantly multiply members.

Local Leagues can be made self-sustaining by economically providing amusements—balls, parties, excursions, picnics, etc., while building up the League by increase of sociability.

After consultation and discussion, Mr. Courtlandt Palmer offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That for the purpose of organization the states be districted, district organizers be appointed, and that said district officers be empowered to aid and encourage the formation of auxiliary Leagues, and that all such auxiliary Leagues be advised to meet quarterly in district convention.

Seconded by Charles Watts. On motion, carried unanimously. Mr. Palmer offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That appropriate leaflets based on the Nine Demands of Liberalism be prepared for distribution.

Seconded by S. P. Putnam. On motion, carried unanimously. On motion, the committee adjourned.

CHAS. B. REYNOLDS, Sec. Board of Directors N. L. L.
CHAS. WATTS, Ch'n.

From a most gratifying communication sent by Mr. John Ellis, of Texas, to Mr. S. P. Putnam, we extract the following: "The Liberal League has struck the key note of success in confining its efforts to an exposition of the Nine Demands, and to a determined opposition to theological impediments to the realizations of those Demands. This policy having been accepted by the whole of the officers of the League, our triumph is certain. We wish Messrs. Watts and Putnam all the success they deserve, which is much. It also speaks well for the future to see Mr. C. B. Reynolds in the field in an official capacity. He is a good and true man, one who knows what to do and how to do it."

Mr. George Hoffman writes: "Having watched the proceedings of the National Liberal League from its commencement, it affords me the greatest of pleasure to see the undoubted success attending the efforts of the new officers. That this success is real no one can question who observes the support now being given to the League from all parts of this vast continent. Let every Liberal who has the cause at heart render what assistance he or she can, and the present year will mark an important epoch in the history of American Liberalism. All the friends to whom I hav spoken upon the subject are delighted at the present bright prospects."

Next week Messrs. Watts and Putnam go to Canada to attend the great convention at Toronto. The progress of Freethought in the dominion of late has been truly marvelous, and the efforts of Mr Watts within the last few months to consolidate the Liberal elements in that country hav been followed with the most pleasing results. The intention to amalgamate the two associations—that of Canada and the states—is an excellent one, which we hope and believe will be productiv of mutual advantages. All Liberals throughout Canada should make a point of being present at Toronto on the 13th, 14th, and 15th of the present month.

Mr. Henry Wallis writes the secretary of the League a most encouraging letter from Washington, in which he says: "The worst enemy of the League cannot fail to be impressed with the harmony and oneness of purpose now existing throughout the entire Liberal League. The slight confusion which once marred our movement is being rapidly cleared away by the able and definit policy of the new directors. So far as we are enabled to judge here, there is but one desire, and that is that Messrs. Watts and Putnam shall be heartily seconded in their great and useful work."

Mr. Charles Watts's Lecture Engagements.

1884
Dec. 4, Salamanca Convention.
" 14, Toronto, Canada (Convention
" 21, " "
" 28, " "
1885.
Jan. 4, Hamilton, "
" 11, Toronto, "
" 18, " "
" 22 to 25, Montreal, Canada.
During intervening week nights—various parts of Canada.
Jan 29, Linesville, Pa.
" 30, Altoona, " State meeting.
Feb. 1 and 3, Pittsburgh, Pa.
" 4, Wellsville, Ohio.
" 5, Alliance, "
" 6, Akron, "
" 7 and 8, Cleveland, Ohio.
" 9, Sandusky, "
" 10 and 11, Toledo, "
" 12, Adrian, Mich.
" 13 to 15, Detroit, Mich.
" 16 and 17, Flint, "
" 18 and 19, Lansing, Mich.
" 20 to 22, Grand Rapids, Mich.
" 23, Big Rapids, "
" 24, Saginaw City, "
" 25, Bay City, "
During the month of March Mr. Watts will be in Toronto and vicinity.

S. P. Putnam's Lecture Engagements.

Dec. 14, Toronto Convention.
" 21, Hamilton, Canada.
" 28, Alton, "
Jan. 4, Toronto, "
" 8, 9, and 11, Montreal, Canada.
" 25, Toronto, Canada.
" 30, Altoona, Pa., Convention; and during February will accompany Mr. Watts.

Brief Correspondence.

J. D. MICHENER, Colmar, Penn.: I inclose $2 for the National Liberal League Fund. Please place one dollar to the credit of Jas. B. Edwards, of Lansdale, Pa.

JACOB NUESSLE, Hamburg, N. Y.: I send you two dollars for annual memberships in National Liberal League, one dollar for my brother John Nuessle and one for yours truly.

ELISHA AND MATILDA HYATT, Merrick, L. I.: We hav been been slow in helping on the Campaign Fund. It is better late than never, so here is five dollars to help giv humanity a chance to think.

MARY E. TILLOTSON, Vineland, N. J., writes kind words of cheer and givs name of officers of Vineland League, No. 61: President, Thomas Street; Secretary, Mary C. Tillotson; Treasurer, Lucy B. Street.

DR. L. B. FARRAR, Paxton, Ill.: Inclosed please find P. O. order for $5 for the general purposes of the National Liberal League. You may hear from me more at large through THE TRUTH SEEKER ere long. Yours for universal freedom of thought and action, and earnest effort to obtain release from all ecclesiastical dictation.

A. S. V. MANSFELDE, SECRETARY OF NEBRASKA STATE MEDICAL SOCIETY, ASHLAND, NEB.: I am sure that the position of the National Liberal League some years ago in regard to the postal law disagreed somewhat with the feelings of people generally of the West. Trifling matters like the one alluded to should not consume the time nor the money, and, above all, the brains, of Liberal-minded men. Indeed, we hav more important things to look after out here. I am, personally, for total separation of church and state, and also of schools from the former, and anything I can do in this direction you are at liberty to command.

The Religions of England.

If Christianity consists in going to church, and passing one's life in discussing theological questions, then John Bull is mightily Christian; if piety consists in quarreling over the dogmas, instead of practicing the principles of religion, then the piety of John is unequaled. The craze for religion has come to a mania. Let the religion be good or bad, no matter which it is, or what it is, it is better than none at all. In France, we boast of our foibles, even of many that are not to be found in us; in England, people boast of their virtues, especially those they do not possess. The Frenchman is the braggart of vice; the Englishman is the hypocrit of virtue.

Here, every religious belief is respected; the Shakers, the Ranters, the Peculiar People, the Salvationists; Freethinkers alone are excluded. When a man wants a situation, he presents himself to his future master as a Christian; he advertises in the papers as a total abstainer. If, in France, he recommends himself as a good Christian, he would receive a peremptory kick that would send him straight to Paradise.

Every Englishman worships God after his own fashion. There exist here one hundred and eighty-three religious sects certified to the Registrar General. Each of these sects has naturally found the truth. As, unfortunately, no one has ever yet come back from the other world to tell what he has seen, it seems probable that there are yet many days of peace and plenty in store for the dervishes, the fakirs, and others who liv in indolence upon the supersitition and simplicity of the world.

Christianity is admirable. Christians are often far from being so. I hav more esteem for the Mohammedans who follow up their religion. Show me the Christian that loves his neighbor as himself; who, when he has been struck on the right cheek, holds out his left; who forgivs his enemies; who does not ask for that which has been taken from him; who does unto others as he would hav others do unto him.

Religion has lost much of its purity and sincerity from ceasing to be private, especially in England, where, owing to competition, to free trade applied to religious matters, every one aims at appearing better than his neighbors. Pray, not standing in the synagogs, nor upon the house-tops, but enter into thy closet and shut the door, say the scriptures. How many do so?

The Romanists swear by the pope; the Protestants by Luther and Calvin; the Puritans by John Knox; the Wesleyans by John Wesley; the Salvationists by Mr., Mrs., and Miss Booth; the Baptists of London crowd to the Tabernacle to listen eagerly to every word that falls from Mr. Spurgeon's lips. Some people believe themselvs saved, if they only touch the coat-tails of Mr. Moody or Mr. Sankey. I hav seen women press the hands of these evangelists, as they passed on their way to the platform where they were going to preach, and go away happy. When Catholics hav the gout, it is to Our Lady of Lourdes, to Our Lady of la Salette, to *la beinheureuse Germaine* that they go; it is Sainte Barbe that they implore to protect them from thunder and lightning; the Deity would seem to play a secondary part in the religion of all these people.

In England, religion is the idea that absorbs and dominates all others. The prisons and madhouses are full of religious maniacs.

In France, when we hear of a great crime having been committed, we exclaim, "Where is the woman?" In England, sift the matter, and you will find a chapel. There are few bankrupts, really worthy of that name, that hav not built a church or chapel to win the confidence of investors, and, maybe, also to offer to God a little of that which they had taken from men. On opening my newspaper to-day, I read of an individual charged with fraudulent bankruptcy. A worthy old lady, who had trusted him with stock, states that she had every confidence in the accused, especially since the day when he refused a box at the opera, which she had offered him, with the remark that he was happy to be able to say that he had never set foot in such a place.

We all remember the sickening profession of religion that Guiteau, the vile and cowardly assassin of poor President Garfield, made day after day for months.

The United Kingdom possesses two state churches; the Anglican church, in England and Wales; the Presbyterian church, in Scotland. The State church was abolished in Ireland in 1869.

The Anglican church is under the jurisdiction of two archbishops—the Archbishop of Canterbury, primate of England, and the Archbishop of York—and of thirty bishops. The two archbishops and twenty-four bishops hav seats in the House of Lords.

The Scotch church is under the jurisdiction of a General Assembly, composed of clerical and lay deputies, and presided over by a Moderator elected annually by the Assembly, and a High Lord Commissioner appointed each year by the crown.

The principal Nonconformist churches are, the Methodists, the Baptists, the Unitarians, the Congregationalists or Independents, and the Wesleyans.

Out of a population of 81,000,000 souls in the United Kingdom and the colonies, 18,000,000 belong to the Anglican church; 14,500,000 are Methodists; 13,500,000 Catholics; 10,250,000 Presbyterian; 8,000,000 Baptists; 6,000,000 Congregationalists; 1,000,000 Unitarians; and about 10,000,000 belong to different sects of less importance.

I will giv a complete list of the hundred and eighty odd religious sects of England:

The Advent Christians;
The Apostolics;
The Arminians, who, contrary to the Calvinists, believe that Christ saved all men by his death;
The Baptists, who deny that baptism should be received before the Christian has arrived at years of discretion and made a profession of faith;
The Baptized Believers;
The Believers in Christ, or Christians who believe that their prayers alone can influence the decrees of Divine Providence;
The Believers in the Divine Visitation of Joanna Southcott, prophetess of Exeter;
The Benevolent Methodists;
The Bible Christians, or Bryanites, a sect founded in 1815, by William O'Bryan, and who receive the Communion seated;
The Bible Defense Association;
The Blue Ribbon Army, whose followers drink no alcoholic drink;
The Brethren, who practice no rites and hav no ministers; they baptize one another. According to them, to preach the gospel is to deny that the Savior's work is finished;
The Calvinists, who deny the real presence;
The Calvinistic Baptists, who find the opinions of Wesley too Arminian;
The Catholic Apostolic church;
The Christians, owning no name but the Lord Jesus;
The Christians, who object to be otherwise designated;
The Christian Believers;
The Christian Brethren;
The Christian Disciples;
The Christian Eliasites;
The Christian Israelites;
The Christian Mission;
The Christian Teetotalers;
The Christian Temperance Men;
The Christian Unionists;
The Christadelphians;
The Anglican church, itself divided into High Church, Low Church, and Broad Church. The adherents of the High Church, otherwise the Ritualists, adopt the confessional and grand ceremonies in imitation of the Roman Catholics. They do not recognize the authority of the pope, and can therefore receive the financial support of the state. The Low Church affects an almost Calvinistic austerity, and is very much akin to Dissent. The Broad Church party does not believe in hell, and counts amongst its clergy some of the most illustrious names of England. The late Dean Stanley was the brightest ornament of the Broad Church.
The Church of Scotland;
The Scotch Free Church;
The Church of Christ;
The Church of the People;
The Church of Progress;
The Congregationalists, who appoint their own ministers, and hav no settled form of prayer;
The Countess of Huntingdon's Connection, who adopt the Church of England prayer-book. This sect was founded in the eighteenth century by Lady Selina Shirley, Countess of Huntingdon;
The Covenanters, a sect founded in the sixteenth century, when the Protestant church was thought to be in danger;
The Coventry Mission Band;
The Danish Lutherans;
The Disciples in Christ;
The Disciples of Jesus Christ. Sect founded by Mr. Thomas Campbell, who proposed to set aside all questions of dogma, and to establish the unity of the church of the Savior;
The Eastern Orthodox Greek church;
The Eclectics;
The Episcopalian Dissenters;
The Evangelical Free church;
The Evangelical Mission;
The Evangelical Unionists, founded in Scotland in 1840, by Mr. James Morrison, who proclaimed the greatest sin to be a want of belief that Christ has, by his death, saved all men, past, present, or unborn;
The Followers of the Lord Jesus Christ;
The Free Catholic Christian church;
The Free Christians;
The Free Christian Association;
The Free church;
The Episcopal Free church;
The Free Church of England;
The Free Evangelical Christians;
The Free Grace Gospel Christians;
The Free Gospel and Christian Brethren;
The Free Gospel church;
The Free Gospelers;
The Free Methodists;
The Free Union church;
The General Baptists;
The General Baptist New Connection.
The German Evangelical Community;
The German Lutherans;
The German Roman Catholics;
The Glassites, a sect founded in Scotland, in the eighteenth century, by John Glass, into which members are admitted with a holy kiss. The followers of John Glass abstain from all animal food that has not been bled;
The Glory Band;
The Greek Catholic Church;
The Halifax Psychological Society;
The Hallelujah Band, whose services consist entirely of thanksgiving;
The Hope Mission;
The Humanitarians, who deny the divinity of the savior;
The Independents;
The Independent Methodists;
The Independent Religious Reformers;
The Independent Unionists;
The Inghamites, followers of Mr. Benjamin Ingham, son-in-law of the famous Countess of Huntingdon;
The Israelites;
The Irish Presbyterian Church;
The Jews;
The Lutherans, who, contrary to the Calvinists, believe in the real presence;
The Methodist Reform Union;
The Missionaries;
The Modern Methodists;
The Moravians;
The Mormons;
The Newcastle Sailors' Society;
The New Church;
The New Connexion General Baptists;
The New Wesleyans;
The New Jerusalem Church;
The New Methodists;
The Old Baptists;
The Open Baptists;
The Order of St. Austin;
The Orthodox Eastern Church;
The Particular Baptists;
The Peculiar People, who trust in providence to cure them of all ills;
The Plymouth Brethren;
The Polish Protestant Church;
The Portsmouth Mission;
The Presbyterian Church of England, founded by the Puritans;
The Presbyterian Baptists;
The Primitiv Congregation;
The Primitiv Free Church;
The Primitiv Methodists;
The Progressionists;
The Protestant Members of the Church of England;
The Protestant Trinitarians;
The Protestant Union;
The Providence;
The Quakers;
The Ranters, whose worship consists in jumping and clapping the hands;
The Rational Christians;
The Reformers;
The Reformed Church of England;
The Reformed Episcopal Church;
The Reformed Presbyterians or Covenanters;
The Recreativ Religionists;
The Revivalists;
The Roman Catholics;
The Salem Society;
The Sandemanians, who are identical with Glassites, Mr. Robert Sandeman having been the most fervent follower of Mr. Glass;
The Scotch Baptists;
The Second Advent Brethren, who wait for the second coming of the Messiah;
The Secularists, who believe that the affairs of this world should be thought of before the next, and that religion cannot pretend to the monopoly of what is good and moral;
The Separatists, who hold their goods at the disposition of brethren in distress, and refuse to take oath;
The Seventh-Day Baptists;
The Shakers, a sect founded by Ann Lee, who had a divine revelation, wherein it was revealed to her that the lust of the flesh was the cause of the depravity of man.
The Society of the New Church.
The Spiritual Church;
The Spiritualists, who believe they hav intercourse with the spirits of the other world;
The Strict Baptists;
The Swedenborgians, a sect founded by Emmanuel Swedenborg, in 1688;
The Temperance Methodists;
The Trinitarians;
The Union Baptists;
The Unionists;

The Socinians, or Unitarians, who reject the doctrin of the Trinity, and deny the divinity of Christ; they differ but little from the Humanitarians;
The Unitarian Baptists;
The Unitarian Christians;
The United Christian Church;
The United Free Methodist Church;
The United Presbyterians;
Tne Universal Christians, whose belief is that God will call one day all Christians to himself, whether they hav been good or bad in this world; that sin does not go unpunished, but is punished in this life;
The Welsh Calvinists;
The Welsh Presbyterians;
The Welsh Wesleyans;
The Wesleyans;
The Wesleyan Methodists;
The Wesleyan Reformers;
The Wesleyan Reform Glory Band;
The Working Man's Evangelistic Mission.

Here ends the list of salvation agencies in England. If John Bull does not go straight to paradise, it will not be his fault, as you see.—*Max O'Rell, in "John Bull and His Island."*

The American Lesson of the Free Trade Struggle in England.

Gen. M. M. Trumbull, of the *Radical Review*, Chicago, has given us under this title an interesting chapter of the philosophy of history. I do not propose to review the work here, but to draw from it a certain vein of suggestions on

FILIATION OF PREJUDICES.

Our author shows how the insular position of Great Britain coincided with exclusivness and the sentiment of independence. "To this demagogs appealed on every hustings, glorifying the wisdom of a policy which aimed to make England independent of foreigners, especially in meat and flour." It supposes that what we import is an injury to our nation, or, at least, an advantage to the exporting nation, which ought not to be allowed, unless this nation agrees to receive from us equal values in perishable produce. Mr. Blackstone voiced the spirit of this queer notion when in congratulating Parliament on the resolution of the ministry to maintain the Corn laws he also "trusted that the threat of importing American grain through Canada would not again be heard of." This fear lest foreigners should get the advantage in exchanges was the more groundless from the fact that what Great Britain most wanted was, and is, raw material and produce of the soil, a sort of value more easily exhaustible than what she gives in exchange, viz., her labor and skill in the form of manufactures. Facts and reason, however, are feeble in face of inbred prejudices. "It was all that intellectual men in power, like Peel and Gladstone, could do to reconcile their party to the reduction of the tariff upon imports other than breadstuffs. All through this debate they were soothing and wheedling Parliamentary dunces with predictions that though they were reducing import duties on several hundred articles, yet there was not much *danger* that advantage would be taken of it, or that the country would be flooded with cheap goods.

"The Dukes of Wellington and Richmond, Lord Stanhope, and others foreboded great distress among the industrial classes with whom the foreigner was put unfairly in competition." There seems to be a hypochondriac element in this dread of competition.

Insular pride and exclusivness thus formed an entering wedge for the doctrine of *depressiv abundance*. Accepted by virtue of its association with the hateful foreigner, this prejudice stood ready to protest against the invasion of the steam engin, that grimy monster whose offspring was "*over production*, and which threw out of employment so many weavers, wagoners, horse-breeders," etc., etc. The same insolidarity which rendered the potential benefits of machinery an actual curse to so many, was betrayed by "the rejoicing of the country over a hailstorm which broke every exposed pane of glass in London, or a fire that destroyed a block of buildings, making work for the carpenters, bricklayers, and glaziers." The author does not seem to perceive that such one-sided views show not merely narrowness of mind, but, having solid basis in facts, can only be converted to a higher social reason by a higher social synthesis in co-operativ association. It is, indeed, of "no use to explain to the sufferers that what they call over-production is but the blessing of plenty, which, if not hindered by protectiv legislation, would soon diffuse itself throughout the land, sharing its benefits among all the people, acting and re-acting upon every member of the community." For to comprehend this requires more than a "mental effort" and more than the repeal of bad laws; it requires the new facts of a complete economic reconstruction in the relations of property and of the integral elements of society. Cobden, the League, and Gen. Trumbull are as much outside the social truth touching the meat of this matter as were Gladstone, Peel, and Russell.

Our author disposes too flippantly of machinery, viz.: "Of course there was a man in the House of Commons ready to lay the whole blame for everything on machinery. Mr. Baillie thought that the distress of the people was all owing to the invention of machinery, and that except for that, everybody would be prosperous and happy."

Mr. Baillie is not the only one-sided seer The perfected machinery of our day is the result of all past human evolution and of the combined efforts of several successiv generations of scientists, as well as of the sacrifice of millions of operativs. Viewed, then, in its origin and development as in its results, it is unjust and absurd that it should be sequestrated and monopolized to the profit of a small class of capitalists. By what sort of contract its tenure should be held, this is not the place to discuss, but upon the true solution of this question our social destiny depends.

A problematical figure among the champions of the old school, whose meaning lies, perhaps, somewhat deeper than the retrograde conservatism for which our author credits him, is that of Mr. Ferraud. Had he, or not, ulterior and constructiv purpose in his single-minded protest against the encroachments of machinery on the rights of Englishmen to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness? About this, we hav no hint, as our author sees in him only the absurd. He may hav been a hypocrit playing a bluff game to distract from the consideration of the Corn laws in the interests of the landlords, or he may hav been intensely sincere, as a patriot, in opposing merely palliativ measures like free trade, which, by affording some temporary relief, would relegate to a more distant epoch the solution of that more vital problem, the co-ordination of machinery to the general welfare of society. The two ideas, one negativ, but immediately practical and unquestionably just, the removal of an arbitrary obstruction to the livelihood of labor, the other a shadowy innuendo, trembling in the presence of that monster power which may either redeem humanity from drudgery, or sink it into a hell lower than the bestial state. Mr. Ferraud's opposition is most conspicuous in his pretended amendment to Mr. Villier's annual motion, June, '44, to abolish the Corn laws, Mr. Ferraud substituting, to sustain them, while attributing the distress of the unemployed to machinery. On another occasion he moved to tax this so high as to keep the margin of its profits proportionate with that of those of the simple works which it had superseded. This was no solution, but could it be carried into effect, the manufacturers would not hav been slow to find the solution of the problem, How to get rich by being just. The golden rule may become more productiv than a gold mine. EDGEWORTH.

Refining the God Idea.

Gods are the creatures of human imagination. Civilized man fashions for himself a civilized God. Barbarous tribes invent blood-thirsty demons. We sometimes hear it said that people of all nations and all times hav believed in the existence of God. It can never be said that they hav agreed as to the nature of the being or beings on whom they bestowed the divine title.

We need go no further than to the pages of the Old Testament to prove this. We hav only to compare the Jehovah we find there with the deity of our own day to see that there has been evolution in heaven as well as on earth, and that gods hav more than kept pace with men in the refinements of civilization. The God now preached has undergone a refining process until all the evil has been eradicated from his nature. He is now infinit sweetness and light, the author only of good, and can no longer say of himself, "I form the light and create darkness. I make peace and create evil. I the Lord do all these things" (Isaiah xlv, 7).

The God proclaimed from our modern pulpits is a pure spirit, without body, parts, or passions, infinit in his power and his goodness. It is impossible to conceive any stronger contrast than this affords to the Jehovah of the Old Testament. This body was composed of parts, for we hear of his face, hands, and other members. He could walk and talk, and appears to hav suffered from the heat of the sun, as he preferred taking exercise in the cool of the day or in the night. Now he fills the universe; but then his creatures found that a small garden afforded space sufficient to hide from his presence. Since that time he has wonderfully developed in extension, but what he has gained in size he has lost in substance. He has been stretched out into space until he has become so thin as to be invisible. We can understand a blood-thirsty and powerful demon having made his residence among the Jews of old much more easily than we can suppose the presence of infinit goodness everywhere in a world where there is still space for so much that is evil.

But the most remarkable transformation of all is that God is now without passions. Oh! my Christian friends, if Moses and Joshua could be restored to life, with what powerful and not over-delicate language would they take you to task for worshiping strange gods! Divested of his passions, they could never recognize their old friend from Sinai. He might hav altered in personal appearance, he might hav changed in taste so as to find the odor of incense an agreeable substitute for that of hot blood from slaughtered cattle, once so delicious in his nostrils. But without his passions, the most intimate friends of his youth must fail to know him. They would declare that all the world had gone astray after opposition divinities, and would send fiery serpents and other unpleasant visitors into the streets of our most orthodox cities.

It is by his violent, ungovernable, and unreasonable passions that Jahveh can be distinguished from all other gods that ever had existence in the fertil imaginations of superstitious and credulous men. The cursing of all creation, animate and inanimate, for the fault of a man, a woman, and a serpent, is such an instance of silly indulgence in angry temper as cannot be matched in history or fable. His repenting and grieving at his heart for having made man, his resolving to destroy him with all the rest of his works, and yet preserving sufficient of each kind to perpetuate the race, is pueril weakness. His entire history, as given in the Old Testament, is but a record of acts springing from passions, and in the great majority of cases from passions of an evil nature. When he condescends to giv us some information about himself, it is of a piece with the rest. He speaks of one of the meanest and most contemptible of passions leading him to commit the vilest injustice: "I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children" (Exodus xx, 5). Wonderful indeed is the change from this God to the passionless spirit Christians profess to adore.

In the New Testament, although we may easily perceive a marked improvement in his character, we by no means find a God without passions. John expressly states that "God is love," and surely love is a passion. In truth he seems to hav undergone every possible change of disposition. As the deity of a barbarous nation of Jews, he was much given to threatening and executing vengeance when his temper was ruffled, which appears to hav been of tolerably frequent occurrence. On these occasions he showed no discrimination, for the innocent and the guilty generally shared the effects of his anger equally between them. He was deceitful, treacherous, and the especial patron of roguery and vice. When his worshipers had been refined a little by contact with more civilized peoples, he became a merciful and forgiving divinity, loving instead of hating, and ready to pardon sinners at the eleventh hour in the place of chastising them with reckless fury. He was changed from an evil demon to a good god. Still he had passions and strong ones, but now we are informed he has none. However, if we may credit those who profess to know most about him, he acts precisely as human beings act under the influence of certain passions. He loves all men, but those who flatter him most get the largest share of his affection. He showered blessings upon all the earth, but they fall thickest among the most persistent and most abject beggars. He has improved in proportion as man who made him has improved, and when he has undergone a little more of the refining process it will be discovered that he has been refined entirely away.

New York. E. J. BOWTELL.

Hidden Treasure.

There is a treasure within the rearch of man that is more precious than gold, and is inexhaustible. It also does the work of hundreds of labor-saving machines. That treasure is credit. Abused as it is, and ever has been, or neglected, it is worthless. Organized and used aright, it is as above described. It has never yet been employed properly. Ignorance of its potency on the part of poor laboring men leaves them in the power of the rich. Did men know but it, all the wealth of the future is in the hands of labor. Properly organized labor is independent of so-called capital. Here is the little secret which, if truly understood, will revolutionize the world: A owes B. Now, B will take anything in payment provided his creditors will take it from him. B owes C. Will C take it? Yes, because he owes it to A. The grand object is to find this C, who is owed by B, and who owes A (who is a creditor of one and debtor to the other.) At all times the people owe their government all the revenues, while the government is continually in debt to its army, navy, its contractors, and civil officers. Therefore at all times the government can circulate the public credit, receiving the bills back again. And no one but the government ought to enjoy the benefit of this. When not used by the government, it is given to a few individuals as a monopoly. Moreover, did men but realize it, they hav the use of this credit in their own hands, if they choose. In the mines and in the fields are thousands of men who depend on capital, as they call it, to develop their mines and farms; that is, they depend on some one else's credit. They must borrow silver or gold to develop the gold under their feet, or the credit that is given to its supposed possession. Yet a proper organization and use of their own power should do it for them. Cheaper modes of transportation will render the use of this power more efficient because more profitable to the producers. Organization, confidence, harmony, and industry are all that are required to put this mighty treasure to use. HOLT.

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Our New Story Book.

It is scarcely necessary to call attention to the advertisment of our new story book for children and youth, by the talented editress of our Children's Corner—it shows for itself. But we must ask our friends to send in their orders for it promptly, to the end that we may get back some of the large outlay necessary to its publication.

It is the first attempt in this country—and, we think, in any—to publish a book for Freethinkers' children equal in finish and illustration and general attractivness to the thousands printed in the interests of superstition. Books there are, and excellent ones so far as reading matter goes, but this will be profusely illustrated, printed on tinted paper, with illuminated covers, and just such a book as we know from experience will attract the little ones and the youth of ten to sixteen. The lessons the stories inculcate are those of honesty, truthfulness, kindness, and charity—natural morality, on scientific principles. The illustrations are selected for their beauty and interest, and will, we feel sure, prove of unfailing interest to the youthful readers of the book.

We hope THE TRUTH SEEKER's endeavor to fill a long-felt want will be generously appreciated by the friends of education, and that the orders will flow in early and often.

Figures That Lie.

The Plenary Council has inspired some writer to giv to the public the following estimate of the comparativ and total number of denominationalists in this country. As it is going the rounds of the press, and will be used by religious papers, it is worth while to analyze it:

"The presence in Baltimore in attendance at the Plenary Council of the Catholic prelates and dignitaries and the interchange of opinions resulting from their several meetings hav served to direct particular attention to a table which has just made its appearance. It has been customary heretofore to gage the growth of religious organizations in this country by comparativ figures at each new reckoning. But as the whole population is always increasing rapidly, the various denominations hav thus always been able to show a healthy gain in numbers. Since the opening of the council an attempt has been made by careful students and statisticians to show these results relativly for the better guidance of the prelates. The table which has been prepared arrives at some conclusions little less than startling.

"By the census of 1860 the population of the United States was 31,445,080. The present population is now estimated at 55,000,000. The gain in twenty-five years has been, therefore, twenty-three and a half millions, or at the rate of 75 per cent.

"In 1860, according to estimates the accuracy of which was then universally acknowledged, there were 8,600,000 Methodists in this country. They were then, as they are now, the strongest religious body, numerically. Since 1860 the total has grown to 15,000,000, which is an increase of 75 per cent, keeping pace exactly with the increase in population.

"The number of affiliants of the various Baptist churches was, in 1860, 8,000,000. To-day it is 12,000,000. The increase in twenty-five years is, therefore, 50 per cent, a gain in absolute ratio, but a falling off when considered relativly.

"The Presbyterians numbered in 1860 3,600,000. Now they number 5,500,000, an increase in twenty-five years of 53 per cent.

"The Lutherans, who hav been materially benefited by constant and increasing emigration from Germany, Sweden, Holland, and Norway, hav grown from 1,250,000 in 1860, to 2,000,000 in 1884, or at the rate of 60 per cent.

"The Congregationalists hav declined relativly very much. The old spirit of the New England pilgrims seems to be dying out among them. In twenty-five years they hav advanced but 27 per cent—that is, from 1,413,000 in 1860 to 1,800,000 at present.

"The Episcopalians show a fair increase in numbers, yet one relativly below the average. Their percentage of gain is 33 1-2 per cent in twenty-five years, bringing up the total from 900,000 to 1,200,000.

"The Hebrews—counting together those who are orthodox, and those who are merely nominal—hav increased from 350,000 in 1860 to 700,000 in 1884, a full 100 per cent of gain.

"The Friends of Quakers, show an absolute as well as relativ decline. They hav fallen off 60 per cent, from 220,000 in 1860 to 150,000 in 1884.

"The denomination of Christians, who are numerous in Kentucky, southern Indiana, southern Illinois, and Missouri, number 800,000 against 500,000 in 1860, an absolute gain of 60 per cent, yet a falling off relativly of 15.

"But the most surprising feature of the calculations just completed is the growth of the Catholics. In 1860 they numbered in the United States 3,175,000. Now they are 9,500,000 This is a gain of 200 per cent, in twenty-five years. Should the same ratio of increase continue to be preserved, they would number fifteen years hence 25,000,000.

"The difficulties encountered in arriving at even an approximate result in religious statistics are many. In the United States, as in England and Scotland, the doctrinal views of individuals form no item in the census enumeration. The generally accepted plan for arriving at a result is as follows: The church accommodations, which are gathered officially, are multiplied by a figure representing in that denomination the relation of churchgoers to the whole number of its adherents. Then another table is made of the number of enrolled members or communicants. These are multiplied usually by five for the full population. Finally, a third table is constructed from the church records of baptisms and marriages, and the official record of deaths. These tables are compared in parallel columns, and an estimate is make from the three. The substantial accuracy, not alone of these tables, but of the net results deduced from their comparison, is not questioned, though, of course, the circumstances of their compilation do not preclude the possibility of occasional errors.

"It is the opinion of many of the Catholic clergy assembled here that in default of American universities of very high scholarship, Catholic preachers hav to contend in their missionary labors with a difficulty not met with in Europe. This subject is one certain not to be neglected by the Plenary Council. Bishop Gross, of Savannah, has sought to interest his colleagues in a plan for more efficient pastoral efforts among the colored population of the Southern states, wherein (outside of Louisiana and Texas) the Catholic church has at present, confessedly, very little foothold. It is to be noted that the churches of all creeds and denominations in the United States contain accommodations for 27,500,000 persons, or just half of the whole population of 55,000,000."

Let us compare these figures with such official figures as it is possible to obtain. It is not necessary to go back to 1860. Those published this year and bringing the census down to the close of 1883 will do very well. In the first place we will quote from the Methodist Centennial Year Book published last January by Phillips and Hunt, official publishers for the Methodist church, and edited by W. H. De Puy, D.D., who stands at the head of official Methodist encyclopedists and statisticians.

Our writer from Baltimore places the numerical strength of the Methodists, in round numbers, at 15,000,000. The official Year-Book puts the number of *all* Methodists in the United States at—what? fifteen millions?—not a mite of it. There are just 3,993,724 Methodists in the country according to their own showing, and it will scarcely be asserted that Methodists are modest in claiming membership in this world or the next.

The Baptists are given as numbering 12,000,000. Now, taking their own estimates, which include *all* Baptist congregations, without respect of ecclesiastical or denominational affiliations, up to 1883, and their membership is only 2,552,129.

Presbyterians are put down by this new statistician at five million and a half. The official figures are 1,002,944.

The Lutherans are credited with a membership of 2,000,000. The official figures are 800,189.

Congregationalists are flattered by being told they number 1,800,000. Their pride may hav a fall when they find that 387,619 is their total strength in this country.

Episcopalianism shrinks even more than Congregationalism. Instead of having 1,200,000, as this writer asserts, the official figures are 313,889.

The number of Hebrews is even more grossly exaggerated. The gentleman inspired by the plenary council claims for them 700,000. Congressional Librarian Spofford, in the American Almanac for 1883, puts the number of Jews in the country attending synagogs regularly at 13,683—a very material difference.

That the Friends are declining in numerical strength is very true. A large proportion of those who forsake their ranks, however, do not enter the fold of any other denomination of Christians. They usually become Freethinkers. Mr. Spofford puts their strength in 1883 at 67,643, between which and 150,000 there is a wide margin for "clerical errors."

The "Christians," or "Disciples of Christ," number, according to Mr. Spofford, 567,448; while, according to the church statistics, their numbers are a few thousand less—namely, 563,928. Quite a difference between these figures and 800,000.

Nine and a half millions is too much to allow the Catholics to-day, though there is no question that they hav increased much faster than the other sect. Sadlier's Catholic Directory for 1882 put the number at 6,370,858; at the same time, however, leading and well-posted Catholics claimed, in round numbers, seven millions. Probably the total strength now is about the latter figure, or slightly over it. This includes, however, the entire Catholic population, and a slight drawback must be made on that account. We must acknowledge that the Catholic church holds its membership well in hand, and the shrinkage from heresy is comparativly slight.

A summary of the claimed and official figures shows a monstrous difference. The quoted article makes a Christian membership of 48,500,000. The official church figures of the same denominations only foot up to 16,066,606. This is out-Heroding Herod with a vengeance.

But if the figures are so faulty, what must be said of the manner of gathering them! The first method is to *multiply* the seating capacity of the churches by "*some figure*" which somebody thinks is the right one to denote the comparativ number of church goers and church adherents! Now, every one knows that the right way would be to *subtract* from the seating capacity of the churches the difference between the number of seats and the average number who attend, for with the exception of a few churches, whose pulpits are occupied by sensational or heretical preachers, the seating capacity of the joss-houses is fully double the average attendance. Subtraction, and not multiplication, is the arithmetical process to be applied in the first methods of computation.

In the second method, the multiplier is altogether too large. Taking the total number of communicants is probably the fairest way of arriving at denominational strength. But to multiply that by five is monstrously absurd in the face of the well-known prevailing tendency to irreligion. The communicant of the family is usually the mother or daughter, and it is rare for her to hav the full support of more than one other member of the family. Indeed, it is a matter of extreme doubt whether the number of communicants (bearing in mind the number carried on Protestant church rolls who hav "moved away," and the custom of the Catholics of carrying as church-members all baptized—even in infancy—by their priests), will not cover the full *denominational* strength of the sects. There are, of course, many so-called Christians who do not attend the churches—no doubt of that. But their Christianity is of that lukewarm and shadowy kind that attaches itself to no denomination. Their mothers and perhaps their fathers were Christians, and they suppose they must be; but the matter occupies scarcely a moment of their thought, and when they shall begin to seriously reflect upon the question of religion the chances are at least eight to seven that they will become followers of science instead of blind devotees of superstition. The unchurched multitude in this country is at least as two to one.

The third method of computation mentioned is so plainly open to errors that scarcely a line need be written upon it. The idea that every infant baptized grows up a Christian, that every couple married by a minister are members of his church, or that every corpse over which a priest may pray was in life the devoted friend of the Christian faith, is grossly foolish. It is a thought of which an ill-concealed wish was the father.

But suppose the test of creed is taken instead of church attendance, or even of communicants, what would be the result then? One hardly flattering to the churches, we are sure. There is scarcely a church in the cities of the country, outside of Catholic bodies, in which all the members are orthodox. Beecher's church, for instance, is counted for Christ. Yet the pastor is an acknowledged Infidel, and his immense congregation is nearly all with him. Heber Newton, an Episcopalian, is another case in point. His brother Episcopalian preachers tried at one time to hav him expelled for heresy, and would hav succeeded had not the bishop and his advisers feared that with Mr. Newton would hav gone not only the congregation of the Anthon Memorial church, but many, if not a majority, of the Episcopalians of the city. Indeed, it is shrewdly surmised that the Bishops Potter themselvs had a good deal of sympathy with the views of Mr. Newton.

Perhaps one-half of the nominal Christians of the country accept the theory of evolution. To put it broadly, and yet accurately, no one can be a Christian who is an evolutionist. It is utterly impossible to reconcile with Genesis the law of natural selection, of the survival of the fittest, and of the gradual ascent of man from the animal kingdom. Yet upon Adam's creation, and subsequent fall in the manner specified, depends the whole scheme of vicarious atonement, which is the very essence of Christianity. Theologians may quibble and twist and squirm as much as they like, but they can never get around this. If Eden is a myth, Calvary was useless, and the sacrifice of the "god" upon its cross of no more avail in the remission of sins than the lives of the two thieves said to hav been crucified with him. We believe in consistency. Truth is an agreement of statement with fact. There is hardly a statement or position of Christianity—*no* essential one—that agrees with ascertained and demonstrated facts. And while the great body of the people of this country acknowledge and accept the demonstrated facts, a portion of them still delude themselvs with the fancy that they are Christians. Popular Protestant Christianity is getting to be a very vague and shadowy system of theology. People are allowing themselvs to be called Christians when they are no more real Christians than is a Hottentot. They do not believe in the fundamental assertions of the system, nor in the formulated creeds. They are simply moving along with the drift of the times, and that drift is very well known and acknowledged to be widely divergent from the narrow current setting toward the church. No comparativ estimate of the strength and weakness of denominational Christianity in this country can be within a million miles of accurate which does not take these facts into consideration.

The growth of Catholicism, however, while greatly exaggerated, is certainly tremendous, and calls for the most energetic action on the part of all true patriots. Church and state must be completely separated before another quarter of a century rolls away, or we fear it can never be done without bloodshed.

The Workingman in Politics.

The *Sun* and *John Swinton's Paper* both worked for the workingman's candidate for president—the latter earnestly and sincerely, the former solely to defeat Mr. Cleveland. After the election Mr. Swinton voiced his disappointment at the small results apparent as follows:

"Nearly all the workingmen of the country voted against the platform which contained almost every demand made in their behalf—the Indianapolis platform.

"Nearly all the Knights of Labor voted against the platform which embodied almost every article in their 'Declaration of Principles.'

"Nearly every trade unionist voted against the party which favored the legalization of national trade unions.

"A large proportion of the Greenbackers, who voted for Weaver four years ago, failed to vote for the Greenback candidate this month.

"Hosts of professed anti-monopolists voted for the two parties of monopoly and the money power.

"Not a few 'labor leaders' and 'labor papers' took sides against the party which sustained the principles they advocate.

"Many men who hav been threatening to 'fight for their rights' refused to cast a ballot for them, and voted for their enemies.

"The Indianapolis platform called for a reduction of the hours of labor; but where were the 'short-hour' men on election day? It called for the abolition of child labor; but where were the abolitionists?

"We are told that many of the Socialists of this city voted for Blaine or Cleveland.

"Many of the men who groan as they 'grind the mills of the Philistines' voted for the bosses of the mills.

"It is a queer world, after all; but let us keep on ploughing its rocky soil as long as life lasts."

This led the *Sun* last Sunday to recount its experience. "We hav witnessed," Mr. Dana observes, "a great many efforts to build up a third party, with the workingmen and their peculiar interests as the foundation, and we hav had hopes of some of them, and especially of the People's party in the late election, but these hopes hav not been fulfilled."

The reasons therefor the editor of the *Sun* finds in this:

"It appears that the political passions which govern the great parties are stronger than the impulses of special interests. The majority of the workingmen will not separate themselvs into a political organization which divides them from the great mass of the people. After all, they are Democrats or Republicans more than they are labor reformers, anti-monopolists, or Socialists, and when election day comes they go and vote with that political party which has the greater hold upon their sympathies. Yet Mr. Swinton and the other leaders of the radical ideas that look so far in advance of either Democratic or Republican theories, are amply justified in their devotion to the cause they hav embraced:

'Tis better to hav loved and lost
Than never to hav loved at all.'"

Years ago, when Mr. Swinton was one of Mr. Dana's editors, we were secretary of a labor organization. The organization failed for just the reasons given by Mr. Swinton. On election day the laboring men deserted the organization and its principles, abandoned its honest leaders, and voted for the candidates of the two old parties. About the first communication we ever penned for this paper were bitter words of reproach toward the workingmen inspired by this failure and a close acquaintance with their habits and general conduct in this city. Earnest John Swinton has met the same disappointment that equally earnest leaders did eight and nine years ago. The laborers of this city are not educated up to the point of caring for their own interests. They fight so savagely among themselvs that they become easy prey to experienced politicians. Yet we hope Mr. Swinton will keep on swinging his battle ax of reform. It is a powerful weapon and must inevitably do some execution. Let his courage and patience not fail and he will finally triumph. Let him take the *Sun's* flippant couplet seriously to heart.

The Vicious Circle.

The *Independent* opens its Thanksgiving editorial with the following profound remark:

"It is a striking proof of a supernatural supervision of human affairs that there is no period in any life, however dark and dismal, in which there are not many reasons for joy."

Perhaps that is true, but let us reverse the statement and say:

"It is a striking proof, etc., that there is no period in any life, however bright and cheerful, in which there are not many reasons for sadness."

Is this not also true? and if so, what does it prove as to "supernatural supervision?"

Editorial Notes.

A RELIGIOUS editor sojourned this summer in Europe. On his return a correspondent writes him to "Go on; travel round the world." The editor regards this as a very equivocal compliment.

IN a limited monarchy like England and Belgium, when a member is called to a cabinet position, he must again go before his constituents for re-election. Rarely indeed does a constituency fail to ratify the choice, but in the case of a Catholic member of King Leopold's ministry just appointed, the member only won by seventeen votes. Public opinion in Belgium at the present time is far from Christian.

IN considering the reasons why Mr. Cleveland's election can do no harm, granting that the gentleman himself is that way disposed, the *Holt County Press* says that if the devil himself was elected he would be powerless. Our blasphemous Southern friend (the devil is one of the Christian pantheon, and joking about the gods is blasphemy) forgets evidently that the devil is a more powerful individual than God (or Christian history is at fault), and certainly he would not allow that Jehovah could do no harm. Or does the *Holt County Press* believe in the superiority of the American people to all gods, devilish or Jehovistic?

THE Positivists, we learn, hav just had a grand meeting at Manchester, England. Mr. Frederic Harrison, of course, was "chief among equals." He had large opportunity to make himself heard and understood, and he spoke out fearlessly and with much force. What was wanted, he held, was "a practical scheme of society and politics leading to a new future for the commonwealth of nations." Christianity had lost its power. It was a Sunday religion, a mere praying and preaching concern. The Christian priest had nothing to do with ninety-nine out of every one hundred of his congregation. According to Mr. Harrison, the testing question for every system is: "What hav you done and what do you expect to do with this burden of modern poverty, this suffering hopelessness, this degradation of the vast laboring masses?"

TALMAGE has got within him the same Christian spirit that moved the witch-burners of Scotland, and the witch-beaters and hangers of Boston. Writing upon Spiritualism in *Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine*, after recounting some of the Spiritualistic phenomena, he asks and answers: "You want to know what God thinks of all these things. He says in one place, 'I will be a swift witness against the sorcerers.' He says in another place, 'Thou shalt not suffer a witch to liv;' and lest you should make too wide a margin between Spiritualism and witchcraft, he groups them together and says, 'There shall not be found among you a consulter with familiar spirits, or a wizard, or a necromancer, for all that do these things are an abomination unto the Lord;' and then the still more remarkable passage which says, 'The soul that turneth after such as hav familiar spirits and after wizards, to go a whoring after them, I will even set my face against that soul, and will cut him off from among his people;' and a score of passages showing that God never speaks of these evils in any other way than with livid thunders of indignation. After all that, be a Spiritualist if you dare." Well, we fancy a good many in this country will dare to be Spiritualists, or any other ists they please; but we commend this fulmination of the Brooklyn divine to those terming themselvs orthodox Spiritualists, who believe in the Christian God, in Christ as the biggest and best medium, and in the Bible as a revelation.

THE *Christian Advocate* complains of the inconsistency of those Methodists who shout themselvs hoarse over political candidates, but whose voices are not heard in the gatherings of the church; of those who are too "sick" to attend prayer-meetings, but who experienced no harm from night parades; of those who had plenty or money for campaign purposes, but not a cent when the church collector made his visits; and of those whose persuasiv powers were exercised on their friends for the benefit of their favorit candidate, but are lukewarm in drumming up recruits for Jesus. Didn't it occur to the *Advocate* that this complaint reveals a shocking state of affairs in its church?

EXERCISING the "horse sense" for which they are somewhat noted, the Jews reject the claims of Jesus to be the Messiah, but some among them think such a personage will yet appear. This has come out in the celebration of Sir Moses Montefiore's hundredth birthday. "Dr. Lehnman, chief rabbi of Mayence, in congratulating Sir Moses Montefiore upon his hundredth birthday anniversary, noticed the fact that in the Hebrew lesson for that week it was mentioned that the eminent men of old attained extraordinary age; also that in the Cabala, the authorship of which is ascribed to Rabbi Simeon Ben Jochal, 150 B.C., it is predicted that a similar phenomenon will occur as the harbinger of the Messiah."

IN Guilford, N. Y., a son proposed to go gunning on Sunday with his brother. His mother dissuaded him, saying, "I am sure something dreadful will happen if you use a gun on Sunday." He laughed, and, not supposing the gun loaded, pointed it at his brother and snapped it. The bullet went through his brother's head, and he fell a corpse. Now the survivor has become insane and the mother is prostrated with grief. This is regarded by the religious press as a direct result of the disregard of the Sabbath. "It might hav happened any day, but *could not* hav happened *that* day if he had kept the Sabbath or taken his mother's advice." But is it not plain to the ministerial editors that the fault was entirely with the Sabbath-keeping mother? If she had not stopped the boys as they were setting out on their hunting expedition they would not hav fooled with the gun, but gone on without mishap. Behold "on what a slender thread hang everlasting things!"

MRS. BESANT'S opinion of Mr. Gladstone's semi-backdown on the Franchise bill is that it "will hav saddened the hearts of every true Radical. A prime minister with a splendid majority; a popular leader, trusted by thousands who had flocked round him at his summons; a chief of a great party, who believed that his bold words meant bold action; he has betrayed the people who answered to his call, has flung away all the generous support he asked for, has yielded to petty court influence when he stood as the trusted leader of a nation. The Tories are jubilant; Lord Salisbury is triumphant; the House of Lords has succeeded in gaining its way, and the Commons bow meekly in acceptance of the scornful defiance of the hereditary law-makers of the land. Will the nation do the same? Will the crowds who have shouted 'Down with the lords!' mildly yield to lordly dictation? Gladstone has failed us; he has yielded to Lord Salisbury; he has preferred a royal smile to the nation's love; at a momentous crisis he has turned the scale in favor of lordly privilege against popular right. But does Gladstone's failure mean the people's defeat? Is there no radical in the ministry who will step forth and repudiate this betrayal? If there be none in the ministry who dare speak, there are some outside who will."

THE question of compulsory attendance at morning prayers is being agitated at Harvard College. A petition to the board of overseers has been drafted, asking that attendance at prayers be made voluntary for those students who are twenty-one years of age and upward, and optional according to the wishes of the parents or guardians of those who are under twenty-one years of age. When the petition was first issued, it contained a preamble which bound the signers, if the usual petition failed, "to follow it up with decisiv, concerted action," and a pledge "when alumni of this college to use all our influence to destroy this pernicious system and to cast our votes for overseers accordingly." The petition has received many signatures. This agitation has been going on spasmodically for several years, but the puritanical, tyrannous element has thus far prevailed with the overseers. To a question as to what the students think of the obligatory morning exercises, one of them said recently, "Oh, they think that it's a good way to get the fellows up in the morning—a sort of roll call, you know. They are not apt to be in a devotional frame of mind, though, and of course the thing is a farce from a religious point of view." An opinion on the same subject was obtained from a member of the St. Paul's Society: "I don't think," he said, "that either of the two religious societies—the St. Paul's or the Christian Brethren—will oppose the petition as a body. In fact, although I regret to say it, the attendance at the meetings of my society is lamentably small. Out of a membership of seventy-five sometimes but five or six attend the society's religious services." To another interrogatory as to how the students regarded morning prayers, he answered, "As an exercise to be got rid of, if possible." "What do you think," was further asked him, "the effect would be upon the attendance at prayers if they were made a voluntary instead of a compulsory exercise?" "I don't believe fifteen men would go to them. Some fellows go now willingly because the habit has grown upon them, and it is a convenient way to start the day, but they might just as well go over at the hour for prayers to the Delta and walk with uncovered heads around the statue of John Harvard." From all of which it is inferred that prayer is not held in high esteem by the students at Harvard.

Letters from Friends.

AN OPEN LETTER TO ELMINA.

ADAIR CREEK, E. TENN.

FRIEND ELMINA: I hav followed with interest your account of your pilgrimage in search of truth, and now I want to tell you a little of what I think of your last investigation in Syracuse.

But I must first say that I am not a Spiritualist. I hav never seen any spiritual manifestations, and hav no time, if I had the desire, to make personal investigations; but I hav long thought that there is an unknown force, which is related to electricity and magnetism, which is the motiv power of all these inexplicable actions.

It seems to me that in your experience at Syracuse the man to be watched was not Dr. Jasebrow, but Mr. Truesdell himself. This gentleman (Mr. Truesdell) told you that all those tricks were pure legerdemain, but he refused to giv the solution because other would-be mediums would learn the tricks and be enabled to deceive the unwary, and because it would forestall a second edition of his book.

Now, any man who is earnestly a truth seeker never loses a chance to disseminate the truth. To explain the fraud would not help would-be mediums, but, on the contrary, would destroy the business of the existing mediums, and instead of forestalling his coming book, a short but lucid explanation of the means used for deception given by him to you, and published in THE TRUTH SEEKER, would hav been the very best advertisment he could possibly hav, and hav made earnest inquirers anxious for the coming of a book that would clear the mystery. I do not say that Mr. Truesdell is an impostor, but I do say that if any man should talk so to me, I would compel him to make his assertions good, or I would look upon him as an impostor and unworthy of confidence.

If Mr. Truesdell's words make me suspicious of him, his actions are no more calculated to inspire confidence. Let us look at what took place at the several seances. In the first, a slate, brought by you and held by Mr. Truesdell, has written on it, in answer to your request, "It is true; I am here. D. M. Bennett." No explanation is given of how the writing has been done. In the next test, on slates brought by Mr. Truesdell, are found two messages, one to Mr. Waldo, from his father, and another, in a female hand, to you. This Mr. Truesdell explains by showing that the slates are double, and stating that the messages hav been written beforehand by him and by his niece.

Now, this question arises in my mind: If Mr. Truesdell can, by a trick of legerdemain, write on an inclosed slate, why should he hav written at home, in advance of any knowledge of what question might be asked, a message; and if he cannot do it, then how did the writing come in your slate? Then certainly the writing was not done on double slates. And, furthermore, how did he answer the questions asked by Mrs. Bonta and yourself, written on a piece of paper and so folded that he could not see them?

To me it looks as if Mr. Truesdell possesses the power called mediumship—can answer unknown questions and write upon slates, but that he finds he can make more money by the course he is now pursuing. By using a slate with false surface, and showing it after the writing is done, he succeeds in making it appear to be a legerdemain trick. If it is really a trick, and he can perform it, nothing would hav been easier for him than to repeat it above the table and in full sight, so that you could hav come back perfectly satisfied that no occult power had any connection with it.

Next we hav an account of a seance where, after a circle has been formed, and hands joined, lights are seen and pats on the head and back received. This Mr. Truesdell explains by saying that he held your hand with two fingers, and Mr. Waldo's with the rest of the same hand, and used the other to perform the trick. Now, either Mr. Waldo was a confederate or not. If he was, what was the use to hold his hand? By breaking the circle, Mr. Waldo and Mr. Truesdell would each hav one hand free, and could hav performed to better advantage. If he was not a confederate, I must acknowledge I can not understand how the transfer could be made without you and Mr. Waldo being aware of it, nor can I understand any better how Mr. Truesdell could go through the muscular exercise necessary to light matches, throw them about, pat you on the head, back, etc., and you hold his hand and not know it, for it seems impossible to me that a man could go through such gymnastics and his body and one of his hands remain so completely passiv as they must hav been to deceive your senses.

The other tricks, box, bag, and half dollar, are probably common tricks of ledgermain, and those Mr. Truesdell could explain easily enough, but I certainly could not accept his other explanations without a much more careful scrutiny than you hav made. I should hav made him re-write the messages in my presence to see if he could duplicate the handwriting. I should hav made him repeat also above the table and in full sight the feat of writing between the slates, and I should hav made him reduplicate the performance of the circle in broad daylight.

It is, of course, possible that Mr. Truesdell can make his assertions good, but it seems to me that he has fallen very short from it, and just as I am unwilling to accept the Spiritualists' explanation of spiritual agency, no more can I accept Mr. Truesdell's explanation of deliberate fraud.

I hope you hav enjoyed your trip, but as to any conclusiv result, it will certainly hav none. If investigations of the sort you hav made could hav settled those questions, they would hav been at rest long ago. Neither Mr. Chainey, nor Mr. Savage, nor your own opinions will hav any weight with persons who do their own thinking. An actual increase of knowledge will alone enable us to settle that question, and that will only come from long and patient investigations by persons who will devote a large part of their time to intelligent researches. Probably we shall hav to wait till further advance will hav been made in other sciences, such as relate to electricity or magnetism, that will throw side lights that will make clear points that are now in profound obscurity, and at some future day some man of observation and trained intellect will find the explanation of those phenomena that now we cannot understand. In the mean time, I am willing to wait and let others investigate, and turn my attention to knowledge of more practical value, for I find enough of such to engage all my time, and they giv me much more satisfactory results.

ALBERT CHAVANNES.

TORONTO, ONT., Nov. 24, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I hav read much in Freethought publications about the tearing down of churches, or turning them into schools or theaters. I think there is room for the churches. Destroy the errors and enlighten the ignorant and superstitious worshipers of—they know not what; but inasmuch as they teach righteousness, they are good. The preachers are by no means the leaders of the people, but merely the reflectors in which may be seen the intelligence of the people. Were they not so they would be unpopular, and would soon get their ticket of leave.

If there is as much improvement in the church in the next twenty years as there has been in the past, a goodly share of the Bible will be outlawed.

The Salvation Army, with its tactics, is a fair illustration of the manner in which people were born again twenty years ago. The revivalist would giv out that next Sunday evening at early candle-light, God willing, he would begin a protracted effort for the salvation of souls. The appointed time arrives and the preacher draws it mild for a night or two, preaching Christ and him crucified and the immense love he had for the world; but finding no lost mutton coming into the fold on the sympathy lay, he rings in the terrors of the old man—not the devil altogether, but God, "who out of Christ is a consuming fire"—a congenial spirit for his Satanic majesty. They could never start the name until the air was thick with the fumes of brimstone. "Brother Snooks will lead in prayer." He begins quite rationally, but soon gets warmed to his work. Joined in unison, his breathing and sentences are short and spasmodic, and with the weighty and soul-stirring prayer comes forth a wheezy sound like unto the leaky sucker of an old-fashioned pump: "O Lord, bring these benighted sinners to repentance; shake 'em over hell, but don't let 'em fall in." All this with a running accompaniment of groans and amens from the chief priests and elders. Then some sister starts in a high key: "You can't stand the fire in that great day."

Such are the doings of the past. They are out of fashion. The preachers must be taught to preach sixteen ounces to the pound and square dealing generally, and let Jonah and Samson and all the gospel sharks and foxes go for what they are worth, saying these are fables, but may amuse the children. But by all means start fair with the children; tell them that these miraculous stories hav no foundation in truth, and hold up to derision all who hav done evil, be he child of God or goblin damned. The trouble is, the Bible is like the Claude Duval series of novels; readers get in sympathy with the criminals, and right here is the injury done.

Christ said to his preachers of old, "Take no heed of the morrow, what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink, nor wherewithal ye shall be clothed." But if a preacher has a call now from a church the first consideration is, What is the salary—how much a year? So they are not so anxious for the cause of their Lord Jesus as for the almighty dollar. Then let them go their way, and the time is not far distant when the edifices erected to an unknown God whom they ignorantly worship will be temples of liberty and Freethought.

JOHN HAIGHT.

BURNSIDE, PA., Nov. 17, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Do thou forgiv all past sins of omission against thy book, and vouchsafe to thy patron the reading of the gospel of Freethought as far in the succeeding year as the inclosed "V" will pay for, and by that time the patron hopes to be able to raise another "V" to help spread the light of knowledge of the facts of our times. Yesterday I completed my sixtieth year. I hav some energy left yet to expend in the demolition of error. I was brought up a Scotch Presbyterian—hav been about thirty-five years free from the trammels of the church. I congratulate myself I hav done something for Freethought, and trust I will ever be found clad in the armor of justice, to do battle for the downtrodden, ignorant, priest-ridden multitude of our land. There are many topics discussed in your paper of great interest to an enlightened mind, but there are very few who will venture to subscribe for it for fear of Mrs. Grundy or the loss of shekels.

ALEX. MCCULLOUGH.

NEW YORK, Nov. 14, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: As the old year is drawing to a close, we, as Liberals and Freethinkers, I trust in the future will look back with great satisfaction as we advance in the noble work of enlightening the ignorant, inspiring confidence in the doubting and superstitious, propagating Freethought, diffusing practical truth and knowledge throughout the world for the good of all our kind, that are, and yet will be, in the rising and coming generations; not forgetting the debt of gratitude to those who preceded us, and made the way possible for us, which should incite each and every Liberal to extra effort to make their sacrifices yield at least a hundred-fold. And as we bid the old year a last good-night, the new, a glad good-morn, may we feel the going out of her last moments hav not been in vain for our cause, but the one ever memorable for the effort put forth both in Europe and America for a higher plane of enlightenment, for the highest good of all mankind, and ultimately the secularization of the world. In connection with this, I would like to add a small yet noticeable feature to aid in advertising the good work which is going on, weaning, as it were, the mind from the old ruts to a wider field of usefulness, which I trust many rational beings will adopt in the near future, though no easy task, yet I would not retreat from the simple idea that will bear upon our cause, which in the aggregate will swell the current, and incite some to think, and result in much good. I would make this proposition, viz., that all Liberals should hav their visiting cards with our motto, "U. M. L."—Universal Mental Liberty—stamped conspicuously upon their surface, thus calling the attention of all who see them to our creeds. I will be prepared next month to furnish all Liberals who will favor me with their orders, with visiting and new year calling cards, written or printed, at popular prices, stamped "U. M. L.," no extra charge for stamp, and five per cent of all orders from Liberals I will return to the Liberal Fund. Liberals will observe my advertisment in December TRUTH SEEKER.

GEO. KRAHMER.

COLUMBUS, KAN., Nov. 20, 284.

MR. EDITOR: I started out two months ago on foot, and went here and there in town and country, in the great heat, and suffering with fatigue and my chronic ailments, to get subscribers to the petition, which I send with this. It contains two hundred names, and I could hav found many more if I could hav had a horse, and been in good health. It was no delightful job, but there seemed to be no one else who would do it. I met with every kind of character and reception. Some signed it promptly and with avidity; some slowly and reluctantly. Many admitted that it was right and just, but would not sign it, as it would "not do any good," or it would make them "unpopular in their business." One man, a Greenbacker but a bigot, said, "Professor, you want I should vote God Almighty out of existence." "Sir," said I, "if you hav a God you can vote out of existence, he must be very far from almighty, and you are more powerful than he." A large number of the names are German. The Democrats are more ready to sign than the Republicans, and the farmers and miners than the merchants and professional men. I discovered how profoundly ignorant people generally are on this subject of taxation, and the relation of church and state, and what dupes and slaves they are to both, and what loose and undefined ideas they hav of natural right and justice, and what blind faith they hav in priests, lawyers, etc.

Yours for humanity, J. H. COOK.

WEST WINFIELD, N. Y., Nov. 22, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Two weeks ago, Moody, the evangelist, was advertised to be in the city of Utica, N. Y. The ministers of the city took charge of the show and issued tickets to Christians—only to council and plan for the conversion of sinners, Moody furnishing singing books. The committee having charge of the books now ask those that took books away to return them, and the committee say they will hav to pay for fifty dollars' worth of books.

Who will dare say that Christianity is not improving the morals of that city? Comments are unnecessary.

E. F. BEALS,

NEW YORK, Nov. 24, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: In THE TRUTH SEEKER, of Nov. 22d, under the heading, "India Ahead," appears an article, from R. S. Sidelinger, of Boston, for the advancement of the so-called new calendar. Whatever the Christian era may be, it is now in general use, and no one need date the "year of our Lord." If a new era is to be adopted and wanted, I, for my part, do not wish to hav a sectional one, but a general one, one counting from the earliest time known, and to be acceptable if possible to all nations and adopted by them by consent, and hav done away with the two ways of counting forward and also backward. There is not one benefit to be gained by this new calendar, of which Mr. Geo. N. Hill claims to be the originator, but, to the contrary, it is a deception and a fraud, as he wants it started and commenced with the year 1600, and then to fall in and run with the present time, that is, 284, instead as it should then be, 285. I can safely predict that it will fail, and will never be adpoted, except by a few whose zeal outruns common sense, and who will thereby expose themselvs to the just derision of any schoolboy who has passed arithmetic.

FRED. KOZLY.

JOE CAFFRAY AND SLATE-WRITING.

SNOWVILLE, VA.

MR. EDITOR: Not being able to find any slate-writing medium in New York or Brooklyn, I went on to Boston. I had received the advertisment of Joseph Caffray from nearly every prominent Spiritualist that I had written to, even from the *Banner of Light* office. So Oct. 2d I started to look him up. I found the place, but was told there was no admittance till 2 o'clock, "circle hour," so I went to the Union Hotel, and made the acquaintance of the Misses Tilton and John Storer Cobb, and had a very pleasant and interesting seance with them. It if a choice privilege to make the personal acquaintance of friends you hav learned to know and respect through the press.

At 2 P.M. I was again at Caffray's. He met me at the door, and as soon as he saw I had slates with me, he said he would not use any but his own slates at public seances, but that he would giv me a private seance at 3 o'clock. I thought it would be worth two dollars extra to hav my own slates used, and also to hav the full seance all to myself. So at 4 o'clock I went again. But when I unwrapped my slates Caffray said he could not use them because they were bound in cloth. I saw I was in for it, and must submit to "conditions," or hav no results. So I consented to let him substitute the usual five-cent slates, of which he had a large pile already "magnetized." I cleaned off two of them, and asked if I might mark them and keep them in sight. He flew up and said, "What makes you so suspicious?" So I was squelched, and humbly submitted to his lead. Then when he was looking ceiling-wards for spirit aid I quickly marked the frames of both slates so I would know them again, and be sure the writing was on them and

no others. He requested me to write the names of three of my dead friends, and what relation they stood to me. I did this upon slips of paper he gave me. I wrote, "D. M. Bennett, a friend; Eliza Drake, mother; Lillian Slenker, daughter." He soon named Bennett as a spirit standing by me, and handing me a paper. Then he took the folded slips and held them to his forehead a moment, and finally tore them in fragments and threw them on the stand; but pretty soon he gathered up the bits and left the room, sending his wife to keep me company. He was gone quite a spell—long enough to write messages to fit the names. Then he came back and fussed about, "magnetizing the slates," bringing others and piling on top of them, and then putting them away again, and finally he suddenly took the two I had marked and passed them under his side of the table, telling me to lift the cover on my side and reach under and take hold of the slates, and be sure and keep hold. I knew at once that this was his chance, and sure enough a few moments afterward he told me to lay the slates on top of the table again, and I did so. I found on looking at them my pencil marks were gone, and the slates had been changed. But as I had come for writing, I was determined to get it, so I let him go on managing as he chose. He laid the slates on my head, on my shoulder, and in various positions. He got raps that the spirits refused to write. He then talked in wheedling tones to them, saying, "Won't you write? Do please write. Now, do write for the lady." Finally he said, "You ask them." I felt ashamed of the farce, but to humor the thing I said, "Will the spirits write for me?" "Yes," was immediately rapped, and the slates were slipped to the edge of the table, so the medium could get his finger-nails on the under side. I soon heard a scratching; then he moved them to my shoulder and scratched more, and said with emotion, "They are filling the slates full for you; don't you hear them?" I said, "I hear a scratching." The raps came, denoting that they were done, and Joe offered to read the messages for me. I consented, for I knew he could read his own writing better than I could. He cut the string, and triumphantly showed two full sides of writing—across one was written diagonally, "I am here. D. M. Bennett." I don't think Bennett would hav given Elmina that sort of a greeting had he known who it was himself. Then he read the one signed by my mother's name: "My dear child, I am glad to see you here to-day. You are now right; go on; never mind what any one says. Your dear friends are all near you, and I hope you will sit, and I will come and write for you. Your mother, Eliza Drake." The hand is not my mother's, the style is not hers, nor is the communication at all what she would hav said. She always commenced, "Dear Lib," or "Dear Elmina," and wrote in Quaker language. The other message read thuswise: "Dear mother, it givs me great joy to see you looking into this beautiful truth. O mother, I hav a beautiful home over here! I am so happy. Be of good cheer, mother. I will yet come to you and show myself. If you will sit as the medium will tell you, I will come and write for you on these slates, as you see me write here, and do for me, and you will be happy. Your home will be with me when you come over here. I am still your angel daughter, Lillian Slenk—"* Not one word for father or her only brother, both of whom she idolized. Of course Joe did not know of them! I said, "I shall hav these communications printed." "Oh, yes," said Joe. "The *Banner of Light* will print them." But I'm afraid the *Banner* might not do it, so I send them to THE TRUTH SEEKER first, and will perhaps giv a brief history of Mr. Caffray next time. ELMINA.

*One more proof that Caffray read my slips is that I rarely write the Slenker in full. I run it out after the *k*. His was signed in that way, and he hesitated and said, "I can't make out the *last* of the name." Of course he couldn't.

COLUMBUS, KAN., Nov. 25, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: There has been considerable said of late through THE TRUTH SEEKER upon the subject of Spiritualism. In the numerous articles and letters treating of this subject, there hav been various attempts (successful or unsuccessful) to adduce facts bearing upon the subject both pro and con. In writing about a subject held so sacred as this one is held by the Spiritualists, persons naturally reveal their feelings. That is the actual state of their consciousness, and we thus hav a class of facts that seem to indicate what the result of a test of their belief would be.

I do not mean to question the truthfulness or honesty of anyone whose statements I may consider. I believe it is possible for persons to mistake even their own belief. It is characteristic of Spiritualists to claim to know beyond the possibility of a doubt that Spiritualism is true. The defense of this position is always personal knowledge. Yet again we find such persons shaken, or seemingly shaken, at least, in their belief, and sometimes horror-struck, almost, when facts are produced that are detrimental to their cherished belief. I will giv a few examples. In THE TRUTH SEEKER of Aug. 9th, Mr. Otto Wettstein published his "Realistic Meditations," in which he sets forth what he conceives to be some of the difficulties attending a belief in spirits. This has elicited a number of replies, in some of which there is that which indicates that the writers are not certain that there is a real to satiate their longing.

First, Mr. Seward Mitchell, in THE TRUTH SEEKER of Aug. 30th, falls little short of appealing to Mr. Wettstein to forbear. He says, "Your communication in the last TRUTH SEEKER chills every drop of blood in my veins, and makes me sick and sad."

A belief that thus fears investigation is not real; it is fancied. It is rather a desire mistaken for belief. By quoting a little further this will be apparent: "If we Spiritualists are mistaken; if death ends all, even then our belief is more cheering, for it is the only philosophy or religion that has any incentiv to noble lives; the only belief that has any sweet, soul-elevating music in it." Further along he asks of Mr. Wettstein, "What is there in your cold philosophy to cheer our sad lives?"

Turning to the letter of E. N. Kingsley, in THE TRUTH SEEKER of Sept. 6th, we find that his faith, too, is sustained as much by feeling as by judgment. Why is he "anxious?" Because he is conscious of uncertainty. Read what he says: "If this is true, has he (Mr. Wettstein) not destroyed all the highest hopes and aspirations of mankind, for cold, gloomy, dark, and lifeless Materialism, with its 'death ends all?' We are very anxious to understand and know the pro and con of this, the most important subject that can engage and occupy the mind of man," and so on.

In Mr. Perry's letter in THE TRUTH SEEKER of Sept. 13th, we find the following: "In the face of some thirty years of experience that hav addressed themselvs to my intellect, and for which no rational explanation has yet approached the subject to be compared to that of the spiritual, . . . I am satisfied that no explanation based on the theory of a general diffusion of mind, or any other thing or substance in nature, can be put in the place of a spirit or spirits to account for such phenomena as I hav witnessed; and for anyone to assume to disbelieve it all in the face of millions of witnesses . . . is simply dodging the question," and so on. From the foregoing quotation it is clear, firstly, that Mr. Perry, during some thirty years of experience, has witnessed some very important phenomena; secondly, that he thinks it should be explained; and that now, and to this end, thirdly, his attention has been called to the theory of a general dispersion of mind, and perhaps others; in fact, he has so thoroughly investigated the subject that he thinks there can be no theory based upon any substance in nature equal to that of a spirit or spirits; fourthly, that, not having found a complete explanation, he takes what he thinks to be the best, which is the spiritual. It is now clear that Mr. Perry is not certain that Spiritualism is true; but he hopes that it is, for, like others named, he thinks any other belief would be "chilling." His belief, as he unconsciously acknowledges, is a mere preference. I will quote the following as proof: "No matter how indifferently the subject may be treated by a few, the millions are fast enlisting under the banner of the spirits, and defying the ridicule and contempt of facts, and until they are rationally accounted for, aside from a belief in the works of spirits, the millions will cling to the doctrins of the genial summer-land in preference [notice why they embrace it] to the chilling philosophy of a Materialism that is lifeless."

In conclusion, does it not crop out that many Spiritualists are deceived much in the same way as people are who get anxious to be "filled with the Holy Ghost" and finally persuade themselvs that they actually hav been "filled," but who afterward find out that they were deceived by their feelings or desires? I hav known Spiritualists to realize this.

Respectfully, L. N. WALLIS.

FARLEY, IOWA, Nov. 23, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: It seems to me that now is the time for all Liberals and Secularists to unite and organize for political work. The late election shows us plainly that the balance of power is certainly within our reach. Most of the states North show such small majorities for either of the old parties that the Liberal element, voting solid together, can dictate which party shall win. Then, by annually voting against any party in power which refuses to grant at least a part of our Demands, we shall very soon receive bids for our ballots. We may not get all that we ask at once. Neither should we expect it. Remember, we are demanding what to the average voter seems "a mighty sight," "a heap," and we must not expect either of the political parties to shoulder the whole load at once. Should either party undertake it, it would probably lose more votes than we should be able to duplicate. We should ask no more of any party than it is able to grant. We ought not ask it to die for us. I firmly believe that if we reduced our Demands to simply the taxation of church property, and then work and organize for that, we would gain our point very soon in most of the Northern states. H. GILMORE.

LEMORE, NEB., Nov. 14, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Please let me state that Liberalism is spreading like oil on water in this part of our Union, notwithstanding the persistent efforts of the reverends. To show the state of feeling, I will mention a case happening here—that of T. J. Conley, Three Rivers Post Office, this county, whos family was approached in his absence, converted, and would hav been baptized (immersed) in the cold waters of the river but for the timely appearance on the scene of Mr. Conley, who was the maddest man of which there is any record. It was only with the assurance that any attempt to further this outrage would furnish the D. D. with a pair of wings and a harp before he could reach the bank of the river that it was stopped. A peculiar feature of this case is, Mr. Conley's wife and five daughters were converted, while Mr. Conley and three boys were left out in the cold. This savors of Solomon's time. UNSANCTIFIED.

CLAYVILLE, Nov. 20, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: It is sometimes assumed in a controversial debate that all things were produced and are regulated and controled by the laws of nature. But this assertion only provokes a question that demands attention: What is here meant by nature? Does it mean the materials of which the planets and the world are composed, the simple elementary principles of all things? If this be the meaning, the conclusion unavoidably follows that nature is nothing more nor less than matter. And what are the laws of matter? Every man who has reflected on this subject will answer that one great and pervading law of matter is inertia, or the incapability of motion, until some power is applied to giv it the force of action; and we think every skeptic will readily admit that life and motion are not original and independent qualities of inanimate matter, but will contend that they are the effect of organization. The anxious truth seeker can now see the subject in a tangible form, and understand the bearings and force of the whole argument. Matter is *inert*, and life is the result of some particular combination of matter. The question now to be decided, is, What power brought matter into that state of organization necessary to constitute being, and inspired it with life and motion? For no such power is found in unorganized matter, and surely none will be so perversely unreasonable as to suppose that mere matter could confer that which it never possessed. And if by some strange and fortunate freak of blind chance, matter should exert a power which it never possessed, and succeed in effecting an organizalion, it might be questioned whether life would be the necessary result.

Now I hav an irresistible desire to know how the great fountain-head of intelligence originated, if it had an origin. If it had no origin, it is self-existent and never will go into unconscious annihilation. Come, Mr. Materialist, giv us your best thoughts on this subject. I guess that intelligence, or mind and matter, are coeternal. J. B. SMITH.

READING, KAN., Nov. 25, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Liberalists see so much truth, and sound and common sense in the views and arguments of periodicals and lecturers espousing our cause, that we sometimes think it strange that persons whom we know to possess sound reason, and, upon all other subjects, we can approach with the assurance of satisfaction, that they, apparently, cannot see the value of our purpose, or the grandeur of our cause. Of these there are two classes. The first and most numerous class is composed of persons who hav never recognized that the church had any claims upon them. They hav been raised outside the pale of the church, and care no more for the orthodox *pulpit* than they do for the Spanish *bull-pit*. Such people cannot understand why we are so earnest in our efforts to destroy the influence of the church. They very naturally say, "Why don't you let them alone, as I do, if you don't like them?" While they hav no use for the chuuch, and, under some circumstances, would hav been co-workers with us, it cannot be so from the fact that they cannot realize the magnitude of the hypocrisy, ignorance, superstition, cowardice, and mental slavery, dishonesty and falsehood, with which the church is trammeling the minds of our children and rising generation. Some of this class are those who possess sufficient sound common sense and reason to enable them to scoff and deride the pleadings and claims of the church. And others of the same class hav been raised from childhood under the influence of such. The other or second class are those in the church, or are directly under its control and influence. There are none so blind as those that won't see. Special pains hav been taken to circulate among the church-members and its sympathizers Remsburg's "Bible Morals," which seems to us a fairly clear showing as against the Bible as a just and moral guide. No argument is produced against it, neither can there be, as it is a simple statement of texts and facts therein contained. These slaves of the cross simply say to each other, "The devil is in our midst, and we must fight him with our zeal." Our observation is that Freethinkers generally are persons who hav been under church rule and learned its rottenness. Is it a fact that we must accept the churches as nurseries to grow up workers for Liberalism? W. H. PENFIELD.

LEAVENWORTH, KAN., Nov. 16, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I believe "Bible Morals" to be the most condensed and complete refutation of the Bible it has ever been my pleasure to read.

As good as THE TRUTH SEEKER is, I wish to suggest what I think would be an improvement—*i. e.*, head the first column of notes and clippings with an index of each number's contents, as many of its readers keep them on file, and as articles are referred to and replied to weeks after publication, such an index would be a great help in reviewing them.

"The Georgia Wonder," Lulu Hurst, has been here and gone, and as I hav seen several conflicting reports—some in THE TRUTH SEEKER—concerning the marvelous power accompanying her, some claiming it to be mere muscular power skilfully managed, while others say it is something beyond our present knowledge and independent of muscular force, and having been one of a number of umbrella and chair wrestlers, I believe I am competent to judge, and so cast my vote with the last-named class. But if preventing six stout men from pressing a chair to the floor by simply laying her hands upon the cane seating, or the lifting a chair several inches from the floor with two heavy men seated thereon by slightly laying one hand upon the post without grasping it, is a common feat that anybody can perform, then I confess myself fooled, with several other at least intelligent-looking men. What man knows would make a large book, but I think what he don't know would make a whole library. Yours for truth,

H. H. HUTCHESON.

STOUGHTON, MASS., Nov. 8, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $1 for two trial subscriptions. I find your paper able, true, and brimful of some of the grandest thoughts of the age. I wish I could do more for you, but my business cares are such that I do not seem to get much time for missionary work. However, I shall send you more names in a week or two. Your TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL is an admirable compilation, and I sincerely trust you will not fail to issue it every year. P. N. COOK.

SEWARD, NEB., Oct. 31, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: In the year 1871 we started a League in this place. We had to contend against both "tide and wind;" we were few in number, rent high, and drifted around from one room to another, until the enterprise was abandoned. The time is close at hand when we take the bull by the horns, and shake off all opposition as easily as a lion shakes the dew from his mane. On the 5th and 6th of November we hav two able lectures on Freethought. On the 9th of November Professor W. F. Jamieson commences a series of six lectures. Jamieson is one of the best in the Union. While these men are here we will organize a League. Don't that make you feel good? It does me. Then we will start a boom on THE TRUTH SEEKER.

H. L. BOYES.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night begins to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

Whither?

My desolate house is in mourning,
A spe'ter in all of the rooms;
The light goes out from the windows,
The sweetness from all of the blooms.
A shower of white stars is drifting,
And rude winds bear them away,
My birdlings hav flown from the roof-tree,
And left me so lonely to-day.

There were sad tears almost arising,
But I buried them deep in my heart;
I had known the future would beckon,
And I bade my repinings depart.
The world and its workers are calling,
Their light spans the earth as a zone,
The trend of the ages is onward—
Let us hasten the hands of our own.

Humanity hearkens her heroes,
And blazons their names on the sky,
The temples of Time ring with voices
That speed as the bright planets by.
The workshop and senate are open,
And newer fields glow on the plains,
The camp-fires of Honor are burning,
And Truth plants her small golden grains.

The white-hearted quarry is forming
To build, as the near ages must,
A home for each one that is homeless—
Let the Past guard its bones and its dust.
New dawns their Raphaels are bringing,
Grand masters awaken the morn,
To write with the sermon on granit,
A creed that has never been born.

Though a torn hat or jacket may greet us,
And seem to belong to the dead,
And vacant the spaces that meet us,
While the light and the laughter hav fled;
There are dim hights over the mountains
Where Fame weaves her song and her spell,
Though empty the little low chamber,
It is well with us, still it is well.

Clearwater, Neb. MARY BAIRD-FINCH.

Human Nature, and the Study of the Human Voice.

There is no more important subject of study than that of the human voice. It conveys the secret motivs of the talker, and will giv you a key to the inner character of the person, no matter how deceitful or evil-minded he may be, especially when the voice is coupled with the acts of the individual. In its natural expression, where no concealment is intended, the modulations are fraught with every emotion and feeling of the soul life within. You will notice how tenderly the voice will vibrate, and with what delicate effects the "shake and quiver" will fall upon the ears of the afflicted and suffering. How sympathetically and soothingly the feelings are imparted in the kind words we hear in the hour of distress or trouble. In like manner, we find that every other feeling is expressed in sounds becoming more and more perfect and intelligible as we ascend the scale of life, from the lowest animal that manifests it through organic formation, to the most refined and cultured orator, or the grandest actor that treads the boards of a theater. And for this reason there is no place where human nature is so fairly portrayed as the stage. There it is in all its varieties of expression, the especial study of the artist.

As no one actor can feel all the characteristics of humanity in the highest degree, it becomes necessary to divide the art into various parts, so as to get the highest perfection in each department, and present them in one play, hence we hav tragedians, comedians, etc., and each actor will be perfect in the part in proportion to his study of the gesture and voice of each character.

Hence, in truth, "All the world is a stage, and all the men and women merely players."

Knowing the importance of the voice in detecting real motivs, the wicked and deceitful will resort to dissembling in order to throw us off our guard, and thus, by affecting to be honest and kind, will deceive us into a false security, the more surely to defraud and harm us. Therefore it becomes necessary to study the act and voice in the same individual. If a strange man givs you a hearty shake with one hand, and a cordial greeting, while you feel his other hand fumbling your watch-chain, or your pocket, the act and the voice do not harmonize, and it is time to release his hold. It is the means used which is best calculated to throw you off guard and harm you, but if you hav studied the voice with profit, you may detect the poison concealed in each word or sentence, as no one can express naturally two opposit feelings at the same moment, and the shrewd person will detect the rogue as easily as he can read the false and imperfect lines in a bank-note made by the counterfeiter.

Having made humanity a study from my earliest experiences in life, it has been a source of great pleasure and profit to me, and, I think, in one or more cases saved my life or protected me from great bodily harm, to illustrate which I will relate a true story:

About eighteen years ago, in this city, the first railway was put into operation; other coal fields enjoyed them earlier on account of the great advantages they possessed over this valley, as here, although we hav the best coal, the mountains surrounding us are upward of a thousand feet in hight, and it required a thirteen-mile grade to run this heavy material out of the valley and surmount this obstacle to trade.

During this time all sorts of humanity, from all parts of the world, were engaged for years in getting these railways into activ operation, and often night was made hideous by the noises of drunken and fighting men, who prowled around at all unseasonable hours in their debauchery and profanity.

Upon this particular occasion, while at supper, we heard a terrible outcry, as if coming from some one in great distress. Upon the impulse, I put on my hat and proceeded to the front door, but before opening it concluded to wait for another outbreak, which soon followed. There was something so peculiar in the voice that I immediately checked myself and concluded to go out by way of the yard gate. When I got there, I found a man lying in the snow, as still as if asleep. I shook him and spoke to him, and endeavored to lift him upon his feet, supposing him drunk; but to my surprise he bounded up in an instant and entered the gate. By this time my suspicions were awakened, and a neighbor happening along, we followed him to the kitchen door, which he entered. At first I supposed he had been in some kind of fit and got up bewildered, but when he seated himself at the stove I asked him to drink a cup of hot coffee or tea and hav something to eat, but he said he was cold—would as soon drink a cup of poison as anything—wanted to know what I meant by offering him coffee, and why I did not keep a hotter stove on such a cold night. In fact, his words and actions were calculated to create fears, as I saw that he was a desperate character, and concluded that his actions at the yard gate were only a ruse to gain admittance into the house. But in order to let him understand that I was not afraid of him, I said he could come into the front room to a large stove, if that was all he wanted, and warm up.

As soon as I opened the door he darted in, and perceiving a side room and bed, jumped into it, boots, clothing, and all. There was something so outrageous in this conduct that I made up my mind that charity was ill-bestowed on such customers, and, taking him by the coat collar and throwing my whole avoirdupois—about 180 pounds—in the opposit direction, I landed him upon the floor in absolute astonishment. This convinced him that I was the wrong customer to be imposed upon, and seeing that his little plan of getting a bed to himself from which he could at any time of the night get out and hav the house to himself and companions to do what they pleased, was greatly astonished. He took a seat by the stove, and said that if I would let him out he would go away peaceably, which I did, first insisting on an explanation of his conduct. This he refused to giv, but said: "I see you are a man that can take care of your own, and it is well you acted as you did. You are all right, there will no harm befall you."

There is no doubt that there was a deep-laid plan to rob me or do worse. I watched for several days afterwards, and one day discovered my man coming up the way. I met him and handed him a glove which he left on the occasion above referred to. He did not want me to recognize him, and would not own the glove at first, but when I assured him he was known, he took it, and remarked that I was a "good man."

A year or two thereafter, one night after bed time, I was aroused by some one rapping at the door of an addition building we were then erecting, the one in which I am now writing. I said, "Who's there?" A soft, delicate voice answered, "No one that will hurt you." It proved to be a foot-sore traveler, who had got into the valley after dark, and too late for hotels even, and, spying the new addition, he concluded to ask for the privilege of a lodging in the shavings. He said he had no matches, and would be careful, and, that as he had no money, he had been refused shelter several times. That voice was as innocent and sincere to my ears as truth could make it. I could adminster to his comfort without any fears, so I got up and conducted him into the place where he insisted on staying, and tucked him into a nice large nest; then pulled the work bench over him, and left him to such dreams as he might be favored with. In the morning I got up quite early, not caring to disturb any of the family, and prepared as good a breakfast as cold food ready cooked would warrant, and, passing into the new addition, I found my lodger ready for his march, a perfectly sober, sincere, honest, but poverty-stricken mortal. After a little preliminary conversation, I invited him into the dining room to eat something that would sustain him in his day's march. This he said was more than he expected, but after washing and combing up, he ate a hearty meal. I then filled his sack with a day's provisions, and handed him what small change I had in my pockets—about forty cents. He was very much astonished and pleased. He gave me a warm shaking of the hand as we parted, and with large tears filling his eyes, and emotions of thankfulness expressed in the deep melody of his faltering voice, he said, "My friend, I hav traveled a great deal in my time, but this is the first time in my life that any one has paid me money for lodging with him." I hav narrated these contrasting incidents to illustrate the difference of voice and conduct, and to show the necessity of making the human voice a study of the feelings which govern it. J. R. PERRY.

Our Puzzle Box.

1.

QUAD HOC SIBI VULT?

By that mother's love, her only hope on high,
In every star you see a-gleaming nigh,
Round all this wandering host above,
Do doubly show the work of love,
Caps each cloud with crown of gold,
And making fishermen, even, bold,
Going to sea, with awkward grace,
Each sail and spar rotting in place,
For well they know renewal is in vain,
Unless they would keep lovers in the rain.
Let them love; and over this thing delve;
Light cigars and pipe; release the twelve.

Grand Rapids, Mich. ESPRIT FORT.

NUMERICAL.

A part of the human body my 7 do proclaim;
Take 1, 2, 3, and you hav an Irish name;
Two of these three a state's abbreviation;
My 3, 4, 5, and 6 the hero of a nation;
Omit the 3d, a measure you can see;
My 4, 5, 6, and 7 a female name will be.

Newburgh, N. Y. ROBERT BERNHEIM.

INVOLVED CHARADE.

An instant's space, less than a minute,
And yet we trace a sign within it.
Jonah's sign was a little too much,
This, I opine, is much too little;
But the Christ divine, with deific touch,
Could giv that a gentle whittle,
And cut off a day and a half or such.
But often I grieve that his whale-ship's victual
Could not quicker make him sicker,
Or that Mary's son was so slow to rise.
It would, at least, hav saved all dicker
About discrepancies, or lies.
Though Theologicus can fit all
Signs in time to *some* event,
Yet my reliance is upon no saint.
On Freethought puzzlers I must call—
Hoc signo vinces—"by this sign
I hav conquered"—all the nine.
And now please solve this crypt of mine,
This word with another word in it,
This sign, in less than a minute.

Irwin, Iowa. J. K. P. BAKER.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER Nov. 22, 1884.

2. Frederick Douglass.
3. Stoic less t—soic—10 s c—Tennesseee.

Mr. Juergens's double acrostic in Our Puzzle Box Nov. 22d will be held four weeks for solution. First correct answer to receive "Puzzledom in a Nutshell."

Correspondence.

CLEAR WATER, NEB., Nov. 16, 1884.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I am a reader of the Children's Corner in THE TRUTH SEEKER. I liv out in northwestern Nebraska. We hav very good schools for a new country. There is one college and one seminary in this county. The school that I go to is one mile and a half from home. I ride to school on horseback. I hav played on the violin for two years. I am thirteen years old next Christmas. I hav been helping my father pick corn some this fall, on Saturdays. Good-bye, EARLE A. FINCH.

P. S.—You wrote a kind letter to my mother, and we were much pleased with it. E. A. F.

[Earle has written a very pretty letter, concise and comprehensiv. We are always happy to hear from the friends who love Our Corner, and we would be pleased to hav them write oftener, and thus become acquainted with each other.—ED]

PHONOGRAPHY & TYPEWRITING.

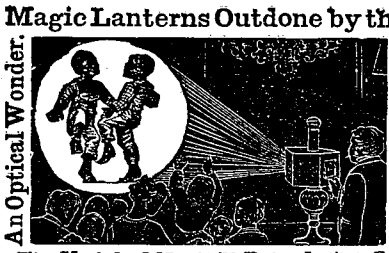
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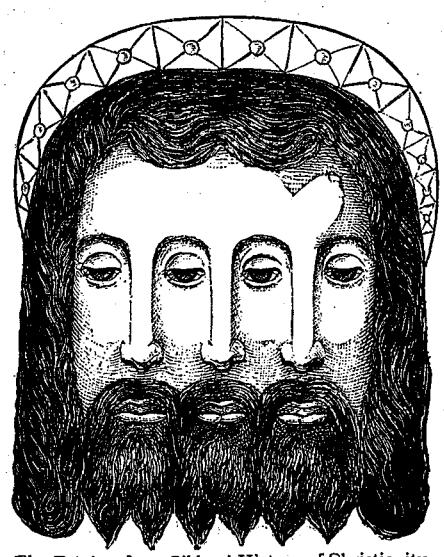
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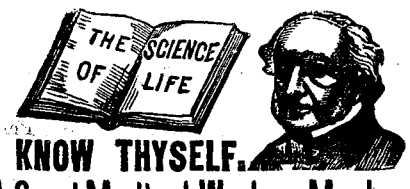
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Gems of Thought.

THE most really Christian nations hav been, and still are, the most devoted to the pursuit of gain, the most rigidly and ostentatiously Christian sections of these nations—shall we say the Quakers and the Scotch?—hav been among the steadiest and most quietly successful in the search. Nor do they even affect to fancy that they are wrong or disobedient in thus eagerly striving for that wealth which their master so distinctly ordered them to eschew and dread; they put aside or pass by his teaching with a sort of unsparing consciousness, as if it in no way concerned them; with a curious unanimity they note his exhortations obsolete, abstract, or impracticable; the most respectable of the religious world giv one day to their savior and six days to their ledger; the most pious banker, the purest liver, the most benevolent nobleman, never dreams of "despising riches," or of casting from him his superfluous possessions as a snare to his feet and a peril to his soul.—*W. R. Greg.*

THE name of Jonathan Edwards suggested a discussion upon freewill and necessity upon which poor Boswell was much given to worry himself. Some time afterward Johnson wrote to him, in answer to one of his lamentations: "I hoped you had got rid of this hypocrisy of misery. What hav you to do with 'liberty and necessity?' Or what more than to hold your tongue about it?" Boswell could never take this sensible advice; but he got little comfort from his oracle. "We know that we are all free and there's an end on't," was his statement on one occasion, and now he could only say, All theory is against the freedom of the will and all experience for it.—*Leslie Stephen's Johnson.* NOTE.—If any man, as rude as Johnson himself, had been present and had he chosen to encounter the great bear, he would hav told him flatly that neither Boswell or he—the great Doctor Johnson—knew what they were taking about. It was a clear case of the "blind leading the blind, and both falling into the ditch." Johnson, as a Metaphysician, everywhere cuts a poor figure, and he was no more fit to understand the question of liberty and necessity than blind Bartimeus, the son of Timeus, could see until he was cured, as the story goes, of his blindness by our savior, in the vicinity of Jericho. See Mark x, 46. Poor Boswell! Poor Johnson! Poor humanity! seeking stable footing where no footing is to be found!—*Hylax.*

IT is certain from experience that the smallest grain of natural honesty and benevolence has more effect in men's conduct than the most pompous views suggested by theological theories and systems. A man's natural inclination works incessantly upon him; it is forever present to the mind; and mingles itself with every view and consideration; whereas religious motivs, where they act at all, operate only by starts and bounds; and it is scarcely possible for them to become altogether habitual to the mind. The force of the greatest gravity, say the philosophers, is infinitly small in comparison to that of the least impulse; yet it is certain that the smallest gravity will, in the end, prevail above a great impulse, because no strokes or blows can be repeated with such constancy as attraction and gravitation.—*Hume's Dialogs Concerning Natural Religion.*

THE six thousand years which were counted in the Christian schools since the so-called creation of the world and man, hav long ago grown to be as many tens, if not hundreds of thousands, of years, since the formation of man alone, notwithstanding all the difficulties attendant on a correct estimation of the position of human remains beneath alluvial soil, needing long periods for its formation. This estimate rests on an incomparably surer basis than did the old one, based on the biblical text of the ages of the patriarchs.—*D. F. Strauss.*

WHOSO would be a man must be a non-conformist. He who would gather immortal palms must not be hindered by the name of goodness, but must explore it and see if it be goodness. Nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of your own mind. Absolve you to yourself and you shall hav the suffrage of the world.—*Emerson.*

The Truth Seeker.

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The political aim of THE TRUTH SEEKER is to enforce the Nine Demands of Liberalism, which are as follows:

1. We demand that churches and other ecclesiastical property shall no longer be exempt from just taxation.
2. We demand that the employment of chaplains in Congress, in State Legislatures, in the navy and militia, and in prisons, asylums, and all other institutions supported by public money, shall be discontinued.
3. We demand that all public appropriations for educational and charitable institutions of a sectarian character shall cease.
4. We demand that all religious services now sustained by the government shall be abolished; and especially that the use of the Bible in the public schools, whether ostensibly as a text-book or avowedly as a book of religious worship, shall be prohibited.
5. We demand that the appointment, by the President of the United States or by the governors of the various states, of all religious festivals and fasts shall wholly cease.
6. We demand that the judicial oath in the courts and in all other departments of the government shall be abolished, and that simple affirmation under the pains and penalties of perjury shall be established in its stead.
7. We demand that all laws directly or indirectly enforcing the observance of Sunday as the Sabbath shall be repealed.
8. We demand that all laws looking to the enforcement of "Christian" morality shall be abrogated, and that all laws shall be conformed to the requirements of natural morality, equal rights, and impartial liberty.
9. We demand that not only in the Constitutions of the United States and of the several states, but also in the practical administration of the same, no privilege or advantage shall be conceded to Christianity or any other special religion; that our entire political system shall be founded and administered on a purely secular basis, and that whatever changes shall prove necessary to this end shall be consistently, unflinchingly, and promptly made.

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DEPARTMENTS:

In the League Department is recorded the news of the National Liberal League, furnished to our columns by the secretary, and other officers of the National and auxiliary Leagues.

We also have an able correspondent in Canada, who furnishes weekly news of the Freethought movement in that dominion.

Our Children's Department is edited by one of the best and most successful writers for children in the United States. Miss Susan H. Wixon is widely known, not only in the Freethought ranks, but as a writer for popular papers and magazines. We have from all sides the strongest testimonials to the efficiency of her work in THE TRUTH SEEKER. She will continue the Department through 1885.

Through the department of "Letters from Friends" hundreds of subscribers have made pleasant acquaintances and lasting friendships. Its two pages are a place for exchange of thoughts, relation of experiences, and whatever the friends of Freethought find occasion to say. This department is a "talk together" of great and varied interest.

A FEW PRESS OPINIONS OF THE TRUTH SEEKER MAY BE GIVEN:

If any of our readers desire to read one of the best Freethought and reform journals published, we should unhesitatingly recommend to them THE TRUTH SEEKER, published by the Truth Seeker Company, 33 Clinton Place, New York, at $3 per annum. THE TRUTH SEEKER is a large, sixteen-page paper, and is filled each week with the choicest literature pertaining to Freethought and the overthrow of superstitions. It also ably discusses reforms politically and socially, and is really one of the *best* papers we have ever read. It is bold and fearless in its denunciations of kingcraft, priestcraft, and all other ways and means by which the people are held in bondage and ignorance, and no one can read THE TRUTH SEEKER a year without becoming nobler and better. You can get the paper three months on trial for fifty cents, and if you try it you will not want to be without it thereafter.—*Rochester, N. H., Anti-Monopolist.*

One of the finest monuments ever seen in this country has recently been erected to the memory of D. M. Bennett, founder of that able advocate of Freethought, THE TRUTH SEEKER, in Greenwood Cemetery, New York. One thousand friends of the dead journalist, admirers of his sterling qualities and the beauty of thought, goodness of heart, and the self-abnegation which distinguished his life, contributed to the fund by which this magnificent memorial was erected. A colored lithograph of this beautiful memorial has just reached us In reality it is a present that is appreciated more than cold words can express. Besides a view of the monument there is a fine likeness of Mr. Bennett. On the monument are engraved many of the famous utterances of the departed Liberal as well as the record of his life and the work to which many years of his activ manhood were devoted. THE TRUTH SEEKER perpetuates the fame of its founder by this truly generous act, and while accepting its generosity with thanks it is but just and proper that we should add our testimony to that of thousands of others who have many times declared that as an advocate of free thought, free speech, and all that is ennobling in nature THE TRUTH SEEKER has no superior in the universe.—*Lackawanna Democrat.*

THE TRUTH SEEKER is an iconoclastic journal. The sworn foe of superstition and error in all its forms, its motto might appropriately be, War, war to the knife, and the knife to the hilt—for it never lets a chance go by to hit superstition a resounding blow. It is a first-class exponent of what we call fighting Liberalism. . . . Under the direction of Mr. E. M. Macdonald, it still flourishes. Besides numerous articles of a polemic character, it contains a department for children, "Notes," "News," "Gems of Thought," "Odds and Ends," and numerous letters from correspondents. Besides THE TRUTH SEEKER, the firm publishes also Liberal books, one of the best specimens of which is their last publication, the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL AND FREETHINKERS' ALMANAC, a perfect gem, both in contents and finish, and which we would recommend to be sent for by those who are not yet acquainted with THE TRUTH SEEKER publications—*The Sociologist.*

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THE TRUTH SEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

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Notes and Clippings.

A BED of oyster shells as large as dinner plates was discovered by a Tallahassee, Fla., man while digging a well.

LETTERS to the San Francisco newspapers complain that the missionaries in Alaska are, in many instances, unprincipled adventurers.

THE Common Council of Bronson, Mich., posts in ten public places the names of men to whom, in consequence of their habitual drunkenness, rum is not to be sold.

LIEUT. GREELY, commander of the Arctic exploring expedition, says that of his nineteen men who perished all but one were smokers, and that one was the last to die. The seven survivors were non-smoking men.

IN the course of a lecture in Chicago, Col. Robert Ingersoll wanted to know what minister had ever done as much for the world as Darwin, when a voice sang out, "Burchard." Even the colonel had to join in the laugh that followed this pat reply.

AFTER much experimenting, Dr. Richardson has found a satisfactory means of causing painless death, and has introduced it into the Home for Lost Dogs in London. The animals to be killed are placed in a chamber charged with a mixture of carbonic oxide and chloroform vapor, when they tranquilly fall asleep and wake no more.

THE late Archbishop Purcell's creditors wrote to the Plenary Council at Baltimore: "People are beginning to think that, if heaven needs all the substance of the widow and orphan to keep the clerical profession in affluence and splendor, it is time to retire from the sanctuary and delve for some other scheme of salvation."

"COME!" cried the exhorter to the landlord, "come! In the father's house there are many mansions." "And they don't hav to be repaired?" asked the landlord wistfully. "Never a repair!" said the exhorter. "Well, then, I'll come!" shouted the landlord, and in two minutes he was the loudest among the rescued sinners on the anxious seat.

OF the 34,000 newspapers of the world nearly 32,000 are published in Europe and North America, leaving little over 2,000 for all the rest of the world. South America only issues sufficient to allow each of its inhabitants three newspapers a year—exhibiting the curious contrast in this, as in all else, between the great northern and southern continents.

THE French Chamber of Deputies proposes to reduce still further the Budget for Public Worship. Four million francs are to be taken from the appropriations to the Roman Catholic church, and three hundred thousand from what has formerly been given for Protestant worship. The object is to make a separation between church and state in fact, though the leaders of the French government seem to shrink from doing this in form.

THE superintendent of a penitentiary was showing some visitors through the establishment. The convicts were at dinner. "I did not know," said one of the visitors, "that any difference was made in the food, yet I notice that while most of the poor fellows are served with meat, a few hav nothing but bread and coffee." "It is only on Fridays that any difference is made," explained the superintendent. "Some of the prisoners never eat meat on Fridays."

MR. ISRAEL HART, a Jew, has just been chosen mayor of Leicester, England. The principal general interest of the fact lies in the circumstance that about the year 1230, Simon de Montfort, earl of Leicester, granted a charter to the borough for the total exclusion of the Jews from Leicester, and they took refuge near the Jewry wall—a portion of which is still preserved. The charter recited, "Let it be universally known that I (Simon de Montfort), for the health of my soul, and the souls of my ancestors and successors, hav granted, and by this my present charter confirmed, for me and my heirs in perpetuity, to my burgesses of Leicester and their heirs, that no Jew or Jewess in my time, or in the time of my heirs, to the end of the world, shall, within the liberty of the town of Leicester, inhabit, remain, or obtain any residence." The end of the world is not yet; but Leicester—the Leicester of de Montfort—enjoys the administration of its first Jewish mayor. Times hav changed since the thirteenth century.

IN going from Unitarianism to Episcopalianism, the Rev. Martin K. Schermerhorn, of Newport, gives his opinion of the former ism: "As to Unitarianism, I will say that it has been a constant disappointment to me, though I always tried to make the best of it. In short, I lost all hope for any permanent growth of Unitarianism before I left Newport, and this in part was what providentially caused me to turn my studies and thoughts in the direction of the older church and faith."

THE late Dr. Macadam used to tell of a tipsy Scotchman, making his way home upon a bright Sunday morning, when the good folk were wending their way to the kirk. A little dog pulled a ribbon from the hand of a lady who was leading it, and as it ran away from her, she appealed to the first passer-by, who happened to be the inebriate, asking him to whistle for her poodle. "Woman!" he retorted, with that solemnity of visage which only a Scotchman can assume, "Woman, this is no day for whustlin'!"

THE *Hotel Gazette* of San Francisco thus relates what befell a holy man employed by our government to teach the sailors how to climb the Jacob's ladders that reach beyond the main trucks up to heaven: "One of the chaplains of the United States Navy came down from Mare Island on Tuesday, and, like all good chaplains, put up at the Occidental Hotel. Last night the pious man went out to view the local elephant, and he gazed also on the wine when it was red. About eleven o'clock he found himself lost somewhere on Sutter street and hailed a man with a request to show him to the Occidental Hotel. The man took him into an alley, a second man grabbed him around the neck, and the pair deserted him. The chaplain finally got to the Palace Hotel, registered, and then discovered that he had been robbed of a gold watch and chain valued at $150, and a money order on the treasury for $250. He reported his loss at police headquarters at two o'clock this morning, and mournfully went back to the Occidental to negotiate for shelter. His garb and face were solemn, but in the main he gave indications of a hilarious evening in society."

THE criminal statistics of the Board of Police Justices for the year ending with October indicate a very creditable condition of peace and order in the city of New York. The total number of prisoners arrested was 74,647, but of this number 22,730 were discharged, and of the arrests 20,445, and 6,275, were respectivly for the minor offenses of intoxication and vagrancy, while the great total of 28,696 were taken to the station houses for disorderly conduct only. The arrests for the more serious crimes were comparativly few; 715 for felonious assault and battery, 791 for burglary, 54 for forgery, 88 for homicide, 316 for robbery. In how many of these cases indictments were found and convictions followed we are not told in these statistics; but there is nothing in the figures to indicate that serious crime is on the increase in New York. The statistics as to the sex and nativity of the prisoners are interesting and suggestiv. Of the whole number, more than a third were born in the United States, less than a fifth in Ireland, and about a fourteenth in Germany. The Italians giv the criminal courts a good deal of trouble in proportion to their numbers. They are hot headed and violent, and we are not surprised to see that 1,707 of them were arrested during the year. About twice as many boys as girls were arrested, the males under fourteen years having been 2,248, as against 1,051 females. The growth of vice among young girls is one of the saddest and most disgraceful incidents of our present civilization, and it seems to be greater in London than in New York, even in proportion to the population.—*Sun*.

THE Emperor of Germany is a good deal puzzled by the rapid spread of Socialism in his realm. The recent elections to the Reichstag showed large Socialist gains at the expense of both the leading parties, and he has just been advised by a trusted staff officer that Saxony is honeycombed with Socialism. Emperor William remarked that he could not understand why his Saxon subjects should be discontented, but "he greatly feared that the ardent anxiety for the welfare of the German people which was always uppermost in his thoughts was either insufficiently known or else the agitators maliciously threw dust into the eyes of their dupes, thus blinding them to the true road to national prosperity." The behavior of these ungrateful Saxons, comments the New York *Times* of recent date, is certainly most unaccountable. They hav the most amiable emperor in the world, and a kind old man as chancellor, and all that this indulgent pair ask of the German subject is that he shall serve seven years in the standing army and five years more in the Landwehr, and then dig and sweat and be taxed the remainder of his natural life in order that the old emperor may every year indulge his liking for seeing half a million soldiers go through their autumn manœuvers. A German subject who would deprive his Kaiser of rational amusement on the selfish and frivolous pretext that the money wrung from him in taxes would keep his wife and family in food and firewood must be a very hard-hearted person.

THE lighthouse keeper at Reykjanes, the southwest point of Iceland, discovered on July 29th last that a new island had suddenly appeared above the water, about nine miles from the mainland. Nine weeks ago the British consul in Iceland visited the island, which he describes as a black volcanic rock of small extent. In this neighborhood several islands hav from time to time risen to the surface or sunk out of sight. Geological writings giv a great many instances of important changes on the earth's surface that hav been made within historical times. The stupendous volcanic eruption of Krakatau on Aug. 27th, last year, entirely changed the physical aspect of the Sunda Straits. A part of Krakatau was shot out of the sea and dropped into the straits eight miles northward. The greater portion of the island, containing several thousand million cubic yards of earth, was hurled through the air over Zaug Island, and plunged into the channel seven miles to the northeast. These two new pieces of land, which hav been named Steers and Calmeyer Islands, now appear above the sea where previously 240 feet of water existed. Where the volcano of Krakatau stood a sea fathomless by a line of 1,000 feet now exists. General Sir J. H. Lefroy recently called attention to the fact that ninety-six more or less extensiv tracts of land are known to be rising or sinking. Geologists tell us that the Atlantic coast between Cape Cod and Cape Hatteras has been sinking for centuries, and that the subsidence has not yet ceased on the coasts of New York and New Jersey. The Indians who lived on Manhattan Island when the Dutch colonized it two centuries ago, said that in the time of their great-grandfathers it was possible to cross Hell Gate dry shod from one bank to the other. Professor Guyot estimated that since the colonization of the country, this part of the coast has subsided twenty-three and one-half inches every century. Science is not yet able to tell in accordance with what laws these upheavals and depressions of the earth's crust occur. Geologists, however, hav been able to fix almost exactly the limits of the areas both of upheaval and subsidence. There is now no doubt that many of the islands of the southern Pacific Ocean are the lofty portions of a continent which sank until the waters covered it. Other parts of the Pacific Ocean bed are gradually rising, and are thrusting here and there new islands above the sea. While the greater part of the American continent is slowly rising, Australia is gradually sinking. Lieutenant-Commander De Long found evidence that Bennett Island had risen one hundred feet within quite recent times. Thus year by year the earth is reconstituting its seas and continents.

News of the Week.

THE year 1884 givs an aggregate loss by fire in the United States and Canada of about $110,000,000.

ONE thousand persons are on strike at South Norwalk, Conn., against a reduction of wages in the hat factories.

THE chief of police at Waverly, N. Y., was mistaken for a burglar by a brother policeman, last Sunday, and shot accordingly.

NEW YORK city has more than 14,000 employees, who are paid about one million per month out of the municipal treasury.

THE Plenary Council of Catholic dignitaries at Baltimore closed on the 7th. The Methodists are about to hold a centenary celebration at the same place.

AN accidental explosion of dynamite in a farmhouse at Strafford, N. H., last week, injured eight persons, six of them, it is thought, fatally.

IT having been proposed that Congress should pay Gen. Grant an annual pension of $5,000, the general announces that he will not accept the annuity.

FRANCIS D. MOULTON died on the 3d inst., aged 49. He was the principal witness in the Beecher-Tilton scandal, in which he became famous as the "mutual friend."

DEACON TERRY, of Riverhead, L. I., ran away from home last week, taking Mrs. Downs, his pastor's wife, with him. He took $4,000 in money, but deeded his farm to his wife.

A NUMBER of eminent pugilists gave an exhibition in this city last week for the benefit of the striking miners in Hocking Valley, Ohio. More than two thousand dollars was realized.

REPRESENTATIV MILLARD, of New York, will introduce in Congress a proposed constitutional amendment making the president's term six years and providing that he shall be ineligible to re-election. A pension, the amount of which is to be fixed hereafter, is to be paid to ex-presidents.

THE Rev. James Ross was arrested at Middlefield, Ohio, on the 3d for forgery. Ross, with his family, consisting of a wife and two small children, came to Middlefield about the first of last May. No one knew who he was or where he was from. During his residence there, part of his time has been spent in preaching, and the remainder at the joiner's trade. It seems that Ross had been living in Flint about two years previous to last May, and was pastor of one of the churches there. In the latter part of April, it is charged, he forged a note for $100 on a farmer in Flint, cashed it, and left the town.

THE Washington Monument at the national capital was completed last Saturday afternoon by setting in place the marble capstone. There was no special celebration, that being reserved for Washington's Birthday. A flag over the monument floats from a flagstaff the top of which is exactly 600 feet from the ground, thus displaying the American colors at the greatest hight of construction ever yet known in the world. The monument itself, with its total hight of 550 feet, far overtops every other structure of human hands. The aluminium apex of the monument is engraved with inscriptions as follows: On one face: "Chief Engineer and Architect, Thomas Lincoln Casey, Colonel Corps of Engineers; Assistants, George W. Davis, Fourteenth United States Infantry; Bernard R. Green, civil engineer; Master Mechanic, P. H. McLaughlin." On another: "Cornerstone laid on bed of foundation July 4, 1848. First stone, at hight of 152 feet, laid Aug. 7, 1880. Capstone set Dec. 6, 1884." On a third: "Joint Commission at setting of capstone: Chester A. Arthur, W. W. Corcoran, chairman; M. E. Bell, Edward Clark, John Newton. Act of Aug. 2, 1876." On the fourth side some religious gentleman got in his work by having "Laus Deo" (praise to God) engraved. Thanks to this individual, our patriotism and our superstition go upon record at the same altitude.

Communications.

Bacon and Shakspere.

A CHRONOGRAPHIC PARALLEL.

Francis Bacon.	*William Shakspere.*
Born Jan. 22, 1561; died Apr. 9, 1626; aged 65 years.	Born Apr. 23, 1564; died Apr. 23, 1616; aged 52 years.
Son of a Lord Keeper of England, a learned Protestant.	Son of a wool stapler and glover of Stratford, an illiterate Catholic.
Educated at Trinity College, Cambridge.	Taught at a free-school in Stratford—perhaps.
Left college at 15, a graduate.	Left school at 14—perhaps.
Went as an attache to the Court of Paris, from 15 to 18.	Worked with his father at a trade until 18, or longer.
Learned French, Italian, and Spanish.	Drank beer at pot-houses—probably.
Returned on the death of his father, bearing a dispatch to the Queen.	Hunted conies and poached on neighboring deer-parks.
Married at 45 to a handsome young maiden of rank. "Then let thy love be younger than thyself, Or thy affection cannot hold the bent." —*Twelfth Night*, ii., 4.	Married at 18 (name Shagspere) to a girl of 26. "His works are full of passages . . . which, if he had loved and honored her, he could not have written. —*White's Shak.*, p. 51.
Had no child after 20 years' marriage. "The noblest works and foundations hav proceeded from childless men."—*Bacon's Essays*, 1597.	Child born five months after marriage— "The less that is said about the matter the better." —*White's Shak.*, p. 49.
Admitted to the bar at 21; elected to Parliament at 23.	Absconded from Stratford to London at 22 or 23.

Bearing in mind that Bacon is three years and three months older than Shakspere, we will now parallel their lives by successiv years, beginning with 1585.

A.D. 1585.

Bacon at 24, in a letter to the Queen's principal secretary, Sir Francis Walsingham, urges his sometime pending suit, which is to determin his "course of practice"—supposed to mean a shortening of the five years' probation required to become a pleader.

His mother in her zeal for the Nonconformists urges their cause in person before Lord Treasurer Burleigh, and follows it by a letter to the same in which she says:

"I confess as one that hath found mercy, that I hav profited more in the inward feeling knowledge of God his holy will, though but in small measure, by an ordinary preaching within these seven or eight years, than I did by hearing odd sermons at Paul's well nigh twenty years together."

Shakspere at 21 is still living at Stratford. His father is said to hav been a butcher as well as a dealer in wool; and gossiping John Aubrey says he was told by some of the neighbors that when the boy William "kill'd a calfe, he wold doe it in a high style, and make a speeche."

Mr. Richard Grant White guesses that William may hav gone to London this year, 1585, or the next.

A.D. 1586.

Bacon at 25 writes a letter, May 6th, to Lord Treasurer Burleigh, his uncle, saying:

"I find in my simple observation that they which liv as it were *in umbra* and not in public or frequent action, how moderately and modestly soever they behave themselvs, yet *laborant invidia*. I find also that such persons as are of nature bashful (as myself is), whereby they want that plausible familiarity which others hav, are often mistaken for proud. But once I know well, and I most humbly beseech your Lordship to believe that arrogancy and overweening is so far from my nature, as, if I think well of myself in anything, it is in this, that I am free from that vice."

He is again elected to Parliament. The conspirators who attempted to liberate Mary of Scotland hav been tried, condemned, aud sentenced. The case is brought before the Parliament. Bacon is one of the speakers in "the Great Cause," and one of the committees to whom it is referred.

Shakspere at 22 is probably still at Stratford, though Mr. White presumes he has become connected with the London stage during the year 1586, or perhaps a little later.

His father, John Shakspere, is superseded in the office of alderman of Stratford for non-attendance.

A.D. 1587.

Bacon at 26 has become a Bencher, *i. e.*, an inner barrister, with liberty to plead in the courts of Westminister.

The Parliamentary Journal of February 23d contains this entry:

"The committees appointed for conference touching a loan or benevolence to be offered to her majesty are Mr. Francis Bacon, Mr. Edward Lewkenor, and others."

At the Christmas Revels Bacon assists the gentlemen of Gray's Inn in getting up the performances. A comedy, in which Cataline and "Dominus de Purpoole" are the leading characters ("Prince Purpoole" in 1594), is exhibited by the gentlemen of the Inn at their Hall, before Lord Burleigh and other courtiers on the 16th of January.

Shakspere at twenty-three has probably migrated to London, leaving his family at Stratford, but it is not certain that he is connected with the theater. Some say he held horses at the entrance.

For several years prior to this time different theatrical companies hav occasionally visited Stratford (the nativ place of some of the actors), in some instances under the patronage, it is said, of John Shakspere and other aldermen.

A.D. 1588.

Bacon at twenty-seven assists in getting up a masque, which is presented to the queen by the gentlemen of Gray's Inn on the 28th of February. This is all the biographer Mr. James Spedding can find to record about Bacon from the adjournment of Parliament, March 23, 1587, until after the defeat of the Spanish Armada, July 20, 1588. The exhibition before the queen seems to be a continuation of the Christmas festivities. On the 16th of January a comedy ("Cataline and Dominus de Purpoole") is performed at Gray's Inn before Lord Burleigh, and on the 28th of February the queen is entertained at Greenwich by an exhibition of the tragedy of "The Misfortunes of Arthur," together with certain masques, for which Bacon writes at least some "additional speeches," and otherwise renders assistance.

A letter from Bacon to the earl of Leicester, asking for his furtherance of some suit which the earl of Essex had moved in his behalf, has recently been found, written in this year (Spedding's "Bacon," 1878, i, 50, note). The attachment of Bacon to Essex therefore began as early as 1588, instead of 1590.

Elizabeth summons a new Parliament to meet in November, but it does not meet for business until the 4th of February following. Bacon sits in this Parliament for Liverpool.

Shakspere at twenty-four is in London, and perhaps employed at the theater "as a servitor," or "in a very mean rank." The story that he held horses at the play-house door, Mr. White says, "was not heard of until the middle of the last century, and is unworthy of serious attention." But whatever his position, plays hav certainly been performed which are afterwards fathered by him, who in 1588, and perhaps up to 1590, is not suspected to be the author of anything. One of these is probably the first sketch of the second part of "Henry VI.," printed in 1594 under the title of "The First Part of the Contention of the Two Houses of York and Lancaster," and another, printed in 1595, entitled, "The True Tragedy of Richard, Duke of York," both without the name of the author. The play called "The Famous Victories of Henry V." has been acted on the stage, prior to 1588, and seems to hav grown into First and Second "Henry IV." and "Henry V."

A.D. 1589.

Bacon at twenty-eight is a reader at Gray's Inn, and has acquired an ascendancy as an orator in the House of Commons. On the question of granting a double subsidy to the queen, his name stands foremost on the Journals. He is "one of the committees for that purpose," and is instructed to meet and confer with her majesty's counsel who are charged with the preparation of the bill.

The Puritans are forbidden to hav open preaching. The licensed press is closed to their writings. They hav recourse to secret movable printing-presses, and scatter anonymous publications all over the land. In all these strifes Bacon counsels moderation and prudence, aiming at harmony and tolerance.

He receives a "a grant of the office of the clerk of the counsel in the Star Chamber," procured by Lord Burleigh, but it is only a reversion, which does not fall in for nearly twenty years, when it is considered worth £2,000 a year.

He writes an "Advertisment Touching the Controversies of the Church of England," apparently for circulation in manuscript. It is not printed until 1640.

He drafts for Secretary Walsingham (father of the widow Sidney, who is married in the following year to the earl of Essex) a letter on the conduct of the government toward Papists and Dissenters, which is addressed to Monsieur Critoy, secretary of France. The greater part of this letter is found almost verbatim in Bacon's "Observations on a Libel," written in 1592.

Bacon's elder brother Anthony is in France, corresponding with Secretary Walsingham.

Shakspere at twenty-five, if Mr. Collins's discovery in 1835 is to be trusted, has become one of sixteen owners of the Blackfriars' Theater. The first theater erected in modern times was in London in 1575. Prior to that time public acting was mostly out of doors, and players were fined, imprisoned, and even put in the stocks. The erection of the Blackfriars was an offense to the nobility of that aristocratic neighborhood, now the heart of London. The players were under the protection and patronage of the queen's favorit, the earl of Leicester, who died in 1588. He was stepfather to the earl of Essex. Lord Chamberlain Hunsdon became the next patron of the company.

"Titus Andronicus" has appeared by this year, and commissioners are appointed by the queen to revise stage plays.

ANTIQUARY.

Jonathan Edwards: His Notion of the Final State of the Lost.

The appended extracts from the writings of Jonathan Edwards are found in Vol. IV. of the works of that eminent author. Edwards was a Connecticut Yankee, born at East Windsor, Oct. 5, 1703. At the age of seventeen he was "converted," and thereafter devoted his life to teaching the genial doctrins of total depravity and eternal damnation. He died March 22, 1758. Following are some of his most comforting assurances:

"Impenitent sinners will not be able to find any to befriend them and intercede with God for them. They had the offer of a mediator often made them in this world; but they will hav no offers of such a nature in hell. None will befriend them. They will hav no friend in *hell;* all there will be their enemies. They will hav no friend in heaven; none of the saints or angels will befriend them; or if they should, it would be to no purpose. There will be no creature that will hav any power to deliver them, nor will any even pity them.

"Nor will they ever be able to make their escape. They will find no means to break prison and flee. In hell they will be reserved in chains and darkness for ever and ever. Malefactors hav often found means to break prison, and escape the hand of civil justice. But none ever escaped out of the prison of hell, which is God's prison. It is a strong prison; it is beyond any finite power, or the united strength of all wicked men and devils to unlock or break open the door of that prison. Christ hath the key of hell; 'he shuts, and no man opens.'

"Nor will they ever be able to find anything to relieve them in hell. They will never find any resting-place there; any place of respit; any secret corner, which will be cooler than the rest, where they may hav a little respit, a small abatement of the extremity of their torment. They never will be able to find any cooling stream or fountain in any part of that world of torment; no, nor so much as a drop of water to cool their tongues. They will find no company to giv them any comfort, or to do them the least good. They will find no place where they can remain, and rest, and take breath for one minute; for they will be tormented with fire and brimstone; and will hav no rest day nor night forever and ever" (pages 268, 269).

"We can conceive but little of the matter; we can not conceive what that sinking of the soul in such case is. But to help your conception, imagin yourself to be cast into a fiery oven, all of a glowing heat, or into the midst of a glowing brick-kiln, or of a great furnace, where your pain would be as much greater than that occasioned by accidentally touching a coal of fire as the heat is greater. Imagin also that your body were to lie there for a quarter of an hour, full of fire, as full within and without as a bright coal of fire, all the while full of quick sense; what horror would you feel at the entrance of such a furnace! And how long would that quarter of an hour seem to you! If it were to be measured by a glass, how long would the glass seem to be running! And after you had endured it for one minute, how overbearing would it be to you to think that you had it to endure the other fourteen! But what would be the effect on your soul, if you knew you must lie there enduring that torment to the full for twenty-four hours! And how much greater would be the effect, if you knew you must endure it for a whole year! And how vastly greater still if you knew you must endure it for a thousand years! Oh, then, how would your heart sink if you thought, if you knew, that you must bear it forever and ever! That there would be no end! That after millions of millions of ages your torment would be no nearer to an end than ever it was; and that you never, never should be delivered!

"But your torment in hell will be immensely greater than this illustration represents. How, then, will the heart of a poor creature sink under it! How utterly inexpressible and inconceivable must the sinking of the soul be in such a case!

"Whoever thou art, whether old or young, little or great, if thou art in a Christless, unconverted state, this is the wrath, this is the death, to which thou art

condemned. This is the wrath that abideth on thee; this is the hell over which thou hangest, and into which thou art ready to drop every day and every night" (pages 260, 261).

"It will not be long before you will be wonderfully changed. You who now hear of hell and the wrath of the great God, and sit here in these seats so easy and quiet, and go away so careless, by and by will shake, and tremble, and cry out, and shriek, and gnash your teeth, and will be thoroughly convinced of the vast weight and importance of these great things which you now despise. You will not then need to hear sermons in order to make you sensible; you will be at a sufficient distance from slighting that wrath and power of God of which you now hear with so much quietness and indifference" (page 265).

"Be entreated to consider attentivly how great and awful a thing eternity is. Although you cannot comprehend it the more by considering, yet you may be made more sensible that it is not a thing to be disregarded. Do but consider what it is to suffer extreme torment forever and ever; to suffer it day and night from one day to another, from one year to another, from one age to another, from one thousand ages to another, and so adding age to age and thousands to thousands, in pain, in wailing and lamenting, groaning and shrieking, and gnashing your teeth; with your souls full of dreadful grief and amazement, with your bodies and every member full of racking torture, without any possibility of getting ease; without any possibility of moving God to pity by your cries; without any possibility of hiding yourself from him; without any possibility of diverting your thoughts from your pain; without any possibility of obtaining any manner of mitigation, or help, or change for the better any way.

"Do but consider how dreadful despair will be in such torment. How dismal will it be when you are under these racking torments to know assuredly that you never, never shall be delivered from them; to hav no hope! When you shall wish that you might be turned into nothing, but shall hav no hope of it; when you shall wish that you might be turned into a toad or a serpent, but shall hav no hope of it; when you would rejoice if you might but hav any relief, after you shall hav endured these torments millions of ages, but shall hav no hope of it; when, after you shall hav worn out the age of the sun, moon, and stars in your dolorous groans and lamentations, without any rest day or night, or one minute's ease, yet you shall hav no hope of ever being delivered; when, after you shall hav worn out a thousand more such ages, yet you shall hav no hope, but shall know that you are not one whit nearer to the end of your torments; but that still there are the same groans, the same shrieks, the same doleful cries, incessantly to be made by you, and that the smoke of your torment shall still ascend up forever and ever; and that your souls which shall hav been agitated with the wrath of God all this while yet will still exist to bear more wrath; your bodies which shall hav been burning and roasting all this while in these glowing flames yet shall not hav been consumed, but will remain to roast through an eternity yet, which will not hav been at all shortened by what shall hav been past.

"You may by considering make yourselvs more sensible than you ordinarily are; but it is a little you can conceive of what it is to hav no hope in such torments" (page 278).

"At the day of judgment, the saints in glory at Christ's right hand will see the wicked at the left hand in their amazement and horror; will hear the judge pronounce sentence upon them, saying, 'Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels,' and will see them go away into everlasting punishment. But the scripture seems to hold forth to us that the saints will not only see the misery of the wicked at the day of judgment, but the state of the damned in hell will be in the view of the heavenly inhabitants; that the two worlds of happiness and misery will be in view of each other. Though we know not by what means nor after what manner it will be, yet the scriptures certainly lead us to think that they will some way or other hav a direct and immediate apprehension of each other's state. The saints in glory will see how the damned are tormented; they will see God's threatenings fulfilled, and his wrath executed upon them. When they shall see it, it will be no occasion of grief to them. The miseries of the damned in hell will be inconceivably great. When they shall come to bear the wrath of the almighty poured out upon them without mixture, and executed upon them without pity or restraint or any mitigation, it will doubtless cause anguish, and horror, and amazement vastly beyond all the sufferings and torments that ever any man endured in this world, yea, beyond all extent of our words or thoughts. For God in executing wrath upon ungodly men will act like an almighty God. The scripture calls this wrath, God's fury, and the fierceness of his wrath; and we are told that this is to show God's wrath, and to make his power known; or to make known how dreadful his wrath is, and how great his power.

"The saints in glory will see this, and be far more sensible of it than now we can possibly be. They will be far more sensible how dreadful the wrath of God is, and will better understand how terrible the sufferings of the damned are; yet this will be no occasion of grief to them. They will not be sorry for the damned; it will cause no uneasiness or dissatisfaction to them; but on the contrary, when they hav this sight it will excite them to joyful praises" (pages 289, 290).

"Positivly, the sufferings of the damned will be no occasion of grief to the heavenly inhabitants, as they will hav no love nor pity to the damned as such. They will rejoice in seeing the justice of God glorified in the sufferings of the damned" (page 29).

THE UNGODLY WARNED.—"How destitute of any comforting consideration your condition will be if you perish at last. You will hav none to pity you. Look which way you will, before or behind, on the right hand or left, look up to heaven, or look about you in hell, and you will see none to condole your case, or to exercise any pity toward you in your dreadful condition. You must bear these flames, you must bear that torment and amazement day and night forever, and never hav the comfort of considering that there is so much as one that pities your case; there never will be one tear dropped for you.

"You will find none that will pity you in hell. The devils will not pity you, but will be your tormentors, as roaring lions or hell-hounds, to tear you in pieces continually. And other wicked men who shall be there will be like devils; they will hav no pity on you, but will hate and curse and torment you. And you yourselvs will be like devils; you will be like devils to yourselvs, and will be your own tormentors" (page 295).

"When you shall stand before the tribunal at the left hand, among devils, trembling and astonished, and shall hav the dreadful sentence passed upon you, you will at the same time see the blessed company of saints and angels at the right hand rejoicing, and shall hear them shout forth praises of God, while they hear your sentence pronounced. You will then see those godly people with whom you shall hav been acquainted and who shall hav been your neighbors, and with whom you now often converse, rejoicing at the pronunciation and execution of your sentence.

"You that hav godly parents, who in this world hav tenderly loved you, who were wont to look upon your welfare as their own, and were wont to be grieved when anything calamitous befell you in this word, and especially were greatly concerned for the good of your souls, industriously sought and earnestly prayed for their salvation; how will you bear to see them in the kingdom of God, crowned with glory?

"You will then see them praising God for executing just vengeance on you for setting so light by their councils and reproofs. However here they loved you and were concerned for you, now they will rise up in judgment against you, and will declare how your sins are aggravated by the endeavors which they to no purpose used with you to bring you to forsake sin and practice virtue, and to seek and serve God; but you were obstinate under all, and would not hearken to them. They will declare how inexcusable you are upon this account. And when the Judge shall execute the more terrible wrath upon you upon this account, that you hav made no better improvement of your parents' instructions, they will joyfully praise God for it.

"After they shall hav seen you lie in hell thousands of years, and your torment shall yet continne without any rest, day or night, they will not begin to pity you then; they will praise God that his justice appears in the eternity of your misery.

"You that hav godly husbands, or wives, or brethren, or sisters, with whom you hav been wont to dwell under the same roof and eat at the same table, consider how it will be with you when you shall come to part with them, when they shall be taken and you left.

"However you may wail and lament when you see them parted from you, they being taken and you left, you will see in them no signs of sorrow that you are not taken with them" (pages 396, 297).

"If you continue not to bring forth any fruit to divine glory, as you hav hitherto done, hell will be the only fit place for you. It is a place prepared on purpose to be a receptacle of such persons. In hell nature ceases to labor any more for sinners; the sun does not run his course to shine upon them; the earth doth not bring forth her fruits to be consumed upon them there. There they will hav no opportunity to consume the fruits of divine goodness on their lusts. In hell they can prejudice or encumber nothing upon which God sets any value. There the faithful servants and ministers of God will no longer spend their strength in vain upon them. When the barren tree is in the fire, the servants of the husbandman are free from any further toil in digging about it and manuring it.

"In hell they will no more hav opportunity to clog and discourage the flourishing of religion, and to destroy much good, as they often do in this world. In hell they will no more hav opportunity to corrupt others by their ill example.

"In hell they will no more hav it in their power to offend the godly. They may hurt and torment one another, but the godly will be out of their reach. In hell there will be no ordinances, no Sabbaths, no sacraments, no sacred things for them to profane and defile by their careless and hypocritical attendance.

"Hell, therefore, if you remain unfruitful and cumberers of the ground, will be the fittest place for you, and there you will surely hav your portion assigned you" (page 312).

"God has laid himself under no obligation by any promis to keep any natural man out of hell one moment. . . . Natural men are held in the hand of God over the pit of hell; they hav deserved the fiery pit and are already sentenced to it. And God is dreadfully provoked; his anger is as great toward them as to those that are actually suffering the executions of the fierceness of his wrath in hell, and they hav done nothing in the least to appease or abate that anger. Neither is God in the least bound by any promis to hold them up one moment; the devil is waiting for them, hell is gaping for them, the flames gather and flash about them, and would fain lay hold on them and swallow them up" (page 316).

"The God that holds you over the pit of hell, much as one holds a spider or some loathsome insect over the fire, abhors you, and is dreadfully provoked; his wrath towards you burns like fire; he looks upon you as worthy of nothing else but to be cast into the fire; he is of purer eyes than to bear to hav you in his sight; you are ten thousand times so abominable in his eyes as the most hateful and venomous serpent is in ours. You hav offended him infinitly more than ever a stubborn rebel did his prince; and yet it is nothing but his hand that holds you from falling into the fire every moment; it is ascribed to nothing else that you did not go to hell the last night; that you was suffered to awake again in this world after you closed your eyes to sleep; and there is no other reason to be given why you hav not dropped into hell since you arose in the morning, but that God's hand held you up; there is no other reason to be given why you hav not gone to hell since you hav sat here in the house of God, provoking his pure eyes by your sinful, wicked manner of attending his solemn worship; yea, there is nothing else that is to be given as a reason why you do not at this very moment drop down into hell" (page 318).

"The misery of the damned in hell can be better represented by nothing than by a deluge of misery, a mighty deluge of wrath which will be ten thousand times worse than a deluge of waters; for it will be a deluge of liquid fire, as in the scriptures it is called a lake of fire and brimstone. At the end of the world all the wicked shall be swallowed up in a vast deluge of fire which shall be as great and as mighty as Noah's deluge of water.

"After that the wicked will hav mighty billows of fire and brimstone eternally rolling over their poor souls, and their miserable, tormented bodies Those billows may be called vast liquid mountains of fire and brimstone. And when one billow shall hav gone over their heads, another shall follow, without intermission, giving them no rest day nor night to all eternity" (page 379).

"Men can artificially raise such a degree of heat with burning-glasses as will quickly melt the very stones and sand. And it is probable that the heat of that great fire which will burn the world will be such as to melt the rocks and very ground, and turn them into a kind of liquid fire. So that the whole world will probably be converted into a great lake, or liquid globe of fire, a vast ocean of fire in which the wicked shall be overwhelmed. It will be an ocean of fire which will always be in a tempest, in which the wicked shall be tossed to and fro, having no rest day nor night, vast waves or billows of fire continually rolling over their heads.

"They shall know that they shall forever be full of quick sense within and without; their heads, their eyes, their tongues, their hands, their feet, their loins, and their vitals shall forever be full of glowing, melting fire, fierce enough to melt the very rocks and elements; and also that they shall eternally be full of the most quick and lively sense to feel the torment" (page 495).

A Trusting Girl and a Christian Woman.

A TRUE STORY.

The good Christian woman! How often we hear of her virtues! A practical example of them came under my view lately. She is the wife of a wealthy farmer, and the mother of a handsome son. The son paid attentions to a neighbor's motherless daughter. The good Christian mother learned that the girl was approaching motherhood, and her handsome son, who was the father of the prospectiv child, intended in good faith to carry out his promis, and marry the girl before the birth of the child. Thereupon the good Christian mother compelled her handsome son to abscond without a word of warning or farewell. When the news was brought to the girl, she was sewing on her wedding clothes, and she got up and started to a pond to drown herself, saying not a word to any one.

The matter was compromised; another man mar-

ried the girl and fathered the child, receiving a sum of money for its benefit. He was a very distant collateral kinsman of the girl's, and married her because he wanted to save her from further disgrace and from sinking into hopeless ruin. They moved to a distant community. It was not pretended that the girl was not pure save for her confidence in her lover, the first and only lover she ever had. But her "social position" lacked about one per cent of being as good as his in the imagination of his mother.

The girl is broken-hearted and is dragging out a miserable existence; her brother is drinking himself to death; her old lover and betrayer is a prey to remorse; but the good Christian woman who caused the ruin is all right—for Christ has forgiven her and washed away her crime "in his own precious blood." Brethren, let us pray.

The Liberal Club.

When a visitor last Friday evening trudged up the steps leading to the hall where the Manhattan Liberal Club holds its meetings, he found Librarian King standing at the top conversing with the Hindoo pundit who sets type on THE TRUTH SEEKER. In answer to a question, Mr. King said that a man they called Brick Pomeroy was inside talking on the greenback dollar and its power to promote general prosperity. He didn't know who Brick Pomeroy was, and he guessed he wouldn't stay. Subsequent events showed that the librarian had missed a good meeting. When the visitor gained access to the hall, Mr. Pomeroy was well under way on his lecture, which was nearly identical with the one delivered before the club about a year ago. His proposition was to do away with national bank notes and to issue greenbacks in sufficient quantities to pay the bonded debt of the nation, as well as to remunerate the president and other public servants. He believed that, as the aforesaid bonds had already been paid in interest, it would be no injustice to the holders if they were paid in greenbacks and the debt repudiated. It was true there was a contract that the bonds should bear interest until the year of grace 1900 and odd, but the government might repudiate that contract, and the individual had no more right to protest than the sinner had to kick against the judgments of Almighty God. Mr. Pomeroy would hav the government put out one hundred millions of greenbacks yearly for two years as an experiment. Prosperity would come paying its way with the greenback dollar.

At the conclusion of the address, Mr. Wakeman spoke of the persecution of Charles Conroy by Anthony Comstock. The Defense Association had decided that Conroy was innocent of the misdemeanor charged against him, and should be defended. The Defense Committee were competent judges in that matter, as the deponent was informed and believed, and those wishing to contribute to the end in view should confer with Dr. Foote. The able and interesting lecture to which we had listened was now open to discussion.

Mr. Huhn urged upon Mr. Sutherland, there present, to expose the fallacies of Brother Pomeroy. Mr. Sutherland wished for space to collect his thoughts.

Mr. Slensby said that his good sense told him to sit still, but his emotions got the best of his sense and he would offer a few remarks. In the first place, Mr. Pomeroy had informed us that he was always in debt. Mr. Slensby did not think a man who was always in debt was the person most eminently qualified to instruct the members of the club on the subject of finance. If the government was to break its contract as to the bonds it had issued, what guarantee had we that it would keep its word as to greenbacks?

Mr. Blissert observed that Mr. Slensby's was the funniest argument he ever heard in his life. He corrected Mr. Slensby's pronunciation of the word finance, which that gentleman had pronounced fi-*nance*. Mr. Blissert, who is an Irishman, gave the authorized orthoëpy of the word as "*foi*-narnce."

Mr. Sutherland claimed that Mr. Pomeroy's method of getting the government out of debt by setting a printing-press to running and turning out greenback money was novel but impracticable, as a paper dollar was a mere I. O. U. of no value unless it was subject to redemption. As for Mr. Pomeroy's statements, they were woefully inaccurate. The speaker would like to be informed what constituted a dollar—certainly not a piece of paper bearing a promis to pay. Mr. Pomeroy's scheme would not do. During the remarks of this speaker, which lacked continuity on account of being extemporaneous, the people in the rear of the hall dropped into light and versatil verbal intercourse. Order was restored, however, by a timely suggestion from the chair that the conversation be temporarily suspended while Mr. Sutherland was addressing the club. This happy result having been attained, the orator's discourse wore on to the end of twenty minutes.

Mr. Huhn volunteered to tell Mr. Sutherland what constituted a dollar. In the first place, it was one hundred cents. In the second place, it was the unit of value in the United States, as a pound was the unit of value in England, and a franc in France. "That," said Mr. Huhn, "is my conception of a dollar." His plan for getting the government out of debt was to pay off in greenbacks the bonds that had been issued, and to hang the first man that should ever suggest the issuing of another.

Mr. Leavitt regretted that he had left his figures at home, but in default of these the best contribution he could make to the subject of money would be a history of the national finances from the beginning of the war up to the present time. As the hour was late, this design of Mr. Leavitt's was generally deprecated by the audience, but he proceeded, and had got so far as 1873 when his time expired and the chairman drove his nail in.

Mr. Pomeroy, in replying, said he had made no statements which were not strictly accurate, and which could not be verified by official figures. The government should never borrow a dollar while it had the power of creating money. As well, said he, might the Almighty borrow candles of the devil while possessing the ability to make suns and stars.

The club adjourned at the usual time under the belief that it had been a grand meeting, though the feeling engendered by the absence of Mr. Shook assumed the intensity of a poignant regret. At the next session Mr. Cohen will reconsider the vote for Gen. Butler in the late presidential election.

Canadian Notes.

Last evening a lecture was delivered by Mr. J. A. Risser in Albert Hall, on the subject, "Freethinking a Duty." He showed the variety of ways in which people put out their thinking to be done for them by somebody else instead of doing their own thinking. Others again performed all their mental work in conformity to some rule or plan or authority, or sets of creeds or dogmas or books. The votaries of superstitious theology got their priests to think for them. Other religious bigots never venture to think at all before they hav first consulted a book (which they call sacred), and then they dare not think except in accordance with the teachings of the book.

Taylor says, in contemplating the origin of Christianity, we hav to consider that as the sources from which all men's ideas are derived are the same, namely, from the five senses (the only means of acquiring knowledge) there is nothing wonderful in the general prevalence of a sameness of ideas in humanity in all regions of the world and in all ages. The affections of grief, fear, pain, hope, pleasure, gratitude, etc., are as common to man as his nature as a man, and could not fail to produce a corresponding similarity in the objects of his superstitious veneration. The idea of the atonement, of a sacrificed Christ, savior of men, who offered himself to die in order to save us from punishment for our sins (the savior himself being without sin, and heaven-born by means of an immaculate conception), this Christ to hav lived and died as no other could liv and die, to hav done and suffered great things for the service of mankind, but above all to hav propitiated the wrath of the supreme being—and to hav conquered the invisible authors of mischief in man's behalf—was such an overwhelming draft on man's tender feelings (the excitement of which is one of the strongest sources of pleasure in our nature) that the best hearts, and the weakest heads, never gave place to the coolness and apathy of skepticism.

The articles in the Toronto *Daily Mail* on the decline of Christianity and the universal and overwhelming growth of Secularism hav attracted much attention in all parts of Canada. But the Toronto *Daily Mail* is only one among many newspapers throughout the dominion which say the same thing. It is pleasing to find that many of the Canadian provincial press are edited by no mere ignorant Christians, but by well read, thoughtful, and cultured persons, which can be seen in the excellence of their literary work.

When the story of Jesus of Nazareth (the Christ) was preached to the nations of the ancient world (they having already similar Christs of their own), they never entertained a doubt that a similar series of adventures was proof of one and the same hero, and that the Grecian Apollo, Phœnician Adonis, the Esculapius of Athens, the Osiris of Egypt, the Christna of India, and the Jesus Christ of Nazareth were but various names of the self-same deity. So that nothing was so easy at any time as the business of conversion. Not skepticism, but superstitious credulity, is the characteristic propensity of mankind.

Mr. Moody is holding revival meetings in Toronto. The Toronto *Daily World* has an article upon him with headlines in staring black type, "Mr. Moody Makes it Pay," "The Revivalist's Mansions—his Wealth and his Trotters." After an account of his success and his lack of intellectual acquirements, the *World* continues: "How can we explain this phenomenon? Perhaps it is useless to attempt it in these days of religious surprises, of Salvation Armies, and the like. Mr. Moody has none of the graces of oratory, his voice is harsh and unmusical, and there is no depth or originality in what he says. The discourse is made up of the usual revivalist talk, with a large admixture of anecdotes, comic stories, and Yankee slang uttered through the nose, which he delivers himself of with astounding glibness in the most approved New England auctioneer style.

A disposition to multiply the objects of faith—to listen with eagerness to anything that is offered to them as miraculous, to believe every pretense to a divine revelation, to embrace every creed—presents itself in the history of almost every society of mankind, and is found to be nearly a universal characteristic of human nature. Unbelief is no sin that ignorance was ever capable of being guilty of. To suspect it of the nations previous to the Christian era is to outrage all inferences of our experience, and to suppose the human race in former times to hav been a different species of animal from any of which the wonder loving and credulous vulgar of our own day would be the descendants. Of all miracles that could possibly be imagined, the miracle of a miracle not believed would be the most miraculous.

Probably the catching airs of Sankey hav had quite as much to do with the remarkable success of those evangelists as Moody's exhortations (they can not be called sermons). The officially published biography of Mr. Moody states that the two evangelists started their work with the determination "to take no salaries in any form, to ask no collections, to engage in no business, but to devote themselvs solely to the work of God, and to rely upon him for all things requisit and necessary as well for the body as for the soul," and it adds in a foot-note that in his visit to Toronto Mr. Moody has not hinted at the question of remuneration. Yet a good many people will be surprised to learn that Mr. Moody started as an evangelist poor, and is now very wealthy.

The miraculous darkness which covered the whole earth for the space of six hours, which the evangelists so solemnly declare to hav attended the crucifixion of Christ, labors under the fatality of an absolute and total want of evidence. In the "History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," Gibbon, in his usual strain of sarcasm and irony, keenly asks, "How shall we excuse the supine inattention of the pagan and philosophic world to those evidences that were presented by the hand of omnipotent God, of the truths Christianity presented not to their reason only but to their senses. This miraculous event, which ought to hav excited the wonder, the curiosity, and the devotion of mankind, passed without the slightest notice in an age of philosophy of science and of history during the golden age of Roman literature contemporary with a multitude of busy pens. It happened during the lifetime of Seneca and the elder Pliny, who must hav experienced the effects or received the earliest intelligence of the prodigy. One of these philosophers in a laborious work has recorded all the great phenomena of nature that had ever happened, so far as known or recorded—earthquakes, meteors, comets, etc., all that his indefatigable curiosity and industry could collect—but both he and the other hav entirely omitted to mention the greatest phenomena, the most astounding occurrences in physical nature to which the mortal eye has ever been witness since the creation of the globe" (Vol. ii, chap. xv, p. 379).

Although Mr. Moody's official biography declares that he takes no salary in any form, he possesses a palatial mansion at his old home at Northfield, in Massachusetts, runs a stud of fast horses, which he takes a great delight in driving and training to beat the stock of his neighbor farmers, and carries on half a dozen boarding-houses conducted on the principle—which proves to be a lucrativ one—of teaching piety as well as the three r's. In addition to all these luxuries, Mr. Moody is an extensiv owner of real estate in his nativ town, all of which he acquired the title to since he became an evangelist. Thus in Mr. Moody's case has the maxim proved true that "Godliness is profitable for the life that now is as well as for that which is to come."

The great convention of Freethinkers for Dec. 13th, 1884, is the absorbing topic in Toronto. The committee for getting up a musical entertainment for the delegates are busily at work rehearsing sweet strains and heavenly harmony in linked sweetness long drawn out. R. B. BUTLAND.

Toronto, Dec. 6, 1884.

What Are Those Methods?

From Liberty.

Rome was not built in a day, and the sun will rise several times more before Anarchy is fully realized. It will be realized first where it is easiest and most important to realize it—that is, in banking and commerce. Through these it will gradually exercise a remarkable influence upon the ways and tendencies, the mental and moral habits of all the people, and this revolution in human nature will then make it possible to regulate by Anarchistic methods all the matters in which interests are most involved.

CATALOG of the Truth Seeker Company's publications sent free upon application.

The League.

The Campaign Fund.

Already acknowledged, $2,420.38; D. B. Cosine, $1; C. H. Betts, $1; Guy C. Irvine, $5; Jacob Baldenburger, $5; Mr. Worman, $2; Mr. N. Myern, 25 cents; Mr. P. Wooton, $5; Mr. Mansfield, $1; Cash, 75 cents; D. G. Desprieste, $1; Rob't Gunther, $5; Peter Wetsgar, $2; John J. Haslan, $2; Total, $2,451.38.

AMOUNTS PAID.

C. H. Betts, $1: Guy C. Irvine, $5; Jacob Baldenburger, $5; A. M. Booth, $9; D G. Desprieste, $1; Robert Gunther, $5; Peter Wetsgar, $2; John J. Haslan, $2; F. Fitzgibbons, $3; Joseph Lee, $5.

News and Notes.

Salamanca Convention has just closed. The winds blew and the rains came down, and altogether there seemed to be a general smash-up of the elements Saturday and Sunday, and about all we could do was to wait and be patient. Nevertheless we had a good time. Eloquent speeches were made. Brave Burnham, of Michigan, bore the brunt of the day courageously, assisted by C. B. Reynolds, and in spite of all something was accomplished, and the campaign faltered not. Wakeman made a noble address, touching the hights of our great argument, and outlining the wonderful work of the future, based on an illustrious line of descent from the heroic past. Outside the meetings we had a splendid social life, and this we think will be continued, for Salamanca has a gracious host of women who will certainly help develop the new work of Liberalism in the line of moral and sociable culture. A fuller account of the convention will be given next week. See also what our good friend, Mrs. A. M. Booth, has done by a little consecrated labor. Let others do likewise, and how soon success will be assured to our pioneer work. It is by each doing his or her level best in every community that will set the tide rolling on to irresistible conquest.

Let each Liberal scan the lecture engagements of Watts and Putnam, and if they find that they will come within hailing distance of their own home, send word at once, and if arrangements can be made they shall hav a night's campaign work that shall giv them new enthusiasm. Broaden and multiply the fields of labor so that our best men can be put into the very front and kept constantly pouring hot shot into the enemy's ranks.

Don't let our Pennsylvania friends forget the grand state convention to come off at Altoona. We purpose to make that a shining mark in Liberalism. There are some royal souls at Altoona, generous and devoted to the cause, and there will be plenty of inspiration both for eloquence and action. Those who come will enjoy a rare treat. They shall hav poetry, and they shall hav reality; the promis of the future, and the fruit of to-day. Come to the feast and be prepared to join, armed *cap-a-pie*, the great host of Liberals.

Some of our friends are disposed to criticise. We welcome every frank expression of opinion. The National League is not an invalid that it needs any favors shown to it in the spirit of pity. It is a strong man, and will show by its life that it is based upon the right principle. It is not for policy or for popularity that we aim, but for a chance to do a great work, to bring all honest Liberals together, and to establish justice. What grander work is there than to establish justice, to vindicate the right of free thought and free speech? To do this in a broad and charitable spirit is the aim of the League to-day. Its cry is consecration, and consecration to meet the impending crisis, to do our best on the basis of the Nine Demands, and a victory won here is a victory that will be felt in the depths of the ages. We trust to time to vindicate the wisdom of our course, and to show forth the glory and the usefulness of that unity for which we strive.

Brief Correspondence.

C. H. BETTS, North Wolcott, N. Y.: Please find inclosed $1 for the Campaign Fund. I heartily approve of the action of the National League, and I hope that every Liberal will do all he can to promote its success and thereby hasten the day when reason, truth, and common sense will reign supreme, and ignorance and superstition be no more. Yours for the success of the League.

DR. E. F. BEALS, West Winfield, N. Y.: Inclosed is one dollar, for this quarter, for Liberal League Campaign Fund. I am very much interested in the Liberal movement, and I hope the time is near when such men as Watts and Chainey will cease to wrangle over Spiritualism and Atheism, and work in harmony for humanity. I am glad to see THE TRUTH SEEKER so ably conducted. I hav been a subscriber since its commencement, when it was a seventy-five-cent paper.

NEW YORK, Nov 14, 1884.

Mr. Geo. M. Hare, vice-president of Veteran Liberal League, Soldiers' Home, Milwaukee, Wis., has been discharged by the board of managers for refusing to serve his punishment for telling the truth about the Home mismanagement. He was set adrift on the county road, without money, and refused his trunk, and went to the poor house, from whence his friends hav taken him home to Oshkosh, Wis. Is not this most outrageous treatment of one deserving the gratitude of this nation? JOHN P. GUILD.

DR. LUDWIG FRITSCH, Evansville, Ind.: Ingersoll will speak here on the 26th of November. If I knew the time Messrs. Watts and Putnam could speak here I would hav posted and distributed circulars in our Opera House at Ingersoll's lecture. I shall see Col. Ingersoll and ask him to announce Messrs. Watts and Putnam are coming, and thus prepare for their arrival. Col. Ingersoll made, on his second lecture in this city, $3,000, so you may judge what immense crowds were listening to his discourse.

MRS. ELIZA B. BURNZ, 24 Clinton Place, New York: I trust the Liberals at the places where Messrs. Putnam, Watts, and Reynolds lecture will not forget that the proceeds of Liberal Hymn Books, ordered from me through those gentlemen, for three months to come, is devoted to sustaining them in the lecture field. To show that these hymn books are worth purchasing by Liberals, I append a letter sent me by the Hon. Wm. H. Herndon, formerly law partner of our honored president, Abraham Lincoln:

"MRS. BURNZ, *My Dear Madam:* Some few days since I received from you, as I suppose, a specimen copy of your Liberal (new) hymn book, revised edition. I hav read over each hymn and find the number most excellent. I sincerely thank you for the specimen copy. The songs are lifeful, joyous, and gladsome; and when well sung by a large choir they will ring along the aisles of our nature and search every rounded or sharp corner in the vaults of the soul. The higher the civilization the greater is the love of music. You know what Earth's Poet said:

'The man that hath not music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils.'—*Shakspere.*

Songs and music are necessities of our age, and all Liberals—especially where there are enough members to form a society—should hav a good Liberal hymn book of aidful and cheerful songs. I am happy to find that you do not sing of grief, sorrow, blood, gloom, hell, and the like. Of nature, justice, love, hope, home, truth, and the like, you sing hopeful and sweetly. Good music is worship; it lifts up our religious soul to high and lofty thoughts, which burst with will and action in practical life. I do seriously recommend your book to all Liberals everywhere.

"Yours most respectfully, WM. H. HERNDON."

A. H. SCHOW, Oakland, Cal.: A letter has come into my hands from Chas. B. Reynolds to the Oakland Liberal League. This League had to suspend their meetings for lack of means and interest. We hav plenty of Liberals in Oakland, but cannot organize them. Col. Ingersoll had crowded houses Dr. York lectures here now to fair houses. Inclosed find $1 for the Lecture Fund. Please change the time on my TRUTH SEEKER. Giv Mr. Chas. Watts, or any other lecturer who may come to this country, my address, and I will giv them what points I can to help the cause along, and I may kill the best Cleveland rooster I hav got. Yours for truth and mental liberty.

J. ACHILLIS LAMBETH AND LAURENA A., his wife, Leadville, Col.: I and my wife will giv twelve dollars for the year. Inclosed are three dollars for the first quarter. In January, will send twenty-five dollars for a life membership in the National Liberal League for my wife, who is as ardent in the cause of progress and Freethought as I am. Only for the failure of the bank in which I had all the ready money I had, would send you much more, for we both think that every one of Liberal thought should do all in their power to help you and Mr. Watts in your efforts to carry on the good work. May you both be helped in every way, so as to insure you the success that we all wish you in breaking down the power of priests and church securing secularization of our government, and making this really a free country and a free people.

JOHN A. JOST, OGDEN, UTAH: The Ogden Liberal League No. 95 reorganized Oct. 27th, with twenty members. We think we can vouch for forty members at five cents per month for the National Liberal League. We hav had no meetings for the past two years, but since reorganization (Oct. 27th) hav regular weekly meetings, with average attendance of about fifty. Our officers are: president, G. A. Parks; secretary and treasurer, John A. Jost. An old school Materialist of the Hub of the Kneeland school furnishes us with a hall, and guarantees its continuance while there is a League to meet there. It was built for the purpose. and has a seating capacity of over three hundred. It has an inscription in golden letters on a marble slab prominent in front: "Agnostic Hall. Light—Let it Shine" The hall also has the best reed organ in the place, costing $175, this and furniture and fixings furnished by the Kneeland Hub man.

D. B. COZINE, Lexington, Ky.: In my last letter I promised a little donation to the Lecture Fund, and now I make that promis good by inclosing $2.00—one for the purpose named, the other as a trial subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER, which please hand either to Mr. Macdonald or Mr. Somerby. I hav seen one or two copies of the paper, and like it very much. It's just such a paper as Liberalism needs: the manly, open, fearless manner in which its editor expresses his opinions, the aptitude and ability of his arguments, the felicity of his language, and his powers of analysis are to be commended to all liberty-loving individuals, especially those who wish the world freed from orthodox superstition and enslaving priestcraft. I wish I had the power—the power of a Shakspere or Milton—I would impress in letters of living fire upon the mind of all Infidels the vast importance of sustaining our live, capable, and reliable Liberal publications. The cause of enlightened human progress, of mental liberty, the peace and security of our homes, and the happiness of civilized communities, rest largely on our efforts in this direction. So rally around the flag, friends, and don't let it be said we allowed a first-class Infidel publication to die for lack of appreciation and sustenance. And remember a cause without an organ is like a wagon without a horse—unable to move either way. I declare I had almost forgotten to whom I was writing; whether to you or the editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER. The fact is, however, I had become so interested in the subject, I almost lost sight of the object for which the letter was intended. So you must pardon me if I hav intruded upon your valuable time. I hav talked up your lecture you think of delivering in this city, and the few I hav spoken to concerning it seem to think it a good thing. The pernicious, baneful influences, and the deprivation wrought by the priests in this city, are truly wonderful. The Infidels are powerless, as it were. The minister has the advantage of us. He has recourse to the public through his pulpit, and under the false pretense of accomplishing great good for society, he can slander and abuse those who differ with him in opinion to his heart's content. We cannot reply to him, and if we try to do so through the public press, we are ostracized as moral lepers, and unfit for a decent man to associate with. All this needs righting, and I know of no men more capable to fill such a responsible position than Mr. Watts and yourself. So if you conclude to pay us a visit you will receive a hearty welcome. Though by few, it will be none the less generous.

H. VAN PELT, Cleveland, O.: I hav for a long time wanted to write a few lines on a subject that has long weighed heavy on my mind, and now, as I hav contributed my mite to the League Fund, I will take the liberty to make a single suggestion, and that is concerning the Sunday-schools, falsely called Sabbath schools. In my opinion the Sunday-school is the church's right bower, which the church plays for all it is worth. and I think that we should use as efficient means to enlighten the young and tender mind as is used by the church. I know, by my experience, that they take all the children that they can induce to attend their schools, and teach them everything but the truth, and by the time that the children are old enough to quit Sunday-school, they are so firmly established and grounded in the dogmas and superstitions of the church that it is next to impossible to get them to think or read anything but what the minister would recommend. I hav tried to get several such persons to read some Freethought books or papers; but they generally refuse, because they say that they do not want their faith disturbed, and that faith was first implanted in them in the Sunday-school, and I firmly believe that if the Sunday-school should be discontinued for the space of twenty-five years, not one in a dozen ministers would find employment as ministers at any price, but the church will not giv up the Sunday-schools, but will continue to manufacture members for Christian churches, and that, too, partly out of Freethinking families who, for the sake of popularity, allow their children to attend such schools. Now, I believe in using the most powerful weapons in war, and I would suggest that Messrs. Putnam and Watts should, wherever they go, endeavor to establish Liberal Sunday-schools for the purpose of teaching the children the errors, contradictions, bigotry, falsehoods, cruelties, and inconsistencies of the old book. And I firmly believe that until we do so we will make slow progress, and fail to make that progress that we might make if we had Sunday-schools of our own. I am more convinced of the truth of it by reading an article in THE TRUTH SEEKER of Nov. 8th, headed, "The Social Feature Necessary to Liberal Work." If every Liberal-minded person would read that piece carefully, I believe that Sunday-schools would be established generally, and I hope that Messrs Putnam and Watts will make strong efforts wherever they go to establish such schools. Now, please don't think that I want to dictate; I only want to suggest.

Mr. Charles Watts's Lecture Engagements.

1884
Dec. 4, Salamanca Convention.
" 14, Toronto, Canada (Convention)
" 21, " "
" 28, " "
1885.
Jan. 4, Hamilton, "
" 11, Toronto, "
" 18, " "
" 22 to 25, Montreal, Canada.
During intervening week nights—various parts of Canada.
Jan. 29, Linesville, Pa.
" 30, Altoona, " State meeting.
Feb. 1 and 3, Pittsburgh, Pa.
" 4, Wellsville, Ohio.
" 5, Alliance, "
" 6, Akron, "
" 7 and 8, Cleveland, Ohio.
" 9, Sandusky, "
" 10 and 11, Toledo, "
" 12, Adrian, Mich.
" 13 to 15, Detroit, Mich.
" 16 and 17, Flint, "
" 18 and 19, Lansing, Mich.
" 20 to 22, Grand Rapids, Mich.
" 23, Big Rapids, "
" 24, Saginaw City, "
" 25, Bay City, "

During the month of March Mr. Watts will be in Toronto and vicinity.

S. P. Putnam's Lecture Engagements.

Dec. 14, Toronto Convention.
" 21, Hamilton, Canada.
" 28, Alton, "
Jan. 4, Toronto, "
" 8, 9, and 11, Montreal, Canada.
" 25, Toronto, Canada.
" 30, Altoona, Pa, Convention; and during February will accompany Mr. Watts.

Literary Notes.

OF Remsburg's "Bible Morals" and "False Claims," Hon. W. H. Herndon, of Springfield, Ill., writes: "I hav just finished reading 'Bible Morals,' and am highly pleased with it. It is a truly practical lecture; it deals in facts and figures, and will do the Liberal cause great good, and its author great honor. I hope it will be published in pamphlet form like 'False Claims.' Both these lectures would do honor to any man. They are so practical, so plain, so simple, so terse, so logical, and so truly eloquent."

THE articles in the *Popular Science Monthly* for December are, "The Reformation in Time-keeping;" "American Aspects of Anthropology;" "School-Culture of the Observing Faculties;" "Queer Flowers;" "Alcoholic Trance;" "The Problem of Universal Suffrage;" "Cannibalism as a Custom;" "Starvation; Its Moral and Physical Effects;" "The Chemistry of Cookery;" "Perils of Rapid Civilization;" "Religion and the Doctrin of Evolution;" "Liquefaction of the Elementary Gases;" "The Oil Supply of the World;" "Oddities of Animal Character;" "Biographical sketch of Edward B. Tylor (with portrait);" and the usual amount of correspondence, literary notices, popular miscellany, and notes. The scientific articles this time are very interesting, but the Rev. Mr. Temple's paper must hav been inserted in deference to the religious views of the publishers. It has no particular merit of its own to recommend it.

THE danger of incidental harm to the community, or to certain classes of people, from the increased use of machinery, the extension of public works, etc., is greatly diminished when those who make the laws, and especially those whose duty it is to interpret them, recognize that law is a progressiv science; that it is a means, not an end; that when a state of things arises for which there is no precedent, a new precedent must be made. How the most enlightened jurists hold this principle constantly in view, and how the common as well as the statute law is thus made to keep pace with the general advance of civilization, is admirably set forth in the leading article in the *North American Review* for December, "Labor and Capital before the Law," by Judge T. M. Cooley, of Michigan. To the same number William K. Ackerman contributes some suggestiv "Notes on Railway Management," Dr. Schliemann tells what he found in his excavations of the ruins of Tiryns, in Southern Greece, and Principle Shairp supplements his scholarly article on "Friendship in Ancient Poetry" with one on "Friendship in English Poetry." The other articles in the number are, "The British House of Lords," by George Ticknor Curtis, and "Responsibility for State Roguery," by John F. Hume.

Communications.

Agnosticism.

The most serious objection to the use of the word Agnosticism in reference to the attitude of any class of thinkers is that it is purely negativ, it refers, not to any principle or belief, but is a word whose meaning is perfect ignorance. The objection to the use of the word as justly representing any mode of thought is further increased because it does not specify on what subjects it disclaims any knowledge, or its possibility. The truth is that all men are Agnostics; and to designate one particular mode of thought as Agnostlcism is a tacit assumption that others *do* know. It is not convenient to find a name to adequately represent any mode of philosophy; but if a name were to be used, it would, of necessity, be exclusiv in its application, and, like the distinguishing names of religious sects, would necessarily imply that those who were not of such a persuasion could not rightly assume the name. Whether a man believes or disbelieves in a certain doctrin does not affect the certainty of his knowledge or ignorance. A proposition is or is not capable of proof. If it is not, then candor would compel us to confess our ignorance. If it is, but has not been proven, even then we must withhold our asssent until it is proven. Religious fanaticism has taken the advantage of the word Agnosticism, and has made it to mean (to the religious world) a total ignorance of everything—a universal skepticism. Nothing is more unjust; and yet nothing else could be expected when any class of reformers, or of radical thinkers, used it to distinguish themselvs from others. In relation to the doctrin of a personal God, and the immortality of the human soul, however strong may be one's faith, honesty compels every one to admit his total ignorance concerning them. Accepting the hypothesis of modern thought that the authropomorphic idea of God is the last relic of savage superstition—and feeling for its advocates the same commiseration that is felt for more barbarous conceptions of the gods—and recognizing the utter absurdity of man attempting to arrive at exact knowledge of the infinit, or of changing its (or his) purposes, we all must admit that of the infinit power that produces all phenomena, we are totally ignorant. The most devout Christian is also compelled to admit that whatever may be his belief, he *knows* nothing of God. In point of fact, then, the Christian is necessarily an Agnostic. His belief in a personal God counts for nothing. Since his hypothesis cannot be proven, it cannot be believed. So, too, respecting the immortality of the soul. Even if it were true, as Spiritualists claim, that the physical principle of man survives the death of the body and remains intact in the preservation of consciousness, volition, and intelligence, even then that could not be a proof of its immortality. Because no proof is possible in such a case. And the utmost that it can prove is that death does not destroy the primal characteristics of individual human life.

Agnosticism is negativ, because it not only withholds assent from the two cardinal doctrins of the religion of the past—a personal God and the immortality of man—but it declares it impossible for us to arrive at any knowledge on these questions.

But it is impossible for any belief or course of thought to be purely negativ in its practical results. The activity of the mind necessitates something positiv, definit. This seems to be overlooked by the opponents of Agnosticism, when they charge it with being the greatest enemy to human morality and happiness by denying the existence of a personal God and the immortality of the soul. The Christian affirms that if there is no personal God to make and enforce his laws and the penalties for disobedience thereto, then there is no sanction to any right course of conduct, no reason why one should forego the most sensual pleasures of life. Greater force is supposed to lie in this familiar argument when it is announced that if this life *is* all there is for mankind, then we may as well giv vent to our passions, reap the greatest possible amount of happiness from the unlimited gratification of our lowest propensities; and in all things make self-aggrandizement the all-absorbing purpose of life. It is difficult to find any other reason than moral and intellectual insanity for such expressions. "What is the purpose of life? Why should we suffer and toil if, after all, the grave is the absolute termination of human hope and consciousness?" are questions incessantly put to the Agnostic. What can he say in reply? Simply this: "I know not whether death is the end of individual life or not; as far as I *do* know, I think it is. But whether it is or is not, of one thing I am sure: that it is better to do good, to be right, to exercise self-control under every circumstance in life; to be generous and just, and faithful in the discharge of duty, whether there is another life or not. And even if the mere consideration of personal happiness is concerned, I do not believe that that end is reached by defying every known principle of morality; by setting at naught the loftiest aspirations and sublimest feelings of the human mind, and by making supreme selfishness the ultimate purpose of conduct. Respecting the problem of conscious life after death, I am perfectly ignorant, but should that ignorance be a justifiable excuse for disregarding the right and setting at naught the feelings and interests of others? Must I make this life miserable for both myself and others, because I am not sure of life being eternal? The right is the best in this world as well as elsewhere, and I need no higher sanction than the welfare of others to prompt me to do right." The Agnostic could say this and much more to the person who wonders at good conduct coming from any other motiv than fear of punishment or hope of reward.

The ethical difference between Agnosticism and Spiritualism (I here use the word Spiritualism to include all those whose considerations for conduct here are derived from the prospect of another life) lies in the fact that the one believes in working for the improvement of mankind in this life, whereas the other makes the future life the pole-star of life and of conduct. It should not be overlooked that the means adopted by these antagonistic parties must in the main differ. The history of Liberalism within the last few years furnishes proof sufficient that with few exceptions, parties with such antipodal views do not work in harmony. This is to be regretted, but can not be prevented. I see no reason to disparage those who, acting under the influence of a belief in a future life, aim to improve the condition of mankind in this world. Neither do I see the consistency of such persons casting reflections on us (Agnostics) for honestly striving in the best manner known to us to meet the same end. Methods will differ in the same ratio that individual minds differ. It is, therefore, far from creditable to cast insinuations or reflect on the motivs of others simply because of proposed differences in the accomplishment of any needed reform.

Practically, then, the superiority of Agnosticism may easily be seen by observing the fact that all its proposed reforms hav an exclusiv reference to this life in its totality, and is not in the least bewildered by any reference to a supposed condition of existence of which nothing is definitly known. That considerations for the future hav interfered with the present life is inseparably connected with the historic development of all religions. Prayers and fastings, depreciation of the body and its passions; the celibacy of both sexes; penance in its varied forms; disparagement of reason and the exaltation of credulous faith; these and all other monstrosities of religion hav been produced either by a strict obedience to gods, or with the expectation of improving the future by making this life the more miserable. Christianity no less than other religions makes this life worthless by contrasting its brevity with eternal life, and by drawing our attention to endless felicity, thereby throwing a greater disparagement on the happiness of this life. So effectually has it succeeded that with the prospect of heaven, with the hope of securing eternal joy, there has been a total disregard (among the poor and oppressed) for the sufferings of this life. The growth of doubt and the strengthening of the moral sense were the principal causes of arresting the pending destruction of the race. Whatever may hav been its attitude to other questions, it fundamentally agreed with the most advanced forms of Secularism. It is useless, men said, to impose suffering, or deprive ourselvs of the best gifts of nature with the hope of bettering our condition after death. It is the growth of this spirit that has led all reforms, and that in spite of religious conservatism has wandered from the old paths. Not only so, the good that has come from the improvement of the arts, the advantages of mechanical inventions for the economy of human labor, the benefits to mankind accruing from the discoveries of scientific investigation, and all the great reforms of the past hav been produced by an exclusiv consideration for the improvement of mankind in this world (although so-called religious reforms may not be recognized in the category of true reform, yet they all hav been produced by the consciousness of evil in this world coming from ecclesiastical sources). The more powerful the feeling of the principles of Secularism, the greater the disposition to make this life more agreeable. Instead of the belief of the Agnostic causing him to act without reason or principle, facts testify to the contrary. And, by the way, I would suggest that our opponents consider the cause of such (to them) an anomaly. Every departure from the asceticism of Christianity and other forms of Paganism carries with it a corresponding growth of "worldliness," or Secularism; of making this life worth living, irrespectiv of another life.

It will naturally be said by Spiritualists that instead of their methods and practices conflicting with temporal success and happiness, they promote them; and by such means prepare mankind for a higher, though in essential respects similar, existence to this. This is the supposed stronghold of that system of faith. But to be logically supported it must assume that the future differs in no essential particular from the present. An opposit supposition would invalidate all efforts in that direction that would be warranted by our present knowledge of things. Giving Spiritualists, then, the advantage of such a position, it is only just to say that it is derived from the spirit of Secularism, which alone recognizes the supreme importance of removing the evils of life. And the only possible good that may exist in Spiritual faiths is borrowed from the intense antipathy of the human mind to all forms of evil. Co-extensiv with human existence, both actual and prospectiv, is the desire to hav all evils and every encumbrance removed; and no form of faith can offer any additional motiv to the persistent prosecution of duty than is afforded by Agnosticism. I seriously doubt the honor, integrity, and virtue of any one who would act contrary to those principles if there was no prospect of another life. Instead of Agnosticism being a system of despair, it is otherwise; for contemporaneous with life itself is the possibility of both pleasure and misery. Because life may and must end, that is no reason for not deriving the most pleasure therefrom.

The frivolous idea that Agnostics hate the doctrin of a future life is not warranted by facts. But they decidedly object to hav life and its conduct determined by extremely doubtful issues. As with all other questions we are called on to decide, our personal preferences, our likes or dislikes, should hav no necessary relation to our conduct or belief. That a continued life is desirable—if that life affords the possibility and certainty of progress—is true; but what if it is the reverse? What if misery is the lot of all? Is not universal death preferable to universal woe? Is it not better to be assured that our little life is circumscribed by birth and death, than to be informed that we must suffer as long as thought, or life, or being lasts? It is better that the universe be draped with everlasting mourning over the destruction of sentient life, than that the wails and woes of suffering continually harass and disturb the desired rest of the mind.

To do right because it is right; to suffer for the benefit of others without the prospect of compensation, other than that afforded by the invariable action of law; to maintain honor, integrity, and virtue in spite of the brevity of life, are principles of conduct that are incapable of improvement.

Fort Scott, Kan. J. L. Andrew.

Magian Myths.

A REPLY TO WRITERS IN THE TRUTH SEEKER OF AUG. 30TH.

Allow me to thank Mr. Lincoln and Coravar Amerig for their answers to my question about Mithras. The Druid lore of the latter seems to open a rich field, but to my ignorance the allusions are simply tantalizing. I could wish to see a more elaborate article from the same pen. I was aware that baptism and the communion were old Magian rites, but there is irreconcilable discrepancy between Mr. Amerig's account of Ormuzd, and that of writers hitherto known to me; they all agree with Anquetil Du Perron, who made Zend lore the chief object of his life, and obtained from the Parsees of India the perusal of their sacred books. All speak of Ormuzd and Ahriman as the good and evil principles born of "no woman," but of *boundless time*, and corresponding to nature's summer bounties, as Ahriman to the evils of the cold season, physical and moral. The morality, as well as the ritual deduced from this conception, is essentially agricultural, it relates virtue with prosperity and vice with misery.

Mithras, the solar force, modified by the earth's attitudes in alternate seasons, and corresponding to their whole annual career, may, rather than Ormuzd, whom the arch-druid identifies with Plennydh, correspond to Hu.

As the Amschaspands or good genii presiding over the elements are explained as beneficent aspects of Ormuzd, while earthquakes, pestilential fevers, and other maleficences, are regarded either as the works of Ahriman's assistant genii, or as so many aspects of Ahriman; so the same idiom of thought renders Ormuzd himself as the summer aspect of Mithras, and Ahriman as his winter aspect. As to the human form of Mithras, it is clearly a poet's or painter's image by analogy of youth with the spring-tide.

The chief value of these mythologic studies is to restore religious sentiment where it is due, viz, to useful and beautiful cultures, and those secondary creations which ally our human with the solar power. Here the mysteries and miracles are those of science, in conspiring with art. Such practical religion weans us from steril logomachies about the unknowable. Terra-solar physics will giv "the happy dispatch" to metaphysics and activism to theology.

Mr. Lincoln justly reproves "the inconsequential speculations and useless wranglings of Liberals and Spiritualists on subjects they can never settle," but as to the "grand old science and true key to the bottomless pit of all theological bedevilment," I look for that key, not in any mythological allegories, but in observation and experiment, industry and art. The grand science, the science of sciences, to which astronomy itself is indebted for its culture by the earlier astrologists, is the science of social destiny, to which attraction at once, sidereal and passional, affords the clew. To enlightened posterity, our wildest theological delusions will appear less astounding than the economic delusions of our democratic plutocracy. Mr. Lincoln magnifies the importance of the old Bible medley. I leave that to the priests

who make their dishonorable livelihood by glozing on its texts. Astronomers hav always been, as they are now, too much in earnest, to go maundering in silly figures of speech, writing their observations and calculations so exact as to enable them to predict eclipses, as a series of conundrums in civil history, that of Israel doing common duty for the stars, or to translate the precession of the equinoxes by Ephraim's being joined to his idols. Such figures outrage analogy and common sense, and to write whole books like the Old Testament in this wise is at once incompatible with the exigencies of science, and inexplicable by any such motivs as diplomacy or warfare afford to the secret languages called ciphers. These, moreover, are not allegorical, but generally readable by a mechanical key. The conception of a disguise so grotesque, for a science not persecuted, is too extravagant for scientific sanity, and its elaborate execution, under the obvious narrativ of Judaism, as a blind to the uninitiated, seems to me no less absurd than the mysteries and miracles themselvs. The personification of "Time" in our old gentleman, Abraham, is about as far fetched as the pun, half Latin and half English, that draws him from the ram, "Ab-ram-ic." On the other hand, there is no question about the solar features of the Magian doctrins, nor that they were freely employed in the construction of Christianity. The man Jesus, divested of all astronomical trappings, has important moral suggestions, the value of which experiment only can decide. Whether borrowed, like much of the doctrin ascribed to him, *i. e.*, Jesuism, and more of what the church has added, *i. e.*, Christianity, from the majestic Magian allegories, the astronomical myth common to Jesus with Osiris, Mithras, and that group of solar youths, including, perhaps, Manco Copac, of Peru, is a loose overcoat easily drawn off without prejudice to the personality of the wearer, unless for the spurious sanctities of superstitious ritualism. I esteem that in view of such superstition, and of the popular taste for stories, you learned antiquarians and cosmopolite linguists would do a useful and agreeable and a lucrativ piece of work, if, instead of cracking your ab-ram-ic jokes on an old soldier like me, you would narrate the solar myths in a popular but artistic style, such as the original documents permit, but which they do not exemplify.

Diagrams may assist in explaining their scientific element, and dissecting the "old astronomical man" Dupuis, as a classical and encyclopedia authority. I do not remember in him the peculiar bias mentioned by Mr. Lincoln toward Egyptology; if, however, that is so, it accords very well with the recent studies of another writer, who makes Egyptian civilization the matrix of all. As to climate, that depends on the earth's axial inclinations, which do not appear to hav been the same as they are now when elephants browsed in the forests of Siberia. Egypt may then hav been more temperate.

Bacon, in his, "Wisdom of the Ancients," affords a fine model of the analogic view applied to Greek myths. His studies of the air-powers in Jupiter, and soil-powers in Proserpine, are delightful prose poems which natural philosophy rejoices in. Since his time, Sanskrit literature has made precious contributions to this little explored field of legitimate romance, which may very advantageously supersede our common-place personalities of vulgar slang novels.

M. E. Lazarus, M.D.

Can Spirits Who Were Not Before Birth Exist After Death?

The present condition—so to speak—of the vast millions of human beings not yet born, but destined to liv in the future, and the present condition of the vast masses of humanity which hav lived and died in the past, are identical. The condition of each individual before birth and after death is the same. When the spirits of the unborn hover around us, and we can commune with our children's children not yet born, with the sages and thinkers, the poets and composers, of the future; when the spirits of the presidential candidates of 2884 can orate to us about the great issues of a thousand years hence, then, and not till then, will we possess analogous proof and circumstantial evidence that the spirits of the dead liv long after their physical bodies hav vanished.

It seems to be an axiom of science that that which has a beginning must hav an end, so it seems logical that the spirits or minds of those now living, and which had their beginning, say twenty, forty, or eighty years ago, must end. And all objects of nature seem subject to this imperativ law. Every flower, tree, creature, no matter how endowed with beauty and loveliness; every rock, world, sun, and system, at one time was not, and it is considered equally certain that at some time in the future they will cease to be. All hav a beginning, are evolved from the eternal potencies of infinit matter, grow for a few moments, or for a few millions of years, then decay, disintegrate, and again mingle with other forces, only to resume again, a link in the perpetual chain of growth and decay. The perpetuity of nature is dependent upon this law.

It is claimed by Spiritists that the life and intelligence of the present generation, hardly a member of which had an individual existence a century ago, will still exist a hundred, a thousand, a million, yes, even millions of billions of years hence—in fact, during all eternity! Now, I demand analogical proof for the assertion. What other thing, object, or phenomenon in nature which at one time was not, which at one time began, will continue to exist forever in the future? What besides man—as it is claimed—has one end, and no other end? What else has a commencement, then eternal continuation and *statu quo?* What other object in nature which has had an eternity of time preceding it's existence will not hav an eternity of time succeeding its existence? Is not this order of nature universal and arbitrary? Or is man indeed an exception to the rule, and destined to enjoy a miraculous and supernatural existence forever?

If one thing is positiv, and which must be conceded by all, it is the fact that a hundred years ago—barring centenarians—not a vestige of the individuality, intelligence, consciousness, minds, or spirits of the present generation was in existence, and also that to-day not a vestige of the spirits of future generations is manifest. What, then, does this overwhelming, absolute fact demonstrate? That mind or spirit begins and ends with the physical body; that it is not a separate entity, capable of independent existence, but simply a function, process, mode, or attribute of the living animal organism, which latter is a purely physical result, or growth of purely physical causes, and consequently subject to the laws of life and decay, like all other physical bodies. It proves that organic life (which is not to be confounded with the physical life, vitality, or immortal potencies of matter) and individual consciousness necessitate physical organism; that thought necessitates brain; sight, eyes; sound, ears; and all other functions their respectiv organs. It proves that mind and life are to the physical organism what force, motion, and action are to a clock or to a locomotiv, and we might as well expect nothing to indicate the time, or nothing, or the ghost of a locomotiv, to pull a train of cars, when every particle of iron and steel which compose the clock or locomotiv has been smashed, melted, and remodeled into ten-penny nails, as to expect to see the identical intelligence or spirits of John Jones or Peter Smith when every particle which composed the organisms of these good fellows has been transformed into grass, trees, flowers, cabbages, cows, and even into portions of many other human beings.

Let us suppose the case of a person who will be born in the year 5000—a very short period when compared with the vast cycles of ages of beginningless and endless time. Does the mind or spirit of this person exist to-day? Has it abstract existence; does it act and think now? No! no one so bold as to assert the activity or consciousness now of non-existence or of the coming man. Yet it would be no greater absurdity than to affirm the existence now of the dead. But, in course of time, as generation follows generation into oblivion—about the year 5000—involuntarily, by purely animal or physical process, a child is evolved and born. It has a living body of flesh and blood, which givs it outline, form, sex, and individuality. It has eyes to see, a stomach to digest food, a nervous system and brain to taste, perceive, and enjoy what conforms to its involuntary thought and sensation. Soon it is hungry; it cries, and taking the food into its stomach is the first pleasurable sensation. It opens its bright eyes and, for the first time, meets the sympathetic smile of its happy mother. It is telegraphed over a bundle of nerve cells to the brain, and it remembers what it has tasted and seen. This is the dawn of mind—of intellect. Who can say that without eyes, without a stomach and brain, any creature could ever evolve intelligence? It cannot be done. A noted case in proof was Kasper Hauser—supposed to hav been a prince—who, though a perfect child, from infancy was incarcerated in a dark dungeon for twenty years, coming in contact with no one. When finally released, he was but a living, breathing idiot, without mind or language.

Conception—a process virtually alike in all animals—causes the physical body, which in time aquires intelligence. The former is the cause, the latter the effect. The former alone makes the latter possible. It is as essential to its existence or continuance as oil is to a burning lamp, fuel to a locomotiv, or a main-spring to a watch. Who can prove that when the cause is removed which originated it and which is essential to its continuance, the effect can continue during all eternity? Who can prove that when the flesh and bone are gone, the outline of personality still remains? When all organs are annihilated their functions continue? That invisible and transparent organs and bodies are miraculously created and perform identical functions as those of the glowing and warm flesh and blood? That breathing, speaking, circulation, digestion, respiration, embracing, kissing, walking, etc., can be performed by these invisible, inconceivable, miraculous organs, just as well as with the physical? Who can prove it? *No one!* And I now affirm that all the combined so-called "proofs" ever supplied by so-called "mediums," no matter how astounding and mysterious and unexplainable at present by any other hypothesis than that of spirits; all the slate writing, visitations, inspirations, laying on of hands when in half slumber, like the lonely and (probably) longing Chainey, seeing (supposed) visions, cabinet and dark circle wonders, materializations, all together—the great sum total of all these mysteries are not as the figure one in comparison to a million when compared to that one grand, startling, and overwhelming mystery how it can be possible that when a man is dead—when all and every particle which made him a man has assumed other forms, when his whole being is annihilated and he has vanished—the identical man can still liv! Any dark-circle "proof," any locked-slate message, no matter how startling, is therefore not only *not* explained by attributing the phenomena to spirits, but the mystery is infinitly enlarged by the question arising, How do spirits do it? How can they exist?

I therefore insist that spirit existence—if a reality—is absolutely unthinkable, and beyond the reach of scientific investigation, and contrary to all else in nature not resolvable into component parts, nor possessing outline, weight, or tangibility, and therefore must ever be consigned to realms of ghosts and spooks.

And here again occurs to me—if this doctrin were true—the startling absurdity and worthlessness of physical existence: If man after death can exist during all eternity *without* the wonderful and subtle organism which now makes him a man, what a waste of natural energy is it that this splendid form was produced at all? For surely if we can exist during all eternity without flesh, bone, and organs, physical existence here for a few paltry years is a lamentable failure, and the sooner we can get rid of it the better.

But the proposition, as I said in a previous letter, is all idle speculation, and the cunning device of avaricious priests and cranky visionaries, not at all including in the latter the many intelligent believers in Spiritualism, but only applying these sweeping terms to the organizers and inventors of the giant delusion. From a paper published in the *Popular Science Monthly*, and republished in the *Radical Review*, entitled "Where and How We Remember," by M. Allen Starr, M.D., I quote: "It thus becomes evident, from the study of brain disease, that our visual memories, our auditory memories, our memories of motion, and our memories of speech, may each be lost, while other memories are unaffected; and, further, that a loss of any one of these memories is always due to disease in its own appropriate part of the brain." Thus showing the entire dependence of every function of man's intellect upon the brain. I urge all your readers to read this splendid and instructiv essay.

Otto Wettstein.

Materialism or Atheism.

No doubt many innocent and lovely people are seriously afflicted with the apprehension that this beautiful world is growing godless, or "Godless," by which they mean that men and women are multiplying who hav too much respect for material things, and either deny or do not believe that there ever existed a spiritual being or person who created all things out of nothing; or that a vacuum, whether infinit or finite, can think. If asked how matter came to be, they will perhaps say, "We don't know," or, "It always was." Strength, beauty, and brain, of which some are too proud to be vain, and with which some are as cruel as Cain, whence do they come? They'll answer, "From sun, lightning, and rain, their natural home," making mere matter and motion the first causes of whatever we see, hear, feel, smell, taste, or think of, the origin not only of men, women, and children, but of a practically infinit series of living organisms from the biggest sea-monster down to the invisible and indivisible individual atom of matter. It is only to postulate sex and mobility to ultimate atoms, and the how of things is much simplified without assuming a beginning. This is about what an Athiest did who was born nearly a century before Jesus of Nazareth. His name was Titus Lucretius Carus, a precious good name whether the man was precious or not. He wrote about the "Nature of Things," by far the grandest poem in the Latin language. Priests of the pagan theology pooh-poohed it. Those of the Christian theology never, so far as I know, recommend boys to read it in college. But, wonderful to say, in 1766 was born a Quaker, by the name of John Dalton, who became famous as the father of the "atomic theory" in chemistry. Beyond the presumption, from the fact of his having been born in a Quaker family, I can find no evidence of his entertaining any theological theory whatever. Guided by the abstract, uncreated, eternal verities of mathematics, he started a series of experiments by which modern chemistry, almost wholly within this century, has established the doctrin of dear old Lucretius, by which he nobly aimed to free this world from superstition and establish the brotherhood of the human race. Since the death of Dalton, in 1837, Materialists and Atheists hav multiplied in the scientific world with exceeding rapidity, so that theology may well shake in all its shoes, but why should theologians do so? Is not nature, including the human, wide enough to giv them pleasant work to do?

Elizur Wright.

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Newton to the Front Again.

Last Sunday Heber Newton recurred to the subject which obtained for him his notoriety as a heretical Episcopalian. The inspiration of the scriptures was his subject. The view he now takes is that not only is there one inspired Bible, but that there are many Bibles all equally "inspired" in parts. Plenary inspiration he considered to be a full-sized mistake. He thinks "God" speaks in the Bible, but with limitations. All the men who wrote in it were not inspired, and neither was all that they wrote. The recognition of this was the first step in the doctrin of inspiration. "The second step in the doctrin of divine inspiration is the recognition of it in other sacred books than ours. Other people hav had bibles which were revered by them with a devoutness not surpassed by our reverence for our Bible. In the absence of any first-hand knowledge of these books, it was easy for our fathers to deny to them the claim of inspiration. The fathers also classed the wonderful people of China and India with the Hottentots as heathens. But, tried by whatever test we apply to our own Bible, we find in these bibles tokens of inspiration. Those of us who hav read these bibles in private know how they inspired us, and caused us to regret that we could not bring into our public services the noble words of these Eastern saints. The time will come, and come soon, when, instead of reading a dry bit of Jewish history because it is in our Bible, we shall wisely choose some lofty strain of ethical teaching from those other bibles, which are profitable for reproof and for correction, and for edification in righteousness, and therefore, according to St. Paul, are inspired."

Mr. Newton read passages from Socrates, Plato, and other Greek philosophers, and said: "If we deny the inspiration of this we must deny the inspiration of the Bible. The fathers say that God does not now speak to man as of old, the true faith having been taught. They even giv the date when inspiration ceased. The spirit of God cannot hav ceased to speak eighteen centuries ago, unless, indeed, he exhausted himself in making the book of Revelation. Has he nothing more to say to his children since then? Has he been thinking no thoughts new to men and doing no new deeds of creation of which he might well speak to his children since then? Hav there been no new phases of truth calling for fresh explanations from the great teacher? Has God seen his children groping in the darkness and put out no helping hand? What is the work of God for man if it be not the improvement of man materially, physically, mentally, and spiritually? Were not the haunting thoughts of Columbus the voice of God? Does not the cunning of the inventor come with the breath of God? Is not each great discovery in science an inspiration from God? We assert man's consciousness of inspiration through the inspiration of the men who wrote our Bible, the inspiration of the men who wrote other bibles, the inspiration of the saints of all times, and the inspiration of the men who in every sphere of life seek the truth that they may do their fellows service."

Now, all of this is the rankest heresy, and the admission of its truth would be as fatal to the fundamental claims of Christianity as the discovery of the rotundity of the globe was to Biblical cosmology. It is also in direct opposition in teaching to the doctrins of his church. The sixth of the Thirty-Nine Articles to which Mr. Newton subscribed at his ordination lists the canonical and authoritativ books of the Bible, and nothing is said about any portion of them being uninspired or as having a less "divine" nature than the rest. And then to claim for the Vedas and the Koran, for Socrates and Plato, for Columbus and Galileo, for all the great minds of all the ages, an inspiration from the same God that is by Christians supposed to hav written the Bible that consigns them all to an eternal hell, is as much a violation of Christian doctrin and as far from orthodox as the writings of Voltaire or the orations of Ingersoll.

We wonder if another attempt will not be made to disciplin the pulpit of All Souls church!

Christianity in Italy.

Our brethren of Italy, according to a late dispatch from Rome, hav abundant evidence of the rottenness of the church of Rome in the numerous priestly scandals which hav recently come to light. Scarcely a day passes which does not expose the details of some shocking occurrence in which a priest is concerned, and the idea is prevalent that an epidemic of priestly crime has set in.

The crimes so far given are all against women. At Marcellina, a small village in the north of Italy, near Rivoli and Turin, a sacristan named Progetti fatally stabbed a priest with a dagger for eloping with his wife, and on appeal refusing to surrender her. At Pozzone, near Caserta, seventeen miles from Naples, the mayor of the village stabbed a curé for seducing his sister. At Marinella, near Civita Vecchia, a captain in the navy named Gelli discovered that criminal relations existed between his wife and daughter and the village priest. Gelli killed his wife with a stiletto, but did not molest her betrayer. He was tried for murder and was sentenced to five years' imprisonment. In the Via Lungara, at Rome, a priest named Angelo Lardi, seventy years of age, has been arrested for stabbing a maiden who resisted his advances.

These are the more prominent of the many crimes which hav occurred, and the feeling of abhorrence and disgust has latterly become so pronounced, and threats of popular vengeance so loud, that even the walls of the Vatican were not proof against them. As a matter of policy, the pope has been obliged to take cognizance of the immoral and murderous conduct of his priests, and, it is stated, has authorized an investigation with the intent of restraining the brutal violence of his minions.

It will be wise for the pope to do this. Though a whitewashing of some and excommunication of other priests will not change the fact that the whole church of Rome is saturated with immorality in its various forms, yet the very life of the institution in Italy is dependent upon the good behavior of its leaders. Probably in no country does the pope command so little personal respect from the masses of the people as in Italy. He has repeatedly been hissed when in ceremonial procession, and it is on this account that he rarely shows himself in public, preferring to pose before the Catholic world as the prisoner of the Vatican. It only needs a few outrages of the kind chronicled above to rouse the populace to acts of reprisal, and to breed in their hearts a still more bitter hatred of the pope and his church.

A Growth in Public Sentiment.

As an illustration of how rapidly the people are outgrowing the notions of the Puritans who once dominated the country, the great change in regard to Sunday keeping in this city has been cited. A comparison of the day as now spent with the day the church fanatics endeavored to fasten upon the city immediately after the adoption of the new code, shows not only how futil such legislation must be, but a great unanimity of public sentinent against the New England Sabbath. Like many another legal statute, the Sunday law is now much more honored in the breach than in the observance. It is not so very many months ago that the "Sunday-Closing League" had its spies all over the city, attempting to imprison or fine about every one who dared to do anything except eat and go to church on Sunday. Sunday cars were to be stopped, Sunday newspapers should not be published, ferry-boats were to be tied up, and New Yorkers were not to be allowed off the island. Then, all varieties of stores were to be closed, and even the boot-blacks and flower girls were to be prevented from earning the customary five-pences. The courts were filled with tradesmen caught violating the law, and many thousands of dollars in fines were extracted from the profits of the shop-keepers. For the first few Sundays the arrests were very numerous. The magistrates had their time taken up in disposing of these cases. The work of the "League" got to be a nuisance. The Society's agents received some pretty hard raps from unsympathetic judges on the inconsistency of their arresting people for violating a law which they themselves broke when they went about on Sundays as detectivs collecting evidence against other people. Now, hardly an arrest a month is made, and the magistrates discharge nearly every such case brought before them; and for the year ending October, 1884, only fifty persons were taken up for such violation, and their persecution ended with the arrest. The occupation of the "Sunday-Closing League" is gone.

This result is owing to the enmity of public sentiment to the law. A policeman hesitates to make an arrest for an offense neither he nor the public regards as in any way criminal; the magistrates, still more intelligent, will not punish a person for doing that which is in nowise wrong, and in which public sentiment is so unmistakably with the man at the bar. Even the churches, with the exception of the Methodist and Presbyterian bodies, are outgrowing the traditions of a Puritan Sunday. People now move about as freely, and amuse themselvs as unrestrictedly, as before the reviving of the law. The pious are free to go to church; the worldly to the concert; the studious to the reading-rooms. So much practical advance has now been made, that it is safe to predict that within the next five years New York will hav a "continental Sunday;" not by permission of the priests, but because the people hav grown to the rational enjoyment of a day at one time the season of unrestrained secret dissipation and untrammeled public piety.

Liberal Divorce Laws.

The Italian ministry hav recommended to Parliament a divorce law more sweeping even than the French bill recently passed. It provides that couples without children who may hav been separated three years shall upon proof being presented be entitled to absolute divorce. In case the union shall hav been productiv of children, a separation of five years, with satisfactory guarantees as to the provision for their offspring, is demanded.

This is about as common sense a law as legislators are in the habit of conceiving, and if it shall pass the Italian Parliament that country is likely to be troubled with fewer wife murders and husband poisonings, not to mention habitual domestic infelicities, than it is now. Of course the pope denounces the bill vigorously, but his opposition weighs little in the consideration of moral questions.

A Very Encouraging Vote.

In Washington territory, in addition, it seems, to Wyoming, unless the two hav got confounded in the press dispatches, a vote was taken at the last election upon the question of church taxation. The Seattle *Daily Post-Intelligencer* givs a partial *resumé* of the vote by counties as follows:

Counties.	*Yes.*	*No.*
Columbia,	822	701
Lincoln,	501	1,230
Mason,	150	38
Island,	152	43
Lewis,	489	431
Spokane,	635	950
King,	2,756	1,375
Skagit,	579	547
Snohomish,	530	238
Walla Walla,	1,080	903
Whatcom,	489	316
Kittitas,	489	302
Whitman,	1,048	1,552
Clarke,	1,369	354
Chehalis,	454	335
Thurston,	883	426
Klickitat	460	284
Total,	12,886	10,025

If this result shall be sustained by the official returns, it will be a glorious victory for justice. In the city of Seattle alone over $80,000 worth of church property will contribute to the revenues of the state.

An Inquiry from Mr. Mitchell.

"The Man *versus* the State."
"Mr. Spencer against All England."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* My feelings are that there may be an important meaning in the words Mr. Harrison has quoted from Mr. Spencer, but what can we know about it simply by the few words Mr. Harrison has quoted? As an

earnest, practical reformer, I want to know what Mr. Spencer meant by "The Man *versus* the State." If he means that man has rights and "the State" has none, then it is a statement of vast importance. Man *has* rights; *states hav none.* Is that what Mr. Spencer means? For one I am deeply interested to know. Again, What is the meaning of "Mr. Spencer against All England?" Mr. Spencer as a man, and all other men, hav rights. England, nor any other *nation,* never had any rights. I earnestly want to know the meaning of what I hope may hav a meaning of vast importance to all those who wish to free mankind from the despotic power of all governments of force.

SEWARD MITCHELL.

[Mr. Spencer's "Man versus the State" is a consideration by that great philosopher of the respectiv rights of the individual and of society. Mr. Harrison said the title might better be "Mr. Spencer against All England," because Mr. Spencer's views are not those generally accepted by society, and are certainly at wide variance with the socialistic theories. While Mr. Spencer is not such an extreme anarchist as our friend Mitchell, his positions are considered favorable to that "philosophy."—ED. T. S.]

Editorial Notes.

THE Methodist preachers of Philadelphia hav already shown their bigotry by adopting a resolution asking the authorities of the New Orleans Exposition to keep the gates closed on Sundays. Probably they wish to junket through the grounds themselvs on Sundays and do not want a crowd.

BESIDES Sir John A. Macdonald, premier of Canada, and John W. Foster, American minister to Spain, the steamer Oregon brought to our shores last Sunday Mrs. Watts, wife of the first vice-president of the National Liberal League, who has come over to giv aid and comfort to her husband while he is helping fight our battle.

THE Salamanca Convention was opened Thursday evening by a speech from Charles Watts. Friday afternoon Mr. Reynolds lectured. Mr. Wakeman spoke on Sunday night. J. H. Burnham and S. P. Putnam were also there. Messrs. Remsburg and Bell were unable to attend. On the opening night a good audience was on hand. The rest of the time a drenching rain kept the people away. Only a few attended from abroad, and the convention was a failure. We shall hav a report next week.

To an unprejudiced person it would seem that a minister who knew of theaters only from the show bills was hardly the proper individual to criticise the drama. Yet the Rev. A. B. Rossiter boldly attempted such criticism last Sunday. "I know theaters," he said, "only through the play bill which I see displayed about in the shop windows and by the comments of the newspapers, and I judge that they are given up entirely to displays of seduction, adultery, murder, false marriage vows, and blasphemy; and while New York spends $7,000,000 each year to spread such knowledge, she spends but $3,000,000 on the gospel." If Mr. Rossiter's figures are correct the people of this city are more sensible than we thought them. But three million dollars, even, is a big sum to waste.

REMEMBER the poor! Father Hacker's crop of grapes and berries came very short this year, and he will receive no profit from his bees until next summer. Meanwhile he must suffer during the cold weather if aid be not extended. In acknowledging the receipt of sums sent through THE TRUTH SEEKER a few days ago, Mr. Hacker said that he was out of coal, nearly out of food, and slightly in debt. This is a bad condition to be in in Christian New Jersey, and we hope the generous-hearted will bear it in mind. The advanced age of Mr. Hacker and his wife, and their chronic invalidism, make it extremely hard for them to help themselvs. Let us, therefore, all turn to and help them. Address J. Hacker, Berlin, New Jersey.

THE St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* is responsible for this story about Col. Ingersoll: "While ex-Senator Dorsey was here in attendance on the Cattle Convention, he was asked one day how much he paid Bob Ingersoll for his defense in the Star route trials. 'Well,' said he, 'it was very curious how that was done. From the beginning to the end of the trial Ingersoll never asked me for a dollar. One day, after I had been acquitted on the second trial, I met Ingersoll, and I asked him how much I owed him. He at first declined to talk about it, saying he had no charge to make, and he didn't care if he never got a cent. I asked him to walk a few squares with me, and we went to the safe-deposit building. I unlocked my box and took out a four per cent government bond for $100,000 and gave it to him. He put it in his pocket and we walked away, and have not referred to the subject since.'"

SPEAKING of the prominent part the clergy hav played in our late "presidential scuffle," the *San Franciscan* says: "There is a prejudice in the minds of most American citizens against the interference of clergymen in the politics of the country. The world had a long and wearing fight ere it succeeded in making the church understand that the state could manage to struggle along without the church's direction. This prejudice is offended when clergymen, *as* clergymen, push themselvs to the front in politics, and speak in an oracular tone about matters of which they necessarily know no more than other people. We dislike to see them do it. The church has a load to carry in these unbelieving days that is heavy enough already. When the vanity of her commissioned servants leads them into presumptuous conduct that excites unnecessarily the resentment of the masses of the people who are not of the household of faith, in self-defense she should issue an order that her ministers mind their own proper business.'

THE vote in Washington territory on taxing church property shows a large majority in favor of such taxation. At the recent election the women of the territory cast about 11,000 votes. This settles the current idea that women will not vote when they hav the right to vote. It is also a straw to show that they favor the demand of Secularism that church property pay its share of the taxes.

"AN English traveler" calls attention in the columns of an English religious paper to the energetic propaganda of Freethought now being carried on in Italy. He finds large quantities of Freethought tracts on the tables of hotels, and says: "I hav seen not only the scholarly though dangerous pamphlets published by the late Thomas Scott, but also the more blasphemous tracts of the National Secular Society and journals like the *National Reformer* and *Freethinker* selling openly in the streets of Florence. Let it not be supposed that these soul-endangering publications are all printed in the English tongue, and therefore unintelligible for the mass of Italian readers; many are translations of the works above mentioned, or original works, written in Italian by the same person—apparently an Englishman—who is occupied in a translation of this Infidel literature, and who, it must be owned, displays a zeal and intelligence in the prosecution of his unholy task worthy of a better cause."

AUSTRALASIA is in luck. Our old friend Dr. J. L, York sails for that land on the 20th inst., intending to spend a few months there lecturing on the principles of Freethought. Australia has already many splendid advocates of reason and justice, but in Dr. York they will find a co-worker who will put them on their mettle to excel. His labors on the Pacific slope during the past seventeen years hav resulted in largely Liberalizing the country west of the Rockies. In whatever town he has gone into for lecturing he has left some Liberals behind, to make his second visit easier, and if he works as hard in Australia, our contemporaries there are bound to hav occasion for rejoicing. Upon his return the doctor intends to come East, where he will receive the warmest kind of welcome. In the mean time, though we can but regret his absence, we must giv him our goodspeeds. Our loss is Australasia's gain. Into thy hands, therefore, O Secularists of Australia and New Zealand, we commend our friend. Keep him busy, giv him audiences meet for his eloquence, and return him to us safe and sound. We hav use for him for several years yet.

THE *Catholic Union and Times* in commenting upon the recent assault upon the ex-priest Chiniquy in Montreal, likens him to the "notorious Edith O'Gorman," and says:

"Now, whether in their early harmful days, or in their castaway decay, there is but one course for Catholics to pursue toward those unfortunate creatures; and that is to giv them no notice whatever. The very thing they crave is notoriety. The more of that they can obtain, the better for them. It is a needed advertisment; and all the more valuable if it be illustrated with cuts and bruises. So when they meet with no opposition from Catholics who seem altogether oblivious of their existence, they are like breezeless barks that can descry no port for their decayed cargoes.

"We therefore regard the action of those who recently interfered with Chiniquy, while lecturing in Montreal, not only as foolish, but as highly reprehensible. The day has long since gone when men of the Chiniquy stamp could work mischief."

The inference to be drawn from this last paragraph is that if Chiniquy could work mischief to the church, then the Catholics would be justified in closing his month by violent means. This is in keeping with Capel's definition of toleration, and may be taken as the real sentiment of the church.

THE following from the *World* of this city will be of interest to our readers who remember the quaint little verses signed Charles Bradley which used to appear in our poet's column. We had lost sight of Mr. Bradley for several years: "Charles Bradley, a well-known and eccentric character, fell dead yesterday in a barber shop at No. 351 Bowery. He was seventy-four years old. But little could be learned of his history beyond that he was a nativ of Massachusetts and a graduate of Harvard. During the gold excitement of 1849 he went to California, where he resided long enough to become a judge of one of the civil courts. Sometimes he wrote poetry of considerable merit, which was published in a paper called THE TRUTH SEEKER. His tall, bent figure, pale, thoughtful face, and white beard were familiar along the Bowery and the adjacent streets. In cold weather he wore a soft black hat and a threadbare, faded cape of a semi-military cut. With the children he was extremely popular, as he was always ready to part with his small change. Lately, it is said, an elder sister died, and left him a legacy upon which he lived. He was in the habit of visiting the barber shop where he died, every day, to look at the papers. He was playing with the barber's child when he fell dead."

IN printing Colonel Ingersoll's lecture on "What Must We Do to Be Saved?" the *Carrier Dove*, a Spiritual paper of Oakland, Cal., takes occasion to say: "Some of our readers may ask why we publish an 'Infidel lecture' instead of a purely spiritual one, such as Mrs. E. L. Watson's. Our reply is this: We regard Col. Ingersoll as a John the Baptist who is preparing the way for the true Christ—Spiritualism. And before this new spiritual temple can be erected, the old, moss-grown, tumble-down structure of superstition must be removed, and the angel world has selected the right man to do it, but we must all help according to our abilities. If, by the perusal of this lecture, one ray of light shall dawn upon the creed-darkened consciousness of a single individual, or the scales be removed from any eyes now blinded by superstitious fears, preparing them for the reception of higher truths and the influx of the clear light of heaven, we shall feel repaid." Putting him in the light of a new John the Baptist preparing the way for a new Christ—and that Christ Spiritualism—will, we think, strike the colonel as a good joke. Of all the criticisms and eulogiums that hav been passed upon him, this is the most novel. However, as the *Carrier Dove* is evidently no sacrificial pigeon intended for the altar of a Jewish God, the editoress may be forgiven for her rather infelicitious figure of speech. She is doing a good work in spreading such literature. Long may the *Carrier Dove* bear missivs so potent!

W. A. CROFFUT is full of reminiscences of stenographers. In Sunday's *World* he givs the genesis of phonography in this country. "I suppose," he says, "that Stephen Pearl Andrews is entitled to more credit for it than anybody else. In 1840 the independence of Texas was acknowledged by England and France, and some slaves were introduced. This excited the Abolitionists of the North, and, among the projects for preventing it, some wealthy men, like Gerrit Smith, Lewis Tappan, Brisbane, and others, held a meeting about 1843, in New York, where a project was matured to sell Texas to Great Britain. Mr. Andrews, a Southerner, who had been an Abolitionist lawyer in New Orleans and knew Texas, had a more feasible scheme: to induce England to advance the money with which to buy and emancipate all of the slaves then in Texas, on condition of the passage of a law declaring Texas thenceforth free. He sought and obtained the co-operation of the Tappans and others, and went to Great Britain, filled with enthusiasm for a project for freeing the slaves of a state from which he had been expelled by a mob. He was cordially received by Lord John Russell and Palmerston, and the offer was considered with much favor for a time. But England was tardy; she temporized; and while she held the tempting morsel on her fork, wondering whether she had better swallow it, the 'Slavocrats' grabbed Texas and made it their own in 1845. After the Abolitionists' project had failed and Andrews had made one of his last speeches in England and was leaving the platform, a stranger pressed into his hand a roll of printed matter, merely saying, 'Look it over carefully.' He jammed the parcel into his pocket, found it when he had got on the ship, studied it on the way home, and prepared the text-books printed that same year—the first phonographic manual in America. That's how it all happened." That phonography is conduciv to longevity he thinks is shown by the lingering on the stage of the old-time reporters, the names of some of whom he cites; and among them our readers will recognize some of the best of Freethought writers. Beginning with Mr. Andrews, he comes along to T. C Leland, the ex-secretary of the League; W. H. Burr, of Washington, well known for his extensiv antiquarian research; D. L Scott-Browne, not known to fame, but who neglects the means of grace; Ned Underhill, who is in the same boat with Scott-Browne; and Henry M. Parkhurst, a radical of the most pronounced type. Whether the practice of phonography givs long life or not, it certainly produces a good crop of heretics.

Lectures and Meetings.

W. S. BELL lectures in Menomonie, Wis., Dec. 14th, 16th, and 18th, at Concert Hall.

W. F. JAMIESON commenced his course of lectures in Mitchell, Dakota, Sunday evening, Nov. 30th. A preacher spoke at the close of the address, and said that, although he could not agree with the speaker in his views of religion, good would be done by such lectures in making people think.

THE second course of the Westbrook Free Lectureship began on Sunday evening, Dec. 7th, at City Institute, Chestnut and Eighteenth streets, Philadelphia. The general object of these lectures, it is announced, is to "check Infidelity and to promote true religion and sound morality." The general subject is "Christianity: What and Whence?" The topics for particular evenings can be learned from the Saturday papers of the city. Mr. Westbrook is a Rationalistic Theist. He is also a joker, if we may judge of his public announcements as compared with his public actions. His lectures are to "check Infidelity," but when Messrs. Watts and Putnam visited his city he handed in ten dollars to help the League, which may be a very good way to check infidelity to truth, but not Infidelity to Christianity. And if Mr. Westbrook's lectures on "Christianity: What and Whence?" bear any resemblance to his "Bible: Whence and What?" Christianity is not likely to get much good out of them, for his book is a knock-down argument against the claims of the Bible. Judge Westbrook is fully as much an Infidel as ever Thomas Paine was; and, when not endeavoring to establish Theism, is as much a Liberal as Col. Ingersoll himself. He is a genial, courteous, scholarly gentleman, and so no one can hear or read him and fail to learn something.

THE Stewartsville *Investigator*, a religious paper published in the town in which Mr. Remsburg debated the New Testament with a Rev. Mr. Rowley, is publishing the discussion in full. In announcing the report, it takes occasion to say that "while we are fully persuaded that no force of argument will avail to open the eyes of any to the grandeur and the simplicity of the truths that hav been vindicated in this interesting discussion, and well knowing that this is part of that knowledge which no man can communicate to his neighbor, we yet believe that it will at once be seen that the questions which hav been discussed between Messrs. Rowley and Remsburg served not only as a 'recreation for many,' and were not only 'a pleasing break in the usual monotony,' but really possess an interest of no local or passing character. And we therefore hope that this remarkable discussion will be read attentivly, and with some profit, at least, by every reader of the *Investigator.* The discussion throughout has been very fairly conducted by both the disputants, and it must generally be acknowledged that each of them has represented his side of the question in an able, earnest, and most gentlemanly manner, which had a very pleasing effect upon the audience." In a card to the public, in which he explains that he was unable to meet some points raised by Mr. Remsburg, the Rev. Mr. Rowley bears testimony to the good qualities of our champion. "I will here state," he says, "that Mr. Remsburg treated me in the most gentlemanly manner throughout the discussion, and that he acquitted himself in a manly way." Although the debate is published in a slightly imperfect manner in the Stewartsville paper, the substance of the points brought out by both men can be obtained by writing, inclosing, we should judge, about a quarter, to the *Investigator,* Stewartsville, Mo.

Letters from Friends.

THE LAND QUESTION.

BERLIN, N. J., Nov. 25, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Forty years ago, after having lectured more or less in the Liberal cause for twenty years, the writer of this started a reform paper in Portland, Me., which he published seventeen years.

Maine at that time had large tracts of wild land that she was giving away to churches, schools, and colleges, while thousands of her families had not an acre on which to raise food. Without the aid of any other paper than my own, I put a stop to all that, and got a law enacted to giv every landless man who would cultivate it a farm lot for only fifty cents an acre, all to be paid in labor, making their own roads—the same as free.

I am told that hundreds of families now own good farms there, scores of whom never would hav owned an acre if I had not got that law. When Henry Evans started his paper, *Young America*, in New York, which was wholly devoted to land reform, I did what I could to help him, Lewis Masquerier, and a few others to get enacted the national homestead law, under which thousands more hav good farms. And now, after all this benefit from these laws that I labored so hard to obtain, while living on but one or two meals a day, along comes an Englishman, styling himself G. W. Chapman, M.D., of Kansas, telling the world, through THE TRUTH SEEKER, that Hacker knows no more about the land question than a horse does about astronomy.

His first article against free land for all appeared in THE TRUTH SEEKER some months ago. In that he confesses that, though a foreigner, he had taken all the advantages of the very law that I holped to secure, but says if he had to go over the ground again he would buy an improved farm instead of taking wild land. Very childish for a learned doctor! In the first place, not one in a thousand who wants land and a home has anything to buy an improved farm, and in the next place, there are not improved farms enough for sale to supply one in a thousand of those who need them. Every man has just the same right to land enough to raise his food on that he has to sunlight, air, water, or to life itself, and it is a mystery to me how anyone can oppose this right unless he is actuated by selfish motivs. Is Dr. Chapman an agent for the English lords who are buying ten, twenty, and fifty thousand acre lots here, on which to establish the same system of landlordism that has pauperized Ireland? He is not satisfied with his English brethren owning a million acres of land here, on which to sustain those from whom the land was stolen, but in one of his later letters in THE TRUTH SEEKER he has started the question whether it would not be better to abolish all taxes on property and tax the person. He seems to want the laborer who livs in a hired rat-hole and works for a dollar a day to pay as much tax as the English lord with his million acres. In one of his letters he offers to giv me as much land as I can cultivate if I will go to Kansas. Very childish again for a doctor. As though giving a man eighty-three years old as much land as he could cultivate would restore to the homeless millions the land they hav been robbed of! There are many other things in the doctor's letters that I would like to notice, were it not for trespassing too much on your space, but one thing more and I will close.

Some months ago, one of my friends, without my knowledge, appealed to some of his and my friends to purchase bees for me, thinking that, if I should liv a year or two longer, I might receive some support from them. He received a part, but not the whole, of the sum he asked for, whereupon Dr. Chapman came out in THE TRUTH SEEKER, giving the Liberals a real thrashing for their "stinginess" toward me, when the fact is they hav been generous and kind, and I should be ungrateful if I let the doctor's charge go unnoticed. Since my health failed, three or four years since, more than half our fuel, and food, and what clothing we hav had, has been bought with money sent us by Infidels, a few Spiritualists, and other Liberals, many of whom we never heard of before, and THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Investigator*, and several other Liberal papers hav kindly noticed our case, for all of which favors we are truly grateful; and we hope the doctor will not scold the Liberals again till he knows what he is writing about. He undoubtedly means well, but does not appear to understand any of the subjects on which he has written. J. HACKER.

ELMINA TO HANNAH, PINNEY, AND OTHERS.

SNOWVILLE, VA., Dec. 1, 1884.

DEAR FRIENDS: To answer all the kindly criticisms on what I hav written concerning my trip North to see something of Spiritualism, would fill THE TRUTH SEEKER full, and leave no space for other and, perhaps, more important matter. So you will please accept this as my excuse for omitting to notice many points I would like to reply to. To friend Hannah, I would say that her letter is very interesting, giving, as it does, a phase of hallucination that is so nearly like reality as to deceive the most critical investigator. I know the phantom child was as actual a presence to her as if it had been flesh and blood instead of a mere mental delusion (as I believe it to hav been). Reason and common sense tell us that if one child could thus be restored to its mother's arms, thousands would be so. Other mothers hav suffered as keenly, and felt as desolately bereft as Hannah, but no little form came back to fill the void and soothe the pain.

I well remember how I felt during the war, when my little Lillian took the croup and died. I missed her day and night even as Hannah did her baby. And added to the loss came the news that the regiment my husband was in was all cut to pieces, and I had no news from him for long dreary waiting weeks. My father just then died of consumption, and his only sister of dropsy, and my sole remaining child had chronic croup for six weeks straight ahead. But out of all this void nothing from the beyond ever came to giv me peace or hope. Only time, with its gentle healing, brought relief.

As to slate-writing, she says, "Only the owners of those slates knew there was no fraud." That may be true. I know of several instances where slates hav been taken by the owners who wrote on them before hand, and then covered the side with pasteboard, or in other ways, and the medium would go through the performance; the scratching of the pencil be heard and finally the medium would say the message was complete, and the slates would be opened and read, and the whole would go into history as a genuin spirit test. You may ask, "But why do this?" It has been done as a test by persons who felt a distrust of a certain medium, and by others out of a pure spirit of mischief, and others still did it to get at bed-rock facts.

When I know of prepared pencils that make writing which does not become visible till after a certain time, and know of numerous ways by which the writing can be done by trick, is it a wonder if I question spirit-power in any of it?

You will say, "The counterfeit proves there is a genuin." But I say these shams are not counterfeits, but are real frauds and tricks.

Chinese and other heathen gods are not counterfeits, proving a real God; they are nothing but images of a fiction and a myth, just as the devil is, as fairies are, and as dragons are. Where there is no genuin there can be no counterfeit, and if there is no real medium or real spirit, those you denounce as counterfeits are not such.

I do not pretend to explain the strange event that Hannah relates, nor do I think anyone will win the mineral claim any more than they will win Truesdell's five hundred dollars by producing spirit-writing in his presence. As the man said in court, "You hav brought three witnesses who saw the crime committed. Well, I can bring three hundred who did not see it."

Anderson's "facts," to say the least, are curious and interesting. There is a peculiar sympathy between certain persons that may, in rare cases, be so perfect as to produce the effects there narrated. But if this be true, it does not prove spirit existence.

Friend Pinney is somewhat hard. I went with as little prejudice as possible. I was really disappointed that I found so little. I expected marvels, and saw mere nothings. He complains that Truesdell was allowed to handle the slates. Could a man do his sleight-of-hand tricks at any show, and not handle his materials? Truesdell told us all plainly that it was a trick. When I asked Joe Caffray if I might mark my slates, he said, "No." When I asked if I might keep them in sight all the time, he said, "No." He said he might hav to put them on top of my head, under my feet, on my shoulder, or under the table, and sharply exclaimed, "What makes you so suspicious?" I knew then I should hav no fair test. I knew his maneuvering meant a chance to exchange the slates, which he did do, for I did mark them when he was not looking. Now Caffray's advertisment was sent me by the *Banner of Light*, and by several prominent Spiritualists, as one of their best mediums. Since then I hav learned his true history, which I will sometime giv you.

Why do I believe Truesdell? because I hav never caught him telling me an untruth or the shadow of one. Because his neighbors and all his business associates giv him the highest recommendation there just where he has lived ever since the advent of Spiritualism as a new religion.

Why did I go to Syracuse? Because I found nothing worth noticing anywhere else; and Truesdell offered to pay my way there, and giv me a home, and introduce me to mediums there and giv me a true history of his twenty-five years' investigation in which he has spent over two thousand dollars getting at "Bottom Facts." While I was there I saw a letter written him by a prominent medium asking him to develop him further. In plain words, saying the old tricks failed to draw well and he wanted Truesdell to giv him some new ones. I hav the broadest charity for those who really believe, who hav had experiences such as Hannah relates, but if she will read Dr. Hallock's "Nerves and the Nervous," she will find things just as wonderful resulting from deranged and diseased nerves. I do not expect to kill Spiritualism by exposing a few frauds. Just see the millions of dollars, the ages of time, the mass of brain work that has been expended in trying to kill the old Bible and prove Christianity a myth, and yet there are even now myriads of real believers in these frauds, and will be for ages to come.

We hav nailed no end of pious lies against Paine, Voltaire, and Ingersoll, and yet again and again they crop up as fresh as ever. Just so with spirits of the dead. We may lay them over and over and show up the inconsistencies, but all cannot see alike and some will be compelled to believe while others cannot, however hard they try.

I hope friends will not doubt my honesty and my desire for truth, however we may differ as to what is fact and what is not, or as to the causes of what is. If any one who has furnished money for my trip feels that I hav failed to use it satisfactorily, I am ready to refund it at call. But thus far every response from donators has been that they were "well satisfied."

Earnestly and truly, ELMINA.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

MR. EDITOR: In your issue of August 2d appeared an article entitled, "Prohibitory and Sumptuary," signed by E. C. Walker, to which I hope you may find room for this brief reply.

At the January term, 1847, of the Supreme Court of the United States, the following cases came up for argument on appeal: Samuel Thurlow, plaintiff in error, against the Commonwealth of Mass.; Jacob Fletcher, plaintiff in error, against the State of Rhode Island; Andrew Pierce, Jr., and Thomas Pierce, plaintiffs in error, against the State of New Hampshire.

Each of the plaintiffs in error was indicted for selling liquor without a license. The cases were brought up from the state courts. The points raised in each case were substantially the same, and the arguments and decisions in each case were substantially the same The justices sitting, all of whom rendered opinions, were Chief Justice Taney, Justice McLean, Catron, Daniel Woodbury and Grier. A majority of those were Democrats; and Chief Justice Taney, who wrote the leading opinion, was a Jacksonian Democrat of the strictest sort.

The counsel who appeared for the plaintiffs were distinguished all over the world for their great learning and eloquence. It is to be presumed that no argument or precedent would escape the observation of such men as Rufus Choate and Daniel Webster. Such men as these were not men for quibbles. They assumed the broad ground that a state had no constitutional right to "prohibit, restrain, control, or prevent" the sale, by retail or otherwise, of *imported* spirituous liquors. It seemed to be conceded by these distinguished counsel that if the spirituous liquors were manufactured within the state, or had not paid an import duty to the government, then there was no doubt the state had a right to prohibit, etc. But if, on the other hand, the importer paid a duty to the government, then such payment carried with it the right to sell, and any law preventing the exercise of such right was unconstitutional. That these distinguished counsel presented every argument with all possible force cannot be doubted. Never before or since in this country hav lawyers of greater ability appeared to represent any case, and the decision of the court then rendered has stood unquestioned as the supreme law of the land from that day, thirty-seven years ago, till the present. The following extracts from the opinions of these judges, it will be observed, emphatically settles the question then at issue. Chief Justice Taney says: "If any state deems the retail and traffic in ardent spirits injurious to its citizens, and calculated to produce idleness, vice, or debauchery, I see nothing in the Constitution of the United States to prevent it from regulating or restraining the traffic, or from prohibiting it altogether."

Justice McLean said: "A license to sell is a matter of police and revenue within the power of the state. If the foreign article be injurious to the health and morals of the community, a state may prohibit the sale of it. No one can claim a license to retail spirits as a matter of right."

Justice Catron said: "If the state has the power of restraint by license to any extent, she may go to the extent of prohibiting the sales altogether."

Justice Grier said: "It is not necessary to array the appalling statistics of misery, pauperism, and crime which hav their origin in the use and abuse of ardent spirits. The police power, which is exclusivly in the state, is competent to the correction of these great evils, and all measures of restraint or prohibition necessary to effect that purpose are within that authority. And if a loss of revenue should accrue to the United States from a diminished consumption of ardent spirits, she will be the gainer a thousand-fold in the health, wealth, and happiness of the people."

Such is the law of the United States, and such has been declared the law of every state where the question of the constitutionality of prohibition has ever been submitted.

It did not occur to these distinguished counsel, or to the court, that laws restricting or prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors were sumptuary, and, therefore, unconstitutional. The very idea of government excludes the idea that any man has the right of "personal liberty" to engage in any business which produces misery, pauperism, and crime. It is absurd to say that government may not prevent the sale of bad meat or opium, because the personal liberty of the citizen to buy and eat would be interfered with. The right to prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquors is based upon the fact that such sale produces appalling evil results, which must be suffered by those who neither sell nor drink. It is absurd to say that any state may not put a stop to any business which produces three-fourths of its crime and pauperism. If this article of Mr. Walker represents the drift of the truth seekers now, the sooner they are put in strait-jackets the better for the rational liberties of the American people. GEO. BABCOCK.

CENTERVILLE, UTAH, Nov. 20, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I am at home again from the mountains and I see by the tab that the time is drawing near for me to remit, so I inclose $2 on my subscription. Well, I must tell you I received the lithograph of D. M. Bennett's monument all right and in good condition, but hav not got it framed yet. I must say it is a nice picture, and the likeness of Mr. Bennett is good, as I hav his photograph card, *i. e.* "Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." I will tell you a little incident. I wrote at that time to Mr. Bennett to send me the *carte de visite* of "Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." Well, it came by return mail, and I was sorry to see the glaze of the card got cracked a little, and I wrote to Mr. Bennett and told him I had received it all right, but was sorry to see the glaze cracked a little. Well, to my surprise, the next mail brought me another card of the same and in good condition, and, "bet yer life," I'm going to keep it.

Well, Mr. Editor, I think you will hav to scare up Jo Cook and Talmage, and other noted divines, and put Tony Comstock at their head, and send them of to New South Wales, forthwith, for the clergy of that place are having an awful time there with the ungodly heretics, what with Mr. Charles Bright and his intelligent wife, and Mr. Gerald Massey, Thomas Walker; and now they hav another awful fellow from England, Mr. Joseph Symes, he has scared the holy clergy of Melbourne almost out of their wits. Charles Bright calls it the Melbourne *scare*. In the Sydney *Liberal* here, this Mr. Symes has got out this advertisment, "Lost, the Christian Heaven, and any person that can discover it will be handsomely rewarded," and he offers to go lecturing through the world and take up subscriptions at each lecture to reward the discovery of the Christian heaven; and he wants the real facts, and if they can be produced he thinks he would not lecture two weeks before he would hav more money than he would know what to do with. So you see there is a chance for Jo Cook and witty Talmage, or any other theological priestly cuss. I hav not the time at present to say much about this Utah bomination and its infernal beastly outfit, but Uncle Sam has

convicted two filthy scoundrels of late, one for four years with a fine of $800; and the other for three years and six months, with a fine of $500, and I hope they will convict more of the lecherous rascals. I am glad we hav a true and loyal governor in the person of Mr. Murray, also a true and loyal judge in the person of Mr. Lane; and I hope the United States laws will be put in full force here as elsewhere, and let justice hav its true and proper demands by giving this Mormon outfit a lesson they will not be apt to forget.

I see by THE TRUTH SEEKER that Mr. Chainey is wriggling out at the small end of the horn, and that his Secularism is not of much account. I cannot see why Materialists and Spiritualists should be out of sorts with each other; if we, the family of humanity, will continue to exist in the great hereafter, it will be in accordance with nature's immutable laws and her divine forces, and if there is no hereafter for us, then it appears to me that nature is a failure. I could say a little more on this, but I hav not the time and space.

Please send me the pamphlet, "The Gods of Superstition, and the God of the Universe," by D. M. Bennett.

Yours for the truth, WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Nov. 26, 284.

MR. EDITOR: Having changed my place of business, and playing ten performances per week in a theater, I hav not had the time I would like to devote to our great cause, but what there is is utilized in trying to stir up thought. I go the rounds of the churches, and when I think I hav discovered an intellectual light, then comes the desire for "close communion" of thought, then the endeavor to "press home" some of the fruits of Freethought.

To be fair with the Christians, I wish to giv them credit for any progress made. One Episcopal shepherd admits to his flock that he can't think God is omnipotent while evil is in existence. He says, "God is good, and don't want sin in the world, but the presence of evil shows obstacles over which he has no control"—one step.

I send inclosed a report of a sermon delivered by a Unitarian minister, which speaks him far in advance of most of the pulpiteers. You may think it worth publishing in THE TRUTH SEEKER.

As soon as I can spare something I shall send Brother Putnam my mite toward the campaign fund. The Spiritualists are progressing finely here, and, though not one myself, I am in sympathy with their Liberal tendencies. I heard George Chainey last Sunday, twice, "Why and how I became a Spiritualist," and, "The Ideal Man and Woman." I think he is eloquent and honest. W. P. BLYTHE.

READING, KAN., Nov. 25, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I write to tell you that we hav been fortunate enough in the little town of Reading to hav a series of Liberal lectures, and to tell you under what adverse circumstances. In the first place the consent of two of the school board was obtained for the use of the school-house, and Mr. O. A. Phelps, of Colorado, was engaged to lecture. He came and delivered a splendid lecture. All went well until the appearance of the other member of the board, one of those wonderfully pious fellows that always appear to be bursting with piety. This one was so full of it that, after listening a few minutes to the lecture, he fairly frothed at the mouth. Well, to cut a long story short, he insisted that the house should not be used for such a purpose, and persuaded one of the board whose consent had been obtained to say we should not hav the house again. Well, the result was, there was a store building nearly finished that belonged to a Liberal, and they soon rented it, obtained an organ, and the lectures were continued with success, notwithstanding there was a revival in the Methodist church, and there were many people "coming to Christ." If you know what that is or see any sense in it, all right—I am only giving you their words. I attended several nights, and all I could see was that a few weak-minded people, and some that had got so untrustworthy that no one hardly respected them, would get up and say they were determined to "liv for Christ." As far as I am concerned, I propose to liv for myself and friends. But, lo! what a change in the manner of the church people toward one of them after thus signifying their wish to be led around by the nose, as it were, by older sinners—excuse the expression, but they themselvs say they are sinners. As soon as they signify their willingness to be one of them, they are taken right into their hypocritical arms and feasted and cajoled, and asked, "Now, don't you know something about some of those outsiders that you can be witness to? This is one of your first duties as a Christian to help pull down one of these Liberals. Never mind if he has befriended you in your poverty. In fact, it was not him really that did it, it was 'providence.'" The result is that they set what little mind they hav got to work to think of some way they can injure some of their old friends. In spite of the church people saying what Mr. Phelps said was an insult to Christianity, I am satisfied it saved at least two or three of the young people that were getting into their clutches from the bondage of orthodoxy. And even that was worth all the trouble and expense of securing the lectures. Mr. Phelps is an eloquent speaker, of pleasing manner, and a great thinker. No one, it would seem to me, could listen to his reasoning without being impressed with his true statement of facts and the reasonableness of his views. I hav been a natural Freethinker and Materialist all my life, but hav not been very outspoken until since reading the grand old TRUTH SEEKER. I am only sorry I did not become acquainted with it sooner. It is a perfect mine of reason—and speaking of reason reminds me of what the revivalist here insisted on every night through his meetings. He says, "Now, my dear friends, some of you say you can't believe and come to Christ; you are not constituted so that you can bring your reason to think that you can be a Christian. Now, my dear hearers, let me impress it upon you that you don't need to use your reason. But just say, 'I'll come to Christ.'" Now, isn't it a fact that if he really believed what he preached himself, he would hav insisted that they reason the matter themselvs. But no, they don't believe it themselvs, and reason is their greatest enemy. Well, after seeing the number that rose to their feet, I made up my mind that they either heeded him and did not use their reason, or else did not hav any to use. I will just say that he did not labor with me long to come to Christ. He came to where a Liberal friend and myself sat, and said, "Now, my dear ladies"—they always say "dear ladies," you know—"if there is anything we can do for you, we would be very happy to do it." I replied, "If there is, I'll certainly let you know." He says, "Don't you feel as though you needed Christ?" "No, sir," we both replied. "God help you," he groaned, and passed on. My husband says it was a polite way he had of telling us to go to hell. However, I would advise him to make one before sending anyone there. MRS. MARY E. PENFIELD.

OCONOMOWOC, Nov., 17, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I thank you for the information I got by your answer to Mr. J. Anthony, referring to phallicism. Certainly your knowledge of it seems to be superior to that of Mr. Anthony. The simplest mind must admit that a rite tending to irritate our sensual passions, which we hav in common with the beast, must be harmful and degrading.

I also read with great pleasure Mr. Harrison's defense of his Positivism. I prefer it to Agnosticism, and most certainly to the orthodox Positivism of a personal God, his heaven, and hell, and the devil. In my consideration, mankind is the true representativ of goodness and badness, or God and Satan. Mr Harrison's controversy with Spencer is similar to that of Haeckel *versus* Virchow. I am more and more pleased with the contents of your paper, and feel satisfied that *Man*, the organ of the League, fell into such good hands. I will certainly continue to read your paper and pay for it.

T. H. MAURER.

STEWARTSVILLE, Mo., Dec. 1, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Our priest-ridden and godly town of Stewartsville has just been waked out of a deep sleep by J. E. Remsburg, who came here to meet Rev. Rowley in a debate on the New Testament. These people hav had it all their own way so long, and hav put so much confidence in their sky pilots, the preachers, that they hav become so bigoted and unreasonable that they would do as they did in old times—kill and burn at the stake all who do not believe as they do. To say that Mr. Remsburg's arguments astonished the natives would hardly express it. Some of God's people are very much excited, and say I had better quit getting those blasphemers to come here to demoralize the people; but I tell them I am no quitter. I am on the war-path, fighting against all that is wrong and unreasonable and unjust in any way. If that kind of doctrin is bad, I am a bad man, and must remain so to the end.

Inclosed please find the *Investigator*, one of our city papers, with the arguments of both sides. S. N. BRADFORD.

GALESBURG, ILL., Nov. 29, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: After some delay I send you $3 to apply on THE TRUTH SEEKER. No apology for neglect only the want of funds and pressure of business.

I see heavy charges against the Ex-Rev. George Chainey for leaving the peaceable ranks of the Materialists, who are at war and on fighting terms with the rest of mankind. It is claimed Mr. Chainey did wrong in giving his reasons publicly for his change of mind; also in challenging some of his accusers to meet him face to face, so as to defend his expressed reasons which caused the change. As to the first charge, no one having common sense is expected to change their mind without cause and reason, and Liberalism givs him and all others the right not only to change their minds, but to giv the cause and reasons, both public and private, as was done by W. F. Jamieson when he left the Spiritualists' ranks, and fell into the ranks of the Materialists. He gave his reasons publicly, and challenged the Spiritual world to meet him in debate, insinuating that they were deluded dupes and dishonest tricksters, and when his challenge was accepted, and conditions proposed, he replied (these are his words), "The Spiritualists are like Henry Ward Beecher's friends—a pack of damn fools, and more intolerant than Christians were." In all this no fault was found by a Materialist against Mr. Jamieson's personal charges, and his reply was suppressed and refused publication, and the matter was passed over under the friendly advice of D. M. Bennett. In this case the other man's ox was gored. But in Mr. Chainey's case, Mr. Jamieson has fully redeemed himself by granting Mr. Chainey the same privilege he himself exercised when he withdrew from the Spiritual ranks. Let us balance our books. This is honorable in Mr. Jamieson, and fully atones for the wound he made the Spiritualists. Therefore I throw no personal reflections, and only name the case to show the difference it makes whose ox is gored.

I would advise Brother Chainey and Brother Watts, if possible, to take each other by the hand and say, "We will drop this matter so far as personality is concerned." As Freethinkers, no man should belittle another, or speak disrespectfully of his brother man's person for difference of opinion, yet hold sacred the right to combat error though it may be in himself. As a community of Liberals, we are bound to tolerate—that is, bear with each other's opinions—but we are not bound to acquiesce in them.

Let the power that rules the universe forbid a division in the Liberal ranks such as took place in the once peaceable society of Friends, or Quakers; which had its origin in a personal dispute between Ann Bearthwait and Elias Hicks. Each held their friends and followers at the expense of sociability, and the harmony that once gave honor and respect to the Quakers was destroyed.

Referring to the departure of Rev. Collins of the Methodist Episcopal order under unfavorable charges (since seen in Canada), our Democratic press says that so many bank presidents, defaulters, and preachers going to Canada was the cause of Blaine losing his election. Others claim it was an especial act of Providence, and that God has rejected the Republican party and has given the ruling power of the nation to their enemies as a rebuke; therefore the will of the Lord was carried out in the result of the election. The same was claimed in the assassination of Garfield—an act of Providence, a rebuke from God; therefore the will of the Lord was carried out in each case. Yet Guiteau was hanged as a murderer, and the election in New York was carried by fraud. Who is able to reconcile such ideas, or who can tell what the Republicans had to thank God for on Thanksgiving Day?

ISAAC PADEN.

MILWAUKEE, OR., Nov. 24, 1883.

MR. EDITOR: You will please notice within another greenback, which is intended to apply on our TRUTH SEEKER account.

Now about the gods that are spoken of so frequently in the papers. It seems as though they had been from Dan to Beersheba, and as yet not one track of any god except the old god Phallus has been discovered. Now the living God of the Israelites (not the house of Judah) was a oneness in spirit—so saith the book—that is, the spirits of all the universoleum of worlds as a oneness constituted this living God, and this is how that even an individual spirit was styled a god, and this is how he spoke through the mouths of his prophets.

Now the three-headed god seems to be leading people too far away from the truth. Paul calls it the godhead, and says we may all know the whole plan of the godhead. Then if we can all know it, it must be very simple—the father, son, and Holy Ghost. Paul did not hav reference to this soft-air holy ghost, for he says, "Ye are all the sons of God through which the spirit manifesteth." The word "ghost" is taken from *guest*, and meant a visiting spirit. This oneness in spirit—god—also the oneness in the sons of God, constituted the son of God. The same with Christ, for they were all individual Christs, and as a oneness they constituted the body of Christ. It was the mediumistic portion of humanity that it all has reference to. Christ is the church, saith Paul, showing that there was nothing belonged to the church but those that had a spiritual gift of some phase. God Phallus is the very foundation, bed-rock, and father of the living God.

E. W. CRESSEY.

CARTHAGE, Mo., Nov. 26, 284.

MR. EDITOR: I thought I would be able to renew promptly my subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER, but I hav been sick for three months and am "busted" flatter than Pharaoh was after Moses borrowed all his jewelry and "fixin's." During the long, tedious hours of my illness THE TRUTH SEEKER has been my chief mental food and consolation, and I don't want to be without it; but I cannot ask for trust unless you see fit. Stop it if you think best, yet you shall not lose one cent if you send it on, except I should pass up the "golden stairs," then you would hav to charge it up to the Lord in part payment of a harp when you join the angelic ministrels. Fifteen cents in cash would be a bonanza to me just now, and, alas! to-morrow is Thanksgiving and I hav no turkey—no, not even so much as a poor old frozen-toed rooster—to offer up as a burnt offering! Come to think of it, I believe the Lord is mad at me, or has an old grudge at me about something, from the way he neglects me. Yet we never had any "fuss" that I remember of. Really I am sorely puzzled to know what to return thanks for, and shall postpone it until God shows me more favors than he has of late. Oh, for a cyclone of manna! or, if it is all the same to him, I'll take mine in "flapjacks," with butter on.

My illness has, I fear, left me permanently disabled physically; yet I shall ask no aid from either Christians or Christianity, if I die in the gutter. I stand a poor chance to get a situation here, for I hav never pandered to party, place, or creed, and never will.

"No servil strain I'll teach my tongue
To win the ear of mighty ones;
Whate'er within my spirit burns,
High up is flung.
"Ay! though the power of earthly woe
Should crush my frame in agony,
My soul unbent, proud, stern, and free,
Would scorn the blow!"

Fraternally yours, WATSON HESTON.

PALMYRA, N. Y., Nov. 29, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I inclose $2 to continue your paper to the undersigned.

Friend Macdonald, I hav taken THE TRUTH SEEKER since its commencement, and it seems to me to improve with each issue. I feel that you deserve thus much from one who fully appreciates your efforts to continue the arduous labors of the lamented Bennett. H. M. NORTH.

MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS, WY. T., Nov. 1, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: There are so few people in the park now that the season for visitors is over, it would be best not to send more than one copy of THE TRUTH SEEKER. The one addressed to me, an old subscription, will be enough.

The champions of two opposing systems, Ingersoll and Cook, hav visited the Yellowstone National Park, and if their systems are to be judged by the estimates made of the men by those who came in contact with them while making the tour of the park, theology would be condemned on account of the fruit it bears, while Infidelity would be blessed on account of the fruit it bears.

Ingersoll was welcomed everywhere. A beautiful boiling spring and terrace were named for him in honor of his visit. A beautiful geyser was christened "The Ingersoll," in the Upper Geyser basin.

Cook quarreled with one of the most quiet and peaceable of men, Justice M. E. Metcalf. He is most thoroughly detested for his insolence, selfishness, and quarrelsome disposition. He threatens to assail the park and all whom he encountered in it. If he does there are ten men whom he insulted and abused who will publish a statement of facts in regard to him that will effectually squelch the blatant demagog. I was the only one who had no difficulty with him, and I merely speak for the following gentlemen: George Graham, G. W. Marshal, M. E. Metcalf, Theoron Moran, T. McGuire, and others whom I could name. Yours truly, H. L. G.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night begins to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

Eyes.

Thoughtful eyes, pensiv eyes,
Soft and fair and calm as May;
Eyes as clear as summer skies,
Long-lashed, dreamy eyes are they.

Tearful eyes, pleading eyes,
Who, oh, who could say them nay?
Merry eyes, laughing eyes,
Changeful as an April day.

Happy eyes, smiling eyes,
Filled with pleasure, flashing blue;
Dancing eyes, sparkling eyes,
Eyes so pure, so deep in hue.

Oh, the dearest, bonniest eyes!
Of such eyes I know but two,
Wondering eyes, questioning eyes,
Tender, brave, steadfast, and true.

Earnest eyes, eager eyes,
Eloquent and deep and bright;
Starry eyes, darkling eyes,
Clear and radiant as moon-light.

What is sweeter than their glance?
What is mightier than their might?
Oh! bewildering, witching eyes!
My soul is filled with their blue light!

Irwin, Iowa. M. LOUISE BAKER.

The Gentle Mule.

He was four feet high and seven feet long,
His hide was thi'k and his legs were strong;
He lived on hay and oats and grass,
And he sampled at times the garden "sass."

I rode him once like a knight of old,
A saddle and bit ablaze with gold,
A cane for a lance—and what beside,
I remember not since I took that ride.

It is, perhaps, but a childish dream,
In which things are not but rather seem,
For the air did whirl and seem to go round,
And I was pleased when I touched the ground.

I hav ridden since then on a railroad car,
And sailed in a boat through the harbor bar;
I hav been to court and church and school,
And yet I remember that gentle mule.

D. R. SHERIDAN.

Children's Tears.

The tears and griefs of children are looked upon by many as of no moment and worthy of little consideration, yet these are all the young heart well can bear, which a kind word or a gentle hand might hav soothed and wiped away.

Some years ago, I was stopping a few days with a lady who prided herself on her neatness and strict government of her children, even estimating all her lady friends and acquaintances by this one qualification, saying "she did not believe anyone was doing their duty by their children by letting them romp and play around in the dirt," glancing with pride towards her two children, a boy and girl, of eight and six years old, sitting demurely by her side, looking wistfully out of the windows, much like caged birds, wishing to be free.

A day or two after, as I was sitting by the window overlooking the sanded tennis-lawn, I beheld the two children busily playing in the sand. The boy had piled up ridges of the yielding sand, and was sticking into them small twigs of cedar, as he called out to his sister: "Come and see my mountains."

She looked up for a moment from her flower garden, where she had been putting some roses and pinks in little beds of sand, and said, "You must not put your trees on the tops of your mountains; you must leave them bare—don't you see?" pointing to some bald peaks in the distance.

Just at that moment was heard the shrill voice of their mother, calling out, "There you are, playing in the dirt again!" and down came her heavy hand upon their innocent heads, so full of ideal beauty, their joy turned to grief and they made to think they had done a wrong by obeying the laws of life and health. I will not repeat the base epithets she used as she drove the children into the house, and told them not to leave it again that day. Did that mother know she was tarnishing the moral nature of her children, that neither time nor tears could ever obliterate?

That children hav fine sensibilities will be seen in the following incident: Being one day at a neighbor's house when I was quite young, there came in a little girl, belonging to some very poor people in the place, and asked for a quart of milk to take home with her. The lady of the house gave her the milk, and also some bread and cheese to eat, as she knew her family were destitute. Just then her husband came in. He had been to town, and he had evidently been drinking, by his boisterous manner and coarse language, when, as he noticed the little girl eating, he said "he didn't propose to feed all the paupers of the land," with several vile epithets added, when the little pale-faced child stepped tremblingly to he table and laid up her bread and cheese, and hurried out of the house, refusing to take it again when urged by the woman to do so, saying, "No, ma'am, I don't want to eat it now."

To her poverty was added the bread of bitterness. Let all beware how they blot with sadness the pictures on the tablets of memory since these are to form the happy or sorrowful reflections of after-life, filling the mind with pleasure and high resolve, or darken and deaden its hopes and aspirations.

MRS. LUNA HUTCHINSON.

Two Marthas.

Martha Dandridge was a bright, handsome, wide awake girl, and lived in Virginia more than a hundred and fifty years ago. She did not hav the advantages of a good education, for, in her time, there were no free schools in the state in which she lived. It has been said that she could hardly write her name. But she learned to do all kinds of housework, and was taught, also, to spin yarn and to weave cloth. By and by she married, but was early left a widow with three children.

After awhile she met, at the house of a friend, a young military man, who was attracted by her bright, vivacious manners, her handsome face, and cheery conversation. It was a case of "love at first sight," and not long afterward she married this gentleman, who was none other than George Washington.

Her life was quite eventful after this, as she took a deep interest in public affairs with which her new husband was identified. She witnessed the siege and evacuation of Boston by the Brritish in the time of the Revolution.

During this war she made frequent visits to camp, and her arrival there was always considered a great event. The soldiers liked to see her among them, for her cheerfulness was inspiring. She said she heard the first cannon at the opening and the closing of the war. She was at Valley Forge in 1777-8, that fearful winter of distress and privation, when the outlook was dreary and direful. She was like an angel of mercy there, seeking out the poor and distressed ones, and relieving their needs as only the benevolent and kind can do.

Lady Washington she was called, and everybody respected her highly. But she lived, while in camp, in a log cabin. This was the headquarters of General Washington, and that hard winter above mentioned, they had little to eat or drink—salt herrings and potatoes, and these not plentiful, no tea, no coffee, only water, drank from tin cups. Their dishes were mostly of pewter, and the spoons they used were of horn. Those were troublous times, as you may believe—"the times that tried men's soul's," as they were never tried before.

Lady Washington dressed very plainly. Once when she visited her husband in New Jersey she came clad in a russet gown, and a white handkerchief pinned over her bosom, and the people who did not know her took her to be a servant girl.

Of course she was very glad when the war was over, and she could retire to the quiet of her own home, but there she was always busy. All the cloth then worn was homespun, and Lady Washington kept sixteen spinning wheels in constant motion. She and the general, her husband, had a large number of slaves to provide for, and consequently she used a great deal of domestic cloth, and she herself superintended everything that was done just like any farmer's wife.

The people ate plain food in those days, and Lady Washington's table was no exception to the general rule. It is said that the last course at dinner usually consisted of pancakes and molasses, or sugar if preferred.

As the wife of the president of the United States, she was not spoiled by honors and distinction. She was not haughty and supercilious, but was always gentle and agreeable, a good wife, a tender mother, and a valued friend.

When but nineteen years of age, Martha Skelton was left a widow, and quite wealthy, as was the Martha of whom we hav written above. She was a very beautiful woman, with large, dark eyes, and a lovely complexion.

She was quite well educated for the time in which she lived.

She had many lovers, and among them was one named Thomas Jefferson. He played the violin, and Martha played the harpsichord, which was then the fashionable musical instrument, instead of the piano.

In due time the twain were married, and after the ceremony and congratulations were over they started for their new home—Monticello. A snow-storm was in progress, or had fallen previously to quite a depth, and as they went on, it was in places so deep they were obliged to leave their carriage and proceed on their journey on horseback. When the sun went down they were still eight miles from Monticello, and the road was rough, snowy, and mountainous, and, of course, it was very late when they reached their home, and then they found the house all dark and closed up, for the servants, which were colored slaves, not expecting them, had all gone to their little cabins for the night.

It was not a very cheerful home-coming, you may be sure, with no fire, and shivering with cold, and nothing in the house to eat. But they laughed and made the best of the situation.

Mr. Jefferson had a large estate, and shortly after his marriage to Mrs. Skelton, her father died and left to her forty thousand acres of land and a hundred and thirty-five slaves. These slaves, and those belonging to her husband, all came under her immediate supervision, so that her cares and anxieties were unceasing. She was a noble woman, as good and kind as she was lovely and attractiv, and all her large household was much attached to her.

During the war of the Revolution, she was forced to fly from the enemy on two occasions. At one time, when Mr. Jefferson was governor of Virginia, the British, under Lord Cornwallis, determined to capture him in his own home at Monticello, and, in furtherance of that object, made a raid upon the place.

They destroyed all the growing crops, carried off the cattle, and burnt the barns. In addition to this they carried away thirty or more slaves, who afterwards died with small-pox, nearly all of them. But they did not get the governor, nor any of his family.

All these sad trials wore deeply upon Mrs. Jefferson, and her health began rapidly to fail, She was the mother of seven children, but only two lived to grow up.

Many times she hoped, many times she sorrowed, and, at length, long before overtaken by old age, she sickened and died.

Her death was a terrible blow to Thomas Jefferson, from which he never fully recovered, although he lived forty-four years afterward, and lived to be president of the United States. He was one of the greatest and noblest men that ever lived in this country, modest, unostentatious, yet brave, outspoken, and generous. He disliked all titles, and would not be addressed as "His Excellency," "Honorable," etc., and even deprecated the title of Mr. The brightest jewel of his life was his love for his wife, and the greatest praise that can be given her is that she deserved and was worthy of the love of such a man as Jefferson.

Thus these two Marthas were each connected by closest ties with two of the grandest and most notable men of our country, yet were gentle, true, and womanly, noble, lovable, honorable women, of whom we may well be proud, and whose memory is as fresh and sweet to-day as the fragrant rosebud just unfolded in its queenly beauty.

Our Puzzle Box.

1.

IL FAUT ATTENDRE LE BOITEAUX.

All your readers love me, especially when I'm fat;
Still, I hav but one leg—only think of that.
I run to many parties—I might run to you;
You would never leave me, till death came too.
Almost in my middle an article I wear,
A very useful article, I freely declare.
My other extremity, reckoning from my leg,
Is sometimes called "holy"—the spelling I beg.
By changing the spelling, still spelling wrong,
A body of water, deep, wide, and long.

Grand Rapids, Mich. ESPRIT FORT.

2.

A LOGOGRAMIC LETTER CHARADE.

My first, as reckoned by the sound,
A useful legume may be found;
My second, reader, is yourself,
Though poor, or blessed with boundless pelf.
My third, if used to measure years,
As half a century appears.
My fourth repeats my primal o'er,
With sound and meaning as before.
My fifth is just myself, I think.
My last, a beverage fit to drink.
And now, my whole, by halves as reckoned,
Pretends to *first* you from a *second*

Irwin, Iowa. J. K. P. BAKER.

3.

CHANGING HER NAME.

I've paid a puzzler's compliment
To *men* of every continent;
A *woman* now my care shall claim,
Well to be *won* by "change of name."
If I could only "take her *eye*"
'Twould giv my looking-glass the lie;
And could I "steal her *heart*" away,
She should be *won* that very way.
Like Robin Gray, I'd steal her cow,
But she has none, I do avow.
Alas, alas, I giv it up!
But hold, she has *a little pup*—
I'll take the *last* of her ca-*nine*.
She's *won!* We're one! She's mine, she's mine.

BILLY DOUX.

4.

TRANSPOSITION.

Come, you solvers, show your wit,
And solve this puzzle here.
I know you all are able to;
Of that I hav no fear.
My little word, two syllables,
Take Webster's and you will.
I dare not tell you any more,
But this it does mean—skill.
Reversed my word, a noted isle
In one of the Eastern seas,
From whence came a hero brave,
And disturbed Europe's peace.

Newburgh, N. Y. ROBERT BERNHEIM.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER Nov. 29, 1884.

1. Tree toad.
2. C—offer—D—am—Coffer-dam.
3. M—us—t.
4. Cares.

Solvers: R. Bernheim, Jessie Downs, J. K. P. Baker.

Mr. Juergens's double acrostic in Puzzle Box, Nov. 22d, has been solved in part, first, by J. K. P. Baker; second, Robert Bernheim; third, F. E. Fairchild. They are correct in primals and finals, but wrong in some of the words, though those named are equally as good as Mr. Juergens's.—ED. C. C.

MARIE L. BAKER.—Please accept thanks for photograph, and for poetic contribution. You should cultivate your poetic talent.—ED. C. C.

Correspondence.

A LETTER FROM A TEACHER.

BEAR LAKE, MICH., Nov. 24, 1884.

DEAR MISS WIXON:

. . . . Every two weeks we hav rhetoricals at school. My children are marched into the grammar-room, at the commencement of the afternoon session, and the time is divided between the two departments. Singing, reading, declamations, and dialogs fill the hours with a pleasing and varied program. The parents are very much interested, and always come in, and that encourages the children. I don't think I was ever in a community where so much attention was given to public speaking and singing. There is none of that diffidence in facing an audience which you often find among boys and girls. If you request a girl to recite a selection it is done as well as if it was a lesson in arithmetic or geography.

You ask me if I enjoy teaching here as well as I did in the East. On some accounts I prefer the West. As my school is not graded, it is more difficult to keep all the children busy, but it makes a teacher keen and quick-witted to hav a district school under her care. The parents are very sensible, and while they wish their children to progress as rapidly as possible, we hav no terrible examinations at the end of the term to look forward to, and from my conversations with the parents I know that no one desires any cramming or pushing. When a child is ready for promotion he is put into a higher class. I hav introduced some of my kindergarten work, and the children are fascinated with it. The boys are just as enthusiastic over the sewing-cards as the girls. The boys hav some trouble in threading their needles, and it is cunning sometimes to see a large boy go to a little fairy of a girl to get her to thread his needle. I did not expect they would care for it, but it will be of some service to them in sewing on buttons in the future should any of them be doomed to single life.

One of the best things that can be said concerning the people here is that they dress comfortably. You can wear a hood to church if you want to without losing caste. Arctic overshoes, good warm leggins, and mittens so thick that the wind cannot penetrate them form the regular costume of the people. No one minds the weather. Rehearsals, sings, and society meetings are always well attended in spite of rain or snow. To-night I attended a missionary concert. The children recited their recitations in leggins, and formed a great contrast to many tastily-dressed children you and I hav seen. It seems to me that this life must be an education in itself.

I am very glad that you are to publish your story. I know I shall enjoy it. I will send for a copy soon, and after I read it will do all I can to help its circulation. They hav a town library here, and hav a copy of your "Apples of Gold." Did you write a play for one of the societies in Fall River? Was it published, and can I get a copy from you? We shall hav some amateur theatricals here, and want some good plays. I see from the Detroit *News* that a woman suffrage association has been formed in Fall River. Did you join? The Good Templars are quite an activ society. They will hav a basket and night-cap sociable Wednesday evening. The young people are making fancy caps, which are really beautiful.

Did you see that Miss Blanche Willis Howard has dramatized her last novel, "Gwenn?" I should think it would take well, it is so full of thrilling scenes. I take the Boston *Transcript* to keep up with many Eastern events. I was glad to see that it was the intention of the state board of lunacy and charity to establish an institution for the care of inebriates. We hav a bird here who sings every evening. I never saw such a restless birdie. He cannot get to sleep until the house is still. He is said to inherit this trait from his grandmother. Excuse blunders. I hav written this while others hav been reading. Love to your mother and yourself. I remain,

Your friend, MARIA E. HARRIS.

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Old Adam.

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As everybody knows;
He never paid no tailors bills,
Because he wore no clothes.
No white kid gloves upon his hands,
As you may well suppose;
No standing collar round his neck,
No shoes to hide his toes.

His wife his dinner cooked each day,
A good fat roast, or boiled,
But oftentimes for want of fire
His dinner, it got spoiled.
He would hav had it cooked with gas,
But that he couldn't afford,
From Youngstown would hav had his coals,
But the pits were not then bored.

His time passed happily away,
He led a frugal life,
And never quarreled with any one
Unless it was his wife.
He neither rent nor taxes paid,
No duns came to his door;
He had enongh of meat and drink,
And some left for the poor.

But the poor hadn't been born then,
Neither were the great;
No thieves or robbers called on him—
He never locked his gate.
Old Adam no example took
From other people's ways;
He never went to balls or routs,
To concerts, nor to plays;

For concert rooms and theaters
Old Adam had not seen;
And Eve was never once accused
Of kissing other men.
He lived on to a good old age,
Was never puffed with pride;
And when his days had run their course,
Alas! poor Adam died.

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THREE VISITS TO AMERICA. By Emily Faithfull. 12mo, pp. xii, 400. Cloth, price, $1.50. Published by Fowler & Wells Co. Sold at THE TRUTH SEEKER office.

We copy the publishers' announcement:

"The author of this volume needs no introduction to an American public; her work in behalf of struggling women during the past twenty years has been attended with so much success that she has acquired widespread celebrity in spite of herself. Her three visits in this country were made for the purpose of studying our society, our industrial methods and organizations, in behalf of poor and unfortunate English women, and the record of these three visits is not a rush into print to gratify personal motivs merely, or to let the world know 'my impressions of America,' after the style of so many foreign tourists, but the notes of a warm-hearted, practical observer who is in earnest for the improvement of the condition of her fellow-women, and givs her best experience in the tracings of her pen. Few writers on America hav seen so much of our country, talked with so many of our best people, and looked so deeply into our social habits and institutions; and as she relates the notable incidents of her journeys in a lively, agreeable manner, showing everywhere the woman of exuberant good nature, the reader is captivated at the start. One finds himself newly interested in things that he deemed familiar; reads about men and women of whom he has frequently heard, but set in new lights and phases. Sketches of conversation occur all through the book, most of them with well-known people, all of whom cordially aided. Miss Faithfull toward the attainment of her mission. It is pleasant to read her lively comments on such persons as Charles Sumner, Julia Ward Howe, Professors Colt Tyler and Maria Mitchell, George W. Childs, Charlotte Cushman, John Taylor the Mormon president, Thurlow Weed, and the hundred others she met. But what will most interest the American reader are the chatty comparisons made of our social mannerisms with those of old England, and the tendencies that she thinks are clearly to be seen in popular sentiment as concerns trade, government, labor, the woman question, art, and so on. The eminent utility of what Miss Faithfull says here and there makes the book valuable, and therefore desirable. While it will entertain everyone who takes it up, it will be sure to instruct those who are thoughtful."

THE EVOLUTION OF A LIFE, Described in the Memoirs of Major Seth Eyland.

In this volume, as we are informed, "Major Eyland, who commanded the First New York Mounted Rifles, describes his personal experiences in field and camp during the Civil War, as captain, provost-marshal, and judge-advocate, and givs scores of interesting and amusing anecdotes (never before published) of Lincoln, Grant, McClellan, Scott, Butler, Joe Johnston, Stonewall Jackson, Martin Van Buren, Horatio Seymour, President Arthur, Col. Fisk, and other noted men. Major Eyland's life in Europe as an art student and traveler also brought him in contact with many distinguished artists and scientists, and he relates in entertaining fashion curious and laughable episodes of travel and adventure, with personal reminiscences and bits of criticism." S. W. Green's Sons, of New York, are the publishers of this book. It is well written, well printed, and well bound. 12mo. $1.50.

THE AMERICAN LESSON OF THE FREE TRADE STRUGGLE IN ENGLAND. By Gen. M. M. Trumbull. 12mo; 290 pages. Published by Schumm & Simpson, Chicago. Price, 75 cents.

The cause of the protectiv tariff in this country is well and ably presented; that of free trade has not as yet called to its support an overwhelming number of adherents, but in the person of Gen. M. M. Trumbull it has at least one stanch defender. This book comes indorsed as "useful and instructiv" by John Bright, the eminent and popular free trade advocate of England, and contains arguments that are well worth considering, whether one reaches the same conclusions as the writer or not. We hav writers enough on the other side of this question; Gen. Trumbull is heartily welcomed as an expounder of free trade principles.

The list of contributors to the "Agnostic Annual for 1885" (Charles A. Watts, editor; H. Cattell & Co.) is exclusivly English, but comprises the best of the heterodox thinkers of that island. The editor opens with a short paper on "Agnosticism and Atheism," in which he states what to him appears the difference between the two isms: "Briefly put, Atheism concerns itself with the God-idea, one of many phases of the phenomena of being; while Agnosticism pertains to the great problem of existence in its grand totality. Its conflict with Theism is purely accidental, wholly subsidiary. It assails Christianity and all revealed religion, because their pretensions are opposed to the cardinal truth, that 'we know nothing of what may be beyond phenomena;' but disbelief in orthodox assumptions in no sense constitutes Agnosticism. Atheism, on the contrary, is simply and solely a negation of Theism; and with the popular rejection of a personal God and of revealed religion the *raison d'etre* of Atheism would be clearly non-existent." Mr. Charles Watts, father of the editor, and first vice-president of the National Liberal League, has a six-page article on "Agnosticism and Theology," in which the contentions of both are sharply defined. He treats of the origin of the universe, its nature, the existence of God, and immortality, from an Agnostic standpoint. His paper is to our thinking the ablest of the collection. "Mars Hill in London," by Moncure D. Conway, is a slight interposition in the philosophic encounter between the Messrs. Harrison, Spencer, and Stephen. Mr. Conway sees that Agnosticism is, after all, only a milder form of expressing Atheism. "The scientific sisterhood are tender-hearted; they hate to banish Theologia suddenly from their company, and compassionately delude their dying sister. Oh, of course, we cannot say but what you may turn out right; nobody can prove there isn't a god somewhere, and a heaven of bliss;' adding, *sotto voce*, 'and nobody can prove there isn't a skyblue peacock with a hundred heads and a million eyes on the other side of the moon?'" The value of Agnosticism, Mr. Conway thinks, is temporary; it is a notice given to Theology, final albeit tender, to quit the region of actualities. "Exit Theology, and one more is added to the Seven Sleepers. Enter Religion, and a leader appears among the Seven Champions." This religion which is to lead is not Christianity more than it may be Buddhism. It must be a religion which will abide in the known world, and invest with its consecration the actual life and daily duties of man. "It must now restore the union of *believe* and *belove*. There is faith, which accepts a basis on trust without knowledge; and hope, which raises personal desire into proximate harmony with universal law; but by these man knows only in part, as Paul says, or sees as in a mirror, obscurely; when that which is perfect is come, that which is in part is done away. This 'perfect' Jesus and John and Paul called love. And who can giv us a better name for the soul of religion? The greatest of all is love, for that alone is beyond dispute, free from doubt, casts out fear, is the supreme joy of life." Though this is a very shadowy kind of religion, it marks the present abiding-place of a number of able heretical preachers who will sooner or later join the Secular party.

The other contributors to the "Annual" are those best known to the English public as contributors to the *Secular Review*. One noticeable poem is a translation from Victor Hugo, by Thomas Mead, called, "The Council of Ten." Hugo loses nothing of his fire and force from being run through the translation mill, as too often happens, for Mr. Mead in poetry of his own has shown almost equal ability with the man whose glowing lines he places before English reading people. Another writer for the "Annual" is Dr. Edward B. Aveling, who has utilized this publication to excoriate his fellow-scientists who, seeing the light of science, are yet blind to the necessity of making their positions clearly known. Dr. Aveling calls them "the Messrs. Facing-Both-Ways of Science." With his feeling of impatience at their temporizing attitude we heartily sympathize.

There are many other articles in the "Annual" equally worth extended notice, but the limits of space are fast being reached. We hope that this "Annual" will be a permament publication, for while Agnosticism is being attacked on all hands, such expositions of its true meaning as are here given are urgently needed. The editor announces his intention to found a monthly journal of Liberal thought to be called *The Agnostic*, and this will also be devoted to the exposition and defense of the new philosophy. Altogether, Mr. Charles A. Watts deserves great commendation for so ably performing a duty which but for him—between those scientists who seem afraid of running counter to "respectability," and the Radicals who see in Agnosticism something in advance of pre-conceived ideas—would be left undone. For the price (25 cents) it would be difficult, too, to obtain better reading. We shall hav a supply in a week or ten days.

"Scott-Browne's Text Book of Phonography, Part II.," which has been announced as forthcoming for a considerable length of time, has appeared. To begin with, it is a handsome publication, and must hav involved an immense amount of work in its mechanical make-up, besides the research and experiment necessary in deciding finally what are the best forms for phonographic writing. The system of shorthand taught by Mr. Scott-Browne is called the American Standard. Unlike most other systems, it has shown itself to be progressiv. The author did not stereotype his first conceptions and put them before the world as the last word on the subject. Where he has seen opportunities for improvements, those improvements hav been unhesitatingly made. These are not, however, in the direction of arbitrary signs and intricate phrases, but in the way of consistency and legibility, and involve a theory of analogy which, proceeding from an established principle, carries a word through all its forms, both as to affixes and suffixes, without changing the form of the primitiv. The gain by this method in legibility must be apparent to all stenographers, and there is no apparent reason for fearing any sacrifice of speed. The system of syllabication observed in the American Standard would appear to be a great help also to legibility. For instance, when only *mprtnr* is given for "importuner," it is more legible thus, *m-pr-tn-r*, as written by Scott-Browne, than *mp-rt-nr*, as by another shorthand teacher. The author of this text-book believes that the systematizing work which he has performed on phonographic forms, together with the discovery that analogy may be generally applied to them, marks an era almost as important in the history of shorthand writing as did the invention of the art itself.

Phonography is certainly a study concerning which there is a growing interest. Perhaps it is not going too far to predict that sooner or later it will in a measure take the place of the present clumsy longhand, which is altogether too slow for the age. Some lucky man will undoubtedly discover a system adapted to every-day use. When that discovery is made there will be a revolution in chirography that cannot be other than beneficial. There is a system of phonetic writing connected with and growing out of Mr. Andrews's universal science, which exists in the Nature of Things. Little of it is known, however. Maybe Alwato is to bring the coming emancipation to both writers and printers from the slavery to a system of longhand writing which few comparativly hav been able to write with speed either gracefully or legibly.

The price of Scott-Browne's "Text-Book of Phonography, Part II.," is $2.00.

The Young Secularist and Family Freethought Paper is the title of a new monthly magazine for children published in Melbourne, Australia. It owes its existence to the untiring efforts for Freethought of Joseph Symes, who settled in Australia some months ago. It is an unpretentious little monthly, selling at 3d., but, teaching the laws of evolution, will no doubt soon exemplify them by blossoming forth in as fine garments as any juvenile paper—for somehow we think books for children should be made the most attractiv of all works. Older folks care for the matter; with children the manner is at least of equal importance. The contents of the first number are a biographical sketch of Thomas Paine; What is Secularism? the story of An Outcast, by Winwood Reade, Thomas Burt, by Joseph Symes; instructions how to be strong and healthy, Gems of Freethought, with riddles, poetry, and anecdotes. One of the stories is "Lazy Dick," the first story that Miss Wixon wrote for THE TRUTH SEEKER'S Children's Corner. So much of it as appears is without credit to author or paper—a bad example to set for young Secularists. The purpose of the magazine is about the highest to which printer's ink can contribute, and we sincerely hope the Liberals of Australia will giv it the generous support that its purpose merits.

Professor Augustin Knoflack, 35 Tribune Building, New York, is publishing a series of pamphlets entitled "German Simplified," designed for those who wish to learn the German language and hav not the advantage of a teacher. Three numbers hav been issued; twelve will complete the series. Price, per number, 10 cents.

No. 2, Vol. I., of *The Mind Cure and Science of Life*, A. J. Swarts, chief editor, has reached this office. It is a monthly, of Spiritualistic proclivities, devoted to the cause and cure of disease only. Published at 18 Tribune Building, Chicago, Ill. Terms, $1 per year; sample copies sent free by Mr. Swarts on receipt of four cents in stamps.

The Freidenker Publishing Company of Milwaukee, Wis., hav issued their sixth annual "Amerikanischer Turner-Kalendar" for the year 1885. It is printed in German, and contains a calendar and blank space in each month for memoranda, besides articles and poems on various subjects. Price 25 cents.

"The Decay of Institutions; or, An Argument Proving that Progress is a Fundamental and Universal Law—that Paradise is Ahead, not in the Past," is the title of a 42-page pamphlet by Moses Hull, at Maquoketa, Iowa. This has the right sound. The price is not given, but may be learned of Mr. Hull at the above address.

J. M. Wheeler, London, Eng., has printed a leaflet entitled "Gospel Lies." As it contains but eight 12mo pages, it is probably not exhaustiv. Price 5 cents. "Letters from Hell" is the name of a second publication by the same author, 28 Stonecutter st., London, E. C. 5 cents.

J. M. Peebles, M.D., has undertaken to tell, through a pamphlet of 99 pages, published by M. L. Holbrook & Co., "How to Liv a Century and Grow Old Gracefully." His major premis is that human life is a gift of God, but that we hav a duty to perform in prolonging it. Price 50 cents.

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From January 1, 1885, the "Freidenker" will be enlarged, thus furnishing CONSIDERABLY MORE READING MATTER, while the PRICE WILL REMAIN THE SAME AS BEFORE.

For the convenience of those of our readers who are chiefly interested in matters relating to gymnastics, the "Freidenker" and "Turnzeitung" will be consolidated into one paper, to be called "Amerikanische Turnzeitung," with the sub-heading "Turnerische Ausgabe des 'Freidenker.'"

This paper will contain more reading matter than furnished by both the "Freidenker" and the "Turnzeitung" heretofore. In making these changes, the publishers have incurred great expense, and we therefore solicit the hearty co-operation of all friends of the cause in securing for the "Freidenker" and the "Amerikanische Turnzeitung" a wider circulation.

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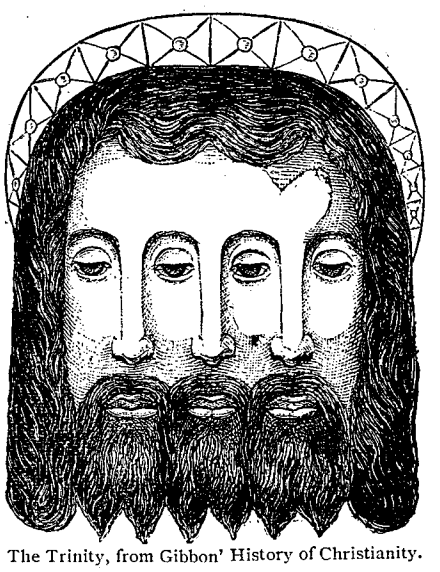
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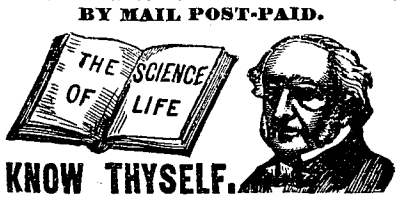
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The Leading Freethought Journal of the World.

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33 Clinton Place, - - - - - - - NEW YORK.

The political aim of THE TRUTH SEEKER is to enforce the Nine Demands of Liberalism, which are as follows:

1. We demand that churches and other ecclesiastical property shall no longer be exempt from just taxation.
2. We demand that the employment of chaplains in Congress, in State Legislatures, in the navy and militia, and in prisons, asylums, and all other institutions supported by public money, shall be discontinued.
3. We demand that all public appropriations for educational and charitable institutions of a sectarian character shall cease.
4. We demand that all religious services now sustained by the government shall be abolished; and especially that the use of the Bible in the public schools, whether ostensibly as a text-book or avowedly as a book of religious worship, shall be prohibited.
5. We demand that the appointment, by the President of the United States or by the governors of the various states, of all religious festivals and fasts shall wholly cease.
6. We demand that the judicial oath in the courts and in all other departments of the government shall be abolished, and that simple affirmation under the pains and penalties of perjury shall be established in its stead.
7. We demand that all laws directly or indirectly enforcing the observance of Sunday as the Sabbath shall be repealed.
8. We demand that all laws looking to the enforcement of "Christian" morality shall be abrogated, and that all laws shall be conformed to the requirements of natural morality, equal rights, and impartial liberty.
9. We demand that not only in the Constitutions of the United States and of the several states, but also in the practical administration of the same, no privilege or advantage shall be conceded to Christianity or any other special religion; that our entire political system shall be founded and administered on a purely secular basis; and that whatever changes shall prove necessary to this end shall be consistently, unflinchingly, and promptly made.

In philosophy, THE TRUTH SEEKER advocates the upbuilding of a rational system that shall lead to better lives on the part of the people, and that shall yield to its adherents all the social and emotional enjoyments of the churches, without any mixture of superstition, or the use of rites and ceremonies degrading to manhood and womanhood. This philosophy must be a growth, an evolution from lower forms, and this growth THE TRUTH SEEKER hopefully fosters. It is, therefore, both destructive and constructive.

Among the contributors to THE TRUTH SEEKER are the most eminent men and brilliant writers in the Liberal ranks of the United States, including Courtlandt Palmer, Charles Watts, T. B. Wakeman, S. P. Andrews, T. C. Leland, C. B. Reynolds, S. P. Putnam, J. E. Remsburg, W. S. Bush, Elliott Preston, John Peck, J. L. York, Susan H. Wixon, Helen Gardener, Mrs. Slenker, and many other able men and women. THE TRUTH SEEKER also makes a feature of reprinting the ablest English essayists and philosophers, and during 1884 has given its readers several papers from the pens of Frederic Harrison and Herbert Spencer. The home contributors are legion, and the communications embrace the widest possible range of subjects—religious, philosophic, Anarchistic, Socialistic, land reform, tariff and political reform.

EVERY LIBERAL IN THE COUNTRY WANTS THE TRUTH SEEKER.

DEPARTMENTS:

In the League Department is recorded the news of the National Liberal League, furnished to our columns by the secretary, and other officers of the National and auxiliary Leagues.

We also have an able correspondent in Canada, who furnishes weekly news of the Freethought movement in that dominion.

Our Children's Department is edited by one of the best and most successful writers for children in the United States. Miss Susan H. Wixon is widely known, not only in the Freethought ranks, but as a writer for popular papers and magazines. We have from all sides the strongest testimonials to the efficiency of her work in THE TRUTH SEEKER. She will continue the Department through 1885.

Through the department of "Letters from Friends" hundreds of subscribers have made pleasant acquaintances and lasting friendships. Its two pages are a place for exchange of thoughts, relation of experiences, and whatever the friends of Freethought find occasion to say. This department is a "talk together" of great and varied interest.

A FEW PRESS OPINIONS OF THE TRUTH SEEKER MAY BE GIVEN:

If any of our readers desire to read one of the best Freethought and reform journals published, we should unhesitatingly recommend to them THE TRUTH SEEKER, published by the Truth Seeker Company, 33 Clinton Place, New York, at $3 per annum. THE TRUTH SEEKER is a large, sixteen-page paper, and is filled each week with the choicest literature pertaining to Freethought and the overthrow of superstitions. It also ably discusses reforms politically and socially, and is really one of the *best* papers we have ever read. It is bold and fearless in its denunciations of kingcraft, priestcraft, and all other ways and means by which the people are held in bondage and ignorance, and no one can read THE TRUTH SEEKER a year without becoming nobler and better. You can get the paper three months on trial for fifty cents, and if you try it you will not want to be without it thereafter.—*Rochester, N. H., Anti-Monopolist.*

One of the finest monuments ever seen in this country has recently been erected to the memory of D. M. Bennett, founder of that able advocate of Freethought, THE TRUTH SEEKER, in Greenwood Cemetery, New York. One thousand friends of the dead journalist, admirers of his sterling qualities and the beauty of thought, goodness of heart, and the self-abnegation which distinguished his life, contributed to the fund by which this magnificent memorial was erected. A colored lithograph of this beautiful memorial has just reached us In reality it is a present that is appreciated more than cold words can express. Besides a view of the monument there is a fine likeness of Mr. Bennett. On the monument are engraved many of the famous utterances of the departed Liberal as well as the record of his life and the work to which many years of his activ manhood were devoted. THE TRUTH SEEKER perpetuates the fame of its founder by this truly generous act, and while accepting its generosity with thanks it is but just and proper that we should add our testimony to that of thousands of others who have many times declared that as an advocate o free thought, free speech, and all that is ennobling in nature THE TRUTH SEEKER has no superior in the universe.—*Lackawanna Democrat.*

THE TRUTH SEEKER is an iconoclastic journal. The sworn foe of superstition and error in all its forms, its motto might appropriately be, War, war to the knife, and the knife to the hilt—for it never lets a chance go by to hit superstition a resounding blow. It is a first-class exponent of what we call fighting Liberalism. . . . Under the direction of Mr. E. M. Macdonald, it still flourishes. Besides numerous articles of a polemic character, it contains a department for children, "Notes," "News," "Gems of Thought," "Odds and Ends," and numerous letters from correspondents. Besides THE TRUTH SEEKER, the firm publishes also Liberal books, one of the best specimens of which is their last publication, the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL AND FREETHINKERS' ALMANAC, a perfect gem, both in contents and finish, and which we would recommend to be sent for by those who are not yet acquainted with THE TRUTH SEEKER publications—*The Sociologist.*

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It is thus seen that any of our friends who will take the trouble to get a new subscriber at the regular rate ($3), will get his own for $2; by getting two new subscribers he will get his own paper for $1; by getting three new subscribers he will not only get his own *free*, but will have fifty cents left to pay cost of money order; by getting four new subscribers he will have his own free and gain $2.

This makes THE TRUTH SEEKER, with its sixteen large pages, cheaper than any other Liberal paper. If anyone chooses, or if by so doing he can easier secure partners in taking the paper, he can share with them the advantages of the club rates.

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Odds and Ends.

A MAN who saw an apparition of his deceased wife said he was not scared, but sort of surprised, because he didn't ex-specter.

AREN'T you in a good deal of a hurry about getting your storm-doors up?" "Not an hour too soon. My wife's mother will arrive at noon."

PROFESSOR in moral philosophy: Mrs. R., what end has a mother in view when she punishes her child? Mrs. R. blushed and sat down.

WHY is it that the man who whangs an old copper cent into the contribution box generally leans back with a twenty-dollar look of benevolence?

THERE are in New York three survivors of the gallant six hundred who charged at Balaklava. The Balaklava charge was nothing compared with some of the charges made during the last presidential campaign.

"WHAT is the matter?" asked Briggs, the plumber, of his partner. "I've made the greatest mistake of my life. Did you know Simpson has just fallen heir to a large fortune?" "Yes; didn't you?" "No; and I hav sent him a bill for only $5,000 for last year's work."

Now that the campaign is over, the papers hav given up political lying, and hav settled down to promiscuous mendacity. A San Francisco paper remarks that a Chinaman has succeeded in teaching a bug to play Beethoven's immortal symphonies on a flute. As a starter that is a very good one.

IT is rather humiliating, says *Peck's Sun*, to be obliged to carry the legend, "Entered at the postoffice as second-class matter" at the head of a newspaper, but they all do it, so there's no advantage had one over another. By the way, who is the hairpin that decides American papers are all second-class?

HUSBAND (reading from Scott): Not one woman in twenty marries the first love. How was it in your case, my dear? Wife: How was it in your case? Husband: You must make the first confession—don't answer like a parrot by asking me the same question. Wife: Well, here's the honest truth. If you married your first love, I married my first; if you didn't, I didn't.

A HAPPY old Democrat in a town near Boston, flushed with his party's victory, sought out his old church last Sunday, and was greeted with surprise by acquaintances who had missed him from the services for years. "Why, how does this happen?" asked one. "Well," answered the Democrat, "the Lord has got around onto the right side again, and I thought best to giv him my encouragement."

MRS. JACKSON: Yes, since dem mis'ble Chinezers hez come in, we poo' whites hez to scratch fur a livin'. An' do yo' know, Missus Mufy, my boy ez goes to school was tellin' me all the people in Chanee walked with th' heads down an' er feet up? Mrs. Murphy: Laws, yer down say. Oi knowed th' Choinees menz war bad uns, but shure Oi thought th' ladies was mohr genteel 'n ter do that.

"WELL," he said to the minister at the conclusion of the marriage ceremony, "how much do I owe you?" "Oh, I'll leave that to you," was the reply. "You can better estimate the value of the services rendered." "Suppose we postpone settlement then, say for a year. By that time I would know whether I ought to giv you a hundred dollars or nothing." "No, no," said the clergyman, who is a married man himself, "make it three dollars now."

THE salary of the Baptist paster at Grantville, Neb., is $100 a year. The recipient does not try to liv on it, but works at his old trade of shoemaking. His congregation do not object to this way of providing cheap ministry to them, but they hav made a tremendous row because on several Sundays in making announcements from the pulpit, he includes a notice that he would mend shoes better and cheaper than the opposition cobbler. Now, we think that is real mean, remarks the Omaha *Herald*. The man saw that he could be useful in both channels and his congregation should not interfere.

LOVE WILL COME BACK.—RONDEAU.

Love will come back across the waste of years
  With smile—so mocking in the long ago—
A-weary of his wandering to and fro,
  Where tender feet left crimson prints in snow,
And tender eyes grew dim; a-thrill with fears
  If round his neck fond arms again may grow.
Love will come back.

The poet paused, then suddenly cried, "Blow
  The rhyming dictionary and the jeers
Of critics at my chestnuts; now I know
  Where I can work them off; hip, hip, three cheers,
Love will come back!"

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THE TRUTHSEEKER

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Notes and Clippings.

Two new colleges are being erected in Paris. They are to be called after the names of the Voltaire and D'Alembert.

It is stated that many Atlanta churches are paying more attention to music than ever before. It seems to be a bad year for religion all around.

The Rev. Heber Newton says that tadpoles and frogs were made as "jests of creation." If that is so, Talmage must be a five-act comedy of creation, says *Puck*.

The French Chamber of Deputies has rejected Bishop Freppel's amendment to restore the credits for scholarship in religious seminaries. Also, his amendment to restore the state pay of the superior clergy.

The qualification to vote in Rhode Island is as follows: Actual tax-paying citizens, who possess property to the value of $137, can vote after a residence of one year in the state and six months in the towns. Registration is required.

M. Cahill, M D., of New York, who has been recently deluging the aldermen with propositions to supply the city with water drawn from the clouds, sent in another letter to the board last week. He said: "It is demonstrated that the lightning flash and electric light are the same. Will you, then, suffer the almighty to be hired out by the year at from $5 to $8 per week?"

Here is a portion of an interview with a Queensland nativ, as reported in a Sydney newspaper: "Missionary very good fellow. Missionary he come along an' see Kanaka boy with banana leaf around him. Missionary he say, 'White man God no like banana leaf; white man God like calico.' 'Oh! and who sold the calico?' 'Oh, missionary, he sell calico.'"—*Philadelphia Record.*

Early exhibition visitors to New Orleans are astonished, on disembarking from a steamer, to find that the sewers are open streams of water at the sides of the streets, and running away from the river instead of toward it; to see wells built up from the ground, not dug into it; and to learn that the cemeteries are veritable "cities of the dead," the tombs being little houses with gables and roofs, and arranged in avenues and squares.

The scientists are always knocking out the poets, somehow. Professor Swindhurst has just discovered that the lark, so far from being the typical early bird, is the very latest to rise in the morning, and that the crow and the quail are real early birds detailed to start the kitchen fire and take in the early worm. These are on deck before anything except the owls, who do not deserve any credit, however, as they stay up all the night.

The daughter of Judge Kelley, of Washington, has gone and married a Russian Nihilist, to the excessiv grief of her doting father. If she had married a title, or even an average society young man, peace would hav dwelt in the parental bosom; but a Nihilist—one of those wretched creatures who risk life and liberty in their desperate efforts to wrest their country from the clutches of despotism—the poor girl is indeed to be pitied.—*Puck.*

This is strange news from the Episcopal Bishop Potter of New York. He has sent out a circular letter to all his clergy, in and near this city, asking them to hold conferences as to "what can be done against the gigantic evils of our society," of which he enumerates eighteen, one of them being the "wrongs inflicted by employers upon those whom circumstances hav placed at their mercy." Why, what does Bishop Potter mean? If his clergy should take hold of practical business of this kind, and do anything beside hawking and hemming over it, they would soon raise a storm about their heads that would bring down their pulpits. If they should preach even a few sentences of cold truth about it, they would not need to wait long for the pillars of the church to fall upon them and grind their salaries to powder. As long as they perform the ceremonies according to the books, and drone through the sermons according to tradition, it shall be well with them; but let them raise a finger of interference against the right of capital to do any wrong it pleases, and probably the bishop himself will fire the fagots to consume them.—*John Swinton's Paper.*

The vane for the tower of the new Board of Trade building in Chicago will represent a schooner in full sail, not cut out of a sheet of metal, but made in every respect like a model. It is nine feet long, eight feet high, and is built of sheet copper throughout. It weighs close to 200 pounds, and about 100 pounds of ballast will hav to be stored in its forward hold to balance it, as the support passes up into the forward mast. The schooner will always hav "her tacks aboard," for, of course, the bowsprit is the pointer.

A stereopticon exhibition was recently advertised to take place in the Methodist church in Norfolk. The stated preacher was indignant when he read the posters, and he caused a notice to be placed over each one to this effect: "This exhibition will not be given in the Methodist church," signing his name. One of the trustees, who had rented the building for the purpose, put another notice over that of the dominie's in these words, "This exhibition will take place as advertised," signing his name. It did take place, but the audience was small on account of the confusion produced by the various notices.

The Keene *Observer* tells this story: "In the virtuous little state of Vermont, in the town of Fairhaven, the pastor of the Congregational church visited the polls on election day and asked for a St. John ticket. His request was met with the remark by one of his parishioners (we believe a deacon of his church) that since his pastorate he had contributued yearly the sum of forty dolllars for the support of preaching, but that if he voted the prohibition ticket his subscription would cease. The pastor left the polls without voting, and it is presumed that the saintly church-goer who prevented him went home and prayed diligently for the southern blacks who were denied the rights of suffrage by the 'chivalrous' race of that section."

Felix Adler continued last Sunday his addresses on "Tenement House Reform" before the Society for Ethical Culture in Chickering Hall. He spoke of model tenement houses which hav been built in Hicks street, in Brooklyn, and in Water street, in this city. The cheapest apartment in the Brooklyn house rents for $6.50 a month and the dearest for about $11, and the house pays 6 per cent on the investment of its owner. The cheapest and dearest apartments in the Water street house rent for about $3.50 and $8 respectivly, and the investment returns 6 1–2 per cent. Women, he said, are the best agents for tenement house reform. He proposed that the owners of tenement houses should content themselvs with a return of 4 per cent on their investment, and that 2 per cent should be put away as a fund for old tenants who should become disabled. It was necessary, he said, that the legislature should limit the profits of landlords, in order that suitable tenements might be provided. As it is now, the worst houses pay the best. He proposed the extension and joining of Leonard and Pell streets in order that the squalid bend in Baxter and Mulberry streets may be broken up.

The report of the committee from the National Academy of Sciences upon the organization of the Signal Service, the Geological Survey, the Coast and Geodetic Survey, and the Hydrographic office of the Navy Department has been made to the joint commission of Congress. The committee are of the opinion that all those organizations, and such other scientific bureaus as Congress may wish to include in the scheme, should be united in a Department of Science, whose head should be a man familiar with scientific affairs. Should the establishment of such a department be now impracticable, the committee suggest as the next best measnre the transfer of those bureaus to some existing department. They also recommend the creation of a commission to prescribe a general policy for each bureau, and suggest that it be composed of the president of the National Academy of Sciences, the secretary of the Smithsonian Institute, the superintendent of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, the director of the Geological Survey, the officer in charge of the Meterological Service, an engineer officer of the army, a professor of mathematics in the navy skilled in astronomy, and two scientists not otherwise in the government service.

Some little trouble has been caused by the heterodox teaching of one of the professors of the University of Edinburgh. It has not for many years been deemed a necessity that non-theological chairs in the Scottish universities should be filled by men who were in any way bound to the national church. Among the occupants of these chairs are to be found members of the church of England, Nonconformists, and Presbyterian dissenters. It has always been understood, however, that whatever might be the private opinions of these men, they should conform their teaching to the religious requirements of the general situation, and do nothing fitted to hav the effect of upsetting the faith of the young men attending their classes. In the University of Edinburgh Dr. Cossart Ewart fills the chair of natural history. Dr. Ewart has been charged with violating this honorable understanding, and with using contemptuous language regarding design in creation. According to him the doctrin of evolution has deprived of all force the argument from nature in favor of the existence of a God. Among the young men who attend the natural history class are many who are looking forward to the Christian ministry, and such teaching, it is felt, is like poisoning the stream at its source. Protests hav been made from several of the Edinburgh pulpits, and Professor Ewart is likely to find himself in a hot seat.

Robert Collyer talked sense from his pulpit last Sunday. The first thing that he said when he began his sermon on "Children's Rights," was that he had the worst cold he had had in ten years. Then he said it was one of the chiefest rights of children that their health should be guarded by their parents, so that they should grow up strong and proof against colds. It was a cause for perpetual thanksgiving on his own part that his parents had bequeathed to him a vigorous body, which was able to throw off the effects of a cold when he imprudently caught one, and which gave him a good digestion and a contented mind. What the Declaration of Independence says about the rights of men was designed, Mr. Collyer went on to say, to apply equally to the rights of women and children. Under it children had rights that the home and the church were bound to respect. The first of these rights was the birthright claim to the wisest and very best training the parent could giv. The young who are approaching manhood and womanhood should see to it that their own lives are pure and righteous before they dare to assume those duties of manhood and womanhood which include the sacred duty of training the child. They must recognize the great value of a sound body as a primal element in insuring to their children that sound health which will form a sound basis upon which to train up a useful and activ existence. It is a right of the child to hav its natural tendency to run counter to the laws of diet corrected by the parent, and to hav the lesson enforced that it has no right to make an invalid of itself by such disregard of the rules of health. Another right that children hav is to enjoy proper rest and recreation, and still another and all-important right is to hav the parent answer, tenderly and conscientiously, and with the best knowledge, those questions which the young ask when their awakened minds begin to grapple with the questions of life and eternity. When the child reveals a deep and clearly defined predilection for any life work whatsoever it should be allowed to follow that preference. For the parent to restrain any such aspiration for usefulness, because it appears original and far away from the track the father has followed, is to commit a very foolish blunder.

News of the Week.

Boston went Democratic by 3,000 in its election of mayor.

There were twenty-one deaths from cholera in Paris last week.

The present membership of Beecher's church in Brooklyn is 2,569.

The Methodists are holding centenary celebrations in Baltimore.

Chicago reports the business outlook to be hopeful in that locality.

A brick factory worth $30,000 was burnt at Petersburg, Va., last week.

Parson Downs, of Northville, L D., whose wife ran away with Deacon Terry, will sue for a divorce.

Judge McCay, of Georgia, is insane. One phase of his lunacy takes the form of a desire to preach.

The workingmen of New York talk of having an idle men's parade. Material will not be found wanting.

Two Jewish converts to Christianity were baptized publicly in this city last Sunday. Both were young men.

The strike among the hatters at South Norwalk, Conn., is not yet ended. The strikers talk of going into business for themselvs.

A revolution has occurred in Corea, a kingdom tributary to China. The king fled to the hills, and his son and six ministers were massacred.

While Mr. Dawson, of Newark, N. J., was at dinner one evening last week, thieves entered his house and carried away $6,000 worth of jewelry.

A Belgian horse-trader has just landed at New York four stallions the average weight of which is 1,800 pounds. The largest weighs 2,200 pounds.

Talmage is on a tour through the South, and excites considerable curiosity. He will do the opening prayer act at the World's Exposition in New Orleans.

All the incoming steamers report severe storms on the Atlantic from the 7th to the 13th inst, and heavy head winds. Many vessels are four or five days overdue.

Martin R. Melht, assistant postmaster at Grand Rapids, Mich., was arrested last week for soliciting contributions for campaign purposes, contrary to civil service rules.

Henry Walker was mate of a schooner, and, the captain dying, he sold the cargo. He was tried for piracy and sentenced to six years imprisonment in the Albany Penitentiary.

William Wannemacher, the young temperance orator who personated Jesus Christ in Salmi Morse's Passion Play, died recently at Norriston, Pa., of hemorrhage of the lungs. He was 28 years of age.

An attempt was made last week to blow up the bridge across the Thames river at London, Eng., known as the London Bridge. The explosion was terrific, but the bridge was uninjured. The police are unable to discover the criminals.

Capt. Howgate, the absconding Signal Service chief, has revealed his continued existence by writing Lieut. Greely for a loan of money. He does not giv his post-office address, requesting that the loan be sent to his daughter in Cleveland, Ohio.

A delegation of the Salvation Army from Toronto, Can., was recently sent to Montreal. The delegates, five in number, commenced the campaign against Satan by parading through the streets singing popular tunes. They were promptly taken in by the police.

Among the sermons preached from New York pulpits last Sunday were one on the "messianic superstition," one on the rights of children to a healthy generation instead of regeneration, and one on the tenement house system. If the pulpit goes on in this direction it may become useful.

Communications.

The Saxon, the Irishman, and the Roman.

From C. L. James's History of the Dark Ages.

We come now to a country lying outside the Roman Empire, and which in modern times is known best as the Island of Sorrow, but which in the first part of the Dark Ages was not less important than Gaul or Spain, England, or even Italy. Previous to the fourth century, indeed, Ireland had almost no authentic history. The material collected from nativ tradition and from the allusions of foreign writers is either legendary or inconsequential; and to show how little is known of Irish antiquities, we need only mention the celebrated round towers. These unique structures can hardly be designed for fortifications, as they are not large enough to contain any considerable number of men; they cannot hav been used as observatories, for they are frequently in valleys, so that nothing could be seen from the top but hills, and also because there is no apparent way of ascending. By whom, or when, the round towers were built, is just as great a mystery as for what object. Every writer on Ireland has a theory of this subject, and the sum of the theories is that we know nothing about it. The island, however, was known to the Romans; and the Irish, who were then seafarers, merchants, pirates, and conquerors, occasionally encountered the legions in battle on the shores of Britain. Accounts of some of these wars may be found in the Encyclopedia Britannica. St. Patrick, according to general tradition, was a captiv from Britain,* and it is probable those Saxons whom Gregory the Great saw in the slave market of Rome were also brought over by Irishmen. Never did vessel bear a more unlucky freight!

> "Ill speed that fatal, that perfidious bark,
> Built i' th' eclipse and rigged with curses dark."

The conversion of England to Christianity was the beginning of a revolution which affected all Europe, and ruined Ireland.

Ireland is commonly said to hav been converted by St. Patrick during the fifth century. There are, however, reasons for doubting the tradition. It seems more probable that the Irish were converted by sundry British missionaries, very likely of the Pelagian sect,† and perhaps before the beginning of the fifth century. Two things, however, are certain: that only fifty years after the alleged date of St. Patrick, Ireland was the most activly Christian country in Europe; and that it was not then subject to the Roman see.‡

The whole of the sixth century was a time of great depression throughout Europe. From the death of Clovis (A.D. 510) Gaul presents nothing but a series of crimes and revolutions. Christianity, which was far from thoroughly established among the rural population, sensibly declined.§ Italy, though more prosperous than any part of the empire, was repeatedly scourged by the arms and controversies of the heretical Goths and Lombards, and the orthodox but rapacious Greeks. Extensiv districts were reduced to utter desolation; multitudes perished by famin; and the curse of universal beggary settled down upon the whole country as a necessary consequence of the abolition (by Odoacer) of the imperial system of poor relief. As to Spain, she seems, indeed, to hav increased in wealth, but her annals are almost empty. England presents the unique phenomenon of a country destitute of reliable history, not because there was nothing to record, but because an invasion of barbarians had entirely swept off her civilization.‖

During this dark period Ireland was truly the center of light to all countries. The number of her saints¶ is almost inexhaustible; and it must be confessed that there was something in their zeal, not merely for dogmas, but for civilization and humanity, which goes far to justify the admiration bestowed on them by posterity. The most famous was Columban, born about 545 A.D., who traveled all through the Frankish kingdoms, founded many abbeys, and died at the great monastery of Bobbio, Italy, one of his own organization. His disciple, St. Gall, established and gave his name to an equally famous institution in Switzerland. St. Columba, or Colum-cille, somewhat younger, may be said to hav converted Scotland beyond the Grampians. His disciples were among the chief evangelists of England, as those of Columban were the stoutest barriers against Frankish paganism in Gaul. Yet had they only spread one religion at the expense of another, I, at least, should not hav esteemed them worthy of high praise. Their glory is that in an age of universal ignorance they were persevering cultivators of knowledge, and that amidst increasing servility they were steady champions of freedom. From the sixth century to the English conquest in the twelfth, the Irish schools, chiefly at the monasteries of Armagh and Darrow, were the best in any Christian country. This period exactly measures the independence of the Irish church. Wherever the Irish missionaries penetrated we find them busily engaged in compiling and copying books, and re-inventing the instruments of literature, whose use had almost been forgotten in the barbarous West. For this purpose, *e. g.*, St. Columba and his followers used waxen tablets, like those of the Romans. At the same time the Romish monks were chiefly employed in eliminating the thoughts of Plato or Homer from parchments which, thus purified of pagan trash, might be devoted to pious legends of how St. Anthony was tempted by the devil in the form of a beautiful woman, or how St. Denys walked about with his head in his hands after martyrdom St. Columban informed the Roman priests he met in Gaul that the reason he did not keep Easter at the same time with themselvs was that the Irish were better astronomers.

The Irish of a later period than the sixth century were long equally remarkable both for learning and for spirit. The Roman writers do not distinguish them carefully from the Scotch*, but the anecdotes preserved of them denote a very different national character. The greatest of them all, John Scotus Erigena, studied Greek, translated Diophantes the Areopagite, and three centuries before the scholastic philosophy arose, applied Plato to the solution of the problem of the will.

At a drinking bout with a Frankish prince who sat opposit to him, he was asked by the latter, "How far is Scot from sot?" "Just the width of the table," replied the philosopher. I think this was like an Irishman, and not like a Scotchman. Virgil, who is said to hav asserted the true form of the earth, was also an Irishman. His doctrins were condemned by Pope Zachary, who bestowed the crown of France on Pepin†. Clement, an Irish heresiarch, gave great trouble to the Gallic church in the somewhat earlier reign of Charles Martel. About a hundred years later, Hincmar, the famous archbishop of Rheims, solicited the aid of Scotus Erigena to refute the German monk, Gotteschalk, who, from the writings of St. Augustine, deduced the predestinarian doctrin, and had triumphed in debate over Rabanus Maurus, reputed the greatest French scholar then living. It was, indeed, a sign of the times that St. Augustine was read at all. Thanks to the Irish chiefly, the reign of absolute ignorance and unquestioning superstition was giving way to that of speculativ theology. Material prosperity had not yet reached the nadir; but literature and reason were arising from the bottom of the abyss, and began to cast on lances' points and castled rocks a faint and fitful luster, like the first rays of the Arctic sun, when he revisits the horizon. Scotus, in his reply, used arguments of a pantheistic character, which drew on this greatest scholar of the Dark Ages the anathema of Rome.

But it was in England that the great battle between papacy and schism, ignorance and intelligence, Rome and Ireland, was fought out. The first recorded mission to the Anglo-Saxons came from Rome in the year 597. Queen Burnhaut, of France, took a great interest in the holy missionaries whom Gregory the Great sent out.‡ Their way was also prepared by the marriage of Ethelbert, king of Kent, to a Christian princess, Bertha, daughter of King Charibert of Paris, who renewed the worship of Jesus at Canterbury, in a ruined and deserted church which her husband had given her for the purpose. This monarch, who seems to hav been remarkably good-natured, gave a courteous reception to the Roman abbot Augustin, or Austin, and at their first meeting had patience enough to hear a long Latin sermon translated word by word. After about a year, he consented to be baptized, as did also many of his people, including the subordinate kings of Essex and East Anglia. In 617, Edwin, prince of Northumberland,* who had been in exile at the court of Ethelbert, was made king by the death of his rival, Ethefrida. Taking advantage of Edroni's friendship for Ethelbert, Rome hastened to attempt his conversion. He married the daughter of the new Kentish king (Ethelbert having died in 616), and this Christian princess brought to his court Paulinus, a follower of Austin, whose meager Italian face, surrounded with black hair, made a strong impression on the "blue-eyed, snub-nosed Saxons." Edwin soon became a Christian, and on consulting his Witenagemot,† found them not averse to a general change, so that in a few years Christianity had superficially overspread the principal kingdoms of the Saxons. But their nativ gods were not to fall without a struggle. These savage people had two principal deities, Wodin, to whom they looked for help in war, and Thor (thunder), probably the only power of which they were afraid. Hope and Fear, embodied in these terrific idols, were not easily dethroned. After the death of Ethelbert, Essex relapsed into paganism. East Anglia adopted a mixture of Christian and pagan absurdities very common among barbarous converts. Penda, king of Mercia, took up the cause of the old gods in the name of Saxon independence, and, in order to gain an ally, promised Cadwallon of Wales to assist him in subduing certain settlements from Wessex upon the river Severn,‡ if he in turn would help Penda to break down Northumberland. At the battle of Hatfield, Edwin was defeated and slain (A.D. 633). Paulinus fled, the heretical Welsh overran Northumberland, and Penda, having thus got them off his hands, appropriated the disputed territory on the Severn to himself.

The war, however, continued; religion being the avowed issue. Oswald, the new king of Northumberland, a devout Catholic, defeated Cadwallon, who was slain in the battle, somewhere near the Roman wall across the island from Forth to Clyde. Meanwhile, Penda conquered East Anglia. Oswald was sagacious enough to see that priests could do more for him than soldiers, if they had courage enough to risk a martyr's death. He accordingly procured from the Irish-Scotch monastery of Iona, a missionary, St. Aidan, who founded the famous church of Lindisfarne, whence cohorts of preachers soon overspread Mercia itself. In 639, the Gallic missionary Birinus converted the king of Wessex. Penda had the advantage in the field; but the hearts of the people were slipping away from him. In 642, however, he triumphed over Oswald, who was slain in trying to conquer East Anglia. This victory, for a time, made a great change. The newly converted king of Wessex apostized, and married Penda's sister. All Northumberland was fearfully ravaged by Penda and his allies. He even besieged Bamborough, the impregnable castle of the Northumbrians—it was only a hedge or stockade, but stood on an inaccesible rock. Penda endeavored to burn this last retreat of his enemies, but rain and contrary wind, attributed to the prayers of a conveniently situated saint, frustrated his plan, and he retired disappointed. Wessex soon afterward returned to the Christian alliance; Penda's own son and viceroy, Wulfere, became a Christian; and in proportion as Christianity gained ground against paganism, so did Northumberland against Mercia. At last Oswy, king of Northumberland, defeated the now aged Penda in a decisiv battle near Leeds, where he perished with the bulk of his army. "The Galilesan had conquered." Wulfere, being a Christian, readily submitted to Northumberland§, which thus, after thirty years of fighting, became the dominant state. No sooner was the fate of paganism sealed, than Rome stretched forth her claws to seize what others had won. It was by the Irish of Iona that England had been converted, and the success of Oswy made possible. In the reign of this same monarch the Irish were expelled from England. The lives of the Iona missionaries, St. Aidan, St. Cathbert, who converted the worthy St. Chad, the chief apostle of the Midland country, shine with a mild and peculiar luster. We find in them little of the policy, severity, and subordination of Romanism, little of the frenzies of the Eastern monks. Good-natured, witty, dreamy, contemplativ, unwordly; now hearing the songs of angels; now jesting and arguing with half-savage peasants; now lost in the snow, but

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* Some writers say Boulogne. The original accounts mentioned two places as near the scene of his birth.

†Pelagius (more properly Morgan) was a Welshman, and his doctrin, as anti-Roman, was popular in Britain.

‡The Celtic churches differed from the Roman about the mode of administering baptism, the time of keeping Easter, and the question of jurisdiction, the Welsh and Irish acknowledging only their own metropolitan, and not the head of the Roman church, whose authority previous to the dissolution of the empire had been a part of the imperial system which was highly unpopular in the far West.

§Cannibalism was openly practiced by the Franks during their invasion of Italy under Lothaire. The laws of the Merovingian kings provide a hundred lashes as the penalty for pagan worship. The influx of Germans which went on steadily till Charlemagne's time of course depressed Christianity.

‖The Saxons are said to hav landed in Kent in 449. A very imperfect British chronicle follows till about 520, when we reach the absolutely fabulous Arthur. The Saxons wrote nothing till they learned Latin, about 597, from Roman missionaries.

¶She was called the Isle of Saints. The practice of canonization by the pope, it must be remembered, was not instituted till much later. The saints of the sixth century were proclaimed such by their bishops.

*It is the prevailing theory that Ireland was the original Scotia from which western Scotland was settled, and that the Picts inhabited eastern Scotland. I see no proof.

†Catholic writers assert that the condemnation was on a theological point, wholly unconnected with geography. An ancient epigram says of this Virgil that "Ireland brought him forth, informed, taught, cherished, and loved him."

‡The story about *Angli* and *Angeli* is too old to be repeated here.

*I think that the "kingdom" may quite as properly be designated by its English name as by the Latin form, Northumbria. Of course it did not at all correspond to the modern county, but included an indefinit territory between the Humber and the Grampians. It is among the most misleading errors of those historians who are content to copy their predecessors to speak of the Saxon Heptarchy, the kingdoms of Kent, Austrasia, Neustria, etc. These names correspond to no definit geographical divisions, for political geography was an unknown science when the kingdoms, confederations, etc., are said to hav existed.

†The assembly of principal landlords (thanes) which performed the function of a parliament.

‡The actual number of the Saxon states was not seven, but is indefinit and unknown. Those most marked by opposing geographical policies were Kent (southeast), Mercia (central, and contiguous at once to the Thames, the Humber, and the Avon), Wessex (southwestern, and always pushing north and west into the territory of the nativ Britons), and Northumbria —*i. e.*, North-Humber-Land—(the country beyond the great river whence it takes its name).

§He reasserted and recovered his independence in 685.

remarking placidly that the way to heaven is easily found—such is the character given them by the Chronicles. Toward the end of the struggle, Wilfrith of York, and Benedict Biscop, became known as activ Catholic clergymen, opposed to the schismatics who had saved the country. Both acted in constant communication with Rome. The latter established the great monastery at Wearmouth, and filled England with relics for the superstitious multitudes, and popish books for those who could read.*

At last, in 664, a council was held for the purpose of deciding the future allegiance of the English church, at the famous convent of Whitby, founded by St. Hilda, a woman of royal Saxon race. Colman, of Lindisfarne, appeared for Ireland, Wilfrith as the champion of Rome. "You admit," said the king to Colman, after hearing the discussion, "that Christ gave to Peter the keys of the kingdom of heaven. Did he ever giv them to your master, Columba?" Colman acknowledged the contrary. "Then," said Oswy, "I would rather obey the porter of heaven, lest, when I reach the gates, he should turn his back on me, and there be none to let me in." The Irish churchmen generally left the country upon this decision. Cuthbert alone remained, till his death in 681. Four years after the council at Whitby, Theodore of Tarsus, a monk of Grecian origin, was brought over to reorganize the English church on Romish principles. He subordinated all the sees to that of Canterbury, the most papal in the country, and established the parochial system, which had not previously existed in the island, the bishop being hitherto only a sort of "resident embassador" at the court of a Christian king. During the ensuing century, the eighth, the benedictine role was established by the Carlovingian emperors throughout Gaul, thus giving Rome the monasteries of the continent, which, like those of England before, were founded by the Irish, and had probably preserved Christianity from the inroads of German paganism. England was henceforth one of the most popish of countries. From England proceeded those theologians, such as Alcuin, who enabled Charlemagne to make Gaul so. An Englishman, St. Boniface, assisted by the sword of Charles Martel, established Christianity and Romanism together throughout Germany. The effect of the council of Whitby was to sweep the Irish from all countries but their own, with a stroke of Peter's fabled keys. Thus did Rome deal with those Christians whose merit was at least no less than this, that they had saved English Christianity, in the hour of its mortal crisis, from the sword of Penda.

Six hundred years went by, during which Ireland remained neglected in the vast solitude of the Atlantic Ocean, then supposed the limit of the world. At last the combined ambition of Rome and Normandy effected the subjugation of the island itself. The history of this event is so curious and interesting, and has been the subject of so much misrepresentation, that some digression may be allowed for the purpose of setting it in the true light. Adrian IV. (Nicholas Brakespeare) the only English pope, assumed the tiara in 1154. In the same year (October 25th) died Stephen, the last and least successful of the Norman kings of England, to be succeeded immediately by the greatest and first of the Plantagenets, Henry II. Within one year the English pope had issued a bull authorizing the English king to take possession of Ireland. The grounds of his right to do so are curious. With the usual babyishness of a pope† he applies to St Peter the promis of "the isles," and gravely asserts that the successor of Peter has power to dispose of any island! It was, as Mr. Hallam remarks, an especially curious argument to address to a prince who took his highest title from the possession of an island; but Henry was conspicuous for the happy faculty of appreciating the comparativ value of words and things.

The Catholic writers of the time apparently thought it necessary to giv some better reason than Adrian's for the transaction, and found it in the alleged disorganized state of the Irish church. St. Bernard says that throughout Ireland generally there was a total dissolution of ecclesiastical disciplin; and savage barbarism had succeeded Christian customs. Of evidence to sustain this charge against the Irish, there is not an iota. They were then, as they always had been, on bad terms with Rome; they had also suffered greatly, like other nations, from the inroads of the piratical Scandinavians; but they had beaten off the latter,‡ and their disagreement with the former was nothing new. The actual invasion of Ireland by the pope's cohorts was, however, delayed until that well-known quarrel among the Irish themselvs, which facilitated it in 1166. In 1172 Henry, fearing that the mercenary troops who went over to help the party of McMurragh, would establish an independent government, undertook a royal progress through the island, and received the submission of the nativ chiefs. It is well known that the English conquest at this time was very imperfect, and that war continued off and on until the Protestant Reformation. After the battle of Bannockburn (A D. 1314), the Ulster Irish, then the most purely nativ branch, allied themselvs with Bruce, the hero-king of Scotland. The pope excommunicated Bruce and them. They achieved, however, a very considerable success. In 1367 the (Norman) parliament of Kilkenny decreed the *excommunication* of any baron who should form an alliance with the nativ race, or adopt their customs, as many of the invading people had by this time done. The statute, however, could not be enforced, and the result of this revolution was to reduce the English to some coast places and the small region termed the Pale. Since the Reformation the Catholic clergy hav naturally excited the passions of the Irish against the English, as they did formerly those of the English against the Irish.

[The concluding words were written about two years ago. They require modification now. No sooner has Ireland shown hopeful signs of independent national life, than the kaleidoscope has taken another turn, and, presto, change! the pope's tiara once more appears beside the English crown, and Rome institutes a new series of measures hostil to Ireland; first remonstrating against that dangerous spirit exhibited by the National party; then p sitivly prohibiting the clergy to assist the movement; and now beginning to require that they shall activly oppose it. Rome is sagacious; but she has sometimes made mistakes. She evidently much prefers Ireland divided, distracted, and enslaved, to Ireland free and united, without distinction of race or creed. Whether she can keep the former remains to be seen. It is the function of the historian to narrate, not to prophesy. I hav shown that Rome has always been Ireland's enemy, except when she could use Ireland for a cat's-paw. Why this is, and what comes of it, is submitted to the consideration of the once great Irish nation.]

NOTE.—That the Irish during the Dark Ages were at variance with Rome is as plain as anything in history. But since it has been denied by Catholic writers, I here giv a synopsis of the evidence on the other side, taken chiefly from Milner's "End of Controversy," a work which has received unbounded praise from Romish authorities generally, and which, being written for Irishmen, and published in reply to some unpleasant reminders of this sort, may be considered to put the Roman argument with its very best foot foremost. The significance of the original authorities will be found indispensable to the argument.

1. The British bishops were represented in the councils of Arles and Nice, which acknowledged the pope's authority, and at that of Sardica, A.D. 347, where the right of appeal to the pope in all ecclesiastical cases from every part of the world was confirmed (Can. III.). In the fifth century also, St. Germanus was sent by the pope into Britain as legate (*vice sua*) (Chron. St. Prosper), and appointed St. Dubritius archbishop of Wales (?) (Antiq. Eccl. Landao).

Answer.—All this is probable enough, except the last statement, for which the authority is questionable. But it proves nothing, for all this was before the fall of the Roman empire. The pope's metropolitan authority derived from the emperors has nothing to do with his alleged spiritual sovereignty as Peter's successor. Let us hav proof that the British bishops acknowledged that.

2. St. Austin, the pope's legate and first bishop of Canterbury, was willing to unite with the British bishops in converting the English to Christianity, providing they would keep Easter at the Romish time, and adopt the Romish ritual. It follows they must hav acknowledged the pope's universal authority.

Answer.—Where is the proof that Austin himself acknowledged it, or that, understood in the modern ultramontane sense, it was as much as heard of in England before the Council of Whitby?

3. Two years after this conference, the bishop of Landaff, Audoceus, went to Canterbury to receive consecration from St. Austin (Bede Eccl. Hist. L. II, c. 2). Ever after this the bishops of Landaff acknowledged the see of Canterbury for metropolitan, without disapprobation from the Welsh (Antiq. Eccl. Landao).

Answer.—We know so little about the conditions of consecration in the Welsh church during the Dark Ages that the facts (so far as they are positiv, which is a very important reservation) prove nothing.

4. The Welsh bishops were in communion with the Irish, therefore the Irish must hav been in communion with Rome, and therefore hav acknowledged the pope's supremacy as successor of Peter and vicar of Christ.

Answer.—The first term in the syllogism having fallen to the ground, the rest falls with it. We hav shown that the Irish made no such submission to Rome, and that there is no satisfactory evidence that even any part of the Welsh ever did, while it is admitted by Milner himself, and all others, that they, like the Irish, commonly and openly disobeyed the pope in sundry manifest particulars. But if it is not proved that the Welsh were in communion with Rome, nothing follows from the fact that they were in communion with the Irish.

5. But there are also direct arguments to prove that the Irish between the days of St. Patrick and those of Adrian IV. acknowledged the authority of the pope. A number of such instances are cited by Milner.

Answer.—Unfortunately every one of them rests on the testimony of the uncritical Usher, that is, on mere tradition, and not on contemporary evidence. The truth in this, as in a hundred similar cases is, that the pope's authority before the dissolution of the empire cannot in the least be identified with that asserted by Gregory VII. and other pontiffs about the end of the Dark Ages. The former was a part of the constitution of Constantine, and professed no higher origin; the other is alleged to rest on the alleged authority of Peter three centuries before Constantine. The former was the place of a chief among equals, the latter is that of an absolute sovereign. The former is bound up with the ancient arrangements of the empire; the latter began by assuming that the empire had long ceased to exist. The former is separated from the latter by a clean-cut interval of full six centuries, and every glimmer of evidence that can be found in the intervening chaos confirms the thesis that during the interval the pope's authority over the western church was not acknowledged either as it had been before, or as it came to be afterward, but that the way for its future establishment was being prepared by encroachments like that which was consummated at Whitby, where barbarians were made Romanist by arguments only fit for babies.

*He is said to hav introduced the first glass window into England.

†Nothing can be a more curious psychological study than the papal bulls. The driveling weakness of the arguments, the puerility of the rhetoric, the sagacity and the sternness of the policy, render those famous documents unique reading, indeed.

‡The decisiv battle of Clontarf was fought in 1014. Occasional inroads occurred afterward, but, considering the position of Britain, I think they must hav virtually ceased by 1155.

Brother Walker's Dilemma.

The blunt and practical question I put to our mutual friend, Mr. E. C. Walker, has placed him in a position where he can neither advance, retreat, nor stand still, and so, as in his last article, he tries to dodge. If he says squarely that there is no limit to the number of murderous assaults through rum, which a community must suffer before a Freethinker would hav a moral right to vote "no" concerning the further sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage, he at once writes himself down as a monster of bad reasoning.

On the other hand, if he declares explicitly that there is a limit somewhere, he thereby givs to the winds the "complete" liberty theory he so dilates upon, and becomes the enemy of his own teachings. If he stands still, I shall, of course, keep "prodding" him, for although his sad predicament appeals strongly to my sympathy, I feel that having asked a plain, straightforward question, all justice demands that I insist "till death do us part" upon having an equally plain and straightforward answer from him. When this, my just due, is granted, I shall be only too happy to reply to his last article.

The question I asked him was this: "If the drunken stabbing of three innocent people upon the public street, as recently happened in this city, does not giv a just cause for legal protection against the rum-beverage traffic, what would?"

Would twice three, or twenty times three, or one hundred times three, justify a Freethinker in appealing to law against the hell-broth that was the direct cause of these dastardly outrages? If Brother Walker thinks that thousands even of such murderous assaults upon innocent people would not be sufficient, will he please say so plainly, in order that THE TRUTH SEEKER readers may be enabled to judge which of us is making the best use of his reason?

If he has a limit at all, however wide it may be from mine, then I can truthfully welcome him into the ranks of the opponents of "personal liberty," and will do my best to make him as tyrannical as the personal safety of the public demands.

Dare Brother Walker assert that no amount, however large, of rum-murders would justify the "no" vote I always throw on the question of allowing saloons in this city? GEORGE N. HILL.

Boston, Mass.

Knocking Evolution Out.

TALMAGE STANDS UP TO IT FOR FOUR ROUNDS, MARQUIS OF QUEENSBERRY RULES.

From the New York Sun.

The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, in the Baptist minister's weekly meeting of Murray street, yesterday, answered the question, "Is there such a thing as evolution?" in a lecture an hour long. The lecturer and the ministers' applause made so much noise that business men in that neighborhood came to the doors and windows to listen and enjoy.

ROUND 1.—All the best instruments used by scientific men, Mr. Talmage said, belong to Christian institutions. Morse, inventor of the telegraph, was a Christian; Cyrus W. Field, who swung a cable under the Atlantic, was a Christian; James Y. Simpson of Edinburgh, discoverer of anæsthesia, was a Christian.

ROUND 2.—Mr. Talmage set side by side the Bible account and the scientific hypothesis of the origin of the human race, and derived so much amusement from the contrast that the walls shook with laughter and applause. How would it sound, he asked, if, instead of the genealogy of man in the Bible, we should read that a mushroom begat a tadpole, a tadpole begat a pollywog, a pollywog begat a fish, a fish begat a reptil, a reptil begat a quadruped, a quadruped begat a baboon, and a baboon begat man? Herbert Spencer, however, was not present at the creation, and as the Lord was present, Dr. Talmage preferred the Lord's account of it. [Great applause.]

ROUND 3.—As for the widely accepted theory of the survival of the fittest, it was not true. Garfield died in September, and Guiteau survived him until the next June!

ROUND 4.—Finally, there has been no natural progress. Where can we find such horses nowadays as Job describes? Men once grew 10 feet high; now they reach to 6 1-2 feet. Once they lived to be from 200 to 900 years old; now 30 years. The truth is, natural evolution is downward in tendency. The Tombs of New York, Moyamensing prison in Philadelphia, Seven Dials in London, and the Cowgate in Edinburgh, are festering carbuncles on the face and neck of evolution. When you can evolve an oratorio out of a buzz saw, you can evolve something good out of the natural tendencies in human life. Evolution is an old heathen corpse set up in a morgue, and Spencer and Huxley are trying to galvanize it.

CATALOG of our books free on application.

Canadian Notes.

J. Ick Evans lectured in Albert Hall last Sunday evening on the "History of Christianity and Other Religions." He traced the growth of the religious idea from its origin in animism and fetichism on through polytheism and culminating in monotheism. Out of the early forms of monotheism proceeded the Jewish religion as pictured in the Bible. Out of the Jewish religion, Buddhism, Brahmanism, and Parseeism, proceeded Christianity. Moses borrowed from the Egyptian, Chaldean, Babylonian, and Assyrian religions, and out of them he formulated the Jewish system of the Bible. When the Jews returned from captivity in Babylon, they brought with them the religious ideas of the Parsees, Buddhists, Brahmans, and other religions and philosophies of the eastern world of that day. The conquests of Alexander and the Romans made the religious ideas of the East familiar to the Jews of the time of Christ. And in this manner we get the sources and origin of Christianity.

As illustrating the religious superstition of the time of Christ, Taylor says Paul of Tarsus found in the city of Athens an altar erected to the unknown God, and, taking what Leclerc considers a justifiable liberty with the inscription, compliments the citizens on such a proof of their predisposition to receive the God which he propounded to them, or any other god, as well without evidence as with it, and to be converted without putting him to the trouble of working a miracle (Acts xvii, 22). The inhabitants of Lystra, on only hearing of the most equivocal and suspicious case of wonderment that could well be imagined, even that a lame beggar (who might hav been hired for the purpose, or probably had never been lame at all) had been cured, or imagined himself cured, by two entire strangers, itinerant therapeutæ, or tramping quack doctors, or medicin men, without either inquiry or doubt, they set up the cry, Jupiter and Mercury are come down from heaven in the shape of these tramping quack doctors, and with all these medicin men could do to check the intensity of their devotion, "scarce restrained they the people that they had not done sacrifice" (Acts xiv, 18).

The great Convention of Freethinkers from all parts of Canada, Dec. 13, 1884, is almost upon us. Tickets will be issued by all the railways at one and one-third fare from all parts of the dominion. The committee for decorating Albert Hall are busily at work. All the other committees work all day and sleep at night with one eye open.

The immoral and mischievous tendency of the doctrin of atonement for sin (so acceptable to guilty minds, and so eagerly embraced by the greatest monsters of iniquity) had been preached by self-interested priests and reprobated by all who wished well to mankind long before those scriptures are pretended to hav been written. Before the period assigned to the birth of Christ, the poet Ovid had assailed the demoralizing delusion with the most powerful shafts of philosophic scorn—"When thou thyself art guilty, why should a victim die for thee? What folly it is to expect salvation for the death of another!"

There is trouble in the Cook's church Presbyterian congregation, Toronto, between the pastor and his flock. A perfect flood of hard feelings, accompanied by showers of hard words, hav resulted from this fracas among the saints. "Let brotherly love continue."

When the apostolic therapeut, healer of the sick, wonder worker, and medicin man, Paul, attempted to preach the doctrin of Jesus Christ and him crucified, at Athens, he found the Athenians were already in possession of all he had to communicate, and that what he was endeavoring to set forth as a doctrin newly revealed, was with them a very old story. "He brought to their ears no new thing" (Act xvii, 18). The Epicurean and Stoical philosophers were more at home than himself upon that subject, and they called him a "babbler," the very term that most expresivly designates the character of a doting ignoramus, who, in the arrogance of his own conceit, will be for ever foisting up old stories, and swearing that they had occurred in his own experience, and had happened to nobody else but to some particular acquaintance of his. The majority, however, carried the vote that he should hav a fair hearing, and Paul was allowed to preach on the Areopagus. But the previous rebuke he had received had completely subdued his impertinence. He no more presumed to lay claim to originality in the crucifying-story business. He preached pure Deism; quoted their own facts; and never once ventured so much as to name his crucified Christ, or to make an allusion that could be construed as referring to him any more than to any other of the god-men, or men-gods who had arisen from the dead as well as he (Acts xviii).

The Toronto *Daily World*, in a leading article on Monday last, remarked that after the revival frenzy which has been going on in Toronto—after the boy-preacher and Moody—an Atheist convention is now in order. Every Freethinker who wants a Toronto daily paper should take the *World*.

Toronto, Dec. 13, 1884. R. B. BUTLAND.

The Liberal Club.

Last Friday was a rainy and dismal day, and when evening came the rain and dism visibly increased. The bright anticipation of hearing Mr. Isaac Cohen discourse on the Butler vote in the late presidential election, brought about one hundred people to the hall in spite of the weather. Many members of the club believed in the existence of a People's party previous to November 4th, and were desirous to know what became of it on that great day. But Mr. Cohen did not come. The chairman apologized for him, and likened him to the People's party on election day; that is, he did not make himself protuberant. Mr. Wakeman believed there were a few survivors of the People's party in the hall. If so, it would be appropriate, in the absence of Mr. Cohen, for such to assert themselvs. He suggested Mr. Huhn, or Mr. Palmer.

Mr. Palmer, whose name was on the electoral ticket of the People's party, here arose to say that he was a great admirer of Mr. Huhn, and Mr. Cohen, and himself, and all the Greenback orators, but he had grown weary of the subject. He suggested instead that Mr. Wakeman, who had just returned from Salamanca, might giv some account of the meeting, and a brief synopsis of his own speech at that place. This suggestion was put in the form of a motion, and carried unanimously. But the chairman was inexorable. We had come there to discuss the Butler vote, and the Butler vote must be discussed.

Mr. Huhn thereupon removed his coat, went at the subject in a business-like manner, and made a good speech. He was disappointed at the number of votes polled by Butler, but not disheartened. He should vote the People's party ticket for the remainder of his natural life. He was, first of all, a Greenbacker. It had been denied that the fiat of government could create a legal tender. How was it, then, that eleven cents' worth of copper, manufactured into one hundred cents by the government, were worth one dollar? Mr. Huhn prophesied that the election of Cleveland would disrupt the solid South, because the solid South expected much from the Democratic party and would get nothing.

Mr. Palmer believed that the cause of the smallness of Butler's vote could be found in the fact that monopolists bull-dozed the voters, and in the general belief that Butler had betrayed his party into the hands of the Republicans. He hoped that accusation was only a scandal; nevertheless, true or false, it had its effect. Again, many who believed in the People's party failed to support its candidate at the polls. The speaker, previous to election, addressed some eight hundred citizens of Port Chester on the necessity of a new party, and his most radical sentiments were enthusiastically applauded. Yet that great audience gave Butler scarcely twenty votes.

Mr. Sutherland said he had heard Greenbackers and members of the People's party talking about appealing to the cartridge box if the ballot box failed to work. He would like to know who would carry the guns. It behooved so insignificant a party to display greater modesty until they could muster more than a corporal's guard of followers. Mr. Huhn's definition of a dollar was not the correct one. A dollar must represent so many grains of gold or silver. Copper pennies were not a legal tender.

Dr. Weeks made a remarkably able speech touching the alleged morality of political parties. These were moved by a selfishness directed to ends a little higher than those previously attained. Men who marched to the South singing "John Brown's body lies moldering in the grave, his soul goes marching on," would hav hanged that gentleman a short time previously, and so the byword of one day became the rallying-cry of the next.

Mr. Freeland maintained that the People's party never existed save in the imagination of its leaders. The people were ignorant, unappreciativ, and were the enemies of their best friends. They were not equal to an understanding of the issues presented by the People's party. They were not prepared for them, could not rise to meet them, and consequently until the masses were educated there could be no party embodying high principles.

At the conclusion of Mr. Freeland's remarks Dr. Kinget arose to speak, whereupon this writer went home. The secretary's minutes show that several other speakers followed, among them Mr. Weston, who said that Butler's vote was dissipated by his own act, in that he repudiated his party, the Nationals, went to the Democratic Convention at Chicago as a delegate, and finally sold out to Blaine after lying indiscriminately all around. This meeting lacked the enjoyable qualities that it would hav had if Mr. Cohen could hav fulfilled his engagement. It was, notwithstanding, very instructiv and interesting. Next Friday Professor A. L. Rawson will speak on "The True Inwardness of Mythology, especially the Hebrew and Christian." The lecture will be illuminated by Dr. Foote's polyopticon.

Later.—TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I am in receipt of the following card from Professor Vaughan, of Virginia. To hav one's motivs misconstrued in the way he seems to misconstrue mine is one of the saddest trials incident to a Christian life. It is all on a postal card:

F. R. Co-operativ Ass.
Estab. 1876. Dec. 8, 1884.

This F. R. Co-operativ Ass. is now printing 5,000 *copies* of Professor Vaughan's stinging *answer* to the *scurrilous* notice of his lecture—printed in a DIRTY SHEET missnamed "THE TRUTH SEEKER." It is hard for a person with the *instincts* of a *gentleman* to *stoop* to the *low* **blackguard and liar** who assaults him *in print*, who is too **cowardly** to **meet him face to face,*** knowing that his foul carcass would *repent the job*. So far, among *all decent Liberals*, such as Rosenbourgh, Deane, and C. Palmer, the verdict is that such an article is a *disgrace to Liberalism*. I know that it is *proof that I* thrutfully *struck home*. *The braggart Watts* was *well whipped*. As *to* the statement about so-called prominent men only knowing me through the dirty TRUTH SEEKER, Mr. Godwin would *not hav it in his house*. *Mr. Swinton* has written me as to his *acquaintance with me*, and I was a visitor years ago at their houses, where the *scab* who assails me *cannot enter*. *That fact stings him*. As to being half way to the penitentiary, I know better men *in it* than the *spawn alluded to*. Oh how bitter a son, presumably of a gentleman, can be when Jealous. By the time I get through with this he will be heartily sick of it.

GEORGE VAUGHAN.

P.S.—I hav a letter—another lie—written by the ——— *spawn, to publish*. WHAT A SET OF COWARDLY LYING TRASH.

Now, I regard the foregoing as unkind. I don't know much about Professor Vaughan, of Virginia, except that he is the author of a volume of poems bound in something like stove-lids and printed with the title page bottom-side up at the end of the book; and then sometimes I see him at the Liberal Club. He writes as though something I hav said has offended him, and as if he meant to jump upon my person the next time he sees it. To add injury to insult, he also will print 5,000 copies of his "stinging answer." This might be reckoned as the unkindest cut of all. Mr. Godwin, he remarks, will not hav THE TRUTH SEEKER in his house. That is because Mr. Godwin is not a subscriber. Terms, $3 per year; three months' trial subscription for fifty cents; sample copies free. Now is the time to get up clubs.

REPORTER.

*The words in full-face type are underscored with red, presumably blood.

Row in a Colored Church.

Dr. Newman's church, in New York, is not the only sacred edifice in which there are internal dissensions. The black sheep belonging to the colored flock of Parson Jackson hav been lifting up rebellious hoofs against their shepherd, whacking each other over the pate with cotton umbrellas, and sampling each other's wool.

It seems the deacons wanted Parson Jackson to hunt up a fresh flock, but he thought his own flock was fresh enough to suit him, and refused to be counted out. The deacons, however, insisted that he was elected to go away, and Parson Jackson agreed to quit, provided his back salary was paid. A dispute arose about the amount, and Parson Jackson announced officially that he would continue to occupy the pulpit until he got the shekels. The deacons announced, also officially, that if the rector made any such attempt, they would "bust" him wide open. Jackson was not afraid. He intimated in language that was plain, that he had been aching for some time to lay out a few niggers, as he called the precious souls entrusted to his care. He would be grateful if they furnished him with the long coveted opportunity of sending them to Hades, so he said.

The next Sunday arrived, as is usual with all next Sundays. The deacons were on the inside. Parson Jackson, with a few stalwart friends, was on the outside. The insiders conversed with the outsiders. Parson Jackson said he was coming in to hold divine service in the sanctuary.

The deacons renewed their promis to mutilate the pastor if he attempted to appeal to the throne of grace from that pulpit. Jackson did not come in through the door of the sheep fold. He climbed in by some other way. A new green cotton umbrella, worth at least 50 cents, was shattered over his head. There was a sudden and violent laying on of hands. Tufts of wool floated in the air, and a little saddle-colored lamb took a generous bite out of the pastor's leg, the only instance in natural history of a lamb biting a calf. A venerable black ewe tried to gouge out the pastor's eye, but he managed to giv each one of them something by which to remember him. The speeches made were appropriate to the occasion.

After there was not a member of the congregation but had at least one sore place on his or her body, the police interfered, and both great political parties agreed to wait for the official count. According to the latest returns, Parson Jackson has been defeated by a small plurality, but he feels sore over the result. The place on his calf where the colored lamb bit him is a particularly sore spot.—*Texas Siftings.*

THE sabbatarians of England are wroth with John Bright because, on being asked to make a speech against the delivery of the mails on Sundays by carrier service, as on week-days, he rose up and made a rousing plea for the maintenance of the method.

The League.

How to Organize a Local League.

The National Liberal League is formed by the union of Local Auxiliary Liberal Leagues. To organize a Local Auxiliary League, any person (man or woman) may place the following Call at the head of a sheet of paper and solicit signatures:

CALL.

We, the undersigned citizens of [here introduce name of town or city], agree to organize an Auxiliary Liberal League, to work in connection with the National Liberal League, and to pay the sums set opposit our names for that purpose.

Names.	*Residences.*	*Amounts.*

As soon as ten persons have subscribed to this Call, and five dollars have been paid in, make out an application for a Charter, inclosing the application, together with a money order or postal note for five dollars (or the amount may be inclosed in a registered letter) to the secretary of the National Liberal League. The fee for a Charter is ten dollars, and the Board of Directors have voted to allow the organizer of the Auxiliary Liberal League to retain five dollars as compensation for his or her services in effecting the organization.

Any Liberal society can by a vote qualify itself an Auxiliary Liberal League, and take out a charter.

On receipt of the five dollars and application signed by the President and Secretary (or the temporary Secretary) of the new League (and as many others as may choose), the Secretary will forward to the applicant a Charter signed by the proper officers of the National Liberal League. Samuel P. Putnam,

Secretary of the National Liberal League.

55 East 9th street, New York.

Beginning of the Toronto Freethought Convention.

On Thursday, Dec. 11th, Mr. and Mrs. Watts and myself left New York city for the field-work of Liberalism beginning at Toronto, Canada. A night's ride brought us to Suspension Bridge, the Great Falls, and the verge of Canada. Without much circumlocution, we passed the good-natured officials of the Customs, and went speeding along the fair lake and through a well-cultivated country that seemed to hav a quiet spirit hovering over it, not quite so impetuous and busy as that which pervades the atmosphere of the states. About 10 A.M. we arrived at Hamilton, Canada—a city of 40,000 inhabitants, that lies in straggling fashion with all sorts of curiously built houses along the hill-sides and the shores of Ontario. We were met at the station, and heartily welcomed, by Mr. and Mrs. Littlehales, and taken to their hospitable mansion, whose large rooms seemed to giv a royal English greeting. An hour was spent in happy talk, and I must confess that my first impression of the Canada Secularists was most delightful and inspiring. I felt at home at once in their large liberality and broad spirit. Mr. Littlehales is doing great service to our cause in Hamilton and the neighboring country. Through many struggles, the Secular Society of Hamilton is advancing to assured triumph.

At one o'clock we resumed our journey, and arrived at Toronto. Mr. and Mrs. Watts were enthusiastically greeted at the station by a large company of ladies and gentlemen, which to all of us was both a surprise and pleasure, showing how deeply Mr. Watts had impressed himself upon the social life of the place, and how ready those who had listened to his utterances were to respond to his efforts in their behalf. It was a beautiful welcome also to Mrs. Watts, and no doubt made her think that Toronto was almost as good, if not quite as large, as London, and that there would be no want of vivacity in her social relations, and her own ardent and joyous spirit and intellectual brilliancy would find a happy response from cheerful fellow-laborers.

In the evening there was an informal reception at the rooms of Mr. Evans, president of the Freethought Association, and it was a notable gathering of congenial workers. Remsburg was there, fresh from his Western campaign, and brought good news of progress. We met there some of the leading members of the Toronto society—Mr. Strange, Mr. Harrison, Hicks, Butland, and others, who, together with Mr. Evans and Mr. Risser, hav kept the banner of Freethought afloat, and rallied a goodly company beneath its folds, and hav made victory only a question of time.

Saturday morning the Liberals and delegates from various parts of the province came in, Mr. Sisson, of Port Hope; Mr. Young, of Hamilton; Mr. Algie, of Alton; Mr. Chantler, of Willard, and others. The utmost enthusiasm prevails, and there is no doubt of a most successful meeting. All are in favor of the unity of Liberalism between Canada and the states, thus making a vast American organization that shall be a persistent and wonderful power for freedom and growth. Everywhere I find evidences of the noble work acccomplished by Mr. Watts. In Hamilton and Toronto especially he has created the utmost interest, and even Christians are beginning to realize that something is going on, and that the world moves in spite of them, and they are really anxious to know what Secularism is and what it purposes to do. Moody and the boy-preacher, Harrison, hav been here for the past few weeks, and hav stirred things up in their way, and reasonable minds are ready for food of a more substantial sort, and no doubt they will compare Secularism favorably with this morbid and modern form of Christianity which must draw its life entirely from emotion and good story telling.

Enough for this week. Next week the readers of The Truth Seeker shall hav a full account of this convention, which will be in its results the most fruitful ever held in Canada, and will mark an epoch in the advance of Secularism.

Fraternally yours, Samuel P. Putnam.

Brief Correspondence.

George T. Hogle, Walnut Grove, Arizona: Does the League still giv certificates of membership on receipt of one dollar, as before the last convention at Cassadaga? I was a member last year, and think of remaining this year. Two of my friends also wish to join.

Reply.—The League still accepts members on the same terms. It encourages annual memberships.

F. F. Follett (the earnest worker and secretary of Illinois State League): "I hav read with interest your articles, and those of Putnam, Watts, and others in the Liberal papers, and hope you will be able to work up a more lively interest in the cause."

Constructiv Work in the League.

From the Missouri Liberal.

When we consider the unnatural demands of the church's creeds, and the ridiculous inconsistencies of their authority, we wonder how the structure could stand in the face of rapidly developing reason and research. But when we consider the absorbing social desires of mankind, it becomes apparent that to this the church owes its vitality as a living institution, in spite of all that in common sense is against it. Here men, women, and children can meet and enjoy each other's presence, after the services indulge in short chats, compliments, and such other recognition as is common and pleasant in congregated humanity. Here also is furnished a stage upon which each one can act his or her ideal part as a member of society; whether it is as moralist, teacher, example in deportment, fashion or the various other reasons for which people appear in public. In the popular church-going mind, the creed and authority that it is based on are lost sight of entirely. This answers every practical purpose; as they pay their share of the expenses required, and help to swell the throng which makes up the church in what is termed its strength.

The League, in its scope, could greatly outdo the church if it would only supply in its operations this social opportunity permanently, by organizing constructive work that would interest, and occupy part of the Sundays and other days of recreation for Liberals and their children. This would not only entertain them, but with its intellectual and progressiv features added to the social, and absence of orthodox conformity, would attract in addition that element of society which is never found in the church and does not support it. When society in general would see the advantage of natural sociability and entertainment over that instituted and fostered in the creed-bound church, it would soon fall in and giv Liberalism such a boom as it can never receive by the logic of a few speakers and Liberal papers with no local impetus to excite a demand for them. The leaders could, by having a proper manual giving explicit and plain directions for conducting the work, organize in every locality where there are even a few Liberals. Such work, which would be carried on by the few till its advantages becoming apparent, would induce the many, who know nothing of Liberalism, to unite their social and material strength. This auxiliary effort with its proselyting and material interest, would furnish the national movement and journals with a support that would, through preparation for progression, unloosen every shackle of the less experienced past from present advancement, and do it in a complete and rapid manner. Example or practice is the most potent motor that can be brought to bear; especially when it is in harmony with the natural desires and common sense of the masses.

Such text books for the children of various ages, as well as older people, as we hav tried here and found satisfactory can be had, and would no doubt prove desirable in any community or neighborhood, and the same success be attained. We hav many people here who hav been brought from orthodoxy entirely by the superiority of our entertainment over that which they had been accustomed to in the church, and they are among the most activ workers of our society. This can be the case everywhere if the workers can be started in the right direction, and hav a tried guide to construct their work by. In the "Sunday Instruction," both old and young hav courses suited to their capacity of receiving or discussing, so that all come away having learned something and had an excellent social time. In the evening a general meeting is held for the entertainment of old and young Liberals and that of strangers, of which great numbers are to be seen at every meeting, always filling the hall to its fullest capacity. The exercises consist of select readings, recitations, songs, and five-minute speeches by any who are called upon or volunteer a few remarks. In the morning all hav an opportunity to express their opinion on the question for discussion (which is selected by the group), and the pleasure of changing it often by having other phases of the question presented that they had not heard before. These questions generally pertain to matters of interest either in every-day affairs about us or abstract theories or philosophies and their probable effect on the human race and its happiness. In the evening the many are entertained by a few, necessitating no effort on the part of the audience but to hear. Thus we hav every social advantage of the church, and superior intellectual and natural ones, supplanting it completely in every sense. This is what the League should and could do if it would pursue a similar course. It has able workers in attracting public notice, and if this constructiv work established by them to giv it permanency and create an interest that would supplant the church, a work could be accomplished that can be done in no other way nor by any other organization. Our people would be happy to render any help in the way of our experience here in constructiv work, if the workers in the League see fit to giv. the matter attention. A manual could easily be gotten up that would cover the ground completely, and in such a plain manner that it would of itself be all that would be needed to conduct the work, after the lecturer had awakened an interest and started it.

Religious toleration is now partially established in Cuba. Sen. Pedro Duarte having commenced Protestant teaching in Matanzas, complaint was made against him by the Roman Catholic vicar, and the case was carried up to the Madrid government. The royal decree, while declaring the Roman Catholic religion to be "official," proclaims permission for "the exercise of any other worship not opposed to Christian morals." The significant conclusion reached is thus set forth: "It is therefore plain that the state protects the Catholic religion as its own; but at the same time it establishes the toleration of other forms of worship, guaranteeing the right to exercise those forms of worship against all kinds of aggression whatever." By these official declarations "the free exercise of religious worship is permitted in Spain to all its inhabitants, whether they be nationals or foreigners." The open teaching of Freethought, however, would probably bring upon the teacher physical punishment and social ostracism. The Truth Seeker subscribers in that country hav to keep quiet, yet that is called religious liberty by Christians!

Of W. S. Bell's lecture at Muskegon, Mich., the *Workingman's Journal* said: "Professor W. S. Bell delivered a very extraordinary lecture last evening, before a large audience in the Maccabee's Hall at Lakeside, entitled, 'Common Sense from a Religious Standpoint.' Professor Bell is pronounced by everyone who has attended his lectures to be one of the finest speakers that has visited this city for a long time. His theme is not only a fascinating one, but is grounded upon those eternal truths which modern civilization has just commenced to realize are most pertinent to its advancement and the well-being of good society. Everyone of his lectures is argumentativ in the extreme, and made up of the most scholarly thought. He will lecture at the Opera House next Sunday at 2 o'clock. Everyone desiring to be highly entertained should go and hear him."

The Son of David.

"Behold the days come, saith the Lord, that I will raise unto David a righteous branch."—Jer. xxiii, 5.

All the prophecies of the Old Testament on which the Jews built their expectations of a Messiah, speak of a descendant in the direct line from David. When the followers of Jesus clained for their master that those prophecies were fulfilled in his person, it became therefore of the utmost importance to prove, if possible, that he was possessed of that necessary qualification. He was known as the son of Joseph, a village carpenter, and it is not probable that the genealogy of so humble an individual would be very accurately preserved. No proofs existing, they had to be invented. The authors of the gospels according to Matthew and Luke perceived this necessity, and each attempted to construct a pedigree in his own way. Whichever was written first, it is obvious that the compiler of the second was unaware of its existence. The two witnesses present such hopeless contradictions as would totally invalidate their testimonies in any court of justice in the world. Believers in scripture are, in the majority of cases, so little given to compare one passage with another, that they read both statements without perceiving how utterly irreconcilable they are. They hav forgotten Matthew before they arrive at Luke. Let the two tables be placed together, and the dullest comprehension must perceive their contradictions. Not only do the names disagree, but the number of families is hopelessly at variance. Thus:

According to Matthew.	According to Luke.
1. Joseph was the son of	1. Joseph was the son of
2. Jacob, who was the son of	2. Heli, who was the son of
3. Matthan, "	3. Matthat, "
4. Eleazar, "	4. Levi, "
5. Eliud, "	5. Melchi, "
6. Achim, "	6. Janna, "
7. Sadoc, "	7. Joseph, "
8. Azor, "	8. Mattathias, "
9. Eliakim, "	9. Amos, "
10. Abiud, "	10. Naum, "
11. Zorobabel, "	11. Esli, "
12. Salathiel, "	12. Nagge, "
13. Jechonias, "	13. Maath, "
14. Josias, "	14. Mattathias, "
15. Amon, "	15. Semei, "
16. Manasses, "	16. Joseph, "
17. Ezekias, "	17. Juda, "
18. Achaz, "	18. Joanna, "
19. Joathan, "	19. Rhesa, "
20. Ozias, "	20. Zorobabel, "
21. Joram, "	21. Salathiel "
22. Josaphat, "	22. Neri, "
23. Asa, "	23. Melchi, "
24. Abia, "	24. Addi, "
25. Roboam, "	25. Cosam, "
26. Solomon, "	26. Elmodam, "
27. David.	27. Er, "
	28. Jose, "
	29. Eliezer, "
	30. Jorim, "
	31. Matthat, "
	32. Levi, "
	33. Simeon, "
	34. Juda, "
	35. Joseph, "
	36. Jonan, "
	37. Eliakim, "
	38. Melea, "
	39. Menan, "
	40. Mattatha, "
	41. Nathan, "
	42. David.

This is not all. If the two gospels agreed, they would furnish no evidence of the descent of Jesus from David. They only trace that of Joseph, and both assert that Jesus was not his son. This was evidently an afterthought, and was introduced at a subsequent period when a further claim was made for the divine origin of the son of Mary. It could not be of the slightest consequence whether Joseph was of the line from David or not if he was not the father of Jesus. But we do not stop even here. The author of Luke's gospel denies that Jesus was of the house of David at all. Having no human father, the blood of the lecherous old king could reach his veins only through those of his mother. David was of the tribe of Judah, but Mary was the cousin of Elizabeth, who, we are told, (Luke, i, 5,) "was of the daughters of Aaron," and therefore of the tribe of Levi. The argument, therefore, stands thus:

The Messiah was to be of the house of David, of the tribe of Judah;

Jesus was of the house of Aaron, of the tribe of Levi;

Therefore, Jesus was not the Messiah.

New York. E. J. Bowtell.

Communications.

The Meeting at Salamanca.

The actual value of conventions of Liberals to the cause of Freethought depends on the amount of public interest excited, and the consequent reports of the press. And this fact should never be lost sight of when deciding on time and place of holding meetings.

Salamanca is not a suitable place for yearly meetings. Last year the meeting was held during holiday week, and had the advantage of novelty, and the prestige of the great, successful convention at Rochester—due to the enterprise and energy of Elias H. Gault, who secured subscriptions from the business men and aroused to enthusiasm the best Liberal element of the city. This year the novelty no longer existed, and the Cassadaga meeting was adverse, rather than favorable, to a large attendance at the next meeting, wherever held.

There was really no demand, local or otherwise, for the meeting at this time. Brother H. L. Green's serious sickness incapacitated him for that vigorous and energetic work by which he has sometimes secured success in the past, and possibly clouded his judgment, making "the wish the father to the thought" in regard to people attending.

From the commencement to the close of the meeting the weather was unfavorable; from Friday evening until Sunday night there were incessant heavy rains, with scarce a half-hour of intermission.

Under these circumstances it is not to be wondered at that the attendance was meager. Yet all present expressed themselvs as having enjoyed a most instructiv and interesting time. The brilliant poetic description of "The Church of the Future" by Mr. S. P. Putnam, and the intensely interesting and elevating masterpiece of logic and eloquence by that very able and deservedly honored and beloved leader in the school of Positiv philosophy, Mr. T. B. Wakeman, well repaid the longest journey, and no expense could be considered in view of the priceless instruction, hope, courage, and incentiv to higher, better, and more useful life inculcated.

The Opera House, really a dismal, gloomy, and uninviting place, was transformed into a fairy bower by the tasteful decorations made by the ladies' committee. Beautiful pictures adorned the walls of the auditorium. Some of the choicest gems were from the pencil of that fair, energetic devotee to liberty, art, and melody, Mrs. Mina Seymour. The stage was festooned with national flags, rare and beautiful ferns, and bright flowers. To the right and left, on parlor easels, were life-sized portraits—to the left, that of the noble and heroic champion of liberty in the past, Thomas Paine; to the right, the noble and heroic champion of liberty in the present, Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll.

The music was under the direction of that deservedly popular *maestro* and prince of jolly good fellows, A. D. Lane, of Olean, N. Y., assisted by Mrs. H. O. Wait, Mrs. M. C. Fitts, Mrs. Dr. Colgrove, of Salamanca, and Miss Emma Smith, of Titusville, Pa. Pianist, Mrs. Mina Seymour, assisted by. James V. Schmitz.

The meeting opened on Thursday evening, Dec. 4th, with a concert by the choir, followed by a lecture by Mr. Charles Watts, of England. Admission free. About three hundred were present.

Mr. Watts delivered a most able exposition of Freethought, what it is, its aims and objects. The earnest eloquence of his delivery aroused and riveted the attention, while his clear, logical presentation of facts and arguments carried conviction even to the most devout Christians present, and could not but tend to uproot their prejudice and incite them to thought and investigation.

Friday morning at 10, although the attendance was very small, all heartily enjoyed the excellent conference meeting and mutual interchange of views and experiences, after which Mr. J. H. Burnham, of Michigan—who presided as chairman of the meeting, his characteristic suavity and dignity, so admirably blending, enabling him to fill the arduous position to the satisfaction of all—delivered an impressiv appeal that all do their best each and every day, so that we might enjoy the precious boon of peaceful, sweet sleep, that surely follows a day well spent.

Friday afternoon, Mr. Charles B. Reynolds delivered a very able and interesting lecture on "Secularization through Organization." Despite the depressing influence of so slim an attendance, Mr. Reynolds aroused all present to enthusiasm as he unfolded the plans of the National Liberal League for insuring efficient organization of Liberals of all shades of opinion on the platform of Secularization and Nine demands. Mr. Reynolds gained glowing encomiums from all present, and much regret was expressed that all the Liberals of the state could not hav heard, and thus been aroused to activ co-operation in the good work.

Friday evening, Mr. J. H. Burnham lectured on the "Changes in Christianity." The rain descended in torrents, and effectually dampened the ardor of the townspeople, so that they failed to attend, much to their own loss, for Mr. Burnham gave an admirable lecture, full of good points. He held that there is an essential and irreversible distinction between the true and the untrue; that of contradictions only one can be true, and hence that among the contradictory sects all but one must be wrong; that the theory of a supernatural revelation of positiv doctrin cannot possibly admit of the least diversity of opinion as to what that doctrin is, among the people to whom it is addressed; that the work of establishing a religious system on earth for the instruction and salvation of man, if God's work, cannot hav been so bunglingly done that they for whom it is intended may honestly be at fault as to where and what it is; that either God did or did not giv a dogmatic Christianity. If there is positiv doctrin in the case, then it must be as binding now as when given. Yet we find the doctrins of the church changed, altered, or forsaken to suit the genius of the age.

Mr. Burnham declared religion was neither more or less than a disease, and he hated, loathed the very word, and all that pertained to it.

This called out from Mrs. Stearns the declaration that Mr. Burnham had swallowed a little Freethought, and it had acted on him as an emetic; made him spew up all the little religion he ever had, and when he looked at it, so foul and disgusting, no wonder he thought everybody who had anything like it must necessarily be horribly diseased. This called out a rousing defense of his position from the gentle chairman in the evening.

Saturday morning, a conference meeting was held. Mr. H. L. Green proposed to hav a Freethought school in Salamanca; he claimed a suitable site for a Liberal college would be donated, and proposed to solicit by letter every Liberal whose address he could obtain, to write him how many shares at $25 per share they would take in the enterprise. No money to be paid until the full amount of $25,000 was first subscribed, and he hoped by the annual meeting of the association to hav the entire amount pledged.

Saturday afternoon, Mr. J. H. Burnham and Mrs. Stearns, of Buffalo, occupied the rostrum.

Saturday evening, Mr. C. B. Reynolds explained the needs, advantages, and mode of operation of tent meetings for summer work, and, awaiting the arrival of Mr. S. P. Putnam (train delayed), spoke on the justice of the Nine Demands, and the need that all true Liberals should heartly co-operate in working for the Secularization of our government. His suggestions were original, unique, but thoroughly practical, and gave evidence not alone of his natural ability as an organizer, but that he had given deep thought, and thoroughly mastered this most difficult subject.

Mr. Putnam arrived at 9:15, very weary, wet, and muddy on account of a mile and a half tramp over the track from the Bradford depot through the pouring rain, so as not to disappoint the meeting. He gave a glowing, cheery speech of fifteen minutes, portraying the glorious results that most follow harmonious effort in sustaining the National Liberal League.

Sunday, the last fond hope to which all had clung, if not fine weather, at least cessation of the constant downpouring of rain, was drowned—dark, cold, dismal, drenching rain from morn till night, only getting each time a little more violent just about time for the meetings.

In the afternoon Mr. S. P. Putnam delivered his grand poetical picture of "The Church of the Future." That he entranced the audience with the beautiful scenes he brought so vividly before them by the genius of his poetic thought so earnestly expressed goes without saying. He wove the most lovely garlands of the beautiful flowers of poesy, and with rare artistic skill wreathed and festooned them around the solid iron columns of fact and logic in a manner that at once fascinated and bewildered with delight. He was rapturously applauded, and many declared if they had only heard that one speech it would hav repaid them for all—aye, ten times over, for all the outlay of time and money incurred by attending the meeting.

In the evening, Mr. T. B. Wakeman gave one of the best and grandest efforts conceivable. No words of scribe can do justice to the matter; no description convey anything like an idea of the manner. If one could hav heard such a being as good Christians suppose their Christ to hav been, giving instruction to his disciples, just such were the simple, earnest, loving words of wisdom and truth that fell from Mr. Wakeman's lips, and just such the wrapt attention of the listeners. It was instructiv, ennobling, filling the heart with intense desire to attain to that perfection of character that should adorn the high profession of Liberalism, and inciting all to firm resolves to liv better, purer, and more useful lives. It is earnestly hoped the lecture will be published in full, although even then half its wonderful thrilling effect and powerful influence for good will be lost by the lack of the presence and magnetism of the speaker.

No words of praise can exceed the deservings of the choir. The gloom of the weather and discouragement of slim attendance could not counteract the genial influence of the beautiful music so admirably rendered by the choir. Where all did so well it were invidious to particularize; but why so exquisit a singer, so accomplished a musician, as Mrs. H. O. Wait should bury her grand, glorious gift of voice between the dark, dismal hills of this dull, smoky, wretched little village, when there is demand in our own great cities, as well as the capitals of Europe, for such singers as prima donnas in opera, where bright fame and ample fortune are showered on artists that are far her inferior in richness of tone and compass of voice, is a mystery unfathomable.

In numbers this meeting was a failure, some of the speakers, in lieu of payment for services, paying their own hotel bills. But in unexcelled excellence of every appointment it was a grand success. Hereafter we trust better counsels will prevail in selection of time and place, so that so much of great ability shall not again be so lavishly squandered.

The Social Revolution

Consists in substituting the industrial or economic order for the governmental, feudal, or military, even as this by a previous revolution had been substituted for the theocratic or sacerdotal.

By industrial order we understand, not a form of government in which men concerned in farming and mechanic arts, contractors, proprietors of the soil, and workmen, would be the ruling class, as were formerly the nobility and clergy, but a constitution of society having for its base, instead of the hierarchy of political powers, the organization of economic forces.

The political principle lately reproduced under the name of direct legislation is a false application of the principle of authority, the true seat of which is in the family, and which cannot consistently extend to the commune or to the nation.

Society has undergone a change of tendency by the idea of substituting gradually in the workingmen's associations the principle of reciprocity, as at once a law and an economic force.

In our political traditions we hav ever found opposed to each other the idea of government and that of mutual contract, the only moral tie that free and equal beings can accept.

The essentials of the revolution are:

Its cause: The economic disorder which the revolution of 1789 left after it.

Its motiv: A progressiv and systematic misery, which government, whether willingly or unwillingly, promotes and maintains.

Its organic principle: Reciprocity, or the contract.

Its aim: Guarantee of labor and wages, with the progressiv increase of wealth and liberty.

Its parties: The associativ schools, and the democratic factions still attached to centralization of the state.

Its adversaries: Partisans of the *statu quo*, capitalist, theologic, stock-jobbing governmental—in a word, those who liv by prejudice and privilege. The intellectual history of the revolution consists in deducing the idea, at once economic and juridical, of reciprocity in contract, defining the difficulties and oppositions which this deduction must meet from sects and parties, either revolutionary or reactionary, and explaining the whole system of reforms or new institutions, in which work finds its security, property its measure, commerce its balance, and government its leave of absence.

We must arrest the disorganizing tendency left by the former revolution, and proceed with the principle of reciprocity to the liquidation of established interests of the social revolution, which summons both to abdicate. But if the church, lacking political sanction, fails to preserve the direction of ideas; if the state, shorn of the aureole of "right divine," can no longer master private interests (the baronies of capital), then true fusion is still more chimerical than that of constitutional governments with absolutism. What liberty has sundered, authority will not reunify.

By virtue of what right does the state, indifferent to ideas and worships, the state Atheist, like the law, pretend to administer interests?

It is answered, that the citizens and the communes (townships) being unable to agree about general interests, need an arbiter superior in power. . . . No reasoning out of this circle; antagonism of interests, fatal, inevitable, the motiv; centralization, ordinating and hierarchical, the conclusion.

By its fruits ye shall know it.

(In France, for example, about '52) the number of officers under government was 568,365, not comprising the army and navy. Such is the civil army of agents, guardians, overseers, holding the people in the net of power, maintained at their expense to defend itself against the malcontents, and the assaults of thought still more formidable than arms. Such is the arbiter imposed on us by centralization. Think you that complete anarchy would not be kindlier to our peace, our labor, and our prosperity, than a million of parasites armed against our liberties and interests?

The double army of the state is not all. By the very fact the existence of this force at the orders of the state, the opposition, whether dynastic or republican, has on its side an army still more numerous, consisting of all individuals without employment,

malcontents, coveting the offices of the state and working against the party in power. Thus, civic war in permanence—on the one side, between the officials and the industrial population; on the other, between the government and the opposition. What think you of this order? . . . In Great Britain and the United States, reckon in this warfare, the expenses of election, a tribute indirectly levied upon labor by political parties.

As the religion of the state is the violation of conscience, administrativ centralization is the castration of liberty. The former has engendered the Inquisition; the latter, the police. . . . That government, treating the people as a minor, should pretend, at its expense, and under pretext of disaccord between its faculties and tendencies, to administer its property, judge of what suits its interests, measure its movement, liberty, and life—this would be inconceivable, and would betray infernal machination, did we not know by the history of all governments that the people, ever ignorant of the laws of order, has been the accomplice of power.

Government, of which it has made a directing principle, is, the people confesses, but the supplement of its own reason. As between the inspiration of his conscience and the tyranny of his instincts, man has given himself a mystical moderator in the priest, so, between his liberty and that of his neighbor, he has imposed upon himself an arbiter in the judge; thus between his private and the general interest, supposed as irreconcilable as his instinct and reason, he has sought another reconciler in the government. Man has thus alienated his moral character and his judicial dignity; he has abdicated his initiativ, and made himself the slave of impostors and tyrants.

But since Jesus, Isaiah, David, and even farther back, it has been admitted that the just needs neither sacrifice nor priest. Will it be more difficult for us, in the accomplishment of our civic and social duties, to dispense with the state's intervention?

We hav exhibited the industrial economy as the accord of interests resulting from the liquidation of debts and mortgages, consequent on the reduction of rent and interest by the People's Real Estate and Labor Exchange banks, or legislativ acts rendering every payment of interest a mortgage on the principal, in favor of the payer; from the abolition of the tariffs on money, the representation of all values in the circulating medium, the facility of credit to all honest industry, the organization of economic forces, the creation of workingmen's companies, and the true constitution of property.

In this state of things what is the use of government? The contract resolves every social problem. The producer treats with the consumer, the associate with his company, the farmer with his township, the township with the county, the county with the district, the district with the state, etc., *i. e.*, the principle of mutual contracts once established, it is maintained through any desirable combination of local autonomies for purposes commercial or defensiv. The secret of this equation between the citizen and the state, *i. e.*, between the individual and the collectiv sovereignties, lies in the economic equation made previously (by abolishing capitalist interest) between the workingman and the contractor, the farmer and the landlord. Banish, by reciprocal obligations, the old-time servitude to its last vestige; then citizens and communes no longer need the government to administer their property, to construct harbors and bridges, wharves, canals, roads, and markets, to arbitrate their differences, to instruct, direct, control, and censure their agents; for all acts of guardianship, vigilance, preservation, and police; for the judgment of criminals and prevention of crime (supposing evil tendencies to survive government), which either encourages or provokes them by its privileges and oppressions.

To conclude: Administrativ centralization was intelligible under the old-time monarchy, when the king, chief of the barons, had become, by virtue of his right divine, the sole judiciary, sole executiv, and general proprietor. But since the revolution, since the people hav reclaimed its right through divers constitutional instruments and representations; to pretend that the county, or every locality in matters concerning it, has not the right to rule, administrate, judge, and govern itself, and under pretext of the unity and indivisibility of the republic, to confiscate from the people the disposition of its means of action; after having overthrown despotism by insurrection, to re-establish by metaphysics, to ostracize those who reclaim in behalf of liberty and local sovereignty, is to lie to the spirit of the revolution; it is to deny progress.

Centralization, which prevailed in '93, over the constitution—thanks to Robespierre and the Jacobins—is only feudalism under another form; it is the application of algebra to tyranny. Napoleon, who put the last stroke to it, attested this.

M. Ledru-Rollin's last declaration for direct government is a return toward the true revolutionary tradition, just as Louis Blanc's protest against what he calls *Girondism*, is the first cry of governmental reaction. The constitution of '93, it is the Gironde, it is Danton; the representativ system—it is the Jacobin club, it is Robespierre. Sixty years' experience has taught us what to think of the unity and *indivisibility* of their republic.

As to the constitution of '93, if it marked the movement toward a different order of things, if it may be useful now to recall its dispositions and tendencies, it can no longer serve as an exemplar. The revolution has marched on. We are indeed (1851) in the line of this constitution, but we are sixty years ahead of it. P. J. PROUDHON, by EDGEWORTH.

In this extract I hav sacrified pages very impressiv as addressed in '51, by a Frenchman to Frenchmen, but which hav now less pertinence to the United States. In the condensation necessary for a newspaper article, I hav had regard only to useful effect, referring the student of history to the original. E.

The Revenue Question Again.

I had nearly completed a reply to "N. G. W.'s" article in THE TRUTH SEEKER of Nov. 22d, but on reading it over I felt that it would be a waste of space in the paper, and that I could do better by writing an an article on the original question without confining myself to a reply to him.

I am not afraid of "N. G. W." deceiving the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER. Most of them are accustomed to handling sophisms, and are pretty competent judges of truth. One of them writes to me: "Your article on landlordism is pretty severely criticised; still the force of the criticism is more in a certain style than in argument." I presume this writer expresses the opinion of nine-tenths of the readers of the discussion.

My statements about the lands in Michigan were taken from a pamphlet, "Michigan and Its Resources," by the State Commissioner of Immigration, 1882. He reports 36,755,200 acres of land in the state; 6,374,385 acres improved, 1,717,246 acres belonging to the United States, 861,185 acres belonging to the state, 3,430,115 acres belonging to railroad and canal companies. In only 12 counties, out of the 79 in the state, is one half of the land improved, and in none of them is it much more than half improved. There is very little waste or useless land in Michigan, and I see no reason why private individuals should seek to own it.

I presume I committed an oversight in stating what I regard as a fundamental law in political economy. I will now state it as I intended to do in my previous article, and "N. G. W." is welcome to all the advantage the change givs him: Whatever wealth any person acquires without earning it, or getting it as a gift from some person who has an exclusiv right to it, gets wealth which some other person or persons must hav earned but did not get; and this is what is vulgarly called theft.

Much confusion of thought exists in consequence of people failing to perceive the difference between two very different kind of things—natural things and things which are the product of human labor. The man who makes anything, whether it be a suit of clothes some article of furniture, some labor-saving machine or any improvement on land, as the erection of a house, barn, mill, or factory, or the planting of an orchard, or the raising of any kind of grain, or fruit, or horses, cattle, sheep, or hogs, has acquired a very different kind of title to those things to any which can be acquired to any of the natural things of the earth, as land, mines, natural timber, game, or fish. The title to the former class of things depends upon the fact of their existence. They would not hav existed but for the labor, skill, or care of the producer. It is, therefore, evident that the producer should be allowed to do with this kind of property as he pleases. His title to this kind of property should be absolute, and this is why I insist that it should not even be taxed.

But the title to the other kind of things does not depend upon any person's labor, but upon a deed which the owner, or some of his ancestors, or some assigner, has bought or received of the government, and which the possessor regards as a fetich, and conceives that it justly entitles him, his heirs, and assigns *forever*, to hav and to hold the exclusiv possession of a certain portion of this planet. The deed may be signed by George Washington, the first president of the United States; but George Washington was only president for eight years, and are we going to be ruled by an ex-president, and by a dead president, to all eternity? Just think of people a thousand years from now claiming certain privileges on this planet because their ancestors served in the Revolutionary war! Just think of some one claiming the exclusiv privilege of a million dollars' worth of this planet lying in the city of New York, because his ancestors paid one hundred and twenty-five dollars to Thomas Jefferson. Why, anyone who can swallow this can surely swallow the story of Jonah being swallowed by the whale, or even that of Jonah swallowing the whale. Any one can believe this should easily believe the story of Peter having the keys of heaven and hell.

Natural things are a free gift to all alike, and no person can be any more justly deprived of his equal share in them than he can of his freedom or his life. Indeed, his life and liberty both depend upon his getting access to these things. Neither the king upon his throne, nor the president of a republic, nor parliament, nor Congress, nor a majority of the people, nor any power on earth, can justly deprive any one citizen of his equal share of these natural things. The humblest citizen has as good a claim to them as the proudest emperor, for the existence of these things depends as much upon one as the other. They were in existence before the creation of man, and will remain when man has left nothing but traces in the stratified rocks.

The proper functions of a just government in respect to these natural things is to see that they are forever evenly, fairly, and justly distributed among all the people. Because one man is richer, wiser, stronger, more cunning, or more industrious than another, is no reason why he should receive a larger share of these things, because they do not depend upon any quality which he possesses, or upon anything which he has done. Therefore, a government which devises any means of distributing these things so that all do not share alike in them is not a just government.

Nor is it possible to make a division of these things that will remain just to all eternity, or even for one century. What would we think of a sailor who should pretend to set the rudder of a ship so exact at New York that it would not need changing until it arrived at Liverpool? Yet even this would be easier than to make a just division of the natural things of the country which would not need changing in less than a century. Every hour some are dying, and need their share no more, and others are being born crying for room and fair play. The government should therefore only grant privileges for brief periods, probably for not longer than one year.

Governments hav no right to giv privileges to any one, and if they do giv privileges to any one citizen for less than the privilege is worth, they do so at the expense and to the detriment of all other citizens.

Let us suppose Mr. A to be the father of ten sons, and the owner of one thousand acres of land. Seven of the sons hav married and are doing for themselvs, and three of them remain at home with the father. The old man finally calls them all to his side, and tells them that he may not liv much longer, and he wants to divide his estate among them. Now, suppose that one of the three who had remained at home should say that he thought his brothers who had left should not get any of the father's estate, that they had entered professions and engaged in business, and that they did not need any land, and would not liv on it if they had it, and advise the father to divide the thousand acres of land equally among the three who had remained at home. What would the father say to such a proposal? Would he not say that he would divide his estate equally among all his sons?

Now this might be a somewhat difficult thing to do, since some portions of the land might be much more valuable than others. Let us suppose now that the father should say to them that he wished the farm never to be divided, and he wished to leave the estate so they could not sell it, as some of the sons might spend his share and then be reduced to want; and for that reason he would leave it so that it should be rented every year to the highest bidder, and that he wished them all to meet on the farm every Christmas and hav a good time, at the end of which the rent of the farm would be divided equally among all. What objections could the sons hav to this proposition?

Now, this is about how I think the grand old estate called the United States should be divided among all citizens. But it would not be necessary to rent the land every year to the highest bidder. It would only be necessary to hav the assessors do as they do now—appraise the value of each man's estate, assessing only the land, and not the improvements, and collect say six per cent of such value as rent, for public purposes. In this way every person would be asked to pay to the public only the value of the privilege obtained from them. J. G. MALCOLM.

Anno Scientiæ 284.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Will you please allow me a little space to reply to friend Kozly in regard to the above era?

He says that it would now be 285, instead of 284. I am very, very sorry that he has not the advantage of "any schoolboy who has passed arithmetic," for if he had, he would then know that it will not be 285 until this year is completed. It was not the year 1 until the twelve months of the first year had actually passed away; and it will not be the year 285 until the twelve months of *this* year hav passed away.

Also, if he had only stopped to think, he would realized that there are many sects and nations that do not use the Christian era. As far as one counting from the earliest time is concerned, it would not be practicable, for it is impossible to decide what that date is. Therefore, I say, for one, that as we must hav a date that should be universal, let us hav one starting from a *real* epoch, and one that has common sense to back it up—not one that dates from a *humbug* era.

With best wishes to friend Kozly, who, evidently, is not very well posted in "figgers," I am,

Yours fraternally, REMLY S. SIDELINGER.

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Evolution and Christianity.

The writer of the following letter is a fair representativ of a large number of people whose hearts are too kind to accept Christianity in its sterner aspects, but who, without troubling themselvs too much about definitions of words, or the logic of facts, still think they are Christians:

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* In your editorial of Dec. 6th, on the statistics of Christianity rendered by the Plenary Council at Baltimore, I find an assertion to which I take exception.

"You say 'to put it broadly, and yet accurately, no one can be a Christian who is an Evolutionist.'

"Do you think, really, that this assertion has a very firm foundation? If so, would you be so kind as to be a little more explicit on that point? You must be aware of the evolution and development of the times—you must certainly know, too, that Christianity is fast assimilating itself to the mental development of the times. For example, I myself, as well as a great many others, claim to be Christians, but we do not believe in the 'fall of Adam,' and therefore deny the 'substitutional theory' of the atonement. We also disbelieve the 'six days' creation' in its generally accepted sense, and adopt in its stead the theory of evolution. This phase of Christianity looks on Christ as a reformer—as a moral man, around whom a group of mad enthusiasts hav thrown a veil of obscurity which is but just beginning to fall away from him. If Christian simply means a man who acknowledges human rights and liberty, and a man who in all things tries to do his duty, would you think it so bad a thing?

"Again, in your attacks on Christianity (some of which, I must admit, are well founded), you must concede that you aim at 'Orthodoxy' in all its old-time fulness and inconsistency. Do you not think, to be up to the spirit in which you claim to move, it would be well for you to join hands with, or at least acknowledge, the natural drift and tendency of the new Christianity? Because a name in the past has been one deserving of reproach, is this a reason for still heaping reproach upon it after it has divested itself of that which was reproachful? Not only do we believe in evolution and reject vicarious atonement, but we reject the doctrin of the 'infallibility of the Bible.'

"Of course the remaining fragment, or the remaining body, of orthodoxy, is as yet a formidable barrier to progressiv thought, and will need time to fade away. No great and well-established system or doctrin can be eradicated in a day or week. 'Rome was not built in a day; neither can she be taken in a day.' Yet we hav every reason to believe that the old-time Christianity is fading away, and that at a rapid rate. Now, in conclusion, do you not think that your attacks should hav specified objects? that is, distinctly specified. So long as you aim your endeavors toward the obliteration and extinction of the old theologies, and so long as you attack the existing errors and inconsistencies of orthodoxy in its accepted sense, you are engaged in a laudable work; but you should consider the fact that a large body of respectable, honest people throughout this country call themselvs Christians in view of that name representing the followers of a Christ who taught human rights, love, sympathy, and in all things peace and righteousness among men. You claim, as also do I, to be liberal, ever seeking after truth, and rejecting nothing that is demonstrated to be truth; and in this spirit may all work on for that better future. Yours for the right,

"*Poughkeepsie, N. Y.* R. D. TOWN."

Our friend wants to know if our remark that an evolutionist is not a Christian has a very firm foundation. We think it has, and will giv our reasons for so thinking.

In the first place, what is Christianity? that is, what are its fundamental postulates?—for it is fairer to our friend in this case to take the general principles than the creed of any one sect? It is, briefly, that only some six thousand years ago the *original human parents* of the race fell from a state of purity through disobeying a command of an alleged God. This transgression involved all races of men throughout all time. This is the very first and fundamental assumption of Christianity. The next essential step, the tragedy without which Christianity is null and void, an empty and meaningless jargon of phrases, is that, in consequence of this trangression, fallen humanity should be saved by this alleged God offering up a sacrifice of his "only begotten son." These are the two all-important assumptions of Christianity. It makes no difference in this argument whether the idea of the Calvinists be taken, that "God," foreseeing that Adam would fall and that posterity would thereby be damned, therefore selected a few to be saved and called them the elect; or whether it is asserted, with the Augustinian school of theologians, that, while mankind were doomed to hell through Adam's fall, Christ's death canceled all sin and thus saved the race from being utterly lost. The bald facts remain that unless Adam had sinned, the services of an atoner would not hav been needed, and that Christ need not hav come on earth without this early disobedience of the parent of the race. That is the scheme of Christianity as found in the Bible and elaborated by thousands of theological authorities. That no one can be saved except through an acceptance of it, we hav Christ's own words (if there ever was a Christ, and if he ever said anything recorded in the New Testament): "He that believeth not shall be damned."

Secondly, what does evolution teach? It is not necessary to argue the probabilities of evolution, nor to prove its positions and theories, in this brief discussion. The proposition is that an evolutionist can not logically be a Christian. Evolution teaches that the universe came into the form we now see it (so far as we can see it) through a series of changes the immensity of which we can scarcely comprehend. These changes hav occupied enormous periods of time, to which six thousand years are as nothing. Evolution teaches that instead of a pair of first parents, created perfect beings by a fiat of "God," the human race descended from what we call the animal kingdom; that the animal kingdom evolved from the vegetable, and the vegetable from still lower forms of organic life, which life is traced back to protoplasm, "mere specks of albumen floating on the oceans of antiquity." As Beecher says, instead of man falling, he began at zero, and has been ascending ever since. But as our friend is an evolutionist, of course he has studied these theories, and our concern is chiefly to point the impossibility of harmonizing the two systems. Now he believes that man originated as evolution teaches. He must, therefore, disbelieve the plan of creation as related in the Bible. But without the events related in Genesis, there is no need of Christ. It would, in fact, hav been impossible for Christ to hav performed his mission had not Adam by his "sin" created that mission. The teaching of evolution makes the existence of Adam, as the first man, a myth, and consequently by that teaching asserts that the first and major premis of Christianity (Adam's fall) is false. As the affirmation of the Atheist that the universe is all that exists negativs the existence of a "God," so does the affirmations of evolution that man descended from the animal kingdom, and has existed on the earth more than six thousand years, negativ the most essential position of Christianity. No man can believe two diametrically opposit statements. He may think he does—but he does not. However hard our friend might try to believe that London is three thousand miles away, and at the same time that it is also four thousand, he could not deceive even himself. If he compromises (as he is trying to do with Christianity and evolution), and thinks that perhaps it is thirty-five hundred miles, he by this process denies both of the previous statements. To harmonize such conflicting theories as are found in Genesis and in the doctrins of evolution would be a task too stupendous for even S. P. Andrews, the Great Reconciler. If there be any difference whatsoever between things, if ideas are in any way distinct from each other, and if words hav the slightest value in expressing those differences and distinctions, for accuracy's sake let such men as our friend, and millions more like him in this country, straighten out this confused jumble of ideas, and cease mixing speculativ notions with ascertained facts, as well as trying to reconcile what is with what they thought was but is not.

But that is a slight digression, and we return to the point at issue. We hav found that Adam's fall is the major premis in the Christian scheme. Without it all the rest of the structure is a house without a foundation, and not worth living in. With no fulcrum on which to rest his lever, Christ could not lift mankind into heaven. He would simply be like every other man—one in a worldful. We hav seen, too, that a belief in this is essential to being a Christian. We hav also found that evolution denies this alleged fall of Adam. A moment's dwelling on the subject also shows that a person cannot believe two entirely contradictory stories. We think, therefore, that we are fully justified in saying that an evolutionist can not really be a Christian. And were the argument of great names worth a cent, we could cite columns of corroborating opinions of eminent men of both parties. We know the attempt is made by certain "Liberal" Christians to harmonize science and theology, and it was but a Sunday or two ago that a very popular pulpiteer announced that it was only "uninstructed Infidels" who said reconciliation was impossible, but we also know that no amount of metaphysical quibbling, no number of "glittering generalities," can make two and two out to be five. As between such "philosophers," we are like the old man whose son had just returned from college, and was anxious to show off his acquirements. Seated at the dinner table, upon which were two chickens, the boy said, "Father, you would not believe that I can prove there are three chickens on this table, would you?" The father acknowledged his skepticism. "Well," said the youth, pointing to a chicken, "that's one, isn't it?" The old man admitted it. Pointing to the other, the metaphysician said, "That's two." Yes, that made two. "Well," triumphantly exclaimed the boy, "don't one and two make three?" Taking one of the fowls, the abashed father put it on the mother's plate, and transferring the remaining one to his own dish, quietly said, "Well, mother, you eat that one, and I'll eat this, and Dick may hav the third." The Christian evolutionist is the third chicken—he does not exist.

A belief in the Bible used to be a *sine qua non* of Christianity. Logically, it is so yet. A comparison, therefore, of a few of the differences between the beliefs of Christianity and the facts of evolution may help our friend to see that an evolutionist can never be a true Christian. He may call himself a Christian, but he is not one, and assumes the name at the expense of his love of accuracy, not to say truth.

In early times it was believed that all existing forms of nature were made out of nothing, at the word of a creator, during six days of morning and evening. Evolution teaches that the matter composing the universe has always existed, and that, instead of being creations, all forms of nature are growths, even to the planets that whirl through space. Christianity believes that all forms of life were originally made in their existing form complete. Evolution teaches that all these existing forms of life hav been produced from simpler forms by a gradual process of change. Christianity believes that God placed all animals in just the right place for them to flourish. Evolution teaches that only such animals hav survived as proved themselvs fit, and that in the struggle many species hav become extinct. Christianity believes that all species are permanent. Evolution, on the contrary, shows the variation of species, and how those existing to-day did not always exist. Naturalists and botanists are ever finding new species. Christianity believes that the plants, and fish, and animals are each distinct lives. Evolution has traced the unity of life, and similarity of organs, from the plant up to man. Christianity believes that every animal is suddenly produced in the form of its parent. Evolution tells how each embryo successivly takes on the forms of each species lower than itself in the scale of life. Christianity believes that mind is an entity *per se*, given to man by God, breathed into him with the breath of life, and that animals hav only "instinct," likewise given them by God. Evolution teaches that mind is the result of organization, that where organization is not, mind does not exist, and that animals' instinct is only less developed mind, because their organization is coarser and less complex. Christianity believes that speech is a faculty suddenly given by God to man, when evolution shows it to be only a developed faculty common to all animals. Christianity believes that morals are only an authoritativ utterance from on high, but evolution says our moral sense is the result of generations of experience. So we might go on for pages contrasting the two, in every phase of science—physical, mental, sociological—all branches. Christianity is an authoritativ, "I said it," and "so mote it be"—a spoken-into-existence thing, like Aladdin's palace—while evolution is a record of growth, of successiv and never-ending changes and variations. There is no sympathy nor harmony between the two, and a believer in one can never accept the other until two objects can occupy the same place at the same time.

Perhaps in considering this subject we may be allowed, as a point in our favor, to note the action of a body of Christians—the friends of our friend. A dispatch from Columbia, S. C., dated Dec. 11, 1884, reports that Dr. Woodrow has been expelled from the Presbyterian Theological Seminary by a vote of the directors of eight to four for teaching evolution. The doctrins of this science, the synods of Georgia and Louisiana hold, are antichristian and Materialistic, and strongly tend toward Infidelity. This opinion of the synods is exactly ours. And we also contend that just so far as a Christian accepts evolution as an explanation of the scientific and philosophical problems ever confronting him, just so far does he cease to be a Christian. And when he accepts the doctrin in its entirety, he ceases to be in any way a Christian for reasons previously pointed out. And we contend, too, that just so fast as Christianity assimilates itself to the mental development of the times, it ceases to be Christianity. It is itself subject to the law of evolution, and cannot resist the trend of the ages. But when it evolutes into a kind, honest, reasonable religion, it will no more be Christianity than the speck of albumen on the ocean of antiquity was the man whose beginning of life it may hav been.

Worshiping Christ as a reformer is about the most absurd thing in the world. What did he reform? He drove the money changers out of the temple in the interests of what? A pure religion, it is claimed. What else did he do. Stole corn in the interests of a pure religion. Anything else? Stole donkeys in the interests of a pure religion. What else? He gave the world the most gigantic and cruel superstition which egotism and fanaticism hav ever conceived. But if we accept him as a reformer, what then? Why, then he was no Christ, and no extraordinary things can be obtained by a belief in him. His alleged divinity and embassadorship from God was his stock-in-trade, and without it any fanatical reformer is as good as he. Mohammed, Joe Smith, or even John Wesley (for Methodism started as a reform within a reform) has as good a claim to be worshiped. As an example of reform, Christ was a failure, as hav been nearly all the alleged saviors of the world. Buddha is about the only one of note among them who did not make worse conditions than he found existing. Christ did not teach "human rights, love, sympathy, and in all things peace and righteousness among men." He taught that poverty of spirit is chief among virtues; that poverty in property is the surest passport to heaven; that the hungry and the grief-stricken are the blessed, and much more stuff utterly foreign to the truth, and in no wise conduciv to the winning of equal human rights. He taught the narrowest of sectarianism, such as, "If any man come unto me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple." Instead of peace and righteousness he taught that he came "not to send peace on earth but a sword. For I am come to set man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law, and a man's foe shall be they of his own household." For his sake he told people to forsake relativs and friends, and promised them a reward for so doing of "an hundredfold." Surely Mr. Town cannot be ignorant of all these teachings, yet he thinks Christ taught love, peace, and righteousness! It is evident he reads the scriptures as carelessly as he does the literature of evolution.

Another paragraph, and we must close. "Do you not think," Mr. Town asks, "to be up to the spirit in which you claim to move, it would be well for you to join hands with, or at least acknowledge, the natural drift and tendency of the new Christianity?" If Mr. Town had read THE TRUTH SEEKER often, he would know that we hav recognized, not the new Christianity, but the new reformation in Protestantism, in which the natural drift and tendency is toward Rationalism, and which is sweeping away every vestige of real Christianity, but leaving a hollow shell with no kernel and no vitality. High sounding phrases with no meaning, flowery rhetoric with no substance, soft sawder for God and the rich pewholders, are rapidly taking the place of the stern theology of the past. So far as the cruelty of Christianity is repudiated, so far as superstition is dethroned, so far as myth and fable are laughed down the aisles, we heartily join hands with the new reformers. But what we want to see, what we are laboring to bring about, is the total abolition of a supernatural religion, and the substitution of a rational philosophy that shall concern itself with the here and now, with making the earth a more habitable place, and the men and women who dwell on it happier beings. This can never, we are convinced, be brought about by half-hearted efforts. The quicker men see that the idol to which they hav so long been bound is nothing but a creation of human brains, that the whole Christian fabric is a gilt-edged fraud, the quicker will they apply themselvs to the herculean task of righting human wrongs and relieving human misery. It is easier to build on ground free from rubbish than it is when the cornerstones must be laid amid weeds and briers, or on a quicksand which falls away at a touch. That is why we oppose Christianity with might and main. Though the church oft shifts her ground, she is at heart the same enslaver of minds. In the complete extinction of supernaturalism is man's only sure safety.

Censorship in Art.

Brute Comstock's most recent case is drawing from religious and semi-religious papers long editorials on the necessity of a censorship of the press and pallet. Among the items enumerated as demanding a supervision are the photographs sold on the streets, the show-bills of theaters, illustrated weekly journals, and story papers for the youths and shop girls of the city. "We will not say," says one paper, "that the world belongs to the saints, and that they hav a commission to rule it. But we respond to as much of that opinion as is involved in the proposition that the moralities and decencies are sovereign things, and that, in their name, and by their authority, decent people ought to insist on ruling society."

Precisely. Morality and decency *are* sovereign things—there is no kind of question about that. But, pray tell us, ye saintly hypocrits who urge the Bible on the people, who shall construe the two things? All things are said to be relativ, and "indecency" is, therefore, like blasphemy, a question of geography. And, further, it is a question of taste. Still further, no two persons' tastes are alike. For instance: the nude pictures adorning the gallery walls of the Vanderbilt and Stewart mansions; those which were exhibited at the Philadelphia Exhibition; others on every artist's easel, and in almost every home of wealth in all the cities of the country, are, in the opinion of some, in questionable taste. In literature, too, one book, which is hawked and peddled about everywhere; which is translated into scores of languages, and given away by thousands of missionaries at an expense of millions of dollars, is, in large part, a beastly production of the printing-press. Yet every one would consider it an outrage to deprive the people of these things, and any government which should attempt it would be quickly overturned.

But shall wealthy people hav what best pleases them, and the poorer people be deprived of such enjoyments? Shall the artist who sold Vanderbilt a thousand-dollar painting of a modern Eve be protected, and the poor vendor of a photograph ten times more decent (in so far as clothes make decency) be prosecuted? So the "saints" seem to think.

The practical working of this censorship would be intolerable. New York city has one now in the person of Comstock, backed by the wealth and political power of a few men. In the "suppression" of literature his exploits are well known. He prosecutes the publishers of journals inimical to his church, classical works which are the models of scholars, and suffers a wealthy Bible Society and a powerful political sport to circulate indecency without hindrance. In art his efforts are equally one-sided. The greatest work of one of Europe's greatest artists is by him ordered from a shop window, while he permits, in public academies, canvas glowing with precisely the same sort of beauty. There is no more justice in this than there is sense in having such a censorship at all.

That scoundrels hav made books unfit for human eye to see is true. But society has also made laws to punish them, and pays officers to enforce these laws. A public officer not performing his sworn duty is liable to impeachment. Private societies for the prosecution of criminals always conduce to tyranny and monstrous injustice. They speedily degenerate into weapons for the satisfying of private grudges. All of the ecclesiastical societies of this city are instances. Especially is this true of Comstock's society, and his latest case is a glaring exhibition of official power prostituted to personal spite. The poor victim is the man who once, while being dragged to prison, assaulted with a penknife the unscrupulous agent. Since that time Comstock has pursued him relentlessly, and the present arrest is plainly the merest pretext in the world. The photograph is much less "indecent" than thousands exposed by all the leading dealers in the city, which can be seen by any one walking Broadway from the City Hall to the Park. Dozens of artists, photographers, reporters, and lawyers examined it last week in the court room, and not one could see in it any violation of decency. It has been shown to the most fastidious ladies, who failed to find in it a solitary reason for imprisoning the seller. Yet the agent demands that Conroy be sent to prison for exposing it for sale. Leaving aside for a moment the religion, the poverty of the vendor, the fact that he is a cripple unable to perform manual labor, admitting, if need be for the sake of the argument, that a censorship of art is desirable, there is nothing in the picture which calls for its special condemnation over similar works. The arrest is purely a gratification of the spite which Comstock holds against Conroy. We would not say the spite is aggravated by the fact that Conroy is a Catholic while Comstock is a bigoted Protestant, for the assault committed years ago is as far as it is necessary to seek for the motiv. But we do hold that this case is one of the strongest possible reasons why a censorship of art is impossible in a democratic country in which the poorest and weakest is supposed to be protected in his rights as fully as the richest and most powerful. And we are glad to know that the victim of Comstock's animosity is not to be ruthlessly offered up without a vigorous protest by the leading artists of the city.

The Churches of Washington Territory Must Pay Taxes.

WALLA WALLA, WASH. TER., Dec. 5, 284.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* At our late general election the matter of taxing church property was submitted to the popular vote, which resulted in a very decided majority in favor of such taxation. Score one for Freethought. I will send you the official vote as soon as I can procure it.

Yours for truth, W. S. GILLIAM.

P.S.—As you are perhaps aware, our laws hav for several years past taxed church property. Through church influence an act was passed by our last legislature submitting the question of taxing church property to a popular vote of the territory, with the above result. We hope, after such a defeat, that they will be satisfied for a season. W. S. G.

THE recent death of Mr. Justice Watkins Williams in a house of ill-fame while on circuit in Nottingham, recalls the fact that he was one of the most brutal denouncers of Mr. Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant. He was extraordinarily pious. His death has created a profound sensation in England. The greatest efforts were made to hush the unsavory affair up. The coroner received an intimation from "a very high quarter" that his duty only required him to inquire into the cause of death, and not into the attendant circumstances. This, however, only served to make him more minute in his researches into every detail of the untoward catastrophe. This stand he maintained, despite the protest of the jury, who on three separate occasions declared themselvs fully satisfied with the facts already placed before them. The coroner, however, insisted on going into the case just as he would, he asserted, into that of "a common sweep or stocking maker." The daily press of London did not apparently share in the coroner's belief in the merits of publicity, as they each and all, whilst recording the judge's death, suppressed the attendant circumstances. That default has, however, been rectified to the full by the issue of a complete *resume* of the revolting details in pamphlet form. This has been hawked at every street corner in London during the last month, the cries of the vendors and the huge posters which they carry having aroused an immense demand for the prurient *brochure*.

THE Christians of Melbourne, Australia, are endeavoring, like God, to devise a device against their enemies the Freethinkers. They seem determined to close the Hall of Science and prevent the publication of Joseph Symes's *Liberator*. Their plan is to force the government to prosecute, and if the present laws are not sufficient for the purpose, to get Parliament to enact new ones. The Sydney police hav seized and destroyed a lot of "Fruits of Philosophy," and the "Elements of Social Science." Both books circulate in England without restraint since the Bradlaugh and Besant trial, as they also do in this country.

As will be seen by an advertisment in another place, we hav received a supply of the "Agnostic Annual." Orders for it accompanied by 25 cents promptly filled. THE TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL AND FREETHINKERS' ALMANAC will be ready shortly.

Letters from Friends.

EUREKA, CAL., Nov. 28, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I hav just read Mr. Putnam's letter to Mr. Chainey, and I indorse every word of it. It shows a true appreciation of the case, and cool, sound judgment. I am sorry for Mr. Chainey. He is exactly what Mr. Watts describes him to be—a man highly cultured, highly gifted, well meaning, with strong emotions, but without reason or judgment. I am glad that Mr. Watts refuses to accept Mr. Chainey's challenge. Not that I think Mr. Watts would not be equal to the task; on the contrary, I am confident Mr. Watts could annihilate Mr. Chainey in debate, even on even ground; but in this case the ground on which Mr. Chainey stands is worse than no ground at all, since it is of such a nature as to prevent him from making a defense. Yet a debate between Mr. Watts and Mr. Chainey would cause a good deal of ill-feeling between Materialists and Spiritualists, an event which for the sake of the prosperity of both parties ought to be avoided. I pity Mr. Chainey. He finds himself thrown into a world in which he is unfit to liv. He is ideal, aerial, and emotional, while the world around him is cool, calculating, and practical. His mind takes fancy flights far above the clouds, and would remain there if physical wants did not remind him, to his disgust, that he belongs to this earth. He is like a well-dressed doll in the hands of children—loved and admired, but of no practical value. Mr. Chainey did not comprehend Mr. Putnam's meaning when the latter told him that he acted exactly like Moody, and took the part of a converted Christian. This fact shows that Mr. Chainey's mind has no clear, practical turn. He, unlike the butterfly who goes from flower to flower to extract the honey, flies from ism to ism to extract ideas, which his unpractical mind converts into gall. I cannot see what could hav caused that unprovoked attack upon Materialism by Mr. Chainey unless it was that he had absorbed more gall from that ism than he could digest, and was forced to vomit some.

If Mr. Chainey was a true Liberal he would not declaim against any ism. He would know that our ideas and beliefs are not made to order for us, but that they force themselvs upon us independent of our volition. Why, then, should one person or sect denounce another person or sect when all of us are forced to believe according to the evidence we hav before us, and we cannot help ourselvs?

On the whole, I think Mr. Chainey would not be so anxious to debate if he had any idea that Mr. Watts would accept the challenge, for, let him be ever so egotistic, he must feel his inferiority, aside from the fact that he has no ground to stand upon.

I am glad that Mr. Watts has come among us. While in oratorical talent the great Ingersoll is ahead of him, in sound sense and judgment he has no superior, in my opinion.

I hav read with profit and satisfaction the articles of Herbert Spencer in THE TRUTH SEEKER, but the ideas of his critics are to me as clear as mud.

Inclosed you will find $5, my mite toward defraying the expenses of our missionaries, Messrs. Watts and Putnam. I hope their labors may be crowned with success. They hav a great advantage over the Christian missionaries. The world has arrived at a stage where everybody is more or less inclined to think, yet the Christian missionary tells his proselytes, "If you think, you will be damned," while our missionaries will tell their proselytes that they will be damned if they don't think.

"Bible Morals," by John E. Remsburg, ought to be printed in pamphlet form. To one like me, who is alwsys ready for an argument in regard to Bible morals, without having the time to turn that pile of rubbish over, it would be of great value. I intended to cut it out of THE TRUTH SEEKER, but my usual luck, somebody carried off the paper containing the first part. If you hav a copy of that number left, please send it to me. ROBERT GUNTHER.

[Brother Gunther will find by referring to our advertising columns that his desire has been anticipated, and that "Bible Morals" is published in a substantial pamphlet.—ED. T. S.]

THE CURSE OF THE GOD IDEA.

LACROSSE, WIS., Dec. 1, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: The God idea has produced the most extravagant speculation, the most visionary fraud, the most ignorant ideas, and most unnatural chimeras ever foisted on an undiscerning and credulous world. It has by its frightful phantoms forced the mind to vegetate in primitiv stupidity, entangled man's reason in a labyrinth, from which he cannot extricate himself; it has subjugated the many for the benefit of the few; it has manacled the limbs and torporized the mind. The God idea has robbed man of every noble thought, feeling, impulse, and made him the prey of the most savage passions, while the supposed deity is described as exulting with fiendish delight over the horrid desolation. If Christians want proofs, let them turn to the Bible; its pages will furnish to reflectiv minds an illustration of the fruits of God's worship. They will find there the bloodiest rites, the most incestuous orgies, sensual ceremonies, obscene representations, scandalous prostitutions, gorging feasts, vindictiv murders, heartrending immolations, and every curse and crime in the calendar of human depravity, as the actions of the peculiar favorits of a god, and that god is the God of the Christians.

All tyrannies are based upon the God idea. Nothing but the fear of an infinitly powerful and vindictiv being would induce men to submit to the countless villainies practiced upon them by their fellow-mortals, called priests, who hav treacherously infused the idea that they are of a superior order, born to power and wealth. Man has become a mere machine in the hands of the political and theological tyrants who hav treated him as a slave; he has contracted the vices of one. The God idea ever was, and ever will be, the cause and curse of man's depravity, of his social and political inequality, continually teaching and instilling into him forbearance under the most atrocious oppressions, from the expectations of being rewarded hereafter.

The God idea, wherever existing, has produced similar effects. The Jupiter and Neptune of the Greeks, the Brahma and Vishnu of the Hindoos, the Osiris and Typhon of the Egyptians, the Mithras and Ormuzd of the Persians, or the Jehovah and Satan of the Jews and Christians, hav alike crushed man's intellect, warped his judgment, and made the earth a perfect hell. Men of America, how much longer will you suffer such contemptible mummery to curse and enslave you? Mankind are a long-enduring race, or the whole owlish sky-pilots fattening on the Jew God and his whole heavenly hosts would long ere this hav been swept from the earth by the fury and scorn of an oppressed people. But I hope it is not too late. Let the people inquire into everything, diffuse what is true, overthrow what is false. It is high time for men to think for themselvs, for they hav been duped and plundered long enough by priestly, legal, titled, and moneyed rulers, who, by the staff, the Jew Bible, and the bayonet manage to get them down, and when down to keep them down. Let the religious and political swindlers be once exposed, and then honest producers will get their own, and in order to do this honest people must make good sense catching, then there will be no occasion for men to rail at churches and priests. But the way things are, the working slaves are the fools who invite the knaves to blindfold them, whilst they pick their pockets. Hav the intelligence and good sense to destroy the cause, and the effect will cease.

I am the well-wisher of the whole human race,

J. PETTEY.

FLAGSTAFF, ARIZONA, Dec. 2, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: After a long silence, I will again try to contribute my mite for your worthy readers. THE TRUTH SEEKER is a regular and ever-welcome visitor in my house. In fact, I cannot do without it. I enjoy reading the letters from Liberals in other and more favored portions of the land, and perhaps they would like to hear something from a Freethinker away out here in this isolated country, where, until recently, the dread Apache and the border ruffians held supreme control. When the red devils were not on the warpath, the cowboy element kept the country terrorized, for it is a well-known fact that here in our territory there hav been as bold a lot of riders as ever swung a rietta on the border. But now a new order of things has taken place. Two of the great trans-continental railways, the Atlantic and Pacific and the Southern Pacific, traverse this territory from east to west. These are, indeed, the great civilizers.

Ours is a lumbering village on the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad, where are situated the immense mills of the Ayer Lumber Company of Chicago. Here we hav one of the finest grazing countries, and as beautiful a climate as there is on the face of the earth. Here, too, Freethought can hav full sway, and we that love nature can worship at her shrine to our hearts' content.

We are not over-troubled here with sky-pilots, and Methodist circuses, there being but one embassador of the meek and lowly in this part of the country, and fortunately he attends pretty strictly to his own affairs, and would be, withal, a pretty good fellow, if he was only on the other track.

I take the only TRUTH SEEKER that comes to this place, and I take great pride in loaning numbers wherever I can where I think they will be read. Then I get them again, and loan them again and again, until they are worn out. I also hav Ingersoll's "Gems of Thought," and his "Christian Religion," and they, too, are loaned out all the time. I am proud to say that they are doing good work. In my quiet way, I do all I can to advance the cause of Freethought. I work untiringly in the noble and glorious cause which I hav espoused, striving to let my light so shine that I may be an honor, and not a disgrace, to the cause of mental freedom for which we are fighting.

I am the only open and avowed Infidel in this place. Only a short time ago, a young man said to me, "And you are an Infidel, are you?" "Yes, sir, I am proud to be one of the grand army of progress." "Well," said he, "I don't like to talk to a man who does not believe in a God." "But," said I "does Webster say an Infidel denies the existence of a supreme being? I say not." And I gave him Webster's definition of "Infidel," which rather opened his eyes, after which we had a long, pleasant chat. And now he stops me and asks me to talk with him upon the subject of Freethought, and wants to read THE TRUTH SEEKER and my Liberal books.

Now, brother-Liberals, if we expect to succeed in this great reformation that has been so nobly begun, we must work—work early and late. Let our daily walk be such that it will cast no reproach upon us, as a class. The world looks on in amazement. And the church, once all-powerful, stands aghast and with wonder watches the rapid progress that Liberalism is making. Keep the ball rolling. A wave of light is passing all over the world, and we are becoming more civilized.

Only a few years ago, in my boyhood days, it was almost impossible to get hold of a copy of Paine's "Age of Reason." Now it can be had almost anywhere. The great and glorious words he wrote hav come ringing down the aisles of time for more than a century, and it will be the same with the writings of Col. Ingersoll, D. M. Bennett, Col. Kelso, and others that hav done so much for us. Their works will be treasured and read by the millions yet unborn.

I hope to liv to help elect a Liberal president of the United States—some noble, whole-souled Freethought worker like Col. Robert G. Ingersoll. It is not beyond our reach. It will be but a few years more, at the rate Liberalism is progressing, until we can put our own candidate into the field, and, too, with hopes of success. I want to liv to see all property equally taxed all over our union—every dollar's worth of church property taxed at its full value. In California, where I spent twenty years of the best of my life, church property is taxed, showing unmistakably how Liberal the people are. And I believe it is the only state in the union where church property is taxed. New York not only exempts all church property from taxation, but allows each minister of the gospel of superstition $1,500 worth of property or money free from taxation. And there are those hundreds of drones, or hangers-on, as it were, living off the labor of the hard-working and honest people. What a shame! 'Tis a stain upon any state government. Now, brothers, let us throw the mantle of protection around the Liberal lecturers that are in the field—Watts, Putnam, Reynolds, and others. The noble pioneers, they are doing a great work, of which the coming millions will be proud. Only think for a moment what has already been accomplished. I can remember a few years back, when, had I expressed myself as I do now, every day, I would hav been imprisoned; and only a few years back of that I would hav been burnt at the stake for blasphemy. But, thanks to the Infidels of '76, who, by keeping God out of the Constitution and inserting instead, "We, the people," did us a lasting good, a good for which we cannot be too grateful.

I find in every community in which I hav lived many Liberals who, for policy's sake, keep quiet, and would not acknowledge themselvs Liberals for fear of being called Infidels. Many hav said to me, "How dare you be so outspoken? Doesn't it hurt you in your business?" I answer, "It would hurt me worse to be a hypocrit." I was reared by very strict orthodox Methodist parents, and what education I got was in a Methodist college. Every means was resorted to to get Methodism into me, but they utterly failed. In this way I lost several years of my mental liberty. But I tell you, now, brothers, I am making up for lost time. I am the open enemy of Christology and superstition. I denounce the old Jew book of myths, mystery, and Mormonism when and wherever opportunity presents itself. It is a mass of obscene literature for which I hav very little use. It is my candid opinion that very few really intelligent people of to-day believe in the divine origin of the Bible, and science entirely upsets the theory of the divinity of Christ, immaculate conception being contrary to the unalterable laws of nature. And as to the great plan of salvation, it shows fraud upon the face of it. If God foreknew all things before the foundation of the world, how was it that it took him four thousand years to work out this plan of salvation? *Quien sabe?* But I fear I hav strung this letter out too long already, so for this time, with a Long liv THE TRUTH SEEKER, I will bid you adieu.

J. C. BURGE.

WENTWORTH, DAK., Dec. 8, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I must ask your kind indulgence again for a short time. I wish to relate to you a story with a result. Friend Jamieson has been here and given us another rousing old course of lectures, consisting of five, to well-filled houses. It is estimated that at the last lecture Sunday evening there were from 175 to 200 listeners, which for this sparsely-settled country is a good showing. The poor follower of Christ feels lonely in this burg just now, I can tell you, as one lady said after the close of the last lecture, which, by the way, was, "Has Jesus Christ any Followers on Earth at the Present Time?" Well, that lecture has completely knocked the foundation out under my religion. It is a fact that the professor actually struck terror to the hearts of some by the clear-cut sentences, the preacher-proof arguments, and the bed-rock reasonings as he showed up the true cussedness of some of Christ's chosen. I tried my level best to get some of the keepers of flocks of the meek and lowly Jesus to come and cross swords with the professor, but not one could I find. I went seventeen miles to try and find a man to stand up for the cause of Christ, but no, sir, they dare not come to the front and defend their case. I hav come to the conclusion that they are a bigger set of cowards than were some of the child-butchers of old. But we stand on our feet at last. Sunday evening before the lecture we made a call for names for a Liberal League, and sooner than it takes me to write it we had thirty-six, and about twenty-five more that were not out will join, making a membership of about sixty. The matters pertaining to the cause of Liberalism were discussed some, after which the officers of the League for the ensuing year were elected, as follows: President, W. L. Horton; vice-president, I. R. Zimmermann; secretary, R. Claudet; corresponding secretary, R. R. Wentworth; treasurer, Chas. Kochne. Saturday, Dec. 13th, was set for our first meeting, to take steps to regularly organize and take such other steps as we thought best. We shall probably unite at once with the National Liberal League. We hav named ours the "Banner League."

Allow me one more word, and then I am done. Brother Jamieson, we thank you for your labors in our behalf, and we sincerely hope that the small shoot you hav planted here will soon grow to be a mighty oak. And we think with the excellent home talent we hav we are bound to succeed. Again I say, we thank you.

Yours for truth and justice, not for Christ's sake, but for humanity's sake, W. L. HORTON.

LYON, KAN., Dec. 5, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: After reading Mr. Frederic Harrison's paper in THE TRUTH SEEKER concerning "Agnostic Metaphysics," I will confess, with a sense of humility, that it has left nothing definit in my mind concerning the Knowable which he would place as a basis of religion in the place of the Unknowable, the Eternal Energy, of Mr. Herbert Spencer. The first part of Mr. Harrison's essay is a mixture of wit and wisdom directed with skill and zeal against the Unknowable as a basis of religion; the second part is, I believe, a good definition of the Positiv Philosophy of Auguste Comte.

Mr. Harrison cannot see the possibility of building a religion upon something inscrutable and unknowable, and he insists that it must rest "upon something that can be known and conceived of." If he would tell us what can be known and conceived apart from physical nature, and from a base of religion, and also giv us his definition of the word "religion," we could compare his Knowable basis to the Unknowable of Mr. Spencer, and see which is the more solid of the two.

I believe what Mr. Spencer means by the Unknowable is that men cannot giv it *form*, although they may recognize its

force at every step, and also feel it through their sensitiv organizations. No one can demonstrate that it is black, white, short, long, solid, or liquid, man, woman, or elephant. It is like electricity—although we can see the effects which it produces, we cannot giv form to the energy which produces them. We can see the apples fall to the ground, but who will be able to giv a picture to our consciousness of what gravitation looks like? After deducting the effects which belong to the realm of our consciousness, gravitation and electricity remain unknowable to our consciousness.

It seems immaterial to me whether the Unknowabl e is called the primary substratum, the Eternal Energy, or God, or even if we call it a property belonging to matter. We are forbidden by our finite consciousness to describe the Infinit Eternal Energy, and we might just as well shut the door to our curiosity in that line and draw the latch in.

Mr. Harrison may be correct when he says that Mr. Spencer stands nearly alone with his religion of the Unknowable, if by "religion" he means the building of rites, the teaching of rules of conduct, and the chanting of praises to the Unknowable Eternal Energy. But people who believe in that Energy, and who hav seen the childishness of giving form to it, can be counted by the thousands. JOSEPH LE CLERC.

ST. CATHARINE'S, ONT., Dec. 1, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Please accept the pittance I send you this time and use fifty cents of it for a copy of the Bennett monument and copy of J. E. Remsberg's valuable missionary pamphlet, "Bible Morals," with it if you can afford it; and apply the balance on my subscription.

I presume your excitement of the election has nearly or quite cooled off by this time. I think it unfortunate for your country and its business that your presidential elections occur so often, for it frustrates all kinds of business for a time, and is more or less injurious to the morals of your people.

Having once on a time been directly interested in your elections, it has often occurred to me that your presidential term is too short, that if it was extended to *six* years it would be an improvement, and to confine each president-elect to that time and no more would be another improvement, and thus do away with the second and third terms which now and again are the cause of much discussion. As to parties, I think it quite desirable that there should be two, one to watch the other, and quite as desirable that neither party should be in power more than two terms, were it possible to arrange it thus; for one party, whatever its name or pretensions to honesty in the welfare of the country, will become more or less corrupt if its term of office is unduly prolonged. The opportunities for speculation are numerous and tempting, and few there are who can withstand them. Notwithstanding, each party make every exertion to convince the citizens of the country that they are perfect in their principles, yet I don't apprehend that there is any essential difference in their fundamental principles. Their political differences are more in name than in reality, and hav no particular effect one way or the other in the various manipulations of the government.

A few weeks since in preparing some matter for the Children's Corner in THE TRUTH SEEKER, which proves to be interesting to both young and old, the thought flashed upon me that Miss Wixon's duties in that department as editor might be rather arduous when compared with the remuneration she may receive, judging from what is realized for labor in other departments of our cause. Now, I would propose that every reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER prepare some matter appropriate for that department, either original or selected, and send it to her now and again, and thereby keep her supplied. It would require but a slight amount of time from each one to fulfil the adage that every little helps. Write it down, dear friends, in some conspicuous place that you may not forget to do so.

In conclusion, I will relate a farcial matter which was produced by an attempt to make a witness of a boy about five years of age in one of our courts a few weeks since. In order to fulfil the law requiring an oath in giving testimony, which is yet in vogue here, the judge turned to the boy and asked him if he knew what an oath was? "No, sir," he said. "Did you ever attend a Sunday-school?" "Yes, sir." "How long hav you attended a Sunday-school?" "I don't know." "Who sent you to Sunday-school?" "My mother." "What did your teacher teach you?" "I don't know." "Did she teach you to be a good boy, and always tell the truth? that it was wicked to lie, and that if you did lie you would go to a bad place and be punished for it?" "Yes, sir." "Then you wouldn't tell a lie if you knew it?" "No, sir." "But you don't know what an oath is?" "No, sir." The judge then shook his head. The lawyer then questioned the boy and asked him if he knew what the Bible was, holding one up to him. He said, "No, sir." "Did you ever read the Bible?" "No, sir." "Did any one ever read it to you?" "No, sir." "Did your teacher tell you about heaven?" "Yes, sir." "Did she tell about God?" "Yes, sir." "Do you know who God is?" "No, sir." Such presumption! to ask a child a question that he could not answer himself, I'll be bound to say. The court refused his evidence. Thus ended the farce with the boy. When will mankind cease to be dupes? C. B. THOMPSON.

GOLDSBERRY, MO., Nov. 22, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I ordered from your house a few weeks ago the "Faraday Pamphlets," hoping to find in them (judging from the titles) something upon which to found a belief in spirit existence. I hav but recently lost a darling child. Oh! how hard to giv the greatest joy of my life to the cold and unresponsiv tomb! I am searching for grounds upon which to base a hope and belief in immortality. But what a mockery to one in earnest are the "Faraday Pamphlets."

And now, Mr. Editor, I wish to ask you if any of the leading thinkers, philosophers, and scientists of to-day are avowed advocates or believers in Spiritualism? Is it not, after all, a gross superstition? The old "Endor" and "Salem" witchcraft in modern dress?

In conclusion, I wish to say a word in regard to politics. I do not believe THE TRUTH SEEKER can be made a political organ without endangering its success. While I believe in free thought and free speech, I do not believe in abusing one's privileges. Already one or two communications hav appeared in THE TRUTH SEEKER which, if I knew were indorsed by the editor, I should refuse to read it any longer. Going back to Spiritualism, I do not say any hard things of its advocates; I only fear that there is nothing in it. It looks too much like the practice of the "Black Art."

Hoping to see Liberalism and Freethought grow, spread, and sweep this country in the near future, I remain truly one of the earnest advocates thereof. P. J. BURTON.

[THE TRUTH SEEKER is a free paper so far as the expression of opinion is concerned. With about two-thirds of the communications the editor disagrees, but that is no reason why the opinions should not be printed. And it would hardly be Liberal for Mr. Burton to stop his paper because he finds opinions in it contrary to his own. Perhaps his views would be as distateful to others. Bear and forbear, is a charitable way.—ED. T. S.]

CHESTER, PA., Dec. 10, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Please credit $1 to my subscription. I am in receipt of a letter from Charles B. Reynolds in reference to a course of lectures in this place. I hav done my best to get a hall, but it is next to impossible, as there are but two halls here, and they are owned or controled by Christians, who positivly refuse to rent them for Liberal lectures. At one time I offered to bear the largest portion of the expense of getting R. G. Ingersoll here myself, and some friends got together and tried our best to get a hall, but we were refused.

I hav also tried to raise a League here. There are plenty of Liberals, but only a few who are bold enough to speak their honest thoughts, but I do not see why they need be afraid as long as they act honestly in their business transactions. I am generally known as an unbeliever in the holy scripture (so-called), but I do a pretty good business. I deal "fair, square, and honest," with all whom I hav dealings with, and that accounts for it. Christians, like all others, will go where they can get the most and the best for their money, and I would say to my Liberal friends to deal honestly in all their business transactions, and they need not be afraid of Christian persecution. Christians will and do like to deal with honest people, regardless of belief. Wishing THE TRUTH SEEKER success, I am, Yours for universal mental liberty, EDW. DICKERSON.

NEWPORT, ME., Dec. 6, 1884.

TO THE EDITOR AND READERS OF THE TRUTH SEEKER: It is a little over a quarter of a century since the first and only Free Convention ever held in this country took place; is it not time to call another? In 1857—I think it was—a Free Convention was held in Rutland, Vermont. It was not an Infidel, or a Spiritualist, or a Christian convention, but "A Free Convention," and the only one ever held on this continent on a correct principle.

To call a meeting or convention, and agree beforehand what to talk about, is false in principle. I, therefore, move that a Free Convention be held, commencing on the fourth of July next, in Princeton, Mass., to continue as long as may seem needful at the time. And I furthermore suggest that said convention shall not be governed by an arbitrary despot called a "president," but that each speaker be his or her own president. Those who hav outgrown childhood need no pope, king, or president to govern them, but are a law unto themselvs. Another important matter. Let no one in particular be invited to attend, for all truly redeemed souls, men and women, will be present without invitation. Also let there be no paid speakers, for truth is free without money or price.

Editors of papers whose souls are imbuded with a deep love for humanity will print the above. SEWARD MITCHELL.

P.S.—We are having a grand time by a visit from a dear little fourteen-year-old Infidel—Clara Louisa Lewis, of Bangor, Me., daughter of William and Julia Lewis, and niece of Albert Lewis and wife, all Infidels, and, of course, subscribers to the ever grand TRUTH SEEKER. She is the little—in stature, but not in soul—philanthropist who has collected money for our friend J. Hacker, and a correspondent of Mrs. Slenker. The good father and mother of Clara will never allow a traitorous Christian priest to poison her young mind with their blasphemous lies. A diviner soul I never met than Clara Louisa Lewis. S. M.

ALEXANDRIA, ONT., Nov. 25, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $5, out of it pay for my TRUTH SEEKER for 1885, and the balance please apply to the Campaign Fund. This campaign is not likely to ever do me any personal good, as circumstances hav placed me, and are likely to retain me, where I never will again hav the pleasure of hearing the rational discourses of those lecturers, or in any way derive any benefit from the good they are doing, as I liv in a community that never has and never will be less than a hundred years behind the civilization of any given period; nevertheless it does me good to do what little I can to help a good cause, and I am only sorry that I cannot do more. Six years ago I got strapped the worst way. Now I am doing well enough, but cannot do very much for the public, owing to an accident that befell my aged father. Five years ago, through some crooks of our Christian laws, and by the rapacity of a Christian notary, he lost an annual rent which was his only means of subsistence the rest of his life, and shortly after his house burnt up with everything in it, leaving the old couple, father and step-mother, entirely destitute, and both of them about eighty years of age. This explains why I am not giving more to help carry on the good work of civilizing the people, but my disposition is there, and my mite I shall offer as long as I liv, to help spread the gospel of humanity. I visited my father a month ago. While there, a neighbor of my age, and a schoolmate of mine, called on me in the evening. He had heard years ago that I was a Freemason, and still worse, subsequently, an Infidel. He gave me a long sermon which he ended in tears, as he said he could not bear the thought of so good a friend as I going to the awful hell which he had described, for eternity. I did not attempt to reply to his foolish but candid speech. It was too evident that diamonds would not there be appreciated, and were liable to choke the gray-headed baby, so I only made a short retort as follows: "Friend Israel, you are very kind, but your chagrin has no real cause; there is not fire enough in hell to light your pipe with," as he was searching his pockets for a match. I had at least the pleasure of seeing my reply take a happy effect on my poor old father. The hearty laugh he enjoyed over it was a plain indication that he more than half believed it to be correct, and my friend left the house promising to pray for me, but from the jocose way in which he said it I believe he was feeling a little ashamed of his tears.

Yours as ever, and for ever, I hope, CHAS. LAPERCHE.

LOCUST BAYOU, ARK., Dec. 1, 284.

MR. EDITOR: By some means our friend, D. M. Bennett, got my address, and sent me the first number of his paper from Illinois, and I forwarded him the amount, and hav been a subscriber since. You will find inclosed a post-office order for five dollars for the glorious old TRUTH SEEKER, and please hand over the balance to our friend Courtlandt Palmer, treasurer of the National Liberal League, and I shall endeavor to do more. Well, Friend Eugene, please excuse me, but you would never know, did not I tell you, that that inestimable lady, Fanny Wright, remained in my father's house some ten days when in Baltimore; she delivered a course of lectures; that was in 1829, and they talked of mobbing her. The house was thronged with visitors while she remained. It was after that Robert Dale Owen and she published the *Free Inquirer* in your city. One morning she came in the sitting-room and said, "Mr. Haslam, I must tell you what a compliment Thomas Jefferson paid me. One day he came in the library, and said, 'I hav a small work in my library, but I prize it above any work in my house.' I asked him if I could get one? How could I procure it? what was the title? Then he said 'It's "A Few Days in Athens."'" In that day it was said she was one of the most intellectual women that ever lived.

Fraternally yours, JOHN H. HASLAM.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, Dec. 7, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Your paper devotes one or two pages weekly to "Letters from Friends," and judging from the total neglect or indifference to articles which I hav sent to your office, I am inclined to think I cannot be so regarded. Whether such indifference is intentional or not is best known to yourself. But, I would inquire, are my principles, as a Materialist, distasteful to your publication and objectionable to your readers? If so, the sooner I know the truth the better. I hav no vanity or ambition to serve by seeing my name or my articles in print. I hav but one motiv, which I firmly believe to be sound and good, and that is the strongest opposition to, or extinction of, all supernatural and dogmatic superstitions, and I hesitate not to include that insidious system known by the name of modern Spiritualism, which stands on a par with all other systems of religious deceits. I claim that Materialism is founded on natural law, and no kind of religion is so founded. Reason alone is the guide of the Materialist. But religion ever begins when reason is impaired or extinct.

Sir, yours fraternally, THOS. WINTER, Materialist.

CLEOPATRA, MO., Dec. 1, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I hav just at present to ask you to not let my paper stop, as that would leave us a family almost entirely alone. Inclosed find $1.50. Send us 50 cents' worth of the Iron Clad series. Select such as you think most suitable to hand to such folks as will look at what they call an Infidel, as though they were trying to decide in their own mind that he is surely crazy. I am satisfied that if Mr. Watts, Mr. Putnam, Col. Ingersoll, or any of our live talkers would come this way these slaves to tradition would swarm out and pay their money, too, for I hear them speak of these men in a way as much as to say, "We hav got to take a good look to find out if they are really men." J. W. DAY.

DIGHTON, MICH., Dec. 1, 284.

MR. EDITOR: I write to inform you of the death of Geo. Nelson Marvin, Nov. 27, 284, aged 22 years. George N. Marvin has been an exemplary young man and a good Liberal; he died without a fear of death. His mother was an Adventist and she kept trying to convert him until he would not talk to her any more. He knew he was dying about three hours before his death, but still he was calm, and died as he had lived, a noble man. He did not wish any sermon over his remains, but his mother had a preacher to speak over him.

Yours in universal mental liberty, MISS MARTHA ROOT.

HUDSON, WIS., Dec. 6, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find the petition with fifteen names, —not all from this town, though, as I hav four subscriptions from Moorhead, Minn. I hav introduced THE TRUTH SEEKER to some friends in Moorhead, and you will probably hav a subscriber from that place. In this town it is very hard to work for THE TRUTH SEEKER, for most every individual is a slave to priestcraft (here are about seven churches and no less than twenty saloons), and my Scandinavian countrymen, like myself, are not all able masters of the English language.

Yours for universal mental liberty, CHAS. HANSON.

TOLEDO, OHIO, Dec. 7, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I see a good deal of commentary pro and con on the "Georgia Wonder." Now, what I wish to say is this, that she is a fraud, and I will take pleasure in explaining every trick she does to any of our Liberal friends that wish a practical explanation. If such a fraud can be imposed upon the people at this late day, how easy it must hav been for that man Jesus to hav played his miracle game 1,884 years ago! Address me at Cleveland, Ohio. JOHN DESMOND.

Children's Corner.

Edited by Miss Susan H. Wixon, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night begins to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

A Simple Tale, in Two Acts.

ACT FIRST.

Dear grandmamma, I write to say
(And you'll be glad, I know,)
That I am coming, Saturday,
To spend a week or so.

I'm coming, too, without mamma;
You know I'm eight years old!
And you will see how good I'll be,
To do as I am told!

I'll help you lots about you work—
There's so much I can do—
I'll weed the garden, hunt for eggs,
And feed the chickens, too.

And maybe I will be so good
You'll keep me there till fall;
Or, better still, perhaps you'll say,
I can't go home at all!

Now, grandmamma, please don't forget
To meet me at the train!
For I'll be sure to come—unless
It should cloud up and rain.

ACT SECOND.

Dear mamma, please put on your things,
And take the next express;
I want to go back home again—
I'm very sick, I guess!

My grandma's very good to me,
But grandma isn't you;
And I forgot, when I came here,
I'd got to sleep here, too!

Last night I cried myself to sleep,
I wanted you so bad!
To-day I cannot play or eat,
I feel so very sad.

Please mamma, come, for I don't see
How I can bear to wait!
You'll find me with my hat and sack,
Out by the garden gate.

And grandma will not care a bit
If you should come, I know;
Because I'm your own little girl,
And I do love you so!

—*Sarah E. Eastman, in Golden Days.*

Peace at Home.

However brawls disturb the street,
There should be peace at home;
Where sisters dwell and brothers meet,
Quarrels should never come.

Birds in their little nests agree,
And 'tis a shameful sight
When children of one family
Fall out and chide and fight.

Hard names, at first, and threatening words—
They are but noisy breath—
May grow to clubs and naked swords,
To murder and to death.

The wise will make their anger cool,
At least before 'tis night;
But in the bosom of a fool
It burns till morning light.

Oh, pardon, then, our childish rage,
Our little brawls remove,
And as we grow to riper age,
Our hearts will all be love.

—*Selected.*

Nelly's Fairy.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

There she sat on a cricket, her elbows resting on her knees, and her two hands meeting at the wrists under her chin—little Nelly.

She was dish-washer and chore-girl at the Hadley mansion. The Hadleys were rich and Nelly was poor.

It was Christmas eve, and the family was out, threading the gay streets, stopping, now here, now there, buying knick-knacks of all descriptions, their eyes brilliant and cheeks flushed with pleasure and excitement. The shops were brightly illuminated, and the electric light made the evening like noonday, while the footfalls of the people as they passed and repassed were soft and muffled in the light snow that had fallen, like the tread of dainty children.

Nelly was ordered to stay in and keep the house till some of the inmates returned, and so she sat in the big kitchen, like another Cinderella, while the fire burnt low, and at length only two or three faintly-glowing coals glimmered amid the gray ashes of the range.

"I've read so much about fairy godmothers!" said she, yawning sleepily. "I wonder if I ever had one."

And then she laughed softly at the idea. Her own mother was dead and buried since her babyhood, and her father had disappeared and left her to the tender mercies of the Hadleys.

"But if I only had a fairy godmother, now," whispered Nelly, "what a lot of good things I might hav! I'd hav nice shoes, instead of these great clumsy ones, and a soft garnet cashmere dress—yes, and a pretty pink velvet hat, and a long, white, fleecy plume on it, just like Miss Della's. And nice, warm furs I would hav, too, like Della's—and books, and some music. Oh, it would be so nice to hav a piano, and to be able to get tunes out of it! But I do not suppose there are any fairies now—not any for a poor little hard-working chore-girl like me, anyway," and Nelly sighed wearily.

"There *are* fairies," sounded a voice, very shrilly, almost at her feet.

"Where?—who?—what?" stammered Nelly, swallowing, and dropping her hands from her chin.

"I am one!" exclaimed the voice, very decidedly.

"You won't hurt me?" pleaded Nelly, inquiringly. "I am a good girl—at least, I try to be, though I forget sometimes," she added.

"Behold me! I will do you good," spoke the voice, encouragingly.

Nelly looked all about, but observed nothing that resembled a fairy.

"Look again!" said the voice.

Nelly looked, but saw no fairy.

"You should look in the unlikely places, as well as the likely ones, when searching for fairies," and the voice sounded sharp and shrill again.

This time she followed the sound, and located it on the mantelpiece, over the range. There lay, snugly coiled up, a simple-looking worm in a cream-white bed. It had been sent to Nelly, and she had received it that day, from her cousin Jerome in the far West.

"You are a worm—at least, I thought you were," gasped Nelly, in astonishment.

"And did you not know before that a worm might be a fairy, also?" said the voice, gently.

"No, sir—no, ma'am—no, Mr. Worm!" said Nelly, catching her breath.

"Ah, you must liv and learn—liv and learn. Miss Nelly," and the worm spoke slowly and calmly.

Nelly thought it very funny that a worm should talk, and, wishing to hear it speak again, she gently stirred it with the end of the poker.

"Ugh!" squealed the worm, as he turned over in his cream-white bed. "What do you punch me for like that? Do you think I'm a car-ticket?"

"Oh, no," said Nelly, "but I wanted to hear you talk a little more—that's all."

"I never talk, little girl, except to some purpose, and, if you will giv me your attention' I will speak a few more words that may result to your advantage, if you will only pay heed to them."

"I will, indeed!" and Nelly spoke very earnestly.

"If I rightly remember, you were just now wishing for handsome shoes, cashmere dresses, books, and pink velvet hats."

Nelly hung down her head.

"Oh, you need not feel ashamed. Good shoes and stockings, books, and pretty clothes are not to be despised. I like to see a girl dress well, if her mind is clothed handsomely, too. But if she is dressed elegantly, and her mind is in rags and tatters, as is the case with some well-dressed people, believe me, she is not of much account, for all her fine clothes. I would not open my eyes to look upon her. Now, my little girl, I can not only show you how to dress yourself nicely—not alone in cashmeres, but in silks—but I can tell you how to dress others, as well."

Nelly opened her large gray eyes inquiringly.

"I perceive you hardly can believe that I do not like my word to be doubted," and the worm twisted and wriggled and stirred his cream-white coverlet. After a pause the voice sounded thin and weak, and as Nelly looked she saw a beautiful little winged creature sitting on the edge of the cream-white bed. It was of a pale yellow color, and had lovely wings, delicately striped and spotted.

"Oh, this is a fairy, sure enough!" exclaimed Nelly, clapping her hands.

"Yes, but a dying one," said the lovely creature. "I shall starve to death, for in this house there is nothing for me to eat. I am the same worm that has been talking to you from the cream-white bed, only I hav changed my shape a little. I am very faint, and know as well as can be that I am passing away; but before I die I wish to tell you a secret, and you must be sure and obey every word I say, and thus you will become very useful, talented, rich, and happy."

The dying creature spoke very faintly, and Nelly could only catch his whispered words by inclining her ear close to his mouth; but she listened with dilated eyes while he told a fairy tale, as it seemed to her. However, she promised to obey instructions, and heed every word that had been spoken.

Soon the Hadleys returned from their shopping excursion, and aroused Nelly from her sleep, for she had fallen asleep there on her low stool, and had been dreaming.

Rubbing her eyes, she said, "I thought I saw a fairy."

"Pooh!" said Della; "*you* wouldn't see a fairy if one should come in the house, which is not at all likely. Santa Claus may be here, though; it's Christmas eve, and oh, such lovely dolls and things as there are down town! such dear little sets of dishes and doll chairs, and everything!"

Nelly thought how glad she would be to see all the pretty things in the shop windows, but, alas! how could she?

"O Nelly, here is a pair of yarn mittens mamma bought for your Christmas present. She believes in useful presents for servants—mamma does," and Della tossed a pair of red mittens in Nelly's lap.

"Thank you!" said Nelly. "My hands are cold sometimes." But Della was gone, and Nelly was alone again with her reflections.

"It is hard to be a poor little lonely orphan girl, and a servant, but then I guess there are a good many much worse off than I," she mused, as she took her candle and went up to the attic to her little bed.

"What a funny dream it was!" she said; "inspired, I suppose, by the cocoon Cousin Jerome sent me. I will write him about it to-morrow."

And so she wrote a long letter on the morrow, and told her dream to her cousin Jerome.

"A bright idea!" said that young man, when he read her letter. "A fairy, indeed! I'll act upon the fairy's suggestion."

The following spring, he sent little Nelly two or three cocoons of the silk-worm, and some written instructions. In her sunny little room in the attic, Nelly proceeded to business, viz, the raising and hatching of silk-worms, and the making of silk. In the garden of the Hadley's there were two immense mulberry trees, and with the leaves of these she fed her worms.

In course of time Nelly sold the silk her worms had made, and it was woven into fabric. By and by they increased so rapidly, and required so much time, that she was obliged to giv up her situation as "chore-girl" for the Hadley's, and engage a small tenement for herself. The family thought she had gone crazy, and event went so far as to speak to a policement about her. That official investigated the case and reported to the Hadley's: "Let her alone; the girl is all right."

They thought so, when, one day, she called on them, dressed all in beautiful silks. They did not know her, she was so finely attired.

"I am Nelly—once your little 'chore-girl,'" she said.

"What has wrought this great change?" they hastily inquired.

"A fairy!" was her reply, "although Miss Della thought I could never see a fairy, because I was a servant."

The Hadley's paid her much attention when they learned how smart and industrious she had been, and all she had done with the aid of her fairies, as she called her silk-worm moths.

Nelly is very comfortably located now, and employs assistants, but does not humiliate them by calling them servants. "They are my helps," she says. Her leisure moments are employed in studying, and she is becoming a thorough scholar as well as a silk maker.

Kind, gentle, considerate, everyone respects her, and many visit her now large establishment to see her busy little fairies, herself as busy as any of them.

"Had it not been for the visit a fairy paid me in a dream, I suppose I should still be a 'chore-girl' for the Hadley's, but now I am above want, and all has turned out just as the good fairy told me," she said one day. "Of course, I had to work for it," she continued, "and I work now, too, and it is right I should, for we are not entitled to any good thing unless willing to work for it."

Our Puzzle Box.

1.

ENIGMA.

In a clock, but not in a pail;
In a ship, but not in the sail;
Not in a dam, but in the race;
In a watch, also in the case;
In the tire, but not in the hub;
In a mill, but not in the mud.
Progress without me would end in tears,
With the world set back a thousand years.

Grand Rapids, Mich. Esprit Fort.

3.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

The whole, composed of 15 letters, is *forty years old.*

The 1, 14, 8, 3, 9, is a girl;
The 7, 6, 11 is a fish;
The 15, 13, 2, is a coin;
The 12, 4, 10, is a female name;
The 5 makes Pat part.

Pittsburgh, Pa. H. E. Juergens.

3.

DIVINE INTER-POSITION.

The mystic Hamadryades
Were said to liv and die in trees;
Each fabled nymph had given her
An oak for house and sepulcher.
Whether some long-imprisoned toad
First bore the honors of a god,
Or chippering squirrel or singing-bird,
Securely hid, distinctly heard;
Or whether vegetativ power
Was thus embodied in each bower,
I do not now pretend to know—
A stranger puzzle I must show:
A *canine* 'twixt *two ens* we see
Ingrowing in a plant or tree;
Yet *en passant*, I must remark,
Both are alike *devoid of bark.*

Uncle James.

4.

A GHOST OF A NAME.

My Pegasus is in a canter;
Here we go like Tam O'Shanter,
For a ghost is after
With a *head of laughter*,
Palindromic, somewhat comic,
Reading extremes and center.
It carries a flag of strange design,
Emblazoned with a latin line,
Similia similibus curantur.

Snickers the ghost-head in a banter;
Snickers Pegasus in a canter;
And the ghostly body,
"O Lordy, my Goddy!"
It's palindromic, but not comic,
Read outward from the center;
Singular one way, plural the other;
When in the flesh each is a brother.
Consider the ghostly legs—
My muse your pardon begs—
She means bifurcate pegs—
The plural is single,
The singular double—
Similia similibus curantur.

Irwin, Iowa. J. K. B. Baker.

ANSWER TO MR. BAKER'S CHARADE.

Jay, kay, pea, bee, the Western sphinx,
A rhyme involves with various links,
Digs a deep crypt, our ideas mix,
See Truth Seeker December six.
Hoc signo vinces; by that sign
He conquers all the muses nine.
"*Noc signo*" tells *no* men
That his sign is a good *omen;*
That very soon mankind will nail
All such lies as Jonah's whale,
And in future truth be *so* sent
As to crush them in a *moment.*

Grand Rapids. Esprit Fort.

ANSWER TO H. E. JUERGENS'S DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

The city old, *Jerusalem,*
And *artichoke* the plant,
And if together we join them,
We hav the plant we want.
"Jerusalem" from *girasole,*
It *gyrates* to old *Sol,* the sun;
But Christians are so very holy
They slipped into this wretched pun.
Quite the reverse of "Jimson weed,"
Which comes, you know, from *Jamestown,*
But let us now, at once, proceed
To read the other names down:

1. 'Tis *Jerboa* I hav found,
   A beast that burrows in the ground;
2. *Easter,* first a pagan feast,
   Stolen by the Christian priest;
3. A Redout, I comprehend,
   Its "many angles outward tend;
4. The biographic name must be
   The German critic Ulrici;
5. The *shumac* plant we next approach;
6. Now, *tres entendre,* see, "A coach;"
7. The *L ligo,* we next remark;
8. Engage, enlist, invest, *embark;*
9. *Macule,* to strain, make somewhat dark.

1. Jerboa; 2. Easter; 3. Redout; 4. Ulrici; 5. Shumac; 6. A coach; 7. Loligo; 8. Embark; 9. Macule; *primals,* Jerusalem; *finals,* artichoke; combined, Jerusalem artichoke.

Uncle James.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER, DEC. 6, 1884.

1. Bird cage full.—1. heron; 2. eagle; 3. swan; 4. dodo; 5. crow; 6 kingfisher; 7. hawk; 8. parrot; 9. wren; 10. plover; 11. dove; 12. sandpiper.

2. Patella.

3. M—omen—t.

Solvers: H. E. Juergens, Rosa B. Larkin, John D. Pickford, E. B. Doane, Anthony West.

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I Climb to Rest.

Still must I climb, if I would rest;
The bird soars upward to his nest;
The young leaf on the tree-top high
Cradles itself within the sky.

The streams that seem to hasten down,
Return in clouds, the hills to crown;
The plant arises from her root,
To rock aloft her flower and fruit.

I cannot in the valley stay;
The great horizons stretch away!
The very cliffs that wall me round
Are ladders unto higher ground.

To work—to rest—for each a time;
I toil, but I must also climb.
What soul was ever quite at ease
Shut in by earthly boundaries!

I am not glad till I hav known
Life that can lift me from my own;
A loftier level must be won,
A mightier strength to lean upon.

And heaven draws near as I ascend;
The breeze invites, the stars befriend,
All things are beckoning to the best;
I climb to thee, my God, for rest!

—*Lucy Larcom in the Cottage Hearth.*

Why must you climb, if you would rest?
You're not a bird—why build your nest
Among the leaves in tree-top high?
Why cradled be in yonder sky?

Oh, the green earth is sweeter far;
The flowers are bright—why seek a star?
The leaf upon the tree-top high,
When it needs rest, down here must lie.

The plants may rise with joy to work,
Which flowers or fruit may never shirk,
But when at last they seek for rest,
They lie upon the green earth's breast.

So I, though now on mountain top,
Now in the valley find my lot;
Then counting stars on giddy steep;
Anon through waters wading deep;

But am not glad till I hav known
No life can lift me from my own,
But in the depths of my own soul
Find there alone the final goal.

Whatever climbs goes up to work.
No task too hard, no will to shirk;
The day is short, our tasks are done,
We bid good-bye to earth and sun,
Then on the earth's dear bosom lie,
And sink to rest for aye and aye.

Oct. 20th, 1884. MARY A. LELAND.

A Stranger in a Strange Land.

The following words were spoken at the graveside of a poor unfortunate stranger, far from home and friends, buried at Helena, Mont., by Dr. J. L. York:

The occasion which calls us together to-day is one of sadness and sorrow, and, philosophize upon it as we may, the event of death always falls upon the heart with suddenness and sorrow. And whether death enters our own family circle and bears our loved ones away, or whether it be the lonely stranger in a strange land, it comes alike to rich and poor, to peasant and king, falling with crushing weight upon the hearts of the bereaved. We are here to-day, dear friends, to render the last act of kindness to the departed, and to offer our words of sympathy, and, if may be, share the sorrow of those who mourn his loss. The event of death has its lesson for us all; not as taught by the various religions of the world, "Prepare to die"—no, this open grave, and these emblems of death, say to each of us, "Prepare to liv, here and now, better and purer lives."

To my mind, death is not a significant fact, and is only a welcome rest to the poor, worn-out body from suffering and human misery. But life is the central idea, and full of significance. And at such an hour as this, in the presence of death, our minds may be led to grasp, as it were, some of the great and high purposes of life, and in such an hour of quickened thought and feeling we may see a higher purpose in our being than mere sensuous gratification, and feel a deeper and truer sense of our real needs and wants in this life.

That our life may be a success, we need a knowledge of this world and of ourselvs. We need moral power and a love of truth, that we may get the best out of this life. We need good resolutions, and zeal to hold us faithful to every good purpose, word, and work. We need a hope in the possibilities of immortality, to cheer us under the clouds of disappointment and affiiction. We need a love for the good, true, and beautiful, to inspire us with good desires and pure emotions, which shall permeate our whole being and round us out into a beautiful and perfect manhood and womanhood. We need patience to bear the ills of life nobly and bravely; patience to suffer its sorrows, and bear its burdens.

Let us then welcome all of life—and death is but a part of life—a soul set free from sorrow and pain.

Of the departed, our knowledge is limited—of his history and religious faith, it is of no consequence to us to know, nor does it cut any figure in the lesson, purpose, or duty of this hour. We only know that he died as he had lived, free from superstition, a stranger, a wanderer from home and friends, in a strange land, with no kindred near to sooth his sorrow and wipe away the death-frost from his brow; and when the sad news of his death shall reach across the sea to his early home, a kind mother and tender sister will mourn his sad loss.

His virtues let us cherish in our hearts. His faults and frailties, common to us all, let us bury with his body in the grave. Let him rest in the bosom of nature beneath the green sod, while the great world of activ life above his head will move on as before.

The summer sun, and springtime's opening flower; the singing bird, and murmuring brook; the wintry snow, and stormy blast, are one to his poor body we bury to-day. But let us hope that his spirit, freed from the contingencies and misfortunes of earth-life, will rise into a higher, broader, sweeter life beyond the grave, where the evolution of mental and moral life shall still go on, relieved from the temptations of this physical existence, which mar both body and mind, and ever progressing toward the sunlight of a more perfect day. For whether in adversity or prosperity, in life or in death, we are in the hand of eternal, inexorable law, and nature is good to her children and doeth all things well.

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Miss Wixon has long been doing a noble work in educating our children into the ranks of true Liberalism, thereby robbing the church of hundreds of those who, in after years, might hav become its willing dupes and servil tools, and she certainly deserves the generous and substantial recognition of all Freethinkers. Let everyone send for a copy of "All in a Lifetime." It will yield a liberal return for the outlay. ELLIOTT PRESTON.

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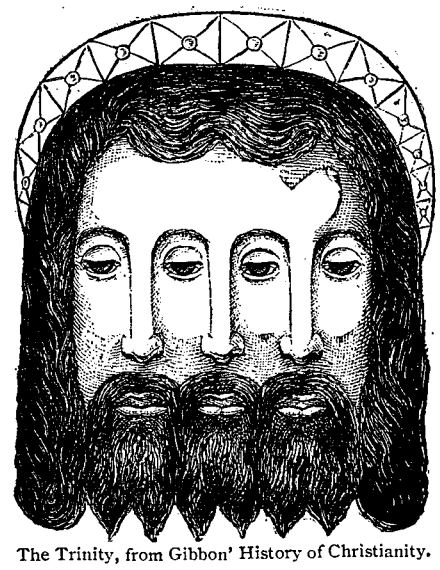
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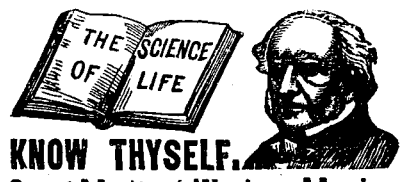
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Gems of Thought.

WHILE we do nothing to injure another, it is the highest and hollest incentiv to increase the happiness of those around us, to make sunshine and joy take the place of gloom and sorrow, and to make sadness and trouble giv way to cheerfulness and peace.—*D. M. Bennett.*

THE fact that Christ lived in Palestine does not tend to show that he was in any way related to the Holy Ghost; nor does the existence of the Christian religion substantiate the ascension of Jesus Christ. We all admit that Socrates lived in Athens, but we do not admit that he had a familiar spirit. I am satisfied that John Wesley was an Englishman, but I hardly believe that God postponed a rain because Mr. Wesley wanted to preach. All the natural things in the world are not sufficient to establish the supernatural. Mr. Black reasons in this way: There was a hydra-headed monster. We know this, because Hercules killed him. There must hav been such a woman as Proserpine, otherwise Pluto could not hav carried her away. Christ must hav been divine, because the Holy Ghost was his father. And there must hav been such a being as the Holy Ghost, because without a father Christ could not hav existed. Those who are disposed to deny everything because a part is false, reason exactly the other way. They insist that because there was no hydra-headed monster, Hercules did not exist. The true position, in my judgment, is that the natural is not to be discarded because found in the company of the miraculous, neither should the miraculous be believed because associated with the probable. There was in all probability such a man as Jesus Christ. He may hav lived in Jerusalem. He may hav been crucified, but that he was the son of God, or that he was raised from the dead, and ascended bodily to heaven, has never been, and, in the nature of things, can never be, substantiated.—*R. G. Ingersoll in the Christian Religion.*

IN the obscurity of retirement, amid the squalid poverty and revolting privations of a cottage, it has often been my lot to witness scenes of magnanimity and self-denial, as much beyond the belief as the practice of the great; a heroism borrowing no support either from the gaze of the many or the admiration of the few, yet flourishing amid ruins, and on the confines of the grave—a spectacle as stupendous in the moral world as the falls of Niagara in the natural world.—*Colton's Lacon.*

DR. JOHNSON has something in common with the fashionable pessimism of modern times. No sentimentalist of to-day could be more convinced that life is, in the main, miserable. It was his favorit theory, according to Mrs. Thrale, that all human action was prompted by "the vacuity of life." Men act solely in the hope of escaping from themselvs. Evil, as a follower of Schopenhauer would assert, is positiv, and good merely the negativ of evil. All desire is at bottom an attempt to escape from pain. The doctrin neither resulted from, nor generated, a philosophical theory in Johnson's case, and was, in the main, a generalization of his experience. Not the less the aim of most of his writing is to express this sentiment in one form or another. . . . We are in a sad world, full of pain, but we hav to make the best of it. Stubborn patience and hard work are the sole remedies, or rather the sole means, of temporary escape.—*Leslie Stephen's Johnson.*

THE characteristic peculiarity of Dr. Johnson's intellect was the union of great powers with low prejudices. If we judged him by the best parts of his mind, we should place him almost as high as he was placed by the idolatry of Boswell; if by the worst parts of his mind, we should place him even below Boswell himself. When he is not under the influence of some strange scruple, or some domineering passion, which prevented him from boldly and fairly investigating a subject, he was a wary and acute reasoner, a little too much inclined to skepticism, and a little too fond of paradox. No man was less likely to be imposed upon by fallacies in argument or by exaggerated statements of fact. But if, while he was beating down sophisms and exposing false testimony, some childish prejudices, such as would excite laughter in a well-managed nursery, came across him, he was smitten as if by enchantment. His mind dwindled away under the shell from gigantic elevation to dwarfish littleness.—*Macaulay.*

THE following letter was written by Charles Darwin, so late as June, 1879, to a young student at Jena, whose religious sensibilities had been infringed on by the study of the English naturalist's works, and as, at this time, priests of various creeds are trying to persuade the world that Darwin, like Emerson, was "almost a Christian," it is worth while to read his own account of the matter: "Science and Christ hav nothing to do with each other, except in as far as the habit of scientific investigation makes a man cautious about accepting any proofs. *As far as I am concerned. I do not believe that any revelation has ever been made.* With regard to a future life, every one must draw his own conclusions from vague and contradictory probabilities."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

TWO men I honor, and there is no third. First, the toilworn craftsman that with earth-made implement laboriously conquers the earth, and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard hand, crooked, coarse, wherein, notwithstanding, lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly loyal, as of the scepter of this planet. Venerable, too, is the rugged face, all weather-tanned, besoiled, with its rude intelligence; for it is the face of a man living manlike. Oh, but the more venerable for thy rudeness, and even because we must pity as well as love thee. Hardly-entreated brother! For us was thy back so bent, for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed; thou wert our conscript on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles wert so marred. For in thee, too, lay a god-created form, but it was not to be unfolded: encrusted must it stand with the thick adhesions and defacements of labor; and thy body, like thy soul, was not to know freedom. Yet toil on, toil on; thou art in thy duty, be out of it who may; thou toilest for the altogether indispensable, for daily bread.—*Carlyle's Sartor Resartus.*

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6. We demand that the judicial oath in the courts and in all other departments of the government shall be abolished, and that simple affirmation under the pains and penalties of perjury shall be established in its stead.
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One of the finest monuments ever seen in this country has recently been erected to the memory of D. M. Bennett, founder of that able advocate of Freethought, THE TRUTH SEEKER, in Greenwood Cemetery, New York. One thousand friends of the dead journalist, admirers of his sterling qualities and the beauty of thought, goodness of heart, and the self-abnegation which distinguished his life, contributed to the fund by which this magnificent memorial was erected. A colored lithograph of this beautiful memorial has just reached us In reality it is a present that is appreciated more than cold words can express. Besides a view of the monument there is a fine likeness of Mr. Bennett. On the monument are engraved many of the famous utterances of the departed Liberal as well as the record of his life and the work to which many years of his activ manhood were devoted. THE TRUTH SEEKER perpetuates the fame of its founder by this truly generous act, and while accepting its generosity with thanks it is but just and proper that we should add our testimony to that of thousands of others who have many times declared that as an advocate of free thought, free speech, and all that is ennobling in nature THE TRUTH SEEKER has no superior in the universe.—*Lackawanna Democrat.*

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Vol. 11. No. 52. | PUBLISHED WEEKLY. | New York, Saturday, December 27, 1884. | 33 CLINTON PLACE. | $3.00 per year.

Notes and Clippings.

THE majority vote in favor of taxation of church property in Washington territory was 2,937.

A PAPER called *The Overshadowing Power of God* is published at Vineland, N. J. Its editor insists that God still retains this peculiar power. As Mr. Herndon would say, "She who reads may run and run quickly."

THE Rev. Spurgeon, London's great preacher, has been floored by one of his female parishioners, who gratefully thanked him for the expression of his firm belief in the bottomless pit, since if the pit was bottomless she could go through and come out high and dry on the other side.

IT is supposed, says the Waterbury *American*, that the first description of a cigaret is the following, written by Christopher Columbus of the Cuban Islanders, who, he said, had a "filthy habit of rolling up the leaf of a noxious weed, setting fire to one end, and inhaling the pungent and nauseating fumes from the other, which they called tobaccos."

LUCY STONE congratulates her sex on the past year's gains for their cause. Full suffrage for women has been established in Washington territory, and municipal suffrage has been granted to unmarried women and widows of Ontario and Nova Scotia. Municipal suffrage has worked so well in England that the British Parliament has extended it to Scotland.

THE Rev. John J. Kean, pastor of St. James's Roman Catholic church, has founded an organization called the Holy Name Society. The object of the society is to rebuke blasphemers and utterers of obscenity. The Rev. Mr. Kean will find his field of work near home. He should begin with the publishers of the Bible, and those who claim that it is the word of God.

JO COOK has lately lectured all the way from Vancouver's Island through California, and so downward, till now he has reached New Orleans in time for the exposition crowds. The New York *World* guesses that he is not so anxious to disseminate information as he is to gather in shekels enough to build a summer house at Ticonderoga next to his respected father's residence.

THE Red Bluff *Sentinel* made this startling announcement one day last week: "The prayer-meeting at the M. E Church will be hell to-night." This typographical error made a good many people believe that something remarkable was to take place at the meeting, so the church was crowded. The officiating brethren, greatly encouraged by the large audience, were inspired to eloquence, and the result was that people went away convinced that the prediction had been fulfilled.

MR. ROSCOE CONKLING, when at Utica, attends Trinity Episcopal church. Just across the aisle from him, it is related, sits an old gentleman named Sherman, for years a prominent politician. He and Mr. Conkling are not on speaking terms. One Sunday, during the recital of the Apostle's Creed, Mr. Sherman paid particular attention to see whether Roscoe bowed his head at the customary place. Mr. Sherman said: "Well, sir, he stood there with his head erect and an expression on his face which said louder than words, 'If the Almighty wants me to bow to him, he must bow first!'"

THE church looks after the morals of Germany, Austria, and Denmark with a vengeance. In those countries they hav among persons of "rank" what is called a morganatic marriage. It is ecclesiastically legal, but not so as regards the civil law. No rank is conveyed to the wife from her husband, and no honor nor hereditary possessions to the children. They take on the rank of their mother, and any property it may be in the power of either parent to giv or leave them. The marriage thus described between persons of royal blood and those of lower positions, when forbidden by the state, is a sort of unacknowledged and barren union, although perfectly moral and sanctioned by the rites of the church.

ROBERT BURDETTE reports a backward state of things in Arkankas. He says that a literary society there recently discussed the question: "*Resolved*, That a circus is superior to a district school as a civilizing agent." The circus packed the convention from the start. Only one orator got up to speak for the district school. He was the teacher, and the president fined him twice and then made him sit down. The fines were for calling Pompeyeye Pompayee, and saying there were more schools in Boston than in Little Rock, and he was made to sit down for uttering Atheistic sentiments when he denied that "Root, hog, or die," was to be found in the Bible. To crown his disgrace, the president, in summing up, referred to his remarks as indicating to what a low state of knowledge and morals the habit of attending district school would bring a man. He then decided the question in favor of the circus, collecting the fines from the unhappy pedagog, and the society went out and spent the money for bread.

MARK TWAIN, in the *Century*, relates a story of a colored citizen who was at one time wealthy to the extent of possessing fourteen dollars. This he reduced by unfortunate speculation until he was down to ten cents. Then he tells how that went the way of all the earth: "Well, I 'uz gwine to spen' it, but I had a dream, en de dream tole me to giv it to a nigger name' Balum—Balum's Ass dey call him, for short; he's one er dem chuckle-heads, you know. But he's lucky, dey say, en I see I warn't lucky. De dream say let Balum inves' de ten cents, en he'd make a raise for me. Well, Balum he tuck de money, en when he wuz in church he hear de preacher say dat whoever giv to de po' len' to de Lord, en boun' to git his money back a hund'd times. So Balum he tuck en giv de ten cents to de po', en laid low to see what was gwyne to come of it. Nuthin never come of it. I couldn't manage to k'leck dat money no way; en Balum he couldn'. I ain' gwyne to len' no mo' money 'dout I see de security. Boun' to git yo' money back a hun'd times, de preacher says! Ef I could git de ten cents back, I'd call it squah, en be glad er de chanst."

THE historical preposterousness of carrying of coals to Newcastle, according to the *Commercial Advertiser*, has been fairly rivaled, if not surpassed, by the carrying of beans to Boston. The consignment, the largest ever known in the bean industry, consisted of four thousand bags, and was taken from this city by a Norwich steamboat. In this simple fact is found a tale and its accompanying moral. The appetite for beans, nourished by what it has so long fed on, has become simply inordinate. Time was when Massachusetts could meet the demands of its capital for this commodity; now the Old Bay State, plus Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, fail to fill the rapacious stomachs that nothing but beans can satisfy. New York has been held up to scorn and derision by the Brahmans of Beacon Hill for its lack of those qualities which are the special glory of the "Hub;" but now that the national metropolis has philanthropically undertaken to furnish brain-food and the essential element of that brand of "culchaw" peculiar to the Modern Athens—if Edinburgh will stand the appropriation—it is not exceeding the bounds of reasonable expectation modestly to hope that, if our beans do not gain us admission to the inner circle of the Bunker Hill coterie, we may at least receive that measure of patronizing toleration that it is not unseemly to bestow upon the humblest who cater for a favorit appetite.

SOMETHING more than a year ago John Swinton, of this city, gave up a lucrativ position on the editorial staff of the New York *Sun* and started a journal which he called *John Swinton's Paper*, to be devoted to the interest of labor. He brought to the task a long experience as a journalist and an ability as a writer on labor topics that is probably unexcelled. His paper has been all that the laboring man could reasonably ask for as an advocate of his cause. Yet it has not been supported and it has been a losing venture from the start, and Mr. Swinton in his 63d issue announces that his weekly losses are too severe to be borne long, and unless his subscription list is largely extended it will be impossible for him to go on with the publication. The loss of that paper will be irreparable to the labor cause. It deserves support. The working man, however, will not support it. It is probably doomed. Mr. Swinton, it may be added, has pretty carefully ignored the Freethinkers, though they hav done their best to co-operate with him. He would not extend to THE TRUTH SEEKER the courtesy of exchanging with it. Nevertheless, three copies of his paper come to this office weekly, subscribed and paid for. He has taken the wrong course. The laboring man will never rise from his degraded condition until he throws of the incubus of the church. Let John Swinton help him to do that, and though he fails he will fail in a more glorious cause than any which he has as yet espoused.

BETHANY church, in Baltimore, was built and is sustained by Mr. Charles J. Baker, a wealthy banker of the city, who, on account of "the border" troubles in 1860, withdrew from the Methodist Episcopal church. It is said that it is difficult for Mr. Baker to get a pastor to his liking. As he supports the church mainly, he claims to dictate the pastor's policy, and no man of high character or talent will submit to such an arrangement. The present incumbent—it is an abuse of the term to call him pastor—is an ecclesiastical fop and mountebank. On Friday evening he was dressed in light-colored, almost white, pantaloons, and brown coat a la dude, with cravat and collar to match. His mustache and imperial are in the tip of the style, and his voice sounds like it had been put up in curling-papers. At the close of the exercises he ran up into the pulpit, and posing in a most theatrical style said: "It is my opulent good fortune to hav the best two preachers in attendance upon the Centennial Conference to preach for me on Sunday next. Not that I deserve more, but God (and he rolled his eyes upward and pronounced it Gaad) has sent me the best." He then launched out into a fulsome and disgusting laudation of the preachers who had been appointed to preach there on Sunday. As we came out of the church a lady expressed surprise that such a man should draw the crowd that she understood he drew. A gentleman with her said: "It isn't at all wonderful. People go to see and hear him for the same reason they will stop to see a monkey dodge balls thrown at him or cut amusing antics."—*Charleston News.*

TROUBLE is reported in the Catholic church at Fall River, Mass. The eastern part of the city, known as Flint Village, is inhabited chiefly by French Canadians, and this is where the trouble is. The Rev. P. J. B. Bedard, who died a short while ago, was pastor of Notre Dame parish. Besides attending to his duties as priest, he was extensivly engaged in business enterprises, and aided his countrymen in every way possible. Since his death the Rev. H. J. Magee, an Irishman, has acted as pastor. The French Canadians objected to him, as they prefer a pastor of their own race. He, however, endeavored to hold his position in spite of the insults and abuse of his parishioners, but his efforts were of no avail. On Sunday, the 14th, the church was closed against him. Although he effected an entrance by forcing the door, he was surrounded by several men and for a while kept prisoner in the church vestry. In the mean time, women and others who entered the church were grossly insulted and ejected from the building. Profanity was freely indulged in, and many so-called sacrilegious acts were perpetrated. The police rescued the clergyman and escorted him to his home. An attempt at night to kidnap him was frustrated by the police, who guarded his house. The conduct of the French aroused the English-speaking Catholics and there is every indication of trouble. The bishop refuses to recall the pastor. The French hav subscribed $750 to send a delegation to Rome to lay the matter before the pope. These Kanucks are strangely inconsistent. While they object to an Irish pastor because of his nationality, they still, by their action in appealing the case, acknowledge the authority of Pope Leo, the Italian clown.

News of the Week.

THE condition of Germany is said to be critical, owing to the Socialistic element of society.

PRATT'S oil works in Brooklyn were destroyed by fire last Sunday. The loss is placed at $500,000.

OFFICIAL advices hav been received at Rome of the massacre of the Catholic missionaries at Bianchi in Central Africa.

A TREATY between Spain and the United States is pending. The treaty provides for a reciprocal reduction of duties.

SENATOR MAHONE, of Virginia, in a suit against the Southern Telegraph Company, has retained Gen. Butler as counsel.

ANOTHER scheme to kill the czar of Russia has been unearthed. This time the scene of the contemplated slaughter was on the Gatschina railway.

PRESIDENT AUSTIN CORBIN, of the Long Island Railroad, presents each of his employees with a turkey on Christmas day. It takes ten tons to go around.

THE town of Traverse, in Dakota, is the scene of a riot arising from ballot-box stuffing and intimidation at the polls on election day. State troops are to be ordered to the scene.

TWENTY-FOUR lives were lost by the burning of the St. John's orphan asylum in Brooklyn last week. Many children are still missing, and it is thought a thorough search of the ruins may result in the discovery of more bodies.

PASTOR THOMPSON, of the Grace M. E. church in Brooklyn, is missing, and his congregation do not know where to look to find him. It is thought that he has wandered away to foreign parts in a fit of mental aberration. His reputation is good.

THE Brooklyn New England Society celebrated last Saturday evening the 264th anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers. The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, on account of his position in the recent presidential election, was not invited.

LAST week's cold snap wound up with a snow storm on Saturday night, which turned to rain on Sunday. During the cold weather the thermometer ranged below zero from eight to thirty-eight, several persons were frozen to death, cattle and poultry were killed, and peach trees destroyed.

THE New Orleans Exposition opened on Tuesday of last week in the presence of 15,000 persons. Things were so arranged that by touching an electric button in Washington President Arthur set the machinery of the Exposition in motion. The doors were open on Sunday and the attendance was very good.

THE Rev. Charles B. Smith and the Rev. Dr. Gawn Campbell both desired to preach in the United Presbyterian church in this city last Sunday. The Rev. Mr. Smith prevailed by engaging a big policeman to restrain the Rev. Dr. Campbell while he (the Rev. Mr. Smith) ascended the pulpit and got in his work. The United Presbyterian church is not as united as it was.

THE services at Christ Episcopal church in Brooklyn were interrupted by a fire last Sunday, and the congregation had to get out of the building to prevent being scorched. would seem that those who are so anxious to save God's children from fire in the next world might reasonably expect to be protected from it in this, at least while engaged in prosecuting their great work.

THE inhalation of an irrespirable gas, produced by burning coal, in the Methodist Sunday-school at Fayetteville, N. C., last Sunday, produced among the teachers and children a condition of partial suffocation. Some fifteen children and a few of the instructors fell from their seats prostrate and fainting. But for the immediate admission of fresh air, fatal results must hav ensued. The school librarian may not recover.

Communications.

Less God and More Sense.

The following article was written for the *Steuben Signal*, but after mature deliberation I became convinced that it would never be given a place in a Christian newspaper, and thought I would let it go as still-born. Finally I concluded to send this to THE TRUTH SEEKER, and wrote a shorter article, in which I drew it mild but firm, with a faint hope that it might be published, and here is the result:

"We hav received a well written article from the pen of Mr. John Peck, of Naples, a reader of the *Signal* from its first publication. The article sets forth Mr. Peck's theological and humanitarian views in terse terms, and shows him to be a man of decided convictions. The theological part of the communication is a little out of our line, but his humanitarian views include the prohibition of the rum traffic; and that is where we agree with him. He says: 'Heaven will be here on e rth if each strives to promote the other's happiness. Hell will be enlarged in proportion as we are neglectful of the welfare of our fellows. The rum traffic is wickedly cruel in its consequences. My object is to induce men to giv their best energies to relieve human suffering.' Would that there were more men who entertained these sentiments."

Here you see he has published just enough of my article to mislead his readers and misrepresent me. After blowing his heaven and hell clear out of sight, it was perfectly proper to say that "heaven will be here on earth if each strives to promote the other's happiness," etc. But the way he has quoted me he has misrepresented me entirely. Worse than all, he says, "Would that there were more men who entertained these sentiments," and still this putty-headed Christian had not the courage to let his readers know what "these sentiments" were. Is there one Christian who is not a bigot? "The theological part of the communication is a little out of our lime"—so is true courage and lofty manhood. Christianity invariably robs a man of both.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE STEUBEN SIGNAL, *Sir:* In many respects you publish the best paper I ever read. Its selections of articles and topics are such as deeply interest me, and it is all the time telling me just what I most want to know.

Indeed, if I had the privilege of asking questions, and having them answered each week, the paper would not be more satisfactory. And then it is one of the most consistent and aggressiv temperance papers with which I am acquainted.

I object to your paper only because you get too much God and Christianity into it. Not too much humanity, but too much Christianity. For years I hav been a stanch temperance man. I hav even been called rabid.

I did not vote for Mr. St. John, because I dare not trust your "divine master" for a ruler, nor the Bible as the foundation of all law. As terrible as the rum traffic and the liquor dealer hav seemed to me, I fear them less than I do the power of the church and ecclesiasticism.

The landlord has starved the children, brought disgrace upon the family by laying the father in the gutter, but I never heard of one applying the lash with a strong arm to the naked back of a defenseless woman in public, as has been done in New England at the behest of the church.

The early history of New England reveals many instances of women being publicly whipped, and then dragged at the tail-end of Christian carts through the public streets.

Not because they had committed any offense against morality, but because they had committed an offense against the church. And this among a people so full of Christianity that they knocked the horns off of cows for having calves on Sunday, and flogged barrels of beer for working on the same day.

Everything was made to conform to the teaching of the Bible, and a more tyrannical and inhuman people I hav scarcely read of than these Christian bigots. The place is still pointed out to-day on Boston Common where these Christian people whipped women and hung witches. Helpless old women were bound in sacks and thrown into ponds, and otherwise tormented until life was extinct, because it was written in an old book, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to liv."

These people made the Bible the "foundation of law," just what you propose to do. The same causes produce the same effects.

"We, the people [not God], do ordain and establish this Constitution." And "this Constitution [not the Bible] shall be the supreme law of the land." No room for holy ghosts, or talking asses, or snakes that beguile women.

Don't try to do too much for your God. Suffering humanity needs all the help you can reasonably render. If God is just such a being as you represent him to be, he needs none of you assistance. Besides, "you could not help him if you would, and he would not hav you if you could." More than all, he never did and never can help us. Whenever we most need his help he is sure to hav some other business on hand, and does not put in an appearance.

Furthermore, our Constitution has served a very good turn, and it is not best to spoil a good thing with a bad God—one who gets mad and "swears in his wrath," and kills little children, and "rips up women alive," and "puts lying spirits into the mouths of his prophets."

I am not particularly proud of those nations which get too much God and Bible into their laws—Spain, Portugal, and Russia, for instance. Hundreds of grand men hav had the pride and courage of manhood tortured out of them in the mining prisons of Russia, where the head of the government rules by divine right. Only to-day I was reading how these Christian cannibals drink the hot blood of a dying child, stabbed to the heart with a silver spoon in remembrance of him who died on Mount Calvary.

Rome is one of the most Christian cities in the world, and yet for drunkenness, debauchery, and "pure cussedness," it has no equal on the face of the globe. These are terrible lessons for those who are "hell bent" on having God in the Constitution, and making the "Bible the foundation of law."

The Prohibition party may succeed, but woe, woe to the day if this dreadful object is accomplished.

During the "Dark Ages" every one prayed to God, and worked for God, and lived for God, and fought for God. The cross was upon ever building, and banner, and garment. The wisdom of this world was folly compared to the teaching of the Bible as the priests interpreted it.

Ignorance hung like a pall over Europe for a thousand years. All institutions of learning, except for the priesthood, were discouraged. Ninety per cent of the people could not write their own names. This was a great day for the church and ecclesiasticism, but was it a happy period in the world's history? Surely such lessons ought to satisfiy all right-minded men for all coming time, and damn the man to eternal infamy who would attempt to lead this nation back to the darkness of ignorance to hear again the wail of ecclesiastical oppression.

God in the Constitution! The Bible the foundation of law, and Christ the acknowledged ruler! Must the hands move backward on the dial? Never, never, never! Ponder this seriously, my countrymen, or the time may come when you may be arraigned before the courts, as they were in New England, to show cause why you absented yourself from church on Sunday.

Nearly all the gunpowder that has been murderously wasted has been used by one Christian nation to blow out the brains of some other Christian nation. And if there was a lull in war, the time was filled up by roasting and gibbeting Infidels and heretics.

The very refinement of cruelty was reached during the days of the Inquisition. Cropping the ear, slitting the nose, branding the letter "B" in the forehead, and boring the tongue with a hot iron, were considered slight penalties to be inflicted upon those who exposed the gull-traps of superstition, and laid bare the tricks of the priesthood.

In some states a man's dearest friend might be murdered before his eyes, and his oath would not be allowed to bring the murderer to justice, because he is not considered sound on the theological goose.

What would you think, Mr. Editor, if you were in a court of justice, and such a man as Ethan Allen or Thomas Jefferson was brought upon the witness stand and not allowed to testify? I was told only a short time ago that no jury ought to pay any attention to the oath of an Infidel. And yet men are voting by the thousands to place more power in the hands of the priesthood, and make the Bible, and not the Constitution, the "supreme law of the land." God in the Constitution is the death-knell of freedom. It would literally giv the church power over the state, which would be a subversion of the government.

Thousands who voted with the Prohibition party thought only of promoting the cause of temperance. But should that party succeed, they will get, when too late to be undone, vastly more than they bargained for. The moment any system of religion is recognized by the Constitution, the government is changed. The government must grant no special privileges either to the Christian religion, the Mohammedan, the Buddhist, the Mormon, or any other system of religion. Neither must any God be recognized in the Constitution, whether Allah, Christ, "Jehovah, Jove, or Lord." All are to be tolerated, all are to be protected, but all must remain on a level so far as the favor of the government is concerned. No pet Gods. No system of religion upheld by law. No taxes to pay ministers or chaplains, or to sustain churches contrary to the wishes of men. Nobody is to be "cram'd," in this country, either with Bibles or Gods.

If no undue power is put into the hands of the Christians, they certainly will not abuse it. All through the long centuries the peaceful teachings of the meek and lowly Jesus hav been inculcated by fire and sword, whenever there has been power to do so. The thumb-screw has been made to "touch the heart" when the mind refused assent to the dogmas of the church.

The claim that the church and the priesthood put up, that they are only anxious to hav the government recognize the fact that there is a God, and that no advantage would ever be taken of it, is only the wolf's paw that is ill concealed by the sheep's covering. What would these Christians say if the Mormons should attempt to get a clause in the Constitution upholding polygamy, under the pretense that they never would take advantage of it?

Because I cannot believe that God ever spoke through a jackass, or because I do not believe a thousand other holy absurdities, I do not want to be deprived of the privilege of testifying in a court of justice. Because I do not believe that a son can beget a father as well as a father can beget a son, I do not want to lie in prison. And yet, within my remembrance, a man in this country lay in jail three months for saying that very thing.

Whenever a man honestly believes that he can do something for the glory of God, he becomes a dangerous man if power is placed in his hands. He at once assumes that he ought to "obey God rather than man," and, no matter how inhuman an act may be, if he imagins that it would be pleasing to God, he would do it, no matter how much human interests might suffer. Heretics hav been burnt and Infidels tortured because it was believed that they were hateful in the sight of God.

Moody in one of his sermons represented a girl sixteen years old as kneeling down on her bare knees on the red-hot bottom of hell and praying God for just one moment's respit.

Anybody who believes in such a savage God, and that such punishment is merited, would roast or flay an innocent girl alive if he believed that her conduct was such as to "provoke God to wrath."

Here lies the danger with the Christian. God is everything; humanity is nothing. The most cruel monsters of earth hav been those who sought to exterminate people or sects who, they believed, were living in violation of God's commands.

Whenever there is power to put God into the Constitution, or make the Bible the foundation of law, that power will be the sole judge of what God requires. If that time ever comes, every Christian will be fumbling through the old Jew book to find a "Thus saith the Lord."

Now, my Christian friend, before you make up your mind that any man can be trusted who takes the Bible for his guide, I want to call your attention to just a few passages of scripture, which, if they are the word of God, would show that he has no business in the Constitution, and which, if they were made the law of the land, would sink us into a state of barbarism. I might select hundreds of passages which would disgrace a barbarian on account of their brutality and obscenity, but shall content myself with only a few specimen bricks, imbedded in untempered mortar which no decent God ever spread. My Christian friend, you will hav to excuse me, for I never had a very nigh notion of your God since he forced good old Zeke to take the homeopathic pill.

A man who is noted for truthfulness commands the respect of all, while a noted liar and deceiver is the most despised among men. Now, if the Bible sanctions lies and deception, should it be made the foundation of law? Let us see.

"Being crafty, I caught you with guile." "For if the truth of God hath more abounded through my lie unto his glory, why yet am I also judged as a sinner?" (Rom. iii, 7). "Now, therefore, behold the Lord hath put a lying spirit into the mouth of all these thy prophets" (1 Kings xxii, 23). "If the prophet hath been deceived when he hath spoken a thing, I, the Lord, hav deceived that prophet" (Ezek. xiv, 9).

Is God the author of that language? If so, do we want such a God in the Constitution? Now, my pious friend, suppose a man should testify falsely against you, and wrong you deeply both in purse and character, and you should call him to account, and he should tell you that the Lord had put a lying spirit into his mouth, how could you disprove it if you believe the scriptures to be the word of God?

"Ye shall not eat of anything that dieth of itself; thou shalt giv it to the stranger that is in thy gates that he may eat it, or thou mayest sell it unto an alien" (Deut. xiv, 21).

What kind of government would this be if every nativ-born citizen had the privilege of selling stinking meat to every English, Irish, French, Dutch, and Scotchman, to every German, Swede, Italian, Spaniard, etc., and every hotel and boarding-house could feed their guests and boarders on tainted meat? If this is the language of God, I hope he won't start a meat market in our town very soon.

"Slay both man and woman, infant and suckling" (1 Sam. xv, 3). "Slay utterly old and young, both maids and little children" (Ezek. ix, 6).

These passages would be far more appropriate pasted on the bludgeon of a highwayman than they would as a rule of action for the American people.

"And the children of Israel took all the women of Midian captivs and their little ones, and took the spoil of their cattle, and all their flocks and all their goods. And they burnt all their cities wherein they dwelt, and all their goodly castles with fire" (Num. xxxi, 10). "And we utterly destroyed the men and the women and the little ones of every city" (Deut. ii, 34).

Such language would be very proper to adorn the

walls of a cave of a band of robbers, but let us be slow to weave it into the laws of our country.

"He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned." (Mark xvi, 16).

O my Liberal friends, beware of the day when the Christians are clothed with power to deal with us as unbelievers, believing that we are the enemies of God and hell-deserving. I would as soon be under the paw of a tiger as in the hands of Christians who hav power over me, and who believe that God spoke those words.

"Their houses shall be spoiled, and their wives ravished" (Isa. xiii, 16). "The city shall be taken and the houses rifled, and the women ravished" (Zech. xiv, 2). "Let their wives be bereaved of their children and be widows" (Jer. xviii, 21).

O woman, how can we expect that you can expect that we can respect you, when you hav no more respect for yourself than to respect a book that never showed any respect for woman? How long will you glory in being outraged and degraded by such a book? For your sake "I will die in the last ditch," "shouting the battle cry of freedom," before such a book shall be made the foundation of law in this country.

"Their children also shall be dashed to pieces before their eyes" (Isa. xiii, 16). "And there came forth two she-bears out of the wood, and tare forty and two children of them" (2 Kings ii, 24). "They shall fall by the sword, and their infants shall be dashed in pieces" (Hosea xiii, 16).

Here is protection for the innocent little cotton-heads. When the Christians get this God into the Constitution, they had better put in the "other feller," too.

"The father shall eat the sons in the midst of thee, and the sons shall eat their father' (Ezek. v, 10).

> This beats any fiend that in hell ever trod;
> Hooraw, Christian friends, for the cannibal God.

"And ye shall eat the flesh of your sons, and the flesh of your daughters shall ye eat" (Lev. xxvi, 29). "And I will cause them to eat the flesh of their sons and the flesh of their daughters, and they shall eat every one the flesh of his friend" (Jer. xix, 9). "And thou shalt eat the fruit of thine own body, the flesh of thy sons and of thy daughters" (Deut. xxviii, 53).

O ye Christian cannibals, when you get this God into the Constitution, and these beautiful scripture quotations woven into the law of the land, invite in the Battas of Sumatra, the Brazilian aborigines, the Tasmanian nomads, the Fans from Africa, and all the blood-sucking, man-eating monsters wherever found, to join you in your Christian festivals. Then when they are dancing around the roasting infants smeared with human blood, with strings of skulls around their necks, shaking the death rattle, you will begin to realize that "there is an eternal fitness of things," that if God is the author of the above quotations he would fairly squeal with delight at the scene, and the attending smoke would enter his nostrils as a sweet savor.

"And ye shall take them as an inheritance for your children after you, to inherit them for a possession; they shall be your bondmen forever" (Lev. xxiv 46).

My Christian friends, do you realize that those who fought for slavery fought for the Bible, and those who fought to put down slavery fought against the Bible? The hearts of millions of slaves would die in them if they knew that this scripture was to be made the law of the land.

Then think of Solomon, and David, and Gideon, and Jacob, and Abraham, all special pets of this God of the Constitution, surrounded with fancy women ranging in numbers from two to a thousand each; lustful old patriarchs every one, fit subjects for the youth of both sexes to imitate! Why, if the Bible should be made the law of the land, a shout would go up from all Mormondom.

"Thou shalt bestow that money for whatsoever thy soul lusteth after [could anything be more despicable?], for oxen or for sheep, or for wine or strong drink" (Deut. xiv, 26). "Giv strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine unto those that be of heavy hearts. Let him drink and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more" (Prov. xxxi, 6, 7). "Go thy way, eat thy bread with joy, and drink thy wine with a merry heart" (Eccles. ix, 7). "Bring them into the house of the Lord, into one of the chambers, and giv them wine to drink" (Jer. xxxv, 2).

If I were a rum-seller I would hav my saloon decorated with just such passages of scripture. Make the Bible the "foundation of law," and every rum-seller would shout himself hoarse, and every drunkard would be singing, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." I would think that St. John, and particularly the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, would be greatly interested in having these last passages, relating to wine and strong drink, incorporated into the law of this land. There must be a terrible curse resting upon Maine, for the prohibitory law is contrary to scripture, and the people never could hav passed it without forgetting what God has said about wine and strong drink, and he has declared that "all the nations that forget God shall be cast into hell." Now, I defy any man quote an equal number of passages from any book more diabolical in their consequences than those which I hav quoted from the so-called word of God, And yet this word of God is to be made the "foundation of law" in this country. God is to be put into the Constitution, and Christ is to be made the acknowledged ruler. What the church and the clergy cannot accomplish openly they seek to accomplish by stealth. The rank and file passes think they are working and voting for temperance, while the church and the clergy hav so cunningly manipulated the platform as to make every vote cast for prohibition a vote also to put God into the Constitution, and to make the Bible the foundation of law.

Every Liberal-minded man should be detailed to stand on guard. Every prohibition vote was a vote for God in the Constitution. The church always works with an eye single to its power. Had it not been for allegiance to the old parties, the prohibition vote would hav been doubled.

For a long time I gave my nickels and quarters (far more than I was able to spare) to help on the cause of temperance; but when I came to see clearly that every dime thus expended was indirectly given to the church, I ordered a halt all along the line. I would no sooner giv money to build up church tyranny than I would forge prison bars for the innocent.

It is said by the church and the clergy that the prohibition movement must be carried forward, that it must be made a success in 1888. If the Bible is made the foundation of law, the Comstocks will be multiplied, the bolts will not be allowed to rust in the locks of Christian prisons. For writing such an article as this an old man like me would be put behind the bars to learn the ways of God in the Constitution. Rather a thousand times all the demons of rum should be let loose than such a hellish scheme consummated.

JOHN PECK.

Free Will and Anarchy.

One of your late numbers contains a letter from "Edgeworth," in which he quotes some statements of mine published in the *Radical Review* in regard to free will and anarchy.

Mr. Tucker has answered these statements in the *Radical Review*, and so does "Edgeworth" in his letter. It is with pleasure that I note these answers, and I will quote them here for the benefit of your readers.

Mr. Tucker says: "Mr. Chavannes can know this [that Mr. Tucker believes in free will] only from my own assertions, which hav always been to the effect that the realization of anarchy is not a matter of the will, but of the understanding, and that there is nothing more absurd than the position of these miscalled anarchists, who fondly fancy that if they can only get the people angry enough, and lead them on to bloody revolution under a banner bearing the word 'anarchy' inscribed on its folds, a perfect state of freedom will arise from the ruin. I hav stated this repeatedly, and as plainly as I know how; if Mr. Chavannes so utterly misconceives my meaning in this particular, he certainly will in others. The fact is, that beyond certain limits he has not a discriminating mind. He gets out of his element and flounders. Do you suppose I am going to enter into a discussion with such a person? Not much!"

Edgeworth answers it in this manner: "Mr. Chavannes is perfectly well aware that the earnest soldiers of liberty, to whom he refers, are conscious of the difficulties and delays incident to a profound and radical change in public opinion on the subject of government and the substitution of free contract for the ballot or majority representation. He knows that we anticipate no sudden revolution, and need no metaphysical commentaries on the human will. To turn the tables on him, we need only remark that he who wills the end wills the means," etc.

Now, I must confess that all this is new to me. From reading the editorials of *Liberty*, and from all I hav read from anarchist writers, I had come to the conclusion that all that was wanted was the "will" to put down all forms of governments, and that out of the ruins a perfect social state would arise; that nothing but the power and tyranny of organized governments prevented a society founded upon equal rights, and where much better condition would obtain. Mr. Tucker, or one of his co-editors, has compared the restraints of government to the mud and quagmires upon a highway, and liberty to the solid road underneath, upon which individuals would travel to happiness, and all that was needed was to throw overboard the government encumbrances, and a perfect social state would be found underneath. Besides that, all the examples of anarchist societies they giv are of tribes in Greenland, or Alaska, or some such countries, and never any mention is made of these peoples being able to maintain that form of society because of their superior intelligence. But now I know better; we cannot hav anarchy without using certain means, says "Edgeworth," and Mr. Tucker proclaims that it is a matter of the understanding, and not of the will. If this is the case, I suppose we shall soon hav a new departure in the tactics of Mr. Edgeworth, Tucker & Co. Till now they hav been very activ in playing upon the will, but hav done little to increase the intelligence, nor hav they said much about the means except the destruction of the state.

Mr. Ward tells us—and he ought to be good authority—that an increase of intelligence is based upou an increase of knowledge, and an increase of knowledge is due to a clearer understanding of nature's laws. If that is the case, whatever increases popular knowledge increases intelligence, and, according to Mr. Tucker, favors anarchy.

Now, Mr. Tucker has, till now, carefully abstained from writing anything that might increase popular intelligence, and I call upon him, in the name of his new declaration of faith, to go to work at once and make up for lost time; and not only do I call upon him to do so, but I will point out to him two questions of popular interest, upon which, according to his own statements, the people's knowledge is very deficient, and upon which he is perfectly competent to teach them.

The first is, how we shall secure mortgages under anarchy. The common people is so ignorant that his short answer on this question, as given in your paper some time ago, and commented upon in an editorial entitled, "Orderly Anarchy," has not satisfied them that the thing could be done. A clear explanation, showing conclusivly to the most ordinary mind, how voluntary associations can replace government, and do the work in a satisfactory manner, would greatly increase the popular understanding, and be a great argument in favor of anarchy.

The next is the question of free banking. Those of us who remember what went under that name in the past hav quite a prejudice against it, but Mr. Tucker says that our objections do not apply to Green's mutual banking. I am so ignorant as to believe that they do, and I am willing to try to prove it, and I hav offered to discuss the question at length with Mr. Tucker in the *Radical Review*, but Mr. Tucker declines for reasons that seem satisfactory to him. Now, considering that anarchy is based upon the understanding, and not on the will, and that the understanding, or intelligence, is based upon knowledge, and that the common mind is so ignorant as to believe that a greenback currency is cheaper, safer, more difficult to counterfeit, more convenient, and of wider circulation than any currency they might hav under any system the anarchists propose, would it not be well for Mr. Tucker or "Edgeworth" to devote some of their valuable time to enlighten the popular mind, and thus increase its intelligence?

ALBERT CHAVANNES.

Mrs. Tillotson's Annual Protest.

Nearly two thousand years of penal rule fail to commend Anno Domini. They hav been successions and degrees of tyrannic sway and barbaric customs, which enlightening Progress moved slowly against, and only obtained the aid of unmartyred Science less than three hundred years ago. Present knowledge of moral darkness, so long sacrificing the suffering millions to the crowned and mitered few, diffused light that should now bring justice and rejoicing, demand a Science Calendar, and awaken effort for equity. Nations beset by adverse policy hav constant struggle for freedom after they hav won by blood, treasure, and honorable triumph, the acknowledged title of Democracy. This nation, constituted on the plan of equality and freedom of conscience, finds its functions warped to despotic uses, to the danger and detriment of citizens. This evil falls on both sexes alike; but the subjection of woman to man's mastery, which forces obedience to laws she is refused a voice and choice in, makes a sex caste farther degrading to all, and lays the cruelty on her. If woman with unmolested right to toil, though against the odds of unequal wages and vicious sentiment, earns a home, it is taxed to support a government that insults her intelligence and genius. If she refuses to deliver the demanded sum, though it violates her conscience and the country's constitution, which bases taxation on representation, her home is confiscated. While this exaction goes on, laws are made exempting from taxation men who fought to preserve the laws. My townsmen know my conscience, reason, and their laws too, forbid using public money and public schools for sectarian purposes; yet nearly half the sum robbed from me this year consists of a special amount for the graded school, where sectarian reading and praying are parts of the daily culture.

Against these and other usurpations thwarting the design of the founders of the nation, who aimed at a veritable republic, I protest. Against discriminations of sex, dooming woman to manifold slaveries, I protest. Against *all* these indignities, in my own behalf I invite all who know they are compelled to ignoble submission, to join with me to protest—to scorn sham usage and venal suasion that cause inefficiency; to take rights the law cannot wrest, and by them gain bodily health, which yields strength of purpose and practical power.

Herewith I record my inherent, human demand for justice, in this year of Science 284.

Vineland, N. J. MARY E. TILLOTSON.

Canadian Notes.

"Freethought: Its Nature, Struggles, and Achievements," was the theme of Charles Watts, last night, in Albert Hall before an overflowing house, many failing to gain admittance. He showed that observation, experience, and reflection are the rocks on which the structures of Secularism and freedom of thought are founded, while Christian dogmas and theological superstitions are erections whose foundations are quicksands—they are the relics of the barbarism of primitiv man, and the inventions of priestcraft to enslave the minds of the people. The Toronto clergy either do not believe in the Christianity that they preach, or are afraid [illegible] Mr. Watts will vanquish them in debate. The Toronto *Daily Mail* endeavors to crush freedom of inquiry by refusing to advertise Freethought meetings—it is the only Toronto daily that is guilty of this injustice. At 10:30 a lecture on the Sabbath question was given by John E. Remsburg of Kansas, great applause greeting his numerous telling points. At 12:30 the subject of the "New Work of Secularism" was treated in a philosophical manner by S. P. Putnam of New York city, secretary of the National Liberal League.

Mr. Charles Watts made his bow before a Toronto audience for the first time as an actor both of tragedy and comedy, in both of which he appears to excel. Perhaps he showed to greatest advantage in comedy. Shakspere's Othello tested his capacity as a tragedian, and he was not found wanting, albeit, trying as was the ordeal through which he had to pass. His support by Mr. Harrison, in the part of Iago, was excellent. As a comedian, Mr. Watts's acting in the part of Sir Edward Ardent, the hero of "A Warning Call," was satisfactory in the extreme.

The preceding lectures and dramatic performances formed part of the program of the Convention. These, together with the concert and ball, and reception and concert, were attended by delegates from Freethought societies in all parts of Canada. Reception and concert on Saturday evening, ball and supper on Monday evening, three lectures, concert, and recitations all day on Sunday. Crowded houses.

The Toronto *World* gave daily reports of the meetings of the Convention of Freethinkers from all parts of Canada. On Monday its report of Saturday's Convention was headed with black lines, "Freethought Convention," "Delegates of Secularism in Town," "Three Meetings in Albert Hall." "The Freethinkers hav adopted the convention as a mode of holding counsel together, and for the purpose of devising plans for the dissemination of their tenets. On Saturday the initial meeting was held, at which some routine business was transacted in the way of receiving delegates and striking committees. In the evening the members of the convention assembled in the rooms of the Toronto Secular Society, and became better acquainted with each other. Crowded audiences attended the Sunday meetings, scores were unable to obtain admission to hear Mr. Watts. Quite a number of ladies were in attendance. An appeal was also made for funds to carry on the activ propagandist efforts which the Secularists intend to make in all parts of Canada. About seventy-five delegates arrived on Saturday morning, and they continue to arrive all the time. Among them are representativs of Lindsay, Port Hope, Penetanguishene, Collingwood, Aylmer, Napanee. Orwell, Simcoe, Ottawa, Montreal, Owen Sound, Meaford, Bradford, Pembroke, Chatham, Belleville, and many other localities in all parts of Canada. We noticed among the veterans of Freethought W. McDonnell, of Lindsay; James Brown, of Galt; W. Sisson, of Port Hope; John Groom, of Meaford; Albert White, of Orwell, and many other pillars and landmarks of Freethought during the last twenty or thirty years." The following officers were elected: J. I. Evans, president; R. B. Butland, secretary; J. A. Risser, corresponding secretary; John Taylor, treasurer; committee, J. Harrison, George Piddington, A. Earsman, Charles Hicks, G. McFedries, T. Strange, Charles Peters. In the evening an entertainment was given at which Messrs. Piddinton, Hicks, Edwards, Harrison, and Watts, and the Misses Strange, Verral, Miller, and Mrs. Marton, Mrs. Miller, and Mrs. Watts assisted. The musical and literary contributions were followed by a supper and ball; music by a first-class orchestra, and the ball room decorated with innumerable flags, banners, and mottoes, blended in festoons, and Stars and Stripes, British ensigns, union jacks, and Canadian banners, interspersed with silk bannerets inscribed, Democritus, Lucretius, Bruno, Darwin, Tyndall, Comte, Kant, Buckle, Spencer, Huxley, Haeckel, and other lights of modern scientific Materialism.

Mrs. Charles Watts made her first appearance on the platform in Toronto on Sunday night last, as a public reader and reciter. The subject she selected partook of the character of light comedy. The fair elocutionist displayed dash and vivacity which infused the audience with her own sprightliness and overflowing animal spirits. Many passages she delivered with "glances shy" and an archness that were perfectly irresistible and fairly carried th[illegible] storm.

Taylor says the doctrin of the trinity i[illegible]e house by the legend of Prometheus. Again, Pro[illegible]s taken from actly answering to the Christian pers[illegible]metheus, ex- providence, is, like that personificatio[illegible]nification of epithet synonymous with the suprem[illegible]n, used as an The pagan phrase, "Thank Prome[illegible].e deity himself. as the Christian one, "Thank pr[illegible]cheus," is the same interpretation meant exactly, "T[illegible]ovidence;" its literal Orphic hymn to Chronos (Satu[illegible]hank God." In the lime address to th[illegible]n), we hav this sub- [illegible] address to the supreme deity under his name Prometheus: "Illustrious cherishing father, both of the immortal gods and of men; various of counsel; spotless, powerful, mighty Titan, who consumest all things, and again thyself repairest them; who holdest the ineffable bonds throughout the world; thou universal parent of successiv being; various of design; fructifier of the earth and of the starry heavens; dread Prometheus, who dwellest in all parts of the world; author of generation, tortuous in counsel, most excellent; hear our suppliant voice and send to our life a happy, blameless end. Amen."

Monday night last witnessed the *debut* in Toronto of Mrs. Charles Watts as an actress. The play selected for her first appearance was Charles Dance's comedietta, "A Morning Call," in which she displayed the most consummate ability. It was a graceful, artistic, and finished piece of acting. Mrs. Watts has a commanding and fascinating stage presence. Bounteous nature has been peculiarly lavish in her gifts to this "fortune's favorit." She is simply bewitching, and if Mrs. Chillingbone at all resembled her lovely impersonator of the evening, we pity the aching heart of poor Sir Edward.

Toronto, Dec. 20, 1884. R. B. Butland.

The Liberal Club.

It was a cold, cold night when the Manhattan Liberal Club held its 358th meeting. The ultimate destination of the popular sinner must hav been a good ways off that evening. People skipped hurriedly along the streets, holding on to their ears at the expense of comfort to their hands, or pocketing their hands at the risk of freezing their ears. The holiday things displayed in shop windows were hidden and eclipsed in beauty by the frost-work upon the pane, which took on forms and designs that for general attractivness will take and hold the cake until the illustrations in "The Story Hour" meet the public gaze. Nevertheless, between half-past seven and eight o'clock a considerable number of persons entered the German Masonic Temple, turned down their coat collars, and seated themselvs to hear Professor Rawson lecture on the true inwardness of mythology, especially the Hebrew and Christian. While Dr. Foote, Jr., was getting the range with his polyopticon, Mr. Chamberlain and Deacon Deane took up a contribution of about $15 toward the defense of the man Conroy, whom Anthony Comstock is prosecuting for selling a photograph of unexceptionable chastity. The lights were turned off after this, and the polyopticon was turned on. The pictures exhibited a large and assorted variety of almighty gods, each of which had at one time or another, in an idle moment, created the universe. Most of them were queer-looking fellows. They are now no more. One of the first was the Egyptian deity Osiris. He had a hawk's head, upon which he carried the sun set up edgewise. Osiris was a mugwump, and had great political influence. He is dead. Isis, whose photograph was also displayed, was an interesting young lady, both the sister and wife of Osiris. She had the symbol of continued life in her hand, and a youngster in her lap. Her funeral was largely attended. Horus, another god, was little better than a dude. He was born on Christmas. The Egyptians were, for this reason, thoughtless enough to celebrate this day a good many hundred years before Christmas was celebrated by Christians. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum.* Apis appeared as a bull fat enough for beef. His worshipers spoke highly of him. He went down the dark valley *æt.* 25. Thoth was the official stenographer in the court of Osiris, and belonged to the *literati.* His head was that of the ibis. He has laid aside his pen for good. Anubis was the son of Osiris, and acted as conductor for the soul on its passage to the unseen world. He has gone where the good darkies go. Cerberus was a dangerous-looking so-called dog. He had the bodily characteristics of a hippopotamus and the open countenance of a crocodile. He has faded away.

The gods of Greece and Rome were next resurrected—Uranos, the sky, husband of the earth; the Titans, who were strong men; Zeus, or Jupiter, who was the king-pin among the deities; Juno, his consort; Neptune, the ancient mariner; Pluto, the overseer of the infernal regions, whose tropical home makes him an object of envy during the present cold snap; Ceres, a female grain monopolist; Vesta, who builds the fire in the morning that warms the earthly household; Mars, secretary of war and commander of all the military forces of heaven; Vulcan, like Brother John Peck, a learned blacksmith; Hermes, the district telegraph boy, who carried messages for Jupiter, besides being an orator; Aphrodite, or Venus, a very attractiv lady, whose first name, run in with that of Hermes in a Universological way, made Hermaphrodite, after the fashion of unism, duism, and trinism; Bacchus, a bibulous sinner; and others too numerous to mention, who long since laid this burden down.

To these deities, and the legends connected with them, Professor Rawson traced the origin of the Hebrew and Jewish myths and fables. Egypt, he held, was the birthplace of the gods. The Greeks or Romans copied from them, but did not create new deities. They merely improved upon the old ones. They mixed history with mythology to such an extent that it was difficult to separate the gods from the men. The Hebrews did the same thing, as will be seen in many instances in the Old Testament.

The exhibition of pictures, and the subsequent remarks of the professor, occupied the time usually devoted to discussion, and there were no other speakers except Mr. Wakeman, who explained that the subjectiv portion of mythology, in which the forces of nature were recognized and invested with beneficence, was beautiful and commendable. Its objectiv aspect, however, when these forces were represented in wood and stone and worshiped in an idolatrous manner, turned a beautiful idea into a gross superstition. That part of it we should reject, while retaining all there was of the lovable and worshipful.

The club adjourned rather earlier than usual, and the audience went out into the frosty night. Neither Mr. Shook nor Professor Vaughan was present. They were, however, though lost to sight, to memory dear. The next lecture will be delivered by Mrs. E. M. King on "Rational Dress Realized."

The League.

The Campaign Fund.

Already acknowledged,	$2,451.38
W. H. Stevens,	3.50
Herman Berls,	1.00
John Corbet,	1.00
E. N. Ogden,	1.00
Wm. Eaton,	1.00
Jonas Pearson,	1.00
Elmina Slenker,	1.00
A. F. Neunert,	2.00
Chas. Priegnitz,	.75
Wm. Black,	3.00
Wm. Gray, Sr.,	1.00
Mrs. Pauline Van Hoeter,	1.00
Jacob Cretors,	1.00
Peter Clark,	1.00
George Laird,	[illegible]
Alton Friends,	20.00
Toronto Friends,	50.00
	$2,545.63

AMOUNTS PAID.

W. H. Stevens, $3.50; Herman Berls, 1.00; John Corbet, 1.00; E. N. Ogden, 1.00; Wm. Eaton, 1.00; Jonas Pearson, 1.00; Elmina Slenker, 1.00; A. F. Neunert, 2.00; Chas. Priegnitz, 0.75; Wm. Black, 3.00 (one of these for annual membership); Mrs. P. Lillebridge, 5.00 (previously pledged); Wm. Gray, Sr., 1.00; Mrs. Pauline Van Hoeter, 1.00; Jacob Cretors, 1.00; Peter Clark, 1.00.

The Toronto Convention.

A GREAT SUCCESS—THE UNION WITH THE NATIONAL LIBERAL LEAGUE CONSUMATED—THE AMERICAN SECULAR UNION NOW AND FOREVER!

The Convention of the Freethought Association of Canada has just closed, and it has been, in many respects, a remarkable Convention. The best minds of Canada hav come together and set in motion influences that will in time create vast changes. Under the able and arduous labors of Mr. Watts, a new impulse has been given to the Secular movement, and a union of forces has been brought about which redounds not only to his own credit, but to that of his co-adjutors in Toronto and elsewhere. Seven years ago, the first Convention of the Freethinkers of Canada was held, and an organization begun. Since then, from various causes, there has been no annual meeting; and while Freethought and Secularism hav silently grown in many quarters, there has been apparently no public advancement. Nevertheless, many devoted spirits hav preserved the impetus until, in good time, a new movement has been made which to-day is full of the most glorious promis.

I can only giv a bird's-eye view of the Convention and its general results. A more elaborate and particular account will be given in next week's Truth Seeker, and the work of the Convention will be presented to the Liberals of the country, who are, no doubt, thoroughly interested in this combination of American ideas and forces.

On Saturday afternoon, Dec. 13th, the sessions of the Convention began, and Mr. Evans, the able and popular president of the Freethought Association, was chosen chairman of the Convention, and Mr. Risser, a worker in the field, of rare ability and earnestness, was chosen secretary. Committees were then appointed to report business, and the Convention adjourned its formal proceedings until Monday. On Saturday evening there was an informal reception at the rooms of the Toronto Society, No. 9 Opera House Building. There were greetings and a general talk and understanding of the plans of the future. An address of welcome was made by President Evans, who pointed out the brilliant opportunities of the hour. Mr. Putnam, as representativ of the National League, voiced the common sentiment of all the delegates present by declaring that in the almalgamation of all the Liberals of

America, in Canada, and the United States, under the leadership of Robert G. Ingersoll, could be evolved the grandest Freethought organization in the world. After his address, there were songs and short speeches, and a friendly handshake all round.

On Sunday morning a large audience gathered in Albert Hall, and listened to one of Remsburg's masterly lectures. It was a concatenation of solid facts and unanswerable arguments against the position held by the church in regard to the Sabbath. He showed that it was not of divine origin, and if it was, then every Christian was bound to observe Saturday and not Sunday.

He demonstrated that the Sabbath and Sabbath laws were the last entrenchment of ecclesiastical tyranny, and right here we must deal our heaviest blows in the work of destruction. The discourse was delivered in Mr. Remsburg's usually calm but intensely interesting manner, holding the closest attention of his audience and eliciting repeated applause. No man is a more complete master of his subject than Remsburg. He handles it with masterly skill. His array of learning is somewhat astounding, showing the highest class of scholarship and the most arduous research, and the results of his dry study of dusty annals are presented with a rhetorical polish and brightness that charm the unwearied listener.

Mr. Remsburg should be kept constantly at work. He is accomplishing a peculiar and most important mission, as shown by his "False Claims" and "Bible Morals," which are among the most popular—and deservedly so—of our Liberal books. His sustained and noble eloquence gave a vigorous tone to the thought and spirit of the Convention.

In the afternoon, to an audience equally numerous and appreciativ, Mr. Putnam gave his lecture, "The New American Church," in which he outlined the varied work of Secularism in the future, as it brings men together for greater and more consecrated effort.

In the evening the hall was simply overflowing. Every seat was occupied, and many stood up, and, the Toronto *Globe* said, "scores were turned away, having no chance for admission." Mr. Watts has impressed himself deeply upon the community, as was witnessed by this imposing audience. He lectured upon "Freethought: Its Nature, Struggles, and Triumphs." It was received with marked approval, and in its vigorous peroration depicted the victories which are yet to be won in our great movement.

Mrs. Watts, with her usual vivacity and charming skill, gave a recitation, which was received with unbounded applause. Mr. Watts has indeed a noble co-laborer in his wife, who most thoroughly sympathizes with his ideas, and, while having a wonderful talent for the stage, has also intellectual gifts of no common order, and has a keen interest, not only in the triumphs of art, but in the advancement of truth and humanity.

On Monday the real business of the Convention was accomplished. Without entering into details, which will be given next week by another and more capable hand, I will say that the great work of amalgamation of the Canadian societies with those of the United States was accomplished without a dissenting voice. Thus a noble undertaking, begun and carried on by Charles Watts, seconded by the leading Liberals of Canada, has been brought to a successful issue, and a vast impulse will thus be given the American movement, and the power of Freethought, both in Canada and the United States, be doubled. The consummation of this wise and generous plan shows that the American Secular Union has struck the common heart of the Liberals of this country; that from this time henceforward it will be the representativ body; that those who really desire any organization for freedom and humanity must unite with it, as the central working force of advanced thought, which puts into practical shape the best culture and highest hopes and aspirations of every true-hearted reformer. The American Secular Union has vindicated its universality—that it is not a section, but the whole Liberal element of the continent, so far as organized action is concerned. Those who wish to work in an isolated fashion can do so, and no doubt accomplish good; and there will be some independent societies of value and importance; but the comprehensiv American organization that shall combine the East and West, the North and South, in practical unity, is the American Secular Union. The Cassadaga Convention and the Toronto Convention hav joined hands, and the rainbow of promis shines over all departing discords, and hereafter we shall keep step to the music of the Union; and the "accidents of birth," as Mr. Watts in his admirable speech on the adoption of the resolutions said, "will be forgotten in the grandeur and all-embracing glory of that truth which is so dear to all our hearts." Thousands and thousands of Liberals will say Amen, and Amen, to this generous sentiment.

A greater, grander, more effectiv work for Liberalism has not yet been done. All honor to our Canadian brethren for their swift response to our cordial greeting.

The decisiv business of the Convention was wound up on Monday evening by a brilliant entertainment, both musical and dramatic, in which Mr. and Mrs. Watts shone with undiminished luster, while Toronto displayed its really remarkable home talent, and showed how gloriously the genius of Freethought can touch the heart and make life a beauty as well as a duty.

Among the delights of the occasion was the rendition of some parts of an exquisit opera, words and music by one of our noble Freethought writers, Wm. McDonnell. It shows that even now we can begin to write some of the songs of the future.

After the entertainment there was a dance and a supper, and then happy dreams for those who, like myself, did not partake too freely of the luscious things set before them. I hav learned much by experience.

I want to say more about my Canada friends, but cannot just now, for it is almost time for the mail to close. I am now with my good friend Algie, at Alton, and to-morrow there is to be a dedication of the first Freethought Hall in Canada, and next week I shall tell the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER about the good time we shall hav, and the good folks I shall meet. I feel as if I had dropped into a paradise of noble spirits, and I want all Liberals to hav a taste of this heaven on earth, and to realize that we are bound, after all our many struggles, to enjoy the golden hours of success.

Dec. 16, 1884.

A NOTABLE GATHERING.—CONSECRATION OF THE FREETHOUGHT HALL IN CANADA, TO LIBERTY, SCIENCE, AND HUMANITY.—ADDRESSES BY WILLIAM ALGIE, PUTNAM, EVANS, M'DONNELL, BOAS, WATTS, AND OTHERS.

William Algie is one of the remarkable men of Canada; a captain of industry, who has achieved wonderful results in a short time, a true leader he is in the great army of nature, knowing how to master her forces, and develop her wealth. A Scottish lad, at the age of seventeen years he left home with five dollars in his pocket, and now at thirty-four he is one of the prominent mill-owners of Canada, with a property of superior value, the accumulation of his own energy and shrewdness. He is a capitalist, but not a monopolist, for he recognizes the rights of labor, and he treats his employees with sympathy, respect, and absolute justice. A few years ago the site where his house now stands was a barren hill, and the stream where the music of his mill is now heard was an undeveloped water-course. Now it is crowned with a noble residence—two in fact, his father's and his own—and on the banks of the stream, whose power has been utilized, is one of the best woollen mills in the Dominion, where manufactures of the first order are made ready for the market. Such is William Algie, a genuin son of the soil, thrifty, independent, progressiv; a soldier of humanity, a pioneer, not simply of the philosophy of Secularism, but of its tremendous practical power.

But the wonder of it is that there is not one Algie, but several. There is a band of brothers and sisters congregated in this mountain land of Canada, all gifted with the best that Scottish blood can confer from a noble ancestry. Besides William, there is Robert and the Doctor and Miss Aggie Algie, who will make a famous company in the mighty army of the Secular Union. But the laws of heredity are vindicated when we look at the source of this admirable array of talent. The father and the mother, Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Algie, two heroic specimens of manhood and womanhood, who, in humble circumstances, hav made worth victorious. Mr. Matthew Algie has been a workingman, and has never received over $1.25 per day for his labor, and yet he has raised a large family, given his children a good education, fitted some of them for the professions, and to-day enjoys an honorable competence. His wife is one of those grand women who, in the character and success of her offspring, wears a crown more to be reverenced than that of any queen.

So we see, as Mr. Boas in his address declared, that this Freethought Hall was not the creation of to-day, but had the roots of its life away back in the past. In distant years, and on another continent, the streams of thought were started that hav crystallized in this firm structure. When Matthew Algie was a youth in Scotland, a devout member of a Presbyterian church, the minister told his congregation one Sunday that Combe's "Constitution of Man" was the most dangerous enemy of Christianity. This aroused the curiosity of one of his listeners, and he read that book, and by reading it became a Freethinker, gave to his children the benefits of a cultivated reason, and from that sprang this instrumentality of science and progress. So each deed has its fruit, and each thought its outcome in all the tides of human advancement.

On Tuesday morning, after the great Toronto Convention, we came with William Algie to this mountain hight, whereon we think a New Zion is to be established much more beautiful than the old.

We came to Alton in the midst of a blinding snow-storm, and old Boreas made our ears ache, but good cheer and a few sparkling jokes made our way bright, and none the worse for wear, we at last found ourselvs at Liberty Hall—a stately residence on the very highest eminence in the neighborhood—where liberty indeed reigns, for therein is a happy home, whose law is love and whose authority is simple justice. We were introduced to Mrs. William Algie, a royal co-laborer with her husband—a Yankee girl, too—and so Canada can't claim all the credit of this charming paradise. We felt at home at once—and why shouldn't we, in the midst of so much generosity and unconventional civilization.

Wednesday was the eventful day, and from many miles old friends came, and leading Secularists of Canada.

The hall stands on the banks of the river, built of stone and sand from neighboring quarries, in possession of Mr. Algie—a pretty structure, capable of holding four hundred people, with a foundation as lasting as the hills, and the winds and the storms cannot prevail against it. It has come from the heart of nature, and has the strength of nature, and is a symbol of the power of humanity over nature—of the new providence that shall make from the rude material the brilliant cosmos.

The opening exercises were held in the afternoon consisting of music and addresses. The first speech was made by Mr. William Algie himself, who stated what the hall was built for: first, for freedom to hav a place where anything that could conduce to the welfare of humanity would hav an opportunity. The hall was open to such merely by paying the cost. Then there were to be held in the hall regular meetings of the Alton Secular Society, and from time to time there would be lectures on various subjects. Also there would be debating societies, night-schools, and evening classes, and in connection with hall a gymnasium and bathing house. The address of Mr. Algie showed what a matter-of-fact individual he is, and though as enthusiastic as a poet, he knows what kind of a world he livs in and what its needs are, and he does not purpose to waste any time in glittering shams; and thoroughly believing that cleanliness is not only next to godliness, but a little ahead; he means to make this Hall of Science a baptism of humanity, that through the body shall make both head and heart nobler and better.

Mr. Putnam, as secretary of the American Secular Union, gave his impressions of the Freethinkers of Canada, which, I think, by this time most of the readers of this paper know. One thing he said, which was pre-eminently true, namely, that the Freethinkers of Canada, as our good friend D. A. Blodgett, of Michigan, says, hav a certain steadiness of character wrought out of the disciplin and difficulties through which they hav passed that will be of incalculable benefit to our more volatil Yankee spirit. There is a depth and intensity of purpose in the Canadian movement that to me was a surprising pleasure. I feel that the whole movement throughout America will receive from our friends over the line an impulse and strength that will make our work much more effectual.

Mr. Malcolm, of Innerkip, followed—one of those very stanch Freethinkers who, plunging into the forests, made for himself a home, and, wrestling with nature, not only reaped her harvests, but found mental independence. He congratulated the Secular Society of Alton that it had built this edifice, not to fulfil the scripture text that man should walk in the old ways, but to meet the wants of to-day, that man should find out and walk in new ways that should make the world happier.

After Mr. Malcolm came our writer and singer, Mr. Wm. McDonnell, author of "Exeter Hall." He was no orator, he said, but in a few words he voiced the promis of the hour, and the kindling hope of every heart.

After him came one of Canada's notable leaders, Mr. Evans, president of the Canadian Secular Union, who added his generous word and presence to the auspicious proceedings. Then Mr. McFedries gave us many a good laugh, mixed with stirring appeals, and prepared us for the beautiful address of Mr. Boas, who touched upon the deeper meanings of the hour. the far influences of ancestry, and fine processes of evolution, by which this crowning hour was produced.

Finally Mr. Watts gathered up the chain of all these seven speeches, and declared the true aims of Secularism with his powerful oratory which, as one of his listeners afterward said, was "like a tempest." It was a brilliant defense and exposition of those principles of which this building was to be a perpetual vindication.

So closed the afternoon's exercises, a feast of reason and flow of soul.

What shall I say of the evening—a concert, a play, and a dance? The hall was crowded, and everybody was happy. The Beaver band gave the orchestral music, which was quite exhilarating, so much so that I felt like dancing myself, but a serious sense of responsibility prevented—at least, until the chairs were taken away. The good friends of Toronto did their level best to grace the occasion. There was the vivacious Charles Hicks, a real genius in the musical line; a Mr. J. Harrison and Professor Strange, who evoked repeated applause and encores by their skill in rendering both comedy and sentiment; and Mr. Edwards added to the pleasure of the occasion; and James Ward created uproarious laughter by his wonderful impersonation of "Simple Simon," and woman completed the triumph in the recitations of Mrs. Charles Watts, who, after giving "The Gauntlet to Men," was compelled by long-continued applause to giv "The Bridge of Sighs," which showed that, sparkling as she is in comedy, she can voice with musical eloquence the deepest pathos of human life and move to tears as well as smiles. And then we had Miss Jessie Harrison, a bright New England lass, whose magnificent playing upon the piano was a glorious and entrancing display of the union of soul between Canada and the states. It did my heart good to know that even Canada, with all its wealth of talent, must blend with it the graces of our own Yankee girls.

However, the drama was rendered altogether by home talent, and we must say that the little village of Alton is by no means lacking in histrionic genius. Mr. Robert Algie was especially successful, and Mr. Charles Hill in the role of comedy, and William Algie as Captain, and "Frisky," were exceedingly amusing, and Miss Aggie was quite striking, and Fred Hill was by no means backward. All went merry as a marriage-bell. Indeed, there were two weddings, and of course no lack of happiness. The villain was killed, there was a big explosion, and then blue sky and flowers.

Then came the dance, and the spirit of joy and swift music closed the eventful day, and in bright and happy memory, as well as with glowing thoughts of the future, stands the Freethought Hall of Alton, or Hall of Science, as it is named over the entrance, where the artistic skill of James Ward, of Galt, has put into blue and gold its unfading emblazonry.

So it stands, the beautiful hall, on the banks of the busy stream, built by the sacrifice of noble men and women. There it shall stand, in storm and sunshine, in the bosom of these mighty hills, speaking the gospel of nature, proclaiming the dignity of humanity. It shall stand covered with the promis of heaven, not for the skies, but for this world, and amid its accumulating associations in the flow of years shall shine the memory of him, the brightest dream of whose life was the completion of this temple of humanity, but whose life passed to death ere it was fulfilled; but his labors hav helped to make this monument, and in the glowing words of Charles Watts, his epitaph shall be: "He did his work, and he did it well." In memoriam it shall be to Matthew Algie, brother of William Algie. The living and the dead shall be blessed in this reward of their unselfish labors. Yours fraternally,

Dec. 18, 1884. SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

Brief Correspondence.

A. ADLER, Lancaster, Pa., to the chairman of Executiv Committee, C. B. Reynolds: On reading your announcement in THE TRUTH SEEKER, I feel reviving within me intense desire to hav lectures here to animate the scattered and dormant forces of Liberalism in our goodly city of Lancaster, gain additional strength, and finally organize a League. I hav repeatedly tried to accomplish this, but failed, and hav come to the conclusion that nothing can be done here without outside assistance. This assistance, I think, you can render us. I would therefore suggest you write me, naming days—say three—in which it will be convenient for you to be here, and name subject of each lecture, and I will go among the friends and solicit their co-operation, and will then immediately acquaint you with the result.

Communications.

Bacon and Shakspere.

A CHRONOGRAPHIC PARALLEL.

A. D. 1590.

Bacon at 29 has become the bosom friend of the accomplished and rising Earl of Essex, aged 22. Secretary Walsingham dies April 6th, and some time during the year Essex marries his only daughter, Lady Sidney. Bacon's ardent attachment to Essex continues unabated until the earl's final overt act of treason in 1601. To Essex and his betrothed the "Sonnets" of Shakspere, first published in 1609, eight years after the earl's death, are evidently addressed, in the year 1590.

Shakspere at 26 is still unknown, either as an actor or an author. By this time four or five theaters are in existence in London, and several of the Shakspere plays hav been performed.

A. D. 1591.

Bacon at 30 pursues his studies at Gray's Inn, makes an occasional visit to his mother's country seat at Gorhambury, and spends part of his time in retirement on his half-brother Edward's estate, delightfully situated on the Thames, near Twickenham.

Shakspere at 27 is an under-actor. The "Comedy of Errors," "Love's Labor Lost," and other plays hav been performed, but the only notice of Shakspere up to this time is by Spenser:

"Our pleasant Willie, ah, is dead of late."

Mr. White argues that this could not mean Shakspere. He says the name Willie was not uncommonly used merely to mean a poet, and that "the 'Teares of the Muses' had certainly been written before 1590, when Shakspere could not hav risen to the position assigned by the first poet of the age to the subject of this passage, and probably in 1580, when Shakspere was a boy of 16, in Stratford." But Spenser's poem was first published in 1591, soon after his return from a four years' residence in Ireland, and it is unlikely that his description of "the painted theaters" applied to any earlier time. Furthermore, we hav in the "Sonnets" (135, 136, and 143) a most certain recognition of the poet *Will* in 1590. The name is thus italicized in the first edition, 1609.

A. D. 1592.

Bacon at 31 has been a member of Parliament seven years, a Bencher five, and a reader three. Yet he is without practice at the bar, and so straitened for money that he has to get help from the Shylocks. His hope of obtaining some remunerativ employment from the state has been deferred six years, and he grows despondent. To his uncle, Lord Treasurer Burleigh, he writes as follows:

"With as much confidence as mine own honest and faithful devotion unto your service and your honorable correspondence unto me and my poor estate [see Sonnet 29] can breed in a man, do I commend myself unto your lordship.

"I wax now somewhat ancient; one and thirty years is a great deal of sand in the hour-glass [Sonnets 2 and 138, Passionate Pilgrim, 1]. My health, I thank God, I find confirmed, and I do not fear that action shall impair it, because I account my ordinary course of study and meditation to be more painful than most parts of action are [Sonnets 27 and 28]. I ever bare a mind (in some middle place that I could discharge) to serve her majesty, not as a man born under Sol, that loveth honor, nor under Jupiter, that loveth business (for the contemplativ planet carrieth me away wholly), but as a man born under an excellent sovereign, that deserveth the dedication of all men's abilities. Besides, I do not find in myself so much self love, but that the greater parts of my thoughts are to deserve well (if I were able) of my friends, and namely of your lordship, who, being the Atlas of this commonwealth, the honor of my house, and the second founder of my poor estate, I am tied by all duties, both of a good patriot and of an unworthy kinsman, and of an obliged servant, to employ whatsoever I am to do you service.

"Again, the meanness of my estate doth somewhat move me [Sonnets 25, 29, and 37], for though I cannot accuse myself that I am either prodigal or slothful [Sonnets 110 and 111], yet my health is not to spend, nor my course to get.

"Lastly, I confess that I hav as vast contemplativ ends as I hav moderate civil ends; for I hav taken all knowledge to be my province, and if I could purge it of two sorts of rovers, whereof the one with frivolous disputations, confutations, and verbosities, the other with blind experiments and auricular traditions and impostures, hath committed so many spoils. I hope I should bring in industrious observations, grounded conclusions, and profitable inventions and discoveries, the best state of that province.

"This, whether it be curiosity, or vain glory, or nature, or (if one take it favorably) *philanthropia*, is so fixed in my mind as it cannot be removed. . . . And if your lordship will not carry me on, I will not do as Anaxagoras did, who reduced himself with contemplation unto voluntary poverty, but this I will do: I will sell the inheritance that I hav, and purchase some lease of quick revenue, or some office of gain that shall be executed by a deputy, and so giv over all care of service, and become a sorry book-maker or a true pioneer in that mine of truth which (he said) lay so deep.

"This which I hav writ unto your lordship is rather thoughts than words, being set down without all art, disguising, or reservation. . . . From my lodging at Gray's Inn.

Early in this year Bacon's elder brother Anthony returns from France after an absence of ten years, crippled with the gout. The two brothers liv together at Gray's Inn on the most affectionate and confidential footing. Numerous letters from their mother at this time are found among Anthony's papers. She writes Latin and Greek like a college professor, and is an adept in Puritan theology. She can hardly say whether her son's gout, or his association with a suspected Catholic, "were the worse tidings." She trusts that Anthony uses "prayer twice a day," and fears that Francis "is too negligent herein."

Essex is aspiring to distinction and Bacon is studying to help him. Fanciful pageants, or so-called "Devices," are the fashion of the times, gotten up for the entertainment of the queen on festiv occasions. One of Bacon's most notable smaller works composed for such an occasion during this year is a "Discourse in Praise of his Sovereign." Though a rhetorical essay, it has a double purpose. An anonymous attack has been made upon the queen and her advisers, written by a Catholic, and the "Discourse" meets and answers the principal allegations. Later in the same year Bacon embodies the substance of the same oration in a paper entitled "Observation on a Libel published this present year 1592," which is extensivly circulated in manuscript.

As early as 1592, through the interest of Essex, Bacon has the honor of a visit from the queen at his retired lodge near Twickenham, on his half-brother Edward's estate, and he presents her with a sonnet in compliment to that "generous nobleman." Here, also, in after years, the queen honors him with her presence on various occasions, and frequent opportunities occur of addressing other sonnets to his sovereign mistress's eyebrow, though professing "not to be a poet" (Nicl ols's Prog. of Q. Eliz. iii, 190; Holmes's Auth. of Shak., 85).

In the beginning of the next reign the examination of Thomas Phillips discloses the fact that in this year, 1592, there was some important secret correspondence between Spain, Scotland, and the pope, and that with this correspondence "there were acquainted the queen's majesty, the Earl of Essex, Mr. Francis Bacon, Sir William Waad, and Mr. Phillips; the three last being acquainted with it, every man in his turn, as the queen and the earl would employ them" (Spedding's Bacon, 1878, i, 65).

Shakspere at 28 is noticed by the dissipated Robert Green in a pamphlet written shortly before his death:

"There is an upstart crow beautified with our feathers that with his Tygres heart, wrapt in player's hide, supposes hee is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you; and being an absolute Johannes factotum, is, in his owne conceyt, the only Shake-scene in a countrey."

It does not appear that Green recognized Shakspere as a writer of plays; he does not say "*write* out blank verse," as Mr. White infers, but "bombast" it out; and he further describes him as one of "those puppets that speak from our mouths those Antics garnished in our colors."

The "Tygres heart wrapt in a player's hide," is a parody on a line in the "Third part of Henry VI." (Act 1, sc. iv).

"O tiger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide!"

This is one of the earliest plays; Malone believes it was written before 1590, but not by Shakspere, who nevertheless, he thinks, adopted, retouched, and amplified it. But it is not pretended that he changed that line.

John Sphakspere is presented as a recusant "for not coming to church for feare of process for debt."

A.D. 1593.

Bacon at 32 is the legal adviser of Essex, who also employs Anthony as secretary. Essex, Southampton, and other young lords and courtiers, frequent the theaters. Lady Bacon would hav been horrified to know that her sons went to such ungodly places.

Bacon makes his celebrated speech on the Subsidy, March 7th, which defeats Lord Burleigh and offends the queen. He writes a letter in his own defense to Burleigh. It is more of a justification than an apology, and the queen forbids him to come into her presence. He then writes a most despondent letter to Essex, March 30th, in which he says:

"I cannot but conclude with myself that no man ever received [or read] a more exquisit *disgrace*. And therefore truly, my lord, I was determined and am determined, if her majesty reject me, this to do. My nature can take no evil ply; but I will by God's assistance, with this *disgrace of my fortune*, and yet with that comfort of the good opinion of so many honorable and worthy persons, retire myself with a couple of men to Cambridge, and there spend my life in my studies and contemplations, without looking back. I humbly pray your lordship to pardon me for *troubling you with my melancholy*."

Compare the above with the "Sonnets," in which the writer describes, in the very words we hav italicized, his despondent state three years before. For example: "When in *disgrace* with *fortune*." "*Trouble* deaf heaven." "Oppressed *with melancholy*"—("Sonnets," 29, 45).

Bacon's creditors become importunate, and he despairs of preferment. Not liking the profession of the law, he resolves, it possible, to convert his patrimony into an annuity. This cannot be done without the surrender of his mother's interest. Anthony, who is always ready to further his brother's wishes and plans, urges his mother to consent. Lady Bacon loves her sons, and is willing to aid them. But knowing that Francis is an over-trustful and over-indulgent master (which, indeed, was one of his principal weaknesses), she says, "I will not hav his cormorant seducers and instruments of Satan to him committing foul sin by his countenance to the displeasing of God and his true godly fear." She will consent to the arrangement only on condition that she is made manager of her son's finances. Such a condition of relief cannot, of course, be accepted by one who aspires to be the queen's attorney.

Essex would naturally dissuade him from the resolution to retire and become a sorry book-maker, and probably did dissuade him, for straightway we find Bacon seeking the favorable influence of Lord Burleigh through his two sons, Sir Thomas and Sir Robert Cecil. The latter advises him that his best chance of regaining access at court is through Essex, and as early as April 16th Essex has twice earnestly besought the queen on Bacon's behalf. A month later Bacon ventures to write to the queen, hoping to remove her displeasure; on the 2d of June Essex informs him that she is "thoroughly appeased" and he hopes soon to overcome her sole (?) objection to his preferment, namely, his years. The earl "had every motiv," says Mr. Spedding, "for wishing his friend in the higher office. He really believed him to be the fitter man, and he knew him to be affectionately attached to himself."

Essex is now privy councilor, and has correspondents in France and Scotland. Anthony serves him in the capacity of an under-secretary of state, receiving all letters, which are mostly in cipher, and forwarding them (generally through his brother Francis) to the earl, deciphered, and accompanied with their joint suggestions. The three thus form a kind of small Foreign Office, and before the end of the year "all matters of intelligence" are reported to be "wholly in the earl's hands" (Spedding's "Bacon," I., 113).

But by the 24th of August Essex finds that the queen is not "thoroughly appeased" toward Bacon, who, she says, is more in fault than any of Parliament, and for a much less offense would hav been banished forever by her father. Her humor is to delay his near access to her, and yet she would not "lose the use of the ablest gentleman to do her service of any quality whatsoever" (Ibid, 115).

Shakspere at 29 is only an under-actor, nor does he ever, so far as we know, take any higher part than such as old Adam in "As You Like It," and the ghost in "Hamlet." At least nine of the Shakspere plays hav been performed up to 1593, but with no one appearing to claim their authorship. But now appears a published poem, "Venus and Adonis," with a dedication by "William Shakespeare" to the earl of Southampton, aged 20. And soon after it is said that the wealthy earl has given to the actor £1,000 to enable him to purchase a share in the Globe Theater, which is built in the following year.

Mr. White has no doubt that there was a genuin friendship between the earl and the actor, in spite of their difference of rank. What evidence of it is there, aside from the dedication of this and a subsequent poem? Is not the style of the two dedications truly Baconian, and are not the relations between Bacon and Southampton truly expressed in both? As to the first poem, the writer, doubtless truthfully, said, "It is the first heir of my invention." It was perhaps a very early composition; but he had written a more creditable poem three years before, and covertly addressed it to another more precious and beloved friend.

ANTIQUARY.

Colonel Ingersoll Interviewed.

From the Pittsburgh Post.

Col. Robert G. Ingersoll took breakfast at the Union Depot yesterday morning, on his way to Washington from the West. When approached by a *Post* representativ, he said:

"Hav you your conundrums written out?"

The colonel believes that reporters are as liable to make mistakes as he alleges Moses was when he wrote the Pentateuch. To avoid errors he compels the interviewer to write out the questions, and he answers in writing underneath. The reporter wrote on the back of an envelope:

"What changes will Cleveland make in the departmental positions?"

The colonel read it, and wrote the following in Paysonian script on the back of a bill of fare:

"He will investigate the national edifice from the peak of the ridge pole to the floor of the coal cellar. He will rout the army of sinecures that hav been holding the parlor floors, and letting the actual workers roost in the attic. Whether he finds the former few or many, that will be the extent of the change."

"Do you think Blaine will be a candidate in 1888?" wrote the reporter on what was left of the envelope.

The bill of fare again came back adorned as follows:

"It looks as though he was trimming his sails for any favorable breeze that might spring up about that period. Time enough has not elapsed since the election to determin whether Blaine, when crushed to earth, can rise again. He will not show his hand

until the new administration assumes a line of definit action."

The Ancient Tunnel in Samos.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* In an item recently copied by The Truth Seeker from a "Sunbeam," it was stated that a tunnel measuring about 5,000 feet long, and constructed at least nine centuries B.C., had just been discovered by the governor of the island of Samos; that the tunnel was mentioned by Herodotus; and that it served for the supply of drinking water.

When I read the item in the *Sun* I immediately wrote a brief note saying that the aforesaid tunnel was discovered some time ago by a Frenchman named Guerin, who cleared out the sand and stones to the distance of about 1,600 feet. This is stated in a note to Rawlinson's Herodotus, 1872, vol. ii, p. 377.

The *Sun* did not print my communication.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 14, 1884. W. H. B.

Historic Christianity.

From the National Reformer.

I am glad to see that Mr. Forder is taking up the question as to whether Jesus "the Christ" is a historical personage. Some time since, I examined the evidence as fully as I was able, and was thoroughly convinced, against my will, that John the Baptist, Christ, and the twelve Apostles, were entirely fictitious characters; they never existed, even as simple reformers. I do not expect others to accept this on my word, even though I am, like the gospel writers, wholly unknown, for, unlike them, I am putting my name to this "scripture," and so disproving my infallibility. Perhaps the following items of Jewish history, taken chiefly from Josephus, may enable your readers to judge for themselvs. For convenience of reference, I hav placed the name of the reigning emperor over the incidents which occurred under his rule, and hav added the dates of accession and death.

AUGUSTUS. FROM 19 B.C. TO A.D. 14.

Herod the Great died in March, 4 B.C. (soon after the birth of Christ, according to Matthew i and ii), and was succeeded by his sons Archelaus and Herod Antipas.

Archelaus was soon reduced to ethnarch, or nativ magistrate, of half the kingdom. Ten years later he was banished to Gaul by the emperor, and his district was handed over (A.D. 7) to Cyrenius, governor of Syria. Then came the taxation of all Syria. (It is not true that all the world was taxed, as Luke has it.) Judas of Galilee, alias Judas the Gaulonite, with Sadoc, a Pharisee, rebelled against the taxation and proclaimed the kingdom of God, refusing to serve any earthly king. There was great fighting. (This is the time Christ was born, according to Luke ii, some thirteen years after he was born according to Matthew.)

14. TIBERIUS. 33.

Pilate, procurator of Judea. A man led people to Mount Gerism, saying that Moses had left the holy dishes hidden there. Pilate, thinking they were up to some mischief, attacked the crowd and killed the prophet and many of his followers. The Samaritans complained to Vitellus, who put Marcellus in Pilate's place and sent him to Rome. When he arrived there *Tiberius was dead.*

Herod Antipas, who had been in power since 4 B.C., about this time married Herodias, and Aretas, the father of his other wife, not liking to hav his daughter turned out, sent an army against Herod, and dispersed his force. Herod wrote to the Emperor Tiberius, giving his version of the affair. Tiberius then sent orders to Vitellus to attack Aretas and kill him. Before he could do this, he heard at Jerusalem that *Tiberius was dead.*

[If Pilate was sent out of the country at the same time that Herod married Herodias (and killed the Baptist for complaining of the marriage, according to the gospels), how could he (Pilate) crucify Christ three years after, according to Henry Ward Beecher and others?]

33. CALIGULA. 41.

38. Josephus was born. Herod Antipas was banished to Gaul.

41. CAIUS OR CLAUDIUS. 54.

Cuspius Fadus, procurator of Judea. In his time another impostor, called Theudas, appeared. (Acts v, 36, blunders by putting his messianic disturbance before that of Judas of Galilee, A.D. 7!)

Felix, procurator. Impostors lured people into the wilderness. One of them came out of Egypt ("out of Egypt hav I called my son"), and said he would call from the Mount of Olives, and the walls of Jerusalem would fall down. Felix killed many of his followers, and the pretender disappeared.

Still there was rioting and incendiarism by the followers of the impostors.

54. NERO. 68.

Festus, procurator of Judea. An impostor lured people into the wilderness. He was killed with many of his followers. (Ant. xx, 8–10.)

Albinus, procurator. About the year 63, *Jesus*, the son of Sapphias, was a leader of robbers about Tiberias. With his two friends, John and Simon, he conspired against Josephus, who was then keeping order for the Romans. He was, however, betrayed to Josephus and forsaken by his men. Josephus let him go, but kept 70 of his men as hostages. These men were poor people, and *fishermen of Galilee.* This Jesus tried to carry out by the sword the tenets of Judas of Galilee, who had appeared in the time of Cyrenius.

About the same time (A.D. 63) a man appeared at the feast of Tabernacles who was possessed by a "divine fury." He wandered about crying "Woe unto Jeruralem," and continued his wail for seven years and five months. The Sanhedrim arrested him as a public nuisance, and scourged him to make him leave off, but he would not do so.

68. GALBA. 68.

68. OTHO. 68.

69. VITELLIUS. 69.

69. VESPASIAN. 79.

At last, at the seige of Jerusalem, this "meek and lowly Jesus" was killed by a stone. Just before the stone hit him (perhaps when he saw it coming) he called out, "And woe unto me also."

79. TITUS. 81.

81. DOMITIAN. 96.

93. Josephus wrote his "Antiquities of the Jews." [His parents and other relations lived at Jerusalem through the crucifixion period, yet he, in his long and invaluable history, never mentions either John the Baptist or Christ. Indeed he denies their existence by saying "these," *i. e.*, the Pharisees, Saducees, Essenes, and the followers of Judas of Galilee, "are the sects of Jewish philosophy." It is true that short paragraphs are now to be found in his history, referring to Christ and John the Baptist, as well as to James, the brother of the Lord, but those referring to Christ are acknowledged by Christians to be Christian forgeries, though they are left in to deceive the unwary; whilst those referring to the Baptist, etc., are equally forgeries inserted by men who could not do without his history, yet were horrified to find that he, like all other historians of the period, was silent regarding their myths.]

96. NERVA.

98. TRAJAN associated.

117. HADRIAN. 138.

Bar Coceb was the last of the messiahs, and was accepted by the Jews as a deliverer. The result of his endeavors to throw off the Roman yoke was that Palestine became a wilderness, and remains so until this day.

Thus we see that Cnrist, who had two sets of ancestors on the male side (for Joseph had two fathers, Jacob and Heli, see Matt. i, 16, and Luke iii, 23), and who had no father, was not only as old as his father (Athanasius), but was born without a mother before the worlds were made (Arius), and was also born twice in Palestine, with an interval of about thirteen years. ("Ye must be born again.") He was crucified four times, once when he was very young (see Clement of Alexandria), once when about thirty-one years of age (Justin Martyr, Henry Ward Beecher, etc.), again when he was thirty-three (according to the orthodox of to-day), and yet again when he was over fifty years of age (Irenæus). Perhaps this was the time he was crucified in Egypt (Rev. xi, 8). Then we are told that he was slain and hung on a tree (Acts v, 30). Yet at the time he is generally supposed to hav suffered at Jerusalem, Pontius Pilate was not in that part of the world at all. The Gospel of Barnabas says that Judas Iscariot was crucified in his stead, but Justin says Judas was crushed to death by a chariot. Will this last account for his falling headlong and his bowels gushing out (Acts i, 18), or for his hanging himself (Matt. xxvii., 5)? Altogether it would be difficult to find anywhere a fairy tale more difficult to swallow. Yet we are told that "he that believeth not shall be damned."

Several of the ancient Christian sects believed that Christ had no real body, and I think they were not far wrong, for, if he had been anything more than "pneuma," his contemporaries would hav told us of the great deeds which "were noised abroad through all the land of Judæa." As Mrs. Besant says, all these marvelous events "left no ripple on the current of contemporary history." Why? Because they never took place. Between Judas the Gaulonite and Bar Coceb appeared some fifty "False Christs," most of them about the time of the siege of Jerusalem. Yet none of them tried to pass themselvs off as Jesus the Christ come back again, as they would hav done if a reformer of that name had promised to return before the last day.

We see, then, that there was no lack of germs ready to swell out into full-grown fairy tales like the one which has come down to us from an age perhaps more full of credulity, miraculous ignorance, and pious fraud, than even our own.

If, then, there was no crucifixion, it is surely a great mistake for Freethinkers to admit the myth as historical; it only helps to bolster up what Harriet Martineau rightly named "the last of the mythologies."

Edward Irving.

Catalog of the Truth Seeker Company's publications sent free upon application.

Liberal Funerals.

The subject of "Liberal Funerals" is occasionally discussed through the columns of The Truth Seeker and also others of our Liberal papers, and I hope the agitation will continue until there is a revolution in the manner of conducting funerals. To me there is nothing more inconsistent than to see a Liberal, one who is of us, who, no sooner than death steals a loved one from the family circle, will send right off for an "orthodox" minister to come and perform the last sad duties over the remains, and, as is so often the case, disgrace the living and insult the memory of the dead. Such Liberals only help to hold back the cause we love, and it is a mistake for them to suppose that their Christian friends love and respect them more for such action. If our Freethought principles are worth living for, and good enough to liv by, they are good enough to *die* by, is my motto, and shall be until reason is dethroned. I know what it is to mourn (as you do, Mr. Editor,) and if there is anything that will take the sunshine from a young and happy manhood, beauty and fragrance from the flowers, and change the whole aspect of nature and and of life, 'tis when love's golden chain is severed by the hand of death. Our Christian friends tell us that "God's ways are not our ways," and that "he has robbed my home of its treasure" that I may "come to Jesus and be saved." I tell them that may be God-like, that may be Christianity, but it is not Humanity; and if there be a God, he can punish me if he will, but he cannot, on such conditions, make me love him. More than this, I tell them their heaven would hav no joy for me, when, according to their plan, she whom I hav loved has been sent the other way, for goodness I consider as no *essential* part of Christianity. "Salvation by faith," "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ," is their great panacea. They place faith above reason. I cannot accept it; it misleads and deludes, and Jesus of whom they preach, as I believe, eludes them in the end. "He has been too long dead." No flowers bloom there for me. From out his cold and pulseless heart no love-lit fires do I see ascending, like those glowing in Humanity's breast.

I hav said, "It is a mistake for Liberals to suppose that Christians will think more of them for burying their dead after the orthodox rule." Now, so far as my observation and knowledge extend, this is the case, as there has been a number of Liberal funerals about here, and our Christian friends say: "We will giv you credit for being consistent; if you really believe what you profess to, we like to see you carry it out." I tell you, "the times that try men's souls" are not yet over. Liberals must rise above the fear of orthodox Christians, or their manish god, and dare to be themselvs.

Some Liberals giv as an excuse for employing an orthodox minister at funerals that the Liberal speakers are out of reach and cannot be procured in time. This may be true; yet I venture to affirm there is scarcely a village or neighborhood of intelligent, thinking people but what contains some friend and lover of humanity who, if requested to, would offer a few words of sympathy, drop a few tears and a few flowers over a departed friend, and in this way help make respectable the cause which needs the support of every true friend of progress and reform. I know it is hard making an innovation on old-established customs, but when once started in the right, we will find, as has been said before, that "the clergy are the most useless class of people in this country," and that we can get along without them.

'Tis not that I am anxious to hav funerals take place, by any means, that I write these lines; but when such times come, as come they will, I want the Liberals to see to it that their friends are represented in sentiment. Do not, I implore you, be frightened by the false plea of "respect for others." Let us respect ourselvs, and by so doing, it seems to me, we cannot better respect others.

Of course the clergy will cry out against us, and will do, and are doing, all in their power to hold back the tide of knowledge and free inquiry.

"But they cannot dam the current,
It is sweeping on to-day,
Carrying truth and reason onward,
Letting creed and dogma stay."

A. H. Thurston.

Burr Oak, Mich., Nov. 23, 1884.

The *Christian Socialist* for December givs the following extract from "Ouida," which may serve as a commentary on the fetes and bazars at which princes and princesses disport themselvs: "You profess to follow Christ. How hav you the poor with you? The back of their garret, the roof of their hovel, touches the wall of your palace, and the wall is thick. You hav dissipations that you call charities; you hav a tombola for a famin, you hav a dramatic performance for a flood, you hav a fancy fair for a leprosy. Do you never think how terrible it is, that mockery of woe? Do you ever wonder at revolutions? Why do you not say honestly that you care nothing? You do care nothing. The poor might forgiv the avowal of indifference; they will never forgiv the insult of affected pity."

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A Methodist Squints toward a New Inquisition.

There was a time in the life of Christianity when unity of belief was enforced by fire and rack. That was when Rome ruled supreme. The Reformation did not wholly do away with this Christian custom. The Reformers also used fire and sword to impress their creed upon doubters. But the tendency of Protestantism is toward larger individual liberty of opinion, because the heretics hav been busily engaged in pushing the pendulum from the verge of the popish arc to the other extreme. A writer in the official organ of the Methodist church now rises to deplore this, and urges that the pendulum has been swung too far. Imperious Rome, he says, must now allow liberty. Religious toleration prevails, and, he alleges, good-will abounds between Protestant sects. In proof of this he cites that at the close of the Christian Workers' Convention, held some years since in Brooklyn, there was general hand-clasping as "Say, brothers, will you meet me?" was sung. Dr. Cuyler says he saw one of Dr. Storrs's deacons and a Quaker and a Methodist standing with clasped hands, and flanked by a Baptist and a Presbyterian.

To further show how the most demoralizing toleration prevails, the writer instances six more occurrences. The first is that when Dr. Rexford, "a Universalist, was to be installed in San Francisco, some years since, prayers were offered by a Unitarian and Presbyterian; scripture was read by a Jewish rabbi; the sermon was preached by a Congregationalist. 2d. A Methodist bishop was lately invited to be present at the dedication of a synagog, or at least to telegraph congratulations. 3d. The trustees of a Methodist Episcopal church hav repeatedly allowed a Unitarian conference to occupy their auditorium. 4th. On a recent Easter, an Episcopalian congregation, temporarily worshiping in a synagog in New York city, celebrated there the Lord's resurrection. 5th. We cannot but mention incidentally a curious analogy. In Japan the leaders of two opposit heathen faiths hav clubbed together to publish a periodical which they call *The Two Religion Magazine.* 6th. But the *ultima Thule* was reached by the Unitarian conference in New York city in 1868, when, by formal and unanimous vote, it swept away 'all creeds and forms of doctrin, and welcomed all forms of *unbelief* as well as *belief* to their fellowship and work.'"

The tendency indicated by these circumstances is, the writer thinks, alarming. This loosening of denominational ties he is afraid will convert Christianity into what Emerson calls "a mush of concession." It will also fulfil the prophecy of Hawthorne, and put "Protestantism in need of a new apostle to convert it into something positiv." It is a "latitudinarian tendency" which is expressed in the sentiment, "It matters not what a man believes so he is sincere." This sentiment he denounces, and declares that it "ought to hav a quick and flat denial. It has done harm enough already. Evangelical pulpits, platforms, Sunday-schools, literature, conversation, ought to ring out a sharp disavowal. The fallacy is easily exposed. It is the substitution of sincerity for truth. It would make Saul of Tarsus as good as Paul the Apostle in spite of his protest. It esteems faith an unimportant matter, while the Bible pictures it as the sublimest act of the soul, and the want of it a crime. Again, the vaunted 'rightness of life,' which is a substitute for a correct 'mode of faith,' is only morality. It is only part of what is 'required of man.' Spirituality is greater than morality, for it includes it, and to the spiritually-minded alone life and peace are promised."

There is a bigotry about this writer that would be amusing were he not in deadly earnest, and were not the Methodist church a powerful body and so very likely in its conservatism to ally itself with the Catholic church, once its most hated enemy, but now spoken of by it with respect. The feeling "that it is a matter of indifference to what church one belongs," he says, is succeeded by the feeling that "it is of no consequence if one is out of the church altogether." He wants to see the denominational ties tightened, and the members instructed in the history of the "worthies" of the sect, and with "their sectarian achievements." And he further desires the trinitarians to imitate the positivness of Dr. Priestley, when he exclaimed: "I do not wonder that you Calvinists entertain and express a strongly unfavorable opinion of us Unitarians. The truth is, there neither can nor ought to be any compromise between us. If you are right, we are not Christians at all; and if we are right, you are gross idolaters."

There is a moral to all this. Its writing at this time is significant; its publication in the official organ is a sign that there are those high in the church who agree with the writer. In the coming smash-up of Protestantism will these retrogressionists be able to take the Methodist body back to the "good old days" when the Wesleyans asserted that those who disbelieved in witchcraft discredited the scriptures; when Quakers were whipped at carts' ends—the ministers standing by the while, and then preaching a series of sermons beginning with the goodness of God, and closing, as this writer says, "in the one hundred and seventy-first discourse," with the happiness of the saved in heaven? It certainly looks as though they would try.

Was there a Historical Jesus?

We reprint from the *National Reformer* an able article on their question of Jesus's historic appearance in this vale of tears. Mr. Irving, the writer, concludes that while there were almost innumerable false messiahs, there could hav been no real Christ. We are moved to print this at this time by receiving a paper containing a portion of a sermon by the Rev. T. B. Furbish, of Detroit. Mr. Furbish presents what evidence he knows of for and against his savior, and concludes, as every good minister is bound to do, that there *was* a historic Jesus. But the evidence he givs makes the conclusion arrived at so ridiculous that it is at once apparent that it is a bread-and-butter decision and not a judicial one. This reason is, "I believe," and his reasons for believing are:

> "The gospel history must somehow hav had an origin. It is not possible to suppose Paul was deceived. No deceiver ever wrote such tremendously earnest letters, or died for lies. Paul was the most egregious humbug unless there was a Jesus behind. It has been said that it would take a Jesus to imagin a Jesus. Be that as it may, Jesus is a historic person, and his teachings hav echoed down the centuries and changed half the world. A man who could so influence the world must be one in whose ears rang the celestial music. There was a historic Jesus."

What reasons! The gospel must somehow hav an origin! no deceiver (not even Joe Smith?) could hav written such earnest letters as Paul; *ergo*, Paul was no deceiver; and, because he was not a deceiver, Jesus existed! What reasons, and what reasoning! And this after he had given the *per contra* view. What a set of babes and dolts he must hav taken hav taken his congregation to be! Such drivel after this evidential epitome:

"What," he asks, "do we know of the man Jesus?" And he answers: "Very little, indeed. We hav some sketches. *These cannot be relied on as correct.* History, as history, knows next to nothing of Jesus. There is no image, no picture, no trace of him outside the New Testament. Josephus is supposed to make mention of him on two different occasions. One of these mentions attributed to Josephus has long since been proven spurious. Of the other there are grave doubts entertained of its authenticity. Tacitus and other writers of that period make merest mention of him. How marvelous that those who were wont to write of everything of importance should fail to record this prodigious event! In the New Testament there is nothing of historic value with the exceptions of the writing of Saul of Tarsus. He is the chief of Christian writers, yet what does he tell us of Jesus? What he tells ought to be relied on, but it is very little. Of the human life of Jesus he barely speaks, but his ideal of Jesus was of a grander and more sublime type. It was so much an ideal that the human life and its relationships drop out of sight.

"*The authenticity of the writings ascribed to Peter James, and John are very doubtful.* From their contents it is more than probable that they were written at least seventy-five years after the death of Jesus. The whole mass of epistolary writings are wonderfully bare of a historic Jesus. What exists is meager and only of the idealistic kind that has driven the man out of sight, as has been the case for the following eighteen centuries

"*We cannot accept the gospel as historic proof.* No anonymous writings can be accepted as such. They are the work of men probably two centuries later than Christ's time. Ecclesiastical tradition is not historic certainty. There is no certain historic proof of their existence in the present shape until the middle of the second century. The internal proofs of the gospels themselvs also point strongly to that period."

Yet there was a historic Jesus! And still the wonder grows that a man balancing the pros and cons, and finding the scales sink down in this way, can yet assert that the heavenward-going scale contains the weightier matter. Such a man could even find in Mr. Irving's article further reason for believing in a historic Jesus.

Mr. Heber Newton, Infidel.

"I suppose you hav heard that Heber Newton has begun again with those shameful assaults of his on the Pentateuch?"

"Yes, and I suppose the poor dear bishop will hav to let him go on and daren't say a word or do anything to stop him. I tell you, my dear Mr. Loosely, there is no such thing as true religious liberty in this country while a bishop's hands are tied up in such a perfectly absurd way!"

The foregoing imaginary conversation from *Puck* exhibits the "state of mind" of the preachers of this city over Mr. Newton's most recent onset upon the alleged holy books. Mr. Newton's sermon, two weeks ago, was upon the "Messianic Superstition," in which he took the Rationalistic ground that the Jewish idea of a Messiah was but a dream of political power—the looked-for coming of a man who should redeem the Jews from the thraldom of the Romans. A political, and not a religious, reformer was expected. "The traditional doctrin of Christ's second advent was in the air, waiting to crystallize around Jesus. He was received at first by his followers as the Hebrew Messiah. They were ever expecting him to set up the throne of a political Messiah. His death, which for a while broke the spell of his power, was thought by them to be the carrying out of the popular belief of Israel. He would then come shortly. He might come any day, at any hour. This was the inspiring belief of the early Christians. But it was essentially the Jewish dream of Utopia."

About a year ago Mr. Newton preached sermons in which were sentiments similar to these, and the Rev. Dr. Buel, the Rev. Dr. DeCosta, and the Rev. Dr. Randolph McKim, fellow Episcopalians, made a formal complaint to Bishop Potter that the sermons were heretical according to the faith of the church to which they all belonged. Bishop Potter asked Mr. Newton to keep his heresy a little quiet. The bishop thought he could disciplin Mr. Newton if he would, but he did not want to raise hard feelings, because the church would suffer, and *wouldn't* Mr. Newton be so kind as to spare the bishop the trouble? Asked in this gentle manner, Mr. Newton would and did. Now that he has resumed his heretical lectures, his orthodox brethren are again grieved in spirit, but their experience of last winter makes them hopeless of getting Mr. Newton tried by his church. When Dr. Buel was asked the other day if he had read the published abstract of Mr. Newton's Sunday sermon on the "Messianic Superstition," he replied that he had. "Is there anything in it to call for action by the church?" "You had better ask the bishop about that. I won't do anything more about it. Mr. Newton is evidently going off into broad Infidelity. He is becoming an Infidel, according to the teachings of our church, but it is not now my duty to take any steps." The Rev. Mr. McKim said he had read the abstract of the sermon, but he had heard of the proposition to prosecute Mr. Newton. He thought such a step was not likely to be taken under the circumstances.

So much, at least, has been gained in the Episcopal church of this city. A man can speak his honest thoughts and not be burnt, or even tried, for heresy. Who shall say the world is not moving?

Immorality of Catholic Priests in Canada.

The Canadian priests are following the bad example set by the Italian clerics. The province of Quebec is known as the paradise of priests, and some startling revelations are being made as to what that paradise consists of. A dispatch from Montreal itemizes a few particulars.

A short time ago the preacher at the bishop's cathedral was removed from the pulpit in a helpless state of intoxication, and a few days later made a further exhibition of himself in the most fashionable street in the city. This young priest, who is a son of one of the most respected judges in the country, has since been banished to a monastery in France.

No sooner had the scandal in this case abated than the parish priest of Varennes, a pretty little village on the St. Lawrence a short distance from Montreal, was brought into court by a prominent citizen of the place, who charged his father confessor with estranging the affections of his wife, and with other sins considered by the church as mortal. A criminal action was instituted, but political influence was brought to bear upon the magistrate, and he refused to issue the warrant, and the husband is therefore compelled to seek redress before the civil courts. A little later the Catholics of the province were scandalized by the arrest of Father Toupin, the parish priest of Antoine Abbey, who is charged with desecrating the confessional and with other offenses unfit for publication. In addition to these cases several instances hav recently occurred which are opening the eyes of the educated Catholics of the province to the fact that the management of the asylums and other institutions conducted by the Sisters of Mercy is not just what it should be. The startling fact that a sane woman can be confined in a lunatic asylum for three years to gratify the vengeance of an unfaithful husband, as proved by the recent trial of Mrs. Lyman, has also had the effect of arousing the public mind to the dangers attending institutions conducted by nuns, with no proper system of government or medical inspection. Further astounding revelations are promised concerning the management of the now famous Longue Pointe Asylum.

While condemning the men who are guilty of these crimes, the people should not forget to condemn the system of religion which makes such long concealment possible. When once strongly established in a country, Catholicism resolves itself into license for its leaders, and their nunneries and asylums are cloaks that hide the grossest licentiousness and the most cruel crimes. The confessional is a scheme that makes the ruin of women easy, besides giving the priest a hold on his superstitious victim that generally shields him from punishment. The true remedy for all this beastliness is the education of the people above their religion. Then there will be no meat for the bloated vultures to feed upon.

Is This True?

The New York *Sun* says that a movement is on foot in Chicago to prosecute for blasphemy the speakers at a recent Freethought meeting. The test case, it says, is likely to be made of the orator who called in question the goodness of "God." The words are given: "When I was a boy," he said, "my mother taught me to say, 'Our Father who art in heaven;' and, so far as I know, he has never left there."

We can hardly believe that Christians stupid enough to lay a prosecution on that charge can be found in any city. Unless they get one of their own number upon the bench, the case would be thrown out of court.

But what a multitude of blasphemers a conviction upon such an indictment would make!

Editorial Notes.

In Chicago, every Thursday, in the county court, people alleged to be insane are brought for trial before a jury of six, as required by law. Of six examined recently, three proved to hav been crazed by religious excitement.

A Young Men's Christian Association paper, the *Watchman*, records that "one town in Illinois, with a population containing three thousand young men, on a recent Sunday had, by actual count, one hundred and forty young men in attendence at the Protestant churches in the morning, and one hundred and sixty-one in the evening. On the previous evening, *one hundred and five* young men entered a single saloon in this city in only one hour, and there were *thirty-six* more saloons open at the same time." This state of affairs moves the Chicago *Express* to remark that "we hav said before, and we say again, that if the church was what it professes to be, such a condition of society as is indicated by the above could not be. The church has lost the respect and confidence of the youth of the country, because it deserves to lose it; because it has become an asylum for the respectable criminal class; the gamblers in grain and stocks, the extorters of usury, the oppressors of the poor."

At present the *Index* is living upon the vinegar of quoted criticism, which it mixes to the consistency of mud with its own innuendoes. Why in the name of common sense can it not buckle down to its own peculiar task of never saying anything to displease the preachers, and let other people alone to do their work? The world is wide, and no one would ever stumble upon the *Index* if it did not obtrude itself upon their notice.

The pope is losing his grip on Western Europe. He has published a pontifical letter against divorce, hoping to stem the current of opinion which is setting in favor of divorce in Italy, but the press and people ridicule his efforts. France has established liberal divorce laws, and the Italian parliament is considering a most sensible bill of the same nature. The pope is too late with his semi-bull. He is living in the nineteenth, not the fifteenth, century.

The breaking-up process in Protestant theology is still going on. At a Baptist ministers' weekly conference in this city, a few days since, one of them contended that "it was not a person's belief in all the dogmas of any system of theology which should be made the test of his fitness for church-membership or for the ordinance of baptism, but his belief in the great truths given in the scriptures." "Great truths given in the scriptures" sounds well, and there is no particularity to the statement to come back and embarrass the orator.

Dr. Joseph Simms has returned from Australia, and is now lecturing on the Pacific coast. The *San Franciscan* of recent date contains evidence of his continued study of the human features, in the shape of a long illustrated article on the physiognomy of the eyes. Mr. Simms is a very entertaining writer and speaker, and his "Nature's Revelations of Character" has become a standard work among physiognomists. He is a good Freethinker withal, and does some good work in a quiet way at opening the eyes of the superstitiously blind, as well as describing the eyes that accompany peculiar character.

Gov. Abbett, of New Jersey, with the balance of the riparian commission of that state, were investigating the oyster business last week with a view to recommending to the legislature such laws as should protect the oystermen in the possession of beds planted by themselvs. After absorbing the information imparted by the dozen nativs, the governor said: "The present law as to the ownership of oysters seems to be that the fellow that gets 'em has 'em." "Yes," broke in an old veteran, "up here on the coast a ways there ain't a church-member but what steals oysters. It's like the congregation here once that heard the gun of a ship in distress during sermon time. They all started for the door. 'Hold on!' cried the preacher, 'Let's all hav a fair start.'"

When Moody was in Milwaukee, he preached a sermon on Sabbath observance. One of the first things to be done, he declared, in securing the desired regard for the Sabbath was to put a stop to the publication of Sunday newspapers, suspend the running of street cars and railway trains on that day, prevent business men from attending to office work, induce bookkeepers to select some other day for "posting up," etc., etc. One reason for there being so many dishonest clerks and defaulters, he believed, was that the class of workmen implicated were permitted to work on Sunday. If they would rob the Lord of his day, they would steal from their employers He pitied the minister who had to preach to a congregation which had but a short time previously been engaged in digesting a Sunday paper; for a man who had been perusing the news from all parts of the world was in no condition to appreciate a sermon. But the evangelist forgot to excoriate the preachers who earn their salaries by working on Sunday.

Quoting from the *North American Review*, "that the thinking minds of to-day are drifting away from the religious beliefs and dogmatic theology of the past, that the wave of skepticism affects the orthodox church itself, and that the great body of orthodox religious doctrins known as systematic theology are about to go to wreck with the mythology of Greece and the belief in witchcraft," *Zion's Day Star* says: "Truer words could not be uttered. There seems to be but little faith in most of the teachings of to-day, or in the creeds of orthodox bodies. The professed church at large seems to be losing her hold upon the people to a great extent, and many of her members are now dropping off, while the truth of many assertions previously admitted are now seriously questioned. So unpopular has become the *hideous* doctrin of the eternal torment of countless millions in hell, that it is seldom mentioned. The time was when people were frightened into the nominal church by fear, but that time is past, for people no longer believe that God is a tyrant who delights in the destruction of nine-tenths of all creatures he made."

The Dennison *Sunday Gazette* is a pretty good Infidel journal. In the last issue we find in addition to The Truth Seeker editorial on "Figures that Lie," the following good hit at the church: "The history of the Christian church has pretty thoroughly demonstrated that in proportion as the church has increased in unity, wealth, and power, the progress of the masses, intellectually and morally, has been retarded. The 'Reformation' liberated in a great measure the great mass fo the people in Germany and England from a grinding ecclesiastical despotism, but it was done at the expense of church unity, and the work of disintegration has been going on ever since. Protestants are ready enough to acknowledge the correctness of this proposition when applied to the Catholic church, but many of them, singular as it may seem, cannot realize that the Methodist church, or any other religious organization which makes 'belief' a requisit to salvation, would be as intolerant if given the opportunity that venerable church possessed so many centuries. The thoughtful Christian, who sincerely wishes to see the right of private judgment in religious matters maintained, and church and state kept entirely separate and distinct, as the fathers of the republic so wisely intended they should be, will look upon all schemes to bring about church unity with distrust."

Literary Notes.

St. Paul-Minneapolis has an illustrated weekly of the style of *Puck* called *The Portrayer*. It is bright with cartoons, sharp with wit, and independent in its editorials. The two cities that it joins will perhaps reap as much benefit from the publication of *The Portrayer* as *The Portrayer* will from the inhabitants of the two cities.

Of one of our recently published pamphlets *Lucifer* says: "An Antidote Analyzed, showing the folly of a religious quack, by H. Clay Luse, of Waynesburg, Pa., comes to us from the prolific press of the Truth Seeker Company, and is well worth its cost, ten cents, as an eye-opener for the people who usually depend upon the religious and political press for their information concerning Freethought and Freethinkers."

The Missouri *Liberal* appreciates The Truth Seeker's efforts to help the young Liberals of the country to attractiv and valuable literature: "The Truth Seeker will hav ready for New Years a new book for children and youths, by Miss Susan H. Wixon, editor of the Children's Corner in The Truth Seeker, entitled the 'Story Hour.' It contains nearly 300 pages, and is 8x10 inches in size, with 66 full page illustrations, and 25 smaller ones, and 34 stories in large type. Liberals everywhere should encourage this new departure with their patronage. This will be a beautiful and appropriate present for the children. Price, $1.25 each, or $2.00 for two. Address, The Truth Seeker, 33 Clinton Place, N. Y."

The publishers say that the January number of the *North American Review* is an excellent one. It presents no very famous names among its contributors, but it offers a wide variety of unusually readable articles. We are now so safely over the crisis of the presidential election that men of all parties can consider calmly Bishop Huntington's essay on "Vituperation in Politics," and it is to be hoped that what they learn from it will not be forgotten four years hence. Under the title, "The Reunited South," Henry Watterson presents with great clearness the Southern and Democratic view of the political situation as it now stands. This also is extremely interesting to every citizen, whether he agrees with Mr. Watterson or not. Another question of universal concern, which some think will soon make itself a national issue, is that of labor and its compensation; and Col. Hinton, in "American Labor Organizations," shows with what equipment it will take the field. But the article that the literary reader will first turn to is Frederick Harrison's brilliant and incisiv discussion of Froude's "Life of Carlyle;" while the religious or philosophical reader will find in Courtney's "Socrates, Buddha, and Christ," specific statements and quotations of those parallel doctrins that are so often vaguely alluded to. For the scientific reader, Mr. Proctor discusses learnedly "Herschel's Star Surveys," and Professor Le Conte presents and explains some curious facts in relation to "The Evidence of the Senses." Mr. Mulhall's paper on "The Increase of Wealth" is a successful endeavor to render large masses of figures popularly intelligible.

Mrs. Slenker's opinion of Miss Wixon's new nove is expressed in the last *Investigator:* "'All in a Lifetime,' by Miss Susan H. Wixon, is just the thing for the coming holidays. It will suit both old and young. It is a genuin love story, and yet full of the best kind of essays on temperance, morality, honor, industry, theology, and all that interests and instructs the average man and woman, boy or girl. It is real life, and just as charming as a fairy tale. The joys and sorrows, loves and hates, and clouds and sunshine of many lifetimes are all set before us like a vivid panorama, charming our attention clear to the end, where we draw a deep sigh and long for more, which, not being found, we go back and once more review the fascinating and favorit passages. While you find no direct attack upon the Christian religion as a whole, you are pleased at the deft way in which the theological teachings of creedlings are contrasted with the practical philosophy of real thinkers and doers. You find missionaries and ministers weak and wicked, while 'this world's' workers prove strong, sterling, and true. The one preaches love, charity, and godliness, and practices selfishness, meanness, and actual crime; while the other teaches every moral virtue, and livs them out in daily deeds. 'All in a Lifetime' shows us that a man or woman may be a sincere believer in God, heaven, and hell, belong to a church, and be in good standing among the brethren and sisters, and yet be cruel as the grave, and wicked as a demon. And, on the other hand, it proves that a good, moral life, with the motto, 'One world at a time,' leads to the highest, best, and truest morality, and the purest happiness. The sublime teachings of Confucius are quoted, proving him to hav been a far better preacher of practical truths than Moses or his God, or than was this God's only begotten son. In fine, this book givs us the cream of all reforms, embracing heredity, woman's equality, and right generation. I hope thousands of copies of this book will be bought as Christmas gifts, and I am sure no prettier or more useful book will be hung on a Christmas tree or put into a stocking in the old chimney corner." We hav a full supply of "All in a Lifetime," and will mail them promptly upon receipt of the price, $1.50.

Only women will be employed by the clerk of the Georgia legislature to perform clerical work hereafter, a resolution to that effect having been adopted by an "overwhelming vote." The Montgomery *Advertiser* says: "In the debate on the resolution it was contended that all avenues of employment should be open to women, who had no voice in the government, yet obeyed its laws and paid its taxes. The vote was overwhelming. Maybe the Alabama legislature will progress up to this point in the sweet time to come."

Letters from Friends.

LEAVENWORTH, KAN., Dec. 1, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Much has been said in regard to prohibition both pro and con, and we think much remains to be said before the matter is settled, if it ever is. Therefore I wish to giv my opinion. When the question first began to be agitated in this state, I was rather inclined to favor it, knowing there was a great evil in the rum traffic, and was desirous of having it controled or stopped altogether, but wishing to see both sides, I climbed upon the fence to look into the opposit camp. On so doing I found as many good people there as in the prohibition ranks, and by inquiring of them why they opposed prohibition, I found they had many good reasons for so doing. But being loth to giv up my first opinion, and surely not wishing to do so if right, I hav sat on the fence nearly ever since, getting all the information possible on the subject, but finally being convinced that the prohibitionists, though perhaps well meaning, were pulling at the wrong end of the string to untangle the knot, and so were drawing it tighter and making it worse, I got down on the opposit side into the anti-prohibition camp, but still claim to be a temperance man, believing temperance to be a moderate use of a thing, and not the abuse of it. As to controling a man's conscience, or prohibiting his vices by law, it becomes more absurd to me the more I look at it. Statute laws are made (or should be) to protect people in their natural rights. For this governments are founded—that each and every one may act in unison for the mutual protection of all against invasion of natural rights, property, etc., among those natural rights being freedom to act according to the dictates of conscience. I believe a man has a right to eat, drink, wear, or worship anything he chooses, and in any way he likes, or refuse to eat, drink, wear, or worship anything, so long as he infringes on no other person's natural rights, let his manners be ever so absurd to others. He commits no crime against the state, and statute law has no business to meddle. Webster defines crime as a violation of law, but like the young law student that differed with Blackstone, we differ with Webster, and claim that many laws may be violated without committing crime, of which the sumptuary law is one. That statute laws should hav no jurisdiction over conscience or appetite I think will not be disputed by Liberals, at least, but rather to protect us in freedom to act in accordance to its best dictation. Therefore it behooves all citizens to say to the state, "Thus far, and no farther, shalt thou come." If a person commits a crime against the state, such as incendiarism, larceny, assault, or murder, then the state has a right to punish for the crime, not the cause. If a man gets drunk and abuses his family, or commits any other crime, the law should punish him for the act, not the appetite. I hav been a moderate drinker all my life, but hav never been drunk, neglected my business, or interfered with any body else's business on account of drinking, and I hold it to be absurd and an insult to my manhood for my neighbor (or his wife) to say that I shall not drink or make wine because he gets drunk Socially we are responsible for intemperance, but not politically, and so long as we depend on law and legislation to prop men up to do right, just so long will they be morally weak; but when we see to it that men are rightly born and properly educated, quit making matrimonial matches in heaven, and laws to bind them on earth, regardless of temperaments or fitness, and substituting a vicarious atonement for their shortcomings, then may we hope for a decrease in crime.

Frank Martin, in his letter in a recent issue, in reply to Mr. Walker, says: "Suppose I charge any business, such as the making of shoes, clothing, and food, with being a crime, or injuring people, would not these makers protect their business from scandal by proving immediately their good work, their important and necessary part of society? But suppose I arraign the liquor traffic as injuring people, will they attempt to prove their good intentions?" etc. We answer, Yes, and succeed, too, equally as well as the butcher, shoemaker, or any other useful tradesman, by proving that alcohol is useful in many things, and that they force none to be intemperate with it or abuse it, and by proving that as many are injured by intemperance in eating and dressing as in drinking, and we are quite sure that corsets and high-heeled shoes are as injurious as wine and beer, and that state laws hav no business to prevent the manufacture of either more than they hav to prevent the manufacture of medicin because they make poison, for fear some injudicious person may take an overdose of it, as the drunkard does of alcohol. It is an admitted fact that some take too much medicin; shall we therefore prohibit the manufacture and sale of it, and close up all drug stores, or shall we attend to our own business and let others do the same? If we persist in prohibiting all that has evil in it, we will hav to dry up the ocean and stop navigation on account of piracy, and railroads on account of accidents,

Yours for liberty of conscience, H. H. HUTCHESON.

QUINCY, MASS., Dec. 1, 1884.

THE BLOODY RELIGION.

An old theological idea,
Reviewed with the whole of things,
Barbarian, and odd, and very queer,
And of which the good Christian sings.

"This is the law of the trespass offering. It is most holy. In the place where they kill the burnt offering, shall they kill the trespass offering, and the blood thereof shall be sprinkled around about upon the altar" (Lev. vii, 1). "And Aaron shall make an atonement upon the horns of the altar, once a year. With the blood of the sin offering of atonement he shall make atonement. It is most holy unto the Lord" (Ex. xxx, 10). "Jesus said, This is the blood of the new testament that is shed for the remission of sins" (Matt. xxvi, 28).

A BLOODY BIBLE.

A myth, a legend, a Jewish story,
Of that first mistake ever made,
A blunder for God's eternal glory,
Still preached as the pulpit trade.

"He took the blood of calves, and of goats, and sprinkled both the book, and the people, saying, This is the blood of the testament, which God hath ordained unto you" (Heb. ix, 19). "And Hilkiah said, I hav found the book of the law in the house of the Lord" (2 Chron. xxxiv, 15). "Wherefore it is said in the book of the wars of the Lord what he did in the Red Sea and in the brooks of Arnon" (Num. xxi, 14). "The revelation of Jesus Christ unto him that washed us from our sins in his own blood" (Rev. i, 5).

A BLOODTHIRSTY GOD.

For God's gusto rivers of blood hav flowed;
In human blood he takes delight.
Thus his grace and calamity bestowed,
Both show his providence all right.

"The Lord is a man of war. The Lord is his name" (Ex. xv, 3). "Hear, O Israel! ye approach this day unto battle against your enemies. Let not your heart faint: fear not, and do not tremble, neither be ye terrified. For the Lord your God is he that goeth with you to fight for you to save you. And when the Lord thy God hath delivered thine enemies into thine hands, thou shalt smite every male thereof with the edge of the sword. But the women, and the spoils thereof, shalt thou take unto thyself, and thou shalt eat the spoil of thine enemies, which the Lord thy God giveth thee" (Deut. xx, 2). "And the children of Israel fled before Judah, and God delivered them into their hand. And Abijah and his people slew them with a great slaughter, so there fell down slain of Israel five hundred thousand chosen men" (2 Chron. xiii, 17). "And the children of Benjamin destroyed down to the ground of the Israelites that day twenty and two thousand men. And the children of Israel came near the children of Benjamin the second day: and Benjamin went forth and destroyed, down to the ground, of the children of Israel, eighteen thousand men; all these drew the sword" (Judges xx, 25). "And the Lord discomfited them before Israel, and slew them with a great slaughter; and chased them and smote them unto Mekadah. And it came to pass, as they fled before Israel, that the Lord cast down great stones from heaven upon them, and they died. There were more that died from hailstones than they whom the children of Israel slew by the sword. Then spake Joshua, and said, Sun! stand thou still upon Gibeon! And thou, moon, in the valley of Ajalon! And the sun stood still, and the moon stayed, until the people had avenged themselvs upon their enemies. And there was no day like that before it, nor after it, when the Lord hearkened to the voice of a man: for the Lord fought for Israel" (Josh. x, 11).

CHRISTIANITY SOAKED IN HUMAN BLOOD.

The church, redeemed by blood, prayers made,
And failed, for Garfield, when he died.
Thus, in saving faith, all the churches prayed,
And now they know some one has lied.

"The Lord said that thy foot may be dipped in the blood of thine enemies; and the tongue of thy dog in the same" (Ps. lxviii, 23). "The righteous shall wash his feet in the blood of the wicked" (Ps. lviii, 10). "For this is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for the remission of sins" (Matt. xxvi, 28). "Whom God has set forth to be a propitiation, through faith in his blood" (Rom. iii, 25). "Being now justified by his blood, we shall be saved from wrath through him" (Rom. v, 9). "The covenant of blood" (Heb. x, 29). "For it is the blood that maketh atonement for the soul" (Lev. xvii, 11). "And cursed be he that keepeth his sword from blood" (Jer. xlviii, 10). "They build up Zion with blood" (Mic. iii, 10). "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to liv" (Ex. xxii, 18). "The great wine-press of the wrath of God. And it was trodden without the city, and blood came out of the wine-press, even to the horses' bridles, by the space of a thousand and six hundred furlongs" (Rev. xiv, 20).

And such is the pure gospel idea,
For which the lowly Jesus swooned.
It makes you sick, by faith and your fear,
And then by faith it heals the wound.

And now, surely I need not quote half of this bloody book to show how much the God-idea and Christianity hav soaked this planet with human blood. Judaism was a system of bloodshed, and this is the germ that eliminated Christianity, as the account of Jesus abundantly proves. And this barbarian idea of bloodshed permeates the Bible and the Christian church. It was this condition of things in Christendom that culminated in the hell-born murders under the false suspicion of witchcraft that hav sodden this earth with the blood of nine millions slain by Christians of their own kith and kin, of men, women, and children put to a sudden and violent death. And but for the brevity I study, I would here enumerate some of the methods of torture invented by Christian ingenuity, that were never practiced by the wild savages. Tortures by the thumbscrew and pouring red-hot lead into the ears giv to Christians the palm for cruelty. And of this I was forcibly reminded recently, in attending the fair of the American Institute, in Boston. In the Mexican exhibit I saw a most horrible picture of a popish victim doomed to crucifix. It was painted between 1612 and 1630, and represents a man about forty years of age, denuded and tied to a tree. Both arms were extended, like Jesus on the cross, and tied to the limbs of the tree. The priest, or executioner, was engaged with a knife, cutting and stripping each muscle separately from his bones, while he was alive to endure the torture. He had cut around one wrist, and stripped the muscles down to his shoulder, where they hung, dripping with blood. Nor would it be possible for me to describe the ghastly horror depicted in that victim's face, and the contortions of his body, still to be flayed by his Christian murderer.

And from the persecutions I hav myself endured from Christianity for half a century past, it is my opinion that if the ignorance and the credulity—which always go together—of the people were to-day what they were in the days of witchcraft, Christianity would now cause human blood to flow as it did three hundred years ago. The Bible is the same now as it was then, and its bloodthirsty God is "the same to-day, yesterday, and forever" (Heb. xiii, 8). And so are superstition and credulity the same.

Nature's order forever! Nature's order and laws in the whole of things! A living, self-controling, and progressiv humanity is not now so green as when, in youth, the Jews "saw the sun stand still." And science now shines more clearly upon those old barbarian theories. Hence the star of humanity's hope is now a living reality, in every hearty organism, of future good—a complete success, ever and forever, more and more.

LAROY SUNDERLAND.

FRESNO CITY, CAL., Dec. 1, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I am opposed to the paying of twenty-five dollars to a chaplain for prayers for the legislators. In my last letter that was published in a city paper, I asked the following question: "Is there a Bible God, or a Christian God, or any divine being that hears and answers prayer?" This called out a long letter from B. R. Turner, which I replied to. I think there is good evidence that there is no prayer-answering God. The within letter was held for several weeks by the editor, and then returned. Probably he was afraid to publish it, or was persuaded not to. I know of but one besides myself in this city who is willing to let himself be known as a Liberal.

GEORGE PADDINGTON.

FRESNO CITY, CAL., Nov, 8, 1884.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE REPUBLICAN: Please giv me a small place in your paper to reply to a letter published in your issue of July 5th, on the subject of prayer, by B. R Turner. I do not object to praying, but I do object to paying taxpayers' money for such an uncertain thing as prayer. As this is not a Christian nation, no public money should be devoted to the propagation of any religion. Mr. Turner says my views about God and prayer are crude. I do not know that there is any God, or any use in praying. If that is crudeness, be it so. He says if God had so ordained it, good men could hav saved the world to Christ. Did God prevent good men from saving the world? If so, who is to blame that the world is not saved—God or good men? Either God could not or would not ordain that good men might save all mankind. He claims that God arranged matters. Did God do it for the best? Does Mr. Turner pray that God shall change his arrangement for the worse? Or does he intend to instruct God what he ought and what he ought not to do? He inquires where I obtained the evidence that there is no prayer answered by God, and asks me to giv that evidence. It would be superfluous to deny what no man has claimed to see or can see, and is past finding out. Can you, Mr. Turner, prove that there is a God that does answer prayer? I think there is good evidence that there is no prayer ever answered by God. You think I am Atheistic. I do not say that there is no God, but I do say that I do not know there is a God. Sir, do you know that there is? If you do, will you please giv the proof? You say God is seen by the mental eye. Are you sure that it is not the eye of the imagination? To prevent you making any further mistakes, please find the Bible description of the Christian God: Fire in his mouth, smoke from his nostrils; water and clouds all around (see Psalms xvii); his hair white, eyes flaming fire, his feet like fine brass (Rev. i); horns on his head, fire at his feet (Hab. iii); clothed in white, wearing a girdle (Rev. i); a two-edged sword in his mouth. Please read these texts. You say I think praying people are not honest. On the contrary, I think a great many are sincere, but hav been deceived by the clergy, who preach that which they know nothing about, and claim to be stating facts which must be believed and obeyed on pain of endless torture. You offer to pray for me, and say you will do so. Thanks.

Even if I were a Christian I should not know which church to go to as the true church, providing there is one. If the Catholics hav the truth, Protestantism is false; or if Second Adventism is true, which teaches that the seventh day is the Sabbath, then Sunday-worshipers are mistaken. All claim to be true, and all may be, and probably are, false.

GEORGE PADDINGTON.

"N. G. W." ON LANDLORDISM.

MR. EDITOR: Without taking any issue with the criticism in THE TRUTH SEEKER of November, I would suggest a complemental fact bearing against the social expediency of allowing to any party the control over a greater area of soil than corresponds to the uses and forces of a family without reckoning upon hired labor. This is my fact, that the excessiv pressure of capitalists upon preletaries leaves the latter often no other resource for subsistence than the soil, where this is free to squatters, and though this can be but a temporary resource, yet it actually makes the difference between life and death, or worse than death, to many thousands. These destitute persons cannot travel in quest of unoccupied government lands. In view of the security of property, as well as the abatement of misery, so long as there is land anywhere not in actual use, it ought to be opened to the destitute. The trades unions might, under such considerate legislation, more easily and economically provide change of occupation for surplus labor at crises like the present, when so many operativs are turned adrift. The soil ought to be managed as a compensation balance to the oscillations of manufacturing production.

EDGEWORTH.

NORTH BENTON, O., Dec. 15, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $2 to apply on my subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER.

The cause of Freethought is advancing in Ohio. Gov. Hoadly was known to be a Liberal before he was elected governor. The Republicans made that charge against him, and they were defeated. I hope Cleveland will remember the clergy as they remembered him. There is not a Democratic Methodist clergyman in the Methodist conference in northern Ohio, but that will no doubt ask him to put God in his proclamation. The worship of the unknowable is as much idolatry to-day with a certain class as it was a thousand years ago. They pray to the unknowable and the unknown the same as do the so-called heathen who get down on their knees and pray to their gods made of stone. In so doing they only represent the idea they entertain of their god. I heard a clergyman say in his sermon last Sunday that God directed the affairs of man, and to prove that fact he said that some time ago he was making preparation to take a trip West. In going to the railroad he missed the train by being a few minutes late. He said he was worried about being late, but the still small voice told him God directed all things for the best, and he would submit patiently to God's order. The train had not gone far till the news came back that there was a wreck, and many lives

lost, which proved conclusivly to his mind that there was a special providence. I spoke to a deacon sitting by my side, and asked him where the special providence was to those who were killed in the wreck.

The orthodox Quakers are now holding a meeting near here. I heard a preacher of the Quaker faith make this remark in refer ence to the obedience God demanded of his followers. He said he knew a lady who was called to do some missionary work. She prayed to the Lord to relieve her from the work, for she had two small children to support, and had to support them with the needle. The Lord said, "No, you must go and do the work." She made up her mind she could not go and leave her children. The Lord took away one of her children. It was not long after the burial of her child that the Lord called her again to the missionary work. She brought forth the same excuse, that she could not leave her child. The Lord caused sickness to take away the other child, so as to leave no excuse for the lady to do missionary work. I said to a Quaker, "Deliver me from the worship of such a God as that." A clergyman said the other day that he hoped the government would send the army and exterminate the Mormons. I asked him why they didn't send missionaries among the Mormons instead of sending them to the isles of the sea. Mormonism has grown up in our midst in this generation.

CHESTER BEDELL.

REYNOLDS, NEB., Dec. 10, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I must say I like THE TRUTH SEEKER better thau any other Freethought paper I ever read, and grieve that I must stop it, as I hav not got the money, and don't know when I will hav. It is hard times for me, at least, as I am an old man past sixty-five years, a cripple since my youth, with a broken constitution, and unable to earn my living. I would like to write a few lines for THE TRUTH SEEKER, but am so uneducated I cannot write suitable for publication. I hav read many pieces in your paper that I would reply to had I been able.

I will say something in regard to the controversy going on frequently in the papers between brother Spiritualists and Materialists. I am sorry to see this. Spiritualists do not believe in the orthodox God or Bible God, but in the powers of nature. I believe that we come from nature, are a part of nature, and as we, the human family, are the highest type of animal life—intellectually—who knows but the life of man, when leaving the body at death, goes back to nature and nature retains its life-powers, or properties, and is able to giv back somethiug called spirit in some form? I hav had the same experience that Elmina has been having, and good a deal more, to no effect but to confirm my positivism. I was, for many years, as strong set against Spiritualism as Elmina or T. Winter could be, and could or would not believe.

Some years ago I buried a son; ten days after I laid his mother beside him. About ten years later, in open daylight, I saw a boy coming toward me; he was, to all appearances, twenty rods away, and coming very straight, and I watched him closely as he came within four or five rods of me. He stopped, threw up his face toward me, and smiled very pleasantly at me; apparently rising on tip-toe, he started sideways on a right hop and passed behind a pile of straw. I had supposed it was a neighbor's boy that I could place somewhere, until he looked up at me; then I knew it was no neighbor's boy, but my own. What next? Like Elmina, I wanted proof of what I believed contrary to what I saw and knew. I sent another son around the straw to see who was there, but no one could be found. I went in and was looking through the window over the same ground, and a hand was laid carefully on my shoulder, and these words were spoken: "It is curious you did not know Benny." That was my wife's hand on my shoulder and voice in my ear, as plain as in her life. Benjamin was my son's name. I hav any quantity of personal and positiv knowledge on the above subject, but cannot put it on paper.

D. N. DOPP.

SOLDIERS' HOME, MILWAUKEE, WIS., Dec. 15, 284.

MR. EDITOR: Having sent nothing in the form of excuses or otherwise, for a long time; and for want of something more substantial, I thought it best to send more excuses, and plead for a little more time. As soon as snow fell it seemed impossible to get work that I could see to do at any price, though I see to read and write through a powerful glass, which is useless for other purposes. Nevertheless my prospects are growing brighter as time advances; Congress cannot much longer withstand the urgent demands of twenty-eight state legislatures who hav long since instructed their servants there to pass the Mexican pension bill. And now, since that most damnable of all publie scourges, the Republican party, with their vicegerent of the devil, Jim Blaine, hav received severe chastisment from an outraged people, I think our hirelings in Congress will not dare to resist their employers' demands much longer. It is amusing to note the many causes given by different individuals for the downfall of Blaine and his party. In my estimation it was not Burchard, it was not the foul weather, it was not the great dinner party, nor any of the thousands of causes advanced by the "wise ones." But the fact is in "a nutshell." The wickedness of that party had become so great that it had become the unfittest in the race for existence in this enlightened republic.

Without regard to what Congress may or may not do for the few survivors of the Mexican war, I feel confident that I can catch up with my subscription, and will soon remit. "Where there is a will there is a way."

NELSON HUNT.

PAYSON, UTAH, Dec. 10, 284.

MR. EDITOR: To me the "Letters from Friends" is an interesting part of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and especially the letters from Utah. If there is any one place in the union more than another that needs Freethought literature and lecturers it is here in Utah to fight this modern mother of harlots, Mormonism. A great many when they get disgusted with her pull up and leave the territory, but some of us must stop and giv her a deal. I am anxious to see a territorial League organized here, and things put in good fighting shape.

I hav traveled over a hundred miles to get the few names to the petition I sent you. I find but few who are willing to be known as Freethinkers. They will read my tracts, but not allow anything in the shape of Freethought literature to be sent to them through the mail. I can hardly blame them. To men in business it is almost financial ruin for them to do so. But a few are getting a little more bold. I would like to correspond with some of the Freethought friends in the north and south of this territory in regard to organizing so that we can make a more complete fight. There is still a great prejudice against apostates here, but the saints are very civil to an apostate as long as he will hold his tongue, but the moment he asserts his rights, especially if those rights should conflict with their superstitious religion, look out for squalls. I am seven miles from a town, and my means are small, but I intend to do what little I can to break down superstition, and to build up the cause of humanity. It is amusing to hear some of my neighbors tell their children that I am a good man in some respects, but that they must not take any of my tracts, nor take notice of anything I say in regard to religion.

Please let us know through THE TRUTH SEEKER when Messrs. Watts and Putnam will be in Utah.

With best wishes for the future of the National Liberal League, I remain, Yours for truth, H. S. BROOKS.

ORWELL, VT., Dec. 4, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: As the new departure of the Rev. Heber Newton has so stirred the quiet pool of orthodoxy, and the Rev. H. W. Beecher having said more radical things to shock the church, I thought that a few words from the *Edinburgh Review*, No. 121, as to Luther's faith in the Bible, would perhaps be of some interest to the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER. Luther cast serious doubts upon the inspiration of some books, and rejected others. Thus he writes:

"The books of Kings are more worthy of credit than the books of Chronicles."

"Job spoke not as it stands written in his book, but had only such cogitations. It is merely the argument of a fable. It is probable that Solomon made and wrote this book."

"The book entitled Ecclesiastes ought to hav been more full. There is too much incoherent matter in it. Solomon has not, therefore, written this book, which was made in the days of the Maccabees, by Sirach. It is like a Talmud, compiled from many books, perhaps in Egypt, at the desire of King Evergetes. So hav also the Proverbs of Solomon been collected by others."

"The book of Esther I toss into the Elbe. I am such an enemy to the book of Esther that I wish it did not exist; for it Judaizes too much, and has in it a great deal of heathenish naughtiness."

"Isaiah the prophet has borrowed his knowledge and his art from the Psalter."

"The history of Jonah is so monstrous that it is absolutely incredible."

"That the Epistle to the Hebrews is not by St. Paul, nor by any other apostle at all, is shown by chapter ii, verse 3. It is by an excellent, a learned, man, a disciple of the apostles. It should be no stumbling-block if there be found in it a mixture of wood, straw, and hay."

He called the Epistle of St. James "an epistle of straw," and adds: "In the Revelation of St. John too much is wanting to hav me deem it apostolical. I can discern no trace in it that it is established by the spirit."

May we not add that to be true disciples of Luther, we are to condemn that theological assumption of infallibility which would separate the Bible from all other books and demand a prostration of our reason in the very act of examination? May we not say that Martin Luther was the great founder of that scientific examination of the Bible which originated in Germany, and is now dawning upon England and America?

C. S. C.

FORT SULLY, D. T., Dec. 9, 1885.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $11, for which send me "A Truth Seeker Around the World," and THE TRUTH SEEKER to a trial subscriber as directed below. I hav received some printed or lithographed letters from one Livezey, who claims having brought to grief and silenced all Infidel writers in the country. He certainly has more time then good common sense, for I hav seen several in your paper asking the same question, what he is up to; he had better be barking at the moon like the Indian's dog.

Election is over; Spiritualism and Materialism are going it hot and heavy, and the —— knows what next. In this place orthodox Christianity is too shallow for the brethren to get up an excitement; at least, it seems so to me. That horrid paper is getting there for good, as you will see before long. I am thinking some good lecturer would make a stir among the boys in blue; if any should come to Pierre, I agree to take him to Fort Sully and back, free of charge. Come! don't all speak at once. Yours, FRED. GARING.

TURNERS FALLS, MASS., Dec. 15, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I humbly beg pardon for so neglecting my duty as to compel you to write me for your honest dues. I inclose five dollars to go to my credit on THE TRUTH SEEKER. I hope I may never be so poor or so negligent as to hav my copy of the dear old TRUTH SEEKER stopped. The only excuse I hav to offer is that I expected to be in New York before this, and hav the pleasure of paying you in person.

There is a large Liberal element here which should be organized. I think if one of our good speakers would come here they would help the cause very much. I once offered Mr. Charles Watts thirty dollars for a Sunday lecture, and will now furnish a good hall and pay that sum to him or some other speaker for a Sunday lecture. We once had C. B. Lynn, and he did us good and went away satisfied and happy. I wanted to be at Salamanca, but business prevented it. I was pleased to see in the Boston *Globe* that Anthony Comstock was in trouble. I hope he will at least hav as much sorrow as he caused our friend and worthy leader, D. M. Bennett. With best wishes for your prosperity, I am as ever your friend,

GEO. E. HARTLY

PASSAIC, N. J., Dec. 13, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I am an English Freethinker, who has been in this country scarcely one year, and has taken your esteemed paper about six months. You will excuse me if I ask you why you don't remind your readers that Mgr. Capel, referred to in past issues, came to this country to hide the shame of a bankruptcy brought about by eating more beef, drinking more wine, living in a bigger house, and keeping more servants than he could pay for. You may hav done so, and that is why I ask you to excuse me. When living near London, I went to a few of his religious plays. I am a workingman.

Very truly yours, T. D. HATFIELD.

MOLINE, ILL., Dec. 11, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I am once more at home, and am delighted at the brightening prospects of the Liberal cause. The star has indeed risen in the east; its beams are penetrating the west—bright harbinger of final success of truth and the downfall of superstition. Only think of it—I hav already received $0.75 for a trial subscriber to the best paper for all that the sun ever shone upon. If you will send me a few extra numbers of Dec. 6th, and so on, I will try and make them available.

Fraternally yours, O. CHILD.

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313 BIENVILLE ST., NEW ORLEANS, LA., Dec. 5, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Never a child longed for its dear mamma as does your humble servant for sight and possession of the stanch and loyal TRUTH SEEKER. The weeks were never so long before. I want to ask our friends through your columns if there are any Liberal-minded men and women in this God-ful—I mean this word in the same sense as "soul-ful"—city. My one Liberal friend here informs me there are none. Is it possible? The very thought puts me in sympathy with the oft-misinterpreted Hamlet, and I am ready at once "to fly to ills I know not of" that I may escape those of the present, occasioned by the close atmosphere of a priest-ridden and superstition-bound people.

Never in my life hav I so hungered for mental food in the way of Freethought argument, though it come from the most ignorant and uncultured Freethinking barbarian of only average reading capacity, as since my arrival in New Orleans. On the 30th of November I craved with all the enthusiasm of childhood to be in my old seat at our hall in Philadelphia and hearken to the clarion notes of wit and wisdom from the king of orators, Mr. Watts, and the great-souled secretary, Mr. Putnam.

I hope none of our Liberal friends will pass through New Orleans without at least a call.

If by your help I may be able to find congenial spirits in the flesh, I shall be glad. If they are so disposed, we can hav our social gatherings and meetings in my parlors. My intention is to remain here through the winter, till the close of the Exposition.

I wish I were able to send a handsome sum toward the Campaign Fund—but wishes do not take the place of money.

Cordially, EL. D. L.

OBITUARY NOTICE.

Another lifelong Liberal has crossed the great divide. On the morning of Nov. 23d Mr. P. C. Johnson died, after a painful illness, from double pneumonia of four weeks' duration, aged sixty-one years and one month.

Mr. Johnson was a nativ of Prussia, coming to America thirty years ago, and having resided in Central City since 1860. From early boyhood he thought for himself, and no man or church ever kept his conscience. He never bartered his Liberal principles for popularity or made merchandise of his integrity for gold.

He was interested in all Liberal and humanitarian movements. For many years he took THE TRUTH SEEKER and other Liberal papers. During Mr. Bennett's imprisonment he was with him heart and soul, forwarding to him several times generous sums of money from himself, his son, and from the large-hearted men of Central and Black Hawk.

Always a reverent student of nature, he saw the infinit in the humblest flower and insect. Peculiarly reticent, he was understood and appreciated only by intimate friends.

As a husband and father he was tender, loving, and genial. His home was his heaven; his home-life one sweet, glad poem; his death, that of a calm philosopher. He left all directions for the conducting of his funeral. During his illness, I asked him what he thought of the beyond. His answer was: "That takes care of itself. A right life is the only needed preparation for death."

Messrs. John Jenkins and Austin Smith, two prominent Liberals, came from Denver, and we had a Liberal funeral—the first, I think, ever held here.

An undaunted Liberal, a good man, has gone; but his tender words, his kind deeds, his pure life, linger with us to sweeten our sorrow. MRS. H. L. BUCKNER-JOHNSON, M.D.

EARLVILLE, ILL., Dec. 8, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: I now find myself in Illinois. I arrived home the 26th of November, just in time for a Thanksgiving dinner, and were all very thankful to dine together once more. My journey was long, and riding over the hills and valleys of Maine was a little rough on me, but I hav survived it. When I wrote you last, I was sitting where I could view the old Kennebec, but not stopping but a day or two in a place, and so many friends to talk with, I had but little time for writing only to friends at home. I hav had no time for reading even, and feel as though I am a whole year behind the times. I hav such a pile of TRUTH SEEKERS waiting to be read, and then I hope I shall be better posted; but I hav been looking them over, and see that Elmina has visited Boston to investigate Spiritualism. I also had the pleasure of attending a Spiritual camp-meeting in hopes to see or hear something that would convince me of a spirit life. Mr. Chase, of California, and Dr. Webster, of Portland, and a Mr. Fairfield from Boston, were all on the stand, and one lady speaker. Mr. Fairfield, under spirit influence, said he could see departed spirits all around him, but as my eyes were so dim, I could not see them myself, so I will hav to depend on his word for what he saw, but their lectures were all very good; think they are doing a grand work in reform from old orthodoxy. The meeting was held on the banks of the beautiful Hayden Lake Madison. My letter is getting long; will close; more anon.

SARAH C. HILTON.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night begins to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

Hang up the Baby's Stocking.

Hang up the baby's stocking,
Be sure you don't forget—
The dear little dimpled darling!
She ne'er saw Christmas yet;
But I've told her all about it,
And she opened her big blue eyes,
And I'm sure she understands it,
She looks so funny and wise.

Dear! what a tiny stocking!
It doesn't take much to hold
Such little pin toes as baby's
Away from the frost and cold.
But then, for the baby's Christmas
It will never do at all;
Why Santa wouldn't be looking
For anything half so small!

I know what we will do for the baby—
I've thought of the very best plan—
I'll borrow a stocking of grandma,
The longest that ever I can;
And you'll hang it by mine dear mother,
Right here in the corner, so,
And write a letter to Santa,
And fasten it on the toe.

Write: "This is the baby's stocking
That hangs in the corner here;
You never hav seen her, Santa,
For she only came this year;
But she's just the blessedest baby—
And now before you go
Just cram her stocking with goodies,
From the top clean down to the toe."

—*Little Corporal.*

A Christmas Letter for You.

Everything is so pretty at Christmas time! Little Winifred Lewis thought all the world—and her world just then was bounded by the city in which she lived—was one big fairy garden.

She wrapped her ragged shawl closer around her and danced along the street, enjoying the prettily-dressed store windows filled with toys, candies, oranges, and all sorts of fanciful things designed to attract the attention of both big and little folks.

She paused before one broad, gaily-decorated, and brightly-lighted window, and clasped her little hands, blue with cold, in delighted wonder. In one end was a miniature home-scene—a cunning little table, chairs, a little crib, with a doll-baby lying, apparently fast asleep, in it; a fireplace, and baby's stocking hanging in the corner, waiting for Christmas goodies.

Opposit was a reindeer, harnessed to a darling little red sleigh, and in it was seated a funny old Santa Claus man, with a jolly, round, red face, long, white whiskers and hair, and great blue eyes that seemed to look all ways and to see all things. His fur overcoat had many deep pockets, and every pocket was stuffed with dolls, tops, wagons, horses, carts, engins—everything in the toy line that you could need or mention.

Winifred looked and looked, feasting her eyes upon the lovely vision. She knew this was only fixed up for the occasion, and she wondered if there was indeed a real Santa Claus anywhere in the world. She did not remember that he had ever looked after her if there was one, and it puzzled her dear little brain to understand why. She tried to be a good girl, and if he brought gifts to good girls, why did he not sometimes bring something to her?

She did want a dolly so much, for she had never owned a real doll in all her life.

Winnie lived with an old couple, who in the long-ago time had been slaves, and they were black, and they called Winnie their little snow-drop, she was so white and fair.

The way it happened that the little girl became an inmate of their humble home was this: When her papa died first, and then her mamma, Uncle Zebulon and Aunt Chloe, as the aged couple were called, had pity on the poor little orphan and took her into their own home, seeing as there was nobody else to take her in. They had worked for her mamma in brighter and happier days, before sickness and poverty came, and when dying the poor mother placed Winnie in Aunt Chloe's care, and gave her instructions to write to the child's grandparents away in a Northern state, and state that she was all alone in the world, her papa and mamma both gone, and then, she said, "Somebody will come, or send money, to bring Winnie to her own kindred.

Uncle Zebulon hired a lawyer to write to the people named by Winnie's mamma, but no response ever came, and one day, quite a while afterward, Uncle Zebulon and Aunt Chloe talked the matter over, and concluded that they would go "Norf" and see if they could find "de chile's folks."

"Mebbe as how dey's pinin' for de young 'un all dis time," said Uncle Zebulon.

"But why didn' dey write an' fine out about her? An' why didn' dey sen' de money for t' fetch her to dem?" and Aunt Chloe shook her head doubtfully.

"I dunno, Chloe. White folks is deep, an' mebbe dey was 'spectin' dere might be some cheatin' goin' on, or sumfin."

Well, after a good deal of talking and taking leave of friends, Uncle Zebulon and Aunt Chloe, and little Winifred Lewis, with all her worldly goods—papers, and documents, and all she had, did not fill one small trunk—started on their journey. Christmas time found them in the big city, as mentioned in the beginning of this story.

Aunt Chloe had been sick on coming into the cold Northern climate, and had not been able to look about much for Winnie's grandparents, and Uncle Zebulon had the rheumatism, and besides, when he thought that he would certainly hav to part with Winnie, he felt sorry and sad, and perhaps did not bestir himself in her behalf a great deal. But the money he had was nearly all gone, Winnie's shoes were all out at the toes, and Uncle Zebulon and Aunt Chloe were nearly discouraged.

One afternoon there was not a morsel in the house for Winnie to eat, and she was very hungry. It was the day before Christmas, too.

"I mustn't starve," said Winnie, softly, to herself; and then, clapping her hands, as a new thought came into her head, she hastily snatched her ragged shawl, and throwing it over her head, she opened the door and went out in the cold, whispering, "Uncle Zeb and Aunt Chloe are hungry, too."

What did she do but run along to a fashionable street where was a row of handsome brick houses. She knocked faintly at the door of one, and when the maid appeared she timidly inquired, "Please, ma'am, hav you any cold pieces for a poor lIttle girl who is almost starved?"

"No, I haint!" was the reply, and the door was slammed in her face; but, nothing daunted by this rebuff, she went to the next house and asked the same question.

She finally obtained two or three crusts of bread and a bit of meat, but she thought it was not enough for them all, and so she resolved to call at one or two more places.

The next house had elegant white marble steps, and was a handsome and imposing structure. Winnie crept around to the back door and rapped. Nobody came. Then she pulled the bell, and a nice-looking Irish woman came to the door.

"She's almost as old as Aunt Chloe," thought Winnie, as she asked for a few "cold pieces."

Instead of answering her, the woman stood and gazed at the wan little object before her, and did not speak a word. When she did speak she called to some one within.

"Pathrick!"

"Wot is it?"

"Come here, to onct!"

Patrick came, and the two looked at Winnie, and then at each other, and nodded.

"Who does she remoind ye of, Pathrick?"

"But ye know we musn't shpake her name; 'whist Margret, for the life ov ye don't shpake the name."

"What is *your* name, little gurl?" inquired Margaret.

"Winifred Damon Lewis!" answered Winnie.

Margaret uttered a scream, and Patrick shrieked, "Saints forbid!" and raised his hands.

They pulled Winnie into the house, however, and, with closed doors, they whispered together, and asked Winnie many questions. When she returned to the place she called home, she carried a big basket filled with bread, meat, cake, pie, and fruit, and Margaret went with her, and Uncle Zebulon and Aunt Chloe were made the recipients of a mysterious confidence.

Margaret went home with a determined air, and she and Patrick had a consultation.

"We shall lose our places and be turned out in the cowld world, shure," said he.

"I doon't care," replied Margaret. "I'll do phat's right, place or no place. Lave ivery blissid thing to me, and it 'll be jist right."

In the evening, Margaret went to Uncle Zebulon's abode, and brought Winnie back with her, and also several papers that had belonged to her dead mamma. Then she gave Winnie instructions of what to do and what to say later on, when in the presence of a certain person that she had not yet seen. When the right time came, she was stationed in the library. She was nearly seven years old, but she had never before been in such a beautiful room. Her heart beat audibly when the door opened, and an old gentleman, with hair as white as that of the Santa Claus she had seen in the shop window, looked down upon her. But he was stern and cold and icy. Nevertheless, she did as the good Irish woman told her and reached up her hands to be taken. The man looked in her face and shivered visibly as his head sank on his breast. He wrung his hands and said, "What is this?—Oh, what is this?"

Winnie looked up and smiled, as she said, in her sweet voice, the words that Margaret had bidden her to say:

"*If you please, I'm a Christmas letter for you, grandpa!*"

If you could hav looked into the room a few minutes later, you would hav seen little Winnie sitting on the old gentleman's knee, her curly head nestled close to his breast, and he bending over her and crying like a baby.

It was a good while before he rang the bell and summoned Margaret and Patrick, who approached him in fear and trembling. But they went away smiling and happy.

Perhaps you hav guessed by this time that the old gentleman was Winnie's real grandfather.

Winnie's mother was his only child, and when she had grown up to be a young lady she married a man, very much against her papa's wishes, and without his consent. He was so enraged at her conduct that he forbade her to come home any more, and would not allow her name to be mentioned in his house, or in his presence, by any one. She went away to a Southern city with her husband, who, although a worthy young man, was not well off in this world's goods and had a hard struggle to get along. After his death, Winnie's mother wrote many letters to her father, but he never would read one of them.

"Did he get the letter that Uncle Zebulon wrote?" you ask.

Why, yes, he did, but he would take no notice of it, thinking it was an effort to extort money from him.

Winnie's grandmother had died shortly before, and after that Mr. Damon, for that was his name, was more moody and reserved than ever.

When Winnie appeared at the door begging for something to eat, Margaret and Patrick, who were a long time in the family, observed the resemblance of the child to the other Winifred, Mr. Damon's daughter, and, questioning her, they thought they discovered the relationship she bore to their employer. An interview with the old colored couple confirmed their opinion. Margaret then confirmed the scene related above, judging rightly that the appearance of the child would melt the heart of her aged grandpa.

He was not slow to note the close resemblance of the child to his own daughter, and was greatly affected by it. All the hardness and sternness of his nature melted before the sweet little face that looked up to him with his dead daughter's eyes and expression in every feature.

The next morning when Winifred awoke you can imagin that her eyes grew round and large as she surveyed the pretty room in which she had slept. It was her own dear mamma's room, and had never been opened until that Christmas eve since the day she left it. Nobody had slept in the bed since she slept there, and was it not romantic that her own little girl should be the next one to occupy that lovely room?

Margaret was on hand to dress her, and from somewhere there had come, oh, such beautiful new clothes, and when Winnie went down stairs her white-haired grandpa kissed her again and again, and cried over her, too, though he tried not to let anyone see the tears that fell from his eyes.

She had a lot of pretty little presents, a big dolly and a little one, and a great many more things besides. But she was not happy, somehow, away from Uncle Zebulon and Aunt Chloe, and would giv her newly-found grandpa no peace until he took her in his great carriage to where they lived. They were made comfortable and happy, as was right they should be, and when Aunt Chloe recovered her health, Mr. Damon paid their expenses back to their Southern home, as they wished to return there, and gave them a handsome sum besides for all their trouble in bringing him so precious a grandchild all the way from Georgia.

Winnie's grandpapa just doats upon her, and both are very happy together. She is his little companion, and together they do a great deal of good to the poor and unfortunate.

"I do not know what I should hav done," he said one day, "I was so very lonely, if you, my dear little girl, had not brought—"

"A Christmas letter to you, grandpa," said Winnie, as she sat and braided his long white whiskers, and finished by tying them with the red ribbon that usually held her own pretty curls in place.

Our Puzzle Box.

1.

CHARADE.

My whole is a property, you will find,
Of matter or atoms, uncombined.

The weary traveler, when passing by,
Views my first with beaming eye.

The storm-tossed woman, man, or boy,
Greets my second, too, with joy.

My third sheds light from sea to sea,
With power great; what can it be?

The sailor thinks of home again,
As he heaves my fourth upon the main.

My fifth, when right denomination,
Meets my fifth; saves degradation.

Sixth: The writer, heretofore, concealed,
Stands plain before you, self-revealed.

So, ladies, when in Grand Rapids, make
A call on "Esprit Fort," and seventh take.

2.

A WORD IN A WORD.

Ye sweet-singing birds,
In your midst I hav found her;
With the sweetest of words,
And the shamrock we've crowned her.

UNCLE JAMES.

3.

RIDDLE.

I.—I am one and three,
But not Trinity;
I hav the strength and the power.
Without my aid nor church or tower could ye erect.
Strong and perfect,
I am not God.

II.—I hav wings and sail through the air;
Not imaginary, but truly and fair.
My garment is white, I am no host;
Neither a dove or Holy Ghost.

III.—I giv the wine, the symbol of blood,
Superstitious believe, shed for their good.
I am neither father, ghost, nor son;
Three different objects, my name is but one.

Newburgh, N. Y. ROBERT BERNHEIM.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER, DEC. 13, 1884.

1. Leg-a-cy—Leg-a-see—Leg-a-sea.
2. 1st, p (pea); 2d, u (you); 3d, L (50); 4th, p—same as first; 5th, I; 6th (tea); whole, Pulpit.
3. W-ix-on.
4. Able.

Solvers, H. E. Juergens, and others.

Below we giv correct answer to Mr. Juergens's double acrostic in Puzzle Box, Nov. 22d. No one has solved it correctly, but Mr. Juergens kindly donates "Pinkerton in Nutshell," to the first three who came nearest to correct answer, viz: J. K. P. Baker, Robert Bernheim, and F. E. Fairchild.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC, NOV. 22, 1884.

J ERBO A
E ASTE R
R EDUI T
U BERT I
S HUMA C
A BIJA H
L OLIG O
E MBAR K
M ARBL E

[In response to many inquiries regarding our new book, "The Story Hour," I will say that ere you read this, it will probably be finished and ready for delivery. The Truth Seeker Company will make it a very handsome and attractiv volume, and I am sure you will all want a copy.—ED. C. C.]

[J. K. P. Baker writes that the story of "Montagew and His Yacht," is like the initials of the author—a "G. E M." And we all coincide with that opinion.—ED. C. C.]

Correspondence.

NEWARK, N. J., Nov. 8, 1884.

DEAR MISS WIXON: Please pardon me for writing this letter, but as my father takes THE TRUTH SEEKER, I hav made out one of your puzzles—M. Bernheim's, It is "patella." I hav never made one out before, and I am very much pleased. It is fun; but it takes an awful lot of trouble. If I had not looked in the dictionary for a word beginning with "pat," I don't think I could hav made it out. I am twelve years old—do you think I shall be smart? Hoping you will liv long and see many TRUTH SEEKERS published, I am

Yours truly, JOHN D. PICKFORD.

[We feel very sure that John is a bright, intelligent boy already, and if he continues to read THE TRUTH SEEKER, and will profit by its teachings and principles, he will develop into a noble, upright, honorable man, whom every one will admire and respect. We shall be pleased to hear from him again.—ED. C. C.]

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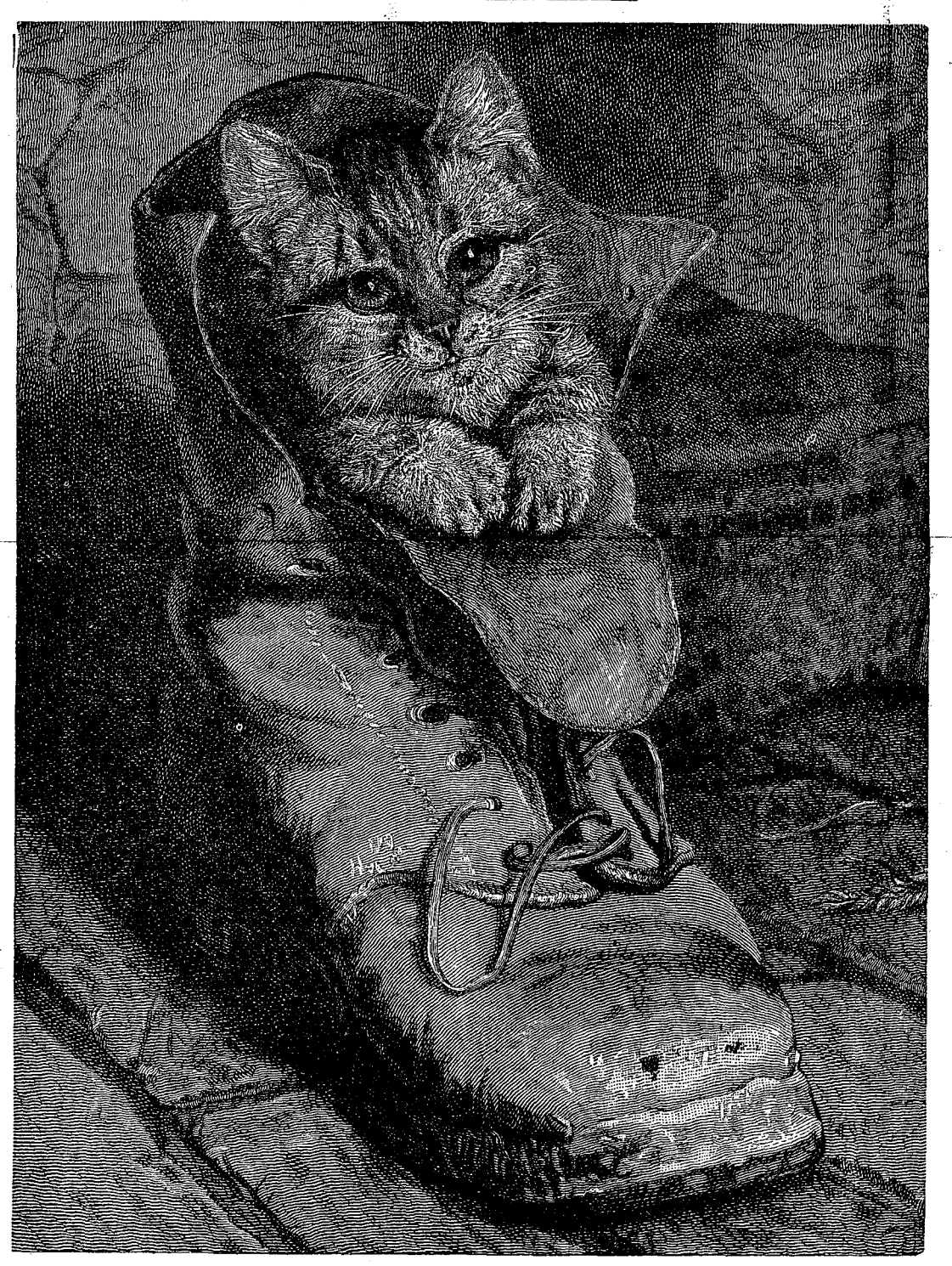
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Poetry.

The New Christmas.

It once was thought the proper thing
Soon as the Christmas bells should ring
To tell each man he was a sinner!
But now we ask, "*Hav you a dinner?*"
I'm very glad that fashions change,
For, to my mind, it seemed most strange
To hear of how through Adam's fall
We had been proven sinners, all!
And that in manger Christ was born,
To help us from that pit forlorn,
In which we fell, when one bad man
Spoiled all the wise creator's plan!
And very much I used to fret
That innocence must pay the debt
Contracted by our father Ad.,
For I had always thought it bad
When schoolboy, for the love of fun,
Suffered a wholly guiltless one
To take the thrashing in his place,
And suffer all the hot disgrace
He merited. And now I wonder
How those who sat such preaching under
Could possibly learn to be just,
While such false thoughts were on them thrust.

If God were guilty the disgrace
Of doing wrong to save the race,
I'm sure all honest men would pray
To find some less repulsiv way
Of paying debts they had contracted,
And settling wrongs they had enacted!

But now I can no longer fret,
I know *each soul pays its own debt!*

Then take care, you who rob the poor,
The bill will come to your own door!
No Christ's blood saves you from the hell
Which conscience kindles, when the mel-
Lowing light of wisdom falls
Upon your thefts—your "puts and calls."

O. F. T.

The Honest Clergyman.

The other day some jolly young fellows in Bloomington got hold of an old pocketbook, and stuffed it full of paper, and managed to lose it in front of a large clothing store. Then they went inside to see what people would do. Four or five persons walked over it without noticing it, and then a prominent citizen, formerly engaged in the newspaper business, came along and stepped on the pocket-book, and stood their innocently stroking his beard and waiting a chance to pick it up without being observed. At last the supposed opportunity arrived, and he stooped down and was just picking it up, when one of the jolly fellows called out:

"O boys! I've lost my pocket-book," and ran to the door near where the retired business man was picking up the book. He put his foot on it again, and would hav stood there till dark, if the young man had not remarked:

"Excuse me, sir, but you are standing on my pocket-book."

"Oh, I guess not," said the man drawing his foot along a little, but keeping the book under it.

"Yes, you are. I saw you put your foot on it."

"How much is there in it?"

"Ninety dollars."

"Well, I wish I could find it and claim the reward."

"Don't you know it is under your foot?"

"No."

"Well it is," and the jolly young fellow pushed him away and picked up the wallet.

"It is customary to pay ten per cent reward on money found and returned to its owner," said the man.

"Yes, but you said you did not know it was under your foot, and I found it myself;" and the retired business man went off, kicking himself every third step, and wishing he had picked it up when he first saw it; and when he got home, he told his wife she would hav to wash without soap that week, because he had lost ninety dollars.

The boys took turns walking up and down before the store and losing the pocket-book, and nearly everybody would pick it up and return it to the fellow that lost it, and mentally swear when he saw no disposition to pay a reward that if he ever found another pocket-book he would keep it, and finally one of them lost it by the side of a preacher, and a lady walking behind picked it up and told the preacher she had seen him drop his pocket-book, and he took it and thanked her, and put it in his pocket, and took out his purse and paid her a reward of two dollars, and then, after telling her how much better it is to be honest, and that honesty is the best policy, and so on, he hurried away toward his home The next Sunday he preached a long sermon on delusions and snares, and such things, and asserted that a man who would giv another a pocket-book with nothing in it, was no better than he should be, and that a woman who would cut that kind of a caper is as bad as a thief.—*Through Mail.*

Stray Scraps.

Accept my thanks for TRUTH SEEKER, Nov. 15th, editorial, "Unwarrantable Condemnation of Phallic Worship." Such subscribers need educating. Will you not publish Charles F. Blackburn's article on Mormonism, on page 1st, Boston *Investigator*, Nov. 13th?

"Aunty: 'Don't you say your prayers in the morning, too, Johnny?' Johnny, scornfully: 'Of course I don't. Anybody can take care of himself in the daytime.'" That's so, Johnny, and so anybody can take care of himself in the night, for all any God taking care of him for the asking.

"A New Haven druggist says he has many calls for cigarets from actresses and also from young ladies of good families. Some married ladies smoke with their husband's consent." Indeed! I know some married gentlemen who smoke without their wive's consent, yea, who smoke against their wive's comfort and taste. Happy wives they who smoke *with* their husband's consent, without which *they* would not smoke at all.

The *St. James Gazette* says life was never so unsafe in London as at the present time. Remember, London is the great religious emporium of "Christian England." This proves the more Christianity the more crime. And yet our Christian opponents boast that Christianity is an antidote for all crime, and tha only Infidels and Agnostics are vicious. Well brag away church fanatics, prison statistics and figures elsewhere won't lie.

Said Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, in his famous speech before the Norfolk Club, Boston, Nov. 22d: "The American Missionary Society in which there is scarcely a Democrat contributes more in a year to build up and benefit the people in the Southern states than all the Democrats in the country." In view of the fact that "Christian England," after many centuries of Christian rule, was never so unsafe in its metropolis as now, givs us sinners and heretics the right to doubt whether this Missionary Society *does* "benefit the Southern people" by planting this same Christian religion there that has so signally failed in making life safe in this noted "Christian kingdom on whose dominions the sun never sets."

Professor Yelland, in his advice to young men on reading, closes with, "Disdain the writings of the modern skeptic and Infidel. Spend your time on such books as will, not only interest the mind, but improve the intellect and cultivate the moral faculties. Read the 'Book of Proverbs,' and the scriptures generally. B ecome useful members of society, respected in life and die with the serene peace of a Christian." Now, that is fine! Why did not the professor specify along side of proverbs that other chaste book to "cultivate the moral faculties," "The Songs of Solomon?" All through his advice the professor attributes to fiction and infamous books the crimes of the present day, especially the irreligion of youth, to reading irreligious books. Now, that is encouragtng to us Liberals, to circulate far and wide among the children and young men and women our literature. Set them to thinking, and it will be very difficult, in this enlightened age, for them even to catch the babies in their Sunday-school gospel-net, however heavily laden with Christmas Santa Claus presents, and other bait on other great occasions. The learned professors and divines are very shrewd, but they must not let the cat out of the bag by telling tales out of school.

"At the regular weekly meeting of the Boston preachers, Monday, A.M , Oct. 20th, in the Vestry Tremont Temple, the discussion was the following: *Resolved*, That the irreligious spirit and the non-church going habits of our American people are a greater source of danger to religious progress in this country than the evil of the foreign population and Roman Catholicism." Roman Catholicism! "The dangers of Romanism" has been the cry of the Protestent clergy up to the very hour when the Rev. Dr. Burchard associated Romanism with Rum and Rebellion as the elements of the Democratic party in his speech of welcome to Mr. Blaine at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, Oct. 29, 1884. And the poor wretch (the reverend doctor) was forced to write an apologetical letter to the Republican National Headquarters, and confess he did not mean just what he did mean. And wherefore? Why, of the offense to the Catholic voter! But it seems the apology did not heal the wound, for it is generally conceded by the leaders of the party that the "ill-timed alliteration lost Blaine 10,000 votes." So much for Uzzah putting forth his hand to save the ark when it jostled (see 2 Samuel vi, 6-12).

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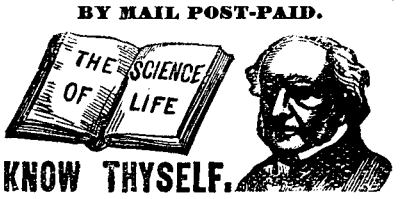
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I HELD her tiny hand in mine, and clasped her fairy form, and told my tale of ardent love, in language sweet and warm. And when I paused for want of breath, she raised her dimpled chin, and whispered low, "I don't catch on, please sing your song agin."

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"UNCLE JOSH," I said, "don't you believe in the efficacy of special prayer?" "What do you mean by special prayer?" asked Uncle Josh, picking a turkey feather off his trousers. "By special prayer I mean where you pray for an especial thing." "Wa'al, now, Mister Perkins, dat depends. It depends a good deal on what yo' pray for." "How is that, Uncle Josh?" "Wa'al, I allays notice dat when I pray de Lord to send one o' Massa Shelby's turkeys to de ole man it don't come, but when I prays dat he'll send de ole man after de turkey, my prayer is allays answered."

COL. YERGER, meeting the Rev. Whangdoodle Baxter on Austin avenue, asked him, "How is your congregation coming on?" "We am goin' right ahead, sah. Since we has quit passin' de hat we has taken in lots ob money. De kerleckshuns has increased wonderfully, sah, wonderfully." "I don't understand how you can take up collections if you don't pass the hat." "We pass de plate now." "Well, that's the same as passing the hat, isn't it?" "No, sah, hit ain't de same thing. Deacon Webster passed de hat for moah dan a year, and de kerleckshuns was mighty small; but now I passes de plate myse'f, an' de money just rolls in. De plate am much more reliable dan de hat." "How is that?" "Deacon Webster put tar in de top ob his hat."

IN the wee sma' and dark hours of Saturday morning Mr. Blank's front door bell rang vigorously. The worthy citizen went at once to the door, where he found his man Michael in a troubled state of mind. [illegible] with an addition to his family; that the doctor called in attendance had demanded immediate payment for his services. Having no money in the house, he had called upon Mr. Blank to borrow some. Michael immediately received what he wanted, and with profuse apologies for calling at such an unseasonable hour, departed. The next morning Mr. Blank's daughters, who had heard the bell ring, asked who it was that called so late, and they were informed of the circumstances. "Poor little thing!" sympathetically exclaimed a bright little miss of twelve summers; "came C. O. D, didn't it?"

A GOOD old Methodist lady, very particular and very pious, once kept a boarding-house in New York. Stanch to her principles, she would take no one to board who did not hold to the eternal punishment of a large portion of the race. But the people were more intent on carnal comforts than spiritual health, so that in time her house became empty, much to her grief and alarm. After some time a bluff old sea captain knocked at the door, and the old lady answered the call. 'Good morning, ma'am. Can you giv me board for two or three days? Got my ship here, and shall be off soon as I load." "Wa'al, I don't know," said the old lady. "Oh, house full, eh?" "No, but—" "But what, ma'am?" "I don't take any unclean or carnal people in my house. What do you believe?" "About what?" "Why, do you believe that anyone will be condemned?" Oh, thunder! yes." "Do you?" said the good woman, brightening up "Well, how many souls do you think will be on fire eternally?" "Don't know, ma'am, really—never calculated that." "Can't you guess?" "Can't say—perhaps fifty thousand." "Wa'al, hem!" mused the old woman; "I guess I'll take you; fifty thousand burning souls is better than nothing."

MISS TOOTSEY MITE (variety actress): "O professor, I am so glad I met you. I've just got an engagement, and I want you to compose me a first-class, A 1 song and dance—something real jiggy and jolly, you know." Musical composer: "With pleasure, my dear young lady. You want something that will set all the gallery boys to beating time with their feet, and make the parquet feel like jumping up and joining in the breakdown. Something in sailor's hornpipe time, I suppose?" Miss Tootsey Mite: "Just the thing. I hav the words ready; all I want is the music; must be a full orchestra accompaniment, you know, and must be done by six o'clock, so that there will be time to rehearse it." Musical composer: "Goodness gracious! I can't get up anything in that time; it is impossible. The idea! Why, it's four o'clock now." Miss Tootsey Mite: "But I must hav it. It is my first appearance at the new Vaudeville. Havn't you something already written that will do?" Musical composer: "So I hav. Never thought of it. Here is a piece just finished. All it wants is the words." Miss Tootsey Mite: "Oh, that will do splendidly. So bright and dashing! Did you compose this for a song and dance?" Musical composer: "Well, no. It was for a Cincinnati sacred concert."